

Naughty, Naughty!!

by Brooks Raiford

Those of us who went to junior high school in Greensboro may remember that there was a policy of In-School-Suspension (ISS). Some remember better than others, but be that as it may, juniors and seniors here at Grimsley haven't had to deal with ISS since our 9th grade year. Now, however, Grimsley had decided that this junior high practice is necessary for high school students.

The primary differences between ISS and regular "Our of School Suspension" (OSS) are that a student sent to ISS is allowed to make up work missed and does not have unexcused absences assessed to him for the number of days spend in ISS.

This, friends, is high school. We are not little kids who need to be led by the hand and tapped with a ruler when we misbehave. Everyone has to go to school through their 15th year, but at age 16, school is strictly voluntary; you can leave at any time. The last thing a school system should be wasting its money on is hiring teachers to sit with "naughty little boys and girls" in high school.

There is no little children at Grimsley High School - only young adults, and we should be treated as such. If we choose to act like small children, then we don't belong here, and we should be thrown out.

ISS is no real punishment. It may not be very pleasant at the time, but it hardly hurts us in the long run. What possible deterrence to violating school rules is a policy whereby students stay in school, are allowed to make up their work, and get no absences recorded? None. In high school, kids who violate rules to the point of needing punishment shouldn't be allowed to stay in school. Stop wasting time with childish punishments. Get rid of ISS.

Laughing last

by John Myatt

One of the basic principals our country founded its judicial system upon is that of innocence until proven guilty. Yet it seems that neither the seniors nor the juniors at Grimsley are aware of this rule. As a sophomore, it is my obligation to stick up for my class.

The class of '88 has heard for a long time about its bad reputation; some even take credit for it. The faculty at Grimsley claims to have heard about our antics since the third grade. What aggravates me is the way the upperclassmen view us with such disdain. It is more than the harmless kidding about our sophomore status; that is a part of school life. The problem is the way that they state their superiority and label our class as a bad harvest. This has me up in arms!

A good example came when I, as a class project salesman, asked a junior whether or not he would like to purchase Hardee's coupons, good for free french fries. He promptly laughed in my face. "Hardee's fries stink; what a stupid class project," he stated. Now juniors, granted, our fund raiser is slightly bizarre in concept, but it doesn't top your own fiasco last year. Remember those nifty T-shirts? You should, because only about one hundred were sold. Great project, guys! And the class of '86 would not be labeled the Lee Iacocca of sales. My advice would be to think before laughing; it would help.

The juniors so desperately want to be recognized as a vintage class such as the class of '84 and '79. Well, if you check your cliques, you'll find that this goal is still a long way off. And this year's senior class is about as close as the Grimsley-Page football game!

Now, I'm not trying to put the senior and juniors down. I'm only stating the errors of their ways. Maybe the class of '88 has its faults, but he who is perfect can crack the first joke. After all, we've only been at Grimsley for half of a year; things can only get better.

Hear ye, creative writers

We, the High Life staff, believe there is a need that is unfulfilled at Grimsley. That is the need for self-expression, in written materials. However, we have found a solution that will provide for this need, and brighten up the paper at the same time. We want to run an insert, with short stories, poems, epigrams: in short anything written by a Grimsley student. Drawings are acceptable as well. For more information, contact Marty Kotis, Robert Corbett, or Mrs. Crisp in Room 206.

The gold at the end of the Rambo

by Eugene Naughton

An all too familiar theme re-sounds throughout the movie theatre in the United States today. Those nasty Russians are once again trying to defeat the God-fearing U.S.A. Naturally, this country won't tolerate it, and out of the swirling dust and political claptrap comes a hero (usually toting a weapon just short of a ballistic missile) to eliminate the problem, all in the name of God, guns, and glory. Explosions, screams, vivid scenes of violence dominate the screen, while our hero screws up his face and says, "Go ahead. Make my day!" or "God bless America, commie pig!" The end is the same in these movies. Infinity stretches on the horizon, the sun majestically sets, and our hero, now bloodied, holds an M-16 in one hand, and the American flag in the other. A crescendo of music. A brief, heart-warming narrative justifying all these

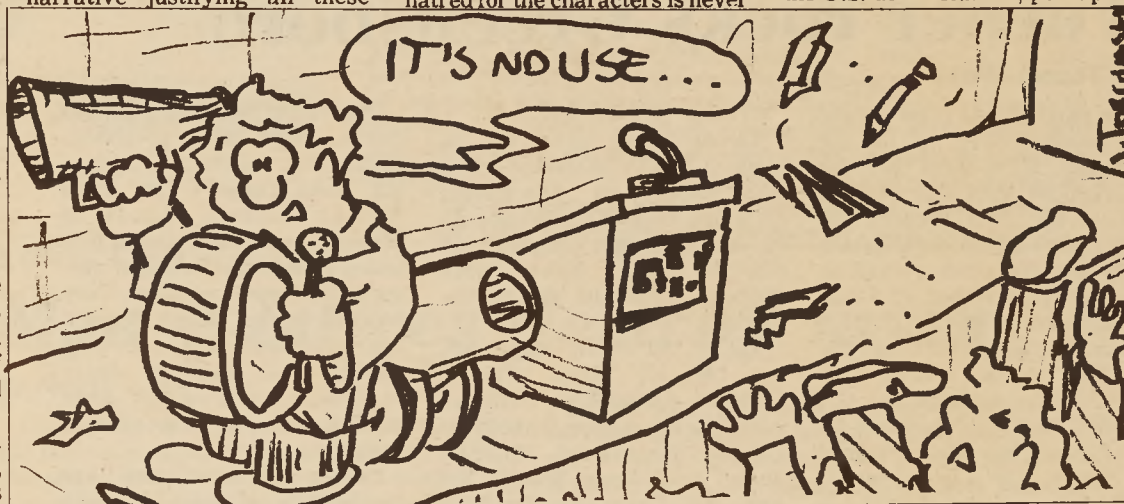
deaths ("Kill a commie for mommy"), then the credits, the end.

Unfortunately, the public responds to this brutally violent formula of movie. The major movie industries, shamelessly prompting such classic as Rambo Commando, Dirty Harry, and Charles Bronson, continue to produce their excuse for a patriotic film. Admittedly, they are fun to watch and they do allow the audience to participate in the action. However, the feelings of hatred and xenophobia they generate run dangerously high. It should be apparent a problem exists when the opening titles are just appearing and someone from the back of the theatre yells "Kill the mothers!" It seems audiences are being conditioned to respond to these movies whether they actually feel sympathy for the hero or not. They feel it is simply necessary to clap when appropriate or boo when appropriate. The true respect or hatred for the characters is never

really there.

Some may argue that the feelings in the theatre stay in the theatre. These same people are at a loss to explain why the camouflage pants or army jackets are so popular. Are they related to hatred for anything un-American. Probably not, but they do reflect the bias towards militaristic and violent solutions to problems that (wrack) the nation.

Why Americans should continue to go see the glorifications of death of anyone and then turn around and accuse the nation's leaders of being trigger-happy is beyond comprehension. Our movies do not reflect a desire for peace. A change in attitude would be helpful here. If Americans only view others through the sights of an assault rifle, the United States will never truly understand the people of the world. Besides, it makes one wonder if the Soviets have the kind of hero the U.S. does - Ruskbo, perhaps?



Not straight 'A' behavior

by Stephen Canter

The theme for this year's American-Education-Week (AEW) was "In Greensboro Public Schools the subject is Excellence." The celebration of this event lacked enthusiasm and was certainly wanting in excellence. It is rumored that the breakfast honoring the faculty served by the PTSA, was excellent but this of course did not deal directly with student involvement in AEW. The performing arts assembly was designed to be the climax of student involvement. However this lack of enthusiasm was obvious at the November 20th assembly.

The assembly was the first and possibly the last all school

assembly this year due to the statewide Basic-Education-Plan, which prohibits assemblies except for educational purposes. Unfortunately the assembly appeared to be lacking in organization. The students participating in the assembly could not rehearse because of time. This lack of rehearsal did not give the participants an opportunity to become familiar with the order of performance.

The audience was caught up in the sense of confusion and became uninterested. This attitude was expressed by the audience's refusal to sit back and enjoy the assembly. The audience continually talked and laughed and on occasion made fun of the performers, all of

which is very rude. A teacher new to Grimsley asked if this were normal crowd behavior. She commented that the students at the junior high where she had previously taught acted much better.

Students need to be more respectful of each other and never deliberately make others uncomfortable particularly those who are putting their dignity on the line by getting on the stage. And it might be appropriate to have music playing as students file in. This could serve to cut down on crowd noise.

More over it is a questionable practice to open an assembly dedicated to arts and culture with a cheer. There are more appropriate ways to display school spirit in this setting. Respect and courtesy might be a start.

One overworked holiday

by Robert Corbett

I had stayed late, putting the finishing touches on article about Christmas, which was rather appropriate: this was Christmas Eve. I looked up from my desk, and my old writing partner, Marlow, stared at me from across the room. A bit of shock to me, considering he had been dead for four years.

"What are you doing here?" I sputtered. Marlow looked a bit under the weather, though, it was not much different from his usual self: just grayer.

"I have come to warn you. You have not kept the Christmas spirit, like you should, and so you will be visited by three ghosts who will show you the true Christmas spirit." Marlow rattled the chains that his last wife had insisted he wear.

"Well, it better be quick, I have work to do." Marlow always had a way of messing up my deadlines.

"Actually, only two ghosts can get to you tonight - 'tis the season you know," and with this Marlow

vanished. Without a warning, a man bearing loads of gifts (price tags still on) burst into the room. His jolly air seemed to reek with scotch.

"You must be the ghost of Christmas past," I said intending to remain on guard for the duration of this dream.

"Christmas presents, if I may correct you." He dropped everything, with a resounding thump. "Now I hear you are not keeping up with Christmas spirits." Without warning, a fully-stocked bar appeared from nowhere. Somehow, I thought that this ghost was not up on the Christmas spirit, either. I think someone agreed, as he just as suddenly disappeared.

I went back to my work, expecting another visitor. Probably the ghost of Christmas future, as these things tend to run chronologically. I finished my worked, and waited a while longer. Then I left. It was not the first time Marlow had given me a bad lead. A thought came to me, though: maybe Christmas does not have a future. Or maybe the ghosts of Christmas are just a bit over-worked.

HIGH LIFE		
Editor-in-Chief Amy Cass	Grimsley Senior High 801 N. Westover Terrace Greensboro, N.C. 27408	Managing Editor Cindy Gay
News Editor Chris Sieredski	EDITORS	Editorial Page Robert Corbett
Feature Editor Holli Louza		Sports Editor Pat Goodwin
Advertising Manager Leslie Estes		Assistant Sports Editor John Myatt
Advisor Ms. Jane Crisp		Circulation Manager Wilson Winchester