

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.

"In the Mood"

The annual music contest again inspires the thought that music can be one of life's most vital forces for happiness...

The New Ruling on Trips

There has been a good deal of confusion about the recent school board ruling with regard to long trips for organizations here at Senior High.

Contrary to existing opinion, the action does not affect the senior's trip to Washington nor any trips within the state of a truly educational nature.

Hurrah—A Trade School

News that plans for a technical high school are progressing is most gratifying; as it shows that the school system is about to answer a crying need—the need for practical education for those who will have no further scholastic training.

The trade school will be a great step forward in the advancement of education. It will give those students who are not interested in academic courses a chance to learn a trade and offer them the means of preparing themselves for a future job.

The plan has the paper's enthusiastic support. It is its hope that the program will continue to advance speedily, as all see the present short comings of the present system, and the opportunity to remedy it.

The Real "Mazuma"

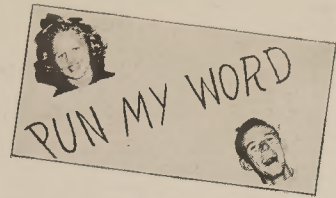
Scholarship is rather a queer thing these days, because things have come to the point where people have to be bribed to strive for it. Not only do some parents give their children dollar bills for each "A" they make, but now there are actually statistics showing the increased income of those who are scholars above that of those who are not.

It is nice, of course, to know these things, but it ought not to be necessary to put scholarship at a premium: it is a premium itself. It is to be sought for its own worth, because it in itself is valuable and not because it leads to wealth.

Freedom to Think

Governor Broughton's speech to the North Carolina Education association has aroused a great deal of discussion on the question of politics in education, and it brings to light again the age-old question of whether academic freedom shall exist or not.

The governor has displayed remarkable courage in taking his stand; for despite the loyalty a citizen owes his state, one must admit that the evil Mr. Broughton discussed has existed in North Carolina. He may have risked his political neck, in some localities, but he has sounded the note for just and fair government. His stand will have a profound effect in the state.



A Term Paper Note

Have you noticed that the "term paper writers" who get the most done at the public library, sit at the square tables? Yes, they know better than to get involved in a round-table discussion!

Spring is sprung, The grass is riz, I wonder where The little bugs is.

—Diz.

You're just ribbin'

James Whitmore declares that this is the dope on the ribbons girls wear: if on the right side, she's open for a date; if on the left side, she's in love; if on top, she's very much in love; if on both sides, she's anxious for a date.

Femme member On stage crew; Panky Winslow's Smart, too.

What won't they think of next?

If scientists keep discovering vitamins in grass, some bright student will give a dinner party by turning his guests out to graze!

And there was one bright young Miss who thought "Jean" Sibelius was the student composer of the school song written to the tune of "Finlandia."

To the seniors, D. C. beekons; Watch them pull Those "Well, ah reckon's".

Those who cram for a test apparently like to take their learning in capsule form.

Root of all Evil

The trouble with most students is their daily doesn't's.

Student Council says: Council dance, Bring your date, Just a dime, Don't be late.

Overheard in the Library

"Huh, emancipating the slaves! I think it's time we were emancipated."

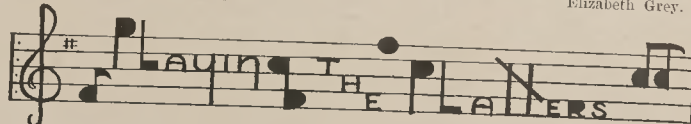
I Bid Four Flutes

When asked what the clarinet quartet was going to play, Clark Foster replied, "I don't know, but I'd say bridge 'cause there are four of 'em."

Green apples, Green plums; Green student Soon succumb!

Well, They've Still Got Their Honor

During the recent transfer of non-graduating seniors to junior rooms, Ruth Winterling was ousted from 202, second highest room on the scholastic honor roll. As she left, Miriam (Creamy) Young tearfully remarked, "Well, there goes our average!"



Your Playing the Platters Hit Parade for the month of April:

- Popular: No. 2 "No. 10 Lullaby Lane," Glenn Miller. No. 3 "Do I Worry?" Tommy Dorsey. No. 1 "Amapola," Jimmy Dorsey. No. 4 "Look At Me Now," Tommy Dorsey. No. 5 "Song of the Volga Boatman," Glenn Miller. No. 6 "You Walked By," Johnny Long. No. 7 "It Was Wonderful Then," Tommy Dorsey. No. 8 "Adios," Artie Shaw. No. 9 "There'll Be Some Changes Made," Benny Goodman. No. 10 "Porfida," Gene Krupa. Classical: No. 1 "Parade of the Wooden Soldiers," Felix Guenther. No. 2 "Bolero Ritmico," New York Philharmonic symphony.

The World On Parade

Interpreting the News

The world on parade! Yes, and what a parade—the greatest show on earth! All there is to see under one tent! With every country from the far corners of the globe being represented, the show assumes a lasting place in history.

The World Plays Checkers

A main attraction of this show of the century is a checker game—a game in which empires will fall and new ones will be rebuilt. It is a game in which one must "win or die"—"bring home the bacon" or perish.

Germany Moves Against Slavs

Germany, deciding that her invasion of England would be best accomplished through other ports, made her move against Yugoslavia. The Slavs, led by their "boy king," Peter, today resist the Nazi purge with every force their little country can offer.

Italy Marches . . . ?

At this writing it appears that the Italians, aided by their brothers from Germany, might yet advance against the Greeks. Before German supplies reached her, however, Italy marched, but backwards! Again Benito's forces have failed.

Behind the

Soap

Box

Senior high's student council has received recognition as one of the leading student governments in the state by the state congress asking them to conduct the convention for the north-central district. It is a milestone in Senior's history.

Another Letter

Paul Miller's letter published in the last Soap Box has opened the controversy over a girl president. A girl who is well known, but prefers a pseudonym, has written the following letter:

Editor, Behind the Soapbox, High Life, Dear Sir:

In Paul Miller's letter in the April 4 issue, he has described the ideal girl president. No one, boy or girl, could have all the characteristics he mentioned. No boy in Senior high is that well fitted for the job. Why should we expect a girl to be?

If any girl here is ambitious enough to run for president, has a good character and qualities of leadership and scholarship, if she is hard-working and willing to accept great responsibilities, I see no reason why she could not serve in the capacity as well as any boy.

Sincerely yours, Elizabeth Grey.

the Greeks will still be able to boil her enemies.

Big Bear Wakes Up

Russia, the world thought, would remain quiet in this game of nerves. However, it seems that the big bear has awakened from his winter's nap. For only last week Russian officials announced that a non-aggression pact had been signed with Japan.

Defense

The United States has seen her best move in the past week to speed up armaments—armaments to score a warless victory for peace. The U. S. S. North Carolina, largest ship now in the United States Navy, was launched. At the ceremonies Colonel Frank Knox, Secretary of the Navy, told the American people: "We don't want war! But the launching today of another great ship for national defense serves as a material vanguard for our feelings." America speaks—with action!

Poet's Corner

GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON

And so I laugh, and, sick to death with play, I stumble after a gaudily painted moon thru spangle-stars, and thru a heaven strewn with moons I climb their tinsel milky-way, (oh, so highly, madly, shudderingly gay) chasing a haunting, half-remembered tune.

(I know that they are watching me, and soon I thumb my nose at them from my golden dray.)

But how is the soul of man when a gibbering stone squats like a toad on the top and keeps its strife

growing like cancered flesh? And what is fame when one is sick inside, and all alone, and knows the horror of a wasted life? And what's the gayest tune when one is lame? —Gene Thornton.

I'VE GOT 'EM

"See these little red dots?" "Nobody'll sit near me in English. I guess I've got 'em." "Please take my temperature. I'm awfully sick."

With a sigh the weary nurse shakes the thermometer again, pops it in another mouth. Then quickly, seeing her guess correct, she writes out another sick slip and sends the boy home.

Then another student, another, and still another comes into the crowded clinic. All hands, including office helpers and casual passer-bys, are taking temperatures or keeping well away from the unfortunate victims.

No, it's not a spread of the dreaded Black Plague, or a epidemic of scarlet fever, but only the fact that, despite precautionary measures taken, one out of every three students at Senior high school has had a mild case of German measles!

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