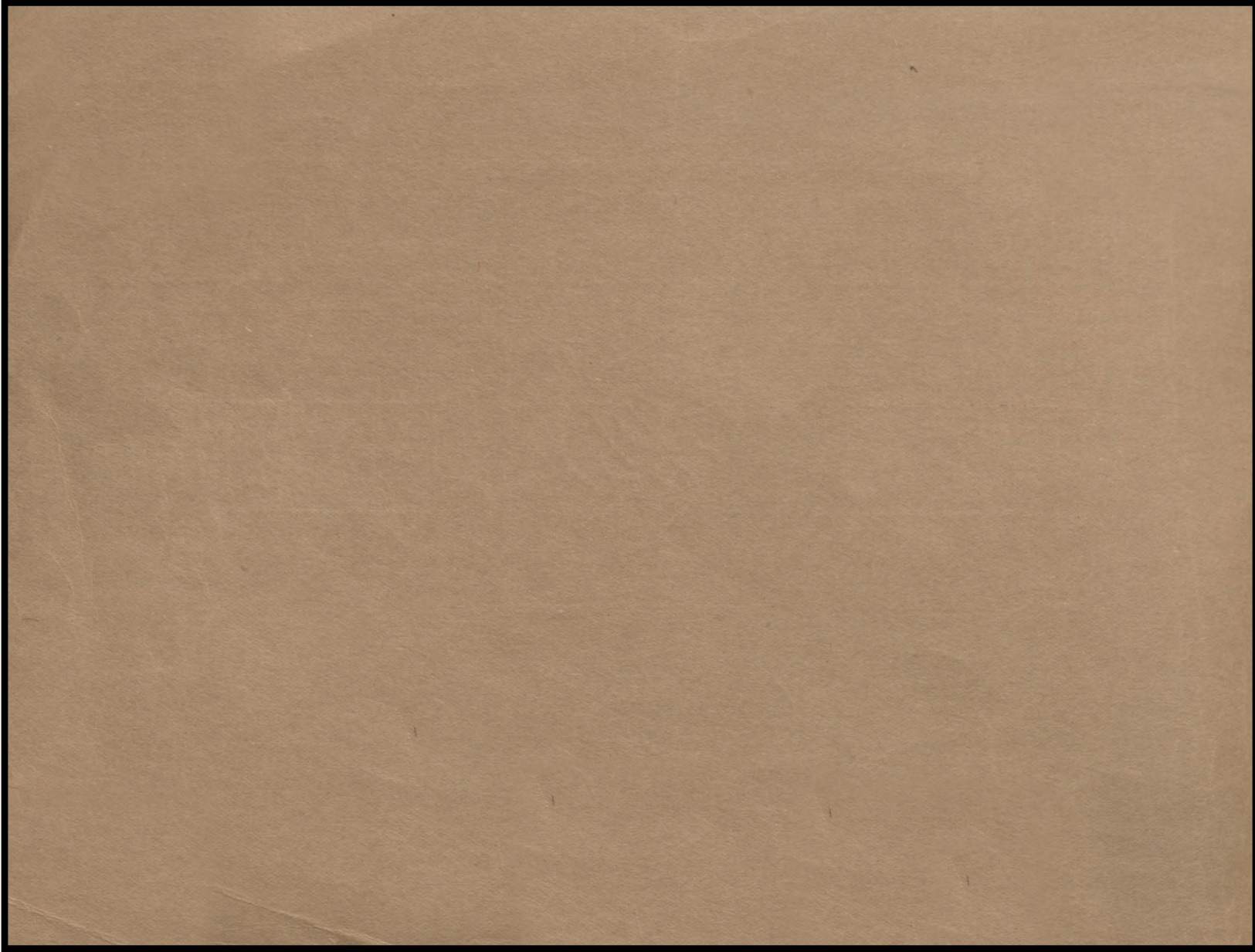


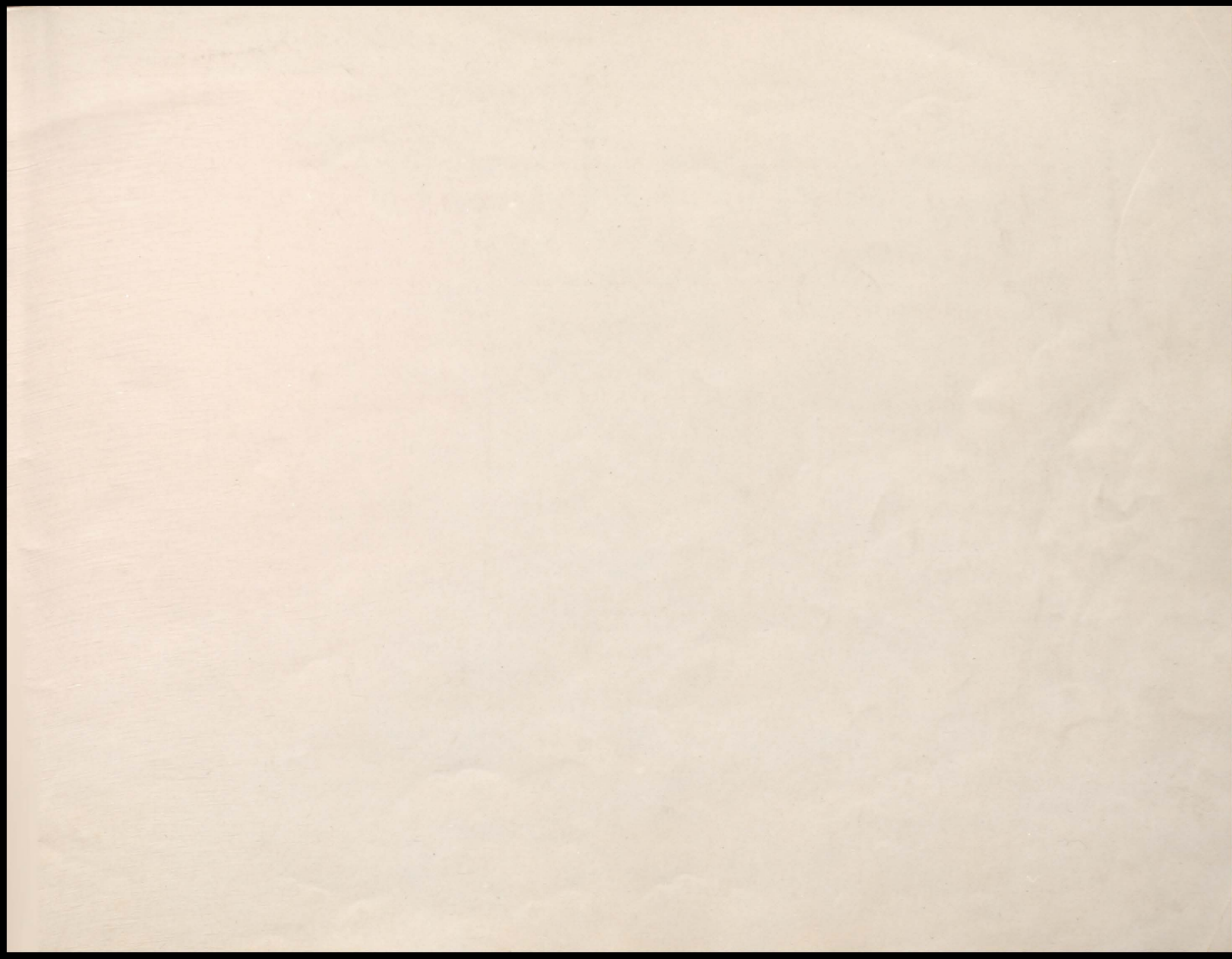
THE KROKER

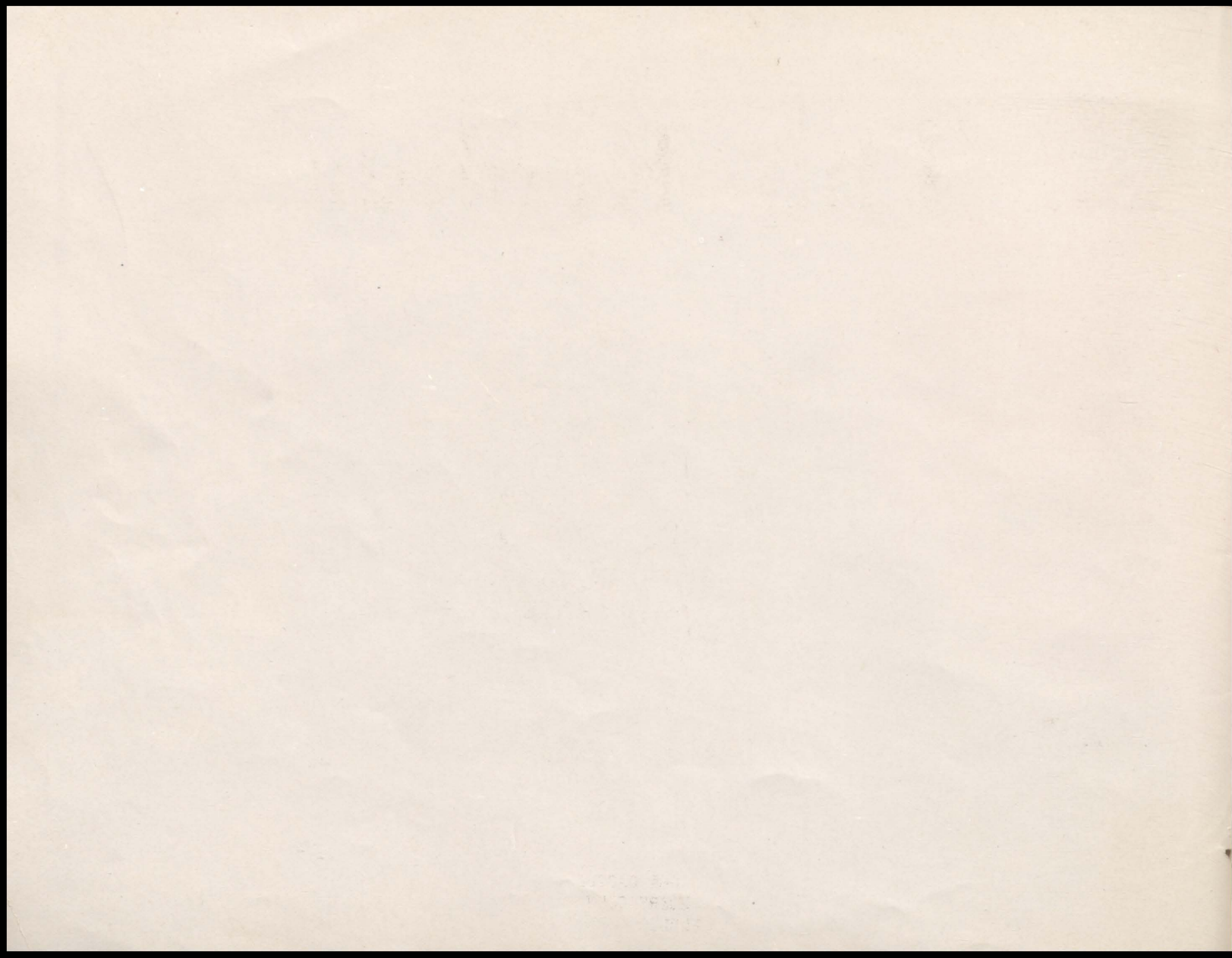
*Published by the
Class of Nineteen
Hundred Sixteen.*



*New Castle High
School, New Cas-
tle, Indiana. : : :*







The Kroker



NEW CASTLE HIGH SCHOOL
NEW CASTLE, INDIANA
CLASS OF 1916



Who Wouldn't Be Proud of This Fine Building?

DEDICATED
TO THE
FACULTY

370
KROKER



Dr. O. J. Gronendyke.
Pres.



Mr. L. C. Boyd.
Tres.



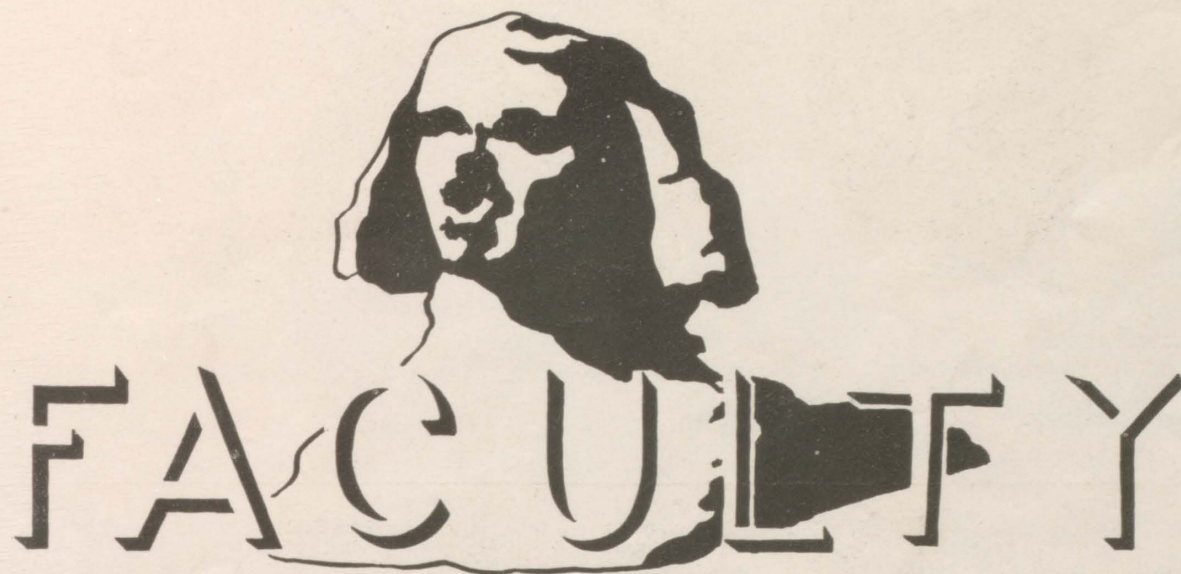
Mr. M. L. Koons.
Sec.



Mr. E. W. Lawrence
Supt.



Mr. L. C. Fox.
Print.





Mr. Boyd graduated from N. H. S. in 1912. He is "home grown." He attended Michigan University and Cornell in New York. This is his first year of teaching.

Mr. Bronson is a graduate of the High School at Indianapolis, Ill. He graduated from the Wabash College in 1908 with an A. B. degree, taught two years in Illinois and eight years in New Castle.

Miss Carson, the Household Arts teacher, is a graduate of our own N. H. S. She has attended Earlham College and has taken Household Arts at Chicago University. Her home is in this city.

Miss Connor graduated from Indiana State Normal with an A. B. degree and from Indiana University with A. M. Her home is at Terre Haute, Indiana. She taught at the Wiley High School there before coming here.



Miss Chambers has lived at New Castle all her life. She went thru school here and graduated from N. H. S. She graduated from Indiana University with an A. B. degree, majoring in History. She has never taught anywhere else.

Miss Duncan took Ph. B. degree at Iowa Wesleyan College, graduated from German Central Wesleyan College and had graduate work at Wisconsin University. She majored in History. She has taught in Wapello, Iowa, and Kendallville, Indiana. Her home is Mt. Pleasant, Iowa.

Miss Gustin is a graduate of Earlham College with an A. B. degree. She has taught in the schools at Pendleton and Carthage. Her home is at Anderson.

Mr. Kampe graduated from the Musical College of Cincinnati with 98.8%. He taught at Richmond, Centerville, Hagerstown, Williamsburg and several other places. His home is at Richmond.



Miss Luntz attended Ohio University at Athens, Ohio, and has a drawing supervisor's diploma. She is an instructor in the Normal Art department at O. U. summer school. Her home is at Steubenville, Ohio.

Mr. Morrow, our Manual Training teacher, has attended Muncie Normal, University of Wisconsin and the Detroit School of Fine Arts. As outside experience he has spent four years in glass factories, planing mills and so forth. His home is at Muncie and he has taught at Muncie Normal.

Miss Taylor graduated from Earlham College with an A. B. degree and from the University of Chicago with a Ph. B. degree. She was principal of the High School at Roanoke, Indiana, before coming here. Her home is at Richmond.

Mrs. Wilson graduated from the Spiceland Academy. Then she took a Bachelors and Masters degree at Earlham College and attended Chicago University for three summer terms. She taught at Spiceland and Cambridge before coming here. Spiceland is her home.



SENIORS



Edward Armstrong

Basketball '16.
Sporting Editor Re-
flector.

"The ornament of a
meek and quiet spirit."

James Brown.

Business Manager An-
nual.

"Be thou diligent."

Russell Brubaker.

"None but himself
could be his parallel."

Catherine Bunting.

"They gazed and
gazed and still the won-
der grew

"That one small head
could carry all she
knew."

Bernice Burgess.

Girl's Basketball 14.
Assistant Art Editor
of Annual.

"Thy modesty's a
candle to thy merit."

Levi Carey.

"Anything for a quiet
life."



SENIORS



Richard Cloud.

"How much better it is to get wisdom than gold."



Opal Cook.

Vice President of Class '16.

Literary Editor of Annual.

"She doeth little kindnesses which most leave undone."



Lloyd Diehl.

Basketball '16.

"Better do it than wish it done."



George Elliott.

Assistant Treasurer.

Basketball '14-'15.

"Ah, why should life all labor be?"



Floyd Fields

Shop assistant.

"Man doth what he can, God what He will."



Thad Gordon.

Editor-in-Chief "Reflector."

Class Prophet.

Basketball '13-'14-'15.

Captain '16.

Assistant Circulation Manager of Annual.

All District Forward.

"A Mother's pride, a Father's joy."



SENIORS



Jessie Grissom.

"One never loses by doing a good turn."

Margaret Green.

Secretary of Class '16
Art Editor.

"Love the little trade thou hast learn't, and be content therein."

Robert Heller.

Treasurer of Class '16
Yell Leader.
Class Song.
Concert Meister of High School Orchestra.
Business Manager of Annual.

"From his cradle he was a scholar, and a ripe and good one."

Ivan Hodson

"I have missed the endearing eloquence of female friendship."

Agnes Jameson.

"I am here for the good I can do."

Hazel Klus.

"Reflector" Staff.
"Happy am I, from care I'm free,
"Why arn't they all contented like me?"



SENIORS



Herman Lawell.

Basketball '15-'16.
"Welcome is the best cheer."



Garnet Lee.

"Where there's a will, there's a way."



Clifford Lowe.

"No bigger than an agate stone."



Fred Koons.

"And e'en though vanquished he could argue still."

Victor Lawson.

President of class '16.

Editor in chief of annual.

Basketball '14-'16;
Capt. '15.

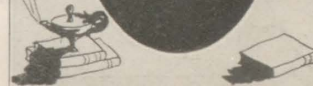
All district center '16.

"The heart to conceive, the understanding to direct and the hand to execute."

Ruth Lawson.

High School Orchestra.

"Think of ease, but work on."



SENIORS



Marie Miller.

"Of spirit so still
and quiet."



Lois Mouch.

Society editor of annual.

"Love me, love my
dog."



Perry Nation.

President Board of
Control.

Basketball '15.

"He knits his brow
and shows an angry
eye."



Edith Newby.

"Laugh and the
world laughs with
you."



Helen Ogborn.

"Two things are im-
possible to diligence."



Clarence Orner.

President of class in
'15.

Class Orator.

Assistant circulating
manager of annual.

"How forceful are
right words."



SENIORS



Ivan Paul.

"Constant occupation, prevents temptation."



Dora Pope.

Class Poet.
"Think not thy word and thine alone must be right."



Eugene Rothrock.

"By others' fruits, wise men correct their own."



June Smith.

Secretary of class in '15.

Class Historian.
Society editor "Reflector."

"He that hath a merry heart, hath a continual feast."



Eufaula Sanders.

Girls Basketball '14-'15.

"Reflector" staff.
Assistant yell leader.
"As welcome as the flowers in May."



Harriet Smith.

Vice president board of control.

Girl's basketball '14-'15. Capt. '16.

Assistant literary editor of annual.

"One vast substantial smile."



SENIORS



Ira Smith.

"A burden which one chooses is not felt."

Howard Trout.

"Go from the presence of the foolish man, when thou perceivest not in him the lips of knowledge."

Bryan Wilson.

Treasurer of class in '15.

Public speaking club.
Class Will.

"Be thou diligent to know the state of thy flocks, and look well to thy heads, for riches are not forever."

Lotis Lewis.

"Behold the dreamer cometh."

Paul Wintersteen.

Joke editor of annual.

Circulating manager of annual.

Circulating manager of "Reflector."

"So absolute he seems, and in himself complete."



ADVICE FROM SENIORS

Inspiration, pep, labor gets E grades.

All prospective athletes have mumps before school begins.

Don't scrape your feet on floor, you wear out shoe leather.

Get more fresh air into the school house.

President's Address

Three men, in legendary times, met at the foot of the Rainbow. The souls of all three were filled with a vision. They dreamed of a pot of gold.

As the first climbed upwards his eyes were ever strained ahead to catch the first gleam of the shrine.

He was blind to the glories of the Rainbow.

Then when he came to the end of his path and as he reached out for the prize, it crumbled at his touch and fell, a little heap of gilded sand, and, pitying himself, he turned and cursed the Rainbow.

As the second climbed upwards, unlike the first, he saw the glories of the Rainbow, but scorned them. They were trifles; they would suffice for the less ambitious perhaps, for those with more time at their disposal than he, compared to the goal he aimed at, they were bubbles of little value, and he must pass on.

At last he came to the end of the path and reached for the prize, sure of the reward. But, just as he was about to grasp it, the hand of a comrade coming up from behind reached over his shoulder and snatched it away.

And hating himself, he too turned and cursed the Rainbow.

As the third climbed the path and the glories of the Rainbow shone about him, he reveled in them, but his goal was not dimmed; he climbed steadily but not blindly, and at each step his soul drank in new wonders.

When he came, as all must come, to the end of the path, he found the pot of gold waiting for him, and, too, it was filled with the very glories thru which he had passed, the glories of laughter, and thought and friends; and wondering greatly, he turned and blessed the Rainbow.

Classmates of 1916: The Rainbow of Life lies before us. The man who fails to know beauty, friendship and God, fails to reach the greatest possibilities, and then he curses his luck. The man who knows the beauties but disregards them, also fails. But the man who recognizes and appreciates the beauties attains the fullness of life.

We have been taught to believe in beauty as a manifestation of triumphant life, to believe in looking for beauty everywhere; watching for it, searching for it. A beautiful life is in right relation to the lives of others and in harmony with the eternally unfolding life of God.

In the future somewhere lies success or failure for each of us. All about us will exist the thorns and roses of life—the temptations and achievements of mankind—beauty and ugliness—right and wrong. What are we to do about it?

For the last four years we have had opportunities of school life unknown to the days of our forefathers.

We have had teachers well trained and enthusiastic—anxious to lead us aright.

We have had good texts and good class room surroundings. Again I ask what returns will we make?

The learning which we have acquired in these twelve years of schooling has helped us to appreciate good books, good music and fine art, to believe in human nature and to admire courage and loyalty.

This winter I heard a speaker say that every girl should prepare herself for the home with a "mental kingdom within."

"After doing her housework she can find rest, refreshment, relief from nerve strain, in the realm of books. An educated woman can properly superintend

and guide others in her family."

Our course in high school has taught us that all work is important—

A garbage can inspector may save more lives by honestly performing his duty in the alleys, than a Mayo in his clinic hospital.

Duty does not always appear beautiful; conditions sometimes will seem unsurmountable, but we have learned from our school life that enthusiasm, purpose and persistence bring deserved results.

To master a course of study does not in itself mean perfection, but believing the perplexities of life are to be met by continuous energy, reinforced by refined thought, our State expends time and money in training her citizenship.

To be able to demonstrate the Pythagorean theorem is good, but to be able to form public opinions is better.

We probably will forget the inflection of "amo" and "wissen"; no doubt we'll never think of Pope or Shelly, but we never forget the ideas of industry, loyalty, fellowship, patriotism and fidelity we have learned.

There is no hope for the sluggard.

Honest toil is the only road through the complexities of life. The only poverty to be dreaded by an American boy is the lack of a job.

Although every yesterday is but a dream and every tomorrow only a vision, today well lived makes every yesterday a dream of happiness and every tomorrow a vision of hope.

Let us, therefore, look well to this day.

Class History, 1916

It was September 16, 1912, when we timidly made our first appearance in the Assembly Room to begin our High School career. We numbered fifty-seven strong, and all were enthusiastic over the new class. From the beginning of that year our class became the leader in the High School, in spite of the fact that we were only verdant freshmen. Valuable men were at once found in our class for athletics and their training soon began. As Freshmen and Sophomores our class was not allowed to organize but were kept strictly under the excellent supervision of the faculty, Miss Doan and Miss Saint being our guides. 'Tho we chafed at first under the wise tutelage of the teachers we now owe a quarter part of our success to them.

Two of our number won monograms in athletics this

very first year in High School. We also began to show our dramatic talent as Freshmen when we put on "Every Student," which was a great success.

As Sophomores the class gained a few new members and lost a few, making our number fifty-three. We spent our Sophomore year in Room D where we first knew Mrs. Wilson, the loved, honored and obeyed. This year was remarkable for class activities. In the Spring of that year occurred a most enjoyable picnic. The time was gloriously spent at Harvey's Park west of the city. There our present President had promised that the affair should be strictly democratic but—he spent the whole time in the back end of a boat with just one girl. Many can remember to this day the taste of the cake and pie and the many good eats we had.

This same year, much to the envy of the other classes we hied ourselves away and spent one most delightful and interesting day at Springport visiting the wonderful museum where some of us left marks for future generations to figure out.

In athletics this year our class were leaders. We played the stately Seniors that year in an "always to be remembered" game in basketball, but were defeated. It is talked of yet how wonderful the team played but the game was lost because the team had not had quite enough training. Proud indeed we were though, of the red sweaters two of 1916 won by their prowess in basketball, that year.

Our Dramatic Greatness was further proved year when we gave the fourth act of "The Merchant of Venice." We made ourselves great in the literary line when we published an issue of the Reflector, as Sophomores. So great was our interest in History we gave to Mrs. Wilson for the History Department a wonderful picture of the Forum.

The Junior Year began with the class numbering forty-two. The class organized this year and we soon adopted the Constitution. Class meetings became daily events and many a recitation was interrupted by excited committee meetings in the hall. How good to be a Junior! We felt the high school was ours. Having recovered from the foolishness and insincerity of the two former years, and not having to take on the dignity of Seniors, we set out under the chaperonage of Miss Laura Hedges, to do wonders. A very important meeting soon occurred, with every member present.

"What shall be our colors?" was the all-important question. Old gold and black, was the answer, and our great banner was later on to be unfurled.

"What shall be our motto?"

"Never look toward the Past, but always toward the

Future," was the answer.

Officers were then chosen. Clarence Orner was our President; our Secretary, June Smith, and our Treasurer Bryan Wilson.

At the district tournament this year our class showed their strength in athletics, for the tournament was won. The captain of this winning team was a Junior man, and joy reigned supreme in our class for our heroes on this team.

Our class was noted for its inter-class debates this year, and people from miles around came to hear the interesting discussions. Bryan Wilson, a 1916 man, won in a county contest of the Discussion Contest Club, and further made the class honored in Oratorical work.

The reception that we gave for the Seniors this year was a complete success. Never before had one known of such an affair and it is said that for years back one could not remember of an affair being so much enjoyed and talked about.

We just had to let some of the class spirit out, and so we unfurled a wonderful 1916 banner on Class Day of this year. No, we should not have done it, so our principal, Miss Sheehan, told us. Our banner was taken from us. It could not be found! We were all to have to take the Term Exams if it was not returned! Must we admit it? Well! we were a trifle scared, but finally our banner was returned and we were again the same old, easy-going Juniors.

We were a class numbering forty-one when we responded at the beginning of the Senior year. We choose new officers, the President being Victor Lawson; Secretary, Margaret Green, and Treasurer, Robert Heller.

We, as Seniors, did work that never a class had done before. Excellent issues of The Reflector were put out by us, and the paper did great work. Money was made from it to back an Annual. Nineteen Sixteen was the first

class to publish an Annual! Through many trials and tribulations we went, but at last succeeded and put out a wonderful book that will never lose its glory.

Another delightful party was held by the class, as Seniors, when we enjoyed a hay-ride in the fall of 1915. What a night it was, and in years to come that night will always be remembered!

During this year we, as Seniors, were helped along the rough and rocky way by Mrs. Wilson, who again had us in charge. She brought out our truly business characteristics. When under her supervision we gave a meeting of the City Council for convocation.

You would have surely thought that the City Council

itself was performing its duties, so well did we carry on the session!

At the tournament this year we lost, for the Gods do not twice grant to mortals such victories as we secured the previous year. Our captain was unable to play. The boys played well, we were proud of their record, but Thad was not there, where we sent the ball flying and without the able assistance of our leader, the big game of the tournament was lost. This class is held in high esteem of the scholarship, school spirit and of the noble work done by us in athletics.

The elegant reception given us by the Faculty and Class of '17 made the closing days the most pleasant of the whole four years.



PROPHECY

The scene was full of local color, perhaps, and might have appeared natural to those who were accustomed to the bright lights of Broadway, but for me, a navy deserter,—it was an ethereal paradise, far beyond human comprehension.

After having alighted from a half demolished schooner, which had brought me safely ashore, I had wandered aimlessly along Grand Avenue, wholly mystified by outward appearances. Half captivated by my surroundings, I had unconsciously drifted into the Plaza Hotel. Swayed by the gayety of the masses, I became unconscious of the outside world and was half stupified when suddenly a startled face appeared before me as a

vision. Our eyes met instantaneously—there was a flash of recognition, a doubt,—and the scene had vanished. As if aroused from a stupor, I began to know myself, and as soon, came to realize that I was in the midst of Elite's gayety in the famous "Peacock Alley." I now realized that, attired as I was, I was the subject of conversation, so I hastily made my exit. As I wandered down the street, I, in desperation, looked about for a Hotel where I might secure a more moderate room. But suddenly I began to doubt myself. Was the vision again before me? It was not the reality this time, but instead, a picture of this strange but familiar face. At a second glance at the theatre poster I was awe-stricken, for be-

neath this image I noticed the name of Mlle. Cook. Had Opal Cook really developed into such a personage? Could it be possible that my little classmate Opal was the leading lady in "Princess Pat?" Thrilled with enthusiasm and amazement I determined to seek an interview with her. Almost instantly I noticed a crowd issuing from the theatre doors so I began to consider my hopes fulfilled. Wending my way toward the stage entrance, I was soon admitted by the stage manager,—and was, before I knew it, in the presence of my visionary-face. There was a startling pause—and a look of questioning doubt—perhaps in both of our faces. After a silence, I was on the verge of making myself known—when associations recalled to her my face and name. Seeing the happy expression which invaded her still youthful face, I asked her to visit a cabaret, where we might refresh ourselves and renew acquaintances.

Opal seemed to be in low spirits on this particular evening, having just been separated from Lee Lewis, who thru inefficiency had been discharged from the company, leaving, wholly unmindful of her devotion for him. "But," she sobbed, "he is now gone, probably to be won by Lois Mouch, who is now holding 'Old Maid's headquarters' in Cadiz, Indiana—where she is making a specialty of 'Rats.' She, too, is very lonely since the departure of her former partners, Catherine Bunting and Agnes Jameson. But Catherine could not withstand the opportunities that ballet dancing afforded her, while Agnes wished to return to New York, in order to regain her former polish, this having been worn off during her forty years' existence in Mt. Summit and Cadiz. Even tho this desire for the East influenced them, they left Central U. S. and their deeply cherished friends with reluctance. But why should Agnes stay? George Elliott, having become a second Ty Cobb, has long ago cast her from his heart."

But what of the old basketball stars! Vic Lawson, the all-round star, had not surprised the people. Upon his graduation he wavered between a profession and pedagogy—but finally, through the influence of Eugene Rothrock, our star student, as you remember, he took up the "Post" Course. But, "Vic-like," he soon tired of that, and in company with Ivan Hodson, has gone out West, to grow up with the country. And about Lloyd Diehl? He won renown and fame as a detective in the Orner-Cloud murder case. That was held as a mystery until Diehl became employed. He being personally acquainted with them both, recalled former school relationships—and soon the mystery was solved. Both Clarence and Richard were suitors of Edith Newby. When Richard, upon meeting Clarence in Clifford Lowe's Bar Room, insisted that he had been successful in gaining Edith's hand, Clarence's jealousy became aroused and he immediately administered one of the fatal fumes produced by Orner and Lowe in the old high school laboratory.

Little has been known of Herman Lawell since his appointment as foreign ambassador by Pres. and Mrs. Wilson at graduation, but it is tho't he and Robert Heller, his valet, are serving as Kings of a Cannibal Isle.

Then my mind reverted to Dora Pope, for I had heard before that she, in her poetic way, had chosen as her favorite subject the natives of this same Cannibal Isle. But when informing Opal of this, what I tho't was news, she informed me that she had had a delightful visit with Dora—who was living a happy domestic life in Spiceland, a suburb of New Castle, with G. Bryan Wilson as a devoted husband. He, having been defeated in his last four campaigns for the Presidency, had resorted to platform speaking, as did Russell Brubaker, after an unsuccessful effort at selling the "War Cry."

Dora, being located in Central Indiana, near our dear

old Castle, had kept in direct touch with many of our old classmates. She informed Opal that Paul Wintersteen, through the efficient work of Dr. E. Armstrong, had completely recovered from a severe attack of brain fever. After years of experimentation upon his own brain, which from birth had been pronounced defective, he had established this wonderful sanitarium for such unfortunates and had been successful.

During Opal's visit with Dora they, one Sunday morning attended a church. Upon entering the vestibule, strains of music met their ears. Seated at the organ was Howard Trout, who having become an advanced pupil of Paderewski, was in his processional, holding the congregation spellbound. Soon the choir made an advance and as they came into view, who should be in the midst of them but Margaret Green, one of the most noted celebrities of the sculpturing world. Walking with her was Eufaula Sanders, who had seemingly lost her personal charm, having taught for forty years in the Spiceland Grammar School. Immediately following them were two faces which at first were quite strange; one of them a stern philosopher, who was no other than Floyd Fields; the other Ivan Paul, an eminent lawyer.

Their astonishment was unusual when the pastor made his appearance, for he was no one but Fred Koons, who after many years of hard study in the Theological school, had been made pastor of this wonderful edifice. After the service they secured an interview with Rev. Koons, and learned that he had won Ruth Lawson as a helpmeet, and that she was faithfully administering to the poor and sick of his diocese. Bernice Burgess, a Red Cross Nurse, and Harriet Smith, President of the Y. W. C. A., who thru her organization of towns thro America, had won renown, had both co-operated with Mrs. Koons in her work. Rev. Koons was greatly con-

cerned at this time about the destructive movements prevailing.

He especially spoke of June Smith and James Brown, whose specialty dancing in Chicago had created a very evil influence among the younger set. Hazel Klus had also become a church antagonist, for her desire for society and cards had drawn many away from the religious field.

Marie Miller had also proved a disappointment since she has been serving as a model for America's famous artist, Ira Smith.

Rev. Koons seemed quite saddened over the loss of two of his oldest parishioners. Perry Nation, after thirty years of Fording from town to town in quest of the famous woman aviator, Garnet E. Lee, had at last succeeded in overtaking her and an elopement had occurred.

Levi Carey, now an old, white-haired man, too, had withdrawn from the church and become a successful Salvation Army Leader. It was then a very ordinary sight to see him talking enthusiastically to a large surrounding mass of people—while on the opposite corner, Jessie Grissom, a leading Suffragette, is standing, striving with all her might to win the same people to the heart of her movement.

Upon hearing of the fortunes and fates of my dear old classmates of 1916 I was made glad, and still my heart was depressed. While musing over the pervading conditions, heavy claps of thunder began vibrating the air, and as soon a cold rain began basting my chilled body. Suddenly I realized that I was on the deck of the "Villa," in midocean, awakening from a dream. It was then I realized that my thoughts had been groundless, so in my stupor I arose and wended my way into the cabin, where Dr. James, my partner in Phrenology, was awaiting an interview with me.

THAD W. GORDON.

Class Will

Realizing that the end of our High School career is near at hand, and being a class of notable students and unsurpassed in riches by few, we, the members of the 1916 Graduating Class, after being adjudged by Principal Fox of sane and, sound and mentally intelligent mind, have decided to will collectively, individually and otherwise, the following to our school, faculty and friends.

It is our urgent request that a suitable memorial be placed in these halls of learning in honor of our Class, which published the first High School Annual,—that our faults be forgotten, that our good qualities be remembered, and our honorable debts be paid.

The Senior members of the 1916 basketball team leave their “pep” and good record to the 1917 Class. Said articles to be left in charge of Harry Kampe.

Victor Lawson bequeaths to the Freshman Class a “Post Graduate” course.

Thad Gordon leaves to Russell Trabue a few wires, to be pulled next year.

Paul Wintersteen bequeaths his tonsilitis, pills, dentist engagements and excuses for absence from school, to Arnold Greist.

Agnes Jameson wills to Paul Koons her German E’s.

Garnet Lee, having no further use for her quiet disposition and reticent manner, leaves said articles in charge of Prof. Fox, to be given to Mildred Carrier at the beginning of the 1916 term of school.

Richard Cloud bequeaths to Sylvan Bush, Socialist politician, a hoe in order that he may weed out political corruption in the next four years.

Eufala Sanders, through pity, leaves to Elwood

Daugherty her dust cap and 1 box of Dutch Cleanser. Said Cleanser to be used at least once daily.

Lois Mouch wills her season tickets to the Royal to Doll Heller and Susan Morris.

Lloyd Diehl, the great philanthopist, donates to Jessie Short a speedometer, to be placed on Mr. Short’s tongue in order that he may talk within the speed limit.

Bernice Burgess wills her French curlers and five cents worth of Sugar Kisses to Mamie Applegate and Madge Hernly.

Margaret Green, Annual cartoonist, bequeaths all her ability to the Juniors’ artist.

Having no more practical use for her Bluff, Edith Newby gives it to Ina Mulvahill.

Harriet Smith wills to Marcella Hamilton 1 all-day sucker and a package of anti-fat.

George Elliott, tired of the honors bestowed upon him by the Freshman and Sophomore girls, hands to Earl Poston his Medal for being the most handsome young man in High School.

Dora Pope wills to Thelma Watkins and Edith Rahl 1 Chamois skin and 1 can of “Wimmens” Talcum Powder.

Ira Smith bequeaths to Dudley Smith 1 pound of long green.

Helen Ogborn leaves Miriam Keesling 1 string to hold all the boys.

Realizing that the days of childhood are past, Leotis Lewis leaves to Kenneth Cofield 1 set of Mamma’s apron strings.

With eight more credits than needed, Eugene Rothrock leaves six of said credits to Homer Strong.

Clarence Orner bequeaths to Carl Goble his pacifier.

Edward Armstrong leaves to Rosa Murphy some Irish Mail.

June Smith, Society Editor of The Reflector, bequeaths to John Klinger the blue pencil and clipping shears, in order that he can make a mark and cut up.

Russell Brubaker wills his "Last Rose of Summer" to Mary Stretch.

Ruth Lawson gives to Robert Hogue her spelling book.

Fred Koons, having no more use for his pleasant disposition, bequeaths it to Howard Wise.

Herman Lawell leaves to Mildred Fleming his blonde hair.

— Floyd Fields bequeaths to George Neff his manual training hammer.

James Brown reluctantly disposes of his flaming ties to the girls by giving them to Prof. Boyd.

Marie Miller, after having had the unpleasant experience of parting friendship, bequeaths to Elbert Hayes and Doll Heller 1 package of pins in order that they may stick together. Said pins to be divided share and share alike.

Jessie Grissom wills to Marguerite Koons her Alarm Clock. Said alarm on said clock to be set so as to ring at 10:30 P. M. on Tuesday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday.

Catherine Bunting bequeaths her Irish humor to Francis Johnson.

Levi Carey, ardent class bachelor, wills his bachelor buttons to James Steele.

In behalf of Robert Heller, the Senior Class presents to the school a model student. Said Model to be carefully followed.

Howard Trout bequeaths to Reva Thompson 1 fish-hook, to be used in catching Freshman beaus.

Bryan Wilson leaves his safety razor, used through

High School, to Cleatis Conn.

Opal Cook bequeaths her ability as class chronologist to one of the good-looking girls in the Junior Class.

Hazel Klus, having learned all the latest styles in hair-dressing, wills to Margaret Brown and Georgia Modlin her remaining supply of tickets to the French Hair Dressers Parlor.

Ivan Hodson gives to Herman Luellen a package of dates to be filled.

Perry Nation leaves to Minnie Dingle and Dudley Smith 1 set of Tinker Toys, to be used in building a cozy Bungalow.

Ivan Paul wills to Wayne Armacost his spelling bee.

Clifford Lowe bequeaths to Josephine Sims his rattling noise making machinery.

In Witness Whereof, we have hereunto set our hand this ——— day of May, 1916.

SENIOR CLASS.

Signed:

G. BRYAN WILSON.

The foregoing will was signed by the above named Senior Class in our presence and we signed the same in its presence and in the presence of each other as witnesses.

SUPT. E. W. LAWRENCE.

GENEVIEVE SCHILDKNECHT

Codicil 1. The Senior Class leaves an endowment fund of 3 million dollars, proceeds to be used in erecting new school buildings for the grades and paying all teachers, including those affiliated as instructors in the New Castle High School. Said instructors of said High School to be benefited by raise of salary, which must take place not later than 1920.

Codicil 2. To the High School we leave a modern library, a new system of ventilation and more fresh air.

Codicil 3. All good grades made by the Senior students are left to the faculty, to be distributed among

those who need them next year.

To Prin. Fox we leave 4 Ford spark plugs, to be used on his new project of speed creation.

Codicil 5. By reason of our physical weakness, caused by the never-running hall fountain, we feel duty-bound and without hesitation to appropriate \$3.98 of Class Play proceeds to bribe the janitor to turn on the water during the next school term.

Codicil 6. To the Juniors we leave room F and Mrs. Wilson.

To the Sophomores we leave our love.

To the Freshman we leave our experience, and to the Faculty we leave our thanks for allowing us to leave.

Codicil 7. To the School we leave our record, memories and our sincere wishes for a successful school in the days that are to come.

Nineteen-Sixteen

(CLASS POEM)

Once scattered over all our country wide,

A wayward lot of carefree children ran,
Ne'er cared, nor dreamed, for learning ne'er sighed,
Nor knew the world's great struggles, man to man.
Innocent '16.

But gradually and slowly as the earth

Does its unmeasured orbit move around,
So thirst for knowledge, mingled with mirth
Of youthful minds, with talents yet unfound.
Awakened '16.

But Fate, whose mighty hand none can control,
These stranger scholars one by one it brought

Into the strongest tie that social life can hold—

A studious band with common word and thought.
Class of '16.

With opened eyes we've viewed the world around;

We saw the fields of business, and the need
Of trained and earnest workers; with one bound
We entered "High" in order to succeed.
Ambitious '16.

High School to all, has been a great success,

In Language, Science, History and Art,
As actors, poets, authors, we possess
Such talents as from others stand apart.
Versatile '16.

But we with work with pleasure oft combined,

Have recognized the benefit of play.
We've danced and sung, on dainties often dined;
We've laughed at foolish jokes—we're always gay.
Frivolous '16.

To these our teachers, who have been our guide,

Through all the devious paths of school-book days,
Before we go into the world so wide,
We wish to thank them for enlightening rays.
Grateful '16.

But now we enter different fields of life,

Each works within his own appointed sphere,
To bear his burden in the world of strife
And conquer always, without doubt or fear.
Dauntless '16.

—DORA POPE.

FINIS

(CLASS SONG)

N. H. S. Sixteen

BY ROBT. HELLER

Verse 1.

N. H. S.—The time has come
 For us to leave. Our work is ended;
 Priceless are the joys and pleasures of our School-days.
 N. H. S.—We'll not forget—
 For e'er with you our lives are blended:
 Loyal Sons and Daughters, we, Yes—
 Nineteen Sixteen—Loyal to you always.

Verse 2.

N. H. S.—We'll do our best,
 To spread your fame, we'll labor truly.
 Strong and ready all, through what we've gained in
 School-days—
 N. H. S.—In life's real test
 We'll make you proud and not unduly.
 Faithful to your high ideals, Yes—
 Nineteen Sixteen, Faithful to you always.

Chorus.

Cheer, cheer, the name so dear,
 Cheer for fair old N. H. S.—
 Golden days, Parting ways—
 Bring now the Sadness that sweetens our Gladness—
 Cheer, cheer the name so dear,
 Loyalty and love confess—
 Sound the name and Sixteen's fame—
 Sing the glory of N. H. S.

Class Yells

Razzoo—Razzoo—Johnny get your Bazzoo
 Hip-sticky-i-ki Rah—Rah—Boom—
 Nineteen Sixteen. Give us room.

Rim ram, Rim ram, Rim ram ree—
 Nineteen Sixteen you can see—
 Candy, Peanuts, Strawberry Pop.
 Nineteen Sixteen always on top.
 Z-z-z-z-z-z— boom—bah.



The Call to Peace

CLARENCE W. ORNER

Today, we the class of 1916, have met together with our fellow students for perhaps the last time. We are soon to become factors in various parts of the outside world. Before we separate, we want, with the other classes and our friends to look over some of the problems of the future, one of which is the great question of Peace and War.

War has been in existence ever since Cain killed his brother Abel. It has taken a great grip upon the throats of every generation, until some people feel that it has come to stay. Conditions are similar to those which existed before the Civil War, when many people thought that slavery had become a permanent institution. Yet, it is now a thing of the past. War, too, shall become a thing of the past. National sentiment is being aroused against it. More and more, people are waking up to the fact that warfare is detrimental to humanity and that peace is necessary to the progress of civilization. So strong is this sentiment that the public will in time demand that war become a mere subject of history instead of an active factor in modern civilization.

Before we go too far into the subject, let us first get a glimpse of war. Not much needs to be said concerning the sad tragedies of warfare. They are glaring at us continually in the newspapers and magazines of the day. The terrible loss of life which can be counted in millions, the ravaged property, the vast wealth expended, the degeneration of the survivors; all bespeak a sad lack of reason on the part of the combatants, and presage a blight upon the civilization of the future.

Yet, we know the darkest hour of the night is often just before the dawn, and so, even though one of the darkest periods of history is upon us now in the terrible European conflict, yet I firmly believe that at its close, owing partly to natural reaction, there will begin one of the brightest ages of peace and unity that was ever known in the world's history.

In order to prove this statement, let us take a look back into the long corridors of time, back to where the individual man was the sole unit of government, and see how that, after a time, men commenced to realize the advantage of co-operation and began to form themselves into groups, bound together by family ties. This initial step was very successful because while a number of them were doing the necessary fighting, the others did the work at home that had to be done. Following on up through history we notice that man took another decisive step. After he had tried out the tribal idea for several centuries, he began to make friends with his neighbors and, in time persuaded them to go together with him and build a city at some advantageous location. They surrounded this with a wall, a moat, and several drawbridges. After this was done they were stronger than before and were drawn closer together by common interests.

Then by means of superior force and alliances they joined themselves with other cities and together these cities built up a central government having authority over each and all of them. This union was called a province. Under this system commerce was promoted, and

trade routes were established between provinces.

This led to the uniting of a number of provinces, which had a common language and other common interests, into small nations; other larger groups into world powers. This union produced a greater breadth of thought and enlarged the activities of the people, thus creating a cosmopolitan spirit. This national breadth of view did not detract the individual's thought from his own locality, but rather intensified it.

This step does not end the co-operative process even up to the present time for nearly every nation has its regulating treaties with all other nations, and some powers have allied with other powers for common defense and for the promotion of anything that betters the common welfare.

This leaves but one more step in order to draw all nations into one great international government. Such a course will take away the need of vast armies and navies and will require only a comparatively small force for the purpose of policing the world.

Moreover, we do not have to depend entirely upon past history for evidences of a peaceful age following the European War, for from present day facts and signs we can see the next step towards it in its evolution. Think of this. We have at present fifth International Bureau, with permanent offices, which have a great part in International affairs; five-hundred International Associations which are drawing men of all nationalities into closer fellowship; we have one-hundred-and-fifty International Congresses, which decide many questions relating to trade government, and like affairs; we have many peace unions and agencies all over the world, and these are doing a great deal to give us the right conception of peace. We have settled four-hundred-and-fifty disputes by arbitration in the last century. Treaties and alliances have been made between nations in great

numbers and some of these include disarmament and the settlement of all disputes by arbitration. The membership of nations at the International Hague Conference has increased rapidly and a permanent International Court of Arbitration has been fully decided upon. Jealousies are becoming less between nations. Many offices are being constantly engaged on important matters that effect the civilized world. All these and many other things are working towards world wide peace and unity.

Furthermore, we can not afford to work separately. We are too dependent upon each other for many things. Just notice the different articles in this room—the paintings made by foreign artists; the photographs suggest the inventor of the camera; one of the statues was made from an old Greek original; our music in many cases written by a foreign composer; and so on and on. What we want to see is that we are very dependent on everybody else. Then, too, cities, states and nations are very interdependent. Think what would happen to New York if it were cut off from the rest of the world for one week. Two or three years ago Germany sent a battleship into a French port in Africa with evil intentions and in two days France withdrew so much money from Germany that the Imperial Bank had to increase its loans \$200,000,000 and the stock-exchange was thrown into such a panic that the industries of Germany lost many millions of dollars in a short time. These instances but serve to show that we as nations, cities and individuals are all members of one big world family and that each member is becoming more and more dependent upon all others.

Much has been and is being done towards International Unity, but there is still a great field of work for the future. The main part of this work that belongs to the nations of the world is to form an International

government which shall be composed of five parts. First: an International Court of Justice which would settle all disagreements between nations, even questions of honor; next, an International Congress to make an International Code of Laws to which all nations would be subject; then, an International Army to police civilization; and last of all, an International Protectorate, to protect the rights of each nation. This is the world's work.

The United States, as one of the nations, should not only do its part in the world's work, but should also use less energy and money towards preparedness and more for fighting some of its internal foes, such as Tuberculosis, Typhoid, White Slavery, Political Corruption, and the Liquor Traffic.

Each of us as a part of this great Republic has a voice in the government and we should use it. But aside from that each of us should think peaceful thoughts, act in a peaceful manner, and exert as strong

an influence for peace as we can wherever we may be, because the policy of a republic generally reflects the attitude of the people.

Class of Nineteen Sixteen, we will soon be citizens of this great nation and as such, will be brought face to face with the issues of Peace and War and then we will have to settle them in one way or another. I have tried to bring out the most important facts on the question that we may be able to make a choice between a nation using its energies, its future prosperity and even the lives of its people to kill its neighbors, or a nation that is co-operating with all others in advancing civilization. In making this choice, we will need all that we have learned from books and experience to guide our judgment. And if the call is made, let each of us in the strength of young manhood and womanhood, rally around the standards of peace and drive back the spirit of war into the infernal regions from whence it came.

Ad est finis.







Herman Abrams
Forest Achor,
Paul Archibald
Newell Bacon
Grace Bowyer
Hildred Carrier
Kenneth Cofield
Mildred Conwell
Ralph Cooper
Russel Cummins
Elwood Daugherty
Mildred Dingle
Minnie Dingle
Marcella Hamilton

Nellie Harvey
Eugene Hatfield
Elbert Hayes
Madge Hernley
Olive Hiatt
Archie Hill
George Hill
Ruby Holloway
Alta Jacoby
Frances Johnston
Harry Kampe
Miriam Keesling
John Klingner
Genevieve Kramer

Gretchen Kramer
Ruth Lowe
Hazel McKown
Edgar Mills
Bernice Millikan
Ina Mulvihill
Rosa Murphy
Earl Poston
George Powers
Helen Redd
Edith Richards
Revel Roberts
George Ross
Vivian Shafer

Maria Shepherd
Bernard Shirk
Jesse Short
William Shults
Dudley Smith
Mary Stevens
Homer Strong
Lynn Thomas
Reva Thompson
Russel Trabue
Minnie Williams
Howard Wise,
Ivan Welborn
Minnie Frazier

Class of 1917

The class of 1917, which is so well pictured, which is so full of fair maids and handsome young gentlemen, is to be the leader of all Senior classes next year.

As we leave behind us our infancy, we feel, we even know we have made more progress than other so-called shining lights. Glancing back over our history, let us see what made this Senate of Gods and Goddesses do thus. On entering N. H. S. we were acknowledged to be the best herd of Freshmen ever seen. On our Sophomore year we were the pride of Mrs. Wilson's heart. In our Junior year we have been so studious, Miss Chambers would have slept, had she so desired. We are so angelic.

In glancing over the talent this class has produced, one can easily discern this fact: it leads all others. Our Junior President, "Kink" Kampe is handsome, both as a gentleman and basketball player. He is the best forward ever on a floor. Johnnie Klinger, the boy with the wonderful smile. Poston and Cofield lend strength to our athletic supremacy.

1917 has produced talented artists, ranging from

opera singers, actors and actresses, to Bert Williams II.

Many and varied are the ambitions of this class. Our united ambition is to outshine all pretending rivals, and to support a championship basketball team. Personal ambition is sky-high. One gentleman wishes to become a physician; he already tells us how to sleep. Our most talented talkers are stirring to become lawyers. One aspires to the Supreme Bench. Homer Strong is trying to rival Barney Oldfield.

The teaching idea among the ladies is one in which they wish to become belles of balls. Mr. Wise, our man of ideas is going to become president. The ambition of a few is to fail, so they may be with the present faculty longer.

Now from the artistic pages of this beautiful book, the class of 1917, as beautiful as both Cleopatra and Venus, as handsome as both Earl Williams and Francis X. Bushman, and as powerful as the German Empire, as Juniors, bids you farewell.

J. FRANCIS JOHNSTON

Class of 1918

Altho the life of this most honorable and estimable class, pictured here has as yet been short in the High School, nevertheless, through the zeal and energy of some of the most brilliant scholars, it has attained a reputation worthy of mention, both among the faculty and student body.

The class is now in its last stage of infancy and is

fast becoming able to stand alone. We hope to gain a degree of efficiency, which the most astute Seniors alone have been able to attain.

The Sophomore class has always shown its school spirit by being ready and willing to support any enterprise undertaken by the school. This class is composed of ambitious and aspiring boys and girls, who are striv-

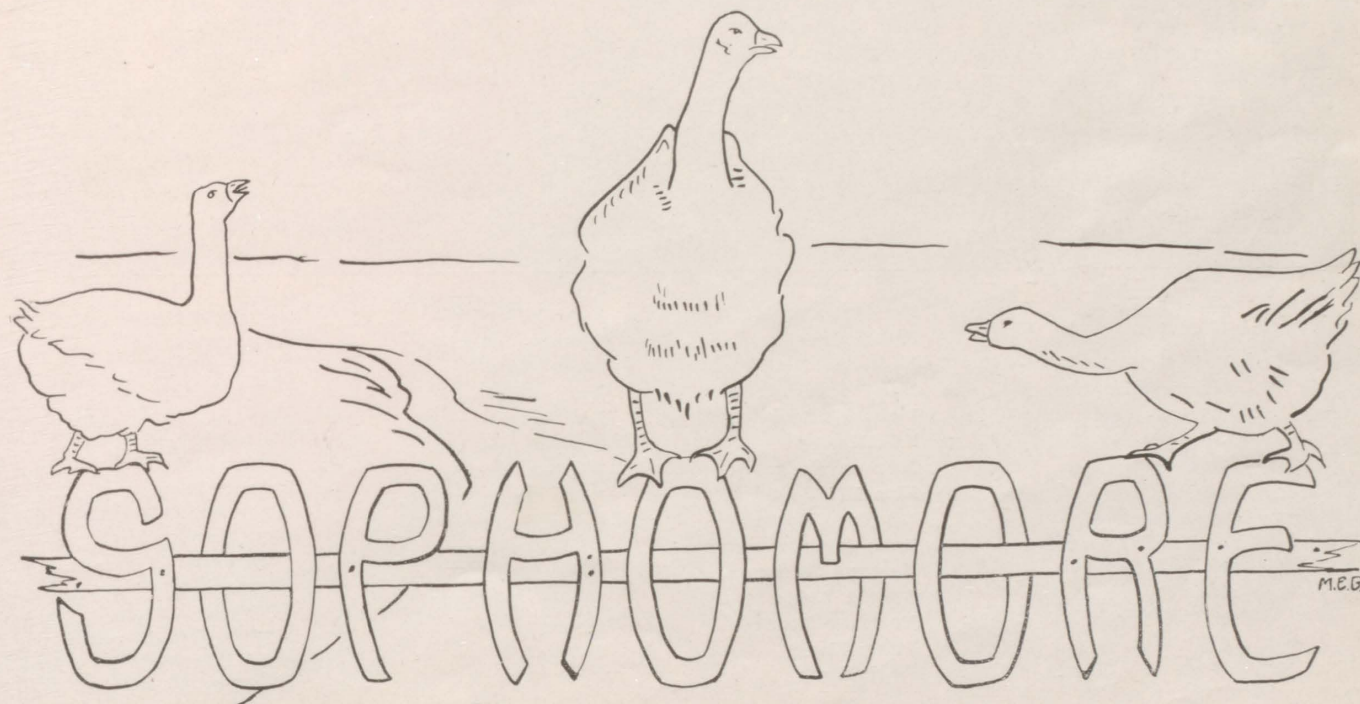
ing for recognition, not only in scholarship, but also in athletics. Through the efforts of the coach and captain L. Pence, who alone are capable of pounding the rules and regulations of the game into the rather thick heads of some of the shining stars, we have made a name well for ourselves in basketball.

Through the untiring efforts of Miss Taylor, we have also managed to lead the other classes twice in spelling. We feel that by next year, Miss Chambers will

have no cause to complain of her room not leading all the others in that line.

Such an array of talent as the Sophomore class possesses will in the future years baffle all opponents. By doing this we may be sure of always coming out ahead in spelling, in athletics and in conduct.

KATHRYN HAMILTON
JESSIE WEYBRIGHT





Gordon Anders
 Mary Archibald
 Basil Beeson
 Margaret Brown
 Edna Burgess
 Sylvan Bush
 Fern Butier
 Ernest Cain
 Cecil Colson
 Katherine Conduitt
 William Craig
 Amie Day
 Marian Emery
 Opal Fraizer
 Evangeline Gibson

Margaret Gough
 Arthur Grissom
 Katherine Hamilton
 Mabel Hansard
 Verna Hansard
 Zola Harvey
 Jeanette Heller
 Nina Hill
 Josephine Hosier
 Grace Johnson
 Margaret Johnson
 Edward Kiddy
 Margarite Koons
 Foster Macy
 Ethel Magee

Esler Miller
 Georgia Modlin
 Susan Morris
 Mary Oldham
 Lee Pence
 Herman Redd
 Beatrice Rinard
 Edith Roll
 Catherine Sherry
 Howard Sherry
 Mabel Smith
 Murray Smith
 James Steele
 Thelma Stevens
 Nora Sullivan

Marcella Tully
 Jessie Weybight
 Arleen Adams
 Nellie Ogborn
 Mary Russell
 Elsie Shepherd
 Virginia Osborn
 Harriett Mann
 Montreau McFarland
 Annie Lawson
 Alta Hiatt
 Francis Klein
 Vivian Cook
 Francis Bundy
 Mark Waggener
 Josephine Simms

FRESHMAN





Virgil Anderson
 Marie Applegate
 Wayne Armacost
 Paul Benton
 Paul Bell
 Helen Bolser
 Joe Burris
 Thelma Byers
 Lela Bettner
 Linley Cook
 Catherine Cummins
 Celia Dalinsky
 Mabel Dalzell
 Anna Delaware
 Ernest Dempsey
 Marcia Fleming
 Mildred Fleming
 Vera France
 Glenn Frye
 Fred Goar
 Wilbur Healton
 Ellen Hernley
 Robert Hogue
 Roger Kramer
 Leland Lawrence
 Herman Luellen

Oris McDaniels
 Howard Miller
 Martha Modlin
 Irene Parsons
 Margaret Ray
 Helene Rife
 Margaret Runyan
 Victoria Scoggan
 Wade Sox
 Cyrus Spannuth
 Walter Stentzel
 Eugene Strong
 Charles Swindell
 Murle Taylor
 Maurine Thornburg
 Bessie Underwood
 Ellsworth Wigle
 Fred Wright
 Eugene Yergin
 Audrey Little
 Eugene Hart
 Merle Laine
 Mildred Laine
 Helen Hoover
 Gladys Keesling
 Mary Hedges

Catherine Dingle
 Laura Day
 Marjory Cox
 Esther Carpenter
 Hallie Shirk
 Alice Smith
 Mary Stretch
 Mary Sweigart
 Leo Waggoner
 Thelma Watkins
 Margaret Wolfard
 Maurice Bales
 Harold Cannon
 Eugene Campbell
 Frederick Cloud
 Carl Coble
 Herbert Lee Conner
 Sidney Field
 Charles Freeman
 Arnold Greist
 George Hernly
 Alta Hiatt
 Nelson Higgs
 Frances Klein
 Paul Koons

Harriett Mann
 Montreau McFarland
 Florence Malkemus
 Virginia Osborn
 Eugene Pence
 Marie Rees
 William Riggs
 Genevieve Schildtknecht
 Dorothy Shafer
 Elsie Shepherd
 Walter Shepherd
 Theodore Wallace
 Archie Armstrong
 Floyd Beall
 Pauline Caster
 Cleatis Conn
 Percy Cook
 Herman Cooper
 Ruth Dingle
 Howard Doyle
 Amanda Fadely
 Mildred Gold
 Blair Gullian
 Earl Heck
 Thomas Houck

Edith Jackson
 Earl Johnson
 Olive Koons
 Aubrey Little
 James Loer
 Elberta Markley
 Frank Miller
 Edward Mouch
 Ruth Newby
 Blanche Nicholson
 Reuben Orner
 Helen Paul
 Inez Record
 Wilbur Robson
 Harold Ross
 Earl Sheets
 Rachel Shelly
 Ruth Skillman
 Ruth Stifer
 Paul Smith
 Lucile Tapscot
 Virgil Teager
 Grethel White
 Martha Wiggan
 Eugene Wilkinson
 Ivan Williams

The 1915 Freshman Class

(The 1919 Senior Class)

When we, the members of the 1915 Freshman Class came into the local high school, we came in mighty numbers, one-hundred strong, the largest class, and I think I may add, one of the most ambitious classes ever seen in this school. Practically the entire high school was forced to change its ways for us. We immediately took undisputed possession of the assembly (with the exception of one refractory Junior) and proceeded to move the Sophomores, Juniors and Seniors, body and soul, into the back corners and by-ways, namely the recitation rooms. There they remain, completely over-awed by our mighty numbers and superior force of intellect.

For the first few weeks, we were closely watched for the first indications of "greenness." However, I think I may safely say that our observers were sadly disappointed, for most of us had had department work before, and we were able to find our classrooms. At any rate we were ably assisted by Miss Duncan, who, after spending at least an hour telling us where to go and how to get there, was informed that school would be dismissed for the day, it being Labor Day, a legal holiday. However, after a few weeks, in which time we had spent getting fairly started upon the weary road to knowledge, we were favored with a general book—heaving. We thought we were greatly favored by such a condescending action from the Seniors (supposedly) but we found that such notice is given to every Freshman class. In fact, it was quite an ordinary occurrence. However, our optimistic spirits were not daunted. We were and still are firmly convinced of the fact that our class is the best class in the high school.

We then began the very easy task of excelling in all classes of sports. We have splendidly built handsome young men to play basketball, and pretty, enthusiastic girls to root for them. You see, it is very easy to win when such forces are combined. Miss Carson said that the Freshman A girls are the best cooks in the high school now. Why, just think what they can do when they are Seniors.

When we are Seniors, we will have the largest and most dignified class of Seniors in the state. We will have the best spellers in the state—we are preparing for that honor now, and we will have the most successful basketball team in the surrounding country. Our class will accomplish more than any other class has or will accomplish. Those are our ideals. As you see, we are "hitching our wagons to stars."

We thought at first that we must look to the Seniors for inspiration and guidance, but we are disappointed in this class of Seniors, as we do not think that we can follow their examples, and be a model class of dignified, stately potentates of this school. So we will adopt rules of our own making which we think will make us what we desire.

Therefore with apologies to the graduating class of 1916, I wish to say that what is now the Freshman Class of 1915, and what will be the graduating class of 1919 has been, is now and always will be the most successful class that ever attended the New Castle high school.

MILDRED FLEMING—Freshman A.

New Castle High School
Nineteen Sixteen



The Reflector Staff

THAD GORDON, '16	-	-	-	Editor in Chief
JUNE SMITH, '16	-	-	-	Society Editor
EDWARD ARMSTRONG, '16	-	-	-	Sporting Editor
PAUL WINTERSTEEN, '16	-	-	-	Circulation Manager
GEORGE ROSS, '17	-	-	-	Advertising Manager
DUDLEY SMITH, '17	-	-	-	Joke Editor

New Castle High School
Nineteen Sixteen



"Graceful and Excellent,"
Much Ado About Nothing.

To designate any member of the above staff as a pre-dominating factor in the successful publishing of the high school paper, The Reflector, for the school year 1915-1916 would be unjust. As a working unit the staff of the past school year could not be excelled. Each student was chosen by reason of interest and qualification. The tone of editorials, the reports of the various editors, combined with the newsy stories of all incidents for the past few months clearly demonstrated that the Seniors made no error in entrusting these students with the position of honor.

The co-operation, interest and qualifications of those in charge of the paper made this year's series of publications one of the best that has ever been published by any Senior class during the six years that the paper has been in existence. From a financial standpoint, better

results could not have been asked for. Through the ever increasing funds derived from the sale of advertising space and copies to the students, the thought dawned upon the staff members to have an annual. Space in the columns were devoted to the boosting of the annual. The Seniors busied themselves and class president, Victor Lawson, after procuring the endorsement of the Seniors and the consent of the Faculty, announced to the school and the world at large that New Castle High School was going to have its first annual. The publication of "The Reflector" was then suspended in order that all effort could be enlisted to support the new enterprise. The members of the staff deserve the utmost praise for their worthy labor and, as a school, New Castle High owes a debt of great proportion to The Reflector Staff of 1915-16.





ANNUAL STAFF ROLL

Top row, reading from left to right—Victor Lawson, Editor-in-Chief; Paul Wintersteen, Circulating Manager; James Brown, Business Manager.
Sitting—Margaret Green, Art Editor; Opal Cook, Literary Editor; Robert Heller, Business Manager; Lois Mouch, Society Editor.

Calendar

SEPTEMBER

6. School opens. Usual reunion of teachers and students.
7. Recitations begin with only a few conflicts.
8. Mr. Fox gives the Freshmen some instructions.
9. The Freshmen become accustomed to N. H. life.
10. First meeting of chorus.
13. Orchestra is organized.
14. Some Senior girls decide to take chemistry.
15. Mr. Lawrence speaks for convocation.
16. Election of officers for Senior class.
17. Library is opened, which means reference work.
20. Usual Monday lessons.
21. Miss Taylor tells the 4-B English class they should be more dignified.
22. Rev. Duncan speaks for convocation.
23. Junior class is organized.
24. Girls' A. A. decides to join Boys' A. A.
27. Mr. Boyd sends the first Freshman from the study hall.
28. Election of "Reflector Staff."
29. Juniors order their class pins.
30. Miss Duncan forgets where the 3-B and 4-B German class recites.

OCTOBER

1. Dr. Canaday speaks on disease prevention.
4. Two Senior girls try to find Ghent in the U. S.
5. The Seniors decide to have an Annual.
6. First basketball practice.
7. Riley Day---very interesting program.
8. Clifford Payne teaches (?) the Geom. A class.

11. Homer Strong goes to sleep in Study Hall, it is Monday.
12. Eventful Day---exams.
13. Girls decide to have 4 teams from the 3 upper classes.
14. First Reflector is issued.
15. Elwood Daugherty is elected yeli leader for boys; Harriet Smith for the girls.
18. Blue Monday.
19. Announcement of Senior Hallowe'en party.
20. Rev. Trabue gives a talk. Juniors receive their pins.
21. Girls' first B. B. practice.
22. Sasan Morris wears a new green skirt.
25. B. B. team very important. They won the game at Pendleton.
26. Mr. Bronson: "Too much moonlight makes one loney."
27. The Senior hay-ride and Hallowe'en party. School dismissed for two days.

NOVEMBER

1. Herman Lawell so nervous after vacation, that he has an explosion in Chem.
2. 4-B Eng. class moves to room G.
3. Civics class goes to jail with Mrs. Wilson.
4. Miss Taylor thinks the Seniors have too many laughter explosions.
5. B. B. team wins the Connersville game.
8. Eng. department begins writing editorials for the Reflector.
9. Lois Mouch wears her hair old-fashioned.

10. Civics class goes to court.
11. Rainy day. Everybody gloomy.
12. Clifford Lowe does not know he is supposed to be drunk in Macbeth.
15. Mr. Kampe sings "Jingle Bells" to celebrate the first snow.
16. Miss Duncan catches Agnes and Lloyd holding hands in German.
17. Rev. Walter speaks during convocation period.
18. Rev. Davis tells the students how to be successful in life.
19. American history class has a preliminary of the N. H. S. and Pendleton game.
22. Two Freshmen caught spooning at noon.
23. Howard Wise and Edgar Holmes have a fight.
24. Miss Ogilvie gives a talk on "Health." School dismissed for Thanksgiving vacation.
29. Seniors select their invitations for commencement.
30. Cards out. Not many happy faces today.

DECEMBER

1. Howard Trout thinks a "know-nothing" is like himself.
2. Reflector comes out.
3. Mr. Stump of I. U. makes a "stump" speech.
6. Miss Chambers forgets herself and gives the boys in Eng. 4-B a calling.
7. Some boys are caught playing ball in the hall, the 8th period.
8. Juniors have charge of convocation exercises.
9. Robert Heller is overcome with laughter.
10. N. H. S. wins the Hartford City Game.
13. Mr. Bronson introduces the muff as a pillow for the "sleeping Freshmen."
14. The Capt. of the B. B. team comes to school with pie on his face.
15. Joseph Burris begins wearing "spees".

16. Debate between Depauw and Earlham at N. H. S.
17. N. H. S. turned into a "wholesale cannery."
20. Dudley Smith forgets to comb his hair.
21. Mrs. Wilson returns to school.
22. Domestic Science girls have a candy sale.
23. Dismissed for Xmas vacation.

JANUARY

3. N. H. S. has a good beginning for the New Year.
4. Some monkeys (Seniors) are locked in the store room.
5. Hazel Klus gets tired of sitting in her seat and sits on the floor.
6. Miss Chambers returns to school.
7. N. H. S. wins the Connersville game.
10. Some Seniors stay in after school to finish Chem. note books.
11. List of exemptions is read.
12. Test begins.
13. More tests.
14. A vacation for the students.
17. About 40 Freshies enter N. H. S.
18. June Smith teaches German.
19. New Castle wins the Middletown game.
20. Miss Duncan returns.
21. A very heated discussion about the "jitney bus" in Civics class.
24. Carbon bisulphide proves fatal for the pet rat in Chem. storeroom.
25. Lloyd Diehl and Geo. Elliott fall off their chairs.
26. Victor L. thinks "sparking space" should be provided in N. C.
27. The three lower classes have their pictures taken.
28. Some R. H. S. students visit N. H. S.
31. A rainy day, but Genevieve Kramer's hair furnishes light.

FEBRUARY

1. Mr. Lawrence gives an interesting talk in Civics class.
2. Levi Carey thinks marriage licenses are too expensive.
3. The Seniors display their ability (?) in first spelling lesson.
4. N. H. S. wins the Middletown game.
7. The Civics class begins the City Council election.
8. Dudley Smith is elected Mayor.
9. Prof. Kenny, of Franklin college speaks.
10. Dora Pope makes a mistake (?) and hands Mr. Bronson her history note book.
11. Mr. Barnard gives an interesting talk on Abraham Lincoln.
14. Cupid shoots his darts in N. H. S.
15. The "mumps" come to school with Edith Newby.
16. City Council meeting for convocation.
17. The Domestic Science girls entice the B. B. boys with their delicious cookies.
18. Visiting day for N. H. S.
21. Clarence Orner teaches algebra for Mr. Boyd.
22. Rev. Corts talks on George Washington.
23. Harry Kampe goes to sleep.
24. Leotis Lewis becomes a staunch supporter for civil service examination.
25. Perry Nation forgets where he lives.
28. John Klinger refuses to be a laughing stock for N. H. S.
29. Mr. Hinshaw talks to the Civics class about the primary election.

MARCH

1. Rev. Chadwick speaks on the opportunities of an education.

2. Fred K. and Leotis L. tell about their "trip" to Plainfield.
3. A Senior girl is sent back to the 2nd grade.
6. Thad G. thinks New Lisbon should be called "Vic(k)sburg."
7. Agnes Jameson moves to Mt. Summit.
8. Prof. Ernsberger, of Wittenberg college gives an interesting talk.
9. Girls' B. B. team picture is taken.
10. B. B. team and others leave for tournament at Richmond.
13. Senior girls decide to dress uniform for commencement.
14. The Chemistry class visits the gas plant, and goes through the "steamy furnace."
15. First rehearsal for Senior play.
16. Mr. Fox reads a very interesting paper on the natural resources of Indiana.
17. Rev. Steel gives a profitable talk on the effects of alcohol on the human body.
20. A Senior boy picks on little Jack Burns.
21. The Freshmen exhibit their musical talent for convocation.
22. Police visit N. H. S.
23. Domestic Science girls give a banquet for the B. B. boys.
24. Dismissed for spring vacation.

APRIL

19. Class play.

MAY

5. Faculty reception.
12. Junior reception.
19. Class Day.
21. Baccalaureate sermon.
26. Commencement.



'Twas Christmas Eve

The sun like a fiery red ball lingered with expectation on the horizon as the boom of a cannon died with an echo over the snow driven hills. Five men on horseback led by a pair of demon-eyed blood hounds rushed through the prison gates and headed for the North Woods whither had fled a convict a few hours before.

As the blood curdling bay of the dogs penetrated the forest, the evader quickened his gait and clutched the throat of his torn jacket. His progress was somewhat delayed by a limp caused from a pair of bleeding feet. He stumbled, at a half running gait, down the narrow path that wound its way through the hindering oaks. His thin body seemed to sway with each gust of the wintry wind that brought a blinding shower of snow. He had gone quite a distance when, as he listened with an eager ear, the wind brought the melancholy tinkle of a bell. His face brightened at the thought that here might be a possible hiding place. As he continued his journey, he burst into a clearing in the center of which was a deserted hermitage that was almost covered by dead shrubbery and trees. The little bell that had once welcomed the weary traveller, now dolefully sounded a mournful note for its deceased master, who had hung it there. As the prisoner started to conceal himself, he realized his thirst was great and stooped to quench it in the fountain beside the once welcome door-way, when he caught sight of an inscription rudely carved on the marble slab, through which was a crucifix; the inscription requested that all who drank should pray. As he read there came a look of guilt across his countenance that gave way to shame. He knelt; as he knelt, he prayed. He thought of the Christmas eve he had spent with his

once wealthy parents when he was young and innocent, and before the vice of gambling had gripped him. He confessed how, through his fellow club members, he had learned and formed the habit; and after losing his father's fortune and throwing his kind, patient parents into poverty in which they died, he had forged a note on his best friend to pay his debts and regain his social standing; and how after forging other notes, he was caught and tried and sentenced to prison. Not only had he committed these crimes, but was he not now trying to escape the punishment God had designed for him? Why should he not receive his punishment as Christ had his death with a brave heart and confidence in the power of God?

As he prayed, the naked trees listened, bowing their heads in approval as would the knowing priests in the distant monastery. The wind had ceased its raging and the sky was clear. The moon was peeping over the tree tops at the penitent. The little bell had ceased to sound its mournful note, but instead, a distant sound of chimes seemed to rise and fall over the tree tops. Mingled with the chimes came blended voices of a multitude, singing a Christmas carol. This all seemed to die with the passing breeze. As it ceased, he raised his head and beheld a holy light surrounding the crucifix, which spectre held him, open mouthed in wonderment, until the bay of the blood hounds brought him to his senses.

When the guards reached the unfortunate victim, he still wore a smile, but his smile was fixed.

As the recording Angel looked upon this scene, he wrote at the bottom of a dark page, "Forgiven."

D. A. SMITH, '17

My First Week As a Freshman

SEPTEMBER, MONDAY: I started to high school in a nervous state of mind, and with five big books under my arm. A Speller, American Leaders and Heroes, English Grammar, Beginner's Algebra and Physiology made up the bunch. I made my way up three long flights of stairs and finally was situated in a front seat of a room nine rows wide and seventeen seats long, with a library in the rear. I sat there looking around, when Miss Duncan, one of the teachers sitting in front on a platform, rang a bell, this was unusual to me, so I watched the movements of the others in the room; no one seemed to have noticed it, and I felt relieved. In about five minutes, two bells pealed through the room, and then students seemed to pour in from everywhere. After they were all seated, Mr. Fox, the principal, got up and asked about the program. He corrected a conflict for a girl called Bernice Millikan and a boy called Horace Upham. I got my program straightened out with the help of Homer Strong and Floyd Fields.

When the bell rang again, I was ready to follow my schedule.

1st Period---Study	. . .	Miss Conner
2nd Period---English	. .	Miss Chambers
3rd Period---Study	. . .	Miss Gustin
4th Period---Algebra	. . .	Prof. Boyd
5th Period---Manual Training		
6th Period	“ “	Mr. M.
7th Period---Study	. .	Miss Chambers
8th Period---Latin	. . .	Miss Conner

I did not study much the first period, but was a little nervous. My English was to be in Room “C” at the end of the hall, Robert Heller told me. As this hall had

two ends, I proceeded to the one that looked the most inviting. A room with stained-glass windows; I opened the door and saw about ten girls sitting around a table sewing. I asked them if this was the English Class. I was soon hurried to the other end of the hall. I got along fairly well, but learned I would have to discard my English Grammar, only half used and buy “Currey's Literary Selections.”

I had more or less trouble in every class; had to do without History, couldn't even use it in Latin Class. Guess this is all the important events for today, so good night.

TUESDAY: Got along alright with my lessons, but the funniest thing happened; I had a stick of chewing gum in my mouth, just chewing away the first period this morning. Mr. Fox came up to me and asked what I had in my mouth. I just couldn't get out of it, so I said, “Gum.” He said, “You remind me of a young bird opening its mouth for food.” I thought that was funny and laughed out loud. Then he said, “you may also take your final examinations.” Miss Conner then told me to put my gum in the waste paper basket. She was busy, so I slipped it on the under side of my desk and threw a paper wad in the basket. I took my seat and studied hard till the end of the period. When I went to get up, I found I had gum all over the knees of my trousers---just for not obeying. I decided to follow this motto, “Obey When You Are Told, So In the Learning You May Be Wise.” I must study German now. Good night.

WEDNESDAY: Nothing especially happened today, only the seventh period, I saw Lloyd Diehl shoot a paper

wad at Elwood Daugherty and hit him in the face. I went up and told Miss Chambers, she said she was not going to tire her voice out talking to them, so the boys were sent to Mr. Fox. I saw both of the boys after school and they called me "Tattle-Tale" before everyone. I guess I won't do such a trick again.

THURSDAY: Things went fairly well today, but for one terrible incident. George Hill stuck me in the back with a pin, I yelled out something, Miss Gustin called me up in front, everyone was pointing their fingers and laughing. Miss Gustin told me to turn around, I did so, and she gently unpinned a paper on my back, saying--Freshman, Freshman, Le-He-He. I went back to my seat very angry, but am getting used to high school now.

FRIDAY: Wrote a theme today, entitled "How Dudley Smith Proved Himself a Hero." I called it a very good one, but when I got through reading it, I found

I was mistaken. Miss Chambers said, "too many ands," "no details," and above all I said, "the boy was almost drowned," instead of saying drowned.

I made friends with Frances Johnston the other day and heard he was real smart in school. I asked him to work an Algebra problem, and he said he did not know how. I asked several others--Jessie Short, Earl Poston, Thad Gordon, Forest Achor and Elbert Hays. They all refused me, but finally I got Archie Hill to get it for me.

I had lots of trouble with my drawings, for Manual Training, but Lee Lewis and Fred Koons helped me with them.

Well this all the happenings for this week, but I shall always follow the motto, "Wreck Not Your Mind With Foolish Thought, But Polish Your Mind With Work." I guess I'll go to the picture show now.

OLIVER KOONS

A Rally In Civics

BY THE OBSERVER

Cries of "Red, Red, Red," rent the air. Loyal supporters of the Green party arose and shouted "Green, Green up with the color." All was in an uproar. The rumble sounded like the grumbling of the mighty ocean. A storm was brewing, but ah, my friends, 'twas not to be a storm upon a deep sea water, but it was to be one of words. There was a ripple of silence as Mrs. Isadore Wilson rose from her chair on the platform erected on Pence's lot. With one hand on the table before her and the other one grasping the gavel and pounding vocifer-

ously, she calmed the multitude. When all was silent, she expostulated,—"Ladies, gentlemen, friends, knockers and would be citizens, we are met here in the open air on Pence's lot amidst the snow, ice, tin cans and other implements of domestic life to extoll in plain every day, easy understandable language, the platform of the two political parties namely the Red and the Green. Personally I am not prejudiced, but will vote as my conscience dictates. We will hear these men," cries of "Hear Orner, hear him," were yelled. Be patient there

Fred Koons, or I'll have Constable Sanders object you. If you want to talk, I'll just wait a minute, but if not as I was saying, we will now hear Mr. Clarence Orner, peace speech maker and peanut politician, Mr. Orner.

Cheer after cheer tore the air. Order through the assistance of Constable Sanders and deputy Newby was at last restored. In a voice husky, but audible, Mr. Orner after taking the speakers stand said, "Beloved fellow citizens, as I look out upon this vast multitude of expectant faces, I see the reason why we have a Green Party. We endeavor to accomodate all. I have talked so much during this campaign that my voice is fast failing, and I must to my regret refrain from speeching to you, and give only the Green Platform.

"Plank One. We believe in woman's rights and the non-sale of beer, whiskey, skillets, rolling pins or other implements of war at the grocery store.

"Plank Two. We believe in public hitch racks, in franchising the jitney buses and our women folks of said city of Civics.

Plank Three. We believe in being honest and a greater economy in public utilities.

Drawr. subscribed to and entered in the Daily Times and Daily Courier this thirteenth day of Jucember, 1916. "Long Live the Greens," "Down With the Reds," and "On to Victory," split the ears of the most deaf.

Again we have Isadore Wilson, chief chairman and city overseer arising. This time with tears in her eyes and the whole multitude tearless, she speaks thusly: "Gentlemen and Ladies, not because of this wonderful speech we have just listened to do I cry, but because my feet are getting cold do I weep. Next on the program we have a man who is not as good as he used to be. He is not only a has been, but a one-lunged Red politician. Mr. George Washington William Jennings Bryan Wil-

son. At this jecture, one woman who tried to grasp the name, fainted.

Mr. Wilson arose and with a voice pitched unto the cloudlets rushing high overhead in the moonlit heavens, he said, "friends long has been the time since I have had the pleasure of looking out over such a vast sea of upturned faces whose very wink of the eyes bespeak the desire for life, liberty and pursuit of happiness. Tonight in the words life, liberty and pursuit of happiness, we give you our platform. What more could you ask?

I do not propose to let this bunch of humbuggers sting the good people of Civics again. No Siree. Look at the old Green Party. The platform is so old that the green grass grows all around. Look at the men. Who do they have? They have Lloyd Diehl as candidate for mayor. He never gave anybody a square deal in his life. He came from Brown county to this city, worked on the streets and ran for Sheriff. He got it and has let more criminals get away than any other officer we have ever had. He came from Brown county and still imagines he's living down in the valley, and that the thugs will roll down the hillsides into his iron claw. Search diligently through the whole rank and file of the party, and you will find nothing but corruption, graft and pitiable conditions. Examine my Party! See who we are putting in the field. We are putting men and women. Dudley Doolittle Smith, our candidate for mayor has risen from the ranks. 'Tis true, he has grown from a boy to a man. As a child, we find him peddling papers, as a youth, we locate him as chief salesman of hamburgers in one of the city's leading emporiums. Today through honorable dealing, well salted and fried sausages, he holds the position of proprietor of one of the most elaborate stands of hamburger business in the city. Risen from the ranks, he must not fall—Nay Nay. Who was it said that was all we had? Say you broken down

bum out there, we have in our list a man who gave this city two years of peace from that horrible demon, rum. George Elliott was the man. It was the editorials in his paper that put Civics dry in 1911. Vote for him. He still possesses that old fighting spirit. You cry for a better economical administration, elect Agnes Jameson, she is economical, she has studied them, every one, and can work a quadratic equation while any man found on the Green Party is taking his pencil from his pocket. Bob Heller will help her if she can't do it herself. Bob also knows roads, having examined those from Cambridge to New Lisbon, more than once. I tell, cries of put him out," "kick him," "liar, thief and crook," were audible. Someone yelled, "a fight," women screamed and panic reigned, even though the drops turned to hail. All ran, save Constable Sanders, for 'twas she who arrested Leotis Lewis and Ivan Hodson for starting the roughhouse and breaking up the meet-

ing. It 'twas she and she alone who congratulated Messrs. Orner, Wilson and Diehl as they lit up their "Square Diehls" and pulled down their ear tabs.

That night with the words of the orators frozen in their ears, faces, eyes, and noses, the men and women debated. Next morning at the polls, Herr Lawell presented himself with a patched up head, dexteriously injured by Frau G. Lee. He was told to vote Red, and Red he voted. All day the citizens thronged the balloting booths, and at last when all the returns were in and all were waiting at the Rose City for announcement of results, Paul Wintersteen, Victor Lawson and Thad Gordon, town reference bureau, custodian and librarian, respectively rushed in the door, single file, and announced to the mighty congregation present that Lloyd Diehl had left town, his party was beaten and the town of Civics was once more to pursue life, liberty and happiness under Red administration.

Don't waste midnight oil either in a Packard or study lamp.
Don't powder your face; war is still going on.
Don't buy fountain pens; borrow somebody's.
Never buy theme paper; the freshmen have plenty.
Don't study too hard; it makes hair come out. Look at Fox.



Annual Society

EDITED BY LOIS H. MOUCH

HAY RIDE—The class of 1916 gave a Hay Ride on the 27th of October. The party drove to the country home of Harry Hunt, and there spent a most enjoyable evening around a big roaring camp-fire, roasting winnies, toasting marshmallows and eating hazel-nuts. The party was chaperoned by Miss Gustin and Miss Wagner, ??? who proved to be excellent chaperons ???

FIVE O'CLOCK TEA—Miss Jeanette Heller gave a pretty Five O'clock Tea, December 4th in honor of Miss Heller Morgan, of Greenfield, Ind.

DINNER DANCE—Prominent among the social events in February was the Valentine Dinner Dance given by Miss Lois Mouch and Miss Edith Newby at the home of Miss Mouch on South Main street. The guests were invited for seven o'clock, and at the appointed hour, a pretty four-course dinner was served in the dining room. A pleasing color scheme of the rainbow colors, rose, blue, and yellow prevailed in all appointments. Ofelia roses and sweet peas were arranged attractively throughout the entire first floor. Following the dinner, the guests were invited into the ball-room, which was decorated appropriate to St. Valentine's day. A Victrola furnished music for the dancing. Among the invited guests was Miss Doris Kinneman, of Richmond.

BIRTHDAY DINNER—Miss Frances Bundy gave a beautifully appointed dinner Sunday evening, January 16th at the Bundy Hotel. A clever color scheme of yellow and white was carried out in all the appointments. Covers were laid for thirty guests.

OPEN HOUSE—Miss Madge Hernly held Open House Sunday afternoon, February 13th in honor of Miss Mary Deardorff and Miss Anne Koons, of Muncie.

"SPRING VACATION NOTES"—Miss Edith Newby spent her vacation in Indianapolis; Miss Agnes Jameison went to Jackson, Mich., to visit her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Jackson; Miss June Smith visited Mrs. Don Bowyer, nee Miss Dorothy Bouslog in Chicago, Ill.; Miss Lois Mouch was the guest of friends in Indianapolis; Miss Jeanette Heller visited her aunt in New York City.

SIX O'CLOCK DINNER—The Domestic Science class, under the supervision of Miss Lillian Carson, entertained the Basketball Team and Principal Fox, G. Bronson, James Boyd, I. W. Morrow and Brown at a delightful Six O'Clock Dinner, March 23rd at the high school.

IN HONOR OF THE TEAM—Miss Harriet Smith proved herself a charming hostess, when she entertained the members of the Basketball Team and their coaches at a Dinner, Tuesday evening, March 21st. A color scheme of green and white was used in the appointments of the table. The guests found their places by means of clever name miniature pictures of the team for the girls and tiny leather basketballs for the boys. The members of the team responded with many delightful toasts. Following the dinner, a pleasant evening was spent with dancing and contests, of which Miss Rosa Murphy was the winner.

SURPRISE PARTY—A delightful Surprise Party was planned and successfully carried out on Miss Bernice Millikan at her home on East Broad street, February 7th. During the evening, dancing and games were enjoyed, later a tempting picnic-lunch was served to about sixteen guests.

FACULTY BANQUET TO SENIORS—The members of the Faculty gave a Banquet honoring the Seniors at the Bundy Hotel, May 5th. The dining room was most artistically decorated for the occasion. An excellent program was arranged and several very clever toasts were given. Covers were laid for the Faculty, the Seniors, and the members of the School Board and their wives.

JUNIOR RECEPTION—One of the most delightful receptions ever given in honor of the graduating class was held May 12th by the 1917 class. The scene of this charming affair was tastefully arranged with peach blossoms and wall-pockets, filled with daffodils. The Junior class stood in the receiving line and greeted the guests, who also included the Faculty and members of the School Board and their wives. Mr. and Mrs. Beriault, of Indianapolis gave two short plays, entitled "A Pair of Lunatics," and "A Happy Pair," which were exceedingly interesting, and won many encores. Following the

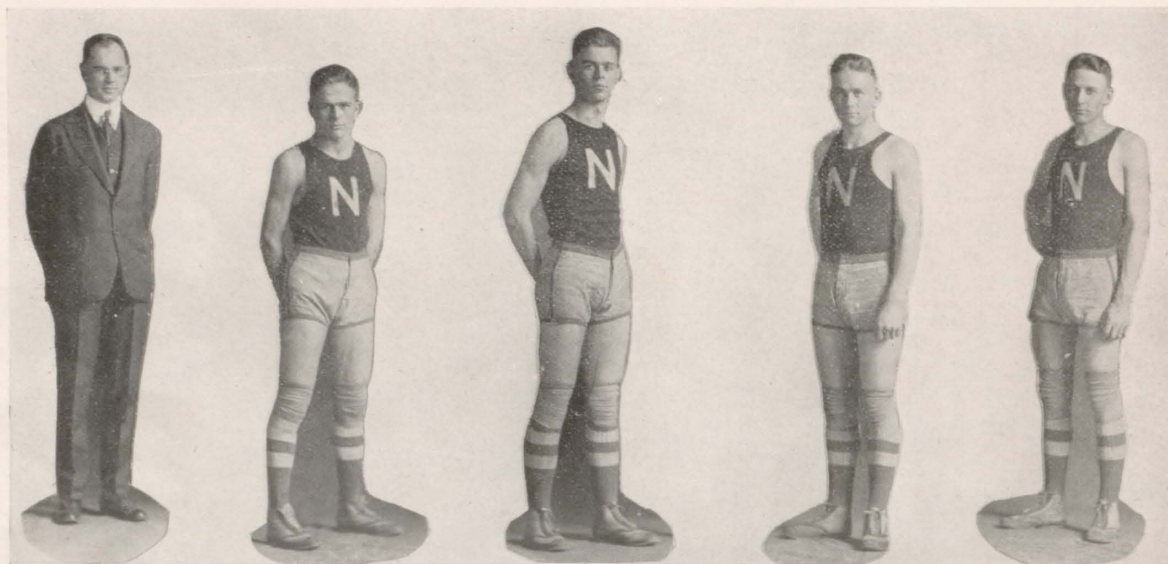
program, a most appetizing lunch was served. Blue and gold which are the class colors were carried out in the ices, which were tiny yellow basketballs, for the fellows, and charming blue slippers for the girls. During the serving, music by a Victrola was enjoyed. Dancing was the feature for the rest of the evening. A noticeable and very pretty feature of the affair was that the young ladies were charmingly gowned.

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION PARTY—A most enjoyable school event of the year was the party at the high school by the members of the Girls' Athletic Association, Tuesday evening, April 11th. An excellent program was arranged for the evening. Miss Duncan, in her pleasing manner, gave several delightful readings. Miss Rosa Murphey favored the guests with vocal solos, and Miss Alta Hiatt with piano solos. Very dainty refreshments were served and during which Miss Ina Mulvihill acted as toastmistress. The teachers responded readily with many clever toasts. Dancing was then enjoyed. A Victrola furnished the music.

SENIOR CLASS PICNIC—The 1916 Class Picnic will be in the afternoon, May 19th, after the class day program, at Shivley's Park. Mrs. Isadore Wilson will chaperon. The Seniors are all anticipating on having a jolly, good time.

Since we've told you of all the delightful times we Seniors have enjoyed in our last year at school, we extend our most heartiest wishes to the remaining classes in dear old N. H. S. to try to participate in as many successful festivities the coming year. "So here's to the Freshmen, Sophomores, and Juniors, may your social life in your Senior year be as extensive as the class of 1916."





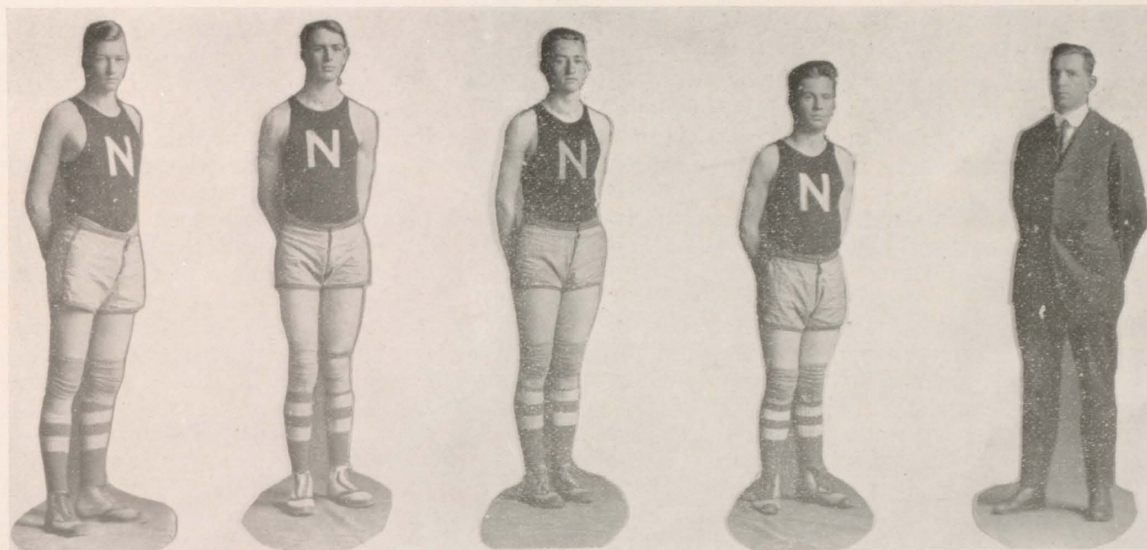
I. W. MORROW has proven himself to be a very able manager of a basketball team. Coming direct from a coaching and managing school, he has managed the team for the last two years and has been very successful in the work. He also assists in coaching the team.

GORDON, captain of this year's team has played three years on N. H. S. quintets. He is one of the hardest working and cleanest players on the team and is exceptionally good in handling the ball. He was chosen as an all-district forward last year but sickness caused him to stay out of the tournament this year and his absence proved a great loss to the team.

LAWSON, center and captain of last year's team has rounded out four years on local squads. He was chosen as all-district center last year and was considered one of the fastest players in this section of the state this year. He can hit the basket from almost any point on the floor consequently he scored quite a number of points.

KAMPE is the "pep" man of the squad. He is always moving and when he starts down the floor with the ball nothing short of a stonewall can keep him from getting at least one shot at the basket. He plays forward and is a good point maker. Kampe is captain of next year's team.

ROSS, although rather light for a guard makes up for lack of weight with speed. He played the game all the time and gained a reputation as a guard to be feared. Ross also scored three field goals in each of the games at the tournament. His season's average is less than two field goals scored against him per game.



KLINGER started the season at forward where he scored quite a number of points but was latter shifted to guard where he played a very good game. Klinger played his best game in the Anderson contest when he held Ransey, center and "star" of the Anderson quintet to two field goals. Klinger is left for next year's team.

DIEHL, sub guard and center played his last game against Richmond in the tournament. He is the find of the season, beginning basket ball this year he has played in several games, substituting for Klinger and Lawson in a very creditable manner. He played in both games at the tournament owing to Capt. Gordon's sickness.

FENCE played a few minutes in the Richmond contest here owing to Lawson's sickness and showed up well at guard. He also played forward in the Middletown game scoring three field goals. Next year should see Pence a regular playing the game of his life.

LAWELL, sub forward played in but one full game, the Muncie game in which he substituted for Klinger at guard who had a wrenched back. He played a few minutes in several other games at forward, scoring the only field goal made by the team at Muncie. He also go into the Richmond game at the tournament.

L. L. BROWN, a former teacher of chemistry and physics has washed many high school and college teams in basketball, football and track. We were extremely fortunate to have a man of such wide experience offer his assistance.

Basketball

In response to the call for candidates for the basketball team, quite a number of students of more or less known ability turned out. With Captain Gordon, Lawson, Kampe and Ross as a nucleus, a team was developed which made an excellent showing throughout the season and at the tournament.

At the start of the season, Captain Gordon was shifted from forward to guard, and Klinger was put at forward in an effort to make a more perfect scoring machine.

The first game of the season was at Pendleton, when the Green and White Warriors came out victorious, 31 to 21. The next week Connersville was easily defeated, the final score being 48 to 7.

The next game did not turn out so successfully for the locals, as they were defeated at Anderson by the close score of 25 to 23, although in a somewhat questionable way. The team "came back and registered a 19 to 11 victory over Hartford City and defeating Pendleton again 33 to 9.

Later, the local quintet lost at Richmond, 28 to 16, although they again handed Hartford City a 51 to 7 beating. The next week the locals again lost, this time to Muncie by the score of 16 to 9.

On Tuesday before Christmas, the Green and White Warriors invaded Cicero and came out victors in a closely contested game, 12 to 11. In this game, Captain Gordon returned to his old position at forward, and Klinger was shifted to guard. The combination proved quite effective and this line-up was used the remainder of the season. The new year opened with a 36 to 20 victory over Connersville and a 41 to 21 victory over Brookville.

Returning from a week-end trip to these two cities, the locals won two games from Middletown, the scores being 32 to 11 and 60 to 7, but sandwiched between these two victories was a defeat handed the locals by 28 to 24. However, there might have been a different tale to tell about this game, had not Captain Gordon and Lawson been sick. The team again met defeat, this time by Muncie, who went home at the long end of 37 to 16 score. The locals however easily defeated Waynetown, 41 to 7, although they were still crippled.

In the next game, the locals met Cicero, and had them beaten, but as they became overconfident in the last minute and allowed Cicero to tie the score. A period of overtime was played, but the score still remained a tie and will stand as such on the records of the two teams. Anderson ended the regular season by defeating the Green and White Warriors, 19 to 18, in one of the fastest games of the season. The locals outplayed Anderson throughout the game, getting twice as many shots, but failure to connect with the basket, lost them the game.

Throughout the season, the element of ill-luck has followed the team. The team developed good team work and out-played their opponents most of the time, but they were not able to hit the basket.

Sickness and injury have also proved an important factor in the fortunes of the team. Beginning with the Muncie game early in the season, the team entered practically all important games with one or more regulars out of the line-up.

Lawson, Gordon and Klinger were out of the line-up some time during the season, Ross being the only man who participated in all of the games.

The Record

October 22—New Castle, 31; Pendleton, 21.
November 5—New Castle, 48; Connersville, 7.
November 12—New Castle, 23; Anderson, 25.
November 19—New Castle, 33; Pendleton, 9.
November 26—New Castle, 19; Hartford City, 11.
December 3—New Castle, 16; Richmond,, 28.
December 10—New Castle, 51; Hartford City, 7.
December 17—New Castle, 6; Muncie, 16.
December 23—New Castle, 12; Cicero, 11.
January 7—New Castle, 36; Connersville, 20.
January 8—New Castle, 41; Brookville, 21.
January 14—New Castle, 60; Middletown, 7.
January 28—New Castle, 24; Richmond, 28.
February 4—New Castle, 32; Middletown, 11.
February 11—New Castle, 16; Muncie, 37.
February 19—New Castle, 42; Waynetown, 7.
February 25—New Castle, 28; Cicero, 28.
March 3—New Castle, 18; Anderson, 19.



Shults

Poston

Riggs

Cofield

Upham

Diehl

Armstrong

Boyd

The N. H. S. "Seconds" of 1915-1916

The "Seconds" of the local High School have enjoyed a very successful season of basketball, considering the great handicap they have been playing under. They have not had a permanent line-up, as sickness on the first team has taken some of the second team men in nearly every game they have played.

In the eight games that have been played with Anderson, Richmond, Cadiz, Mooreland and Mt. Summit, the locals have won four games and have lost four.

Prospects For Next Year.

As the first team lacks several men for next year's team, the vacancies should be well filled by Poston, Riggs, Upham and Cofield, who have played a good game of basketball all season and with sufficient coaching should be depended upon as winners next year.

GEORGE ELLIOTT

The Girls' Basketball Team

The girls of the High School organized early in the season and under the coaching of Miss Conner, prepared for the usual girls' game.

However, after several weeks of practice, the girls were forced to give up their practice for some time, owing to the large number of boys' teams allowed the use of the gym.

But early in March the girls began practicing again. The only game of the season was played March 22. This game was entirely different from any heretofore played by the girls, boys' rules being used. Although this game was slow in places, it never lacked in interest. As boys' rules were new to the players, after seeing some of the fast games played by our first team, this game would

naturally seem slower. The teams were evenly matched and it would be hard to select one person as a star. Those of the "Greens" who put up the best fight were Ogborne and Kramer; the "Reds," Murphey and Kessell. The game was played in three ten-minute thirds. No points were made by either side during the first third; at the end of the second part the score stood 4 to 0, Kessell, the "Red's" center, making two field goals. The final score was 7 to 3 in favor of the "Reds."

From a financial standpoint the game was a decided success, the girls clearing over \$50.

The G. A. A. decided at a meeting soon after this game to hold an Athletic feed; the date and arrangements, however, have not been decided.





DAUGHERTY

Daugherty

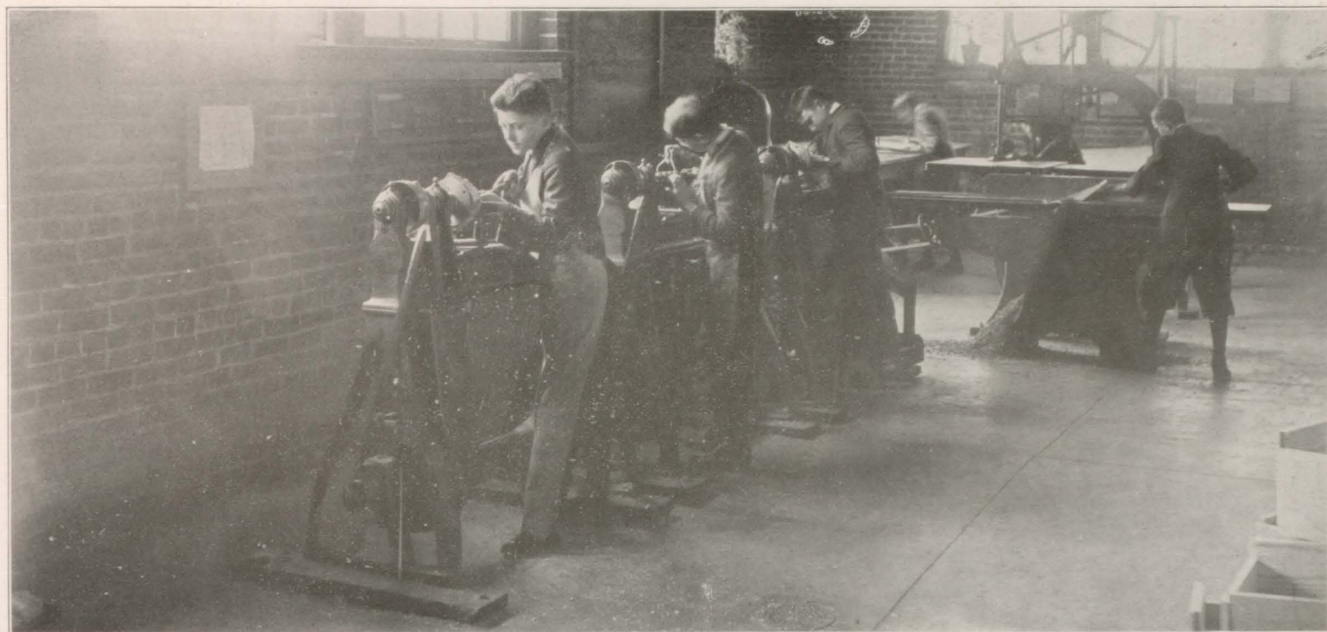
The camera has pictured him as calm and serene, but every student knows Daugherty as a live wire. During the year of '15-'16 he was always on the job, never failing to sprinkle "pep" in the atmosphere of the High School before all contests. A student among students, but a yell leader in a class by himself.

"Bob"

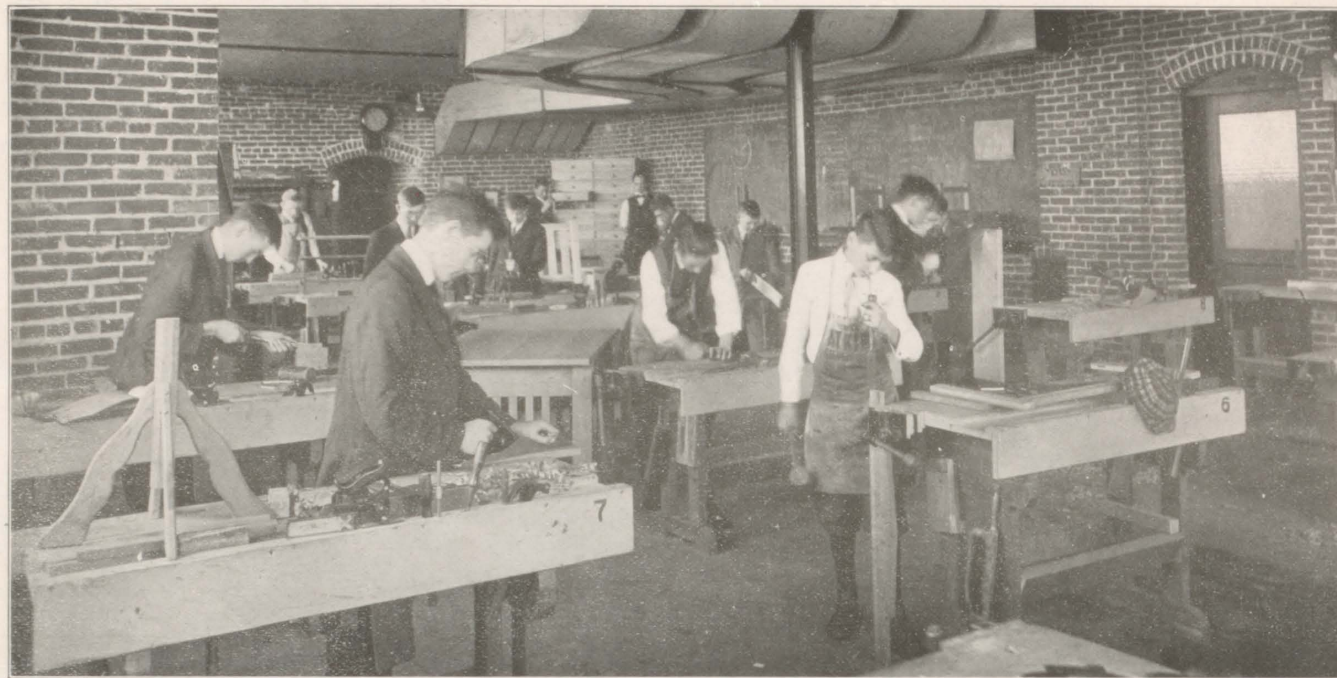
One of the greatest advocates of "pep" in the High School. He instilled much spirit in the team during the year and was a loyal supporter of athletics. He produced many good yells and showed his ability to compose songs for boosting old N. H. S. Through his ambition and untiring zeal, many novelties were introduced into the excellent yell leading in the High School this year. He is considered by all to be one of the best yell leaders ever in N. H. S.



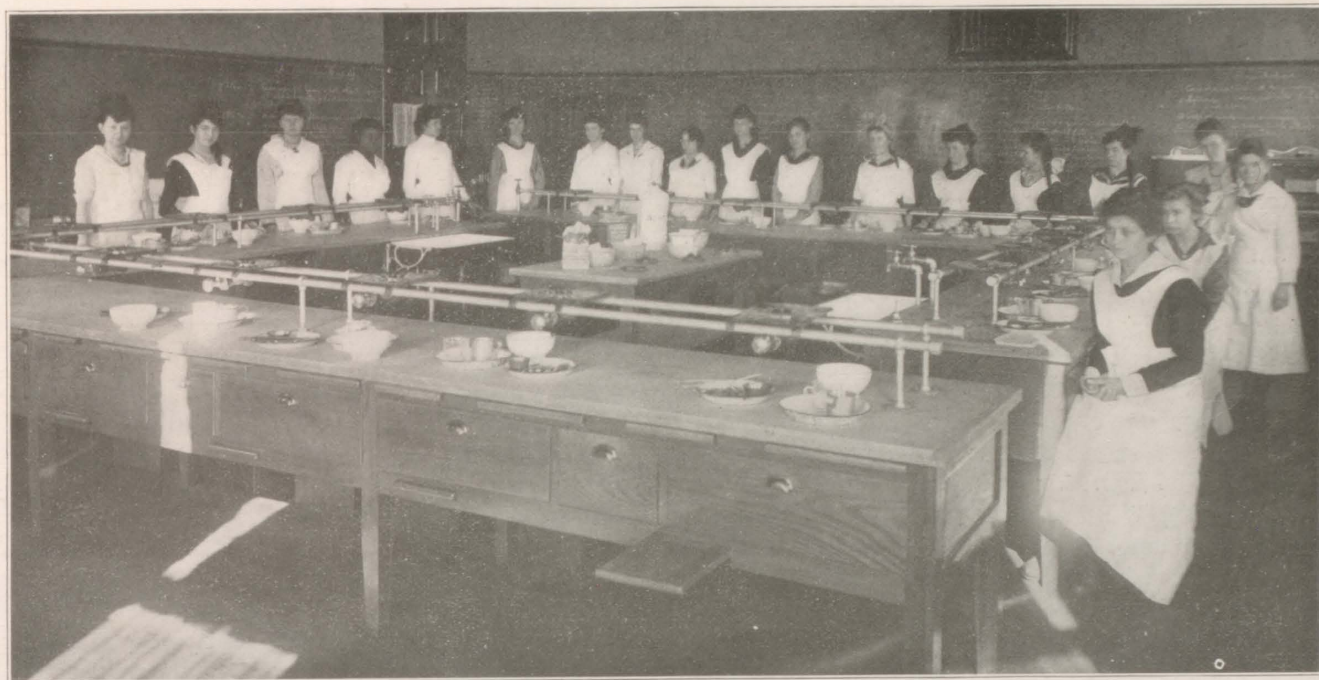
"BOB"



We Are Proud Of Our Shop.



A Rather Busy Looking Scene.



The Domestic Science Department.

"Fifteenth of January"

STORY OF OUR PLAY

The scenes of "The Fifteenth of January" transpire in a western college town. Lieut. Wilson, an army officer, soon to go to the Philippines with his regiment, loves Doris Meredith and obtains her promise to wed him on the fifteenth of January following, he choosing that date because on the same day, when a Freshman, she had first worn his pin and he first found that he loved her. She urges him to tell her why he has selected that date for their wedding, but he refuses to gratify her curiosity. It develops that Count Cassavelli, an Italian adventurer, who seeks to wed Doris for her money, had enticed Wilson into a game of cards with him and won from him a large sum of money. Unable to pay the debt, Wilson signs an I. O. U. payable on December fifteenth.


Overhearing Wilson and Doris as they agree upon their wedding date, the Count substitutes that date for the one specified in the I. O. U., which substitution is witnessed by Tabitha, an old maid. The Count shows the I. O. U. to Doris, who then is convinced that Wilson designed to marry her for her wealth alone. She repudiates him and announces her engagement to the Count, a match favored by her mother. Wilson explains to Doris his conduct, declares the date in the I. O. U. to be in another's handwriting and Doris is wavering between duty and love when Tabitha exposes the Count's duplicity. Doris then drives the Count away and gives her hand to

Wilson.

The courtship of Barbara and Ted, as well as that of Ruth and Dick, form enjoyable sub-plots. Billy, a brother of Barbara, is long on football, but short on economics. He is in danger of being barred from playing in the college game because of his shortcomings as a student. Barbara prepares some notes in economics for Billy, and these are clandestinely placed in Billy's desk by Sally Sue, whose heart is wrapped up in the forthcoming game and in the success of the college team. Billy studies diligently and passes his examination, without, however, being aware that Barbara's notes are in his desk. These are found later and Billy stands in danger of suspension for cheating. Believing Billy has cheated, and to save him, she assumes his guilt and declines to wed Ted with this stain upon her name. Sally explains and all ends happily.

To win Ruth, whose father refuses her to mingle with the students, Sherman plays the part of a deaf and dumb man and becomes her attendant. She overhears him singing on the campus after the football game, but the knowledge that her supposed deaf mute attendant not only hears and talks, but loves her devotedly, fills her with joy, and like all other couples who have plighted their troth throughout the action of the comedy, she agrees to marry Sherman on the fifteenth of January.

IF THOU
WOULDST
LAFF.



Little Bits of Humor

The discoverer of this inspiring rhyme was Clarence Orner. Didn't know it was in you Clarence.

You can always tell a Senior, for he's so sedate and profound.

You can always tell a Junior from the way he struts around.

You can always tell a Freshman by his lazy ways and such.

You can always tell a Sophomore—but you can't tell him much.

Mr. Fox in remonstrating with Harry because he was tardy, said "You ought to get up with the sun."

Perhaps Mr. Fox didn't know Harry had been sitting up with the daughter.

Juniors were born for great things,

Freshmen born for small,

Sophomores—It is not recorded why they were born at all.

Mr. Bronson in Physics.

What is an endless chain?

Gene Hatfield (sleepily)—"I dunno, one with the ends cut off, I suppose.

James Frances Boyd, that certainly looks good to me. A wise one. What? Jimmie, your mirror.

What is the difference between a spring day and a sewing machine?

Beyond me, I'll bite—

One seems so nice and the other sews seams nice! Ouch ! ! ! !

"The truth is mighty" so quoth an old sage. Yes cries the modern Billy Sunday, mighty uncomfortable.

Mrs. Wilson in American History. Would not the Americans drink the tea sent over by England?

Ivan Hodson, after failing repeatedly to manage one single gleam of light on the subject, finally moulded this bright, witty remark.

"Why, Mrs. Wilson, because the English put tacks in it."

Paul Wintersteen used an ugly word behind Mrs. Wilson's back, but in her hearing, she told Paul to stop using such ugly words, whereupon Paul told her Shakespeare uses the word he said. She not understanding the name, said, "Well you must quit playing with him."

Edgar, leave the room, commanded Miss Connor. "I have no desire to take it with me," retorted Edgar under his breadth.

Junior in Botany, puzzled with a flower.

"Flowers ought to stay single."

"So ought people" added Mr. Bronson.

Oh! Mr. Bronson, we didn't realize that you were getting such a pessimistic view of life from your continued work in our midst.

Why is chorus morning like a biscuit?—Asked one Blair Gullion of our Evergreen squad of another of his fellowmen.

Search me answered that puzzled individual.

Because it begins with do (dough.)

Class of 1916



In the laudable effort to make the class of 1916 conform to the conventional classification of high school specimens of natural history, we found ourselves painfully handicapped by deviations from the regular, well-behaved kind, and state our data below hoping we thus may help all the future students of high school classes.

It was found that 1916 was born all the way from Kalamazoo, through Muncie and Modoc, New Castle to Greensboro with a branch from Thornton and New Lisbon and Lewisville. It ranged in age from twenty to sixteen years, Leotis being the average. Most of 1916 is Republican(s) with Democrats, Bullmoose and Prohi in evidence. In religious affiliations, it is largely Christian with Methodist a close second and Quaker and Presbyterian tied for third. Four have no church at all.

1916 men are going into the engineering and "undecided" business. Most of the females show decided tendencies toward domestic life. A few lawyers and hoboes are in view. Leaving out the favored individuals, who go through the week on from three to five dollars, it cost 1916 forty-six and three-sevenths cents to enjoy and recreate for a week. Reading novels is the favorite pastime of 1916, with Mechanics, Courier and Vogue very much in circulation.

This monstrosity is five feet, six and one-third inches

tall and wears a shoe size 7. The eyes of this creature are twelve parts brown, ten parts blue and the remainder gray. The component parts of this product of the New Castle school system do not work in harmony. The struggle for handsomest is seven parts George and nine parts Thad, and for the prettiest is twelve parts Opal and five parts Edith. The neatest part is Lois with seven counts, June with six and Robert four. With the use of the microscope, we find several signs of wit with five points for Bryan, Fred and Leotis. The egotistical is well developed in Robert and Paul, having five points, and Fred and Lloyd three each. Robert and George developed the sportiest cells.

The most valuable part of this export is Victor, seven parts; Clarence, six parts; and several other abortive seeds. The meekest part is Ivan, while Clarence works the hardest, with Robert a close second. The biggest flirt is Eufaula with a chance of Edith winning in the long run. Without a doubt Agnes is the worst gossip with twenty to her record. The one who can carry the worst case is Victor with George and Bryan far in rear.

If the Smithsonian Institute cannot find such a specimen in another investigation, let them preserve this class in a museum.

Alumni---Classes of '12, '13, '14, '15

CLASS OF 1912

Chas. Rogers graduates for Law School at Indianapolis this spring.
Effie Vaughn, married and lives here.
Earl Fraizer graduates from Indiana University this year.
Earl Peckinpaugh graduates from Indiana University this spring.
Essie McCray, teaching near Wilkinson.
Fred Howren, married and lives here.
Floyd Hodson, Overseer at a Serum Factory at Thornton, Ind.
Fern Hodson, teaching at Junction school.
Gerald Hiatt graduated from Dental College at Indianapolis and is a dentist in New Castle now. He married Irene Caverly.
Gladys Hudelson, working in the Hoosier office.
Holman Cloud, working in the Hoosier office.
James Boyd, teaching mathematics in New Castle high school.
John Modlin graduates from Purdue this year.
Josephine Jeffrey, at home.
Janet Martin lives at Louisville, Kentucky.
Lillian Risk, bookkeeper at the New Castle Daily Times.
Merle Powers is married and lives here.
Orville Smith travels for the Hoosier Manufacturing Company.
Paul Weir, going to Indianapolis Dental College.
Ruby Wilkinson works at her father's store.
Robert Shultz, working in Portland, Oregon.
Wilbur Canaday graduates from Harvard University this year.

CLASS OF 1913

William Arthur works at Marion, Ind.
Lucile Berry works at the Maxwell.
Dorothy Bouslog married Don Bowyer and they live in Chicago, Ill.
Winifred Brown married Wray Draper and they live at Detroit, Mich.
Inez Bacon works at the Maxwell.
Irene Caverly married Gerald Hiatt.
Elliott Conner, traveling for the Diamond Match Co.
Coleen Crowe, at home.
William Clift, Junior at Purdue.
Marian Gronendyke, Freshman at Indiana University.
Adah Granger, teaching at Richsquare.
Harriet Goodwin, at home.
Gilbert Hewitt, Junior at Purdue.
Alice Hudelson works at the Hoosier.
Bernice Hiatt, Principal of Ashland schools.
Trammel Ice, Junior at Purdue.
Alphonso Kimbrough, Junior at Chicago University.
Orleen Lamb, teaching in Michigan.
Mildred Lawrence, teaching at Sulphur Springs.
Berna Landwer works at Coffin's Jewelry Store.
Newton Leakey, at home.
Marie Long, interested in Home Bakery on South Main street.
Leora Lake, teaching at Millville.
John Luellen, Deputy Clerk at Henry County Court House.
Irvin Morris at the Hoosier office.
Ada Martin, at Louisville, Kentucky.
Christa Modlin married Harold Wallace and lives here.

Eunice Nicholson, clerks in Burgner's Dry Goods Store.
 Catherine McCarthy is married and lives in Terre Haute.
 Hannah McCleery works at New Castle Loan Company.
 Lois Post, teaches at New Lisbon.
 Estel Peckinpugh, at home.
 John Riggs, on the farm.
 Donald Rogers, at De Pauw University.
 Ida Sheppel, teaches at Cadiz.
 Clarence Scott, at Holloway-Wright's office.
 Horace Stout, at Wabash University.
 Fred Scott, clerks at Burhman & Brayton Drug Co.
 Madeline Shultz, married Floyd Osting.
 Ruth Strain married William Crandell.
 Joe Thompson, with the movies in Hollowood, Calif.
 Archie Tracy, at Bloomington, Ind.
 Doris Wrenke, teaching near Gosport, Ind.
 Hilda White, Junior at Earlham.
 Louise Williams, bookkeeper at Stout & Williams
 Grocery.
 Harry Williams, at the Maxwell.

CLASS OF 1914

Jeanette Wilson in Kansas.
 Walter Messick, married and lives near New Castle.
 Doris Cloud, Grand Rapids, Mich.
 Richard Beach, at University of Wisconsin.
 Margaret Hindman, at home.
 Wishard Greist, studying architecture in California.
 Linsa Polk, farmer.
 Bertha Smith, married Harold Fox and lives here.
 Edith Mendenhall, at Dr. Stafford's office.
 Frank Hamilton, with the Daily Courier.
 Montreau Fleming, at Earlham College.
 Leonard Craig, clerk at Beall Clothing Store.
 Annice Wilson, at home.
 Henry Davidson, farming.
 Edith Foust, at home.

Lowell Hiatt, at Indiana University.
 Mabel Smith, at home.
 Ivy Diehl, teaching music and domestic art at Cadiz.
 John Gunder, graduated from Metropolitan School of
 Music at Indianapolis.
 Ruth Motley, lives at Richmond, Ind.
 Raymond Dingle, married Alice McLaughlin, works at
 Dingle Coal Company.
 Sarah Green, at Indiana University.
 Claud Wilkinson, works for American Express Co.
 Felice Smith, Society Editor of the Daily Courier.
 Thomas Shelley, at Beall's Clothing Store.
 Dwight Kessler, with the Briscoe Auto Racing Team.
 Leotah Pierce, teaching at Sugar Grove school.
 Earl Johnson, drug clerk at the Rose City Pharmacy.
 Mary Burris, at home.
 Evelyn Wright, married Wm. Sommers and lives at In-
 dianapolis.

CLASS OF 1915

Olive Modlin, attending Muncie Normal.
 Mabel Neff, at Earlham College.
 Valentine Mendenhall, working at Mowrer's Drug Store.
 Clarence Thompson, at the Maxwell.
 Glen Christman, at the Maxwell.
 Mabel Hodson, at Muncie Normal.
 Edith Cluggish, at Maxwell office.
 Barbara Schmidt, in the music department of Ridge-
 way's store.
 Helen Gough, at McGeath's office.
 Gerald Bailey, on the farm.
 Nellie Jane Smith, New Castle Business College.
 Denise DeWerp, McDorman's law office.
 David Jennings, Wisconsin University.
 Stella Ray, at Maxwell office.
 Byron Williams, at Maxwell.

Calvin Hudelson, at the Farmers State Bank.
 Madeline Gullion, teaching at Nixon school now, but
 will enter Indiana University next fall.
 Earnest Healton, at the Maxwell.
 Beatrice Mitten, Dr. McDonald's office.
 William Loer, traveling for the Jesse French Piano Co.
 Fred Henderson, at the Hoosier.
 Ruby Hines, at Terre Haute State Normal.
 Eva Calland, at home.
 Oeil Sinclair, at the Maxwell.
 Helen Jackson, at Butler's College, Indianapolis.
 Cecil Dickinson, at the Casket Factory.

Derrel Clearwater, at the Maxwell.
 Lawrence Underwood, at the Spring Factory.
 Irene Foust, at home.
 Charles Johnson, Remy Electric Co., Anderson, Ind.
 Wilbur Kampe, Earlham College.
 Martha Runyau, Butler College.
 George Myers, attending Naval Academy at Annapolis.
 Hassel Conn, working in her father's store.
 Mildred Peckinpaugh, at Terre Haute State Normal.
 Day Bacon, New Castle Business College.
 George Jeffry, University of Virginia.
 Edna Mills, Earlham.

Humoristically Inclined

SHOCKING

EUGENE H.—“At last I have made a discovery.”
 ROSA: “What is it?”
 EUGENE H. “A new hair on Mr. Fox's head.”

“MOTHER'S BOY”

“I Did Not Raise My Boy To Be A Soldier,” cause
 he's going to “My Old Kentucky Home” on “The Mid-
 night Train For Alabam,” and he's going to be gone till
 “The Last Rose of Summer” turns like “Silver Threads
 Among the Gold” and “The Old Mill Wheel” goes run-
 ning after “Sweet Eileen.”

STRANGE

NEWSPAPER BULLETIN: Henry Ford's trip to
 Europe has gone to peaces.

TWENTIETH CENTURY CLASSIC

They met for just a moment,
 But they'll never meet again,—
 For she was but a Jersey Cow,
 And he a Limited Train.

Life is not so much in holding a good hand, but in
 playing a poor hand well.
 If you want to talk war, go join the army and get
 paid for it.

BY BRYAN WILSON, 1916

Teacher to Rastus Snowball, who had been somewhat
 behind in his studies. Rastus, what is that head of yours
 made for anyway?

Rastus—Just to put mah hat on.

THE ADVERTISERS have made it possible for us to produce the first Annual of the New Castle High School. We wish to thank them one and all for their loyal support and trust they may receive benefits.

—*ANNUAL STAFF*

REPAIRING IS MY HOBBY

TELEPHONE 251

E. R. SKINNER

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THIS SEASON YOU CAN EASILY FIND WHAT IS BEST
IN STYLE AND QUALITY FOR THE SMALLEST PRICE AT

The KAHN-HELLER STORE

The American Society of Rhenologists at its recent meeting prepared this list of terms synonymous for "hit on the head."

Bammed on the bean.
Drubbed on the dome.
Tapped on the conk.
Bumped on the beezers.
Biffed on the coco.
Cracked on the nut.
Nailed on the knob.
Slugged in the belfry.
Lammed on the beak.
Walloped on the squash.
Dinged on the attic.

Some Variety—Eh

1889

1916

LARGEST

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WE GIVE SPECIAL ATTENTION TO FITTING THE
HUMAN FOOT WITH PROPER FOOT COVERING.

Lawson's Shoe Store

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HENRY COUNTY'S
LEADING DAILY



With its fast growing circulation The Times offers to the business seeker a clean, up-to-date advertising medium.

Job Printing Department

With our modern machinery and up-to-date methods we are qualified to fill your orders at short notice in a most satisfactory manner.

Allow Us the Opportunity

MEET ME AT.....

Mower's Drug Store

HANAN SHOE

We carry all kinds of shoes but when we fit you in a HANAN SHOE we feel more contented because we know you have bought the best shoes made.



McIntyre's

The father of one of our notable fellow students meeting the "math" branch of our Faculty in a crowded street car, where everybody is always acquainted, said.

"Sir, I think my son took Algebra from you this year.

Well, replied the Prof. "He was exposed to it, but didn't take it."

Teacher to little Willie. Where does the largest corn grow?

Willie—"On grandpapa's big toe."

In the Chemistry class we have two new students, "Fatty Acid" and "Ethel Alcohol."

Up from the meadows rich with corn—Forest Achor.

Preparation and Preparedness

¶ A GOOD MANY stores confuse preparedness with preparation; they're constantly getting ready, instead of being ready to serve.

¶ THE LIVE STORE is prepared to give Men and Young Men in suits all that they demand, and to do it economically in

Kuppenheimer Clothes

\$15, \$18, \$20, \$25

LEADING
CLOTHIER

TOM BEALL,

LEADING
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GIVE US A CHANCE, YOU WILL
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such as Floor Coverings, Draperies, Furniture or Stoves.*

Victor Talking Machines

Hoosier Cabinets

FREE Sewing Machines

Automatic Refrigerators

The HOLLOWAY-WRIGHT COMPANY

IN CHEMISTRY

"Bob" Heller needing some additional information, asked Diehl to answer a question.

"Can't do it," said Diehl.

"Come on, it's only a simple question," pleaded Bob.

"Well, then answer it yourself," retorted Diehl.

ADAGE—"Seek ye that which no man has found."

MADGE L. HERNLY

Little Percy sat on the railroad track, he did not hear the whistle—Hamburg Steak.

A man sat on a box car, his feet they touched the ground.—Longfellow.

This Is Wall Paper Season

You can always find the
kind you are look-
ing for at

The Kinsey Drug Store

“RED TOP” SHIRTS “EMERY”

WILCOX'S

“Men's Wear Store”

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THE REXALL STORE

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Dentist

UNION BLOCK

OPPOSITE TERMINAL STATION

The Best Equipment Means the

BEST WORK

ALL WORK GUARANTEED

DOMESTIC PROBLEM

He asked “How much did Romeo?”

I always do forget;

She answered “That depends you know

On what four Juliet.”

A couple of bright Sophs, Cotton. Upham and Murray Smith stood watching a man clean fish. “Ain't that the limit, exclaimed Murray. Can you think of anything worse than a job like that?

Sure Cotton replied, “That ain't half so bad as scaling the Alps.”

You can never tell the speed of an auto by the noise it makes—Hold her Tobe.

BUHRMAN & BRAYTON

Druggists

The store that sells Penslar Red Rose
Talcum Powder. The most
delightful talcum you
have ever used.

Everything bright, clean, sanitary
and perfect in every detail. All
censored pictures. Nothing
cheap but the price.

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can give the same degree of protection for its depositors'
funds that this bank gives.

*Every dollar deposited here is Absolutely Insured by
The American Guaranty Co., of Columbus, Ohio.*

This is the same class of protection that is demanded by Federal, State and County
Governments when they deposit their money in a bank.

Ask our officers about this Protection.

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Bicycles, Sundries, Golf
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Cook With GAS!

INTER-STATE PUBLIC
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SPECIAL.....

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N. H. S.
Rings **35c**

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THE DEPENDABLE JEWELER

Corner Broad and 14th Streets

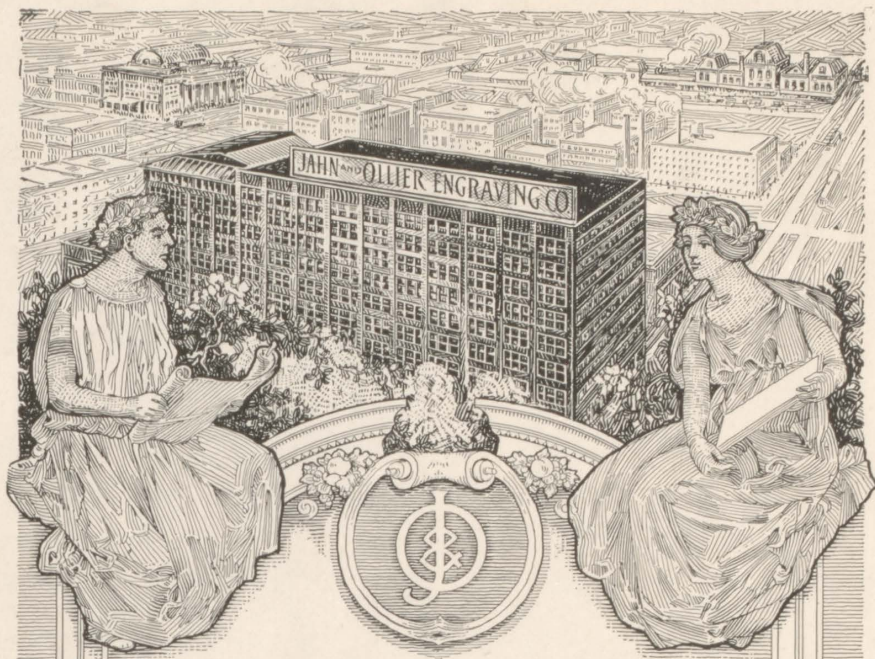
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Class and Fraternity Pins

To Be Found In Town

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look over our catalog. Inspection invited.

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Plant Making
College Annual Plates.

Made by us are carefully re-etched
and finished and are faithful repro-
ductions of the copy; even improve
on copy where possible.

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Co-operate in our offices and factory
to produce the very finest art and
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===== COMPANY =====

===== BRAINS =====

Are as essential in Dry Cleaning
as GASOLINE.

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*Drugs, Books and
Stationery*

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NEW CASTLE, : INDIANA

NEW JEWELRY

In Lavelliers, Rings, Stick Pins,
Cuff Buttons, Flower Pins, Lin-
gerie Clasps, suitable for Gradua-
tion Gifts.

H. S. MURPHEY

1320 Broad Street

SENATOR WILSON'S OPINION ON WOMAN SUFFRAGE

"There is absolutely no use to talk to me about woman suffrage," exclaimed Senator Bryan Wilson to Mrs. Wilson, our Civics instructor.

Really, Senator, I can't understand why you oppose it so strongly, replied Mrs. Wilson.

Well, I'll tell you. When I was in a clothing store last week looking at some neckties, a woman came in and said she wanted a collar for her dog.

Casfield—This match won't light.

Toby—That's funny, it lit allright a minute ago.

Ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise—Look at Fox.

The NEFF-BARR DRY GOODS CO.

ESTABLISHED 1877



The Right Store

With the Right Goods

At the Right Price

MILLINERY AND READY-TO-WEAR

ON THE SECOND FLOOR

Varsity Fifty-Five

In the New Spring Models
including the "Pinch-Back"
and Sport Suits.

\$15 up



Greatest Display of
Young Men's Clothing,
Hats and Neckwear in our
42 years of good Clothes
Selling.

VAUGHAN-POLK COMPANY

OPPOSITE COURT HOUSE

Dr. C. C. JONES DENTIST

*Not the Cheapest, but
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OVER CENTRAL TRUST BANK

DYEING

DRY CLEANING

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Tailor and Cleaner

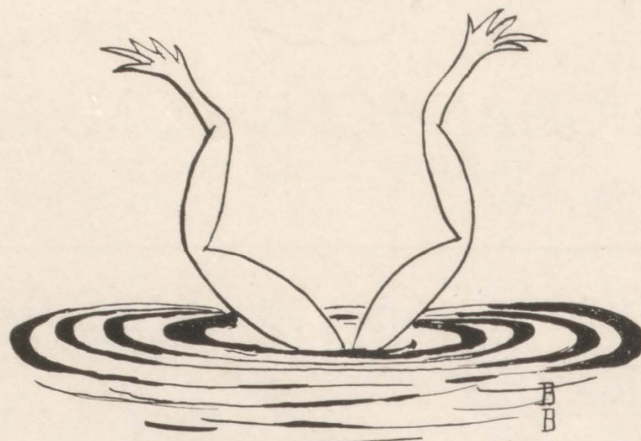
BUNDY HOTEL BASEMENT - TELEPHONE 531

New Castle, Indiana



ALTERING

REPAIRING



THE FINIS

PRESS OF
THE NEW CASTLE DAILY TIMES
NEW CASTLE, IND.

