

Yank: April 6, 1945; page 18

The Teen-agers



There's more in these trim teen-agers than an ambition toward jive. After the cokes they'll go stepping back to class at John Marshall High, Richmond, Va.

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Some of today's teen-agers—pleasantly not many—talk the strange new language of “sling swing.” In this bright lexicon of the good citizens of tomorrow, a girl with sex appeal is an “able Grable” or a “ready Hedy.” A pretty girl is “whistle bait.” A boy whose mug and muscles appeal to the girls is a “mellow man,” a “hunk of heartbreak” or a “glad lad.” A prude is a “hair shirt.” A grind is a “book beater.” A teacher's pet is a “gone Quisling.” A fancy dancer is a “jive bomber” or a “cloud walker.” A boy given to

hugging the girls—sentimental little rascals, some of these lads—is a “wolf on a scooter” or an “educated fox.” A boy who is girl crazy is “dame-dazed.” A girl who is boy crazy is “slack-happy” and “khaki-wacky.” To be jilted is to be “shot down in flames.”

The boys are called simply boys, or maybe young idiots if their pa happens to be put out with them. One of them will probably grow up to be President provided some smarty pants of a girl doesn't beat him out of the job.