

# CLASS PROPHECY

(From The Platter)

In the beginning the world was completely covered with water. Now, ten years later, the world is again covered in water. Before all life was drowned but at this present time life is preserved. As we slowly sink beneath the sky-blue waters of the Platte River, we see the beautiful mountains, valleys, and towns nestled in the midst of blue, pink and yellow bubbles. As we float closer we see Dick Glaze intently engrossed in his art of bubble-making. He is now in the process of making polka-dot bubbles.

We gayly say good-bye and float further down-stream toward the bright lights of the "Eel Night Club" where we hear the strains of the number one song of the under-water hit parade, "Bubbles, Bubbles and Bubbles," being sung by a clear water voice. As we float nearer we distinguish the voice as belonging to Lorna Nierste. We bubble in and settle ourselves on a sponge at ringside and as the floor show continues we see Janet "Naomi" Kalasek slither across the floor in her fascinating "dance of the seven bubbles." We sit with our eyes glued on this figure as one by one the bubbles burst. The audience in the club draws tense as the fourth bubble bursts, then the fifth, then the sixth.

As we float out of the Eel Club we are met by the proprietor, Barney Eiting, chewing on a long black cigar. He greets us with a smile and we stop and chat with him. He tells us that he is still an eligible bachelor but is looking. We say goodbye and wish him success and guide our bubble toward the business section of this exotic land. We are unable to stop and smash into the bubble in front of us. We bubble down to see how much damage is done and find none other than John Schreiner guiding the other bubble. Since we are friends the damage was overlooked.

We bubbled on down the street and found a cafe named Bubble Inn. We did just that and found Dee Beins at the counter

and John Schuetz doing dishes. She served us our meal of bubble cakes and spaghetti. Having satisfied our appetite we chatted with Dee and John and discovered that Carol Henney and Helen Gunsolley were nursing at the local octopus hospital. We mentioned dropping by to see them but were informed that only octopus could go to this hospital.

Noticing our clothes weren't exactly right for this bubble paradise we found a first rate clothing store. We parked our bubble outside and floated in to find Van White selling the latest style of bubble slippers and Bette Janecek showing the latest in floating, flowing gowns. We couldn't exactly find what we were looking for so Van called on his Models to show us the latest creations in men's bubble-togs. The first model to come forth wearing faded red skin and a shirt made of sea weed was none other than Tom Zastera. We exchanged hellos and he showed us what a fine fabric we would be getting by buying his outfit. We said we would think about it and he floated out. Next Lyle Wood slithered through a crystal haze to show us the latest thing in bubble bathing wear. The gasp at the skill and ease with which he turned and poised to show us each outstanding point of his costume. Again it didn't quite suit our personality and another model was sent out. At first we didn't recognize who it was but as he turned we saw Charlie Kerns smiling at us from beneath his red, pink and orange yacht hat. Having decided on Charlie's yacht outfit we paid our bill with sea shells and floated back out to hop on our bubble.

Floating away from the business district we are stopped by the appearance of an odd looking creature with a human head and a fish tail for legs. Our curiosity having gotten the best of us, we called to this creature and asked her what she was doing. When she drew closer and we could distinguish her features we saw it was Pat Bailey. She smiled when she saw who it was and gladly told us her story. Seems she had heard tales of poor ship wrecked sailors who could do nothing but drown and it made her so sad that she organized a group of her friends to help her go to the surface and bring these poor sailors down to a better life. Being curious to whom were her helpers she told us that Jackie Reno, Elna Bomberg and Evelyn Henry worked steady and Peggy Frans, Elaine Kaslon and Pat Painter worked on Sundays and holidays. Pat had to rush off because her little radio informed her that another ship had wrecked.

We were left in her bubbles trying to decide what to do with ourselves next. All of a sudden we heard the whistle of a boat coming up the river. We hurried the few blocks to the pier and watched a giant showboat called the Jeweled Perch pull up and dock. The first people to come on shore were the owner and Manager Mary O'Donnell and Phyllis Schiessl. We didn't get to chat with them because they were mobbed by reporters and autograph hounds. We saw one of the reporters escort the two celebrities away and we saw it was Douglas Rohlfis. When the crowd had floated away and the excitement had died down, one of the posters on the ship caught our eye. It was a color billboard advertising Wayne Feldhouse and his swinging druggists, featuring JoNon Albin and her dancing delinquents. Some of the names of the dancers were listed and when we checked we found that Yvonne Nelson, Beverly Meisinger, Anita Spidell, Ruby Wilson and Pat Todd were among the ones we knew. We found the captain who turned out to be Fred Emmert and got permission to go aboard. He showed us the main dining room where head chef Loren Topliff was hurrying around trying to get his crew of Jack Paris, Larry Stones, and Bill Hoschar busy on the meals to be served that evening.

We next entered the huge ballroom where Wayne and his Druggists were warming up. Someone was beating out a sizzling beat on the bubble box and as we drew nearer we saw that it was George Ebersole warming up for his solo. We were talking to him when Ramona Kelsey floated over to chat with us. Seems she was the boat bubble doctor and had more free time than work. The next room we visited was the control room of this giant showboat. There operating the giant wheel was Duane Burbee and charting the next course was Don Hutchinson. They showed us how the boat operated and when they had just about finished, Shirley Strough came floating in with a glass of cool, refreshing sponge juice. We thanked her and the boys and started back down the stairs. We thanked Fred for taking us on the cruise; and proceeded to leave. We were just about to the gangplank when we heard someone calling our names. We turned and saw that it was Shirley Fitch. We chatted for awhile and our stomachs told us that it was again time to eat.

Since we were on the edge of town we decided to eat close by. We couldn't find a cafe close by, but we saw a big sign advertising a day nursery. That wasn't so exceptional but the name underneath was what caught our eye. In big bold letters the name Gary Campbell, Owner and Operator, stood out. Seeing the door open we walked in to find Gary sitting in the middle of ten or twelve goldfish reading them a fishy story. He was too busy to chat, so we waved our good-byes, and left. We continued our search for a cafe street after street until at last we were in the business district again. We saw a sign reading CAFE, and walked toward it when we saw a bridal shop. Some of us, still being single girls, couldn't resist looking in the windows. As we went by the door we happened to look in and saw Barb Sullivan showing gowns to brides-to-be. Barbara came out and greeted us with a smile and the chance to buy a wedding gown. After explaining the circumstances to her we again resumed our search. Finally, after accomplishing our mission, we fell famished upon the toadstools and ordered our meal of crab's ears, goldfish fins, and sponge juices. Coming forth from the kitchen to serve us was Fred Seybold. He walked with a limp so we leaned over the counter and found the reason. Fred had a wooden leg. We were so surprised we about fell off our toadstools. He didn't have many customers, so he told his tale. He was walking along the beach right after graduation trying to decide what to do with his life when all of a sudden a monster from the black lagoon snuck up on him and bit his leg off. We didn't quite believe his story so he agreed to show us the exact spot where the incident took place.

We floated aboard his bubble wagon, and floated off down the street and out of the city. It seemed like we had floated for hours and hours before we finally reached the ridge upon which sat a tantalizing girl with the most beautiful golden curls ever seen by man or beast. We drew as close as possible so we could get a better view of her golden curls. Fred, as soon as he could speak, informed us that all of the sailors called her Lorelei because she resembled the Lorelei in the poem. So the story goes she had the same profession as did the well-known beauty. As we sat marveling at the grace and poise with which she saw and combed, we still hadn't seen this ravishing creature's face. As we were proceeding to leave we were astonished to see another figure move up and sit down at her side. Presently another moved up and sat down on the other side. Just as mysterious as the figures appeared the rocks slowly started moving. In a matter of minutes the three figures were facing us. We were so astonished to find the creature with the golden hair was Patti Brown and her two assistants were Sally Fulton and Janice Caldwell. They continued to move until it was again in the position it was when we first saw it. We all agreed that our mission was fulfilled and resumed our journey around the underwater city.

We were about to the city limits when we heard the clang of school bells. Drawing near, we were able to distinguish Ella Mary Nielsen standing in the school yard trying to get her pupils, which were baby seahorses, back to their classes. She was too busy to chat so we waved our good-byes and departed. We, by this time, were by the newly formed base for the training of mermen for combat. In these days it was a great honor to be able to become a mermen. We stopped outside the gate and were informed by the guard, Byron Finnefrock, that we could enter into the base. Just inside the gate we were about knocked flat by a group of neat looking mermen. When they saw us they dropped rank and floated over to talk to us. They turned out to be Larry Valery, Leslie O'Neal, Larry Fauquet, Larry Pierce, and Harvey Eledge. The leader turned out to be Jim Jacques, who was only 3' 8". They were all talking at the same time and the only thing that we could understand was that some girls were stationed there and they knew who they were. We finally got them quieted long enough to tell us that Alice Haase, Eleanor Haden, Wanda Lytle, Tommie Shown and Gail Martin were shipped in to build up the boys morale. They were too excited to talk, so Jim called order and they floated away file by file.

We finally found the gate and departed from the place of discipline and floated toward a huge building made of coral and fish fins. Being curious, as usual, we floated in and low and behold there stood Jacki Rasmussen teaching a class of male sea lions. She was doing very well teaching them chemistry and underwater physics. We bubbled out before we disturbed her, only to run into Harry Demaree who taught Home Economics in the same building. Oddly enough his class only consisted of males. He didn't recognize us and walked on into his classroom.

Our curiosity, being satisfied, we floated back out and bubbled down the street only to find Ray Adkins out pushing the baby buggy. We were so thrilled to see him that we completely forgot the baby. When we finally remembered we were surprised to find it was full of groceries. Easier than seaweed sacks, he comments. As our journey through this exotic land comes to a halt we see a billboard advertising the floating sensation of all the under world, Joan Pink and Dale Bruns. Noting that they appeared for several weeks we disappointingly climbed aboard our bubble to float away in space, never to return to this city of bubbles.

**BIRTHDAY**  
Helena, Mont. — Mrs. Emma Woodsen Baker, widow of the late Samuel V. Stewart, once Governor of Montana, recently celebrated her 100th birthday. Mrs. Baker says she is the oldest living graduate of Stephens College, in Columbia, Mo. She is the mother of five children.

# Senior Class Party



"Fun was had by all"—Senior class party. Those pictured, JoNon Albin and Loren Topliff, Helen Gunsolly and Ray Adkins, Pat Bailey and Byron Finnefrock, Pat Brown and Charlie Kerns.

## SOUTHBEND

### Elinor Fidler

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Stitzenberger of Ralston were Tuesday visitors at the home of Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Ahlstrand.

Father Max Kors of Plattsmouth visited Thursday afternoon with Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Knecht and Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Rosencrans and boys.

L. R. Ward of Ashland was a Sunday dinner guest of Mr. and Mrs. Glen Kuhn and family. Evening visitors were Mr. and Mrs. Jack Kuhn of Louisville.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Laughlin and Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Laughlin of Ashland were Tuesday afternoon visitors of Mrs. Jess Fidler.

Donna Parrish accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Herman Tuever of Yutan to commencement exercises at Belgrade Thursday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. V. D. Livers and Mrs. Jennie Livers were Saturday overnight guests of Mr. and Mrs. Russel Walker at Marquette, Kans. They were Sunday dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. Clark Welton at Lepton, Kans., and called on Rev. and Mrs. L. B. Tremain.

Mr. and Mrs. Jim Wiszmann and Terry Jo were Saturday evening visitors of Mrs. David Woelber and Mr. and Mrs. Ar. Wiszmann at Louisville. Mrs. Wiszmann was a Monday evening visitor with Mrs. Spelts.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Streight were Sunday evening visitors of Mr. and Mrs. Jerome Streight at Omaha. Jerome is confined at his home with the numps.

Mr. and Mrs. Dave Campbell were Sunday dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Rau. The dinner was in honor of Mrs. Leland Krecklow and David Campbell, Jr.'s birthdays.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh O'Brien and Mr. Rockwell of Louisville were Monday visitors at the Tom Carnie home.

Mrs. Wm. Rosencrans and boys were week-end guests of Mr. and Mrs. B. E. Grady at Greenwood.

Joe Knecht has greatly improved after his recent sickness. Sunday supper guests at the J. L. Carnie home were Bill Carnie of Lincoln, Mary Luc Carnie and Terry Jo Wiszmann.

Wednesday evening visitors at the Jess Fidler home were Clark Bushnell, Mr. and Mrs. Jerome Streight of Omaha and Mrs. J. C. Streight.

Mrs. Sadie Shrader and Gerald of Nehawka, were Sunday visitors of Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Knecht.

Mrs. Larry Carnie spent Tuesday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. F. Morris at Ashland.

Mrs. J. L. Carnie and Mrs. Clyde Haswell were Thursday afternoon visitors of Mrs. Jess Fidler.

Sunday dinner guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. James Wiszmann and Terry Jo were Mr. and Mrs. John Wiszmann of Seward and Mr. and Mrs. Joe Wozmann of Lincoln. They were afternoon visitors of Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Haswell at Wabash.

## Jeanine Newton Takes Honors

(From The Platter)  
The Talent Contest, sponsored by the Lion's Club, was held April 19 in the new Lion's Club Building. Out of the many that participated, Don Romeo, talent scout and judge from Omaha, selected Jeanine Newton as the most talented of the performers.

Terry Ernst was selected as alternate.

Miss Newton is now eligible to attend the District Contest and the winner of that will qualify for the State Contest held at North Platte sometime this summer.

**READ THE CLASSIFIED**

## Cheerleaders Chosen

(From The Platter)  
New cheerleaders have been selected for next year. They were chosen from Pep Club members of one or more years standing. Tryouts were held May 10 at a convocation, where they were chosen.

The following cheerleaders were selected: Sophomores — Donna Ernst and Nancy Todd. Juniors — Janice Wiles and Beverly Sprick. Seniors — Sally Quinette and Carolyn Robinson.

## DOOR TOO "HOT"

Stuebenville, Ohio — Thieves who wanted a door were not as particular as they might have been about the one they stole. It had lettering on one side, which read: "Police Headquarters." The door was returned to the City Hall from whence it had been stolen.

**TOTS FALL 47 FEET. LIVE**  
Paris, France — Michele Alepee, 3, and her 21-month-old brother, Tony, fell out of an apartment window and landed on the sidewalk, 47 feet below. They were rushed unconscious to a hospital where X-ray showed no fractures and not even one bruise. An hour later, the children were playing happily in the hospital corridors.

ed for next Christmas. Some 30,000 toys were turned out by the patients, usually long-term mental, tubercular and other chronic cases, for distribution to needy and orphan children. The VA said that, in the treatment of the seriously sick, the program is of "incalculable value."

Journal want Ads Pay!

**VA TOY MAKING**  
The Veterans Administration has announced that a toy-making and repair project, carried on in 26 hospital and involving more than 3,100 patients last year, is to be materially expanded.

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