

# Whirlies, Whims And Whispers

BY HALLIE AUSTIN

**WANDERING WHIRLIE:** So many students can be seen standing at the "ex-doors" on the second floors. Perhaps they're wondering whether life is worth a whole year of Chemistry . . . A senior let the cat out of the bag when he dropped one of his "Big Deals" on the sidewalk. Printed on the ticket was "Graduation Ticket — \$1.00; Sophs—Take Advantage of THIS Big Deal; Buy NOW and Graduate TWO YEARS EARLIER!!! . . ." Add things that ought to get together: Grimsley and Candid Camera . . . George Grimsley, as untruthful as ever, says he saw in his crystal ball that Burlington would win the Whirlie-Bulldog football game.

**LOST & FOUND:** Try this Whirlie brain-product just for luck: "Since Senior is a large school, why not try the Student Exchange Program on a large scale? Simply select the lowest hundred scholastically, since they need more education, and send them to Europe in exchange for a hundred Europeans." Needless to say in what percentage that hopeful ranked!

**THINGS I REMEMBER ABOUT BEING A SOPH:** Feeling a very proud peddler to have sold one of my ten pencils.

**IN THE GROVE:** Overhead: "Cigars, cigarettes, Tiparillos . . . According to a Grove poll, the most unpopular fellow (and strangely so in such a flower-infested place) is the one who borrows weeds . . . There were fists flying at this traditional spot yesterday. It seems someone would rather fight than switch . . . To whom it may concern: the A.C.S. wants to condemn our cherished Grove, but the A.T.C. has filed protest.

**WONDERING LITTLE BOY BLUE:** Dear me! Where could I have been when they passed that law? The one requiring water to stand an inch deep on the covered walkway between the science and Main buildings after the rain. Oh, yeah. It must have been while I was attending the Convention of the Society to Save Okeefeenokee Swamp.

**HOW CUM:** The Orchestra never plays at football games?

## 'High Life' Casualties

For the next hundred or so words, we are going to eat crow. Grovel, grovel, grovel. Scrape, bow, scrape.

First of all, several classes missed receiving their issues of High Life. That error is the fault of our circulation department. Second, the "Clothes Horse" advertisement referred to PAGE students. Ha, ha. We are now taking applications for a new advertising staff, and two bylines were left out, John Taylor for "Shrunken Hear," and Hallie Austin for "Whirlie, Whims and Whispers." Our editors are all veterans and a little shellshocked.

But, don't start writing letters about our mistakes. After all, the edition was free, and we're very young, and . . .

## HIGH LIFE

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



Second Class Postage Paid Greensboro, N. C.

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# Once Upon A Time In Disneyland

Once upon a time in a place called Grimsleyland the students and faculty had a problem. It was called—to put it bluntly—rain.

When the rainy season came to the land, its parking lot flooded. The holes and ruts and mud made it impossible for cars to move at a normal pace, or at all. All the inhabitants of Grimsleyland, boys and girls alike, donned their London Fogs and carried big black umbrellas for their long trek to their automobiles. They figured there was nothing they could do but brave the weather, so they might as well dress for it.

Now all of the people of Grimsleyland did not park cars in the parking lot. In fact, some of the inhabitants did not even drive. This made it necessary for their parents to pick them up when the long day was over, on the back road behind the Grimsleyland high school.

One summer day, when all Grimsleyland students were in voluntary exile for the summer, a group of Prince Charmings, known to the masses as the Board of Education, decided that Grimsleyland's parking lot had seen its better day. They decided to pave the parking lot.

This was fine with everyone concerned. But, in the tradition which most princes carry out, they got carried away. They paved half of three schools, put in assigned parking spaces, built a new street, established, of all things, a speed limit, put up a stop light, and closed the old road behind the school.

Grimsleyland reopened in September. All the students loved the smooth new parking lot without the holes and ruts and mud. But . . . the rainy season had not come yet.

It will be here soon. Students will still have to don their London Fogs and carry their big black umbrellas, in order to walk the three miles to their cars. What about those people whose parents used to pick them up on the old road? The only solution will be for them to learn to swim. They can still be picked up on Westover Terrace or on Campus Drive. That's a pretty far piece to hike in the rainy season, though. There will have to be some sensible solution, for our story to have a happy ending. All that can be said is, "Cheer up, brother, the worst is still ahead."

# The Highway of Education

Ah, at last our illustrious traffic squad has fully assumed its shining authority and become a full-fledged police force. And in accordance with this impressive turn-over, the whole school has become organized and orderly as if in the presence of the students most beloved authority, the highway patrol.

No longer will swarming students, sophomores, and teachers become confused as to which lane to use. For now, there are really live traffic medians composed of boards, trash cans, and traffic squad members—an interesting combination of materials, no doubt—who direct the flow of humanity with calm efficiency and valor.

But most impressive and revolutionary of all are the whistles of our brave officers take every available opportunity to use. These do indeed lend the final touch needed to give the squad that really professional look. But we wonder what they do to you for moving violations.

If black frogs are injected with an extract from the eye glands of shrimps, they turn white, a German zoologist claims.

Mishimin-Pitossitchigan and Meshkawakoding-Bimaigan are favorite desserts of the Objitway Indians of the Heron Bay reserve in Northwest Ontario.

# LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Editor of High Life,

The O. Henry Juniors of G. H. S. realize the need of school spirit in our students. The last issue of High Life contained an editorial referring to a precision dance group called the "Dancing Boots" at Reynolds High School. Our club has been discussing the possibility of such a group since last spring, and the coincidence of the editorial renewed our interest.

We realize the work and expense that would go into it, but the O. Henry Juniors wholeheartedly endorse the idea and would like to sponsor it.

In the event that we find we could take on this sponsorship, we would like to start on a relatively small basis, using inexpensive uniforms and a small number of girls. Our plan is to choose about twenty girls through try-outs. Under the direction of several of our club members who are experienced in choreography, the girls will be taught simple dance routines to be performed during half-time.

Our advisors and some of our members have consulted Mr. Routh, and we are now waiting for his go-ahead before asking the cooperation of the band and the athletic department.

Later there will be more mentioned about this idea. Meanwhile, remember the success of such an endeavor depends on the enthusiasm and school spirit of the students.

Sincerely,  
Susan Henley, President  
O. Henry Juniors of GHS

Dear Editor:

The first High Life was an exceptionally good issue. I offer my congratulations to the staff. Most of the news articles were very well done, and I enjoyed all the features.

Congratulations on turning out a fine newspaper and good luck with your next issues.

Sincerely,  
Candy Sauer

# Book Briefs

THE VENETIAN AFFAIR

Helen MacInnes

From its very first page Helen MacInnes' new novel is permeated with suspense. Bill Fenner, of the New York CHRONICLE and the main character, boards a plan at Idlewild, cheerfully anticipating a European vacation, but chance disrupts his plans and thrusts him into a struggle against a conspiracy whose outcome could shake the world.

Woven from the very stuff of current history, offering matter for sober thought as well as the inimitable blend of literary skill and superlative excitement that is Helen MacInnes' hallmark, *The Venetian Affair* is a triumph for a brilliant and distinguished story-teller.

MISTRESS OF MELLYN

Victoria Holt

As the train carried Martha through the wooded hills of Devon, she could not help feeling a deep sense of foreboding. Being a governess was the prescribed formula, but Martha was a high-spirited, attractive girl, and she hated the very idea of it—particularly when she heard of the strange mysteries that shrouded her new home at Mount Mellyn.

THE DAY MUST DAWN

Agnes Sligh Turnbull

This romance of pioneer life in western Pennsylvania, seen from a woman's point of view, at once puts Mrs. Turnbull in the top rank of novelists. The scene is Hannastown, a "day's ride" from Pittsburgh, where the story begins in the bleak winter of 1777 when Washington was encamped at Valley Forge.