



From the looks of the cheering crowd, we needn't worry.



Clarence the Frick, who kept the school guessing his identity, is laid to rest.



Icy cokes mix well with the excitement and commotion of every game.



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## making more Fricks than a darkroom will hold.

My, what a hodge-podge of activities there are. I am always on the go. In the fall I am off to football games, in the winter off to basketball games, in the spring and summer just off. And I am mad (not angry, Miss Williams, mad). I am mad because there are so many places to go and only one body and only two legs to take me everywhere. I had money, too,

once but . . . beanies . . . dances . . . Frisch's . . . penny votes . . . concerts . . . more dances . . . basketball games. They tell me for a well-rounded education one should have interests besides school work. I think my main interest will be in getting out of a padded cell or the poor house, where I will stay if my ship doesn't come in.