

The Sing Sing Annual

Hairy Mary, Sacky Jackie Big Bugs

Parole Board

Associate Bugs Fifi, Jumpy Jim, Period, Superwoman

News Bug Bomby Dot

Little Bugs Schaffer Beer, Vivi Burp, Helen of Troy, Handsome Ellen, the dog raiser, Joe the Sport.

Feature Bug Belle Moll, Blondex

Little Feature Sin Sin Stove, Snail, Jean Hamberger, Smoky Limb

Counterfieters Oveeny, Bunt the Hag, Bette the Lost

Mula Department Nils the Nine, Moë Jar

Big Boss Chop Chop Wood

Mouthpiece Pat the Dick

Passer Pete the Gardina

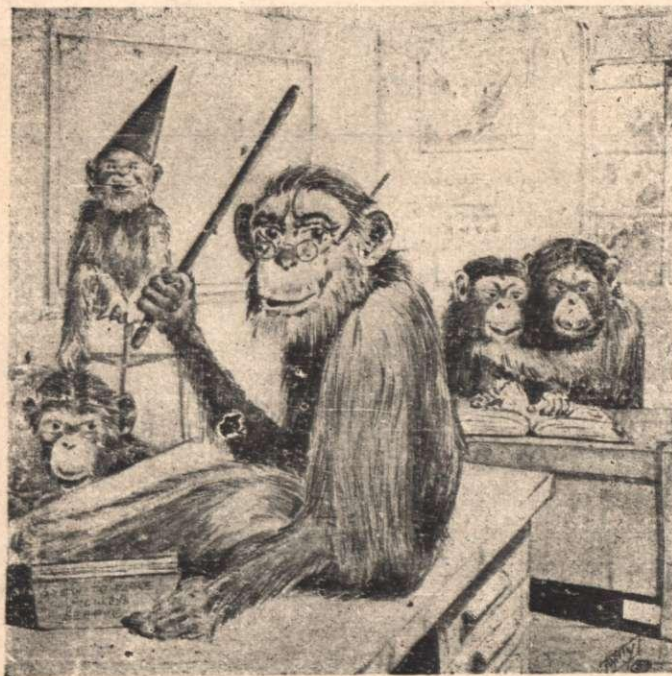
Head Warden Charly Keys

Vol. XX.—No. April Fool

March 20, 1944

Attention Stoo-Dents—Gum Shoe'ers

Because of the acute gum shortage, the faculty is appealing to students to save any of their old gum, as it is a great nerve-soother when correcting tests (spearmint is preferred). A purple barrel with orange polka dots will be found in front of the office for this purpose.



The picture above represents the attitude of the students on their first day in history class in room 101.

My Daze

By FRAULEIN BORTZ

Last night, I had the pleasure of dining in a fox hole, which is, I was surprised to find, quite comfortable and cozy. After coffee, I entertained "our" boys with the poignant story of my life and then off to General MacArthur's head-

quarters where I spent a few hours revising Frankie's orders.

I met Mme. Chians, after a hasty flight, for rice and a spirited discussion of life in Sing Sing, and then home again in time to put the cat out and make up Frankie's lunch box of egg salad sandwiches from a recipe I got from Mrs. Churchill.

Snooplicity.

FRATRY: During the coming initiations the Fraternity wishes to cordially invite the girls to witness the gala events.

LES FAUX PAS: Mr. Merrill

has awarded the French club a banner for their outstanding contributions to the school last semester.

ART CLUB: These artisans have resolved to conserve paint as a substitute for cosmetics, when the new tax comes into effect.



MARY
ELLEN, JR.

In

1954

April Fool Day

Don't look behind you, it's dangerous today

If you're out walking, just look the other way

There may be a trap, or something not there

It's the first day of April, so you better beware

Someone may stop you, and say look behind

You suddenly look, but there's nothing to find

April fool is the answer, then a cheery Ha! Ha!

It may come again, before you get very far

So just take a warning, from an old April fool

You know how things are when you're all in the school

I can't write a poem, I don't go to school

I'm writing down something, just an old April fool

I know it's a day that comes once a year

The first day of April, well, I declare.

How strange.

Ideal Lunch Period

When the lunch bell rings, you race to the cafeteria and grab a chair. Of course, half a dozen others want the same chair. Then ensues a fight in which two legs are broken, 10 teeth knocked out, and someone's face is smashed in. The chair is only scratched!

A nice, healthy fight always stirs up an appetite. Consequently, there is a grand rush for the food. After grabbing all the food you want, you merely throw your money at Wild Bill and run.

Getting back to your table with hands loaded, you find all your pals sitting around the table, under it, and three deep on top.

After climbing to the top of the pile, you gulp your food down in two minutes flat. Naturally, it's a little hard to eat if your head is pressing against the ceiling.

On the way down the "mountain" you find your friends ready to start another fight because you've spilled a box of milk in their hair.

It seems everyone has your idea, to get a breath of air. There isn't much air left, but there's plenty of snow. Nice for a snow ball fight.

LEGAL NOTICE

Last Will And Testament Of Men Or . . .

To whosome-ever this may concern:

I, Face O'Skin, being of sound mind and body on the day of the ninth of March in the year of Our Lord nineteen hundred and forty-four, do make my last will and testament.

Wherefor and so-to-how, I bequeath to that buxom beauty, Margie, she of the merry visage, etc., the four unopened bottles of hydrogen peroxide . . . These are carefully numbered and must be used in that order. These are indubitably in my, the deceased, bottom drawer in my bureau wrapped in Aunt Mollie's wedding veil, and don't take the etc. . . etc. you see there. There being but one condition, howsoever, I shall elucidate further upon this matter. The heir to this must never deny using the same or be ashamed. In such case, feed it to the cats.

Inasmuch and wherefore, I do bequeath to my aged, and time-honored friend, Joe, my small, red, etc. radio to keep him company in his widowed old age so that he never more be afraid, in fear of, or fearful of, that monster filled with ghosts, goblins, virgins, and other supernatural creatures, in the dark. If the defendant doth conquer this fear, hand the machine over to the Salvation Army. Station 550 has some hot etc., programs.

To Barrel, the dear little (it's a four letter word), crimpers, hair pins, bobby pins, straight pins, safety pins, etc., and all other instruments of torture. And may she squirm at night as I did.

To the last, aahaaaa, I'm laughing, to my esteemed, etc., and however, to THAT Dog-faced Woman, I leave my seat at the lunch table so that she will not have to break her rubber neck trying to hear the jokes. And after this I can't come back to the table. May she never miss a laugh. Also my Junior G-Man badge.

In doing so, I close, fold my hands upon my busoom, boosum (take your choice) and leave this life.

M. E. N.

WITNESSED BY

Frank and Earnest.