

Can You Find A

Oh goodie, it's dripping rain again! Here I sit, so enthusiastic about what I am studying that the thought of my lavender Cadillac convertible with the black pin-striped top getting wet doesn't even phase me. Never again will I have to dash madly through torrents of rain to get to my car, which of course would be parked half way to Junior High School. The purpose of my flight—to press the magic button on the dashboard, which immediately would raise the musical top and at the same time run up the cellophane shades. But at last, the trickling sound of raindrops is music to my ear; for the parking situation has been solved!

Ever since the Student Council hauled in those truck loads of green stuff from the talent show, unheard of things have been happening inside the lucky "kiss-me-one-way" circle. What? Don't tell me you haven't paid your garage rent? Better do so right away, because the private parking lot with

Do You
SHAKE, QUAKE, OR BURP?

YOU NEED
Erp's Slurp

Never a Burp
In a Slurp

Place To Park?

its umpteen putrid, pink garages, each equipped with revolving doors, are renting fast. All neon identification markers will be installed April 1st, so make sure you can see your name in lights.

Traffic cops will be on hand to direct the one-way traffic and collect money from the teacher's parking meters. In case of any accident, call Lawyer Shields and all damage fees will be taken out of teacher's salaries. Aren't we lucky students to have a place to park?

Boo, Teepee High

Do you stand up for your school? Do you yell for dear old T. P. Hi at basketball games? If you do—don't! The latest fad is school disloyalty. In schools throughout the nation, students no longer support their dear old Alma Maters! Carolina students yell for State; H. P. U. students scream for Guilford. So it's time there was a change in dear old T. P. Hi. We must keep up with the times. At games in our gym, don't stand up for T. P. Hi; cheer for Greensboro!

School disloyalty is a wonderful thing; at any rate, it's different. At last students will come out of their weather-beaten ruts and do something new, different, exciting.

Don't be a dead pan; don't be afraid of your "inner self" or of your best friend. Do something revolutionary—Revolt!

Be disloyal to your school.

THE FOOLER

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Ex-Member
National Scholastic
Press Association
—and—
North Carolina
Scholastic
Press Institute



Chief Runner-mouth.....Squawker Andrews
Little Runner-mouth.....Muscles Burpton

LOW MEN ON TOTEM POLE

Silly Trepke.....Strip-tease Bloomers
"Lips" Martin.....Glad Eyes Hall

Medicine Man.....Chief Look'em Bare
Heap Big Pills.....Peaked Garst, Ketch'em Hubby

Head Warrior.....Scalp'em Currently
Heads (period).....Robert Mayne Bundy Junior
Barely Ruthless

Sureshots.....Clickin' Pickins, Lens Zimmerman
Headlifter.....Tom-Tom Beaver

TEEPPEEISTS

Mash'em Grits.....Bethcha Beam

Trading Poster.....Nanny Sacryman

ASSISTANTS

David Wrecker.....Toenail Ingle Bob Squatahoff
Wanda Man Kinley.....Ann To and Frow
Well, can you make anything funny
out of Martha Neal?

Heap Big Squaws.....
Miss (not by choice) Eleanor Young
Mrs. Vera Molden

QUESTION BOX.. Fashion Fads...

Q—How do you like the new rule of coming to school at 11 in the morning and going home at 2 o'clock with two one-hour study halls and an hour lunch period?

Answers

Leo DeLappe: "I think it's disgusting! No time for higher education."

"Fireball" Kimble: "Whatever will I do with all that extra time in the afternoon?"

Ann Allred: "Now I'll have time to do all my homework in study hall."

Jack Petty: "All that time for eatin' is surely gonna disrupt my diet."

Joan Meekins: "Why come to school so late? I like to get up early in the morning to catch that bus."

Donald Paul: "No class breaks? When'm I gonna see Mot?"

Mary Trepke: "That'll mean spending more money on more love comics to read in all that time."

Ken Frye: "But I don't need all that sleep!"

Elliot Ables: "I can't stand it! No fourth period English class! No Miss Goodman!"

Roy Bragg: "Why not have three study halls and just omit the lunch period. A guy could get fat!"

Donald Green: "Goody! Now I'll have time to wash the breakfast dishes before leaving for school."

Jerry Hollingsworth: "I sho' will miss all that there English I been gittin'!"

Carol Allen: "But I can sleep so much more comfortably in that desk in Miss Bulwinkle's English class."

Donnie Harris: "Now I'll have many more enjoyable hours to spend at home with dear little brother."

Dickie Harris: "Now I'll have more time to enjoy at home with my dear little brother."

NEED MORE BE SAID?

DON'T MISS THIS!

You thought you wuz gonna find somethin witty here, din'cha? Well, we plumb guv out, so just write yer own wit in the space below. (Reckon we should'n of made it so big!)

Guys and gals take heed! If you really want to look snazzy, wear "shnitzies."

Boys, beware! Don't make the mistake of sending orchids to your best gal, for they are definitely out of style. For the "smell" of a lifetime, be sure to send her a gorgeous bouquet of wild onions. (Always wear "shnitzies.")

Speaking of odors, the latest perfume off the market is "Morning in London."

Hark! Boys and girls have decided to change places in the fashion world! Fellas have started letting their crowning glory grow long enough for permanents, while girls are doffing their feminine charm for the less troublesome shaved-head style. (Don't be without a "shnitzie!")

Gals, heave your lipstick in the trash can. After all, the new look is to appear green around the gills, so the new green lipstick is just the thing. (Remember, "shnitzies" come in all colors.)

Rings now have a new use, besides for being for bells and fingers. The latest style has been snatched from the hogs. Never be without a nose ring. Have your nose pierced immediately! (You will find a "shnitzie" for every occasion.) Two new colors, "poiple" and "rred," were invented recently. (They are shown off best when worn on "shnitzies.")

And now, dear reader comes a description of a shnitzie. . . . It is none other than a garment to protect your ol' crazy bone. In other words—an ELBOW BOW!

GOSSIP COLUMN

Cupid combined with spring can do some mighty peculiar things. Know what I mean? It seems that "aromas of spring" just do things to certain males of the species; and as for the females—well, they act that way when they're normal.

One afternoon, not so long ago, the campus had a strange look as if something were missing. Well, something was! There stood Ken Yarborough all alone—minus Jean Hayworth. It seems that Jean developed a sudden "crush" on Cam Criddlebaugh; and because of Cam's recent triumph in the weight-lifting field and his over excess of muscles, Ken was afraid to talk back to the champ.

And while we're on this "weighty" subject, girls, have you heard the latest? A weight-lifting team is now being organized. All girls desiring to participate in this healthful sport are requested to see Miss "Hotcha" Hatch who has agreed to coach the team, while it seems that Jeanette "Beautiful Biceps" Hankins and Connie "Georgeous Georgia" McGhee have already offered their talents in this field. More power to you, girls!

But getting back to this subject of—well—love, now I wouldn't want to be telling; but I heard—just by the grapevine—that Anita Byrum and Jim Woolen have parted forever; and it seems that Bob Bundy and Lib Martin have quickly followed suit. But—now wait'll I finish—it's been rumored around that Lib is now going with Jim, and Anita with Bob. But—as Shakespeare said, "Love smothered the course of truth," or something like that.

The Cockroach Murder Case

This is a hare-razing story of suspense, though it does knot sound like won at first. Joey and Suzie were taking a moonlight walk. Joey was saying something like, "Dear, yew are a purl among women." But Suzie said that these were vein words, and that he was just shooting her a lion.

I do not no what thee wrest of thee conversation wood have bin, because just then out of the shadows into plane site stepped a menacing figure. The thug war a knew hat and a blew overcoat and the thirty-ate he held in his hand caused hour young pare too shutter. They could see his I's and knows, but the wrest was hidden from view by thee coat and hat.

All he said was "Hay, yew, hand over yore doe oar dye!" Suzie turned too Joey and said, "Eye cents fowl play." Joey feinted.

It was all Suzie could bare two sea pour Joey laying their; and she cried, "Hoe, scurvy nave! Have yew know hart? Wood yew take all hour doe? It is shear folly, and Eye must worn yew, if yew flea now, Eye will follow; and when we meat again, Eye will rest thee doe from yroe hands; and when Eye am threw with yew, yew won't have a hare left on yore head, SEA?

"Say know moor," sneered thee crook, "four yore words are in vane. Eye say bee quite, oar Eye will fill yew full of led! Do yew here?"

"I've herd enuf," shouted Suzie in exasperation, "I knead not here more!" And with that she through herself forward with all her wait, and sow suddenly that sheik-ought the thug bye surprise; and, of coarse, he was shoved two the ground.

In the meantime, Joey sat up with a grown of pane, and did stair around as if in a days.

Suzie said, "That poll-cat tried too steel hour money. Lettuce get away bee-four he comes too."

But the thug was already getting two his feet. Suzie and Joey began to run, but they could here the sound of footsteps behind them. Just then a shot rang out . . .

But it seems that Eye am running out of space and cannot tell the hole tail. Sew why not reed what they right in next year's copy of THE FOOLER, OAKEY?

Cuddles Craig



Darling Dimples



Toni Twins



Snookums Stamey



\$25,000 In Prizes Awarded To . . .

Pictured above, you see the four little darlings of T. P. Hi School who came out victorious in the Contest for Better Beautifuler Brighter Bouncing Babies, which was held at Gitchie-Gitchie-Goo last week.

Shown in the top picture is Cuddles Craig, who won first place in the contest. Cuddles is widely known for his intelligence. When he was only a year old, his mother asked him how many eggs she would have if she laid three on the table and two in the refrigerator. Little Cuddles incredibly answered her, "Ma, I didn't know you were capable!"

That next beautiful picture is none other than Miss Darling Dumpling Dimples of 1950, who placed second among the winners. Little Dimples could not only sing, dance, and play the oboe when she was born; she also had ten toes.

In the third photograph you see the entry which won the special division of the Which-Twin-Has-The-Toni contest. These two tots, better known as Harry and Hairy Harris, are offsprings of the old boy himself.

Last, we see little Snookums Stamey, who won honorable mention in the contest for her rendition of "Here Comes Peter Cottontail," as she nibbled two raw carrots and hopped back and forth across the stage.

Rules for the contest were as follows: (1) Each child must be either a boy or a girl, and must have two eyes, two ears, one nose, and one mouth. (Though some exceptions were made. (2) It was also stated that in case of a tie, a knot would probably be the result.

A lovely prize was awarded to each child. For first place honors, Cuddles received a card of Always Stay In—Never Let Loose—Tear Your Hair Out—May Even Make You Bald—Hair Curlers. Dimples, the Toni Twins, and Snookums each took home a sample box of Peter Pulaski's Putrid Purple Pills to make them beautiful babies.