



BEAR FACTS



Vol. I

TAR High School Berlin, Germany, June 24, 1947

No. 3

PROFESSIONAL MONOLOGUIST ENTERTAINS STUDENTS

On Tuesday, June 17, at ten O'clock, the Junior and Senior high school students were entertained at an assembly program by Mrs. Doris Engel, professional monologist.

Mrs. Engel, after being introduced by Gloria Mae Doman, chairman of the Student Council Assembly Committee, gave a program consisting of two "solo" plays: "The Years Between" and "A Jar of Roses; and several short selections, including my Lowell's "I'll Tell You How the Sun Rose" and one of Mrs. Engel's own compositions, "Song of a Windy City" (Chicago).

Mrs. Engel, a dependent wife, is from Oak Park, Illinois where she contributed to the Oak Park paper a column known as "Oak Leaves." She is a graduate of Knox College where she majored in dramatics.

This artist made her first dramatic appearance in Berlin in a recent Little Theater production. Her success in this performance established her popularity, and it is no wonder that the high school assembly scouts were proud of having secured her for a program.

Mrs. Engel's excellent performance, her between-acts informality, and expressed interest in a school program of dramatics were appreciated by the students of TAR School.

MUSIC PROGRAM CONCLUDED

The last of the Dahlem Music Society concerts was held Thursday June 4, and was the most enjoyable of the three. The Madrigal Choir in which some of the students of TAR have sung was the main attraction. After many humorous, reflective, and national songs, a very impressive one was given in which five members of the choir became the echo while the main body sang "Little Sir Echo". Then to top off a very enjoyable afternoon eight members of the choir came off the stage and gave a German folk dance. For many of the American students it was the first time they had ever seen one.

After the program refreshment of cocoa and cakes were served the guests.

SCHEDULE OF EVENTS

June 20 - Hobo Day
June 23 - Rhine Tour for Seniors
June 27, 28 - Jr. Sr. Dinner, Prom.
Senior Breakfast

July 4 - Holiday
Softball game, picnic, dance.

July 6 - Baccalaureate Service

July 7, 8 - Senior Exams

July 11 - 8:00 P.M. Commencement

Staff and senior party the night before the Annual comes out.

Assembly the day the Annual comes out.

TAR VISITS COKE PLANT

Wednesday, June 18, the TARite "Chemists" (and a few others) made a tour of the Coca-Cola bottling plant in Berlin-Lankwitz. Mr. van Doren had made arrangements for the students to be shown the process of making and bottling the Cokes which we all drink.

The students, upon arrival at the plant, greeted the representative, Mr. Spence, singing - "Pepsi-Cola Hits The Spot". He assured them that he had no Pepsi-Cola, but there were plenty of Cokes upstairs. Mr. George Spence, Technical Observer in charge and Mr. Clifford Gordon, Chief of Production Control for EC, gave the students much information about the different steps in the manufacturing of Coca Cola, a complicated, but interesting process. Then they watched the bottles being filled; first, one ounce of coke syrup, then five ounces of specially pre-

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RED CROSS PHOTOGRAPHS TAR STUDENTS

During the past week two men from the Red Cross have been photographing Berlin teen-age life, in and out of school. These pictures are being made to be taken back to the states, probably to be printed in several well-known magazines such as "Seventeen" and "Saturday Evening Post".

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NOTICE

The Junior-Senior Prom will be held at the Lakeside Club on Friday, June 27, 1947 and Prom will begin for those who have invitations at 9:30 p.m. The price for admission will be \$ 2.00.

Editor-in-Chief Gloria Doman
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Gossip Editor Lois Olsen
Staff artist Sally Seitz
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EDITORIAL

"Tramp Abroad" or "Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's court" may not be the exact cognomen for TAR tourists, but many students have taken, and many others plan to take, the tours offered by American Express for Americans in Germany to see "the old world". These tours afford the students excellent opportunities to grow in knowledge and appreciation - geographical, historical, cultural; and to deepen his understanding of his "foreign" fellowman; and to expand, if he resists not the beckoning finger of the famous eating houses of Europe, that coveted normal waistline.

What, now is your prospective itinerary - Holland, Switzerland, Paris, or Czechoslovakia? - If one, or the other, or all here are a few tips from teen-age tourists who have "gone places and seen things".

If traveling to the Land-of-Tulips at this season, you will be a little late for the blossoms, but never too late to stuff yourself at the "Five Flies", a quaint old Dutch eating establishment, with seventeenth century atmosphere, but with twentieth century delectables for the gourmet; or to visit Volendam for local color - real Dutch costumes, picturesque houses and fishing boats. Here, numberless souvenirs suggest themselves to you, and you choose - Delft china, silver windmills, wooden shoes, or what - not forgetting those pictures, pamphlets, folders, etc. which are boosters, not only to your private storehouse or knowledge but may be to that English or Social Studies grade as well, if you have the "right approach".

Or may be Switzerland, the skiers paradise is your choice, as it is for most dependents. This country is exciting for the glimpses of the grandeur of the world famous Alps; for its mirrored lakes; for its well-finished shop windows - and an invitation, at last, to buy things not

seen since those last days in Fort Hamilton. In Switzerland, too, it is only the strongest who can resist the tantalizing odors of the huge portions of meats, vegetables, and pastries.

Then there's Paris, the glamor city of the world, the basis of every American's dream-world. You'll have your own version of "The Last Time I saw Paris" or of that "Evening in Paris" as you recall the romantic ventures, the historical highlights and the culinary artistry - French everywhere; Chinese (at the Shanghai); Turkish (at Maxims) where the seven-foot, Turkis-costumed waiter serves the elite, lending added atmosphere to the already world famous place. All this you pay for --- in Paris as in no other place -- and return loaded down with small mementos (which you could barely afford at soaring prices) but with great, glowing memories with which you will part at no price.

When fully recovered from this exhausting but satisfying trip try the Czechoslovakian tour. The main attraction is Prague the small nation's beautiful capital, in which every street seems to unfold a page of History. Recommended places for food, especially for goose-livers, go to a place on the outskirts of Prague which is located on a cliff overlooking the Moldau river; for recreation, to this cliff dwelling's rock carved swimming pool, a queer delight; for Christmas and birthday shopping, to the many shops displaying costume jewelry, pottery, crystal, novel pipes, etc. The best feature of this tour is that prices are about right for Mr. Average American's pocketbook.

That is just a glimpse of travel possibilities; take your choice, have fun, and get the most from every tour as this is surely your "chance in a lifetime!"

A few weeks ago a bulletin was passed around stating the possibility of a school-sponsored tour to Denmark. Such a tour is absolutely impossible as a school project, but perhaps, a similar tour can be arranged through American Express if students want it and will go. Those who are definitely interested in going to Denmark should bring a statement of permission from their parents. Parents and teachers, by the way, who are interested in accompanying students on this trip will be welcomed as chaperones. NOW is the time for decision! Information should be given to Jane Schnell as early as possible because the sooner the facts are in the better will be the chance of the trip materializing.

THE SENIOR BANQUET

The Senior banquet and dance held at Tempelhof on May 31, 1947 was a complete success.

To start the evening off with a bang was a delicious dinner served in a private dining room. The satisfying meal consisted of veal, potatoes, fresh green salad, bakery fresh rolls, ice tea, and huge portions of creamy ice cream.

Dreamy dance music floated in from the open windows and strains of "Temptation, Boogie Woogie", and "The Old Lamplighter" were heard from the dance band which was practicing for the gala affair later on in the evening.

The high and mighties with their dates, strolled out and around the hangars in the 8:30 p.m. warm sun. A C-47 landed for a stop-over and the engineer was kind enough to show the inside of the plane and to explain to the perplexed visitors the confusing process of taking off and landing.

After an hour of exploring and wandering the group walked back to the outdoor patio for dancing. The night was young and the moon was beautiful - that is, when the sun went down and the music was the kind that sets you to dreaming!

The highlight of the whole evening was a Champagne toast to the Senior class of '47!

The pleasantness of the entire evening cast a spell over all and everyone left in a happy, contented mood.

MAYPOLE FLING

"The Senior Class presents....." seems like that's all we hear these days! Almost everyone agrees that THE big event of the year so far was the Senior "Maypole Fling", given May 24, at our Goethe Strasse canteen. Our first semi-formal dance started off with a bang and kept that same tempo all night. The high spot was the selection of the May Queen. When number 11 was drawn out of the big glass dish, no one claimed it. After a mad scramble to check stubs, the lucky lady turned out to be Gloria Mae Doman. She was crowned "Queen of the May", given a luscious white orchid, and allowed to sit on the royal throne. After the ceremony, came the part everyone was waiting for - the refreshments. Queen Gloria cut king-sized pieces of cake for the guests, which were washed down with punch.

The orchestra's mellow beat kept most everyone dancing around the maypole until at least ONE hour after the official closing time.

We think the Seniors have started something!

Sally Seitz

A DRAMA-ETTE

(Enacted Tuesday May 27, A.D. 1947 between 76-0355 and 76-2578)

Me: Hello.
Pat's father: Hello.
Me: It Pat there?
Pat's father: Yes, she is.
Me: May I speak to her?
Pat's father: Why, certainly.

FIFTEEN MINUTES INTERVAL

Pat: Hello.
Me: Hello, this is Red.
Pat: Oh, no not that!
Me: How would you like to be Queen for a day?
Pat: (a quaver in her voice) W-h-a-t?
Me: You heard me!
Pat: (Frightened) Duh!
Me: OK, so long.

Anonymous

Last Saturday, June 14, was a gala day for TARites. The Social Committee planned a softball game at the Berlin Hockey Club, and a barbecue and dance at the Teen Canteen, 7 Goethe Strasse. The softball game started at 2:30, and the girls team tried valiantly to beat the boys; but after playing for a short time the score was so one-sided that teams were chosen of both boys and girls and the game started over. Following the game everyone piled into a big school bus and headed for 7 Goethe Strasse. There they found stacks of delicious looking food waiting for them. The hungry gang soon pitched into potato salad, cokes, and hot dogs, which they roasted (rather burnt) over the bonfire. The TARites, who could still move after eating and drinking so much, kept the badminton and basketball courts busy, and fought out many a tournament over the pingpong table. They were lured inside by the mellow strains of the Syncopators, and were soon twirling around the floor to the polka. Between dances they consumed ice cream and cake, or slumped exhausted into chairs. Everyone had a rip-roaring time, and are all looking forward to the next outing promised by the committee for the fourth of July.

MEET OUR SENIORS

The smallest and one of the busiest of the bustling Seniors is our Lois Olsen. Her 5' 3" was no hindrance in her getting the Senior Class rolling. Being assistant editor of the annual, Gossip Column Editor of the Bear Facts, Secretary of Student Council and Senior Class has certainly kept her on her toes.

Lois's favorite color is blue, her pet-peeves are: noisy people, gum crackers, and boys who don't comb their hair. In the sporting field she favors basketball and baseball.

Lois claims for her hometown Washington, D.C. and may always be found talking over old homeweeke whenever a new arrival drops into our midst from our nation's capital. Whenever you see her name autographed on a locker or a notebook you also see a CAF Might inquire.

From the shortest to the tallest in the Senior Class is the one and only Richard Watson (alias Slippery) sidetracked from Detroit, Michigan last September and now about to be back-tracked in August to that same state. Dick is the brain and feet of TAR on account of having so much of both. Was an enthusiastic rooter for class sweaters but he couldn't keep the students' enthusiasm warm with a "74 % wool" offer. Now Dick's energies are applied to commencement plans.

His pet-peeve is "Women whose lipstick smears. His alluring color is blue. His ambition is to be a famous ball player. There isn't anything about women that he doesn't like. When asked what specifically he did like about them, he slyly answered "silly girl".

Roberta Markley (an impressive name but she chooses to be known as Bobbie) is the newest addition to the Senior Class, and a very nice addition at that, for it's her name we see on so many of these cute pictures around school.

Though her talents should put her far in the field of art, her ambition is to raise dogs. Lucky dogs.

Bobbie is another rooter for the "round on both Sides and hi in the middle" state Ohio. Bobbie was way-laid in Munich for four months before lighting in Berlin. Her Dad is a Naval officer which is quite a rare position in this Army city.

Her pet-peeve is insincere and her hearthrob color is Redings why?

When asked what criticism she had toward boys, her comeback was "That'd be telling".

Ah yes, Bob (Big Stoop) Sterling, the senior from Frankfurt (Indiana, that is), was the Senior's needed addition around Christmas time. Bob played on the basketball team as center; worked on the Annual "Gateway" as the photographer, and also played on the softball team and gave it moral support. Bob is known as the clothes horse of school and is the owner of one of the most beautiful pairs of blue eyes in school.

Fred Beckner, dropped into our midst during Easter vacation and expects to stay in Berlin for another year. He takes Chemistry, Algebra, and English. Fred has written a number of articles for the paper and has shown a good deal of interest.

Don Mathes, the one and only alumnus of TARhigh will make his formal leave of High School when July 11 rolls around. Don is the boy we see lugging a drum set under one arm and Ruth W. under the other. Don was responsible for the class pictures which will appear in the Annual. His pet-peeve is only one word with plenty of meaning. It is women. His favorite type of girls are those who play music. A thing to be on the lookout for when around Don is to carry a pitch-pipe as he can't stand girls who sing off key. The old standby, red, is his favorite color. If when you are back in the states and tune in your radio to "Life Can Be Beautiful" and hear a low voice, soothing you about your latest ailments, no doubt it will be none other than Don T. Mathes, as his ambition is to announce. Good luck!

From Columbus, Ohio hails our "pun"niest Senior, one Sally Seitz, who was instrumental in the organization of the horse-back riding classes. Sal also has the job of cartoonist for "Bear Facts" as well as that of writing feature articles. She is "Seitz-ed" as an enthusiastic supporter and contributor to the "Gateway".

Sally's favorite color is red. As for her pet-peeve, she says "people". Her ambition is to be a journalist, a job for which she is greatly qualified. Sally is an old-timer in the ET but "Romaniaed" south of here until Christmas time when she ventured to Berlin.

That brown-haired fellow striding down the hall as if he had left his horse at home, is President of Senior Class and Student Council, Booth. Roger was the first member of the TAR Senior Class of 1947 to

arrive in Berlin, making his first appearance about June 15. He hails from Birmingham, Michigan, but his heart belongs to Wisconsin. Roger was co-captain of the TAR basketball team and holds the position of pitcher in this season's current sport. When questioned as to his pet-peeve, his only reply was "Gloria".

Do you feel different lately? Perhaps it is because the "Gateway" has been delivered to the printers and TAR students are back to a somewhat normal life. Editor Ruth has become a calm, cool senior, accepting the normal life at TAR between jaunts about the countryside. One might see this little brunette of North Attleboro (that is in Massachusetts) dashing hurriedly about performing her many school duties. Ruth holds the offices of Vice-President of Student Council, President of the Girls Club of which she was initial organizer and Student Council Treasurer. Her special job is monopolizing the time of TAR's alumnus. Replacing the arrogance which is often assumed in the title "Seniors", is Ruthie's extremely kind and pleasing manner. Ruth's pet-peeve is people who tell "white" lies.

AROUND THE CORNER

Here's a flash! Eileen made history last Sunday by being the first girl to jump off the 32 foot board at the SS pool. What nerve! - Jean Crews has left for the golden country U.S.A. She could be there now. - Our invalid, Rosemarie Lendemann, has returned to the famous halls of TAR. Glad to see you back. - Liz Holmer will try anything to get out of school, remember when she had the measles? - This is an apology to Bob and Dixie - they've been in heaven 6 months, not 4. Excuse please! - Two fine upstanding seniors have been doing the town, Dick Madison and Bobbie Markley, now there's a combination - Have you noticed how hard it is to find Mr. van Doren? Just what do you do, anyway? - Sally's party must have had some influence as far as Red and Pat are concerned - did you see how they just blossomed when dancing together? Oh yes, she's the Prom Queen too and a mighty cute one - Speaking of Queens, little did Gloria know she would be the Queen of the May as the number was picked. All legal too! - It couldn't be because Ruth is in Paris that Fred has been making mad plans to go there too? He's got it bad! - You all should have seen our dignified (?) Highness, Red Dehne in Chem class - Dr. Rott had him helping prove how pink paper turns blue and how "Red" turned green; from the smell, that is. Have you noticed the sudden interest Lis has for

baseball lately? - couldn't be that center fielder Johnson, eh Lis, and say what time did you get home, huh? - Guess what! Dick Nelson took out a cuty from the Sophomore class. Hm-prom is just around the corner. - Seems as though TAR is decreasing. Max has gone, Dixie and Ruth are in Paris on tours, Elisabeth has gone for two weeks on a tour up the Danube. The Senior Class had only one boy as Roger, Bob S., Fred and Dick have made that ever so gay trip to Paris. Jack Maloney has just arrived home and had plenty to tell. - Ruth White and Don Mathes are back from another tour, this time it was Czechoslovakia. Jane Schnell started off on a trip to Garmisch when things started happening and popping. The car broke down and no tour. - Gloria is going to make someone a good wife, cakes, my word. Seems as though she had enough help! Help, that is. - The Watsons have been holding perpetual open house. Have any of you eaten Dick Nelson's delicious crackers????

It seems that Dick Watson and Lois have been comparing feet! Wonder what they discovered? (Editor's comment) - Where did Sally get her ashtray labeled "Harnack House"? Can't imagine! - Pat has one too! - Anna Marie seems to be the first to import her hat from Scotland --- hats hats, hats - can't anyone wear their own? - What General's son and what girl whose initials are B.A. are going steady? - Beaucoup things happened at Red's "Open House". Guess who was chaperone? None other than Van! - The evening was cool, but there was plenty of heat inside! - Jane Schnell and "R.J." looked as if they were having a good time - Have you noticed how Bobbie has gotten over her cold since Dick came home? - Which reminds me - our wandering senior-bums have come back from their "ill-fated" jaunt. To hear their stories you'd think they'd been in Frankfurt! Our gal Gloria was mighty happy to see them back - Roger that is.

HAVE YOU HEARD THE LATEST?? IT'S NOT OUT YET! ha-haw-

Mrs. Wilkinson, "What's wrong with the problem?"

Billy said in his Texas drawl. "I don't get the right answer."

Mr. van Doren, "Tell what you know about the atmosphere, Red."

Red (silence) "Well um, it's lighter than air!"

Mr. van Doren (in a raised voice) "It is th

ANN MILBURN LEAVES FOR ZI

The next to impossible has happened -- the smallest class in school is now even smaller! Ann Milburn, one of the original members of the Senior Class, left Berlin on Memorial Day for San Antonio, Texas, via Bremerhaven and various other places. Ann is a real "Army Brat", with no permanent home. She was born (which she says is the most important thing that has happened to her) in Washington, D.C., and has spent her seventeen years following her dad from post to post. The school she really claims is Fayetteville, Arkansas.

When the Zebulon Vance steamed into Bremerhaven October 1st, there was Ann. She liked Berlin from the very first, and says she'd like to come back someday, although she saw a great deal of it from a window in the 279th Station Hospital, following a fall from a horse. She still rides however, and loves it. She also likes to sail, and looks forward to her second "crossing".

She's one of those lucky people with a beautiful tan picked up in Garmisch, and an ability to "parlez-vous" which she practiced in Paris.

Stateside Schools will be out when Ann gets back, so she will have to wait until next year to graduate. Her chosen profession is opera, and we know she'll succeed. Anyone who heard her at the Christmas play will agree.

We accept Ann's leaving on the theory that what comes over must go back, but we really hate to lose her.

Her address will be:

c/o Col. B.L. Milburn
St. Mary's University
San Antonio, Texas

Sally Seitz

OCTOPUSIA MASTICATA

Octopusia Masticata, our heroine, continued her descent into the dark, slinky cavern. Stepping from the bottom rung of the ladder, she fell upon a crunchy path. She felt her way forward with her big toe and as a red light leaked through a crevice in the cavern, she found a path paved with coke-bottle tops. Suspecting treason, she pried one up with a "Robert" pin, and there, in bold type, she read, "Property of TAR Junior Class. B.B.U." Satisfied that no one was encroaching upon the monopoly, (she had read of a previous case in Bear Facts, the sheet which is banned in Boston wh

hurled the missile aside. It bounced off the rock with a resounding, "Yea Team!" and rolled into a pool of orange juice. Octopusia went on more boldly now as she became accustomed to the deafening roar.

She stepped aside a crack in the path (not wanting to break her mother's back because the poor woman already had arthritis) when swish she plummeted through a trap door and landed on a sponge cake, surrounded by "Georgia Crackers". Octopusia looked up and there stood a leering figure, rubbing his hands together in great glee. Dr. Coin laughed and said, "This is the only way we can get pupils to attend TAR. Please excuse the jolt." As he clapped his hands, six attendants, one with carrot red hair, appeared. The slaves wore solemn faces and all had identical short hair-cuts (characteristic of Lower Tarbovia, it is said).

The old man repeated the signal and dozens of beautiful dancing girls whirled out from behind stacks of empty coke cases. They (the girls, not the coke cases) wore peppermint striped gowns and had one red and one white ear. The slaves lunged for the dancers, but were kept in line with a bull whip. "You see," continued Dr. Coin, "you will like it here." "Yak, yak (and another reindeer)." Our poor Octopusia let out one terrible pitiful wail Gismo! How can our gal save herself from this terrible fate? What will happen to Octopusia? For further adventures read the next "Bear Facts".

Suzy Pevier

QUESTION OF THE WEEK

Jane Schnell

If you could go home to the states tomorrow - would you?

John Hammer - Boy, would I!

Betty Avery - No, I'd wait 'til school was out!

Jane Perkins - Not for anything!

Eileen Wuest - Gosh no!

Jane Rain - No, not for anything in the world!

Red Dehne - H---ck (that's) NO!

Frances Jones - I don't want to go yet I don't think!

Walter Ryan - Haven't seen enough of Europe yet!

Winnie Quick - Yeah, I'd go home!

Joan Alexander - Definitely not!

Mrs. Wilkinson - No, I'm not ready to go yet, haven't seen all I want to see!

Billy Baker - I'd go home!

Anna Marie Hall - No, I'm having too much fun!

Hubert Marshall - No, I'll stay for four more months!

REMEMBER

This Remember article was written for all of you sport fans, but especially for those of you who lived in Washington or Detroit, and it tells of how two pieces of ground colored glass cost Washington a penant and gave one to Detroit.

I remember very clearly that hot summer afternoon in Griffith stadium. The Tigers had come to town for a four game series and it was in this series that Washington hoped to narrow the three game lead that separated the league leading Bengals with the second place Nats. It was the hope of all the Washington fans that we could capture three of the four games and narrow the Tiger lead to only one game. We were confident that if this could be done the Nats would have a penant, as only a few games remained before the season's end, and while the Tigers closed against first division clubs, we finished against the sixth-place Chi sox and the last-place Athletics.

The Friday and Saturday games went as had been hoped, with the home club thrashing the Tigers in both games, and, as the crowds pushed and shoved their way into the stands, all they wanted to see was for Washington to gain a split. Only a few fans had much hope of winning the first game as Big Hal Newhouser, The Tiger ace and the finest pitcher in the league who already had 26 games to his credit, was due to pitch, but if the Nats could come through in the second there was a penant in sight.

It was roasting hot in the bleachers that day. I remember trying to shade my eyes with my score card, fan myself with it and also to keep score all at the same time which is a pretty tough task. The benches of the bleachers seemed to be red hot, so hot that you had to squirm to prevent the seat of your pants from going up in smoke, and so squirm we did, while Big Hal wove a spell of helplessness around the Washington bats in the opener, for his 27th win, but that was expected. If we could take that second game, IF.

The cold drink and hot dog vendors did a booming business between games as all of the 33,000 odd fans awaited the second game. At last it started. The opposing pitchers were Fireball Trucks, Detroit's No. 2 pitcher and ancient Dutch Leonard who had been pitching for as long as any fans could remember. The Tigers took a quick 2-0 lead but Washington kept picking away and finally when the Tigers came

to bat in the Ninth they were behind by 4-3. We were only three "outs" from a possible penant. The Tigers first man went down swinging but my heart stuck in my throat as the next two men reached base. I was relieved somewhat when the next batter went out, and then it came. The fifth batter raised an easy fly ball to Bingo Binks in left field for the final out but... The sun was bright, so bright, and 33,000 fans watched Bingo weave around under the ball, put up his hands, and then instead of catching it, grabbed his glove to shield his eyes while the ball hit the ground and the tying and winning runs crossed the plate.

And so it was that because Bingo Binks forgot to take his sunglasses out on the field with him and thus missed a ball that he should have caught, Washington lost a penant.

This is a minute by minute account of the softball game, Tuesday, May 20, between TAR and Special Troops, B Co.

7:38 We've just arrived at the field and Phil Coe, Olsen, Dehne, and Hatley have gone out on the diamond for infield practice. It is quite light but the infielders seem to be in the dark for they are missing everything.

7:43 Play Ball. We're up first and the first pitch to Blue Boy is wild, maybe that's an omen.

7:44 Hatley is now on first by virtue of four straight balls.

7:46 We've drawn the first blood as Hatley came in on a wild pitch.... 1-0

7:48 They're up now and Rog looks a little wild. He walked their first better.

7:53 He was wild, Rog just struck out three men on 11 pitches.

7:55 They are at bat again. We went out 1-2-3.

7:58 1-1, they got their first run as a man walked and finally came in on Blue Boy's muff.

8:06 It is now the last of the fourth and Roger is really in trouble. He has hit the last three batters, and difficult to tell whether we're playing baseball or dodgeball.

8:07 2-1 Roger just uncorked a wildpitch and a runner ambled across.

8:10 Things are going from bad to worse as they just connected for their first hit of the game and two runners scored....4-1.

8:11 Wild pitch by Roger....5-1.

8:11 Another one....6-1.

8:12 At last, we got them out.

8:13 We've finally got our first hit as Olsen just beat out a slow roller to their third baseman.

8:14 It's now 6-2, after Olsen was out stealing, Beckner walked and Lieurance singled him across.

8:16 They are up again and already have the bases loaded.

8:17 It is now 8-2 as two runs came in on a wild throw.

8:22 We're up again, at last.

8:26 What a rally! We went out, three up and three down.

8:27 They surely do work fast, they already have the bases loaded.

8:29 The bases were loaded, While Beckner bawling out Perkins for his wild throw, two more runs loafed across the plate to match the two that scored on the hit, it is now 12-2.

8:40 It is the first of the seventh, and I feel a rally coming on.

8:43 I was right, Dehne led off with a single and Mock did likewise and now Nelson slammed a line drive single to left to drive in our third and fourth runs.

8:46 We sure are going now, Hatley singled Nelson home, Booth singled across Hatley and now Olsen's long double brought in Booth....12-7.

8:47 Boom! It is now 12-9 after Beckner lifted a long drive over the left fielder's head that was good for a homer.

8:50 We are on the ball as Coe, Mock, and Nelson have all worked out walks and already the first two have scored thanks to wild pitches.

8:52 The rally is finally over, but what a rally - nine runs and eight hits.

8:54 Unfortunately we are not the only ones that can hit. A three-run homer has now made the score 15-11.

8:59 We've got this ball game evened out at last. Beckner lead off with a hit; Coe got on thanks to sloppy fielding. Mock singled across one to make it 15 to 12. Coe scored on a wild pitch and then Nelson slashed a single to bring in Dehne and Mock with the two tying runs in the top of the eighth.

9:02 It is the first of the ninth with the score still 15-15. Maybe we can rustle up a run or two.

9:07 We are really in trouble. The winning run is on base as Mock is pitching wild.

9:08 Bingo... It was a nice ball game but some objectional character just broke it up with a single and the winning run jogged across the plate.

BOX SCORE

PLAYER	POS.	A.B.	R.	H.	R.B.I.
Hatley	3.B.	3	2	1	1
Booth	P.-R.F.	5	1	1	-
Olsen	2.B.	6	1	2	1
Beckner	C.	4	3	2	2
Lieurance	C.F.	3	0	1	1
Maloney	C.F.	2	1	1	1
Dehne	S.S.	4	2	1	0
Perkins	L.F.	1	0	0	0
Mock	R.F.-P.	2	2	1	0
McDonald	R.F.	1	0	0	0
Nelson	R.F.-L.F.	3	1	2	4

SCORE BY INNINGS

TAR	R.	100	100	940	15
	H.	000	200	830	13
SPEC.TR.	R.	015	240	301	16
	H.	013	120	101	9

JOKES

Epitaph to a Chemist.

Once there was a Chemist
But now he is no more
For what he thought was H₂O
Was H₂SO₄!

RTO WANNSEE



YOU'LL GET YOUR CUT!

REPORTER'S PRAYER.

Now I sit me down to write
I pray the Lord I'll not be trite,
If I should die before I'm done
I pray the Lord this won't be run!

COKE VISIT (Cont'd from page 1)

pared carbonated water. After that the bottles are crowned, shaken up, and put into cases to be sent to the dealers. Mr. Spence said that they could make 250 cases of Coca Cola per hour at their plant.

When time came to leave, a ruler, a calendar, postcards, and souvenir coasters as remembrances of their trip to the plant.

TAR STUDENTS PHOTOGRAPHS (Cont'd page 1)

These photographers became the shadows of the high school students, going along to the wiener roast and baseball game on Saturday, and trailing the crowd to Red's "Open House".

To wind up the survey, they took the Senior Class to the Brandenburger Tor and Russian Tomb in order to get snaps of them in the Berlin atmosphere.

QUESTION OF THE WEEK (Cont'd from page 6)

Mis: Chute - No, there's still too much to be and do!

Fr: Markley - Oh Boy, would I!

L: Lmer - I'd be ready tonight!