



## Hunt, His Views On Education

by David Bulla, III

Now that the interregnum is over, we begin four years of state government Jim Hunt style. Hunt, who was born in Pleasant Garden, knows the agrarian life. He studied agriculture and economics at N.C. State, and he later received his law degree from UNC-CH. Here is a man that plans to set North Carolina straight. He is aggressive and has so far worked assiduously on the dilemmas that face this state. In his first speech at the legislature, he made some comments on education that are worth reviewing.

When you are to work on a problem dealing in education, you must seek to tie three loose strings; they are the students, parents, and teachers. And Governor Hunt recognizes one

obvious point, that all three need motivation. To deal with teachers, as with all state employees, he will increase their pay by six and one-half per cent, and it's about time. When you start seeing NEA literature lying about teachers' desks, then you know that somewhere something is deficient. In grades one through three there will be new teachers' aids and reading assistants. \$45 million has been allotted for this program.

A change that will help all, especially the student, will be the competency test. This minimum standard will assure each student at the end of each year that he or she is doing his or her best on a level that is expected at that grade level. If the pupil exceeds the minimum score, then he or she graduates to the next class.

And for those with learning disabilities, Hunt will provide aid.

Intentions of good things to come are more money for school buses and decreasing the size of the kindergarten class from 28 to 26. With all this busing and many buses that are fifteen years or so old, the new buses will be welcomed. Decreasing the size of the kindergarten has intimations of a similar move in the schools.

Hunt would like to see our parents involved in more school related activities. After all it is the family unit, the delapidated family unit that is, which has been weakened too much, and all of us have to pay for it. It is at school to this generation and prosperity that we shall teach of this terrible condition. It appears Hunt has us on a road towards better education.

## A Day in the Life of a Basketball Coach

by John Stevenson

7:00 a.m.

Up jumped Coach Holt as the alarm was screeching in his ear. Today is the day, thought the coach as he stumbled into the bathroom to shower and shave. Today's the day of the state championship, which the coach and his team have worked long, hard hours all season to achieve. The game will be played between the Twirlies coached by Coach Holt against long time rivalry the Bucs.

By 8:00 a.m. as usual, the coach had left his apartment on the corner of seventeenth street and strolled down to the corner for breakfast. Nervous stomach and all, the coach devoured three eggs, four sausages and two pieces of toast. Next he was off to school, he was greeted with cheers by hundreds of delirious students, there to wish him luck in the upcoming game. Besides being basketball coach at the school, he was also a physical education instructor. So off was the coach to prepare for his morning classes. During his first period he sat in his office staring out the window and reflecting on the season. At 10:00, the coach went over to the gym to instruct his second and third period classes in exercises and volleyball. Ah! It's lunch time! A sigh of relief fell over the coach as he headed toward his car. At lunch he met with the coach of the Bucs and a few administrators from both schools. There they had an informal luncheon and discussed the regulation for the game. After lunch the coach stopped by his home and picked up the game



Mrs. Beamer, new Home Economics teacher

plans. Then it was back to the school for some last minute preparations. Game time was approaching. Off he was to the arena where the game was to be held. As he entered the building a chant of "We're No. 1" echoed throughout the halls. By starting time the arena was filled with 3,000 screaming fans from both sides. The first half was exciting and fast paced with the Twirlies on top 35-33. But in the second half the Twirlies broke it open and won easily 72-58. After the arena emptied and the players left the locker room the coach received the greatest reward of the day. In walked a man who identified himself as a representative of a power-house college basketball team. He was offered a job as head coach of this team. As he drove home his mind was made up, he will accept the job.

As he lay in bed and reeled off the thoughts of the day, he realized that this was the beginning of his life. Today, the high school state championship. Who knows? Tomorrow, the NCAA Championship. Buzzzzzzzz oh! It was only a dream.

## New Home Economics Teacher

The Home Economics Department at Grimsley has recently been reinforced by Mrs. Patricia Beamer. Mrs. Beamer replaced Mrs. Norwood at the beginning of the second semester, and so far she is enjoying her new job. She is now teaching Child Development and Housing and Furnishings.

A graduate of UNC-G, Mrs. Beamer is a former classmate of Mrs. Mary Sigmund, who is also a home economics teacher at Grimsley.

Mrs. Beamer has taught most recently at J.C. Price School in Greensboro. She has taught in Winston-Salem and in Alexandria Virginia, also.

With two sons (14 and 18), Mrs. Beamer still finds time to play tennis, do needlework, and be a home tester for Betty Crocker. She is also an avid Carolina fan.

HIGH LIFE hopes Mrs. Banner will have a pleasant stay at Grimsley.

## Huss Attending Class Room Conference

by Cindy Ward

Instead of suffering through the same old algebra and history and english classes, staring at the same old teachers day in and day out, Tom Huss, a junior here at Grimsley, will wing his way to Washington, D.C. as a member of the Presidential Classroom.

The Presidential Classroom seminars will be held on one floor of the Twin Bridges Motel, where all of the students will also stay.

Students come from all over the United States, choosing one week out of five to attend the Presidential Classroom. Tom, the only student from Grimsley to be present at the classroom, will be there the week of February 12-19.

During the classroom sessions, speakers come to talk to the students, including big-wheel Senators, some of the more important lobbyists and journalists. These speakers tell about their jobs, what the jobs involve, and how they affect the public. There is always the chance that the Vice President, or even the President himself, could make an unscheduled appearance.

Also included with the classroom are tours in the

Washington D.C. area, with a possible chance of sitting in on Congress, and maybe the Supreme Court, if it is in session.

The cos for one week of the Presidential Classroom, with tours through Washington D.C., a room at the Twin Bridges Motel, and all meals, cost a minimal two hundred and fifty dollars, plus the cost of a round-trip airline ticket.

Tom, a rather quiet person, found out about the Presidential Classroom through his guidance counselor, Ms. Harrel, when he expressed an interest in a program such as this.

Any person wishing to be a part in the Presidential Classroom, or any other similar program, may do so through the guidance counselors.

Even though a fair amount of school work will be missed, Tom's absences won't be counted against his ten absences.

This classroom, according to Tom, was designed mainly for seniors, but juniors are welcome also, as an advertising medium to rising seniors.



by Hank Howard

Walking along the drafty corridors of our fair alma mater these days, the tinge in the air causes the average Grimsley student to wonder exactly what the Ice Age was like. At any rate, all of us have experienced a huge dosage of it during the past few weeks, or at least a keen likeness of it. It seems that never before have we Southern-drawled teenagers beheld such frigid circumstances in the climate and snow covering our native Dixie turf for a month or more.

Making matters worse, everyday conversation grumbles around the campus of cold brick and mortar hinting how awful the weather is affecting everyone and everything. People are literally freezing to death in their own homes, while other outdoor laborers are developing severe cases of frostbite in the course of their daily shores. Other related problems include accidents caused by the iciness of streets and sidewalks, the "shutting in" of the elderly and the handicapped, and the injuries sustained by children falling into inviting, but frail icy glazed lakes, and plummeting down snow-covered hillsides into the paths of oncoming cars.

All the dangers and discomforts of this arctic air attack now descending upon us, have been recorded precisely and persistently drilled into our heads by all forms of the media, and by our relatives, friends and even our enemies. Yet, no one seeks any slight ounce of worth of the short days of an exceedingly cold winter.

Looking around Grimsley the casual observer could note quite a few changes in the lifestyle of the typical Grimsley student. The tennis short, T-shirt, halter top, sneaker look has abruptly given

way to the "in" style of Cassack hats, toboggans, parkas, and earmuffs. More weight-conscious members of the student body need not worry for "'tis the season to be jolly". Everyone is bundled up so, it is often difficult and many times impossible to discern the identity or sex of a student, let alone their shape.

In brilliant contrast with the frigid, dead feeling of winter outside, the main hall, usually an empty, long, sombre gallery is transformed into a bustling, ebullient center of activity, and gaiety. Intermingled along the hall are members of temporarily abandoned cliques and coteries, all types of students from all types of backgrounds from Westridge Heights to East Lee Street.

If cold weather has not brought G.H.S. students together, nothing will. For one who is not absorbed in the chatter with their newly acquired "snowy day" friends, the gathering is almost unbelievable. It is much like witnessing a once-in-a-lifetime occurrence such as Haley's Comet. Former backers of G.C.S. might stare amazed at the scene as one who has found the truth, the answer for which they have spent a lifetime searching. And suddenly they realize that all it takes is a little cold, inclement weather and a warm, traditional meeting place and a crowd of 2000 Grimsley "sweathogs" for the magic to begin flowing.

It is perhaps a silly insinuation that cold weather brings people together, but then again, at the first thought of cold, the average person, his teeth chattering, involuntarily nuzzles up to the nearest warm object. This is perhaps a latent instinct dating from the time each child first felt from the warm embrace of his mother.

## Yum Yum

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