

Letters To The Editor

Nothing To Do?

Have you heard this?

"There is never anything to do on the weekends in Greensboro!"

I, for one, have heard many people profess that fact on Friday afternoons.

My protest is, if everyone complains about the "same old thing" or just "nothing" then why won't the students of GHS come to the dances? Ever since the poor turnout at Twirp and the cancellation of the Holiday Dance, YRC has been skeptical of even planning for another dance.

Of course, I know the complaint, "I've never heard the band," or "I don't want to dress up."

Fine with YRC, or anyone. These

dances are held for your pleasure, no one else's! If the band is unknown by most of you, give it a chance. What is \$3.00 (couple) going to do for your date night anyway? And as for the expense, YRC can't afford to take any chances of going in debt with an expensive group.

So please, when OUR next dance is planned (give us suggestions!), won't you give it a try? The dances are really a lot of fun. Even if you can't dance, come listen to the band.

Sincerely,

Susan Lindsay

YRC Co-Chairman

UFO IS LANDING, SORT OF

To the underprivileged (sic) Staff of High Life.

The honored and distinguished U.F.O.'ers of Grimsley Sr. High School, and other high schools in the city, would like to register a formal complaint to the understaffed, unacknowledged, and slightly sophmorish (sic) staff of High Life.

In the last issue of your esteemed newspaper, a certain plump member of your staff, who goes by the name of "Deviled Ham," Underwood, wrote an article about the highly proud and much sought after U.F.O.

We regret to say that this or-

ganization is NOT a Universal Frisbee Organization. We would also like to further state that the posters that were hung around Grimsley, were hung to express a certain name (which cannot be mentioned now because of several obvious reasons) which definitely does not mean Universal Frisbee Organization.

So, in closing this utterly insane letter, the promiscuous U.F.O.'ers of Grimsley do hereby (sic) disavow any knowledge or connection to the Universal Frisbee Organization.

Names Withheld

P.S.—U.F.O. has landed.

(Editors' Note: The last issue of our "esteemed" newspaper was an April Fool's issue and any "underprivileged, slightly sophmorish" or other person who didn't take it as such is, indeed, an April Fool.)

Dirty Grimsley And The "Odor"

David Kalifon

I've seen many famed places and people in this world and I've seen many infamous. One of these places is Grimsley Senior High. A thing of beauty it's not.

What is questionable is how Grimsley won two years straight of school beautiful. There is nothing beautiful in any of the buildings. On any desk you can read the latest gossip. Not only do you find out what Jim and Suzy did on their date, but also the latest graffiti.

If the desk graffiti has stirred your mind for more, go to the many restrooms to read the walls. Besides the graffiti, you witness the "Odor" (remember Mr. Puterbaugh's "Odor"?), the unsanitary conditions, and many other bothersome sights.

What is more ugly is the mosaic design of gum under all the desks. The many cherries, grapes, lemons, and oranges align the super-structure to form a gross picture of man's kinship to swines that wallow in mud.

After a day at Grimsley you become dirty and demoralized. Are we going to be demoralized, day after day, 180 days a year? How long will we be studying in demoralizing filth? Are we going to start to pick up for ourselves instead of seeing a few people be our mommies and pick up after us? Is it turning out to be that our mommies, School Beautiful, pick up after us and make sure we put our trash away?

Grimsley is set back from the street and the by-passers can't really see the real school. A Grimsley of dirt, filth, junk (literally and figuratively), odors, and grime. A Grimsley infested with germs, bacteria, bugs, and most possibly rats. What they really can't see is the

Grimsley that demoralizes a student who is forced to study in the dirt and swill. Nobody is willing to put in a little work; nobody's willing to assert himself and see this gets done; nobody cares. Thank goodness that the by-passers can't really see.

If we're to live like pigs, if we're to live in filth, then we should act like pigs. Oink, grunt, grunt?

Once Again, From Peoria, Ill.

Recently it was announced that a new weapon would be used against youthful rioters in most of the larger U. S. cities. What is faster than a speeding bullet, able to leap tall buildings at a single bound, and hungrier than Herb Underwood? You guessed it, the giant chicken-eating lizard of Peoria, Ill.!

As you probably already know, the giant chicken-eating lizard of Peoria, Ill., is no normal lizard. For instance, all slimy lizards can give you warts, but only *Leptodactylus Lizodactylus Peorius, Ill.*, can give multiple fractures, concussions, etc. Its cold-bloodedness was proven in an experiment in Oslo by Squamus and Lipid, when 100 Peruvian *Lizodactili*, accustomed to temperatures in the high 80's, 95 percent humidity, and a fifty percent chance of snow by nightfall, were thrust into a chamber in which the temperatures was lowered to about five degrees Kelvin. When the temperatures of the lizards' blood was taken, it, too, was five degrees Kelvin! Of course, the lizards were dead, but you have to take your hat off to anyone who would risk flying from Peru to Norway just to take part in some moronic experiment.

Anyway, the use of this lizard (giant chicken-eating, Peoria, Ill.)



Male Chauvinists Unite!

The end of the world is not so imminent as the end of the Uniqueness of the Sexes—the Equal Rights for Women Amendment (ERA) passed the Senate by an (84 to 8) overwhelming majority. Of course, my proud male chauvinist feathers have been ruffed, but, to quote the great constitutionalist scholar, Prof. Paul Freund, the ERA "will open a Pandora's box of legal complications." I would much rather argue my case against equality of the sexes with a little spice, rather than using constitutional dictums no one

can only be deemed unconstitutional, maybe immoral, and probably a lot of fun. Its destructive ability is considered an act of God by most insurance companies and hospitals, and rivals watching hydrogen bombs explode at a range of fifty yards for an afternoon of excitement.

The only means of escape from this formilable foe is to move to Peoria, Ill., which this four-legged fury avoids like the Plague, due to the presence of relatives living in the South side. There is one other alternative to this plan, however, which may be tried by those of you who have visited Peoria, Ill. The plan is recommended for the strong-of-heart only, since the lizard, as its name implies, eats chickens (this is no dumb lizard, and besides, how do you argue with 768 pounds of hungry *Lizodactylus*?) When confronted by the monster, the confrontee must shout bravely in its face, "You're absurd!" Normally, this plan works, but if the lizard detects even the slightest in blood pressure, breathing rate, or nausea, you could find yourself inspecting the digestive tract of our slimy friend. So far this plan has worked with only 19% success, but things are looking brighter every day.

—JBP

wants to hear.

This disastrous piece of legislation guarantees "equality of rights under the law," which means that no person's equal rights can be withheld or abridged by federal or state authorities on account of sex.

All legal distinctions between the sexes will be shattered if the states ratify the ERA. Wimen will no longer be able to retire under Social Security at 62 (men can retire at 65). As of the summer of 1974 (when the ERA will become effective) all 18 year old chicks will have to register for the draft (don't you just love equality, girls?), and be subject to combat training. Literally hundreds of state laws favoring the female sex will become unconstitutional. Women will no longer hold the upper hand in such matters as child support and custody, alimony and inheritance rights. "Discriminatory" factory regulations and heavy industry restrictions will no longer protect the weaker sex. Remember those extra coffee breaks and maternity leaves? Well, just forget them, girls, the Day of Women Liberation is here.

America's excellent record of withstanding constitutional crises such as this one convinces me that repeal of the ERA will be possible after the '72 election, but the most dangerous effect of the ERA will not leave us so quickly-sexual egalitarianism and "Women Liberation." These forbidden curses upon the human race will seek to subvert and confuse the vast majority of women who believe that their two most cherished sanctuaries are the kitchen and bedroom. Only time will tell us whether or not women would rather be treated as "liberated women" than worshipped and loved by men. Women Libbers, unite!—you have nothing to lose but your car door being opened, cigarettes being lighted, ear rings being retrieved, your husbands.