

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.

Unbelievable?

Air raid warnings, bomb shelters, sirens, clanging bells! These things could never happen at Senior High, or so we thought three years ago. World conditions, however, have put GHS in the midst of changing conditions. In order to be fully prepared for any attack by atomic devices we have found it necessary to revise our Civil Defense Program.

Civil Defense is not a joking matter. Although, we may feel that we will never undergo an actual atomic attack, we have formed this program to plan safely for the uncertain future.

Each student must realize with seriousness the important responsibility he must undertake to make this program a success. Laughter, joking, and distracting noises will mar the purpose of this endeavor.

If governmental authorities could guarantee that there would be no war, a practice drill would not be so essential. However, this is an uncertain time: no one can tell us when we may or may not be dependent upon a defense drill. Therefore, the practice defense drill must be considered as a serious affair; it is.

Is It A Bird...

Is It A Plane...?

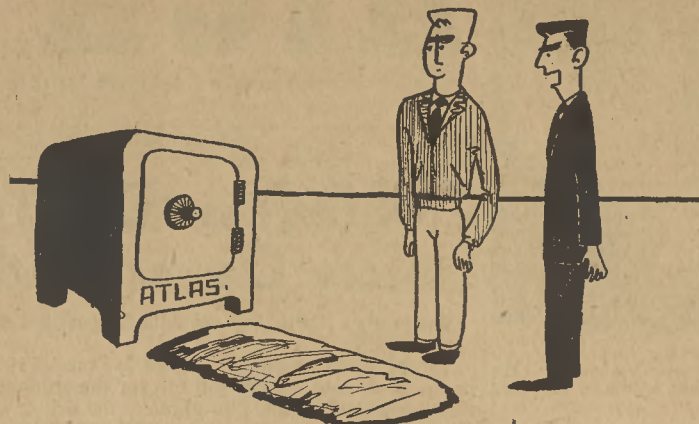
Two conclusions may be drawn. Either aspiring major league prospects, who should have gone out for the baseball team in the first place, are placating their insatiable desire to throw things or the GHS inmates are displaying contempt for the quality of our toilet paper by simply chucking it out the window.

Yes, it is a startling sight, for there is a place for everything and the GHS parking lot is not the place for toilet paper.

We, of course, no longer care how our grounds or buildings look. This parking lot situation is the best example of our complacency. The whole mess definitely does have a far reaching, adverse effect. Any adult visitor could not help but see these flagrant displays. This could only corroborate the notorious reputation which so many adults associate with us as "crazy teen-agers."

What can we do about it? Well, it's a difficult job when a large group of students are ardent fans of these few toilet paper slingers. Whose responsibility is it? The problem seems to rest on the shoulders of the students. We believe that "striving to make the right things popular" includes toilet paper and its application to the parking lot.

Quit laughing at these prime examples of crazy adolescence and we can guarantee a considerable alteration in the appearance of our grounds.



HE TOOK IT WITH HIM.

The cartoon pictured above drawn by Billy Holderness won for him a prize in the state competition. Remember that fact when you fail to understand the significance of the work of art. It just might help you to find it a little funnier by remembering that other people did! (find it funny, that is)

Seniors Spring Springs!!

Poets picture spring as a season of budding trees, singing birds, and loving lovers. At Senior High, however, the poet would be slightly disillusioned; for spring does not arrive here with any such pastoral signs. Percival Poet may not recognize such Senior signals of spring, but to a seasoned veteran they are as plain as bumps in an ordinary desk.

Spring is the time for new bonnets, but here there is a slight difference. The style leans toward new hair—at any rate, new hair colors. Blonde is the current style, but some daring souls have struck a black note. For the masculine set the change is wrought in length—from genale waves over the ears one day to staccato sprigs just covering the top of one's head the next day.

Evidently the venal equinox stirs the little boy blood in a high school boys' veins. The dime stores must have been amazed at the sight of a hulking, six-foot lad buying a water pistol—but they would be even more amazed if they could view these selfsame "children" playing with the weapons! It must be Senior High's version of teen-age warfare. After a thorough drenching, however, it is this writer's fervent hope that they too will pass away (and quickly.)

What nature doesn't do, G. E. can. Regardless of whether spring's sun is shining, a healthy glowing red skin is the style, and nowadays you just aren't hep if you haven't lost at least one layer of skin to the cause. And those sun-glassed gals seen wandering the halls aren't visiting celebrities—just ones underestimating the power of a sun lamp (or the sun, if you're really old fashioned.)

Percival Poet would be a little encouraged by one thing around here. In

school a young man's fancy turns to thoughts of love. There is little about a classroom that could be thought conducive to romance, but the marriages here belie that fact. Popularity now isn't reckoned by boy friends but a husband!

There are other signs—a parking lot three feet deep in mud—sleeping in study halls—that "I can't stand this a second longer feeling" but with 26 more school days to go who cares?

Counsel From the Council

Now is the test. May Day's position in Senior High activities is precarious to say the least. We have decided by popular ballot to give the traditional observances a new lease on life this year, but the enthusiasm displayed during the election period for the lawn ceremonies is already waning.

We had an impressive opening day with nearly 300 people anxious to lend their support. The next rehearsal found the ranks considerably thinner and the May Day committee had sorted to threats of "no May Day unless attendance improved."

Now student chairmen are reporting problems which endanger the whole production—people are not attending rehearsals. May Day will die a quick and decisive death if the 1955 edition is not a success.

It is up to you.

Scrip Tease

INSPIRED SPORTS CAR
By Woody Fordham
The day was hot; the sky was blue.
Around the track my sports car flew.
As I went around the track
Of that Grand Prix,
A wheel came off and I hit a tree.

I climbed out of my three-wheeled car,
And saw my pit crew coming from afar,
As I pulled back on the speed strip,
The car in front went for a flip.
I'm sure I would have won
That glorious race day,
If it had not been for the U-curve
And the protecting bale of hay.

CAP'N TIMOTHY LAKE
By Diana Evans
I'll tell you a tale 'bout a man of the sea,
Gather 'round, friends, and listen to me.
Timothy Lake was the name of the man.
Try and recall that name if you can.
Back in the year of '89
He saved his ship, the *Caroline*.

'Twas durin' a dark and fierce hurricane:
His ship was rocking to drive him insane.
The sails were cracking as if in pain,
But Tim kept laughing, again and again
'Hi, mate," said the cap'n, "set me down
a raft,
And I shall ask Neptune to save me my
craft."

So down he went to see the sea's king
Past coral 'n' shells 'n' many a strange
thing.

He went to see Neptune with a smile on
his face.

Never before had he seen such a place.
Neptune's throne was covered with seaweed,
And he had a frown to make all take heed
Neptune saw eyes as determined as his
And thought in a moment what a brave
man he is.

"I've come to ask that my ship be saved,"
said Cap'n Tim.
Neptune thought, then said to him,
"Your ship I shall save and your crew
shall live,
But for this there is something that you
must give,
The rest of all time in the sea you shall
stay,
And for no reason can you go away."

So every man, woman, and child he saved;
But Timothy Lake stayed in a deep,
deep grave.

On Writing An Essay

he sun sinks behind a cloud as she utters it. A low moan, like the wind through the graveyard at midnight, spans the classroom as the words re-echo in your ears. The dream of a free weekend crumbles. An essay is due Monday.

What can you do? Thoughts flash through your muddled mind. You could write an essay on why more people like carrots cooked than raw, or on why everyone from South Carolina marries so young, or maybe on the results of laziness and turn in a blank sheet of paper, but that wouldn't be original. Even in your dreams that night, essays float serenely by on silver platters, always just out of reach.

Monday morning dawns as always, he essay, due second period, is non-existent. During chemistry you scribble some incoherent passages of an essay including, unknowingly, part of the theory of ionization and a few uses of sulfuric acid. You insert a few commas and sprinkle it liberally with dashes—the teacher's favorite. You have written an essay!

Howard Hinshaw

Ode To A Bobby Pin

It is morning, and your mother calls you. As usual you beg for "just five more minutes, please." She finally drags you out of that nice, warm bed. Then you wash your face, thinking that this is going to be your day, when you glance out the window; Oh! No! Gad! Just your luck! How could it happen to you! It's raining, and you had rolled your hair so perfectly. What a shame, for yours falls if you even look at a glass of water! Can't you just see the girls with naturally curly hair that curls even more in damp weather? Gosh, you envy them. If only your hair were curly. Now you start looking for scarves, hats, and all other headgear in the house. You're on your way to school with a scarf, stole, rain hat, and an umbrella. You race to get inside before all the curl is out of your bangs. By third period all of the curl in them is out, because you had to walk from the Main Building to the Science Building. After fourth period the whole deal starts falling. By seventh period you look like you have a Buster Brown haircut. You o home, and you vow, that you will either have a stiff permanent or your head shaved.

Camille Merriman

Hall Tales
By Alma Swinson

Hey, hi, hello there . . . and a 'Neki Hokey to you all . . .

Our Miss Matthews seems to have found a "Mr. Boynten" who wasn't too shy to pop the question . . . that blinding flash on the third finger of her left hand is the result.

SIGNS OF SPRING . . .

Rainy week-ends.
Artificial flowers in girls' hair.
Attendance record drops on Friday.

Senior trip to Washington.
"Beach or Bust," school motto.
Sunburned noses.

Speaking of Spring . . . No doubt the season feels cheated . . . The time for love and marriage is supposed to be Spring but around GHS Winter's in the lead . . . even the teachers have caught the fever . . .

(and I don't mean Spring fever) . . . haven't they Mr. Luttrell?

Brad Stone fell from a twelfth story window. A crowd soon gathered and a policeman made his way to the victim and asked, "Goodness, what happened?" "I don't know," Brad replied, "I just got here."

Cynthia Burley's theme song these days is "Al Be Seeing You" (or something like that.)

And then there's the one about the toothless termite who walked into a bar and asked, "Where's the bartender?" . . . This is a contribution from "Keith's Korn."

Patsy Traugher really goes for big things . . . when she's driving she never hits anything but trucks . . . (pretty brave, don't you think). See ya . . .

HIGH LIFE

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