

A Tribute To Ten Years Of Success

In the fine Whirlie tradition, the 1965 Grimsley basketball team has won a berth in the State 4-A Play-offs for the tenth year in succession. This year, the Whirlies finished the season with a 12-2 Central Conference record, which landed them their second straight Central 4-A Championship flag. Each year the stars of that particular season fade away as new ones prepare to shine as the cycle continues to rotate. The coach, however, never leaves for a new alma mater. He is a stable one. Coach Bob Jamieson has been a Whirlie athletic coach for thirty years. In reality, the tribute to the Whirlies is actually an honor which the coach is most deserving. Basketball, as well as football and baseball, is only a game, but to coach Jamieson, it is much more than just a job. May this be one tradition that will continue as the years bring new seasons and new stars.

For years, the Whirlies under Coach Bob Jamieson have built up a fear and terror in all its opposition throughout the state. Teams have learned to respect us with the highest of values. Over the past ten years, Whirlie basketball teams have received over 160 wins, while losing only 50. Also in the ten tournaments, they have finished no less than third, eight of the ten years. No other team can match such a fantastic record, and it will be many more years before anyone can dream of it coming true.

Yes, the Whirlies have set a high, upstanding tradition for everyone to try to aim for. As the Whirlie team enters this year's State Tournament, they can hold their heads high, for they know that all of Grimsley is extremely proud of them. Congratulations again, Coach Bob, and all other Whirlie athletes, for a job that was done well.

HIGH LIFE

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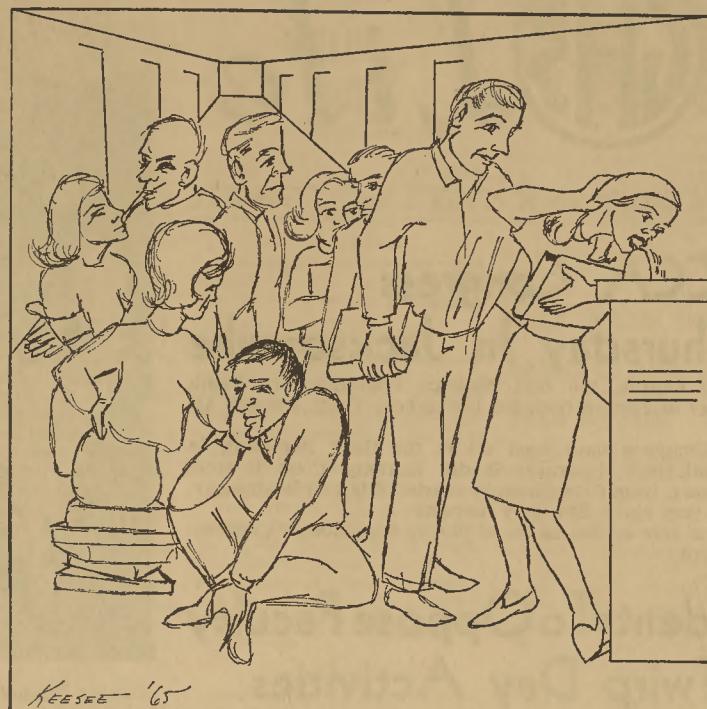


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With Grimsley's 1800 students crowding its halls everyday, why must people observe those drinking water only to exaggerate the problem of blocked halls? The parking lot congestion has been solved. Is it asking too much to help relieve the unnecessary crowds which congregate around this facility?

Seattle-ite Faces Changes Finds Whirlies Fascinating

By Jan Petrehn

They say "the right thing to do" is to make new students feel at home . . . I never really realized how important that is . . . until I was the new student. From Seattle, Washington I came—over 3,000 miles from the Pacific Northwest to the Piedmont region of the East Coast.

One thinks of this grand ol' United States as one big happy place were everything runs in unison . . . which is true to a certain extent. However, one usually fails to realize that here are changes that appear in a 3,000 mile span. But I did . . . only because I had the opportunity to become a southerner and to really experience the changes and the differences.

To be more specific . . . I am seeing first hand how a northern alma mater differs from a southern school. And lucky you . . . you don't have to move an inch to start realizing those differences 'cuz you get to sit back and chuckle with me as I remember that first horrible week . . . five bewildering days in January.

I had read my student handbook cover to cover and was on the look out for the "up" stairs sign as I climbed the steps to my class in 314. And as the hordes of students trampled over me going in the opposite direction, I knew I'd found the "down" stairs, much to my dismay. All in all, my first day went well as I was only late in finding six of my classes (I'm never late for lunch).

Trying to look as much like a true Whirlie as I could, I found myself donned in two-tone knee socks and a band aid slapped across my face in honor of "Pulversize Page Day" or something like that.

But all along, I'd been very aware of the most noticeable difference in people here and there . . . I had the accent, not "yall." When my typing teacher assigned a typing manuscript due Monday week I found myself blundering helplessly to her desk to ask when the thing was due (as if I hadn't heard). Ah ha! 'Tis a week from Monday . . . so they told me.

So it went, day by day . . . the process of getting to know yall and realizing that a "foreigner" from the north can expect anything most in trying to interpret the southern drawl.

To be perfectly honest though, Grimsley is great! Never have I gone to a school where there seems to be a club for EVERY member of the human race. It's great to be able to chant the "Eeny meeny miney mo" lyrics over a list of clubs one's interested in.

It is interesting to note that the new fad dance in Washington—the jerk—is an "already established rage" here in North Carolina. And, back in Washington, everyone wears saddle shoes . . . the latest fad; meanwhile, the girls have found the shoulder bag to be the greatest.

On a sadder note, I am becoming increasingly aware of this new (to me, anyway) grading system. Six report cards a year? Horrors! I had enough trouble preparing my folks for the shock on a quarterly basis back in Seattle . . . oh, the joys of moving.

I guess the one class I won't have to worry about though, will be history. Never have I seen a state or area so very alive with history . . . the old mansions . . . the preserved battlegrounds . . . the stately courthouses and capitol buildings . . . it's fascinating!!! N. C. has 175 years of history as compared to young Washington state's 75 years.

See . . . there are a few differences and changes a new student must learn to accept . . . as humorous as trying to find a class or as bewildering as learning to speak Spanish with a southern drawl.

No matter how small or how grave the difference is, it is quickly overlooked when one realizes that kids are the same *everywhere*. The friendly smile and the helping hand is far from uncommon here in Greensboro. For this reason, I've already come to call it home. For this reason, I already "feel" like a real Whirlie with a great deal of pride for Grimsley Senior High School.

tommyrot

I found Journeyman Jones in a cellar under 43rd street. Rather it looked like a cellar. When I tripped over a table and two bearded beings in the dim light, I realized that it was some sort of leisure establishment. It could be called a romantic supper club, but it is not romantic. Jones takes care of that. It could be called a coffee house, except there is no coffee, because no one can look at the Journeyman for very long without something stronger to drink. At any rate, if one is fond of damp caves or old morgues, he can relax there. I sat down and the biggest ray you ever saw came to take my order. He suggested the Swiss cheese on rye and brought it to me on an old Lawrence Welk album-cover.

Pretty soon Journeyman Jones got up and negotiated his way to a rickety stool at the front of the room. I couldn't see him through the dark (the illuminating candle had gone out from lack of oxygen) but I heard a rough 'off' and realized that Jones had missed the stool and sat down on a corpulent bohemian. After a few raucous twangings, I knew that Jones had brought his guitar, which sounds almost as bad as a stalactite corpus. He began:

Oh, the pops are sweater
And the taste is new
They're shot with sugar
Through and through
Kel-logs-su-ugar corn pops
(wham, wham)

A tse-tse fly had landed on my cheek so I slapped it with one hand. Jones evidently thought that this retaliation was applause, for he continued thusly:

Ohhh- Ohhh
I don't give a (wham)
About a greenback dollar.

He quit abruptly to grab a penny which someone had thrown under the stool. Not wishing to hear more, I pushed a pair of holey sneakers off the table and made my way over to the Journeyman. He had grown a one-sided mustache which looked to have been stolen somehow. "Journeyman," I said, "What are you doing here?"

"It is my life's work," he replied. "Yes, man, I am an artist. My uncle, you know, cleaned up at Carnegie Hall, and I want to be just like him."

"He was the janitor," I said, and out of the corner of my eye I saw a monstrous furry form. It was the headwaiter bringing some chocolate ice cream on a garbage can lid. My dessert, I suppose. It was time to leave.

A Note Of Explanation

It is the policy of the GHS HIGH LIFE to accept only those letters which are signed by the writer. However, by indicating that the name is not to be printed in the paper, it will be withheld by the editorial staff. Ironically enough, in the last issue of HIGH LIFE, a similar notice was published and printed beside an unsigned letter. The signature of Judi Owens was omitted due to an error by the printer.