

Whirlies, Whims, & Whispers

WANDERING WHIRLIE: No more Sophs have drowned in Okeefenokee swamp, but there have been a few who got stuuck in the Grove gravel . . . Looking back to the Greensboro-Fayetteville football game and the Whirlie-Bulldog game in the State 4-A Basketball Semi-finals last spring, one can safely say Coach Jamieson's half-time pep talks beat the Easterners every time . . . Just because we're an old school shouldn't make everyone feel that they have to come over here and paint us up . . . One soph overheard: "I've had my picture taken everyday for two weeks. Maybe I should hold a press conference" . . . When certain fair maidens wearing "Christmasy" hosiery pass an illustrious traffic squad, one noble cop always omits an "UM-gawah" . . . How did we get from the Purple Whirls to the Whirliebird? (Perhaps we couldn't find a mascot when we were Purple Whirls!)

GRIT FROM GEORGE GRIMSLEY'S GROTTTS: Add things that ought to get together: Smith, Page and the Mets . . . G.G., as untruthful as ever, says he saw in his Crystal ball that Page isn't afraid to play us . . . A poem:

There was a cute little Pirate ship
on the sea,
Until on a stormy day it met up
with a Western Whirlie
Who with little effort handed it a
right-socker
And now that pirate ship rests in
Davey Jone's locker.

AT THE PARKING LOT: Families: people who go out to lunch even when it's hurricaning . . . Sorta lonesome out here without those cows we had before this was converted from a pasture to a parking lot . . . That must be a soph fresh out of a Driver's Training; she's been at the exit looking to left and right for five-minutes . . . There goes that car again; They're riding the waves at 45 mph. Bet there's not a lot in town that's as much fun as this one.

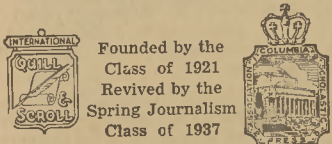
THINGS I REMEMBER ABOUT BEING A SOPH: Failing Driver's Training thrice.

LOST AND FOUND: "Instead of Open House after the Page game, why not have a roller skating party on our new parking lot." **WONDERING LITTLE BOY BLUE:** Dear me! Where could I have been when they passed that law? The one requiring the traffic squad to take Junior Life Saving. Oh, yeah . . . It must have been while I was at the Convention to Make Wading Pools on the sidewalk between the Main and Science Buildings.

HERE'S HOPING: The Whirlies overcome the Devil November 13.

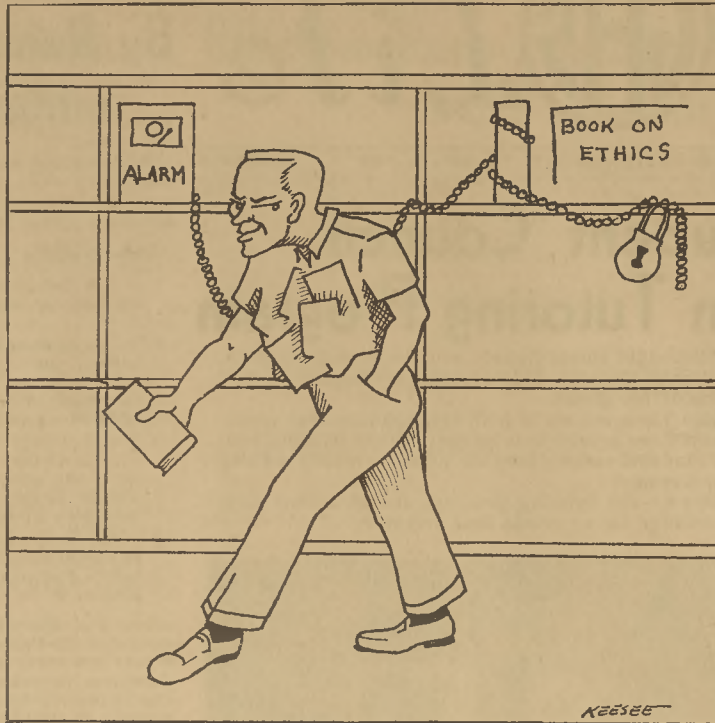
HIGH LIFE

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- Editor-in-Chief Jane Turpin
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Book Theft In Library Is Disgusting Situation

It may seem like utter disregard for the traditional records of GHS to make these coming facts public, but much more than reputation is at stake. We are being confronted with a disgusting problem that needs some answer. This problem is simply that a large number of our books from the library are being stolen and have been stolen by our students.

Book theft, by all means, is not uncommon in public school libraries. These "sticky finger" thieves are present in elementary school, junior high, high school, and perhaps even college. All libraries have to deal with this problem.

If this kind of activity on any level can be referred to as being normal, then this high school's problem is by all means abnormal. Somewhere around three per cent of all the volumes on the shelves fall victim to this neaky culprit. (Note: the library contains 10,000 volumes and averages about 300 lost each year)

What is so alarming is that this figure does not decrease in size, but it increases. However, culprit, beware! This damage is not necessarily done to the individual or to the school. We, the student body are the ones who suffer and most of us will do all we can to see that you are punished. Books stolen will be replaced with the annual income granted to the library each year, but we cannot expand our volumes if we have to continually keep replacing books that are lost or stolen. It can also be said that many books that are lost are not replaceable. This is because they are out of print.

Culprit, take another beware! Colleges have been reported to have said that they will not tolerate such losses. As a result, they have developed a plan which makes browsing impossible. In some colleges, every book checked from the library must be called for individually and obtained from the shelves by staff workers. So culprit, if you haven't been caught yet, you will be if you don't change your disgusting habit. If the crime rate rises, it might be an idea for the GHS library to adopt this. But do we actually want to abide by such a rule of this type? Of course not, but we all will unless this malicious stealing stops.

So, culprit, sticky fingers, or whatever you wish to be called, get with it and become wise. Have you ever listened to the yell, "Cheer up Pieruts, the worst is yet to come?" Well, remember that everytime you enter the library. Only replace the word PIERUT with YOURSELF. If you don't think then, chances are you probably never will.

Just Plain Dirt

There was once a time when Grimsley students could look out across an expanse of dull, brown dirt (or deep, oozing mud when it happened to rain) included within the triangle between the Main building, the Home Economics building, and the Science building. Then, within the matter of a few months, what appeared to the beholder's disbelieving eye but a patch of green-growing stuff struggling to take its place in the world. Gone! Gone was the desert land which had been so much a tradition of GHS. Gone were the sand storms which spiralled to the sky with every gust of March wind! Gone were the fox holes which sent careless victims sprawling across the ground! (Et tu Brute!)

It was Grass that had done this terrible deed; Grass had ruined dear old Alma Mater's image. Ah, but did you think that the Grass Hater's of America would stand back and watch such a catastrophe befall their beloved abode? A committee was formed and went right to work to alleviate the problem. Students took every chance to travel across the roped-off area. Involved in what appeared to be a wild pagan dance, they literally stamped out every blade of grass with their navy-blue Weejuns. Another force of the GHA stood along the sidewalk bordering the newly-planted area inhaling smoke from assorted cigarettes, cigars, and tipparellos, and blowing the fumes out over the grass attempting to smother them. Then they threw their burning matches on the grass in an effort to bum them out.

The deed is almost finished. The little green blades are dying one by one. If the GHA continues its good work, the area will be reduced again to its natural state-dirt, just plain dirt.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Editor,

To begin with, we would like to compliment you on your original and artistic presentation of this year's superlatives. We think that the seniors made intelligent choices for these honored positions.

But really—does it seem fair? There are so many students worthy of titles who were left out. This certainly isn't in agreement with Senior's highly democratic spirit. But what solution is there for this disdainful dilemma?

Perhaps we should rreate new superlatives to fill this awful vacancy. But wait—you say. Where can we ever get new ideas? Well, by looking at life around us, Martha and I have come up with a list of New Superlatives. (We'll let you supply the names!)

- Most likely to eat in the cafeteria.
- Most likely to twist at a "sock-hop".
- Most likely to go to a "sock-hop", period.
- Most likely to get kicked out of school.
- Most likely to wear red and white on the day of the Page game.
- Most likely to ask what the assignment is at the end of the class when the teacher has forgotten to give one.
- Most likely to actually pay any attention to the "up" and "down" signs.
- Most likely to work in the clinic because they want to be a nurse.
- Most likely to be a 5 year man.
- Most likely to lose their licence before they're 21.
- Most likely to never get their license at all.
- Most likely to wear a topless bathing suit.
- Biggest ears
- Most likely to be secretly married.
- Most likely not to be secretly married.
- Most likely to wear mittens to school.
- Most likely to park in the right parking space.
- Most likely to be a failure.
- Crookedness nose
- Biggest charm bracelet
- Most likely to eat dill pickles with a fork.
- Most likely to watch L. Welk.
- Most likely to remember how to do the Bunny Hop.
- Most likely to take family life and not really need the credits.
- Ruiniest nose
- Most fake villager sweaters
- Coollest colored motorcycle
- Most likely to be seen at Q-Ball every Friday night.
- Most likely to be seen at Q-Ball every Monday-Friday morning.
- Most likely to prefer the Beatles over Johnny Mathis.
- Most likely to know the plot of the last Drive-In movie they saw.
- Most likely to watch SKY KING.
- Most likely to chew BAZOOKA when they could get SWELL.
- Most likely to waste their time reading this dumb letter.

Sincerely,
Mary Lelle Smith
Martha Smith

Dear Junior Class,
In a few days the Junior Class play will show the results of many weeks efforts on the part of Grimsley's eleventh-graders.

From what I have heard that it will be one of the best ever to be put on. Since I am a Junior I feel proud that so much enthusiasm has been shown by our Junior Class officers, the cast, and all of the committees. It is up to the rest of us Juniors to keep on gaining support and selling tickets right up to the last minute before curtain time.

A Junior,
Charleen Pyron