

'Crip Course,' 'No Homework'... Signs of College Entrance Troubles

Curriculums can be dangerous items if not handled properly. "Crip courses", "no home work" subjects, and "just those I like" varieties possess a veneer of fun and innocence; how often beneath their deceptive smiles lies a dangerous pit—one of disappointment to many.

Too many students judge a high school curriculum as a mixture of those required demons—a generous sprinkling of courses that are fun, topped with study halls and free periods used for working around the school. Often they find, when it is too late, that the courses they have chosen won't get them in college, much less be of any value to them there.

Sophomores usually view the entire situation concerning college requirements as pure folly, for it seems like decades away. They assume the attitude that there will always be plenty of time later to take the necessary things. Many 10th graders, freshly packaged from junior high, don't have the vaguest idea what college entrance requirements are anyway.

Juniors, a step nearer salvation or doom, sometimes persist to shun the three R's and race on for the "dessert courses." By the time they are seniors the realization hits them that a total of six majors and 11 minors is not an attractive score for high school work. Of course diplomas are not out of the question; after all 34 credits is 34, regardless of how they are obtained.

Fire plus Panic Equals Disaster

How often have you heard of a sensational fire where people driven by panic have trapped and killed themselves making the entire incident much worse than it should have been?

In any kind of situation where there are uninformed or unprepared people involved, panic is a sure companion of danger. It is possible, very much so, that on the high school level a very similar and indeed such a serious situation could occur. Fire has always been considered a great hazard, one that is guarded against by extinguishers and wrought iron escape stairs; however, the fire safety program has seemed to go little further than this. Of course GHS has fire drills, but consider the number.

With a large student body where schedules periodically change, and new teachers and classrooms are fairly common, it is unreasonable to expect orderliness and safe evacuation without enforced preparation. What would happen if fire broke out during assembly, or lunch, or any time other than the morning period? It could happen, you know. Disaster would be certain, for not one-fourth of the students would know what to do.

HIGH LIFE

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Another majority of students, whether they choose wisely or not in their courses, fails to see any point in good grades. Again the sophomore who cannot conceive of graduation feels his A or D irrelatively unimportant. Nevertheless, come college entrance time when mom and dad explain the art of finances and budgets to Junior and the tone of expectance is used when

speaking of scholarships, the recent A's of his senior year (one major, three minors, and two studies) cannot compensate for the not so high grades of the past.

Another fact often reveals itself as a chief, if not ultimate, opponent to scholarship hopefuls, that is a lack of extra curricular activities. Good grades and solid subjects are necessary, but they cannot stand

alone. High school is a time to grow in ways other than mentally. Nothing can handicap a person as much as a lack of service whether in club or school organizations. A self-centered student who doesn't work for and with others does more harm to himself that his loss of a group could do.

Advice has been tabbed as that stuff which elders pass on but don't use. Perhaps it is true in this case. Nevertheless these thoughts are meant to save others from the possible doom of being raught short.

THE BIGGEST THEY ARE



THE HEARTIER THEY FALL

Hall Tales

By Judy Shallant

Dear Hall,
After "germ" papers are returned to the seniors, I recommend a Pass Day before Class Day! Our champion swimming team (and congrats!) can well practice over here at the school's swimming pool—the Main and Science Buildings! "Watch out for that mud puddle!" I heard someone warn me. "What mud pu . . . glub . . . glub . . . ?"

Yours cruelly,
Frank Lee Speaking

My cousin is learning to steal so he can follow in his father's finger prints.

Kay Weston: I don't need you. I've been asked to get married dozens of times.

George Varsamis: Really? Who asked you?

Kay: Mother and Father.

"Those are my brother's ashes on the mantel," she said sadly.

"Oh, your poor brother has passed on to the great beyond."

"No. He's just too lazy to find an ash tray."

Valentine's Day is this Thursday, so start sharpening your arrows! Wonder who'll get shot?

"I guess I've lost another pupil," said the professor, as his glass eye rolled down the kitchen sink.

Buddy Rives: My dachshund died. Judy Schaffer: I'm sorry. What happened?

Buddy: He met his end going around a tree.

Timid Jack decided to ask Blanche's father for her hand. "I suppose," he began, "you are aware that I've been making advances to your daughter?"

"Yes, put it there, son," answered her dad. "And now what about her poor old father?"

A chorus girl gets her education by stages—a college girl by degrees.

The dowager was instructing the new maid just before the big reception.

"From six to six-thirty I want you to stand at the drawing room door and call the guests' names as they enter."

"Oh, that ought to be fun, ma'am!"

Dorothy Kluttz: I've got Edgar eating out of my hand.

Jan Phillips: Saves an awful lot of dish-washing, doesn't it?

This end is my tale . . . I mean, this ends my tale.

Diane Evans

CAVINESS ADDS TALENTS TO SENIOR; ACTS AS PRESIDENT OF SOPH CLASS

Each year Senior is blessed with the arrival of a new class, the lowly sophomores, bringing new ideas and personalities with them. Among the surprise packages placed on GHS's doorsteps with the class of 1959 was Susan Caviness, president of her class.

Formerly an Aycock student, Susan still has fond memories of those days as president of the school, May Queen, and president of the honor society. Chosen "Best All Round," Susan displayed abil-

ities in different fields.

Having been at Senior only one semester has not kept Susan from continuing her record of achievement. She was chosen for the Citizenship honor roll the first six weeks and also became a DDT member.

Hobbies are things Susan has, but rarely gets to use. Scarcity of time prohibits her sewing and playing the cello and piano to a certain degree; however, she attends the string institute at W.C. each year, and swimming ranks high in her favorite's list.

In scouts Susan has attained the Curved Bar award. A past member of the Y-Teens, she has been to New York City and Washington with that group.

As to her future, Susan sees a classroom through the mists in her crystal ball. She wants to be a teacher in the primary grades. "Just give me the little folks; I don't think I could handle the high school students."

COUNCIL CORNER

By Bill O'Brien

Now that exams are behind, we hope that you did well and that you are off to a good start on this second semester—which will be the last for many of us.

The Mid-Winter Dance was fun, and we are delighted that every one had a good time. We appreciate your comments of satisfaction. We are also most appreciative of the backing that the PTSA has given us and the interest it has constantly shown in all that we have done.

It always makes us feel good to see the "ole familiar faces" of our alumni. Many of them have dropped in during the interim before the new semester. We realize that Senior High and our experiences here will always be a part of us, but the return of those that have finished makes us realize this all the more.

One problem that the council is concerned with at the present time is our lunch-time recreation. You voiced your desire for it: we have attempted to make it possible. Your council truly wants to serve you in every way it can—but only you, the student body in mass, can determine the future of it. If all of us will simply bear in mind point VI of our Honor Code: "To foster proper conduct at school and away from school," our lunch-time recreation problem would be solved.

Our athletic teams have really made a great showing. I think all of all you would like to join us in saluting all of them, boys and girls basketball, boys and girls swimming, and wrestling.

SCRIPT TEASE

My Friend Loud Light

You tick and tock all around the clock but at seven, you're ridiculous! Now, I'm not a hard guy to get along with, but when you turn on that blasted light and flaunt it openly in my face . . . well, I can take only so much. Five days a week, rain or shine, heck or high water, at seven o'clock you have the blessed audacity to start that nasty blinking . . . on and off, on and off. You don't say anything—no, not you, you just blink on and off; on and off. Some of my friends used to say that an alarm clock with a light couldn't wake anyone up—the fools—little do they know—but I know—on and off, on and off—you go over the sill. Bye now!

