

Controversial Student Council Is The Object of Much Criticism; How Well Has This Organization Served The Student Body?

Our Student Council

The reputation for mediocrity which usually haunts our Student Council has not been dispelled this year. Critics of the Student Cooperative Association flourish. Apparently there are grounds for their incessant attacks on this representative body.

It is time that we examined our Student Council and weighed the occasionally constructive, usually biased criticisms of it which are heard so often.

It is safe to say that the infamous Student Council is seldom understood and even less frequently appreciated. True, it is not a visibly powerful group. It seldom renders decisions of great importance; it is not consulted by the administration on matters of policy; it has no real authority in regulating student affairs. Obviously it has very little tangible authority. And yet it does have a profound if intangible effect on this school. Some of the outspoken critics of this one phase of school life which the students themselves run are either ignorant of just what is going on or are reluctant to concede to the Student Council success.

Homecomings, Senior Proms, and elections are not the type of things which make Student Councils memorable. We are interested in certain other activities.

A series of unforgettable and inexcusable events preceded the first constructive effort by the Student Council. At one time drag races and pine trees were fast converting our school into a playground for several dozen neurotic "parking looters." Honor Code Day, a Council project, was the beginning of a heartwarming and almost unbelievable change in the tide of student opinion. The activities of the Council did not stop with the full day of discussion. Behind the scenes Student Council members were prodding "school spirit" back to life. It was the Council that instigated those trips to Charlotte, Gastonia, and almost everywhere else in the state in support of a basketball team tripped by a series of bad mistakes. The Student Council is responsible for the array of signs and posters urging team support which bedeck the school. Perhaps this is too general an endorsement for, naturally, not all members of the Council were active or even interested in what was being done. These imperfections can be expected of any group, however. The traditional Midwinters Dance was postponed in order that Council members would have more time to devote to those projects. This action certainly was not a punitive measure as some die-hards imagined.

These are a few examples of the activities which many people fail to recognize as important. Most people will admit that there has been a change in attitude at Greensboro Senior High School, however. The onerous situation which threatened the annual Washington trip along with many other traditional activities has been almost completely corrected.



'PINION POLL

In your opinion is the Student Council doing an adequate job as a representative of the majority of the students? What do you expect of the Student Council?

Members of Student Council have done an exceptionally good job in carrying out their projects this year, but in one major respect the Council has almost completely failed. It is the duty of each Council member to keep informed on the opinions of the student body. I have not heard a single Council report this year; other students report having heard a maximum of two. The Student Council did not have the right to cancel the Midwinter's Dance without even informing the student body that it was considering the problem.

Eve Purdom

No!

The same is expected of the Student Council as is of any governing body—outstanding service and publication of its activities. Lack of knowledge makes everyone wary and doubtful. However, if the Council's reports were made public in the *HIGH LIFE*, the students would be aware of the council's business and could advise their representatives as to their beliefs.

Barry Frahm

The Council is doing a more than adequate job. Their efforts for us are shown in the recreational facilities set up during lunch periods, the Council-sponsored Open House after the Asheville game, the signs in the halls and cafeteria, the "Whirlie Booster" tickets, and many other projects.

Denny Broadhurst

I am inclined to believe that the members are not doing as much as they have in the past. Among other things, I expect the Student Council to take the initiative in straightening out some of the discipline problems at GHS. I feel very keenly that they should do more to support the school functions and basketball games, even if it's merely attending them.

Emma Garvin

DAILY TOURNAMENT, OR MORS AB AUTO

Sprawning eastward from the Hamlet of Guilford are the fabled Hills of Westover, a series of ridges and valleys clothed almost entirely in primeval forests of pine and oak. Apparently the only turbulence in this peaceful domain is the product of nature's inconsistencies. Here we would expect to find the contentment which breeds complacency; a simple felicity challenged only by the annual and tax demands of the Lord Mayor of Greene. Anxiety, however, hangs like an ugly frown over this land which nature has blessed so munificently. Mothers keep their children inside their shuttered cottages; travelers slink cautiously in the protective folds of the forest, apprehensive in every movement; even the animals are cowed by the pall of uncertainty.

The object of their fear is a brick building, its battlements sharply outlined against the sky. To one side of this forbidding building is an even more depressing sight. Mangled trees, festooned with long streamers of white paper, surround what is obviously a tournament ground. A meandering course, scarred by abysmal ruts, winds around the trees. An occasional explosion breaks the silence; sulfur fumes with mixed acrid dust hang below the branches. The custodians of these lists are furtive characters who seem to be hiding from someone. A cloud of smoke occasionally streams from their nostrils. Lolling

in the shade are a score a glistering monsters, their dark bodies trimmed in shining metal. This is the infamous place to which youths from all parts of Guilfordshire come in quest of the Infernal Grail, the cup from which a truant scholar took his last drink.

A mysterious and terrifying orgy is repeated here each day. During the morning the languid beasts sprawl on the ground and gather strength for battle. Their intrepid opponents keep watch over their armor in the great building, leaving its safety at regular intervals to view the enemy. As the shadows lengthen and evening approaches, the portcullis at the main gate of the castle opens with the sound of a bell. The tournament begins. Warriors pour enthusiastically from the building. With guttural coughs the monsters come to life and scream their challenge. The beasts careen around the course, baring their teeth and darting at their foes. Several of the challengers are immediately ground into the dirt, their cries lost in the tumult. The attackers retaliate. Wounded beasts, roaring and screeching their indignation, flee into the surrounding countryside.

The conflict ends as abruptly as it began. Most of the warriors have been carried away in the jaws of the animals. The dust settles over the corpses of others. Another day at the lists is completed.

YALL'S HALL TALES

By Judy Shallant

Dig this craazy column! Or better still, bury it. And while you're searching for a good spot, don't overlook the parking lot. It'll provide a grand swimming pool if we have any more good rainfalls.

Twirp night was quite a success—whadda ya say, boys! The poor girls were kept running while the "stronger sex" just rested on their laurels. No doubt this was in the back of every girl's mind: "Just wait until the next date! Will I get him!"

Cannibal—a guy who goes into a restaurant and orders the waiter.

Eskimo Bob Hubner: What would you say if I told you I pushed my dog team for a thousand miles through ice and snow just to tell you I love you?
Eskimoette Anne Davis: I'd say that was a lot of mush!

David Holt's old jalopy puffed up and came to a rattling halt at a turnpike toll-house.
"Twenty-five cents," said the tollkeeper.
"Sold!" cried David, jumping out.

GHS Study Halls?
(Junior): You can hear a pin drop where I work.
(Senior): Where do you work?

(Junior): In a bowling alley.

Ronnie Parks: What happened to the lightning bug that got caught in a lawnmower?

Judy Kellert: I don't know. What happened.

Ronnie: He was de-lighted . . . no end.

Jeris Edwards: Why do bees buzz?
Dwight Witty: Because they're afraid somebody stole their honey and nectar.

Dan Hammond: How about a kiss?
One of his millions: Sir, I have scruples.

Dan: That's all right. I've been vaccinated.
Donna Williams: What should one do when one catches a little boy smoking?
Norman Crutchfield: Put him out.

Square: You're the fifth girl I've proposed to without avail.
Bored Chick: Maybe you'll have better luck next time if you wear one.

Dick Lambeth: What did the mother cannonball say to the father cannonball?
Frances "21" Taylor: I don't know!
Dick Lambeth: I think we're going to have a BB.

Mr. Luttrell: Dick, what is the definition of chemistry?

Dick Robinson: Chemistry is the science of matter and an awful lot that doesn't matter.

Teacher: What is the title for the former ruler of Russia?

Kaye Shaffer: Tsar.

Teacher: His wife?

Kaye: Tsarina.

Teacher: His children?

Kaye: (after pause) Tsardines?

We're host to the state wrestling tournament March 2 and 3 and the following week to the AAA basketball tourney. It ought to be an exciting two weeks!

Newly installed members of the organization dedicated to the leaders of the "21 Century" are Nancy Hewett, Mack Riley, Helen Payne, Linda Lundy, Tim Goodman, Mark Foster, and Lois Lynch. David Bescherer, president of the Mickey Moose Club, announces that all members who do not have the official Mickey Moose hat can purchase one at the G. I. 1200 for the small fee of a Cadillac box top.

Bye now!

HIGH LIFE

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