

NILEHILITE

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Lindecker-Schirra Take Nuptial Vows In Latin Ceremony

Gaiety in the Roman manner will prevail next Tuesday, February 29th, during the banquet and wedding staged by the Latin classes. The festivities will begin at 3:30, when Roman maidens and masters will don their official dress — sheets draped in imitation of the Roman toga.

The first event will be the wedding, which takes place in three scenes, with the bride, Ann Schirra, and the groom, Horace (Lucky) Lindecker bashfully repeating their "vows" in Latin. The first scene is the betrothal, then the actual wedding, and the procession to the newlyweds' home, where the groom gallantly carries the bride over the threshold.

After the ceremony the guests will relax in merriment at the banquet. Included on the menu, which is prepared in real Roman style, are mock chicken legs and grape juice, in place of wine. The Latin custom of eating with the fingers will be followed.

Other principles in the wedding will be: the bride's parents, Tom Davidson and Virginia Waldin, father of the groom, Gordon Peterson, bridesmaid, Shirley Gregor, and priest, Fred Bernard.

High School Scouts Go On Overnight Hike

Five high school boys went on a hike recently with Scout Troop 15 to Wheeling, Illinois. The fellows in high school were Tom Cook, Phil Bonarth, Tom Wetmore, Howard Speer and Roger Racine, with Mr. Nesmith, their leader.

They stayed in cabins and cooked their own food. Since it took only about an hour and a half they played games, talked and passed tests during the day. Saturday night they told ghost stories and talked until? They started back at 4 p.m. Sunday.

Everyone had a lot of fun and according to Tom Cook, "Mr. Nesmith is a great camper!"

Camp Skokie Band Pleases Students

The Camp Skokie Band, under the leadership of Sargeant Hubert Finley, entertained the students at Nilehi in an assembly given Friday, February 25th, in order to mark the end of the Fourth War Loan Drive. The band was brought by the Activity Committee.

The program which lasted for an hour was composed of several selections by the band and a number of individual specialties.

The band featured Pvt. Harry Mumma P. S. C., vocalist formerly with the "Carnation Hour." Pvt. Mumma, whose stage name was Michael Stewart, sang "Nobody Knows the Trouble I've Seen" and "Tramp Tramp" from Victor Hubert's operetta "Naughty Marrietta."

Also with the band were: Joseph Rezists, pianist; Pvt. Robert Basso, who played the violin; Pvt. Red Hodgson, who wrote "The Music Goes Round and Round"; and Marvin Louitz, who sang "A Slip of the Lip Will Sink a Ship."

The big band played the grand finale from Tchaikowski's Fourth Symphony, "American Salute" by Morton Ghoul and "American Patrol" by Mechem. The band played the last number both in military and modern style.

This program was scheduled for the Trojans as a reward for their splendid co-operation in the Fourth War Loan Drive. Nile Township has been very active during this drive and does not intend to let down even after this drive is over.

Drama Class Practices Impromptus, Shakespeare

"To be or not to be, that is the question." "Romeo, wherefore art thou, Romeo?" Those who walk past room 121 and hear these strange sounds don't be frightened. It's just the major dramatics class in the midst of studying.

The class is divided into two groups. One group does impromptus one day a week and the second group does it the next week. After speaking with several members of the class it was discovered that impromptus are really fascinating.

Alumni Continue To Send Greeting

With more and more mail being received from the boys in service, the alumni column brings more excerpts from their letters.

First, from the South Pacific comes word from Eddie Brietenback ('42). Eddie, who is with the Seabees, writes Mr. Isaacson that football is more fun than what he is doing.

Mr. Isaacson also heard from Vernon Permer ('41), who is in the South Pacific. Vernon sends greetings to all, and he also asks about football.

Stanley Kendall ('42), who is with the air force at Vanderbilt College, writes Miss Berry that he has struggled through heavy courses in English, History and Mathematics.

David Jacobs ('42) writes from Gunnery School in Yuma, Arizona. He says that he is busy, but not too busy to enjoy the "Nilehilité."

Bob Engert ('43) spent thirty-six hours in New York in December, enjoying some music, just before leaving the States. He writes that he enjoyed hearing about the school through the Nilehilité.

Ed May ('43) writes from Farragut, Idaho that he has found out that he has to work. Ed. is going to Signal School, and says that even P. E. is hard.

John May ('43) says that it peeps him up to know that the school is backing up the boys by buying bonds.

Greetings come from Vincent Dudick ('38), Navy headquarters in Ottumwa, Iowa. Vincent also says thanks for the paper.

And believe it or not Ted Canty ('43) writes, "I wish I had heeded the advice given me about learning to study."

Seen at school during their furloughs were: James Rau ('43), Navy; Jack Kittridge ('43), Army; and Victor Baptist, Army Air Corps.

Jimmy Holmes gave the impersonation of a girl coming home after a date. June Ohlson demonstrated three girls' walks: Marion Robertson's, Gloria Westberg's, and her own. Dick Mussil showed a girl getting ready for a date. Liz Krysher imitated some one brushing his teeth. A few students got together and demonstrated shy boys with aggressive girls on dates. This is just a sample of the things these Bernhardtts and Barrymores do.



Sandwich Beefs Of Fate; Bitten To Pieces, Deprived of Love Life

by Delores Wells

I was once a roast beef sandwich, yet in a short time I have been so greatly changed that not even my own mother who is a pot roast would recognize me, her favorite son.

Perhaps I had better explain. I began as a roast beef sandwich as I said before, on whole wheat bread spread with butter, to be exact. I was living on Mrs. Jones' table gazing happily across the plate at a cream cheese sandwich named Gwendolyn, who was quite a dish. I was thinking how fortunate I was to have such a charming companion while my brother Oswald (who is chipped beef) on the next plate had only a liver sausage on rye, who couldn't speak English, as his neighbor. Suddenly I was aroused from my reverie by a voice calling, "Hurry, children, your lunch is ready."

Before I could catch by breath my plate was careening wildly across the table and Gwendolyn was gone! Then a smooth creamy voice called "Here I am."

I looked up and saw her in the hands of a monster who swallowed her in tremendous gulps. Then horror of horrors he grabbed me and after a lightning quick journey upward, the brute bit me!!

That was when things started happening and from then on, each part of me was on its own. I must have fainted from shock so I don't know what became of my first five bites, but as I awoke my last bite was being shoved into a dark cavernous pit, and my narrative shall deal with what happened to it.

I didn't have much chance to survey my surroundings as almost immediately a huge set of white rocks came crushing down on me. I was mashed to a pulp. After being nearly drowned in a saliva which was already changing my starch into sugar, I proceeded on my journey.

Down a long tunnel which a friendly blood corpuscle told me was the Esopha-

gus, then through a door marked Cardiac Svinxture. After that it is difficult to describe what happened for everything was in such a frenzy.

I was pushed and jarred and shaken back and forth until I was dizzy and seasick at the same time, all the while I was flooded with gastric juice which was digesting my proteins right under my nose. When I thought I could bear no more I was pushed through another opening and into a maze of tunnels. This way and that way I turned and all those greedy Ville arguing about who should absorb me. By this time, my starches were all simple sugars, my protein was all digested and my fats, mineral and vitamins were dwindling away rapidly.

After one more breath-taking curve the tunnel began to go up and I noticed that it was much larger. I was getting bewildered when a sign "You are now entering Large Intestines, no speeding," caught my eye. This is where my excess water was absorbed and my waste products left. All that was left of me was some excess sugar which was quickly transported through the blood stream, up to the liver.

I don't quite know where the rest of me is though a capallari told me that my sugar was in the monstrous boy's blood, my fats were under his skin and my protein was busy building and repairing tissues and bones.

Oh! Well, I'm contented, at least as much as can be expected in my condition. I am now some glycogen living in the liver until I'm needed for energy, but I'm happy because Gwendolyn's glycogen is here too. We get along just fine.

If he knew just what went on inside of I wonder what the boy would think him? I'm sure he'd be surprised if he could hear the roast beef sandwich he just ate, telling this story.

Kitty Korner *Sees All, Scratches Some Honest, Kids -All in Fun*

Rumor has it that Chuck Leibrandt and June Ohlson had a spat. Was it because of his being in Traffic Court?

MEOW

It's been said by many of the most demure damsels of Nilehi that Bob Ellis is a beast. They have been seriously complaining of bruises and black and blue marks.

You're in love with a girl.
Who's not in love with you;
You're sort of puzzled
And don't know what to do.
Why not give her the air?
Why be in distress?
And before you leave.
Just give me her address.

MEOW

What is Nancy Ohlson's strange hold over "Boots" Jenkins?

A private was walking down the street

with his girl when they approached a naval officer. The soldier saluted smartly and the gesture was returned.

"Why do army men salute navy men?" inquired the girl.

"After all, my dear," replied the soldier; "they ARE our allies."

With Turnabout time coming along the boys are on their best behavior. There has suddenly been a burst of new couples and dates. Even Bill Meyer has been caught by the treacherous wiles of Marilyn Hines. What happened to Bettie, Bill?

MEOW

Joan Briggs' oh so sudden appearance back to Nilehi really caused quite a sensation.

Enough of this idle chatter for now but we will be back next issue to reveal more gossip!

- Profiles -

Among the intelligensia of Nilehi is Joyce Graefen, senior who transferred from Senn High School in her sophomore year. Joyce enjoys school, and her favorite subject is Spanish.

She has an extreme fondness for almost any sport. However, ping pong and bowling seem to rate tops on her list at the present time.

Joyce has no strong dislike for anything except housework which she simply loathes. Her kid brother ranks first among her pet peeves with bow ties running a close second.

Among the junior boys at Nilehi we find Grant Kuhn whose main interest is women.

Grant looks forward to being in the army after the first of the year. After the war, he intends to pursue his second interest which is to be a radio announcer.

The most memorable time in Grant's life was the welcome he received when he returned to school after quitting. Grant said that he realizes how much an education means now.

Biegert Sends Poem; More Contris Needed

In a letter to the NILEHILITE from Helmut Biegert, this poem was enclosed. It was written by one of the fellows in Helmut's camp. It is supposedly a letter from a mother to her soldier son.

Dear Son:

Today I received your letter
That was marked with an A.P.O.
The contents made me happy,
And I'm sure you'll want to know
That things back here are going right,
So don't you worry none
For you are in a tougher fight
Till Victory is won.
It's nice to know you're feeling well
And things are not so bad.-
That everthing could still be worse
You make me feel so glad.
And sister's baby's doing fine
And growing very strong.
It even knows the things that's right
And the things that may be wrong.
Your brother Eddie sends his love,
And a makes a promise too
That he is still there pitching,
Building planes they send to you.
The flag still hangs in the window
Showing red and white and blue
And in the center stands alone,
A star that's just for you.
So now I'll close with loads of love,
A hundred kisses, too.
I pray each night that God above.
Protects and blesses you.
And when the war is over,
Pack your barrack's bags away.
You will find me still here waiting,
When you come home that day.

Signed

Mom

If other alumni in service have something they wish printed, send it along.

Galitz Host to History Class in Bank Tour

Mr. Willard C. Galitz, cashier of the Niles Center State Bank, addressed the students of the eighth period U. S. History class on February 14.

Mr. Galitz brought out the high lights of the history of the bank. The bank was organized in 1907 by Mr. Galitz's father, and has served the community faithfully since its founding. Its original home was in a frame building across the street from its present site. This building was destroyed in the Niles Center fire of 1910. The present building was erected in 1912, and has been enlarged and modernized.

Mr. Galitz described the bank's one hold-up. In 1918 three men entered the bank and began shooting at the sky light. The one man police department arrived, but in his excitement the officer had forgotten his gun. The bandits escaped southward on Lincoln avenue in an open car, but lost much of their loot because of a high wind.

Mr. Galitz, continued with a description of the various services of the bank available to the public.

The class, conducted by Mr. J. W. Dees, visited the bank on the following day. As the class arrived at the bank a few minutes before the appointed time a "coke" was in order, and enjoyed by all.

The class was shown through the entire bank. Employees demonstrated the various cancelling, and checking machines. Groups of ten pupils each were taken into the vault which is protected by doors weighing over one ton, held securely by sturdy mechanisms.

Kiddie Attends Nilehi; Kircher Only Four

February is rapidly drawing to a close. To most of us it is just the lapse of time between January and March, significant only by the fact that it is the shortest month in the year; but to sixty-one guys and gals of Nilehi, who celebrated or who are yet to celebrate their birthday, it is strictly a red letter month.

For John Kircher in particular, February has a specific importance. Johnny who claims to be just turning sixteen, is in truth an imposter. By the use of calculus and other forms of higher mathematics, our research workers have come to the incredible conclusion that this young gentleman is just reaching his fourth birthday. You guessed it — Mr. Kircher had the fortune, or misfortune, to be born on February 29, 1928.

Sharing February 12th with Abe Lincoln, were the twins James and Jack McNeely, Jeanne Streeter, and Irene Clarkens.

Amazing as it may seem, there wasn't any school on the twenty-second because of the birthday of Geraldine Krysiak and — oh, yes, George Washington.

And to Bernice Stoll, Carol Anderson, Vito Colano, Albert Miller, Jim Ransdell, Jean Faulmann, and to the rest of you kids who found yourself a year older this month, a happy birthday and many happy returns of the day.

Blunder Bill Tells All; Real Hero In War for Appendix

Teachers Aspire to be Jitterbugs, Wrestlers

As you read this column imagine the faces of our faculty beginning to turn a deep crimson as they shyly(?) try to hide behind a text book, eraser or something more appropriate. The explanation is, of course, "Secret Ambitions" — because your "inquiring reporter" has dug down deep for all the latest information.

To begin with Miss Meyer has one of the most interesting ambitions of all. "To learn Ju Jitsu," she replied promptly. We both agreed it was different but Oh! What Fun!

Miss M. Ronalds dreams of a class of good, reasonable, intelligent students, (is it possible?) and she doesn't mean to keep it a secret. Do you think this will ever come to be?

Miss Sayre and Miss Spikings really came up with some ODD ones. "To be a teacher" they both said in all sincerity.

As to Mr. Meier upon being questioned laughed as he replied "That is to remain a secret!" (hm-m-m)

"A Trip to South America" is what Miss Hausse the Spanish teacher yearns for. To prove it she plans to leave as soon as possible after the war.

As to Mr. Bennette, he has emerged from the biological world to want to learn how to jitterbug. How about that?

And Mr. Ihne has an ambition that most people agree with for certain. That is to be Hitler's chauffeur at his funeral.

Well, guys and gals, this ends the embarrassment of the Nilehi faculty for awhile, and so until next time it will probably be best to forget all this.

Schools Give Opera, Has Plays; Hold Dances

Here we go with news and "stuff" from the exchange file.

It seems now is the time for the casting of plays and operas to be given in the spring. The "Evanstonian" told they had chosen the cast for the play "Stage Door." Then looking through the "Booster" from Pittsburg High School in Pittsburg, Kansas, the opera cast and the Junior play cast were announced.

The opera to be given March 31 is Gilbert and Sullivan's "Ruddigore." "Lease on Liberty" was chosen for the Junior play.

Taft High School in Chicago recently held its senior prom, which was a big success, at the Lake Shore Athletic Club.

Maine Township's "Pioneer" reported that they held "The Big Top Turnabout" with everything fixed like a circus. (sounds cute).

Reading through the "Student 'W' World" from Waukegan our eyes came upon this:

A Frenchman, struggling with the English language, turned to an American friend for council:

During the Reblfootionary War, blustering bellowing Bill joined up. He knew what he was fighting for. This was the war for appendix.

At first Bill was deferred as 4f till his draft board got bored of his hanging around. Anyhow wasn't Washingmachine, their general, a 4f too. He wore a wig and false choppers and was a father, (of his country). He was over the age limit too.

The first thing the Blunderer was issued was the snazy lattest style "Moldy Muffet Musket". Then came the buckskin zoot suit. Bill was mad for the buck was still in his.

The food was grand ? ? ? No, it was mush. They had no tea of course. All that had been sunk in the Bean Town Bay. Bill got bunion and corns on both his toes in the next week.

Every dog has its day. Being as much like a K-9 as possible, Bill was to become a hero. How? It's simple! The fleas flying around his flat head gave him the appearance of an aircraft carrier to British soldiers from England.

His shape also deceived the enemy. He was as big as a tank and mistaken for one. His constant habit of chewing and spitting tobacco made it look as if the tank had a turret gun.

The enemy retreated as soon as they saw him. He was the grand-daddy of the shocktroops. Blunder Bill had a secret weapon, his best (and only) friend, Stinky the Skunk. Stinky was the early ancestor of modern gas attack warfare.

After the prisoners were taken Bill and Stinky would give them the first (and last) degree. Soon after the poor prisoners would disclose all the useful information to the officials.

This is the true (?) hysteric story of the Battle of Blunder Bill.

Freshies Rapid Readers; Norum Heads List

Since school began in September there has been a great deal of talk about our "Intellectual Freshies." The time has come when it must be admitted as true. Reports have come through the Underground that several of the students in Miss Lucille Ronald's English classes have been reading many library books.

The "Freshies" reading the greatest number of books during the first semester were Pat Norum, 20, Bob Conway, 15, Pat Hanegan, 15, Delores Franson, 15 and Betty Fortman, 15.

With this group of students in Nilehi Miss Meyer is sure to be constantly busy.

"What" he asked, "is a polar bear?"

"Polar bear? Why he lives up north."

"What does he do?"

"Oh he sits on a cake of ice and eats fish."

"Zat settle! I will not accept!"

"What do you mean you won't accept?"

"I was invited to be a polar bear at a funeral, but I will not accept."

DRIBBLE

by Ed Podolinsky

Up to and including the New Trier game, the Trojan varsity has been victorious in ten of their thirteen games, while the junior varsity has conquered twelve of their thirteen opponents, losing only to Evanston. The record of both teams shows without a doubt the defensive and the offensive ability of both the varsity and the junior varsity. At the present time the varsity has rolled up nine straight victories while the jv's have eleven straight to their credit. These records are really something to boast about since most of the schools can't say the same about their team.

We have compiled some records for those of you who might be interested in the game from the statistical point of it. So here you have it, the complete records up to and including the New Trier game.

	FG	F.T.	F.	T.P.
Anderson	44	14	20	102
Leibrandt	33	30	44	96
Moore	31	25	14	87
Jenkins	36	11	39	83
Gockenbach	31	20	19	82
Fredericks	12	9	12	33
Poehlman	7	5	11	19
Wagner	6	4	6	16
Kuhn	5	4	3	14
Putnam	4	5	4	13
Sandin	4	4	2	12

If you are interested in calculating the average scoring per game by each player you will find the standings changed considerably. The reason for this change is that some of the players have not participated in all of the thirteen games. However, here is the individual average of the players who compose the starting lineup.

	No. Games	T.P.	Av. per game
Leibrandt	11	96	8.7
Anderson	13	102	7.8
Jenkins	12	83	6.99
Moore	13	87	6.99
Gockenbach	13	82	6.3

From these statistics we find that the bad boys of the court are Leibrandt and Jenkins while Moore gives the impression of being awfully dainty on the court since he has the least number of fouls of any in the starting five. The records also show that Leibrandt has made more free throws than any of his teammates. If you look carefully you'll find that the team has no individual star but is composed of five stars. And that's the reason why the Trojans have the outstanding record of ten wins and three loses.

Here's a little imagination on our part, which might arouse considerable controversy. We found that Proviso beat New Trier for the suburban title. But Proviso's victory was unimpressive and we might go so far as to say that this victory does not necessarily make Proviso the superior team. But nevertheless Proviso did win the game and with it the title when they staged a rally in the over time period to win thirty-three to thirty-two.

If one were to do some speculating on a Proviso-Niles game, which may be a little far fetched, you would probably find a Trojan victory. Our reason for that statement is this: the Trojans have encountered New Trier twice. Of these two games we have won one. But the most important point is when we won and when we lost. We lost early in the season when the Trojans were not as yet up to par. You'll notice the more games we played the better we got. So by the time the Trojans met New Trier again our team had sufficient experience and all around playing ability to beat our friendly rival. Of the two games with New Trier the second was of more importance because the game was played later in the season when all teams are supposed to have reached their playing peak. Therefore it's only logical, since Proviso beat New Trier by one point and Niles took New Trier by four, that Niles should win. Of course this is a debatable point in some quarters and we would certainly appreciate any of your comments on this game or any other game that could take place but probably wouldn't.

Varsity Outlook Bad Background Blamed

The prospects for future Varsity teams do not look as good as in former years.

Although the Frosh - Soph squad has made a good showing this year, coach Isaacson reports that it is not very strong. When questioned, he said that the boys do not have the necessary background, and "it is like taking boys from the gym classes to make a team." Since the grade schools have discontinued interscholastic basketball, the material available to the high school coaches is not up to former standards.

In comparison to last year's turnout of over seventy freshmen boys, this year's freshmen had only fifteen candidates for the frosh-soph squad. Perhaps this small number is not a result of lack of interest, but is caused by pressing war time duties. Many of the boys are working part time as well as attending school. Naturally these boys cannot participate in afternoon practice.

In the 1943-44 season the J.V. team has taken five out of seven games. North Park Academy won from Niles at the opening of the season with a score of 36 to 24. Niles lost the second game with Lyden 43 to 30. On the brighter side, however, is the Evanston game, taken with one point, and the two games with Arlington, both victories for Nile Hi. Maine Township lost to the frosh-sophs 34-37. The first game with Leyden was a Trojan victory 39 to 20.

Still to be played, are the North Park match, cancelled because of a storm, the New Trier game, and a second game with Evanston.

Scores of last two games

Arlington - February 18

Varsity

Niles 44—Arlington 39

J. V.

Niles 27—Arlington 17

Evanston - Feb. 21

Varsity

Niles 41—Evanston 36

J. V.

Niles 28—Evanston 27

Girls Battling For Volleyball Crown

The last two weeks have been an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth in the girls gym classes. With gritting teeth and clenched fists, the girls marched out on the floor. That is all except the "Guerillas." (they lumbered). Well, the results so far — of these blood thirsty battles are as follows:

The 1st period Monday team winners were the Nauseating Nine and the Guerillas. The Sinatra Swooners are leading in the 4th period Monday class. Oh dear, what Frankie's influence won't do! Of course then there is the Terrible Touhy Gang tied with Spletts' Peas for the Crown of the Tuesday 1st period class. The last team from Tuesday 4th period is Kay's Kittens (meow).

These teams are in care of Miss Spikings.

Miss Schaeffer has her hands full, with of course the other half of the friendly teams.

Well, Hatties Hell Cats are still on top in the Monday 3rd period class brawl. Then the 6th and 7th periods on Monday have one team on top. This honor goes to the Quinces. Second place honor is a mad fight between Dot's Dashes, Bucks Clucks, and the M. A. W. V. B. V.'s. Now here is a clean slate of winners without competition. Monday 8th period has the Waste Fats as the acclaimed winners, Tuesday 3rd has the Bombardiers, Tuesday 6th and 7th are Chassies' Lassies, and Tuesday 8th for first place is Rosies' Rhumbars. But wait! What's this? Oh no it couldn't be. Yes, tied for second place are two teams, and what teams. They happen to be the Sinatra Swooners and Crosby's Droolers. (yipe).

Corny Copy

Kissing spreads germs
Or so the rumors rife
So make of me, my darling
An invalid for life

We at Nilehi mourn the death
Of a certain Archibald Kleps
The little freshie who walked downstairs
Without using the steps.