

The Purpose of High Life Is To

Get and preserve the history of our school.

Hold individuals together under high standards.

Separate the worthwhile from the worthless and promote the highest interest of students, teachers, and school.

Make It A Success

We have recently exercised one of our democratic rights—the right to vote and choose what we do or do not want. The majority of the GHS students voted to have the May Day on the front lawn this year and for it to be open to spectators. Since we did not vote to have the May Day combined with the Senior Prom, we must work to make the May Day program on the lawn an entertaining and memorable occasion. Greensboro Senior High is the only school in the AAA high school division to have a May Day. If we expect to keep this privilege, we must not abuse it by producing something that is a poor excuse for a May Day.

Those students who voted for the May Day to be in the gym must now work with the students who voted for the lawn. For a successful May Day, those students who signed their names to participate in the May Day activities must live up to their promises. They must co-operate with the student co-chairmen, be on time for all practice rehearsals, and take an active interest in the program. If this is not done, the occasion is assured of failing.

The Honor Code slogan was "We strive to make the right thing popular." Let's make the May Day slogan "We strive to make the May Day successful!"

Thanks Brother

On behalf of the student body HIGH LIFE would like to thank its grown up brothers—the Greensboro DAILY NEWS and RECORD. In a city the size of Greensboro, it would be more than easy for the city papers to ignore the goings on of us teen-agers at Senior High School. Instead, however, the dailies have taken every opportunity to single out the students here for any honors which they have received. Not only are individual honors cited, but school distinctions are also given their due publicity.

It's a nice feeling to be included among the news of the "big people." It should be an incentive to "act our age." Certainly many of the adults of this community have thought of us as just irresponsible children. The aforementioned publicity has helped immeasurably to show those adults that we do have clear-thinking, capable students, and for this we thank you, DAILY NEWS and RECORD.



... Script Tease ...

LOOK PLEASANT, PLEASE

"Oh, no, for goodness sakes, I'm not going to shoot you," cried the small, tousled man, as he paced up and down wringing his hands in desperation. "Just forget what I'm doing, and be natural," he pleaded, placing his camera again.

"You really want a natural look, Mr. Jones?" called out an irrepressible boy, with a sly grin at the rest of the group.

The photographer wearily nodded, his mind too tired to think. True to his word, the boy hunched down in his seat, popped a wad of gum in his mouth, and half closed his sparkling eyes.

"No, no, not that natural," sighed Mr. Jones, throwing off his coat and loosening his tie. "Just gaze straight ahead and try to look reasonably pleasant."

The group did as he urged and got posed. Just then a whirr sounded to him like that of a tiny motor was heard. Every head turned and thirty pairs of eyes followed the path of an innocent fly, as it flew unperturbed across the room.

As the heads projected slowly back into position, Mr. Jones eyed them stonily, with thunder on his countenance.

"Are you certain that you're ready now? That nothing else can disturb you?" he inquired with ironic calmness. "All right, get ready, set . . ."

His sentence was never finished, for he suddenly broke the silence with a sneeze that echoed throughout the large room. The sneeze was especially wild for such a small man as Mr. Jones, and as he wheeled about hunting for a handkerchief, his body bumped into the camera and sent it crashing to the floor.

Mr. Jones sat quietly down and motioned for the group to leave. As they arose from their seats he started muttering incoherently something about changing his profession to that of a ditch-digger.

BARBARA FJELD

THE GOLDEN THRONE

Majestically it stood in front of the warmth-giving fireplace, its golden upholstery radiating security and comfort. Its four sturdy mahogany legs formed a durable base which could support an enormous load. The worn antimacassar decorated with the American flag proudly lay on the back, and the arms shined from Mother's latest waxing job. By it stood a large bright reading lamp that sent a cheerful ray beaming onto the somewhat lumpy cushion. At its side the well-stocked magazine rack leaned a little under its heavy burden—the latest issue of LIFE sticking out from under my newest comic book. This was my father's "Golden Throne".

In it he relaxed after supper with the daily paper; there he talked over the household problems; there he discussed the recent football game with brother; and there he introduced me to the land of imagination. After his pipe had been carefully laid aside, I slipped sear, cherishing the hope of obtaining a place in the seat of honor. I was hoisted onto his lap and related tales of the "wild, wild West", of the days of yesteryear, and of the place "back home". Excitedly, I clung to his bouncing knee, as I rode a dashing mustang speeding across the desert in pursuit of desperadoes, or curiously I stared at his large pocket watch while he patiently described once again which was the hour hand. On less favorable occasions I received my punishment from the seat of judgment.

Long ago the chair was replaced by a modern sofa, but the varied and colorful memories I have of the "Golden Throne" will always remain.

BOB COWAN

CLUBLICITY

By Anne Pearce

LSP

For a project the LSP Club made booklets consisting of jokes, condensed stories, crossword puzzles, and droodies for the county home. Each one of the 28 "little saints" made a booklet.

DDT

On March 11 the DDT club had a Plantation party. The sisters and their dates went at 9 o'clock for a late dinner. Mrs. Warren, the club adviser and her husband chaperoned.

SLC

Last Friday night the SLC's also had a Plantation Party. Mrs. Florence Bynum, their adviser, chaperoned the club.

LES SOEURS AND GWI

Plans are being made by the Les Soeurs and GWI's for their dance which will be on April 16 at Sedgefield Manor.

Initiation for all new Rainbowers will be Monday, April 11 in the Masonic Temple. Summer may seem far away but already these girls are thinking of the beach and making plans for an excursion.

DSA

each dreams are also in the minds of The ESA's. They have even thought about the necessary funds and are selling doughnuts to raise the money.

WST

Spring has sprung and with it hay rides are riding. The WST gals are holding such an affair at the Pemberton farm on Saturday, April 2 for themselves and their dates. After ditching their males the girls will slumber at the home of Miss Wanda Anderson, the club's adviser.

CARTOONIST WANTED

HIGH LIFE is interested in finding a cartoonist for net year's papers and asks that anyone who wishes to be considered eligible for the job turn in samples of his work to Miss Peggy Ann Joyner in room 10. The deadline for all samples is April 8, and it should be understood that the cartoonist does not have to work on the staff but only do the art work.

Grad Gab

By Josie Ward

Hilliard Humphrey, class of '50 and also a 1954 graduate of Carolina, is now playing in the Air Force Band in Georgia.

Out of the thirty groups who tried out for the Horace Heidt Show which was in Greensboro on March 23, Tommy McDanold was chosen to sing. Tommy, who is a baritone, sang a great deal at Senior before he graduated last June. Jean Nichols, Anne Davis, and Doris Cox, better known as the Irving Sisters, also were contestants in the show and sang as a group.

Beauty really must run in the Wrenn family. Ann, the sister of Senior High's Kay and a 1952 graduate, is one of the 13 representatives from the sororities (Hers is Tri Delta) for the Blue-White festivities at Chapel Hill.

Elections at Woman's College saw Patty Vaughn elected Senior Class cheerleader.

Hall Tales

By Alma Swinson

Hey, hi, hello there . . .

Oh happy, happy day! It's Friday . . . (brilliant deduction!) and that means no school tomorrow . . . (another one, huh?). Anyway, what I mean to say is that there'll be two wonderful days to enjoy these lazy spring days. While you're dreaming about how you'll spend this weekend, here's something for you to giggle over . . . (that is, we hope . . .)

JACK HATFIELD: "Golly, look at this huge mosquito I just killed. He's the biggest one I've ever seen."

FRANK DENNIS: (sarcastically) "Well put one foot on it and I'll take your picture."

PICTURE THIS . . . (If you can) Miss Louise Smith in the balcony of the Carolina . . .

Mr. Luttrell doing the Mambo. GHS installing swimming pools. Water fountains that work.

Students having a three-week vacation . . . with pay.

Mr. Earey selling papers at Madi-

son and Elm.

Marilyn Monroe teaching biology at GHS.

Mr. Long, so nice and tall.

Him ain't got no hair at all. Him got no one to comb him hair But him no care Him got no hair . . .

Marie White and Randy Dodson are among the newest daily doubles at GHS these here days . . . she carries his books to school . . . and that's a sure sign . . .

SENIOR: "Is your girl spoiled?" **SOPHOMORE:** "No, it's the perfume she's wearing."

(any similarity to persons living or dead is purely coincidental . . .)

No doubt New Orleans is having quite an experience these days . . . Mardi Gras is supposed to be the biggest thing in its history . . . Of course, that was B. C. (before choir . . . mainly GHS').

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Spring Song

Spring a song is singing!
I hear it blithe and gay
Winging o'er the countryside
Through each golden day!
I see it in the growing things,
That bud in fine array,
I see it in the new green grass,
Where winter's snow aft lay.
I hear it in each happy voice,
And in the rippling streams!
I see it in each flowers face,
And where the willow dreams
I see it in the dancing gold
Of the warm sun's shingling beams.
I hear it, feel it, see it, know it
Everywhere it seems!