



"Sing a song of Christmas," and if you follow the notes carefully you'll hear the names of the people who put out HIGH LIFE.

Left to right, editor Geanie Black, (not pictured, Jeanie Deese,) Jean Ellen Jones, Bill Barrier, Linda Carrigan, Ralph Boroughs, Jo Anne Oliver, Tommy Gardner, Kathy Greer, Bill Good, Page Acree, Sharon Oates, Allen Ashby, A. P. Routh, Henry Poole, Norma Jean Brown, Clyde Rudd, Sherry King, Wade Gresham, Ann Gibson, Frank McComb, Jo Jane Pitt, Frank Patrick, Daniel Whitney Conway, Jim Perry, and adviser, Mrs. Joy Averett. Not pictured is Judy Edwards.

1959 Christmas Is Premature

By Clyde Rudd

"I'm already tired of Christmas music" was the reply of a salesgirl in a well-known department store.

This feeling was also expressed by other people who have to listen to such music all day every day until Christmas. "I just don't feel like Christmas anymore," was the reply of one G.H.S. senior. Merchants seem to think Christmas is a time to sell records and other merchandise, and they also think that the sooner they start, the more they can sell. The only solution to that problem is to start selling Christmas merchandise before Thanksgiving.

Another thing people despise is the fact that stores decorate for Christmas even before people even think of Thanksgiving. "After a month or so of those decorations, I don't think I will have very much Christmas spirit left," said a well known member of the G.H.S student body. "Merchants take advantage of Christmas as a means of selling more merchandise for a higher price" was the opinion of a G. H. S. sophomore.

Christmas should be a time for giving, not selling.

Putting a different light on the subject at hand, people have to work before they can buy gifts for others. They have to have money to buy these presents. "If people don't commercialize Christmas, nobody will have enough money to buy gifts for all their friends" was the opinion of a teacher.

Whether a person thinks commercialization is right or not, there is one thing he should always remember—celebrating the birthday of a person without the person is the same as leaving the Christ out of Christmas.

HIGH LIFE

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Rock 'N' Roll Invades GHS

By Becky Bryson

About five years ago my ears were startled by a new sound which later sought to impair my already dubious sanity. At first I thought that it was just a weird birdland jazz movement straight from outer space with a kind of cannibalistic beat, and that it would go away if it was ignored.

After further examination I found that the strange sounds heard along with the "music" were not the fault of warped records, but were singers. (This was quite a shock to a person who had led a sheltered life). I also learned that these vocalists were singing in English, not good English, but still English and not early Hindu as I had supposed. Rock and Roll, as it was called, became an overnight success. Teenagers were wild over the new sound.

This madness was increased by the appearance of a handsome, soft-spoken, southern chap called Elvis Presley, whose claim to fame was a twitch, with which he managed to make a fortune.

Glenn Miller

All of this left me relatively unchanged, I still faithfully bought Glenn Miller records, and continued in my plan to ignore it until everyone came to his senses.

It began to seem as if a person didn't need a melodic voice to make a hit record and it helped if no one could understand what he said.

The lyrics did not rhyme or make sense but long will they live in the hearts of us all. Who can forget such epic lines as "Who wears short shorts, we wear short shorts! (That song was written by five men working together, but I think that it could have been done by four if they had really tried.)

The new sounds which were achieved with echo chambers and multiple guitars almost completely drowned out the person who was singing anyway, so they became less singers than personalities.

Long Sideburns

Anyone could recognize them because they all bore strange resemblance to that first chap Elvis; they all had wavy, almost shoulder length, dark hair, long sideburns, half-lidded eyes, and strange names, such as Conway, Twitty, Fabian, and Kookie.

A little over a year ago, I tried of being the odd-wad cube who didn't dig and was less than groovy because I disliked rock and roll. I resigned myself to the fact that it's probably here to stay and there is nothing that I can do about it.

Hall Tales

By Wade Gresham

Well, I guess this is it. I hated to see it come though. It always suppresses me for months. What? No, but I believe it is a problem of acute concern which involves and endangers the vivacity of all credulous inhabitants of modern civilization. The very fact that I want to believe and all these cross beings won't let me, tears down all my faith in humanity. What is this world coming to or going to, when people refuse to believe in the illustrious institutions instilled in us by our fathers that there is a Santa Claus. What I ask you? Yes, you, the nonbeliever. What? An ardent poet trying to revive this dying belief wrote this inspiring poem.

To believe is to quench an appurtenant thirst,
And to quench is to cultivate jocundness without pause.
But not to believe is worst than liver without wurst,
Which is as bad as a Christmas without a Santa Claus.

Janie Liegh Wall talking to a friend after the Christmas holidays.

"Had a blast and a half this Christmas—raised Cain and when I got through went back and raised Abell.

"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!

Don't tell Mrs. Averett that I am giving away the Senior Steadies again but I just hate to keep secrets. They are Bert Thompson and Paisley Gordon.

In all seriousness, I would like to wish everyone a Merry Christmas, and ask you not only to remember Santa Claus and that school is out and it is a time for fun, but to remember why we have a CHRISTMAS.

In Midst of Bells and Santas Many Hear 'Happy Birthday

By Jeanie Deese

In the midst of all the jingle bells and little men in bright red suits, we can still hear the strains of "Happy Birthday."

It seems that about half the people who have birthdays in December enjoy celebrating the two events together. There were several complaints of getting fewer gifts because of the combined holidays. Keith Robbins says, "I have to like it. They didn't ask me!"

Santa will really have some shopping to do if he manages to supply our birthday kids with their "most wanted" presents. Bobby Allen wants a new set of tires. (He didn't specify whether for a car or a bicycle.) Dianne Taylor and Sandra Dobson are hoping for hi-fi sets, and some of the others Pat Burchett, Judy Hicks, Myrtle Hall, Mickie Turner, and Ed Williams want such varied items as suits with fur collars, mouton coats, watches, portable typewriters, and a carton of cigarettes. (Brand unknown.) Most frequently asked for in our "Dear Santa" letters was "A CAR!" Brian DelMonte says specifically a sports car. Lynn Fifiel speaks for quite a few people such as Laddie Wucha and Yvonne Norris when she says, "Most of all, I want clothes!" Santa, if you happen to be reading this, take special notice of the following: Mike Gurley wants lots of fruit, nuts, and candy! One wise soul, Keith Robbins, wants to get out of debt.

The most down-to-earth Christmas wish was Tara Dinkel's. One simple word: peace.

Christmas Hit Parade

No. 1 on the Christmas Hit Parade is the hymn, "Silent Night." Next in popularity were "White Christmas," and "Silver Bells."

Christmas birthdays seem to be unusual in most families. Martha Anderson, Pat Burchett, Judy Hicks, and Mike Gurley say that December births seem to run in the family. The families of Sharilyn Grant, Cameron Wessecroft, and Sandra Dobson all

have some member other than these three girls celebrating a birthday during December.

I think any girl would agree with Lynn Field who says, "The best birthday present I ever received was a diamond ring." Among other "bests" were Sandra Ricketts, a mouton coat; Carol Smith, a tambourine; Laddie Wucha, a 12-gauge shotgun; Pat Burchett, a big baby doll with blue eyes and curly brown hair; Brian DelMonte, his solitary permit; Judy Fry, a little toy car; Mickie Turner thinks her cowgirl suit was the best present she ever received, and Sharilyn Grant says ice-skates.

Basketball seems to be the favorite winter sport, but Dianne Taylor and several others enjoy sledding. Mackie Wood, Pat Burchett, Martha Anderson, Laddie Wucha, and Gail McNeill go for ice-skating. Keith Robbins and Sandra Ricketts are two among many hockey fans.

Holiday Plans

Parties are tops in holiday plans, along with sleeping and eating. Some people will be working, and quite a few will be traveling. Myrtle Hall goes to Southern Pine Judy Fry to Alabama, Keith Robbins to Florida, and Charles Jernigan to Connecticut. We'll be thinking about Mackie Wood who'll be in the hospital. Thanks to our teachers, some of us will be laboring over book reports, term papers, etc.

Santa's feelings may be hurt, but it seems that only 50% of the people interviewed are firm believers in his existence. The nonbelievers give such reasons as,

"I sneaked and peeked when I was 12."

"I found out when I was four."

"I've been playing Santa for the last years."

And the prize excuse,

"My crowd doesn't believe in him, and follow the crowd."

Merry Birthday to all, and to all a Happy Holiday.