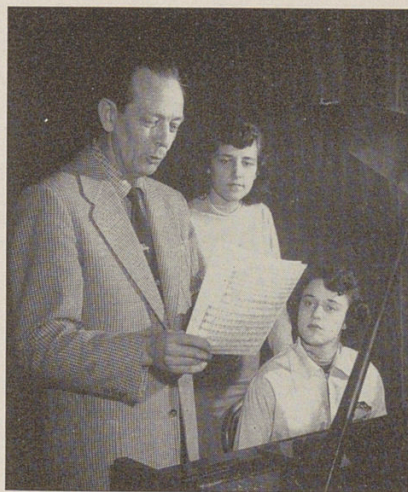
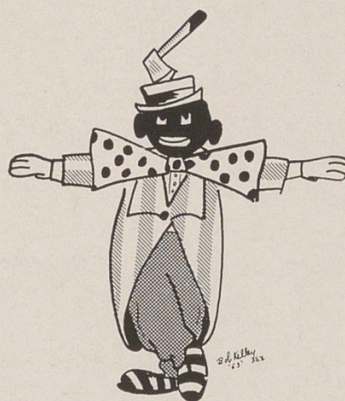
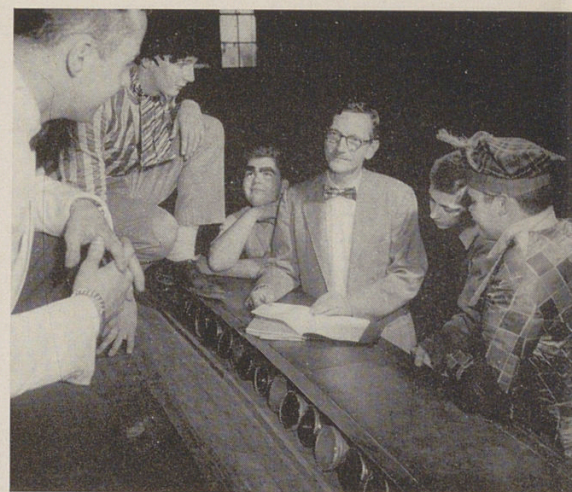


"Pop" Hensel directs ponies.



Choir is in Mr. Martin's keep.



Minstrels

Minstrels appear, to the audience, as the ultimate in high school productions. The audience sees the lights, the costumes, the color; it hears the the music, the polished dialogue, the jokes; but it cannot know of the myriad of unusual, sometimes funny things that consolidate it into a show of professional calibre. The endmen, for instance, who, in fun, smear everyone with their make-up after the final curtain; Smitty himself, whose two kicks on the pedestal seem loud enough to resound through the whole auditorium, but, in reality, are heard only by the cast onstage. The call boy who seldom appears; the sticky feeling of hot make-up; the tinge of butterflies on opening night; the swell of pride during the finale; the lights; the costumes; the sounds and the silences; the faces of the cast, one moment twisted with anguish, the next in appealing smiles; the sighs of relief tinted with sadness, because never again can there be a **twenty-third show**. But most of all, the people, cast and well-wishers alike, who make every show the best. These folks make Minstrels the finest—there can be no finer.



Endmen are charged to Mr. Gates.

Mr. Pfister, and Dick—Stage Crew.

Skits are by Miss Rosenberger.

Miss Murphy—costume and design.

Our indispensable George Smith.

