

Baur Reflects On First Year As GHS Principal

Dear Students and Faculty:

As the 1981-82 school year comes to a close I would like to share some of my reflections with you. When I interviewed the Greensboro City Schools I researched the school system, the community, the state and intensely Grimsley High School. All indications were positive with unbelievable information regarding the history and prestigious background of G.H.S. I conducted my investigation while the central administration, parents, teachers and students were conducting their investigation into my professional qualifications and personal qualities. Never in my career had I been through such an intensive investigation. Three weeks after my initial interview I was announced as the fifth principal in the history of Grimsley High School.

My announcement was Tuesday, August 11, with my first full day as principal on August 12. I have never been so excited about a position nor so enthusiastic. As I write this message I have retained and enhanced that excitement and enthusiasm and I'm anxiously awaiting future years as principal of the finest high school in the United States.

Why have I been able to retain this feeling? Because

of the support and backing from the students, faculty and community. It is my determination and dedication to be fair, equal and consistent with rules and regulations. Any society in which we exist must be orderly and with the purpose of obtaining worthwhile goals and objectives. Each of you has individual goals that we educators can help you obtain, but the overall goal of public education is to prepare each of you to take your place in our democratic society and to become active citizens. In attempting to achieve this goal it is important that the school environment be one to foster certain freedoms, happiness, respect of one another, and competency level to insure your success.

As the school year has progressed I have observed so many positive improvements. I give you my commitment to continue to work hard for each of you and to improve my weaknesses and build on my strengths. I ask for your help in this endeavor...for together we can always be No. 1.

Have a good summer.

Sincerely,
Bonny M. Baur, Principal
 Grimsley Senior High School

'Rose Wilson'

By Tim Hampton

(Tim Hampton, an English student of Ms. Kernodle, won first place in the Greensboro O. Henry Short Story competition with the following entry.)

The buds burst, and the sweet fragrance was once again present. The smell was there, not of the flowers, not of the freshly cut grass. It was a unique smell one sensed on an evening walk down a shaded street. It was the smell of spring.

Mrs. Wilson leaned out of the kitchen window and was met by an overgrown rose bush. "Damn those stupid bees! Why do they have to buzz around my bush?"

The tea kettle whistled as the eccentric widow fled to the stove and filled her favorite mug. "Too hot," she said as she poured the white cream into the steaming coffee.

Mrs. Wilson was a comfortable, chubby, old lady hiding in her white framed house on Parkway Drive. Her winter loneliness mel-

ted away as her roses began to bloom. She left her coffee to cool as she filled her watering bucket and tugged it through the door, muttering as she spilled water on the floor.

"My roses, my roses, you are back with me again," she said as she sprinkled water on the bushes. "You look better than ever. Oh, don't tell Mr. Wilson; he wouldn't want to know a woman did better. You see, I know more than he did. All you need is water, sunshine, and a little love."

Satisfied, she returned to the waiting coffee and then rested.

The following day brought rain, so there was no need to water the flowers. She sat back in the dining room chair quickly, feeling alone. The

(Continued on Page 11)

'The Rhyme Of The Ancient Teacher'

By Brad Howard

*It is an ancient teacher
 Who suddenly accosteth me.
 "By thy long grey hair and evil eye,
 Now wherefore stopp'st thou me."*

*The homeroom's doors are opened wide
 And I must hurry in;
 The students are met, the classroom set,
 My'st hear the merry din.*

*She held me with a skinny hand;
 "There was a school," quoth she.
 "Hold off! Unhand me grey-haired loon!"
 Eftsoons my hand dropped she.*

*She holds me with a glittering eye--
 A tardy student still,
 I listen like a three year's child,
 That woman hath my will!*

*And thus I say upon a stone
 I could not choose but hear.
 And thus spake on that teacher,
 As I sat there in fear.*

*The teachers were cheered, the lounge was
 cleared,
 Merrily did we run
 To our classes, to our rooms,
 We thought it so much fun.*

*The principal came up upon the left
 Out of Hell came She!
 She spoke bright, then to the right,
 She turned and stared at me.*

*And now Mr. Fuller came, and he was tyrannous
 and strong:
 He stuck us with o'ertaking wings
 And chased us to class along.*

*Running hard, away we'd go,
 As who pursued with yell and blow
 Still treads the shadow of his foe,
 And forward bends his head;
 We ran fast, prayed for the last,
 And classward, aye, we fled.*

*She was so old, her manner bold,
 I looked into her eyes;
 She told me of her classes old,
 And of absent students lies.*

*"The late bell rang
 With a monstrous clang
 To the students in the hall."
 "I was out of luck
 My locker stuck"
 Amazed her with their gall.*

*"Teachers, it's us," quoth she,
 "Were the missing link,
 Teachers, teachers everywhere,
 But none of us can think!"*

*"The second floor is such a bore
 During early lunch.
 The students there, to my despair
 Are such a noisy bunch."*

*Students here, students there,
 Students all around,
 Though on any Friday,
 Tere are none to be found!*

*"I must go." She bade me" No,
 My story you must hear.
 Of a teacher whom you fear."*

*To her, I know, math was fun,
 She could prove that two was one!
 And even though she taught so fine,
 My final grade was sixty-nine.*

*"There was another," she did say,
 "Who had the name of Bert,"
 (I had him early in the day,
 But I rarely did the work!)*

*He told us of his teaching job,
 Poor jokes, psychology, and Doctor Cobb.
 He spoke of a dentist schizophrenic,
 And how he wanted a twenty chair clinic.
 Who became angry when thwarted one day,
 And then they came and took him away.*

*"Now I'll tell you of my good woman Spike,
 And how she did something one awful nite."
 In teaching German, she may be the best,
 But a long time ago, she escaped to the West!*

*Third period I'd travel across the hall,
 Speak French, eat donuts, and have such a
 ball,
 Place bets on Carolina, and of course Cedric
 Coakley,
 All in the French Class of Madame Oakley.*

*Next in the day, I go to band.
 This class we miss whenever we can.
 The whole class always gives Rooker lip,
 And every Friday everyone skips!*

*"Really," said I, "I must go to lunch."
 "Listen," said she, "And then thou shalt
 munch!"
 "You know," she said, "That lunch was so
 slack,
 Most of the students would never come
 back!"*

*Some students thought that school was a
 joke,
 They'd skip every day, hang out, and toke.
 These students, you know, are referred to as
 heads,
 They take drugs until they seem dead.*

*The Ancient Teacher told me of my classes.
 As to why, I'm still at a loss,
 It sounds so familiar,
 But needs an Albatross!*

Student Elections

(Continued from Page 1)

'82-'83 will be: President, Jay Floyd; President Pro-Tem, Karen Seagraves; Secretary/Treasurer, Amy Russell; YRC Chairperson, Michelle Martorano; and Pep Board Chairperson, Tamara Majors.

Policy Changes

(Continued from Page 1)

have a little more leeway than this, if the policy is School Board approved, it will "be enforced to the letter." This differs from Rules and Regulations, which offer personal discretion in dealing with various situations but which set

down no specific punishment.

The new policy will be spelled out in next year's handbook, and Baur expects to review it herself with each class. It is almost certain that changes made will lean towards a stricter policy