



HIGH LIFE

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The nation was astounded, some even horrified, at the triumph of liberals in the first election to the New York city council...

Briefly, the system works like this: on the ballot, the voter marks No. 1 by his first choice, No. 2 by his second choice and No. 3 by his third choice...

The natural question is why there is so much opposition to an election system designed to promote better elections is asked.

Record Session

Petrillo's relaxing the ban on making recordings, his enabled Decca to put out some of the latest hits. One of these is a fine arrangement of the My Heart Tells Me.

Here comes another war song! It's the feelings of a gal who's really being true to her fighting here. Ella Mae Morse, who used to sing with Freddie Slack, is now vocalist with her hubby's band.

Favorites: John Schopp—My Heart Tells Me (no particular arrangement.)

Frances Antrim — Glenn Miller's At Last with Ray Eberle on the vocal.

David Swain—I'll Be Around by the Mills' brothers.

Story of 'The Other Wise Man' Follows Travels of Fourth Magi

NOTE: This story, by Henry Van Dyke, is the second in High Life's series of book reviews.

In the days when Augustus Caesar was master of many kings and Herod ruled in Jerusalem, there lived in the mountains of Persia a man called Artaban, the Median.

Artaban was one of the Magi, one who studied the skies, for owens. He knew that the birth of the Promised One was near, and with his friends, Caspar, Melchior and Balthazar, he had made his plans to attend the birth of the Christ.

The long-awaited night arrived and a new and brilliant star appeared—the sign that the birth of the Christ was near.

When he had put three hours more of journeying to reach his destination and while riding through a grove of palm trees, he came upon a man nearly dead of a terrible fever.

Arriving in Bethlehem three days after the three wise men, Artaban sought refreshment in a humble home, where a mother sat fondling her small baby.

As Artaban stood in the doorway, his great height and flowing robes filling the space, a

Introductions

After much scrambling around and many dirty books—the results of rather personal questions—we managed to get the following "dope" for y'all.

MARGARET DONALD

Is: Tiny, brunette, member of T. N. T. and Dragonette clubs.

Likes: Blue, steaks, boys (!) Hates: Green with blue, people who tell secrets.

Does: Talk lots, go to see Gary Cooper and Ingrid Bergman's movies.

Listens to: J. Dorsey's "Boogie-Woogie" and Andre Kostelanetz' "Serenade for Strings."

Seen with: Betsy Hurley, Martha Schenck, and Nancy Sewell.

JOE LINEHAN

Is: Tray snatcher, president of home room 317, Jitterbug.

Likes: Helen, to get out early (out of what?), anything to eat.

Dislikes: Somebody to take his woman (he means Oak Ridge).

Does: Play football, baseball.

Listens to: Glenn Miller's records.

Pastime: Staying home, sleeping 'n' eating.

Hangout: LeRoy's.

Wants for Christmas: Helen!

BEVERLY BELL

Likes: Lemon pie, cheese, French, air corps.

Does: Talks all the time, writes.

Hates: A purple sweater, long brown hair, blue eyes, a picture of Alan Ladd.

Wants most of anything: Red hair.

Ambition: To go to see the Taj Mahal.

Pastime: Moving (36 different places, so far!)

Listens to: B. Goodman's "Just the Way You Look Tonight," Miss Smith.

Navigates with: Angie, Sally.

CARL COCHRANE

Is: President of home room 10, a goon, soda-jerk.

Hates: A car (that's what he calls it!), blonde hair, blue eyes, a wine colored shirt.

Likes: Food, football, brown, women.

Hates: Mochers, one-eyed cars (when he doesn't have a date).

Does: Writes for Hi Life, messes.

Listens to: "Carnival of Venice," by Harry James and "Night and Day."

Seen with: Adger, Steve, Tex, Z, and Gus.

The Miracle of the Manger Brings Tidings of True Peace . . .

"And ye shall find Him in a manger, wrapped in swaddling clothes—" thus the birth of the Savior of the world was announced to a world weary with fighting and the oppression of Augustus Caesar and Rome.

Word traveled quickly, even in those days, and the hearts of many of the oppressed were lightened with a new hope, a renewed joy, in the anticipation of a Redeemer.

Today's Christmas again finds a world of oppressed people, nations warring against each other, homes giving their most valued possessions—the life-blood of the youth of the nation.

Nevertheless, in the minds and hearts of all who now fight for freedom for mankind there springs a new hope and a new determination that the next Christmas shall be one for rejoicing and gladness in all of the lands of the earth, and that the love taught centuries ago by the Prince of Peace shall be universal in a world that is calm and serene.

Now, making our Christmas as cheerful and as bright as rationing on the home front allows, keeping the moral of our boys at war as high as possible by small remembrances—the little things that mean so much, these are the tasks of all who must remain at home while others carry on our battle in other lands.

We must keep alive the spirit of love and fellowship that is Christmas so that in the peaceful world of tomorrow God's gift to another war-torn world shall not have been in vain.

Our Enemy on the Homefront . . . Buy More Christmas Seals

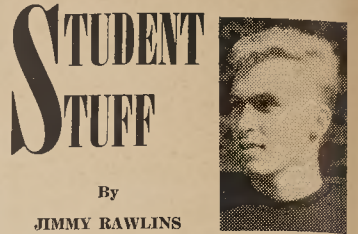
Americans are again being called upon to rise up and put down an enemy which is equally as deadly and ruthless as all of the aggressive nations as earth. Our attention must not be diverted to the fighting front to such an extent that we forget our duties here at home where tuberculosis is waging a ceaseless war against every man, woman and child living in these great United States.

You can put down this tyrant and provide for those who are unfortunate enough to have been overcome with this treacherous disease by buying all the Christmas seals that you can afford and then some. The seals you buy may put somebody one step nearer recovery.

'Gestapo' Gets Results . . .

Although there has been a good deal of criticism from different sources—including HIGH LIFE—of our squad here at Senior High, we of the editorial staff would like to offer our "gracias" to Pete (Himmler) Miller, traffic chief, and his very able—and pistol (cap) packin'—crew of 'henchmen.'

Both the cafeteria line problem and the traffic on the steps have been improved since the organization of the new squad—alias the "gestapo." Keep it up boys!



By

JIMMY RAWLINS

Once in this column we made the observation that about the worst thing that could happen to a man would be to fall in love. Well, we saw something over at Bert's the other night that made us ponder a bit. It was just a boy and a girl sitting together in a booth—something that you can see there almost any night, but the fact that these two were in love made them stand out above the rest.

They ordered cokes and never drank them. They looked at each other and forgot that there was anybody else around. For almost two hours they sat there holding hands across the table and talking, occasionally, to each other about each other. I've seen them several times since then and they always look the same way. Like this is their world, everybody else is just hanging around.

Something like that is beautiful, and it makes you feel warm inside to see it. You feel that maybe there is some good left in the world after all and that this war is not being fought in vain.

Before I go any further I want to lecture a little. Basketball season is here now, and by golly I want to see somebody at the games besides the two teams and the officials for once. Attendance for the past two years has been downright discouraging and I can't see any reason for it. Basketball is a faster game than football; consequently, mathematically, you get more thrills per square minute. At a football game you go out to a stadium and sit around freezing to death until something exciting happens; then you jump up and yell and then sit back down and shiver some more. Now on the other hand, at a basketball game you get a nice heated gym and an almost guaranteed promise of continuous action. You can holler and yell until you're all bug-eyed and red in the face and there's never a dull moment; so let's see if we can't be turning out a little more to see the Whirlies in action this year.

I ran into Ben Richardson and Dick Hall the other night. I doubt if many of you remember them, they're old time G.H.S.'ers, now in the army in Mississippi. Ben was in the famous "Flight of the P-40" to Miami in 1940; while most of you remember Dick through his brother, Ed Hall, I expect. Anyway, they said that they get High Life regularly and that surprised me somewhat, because, somehow, I'd never thought of the paper getting beyond the portals of the old Alma Mater. It also opened up a new line of thought. I suppose there are right many boys scattered here and there across the country, in or out of uniform, who would like to know the whereabouts of some of their old acquaintances who used to date their girls and mooch their cigarettes. If so just drop me a line in care of High Life and I'll do my best to contact them through this column. For instance Ben says that he hasn't heard a word from his old side kicks, Bill Preddy and Bob Bonz. If you fellows read this, why don't you drop him a line.

Well, my friends, this issue of High Life about winds up our column for 1943. The next time you hear from us it will be January 21, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and forty-four. Exams will be drawing near. Another semester, new subjects, (for some—some old ones for me) more P's, more fun; 1943 will be ancient history. The old year will leave a bitter taste in the mouths of a few, but for many it will bring pleasant remembrances. It will, no doubt, go down in history as the turning point of the war and as the year that Rawlins got a report card without an F on it. Anyway let's hope for better things next year—as don't we always every new year—and don't forget the dance tonight.

Mr. Harriman's Melody Masters are going to play and although very few people over here have heard them, they are plenty good; aside from that you might as well get a date because it's going to cost you just as much to get in stag—a half-buck either way.