

If Today You
Believe Nothing
You Read and
One-Half You See...

CENTRAL HIGH REGISTER

Vol. LIV, No. 11

CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL, OMAHA 2, NEBRASKA, FRIDAY, APRIL 1, 1960

TEN CENTS

You May Live
Until Tonight...
It's
April Fools' Day

TYPHOON STRIKES! DISASTER DESTROYS CENTRAL!

Arms! Legs! Blood! Flooding! Screams!

These were the sights and sounds on the CHS campus as a lost typhoon from China struck Central yesterday.

The typhoon began during first lunch. Winds of 167 miles an hour, torrential rains, 13-inch thick hailstones, and earthquakes ravaged Central High.

The damage was colossal. When the storm began, the bells rang and the lights went out. (ah ha!—The damage was really colossal. Girls' screams rose from the basement as their cakes fell!)



photo by Mother

Scurvey Hamburg fiddles as monsoon destroys Central

The Liberty Bell began to ring and roused the students to revolt. They stormed the "Bastille" and freed the office-ninth-hour servers. Madame DeLarge, who had been innocently knitting in Room 49, led the girls in this crusade for freedom.

The storm, increasing in violence, began its assault on the ever-present workmen. It broke off another of Venus's arms (another arm?) and blew the renovators off their ladders. It

carelessly blew paint on the precious "C."

The basement was flooded by the torrential rains. The water clogged the ROTC guns and prevented rifle practice. (The ROTC department should have had torpedoes on hand—or at least water wings!)

Mr. Sutton was seen paddling a base fiddle down the hall. The home-making classes switched to underwater basketweaving. Rol Wellman took advantage of the situation and was seen diving off the bookroom cash register.

In the lunchroom amid flying mashed potatoes and peas, many students, used to all kinds of lunchroom confusion, calmly continued to slurp their food.

As the storm reached its climax, the walls came tumbling down. Loyal Centralites by the hundreds were crushed. Falling library books gave concussions to scores of students. This was one time the books hit the students.

Panic reigned throughout the school. Screams and cries of anguish were heard throughout the halls. The winds formed a vacuum around the school and prevented anyone's escaping.

The typhoon proved a great puzzle to all scientists. It struck nowhere except on the CHS campus.

Was it a punishment for some hidden and secret crime of the Centralites?

Was it a warning to the rest of the world?

Was it an accident of the weather? No one knows the answer. Perhaps it will never be known. Perhaps there is no answer.

The end result of the typhoon was the complete demolition of Central High school and the total destruction of its students and faculty.

If you have read this news story, one conclusion may be drawn—either the reporter overlooked a survivor or you're dead!

Poems

The halls are empty, the seats are the same
The roll is called, no reply to a name
Is it snow, the flu, no teacher can say
'Tis none of these, dear, it's April Fools Day.

I had a very good friend,
A gem of a friend was she;
But she had a quirk,
And has gone berserk,
And now there is no one but me.
Hee, hee.

Perry Falls on Slippery Equation, Shatters His Equilateral Triangle

FLASH!—Mr. Perry falls on a slippery quadratic equation and breaks his equilateral triangle!

From the land of sea-green blackboards

Where the teachers do not tarry,
Came this news, this brilliant news
About our Mr. Perry.

One snowy day around April one,
Central's math classes were having some fun.

They were learning about equations, big hairy equations,
When suddenly they were confronted with the rarest of occasions.

He did not look where he was going.

And soon his polygon was showing.
Miss McCarter and Mrs. McKean
A more tragic thing had never seen.
Mr. Smagacz and Miss Eden
Wouldn't have been more surprised
if he was arrested for speedin'.

Mrs. Truell and Mrs. Blough
Don't believe it even now.

Miss Pratt was full of composure,
That's why the other teachers
chose her

To help Mr. Perry to mend his triangle,
So that this would not turn into a big scandal.

Off to Mrs. Dwyer's office she quickly went,
To get some adhesive tape was why she was sent.

She got the tape and the nurse's blessing,

And to Mr. Perry she went with the dressing.

As the other math teachers stood quietly around,
The math students ran down the hall with a bound.

They told all their friends and their parents too,
And that is the reason we're appealing to you.

Poor Mr. Perry, what an occasion,
Whatever could have made him slip on that equation?

Anyway, the damage was done,
And without a triangle his classes would have no fun.

No use to scream, no use to holler,
Even though a triangle costs much more than a dollar.

So please good, kind people; join the mob,

Though to get a new triangle will be quite a job.

Now I have just one more thing to say:

I hope you all have a happy April Fool's Day!

Ting Tang Walah Walah Bing Bang

The head of the history department, Peter Pan, and his assistant, Wendy, announced the latest advancement in history equipment, April 1.

Mr. Pan gave this exciting information to the April meeting of the S.D.S.C.L.S. (Sons and Daughters of the Survivors of Custer's Last Stand).

The department is now offering a bargain to all history students—attached to each unit is a handy burn-it-yourself kit. It seems that the smoke in the boiler room caused by burning history notebooks, etc., is beginning to overpower Miss Steven's valiant bookroom crew.

Therefore, Mr. Pan is distributing to each history student these kits. Don't get excited kiddies—the notebooks will be burned in a mass ceremony on the "C," Monday morning.

Mr. Pan is a student of the habits of the Centralia Indians, an obscure group who claim to be able to con-

trol the weather. Assisted by the S.D.S.C.L.S., the history teachers will perform this tribe's ancient ritual in an attempt to stop the snow—and also to warm the building.

THE CHANT

Verse:

Flame to the left
Flame to the right
Burn those notebooks
Bright, bright, bright!

CHORUS

Oo ee oo ah ah
Ting tang
Walah walah
Bing bang
Oo ee oo ah ah
Ting tang
Walah walah
Bing bang

Verse:

Flame to the left
Flame to the right
Make that snow go
Out of sight!

"Hamburg" Presented by Teachers Is One of CHS Register's Features

CHS English teachers presented this version of a well-known Shakespearean tragedy to the Centralites in the auditorium, March 32.

For those of you who may have missed the event we print this reproduction of that play.

List of Characters:
Scurvey Hamburg, Prince of Centralia

Ghost, murdered King
McGroom, Queen of Centralia
Macaroni, present King of Centralia
Krushboom, Court Chamberlain
Edlark, son of Krushboom
Fatter, daughter of Kushboom
Simpmoon, friend to Hamburg

Act I, Scene I. CHS courtyard at midnight. Oldberg, head of the quack squad, is standing watch. The Ghost walks out on the third-floor courtyard.

Oldberg: Double, double, toil and trouble, the ghost doth come.

Hamburg: He doth look like my Pop, just like you said. Wonder what's up?

Hamburg tears up the girls stairs (the boy's steps are still in repair) to the third floor courtyard.

Hamburg: What art thou?

Ghost: The poor but honest ghost of thy old man. Thy uncle did away with me. Revenge, my boy, revenge!

Hamburg: Will do! Roger, over and out!

Act I, Scene II. The courtyard in the day time. Hamburg is seated on the third-floor window ledge.

Hamburg: To be or not to be, that is the question. (Personally, I like those true-false questions better). Shall I plunge my bony body to the CHS ground below? No! Some of the blood might splatter on the "C." Yet, 'twould be noble to provide biology material. To die . . . to sleep . . . No-NO! I'm too young, to sweet, too handsome, too innocent to die. I'm too ME to die!

Act II, Scent I. The Queen's pad. Hamburg entereth.

Queen: Knocketh first, boy.
Hamburg: Thou art a naughty woman, Mom. You killed my pater and married my uncle—all too soon—just to save the cold meat! Penny-pincher! Hark! I hear a rat.

Hamburg stabs at the curtain and Krushboom rolls out.

Hamburg: Confucious says "Curiosity killed the cat."

Act II, Scene II. Courtyard.
Edlark: Father has drowned. My

old man was knifed. And you're next, you dirty Eagle. I challengeth thou to a rumble.

Hamburg (running the other way): I'd rather be a live chicken than a dead duck.

Macaroni: Halt, thou must fight. Drink this chocolate milk to giveth you courage.

McGroom: (grabbing the milk and drinking) Ladies first!
McGroom dropeth dead.

Hamburg: Fie on you, uncle, for trying to poison thy little nephew.

Hamburg runs his uncle through with a sword. The sword snaps.

Hamburg: My sword!! You broke my sword. Boo hooo hoo.

While Hamburg is on the floor crying and throwing a temper tantrum, Edlark takes advantage of the situation and stabbeth him in the back.

Hamburg turneth over and pulleth the sword out.

Hamburg: Play dirty, will ya, huh? Take that!

Hamburg stabbeth Edlark and then falls again to the floor, dead this time.

Simpmoon: Good night, sweet prince. Now I have Pigeon Hill all to myself. Tee hee hee hee.

Harsh Sounds from Orchestra Room Are Combination of Nature, Band

Squeek! Bang! Blare! Bellow! Whine!

These are but a few of the many "queer" sounds which were produced in Room 048 in the past few weeks.

The escaping sounds were obviously not the usual pleasant ones which are heard, but the reason for them was unavoidable and beyond the power of human control. Now the inevitable question arises: What WAS the reason for the unusual musical sounds being produced?

The answer was a common one this winter—the weather was terrible! Now for question number two, how can weather affect music? Let's take an imaginary trip to the band and orchestra room in 048 to answer this question.

As we approach our destination, we find that a change is rapidly and overwhelmingly taking place in the climate inside Central High school.

By the time we reach the semi-final resting place of all Central instru-



photo by Abominable Snowman

Stranded Centralite before rescue by ski patrol

'Bottoms Up'

Central ROTC instructor M.Sgt. Cecil Russell announced the formation of a new honor group for outstanding cadets today.

This new organization, known as the ski troops, will work in conjunction with the custodial staff in keeping trails down the hill from CHS well marked and easily followed.

Under the command of this group will be a squad of nine St. Bernard dogs to rescue lost Centralites trying to make their way up the treacherous south and east slopes of the hilltop. They will also assist the ski troopers in clearing the trails of such debris as unused books, pencils, freshmen, and the semi-conscious bodies of seniors afflicted with senioritis.

A CHS Beach-head?

In the event of a sudden thaw, these cadets would serve as life guards for Centralites who traverse the rapids on the hilltop slopes. There is also a possibility that this unit will be provided with army amphibious landing equipment to aid Centralites in getting from their cars to the school.

Retreat Nears

With the approach of spring, (What did he say???) Central's ROTC Staff is beginning preparations for the annual retreat parade. This year, it can be supposed that the practices will be fewer and of shorter duration than those of past years. After all, with a 15-inch layer of mud covering everything on the track field west of school, who will notice if anybody is in step? No one will be able to see the cadets' feet.

This year's golf balls will be PURPLE, so that they may be distinguished from the ground. (School spirit!)

Inter American Club boasts of their coming speaker for their July meeting—Fidel Castro—Mr. Castro better known to us as "Trustworthy" will speak on Democracy in the public schools.

Wedding Bells are ringing for Y-Teen members who caught their favorite Hi-Y guy by attending the Leap Year Style Show. Successful—Huh, Gals! Success—The Chemistry club successfully launched a F-92 Ballistic Far Range missile from 349 into 325—Pretty Tough turning corners!!

The French club is upset over the chemistry department beating France in the space race.

A field trip is being planned by the Russian club—The members plan to explore the Kremlin as personal guests of Mr. K., himself. They will be allowed to give their opinions and advise on all matters.

Tragedy strikes Chess Club—The members lost three chessmen while they were attempting to move them from the Pyrenees across to the Alps.

G.A.A. played their intra-murals in Elmwood's white forest. The winning team tripped off with five snowflakes for their grand participation.

The German club is in the process of teaching all study hall teachers three little words to be used on all their unruly charges: Sprechen Der Deutsch. This politely translated means "close your mouth" unpolitely SHUT-UP!

Safe-Teens is striving to make this an accident-free month—Everyone, Stay off the Streets!!

"Busy Beavers" better known by their nickname Central High Players, are working on next year's skit for the Road Show—The Title: Stolen Prince, Regained.

The Latin club is planning their annual banquet, and the fourth year students are devising a way to inflate their reclining pillows with " helium," so that they can ABOVE everyone else.

Society Scouts Sanctum

Beware! Central Leaves Capitol Hill

Start thinking now! This could happen to us! Due to recent flood warnings affecting Nebraska and neighboring states, the Central High faculty and the student body are becoming increasingly worried about this disastrous situation. The teachers and students all have visions of Central High floating down Capitol Hill.

Because everyone has become so involved in this impending crisis, our roving reporter has taken a survey among Central students and faculty to determine what their reaction would be. Here are some of the typical comments:

Ronnie Greene: I'll have to distribute the Register by rowboat!

Roll Wellman: But I can't swim!

Mrs. Blanchard: Just keep smiling.

Mr. Nelson: A word to the wet is glub, glub.

Shelly Reiss: Maybe I can wear my new bathing suit.

Dennis Tiedeman: Yea-ah?

Shirley Wagner: There will be a pep rally tomorrow morning beyond the C.

Betty Hebert: If a crisis should occur, I'll volunteer our house for the next history unit test.

Barby Hebert: That's what you think!

Lynn McCallum: Oh nuts! Now I'll have to curl my eyelashes.

John Ralph: But I want to graduate.

Mary Jo MacKenzie: Slightly soaked O-Books, just \$1!

Walt Wise: It's too darn wet.

Student Council: We're sponsoring a swimming party tomorrow. Bring your own nose plugs!

From Morn to Night--That Ol' Snow

The following is an outline of a typical CHS student's day during the dreary months of March and early April.

The Will-It-Never-End Snow Day

I. Preparation for school

- A. Waking up and listening to the radio in hopes that the 6:30 news will say "no school at the public schools today"
- B. Getting out of bed while freezing your feet
- C. Washing face with ice-cold water
- D. Dressing in the same old wool skirt (or pants), daddy sweater and warm, thick, sweat socks
- E. Eating cold, monotonous eggs
- F. Getting call from car pool that they can not pick you up—they are stuck in the middle of Dodge without chains!!!
- G. Putting on scarf, gloves, heavy coat and, worst of all, boots
- H. Hiking six, snowy, sick blocks to the bus stop
- I. Catching the bus (which splashed slush in your face before it stopped)

II. Attending school

- A. Trudging to the building after walking through four blocks of wind and snow
- B. Going to locker and heaving boots on top of locker
- C. Going to restroom to wash off slush from face (the bus did it)
- D. Going to classes and dreaming of nice weather

- E. Charging up to lunch room and slipping on a puddle
- F. Eating lunch and being serenaded to the dripping of the long awaited melting snow
- G. Leaving school after getting \$1" boy (or girl) to reach up for those darn boots

III. Coming home from school

- A. Begging for a ride home
- B. Helping push the ride's car out of the parking lot (the melting stopped and the snow began again)
- C. Walking three blocks home (the ride's car didn't have chains—you live on a hill)
- D. Getting home and being serenaded by mother's song of When The Moon Comes Over The Mountain, You'd Better Be There Shoveling That Snow"
- E. Eating dinner (consisting of cold, monotonous hamburgers)
- F. Watching television (forgetting homework) You're already anticipating the 6:30 a.m. news announcement that there will be no school.
- G. Going to bed
- H. Saying your please-let-it prayers of either
 1. Letting it continue snowing until we break the all-time record
 2. Letting it stop snowing completely so I can get a suntan and play tennis
 3. Letting it snow just enough so the faithful buses will have to become faithless, and they will have to call off school

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CENTRAL HIGH REGISTER

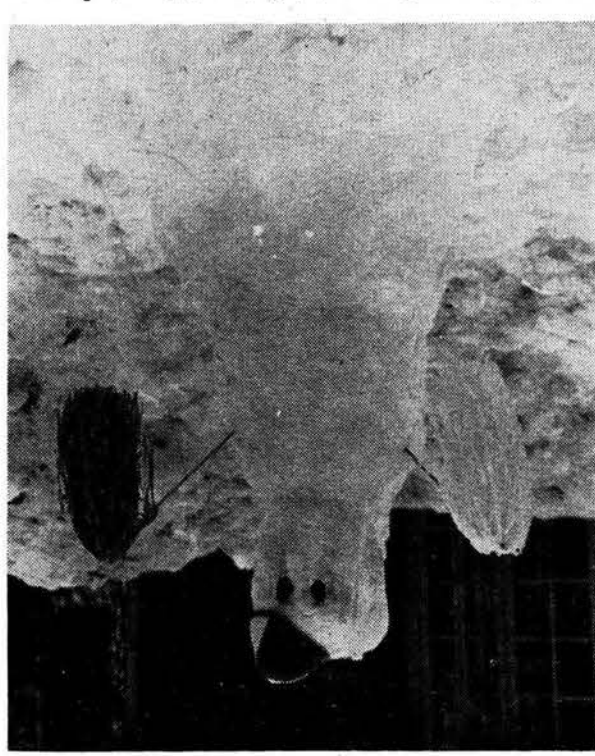
Freshmen, do you have trouble budgeting your time? If so, you will find the following schedule helpful. It was prepared by a Central High roving reporter who followed a "typical" freshman for a full school day.

time	activity
8:40	arrived at Central
8:50	received tardy check
8:51	forgot locker combination
8:59	remembered locker combination
9:15	finally managed to get locker open
9:19	reached first-hour class
9:20	end of first hour
9:30	found second-hour class
9:30-12:04	sleep
12:04	lunch! full speed ahead!
12:05	caught running up stairs
12:06	sent down to first floor *%#@
12:06%	entered lunchroom
12:10	lunch!
12:30-3:14	watched clock intently
3:14	forgot about office ninth hour
4:00	started working on locker
4:16	opened locker
	left school without coat

Frosh: This Could Be You

Old I. M. (who revealed his real name to be Ignaz Montague Nothing) has certainly chalked up a number of winning points. For the past three years, he has been president of the society of CLODS (Cleaning Lawns Of the Darn Snow) and was re-elected again Febr. 30. CLODS membership has really boomed since the influx of Light I. M. Nothing, the most popular guy in the school.

To continue our practice of choosing a deserving senior for the CHS profile, this week we spotlight I. M. Nothing.



"I WANNA LIVE!"

A Very Merry Fairy Tale

Once upon a time a paby BrinCESS was born to a Quing and Keen. The food gairies were invited to the christening, but the fad bairy was not. As the evening drew to a close, the food gairies clustered around the crib. They gave gonderful wifts to the BrinCESS—the wift of git and gift of geauty, the gift of grace and the jift of joy.

When four of the fairies had made their wagie mishes beside the crittle lib, the wasement cindow was flung open. In flew the fad bairy in her ugly rack blobes.

"I have a gift, too," said she with a sneer. "At the age of eighteen, you shall frick your pinger on a dindle and spie."

The fifth fairy stepped forward. "Don't mourn, I haven't made my yish wet. I can't untiree endo the spell, but the BrinCESS shall dot nie when she fricks her pinger. She shall fall asleep for a yundred hears, until the kiss of a charm princing shall awaken her."

So the dext nay the Keen issued a decree that all kindles in spingdom be burned at once.

The years bassed py, and the BrinCESS grew into a loung yady. On her bighteenth eirthday, the BrinCESS fook a tancy to wander through the castle. In a forgotten foom in the tightest hower, she came upon an old woman tusily burning a whinning speel.

The BrinCESS wanted to try her hand at spinning, but she was careless. No sooner had she spouched the tindle than she fricked her pinger and fell to the ground in a seep dleep. At the same instant, the chole wastle was cast under the spell.

So the full hundred years bassed py. Then one day Charm Princing in search of shelter for the night saw the cowers of the tastle from a tountain mop. In front of the doored archway stood a guard asleep. The Prince was very confused. The gewilderment brew as he wandered through the hilent salls of the castle. At last Charm Princing reached the tightest hower. There was the BrinCESS, asleep where she had fallen. Her ribs were losy red, and the hush of fleath was still on her cheeks. She looked so beautiful as she lay there that the Charm Princing bent over and hissed ker. Instantly the BrinCESS awoke, and smiled up at Charm Princing.

At the mame soment, the castle stirred with life.

Seedless to nay, there was a freat gestival in the castle that night; and the rels bang out through the countryside. And that nery vight Charm Princing and BrinCESS Beeping Sleauty were married, and they lived aftily ever happier.

While riding on my bicycle,
I went beneath an icicle.
Ouch!

Ten hours, thirty minutes of sweat it took To write my theme number five. When I got done, my fingers were numb. And I marveled I still was alive. I toted my prized possession To school the very next day. And thrust it before my teacher's eyes To see what he would say. He gazed at it with keen consternation. With an agonized groan and a sigh. A large red five at the top of it. He returned it with a focaler eye. Gasping and groaning I started at my theme. Cursed forever be this school! Lo, my teacher no longer concealing his scheme, Cried, "Cheer up—it's April Fool!"

(Tune: Winter Wonderland)
Hear birds sing;
See them flyin'.
It is spring;
I'm not lyin'.
You may be amused,
But I'm sure confused
Cuz were walkin' in a Winter Wonderland.

I'm dreaming of a white Easter

Around the corner
Lickety split,
Nice new car—
Wasn't it?

Reggie Stylists Rebel

Topical Tidbits

Centralites know, the style book would like to take this opportunity to furnish every student with a copy of this book. The following important rules of formal English.

Always use the correct spelling.

Use the correct pronoun. A V theme who who who incorrect pronoun is a bad theme.

Misplaced modifiers.

Never use no double negatives.

Avoid using run on sentences run on sentences are bad.

Avoid repetition, redundancy and circumlocution because if your themes have too much repetition, redundancy and circumlocution, it means that your writing is too repetitious, redundant and circumlocutory.

In these theme a demonstrative adjective should agree in number with the word they modifies.

In english capitalize the first letter of all languages.

When a word must be divided at the end of a line, use a hyphen and never set off a single letter.

Don't try to crowd too many words onto one line otherwise your theme will be impossible to read.

Do not put punctuation marks (where? they) don't belong.

Avoid lack of unity, and the plural of "dish" is "dishes."

Hyphenate compound numbers from twentyone to ninety-nine.

Ethel Carol Susie
THE DANCER PRANCER VICE
December 23 Peony Park

You Can Rent the
ROLLER BOWL
for
Private Parties
SKATING EVERY NIGHT
3718 Leavenworth JA 1164

FOR FINE FOODS . . .
HARRY S' S
Restaurant
1819 Farnam JA 5244

ROLLER SKATE
at
CROSTOWN ROLLER RINK
Rink Available for Private Parties
JA 5044



by Bill Horwich

Although it's April Fools Day, no Central athletic fan is kidding when he optimistically predicts good fortune for Coach Frank Smagacz's track team.

The cindermen, having opened the spring season ahead of the other sports with an Omaha University-sponsored indoor test last Friday, present a powerful aggregate of tested lettermen and promising newcomers in defense of their state track crown.

Figuring prominently in any hope for a third consecutive Nebraska title is sprint star Roger Sayers. Sayers sat out football for a shot at regaining the dual dash championships he held as a sophomore but relinquished last March.

An injury-free Sayers would be enough for most high school track teams, but backing up the "Rocket" are veterans Vernon Breakfield, Gayle Sayers and John Nared.

Sophomore Melvin Wade is a fast comer in the 440, and for the longer distances Coach Smagacz can summon Rodney Moore, Joe Brown and Walter Graves in the 880 and Leonard Schwenecker and Joe Johnson in the mile.

All experienced, they should provide greater distance and two-mile relay depth than in previous years.

Other Eagle strong points include the high jump and the broad jump. Bolstering the high jump are Nared and Freddy Jackson, while James Foster, a surprise success in 1959, appears ready to take up where he left off in the broad jump.

For the first time in years the Hilltop forces are weak, at least on paper, in the hurdles. No experienced hurdler returns, but the versatile Nared and Gayle Sayers may plug the hole.

Weight Coach Norm Sorenson is still looking for a dependable winner in the discus and shot. Parry O'Reitzer notwithstanding, the best prospects appear to be Jim Brown, Marvin Hale, Howard Stoler and Don Fiedler.

A pole-vault weakness may be plugged by transfer John Tomanio from Prep. Other newcomers include sophomores Gayle Carey, Terry Williams and Bob Peterson.

Relays, always a strong point, will continue as such. Most powerful will be the 440, which retains three of last year's state medalist quartet.

Columbus and Tech, among others, have already sounded the danger warnings, but the cindermen can greet all comers with an impressive array of talent.

This team deserves unanimous school backing and recognition as it continues a winning tradition.

109 North 18th Street

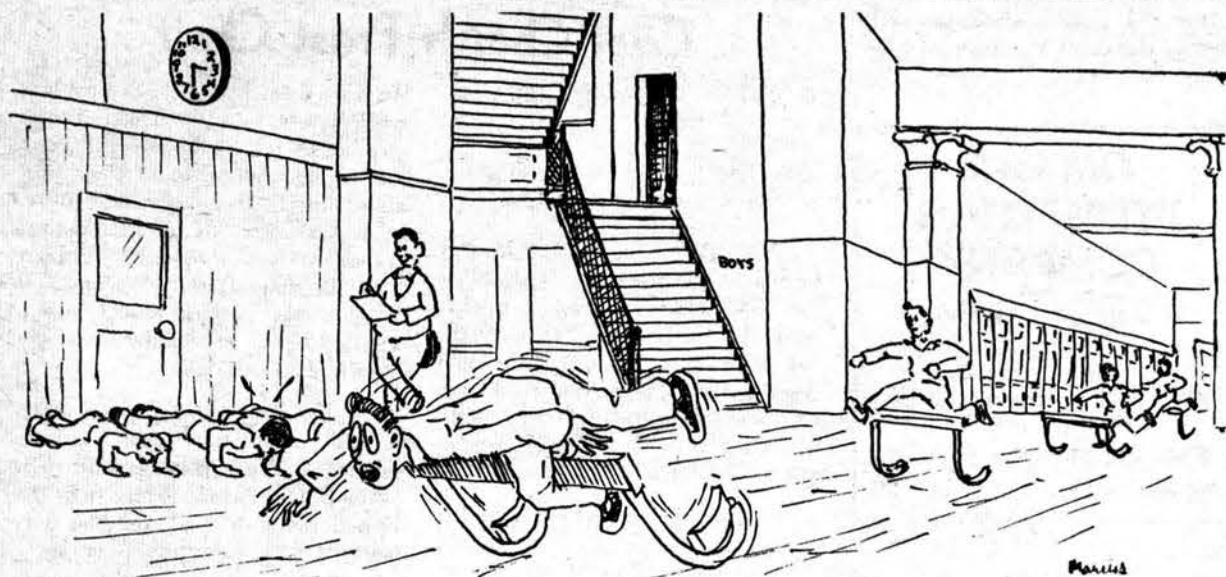


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OMAHA



see Sportsnest at left . . .

"Hilltop forces are weak . . . in the hurdles"

"photo" by Buddy Marcus

Stars Of The Weak

Basketball—Breathless Sam, Central's number one basketball inflater, has contributed many long and sometimes tedious hours to helping the Central cagers establish their undefeated record as the team with the most artistically blown-up basketball in the history of Omaha intercity sports.

Sam put in many hours before and after school during his freshman year to acquire the accuracy needed for such skilled craftsmanship and is a three-year varsity member of the inflater team. His success was clinched during the first semester of his junior year, when he saved one of the most crucial basketball games in the history of Central by inflating a seemingly mutilated ball that on which one of his team members had fallen in the anxiety to prepare the balls for the big game.

Track—Lank Lem, a four-member of the line making team, has used his rare talent of making straight lines. He has acclaimed fame all over the state, with several colleges already asking that he serve their school in his unusual capacity.

Lem has maintained the record of the straightest line maker in the history of high school track and is expected to break his own record this season.

FACTS ABOUT TEENS

1. Last year teen's allowances and earnings reached \$14,000,000,000
2. 1/3 boys and 1/4 girls work part time
3. Teens age:
13-14 earn \$ 4
15-17 earn \$ 7
18-19 earn \$15
per week

TEENS:

— Do their own buying —

- 96% girls buy their own clothes
- 94% teens buy their own shoes
- 70% buy their own sports equipment
- 55% buy their own radios
- 52% buy their own jewelry

— Manage well —

- 96.9% girls do meal planning
- 79% girls food-shop independently

— Give new things a try — — Persuade adults to buy —

ROBINSONS
316 South 16th St.

Typical Harried Freshman Suffers For Sake of Sports, New Crush

Oh, to have a girls' gym class just once is dismissed in time for the girls to get completely dressed before their next class!

Dashing through the halls after the second bell has rung, the fairer sex of Central often find themselves with shoe laces flying, hair messed, belts unhooked and two ninth hours looming ahead from an unsympathetic, prim and proper teacher who sits in the same classroom all day.

As an example, look at Sally, an average freshman girl at Central High school. As the day progresses Sally, who is athletically-minded enough to be participating not only in a gym class several times a week, but who is also a "staunch" member of GAA, has flunked two tests and failed to wink at her new crush in the effort to arrive at a legitimate-sounding excuse to get out of her ninth hour so

that she may attend the GAA bowling session after school. (Actually, the only reason she wants to go to the bowling games is to see the "darling" new pin boy).

The last bell of Sally's aggravating and harassed day! Miss _____ has assigned two more ninth hours because of the excuse our typical freshman presented, but all worries and frustrations are brushed aside as Sally dashes to the bowling alley. There he is! Sally prays as she releases the ball that the pin boy has noticed her new hair-do and the form with which she scored her last strike.

The game ended, Sally has managed to bowl a beautiful game in spite of many "distractions" and now she can go home to plan her next excuse for being late to class! What is the next line of attack for our average freshman?

Kilpat's Record Shop

Farnam Street Side



2 THE KINGSTON TRIO
Tom Dooley sold a million, and the trio looked for new songs to conquer. They found 12 like Scarlet Ribbons & M.T.A. ST1199



5 JUNE CHRISTY
June sings to Pete Rugolo's up-dated backings of greats like Across the Alley from the Alamo and How High the Moon. ST102



1 FRANK SINATRA
A Cottage for Sale, I Can't Get Started, I'll Never Smile Again and eight others. Just one man can sing them this way. SW1021

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No Joke: Fourth Rung Finish on State Ladder

With an 11-6 record for the season, the Eagle court crew ended the 1959-60 campaign perched on the number four slot in state rankings behind South, Lincoln Southeast and Tech.

Gym Stars Excel In Physical Feats

Gym instructor George Andrews has posted the current list of gym champions. The champs and the events in which they excelled are:

Sixth Hour
Parallel Bar Push-ups: Peter Tomanio (1-3-5)—19; Stanton Anderson (2-4)—14; Johnning: Peter Hahn, John Hayes (1-3-5)—19; Stanton Anderson (2-4)—13. Sit-ups: Udell Willis (1-3-5)—75; Stanton Anderson (2-4)—69. Push-ups: Ed Abboud (1-3-5)—63; Stanton Anderson (2-4)—45.

Seventh Hour
Parallel Bar Push-ups: Rodney Stewart (1-3-5)—12; John Lenhoff (2-4)—17. Chinning: Rodney Stewart (1-3-5)—13; Rudolph Smith, Willie Lindsey (1-3-5)—12. Sit-ups: Rodney Stewart (1-3-5)—75; Mike Farrell (2-4)—72. Push-ups: Jim Reimer (1-3-5)—34; William Smith (2-4)—46.

Eighth Hour
Parallel Bar Push-ups: Rick Greene (1-3-5)—18; Verle Russell (2-4)—20. Chinning: Dale Bubbert, Robert Dacus (1-3-5)—20; Verle Russell (2-4)—23. Sit-ups: Mac Young (1-3-5)—93; David Mirras (2-4)—87. Push-ups: Howard Fouts (1-3-5)—77; Jim Capellupo (2-4)—102.

On the Intercity scene, Central notched a 6-2 league mark and earned a second place tie with Tech while the all-victorious South High Packers copped the conference crown.

The offensive leader for the season was four-year varsity star John Nared. "Mr. Clever" tallied 354 points for a 20.8 norm, second only to South's Bill Vincent. This season's point tally raised his four-year total to a flashy 1087.

Nared also led the list of Eagles receiving post-season honors. For the second consecutive year, he landed a berth on the All-Intercity squad. This year John was also named to the All-State five by the United Press and Norfolk Daily News. Other plumbs plucked by Nared in his career at Central include his selection to the 1958-59 All-State five and positions on numerous All-regional and All-tourney teams.

Other Eagles selected for post-season spoils were Steve Scholder, Fred Jackson and Gary Gilmore. The World-Herald awarded an Honorable Mention to Scholder while the Council Bluffs Non-Pareil placed Jackson on its All-Intercity second team and gave Gilmore honorable mention.

O'Reitzer Hilltop's New Musclemann; Gains Physique after Buried by Snow

Gaining enthusiastic backers as Central's track team opens its season is shotput artist Parry O'Reitzer.

Parry, well-muscled and powerful, has been sending followers into frenzies of optimism with the mighty manner in which he flings the 16-pound shot.

Expected to add strength to the cindermen weight corps, O'Reitzer attributes his recent success to a dedicated system of muscle-tone. Once a 68-pound weakling, our hero has added inches to his arms and chest while expanding his weight into the 70's.

Parry explains his physical development to a long history of ridicule and torment, brought to a head in an incident this winter.

School, it seems, had been cancelled and Parry was ambitiously shoveling his walks when another storm began to cover him with snow. Too weak and timid to run for help, he remained buried in the frost until plowed out three days later.

After thawing, O'Reitzer decided that was the last straw. He had had enough of the embarrassment at the beach when bullies kicked sand in his hair; he had had enough of the discomfort when he opened the fire doors on the third floor with both hands while balancing his books under an armpit.

It was then that he decided to try a new system using "fortified pep pills and a home squeegee bar," which guaranteed new, muscular results in days or double your money back.

The result is the new Parry O'Reitzer.

New Letterwinners Shop for Sweaters

With the close of the 1959-60 winter sports campaign, the varsity lettermen in basketball, wrestling and swimming have been named.

Roundball mentor Warren Marquiss awarded letters to the following cagers:

John Nared, Fred Jackson, Steve Scholder, Gary Gilmore, John Jensen, Walter Graves, Joe Belitz, Powell Bell, Maris Vinovskis, David Hartfield, John Mason, Horace Tisdale, Duane Mannon, and student managers Dave Baker, Skip Solreff and Dave Tappan.

Matmen receiving letters from coach Norman Sorenson are:

Al Liggins, Dick Bottorff, Charles Payne, Dick Zacharia, Tony Gurcullo, Kriss Krush, Bob Dietrick, Joe Brown, Les Hunter, Steve Sloan, Fred Scarpello, Dave Goernar, Terry Butkus, Tim Dempsey, James Brown, Howard Martin, and student managers John Francis and Ed Levey.

Swimming coach Robert Davis awarded letters to the following splashers:

Rol Wellman, Arnie Altsuler, Howard Shrier, Keith Liberman, John Douglas, Bill Shamblen, Jim Bobbitt, Ben Hulbert, Larry Taylor, Ken Lundgren, Stan Fortmeyer, Larry Minarik, John Coolidge, Buddy Epstein, and Lonnie Hancock.

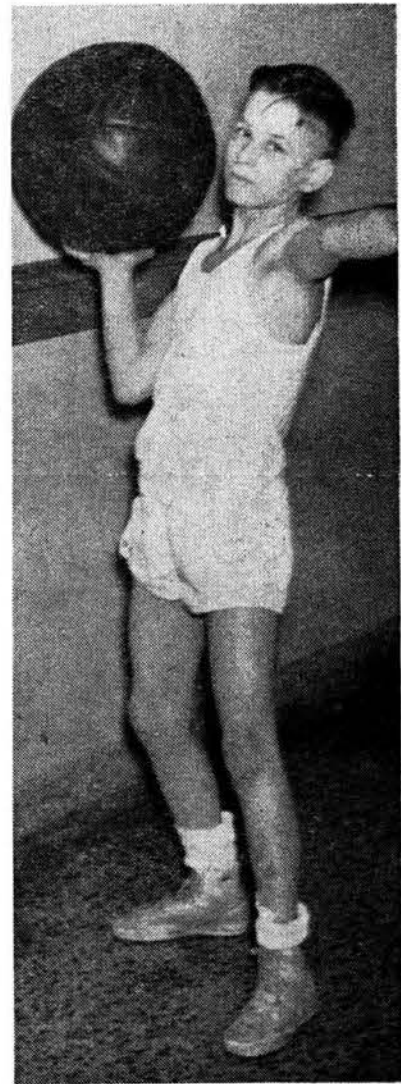


photo by Lou Rich
Parry Stretches new-found muscles?

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zon (Can't you just see that sun rising?) They aren't what their name implies them to be. HA HAI WE FOOLED YOU!

Well, these fabulous creations are simply short-sleeve, pullover shirts in stripes or checks. They reach the bottom of the hips (very convenient — go ahead and gorge yourself now!) and tie around the waist, giving a tunic effect. They come in all colors and can be worn over slacks, shorts and bathing suits.

It has a square neck, and the whole thing is edged in lace, plus some extra billowing down the front. If that doesn't make you feel like a girl, you better take another look in the mirror!

If your hips are big, And must be hid, Don't be hurt— Get a rainshirt!

Can you name the rhyme scheme of that verse? Anyway—the rainshirt has just appeared on the fashion horizon (Can't you just see that sun rising?)

this outfit comes in black, and also has a sleeveless tunic top. Plenty of girls still hang on to pure femininity in their clothes, and they claim that slacks ruin the effect. Well, the Third Floor Colony at Brandeis has the answer for you. Pretty gingham slacks in pastel blue, pink, green and yellow.

The legs are trimmed in frothy white lace and an embroidered daisy. And the sleeveless, matching top is even more complimentary to our sex.

For the Colony is here! (This is originality?) It is possible for you to be accepted into society if you take advantage of what Brandeis has to offer you. Buy the white slacks with the black stripe, which is embroidered with gobs of different crests, running down the legs.

The matching cropped top will add to the aristocratic effect. It comes to a point in the front and back, and has tassels dangling from the sides. For the more sophisticated peasants

Hi everybody! HAPPY APRIL FOOL'S DAY! (It proves you're a fool if you try to read this column). But you certainly won't be a fool if you go to the Junior Colony at Brandeis for your new spring(?) slacks outfits.

Do you have a family crest? If you don't, hang your head in shame! How can ANYONE appear in public with their head up when they don't have a family crest? Incredible!

But never fear

BRAN

Investigation, Indigestion Come to CHS Clubs

Did you know that there are spies among the foreign language clubs? This started out to be what we thought was a vicious rumor, but now we have gathered startling evidence. We hired the Central Investigating Committee to furnish us with the cold facts.

It seems that yesterday Smu Schmalz, a highly respected member of the Inter-American Club, was selected by her fellow members to spy on the other clubs to find out what they were serving for their annual picnic. It seems that the Spanish club members were getting indigestion from their invariable menu of chile, tortillas, and tamale floats.

Smu decided to sneak in on the French club's monthly Tete-a-Tete. Pumpnickel Pollack was trying to settle an argument among the members. It seems that the members were about to have another Revolution because instead of having candy bars with almonds after their meetings, they were only receiving the plain candy bars. Since Smu was getting no ideas from the French club meeting, she moved on to the Russian Club.

Arriving at the Russian Club room, lo and behold there were no nudniks or Russian members to be seen. It seems that all the nudniks were out drag-racing their sputniks.

Smu's last hope was the Latin Club. The club's president, What-me-worry Wagner was just introducing a new idea for the Latin Banquet. "This year we will have something entirely different for our menu," she said.

This was Smu's big chance to get an idea for a new dish that wasn't spicy and wouldn't give the Spanish Club members indigestion. The new dish, announced What-me-worry Wagner, will be Italian Pizza.

Snowmen Start War

A national regiment of snowmen have taken up arms against our government.

This annual affair has been suppressed without injury to any of our citizens in all previous years, but this year there is reason for alarm. The enemy has increased in number and has more ground to walk on. A blow on the head by one of their weapons, brooms, is fatal.

The nation is panic stricken! What can be done?

The cry of the citizens is, "Help!" The cry of the snowmen is, "We are immortal!"

The "SCOPE"

of Things to Come . . . in focus with



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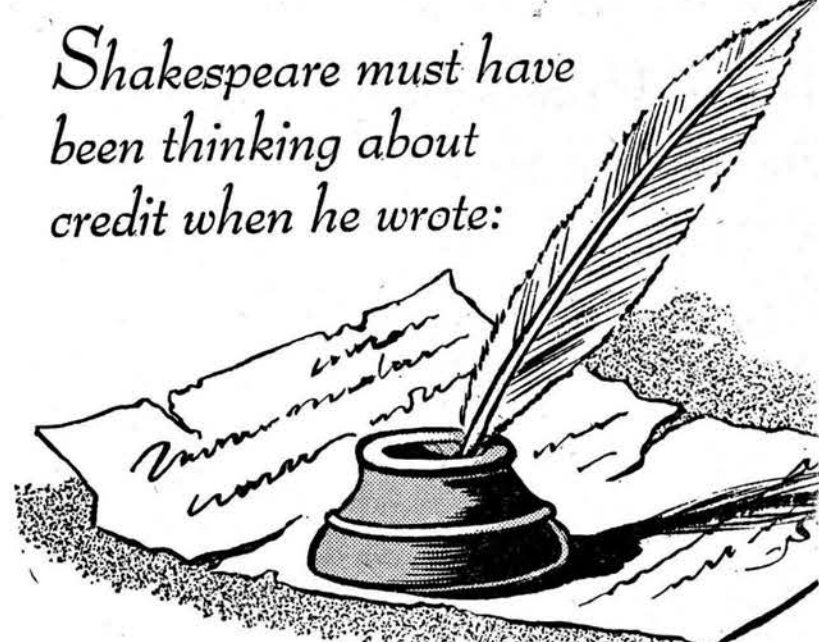
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Drowned! Sheldon Krizelman while crossing the street yesterday. His last words: "I'm in a rut!"

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Cool Chords Frost Choir

"We want music, mighty fine music."

And you'll get it if you hear the good of A Cappella choir sing.

Lately, though, (as reported to us by our reliable and snooply operatives) the choir has been having trouble with its many and varied vocal chords. It seems as though the cold weather and moisture combined have contracted everybody's vocal chords. The choir is lucky if they can manage an "Alleluia."

So that their troubles wouldn't

depress them, the choir members tried to get into the mood of the weather by taking old song titles and changing them to fit their situation. Among the choice ones were, "You Can Cry Me a Snowstorm," "It's Snowflake White and Precipitation Blossom Time," "When You Wore a Raccoon Coat, and I wore a Big Red Nose," and "Baby It's More-Than-Cold Outside."

As the Road Show pressed down on the choir, they really became desperate. They tried soaking their heads in rain barrels (water from the melted snow—heated). But the only outcome was water-logged brains.

As the hours ticked away Thursday on a sundial, which was slow because of no sun, the choir started to panic. They took mob action and marched on city hall to ask for an emergency trial air raid. They figured they would try exercising their vocal chords by "making like sirens"—but to no avail.

Dejected and depressed, the choir started for home. Light snow was falling on the down-trodden troop. As one thirsty singer raised his head skyward to get a mouthful of snowflakes, he witnessed a miracle of miracles. The sun was peaking through a cloud. He was watching a famous Nebraska "snow-shower." The choir jumped for joy. Now the Road Show might be a success. And it was.

Striving Clarence Exchanges Type Keys for Fingers

Have you ever heard of some of the things that happen in a typing or shorthand class?

Some of the incidents are funny, a few are normal, but many are tragic.

For instance, a boy in a 10th hour type class broke the record for causing the highest repair bill the business department of CHS has ever received.

This tragic occurrence happened during a typing speed test. Clarence was trying to pass the class record of 15 words a minute. His fingers moved over the typewriter with lightning-like speed (16 words a minute) and the whole room shook as he pounded away.

Then (sigh) came the horrible end of Clarence's typing career. When he glanced out of the window to see if it was still snowing (it was), his hand slipped between the keys and his fingers were hopelessly entangled in the typewriter keys.

After desperate attempts to free himself, Clarence let out a frantic scream for help. The teacher dashed across the room to try to tear him loose. But it took a typewriter repairman to free poor Clarence.

Today Clarence is a happy, normal(?) student, but if you just happen to see a boy galloping down the hall with typewriter keys in place of fingers, you will know who it is. The \$100 bill for repairing the typewriter certainly impressed the teacher, too!

Moral—Don't look out the window during a speed test in type; it could lead to tragedy.

Bring Your Brush No Need to Hush

Help Wanted:

Painters currently working on Central's renovation desire aid, announced the head painter yesterday.

If any art students are interested in receiving extra credit, they should apply in the office for a temporary job as an assistant painter.

The school will be responsible for all accidents resulting from falling off ladders and tripping over paint cans. Damage to clothes and self from flying paint are the risks of the business and the school will not be responsible for these mishaps.

Originality will not be allowed. Border designs, landscapes, wall murals and the like will quickly be erased, and the painter dismissed.

This is an excellent opportunity for students who run out of ideas in art class and for those who are not bored easily.

There is no pay—only the envy of fellow students and gratitude from teachers who are slightly sick of the smell of paint and wish the renovation completed.

If a student likes the job, he may also paint before school by reporting for work at 7:30 a.m.—weather or not.

New Science Club Discusses ROH, As

The tri-weekly, bi-monthly and semi-annual divisions of the Central High Albert Einstein, Albert Schweitzer and Alfred E. Newman Science Clubs held a joint meeting Thursday night.

The meeting began after all members were through serving their office ninth hours for mixing ROH (alcohol) in their milk and for putting As (arsenic) on apples they gave their teachers.

Several items were discussed including snow. This problem of frozen H₂O was thoroughly discussed by the disgusted members, and Herby Schenkenhimer suggested that the secretary write to the local congressman. It was moved, seconded, thirded and fourthed by Clara Ann Goodfinkle.

The guest speaker was Herman Bushracker who spoke on the lack of interest of students in science. Clara Ann Goodfinkle suggested, moved, seconded, thirded and fourthed that anyone who would take a science course would receive a Jet Jackson telescope with real lenses and a Sky King Space Ship. The motion was carried.

The meeting adjourned at 4:47½ because of a slight mishap — Mr. Fields accidentally blew up the chemistry room.

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Get The Breakfast Habit

George, the bell is shrilling for thee, so you'd better get with it. That malevolent look at the alarm clock isn't helping you get bathed, dressed, fed and to school on time.

Your alarm's hideous clamor has a saving grace. It gets you out of bed in time to wash and dress at ease and to eat a satisfactory breakfast. You don't acquire the bathroom blues and you don't have to join the gulp-and-run breakfast club.

Nutritionists agree that breakfast is the most neglected meal of the day. Breakfast, they say, is as important as the other two meals and should provide one-fourth to one-third of the body's daily requirements for protein, minerals, vitamins and calories.

Whether you're an athlete, a scholar or both, the skipping or skipping of breakfast usually results in fatigue, lessened efficiency, failure to concentrate and irritability, nutritionists say.

The pattern for a basic breakfast, as developed by nutritionists consists of fruit or fruit juice, cereal, milk or coffee, bread or toast and butter or fortified margarine. Breakfast meats and eggs should be included several times each week with toast and beverage.