

Oh, Ye Seniors!

Mr. Ask-It

Asks —

As the ninth senior class of Washington High prepares to leave the doorstep of their Alma-Mater and seek their fortune in this vast world of ours, Mr. Ask-It has stopped them on their way out and questioned their feelings. As they pass a great milestone, many wish that they could turn back and and re-live their high school lives; others are glad to go; and still others have an uncertain feeling. Here are a few of the answers that your inquisitive pal received when he asked the following question:

HOW DO YOU FEEL, NOW THAT YOU ARE LEAVING WASHINGTON?

Gertie Stachowiak — "After being here four years, I sure will miss everything."

Martha Lambert — "Wish I could start all over again."

John Bennet — "Glad to get out, but I'll miss it."

Anna Mae Evans — "I sure will miss everything."

Ernie Nemeth — "It feels kind of good to graduate, but I hate to leave school."

Marjorie Bartkowski — "I've looked forward to graduating for four years and now that the time has come, I realize how much I'll miss the teachers and students."

Barney Switalski — "It's freedom for all the senior students."

Fred Woodard — "Glad to get out." (Are you kidding?)

Marjorie Gramenz — "I won't miss school, but I'll miss the kids."

Leonard Kaczynski — "Hate to leave school and go to work."

Dorothy Tschida — "It'll seem good to get out of studies, but I'll miss everything else."

Helen Botos — "Wonderful!! — Sure will miss the kids, though."

Chester Kominowski — "I'll hate to leave because school is the only place where you can really enjoy yourself."

Alice Jane Seiba — "I won't miss the studies and teachers, but I will miss the kids."

CANTAMUS LOSES TWENTY MEMBERS

Twenty members of the Cantamus Club will receive their high school diploma on May 29. This is the largest number of singers ever to leave the club in one semester.

The Glee Clubs sent all graduating members and twenty additional members to participate in the Baccalaureate Service at John Adams Auditorium on Sunday, May 19.

At Commencement a combined chorus of fifty students and twenty graduates will sing two songs: "One World" and "Lamb of God."

KING and QUEEN



Ernest
Nemeth

Alice
Lukaszewski

Now It's Just a Memory!

Seniors Gather For Last Party

For the last time as Washington High students the Class of 1946 danced together last Friday, when annual graduates' Prom was held at the Regency Club. Alice Lukaszewski and Ernie Nemeth ruled over the evening as King and Queen and Bud Simpson's band furnished the music.

The parents of a number of the officers and Miss Holladay, Miss Walsh, and Mr. Hayes were chaperones.

The Queen of the Prom had as her guest Harry Lewandowski and the King had as his, Eleanor Side-rits.

Among other couples attending were Genevieve Ogorek and Joseph Podlewski, Dolores Rys and Clem Sobieralski, Mary Kovach and Edward Staszewski, Genevieve Staszewski and Ray Kruszewski, Clara Skubiszewski and Stanley Jozwiak, Beatrice Green and Marion Sylvester, Eleanor Filipski and Joseph Wozniak, Helen Botos and Peter Kaminski, Marjorie Gramenz and Joseph Botos, and Harriet Kozuch and Richard Martin-czak.

SARAH LEE WINS SECOND PLACE IN ESSAY CONTEST

Sarah Lee, '46, of Room 116, has won second place in the St. Joseph County 1946 Negro Health Essay Contest, according to a letter received recently. The contest has been conducted annually for a number of years, but Sarah is the first Washington student ever to enter.

Sarah's entry was a short story entitled, "Who hath ears, let him hear!" The prize was three dollars.

Congratulations!

MANY RECEIVE SCHOOL HONORS

At the Honors Day assembly on Friday, May 17, 1946, over 100 students who distinguished themselves in service and scholarship this year were recognized. Mr. Schoepel announced the first honorary and active members to Washington's new chapter of the National Honor Society.

Ciesiolka Gets the Gavel

Student Council Elects New Officers

The Student Council held its election for new officers on Wednesday, May 15th. A committee of three Senior A girls, who are members of the Student Council, were on the nominating committee. Floor nominations were also made. New officers elected were as follows:

President: Adeline Ciesiolka, '48.
Vice-President: Bob Cleppe, '47.
Secretary: Chet Kopczynski, '47.
Treasurer: Bob Nemeth, '47.
Hatchet Reporter: Lorraine Andrzejewski, '49.

The new officers will welcome suggestions from the student body for their work next year.

Sponsored Many Projects.

The following Student Council activities were accomplished during the year 1945-1946:

1. Printed football programs.
2. Advertised football and basketball games.
3. Sponsored two recreation dances.
4. Sold tickets for Notre Dame Concert.
5. Held pep assembly for basketball tournament.
6. Sponsored "Better Washington Week."
7. Organized the establishment of the National Honor Society.
8. Had charge of Safety Drivers' Pledges.
9. Two representatives of the Student Council visited each of the high schools in South Bend and Mishawaka, to study their hall behavior, noon activities, assemblies, and Student Council problems. They found the situations there similar to ours.

Summing up all this, we wish to thank all those teachers and students who have so willingly cooperated with the Student Council, and who have helped to make the Council's activities a success.

Mr. SCHOEPEL VISITS IN CHICAGO

Mr. Schoepel and the other principals of the city school system made a recent trip to Chicago University Laboratory School, where they observed classes in practise. Mr. Schoepel says he got some ideas for things to try at W. H. S. next year.

The honorary members of the class of '46 are Margaret De Vos, Genevieve Staszewski, Marjorie Bartkowski, Lorraine Wright, Mary Kovacs, Evelyn Napieralski, Stanley Zalas, Alice Nowicki, Loretta Lebedzinski. The active members of the class of '47 are Yolanda Arch, Esther Gotowka, Anne Majcher, Lillian Hajzyk, Mary Bencsics, Irene Niespodziany, Theresa Wroblewski, Calvin Bowles, Eugene Kobylarek, Norman Woltman. The chapter was organized through the efforts of the Student Council.

Scholarship Ribbons Given.

The students who received ribbons for scholarship were **Class of 46:** Margaret Bucholtz, Margaret DeVos, Mary Kovach, Martha Lambert, Loretta Lebedzinski, Evelyn Napieralski, Alice Nowicki, Clara Skubiszewski, Genevieve Staszewski, Mary Weiss, Lorraine Wright and Stanley Zalas.

Class of 47: Yolanda Arch, Mary Bencsics, Robert Cleppe, Shirley Dering, Esther Gotowka, Lillian Hajzyk, Anne Majcher, Irene Niespodziany and Norman Woltman.

Class of 48: William Austin, Rita Jane Borowski, Rosemarie Bykowski, Adeline Ciesiolka, Theresa Deguc, Shirley Houk, Mildred Kosarovich, John Lawecki, Evelyn Leopold, Dolores Levandowski, Leonard Mixtacki, Louise Nowak, Joan Odusch, Marion Pilarski, Norbert Rzenicki, Nancy Scheu, Emily Schultz, Margaret Staszewski, Mary Tomaszewski, Evelyn Toppel, Dolores Van Wynsberghe, Betty Jane Woltman, Gloria Wroblewski and Loretta Zmudzinski.

Class of 49: Lorraine Andrzejewski, Margaret Arch, Alice Cwidak, Ted Deguc, Lucille DeHert, Rojean Gwynn, Dorothy Holewczynski, Frances Kopczynski, Steven Lebedzinski, Veronica Michalski, Daniel Piekarski, Nancy Rav, Stella Wawrzyniak, Dolores Zagrzejewski. **9B** Eugene Jurgonski. **8A** Irene Chrapliwy. **7A** Colette Berndt, Patricia Kus, Robert Moore, Helen Nagy, Marjorie Rininger.

Mr. Tolman Gharst awarded the Berg Medal in instrumental music to Dolores Van Wynsberghe for her outstanding work in band. Band monograms were presented to Robert Beima, Frank Bojarski, Bernard Brekrus, Arthur Chlebowski, Gene Glod, Gene Grunert, Robert Urban, Leo Zelasko. Band service ribbons were presented to Robert Beima, Arthur Chlebowski, Gene Glod, Frances Kopczynski, Sally Kopczynski, Irene Niespodziany, Daniel Piekarski, Evelyn

Continued on page five

ADVICE TO SENIORS

Do you know the meaning of success? Yes, most of us do, but how many of us can or will be able to fit that frequently used word into our lives? It's easy to say "I'm going to be a success. Just watch me!" Well, we're watching. Right now our eyes are fixed on the graduates of the class of '46; and we're wondering how many of them are going to be able to come back in a few years and say, "I'm a big success and hope that someday you will do as well as I have done."

Well, seniors, here are a few pointers, (although I'm not one to give such), that I hope will help you make the best of what you have acquired in this topsyturvy world.

1. Kindness, friendliness, and words of appreciation will help lay success upon your doorstep.
2. Arouse in the other person an eager want. He who can do this has the world with him.
3. Speak ill of no man and speak all the good you know of everyone.
4. Remember that a great man shows his greatness in the way he treats the little men.
5. You must first be interested in other people before they will be interested in you.
6. If you are wrong, admit it quickly and emphatically.
7. The only way to get the best of an argument is to avoid it.
8. Make other people feel important.
9. Talk in terms of the other man's interests.
10. Throw down a challenge; let others think the mistake is yours.

Remember these things, class of '46, and always take an opportunity to do good, for the opportunity may never return:

"I shall pass this way but once; any good, therefore, that I can do, or any kindness, that I can show to any human being, let me do it now. Let me not defer nor neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again."

The Hatchet Staff wishes you the best of luck, seniors.

PROFANITY DOES NOT MAKE A MAN

In recent issues of the Hatchet you were introduced to an article called "Corridor Chatter." However, the conversations which the article was composed of were just those which we were able to print.

Some of the (please note, I said some) conversations which have fallen upon my ears were not at all usable material.

I have found that any number of our male population tends to enliven and punctuate their simple but better everyday speech, by means of profanity. I said male population but the females are not entirely exempt from this accusations either. However they, I am sure, need less instruction than do the males.

If you don't want to spare the feelings of yourselves, suppose you spare the feelings of those who do not enjoy hearing you "slay" the English language and insult the Creator.

Remember—the use of profanity does not show us how much of a man you are. In the contrary, it shows us your weakness in character. Keep this in mind and let's try to start the fall semester off being careful of what we say and how we say it.

A THOUGHT FOR SUMMER

At one time a request was made through the Hatchet by a student here at school for an aviation club. Just why there was no response no one knows. Could it be that the students, after one refusal, have quit trying, or is it because the faculty are busy enough without undertaking the sponsorship of another outside activity? We have a few clubs but they seem to be only for Latin students or seniors. What about the other boys and girls?

The ex-Dramatic Club can be compared to a firecracker. It was going to be a big boom, but it turned out to be a little fizzle which is gone but not forgotten among the members who had belonged to it for a short time. Some of them don't know yet the reason for its not functioning.

We could make use of a Social Club very nicely. Don't the boys always give the excuse that they can't dance whenever they're holding up the wall? An inferiority complex might also be overcome in such a club. Chivalry could also be stressed.

During summer vacation, students and faculty, would be a good time to think about this and maybe in the fall, we could all contribute some suggestions and solutions.

IT SOUNDED DIFFERENT

Recently a girl we know found an old love-letter which her father had written to her mother when they were courting, reports The Pathfinder. The daughter copied the letter, signed a masculine name to it, and mailed it to herself. Then she showed it to her father. There was an explosion like that of an erupting volcano. The father could scarcely express himself. He snorted: "That fellow is the biggest fool I ever heard of. You better not let him come poking around here or I'll make mincemeat of him. We don't want such a simp in our family. Any ding-busted, fat-headed idiot who would write such a mess of sickly, silly hog-wash to any girl deserves to be dunked in a mud-hole—and I'd like to do it!"

Mail Box

To the Members of the Faculty:
I want to express my appreciation for the help and kindness that you have given me during my years in high school.

I feel that if it were not for you, I would not have got through school. Particularly, I want to thank Miss Martindale, Mr. Robinson, and Mr. Wright.

Sincerely yours,
MARGARET HALASZ, '46

GRADUATION

We love it, yet dread it,
That's how we feel,
When this great day at last is here.

We feel so proud and warm inside,
But yet we fear the world so wide.

The world with all its troubles and woe,
Which we must face, we all know:

To carry the burdens, others have left,
And finish the problems, they haven't yet.

To carry the torch and lead the way—
For others to follow in future day.

To make this a world of peace and joy,

For our children, girl and boy,
So they can follow the path we set,

With a feeling of pride
For what we left.

Martha Lambert, '46
Room 116

PANTHER PRATILE

MASS SLAUGHTER: The other day, during a cleaning session in foods class, Rosemarie Bykowski accidentally bumped Jean Slisz, who accidentally spilled hot water over Irene Niespodziany's foot. Then Jean turned around and accidentally dropped a meat-grinder on Rosemarie's foot. If Miss Palmer hadn't been out of the room at the moment, there might have been more injuries! CURRENT SWOON-GOON: Evelyn Vaghy, who's been raving about an N.D. sophomore. BITS FROM PLAY-DAY: The girls from Washington who went as captains really were roasted out there, along with Miss Wolf. That old sun was really cookin' with gas, or anyway—cookin'!

A BLUE RIBBON TO: The girls who always give Washington a good representation on Teen-Time. SINCERE REGRET: To see all our seniors leave Washington. They will leave a big hole in the number of students and in the hearts of those who remain.

SOUNDS LIKE CORN . . .

Don't be what you isn't; just be what you is; cause if you ain't what you isn't, you isn't what you is!" G.S.

A rich man, according to the American idea, is one who has more money than his wife can spend.

APOLOGY!

By accident, the names of Veronica Michalski and Steve Lebedzinski were omitted when the Scholarship Honors List was read. We apologize.

IT MIGHT BE FUN TO . . .

Give Mr. Redling a red handkerchief to match the red tie and socks outfit.

—:o:—

See Jean Slisz strapped in her seat during one class at least. (That roving disposition, you know.)

—:o:—

Give Ervin Rybicki a hot foot during his siesta in his home room.

—:o:—

Really see "Gert and Bert", Leonard Kaczynski and Dorothy Popielski, without shoes, dragging a mule to school.

—:o:—

Go on a fishing trip with Mr. Covert and bring home a truckload of fish. (It's fishing biologically that does it.)

—:o:—

Hear Admiral Nimitz really say "Hi Louie" to Louis Kezie.

CHEER THE BRAVE!

We now know who the bravest Pantherette is . . . a certain young lady who merely smiled sweetly at a little mouse as it ran squeaking past her desk during an emergency math test, (while Miss Goppert popped up and stepped back so the beast wouldn't run under her desk.)

The brave little Miss is Susan Isick of 114.

More or Less Personal

If you can't take, be careful how you dish it out.

Fun is like insurance; the older you are, the more it costs you.

He will have little to say who never talks about himself.

THE HATCHET

Published by
The Washington High School
1534 W. Sample Street
South Bend 19, Ind.

—:—:—

STAFF MEMBERS

LILLIAN HAJZYK '47
Editor-in-Chief

Evelyn Toppel, '48
Editorial Page

Alice Harmon, '47
Society Editor

Jo Ann O'Dusch, '47
Feature Editor

Bernard Lubinski, '46
Sports Editor

Nancy Scheu, '48
Exchange Editor

Richard Snyder, '48
Cartoons

Ann Majcher, '47
Circulation Mgr.

Frances Boyer, '48
Advertising Mgr.

Now That It's Time To Go

I Stop to Think —

This is what I've been waiting for for four long years. In a short time I'll receive my diploma and I'll be out and on my own. I suppose it isn't very smart to confess this, but, golly, I wish the year was 1944 when, as a green sophomore, I began school life at Washington. I'm really going to miss the assemblies, hall gossip, and those early morning rushes to school, hopping over railroad tracks amid train whistles, car horns and the flying black soot that always seems to pick you as a landing field. It's going to be strange not being able to count the days till our next vacation and it's going to be a little dull not being able to gripe about all the homework that was given and about having to carry "all" those books home (they were always carried home but seldom opened till study hall the next day). To think we won't be able to get excited or concerned about a prom or class party again makes me feel as though I belonged in a rocking chair with my knitting.

I guess I should be glad, for after all now at last I can close that familiar blue book and stop worrying about Caesar and all those words I still haven't learned to pronounce after two years of Latin; and I won't have to try to remember those things over and over again in Chemistry. Well, I guess I should be glad, but I'm not. Gee, if I could only start over again, I'm sure Caesar and I could become very good friends; and that book and I spent so much time together I hate to leave it behind. And I guess if I had a chance, I'd take Chemistry again.

"School days, dear old golden rule days!" An emphasis can be put on "dear" because all the memories of school will always be dear to me.

Esther Molnar, '46

I Am Thankful —

Now that the end is near, I have a feeling of loss in my heart. I am losing all the good times that you will continue to have for a few more years. Though I shall never partake of the joy of high school life again, I shall never forget the four happy years I have spent at Washington. Those memories shall be cherished in my heart forever. I am thankful that I stayed in school and studied. If I hadn't stayed, I would never have had the honor of Valedictorian bestowed upon me. I know that all of you cannot be Valedictorians or Salutatorians; but if you work, the honor may be yours, as it is mine today. If you do not receive the honor, it does not make a great deal of difference, if in your heart, you know that you are taking with you something that you would never have gained if you would have quit school.

Before I leave school, I should like to give some advice to you. If you are considering leaving school because you don't like the subjects or the teachers, stop and think. Say to yourself, "Look

at all the kids who graduated before me. They saw it through. Why should I be a coward now and regret it the rest of my life?"

If you want a good job and want to make something of yours, if that is worthwhile, make every effort to graduate from high school. In times such as these, a good education is required for even the least skilled job.

Margaret De Vos, '46

I Realize —

I realize how a person dreads losing something they have had for years. That is why I hate to leave school. After twelve years, school seems to be a part of me. So as summer ends and the school bell rings again, my thoughts will wander back to school. I shall be in class gazing at my text book; I shall be strolling down the halls watching some tender romance bud; I shall have a seat at the assemblies; I shall again be at the mixers dancing to the music of the latest song; I shall go to class with the friendly voice of a fellow student calling after me; I shall take part in the clubs; I shall watch the clock, waiting for the dismissal bells and join the rush through the hall as I rush to my locker.

Although I shall not actually be here, I shall gather these days and plant them in my garden of memories where they will cling always.

Ruth Myers, '46

I Think Back —

"Land of Hope and Glory, mother of the free." With the familiar strains of the traditional recessional ringing in the graduate's ears, he slowly marches out of the assembly hall. It is during those last few minutes that a senior relives his high school days.

As he marches down the aisle, he remembers doing a different march—the Grand March at the Junior and Senior proms. A thin smile crosses his face for a fleeting second as the joys he knew on these days becomes a vivid picture that flashes through his mind.

He lifts his eyes only to find another memory staring him in the face. The green and white tassel on his fellow graduate's cap suggests the football and basketball games that he attended, to which he wore his school colors ever so proudly.

He returns a friend's smile and again his mind wanders back to his just completed four years when he first met these friendly faces in his classes or clubs.

All these fond memories come alive now that it is time to leave. Each senior before us, as well as each senior after us, will cherish these memories, and find in them pleasure and dearness; for fond memories are as necessary to an individual's satisfaction in life as food is to a starving child.

Lorraine Wright, '46

I Wish I Could Start Over —

I wish I could start all over again. During my elementary years of school at Harrison, my only

wish was to graduate so that I could be free and have fun. I remember so clearly how the seniors came to visit our freshman class in their caps and gowns and how I wished I were them. When they said that they were sorry, they were leaving, I was sure they were joking as they all looked so happy and proud. My longing to leave school was so great that I thought I could not endure four years of high school, so I then decided that my sixteenth birthday would mean the end for me. The end of the hardships and toil of school for a life of fun with no one to tell me what to do! But somehow I never planned a day to quit and stayed on. But now that I am to graduate I realize how they felt. I only wish I could once again be in that freshman class I hated so much. I know I now would appreciate school and all the fun I had during my high school years.

Martha Lambert, '46

I Look Back —

Now that it's time to go, I can see four happy, carefree years of my high school life coming to an end. As I close my eyes, I can visualize the pleasant memories of bygone years, spent in the classrooms. Oh, if only I could once more be a so-called green freshman. That does sound funny coming from a senior, but truer words were never spoken. I always used to think that the happiest day of my life would be upon receiving my diploma, but now I think it will be one of my bluest days. Just thinking of graduation gives me the jitters because I know I'll have to steer my own course from then on, where as before my life pattern was planned out for me by someone else. School life is sort of a world of itself. I mean by that you don't have to worry about a job or being self-supporting. It's sort of being in a shell with no immediate worries except everyday problems. Upon receiving your diploma, the trouble begins. You have to start looking into the future and I mean taking a good, long look. If not, you'll probably end up behind the eight-ball. My final bit of advice is—your school life is what you make it yourself—so why not make those days worthwhile—then you won't have any regrets.

Lorraine Arch, '46

I Realize How Minor Were The Things I Gripped About —

Now that I am about to leave the familiar doors, rooms, and halls of Washington, I also leave my gripes. I realize now how minor were the things I gripped about.

No doubt you have often heard this phrase, "the customer is always right." In my case I was the clerk and my teachers were the customers, but they were wrong and I was right.

As I keep recalling all of the things I gripped about, it seems as if I never said a good word toward anyone.

When I was a freshman I was

so smart that no one could tell me different. After all, I was a freshman. There was a time, I should say there were times, when I was told to do my work according to the directions given to me, but "I," the future professor of everything, knew better; so, what did I do. Yes, you may guess. I created my own rules and it certainly got me far. I had to do my work over, stay after school, and perhaps receive a lower grade.

Through all of this, I finally became a sophomore and still knew more than anyone else. I never could put it in my head that the teachers spend time and money learning their work where I was just getting a taste of it. Those teachers! They gave me loads and loads of work, they treated me like a slave, they had no mercy on me, but did they do all this? Heavens, no. All they try to do is put some common sense in that empty head of mine.

Another year had passed and now I was a junior. Here I finally began to realize a bit, a very tiny bit, that I was wrong, but something kept telling me to go ahead because that was the right thing to do.

Finally, my last year rolled up and I did find myself a senior. Now, that my high school education is finished, I find myself so very "DUMB" that I hate to admit it!

I hope that my experience will help others. I know regardless of how much preaching I would do, you still will continue to be smart but that's where you're wrong; very wrong.

Dolores Rys, '46

I Am Glad I Stayed —

With commencement so near, I can't help thinking that I am leaving Washington not only for a brief time, but forever. Memories that can never be taken away from me are going with me. Memories that I will always cherish.

Maybe some have been on the verge of quitting school. With subjects getting tougher as the years pass along, they may think that it is not worthwhile going to school. Some just don't like school! Did they stop to ask if they had tried to make it more interesting so that they could be happy in it? Did they get the most out of the subjects they were taking? Probably not; therefore, school seemed like the worst place to be in. I have talked with a few students that would have graduated this class if they hadn't quit school. The first thing they say is, "Gee, I wish I was back!" It is a little too late to think about that now.

Recalling my Freshman, Sophomore, and Junior years, I think it was all fun. All the parties we've had, all the gay times rushing around from class to class, getting accustomed to the routine of the school. How much fun it was meeting all the different students from other schools! But it isn't until your Senior year when you really

Continued on page five

They "Blue Sky Jive"

Sophomores Enjoy Spring Dance

The sophomores and junior B's held their annual spring dance in the school gym on May 17, from 8:00 until 11:00. The dance was called the "Blue Sky Jive", and the decorations consisted of a blue canvas ceiling, stars with each students' name on them, large silhouette figures of dancers, single and in couples, and a large half moon behind which stood "Madame Star" (Frieda Kurczewski) and "Mr. Moon" (Leonard Mixtacki), who found dancing partners for all who were not able to do so themselves. Looking at this ball from the gossip angle we saw:

Mr. and Mrs. Byers, the best looking couple on the floor. Their dancing was out of this world. (Hang onto him, Mrs. Byers, even if you have to teach him some new steps.)

Mr. Covert and Shirley Houk really made the joint jump. We knew all about bugs but we didn't know this class of "Insectivora" included "Jitterbugs."

Zipper and Emily were also making with the feet. They seemed to be enjoying it too. We'll have to keep our eyes on those two.

Benny Sobacki had the gruesome job of supplying everyone with gum. Poor Benny! The next time he'll probably get smart, set up a "Bubble Gum Stand" at the door, and charge for each stick.

The Miller twins were seen dancing together more than once. They have a very definite rhythm which makes for smooth dancing.

Chet Dlugosz was wearing a tie that would have shocked Mr. Holley. In case you're interested, Mr. H., you've got some stiff competition there. You'd better look into that.

Arthur Strzelecki—From now on you can call him "Casanova Joe". He left all the girls he danced with in a spin, wondering when that "man" was coming back.

Mr. Redling is to be thanked for supplying such super music for all. After Friday night he has a new theme song, "Don't Fence Me In." (The decorating committee surrounded the victrola and him with a white picket fence.)

Mr. Schoepel, Mr. Herringer, Miss Goppert, Mr. Covert, Miss Halnon, Mr. Byers and wife Mr. Pilarski and his wife, and Mr. Redling are offered our thanks for acting as chaperones, and Miss Halnon and Mr. Herringer receive special gratitude for taking care of the refreshments and the entrance to the gym.

("Doc" Brekrus and Fred Polonka, we are sorry to say, can have no pleasant memories to recall. Ah! 'tis a shame, boys. The sophomores are all very regretful—.)

Some people are incapable of liking anything; they just dislike some things less than others.

Worry, it is said, will make anybody thin—except those who worry about being fat.



Lorraine BoBo Moskwinski has taken the almost fatal step; she became engaged recently to **Julius Bagarus** (Foote). Pretty soon Washington will no longer have any single gals running around.

Gertie S. will probably be totin' her own sparkler come July. The fella is Pfc. **George Ladewski**.

I'm surprised **Blondie** and **Dick** don't get tired of each other. You see them together night and day.

The last argument that **Johnny Z.** and **Mary Ann B.** had brought better results. How about that, **Mary Ann**???

There is another blossom blooming on the tree of Romance: **Lucille Debert** and **John Petrou**.

Clara S. still carries a torch for a certain **Risley** from the Navy. Must be some fella!

Loretta L.'s boyfriend **Johnny** is on his way home at long last. Ohhh! I'll bet someone can hardly wait!

Margie Bucholtz and **Joe Whatshisname** are going steady. A little bird told me they've got it bad.

Who was the girl that got tired of waiting on Honors Day and when her name finally came up she decided to sit down in the middle of the aisle? Ya wasn't noivious, was ya?

Leona Kush either knows French quite well or else she had something(?) on that mind of hers when she spelled "blue" b-l-e-u when she was helping with the decorating of the gym for the Sophomore party, "Blue Skies Jive".

Who were the students, that had bags under their eyes so heavy that they needed a bell boy to carry them up on the stage for the Honors Day award? I wonder!

Happy Birthday to:

MAY			
Name	Room	May	
12A			
Marjorie Bartkowski	125	17	
Cas. Witucki	125	26	
11A			
Tony Csenar	120	27	
Virginia Knapp	114	21	
11B			
Stanley Tomaszewski	203	24	
10A			
Rita Borowski	110	21	
Eugene Brekrus	205	22	
John Lawecki	201	30	
Edmund Magiera	201	22	
Stanley Nowak	110	19	
Lillian Rzeszewski	110	21	
Dick Benninghoff	201	31	
9A			
Alice Cwidak	205	21	

From the Lecture Platform

Beware, All You Males!

If you think that you are one of these "nothing can harm me" Joes, more than likely some one should be sent to lecture you on the "Strange, Fierce Creatures" that dwell in the world's most remote, savage area—Washington High School. Perhaps the lecture would go something like this.

What would you do if you saw coming toward you a long-haired two-legged, white-skinned creature wearing a draped garment that extends slightly below the knees? Chances are you'd be pretty frightened. And your fears would be fully justified.

For lack of a better name, and for purposes of identification, we shall refer to her as **woman**.

Little information is available on the habits of women. They are not gregarious, and they prefer to hunt singly. Once they discover the spoor of their favorite game, men (who happily have become almost extinct in their hunting grounds), they are known to be relentless, unwavering, and ruthless in their pursuits.

They have been known to battle fiercely among themselves over their prey, employing their basic weapons vividly-colored talons which extend from the digits.

Scientists report that the great majority of the woman specie has an insatiable appetite for loins of cattle (Note: "Steak") which they obtain in exchange for great quantities of gold wrested from their victims, men.

What is it that makes these creatures so much more dangerous than larger, heavier man-eaters?

It is their acquisitiveness. Not content with merely sucking out and destroying, women take fierce, sadistic delight in enslaving and destroying the will of their prey. A fierce proud, independent wild thing, once captured by a woman, is transformed into a weak, craven, pitiful object, more dead than alive, reeling in a foolish semi-coma, so numbed he is unaware of his plight, is unable to study and makes no attempt to escape. It is at this stage that women take foolish pride in gloating over their victims.

So, every man who values his life in high school and his ability to study should avoid any meeting with the strange natures of this opposite sex.

Be especially careful during the summer months, men. Scientific reports state that June is the month to lock yourself in the hall closet and swallow the key. (Can it be that a woman wrote this?!)

Thomas Hock	119	26
Renetta Kurpiewski	123	17
Edward Szalewski	205	26
8A		
Frederick Milewski	118	29
7A		
Robert Moore	124	24

Y?

Peace and quiet have seized the corridors of Washington High School. The janitors no longer need wear suits of armor to protect themselves from the so-called cyclones that go hurling themselves down the halls. The windows need not worry about their panes. The waste baskets are filled with dust and the spiders play gleefully on top of the pots and pans in the cafeteria. The water in the faucets leaks; the dust on top of the locker settles instead of blowing about; the books on the shelves weep, for they can no longer turn over new leaves; the typewriters are silent and the doors to the classrooms show no sign of life ever having gone thru them and into the many desks that lay behind their glass. The posters and many announcements that once decorated the bulletin boards have now found their places on the shelves. The teachers who once made life at Washington so full of joy have turned their backs on high school life. Mr. Schoepel, who takes great interest in all activities, has turned his attention beyond the things that once made his leisure hours pass swiftly. Even many who we thought would be here long after most of us were gone have left the premises only to spend their time elsewhere; and the coaches who motto is "Ever Onward" have gone backward to start where they left off last year at this time. The clocks that once ticked too often and made us late, so that we had to make up time, have stopped ticking away the hours from 8:30 to 3:30, the pencil sharpeners are rusty and the inkwells are dry. Why is all so forlorn????? There is but one answer.

SCHOOLS OUT! SCHOOLS OUT! TEACHERS LET THE MONKEYS OUT!

There are no reliable guides. We just shell out our money when the headlines read "WHOOPEE!" and run for a hole when the headlines read "SCRAM!"

Who remembers when charity was a personally exercised virtue, springing from the heart, and not a systematized business operating from a card index?

COMPLIMENTS

OF

INDIANA

THEATER

826 W. INDIANA AVE.



Come One! Come All! Free corn supper contributed by various schools. Take a plate and prepare to scoop up this delicious feast. Let's start on some of the stolen corn.

THE CRIMSON COMET

Larry: Why don't track stars make good soldiers?

Harry: They're trained to run when a gun is fired.

THE TOWER

Prof: What books have helped you most?

Student: Mother's cook book and father's check book!

THE TATTLER

If six cats eat six rats in six minutes, how many cats will it take to eat 100 rats in 100 minutes at the same rate?

THE NORTHERNER

Girl Friend: "Who is the man in the blue coat, honey?"

Boy Friend: "That's the umpire, honey."

Girl Friend: "But why does he wear that funny wire thing over his face?"

Boy Friend: "That's so he won't bite the players, honey."

THE HI-TIMES

"What is your name, my good man?"

"376835."

"Is that your real name?"

"No, that's my pen name."

THE INTERLUDE

Mr. Fulwider: "Did you say your dog's bark is worse than his bite?"

His Neighbor: "Yes."

Mr. F.: "Then for Heaven's sake don't let him bark, he just bit me."

—o—

In conclusion to the trip through the corn fields of our friends, I would like to give you one 'ear', I have just received.

A five year old boy was taken to the hospital to view his new brother. After seeing him he said to his mother, "Where did you get him and how much did he cost?" His mother replied, "I bought him at the hospital and he cost \$300."

"Gee Whiz!" the boy exclaimed, "no hair, no teeth, can't walk, can't talk, Boy! did you get gyped!"

ATTENTION, ALL GRADUATES

Are you out of work or laid off permanently? If you are, we want to help you to stay that way. So we have inserted these classified ads to help you find the job for which you are most suited.

CLASSIFIED ADS

WANTED: New scrub woman. Apply at Washtub.

WANTED: A big handsome strong man. (Don't we all!)

WANTED: One dog-petter. Preferably Blonde.

WANTED: Cement Mixer. Apply at Gravel Gerties.

WANTED: A bouncer. Call at MAG'S TEA ROOM.

WANTED: Girl named Bessy

MANY RECEIVE SCHOOL HONORS

Continued from page one

Poznanski, Raymond Skarbek, Robert Urban, Frank Vander Hagen, Gene Wadzinski, Lucille Wlodarek.

Miss Chapman Presents Awards.

Miss Grace Chapman awarded the Berg Medal in vocal music to Stanley Zalas the president of the Cantamus Club. Vocal monograms were given to Florence Andrzejewski, Lorraine Bartkowiak, Bernard Brekrus, Dorothy Carpenter, Agnes DeCook, Al Drzewiecki, Anne Gorbacz, Esther Gotowka, Norbert Luczkowski, Stanley Zalas. Vocal service ribbons went to Everett Austin, Al Drzewiecki, Eugene Kubiak, Evelyn Leopold, Norbert Luczkowski, Richard Miller, John Petrou, Alice Jane Sciba, Gertrude Stachowiak, Genevieve Staszewski, Dolores Wlodarek, Stanley Zalas.

Mrs. B. J. Sanford was present to present the D.A.R. Citizenship award to a boy and girl from the 9A. Frances Kopczynski and Steven Lebedzinski were the two chosen by the student and faculty of their class.

The Latin certificates were presented by Mr. Herringer to those students who averaged a 90 or above for four semesters. They are as follows: Adeline Ciesiolka, Herman Haas, William Haugel, Stephen Lebedzinski, Dolores Leawndowski, Dolores Skarbek, Lorraine Arch, Irene Niespodziany, Louise Nowak, Nancy Lee Scheu, Stanley Zalas.

Cheerleaders Given Monograms.

Miss Wolf presented the four regular cheerleaders with SB monograms, and the subs with Yell monograms. The regular cheerleaders were Alice Jane Sciba, Robert Cleppe, Lorraine Moskwinski, Dorothy Andrysiak. The subs are Lillian Hajzyk, Nancy Scheu, Maryn Katona, Mary Jane Gerbasich. Alice Sciba received a sweater for being the best cheerleader.

For service on the Student Council Miss Goppert gave service ribbons to Lorraine Andrzejewski, Marjorie Bartkowski, Adeline Ciesiolka, Robert Cleppe, Chester Kopczynski, Robert Nemeth.

For service on the Yearbook Staff, Miss Murphy awarded ribbons to Alice Golembiewski, Loretta Lebedzinski, and Alice Nowicki. For service on the Hatchet staff ribbons were awarded to Frances Boyer and Dolores Rzepka (Advertising); Anne Majcher and Nancy Scheu (Circulation); and Lillian Hajzyk, Alice Harmon, Joan Odusch, Emily Schultz, and Robert Cleppe (News).

Honors Day is to be hereafter an annual affair.

who fell in mud. (Obj. Messy Bessy.)

WANTED: Love Triangle. Ph. 125, 6th hour Geometry Class.

WANTED: One nice Torch Singer. Apply at ED'S JUMP & JIVE JOINT.

WANTED: Big Pork Roast, Pound of Butter, Pair of Nylons. Ph. The Dreamer.

WANTED: Thin Boy. Call at Toothpick Factory.

NOW THAT IT'S TIME TO GO . . .

Continued from page four

find out how glad you are that you did stay.

Graduation brings a vivid picture to my mind—a picture far more thrilling than one could imagine.

Loretta Lebedzinski '46

—:—:—

I Realize How Minor Were the Things I Gripped About —

The dictionary defines the word gripe as an oppression of the mind or a good way to burden our thinking power. That's what Webster says. You and I think of the word as a good way of telling others a long story about this and that, about something you don't think is right or just. Little things which are just a dot in a large circle.

I could tell you a long list of things I gripped about in my four years in high school. Things that now seem actually silly but then were so important. Like always griping about doing so much in one class and then doing absolutely nothing in the other; or, about the all too familiar phrase, what's the use of going to high school? I think that was my pet peeve. I always wondered why we had to go to school, especially for twelve years. I didn't see any sense to it when I was in grammar school for then I was thinking of all the years I still had to go. Now I wouldn't change my place with anyone. I still wish I could start as a freshman or sophomore and have all the fun I did then.

You may think that gripes will help you in any situation but in the long run they don't. Gripes haven't hurt anyone yet and I guess it's only human for us to have them. But sometimes ask yourself, "What good will this gripe do me?" You'll soon discover it doesn't do you much, no matter how minor or important it may seem to you.

Lorraine Moskwinski, '46

—:—:—

I Hate to Leave —

I hate to leave. I suddenly realized the truth in that old saying, "Parting is such sweet sorrow." Yes, not I alone will shed a tear of joy and sadness. This combined feeling of being happy and sad seems to come attached to the diploma certificate.

I have been counting and rushing the hours and years, through all my school days, and have always looked longingly forward to my high school graduation. But now I find the time has past too swiftly, and I regret that high school days are over for me and all I'm able to do is preserve them among memories. Yet, I cannot express my happiness for the completion of such four, unforgettable years spent at Washington High.

In all, I am grateful for my school days, glad for graduating, and sentimental at leaving Washington High School.

Marjorie Bartkowski, '46

—:—:—

Now That It's Time to Go—

I wish I had both worked and payed a little harder and then work and play would not have intertwined.

When I had finished playing, I

Hours of Practise for This!

Band Gives Annual Concert

The annual spring concert of the Washington High School Band, assisted by the High School Boys' Glee Club, was held Friday, May 10, 1946 in the high school auditorium at 8:00 P.M. The band was under the direction of Mr. Tolman Ghart and the boys' glee club under the direction of Miss Grace Chapman.

"Sing Me a Chantey With a Yo-Heave-Ho", and "Steal Away" were sung by the Glee Club. The band accompanied on "Blue Skies."

The program was opened by "Coronation March" and was followed by "The Gypsy Festival", selections from "The Merry Widow", "It's Been a Long Time" and "E Pluribus Unum."

There were several special numbers on the program. Delores Van Wynsberghe, violinist, with Daniel Piekarski, played "Souvenir" and "Czardas." An accordion solo, Liszt's "Hungarian Rhapsody," was played by Daniel Piekarski. "A Bedtime Story, or Dangerous Dan Mc Grew" (with Effects) was narrated by Frak Bojarski with the band. A cornet solo, "Jupiter Polka Petite," was played by soloist Edmund Magiera. A clarinet trio consisting of Evelyn Leopold, Richard Vander Haegen, and Frances Boyer played "Dance Des Merltons." Richard Miller ended the program with some twirling.

The band presented their director, before the concert, with a beautiful brief case

would have began my work more wholeheartedly.

My mother told me that repeatedly, but I don't think I mixed them up intentionally, but rather because I worked very slowly. The time for work ran over into the time for play and they became all mixed up.

Of course some people might get the idea that this is a reason I didn't dance or do some other things most people my age do. I didn't do those things because they didn't interest me. The activities I did enter I could have worked at harder.

Now that it is time to go, I know what I would like to have done, but didn't do. However, I shall have other opportunities in the future to help correct this mistake. I can work very hard while I am working and play very hard while I am playing.

I wonder.

Sarah Lee, '46

A clever man tells a woman he understands her. A stupid one tries to prove it.

Steve's One Stop Service

1601 W. Indiana Ave.
STEVE C. NAGY, Prop.



THE PANTHER BASEBALL SQUAD

Top: Haas, Woltman, Prusinski, Alexander, Przygoda, Badowski, Treber, Polonka, Klosowski, Coach Holley. **Middle:** W. Austin, Stemper, Bucholtz, Lawecki Robertson, Fenimore, Williams, Rzepnicki, Dhaene. **Bottom:** Glod, Szabo, Strzelecki, Goralczyk, E. Austin, Dugan, Kulczak.

By a Nose

Panthers Take Central Catholic

The Washington Panthers defeated Central Catholic with a score of 8-7 in a practice game held on Wednesday, May 15th at the Harrison Diamond at 4:00 P.M.

Lawecki, the relief pitcher, came in the fifth and pitched a superb game, striking out nine batters, five of whom were consecutive. The game started in full swing when the Panthers came up to bat in the seventh inning with a score of 7-4, Central Catholic leading. With Glod and Strzelecki on bases, Goralczyk managed to hit a triple. Goralczyk then came home on an error, thus tying the score.

In the eighth inning the winning point was made by Stamper, owing to Austin's sacrifice. Fate was with us, as the first baseman made a wild throw to third in an

attempt to catch Stamper there. The team's batting averages are as follows:

	AB	H	Pct.
Austin	4.5	2	1 .500
Dhaene	8	4	2 .500
Goralczyk	8	4	1 .250
Roberson	8	4	1 .250
Lawecki	3	2	1 .500
Bucholtz	8	4	0 .000
Przygoda	4.4	1	0 .000
Strzelecki	8	4	1 .250
Stamper	8	4	1 .250
Glod	8	4	1 .250
Fenimore	.7	0	0 .000
Rzepnicki	3.5	1	0 .000

STEENBEKE BREAKS CITY RECORD

David Steenbeke, 7A, broke the city elementary grade senior division record for the 100 yard dash in winning first place in the Elementary Schools Track Meet on May 13. Steenbeke's time was 12.2 seconds.

Remember, fellows, the right girl hardly ever keeps a date book.

First Citizens of 1946!

Bartkowski, Zalas Receive Awards

Marjorie Bartkowski, 125, and Stanley Zalas, 102, are the outstanding citizens of the Class of 1946 of Washington High. Their selection was announced at the annual Class Day Assembly on Thursday, May 23 when the Class of 1946 said farewell to the student body.

Other honors awarded at the Class Day Assembly were these:

The Maxine Mary Dhoore Memorial Award in Scholarship to Margaret Marie DeVos.

The Joseph S. McCowan Memorial Award in Social Studies to Mary Barbara Weiss.

The D.A.R. Award for Excellence in United States History (from The Schuyler Colfax Chapter) to Evelyn Alice Napieralski.

The Award for Excellence in Vocational Education from Studebaker Local No. 5, U.A.W.-C.I.O. to Eugene Wadzinski.

The Music Awards (of sweaters) to Dolores Wlodarek and Richard VanderHagen.

During the program, Clara

Skubiszewski read the Class Prophecy; Richard Vander Hagen and Casimer WWitucki read the Class Will; and Genevieve Staszewski, class historian, read the History of '46.

The Senior Chorus of girls and boys sang and solos were given by Dolores Wlodarek, Alice Lukaszewski, Eugene Kubiak, and Stanley Zalas.

As president of the graduating class, Stanley Zalas passed on to Robert Fenimore, president of the Junior Class, the Senior Gavel. With the Gavel were passed on to '47 the name and privileges and responsibilities of seniors.

The Band played both the processional and the recessional.

The script for the program was written by Gertrude Stachowiak and production was under the direction of the class sponsors.

GIRLS



There are Good Jobs for You at the Telephone Company

- ☆ **GOOD PAY**
- ☆ **STEADY EMPLOYMENT**
- ☆ **PLEASANT WORKING CONDITIONS**

Come in and talk it over with us at 227 S. Main St.

INDIANA BELL TELEPHONE COMPANY

School will soon be out
Investigate the
Work Opportunities

That may be open for you
at

WILSON BROS.

1008 W. Sample St.

H & R STANDARD SERVICE

GENERAL REPAIR on ALL MAKES of CARS
1501 W. INDIANA AVE.

Phone 3-0449

Bob & Hi

GET ON THE BEAM the best

SODAS, MALTS, SUNDAES
COME FROM

PAXTON'S CORNERS

PEG & JON 1702 PRAIRIE AVE. PHONE 3-0866

If it's new, you will find it at

GREENE'S

DRESSES - COATS - FORMALS - LINGERIE
HOSIERY

Sizes 9-17

Sizes 12-20



Cool
Summer - Dress
for work or Play

\$10.95

Sizes 10 to 16

Perky-aralac two-piecer that will add charm and beauty to busy summer hours. Styled by TEENARD of DALLAS inboard blue, green or luggage candy stripes or cream-colored background . . . \$10.95

Girls' Shop - Second Floor

ROBERTSON'S