

The Editor
SOUNDS OFF

"Oh where oh where has the traffic squad gone?" "Why just outside the door to talk and smoke with their friends." . . . "Gosh, I didn't know that the people who block the door were members of the traffic squad. I have so much trouble fighting my way through them that I'm late to class."

The sophomores in the above conversation do not really understand the far reaching tradition that supports Grimsley's social squad, but they have discovered one of the major reasons for the vast criticism of this group.

While the problem of getting students to and from classes in an orderly manner is not to be minimized, the squad serves no real purpose after the first several weeks of school, for the pattern of traffic is easily established.

With this in mind, a temporary suspension of the traffic squad for a trial period of one week seems to be in order. The traffic chief, assisted by a few other people, perhaps those on the fire squad, could observe the movement between classes and reach a decision on the entire squad's usefulness and efficiency.

If this initial test results in the disbanding of the traffic squad, the appointment of several people to direct students on the days when rain plagues the GHS campus would be very effective.

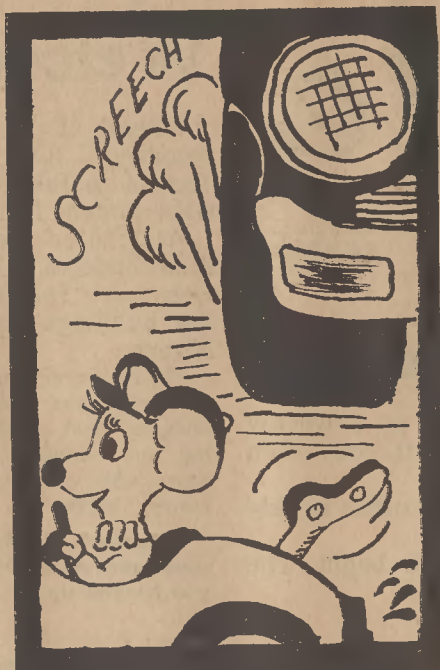
Not only would the activation of this proposal end the doorway congestion of the social squad members and the classroom interruptions caused by their entrance and exit, but it would settle this long existing question.

HIGH LIFE

Published Semi-Monthly by the Students of Grimsley Senior High School Greensboro, N. C.



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



More For Your Money

While the HIGH LIFE staff has always tried to publish an interesting newspaper for the Grimsley student body, its schedule has always made the handling of some school events quite cumbersome.

Now that the paper will appear on a weekly basis, a far better coverage of civic and school affairs can be accomplished, but this can be greatly augmented by a closer cooperation between the staff and the groups who furnish information for publication.

Even though it may seem that the staff has full possession of the paper and directs each issue for its own purposes, all individual contributions are gratefully received.

Suggestions will be welcomed from all readers of HIGH LIFE. Improvements in the material that is published, photography, distribution, or, in a technical aspect of the paper are always welcome.

This year promises to be the best one that HIGH LIFE has ever had. The staff is the largest and has had more experience in journalistic practices than in previous years. Through imagination and plain hard work, they can turn out more and better papers than GH has seen in a long time.

Man From G.R.A.N.D.F.A.T.H.E.R Heads Family T.V. Viewing Fun

by John Taylor

Since it is preview time for the new shows on television, I feel obliged to list my own ideas for production.

The spy business is big this year so a few cloak and dagger shows are in order. One of my creations is THE MAN FROM G.R.A.N.D.F.A.T.H.E.R. This is a spy thriller concerning a private investigator working out of a home for the aged.

Another spy story is AMOS LURK, SECRET (CLEANING) AGENT. Lurk is an agent for the P.U. (Plumbers Union) checking to make sure all homes are equipped with Drano.

War stories are big, too. WOMBAT, another of my ideas, concerns an Australian platoon fighting the kangaroos on a wallaby plantation.

Continuing with the war idea is McHALE'S NAVEL. This is the story

- Editor-in-Chief Fran Upchurch
- Managing Editor Jan Petrehn
- Business Manager Ann McSwain
- Advertising Manager Ann McSwain
- News Editor Hallie Austin
- Feature Editor John Taylor
- Review Editor Mary Anne Mitchell
- Sports Editor Wayne Wilhelm
- Cartoon Staff Marjorie Beane, Peggy Gibson, Barry Hardman
- Photographer Joe Coleman

Fredrickson Returns To GHS; Tells Of Middle East Travels

BY JAN PETREHN

From classrooms in the Middle East to the television stage in North Carolina . . . from the University of Nigeria in Africa to the edge of the Sahara Desert . . . Mr. Bob Fredrickson has wondered far since leaving GHS in 1957.

Mr. Fredrickson, who is now teaching government, television history, and advanced placement history, began teaching at GHS in 1950.

During the summer of 1957 he was selected as one of the recipients for the Fulbright scholarships. As an American history and social studies teacher in the Middle East, Mr. Fredrickson taught Israeli and Arab children from the seventh grade to the college freshman level.

Asked if there had been any language barriers in his classrooms, Mr. Fredrickson commented that most of his students fluently spoke three languages — Israeli, Arabic, and English.

"The greatest difference between my Middle East students and my American students is that in the Middle East education is treated as a luxury. Upon reaching the 9th grade, tests are given to select only those children qualified to further their education. The kids know they are privileged and as a result, they work hard and struggle to stay in school."

While abroad with his family Mr. Fredrickson did a great deal of traveling, discovering what life is like in places like Jerusalem,

About Letters To The Editor

HIGH LIFE will publish any letter to the editor that is signed by a member of the Grimsley student body. Names will be withheld upon the request of the author of a letter, but anonymous letters CANNOT be printed.

The editor does reserve the right to shorten letters in an effort to conserve space. Those who wish to express an opinion are asked to limit their letters to 100 words.

Jericho, Nasareth, and the areas surrounding the Dead Sea and the Sea of Galilee.

One of his goals in life today is to return to Jerusalem. "As we walked through the city it was almost like being in biblical times. The signs of progress are there only if you look for them."

The summer of 1963 found Mr. Fredrickson traveling to Africa with 23 other American teachers. Studying at the University of Nigeria, the group heard daily lectures given by outstanding African professors.

Working for the State Department of Public Instruction in 1962-63, Mr. Fredrickson taught on the TV stage for the In-School Television Program, teaching 6500 students

Last year, he taught a methods course to student teachers at UNC-G, supervising their student teaching.

Whirlies, Whims, And Whispers

By Hallie Austin

Wandering Whirlie: Huber Horatio here . . . Reflecting on some of the time our industrious seniors put in this summer: Kathy P. and Ben S. were gate keepers. Not pearly, of course, considering the Keepers . . . Susan L. donned her duds to deal with dudes in the Woolly West. Courage, courage . . . Liz M. had happy times. She looked at her earring collection . . . The Nassau trip. Censored . . . The Counselors at Camp Cantbelievits. real . . . The gas girl-mechanic maid. And she tinkered happily ever after . . . Whose summer was one Big Beach Weekend?

Grit from George Grimsley's Grotto: Hear Page is a one-toothpaste family . . . If you don't go out to lunch you can get a square meal only if you bring a box lunch . . . On fly leaf of a World History book: One Roman (at a massacre): "You say you've got a full house, but you're still losing money? Is the upkeep for lions bad?" Second Roman "Yeah; They're eating up all the prophets."

Wondering Little Boy Blue: Deame. Where could I have been when they passed that law? The one requiring sophs to keep mute at football games except when selling pencils? Oh yeah, must have been when I was at the convention to Put Parking Meters in our Lot to Drive Away the Policeman Who Hides There on Saturdays to Catch Speedy Cars on Westover.

In Guidance: A counselor praise me at my last visit to that office "You're living proof that a human can live without a brain" . . .

Soph Stuff: Some sophs were sitting on the steps crying. Said they missed their sock hops. Jajettes, a recommended addition to your Buddy System next year . . . A soph, returning from her driver training for the day, hit a teacher in the faculty parking lot. Said the soph, "I'm sure this wouldn't have happened if you had walked more carefully. I've been driving for four whole weeks now." Replied the teacher, "Of course. I've been walking for only 52 years NOW." . . . A stalled soph sat at the Benjamin Parkway-Campus Drive intersection, while the light changed from green to yellow to red to green. yellow to red. "What's the matter?" asked the kindly policewoman "Don't I have a color you like?"

involving a young Army doctor and his gaseous indigestion.

Animal shows are not too big this year, but I have an idea just in case one of the networks wants it. It is a heart-warming story of a boy and his dog named LASTLY, who is a collie. In the first episode, the young boy gets caught in quicksand. Several people try to help, but no one can reach him. There is only one hope—maybe the dog can make it, but naturally the dog gets there twenty minutes too late. Hence, the name of the show—LASTLY.

Some random ideas were two "news specials." One is called THE TWILIGHT ZONE. This is not science fiction, however. It is a study of muggers in Central Park from six o'clock until seven o'clock by an ever-decreasing team of reporters.

The other "special" is entitled WHAT'S MY LANE?, in which a panel of test drivers is pitted against a woman in a straight drive car. This is not recommended for the weak of heart.

Under "miscellaneous" comes BEN CRAZY, a hospital story centered around a neurosurgeon who performs a brain operation to remove an ingrown toenail.

Included in the random category is RAWHIDE, the story of a strong-willed child and his strong-handed parents. Last, but not least is TWELVE O'CLOCK HIGH. This is the heart-rending saga of a mid-night drunk.