



Well, we hope you all enjoyed your unexpected vacation of one day. Of course we hope you realize that we'll probably be coming back to school on Easter Sunday! As it stands now, we have two days to make up from the last blizzard and with another day added on --- figure it out for yourselves.

We want to congratulate the girls' bowling team who, we understand, really go gung-ho every Sunday afternoon. You guys had better get on the beam or you'll be forced to admit defeat ---- and to girls! (Horrors! ! !)

Looks as though it's about that time again! Sharpen your pencils and buy your blue books because eight weeks of school are up, and the Profs. have gotten the bright idea of seeing how much knowledge has seeped into our minute brains.

Word has it that those "fortunate" fans who take Poli. Sci. took a little jaunt up to the Campus last Wednesday with Mr. Peightal and Mr. Herschfeld. Upon their return, they told us that they had seen a number of the group that recently departed from Highacres. From what we've been told, that trip must have been a real blast. (What do you say, Henry, Sal, and Pat?)

Who are those two bright girls (?) who persist in bringing a portable radio into the cafeteria with them? A certain party whose initials are Billy Aiken (known to

his friends(?) as Silver), keeps insisting that the little radio was the cause of two fuse blowouts a short time ago. Now we ask you: isn't that a ridiculous idea?

Since the president of our Student Council always seems to be mobbed by his fans, we had to use this means to ask him this question: When's the next brawl at the I.S.D.A.?

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RUSH, RUSH, RUSH

By Bette Kulig

Fast is the pace on the Great White Way,  
 As New Yorkers begin and end their day,  
 Gazing at the scenery or on a shopping spree,  
 People crowd and push as the chatter noisily.  
 The rattle of the taxi-cabs, the honking of their horns,  
 Makes a person wish that the inventor was never born,  
 New York City, with its plays, cafes, and shows,  
 May seem gay and witty, but not for one who knows.

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WHO SAYS OUR GIRLS CAN'T COOK

It seems that at least one girl in this school can cook. I know you're amazed. I was too. In fact, I didn't believe it until I saw definite proof. This is what the boys showed as conclusive proof of this phenomenon.

\*\*\*\*\*  
 \* GIRL SCOUT BADGE CERTIFICATE \*  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 \* This is to certify that BETTY ANN FECIK \*  
 \* of Troop 14 satisfactorily completed \*  
 \* the work for COOKING BADGE on \*  
 \* DECEMBER 14, 1952. \*  
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The Soviet Union recently completed work on the finest railroad system on earth. It was expressly designed for the Siberian tourist trade.(one-way)  
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