OUR BOYS IN THE SERVICE (Continued from page four)

Louis E. Potts S. 2/c Q. M. S. S. H 9 Lower Sampson, N. Y.

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A/C Thomas B. Wright, editor of the <u>Mcuntain Trail</u>, who for the past twelve months has been training for pilot in A.A.F., is now at jackson, Tenn., is now at Jackson, Tenn., taking his basic flying. His address is:

> 68th A.A.F. F.F. T. D Georgian Air Service Jackson, Tenn.

Malcolm Zoellner, art editor of The Mountain Trail, who was choson by the Soniors as most talented is now at Jacksonville, Florida, training to be a radio operator. His address is:

Malcolm Zoellner, U.S.N.R. Class R 19 W Brks. #5 N. A. T. T. C. Jacksonville, Fla.

We Now see that every single boy graduate of the H. H. S. in 143 and 142 are 100% in the service of our country.

## ANNOUNCEMENT:::

at they to be

The Senior Class has design nated April. 18th as Family Day at Highlands High School. They feel that on this day, families should stay together as much as possible. Plans are under way, and we urge the full co-operation of the student body. Further announcements concorning it will be made later.

## "RIMES OF THE TIMES"

to the state

Moll is the name of the chappy Who made all the girlies so happy When he passes by They all give him the eye Do you think the poor things have gone batty?

There exists a young lad called Bil. Who likes Miss Angela Still In spite of a fuss They think each is the stuff You 'spese that they always will?

Next I give you M. Wright Whose looks are always a fright She acts sort of silly But I don't think she is rilly But what an annoying plight.

Poggy and Babs like B. T. Or at least so someone told me. If this be the case We should have quite a race. Just settle back, and weill see

Of one gal you may be aware To bother her we don't dare They shipped poor A. B. And twixt you and me Nancy's quite in the depths of despair.

Last but not least there's Roy Who, they all say's quite a boy When it comes to curls He beats all the girls, I wonder if they're the real McCoy

"Logs" Wiley is known as class flirt And she corns her title tis cort--She makes eyes at the men She dates all she kin Watch out, you guys, be alert;

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