

Dogpatch High School Breeze

SADIE IS HERE!! START RUNNING MEN!!

Hi thare fello Dogpatcherites! Well, things're gettin' purty busie with all tha preparashun fur Sadie Hawkins Day. All tha designin' feemales 're sharpenin' their football cleets an' runnin' 'roun fur hours after school so that they'll be able tuh nab tha boy of their dreems. Some of tha fellas 're even biginnin' tuh git haunted looks on thare faces. Pore deers!

Oh, by tha way, if anyone has noticed Mr. Kilgrew's tired drawn face don't worry about it. He's ben up till three, evry mornin' mixin batches of Kickapoo poo Joy Joose fur tha grate day.

But gosh, Sadie Hawkins Day cums butt unce a yeer. An' anie gurl whoo duzn't take advantage of tha day is jest plain crazy.

Ol' Mr. Hawkins sho' did hav a branestorm when he originated tha day but he wuz reallie desprit. Afta all, Sadie was sixteen an' unhitched. Purty disgraceful fur a patriotic skunk distiller.

Wen boys saw Missy Hawkins they ran tha uther way an' no wonder, she was tha homliest baby Father Shnoot-zebomb had ever christened an' befor that all the storeks had gon on strike. Nobuddy wanted ta deliver Sad Lips Sadie.

Ole Pappy Hawkins figgered thur wuz a lone way a gittin' Sadie mared an' that wuz by gathirin' the menfolke together frum Skunk Hollow to Red Bull Crik 'Course he was aided by hiz shootin' arn an' after 'most killin' hisself an' evry unhitched man in Dogpatch, he wuz all set tuh let Sadie chose

her man. Pappy lined up all tha men and shot his gunn. They took orf to tha woods with Sadie not two feet behin' 'em. She finerly cought Smelly Sam the Stinky Pu Man. He wuzn'a zactly a Gregry Peck but what the heck!! He had no hare and also buck teeth but teeth like that cood chew roste skunk an' he wuz the man fur Sadie, anyhow.

Marryin' Sam performed tha long ceramony (2 and one haf secunds 'cause Smelly Sam wuz tryin to git away) an' tha two were all set.

Well, Sadie lived happily ever afta an' even had seventeen little Stinkypus to boot. So, since then, evry yar Dogpatch has a Sadie Hawkins Day an' so duz ol' S.H.S.

PROKLEMATION FOR MARCH 14

To All Vailable Men of Dogpatch-----

1. Fo all you men what aint married thar'll be pleny of gals in tha Town limits jest cravin' to be somebodies' wife.
2. Their Mammies and their Pappies has fed 'em long 'nuff
3. They're ova sixteen.
4. They all no how to make Kickapoo Joy Juice.
5. They luv all yore cute lil' faces.
6. They cin all chop wood.
7. They cin all shoot and hev their own guns.
8. None are older than sixty-nine.
9. Only two have no hair. Lost it in one of the feuds.
10. They'll carri yore book fo ya.



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11. They'll stan when yo enters a room.
12. They cin chase yo when they so desires.
13. If yore cetched yo hasta marry up wif 'em.
14. They'll escoart yo to the dance to-night.
15. They'll jest be their own sweet selfs (Ugh!!)

TODAY

Today with dere lives tha mens will pay!
 Today is tha day tha gurls long await,
 Today, dey can nab dere chosin mate.
 Today, tha gurls are slaves to da specie called man,
 Today, tha'll bee runnin' all ova tha land
 Today Marryin' Sam is hear!
 What his porporse is am very clear!
 Today the bacheloars will no more be,
 Thar goin' a be married till eternity!!

BASKETBALL JAMBOREE

On Saturday, March 22, at tha ole Westport Hi Jim, ther'll bee tha furst annuel gurls basketball jamboree. Tha hi-lite of tha day weel bee tha play-off game between Diton an Nu Bedford Hi. Da winna o dis game'll bee tha leeg champ fur 1952!!!

Also on D'agenda fur dat big day are xibishun games between dem Sumerset Globe-trotters and dat Dartmuth Colegates, Kase Kardn'ls and Nu Bedford Voke tradesters, dem Durfee Sity slikerers and dos Wesport Inguns, and tha Fairhavin bluestreaks and da Dominikan Charmgals. Each skool can have 12 players, and from S.H.S. ther'll bee Maelene Murfee, Lorain Banvil, Ronnee Burk, Jeen Barlo, Joan R-chud an An Weeddan as gards. Forwords'll bee Filis More-arty, Clodet Laundry, Joan Doothrite (Daisy Mae) and Barbra Tranor. So let's go goils, get out thart ole Sumerset spirit an' git in ther an' fite.

MISSERS ANTHUNEE SPEEKS

Problem:

Mi gurlfrens are always talkin about other peeple. Ah tri to defen da kids thea are bein talked about but no one likes to disagree constantly with the gang. Will U pleeze tell me what to do?
 Answer:

Ma advise to yo is this. Hev it out with them thar frens o' yorès an tri to get 'em to see the lite. It's bownd to come to a haid suner or later so whi don't yo talk it over. Ifen they gets mad they reely aint warth botherin with. It aint much fun to listen to a bunch of mean ole gurls like that.

Problem:

Ah feel guilty becuz Ah'm ritin to a fello in the service and he thinks Ah like him, but Ah hev a crush on a boy in S. H. S. (Sadie Hawkin's School). Should Ah continu ritin to this heah boy without tellin him my true feelins or should Ah explain to him Ah like someone else?

Answer:

Bi all meens explane to him now. Maybe he'll be hert when he gits thet nus but imagin how he'll fee efen he onle fines out months from now. Be good to yoreself and to him. Thet truth is the bes wae out.

Problem:

Ah wen out with the boy nex door before he gode into tha service. He was a very nice boy an Ah enjoied his company Mah parents approved of him too. Now that hees gone Ah wont to go out with other fellers from Dogpatch and he approves of thet but mah ma and pa think Ah should be faithful to him. Ah really don't like him thet much and we're not goin steady. How can Ah conwinse mah ole-fashion ma and pa thet the affare is not so serious and thet Ah should still go out and hev fun with the kids mah age?

Answer:

Thet sho is a problem. Mah advise to yo is this. Sho yore folks his letter whar he gives his O.K. Ifen he don't care they shouldn't either. Talk it ova with 'em. They'll unerstan. This is yore life.

BASKETBALL 1951-52 SEASON William Ginalski

Somerset has seen many firsts in sports this season. It has experienced for the first time in its history the three coach system. We have also used for the first time the new Memorial Gym. Both the building and the new system have profited the school.

Congratulations to Coach Kearns and his staff and the members of the basketball squad on gaining third place in the Narry League this season. The League had some real strong teams and a few "spoilors" too.

Captain Cloutier led the team in scoring for the season as he amassed a total of 242 points, a 15.1 game average. Dick Bence was second high with 173. Bill Burgess pushed 117 points through the

hoop. Tom O'Connell poured 84 points into the nets. Ronnie Cheney hit for 78. Richard Rego netted 53 markers. Jim Medeiros put another 50 on the score book. Jack Balaguer made 23 points. Ronnie Panara hit for 18 and Paul Ginalski added 13.

The Raiders scored 853 for the season as compared with 710 for all the opponents together. This gave the Blue and White a 8.9 point edge in every game, on paper. But Somerset dropped two games to Holy Family, one to Diman, one to Dartmouth, and one to Prevost, thus giving the team a .750 average

DEER EDYTUR:

Well, Leap Year Day has lept and I still hasn't goe meself a boyfreen. This is a terrubul sickuashun cuz I think that if you haven't latched on to sumone by now your a purty hopeless case. Anyway I have one consulashun cuz Sadie Hawkin's Day is comin up on March 15, I thunk. Oh, yes, it's March 15, cuz I just looked at my calender of ret lettat days. I wants you to know that I think that there Sadie Hawkins were a purty smart gal havin her pappy set aside a day so thet all the utter purty hopeless critters like meselve can chase the boys an git there own boyfreens. You no, Edytur, I never cood run to fast in a ordinary race but I no that when there's sumthin interestin, like a boy, conected with the race you jest orda watch my dust. I've given up practiein shotin my shoot gun cuz I figured what wood I do with a ded boy I kin always dig one of thoze up in the corner cemetery. Now I'm in training for Sadie's Day. Every mornin I run about five miles. Thens Ise goes to skool and I see all thoze fyne specymuns of mails floatin aroun the halls. When I gits home I have my big bruther teach me sum of the futball takles. In fack I even gut a dummy strang up on a tree branch

to practice on. Ise wans you to no thet Ise gonna took full opportunity of Sadies day and to take a futball coaches advise. Ise gonna get my man.

Yores trooly,

Bac Woods Bess

NEW JOY JUICE AVAILABLE

Gals! Fellas! Read about this important news. The new, improved Kickapoo Juice is now being sold at your nearby grocery store. After years of constant and tedious experiments the brilliant inventors of Kickapoo have developed a new and wonderful ingredient which they named, "Uoy Enam Ti Dna Uoy Nac Evah Ti." Other miracle liquids when poured in a dish sparkle with foaming effervescence but not the new improved Kickapoo Joy Juice. No, Kickapoo simply lies there in slimy globules.

Kickapoo used as a mouthwash gives new life to teeth. So much life that it is better not to put them in your back pocket. You'll get pinched?

Kickapoo used as a hair tonic does wonders. Have you been bothered by greasy strands clinging to your head or have you heard the patter of little feet upon your scalp? Then just one, mind you only one, application of Kickapoo on the head and your troubles are over. No hair!

Do you feel blue and down in the dumps and wish you were six feet under? Then just swallow a glass of Kickapoo. Remember Kickapoo is the only Joy Juice that gives away a bouquet of dandilions with each bottle.

Remember our slogan:

Kickapoo

The Juice for you!

Hairless Joe,
Pres of Kickapoo Corp.
Advertisement.

"ESCAPE!!!!"

Trees raised their bare limbs grotesquely towards the darken skies. A cold win whistled throo that wood. The unnerbrush rustled mysturushly, as if it nu a deep an dark sucret. The path tho in some plases illuminated by tha lite frum tha full moon hi abuve, plunged inta darkness as it all made its sinuous way aroun tha dark an furbiddin tree trunks. It was jes too cold. It was inhuman. It was trooly a nite to sta in doors. A night to sit by tha warm fire-side an enjoy tha simple plesures of homes. But these thots were tha farest away frum tha mine of the man as he run swiftly along tha path. His onley thot was, "Escape". Tha wurd echoed and reechoed in his brain. His pulses throbbd it. His lil ole hart beet it out as he rooshed recklelly furward. Ornward an ornward he pooshed Branches stung his face. Unnerbrush made long, red gashes in his arms and legs, Stones cut deeply into his bare feet. But he felt non of those panes. His hole body was tuned ta only one ting an thet was "Escape". "Escape" cryd his ranning legs. "Escape" pounded tha air in his neer busting lungs. "Escape" thudded his blood, as hit rushed thru his body and ponded furiously on his brain. Finally, he could took none more. He mus fin a plase to ress. He looked aroun him. Surely, he wood be safe here, in the middle of the woods. His i's catch sight of a flat rock and he slowly plodded over ta it an three his hot, perspiring hulk on its cole dampness. As he lay thar, he slowly became aware of his meny bruises an cuts. He wanted to cleen them, to releev their soreness, but he cood not. He tried to rase his arm, but it felt like a leaden hammer. He was spent!

Sodenlee hes senses war alerted by a sound. At ferst he thought he had imagined hit but then he heerd it again. In that one aganizing moment he realised thet his runaway was jest plane fruitless. It wus still follying him. It would not

give up until it found him. Thet horrible thing!! Jest the thought of it repulsed him. His foarhaid broke in beads of cold sweat. He tried to rase himself in order to plunge still onward into the darkened woods. Oh, an how he tride! But he could not. His legs were like jelly. They refused to suppoart him. He wuz trapped. Trapped like a rat with his fat haid caught in a trap! Thar was no escape. All he could do wuz lie thar on the rock like a helpless mass of humanity and listen to the raped approachin of thet horrible thing. Louder and louder came the footfalls of it as it thudded its way over the hard ground. To the right of him came the sound of it trampling the underbrush. Then it broke out into th' opin spase. Thar it stood. Its terrifyin countenance grimasin hidiously at him in th' pale moonlite. He looked away from its wretched face an th' strands of hare thet hung greasily on its shoulders. He looked down its bony figure. His eyes traveled down its toothpick laigs an he cringed at th' sight of its feet with chipped an broken toenails. His nostrils flared at th' new scent thet penetrated the night air. He felt sick. He tride agin to rise and run but he could not. Upon seein his movement it shortened th' distance between itself and him. Nearer and nearer it came. Its warty fingers reeched in ta a tattered pocket and brought out an objeck. The dreaded objeck!! Th' man's eyes darted between thet objeck an it. He wuz doomed. He prayed for something, anythin, to happen to rescu him from his impendin fate. Somethin did. Far off in th' distance a clock told twelve midnite. Clem Clodhopper of Dog Patch had agin successfully escaped from the clutches of Prunella Prim of Sunk Hollow and could safely remane a bachelor until nex Sadie Hawkin's Day.

DON'T DO IT!!!!

1. If it's a gorjess, warm, sunny, day the firs of June, yur roastin hot, the

water is cleer, kool, an' invitin' an' you've got yur pappy's car—don't do it!!

2. If Pete threw a nice jewsy spitball an' it bounced off your bean an' you have a bottle of ink handie with loads of goeey papers satchewated in it—don't do it.

3. If the teecher drops a eraser an' bens over to pick it up; an' havin' ben a boy skout in the good ol' days, yur naturallie prepared, lik all good boy skouts should be, wid a sling shot an' a piece of chalk—don't do it.

4. If you've ben out till 12:00 or after on a heavy date an' yur attempted to doze off in Mr. Kineavy's Amerikan History klass, but you don't particularlie care fur flying missles—don't do it.

5. If someone offers you a ward a gum in assembly hall and thars a teecher sittin' in the general visinity—don't do it.

6. If yur completelie diskoriged wid skoöl, life in genral, or disappointed in luv an' yur experimentin' wid high explosives in last pereod chem klass—don't do it.

7. If you've alreddy purchased yur gown fur the Promminade, it fits you purfeckly an' kannot be altured, dat sweet considerate purson offurs to treet you to a dimanick banana split—don't do it.

8. If dat book report dat's du tomorrie means the duffurence between a "C" or a "D" an' the lite of yur life axes you out on an explosive date—don't do it.

9. If you possess a teerifik urge to kall a teecher by hisn pop-u-lar nick-name an' he or she is just aroun the corner—don't do it.

10. If yur temted to rip all the maga-zeenes in the Dogpatch librarie apart, have a spitball battle an' Miss Walsh is du aney minit—don't do it.

11. If on dis heerin grate man fetchen day you have a mitey powerful urge to drag dat man of yur dreems into yur extasy an' he has a shotgun konsealed in his lil-o-pocket—Don't do it.

SUM GUY!!

The pursonality of S. H. S. fur the week of March 9-16 is a trublesum (all in fun tho) future Farley Granger of Somerset High. Residin on Reed street, he boards Charlee Rilee's "Rolls Royce" as meens of gettin to skool. This Mario Lanza's proteje is one of the troaty tenos of Somerset High's Mixed Opra Howse. He cood be seen displayin his firey talents in Somerset's top rated "Jazy-Ban".

"Donny Boy" is assured of beein a grate hit wit the girls in his remainin years at S. H. S. Jus picture him in a few years wid the height of 5' 10", eyes the color of purpel grapes, an' hair the kolor of charcoal; plus his sharpe variete of garments.

He also is noted fur his madamatical abilitie, as Treasurror of his klass well proves. Hollywood is awaitin fur no one but Donuld Kashar! See ya thar, Donnie!!!

SPOTTLOOTS ORN DARTES

Queshun orf the Wook:

Wha do ya all conseeder th mos searious an perplexing date proobalem???

Bevarley Sullivan—Ev'ry time ah eat one thar be a stone it it.

Audry Swain—Ah sneakin in late at night an ah talyaws trips over them animules.

Mare O'Tooler—Ev'ry time ah gets in that thar situashun orf oxing a mail out, light flashes right in ma eyes.

Mae Leen Morphy—Ma biggest probalem is gettin meself a two legged heel

Jude Singleton—Ah just hav tha hardest time gettin him to propose.

Jeanah Barlow—When ah takes a bath in that thar new Kickapoo joy joose, wish is posed ta make them men run after me. I ah smell so skunkish, it jes makes them run the orther way instead.

Jock Balageer—Ah doesn't got no probalem. Ah jes doesn't go out on dates.

Davee Cucinatta—Persunally ah have the worstist time findin somethin to do.

Stella Cheney—Ah agreee.

Franpish Catorette—He's in Maine an Ah in here. The probalem is shor surious.

Phylis Moriarty—That lil ole hunk o man will nev'ah argue with me!!!!

June Kadlec—Ma most preplaxing probalem is trying ta be Frosty's sister, an the male involved is jes too, too, hansum fur words.

Audrey Slade—Tryin to act like a young lady on a date.

Elaine Rose Enthan—How ta makes tha shy little fellow feel at ease orn a date, so that tha evening will all be a success.

Gail Cahile—I nevah no jes what to wear, it sure is a probalem!

Barbera Boy-le—Cutting the ice orn the first date! Sometimes it's too cold!

Ann Weedon—Trouble in the romble seat.

DOGPATCHERS AINT ALL DUMB

Weel! Da third turm has fineely come to an end an once again dem males and females, who have all woorked mity hard, have swarmed dat dere honor roll. Jes tink, dere are only twelve mo weeks of skool, which makes two terms to git yo lil ole name up in saciety wit tha ress o da gang We wood like to specially corn-gratulate dos who made Highest Honors an High Honors.

Highest Honors (all A's)

1. Estelle Cheney
2. Jo Prato
3. Irene Valley
4. Barbara Lopes
5. Barbara Traynor
6. Carolyn Smith

High Honors (A's in four whole unit subjects with no mark less than C)

1. Marilyn Matthews
2. Larry Swain
3. Joan Benevides
4. Barbara Boyle
5. Judy Manchester
6. Dorothy Linley
7. Frances Robinson

DAISY MAE'S DICTSHUNARY

Instead of a semplee "Hi" sum use "How's your ear?" "Ho, men," or "Hi, uglier dan ah," An ta bee reelly up-ta-date, dey may top it orf wit a motorcycle hanslake bi grabbin tha odder persun's hands at tha wrists, turning dem from side ta side an making a noise like a motorcycle terning over. - - - Hif a boy is nise, dey say dat he all is "on da leest (list)"; if he isn't nise, tha comment is, "take it away, ah'll bi bonds."-- A gurl dat dey like is a "buttercup"; a gurl dat dey don't like is a "moose" or "crocodile". Dey call a teecher's pet a "P. C." (preveliged character), a good danser a "Valeentino" or "Fred tha Second" (affer Fred Astair, we gess dat yo all no), an a strict pareent is mo commonlee non as, "da warden", "da eegle", or "Mrs. Legree" - - - If dey're tired, dey're "flaked out", or "sleep crasie"; if dey hav an easy corse at skool dey're taking "under watar basket weev-ing". Food dey like meens "ample samples"; anything else dey like is "propelled" or "so foxie". Wen a boy is too aggressive, sum gurls tri "down Fang". An if dey wan sumeone ta talk, dey give out with "Let's split a few syllables." Do yo catch tha curve of all dis chatter, character? Yo do? Weel - - - contact!!!

"DA FUNNIEST TINGS"

Marie Rogirs—Las Saturday nite, hat da "Y", Mare Morphy an I were duing da poka. Sense da plase was vere crowded, one of da odder dancers unintentionally tripped me. Whut do yo think happen?? Ah fall flat on da fluur an foun meself to be da maine attracshun. A fu o' da gentlemales there rushed over ta help me up, while da ress were steel roaring over da situashun.

Eleenor Cabrol—One day, when ah was in grammar skool, ah was swinging on a swing (Weel! Dat's da cu-

test ting dat I evah did hear of). Ah deceeded to jump orf, while it was steel in motion. Ah jumped orf, but ma seer-sucker skirt stayed on tha swing.

Mareelyn Mattheus—Tha funniest time fo me was when ah mistook tha purfume fountain fo a watar bubblar in dat Jordan Marsh Store. Ah jes git stopped in time.

DOGPATCH SOCIETY NOOS

Howdy Yokles,

I'm out a snoopin around dem dare cornas wit ma shot gun a watchin an awaintin jus to see who am leapin at who, dis Sadie Hawkin's day, an here's da lades leapers - - -

Estelle Cheney sure am been happy lately. She sore do haf a good reason for a bein dat way too, cause she's a goin to dat dare "Quad-Frat Dance", with her man Dana. Dey is gonna haf one goot time. First dey is gonna haf a nice suppa hat Dana's Frat house an den dey is goin to a nifty formal at "Norwood Towers", in Brookline; afta which dey is goin to haf breakfast at Dana's Frat house. Dey sure is gonna get in late da next mornin. Ah hope her pop ain't awaintin up wit his shot gun.

Lorraine Banville has been practacin fer Sadie Hawkin's Day for a few weeks now. It seems she done took advantage uff da ladies choice period hat da Y Dances wit askin one certain lucky fella to dance with her most uff dat time.

Most uff da Somerset High girls dat went to da game between Durfee and da Navy All-stars enjoyed it thoroughly what wit talkin to all dem fellas hand all. But dere was one disappointed gal an dat was Ginny Chorleton cause dat nice guy Phil from Diman was dare and she weren't That's one gal dat didn't leap when she done did haf a chance.

Gracie Eisenhardt ham approachin dis Sadie Hawkin's Day hin a different way. She's ah hopin dem dare fellas will leap her way instead uff her hafin

to do da leapin. How's she's ah doin it is by a wearin dat dare exotic green jacket dat sets everybodies eyes apopin out uff dere heads. Dat gal sure am original.

Here's one case we don't know who did da catchin but its disa way: Evelyn Hathaway done goin steady wit Phil Buckley, a Durfee Alumnus.

Ruthie Leonard done her leapin in da opposite direction dis time. She ain't goin steady wit dat dare guy Teddy Morgan from Coyle. Dats one smart gal who am ah given all dem otha fellas who am interested in her a chance.

Joan Boyle is ageetin phone calls evry day from dat thar sarten fella over in Case, namely Bob Berube.

This here wether roun New York was too much for Barbara Gough so she done gone atravelin to Miami. Ain't she the lucky gal?

Joan Fox done went an hooked a hope chest from her man, Frank Rose, on Valentine's Day.

Thar's allus "feudin ana fussin" tween Lorraine Wamboldt an iJimmy Cambra. Ain't dey ever gonna be happy?

The main attracshun uff dis har vacation was Harry Bloom ajauntin troo Fall River stores wit his leetle ole steady gal. Dem two sartainly enjoy holdin hands

Madeline Levesque is agittin alot uff letters from some guy in Connecticut called Jerry Bachand. He's adown in dat thar sunshine state, Florida.

Laura is tryin to larn the name uff dat handsome admirer who cime in Woolworth's Saterdey. She's agonna scoot aroun next week alookin fer him.

Olive Carpenter is awaitin fer dat thar man uff hers, Jimmy Kanachiwiz. He's acomin home soon.

Claudette Caron steel holes dat interest in Pete Thiffault. Is she tryna hook him?

Carol Butler is agoin out with her man Teddy King uff Dighton.

Looks like Casanova Balaguer is atry-

in ta make out wit June Kadlec. Thar's one gal dat don't haf ta worry bout catchin her Man.

Rhoda Gordon done got her man's, Georgie Jones', ring already. Fast worka!

Audrey Slade is quite a poplar gal lately. She done attendid da Providence Country Day Prom with Stretch and da next week she done went to da Bristol Aggie's Prom wit Wesley True.

Joan Foulds has abin ridin up in dem clouds cuz she has done got a letta from Freddy.

SUMMARY OF GIRL'S BASKETBALL

Da Girls Basketball teem, dat ended up tied fo turd place, finished der schedule at dat Dighton Hi school on February 15.

Our girls had a tuff time wif dos mighty big girls from Dighton. Da loss of Joan and Barbara dat went off to strain der vocal chords and wif Claudette's ankle "busted out all over" put us in mighty big fix. Our brave girls took the court and when dem girls from Dighton came out after dem dey just threw dat ball threw dat net all day long. Swish! Swish! Swish! Well it's all over now and it was just one of those things.

Our girls had a smash bang start but dey jus mus of run out of power, guess rey was jus savin to to cheer fo dem hemen on da Somerset Basketball Teem.

Maybe dey didn't come in first place but it was a lot of fun (even dough it made everybody else hoppy.)

Da young teem, called da J. V.'s got off to a slow start but came back surprisin everybody winnin de two games in the second half an tyin one wif Dighton Dis sure was da thrilla of da year. Dem girls played mighty good ball. Ruthie was high scorer and Judy lighted up da teem with her blushing. All in all it was a pretty good season - - -

Weell be out two beat dem necks year!!!!