

Inquiring reporter

They admit various thoughts while waiting for lunch

● **MANY MILES** are traveled, numerous romances relieved, frantic last minute test-cramming done, and unkind thoughts about line crashers being brooded over...

Yes, many thoughts go through the mind while one is waiting those long minutes in the cafeteria line before getting a morsel or so to eat.

Your inquiring reporter, feeling a little chipper for a change, took a look at the people in the cafeteria lunch line one day this week. There stood a dozen or so graced with the look of the dead—and just as silent. Another dozen or so were talking so fast and furiously they wouldn't know if someone crashed the line. It goes to prove that life goes by opposites—

AS A RESULT, your inquiring reporter asked several of these hungry hounds just what they were thinking about while waiting for their lunch. These are their replies:

SPENCER HOLLIS: How I'm going to get home after my lunch.
GRADY SECREST: Accounting. (Mercenary souls).

JAN HOUSE: What I'm going to eat.

SHARON NELSON: Food smells good; therefore I will gain.

GLENDIA JO HALE: How Becky

Bassett got her food so quickly. (They have one-tracked minds)

BUDDY EVANS: Girls.
CHARLOTTE WILLIAMS: A boy!

(These are a few among the many romantic souls)

CHUCK FREEMAN: Why do people always pick on me?

(Must I answer?)

RALPH BURTON and JOHNNY KING: We've been wondering if jet planes can drag just like cars.

DANNY BURRIS: Ten thousand feet up in an F-84 sabre jet.

(The speed demons)

JOHN ATKINSON: I refuse to answer on grounds of the fifth amendment.

PATSY PRICE: I'm glad I'm not married so I don't have to cook.

TOM CUTTING: If that boy gets in front of me I'll forget I'm a gentlemen.



CAMPUS Corner
S&Q STUDENT STYLE CENTER

by Roger Knox

HELLO, HELLO, HELLO—
● Say, have you noticed the good-looking colored dress shirts that many of the FSHS students have been wearing, and have you wondered where you could get one for yourself? Well, DUCOTE HAYNES solved this problem when he came to the S&Q and picked out one of our very sharp-looking mint green button-down shirts styled by Enro.

Now, mint green isn't the only color available by any means, for we have pale pink, white and light tan in the same style that Ducote bought. We also have them in yellow, light blue, helio and many different stripes and checks with button-down, pin-through or plain collars, and made of either oxford cloth or broadcloth, whichever you prefer.

BOBBY MEEK is proudly strutting about in his new tan suede jackets from the S&Q. I am sure that if you have seen it you will agree with me in saying he has ample reason to be proud.

We have California SUEDE JACKETS at the S&Q, and they are among the best made. We have them in all sizes in tan, dark blue, charcoal gray, brown and black.

We are having a clearance sale on our TOP COATS and I am sure that the prices are now within the range of almost every student. We have them in gabardines, flannels and even in 100 per cent cashmere. They are in brown, black, tan, charcoals and blue.

WENDELL NANCE has recently acquired for himself a good-looking brown suede vest from our fine collection of vests at the S&Q.

Our sweaters are still a big item. **JOHNNY WARD** has recently bought a light blue Forstman cashmere sweater.

PAT GILLESPIE was in the other day picking himself out a tie from our very large and fine selection at the S&Q.

And—you girls, if you want to buy those beaux of yours something nice for **VALENTINE DAY**, you'd be smart to come down to the S&Q and look over our large variety of merchandise.

Be seeing you next issue!
-adv.

Cornet cleaner counts casualties

by Martha Burrow
● **YOU THINK YOU HAVE** troubles...

Follow me, if you will, through an afternoon of pure horror. It all started harmlessly enough when my sister Ann suggested that we make our respective band masters happy and wash out our respective horns.

Well, being the gullible person I am, I agreed. So it was luck that the cornet I was playing and was going to attempt to wash belonged to my sister. That meant that she knew all about it.

NOW THE FIRST thing you do in cleaning a horn is to remove all the valves. Those are the things you push up and down. You take them out and lay them down in a row, like little soldiers so you can get them back where they belong. If you don't get them back right, the cornet won't play.

Second, you pull the slides,

and I mean pull hard, to get them out.

Third, you find a pan and fill it with lukewarm water. Now it must be lukewarm exactly. One degree too warm the lacquer will come off, one degree too cool the horn will rust inside.

IT WAS WONDERFUL to have Ann, experienced as she was, around to test the temperature of the water.

First, you stand the horn on the end that you blow out of and pour the water slowly into the end the sound comes out of.

I still don't see how the water gets all inside the horn when it, the water, keeps running out the holes where the valves and slides belong. But Ann says it does, and

she is the expert.

After you run all that water through the cornet, you shine it, using a soft, dry cloth. It may be one of your mother's best party tea towels or just a plain dish towel.

BY THE TIME an hour had elapsed, I had washed my slides and greased them and was ready to put them back. Then I discovered it...

I can see it now...cornet and French horn slides all in one big pile.

And the terrible thing, Ann had given up long ago in disgust, deciding to do her French horn later, and had gone off to watch TV at a friend's house.

(This space for sad thoughts.)

Have FSHS students forgotten how to tell right from wrong?

● **WHAT'S HAPPENED** to that old-fashioned virtue of deciding between right and wrong and then doing right? Has it gone out with the horseless carriage and ruffled pantaloons?

Because too few high school students have too little foresight regarding the worthwhileness of the basic moral code—the ability to choose good from evil—a general misconceived attitude exists toward students who desire to become "popular" (although I believe "notorious" actually more fitly describes it) through illicit means.

No person likes to have someone constantly standing over him eternally saying, "No, Johnnie, you musn't." Thus, those who are over us—our parents, teachers, and civil authorities—endow us with a code of honor. Then it's up to us to protect it and keep it from every blemish.

SOME STUDENTS, we all know, have betrayed this trust—done what they know to be wrong. Worse yet, in place of the repenting attitude, there appears in its place an "I did it AND got

In the mailbox

Faculty assembly seen by student as means for happy relations

DEAR EDITOR:

Why don't we have another faculty assembly?

When I was a sophomore, the faculty presented an entertaining assembly that I thought was very good.

The only trouble was there was no repeated performance last year. I, for one, would certainly like to see our FSHS faculty in an assembly this year.

WHEN THE students know that the faculty thinks enough of them to forsake stuffy dignity and let the students have a good laugh at their expense. I think it is helpful to the general attitude of our school.

After all, relationships are strengthened when people learn to laugh together as well as work together. Since the classroom is the proper place for that "work together" angle, why not let the FSHS stage be the scene for the lighter side of student-faculty life?—C. S.

THE GRIZZLY

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Latin freeze out

During a discussion of Roman customs, Mrs. Virginia Jones stated to her world history class, "The Romans removed their outer garments when they entered the house."

Susie Cooley looked up, shocked. "But, didn't they catch cold in just their underwear?"

A real crackpot

Again Miss Kathryn Buchanan comes into the news. She said, "The prefix 'psycho' pertains to the mind. Psychiatry is the treatment of diseases of the mind."

Myles Friedman asked, "Do you know what a psycho-ceramic is?" "No," replied Miss Buchanan, "I don't."

"Oh," he said, "it's a cracked piece of pottery."

Grave situation

Having been asked one of Miss Irene Barnwell's particularly hard American history questions, Nancy Gail Arnold sat in speechless despair. After a minute of utter silence, Miss Barnwell announced, "I'd just as soon work in a funeral home as with these unconscious students."

But what a past!

Miss Wilma Jimerson, in trying to explain the subjunctive to one of her classes, stated emphatically, "There is no future in the subjunctive."

A down-in-the-dumps voice from the back of the room replied, "Boy, you can say that again!"

Cold hands, cold love

While discussing the recent cold weather, Jackie Sanders smiled happily. "It doesn't bother me at all," she said. "I've Got My Love To Keep Me Warm."

Layne Mahan looked at her rather quizzically for a moment, and then replied, "No wonder I've been freezing to death!"

Poetry

by Sherry Plunkett

Soon comes the night.
The darkness closes
Round each dwelling-place of man—
Farm-home lanterns gleaming dimly,
Mansions lighted, gay with laughter,
Blinking, flashing glare of neons
Then lights go out and all is still.
Stars shine faint, afar in ether.
Lights rays started years before
Land tonight, but are seen by none.
A dog barks twice,
Subsides,
And all is still.

It happens everyday you just missed it

by Louise Turner

● **THE ENCHANTMENT** of Valentine Day being in the air—cards with frills and sweet verses, heart-shaped boxes of chocolates, orchid corsages—this column is especially dedicated to young love, and the pursuit thereof.

To dwell on thoughts in a less sentimental vein: the home ec department has chosen their favorite historical event—**CUSTARD'S** last stand.

Another left-over from the semester tests: **MISS WILMA JIMERSON**, it's been said, received a year-end bonus from the Oklahoma Gas and Electric Company because of the amount of electricity used by her students trying to get their homework.

When asked to give the tense of a verb, **EARNEST HUCKELBURY** replied, "The only tense I know about is the kind I get before a test."

Misprint on a history test—Name 14 of the 13 original colonies.

We have something different: Instead of slashing the air with his baton as most band directors do, **FLOYD PITTS**, FSHS band director, has been armed with binoculars and a portable loud speaker while drilling his squad in the stadium for the tri-state music festival.

The news has been going around that **RAYMOND MOORE** has been feeling a draft lately. (Barb wire fence?)

MISS PAULINE POYNOR announced the ideal grocery list for the average teacher—a quart of milk and a bottle of aspirin.

We hear that **JULIE ORR** is going into snow business. Why? Well, you know the old saying—"There's snow business like show business."

Scene around FSHS: **MRS. HELEN McCARTY'S** typing class lined up against the radiator, whamming it with their shoes. Seems that the radiator had been acting up while Mrs. McCarty was making a speech on business letters, and the class devised this method to hush it up.

JANE DAVIDSON was the author of this little ditty:
If students were early to bed
and early to rise,
It would be to their parents' utter surprise.

Gentlemen prefer blondes—even in toast. We hear, however, that the home-ec department has been turning out more brunette toast than blonde.

Count your blessings and you'll fall asleep—but **GARY SHELBY** couldn't. Said he, "I counted both my blessings four times and I still couldn't go to sleep."