

A Senior's Memories of Grimsley

We Come, I Go, Moving On

by Ogden Sprull '78

The year was 1975. It was summer. We had just left junior high school. What a bore! All the juvenile little kiddie matinees, slumber parties, bedtime stories -- how remote! We who remember those "forgettable" years left with more pride than the shoes we wore, the chip we carried, the Timex watch we got for Christmas.

The year was 1976. We were sophomores. We had finally adjusted to larger rooms, longer classes, more homework. Our skills now included driving, dating, hanging out, maybe studying a little bit. Our consciousness broadened, and with it, a new pride; pride in our appearance, pride in our lockers, pride in our fifth period lunch. Over our shoulder and ever so present stood a Senior -- a quite strange character actually. Prior to spring, the taunts of the Senior hastened our immaturity, wea-

kened our confidence, tried our patience. Now, in May, the once bright, glowing eyes of the Senior turned to dull, glazed looks of one no longer sure of himself. How immature! We must move on.

The year is 1977. It is spring. We are the juniors. We are by no means the kiddies anymore; our rings proclaim our superiority. The new moustaches, beards, and make up show our maturity and wisdom. We go to our first homecoming; we learn about Page Piracy, PSAT's, Mrs. Pethal. Pride is fast cars, AP courses, steady dates, class rings, and fake ID's. That cry baby of a senior is gone. In his place, a new senior appears. Oh no! His once bright eyes now too fall to the "Raindrops keep falling" syndrome. Well, this is so childish. WE MUST BE STRONG JUNIORS! We must move on.

It is spring, 1978. Thank God, we are getting out. No longer are we conditioned to the sounds of

"Registration," "Go to Home-room," "11 Absences," "cafeteria food," "SAT'S," "You must see Mr. Jones or else," and the like. The time to depart is here. Oh no. . . Is it raining? It must be! Oh no! That's not rain! What shall I do? Shall I be ashamed? No, we must stand alone, each unto his own life now.

Contrary to all the rest of my classmates, my tears flow freely. Each of us are now alone. We have become separate entities, new beings. We have pride, but not in cars, not in dates, not in clothes. We take pride in school, in beating Page, in saying, "I am from Grimsley, so I am somebody." The school which we so apathetically attended for three years is now home away from home. Soon the friends who we so carelessly took for granted are to be gone; some only for a short time; some forever. No longer will there be the constant "Let's go to class, son," or the "three tardies

constitutes one absence" lingo, but my decisions will be "mine." Yet, there is no turning back. Unhappily, I alone now, move on.

Quickly, I grab my last newspaper and yearbook. Forty years from now, they shall serve as my only link to the past I so quickly wasted. I turn and follow my fellow mates into the auditorium. Quietly, I receive my last congratulations from my teachers. Even Mr. Saunders, my arch enemy, watched with intense feeling as I said goodbyes, shook hands, reminisced and reflected. The new character, called sophomore as I might remember, watched laughingly as I cried, but I could not stop; I moved on.

It is June 12, 1978. Slowly, I make my way through all the coliseum doors, through all the faces, the tears, the memories. I take my place for the last time behind a fellow senior who I never really took the time to know and nudged her to make sure I was looking as happy as possible for such a solemn occasion. Sadly, she says yes. We march in, hand in hand. As that familiar tune is played, our eyes become swollen, filled with the memories of football rivalries, late term papers, lost books. The throat, once used to yell out familiar cheers, now seemed full of fond wishes, although none ever made it out.

Impatiently, we listened as final words were said. For an instant, we recall friends and mates who did not make it here

tonight, and pray for them. I hear a name called. It is mine. Slowly, I clutch that sheet of paper I worked twelve years for. Proudly, yet meekly, I move on.

And so, I have graduated. With my friends and enemies alike, I offer a few thoughts, a kind word, a kiss, a prayer. In return, I receive a hug, a tear, a simple touch, each expressing more than is said in three years, or six years, or a lifetime.

Later, I sit back and reflect, cry a while, remembering the good, the bad, the little things that were so trivial.

I dry my tears and move on -- down a new road; the music that we danced to at one time now plays a different melody -- one that you, nor I, nor 547 other people can hear. One that can be heard by number 548, or 549. We each hear a different beat now, and we each move on.

868 IS THE PLACE

by Cindy Caveness

Last year, during the same time of turmoil, one of my fellow classmates wrote an article about the newspaper staff. So I am writing a follow-up on the 1977-1978 staff.

As you remember, or do not, 868 is the cell in which my fellow animals are kept. We are put in the very corner of the school so not to bother the normal students. Well, let me get on with my description of the staff.

Our group of editors make up a strange group of people? They are supposed to be leaders and have bright ideas. The editors are nice, do not get me wrong, but they are just a little strange. Hank Howard, our editor in chief, jogs every day showing off his less than sexy legs. This usually results with the girls scrambling to the bathroom to relieve themselves.

Our sports editor is a totally different story. Lisa McDowell sits in the corner of the room singing Willie Nelson's favorite songs. Her eyes carry a 'I am not quite here' look.

Sara Gramley and Cindy Ward are the two timid editors. Yet when they want to be mean you better watch out!!

Now for the commoners known as reporters. The best looking man on the staff is Wayne Early. This guy's bod could excite just about anything.

Our cute little Girl Scout, Gerri Ratliff, deserves the good behavior award. Even though she is tardy everyday, she convinces Ms. Sroog that she was only talking to Mr. Smith.

Now if you ever need a summary of the parties held the weekend before, you should talk to Manuel Campano. He constantly talks about every party there was and was not.

We are privileged to have our very own talking Barbie Doll. Jill Utter is so cute that you want to go out and buy all the hair spray in the world for her.

Anthony Beard is a very suave sort of guy. He is so tall. (How tall is he?), he is so tall his head is always in the clouds.

Ellen Mitchell is our Pizza expert. She sits in class everyday begging Scroog to let her go get ads. We know what she really wants to get. . .

The loudest group of animals in the class is the Space Cadet Club. The HEAD of the club is the one and only Bryan Smith. He frantically searches the room everyday for a bottle of clear Eyes. You know how sophomores are. . . ah, the wise fools. Bryan's partner is Joe Morris. He helps Bryan with anything he can not handle, (girls, copy, driving his car. . .) Ken Bicknell and Kathy (apple cheeks) McEachern will sometimes let the two sophs go to a Tennis match of a track meet if they are good. I deny having to be any part of that.

Cheryl Luteman and Ann Strange are our printer runners. They are the first to go to the printer and the last of us to come back. I think it has to do with a certain Jeep driver.

Carole Dolin and Anna Poulos are the quiet ones of the class. I have heard that you have to be careful with those kind. Kirk Rice fits this group on the surface but on the inside he is one of the biggest Space Cadets in the class. Now the rumor around the school is that there is an ugly sea monster lurking in the back room of 868. Well that is wrong. It is only Ms. Sroog!!

If you have noticed I have overlooked Martin Miller, Well, what can I say Martin, I overlooked myself too. Only because I am a senior and I have privileges.

I must leave now because my keeper has to put me in my padded cell. Chow."



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