

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Editor,

I would like to say a few words on the parking lot situation at Grimsley High School. There are many things left to be desired in what has been described as "our perfect parking lot". Having the parking lot paved is, in itself, a good idea, but all the regulations attached are completely irrelevant and immaterial, bordering on the ridiculous. The really big question is: Why does every person who drives a car to school have to come prepared for any type of emergency from a broken leg to a monsoon.

The cartoon in the October 26 edition of HIGH LIFE is also quite applicable. Only one thing was neglected, the Knapsacks to hold first aid supplies. Of course, in the morning when the driver leaves his car to begin the fifty mile hike to his homeroom, chances are by the time he reaches his homeroom, he will have a few gray hairs from all the effort. Of course these unlucky ones are the people who have their parking spaces out in East Guam.

Where are those select few who somehow managed to wrangle a parking space a little closer to home. They are the ones who have front row parking spaces where it is only a hop, skip, and jump to their homerooms. Students, lets unite to help those poor helpless residents of East Guam. Rotate parking spaces. Anything is better than nothing at all.

Sincerely,
Pam Stanley

Editor of High Life:

A GHS tradition has ended. The Traffic Squad, oft known as the "Social Squad" "The Smoking Club," etc., is reformed. Many of us rule-breakers, used to skipping down up stairs and out in-doors, have been approached by Senior's Finest.

Whatever happened to the old squad member, who smoked cigarettes and closed his eyes, and chatted with his girlfriend while we happily ignored rules? This figure, standing with his God's-gift-to-women look, has changed into a law-abiding eager beaver, actually stopping us from going up down-stairs, and refusing, yes, *refusing*, to grant special privileges to anyone. Well, almost anyone.

"The Squad" is now an efficient, well-organized law enforcement machine. This is best for our school, but many of us look back with mixed emotions to the days when an inefficient, lazy, group of despots known as the Traffic Squad gave fun, cheer, and headaches to all.

Seriously, we would like to thank this year's squad for its vast improvements over those of yester year.

John Bradley
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HIGH LIFE

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Candid Campus Shot

Students leisurely wending their way to lunch across the erstwhile grass—
(See Grass Hater editorial, November 9 issue of HIGH LIFE)

The Fall Of School Pride

Three weeks ago several Grimsley service clubs entered displays sponsored by the GHS Youth Recreation Council.

Many hours, much effort, and a good deal of expense went to make the displays attractive and enjoyable for the entire student body to view. This work and time made the display competition a huge success.

On Friday of the Homecoming game everything went smoothly. Members of the clubs arrived before school started to set up displays. Everything was in order when the remainder of the students arrived at school. Faculty and students viewed the display; in fact before the day was over, almost everyone in school had viewed the exhibits; no damage had occurred to any part of it.

Then came the Homecoming game. We won and several enthusiasts decided it was time to celebrate. As usual there was a group of immature hoodlums who decided to celebrate our smashing victory the wrong way: they ransacked the homecoming display.

The damage which occurred to the displays was extensive. In fact it will probably cost more to replace borrowed items which were stolen or demolished than it did for the clubs to build their entire displays in the first place.

A note to the people who took part in the after the game "merry-making." We hope you had fun, because your "fun" has cost the students of Grimsley a good sum of money and has discouraged participation in next years homecoming display competition.

Whan That Aprille . . .

Once again, that time of year has come when one hears students slowly proceeding down the hall, chanting like Buddhist priests. These pupils mumble a rhythmic passage in what poses for middle English. This is of course Chaucer Prologue Time.

Not wishing to desecrate what is apparently a sacred institution, no one has ever questioned (openly, that is) the wisdom or benefit of this and other memorization.

Why, for instance, should students memorize what they shall soon (by and large) forget? Is Chaucer useless unless everyone knows his prologue by heart? Is it doubtful that English Literature has ever been advanced by forced memorization, and it is rare to find the student whose appreciation of the classics has increased because he memorized them. Obviously one passage is not going to be meaningful to everyone although some quotes come close to being meaningless to everyone. No one has yet explained the benefit of forced memory work; yet, it is still required.

Great words will live without the dubious aid of forced memorization; nothing can save mediocre literature. It is time, therefore, to examine this practice and inquire honestly into its worth.

Did You Know?

"The best way for a swimmer to frighten off an attacking shark is to shout under water," U.S. Navy researchers say.

"The best way to find out the age of a mammal is to weight the ovendried lens of its eye," the Illinois Country Conservation advises.

tommyrot

By Martin Hester

The Journeyman is getting worse. Not only did he send his monthly letter COD this time, but he wrote it on tissue paper. With water color, yet. Anyway, what he has to say ought to be good for a laugh, and if it's not it will be good for a small fire. Quoth he:

"Me 'n the boys were in good spirits . . . Ancient Age, 88 proof—which Drunkie John had drained off a biology specimen, so we all negot'ated our brogans down by Wilson's Cack Curb Market, hopin' there by to propagandize ol' Wilson int' givin' some sorely needed credit."

"Wilson is balder th'n proverbial eagle, 'n when we transcrossed th' entranceway, which is a broken plate glass door, Wivo Willie come out of a three day dream. 'Wilson,' he days, aimin' a imaginary pool-stick, 'What a Q ball you should make.' Whereupon Wilson a ex-wrestler, puts Willie back t' dream-land with a step over toe hold."

"He goes for Drunkie John when in steps this character in tuxedo an' spats, drippin' class an' elloquence. He jumps to the forefront an' proceeds to spout an anglo-sized version of as old Spanish love ditty

Tequila is fun (cha)
I'll be out by one (cha)
The rum was rich (cha)
I woke up in a ditch (cha cha)

"On this auspicious note he staggers to the rear o' the place and comes up with an armload o' tomatoes. Wilson puts six on a dinky scale an' says, "One pound, one ounce, 35 cents."

"I am temporarily embarrassed" says the gent, "and can procure from my vestment the capitol of only 32 cents."

"Smilin' adamantly, Wilson says, 'Tis 35 cents on the nose, Diamond Jim.'"

"The gent grins, grabs a tomatoe an' squeezes it in one hand, slippin' half back int' the bag. Weavin' slightly, he drops the cash on tht counter 'n departs."

"Wilson grabs a bottle o' catsup an' takes a big swig. "Tis a hard life," he says, an' half-nelson's Drunkie John int' the alley."

" 'Wilson turns t' me an' says, 'Jones, how come you're in the shape ye are t'day, lad? I mean the alley an' like that."

"I saw a sign one day, Wilson. It said DRINK CANADA DRY"

"Yes," he retorts."

"So I did."

" 'Tis a big country, it is,' he says, applying a cobra hold to m' orm. Which was so funny I laughed all the way to th' hospital."

FIRST IN AMERICA

ELECTROCUTION OF A CRIMINAL: William Kemmler in Auburn Prison, Auburn New York, August 6, 1890.

FIVE AND TEN CENTS STORE: Founded by Frank Woolworth, Utica, New York, 1879.

SKYSCRAPER: Home Insurance Company, Chicago, 1885 (10 floors, 2 added later).

STATE TO ABOLISH CAPITAL PUNISHMENT: Michigan, 1847.