

By **YOUR DRIP**

Prospective Draft Evaders

Fill out your questionnaire as follows and you're all set:

Name.....Iza Moron
 Address.....No, skirt and sweater
 City.....No, country
 State.....Of infancy
 Age.....Stone
 Race.....100-yard dash
 Born.....Yes
 Height.....Horace
 Weight.....Till the cows come home
 Eyes.....The girls
 Hair.....Falling
 Education.....State School, 4 years
 Parents.....Dad and Mother

One little moron poked his eyes out so that he could have a blind date.

Ruth Culp: "You used to say you were intoxicated by my beauty."

Bill Yoder: "Yes, but now I'm a reformed drunkard."

Miss Byerley: "Do you know why we call our language the Mother Tongue?"

C. Singer: "Yes, because fathers never get to use it."

Slogan of the female American sweetheart: "Kiss the boys good-bye."

Slogan of the female Japanese ditto: "Kiska boy good-bye!"

Maternowski: "Why were you running today?"

Bill: "To stop a fight."



Dick: "Who was fighting?"

Tobin: "Another guy and me."

What three things does the bride think of when she walks into the church?

"Aisle—Altar—Hymn."

There was a young man, an Epwigham,
 Who cleaned his pants in the kitchen;
 He used gasoline,
 That's the last that was seen,
 Of the man, his pants, or the kitchen.

TOO DEAR!

Mr. Cole: "Why don't you like girls?"

Charles Dolk: "They're too biased."

Mr.: "Biased?"

Dolk: "Yes—bias this, and bias that, until I'm broke."

Keep Cool, Friends

Do you have a hot head? If such is your misfortune, try some of Dr. Cooloff's Famous Tonic. This tonic is especially prepared for all hot-headed persons. The procedure you employ is this:

As soon as you feel your head warming up, you run to the nearest faucet, put a bucket beneath it, fill it (the bucket) five-eighths full of water and add one bottle of Dr. Cooloff's Tonic. Place the bucket five feet away in a northeasterly direction and then, Go Soak Your Head!

(This ad contributed by an enemy.)

Teacher: "Name a collective noun."
 Pupil: "A vacuum cleaner."

Little Miss Muffet sat on a tuffet.
 Little Jack Horner sat in a corner.



The fool!

Bernie Hultgren: "How many subjects are you carrying this semester?"
 Miller McCarthy: "Carrying one and dragging three."

Mr. Cripe: "Have you been to the zoo?"

Staff Member: "No, sir."

Mr. Cripe: "Well, you ought to go sometime. You'd get a big kick out of watching the turtle zip past."

Principal Pointer Shoots to Kill

MIGHTY GLAD TO MEET YOU!



OF STUDIES

(Apologies to Francis Bacon)

Of course everyone has studied once or twice in his lifetime. Take, for example, Dixie Stuart. She not only studies her own books, but everyone else's that are within an arm's reach are liable to be used by the industrious Dixie.

Jack Swank studies chemistry as though it were a pin-up girl — or could it be the latter to which he gives most of his attentions? Rollie Cooper claims that he studies deep into the night. On what, Rollie, on what?

Pat Hukill and John Bergan are two examples of excellent students. They are never seen with their books, but manage to get all A's. How do they do it?

It seems that Gilbert Coty, Dick Maza, and Bob Dunbar must concentrate on Spanish about all night! Just ask Miss Ceyak if you don't believe us. We hear that Chuck Dolk has some "Varga girls" in his notebook!

Is that what you study, Chuck?

Mr. Anson's sixth hour study hall is really something amazing — with only two or three boys studying. Your guess as to what the other fellas do is as good as any!

What's the story on Sally Loomis' having to study schoolwork every night, and then studying Tom Kuball and Louis Lawton in school? Dick Kovacs used to have several free hours as an office messenger, but things "ain't" like they used to be, and he's in study hall! Well, it was about time that they caught up with him, anyway.

We all wonder what plan of study Miller McCarthy uses—we think it's the same one as the war bond use—you know, the ten-year plan. Ralph Witucki and Eric Falk each carry home enough books to fill a bookcase, and it's not to fool the teachers—are you reading, Ot May?

And then there are people like me, with no study halls.

Choose An Institution That Has Both—

1. Savings insured up to \$5,000.
2. A good income.

SOUTH BEND FEDERAL SAVINGS AND LOAN ASSOCIATION

129 W. WASHINGTON AVE.

'Twasn't THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS

'Twas.....nights ago when I saw Jack Beyerer and Rae Golobow at the.....premier. They're steadying it now, you know. With them were Murvil Bothwell looking extremely.....for a very obvious reason. Maternowski and his.....Rachel Taylor were.....in the back row even tho' it was a.....picture. Ex-chief nut Jimmy Crothers was home for the.....event. With him in a very.....dress was Virginia Northcott. Dick Kovacs was carried in by Virginia Grant with an expression of disgust on her.....face. I could hear her mutter ".....!" In formal attire, Millie Stevason arrived with John Brademus, the perfectly.....boy. His brother Tom escorted the girl with the.....reputation, Marilyn Morrison. Bill Mitchell.....Marilyn Anderson and buddy Grossman had Pat Hukill as his...... The premier,.....to be held in South Bend, was enjoyed by all.

WATCHES, DIAMONDS, JEWELRY

JOE the Jeweler

113 East Jefferson Boulevard

Fine Watch Repairing

J. TRETHERWEY

Time passed and Bill's parents were sure he was material for a child movie star. He left for Hollywood at the age of four. Then for the first time, tragedy struck his young life. He had arrived too late and they already had someone to pose for the Mickey Mouse drawings.

After staying in kindergarten for three years (because the teacher liked him so well, of course) this one in three hundred '44's made rapid progress (toward what we won't say).

The Chief Nut's favorite sport is horseback riding. He rides one every time he sees a merry-go-round. He never plays badminton because he thinks it has something to do with counterfeit coins. He never walks anywhere when he can help it because he always steps on acorn.

Central teachers say that it's either Bill or they this June—so the Chief Nut will probably get his diploma—finally. Our heartiest congratulations, Bill.

Duplicate Prizes Will Be Awarded In Case Of Ties.

MARESEATOATSANDDOESEAT-OATS; 'S TOBIN THIS TIME

Patronize Our Advertisers

Principal Pointer, lounging in his favorite padded chair in his spacious office, feet propped on mahogany desk, heard a familiar noise in the outer office, and annoyed beyond human endurance stealthily opened his top desk drawer and drew from it his trusty weapon. Wetting his lips, he aimed carefully and as his unwitting victim's head popped in the door, he fired. The perfectly aimed paper wad hit the poor intruder between the eyes and sent him reeling head-long.

The victim, Bill Tobin, was found hours later by that faithful janitor who poured cocoanut juice on his head to bring him to and then told him that he had been elected "Chief Nut" of Central for this year.



BILL TOBIN—Central's Choice Fun Maker

"To think that I should ever come to this, and my father a kernel," sighed Chief Nut Tobin. In his usual dazed, incoherent manner the new Chief Nut began to rattle on about himself and his family tree. It seems that there is no record of his birth and it has been rumored that he merely dropped from a tree. However, even from those first days at the hospital he was well loved by everyone. The nurse used to hold him up behind the glass windows while the curious crowd of onlookers gazed fondly and threw him peanuts which he cheerfully munched.

Bill Knows His Way Around

Bill was an exceptionally bright child. When he was only a few months old his parents asked him what high school he wished to attend and he promptly answered, "Goo da goo," which anyone can easily tell you means "Central High School." Bouncing little Bill and his brother Filbert on his knee, Bill's grandfather, commonly known as "Old Hickory," used to comment on his grandson's magnificent brains saying, "The machinery in his head certainly rattles."

(Cont'd elsewhere, nearby)

Unnecessary To Dress This Way



The Conventional Garb For EASTER Awaits You At

SPIRO'S

IT'S LEGAL TO COME OVER AFTER 3:30 FOR AN AFTERNOON SNACK



THE Morningside Pharmacy

Colfax at Williams

SUPER SODA SERVICE

SANITARY BARBER SHOP



DODDRIDGE'S
124 W. WASH. AVE.



The Interlude

Founded in 1901



BY THE STUDENTS OF THE SOUTH BEND HIGH SCHOOL.

Published weekly by the students of the Central Junior-Senior High School, South Bend 3, Indiana, during the school-year. Office—The Interlude Room, Central Junior-Senior High School. Yearly subscription price, \$1.65; per copy, 10, except commencement issue.

Entered at the Post Office at South Bend, Indiana, as second class matter under Act of March 3, 1879.



A nifty romance has started between Pat Hukill and Bill Tobin from the look in each of their eyes!

It sort of looks as if John Bergan is chasing Betty Lou McCarthy again. Oh, brother!

Tom Blackburn—new star of the track team.

Dearest Aunt: When is Alice Gondeck going to give me a tumble?

Patience,
Jerry Morrical.



Dear Jer: Just keep waiting around, she's sure to notice you one of these days. (How could she help it?)

Verie.

Dear Miss Sauer: I know it's a big order, but do you think you can fix things up between Anita and me? Things haven't been the same without our daily heart-to-heart.

Danny Luzny.

Dear Dan: I'm sure that with a little persuasion Miss S. will come around.

Verie.

Dear Aunt Verie: Katy Cates and I have been having a slight argument over which of us draws the most shapely mongooses (or is it mongeese?). I know that I'm superior but she doesn't believe me. Set her straight, will you?

Thanks,
B. Tobin.

Dear Bee: Anything for you.

Auntie.

Dear Verie: What do you do on dates? I'm having my first tomorrow night.

Don Newman.

Don, old boy: Just ask Rachel—it's not her first.

Auntie.

Aunt Verie: Why don't Dick Kovacs give Ot May a tumble? He's so aloof.

Herself.

Dear Ot: You must realize that Dick is a woman hater of the extremest extreme.

Verie.

Aunt Verie: Jim Johnson is such a romeo. Can't something be done about slowing him down?

Chuck Dolk.

Okie: Oh, brother! Your own, Aunt Verie.

Dear Aunt Verie: Why do the Smilers hoard their medals?

Smiler Gals.

Dear Chilluns: The boys must be afraid of you.

Helpfully,

Verie.

Dear Auntie: Is it true that Helen Pappas and Janis Brown quit their jobs at the Colfax because they were bothered



by so many V-12's and middies?

The Manager.

Dear Mr. Manager: This may be the Nut issue, but nobody would believe that.

Truthfully,

Auntie.

Flash! Smiler president, Dick Kovacs, and Esquire president, John Hazen, were seen on a double date last week-end! And that's no goof. . . . What is Central High School coming to?

Dear Auntie: I'm trying to save money to go and see Dave. Which would be the best economy, three bags of lollipops for three cents, or one bag for one cent?

Glory.

My dear Mrs. G.: The prophet once said, a bag in the hand is worth three on the counter.

Verie.

Dear Miss Sauer: I've been trying my darndest to get an introduction to Sal Loomis, can you fix it for me. I think she and I could make beautiful music.

Dear Wad: Is that really you talking? I thought you knew all the angles. Well, come and see me some time at school and I'll see what can be done.

Verie: Aren't the teachers swell? Remember when they let us play games during class last week?

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Home of McGregor Sportswear

WINDBREAKER

America's Most Famous Jacket

\$8.95

A masterpiece of craftsmanship, handsomely styled, expertly tailored of fine, sturdy gabardine. Lined with lustrous wear-resistant rayon.



ARGYLE SWEATERS, blue and yellow, \$6.95

SWEATERS, coat and slipover styles, plain colors, \$4.95 to \$7.50

SLEEVELESS SWEATERS, yellow, blue, brown, tan, maroon, \$2.50 to \$4.95

THE MODERN GILBERT'S

"One Student Tells Another"

813-817 S. Michigan St.

South Bend's Largest Store for Men

Interior Deteriorators To Practice At Central

Next week the interior decorators are coming to Central to begin work on redecorating Central's halls. Their motto will be: "The worst is yet to be." The corridors are all to be painted red and the ceilings pink.



The mounted birds in 401 are to be adorned with blue ribbons, and their beaks and toenails are to be tinted green. The INTERLUDE room will be papered with original jokes, with a mirror here and there to add to the comedy. The Chem lab will be papered in a cheerful rosebud pattern, skirts are to be placed about the work tables, and tea will be served every hour on the hour. It is understood that the auditorium will be outfitted with orange plush overstuffed chairs. All teachers with "receding hairlines" will have Petty and Varga girls painted on them so that the sun glare will no longer blind the innocent pupils. (If this plan is used the teacher will have no trouble keeping the attention of the class.) These pictures should be changed every month. The swimming pool will hereafter have yellow water which will taste like coke. Upon hearing the plans, Mr. Schultz commented, "It's a good idea, but why so drab? What we need is more color . . ."

Believe It Or Not

Principal Pointer announced today, from his balcony overlooking the spacious Central court. (commonly called the juvenile delinquent court), that there will be no school during the week of April 10-15. "And," Mr. Pointer continued, "I understand that students need a week off to recuperate from their spring vacation so they need not return the following week if they do not feel like it. If a week isn't enough for some of you more beaten down students—take two."

Every Central student (you who aren't "students" need not go on) is badly in need of some strict classroom etiquette. This is very noticeable—especially in all classes. The faculty believes that if the following rules are followed things at Central will run more smoothly:

1. Above all, never bring excuses for tardiness or absences. Miss Geyer and Mr. Lauderbach adore working out attendance sheets—after all, isn't that their job?
2. Hall passes aren't necessary. Although Adams, Riley and other schools require them, Central shuns them. (If you're "turned in" for not having one, insist upon your rights.)
3. Chew gum; Miss Spray heads the list of teachers who blissfully watch students' jaws go up and down. (After all everyone wants beautiful teeth.)
4. Don't arrive at classes on time. Those yellow and white slips are put outside the door to brighten up the halls for visitors.
5. Lessons should be unprepared. Teachers have heaps of time to figure out what paper goes with what class. (Anyhow, you get more fun out of class if the questions asked are a surprise.)
6. Talk all you want. After school the fun has gone out of gossiping. Why not do it behind teachers' backs? There are many more rules, but these are foremost in the minds of the teachers of Central High School, and Mr. Richards asked that they be printed.

P. S. Binta

The Pause That Refreshes

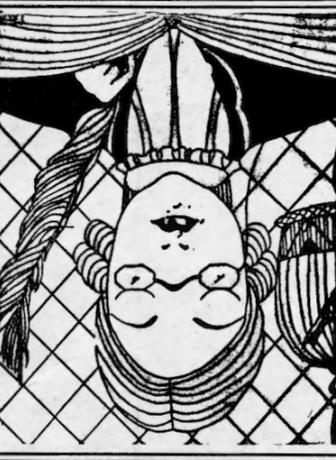
The Amigos gave a party on the edge of the swimming pool Monday after school. All seniors and their guests were invited. Cokes and cake were served under umbrellas. Guests enjoyed refreshing dips in the pool while the juke-box provided dance music. Concerning the party, Miss Estelle Ellis, Amigo sponsor, said, "Where was everyone?"

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Verie Sauer Says

Guess what??? The Esquire's and the Smilers have changed policies. The Eskie's promote intra-mural sports while the Smiler's horse around.

What will happen next! Miss Se-mortier cringed when someone talked back to her.

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Every so often comes the inevitable day when ever so many of Central's less studious ones arrive home to find an irate parent waving a white slip of paper and shouting, "What's the meaning of this!" The paper, of course, is a poor work slip, and the meaning is generally hard to explain without bringing to grief the unhappy pupil. Why all this needless suffering? Are you a victim? If you are, don't despair, because we're here to help you. And there really is a way out. All you have to do is study. "Study? What's that?" You say, naively. Well, here's your change. We're going to teach you all the angles on how to study. In the first place, before you do anything else, go read the tunes. You'll never get anything done if you're worrying about how Lili Abner is getting along as inside man at the Skonk Works. After that's done you can collect all the items you're likely to need during an evening of intensive study. This will include a dictionary, text books, two pencils to allow for breakage, paper (lots) and refreshments, to guard against undernourishment. We suggest crackers, peanuts, or chocolate creams, depending upon how fussy your mother is with the upholstery. Now that you have your equipment, settle yourself in a comfortable position either in a roomy easy chair or in the middle of the floor. The latter may not be so sanitary, but it unquestionably is roomy. Finally you are ready for an evening of uninterrupted concentration. You're crunched delightedly on a cracker and your pencil is poised. Oh! we forgot to have you turn on the radio. There's nothing like doing algebra to the soothing strains of "G. I. Live."

Professor To Reveal War Plant Plot

Next January 40, 1939, Professor Milk Shake will speak to the 13th and 14th grades during the seventh hour on Saturday morning. He will talk about war plants in the Victory garden, and it will contain many interesting facts on how to raise "grease and cain." One of the outstanding themes of his topic will be on what the well-dressed gardener should not wear. Be sure to be at the swimming pool in Room 609 at Central Super Senior High School. Bleachers will be in warm chlorinated water, and those who cannot swim please wear life preservers and bring your little air pumps.

PLATTER CHATTER. STRAIGHT JIVE

Hi-Y Easter Assembly, Auditorium, 8:35 A. M. March 31. Spring vacation March 31 (from 3 P. M. on). Spring vacation April 1. Spring vacation April 2. Spring vacation April 3. Spring vacation April 4. Spring vacation April 5. Spring vacation April 6. Spring vacation April 7. Spring vacation April 8. Spring vacation April 9. Spring vacation April 10 (until 8:30 A. M.). Teacher Council, Room 316, 8:25 A. M. April 10. Clubs (if you don't belong to a club just roam the halls), 8:35 A. M. April 11. Baer Caravan Repeat Assembly, Auditorium, 8:35 A. M. April 12. No Interlude April 13. Indiana Extension, 12B and 12A, Auditorium, 8:35 A. M. April 14.

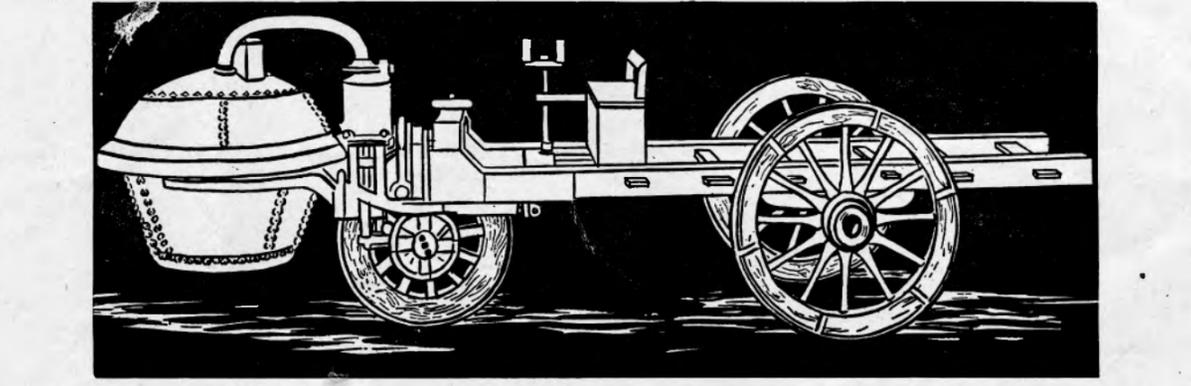
HAVE THEM REPAIRED AT THE Washington Shoe Repair Co. Hats Cleaned and Blocked 116 W. Wash. Ave.

IF YOUR DATE HOLDS YOUR HAND IN THE MOVIE, SHOULD YOU

SLAP HER HAND? CALL THE USHER? PRETEND IT'S A GAME AND HOLD HANDS WITH THE PERSON ON THE OTHER SIDE OF YOU? START APPLAUDING VIOLENTLY?

Finally the smoke cleared. We sat up dazedly, brushed off the remains of a dozen beakers, and felt for broken bones. Satisfied that there were none, we observed our surroundings. We were in one of those musty old medieval castles where spiders ram-page in the rafters and the inhabit-ants haven't yet heard of silverware. At first we seemed to be alone, but soon we heard someone singing a familiar rendition of "Matryz Doats," and Charles Lakowe stepped out from behind a suit of armor. He was dressed in one of those knee-pants outfits, supported by a flashy pair of red and yellow striped sus-penders. "Forsooth!" he exclaimed. "Another victim to make sport of. Come, kneave, thou must be tried." "Tried?" we asked. "What's cor-rodng you anyway? We're well be-haved and don't go around commit-ting crimes." "Quiet, fool!" says Lakowe. "Hast thou never heard of King Ciglski the First? He shall try you posthaste. We were hurled into the air along with assorted test tubes, chemistry BOOM!! glnium in the framamis tube, and... phlogisticate, causing a state of alle-hydroxenated foralaxum with the of harm's way, she had immersed the boom." And before we could get out "and I wanna make a really big like to hear it bark at me," she said, warned her but she didn't care. "I the too gay with the explosives, we plode. When she began getting a lit-Beverly Jones was gleefully playing with some hydrogen, making it ex-It began in chemistry class where the latest. Judging from the quality of our recent nightmares, we should change our brand of sleeping pills, or else take to reading Bacon's Essays before retiring. Anyway we don't ever want to sleep through another dream like

AUTOMOTIVE CORNER — THE TOBIN SPECIAL



Our Conception of the Postwar Car.

MICHAELS MOUSETRAP RENEWS HOPE THAT "CIVILIZATION WILL ADVANCE"

Mr. Lauterbach: "You should have been here at eight-thirty this morning." Harlan Orr: "Why, what happened?"

As we were thinking that it was strange that we should be asked to pay for our own funeral, we opened our eyes to find an anxious parent in the doorway to remind us that we were expected at school in half an hour. Anybody know where we can get a cheap copy of Bacon's Essays? "Order in the throne room!" yelled Matt as he swung his sceptre dan-gerously near the heads of the spec-tators. "We'll settle this by a boy scout vote. Who can count?" So the assembled spectators lower-ed their heads and voted on the man-ner of my finale. "All right, we've reached the deci-sion. For trespassing against the Spiders in the lobby, the defendant is to be hanged at dawn. Would you like the ordinary funeral at the econ-omy rates or the fancy one for \$1.75?"

I, Gerald Trap Michaels, being of sound mind and body, do propose and propound this entirely original plan for the biggest and best mouse-trap of all times. This mousetrap not only efficiently and quickly kills the mouse but also it is guaranteed to make the highest quality blood plazma, tooth-brushes, and fertilizer. Since enemy agents are continually trying to discover the plan for this ingenious machine, its picture cannot be printed. However, the outline of the process, complete with explanatory notes, is as follows:

- 1. Mouse smells cheese placed at opening of machine. (1)
2. Mouse enters machine in search of cheese. He passes through the door which opens by the use of electric eye beam, and is immediately asfixiated by poison gas fumes. (2)
3. He (3) falls, and is thrown through a trap door onto a table where a giant needle removes his blood and carries it to blood plazma machine.
4. He (4) is then carried by a conveyor belt into a mouse-tearing-apart machine. He (5) is promptly torn apart.
5. His fur is sucked into one section where it is cleaned and brushed and then drawn into another section to wait for the bones.
6. The bones are sucked into still another section where they are bleached by an artificial sun process, and then sent to join the expectant hair.
7. The bones and fur are combined by a highly secret method and come out in the form of toothbrushes. (6).
8. The "innards" having been retrieved back somewhere along the line are mashed and messed about, wrapped in pink and blue boxes, and distributed to favorite department stores everywhere to be sold for aid to growing plants. (7)
9. By this time the blood plazma is ready to be bottled and sent to the Red Cross. (8)

- (1) Because of the scarcity of cheese you need only rub a bit of the cheese across the entrance, the effect is the same; mice aren't very clever really.
(2) The poison takes effect almost immediately so there is almost no pain for the little fellow.
(3) "He" refers to the mouse that entered the machine at the beginning of the process.
(4) Same mouse.
(5) Getting a little tiresome, isn't it?
(6) Guaranteed for 6 1/2 days constant use.
(7) Fertilizer, dummy.
(8) No suitable use has as yet been found for this plazma but I'm working on that, too.

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SOCIETY 10 YEARS FROM NOW

Dr. Thomas Pauszek, who graduated from Central in '44, has been treating a patient for yellow jaundice for three weeks. Yesterday he found out that the man was Chinese.

Gene Sage, that swoon trumpeter, made his first appearance on the "Sage with Spice" hour last night.

The parents of Bill Orr are proud to announce the graduation of their son from Central Senior High School.

Mr. A. W. Peden will present his dog in a typing recital at the LaSalle School of Typing at 4 o'clock Sunday afternoon.

Ann Patterson won first prize in the county hog-calling contest yesterday.

Eric Falk was arrested for disturbing the peace last night. He is out on \$5,000 bond put up by his friend, Ralph Witucki.

Store Manager: "Didn't you get my letter firing you?"

Bill Niedbalski: "Yes sir, but on the envelope it said: 'Return in five days'."

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thoughts of a fool

if i was a drool fool
i d write about school fool
and tell latest gassips and such stuff
i d tell thee what stuffed cuff
has got him a slick chick
and a queenie of central i d pick
quick

i d write me own column resembling
v. saurs
i d spill all the sharp talk and ques-
tion the powers
that cunningham has on the fems
it seems he has a collection of gems

then we ve gertie whose beauty of
which we can shout
and sage whose ability no one will
doubt
there witucki and falk inseparable
pair
and ot may and kovacs who for each
other care
bergan, mscarthy, zick and mathews
too
but such stuffs no hep stuff and new

my column would swoon em
love affairs i d not croon em
i d murder the slush mush and give
em more hush hush
i d write of school spirit
it's something were lacking
what our teams need is some old
fashion backing

it seems that i ve strayed from my
subject

of what i m not writing about
so ill stop

dorothy oetjen

ODE TO THE NUT

Students of Central High School, within our midst is a man who has distinguished himself at a tender age. He has proved that through conscientious effort one can be great—regardless of obstacles such as the lack of old age.

Because of the example he has set for us all, we, his ever grateful public, shall grant him recognition before a single dizzy dame has swooned in his wake—before a single picture has been taken of his nose as it breaks the tape—before a single termite has had a chance to gnaw on the pine beneath his eternally sleeping dome—before a single termite has gnawed on his apparently sleeping cranium—

We hail you, Chief Nut! May your life be long and may you always be victorious in your battle against the squirrels which surround you.

HAY FOR DAYMARES

Spring is here, and again young wolves' fancies are lightly turning. (Who ever said they'd need to turn?) Through spring colds come even more senseless recitations than usual for studious Centralites, and we are all aware of—absolutely nothing. (Is that unusual?) Everyone is beginning to suffer from the worst malady of all—Spring Fever.



The day-dreaming caused by Spring Fever is surprisingly detrimental to grades, as brought out by final marks in June. The effect on teachers is always noticeable. Some turn gray-headed overnight—those already that way lose their hair. The amorous effusions of students during this difficult season are sometimes hilarious, sometimes just plain sickening. Characteristic of all sufferers is a certain dull, dazed, stupid expression that marks plainly the victim of this malady.

Spring Fever cannot be prevented. You can't quarantine the ground-hog. But cheer up, ye unfortunate victim. There's one cure, and a surprisingly quick one, too. Scientists have studied the problem for years, and have finally found one remedy. Statistics show it has never failed. They call it the guillotine.



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OFF THE RECORD

The Student Council voted to donate radio-phonograph sets and twenty-five records to every room in the school, at a recent meeting. This is the beginning of a campaign to raise student morale. Whenever a student feels depressed with his class period, he merely rises and turns on his favorite record. This "record in every room" is a necessary part of modern education for the up and coming high school generation. The records will be delivered to the rooms as soon as they arrive from the Chicago warehouse.

Ready now, cast off. Gee, brother, your girl looks a little washed out—oh, she was just washed in? Tide, you know. Now you're set. I wonder why those sails flop like that? She's headed right for where you want to go. Funny we're going backward and sideways at the same time. Is this the way you sail a boat? Talk, talk! latch your lashes on the water on the bottom of the boat. Too bad we forgot bailing things. Get-sal, aren't you? So what do you do? Master the difficulty, son! Do it up right—make her think you're really salty. Pepper up! Clove that hitch! (Hmmm—this ought to be a spicy night.) Okay, you have the boat, now what? Put that big sail on with the sticks sewn in. Whoops! I should have warned you—tipped a little. Dry clothes? Sorry, no. Now the sail is on, but what do you do with the other little one? Use it to keep warm? Catch fish with it? Put it down for a rug? That seems wonder what the stick is at the end of the boat? Maybe you scare sharks away with this paddle its attached to. (But then again, you might get hurt-ry.) And this sponge—people take baths in this tub?

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