

ANTLERS

V

1945

THE ANTLERS

of the

Elk Horn High School

1945

BETTE NIELSEN—Editor
NORMA LANGE—Co-Editor



ROYAL PALACE

THE ANTLERS

1945

Foreward

Even as the notes of the heralds' trumpets fade into the distance, so will school day memories fade into our past. We, the Antlers Staff of '45, wish to preserve these memories, and to have them echo and re-echo through the years to come. We want to keep alive in your thoughts the spirit of cooperation and comradeship that you found in your school life. These years may be symbolized as our "age of chivalry"—romantic, gallant, fearless, and our school as the king's court where we, as members of that court, are bound by the high standards of chivalrous conduct.

Presenting to you a small part of the life in the court, we want you to enjoy the 1945 Antlers to the fullest extent.

Helga L. Koch
Class of '45

To Mrs.
Faye Knight



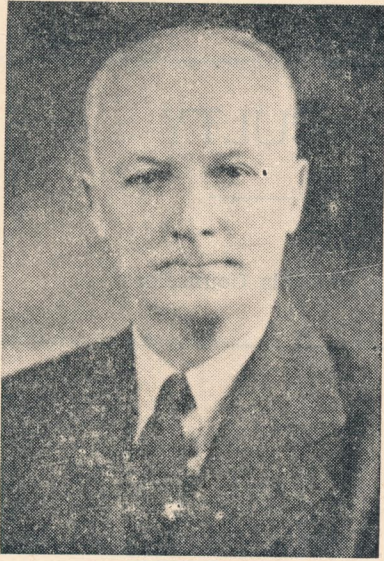
✓ Dedication

To Mrs. Faye Knight, for sacrificing her home to become a war-time teacher and for the splendid work she has done with the students, for which she is to be greatly admired, we, the Antlers staff of '45 dedicate this annual.

FACULTY

King and his Counselors

Faculty



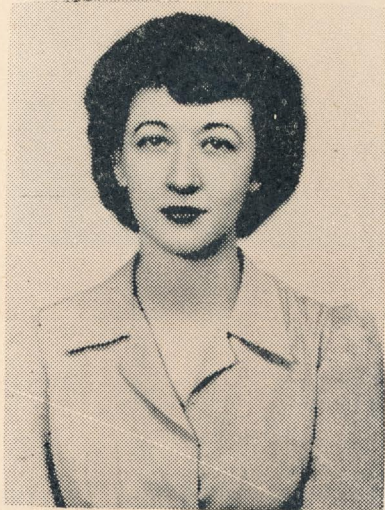
Clarence E. Shepherd—Superintendent. Algebra, Geometry, Trigonometry, Occupations.

"Happy is the man who findeth wisdom."

Mrs. Eleanor Weaver. English, Speech, Girls' Physical Training.

University of Omaha, Iowa State Teachers College, Cedar Falls, Iowa.

"The trouble is small and the fun is great."



Mrs. Faye Knight. History, Geography, Sociology.

B. A., Simpson college, Indianola, Iowa.

"In her duty prompt at every call,
She watched and taught and helped us all."



Faculty

Miss Elva Vernie Schack. Home
Ec., Biology, General Science

B. S. Iowa State college

"The most profoundly thoughtful
women usually talk least."



Miss Doris Hardine. Band, Typing,
Grade Music

B. S. M. Cornell college, Mount
Vernon, Iowa

"Experience and wisdom are
the two best fortune tellers."

Miss Frances Hooker, Seventh
and Eighth

Wayne (Nebraska) State Teachers
college

"A single sunbeam can drive
away many shadows."



Faculty



Miss Anna Lange, Fifth and Sixth.

Iowa State Teachers College,
Cedar Falls, Iowa.

"A little thought and a little kindness are invaluable."

Mrs. Norma Ruby, Third and Fourth

University of Colorado, Drake
University, Des Moines, Iowa.
University of Omaha.

"Experience is the best teacher."



Miss Vita Kaltoft, Primary,
First and Second.

Iowa State Teachers College,
Cedar Falls, Iowa.

"Better short than not at all."

CLASSES



His Subjects

PAGES



As the doors of Elk Horn High School swung open in the autumn of 1944, they admitted twenty-seven new pages. In quest for higher learning, they are as follows: Shirley Petersen, Phyllis Hansen, Irma Andersen, Ethel Andersen, Melva Christensen, Wanda Lange, Elaine Leistad, Marlene McCoy, Janice Juel, Wilma Mardesen, Rose Marie Hansen, Verdell Jensen and Leila Mae Andersen.

Willis Hansen, LeRoy Pedersen, Toby Henningsen, Leon Nielsen, Howard Petersen, Gerald Bramer, Jackie Lange, Bob Saltmarsh, Robert Jensen, Gail Nelson, James Carlson, Bernal Gregersen, Eugene Andersen. Lloyd Nelson quit at the beginning of the year. (He was probably the only lucky freshie who missed initiation).

Class officers are: Gerald Bramer, president; Elaine Leistad, vice president; Jackie Lange, secretary-treasurer. Mrs. Weaver is their class sponsor.

They are studying hard and hope to be promoted to sophomores.

KNIGHTS



In 1943, 19 freshmen, seven girls and twelve boys, enrolled in the Elk Horn High School. These included: Ella Bertelsen, Maxine Christensen, Burton Esbeck, Gordon Esbeck, Kirk Hansen, Leon Hansen, Doris Jacobsen, Bob James, Ruth Jessen, Lenore Lange, Shirley Mathisen, Leland Mikkelson, Roger Parker, Helga Petersen, Philip Petersen, Darwin Petersen, Folmer Petersen, Doraine Thomsen, Burdette Thompson and Wayne Henningsen.

Four of this group have deserted the halls of E. H. H. S. Wayne Henningsen, Leland Mikkelsen and Folmer Petersen went out to do farm work, while Burdette Thompson continued school in California.

The sophomore class officers are:

President—Gordon Esbeck
Vice President—Burton Esbeck
Secretary-Treasurer—Shirley Mathisen

The class is sponsored by Mrs. Knight.

The class' main interest now is to strive to become juniors next year.



Lords and Ladies

JUNIOR CLASS HISTORY

The morning of August 28, 1944, dawned clear and bright as twenty "Lords and Ladies" filed silently into the High School Courtroom of Elk Horn. Their main objective for the 1944-1945 term was to have as much fun and study as they had had for the last two years.

Mrs. Weaver, Miss Schack, Miss Hardine, Mrs. Knight, and Mr. Shepherd fondly(?) greeted the lords and ladies and secretly wondered why they had decided against working in a war factory.

Court was opened on September 1, and the officers of the year were elected. They are as follows: president, Alice Ann Griffith; vice president, De Witt Booth; secretary, La Deane Bramer; treasurer, Joyce Nelson.

La Vonne Juelsgaard joined us from the Atlantic court at the beginning of the second semester.

Winter passed with slightly more commotion than usual as the lords and ladies progressed.

In the spring they presented a three-act comedy play. Following this Douglas became the proud owner of four malted milks for "bravery beyond the call of duty."

Next came the banquet which turned out to be hard work and yet a grand success.

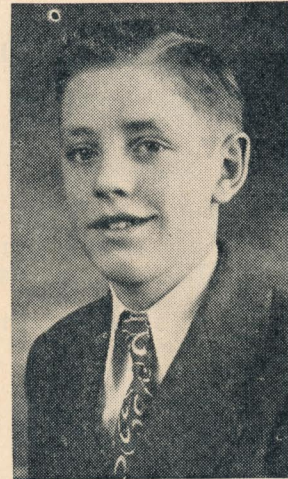
And now as summer rolls in, with a promise of the end of the school year, the lords and ladies breathe more freely and begin thinking of next year when they shall be princes and princesses.

Princes and Princesses

ROGER MADSEN

Council Bluffs 1; Basketball 3, 4; Baseball 3, 4; Antlers Staff 4; "Act Your Age" 4; Class President 4.

"A little learning is a dangerous thing, so why learn?"



EUGENE HANSEN

Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Vice President 4; Baseball 1, 2, 3; Basketball Captain 3, 4; Intramural Captain 3; E Club 2, 3, 4.

"Why worry when life is so short?"

HELGA KOCH

Kimballton 1, 2; Glee Club 3, 4; Band 3, 4; Echoes Staff 3, 4; Antlers Staff 4; "Aunt Cathie's Cat" 3; "America Sings" 3; Secretary-Treasurer 4; Intramural Captain 4; "Act Your Age" 4.

"Her kind is hard to find."



NORMA LANGE

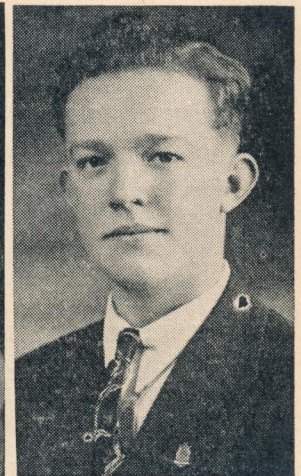
Echoes Staff 2, 3; Editor of Echoes 4; Antlers Staff 2, 3; Co-Editor of Antlers 4; G. A. A. 2; Office Girl 4; "Aunt Cathie's Cat" 3; "Act Your Age" 4.

"A solid bundle of alertness and efficiency."

AVERY BOOSE

Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Baseball 2, 3, 4; E Club 1, 2, 3, 4; "Aunt Cathie's Cat" 3.

"They say all great men are dying; I don't feel so well myself."



Princes and Princesses

MABEL JENSEN

Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; G. A. A. 1, 2; "Aunt Cathie's Cat" 3; "Act Your Age" 4, "Americana" 1.

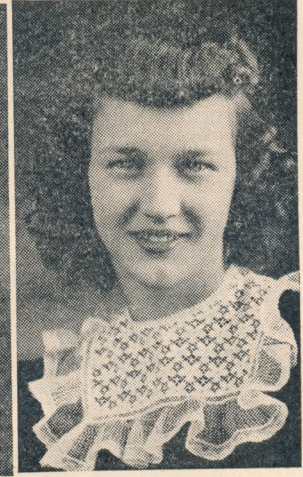
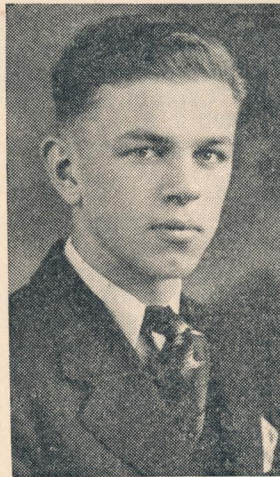
"It's nice to be natural when you're naturally nice."



FRANKLIN PETERSEN

Basketball 2, 3, 4; Baseball 3, 4; "Aunt Cathie's Cat" 3; "Act Your Age" 4.

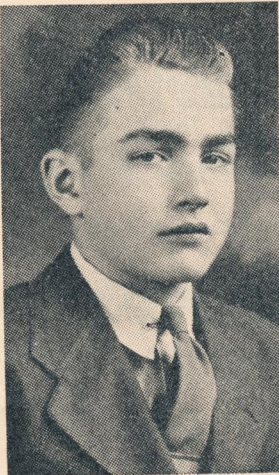
"I don't pretend to be a saint."



LOIS JEAN LARSEN

Glee Club 1, 2; G. A. A. 1; "America Sings" 3; "Aunt Cathie's Cat" 3; "Act Your Age" 4; Band 2, 3, 4; Antlers Staff 4.

"She often burns the midnight oil — and not for studying."



MARVIN JORGENSEN

Kimballton 1 and 2; "Aunt Cathie's Cat" 3.
"Yeah, I s'pose that's right."

PHYLLIS JORGENSEN

Band 2, 3, 4; Glee Club 3, 4; "Aunt Cathie's Cat" 3; G. A. A. 1; "America Sings" 3.
"Why not? Arnold will never know."

Princes and Princesses

LOIS MAE JENSEN

Glee Club 1, 2; "Aunt Cathie's Cat" 3; G. A. A. 1, 2; "America Sings" 3.

"Laugh and be happy for tomorrow you may be married."



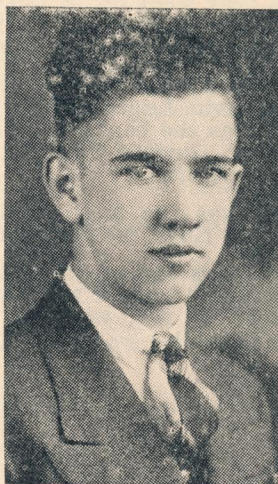
GLEN PETERSEN

"Free, 18, and unattached."

LOIS ANN NISSEN

Librarian 1, 2, 3, 4; Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; G. A. A. 1; "America Sings" 3; "Aunt Cathie's Cat" 3; "Act Your Age" 4.

"When joy and duty clash; let duty go to Smash."



BETTE NIELSEN

Kimballton 1, 2; Glee Club 3; Class President 3; "Direct Hit" 3; "Aunt Cathie's Cat" 3; "Act Your Age" 4; "America Sings" 3; Antlers Editor 4; Echoes Staff 3; "Lift Thine Eyes" 3.

"Time and Bette wait for no man (unless it's a certain sailor)."

MAYNARD JENSEN

Class Secretary 1; "Only a Bright Shawl" 1; "Americana" 1; Glee Club 1; Basketball 3, 4; Baseball 4; "Aunt Cathie's Cat" 3; "Keep a V in Your Heart" 3; Vice President 3; "Act Your Age" 4; Captain of Magazine Sales 3.

"He did nothing in particular and did it well."



Senior Class History

We have now finished four years of struggle that will probably be the easiest four years of our lives. The graduating class of 1945 will enter the world at a very difficult time, with many problems that few other classes had.

As in every other autumn in EHHS history, the fall of 1941 introduced fifteen of those scared, green and sometimes timid pupils called freshies. Putting on an act of bravery and self reliance, they were, underneath, as frightened as all freshies in history are.

It didn't take long before these pupils got their bearings, organized and got out to make themselves the best class in EHHS. They were: Norma Lange, Eugene Hansen, Laverne Hansen. Raymond Dirgo, Gaylord Swenson, Dorothy Jespersen, Ruth Waddell, Mabel Jensen, Lois Mae Jensen, Phyllis Jorgensen, Lois Ann Nissen, Avery Boose, Maynard Jensen, Lois Jean Larsen and Franklin Petersen.

Many good times were enjoyed during the year including initiation party, skating parties—also the horror of being “kicked” out of science class.

Sophomore year went on in much the same manner with Laverne Hansen and Raymond Dirgo leaving us. They have since joined the Navy. Roger Madsen of Council Bluffs joined us that year.

Junior year was even more exciting with four new members: Helga Koch, Bette Nielsen, Marvin Jorgensen, Darlene Olsen—who quit after six weeks work. This year there was the banquet, then the junior class play. Dorothy Jespersen went to Audubon; Gaylord Swenson joined the service, and Ruth Wadell decided to leave Elk Horn.

Senior year was the most exciting—Antler staff meetings, banquet, play practice, new class rings, pictures and then graduation.

Now, a few days before graduation, we fifteen seniors think back at the four years of fun, and wonder what we'll be doing next year at this time. Whatever or wherever we are, we shall never forget our good times at good old Elk Horn High School!

Class Will of '45

We, the Seniors of Elk Horn high school in the class of 1945, do hereby will and bequeath our traits and abilities to the following people who are left behind:

I, Eugene Hansen, will my good looks and my pleasant nature to Keith Poldberg.

I, Avery Boose, will my red hair and my liking for the fairer sex to Bob Hansen.

I, Bette Nielsen, will my vocabulary to Phyllis Hansen.

I, Lois Jean Larsen, will my pep and vitality to Melva Christensen.

I, Norma Lange, will my job as office girl and my shortness to Erma Andersen.

I, Phyllis Jorgensen, will my musical abilities to Darwin Petersen and my gracefulness to Dorraine Thomson.

I, Lois Mae Jensen, will my ability to keep a boy friend for over three months to Rose Marie Hansen.

I, Mabel Jensen, will my blond locks to Ella Bertelson.

I, Franklin Petersen, will my crudeness and my bushy hair to Bob James.

I, Glen Petersen, will my quietness to Leon Hansen.

I, Lois Ann Nissen, will my job as head librarian to Darlene Hansen.

I, Roger Madsen, will my large number of friends and my politeness to Toby Henningsen.

I, Helga Koch, will my athletic ability and my high scholastic standing to Leila Mae Andersen.

I, Maynard Jensen, will my shyness of girls and my good conduct to Lyle Poldberg.

I, Marvin Jorgensen, will my witty remarks and "habitual" promptness to Donald Christensen.

Senior Class Prophecy of 1965

Once upon a time in the land of long ago, there flourished a kingdom. Now as in every kingdom, this one also had a king, and queen, tutors and princes and princesses. King Shepherd, Queen Knight and Tutors Weaver, Hardine and Schack taught their fifteen princesses and princes everything possible for them to absorb, and soon they were ready to go out into the world.

Twenty years later we find Mr. Shepherd and Mrs. Knight still King and Queen. At the present time they are sitting on their thrones musing over an old picture album.

King: It was very nice of Mrs. Weaver to send us this old album of our princesses and princes. She lives in America, doesn't she?

Queen: Yes, she wrote she was production manager of a burr and bolt factory in Wichita. Just finished a four hundred page book on "How, When and Why I Struck It Rich in Wichita." Going to be a best seller, too.

King: Hmmm, who's this picture of?

Queen: Oh, that's Bette Nielsen—you know, the one who was always talking about Eugene Hansen. They're married now and have twins. In their spare time they do one-act plays on Broadway.

King: Well, now, born actors. This must be Avery Boose. I heard he was in Washington. Has something to do with the President's outer office. Guess he gained most of his knowledge about such affairs by being in the school office so much.

Queen: That, no doubt, had a lot to do with it.

King: And here's Helga Koch. She won fame by announcing the 1965 World Series.

Queen: Mrs. Weaver wrote that Helga also was nominated by the Republican convention for the governorship of New York. She and Dewey are campaigning together; he's running for President again—who are those two?

King: That's Lois Ann Nissen and Lois Mae Jensen. Lois Mae's an employee on the Elk Horn-Kimballton Review as "Advisor to Lovelorn," and Lois Ann married some Russian Guerilla Fighter.

Queen: Well, isn't that nice. What's Maynard Jensen doing now?

King: Oh, he liked Elk Horn so well he stayed there. He's now official dog catcher. He also raises thoroughbred rabbits.

Queen: Here's Norma Lange. She's captain in the Navy Nurse Corps. Been in and around China for years helping the peasants.

King: Yes, I always knew she would make an excellent nurse. Who's this?

Queen: Franklin Petersen. He and Roger Madsen just returned from an airplane trip to the North Pole. Hear they're going south for the summer.

King: Well, here's Miss Hardine. She gave up her instrumental work in New York and now she's driving a Coca Cola truck. Likes it, too.

Queen: Isn't that Lois Jean Larsen?

King: Yes, what's she doing now?

Queen: Well, she's one of the models from the Jorgensen Model Company. That's Marvin Jorgensen who's in charge.

King: Oh! There's Glen Petersen. He's operating a ferris wheel in a county fair carnival. And there's Phyllis Jorgensen. She's in a carnival, too. Has a "Break the Bottle" booth.

Queen: That must be fun. And here's Miss Schack. I hear she's a cook in a restaurant. Sometimes she teaches 4-H boys the art of cooking, too.

King: Yes? Well, that's the last page. By the way, what's Mr. Knight doing now?

Queen: Oh, he's a commodore in the Navy. Has charge of a fleet. They're thinking about bringing a load of sugar beets back to the States. Oh, dear, last time it was coffee.

King: I always knew those large ships would come in handy after the war.

Queen: I'm glad our people found their places in the world. Here's hoping they have many more happy years.

This ends the Senior Class Prophecy of 1965 and shows that you can always depend on high school records for information on future life.

La Deane Bramer, Class of 1946.

ACTIVITIES

Tournaments

Diamond Kings

BASKETBALL

The basketball season was a short one for the boys as they played only two scheduled games with their rivals.

Represented by their best players they met their opponents in a game which was held at the gymnasium on December 13 when the boys from the other school were defeated by a score of 18 to 12.

Frank Peterson was voted the MVP of the team and was named MVP of the game.

The boys from the other school were the only freshmen on the team and the leading scorer of the game with a 12 average.

The season was a success.

Frank Peterson, Dr. Will Smith, and Gordon Smith, the Coach, were the MVP's of the season.

The boys and girls played two games during the winter season and the boys were defeated by a score of 18 to 12.

The boys were represented by the addition of the following boys and girls.

Frank Peterson was the MVP of the game and the boys were defeated by a score of 18 to 12.



✓Diamond Kings

BASEBALL

The fall baseball season was a short one for the Danes as they played only two scheduled games, both with Exira.

Inexperienced, but playing their hardest, they lacked effective pitching and good fielding.

Their first trial as a team was at Exira on September 12, when the boys had their first taste of defeat, 11 to 2. A week later, the two met again, this time on the Kimballton diamond, and the game turned out to be a scoring carnival as the Danes toppled 23 to 14.

Frank Petersen saw most of the mound duty with Avery Boose and Bob Hansen as relief hurlers.

Little Jerry Bramer, second baseman and the only freshman on the squad, was the batting champ of the Danes with a .444 average.

The starting line-up included:

Frank Petersen, p; De Witt Booth, c; Burton Esbeck, 1b; Gerald Bramer, 2b; Phillip Petersen, 3b; Kirk Hansen, ss; Maynard Jensen, lf; Virgil Hansen, cf; and Bob Hansen, rf.

The Danes also played but two games during the spring season, and they won both, defeating Irwin 3 to 0 on the Kimballton diamond, and 14 to 9 at Irwin. The team was strengthened by the addition of the Poldberg boys, and shifting Frank Petersen from the mound to behind the plate.

Keith Poldberg took Frank's mound duties, and Lyle Poldberg played in the outfield. His hitting was a deciding factor in the Danes victory at Irwin.



← Courtiers

The Elk Horn Danes failed to come through the season with a very impressive record. Although they finished under the .500 mark, they accumulated a better average per game than did their opponents. They held their rivals to a 26.2 average while they got 26.8 for themselves.

Just as the team was beginning to click, it was crippled by injuries and mumps to the extent that at one time only one regular was in condition to play.

They played fairly good ball under the circumstances but wound up with a record of six wins against seven setbacks. Two of these defeats were in tournament play.

The Danes opened the season Dec. 5 with a triumph over a weak Kirkman team, but two months later, in the county tournament, they fell before the same Kirkman outfit in a surprise upset, 26 to 18.

They came within one point of tying Earling, runner-up in the county tournament and one of the strongest teams in this section, when they were playing minus two regulars.

The sectional tournament, in which they were eliminated by Westside, was the last game for two regulars and three reserves.

Kenneth Johnson, local favorite in the sports world, was hired as coach to succeed Dean Hilborn and H. C. Knight, who are serving with the armed forces. His work with the team is greatly appreciated and everyone wishes him luck in his own sports career.

Avery Boose was the leading point-getter for the Danes with 111 points. Burton Esbeck was runner-up with 82. This includes points scored in tournament games.

✓ THE SECONDS

The reserves broke even in their season's schedule of eight games.

They won their opening game from Kirkman, then lost four straight, their conquerors being Tennant, Manning, Irwin, and Earling. They finished the season with victories over Irwin, Kirkman and Exira.

Douglas Rasmussen, Jerry Bramer, and Roger Madsen were leading scorers for the young Danes.

FIRST TEAM'S SCHEDULE

34—Elk Horn	----	Kirkman—17
23—Elk Horn	----	Tennant—34
18—Elk Horn	----	Harlan B—26
35—Elk Horn	-----	Gray—15
35—Elk Horn	-----	Irwin—31
29—Elk Horn	-----	Earling—30
15—Elk Horn	-----	Gray—14
21—Elk Horn	-----	Irwin—30
27—Elk Horn	-----	Exira—16
43—Elk Horn	----	Kirkman—35
27—Elk Horn	-----	Exira—28

County Tournament

18—Elk Horn ---- Kirkman—26

Sectional Tournament

24—Elk Horn ---- Westside—39

OUR HERO

The score was tied at 20-all, our hero had scored all but four;
The opposition had the ball, and he just HAD to score once more.

Blake to Jones and back to Blake, the enemy passed the ball,
He thought perhaps they'd pass to Drake, if to anyone at all.

Drake was far behind him; way back near the stands.
Blake passed the ball; he jumped up high. the ball was in his hands.

The second hand was moving fast, the basket looked so near,
The scoring chance had come at last, he had nothing now to fear.

The ball went smoothly from his hands, through the air it flew,
It hit the rim, and rolled around and finally went through.

Our hero thought he'd won the game; the crowd began to roar,
But the noise they made was not the same as they had made before.

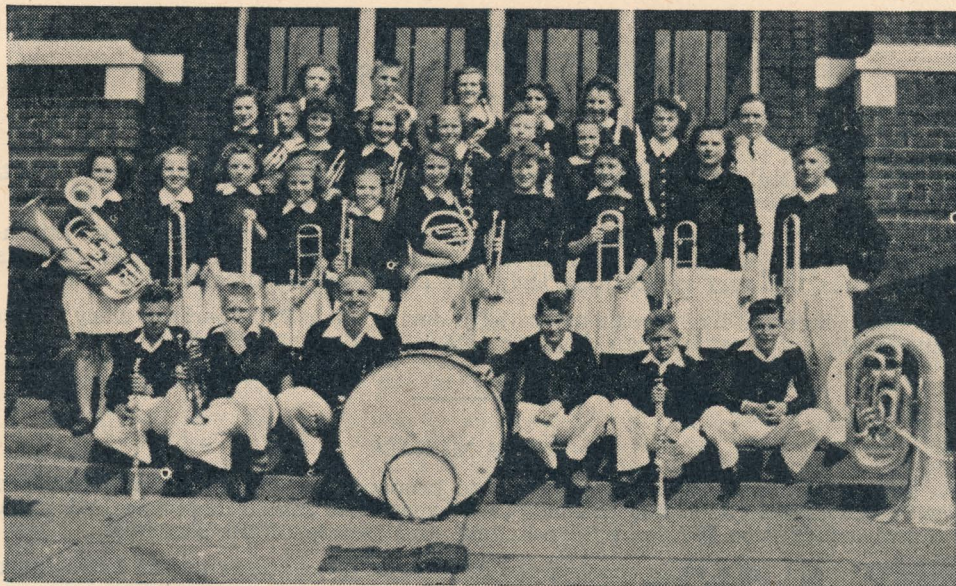
The roar was, instead, a laugh; the opposition gave him a cheer.
Our hero then realized, he'd pulled the boner of the year.

"Oh, dear," he said, "what have I done? What can the matter be?
The coach is mad, and I'm the one—he's looking right at me."

Our hero's face was turning red, Coach hadn't been mad before,
He went up to the coach and said, "I'm sorry." And he could say no more.

"You played a good game, my boy," the coach had calmer grown,
"But when you make a basket, be sure it is your own."

Helga L. Koch, Class of 1945.



Minstrels

This year the band, under the supervision of Miss Hardine, consists of about thirty boys and girls. Most of the members have earned their "E" and are listed in order, beginning with those having the highest number of points: Alice Hansen, La Deane Bramer, Alice Griffith, Marilyn Knight, Clark Jensen, Darlene Hansen, Shirley Mathisen, Phyllis Jorgensen, Carol Griffith, Joan Jessen, Donna Lou Andersen, Howard Sorensen, Helga Koch, Kirk Hansen, Elaine Leistad, and Douglas Rasmussen. Gerald Bramer, Janet Jacobsen, Donald Madsen, Lois Jean Larsen, Shirley Petersen, Lois Andersen, Virgil Hansen, Jack Andersen, Beverly Larsen, Marilyn Booth, Lorena Booth, Jimmy Larsen, Wilma Mardesen, Cherlyn Andersen and Melva Christensen.

Every Monday, Wednesday and Friday morning upon entering the school building we are greeted with various kinds of squeaks and squawks from the music room—the band is tuning up for practice. Those in study hall grit their teeth and try to concentrate on their studies, and sometimes groan aloud at some distressing discord. After a few weeks of school, however, we begin to recognize the tunes and Miss Hardine brightened up at the result of her patience and hours of practice.

On March 20, 1945, the band presented a concert at the town hall. This was followed by a pie social.

This year the band sponsored the selling of cokes at our basketball games and has bought new books with the profits made.

There are also some budding young musicians in the lower classes who are starting their musical careers on the song flutes.

During the summer months the band entertained the community with concerts every Wednesday evening. The song flutters added to the musical score occasionally.

Miss Hardine deserves much credit for her splendid work with the musical students of Elk Horn High School.

✓The Jousts

P. T.

The physical education program is compulsory for everyone of the students as an aid toward keeping them in good physical condition.

Girls P. T. was under the direction of Mrs. Weaver. The girls played kittenball when the weather permitted, and volleyball during the winter months. Sometimes, but very reluctantly, they had exercises and hikes in the country.

Mr. Shepherd had charge of the boys during their P. T. periods. They played kittenball, but most of their time was spent playing basketball.

✓INTRA-MURALS

Wartime restrictions have tended to keep people at home. So it has been with school activities. For the last three years the high school has had intramural competition for the entertainment and morale of the students.

This year each class chose a boy and a girl as captains of the intra-mural teams. They are as follows:

Seniors: Avery Boose, Helga Koch.

Juniors: Lyle Poldberg, La Deane Bramer.

Sophomores: Burton Esbeck, Doris Jacobsen.

Freshmen: Jerry Bramer, Leila Mae Andersen.

When the weather was nice, they played kittenball but no records were kept all year.

Friday was always intra-mural day and during the winter every Friday meant volleyball. A best 2 out of 3 series was played between the boys and girls and the winners also scored moral victories.

In January one of these games was played with the losers having the obligation of giving a party for the winners. The boys won the game and the girls planned a party to be held Feb. 14, St. Valentine's Day. The gym was decorated in white and red, and the special attraction was the crowning of the King and Queen of Hearts which the students had elected the previous week. Eugene Hansen and Shirley Mathisen were crowned the rulers of the evening.

Court Entertainers

THE JUNIOR CLASS PLAY

The junior class play was postponed in October because Mrs. Weaver had an appendectomy. Then it went through the same ordeal when Skelly cracked an ankle bone. However, the cast was chosen for "Brother Goose" and turned out to be as follows:

Jeff, Brother Goose, who was running the home was Douglas Rasmussen and John Leistad. Carol, Jeff's sis who was trying to win her way to Hollywood with Wheat Puffies, was played by Ferne Nielsen, Wes, Jeff's brother, a girl crazy lad, was played by De Witt Booth. Hy, a young football player with no interest in music and flowers, was played by La Deane Bramer. Helen, the maid who quits on Jeff, was played by Janet Jacobsen.

Peggy, Darlene Hansen, comes to sell True Silk Hosiery, gets a job as maid, falls in love with Jeff. Eve, Alice Griffith, was a southern girl who Wes "fell" for. Sarah, Colleen Johnson, was a Negro maid. Lenore, Joyce Nelson, planned to marry Jeff but was disappointed. Mrs. Trimmer, Virginia Hansen and La Vonne Juelsgaard, wanted Jeff to hurry her Wee Blue Inn plans. The truck driver was played by Bob Hansen.

There was quite a mixup throughout the whole play—even in rehearsals—but the juniors enjoyed putting it on and hope those who plowed through the mud did, too.

✓ SENIOR CLASS PLAY

"Act Your Age" was selected by the seniors as their class play.

The story involves two 14 year old girls, Angy (Lois Jean Larsen) and Jerry, (Lois Ann Nissen) who are out to catch two sailors, Gadget (Franklin Petersen) and Jim, (Roger Madsen).

A visit from Angy's aunt Sandra (Norma Lange) who disguises herself as a ten year old, further complicates the girls' activities.

There are wrestling matches throughout the play. Two professionals, Cora (Mabel Jensen) and Helga, (Helga Koch) show how it's done.

Sandra's father, Commander Stone, (Maynard Jensen) drops in on them to check up on the sailors.

A messenger girl is played by Bette Nielsen.



✓ SONG FLUTES

The EHHS band members of the future are still at work with their song flutes. The group started playing last year and is directed by Miss Hardine.

On the mornings when the high school band doesn't play, you can hear the softer and mellower tones of the song flutes emerging from the music room. The youngsters now play two-part harmony. The members of this group are gaining a knowledge which will never leave them.

Court Personalities

AMERICA'S FUTURE

Chaos reigns in our war-torn world; nations and individuals are making the supreme sacrifice so the word democracy can have a fuller and richer interpretation to the peoples of all the world. E. H. H. S. is one of the many smaller factions making sacrifice and providing future peacemakers. In reviewing our selections of campus leaders, we have much confidence in the future trends of our way of life in our community and our nation.

Nap, La Deane, Burton, Janet, and Skelly play such important roles in school affairs that they've earned a well-deserved berth on our campus "Who's Who" for the second consecutive year.

It seems to be generally understood that Nap and his namesake, Napoleon Bonaparte, are recognized leaders in school and state affairs. We're certain Nap's ambitions won't take root in the form of Napoleon's world domination plans; but Nap does have ambitions(?). One seems to be to revise all drama classes; another relatively serviceable idea of his refers to the opening hour of school. A tardy bell at 10 a. m. or noon would be quite satisfactory with him. At least he'd have time enough to decide whether or not he should make it to the "school hill." Nap's leadership in athletics should lighten his soon-to-be army duties. We're concerned about the origin of Nap's own phrase, "It's almost done." We wonder if the other Napoleon had the same idea. Power to you Nap! Stay as elusive as you are.

There's one unobtrusive girl in the senior class who can't be visualized in frilly dresses and lipstick. Females are Congresswomen; females are Presidents' wives, so here's a hint to Bill Stern: You'd better put a padlock on your supremacy in the sports world because Helga Koch can vie for honors with you. Helga is a familiar figure in our local sports arenas and quite a striking figure because, heretofore, the field has been conspicuously minus female critics. Participation in anything and everything plus an unbeatable scholastic record, defines Helga as one of our most outstanding.

And like all other institutions of higher learning, E. H. H. S. has a "character." We can remember this boy as the one who took off his shoes in study hall because he was reprimanded for unnecessary noise; we can recall his genius in the field of poetry concerning teachers; we can laugh again remembering the wisecracks he made in assemblies that put everyone in a state of hysteria; and never will we forget. "I'm fwee and a half years old." It was a rare occasion calling for national celebration when Frank made the honor roll—but it's concluded that one who possesses a personality comparable to Frank's does not need that "honor roll" acclaim. He wasn't thirsty for knowledge from texts, but this was compensated by the fact he was such a willing participator in all activities and he was the senior who didn't have the answer "no" in his vocabulary when cooperation was desired. Frank (LeRoy) is off for the navy and we're confident that were we around we'd no doubt hear Frank entertaining the Admiral with his "Bob Burns' drinking uncle" stories and the inevitable conclusion, "I'm fwee and a half years old!"

"Why were you tardy? I'm not sure Miss Schack will accept this admit."

"Did you miss the bus again today, Marv?"

"High school. Yes; just a moment, please. I'll call him."

And so we have a picture of our nomination for "Miss School Secretary." Janet Jacobsen can well serve, and without competition, as an unyielding example of the virtues around which school spirit is moulded. The common loyalty of Janet to her colleagues and teachers is one of the most admirable qualities any of us can hope to develop and live up to. Her thorough and deeply embedded distaste for unscrupulous methods of acquiring grades even the best of us wish we could be a little more truthful with ourselves. Office duties pressed her for time, but she was a star athlete and a frequent name on our Monday morning "A" list.

Spring and a blonde got together a couple of years ago and went to work on our he-man Skelly. But he took it gallantly and has stood up under the circumstances admirably. Rather than devote all his school time to the blonde, and none to school activities, he's done an excellent job of dividing the two necessities. Both seem to have flourished noticeably. School affairs got competition when Skelly was around. And like our other notables, he was an honor roll charter member. It's a hard thing to sit in the gallery and watch your athletic comrades go forth to victory or defeat when you had once been a part of the team; Skelly knows how you have to swallow those undissolved lumps in your throat, and rub your hand nervously through your butch haircut. He, unfortunately, broke some bones in his foot and didn't see the athletic work this season he usually does. He studies, he works, he writes, he plays. he smiles equally well. And it's been rumored among the fairer sex that Skelly has one of those "right-in-the-right places" figures.

Court Personalities

Continued from Preceding Page

Bubbling, bouncing, brunette Bramer. Therein lies the formula for effervescence of which La Deane is a shining example. Bubbling in her sparkling wit and spontaneous humor; bouncing in her very stride and upright posture—alive as electricity itself. An unexploded bomb is a dangerous ornament for any area, but a bomb like Bramer is dangerous only when you're allergic to happiness and good fellowship—and then she's dangerous because she's out to infect you with the same serum that causes her volcanic eruptions of niceness. Brains and Bramer are likewise hand-in-hand. She may even blossom forth in the future as a Nobel prize winner in literature. Her initiative and participation are recognized in every class and activity. After seeing her as a scheming tomboy on the stage, we can unanimously agree that she is a tomboy at heart; she is living proof, though, that tomboys can be and are ladies, too.

Burton "has a rendezvous with destiny" (quoting a great personage) but from Burt you'll never learn the details unless you're present when he keeps that appointment. Not that Burt doesn't like to talk because we've seen him in Room 3 with adhesive tape as a silencer. Maybe he said the right thing, but certainly at the wrong time. We could be trite and say he's the "strong, silent" type. He's proved his strength and endurance by holding down a position on the basketball squad; maybe he's silent because he never gets a chance to talk. Anyhow, Burt is aging. With this age, though, is developing sensibility and scholastic achievement which are two of the most important assets one can possess and contribute to society.

"Goodbye, dear, I'll be back in a year" (maybe these were the last words of one who made another of our naturally quiet girls more quiet as he marched away to the wars). And maybe Darlene answered, "Don't sit under the apple tree with anyone else but me!" At least it would be a normal suggestion from any teen-age girl. But we're sure Darlene will be busy because her time in school is spent with diligence giving her a moral backing. When you see Darlene staring vacantly out of the window, when you see her become a menace to the required silence in study hall, when you see her shooting paper wads or sailing paper ships, then and only then prepare to watch the sun rise in the west. Darlene is the one who supervised the library during her selected periods; she helps remind those who have neglected to remember library cards; she modestly accepts praise and generously gives of her time and patience to those and for those who need it. It takes Darlene's kind to form the backbone around which so many of our stable phases of life are centered.

If anyone is capable of describing or analyzing Kirk, then this space will gladly be relinquished to that person. Kirk is a student of various moods and innumerable surprises. He's the one who concedes that adultery is alright if the man commits it. He is the one audiences at basketball games stare at because of his extreme height. Kirk is one who talks and says something. But Kirk is also the one who asks insane, unanswerable questions. Kirk is one to get A's with ease or F's with equal ease. He is the one with the over-powering grin that is poured on for enraged teachers. Kirk is the kind that asks for a seat where he can't whisper, then he talks to himself. Kirk is an all-around good guy and that can't be disputed. Oh, yes, he occasionally remembers his love for band practice and gets there in time for the last five minutes of rehearsal. As was mentioned, we'll gladly donate this space to one capable of doing justice to our one and only Kirk.

Dame Rumor says that Joyce is the "blonde" who worked with Spring on Skelly. Observing ones around E. H. H. S. confirm this report to be absolutely official. But Joyce also works on her books. Her name isn't always on the honor roll, but the thing we admire about Joyce is her determination to get the job done even though it seems stupendous and oftentimes impossible. Joyce is one of the few who is chosen first to be on the volleyball and softball teams. A little excitement is a worrisome thing for Joyce because she is easily disturbed, but, Joyce, you're very pretty when you blush!

Our best example of big things in little packages is Jerry Bramer. He's only a freshman but already he's done enough to have pages written about him. All these accomplishments aren't commendable, though. For instance, maybe he didn't assist Toby in pouring water out of the rest room window; maybe he didn't sail 200 paper boats with Bernal; maybe he didn't help Christensen clean gum from the bannisters. Rest assured, dear readers, that his

Court Personalities

Continued from Preceding Page

name is absent from these escapades only because he managed to elude some watchful teacher! — But our “one-man-red-headed-riot” has some notable accomplishments to his credit side on our ledger. Already his name is familiar with basketball and baseball fans even though he has a few feet to grow to catch up with Kirk! His name is a favorite by-word for E. H. H. S. teachers: “Yes, Jerry can get A’s if he’d only work harder.” Nor can we overlook his dramatic possibilities. His role in the high school Christmas play would have been heart-warming to watch, had mumps stayed away from E. H. H. S. so it could have been presented. Jerry seems to think Miss Hardine is a “little rough” on him when she demands he leave his marble game with Wayne Olsen to scurry to band practice. We can’t forget that in spring “a young man’s fancy turns”—and to Jerry, the whole year sees various revolutions of these “fancies” of his.

These sophomores seem to make a habit of making a name for themselves on the campus leader list. And there is none better to add to their growing roster than Doris Jacobsen. We must remember that it’s unusual for anyone below the junior class to “make the grade” because after all—he hasn’t been in school long enough to participate in much. But Doris must be working to make that G. I. in the Air Corps proud of her because she goes over the top of industriousness in all she attempts to do. She made a fine intra-mural captain this year with a team that made an equally fine record. And like so many of our winners, she has a recognized part of the scholastic honor roll. Recognition should also go to Doris for her neat appearance and extremely pleasant manner.

These few words don’t begin to picture your colleagues as completely as they deserve, and you readers know much more to add to what your author has contrived to say.

We’re certain our late President had reference to these kids and others like them when he said, “Peace and democracy will seek the far corners of the earth.” If he had faith in their future, we can pay no greater tribute to him than by our acceptance and belief in his partially realized prophecy.

Honorary Titles

Miss Best Dressed	Joyce Nelson
Mr. Best Dressed	Leon Hansen
Most Active Boy	De Witt Booth
Most Active Girl	Helga Koch
Best Boy Personality	Gerald Bramer
Best Girl Personality	La Deane Bramer
Most Eligible Bachelor	James Carlson
Miss Best Looking	Janet Jacobsen
Mr. Best Looking	Jack Lange
Lady Mischievous	Wanda Lange
Sir Mischievous	Virgil Hansen
Best Girl Athletes	Helga Koch, La Deane Bramer
Best Boy Athletes	Eugene Hansen, Burton Esbeck
High School Casanova	Bob Saltmarsh
High School Vamp	Virginia Hansen
Biggest Bluffer	Franklin Petersen
Miss Precision	Mabel Jensen
The Timid Souls	Bernal Gregersen, Erma Andersen
Lady Lazybones	Phyllis Hansen
Sir Lazybones	Lyle Poldberg

Echoes Staff



The Echoes Staff is composed of nine girls and one boy. The reason for the lack of boys is not known, but considering the circumstances we all agree that the staff has done a good job of conveying the high lights and side lights of the school happenings to the public.

Every student has a chance to contribute by way of the "Chaff Box" in the reading room. The editor has never refused to let any one that wanted to write a story.

The staff is as follows: Editor, Norma Lange; Co-editor and Sports Writer, Helga Koch; Chaff Writers, Alice Griffith and La Deane Bramer.

Feature Writers, Janet Jacobsen, Douglas Rasmussen, Bette Nielsen.

Home Economics News, Doris Jacobsen; Music News, Lois Andersen; Grade News, Elaine Leistad; Faculty Adviser, Mrs. Weaver.

Antlers Staff



ANTLERS STAFF

Editor ----- Bette Nielsen

Co-Editor ----- Norma Lange

Business Managers

Avery Boose, Franklin Petersen, Glen Pedersen, Maynard Jensen

Sports ----- Helga Koch

Prophecy ---- La Deane Bramer

Calendar of Events

Alice Griffith

Humor ----- Roger Madsen

Feature Writers

De Witt Booth, Janet Jacobsen, Bob James, Gerald Bramer, Lois Andersen, Eugene Hansen, Lois Ann Nissen, Lois Jean Larsen, Doris Jacobsen, Douglas Rasmussen, Shirley Mathisen. Helga Petersen

Photographer - Helga Koch

This year the Antlers Staff has put forth much effort in making their annual a great success. Now that it is ready for publication, we do feel that our efforts have not been in vain. Much credit goes to our faculty adviser, Mrs. Weaver, who has contributed much of her time to the betterment of the Antlers, also the excellent cooperation of the Antlers staff and many business men who have purchased ads. In later years as we glance through the pages we will, no doubt, think of many things we could and should have done. As we present this Antlers to you, we hope you will enjoy reading it as much as we have enjoyed working on it.

Gems from the Court Library

E. H. H. S. MOURNS FOR ROOSEVELT

Our President is dead. He died at 4:35 Eastern War Time, on April 12, 1945, of a cerebral hemorrhage.

Since I was barely four years old, Mr. Roosevelt has been the President of the United States. For years the words, "United States," "The Government," and "President Roosevelt," were practically synonymous to me. I accepted the security of my home and country as an established fact, and President Roosevelt was the one who made it so, apparently with very little effort. To me he was a man with a pleasant smile whom I saw in the newsreel and a friendly and remotely stirring voice that I heard over the radio. He was a man to be respected, and admired and trusted.

At the time of his first reelection, I was seven. I had never heard of Alf Landon. I didn't quite understand how he had a chance of being the President, because Mr. Roosevelt was the President. Before it could be satisfactorily explained to me the election was over and things were back to normal.

In 1940 I was eleven. I listened to the nominating conventions and campaign speeches. Franklin Roosevelt had served for eight years. Washington had refused a third term, so had Jefferson, Monroe, and all of the rest of our Presidents. Things were going smoothly; anyone could fill the President's chair. And here we had Wendell Willkie, with a smile as friendly and a voice as rousing. Roosevelt had had his turn, now he should quit—so it seemed to me.

It was not until the war began that I realized what a job he had. And the next time I heard his fine voice, it, more than his words, reassured me. He had given me and every other American a secure past, and he would do the same in the future.

And then last year he was nominated again. As a matter of course I championed Governor Dewey to the utmost. My family have been Republicans for generations. But only during elections. It was with a secret relief that I saw Roosevelt reelected. He deserved a chance to finish what he had so ably begun.

That chance has now been taken from him, by a wiser Hand than ours. He has done us a great service, and he did it willingly. His name is with those of the world's immortals. As Lincoln put it, "It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us."

If Lincoln were with us today, I know he would say with us of our beloved President, "May he rest in peace."

Alice Griffith.

✓ C H A F F !

Lela Mae says she sent for a boy friend in the catalog, but the company sent her money back.

After watching Shirley comb her hair in the hall mirror, Mr. Shepherd said: "I've got more trouble with these few hairs than you have with all that!"

Wanda: (after talking very long): "Don't you know me? I'm one of the windbelts of Iowa!"

When Mrs. Weaver gave the juniors some true and false questions to study, Joyce just studied the true ones because she didn't want to learn a lot of lies.

Joyce: "Oh, I'm so mad! I was almost thru typing a letter when the bell rang and scared me."

Douglas says that his corn grows so fast that when he throws it to the chickens they have to catch it in mid-air or eat it off the stalk.

Some of the band members have had their feelings hurt. Every time the "coke" man comes around, the band is minus a leader.

At the sectional tournament, when the Manning band played a swing number, Leon Hansen was heard to remark: "Who cares about the ball game, let's dance."

When Jerry saw Gail was having quite a time scratching his feet, he asked if it were athlete's foot.

"No," Gail replied. "they are my own feet."

Verdell says "Since You Went Away" was really a good show because Jennifer Jones and Claudette Poldberg were in it.

Everybody is interested in that Navy ring Bette is wearing. Who does it belong to Bette?

Outdoor basketball games at noon are really something—everyone grabs for the ball and hangs on. As Douglas went into a clinch with 10 or 12, he asked, "May I have this dance?"

Don C. takes hints too literally. During a test someone told him the capital of Denmark (Copenhagen) was "snuff," so he wrote it down.

Willis said that if you ever got kicked out of Mrs. Weaver's class, you had to go to Harlan to get a priority before you could get back in.

Doug claims he hurt his finger, while playing basketball. by tripping over a black line.

GRADES

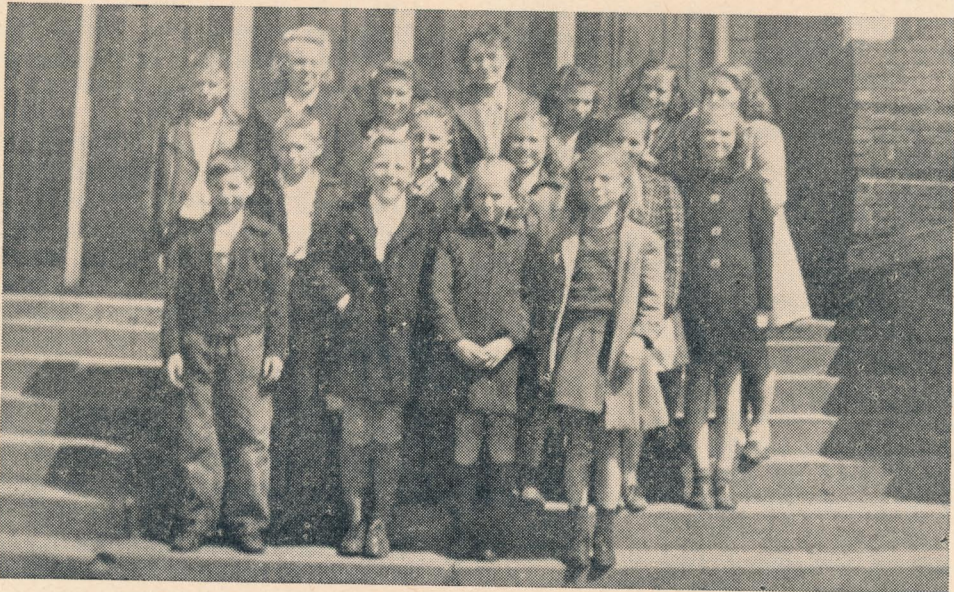
Future Inhabitants of the Court

Junior High



SEVENTH AND EIGHTH GRADES—Alice Hansen, Marilyn Knight, Edna Nelson, Carol Griffith, Howard Petersen, Donald Wiges, Clifford Johnson, Milton Petersen, Donna Mae Nielsen, Jackie Andersen. Clark Jensen, Evelyn Bertelsen, Shirley Johnson, Joan Jessen, Beverly Larsen, Donna Lou Andersen, Ray Esbeck, Lorena Booth, Marilyn Booth, Ruth Alice Dirgo, Francis Hooker, teacher.

5th - 6th Grades



SIXTH GRADE—La Donna Byrial, Virgil Nielsen, Pauline Granteer, Donna Rae McCoy, Nadine Nelson, Lorraine Nelson, Marian Anderson, Donald Madsen.
FIFTH GRADE—Cherlyn Anderson, Ruby Johnson, Howard Sorensen, Phyllis Petersen, Leila Mae Mathisen, Helen Dirgo, Gordon Bertelsen, Anna Lange, teacher.

3rd - 4th Grades



THIRD AND FOURTH GRADES—Dickie Olsen, Raynor Hemmingsen, Charlene Booth, Burton Wittrup, Marvin Lange, Joe Hansen, Mary Jane Nielsen, Bruce Wittrup, Neil McCoy, Wayne Olsen, Vernon Hemmingsen, La Verne Esbeck, Lloyd Petersen, Darlene Rainey, Phillip Andersen, Jerry Faaborg, Gary Petersen, Vern Dirgo, Linda Nielsen, Jimmy Sanders, Gail Lange, Barbara Larsen, Dale Petersen, Nancy Iversen, Norma Ruby, teacher.

Primary - 1st - 2nd Grades



PRIMARY—Richard Hansen, Carol Trego, Bonnie Raney, Gordon Petersen, Terry James, Anne Weddum, Marie Elisabeth Jacobsen, Gary Andersen, Margaret Hansen, Janice Olsen, Judy Dickie.

FIRST GRADE—Mary Dickie, Jimmy Kelgor, Lorraine Wright, Jeri Jean Hansen, Mardell Petersen, Sondra Carstensen, Lynn Johnson, Janice Rawlins, Terry Jorgensen, Jenell Nielsen, Einer Petersen, Marvin Granteer, Tommy Petersen, Otis Madsen, Janice Mathisen.

SECOND GRADE—Patty Bonnesen, Jane Griffith, Darwin Faaborg, Roger McCoy, Kenneth Bertelsen, Dale Johnson, Joyce Pedersen, Doris Hansen, Mary Ann Wad, Gary Jessen, Vita Kaltoft, teacher.

Gems from the Court Library

SPEECH CLASS

Who knows? In years to come the Speech class may have produced a Shakespeare.

The first six weeks we racked our brains to find an idea for a play. We worked days getting it put together, and the next week was spent getting our cast and properties for the stage.

The plays written were: Incognito by Bette Nielsen. Desert Christmas by Helga Koch, Stage-fright by Norma Lange, Margaret Riley by Alice Griffith, Lost But Found by Lois Ann Nissen, Beware by Lois Jean Larsen, A New Home Is Found by Mabel Jensen,

The Vacant House by Maynard Jensen, The Drama Teacher by Eugene Hansen, Surprise Attack by Phyllis Jorgensen, Yes, Dear by Janet Jacobsen. Those presented to the assembly were: Yes, Dear, Incognito, Desert Christmas, Margaret Riley and Beware! The others would have been presented but time did not permit.

The Speech class also presented several declam pieces to the assembly. Those taking part in the presentation were:

Lois Larsen gave Brothers Prefer Blondes; Phyllis Jorgensen, Honey; Alice Griffith, The Yellow Wallpaper; Eugene Hansen, An American. Others who were to give their readings but didn't find time were: Bette Nielsen, Rebecca; Mabel Jensen, County Fair; Janet Jacobsen, The Sparrow's Fall.

GRADE SCHOOL OPERETTA

The grades presented a Christmas operetta, "Merry Christmas to the World." It was a pageant of good will which represented several foreign countries including: England, Italy, France, Denmark, Mexico, Holland, together with a few American children.

The children wore costumes and sang songs according to the country from which they came.

The finale was a Biblical scene of Baby Jesus and Mary along with four angels.

Due to the mumps epidemic the high school was unable to present the Christmas play which had been prepared.

LIBRARY

The librarians this year have done an excellent job in keeping the library intact. The librarians, who deserve lots of praise, are: Lois Ann Nissen, head libraria Darlene Hansen, Shirley Mathisen, and Marlene McCoy.

Some of the old mystery stories were taken down to the grades and were replaced by several newer and popular ones. Among the list of new books are: The Nazarene, Asch; King's Row, Bellman; China Skies, Buck; A Bell for Adano, Hersey; My Friend Flicka, O'Hara; The Human Comedy, Saroyan; Reap the Wild Wind, Strabel; Thunderhead, O'Hara; Care Postmaster, Thomas; Northwest Passage, Roberts, and How Green Was My Valley, Llewellyn.

JUNIOR RED CROSS

The Junior Red Cross is a branch of the American Red Cross for pupils in the grades and high school. It has a total national membership of 80,000 girls and boys.

Its main activity at the present time is producing articles for the comfort and recreation of the men serving in the armed forces. Most of its workmanship goes to men in the hospitals throughout the nation.

This year when money was collected for membership the Elk Horn grade and high school gave a total of \$25.00.

SCRAPBOOKS

This year instead of the usual book-report for one six weeks, all the English classes made scrapbooks for the Naval hospitals spread over the country. These scrapbooks contained cartoons from magazines and newspapers.

The making of these books was sponsored by the Omaha chapter of the Navy Mothers club.

While these scrapbooks constituted a lot of work on the part of the students, they had a lot of fun making them, and hope that the hospital patients enjoy them as much as we did. Letters have been received from hospital patients who confirm the fact of enjoyment.

Gems from the Court Library

THEY LANDED IN TIME TO HELP

We had landed exactly eighteen hours after Marines and we knew that casualties would be arriving any time now. Immediately everyone set to work getting our hospital unit off the ship and set up.

In our group were fourteen nurses, three doctors, about fifty sailors and a five hundred-bed hospital unit.

Casualties began arriving from the front before we were organized or ready for them. The night was one of hope and fear. Hoping for the other scheduled ship with hospital equipment to land, and fear of the enemy because we could hear the shots of gunfire further inland and almost anything could happen. "Maybe the Japs will bomb us," was the worst thought in the minds of everyone.

My duties were limitless. I did everything from driving trucks and bringing in stretcher cases to emergency operations and administering first-aid in the battle zone.

Morning finally came and we were all glad to see daylight and would have been even more glad to see our re-enforcement ship dock. We waited, worked and watched for it for four long hours. By this time we thought something must have happened to it and we began forgetting about it and wondering what we could ever do without it because our beds were nearly full now. This worry became even greater when we received word to be ready for seventy five seriously wounded Marines. After all, it was our duty to help and care for the sick and wounded, and we had to do something for them.

While the excitement of this was dying down a telephone call came from the commanding general at the front saying, "Six Marines trapped in ravine about three miles south of your location. Send help. They are all wounded."

Lieutenant Kathrine Lawrence and I volunteered to go along. We took our first-aid kits, blood plasma, numerous other articles and a map of this part of the island. Corporal Jim Harling, our driver and Private Charles Frow, another workman, were to help with the wounded men, also.

We drove due south for fifteen minutes; then we saw a sign, "Fighting Front, One Hundred Yards." While we got out of the truck, Kathy asked, "What do you think we will do

with these men and that group of a hundred coming in?"

I replied, "I certainly couldn't tell you, but Major Riley will find a way out; he always does."

"I sure hope he doesn't fail this time," called back Kathy as she began climbing a steep knoll to look for the ravine.

At the top of a long hill to the south we could see our Marines rising, shooting and falling in the smoke of our advancing guns and Jap retreating guns.

When Kathy got to the top of the knoll she called, "I found them. They're here, Lorrie."

Corporal Jim, Private Charlie and I began running up there. There lay four Marines seriously wounded and two with their guns in their hands, but they were also wounded.

Our first-aid kits came in rather handy on this mission. It would take too long to tell about each case individually but as a whole they were not very good.

The men were put in the truck and we turned around to leave when there was an explosion. At first we thought it was a tire. Jim got out and looked, only to find that it was a grenade. Two Japs about fifty yards behind us had thrown a grenade. It went off somewhere to our left.

It didn't take Jim long to get in the truck and on our way. He was a trifle heavy on the accelerator.

Lieutenant Lawrence and I thought we should find out how the Marines got caught in the ravine. I asked one of the two able-bodied men why they got caught there and how long they had been there.

He replied, "We were all firing from the ravine and our forces were advancing rapidly when a Jap threw a grenade into the ravine. My buddy and I were on the far side and away from the blast. We got the Jap all right, and the others I guess forgot about us. We had been there like that since dawn."

When we arrived back at the station, everyone was busy trying to find room for the returning wounded which were to arrive in an hour. After a while we had room for twenty-five and there was simply no more possible space. When we could see the procession of Red Cross trucks coming up along the winding road, our hearts sank. As the end of the trucks turned the first bend we heard the whistle of a

Gems from the Court Library

ship. This could mean one of two things: help or the enemy. As it came closer, we recognized it as the hospital supply ship long overdue. This meant more nurses, doctors, beds and equipment.

The ship was unloaded, the unit set up and everyone with his spirits lifted was busily and happily treating the wounded Marines.

We radioed for a hospital ship. Within a week the ship was in port and eager service men were taken aboard to sail for home to the United States again! Our hospital unit stayed and advanced with the fighting Marines.

Lois Andersen.

THE CRIMSON BEACH

A Yank lay stretched upon the sand;
A nurse knelt at his side.
A nurse, who but a week ago
Had become the Yankee's bride.

The soldier's eyelids fluttered
And then they opened wide.
The nurse's hands flew to her face,
Her blood-stained cheek to hide.

"Hi, Mary, hon," the soldier said;
And then he left this world.
While over his brown curly head
The Stars and Stripes unfurled.

The nurse leaned forward slowly
To kiss the lifeless hand.
They took him away; but there remained
A blotch of red upon the sand.

Alice Griffith.

HIS BOY

Captain John E. Clark of the United States Army looked at his headquarters. Some place, this island was! Funny why it was an important one, but it was. I suppose, he mused, it will be used as a stepping off place on the way to Japan. His tent was not rainproof, and now everything was thoroughly soaked from a late tropical rain. The mosquitoes fought against the cloth netting, trying, in vain, to reach the small lamp sitting on the stump. Outside, all he could see was darkness. I guess that light shouldn't be going, he thought. He got up and walked over to the tent flap. By tomorrow this island

would probably be in Japanese hands. No, you couldn't stop a Jap carrier, which was loaded with planes, while you only had a small bomber, 25 men, and a tiny Pacific island.

He drew the flap shut over the netting, and walking across the ground, stopped in front of a tent pole. There, hanging jauntily, was a picture of a boy in uniform. He was a fine son, Bill was. Had been everything his mother had wanted him to be. She would have been proud of him now. Things hadn't turned out exactly as they had planned, though. Bill was to have been a lawyer, but Hitler had come along with all his ideas for a better world. Bill had quit college and joined the Air Corps. He was a lieutenant now, looked fine, too, in his uniform.

John Clark sat down again. He wondered who would volunteer for the job of stopping that carrier. It would be suicide but someone. must. I wish I could do it myself. Only one plane and that had to be broken! The bomb release would never work. It would have to be a crash dive.

Hearing footsteps, he glanced up. The flap was pulled open and a tall handsome lieutenant stepped in. His flying uniform was crumpled and he was in need of a shave.

Saluting he said, "I've volunteered for that job, sir, I and twenty-four others. I was picked."

The captain looked at him. "You know it's suicide?"

"Yes, sir. Maybe that's why I want to do it, sir. You see, my country has given me everything I've needed. I figure it's about my turn to give now. There are men out there who have a wife and kids. If that carrier gets here, they will probably never see them again. I'm not married, so I'm going to see that they get to see them."

"I hate to see you give your life. but — but that carrier must be stopped. There is nothing I can say now. You'll take off from hanger 3 in ten minutes."

John E. Clark rose and put out his hand. Lieutenant Bill Clark took it.

"Goodbye, son. Your mother would be very proud of you. Good luck and God bless you," John Clark said, with tears in his eyes.

"Thanks, dad." And turning, Bill Clark walked out.

La Deane Bramer.

*I took all these
except 70. 11*

Coins from the Court Library



- | | | |
|---------------------------|--|---|
| 1. "I'll take chocolate." | 6. A man! | 10. Home is the sailor. |
| 2. Sandlot basketball. | 7. The little man. | 11. P. T. Girls—Taking it easy on a picnic. |
| 3. Golly, what a game. | 8. Jerry in sixth grade—hasn't changed much, has he? | 12. One bromo coming up. |
| 4. Caught you this time. | 9. Waiting for Weaver. | 13. Hi, Bob! |
| 5. Hard candy? | | |

Gems from the Court Library

IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT

For two weeks and three days I had been sleeping upstairs, in the unused youth's bed. I, having not been a child for over ten years, was a little long for the bed. So I decided I would again sleep in my own, roomy, stained-walnut bed, on my own, soft, innerspring mattress.

I began to make arrangements. Lucy, my sister who was sick, would sleep in the other twin bed. Mother, who had to take care of her would sleep on the couch in the next room.

Being a working girl, who has to get up at six o'clock every morning, I retired at nine o'clock to my room. After clearing the bed of skirts, dolls, shoes, cookies, and one apple core, I fell asleep, despite the clamoring voices from my ill sister's bedside radio.

"Did you know the good news? Dal's been elected president." The noisy proclamation from my mother shook me out of slumbers grasp and sat me up in bed.

"What? I thought they would have Willkie or Roosevelt." I hadn't yet quite recovered from my gentle dreams.

"Just of the commercial club. Oh, you were asleep. Pardon me." I looked at the clock. It was ten-thirty.

Again I fell asleep. Suddenly the alarm rang. I leaped out of the bed and started putting on my shoes.

Loud and hilarious giggles from the adjacent bed brought me to my senses.

"You queer one. That's just so I'll take my pill." Lucy seemed quite happy for a sick person. I looked at the clock. It was one o'clock.

Once again I fell asleep. This time I was awakened by a gentle hand pounding my shoulder.

"Do you want me to set the alarm for 6?" came my mother's query.

"Yes! Yes! Yes!" I looked at the clock. It was three-ten.

Nearly weeping for my lost sleep, I turned over. Suddenly!

"Even when I get well, I won't be able to go to work. I'm getting the habit of sleeping late in the morning." This from dear Lucy.

"Well, I won't even get to go to work tomorrow. I've got the silly habit of sleeping at NIGHT." I looked at the clock. It was four-twenty-five.

Silence followed. Lucy, Mother and I all slept soundly. In fact, we slept soundly until seven-thirty-five.

Now I've given up sleeping in my own bed. Tonight I'm going to sleep in the basement with the dog.

Alice Griffith

OBLIVION

"Humph, look, Joe. Some sassity dame's gonna come see us!"

"Yes, I see. I saw a show wit her in it once. She's a swell-looker."

"Yah. It says she's gonna sing. Can she sing good?"

"Really, Percy, I can't remember that. How much do you expect?"

The two soldiers moved away from the bulletin board mumbling about the movie star whose picture was posted there, and others crowded around.

"Oh, hell, the last one weren't any pertier 'an Mabel."

"They just do it for publicity."

"This one's married to a sailor. Bet she wishes she could ditch him and get a soldier when she sees us."

Roars of laughter rose to the ceiling and echoed back again to the distant corners of the recreation hall, and the call of the bugle took them away from their merriment.

All of the following week the star was the target of many jests and comments. The night she appeared, the hall was packed. just as it always was when there were entertainers.

She was pretty, of course; all movie stars are. She smiled. and told them jokes, and laughed at the other entertainers. She told them not to call her Dawna Day, the name that she had plastered on marques all over the country, but "Mrs. Bert Petersen." It was a homely name, but it was her husband's. They all seemed to like her better after that.

She sang for them. She sang "Mairzy Doats," and "Shoo Shoo Baby," and some songs that they asked for. Then it was time to close. Her voice seemed a little softer and warmer as she stepped up to the microphone and said: "If you don't mind, I would like to sing an old song now." Then she sang "Til We Meet Again."

Gems from the Court Library

If the men had watched her closely, they would have seen the one lone tear course its way down her tinted cheek, before she hurriedly removed it with her wisp of a lace handkerchief. But most of them were far from the crowded recreation hall. They were reliving the moments that they had kissed their girls goodbye; and moments with mothers, sisters, friends and dogs, because they were hearing that low, lonely voice. Then she was gone. But the dreams remained.

In her small compartment on the train on the way to the next camp, Dawna Day, now feeling completely Mrs. Bert Petersen, slowly removed her slim evening gown and slid into the bed. The hand wearing the small beloved diamond and slender gold band took the little yellow sheet of paper from the handbag at her side. Tomorrow it would be in the papers, and the whole world would know. But tonight he was still hers. She had sung to him tonight; she had once again bade him farewell through the old song. Then the telegram bearing the words "We regret to inform you that Seaman Bert Petersen has been killed in action" slipped through her fingers, and she turned over on the bed and sobbed softly.

Alice Griffith

DEE

She was a small girl and critically ill. The doctors couldn't help her—she was on her own. The night was long for Mother and Dad. The three other healthy children comforted them—but Dee was so little!

The next morning's sun rose clear and bright across the dewy world. It sent dancing sunbeams against the small home where joy and sorrow mingled. The trees about it were totally green, the grass was beautiful, many flowers of last year were sending up their new blades, the birds were working together to build their homes and singing to make others happy—surely it as a perfect spring. In the beauty of the morning sadness was turned to gladness. The doctors said it was nothing less than a miracle.

In a week she was entirely well and playing with the other children. Dee loved nature and, since her sickness, had become more fond

of it than her sister and brothers. The children played with their pet squirrel and watched the birds. They were happy—especially since Dee's fifth birthday would be day after tomorrow. She'd invited her friends, and Mother had made the most beautiful light blue dress with small puffed sleeves. She'd also made her a wonderful birthday cake with white frosting, and little red rose-shaped candle holders, and letters spelling "Happy Birthday" on it. The day of the party was lovely and the early spring flowers were in bloom. The children came early in the afternoon. They played lots of games before lunch. They sang "Happy Birthday." But when Dee was to blow out the candles she turned away and said she couldn't because it hurt in her head and eyes. Mother blew out the candles for her and small fists dug into the sandwiches, ice cream, cookies and cake. After lunch they went out to play—all but Dee. She was dizzy but told the kids to go on—she'd be out soon. Mother called the doctor when Dee said it was turning all gray. When the doctor came, he said Dee was totally blind, but maybe an operation could help. However, they'd have to take her to a hospital before further steps could be taken. Mrs. Day stayed at Dee's home to help while they took her to the hospital. There was nothing to do for Dee—she'd always be blind—so they brought her home. Mother, who'd before worked with the blind would help her get accustomed to the new world. It was hard for them all but soon Dee could recognize things by their sound and smell as well as anyone could by sight. She was taught different kinds of flowers by their smell and birds by their songs so accurately she hardly ever made a mistake. Dee always waited for the roses—the large red roses to bloom. She loved the rose, but even more did she love the buds.

The children went every day to look for the first rose and they were sure tomorrow a bud would be bursting forth its beauty.

The next day dawned extremely still. Dee did not show up for breakfast. Mother went to her room but Dee was not there! The children were sure she would be in the garden searching for the rose. They went for her and Dee was lying beside the rose bed. She lay very still clutching one rose bud in her chubby dimpled hand. Dee was dead. Evidently she'd

Gems from the Court Library

gone to get the rose bud to show the other children and, hurrying faster than she could, she'd tripped over a rock.

It was a beautiful day. The choir sang "Thy Word Is Like a Garden Lord," "I Saw Him in Childhood" and "There's a Friend for Little Children," Dees favorite hymns, as Dee lay in the small white coffin dressed in a light blue dress with puffed sleeves, her white Bible in one hand, a small rose bud clutched in the other,

The rose bush was planted on the grave as the words "Thy Word Is Like a Garden Lord" re-echoed in the clear summer air.

Janet Jacobsen

SPORTS EDITOR TACKLES NEW ASSIGNMENT

Did you ever see or hear a rugby match? You probably know as much as I did before I started to investigate. I only knew that it was the father of our game of football.

My interest began one Saturday morning when I was fiddling around on shortwave and found what I thought was a football game. The announcer had a British accent and the terms he used were entirely unfamiliar to me. It naturally aroused my curiosity.

I found out that the game (or match) was between England and Wales, playing for the championship. It was very exciting. At least the crowd was cheering wildly and the announcer was in his best "Bill Stern."

One of the first plays I heard was when "Fletcher tried to burst through." (As far as I can remember, he made it).

They kicked the ball around a while until England "made a mistake at hoff (half) way." (The 50-yard line, I presumed).

Well, Wales made a "reverse pass" and finally scored a "grand try." The announcer explained that a "try" was good for three points. (I figured if they got three points a try, they would roll up quite a score). I later learned that a "try" was a goal. The conversion (the only term that sounded familiar) was worth two points.

After the goal, "Sterling put off one of those side-kicks of his." (I thought, "Migosh, if he's a friend of yours, why not let him play.") The ball "rolled out of touch."

Then, it seems, "the referee ordered them

out to scrum." (I had to use my imagination there).

I thought perhaps hockey had derived from rugby too when Wales made a penalty kick. (I pictured it as being like the penalty shot in hockey, although you never can tell).

Things had been rather dull for a few seconds when Sterling (the heel) dropped a field goal. (The darn thing fell for two points).

Well, it seems Wales won the game 25 to 11. They had a well-balanced team. (If I know my rugby).

If you've learned anything about rugby in what I've told you, you know just as much about it as I do.

Helga L. Koch.

THE CHILDREN OF MARS

They call them the lost generation.
They call them the "Children of Mars,"
Our young folks, with their feet on the ground
But their eyes and their dreams on the stars.

This war won't last forever,
And hot fires of passion will cool.
Then, when those who now rule die,
The "Children of Mars" will rule.

Then will America still be safe?
Will America still be free?

Yes! For in each of them is bred
The same strong love for liberty.

Yes! For as long as Americans live
American freedom can't die!

And mad men won't conquer our "Children of Mars"

No matter how hard they try!

Alice Griffith

AGE

Blue-veined hands now tremble and shake.
Thoughts to time-faded mem'ries roam.
Candles cover the birthday cake

'Tis time for the wand'rer to go back home.

Tired brown eyes in a tired white head;
Withered lips that are prone to sigh.

Well-worn bones now lie still abed;

'Tis time for God's favored child to die.

Weary feet climb the last long hill,
Seeking for loved ones now long years gone.

The tired heart slows and then is still.

'Tis time for the traveler to see the dawn.

Alice Griffith.

Gems from the Court Library

THE SIXTH SENSE

"Yeah, Chief," Sergeant O'Daily was saying. "Kinda strange how dis guy was kilt. ain't it? Driving along minding his own business, and den the ol' gas truck starts right on fire, and the guy ain't got a chance. He wasn't even supposed to be on dis beat. The skedule claims he was done a half hour ago. A guy named Bill Mason was supposed to be in dat truck."

"What's this fellow's name?" shivered the chief, as he drew the sheet over the dead man's face.

"Some Jeffrey Scott. Been around here for quite a time, too. A real nice guy. Everybody liked him. This Mason, they say, was supposed to be his best friend. Had him out to his house for dinner real often. Even found him this job!" replied O'Daily as he looked sadly at the burnt ashes of the truck.

"I can't figure it out," mused the chief. "Why would a fellow like that work over time, knocking out his best friend to do it, after he had been going since practically dawn?"

If Jeff Scott had been alive, he probably would have smiled at this. Why did I do it? he would have thought. Well, it wasn't because of a medal or anything like that. Guess I don't really know why I did knock Bill out and take his place. I just got a funny feeling while sitting up there on that cushioned seat, meeting the glare of he sun. But something had gone through his mind. An unlucky day, yep, and an unlucky truck, too.

All the way through Hampbridge and onto Alabama that feeling was with him. He tried to shake it off by singing or whistling, but it stayed like a termite. Well, just a few more miles, he thought, and then Bill would take over.

Bill! The name rang through his mind. Took good care of his home. Loved his wife and kids. He stirred on the hard seat and pressed down a little more on the accelerator. Picking up the tune of "Dixie", he leaned back, whistling. But the thought of an unlucky day, an unlucky truck, and a swell guy was still there. Pretty tough for a lot of people if something should happen to Bill, especially for his wife and the kids. Something WAS going to happen. He could feel it in the atmosphere. Even the roots of his hair were tingling. Trucks like these, long, semi-trucks filled with gas, caught on fire pretty easy. Yeah, maybe a spark came out the wrong place, or you gassed it too much.

If a guy, a swell guy, with his mind on a lot of other things, should forget about such things, anything could happen. And then it hit him. Sure, he owed Bill a lot of things, even his life. If it wasn't for Bill, he probably wouldn't be here.

He drove up in front of the station and stopped. Stepping out, he watched Bill round round the corner. Just as Bill started to speak, Jeff's hard fist hit him on the point of his chin. Jeff dragged him into the station and propped an old jacket under his head. Then he ran outside and leaped into his truck. Starting back down the highway. he was glad that he had done it. Things WERE going to happen to this truck, and he didn't want the unlucky guy to be Bill.

And that's where Chief Davis and Sergeant O'Daily found the truck and Jeff, about five miles out of town. And they couldn't figure it out. Really it was very easy. A man that drives such a truck has to rely on that sixth sense. A sense that says this is an unlucky day, an unlucky truck, and a swell guy.

La Deane Bramer.

CRITICISM OF THE CLASSICS

The people who wrote the so-called classics would be called, in every day English, poor, struggling writers.

I really think that it is pure short-sightedness that school children should have to suffer by reading works that have been brought to such a high standard merely by age. The stories were not best sellers in their day; I admit that some of them were good, but most of them weren't considered good literature.

The schools would find that they would have far more attentive literature students if they had novels of the modern day. I'm sure that it would be far more interesting to read such stories as "Gualalcanal," "The Robe," "The Last Time I Saw Paris." These stories teach present day things and present day thinking. These books are not considered high school subjects, but I am sure that the literature class would come willingly into the classroom with brilliant expressions, instead of resigned attitudes.

By the time this happens I shall probably be a tottering old woman, preaching on the faults of the new novels, and telling my grandchildren that Shakespeare is the best ever.

Bette Nielsen.



- ✓1. Campus Cuties.
- ✓2. Sitting on the inside, looking on the outside.
- ✓3. Now for a high one.
- ✓4. It was a hard fight, but we won.
- 5. Spring fever.
- 6. Batter up.
- ✓7. Home run.
- 8. Farmyard pals.
- 9. Juveniles creating an "adult shortage."
- ✓10. The town's "hot spot."

Gems from the Court Library

HER SON

Frau Shicklegruber sighed. He had been a good boy. She had been so proud of him that day in 1913 when he and his two brothers marched away, so splendid in their new uniforms. She had been thankful that he had returned, even when the others didn't.

And the day he was made dictator of Germany, even though he hadn't thought to take her to watch, she was nearly bursting with pride. Everyone in the village had congratulated her, and they all forgot how much they had disliked him when he was a boy and they said they always knew he would be someone great.

The day the light of pride began to dim was the day he annexed Austria and the grim Storm Troopers marched through the village. After that her lifelong friends began to shun her, and their children jeered at her as she walked to the village store.

As the years went by, and the young men of the village were ordered to youth camps, and the young women were taken, heaven knows where, and German troops marched into Poland and Czechoslovakia, Frau Schickelgruber stayed at home more with her cow and her memories. To be sure it was lonely, but it was better than seeing the villagers pass her with downcast eyes.

Then one day she was so lonely that she couldn't stand being alone any more. So she took her market basket and went into the village. There were more people than usual in the store, but as she entered, a hush fell over them.

An old man who had had two sons and five grandsons killed in this war came up to her,, slowly shook his fist in her face, and muttered, "Now, they'll get your darling son. The Americans are coming!"

Silently she turned and plodded to her little cottage. She had somehow been able to stand his leaving her and betraying his own country, his murdering and persecuting good people, but after all he was her son. She couldn't bear his downfall. From its place by the stove she took the can of kerosene and sprinkled it over the floor. Match in hand, she knelt beside her bed.

"Gott in Himmel, forgive him. He was a good boy."

Then she struck the match, threw it on the floor, and lay down on the bed.

Alice Griffith

MAGAZINE SALES

This year the junior class sponsored the sale of Curtis magazines. The money they received will be used for the senior-junior banquet.

The school was divided into two teams, the Reds, led by Joyce and Alice, and the Blues, led by La Deane and Lois. The Red team was made up of the grades fifth through ninth, while the tenth through the twelfth made up the Blue team.

A contest was set up between the two teams to see who could sell the most subscriptions. This contest was won by the Red team. They were awarded a box of candy for their efforts. Prizes were given to individuals in relation to the amounts they sold.

A certificate was awarded to those who sold over \$20.00 in subscriptions. Gordon Esbeck was the only student to be awarded one of these certificates.

Alice Griffith was general manager, with La Deane Bramer, Joyce Nelson and Lois Andersen in charge of sales.

THE AUTOCRAT AT THE RADIO

Popular music (so-called) has a tendency of being short lived. This, for some reason or other, has people stumped.

"Why is it that the war song has not been written?" they ask.

It probably has, but the mystery is still unsolved.

The reason for the subsequent doom, in a few months, of a new song is merely repetition; repetition not only of the song but within the song itself, reminiscent of the blood-stirring beat of the jungle tom-tom.

Another reason is that the words and music are subordinated to the current fad of emotionalism, for example, Frank Sinatra.

A song is merely used as a vehicle to project his emotional voltage to the adolescent audience.

Helga Koch

Guess Who?

?

Lois Ann
Nissen



Luis Jean
Lansen



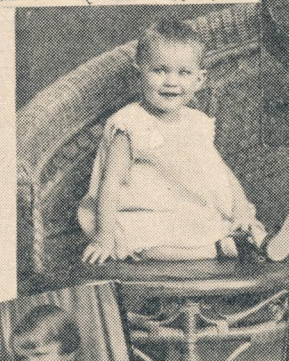
Norma
Lange



Rose Marie
Lansen



Jerry
Brant



Lucile Mae
Andersen



Alice Griffith
Bette
Standa Lange
Phyllis Hansen



Gems from the Court Library

CALENDAR OF EVENTS

AUGUST

- 21—As usual, the first big event is the opening of the good old place.
- 25—Election of class officers.—Returns show for president three boys and one girl. — Looks like the girls are losing their grip over the boys.

SEPTEMBER

- 1—Are the girls ever losing their grip over the boys.—In the baseball games today the boys took the girls to the tune of 27 to 25, the only drawback being that the girls were given 20 to start with.
- 8—Initiation party—of this there is no question. The upper classmen CAN handle the freshies.
- 12—First out of town baseball game: Score Exira 11, Elk Horn 2. Can those boys handle a ball!?
- 28—Roller Skating party — no major mishaps, but several minor ones.
Maybe the boys sat down so much of the time because Exira just gave them another shellacking—23 to 14 this time.

OCTOBER

- 12—The first honor roll shows that the juniors must have the most of the brains. Anyway had three places on it and each of the other grades only one.
- 14—Someone practiced their art lessons in paste on Gordon's car.
- 17—The girls had fun all by themselves on the G. A. A. Now who cares if there's a man shortage? Don't answer that.
- 18—The juniors play books arrived.
- 19—School closes for two weeks of corn picking vacation. Looks like the juniors will have to postpone their play a little while.

NOVEMBER

- 6—EHHS has a new teacher, Mrs. Anderson. She's subbing for Weaver while she recuperates. Looks like the juniors will have to postpone their play a little longer.
- 7—Election returns in Elk Horn high, if not for the state came out the same as the national returns with President Roosevelt way up ahead.
- 13—Burton has been asked to coach the Junior high basketball team. Congrats, Burt!
- 20—Kenneth Johnson has been secured for a coach for the Danes this year. Congrats, B. B. B.
- 27—Pep leaders have been elected to back up our new ensemble. They are Janet, La

Deane, Parker and Le Roy.

- 29—The brains have slipped down a notch. This honor roll shows one junior, one senior and seven sophomores.

DECEMBER

- 5—First basketball game—we won. Kirkman 17, Elk Horn 34.
- 8—Our dear Basketball Boys lost their battle to Tennant. Maybe they couldn't rouse themselves from their meditations about the stirring declam pieces given this p. m.
- 14—Characters were chosen for the Christmas play. Now the question is: How many of them will get the mumps in time to get out of the play?
- 20—The Frank Sinatra fans loaded EHHS with bow ties and the Danes lost to the Harlan seconds 26 to 18.
- 21—The Christmas program was presented and the question of the 14th is answered—five out of the eight were knocked out by the dreaded disease so the program was minus the high school contribution.
- 22—The annual Christmas party brought forth as large a variety of gifts as there was of people at the party.

JANUARY

- 2—School reopens with fourteen out of High School. You guessed it, mumps.
- 4—Lyle rendered his edition of the Gettysburg Address.
- 5—Surprise! We won the ball game with Irwin 35 to 31!
- 9—We celebrate Skelly's birthday by entertaining Earling's quintette, and those ungrateful wretches beat us, 30 to 29.
- 10—Boose came down with the mumps, making Nap and Skelly the only first teamers still in school as Kirk and Burt are already laid up with swollen jaws.
- 15—Everyone gasps for breath and dives into the second half of the year's work.
- 16—Despite the absence of so many players, we came out 15 to 14 ahead of Gray. The girls also beat the alumni two out of three, at volleyball.
- 23—Skelly is out of the running for a while, and we do mean really. He cracked a bone in his ankle. Then Irwin took us, 30 to 22. But our second team won, with Madsen making 12 of the 16 points.
- 25—Another honor roll puts the juniors ahead with three members while the sophies have two and the seniors one.
- 26—The girls must like to give parties. They can beat the boys at volleyball (almost)

Gems from the Court Library

every time but when there's something at stake.

FEBRUARY

- 6—Senior pictures taken. That's a relief.
- 8—Virgil registered a complaint because he and Janice weren't in Chaff enough. Maybe this will help make up for it.
- 13—We topped Exira, 27 to 16. And Miss Hardine was serenaded eight times in honor of her birthday.
- 14—The Valentine party given by the girls was enjoyed by all, especially Ferne and Saltie.
- 22—Ferne acquired the nickname of "Nellie."
- 23—The simply colossal plays written by the speech class were given to a very sympathetic audience.

MARCH

- 1—Honors are pretty well divided with one senior, one freshie, two sophomores, and two juniors on the honor roll.
- 2—The Sectional tournament came and went in one night for us when Westside beat us 39 to 24.
- 5—Weaver left again for a week at home with her sailor brother. Will those juniors never get that play given?
- 15—The juniors gave their play! Congratulations!
- 16—The juniors gave their play again. They must have liked it.
- 20—Combination band concert and pie social at the town hall. Nice combination.
- 21—Nap, Frank and Dar suffered from tapitis.
- 23—We learned from Lt. Rusty Nielsen that Philippine girls aren't cute, but they are very attractive.
- 26—Band pins arrived. What a glitter.

APRIL

- 5—Senior class day. No minor mishaps.
- 12—Best honor roll of the year, with thirteen on it, and three of them with four A's — nice going.
- 13—Not much going on in school except listening to the radio. And most of the faces were on the sober side.
- 20—Our baseball boys beat Irwin 3 to 0. Yipee!
- 26—Junior-Senior Banquet.
- 27—Mostly everybody was back in school. 'Nuf said.

MAY

- 4—Senior class play. Rod and Frank had better join the Navy; they make awful cute sailors.
- 7—Classrooms saw the last of the Class of '45.
- 13—The seniors took the long march up the isle of the church for baccalaureate.

14—Semester tests.

15—More tests.

16—Heave a sigh—they're over. Now just the picnics.

17—A lovely evening for commencement to make up for Sunday's rain.

18—Report cards, and everyone left. But the establishment will be right in the same place next year, kids, don't worry.

FORGIVENESS

A scholar stood before my desk

And bended on his knee;

And holding up a paper, blotted,

He handed it to me.

"Please, sir, that I might try again

Give me a paper clean;

And I will do my lesson o'er

And my mistake redeem."

I looked upon the scholar small

And leaning o'er, I smiled,

"Here is a paper, clean, unblotted,

Do better now, my child."

I stood before my Maker's throne

In the throne room dim,

And holding up a paper, blotted,

I handed it to him.

"Please, sir, that I might try again

Give me a paper clean,

And I will do my lesson o'er

And my mistakes redeem."

He looked upon the sinner small

And leaning o'er, he smiled,

"Here is a paper, clean, unblotted,

Do better now, my child."

La Deane Bramer.

THE GROWN UP LAD

What is it about the little shoes,

That were worn in years gone by,

What is it about the grown up lad

That makes mothers want to cry?

Is it the loss of the rosy cheeks,

Or the loss of the golden curls

That disappeared with the boyish pranks

And the way he teased the girls?

Or is it the memory of long nights spent

Cooling the feverish head;

Or the thought of the dusty ball and bat

That he kept beneath his bed?

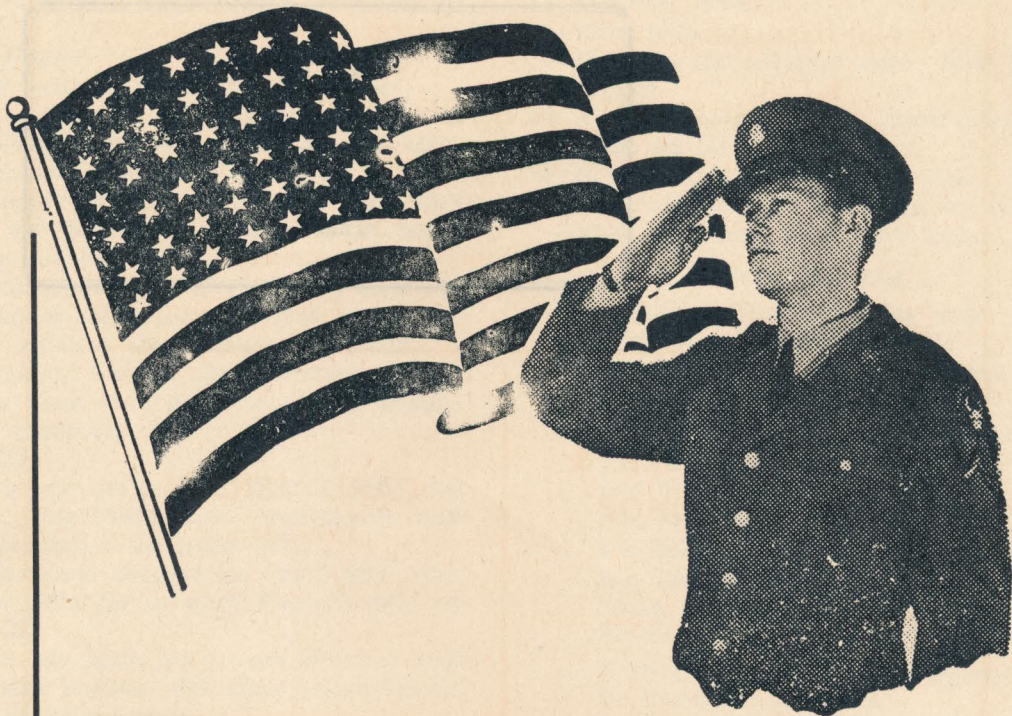
Is it the picture of boy and dog?

The half eaten pumpkin pie?

What is it about the grown up lad

That makes mothers want to cry?

Alice Griffith.



“There’s a Star Spangled Banner Waving Somewhere”

Since that song was first heard from the juke box at “the little restaurant” the Star Spangled Banner has been raised a lot of somewheres . . .

. . . Guadalcanal, New Guinea, New Britain, the Marshalls, the Gilberts, the Mariannas, the Volcanoes, Okinawa, Rome, Berlin and soon—over Tokyo.

Some of the gang that used to hang out here has helped plant the flag on every island.

The gang still here misses you, and hopes that you will all be back before time for another Antlers.

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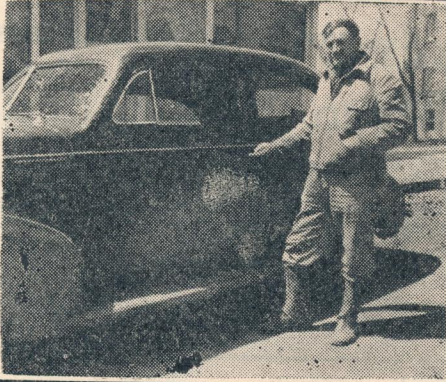
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