

Editorial Wild Oates

Congress shall make no law respecting the establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof;

Because our student body is of such an overwhelming Protestant Christian composition we often lose sight of the fact that this is a public institution which contains members of minority religious groups.

This lack of perception by thoughtless, if sincere, individuals is most clearly evidenced by our home room and assembly devotionals which are very often of a nature unfair, if not offensive, to our Jewish students and other minorities.

The idea of commencing the school day with a short religious service is an irreproachably good one; however, if by common consent we could restrict ourselves to non-denominational observances in which every person who wished could take an active part, then we would be demonstrating more fully our respect for the sacred principles whose influence has privileged us to live in the best society that ever existed.

Civitan Victory Flags

The Junior Civitan victory flags are a very valuable and beautiful addition to Senior High School.

We have seen very few mornings when the big blue victory flag was not waving with the pennants of several varsity sports flapping below it.

Might we be so bold to suggest, however, that, as their next project, the Civitans consider securing an academic victory flag to fly in honor of debate team victories, or of a student who wins a scholarship or is elected to an important state office of some organization.

THE PURPOSE OF HIGH LIFE IS TO

Get and preserve the history of our school.

Hold individuals together under high standards.

Separate the worthwhile from the worthless and promote the highest interest of students, teachers, and school.

HIGH LIFE

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- Editor Clyde Wilson
- Assistant Editors Geanie Black
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Line-Breakers Accused

HIGH LIFE has done its best to avoid trite, preachy editorials about student conduct of the type that plague many high school newspapers, feeling, in the first place, that they are not read, and in the second, that they do absolutely no good.

However the time may very well be ripe for a few words in regard to the widespread and growing prevalence of lunch-room line-breaking.

We are not prepared to take issue with any one who wants to take one buddy into the line in front of them, but we daily observe sometimes a dozen or more people squeeze into the line at one place.

The realization of the gross unfairness of the practice, when it strikes home to the guilty parties, will be enough to terminate its life.

It Would Be Nice, But . . .

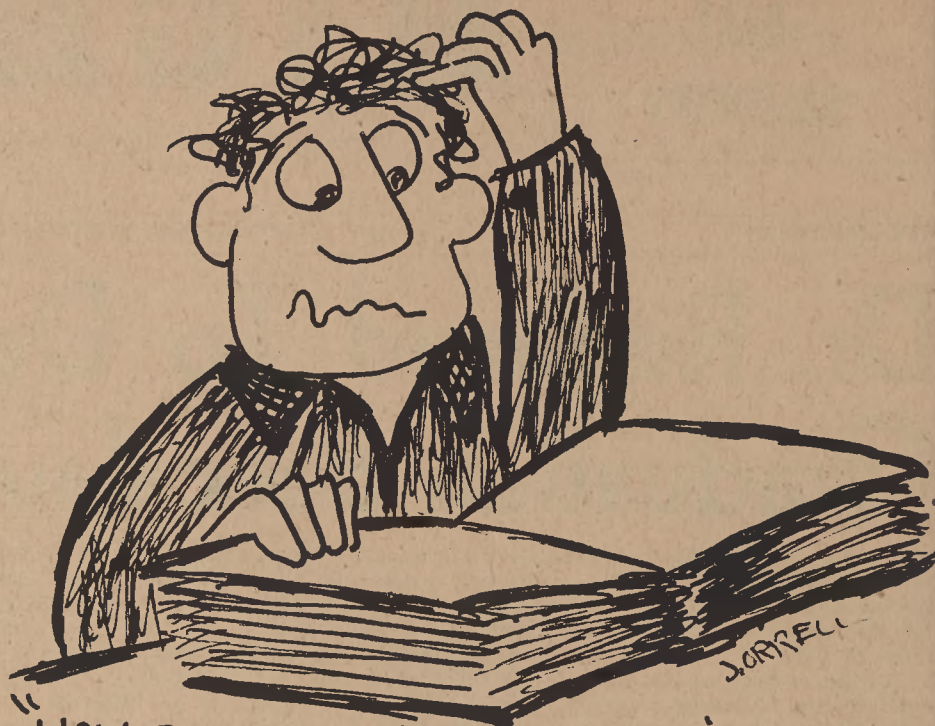
There is considerable furor in the public press these days about rights—civil, inalienable, etc.

Not to be outdone, we would like to enter the fray in behalf of a right we believe to be undeniably our as students, but which many teachers are want to stamp out unmercifully.

That is the right of a student, if he so desires and is able to do so without serious detriment to himself or his classmates, TO SLEEP THROUGH or STUDY SOME OTHER SUBJECT IN a classroom lecture period.

If a person is able to maintain maximum marks in one subject with very little effort, there is no good reason why he should not be allowed to help himself out by digging into some more difficult subject, or reading extra curricular material, or catching up on some needed shut-eye, during the instruction which he does not need.

Some teachers persist in denying this right but providentially, an ever-growing number of our angelic instructors are beginning to see the path of justice.



"HOW DO YOU FIND A WORD IN THE DICTIONARY IF YOU DON'T KNOW HOW TO SPELL IT?"

Munchin' At Luncheon

By Jean Ellen Jones and Diane Pfaff

"Ham, please!"
"Hey, that was my egg!"
"Jane, how did you like that 'Modest Proposal' last period?"
"Please, my digestion. Don't bring up . . . quit shovin' will ya?"
"Okay, now, explain the parable of the lost sheep."
"Gads, I'll fail that Bible test for sure! Gimme a pepsi!"
"Now, where's my ham!" Why does everybody have to eat lunch at Tyson's fifth period? What's the matter with the Dairy, already? Diet-crazy people! Except for Mike there with his stack of six sandwiches. Must be a big test next period.
Hey, why the quiet all of a sudden? Oh, oh . . . there's Ann. And what's that yellow slip in her hand? Yep, it figures . . . another stop sign.
"I did order a ham, you know." Hot dog! An empty seat. Better grab it quick. C'mere you! Whoops, gotta get up to find *Jane Eyre*. Book report sixth period and those colored pictures sure will

come in handy. I'm glad Tyson's has such a good collection of classics.
"Marie! How do you turn off this soup machine?! It's buzzing like mad."
"Peggy, guess who's going to teach your advanced biology class today?"
"Who? Not Bill Plunk!"
"Well, lookee who missed their ride to lunch? Have a nice walk!"
"For the fifty-eleventh time, where's my ham sandwich?"
"Hey, look at this card. I've gotta send it to Carl! Listen: 'I could like somebody like you . . . not you, but somebody like you'."
"Naw, I like this one better! Listen to it: 'Why be friendly when with a little more effort you can be a real stinker!'"
"Where did you get those chartreuse leotards? I've got to have some! They'll match my skirt perfect like."
"This is the day. I wanna pay up! so how much do I owe, Marie? Thirty cents? Heavens! That'll teach me not to squander my money on food all week."
"I give up on that ham. Let's go to Ham's."

AT HAM'S

"Hey, Baby doll, quit breaking in line! Keep the line moving; keep moving!"
"Now, where's that soup line? I'm in the cheese cake line."
"Ooooooh, that 'Charlie Brown'! Play it again, Eddie."
"Gimme a hot dog and a smoll."
"Hey, bring back my chair! I can only take so much, you know."
"Sit here, Bob. We only got ten at this table."
"Who's driving that blue and white Chevro'et with the dents in it? I gotta move it to his young man out. Give me your keys."
"Oh, oh, . . . there's that 'G-30' jacket. Come on, Judy, grab your hamburger. I want to very casually leave at the same time."
"Now, where did everybody go? Hey, can you give me a ride? Oh . . . well, okay."

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Hall Tales

By Marie Blakeley and Geanie Black

Jeanie Anderson: "Dickie, I hear that they are making some girls' dresses out of fiber glass."

Dickie Bowen: "Hey, that's something I've got to look into."

Be nonchalant . . . when you have a blind date and it turns out to be your steady.

Car Hop at the "Castle": "Looks like rain today, sir."

David Hypes: "Wait a minute . . . I ordered lemonade."

Mike Gurley (trying to make Lynn jealous): I went out with a nurse last night.

Lynn Fifield: "Oh, don't worry. Maybe your mother will let you go out without one soon."

Marilyn Mills . . . now are you happy?

Confucius say . . . be sure brain turned on . . . before put mouth in gear.

Mrs. Madlin: "Chuck, what did you say your cat's name was?"

Chuck MacDonald: "Ben Hur."

Mrs. Madlin: "Why did you name him that?"

Chuck: "Well, we just called him Ben till he had kittens."

Tommy Tuttle: "Guess what the executioner said as he pulled the switch?"

Vera LeCraw: "I can't imagine."

Tommy: "This'll kill you."

Mother: "When those bad little boys

threw rocks at you, why didn't you come and get me?"

Bill Evans: "Gee, Mom, you couldn't hit the broad side of a barn."

Comboys in today's TV Westerns don't have trouble rolling a cigarette. No, sir! It's adding the filter tip that gets 'em."

Some people have read so much about the harmful effects of smoking that they have decided to give up reading.

Mrs. Starr was giving her Bible class a lecture on charity. "Janet," she said, "If I saw a boy beating a donkey and stopped him from doing so, what virtue would I be showing?"

Janet Edwards: "Brotherly love."

We leave you with this little reminder . . . what you eat may not give you ulcers . . . but what eats you will.

A teacher struggles to put a pair of rubber boots on a kindergarten boy. After they were on the little boy said, "I know why they went on so hard, they aren't mine."

The tried teacher pulled them off without difficulty and set them on the floor. Then the little boy said, "My mama made we wear them. They belong to my sister."

It's Spring:
If the sky is bluer
If the grass is greener
If you're thinking of exams
If you're pondering diplomas
If you hear the call of the beach
If your long flannel is getting itchy
If o' young man's fancy turns to thoughts of his butterfly collection.

SIMPLE SUNDAY

In a large Eastern church, the service was about to begin and the choir was commencing their processional toward the choir loft. Each singer was intent on putting feeling into his own part of the hymn. They held their heads high as they marched. One particular young lady who was wearing needled-heeled shoes was especially interested in her song and was not paying to much attention to where she was walking. Suddenly, as she stepped onto a grate her needle heels sunk into it and she could not get it out. Not wishing to break the mood of the ceremony she merely slipped her foot out of her shoe and continued down the aisle still singing. A young man marching directly behind her seeing her predicament reached down to retrieve the shoe. He picked up the shoe and the grate came with it. He did not wish to disturb the worshippers either so he continued down the aisle singing and carrying the shoe and the grate. The music swelled and in exact step with the other choir members the young lady behind him fell into the hole that the grate left.

Readers Digest.