

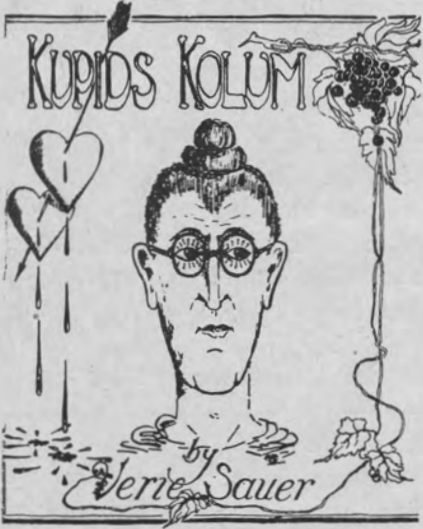


By Your Roving Reporter

Vol. XLVI 1

CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL, SOUTH BEND, INDIANA, MARCH 14, 1946

1 Number 25



**FAN MAIL DIVISION**

Old Aunt Verie wishes a happy birthday to, Paul Adams, Joan Lynn, Yvonne Swartz, Don Shaffer, Jack Buchmiller, Harriet Blume, Barbara Shafer, Orlea Malcolm, Bill Bishop, and James Hudson. And to you, too, Elsie Royce, Pat Harrington, James Swathwood, Bob Van Arsdal, Phil Potts, and Shirley Spencer.

Dear Aunt Verie:

Is it true that you are to sponsor a new daily program, "The Way of Life," over WSBT and WHOT?

(Signed)

Ronnie Woodhull, H. Weather-spoon, Lois Pfaffenback, Ade-line Nedalny, Donald Fox, Jean Hall, Emma Nowicki, and Ar-nold W. Peden.

Dear Signers:

No. Verie.

Very Sour:

Me and a couple of my acquaint-ances, namely, Gertrude Miller, John Spears, Hes Renate, Glen W. Maple, Charles Lee, Jerrie Lapeznski, C. L. Kuhn, and Shirley Brown, want you to tell us where Easter eggs really come from?

Dolores Woofter.

Dear D. W.:

All I've seen come from the shells. V. S.

Congrats to the new Smilers: Nan-cy Bloom, Becky Anton, Pat Hahn, and Joan Larimer.

Going steady: Joan Whitehead and Rollie Kahn; Marilyn Glaser and Fred DeLue; Nancy Engdahl and Bill Mitchell.

Hedy Lamarr and Rollie Cooper?

A cute couple that has finally got-ten together, Ruth Miller and Dan Buscoe.

Seen dancing at Waldorf-Astoria,



Betty Unger and Chuck Nieses.

Congrats to the new Amigos: Rollie Cooper, Dan Burnhart, Bob Hubbard, Jim Skoving.

(Cont'd Elsewhere)



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SCHOOL SUPPLIES PRESCRIPTIONS

**NOTICE TO INTERLUDE ADVERTISERS AND SUBSCRIBERS**

There will be no issue of THE INTERLUDE during spring vacation nor will there be any issue during the first school week after the vaca-tion. The next issue will be dis-tributed on April 4. This is in keep-ing with an annual practice.



President of the WAC Veteran's Club at Central is Srances Flack. Wac Flack can be easily recognized, as she



has brilliant red hair and flashing green peeper. Age 21, Srances is a sophomore at Central and is an ap-plicant for mem-bership in the Barnstormers set-up.

Srances, who mingles with mu-sical and dramatic activities received her early training after she quit school here in 1942. Her first pro-fessional part was a bit job at the Rialto. She was obliged to take leave of this opportunity because of an in-dustrial accident—an infected toe re-sulting from a splinter off the run-way. Upon recovering she joined up.

As a WAC, she was stationed in Iceland. She got cold there so she came back to Central where it gets hot enough, off and on, for most any-one. Since then she has played the scrubwoman in "Noah," the half-back in "College Follies," and Juliet in "Romeo." She has also starred as pole vaulter on the local high school track team. Srances, who has remarkably uncommon judgment, admits that her dislikes include her school, her teach-ers, her fellow students, Mr. Casa-night, her bass viol, and egg-plant (because everyone who is inter-viewed always dislikes it, though she has never tasted it). She adores the color khaki, her pogo stick, and a dog. Her favorite past-time is men.

Miss Flack will probably amount to something, leave a trail behind her, and end up in the state xyz@#?, but we always will say she'll keep the guards busy.

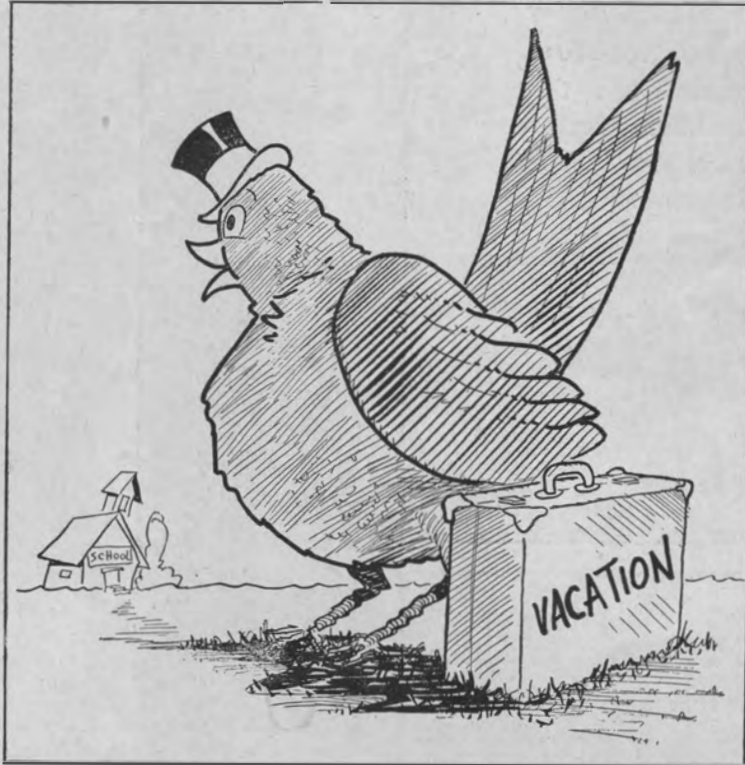
Betty McCarthy and Don Massin-gill had a nice time at the game!!

Seen skating together at Playland—Faith Broadwell and Vince Daube.

The trotting poll recently made a survey of the city and asked differ-ent citizens what they thought was the most important thing they could ac-complish. The answers were as fol-lows: Joe Hickey—Occupation, hobo. My greatest accomplishment will be working, if I ever get around to it.

Once in a lifetime—Bill Mapel seen crying tears because Mr. Cripe did not give him a set of physics exam questions along with the rest of the class.

**WELCOME BACK**



AND THIS IS WHAT USUALLY HAPPENS

**SOCIETY NEWS**

Several Centralians are recuperat-ing in local hospitals following a riotous poker game in the ladies' private lounge last weeknd. Injured, more or less, were (it is alleged) Joe Hickey, Bob Adams, Virginia Norris, John Campbell, Don Looten, Frances Slack, Dick Flowers, Mina Miller, Gene Ring, Audrey DeMan, John White, and Kate Dumont.

It is reported to The Interlude that John Campbell suffered numer-ous bruises and abrasions about the upper extremity when Miss Dumont, former pigskin queen, found him sit-ting on a king and proceeded to konk him over the head with Miss Slack's rainstick. This was given by the par-ticipants as the cause of the uproar. Sideline observers allege Miss Slack grew violent with Miss Dumont be-cause her umbrella was broken al-though Campbell seemed unaffected by the beating about the head.

Joe Hickey, kingfish of the senior class, bashed Miss Dumont, since he has been showering his affections on Miss Slack. Don Looten thereupon jumped on the table and started yell-ing "Yea, Dumont." He was forcibly silenced by Bob Adams, local basket star, who had never liked the way Looten cheered.

**Start Spring Practice**

This small circle of contention was disentangled when Mina Miller, re-cently disposed editor of The Inter-lude (weekly babble from a down-town institution of learning?), ran through them, being chased by Dick Flowers, a football character, who had caught her dealing from the bot-tom of the deck. Mr. Flowers had nearly captured her when he was tackled by Audrey DeMan (who wished, it is stated, to take him home to show to the folks).

**Runs Smooth**

The game progressed fairly smooth until John White, of football fame, caught Virginia Norris stacking the pack. Mr. Ring said that while he



was conscious of the game being crooked, he didn't mind a little dirty play now and then. Mr. Looten de-manded that Virginia return his debating notes which she had won from him early in December. Miss Norris refused. Miss Miller then yelled "Amigo" and slammed her chair at Mr. Looten.

**They Vamoose**

At this point Mr. Flowers swan dived from the window, afraid that he might be hurt. Miss DeMan then took the remains of Miss Slack's um-brella and followed out the window. Mr. Hickey leaned far back in his chair, calmly surveying the raucus, (probably anticipating business for some certain branch of the family), whereupon Adams grabbed the P. A. mike and hit him over the head with it because he didn't like Hickey's at-titude. Miss Slack was protecting Campbell from the further blows of Miss DuMont when the riot squad threw tear drops through the broken

All tearful rioters came out with their hands up, whereupon a Mr. Cunningham, a passerby, yelled, it is said, "Now you see, striking will get you nowhere. They won't raise your pay."

Friend: "And what is your son to be when he's passed his final exams?" Parent: "An old man."—Tatler.

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ON THE CORNER... NEARBY 6 WASHINGTON

(This Started on Page 4)

Mr. Cornel Wilde's soci class went completely berserk and insisted that Mr. Cole accompany them on their weekly tour of the "Stadium" (South Bend's most exclusive night-club). Boys of the mechanical drawing classes deserted both work and their teacher, Miss Betty Grable, in order to hear Cole's inspiring talk regarding students failure to strike for shorter hours. After promising that immediate action would be taken to start a strike, Cole's audience unanimously named him "Person we'd most like to have teach our classes."

Principal Gregory Peck and Assistant Principal Robert Walker both extended hearty thanks and an invitation to Cole to return again soon.

Cole promised principal and faculty that—

Oh, peachfuzz! Here comes my keeper again!

### A LIKELY STORY

Miss E. B. Montgomery will resume teaching again next semester because tremendous drops in tardiness, truancy, and absenteeism has abolished her current work. Also she reports that the study halls are sooo quiet and everybody studies sooooo diligently that the girls study hall can be left without supervision.

### GEE! YOU'RE SWELL

The Central student body wishes to extend its thanks to Mr. Pointer for installing those super swell coke machines in the halls last week. These coke machines, which can be found in place of the old-fashioned drinking fountains, furnish a luscious bottle of coke free gratis.

### DEBATES

Well, Centralites, the intramural debates will begin on March 25. Any room may enter four debaters (provided they pay an entrance fee of 50 cents).

There has been some real scrambles for that beautiful cup that is awarded to the winning home room. By the way, it's passed around and eventually is going to make all of the floors. It has been won by rooms 31, 225, and 309. This year we are expecting some real competition from 309 especially. In fact I've heard a student from that home room say that there is no need for any other rooms to try for the cup this year because 309 is going to get it. Now, we all know that this student is only trying to scare away all those rooms that might enter.

Just imagine how 309 will feel when, after they read everything in sight and tear their hairs out one at a time, they find that there is another home room in Central that would like to have that trophy too.

The debate topic is going to be, "Resolved: That the knowledge of the atomic bomb should be shared with other nations."

Although none of us are able to give Dr. Oppenheimer much help there certainly are a few things we may be able to find out about this atom bomb. One never can tell; Central may be full of scientists, before long. Then you'll have intramural debates to thank for that.

I step on the starter it works;  
I jazz up the motor it perks;  
I let out the clutch, no perks;  
My word, wrong car.

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## THE NEW NUT



CHIEF NUT JOHN CAMPBELL

The Interlude Room quivered with excitement as the staff gathered busily around Ye Editor's desk to aid in counting the votes for the nut election. Francianne and Howard had

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## POST-SPRING VACATION PLANS

Honest to goodness, fellow specie of man, we hope you all have a riotous spring vacation among the thrones of nature and the seats of movies.

Perhaps some ardent lover of nature will return from his holiday with a cute little ole Skunksie-wunksie. We could attempt to educate Skunksie, thus arousing his anger to a stinkin' height. Immediately we would have to vacate the building with a desire for fresher air 'til next fall. Who'll volunteer?

## CLOCKS

Dees clocks what we got in da buildin' are rilly da ritz! Dey gets youse to class on time efen ef nothin' else will.

Dere wuz a time when de clock in de man hal wuz keepin de same time as de rest of de clocks. All de kids hunged around til de las' minut and den be late fer class. Kids cudn't get admits to class from de ole clock, so dey set it ahead so's day'd be two minuts early of de time.

Now youse know all bout it, but don't run away wit de time.

## REPORT CARDS, LA DE DA!

We are unexpectant scholars caught in the turbulent wash of time. La de da! Pretty soon, deah friends, we shall see stoahms of billowy, white clouds, studded with F's of blackness, fluttah down to ouah hands. La de da!

The F's will fall like hailstoahms and shatter ouah dreams of brilliance. Then, oh amigos, we will pull ouah haih, grit ouah biceps, and wish we had put up ouah umbrellas of studious industry. La de da!

their shoes off to help them count. Joe, with an evil leer on his face, was taking last minute bets as to the outcome while MacWilliams meditatively beat his head against a nearby wall (he has to live up to his last year's title).

Suddenly a solemn hush fell over the room for a new Chief Nut was born.

John Campbell had been elected. This youth entered Central, a young and innocent sophomore with an overactive yo-yo, back in 1943. Since then John has striven towards this lofty goal.

To gain this honor John has turned cartwheels down the main hall every day at 12:20, swept Mr. Pointer's office, and flirted with all of the girls.

When interviewed while chewing gum and eating pop-corn at the same time (a hobby of his) John disclosed to our star reporter that his ambition in life is to be a janitor named Charley.

For the benefit of future generations of sophomores our hero gave us this pearl of wisdom: "He who laughs last didn't catch on."

John, a sweet blue-eyed blond, has achieved his goal. The Barnstormer's pride and joy has succeeded. Move over MacWilliams.

Howdy-doodo, all my fat little cabbages. Here's some (heh heh!) funny stuff to tickle your funny bone. If you are in a morbid mood, take one feather and rub it under your nose. Ha, ha, ho, ho, ho! Stop it, I can't stand it, ha, ha! I'll laugh at your jokes, I promise; just take the feather away!

Okay, now we are all set to begin.

A man walked up to a veterinarian and said, "I want you cut off my dog's tail." The veterinarian said, "But it's such a beautiful dog; why do you want to have its tail cut off?" The man insisted, "I just want you to do." When the veterinarian persists in knowing the reason, the owner finally told him, "My mother-in-law is coming and I don't want to show any signs of friendliness."

## INTERCULTURAL RELATIONS

An Englishman, an Irishman, a Frenchman, and a Scotchman were standing at the bar. The Englishman stood a whiskey and soda around, the Frenchman stood a quart of champagne, the Irishman stood a bottle of brandy, and the Scotchman stood six foot three. — The Marquette Flambeau, Milwaukee.

I vant a feesh! I vant a feesh! cried the poor thirsty whale.

A hospital patient awoke after an operation and asked his nurse why all the shades were drawn. "Well, there was a fire in the alley," she replied, "and I didn't want you to wake up and think the operation was a failure."

(????)

Well, my children, Grandma must go now and take her jokes with her. Don't weep too much because I'll be back next year—or is that why you are all crying? One word of caution to you before I go: Don't eat too many nuts or you will soon be in the state I'm in (sob, sob).

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**THE FRONT OFFICE**

I was walking down the halls of our fair establishment last week when some anaemic looking creature with only one ear, and that in the middle of her face, walked up to me in her petite way, slapped me on the back so hard I turned blue, and said, "Mr. MacWilliams, did Guy Lombardo ever record the One O'Clock Jump?" Well, that threw me on my guard and as I watched for a sledge hammer in the back of the head I answered that I didn't think the Royal Canadian would ever stoop so low as to record a piece someone would enjoy. So my girl of the minute wan-



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dered off with her head under her arm muttering to herself something about people that don't understand good bands. Maybe I'm wrong.

I meandered, so to speak, under the big clock down in the hall and listened to a trio of fiends fresh out of the hatchery sing a ditty about an Irishman named Flenesy Hennessy. They were fair at that, all except for the tenor who had a slight twang to his voice that made the Irish sound like a Scottish bagpipe. Walking closer, taking care to cover up and not let gangerene set in from the trembling trio, I spoke. "Would you boys be interested in being in pictures?" I was mobbed. They'd be delighted for a chance. I should have known better but I never can resist an Irish song. The last I heard of them they were being used as stand-in's for the chimes on a pawn shop door.

My troubles did not cease. A big sort of a guy walks up, and he did resemble a thoroughbred horse, and asks me if I can direct him to the examining board. I asked him where he thought he was. "Isn't this the draft board?" he says. I said no, that this was a school of learning and that the drafting was done three blocks down. He said thanks, that his eyes had been acting up lately. Just since he received his notice. Isn't that the way it is.

So I went into a trance of complete and utter bliss. I switched on my mental record machine, turned on Hildegarde, that darling of the airwaves, started to go around in circles in time with the record and then the little men in the white coats came up and took me away. Away to peace at last.

—Ned MacWilliams.

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A Freshman knows not and knows that he knows not;  
A Sophomore knows not and knows not that he knows not;  
A Junior knows and knows not that he knows;  
But a Senior knows and knows that he knows.—The Sentinel.

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**ARROW TIES**

Good evening, folks, this is station WHAT, the 1956 spot on your radio dial. In accordance with WHAT's weekly broadcast of football games from the beautiful all-concrete memorial stadium in lovely old South Bend, we are bringing you the play by play account of the annual Central faculty contest through the courtesy of the world's greatest weekly tabloid, The Innertube, with a net circulation of '46.

The two teams are out on the field and this most exciting yearly gridiron spectacle is about to begin. At the far end of the field is P. D.'s power-packed Plungers and at the other end is Richard's Truant Tigers. The Plungers boast a truly all-star squad but not to be counted outside are the Truant Tigers who have a strong forward wall.

**SINCE 1875**

**O'BRIEN  
PAINTS**

*... they look  
better longer!*

Now these two teams are — and there's the kick-off, ladies and gentlemen. P. D.'s smashing kick sailed far into the end zone but a "Tiger" comes out and snatches the ball. Who

is it, it's numbr 00. Why that's Cripe. Look at him weave. He's up to the 50 and no whe's down to the 30, the 20, 10, and he's ——— stopped at the one-foot line by a smashing tackle by the Plunger's giant left guard, Bert (the terrible) Trottnow. The ball is snapped back to V. C. and he smashes over for the first score of this the tenth game of the annual faculty struggle. Just look at those stands go wild. The cheerleaders Ceyak and Spray, are really whooping it up for the boys. Richard is back for the conversion but the attempt is too wide and the score still reads 6-0 in favor of the Truant Tigers.

And that beautiful run by J. Wilmore now moves the ball up to the

Referee Stewart calls for the time-does. water boys, Jim Crowe and Bob and here come the respective teams' The Tigers now call for a time out obtained back in the first quarter. The Truant boys are still at-tempting to protect their slim 6-0 lead out of the fire here in the fourth are valiantly trying to pull this game side of the Truant Tigers, but he is stopped by that stellar defensive man "Citizen" Kuhn. Once more the ball is snapped back, this time to P. D. line. Look, he's through the line and is now eluding the second . . . He's over and the score is 6-6! "Killer" Kuhn will now try to boot the extra point and the kick's in the air. A figure shoots up in the air and the ball is deflected off to "Clubber" Cole's powerful fore-arms. Bang! There's the end of the game, folks, and as you all know, P. D.'s Plungers tied Richard's Truant Tigers in the most exciting of these annual games. This is your WHAT sports announcer, Bill Blubberlip, returning you to our studios.

Things were really hot down Indianapolis way last weekend when the Ardmon Mudcats "Shimmed" past the Riley Wilcats 1,825-5 to become the State Champs. Every second of the game sent chills up and down the backs of the spectators (because someone left a window open) . . .



The game started. Riley took the lead 1-0 and the first half ended. The second half started. Mr. Pointer sat in his seat yelling with all he had for Central (someone should of told the poor guy that Central isn't playing anymore). Ardmon got hot and flipped 1,825 points through the hoop. The gun sounded the end of the game. Mr. Pointer sat yellin' in a loud whisper, ("What are we going to do to Elkhart—Beat 'em; Who says so—We all say so; Are you sure—absolutely), over and over again."

There will be no school all next week in honor of the Central team Mr. Pointer just revealed. He still thinks that was our team out there, but as long as he's giving us a week of vacation because "our" team won, who is I to wise him up.

**"AW, NUTS"**

As a dthroned nut of Central, I humbly bow my self to a better man. I am sad and broken in spirit. My heart aches for the regality of the throne. But, you have surpassed my antics in all phases and to your better manner of "nut-ism" I raise a toast. A toast from the old nut to the new, in solemn reverence and in keeping with the tradition established in this school.

I have defended by title to the utmost of my ability, fighting to the last vote. But NO, NO, NO. The votes said "No, you are a failure, you are all washed up, you are a burden to humanity. You are no longer King Nut."

A broken old man bids fond farewell to his kingdom. The crown belongs to another. No smile nor joke shall e'er grace my lips again. Sail on, Oh Nut, and on and on and on.

—Ned MacWilliams (ex-nut).

Lost—One cigarette rolling machine by Jo Ann Carlter. Inscribed to J. C. from "Mama." Finders please call owner after 13 o'clock at City Humane Society.

Mr. F. Sanford is now advancing copies of the chem. tests to keep students from the borders of Juvenile Delinquency.

Verie thinks David Brown's bassoon concert was lush.

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  - jerk—me
  - A square—me
  - A slow joe—me.
- (Gosh, I'm a popular fellow!)

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Mr. Miller: "Carl, I hope I didn't see you looking at Sidney's paper."

Carl: "Gosh, so do I."

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**FACULTY IS MIXED UP**

There has been a slight shift in the faculty due to the student requests. Starting next week Miss J. Gienand will teach the boys gym class and Mr. Jack Nash will take over the girls swim. Miss Elsie Chafant will instruct a class in advanced trigonometry and Mr. Blanchard will take Miss Ceyak's place, teaching Spanish. Due to the special request of Joan Shirley, Mr. Wegner will henceforth be the home room teacher in 401 and Arthur L. Smith will take his twin brother's classes down in 104. J. Roy Smith is leaving for Timbucktoo during spring vacation.

We are all anxiously waiting to see if this plan will be satisfactory with all concerned.

**CLASSIFIED**

Congrats to Howard Johnson for winning Glan's pool tournament title.

Help wanted. Miss Crepeau, at the auto repair shop, requests the aid of girls who are experienced in using and repairing air cooled synthetic dihedrals on hydraulic Diesel engines.

Destined to become a great writer, Sellbert Robbers.

The woman walked up to the grocer and asked for some dog food. And that was the end of the grocer's poor dog.

**YOUR DATE BOOK**

banDelinIc8:p.M.  
centRalaUdiToriUm—maRCh14  
liBraRysTaFfmeEtiNg  
lIbrarY—8;thirTyFivE—mArcH15  
SprInGvCaIOn—mArCh19-22  
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aSsemBIY—marc27aNd8

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If you had dropped into a certain soci class the other day, you'd have heard the students discussing the value of the human body. In case you don't know, you are worth ninety-eight cents (chemically speaking). Surprised? You bet you are. It's amazing what can be learned in a soci class. But here is something to really stun you: Your little baby brother is worth nine thousand dollars (\$9,000), economically speaking.

So, if you have any people you'd like to get rid of here is the offer: \$1 for anyone (provided they haven't got T. B. or bene consumption).

**Welcome home**



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120 S. Michigan St.

**MASS PRODUCTION**

An explanation of how the cafeteria can produce a plate lunch for a quarter was explained by Mrs. Staples last week. In the first place, says the cafeteria, the lunch they put out costs about \$1.25; but if it were not for the great numbers sold, making it possible for the cafeteria to charge a quarter per lunch, they certainly would go bankrupt.

**Senator Clorhan Talks**

Fifteenth in a series of a dozen speakers lecturing at the weekly Student Council meetings will be Senator Hagclorn, of the upper chamber, who will speak on "Balancing the Budget, and Spending Money Effectively," it was recently announced by your good friend and mine, Precedent Glea Jameson. The meeting, which will meet next Monday morning in the Little Theater despite vacation because there is so much business to attend to, will discuss primarily how to spend the \$15,000 which the Council accumulated last semester from (Jump to Column 3)



WOODEN CHALLENGES 1903 VARSITY



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the tax. It was suggested that the money be used to erect a bust of Precedent Jameson that Central might ne'er forget (how could she?) his tireless efforts spent for the Council and the school.

**WITHOUT REFRESHMENTS**

Already we have been hearing reports of the use of that portable radio in the various classes. Ardent students of Miss Semortier's geometry classes have employed the radio in the hopes that the dog barking for his food on the Red Heart Dog Food program might scare the attacking termites in retreat from the room that

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the students might concentrate harder. Mr. Shultz's soci classes have been listening to "John's Other Wife," and in order that his students may not be left out, Mr. Arthur Smith has sent a letter to the broadcasters for a program initialed "Roosevelt, the Man of the World." Because of the radio, the chemistry classes are trying to find out where the other .56 purity in Ivory Soap is.

**OTHER DREAMS**

After so many years of being taught by ordinary teachers, Central students were thrilled today to be visited in their classes by famous movie personality and bobby-sox idol, James Cole. Mr. Vanjohnson's History II class was particularly impressed after taking the corny humor and dull jokes of Mr. Johnson for so long. Also it was a treat for the students just to look at the tall, handsome screen star. (Shift—Page 2, Col. 1)

APRIL 1st

