

## Mrs. Sculthorp To Leave Clay Soon

The news of Mrs. Sculthorp's leaving us came as a surprise to all. We all are sorry to see her leave, especially with all the fine work she has done for us. Mrs. Sculthorp manages our cafeteria and is sponsor of the National Honor Society, also she was a leader of the Clay Township 4-H Club. Her husband has a job as an attorney in Marshall, Michigan. We wish you and your husband, Mrs. Sculthorp, much happiness and success in your new home! We hope you will remember us as we will remember you.

## ETIQUETTE CLUB HOLDS PARTY JANUARY 9

Due to the fact that the Etiquette Club could not hold its annual Christmas party because of the snow and bad roads a party was given in its place last Wednesday in the school gym. Entertainment was provided by a trumpet quartet consisting of Satch Holcomb, Ronald Hodgson, Dick Lattimer and Hillard Morse. A sock hop followed until 10 when the party ended. Refreshments were served during the evening with Elsie Greenwood in charge.

## Lockers and Lawn

At a recent faculty meeting, it was brought up that too many students are abusing the lawns around the school. Even though there is snow on the ground, the grass underneath is damaged by being constantly trampled.

Another point mentioned was the neglectful way the lockers are kept. Fibber McGee's closet was never like some of the lockers in the school!

## FAVORITE LINES FROM THE SENIOR PLAY

(By Anne Coles)

Mrs. Barber: I'm so proud of you! (line, you know)

Mr. Dickey: (pulling the curtain). This is the only pull I've got around here.

Betty Strunk: I've got to get Sylvia out of my life. I just mention it.

George Hickey: Be seeing you around — infant.

Anne Coles: Because — (swallows) — because since I can remember — I've been in love with Jerry.

Jerry Miller: And then maybe Sylvia and I —

Ida Belle Kollar: Maudie, dear —

Dwain Spencer: This is the first time we've agreed on anything since we graduated from elementary school.

Doris Hicks: I never even had a chance to throw one down.

Larry Dershem: Do you want me to throw him out, Maudie?

Nancy Teeter: What do you do when you don't want a boy to kiss you?

Nancy Gollnick: I was never so mad!

Jo Harter: My, aren't we going to have fun tonight!

Susie Roden: Go home and pick up your room!

Kay Haskins: A frank question deserves a frank reply.

Theresa McNerney: I think perhaps we have said enough already.

Donna Tooper: My, everybody is bright and miserable this morning.

George Colip: I've arrived — the party can start!

Dorothy Johnson: If you knew your lines, I wouldn't have to prompt.

Nancy Mooney: Please get it right this time.

Peggy Shoup: Please hurry up, you belong on the stage; we're on the bottom of the page now.

## GUEST EDITORS TO TAKE OVER COLONIAL

Beginning two issues after this paper is published the Colonial editorship will be taken over by guest editors. These editors are pupils that have shown their interest in the Colonial so far this year and would like to continue their work as possible editors next year. We wish them a lot of success in their work on the paper this year and next. The following people have signed up to take this course in learning to put out a paper: Bill Hennings, Magdaelene Gaedtker, Dick Lattimer, Mary Ann Kush, Janet Lane, Barbara Landick, and Eva Jo Lowe.

## TEACHER OF THE WEEK

(By Jake)

Because Don Schlundt has been getting so much publicity these past few weeks, I think it is only proper we should ask our teacher of the week, who is 6 feet tall, weighs 170 pounds, and has light brown hair, and blue-grey eyes, his opinion of Don's recent appearances in college basketball games. This is his reply: "It's a remarkable feat for a freshman to make the basketball team of a big ten college. His appearance in the two games for Indiana has proved what a wonderful star he is. He has made an excellent start and I know his future games will be even more remarkable. We wish him all the luck a person can have." I think we all agree with this teacher, who hails from Walkerton, Indiana, graduated from Peru High School, and Indiana Central College. His favorite food is mashed potatoes, and his hobbies are fishing and baby sitting with his daughter. He has been teaching at Clay for seven years and he thinks it is the best school in Indiana. With all this talk of sports I think we should find out what our teacher of the week thinks of Washington-Clay's Booster Club, so I meekly asked him and this is what he said: "Those that are loyal are doing a wonderful job. The success of the team depends on the Booster Club and I think we should strive for more loyal Booster Club members. The team is deserving! Well I guess I better tell you who our teacher of the week is. What? You knew all along it was Mr. Hershel Eaton."

# CLAY PROUD OF FIRE DEPT.



## BRUNER HEADS VOLUNTEER FIREMEN

This is our new fire department. This modern building which houses two of the best equipped trucks that money can buy plays an important role in the everyday lives of Clay Twn. citizens.

The idea for a volunteer fire department was born in March, 1948 when Elmer Pond, then trustee, called on Fred Bruner and asked him if he would be interested in accepting a job as a custodian at Washington-Clay and starting the Volunteer Fire Dept. which would be housed temporarily in the room behind the Washington-Clay High School Gym.

The township equipped three men with fire fighting equipment. The first truck, an American Marsh, mounted on a Ford chassis, 500 gallon pumper, was purchased and the Clay Township Volunteer Fire Dept. was fully organized in April, 1948. Officers were elected: Fred Bruner was elected Chief, which post he has been re-elected to each year since.

When Elmer Pond resigned and Hans Mohn was appointed by the Advisory Board, Mr. Bruner was hired on a full time basis as Chief of the fire department.

From March of 1948 until August of 1950, the department was housed in the room at the back of Washington-Clay High School. In August, the department was requested by the township officials to move from that site because of the hazard it created during school sessions. Plans were made to build at the present location. The township purchased the land and construction began immediately. By November, the department was ready to move to their present location. During the months of September and November, the trucks had no housing and were kept at the fire chief's house.

Mr. Donald Wise, former partner in the Lutes and Wise Grocery is the Assistant Fire Chief. He and Mr. Bruner have alternate shifts during the twenty-four hour day; one is there at all times.

The department belongs to the Indiana Fireman's Association. This membership allows them to obtain legislation which they otherwise wouldn't be able to obtain. By their constitution and by-laws, they hold meetings on the second Thursday of each month and drill and fire protection practice on the fourth Thursday of each month.

The Ladies Auxiliary is composed of the volunteer's wives. The president is Mrs. William Elmore. The organization has a regular charter and is affiliated with the state organizations. Two former presidents were Mrs. Nadine Chapin and Mrs. Fred Bruner.

The trucks that provide the protection for our township are an American Marsh mounted on a Ford chassis, 500 gallon pumper and a John Bean mounted on a International chassis, combined hook and ladder and water supply with high

## CONGRATULATIONS TO EX-BASKETBALL STARS!

DON SCHLUNDT—is at Indiana and is doing very well. He is on the first string varsity and to date has made 50 points in 4 games for an average of 12.5 points per game. Besides all this, Don made the winning goal in Indiana's victory over Wyoming 57-55.

JACK STONE—is playing "B" team basketball at Manchester College and is practicing with the varsity. Good luck, Jack.

DON LYNCH—is on the indoor track team at Western Michigan and has just recovered from a foot fracture which put him out of action for a length of time.

KENNETH VANDYGRIF — is playing basketball at Tri-State Teachers College. Good Luck, Ken.

JOHN NEHER—is playing Freshman basketball at Notre Dame. In case you want to see John play, the Freshmen team plays before every N. D. varsity game at home.

## JANE OF THE WEEK

By Becky

Going to the bookstore Thursday morning I peered through the door of room 7 where I saw our Jane discussing an English paper which she had just received. I went in to interview her, interrupting her discussion.

You might say she is rather tall for a freshman with her 5'5½" height. She has blonde hair and dazzling blue eyes. She is the kind of person with a smile for everyone you can't help but like. Playing the piano is her hobby although she likes to read quite a bit. French fries are her specialty.

Since this is the Christmas issue, I asked our Jane for her opinion of Christmas. I quote: "I think the true meaning of Christmas is the birthday of Christ and not the coming of Santa Claus. Christmas is too commercialized." Unquote. I agree!

Boys?? She thinks most boys at Clay are all right but she thinks some are pretty fickle. She belongs to G.A.A., the Booster and Etiquette Clubs. Hailing us from 1523 Northern Avenue is Miss Phyllis Zimmerman.

## ALUMNI NEWS

Barbara Landick

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Huddleston, the former Diane LaMasurier, "50" are the parents of a son, Michael, born September 23, 1951.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bybee, the former Marie Roempagel, are the parents of a daughter, Sheryl, born November 15, 1951.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Beghtel, the former Ruth McMullen, "50" became the parents of a daughter, Gail Lynn, born November 7, 1951.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Asire, the former Lois Butterbaugh, are the parents of a son, Mark Eugene, born August 1951.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Ream, the former Vivian Irish, became the parents of a son, Kenneth, born September 3, 1951.

Corp. Robert Landick, "48" and Elaine Freel of Riley "49" became engaged while he was home on furlough during the Christmas holidays.

Also during the holidays, Becky Serene, "51" and Leslie Sebasty of New Carlisle, "51" became engaged.

Rosemary Kelley "50" became engaged to Marvin Werner.

Don Schlundt "51" now a student at Indiana University became engaged during the Christmas holidays to Gloria Blyton formerly of Central.

## Did You Know That . . .

Your principal is held responsible for your conduct by the state office — that you could cause your school to be suspended.

The officials are accredited by the state, OK'ed by both schools and hired by home management.

In this connection, the general activity and conduct of the students has been good at the ball games.

It has been observed that the alumni and adults, in all cases, have not given the team, officials and the school the support that is warranted.

I see where a loaded hearse was run into by a speeder. It's got so this country is not only not a safe place to live in — it's not a safe place to die in.

# THE COLONIAL



Published by  
WASHINGTON-CLAY HIGH SCHOOL

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Faculty Advisors — Elizabeth Schmidt, Nancy Cleary

Co-Editors ..... Nancy Mooney, Pat Morse  
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pressure fog type nozzle. The trucks are equipped fully, the firemen all have complete fire-fighting equipment and they have two self-sustained oxygen masks and six fresh air (smoke) masks. To assist the firemen in finding the location of the fire, they have a huge indexed map with all the new streets complete. Also, by mutual agreement, the Clay Township Fire Department covers Harris Township.

Because only the building and the maintenance of the trucks is maintained by the township, the department and its auxiliary sponsor many projects throughout the year to raise money to purchase equipment. More than \$6,700.00 has been spent for equipment; this money has all been raised by projects of the department and its auxiliary.

As one can see by the picture, the building and the grounds are all well kept. The landscaping was done by the volunteers. The tree in the yard is from the old Stover school yard.

All the work to improve the inside of the building has been done during the spare time of the volunteers. The building, which has been sprayed for water-proofing inside and out, is divided into five sections: the front two-thirds is the housing for the trucks, the back one-third is divided into a sleeping room, a kitchen, corridor, and two rest rooms. The kitchen has the best in equipment. The newest piece of equipment is the Hotpoint range, purchased with funds raised by the auxiliary. The cabinets and the tile flooring were also built and put in by the department members. The sleeping room for the Chief and his assistant while on night duty has two beds and all the conveniences of home.

Among the contributions to the fire department have been a juke-box piano, chairs and extension tables, which the volunteers have repaired to use for their card parties, wall clock donated by Ted Miloserney of the Twin City Jewelers, desk from the old Stover school, and the flag and pole, donated by the Clay Township Democratic club.

The projects being sponsored now by the department are a paper and a magazine drive and a Curtis Publishing Company magazine sale whose representative is Mr. Dierking. Of the money that is received through this sale, the Curtis Publishing Company is giving the department 15 per cent as a commission for sponsoring them.

The thirty man department has twenty-eight volunteers and two full time firemen, the Fire Chief, Fred Bruner and the Assistant Fire Chief, Don Wise. The thirty-first member couldn't be classified as a man but he is the most loyal member a department could have — his name, Sparky, a friendly dog.

The thirty members are as follows, in alphabetical order: Fred Bruner, Charles Bares, Albert Chambers, Harold Chapin, Roy Dunivant, William Elmore, Verlin Engle, Clayton Eby, Jack Fox, Edward Harvey, Julius Harvath, Raymond Heil, Tom Kinney, Robert Kingsafer, Richard Koenig, Clarence Lattimer, George Lewis, Fred Martin, Hans Mohn, Theodore Miloserney, Peter Nemeth, Gerny Pollitt, Alfred Rhodes, Ernest Snyder, Charles Seitz, Arthur Swanson, Otis Towne, Fred Vaughn, Dale Williamson, and Donald Wise.

## ADULTS OF CLAY TWP. — 1949

Occupation	No.	%
Professions .....	4	1.3
Manager or Prop.....	11	3.7
Agriculture .....	3	1.03
Homemaking .....	116	40.
Sales Work .....	15	5.1
Office Work —		
Secretarial .....	12	4.1
Stenographic, including Bookkeeping, Accounting, Clerical		
Skilled Labor .....	82	28.3
Domestic Service or		
Housekeeper .....	0	0
Unskilled Labor .....	40	13.7
Unemployed or on		
Relief .....	3	1.03
Miscellaneous .....	0	0
Unknown (Dead) .....	3	1.03
Others (In Service)....	1	.34
Totals .....	290	100.00

The Samuel Goldwyns, who celebrated their 26th wedding anniversary last spring, met for the first time at a party given by Conde Nast. Goldwyn saw Frances Howard surrounded by a crowd of admiring males, all gushing over her beauty. The film producer cleared a path through the starry-eyed men and said to her: "You wear your hair wrong. It spoils your looks."

The next day he phoned her for a date. She remembered him: "Oh, yes. You're the one who didn't like the way I looked."

"That's right," he replied. "I said the only thing I knew would impress you."

Two weeks later they were married.

—Leonard Lyons

## SECRETS OF A PERFECT FOOL

By J. P. McEvoy

Are there only seven basic jokes? Ed Wynn ("The Perfect Fool"), comedy star of stage, screen, radio and TV, says, "I have done a lot of research on this legend. You can sue me if I'm wrong but I believe it was started by Mark Twain, who was quite a joker himself. I have collected a library of 17,000 volumes of jokes, humorous stories and folk tales of all nations, and for a hobby I put in 11 years boiling down 9000 of these jokes until I got a hundred basic ones — and not one had the faintest family relation to another."

Wynn tells more stories than any other top comedian. "I don't sing or dance or play the ukulele or do rope tricks. When I'm out there I have to talk," he explains. One of his favorites is the one about the horse who liked to sit on eggs. "It was just a whim," Wynn explains. "But I told the man who bought the horse from me about it, and he said, 'Oh, that's all right; I might not have noticed it if you hadn't told me.'

"Some time later the telephone rings. It's the same fellow, and he's fighting mad. 'What do you mean selling me a crazy horse?' he said. 'I'm riding him home and when he comes to the bridge he won't cross it, but wades into the river with me and sits down.' 'Oh, I forgot to tell you,' I says to him. 'He likes to sit on fish, too.'

"Here's one I wrote in 1909," says Wynn. "Repeated it in three shows — 1910, 1930 and 1940 — all different variations — and hardly a week passes that I don't hear it retold in some new version. A man walks up to the bar and orders a stein of gin. Another man standing there drinking ginger ale turns and says, 'Stranger, you must be out of your mind. Look at me. Never had a drink of hard likker, never smoked, never helled around with wimmen. Now I'm 45 years old. Look at these muscles. Look at this chest. Look at these eyes, clear as a baby's. What do you think you'll look like if you keep that up?'

"The stranger drained his stein of gin and replied, 'Pardner, I had a grandfather who lived to be 105. He started smoking when he was eight — cornsilk cigarettes behind the barn — started drinkin' when he was ten — lemon extract and corn likker — started runnin' around with wimmen when he was 12. Yep, he died at 105 and we dug him up the other day — and damned if he didn't look better than you do right now!'

Delightful and durable (a top star since 1910), Wynn is a marvel of versatility. He not only starred in his own musicals — all successes — but he wrote the books, lyrics and music, staged and produced them, designed scenery and costumes, financed them with his own money and managed them. None can tell a story better than Wynn with his fluttery gestures, his inimitable lisp and giggle, his faultless timing. Some of his original one-liners are quoted more than ever today:

A bachelor is a man who never made the same mistake once. ("Now they attribute this to George Bernard Shaw," says Wynn, "but I wrote it.")

A husband is what is left of a sweetheart after the nerve has been taken out.

"There were never any comedians in my family," says Wynn. "Or actors of any kind. My father made ladies' hats in Philadelphia; my mother came from Turkey. When I was 16 I ran away from home to go on the stage, and my father told me I would disgrace the family name of Leopold, so I dropped it, kept my middle name, Edwin, and made two names out of it."

Ed Wynn has been playing on words ever since. His best radio programs were long dramatizations of outrageous puns.

When you quote, "Puns are the lowest form of wit," Wynn replies, "I know it, and they can be used to prove it. A man goes into a bakery and asks for buns. The baker says, 'I wouldn't have them around the place because the bun is the lowest form of wheat.'"

Wynn says that to make an audience laugh you start at the top of the house — the gallery. If they laugh up there, you're in. That's why easy-to-get jokes like puns are good, and sight gags and pantomime stories.

Ed Wynn is best known for his "inventions." The one most people remember he demonstrated first in the Ziegfeld Follies in 1914. "People were always having melted butter run down their arms while eating corn on the cob," said Wynn. He mounted his ear of corn on a typewriter carriage with a finger trigger that moved it along as he ate. One of the loudest laughs ever heard in the theater exploded when he came to the end of the row: the bell rang and the corn shifted back so he could start eating again.

His comic inventions also included a bamboo pole "exactly 11 feet, four inches long — to be used on people you can't touch with a ten-foot pole," and a patent lighter which cannot fail. "When you turn the wheel with your thumb, an arrow jumps up and points to the nearest man who has matches."

In describing his funniest sketch in almost half a century of professional laugh-making, Ed Wynn says:

"My straight man comes out to the middle of the stage and proceeds to tell three of my best stories, one after the other. The audience laughs politely. He turns to me and says indignantly, 'What's wrong? When you tell these same stories they get big laughs.' And I say, 'Well, maybe the audience doesn't think they're funny.'

"Then he says, 'Well what is funny?' and I say, 'Darned if I know,' and I walk over to him and take his new straw hat off his head and admire it. I ask him if he likes it very much and he says, 'Certainly,' and I say, 'Cost a lot of money?' and he says, 'Very expensive.' And while I'm talking to him I take a Boy Scout knife out of my pocket, and slowly proceed to cut huge slices off the hat until there is nothing left but the crown, which I gravely put back on his head.

"Then I ask him, 'Do you think that's funny?' and he shouts indignantly, 'No!' I point to the audience which greeted each slice with a great roar of happy laughter and say, 'Look, They think it's funny.'"

Wynn says a good joke never dies — it doesn't even fade away. "Thousands of years ago a Greek barber asked his customer, 'How would you like to have your hair cut?' The customer cracked, 'In silence.' Only yesterday on TV I heard this: 'My wife talks and talks incessantly.' 'What does she talk about?' 'She doesn't say.'

"When I opened the Palace vaudeville theater in New York in 1913, I told the story of the parrot and the magician. A few days ago — 38 years after I told it for the first time — I told it again to a sophisticated benefit audience and it went just as big again. Here is the story:

"It was gala night on a transatlantic liner, and a magician was entertaining. First he held up a deck of cards, threw them all up in the air — and they disappeared. A parrot, sitting on his perch nearby, blinked in astonishment, but said nothing. Then the magician took a large bowlful of goldfish, passed a cloth over it, pulled the cloth away. The bowl had disappeared. The parrot blinked again in amazement.

"'And now,' said the magician, 'I will do my best trick. I will make this table and all the dishes disappear.' He threw a cloth over it, but just then the lights went out, bells rang, whistles blew. There was a tremendous shock and explosion,

and in no time at all the boat went down. All alone, floating on a piece of wreckage in the moonlight, sat the parrot. Suddenly, coming up out of the water the magician appeared, hollered 'Help' and went down. The parrot observed him gravely. Again the magician came up, hollered 'Help' — fainter this time — and again disappeared. The parrot's eyes opened wider.

The magician came up, gurgled 'Help,' and went down for the last time. The ripples died away. The boat, the passengers, the magician — all had disappeared. The parrot sat quietly on his piece of wreckage, thought it over for a long time and then said, 'Marvelous!'

## ENGLISH TEACHERS' QUIZ

English, they say, is the language most used,

Most spoken, most written, most cruelly abused.

The plural of box we all know is boxes,

Yet the plural of ox is oxen, not oxes.

One goose is a goose, but two are called geese

But why isn't more than one moose quoted meese?

A mouse and his family are mentioned as mice,

But the plural of house is houses, not hices.

The plural of brother is brothers, or brethren

And yet we say mothers, but never say methren.

The plural of man. The answer is men.

The plural of pan. Who'd dare to say pen?

If more than one tooth we'll designate teeth,

Then why isn't more than one booth termed as beeth?

If one thing is that and three things are those

Then why do we swear at cats not cose?

A cow in the plural is sometimes the kine,

But who ever spoke of two vows as vine?

You can readily double a foot and have feet

But try as you will you can't make root reet.

If this in my hand were two, 'twould be these,

And yet is the plural of kiss ever kесе?

We classify pronouns as he, his and him,

But never, it's certain, as she, shis and shim.

No wonder then, foreigners nearly go mad.

And speak our good English atrociously bad.

—From Mellon Junior High Mellonaire, submitted by Kay Bodouinac, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Strolling about New York City last Easter, I came upon a crowd staring in fascination at a taxicab — in its doorway the fattest woman I ever saw was stuck fast. The driver was pulling and pushing, while she struggled to pry herself loose, cursing herself for trying to enter frontwise instead of sideways.

A small boy spoke up: "I'll get her out for you, mister," he said confidently and, walking to the other side of the cab, he threw something on the floor.

With a scream that should have waked the dead, the woman popped from the cab like a cork from a bottle.

On the floor of the cab was a small, gray-furred mechanical mouse.

—David E. Baird (Lock Haven, Pa.)

THE CORN CRIB

by Dick

Doris Day: "What's the matter with your patent leather shoes?"  
Bob Hope: "I think the patent has expired."

Mary had a little watch  
She swallowed it, it's gone;  
Now everywhere that Mary walks  
"Time Marches On."

"Pop, Did Edison invent the first talking machine?"

"No, Son. God made the first one.  
All Edison did was invent one you could shut off."

Mrs. Jones: "Did you give the goldfish fresh water?"

Maid: "What's the use? They didn't drink what I gave them yesterday."

Romeo: "Juliet, dearest, I'm burning with love for you."

Juliet: "Careful Romeo, don't make a fuel of yourself!"

Jack: "What's that gurgling noise I hear?"

Jill: "It's me, trying to swallow that line of yours."

Wife: "I think I hear burglars, John. Are you awake?"

John: "No."

New Wife: "What's the best way to protect my wedding ring?"

Old Wife: "Dip it in dish water three times a day."

Mr. Archer: "Do you mean, Corliss, you can look at television, listen to the radio, talk to Mildred and, at the same time, do your homework?"

Corliss Archer: "Sure, That way, it's not so dreary."

Mr. Archer: "Janet, what have we here? A daughter or a four-way cold tablet?"

Hunter: See that elephant's head? I shot the beast in my pajamas.

Friend: "How odd! How did it happen to be wearing your pajamas?"

"Guess I'll hit the hay," said the farmer as he fell off the barn.

Sherlock: "Ah, Watson, I see you have on your winter underwear.

Watson: "Marvelous, Holmes, Marvelous. How did you ever deduce that?"

Sherlock Holmes: "You forgot to put on your trousers!"

NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS

Doris and Dorothy

Nancy Kleinrichert—Not to eat between meals and to go to church every Sunday.

Joe Katona—Not to go steady.

Sandra Nagy—Stop making funny faces at Bud Miller.

Jerry Miller—To concentrate on winning the rest of our games.

Peggy Shoup—To be nicer to people (especially a basketball player from Lakeville).

Satch Holcomb—To get along with all girls (especially Arlene).

Janice Mac Cormick—To get home earlier next New Year's Eve.

Jo Hanna Brockenhamer—Get home earlier from dates.

Harry Morozowski—Not to play in any more Holiday Tourneys.

Dave Blackburn—To start having more fun.

Dick Lattimer—To control himself at future basketball games.

Becky Carrico—To keep her driveway clean so "Al" doesn't get stuck anymore.

Janet De Priester—To make her bed every morning and to pick up her clothes.

George Hickey—No more women.

Jay Guy—No to stay out to 4:00 A. M. with girls from RILEY.

George Colip—No more New Year's Eve Parties.

Lois Jean Langly—To love, honor, and obey.

Bud Miller, Jerry Walton, and Dennis Lynch—To bring cushions to future basketball games.

Mary Louise Grabowski—To be nicer to her little brother and pick up her clothes.

Marilyn Macht—To follow through the tradition of leap year—hook my man.

Bob Todd—To graduate.

Nancy Gollnick, Susie Roden, and Petie Klowner—To keep each other out of trouble.

Nancy Teeter—Not to go steady and to have fun.

Brooklynite: "What did you do last summer?"

Westerner: "I worked in Des Moines."

Brooklynite: "Iron or Coal?"

Morning is the time of day when the rising generation gets ready to retire and the retiring generation rises.

Bye now and be good.

OUR SENIORS

As we found the Senior girl for this week she was drooling over the record "Cry" by Johnny Ray. She then told us her pet peeve is conceited people. Her favorite pastime is liking a certain man and sewing. The types of boys she likes are tall with red hair and athletic ability. The food she likes best is broiled steak. If you haven't decided who she is we'll give you the last few hints. She is 5'6", black hair, brown eyes. When asked about her weight she said, "ain't telling."

As we walked aimlessly down the hall we saw our senior boy for the week. The vital statistics are: height 6 ft., 2 inches; weight, 182 lbs.; eyes, green; hair, black. He was dressed casually then and when we asked if he liked to wear a suit and tie, he said, "NO!" It seems all boys are like that. For his career he would like to be a barber. When asked about his ideal girl he thinks she should be tall, a neat dresser, and talkative. Here are the last two hints: he likes typing with Mrs. Matchette for a teacher. When not doing any of the things mentioned above he likes to eat, especially fried chicken.

Our seniors for last week were Donna Tooper and Owen Younquist.

CRAZY QUOTES

by Dick

Mrs. Barber—"You Know"  
Nancy Mooney—"I like it"

Dick Harper—"Know any good jokes"

Coach Eaton—"That's 3 black marks, Katona"

Joe Katona—"Aw, Coach"

Maggie Gaedtker—"What are concurrent forces, Mr. Brumbaugh?"  
A Certain Junior Girl—"I think the Lassies ought to have a sleigh ride, strictly for girls."

Mr. Weiser—"Ugga Ugga Boo Ugga Boo Boo Ugga!"

Nancy Teeter—"Well, I never in all my life"

Leo Tam—"That's no lie"

Lynn Nemeth—"Aw, Adaline, leave me alone!"

Chuck Myers—"Quick, Manny!"  
Mr. Oglesby—"Join the Army"

Mr. Rogers—"Let's get quiet please. Bang, Bang"

The doctor came out of the bedroom to the anxious wife, "Frankly," he says, "I don't like the way your husband looks at all." "I don't either, doc," the wife says, "but he's nice to the kids."

PLATTER CHATTER

Susie Roden

Greetings:

So we ring a new year in and an old year out. It is sort of fun to go back and reminisce about the songs that came to be popular throughout the year.

"My Heart Cries for You" and "Sparrow in the Tree Top" done up by Bing Crosby took high honors along with Patti Page's recording of "Tennessee Waltz." Les Paul and Mary Ford started to become popular when they recorded "Mocking Bird Hill." They also revived "How High the Moon." Mario Lanza came out with two very popular songs, "Be My Love" and "It's the Loveliest Night of the Year" which really soared high. Billy Eckstein grabbed honors while recording "I Apologize" while Doris Day recorded "Shanghai." Tony Bennett really hit the jack pot when he recorded "Cold, Cold Heart" and "Because of You." Nat King Cole recorded perhaps the most impressive ballad, "Too Young" while Vaughn Monroe recorded "Sound Off." Not to be outdone Patti Page came up with "Mr. and Mississippi," while later in the year she did "And So to Sleep Again." None of us will ever forget "On Top of Old Smoky" while the rest of the year brought up such hits as "It's No Sin" by Eddy Howard, "Undecided" by Ames Brothers, "Domino" by Tony Martin, and last but not least "Shrimp Boats" by Jo Stafford. These are only a few of some of the songs that serenaded the countryside over juke boxes.

Some of my predictions for the year of 1952 maybe just stabs in the dark but here goes—"Cry" and "Little White Cloud" by Johnny Ray, "If Wishes Were Kisses" by Perry Como, "Once" by Billy Eckstein plus many more; but perhaps "You Better Go Now" — by Jeri Southern will begin to make the people take notice. I first watched Jeri Southern on T.V. and now she records for Decca—could be that I'm partial but I think Jeri Southern is very fine, so why don't you try her records?

Bye Now

Mrs. Anne G. Pannell, president of Sweet Briar College, Virginia, recently wrote The Reader's Digest: "I thought you might be interested in an amusing sequel to an anecdote which you printed 11 years ago concerning Dr. Meta Glass, now president-emeritus of Sweet Briar College. Miss Glass is just back from Istanbul, where an old friend on his way home from India told her this story: He had met an Indian to whom he remarked, 'I am from Virginia—the American state where Washington and Jefferson lived.' 'And where Miss Glass lives,' replied the Indian. 'And what do you know about Miss Glass?' the American asked. 'Oh, I read about her in The Reader's Digest,' the Indian responded."

We reprint the story to which the Indian referred; it originally appeared in 1940:

Freshmen at the Citadel, famous Charleston, S. C., military college, thought up a novel time-killer recently. They mailed a batch of postcards to eastern colleges for girls, addressed to the same letter-box numbers they themselves had, and sat back to see what would happen. Replies started rolling in from Vassar, Skidmore, Wheaton, Sweet Briar and Mary Baldwin colleges.

One freshman sauntered up to his box, No. 408, wondering if it contained a reply from No. 408 at Sweet Briar, to whom he had written:

Dear Box 408: I was wondering what the holder of my box number at Sweet Briar looks like. As for me, I am tall, dark and drive a Ford V-8. I am a freshman. What do you like? Where are you from and what class are you in?

There was a reply in the box, and it read:

I am tall, too, and not so thin as I once was. My hair is white and I drive a Buick. I was a freshman in 1896. Maybe you will get to Sweet Briar in your Ford V-8 some day. If so, come in and see me.

The letter was signed Dr. Meta Glass, president of Sweet Briar.

Refreshment is a good idea

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**FROM THE BENCH**

By Dick Lattimer

**RED DEVILS BETTER COLONIALS**

At the end of the first game in the Holiday Tourney the scoreboard read Michigan City 62, Washington Clay 55. The Clay men showed a weakness on defense and couldn't seem to do their usual good job of controlling the backboards. The Wash-Clay team also was cold in shooting, being able to hit only 21 per cent of their shots to Michigan City's 48 per cent. Jerry Miller and Dick Harper were the sparkplugs of the Clay team getting 21 and 16 points respectively. The game was a hotly contested battle all the way thru with not more than 4 points separating either team up until the last minute and a half when the "Imps" poured in 7 quick points. High point man for Michigan City was Donaldson who got 16 points for the winners.

In the second game of the double header South Bend Washington upset the Tourney favorites, John Adams, in a Overtime 44-43.

**ADAM'S COURT JINX CONTINUES**

In the consolation game of the Holiday Tourney Washington Clay lost for the second time of this season to John Adams. Scoring by quarters went J. A. 17-14, J. A. 32-27, J. A. 54-41, J. A. 68-60. Dick Harper was the games high scorer with 18 points. Jerry Miller and Parker of Adams both got 17 points.

This was the Colonials third loss of the 51-52 season. Jerry Miller regained his Crown as the county's leading scorer with 202 points. Dick Harper made his first appearance in the Big Ten list as 8th with 112. Jay Guy got back on the list as 9th with 102 points.

**WASHINGTON OVER MICH-CITY**

In the Championship game South Bend, Washington beat the visitors from Michigan City 49-35.

**PANTHER "B'S" ALSO WIN**

Washington High School's "B" team made it a clean sweep for Washington by winning the Invitational Tournament Championship for "B" squads.

The Washington squad first defeated the Washington Clay team in the morning with Williams being the game's high scorer with 12 points. Morozowski and Ullery divided the Colonial's high honors with 5 points apiece. Final score was 27-13.

Mishawaka got into the finals by defeating John Adams 40-14. In the finals Washington defeated Mishawaka 41-28.

Adams beat Clay in the consolation tilt 32-20.

*"It isn't the size of the guy in the fight . . . But the size of the fight in the guy that counts."*

**BASKETBALL MANAGERS**

The Colonials' Varsity is sporting a new Manager. Tommy Wisner is the head man with Gene Ditsler doing the B-team duties. These boys are doing a splendid job. Keep it up fellas.

**WASH-CLAY SEASON RECORD**

Wash.-Clay	70	Bremen	40
Wash.-Clay	61	New Carlisle	59
Wash.-Clay	46	Adams	56
Wash.-Clay	52	Madison	36
Wash.-Clay	56	Lakeville	43
Wash.-Clay	54	Walkerton	53
Wash.-Clay	48	N. Liberty	45
Wash.-Clay	66	Greene	62
Wash.-Clay	55	Mich.-City	62
Wash.-Clay	60	Adams	68

**JOE OF THE WEEK**

By Sherry

Here we are back up to our senior class with a boy whom everyone knows.

This boy hits the scales at about 143 pounds. Maybe it's because he eats too much of his favorite food, steak.

You'll find this boy usually, in large study hall at noon with one of his great admirers. I'm not telling you who it is because if I did you would know whom I was talking about before I had started to give you some of the facts about him.

Last spring he played 3rd base on the baseball team. Baseball happens to be his favorite sport.

After getting out of school in June, he wants to become a truck driver.

He drives now, but not cars or trucks, it's cattle at the moment. For he works at the sale barns.

I guess that's about all we can tell them right at the present. So let's sign off for now. O. K. Dennis Smith?

You can always tell the Irish, You can always tell the Dutch, You can always tell a Yankee, But you can't tell him much.

By John Morse.

I am more deadly than the screaming shell from a howitzer. I ruin without killing. I fear down homes; I break hearts and wreck lives. I have no respect for truth or justice, no mercy for the defenseless. You will find me in the pews of the pious and the haunts of the unholy. I am wily, cunning, malicious — and I gather strength with age. I make my way where greed, mistrust and dishonor are unknown. I feed on good and bad alike. My victims are as numerous as the sands of the sea and often as innocent. I never forgive and seldom forget. My name is Gossip.

From Coronet.

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