



**Father God,**

We come to Thee with glad and singing hearts— hearts full of wonder that while we were yet sinners you sent your Beloved Son to us. Hardly to a righteous man would such a gift be given. Even less likely to just a good man. But to a known sinner— Our Father, our praises cannot begin to reveal the joy we feel at this revelation of your love, the birth of Jesus Christ.

Each Christmas season as we celebrate the birthday of our Lord, we draw closer to Thee, and the mantle of Thy love enfolds us and warms our hearts toward all. We pray we may ever dwell in Thy love, for then the spell of Christmas will dwell in us all the year.

Let your cleansing love shine into the dark and dusty corners of our souls. Let it shine in us, through us, about us. As we kneel now at the manger-bed in adoration, with a humble spirit we pray that we too, may be a blessing.

In His Name.  
Amen.

**HIGH LIFE**

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**Christmas ---- Christ Childs Birthday**

Granny and her little darling sat rocking before an open fireplace. It was a quiet Christmas Eve; the only sound that filled the air was a low whining of the wind as it sithered through the leafless trees.

Suddenly the silence was broken . . . bong, bong, bong . . . the old grandfather clock proclaimed it to be eight o'clock. Instantly wide awake, the cuddly five-year-old sought to delay her bedtime by saying sweetly, "Granny, tell me again. What does Christmas really mean? I like that story." Those big blue eyes were hard to resist, so Granny began by saying . . .

"Long, long ago, in a town known as Bethlehem, a little baby boy came to earth. He wasn't born in a spic-and-span hospital like you and Danny, instead, his cradle stood in a musty old stable with the horses and cows. This little boy was God's Saving Son sent to earth because God loved us all so much. His name

was Jesus, the same Jesus you learn about in Sunday School. Ever since that day, over 2000 years ago, we have celebrated Christmas as the birthday of that little child."

"But Granny," said the little tot squirming somewhat, "I thought that Christmas was Santa Claus' birthday too."

"Gracious no, honey! Santa is a definite part of Christmas, but it certainly isn't his birthday. He merely serves as a way for man to give to those whom he loves most, his children; just as God gave his Son for us . . . his children also.

"Just like Santa Claus each decoration that you and Mommie put up this afternoon has some meaning. The candles say that Christ is the light of the world; the Christmas tree carries the message that He who was born in a manger will return someday; and the star atop the tree recalls the guiding star of old . . . always there, larger and brighter than the rest. See honey, all these things have a meaning."

"You forgot to tell me about what Daddy said is the most important decoration in the room. You know, the little house with the baby in the crib and all the shepherds and angels, and wise men," said the little girl. "Please get the big black book, 'Granny, and read to me again," she pleaded.

So Granny took out her Bible and began reading the age old story . . . 'one that becomes more beautiful and meaningful each time it is read.

"And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night.

And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them; and they were sore afraid.

And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Savior, which is Christ the Lord.

And this shall be a sign unto you: Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.

And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God, and saying,

Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.

Just as Granny finished reading, the carolers came into sight. She hurriedly woke her now sleeping granddaughter and together the two listened as strains of familiar carols filled the air. Finally Granny kissed an excited little girl goodnight and tucked her in as notes of "Silent Night, Holy Night" faded into the distance.

**Hall Tales**

BY JUDIE BITTINGER

'Twas the week before Christmas, and all through the school, Not a student was studying or obeying a rule.

Merry Christmas to all, the students would shout,

Now there's only five more months till school gets out!

(I apologize to the creative writing class for such an endeavor at creation, but honestly, Miss Mims, only half of it is mine.)

Here's a new idea for home room bulletin boards—mistletoe around the edges may give a holiday feeling, but I know a few who would prefer it on the ceiling.

(Please, no violence, huh?)

WHAT SANTA WILL LEAVE . . Mrs. Jean Newman—a juke box for her living room.

Mr. Lody Glenn—one gross of diapers.

Miss Lucile Brown—an M.R.S. degree.

Mr. Milton Sharer—a book entitled "50 Ways to Blow Up A School."

The Basketball Team—AAA Conference Championship

Ronnie Price: Gosh, you look like a million dollars!

Marie Blakely: Aw, you've probably never seen a million dollars . . .

Ronnie Price: Yeah, that's what I mean—you look like something I've never seen before.

If love is blind,  
And lovers can't see,  
Then why in the heck  
Don't someone love me?

**COUNCIL CORNER**

BY BILL O'BRIEN

I would like to take this opportunity to thank you for the generous offering you gave for a Thanksgiving Day dinner for the maids and janitors. A total of \$144.00 was collected and a council committee along with Mr. Routh purchased the food. It was presented during the last period November 21.

It has been a tradition here at Senior to have a dance after exams between the first and second semesters. The council, wishing to carry this on, is now making preliminary plans for the Mid-Winters Dance which is to be in the girls' gym January 23.

We should like to salute our basketball team for the season that lies ahead. May each member of the student body give his support and reveal the good sportsmanship that is generally characteristic of Senior High and its athletic teams.

Our thanks go to Mr. Johnson who made available in the school store book covers bearing the Senior High honor code.

The new year will be here before the Council Corner appears again, so your council would like to extend sincere good wishes to each of you for a Happy Christmas Season and a Glad New Year.