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Teen Age Problems

HAVE YOU HEARD?"

Neither "Tongue-wagging Thelma," "Gossiping Grace" or "Blow-off Bill" will ever find a listener who will believe even the slightest statement that any of them might make.

Even if your name isn't Thelma, Grace, or Bill, you will have a special label all your own if you indulge in malicious gossiping. Scandal is not only treacherous but harmful, and your friends have every reason to scorn your word if you spread untrue statements or relate intimate conversations. Nothing can make an acquaintance seem more undesirable in the sight of his friends than to display the earmarks of a repeater of spiteful, untrue remarks.

How would you like your whole life ruined by a single misleading remark, however innocently made? It is just that important when scandalous gossip springs from the mouths of idle busybodies who have nothing better to do than to tear down the character and reputation of some individual.

If you look around, you can find groups of girls, crowds of boys, all unintentionally gossiping. Of course, when certain truths are known and talked about, it might be helpful to have discussion along this line; but, when untruths are intentionally circulated, there can be no motive other than jealousy or envy.

The moral of it all is to be sure to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

"Lovely CENSORED We're Having Don't You Think?"

"Everybody talks about the weather, but nobody does anything about it," the old adage says, but Uncle Sam has broken that tradition! He has done something about it! To cooperate with all-out defense, the United States war department has requested that all weather reports which might prove helpful to the enemy be discontinued.

The effect of this order is calamitous! What will happen to the American cracker-barrel weathermen? What will the average citizen talk about? The following is an example of the possible effects of this new ruling:

"Hello, Bill, little late, aren't you? What happened?"

"Oh, hello, Tom. I'm late because my car got stuck in the—that is—the ra—, I mean, this bad wea—! Well, anyhow, I'm late. You can ask the war department what happened!"

"Well, Bill, how's the wife? They tell me she has been sick lately."

"She is a little better now, thanks. You see, we went to the Rose Bowl game, and in all that—well, you know what I mean. Anyhow, her cold is better now. By the way, Tom, have you heard from your brother up north lately?"

"I got a letter from him last week. Said he went skiing. Of course, he couldn't say what he skied on—but—"

"Yes, I know how it is. My brother-in-law says his house got washed away, but he didn't say what did the washing!"

"This business is pretty bad, but at least we can talk about the weather Hitler is getting. Besides, it's better to give up your weather reports and such non-essentials than just to give up!"

"You're In the Army Now and Not Behind A Desk"

"You're in the army now, and not behind a desk"—is the new version of the old refrain since le professeur de francais, Monsieur Herbert Hucks, became Lieutenant Hucks, United States Army.

Hucks, a reservist, was called to active duty recently and next semester will find a new woman teacher filling his place. The saddest part about Greensboro's loss of Mr. and Mrs. Hucks, who will join her husband at Fort Benning, Georgia, is the hint of further losses in the city's faculty.

If all the male teachers enter the armed forces, local debs will not find French as fascinating as they once thought it to be, nor shorthand as intriguing, nor history as interesting. But there are a few good points to this problem. Perhaps a female faculty will help to relieve the congestion in certain classes and to keep feminine minds on to this problem. Perhaps a female faculty will help to relieve the congestion in certain classes and to keep feminine minds on to this problem. Perhaps a female faculty will help to relieve the congestion in certain classes and to keep feminine minds on to this problem.



By ESTELLE LeGWIN

This is a New Year—a different New Year and it will be a very responsible one. Just now we are all doing everything to help our country. We're knitting; we're taking first aid courses; we're buying defense stamps and bonds; we're saving scrap paper, rubber, and metal; and we're enlisting in some phase of citizen defense. All of us want to be patriotic to the limit, but in the midst of all this, shouldn't we stop a moment and take inventory of our citizenship here at school?

Many among us are advocating that the council should use all available funds in buying government bonds for the school, but shouldn't we pay more attention to how our council operates this year—or next year? Shouldn't we all enlist in a movement to bring to our school the best system of government in 1942-1943 that we have ever had? When we are needed in more active defense or reconstruction after the war, we will want to be efficient and patriotic. Doesn't student government train the leaders that will be so necessary?

To be exact—a larger number of students must register and vote in our elections. We must have a good ticket for student council officers in 1942. If you are willing to try your best to be a serious, alert, and energetic leader, it is your patriotic duty to run, for you are needed. If you are just trying to add to your list of offices or trying to prove your popularity, don't run, for if you run with no more forethought than that, our student council will be the worse for your being in it.

Upon next year's officers will fall great and possibly grave responsibility. Give of your best as a leader or as a follower. We are looking toward a "total" spring election. Stand behind your school government; register and vote, no matter where the polls may be.

Hitler, Mussolini, Tojo Sing Swan Song While Berlin, Rome, Tokyo Burn

The scene: The Wilhelmstrasse.
The time: Any day the Berlin insane asylum declares a holiday.

The characters: Roosevelt, Churchill, Stalin, and a few stray dogs.

Mussolini: "Pardon me, Mr. Hitler, but I wonder if you would be so kind as to let me in on our plans for 1942?"

Hitler: "Silence, rogue! Mussolini, haven't I taught you better manners than you are now displaying. Haven't I impressed upon your feeble mind that you are to speak only when spoken to? If you dare be so insolent again, I will withdraw my bandits from Greece and let the Athenians give you the thrashing that you deserve!"

Mussolini: "I shall never again open my mouth in your presence, O Master; but please, oh please, do not release the blood-thirsty Grecian bullies, for they will surely murder me!"

Hitler: "No more, you sobbing hulk of spineless rat. Leave the room, for I wish to discuss ways and means of expediting my 'withdrawal' from Russia."

(Exit Mussolini.)

(Enter ten German generals.)
Hitler: "You're fired!"

(Exit ten German generals.)
(Enter Tojo.)
Tojo: "All hail, Emperor of Destiny!"

Hitler: "Heil, Hitler."

Tojo: "Well, Adolf, how did I do at Pearl Harbor? It was a slick piece of back stabbing, was it not?"

Hitler: "Tojo, you are a man after mine own heart."

Tojo: "Twill not be long ere I rule the world!"

Hitler: "Ere who rules the world?"

Tojo: "Twill not be long ere we rule the world!"

Hitler: "Ere who rules the world?"

Tojo: "Twill not be long ere you rule the world!"

(Commits hara kiri. Exit Tojo for good.)

(Enter Roosevelt, Churchill, and Stalin.)

Hitler: "Well, well, do you boys still want to fight?"

R-C-S (in unison): "Yes!"

Hitler: "That is what I feared."

(Commits hara kiri. Exit Hitler . . . for good.)

Scriptease

January—a new year . . . a new semester . . . vain attempts to write 1942 instead of 1941 . . . resolutions which no one expects to keep . . . snow . . . ice . . . tangled traffic . . . snowballs and cold ears . . . wet feet and sniffles . . . mid-term graduation . . . registration day . . .

Snow fight,
Snow bomb—
Snowy ear—
'S no fun!

R. W.

Lovely Weather

This weather this week wouldn't have been so bad if you did not have to face a barrage of snowballs as you "skate" from building to building!

The ice was slick,
I dared not tread,
For fear I'd land
Upon my head.

"Yes, I was smart,"
I grinned and said;
"Then why," folks ask,
"Are you in bed?"

Style Show

This freak weather has brought out all of G. H. S.'s "Beau Brummels" and "Queens of Fashion." Boots, earmuffs, mackinaws, jodhpurs, ski suits—all are in prominence. Jim Anthony and his rubber boots have dumfounded many a local lassie; Dave Phoenix and his "chapeau moderne," consisting of a red kerchief and a Gloucester hat, are locally nominated as the fashion leaders of 1942; but Bill McCormick is THE personification of the great outdoors!

Daffynition Department

Antelope—act of running away and getting married.

Fiscal—pertaining to the body, as in fiscal education.

Maroon—idiot.

Fluorescent—instrument a doctor uses to examine a person's lungs.

Radical—someone whose opinions differ from your own.

Capitalist—resident of Washington.

Canteen—factory where tin cans are made.

Personage—home of a preacher.

Humor—jokes you read in ANOTHER school paper.

Was He a Greek Philosopher?

In one of the typing classes, a bright pupil wanted to know who that guy "Adapted" was, the one who wrote his typing lessons.

"Thin ice—
Take warning, bub!"
Ignore advice:
Glub, glub!

R. W.

Drizzle-Puss

Nomination for the saddest girl in school is the blonde who got 17 lipsticks and one handkerchief for Christmas!

Germ of a Perm

Zero weather,
Frozen lake,
Thin spot,
Chill and ache!

R. W.

Patriotism Plus

To help with the national defense effort, Scriptease proposes these suggestions to conserve vital materials:

Save paper by eliminating all homework and tests.

Conserve shoe leather by installing escalators in every building.

Cut down the cost of fuel by closing the detention hall for the duration.

Save reams of paper and gallons of ink by disposing of such non-essentials as term papers, book reports, unexcused admit slips, warning reports and report cards!

And lastly, to conserve ink, paper, printing expenses and general wear and tear on the student body, dispense with this "humor column."

Poet's Corner

RAIN

Angry drops flung from a sullen sky,
Rain silencing trees,
Plummeting down from on high,
Rain drenching the leas.

Street lamps hung with halos of mist,
Rain soaking the leaves,
Hungry lips by the rain are kissed,
Rain dropping off eaves.

—Daisy Belle Anderson.

Potato Peeler or Lieutenant?

Unfortunately, during the 1930's the proportion of high school pupils taking math dropped a third in six years. Unfortunately—because as Lieutenant Commander Burton Davis declared in the January 5 issue of *Time*, "The Navy has had to turn down hundreds of candidates for commissions because of deficiencies in math—algebra, plane and solid geometry and trigonometry."

Boys, if you don't want to be a potato peeler when you are called into Uncle Sam's Army, raise the proportion of higher math students and rejoice if you win a second lieutenantcy in 1945.

What's Wrong With The Council?

Interfering with the efficient work of the school government is the great deal of unfavorable criticism, a large portion of it unfounded, currently aimed at the student council. In the face of such opposition no group could function properly. Criticism which is not constructive cannot help the situation, but helpful suggestions made after a careful study of the weakness in our student council can aid tremendously. With this thought in mind, it is well to concentrate on means of improving the council, and to discard idle criticism. Think in terms of improving and retaining its better points and discarding its weaker ones.

To remedy any situation, one must first analyze an organization's growth until the root of the trouble is uncovered and eradicated. Many students feel that one of the weak points of the school government is the manner in which members are elected. A well-functioning group depends upon an active, alert membership—a group large enough amply to represent fellow students, but small enough to function quickly and efficiently.

This situation is hardly true of the present setup at Greensboro high school. While all the members seem adequate in themselves, the group is too large for quick, thorough deliberation on any question. In comparison with the 96 member Senate of the United States, representing several hundred million people, this group of 25 representatives, speaking for a little over 1200 students, seems rather large for its task.

Therefore, this quarter feels that the first step in molding our present council into a smooth, efficient, truly self-governing group must be the lowering of the percentage of representation, thereby reducing the number of students on the council and making its membership more selective.

Remember, to destroy an evil, seek its source.

(Editor's note: This is the first of a series of editorials on this subject. Every student is invited to send to HIGH LIFE his opinion of "What's wrong, if anything, with the student council?")