



Girl of the Month Debby Melton

One of the hardest-working girls around U - High is Debby Melton. Most girls gifted with her beauty, popularity, and artistic ability would figure they wouldn't have to work to get ahead, but Debby has all these and the willingness to work, too, and she really gets things done.

We won't say she has school spirit (even though she does) because that phrase is beginning to drag just a little, but to show she has the best interest of the school at heart (a totally new and different phrase coined just for this special occasion), let us take her activities in cheering our basketball team as the first case in point. Not only has she been in the Pep Squad in both junior and senior high, but she has also been a cheerleader in both, an enviable record for anybody. She showed her spirit by following the Cubs to all the out-of-town games she could get to, including the State Tourney at Cape. She has worked harder than many Student Council members in publicizing school functions with her beautiful posters. And I mean beautiful. I hope you all saw one of the posters she made. It was in the main hall, you know, the one with the lilacs. It ought to be framed and preserved for POSTERity. Besides school doings, she makes posters for (koff) other causes, but we won't go into that here. Besides her artistic ability, on posters, she has set her talents to work in other fields. For instance, she spent one complete Sunday afternoon drawing the cover for the programs for the Spring
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!!!!!!!!!!!!!!SURPRISE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

9:51. Only nine more minutes to go. I drew my coat around me a little bit closer and shrugged my shoulders into it, for the early June night was becoming chilly. Less than nine minutes, now, and I would see Mike for the first time in ten years. Good old Mike. Well, not so old, really. He would be thirty-three, just the same as me.

We had met in college, both taking the same general chemistry courses, and we had become inseparable pals, doing everything together. When we parted on the day of graduation, we each made a pledge to return to the old alma mater ten years from then and meet on the corner in front of the old administration building.

My watch said two minutes till ten.

TOM BRADY

Mike had never done well in college, and I was anxious to see how he had fared in life. Then I saw him approaching, on time to the second. My suspicions had been justified. His coat looked a little shabby and his shoes were run over.

"That you, Mike?" I called softly.

"Heck, no, Paul, it's my father's son. How are you, boy?" and we fell to chatting as we started walking down the deserted street. I was carrying most of the conversational burden.

"Yes, I've done pretty well for myself. After leaving college, I got a job as a research chemist for a manufacturer of tapes and medical supplies. Are you still pursuing a chemical career?"

"Why no," he replied, "My college education isn't doing me a
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Boy of the Month Terry Bladow

As Boy of the Month this month, we have selected Terry Bladow as an outstanding example of what U. High can turn out into the world. This is Terry's last year at U. High, in spite of the fact that it is only his third year in high school, but some people are just born lucky. Terry is graduating in three years, but in those three he has managed to work in not only the usual amount of studies, but also the accompanying activities. He is a good student and has been on the Honor Roll from the first, and the Honor Society, too. More than this, he is a musician, athlete, and a photography enthusiast. He has sung tenor or bass (this boy is versatile) in the school chorus and played violin in the orchestra for several years. This year, perhaps thinking one instrument wasn't enough, he spent a couple of weeks learning to play the oboe. He played oboe in the orchestra for a while and was its only oboist, but now he has returned to his second love, the violin. He also plays around on the piano at home, teaching himself, applying his knowledge of music to another field. Terry is one of the few people who will try or practice upon something for no reward, but just to be learning something new. He has a notebook of short, descriptive essays he has written, not to submit for a grade, but to improve his descriptive vocabulary.

Terry has been on both junior and senior high basketball teams, and while unfortunately he did not stick around long enough to become a star, he did play in
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Play, and all the credit she got for that, was her name at the bottom of the list of crew members on the programmes. Speaking of the Spring Play, Debby was one of the hardest working members of the prop. crew. But getting back to that artistic ability, she also helped paint the set for the Senior Play this year. And when ever there is a party where there is a mural needed, Debby is appointed to get the job done, because the Activities Committee knows that Debby will get the job done, and done right. Last year, as a freshman member of the Student Council, she was appointed chairman of the publicity committee, and she did the job right as usual. Although most people regard her as an artist instead of a "brain", Debby is an Honor Roll member and a solid member of the Honor Society. She is a member of the Modern Miss Club, and was her class' Uesta Princess candidate in seventh grade. Looks, brains, and ability combine to make Debby Melton one of the nicest girls at U-HI.

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several games. He has the muscles and coordination that mark an athlete, and is good in just about any sport you care to name. Besides these talents, one of the things that makes Terry outstanding is his pep, energy, and the way he leaps into everything he does. Few people have ever seen Terry frown. He is always smiling and full of enthusiasm for whatever comes next. And Terry is very enterprising. By summer and odd jobs, he earned enough money to buy himself a motor scooter as soon as he was old enough to drive, and he plans to buy a car in the near future.

Ever since he started working with a box camera on his Scout Photography Merit Badge, Terry has been interested in photography, and recently he put this interest to good use, taking the pictures for "Tiger Claw" and newspapers. He has bought and built a photo lab at home and develops, prints, and enlarges his own pictures.

But he is not going into the field of music, athletics, or photography after he graduates. Instead, he is pursuing another interest, and plans to direct his future studies at the University toward an engineering career. All of us wish you the best of luck, Terry, and we know whatever you do, you'll do it well.

Suprise

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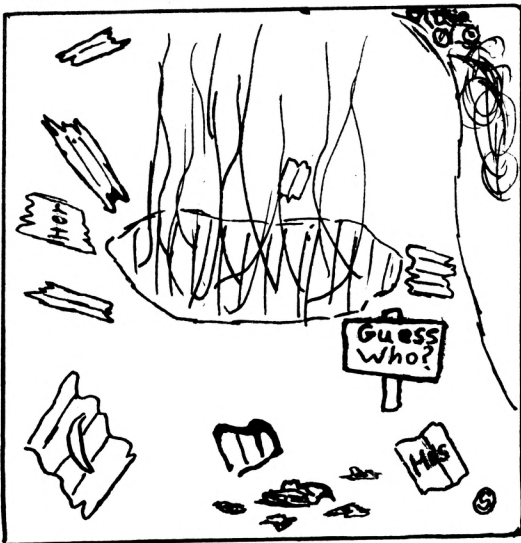
bit of good in the business I'm in now. Tell me more about your job.

"Well, I rose pretty quickly, and three years ago I was put in charge of the laboratory at \$20,000 a year. Say, how are you doing?"

"I'm doing all right. You won't feel quite so rich after I tell you."

I knew this was a rebuke. "I'm sorry if I tried to sound off to you, Mike. Well, last year I invented a new adhesive that can stick almost anything to anything, and I'm getting \$50,000 a year for manufacturing privileges. That's about all there is of any importance. Now tell me about yourself."

"I'm glad you're so well off, Paul," he said, "It eases my conscience." (I wondered about this statement.) "I'll do better than tell you what I'm doing. I'll show you," he said, reaching inside his coat. "You and I are sort of in the same line, Paul," he said, and his hand reappeared, this time holding a gun. "I've made quite a lot of money with stick-ups, too. I hope for you're sake you don't have too much money on you. Now let's have it. I'm in a hurry to leave town."



CONGRATULATIONS

George Koch and his tree and roof crew for all the work and muscle they put into the Spring Formal.

Debby Melton (the Girl of the Month) for always helping out with her artistic ability on most of U-High's activities.

Layton C., Susie B., Nancy H., and Bob C. for the work they put into the formal.

All the Seniors who will graduate, for living through the struggle at our fair school.

Sophomores for having a patch-up party after the election.

SURPRISE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

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As I drove along that night, I was lost in thought. I had been out for a fairly long drive on the highway. It was late at night, and my relaxed mind was pondering the fate of a friend of mine as I slowly entered the city limits. My friend had apparently been overtaken by robbers while in his car one night near the outskirts of the city and had tried to resist them. Anyway, he had been found the next morning beside his car, with a bad gunshot wound in his shoulder, and was at present recuperating in a local hospital.

As I came out of my reverie, it registered on my mind that the same pair of headlights had been in my rear-view mirror for the past five minutes. They remained there, the car behind making every turn I did. Soon I began to worry, lest my friend's fate should overtake me. I wanted to know if the car were after me or not, so, using a device I had once seen in a movie, I didn't stop for the next stop-sign, knowing that if the car were after me, it would have to run the stop-sign too. It followed me right through without even slowing down, and the space between it and me began to decrease rapidly. Now I was in for it! Stepping down on the accelerator, I felt my car leap ahead, but my old Chevvy couldn't compete with the speed of the car behind. I flew around a couple of corners, the car gaining on me all the time. It drew slightly ahead of me, then cut to the right, forcing me to stop or wind up against a telephone pole. The black sedan pulled to a screeching stop just ahead of me, and I could see three men sitting inside. Before I could do anything, one of them, a big, burly man in dark pants and shirt and a cap ambled over to my car. With an ominous leer, and placing his foot on my running board, he said, "All right, buddy, what's your story? You ran a stop-sign back there, and you were doing fifty-five in a twenty-five mile zone."

- Q. What is a teetolar?
- A. Teetolars are boys who carry golf clubs. They are generally paid, except in Scotland.
- Q. What day did Christmas come on in the year 1847?
- A. The 25th of December.
- Q. Is the Lakeside Improvement Company making anything out of their tract of land on the lake?
- A. Yes, lots.

SURPRISE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!
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Characters: Any two idiots; in this case A & B.

A. (Answering phone) Hello?... Oh, hi!..... Fifteen? I owe you fifteen what? Fifteen barrels of Comanche wampum? Fifteen pounds?? Oh, of course; pounds!.....Yeah, pounds! Sure, I know. Pounds! Heh-heh-heh..... I'll pay you as soon as I can...OK, OK, (hangs up) (To B:) Man says I owe him 15 pounds.

B. That's odd.

A. Well, you're not exactly Clark Gable yourself.

B. I meant paying in pounds.

A. Yeah. He wants to be paid in British pounds, not American! Wonder why? Whassa difference?

B. A British pound is avoirdupois weight what's got 16 ounces to the pound, and an American pound is Troy weight and that's got only 12 ounces to the pound. So you see, by using avoirdupois weight, he's getting more for his money.

A. Ah, you're all wet. Troy and avoirdupois is both American weights. Avoirdupois is regular---

B. ---and Troy is ethel!

A. (trying to ignore)----and Troy is what they use at Fort Knocks to make people think that we've got more gold than we've actually got. What he means, is, he wants to be paid in British pounds.

B. (You said it, you explain it) ...Oh, you mean millimeters!

A. Yeah, that's it!

B. Well, can't he get it downtown?

A. No, silly, I - owe - him - fifteen - lbs!

B. Gee. First it's pounds, now it's lbs. I'll go get some scales. (exit)

A. Wonder how much money 15 pounds is?

B. (enter) Here are the scales.

A. (Pressing it with his hand) Hmm, quite a lot....Put your leg on it.

B. (does so.)

A. Other one.

B. (looks funny, shrugs, changes feet)

A. No, stupid, I want both feet on Si-Mule-Tan-E-Ous-Ly!

B. Oh, of course....Wait a minute! You don't measure millimeters in scales. You measure it by a millimeter ruler.

A. A ruler?

B. Sure. Simple!....Sure, simple.....Sure simple!

A. Funny boy. Go on.

B. My! Here's a millimeter ruler what just happened to be here. (Smirks at audience). Now first, you put your money in a room. Pile it flat. Then shove the ruler clear to the floor. (Demonstrates) When the money comes up to the 15 mm. mark, that's how much you owe him! See?

A. Yeah,... But seems to me the size of the room would change the amount of money.

B. Well, now, if you want to cheat---

CURTAIN

SURPRISE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!
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"Hey Hughes, c'mere a minute. I want to have a little chat with you." the Sargent shouted.

"Yes, sir. Coming right away, sir."

I was feeling pretty proud of myself. Our company had been stationed at the front line for nearly two weeks now, and last night I'd finally made a hero out of myself. All under my own initiative I had gone out over our lines and brought back a Red prisoner who, I was sure, could be persuaded to give out our enemy's latest doings. I was the man of the hour with my buddies, and had related my doings of the previous night eight or nine times. As I walked up to him, I hoped the Sarge had heard of my exploits. He had.

"What is it sir," I asked.

"This story I hear of your activities last night true?"

"Yes, sir,"

"Boy, you sure made a mess of things." (He must have seen how my face fell, for he went on in a little gentler tone). "Listen. Last night we were all ready for a large-scale attack, had the big guns all set up to blast the hillside over there, when one of your friends told us you were out there somewhere. Boy, you don't know how close you came to getting your fool head blowed off by your own side. It was a tossup whether we should go ahead with the attack or call it off because of you. And so we finally called the whole thing off."

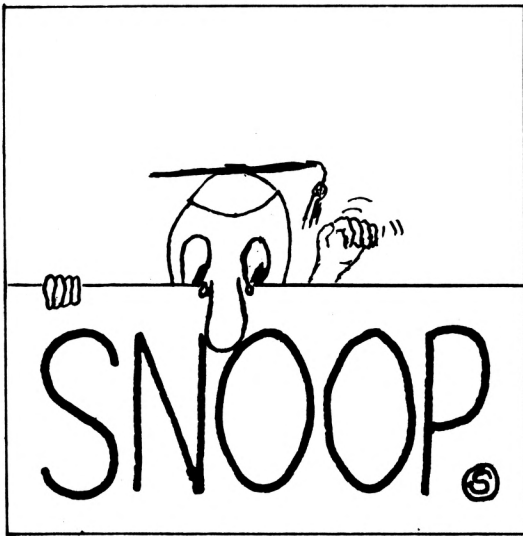
"I'm very sorry, sir."

"Well, I s'pose you gotta learn somehow, but why did you choose this way? Listen, Hughes, there's something I want to get across to you. I don't approve of heroes. Heroism is fine for winning medals and stuff, but it doesn't win wars. Heroes are fine, and we're all proud of them, but it's the run-of-the-mill guys we count on. When it comes to an all-out battle, guys who can take orders and don't want to die are much more valuable than guys who go all-out for glory. The main trouble with heroes is that there are just not enough of them. We can't all be heroes and even if we were, we'd get killed off so fast there wouldn't be anyone around to fight the war. Got that straight? I don't want any heroes."

"Yes, sir, it won't happen again, I assure you."

"You're darn right it won't. I'm putting you on Kitchen detail for the rest of your stay in this cussed hole. Maybe Congress will give you a medal for peeling potatoes. You can go now."

I turned my back and started to walk away, but before I could take the first step, I heard a dull thump behind me. Glancing around, I was horrified to see that an enemy hand-grenade had landed between me and the Sarge. I and several others who were standing around dived for the ground, but so close was the grenade that we would surely have been killed except that the Sarge tore off his helmet, threw it over the grenade, and dived on it himself, about one second before it went off. And so ended the life of the man who didn't WANT ANY HEROES.



The Senator has lost votes in some places, but picked up one in the Cotton Field.

Billy Mac may have lost his sheep, but he is after a Ewing.

The lost sheep of Billy Mac is now going with the most Hansen boy in the Eighth grade.

It's Summers time again, for Bob Longwell anyway.

Stephen Shelby and Sylvia Johnson, happy daze are here again.

Clatanoff brought all kinds of Joy to the formal.

Kathy has added a new one to her long string--J.P. I've got it.

How does Larre Barrett rate a princess like Sabu?

Eliot has been examining different grounds (for you dull-witted readers--Sandy New-land).

Bobby Neal is Connie Grogie.

It seems Jack Artly is looking over the grounds along with Eliot.

David B's taste runs in the cool, such as Martha, (real cool that is).

David and Gracie up in a tree, K-I-S-S-I-N-G.

John Scorah has been Atkin-sorta love-sick lately.

Spring has sprung--Fall has fell, Dub and Joaney, as usual.

David has Ballew his horn for Debby M.



Julie is going far out for Garth.

Donnie Bruner's Spring Formal date weren't no Pork 'n Beans, but it was Anne Campbell.

George Koch is having trouble deciding whether it's Jeany Smith or Nancy Roberson.

Suzi Bauder and Jim Baker--now where have I seen them before.

Donnie B. would walk a mile for a Campbell.



From Chattanooga to U-High.

SNAP!!!!!!!
 CRACKLE!!!!!!
 POP!!!!!!!
 WHA - HOPPEN
 CONRAD MOLLER AND EDITH ANDREWS
 WHA - HOPPEN
 POP!!!!!!!
 CRACKLE!!!!!!
 SNAP!!!!!!!

Kay Thomas and Jack Maxwell as usual.

Terry Bladow has been drinking high spirits over--hicks,--Janie that is.

Jo Ann Allen contends she Owens, Mike.

Bernie Brady and Nancy Becker seemed to be enjoying themselves at the formal.

A certain seventh grade girl is just Khaki over Jim Moller.

Burnam has a Krause on Peggy.



I think older men are fascinating. Take Joe--he's almost 20.

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