



## Mountaineers Take Heed

Every afternoon at 3:30 a strange phenomenon occurs. Grimsley students can be seen scaling the heights of Mt. Grimsley, otherwise known as Bad Banks, trying to gain entrance to the parking lot. Of course there are steps placed for the benefit of the climbing; however, those steps that are not rapidly deteriorating are so far apart as to make ascent next to impossible.

It is interesting to watch a female dressed in a rather provocative straight skirt make the climb. Most of her poise is left behind as she takes a running leap onto the first step, being gallantly assisted by two eager males. This is a terrible place to be stranded. One can neither get up or down.

It is needless to say that coming down again is just as interesting, especially when there has been a good, hard freeze the night before and a thin frost covers the ground. Skiing may be fun, but it is not recommended in such a confined space, and there is no place to store a sled at school after one uses it to get down the bank.

There are those who might point out the folly of chancing an accident in trying to get up or down the banks, asking why doesn't every one just go around and down the sidewalk. Why indeed climb the mountain rather than to go around it? Answer: Because it is there.

## Where, Oh Where, Is The Band?

In the first issue of HIGH LIFE an article was written pertaining to school spirit in the form of having dancing musicians during half-time at football games. This group would resemble Reynold's "Dancing Boots." This, indeed, would be a tremendous boost to school spirit but one thing exerting a greater influence would be to have the school band present at ALL home and away games. Why shouldn't they be present when the band is almost as necessary as the cheerleaders who undoubtedly never miss a game?

Spirit at GHS is not what it should be, considering our good football team. Enthusiasm should be exuberated and would be if the band were in attendance making a great amount of noise. Somehow or another band music entuses the spectators and probably in most cases helps the team. In fact psychologists agree that a student will not open his mouth to cheer if he thinks he will be the only person making noise.

Many schools such as Lexington, Durham, Fayetteville, and even Raleigh Enloe (at the Smith High School game on Saturday, October 3) has brought their band along with their team. School spirit is necessary at Grimsley, why not show it in our best way? The band definitely should appear whenever the team and spectators do. Most band members would jump at the thought, so why not?

If Raleigh Enloe, Durham, Salisbury, and the others can do it so can we. From now on, let's have the band at all games. In this way victories would be achieved while spirit, in its highest form, would be shown.

Is there anything you wish to buy, sell, rent, or trade? Do you need an old copy of Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, a used car, a girl friend, or a second-hand balloon pump? If so, get it fast with an advertisement in HIGH LIFE'S new classified ad section. For information call Jane Turpin at 299-3699 or just drop your ad by Room 10, next door to the HIGH LIFE office. Don't miss this excellent opportunity.

Not long ago I heard a student complain about the blue and white trash cans. He claimed that the cans stand out and are an eyesore. I think this view is ridiculous and shows a lack of school spirit. If I had my way we'd paint the walk way posts blue and white, paint blue and white stripes on every telephone pole on the campus, and dig up the front lawn and plant Kentucky blue grass.

—Buddy Powell

# t o m m y r o t

Last week I interviewed, after many arm-waving urging from Journeyman Jones, an aspiring politician and state committeeman. His office, a quaint flat under Division Street, is brightened by pictures of Thomas Jefferson, Abraham Lincoln, and Millard Fillmore.

I was squeezed for time, wanting to visit the Journeyman before dark (alleyways are quite foreboding at night), so on my first question I jumped with both feet to the main issues.

"Mr. Humbert," I said "are you a liberal or a conservative?"

"Both," he replied. "I am a broad-minded man."

Having been thrown a curve, I

chucked a verbal controversy-raiser. "How do you feel about Hydrogen bombs?"

"I'd like to have one," he retaliated. "Fine conversation piece."

I truged on. "What about Khrushchev?"

"He's a fine barber. You really should go there. Little shop on Cleat Street."

"—Striker?"

"Three and you're out."

"What is your platform, sir?"

Puzzlement. "What do you advocate?" Bewilderment. "What are you for or against?" A slow grin.

"I am for everything right and against everything wrong." A wide moralistic smile.

Bleary-eyed, I continued. "Do you have a slogan?"

"Don't bumble, vote Humbert!" he exclaimed.

"It doesn't rhyme," I objected. "Neither does Johnson," he said coyly.

"Johnson?" Excitement.

"Yes, Pete Johnson. He's running against me for dogcatcher."

"Dogcatcher!" I got to my feet, furious.

"Today dogcatcher, tomorrow alderman, the next day mayor, then senator. Perhaps . . . even president!" He scratched his white head, drunk with power.

"How old are you, sir?" Last question.

"Ninety-three," he said. I groped for the doorknob. "Don't give up the ship?" he yelled. I felt relieved but somehow like a rat as I shut the door.

I then made my way across the street to that dark and fearsome alleyway which is the habitat of our colleague and cohort, Journeyman Jones. As I traversed Drunkie Will with a long step, I noticed that Jones was plucking a battered guitar. He looked in good spirits (although he is always full of spirits) and when I greeted him he began playing an ear-splitting ditty. "I wanna break your hand"

He stopped as one of the strings broke with a twaing. "Play something sentimental," I suggested, hoping to exit while he played. His voice is reminiscent of countless train wrecks.

"Your teeth are like the stars, Because they all come out at night"

(boing, twaing)

## HIGH LIFE

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## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Editor,

I would like to tell you and the HIGH LIFE Staff that the editorial pertaining to Grimsleyland which appeared in the last issue was excellent. It caused much comment and indeed was an asset to the Editorial page.

HIGH LIFE should have more editorials of that nature. They are informative, but interesting at the same time and people get more out of an editorial of this sort than the usual type editorial.

Sincerely,  
(Name withheld)

Dear Editor,

I read Once Upon A Time in Disneyland article and I agree that they have really made a mess of things over here. Now, to make things worse, everyone has to have a numbered parking space. Every day the parking lot is only three-fourths full because the fortunate people who have spaces don't always bring their cars. If it were possible to borrow someone's parking space with their permission when they weren't using it, things would be a little easier. But even that is impossible because you just might get your car towed away.

This new rule is bad especially to sophomores and juniors who are just getting their licenses. And not many people particularly like it anyway. Isn't there anything that we can do about it?

Sincerely yours,  
Kathy Howell

Dear Editor,

The world is full of problems, so they say, and with these problems come gripes. Well, I have a gripe, but the problem attached to it is not just mine, but the whole school's. In 1957, a very attractive building, known as the Music Building, was completed on this campus. This building contains three large rooms, one each for the band, orchestra, and vocal groups. Also, there are large offices for faculty members of the music department, music libraries, and eighteen studios. Connecting all of these rooms is, or may I say was, an extensive communications system. This was a very nice and very unusual asset for a high school music building. It was something to be proud of, to say the least. Yet, it no longer is, due to the fact that some rainy days, some blue and white children had nothing to do. What better fun, they said, could we have than to cut the wires in the studios an completely ruin that expensive equipment. So they did. The pitiful part is that they lived happily ever after, and the Music Department is minus what they had been so proud of for those few, short years. How can we solve the problem? I'm not the preacher, I'm just the reporter. Each Whirlie must decide for himself, but let him remember, this is where school spirit enters once again!

I was about ready to close, but some other people have questions, and to save paper—here they are.

Some service club should slightly bank or slope the sidewalks to eliminate the popular wading pools.

That's all.

Hallie Austin