

Editor's Note

HIGH LIFE, as it said on the front page of this edition, has not been clear about the things it stands for. Therefore, the paper is embarking on a new policy. It is, first of all, publishing a condensed statement of its belief (See Page 1) for all to see. And, secondly, it is moving the mast head from the top of the editorial column to make room for more editorials, more expressions of personal opinion.

Going, Going, Going

Going, going, but not quite gone—slowly but surely the 192 spoons that were furnished for the cafeteria at the first of the school year have dwindled down to 91.

Where do these spoons go? Many can be seen clinging to the wrists of G. H. S. misses, but even at that 101 spoons are missing. When a fad like spoon bracelets starts, it spreads like wild fire, and in the rush of obtaining spoons, people seem to lose sight of the fact that it is a form of stealing and could lead to bigger offences.

It is to be hoped that when Miss Elizabeth Harvel's new supply arrives, students will let their consciences be their guides and let a policy of honesty rule. It is the best policy.

Who Said Private Lives?

Is your current love-affair so conspicuous that everybody knows it?

You sometimes see people of questionable taste like this in the darkest corners or smack in the middle of the hall, amateur Romeos, floating around in rainbow-hued visions, so to speak.

How many supposedly decent young people indulge similarly—publicly—in exhibitions of poor taste is surprising. Though like demonstrations may be perfectly appropriate on the silver screen or in the third act climax of a Broadway "meller drummer," a busy corridor in an institution of learning is most decidedly not the proper setting for such personal practices.

Moreover, even those who have no more self-respect than to wear their hearts upon their sleeves could at least think of others. It would be vastly appreciated by the great majority, which regard these poor souls as nothing short of ridiculous.

Prick Up Your Ears, Students!

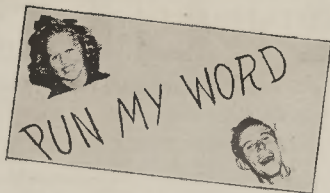
A few of the home rooms in the school surpass great majority in the display of interest in Student Government affairs. But, sadly enough, there are three or four times as many of the rooms that do not participate at all in the settlement of the issues that most vially affect them. This paper has no sympathy at all for those students, and only hopes that they may have to lie in the bed they have room for themselves.

But to those alert members of the student body who, each Friday when council reports are given, discuss important issues and offer suggestions and constructive criticism to their representatives this paper expresses its commendation. It is those students who are making our government a real student government.

Monday Morning Blues

"Monday morning blues" have seized Senior high students to such an extent that all of G. H. S. has been branded by local citizens. Most parents allow their teensters to step-out only on weekends, but the majority of high school people squander much of their free time by staying out extremely late on several consecutive nights. Then the weary student drags himself to his Monday class. By second or third period, the "hangover" has developed to the extent that most victims must go home with a sick slip.

In setting up its programs for dances and other entertainments, the recreation commission designated as dance nights those "not preceding a school day." Perhaps it would behoove the high school gentry to take this statement as its rule: step-out only on nights not preceding a school day and get as much needed rest and study on other nights as possible. In this way, Senior high will soon be able to whitewash its "Monday morning blues."



March: That important month when that important thing called Spring stands behind Miss Moser and laughs at people who get pink slips and smiles at . . . blown skirts . . . The faculty play . . . first eighteen lines of Chaucer . . . thoughts about Senior trip to Washington.

**Week-end date
Little Brother;
How I'd love that
Brat to smother!**
R. W.

What Spring Does to Some People: James Dobbins and Miss Pike having a heated debate because James declared that Abraham Lincoln did not live during the Civil War.

**Reckless driver,
Curve too sharp,
Seventy-per:
Wings and harp!**
R. W.

Who . . .
. . . were the two students who gave the C. S. P. A. delegates such a royal send-off? . . . (thought up the brass band that greeted them when they returned? . . . were the three girls who popped their chewing gum so loudly in the movies that the handsome usher "ushed" them out?

**Spring is coming to G. H. S.
And one way to tell it's there,
Is the day you find, beyond a doubt
That BEARDEN has clipped his hair.**
R. W.

What little boys are made of:
Eats (!)
Feats (?)
Feet (!)
Heat (*)

**How romantic to go a-sailing,
Lounging in a berth;
But comes the choppy ocean waves—
I long for nice firm earth!**
R. W.

HOT AIR

Theme Songs:
Home Ec Girls: "Home on the Range".
Those Inclined to skip: "The Morning After".

Tardy Tots: "I Didn't Know What Time it Was".

Mid-year Graduates: "June in January".
Playmaster Rehearsers: "We Won't Get Home Until Morning".

With Eggs?
Many an illiterate literature student might think there is more ham than Hamlet in that Shakespearean masterpiece.

What's in a Name?

With such names as Homer Groome, Dorothy Oates, and Charles Vache here, Senior high must be employing a little barnyard terminology.

Tribute to a Cow

O Moo Cow in the pasture,
Don't look so down at heart,
For though you've lived an idle life
You've really done your part.
You've furnished milk, O Clarabelle,
To cool my soup-filled bowl;
Also your cheese and butter
Have busted Pappy's roll.
But when you die, My Bossy,
Your work will not be done;
In fact (don't take it too hard, dear),
You've only just begun.

Your soul to better regions
(I hope) will soon depart;
Your carcass at the stockyards
They soon will take apart.
Your hide will form my new brown shoes,
That make my tootsies ache;
And buttons for my new spring coat
Your glossy horns will make.
And then your dainty cloven hoof,
That kicked the can for you,
Will serve me well and make my jar
Of "Googan's Goocy Glue."
But best of all, my bovine friend,
The best a cow can do,—
For juicy steak upon my plate,
Bossy, thanks to you!

ANN THORNTON.

Talking It Over

By Mrs. Christine Florance

POINTERS FOR JOB-HUNTERS

This is the best season of the year, with the exception of Christmas, for getting afternoon and Saturday jobs of all kinds—in stores, shops, and offices. In fact, I can't remember any time in the last ten years when there were so many jobs to be had by those qualified to do them.

Many of you have discovered this already and are beginning to forage around for yourselves. I congratulate you on your courage and spunk and it is for you that I offer these pointers.

Before making a visit to an employer, you should have made an inventory of yourself and your capacities and abilities in terms of the requirements of the business where you are applying for a position. You should try to make a specific appointment with the personnel manager, being careful to avoid the busy period of the week as well as the lunch hour. These things being done, you should remember that a positive, non-defeatist attitude, well-seasoned with a bit of liveliness and a measure of cheer, will make the best first impression.

Learn if possible the name of the man to be interviewed. Nothing pleases him as much as this personal touch. Allow the employer to lead in the conversation and don't try to impress your importance by pulling a spectacular stunt. State the facts about yourself and let him draw his own conclusions. Don't talk about yourself too much and avoid telling him that you can do anything.

Be prompt with the appointment and don't bring anyone else along to help you out.

Leave chewing gum, candy, and cigarettes outside. Enter the room in a quiet, self-possessed, courteous manner. Wait for an invitation to be seated, and state your business in a straightforward, direct manner.

Don't fidget around with your own personal belongings or handle desk fittings. Avoid trying to see what the employer is writing on his own private blanks.

Don't try to land a job through political influence or personal need.

Don't stay too long!

Don't lower your voice to a whisper and tell him confidentially about your plans to pay off the old homestead mortgage or get married in the summer.

If the employer requires the filling in of an application form or the writing of a letter of application, comply with the request as fully and as completely as possible. Very few people are careful enough in filling out blanks or in supplying sufficient information in a letter of application.

Try to close the interview tactfully and leave an opening for a possible return call.

Poet's Corner

SKYSONG

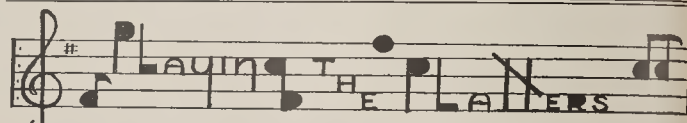
Thru the clink of money-changers,
Over the traffic's din,
Over the clank of invisible chains
That bound each manikin,

Softly thru the honking clatter,
Thru my dirty street,
Stole a misty, fragile tune
That had a Spanish beat.

Flutes and lutes and violins were
Trickling from the pale-lit sky,
Flitting thru the apple venders
Like a crystal dragon-fly,

Hung suspended over me,
Darted, whirling, round my head,
Filled my brain with magic buzzing,
Magic words unsaid.

Gene Thornton.



Platters weren't always platters; once, back in the good old days to you infants, they were phonographs, and, instead of pick-ups, the music fans played viotrolas. You, jitterbugs, think Ma and Pa are dated because they don't like the stirring strains of "Beat Me, Daddy", but I bet you never thought they courted to the music of Wayne King and Guy Lombardo. Delve back into the dusty pile of records Ma has cherished so long and see if those 1924 favorites don't change your mind about "old-fashioned" parents.

The first, and perhaps the one that most indicates the trend toward sentimentality in those days, is "Tenderly", sung by George Anstin. Ma's favorite was Jessie Crawford's "So Linger Awhile", while Pa stood up staunchly for "Strawberry Blonde", with the original Dixie Land Swingers giving it with the original jive.

You modern youngsters would fall flat for "Time On My Hands", by Guy Lombardo's beginning band; next would come Paul Whiteman's "When Day Is Done"; then "Sophisticated Lady", by young Tommy Dorsey, just a beginner in those days. You might like a well worn disc, labeled "Wanting You," organ, Jessie Crawford. Wayne King was Mother and Dad's favorite because of his "You Made Me Love You", his "I Still Get a Thrill Thinking of You", and his ever popular "The Band Played On".

Did you play them all? I bet you'll keep them dusted from now on, and that they'll soon rate with "I Hear a Rhapsody" and "You Walked By".



Many times this column has come forth in support of a girl president, and today it does so again. The other day a boy said that he wouldn't trust a girl to be president because a girl was not capable of performing the job. It is coming to a pretty state of affairs when men are feeling that they are superior to women. Let us point out that every president of a junior high school in the city is a girl. Also, there have been girl presidents in high school, and good ones. There are a number of good girl prospects in the junior class, such as Jean Garber, Martha Scholar, Joan Holleyman, Lelia Atkinson, and Ann Thornton. How about some Letters to the Editor on this?

Cupid Hits January Class

When picking matrimony as their life's work, two members of the January, 1941 graduating class seem to have lost no time. The spring brides, who left Senior high school in January vowing their diplomas, are Mildred Bonkemeyer, whose marriage to Roscoe Adams, Jr., took place on March 16, and Carolyn Cohen, who is to marry Dr. Joseph Hodgkin during the first week of April.

Since both young ladies were members of Mrs. Grace Alton's home room during their last semester, it seems Mrs. Alton must have a way with Cupid. All the vacant seats in room 27 have been taken!

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