

# Opinion

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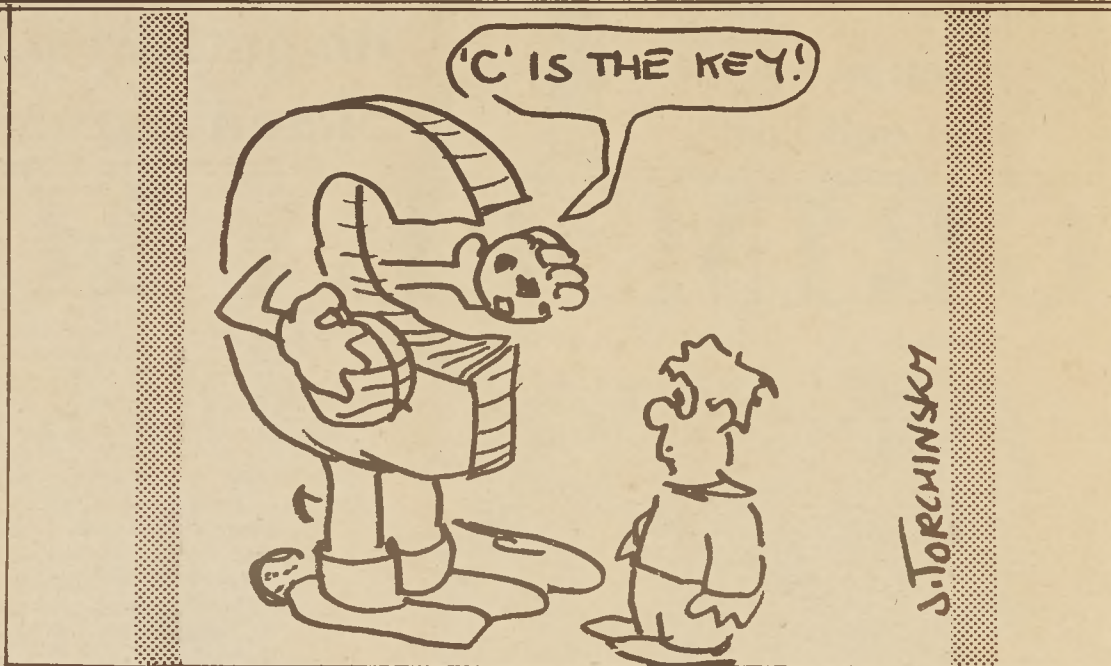
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Making the grade

## A perfect picture?

by Eugene Naughton

Thanksgiving - the wonderful reunion of the family. Cold weather, crackling fires, and the smell of a Butterball in the oven (or microwave - this is the 1980's). Then, after waiting, the dinner is ready. Steaming foods in rich gravies, and distant relatives accompanied by friends, decorate the table. Father adds a few words of thanks for the delicious looking bird (no one asked the turkey how he felt about it), and then the next two or three hours are spent in a tumult of eating and slurred words. The fabulous dinner is topped by three different kinds of pies. A typical Thanksgiving, Norman Rockwell could have painted it.

Yet, somewhere between the mashed potatoes and the corn-on-the-cob, the ideal of thanks has been dropped onto the floor, making this perfect picture seem pallid. Behind each of the smiling faces surrounding the dinner table a gnawing lack of thanks. From generation to generation, perhaps, Thanksgiving has lost the meaning for which it was intended. The Pilgrim Fathers truly has reason to give thanks; they had just reaped a good harvest after a brutal winter. Today, the immediacy of starvation is not so apparent to the public, most of whom have their basic needs met. So what is there to give thanks for in a country where most anything is accessible?

Rudyard Kipling once said, "Teach us to find delight in simple things." Herein lies the simplest elements of human life. Be thankful for the essence of Thanksgiving. Be thankful for fresh air, because there is less of it than ten years ago. Be thankful that the rain is not as cold as last year, or that at least, there is a warm place to go. Be thankful that the Pilgrim Fathers did not take one look at the New World and suddenly say, "I think I forgot to put the fire out back home. Let's go back." Be thankful that during Thanksgiving dinner, an empty plate is a rare thing, and if there is an empty one, it is because the contents are in someone's stomach. Be thankful that the Norman Rockwell picture does not reflect a typical Thanksgiving, void of true thankfulness.

This particular Thanksgiving, November 28th, paint a true picture. Give up the thanks for the size of the turkey, stuffing over potatoes and your favorite pie. Get rid of the images painted by Rockwell and be happy with the simple gifts of life. Oh, and tell Mr. Rockwell you won't be needing him. Somehow, he'll understand.

Sophomore Speaks

## Not out to lunch

by John Myatt

The fourth period bell rings, and I hurriedly throw my trombone into its case and rush out of the bandroom. Reaching the grove, I measure the infinite wisdom of the school board in deciding to close sophomore lunch. Imagine my joy upon discovering the new plan. I would not have to worry about that baffling question of "Where to eat" as the decision had already been made for me. Another problem solved was the task of finding a benevolent upperclassman willing to give me a ride. Obviously, the school board knows we sophomores have no older friends, and thus segregates us from the rest of the school.

Reflecting upon this as I enter the dining hall, I notice the room is quite packed and the lines quite long. Always a popular dining place, the cafeteria is swamped this year, what with the new menu of pizza, hamburger, and the occasional chicken cordon bleu. The greatest plus of our closed lunch is the beautiful unity between the sophomore class and the administration. The S-ODC (Sneak-Out Death Corps) has a fool-proof drag-net around the class of '88. If it is below 50° or above 80°, they decide to stay inside, giving the green light for those would-be fast food freaks.

I am not so daring, and so eat my lunch under the pretext of satisfaction, doing algebra and mingle with my own kind. And I must only wait until next year when the school board closes lunch for juniors.

## The school of hard knocks

by Brooks Raiford

Greensboro educators are considering proposals to keep students making below a 2.0 G.P.A. from participating in extracurricular activities. It's good to know that we've finally recognized that academics come first in high school.

Some school systems have already implemented stringent restrictions on student activities based on grades. Texas, for example, has one of the toughest programs; a student receiving one "F" or more on his report card is banned from participation in any extracurricular activities for six weeks. This seems rather harsh, but when one considers that 56% of Texas' students get at least one "F" per report card, a tough policy may be their only

answer. North Carolina probably doesn't need to be quite so strict; still, we should be concerned.

Unfortunately, there are those who are supersensitive to anything that might pose a threat to athletics. These people claim that the real motivation behind the proposed changes is a contempt on the part of educators and nonathletes for those with athletic ability. These misguided souls fail to realize that the rule would apply to all extracurricular activities, not just sports. Singers, musicians, and actors would be affected just as much as Mr. Gridiron or Mrs. Backboard.

The simple fact is that if a student isn't making above a 2.0, he's making, at the most, a "D." And while some people really have to try their hardest to pass at all, these people are (or should

be) in special classes, and should be given special consideration. Any other student making a "D" or less needs to be home studying, not playing a trumpet or throwing a ball of some sort.

If something as simple as preventing "D" and "F" students from participating in extracurricular activities will enhance their education, then by all means, do it!

At least give it a trial run. If the results are not favorable, then scratch the program. It is highly probable, however, that the results will show that if students know they better hit the books in order to hit the field, stage, or whatever, grades will come up.

Extracurricular means just that; once you master the curriculum, then you can have this extra.

## Letters to the Editor

Dear Editor,

I am writing concerning an article that was published in High Life on October 18, 1985 entitled "What They Appear to Be."

This article was directed at twelve girls on the Homecoming Court. I am not on the court, yet I have several friends who are. I do not see my friends as "mommy's little girl" nor do I see myself as a "victim of society" because I didn't make it. I am very happy for those who made it and I think they should be congratulated instead of insulted and judged the way they have been in this arti-

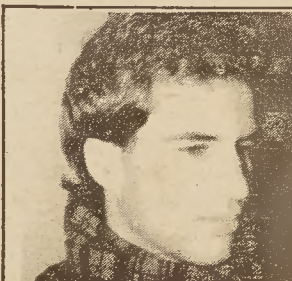
cle. I think that the author is letting her personal feelings interfere. To be on Homecoming Court is an honor, not a position in society. If this article was some kind of joke, there are people on the court who took it seriously and deserve an apology. May be there are some who fit the description in the article but it was generalized to make it sound like the entire court.

An apology is due to the members of the Homecoming Court.

Dear Whirlies,

The article, "What They Appear To Be," generated much controversy, all of which was caused by misinterpretation. As the writers of the article, we are extremely concerned that some may have taken it as insulting to the members of the court. The article was intended to be a spoof of social stereotypes, and in no way meant to deride girls, either on or off the court. We apologize to those who may have seen it that way.

Sincerely,  
Cindy Gay and  
Carrie McCracken



## Never the Twain did meet

by  
Robert  
Corbett

measure of the book's importance that it was written a 100 years ago, in 1885, and yet people consider it a great novel. Ernest Hemingway once said all American literature came from this one great book. That is a fairly weighty judgement, but I am not in the position to qualify it, having never read it.

The irony of it is that I actually had a fourth grade teacher read it to my class. I thought it was a kid's story, and buried my nose in science fiction. When I got around to picking it up, for the first time in the ninth grade, I discovered it was written in this bizarre, country-fied dialect. Strike two.

I have a confession to make. Despite the fact I consider myself an erudite (read: reads a lot), I feel guilty about it, as though I were distorting the truth. The fact is, I have never read Mark Twain's Huckleberry Finn, and as an American, and as a would-be writer, I think I should have.

Mark Twain once said that a classic is a book everyone wishes to have read, and one no one wants to read. I am afraid this may be coming true, if I never got around to reading it. It is a

And I feel guilty about it in AP English class. I would really like to read it, but I feel guilty about not reading it.