

**The Purpose of High Life Is To**

**G**et and preserve the history of our school.

**H**old individuals together under high standards.

**S**eparate the worthwhile from the worthless and promote the highest interest of students, teachers, and school.



**A Thanksgiving Prayer**

Our Heavenly Father, we come to Thee in prayer on this another Thanksgiving Day. We wish to join with others in expressing our gratitude for all Your many blessings. We thank Thee for our country, free and strong; for the pilgrims of old; for health, education, prosperity, and countless other blessings.

Yes, Dear Father, we are of course grateful for these blessings. But on this day we wish to give thanks for the little things which we as young people often take for granted. We thank Thee, Father, for life itself, for the privilege of sound limbs and eyes with which to see the beauty of Your world. We are thankful for our parents and home, for the food we eat, and the clothes we wear. We thank Thee for

our school and teachers, for the many opportunities we have as students of Senior High. We are thankful for our friends and the recreation we are so fortunate to have.

We realize, Dear Father, that many of these little things are the result of living in a freedom-loving land, and we know that America would not be what it is today if You had not played so great a part in our heritage. For all of this, Dear God, we are grateful and pray that You will make us worthy of these blessings. Please guide us, Heavenly Father, in helping us to glorify Your name by thinking with out confusion clearly, loving our fellow man sincerely, trusting in God and Heaven securely, and serving from honest motives purely.

—Amen.

**These Youth Council Open Houses: The Comedy, Or Tragedy, Of Errors**

All of the dissension, misunderstanding, and general mystery surrounding the Youth Council was culminated at the brawling, disgusting open house held on Friday night, November 4. It was a graphic example of what lack of cooperation is likely to breed. Obvious areas of misunderstanding exist in the relationships between three groups—the Youth Council, the students which it is attempting to serve, and the organizations assisting financially and in other ways to produce those post-game dances.

Early in the year the council evolved a set of easily amended rules which were not as concrete as they should have been. The policy of requiring everyone to show an identification card at the door to gain admittance was announced to the student body. There was little enforcement of this reasonable plan which was resigned to protect us, the student body, from a crowd of "outsiders" not particularly interested in a peaceful, civilized dance. Enforcement was generally lax.

The Youth Council should have stuck to its original proposals once they had been formulated. When the multitude of small changes in the rules (concerning dates with people outside of school and admittance of alumni) began trickling from Youth Council meetings, the student body should have been informed immediately. Many people were not even aware of some of the loop holes and special exceptions which existed. You can imagine what happened when a few chaperones decided to enforce the original rules indiscriminately.

Here is the second instance of friction—Youth Council versus the PTA and the Recreation Department. There has been obvious disagreement between the officers of the Youth Council and the recreation department and PTA representatives. This indicates little cooperation on someone's part!

As long as the PTA provides facilities and financial backing, along with a generous supply of chaperones for the open houses, they will be interested in how things are run. The suggestions of the PTA and those of the Council should be considered collectively. Decisions should be respected by both groups. Apparently the two organizations have not been as correlated in their thinking as they should have been. The recreation department has also had its ups and downs with the council members. The best interests of the students are not being served when these situations exist.

Who is running the open houses, anyway? What are the rules governing these affairs?

There was a time when answers to these questions were rather vague. There is hope now that the situation will improve as a result of a recent Youth Council meeting.

Several decisions were made at this meeting of recreation department officials, PTA members, and the Youth Council on Wednesday, November 9.

Here are their proposals to solve the problem.

1. Senior High students must have an identification card to be admitted—no exceptions.

2. Students may have as a date someone who is not a member of the student body, provided the conduct of guest is guaranteed by the student and the guest sign the guest book.

3. Positively no smoking in the building.

4. Anyone thought to be consuming alcoholic beverages will not be admitted.

5. The right to refuse admission upon refund of money is reserved.

It remains to be seen whether this definite statement of policy will be the answer to an onerous situation. A lasting conciliation will depend on the complete cooperation and mutual understanding of all groups concerned. If this does not solve the problem, the Youth Council and its usually enjoyable open houses are not long for this world.

**There's One . . .**

In every study hall. But why must he choose to entertain best on the days that you're up to your neck in homework? Why are his witticisms the wittiest, his remarks the cutest, and his general uproar the most uproaring on your toughest days? You can't help but laugh even through your wrath at his humor. If he does finally calm down, your nerves are so frayed you can't concentrate anyway.

A first cousin to the noisy comedian is he who performs not for the masses but for the select few in his corner of the room. He mutters under his breath words of such wisdom and humor that every time he opens his mouth gales of laughter erupt from his audience. Until you learn what you missed, you can't be content. By the time each witticism travels back to you via the grapevine, it's stale; and a new "funny" is on its way. The whole period you spend regretting that you are thus situated and admiring from afar those being so enjoyably entertained.

In either case, whether your comedian serves one or all, the study hall is deposited down the drain—lost, because of the one comic found in nearly all study halls.

This comedian seems to shadow you some days—to assemblies, ball games, lunch classes. If he's not the center of attention at all times, it's not because he isn't trying. Admitted, he's quite welcome upon occasion and can add much to social gatherings; but he must learn to reserve his boundless effervescence for the proper time and place. Look around. Is he there? Glance once in the mirror. There's one in every study hall.

**Teen-Age Commandments**

1. Don't let your parents down. They've brought you up.
2. Stop and think before you drink.
3. Be smart, obey. You'll give orders yourself someday.
4. Ditch dirty thoughts fast or they'll ditch you.
5. Show-off driving is juvenile. Don't act your age.
6. Pick the right friends to be picked for a friend.
7. Choose a date fit for a mate.
8. Don't go steady unless you're ready.
9. Love God and neighbors.
10. Live carefully. The soul you save may be your own.

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**HALL TALES**

By Judy Shallant

Football season has come and gone, ending with the last game last Friday. You have done a swell job this year. How's this for choosing a team for next year?

Coach Jamieson: What's the name of this fellow?

Coach Glenn: Zsychlipichyszutei

Coach Jamieson: Fine, put him on the team. I never did like the announcer for WFBB.

"Winter draws on," remarked Allen Thomas absent-mindedly, as he tucked Sally into the sleigh for an old-fashioned sleigh ride.

"Is that any of your business?" retorted Sally icily.

Don't run for shelter from that noise, because that's what we're getting—a new shelter, namely a roof. Some people say it sounds like barrels rolling back and forth. On the third floor especially, mouths are going and no sound comes out (so it seems)!

Teacher: Students, I am dismissing you 10 minutes early today. Please go out quietly so as not to awaken the other classes.

Gene McDowell: The driver of that

car ahead of us must be one of my teachers.

Judy Wiles: Why?  
Gene: He's so stubborn about letting me pass.

"This high school turns out some great men."

"When did you graduate?"

"I didn't graduate. I was turned out."

The young man who had just received his college degree announced importantly, "Here I am, World. I have my A. B."

"Take it easy son" replied the World. I'll soon teach you the rest of the alphabet."

All you members of Mr. Still's and Mr. Hazelman's eight period band, have fun!

By the way, hope all the girls who went to Carolina and Duke last weekend had a good time.

Eugene Lebauer: Dad, I'm in love with a girl.

Dad: You couldn't have made a better choice.

Ode to a lighter: My old flame.

Will somebody turn off the pilot light 'cause I'm riding the range tonight.

Adios—