

Opinion

The right to choose

by Brooks Raiford

Abortion. It's a word that nobody likes, one that causes otherwise reasonable people to go off the deep end trying to voice their own opinion.

A new national debate is brewing about an old subject with a new twist: abortion counseling in public high schools. There has been a proposal to place clinics in high schools across the country that would provide general sex education to any high school student desiring information. The controversial part of the plan is that pregnant girls would be able to get counseling on all the possibilities of handling their pregnancy, including information about abortions.

Currently, the debate focuses on the state governments, which are under pressure from both sides of the abortion issue. There have already been some clinics set up in a few large cities such as Chicago, with proposals for more locations in the near future.

It should not be objectionable at all to have these clinics in schools. Not only would they possibly prevent unwanted pregnancies, they would provide information about all the options available once a girl is pregnant. The pro-lifers have opposed these clinics vehemently, deeming sex education a subject best left in the dark. It seems as though they would rather have kids get pregnant and go get a back alley rusty coat hanger abortion than find out how to keep from getting pregnant in the first place, or how and where to get a safe, legal abortion.

It would seem that even the right-wing radical conservatives would see the merit of this reasoning. Unfortunately, because they are so paranoid and emotional about sex education in general and abortion counseling in particular, the conservatives will do anything and everything to prevent rationality from entering our public schools.

One thing should be made perfectly clear: the clinics would by no means encourage a girl to get an abortion. A counselor in the clinic would inform her of all options, one of which is a safe, legal abortion. There is no crime in letting someone make a decision based on all the facts; there should be nothing hidden. An ignorant choice is a bad choice.

Will juniors be next?

by John Myatt

Will the present policy of closed lunch for sophomores this year restrict next year's juniors? There are rumors to this effect.

Mr. Renn told the sophomores upon arrival at Grimsley that the open lunch was to be an upperclassman's right. He also said that if things went smoothly, next year, as juniors, the class of '88 will enjoy the same privilege. Now, however, the future seems rather shaky, according to the rumors.

The school board's decision to close lunch for sophomores was merely a compromise. The board wanted to shut down lunch for everyone. Apparently, they have done the next best thing. Many students thought that the decision had a grandfather clause. One year, it keeps the sophomores on campus, and the next year, it restricts the juniors, until the seniors will be forced to eat in the dreaded cafeteria. Thus, this year's sophomores will be caught if the clause goes into effect next year.

All this brings up an interesting question. Where is everyone going to eat? The cafeteria can barely hold all the sophomores. How do they plan to accommodate all three classes? And the freshmen coming to Grimsley next year certainly won't help matters.

Why is the school board making such a fuss over closed lunches? Sure, the Greensboro high schools are one of the only systems allowed to get out for lunch. But why are they afraid to be unique? Open lunch has worked for decades with no trouble. Those who are forced to eat at school now wish that things would return to normal. It seems that would please everyone and that's not too much to ask, is it school board?

In memoriam

The crew of the space shuttle Challenger

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Reflections of a jaded eye

by Eugene Naughton

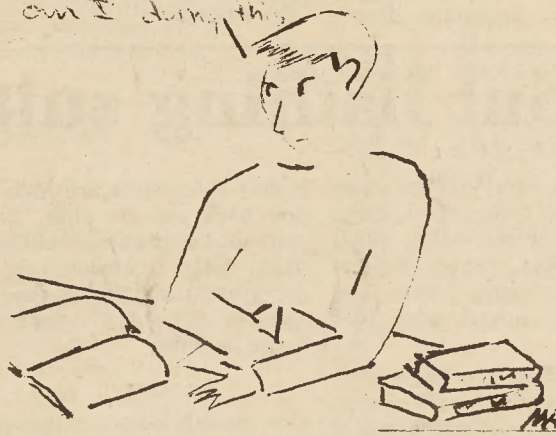
Upon reflection of my sophomore year, it has occurred to me that my expectations of being a senior are not quite being fulfilled. Perhaps it was just the excitement of being a sophomore - the sense of confusion which added to my school career. Perhaps it was the dependency I placed upon my upper classmen to show me a mature way to have fun; perhaps it was the sense of camaraderie I felt with my own youthful class. As a sophomore, I knew I was stacked at the lowest of the deck, the farthest away in the auditorium. Yet, there was a certain pride taken in that position, for I was giving way to those were Grimsley to me - the Jay Floyds, John Kivetts, and the George Caesars. As a sophomore gazing down from an obscure position in the auditorium, it was apparent that those were true representatives of the Grimsley spirit.

Then, something rather disastrous happened. Graduation strikes coldly and ruthlessly and in a mere 180 days, they were gone. Sadly, the life and spirit of school life and spirit of school life they embodied for me departed with them. Suddenly, I

was pulled from my comfortable position of the balcony and responsibility was thrust upon me. From that point on, the fleeting shadows of my senior class disappeared forever and at least for me, Grimsley would be void of life.

Now, I'm in my senior year, and that fire has yet to be rekindled. With the last of the pep rallies gone, the senior class has been hard pressed to demonstrate its individuality and spirit that trademarked the class of 1984. The class has become indistinguishable from any of the other two, and it is deeply regrettable the seniors could fade into obscurity. I, by no means, intend to brand the senior class a nameless cliché. Yet, I foresee a dangerously dull course set for this class. I call upon each senior to express the colorfulness and maturity which we as sophomores were exposed to. Surely it is within the grasp of our class to recapture the glory of our early high school careers. Who knows? With some effort, perhaps our actions as a class will be able to spark exhilaration of spirit in this year's sophomores - a spark that will hopefully last with them longer than it has with us.

In just a few months I'll be going off to college and leaving my high school career behind. Can I do anything?



Dear High Life Editors and Staff,

I would like to congratulate you on two aspects of the latest issue: my article and the overall good work in the issue.

My article, based on a couple of hours of idle conversation, presented me as I see myself. That's no small task for any writer to accomplish. I was pleased with the inclusions and exclusions that Nicole and Alisha chose. (And Will's photo flattered this aging face.)

The entire issue was interesting, well-written, and appealing to the students. I did not see one single homeroom student discard the paper after a glance. Those who did not get one had to sit and wait for someone to finish.

As a former yearbook compiler, I know what a thankless job student publications is. Long hours, deadlines, and complaints from the readers. Don't give up. I have seen improvement in every issue of the paper. You have nothing to apologize for. This issue was tops!

Sincerely,
Vickie Edwards

Letters to the Editor

Dear Editor,

On January 29, 1986 the people of this nation were faced with a terrible tragedy; the explosion of the space shuttle Challenger. I have never experienced such an event, and I hope that I never have to again. This nightmare is not the only worry that lies heavily on my mind, for something happened at school, or should I say did not happen on this sad day? I would like to know where in the world the administration was during all of this! Surely at least one of the top four administrators learned of this soon after it happened. I have been in

the office once or twice and I know a radio plays music in the office and probably broadcasts important news events as well. It really bewilders me why an announcement was not made informing the student body of the fiasco. What was going on in the office? We as students deserved to hear the horrifying news. Seven of our fellow Americans went to their fiery deaths and we have done nothing to honor them except raise a flag at half mast. EVERYONE had the flag raised at half mast, that's an American custom. I just feel that we needed

(and still do) to observe their deaths whether it be a moment of silence at the time the event happened, or wear a certain color to express our grief.

Joseph D. Moore

Remembering the way we can be

by Robert Corbett

Most of us go through life in a bit of a trance. I do not mean that in the bad sense; only we get caught up in the day-to-day process of living so much that we ignore the qualities most important in life.

Then an event happens that wakes us up intensely, like the screech of an alarm in the middle of the night. The January 28 shuttle crash was such an event, galvanizing everyone in front of some TV set.

Many cried. This is the first tragedy for the space program in twenty years, coming at a time when most people are not even conscious that shuttle is taking

off. We had accepted the amazing easily enough, but the tragic shocks us into thinking. The deaths of Ron McNair and Michael Smith, with their local connections, brings this matter closer to home. Even in complacent Greensboro, we cried for the shuttle crew.

Perhaps the school did not handle the situation as it might have. Perhaps the news showed the gruesome explosion once too often. These are just details, part of the trance, and we reach for them in order to pacify the aches in our conscious. Yet if for a second we can take this tragedy

and translate it into a thoughtful moment, there is not a void. John Donne once said, "Every man's death diminishes me." He was correct, but he concentrates on death. As every man's diminishes me, I have suffered a tremendous loss with the crash of the shuttle. But, as I awake from my own trance, I see the reverse is true. Every man's life enhances my own life. The crew of the challenger did not die in vain, if for a second we can remember for ourselves what they were after, a better life for mankind. And strive for that in our own lives.