

# Main Hall

by Hank Howard

It's here!  
Spring has sprung!

Finally what we have long awaited has come as we shove aside our heavy books and begin dreaming of all the magic of senior year good-byes, ceremonies, and summer freedom. We sit and daydream of these magnificent times, but suddenly cough with the realization that the pollen must be getting to us. Graduation for seniors, that first dose of senioritis for juniors, and that "Thank God I'm now a junior" -- itis for the sophs are all still two long months away.

So we gather up our books again with a sigh and attempt to understand why it is important to know the Pythagorean Theorem, who could possibly live off co-sines, sines, and tangents, and why the philosophies of Camus and Ionesco really give us such headaches in writing papers. These thoughts and a thousand others enter our heads questioning our reasons for studying so diligently when a sudden Frisbee whisks by and our minds are emptied of all the cumbersome contemplation.

The heavy thoughts drift unnoticeably upward to mingle with the carefree clouds. Every silver-lined jet appears to be destined for some fantasy-filled island of summertime. And most of us realize how very unfair it is of the rest of us to wear shorts, T-shirts, beach hats, and sing the Beach Boys' oldies up and down the still musty halls. Here we are trying desperately to concentrate on photosynthesis, balancing equations, and memorizing the dates of the most important battles of the most important wars of the most important nations, when

## Jeep Racing

by Ann Strange

4-W-D is soon to become a household word. For those of you not familiar with it, it means foot-stomping, mud-slinging, hell-raising fun!

I spent the past weekend at a 4-W-D race about forty miles west of Richmond. Mary Pat Kirwin and I left around 5:30 Saturday afternoon. After taking various detours (also known as getting lost) we arrived around ten o'clock.

We quickly parked the car and ran to where a bluegrass band was playing. They were at the bottom of a hill, the hill was packed with drunk, stoned, good-timing people. Mary Pat and I never stopped dancing and laughing. There were so many people! The whole thing was like a miniature Woodstock. A bunch of people, (many of whom neither of us knew), combined efforts and got a fire started. We stood around it singing "Let the circle be unbroken, by and by Lord by and by. . ."

It was a clear night but cold! We found a place to camp around 12:30 and built a fire. We munched out on apples, sang and played the guitar. People from neighboring camps would drift in and drift out. The night was filled



photo by MICCAHERN

some blond bronzed beauty pauses in the Main Hall only long enough to ask if it would be too much trouble to "rub a little Hawaiian Tropic on my back, Hon." It is unfair!

Senioritis has taken over the amjority of us. But a few of the more sensible and intelligent individuals among us have not let it hit quite so hard. They have managed to achieve the high

honor that gives scholarship, studying, and education all real meaning. Their talents and hard work have been recognized by the National Honor Society, at Grimsley. . . Torchlight.

Others of us were able to "show our stuff" at the Charioteers' Fashion Show. Some of us

were smashed. Still others of us were able to enjoy the sights of the beneficial event and laugh at those that were bombed.

Books or no books the time of year has come to be carefree, to

kick off shoes and run through the rapidly growing summer grass. This brings up two more topics: foot problems and lawnmowing. Bare feet will most likely, as

always walk us into the painful realization that "glass can cut," and that our streets are not as clean as we had assumed in the winter. And neither does the grass stay as well confined. The brown stuff suddenly comes alive evolving swiftly into a creeping, green carnivorous creature devouring every square inch of area and munching on sidewalks, curbs, and driveways. The fast-powered lawnmowers with all the summer sweat and gasoline that can be mustered simply cannot control the creeping giant. Green is king.

But as is the case every summer, we will survive. We will gladly welcome the heat waves, the sunburns, the Putt-Putt courses, and the summer flowers. Beach will be Mecca for at least the next half of the year. Our symbol will be the Whirlie bird in Cooltrays, Hang Ten swim trunks, and flip flops. School will be out. . .

School! Oh well, back to books. Enough of the daydreaming. Back to Algebra, Chemistry, English, and History. Back to Literature, back to Typing, and back to French, German, Spanish, and Latin. Back. For a while.

with friendly words and friendly faces. Mary Pat and I crawled into our sleeping bags, exhausted but happy. I drifted to sleep counting stars.

Our fire had gone out sometime during the night. We woke with numb toes and frost bitten ears. I sat up shivering, and after waking up a little and looking around, I realized I should not complain about the cold. It was too beautiful a morning for that. The sky was a deep blue, the trees had that bright green color that only

the new leaves of spring can have. The sun was bright and slowly penetrated through the chill.

Mary Pat and I ate a quick breakfast, then rolled our sleeping bags and took a tour of the grounds. The race was to be held on what used to be an old horse farm. There were eleven thousand people camping on these rolling hills! I introduced Mary Pat to Charlie Proffitt, Dale Vest, Robb King and Sam Pistone so that when they ran later in the



# Grimsley Drama Department Presents...

by Carole Dolin

This upcoming Spring, Grimsley's Theatre Workshop will be presenting a repertoire consisting of two full-length shows.

"House of Bernarda Alba" will be presented in the Grimsley auditorium on May 4th and 6th. In addition to this, "Of Mice and Men" will be presented on May 3rd and 5th. In directing these plays, Mr. Parrish, teacher of the Theatre Workshop has recognized both shows as containing script material to implant a strong and powerful impact on the mind.

In "House of Bernarda Alba," the cast contains for the first time ever in Grimsley's history, an all female cast. The setting takes place in the early years of Spain. Ann Exum, a guest actress for Grimsley's Theatre Workshop will be playing the lead role of Bernarda. Bernarda is a domineering character. She possesses a hint of tyranny within her character, and thinks she controls everyone's lifestyles within the play.

"Each acting experience is a learning experience," says Ms. Exum. This is Ms. Exum's first experience working with senior high school dramatics, and she feels that it is quite a privilege. Ms. Exum has performed many times before, her last show being "A Reason in the Sun" performed in Newport, Rhode Island.

In addition to the "House of Bernarda Alba" production, Grimsley Theatre Workshop shall be presenting "Of Mice and Men." The cast consists of all

female characters also, with the exception of one male. This script was adopted from the book **Of Mice and Men** by John Steinbeck. The setting takes place in the 1930s. The story is about a boy named Lennie who is physically a "giant," yet mentally disturbed. His mind accepts happenings within life rather slowly, while possessing the temperament of a child.

For those more intrigued with the lighter side of performances, Playmasters will be performing Short Subjects V from April 27th-28th. The plots range from "absolutely absurd to very serious" says Connye Florence, a member of the Theatre Workshop. Of the five, one-act plays, three are student-directed, and two are student-teacher directed. They will be performed in Grimsley's studio theatre, each act lasting approximately 30 minutes. The student-directed plays consist of "I Bring You Flowers" directed by Jone Marshall, "The Interview" directed by Rona Marco, and "The Actor and the Invade," directed by Julie Watts. As for the student-teacher-directed plays, Laura Hunter directs "Contributions" containing an all black cast, and Richard Zaruba directs "The Right Kind of House." Grimsley's Drama Department carries on rehearsals long hours after school, late hours through the night, and even on weekends. One member of the department left the room saying, "We're crazy with rehearsals, we know we're crazy, but how else did we become #1 in the state!"

# Teenage Threat

by Martin Miller

A teen-age girl drives alone at night. The moon is full and the roads are dry.

She has just broken up with her guy, has school trouble and hates her parents. The girl accelerates and goes tumbling down a mountain.

Highway Patrol members are just now learning of suicides like the one above. The patrol believes seventy per cent are done by teen-age drivers.

Suicide is the second leading cause of death among teenagers as opposed to fifth five years ago. Thirty percent of all suicides are previous high school drop-outs. April has the highest suicide rate for young people out of the year. Mondays and Fridays claim more lives than any of the other days combined.

The causes of teen suicide

day she would be sure to watch. Dad pulled in around ten o'clock. There were sixteen people in our class and we were number sixteen. There were six pp. drivers. It takes three four trophies and four for money, so we had it made.

There are no practice runs, so Dad and I walked the track. The track was excellent! You had to make a ninety degree turn into a creek and then go up a fifty to a seventy-five yard hill. The hill was so steep you could not walk up it. You came from the creek to the bottom of the hill. . . so there was no such thing as a running start. At the top of the hill you

range from overprotective parents to the excessive use of drugs and alcohol. The absence of significant relationships was pointed out as the major cause of teen suicides. Doctors also point out the fact that adolescence is the toughest time for an individual to live. "Adolescents experience humiliation, confusion, peer pressure, and educational stress," says Dr. Doff.

Prevention of teen suicide depends on the peer group and parents. If someone threatens suicide, he is usually not taken seriously. He is usually laughed at and becomes more alienated from the group.

Whatever the reason for suicide or whatever the causes are, suicide is a real threat to teenagers across the country.

make a sharp left and come down the other side. Coming down was just as rough as going up! It was loose rocks in some places and silty red clay in others. Then you crossed the creek again, through the finish line, sounds easy huh?

The drivers meeting was at twelve. There were the twenty-eight women in all. They were paying a \$110 first place, \$50 second, \$25 for third plus trophies.

The race was started at one by the National Anthem. In the first three classes nothing much happened. Then came Joel Byrd, an

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