

**LETTERS
TO THE
EDITOR**

Dear Editor,

On behalf of the student body and myself, may I offer you our congratulations on your paper's recent honor.

Several people have asked me if it would be possible to run a list of "Where the seniors will be . . ." in the last issue this year. I feel it would be a real service to our graduates. Thank you.

Sincerely,
Dave Grimes
President

(Editor's note: HIGH LIFE is planning to run such a list in the last issue of the paper. We appreciate the interest you and other students have taken in such a service.)

Dear Editor:

I am writing to challenge the editorial titled "The Monster" in the March 12 issue, which ridiculously criticized the term paper.

The author, Turn Meloose, stated that the term paper was "the biggest waste of time he had ever wasted." He continued to explain that he had gained nothing from the assignment except the spelling of the word schizophrenia.

I think the editorial unjustly depicted term paper. Contrary to Mr. Turn Meloose, I received many benefits from the term paper. I learned:

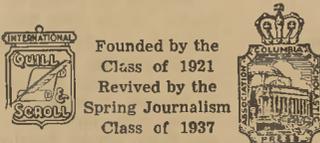
- 1) the spelling of the word Tsar.
- 2) that the card catalog is for finding books and the Reader's Guide for magazines.
- 3) that you must be sure you are not mistaking the author for the title of the book or vice-versa because they are listed in as many as three different ways.
- 4) that dictionaries, encyclopedias, Reader's Guide, and the card catalog do not have any information on the "novus homo" (an upstart in history).
- 5) that I would have to change my subject to the "Russian Religion under Communism."
- 6) that being a week behind in notetaking is never a good policy
- 7) that counting words from one to a thousand is fatiguing to the eyes.
- 8) that a night without sleep is unhealthy for the nerves, the eyes, and the term paper
- 9) that the next time I edit a term paper it will be on the subject, "Rocks."

I hope this list will convince readers that contrary to Mr. Turn Meloose, term papers are not "monsters", but wonderful challenges and inspirations.

Sincerely,
(Inspired Sue)

HIGH LIFE

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In The Spring ... Love?

Spring!

Birds (and others) twitter; flowers bloom; leaves come out; the weather becomes warm. And so on . . .

And, of course, love breaks out at GHS. In the halls, on the walks, in class, couples stare or sit, enchanted with each other. A study reveals numerous types.

First, there is the arm-in-arm couple, usually walking or standing. Some we find, are arm in arm in arm in arm, but that is another matter. Then there are the gigglers and ticklers, loudly and joyfully playful. The intense stargers are another fascinating group; the world comes to an end, or the school crumbles, and they would not know it, or, it is safe to assume, care. Another type also exists: the love-indeed-is-blind set, about whom little may be said that is not totally critical. The timid-but-meaningful glance group is often seen. Bench sitters continue to roost. The Puritan types may be noticed also, usually at a moral distance from one another. There are many others.

All this is not peculiar to GHS or spring, but one must admit that a flowery grove is far more romantic than a winter classroom or a cold walkway. Then, too, this activity proves that, in spite of everything, school can be fun, if one makes the most of things. And if young minds may stray from dry texts to more vital subjects, a love-stricken teen-ager is a fairly harmless creature.

Thus the purpose of this tongue in cheek editorial is not to criticize but to observe, and perhaps encourage, these rites of spring.

A New Bill On Juveniles Proposed

There is a bill before Congress now which is intended to raise the maximum age of a minor from 16 to 18 years old. This act, if it becomes a law, will have increasing significance on today's youths.

The law which is now in effect states that those teen-agers involved in crime who are 16 years of age or under are to be tried in the juvenile courts while those persons who are 18 years or older are to be tried in the adult division of the judicial department. The bill before Congress now proposes to increase the 16 years maximum age of a juvenile to 18 years.

If the bill is passed, a youth 18 years of age or under will have the benefit of more personalized attention without the degradation of a permanent account of crime on his record. He might be sent to reform school or he might be left entirely to the discretion of his parents. As an example, under the law it is *not*, contrary to popular belief, a crime for a minor, that is a person under 18, to *drink* beer; however, it is a crime for him to *purchase* it. Under the new law, anyone under 18 who bought beer would be referred to the juvenile courts.

Crime in America is not so widespread as popular opinion demands. Although it would seem from statistics that crime is rapidly increasing, it is only because many more things once not considered as crime are being classified as such now. This new bill before Congress has been instigated as a means to protect many teen-agers from being branded for life for one mistake. It could be considered as a "second chance" for allowing a teen-ager to grow up a happy citizen, respectful of his country, its people, and their freedom.

Whirlies, Whims, & Whispers

By Hallie Austin

Wondering Whirlie: Hi, Hubert Horatio. Most everyone has got their short stories back, and here's a sample of what the Class of '66 came up with . . . Liz Morrah says hers is about a man who thought he was being knifed in the back, but actually was having a heart attack. Sharp? . . . I like Susan Lashley's. It focuses on a simple man who cried because his flower died. And he wasn't entering it in a flower show either. But he did get run over by a train . . . David Spence wrote about a little boy in a concentration camp. He started a Great Society and everybody in the camp contributed to the War on Poverty. Sweet? . . . Lollie Lake tells of a teacher who wears U. S. Keds and pleases all her pupils, because, just like them, she doesn't like Margret Ann Scoggins, either . . . I bought my story from a senior.

In the Suggestion Box: "We should buy something for the policeman to express our gratitude to her for keeping us from running over the Brooks Kids."

Gritt from George Grimsley's Grotto: Said Mark, 'Kathy is a suicide blond. Dyed by her own hand, is she' . . . I saw a white shirt the other day that had the whole World War II on the cuffs. Such talent . . . Over at Page, a class had a party for a teacher. When the birthday cake was brought in, they all fainted from the heat . . . Do you think Ramona C. really sent all those books to the poor soldiers? . . . Did you know you can wait in the office at 5th period for 19 minutes and no one asks "May I help you?" . . . All the trees in the grove are stunted . . . Our teachers continually ask us to write clearer, but if we do, they complain about our spelling.

In Guidance: On the board: "Recommended Reading for Graduating Seniors: Help Wanted Ads" . . . A counselor told a student time could not be wasted on someone who had more money than brains. Retorted the Hunter: "I have no money!" "I know," chuckled the counselor.

Soph Stuff: Other day, a soph sat in the library with cigarette in mouth. Fellow students pointed to the "No Smoking" sign. Soph said he wasn't smoking. Protested the others: "You've got a weed in your mouth." He said, "I've got shoes on my feet, but I'm not walking" . . . In early morn Driver's Ed. book work, Coach Yates said, "A man is run over every half hour in New York." And Mary A. cried, "Poor man!" . . . A soph ordered a pencil at the school store, "Hard or soft?" asked Coach Bob. "Hard," said Debbie L., "Miss Puett's geometry tests are tough."

Wondering Little Boy Blue: Dear me! Where was I when they passed that law? The one requiring sophs to shift from first to fourth at one time. Oh—must've been when I was at the Convention to Have a Separate Parking Lot for H. K. and other Such Drivers.

Last Time: for this column, and to anyone who's still reading it, you have my sympathies (and wishes for a great summer!).

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