The Siren

Volume XIII | Hollenbeck Junior High School, Thursday, May 15, 1930 | No. 7

Mrs. Moore Is Made Girls' Vice Principal

Mrs. Jenella B. Moore, for the past three years Girls' Adviser at Hollenbeck, has been appointed Girls' Vice Principal to fill the vacancy left by the death of Miss Mary Feenan last January.

The appointment of Mrs. Moore brought satisfaction to faculty and students. A gorgeous basket of flowers was presented to her by the faculty, Mrs. Mercy Coons making the speech of presentation. At a girls' aud call on Friday, May 9, Josephine Costa, representing the Girls' League, gave Mrs. Moore a beautiful potted climbing rose, expressing the love which the girls of Hollenbeck have for their new vice principal. On Tuesday, May 13, the home economics department, of which Mrs. Moore was formerly a member, gave her a handsome coffee table.

Boys' Senior Glee Club Sings At the Philharmonic Auditorium

No, no, don't get excited. We haven't joined the Chicago Opera Company; merely an event of Boys' Week.

The Boys' Senior Glee Club sang two numbers—Eili, Eili, and the Soldiers' Chorus from Faust.

Dr. Snape, the pastor, gave a very nice introduction, speaking of Hollenbeck as "a school where all nations are friends."

The singing was greatly appreciated by Dr. Snape and the congregation and they have invited the Glee Club to sing again next year.

Red Cross Council Hears Speech On Russia

A council meeting of the Junior Red Cross was held Monday, May 12. Mrs. Grivago, who is the Russian Secretary of the International Institute, gave a speech on Russia in costume.

Adolph Smolan played Russian folk songs on the harmonica.

Each council member was allowed to bring a friend, as Mrs. Myles felt that the privilege of hearing Mrs. Givago speak should be extended to as many as possible.

Teacher at Santa Fe Hospital

Miss Lena Lovejoy, who fractured her hip when she fell at school three weeks ago, is now at the Santa Fe Hospital, where she is getting along nicely. She will be happy to receive [illegible]es from teachers and pupils, but is not able to receive any visits from pupils.

D. A. R. Contest, May 23

Hollenbeck is anticipating a very interesting program on May 23 for the yearly auditorium program on Americanization. Representatives from the Daughters of the American Revolution will be present to judge who are our two best speakers.

The first prize, a gold medal, will be given to the best speaker, and a second prize, a silver medal, will be awarded the second best speaker.

Mr. Reed, who is always a welcome speaker, is expected to say a few words. The Junior Orchestra will play and the Junior Girls' Glee Club will sing. Students and faculty are looking forward to a good program.

Boys' Jinks Was a Great Success

The Minstrel Show given at Boys' Jinks, under the direction of Miss Steffen and Miss Capps, was a great success. They were assisted by Miss Thornton and the Boys' Orchestra, Miss Ringheim as accompanist, Mrs. Boysen and Mr. Whitely.

The program follows:

Overture—Happy Days
Entire Company
Dance.....Joe Althouse, Phil Cohen
Sweetie...Robert Parrish and Chorus
Eccentree Dance.....Leslie Sherman
Ol' Man River..Joe Delia and Chorus
Jazzbone Quartet—Robert Parrish, Abe Deitch, Mariano Salos, Charles Mallara.
Tap Dance..Joe Althouse, Phil Cohen
Ride On, Vaquero....Roberto Zazueto
Finale—Hallelujah...Entire Company
Interlocutor .....Mac Deitch
End Men—Frank Zurzinsky, Herman Zelinka.
Chorus.....Senior Glee Club

B7's Hear Greeting to European Juniors

Thursday, May 15, at 11:15, the B's heard the juniors of the American Jr. Red Cross broadcasting a greeting to the European Juniors. This was a very unusual opportunity for all of the B7 Juniors of Hollenbeck to get in close touch with the Juniors across the ocean, and to realize how closely we are all bound together by the big friendly Red Cross.

Mrs. Nelson Improves

Mrs. Nelson, who has been ill at the Hollywood Hospital, was removed to her home last Tuesday, May 13. She is reported to be getting along very well.

Present Goodwill Program in Aud Tomorrow

Hollenbeck will celebrate Goodwill Day (May 18) on Friday, May 16, with a program in the auditorium.

Mr. Theodore Curtis Abel, director of the Hollywood Humanist Society, will speak to the school on "World Peace."

A pageant, the Review of Nations, directed by Miss Capps, will also be presented, with the following taking part:

Mexico—Mary Miller.
Italy—Minnie Cohen.
Japan—Helen Pearlstein.
Great Britain—Mary Chutuk.
Palestine—Edith Eisen.
France—Ida Heller.
United States—Florence Friedland.

The pageant will be assisted by the Girls' Senior Glee Club, under the direction of Mrs. Johnston, a group of Japanese girls, and a group from Miss Crum's Spanish Glee Club.

Preceding the pageant and the speech, the Senior Orchestra, directed by Miss Alice Thornton, will play a medley of National Airs (Britain, Germany, France, Russia, America), and at the close of the program will play "Connecticut March."

Four More Girls Receive "All A's"

The Siren regrets that the names of four girls who received "All A's" on their report cards for the first ten weeks of this term were omitted in the last issue of the Siren. These girls who had perfect cards are:

Josephine Costa, A9, 104.
Yetta Ingbar, B8, 118.
Fumiko Kito, A8, 312.
Miriam Levien, A9, 207.

Girls Less Tardy Than Boys

For the past two weeks the girls have shown a much better record than the boys in tardiness. The boys don't seem to be working hard enough to have less tardy slips.

The grand total for the boys is 88 and for girls 58. But let us reduce the tardiness at least one-fourth. The totals for each day for the past two weeks are as follows:

Date	Girls	Boys
April 28	11	4
April 29	7	12
April 30	1	6
May 1	10	6
May 2	5	2
May 5	5	11
May 6	4	20
May 7	7	10
May 8	5	9
May 9	3	8

THE SIREN
HOLLENBECK JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL
602 South Soto Street
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

"Hwi Msicac" Girls Visit Court

The nine members of 207's court, well armed with pencils, notebooks, and watchful eyes, on Tuesday, April 1, proceeded towards the Hall of Justice, eager to see "just how they do it."

Miss Holland, home room teacher of 207, acted as chaperon. The following members went: Judge, Johnnie Kirksey; prosecuting attorney, Ruth Wagner; defense attorney, Freida Shochat; bailiff, Stella Kovacevich; jury men, Bernadette Kennedy, Miriam Levien, Lillian Caplan, Sophia Smith, Dorothy Kaufman.

We left school second period.

Mr. Kirksey, Johnnie's brother, met us at the Hall of Justice and then accompanied us to the court room. He had arranged with Judge Sheldon, and the girls had reserved seats.

We were very much interested in our surroundings. Bailiffs, clerks, and attorneys offered to tell us anything we wished to know.

A deputy district prosecuting attorney explained the case we were to hear first. It was a continued case.

Having arrived early, we had time to study everything, and having run out of other material, we were inclined to notice that all the attorneys were ugly except one. Imagine our embarrassment when we found out he was a criminal!

We were told who each person was, and every person watched the one he was to copy in our 207 court. Ruth Wagner complains that in her position as prosecuting attorney she doesn't want to insult the defendant. The clerk, Stella Kovacevich, thinks it absurd that she must shout "Hear ye! Hear ye! Hear ye!" then bear the fun which will be made of her. The jurymen say they will simply not let the attorneys talk all the time, while they sit silent. The bailiff dreads trying to keep order in 207! Johnnie can't see how she can remove the constant "grin" long enough to be as "solemn as a judge."

Time simply flew, and before we knew it, or even before the special case Judge Sheldon had for us began, we had to leave and go back to school. Judge Sheldon, who has the "master calendar," had chosen a short, thorough case for us, but the continued one lasted all morning, and, since we were only excused until 12 o'clock, we had to go.

But that isn't all. We were "herded" into a small office before we knew it, and from there into an elevator, and were left on a floor which looked—well, pretty "jailified." A man came out and counted us, then we waited outside the doors of the county jail. This was all a surprise, and a delightful one at that.

From outside, Kirksey explained the "shadow box," and as far as we could see. In a few minutes a sheriff came out and we all went in. We were taken through everything—even the kitchen and the laundry. They showed us how locks worked, and we were all put in a "solitary confinement" cell.

After all those locks and cells, we were glad to gain the street again. We came back "half starved" but much wiser.

We want to thank Mrs. Moore, who was kind enough to ask Mr. Reed; Mr. Reed, who gave us permission; Miss Holland, who was our chaperon; Mr. Kelly Kirksey, who "arranged things," and we thank the girls for electing us.

Results of Tinfoil Contest

A total of 108 pounds of tinfoil was collected in a tinfoil contest in which the girls' home rooms competed recently. Money realized from the sale will go to the Girls' League treasury. The girls' home rooms collected the following amounts:

Our Hollenbeck Busy Days (B14), 15½ lbs.; The Climbing Dillonetts (119), 10⅝ lbs.; Athena's Daughters (103), 9¾ lbs.; Paint Pot (110), 8 lbs.; Evangeline (B13), 7¾ lbs.; Hollenbeck Patriots (208A), 7½ lbs.; C. C. C.'s (310), 6¼ lbs.; Hwi Msicac (107), 5½ lbs.; Rustling Reeds (301), 5½ lbs.; As You Like It Club (209), 4 lbs.; Wide Awake Girls (112A), 3½ lbs.; S. O. S. (118), 3 lbs.; Myles of Smiles (103A), 2¾ lbs.; Trojanettes (104), 2¾ lbs.; Amite (311), 2¼ lbs.; Tower Birds (305), 1½ lbs.; Merry Makers (217), 1½ lbs.; E'Hawees (121), 1¾ lbs.; B. K. K.'s (312), 1¾ lbs.; Y-bonne-ti (302), 1¼ lbs.; The Jolly Newcomers (106A), 1 lb.; Golden Key (116), 1 lb.; Entre Nous (101), ¾ lb.

Home Room News

Room 101 is glad to have Genevieve Brown as a new home room member.

June Mowhon of room 210 has moved to another part of town and transferred to another junior high.

Members of 110's baseball team are:
Captain—Eva Hechter.
Manager—Fannie Novack.
Catcher—Gladys Chernitsky.
Pitcher—Eva Hechter.
First base—Rebecca Shonholtz.
Second base—Martha Berniker.
Third base—Jennie Seigal.
First shortstop—Sylvia Starkman.
Second shortstop—Tommie Thomas.
First fielder—Fannie Novack.
Second fielder—Nina Nicolenko.
Third fielder—Frances Lujan.

Room 103 is proud of Helen Epstein and Ruth Goldstein, who have won Zaner penmanship certificates.

The boys of room 7 are trying hard to win the attendance banner.

Home room 208A is glad to state that no member of the room has received a "ticket" the past ten weeks.

Emmy Sumida of 208A did so well in B7 penmanship that Miss Tower gave her credit for A7.

Max Caplan of 203's "B" track team won the 100-yard run.

Organize Drafting Club

An idea! Who has had the impossible? The credit goes to Joe Seldon. His idea was to start a Drafting Club in Hollenbeck Junior High.

The club had its first meeting last Thursday, May 8. Mr. William Whitely, mechanical drawing teacher and sponsor of the club, took charge of the meeting until the officers were elected.

Joe Seldon was elected president and Charles Boggio was elected secretary-treasurer. The president appointed Franklin Glass Siren reporter.

The first business, after the officers took charge of the meeting, was to appoint a constitutional committee, the members of which are Joe Seldon, Charles Boggio, Max Caplan, Sam Dubinsky and David Goldstien.

The purpose of the club is to promote a better understanding of the different fields of mechanical drawing.

The Drafting Club meets either in room 306 or 4, the exact place depending on the number of members. The date of the meeting is also uncertain, but the club hopes to meet regularly once every two weeks. There will be a notice on the bulletin board outside of room 4.

Student Receives Ten Dollar Reward

Tony Lopez of Home Room 308 received ten dollars as a reward for returning some stolen checks which he had found to the Southern California Edison Company.

Tony was walking down a street in Montebello last Saturday, when he saw a package on the ground. On opening it he found that it contained some checks belonging to the Southern California Edison Company. Not knowing what to do with them, Tony took the checks and brought them to his home room teacher, Mrs. Bobbitt, on Monday. She reported the matter to the Edison Company, and they sent over Mr. G. N. Dalrymple, chief commercial accountant for the company He said the checks had been stolen a few days before. He thanked Tony and gave him a reward of ten dollars.

Bungalows Play Three-Game Series

B15 and B16 have excellent ball clubs this season. B15 has displayed a fine type of ball in the eighth grade league and is reckoned as a top-notcher by all the other home rooms. B16 has been showing its stuff in grand fashion in the ninth grade.

Since these twin bungalows are now participating in different grades, the possibility of meeting each other was rather problematical, so they arranged a three-game series between themselves.

The first game was played on Friday, May 9, before a large and enthusiastic crowd. It was an overtimed game, going ten innings before B16 knocked the red apple for a decisive victory by a 15-12 score. This was B15's first defeat and it took ten long innings to scalp them.

The second game will be played in the near future, and a cracking good game can be anticipated by all.

Penmanship Certificates

The following pupils in Miss Power's penmanship classes during the past ten weeks have been awarded Penmanship Certificates. They may get them from her if they have not already done so.

1. High School Certificates—Haruko Gima, Leslie Sherman, Masumi Toyotome.

2. Advanced Junior High School Certificates—Margaret Avenatti, Romaine Bryant, Lourdes Corral, Reginald Espinosa, Louis Flyer, Joe Franco, Tillie Henteleff, Ysidra Lavin, Eva Lesinsky, Frances Lujan, Adeline Marshow, Jack Mays, Yetta Meisel, Lucille Milazzo, Helen Morgenstern, Julia Moya, Anna Perlman, Kasuo Sasaki, Emmy Sumida, Sam Trubovitz, Valentino Volchenko, Rose Weiner.

3. Junior High School Certificates—Stanley Abraham, Sarah Baum, Edna Boe, Lillian Boe, Helen Brandt, Sally Broffman, Rojilia Campoy, Fred Dominguez, Eleanor Fogelman, Fannie Fisher, Harold Friedman, Hannah Galerkin, Dolores Garcia, Sophie Gersh, Tommy Grancich, Norman Granz, Betty Halovochoff, Harriette Johnson, Helen Katz, Ella Knewbow, Doris Kominski, John W. Little, Adeline Lyles, Florence Mailes, Arthur McKinzie, Milton Michaelson, Caroline J. Montoya, Nina Nikolenko, Shizuko Nishimura, Naoko Odanaka, Ida Portuges, Mary Prosperi, Bernice Rabin, Doris Raymond, Mildred Ries, Pedro Robles, Sanford Rothman, Marion Rubin, Minnie Salter, Simon Sandler, Irvin Schwartz, Rebecca Shonholtz, Esther Sirotta, Morris Slotsky, Lucille Stern, Alice Suniga, Rose Suzuki, Evelyn Udko, Charles Wolfe, Eva Weinstein.

"Aye Club" Entertains A9 Home Rooms

A delightful time was had by all A9 homerooms with Aye club members as hosts and hostesses at a program in the auditorium, May 8, 1930, first period.

The program was featured as a radio station. Fred Okrand was the announcer from station HJHS. The program was as follows:

I. Neapolitan Nights.....
By A9 Orchestra.

II. History of the Aye Club.....
By Sybil Albert.
Mrs. Vaughn, founder of the club, and Miss Utzinger, present sponsor, gave a little speech.

III. Tap Dance.....
By Phil Cohen

IV. Skit .....
David Goldstein, Mary Chutuk, Ruth Fishman; Max Deitch, author.

V. Happy Days.....
A9 Orchestra

The Aye club has been making rapid progress in its membership. It was founded when this year's graduating class was in its B8 term. Twenty members made up the whole Aye club at the beginning, but now it has 63 members.

"School Saving Squibs"

Broadcast by The School Savings Department Over Station T-H-R-I-F-T

252 elementary and 23 junior high schools, making a total of 275 schools, are operating School Savings in the Los Angeles public schools. Each of these schools has an average of 17 classrooms, with 36 pupils in each room, and each classroom contains 15 active School Savers, with an average of $21.31 on deposit in the bank.

* * * *

Just think! 71,093 active School Savers have $1,515,305.82 to their credit on deposit, and the most of that sum total is made up of pennies, nickels and dimes, earned by the pupils. This record shows just how interested girls and boys are in being thrifty. They enjoy having thrift programs, and have learned to save time and materials, as well as money. There are so many things that must be learned, but we have found that thrift can be used right along with arithmetic, English, junior business and many other subjects.

* * * *

Another splendid thing about saving is that "School Savers" have an opportunity to get acquainted with the banks. They are "learning by doing," when they take their money to the bank. "School Savers" are all trying to walk on the road to good citizenship and banking helps them to find another lane called the road to "financial independence."

In order to be a good citizen, good habits must be cultivated. Thrift is a habit which grows, and should be learned while young.

* * * *

It takes perseverance to obtain a School Savings bank account via the "work, earn and save" route. "School Savers" adopted the "CAN AND WILL" policy.

Can and Will

Can't and won't are cousins
Always out of work,
Won't is the son of never try,
And can't is the son of shirk.

Can and will are cousins, too,
Never out of luck;
Will is the son of energy,
And can is the son of pluck.

Lost

A blue Parker fountain pen, with white spots ,gold tip, opens at the top for filling, was lost on Thursday, May 2, second period, in Miss Boice's room, 309. Reward, if returned to Dorothy Gillman, H. R. 119.

"I have a machine, which, if I keep it working all the time, will make me rich."

"What is it?"

"A cash register."

The First Rose of Springtime

By Dinah Dubinsky

The first red rose of springtime,
Growing near a brook,
Is gazing round and sighing
In a little grassy nook.

Sighing for companions,
Sighing for a breeze,
Sighing for a playmate;
Oh, there is one she sees!

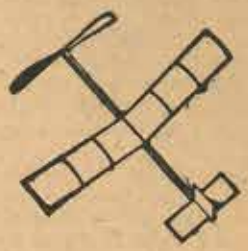
Nearby a bud is pushing
From its cap so green,
A little blushing rosebud,
Shy of being seen.

At last here was a playmate
To smile and whisper to;
A rose's hopes and secrets
'Neath the sky so blue.

And there they swayed and whispered
All the livelong day;
The rose had found her playmate
And thus they swayed away.

Two roses red were happy
On a springtime day;
Symbols of love and beauty,
May they exist alway!

BOYS! Join the AVIO!



Membership includes the complete Construction Kit to build AVIO MODEL PLANE NO. 10 *(A Moskito Training Flyer.)*

get **Full Details Here!**

Official AVIO PORT of Choice

Open Saturday Evenings

SILVERWOODS

Sixth and Broadway
5522 Wilshire Boulevard

Fat Burke

By Leo Rosenhouse

CHAPTER II

When Fat whispered to me that he had something important to tell me the following morning I was as curious as a cat with three ears. Mr. Burke, Fat's father, had decided that we deserved a vacation. This was to get rid of us so he could work on his new invention, and we were leaving to discuss the matter with our parents as to where we should go, and as to who should have charge of us.

My ma always thinks I'm a little kid, the way she tells me how I shouldn't forget my rubbers when it rains, or not to forget to put on my heavy red sweater in the evening so as to not catch cold, etc. Willie's ma is the same. So is Bennie's mother, and Fat's father (he hasn't any ma). I suppose it's human nature. Well, on that account we had to get our parents to agree to every little detail, even who should be our guardian to watch over us so we wouldn't walk in the wet without rubbers, or sleep without closing the front door, and a million other things.

"No, sir," says my pa that evening, "you stay right at home."

"Well, I really don't know," says ma, kind of to herself, and I KNEW that I was going. When ma says something she means business. That evening everything was settled. I was going with the rest of the fellows as soon as we could get someone to take care of us on our trip.

"Hello, Ink," says Willie Moore in the morning, standing right outside our kitchen door. I could tell it was in the morning because Willie has a habit of beating the morning in getting up.

"Hello, yourself," I retorted, kind of peeved. I was expecting to get up earlier than he and meet HIM instead of he meeting me. But you can't beat Willie Moore in getting up. That factor saved our lives later, as—but I'm getting ahead of our story. I always have that habit of saying things before they come, and that came later.

After breakfast we went over to Bennie Blinke's house and found him sleeping soundly. If you ever want a contrast—well, pick on Willie Moore and Bennie Blinke. One sleeps like a mummy in cotton, and the other rivals the sun in getting up. After hollering our tonsils out, so we felt we were able to sing in talking pictures, Bennie finally got up. Then he started eating. Well, after an hour's time of eating he finally decided he had just enough to last him till lunch. He stuffed his pockets with a dozen cookies and two apples, a handful of peanuts, and an orange, and we started to Fat's house.

Knocking at the door, we met Mr. Burke, who looked at us absent-mindedly for a few seconds, then smiled as he recognized us, and asked us to step into the house.

Fat was having an argument with a plate before him. It was spinach. Fat shoved the plate away from him, then bravely drew it near again, and kept it up for a few minutes. He must have been doing that for the past half hour before we came. Then, with an air of gusto, he lifted the plate bodily in the air and poured the spinach down his throat. Fat always has arguments with his plate of spinach daily, as it is supposed to help him gain weight, but Fat is disgusted with spinach. I hate to pat myself on the back, but I just like spinach better than you could imagine. Well, Fat got up, and we could see that he looked as slim as a greased pole. Anyway, we walked out into the back yard, where we had a discussion on that trip.

"Listen, Fat," I told him, "you mentioned something about Santa Claus yesterday, didn't you?"

"Yes, and when I get through telling you about my plan, you'll believe in him."

Willie Moore and Bennie Blinke gathered around us to hear the good news. When Fat opened his mouth we held onto his words as if they were falling pearls—which they aren't. They are more like hailstones.

"I read in a Detroit noospaper," says Fat, "that a sailor in needs of money will sell an old motor tug boat for next to nothing."

"Well, what about it?" I asked, wondering what he was trying to get at.

"We can use that boat on our trip up Lake Erie, and this sailor can be our guide, showing us the sights that we would otherwise miss. I just received a letter from him yesterday, and he says for my dad to come over to the city in Detroit, immediately, and talk business, or he'll sell the tug to a museum as an antique—if no one buys it."

"Oh," we answered.

"Yeah, and pa says for all of us to get our baggage packed and accompany him to Detroit, where we'll see the tub for ourselves. If the ship suits him, he'll hire the sailor for a few weeks to take us on our vacation immediately after our arrival. Meet me at the station in three hours, then, and we'll start on our trip, as our folks have all agreed to our going."

We returned home, slicked up, packed, and met Fat later, all wearing our best suits. Mr. Burke walked with us to the station, and we left for Detroit. We came to the city at eleven in the morning, where we took a bus to the waterfront. Looking around we came upon a husky looking, crabby seaman, impersonating a bulldog with good results.

"Youse the ginks which expect to buy this yaht?" (That's just what he said, exactly.) "Well, I ain't gonna sell it for less'n three hundred seventy-five bucks, git me? So's youse don't hav to argoo about it. That settled?"

"Where's the boat?" says Fat.

"Right below your nose, young feller." Well, that got Fat pretty sore. He never likes any wise cracks about his nose.

"That isn't a boat, it's a wreck."

"Well, have it your way, if you know more about boats than me. Say, I been born in a tug boat." Well, I didn't believe that. I bet Fat doubted it, too.

"Let us look at this vessel," says Mr. Burke.

"C'mon," says the sailor. He looked like a man who is so twisted up with bulging muscles that he reminded you of these magazine ads. When he swung his arms, the bulging muscles made them move rather jerky, and clumsy.

We entered the wreck, and proceeded to inspect everything from deck to below. Well, a little cleaning would fix everything.

"Mr. Gulch," said Fat to the sailor, "what guarantee would you give us on this boat?"

"Well, if you are aiming for me to show you the sights on Lake Erie, paid in advance, I'd say you were in safe hands. The ship won't sink under my hands. That's that."

"Two hundred and fifty dollars is all this boat is worth," says Fat.

"Nothing less than three hundred and seventy-five," answers Mr. Gulch, the sailor.

Well, the gist of the matter was this: Fat got the boat for three hundred cash. The sailor got seventy-five dollars payment for the first two weeks' sight-seeing, with him as our guide. Boy, we were ready to make our trip on Lake Erie!

CHAPTER III

"You won't sink with me taking this tug over these waters," said Gulch, the husky sailor, who had just sold the wreck to Hectus or Fat Burke—so that he could "retire" from a life of the briny deep. . . . Gulch didn't look so honest, either. H-m-m, suspicious guy. . . . Well, the deal was over.

"Take us around the wharf, so we can see how this old tug reacts on water," said Fat Burke to the sailor. Old Gulch screwed up his nose and muttered something about "These fresh young snipper-sassy sardines," meaning, I suppose, Fat and us. Mr. Burke also asked the sailor to do this, as he wanted to see what kind of boat his son was going to live on for a period of vacation weeks.

"Huh, Ink," says Bennie Blinke to me as we chug-chug-chugged across the blue-green waters of Lake Erie, "this is worse than being pulled by a turtle. We're going as fast as Fat eats spinach." And I'll leave it to you how Fat takes his time when he eats spinach.

"Yeah," puts in Willie Moore, kind of exasperated, "by the time we get across the other side of the pier Methuselah will be sweeping the cobwebs out of the sky."

"Don't be sourkastic," Fat told him.

Well, after a couple hours of this tiresome traveling, besides feeling almost starved to death, and also being sprayed with cold, foamy water, I felt like going home again, where a soft feather bed with clean white sheets lay waiting for me. And, a-h-h-h, a plain, warming meal, that could make anyone walk miles to see and partake of. I was getting really sleepy when the motor suddenly sped up quickly, knocking me off my seat, and getting me soused with cold, b-r-r, shivering water. Of all things! Fat was at the motor controls, steering the tug like a veteran. And he certainly was getting up speed from the antique wreck. That was what caused me to fall out of my seat. Willie informed me that Fat had asked Gulch to allow him to take over the controls of the motor,

as he wanted to try the boat's speed. Gulch had consented rather grudgingly.

Gosh, but Fat was making speed. We were going at about thirty miles an hour—and that was a miracle! Any minute I expected to see the boat fall apart, and healthy sharks enjoy themselves on what was left of us.

Late that evening, with a small lantern on the prow of the tug, we steered the boat at Pier Three, where we left Mr. Gulch, who was supposed to return to the heart of the city, where he had some baggage and grub stacked up, with a friend of his. Mr. Gulch promised to be at the pier early in the morning, when he was to have charge of us officially for a period of two weeks at least. After that time (for which he had already been paid for his services in advance—meaning the first two weeks of our trip across the lake that we were anticipating) if the two weeks' trip had been successful, he was to be hired for the entire month left over.

"Now, boys," said Mr. Burke, "we'll have a hot, warming supper in Detroit's best restaurant, and then I'll leave you at a good hotel, where you can sleep over night, while I return to Hoopsville. You are all intelligent enough to use good, common sense by taking good care of yourselves, and keeping out of harm's way. And now, enough of lecturing—your mothers will do enough of that when you return home. Now for dinner. . . ."

Mr. Burke called it dinner, but I knew it was supper. Gee, I piled up everything that restaurant had, from steak to ice cream and cream puffs. But you should have seen Bennie Blinke eat. Gosh, he DEVOURED. Fat didn't make so bad a showing himself. Willie said it was the best meal he ever ate. Mr. Burke was pleased that we were satisfied. He walked with us to a well-known hotel, where newcomers usually go. They charged so much for sleeping overnight that it would pay to stay awake. That night's sleep was worth a million dollars to me. You usually see in the funny papers how Roofus Shloofus snores away like a buzz-saw going through a husky log. Well, that's exactly how I slept.

"Ink, Ink, INK! HEY, INK!" I yawned and stretched and rolled out of bed. Fat was yelling in my ear that it was already four in the morning. Said something about us hustling. Half hour later found us shivering in the dining room, until the janitor got ambitious and turned on the steam. Though it was early in July, it was cold at four o'clock in the morning.

Fat bribed the cook to make us breakfast before the other folks got up. H-m-m-m-m, we had a swell breakfast. We started with toast and eggs, came to fluffy wheat cakes and cocoa, continued with a cold dish of jelled fruit, and ended with hot muffins, which the cook (she was Irish, and warm-hearted) allowed us to fill our pockets with. We left at six in the morning to get an idea of what we needed at the stores.

At ten we were staggering with a load of raincoats (Fat and I), fish lines and hooks to catch the poor fishes (I warned Fat something about fishing laws and he came back with some dilly-dallying about self-preservation, of which he had read in a book about cave men, and knew less of), flashlights, batteries, oil cans, a few gallons of gasoline to run the motor, and a million odds and ends.

Behind us, and I pitied them, were Bennie and Willie, staggering under a ton of grub, tin-canned stuff, cooking utensils, a gallon can of cookies, some candy, dried fruit, and sardines.

Reaching Pier Three, we failed to see any sign of Gulch, the sailor who was to have charge of us for two weeks, by showing us around Lake Erie. We unloaded our stuff on the deck of the boat and went below to see if Gulch was there.

"There is a note pinned on the table," said Bennie to Fat.

"Lemme, I'll read it," says Willie, as he reached for it.

"Youse punks (the note read) can sink yourself. Me for the land. Seventy-five dollars can be used to better poipesses den havin' to show around a couple of silly kids which you be. Davy Jones will take good care of all ye herrings, and I hope the tub sinks before ye sink her. Heave ho, ye lads. Ha, ha."

Below the note were crude designs of sawfish, whales, sharks and pirates crossed with bones.

We all gasped and sank to the bed—exasperated. Finally, Fat spoke up, a bit courageously, with his chin stuck out: "Well, fellers, that is that. Now we can't go back home. Gosh, we spent too much and planned everything to the last degree. I know . . ."

"HUH?" we hollered in unison, and wondered what Fat meant.

"C'mon, we are wasting good time," Fat remonstrated, kind of peeved at us for not having enough faith in him. . . . Why, when he said it that way, I felt relieved. Gosh, Fat can even move a mountain if you give him a hammer.

"We are going to run this leaking tub ourselves, and I'll supervise this trip. I'm captain. William, you are official First Mate; Bennie, you are First Lieutenant of the upper deck and below, here. Ink, you are the logger, or chief scribe—or secretary to the captain, and also the official cook. I'm anything else that you can think of, while all of you are assistants to me. Now that that is straight, let's all pitch in and clean up this tug. I'll monkey upstairs with the motor, and pour in all the gasoline we've got. Bennie, take charge," and Fat went above to see that the weather instruments, the motor, and the forecast for the day were O.K.

CHAPTER IV

A million stars were smiling down on us that night. The ship was in excellent condition, the deck was as clean as a snowflake on a black boy's face, the air was keen and cutting, making us feel happy to be alive. If I could write poetry I would paint swell pictures with a few words, but I am just plain "Ink," so you can excuse me. Anyhow, I was so tired from cleaning the captain's room, and the kitchen, and cooking, and writing in the ship's log, that I couldn't even write my name. Pooh, we were all in. Fat was at the motor, steering with all the confidence of a captain, and he surely was a swell captain at that. Bennie was feeling homesick. He was sort of blubbering to himself, sniffling, just like a girl, and he got me peeved. Fat showed Willie how to control the boat, and then turned over the tug to him, while he went sort of quiet to Bennie, and spoke quietly to him, patting him softly on the back.

"Ink, c'mere," he called to me. I walked over to Bennie, who was looking pretty sick.

"Bennie has got it bad; it's seasickness," Fat informed me quietly. "Take him downstairs in his bunk, and cover him up with blankets, and keep him warm. I'll relieve Willie, and we'll keep watch by turn tonight. Get some hot broth for us."

That was a part of our trip. All through the night Bennie was sick. But in the morning he felt a bit better. Two days later, when by this time, we had covered two hundred miles, skirting the coast of Lake Erie all the time, Bennie was well enough to argue with me—which meant he was in perfect health. He hollered something about me trying to poison him. That's what you get for gratitude. Well, it was about this time in the evening when a storm came up about twenty miles ahead of us. I had left Bennie below and had gone to relieve Willie at the motor. Willie had shown me how the motor worked, so all of us, except Bennie, could drive the boat. Fat was sleeping soundly.

Willie hollered in my ear as he gave over the wheel to me that I should call him if anything went wrong. He went below to eat his supper and get some rest. We kept watch for three hours, each relieving the other, so that we all got the same amount of work.

About ten-thirty that night things began to happen. I was afraid to leave the wheel to call Willie, as my voice wouldn't have carried, anyhow, and the storm was coming right smack into us. It was about time for Fat to relieve me. The howling wind slashed at the prow of the little tug boat, and mighty waves of foaming water rushed over the boat, drenching every inch of timber. B-r-r-r. My raincoat was wrapped tightly about me, and my hat kept out the blinding rain from soaking me from the top.

S-h-h-h-h, shwissh, gosh, I felt scared. But I was too busy trying to pierce that impenetrable pitch darkness to worry about being afraid. The tug was thrown from wave to wave as it plowed through that mountain of foam and sleet.

Fat had reached my side with difficulty and was hollering for me to give him over the wheel. But nothing doing; I wasn't going to let Fat stick it out alone. I hollered for him to keep me company. He wrenched the wheel from me and hollered something about mutiny.

We both steered that wheel. Suddenly the lantern went out. I flashed on my flashlight and tried to see where we were getting to. . . . Now the storm was upon us with all the force of destruction. I never knew how it felt to be scared until then. I was washed against the sides of the boat as wave after wave poured over the tug. A sudden jerk of the flash-

(Continued on page 6)

Penmanship Certificates

In Miss Mary Jones' penmanship classes, Advanced Junior High School Certificates have been granted to these pupils, totaling 13:

Esperanza Arias, Gertrude Baggin, Violet Cade, Frances Cho, Helen Epstein, Ruth Goldstein, Fannie Kominsky, Ruby Milikin, George Seemer, Newell Shipley, Teresa Sital, Helen Weisbrod, Mary Yessian.

Zaner High School Certificates were granted to Helen Epstein, Helen Navis, Ruth Goldstein.

Junior High School penmanship certificates have been granted to the following pupils, totaling 35:

Rudolfo Acosta, Edward Balicki, Consuelo Chavarrio, Anna Cohen, Sidney Cutler, Estelle Davis, Eleanor Flores, John Flores, Christina Gonzales, Nellie Halopoff, Josephine Hernandez, Margaret Hranuelli, Bessie Jacobson, Manuela Jimenez, Lawrence Jubas, Alice Katz, Anna Kiselyk, Sarah Krasnansky, Sunga Krasnowsky, Belle Mager, Fay Mooney, Katherine Navarra, Bernard Orlando, Fernando Parra, Albertina Parrish, Carmen Pena, Rose Salcido, Joe Selletta, Jose Senteno, Dorothy Senter, June Seuss, Lillian Skolnick, Yoshiko Tezuka, Mary Wright, Rose Ziff.

Fat Burke

(Continued from page 5)

light revealed that we were almost near the coast of the land. Jagged rocks leaped up from everywhere, and lightning played across the sky, so I never forgot my Greek Mythology, the way the angry gods flared up in the heavens, throwing thunderbolts and terrifying the mortals.

I pictured us being eaten by the sharks, and felt sick at the pit of my stomach. It seemed that Gulch was going to have his wish come true. We were expecting the worst. . . .

Crash . . . crash . . . shwish . . . that was all we heard in the storm. Willie came up suddenly, followed by Bennie, pale and scared. Suddenly a ripping crash came to our ears above the thunder.

"Hey, the tub is leaking," hollered Willie, scared as anything. Bennie gulped and rushed below. He soon came up with a couple of pails, and we rushed below to bail out the incoming water.

Fat was alone at the wheel. The rocks loomed up close to us now. Pouring out the water as fast as we could, we made very little headway. Suddenly the hole at the side became larger and flooded the kitchen, rushed through the captain's cabin room, and piled up the stairway. Slowly the ship heaved to the left and suddenly stopped as it struck some rocks under it. The gale was blinding us in its fury.

Then . . . Fat was suddenly washed overboard as great waves crushed the tug. Willie dived after him . . . Bennie bent over the prow and threw them a rope. . . . A sudden unexpected lurch toppled the roof of the tug, and I was knocked down, face forward into the foaming water that was sinking the ship—and struck the bottom of the deck. . . . I seemed to be swallowed up.

(To be continued)

Girls' Director Sends Message to Girls

Girls:

I am writing a little article which I composed myself. The Girls League is working very hard, and you are too. The court has made such an improvement, that everybody is noticing it, and if you just keep it up, you are a credit to Hollenbeck, and you help to establish her reputation. You may think that I have made too many rules, but really, when you come down to think of it, I haven't. I do it for your benefit, also the school's. I am very proud of you for your wonderful effort in carrying them out, and I hope you continue doing so. The teacher appreciates it, too, Which makes me feel prouder of you still.

Remember—the reputation you build is for yourself and Hollenbeck. Again I thank you from my heart for your wonderful assistance, and I don't have to worry. Remember, I shall be with you only until June 28, 1930, and during the few weeks I want to work with you until the end, with my best ability, because I won't be with you much longer. So, with you, and you with me, we shall continue doing as we have until the last day, the 28th of June. It is a pleasure to work with you girls, and I hope you find it a pleasure to wrok with me as I am doing my best to make it a pleasure.

JOSEPHINE COSTA,
Girls' Director.

Country Girl—Why is it, dear, that you give so many gifts to the trolley company?

City Beau—Gifts? What do you mean?

Country Girl—Why didn't you tell me every time you got on the car you gave the conductor a token?

Miss Ball—What did Paul Revere say at the end of his ride?

Charles—Whoa!

Dumb—What time is it?
Bell—Ten to.
Dumb—Ten to what?
Bell—Tend to your business.

"I told you to come after supper."
"That's what I'm after."

"Why didn't Noah like the letter 'D.?"
"Because it made the ark—D-ark."

Fisher—Is this a public lake?
Inhabitant—Yes, sir.
F.—Then it won't be a crime if I land a fish?
I.—No, it will be a miracle.

First—I've changed my mind.
Second—How does the new one work?

Jimmy—Which is correct, "I are crazy," or "I am crazy?"
Bob—"I am crazy."
Jimmy—"I thought so."

THAYER ELECTRIC CO.
Radio and Electrical Servicing
Radio Sets and Supplies
Wiring and Fixtures
ATWATER KENT RADIOS
2908 Whittier Boulevard
Phone ANgelus 6329

Stocking & Hypes, Inc.
1968 East First Street
COMPLETE HOME FURNISHERS
ATWATER KENT AND EDISON RADIOS
TERMS — NO INTEREST
ANgelus 0059 OPEN EVENINGS

Ever-Fresh Box Lunch
AND CONFECTIONERY
2301 East Fourth Street Phone ANgelus 3762
Specializing in
SCHOOL LUNCHES PUT UP TO ORDER
Prices: 10, 15, 20 and 25 Cents
Also
LUNCHES AND SANDWICHES FOR PICNICS, PARTIES AND ALL OCCASIONS
At Our Fountain
DELICIOUS SHERBETS, ICE CREAM, SANDWICHES AND PASTRIES
We Carry a Complete Line of Candies

Track Meet, May 29

Mollenbeck's annual inter-home room track meet will be held on Thursday, May 29. The following are the rules governing the meet:

1. Eighth Period. All ninth grade boys are excused from eighth period to witness or participate in events held only during that period, May 29.

2. Ninth Period. All eighth grade boys are excused from ninth period to witness or participate in events held only during that period, May 29.

No pupil may be excused from attending regular classes except as provided in this bulletin.

3. Order of events:

(a) Eighth Grade:
- 80-yard dash.
- Running broad jump.
- 440-yard run.
- Medley Relay—80 yard, 220 yard, 440 yard, 80 yard.
- 440-yard 4-man relay race.

(b) Seventh Grade:
- 60 yard dash.
- Medley Relay—60 yard, 150 yard, 265 yard, 60 yard.
- 220-yard run.
- Running broad jump.
- 300-yard 4-man relay race.

(c) Ninth Grade:
- 100-yard dash.
- Running broad jump.
- 660-yard run.
- Medley Relay—100 yard, 300 yard, 500 yard, 100 yard.
- 880-yard 4-man relay race.

4. The last call for the first event in a given period will be made exactly ten minutes after the passing bell.

5. Section B boys will participate first in all events.

6. Points for all events, including the relays: First place, 8 points; second place, 5 points; third place, 3 points; fourth place, 1 point.

7. A contestant may enter all the events.

8. The champion home room track team in each grade and each section will receive a banner.

9. Certificates and monograms will be awarded to the first place winners, and the contestants scoring two seconds, or three third places, and all members of the winning relay teams.

10. All events not held during the eighth and ninth periods will be run off immediately after school.

11. All eligibility rules previously printed will apply to this meet.

12. Officials of the meet:

Referee and starter—Mr. Walker.
Scorer—Mr. Krause.
Judge of field events—Mr. Bohme.
Clerk of the meet—Mr. Nash.
Judges of finish and field events—Mr. Bird, Mr. Williams, Mr. Froggatt, Mr. Mock, Mr. Stoner, Mr. Gilbert.

Room 204 is proud of its fine showing in the 80-yard dash. Eishi Hirose placed first in the third heat and Paul Gittleson placed second in the last heat.

The boys of 204 have planned their order in which they will run in the Medley Relay: 80 yards, Eishi Hirose; 220, Rubin Wachenburg; 440, Frank Burton; 80, Paul Gittleson.

Track Training Hints

TRACK EVENTS

Method of Training in General for All Dashes up to 220 Yards

1. Preparatory work. A few setting-up exercises such as body bending and high knee-raising and kicking. Continue the warming up process by having the class jog slowly around the track on the balls of the feet. The jogging should be done with little or no waste of energy. Bounding in place should be done daily for the first three weeks.

2. Mass instruction in position and swing of the arms, position of body, and carriage of legs.

3. Line class up back of mark ready for practice of starts.

4. On Your Mark! Thumbs and first fingers on marks, front foot 5 to 9 inches from starting line. Rear foot placed so that the knee of rear leg is at instep of front foot.

5. Get Set! Rise on all fours, leaning forward with most of the weight on the front leg, rear leg almost straight. Have all the muscles relaxed.

6. Go!

7. The Start: When called to the marks place the feet in the holes and have the weight of the body well forward; that is, have the weight on the arms and the knee that is on the ground, and all the muscles relaxed. When the starter calls "get set," take a breath, raise the body to a crouched position, still keeping the weight well forward, and raise the hips high enough so that the back is parallel with the ground. Have the head in a natural position and keep the eyes focused a short distance down the track.

8. Most runners start with the left foot ahead, in which case the right arm is jerked back hard and the left arm goes forward and across the body the instant the right leg is driven forward in the first step. The muscles should be tense and alert for the report of the starting gun.

9. Proper Stride: Practice getting into stride. The runner should take his natural stride out of his hole, using his arms as fast as his legs, and after fifteen yards he should be in the upright position.

10. The Finish: During the last ten yards the knees should be raised extra high as the runner has begun to tire. He should also get higher on his toes, which will give him the burst of speed at the finish. Practice jumping at the finish tape as follows: a running broad jump without the knees doubled up, or throw shoulders into the tape.

Methods of Training for the 100

Practice starts and short sprints of 40 and 50 yards. Then a 50-yard dash for time. Run full distance against time twice a week. An easy work-out on Monday, hard on Tuesday, easy Wednesday, hard Thursday, unless there is a meet scheduled for Friday, easy Friday.

For the 440 or ¼ Mile

Same elements as in the 220. Sprint for the first 50 yards, then settle down to individual gait for 300 yards and then spurt for finish. Run with heels

(Continued on Page 8)

Baseball Standings

(Up to and including May 8)

Ninth Grade

Section A

H. R.	Won	Lost	Per C.
B16	14	0	1000
203	12	2	857
306	11	4	733
114	10	6	625
308	9	6	600
105	6	9	400
304	3	13	187
216	2	14	125
5	1	15	062

The B16 outfit maintains a substantial lead over its closest rival, H. R. 203. With two more games on the B16 schedule versus two of the strongest rivals, the championship banner is so near but yet so far.

On May 23, B16 meets the hard-hitting and strong defensive H. R. 306 team. This will be a real ball game, since their first engagement brought in a close 9-8 verdict for B16. Since March 12, when these teams met, the 306 team has greatly improved, due to new players entering and also to conscientious practicing.

The final game of Section A is virtually the championship game. The date is June 2 and the schedule brings B16 and H. R. 203 crossing bats to decide whether a decisive championship will be won by B16 or a tie will result, necessitating the playing of an extra game to break the tie.

But before these two home rooms—that is, H. R. 203 and H. R. 306—meet their worthy opponents, B16, they must decide between themselves on May 16 which one will be the real threat to the 1000 percenters.

This league has been hard fought and has had very deciding matches from the very beginning.

Section B

Official Baseball Standings

H. R.	Won	Lost	Per C.
308	11	0	1000
105	11	1	916
216	9	4	694
203	8	4	666
114	5	8	384
306	5	8	384
5	1	13	071
304	1	13	071

The ball team representing H. R. 308 has a clean slate to date, but the future road is rough and dangerous. Three more games still to play and the three opponents are now rating second, third, and fourth in the official standings.

On May 10, H. R. 308 meets H. R. 216 and a furious battle is anticipated, since their first contest resulted in an 8-4 victory for H. R. 308, and that happened many, many days ago. Last February 26 was the date, and wonderful improvement has been noted in both teams.

The 203 aggregation report on May 14 to test their skill and ability versus H. R. 308, with fighting hopes and determination to break that winning streak of their near champion rivals.

To cap the climax, the big game of the season, which will mean the make or break of the league leaders, will be played on June 4 against H. R. 105.

(Continued on Page 8)

Track Training Hints

(Continued from Page 7)

low and swinging of arms straight forward. Waste no energy while running. Sustained speed is the important factor in this event.

For the ½ Mile and Mile

Begin training for these with walks long enough to insure warming up. Then increase the distance and alternate walking with jogging. Arms should have an easy swinging motion. Relax as much as possible.

Don't

1. Try for too much speed at first.
2. Run the full distance of the longer races at full speed in practice.
3. Swing the arms too far out from the body.
4. Swing the legs to the side.
5. Run with toes turned out.
6. Run with head thrown back; it should be inclined a little forward.
7. Dig starting holes too deep, nor too far apart.
8. Take a long stride for the first step in starting off the mark.
9. Try to "beat the gun" or anticipate the starting signal.

Relays

1. Warm up:
   a. Jog class around track and line up for instruction.
   b. Instruct how to carry and pass the baton:
      (1) Carry baton in left hand and pass to right hand of next man.
      (2) Man receiving baton should have palm of hand up so as not to fumble.
      (3) As runner nears the finish, next man should start running, not too fast nor too slow, so that both runners will be at full speed when the exchange is made.
   c. As a rule the first runner should be a fast starter and a strong runner, as there is a likelihood of a jam at the start and he should be able to stand a little jostling without throwing him off his stride.
2. Don't:
   a. Slow up at the finish.
   b. Fumble the baton.
   c. Slow up in exchanging the baton.

FIELD EVENTS

Running Broad Jump

1. Warm up class by jogging around track and then line up class in front of jumping pit.
2. Demonstrate how to obtain take-off mark:
   a. Jumper should select arbitrary mark about 90 feet back from take-off board.
   b. He should run through at top speed, having some one check which side of take-off board his foot landed.
   c. Move arbitrary mark up or back as case may be and have jumper try again. This method should be continued until the jumper hits the take-off board with jumping foot.
   d. Height: The jumper should then work for height by jumping over some obstable such as a pole on the jumping standards. For elevation draw up the knees to chest; also practice high-far jumping.
   e. Class should be divided and work for both height and speed.
   f. Speed is very essential, therefore the broad jumper follows very closely the work given to the sprinters. Practice sprinting 30 and 40 yards.
3. Don't:
   a. Jump too much. Broad jumping is an event that requires only a short amount of practice; usually two or three times per week will be sufficient.
   b. Fall back on hands when lighting in pit.
   c. Take long stride in trying to reach for the take-off board.
   d. Jump too low.

Baseball Standings

(Continued from Page 7)

Yes, H. R. 105 has one defeat chalked up against its fine record, and that was done by H. R. 308 on March 13 by the close tally of 6-5. With blood in their eyes the 105 gang is out for revenge, and the dust will fly high on the 4th of June, and when it settles, a champion will be declared or extra games will have to be played.

Eighth Grade

Section A

H. R.	Won	Lost	Per C.
B15	13	2	866
7	12	3	800
111	12	5	705
218	10	6	625
213	9	7	562
215	9	9	500
1	6	10	375
202	6	10	375
6	4	13	235
204	1	17	055

A number of games remain on the schedule for the Section A's of the Eighth Grade, but the one big game that the loyal fans are looking forward to will be played between B15 and H. R. 7 on June 5.

B15 has not played consistent ball and dropped two erratic games, one to H. R. 213 oy a 11-8 count and another to H. R. 111 by a 10-8 score. These two teams are not of championship caliber; still they did what other home rooms have failed to do. This is especially true of H. R. 7, another inconsistent ball club that will play A No. 1 ball in one game and raggedy-muffin ball in another.

No one on earth could predict the outcome of the H. R. 7 vs. B 15 game, and the winner will not be declared until the end of that big game on June 5.

Section B

H. R.	Won	Lost	Per C.
215	15	2	882
7	13	2	866
B15	12	3	800
111	11	6	647
6	7	10	411
218	5	9	357
204	6	11	352
213	5	11	312
202	3	12	200
1	1	14	060

H. R. 215 leads the Section B league by a narrow margin, and with one game left on its schedule versus the mediocre H. R. 218 team, it will no doubt close the season with the same number of defeats and possibly one more victory to its credit.

On the other hand, H. R. 7 has three remaining games on its schedule, with a great possibility of throwing first place into a tie with H. R. 215.

In order to be considered a fa[illegible]r in this race, H. R. 7 must first eliminate its nearest competitor, B15. In their first battle on April 1, H. R. 7 won by a close score of 3-0 and it was a nip-and-tuck game throughout the seven innings. The worst B15 can now do is to deprive H. R. 7 of a tie for first place, thereby giving H. R. 215 the undisputed championship.

Seventh Grade

Section A

H. R.	Won	Lost	Per C.
102	11	2	846
B16	10	3	769
108	9	3	750
302	11	4	733
309	8	6	571
7A	6	8	444
307	3	12	200
109	2	11	153
214	1	12	076

H. R. 102 is holding down the most prominent place in the Section A league, but the crown is three games away, with B16 the big obstacle between them and the flag. To be sure, H. R. 102 did turn the tables on B16 in their first match game on March 18 by a 9-7 score, but such improvement has been noted that a second game may spell defeat for the ball tossers of Miss Ball's home room.

B16 also has to meet the 108 apple knockers, and they have not been any set-ups for the other teams. All the Seventh Graders will be on their toes on June 4 to witness the friendly tussle between these two teams.

Only two days after that B16 will clash with H. R. 102 for the high honors of this league, and it will be "some" ball game too. A possible triple tie may result from the games yet to be played.

Section B

H. R.	Won	Lost	Per C.
102	12	0	1000
307	11	1	916
7A.	8	5	615
109	7	6	538
108	5	8	384
309	4	9	307
302	4	9	307
214	0	13	000

H. R. 102 is leading in both sections of the Seventh Grade league, although the Section B can boast a perfect percentage. Twelve straight victories and two games yet to go. Although this team is in the shadow of the pennant, still it has to overcome no other than the crack 307 nine. We must recall that these two teams battled seven innings in their first meeting and 102 nosed out their stubborn rivals by one lonely run. The final score was 1-0 and, oh, boy! such a game as it was.

On June 3 the two teams will again lock horns to decide which is the better team. The outcome will decide the championship for 102 or throw them into a tie with 307. It is anybody's ball game, so a big crowd will be present to cheer on both teams [illegible] the victory they so desire to have bestowed upon them.