

HIGH LIFE

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Editor-in-Chief Betty Pritchard
 Managing Editor Martin Hester
 Business Manager John Gaddy
 News Editor Jane Turpin
 Feature Editor Mike Cowhig
 Sports Editor Charlie Perry
 Photographer Ralph Beaver
 Associate Sports Editor Paula Main

The Laughing Man

About 190 years ago, there lived a boy named Peter Smith. He was 17 years old, and lived in a very small hut on the outskirts of Brighton, England. He was an orphan, left on the doorsteps of a great institution soon after he was born. At the age of 6, he was adopted by an elderly couple who were horrified by his attitude toward life. It seemed like he had regard only for himself, and only contempt for anyone who tried to help him in some way. When questioned about his disdain for society, he would reply that he learned to fend for himself at such an early age from his experiences at the orphanage.

The kindly old couple decided to send him away to school, where he could be educated in the way of books and also taught the fine and noble aspects of life. He thrived on the atmosphere of the school, it having a fine staff of teachers and a busy student body, and the foster parents of young Peter were happily notified that he was learning his lessons well. For a while Peter was happy and satisfied with his life, and was eager to study along with the other pupils.

Then, one day shortly after his sixteenth birthday, something happened which changed Peter completely. He was reading a book one afternoon when he glanced up from his reading and saw, just across the street, a very green and very lovely garden. Immediately he jumped up from the bench he was sitting on, and ran to the fence which surrounded the school. An instructor, who was also standing near the fence, saw Peter ogling the garden, and walked over near the boy. "Well, I see you've seen the garden," he said.

"Oh yes, yes," replied Peter. "But where did it come from? Why haven't I noticed it before?"

The teacher just smiled. "It's been there all right," he said. "You

just haven't seen it before."

"Well," said Peter, "I don't know where it came from, and I certainly don't know why. All I know is that it's very green and very beautiful. I think I'll go over there and smell the roses and just look around."

The teacher shook his head. "No, Peter, I'm afraid you can't," he said. "You know you're the first boy at this school to see the garden. Now, I could let you go across the street, but then naturally you'd tell everybody about it, all the other students, I mean. Pretty soon all the pupils would be over there, smelling the roses and making a big fuss about the shrubs, and we'd never get anything done around here, would we?"

Peter took a glance at the garden, and then looked at the professor, as if in sympathy. "Sir, I can understand that. It's just that, well, I don't think I can ever be completely happy unless I go over there and see for myself. But don't worry. I won't tell the other kids."

"Well, Peter, don't you worry. I'm doing this for your own good, you know. Although the garden is beautiful and the roses smell very nice, it's actually dangerous across the street. There are traps and snares, and quicksand, and a lot of other things. And the reason you're here, at this school, is to learn how to detect these traps, and to find out where the quicksand is in the garden. You see Peter, you just aren't old enough or wise enough to go over there yet. But when you do know these things, why, you can live over there if you wish to."

"You mean I can live in that lovely place!" shouted Peter.

"Certainly," said the instructor, "but you have to learn all about it first. And while you're studying you can't come here and watch the garden. It takes your mind off your lessons."

"I can't see the garden?" asked Peter.

"Not for a little while," answered the instructor. "Now come on, let's get back to class."

But Peter just stood there. "You go on professor," he said. "I guess I'll be along a little later. You go ahead, though." The teacher waved slightly, told Peter to try and hurry and walked off.

Peter was still standing there, by the fence, with the book at his feet and his hands wrapped around the wire gate, and it was getting on around sundown when a giant laughing man came and took away the garden.

IMMORALS

A young man named Steve and a young woman named Carol were very much in love. One day they decided to take a walk in the woods in order to discuss their marriage plans.

They had been walking for some time when Carol said that she was tired and needed to rest. Steve, being the perfect gentleman, offered to carry her and thus they proceeded to enjoy the scenery and their talk. However, Steve soon became tired and suggested that they sit awhile on a nearby log.

Carol reclined on the dead tree and immediately fell through to the ground. She jumped up, yelled at Steve for not warning her about the rotten log, and walked away holding herself. They never got together again, and a great romance was ruined, ALL of which just goes to show that love can never be a many-splintered thing.

Once in a while it behooves us to tell you a dirty joke. So here it is: A white horse fell in a mud puddle.



FORUM:

To Sell or Not To Sell

By BILL ILER

In a recent poll of the American public 25% favored the U. S. trading liberally with the Soviet Union, 55% would sell the Soviets foods and consumer goods, not machinery. Only 17% favored not trading with the Russians.

This American 17% seems to have the best interests of the country and the free world at heart, although it is in the minority.

Since the end of World War II, in 1945, the Soviet Union has entered into fifty-three treaty agreements with countries of the Free World. The Russians have broken fifty of these pacts. Also, the Soviet Union has not paid its assessment to the United Nations for over two years.

The people who make up the above 55 per cent and 25 per cent perhaps believe that the Russians are our buddies. The recent change in the attitude of the U.S.S.R. toward the U.S. is caused only by the present situation within the Soviet Union. Premier Khrushchev is in serious trouble because of the growing cost of defense and space programs. He is unable to solve critical problems in agriculture and industry. Therefore, he is behaving himself, causing no trouble in Berlin or elsewhere. He needs a relaxation of world tensions, in order to perpetuate himself and his ideals. After some of the Soviet problems are solved, Premier Khrushchev can easily revert to his subversive Communist ways.

The wholesale of wheat, or other foods, to the Soviet Union by the United States has set a precedent. After our sale the Soviets will need still more food, and other commodities which can bolster their economy and satisfy their people.

Hunger breeds dissatisfaction with the government. This hunger will serve to make the people in the Soviet Union and its satellites realize that their government is not perfect. In this way, a refusal by the U. S. to sell wheat to the Soviet Union might have done more for democracy than many a Radio Free Europe broadcast.

The Russians will probably buy wheat for themselves and ship their wheat to Cuba or to other allied countries. In a sense, the United States could be helping to hold the Communist bloc together by our seeming good will.

In the words of a historian, "Why feed the person who will cut your throat."

The Honor Code?

In a recent assembly, the findings of a student survey were announced. The survey, dealing with the student's feelings toward the honor code, has taken in the various homerooms and represents almost the total enrollment at G.H.S.

When asked the question "Do you think other students follow the honor code?" approximately 70% said 'no' and 30% said 'yes'. However, when asked "Do you ... ?", the figures were reversed, 70% voting 'yes' and 30% 'no'.

Apparently the ballots were miscounted. Or were they? It seems to us that, if an honor code is to be effective, EVERY student must abide by it, not just a few. And if the sampling taken is any indication of student honesty, 40% of the pupils at G.H.S. are liars, or scoundrels, or other such dastardly villains.

A discrepancy as large as the above mentioned could easily manifest itself in other areas as well, and in some cases could discredit the name of G.H.S. What if almost half of the student body cheated on the final exam? Even if this example is improbable, the point is clear.

If there must be an honor code, make it something to carry in your head instead of your wallet. First comes honor, then comes bravery, then too must follow victory. So how about winning for a change?