

Opportunity Knocks

When construction of the Technical building is completed, equipment will be available for those who desire training in drafting, sheet and metal work, auto mechanics, printing, and welding. Thus many opportunities will present themselves to those who desire to enter the skilled trade professions. Previously Greensboro high boys haven't had the chance to acquire knowledge in this field, but now they have every chance to master a trade.

Some people look down on the man who makes a living as a mechanic. They seem to think that a college diploma is essential to advancement in the modern business world. However, this trend of thought is not based upon sound judgment. Comparatively speaking, the plumber's art is just as important as that of a bank president. If you choose to be an auto mechanic, you may do so with the assurance that this position is vital and that it is a job that must be performed.

Stop, Look and Listen Before You Plunge

Since the eagerly-awaited moment has finally arrived, the new school officers are thrilled and perhaps just a bit serious when they think of their new duties. It's right that gravity should enter their thoughts because today marks the beginning of the political careers of the secretary, treasurer, officers of the junior class and representatives of semester 5.

The winners should think through the following questions before they lose their enthusiasm in the mire of conceit, confusion, and indifference.

Will I be a loyal member of the school by upholding its name in unfair discussions? Will I remember that laws are made for the good of all the people, not for a selected group? Will the duties assigned to me go neglected or will they be executed with originality and spirit? Will I refrain from spreading my abilities so thin in so many places that nothing I undertake is done well? Will I encourage school spirit?

If all of these questions can be answered with a sincere "yes," this year the students, with the help of the council, will outdistance previous classes in point of efficiency and devotion to the school.

Goober Blitzkrieg Hits G. H. S.

To the innocent onlookers at recent football games who have endured the goober blitzkrieg which usually follows every exciting play, it appears that G. H. S. students are veritable monkeys!

Why? You will admit, after a moment's meditation that it is very annoying to have peanuts continually land in your eye, or goobers come from due north when you are facing due south. Since these are the usual antics of our simian friends, let's be different: Let's eat 'em — not throw 'em!

Now Is the Time . . .

Greensboro Senior high school welcomes you, the new student, who now becomes an important part of this institution. Some of you face the next two years of high school life with the vision of many days ahead when you can root your team to victory over an opponent—days when you can manifest a spirit of pride and honor in your fellow students who win glory for their school. Others come with no foresight whatsoever, caring little whether or not they get along at all. Yet, bear in mind now, that your life here will be the result of effort put forth by you—and you alone!

If you begin this semester with the right spirit, all obstacles, both scholastic and otherwise, will become mere milestones on the path to a successful high school career. There may be some doubts as to what the right spirit is, but it will not take an intellectual giant to figure it out.

The urge to dig in and work hard and the ability to get along with others—this is the simple formula for success in high school.

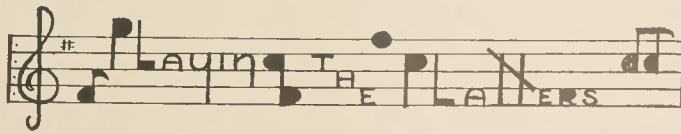
Regardless of the past conception you had of this high school—whether it was one of football, scholastic, and student government glories, or one of an unpleasant nature—it is your duty, and your privilege, now to form your own opinion. But, that opinion should be formed fairly—and in accordance with what you alone see and do here.

Remember, Senior high is what you make it, and you make it what it is!

Partners in Crime: Shake, Pal!



By M.C. Anderson



Teen Age Problems

HOW ABOUT A DATE?

Have you ever thought about how hard it is for some boys to get a date? For some, it's as easy as falling off a log, and to others, it's a long, painstaking task! So to the unfortunate pleasure-seekers, we dedicate these efforts to find a remedy for this trouble. First of all, do not display a streak of bashfulness while asking that fearful question, "Could I have a date Friday night?" For, after all, the girl may be just as nervous about the whole thing as you are!

Secondly, remember that Rome wasn't built in one day, and neither can you expect to secure a date if you wait until the last minute. Boys rave when they ask ONE girl for a date and she has another. This causes males to go into wild tantrums and hate the word "girl" for a day or so after. But listen, you handsome heart-throbs, there are always more fish in the sea, and who knows? Perhaps you didn't use the right kind of technique the first time.

Third and last, don't let "her" know you are over-anxious for that date, although she is probably just as anxious as you are. Don't be under-anxious, either: nothing is quite as disturbing to a girl as a boy that acts as if he doesn't care whether he gets the appointment or not.

Lastly, many girls are just as nervous over the appointment as you, so act accordingly. Remember, you are only young once.

Study Hall Occupations or Have I Been Working

That the lesson-gramming department is not always used for that glorious pastime is a well-known fact. As one enters said room, this fact becomes apparent.

Each row in the study hall contains at least one night owl. This bird carries on his brilliant deeds in the darkness and decides upon his morning study period for sleeping quarters.

Leaving this dreaming glamour boy and letting the eyes "make tracks" past the usual studious scholars (that one in the plaid dress), we examine the mouth—pardon—person to your left. This extravagant soul has one, not piece, but pack of chew gum between her protruding molars. As she opens her mouth, an onlooker can behold the gummy mass fighting fiercely to escape the oncoming grinders. This studious occupant is very distracting to her classmates, as every time her neighbor sees the wad struggling so desperately, he forgets all math or history in a desire to rescue it.

Dodging the latest paper airplane model, we look, this time, toward the back. Here we see a collection of other types: the love birds with eyes only for each other; the comic book enthusiasts; and the sock, sweater, and dog-coat knitters—all aiding to make the study hall not just a place for homework, but a place for doing the things they have longed to do throughout their classes.

New trends of swing may come and go, but the power dive of King Benny Goodman's "Down, Down, Down" and "Soft as Spring" creates a new swing sensation which is here to stay.

Harry James gives some superb swing in his famous "One o'Clock Jump" and "Two o'Clock Jump." Also, "I Guess I'll Have to Dream the Rest" and "I'll Never Let a Day Go By" show that extra distinction by James.

Recent recordings which deserve your attention are "I Don't Want to Set the World on Fire" by Tommy Tucker, and two recordings, "Back to Boogie" and "Narcissus" by Larry Clinton, on a Victor record.

In a room piled high with records, there should be discs of America's greatest dance band, Will Bradley, featuring Ray McKinley, is probably the most popular maestro on Columbia labels.

Classics

All the world loves a waltz, and one of the greatest is "Wiener Blut" by Johann Strauss. Currently famous, and played by Riener and the Pittsburgh Symphony orchestra it is one of Columbia's most notable finds.

Next to the "Surprise Symphony," the "Cock" No. 101 in D Major, played by Howard Barlow, is probably the greatest concert hall favorite.

With the singing of "Yours Is My Heart Alone" by Franz Lehár, Columbia boasts a thrilling record.

On the lighter side, you might like the spine-tingling reading of Tchaikovsky's "Marche Slave" by Arthur Rodzinski and the Cleveland Orchestra.



With the proper cooperation from the student body, the council this year should really be an efficient organization. Undoubtedly, some of the best citizens of the school have been elected, and if they are not hindered by criticisms and monkey-wrenches thrown into the machinery, they will go far in establishing a better, more democratic government here at Senior high.

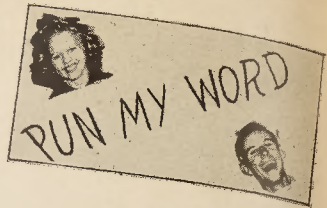
Cooperation Essential

However, the voters should keep in mind that cooperation is absolutely essential to better government. It must be remembered that the council is NOT a group of students who are elected for the sole purpose of dodging any and all criticisms, regardless of their origin and veracity; it is not a group made to carry all the responsibilities for failure; it is rather an organization set up to help the school in every way possible.

Council Will Not Be Perfect

The council will, doubtless, make mistakes; it may fail to feel the public pulse correctly on all occasions, but the school must overlook its infirmities and point with pride to its accomplishments.

Remember it is YOUR council and YOU must defend it to the very last.



Thoughts While Staring at a Blank Sheet of Paper

Nothing is so dampening to creative effort as the sight of said sheet of blank paper. We find it helps to scribble across the top; it somehow gives one courage . . . Wonder when and if winter is coming to stay. . . Haven't yet decided if we like those bracelets everybody is "concocting" these days out of watermelon seeds, candlewax, shell macaroni, dogwood berries and everything else that's stringable. Next thing we know they'll doubtless be wearing their lurches around their necks. . . It's tough to be a so-called Humorist and try to sit down and invent bright sayings and witty poems! Anybody have any ideas or suggestions?

Let Us Flee

It was a hot, sultry day as two hopeful advertising agents entered a small, VERY small business house. After thirty minutes of intense labor, they emerged . . . sans ad, but with a new addition to the staff: a crop of not-very-well-trained fleas! Smart merchant—eh what?

a poem of a poem

O! hapless fate of a newspaper scribe!
 'Tis hard to relate, tell and describe:
 What Sally Jones told Mary P—
 When the next club meeting is to be;
 Who came as guest to the junior prom;
 What the speaker said, and where he's from;
 What books in the library are considered new;
 When to enter what contest, and what to do;
 To write of all—from society to money,
 But—worst of all is being FUNNY!
 Like this!

I think that I shall never see
 Our old town as it used to be;
 It's "developed" a lot of people and noise
 Since we turned it over to the Army's boys!
 R. W.

He Got Away With It

Maybe it was his Ipana smile or his Palmolive complexion, or possibly just his being a stranger in town. But, anyhow, the first day the soldiers arrived in Greensboro, one of them came down Market street on a motorcycle and paused at the square. As he signalled to turn down Elm, the officer on duty whistled loudly and cried, "Hey, Buddy, you can't turn here!" The dough-boy, misinterpreting the move, smiled, waved at the cop in a friendly greeting, and nonchalantly replied in his Fort Dix brogue: "Oh, I think I can make it, thank you."
 And he did, leaving a dumfounded policeman and an amazed citizenry gazing awestruck as the Yankee soldier gaily putt-putted down Elm street.

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