

The New English

If variety is the spice of life, then the new English program is "spicy." Greensboro Public Schools makes English a more interesting course for students because it provides a variety of subject matter each individual student likes and needs.

During the sophomore year each student is familiarized with all the basic skills on language arts. The student finds out what he is interested in and learns the major parts of English which he may later encounter.

The sophomore program is also designed to "sniff out" the weaknesses in a student's preparation and can help him plan for other sources which will make up for deficiencies.

The new program seems great for the deficient English students; however, it leaves something to be desired for the highly motivated student who may not be one in the twelve or so students in his class of over five hundred to be accepted for Advanced Placement English.

One of the biggest changes from high school to college level work is the demand for high quality writing and high reading comprehension. In high school it is important that each student polish these abilities to the highest level he can.

This fact means that a more

highly-motivated student should be allowed to choose faster moving or more demanding English courses—courses similar to the honors English classes that were done away with, but without the honors credit if it is impossible to reinstate the old honors courses.

Because of little time for teacher preparation, the selection of courses Grimsley has chosen this semester from the list of available courses appears limited when college preparation is considered. No basic poetry course is now available.

The English Department should be applauded upon their insistence to bring vocabulary into many of the courses. Doing well on college entrance tests and probably in college itself depends largely on handling a good sized vocabulary.

Now that juniors and seniors are in English classes together, it will be necessary to see that different vocabulary is taught each year.

Perhaps this editorial has been too critical towards the English program, especially when one realizes that it was installed in such a chaotic time for the school system.

However, the problems pointed out here should help toward making the program as complete and exciting as possible in the next few years.

Turning Over A New Leaf

By John Parrett

To most of the new students attending Grimsley this year, **High Life** will probably be just another strange word in an unfamiliar environment. The senior class and many juniors will remember it as Grimsley's "Weakly Newspaper," the paper which vividly recapped football and basketball games (two games later), and somehow never made it to some homerooms.

So much for the **High Life** of old. Last year's staff was faced with countless problems, some of which will remain with the paper as long as it exists at Grimsley. Due to our patient printer's schedule, **High Life** will never come out on the morning after an important football or basketball game, and even if we had been given a copy of the Pentagon papers, we would have been a week behind everyone else in printing them.

Thanks partly to the Supreme Court's desegregation decision, and partly to the fact that even last year's staff grew tired of the paper, **High Life** has a new staff, consist-

ing of the largest and most enthusiastic crew of students that has ever worked on the paper. The addition of a new faculty advisor complements the potential of the staff's ability to produce a truly fine paper for Grimsley.

The paper's policy will be one of complete involvement with the students of Grimsley. It will continually strive to see that the students receive interesting news **before** it happens (i.e. student affairs, dances, etc.), avoiding the glib monstrosities used last year to fill up front-page space.

A school Grimsley's size deserves to have a good student newspaper, especially now. The need for communication among students has never been felt as strongly as it has in the midst of the integration process, and **High Life** plans to provide for this need. As with integration, **High Life's** success will depend partly on its benefactors. A subscription to the paper will be found to be worth many times over the dollar per semester rate, little to pay for so much in return.

Woodstock Nation No. 1

Fall of 1971 makes an explosive chapter in American history. This "Age of Reckoning" confronts virtually everyone utilizing public education.

"The Year of the Bus" has stirred racist sentiments as well as humanitarian passions. Seemingly, the majority of Americans, both black and white, oppose what they consider as the outrageous involvement of the courts vs. their children.

Indeed, the Supreme Court has interpreted the Constitution as carefully as a nuclear physicist examining radioactive isotopes. The questions arising from its momentous decision range from the constitutional aspect to the stark realities of long, and unnecessary, busing rides for elementary kids.

Strict constructionists and conservatives might argue that the "right of association" and the "neighborhood school" concept have been violated by the court's decision, but strong evidence suggests that the sociological conse-

quences of a polarized (i.e., racially divided) society can only spell the final chapter of our domestic "pax Americana" manifested in our constitutional republic.

In this generation, at least, millions of young Americans will be coerced into unreasonable scholastic burdens because their parents refused to allow the racial minorities the rights and opportunities afforded them.

A popular tenet of our present-day liberalism encourages federal control ("fashionable collectivism") wherever and whenever feasible. Like all pseudo-progressive ideas, it fails to discern the human frailties existing among us and gages the fact that people, not governments, can truly legislate morality.

This is not to say that the civil rights, open housing, voting rights, etc., legislation of the 60's has failed to advance human equality, but rather that it alone cannot accomplish "pragmatic utopian" ideals we all cherish.



(Untitled)

(Editor's Note: The following poem was handed to a senior English teacher in a southern school. Two weeks later, that student committed suicide. Printed in the DAILEY PLANET originally, the poem was submitted here by Shelby Flythe, a tenth grade student at Grimsley.)

He always
He always wanted to explain things.
But no one cared.
So he drew.
Sometimes he would draw and it wasn't anything.
He wanted to carve it in stone or write it in the sky.
He would lie out on the grass and look up at the sky
And it would be only the sky and him and the things inside him that needed saying.
And it was after that he drew the picture.
It was a beautiful picture.
He kept it under his pillow and would let no one see it.
And it was all of him.
And he loved it.
When he started school he brought it with him.
Not to show anyone, but just to have it with him like a friend.
It was funny about school.
He sat in a square, brown, desk
Like all the other square, brown desks
And he thought it should be red
And his room was a square, brown room,
Like all the other rooms.
And it was tight and close.
And stiff.
He hated to hold the pencil and chalk,

With his arm stiff and his feet flat on the floor,
Stiff.
With the teacher watching and watching.
The teacher came and spoke to him.
She told him to wear a tie just like all the other boys.
He said he didn't like them.
And she said that didn't matter.
After that they drew
And he drew all yellow and it was the way he felt about morning.
And it was beautiful.
The teacher came and smiled at him.
"What's this?" she asked, "Why don't you draw something like Ken's drawing?"
"Isn't that beautiful?"
After that his mother bought him a tie.
And he always drew airplanes and rocketships like everyone else.
And he threw the old picture away.
And when he lay out alone looking at the sky.
It was big and blue and all of everything,
But he wasn't anymore
He was square inside and brown
And his hands were stiff.
An he was like everyone else.
And the things inside him that needed saying didn't need it anymore,
It had stopped pushing
It was crushed
Stiff.
Like everything else.

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