



DROFMATS DAILY

All the news that nobody else wants to print



GUEST EDITOR LAPS UP JOB

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students' abstinence chagrins faculty

In an unprecedented move, a mob of students of Stanford High School have left their classrooms since Wednesday, March 9, claiming that they have given up school for Lent. The matter has reached tremendous proportions. Religious and educational leaders have pleaded in vain to have the boys and girls return to school.

It is history repeating itself as this Child's Crusade marches determinedly on, in this the fourth week of the unending of abstinence. Signs have appeared in local merchant establishments and amusement places throughout the city, reading, "We are in sympathy with the workers of Hale and Towse, and the students of Stanford High School". A sympathy demonstration by all the other public schools of Stanford was staged, with the massive lines of students dragging teachers in their wake.

A very last minute interview with a Southern dignitary residing at the Roger Smith, a Senator (Clagborn, resulted in this announcement. "The school situation, I say, the school situation, is very hot. Now get this—Mr. Moore's plowin'. That's a witticism, a Tuscaloosa tickler, go on. When I take the bus, it's always the South End. It's up to the students, if they can't get their demands accepted, the other alternative is Secession, Secession, that is." With these words ringing in students' ears the end of this prolonged holiday is nowhere in sight, and the only hope left for the faculty is to close schools till after Easter. And Easter, like many students, comes late this year.

ROSIE SPILLS ATOMIC BEANS

WASHINGTON, D.C., April 1 (Special News Service)—President Truman revealed at a press conference today the electrifying news that a senior in Stanford High School, Martin Rosenblum, had unwittingly revealed the atom bomb secret to the world.

Martin has been speaking on the bomb during luncheon periods for several months at S.H.S. and last Tuesday an unidentified European spy, disguised as a pencil sharpener, crept into Miss Ryan's homeroom and heard one of his talks. The spy has since sold the information he gathered at this talk to several nations for exorbitant prices.

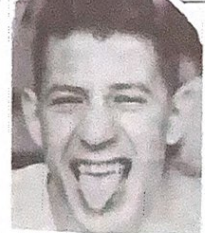
In Stanford this morning, Martin was found at S.H.S. number 127-24727 while scribbling down one of the school corridors. (This is known as an algebraic progression.) When informed of what had happened, Rosenblum was horrified. "Good!" he commented. "I didn't think I was certain, my secret! It's all so simple!" After this brief statement, he hastened away muttering to himself: "I hope this doesn't mean the end between Al Einstein and me! Oh dear!"

The international repercussions have been cataclysmic. Prime Minister Alee described the happening as "a catastrophe". Secretary Byrnes said is worried tones, "This innocent boy has, without realizing it, altered the whole course of world history. The survival of mankind now hangs in the balance." A southern senator, who evidently doubted the seriousness of the report, when asked his opinion replied: "That's a joke, son, a joke, that is!"



Now it can be told. The veil of secrecy can at last be lifted on one of the most eerie and startling stories in modern times. It all goes back to a moonlit night last May, to be exact, the night of the Junior prom. Our hero, Diosgenes, like the rest of the boys, was wrapped up in his work, industriously reading a Galworthy play, while under his arm was a copy of the collected works of Leonardo da Vinci. True, there were only two more days of school, but, well, you know how some English teachers are. Diosgenes's girl, was deftly pulling up tender blades of grass and filling Diosgenes's mouth, although he quite oblivious to what was going on. Diosgenes was quite studious fellow, with horned rimmed glasses and a very boyish appearance. However, when the couple finally went in and started dancing, Diosgenes surrounded everyone by littering about with seemingly effortless motions; and, to make matters more astounding, he almost catapulted his partner out the window during a terrific whirl. Of course his friends were very much astounded.

But very little came of this sudden burst of energy, until a few months later newspapers began to carry the headlines: "S.H.S. Boy Defeats the Blitz", "Lensing Tower of Pisa Straightened by Marvelous feat of Strength", "Great Divide Put To-



A LaNode... the first day of April, was invented on a small island in the Libyan desert. A LaNode's proud inventors were Hilbert, Inspector and Bill Bell. After a number of experiments these two great Scientists perfected this not-quite-human machine and sent him to the United States to become civilized. Diosgenes chose to live in Stanford when his substitute surfaced on Strawberry Hill. Immediately attracted to the large red brick building in front of him he followed a number of students trooping in through doors. Screaming and shouting, pushing and shoving, he followed the example set him by the students.

Inside the door, A LaNode found himself in a wide, dark hall. Husing to himself that someone must not have paid the rent he realized that the most terrific burst of light was surely the reflection of the sun. She grew limp with relief. Perhaps the house wasn't haunted, everything was so quiet. Pauline retraced her steps slowly, gingerly almost afraid of each creaking floorboard. Slowly, with each advancing stride, she regained confidence, when those steps must have been all in her imagination. She danced lightly down the stairs in high spirits. As she stepped off the bottom stair her eye caught a small metal ring set in the wood of the floor. All fears forgotten Pauline was immediately all curiosity. She passed a finger through the hoop and pulled gently; nothing happened. She grew puzzled and pulled harder still nothing happened. Pauline grew angry. She kicked at the interesting little metal ring. Suddenly there was a slight motion behind her. She turned startled and there before her a large part of the wall had moved back. Her adventurous mind immediately ascertained command of her body. She stood determinedly forward.

Pauline had entered a large high-ceilinged room. The furniture was all heavy black overstuffed plush. The air was dead and the walls were hung with heavy, dusty cobwebs. On one of the blackwood tables was a dried black foot-tablet was a dried bunch of flowers thick with mildew. The mural was a heavy piece of carved marble. Rectly over it there was a bust portrait of a bearded man.

Pauline coughed, "the dust and the air," she thought, "it is so closed in." She turned to leave through the same door by which she had entered. There was no door! The panel had closed without a sound. The atmosphere was getting worse. She looked around wildly. Ah! She must have a light! She saw a window in the room! Pauline sank in a small heap on the floor. "Oh," thought Pauline, "I'll die! I just know it. It's my own fault for ever coming into this awful room!" The air grew closer and Pauline found it harder and harder to breathe. She was gradually turning blue. To be continued in 1947.

PERILS OF POOR PAULINE

Pauline was cornered! Her back against the cold clammy wall she stood petrified, listening to the footsteps, slowly, determinedly, ascending the stairs just around the corner. She threw herself at the door, screaming in horror. There was a small click and Pauline fell into the dark, dank hallway. She stood gasping in fear, her eyes darting to the left and right. To the left the dismal cobwebs surrounded stairs wound their way to the foggy upper hall. She darted quickly up the dusty stairs and, headless of directions, went dashing madly down a hall. Suddenly she turned a corner there was a burst of white and yellow light in front of her. Pauline was snared. The jagged splinters of fear gripped her strongly, froze her blood in her veins, and she stood there stiff.



There was not a sound in the large rambling wreck of a mansion, all was silent. Gradually the girl realized that the most terrific burst of light was surely the reflection of the sun. She grew limp with relief. Perhaps the house wasn't haunted, everything was so quiet. Pauline retraced her steps slowly, gingerly almost afraid of each creaking floorboard. Slowly, with each advancing stride, she regained confidence, when those steps must have been all in her imagination. She danced lightly down the stairs in high spirits. As she stepped off the bottom stair her eye caught a small metal ring set in the wood of the floor. All fears forgotten Pauline was immediately all curiosity. She passed a finger through the hoop and pulled gently; nothing happened. She grew puzzled and pulled harder still nothing happened. Pauline grew angry. She kicked at the interesting little metal ring. Suddenly there was a slight motion behind her. She turned startled and there before her a large part of the wall had moved back. Her adventurous mind immediately ascertained command of her body. She stood determinedly forward.

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disgusting personalities



Charles, the only living man to graduate from S.H.S. at the age of one hundred, resides in cell No. 10000. Voted the most popular student, he can be seen floating about the halls, with his trailing fiery red beard picking up dust and generally helping the janitors. He has even been known to clean up the Siren room.

He has been very active in the first string of our victorious basketball team in the position of left-man.

He has also participated in his class plays for seventy years. He was the major lead in "The Miser".

In his favorite subject of cooking he has learned the art of living ones dish and bottle washer. After spending fifty years in cooking class, Charles feels he is well qualified to take on the duties of a housewife.

Free ad: Does anybody need one? Phone Charles (ring-ring 4-020)



Winnie Waha, the gravel garter of the bobby soxers, and the outstanding queen of S.H.S., is probably most widely known for her wild teeth, pop eyes, and stringy hair.

While in her sophomore year Winnie was voted the class drip, because of her unfortunate tendency to catch cold. As one would ever lend her a Kleenex.

Being the outstanding player on the girls' hockey team, Winnie in the position of catcher draws more fouls than anyone on the team.

Her favorite extra-curricular sport, dog catching, keeps her pretty busy in the interests of the neighborhood cats.

Winnie's only desire in life is to reach the ripe old age of two hundred, when she plans to take aerobatic lessons and become a professional tight robe walker, to learn the art of falling gracefully.

Merry Christmas!

Gastronomical phenomenon stirs scientific world

gether and, what was most startling, "Senior Boy Leads Basketball Team to Championship!" The multitude cried for signs of this phenomenon, crowds stopped, stared at the sky, pointed and said "Look, it's a plane, it's a bird, it's... it's... it's a bird!" But nevertheless undaunted, the ferret mounted, the stories of the Wonder Boy's exploits cease, all mention of him was prohibited.

And now, fully 11 months later the Siren can tell the mystery of Diosgenes Defunct, in its unbridled form, following his sensational deeds, scientist became inquisitive, and in the huge secret laboratories atop Mt. Vernon, experiments were carried on upon Diosgenes. The learned men found that the grass he had unconsciously eaten the night of the Prom contained phenomenally high amount of Uranium. Because of Diosgenes' very high string and intellectually superior mind, the Uranium transformed into energy, a form of atomic energy. Diosgenes became a very high priority person, a quick course of atomic power for the new bomb the scientists were working on. It was necessary to have his trip this gas into a funnel and then into a cylinder known now as the atomic bomb. The only substance which induced a deep, super-saturated type of burst of mushrooms, and so that huge mushroom shaped cloud that followed the dropping of the first atomic bomb was really the accumulation of the many boxes of mushrooms Diosgenes Defunct was forced to eat. Profile of an extremely Dynamic Diet.

drofmatS daily

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Published occasionally by students 'th nothing better to do.



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OO-EDITOR-12-CHIEF... ADVERTISING STAFF... PHOTOGRAPH STAFF... BUSINESS STAFF... NASTR-SECRET STAFF... VARI-TYPING

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METALIST AWARD FROM STAMFORD IRON WORKS... First Place National Invite Tournament... Booby Prize "Mama Swan" Contest

SNO JOKE SON!

Earlier in the year, the condition of the corridors in this school was brought to our attention... We earnestly believe that the students should take more interest in keeping their corridors clean.

Ah, Spring!

One evening, shortly after nine a.m., I strolled through the treeless forest looking for peanuts... Ah, Spring! Spring, spring, beautiful spring!

OVER DA BACK FENCE



Seen strolling through the halls: Joan Bradley and M. Knapp, M. Barriesci and I. Correnti, Candy and Henry, Dr. Malone and John's Other Wife, P. Anderson and B. Martin, M. Lazarus and M. Mezzi, L. Molinsky and Edits Ritter, C. Wattenburg and James D.

The newest of friendships is that of Lee and Kay... Seen at the April Pool Dance, given in honor of all the fools of April: Mary Carrio and Frank Moran, Milly Hespodor and Martin Rosenblum, Hleanse Orliński and Frank Lennon, Carol Paigt and Allen Maigt, Fay and Ray, Shirlee Epstein and J. Williams, Bob Stobbie and L. Moltono, M. Bennett and Ann Walther, Beann Woods and Candy Case. Also at the dance were Gleena and Chilli, G. Murphy and S. Glas, Huba Huba and Solid Jackson, W. Murphy and P. Mattingly, M. Fogg and Arnold Corer, J. Sweeter and Shirley Kelly, A. Saultitch and Jimmy Scanlon, and last but not least Njke Butkovsky and Anne Cummings.



Stamford High School was the scene of great excitement last week as the King of Purdingra and his forty wives visited the school to inspect the radar system used here.

King Bibliovinarina was astonished at the great advances made by student experiments under the direction of the learned scientist, Walter Sely k.a.u., Y.L.W., Ph.P., and L.M.N.O.P. After seeing a great many new improvements the royal visitor requested a small space on an assembly program.

So it was that on March 33, 1934 A.D., the students of S.H.S. were honored by a five hour, fourteen minute, two second talk by this Royal Majesty King Bibliovinarina.

The King, ruler of a tiny country of 211 people directly next to the east border of Japan, told his audience that he objected to the proposed U.N.O. site. "It's not that I really mind sleeping in the baryard, but when the pipes become so neighborly that they ask me to eat with them—that's going too far!" He also complained about living conditions for his forty wives and their eighty servants. "They," he stated, "must live as in their custom, in a two room apartment. Tell me, where can I find an apartment in Stamford?"

The Annual April Pool Hop, sponsored this year by the class of '32, will be held tonight, April 1, 1934, at 7:37 P.M. In stead of the usual tickets, the only admission will be the proof of being a fool. It is supposed that a large crowd will be present because of the great number of fools around. One thousand, nine hundred and aise: also door prizes will be given out towards the beginning of the morning. These will consist of brand new, lovely fourth-year Latin books, invitations to join the HUBA-HUBA CLUB, a revised edition of Shakespeare's "The Rover Boys", applications to the Insane Asylum, the original copy of Edgar Gaeat's famous poem, "Macbeth", and many other things of equal value. The jutter-bug music will be supplied by the not so famous Boston Sympathy Orchestra, conducted by the famous baton twirler, B.O. Plenty. It is hoped that a wonderful time will be had by nobody.



When Clark Gable visited S.H.S. yesterday, all the girls passed him up for Almo, Jr. Now that Cynthia and Van Johnson have split up, he is courting Carol Adel. One of S.H.S.'s most beautiful blondes is Gladys Rasmussen. Betty Burton is going to sing "Aida" at the Met., accompanied by her at the piano will be Bill Mulreed. Jimmy Scanlon has sworn off all sexes except girls. Evelyn Lee and John Crane were seen obtaining a license at City Hall. It was for Evelyn's dog. Mr. Blank principal of our school, announced yesterday that we were going to have a new addition to the school—a swimming pool. Swimming will be taken in place of English.

Belmer Magnuson, senior class genius, got all A's in English. Corry McGuiness has finally sold his novel "How to Lose Mules". Congratulations! On March 33, 1936, S.H.S. will present what's-his-name with a you-know-what for his terrible work in that game of whatcha-call-it.

Gloria DiSette came to school wearing the latest fashions: a green, not all A's in English. Frank Moran and Dave Palmer are wearing engagement rings. S.H.S. is going to have a dinner for Andrew Palmieri, celebrated inventor of the atomic bomb. Happy New Year 1934!

REPORT CARD: DAYS ABSENT: TERRY... SUBJECT: ENGLISH... HISTORY... MATH... MOVING...

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Name: My Father's Mustache... Usually seen: in a church... Noted For: His curls... Nickname: Nasty... Favorite Pastime: Ticking my mother... Pet Aversion: The razor... Ambition: To be a soap salesman.

Name: Oney Twoey... Usually seen: in the Park... Noted For: Philandering... Nickname: Cone apoid... Favorite Pastime: Seeking... Pet Aversion: Cops... Ambition: Not particular.

Name: Chicky Chick... Usually seen: in a banana... Noted For: Her pants... Nickname: Chilla, Chilla... Favorite Pastime: Copy jokes... Pet Aversion: The haircut... Ambition: A dozen eggs.

Name: Face-Away... Usually seen: in the pneumonia... Noted For: Passing out... Nickname: Blackout... Favorite Pastime: Being out of the picture... Pet Aversion: Women (what an i saying?)... Ambition: To be out of the picture permanently.

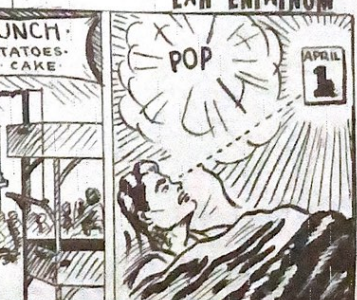
Name: Poetry It Could Be Verse... Cause: Spring, spring, beautiful spring! Teachers announce there's no school.

Name: NO SCHOOL TODAY... Cause: Spring, spring, beautiful spring! The boy decides to cut class.

Name: Fling, fling, beautiful fling!... Cause: Spring, spring, beautiful spring! It hits a young man's fancy.

Name: Ring, ring, beautiful ring!... Cause: Spring, spring, beautiful spring! He makes a hit with Nancy.

MAS HPOS (EVERTHING ELSE IS BACKWARDS)





COOKING CLASS

IN BALMY DAZE

The whole fate of the world was in precarious balance this week, with the confusion and alarm that followed an amazing incident. The telephone rang in the busy office of the Stamford High School Sires, and a very excited, happy voice pronounced these words that traveled the globe in a few hours. "This is Miss Atkinson of the cooking class at S.H.S. I'm tickled to announce that we've discovered the atomic bomb." This simple statement, uttered in such a matter of fact tone, sent men from the four corners of the globe scurrying to the little town of Stamford, Connecticut. Two Russian officers of a million dollars just for a mere interview failed, as newspapers from every known newspaper attempted to pry loose the sensational details of this discovery. Great scientists had labored for hours in search of the beginning to the solution of this problem and saw the finished product had been produced in a little room of the domestic science classes of Stamford High. Finally, in the auditorium an eager, grasping, pushing throng waited for the press conference which would decide the fate of mankind for centuries to come. Albert Einstein and Arthur Rosenblum sat huddled together in an obscure corner of the auditorium, casting envious glances at the two students who had helped in the world's dignitaries were present, including the mayor of Stamford. The first speech arrived. Oh to

the stage filed two serious young ladies, as the audience subsided to an expectant hush. The first few words hung creakily on the still, tense air! "We have this great secret which has escaped you all, right here in this bottle." "HE! Let me Out. Bellppp!" filled the crowded room. "Oh there's nothing to worry about," comforted one of the demonstrators. "Here I'll put a little on my hands," she said, grasping for the small, dark bottle. The naive container slipped, and started its downward plunge for the floor. Three thousand people drew in "heir breath as one, an unspeakable horror and indescribable gasp of agony emitting from their terror stricken countenances. With a sickish "sploot", the bottle hit the floor and spilled over the floor, as the people threw themselves under chairs, screwed up their faces in terrible anticipation, and waited for the crash that would spell the end for them. "Oh dear, dear," exclaimed Miss Atkinson, "There goes the first bottle of our lovely, exquisite atomic hand balm, that we had almost sold to the Jergens Lotion Company!"

music notes

Is a hot sax chorus located in the middle of the "St. Louis Blues", Henry Stankiewicz of the Crane organization made Pip Phillips of Herman's herd look sick. Phillips ran out of the smoke filled Club 21 and bashed

his sax against one of the concrete walls in utter desperation. He frantically stated, "I've practiced five hours a day for thirty years and now I find a seventeen year old boy making me look like an amateur." The payoff came when Don Sappern walked in while Teddy Wilson was playing his rendition of China Boy. Don said to Wilson, "Why must you always wreck that song with your coray style, Teddy? I'll show you just once more how to play it and if you can't hit the chords I use, save yourself a lot of unnecessary torture by not playing it at all." Erskine Hawkins, Charley Baracet, Woody Herman, Duke Ellington, Count Basie and other interesting personalities of the music world looked on with interest as Don Sappern gave Teddy Wilson a lesson in piano playing. Receiving the news that "his band had been given the high school prom job, Crane stated blandly, "I'm glad that you have bestowed this honor upon my orchestra. My only regret is that we shall have to move our Paramount engagement up a week. After our Paramount engagement, the band succeeds Len Brown at the "300" Restaurant. Flash! At press time we received the news that Frank Sinatra has begged to, plug with Crane's band at the Prom. He has cancelled his radio program and will land at the S.H.S. airport Friday night.

Pashions

The girls of the female sex are replacing plaid skirts and bony sweaters with leopard skin worn dramatically over the left shoulder, leaving the right shoulder bare. Boys are wearing two-tone sweaters, with such colors as purple and orange, and bottle greens with baby blue. Their shoes will be laced up to the knee. Green polka dots against a bright red plaid is a "must" in boy's shirts. The girls are throwing their sylvans to the wind and donning black and white vertically striped stockings, which have all the boys panting—with pain. Boys are wearing reatuder sweaters with real animals piped on. It also helps to make them warm, and the commotion livens the classroom no end!

Nite B-4 Xmas

In 207, there arose such a matter, that everyone came in to see what was the matter. A heated argument was ensuing. Miss Favorite, a well known English teacher, made this startling announcement. "There is no Santia Clause, only dependent and independent clauses." Her pupils retelled. She remained firm, however, for she asserted that her weeks of research in old, dusty books certainly proved this. The pupils have walked out leaving poor Miss Favorite powdering on, "Who does put goodness in my stockings?"

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SPORTS

Completing the season with a terrific record of twenty-one wins and no defeats, the Stamford High School basketball team was presented with a beautiful plaque...

The boys began to eat the dinner which was carefully prepared for them. Carter had finally sat down to find that one of the smart boys, probably Arnold Cover, first string guard, had taken his chair out from under him...

The trophies passed out by Mr. Mack were two year old T shirts which couldn't be washed as the straps of the water would make them fall apart.

The dining hall was stuffed with internationally known figures. At the far end of the table was Frank Howard, of Greenwich fame, sporting a zooty new coat which seemed a couple of sizes too small for his husky frame.

Mr. Baggs later introduced Carter Dodd to the group gathered around the table. Mr. Dodd began his speech by complimenting the boys on the fine job they had done and then went on to say that if the team continued to live the fine, clean lives they have been living this past year, and by limiting their expeditions to Port Chester to six nights a week, they would have no trouble in clinching the championship the following year.

The dinner was declared officially over after the third empty keg of beer was thrown out of the window. The boys all gathered around the piano and began to sing the old fashioned songs which always tear at the sentimental's heart strings.

ENGLISH DEPARTMENT ACCUSED OF COMMUNISM

Stamford High School (Ignited Press) April 1.—Mr. John Edward Hughes, dynamic-atomic Head of the English Department, announced today that he had filed writ of libel against the SIREN. "This is the limit!" shouted Mr. Hughes, grasping his ever-sharp pencil: "I have taken alot from that yellow sheet, but this is the proverbial straw that broke the proverbial camel's proverbial back!"

The SIREN is being sued because of a story published several months ago about the English Department. Mr. Hughes objects to the part of the article that reads: "The English Department today is obviously growing more and more communistic. Red tendencies flagrantly display themselves in every English class. Communists force their doctrines on innocent students, and Karl Marx is rapidly taking the place formerly occupied by William Shakespeare. These infamous machinations must be stopped!"

Students do not seem to join Mr. Hughes in his protest. Samuel Poppendole, questioned today, said, "If the SIREN said it, I do not doubt its veracity. The SIREN is a fine paper. I like its wide coverage most of all, it covers everything—math book, my Geometry book, my French book.... Considering the paper shortage, it's really worth a nickle—five cents."

ROYAL VISITOR AT WALDORF-ON-THE-ASTOR

Among the many visitors to Stamford this last week was the very well known and much admired King of Salome, Wheredandened. King Wheredandened was very impressed with Stamford High School and expressed especially a great admiration of the famous epicurean's delights to tickle the palate of the most critical gourmet.

Something Left Over

Standing in the front corridor the other day chatting with Mr. Baggs, we were interrupted by a young man who asked us to pardon him, and then stood in the doorway. Not noticing this, we continued, when two ladies pushed and shoved their way into position behind this young man. Soon we were shoved back to the end of the middle corridor before we realized that people were lined up all the way out to the door.

Miss Willigan is attempting to explain why we can't have nude models in art class. The boys don't understand, neither do I. I turn right down the corridor and see Miss Wilbur munching a worm sandwich while the class sings "Old Man River."

Oppressed by the great responsibilities of his office, President Truman made a brief visit to Stamford High School to consult with that eminently known consultant, the inimitable, ever-tolerant, reserved, reticent, Harvey Rabinowitz. The conversation went something like this: "Alamo," says the President who is an old friend of Harvey, "Alamo, I'm having a lot of trouble from some bucolics who just can't seem to agree with my way of thinking."

The new delicious blonde you've seen around the halls lately is known as F. Amber. She hails from "Windsor", Connecticut, and

is known for her shyness. F. Amber is usually seen with her cousin "Kitty" Gordon. F. Amber will long be remembered in Stamford High for her unswerving devotion to the job of correcting juvenile delinquency.

Advertisement for Short's Secretarial School, featuring a woman in a professional setting and the school's name in a stylized font.

Advertisement for Spring Fashions for Teen-Age Girls, featuring a woman in a fashionable dress and the text 'DO YOU KNOW?'.

Advertisement for Spring Registration, featuring a woman in a professional setting and the text 'PLAN NOW TO MEET THE DEMAND FOR WELL TRAINED OFFICE EMPLOYEES.'

Advertisement for Frank Martin & Sons, featuring a woman in a fashionable dress and the text 'SPORT JACKETS \$14.50 to \$18.50 ALL WOOL SLACKS TO MATCH \$6.95 to \$10.00'

Advertisement for Silad's Pharmacy, featuring a woman in a professional setting and the text 'PHARMACY'.

Advertisement for Hendrie & Lovatt, featuring a woman in a professional setting and the text 'HENDRIE & LOVATT Clothiers and Haberdashers'.

Large advertisement for Floor Covering Shop, featuring a woman in a professional setting and the text 'Think of Rugs & Linoleum' and 'FLOOR COVERING SHOP'.