



If one has stuck one's nose outdoors recently one would notice the hint of spring in the air. (One might notice the third person use of "One," too.) Spring always brings romance to mind and speaking of sticking noses out, we've done just that, so here's the latest as heard by grapevine and other methods.

We'd say there's been a good looking addition to L. H. S. in the form of Barbara Hunt from Leaksville. Uh oh girls! More competition, and there aren't enough boys to go around anyway!

Johnny Dixon ain't no eligible bachelor no more. What say, Susie? You seem to be the cause of this change.

L. H. S. 'sho was well represented at Carolina's German dances by Mary Jane, "Teeny" and Betty Block. Betty, you were really rating! Two dates to the same dance. This breaking of toes, too, sounds like a good idea for future use.

Why don't "Claire" and "Skin" get on back together? It just doesn't seem right not to see them places together. How about ti?

Have you heard Joe Hooks playing at the "Y" lately? We're willing to wager those drums were beating especially for Phyllis Breedon, who seems to think that's fine.

Hoyle Wagner has forsaken Midway, it looks like to us. Most of his time is spent with "Hinge" these days, and he couldn't spend it on a cuter gal.

One of the cutest couples brightening up the old halls these days is Jean Story and John Kepley.

These triangles always prove to be interesting, and one of the latest is the one concerning Curtis Williams, who thinks "Dolly" Craven is the best—"Dolly" keeping quiet on the subject, and Jimmyetta Redwine, who has her heart set on Curtis. May the best one win.

We were lucky enough to hear, as we passed by them in the halls, a crowd of eighth grade gals discussing the merits of men. Upon closer exploration, we discovered that two of the cutest, Tilly Beck and "Nonie" Smith, are men-haters! What has turned their hearts stoney we don't know, but we bet there are some mighty lonesome boys because of their opinions.

These eighth graders are really getting ahead in the world. Joe Sink and "Pud" Sechrist, Bobby Timberlake and Dotty Lopp, Eddie Cathell and Page Sink are three cute couples in our humble opinions.

Seems as though two gals we know are mighty lonesome, namely: Jean Hall 'cause Jimmy Temple went to the Navy, and Molly Evans 'cause Jack Saffly chose the Army (rather, they chose him).

Whose classring has Jean Yarborough been wearing? No less than Bob Richie, that good looking boy from Salisbury.

We noticed that Jerry Perkins has finally settled down. How about that, Hilda?

We're thinking Hayden Hooper has a leaning towards gals named "Ann." Say what?

It was heard the other day that Chasey misses Kathleen since she moved to Thomasville. Been holding out on us, Chasey, boy.

Why doesn't Bobby Grubb get a gal? There are plenty of girls who would like to date him; and as cute as he is, he ought not to have any trouble.

Another cute steady couple always seen in the halls together is Nancy Leonard and Tony Solomon.

We were sorry to hear about Barbara Higgins and Bobby Snyder breaking up, but rumor has it that she's not wasting any time. Her heart is set on Statesville now.

What's this we've been hearing about Betsy Stoner dating John Sink? More power to you, John. She is one good-looking gal.

There are suddenly a lot of lonesome girls due to this old draft, namely: Betsy Myers, who surely does miss Bob Greer, and Lois Ann minus Bill Bailey; also, Anne Meachum, because Don Bishop has been in the navy for quite a while.

Say, Archie Hames, you sho' have a cute gal in Carolyn Morefield. Good for you.

Freak, we hear you got a beautiful valentine from your two best gals. Need we say more?

Betty Lou Whitt and Burke Giles are no longer eligible. This will come as a surprise to many.

Richard Whisnant has added a new admirer to his list, and we hear he has been taking advantage of it.

By the way, "Clum," who's this cute gal you've been dating in Raleigh? Could it be Cecelia Montjoy?

There sure will be a lot of room in the halls for the next six weeks because "Big Wag" is going to be in the hospital to have a knee operation. No kidding, "Tiny," we sure will miss you.

Suzanne Myers and Dick Taylor from Spruce Pine have broken up, we were sorry to hear, but Suzanne had a fine time at the Carolina dances.

John Byron Lopp has many gals' hearts a-flutter. J. B., why don't you break down?

Editor's Note: The gossip was written by Kirksey Sink and Marie Stokes, who will be the columnists next year.

Next Patient, Please

—Alice Deese

If you've been feeling awfully bad,
For lack of health you have been sad,
If you don't feel at all first rate,
Or you're a victim of your fate,
Just take a look at what's below;
You'll feel better then, I know!

Symptoms	Diagnosis	Cure
1. You smile during a test.	You are crazy.	None
2. You have water on the knee.	You are a drip.	Don't drink so much.
3. You talk incessantly.	You were born under the same star Nancy Sechrist was.	Make a speech in Assembly.
4. You are hungry.	You have been trying to live off love.	Change your diet.
5. You have royal blue blood.	You are a descendant of a king or queen.	Peroxide and food-coloring in alternate doses.
6. Your brain rattles.	It is rusty.	Lubricate it with ESSO Standard Oil
7. You see red continuously.	Colorblind	Close your eyes.
8. You have an itchy trigger finger.	You are probably mosquito-bitten.	Wipe 'em out with Insect Spray
9. You have just entered school house.	You have amnesia.	Freshen up with "Seven-Up"
10. Your mind is a thousand miles away.	You are absent-minded.	Pull yourself together.

SPRING FEVER

It isn't my intention to frighten anyone, but it is only fair to warn you about this terrible epidemic that's going around these days. This dreadful sickness is extremely contagious; in numerous cases it is conveyed from one victim to another by a mere flutter of an eyelash, a friendly smile, or even a wave of the hand. Since there is no inoculation for it and conditions are so favorable for its development, everyone suffers from it sooner or later, and all efforts to avoid it have, thus far, been absolutely futile. For, despite one's resolute resistance, his heart soon becomes a villainous mutineer, and he is helplessly ensnared by that invincible force commonly known as "Spring Fever".

In its early stages, Spring Fever is a somewhat critical condition of the heart characterized by a quickening of the pulse, insomnia, loss of appetite, and incessant daydreaming, usually accompanied by a noticeable effort to improve in personal appearance and charm. Following these developments, the unfortunate victim generally gets stardust in his eyes and becomes virtually blind to practically everything except the individual who happened to be nearest him when he was stricken; and, what is more embarrassing, every time the victim sees or hears the name of that person, his face takes on a brilliant glow which varies from a delicate pink to deep purple, depending on the severity of his immediate attack.

Even after summoning all my medical knowledge and skill I still cannot offer much assurance concerning one's likelihood of survival, once his heart-strings have been pulled. I can offer absolutely no medicine to help you recover; even Hadacol is powerless. But after a reasonable duration of time, most of the pain ordinarily disappears, though in all probability it will come back again at certain intervals. However, if one's fever is not nipped in the bud by Ole Man Jack Frost or cooled by winter's chill breezes, the case might well be fatal.

To all you unafflicted lassies and lads I issue this last word of warning: Spring is just around the corner, and Cupid is on the rampage with plenty of ammunition, doing some very commendable target practice every day!

Editor's Note: This column was written by next year's Feature Editor, Alice Deese.

Lois' Lingo

Inquiring Reporter

What would you do if somebody gave you a zuccadodezlabros?

Gary Everhart—name it "The Thing"

Miss Jennings—Run!!!

Sarah Williamson—sit and look at it

Marie Everhart—eat it

Frank Koonts—see if it would be good for my c old

Glenn Smith—keep it!

Kitty Philpott—give it to Coach Bowen

Janet Brown—put it in Millie's car

"Cootie" White—give it to Uncle Sam in place of me

Jean Hall—let the infantry have it

Mary Jane Shirley—mail it to Dillon

Marian Rowe—save it

According to Mr. Webster, zuccadodezlabros means—a kiss on the lips.

Could This Be Possible?

Phyllis Breedon—a brunette

Miss Jones—teaching physical ed.

Don Purdee—short and fat

Sue Everhart—the quiet type

"Cootie" White—being skinny

Joan Kearns—not using big words

"Millie" Leonard—graduating