

Baseball In Dire Need Of Something New; Here's What

Proposed New Plan Just Running Over With Possibilities

By Rhubarb

Baseball cries aloud for more suspense; I have worked out a plan to give it just that. In the deciding game of the World Series, the bases should not be anchored to the ground.

To clarify my plan to the reader, let us suppose we are in New York, in the final game of the World Series, with the Yankees and the Dodgers tied at three games each. It is the last of the ninth inning and the score is tied. Peewee Reese is at bat, and Dixie Walker is at third. Reese slaps one down across the infield and starts running for first, while Walker tries to come in and score from third. The Yankee catcher, let us say Silvestri, is entitled to pick up home base and run with it. He can run into the grandstand if he chooses. He can run from Ebbets Field to the subway, catch an express train to Manhattan, grab a coach for LaGuardia Field, and leave for Canada if he can make it without Dixie Walker catching him and touching the bag.

The scheme is running over with possibilities. A World Series might conceivably end in Tibet or Tierra del Fungo. We would have weeks and even months of nervous and suspenseful waiting before the issue could be decided. There would be news bulletins from strange quarters of the globe, such as:

ODESSA, USSR, FEB. 4 (AP)—Ken Silvestri, of the Yankees passed through here last night traveling in the dead of night with home plate slung over his shoulder. Dixie Walker arrived this morning by dog-sled, submitting to a brief interview, asked "Which way did he go?" and vowed that he would touch home plate before March 15, barring severe blizzards to the east of Odessa. He hurried off in an easterly direction.

Betting odds around the Kremlin now favor the Yankees eight to five.

"You see, my good readers, how it would work? There are a few details that would need to be ironed out, but such is the high quality of minds governing baseball that I have no doubt the scheme would be workable. I want nothing out of it except a heroic statue of myself in New York and twenty per cent of the gate at all New York ball games for five years. End of Quotation.

BOYLES DROWNS

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world by snapping a goldfish in his natural abode.

"Now, it seems that he got a little too engrossed in his work; and, becoming perturbed over the fact that the culprit wasn't holding his fins at an attractive angle, Dick poked his head in for a few words. Well, sir, that fish focused a steady, hypnotic stare on Boyles—you know they'll do that sometimes—and gave that boy a Double Whammy what was a Double Whammy. Boyles remained motionless for ten minutes—and, well, then it was just too late."

Final arrangements are incomplete as yet although it is almost certain that last rites will be held in the darkroom. Surviving Boyles are twelve brothers and seventeen sisters. One of his sisters, a spokesman for the group, made the statement that they never had had any mother or father; but among a few circles, there is a strong suspicion that she's just telling a big fib, that's all.

I swannee, we just couldn't think of a dog-gone thing to put in this space.

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Jim's Shorts

"What athletes are these?" After reading this colossal condensation concerning activities of the celebrities in the sports world of High Point High, there's a slim chance you might be able to answer this question.

MOVING IN SPORTS . . .

Well, from here it looks as though the undefeated chess team of H. P. H. S. is having a more fortunate season than some of the other teams. Sparked by Lettermen "Checkmate" Shufelt, "Pawn" Albert, and "Tony" Tuhrman, the team has advanced to the finale. (We're not sure what's final, but that's O. K.) One darkhorse reserve on the bench who would bear watching is one Hank Rohde, a promising suspect.

We'll have to hand it to him. That Sonny Lee, though only a sophomore, mind you, has become the school's only five-letter man already. Besides holding two State Chump titles, Sonny (alias Robert E.) is currently leading the back-scratching team to new laurels, being runner-up in the state bath meet, held last week at Washington. He placed second in this dirty sport.

DIGGIN' DEEPER

Jerry Laws, a newcomer to Senior High, has of late turned in several brilliant, startling performances on the track. He now unofficially holds the record for the 440. But Laws has developed an unusual, novel twist. He runs backwards. Also the wrong way. Track officials say this last condition may have to be corrected, but stubborn Jerry says, "No, I wanta to do it my way, see?" As of now, however, they don't.

EST-CE QUE VOUS SAVEZ OR DIDJA KNOW . . .

Sammy Snead owes Wheat Miller a dime (no kiddin') . . . Bill Ellington has definitely decided on attending Jack 'n' Jill Junior College next year. The scholarship offered him there was of such tantalizing terms that Ellington simply couldn't say no to that luscious doll. He will, no doubt, become another man on the hopscotch 13 . . . That Sinston-Walem's basketball team, which you no doubt remember ended up in the cellar at the tourney, received its greatest consolation this week by being named the "best and biggest dribbles in the state." They were absolutely overjoyed at the honor, and are now blocking their own hats . . . Ken Yarborough has decided to give up sports altogether next year. "Shoot," says Kenny, "it takes up too much time. Especially away from my school work and studies. Me and Bobby Joe'll probably quit this football foolishness, because, in the words of Plato, 'Study means everything.'"

SCHOOL BUYS PLANE

(Continued From Page 1)

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Track Stars Are Plagued By Athlete's Foot; But Entire Squad Is Itching To Get Started



Above is stark, realistic evidence of the plague beseeching Mr. Scratchbert Itchy's local high school track perspirants, who have been greatly hindered this spring by that malady of athletes, Athlete's Foot. Pained possessors of the feet above are tracksters Don Brown, Pete Jones, Fungi-Sol McGuinn, Max Ward, Bill Seckler, Feet Miller, Ray Haworth, and Co-Capt. Clyde Garrison and Charlie Jones. "Hottoe" Mickey was absent when this portrait was made. (This newspaper hated to print such an atrocity, but you just better be glad pictures don't convey the you-know-what). —Photo by Boils.

Concern Expressed By Coach Itchy Over His Charges

Dire concern has been prevalent in the athletic quarters around High Point High of late in view of the fact that the track charges of Coach Scratchbert I. Itchy have been attacked by a serious round of Athlete's Foot.

The epidemic got its start one day several weeks ago when Co-Captain Charlie Jones carelessly slipped his shoe off in class while sitting next to "Dodo" Allred. Since, the malady has spread like wildfire throughout the track camp; and, as a result, Head Coach Tony Simeon has threatened to expel Jones from school. "It's all his fault," says Simeon. "He shoulda known better'n to sit next to Allred."

Great precautions are underway at the present time to curb the epidemic. The chemistry classes even conducted experiments last week to find a sure cure for preventing the spread of the fungus. They found one. The hands of those afflicted boys were tied securely behind their backs for three days to make scratching impossible; and an edict requiring that shoes be worn to school was passed yesterday during a special session of the student council.

"Bert," says Coach Itchy, "we're not quite as bad off as the Antville High track coach, who, on the day of the big Antathon to be held at the beautiful Layme Downs on a whole block of side walk, discovered that the ants of his team were all victims of a sudden attack of shortwindedness. Well, sir, it was a sad day in Antville. The team, the "Jeepers Creepers" lost. Lost—and all because the coach couldn't get the pants out of his ants."

ORANGE GROWERS PICK

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this noted honor, Brown said, "I like Sunkist, but a girl's kist is better."

Valuable prizes, the total sum of which totaled \$1.98 were awarded to Brown. Among those most prized, were a package of Hold Fast Bobbypins, a jar of Pond's beauty cream, and a Honi Tome Permanent refill kit.

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Simeon Signs To Coach At Notre Dame; Leahy Fired

Hugh Morson Sends Monogram

A package postmarked "Hugh Morson High, Raleigh, N. C." was received here this morning through registered mail by one Jerry Paschal, a fast-moving guard on the recent varsity basketball team. (It will be remembered that the Bison successfully engaged the Hugh Morson five in the first day's play at the North Carolina High School Basketball Tournament held at Durham a while back.)

Enclosed in the package, which was beautifully done up in pastels, was a handsome Hugh Morson monogram and a note from the Raleigh coach which read as follows:

Dear Jerry,

The other night at the annual basketball banquet, as awards and letters were being presented, the cry rang out, "Where's Paschal?" Well, sir, we looked everywhere. Sorry you couldn't make it to the banquet, fella; but we wanted you to have your monogram. It seems the boys and I just can't forget your beautiful shot at our basket that day, and . . . oh, well . . .

We'll try to get your "Most Valuable Player" trophy to you sometime this week.

Sincerely,
Hugh Morson

"Now," Jerry says, "the only trouble is that 'Stilts' hasn't done anything but pout and fret ever since I got mine. Poor fella. He wants one so-o-o bad."

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