

1960 Brings . . . Action! Acceleration! Accomplishment!

As another senior class leaves Greensboro Senior High, stepping out into an unsettled world the accomplishments they have left behind them set the foundation for the future of America. The shadow of war, of destruction, of hatred, and of mistrust, has guided their thoughts, but they have not lingered in hopeless remorse; rather, they have moved ahead for their school, community, state, and country.

1960: This is the year several GHS students held state offices for various organizations, such as Future Teachers of America, Junior Classical League, Civitan Club, Student Council Association, DE and DO clubs, and Library Association.

Senior's sports' record was built up by conference championship in all major sports and accelerated records in the minors. A senior basketball player was chosen by a leading sports magazine to be the best in high school basketball. The Whirlie cagers honored another pretty girl by selecting her queen of the 4-A Basketball Tournament. GHS contended for the first time with the new high school constructed in this city. "Good sportsmanship" was the cry of all athletic contests.

1960: Three students were honored with a scholarship usually only presented to one senior. Other students won similar scholarships never before awarded to GHS students.

The traditional newspapers and yearbooks were issued for this year . . . 1960. Neither, we trust, has been lacking and both have received the same top standing known from former years. The school magazine was produced twice.

1960: Senior's music groups performed throughout the state and won good ratings in contending. The traditional quartet consisted of all juniors for the first time. All-State orchestra included more than a mere few of our students. Because of their fine records, both the choir and the band have received an unprecedented honor—to perform in Florida and Nassau this summer.

1960: One outstanding student will never forget that date, for she was personally invited to visit President Eisenhower in Washington, D. C.

GHS students excelled in speech contests, state math, physics, language, college entrance examinations and

science fairs; Honor Roll lists were especially long.

Civic clubs worked especially hard to build the spirit and tradition of Senior High School. A marble replica of the Honor Code was presented to the school, directories were distributed, special bulletin boards were set up, and many efforts to beautify our school grounds were put into action.

1960 was the year that Senior's student council opened its doors to all students by arranging "open council meetings."

1960 was the year of an extremely good talent show, May Day, and Class Day.

This was also the year that the GHS cheerleading squad was asked to lead the cheering at the All-Star football and basketball games this summer.

A campaign for better attention at assembly programs resulted in letters from various guests commending Greensboro Senior High students.

1960, the year a hard winter of snow and sleet kept GHS at home, was the year students were evacuated to the gymnasium because of bomb threats. It was also the first year a Civil Defense drill was executed to prepare students for a major disaster.

But superior to all other trials and tribulations, 1960 was the year GHS students took pride in their country and in themselves as American citizens. They raised their voices against injustices and had their demands met. These acts of participation in their rights as citizens and students, while they stemmed from school activities, did not terminate there. GHS'ers attended the Aircade at the War Memorial Coliseum, enthusiastically census, gave grave thought to racial disputes which were bred here in our own city, and took an active interest in the elections of our government officials.

1960: This is and always will be a long-remembered date. This was the beginning of a better GHS, a better Greensboro, a better United States, and a better world as the leaders of tomorrow have taken on the responsibilities of capable individuals.



Hall Tales

By Wade Gresham

Well, this is almost it. The finish. The end of three, four or five years as the cases may be. There is an air of excitement in my blood as I wait for the first wearing of the caps and gowns. The question is—will we break down tradition and conformity and wear madras at graduation?

DAFFYNITIONS

Epistle—The wife of an apostle.

Faith—That quality which enables us to believe what we know to be true.

Ivy League kiss—A belt in the mouth.

Justifiable homicide — When a woman kills her husband.

In one of the small towns along the way going to the beach this article appeared: Nine professors and one student killed in a car accident. (Poor chap?)

Dedicated and directed to Mrs. Evelyn "Sedie" Stanton. (Good alliteration Uh?)

This is a suggested bit of dialogue for Tennessee Williams' next romantic play about the deep magnolia-laden Southland: "Sugar, ah think mahty highly of yo' new evenin' gown." "Sho' nuff?" "It sho does!"

Looking for Senior's Steadies? Try the two "Bobs"—MacLawhorn and Jones—

"Red" Davis and fellow, Mack Gordy, and "Mr. Madras," Charles Robert Atkins III with his built-in home work machine named Nancy Rose.

District Attorney: "Now tell the jury the truth please. Why did you shoot your husband with a bow and arrow?" Defendant: "I didn't want to wake the children."

Charlie Atkins: "I don't drink anything stronger than pop." Nancy Faulconer: "Charles doesn't drink anything stronger than pop—and pop drinks anythings."

A learned gentleman in the thirties who clearly foresaw that a great war was about to engulf the world, after consultation with several top military men, decided that his only secure refuge from the world's insanity lay on some tropical isle, far from civilization.

So in 1939, one week before Germany invaded Poland, this wise man fled to his chosen idyllic. It was an island called Guadalcanal.

Notice on the bulletin board of the Science Department:

"We don't begrudge your taking a little alcohol, but please return our specimens."

Good by! Thanks for reading the column and putting up with all the uncomical jokes. Best of luck to all . . . on all your future endeavors.

Freedom From?

" . . . even I regained my freedom with a sigh."

"Prisoner of Chillon", George Gordon, Lord Byron

This is it! The day I've waited for all these long months and years. I say long years, but as I look back they seem so short—almost painfully short. I am free now—free, I say, but free from what?

Free from authority? Truthfully I cannot say that is so, for there is always one Authority above all mankind.

Free from work? In my thinking maybe for the present, yes. But yet anything worth having is worth working for, and there is much left for my future to desire.

Free from routine? Is not life itself in its splendor a routine—a ceaseless routine of setting sun, heartaches, and newborn babies? Pleasure, expectations, and disappointments find their way to humanity year after year only assuming varying forms.

Free from the enclosure of these walls? No, I reply, because always, whether in melancholy or displeasure, a part of my memory will be locked forever within them.

Free from the people whose lives have here touched mine? Negative is the only positive answer, for each life that has touched mine, even somewhat vaguely, has left an eternal impression.

As I stand, I wonder—do I even want to be free? Slowly the tears spill over the lids of my eyes and fall to the rolled document clenched in my hand.

"NO!" my diploma says, "this has not been a part of my existence I wish to set free, but to impose in my memory—these days at Greensboro Senior High."

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And we thank you, the students of Greensboro Senior High School, for your consistent support and co-operation. You have played a much larger part in the success of the paper than you will ever realize.

The HIGH LIFE staff.