



HIGH LIFE

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School

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EDITORIAL

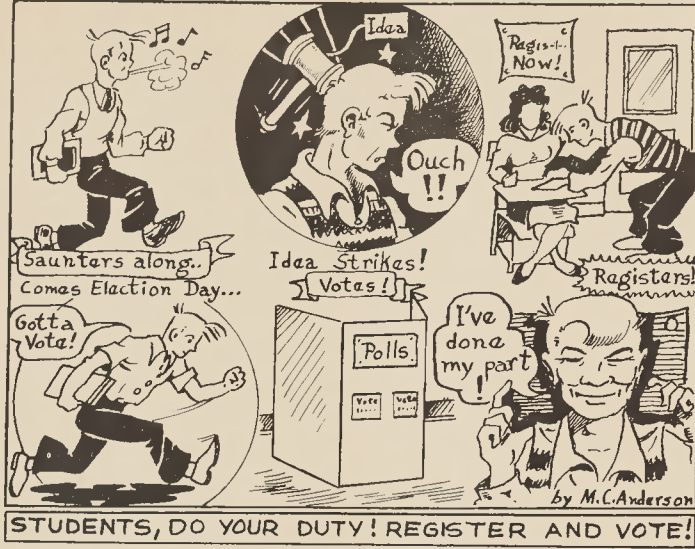
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STUDENTS, DO YOUR DUTY! REGISTER AND VOTE!



Enuf N. Brogans Discovers There's Something New

"Help! Help! I've been poisoned!"
"Why didn't somebody tell me those things were in my food?"

"Is there any way we can get inoculated or something? Maybe we could make ourselves immune."

No echoes from a torture chamber, no sounds of agony coming from pomaine poisoning victims; the above pain-filled outcries represent the sudden awakening of the student body. For now, Kitty Kampus and Enuf N. Brogans, the slightly unclassified students at Greensboro high, have been aroused to the wonders of modern science.

No longer must they dwell in ignorance, going their uneventful way day by day, eating their meals without the joy and bliss of knowing exactly what they are consuming. For Enuf and Kitty have made a discovery which they consider no less momentous than that of Columbus himself.

For Enuf and Kitty have discovered, with the assistance of Miss Elizabeth Harvel and the cafeteria workers, a hitherto unknown element in their food: vitamins. Now, these pupils realize that vitamins aren't some strange form of bacteria or some poppycock invented by imaginative quack doctors, but an important part of their daily food.

Thanks to the educational posters and information displayed in the cafeteria, students, like many others, realize the importance of proper nutrition in times like these. Now they spend idle moments studying their own diets and the vital elements which they need. G. H. S. is eating now with an open mind as well as an "open" appetite!

With little doubt, May 12 will be a red-letter day in the history of the local student government association, for it is at this time that a new system of securing the candidates for the student council election will be invoked.

This new method is, of course, the nominating convention. Here is a resume of the procedure to be followed. First, each home room will select two official delegates who will represent that room in the voting at the convention. These delegates will be instructed by the room students to nominate candidates of their choice for the various offices. Then, students receiving a total of 34 or more votes will have their names placed on the ballot.

Register and Vote

This column cannot overemphasize the necessity of every boy and girl registering and voting in the coming election. It is a privilege for you, but only a cherished memory in many parts of this war-torn world. Therefore, exercise the right to vote granted to you by your constitution. Let's make this a heated but clean election.

Up to the time of this writing, some 32 students have proclaimed their desire to serve in an official capacity. Because of limited space in this corner, you are given only a few names chosen at random for your consideration; however, the number should be sufficient to arouse some thought about the better qualified students. Tim Warner, Mary Neese, Margaret Wilkerson, Charles Strandberg, Bob Lloyd, Mande Dickson and Alene Parks are among those who have offered their services to you.

Current Portrait of a Junior

Today High Life turns the spotlight on M. C. Anderson, well-known member of junior home room 10. M. C. is an extremely nice-looking boy, five feet, 10 inches tall, weighs 170 pounds, and has brown eyes and hair. By that wise "I'm-just-about-grown" look on his face, one would guess his age at almost 16, and upon personal inquiry it is discovered that he is 15 years and 10 months old, to be exact.

"Hi, there, Anderson. What's cookin'?" How about climbing into the spotlight and being this week's junior portrait? And without waiting for an answer we start firing questions thick and fast.

Question: What's your favorite radio program?

Answer: How'm I doin'?

Question: You're doing O.K.—er—that is, who's your choice of airwave stars?

Answer: Fred Allen—but definitely.

Question: What's your favorite book and magazine?

Answer: "The Three Musketeers" and "Amazing Stories."

Question: What movie have you enjoyed most of the many you've seen?

Answer: "All That Money Can Buy."

Question: If you could have any car you wanted complete in your favorite color, what would your choice be?

Answer: Studebaker President in blue.

Question: Um—high class, no? Well, last, but far from least, since food is usually foremost in everyone's thoughts—if someone should ask you what you would rather have of all foods to eat for your meals, what would you tell them?

Answer: Strawberries—oh, boy!

Question: Uh-huh—that's all right, too. And what kind of candy do you prefer?

Answer: Mounds.

Question: This is a little out of line of questions usually asked, but just out of curiosity, when you go shopping for the "little things," which ten-cent store would you rather shop in?

Answer: Kress! (Editor's Note—Plug courtesy of High Life, Palmer Goodspeed.)

Question: How about a couple of questions about the war? Do you think the allies will win?

Answer: Yes, of course!

Question: Are you satisfied with our armed forces?

Answer: Yes!

Question: Getting back home—are you satisfied with our student council?

Answer: Yes.

Questions: What improvements do you think could be made in our student government next year?

Answer: I think it needs more members and more good publicity.

Incidentally, readers, M. C. served as president, vice-president and representative of his home room and also as squad chief during his career at junior high. Here at G. H. S., M. C. includes among his varied achievements his appointment as staff cartoonist and reporter of High Life; also he is recognized for his expert drawing ability, proof of which may be seen by the cartoon on this page.

And so, readers, is concluded the biography in brief of M. C. Anderson; and don't forget to watch for the next issue, juniors—the spotlight may be on you!

Scriptease

May . . . poses and toeless shoes . . . seniors with that glow of self-importance attached to graduation . . . last term papers rolling in and dreary researchers resuming their normal adolescent lives . . . peroxide blonds and tulips dotting the lawn . . . Spring is here for keeps THIS time . . .

"Wake me up early, Mother dear,
For I'm to be Queen of the May.
I'm hanging a bag over my face
So they'll think I'm Rose O'Day!"
R. W.

The Flowers That Bloom
. . . In the spring, tra, la . . . goes the old refrain, but nowadays it's the flowers that bloom on teacher's desk. For in spring, G.H.S.-ites just naturally get the posie bug. Spring fever hits with full force as ordinarily sane students begin bringing flowers to school, walking around in a daze, babbling poetry and sitting in the sun enjoying life.

**Poetry, posies,
What am I doin'?**
Spring fever has
Wrecked its ruin!

**Picking flowers,
Sittin' in the sun;**
Everybody knows
Spring has come!
R. W.

Alibi Susie
She came to school as red as a lobster,
her nose was a red bulb standing out from
a mass of scorched skin. As she dragged
her blistered body toward the teacher's desk,
she began her story:
"Er, uh, Miss Blank, it's this way. My
third cousin on my mother's side was sick,
and I stayed home to take care of her. I
had to stay in the house all day long. Will
you excuse me?"
And the sweet young thing couldn't under-
stand why her absence wasn't excused!

ODE
**Pink maiden,
May sun;
Stayed too long,
Roasted "done."**
R. W.

Blue Blitzes
"Lady Babe Ruth" and "Madame Joe Di
Maggio" are coming into their own at the
daily softball games now going on in Miss
Doris Hutchinson's phys-ed classes. Not
only do they simulate the famous major
leagues, but they even NAME themselves.
Among the more ludicrous monickers selected
are the "Blue Blitzes" and the "Zoot Suits."

**"Zoot Suits,"
"Blue Blitzes"
Invade diamond;
Baseball "ritzies!"**
R. W.

Sss—Ssshh—Sshh
Just between you, us and a thousand other
students, High Life's own Sherlock Holmes
has uncovered the reason for so many summer
colds at G. H. S.: the urge to take a
dip in the ole swimmin' hole, regardless of
the consequences.

**Inviting pool,
May sunshine;
But pneumonia
Ain't so fine!**

Another Tale
. . . of the swimming urge is this poetic
masterpiece:

**Forbidden pool,
Inviting brine;
Furtive dip;
Ten buck fine!**
R. W.

Perry's Here Again
It used to be, in the old days of two or
three semesters ago, that the way to achieve
individuality was to peroxide one's hair, but
nowadays, the unusual student is un-perox-
ided. It's getting more and more difficult to
spot the REAL blonds. Perhaps peroxidized
pupils should wear placards reading "24
carat" or "99 proof" or some other sign for
determining the exact amount of blondness
in ratio to the chemical content. Imagine
seeing every other G. H. S. lassie with a note
atop her blond curls, "Mine's real," or "Half
me, half peroxide."

**Some are real,
Some, peroxide;
Makes one think
Of homicide!**
R. W.

Let's Face The Facts

At this date the school elections are only three weeks off. At that time the new leaders of the student government association will be chosen to guide the ship of state for next year.

There is no excuse for any student's failure to vote in the forthcoming election. There is no excuse because the student government has made it possible to have an organized, democratic system of voting and has provided easy access to the polls.

Paul Miller.

T. P. Enemies

Listen, students, in the following lines a short story is told. It may concern you or perhaps the student sitting in the next seat. Regardless of who it concerns directly, it affects many Americans indirectly.

A few weeks ago an American soldier died on Bataan in the far-off Philippines, not from Jap bullets but from disease hastened by unsanitary conditions. This situation could have been partially alleviated if the proper materials had been at hand. A small insignificant paper cup may have meant the difference between life and death.

What does this have to do with you? Stated briefly, some thoughtless students in this school, aid the enemy by scattering toilet paper over the campus.

That is the story. You and you alone have the power to stop this waste—waste which might help the shipping paper shortage by reducing the drain on home supplies.

Happy Birthday, Adolph . . .

Dear Adolph:
Last week you had a birthday. It is not a particularly happy occasion in America, this anniversary, but we shall celebrate it, Adolph, in our own way.

We have presents for you, too, dear Fuhrer. These gifts won't be wrapped up in pink ribbon, nor in red tape, either. These presents will be covered with cold steel, and will be delivered in person. We aren't going to be stingy with your anniversary mementoes either, Shickelgruber.

Every American is sending you some little remembrance, something small and significant—like a two-thousand-ton bomb or a medium-sized tank. We're making you a lot of things, Adolph. Millions of these souvenirs are rolling off the assembly lines every day. You see, Adolph, we want to make enough for you to share with your pals, Mussolini and Hirohito.

Of course, we've already given the Mikado some of our American gifts, but don't worry, there will be plenty left for you. And we shall bring them to you, we shall bring them to you, in person!

So happy birthday, Adolph. Make the most of it, for your next one won't be as pleasant. We shall help you celebrate that one, with fireworks!