

CENTRAL HIGH REGISTER

Vol. LVII — No. 17

CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL, OMAHA, NEBR., FRIDAY, APRIL 2, 1943

FIVE CENTS

Boys Query V-12 Army-Navy Tests

Editor's Note.—The following are answers to questions, which were sent in to the Register office by boys concerning the new army-navy training program tests to be given this morning.

- Q. Is there any training program at present for the marines or coast guard?
- A. Yes. The V-12 navy program includes the marines and coast guard. The inductee may state his preference.
- Q. Will a boy enlisting in V-12 have his choice of colleges?
- A. There will be 100 colleges offering the course, but these have not yet been announced by the navy. The boy's choice will be given every consideration.
- Q. How will the applicants for V-12 be chosen?
- A. Those whose tests are successful will be asked to report to the nearest Office of Naval Officer Procurement at their own expense. Here they will be interviewed and given a thorough physical examination. Then a committee consisting of an educator, a representative civilian, and a naval officer will inspect the qualifications of those who are still eligible. The decision of this group will be final.
- Q. May a boy wearing glasses be accepted in V-12?
- A. Yes, if he has 18/20 vision in each eye without them.

Dental Exam Is Conducted Here

Dr. J. R. Thompson, dean of the University of Nebraska's dentistry college, gave a short lecture on the importance of dental hygiene to the high school youth of America at a meeting of the seniors during eighth hour Tuesday, March 23.

In illustrating his point, Dr. Thompson stated that of the two million men examined for the first draft of this war, 900,000 were unable to pass the physical examination and 188,000 of that number were rejected for army service because they were dental cripples.

In view of the large number rejected because of defective teeth, the government has asked the high schools of this country to examine all senior boys for caries teeth in order that they may be treated pending army induction.

In complying with this request, Dr. Madeline Marr, supervisor of health service of the Omaha public schools, has conducted an examination at Central under the direction of Drs. Carl E. Burns, W. E. Scott, and W. J. Brennan. The examination took place on Thursday morning, March 25. Of the boys examined, 44 per cent required no dental correction, and 56 per cent needed some dental attention.

Nothing Cracked About Central's Crack Squad

Central's crack squad, organized 15 years ago under the sponsorship of Miss Julia Carlson, was the first of its kind in this part of the country. It has grown from the 1928 squad of nine members to this year's squad of 20.

Crack squad members are chosen each year from ROTC cadets who have shown exceptional proficiency in manual of arms. They are chosen and commanded by an outstanding officer of the previous year's squad.

The 1943 squad, commanded by Cadet Lt. Colonel Robert Spier, has been acclaimed as one of the most outstanding in Central's history, not only for its marching ability but also for the smooth execution of many difficult manuals. It was featured in this year's Road Show, and also performed at the military ball.

Members of this year's squad are William Berner, Richard Carlson, Jack Clow, William Cook, Hugh Follmer, Jarvis Freymann, John Hall, Robert Hall, John Kruse, and Jack Lepinski. Other members are Milton Mack, Hugh Mactier, Silas Markeson, Temple McFayden, Richard McLellan, David Milek, Willard Olson, Ernest Price, and Edward Swenson.

Girls Will Vote for Queen of Crystal Ball At Ninth Annual Costume Party Tonight



ONE OF THESE SENIOR GIRLS will be elected Miss Central IX tonight at the annual all-girls' party to be presented by Student Council girls in the gymnasium. Seated (left to right) are Reeda Magzamin, Lenke Isacson, Mary Mallory, Billie Wilson, Joan McCague, Joan Huntzinger, Donna Deffenbaugh, Helen Gearhart, and Barbara Byrne. — Courtesy of World-Herald

Jack Busch '42 Tells Of Cornell Changes

Schools Must Alter Schedule To Meet Service Requirements

War has claimed its toll from the educational program of America, altering many college and university curricula. Extracurricular activities have also been greatly modified, according to Jack Busch '42, who is now attending Cornell university.

During his senior year at Central, Jack was president of the Student Council and homeroom representative. He was also a winner of the World-Herald scholarship and 1942 Young Citizens' contest, sponsored by the World-Herald and American Legion.

"Eastern universities probably have felt the pinch of war more than universities west of the Mississippi," commented Jack. "The gap between high school and college is rapidly widening as colleges accelerate their programs in order to offer boys as much education as possible before they are drafted."

He pointed out that the majority of universities have turned to technical courses in order to comply with army regulations. This is felt to be the only justification for students to remain exempt from the draft while continuing their studies. Many subjects have been given more value per hour, and scientific phenomena are being thoroughly investigated instead of superficially covered.

"Arts and science courses have not been altered greatly, however," observed Jack. "This affects school attendance since many students taking these courses, unable to prove occupational deferment, are being inducted for active military duty."

Opinion among students is sharply divided on the question of whether to remain at college or to join the armed forces. Although the need for trained technicians is urgent and the government has asked technical students to remain in school as long as possible, many feel that they can be of greater service in some branch of the army, navy, or marines.

"Girls attending colleges and universities are spending much of their spare time doing war work," he continued. "Many plan to take specialized training courses which have been established by several industries for women who have had two or more years of college work."

In Jack's opinion, the era of the college play boy is over, at least for the duration. The gaiety that characterized varsity life has gradually diminished, and is now only slightly apparent.

529 in Victory Corps

Victory Corps membership has reached a total of 529 since its inauguration in February. Registration, however, is still open to all classes.

Victory Corps is a registration of activities and signifies that the member is doing his part in the present emergency—that he is taking necessary school subjects, participating in a physical fitness program, and taking part in a wartime activity.

High Flight

Oh! I have slipped the surly bonds of earth
And danced the skies on laughter-silvered wings;
Sunward I've climbed, and joined the tumbling mirth
Of sun-split clouds — and done a hundred things
You have not dreamed of — wheeled and soared and swung
High in the sunlit silence. Hov'ring there,
I've chased the shouting wind along, and flung
My eager craft through footless halls of air.

Up, up the long, delirious burning blue
I've topped the wind-swept heights with easy grace
Where never larks, nor even eagle flew —
And, while with silent lifting mind I've trod
The high, untrespassed sanctity of space,
Put out my hand and touched the face of God.

— John Gillespie McGee, Jr., Pilot Officer, R.C.A.F.

Girl Reserves Send Music to Soldiers

Collecting popular and classical sheet music and sending it to army camps is one of the new services of the Central Girl Reserves. The plan was originated by Mrs. Irene Jensen, sophomore girls' counselor, when she received a letter from a former pupil, Pfc. Earle Reeser.

Parts from Earle's letter are as follows: "I was wondering if it would be possible for you, through your many musical acquaintances, to see what could be done about having some discarded sheet music, both instrumental and vocal, popular, sacred, and classical, sent to us. We have a vast assortment of good material, but have no ready source of material."

"This was especially brought to my mind when I was requested to furnish music for several post weddings that have been so frequent during the past holiday season. About the only thing we have is to be taken from our excellent army hymnal."

Speakers to Present Religious Assembly

In observance of National Brotherhood Week, an inter-denominational assembly will be held here at Central this morning. Dr. John Milton Phillips of the First Central Congregational church, Rabbi David A. Goldstein of the Beth-El synagogue, and Father Patrick Burke of St. Philip's Neri church will participate in a spontaneous discussion of problems confronting a member of any of these religious groups.

Under the auspices of the Christian-Jewish conference, similar meetings are being held in all the Omaha high schools.

J. G. Masters Plans To Leave for Farm

Mr. J. G. Masters, former principal of Central High school, plans to leave Omaha with his family the latter part of April. His destination is a 500 acre farm in Smethport, Pennsylvania, where, except for the garden and

War Stamps Will Be Awarded For Five Most Unusual Outfits

By Arlene Cooper and Lois Snyder

Tonight Miss Central IX will step out of her crystal ball to reign over this year's all girls' party. The coronation will follow an evening of fun and dancing which will begin at 7:30 in the gym.

The queen will be chosen from one of the nine princesses who have been elected by the girls of the student body. The candidates, all seniors, are Barbara Byrne, Donna Deffenbaugh, Helen Gearhart, Joan Huntzinger, Lenke Isacson, Reeda Magzamin, Mary Mallory, Joan McCague, and Billie Wilson.

The affair, as in previous years, is a masquerade. Prizes of war stamps will be awarded for the most appropriate, the prettiest, the craziest, the funniest, and the most original costumes. Miss Elizabeth Kiewit, chairman of the masquerade committee has announced the following judges: Miss Martina Swenson, Miss Irma Costello, Mrs. Grace Knott, Mrs. Edna Dana, and Miss Bertha Neale.

Reeda Magzamin to Direct Grand March

Reeda Magzamin will direct the grand march. Members of her committee are Dorothy Drishaus, Jeanette Mallinson, Dorothy Rosenberg, Ardyth Hellner, Doris Belzer, Phyllis Freed, Dorothy Blacker, Anna Mae Hayes, Beverly Merriam, Marian Doll, and Carita Markel. These girls will see that the judges are accorded the best possible opportunities to observe the costumes.

Jack Swanson and his orchestra will furnish the music for those who wish to "trip the light fantastic." Donna Deffenbaugh is in charge of arrangements for the orchestra.

Betty Kirk and Joan Huntzinger, co-chairmen of the floor show committee, have promised an entertaining program full of talent and fun. Assisting Betty and Joan are Susie Carson, Helen Kirk, Carol Bowman and Betty Jo Briggs.

Tickets will be collected at the west entrance. Formerly they were taken at the doors of the gym, but in that way the girls were confined there. The new method is expected to allow more freedom to those attending the ball.

Miss Frisbie Is Floor Chairman

Miss Josephine Frisbie, chairman of the doors and floors committee, will be assisted by Penelope Anderson, Margaret Knappe, Suzanne Boches, and Arlene Cooper. Barbara Byrne, chairman of ticket sales, will be assisted by Jean Douglas, Virginia Hamilton, Eileen Cobb, Miss Angelina Tauchen, and Miss Betty Jane Backlund. Student Council boys who will have charge of the door are Erwin Witkin, Dan Peters, Steve Plank, Bill Okeson, and Charles Peterson.

Teachers on this committee are F. Y. Knappe, Andrew Nelsen, Norman Sorensen, Lloyd Richards, Harold Peterson, Harold Eggen, and Duane Perry.

Working with Miss Ruth Pilling on the courtesy and balloting committee are Miss Margaret Weymuller, Miss Maybel Burns, and Miss Adrian Westberg. Miss Elinor Bennett, formerly a teacher at Central but now on the faculty at South, is also on this committee.

Continued on Page 3, Column 2

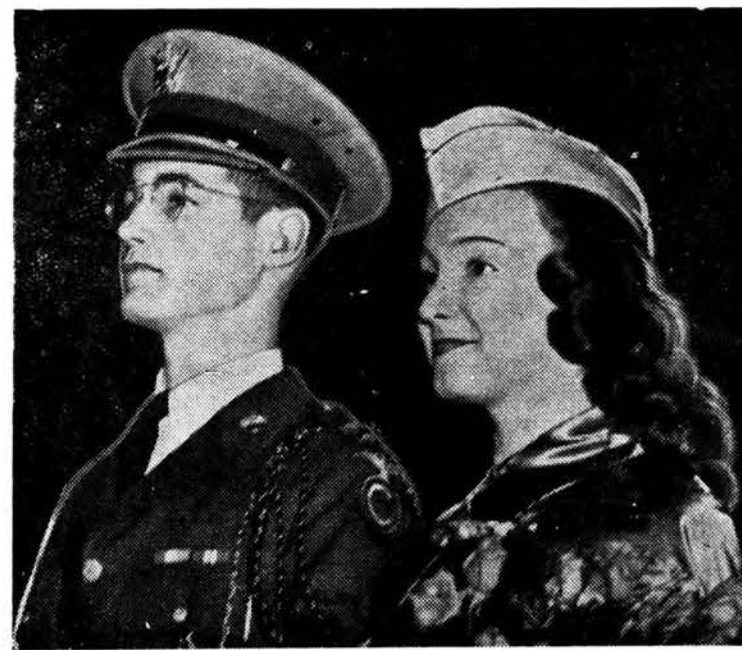
Spier Battalion Commander; Mallory Honorary Lt. Colonel

A roll of drums, a blare of trumpets, and the curtains of the Peony ballroom stage parted to reveal a girl, dressed in an overseas cap and cape of the school colors, standing before a giant "V" and a cadet officer standing alongside.

Thus were Cadet Lt. Col. Robert Spier and Honorary Lt. Col. Mary Mallory, the new commander and honorary commander of the Central High battalion, presented to the public at the sixth military ball held March 26 at the Peony park ballroom.

The other officers receiving high promotions were Richard O'Brien and Walter Clark, who were promoted to cadet majors. Major O'Brien is the battalion executive officer; while Major Clark is the commander of the freshman battalion; and Capt. Robert Mitchelltree, the battalion adjutant.

With the presentation of colors, the ball started at eight o'clock. After the concert by the ROTC band directed by Capt. Jack Anderson, distinguished guests were introduced by



Cadet Lt. Col. Robert Spier and his lady, Honorary Lt. Col. Mary Mallory — Courtesy of World-Herald

Richard McFayden. Among these guests were Maj. Gen. Uhl, Mayor

Dan Butler, and Supt. Hobart M. Corning.

Gen. Uhl presented medals to the high five marksmen on the rifle team, Richard McFayden, Fred Bekins, Harold Anway, Leonard Bacon, and Ralph Thompson.

The Crack Squad performed, and members of the squad were awarded shoulder cords by Supt. Corning. First Sgt. Robert Hall was awarded a shoulder cord of the school colors as the outstanding junior cadet.

Following this, the promotions of officers were announced as follows: captains, Jack Chesnut, Harold Anway, and Paul Reichstadt; first lieutenants, Everett Gantz, Robert Jacobson, Rolland Otis, and Stanley Perlmeter.

E. K. McDermott presented the McDermott trophy to the Central High ROTC battalion for the second consecutive year. The trophy is awarded annually to the Omaha ROTC battalion attaining the highest efficiency during the school year. Cadet Lt. Col. Robert Spier received the trophy for the battalion.

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Fred Hill, Principal of Central High School

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One City's Tale

A city falls to the Nazis. Conquering troops goose-step through the streets, swastikas fly from public buildings. Bands play merry German waltzes in the park. "The grateful populace," reads the official lie from Berlin, "welcomed their German liberators with open arms!" Then silence, the silence of a tomb.

The conquerors begin their deadly work toward the eventual enslavement of the human race. On the day the Nazis seized Oslo they proclaimed the Norwegians their blood brothers of the same racial strain. Today blood runs in the streets of Oslo. When German soldiers entered Paris, they patted the children and helped elderly ladies across streets. Today France staggers under an occupation cost of \$7,500,000 per day.

But Warsaw reveals best the cold, calculated design of life and death under the Nazis. This Polish capital resisted the heavy artillery guns and dive bombers of the Germans for 21 days. On the next day the city surrendered to a German general who granted his troops 24 hours of freedom in which to loot suburban houses. Once the Gestapo became settled in Warsaw, with some one thousand officers and five thousand troops, no man's life could be called his own. More than half a million Jews were packed into one hundred blocks in the northern part of Warsaw, surrounded by an eight foot wall topped by broken glass.

Slavery was instituted. Universities, high schools, and most primary schools were closed. A system of rationing that would seem to make our American program appear laughable in comparison was adopted. Adults might not receive milk, adults being anyone older than six months. Prices were sky high: one egg costing 60 cents, coffee \$80 a pound if one could get it. During the winter Poles were allowed one bucketful of coal every eight weeks. With thirty or forty people living in an office-sized room the death rate was three times as great as the birth rate in Warsaw. In an effort to keep freedom alive, Poles set up secret radio stations, organized 120 underground newspapers, and escaped to Britain to join the Allied armies.

The United States is free, unpledged. Let us forget our duty to cleanse the world of the Nazi plague, may the tale of Warsaw forever be engraved on our minds!

Excerpts from "A Tale of One City," an OWI publication

April Fools

Stinky Steinberg Damaging Editor
Dottie Cheeseberger Editor-in-Cheese
Stanley Parkingmeter Blues Editor
Johnny Rottingham Smelly Editor

There you have 'em, and you can keep 'em—but not until we've taken you through a day with the editors.

"Get that story in by Monday, or \$\$\$-!***&&!!!" Well, hello Stinky. That was Stinky. Stinky is the reason that first page has gotten where it is—on the back of second page. Seriously though, Stinky is a swell editor and deserves a compliment . . . compliment!

"U is still on de beam. Anoder feature pleasee," says delectable Dottie Cheeseberger, editor-in-cheese. Dottie definitely tops the menu—at Harkert's: Cheeseberger 15 cents.

One step to the left of Stinky's desk will bring you in direct contact with Stanley Parkingmeter, blues editor. He'll tell you exactly where to park from there . . . warm, isn't it?

"Get those athletic women off our page," pleads Johnny Rottingham, smelly editor. Confidentially he . . . shouldn't talk about our women like that.

All names and incidents in above character sketch are purely intentional, but all in fun, and we did have fun when we were on the staff. Yes, we've taken you through a day with the editors, but day is done and dey is done with us too.

The Colonel and His Lady

A tremendous burst of applause, a fanfare, a clink-clink of saber and scabbard, as the new commander of the battalion took his place in front of his fellow officers: Bob Spier, lieutenant colonel of Central High school for 1943.

He likes the battalion, but his first love is the Crack Squad. When the boys presented him with a Bulova wrist watch ("curved to fit the wrist") inscribed on the back, "Ace" was really happy. It is now his pride and joy.

But he isn't all brass and buttons. He's president of the French club (and a terrific knitter on their afghans), president of a senior homeroom, has been a member of Junior Honor society for three years, and was selected one of four boys to represent Central at Boys' State in Lincoln last spring. He is in the sea division of the Victory Corps, and last summer earned more money than his dad, working as a laborer in a defense project.

His plans for next year are still unsettled; it's a draw between the army and college. But some day he wants to be a foreign diplomat or play the piano with Count Basie's orchestra.

Have you ever seen him eat? (Eighth wonder of the modern world.) Well, he likes to, and also enjoys playing the piano with the "boys" singing "Oh! Baby!", laughing, dancing and relaxing.

There's something about the melodious strains of "Stardust," "Honeysuckle Rose" and "Oh! Baby!" that soothes his jangled nerves, but knitting in French class and pay telephones have the opposite effect on him. (Grrrrrrrr.)

Ideal girl? A slow, sly grin and, "Oh! You know. Cute, nice, wide smile, personality, pep, fairly smart." But he doesn't like "tres tres beaucoup de make-up, greasy hair, and people who are late."

Just in general he likes to do solid geometry, and to swim, fish, and canoe in northern Minnesota and Canada. "I like dogs and sometime in my life I want to raise them on a large scale, preferably Irish setters." The most fun he's ever had was at Boys' State last spring and at the Krazy Kwilt last January.

He wants to tell all freshmen not to let the seniors bluff them. For further information ask Ace. You'll find him easily, either laughing with the boys or studying hard in French. Here's to you, Bob, a really great guy and an ideal lieutenant colonel.

—Mal

Advice to the Needy

Dear Anna Lane:

I was told in all good faith that by taking gym I would acquire a beautiful figure which in turn would acquire a boy friend for me. Here it is mid-term, and here I am with a dreamy figure, but as yet no boy friend is looking my way. Just a Flop

Dear Just a Flop:

Perhaps you haven't been doing your push-ups correctly.

Dear Anna Lane:

One night as I was leaving school I happened to notice the army drilling out in front. As I turned the corner, someone yelled, "dismissed" and three fellows immediately approached me and asked, "Do you know anybody who'd like to go out with an air cadet. We've just arrived in town and would like to get acquainted with some nice girls. Do you happen to know any?" Gosh, Anna Lane, I was speechless. 'N after five beautiful minutes of conversation, I still couldn't find him a date. Anna Lane, why didn't the thought enter my mind that I, too, am a nice girl with a solution to his problem.

Dawn Broke

Dear Dawn Broke:

It is evident that you were misnamed. Were I your mother, I would call you "The Light That Failed."

Dear Anna Lane:

As per usual, I was rolling bandages on Tuesday night, but as not per usual, my boy friend called for me early, before I had finished my quota. Miss Lane, if you've ever seen a room full of females engaged in this art, tightly drawn head cloths, no hair showing, minus jewelry, in fact looking like a disillusioned mummy—well, my man arrived just in time to see me in that condition, and left me as flat as the surgical dressing I was making. Please help me, cuz as far as the war effort and my man are concerned, I'm just

All Out

Dear All Out:

I have it! Why not cover your entire face next time? Your troubles will be over, he won't even recognize you—wonderful thing camouflage!



King of the Platters

Southern California . . . the answer to a bandleader's prayer. Oh yes, there's that glorious sunshine, and that "occasional" rain—and the sand—but there's more than that.

It started back in 1935 in Los Angeles when a certain tall, 27-year-old fellow took his new swing band into the Palomar ballroom. He had cause to be afraid to play his special arrangements because he had just been thrown out of the Roseland in New York, where Guy Lombardo had been a huge success. But this young man couldn't bear playing another hectic evening of waltzes and one steps, so he called out a set of hot numbers. The crowd loved it and jammed around the band stand.

It was in L. A. that this band rose to fame. And it was this same Southern California crowd that defied the cold and rain a few weeks ago and welcomed back this man and his band by breaking all records at the Palladium. Yes, and it's this same crowd that is demanding 200,000 copies of his latest Columbia release, "Why Don't You Do Right?" After his run at the Palladium he'll begin work on a new moving picture and, soon his wife presents him with a new California baby! So why shouldn't he love his old stomping grounds—Southern California? There the people realize that Benny Goodman truly deserves the title "The King of Swing."

—Al Bramson

Fanfare with trumpets and drums for the first lady of the battalion, Honorary Lieutenant Colonel Mary Mallory. Mal was given his honor, the greatest thrill of her life, at the 1943 military ball. She considers it something she'll never forget, and she will "do or die" to live up to the officers' expectations of their honorary colonel.

Besides this military activity, Mary spends her time as a feature editor of the Register, secretary of the Lininger Travel club, treasurer of the French club, a Thespian, a Central High Player, and a member of the Press club. For the war effort she makes sandwiches, knits afghans, and rolls bandages in addition to spreading good cheer in general to every soldier who passes.

In June Mary plans to go to California to enter Pasadena Junior college for a year of pre-nurse's training. Her ultimate in life is to become a really good nurse and help reconstruct Europe when the war is over. About the length of the war, she makes no predictions.

"The things I like best about Central number a lo-long list," she claims. Hm-mm, something new! "First of all I like the battalion because I think it's good for the boys. Then I like the homemaking department because I can sew all I want and the girls are so swell. I love the silent platoon for sentimental reasons, and the teachers because there are so many who are broad-minded enough to slap you on the back if you do it to them first."

Mary's ideal man is her father, but as to someone more her own age the ideal must be dark, ambitious, slightly crazy yet intelligent, Irish and a major in the battalion. She doesn't like men who are too easy to get along with and whom she can push around. She claims it took three years of examining specimens to find out all this.

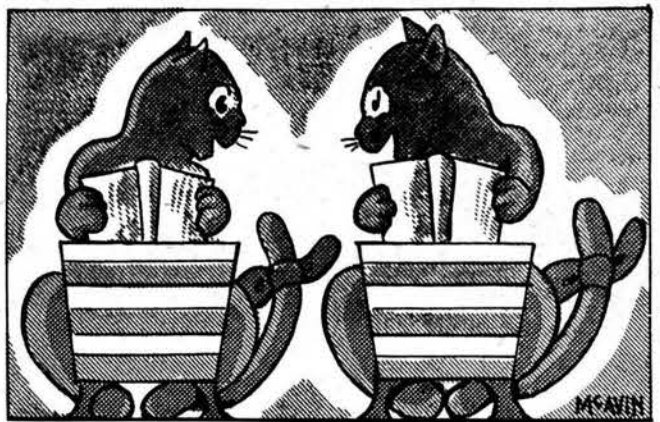
Her secret ambitions are to decide WHERE she has heard that song before, to win a checker tournament from OB, to see the early bird catch the worm, and to prove to everyone that she is really shy—Can she do it?

As a parting word she advises freshmen and sophomores, too, to think of Central as something bigger than just a place. "Enter its activities, study hard, have fun, and build, so you will have something to look back on when you are seniors."

—Billie

Dedication Ditties

Murder	Report cards
Coronation March	Mal and Spier
Why Don't You Do Right?	Tom Irwin
Moonlight Becomes You	Jane McFayden
Major and Minor	Bess Bozell
Chatterbox	Janice Baliman
Rat Mort	Cottingham
Cue Ball Pete	Jeanne Freshman
What Hasse Got That Gets Me?	Holman
You'd Be So Nice to Come Home To	Home
Welcome	Spring



Shoes . . . No Soap

Da foist robin has choiped
Da boid is on de wing
How absold,
De wing is on de boid.

'N the little gal in library with the straw shoes really got the bird when she demonstrated how efficiently her hurraches squeaked, from seat 102 to the fiction room. The little maid was sooo embarrassed that she remained in the little room all period watching the varied activities. After every head had followed her across the floor, the librarian announced, "You may take off your shoes now!"

Ah yes, the Board of Education almost broke down and bought us some soap when they heard rumors 'bout soap rationing. Too bad 'twas only a rumor.

"All the world is a stage," and Dick McLellan's in the middle of it. Seemed that Dick was collecting attendance slips and happened to saunter into the midst of senior play rehearsal. "Come, come, McLellan, read your part," insisted Miss Jones. "But, but, Miss Jones, I . . . " "Never mind, Dick, we've got to hurry." "But I didn't come here to . . . " "Pick up that cue, Mr. McLellan." And therein lies the success story of Richard A. McLellan, from slip collector to drama artiste. He will be seen in the forthcoming production "Best Foot Forward."

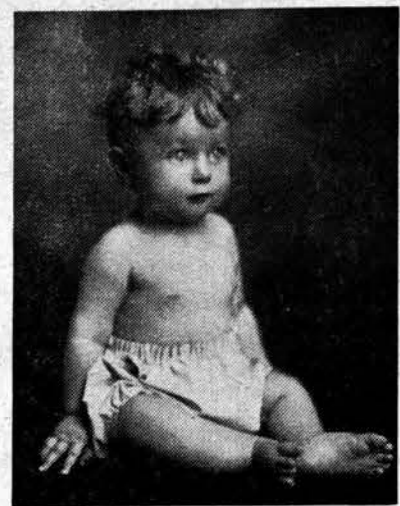
There's no fool like an April fool . . . and who should know better than the junior lad who unraveled his own future just like that . . . poof! Johnny Eager who spotted Susie's knitting bag, coyly unknitted every stitch of the "sloppy" his girl was making for herself, he thought. Take heed, boys, he who unravels freezes cuz Johnny dropped every stitch of his prospective birthday present. 'Couse, all names are fictitious but weren't it a purdy yarn?

Just finished talkin' to Sadie Hawkins of Mac, Marge, and Sadie, Inc., ye olde editors of "Across the Study Hall." Sadie's still dishing out dirt on the Nebr. uni. paper, although her scope is limited cuz she dasn't mention picnics. And what has become of the great American institution of picnics that they're now unmentionable . . . hmmm, picnics, hmmm.

It is only fitting and proper to end this soliloquy with a two line verse

my, my
good-bye

Beautiful Babes



ROSELLE OSOFF

The baby who collected the most votes was Jack Chesnut, that dimpled and apple-cheeked fella wid'a big grin. The ballot box was philed (get it?) next highest for Shirley Hassler who sat demurely in a wicker chair looking at the world in an amazed fashion. Third and fourth place winners were our dear Editor Cowger and Betty Jo Briggs.

Ethee Lashinsky has been voted Miss America of 1927 for her astonishing life portrait three feet high. Funniest baby was Betty Kirk who had the same blank expression she wears now as she wandered about ye olde halls. Ruthie Traub gets the medal for being "best mannered" while Dick McLellan receives the title of "man-about-town," mode of transportation being a kiddie car.

Johnnie Hiffernan is the "caveman" of the class of '43. Flora and Goodlett Foster are unanimously voted the cutest baby couple. Harold Anway is honored by being "best undressed." Lenore X. Simon is the "best athlete" and Alys Jorgenson is "prettiest."

"Best all around baby" is Roselle Osoff, as anyone can plainly see. All you gotta do, Jack, is look—! Leonard Steinberg will doubtless be "most likely to succeed." This is evident by the way he is lovingly kicking his sister while her back is turned.

"Most romantic," Joan McCague, was chosen for her technique in kissing her teddy bear. "Ideal Central baby" is Penelope Anderson and "ideal Central boy babe" is Bobbie Cappel.

We all had multitudes of fun with all the beautiful babies and lots of luck to next year's class. Hope they have as much nerve as we did. Nyah!

The Bookshelf

REPORT FROM TOKYO
By Joseph C. Grew

No American needs to be told that Joseph C. Grew was ambassador to Japan

on December 7, 1941, the last diplomat this country will ever send to a government controlled by men who believe their destiny is to conquer the world and that savagery is a means to that end.

During his last few years in Tokyo, Mr. Grew's patient, straight-forward efforts to keep peace became familiar with American newspaper readers. Since his return to this country, the former ambassador has been broadcasting and lecturing, giving no thought to relaxation.

"Report from Tokyo" includes the text of these addresses, revised and arranged for book publication. Each chapter covers a separate topic, and the theme, as stated in the foreword, is "Know Your Enemy." No one can know, until he has read this book, the intense feeling that inspires Grew nor how well-justified that feeling is by his faithful but fruitless years of work in Japan.

While the western world was hoping for a lasting peace, attending disarmament conferences, and entering into international economic agreements, Japan prepared for war! Schoolboys learned the use of guns and bayonets; intricate military drill was a graduate requirement of Japanese schools. Fourteen-year-olds were drafted as seamen or trained to operate tanks. Japan's war with China was merely a testing ground for her military machine, with which she plans to rule the world.

"Only by utter physical destruction or by the exhaustion of her men and materials can Japan be defeated." The slant eyes are united by a fanatical belief in their destiny, which inspires the runts to commit hara-kiri.

Truth is the worst enemy of the Japanese government and our best ally. The Japanese people have received no word of the Chinese massacres or of the atrocities committed at Nanking.

Writing in a conservative manner, Grew speaks as a man who saw the Japanese military leaders crushing all opposition at home, in Manchuria, and in the Far Pacific. On December 7 the ambassador was conferring with officials about preserving peace. When he was informed of Japan's vicious attack on Pearl Harbor, he could not believe that it was true.

No flag-waver, Grew writes for the intellect and not for the Office of War Information. With ten years' experience as an ambassador to Nippon, the author knows the facts about our enemy and presents them without prejudice or bitterness.

—Marion Keller

What's in a Name

"My Heart Belongs to Betty (or Bette or Bettie)" is the favorite theme song of Central's wolves. Reason? There are no less than 60 Bettys, or Bettes, or Betties roaming the halls of this institution of higher learning. They outnumber the Marys, the runners-up, three to two.

And if the Joans, Joannes, or Jo-Anns get in your hair just be careful what you do because there's 35 of them against one of you, Noreen. The Dorotheas and the Jeannes or Jeans are running neck and neck with 38 apiece.

For those who croon "Ai ai ai, Delores," let us add this little note: the 11 Deloreses may be nice, but Barbaras are easier to get—there's three times as many of them.

Eenie, meenie, minie, but there ain't no mo' than one Zena, Lenke, or Christian. As for Ethelyns, Wildas, and Myrlees, they're definitely lacking, and of course there's only one Rosemary.

For any one interested in further information, the authors suggest that you go through the file, one card at a time, your own selves.

Rehearsals Begin for Senior Play

Name Jo Ann Calvert
'43 Student Director

Deffenbaugh and Cappel
To Be Romantic Leads

Rehearsals have begun for the senior play, "Best Foot Forward," which will be presented on April 30. Miss Myrna Jones, director of many Central productions, will be assisted by Jo Ann Calvert, student director.

Donna Deffenbaugh, who had a major role in the fall play, portrays Helen Schlessinger, the romantic lead. Playing opposite her is Bob Cappel, who takes the part of Bud Hooper. Bud is the stage-struck boy who invites the movie star, Gal Joy, to the dance as his guest. He pretends Gale is Helen, and the mix-up really starts when the true Helen arrives. The role of the movie star will be played by Billie Wilson.

Supporting Cast Is Tops

Lenke Isacson, as the blind date who stole the show in New York, is invited for Chuck Green, a pal of Bud's. Accompanying Helen and the blind date are Ethel, who isn't very popular with the boys because she is too tall to dance with, played by Joan McCague, and Minerva, everybody's pal, played by Myrlee Holler. Other cronies of Bud's are Dutch Miller (Harold Anway), Hunk Hoyt (Dick McLellan), and Satchel Moyer (Jack Chesnut). Also in important roles are Erwin Witkin as Chester Billings, the newspaperman, and Corinne Wohlner as Miss Smith, a very tenacious chaperone.

Phil Holman is the principal of Winssocki High school who hates boys. Another faculty member is Professor Lloyd, played by Thomas Landale. Carolyn Covert as Miss Delaware Water Gap adds a comical touch to the play. Also attending the dance are an old grad, played by Walter Miller, and Jack Haggerty, Miss Joy's manager, portrayed by Lincoln Klaver.

Business and Ticket Managers Chosen

On the non-acting side of the play, Dick McFayden will be ticket manager, and Rolland Otis is business manager. Committees for production have been chosen and are as follows: the property committee will be headed by Jeanne Freshman, assisted by Doris Belzer, Dorothy Blacker, Jim Borghoff, Josephine Bower, Nadene Fornstrom, Alys Jorgenson, Carita Markel, Zannette Milne, Shirley O'Banion, Betty Scott, and Shirley Sims. Marilyn Gray is the chairman of the publicity committee, and her assistants are Barbara Brintnall, Shirley Brodkey, Charlotte Brookstein, Dorothy Rosenberg, and Phyllis Waxenberg.

The ticket staff will consist of Pearl Brick, Betty Bertishofer, Shirley Davis, Dorothy Hasenjager, Harriet Lorkis, and Peggy Raapke. Chairman of the costume committee is Bernice Hugenberg, and her helper will be Patti Shoup.

Participating in the dance scene are Barbara Brintnall, Charlotte Brookstein, Dorothy Blacker, Lee Bernstein, Betty Bertishofer, Jane Brannmann, Pearl Brick, Jim Borghoff, Josephine Bower, Richard Carlson, and Carolyn Covert. Other are Myrtis De Voe, Shirley Davis, Nadene Fornstrom, Don Gorman, Steve Greenberg, Mary Gray, Meyer Halprin, Dorothy Hasenjager, Ruth Hassler, and Alys Jorgenson. Also included are Elsie Kaulitz, Mary Jean Loucks, Melvin Linsman, Zannette Milne, Carita Markel, Norma Jean Michaels, Ted Mallory, Rolland Otis, Ernie Price, Flora Schmidt, and Betty Scott. Remaining ones are Beverlee Stams, Shirley Sims, Ruth Traub, Sally Wigert, Erwin Witkin, and Bernard Wolfson.

Elect Officers

Newly elected officers of the Westminster Fellowship of Tuxis, First Presbyterian church, are as follows: Ray Phares '44, president; Mary Martin '44, vice president; Eleanor Eyre '44, secretary-treasurer; Bob Tully '45, program chairman; and Wendell Clark '45, social chairman.

Choose Queen at Ninth Girls' Ball

Mrs. Irene Jensen, as chairman of the ball, has again lent her ingenuity in making this year's Spring Frolic a greater success than ever before. Mrs. Jensen originated the idea of the all girls' party in 1935 when she was appointed the first freshman girls' counselor. She wished to give freshmen a chance to meet the other girls in the school. The scheme started on a small scale and through the years has grown to its present proportions. Assisting Mrs. Jensen in the coronation are Mrs. Mary Kern and Mrs. Elsie Swanson.



MISS ANGELINE TAUCHEN is all decked out for the Crystal Ball.

The secrecy and suspense which always precedes the appearance of the queen coincides this year with the theme of the party. The coronation will take place in the auditorium. The girls will proceed there from the gym to watch the processional march of the royal court. The center section of the auditorium is reserved for parents while the girls will be allotted the side sections.

The curtain will rise on the Student council girls as ladies of the council. They are Marjorie Allen, Suzanne Bockes, Barbara Bush, Rae Dickinson, Marilyn Johnson, Margaret Knapple, Mary Ann Korb, Betty Legge, Donna Lee Ronnau and Mary Stuht.

Corinne Wohlner acting as marshal will announce the names of the girls as the spotlight follows them down the aisle on their way to the stage. Marching first will be the countesses who are officers of the freshman, sophomore and junior classes. Freshman officers are: president, Mary Lee Taylor; vice president, Betty Caldwell; secretary, Evelyn Byron; treasurer, Delores Hughes.

Officers of the sophomore class are: president, Belya Hawkins; vice president, Marian Cooper; secretary, Susie Carson; treasurer, Pat Nordin. Junior officers are Mary Lou Stevens, president; Mary Andre, vice president; Marion Keller, secretary; Rosemary Eastlack, treasurer.

Following the countesses will be the duchesses in pastel formal. These senior girls are Jeanne Anderson, Barbara Brintnall, Josephine Bower, Betty Buchanan, Betty Burns, Darlis Chambers, Carolyn Covert, Dorothy Cowger, and Marian Doll. Others are Dorothy Drishaus, Roberta Gross, Ann Haggerty, Barbara Hindman, Annette Keane, Jeannette Mallinson and Jane McFayden.

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Peterson Announces Military Organization For Rest of Season

With Central's 30 officers now permanently assigned, the race for the flag will begin in earnest. Cadet Lt. Colonel Robert Spier has taken command of the battalion with Cadet Major Richard O'Brien serving as his executive officer. Cadet Major Walter Clark has been appointed commander of the freshman battalion, while Cadet Captain Robert Mitchelltree has assumed his duties as battalion adjutant. Other officer appointments are as follows:

Company Commanders

"A"—Cadet Captain Walter Miller
"B"—Cadet Captain David Howard
"C"—Cadet Captain Richard McFayden
"D"—Cadet Captain Robert Beck
F No. 1—Cadet Captain Jack Chesnut
F No. 2—Cadet Captain Paul Reichstadt
F No. 3—Cadet Captain Harold Anway
Band—Cadet Captain Jack Anderson

Commanders of 1st Platoon

"A"—Cadet 1st Lt. Vernon Talcott
"B"—Cadet 1st Lt. Robert Muffit
"C"—Cadet 1st Lt. Rolland Otis
"D"—Cadet 1st Lt. Kenneth Carlson
F No. 1—Cadet 1st Lt. Stanley Perlmeter
F No. 2—Cadet 1st Lt. Robert Jacobson
F No. 3—Cadet 1st Lt. Everett Gantz

Commanders of 2nd Platoon

"A"—Cadet 2nd Lt. John Cottingham
"B"—Cadet 2nd Lt. Chester Lustgarten
"C"—Cadet 2nd Lt. Richard Benson
"D"—Cadet 2nd Lt. Fred Bekins
F No. 1—Cadet 2nd Lt. John Davis
F No. 2—Cadet 2nd Lt. Ernest Price
F No. 3—Cadet 2nd Lt. Dick McLellan
Band Officer—Cadet 2nd Lt. Bert Olsen
Ordnance Officer—Cadet 2nd Lt. Robert Gass
Supply Officer—Cadet 2nd Lt. Donald Swancutt
Warrant Officer for Band—Richard Rossiter

Later in the year a cadet colonel to head all ROTC units of the city high schools will be chosen from the four lieutenant colonels of the Central, Benson, North, and South high battalions.

The results of the monthly inspection, held March 29, are as follows:
First—Company "C"
Second—Company "B"
Third—Company "D"
Fourth—Company "A"
In the freshman companies, F No. 1 placed first, followed by F No. 2 and F No. 3.

Also included are Norma Jeanne Michaels, Virginia Murphy, Marilyn Nordgren, Roselle Osoff, Patsy Patavina, Jean Rubenstein, Barbara Whitlock, and Mary Jean Loucks.

Bouquets of lovely spring flowers along with colored spotlights will add beauty and glamour to the spectacle. Pat Roessig is chairman of the flower committee and Elaine Ellis, Gloria Peterson, Mary Martin, and Dorothy Saitta will assist her.

Bob Beck is in charge of staging and lighting effects. Assistant electricians are Fred Merrill, Dean Morrill, Warren Ennis, and Francis Simmonds.

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Field Frozen for Flying Flogies

Orders from Washington grounding civilian pilots and students have affected two Central boys. Planning careers in aviation, Richard Minard '44, and Walter Clark '43, had been taking flying lessons with hopes of acquiring a private pilot's license before being called into the service.

Dick, training in a Luscomb, and practiced landing and takeoffs, glides, spins, spirals, steep turns, and a series of turns. Giving his time on Saturdays, Dick had received four and one half hours of instruction. He hopes to be able to continue his lessons through the C.A.P.C.

Walter, flying a Piper Cub, had a student pilot's license which permitted him to solo. So far he has had eighteen hours solo flight. Walter took lessons first and second hours and Saturdays and Sundays at Nelson's flying school. Knowing he would be unable to fly after Sunday, he spent two and a half hours stunt flying.

"After two hours I began to feel sick," said Walt. "During dives I felt I would go through the floor of the plane."

He hopes he may be able to continue his lessons through the government Civilian Pilot Training.

Military Ball

Continued from Page 1

An excellent performance by the silent platoon in close order drill was next presented. Following their performance, silent platoon members were awarded bars by Principal Fred Hill.

Officers and their ladies then marched from the stage and executed intricate movements of the grand march before the colonel and honorary colonel. The first dance was reserved for officers and their ladies. General dancing to the music of Lloyd Hunter and his orchestra followed until the end of the ball at 12:30 p.m.

Much of the success of the ball may be attributed to Walter Clark, ball chairman; David Howard, ticket manager; Richard McFayden, master of ceremonies; and the following faculty members: Misses Adrian Westberg, Marian Treat, Angeline Tauchen, Elizabeth Kiewit, Josephine Frisbie, and Ruth Pilling; Mesdames Grace Knott, Catherine Blanchard, and Irene Jensen; F. H. Gulgard, Norman Sorensen, Frank Rice, Harold Peterson, F. Y. Knapple, O. J. Franklin, and Duane Perry. Settings for the ball were set up by cadets under the direction of Frank Rice. Robert Beck handled all lighting effects.

Centralites Appear in Play

Centralites appearing in the play at the Community Playhouse this week are Joe Moore '43, Bob Wells '44, Lenke Isacson '43, Carita Markel '43, Elizabeth Robertson '43, George Devenny ex'44, Dick Klopp '43, Morris Richlin '42, Genevieve Fitzpatrick '42, and Thom McManus '42.

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— Fran

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Boys at War



Jack Chapman '42 is home on a seven-day furlough from Great Lakes naval training station. After returning he expects to be sent to the aviation ordinance school.

Bob Dunn '35 has been promoted to shipfitter second class, somewhere in the Pacific. He is assigned to undersea welding work.

First Lieutenant Dean Delafield, veteran of the battles of Midway and the Solomons and holder of the Distinguished Flying Cross, the Purple Heart, and three stars for major engagements, spoke to the combined classes of Mr. F. H. Gulgard and Mr. G. E. Barnhill on March 24.

Lt. Delafield entered the army as an air corps cadet and was assigned to Mather field, California, where he received his wings as a navigator. His combat record includes bombing operations against the Japs at Rabaul and Tulagi. These engagements were launched from the New Hebrides and the Hawaiian islands where Lt. Delafield was assigned.

While fighting with the marines in their Solomons campaign, his flying fortress, the "Bad Penny," which was based at Henderson field, engaged the enemy on 22 different missions. In the Solomon naval battle his squadron bombed three enemy battleships.

On these attacks the "Bad Penny" was credited with downing 9 Zeros and hitting 15 Japanese ships. Lt. Delafield in the last 7 months has had 325 hours of combat flying.

In conclusion Lt. Delafield told the classes, "Mathematics and science are basic; it is the job of the high school student to get ready."

Nebraska U. Offers

Prizes for Essays

All high school seniors who intend to enroll in the University of Nebraska this coming fall are urged to enter the Nebraska Student Foundation essay contest. The title of the essay, which should not exceed 750 words, is "Why I Should Like to Attend the University of Nebraska in These Times."

The first prize will consist of a semester tuition which will not exceed \$45. There will also be two second prizes consisting of \$25 each. The prizes are not limited as to boys or girls. The winners will be judged entirely by the quality of their work.

All essays, which must be postmarked by midnight, April 17, and should be sent to the Nebraska Student Foundation, Student Union building, Room 305, Lincoln, Nebraska.

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By A. Sad Apple

On Friday when the sky is blue,
And there is nothing else to do,
I sometimes wonder if it's true
That who is what and what is who.

—Anon.

Down in a dark blue canyon in the lower left hand corner of Punderdunk lives a wise old man who sits before a cave, whiling away his declining years by indexing double bubble gum wrappers.

The fame of this patriarch having spread far and wide, Third Lieutenant Pudraski and myself left the pleasant land of the heffalumps and made our way to the cave in the dark blue canyon. There stood the white-bearded ancient, all sunny and care-less, and just as if twice nineteen didn't matter a bit.

"Tell me, sir," began Pudraski, bowing low, "how came you to be so wise?"

The old man straightened up, put his lollipop into its pigskin case, looked us squarely in the stomach, and declared:

"Ask me a riddle and I reply,
"Cottleston, cottleston, cottleston pie."

We left the dark blue canyon in a thoughtful mood. "Say, kid," entreated Pudraski, "how did the old man gain his wisdom?"

"He was a teacher at one time," I replied. "Central, of course."

HALL OF LOUSY PLAYERS

It isn't worth the trouble, but if you run down to the rifle range, hop over to the seventh target, and quickly look behind it, you will see a little fellow with excited ears. His name is Freddy Bekins.

Freddy, commonly known as Unmentionable, is a familiar figure to nearly everybody, much to their regret. He is straight as an arrow on the rifle range, the bowling alley, and otherwise after seven o'clock.

Beke now needs only one more medal to wear seven every day and never use the same one twice.

He sat as silent as a snark
Beneath the green-bay tree,
And counted ev'ry piece of bark
That his blue eyes could see.

About this man the happy birds
Sang a joyous song;
Poor things! they didn't know the words,
And got the tune all wrong.

Up rose the man and cried, "Be still!
Or I will stop those yaps.
You see this gun? I shoot to kill;
So shut your little traps."

For all of which the moral is:
If you should shake some pop,
Be careful that the fizzy fizz
Does not shoot out the top.

Go Away, Steinberg, You Bother Me

Central's tennis team should finish the season without a defeat, if we have enough rain.

"Although the prospects are good," Sunshine Sorsensen said with a chuckle, "the outlook of Egypt's sweet potatoe crop is poor. Oh, whatever shall I do?"

Just because Bill Snuffbucket won the gum chewing championship of Q street last June, the racketeers may escape.

Pukey Isacson and Putrid Campbell think they have the other two posts for themselves, but there are a pair of unknowns, "Light of My Life" Lyle and "Zik" Carlson who can lick them one-handed (of course, tennis is played with one hand, you jerk).

—elyL obmij

Central Wins National Championship

So You Want To Go Nuts? Read Onward

Got a touch of Axis in our talk,
Got too much of taxes in our talk,
Oh, this war may be our ruin,

But not if you use Dopies in the green and red perfected package. Dopies haven't gone to war; Dopies don't live in a brand new house; Dopies are as bad as ever. Whenever you have that glorious feeling that you just crawled out of an ashcan, try Dopies to regain that run-down look. Remember Dopies—only \$25 at your nearest opium den.

Having reached the spot, we finally saw it. It was small, powerful, and weak. It turned its small beady eyes toward us and slowly advanced. We could see its muscles contorting and shimmering under the jungle moon as the band played on. We tried to run, but there was no escape. Our cries for help were of no avail. We were trapped.

What makes Sammy run is a question that stumps the experts. Is it the high-octane gasoline, the kickapoo joy juice, or Sammy's feet?

So we went down to the corner and who do we see but little Ozzie. Ozzie comes up to us and says "If you write to that boy in the service, remember that it's time to shine!" And for that shine, use Quackenbush's Famous; it can't be beat. If you don't know where to buy it, just try to find out.

And as another day comes drifting through the digest of the news, we quietly hope for the statement of the debilitated Bulldog. If at first we don't succeed, we will take all our comic books and feed them to it. For it is a fine day that has a ruler and a pencil, even if it means no ping-pong next Monday.

—Boots

Oh Is It?

Age—12,642 minutes
Height—26,0615 meters
Weight—Enough to break a scale
Hair—Zoot suit purple
Eyes—They stopped counting when they hit 2,601,900
Activities—Shinnyball
Bad habits—Hitting the hay at 10:13 Z.M.
No. of toes—Twelve
Legs—Plenty cute
Ambition—To fly across Horfitz Whiffenglop's bird bath
Fitting song—"Zelaphenozeky, Here I Come"

Last Guess Who wasn't me, so it must have been somebody else.

The nose of the human being is placed Below the eyes and above the mouth

Here it is, dear readers, the greatest sports sensation of the century. The whole nation is ablaze with the news. It's spot, it's hot, it's nothing but that new, sensational, exciting conglomeration—hyrrndalphin-schnitz!

To be an expert in this game, one must have an excess of ability in African dominoes, marbles, pick-up sticks, tiddely winks, parcheesi, and music appreciation. A thorough course at Professor Quicktobedum's sanitarium will prepare one in the intricacies of this sport. However, at the present time only two people know how to play the game: Yehudi and Professor Quicktobedum.

This is the first time that a story about the game has passed the censor. It is a game stressing team work because only one team participates.



—Courtesy of Who Cares

ONE OF CENTRAL'S national champions reclines after holding down the anchor man under the washtub, don't you think so? He was tired, so he can't be blamed for that stupid look.

Peterson's Potshots In Shootin' Match

Central's rifle team, commanded this year by Pfc. Stanislaus Gliboucksteinovich O'Reillyberg, has qualified for the Trans-Dodge street tournament with Central grade school. The men who qualified had to shoot a 78 out of a possible 7,689 1/2.

There are four positions in riflery. The first is called prone. This position is taken by placing the head in a bucket of sand and pulling the trigger with the third toe of the right foot.

FLASH!

Natives of Brazil travel whole hours at a time without removing their shoes.

The second position is sitting. In the sitting position the firer shoots the gun over his shoulder in just the proper angle so that the bullet will ricochet off the wall and score a perfect bulls-eye.

Kneeling is the third position. In kneeling the gun is fired directly into the ground and in the ensuing turmoil, the rifleman runs rapidly down to the end of the range and punctures the bulls-eye with the nearest blunt instrument.

The final and most difficult position is standing. In order to get into this position one must first assume the angle most favorable to receive a wallop on one of the outer extremities. As the swat is received the subject will straighten up swiftly and be in an excellent standing position.

Any one wishing to witness the match will be admitted for the small sum of 14 cents to cover the cost of life insurance policies for the scorekeepers.

—reitcaM hguH

Sleazy Squad Seizes Supremacy, So Say Some Stinko Students

By beating the Massissoupi state champs—Slopstew Prenormal—in the finals of the Shrine of Honest Mules Tournament held in Burptown, New Jerkies, last night, Central's fighting Eagles won their first national championship.

It was strait forward ball rite down to the last race of the day when Slopstew's Gabriel Goosegown connected with a rite to the solar system, sending Percival Pretzilpus down for a 13-count. However, he returned with a 3-iron to score 4 birdies and a two-ounce pikerel.

Six X Ten = Two 1/4

Slopstew opened fast with a strong apoplexy attack which netted three strait falls; but goalie Oswald Rumpwelt gave the Eagles a 4 1/2-3 lead on his sensational pivot shot to the side pocket. Soon after, Ilisiah Swerp put the game on ice when he blew up a 32-ton battleship with a lump of sugar.

In the third half Gerald Gushwater drove in 3 runs as he scampered 42 inches to a touchdown, but the field goal didn't count since there were over 7 chickens hiding in the beer barrel. With 20 hours left till game time, Buford O'Hankerchief won the 6-furlong event with a javelin cast of 320 kilometers. On the second jump, his ball rolled into the gutter for a strike, making the count read 14 balls and one squirrel with three nutz in its left ear.

The 47th and final round saw Superman and Submariner enter the court to set 73 new A. A. Pue. swim records. In the same race Seabiscuit was well in the lead when he tripped over his mother's shoe lace, causing a net ball.

Eggs Up Thirty Cents

During intermission a fire resulted when Napoleon dropped King Tut's cigaret lighter into a tub of boiling grapefruit joes where Hitler was soaking his frozen feet. All were saved when F.D.R. appeared to donate a pint of gasoline to the Society of Crippled Grasshoppers.

The only casualty came on the ninth green when Rufus Ringworm fell off his camel and broke his collar-button. As he left the ring a tremendous round of applause arose, swept the sparrows off the rafters, and left via the cold air ventilator.

We of the sports staff appreciate the fine manner in which these lads upheld the standards of this glorious high school, and on behalf of the Diets committee, all those who report to the Register office eleventh hour today will receive a ten pound chunk of roast beef, served with tulip pie a la mode and essence of horse teeth.

—Zeke

Nice Try!

Who is the smartest boy in Central?
Lucy Dandruft, H. R. 2:145: Stanley Schack.
Rick O'Shay, H. R. 145: Stanley Schack.
Orang Utang, H. R. 845: Stanley Schack.
Lotta Bank, H. R. 045: Stanley Schack.
Ura Baldy, H. R. 00008: Stanley Schack.
A. Looney, H. R. 316: Stanley Schack.
—Submitted by Stanley Schack.

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U.S. Declares War As Beans Grow Tall

If it were not for the fact that there are five other teams entered in the golf league besides Central, the Eagles would stand a good chance of taking first place. Coach Sorensen, who won the junior golf title of 1905, when asked for his opinion of the other teams, stated, "Ahhh, we could lick dat bunch of illiterate bums wit our legs cut off and our hands tied behind our backs!"

After a three day conference, high school golf officials decided, because of transportation difficulties, that all golf matches will be played at Dodge park, unless they are played elsewhere, which will probably happen.

Prospects are extremely bright, as practically all of the players have been lit up at one time or another. This year, however, strict training rules have been established. Any player who is not tucked into bed by three o'clock will get beat on the head with a brickbat and made to contribute fifty cents to the Register fund for disabled sports writers. The coach expects no trouble.

Missing from the league will be Thomas Jefferson and Tech. "Jeff," as he is known by his many friends, will be absent because of a broken leg suffered during the football season, while Tech is not competing because its star player jabbed himself in the face with a fork while eating raw beefsteak.

—noscaM eteP

You Can't Tell Without a Program

The cries of "Popcorn, peanuts" and "Murder the umpire" will soon echo through the huge stadiums at Riverview, Fontenelle, and Boyd field as Central opens another baseball season.

After looking into an old goldfish bowl and through a deck of marked cards, we came up with the following prediction. Central will win the Creamed Hash League pennant. There's only one thing wrong with this prediction. The Eagles aren't in this league.

Last year our team played before packed audiences. In one game a new attendance record was set when 27 people crowded into Fontenelle park for the contest. This crowd included fifteen players from each team, the coaches, the two umpires, and the scorekeeper.

After a long conference with the other experts, we have concocted the



This paper has covered every type of active sport except the most important one—snooker. So here it is from an expert's viewpoint.

One of the most strenuous and nerve-racking games, it is played on an oversized pool table with the following implements: cue, chalk, red balls, number balls, and aspirin.

The score is made by knocking number balls into the little pockets, usually found on the sides of the table. There's only one catch—you must knock one of the red balls in before you get a chance at the number balls. Therefore, if a number ball is put in before a red ball, you lose the amount shown on the number ball. This is sad! About this time the inexperienced player ends up a few hundred in the hole, and has to pay.

Now, if there are no questions, I'll close with this bit of advice: Stay away from sharks! You will recognize a shark by his shifty eyes, long black cigar, mussed-up hair, and "O" sweater. If this type character approaches you with the remark, "Wanna shoot a little snooker?" your answer, just like your mother said, should be "NO!"

—nosiraC neK

For Women Only

Attention, girls! Are you interested in athletics? Do you like to play football, basketball, soccerball, volleyball, shuffleball, and baseball? If you do, then join the Y.M.C.A., don't bother us.

Did you hear about the girl that brought several gifts to school because she understood that everyone was required to have a shower? And then there was the girls' sports editor that was massacred in a dark alley.

If this column today is quite senseless,

'Tis because ye editor's restless.

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