

Whirlies Whims and Whispers

A Thanksgiving story: Hubert Horatio, ace reporter, asked Whirlies what they're thankful for. Most unusual answer was a sophomore's: "I was thankful for my pet pumpkin." "Uh huh, really! What was your pumpkin's name?" "Puff . . . Puff the magic plump pumpkin. Let me tell you about her. P. was born 345 years ago in 1620 in magic plump pumpkin patch in Civinette garden behind the coliseum and

Rain And GHS

Has anyone noticed what rain does to GHS? It covers the sidewalks. It activates some of the traffic squad and it drenches many of the students.

One of the main sources of sopping wet people is the bus parking lot where Whirlies await their orange buggies for safe delivery home. These people simply stand in gravel, mud, and the rain while they fondly remember the shallower lake near the science building.

Some the riders of the buses have even complained (heaven forbid) about their lot (pun). They feel that some sort of covering would be quite useful and comfortable for this area.

Some of the more enterprising members of this group have sought shelter under the covered walkways between the music and vocational buildings, but they still get wet when transversing to the arriving buses.

It has been suggested by several regular patrons of the bus lines that a service might like to look into the possibilities of covering the walk to the bus lot.

Perhaps this project could come after they have covered the walk to the home economics building and to the students and teachers' parking lots. Without a doubt, Grimsley's rain goers have gotten a little damp in the past, but the future may look brighter. (pun)

The Art of Destroying Trash

In order to alleviate some of the pressure that is put on the service clubs of GHS, an afternoon class is being formed to instruct students in the art of destroying trash.

Since, apparently, no one believes in trash cans anymore, the clubs have united to teach all students who handle cigarette butts, paper, cups, etc., the methods of field stripping.

Field Stripping (Elementary) 1 and 2, the new class, begins its instruction with the art of disposal of cigarettes.

First, the cigarette is put out. This is a necessity in order to carry out the remaining steps; otherwise the affair can be very messy and painful.

Next, the cigarette paper is slit, and the tobacco is scattered around to the wind. The sophomore project for next year will be selling field stripping pocket knives for this purpose.

Then the paper is torn into tiny pieces and scattered. Normal walking traffic will grind the components into the ground, enriching the soil.

If the cigarette is a filtered variety, the filter is also slit open and the strands and paper are shredded.

Matches may be torn into individual strands and scattered, also.

After basic training, the class members learn the more advanced method of field stripping other trash.

The students learn to dump paper cups, and the ice behind the radiator in one of the buildings. The ice will melt and help keep the floors clean.

The cup itself may be shredded and ground underfoot, however, a better solution has been offered.

The junior class has given up its project in order to sell post holes just the size of a paper cup. The student can then bury his cup underground where it will deteriorate slowly and enrich the soil.

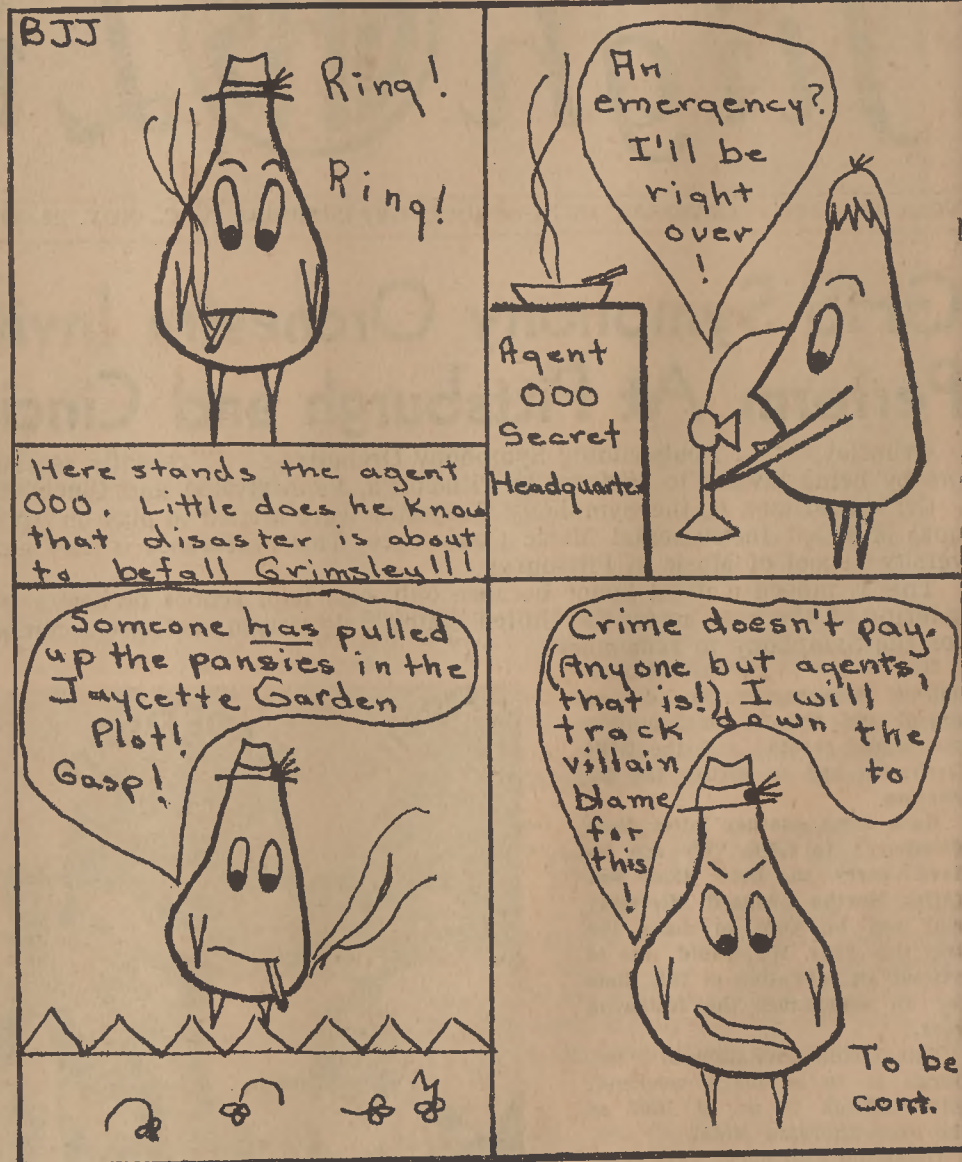
Test papers can be shredded up and eaten, thereby causing the student to eat his own words, so to speak.

Or test papers can be collected and put together for a compost heap.

Another suggestion was offered as an alternative, but was turned down as too unimaginative. This was a pocket incinerator built to burn everything.

Of course, we could go back to trash cans.

in front of the bar in Fort Grimsley. Chaste maidens from MAYFLOWER found her when tending their tomatoes, squash, corn, and sunflowers one workday. 'A cute little fat pumpkin', squealed one damsel, whereupon Puff bit her finger. Fair is foul and foul is fair . . . in fog and filthy air,' quipped P., quoting weatherman. Laughing gleefully, P. waddled through the grove, smoking as she went, like some sharp girls seen nowadays smoking in the grove. Fort traffic squaders flip through nifty DICK TRACY CRIMESTOPPER'S TEXT-BOOK to see what was said about lady pumpkins smoking in the grove. 'A pick of punishments: Going to the game tonight instead of Pixie Playhouse like all sophomores on Friday night or you may be burned at the stake!' 'Oh, I'm not a lady, so it don't matter!' 'Well, scram then. Your complexion wouldn't show up in the flames anyway. Don't forget the Indians are coming today to show us how to put smelly fish in the ground and have corn come up instead of baby smelly fish. And don't tell them that facts of life don't have dead-fish having popcorn. Remember our policy. 'Appease the Reds.' Puff went to see Pocahontas, the town Pickup. They stole all the fort's guns. The men had to hunt with cannons and thus they didn't get any turkeys. Everyone that told you as a kid that Pilgrims had turkey on Thanksgiving were liars and you didn't know better. Tonto Good Indian, seeing the thefts, went to the fort. 'Hi, Awatha,' said the guard. 'I am not Hiawatha. He drowned near the shore of Oke Fenokee. P. and P. stole the guns.' 'Tattletale, tattletale,' screamed the guard and shot T. Puff was put in jail, starved, shrunk, and got lost in library book RISE AND FALL OF THE ROMAN BREAD. I found her recently. She followed me everywhere on a leash, but popped Monday. Somone gave me a banana, but I don't want it.' 'Why not?' 'Who knows what to feed bananas?' Thanks for sophomores.



Esprit de Corps --- A Phase of the Past?

By Jan Petrehn
The times certainly have changed. Not only have the dances, styles, and customs changed in the last 20 years, but the phrase "esprit de corps" has lost its original meaning, I fear.

Twenty years ago esprit de corps meant group unity. It meant real spirit and patriotism. It meant that every young man in every American city and town begged to go into the armed services to protect his country . . . his home.

Thousands went overseas . . . many worked in factories making war materials. It was World War II and everyone wanted to serve his country. The men the services would not accept left recruiting stations with faces torn in anguish.

But look at America today. Sure, there are still those who want to serve their country, but take a look at the rest of the guys. It is a great sport seeing who can think of the slickest way to dodge the

draft this year. Too many young men were even resorting to quicke marriages until Uncle Sam stopped them.

Yes, take a good, long look at America today. What has happened to the intrinsic desire within every citizen to protect the U.S.A. in her time of need?

Viet Nam has yet to develop into a declared war on our part, but what chance will we have if the U. S. does declare war some day in our future? Will the attitude of draft-age fellows change?

Today I salute the thousands of Americans—many of them teenagers 17, 18, and 19 years old—who are stationed in hot spots around the world.

And back on the home front, I suggest that we take a long, hard look at ourselves. Have we got what it takes to serve America?

Christmas Tree Stands

Have any Christmas Tree stands been missed from your home lately? Ellen Taylor, student director of LAST YEAR'S May Day has several that she borrowed for the program, and she would like to return these to the owners. Check the place where your Christmas Tree stand is kept if you believe that you lent it to Ellen. If you find that Ellen has yours, she will gladly return it to you. Contact her in homeroom M-204.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Editor:
"Oh, another run. This is the third pair of hose this week. I do wish someone would sand these chairs."

The rough, splintered chairs in the cafeteria and library are enemies to us female students. The splinters thrive on every bit of mesh and nylon they can grab with their tiny, but disastrous claws. Someone please destroy these snagging splinters; sand the chairs in the cafeteria and library.

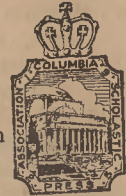
Jayne Brown

HIGH LIFE

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