

PANORAMA

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1947



*The PAN-O-RAM Staff
Hereby Dedicates This Issue To*

MR. W. G. SPITZER

*In Appreciation Of His Work
With All Student Activities*

PAN-O-RAM ANNUAL

VOLUME XLII

MAY, 1947

LAGO COMMUNITY HIGH SCHOOL
ARUBA, N. W. I.

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NEWS

Editor Albert Ray

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"Janie"

This year Lago High presented "Janie" to the colony. It played three nights and was very successful. It also introduced many new actors and actresses from Lago High.

Janie, a pretty, very popular high school girl, was played by Mona Smith. Dick Lawrence, portrayed by Bob Moore, was a soldier. He and his mother, Elaine Kimler, were staying with the Colburns for a few days. Scooper Nolan, none other than Lenny Teagle, had been Janie's current boyfriend until Dick came along and he didn't like Dick's interference.

Mr. and Mrs. Colburn were acted by David Lee Schmitt and Dorothy Stuart. Mr. Colburn owned the town newspaper, "The Hortonville Times" and was trying in vain to see a Mr. Reardon, Charles Allen, about getting a new press for it.

John Van Brunt, Kenneth Repath, was the managing editor and also was living temporarily with the Colburns. Elsbeth, Mary B. Spitzer, was Janie's little sister and always was where she wasn't wanted. Rodney and Tina, Dick Rosborough and Minerva Josephon, were the Colburns' colored servants.

Babs Stiehl and Pauline Morgan, as Bernadine Dodd and Paula Rainey, were Janie's best friends. Paula liked a sailor named Mickey, Buba Kennerty and Bernadine liked a soldier named Deadpan, Walter Buchholtz. Some of the other soldiers and girls at the party were Bob Rafloski, Donald Whitney, Bill Morgan, Roy Burbage, Pat Scott and Sue Mingus.

Claire Wilken and Merlene Morris were prompters, Iris Ann Woodcock and Lorna Brown took care of the properties and Tom Tucker was stage manager.

Miss Harding and Mr. Zaner did an excellent job of directing the play.

Junior Prom

On April 26, at 8:00 p.m. the junior class had its annual Junior Prom. The dance was held at the Golf Club which was decorated attractively in greenery and crepe paper. Sea-grape branches were fixed to the brick pillars. The decoration committee painted the sea-grape berries white and this offered a smart contrast to the red pillars and green branches. Palm leaves were crossed over the rails, and pastel shades of crepe paper were strung around inside the club.

A variety of delicious cookies, chicken salad and ham sandwiches, and punch made up a menu of very delicious food. Dorothy Stuart who was head of the food committee enlisted the aid of her mother, Mrs. L. Stuart, who worked tirelessly with Dorothy to help make the refreshments a success.

Excellent dance music was played for us by Speen's Orchestra, and was greatly enjoyed by the 200 people who attended the Prom.

The dance ended at 12:00 and everyone who attended agreed that it was one of the best proms given in several years.

Play Cast Dance

We had an unusual dance the other night. It was the one given by and for the cast of "Janie". On entering the auditorium we had the feeling of going into the room of Al Capp, Zack Mosley, or one of the other cartoon writers. All the walls were covered with enlarged comic strip figures. We had some hot records, and you should have seen the floor show! It had everything from Charlie A's Hill Billy songs to the Moore - Smith kissing scene, only with Rosborough playing the girl and being on the offensive instead of the defensive. It was really a wonderful dance, and I think everyone enjoyed it.

Tom Tucker

Pan-O-Ram Weekly

Although the idea had entered the minds of several students in the past, it wasn't until last October that anything was actually done towards forming a weekly paper for Lago Hi. Friday afternoon, October 18, Claire Wilken wrote and published the first Weekly. It consisted of some local school news, a bit of gossip, the Honor Roll and the movie schedule for the coming week. The following week the Pan-O-Ram staff of '46 got together and decided to make the Weekly a permanent thing. It was agreed upon that each week some of the staff should contribute some news. However it turned out that Betty Ann, Roy, Claire and occasionally Tom and Buba were the only ones who wrote articles for the Pan-O-Ram Weekly. Every week there was a column on alumni news, another on a student personality of the week, and later the column, Technique of the Week was started. Each week there was also a section on school gossip which was called the Vacuum. Before going to press, every article had to pass the censor, Mr. Spitzer. In January elections were held and a Pan-O-Ram Weekly staff was elected. It consisted of an Editor, Claire Wilken, three reporters--Mona Lee Smith, Dick Rafloski, and Tom Tucker--and two assistants--Bob Moore (mimeographer) and Roy Burbage (deliverer). The new staff made a few changes. They dispensed with the Technique of the Week, and started two new columns--The Roving Reporter-(a question and answer column) and The Facts of Life (humorous facts about students).

The Weekly is published every Friday and delivered last period to all the students. It has come to be a vital part of our school life and we hope that it will continue to be so in the future.

Entre Nous

This year something new was started among the Lago Hi girls. It is Entre Nous Sorority. Although this is not a school activity we feel it ought to be mentioned as it has given so many parties, picnics and dances, including a party-dance for the cancer fund.

The Entre Nous Sorority began on September 4th, 1946. It was organized by Mona Smith who had been in a similar sorority in Charleston, West Virginia. The charter members are Mona Smith, Pauline Morgan, Elaine Kimler, and Claire Wilken. Other members are Dorothy Stuart, Betty Ann Binnion, Roberta Pfaff, Merlene Morris, Minerva Josephson, and Sue Mingus. Their colors are red and white and the meetings are held at the various members' houses. The members must be in tenth grade to join and then only by the unanimous vote of the members.

The present officers are:

President.....	Dorothy Stuart
Vice President.....	Claire Wilken
Secretary.....	Mona Smith
Treasurer.....	Merlene Morris

Recently two members, Sue Mingus and Roberta Pfaff, resigned from the sorority; consequently two new members were brought in. They were Babs Stiehl and Marianne Aulow.

Sue Mingus

PHYSICS CLASS ACTIVITIES

On Feb. 15th Mr. Spitzer announced to the boys of the physics class that he had made arrangements for them to see a movie on Wright Aircraft engines at the Engineers' Club. This movie showed the various stages of the making of Wright Cyclone and Whirlwind aircraft engines. It started with the making of the casts for the cylinders and illustrated every step even to the final testing. It also showed how all the tools that are used to make these engines are tested to precision-like exactness. This movie was very interesting.

After the movies a Foxborough Instrument man gave an explanatory talk on the principles of the model 40 pressure controller for stills. The boys appeared very much interested, although it seems highly improbable that they knew what the "score" was. Strange as it seems, some of them who had worked in the instrument dept. claimed that they understood it completely.

After the ineffectual showing of slides in the physics room due to too much light, Mr. Spitzer wangled a couple of movies out of the Technical Training Division, to be shown at the Training Division on Feb. 1st. The first movie was about the Underwriter's Lab. This showed the different ways in which all kinds of material that is to be sold to the public, and stamped with the Underwriter's stamp of approval, is tested. Different kinds of equipment receive different kinds of tests. Most of the equipment is put through the fire test. Others are given endurance tests. This movie showed that all articles stamped by the Underwriters as safe have been thoroughly tested and are safe for public use.

The next movie was on the process employed by Bausch and Lomb in making glass. It started with the mixing of the sand and pouring the liquid glass into forms. One is poured into clay moulds; this glass is used in gun sights, prisms and refracting lenses. The other kind is poured in liquid form in front of rollers. This glass is rolled flat and cut into squares when it has hardened. There it is cut to the desired shape and ground to a uniform curvature. Then the blanks are stored or sold. This movie showed in an interesting manner the different ways that light can be broken up and bent. The whole class appreciated these movies very much and felt that their view of physics had been broadened.

Mr. Zaner

A fine combination of jokes, good humor, and mathematics arrived this year in the form of our new Math teacher. His name, Mr. R. M. Zaner. He hails from the grand old state of Pennsylvania. He graduated from Lackhaven State Teachers College in 1931 with a B.S. degree, and from Pen. State College in 1942 with an M. Ed. Before he came to Aruba he was the supervising principal of the Mehoopany School District in Pennsylvania. At school he majored in mathematics and history.

High School Dances

For the first dance of the year the sophomores gave the traditional Hallowe'en Dance. The auditorium was decorated with the customary decorations--bats, ghosts, and skeletons. Lenny Teagle and Dick Rosborough were masters-of-ceremony of an unusual stage show that was presented as a truth and consequence radio program with humorous commercials. The audience participated, bringing forth surprising results. Sponsors were Miss Thomas and Miss Perkuroski. Prizes were won by Pauline Morgan and John Stuart for the most original; Claire Wilken and Dick Rosborough, funniest; and Betty Ann Binnion and David Walters for the best dressed. The juke-box became over-heated and burned a fuse which was not repaired until some time later.

The Thanksgiving Dance was sponsored by the juniors. They featured a western theme in their decorations. Rather clever cowboy cartoons decorated the walls. They were drawn by artistic members of the high school. Miss Murphy and Miss Thomas attended as chaperones. An unusual chorus line gave an equally unusual version of the famed "can-can." This brought forth many laughs. Solos were sung by Betty Ann Binnion, Roy Burbage and Ronald Kennerty. Roy and Betty Ann also sang a duet. There were prizes for the various novelty dances.

Then came the Christmas dance on Dec. 21st. This dance was presented by the seniors. What they lacked in a stage show was made up by good music. The seventh and eighth grades were invited to come and it was also the first formal dance of the year. This made it a rather special occasion. Presents were exchanged by the students. The teachers present were Miss Parham and Miss Thomas.

The next dance of the school's social calendar was the freshman Valentine dance. Decorations were very effectively drawn by David Lee Schmitt and Dorothy Fulton. The refreshments were exceptionally good. Mona Smith and Mr. Zaner, who were voted King and Queen of Hearts, did a solo dance which was surprisingly good since Mr. Zaner claimed he hadn't danced in 13 years. Although the stage show and jokes were slightly under par David Lee Schmitt and Connie Gritte gave an exhibition of ballroom dancing which was received with much applause. Mr. Zaner and Miss Sterling were the sponsors.

Every dance was enjoyed very much by all who attended.

Sue Mingus and Al Ray

Miss Harding

This year brought back to us a former teacher, Miss Harding, who left here in 1940. During the intervening years she has been teaching in Weston, Massachusetts, a town in the metropolitan Boston district. The years have been filled with victory gardening and other war activities, post-graduate work in Spanish at Boston University, and participation in a school survey under the guidance of the Harvard School of Education. Miss Harding is very glad that she returned to Aruba.

Sue Mingus

HUMOR



-K.B.

A CAMPING TRIP

Every so often a group of us boys are hit by that uncontrollable urge for adventure common to the spirit of youth and go on a camping trip. After each trip we swear to all the Gods that we will never go again but inevitably we change our minds and return once more to that accursed spot of ground known to the local Indians as "Prince".

I went on this particular trip accompanied by two other boys. They may not want their names known so we will just call them Jay Cahill and Tom Tucker. We began this expedition in high spirits one afternoon, convinced by the weight of the packs that we must have enough food for a week's stay. Mr. Cahill was not aware of the driving conditions on the way and had agreed to take us out in his car. We piled our "equipment" into his car and settled back for what we thought was going to be a comfortable ride.

For the next hour and a half we walked along in front of the car searching for the road. When we finally found what we thought was a road it took us 15 minutes to convince Mr. Cahill before he would let us get back into the car. Undaunted we resumed our stations in the car and soon arrived at our destination.

We gathered up our supplies and fought our way through the tangled underbrush until we reached a beautiful clearing. It was surrounded on three sides by tall cliffs, the sides of which were covered with large boulders, cactus, and noisy goats. In the valley itself stood a grove of tall coconut trees with their trunks hacked up and all the coconuts gone as a result of previous trips. Beneath these the palm leaves and coconut husks formed a covering a foot deep over the rocks that composed the ground. Mr. Cahill took one look at the place and with a big grin on his face, told us he would be back the next day to take us home.

I strung my hammock between two sturdy trees and threw my supplies on it. While I was doing this Tom and Jay had got what they called a fire started. I thought it looked more like a smudge pot. I decided to have orange juice, French fries, apricots, and steak for supper. I set the grill over the fire and laid my steak gently on it. I returned to the hammock and opened the can of apricots. I set them on the ground and went to get the potatoes, which Tom had agreed to cook if I would give him half. When I returned my foot hit the can and spread the apricots all over the ground. When the laughter had subsided I saw that there was no hope of salvaging any. I decided that I didn't like apricots anyway and I went to turn my steak. I flipped it a little too fast and it went right through the grill into the fire. If I wrote the words I said then I'm sure it would furnish me with an excellent recommendation for a reform school. For supper I ate burnt potatoes and washed them down with warm orange juice.

After supper we sat around convincing each other that we were having a "swell" time. About 11:00 o'clock we went to bed. I had just settled in my hammock when about 1,000 flies came over to keep me company. Then the crabs started in the trees and every so often a coconut would drop. After battling the flies for about an hour I was just about asleep. Then it rained. For the next three hours it rained every half hour regularly. At 3:30 the fire went out and we had to hike about a mile to the beach to get some more firewood. About 4:00 o'clock I finally climbed into my wet hammock and went to sleep.

Early the next morning we were up burning our breakfast. After a wholesome meal we decided to go on a hike. I didn't want to go so I got back in my hammock. Tom came over and told me I ought to go with them and when he cut the hammock rope I thought I might as well. During the hike the water ran out so that by the time we got back we were dying of thirst.

We were lying flat on our backs, our tongues hanging out from lack of water, when William Wade came out to see how we were doing. We hurriedly gathered up our stuff and put it into his truck. Soon we were on our way home.

Roy Burbage

Useless Misinformation

Veteran found who doesn't want bonus, home loans, unemployment insurance or gratuities. Wants only job at \$18. a week, beginning at bottom. Declared insane.

Last troops leave Pacific Islands. Cannibals complain about meat shortage.

Atom bomb blows up world. Apes get to work immediately to restore the original mess.

Notre Dame starts 1947 football practice. Army spy found on squad executed.

Elevator operators, or indoor aviators, strike for elevators that go sideways to relieve monotony.

A teacher is a gentleman or a lady who is late when you're early and early when you're late.

Science is trying to cross a rock crusher with a human being in order to get a challenger for Joe Louis.

If you put salt in coffee by mistake, add mashed potatoes to take up salty flavor.

Somebody crossed the jumping bean with the checker. Thus a player can start a game of checkers, go off and get a soda, then come back every once in a while to see how the game is going.

Buck Rogers hired to pilot forthcoming army moon rocket. New York Times offers \$15. for article about trip to moon---payable on return.

Scientist grafts zipper to female mouth. Gets Nobel Prize.

Workingman discovered with 10¢ in pocket after pay day. Leaders start investigation.

Inventor perfects device for breaking leg in comfort at home instead of having to travel to ski trails.

Kangaroo stew is made with hops.

False mumps are for sale to children who don't like school.

And last of all the neutronomists who split the atom are beginning to wonder if it had been such a wise crack.

Confucius Says

---It takes thousands of bolts to hold a car together but one nut can tear it apart in a few seconds.

---When you call a man a fool he may be thinking the same thing about you ---and he may be right.

---A man generally has those traits which he attributes to mankind.

An Appeal

As I beat my head against my small padded cell in Sunny Brook Rest Home (if you want to be crude Sunny Brook Asylum) I think of the wonders of the universe. At least they seem wonders to me. But all my fellow astronomers, for some strange reason, can't agree with me. I am writing this in the hope that you, my sympathetic readers, can understand my plight and persuade my keepers to turn me loose.

It all started a week ago about ten o'clock at night. I was in my observatory adjusting my telescope to look at Mars. Within a moment or so I got it into view. The planet seemed strangely clear. The more I looked the clearer it became and the closer it came. As it approached I heard faint musical tones--deep rich tones like those of Spike Jones' washboard beating out the Moonlight Sonata to the accompaniment of the tuba. Oh, how beautiful it was! From this time forth it became my favorite melody. It was also the favorite of many others because I soon found out that it was the national anthem of Mars. By this time Mars had moved so close that I could make out a city that looked thousands of years in advance of the cities on earth. This I was to find was Flatbush, the capital of Mars. Soon the streets of Flatbush were so close that I felt I could step onto them. Therefore I did.

As I walked up the street I noticed a tower some 500 feet in height. As I came closer I saw some of the inhabitants. The men looked much the same as those of the earth except that they had huge heads shaped like pears. (This was from so much knowledge). The women were also much the same as our women, but their hair was either a vivid blue or green. I was also to find that the most glamorous girls had teeth that protruded three or four inches from their upper lips. This may all seem very strange to you, but if you lived on Mars it would seem perfectly natural. For some reason they seemed more beautiful to me than anything else in the universe.

I went up to the first young man within speaking distance and started questioning him about the tower. I was talking to him in the language of Mars without even realizing it at the time. He looked at me as though he thought I were an extraordinary creature. He probably was wondering about my head because it wasn't like a pear at all. In a moment he answered me.

"In yon tower there lives the most beautiful princess in all Mars. She is said to have purple hair and gorgeous red eyes," he answered.

"But why does she stay in the tower?" I asked.

"The wicked witch doctor of Mars put her there and said the only way to set her free was for a man of the earth to command the tower to sink to the ground, leaving the princess standing on the ground before the rescuer. He has to marry her and dwell forever in the great palace of Flatbush."

At this I dashed to the tower and cried, "Oh tower, sink thyself into the ground." At that moment it vanished and there stood the beautiful princess. She was even more beautiful than I had expected. She not only had red eyes and purple hair, but gorgeous teeth which were at least one foot from her upper lip.

Wedding buzzers and sirens began to screech and within an hour we were married by the high priest of Mars.

As soon as the ceremony was over I said, "We must be off on our honeymoon to the earth."

"The princess would perish on earth", answered someone in surprise.

"Very well", I said, "but before I settle down I must go back to earth once more and tell of the wonders of Mars. Then I will return to my bride."

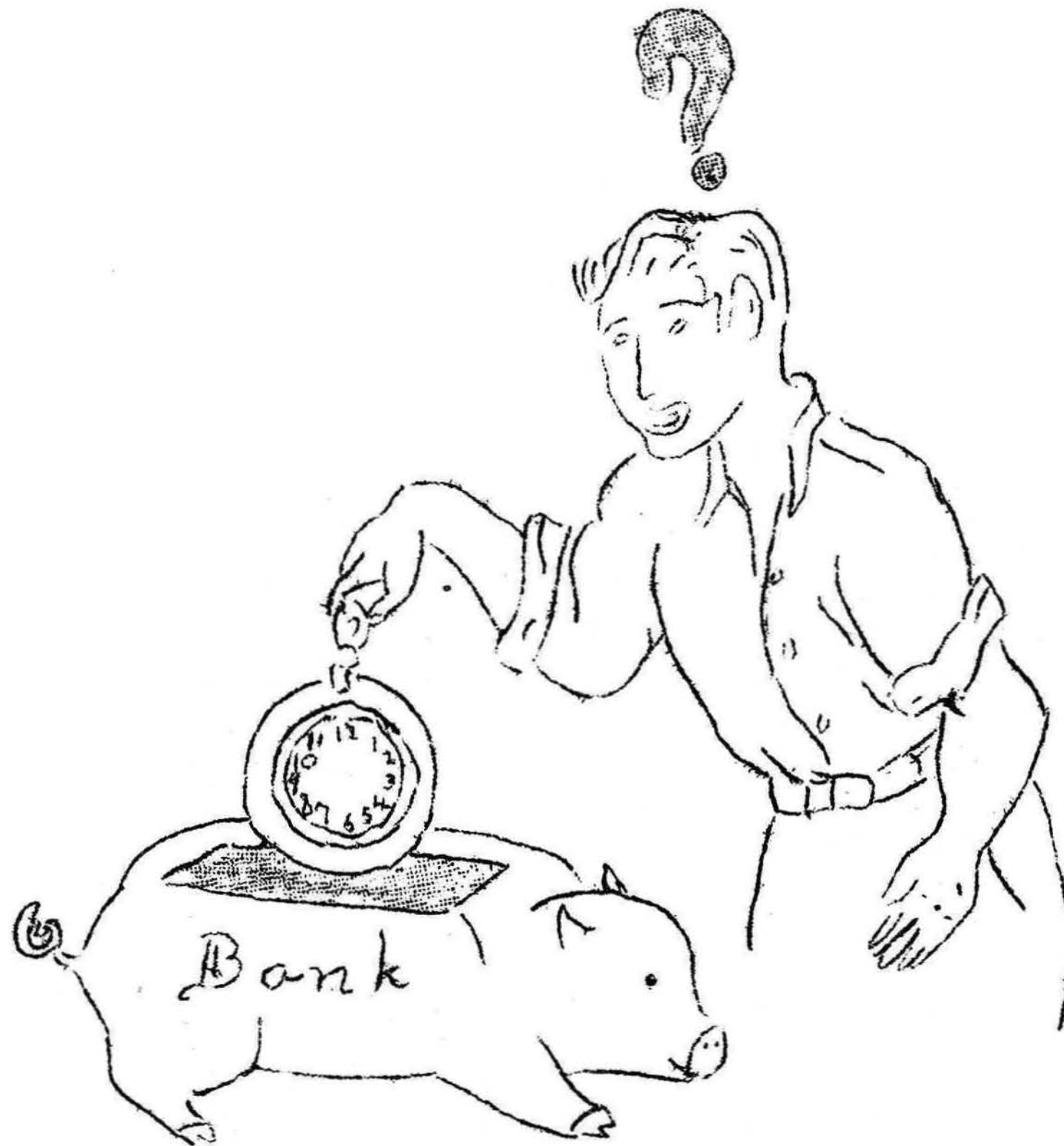
I leaped into space and landed in my observatory. Immediately I rounded up my fellow astronomers to tell of my adventures. As soon as I had finished my tale I told them I must be off to Mars to return to my bride.

To my surprise I was seized by one of my so called friends and here I am in Sunny Brook Rest Home.

Now my dear friends, can't you help me? If you have any kindness in your hearts you will explain to my insane keepers that I'm all right. For some strange reason they actually think I'm slightly queer. They even think I'm abnormal. In fact they think I'm crazy!

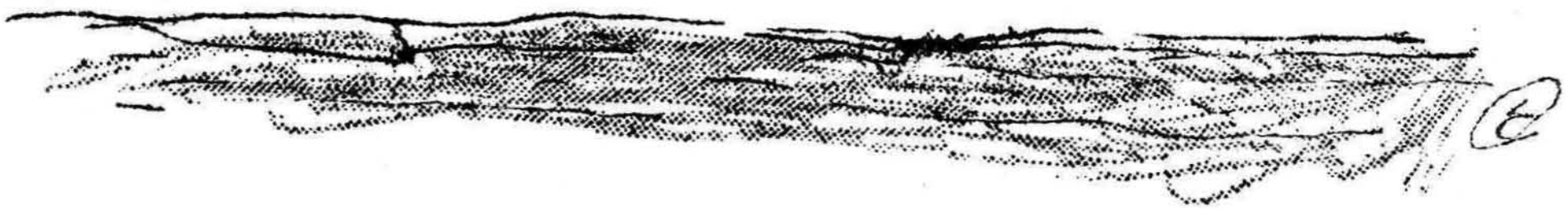
You don't, or do you?

Lenny Teagle



Trying to save time

SPORTS



Mona Smith Bill Morgan
Pauline E. Morgan.
Pam
Bob Raffoaki
Mass.
AUTOGRAPHS

Claire D. Wilken.
147

By Bunlong

Dave Stiehl



Duke
Richer

Sarah
Clare

M. Spitzer

Richard W. ...



Christine Buchholz



Thomas ...

Charles

Muriel Josephson
"Minnie"

Bobby ...

John ...

Marianne Aulow

James ...

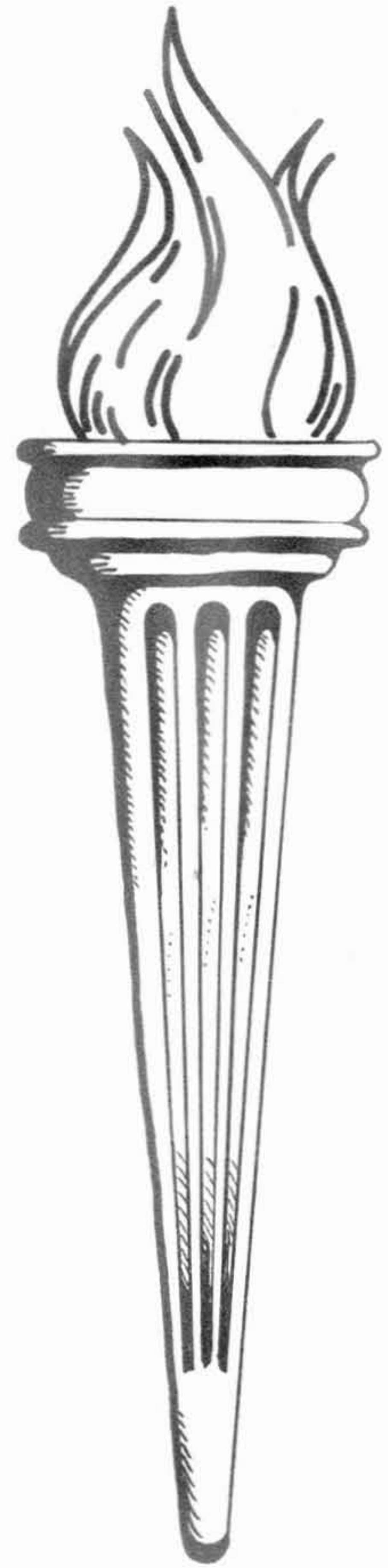
Pat Scott

Melissa S. Murphy

Helen Harding

Maudie Thomas

Faculty





CLAIRE D. WILKEN
PRESIDENT

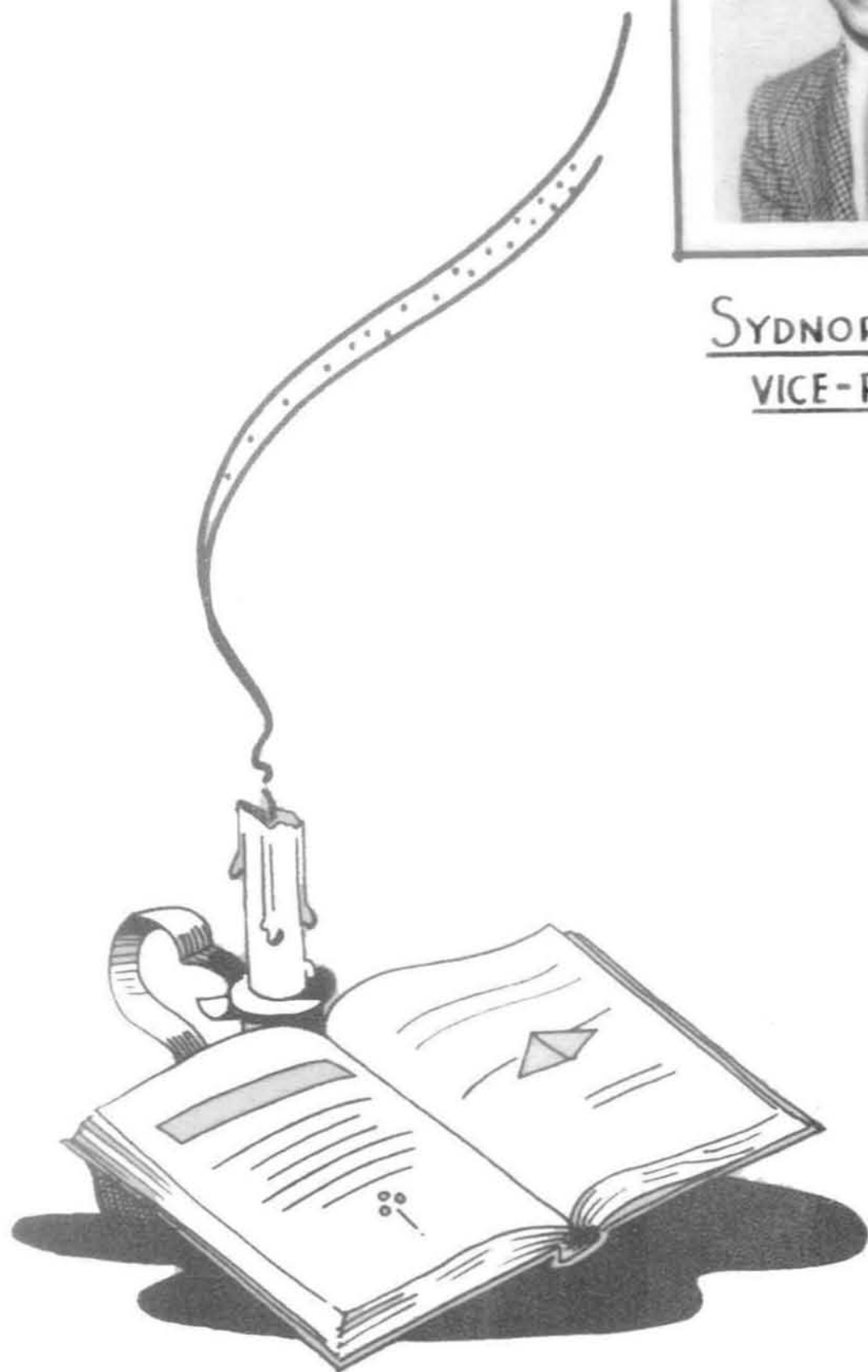
Seniors



SYDNOR T. TUCKER
VICE-PRESIDENT



ELAINE F. KIMLER
SECRETARY



Claire D. Wilken

*Best of everything
Sydnor Tucker*

Elaine F. Kimler

SENIORS



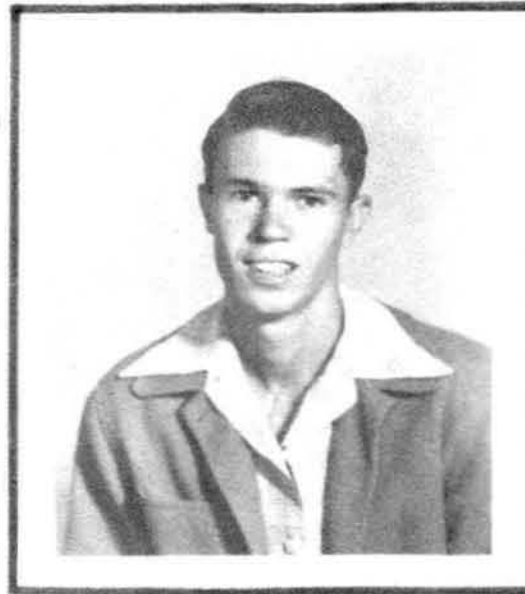
RONALD C. KENNERTY



PAULINE E. MORGAN



WALTER C. BUCHHOLTZ

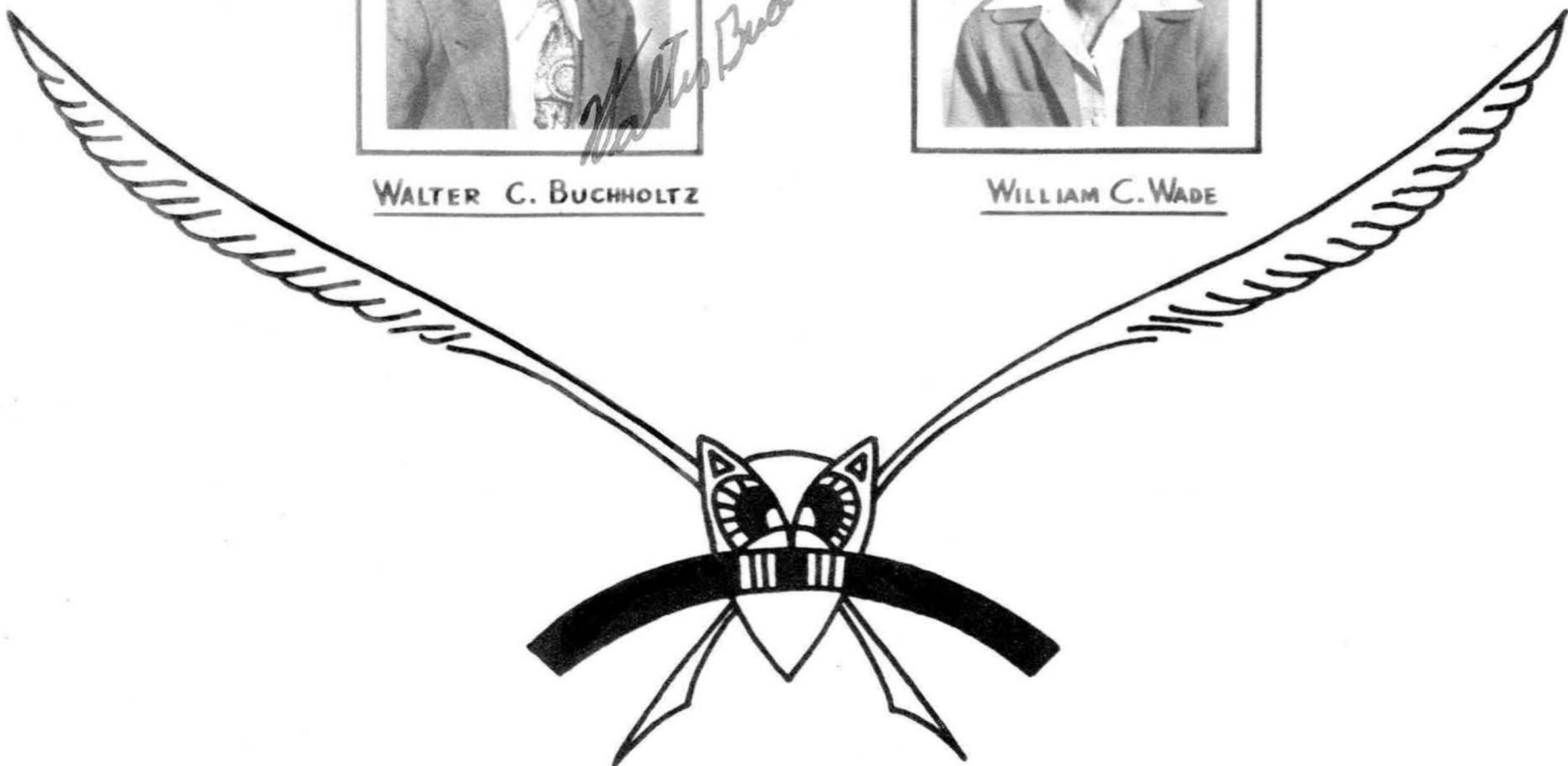


WILLIAM C. WADE

Kennerty

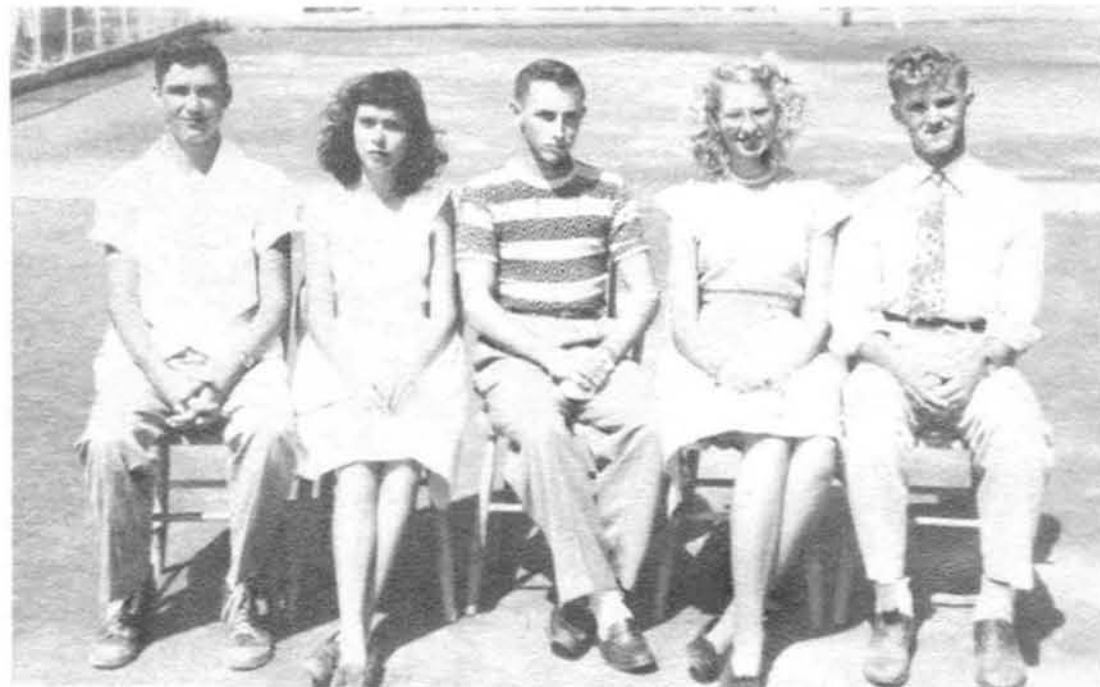
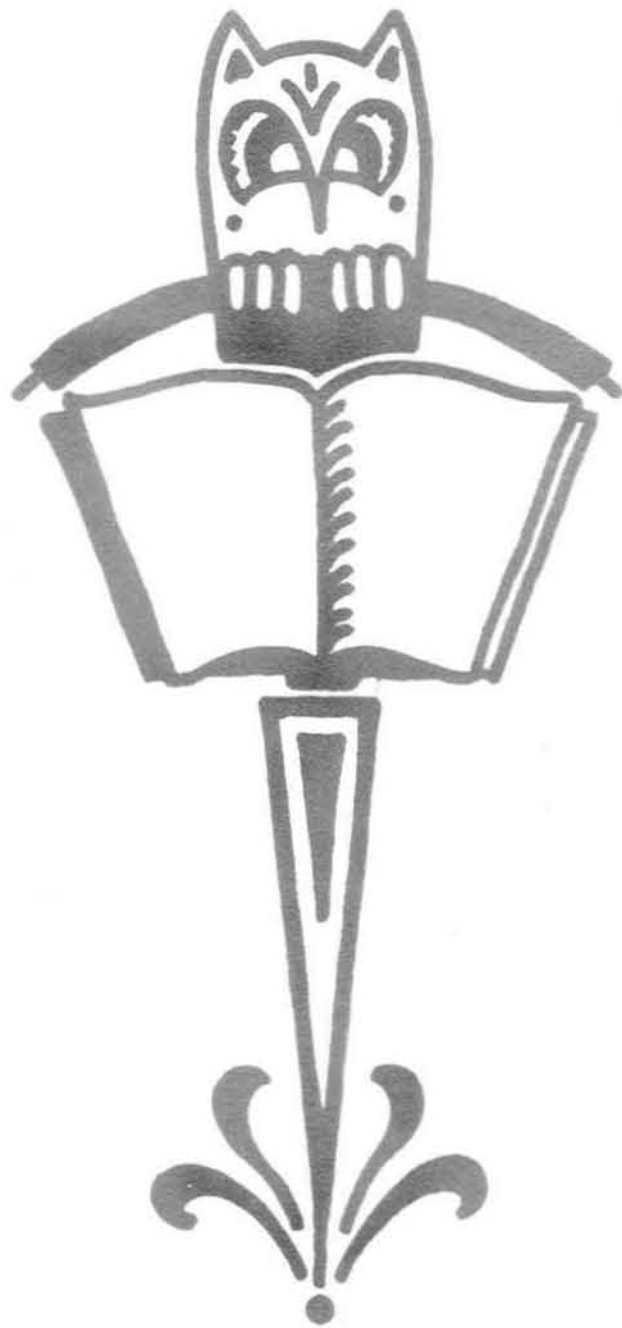
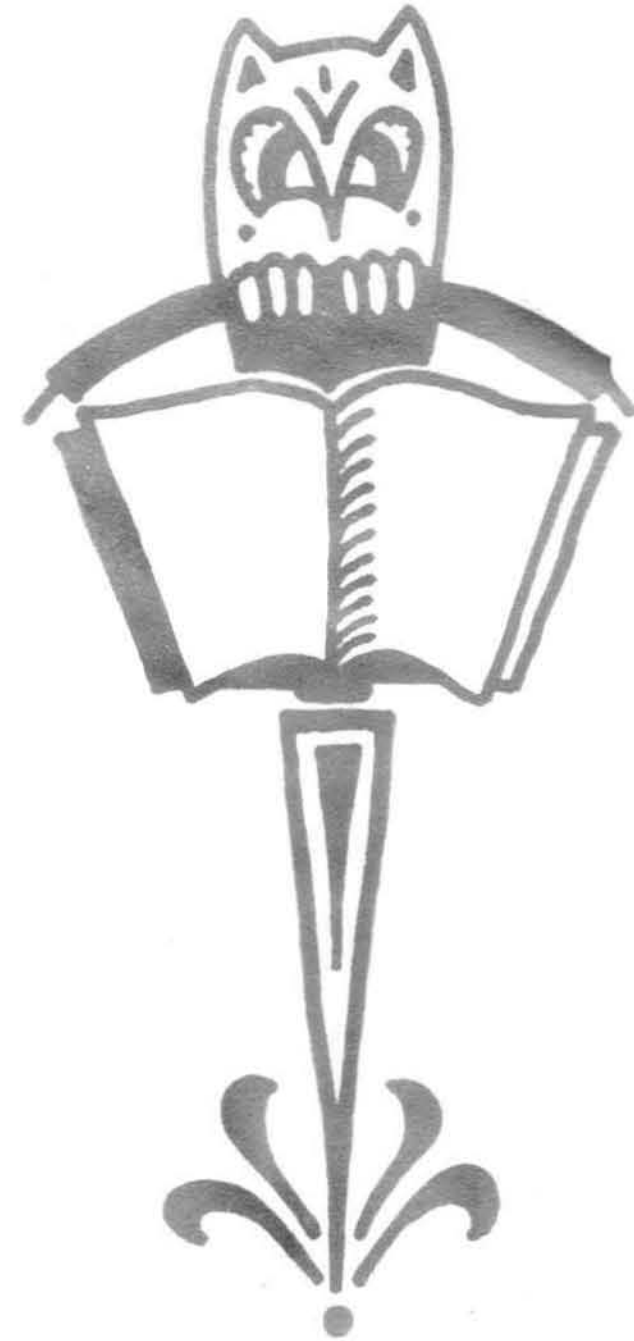
*Pauline E. Morgan
147.*

Walter Buchholtz





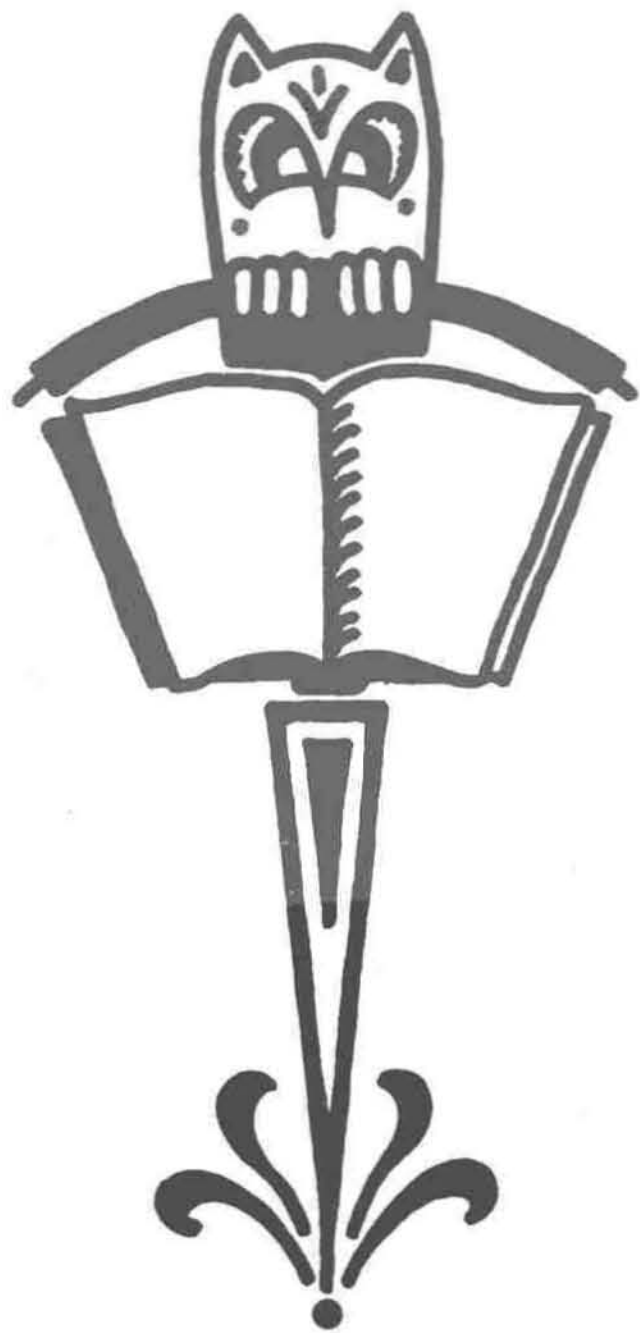
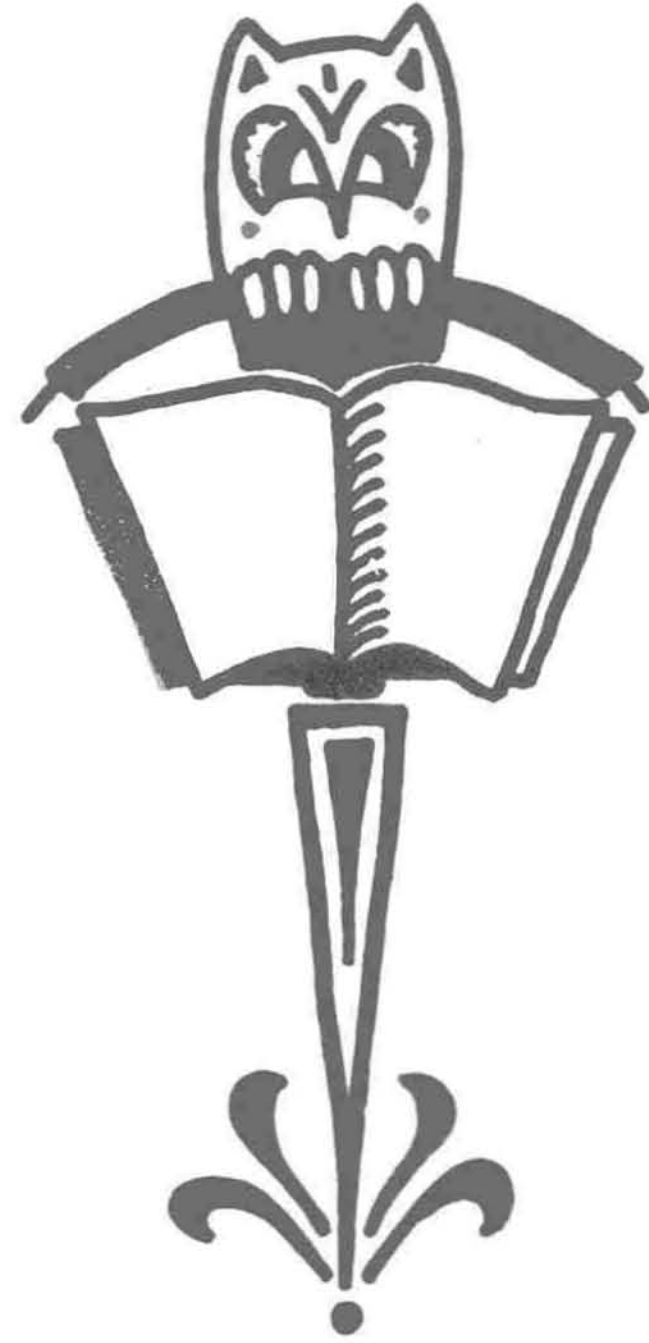
PAN-O-RAM STAFF



PAN-O-RAM WEEKLY



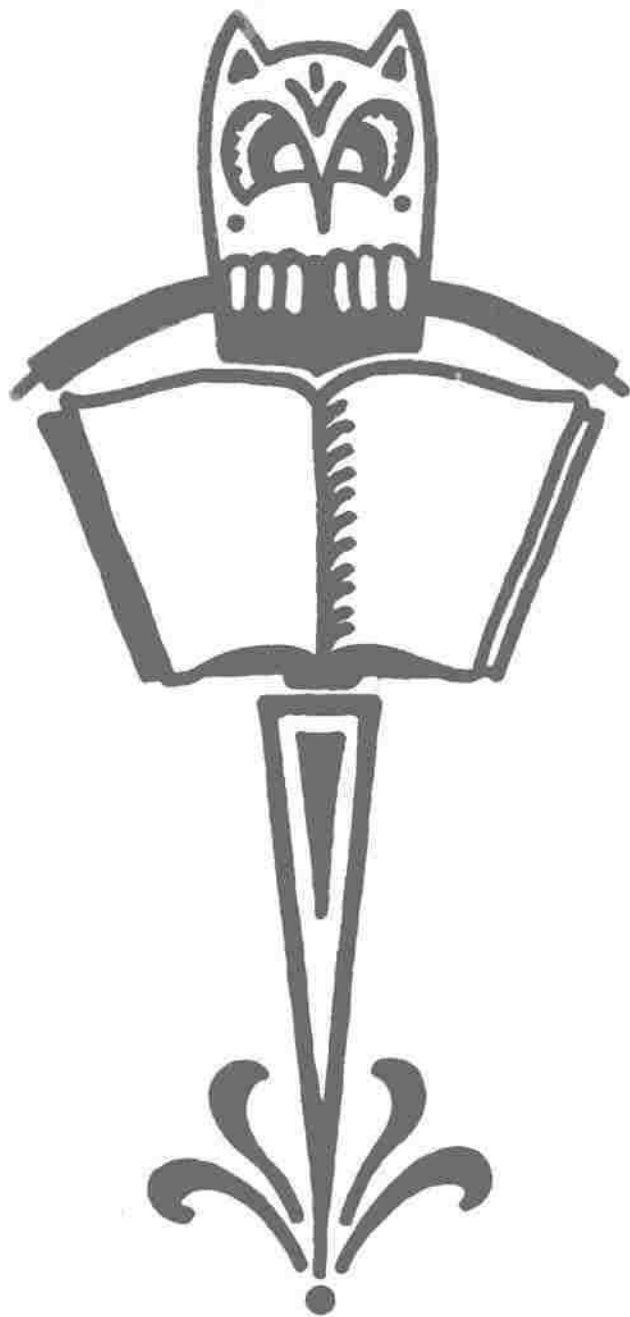
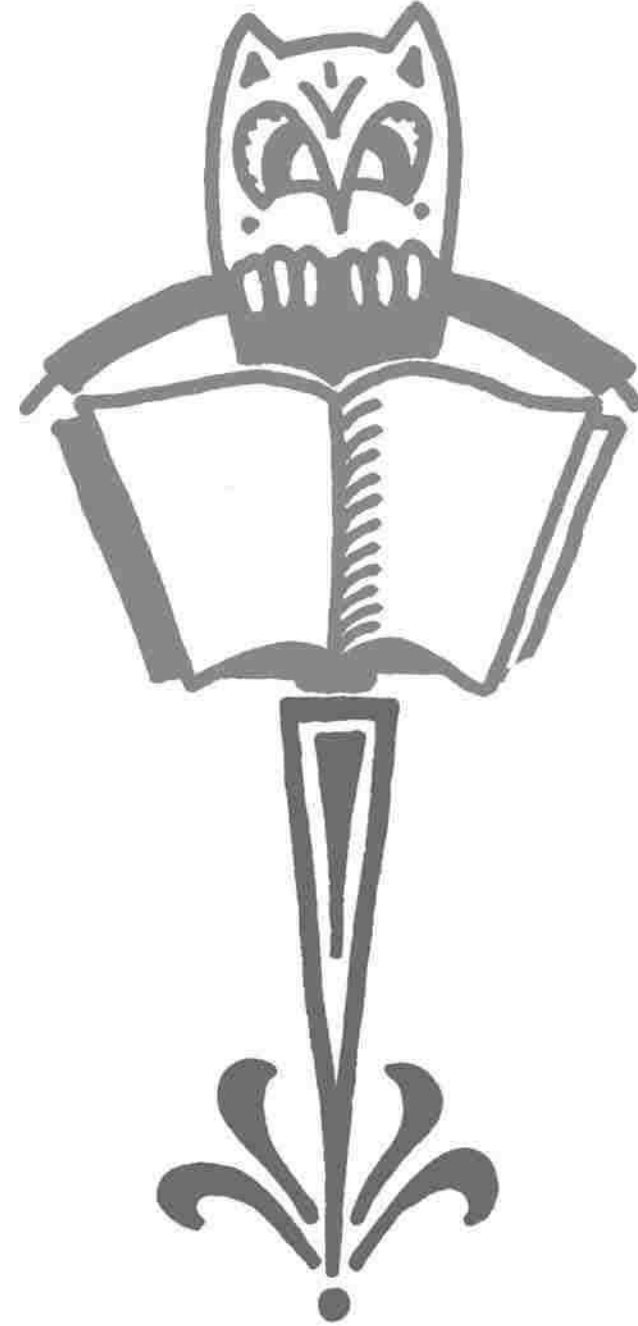
STUDENT COUNCIL



"JANIE" PLAY CAST



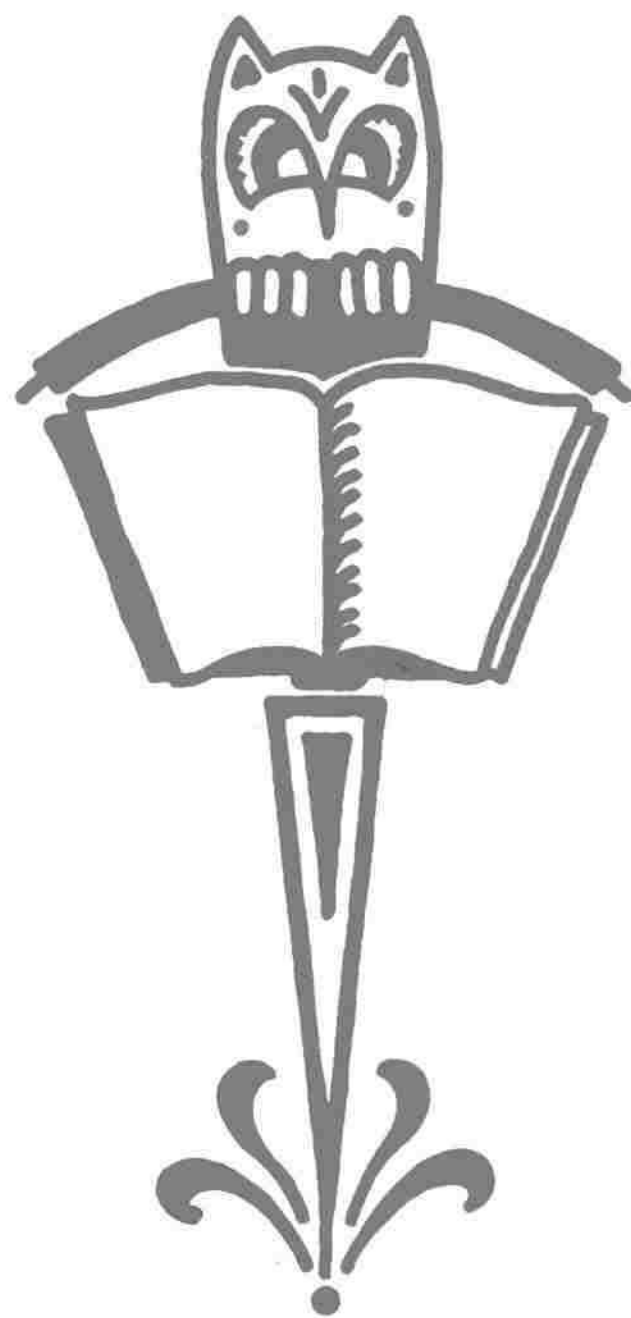
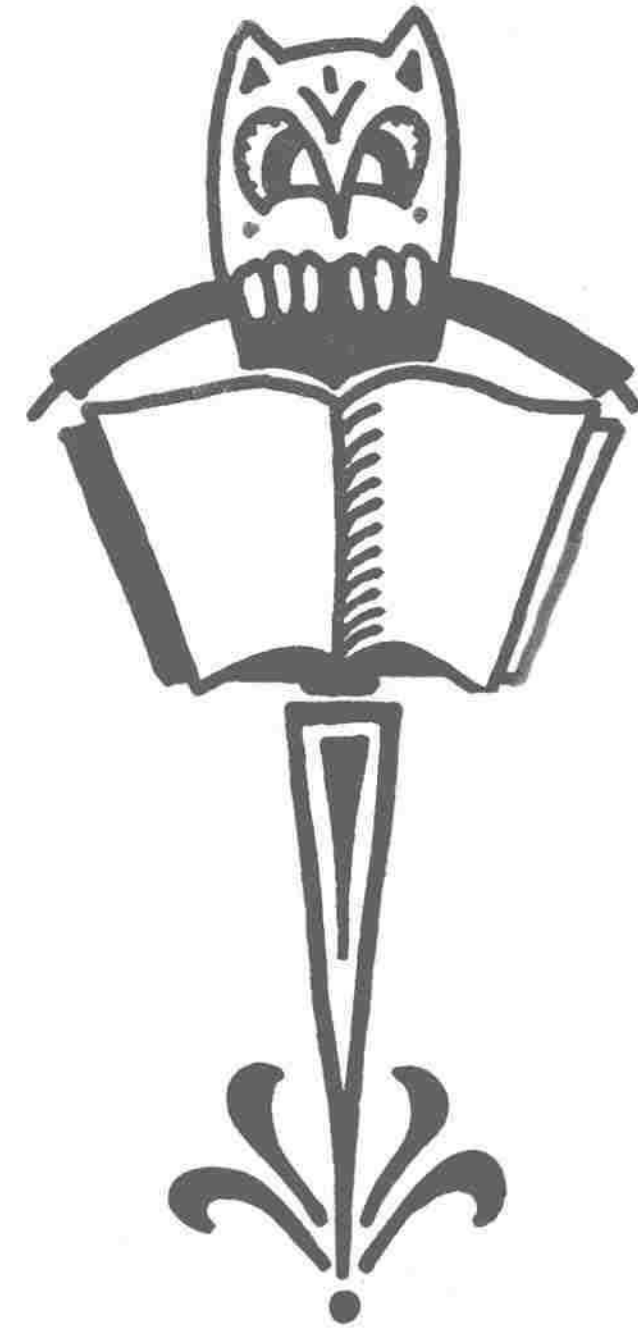
SENIOR CLASS



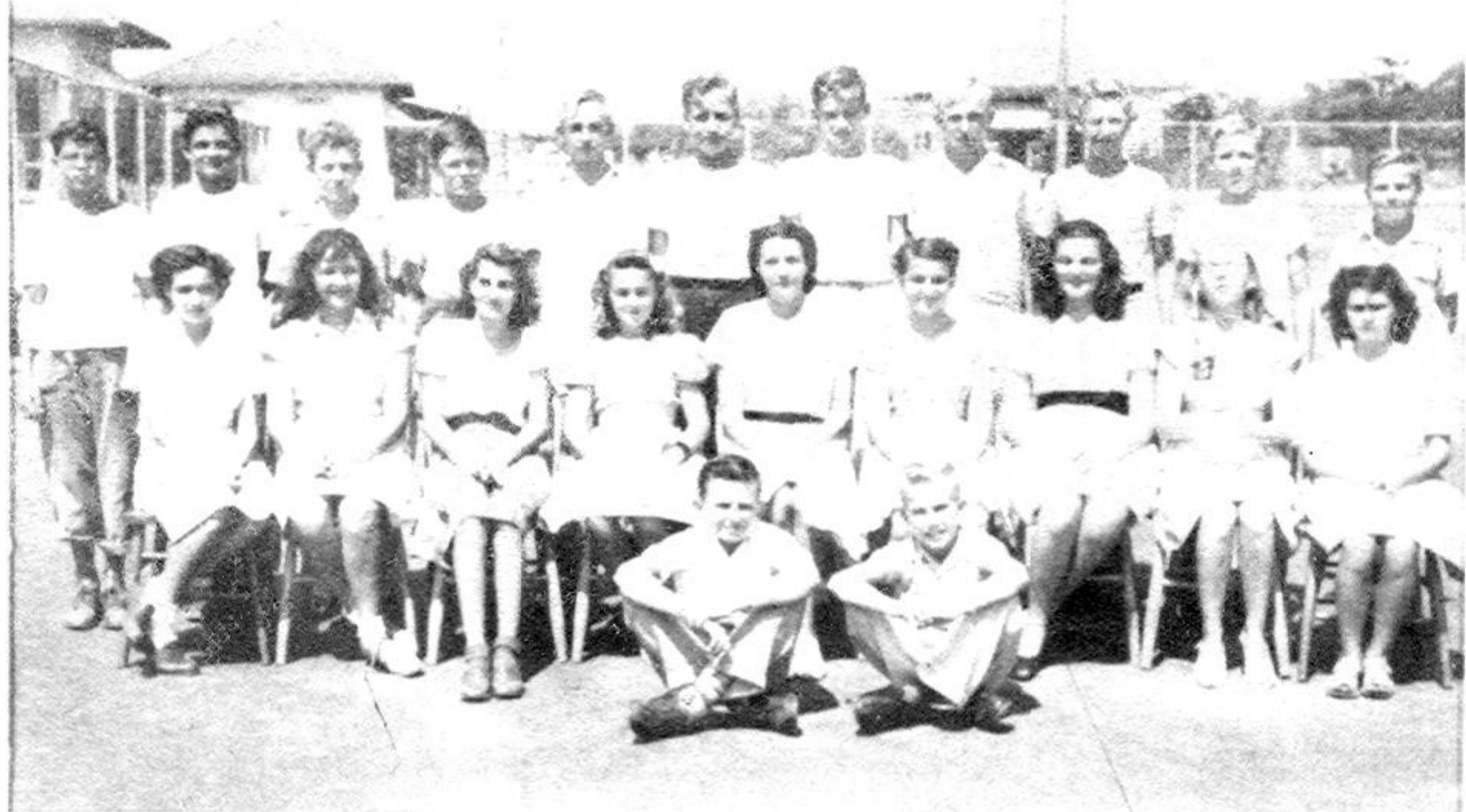
JUNIOR CLASS



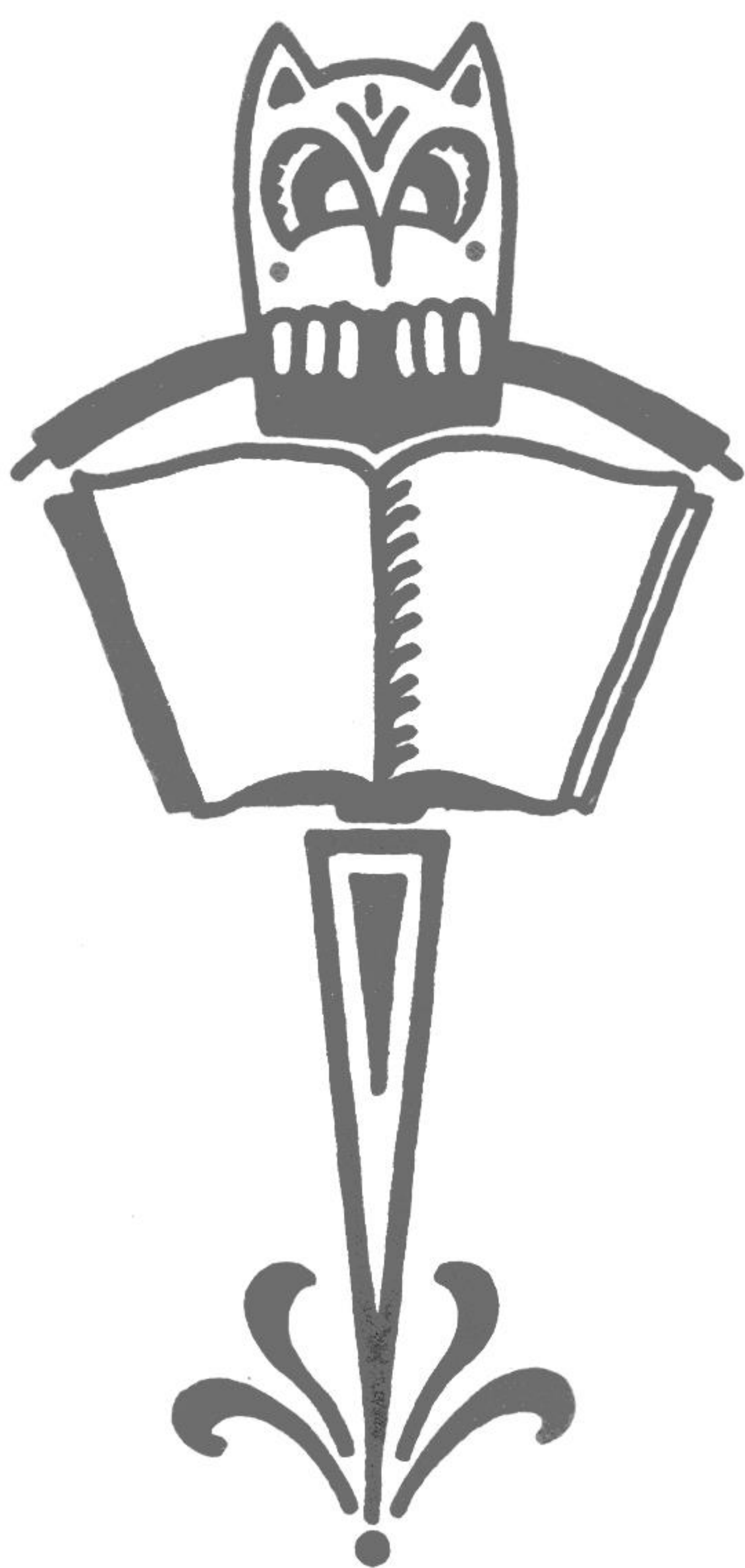
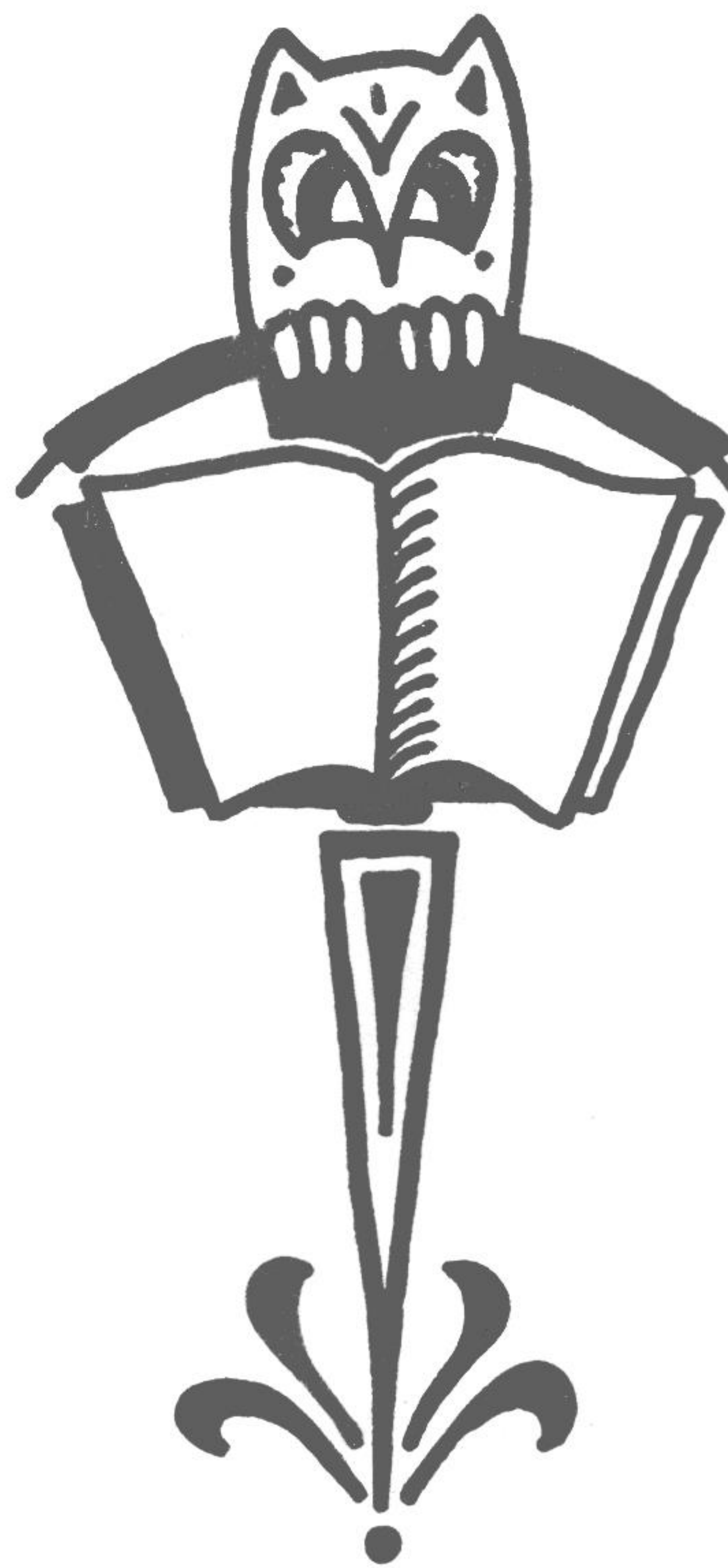
SOPHOMORE CLASS



FRESHMAN CLASS



8TH. GRADE

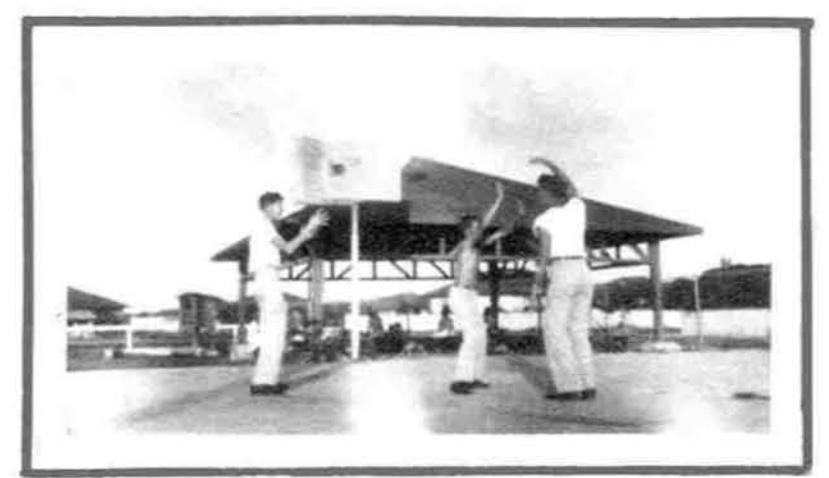


7TH. GRADE



Variety

Shots



LAST WILL and TESTAMENT

Set down herewith is the sacred last will and testament of the most high senior class of this year of nineteen hundred and forty-seven A.D. Hear ye and obey!

Article I

Claire Wilken leaves her musical talent to Dick Rafloski. He's such a promising musician.

Pauline Morgan leaves to Mary Sacrini her swell technique of jitterbugging. Mary's almost perfect, but she may get a few pointers from Pauline.

Elaine Kimler leaves her beautiful soprano voice to Connie Gritte.

William Wade wishes to leave his ability to come in first in the Snipe races with Roy Burbage.

Walter Buchholtz gives his Eagle Scout Badge to Bob Moore---seeing as how Bob is always prepared.

Tom Tucker leaves his base voice and his talkativeness to Kenneth Repath because he's following so closely in his foot steps.

Buba Kennerty leaves with Al Ray his smooth dancing. Al's pretty good, understand. but Sue and Libby might find dancing better than walking.

Article II

To Miss Thomas we leave some quiet study halls; also may she find lots of juicy ol' notes!

To Mr. Zaner we give a book of jokes so that he can continue to keep his math classes in stitches; also a hearty thanks for his help in directing "Janie."

To Mr. Spitzer we leave a whole lake chuck full of fishes so he can fish to his little heart's content.

To Miss Harding we give our thanks for her patience in directing the school play and may she continue to make L.A. History as fascinating as she did for us.

To Miss Murphy we wish all the happiness in the world in her married life and may all her children have as perfect English grammar as we have.

To Miss Perkoski we give the blue prints for a soundproof auditorium so the strains of music rendered will not disturb the rest of the school. And may she have music where'er she goes!

Article III

To our school Pauline Morgan leaves stacks of new records for the school dances. (We only wish she would, huh Lenny!)

Elaine Kimler leaves to the school her great powers of reasoning with which to decide the many intricate problems.

Claire Wilken leaves all her sheet music to the school so that when Roy and Betty Ann sing at an assembly they won't have to borrow it.

William Wade leaves his mechanical ability behind in Lago Hi so that staplers and other mechanical equipment will continue to be kept in working order.

Buba Kennerty leaves his love for the teachers and hopes that someone else will pick up this wonderful affection.

Tucker gives to the school his bed-side manner in dissecting cats and his other medical abilities.

Walter Buchholtz leaves with the school all his brilliant theories to help the school over the tough spots.

SCHOOL SPIRIT

What is it that Lago High students are always criticizing? I can give you the answer in two words----Lago High. We students seem to be completely incapable of making something good from the materials we have.

It's always Lago High doesn't have this or Lago High doesn't have that. Do you know why it doesn't? Because the students will not unite or cooperate with one another to get the things they want. If, for some unknown reason, we do get something we want, we do not try to build it up, and make it as we want it. For years L. H. S. students have been pleading with the faculty to let them have more assemblies, and what happens when we finally get them? We wait till three days before the date it is to be given, and then frantically try to think of something that might go over. It usually doesn't.

Recently a contest was held for the purpose of selecting a school song. Out of the whole high school we had exactly two entries! Rarely do we find more than half the staff at a Pan-O-Ram meeting and there are seldom that many at class meetings. The few that do come are usually late. Just what kind of spirit do you call that or should I say what kind of spirit don't you call that?

It is true that we have few or no organized sports here in Aruba, but if we did the students would attend the first two or three meetings and then slowly one by one drop out till only the director was left. Now how about some of you boys and girls who want these sports so badly organizing them yourselves. If you were interested you could get up some pretty nice basket ball, hockey, football, hardball, and soccer teams. You might even start a petition for a director and equipment; that's how one Lago High group got our shop materials.

Our student advisory committee has held about four meetings the whole year, but at least they have succeeded in getting us a dance once a month. The same thing happens in the case of dances as in the assemblies. Instead of the really wonderful dances we could have, we put on little "shindigs" that set people wondering if they really can be called entertainment. At least half the kids go to the movie first--no matter what it is!! All we ask is that you start dances and assemblies on time, put your minds seriously to work, and practice the floor shows.

It's not that the school is full of kids who don't have any brains. If we'd try, there's no doubt about it--there'd be some nice activities here at Lago. These extra curricular activities are what build up a school, what make it fun and interesting. They'll give you memories you'll cherish the rest of your lives.

Most of the people in the colony are under the impression we can't do a serious thing. Well come on; let's show them that we can be serious, and that we can make something of our extra curricular activities. Let's cooperate with our leaders and with each other, and really make something of Lago High!!

Remember, it's not your school, it's you!

Betty Ann Binnion
Publication Editor

LITERATURE

Editor Pauline Morgan

Associate Roberta Pfaff



WHAT THIS WORLD IS COMING TO.

Of course, now-a-days everyone is either very much interested in what this world is coming to, or he has no interest whatsoever. There are the people who are concerned with the atomic bomb and those that just know it will kill us all anyway, so what's the use of worrying! Some people think this, and others that. However there is one subject that most people agree on. That is the younger generation. Scandalous! Atrocious! Out of this world! Drastic measures must be taken immediately to save that generation from certain doom! Ministers preach about us; we make the head lines in newspapers; comic strips draw us; and certain magazines represent us. Oh! we're by far the most popular subject at all the gossip circles. The more intellectual people listen with scornful ears to our latest records which are so far removed from their type of music that ours ceases to be considered music. Neighbors shake their heads from side to side as we stroll loudly down the streets in dungarees and our Dad's shirts. And our English teachers wonder if theirs is a worthwhile cause when the minute we are out of their sight we break into our jivy lingos. Above all, our independent air is the cause of much discussion among our parents. Why when they were our age!!!

However what the former generation fails to realize is that life would be unbearably dull for us and them if we weren't just what we are. As it is now there is never a dull moment in their lives, and rarely in ours. Our generation is made up of individuals--not just a group or crowd of kids--each person adds something to our generation to make it what it is. Take for instance our own high school crowd. No one person fully represents our generation but together we make up that much talked about group.

Just what it is that each individual contributes isn't so hard to see. It is his or her outstanding trait or characteristic. All we have to do is analyze each other and we will find it. Some we find are models for our type of clothing. These styles go from one extreme to the other---the briefer bathing suits and feminine play clothes to the unfeminine dungarees and the loud-colored shirts; the sloppy and baggy trousers and shirts to the sharp, trim suits and jackets. Then there will be the individuals who will be up on the latest jive talk---vocabulary will include sharp, neet, Dig Ya Later, solid, etc. Others represent us by their jail-birdish crew-cuts, by youthful beards of peachfuzz, and by arms covered with noisy bracelets.

Oh! our generation is a great group of kids! We do devilish things and give our parents gray hairs by the dozens but we certainly get a lot more out of life than they ever did.

What's this world coming to? A group of unruly adolescents who will grow up to be unstable citizens? Although it may seem so, it is improbable. It is more likely that we will grow up to be even better citizens than our parents but we're just going about our development in a very different and very modern way.

Claire Wilken

My Friend

I was walking home from the plant one day thinking how long it takes me to get home. I decided to take a short cut through the alley. The alley was between two buildings with a floor connecting them over the top, making it very dark and gloomy. As I walked along I noticed a shiny piece of metal lying beside a large trash box. I stooped down to get it but saw it was nothing but a bottle cap. I started to get up and go on my way when I heard loud voices just inside a nitch beside the trash box.

I listened out of pure curiosity. They seemed to be arguing about money from a bet and the one said he didn't really bet and that he was just fooling about it. Finally the fellow who said he didn't owe the money started to leave, saying he wouldn't pay. Just as he got out of the nitch the other fellow clipped him on the jaw. The victim tripped and hit his head on the corner of the trash box. I jumped up to see about the poor fellow. As the aggressor disappeared around the corner, I noticed something familiar about his run. The man on the ground was out cold and died before the ambulance came.

Later I told my story to the detectives at the police station and was told to appear in court at a certain-certain time.

I arrived home rather late but since I was a bachelor it didn't matter much.

I called on my friend in the next apartment to play me a game of rummy as we did so often. He didn't especially want to but I finally persuaded him.

We played a good game at first but as the game got harder and the turns became less often my friend became so nervous I suggested we stop for the night. He said he had had a bad day at the plant. The incident struck me as strange for my friend was the kind of man you'd never expect to be nervous.

I awoke in the night to hear someone pacing up and down. It came from my friend's room. I lay wondering what was troubling him but I soon fell asleep.

I awoke earlier than usual the next morning to hear a commotion in the hall. I got up, dressed and went out to see what this was all about. Police were holding the people away from my friend's room. I glanced into the room and saw policemen and plain clothesmen looking out of the window. My eyes were met with horror. There stretched out on the alley was my friend.

A complete confession was found in my friend's room. I knew there was something familiar about the murderer's run--My Friend.

Charles Allen



PANAMA; HERE I COME!

One night about a week before school was to open for another nine months, we were sitting in the theater (ha-ha) before the movie had started figuring up schemes for escaping from "The Rock," known by most people as Aruba.

Everybody had his own idea about it but most of us favored an escape by boat during the night. First we said we would steal one of the motor boats that are moored at the head of the lagoon and head for the States: then it was Venezuela, and then Panama-nothing very definite.

I, having planned for all of three weeks now and the first report card nearly due, have found "the perfect escape." I shall gather up food (cans and water) to last for at least two weeks. (I like to eat) After stowing it in a safe place I shall begin work on the best and fastest boat in the Snipe fleet of Aruba-which belongs to me, by the way. I will have to make it water tight, caulk the hole around the mast, cover the cockpit with a piece of water-proofed canvas, that can be removed, and paint the topsides blue.

After having prepared the boat and secured food and drink for the trip, I will have to get a very accurate map of the coast of Venezuela down along to Panama, where I plan to land and continue to the U.S.A. by foot or anything available.

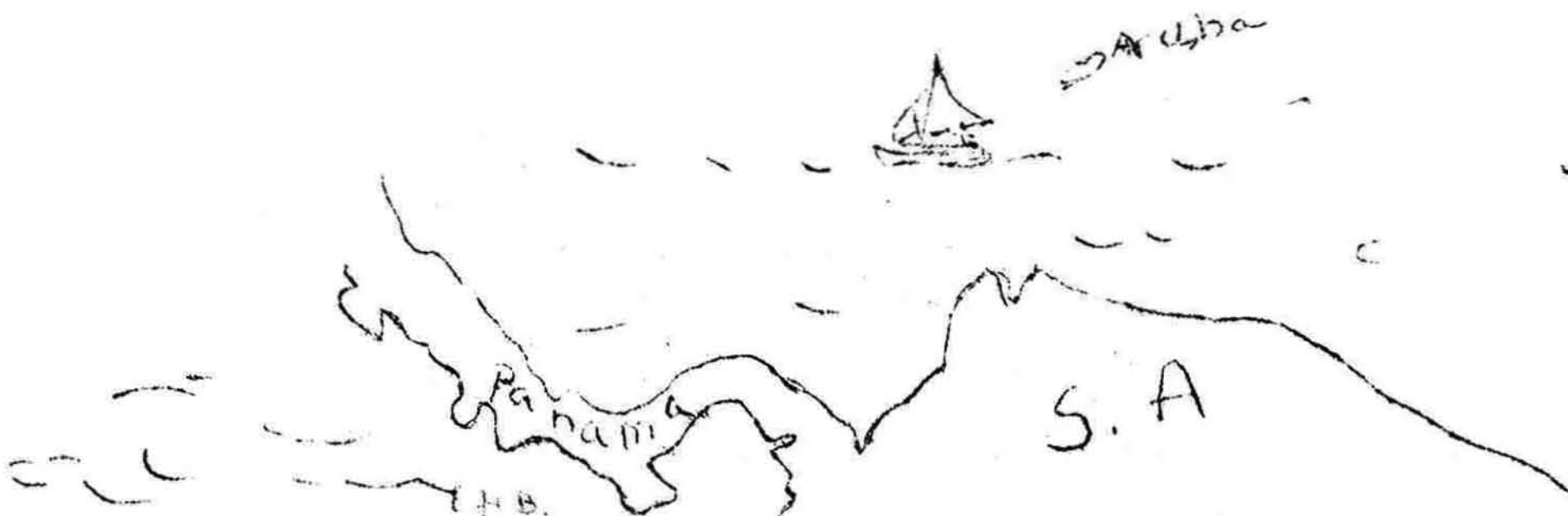
The maps I secure will have all the islands and coves indicated; will show whether the people are friendly or not. It will be the best my friends can steal from the Marine Dept. or one of the tankers. Also they, my friends, will ah, um, well shall I say, find me a very good compass.

I plan to leave some afternoon, about two and sail out of the channel as if I were just going for a little sail outside the reef, but I will continue straight out until I sight the mainland. From there I will change course to south-west along the coast towards Panama. By the time I am missed, it will be too late for I will have at least a five hour start and it will be dark.

From all the figuring I have done, I doubt if they could catch me. A Snipe's speed is about four miles an hour running-before-the-wind and it is an all down wind from here to Panama. The waves and currents will also be with me; therefore I will have added speed. By morning, when they will be able to begin the search, I will have a good sixteen hour start, or about seventy miles.

The more I write or think about this subject the more I am tempted to take this trip; therefore I will stop it right here.

William Wade



The Scottie's Lament

Well, they've gone and done it. And a time it took them too. In and out, in and out. "No thanks, we're just looking." Yeah, at me, too. I WOULD get soft-hearted and lick her hand. I should have known better. But I didn't think they'd buy me.

And the questions they asked: "Is he housebroken?" That's a nice question to ask about you right in front of other dogs. Let them wait, and they'll find out soon enough. And my pedigree. Oh yes, I had to have a pedigree. Well, let them find out about that too. What about THEIR pedigree? I bet I won't find their names in the social register. I bet they aren't even in the telephone book. And the way they talk. I can see what my life's going to be. The house that they live in too. Not a decent smell anywhere. No peace anywhere, except under the couch. And whenever I crawl in there, they say, "Oh he's frightened--he must have been badly treated in the kennels." That's a laugh. They left me alone in the kennels; that's what they did. Two square meals a day and a certain amount of privacy--that's how they treated me. But not in this house. I can't even call my soul my own. Always calling me: "Oh dear he's in the kitchen again." Well I like the kitchen. That's a nice girl in the kitchen. No baby talk about her. "Get out of here." That's how she talks, and how I like it. It's almost like home. But this is my home now--my own new little sweet little home. They make me sick. I'd be sick right now if I could think of a good place. Gee, I wish I were back in the kennel. I just didn't know when I was well off. No sir, I wanted to be bought. I thought it would be fun. Well I got what I wanted. I was sold, yes, "good and sold."

Bobby Pfaff

Mercy

My name is Christo, and I sit all alone in the dark corner of a large airy room. All around me are fellow companions but no one pays any attention to me. Most of them live happy normal lives and go in and out, out and in year after year, but still here I sit, dusty and musty with age and my jacket tattered and torn.

I might venture to say that I have left my corner perhaps once or twice in my lifetime, and then I tried to be as pleasant a companion as one can be, but for some unknown reason people become tired of my companionship and I'm thrust again into my corner. Of course this once or twice does not include the many times I've been taken out, handled roughly and thrown back into position with no regard for my feelings.

Oh to travel! and lead a gay life! My neighbor travels constantly, and meets all sorts of interesting people, and manages to look young and inviting. Perhaps if I too were-----But wait! Here comes a nice intelligent looking person heading in my direction. His hand is reaching out, reaching out! But it passes by me to my neighbor and I'm left alone and unwanted in my corner. You cannot imagine the loneliness that fills my inner recesses.

It is impossible to conceive that such cruelties are allowed to exist in modern times, but they are! and right under our noses. This is written as a plea for mercy and perhaps next time when you reach for "Captain from Castile" or "Lord Hornblower" you will instead pick me, "The Count of Monte Christo." I assure you I'll prove to be an interesting companion if you persist and find out what lies behind that torn and tattered cover.

Kenneth Repath

MY DOG

My dog was a small, stocky canine with just a stub of a tail, but to preserve the balance of nature he had a pair of large, erect ears, which, when pricked up, gave the impression that he was about to take off and fly.

His name was Two Bits. This can be explained by the method by which we acquired each other. We lived on the edge of the city limits in a residential district that was just beginning to be built up. To this place came all people who had a surplus of animal life. They dumped the unfortunate pets out of the car and drove off, leaving them to the care of the neighborhood's unwilling hands. Two Bits arrived via a car window not long after we had moved to this section, and consequently was something of a novel problem. However, after he and I noticed each other hanging around the same house (my own), we took an immediate liking to each other. I began sneaking food out to him, and this gave him the illusion that the whole family was madly in love with him. This unfortunately was not the case. Although it seemed highly unreasonable to me then, I can see now why this opinion was held, for Two Bits, at that time, was thinner than a rail fence, and was minus half his hair and skin as a result of initiating ceremonies practiced by the neighborhood dogs. However, after a determined attack of pleading, arguing, and howling on my part, my parents agreed to let me keep him. The next problem was that of naming him. Since he cost nothing but his collar cost a quarter, what name could be more logical than Two Bits? Thus he was christened.

After he had been fed, washed and doctored, he emerged as a very pretty little dog. He had long, golden brown hair over all of his body except for white under his throat and on the tip of his abbreviated tail. He bore a great resemblance to a fox in all but this last extremity. He seemed fairly young, although full-grown, but we never knew just what his age was.

After we had had him for about $3\frac{1}{2}$ years, he was hurt seriously when a car ran over him. He was at the veterinarian's for 3 weeks, and when he got home, he looked so weak that we let him come into the house, a privilege heretofore denied him except on cold winter nights.

During this time he learned to open the screen door. He grew very proud of this, and used to sit for a half-hour pushing open the screen door. One day after a particularly long rainy spell, the screen door became swollen and refused to respond to his pushing. Getting back in the hall, he took a running start and hit the door at about 60 M.P.H. with all 4 feet. Suddenly, as I came around the corner of the house, I beheld a spectacle that still lingers in my mind. The screen door flew back with a bang, and Two Bits came sailing through the porch to land with a crash 8 feet out on the lawn. After rolling gradually to a stop, he picked himself up without a sound, walked away and refused to enter the house for a week.

After being persuaded to come in, he became a regular visitor, although he never stayed inside long at a time. He never stayed outside long, either, and every time somebody opened the door, Two Bits was either coming in or going out.

The only trick he ever learned was to rub his nose with his front paws, which he would do if somebody would rub him with his foot.

He died in April, 1945, in the same month that I found him, of an internal infection.

Leslie Clute

The Haunted Picture

The car turned right, and went up the long, narrow, winding drive. It was ten o'clock on Sunday evening with rain rushing down in torrents.

Mary and her husband Jack were going to visit an aunt who lived in a great rambling house called Harcourt Manor.

It had been there for years and years with its many gables and turrets, its great gardens which gave a look of importance--or was it mystery--to the place. The ivy, which was beginning to go brown with autumn, climbed up the walls making them a brownish-green.

There were no lights at all in the manor which seemed odd.

They waited until the rain had let up a little; then they scrambled out of the car into the house.

Inside there was a long, wide hallway, on either side of which there were suits of armour and the family portraits, with their stern countenances, looking down at them.

Just at that moment Jack's aunt came in and greeted them. She told them that the lights had burned a fuse.

The aunt hustled them into a room and disappeared.

They found themselves in a great room with heavy tapestries hanging from the wall, but the thing that intrigued Mary the most was the picture on the wall over the mantelpiece. It was of a man who was standing and staring at something. Suddenly she saw the eyes move and stare at her with glittering eyes. She gave a little scream of fright and stepped back. She told Jack what she had seen and he looked but could see nothing.

Just then Jack's aunt came in and they sat talking until very late.

After a couple of days Jack and Mary had settled down to normal. One day they went for a walk in the woods close by the manor and found a little cottage. They knocked at the door and it was opened by an old man who bade them come in.

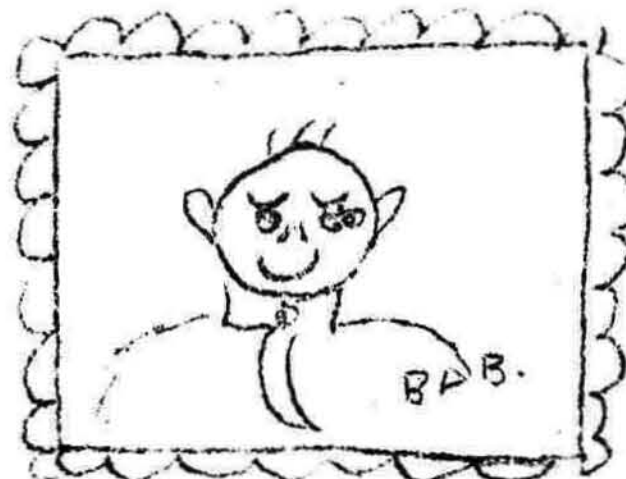
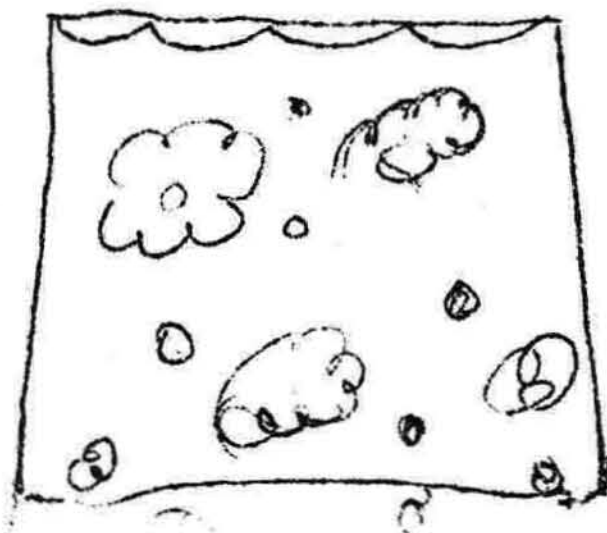
After they had talked a little the subject came around to the history of the house. They learned that years ago a man had been murdered and every night he would go to his portrait and stare from its eyes. Of course the story was not believed by Jack but Mary was not so sure.

Everything went on very smoothly the next day until Mary started dusting the room. By accident the duster caught on the tapestry, pulling it aside and revealing a hidden door. She called Jack and they both went down the hidden passage. It was very dark and narrow. After a while it widened out into a little room. On one side of the room there was a board hiding something. Jack took it down and revealed the back of the picture.

Suddenly there was a sound of foot-steps coming down the passage--it was Jack's aunt. She gave a little start when she saw them standing there but then she laughed and laughed.

"So you've caught on to my little prank at last," she chortled. "I thought I could make you think my favorite legend was true."

Muriel Holness



FRIDAY, THE THIRTEENTH

I remember the night quite well. It was on the thirteenth of November. Of all days it was Friday. Friday, the thirteenth!

My parents were gone. They weren't even in town and they wouldn't be back for a long time.

On this particular night the wind was howling fiercely and the beginning of what became a storm was brewing. It was cold, intensely cold, and as I tried to read a dull book by Poe, I had an uneasy feeling, as if something was going to happen.

At last I gave up trying to read and went to the kitchen to fix me a snack. I poured a glass of milk and looked in the cabinet for the crackers. They were gone! I knew I had put them on the first shelf of the cabinet. Still, they weren't there. I looked on the other shelves and finally combed the whole kitchen. I couldn't find them. They had disappeared. What could have happened to them? A whole can of crackers couldn't take legs and walk off, but what thief would break into a house and steal only a **can** of crackers? Besides the door was tightly locked.

Deciding it wasn't such a great loss I returned to the sitting-room. I went to the chair to get my book and---. Well! It just wasn't there. It was my mother's favorite book and it must be found. But after a thorough search of the sitting-room it was still gone. This was too much. I was baffled. Without knowing what to do I went up to my bedroom. I went to the dressing-table to get my hair-brush. Half expecting it to be gone, I looked in my drawer. No, it was there. I proceeded to brush my hair while I turned things over in my mind.

Suddenly, there was a noise down stairs like something rolling across the floor. Gripping the brush tightly I slowly descended the stairs. My heart, in my throat, was beating wildly. I looked around the corner of the door expecting to see a witch or something. At first I could see nothing, but the rolling noise started again.

With the hairbrush raised ready to hit whatever was behind the door I said gruffly, "Come out you or I'll---I'll do something desperate."

All was silent for a minute; then the rolling noise started again. Cautiously I peeked behind the door. What I saw nearly knocked me over. There, rolling a golf ball around, was the **cutest** little black kitten I'd ever seen.

"Well!" I said, "You really gave me a fright. How did you get in here?"

For my answer I got a tiny mew.

"Maybe you're hungry," I went on, pouring a saucer of milk.

When the saucer was empty the kitten started on a tour of the house and I, naturally, followed. Just as we got to the sitting-room the door-bell rang. I hurriedly opened the door and to my great relief there stood my parents.

"Mother, Dad," I shouted, "Boy! am I glad to see you."

For a minute I had forgotten about the kitten but now I introduced my mother to him and asked if I could keep him.

Upon the word of approval I immediately declared, "I'm going to call him "Mystery" because it's a mystery how he got in here."

Just then I remembered the crackers and book. After I had told my mother what had happened, she suggested I look in the kitchen. There, on the cabinet lay the lost book.

"But the crackers," I insisted, "What happened to them?"

"What did you have for supper"? my mother asked.

"Crackers and cheese---", I began, then stopped. "Why, I remember, I ate all the crackers!"

Then we all had a good laugh over my silly fears, but still, if I have anything to say about it, I'm not going to stay by myself again on Friday, the thirteenth.

Zelda Fields

An Interesting Vacation Experience

Something new, something thrilling! It was this that made my vacation most enjoyable. One can never forget that feeling of something new.

When I first boarded the new four motor plane at Ft. Worth, Texas, my heart seemed to have left me. After I was up in the air I unfastened my safety belt. No sooner had I taken my first look outside than I was told to fasten my belt for landing. It was very confining to sit buckled in my seat when such interesting things, that I had never seen before, were spread below me.

When I went down I felt as though I had left my stomach in the clouds

When we arrived in Atlanta, we secured a change of clothes for my small brother. I must say he needed them. After all the tomato juice spilled during lunch, he looked like a walking tomato. Upon reaching Miami we thought what a short time it had taken us by air; if we had gone by pullman it would have taken us three and one-half days. The trip by air took only twelve hours.

The following day we spent enjoying sightseeing tours including Millionaire Drive, Star Island, Miami Beach, and the Botanical Gardens.

Resuming our journey we climbed toward the clouds and above them. Watching the endless numbers of beautiful fleecy white clouds I soon became sleepy and fell asleep. To my disappointment I was still asleep when we flew over Cuba. When we later landed in Jamaica it was extremely hot, and we wondered if Aruba would be even hotter. Then again we climbed up into the sky. As I sat there looking out over the blueness of the Caribbean Sea, I thought of "so big" Texas where the beautiful bluebonnets grow. Upon arriving in Aruba we saw a great big grin, and behind that grin was Daddy.

And so ended the thrill of my first airplane ride, and so started my life in Aruba.

Mary Spitzer

My First Fishing Trip

It was a clear, cool, crispy morning, and as I climbed out of bed I decided I would go fishing.

I ate breakfast, got out my hooks and bait, and was soon whistling down the road.

I reached the big docks and immediately threw my hook into the water. Down it went and then all of a sudden I got altogether too manlike a tug on my hook. It was a human tug for my hook and somebody else's had got all tangled up. It took an hour of hard work to untangle the hooks. After this I caught one fish. That was me! I had slipped off the dock and somehow the fish hook got stuck in my leg and to this day I bear the scar of my first fishing trip.

Donald Cahill

Baby Sitting

Br-rr! "Answer the telephone, Bill."

"O.K. Chris! Telephone for you."

"Oh gosh! Who is it?"

"Don't know." ---from Bill.

As the story opens, Chris is talking on the phone as usual, only this time it's business.

"Hello. Oh yes. What time? Oh sure, I can make it. Goodbye."

Crash! goes the receiver. Chris rushes to finish supper, change clothes, and practice half an hour before time to leave.

6:45. Chris rushes out of the house, down the street to bungalow__ for a long lonely night.

When she gets there, everything's quiet and the folks are quietly leaving "so not to wake baby." Chris takes a look around, sighs, sits down in a comfortable chair, kicks off her shoes and ---. No, the radio doesn't go on and a mystery isn't pulled out. No, instead with a few more sighs out comes the homework.

Finally, she settles to work. Oh my! How boring! I thought we would have some fun. But no.

What's this? How is the formal imperative formed? Chris wonders as she nervously chews her pencil. "Hm-mm. Better look it up."

Br-rr! the telephone! "Oh darn," Chris thinks, "just as I get settled, too!"

"Hello?----residence. Oh hi! How'd you know where I was? Oh you did? What? He did! My golly! Who? Her? Um-Hm. I don't think so. Say what did we have for science? We didn't! A miracle! O.K. Be seeing you."

All is quiet except for Chris's pencil and her whistling. Suddenly it stops. Bang! Down go the books to the floor as she races for the bedroom.

Whew! What a relief! Baby only wants a drink of water. He gets it and everything grows quiet again.

Spanish is done and algebra started. What the heck do we have to do? Chris puzzles it out and gets started. Scrap paper! Scrap paper! Where is some paper? Oh here. Hm-mm, this times this equals this, divided by this--no! Multiply all parts of the equation by the common denominator. Ah! Finally the algebra is finished.

It is now 8:37.

Chris looks around and sees no new magazines. What can she do now? Well, let's see, today's Tuesday. What can long-wave give us? Another miracle! Not much static tonight. Ah-h! Now to relax. Chris wriggles down in her chair and closes her eyes. What good music. But it's the end of the program, and the news is on. Isn't that disgusting. Switch the program. Might as well amble out to the kitchen and take a look at the refrigerator. Did the folks say there were a couple of cokes on ice? Ah yes. Here we are!

Back into the living room and more good music. Oh boy! All the comforts of life.

This goes on for about another half hour or so until the folks come home.

"How was he? Any trouble? Any calls? How much do we owe you?"
After everything is settled, Chris finally escapes and goes home.
The end of a perfect day.

Mary Barnes

On Learning to Sail

Sailing is neither so safe nor so simple as it looks. I can tell you from actual experience. "Oh boy," you think, "am I going to have fun".... But be on your guard for there are many hidden pitfalls in store for you.

For your first lesson, you go along for the ride more or less. In you climb joyfully and sit down on the edge of the cockpit, unaware of the fact that this may be your last trip. But ignorance is bliss, they tell me.

The skipper tells the jib tender to shove off, and away you go. It is very windy and the boat heels over so far that the sails are nearly all wet in no time at all.

Everything goes fine with the exception of your beginning to feel slightly seasick, until it's time to come about. Of course you weren't warned about this and so you aren't very well prepared when the skipper yells "over." While you are peacefully sitting there wondering what "over," is you feel something hit you on the head and find yourself flying over the lagoon to land with a splash some distance from the boat. The water is icy as you fight your way to the surface. You come up just in time to see the boat coming straight for you. You can't do anything at first and you are sure they are trying to kill you. Then the boat swerves off and the jib tender grabs you and pulls you aboard.

As they finally set you wet and shaking on the dock, they say, "Well, it wasn't too bad. It can be worse." "No," you think, "this is too much." You were only all but drowned and then they say it can be worse. Right then and there you decide a landlubber's life is a much safer life.

Sue Mingus

A Danish Spring

Aruba, being an island near the tropics, has no change of seasons. This spring in Denmark is the first spring I have really experienced since I have been old enough to enjoy it.

When the snow was at last melted late in March, spring began. The weather slowly began to get warmer, and the first flowers appeared.

The flowers all added color to the forest and gardens. The first one was the wild anemone. Now, late in April, the forest is covered like a blanket with anemones, violets, and other wild flowers.

The gardens in the neighborhood are very lovely. There are many different flowers such as crocus, erantis, hyacinths, daffodils, tulips, pansies, narcissus, garden anemones, violets, and primroses. The lovely blues and purples in violets, hyacinths, and tulips as well as others combined with the reds, and yellows in tulips, primroses, and daffodils make a nice harmony in colors.

Right now the forest is in the process of becoming green. The birch and linden trees in most sections are very green and fresh, and the beech will be out in a couple of days.

The bird life has also begun to be more lively since the migratory birds from the South have come. The lark and starling have been the ones I have seen most of. The lark is often heard but seldom seen, although I have been lucky enough to see it a couple of times.

The starlings have recently built a nest in a bird house attached to my uncle's garage. My father says that it is probably the same one that was there last year; it's their instinct that brings them back. The stork has also come and my little brother has seen one.

Spring always brings a new freshness and cleanness to the air. The "April showers" clean the air of dust, clean the plants, and give freshness to them. They also leave the air invigorating.

Another sign of spring is the life in the fields. One sees the horses pulling plows and wagons in the fields. The cows, sheep, and horses are out grazing in the pastures, and the rye and wheat that were planted in the fall are now getting big. They are also in the process of planting the oats and barley to be harvested in late August.

About June everything has come out and the trees are all green. Then at last comes the summer when the beaches are dotted with people, and the summer cottages are opened up again.

Birgitte Gregerson

The Cat with Eight Lives Left

We were all rounding up our pets for we were moving to a paint house.

After we got there we let the cat out of the car. He ran as if a dog were chasing him.

The next morning I went to feed him but couldn't find him. I called and called but no cat came. I imagined the cats around this neighborhood didn't like him and had chased him home.

I went to the renovation house and brought him some milk because mother had seen him there the other day. I found him just where she had said he was. After he had taken his milk I picked him up and brought him back. There he stayed for a day but then he disappeared again. Several days later I went down again but to my disappointment he wasn't there.

When I finally found him he was as thin as a board, his nose was black instead of pink and he appeared to be wild. I became suspicious but as his fur was the same color, I went away thinking he was sick or perhaps starved. I could not coax him to eat which worried me terribly, for I loved him so much and didn't want him to die.

My neighbor, who also likes cats, noticed my grief and offered to help me feed him. We tried to give him some salmon, but he refused even to smell it. He was so thin and weak by this time that he could hardly walk. The day we moved back to our house, we found him dead in a cave near our yard. My sister I felt very sad and kept going back to the cave hoping a miracle would restore him to life again. Finally we gave him a burial service.

About three weeks later it seemed as if a miracle really had happened, for while we were playing in the patio one day we heard a "meow" which sounded familiar. We listened and looked and then saw our cat coming toward us. I almost fell over with joy! We examined him closely and found him in good condition.

Strange as it may seem, I had been trying to feed a stray cat which perhaps had eaten poison. The person who had fed mine, I do not know, but as I have him back, I'm satisfied and happy.

People say he has eight lives left, so he still has a long time to live. (I hope)

Carla Jean Massey

A Trip to the Power House

On March 5 the physics class went on a tour of powerhouse #2. This was made possible by the permission of Mr. Ewart and Mr. West.

The class left Lago High at 8:00 a.m. and arrived at the powerhouse ten minutes later. At the gate Mr. Armstrong met us and directed us to Mr. West's office. Here Mr. West made a short speech in which he told us that there were five different energy changes made from the time the process started as chemical energy until the time it ended as electrical energy. This takes only 30 seconds. When Mr. West finished his speech the class divided itself into two groups, six in each group. Mr. Farris took command of one and Mr. Armstrong the other. The first thing that was shown to us was two storage tanks that were full of oil. The oil in them is used for the fires in the boilers. Mr. Armstrong explained at this point that they didn't make oil here but that they burned it instead. Then we were shown the water tower and were told that this tower was always kept completely full, as it was a great necessity in keeping the powerhouse running. From there we were taken to the draft control in the large stack just outside the powerhouse. Then the group was shown what the inside of a boiler looked like. What we saw was a group of pipes, perpendicular to the floor, running all around the walks with the terrific heat of a flame being brought to bear on them. We went on to look at some oil pumps that were very important in the running of the powerhouse. We proceeded to a place where we were shown various gages that kept an accurate record of everything that happened to the boilers, damper, and temperatures. A panel was shown to us on which all the main divisions of the power house were labeled; at a time of emergency a siren would blow and the division where the trouble was caused would light up on the panel. This we were told saved a great deal of time in locating the trouble. The siren was blown to show us how the panel worked. Then we proceeded to the turbines which generated electricity. This whole set up was built entirely on its own private foundation. Then we were shown four more instrument panels which controlled the voltage of the above mentioned generator. The first panel registered up to 13,000 volts, the second up to 2,200 volts, the third 440 volts, and the last 110 volts. Then we were taken to the lower level of the powerhouse where four 900 H.P. water pumps were housed. There we were also shown what Mr. Armstrong said was one of the largest salt water distillers in the world. He said 30,000 barrels of fresh water a day were made there. From there we went into a small lab. where samples of the freshwater were tested for impurities. As we went from there to the outside again we were shown a channel that supplied the powerhouse with its water supply. Locks, constructed with rotating screens, kept the powerhouse's supply of water free from fish, seaweed, and other debris. Another interesting construction we were shown was a project which will relieve the colony of its bad water supply and replace it with a better one.

We arrived back at good old Lago High at 10:00 a.m.

Dick Rafloski

Senior Charge

It is customary for the graduating class to challenge the seniors of the next year to fulfill certain charges. This year we want to direct your attention to preparing yourselves to be leaders in high school and to developing a spirit of cooperation in school activities.

As seniors you will naturally assume leadership in your school. Underclassmen will look up to you for guidance and expect you to set the example. You all are aware of this but don't consider it seriously. You must realize the direct influence seniors have on other classes. It's quite a responsibility and all of you, as individuals and as a group, should be ready to set the right examples and be good leaders.

Our school is a small one compared to many in the States. In a school of this size we should all be able to participate in school activities. The responsibilities should rest on all our shoulders, not on just a few. As seniors you should strive to get every student to join in the various activities. If you display qualities of leadership in your class activities you will find other students and classes ready to follow your example.

You've often heard the quotation, "Together we stand, divided we fall." All of you should bear this in mind and remember that as leaders working together you can make your school a better one and also prepare yourselves to take your place as members of your community.

Claire Wilken

Junior Acceptance

On behalf of the junior class of 1947, it is my privilege to accept your very timely charge. We will do our best to assume leadership in the classroom and in all student activities. It is our most sincere desire to build a spirit of cooperation and good sportsmanship. We will all work toward this end. We will do our part to create a school of which we may be proud--proud of its scholastic achievement and also of the enthusiastic collaboration and loyalty of its students.

Albert Ray



Class Histories

Pauline Morgan was born August 28, 1929, in Cardiff, South Wales. She started her education at the early age of 3 and continued her schooling in Wales until she was 11 years old. During the early years of the war she spent some of her time in class rooms but much of it in air raid shelters or dodging planes. In 1941 Pauline set sail from Newport to arrive in Aruba a month later. Her father was captain on the SS Tasajera, one of the lake tankers. In May, 1943, Pauline graduated from 8th grade with Claire Wilken, Bobbie Winterbottom, Tom Tucker, Bruce Lilly, Bryan McCall, Walter Buchholtz and Buba Kennerty. In her freshman year she had one of the most severe initiations. She was made to jump off the top tower at the T Docks with her clothes on and was rolled in the sand and then paraded through the Esso Club. In November of her sophomore year she went to England on vacation, returning in June '45. During the summer she worked in the Accounting Department. Her absence from school while vacationing in England, compelled her to repeat her sophomore year. It was during this school year that she played one of the leads in the school play, "Ever Since Eve." During the summer of '46 Pauline worked in the Payroll Department and also was privately tutored so that she managed to skip her junior year and enter the senior class this September. This year Pauline has been chairman of the Student Council, Literary Editor of the P. O. R. annual, was in the school play, "Janie", for the 1st half of the year was a dancing instructor for the 7th and 8th grades and was a member of a chorus of selected girls.

Walter Buchholtz was born April 9, 1929, on Long Island, New York. He started school at five in Long Island. In 1938 a hurricane hit Long Island in the vicinity where he lived and he narrowly escaped death when an oak tree was blown down near their home. Since childhood Walter has been interested in baseball and basket ball. He used to practice football with his brother and was also waterboy for the high school football team. His first big trip was to the World's Fair in 1939, incidentally his father worked at the World's Fair for about 2 or 3 years. He helped design the Lagoon of Nations and other fountains. In November of 1939 Walter came to Aruba. His father was employed as an engineer in T.S.D. In 1945 Walter vacationed in New York and in '46 he went up to Kansas to attend his brother's marriage. Walter is an active player of Lago Hi's baseball team and he is also quite active in Scout work. Recently he became an Eagle Scout, which is the highest merit badge a scout can obtain.

William Wade was born October 22, 1928, in Louisiana. When he was seven months old he came to Aruba with his Mother--his father works in the Power House. When Wade was 4 years old he was in an accident which he will never forget. It was the Fourth of July and there was a fireworks exhibition at Roger's Beach. A spark accidentally hit a pile of \$300. worth of fireworks lying on the beach and exploded. Wade was badly burned and they didn't expect him to live. A couple of weeks after he got out of the hospital he was accidentally scalded with hot starch and was in the hospital again with bad burns. Many other accidents happened during his youth--such as falling off a road-roller--being shot in rubber-gun wars etc. He has a total of 19 stitches in his head. When Wade was in 4th grade his little brother, who was in kindergarten, decided to have a hot dog roast in his mother's closet and the house went up in flame. The house was leveled in one-half hour. Wade left during the war in 1942 and stayed in Louisiana for a year and a half. He graduated from junior high school

in the States and returned to Aruba during his freshman year. Wade became interested in goggle fishing and has had several narrow escapes from barracudas. He is a member of the yacht club, owns one half share of a snipe with Dick Rosborough and has won many series. During the past three summers he has worked in Labs 1 & 2, the Hydroponics and the garage. He was class president during his junior year.

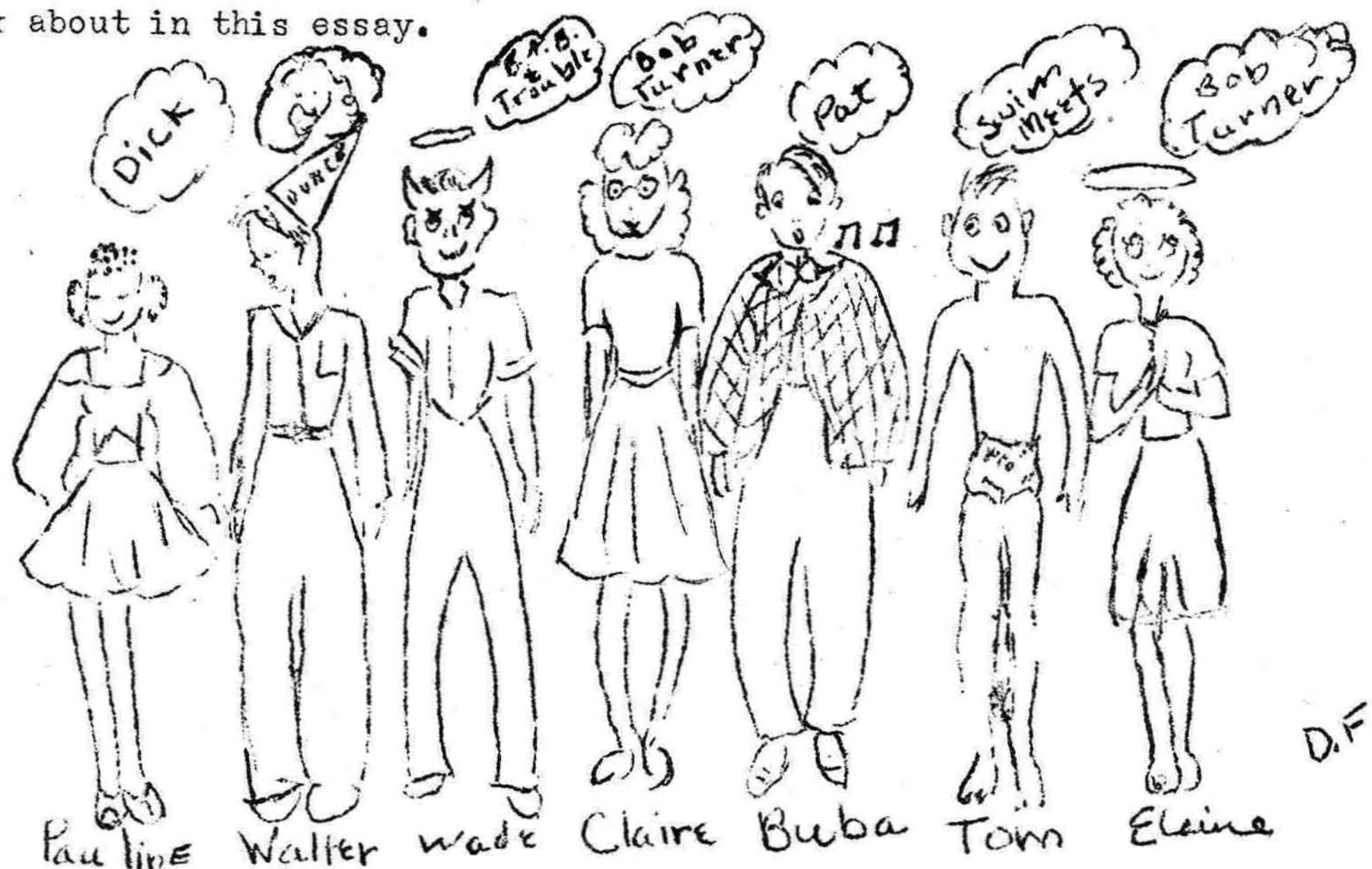
Claire Wilken was born in St. Louis, Missouri, in June, 1930, during the hottest summer St. Louis had ever had (temp. 105 degrees). When she was three months old she came to Aruba where her parents had been living since 1927. Claire was the first American baby in the colony. She entered school at the age of six and has had all her schooling in Aruba. In 1943 when Claire graduated from 8th grade she won the American Legion Award. In her freshman year she was awarded a typing medal and also a school letter. In her sophomore year she was an assistant to the Art Editor on the P.O.R. and was in the school play. In her junior year she was secretary of her class, chairman of the student council and editor of the P.O.R. She won first prize in the literary contest sponsored by the P.O.R. and was awarded a shorthand medal and a silver cup. This year Claire has been senior class president and a member of the student court. She has been editor of the P.O.R.W. Claire has been accompanist for the music class and is also a member of the girls' selected chorus.

On October 8, 1929, a little baby girl was born in Tampico, Mexico. That little baby was Elaine Kimler. She lived in Mexico for eight years. During this time Elaine had many happy experiences and many embarrassing ones. One of the latter was the time she dressed up as Shirley Temple and was out on the stage singing one of her songs. Halfway through the song Elaine started over again. Finally she had to be taken off the stage. It was also in Mexico that Elaine had her first boy friend. She was in the second grade and he in the third. He even gave her a wedding ring. It had been a prize in one of the candy boxes. Elaine attended school through the third grade in Mexico, the fourth grade in Texas, and the rest of junior high in Caripito, Venezuela. While there one of her most embarrassing moments was when she became excited about taking the Christmas presents to the kids and distributed them herself. When her mother found out that she had given many of the presents to the wrong people she made her go and get them back. Elaine attended the first half of her ninth year in Sand Springs, Oklahoma. The last half she took here in Aruba. Here Elaine has acquired the nick-name of Cuchi. Her sophomore year was also taken here in Aruba, but her junior year was again in Sand Springs, Oklahoma. Now she is back in Aruba completing her senior year. Elaine says that on the whole she has enjoyed herself everywhere she has lived.

Tom Tucker was born in Maracaibo, Venezuela on October 3, 1929. When he was almost 4 his family moved to Aruba. Tom entered kindergarten here and then had a very eventful first grade with Miss Brink. Then he moved on to a quiet second grade with Miss Greer. Next as a "big boy" Tom moved over to the big building, and third grade with Miss Parham. After all these years he still shudders to think of fourth grade with long division, but that's no reflection on Miss Heinz. Ah yes, then those two swell years that followed. They had a fine softball team in Miss Mulholland's fifth grade, and a better one in Miss Tole's sixth grade. Oh! Oh! seventh grade, that was the guillotine. Tom slid through that and then sailed by eighth grade. He just made the hurdles in the ninth grade so he went up to Gulf Coast Military Academy for his sophomore year. It was tough too, and that

venture sort of flopped. He had a grand junior year, making the softball team and being able to swim in another meet. He also took part in some sail boat races at the Yacht Club (this is a plug for the Sailfish). Now his senior year has rolled around, and as Tom looks back it surely has been grand. So now he'll thumb through the Varga calendar and dream of the future.

Ronald Kennerty started his life in this world eighteen years ago within the city of Charleston, S.C., a city which he calls home but knows less about it than he does about the construction of the "atomic bomb". He came to Aruba in 1934 and found it much smaller than it is now, that is the colony and the refinery were. He has spent all his years in Lago School except for a few months in the States. Ronald made his way from first to the sixth grade and thought he was doing well. It was about that time that he acquired his nick name "Buba". He was given this name because when ever he spoke to his brother Joe, he would call him Buba for brother. Also during this time Ronald became interested in baseball and took it as his favorite sport. He then went to the seventh grade where he was taught to type and a few other things, of course; but this machine really fascinated him. He could go so fast and no faster. His excuse was, "my hands were too short". This is still his excuse. Buba graduated into ninth grade in 1943. It was then he had a taste of stage fright, which he will never forget. He was given a speech to learn, which consisted of about a page and a half typewritten words. By the time commencement came around his speech was cut to about two small paragraphs. Even with this miniature size speech to give he was rendered speechless by that wide--eyed, grinning audience. Buba went to school in South Carolina for a few months and hit the football and basketball seasons. He fortunate enough to make first string on both. On returning to Aruba he fought his way through the last months of his junior year. During that year he played lots of bloody softball with the Lago High team. They almost won a game!!! He is now up to his senior year which Buba says he will remember always because of certain incidents which he had better not speak about in this essay.



POPULARITY POLL

Best looking	B. Binnion	D. Rafloski
Best complexion.	R. Pfaff	J. Cahill
		M. Jennings
Best figure.	M. Morris.	D. Rafloski
Best dressed	P. Morgan.	R. Kennerty
Best dancer.	P. Morgan.	R. Kennerty
Best conversationalist	C. Wilken.	R. Burbage
Best disposition	M. Aulow	C. Allen
Prettiest hair	P. Scott	D. Rafloski
Prettiest lips	B. Binnion	R. Kennerty
Prettiest eyes	B. Stiehl.	R. Kennerty
Prettiest teeth.	M. Aulow	B. Moore
Prettiest smile.	B. Binnion	B. Moore
Prettiest legs	M. Morris.	D. Rafloski
Biggest drag with teachers	C. Wilken.	R. Kennerty
Biggest flirt.	B. Stiehl.	B. Moore
Biggest wolf (wolfess)	B. Stiehl.	B. Moore
Biggest gum chewer	J. Polick.	A. Ray
Biggest bluffer.	S. Mingus.	T. Tucker
Most likely to succeed	C. Wilken.	K. Repath
Most versatile	C. Wilken.	R. Kennerty
Most athletic.	P. Morgan.	T. Tucker
Most egotistical	S. Mingus.	D. Rafloski
Most personality	B. Binnion	R. Burbage
		R. Kennerty
Most original.	C. Wilken.	A. Ray
Most studious.	M. Josephson	L. Teagle
	I. Woodcock.	
Most popular	M. Smith	R. Kennerty
Cutest	P. Scott	M. Jennings
Wittiest	M. Smith	D. Rosborough
Shyest	L. Brown	B. Morgan
Worst Braggart	B. Stiehl.	A. Whitney
Friendliest.	M. Aulow	C. Allen
Done most for school	C. Wilken.	R. Burbage
Always late.	S. Mingus.	L. Teagle
Noisiest	B. Stiehl.	T. Tucker
Gets away with most in class	C. Wilken.	R. Kennerty
Most popular senior.	P. Morgan.	R. Kennerty
Most popular junior.	M. Smith	A. Ray
Most popular sophomore	S. Mingus.	D. Rosborough
Most popular freshman.	B. Gregerson	B. Hellwig

Song Now and Forewer
 Subject History
 Book The Egg and I
 Orchestra Tommy Dorsey
 Radio Program Hit Parade
 Actress Ingrid Bergman
 Actor Cornel Wilde
 Movie Thrill of a Romance

POPULARITY POLL

Best looking	N. Morris	B. Norcom
Best complexion	L. Fields	J. Smith
Best figure	E. Macrini	Bob Burbage B. Norcom
Best dressed	P. Taylor	T. Baggaley
Best dancer	B. Hellwig	T. Gibbons
Best conversationalist	F. Josephson	Bill Burbage
Best disposition	J. Hoffman	B. Norcom
Prettiest hair	J. Hoffman	N. Morris
Prettiest lips	N. Morris	J. Horigan
Prettiest eyes	P. Taylor	N. Morris
Prettiest teeth	J. Hoffman	J. Horigan
Prettiest smile	N. Morris	J. Horigan
Prettiest legs	S. Schmitt	P. Taylor
	F. Josephson	J. Pakozdi
Biggest drag with teachers	M. Spitzer	B. Broz
Biggest flirt	S. Schmitt	G. Aulow
Biggest wolf (wolfess)	D. Learned	B. Tricarico
Biggest gum chewer	M. Kidd	T. Baggaley
Biggest bluffer	S. Schmitt	D. Learned
	N. Morris	D. Cahill B. Tricarico
Most likely to succeed	M. Spitzer	B. Broz
Most versatile	N. Morris	G. Morris
Most athletic	S. Schmitt	Bill Burbage
Most egotistical	K. Spitz	D. Learned
	M. Spitzer	T. Gibbons, B. Tricarico
Most personality	J. Hoffman	Bill Burbage
Most original	S. Schmitt	Bill Burbage
Most popular	J. Hoffman	T. Baggaley
Cutest	E. De Weese	J. Pakozdi
Wittiest	G. Morris	Bill Burbage
Shyest	E. De Weese	B. Baker
Worst Braggart	M. Spitzer	D. Cahill
Friendliest	N. Morris	J. Smith, Bill Burbage
		B. Moyer, B. Norcom
		S. Hayes, J. Pakozdi
Done most for school	J. Hoffman	G. Aulow, Bill Burbage
Always late	S. Schmitt	J. Smith
Noisiest	D. Learned	J. Pakozdi
Gets away with most in class	M. Spitzer	D. Greene B. Norcom
		D. Cahill D. Macrini
		B. Broz
Most popular Seventh grader	J. Hoffman	B. Norcom
Most popular Eighth grader	N. Morris	T. Baggaley

Song . . . My Hero
 Subject . . Mathematics
 Book . . . Dragon Seed
 Orchestra . Tommy Dorsey

Radio Program . Hit Parade
 Actress Ingrid Bergman
 Actor A. Ladd, V. Johnson
 Movie Bells of Saint Mary's

Student	Basis of Fame	Chief Occupation	Likes	Acts
Walter Buchholtz.....	Medals.....	Building Walls.....	Hoibert.....	Cave-Manish
Ronald Kennerty.....	Second Base.....	Mona Pat Scott.....	"Himself".....	Big
Elaine Kimler.....	Remarks.....	Avoiding Dexter.....	To Preach.....	Sincerely
Bryan McCall.....	Human Stove-pipe..	Driving Wade's Truck...	Older Girls....	Can he (?)
Pauline Morgan.....	Permanent.....	Rosborough.....	"Dickie".....	True??????
Tom Tucker.....	Bullying.....	Minding Jackie.....	Tucker.....	Loud
William Wade.....	His Truck.....	Ditching Babs.....	B.A. Binnion...	Busy
Claire Wilken.....	Attitude.....	Bossing.....	Bobby.....	Sour-castic
Maryanne Aulow.....	Friendliness.....	Being Friendly.....	Truck.....	Friendly
Betty Anne Binnion....	Wade.....	Flirting.....	Wade.....	Tearfull
Christine Buchholtz...	Ear-rings.....	Playing Violin.....	Walter.....	Timid
Roy Burbage.....	Voice.....	Flirting.....	Sue Mingus.....	Irritated
Minerva Josephson.....	Docks.....	Losing something.....	Her dog.....	Queer
Mary Macrini.....	Eyes.....	Silly questions.....	Boys.....	Stupid
Merlene Morris.....	Bob Moore.....	Following Dotty.....	Everybody.....	Quiet
Bob Moore.....	Awkward.....	Wolfing.....	Skirts.....	Childish
Joan Polick.....	Brother's shirts..	Chewing gum.....	Hoot.....	Tough
Albert Ray.....	Hair Cut.....	Being unco-operative....	Sue.....	Tired
Dick Rafloski.....	Un-decided.....	Drinking Malts.....	Pat Richey.....	He-Manish
Mona Smith.....	Tears.....	Flirting.....	Buba!!!!!!.....	Ditched
Dorothy Stuart.....	Cooking.....	Complaining.....	Hugh's car.....	Knowingly
Charlie Allan.....	Shape.....	Losing weight.....	Food.....	Hungry
Jay Cahill.....	Laugh.....	Doing nothing.....	Betty Ann B....	Censored
Leslie Clute.....	Butch.....	Chasing Little Girls....	Butch.....	Clutish
Muriel Holness.....	Walk.....	Hoping.....	Babs.....	Moo-Moo-ish
Murry Jennings.....	Lip.....	Pestering.....	Dark Room (camera)	Monsterish
Sue Mingus.....	Lip-Stick.....	Wearing shorts.....	Who Knows.....	!!--**OOK!!??/
Billy Morgan.....	Boogie-Noogie.....	Murphy's Desk.....	His bird.....	Morganish
Betty Orr.....	Newness.....	Being quiet.....	Who Knows.....	Quiet
Robertta Phaff.....	Yachting.....	Fishing.....	Claire.....	Noisy
Bob Rafloski.....	Modesty (?).....	Being Sincere.....	Wooster.....	Loud
Kenneth Repath.....	Wiggle.....	Vibrating.....	Boys.....	Sweet
Duke Richey.....	Wyoming.....	Basketball.....	Girls.....	Worried
Dick Rosborough.....	Jokes.....	Chasing Pauline.....	To Drive.....	Goonish

Student	Basis of Fame	Chief Occupation	Likes	Acts
Pat Scott.....	Button-Holes.....	Buba.....	Buicks.....	Outrageous
Babs Stiehl.....	Muscles.....	Slapping boys.....	Nancy.....	Tarzanish
Lenny Teagle.....	Wave.....	Working on boat.....	To Jitterbug...	Girlish
Arthur Whitney.....	Timber!!!.....	Dodging Soxo.....	B. Hellwig.....	Crayfishy
Mary Francis Barnes..	Unfunny cracks....	Grinning.....	W. Buchholtz...	Scientific
Lorna Brown.....	Shyness.....	Being timid.....	John Stuart....	Mousey
Warren Carrol.....	Looks.....	Changing girlfriends....	Skirts.....	Stiff
Dorothy Fulton.....	Legs.....	Flirting.....	Figure (1).....	Sophisticated
Birgitte Gregerson...	Sour-sweetness....	Putting on Lipstick....	Jay Cahill.....	Deserted
Connie Gritte.....	Astrology.....	Polishing the Apple....	Her hair.....	Acts important
Johnny Hagendoorn....	Ears.....	Grinning.....	Mary B. Spitzer	Childish
Milton Hatfield.....	Lobsters.....	Nancy.....	Nancy.....	Grownup
Bill Hellwig.....	Dimples.....	Golf.....	Girls.....	Wolfish
Mike High.....	Accent.....	Blushing.....	Spanish.....	Limey-ish
Ralph Stahre.....	Sandbag.....	Sleeping.....	To Eat.....	Sleepy
John Stuart.....	Corn.....	Festering Lorna.....	Lorna.....	Corny
David Lee Schmitt....	Jitterbugging....	Drooling.....	Teddy bear.....	Bookish
David Walters.....	Physique.....	Following Wade & Bryan..	Fumar.....	Cockney-ish
Donald Whitney.....	Blarney.....	Bragging.....	Upperclassman..	Wise
Iris Woodcock.....	Hair.....	Studying.....	Elaine.....	Faithful