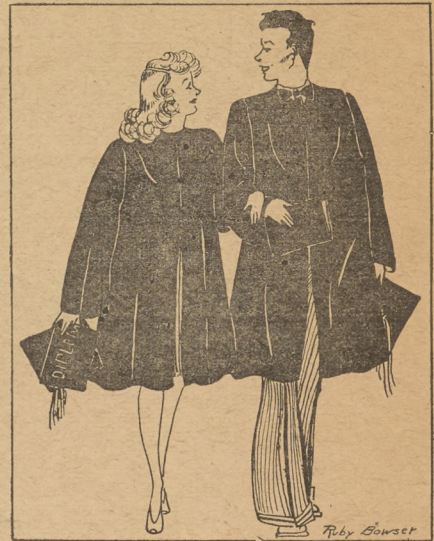


Junior Prom Is Tomorrow Night

Well, it's come. Everything is ready. Gosh, you wouldn't even recognize the gym. And tomorrow evening you'll enter the "subterranean cavern" with your best beau, ready and eager for an evening of sheer enjoyment, an evening you will never forget. The Junior Prom is a big item in anyone's "Book of Memories" and this one will be more so than ever.

You'll swing and sway to the music of "Russ Grimes and his 'Sweet Swing' Band" and you'll thank your lucky stars that the band committee with Sherrill McDonald, Jack Fredericks, Pat Canty and Ann Marie Schirra decided on this one.

Fish, mermaids and everything under the sea will fascinate you. Remember how, as a child you'd dream of being a deep-sea diver. You never thought, did you, that some day you'd be dancing in a "subterranean cavern?" Let's thank Charles Bailey and his hard-working committee for making your dream come true. Those who planned the decorations are Ada Fredericks, Joan Hoddinott, Joanne Ehn, Lois Lagershausen and Lucille Anderson; and those who helped install them are Rupert Roegner, Barbara Horton, Ralph Nettland, Don Christenson, Dolores Brooks and Shirley Rohrer.



Let's see, what's the name of the next dance? Well, just look at your bid. Pretty, isn't it? Know who worked, planned and worried about those bids? Jim Tagney, Ann Marie Schirra and Pat Canty deserve the credit. And while we're on the subject of bids, remember who sold them to you? Chances are it was one of the juniors on the activities committee, Mary Ellen Racine, Rupert Roegner, Ralph Nettland, and Mary Jane Nelson.

Shhhh----quiet, the coronation is about to begin. Here comes Jack Harrer and Mary Ann Wenzel. Remember when Jack was elected Prom King? Don Lyon, Evelyn Miethke, and Mary Lou Kendall certainly worked hard to make the election run smoothly. Jack's going to be crowned King Neptune and Mary Ann will be Queen of the Mermaids. Dan Mack, Mickey Callmer, "Chuck" Leibrandt, June Ohlson, Jim Lannert and Ann Marie Schirra are in the court. The coronation ceremony is very lovely and Shirley Gregor, Beverly Pearson and Nancy Perrin planned carefully to make it a success.



Thirsty? Well there's the punch bar. Food, that all important item, has been well taken care of by Mary Ann Trausch and Ernest Reimann. No need to worry on that score.

Hey, no pushing. You'll get in. Won't Hollywood be jealous when they see our beauties in the movies? What movies? Why the ones they're taking of the prom tonight. Easy does it. Everyone will get "snapped."

Now let's recollect a little on what's happened in the past few weeks. All you juniors and seniors will remember the cute skit on prom etiquette on May 19. Dolores Johnson, Rae Olson, Elaine Dall and Tom Wetmore were responsible for that you know. Here's hoping you're acting as Emily Post directs tonight. Ladies first, gentlemen.

Little yellow slips of paper seem to haunt me. Stories in the Tribune, Daily News, Skokie News and Press and even in the Nilehilitite keep creeping up on me unawares. Hildegard Jarosch, Mary Ellen Racine, Barbara Horton, Beverly Markus, Shirley Lawrence and Mary Jane Nelson, are you responsible? All kidding aside, girls, the stories were cute and informative, too. We have the radio classes to thank for the clever skits on the P. A.

Let's see, somebody else helped on the prom. Why of course, the teachers. Miss de Booy, Miss Lytle, Miss Line, Miss Klaus, Mrs. Esch, Mr. Kent, Mr. Wilkins, Mr. Ihne, Mr. Benette and Mr. Meier deserve a lot of credit for their helpful suggestions.

O.K. kids, the evening is yours to enjoy and to remember. And while you are enjoying yourselves, how about spending a minute and thanking all the people who made the prom one to be remembered, forever.

Graduation Program Will Be Varied

Commencement exercises for the class of 1944 of Nilehi will be held Thursday, June 15 in the high school auditorium at 8:15.

The processional for the graduates, played by the orchestra under the direction of Mr. Collins will be "War March of The Priests" from Athalia by Mendelssohn. The orchestra will also play before the program begins. The numbers include "By the Sleepy Lagoon" by Coates and the "Ballet Suite" from Rosamunde by Schubert.

More music will be presented by the choir, directed by Miss Klaus. They will sing "No Blade of Grass Can Flourish" by W. F. Bach, "The Three Farmers," a folksong of West Virginia, and "Lost in the Night" by Christiansen.

For the first time in the history of Nilehi the seniors will not wear gray robes. But a thrilling scene will be presented by the graduates, the girls in white robes and the boys in blue. The 189 graduates will include those from February, June, and August. Some of the February graduates will not be present as they are serving in the armed forces.

The commencement speaker will be Dr. Samuel Nowell Stevens of Grinnell College at Grinnell, Iowa. His topic will be "New Responsibilities and New Opportunities." One student will also give a speech but as yet the person has not been chosen.

Mr. Benette, the senior advisor, will present the scholarship awards to the seniors, and Dr. Biehn will present the graduating class of 1944 for diplomas.

Memories of I Study Hall

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The following short story was written by Miss Schaeffer, more commonly known by all of the kids as "Schaefer." Besides her busy school day of directing girl's gym and swimming classes, Schaefer somehow finds time for hobbies, of which one of her favorites is writing. So let's dig deeper into the drama of a study hall through the eyes of one of its teachers.

STUDY HALL

The bell rings. Some odd fifteen pair of feet madly dash for their seats and arrive as the last echo of the gong fades into oblivion. They're all in their seats now. The fifteen look triumphant. Failure to be in one's assigned place when the tardy bell rings means a half hour detention — after school.

I take the roll. Jack is absent again, — at least he isn't in study hall. I sigh. He's such a problem! I complete the roll. Jack comes in late. He opens his mouth as if to speak, and I say to him dispassionately, "Where's your admit?"

I don't have one, he replies.

Why are you late?

I had to stop at my locker.

What for?

My book.

And where is your book?

I forgot to bring it. I was in a hurry. I knew I'd be late.

If you knew you were going to be late why didn't you take time to bring your book?

I don't know.

This is your second tardy this week. (I have a memory like an elephant.)

Yes, ma'am.

You'll spend a half hour in detention tonight and concentrate on improving your memory.

I fill out the detention slip. I hate myself.

I can't stay tonight, he says, I work.

That's your problem. You'll have to arrange with the office, I reply coldly. I hate myself more.

I try to explain to him just once more. There are seventy students in this study hall, I say, with as much right as you have. When the tardy bell rings I have to take care of my roll call so that each of those seventy students can go where

they have to go, and do what they have to do. When you come in late I have to take time to correct the original absence blank, the duplicate slip and waste a minute of every student's time to take care of you. That's seventy minutes wasted. You have no right to demand of, or to delay seventy other students. You belong in your seat when the bell rings.

I'll correct the blanks for you, he offers.

Take your seat and get busy, I command icily. I feel like Hitler.

I'll take my seat, he says, but I can't get busy. I have nothing to do.

I feel as helpless as Hitler.

Write yourself a locker pass and get something to do, I fairly want to shriek.

Yes, ma'am.

He writes the pass. I sign it. He goes out.

I watch him go out the door. I look around the room. Seventy pairs of eyes hurriedly drop to their open books.

They're waiting for me to crack up, I think. I'll fool 'em.

Jack comes back. He's beaming. I wonder why.

He returns the pass and takes his seat.

I try to work. I can't.

I adjust the shades.

Somebody titters.

I discover the upper and lower shade strings are knotted together. I undo the knots and finish the shades.

Peace reigns again.

I sigh.

A messenger arrives. Miss Johnson wants these eight people, please.

I read the names. The eight stampede.

Ye Gods but I'm hungry, I think.

Bill picks up his book and paper and walks over to Evelyn's table. Evelyn has the brains, Bill the personality. Bill will get somewhere I think.

I feel like a hawk ready to pounce upon unsuspecting prey. The question is legitimate. Evelyn tried hard to explain. I see his lips frame thanks and he walks back to his own seat staring stupidly at the paper. He didn't get it!

I relax.

I see Bud taking the second bite of his sandwich. He sees me looking at him, and opening his mouth wide, stuffs the remainder of the sandwich into the yawning pit. I jerk my thumb in the general direction of the wastebasket beside the desk.

He arrives at the wastebasket and deposits the sandwich paper. He gulps down the last mouthful. Don't have time for breakfast, he says, I'm working on the midnight shift now. Mom's working, too.

I carefully explain that the study hall is not the cafeteria. I despise myself.

I recall beaming Jack. He's still intensely interested in his notebook.

Joe suddenly clamps a hand over his mouth and makes a dash for the door. I send Ralph to the washroom after him. Ralph returns.

Joe returns looking slightly green about the gills. He re-seats himself. I walk over to his table.

Are you sure you're all right now? I ask.

Yeah, he sighs, guess it was something

I ate.

What did you eat?

He looks shamefaced. Six sundaes, he says.

I look horrified. Before breakfast?

That was my breakfast. After the sundaes I didn't have any room for more.

Do you mean to tell me that your Mother fed you six sundaes for breakfast?

No'm. I'm staying at Bill's this week and I collected a bet. He's leaving for the Army today.

I look at Joe, smile, shake my head in despair, and return to the desk.

Silence reigns.

I look about the room. I see Ed, Joe, Ralph and Bill, and countless other Ed's, Joe's, Ralph's and Bill's come to my mind. Last year's Ed is in the Army now. Last year's Joe has written that he likes the air force. A letter from Bill last week was postmarked New York, but he had written it from Africa. Somewhere in Africa, his letter had said. Joe, I remember, always had grimy dirty hands. He wanted to be a mechanic. Well, he was now—in a sort of way. Ed was the big bully type who domineered his gang but he had a heart as soft as a lemon meringue pie. Bill had itchy feet—he had wanted adventure. He had wanted to go places. Yes, they were all the kind of boys one wanted instinctively to say to—don't—and yet one never did because one knew it would do no good. The faculty called them hellions, but I always liked them.

There are three types of students, I muse. The A class who always do the right thing at the right time, who always seek knowledge, who are eager, young, vibrant, who are always looking for something and finding it, who are always dominated by mind. The B class, comprised of the Ed's, the Joe's, and the Bill's. One is never sure whether they are flattering or displaying an uncanny amount of innate tact. They never turn homework in on time, they're invariably late to class, justifiably of course (in their minds), always seeking a way out of the required task (and finding it!), always dominated by the thought that the one present question is the crux of life. The C class—who also go to school.

Yes, they're all in this war now. The A's and the B's and the C's. The A's are the officers, the B's get all the medals—for bravery, they say, and the C's are the guys who also fight.

I am startled back to the present by the slamming of Ed's book. There is always an air of finality in the way he closes it, almost as though he dares you to ask him to open it again! Bill slides his hips to the edge of the chair and gathers his feet under him like a cat who is ready to pounce upon an unsuspecting mouse.

I glare at Ed. I raise my eyebrows at Bill. He'll be out of the door like Flash Gordon with the ringing of the gong so he can be first in the cafeteria lineup.

After another minute that seems like another year, the gong rings. Bill dashes out of the study hall door heedless of his life or his limbs—or anyone else's. Bedlam breaks loose all around me.

Boy! Some Suckers Moore's The Tops

"Going up!" Thus began the pop contest held after school, May 24, on the center stairs. The unwieldy 16 feet of glass tubing was first tested by Bob Hartney. Jim Moore, the second contestant, drained ten ounces of the pop and an undetermined amount of air in the record time of 5 minutes and 41.3 seconds. None of the other contestants was able to top this record.

Jim Ehmer gave up after being asked to "smile" for the camera. After much persuasion and some strong arm tactics, Louie Robinson graciously consented to compete. June Ohlson's attempts nearly ended in failure due to the heckling from the onlookers. Howard Linstrom reported that he could have slurped the whole bottle in two minutes flat if it had been anything but strawberry pop. The winner was presented with a beautifully be-ribboned bottle of strawberry soda, which he promptly guzzled. In addition to Jim Moore's other achievements, he holds the undisputed title of being able to stretch a bottle of pop a long-long way. All we can say is, "What a bunch of suckers!"

Male -- Box

Here we are again with more data about Nilehi alumni in service.

Ralph Krier sent Miss Harbert a rupee and said he'd soon send some Chinese money. He and Bob are together again, and Ed Gatzke is also with them in India. What about some money from the Mikado?

Vernon Permer from the Marshalls says all the boys enjoy his paper. How about the natives? Oh yes, Vernon is now the proud father of a son. Better come back soon and get him ready for the Junior Prom, Vernon—men are scarce.

Henry Meindl is still in England. He met some buddies from Chicago and Kenilworth in London on his last leave.

Ted Canty claims he is still studying. It is hard to believe.

Erwin Kramer is another college student. He and his buddies will be ready to build up the old landscape so tourists can visit the battle fields.

Bob Carl is getting tired of pounding a typewriter in Africa. Guess it would be more fun to visit Berlin. Maybe he could get an office job there.

Miss Green had a letter from Les Galitz. He seems to be spending his time visiting palaces. Why not a good castle, Les? Something like Bingen on the Rhine.

John Anderson is proud of the way that the students at Nilehi are behind the war effort.

Rita Jane Fisher writes that she is enjoying her stay at the Chelsea Naval Hospital immensely and is getting wonderful experience.

Forum Facts

With the thought in mind that the Student Faculty Forum has been striving for bigger and better things this year, opinions from a few of the Forum representatives were gathered:

Jim Moore (president): The Forum this year has not accomplished too much. The lack of responsibilities' on the part of the representatives is a detrimental factor in lowering the Forum's standards. We must have co-operation and students that are conscientious.

Betty Bray (senior): To me the Forum was always a student governing body. Recently I discovered that the Forum is only able to discuss matters and turn them over to the office. The Forum has no power other than discussion. I think that the Forum should be a student council.

Tom Wetmore (secretary): The Forum was responsible in the students obtaining season basketball tickets. We helped to clear up the detention problem and also tried to promote some understanding between the students and faculty.

Ernest Reiman (junior): There's a lot of room for improvement in the Forum. Too many home rooms elect representatives as a joke. There are plans being made for next year and we hope to start the Forum off right.

Dick Graf (fresh): No one ever says anything. People just sit around and nothing is ever accomplished. Next year will be a different story. One good thing is that the Forum is trying to get the C. A. P. in N. T. H. S.

Don Ransdell (sophomore): The Forum hasn't done as badly as people think. There's a lot of room for improvement though.

Well kids, you have the Forum's opinion. Now it's up to you and you and you to make the Forum a success next year.

The Forum this year has accomplished more than usual. The student members have given their views on what the Forum has accomplished and now Mr. Benette, the faculty adviser has given his opinion.

The Forum has, this year, solved the detention problem, got season basketball tickets, held a contest to clean up the school and got the names of students interested in C. A. P. The Forum also sent two representatives of Niles Township to the Chicago Youth Conference and these representatives brought back some good ideas.

According to Mr. Benette, "The Forum did a lot of good thinking but not quite enough action. We hope to correct this next year by getting an earlier start.

"I think the Forum formed a background for an organization next year which will be leaders in many of the activities of the school."

**Bond And Stamp Total
For Year \$26,700.00**

Activity Committee Is Busiest In School

Among those at Nilehi we praise most are the people on the Activity Committee—for it is they who have helped to make this school year one of the most successful yet. The Activity Committee deserves one of the biggest orchids of the year for their undertaking and carrying out of some twenty or more different activities.

First they are to be congratulated on their fine work with the stamp and bond sales. Their encouragement and splendid management together with the Trojans response, helped make possible the purchase of thirteen jeeps, one parachute and a Pb-19B "Fairchild Cornell Trainer."

And to the Activity Committee also goes the credit for the handling of tickets for the various school activities throughout the year. The Water Carnival, Music Festival, spring play and Revelry are but a few of the activities these hard working Trojans promoted publicity for.

Two very enjoyable programs were presented during the year, one on December 7 and a later one, featuring the Camp Skokie Band, on February 1. These two programs and the Jeep Rally held earlier in the year were in charge of the Activity Committee.

Last but not least among their many activities we praise them for their work on the scrap drive, the sending of paper to the boys in service and the paper salvage campaign still in effect.

Scholarships Won By Five Honor Students

Returns from the scholarship applications have arrived, and here are the verdicts, according to Miss Berry, the faculty member who gave these students help and advice.

To Mundelein with a two-year scholarship goes Barbara Mason. She won this scholarship on the basis of a competitive exam taken early this spring.

Joan Cutsler received her \$200 scholarship to Monticello College in Alton, Illinois on the basis of her achievements in the past. She will live on the campus for 1 year and may then transfer to Michigan University.

Peggy McNeill was awarded a half-tuition, 1 year scholarship to Central YMCA College in Chicago. This scholarship was given after an exam for the applicants.

Bob Pasek's scholarship to the Northwestern Institute of Technology in Evanston was awarded on the records of his high school career and grades. Bob's scholarship is for one year, but can be renewed thereafter.

Interesting, what, that seventy-five percent of this overwhelming intelligence comes from the NILEHILITE staff?



Memories, Ah, Memories! Seniors Review Own Golden Yesterday

It was registration day, in 1940 and one hundred and eighty incoming freshmen wandered hopefully and fearfully about the halls. In this strange place we were to spend the next four years of our lives. During the first few weeks of school there was the usual gamus of upperclassmen trying to sell us elevator passes and cafeteria tickets. And dear, helpful sophomores directing us to the spacious swimming pool between 310 and 314.

As school settled down to be at routine affair, we found ourselves planning for our first Homecoming Day.

The girls, in the meantime, had had a riotous informal initiation into the G. A. A., and then, in sharp contrast, a beautiful candlelight service for the formal initiation.

We had gotten well into a year of football, and were taking great pride in being accepted in the crowd of high school people at games.

Remember our first Dramatics Nite, and how the girls were all silent worshippers of Bill Stevens, and we thought Paul Mikota the funniest thing loose?

The Water Carnival that year seemed too beautiful for words with gigantic tropic flowers and butterflies, and Carol Blameuser in a silver suit and the title role as "Lolita."

There were the school dances, both a Christmas and a spring concert, and "Don't Take My Penny," to make a well rounded school year.

And then the Prom!

All tropical, and straight from Hawaii.

Our first year was a marvelous one, but only a prologue to the next three.

We were but slightly surprised to find that the last week of vacation actually dragged, and we were anxious for school to begin.

School began with a bang our second

year, and we were only too glad to admit that courses were harder this year than our first, which might seem strange compared to our freshmen denials.

Our sophomore party was a game of "The Awful Truth," or radio style truth or consequences. Impossible questions and wild consequences made the evening hilarious.

By this time we were strictly in a cherry-coke, bobby-sock rut which pleased us loads.

We played "Big Brother" and "Sister" to the new freshies, and couldn't imagine how they could be so dumb.

"Round-up Nite" was the name of the carnival, and there were all sorts of booths, and play money in wads as big as your fist.

The Water Carnival was Arabian, and Marilyn Noesgas, of our own class, was the queen.

The prom was scened at a southern plantation, with cotton balls galore.

And so ended our second year, and half of our high-school life was gone.

At last our dreams were realized, and we were finally upperclassmen. We had a new superintendent that year, and he won us completely during our first assembly. Quite a psychologist, Dr. Biehn!

Quickly we became accustomed to our new roles as rather superior beings.

The year rolled by. We got into jams, and got out of most of them.

Came the spring play, and "Old Doc" was a huge success, though it was the most dramatic thing we had done.

The Junior Prom was the hi-lite of the whole year. We planned for months, and decorated for days. The theme was Dutch, and we were replete with windmills, tulips, and what have you.

The school year was over. We looked forward to our next year with satisfaction. At last we would be mighty seniors — of the land.

Breakfast Features Senior Awards

This years Senior Breakfast sounds like enough fun to let the whole school in on. The breakfast is an annual custom at Nilehi, and is the last time the graduates will be together, as a class.

The breakfast will begin with the Lord's Prayer, sung by the senior girls' sextet. Breakfast will then be served, and will consist of orange juice, scrambled eggs and diced ham, rolls, french-fried potatoes, and coffee or milk.

The senior girls trio will give out with songs, written in our own school this year, that should head for the top.

Mr. Benette will present scholastic awards, and will be followed by Mr. Isaacson with athletic awards, Betty Bray with G.A.A. awards, and dramatics and music awards by Mrs. Esch and Miss Klaus respectively.

The class will and the class prophecy, two of the most secretive and humorous items to a graduating class, will be read.

At the close of the more informal part of the program, Dr. Biehn will speak to the class. Ending the program, the seniors will sing the Loyalty Song, which holds more meaning now than ever before.

We sailed into our senior year with vim, vigor, and vitality. Surprisingly enough, our cloak of wisdom settled easily about our shoulders, and it seemed but commonplace to receive first consideration in everything.

Amusing as it was, at first, to have occasional freshmen bowing and scraping our way, and asking if we were really Joe Smith, even that got old. We worked better as a class than ever before.

Most of us had jobs, but nevertheless we found time to back bond sales and the Red Cross drive, and net more than ever before in the history of our school.

We took lots of pride in planning our senior assembly, and were well pleased with ourselves over the swing band.

The drugstores closed down on us, and out climbed the J. D. club, which promises survival through many years.

There were the many last year rushes, the dozens of places to be at one time. Cards and announcements to be ordered, pictures to be taken, caps and gowns to be measured for.

And the cruise! Laughing, dancing, hilarity far into the night. Deck games, and cute cabins, and a boat a block long. Perhaps that memory will stay with us even more clearly than that of the Prom.

The Prom, a nautical affair this year, with King Neptune and the Queen of the Mermaids, will have few rivals in our memories.

Soon our commencement tassles will be hanging to the right of our caps. We shall be looking back on high school, so soon after we have looked forward to it.

At college, or working, or fighting for Uncle Sam, we shall soon begin to realize how happy and carefree were the days at Nilehi and we shall be ever so thankful for all our happy memories.