

ABOUT SCHOOL

L. H. S. Day by Day

(By O. O. McMiller)

"Love is in the air"—it must be there—it sure isn't in this school! We're immune to it.

In the spring a young man's fancy turns to love—or something similar—but not here—the only thing that turns is an occasional stude trying to get into a more comfortable sleeping position—Hum—Just to stir up a 'lil excitement and maybe romance.

I'm questioning several male characters as to their perfect feminine hopes of arousing something. Question: What's your idea of the perfect o. a. o.? (One and only.)

Clyde Carlton—"You'd be surprised!"

Kenneth Rhodes—"Not so hot."

Robert Thomason—"Wouldn't you like to know?"

Ernest Osborne—"Somebody with yump and yipee!"

Pete Shytle—"I never have seen a perfect one."

Sot Trantham—"Wow! That's a good one!"

Charles Phelps—"Follow your nose to T-ville!"

Joe Bower—"It's like the farmer said about the giraffe—He don't exist."

J. D. Gray—"Bewitching curls, raven head, dark eyes, Dietrich shape, heavy anklets, rose in her hair (sing to the tune of 'Dinah')"

Now—question to females—What's your idea of the perfect male?

Mary Patterson—"Well, he don't exist around here."

Miss Pugh—"Do you think I should answer a question like that?"

Viv. Gambrell—"How should I know?"

Mrs. Hedrick—"I'm satisfied!"

Sis Hinkle—"A. L. Disher."

Joan Sink—"Red is my favorite color—especially the head type."

Maud Walton—"Tall, dark, handsome. (I think he's nearer medium sized than tall.)"

Smarties—yeah, the school is crammed full of 'em—personally, I'll take vanilla. Rah for the Notre Club—fui too—nut-r club would more fit the occasion—4 officers—4 members—4 nuts equals 1 Notre Club—pardon boys.

Who is that witch coming down the hall—wild locks stringing in her face—oh, 'cuse pleeze—it's only Jenky—These damp days seem to affect her curls no little—Try a 'lil water proof, honey. Here comes the masked rider—my mistake again—it's only Edna Earle covered with poison oak—sure sign of spring—yep—One steady couple that has escaped publicity is Ralph Wilson and his blondie 'lil Heart throb, Pauline Putnam—not to omit of course, that cute couple Sara Wilson and Cecil Eanes—please pardon my overlooking this bit of gossip afore, readers—traipse and foo are still in love, it seems.

Still in love—Thus floats Mary Lou Lumsden around—The object is by name of Clyde—"Pat" "Pat"—that's not the rain dropping—it's the natural run of thoughts of Mary Lou Wallace—and is he faithful!!—Margie is escorted around by Pete (whose last name is parallel to mine)—so Viv turned down a college date—mark her up one.

Dis and Dat—Was I surprised to hear of the Dick C. and Sara D.—Case??—no no—For a private diary, calendar, coming events and what not, and not, what—I invite you to inspect the calendar in the Lexhipep room—for translations see Margue or me—

Impressions Of Seniors

Nickname	Pastime	Hang-Out	Known By	Weakness	Ambition
1. "Blondie"	Dancing	Around	Blond Hair	Yeah, Man!	Tread Hospital Halls
2. "Bob"	Wrecking Cars	Michael's Store	Stunt Driving	T-ville	Be a Rich Man
3. "Louise"	Printing	His Print Shop	Witty Sayings	Charleston girls	Be Short and Fat
4. "Goonie"	Singing	Lex Drug	Freckled Face	Gossiping	Air Hostess
5. "Cimon Soup"	Relaxation	Lexington	"Dressiness"	Dark Haired Girls	Be Rifle Marksman
6 "Kam"	Kackling	Here Today, There Tomorrow	Fran	It's A Secret	To Live Happily Ever After
7. "Mog"	Rythm	Lexi-Room	Curls	Anything Chocolate	Yes
8. "B. D."	Flying	Beside Radio	Solitude	Superiority to Girls	Aviator
9. "Tater"	Retieing Shoe Strings and Kerchiefs	Hangs-in	Clara	Dug	To Be There When the Roll Is Called
10. "Ton"	Loafing	Back Seat Robert's car	Pipe	Slot Machines	Business Manager For Red Sox
11. "Sissy"	Taking Baths	Purcell's and Mary Pat's Car	Moccasins	High Point	To Attend Oglethorpe
12. "Stitch"	Keeping Phys. Ed. Classes	Esso Service Station	Height	You Guess	Own Filling Station
13. "Shorty"	Chewing Gum	Purcell's	Mouth	Peoples Drug	Render to Sick

Answers on Page 4

Thru the Keyhole

(By Snip & Snap)

Whew! The banquet's over and are we any better off for it? I'd say out in most cases involved—What several spectators have repeated to me—'twas pretty good! Well—we won't go into that! Seriously—we seniors want to thank you juniors for a lovely banquet. Everything turned out swell!

Seems that everybody at L. H. S. is too busy to do much love-making nowadays—but some can work while others shirk. The seniors are occupied with graduation and the junior's cleaning up after the banquet—The Girl Reserves planning the Mother-Daughter banquet—The football boys practicing—The debaters debating—and so forth and so on.

What sophomore girl's romance has been shattered by an unsympathetic parent who doesn't like theater men?

T-ville forever! Bah—Such eligible gentlemen as Dick C., Charles P., Ralph M., and Robert T. make weekly Sunday visits to this "one stoplight" town where they grow fems as sweet

news—news.

Splashes and splurgers—The Senior boys give Betty Cuthrell credit for having the prettiest eyes in school—and I agree—several of the girls have agreed that Mary Alice T. is the prettiest girl in school—a good choice, Studes. No, we do not have an escaped convict in school—it's only Harold Pickett with a funny, peculiar hair clip.

Freshies flanders—Although they often deny it—I still hear about a certain Wall and a certain Cecil—It's a secret tho' so please don't tell—Ishmael (it is reported) is not uninterested in a certain Louise Fagg—And Alvin, I won't tell on you—oh, no, hon, we all know you're not lovey dovey inclined—and of course Betty Ann isn't either—So wat??—And what about the young character seen constantly with Sylvia Morris—not J. Eastep?—And to the Black Eagle—you can never stay in good with Santa Claus like that—so be-ware!!!

The end of a perfect—what???

as syrup, so says the quartet—who ought to know?

The student council picnic was a big event in the eyes of some of the innocent on-lookers when Martha R. and Joe H. went O! to town—and how!! Thought Ruth S. was concerned.

Who's the cute little Mars-Hiller that Harold F. is struck on? He says there are some mighty good looking ones up there!! Let's go up!

Why did some of the boys who were invited to Va. Holmes party go over to Faith Berrier's beforehand? Could it be Faith?

Bill G. wants to know why Lewis H. hasn't asked her for another date.

Why does Bill D. let Chip Clark beat him to a date every Sunday night on Salisbury Street. Maybe he doesn't care.

Jane M. gave Seaford his ring back because he stood her up on a date Sunday night. Jane, I think, is going back to her former admirer.

Why doesn't Sis H. crack a smile when she is playing ping pong with Disher? I'm asking you!

Down with Kannapolis! Several boys, including some of our football players, have taken a fatal dislike to that town! I've heard they threatened us with pistols. Everything seemed to be all right the night of the banquet, though!

I heard a certain gang of Senior girls go over to Becky's Sunday and just wait for the Sunday afternoon callers—They all happen to be prize members of the J. U. G.—And if I'm correct the J. U. G. Club is a man-hater's club.

And were we all surprised over Ed G. choice for the J.-S. Banquet—Guess it was all right—though I know one little sick country girl who didn't like it!

Maxine Leonard was seen making faces at E. R. Lanning in Trig. Class. Now Maxine, thought you liked a Walser.

Why does Sis Hinkle write on Bill Brown's back "From me to you?" Couldn't be that she like him, could it, Sis?

BELIEVE IT OR NOT

It Happened In The Library

Dick Craver tells Ross Craver that "Esquire" is too naughty for this library. P. S. We don't take it.

What little blonde freshman wanted to know if there were any "funnies" in the New York Times? Deah, deah, Miss Robinson! Is that your literary level?

7 years ago . . . In 1931, Miss Margaret Miller was part time librarian. Then, the total circulation was 300 books per month. Now, the circulation is 1,800 per month, 6 times as many!

Dick Craver again! He came into the library balancing a book on his head. Said it would give him poise and help him to carry a football. We don't quite see how, but we'll take your word for it, Dick. Though it's rather early for training, don't you think?

When called down for eating in the book sanctuary, Stacy Foster said he was just cleaning his teeth. New kind of tooth paste, isn't it, Stacy?

"Gourd-head" Potts is quite a leap-frog at times—that is, usually.

Wonder why Don Cherry always shouts, "Save me 'Life'?" Dying Don!!

The WPA book menders who work in the old student council room have mended since September over 900 books for the school libraries in town, including the high school.

The library has fifteen cents a year per pupil (total of \$100.00) to spend for books, while it should have totaled seventy-five cents per pupil (\$497.75) to meet the Southern Association requirements.

Said James Davenport to alumni Baxter Smith and "Possum" Ward, "Ya may be visitors, but ya ain't privileged characters, so git outa that winder!"

The library needs 180 books to meet the quota it should have of five books per pupil.

Magazine covers are all the vogue now—would that we had newspaper covers!