

Homecoming history haunts Grimsley

By Amanda Earp and Angie Jeffreys
Reporters

Until 17 years ago, Homecoming included more than just 12 of Grimsley's finest females parading around the track in convertibles. Students anticipated the creativity and hard work of their fellow Whirlies in the form of elaborate structures of paper and chicken wire.

The day was a mixture of brilliant festivities centering around the Homecoming Float competition. Service clubs, students council, the band and other student groups met for weeks ahead to create their large masterpieces. These massive structures all competed for the honor of "best float."

Judges for floats included parents, faculty and members of the community who awarded first place honors to the float with the best materials, creativity, display, and embodiment of the Homecoming theme. As time passed, the grandeur of the floats was reduced from displays on the front lawn, to door decorating and finally to unsuccessful tailgate trimmings. With the decreasing student interest in the Homecoming festivities, the participation of service clubs in Homecoming has diminished.

Homecoming has evolved in more ways than one. The court itself has undergone changes from including members from every class to a group of only seniors. "Every year it [underclass representatives]

came up in the student council meetings but the idea was always turned down by both seniors and underclassmen," said Ms. Cannady, former student council advisor and current media specialist. Ms. Cannady

apathy regarding Homecoming is the large emphasis on the Grimsley- Page game. Student Council has experimented with scheduling the dance before and after the big game, but nothing has successfully attracted the students' attention. "There has never been the excitement that I feel there should have been [for Homecoming]. It's always been Grimsley- Page. Homecoming is sort of anti-climatic," said Ms. Cannady.

The question of attire for the dance has always been an issue for Student Council. Despite requests for a formal dance on a Saturday night, the idea was rejected because of a policy requiring one informal dance a year. The school hopes to keep the cost of the dance down so that girls will not have to buy new dresses.

Although most students are unaware of past Homecoming traditions, the idea of floats is appealing to some Whirlies. "[Floats] are a good idea because they would show our school spirit and they would get many different types of students involved," says Julie Greene, a freshman. Ayeza Nxumalo, a junior, says, "Floats would encourage student unity and would encourage students to participate in service clubs."

Some Guilford County schools still incorporate Homecoming traditions; Northwest High, for example, has a Homecoming Float competition, class representatives on the Homecoming court, and a formal dance on Saturday night.



The 1975 Homecoming Queen celebrates after her crowning.

Whirligig photo

believes that a reason for the lack of interest in Homecoming is that the celebration only involves seniors. Seniors have many exclusive privileges, already, and Ms. Toon, another media specialist, agreed when she said, "High school is not only for seniors."

According to Ms. Cannady, another reason for the

"Night at the Roxbury" makes for boring night

By Will Betton
Reporter

Sitting through "Night at the Roxbury" is like having a conversation with a guy in the middle of puberty. It's funny the first time his voice cracks, but it gets annoying quickly.

"Night at the Roxbury" is a horribly written, poorly acted, and atrociously executed attempt to make a movie out of the *Saturday Night Live* skit about the two club-hopping brothers whose overly exaggerated dancing gets them turned down by every female they approach.

Doug and Steve Butabi, played by Chris Kattan and Will Ferrell, spend the day working for their dad's plastic plant store and their nights trying to get into the Roxbury, the most popular local club. The bouncer won't let them in. One night, after having their hopes bashed for the hundredth time, they started their sulky ride home. Out of nowhere Richard Grieco of "21 Jump Street" rear ends them.

Instead of paying for damages, he gets them into the Roxbury, where they are introduced to the owner, an extroverted but touchy ("Did you touch my butt?") poor excuse for a business man. This connection with the owner helps them get girls who think they're rich. This is where the movie goes beyond the point of laughing and becomes deplorable.

After watching about five episodes of *Saturday*

Night Live the "What is Love" song becomes aggravating. Imagine over an hour of that song being played over and over again. "They played that song at least five times in the movie. That's enough to kill a small animal," said freshman Kelly Regan. After the movie ends, the torture doesn't. When I asked Matt Hodgins, a junior, what his thoughts were on the movie, the only response I could get out of him was, "What is love? Baby don't hurt me. Baby don't hurt me. Come on. Da da da da da da..."

The skit on *Saturday Night Live* isn't bad. In fact, it's pretty amusing, but an hour and a half of the same skit is huge mistake. "It's something you can only take in small doses," said Nick Maggio, a junior. "As an employee of the Terrace, I'm embarrassed that we even show that movie." Kelly Dassow, a freshman, agrees with Maggio when she says, "And I thought 'The Lost World' was bad!"

If there is one thing in the world that everyone would agree on, no matter what age, race, or sex, it would have to be that "Night at the Roxbury" is, without a doubt, the worst movie since an Ed Wood production, "Plan Nine from Outer Space." Too bad I touched my butt to the theater seat that day.



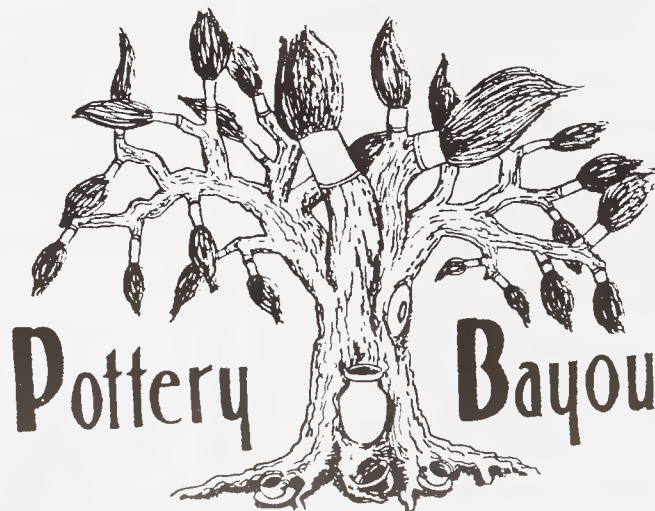
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