

The Purpose of High Life Is To

Get and preserve the history of our school. Hold individuals together under high standards. Separate the worthwhile from the worthless and promote the highest interest of students, teachers, and school.

Co-Ed Fun

Finding that co-ed gym classes are a big help in improving social relations among the students of a school, the faculty of an East Orange, New Jersey, high school has established, as a part of the regular curriculum, a co-ed physical education class.

Once a week each boy and girl attends the required class, which features such events as square dancing, Virginia reeling, and other folk dancing.

At Senior high there have been requests for more social contacts at school. Perhaps the co-ed gym class might some day prove the solution, for it would serve the double purpose of teaching social grace and providing recreation facilities.

Call To Poets

Although there is no creative writing class at Senior high school, it is the desire of HIGH LIFE to foster that delightful art as much as possible. Because of limited space it obviously cannot publish short stories and other longer features, but HIGH LIFE welcomes all contributions in the form of poetry, of any type, rhymed or unrhymed.

There have been complaints that the Poet's corner of the school paper has been dominated by one person. That is not because of any favoritism, but merely because very few others have contributed any poetry whatsoever. HIGH LIFE will be glad to consider all poems, and especially those from juniors, for it is the juniors who will have to supply the material for the Poet's Corner next year.

Why We Lie

Why do we lie? Psychiatrists agree that nearly all distortions of the truth aim at a single purpose—the safe-guarding of self-esteem, which itself breaks off into three lesser branches; lying for practical advantage, increase of prestige, or the pathological prevaricator's attempt to escape from reality.

According to a recent survey directed by the Ladies' Home Journal, women, especially on such subjects as romantic life, background, and personal possessions, are addicted to lying more than men, whose favorite topics range from business success to notoriously false "fish stories".

Not all lies are spoken; many are acted out, and, according to this article, scientists believe that "most successful actors are inveterate liars who have turned a neurotic trait to good professional account."

Lying, then, is inevitable in a neurotic world of shrinking violets, for every untruth confesses our lack of courage to be seen as we really are.

A Girl President?

Several times HIGH LIFE, through its column, Behind the Soapbox, has suggested that a girl president of the student body might not be a bad idea. The last column requested that the members of the student body write a few letters to the editor on the subject, and the request elicited some response.

One of the letters in particular is worth considering, because it listed ten good things a girl would have to do and be in order to be considered as a candidate for the presidency of the student body. Most of the points are general qualifications, but two of them appear to HIGH LIFE worth thinking over:

1. That any girl who is a candidate for the presidency must be superior to any boy in the school.

2. That any girl elected president must be willing to give up her social life and give herself almost exclusively to her job.

It seems to HIGH LIFE not quite fair to require that any girl candidate be superior to any boy who may be proposed, just as it wouldn't be quite fair to require that any boy who might be a candidate be superior to any girl in the school. And the point can be even more strongly made when you consider that in a school this large—and, indeed, in any school it's difficult to designate the most "superior" person.



The Student Council Dance announcement is still the most startling news of the year. Here's hoping it's a colossal success. It needs everybody's support.

Recent events prove that scholarship is still a most important factor in the school. Two more student council members had to resign last week because of failing grades.

The Junior Political Party has certainly pepped a few things up since their organization, but it will take a capable and wise person to guide it to any success here. It would be a good thing if the group continued in existence just to encourage opposition, which will in turn encourage interest.

Here is the first letter to the Editor this spring on the subject of the girl for president campaign.

March 24, 1941 Senior High School Greensboro, North Carolina

Editor, Behind the Soapbox, High Life.

Dear Sir:

In your column of March 21, you expounded on the fact that there are many capable and willing girls here at school who could hold the reigns of Senior high student government and that these prospects had shown their ability and sincerity.

Frankly, "Mr. Editor", we of the opposite sex see no harm in having a female president, but first you must show us just one—only one—girl who could possibly manage the rigid and complicated affairs offered by this particular job. The girl must: Be superior to any boy in the school before she can be elected. She would have to possess a high degree of initiative in order to be able to handle any and all problems.

She must be alert, active, and attentive; she must be experienced in parliamentary procedure; she would have to be stern at times to keep control and gentle at times

Poet's Corner

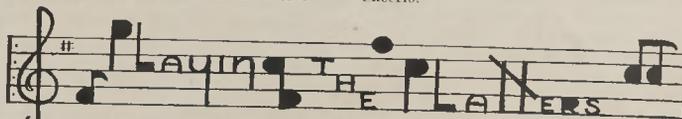
PROFESSIONAL

The puppets prance and gaily dance, each face bright with smiles (and paint) or scowlingly mad with ugly frowns (of paint), or delicately sad and crying glittering, glycerin tears. They embrace with wooden grace, and, each in his marked-off place wisely says his wisest things, as bade by the pullers-of-strings, all of them proudly clad in someone else's borrowed velvet and lace.

Outside, the moon, a slender shiver caught in leaves and pools, and cold winds chloroform-withered lives, blowing them over their brink.

Charmingly wasting time, their strings all taut, the puppets play their parts. It is surely warm inside, and their heads are made of wood, I think.

-Gene Thornton.



War and depression haven't hit the song-writing business yet: it still smells of apple blossoms and full moons, with a dash of tango-ish castanets.

A regular in-the-run "Moonlight and Roses" is "Do I Worry?", with Tommy Dorsey's vocalist, Frank Sinatra, doing the honors. A rather special one is Bobby Bryne's "Bobby's Trombone Blues", by a little known band with a history-making trombone.

Three discs, one old and two new, show the influence from South America; Gene Krupa's congo drum rhythm of "Perfidia", and the entirely new tunes, "Adios", by Glenn Miller and Kenny Baker's "Rio Rendezvous".

The draftees are catching a big bit of the musical limelight now. Glenn Miller has recently dedicated a new boogie-woogie to the soldier boys, "Rugle Woogie", which has enough boogie in it to get the whole army up in the morning.

to prove her diplomacy; she must be willing to sacrifice her spare time and even her boy friends; her scholarship should be of the highest, for she would have to devote her attention primarily to council affairs.

Her character would have to be of a far-reaching type to enable her to be clean and fair in her dealings. She would have to be both socially and intellectually a person trained by years to prepare for the worst and to look forward to the best and last "Mr. Editor," she would have to be the choice of the people—she would have to shun snobbery, be friends to all groups, be acceptable to any clique, whether it be adult or student.

Sincerely, PAUL MILLER.

Chaucer Knew His Stuff

Red Stockings and Jokes

Chaucer was a good old guy in his way. Back in those days you had to be pretty quick on the draw and quicker on the er—love making, because if you weren't, a noble knight or squire was right there to step in your footsteps.

Then you had to step in your own footsteps a lot to keep up with the fashion. People were always taking extra honeymoon cruises or cross-country hitchhikes. They'd congregate at inns and drugstores and have enough ale to spruce them all up, and then they headed for the open road.

Chaucer understood those sightseeing tours like one of those who sound like tobacco auctioneers. Take the good wife of Bath, for instance. She wore red stockings, which was rather risque for good wives back in 1360. Then there was the Squire; he was a twelfth century Gable if there ever was one—Mr. Chaucer played him up like Metro shoots a line about Tyrone Power.

But all in all, Geof was a nice egg. He didn't dream, even in a nightmare that he'd be memorized by budding Chaucers today, and I guess he never knew his jokes would surpass even W. C. Fields'.

Mr. Nobody Rides Again

The Pesky Fellow!

He wears a timid grin, gray spats, and a derby cocked over one blinking eye. He stammers. The minute you see him sidling furtively down the darkest side of the hall, you recognize him as the fellow who checks out "Up From Slavery," which you read last year, the day before book reports are due. He never fails to trip you on the threshold of French class—necessitating a little journey to the office of Miss Moser and "fifteen minutes."

Who's the culprit? Guess . . . You're right! It's the little man who wasn't there, again.

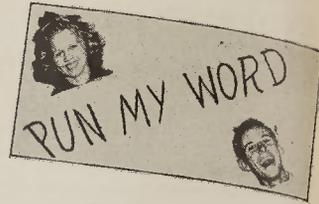
"Well," he stammers apologetically when you finally buttonhole him, "I—I really d-didn't mean any harm. I guess I'm er-ah-path-pathological, or something; I j-just c-can't resist making s-good old-fashioned mischief-uh- wherever I c-can." He glances hurriedly at his heavy gold watch, somewhat like the rabbit in "Alice in Wonderland." "Oh, I must hurry. I'm going to break a couple of dishes in the lunchroom. Cheerio."

CONCERT MUSIC

Concert music of 1940-1941 has been affected by recent times less than its popular swing competition, for the simple reason that the composers lived in the grand old age when culture and peace become a part of the music of the day.

Victor had recorded an outstanding arrangement of Debussy's "Nocturnes", "Nugues", "Fetes", "Sirenes", with the women's chorus of the Philadelphia orchestra, conducted by Leopold Stokowski. Leopold Stokowski also has conducted for Victor Bloch's Schelomo, a Hebrew rhapsody for the cello and orchestra, with Emanuel Feuerman and the Philadelphia orchestra.

An excellent album for platter fans is "A Program of Mexican Music", with Carlos Chavez conducting an orchestra of American and Mexican musicians and the National Music League chorus.



Daffy-nitions

If Finland is where the Finns live, is Germany where the Germs live?

Cow to Farmer: I refuse to furnish you with any more milk, so there!

Farmer to Cow: You butter!

Eight o'clock date, Boy friend late, Two hour wait: Give 'im the gate!

You NAME It!

Are Dorothy and Bob BEST? When will we crown Jack King of the May? Dorothy Sitz while Walter gets Slack. Oh, tiresome!

Easter bunny in junior's room, Dark as pitch in there; Couldn't find his way till—crash! Such language, Mr. Hare!

To a dumb waitress: "I want some water! Water, you know—wet stuff!" Water you think of that? drippy, n'est-ce pas?

Seeing Stars

As we have OUR Bob Montgomery, the next addition will probably be a Robert Taylor.

Near draftie, Pretty slick, Picked Bride, Mighty quick!

And They Are Not Rotten

There are five apples here, and they are not for the teacher, either. They are Mary Elizabeth, A. C., Maxine, Robert, and Faye.

Report Card Day:

Daily and test grades for six weeks:

Table with 2 columns: Student Name and Grade. Includes names like Geof, Janet, E/F, F, E, and 11.

Surprised reply after receiving report card: "That teacher just don't LIKE me. Guess what? She flunked me, an' I been making GOOD grades!"

HIGH LIFE logo and publication info: Published Semi-Monthly by the Students of Greensboro Senior High School, Greensboro, N. C. Founded by the Class of 1921 Revived by the Spring Journalism Class of 1937

Entered as second-class matter March 30, 1940, at the post office at Greensboro, N. C., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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