

## Grimsley Going To Pot?

The glorious season of spring has come again as usual, but not without an unpleasant haze. Just when Grimsley is taking its first breath of fresh spring air, the pot fumes drift outdoors. As everyone is stretching in the new freedom of the spring outdoors, so does the smell of the burning herb evacuate it's usual quarters of stale bathrooms, stairwells, and hallways.

Before proceeding further, this editor feels it necessary to explain that the views expressed here are simply mine. Without consulting the rest of my staff I feel I am in the minority and will thus sign my name in all caps to stress that the ideas here are my own, not necessarily those of the HIGH LIFE staff, and also to stress my firm belief in what I am saying.

Pot-smoking does not appear to be a passing fad, as I had hoped. No it seems to be intensifying, at least at Grimsley. Pot smokers are taking their "hobby" much more seriously. No longer is marajuana for the problem kid, the unloved child, or the lazy slut trying to escape from reality. Everyone is for pot, and pot is for everyone, or so the saying goes. T-Shirts echo, "Get High," "Stoned Agin," and "Fly High." Pot is not anything really special. Today it is just another cosmic experience, another space age thriller like "Space Mountain" or "Thunder Road."

It seems that I am the only one who isn't either smoking or toking. I feel pressured many times when around seemingly hundreds of pot-smokers who regard their habit as one of the usual joys of life today in high school, i.e. eating, drinking, sex, skateboarding, and driving. It really doesn't seem to bother me much except when I am forced to admit my peculiarity in a circle of pot-smokers who stare as amazed at me (with wreaths of foul-smelling smoke above them) as I am at them. Perhaps I am even more annoyed at the smell of the burning plant. My main objection is the scent of the joy-giving herb, something like a cross between old burning socks and a skunk's delightful contribution to the atmosphere.

Since "getting high" is a great thing nowadays and may become the future great American pastime if legalized, I really can not cut it down too low, for who would be listening? If you are flying high right now, can you read this page? Does it resemble Chinese? I shudder to think of a street scene in 2010 A.D. with our kids and their grandkids flying high above street level. Maybe by then I will have been brainwashed into being unable to resist the Columbian Grade A. But for now, I have no desire at all to stuff a roll of rags and weeds (or anything, for that matter) between my lips, light the concoction, and make like a Neandrathal ape or smokestack.

No, I have nothing against other folks getting high. I say, "Fly where you please, how you please," for who am I to stop you? I admit I am not crazy about the idea of everyone but a few of us being stoned at once, but I could survive it. While the rest of you fly around with your pseudo-wings in the form of foul-smelling smoke, imagining a fantasy world, I too will get high. I can get high off a sunrise, meeting a new person, experiencing a birth, or feeling a little closer to our God. I can think of endless ways to spend my limited days in pleasant experience of this world. I am sure the pot-smokers can too.

I realize all pot-smokers are not just pot-smokers. Most of them probably love sunrises too. I ask of you people only two favors. One, please don't take up so much of the fresh air around our school's front lawn at lunchtime. (Remember me and the few others like me). Two, please think about your pot-smoking hobby, why you do it. What do you need the burning herb for when you have so many natural mountains and valleys to explore? There is the sunshine, and there is a cause in life for everyone. Seek them out. Remember, please.

Thanks for paying attention,  
Your Editor  
HANK HOWARD

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# OPINION

GHS Forum

Tables or Truancy

## Attendance Office Blues

Editor of HIGH LIFE:

I have been called to the attendance office four times in the past week. Three times I have been called during the middle of my first period class. I resent these interruptions.

Once I am there I sign a scrap of paper that informs me I have five tardies in homeroom. While putting my signature on this piece of waste paper (I'm sure they're filed!) it comes to the attention of the attendance official that I didn't sign in the last time I was tardy to homeroom. What is my excuse? Having none (believable anyway), I am told that I am not only irresponsible, but that I am up for suspension from school. I am told to read the last paragraph of the attendance policy to myself. Did I realize that I could be suspended? Yep.

My casualness really aggravated the attendance official. He was gonna let me off easy. It was Monday, so I could clean tables in the cafeteria during my lunch

period through "the rest of the week." Of course I had the option of suspension.

Tuesday I report to table cleaning duty. Wednesday I have to make up a test, but still manage to clean all the tables before my next class. Thursday all the tables have already been cleaned and mr. Attendance Official isn't there. Friday I take a college day, and therefore do not drive back from Raleigh to clean cafeteria tables.

Monday morning during first period I receive another note from Mr. Attendance Office. It seems that since he didn't see me last week cleaning tables, I can clean up tables the rest of this week.

By now I am no longer casual. While citing my case to the Mr. Attendance Official, I am handed my note back to class and "I don't want to hear anymore."

I am sick of playing maid for people who get paid for the job I'm doing -- I'm also sick of being

exploited because I am a student.  
Ann Strange

## Student Teachers Gain In Experience

Editor of HIGH LIFE:

Beginning in March an influx of student teachers arrived at Grimsley. At first reaction, I was terrified of an inexperienced teacher grading me. Even after the first day of these nervous teachers at the front of the classroom, I still was uneasy about the inexperience and lack of control they had over the classes. After one week these "rookies" showed tremendous improvement. They began to control classes and to become in touch with the students. Along with their new experiences they give us new classroom techniques. It is interesting to see "new blood and life" brought into the Grimsley school system.

Sincerely,  
Martin Miller

## Distinguish Between U & N

Conduct marks, referred to as conduct cuts, are a devised means of giving the parents an indication of their child's behavior. The symbols used to represent a student's conduct are; S-Satisfactory, N-Needing Improvement, and U-Unsatisfactory.

An "N" and a "U" should not be thought of as two closely related items. The "N" means improvement is needed, but the "U" indicates that the student is constantly disrupting the classroom.

Two years ago, a committee consisting of administrators, teachers, and students, discussed the idea of an "N" in conduct merely serving as a warning to students, but not barring them from the Honor Roll. The idea was to let students know that continued misbehavior would keep them off the Honor Roll.

Some students feel that conduct cuts should be used to serve as a dividing line between Honor Roll students and non-honor roll students.

Conduct marks may be helpful to a university when deciding the acceptance of eligible students. Those students with a good conduct record will have a better chance of acceptance, than those students with an inferior conduct record.

Jill Utter

## Song of the Open Road

Afoot and light-hearted, I take to the open road,  
Healthy, free, the world before me,  
The long brown path before me, leading wherever I choose.

Henceforth I whimper no more, postpone no more, need nothing,  
Henceforth I ask not good fortune -- I myself am good fortune;  
Strong and content, I travel the open road.

The earth -- that is sufficient;  
I do not want the constellations any nearer;  
I know they are very well where they are;  
I know they suffice for those who belong to them.

Here is the test of wisdom;  
Wisdom is not finally tested in schools;  
Wisdom cannot be pass'd from one having, to another not having it;  
Wisdom is of the Soul, is not susceptible of proof, is its own proof.

They may prove well in lecture rooms, yet not prove at all under the spacious clouds,  
And along the landscape and flowing currents.

Walt Whitman

