

**San-O-Rama**



**1946**

Not Original Cover

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT  
Senior Class 1946

We, the seniors of 1946 who are, at the moment, sound in mind and body, do make our last will and testament.

Article I.

- To Miss Murphy We leave one squeaky desk, and a new trash basket for the gum-chewing seniors of next year.
- To Miss Thomas We leave all our old typing papers, (which she already has)
- To Mrs. Hensley We leave all our old "American People" and pleasant memories of "Ever Since Eve"
- To Mrs. Evans A much more studious geometry class and a quieter typing class. (we hope)
- To Mrs. Couzy We leave our kind regards.
- To Mr. Spitzer We leave all our old experiments and memories of "Texas"
- To Mr. Hoffman We leave the worries and problems that the coming senior class will bring.

Article II

Virginia Moore leaves her flair for the U.S. Navy to Christine Buchholtz. Heather Walters leaves her crush on Tom Tucker to anyone who will take it off her hands.

And we both leave our interest in "height" to Arthur Whitney.

Article III

To our successors we bequeath:

The thoughts of coming to school, only to be dragged off the porch by the policemen.

Honor Roll

Each star represents one period of six weeks

Numbers before names represent marking period in which these pupils entered.

Grade 9

- Sue Mingus \*
- (3) Roberta Pfaff \*\*\*
- Kenneth Repath \*\*\*\*\*
- (4) Marjorie Smith \*\*
- (5) Barbara Stiehl \*
- Lenny Teagle \*\*\*\*\*

Grade 10

- Betty Ann Binnion \*
- Minerva Josephson \*\*\*\*
- Mary Macrini \*
- Pauline Morgan \*
- (4) Lucy Smith \*

Grade 11 - 12

- Claire Wilken \*\*\*\*\*
- Heather Walters \*\*\*\*\*



## Set Your Goal

From childhood we have dreamed of how great we are going to be some day, but the older we get the more we realize that it is not so easy to be great. To reach our goal we will have to struggle and work hard. As students in high school we are all quite aware of this. But are we equally aware of how our goal is to be reached? Do we know what it means to struggle and work hard? So far in our lives very few, if any, of us have had to do any struggling or hard work. True, we all cram for our tests and struggle with our homework but this is nothing compared to what is in store for us in the future if we are to reach our goal.

There is a word which Webster defines as "implying a strong desire for advancement." This word is ambition. It is this strong desire for advancement that must be the foundation on which we start out to reach our goal. Once we have the desire to get ahead in the world we must do something about it. To begin with we must have initiative. We should be able to carry through our problems without aid. We must be able to figure things out for ourselves--not always rely on the other fellow. We must be able to create and develop our own ideas, in so far as they are helpful to that particular work we are doing. Another fundamental that we all must develop in order to achieve the desired end is learning how to get along with other people. No matter where we are, or what we are doing we generally have to deal with our fellow men and women. We must learn how to co-operate with them, go out of our way to help them, and be pleasant and companionable to them. Another important factor on our road to success is to be able to recognize right from wrong--keep our eyes open and be alert. Many things happen around us and we should observe them as they in themselves will teach us or help us in some way. Lastly we all should have a certain amount of perseverance. Our ambition, initiative, ability to co-operate etc. would be of little use to us if we did not have this last quality. Once we make up our minds to achieve a certain goal we should not let anything interfere. We should stick to it until the end.

If we could develop all these qualities we would be able to accomplish that which we started out to do. Right now in high school is the time to start developing them--in our work, our association with fellow students, and in our play--throughout our daily life we should keep these things in mind and try to develop them to the best of our ability. Few people actually reach their goal, but that is only because they lack some of the qualities previously mentioned. If we master these arts and apply them to our lives each of us can achieve his goal. Is it not worth trying?

Claire Wilken  
Editor

If little labor, little are our gains;  
Man's fortunes are according to his pains.

\*\*\*



My Autobiography  
Virginia Moore

I was born (?) April 15, 1928, in a small Oklahoman town called Harrah, whose population at that time was 690. My father was working at an Oklahoma Gas & Electric plant before I was born and we lived in a company house until I was two. We moved about a mile and a half from town and a few years later built a few additional rooms to our house.

Before I started to school I visited my grandparents many times and I remember some of the stories they told me.

My grandparents left Tennessee and settled in Oklahoma after the territory was opened for settlement. My grandfather mended shoes, which in those days was an important job, and my grandmother was everyone's helper. When anyone was sick or needed food or clothing she was the first to help. My other grandparents left Missouri and settled in Harrah and ran a big saw mill. Harrah had six different names before it finally became Harrah. Men with a little money and a store called it their town so the town took their name until Frank Harrah came.

My first great adventure was starting school. I vaguely remember walking up the steps to my first grade room with my pencil, tablet, paste, crayons, scissors, and ruler in one hand and my lunch box in the other. My girl friend and I fought over the first seat (The back seat seems most desirable now). Our teacher settled the argument by giving each of us a front seat.

Of all my teachers I remember my third grade teacher best because she gave me my first whipping. I had to stay in for recess one day and I talked to my friends. The whipping didn't hurt, but I was hurt because she whipped me in front of the whole class. The years passed and it was time for graduation from the eighth grade. Was I a proud person when I got my diploma which gave me the right to be in high school!

The next school term began and I was a freshman. A few weeks later I heard something about initiation, but I didn't think much about it. The next week we received a list of our things to do. One day we wore an onion around our neck, the next we wore our dresses short, our hair in pigtails, and carried dolls. We called this week Hell Week and the name suited it exactly. Time went by and I was a sophomore. In February of that year Dad sent us word that we could come to Aruba. A few days later my class gave a farewell party for me and the next few days we spent packing and telling everyone "so long". Well, to make a long story short, here we are.

Class Flower

\*\*\*Lavender\*\*\*

Class Motto

\*\*\*Loyalty and Strength begin with Knowledge\*\*



Autobiography  
Heather Walters

I was born somewhere in the deep, dark, ages of the past, but since it was so long ago, there is no point in my telling you when and where. When I was about six years old, I moved from where I was born to Paignton, a small town on the coast of Devonshire, England. For the first time I can remember seeing trains, and I used to stand with my face glued to the station bars watching them come in and out.

My school was right across the street from a zoo. I can still remember the one and only time I have been frightened on the way to school. A leopard had escaped, and was roaming around. I went to school but at every corner I expected to see it. Although many people say they saw it, I never did---except in my dreams.

When war broke out foreign soldiers were stationed in our town. Later U.S. soldiers staged mock battles around it. All we Patrol Leaders of the Girl Scouts were trained to carry messages, and were to be assigned to bases if we were invaded; also we often cooked in the canteens. Our town was a big reception town for soldiers before D-Day.

In 1942 I entered Totnes County High School. My most vivid memory is of being dive-bombed, while we were in school. Our classroom was in a house away from the main building and near a station, which was the target. As soon as we heard the bombs falling we went under the desks--they were collapsible and so they fell on top of us. It was a surprise attack; no sirens had sounded, but the bombs fell about 100 yards away. None of the school children were hurt.

Just before D-Day we used to have to take shelter almost every Sunday night. They seemed to like to come over on Sundays. Our town itself never really had a blitz, but it was in the direct path for bombers going to the important naval bases around. If they could not get rid of their bombs over the target, they would drop them along the coast. Our beach was all barricaded until 1944, for fear of invasion. The pier, which was jutting out into the sea, was chopped in half for the same reason.

I was in my fourth year of high school when I left England. I crossed from Liverpool to Halifax, Nova Scotia, on a Royal Mail cargo boat. From there I went to New York via Montreal.

I used to walk around New York at night, just to see all the signs and lights. When I left England the blackout was still in force, and it was the first city I had seen lighted up for six years. I really felt that I had conquered almost everything when I finished climbing the steps of the Statue of Liberty on a hot August day. From New York, I went to Miami by train and on to Aruba by airplane.

I find this school entirely different from my old school. We used to have assemblies with a short religious service every morning; our hours were 9-12:30 and 2-4. Our school was on a six year basis. Instead of the classes moving, the teachers did, except when a class had science. There is one thing that I really do miss; that is gymnastics and sports. At the end of our six years we had to take a final examination which was the Oxford School Leaving Certificate. This was extremely hard, but if you passed it, you could get employment anywhere. When we got into fourth year high, there were no study halls, and each day we had seven periods, but the same ones were not repeated the next day, except in the major subjects---Latin, math, English, French, and science. Minor subjects came only twice or three times a week. It seems a short time since I joined this high school, but all good things have to come to an end.



POPULARITY POLL

Best looking . . . . .	B. Binnion . . . . .	D. Rafloski
Best complexion . . . . .	R. Pfaff . . . . .	K. Repath
Best figure . . . . .	M. Morris . . . . .	D. Rafloski
Best dressed . . . . .	L. Smith . . . . .	R. Kennerty
Best dancer . . . . .	P. Morgan . . . . .	R. Kennerty
Best conversationalist . . . . .	C. Wilken . . . . .	A. Ray
Best disposition . . . . .	B. Binnion . . . . .	B. Morgan
Prettiest hair . . . . .	R. Pfaff . . . . .	D. Rafloski
Prettiest lips . . . . .	B. Binnion . . . . .	R. Kennerty
Prettiest eyes . . . . .	B. Binnion . . . . .	D. Rosborough
Prettiest teeth . . . . .	B. Binnion . . . . .	K. Repath
Prettiest smile . . . . .	B. Binnion . . . . .	R. Kennerty
Prettiest legs . . . . .	M. Morris . . . . .	L. Teagle
Biggest drag with teachers . . . . .	L. Smith . . . . .	L. Teagle
Biggest flirt . . . . .	B. Binnion . . . . .	W. Wade
Biggest wolf (wolfess) . . . . .	P. Morgan . . . . .	W. Wade
Biggest gum chewer . . . . .	S. Meeker . . . . .	T. Tucker
Most likely to succeed . . . . .	C. Wilken . . . . .	K. Repath
Biggest bluffer . . . . .	S. Mingus . . . . .	J. Cahill
Most versatile . . . . .	C. Wilken . . . . .	A. Ray
	P. Morgan	
Most athletic . . . . .	P. Morgan . . . . .	T. Tucker
Most egotistical . . . . .	V. Moore . . . . .	B. Rafloski
Most personality . . . . .	B. Binnion . . . . .	R. Burbage
Most original . . . . .	C. Wilken . . . . .	R. Kennerty
Most studious . . . . .	H. Walters . . . . .	L. Teagle
Most popular . . . . .	B. Binnion . . . . .	D. Rafloski
	P. Scott	
Cutest . . . . .	P. Scott . . . . .	M. Jennings
Wittiest . . . . .	P. Scott . . . . .	A. Ray
	C. Wilken	
Shyest . . . . .	R. Pfaff . . . . .	R. Burbage
Worst braggart . . . . .	V. Moore . . . . .	B. Learned
Friendliest . . . . .	B. Binnion . . . . .	R. Burbage
Done most for school . . . . .	C. Wilken . . . . .	K. Repath
Always late . . . . .	S. Mingus . . . . .	L. Teagle
Noisiest . . . . .	P. Morgan . . . . .	B. Learned
Gets away with most in class . . . . .	P. Scott . . . . .	B. Learned
Most popular senior . . . . .	H. Walters . . . . .	NONE
Most popular junior . . . . .	C. Wilken . . . . .	W. Wade
Most popular sophomore . . . . .	B. Binnion . . . . .	A. Ray
Most popular freshman . . . . .	P. Scott . . . . .	K. Repath

SCHOOL FAVORITES

Song: A Hubba, Hubba, Hubba  
 Subject: Biology  
 Book: Brave Men  
 Orchestra: Harry James

Radio Program: Hit Parade  
 Actress: Ingrid Bergman  
 Actor: Van Johnson  
 Movie: Bathing Beauty  
 Weekend at the Waldorf



PERSONALITY TRAITS

NAME	BASIS OF FAME	CHIEF OCCUPATION	LIKES	ACTS
D. Rosborough	Eaves drooping	Contradicting	People	Pleasant
L. Teagle	Pesting	Pestering	To pest	Pesty
B. Rafloski	His ego	Being loud	Himself	He-mannish
B. Morgan	Hair cut	Being coy	B. Binnion	Serious
A. Whitney	Telling secrets	Gossiping	Goggle fishing	Lanky
M. Jennings	Height	Playing	His bottle	Babyish
J. Cahill	Being dull	Robbin' the grave	J. A. M.	Inanimated
D. Richey	Talking	Interruptin'	Sue	Sarcastic
K. Repath	Curls	Giggling	His curls	Girlish
S. Mingus	Being a killjoy	Being moody	Herself	Like sister
S. Meaker	Bob	Bob	"General Motors"	Shackled
R. Pfaff	Fish (y) stories	Fishing	Daddy	Quiet
M. Smith	Car	Laughing	Jay C.	Friendly
P. Scott	Wearing shorts	Being angelic	Buba	Girlish
B. Stiehl	Miss "fix it"	Having fun	Buba & Wade	Wolfish
D. Rafloski	Mustache	Being different	Lucy	Noisy
R. Burbage	Blushing	Laughing	Skirts	Lazy
A. Ray	Posture	Cracking corn	Sue	Dumb
B. Learned	Sharonism	Trailing Meaker	Sharon	Hurt
T. Tucker	Mouth	Being executivish	Spanish	Important
P. Morgan	Winnie	Chasing boys	Wade	Queer
M. Morris	Figure	Riding Winnie	Pauline	Pauline-ish
M. Macrini	Nose (y)	Flirting	Lenny T.	Witty
M. Josephson	Friendliness	Doin' Nothin'	Roy B.	Nice
L. Smith	Debut	Holding Betty's hand	Mamma	Squirmish
D. Stuart	The giggle	Biking	The Fleet	Loud (?)
E. Wade	Bein' catty	Meowin'	Dick R.	Irritating
C. Buchholz	Hoibert	Looks	Bugs	Buggy
B. Binnion	Knock-kneed	Waiting (????)	"Bills"	True (????)
J. Polick	Wallet	Chewin' gum	Dick R.	Tom-boyish
R. Moore	Newness	Smiling	The girls	New



PERSONALITY TRAITS (continued)

NAME	BASIS OF FAME	CHIEF OCCUPATION	LIKES	ACTS
W. Buchholz	Big feet	Acting dumb	Babe	Thick
B. McCall	Limey walk	Whistling	Bryan	Eerie
W. Wade	Wolf in'	Being stubborn	B. Binnion	Indifferent
R. Kennerty	Socks	Smooth lines	Dancing	Fresh
C. Wilken	Peroxide	Preachin'	Peter	Clever (?)
V. Moore	La cara	Hypercritical	U. S. N.	Pessimistic
H. Walters	Accent	Tailing Claire	T. Tucker	English-y

I Wish I Knew.....How to pass notes as well as Betty Ann and Pauline.

For the First Time.....Tom Tucker has passed a Spanish test.

Till the End of Time.....Miss Murphy will be making us spit out chewing gum.

Don't Get Around Much Anymore...Since I played hookey that Monday afternoon.

Long Ago and Far Away.....Mary Macrini started talking and she hasn't stopped yet!

The More I See You.....The better my geometry grades get.

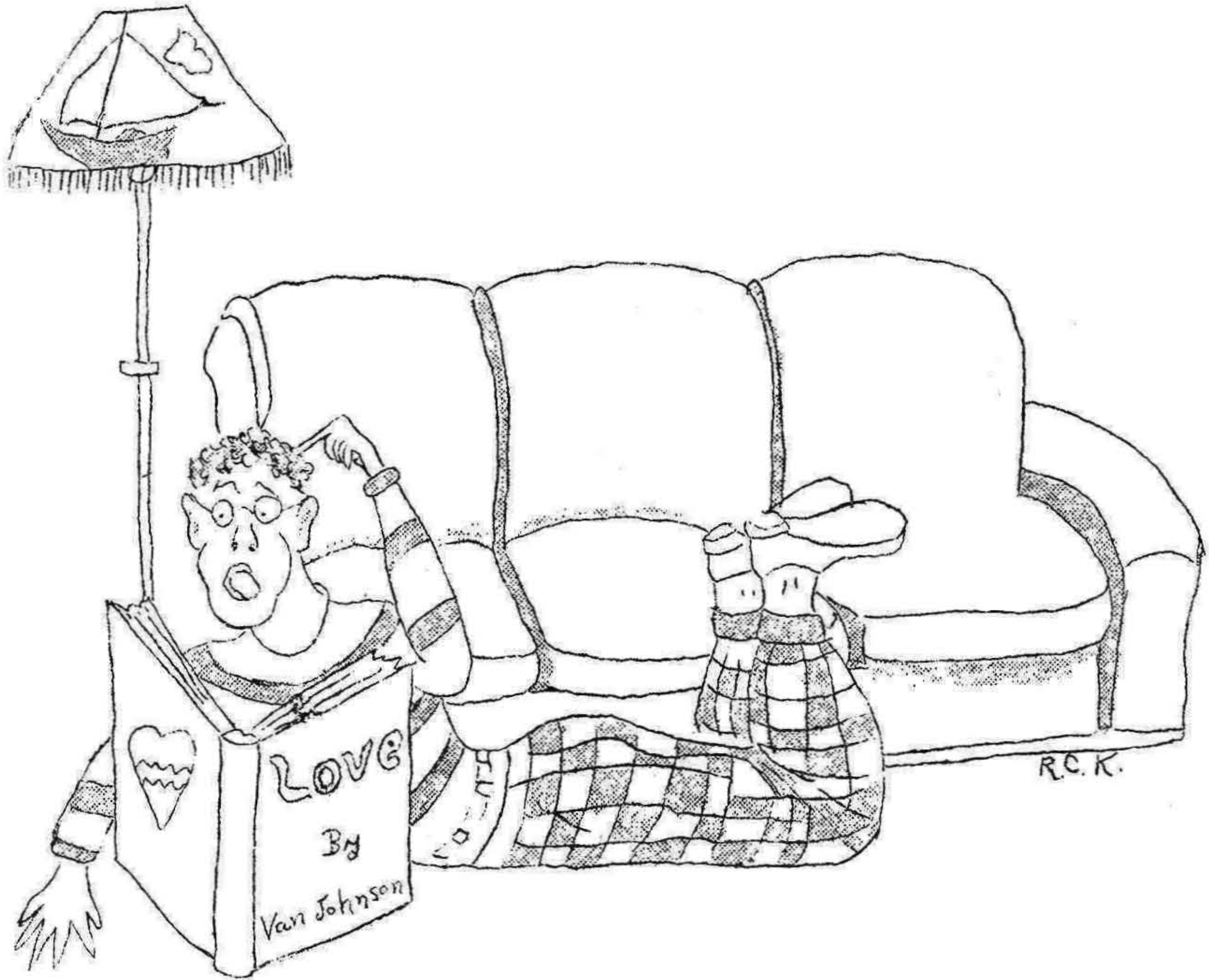
Take It Easy.....Murry! Some day you'll grow up.

Whats the Use of Wondering...If Bob Learned will ever stop bragging about that fish he caught.

Dream.....Of the day when Spanish I gets out on time.

There Are Such Things.....As A's on report cards.





L I T E R A T U R E



## My Trip to Maracaibo

Christine Buchholtz

Thursday night we went to the Lake Tanker dock and boarded the Amacuro which was to take us to Venezuela. At half past eleven we watched the ship leaving the harbor. I was glad to get away from the refinery which smelled so strongly of oil fumes. We watched the Christmas Star perched on the top of the Catalytic Plant turn in the wind until we went to bed.

Early the next morning we were awakened by the breakfast gong.

As we came out on deck after eating a delicious breakfast we noticed the sea had turned from the beautiful deep blue I had observed early in the morning to a muddy grey color. Near the horizon we could distinguish the exact line of separation. At noon time we saw the water change from the muddy color to the same dark blue I had seen in the morning. There was a distinct line dividing the two colors. They did not even blend. We were told it was the path the current took. Since the sea was rather rough Captain McCall told us we would not arrive until late Friday afternoon.

We could not see much of Venezuela on Friday because we arrived at Maracaibo at five o'clock that afternoon. We planned to visit the market place early next morning since all the stores close on Saturdays at eleven o'clock.

On our way to the market early Saturday morning we passed the ornate homes of a few wealthy people. We observed that the houses were of Spanish architecture. I liked the way the windows had iron grating in front of them. Each home had a name written over the door. All the bushes and trees of the homes were trimmed into different shapes. These handsome residences were so different from the houses in the interior of the large city where the market was located.

We could tell that we were nearing the market because the streets were becoming extremely crowded with donkeys and Indians. All the Venezuelans carried handkerchiefs in front of their noses. That was to prevent breathing the dust of the streets. The streets grew narrower as we approached the market but they led to the main street which was very large. The market was on the main street. It was composed of little booths where the merchandise was displayed. When a food was purchased it was wrapped in banana leaves instead of paper. Everybody was speaking or yelling at the top of his lungs and the small boys were constantly scolding their stubborn donkeys. This jumbled market seemed to me to be very primitive.

The quaint Indians had a peculiar method of carrying their bundles. These bundles were placed in a net bag which was suspended by a cloth strap. The strap was placed on the forehead of the Indian woman so that the bag rested on her back. Another person had to lift the net bag onto her back. These Indians interested us to the extent that we decided to visit their village the following day.



CATALINE  
Betty Ann Binnion

At one time or the other in one's life, everybody meets some one whom he considers unforgettable. Of all the people I have met in my lengthy (?) fifteen years, Cataline lingers longer than all the rest.

Cataline was a little Guatemalan waiter. He was of Mayan descent, and in many ways looked it. Cataline, however, had not inherited his timber-like forefathers' superior height and strong build. Instead he was a mere five feet, and he was just as round as the balls of butter he served at meal time. His eyes were large and black, and what hair he had was black also. His skin was a very light brown and very clear. As is the fashion in Guatemala for dashing men, he wore a tiny waxed mustache which didn't suit him at all. I couldn't even begin to guess his age because Cataline is the kind of person who will always seem ageless. He had the cleverest little habit of acting terribly hurt if he didn't get his way, and not even the coldest hearted person could resist him.

I believe the man who started the saying, "service with a smile" said it after he saw Cataline. I remember the first time I saw him. He was serving tables in the dining room of the "Las Americas Hotel." I was feeling terribly dizzy from the altitude. The sight and smell of food was revolting to me, and I wanted nothing more than to trot up to my soft cool bed. A moment later along came our rotund little waiter with the butter balls he so resembled. His eyes reflected his beaming smile, the very picture of a mischievous pixie. He then placed a large plate of Guatemalan "concoctions" in front of me. I turned a little green around the gills and turned a sickly gaze toward Cataline. He grinned and said something like, "Much glad to meet you; I is called Cataline." I mumbled out the fact that nothing was appetizing to me at the moment.

He gave me that pained look and said, "Oh, that not very nice."

I thought, he's probably quite sensitive and thinks I don't like his food. He gave a deep sigh and prepared to remove the plate, so I muttered, "All right I'll eat it." I did too, every bit of that gruesome stuff. This happened more than once; in fact it happened two or three times a day, and it never failed to work.

When we left for Chichicastenango, the poor little man looked as though he were going to cry. He wanted to shake our hands, but probably thought that it would be forward. This was quite obvious to us all, so we all solemnly shook hands with him. He looked like a fat little penguin in his waiter outfit. Naturally we gave him a big tip which seemed to cheer him immediately.

Yes, I will never forget you Cataline, in your little waiter's costume, with your bright sash tied around your round little tummy. You of the sad or joyous face, according to what you wanted to put across. You are what real authors should write about, not just an amateur like me. I am not able to do you real justice as hard as I may try. But I promise you if ever I become a real author or poet, I shall write about you--little Cataline!



MY ISLAND  
Heather Walters

I hailed the news of my departure for Aruba with delight; I was going to a tropical island, a place of my dreams. I had seen pictures and movies of these, which filled me with a longing to see one, and to live on one was one of my wildest dreams. I lay in bed one night and thought about it; I was going to live on a tropical island; in a moment I was far away and I began to imagine just what it was going to be like.

My island was small, about 30 square miles, a green mound set in a shining blue sea. Around the island, as though to protect it, was a white coral reef, where the gigantic waves struck and broke. Inside the reef the water was calm and sparkling, and in contrast to the deep blue of the ocean, it was a pale blue. Between the pale blue of the lagoon and the beautiful green of the jungle was a stretch of golden sand, soft and free from stones and other refuse.

My jungle was a masterpiece; tall palms stood softly swaying and whispering in the breeze; flowers and creepers of every hue grew in masses, hanging from trees and growing along the ground. Parrots, cockaroos and other beautiful colored birds flew around, chattering loudly to one another. Added to this noise were the squeaks, squeals and chatterings of the monkeys who lived in the tree tops. My jungle had no large and ferocious beasts such as tigers, leopards and elephants. Primarily because I don't like them, secondly because I wouldn't want them crawling around my jungle ready to pounce on anyone. Thirdly, because my jungle was so small, that there would be nothing for them to eat and consequently they would always be fighting and killing each other.

One point of the island was higher than the rest; it was on the coast, overlooking a natural harbor; this was where the colony was built. The houses were all white with flat tops and beautiful large gardens. At one corner of the colony was a series of big white buildings, and a lot of big silver tanks. These tanks held the oil; it was brought in already refined from another island and it served as a base for shipping the oil to other islands and countries.

In different parts of the jungle were native villages. The huts, and in fact the whole village, were very primitive, but the occupants, although they were progressive in many ways, still kept their customs and held their ceremonies just the same. I knew it would be a source of undying interest to me to watch them. The natives themselves were tall, strong and a light brown in color. One thing, I made sure of, they were not cannibals.

I was so sure that all tropical islands were like my island. It was indeed a shock to find I had to live on an island with no jungle, no native villages, and no golden sands. Instead I had to live in Aruba.



Will Power  
Claire Wilken

"Will power is a rare and wonderful gift," someone once said. True, it is rare and wonderful but it is not a gift. There are many people in this world of ours who look upon will power as something that you either have or don't have. This belief is very incorrect. Will power is something that must be developed---a rare art that must be mastered. To do this you have to have the earnest desire to accomplish this difficult feat. Wishing for will power is like the child who saw a cookie on the table and wished he had it, but made no attempt to ask for it or to get it.

Actually to have an earnest desire to develop will power requires determination. No matter what comes along, you must always put your desire to win ahead of anything else. You may be tempted again and again to let down your resistance, but you must never do so. You must maintain your strong determination to master the art of will power throughout your developing period.

Once you have developed will power you will find it a very useful thing. Every great achievement is the outcome of will power plus a determined effort. Victory will be yours if you can build up a will power that can not be shaken.

A person who lacks will power has a very weak character. In making decisions he will falter. He will find it hard to co-operate with others who are trying to help him. This weakness of will power will handicap him throughout his life.

I believe a person displays his will power more at school or at his work than at any other time. Daily he meets the touchy subject of cheating. The most common type of cheating in school is perhaps copying answers. There is the temptation to do the copying yourself or the temptation to allow someone to copy from you. Both types require considerable will power to overcome. If you lack will power you will, no doubt, go ahead and copy the answers. Perhaps you may not get into trouble at the time the crime is committed, but sooner or later you will run into hot water and regret your crime.

Then again you need will power when it comes to electing class officers. Of course you will be tempted to vote for your best friend, but on the other hand the other fellow really is best suited for the job. If you have will power you will overlook the fact that so and so is your best friend and vote for the person who is really best suited for the position.

Our war veteran will require a great deal of will power to overcome some of his physical as well as mental defects. He must develop this art to perfection else he will find it very hard to get along in the new life he is about to begin. In hospitals and special schools he is being taught how to overcome embarrassment and have will power in overcoming his problems.

Will power is a necessity that we all should obtain. With it we will be able to look the problems of our lives squarely in the face and overcome various difficulties that would otherwise cause us to stumble.



## Biology--The Study of Life

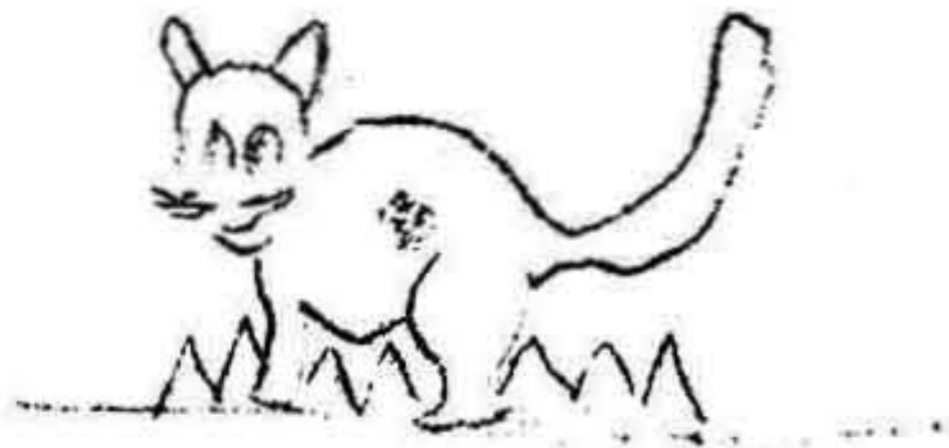
Roy Burbage

At 8:15 a. m. every morning of the school week a group of young people, whom I have the misfortune of being among, have an involuntary reflex at the sound of a bell which carries them to the biology room. Our biology textbook defines a reflex as a bodily action without conscious direction of the brain, so this must certainly be one because the majority of them are half asleep and the minds of the rest are occupied in making excuses for not doing their homework. With muffled groans they are strategically placed so as to offer little inducement for private conversation.

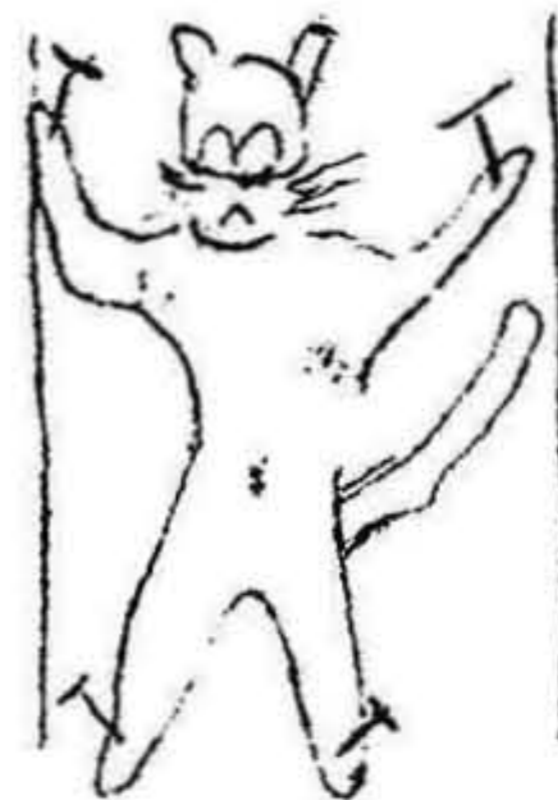
By this time most of this future generation have awakened to the fact that they have an experiment to do now. A continuous monotone of voices is heard as they prepare themselves for the worst. A deathlike silence descends upon the room as the teacher raises his hands as a sign that he is about to announce the experiment they are to perform. Then comes the news that they are to dissect a cat and that the poor creature has already been killed at the price of three scratches on the leg of the unlucky pupil who was given the task of catching it. This news brings shrieks of terror from the girls, who pretend they have never heard of anything so horrible. The boys laugh and tease the girls for being squeamish.

Ten minutes later finds the experiment well under way. The cat has been successfully nailed down and is now being dissected by one of the pupils who will hereafter be known as "The Butcher." A group of the girls, who shrieked the loudest, are gathered around the dissection table, giggling and pointing with glee at parts of the creature's anatomy. The boys are huddled together in the back of the room, telling jokes to relieve the nervous tension. A sickly pallor covers their faces and it is plainly evident that they would rather be doing other things.

After an hour and a half of this pleasant pastime they are ready to quit. The girls have finally been convinced that there is nothing left of the cat that can be cut and the boys were ready to stop long ago. After cleaning up the tools and disposing of the many mangled parts of the cat, the brain children depart for their next class.



Before —



After — BAB



## California

Kenneth Repath

"California! Heart of the Golden West! Where else is it possible to spend an evening of perfect bliss? Gorgeous moons at night and a hot sun during the day give you vim and vigor which is so vital to one's health. Come one; come all! Visit the Land of the Golden Bear!" Thus read the aged clipping from the New York Times.

In a bleak house on a cold winter's night we find the reader, a small, peaked looking man, thumbing through crisp new bills recently received from the bank teller. What was he doing with crisp bills? He was going to California. Ten years had passed since this man had read of this glorious land three thousand miles away. And now what he had worked for and dreamed about was coming true. He was going there, yes, going there. Three thousand six hundred fifty days had passed since he had first hoped, dreamed and prayed, and now his dream had come true. He had the train tickets in his coat, the hotel reservations in his pocket, and his bag packed. Now all that stood between him and his goal was time.

Clickety clack, clickety clack, night and day, day and night and then he was there! The warm rays of the sun beat down on his bare head and then after a few minutes of joy-----the screech of brakes, the screams of pedestrians and it was all over.

The Jan. 7, 1946, issue of the Los Angeles Times, Obituary column read, "Unidentified middle-aged man." All that was left of what had been joy and happiness was a scrap of paper, "Visit California! Heart of the Golden West! etc."

### FREEDOM

Roy Burbage

For four long years a war we fought,  
Peace and freedom was what we sought.  
And now with this war over and done.  
The thought of wars we ought to shun.  
It's time we tired of killings and sorrow.  
And thought of only a peaceful tomorrow.  
But instead we go from day to day.  
With treachery ruling in every way.

The leaders of the nations say,  
That this world peace is here to stay.  
They call a meeting across the sea.  
The purpose is to make men free.  
They meet and argue and quarrel and curse.  
And come back home with matters worse.  
I wonder if there shall ever be,  
A world in which all men are free.



## CURIOSITY KILLED THE ?

Lucy Smith

Across the smooth green plain he ran toward the shimmering white hump in the distance. What this strange hump was he did not know, but soon he would find out. God rest your soul, you innocent creature; if you had not been so curious you might still be here today!

On reaching the white hump he climbed upon it, and discovered it to be a long narrow ledge continuing as far as he could see. He was so intent on examining this strange discovery that he did not watch his footing, and fell off. The fall, however, was short and he was not hurt.

Never before had he seen anything like this. All around him was nothing but gleaming whiteness. There seemed to be no way out, and on noting this he became a little frightened. Towards the center of this curious thing he went. What did he see next but a huge pit. Around the outside of it was a bright silvery-colored ledge. Cautiously he stepped on to it and peered down. He could see nothing for all was black within it. Certainly this was no way out of the gleaming white prison. With fear in his heart he started to run from the pit, but suddenly a strange thing happened. He seemed to hear water trickling down from somewhere nearby. Now there was water seeping in around his feet. Filled with terror he tried to run towards the side of his prison, but the water rose rapidly and seemed to draw him nearer to the pit. With all his strength he fought the water, and for a time seemed to be making a little progress.

Then a frightening thing happened. A strange unknown force hit him, and he felt as if his whole body had been crushed. Weary and exhausted he gave up. There was nothing he could do but let himself be carried round and round by the whirling water. His limbs were numb and his breath came short as he felt himself being pulled downward toward the frightening blackness of the dreaded pit closing round him, and nothing more.

So dear friends, next time you are about to drown a little ant in the sink, think of my little story, and may it soften your cruel hearts.

\* \* \* \* \*

Bonehead Definitions

Tit for Tat

A tommyhawk is what if you go to sleep suddenly and wake without hair, there is an Indian with.

A mugwump is a bird that sits on the fence with his mug on one side and his wump on the other.

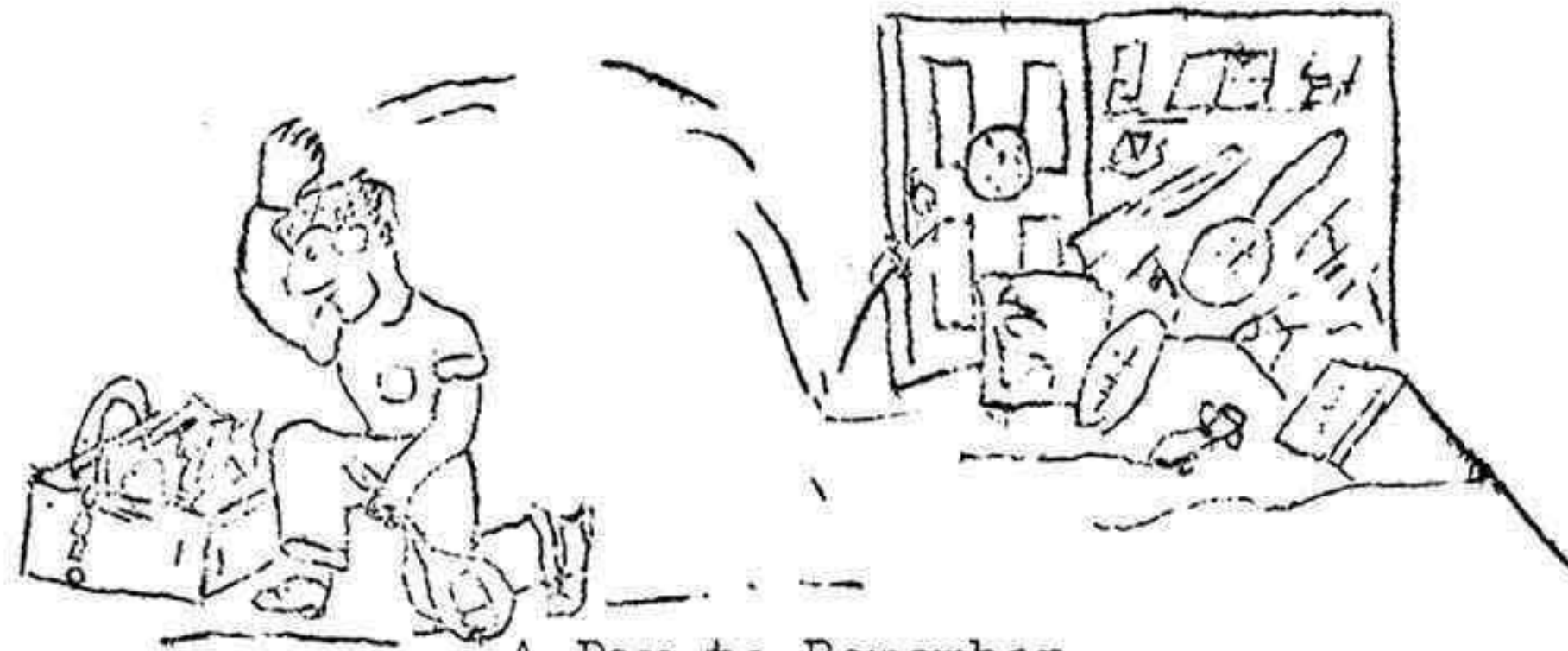
Golfer: "Confound it, sir. You almost hit my wife."

Second Golfer: "Sorry, ol' man, have a shot at mine."

Revised Scott.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead  
Who never once has turned his head and said,  
"Murrmmmm, not bad!"





A Day to Remember

Dick Rosborough

It was Friday, the day we were to move. If you have ever moved from one house to another, you know how I felt when I had to clean out the junk that had accumulated in drawers and closets for the past five years.

When I tackled the top drawer I could barely get it out of the dresser and when I did get it out I had to carry it over to a table and sort thousands of articles into neat piles. Then I had to pack everything into boxes which were to be taken up to our new house.

Two hours or so later I staggered out of my room thinking my work was finished, only to learn that it had just begun. Just as I reached the door my mother saw me and told me to pick up and pack all the things in my closet. Those were the words I dreaded most because my closet was so full that every time I tried to get some clothes out of it some things would fall out upon me.

Still later after I had finished with the closet and was lying on my bed trying to recuperate I had to help my dad load some things on the truck and take them to the new house.

That night after supper I went right to bed and fell asleep almost instantaneously after a hard day's work.

### ARCHERY

Roy Burbage

I shot an arrow into the air,  
It fell to the earth I knew not where.  
But where it was I soon found out.  
When from over the hill came a thunderous shout.

There soon appeared a big tough brute,  
With the arrow stuck in the seat of his suit.  
He cussed and swore till he was red,  
And said he was going to crush my head.

He saw the bow there on the ground,  
And broke the thing with a splitting sound.  
He grabbed a club with intent to beat  
And away I went in a fast retreat.



## On Mosquitoes

Bob Learned

"Boys, I'll admit we have mosquitoes on this coast---at times," said Cap'n John, stroking his great mustache. "Well do I remember a time when we were cruising the lower coast and anchored in Lake Worth Sound, ten miles to leeward of the nearest weather shore. It was about the second week of the summer rains; and you know what that means, Bob!

"Have you-all ever been on this coast ten days after the first squalls have washed the "skeeter" eggs into the ponds? No?"

"It was a Monday night, I remember, because we had spent Sunday with the boys at Palm Beach. Before dark we made certain that our screens fitted tightly into the portholes and the companion hatch; then we went below, had a drink all around, ate supper, and played cards. After that we crawled into our bunks.

"When I woke up, hours later, it was still dark. I sat up for a moment. Then I tried to sleep again, but I found it difficult. As I tossed in my bunk I heard a shipmate grope his way to the toilet room, then another.

"I probably slept a short while and then woke again. I couldn't seem to sleep although I'm usually pretty good at that business. I heard the other fellows moving about the cabin. What was the matter with them---and me?

"I decided that I was hungry, so I went to the galley, lighted the lamp, and ate what amounted to a full meal. My moving about disturbed the others, and pretty soon they joined me. Everybody ate heartily. After that we turned in again, but couldn't sleep any better than before. It seemed the longest night I've ever lived through.

"To my surprise, I became hungry again! It was unbelievable. So I went back to the galley. I was munching a slice of bread spread with jam, when I heard a motor boat approaching, then three short blasts of a conch. Now, Bob, you know that I'm acquainted with most of the fishermen of the lower coast, so I decided to go on deck, mosquitoes or not, to see who it was.

"I picked up a flashlight and examined the companion screen. It was so covered with mosquitoes that it looked like a panel of black velvet. I reached overhead, slid the screen quickly, and made a dive for the deck.

"I was so blinded by sunlight that I was stupefied! I heard a voice call, "Hey! You fellows O. K.? Are yuh? Been watchin' you-all for three days, and ain't seen nobody on deck!"

"As true as I'm sitting here, boys, it was exactly 3:35 p. m., Wednesday. We had been below since Monday night."





HUMOR



## My Greatest Interests

Albert Ray



One of my greatest interests is sleeping. This interests me most when I am supposed to be getting up. I am one of those persons who likes to stay up till the clock strikes eleven thirty or twelve. When the clock strikes, or should I say, when the Colony Service whistle goes off at five to seven I cuss and wish that I had gone to bed at seven the night before. I think that one of my troubles is my sleeping form. Lots of people have bad posture but I have bad sleeping form. I seem to get into the worst sleeping positions imaginable. This is due to--well--I don't know what. I seldom eat onions, apple pie or fruit cake before I go to bed. My sheet and sometimes even the bedspread are wrapped around my head. My big feet seem warm while my back is half frozen. Three-fourths of the time I spend a hectic night. On the whole I am one of those humans who like to go to bed late and get up even later.

Another one of my interests is doing nothing. This requires considerable skill. Not many people can do as little as I like to do, and usually do --and use up so much energy doing it. I encouraged this interest little by little. I wasn't born that way. At first I used to do considerable work but with vocations and all the talk about getting interests I decided to develop this one. It was not half so hard as I thought it would be. In fact is "sort of came natural;" it seems odd but it's true. When my Pop calls me, I apparently lose all interest in doing nothing. I seem to like to work. (Until he doesn't need me any more.) This is one of my greatest interests at the moment. Maybe I have others but this one seems to eclipse all the others.

Judging from this composition one would think that I am fitted for the Department of Conservation of Energy. This is not true. Just ask any of my associates.

### Taking His Word for it

She: "Where do all the bugs go in winter?"  
He: "Search Me."  
She: "No, thanks. Just wanted to know."

### Proof Needed

"I can't marry him, mother. He's an atheist and doesn't believe in hell."  
"Marry him, my dear, and between us we'll convince him that he's wrong."

### Marksmen

Learned: "Yes sir, as sure as I sit here now, I shot that old double barrel at that flock of ducks and I brung down five of them."

Burbage (unconcernedly): "Didn't I ever tell you about me huntin' frogs the other night? I fired at one, and five hundred croaked."



Table Manners

"Stop reaching across the table, Junior. Haven't you a tongue?"  
"Yes, sir, but my arm is longer."

Sure Test

"Halt; who goes there?"  
"American."  
"Advance and recite the second verse of the 'Star Spangled Banner'."  
"I don't know it."  
"Proceed, American."

Timing

A Chinese had a toothache and phoned a dentist for an appointment.  
"Two-thirty all right?" asked the doctor.  
"Yes," replied the Chinese. "Tooth hurtee, all right. What time I come?"

Rare Speciman

Announcer at a concert: "Miss Periwinkle will now sing. 'Ch, That I Were a Dove I'd Flee.'"  
Junior: "Dad, what's a dove-eyed-flee?"

Evolution

Darwin says man sprang from ape,  
At Lago High your eyes will gape.  
Although no one believes this is true,  
I guarantee it'll frighten you. girls  
For to see this group of boys and -  
Will really make your hair have curls.  
Roy Burbage

Miss Murphy: "Tom, you should study harder, you know studying never killed anyone."  
Tucker: "I know, but I just don't want to take any chances."

Like Father, Like Son

Mother: "What are you doing Jimmy?"  
Jimmy: "Nothing, mother."  
Mother: "You're getting more like your father every day."

Could Be

Tom: "What is a maneuver?"  
Dick: "Something you put on grass to make it green."

Action Wanted

Pat: "Which do you desire most in boys--brains, wealth, or appearance?"  
Sue: "Appearance, and the sooner the better."

Before the Storm

A collegian sent his brother this telegram: "Flunked out. Am coming home. Prepare papa."  
Two hours later he got this reply from his brother; "Papa prepared. Prepare yourself."

Meow

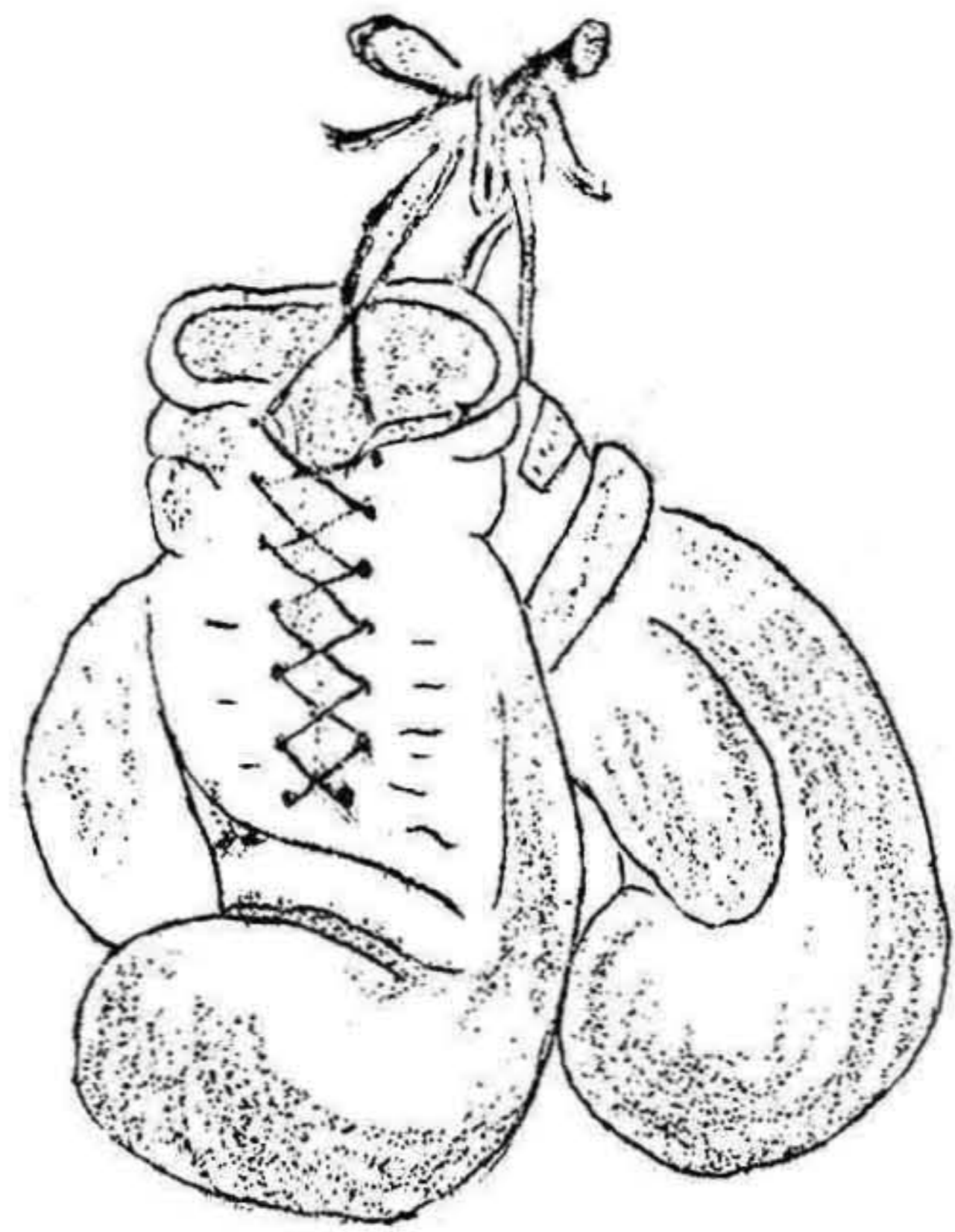
Mrs. Brown: "Whenever I'm in the dumps, I get myself a new hat."  
Mrs. Jones: "I was wondering where you got them."

Don't Be Too Hasty

The aviation instructor having delivered a lecture on parachute work, concluded: "and if it doesn't open-well, gentlemen, that's known as jumping to a conclusion."



S  
P  
O  
R  
T  
S



AND



N  
E  
W  
S



## Sports

During the past seven months Lago High has displayed its talent in softball. Of the three games we played Lago Hi won one and lost two.

We started the season with the following players in the various parts of the field. Mr. Monroe we unanimously elected as our coach since he was the one who gave us the idea for starting the softball team. Roy Burbage was elected captain, and Dick Rafloski was elected manager. Walter B. played catcher, Tom T. played 1st base, Dick Ros. played 2nd base, Roy B. played short stop and substitute pitcher, Dick Raf. played third base, Bob Turner played short field, Albert R. and Pete Walters alternated as pitcher. William W., Bryan McCall, Bob Raf, Kenneth R, Murry J, and Milton H., took their turns in left, center, and right fields. As a whole our softball team did fairly well in its fielding, and I believe that if we had had more hitting power we could have shown the teams we played what real high school competitive sport is.

Sailing is another sport in which Lago High participates. Four or five of the high school boys own their own boats and are participants in the races that the Yacht Club puts on every Sunday afternoon. There is an art or skill to sailing a Snipe in a race which comes from a lot of practice. There is one boy in our school who, I think, has mastered something of this skill, and that is Lenny Teagle. Look in the Pan Aruban under Yacht Club news and you will see what I mean. Some of these owners have braved the deep (Caribbean Sea) in their 16 foot Snipes.

Then there is another sport in Aruba, that almost every high school student participates in and that is swimming. This is a year around sport with the exception of a few dreary days here and there.

Fishing is another sport that Lago High enjoys. Although not all our students indulge in it, there are some. Bob Learned managed to land a record catch--a sailfish seven feet two inches long, weighing about 56 lbs.

As for girls' high school sports there are none, and the cause of this is that the girls show no spark of interest whatsoever. A note is sent around the rooms saying that all the girls who want to play basketball should report at the Jr. Esso Club. How many show up? Four or Five. Now that's what I call ambition.

Of the sports I have mentioned--basketball, softball, swimming, fishing, and sailing---none have been organized under the name of Lago High. Six years ago Lago brought a physical director to Aruba to teach the high school students and elementary grades various sports. He did a good job. I and a lot of other students believe that another one should be brought down.



## News

Santa came early this year and on Dec. 19 brought us a new teacher. He was Walter G. Spitzer. He is teaching chemistry, biology, general science, and physics. He hails from Gaitsville, Texas, where he was principal of the Gaitsville High School. He went to North Texas State Teachers College and later to the Colorado State College of Education at Greeley, Colorado. While at school he majored in chemistry, physics, and mathematics.

### Biology Field Trip

One day in biology we brought up the subject of a trip for observation of the plant and animal life of our little island. Our teacher told us not to worry. She would take care of the details. Our minds were at rest, for a while anyway.

A couple of weeks later we were told we were going to Mr. Beaujon's ranch to observe the plant and animal life along the beach.

Then came the great day. We boarded a bus, and at last were on our way.

When we arrived everyone immediately went to the bathhouses. If you were between the beach and bath houses, you certainly weren't there long. With a wild cry everyone headed for the water.

Some of the boys went fishing a bit farther down the beach, and a few energetic souls went with Miss Thomas in the opposite direction to hunt shells.

Then came the time everyone was waiting for. By now you may have guessed. Yes, time to eat our mashed, sat on sandwiches our squashed cake, and last of all our cold cokes.

After quite an enjoyable afternoon, we were told to clean up and get ready to go home. We then boarded one of the broken-down busses which was to bring us safely to our homes.

We had gone out to gather shells and wild sea and land life. We ended by swimming and just having a wonderful time.

We came home exhausted, but we also have the memories of one of the nicest "get-togethers" of our high-school year.

### The Baccalaureate Service

The Baccalaureate Service was held at the Lago Community Church on Sunday, May 12, 1946.

Rev. Mr. Dawe addressed the graduates in an appropriate manner.



### Biology Field Trip to Hydroponics

On Tuesday, Dec. 18, '45, the biology class, under the leadership of Mrs. Hensley, went to visit the Hydroponics plant. Many people wonder what "hydroponics" is. In a simple phrase it's the growing of plants without soil.

There are three different types of culture used. 1) sand slop culture, 2) water culture and 3) sub. irrigation culture. We need to grow plants and vegetables this way because we have no soil and very little rainfall. Some of the vegetables that are shipped in are badly damaged, and often don't taste very good. Those grown down here are more nutritious.

There are six different types of sand or gravel that can be used. 1) haydite, 2) quartz, 3) Aruba quartz, 4) coral, 5) coleiche and many different sizes of granite.

The solution is kept in a cistern 6 ft. deep and  $5\frac{1}{2}$  ft. wide. The amount of solution needed varies and the same solution can be used indefinitely. The cistern is half the volume of an empty bed. This cistern is also water-proofed with paving asphalt. The solution is pumped up through ordinary black pipes; no galvanized pipes are used. Usually it takes 40 min. to pump one bed. The pumps are operated by an electric motor and there is one spare motor operated by a Ford motor that is kept ready in case something goes wrong with the electric one. There is a check in the office in case someone leaves a cistern open. A bell or something clicks and then the men know that everything is not all right. A sub. pump should be used because it is automatic and faster; however there isn't one in this plant.

The solution is never left in the bed, but about twice a day, 7 and 4 o'clock, the solution is pumped into the beds. The solution isn't left in the bed because the roots need oxygen. A check valve is used during and after rainfall. The solution is made up of epsom salts, calcium phosphate, potassium nitrate and gypsum and fresh water.

Pauline Morgan

### Christmas Carolers

Tom Tucker

This year almost 70 students from the high and jr. high school helped to make the Christmas season a little brighter for the armed forces and the people in the hospital.

The Friday before Christmas we went to the army camp to sing for the soldiers and sailors. After that we handed out gifts and helped the Santa Claus. Then everyone enjoyed a free movie. We sang all the way in and were thoroughly pleased with our work. The next evening we all had a banquet at the dining hall, and sang there for a while. With our belts almost exceeding their capacity we proceeded to the Esso Club and sang before the show. From there we went to the hospital where we sang almost all the Christmas Carols in the book. Some of us rode around the colony afterward, singing to all who would listen.

I think everyone, even the carolers, enjoyed the two evenings.



To start the new school year right the sophomore class gave a "swell" Halloween dance. The Jack and Jills that came up to the auditorium found themselves surrounded by jitter-bugging skeletons. They were all six footers and in perfect step with the mood of the crowd. As you looked at the dancers you might see Satan himself dancing with one of the most beautiful angels you ever dreamed of. You might even see an early American Indian dancing with the Aruba version of the atomic bomb. The dance was a real success.

When Christmas came around the Freshmen got together and sponsored another enjoyable dance. It was given on the 22nd of December, and everybody was right in the spirit of the occasion. Entertainment was moaned by the Black Sheep Trio, consisting of Bob Learned, Roy Burbage, and Albert Ray. Gifts were exchanged a little later and some of the gifts were real jokes. For instance, Mr. Rafloski was presented with a rattle. It was a lot of fun and almost every present received a laugh. This may all be summed up by saying the dance was a great success.

Next was the Valentine Dance. This one was given by the Student Advisory Committee. The decorations were excellent and the music was good. During the intermission votes were cast for the king and queen of hearts. Mr. Dick Rafloski was chosen King Of Hearts with Miss Betty Ann Binnion his queen.

There were other small dances which do not rate this column, but they were all good. I only hope that next year's classes can give ones as good.

#### Junior Prom

This year the Junior Prom was held at the Golf Club on April 27. As there were so few juniors, it was decided that the Student Advisory Committee should help them in organizing it. Mr. Spitzer was in charge and made many helpful suggestions about decorating.

Since the dance was held in the open air the decorations could not be very elaborate but what was done was very effective. Two volley ball nets were put up and completely covered by Bougainvillaea, and we thank all the members of the colony who generously gave their flowers to help us. The rails and lamps were bedecked with blue and white, our school colors. All the tables were set out on the grass under the Almond trees, with the tropical breeze whispering through the branches.

James's orchestra was really up to form and everyone enjoyed dancing and listening to their music. During the interval, while our guests were being served delicious refreshments of sandwiches, cookies, and punch, a short program was arranged by our master of ceremonies, Ronald Kennerty. He himself sang and played his guitar. Mrs. E. Ryan sang two songs, "My Dreams Are Getting Better All the Time" and "Boogie Woogie Washerwoman". Tom Tucker gave some very good imitations, and at the close Bob Learned sang "St. Louis Blues" accompanied by Claire Wilken. We thank all these artists for their efforts.

It was estimated that there were 200 people present and if one could judge by the looks on their faces and the remarks that were passed, you could say that everyone enjoyed themselves very much.

The dancers left the Prom in the early hours, and I think it was the best we have had in a long time.



U.S.S. Remora  
Pauline Morgan

Sunday noon the U. S. submarine 487 entered San Nicholas harbor. Word was soon spread about its arrival and everyone was hoping that there would be a visiting day. Sunday afternoon five snipes went down to see it but nobody was allowed to go aboard.

Monday, March 18th, everyone at school was very much excited and the talk was about nothing else but the submarine. Just before school let out in the morning a notice came around to let us know that we had been invited to go aboard. The girls were to wear slacks, and the busses were to leave at 1:45.

At 1:45 the Juniors, Seniors, Sophmores, and the play cast piled into one of the busses and we were off. The ride through the refinery was an unusual privilege too. We arrived at the at the Main dock and there in D-3 was the U.S.S. Remora. What a sleek, powerful-looking craft. I could hardly wait until we got aboard. I didn't have the slightest idea what she would be like because I'd only seen pictures of submarines before.

We were made welcome by one of the ship's officers, who informed us that we could go anywhere we wanted to but we were not to touch anything. We boarded her at the bow and walked along the deck, past the conning tower to enter through the aft hatch.

When we were inside the space was very limited but the air was cool and clean. We went over each part of her and I was amazed to see how compact she was. Every available space was used for the kitchen, the sleeping quarters, the bathroom with the washing machine, the torpedo room, and the engine rooms aft, and forward.

The visit to the conning tower and the look through the periscope was very interesting. There was so much to see and so many questions to ask that it made one tired. We saw the small glass jars which tell when the batteries are charging, and compass, and the other charts that told the longitude and latitude. The officers' quarters were very small too, but with a crew of 83 men they have to be.

In the torpedo room we were given some writing paper and envelopes. The engines were the things that held my interest the most. There were four motors(diesel) and a smaller one called a "dinky." Whenever this sub hits port it doesn't need to take on fresh water because it has its own system for that. The water is made out of sea water in the aft engine room and it is stored in a tank and then circulated through the whole sub. The ventilating apparatus works on the same principle. It takes the air all through and in one part if the ventilators pick up a certain smell, it is put through the whole sub.

When she is preparing to dive the engines have to be cranked closed. They are given 15 seconds for this and usually it is done in 12-13 seconds. The signal for diving is two moans (something like the sound of an old automobile horn) and when this goes three times it's the signal for surface.



The guns on the deck were also very interesting. They have to be kept well greased so that the water doesn't rust them in any way.

Down here on a shake down cruise, the U.S.S. 487 is 311 feet long and she was commissioned on January 3rd. Her next stop is Panama.

While we were rambling over her, some of her crew were out seeing the refinery. I certainly hope that they enjoyed their sight-seeing tour as much as we enjoyed ours.

#### A Visit to a Submarine Bob Learned

At 1:45 p.m. on March 18, 1946, we boarded a bus and were taken to the refinery. We arrived at the main dock and immediately rushed down it. There she was--United States Submarine U.S. 487 "Remora"--launched July 5, 1945--commissioned Jan. 3, 1946--the newest sub in the fleet on her shake-down cruise.

As we were about to cross the gangplank and engulf the sub, Mr. Brooks stopped us and gave us a talk on how to behave. The executive officer told us to come on board and within five seconds Mr. Brooks was standing alone on the dock. On gaining the deck we were marched aft to the hatch. We crawled through a hole, which looked more like a sewer entrance than anything else, and found ourselves in the after torpedo room, or "after fish house" as they called it. There we received a lecture on the Momsen escape lung, by which men escape from sunken submarines. There are four torpedo tubes here also. The crews' bunks are built right on top of the torpedoes.

The next compartment was engine room no. 2 which contained two diesel-electric engines. Then came the engine control room, and after that engine room no. 1 which also contains two diesel-electrics. On the surface they use the diesels, which give them a maximum speed of 21 knots, and under the surface they use the electrics for a maximum of 9 knots. In the forward part of this compartment are two stills; these make all the fresh water used on the ship. Next came the crews' quarters, which are merely tiers of bunks. The next compartment, however, is probably the best liked part of the ship, the galley. The actual kitchen, which is no more than 5 ft. by 8 ft., is run by one man, who has to serve 80 men three times a day! Next came the radio shack and main control room, the actual place from which the ship is run. It is possible to run the whole ship from just this one compartment. Above it, reached by a ladder, is the conning tower, containing the periscopes and radar. Both of these compartments are filled with dials, wheels, and valves.

After the control room came the officers' quarters. The captain has his own private cabin, but all the other officers sleep three in each small room.

The next and last compartment was the forward torpedo room. It has six torpedo tubes and is really the firing power of the ship. The torpedo-man opened the tube for us and we saw inside. Having inspected all of the interior of the submarine we went on deck and looked her over until Mr. Hoffman called us. I think that this was one of the most interesting trips I have ever taken.

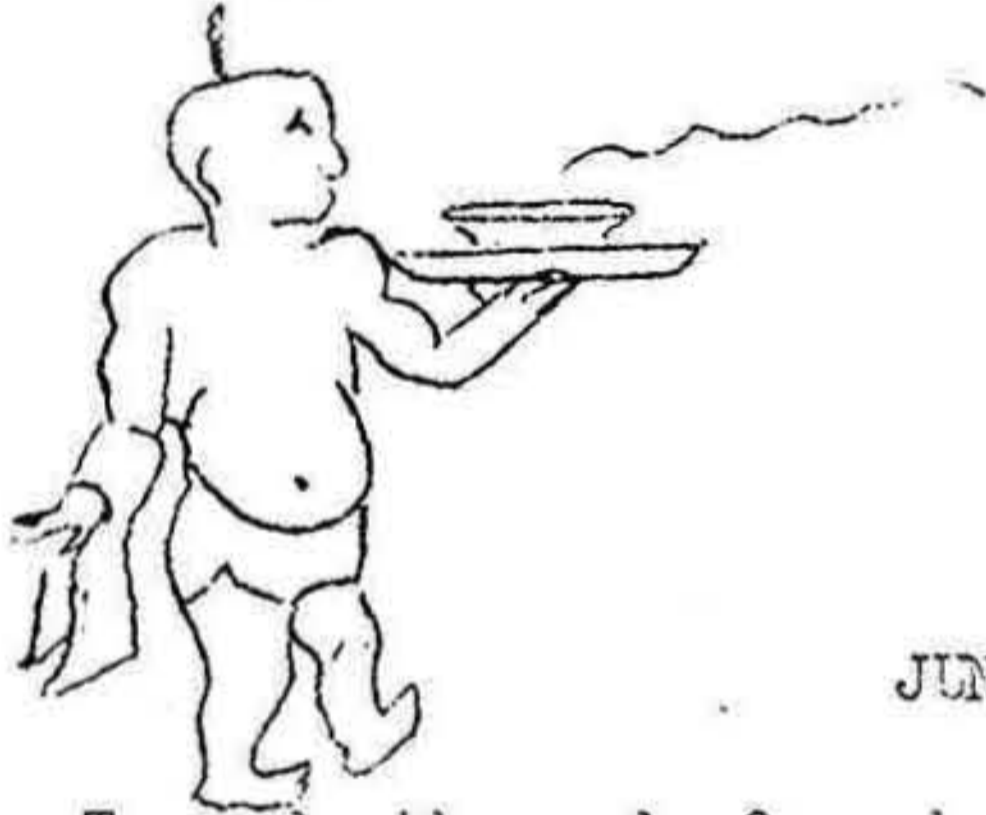


## Ever Since Eve

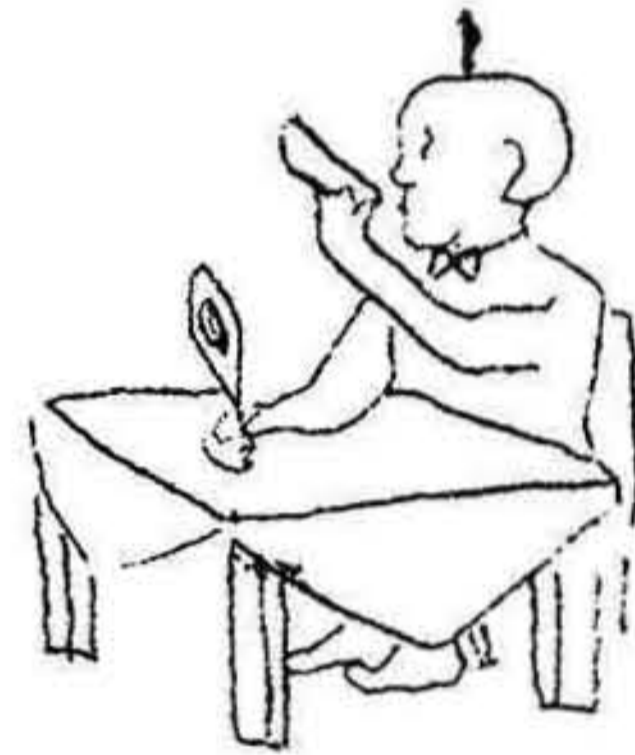
Our annual high school play was presented March 21-22, 1946, in the school auditorium. The play, "Ever Since Eve", which had a double-cast, was a great success. Mrs. Hensley, director of last year's, "June Mad", directed this play also. Miss Murphy assisted her. We sold over 500 tickets and everyone seemed to enjoy it.

The cast was as follows:

Mrs. Clover.....	Heather Walters.....	Dorothy Stuart
Mr. Clover.....	William Wade.....	Roy Burbage
Johnny Clover.....	Albert Ray.....	Tom Tucker
Spud Erwin.....	Bob Rafloski.....	Lenny Teagle
Susan Blake.....	Pauline Morgan.....	Merlene Morris
Betsy Erwin.....	Sue Mingus.....	Pat Scott
Martha Willard.....	Claire Wilken.....	Sharon Meaker
Cappy Simmons.....	Walter Buchholtz.....	Ronald Kennerty
Lucybell Lee.....	Lucy Smith.....	Betty Binnion
Henry Quinn.....	Dick Rafloski.....	Bryan McCall
Preston Hughes.....	Bob Learned.....	Kenneth Repath



### JUNIOR-SENIOR BANQUET



Towards the end of each school year the junior and senior classes have a get-together. This year these two classes were treated by the school to a dinner at the Strand Hotel. Because our classes are so small we were each permitted to invite a guest.

Although the transportation problem was a difficult one, we managed to get enough cars together to take 15 of us to the Strand on May 11. Miss Murphy and her escort chaperoned us.

On our arrival we found one large table set for us. The menu included cream of mushroom soup, shrimp cocktail, fried chicken, French fried potatoes, string beans, and dessert. After filling ourselves to capacity with this delicious food, we ventured back to camp and went to William Wade's patio to finish the evening with a dance.

It's so seldom that any of us get beyond the village that this was really a treat for us.

We all agree this was an ideal way for our classes to get together and we shall cherish the fond memories of the good time (and the good food) we had.

Claire Wilken



## Student Council

Shortly after school started last fall officers for our Student Council were elected. The Student Council is a group made up of the class officers of each class in high school and one additional representative from each class. It is from this group that our officers were elected--Dick Rafloski, President, William Wade, Vice President, Claire Wilken, Secretary.

At our meetings we discussed such subjects as improving porch conduct, disposing of the excess money earned from our bake sale and various types of school activities and recreations that we thought the students would be interested in.

The Student Council sponsored the Valentine Dance. This was a good example of how a group can co-operate and work together to put on a successful activity. Everyone pitched in and we really gave a "swell" dance.

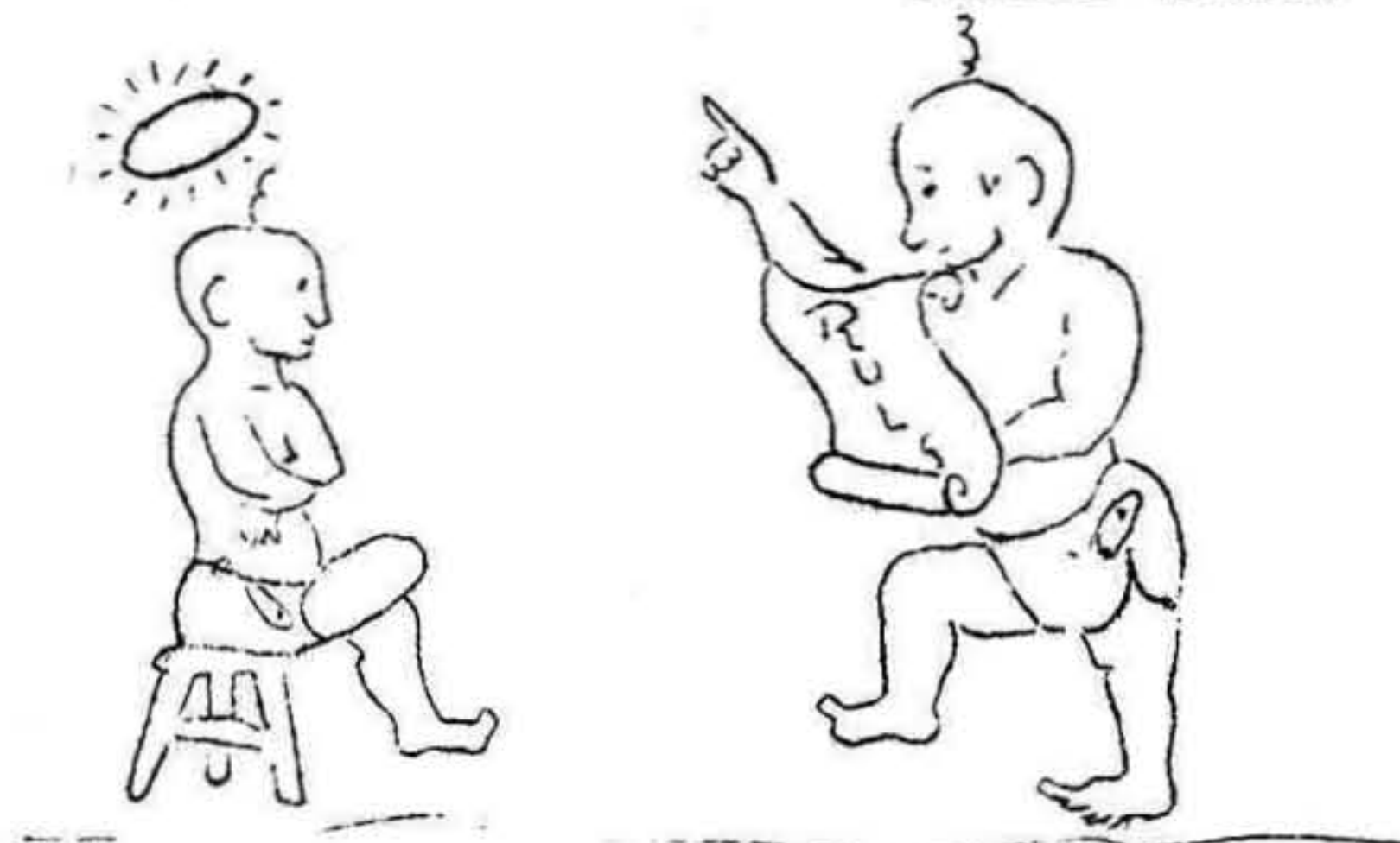
The following week the Student Council sponsored an assembly in honor of Boy Scout Week. The assembly was arranged by our group and one of our own members was Master of Ceremonies. The program included two speakers, several songs rendered by Lago Hi's famous Gleesome Threesome, a piano solo by one of our more talented students and a quintette of Hi school girls singing School Days. The assembly joined in the singing of several old favorites.

In April the Student Council was called upon to assist the four juniors with the Jr. Prom.

Our last activity for the year was planning the points for our award system. For various activities in high school that you take part in, you are given so many points. At the end of the year your points are totaled. If you have the number required you win an award. The awards were presented at a special assembly which we also planned.

The Student Council has been relatively active this year. The students have assumed responsibilities and they have shown that they are old enough to carry such responsibilities. We all feel the Student Council is a good thing and that it helps the students in many ways. Through this group we have learned to co-operate and work together--to tackle problems and overcome them. We are looking forward to a more extensive program next year and hope that the new group will be as pleasant to work with as this one has been.

Claire Wilken





ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN  
by Dorothy Fix (B. A. Binnion)

I think I should start this column with a little advice to all the men (?) of L.H.S. One of the first things is that you should always treat your dazzledish politely and respectfully. Don't forget to tell them they look sharp because they've probably spent all of two hours fixing themselves up for you. A couple of hearty hubba-hubbas are swell; you don't need to sit all evening and drool over her. And another thing, I guess about the top secret of the trade is not to let your jealousy float on the surface. Even if you are about to chew your nails down to the second knuckle because your cuddle cookie is giving some other Joe the glad eye make her think you're having a super deluxe time too, and let your eyes rove over the hag line a bit. It always brings 'em back to the home fold! Well that's about all the advice I can think of because you dream boats should know the rest.

Dear Miss Fix,

I am a very nice senior girl. I have brown eyes and am a brunette. My hero is a darling sophomore boy. He's really cute with a wonderful sense of humor, and he comes from Florida. This boy simply doesn't even know I exist. What oh what should I do?

Hopeful XYZ

Dear Hopeful,

I honestly don't think that you'd enjoy a romance with this dashing soph. You two really don't have much in common. I'll admit he's cute and his personality will send you. He dresses really reet too, but you see your interests are entirely different. As you've probably noticed he spends most of his time below sea level. Fishing I mean. You might try catching a record fish or something.

Sincerely,  
Dorothy Fix

Dear Miss Fix

I am a very handsome sophomore boy, and am generally known as the "woman hater". I have a very serious problem indeed. I have just fallen in love with one of L.H.S.'s many beautiful girls. She's wonderful! But to get on with my problem I can't tell her or anyone about this because I have to live up to my reputation. What should I do?

Worriedly yours,  
Muscles R.

Dear Muscles,

We've all been wondering when you're going to drop this he-mannish rep for the truth. Go right ahead and tell this young lady or anyone else you like of your feelings. There's some real possibilities where you're concerned. Yes sir, hubba-HUBBA!

Dorothy Fix



ADVICE AND QUERIES ABOUT CERTAIN L.H.S. PUPILS  
Dorothy Fix (Betty Ann Binnion)

To a freshman Boy:

What's puzzling us is which girl in the family is it that has you slurping? One nite it's the third daughter and the next nite the fourth one. What we want to know is Polly next?

To An English sophomore Girl:

Could you sort of straighten things out for us. One minute that English Junior boy is in, the next he's out. What gives, huh?

To a junior Girl:

Would one of your interests in your senior girlfriend be because of her attractive brother? Yes, we admit he's not bad, not bad at all!

To a freshman Boy:

Hey you of the curly locks, we're all sort of wondering why all of a sudden you don't date the girls anymore. You used to be in circulation quite a bit. Could it be that the light of your eyes isn't available at the time being????

To All the Male Animals of L.H.S.:

Are all of you blind or nuts? You're letting one of the sweetest dishes in high school float past you. In case you don't already know who I'm speaking of, it's that sweet sophomore blonde about 5' 2", and what a reet figure! Namely M.M.

To All the Gals in L.H.S.:

It's quite obvious that you all have a crush on our dashing new biology teacher and who could blame you?!?! However, we ask you to please to remember that he's already married.

Of course we're all wondering who the new sophomore boy will be snake bitten by, and if he will prove as dashing a date as he is classmate. Also who will the frosh girl just back from Texas consider a really reet Jackson. Maybe by this time they will both be equipped with a heaven sent who really takes tucks in their tickers!

Could it be that the latest female edition to the sophomore class has a crush on that much worshipped soph woman hater? We also wonder if this so called sudden romance between a freshman girl and a junior boy is really sudden. No sir, I think it's been coming on for a long time!

I've been wondering for centuries now if a certain blonde senior has it bad for the junior mentioned above linked with the freshman girl. Judging from her remarks, I wouldn't be a bit surprised.

I think at this time it would be altogether fitting and proper to remind certain L.H.S. students that although love is blind we're not!  
Pu----lease keep it to yourselves!