

HIGH LIFE

Published Semi-Monthly by the Students of Grimsley Senior High School Greensboro, N. C.



Founded by the Class of 1921 Revived by the Spring Journalism Class of 1937



Second Class Postage Paid Greensboro, N. C.

Self-Analysis '64

Since the termination of the current annum is imminent, and since HIGH-LIFE has been distributed to the students of G.H.S. a total of 15 times this year, perhaps a recap of the paper's difficulties and triumphs, its progressions and defeats, is timely and significant.

At the beginning of this year many changes were made and several new features instigated. The purpose for these renovations was mainly to bolster circulation, to create fresh excitement or interest over a theretofore staid, rather dry newspaper. The first and most striking changes were in the form of the paper. A new, smaller nameplate was implemented on the first page while column rules, the black lines which separate the columns, were discontinued. The altered form had a cleaner, streamlined look and beautified the newspaper somewhat.

The second outstanding group of alterations was the addition of new features and new styles of literary content. "Ann Slanders," "Immorals," and "Bill's Bull" were columns used frequently this year. Book reviews and occasional art and music reviews were vested with a subdued but encouraging interest by most students. However, the one feature-style used with great success was the interview. Several of these original, exclusive interviews were found in HIGH LIFE, of which most were spotlighted on persons of notoriety, such as the group "Peter, Paul, and Mary." Features of this kind are rarely used in high school newspapers, and we of the staff are cognizant of their worth and the work put into the gaining of such character sketches.

The coverage of news and sports events was adequate and in the great majority of cases up-to-date. Except for slight errors the accuracy and scope of reporting was highly acceptable. Yearly events such as May Day, Homecoming, etc., usually dominate the news, and did so this year, however a number of "side" items, such as people receiving scholarships or a school group receiving honors, were reported as fresh, different events. The editorial policy remained one of a middle-road nature. The subjects for editorials, though, were more varied than those of last year. For instance, more humorous editorials were used, 300-word philosophies were advanced, and certain views on world affairs were forwarded for reader review. Perhaps this marked deviation from a page devoted entirely to school affairs is not utilized well enough by the average teenage reader, but this remains a question. At least, there are innumerable questions and their cogent demands for action that lie outside the encompassment of the school curriculum.



AT YEAR'S END

Graduation is not a ticklish, fragile topic. It is a heavy, staid affair, made rigid by the seriousness of the matter and toughened by the mere accomplishment of completing a four-year high school term. It is quite an accomplishment, although by far the majority of students complete their courses on time.

A high school graduation is also an extremely difficult subject to write about, perhaps because everything which could possibly have been written about it has already appeared somewhere in print. It is improbable that everything said here will not be hackneyed or stereotyped and patented, however something must be said pertaining to graduation.

The frills, special programs, and activities which accompany the annual graduation have a purpose. A great amount of ceremony is usually akin to an event of importance, and a high school graduation is a milestone in the students' personal lives. The ceremonious displays, such as the wearing of caps and gowns, are not implemented so much for tradition as they are to augment and spotlight a significant affair. This importance is further pointed out by the fact that approximately half of the students are, with the acceptance of their diplomas, finishing school and starting their adult careers.

Each year during the Class Day assembly program the graduating seniors march into the auditorium. Underclassmen are asked to remain standing until they are seated as a tribute out of respect. This moment of appreciation, although small, is one of the final moments of recognition of the Senior Class by the student body, and serves suitably as an informal tribute.

And so, as the prom and gradu-

ation exercises approach, and the end of another year becomes tangible, certain things begin to happen and new feelings begin to form. Mothers select the handkerchiefs that they will probably cry into, and fathers debate whether to shake hands or to place firm arms around shoulders suddenly broader. The seniors themselves wait expectantly for the Big Day looking forward to the new life that lies before them and, at the same time, not wanting to part with friendly faces, helpful teachers, and familiar halls so long taken for granted.

Sophomores hardly realize what is happening, but their turn will come all too soon.

Ye Whirligig Cometh: High Life Goeth Away

So who cares? Just who cares one stupid farthing about the whole thing. We keep saying, over and over, just who cares? It's just not that important, we tell you.

Here's the gig. The new WHIRLIGIG has come out, you know, that overgrown pamphlet that's won a top award about every year since 1890. May 15 should be declared Ulcer Day for all GHS journalists for that very reason. We mean, it's pretty disheartening to stand in the hall begging for letters every day, all the time being trampled by screaming teenagers rushing to sign a bunch of green books with white lettering on them. Not to mention the fact that we had a rally last night and burned Miss Powell and Joyce Green in effigy. Only three people showed up, and all of them took off when they found out we didn't have any marshmallows.

It's sort of like running down the stairs on Christmas morning and finding red lint where the Christmas tree had been. We're disenchanted, is what. It's pretty rough having your ego busted right before exams. We mean, even if that big WHIRLIGIG does have a talented, efficient staff, a bunch of swell pictures, and a balanced budget, even so, who cares?

We do. Joseph Pulitzer is turning over in his grave. Citizen Hearst would have cried. And we are. WHIRLIGIG is one big, fat onion, and you people are eating it up. At \$5.70 a throw, too, which would buy about 57 issues of HIGH LIFE. WHIRLIGIG is as much help to us as an old, wet, dirty two-dollar bill is to a dying swan in the middle of the Pacific Ocean. So who's got an old, wet dirty two-dollar bill we can sign?

Letters To The Editor

Dear Editor,

In the last issue of HIGH LIFE, there was a letter to the editor addressed to the chairman of elections in regard to certain campaign posters that were removed during the recent Spring elections. The decision to remove the posters was made, not to discourage controversy in elections, but to discourage bringing issues of national concern into a high school student body campaign. True, controversy is the basis for an election, but the election committee feels that issues which are being debated by our senators in Congress have no place in a campaign such as the recent GHS Student Body elections. A candidate's opinion on such issues has no direct bearing on his potential success as an officer or council member at GHS.

I feel that candidates for school offices should state a platform of convictions that they will support if they are elected. These platforms should be based on matters concerning our high school and its student government. Candidates should be judged on ability, sound judgement, good taste, and what they can contribute to our school.

Sincerely,
Linda Filipksi
Chairman of Elections,
1963-1964

Dear Editor,

I am writing this letter in appreciation for the enjoyable experience I had by going to the Senior Tea on May 13.

It was an honor to personally meet the adult and student leaders of the school and the Senior Class.

The colorful array of hats and flowers added to the atmosphere created by the lilting tones of the orchestra.

Everyone was enjoying the pink punch and delicious cake squares prepared and served by the gracious Jun'or Class teachers. (Even the men were working.)

It was a delight to see each person transformed into a walking model out of a fashion magazine. The teachers, each and everyone, were charming, gracious, lovely and/or handsome, as the case may be.

Truely this is a tradition that should not be disbanded and a memory that will not be forgotten.

Jeannie Bunton
A Grateful Senior

IMMORALS

Once there lived in a small valley a very, very large green giant who was kind enough when he was sober, but after a few drinks (coca-cola, of course) he would grow mean, irritable, and mischievous.

One day this happened. The green giant was toddling along crushing houses with his big toe when a policeman stooped him and asked for his driver's license. Which is ridiculous, since our story happened in 1598. Anyway, the green giant reached in his pocket and pulled out a penny, threw it on the ground and said, "Have a copper, copper!"

Whereupon he was dragged off to jail (the policeman worked out at Vic Tanny's) and charged with attempted bribery, resisting arrest, murder (quite a few of the houses were populated), and for walking on the grass. Our not-so-jolly green giant was sentenced to 50 years at Sing-Sing or Alcatraz (which ever came first).

Which just goes to show that if jolly green giants get corny with cops they are likely to be canned.