

ARTES

science discovers
that which is,
art creates
that which is not

TO THE WORLD

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In dedicating this annual to Mrs. Bessire, we inscribe the tangible evidence of our sincere appreciation. It is the undying gratitude of students for a teacher who has added in quieting the turbulent waters of the present and showing the way to chart the unforeseeable future. It is the appreciation and respect of friends.

Senior Class of "46"

[This page appears before a portrait of the school Director, M. Ethel Bessire. The photograph can be viewed on the website under faculty, as can the photographs of the technical advisors and teachers below]

TECHNICAL ADVISORS

Wm. Kent Bessire

Mary Wiggins

Annie Ross

Faculty

Edouard Boesch

Dorothy Lindquist

Charles Follette

Frances Lloyd

Sonia Regler

Bayard Underwood

Betty June McLain

Helen Adams

Ruth Stadthagen Circe

Mary Hendrickson

Antoinette Follette

Desire flames lightly shod
Luring even seraphim.
Speak to me no word of God.

Deleterious to the world
Is the deified in heaven.
Speak to me no word of God.

Clergy built on redundancy,
Priests mere pleonasisists.
Speak to me no word of God.

Churlish beings, dyspeptic fools,
Strolling blithely to the pit.
Speak to me no word of God.

Despicable mortals behold
My blasphemy sinks deep.
Speak to me no word of God.

Poor believing idolators
There is but one path left.
Speak to me no word of God.

Ignorance, the cause of living;
Wisdom, the world of death.
Speak to me no word of God.
Speak to me no word of God.

Lo! Behold the unbeliever,
Whose voice could not be shriller
In his defiance of God.
He hath died and is for ever wise.

He who should never dwell
In heaven, is not in hell.
His dreams brought death
And death brought wisdom eternal.

Life lived in human error,
Death devoid of all terror.
God is forgiving.
He hath died and is for ever wise.

Design Freshmen

There is no short definition of design, for design is found in colors, spaces, material elements, successive impressions, or related actions.

A design must fulfill all the purposes for which it is derived. Painting, sculpturing, architecture, this and thousands of things seen every day come under this one small heading.

Design is the most important thing in our lives yesterday, today, and tomorrow. Without design there would be no high civilization. There would be no gigantic bridges or beautiful buildings, no tremendous road constructions as our great highways winding themselves everywhere throughout the country.

There are two basic lines that make up design, the straight line, and the curved line. Everything has some sort of design which is derived from these two lines.

Decorative design may be separated into two classes. The first flat or surface design, the second those of form. Surface design is often used to beautify design of form. Decorative design may also be divided in another way into geometrical design, conventional design, and naturalistic design.

A design may be: 1) a unit or single complete composition that must have one main point or climax or at the most two, towards which all other parts of the design must lead, 2) a repeated design as in wallpaper or the running ornament of a frieze.

In architecture a design or plan must be arranged for convenience yet to produce a beautiful building, and without waste of material.

Design is as old as the earliest man, for before he learned to write or talk he was drawing pictures in the sand of the animals, and things he had seen. Although they weren't as artistic as our modern day art they were the beginning of design.

The pyramids of Egypt at the cemetery of Gizeh are a great marvel of the world for their immense size, and their simplicity.

The Greeks are famous for their marvelous sculpturing, architecture, handicraft, and painting, whose work we admire even to the present day. We still have some remains from their works, and our arts are greatly derived from theirs.

You could go on giving examples, but they all lead to one conclusion the importance of the elements of design.

FRESHMAN BIOGRAPHIES

Desire - To not have any homework.
Eccentricity - Seeing every motion picture.
Saying - "Why sure"
Interest - Lana Turner
Goal - To be a lawyer
Name - **Carter De Haven**

Desire - To graduate
Eccentricity - None
Saying - "Geee"
Interest - Dancing
Goal - Ice skater
Name - **Patty Hipsh**

Desire - To sing bass
Eccentricity - Trying for "A's"
Saying - "Fellows"
Interest - People
Goal - To be a radio singer
Name - **Henry Seeberg**

Desire - To be a ballet dancer
Eccentricity - Her braids
Saying - "You fiend"
Interest - Dancing
Goal - To be an ice skater
Name - **Yvonne Hruby**

Desire - To graduate
Eccentricity - Playing Tic Tat Toe
Saying - "What a critter"
Interest - Cars
Goal - To design cars
Name - **Victor Oropeza**

Desire - To grow up
Eccentricity - Making funny noises
Saying - "Hubba Hubba"
Interest - Food
Goal - To design cars
Name - Jerome Boef

FRESHMAN BIOGRAPHIES continued

Desire - Dancing at the Curren Theater San Francisco
Eccentricity - Eating chocolate eclairs
Saying - "Not particularly"
Interest - Little fiends
Goal - To be a Ballet dancer
Name - **Mitzi Gerber**

Desire - To eat chocolate cake
Eccentricity - Following pretty girls
Saying - "O' for corn sake"
Interest - A junior girl
Goal - To be an actor
Name - **Ralph Freeto**

Desire - To get out of school
Eccentricity - Hurrying home from school
Saying - "Are you kidding"
Interest - Airplanes
Goal - To be an aviator
Name - **Bill Schone**

Desire - To be a Texas rancher
Eccentricity - Crabing for food
Saying - "You-all"
Interest - Movies
Goal - A 1000 head of cattle
Name - **Fred Martin**

Desire - To watch ice skaters
Eccentricity - Playing with her dog
Saying - "Hi-Ya"
Interest - Dana Andrews
Goal - To be an ice skater
Name - **Barbara Lee Smith**

Desire - To be a ballet dancer
Eccentricity - Going to bed at 8:30
Saying - "Please"
Interest - Jonie Kutza
Goal - To be a ballet dancer
Name - **Gloria Vauges**

Desire - To ride on the Pasadena bus
Eccentricity - Easting ice cream
Saying - "What do you want, a medal?"
Interest - Tom Drake
Goal - Commercial artist
Name - **Joan Bush**

HISTORY OF THE IX GRADE CLASS

Looking back onto our school days, of the beginning of this semester, we had no idea of what kind of term we would have, because this was our first year down in the high school department and every thing seemed strange and complicated. But of course some of us had passed this section of the school many a time before, but now that we were actually a part of it, we felt very excited over the matter.

It was quite a problem to get our programs in order so we could start in this seemingly wonderful semester, which was to be our first year in high school.

The day we were to go to our new classes, I noticed that not much speaking was being done. On the second day you could not help but see that everyone had become more comfortable and more at ease in this new atmosphere.

Our first activity was spent horseback riding which we all had a wonderful time, but had to take a few days to recuperate after the enjoyable ride. The second activity we went bicycling, which was followed by a hearty lunch and later a look at the Zoo. For the third and last eventful activity we took a long hike up to the observatory and later had a delicious "Ruthie" special (which consisted of spaghetti.)

Many things happened after those wonderful activities, such as our Christmas party which left us in high spirits and looking forward to our two week vacation. The most exciting thing of all, was in preparing for our Freshman Baby Party. It was quite a sight, seeing all of us thinking of ideas, making posters advertising the party, and getting all the food prepared for the gala evening we were to give. We even went as far as dressing two girls in baby clothes to advertise it.

Knowing that we have many more school days ahead of us we hope they will be happy ones, as they were in this semester.

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FRESHMAN COMIC STRIP CHARACTERS

Barbara Banks	Tuffy
Jerome Boef	Li'l Abner
Joan Bush	Little Iodine
Carter DeHaven	Tim Tyler
Ralph Freeto	The Little King
Mitzi Gerber	Brenda Starr
Charna Hersh	Dixie Dugan
Patty Hipah	Daisy Mae
Fred Martin	Colonel Blimp
Robert Nolsted	Pesky (Brenda Starr)
Victor Oropeza	Mac (Tillie the Toiler)
Bill Schone	The Pantom
Henry Seeberg	Henry
Barbara Smith	Wonder Woman
Gloria Vauges	Tillie the Toiler
Yvonne Hruby	Blondie

PREDICTIONS FOR THE FRESHMAN CLASS OF 1946

In the modernistic town of Hollywood a group of friends jumped in their helicopter and decided to go to Exposition Park to have a look at the future. It was a beautiful glass building. Going through the marble corridors we saw JOAN BUSH as a famous commercial artist. Further on we passed two portraits, one of Texas' Senator GRED MARTIN and the other of BILL SCHONE who became an engineer in a large concern. Looking up we saw ROBERT MELSTEAD who had just solved a new and difficult mathematical problem. Also there was the author of many famous novels, CHARNA HERSH. At the end of the corridor we saw a picture of BARBARA BANKS who had just started a career as a chemist.

On the second floor there were pictures of the 1956 Academy Award Winners and among them were YVONNE HRUBY and RALPH FREETO. Listed with the great dancers were GLORIA VAUGES and MITZI GERBER, and the new heart throb of the younger generation is HENRY (FRANK SINATRA) SEABURG. Among the famous skaters we found PATTY HIPSH and BARBARA LEE SMITH.

The school teacher of our class turned out to be VICTOR OROPEZA.

Leaving the Park, after an adventurous day, we passed one of CARTER DE HAVEN'S chain of drugstores and stopped to get some flash (gasoline) at JEROME BOEF'S Flying Service Station.

THE FRESHMAN BABY PARTY

“Hawwe evwybody” Hos is oo tonight: O-e-e what a pwetty green sucker oo have! Me wants it. Dive it to itty bitty me! Tome on!”

These wa the cries here tonight at the baby party sponsored by the Freshman Class. (I know. I am the pwetty gween sucker) I’m over here lying on the table. Anyone can buy me for a price.

My, but all the children (?) look nice. Why, if I didn’t know better I’d say that Jerome Boef is only fwee and a half years old. But, after all, he’s a man now, being four years of age. Some don’t want to look their age. As a matter of fact, two children, being Ethel Bessire and Lydia Peterson look as old as seventeen!!

Some awfully good records are to be had for dancing for those over twelve. A number to couples are really slick chicks on the dance floor. Just as good as any teen-agers A’ve heard about.

Then too, there is an exciting Bingo Game which Mary Wiggins keeps winning. I wonder about those successive winnings. !! Hmm!! “Ouch!” A sucker has feelings, too. Someone just stuck me with a Donkey tail. That must be from the “Pih The Tail On The Donkey” game. The line waiting for their turn certainly seems to be enjoying the folly of those in front of them. That’s all right. Wait until their turn. “He who laughs last, laughs best and longest. A few have already pinned their tails on the donkey. (plus a number of other things.)

Goodness, but there is loads of good food. I hope I’m not forgotten about with all my rival sweets to be had.

And Oh! What fun everyone is having playing Musical Chairs.

Brad Bassett and Marguirite Siegle may be classified as professional milk bottle drinkers. Both are in a contest. Margy won by just a fraction.

Ta-ra, ta-ra!! Attention please. The best costumes are going to be chosen. The winners are Nancy Newby, Jerome Boef and lola Pierce.

The evening is drawing to a close and I am getting weaker and weaker (someone is enjoying my delicious flavor), so I’ll have to say good-night and leave you. My final words are:

A toast to Freshman Class for a really super party!

WHAT A DAY

Oh boy! The day had dawned bright and cool with welcome rays of glorious sunshine beaming down from the blue sky. A perfect day for horseback riding. This was to be the first activity of the year for the freshman class and everyone was hoping for its success.

Most of the freshman were eager to be off, and as a result the teachers probably didn't get much attention from their ninth grade this eventful morning.

Through a misunderstanding of the picnic lunch, we ended up eating at school instead of at the park because we had all brought individual lunches. However, this did not stifle the enthusiasm for an afternoon of fun.

Finally we all climbed, or rather dove, into the Buick. With Kent at the wheel we arrived at the stables in one piece, in spite of our crazy antics on the way.

As soon as we had mounted and were on our way it was evident that Charna's horse had declared war. He seemed to take delight in nipping Harna's leg, although I think it would have been much more tasty with seasoning. Our ambitious friend did not stop at this point though, for he kept giving little love nips to all the other horses about him. Come to think of it, I wonder if those were love nips after all.

Another charming horse in our party was mounted by Fred Martin. This piece of bone and muscle (referring to the horse) thought it was fun to walk near the edge of a deep drop-off into the canyon, but I can readily say that Fred did not agree with him. As we neared the stables Fred's horse, still looking for excitement, gave his rider a free ride through the air and then trotted off merrily in the other direction. Kent was on the spot as usual, and stopped him before he could get away.

On the whole we had a fairly peaceful ride and everyone enjoyed it greatly. Of course if it hadn't been for Kent's periodical "Keep it down to a walk" we would probably have had to carry the horses back to the stables.

“THE SIMPLE WAY”

“It looks like rain!” was the first cry of the Freshman class on the morning of Tuesday, February 19, 1946. However much to our surprise and pleasure, California weather showed true. The day turned out beautifully.

This was the long awaited activity day. After a slowly gone by morning, 12:30 finally came and the boys and girls including me breathed a sigh of relief.

We were driven to Ferndale by the ever willing Kent. There we picnicked (excuse me, feasted) on spaghetti a la Ruthie, salad and all the trimmings. We children under 12 years of age (?) enjoyed ourselves on the swings. Then we all commenced on our journey. And! Oh! What a tedious struggle it was! Grabbing the slightest rock or twig to assist us on our climb we slowly wined our way upward. Objective --- the Griffith Observatory. Pant! Water! Pant! Water! Everything we had to contend with had ended. We had reached our goal and a drinking fountain. Hollywood passed in review through the telescope. Automobiles, homes, trees, etc., were seen by all. The journey back to the picnic grounds wee dotted here and there by falls and slight accidents. . .

We then became 12 year olds (once again) and began to swing. After a short time it was suggested that we add to our enjoyment by visiting the merry-go-round. This was unanimously carried and round we went. Our fill of circles was finally had.

The trip back to Mar-Ken began. BANG!! That’s right, a flat tire. As everything is, this too was corrected.

Ruthie greeted us at school. To her we confessed our fun and enjoyment of such a seemingly simple pattern of life.

Sophomores

Act 1.

Donna Abrams (president)

- Scene 1 – Born in Clark, South Dakota on June 24.
- Scene 2 – She is known for her cute dimples and pleasing personality.
- Scene 3 – Her pet peeve is people who pull bows.
- Scene 4 – Her ambition is to be a stage and screen actress.

Act 2.

Barbara Allen

- Scene 1 – Born on October in Hollywood, Calif.
- Scene 2 – She likes to sing, and her favorite singer is Dennis Morgan.
- Scene 3 – Her pet peeve is bleached blondes.
- Scene 4 – Her ambition is to be an Opera, and Concert singer.

Act 3.

Mary Eleanor Bellows

- Scene 1 – Born in Los Angeles, Calif. on February 3.
- Scene 2 – She likes driving, and she's always seen with Joan Bush.
- Scene 3 – Her pet peeve is the broken radio in her brother's car.
- Scene 4 – Her ambition is to be a traveler.

Act 4.

Irving Bush (Treasurer)

- Scene 1 – Born on April 7, in Los Angeles, Calif.
- Scene 2 – He's a good musician.
- Scene 3 – His pet peeve is fickle girls and old maids.
- Scene 4 – His ambition is to be another Harry James.

Act 5.

Betty Errol

- Scene 1 – Born in Detroit, Michigan on November 10.
- Scene 2 – She is famous for her bubbling personality.
- Scene 3 – Her pet peeve is being bossed.
- Scene 4 – Her ambition is to be a traveler.

Sophomores continued

Act 6.

John Erickson

- Scene 1 – Born on March 12, in San Mates, Calif.
- Scene 2 – He gets good grades.
- Scene 3 – His pet peeve is bleached blondes.
- Scene 4 – His ambition is to be a lawyer.

Act 7.

Diane Larson

- Scene 1 – Born in Glendale, Calif. on April 6.
- Scene 2 – She's famous for her sweet disposition.
- Scene 3 – Her pet peeve is being told what to do.
- Scene 4 – Her ambition is to get good grades and to be a writer.

Act 8.

Courtna McMann (Secretary)

- Scene 1 – Born in Omaha, Nebraska, on October 29
- Scene 2 – She's famous for her dancing at Mar-Ken parties.
- Scene 3 – Her pet peeve is being shoved around.
- Scene 4 – Her ambition is to be a dancer and an actress.

Act 9.

Stanley Plog

- Scene 1 – Born in Hollywood, Calif. on April 8.
- Scene 2 – He's famous for his gliders that he makes.
- Scene 3 – His pet peeve is short hair and tight curls on a girl.
- Scene 4 – His ambition is to become another Tommy Dorsey.

Act 10.

Barbara Ripatti

- Scene 1 – Born on August 25, in Tatnish, Washington.
- Scene 2 – She is the class representative in the student body, and writing editor for the Annual, for the Sophomores.
- Scene 3 – Her pet peeve is singing hillbilly songs.
- Scene 4 – Her ambition is to go to the beach and be able to go in the water.

THE SOPHOMORE CLASS begins in early light
To study our subject till late at night.
Our books are stacked high on our desks,
And we study on all without stopping to rest.
We study everything from A to Z,
Hoping our grades, passing will be.
We study hard with eagerness to learn,
For we know our grades will be just what we earn.

2.

Our language has class,
Our math will pass,
In English we're reading galore.
And though it's a mystery
We go fast in History.
AND IN STUDY HALL, WE STUDY SOME MORE.

3.

But when our work is done
And we've time for fun,
There's parties from January to December.
With plenty of dancing and food,
To get us in a prancing mood.
And an event we will long remember.

4.

When interviewing our class,
And with one question asked.
I'm sure your answer will agree with them,
That a school good and fine,
Is your school and mine,
OUR DEAR ALMA MATER, MAR-KEN.

RADIO CHARACTERS

Donna Abrams	"Maisie"
Courtna Mc Mann	"Judy Graves" in "Junior Miss"
Irving Bush	"Richard Rogue" in "Rogues Gallery"
Zoe Ann Willy	"Nicky" in "Ellery Queen"
Barbara Ripatti	"Gracie Allen"
Stanley Plog	"Henry Aldrich"
Mary E. Bellows	"Charlotte Greenwood"
Betty Errol	"Hedda Hopper"
John Erickson	"Doc Ordway" in "Crime Doctor"
Diane Larson	"Kathleen" in "Henry Aldrich"
Janet Tishler	"Marjorie" in "The Great Gildersleeves"
Barbara Allen	"Hildegard"

SOPHOMORE NICKNAMES

Irving Bush	"The Lip"
Betty Errol	"Hee-haw"
Janet Tishler	"Tish"
Diane Larson	"Dye"
Zoe Ann Willy	"Villie"
Courtna McMann	"Nicky"
Mary E. Bellows	"Meb"
Stanley Plog	"Plug"
John Erickson	"Erick"
Donna Abrams	"Don"
Barbara Ripatti	"Patti"
Barbara Allen	"Al"

SOPHOMORE BIKE RIDE

Cast – Mrs. Peterson, Kent Bessire, Barbara Ripatti, Donna Abrams, Betty Errol, Zoe Ann Willy, Janet Tischler, Diane Larson, Stanley Plog, John Erickson, Irving Bush.

Act I, Scene 1 – At school:

This was what all the Sophomores had been waiting for. Their first activity! With difficulty, they did their school work, waiting for school to be out. Finally their last period arrived. Barbara, Janet, Diane, and John were in Spanish. Irving, and Betty were in French. And Donna, Zoe Ann and Stanley, were roaming around in their free period. They were all waiting for the bell to ring. When school was at last out, the girls put on slacks, Kent put on riding shorts, and the food was put in the car. Then they (Mrs. Peterson, Kent, and the Sophomores) climbed into the car with the food, and they were off to Griffith Park. They rented bicycles not far from the park, and started to ride, Kent leading the group. Barbara, Janet, and Betty, having chosen their bikes ahead of the others, rode down a path, (In the wrong direction) so started out after the others. Mrs. Peterson took the food ahead in the car.

Scene II -- At the Park:

After what seemed hours, they were deep in the heart of the park – still riding. It seemed like most of it was up hill, so they looked forward to coasting back. Finally, with “Oh’s and ah’s” and very tired, they arrived at the picnic tables.

“Well there you are!” said Mrs. Peterson, who had already arrived with the car – and the food.

“At last,” murmured the puffing Sophomores. They had spaghetti, cocoa, and cake. “Isn’t it wonderful to be off the bicycles!!” exclaimed Janet as they were eating. “Yes,” replied Zoe Ann, as she got up to get a second helping.

“Let’s go to the zoo,” exclaimed Betty. And they did. Stanley took his bubble set and blew bubbles at the animals, which seemed slightly startled. (but then it isn’t every day that the Sophomores go to the zoo.) When they had seen all the animals, they went back to their bikes, and started out. Donna and Diane started out a little after the rest, and soon lost sight of them altogether. Mrs. Peterson passed them in the car, and then she too was lost from sight.

Irving, John, and Stanley raced and were the first to arrive. After the confusion of checking all the bikes in, they went to a small restaurant next door and had cokes and cider, being very thirsty after their ride. It tasted wonderful, and everyone had several.

Scene III – At School Again:

Arrived at school, and practically fell out of the car. They were all much more tired than when they left earlier in the afternoon, but everyone had a wonderful time.

Movie star characters

Donna Abrams	Diana Lynn
Barbara Allen	Dianna Durbin
Mary Eleanor Bellows	Ruth Hussey
Irving Bush	Harry James
John Erickson	Tim Holt
Betty Errol	Judy Canova
Diane Larson	Kathryn Grayson
Courtna McMann	Jeannie Crain
Stanley Plog	Jackie Jenkins
Barbara Ripatti	Joan Davis
Janet Tischler	Una Merkel
Zoe Ann Willy	June Preisser



music – juniors

As the notes fell I imagined a world of music, a world of sound, of perfect harmony. As they fell, they formed a phrase, then a melody, and lastly they composed a song. It was enchanting, delightful, soothing. To some who listened it brought the sense of power and strength, other took it to mean love, some it merely relaxed, for they sought peace, and still others interpreted it as speed of movement. As the music swelled they went off on their respective tangents. Tangents that are paralleled by music, as the lines of the musical staff, and all come to the same end. We are born, to live, to die, maybe to rise again. Like music, we come, stay a while and leave, but our memory is always here, and so music.

Junior Biographies

Name - **Dolores Pierce**
Born - Dec. 15
Ambition - To learn how to drive.
Talent - Laughing
Saying - Ugh Doug
Song - Full Moon & Empty Arms
Band - Tommy Dorsey
Food - Pineapple cake

Name - **Tru Worth**
Born - June 5
Ambition - To be a great dancer.
Talent - Dancing
Saying - I'm regusted
Song - Oh' What It Seemed To Be
Band - Harry James
Food - Food

Name - **Ann Massey**
Born - Dec. 20
Ambition - House wife
Talent - Piano & Artist
Saying - I saw George
Song - Symphony
Band - Tommy Dorsey
Food - Lamb chops

Name - **Richard Pollack**
Born - March 9
Ambition - Retire at 21.
Talent - American Lit.
Saying - Nuts
Song - Night and Day
Band - Paul Whitman
Food - Butter horns

Name - **Don Washburn**
Born - Feb. 12
Ambition - Surgery
Talent - Skipping Latin
Saying - I don't like your altitude.
Song - Candy
Band - Paul Whitman
Food - Food

Name - **Ramon Werts**
Born - Sept. 21
Ambition - Concert pianist
Talent - Playing the piano.
Saying - What did I do now?
Song - The Charm of You.
Band - Axel Staraho
Food - Food

Name - **Elizabeth Haddaway**
Born - March 5
Ambition - Housewife
Talent - Singing
Saying - Curses
Song - Oh What It Seemed To Be.
Band - Harry James
Food - Cheese

Name - **Jacquelin Gerad**
Born - March 25
Ambition - To be Chellist
Talent - Chello
Saying - Huh
Song - It Might As Well Be Spring.
Band - Harry James
Food - Fried Chicken & French Fries

Name - **Lorallei Horton**
Born - Dec. 18
Ambition - To be a dancer.
Talent - Dancing
Saying - Oh crum
Song - Some Sunday Morning
Band - Paul Whitman
Food - Rabbit

Name - **Charmian Slaughter**
Born - May 26
Ambition - To be a pianist.
Talent - Piano
Saying - For corn sake
Song - More and More
Band - Cugat
Food - Food

Name - **Nancy Angela**
Born - Washington
Ambition - Not to be a Treasurer all of her life.
Talent - Singing
Saying - I want the Junior dues.
Song - You Belong To My Heart
Band - Cugat
Food - Hamburgers

Name - **Cathie Judi**
Born - June 24
Ambition - Singer
Talent - Singing
Saying - Oh!!
Song - It Had To Be You
Band - Harry James
Food - Avacado sandwiches

Name - **Joan Ramies**
Born - Sept. 26
Ambition - To get out of school.
Talent - Passing gum
Saying - My goodness
Song - At Last
Band - Glen Miller
Food - Eclairs & Cream Puffs

Name - **Bill Stevenson**
Born - Jan. 23
Ambition - Writer & Idea Man
Talent - Trombone
Saying - Che-Boing
Song - Tea For Two
Band - Mac Nomeras
Food - Food

Name - **Valerie Shepard**
Born - Dec. 14
Ambition - To learn how to drive.
Talent - Dancing
Saying - Buddy? Buddy?
Song - Personality
Band - Tommy Dorsey
Food - Anything which can be eaten

Name - **Suzanne Abrams**
Born - Aug. 9
Ambition - Concert pianist
Talent - Playing piano
Saying - It's pathetic
Song - It's Been A Long Long Time
Band - Desi Arnaz
Food - Not particular

Name - **Alberta Parker**
Born - Feb. 17
Ambition - To get out of school.
Talent - Drawing
Saying - Ugh
Song - Desert song
Band - Glenn Miller
Food - Food in general.

Name - **Clive Thomas**
Born - Oct. 10
Ambition - To get an "A" from Mrs. Bessire
Talent - Iron clothes
Saying - DA:::::
Song - Smoke Gets In Your Eyes
Band - Harry James
Food - Chop Suey

Name - **Harvey Suader**
Born - Vancouver British Columbia
Ambition - To be an actor.
Talent - Acting & Music
Saying - For crying in thr bucket
Song - Laura
Band - Glenn Miller
Food - Food

Name - **Marie Enterante**
Born - Oct. 16
Ambition - Dress designer
Talent - Dancing
Saying - Are you kidding
Song - Shu Fly Pie
Band - Bob Crosby
Food - Steak & French Fries

Name - **Walter Prior**
Born - Dec. 29
Ambition - Football coach
Talent - Mechanics
Saying - He lost his marbles.
Song - You're For Me
Band - Tommy Dorsey
Food - Anything which can be eaten.

Name - **Ann Best**
Born - Nov. 12
Ambition - Domestic life.
Talent - Singing
Saying - Good duty
Song - Let It Snow, Let It Snow
Band - Les Brown
Food - Coconut cream pie.

Name - **Patricia Peabody**
Born - Nov. 2
Ambition - Nurse
Talent - Singing
Saying - O'Rooney
Song - Dream
Band - Tommy Dorsey
Food - Strawberry shortcake

Name - **Betty Jorgensen**
Born - April 18
Ambition - To get to South America
Talent - Singing
Saying - Oh' How dumb.
Song - The Last Time I Saw You.
Band - Glenn Miller
Food - Food

Name - **Anita Lhoest**
Born - Jan. 31
Ambition - Chellest
Talent - Swimming
Saying - What's that?
Song - It Had To Be You.
Band - Harry James
Food - Steaks

Name - **Rita Maria Palmer**
Born - April 9
Ambition - Lawyer
Talent - Driving
Saying - What?
Song - Besame Mucho
Band - Cugat
Food - Steak

Name - **Bettye Bowan**
Born - Oct. 9
Ambition - To be an actress.
Talent - Acting
Saying - The beautiful people
Song - Our Waltz
Band - Freddie Martin
Food - Chop Suey

Name - **Marshalene Paget**
Born - April 29
Ambition - To be a senior
Talent - Singing
Saying - Oh shucks
Song - I'm A Big Girl Now
Band - Glenn Miller
Food - Ice Cream

Junior Symphony

The Juniors will now take you on a tour fo their musical careers.

Our guide is Val Shepard, who first takes us to the box-office, where (as usual) we pay our money to Nancy Angela.

Entering the great hall, appropriately named the Study? We are seated front row center the critics, headed by Cathie Judie, The Maestro, Dolores Pierce, enters as a hush falls over the audience. Ramon “Cavallero” Werts begins to play utilizing that charming smile of his. Our cellos are handled by Jackie Gerard and Anita Lhoest. Suzanne Abrams will later act as guest artist, with Carmin, play at our twin Steinways, the Polonaise.

Now lets go back stage, here we find Joan Ramies, Betty Jorgenson and Ann Best, set directors, hurriedly moving another music stand to the stage. Tru Worth is energetically limbering up for her great moment.

We miss Walt Prior, who doesn't care much for concerts but consented to listen via radio. We find Pat Peabody practicing an aria before her big performance.

We've just about finished our tour so now we'd better call our cars. The parking lot attendants are Dick Pollack, Bill Stevenson, Harvey Sauder, and Clive Thomas, who incidentally can't drive.

Jumping into our cars we leave an applauding audience, hopefully looking forward to next years senor performance.

PREDICTIONS

Don Washburn – will still be going to Mar-Ken 1960

Tru Worth – will probably be a great dancing star

Walt Prior – will probably be a football coach

Charmion Slaughter – will no doubt be a great pianist

Nancy Angela – will probably still be collecting dues of some kind

Anita Lhoest – will be a world champion swimmer

Elizabeth Haddaway – will still be as quiet as she is now

Cathie Judie – will be doing art layouts for an advertising agency

Jackie Gerald – will be playing a cello at Carnegie Hall

Sue Abrams – will undoubtedly play the piano on the same bill as Jackie

Lorallei Horton – will probably still wonder how to translate that Spanish

Dolores Pierce – will always be in there pitching when we need her

Clive Thomas – will still be struggling through Geometry

Ramon Werts – will be on a world tour giving Debussy concerts

Harvey Sauder – will still be selling those bird pins

Dick Pollock – will be a great journalist

Rita Palmer – will cook some more of those luscious peppers

Pat Peabody – will create a new fad with that cute little curl on the side
of her forehead

Joan Remies – will write scripts for the top radio comedian

Val Shepard – will be a second Marilyn Miller

Betty Jorgenson – will be the leading lady in the coming “super-duper
‘westerns’”

Bill Stevenson – will be selling cars with Mad Man Muntz

Alberta Parker – will be a great scientist

Marie Enterante – will undoubtedly still be struggling through Latin

Marshalene Paget – will still be worrying about her tests

Ann Best – will be doing the lead opposite Vincent Price in a new
psychological thriller

SEQUEL TO HIAWATHA

(With apologies to Longfellow)

By the shores of Old Manhattan,
By the town of lights and laughter,
Stood the penthouse of Nikomas
Darling of the night clubs, Nikomas,
Cousin to my Uncle Louis.

Old and wrinkled was Nikomas,
Older far than Ouspenskaya,
Yet her voice was that of summer,
Summer good, but her's was lousy,
Still she thrilled the night club patrons.

Then one day into this glitter,
Born into this whirl of living
Came out little Hiawatha,
Son of the daughter of Nikomas,
Born between the acts of Stork Club.

But his mother not with standing
(Not with sitting, or with standing,)
Could she rest her weary body,
Till one day in utter anguish,
Lay she down to rest forever
Lay she down before a streetcar
Never more to rise and languish.

So the aged old Nikomas,
Nursed the little Hiawatha,
Rocked him in his plastic cradle,
Bedded soft with old sheet music,
Stilled his fretful wail by saying,
Hush! the Varga Girl will get thee,
Hubba! Hubba! was his answer.

In later years, on summer evenings,
In the park sat Hiawatha,
Saw the swans that pose for soap,
Wondered when he'd see Joan Davis,
This was Hiawathas Childhood.

But by the shores of Santa Monica,
By the shining big-flood water,
Out of tents they pitched a mansion,
And there they settled down to live
Until one day when passing there
Agatha Christie the mystery mother
Saw their children playing darts,
And decided to write "The Little
Indians"

But by the shores of Santa Monica,
By the shining big-flood water,
Still stands the mansion of Hiawatha,
Slightly crumbly but it still takes the
cake.

And by the door on summer evenings,
Wrapped in blankets old and smelly,
Sits the aged Hiawatha,
Beating his gums and thumbing through
a VARGA calendar,
Content with pipe full of opium,
Content with the life we've just seen,
And while he's not looking, shall we
tiptoe away?

JUNIOR SONG TITLES

Nancy	"Nancy"
Suzie	"If You Know Suzie Like I Know Suzie"
Val	"Dance With the Dolly"
Dolores	"Personality"
Loralli	"Dark Eyes"
Joan	"It Might As Well Be Spring"
Pat	"Chickery Chick"
Elizabeth	"Tea For Two"
Cathie	"One'sy Two'sy
Rita	"Hey babe, Hi Babe"
Bill	"Lazy Bones"
Don	"School Days"
Ramon	"The Man At The Keys"
Richard	"Let Him Go, Let Him Tarry"
Anita	"Three Little Fishes"
Jackie	"Oh, What a Beautiful Morning"
Marie	"For It Was Mary"
Alberta	"It's a Great Big World"
Clive	"Whose Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf"
Charmion	"I'm Always Chasing Rainbows"
Tru	"She Flies Through the Air with the Greatest of Ease"
Betty	"I Wish I Knew"
Ann M.	"Aren't You Glad You're You"
Walt	"Mares Eat Oats"
Harvey	"Canadian Capers"
Frank	"Milkman Keep Those Bottles Quiet"
Ann B.	"Star Dust"

JUNIOR NICKNAMES

Valerie Shepard	Val
Walter Prior	Walt
Richard Pollack	Dick
Joan Ramies	Near-sighted
Tru Worth	Half-pint
Don Washburn	Shorty
Cathie Judi	Cathie
Betty Jorgensen	Jorgie
Anita Lhoest	Jewel
Marie Enterente	Brat
Ramon Werts	Studs
Bill Stevenson	Weary
Elizabeth Haddaway	Liz
Dolores Pierce	Dodie
Lorallei Horton	Lolly
Charmion Slaughter	Charm
Nancy Angela	Angie
Alberta Parker	Bert
Clive Thomas	Clive
Suzanne Abrams	Suzie
Ann Best	Butch
Patricia Peabody	Pat
Rita Palmer	Jinx
Harvey Suder	Harv
Jacquelin Gerard	Jacque

Literature

Literature is not an abstract to which exact definitions can be applied. It is an art, the success of which depends on personal persuasiveness on the author's skill to give as on ours to receive

Sir A. T. Quiller-Couch

1946 Seniors

[Photographs of these seniors can be viewed on the website under the individual names under Alumni, or on the senior sheets in the 1946 Yearbook photographs]

Reigh Lang

Don Brown

Deidre Gale

Shirley Lloyd

Raymond Pearson

Bill Bettles

Marilyn Bonney

June Caldwell

Geraldine Sutter

Mickey Errol

Douglas McLaughlan

Jerry Cashion

Iola Pierce

Shirley Fink

Carmina Cansino

Barbara Carter

Nancy Newby

Brad Bassett

Marguerite Siegel

Eugene Wiernicz

Henrietta Grosslight

Patricia Parsons

Grace Canfield

Beverly King

Gordon Shultz

Bill Fleisher

Virginia Karris

Melba Inslee

Joan Lott

Coryn Lee

Tom Ludowitz

Senior Biographies

Title: **Reigh Lang**, Class President.
Copyright: Riverside, California
Introduction: Reigh is a very enthusiastic class president.
Forward: To be an ace flyer.
Illustrations: Bringing the senior class to order. Watching a basketball game. Riding horses. Eating fried chicken and waffles. Taking a picture with his 35mm.
Glossary: "You know it."

Title: **Deidre Gale**, Class Vice-President
Copyright: London, England
Introduction: "Deitz is fastidious about herself. Is the president of The National Honor Society.
Forward: To be a really successful actress.
Illustrations: Eating any kind of food, with the Strains of "As Time Goes By" in the air. Fencing for the U.S.O.
Glossary: "Ye Gods - I don't know!"

Title: **Shirley Lloyd**, Class Secretary
Copyright: Los Angeles, Calif.
Introduction: Very reliable. Loves to listen to music like "Smoke Gets In Your Eyes."
Forward: To visit all the lands in the world, by flying her own plane.
Illustrations: Eating steak. Listening to records. Wearing the color red.
Glossary: "What was said at the last Senior meeting?"

Title: **Ray Pearson**, Class Treasurer
Copyright: Denver, Colorado
Introduction: The most independent person in the school.
Forward: The coming world will find Ray as the top photographer.
Illustrations: Playing badminton. Eating fried chicken, and pie a la mode. The color red.
Glossary: "I love Everybody".

Title: **Jerry Cachian**
Copyright: St. Louis, Mo.
Introduction: Jerry is famous for his good humor and manners.
Forward: To be an engineer.
Illustrations: May be seen driving his Jet job to Balboa, and eating chocolate ice cream. He makes friends very easily.
Glossary: "Well what do you know?"

Senior Biographies - continued

Title: **Virginia Karris**

Copyright: Bayard, Nebraska

Introduction: Is famous for her cheery hello's and her curly hair. Wearing the color blue.

Forward: To be an artist.

Illustrations: Leaving at 9 p.m. every Friday for Malibu Lake.

Glossary: "Hi Brat"

Title: **Eugene Wiernitz**

Copyright: Chicago, Ill.

Introduction: Gene is a retiring peaceful person.

Forward: The future years will see him as a graduate from medical school.

Illustrations: Wearing the color maroon. Eating a banana split. Listening to the piece "Symphony."

Glossary: "Where's your Latin paper Don?"

Title: **Jerri Sutter**

Copyright: Florida

Introduction: A very likeable person, who always has a wonderful tan.

Forward: To be a great opera star.

Illustrations: Can be seen regularly at the beach, about 12 miles west of Malibu, wearing the color yellow.

Glossary: "Nobody told me a thing about it."

Title: **Don Brown**

Copyright: New York, N.Y.

Introduction: Was the former president of the senior class. He has a wining personality.

Forward: To be a lawyer.

Illustrations: Eating food. Going to Arrowhead. Listening to all Gershwin music. Likes football games. Plays the piano wonderfully.

Glossary: "How about that"

Title: **Tom Ludowitz**

Copyright: Everett, Washington

Introduction: Tom is usually very seriously minded, but he is a lot of fun.

Forward: To become a famous pilot

Illustrations: Is determined to get that glider up or know the reason why. Likes all music.

Glossary: Oh!!!!

Senior Biographies - continued

Title: **Pat Parsons**

Copyright: West Virginia

Introduction: Pat is a very carefree person. She seems to enjoy life to the fullest extent.

Forward: To be an actress.

Illustrations: Eating pot roast. Wearing the color aqua. Scorning conceited people.

Glossary: "Where is the H₂O_s?"

Title: **Bill Bettes**

Copyright: Hollywood, Calif.

Introduction: Even when he is working with one of those terrific hop ups Bill has a wonderful sense of humor.

Forward: Some day hopes to be tops in the racing and flying world.

Illustrations: Working on his cars. Eating meat.

Glossary: "I'll terroize you"

Title: **Grace Canfield**

Copyright: Glendale, Calif.

Introduction: Complete friendliness. Loves and understands animals.

Forward: To act on the stage, screen, and radio.

Illustrations: Dogs and horses. Going to Griffith Park. Eating Chinese food.

Glossary: "Come up and see my Collies sometime."

Title: **Henrietta Grosslight**

Copyright: New York, N.Y.

Introduction: Hank has one of the most inquisitive natures in school.

Forward: Hopes to be happily married some day.

Illustrations: Getting into trouble, and not being able to get out. Listening to "I'm In The Mood For Love."

Glossary: "Now what'll I do"

Title: **Bill Fleischer**

Copyright: Los Angeles

Introduction: Very studious. May be found tooting his trombone.

Forward: He wants to contribute something worthwhile to the world.

Illustrations: Eating fried chicken as cooked by Mrs. F. Seeing a football game.

Glossary: "Would you please answer my question."

Senior Biographies - continued

Title: **Doug McLaughlan**

Copyright: Los Angeles

Introduction: Doug is always willing to work, and is famous for his art work.

Forward: To be a pilot of a four motor jet job.

Illustrations: May be seen arguing and grinning. Also eating hamburgers by the dozen.

Glossary: "Oh, I wouldn't say that."

Title: **Coryn Lee**

Copyright: Hollywood, Calif.

Introduction: Makes the best cake in school.

Forward: In the coming years she will be a famous singer.

Illustrations: Eating Virginia Baked Ham. Bowling. Listening to good music. Avoiding people who don't like the U.S. Marines.

Glossary: "OH, those Marines".

Title: **Marilyn Bonney**

Copyright: California

Introduction: Complete poise, always wearing the brightest of colors.

Forward: Sing, Sing, Sing. To be on the top of the musical world.

Illustrations: Eating chocolate cake. Persuading people not to wear bobby soxs.

Glossary: "Le Jour de Vivre"

Title: **Joan Lott**

Copyright: Detroit, Michigan

Introduction: She is poised. Has beautiful blond hair.

Forward: To be a model and actress.

Illustrations: Bowling. Dancing. Eating meat. Wearing the colors blue and orchid.

Glossary: "But my hair is naturally blond."

Title: **Shirley Fink**

Copyright: Los Angeles, Calif.

Introduction: Is capable on committees.

Forward: Plans to fight intolerance.

Illustrations: Swimming and traveling. Wearing the color powder blue.

Glossary: "That's a joke, son".

Title: **Gordon Schultz**

Copyright: Detroit, Michigan

Introduction: Gordo is very deliberate about everything he does.

Forward: In the near future he hopes to be a famous singer and actor.

Illustrations: Listening to Sinatra sing. Learning phrasing and tones.

Glossary: "But I'm tired".

Senior Biographies - continued

Title: **Beverly King**

Copyright: Los Angeles

Introduction: She is the girl with a sweet disposition, and the "beatup" zephyr.

Forward: Plans to travel around the world.

Illustrations: Eating watermelon and fried chicken. Swimming, dancing, and playing golf.

Glossary: "Oh, I don't know"

Title: **Bradford Bassett**

Copyright: Arizona

Introduction: Brad is very dependable. May be found grinning at nothing.

Forward: In the years to come Brad may be found figuring out the expenses for the "Annual".

Illustrations: Rushing to N.B.C. so the studio can begin a days work.

Glossary: "Hey"

Title: **Iola Pierce**

Copyright: Los Angeles

Introduction: The vivacious Iola may be found laughing with those sparkling blue eyes.

Forward: To be a Lab. Technician.

Illustrations: Swimming at Balboa. Eating tomatoes. Wearing the color blue.

Glossary: "Oh, my aching clavicle"

Title: **Melba Inslee**

Copyright: La Junta, Colo.

Introduction: Famous for her typing on the annual, and her dependability.

Forward: To be an acrobate, and a china painter.

Illustrations: Loves to roller skate, and dance. Also chocolate malts, and all games.

Glossary: "You want to bet"

Title: **Carmina Cansino**

Copyright: Carnegie Hall, N.Y.

Introduction: Is a very fine sport. Speaks beautiful Spanish.

Forward: Carmina plans to travel as well as dance.

Illustrations: Listening to all of Gershwin's Music. Admiring people who are persistent.

Glossary: "I'll pop your balloon."

Shakespearean Characters

Brad Bassett	Antony (Julius Caesar)
Marilyn Bonny	Hermia (Mid-Summer Nite Dream)
Bill Bettles	King Lear (King Lear)
June Caldwell	Cleopatra (Antony and Cleopatra)
Grace Canfield	Helena (Mid-Summer Nite Dream)
Carmina Cansino	Rosland (As You Like It)
Barbara Carter	Calpurnia (Julius Caesar)
Mickey Errol	Portia (Merchant of Venice)
Bill Fleisher	Macduff (Macbeth)
Shirley Fink	Jessica (Merchant of Venice)
Deidre Gale	Desdemona (Othello)
Hank Grosslight	Katherina (Taming of the Shrew)
Melba Inslee	Nerissa (Merchant of Venice)
Beverly King	Tetania (Mid-Summer Nite Dream)
Reigh Lang	Hamlet (Hamlet)
Corren Lee	Lady Mac Duff (Macbeth)
Joan Lott	Oberon (Queen of Fairies, Mid-Summer Nite Dream)
Shirley Lloyd	Cressida (Troctur and Crenidu)
Douglas McLaughlin	Henry VIII (Henry VIII)
Nancy Newby	Viola (Twelfth Nite)
Pat Parsons	Viola (Twelfth Nite)
Iola Pierce	Regina (King Lear)
Ray Pearson	Julius Caesar (Julius Caesar)
Gordon Shultz	Romeo (Romeo and Juliet)
Virginia Karris	Ariel (Tempest)
Jerry Cashion	Banquo (Macbeth)

Senior Snow Slush

In the wee hours of morn,
Equipped with ice skates, sleds,
And our own corn.
We started for the snow.

The trip was long, it seemed to me,
Or maybe t'was cause I couldn't see -
The groceries were piled on me!

Once there, the fun began - -
And on snow balling, ice skating,
Tobogganing there was no ban.

At cooking we took turns.
And wound up with,
Ptomaine, cuts, and minor burns.

But time really flew.
Gee! What fun we had
As the Black Jack pot really grew.

And when it was done
And no more to do
We came home very
(Black) and very blue.

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“THE MEMOIRS OF INMATE No. 39”

As I sit in my padded cell, I can't help but wonder why? Why? All I wanted to do was write the Great American Novel. Now I ask you, is there anything wrong in trying to write a novel? No, I saw nothing wrong with it either, but the people around me were most inconsiderate. Let me relate - - - - -

As I moved my baggage into that swank hotel, “The Main Street Chateau,” I realized immediately I would run into trouble with the management, I can't possibly see why he should frown upon my two pet monkeys, but that was just one of the things the manager, Mr. Brad Bassett, could not see the necessity of. However I moved into my suite and immediately set about work on my novel. But I needed a plot, the world was full of sadness, so I would write a comedy. I would call my leading characters Nancy Newby and June Caldwell, the story would be about two girls, who couldn't resist milk shakes, constantly followed by an invisible guinea pig, when their nerves were at the breaking point I would introduce our hero Reigh Lang, who in the last ten pages of the book, fights a magnificent duel with the guinea pig, completely overcoming the pig. I would call my book “Carvey,” but when I submitted it to my editors, I was rudely informed that there was a stage play quite similar to my novel. I was depressed and with all these sad happenings my car broke down. I was just about to walk home when I saw a small blue roadster driving along beside me, oh, did I say driving? I meant clanking. However the driver saw my position and offered to drive me home. He said his name was Bill Bettes, what a nice name I thought for a leading character in a book. As we jogged along the road inspiration took hold of me, I had it. Another plot. This time a western novel. As we drove up in front of my hotel, I thanked Bill immediately and told him that he had been the inspiration for my next novel. I would call it “Arizona,” but felt I would need the color of the old West, so I hired a Western act of five girls who would come to my suite and sing and rope, they were billed “The Rope'em and Hold'em Gals;” but their real names were Lola Pierce, Patsy Parsons, Henrietta Grosslight, Grace Canfield and Shirley Lloyd. Everything was working out beautifully until the door opened and there stood Mr. Bassett, true to the Western act billing “The Rope'em and Hold'em Gals;” Mr. Bassett soon found himself engulfed in a lasso, I think he would have forgiven that if he hadn't seen two other girls perched on the chandelier trying to do a trick jump on the back of their horses. He ordered them out and moved me to a smaller, less elaborate room. As I started to go to the elevator I met a group of opera singers from a visiting company accompanied by some of the musicians from the orchestra, I over heard that they were going to a rehearsal, the idea seized me, a theatrical story. So every detail of my novel would be correct, I followed them, on the way I found out that the leading singers were Coryn Lee, Joan Lott, Jerry Sutter, the musicians with them were called Bill Fleicher and Ralph Clark. At the rehearsal hall they were to meet their manager Tom Ludowitz and his secretary Mickey Errol. I didn't want it to look obvious so when they reached the rehearsal hall I lagged behind. I thought I heard them say they were to rehearse in room seven, but I must have been mistaken, for room seven contained a dramatic company going over a night-club scene. I recognized the stars immediately to be Deidre Gale, Don Brown, Gordon Shultz, and Beverly King. Just then the floor show started.

First was the well known singer Shirley Fink and second one of the most famous members of the Cansino family, Carmina, doing one of her very fine Spanish Dances. Everyone seemed to agree that the scene was perfect except the wardrobe designer, Margaret Siegel, who still contended that the color scheme of the club clashed with the colors of her costumes. I was looking about to see if I agreed with her when a feminine voice called out that she believed everything was alright I turned around. I was amazed to see that famous women director was Melba Inslee, what a wonderful plot I thought and it would be based on the truth ah----“Inslee faces life.” Forgetting about the opera I dashed home to my “smaller less elaborate room” only to find a girl sitting behind a typewriter and writing, of all things, a satire. How could I be inspired for my serious novel if I was to have a sattiris around me? I was just about to call the desk when I heard the scratching of a quill pen, I turned around and peaking over the writers shoulder I observed he was writing an extremely gruesome poem. Immediately I called the desk clerk Eugene Wierncz who informed me that Mr. Basset had decided to put all writers in one room to save wear and tear on his hotel. Mr. Wierncz, said the satirist’s name was Barbara Carter and that the man behind the quill was Frank Salsbury. I decided not to argue with Mr. Basset, so I went back into the room and tried to make the best of my situation. By now I had lost all my inspiration for “Inslee faces life” and I decided to watch the character behind the quill pen. Suddenly I had it, an intensely dramatic story. It would deal with a man Ray Pearson, who foretells how the men from Mars will take our country and of a women Marilyn Bonny who, overhears, on the telephone, a plot to kill her. Before she could call for help the union workers, jealous of this foreign competition, close the local Don Ameche Bell office and go on strike. The men from Mars try to carry on but find it impossible. My story was called and the men from Mars said “Sorry wrong number.” Everything was perfect, but when I started having sound effects to depict the men coming from Mars, Mr. Basset called up the Sunny Dale Assylum and asked them, if the housing was so cute, if they would mind making room for me. Unfortunately they had plenty of room, so I moved in.

So here I am in my ‘small less elaborate’ cell. And I ask you is there anything wrong in “TRYING” to write the great American Novel?????

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Last Will and Testament

We, THE SENOR CLASS of 196, being of sound mind and able bodied do here by bequeath the following, to our successors, the class of 1947. We do further state that this, being our Last Will and Testament, that all other agreements entered by this, the Senior Class of 1946 whether verbal, written, or otherwise shall be considered null and void.

Reigh Lang – leaves his ability to day dream to Ramon Werts.
Bill Bettles – bequeaths his blond curly hair to Bill Stevenson.
Coryn Lee – leaves her ability never to be late to Rita Palmer.
Iola Pierce – leaves her gum chewing in class to Tru Worth.
Patricia Parsons – bequeaths her long hair to Dolores Pierce.
Henrietta Grosslight – leaves her many hair do's to Charmion Slaughter.
Marilyn Bonny – leaves her Agnes Moorehead voice to Val Shepard.
Bill Fleisher – leaves his trombone to Harvey Sauder.
Eugene Werienetz – leaves those good times in Physiology to Don Washburn.
Carmina Cansino – leaves all of her Spanish dancing costumes to Joan Ramies.
Deidre Gale – leaves her ability to fence to Anita Lhoest.
Brad Bassett – leaves his writing techniques to Nancy Angela.
Gordon Shultz – leaves his deliberateness to Clive Thomas.
Ray Pearson – leaves his speech making ability to Walter Prior.
Joan Lott – leaves her ability to ask questions to Ann Best.
Mickey Errol – leaves her good nature to the Junior Class.
June Caldwell – leaves her bubbling personality to Ann Massey.
Nancy Newby – leaves all the sand at Balboa to Dolores Pierce.
Barbara Carter – gladly leaves her ballet shoes to Suzanne Abrams.
Shirley Fink – leaves her ability to ride to Betty Jorgensen.
Beverly King – leaves her knitting needles to Elizabeth Haddaway.
Grace Canfield – leaves her ability to act to Marie Enterante.
Melba Inslee – leaves her mathematics grades to Pat Peabody.
Shirley Lloyd – bequeaths her array of pins to Alberta Parker.
Jerri Sutter – leaves her height to Val Shepard.
Don Brown – leaves his “butch” hair cut to Dick Pollack.
Jerry Cashion – leaves his manners to all the Junior boys.
Virginia Karris – leaves her brown eyes to Cathie Judie.
Marguerite Siegel – leaves her habit of chewing pencils to Lorelei Horton.
Doug McLaughlin – leaves his art ability to the next year annual staff.
Tom Ludowitz – leaves his unsigned excuses to Jackie Gerard.

“A DAY AT THE RACES”

or “THERE MUST BE AN EASIER WAY TO EARN A LIVING”

It has been said (contrary to popular belief) that literature can be not only a profound subject, but also one of intense interest. Herewith, however, I shall attempt to prove this a gross mis-statement.

In the following pasquinade I shall try to depict to you (with all due respects to Bing Crosby) the form of diversion dear to the heart of ancient Romans, and in these (shall we call them modern?) days, dear to the heart of our fellow countrymen.

Arising from the horizontal position usually assumed when one sleeps, and being of an artistic nature, I decided to draw a bath. Upon completion of this and other early morning tasks, I cast, around in the vast sea of my mind in search of a diversion which would warrant the attention of my guests for the duration of the day. After mauling over the various possibilities which presented themselves, those being a javelin-throwing exhibition, viewing gladiator contests, a fast game of billiards (in which sport I had gained the nickname, name given in derision or familiarity, according to the trusty old Webster, or “Dead-Eye”), or the latest “Blackouts of 547 B.C.” Being held at the “El Ampitheatre”, or the recent chariot races in execution at the Santa Marius Colliseum, (commonly referred to as “The Track” by we of the underworld). After several of the smallest possible portions of time (moments) I decided upon my last thought... The Santa Martius Colliseum. Upon reaching this primary decision I hurried down to my guests to dispatch the glad tidings. My news so enthralled them that their faces could be noted registering harmony of opinion.

With no more adieu I passed out the javelins and we went our various ways in search of the morning meal. Being known as a practical joker, however, my guests took this gesture lightly, as an exhibition of the most extreme side of our pleasantries, and exchanging significant glances, sat down to partake of breakfast.

Forced to arise from the breakfast table a half hour later, since the slaves had cleared away the plates, excess of food, tables, and chairs, I wrung the egg from my toga and wrung the coffee from my beard. I glanced at the sun dial, observing that we had but an hour and a half ‘til the races began. Having consumed too great a quantity of the nectar of Vacchus during the first meal of the day, I steadied myself against one of the pillars (one of a great number of columns supporting the covering of my abode) and proceeded hesitantly out of doors where I summoned Giles and Gustavus to bring around the chariots for my guests and myself.

Arriving at the Colliseum (having journeyed via the Sacred Way and Vine) we dismounted and approached one of the main gates. We found our way (which we had misplaced long ago) to the gatekeeper, who eyed us with a supercilious air. However, with the appearance of my gold pieces he lost the attitude he had assumed when my guests and myself entered his field of vision.

Elevating myself from the forcibly assumed position of reclination beneath the millions of sandle-clad metatarsae, I overtook my guests where they had already singled out the seats we were to occupy during the performance. As much as I tried to enter the conversation wholeheartedly, my subconscious mind kept prodding my conscious mind with such mementos as “Consider the sport of a small wager! Oh, not a large amount. Just a mere trifle for the adventure of it. Think of Grandfather Irasmus!!! Would he have by passed such an opportunity?” Unable to control my desire any longer, I feigned a thirst and, going off (supposedly for a fifth of “Five Lillies”) I hurried to the two gold piece window to place my little wager on the race before my better judgment heard of the transaction and stepped in to halt all negotiations.

I returned to my guests in time to see the chariots entering the arena and lining up at the post in expectation of the starting signal. The judges ascended into the platform in the nuclei of the arena and, at the drop of an olive wreath, they were off.

When I placed my bet I had gone to the trouble of procuring the titles of chariots and charioteers alike, and, being an equestrian at heart, I naturally chose the charioteer* most skilled in the art of horse play. Hardly had these thoughts left my realm of consciousness when I became aware of my guests persistently and, I am sure premeditatedly, pounding upon my shoulders and prosecuting a leaping action (i.e., centrifugally and centripetally) that was slowly exterminating my left pedal extremity.

Observing such extreme display of emotion, I glanced around in search of the motivating force behind it, to discover that the races had started. I wondered inwardly why humans exhibited such an exhibitionism. Not being in a position to judge, however, I discarded the thought and soon found myself shouting along with the gleeful throng. I watched the situation with a great deal of alarm as one of the chariots careened around the bend. Had one possessed a pair of binoculars, one would have noticed a considerable degree of loosenticity in the left wheel. Finally, as I had expected, the wheel became unscrewed and spun through the atmosphere in my general direction. My view of the chariot race was momentarily obstructed by my purposeful lunge behind the man in front of me. Notwithstanding, the wheel passed harmlessly over my head (that is, the head of my hastily chosen protector) and landed on my recently occupied seat.

Tilting my head at a $42\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ angle and then rotating it on it's axis until my orbital cavities chanced to view the wheel, I observed (with and unbiased mind) that the wheel reminded me of the days of yore (yore old roulette wheel in the basement). The thought passed through my mind before a wave of reminiscence could overtake me, and I returned my thoughts again to the predicament at hand.

The race was finally resumed after a major degree of confusion (to say nothing of the upset) the episode had caused.

Then the finis of the race approached, I still found myself hoping against hope, and

*Any similarity to the Kraft Music Hall Singers is not implied. They never even entered our heads....

“ODE TO A BROOKWORM”

I live in books, “NO ROOMS FOR RENT,” by day also by night
I go to Mar-Ken to learn and study (it says here) with all my might.
Through seven libraries my way I’ve read.
At desks, dining tables, and even in bed!

Ah! But I love this life of mine,
And my books are all so too devine.
But a bookworm’s life doesn’t always shine,
Does it? Does it, Clementine?
Only in the “Good Old Summertime.”
Ah! That line - - what a crime!

I never notice people around me,
It’s just comas, periods, and margins, I see.
My glasses so thick, they’d make you grin,
My suit (you know where) really thin,
My legs are bow-legged from carrying books,
You can see that it doesn’t improve my looks.

So alack and alas I’m the way I am,
But confidentially, I don’t care, for ham.
And at Mar-Ken, I’m just one of the mass,
Who’s hoping to goodness he’s gonna pass.

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The
Senior Class
gives thanks and
appreciation for a
job well handled by
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whose help, this annual
would be a figment of imagination.
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who gave so much time and energy.