

There's Nothing Like A Good Long Lunch Period

There's nothing like a good long lunch period—a mass exodus to the peddlers of gastralgia on top of the hill, a return trip at speeds designed to permanently befuddle all “whammies” and still there's time for a parking lot convention featuring at tranquil mist of cigarette smoke occasionally tainted by fumes from a sulfur bomb. Sounds peaceful enough, doesn't it? Well, some aggressive person or persons finally decided to arouse the parking lot from its languid reverie. Firecrackers were the first step in a progressive campaign designed to enliven proceedings. These novelties did not rave the desired effect, and the next study in confusion was the infamous pine tree incident. But now we have a guaranteed panacea for boredom during our long lunch periods—drag races!

For the benefit of those who are not included in the loyal and elite brotherhood of “dragsters,” a drag race is a race between two or more cars from a standing start for a specified distance. It's a wonderful pastime, particularly after you pass 80 miles per hour.

The inviting strip of asphalt recently constructed behind the school is perhaps responsible for this innovation in recreational trends, but you have to have something to do during such a long lunch period.

What's wrong with this pastime? There is just nothing more invigorating than the good stiff breeze which a 70 miles per hour a race generates. Even the spectators benefit. Such an exciting spectacle is undeniably conducive to more profound and effective thinking during the afternoon classes. Besides, this panorama of cars and people provides an answer to the inevitable boredom of such a long lunch period.

Has a large group of students at Senior High passed the point where an appeal to reason and common sense is effectual? Apparently they have. Why would anyone deliberately endanger the lives of so many people with a practice as childish as these drag races? Who is in danger? Besides the driver, there are passengers—this is the group which deserves little sympathy. How about the spectators though? They are indirectly involved in the races but directly exposed to the possibility of a disastrous accident. You can imagine what would happen if a couple of these “fanatics behind the wheel” should happen to meet head on with an innocent motorist using the road for the proper reason.

Lunch periods are too long apparently. What other conclusion can be made? We have too much free time on our hands. Should the periods be shortened? Would this solve the problem?

A shortened period would undoubtedly solve many aspects of the lunch-time problem, but this is a course any reasonable school administrator would hesitate to follow for an obvious reason.

Lunch is an essential break in the routine

HIGH LIFE

Published Semi-Monthly by the Students of Greensboro Senior High School Greensboro, N. C.



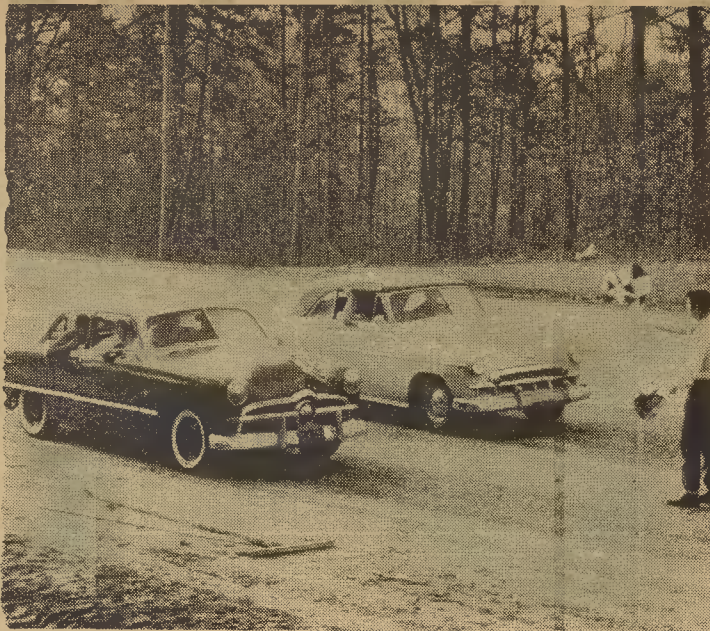
Founded by the Class of 1921

Revived by the Spring Journalism Class of 1937



Entered as second-class matter March 30, 1940, at the post office at Greensboro, N. C., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Editor-in-Chief Jim Martin
 Assistant Editors Donna Oliver
 Diane Schwartz
 Managing Editor Dick Robinson
 Business Manager Mary Lou Hutton
 Advertising Manager Ginger Bass
 Copy Editor Mary Wheeler
 Feature Editor Betty Adams
 Boys' Sports Editor Jerry Farber
 Girls' Sports Editor Mary Jane Seawell
 Exchange Editor Nancy Tuttle
 Circulation Editor Anne Greeson
 Photographers Dan McConnell
 Claiborne Cordie
 Diana Harmon
 Cartoonist Jerry Mann
 Proofreaders Judy Shallant, Paula Tuttle
 Anne Greeson, Jane Parkins
 Reporters Lou Spence and Sue Spence
 Adviser Miss Peggy Ann Joyner
 Financial Adviser Mr. A. P. Routh



What Senior High School students need is not the “drag” race STRIP they're asking for, according to a feller on the street, but a STRAP of the old-fashioned razor variety.—(Taken from William Rhodes Weaver's Monday Moanin' column)

of a school day. This opportunity to temporarily forget the class room is absolutely necessary. We need these forty minutes to make the afternoon periods profitable.

There are alternatives, however. This problem presents an excellent opportunity for someone to create a constructive, wholesome recreational substitute for the drag races and other disgusting situations which this spare time has bred in the parking lot. If the Student Council would elaborate on its lunch time programs which were initiated last

year, and could make them attractive to large groups, the whole situation would be greatly improved. Nothing entirely legitimate, however, would appeal to the parking lot element which is interested primarily in causing trouble. If the wild tendencies in the “dragsters” can not be pacified by a reasonable recreation program, force will have to be used. This is pessimistic view point, but perhaps the only practical solution. If some kind of plan is not evolved by someone, the lunch periods are bound to get shorter.

HALL TALES

By Judy Shallant

Have you ever noticed it? Teachers are a funny thing (this excepting the ones from Senior, of course)! They say one thing and usually mean another, for instance:

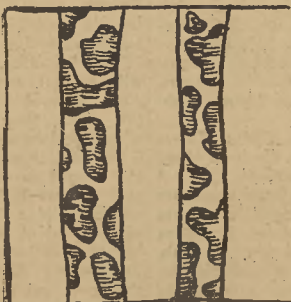
Teachers say:

1. This is not very important.
2. This assignment is not difficult in the least. You should have no trouble with it.
3. All right, Little One, what is bothering you?
4. Do you have an excuse for your absence?
5. This school is your school, and we know you want to keep it in good condition.
6. You get less credit for work that is handed in late.
7. No.
8. Do you agree with that, class?
9. Some of this class should go to college.

Teachers mean:

1. Mark this, you will have it on the test.
2. This is hard. You are probably too dumb to understand it, but study it anyway.
3. Hurry up! I have work to do.
4. Can you prove you did not go fishing?
5. Just wait until we find out who has been carving on the desks.
6. It is easier to throw all the papers in the wastebasket at once.
7. No.
8. The preceding statement was incorrect.
9. Many of you will never get out of GHS.

Here's A Doodle For Your Noodle!



I must go out to the hall, my friends, to the thundering crowd and the mass. And all I ask is an even break to get to my next hour class.

To the strong shove and the mad pace and the multitude's fighting, And the sweet thought of that clear spot I'm almost sighting.

I must go out to the hall, my friends, where the thought of that jam packed stair,

Is a reckless one and a wild one that summons up a prayer.

And all I ask is the strength to push when my doorway I have found,

And there's thanks in my heart for all mankind—that I haven't hit the ground.

I must go out to the hall, my friends, to

the risky, daring lot, To the rough way, the dangerous way, where hope is all I've got; And all I ask is a chance for the door when I finally part the swell And a quiet class, a peaceful class, when at last I hear the bell! (With apologies to John Masefield)

Miss Moore: Don if you subtract 56 from 75, what's the difference?
 Don Douglas: That's what I say, who cares?

Bobby Baynes: I wonder where bugs go in winter.
 Bobby Johannessen: Search me.
 Bobby Baynes: No, thanks. I was just wondering.

Inquiring student: Did you take a shower this morning?
 His friend: Why, is there one missing?

Katesy Webb: I know fish is brain food, but I don't like fish. Is there some other kind of brain food?
 Ann Davis: Well, there's noodle soup.

Miss Mims: Remember those suggestions I gave you on how to make your articles more interesting? Did you carry out any of them?
 Ronnie Parks: Did you see Jane going out the door?
 Miss Mims: Yes.
 Ronnie Parks: Well, she was carrying out your ideas.

P. S. By the way, the doodle is “two giraffes necking”.

'Pinion Poll

“Dragging” is just one of the problems which has arisen in the parking lot area. There has been little interest in planned recreation during the lunch periods; but more interest has been generated by the parking lot episodes. How would you solve the parking lot problem?

Apparently, the idea of dancing in the girls' gym during lunch period has fallen through. But there must be some answer to the drag-racing situation at Greensboro Senior High. Perhaps if there were a few more “authorities” hanging around the dragging area, it would serve as a reminder to those very foolish boys who think it is cute to “drag.”

Jackie Mabie

I believe the conduct of the students here at Senior has been fostered by a lack of respect for themselves and others. This bad attitude can only be removed by a rebirth of the HONOR CODE. When our Code becomes a personal, meaningful way of living to each of us, the problem will be solved.

Eve Purdom

I believe that a drag-strip could be obtained if dragsters would cooperate with city, recreation, and law officials. Students should talk with members of the recreation and city law departments to let them know exactly what the student body wants in way of recreation and after-school activities.

Bill Lewey

Everyone knows that when a person is not occupied, he is more likely to get into trouble. I believe that the only way to stop the races is to give us something to do. The juke box in the girls' gym should be repaired, and we should be allowed to “work off the steam” stored up during the morning by dancing, playing ping-pong, or some other form of recreation. To obtain a drag-strip, I believe the boys involved in the races should form a committee and work out the problem with recreation and law officials.

Dwight Witty

If the students themselves don't try to do something about keeping our lunch periods in “proper order” the lunch periods are likely to be cut short and our permits taken away from us. Most of the boys are 17 and 18 years of age. I think that they have enough foresight to put a stop to the races themselves and to see what will be the terrible results if they don't stop “dragging.”

Kay Wallace

Seeing as how intent local “vehicle wizards” are in the matter of obtaining from the city an official drag-strip, I'm in favor of the movement! Every other major town in the state has some sort of this facility provided. Turning down the students at this stage of the game would be as useless as slamming a swinging door, and if the space could be grasped, a drag strip would solve a lot of diffusion in and around GHS circles.

Jerry Farber

By the time students reach Senior High School age, they ought to have enough sense to realize the danger in “drag-racing.” The fact that they are endangering their lives as well as those of their friends ought to make them think twice! I don't think that other forms of recreation would help because I doubt if these boys would be interested, but I do think that we are granted enough privileges so that these boys won't have to resort to “drag-racing” as a means of entertainment.

Rita Stephenson

I believe there is no better way to spend the extra time at lunch than to stand around and talk or review the material which will be coming up in the afternoon classes. Games, if provided, might attract a few but not everyone could or would play. Drag-racing is exciting, but it is dangerous and out of place during lunch hour. We should have a supervised drag-strip somewhere close to town where drags could be safely carried on.

Buddy Gallimore

