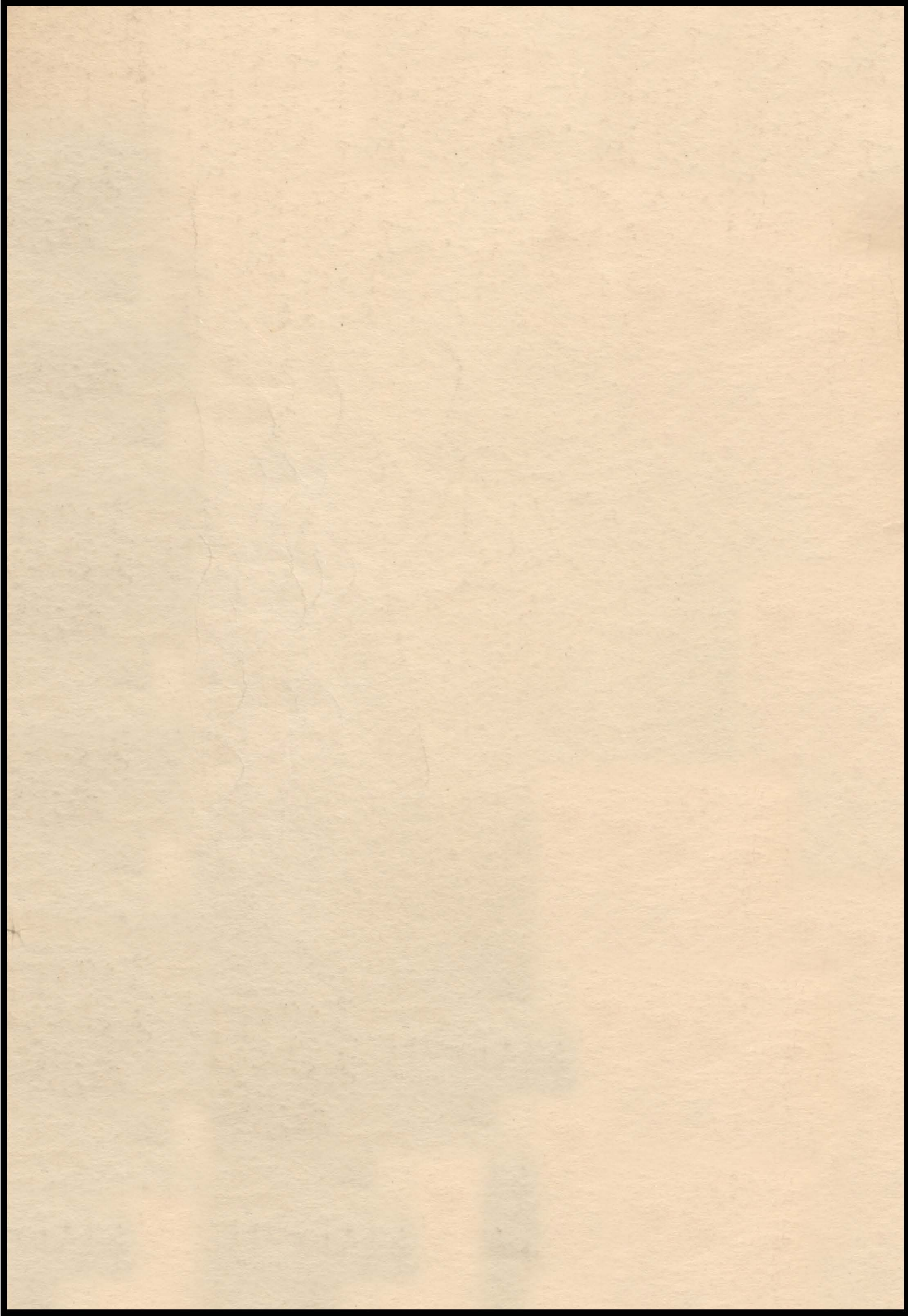
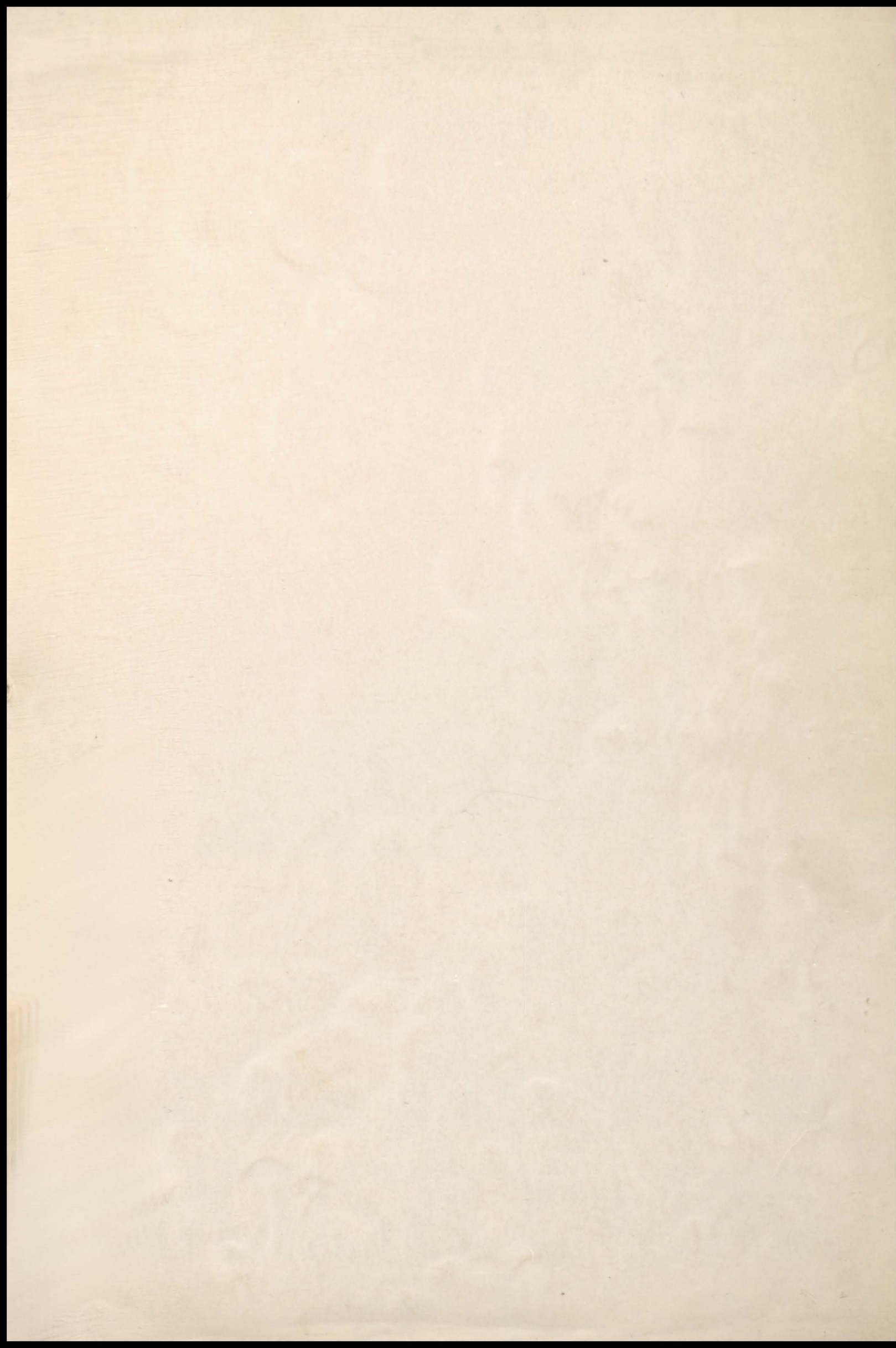


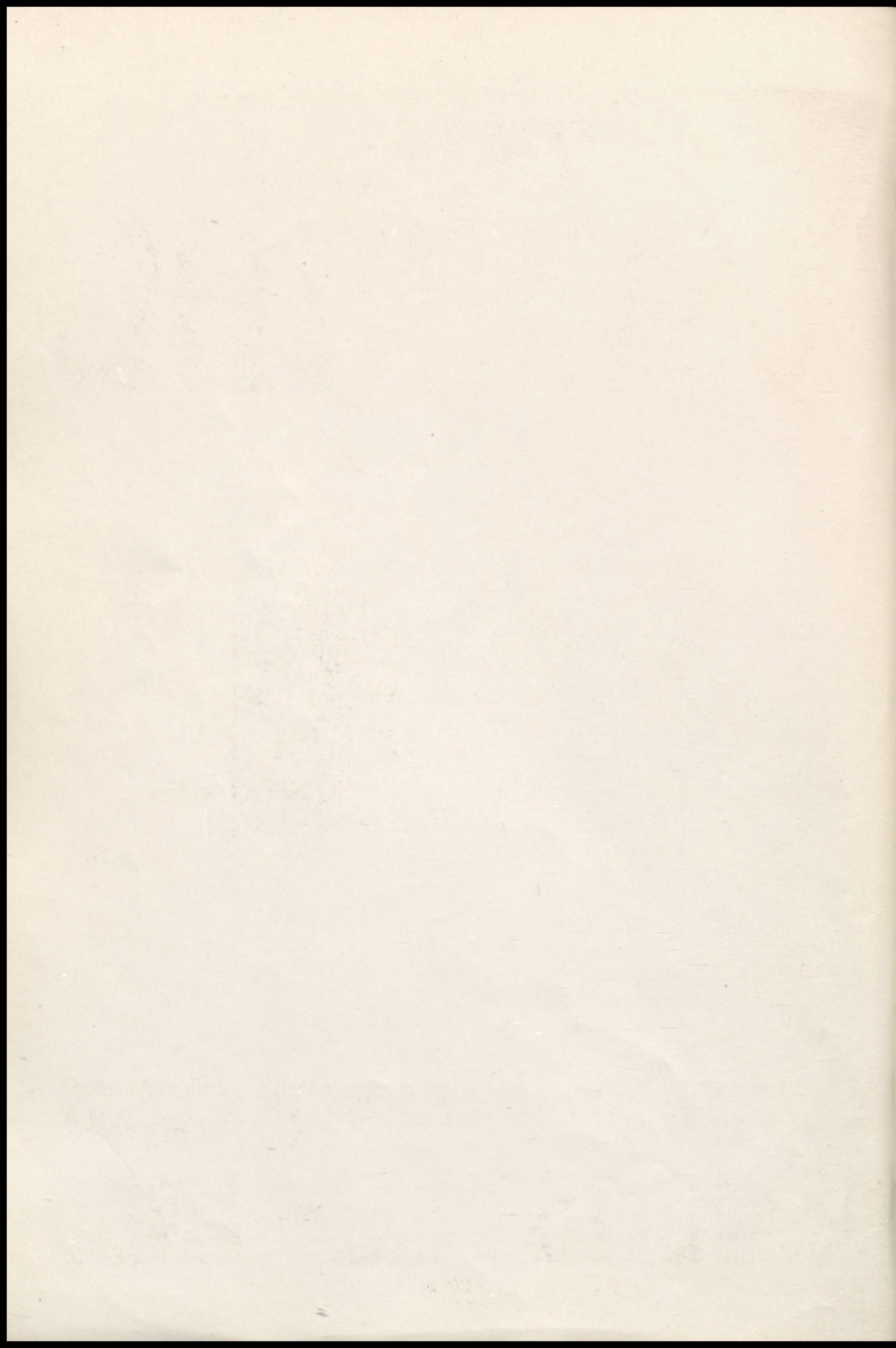
ROSENENNIAL



"NOT FOR SCHOOL
BUT FOR LIFE"







THE ROSENNIAL



PUBLISHED BY THE SENIOR CLASS
NEWCASTLE- IND.

DEDICATION

A great National crisis has arisen, calling for loyalty, for patriotism, for sacrifice. These young men, good Americans and true, feeling the duty to Democracy and Humanity greater than to home and comfort, have offered to make the Supreme Sacrifice. And so, not feeling that we are in any measure repaying them but only expressing our sincere gratitude, we dedicate this Rosennial, the result of the best effort of the class of nineteen hundred and eighteen, to them.



HONOR ROLL IN N. H. S.

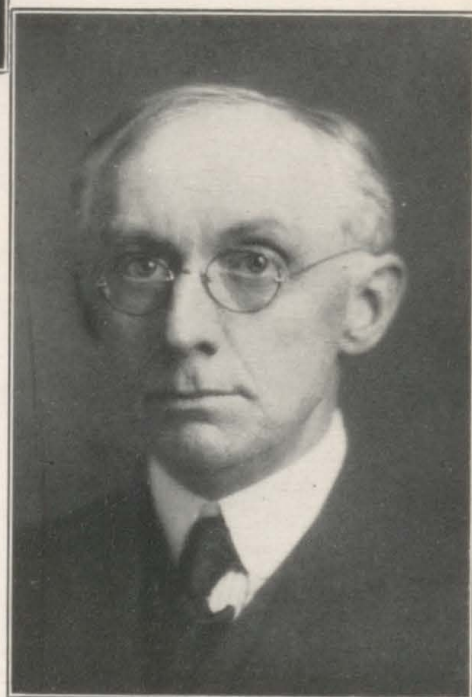
ALUMNI—STUDENTS

OMAR A. BUNDY, Major-General

Arthur, William
 Beach, Richard
 Boyd, James F.
 Bundy, Charles
 Canaday, Frank
 Canaday, Wilbur
 ✓ Carey, Levi
 Clift, William
 Cloud, Holman
 Cloud, Howard
 Conner, Elliott
 Cooper, Herman
 Craig, Lennard
 Crandall, Allen
 Day, Herbert
 Elliott, George
 Fadeley, Elbert
 Fletcher, Archie
 Fisher, George
 Frederick, Carl
 Gephart, Harry
 Goodale, Homer
 Gronendyke, Walter
 Guyer, Ernest
 Hamilton, Frank
 Compiled March 25th, 1918.

Hart, Eugene
 Harter, Mont
 Hays, Paul
 Henderson, Fred
 Hewitt, Gilbert
 Huddleston, Calvin
 Jackson, Clarence
 Jennings, David
 Johnson, Harold
 Kessler, Dwight
 Leakey, Newton
 Lewis, Vance
 Llewelyn, John
 Macy, Dow
 Malkemus, Clarence
 Mendenhall, Valentine
 Millikan, Myron
 Modlin, Everett
 Modlin, Howard
 Morris, Taylor
 Murphey, Raymond
 Myers, George
 Ogle, John
 Orner, Reuben
 Peckinpough, Earl

Post, Byron
 Ray, Howard
 ✓ Rothrock, Eugene
 Scott, Fred
 Shirk, Bernard
 Smith, Howard
 Smith, Orville
 Stout, Horace
 Strain, Russell
 Thomas, Verl
 Thompson, Clarence
 Thompson, Eugene
 Thompson, Joe
 Tracy, Archie
 Tracy, Paul
 Underwood, Lawrence
 Upham, Horace
 Williams, Byron
 Williams, Harry
 Williams, Glenn
 ✓ Wilson, Bryan
 Woods, Clarence
 Wright, Frank
 Yergin, Earl
 Yergin, Howard



CITY SCHOOL BOARD

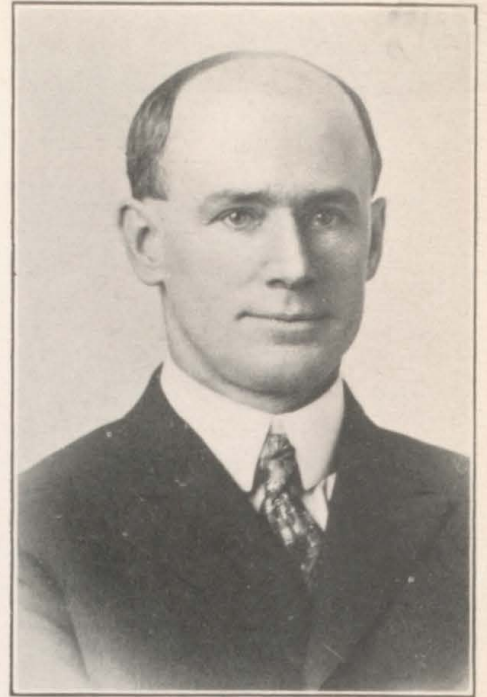
Martin L. Koons	President
O. J. Gronendyke	Treasurer
Lynn C. Boyd	Secretary



E. J. LLEWELYN, A. M., City Superintendent
A. B. degree at Earlham, 1907.
A. M. degree at Indiana, 1910.
Graduate student—Harvard and Columbia



Principal
MR. G. C. BRONSON, A. B.
Chemistry



MR. M. T. STAFFORD, A. B.
Science



MR. HOWARD C. ROCKHILL
Commercial Courses



MISS MARY DUNCAN, A. B.
German, History



MISS JULIA BOYD
Art



MR. FRANK E. ALLEN, A. B.
Mathematics



MISS MAUDE M. TAYLOR, A.B., Ph.B
English



MISS LILLIAN CARSON
Domestic Science



MRS. ISADORE H. WILSON, A.B., A.M.
History



MR. HENRI F. KAMPE
Music



MISS ELEANOR LEMON, A. B.
Latin



MISS MARY WILSON, A. B.
Mathematics



MISS LILLIAN CHAMBERS, A. B.
English

MR. ERVIN L. MORROW
Manual Training



MISS ALSIE FRENCH, A. B.
English, Latin



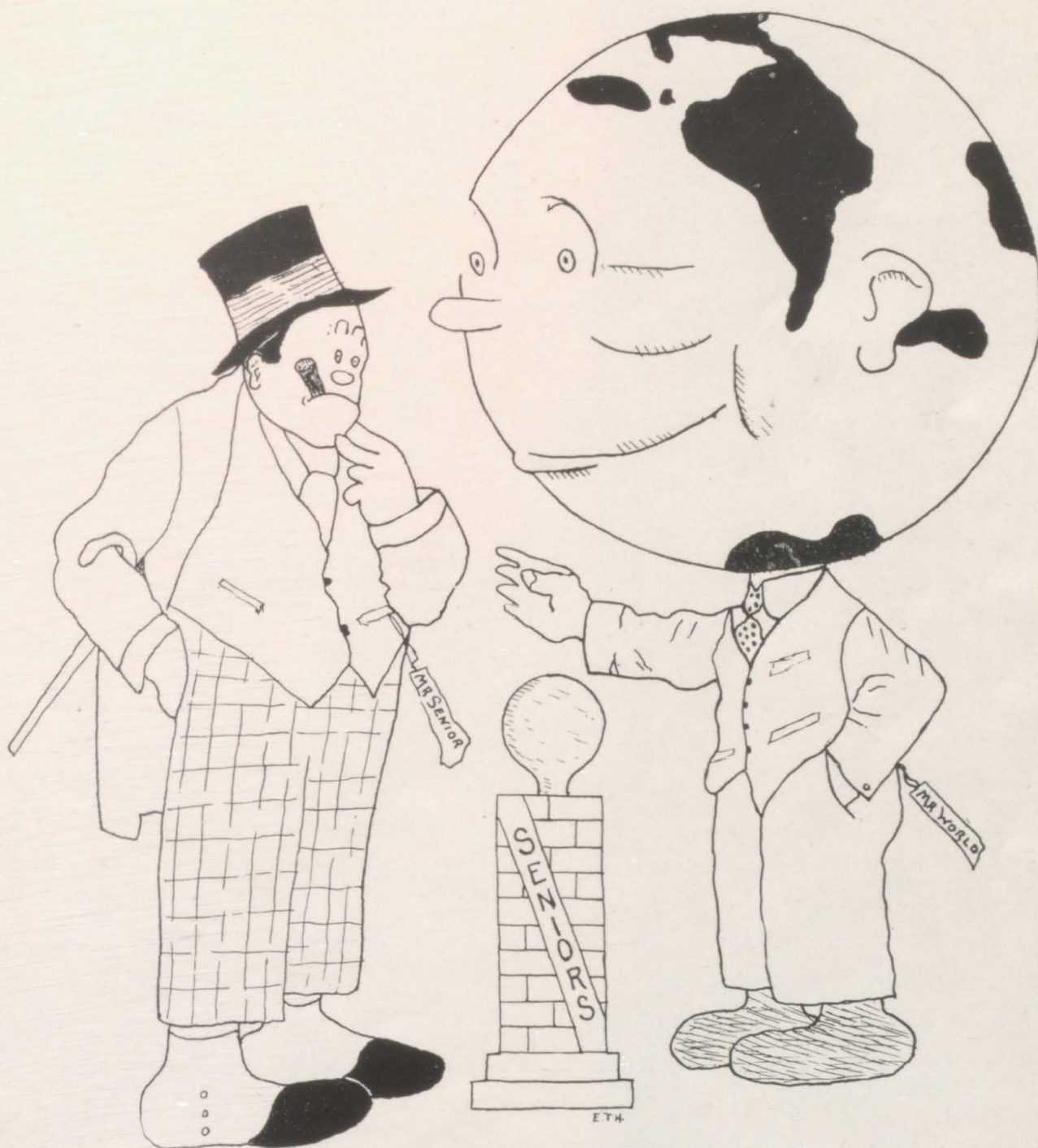
TO WHAT PURPOSE?

To what purpose has the United States of America entered the War? Why has our country become a participant? Classmates, friends, Americans if your please, do you realize how serious the situation really is? Imperial Germany for forty years has been straining each one of her many vast resources that she might successfully humble the world; that she might bring us to her feet. Just why she has not thus far succeeded is only too well known. It is only because France, with her millions of young men, with courage that can never be surpassed, has been willing to bear the brunt of battle within her own borders. Only because England, mighty and resourceful, proved herself a power invaluable to the safety of the world. These two nations alone have blocked the path of the Prussian eagle.

But what has been the cost? Hundreds of thousands of the flower of manhood have fallen on the blood-soaked soil of France and Belgium. Is it necessary to recall the fate of Belgium itself? So, the cruel eagle of Autocracy, soaring ever nearer, at last forced us into the fight. Of this we are certain. The man-power and the money-power of our Allies at last must become strained to the limit. Then who will fill the gap? For if it isn't filled America must face what Belgium already has been forced to accept. It is now up to America to repay the debt which we certainly owe to our Allies. How will we do it?

There is only one way. There can be no other. We must dedicate our lives if necessary, but most assuredly our money and our labor to the support of the armies in the field. Let us free the world from the menace of Prussianism. Let us not be found wanting in American valor and self-sacrifice. And these two traits of Americanism will win the War. Shall we be American enough to display them?

The men must go to the front. Only one thing is left. Boys—young men—you are needed in the Boys' Working Reserve! Can you not spare five weeks of your summer vacations to this service? Another way is open to those who would serve. Money may be raised by taxation and by loans. Will you loan your money to the Nation in its hour of need? Then invest it in Thrift Stamps! This service we can all do. Let us not be found wanting in any trait of Americanism. We must win the war! Do your Best!





deceased

ERNEST CAINE
("Ernie")

President.
Basketball '17-'18.
Class Play.

"Another of his fashion they have not, to lead their business."



KATHRYN HAMILTON
("Kayte")
Vice-President.

"O such dark eyes. A single glance of them will govern a whole life from birth to death."



Scott

EDNA BURGESS
("Chuck")
Treasurer
Class Play

"When duty and pleasure clash, let duty go to smash."

CECIL COLSON

("Cessil")

Treasurer

Business Manager Class Play.

"Yon Colson has a lean and hungry look. He thinks too much. Such men are dangerous."

JOSEPHINE HOSIER

("Joe")

"She hath ever something on her mind."

AMY DAY

("Snake")

"Never taxed for speech."

Deceased?





deceased

REVA THOMPSON
("Phebe")

"Blue are her eyes as the fairy flax,
And her cheeks like the dawn of day."



BASIL BEESON
("Eeson")
Class Play.

"A jolly fellow, and a man of better heart I know
none."



EDGAR MILLS
("Farmer")
Basketball '17-18.

"Would that I could run things around here."

HOWARD WISE
 ("Wisie")
 Basketball '16-'17-'8.

Falstaff: "Which of you know Wise of this town "

Pistol: "I ken the wight; he is of substance good."

OPAL FRAIZER
 ("Peggy")
 Art Editor.

Brumback

"Modest and simple and sweet—the very type of Priscilla."

CATHERINE KESSEL
 ("Happy")

"'Tis the silent, ever advancing life that wins its way to fame."





Beckinpough

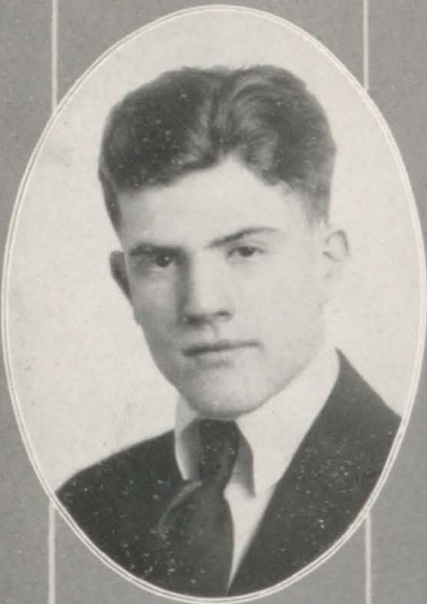
EVANGELINE GIBSON

("Billie")

Alumni Editor.

Class Poem.

"Her nature is inclined to poetry."



Deceased

JAMES T. STEELE

("Buzz")

Class Play.

"The devil knew not what ne did when he made man politic."



Deceased 4-21-86

HERMAN REDD

("Skinny")

"A great man is always willing to be little."

ELBERT HAYS
("Toby")

Class Play.
Class Prophecy.
Yell Leader.
Business Manager.

"I'm little," said Tobasco, "but I'm hot stuff all the same."



Williams

EDITH ROLL
("Macduff")
Class Play.

"Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can her heart obey her tongue."

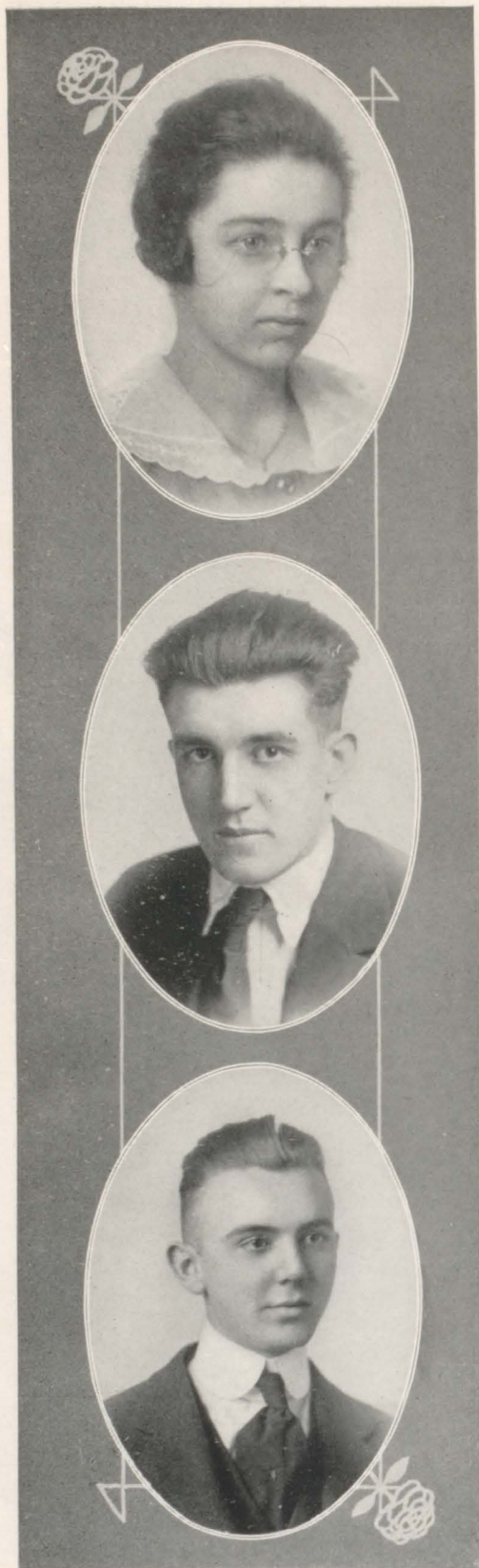


Diehl
D

CATHERINE CONDUITT
("Kate")
Class Play.

"If I chance to talk awhile, forgive me."





*Deceased
Burns*

ETHEL MAGEE
("Nib")

"One man in a thousand have I found."

HOMER STRONG
("Duke")

"Remove not the ancient landmark."

SYLVAN G. BUSH
("Hot-stuff")
Class Play.
Class Will.
Orchestra.

"None but himself can be his parallel."

GEORGE H. NEFF

("Neffie")

Editor-in-Chief.

Class Play.

Treasurer in '17.

Orchestra.

"His was a gentle life and the elements were so mixed within him that Nature might stand up and say to all the world, 'This is a man.'"

JOSEPHINE SIMS

("Joe")

School Calander.

"Her voice was ever gentle, soft and low, an excellent thing in woman."

MARGARET GOUGH

"The hand that hath made you fair hath made you good."





D 1-5-89
Ball Memorial
Hutchens

MARCELLA TULLY
 ("Tully-child")

Class Oration.
 Literary Editor.
 Vice-President in '17.

"Thy soul was like a star and dwelt apart."

deceased

LEE T. PENCE
 ("Doc")

Basketball '16-'17-'18.
 Joke Editor.
 President in '17.
 President of A. A.
 Class Play.

"Thou hast no sorrow in thy song—nor winter in thy year."

ARTHUR GRISSOM
 ("Gris")

Class Play.
 Orchestra.

"He will be talking, as they say, 'when the age is in, the wit is out.'"

D

KENNETH R. COFIELD
("Lum")

Class Play.

Circulation Manager.

"All the great men are dying and I don't feel
very well myself."

MARGARET BROWN

Newton

("Brownie")

Class Play.

"I thought and thought and then I called her
winsome."

SUSAN MORRIS

("String")

Class Play.

Society Editor

"How fearful—and dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes so
low."



*Edwards
deceased
Apr. 1952*



FERN BUTLER
 ("Jimmie")

"There's little of the melancholy element in her."

deceased

EDWARD KIDDY
 ("Cat")

Class Play.
 Athletic Editor.

"For nicely he knew the critic's par."

WILLIAM CRAIG
 ("Bill")
 Advertising Manager.

"Let the world slide, let the world go,
 A fig for a care, a fig for a woe."

ARCHIE HILL
("Hillie")

Deceased
1968

"In much wisdom is much grief."

VERNA HANSARD
("Elmore Bee")

"A good heart is worth gold."

NINA HILL
("Granny")

Shumake

"If I have done well it is that which I desired."





MABEL HANSARD
 ("Gold-dus")

"Worthy to be praised."

JAY RHOTON
 ("Rooster")
 Basketball in '18.

"And when a lady's in the case,
 You know all other things give place."

ESLER MILLER
 ("Jim")
 Class Play.

"Aye verily! industry and quiet endeavor
 Must carry him to the top of the ladder."

MARION CHAPMAN
("Chap")

"Behavior, what wert thee till this man showed thee?"

MARY ARCHIBALD

"A maiden never so bold: of spirit so still and quiet."

Lewis
MARGUERITE KOONS
Class History.
Calendar.

"She will outstrip all praise and make it halt behind her."





deceased

HOWARD K. SHERRY



ZOLA HARVEY
("Zu")

"An excellent student, and her hair shall be of what it please God."



ALTA HIATT *Carr*
("Willyum")
Class Song.
Orchestra.

"She eateth not the bread of idleness."

D 1989
Kiddy

JEANETTE HELLER
("Doll")
Class Play.

"She is a quiet maiden and studies withal,
In disposition sweet, and not very tall."

THELMA STEVENS
("Steve")

"Happy am I and free from care,
Why aren't they all contented like me?"

GENEVIEVE KRAMER
("Rusty")
Post Graduate.





IN MEMORIAM

HOWARD K. SHERRY

Born May 13, 1900—Died April 20, 1918.

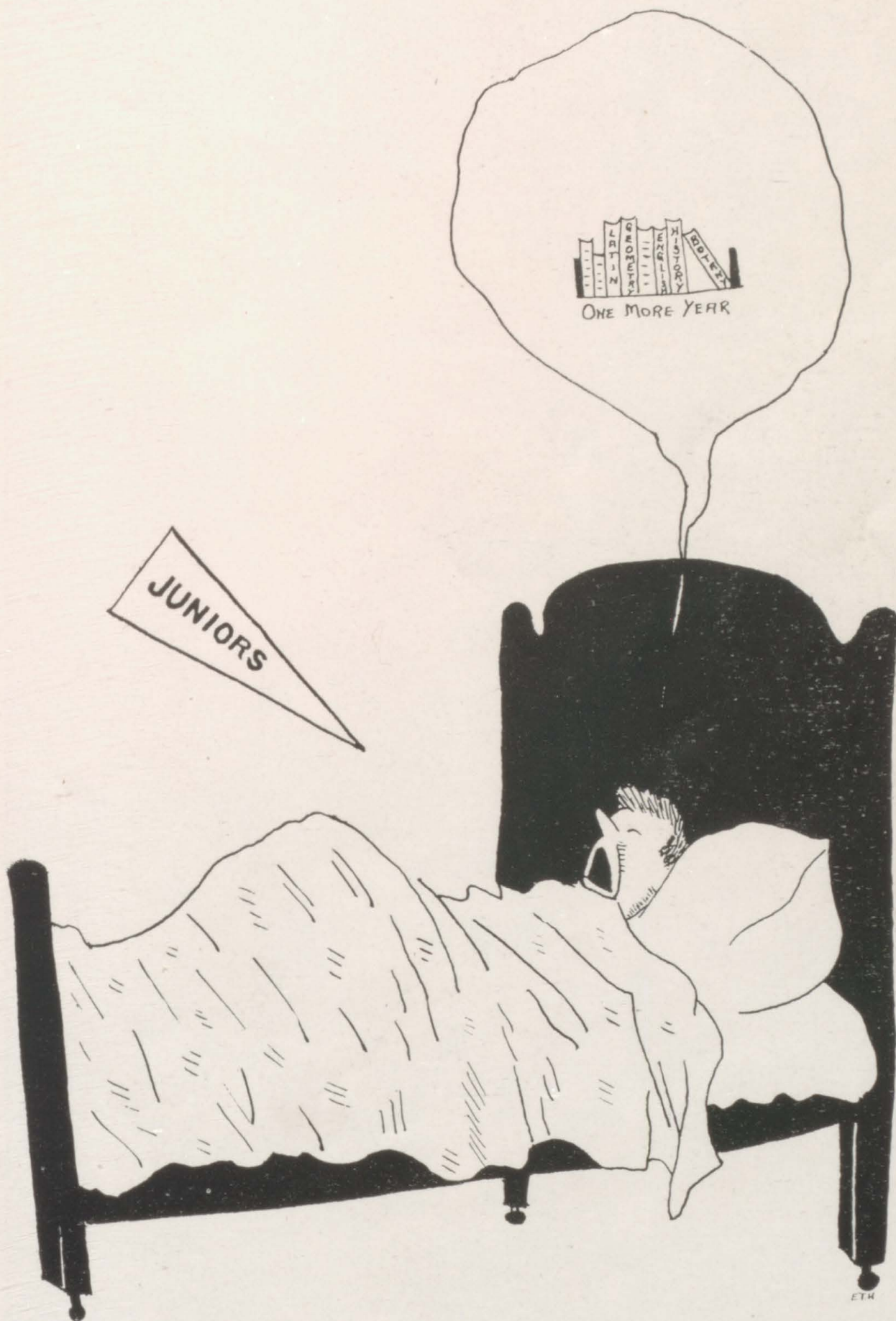
“I cannot say—I will not say
He is not dead—he is just away.”
With a cheery smile and a wave of the hand
He has wandered into an unknown land,
And left us dreaming how very fair
It needs must be since he is there.
And you—O you, who the wildest yearn
For the old time step and the glad return—
Think of him faring on as dear
In the love of There as the love of Here.
Think of him still as the same, I say;
He is not dead—he is just away.

On the morning of April 25th, the entire High School assembled in the Study Hall, where a brief but earnest and appropriate service was held in memory of Howard Sherry. The following persons paid fitting tribute to our friend and classmate in the short addresses which they delivered: Mrs. Isadore Wilson, Ernest Cainè, Principal G. C. Bronson and Superintendent E. J. Llewelyn.



Standing, left to right: Marcella Tully, Literary Editor; Opal Fraizer, Art Editor; Lee T. Pence, Joke Editor; Evangeline Gibson, Alumni Editor; Edward Kiddy, Sporting Editor.
 Sitting, left to right: Elbert Hays, Business Manager; William Craig, Advertising Manager; George H. Neff, Editor-in-Chief; Kenneth R. Cofield, Circulation Manager; Susan Morris, Society Editor.







THE CLASS OF 1919

THE JUNIORS!

President ----- Mildred Flemming Vice-President ----- George Hernly
Treasurer ----- William Waters Secretary ----- Dorothy Shaffer

The present Junior Class needs no introduction to the rest of the school. For three years we have been members of the High School. We now number fifty-three. Many of our former classmates have dropped out—many more have taken their places.

We made our first appearance before the school when we took part in the entertainment given the Freshies last year. We have another year in the old school and now we are beginning to realize the value of our first years of work. Every Junior is a member of the Athletic Association. We are well represented in the Boys' Working Reserve. Juniors hold positions in all athletics and we are beginning to be a real power, among ourselves at least.

We have artists, authors, musicians, singers, speakers and scholars among us. Why shouldn't we climb the road to fame with flying colors? And we have heartily supported The Reflector and The Rosennial published by the present Senior Class.

Too much credit cannot be given Miss Chambers for the success of the class in everything it has undertaken. She has always been ready to offer practical advice, and for this reason it is with deep regret that we leave her session room.

It was not deemed necessary to organize the Junior Class this year until March 28, on which date the election of officers was held. Probably there will be no organization at all for next year's Juniors, as this is becoming an obsolete custom.

Well, we are started on the road to fame at last, for next year we will be Seniors. All hail to the class of 1919!

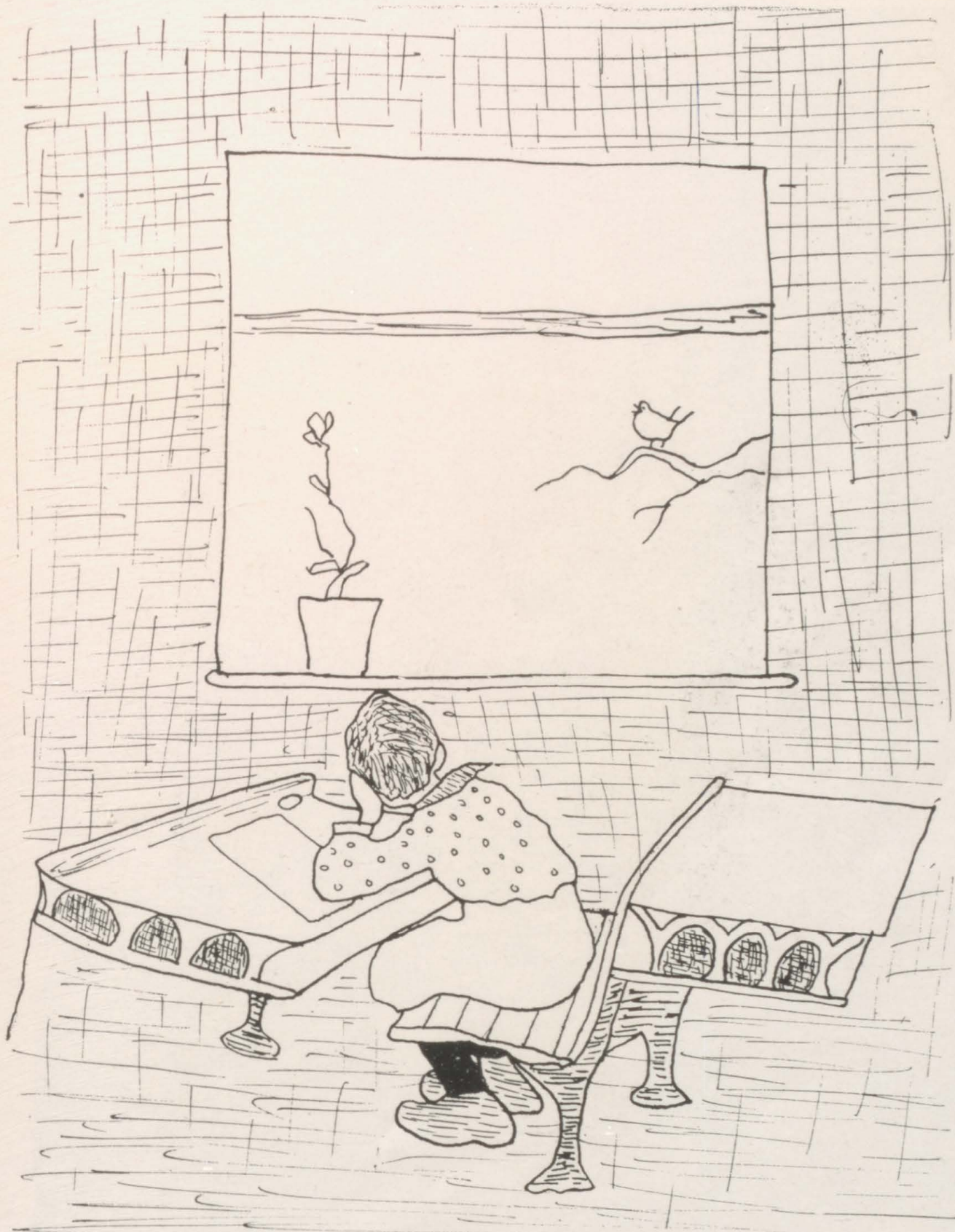
—Marc Waggener, '19.

REPORTORIAL STAFF



Standing, left to right: James Steele, Exchange Editor; Basil Beeson, Herman Redd, Sylvan Bush, Reporters.
Sitting: Catherine Conduitt, Reporter.

We feel that due acknowledgment should be made of the invaluable services of the reportorial staff. Especially their work on *The Reflector* is to be commended, as they collected many news items which would not otherwise have been published.



SOPHOMORES

E.T.H

ROSENNIAL - 1918



THE CLASS OF 1920

THE SOPHOMORES!

Behold the illustrious Sophomores.

The Sophomore Class of 1918 is, has been, and always will be the "all-star" class of N. H. S. Never before in the history of the school has there been such a class, so industrious, brilliant, lovable, and altogether perfect. From the day we entered this institution as verdant Freshmen we have been the "pride and joy" of the faculty. So glorious is our past, so promising our future, that we are certain of leaving easily distinguishable "feet-prints" on the sands of time, and a feeling of pride with the faculty.

We have in our midst Walter Baugher and George Stout, two bright and shining basketball stars; George Malkemus, a famous orator and debator, and Halcyon Tully, our Geometry shark. These are not all, for what would the Orchestra do without Thelma Rummel and Roy Gephart? We shudder at the thought. And we refuse to let our minds dwell on what would become of Mr. Kampe's chorus if the Sophomore "Melbas" and "Carusos" should withdraw. And most dreadful of all, what would old N. H. S. do without her Sophomore Class?

Every teacher gives glowing reports of us, and wishes that the other classes would pattern after the diligent Sophomores. Miss Carson states that our girls are the best cooks she has ever worked with, while Mr. Morrow declares that the Sophomore boys cannot be surpassed. This is only a sample of our work in every class.

Our session room is especially lovely, for with Miss Duncan as our "guardian angel," our home room is as a pleasant family. (If you don't believe this ask Miss Duncan.)

Considering our past record and our high ambitions for the future, the graduating class of 1920 bids fair to give to the world eighty-three famous men and women.

—Kathryn Baker, '20.

SOPHOMORE
2ND YEAR



FRESHMAN

E.T.H



THE CLASS OF 1921



THE CLASS OF 1922

THE FRESHMEN!

Honorable Faculty, Fellow-Students and the Public in General:

Resolved, That the Graduating Class of Nineteen Hundred and Twenty-one, the present Ten B's, is the brightest and foremost in everything. We offer the following statements as proof of our opening assertion.

One year ago we entered old N. H. S. as record-breakers, the best looking, the most athletic and most intelligent heretofore seen, and to this day we can say with pride that our standard has never been lowered. Many of our high grades and honors are due to the excellent Faculty, whose ability in teaching us is equaled only by our aptness in learning.

Time and space prohibit our mentioning all the members of this famous class, but let us call your attention to a few. We have Eugene Steele, better known as "Booty," who is one of the three letter-men of the under classes and the star of the Little Giants and the Second Basketball teams. In girls' athletics we possess the "Ogborn Twins," whose ability as forwards is unequalled.

Consider for a moment what our English class would be without Jay Weaver and Betty Swaim, whose very pens seemed tipped with eloquence. It requires little stretching of our imaginations to look forward to the day when great men will choose the books which bear the name of J. Weaver, or careful women will laugh thru the novels of E. J. Swaim. Think what the Art class would do without Julia Diehl and Florence Bufkin, whose pictures and works of art we feel sure will some day grace the Nation's studios and galleries.

Now that the world is at war, our subjects have been changed so that we study those things which will be of practical use now as well as in the future when this class is out in the business world. We have war gardens started, we knit, and with very few exceptions every one in the class is a member of the Red Cross. Our class can also boast of having nearly a thousand dollars invested in Liberty Bonds and Thrift Stamps. Last but not least, in fact greatest, we are represented in Uncle Sam's great army fighting for world Democracy by Reuben Orner, who has been in the service for over a year.

In conclusion we thank you for your attention and trust you will agree with us when we say our class is best.

—Doris Wisehart, '21.

—Robert Smith, '21.



THE SEVEN GATES

The noise and rumble of the city's traffic seemed far away as I turned into the inviting entrance of the park. To the east and south could be seen the glare of the city's lights upon the early summer sky. The shadowy walks led away thru ghostly trees into seeming obscurity. In silence I followed the walks, only the crunch of my steps upon the gravel mingling with the call of the night birds and the rustling of the trees. Away, somewhere in the darkness, I could hear the dripping of water. On and on I went and finally emerged upon the shores of a small lake. I abandoned my path and followed the edge of the water. I had gone but a short distance when I came upon an old man sitting alone upon a bench. There was something indescribably pathetic in his appearance. His dress was that of a sailor and his long white beard gleamed like marble in the shadow. As I approached he arose and regarded me sharply. I returned his gaze with interest. Never before had I seen a sailor of this type.

I easily fell into conversation with him concerning nautical affairs, famous ships and their commanders. He conversed with eagerness and grew confidential. I asked him why he had seemed so pathetic and cast down when I approached. A sharp spasm of pain passed over his face. I could

see that I had touched upon some chord in his mind that was unpleasant. After a long silence he said abruptly, "Have you ever heard of the Seven Gates?" Tho I had listened to sailors' yarns in many ports, I had never heard of the Seven Gates. He replied, "About twenty years ago I was first mate on the Dolphin. We did trading among the islands of the Pacific and were returning to port after a long voyage when we encountered a terrific gale that practically finished the ship. We took to the boats and drifted for several days.

"Our water supply was exhausted and there were only three left in my boat, the captain, the cook and myself, the others having died. Along about dusk we sighted a small island and made for it. When we came to the breakers we lost control and were upset. I awakened hours later and found myself on the shore close beside the captain. There was no sign of the cook. We made our way slowly toward a group of trees and there found a spring of cool water.

"Having decided to travel inland in the hope of finding some inhabitants, we set out. We soon came upon a road and were following it when we encountered a company of Japanese soldiers and their Lord. We were made prisoners and taken to the home of this dignified official. Here we

were fed and then informed that the Lord wished to see us before we should be put to death.

"Immediately our hope which had risen collapsed. We signified that we were ready and were taken without delay into the presence of the Lord. He and his attendants inspected us curiously. He said it had long been his desire to entertain two guests of our nationality. He had heard much about our country and the bravery and courage of its peoples, but had never had the joy of proving it. We were to show him whether or not we had as much courage as was reputed. We were to die in a noble cause and the death of a Samuri. Was it not a privilege? We were divided in feeling between fear and curiosity, fear of dying in this place and curiosity as to the manner of our end. At this point a long box, made by crossing strips of iron, was brought in, followed by a servant carrying a large cage of ferocious rats.

"The Lord continued: 'You will notice this box is separated into compartments by seven gates which are so cut that they fit around a human body. You, pointing to the captain, will be placed in the box and these rats, which have been starved for seven days, will be placed into the lowest compartment which contains your feet. When they have devoured your feet they will be raised into the next section, and so on until you have bled to death or the rats reach your heart. Meanwhile your friend, looking at me, will stand over you with a sword and if the pain becomes too great you may die suddenly.'

"The captain and I looked at each other horror stricken. Was it possible that such a fate awaited us? But we were not given long to deliberate. The captain was placed in the box which held him immovable; he could move neither hand nor foot. I was given a short, keen sword, the hilt of which was chained to a post set in the floor. It was just long enough to enable me to reach the captain's heart. Before the rats were let in the Lord spoke again: 'You will, I hope, not disappoint me concerning your courage. To my knowledge no one has

been able to resist the pain after the fifth gate was lifted except a prince of the royal blood.' Then turning to the servants he gave orders to admit the rats to the first section.

"Blindly I watched them trooping thru the opening. It seemed a horrible dream. The room seemed to revolve faster and faster. I was recalled to consciousness by an exclamation of pleasure from the Lord. I saw the second gate lifted. As I looked at my friend the perspiration appeared on his face as if from a rain. I raised the blade but his eyes forbade it. He would die honorably. His lips moved and I again raised it but his eyes blazed and I held it there, suspended in air, ready to drop at the slightest motion. When the third gate was raised he turned his eyes toward me and closed them. I raised the sword higher and it descended—and dropped to my side. I summoned my courage and again lifted the blade and thrust directly at the captain's heart and again it dropped. I could not kill my friend even tho he was being eaten alive. His face was in terrible agony. I lifted the blade once more and thrust again. Everything whirled faster and faster and I knew no more. When I awoke it was broad daylight and I was in this very spot. How long it had been I did not know, nor how I had reached this place. My mind was a blank. I could remember nothing except the sight of my captain's face and that box.

"For nineteen years I have traveled to many ports in the world and on many ships, but I have never been able to forget. For nineteen years it has followed me and made my life miserable. Yesterday my ship entered this port and I came here to try to think and determine forever whether I was successful and did kill the captain or whether I left him to be eaten by the rats. I can't remember! I can't remember!"

The rustling of the trees, the call of the birds, the far-off roar of the traffic echoed back the old man's cry, "I can't remember! I can't remember!"

—Marc G. Waggener, '19.

"IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN"

Yes, they were orphans. Loran and Paul Wiley were suddenly thrust upon the threshold of life at the ages of twelve and ten years. No one cared for them enough to look after their interest and welfare in life. They took the responsibility of making their own living, a few weeks before their father breathed his last in their dingy home in the tenement district of New York where vice and crime were at their height. These two little waifs managed, however, to live, or barely exist, from the few cents they made selling papers in the streets of the city. But when the rent for their home came due, they were unable to pay the necessary amount, and the grouchy, rough-talking owner turned them away. The streets and alleys were the only thing left to them.

At length Loran became separated from Paul and each failed in their efforts to locate the other. One day while crossing the tanglement of street car tracks in his efforts to sell his papers, little Paul was caught between a street car and a big green automobile driven by a colored chauffeur and thrown to the pavement. When the big auto came to a stop, a white-headed old gentleman with a rather quick step, bounded out of the side door and picked up the little bunch of tattered rags that was rolled up in a heap just behind the car. Little Paul's face and body was severely cut and bruised. The old gentleman thoughtfully picked up the limp body and bundled it into the rear seat of the car. In a short time the big car had worked its way out of the crowded districts and was headed for the bachelor apartments of a multi-millionaire of New York. The big car seemed to be like a palace; like the ones he had heard of in fairy tales.

The old gentleman, whom we shall know as Mr. Whitted, upon learning Paul's story of his father's recent death, decided to adopt the child as his own. Paul soon adapted himself to the conditions as best he could, but he could not become accustomed to the many servants who were ready to do as he would bid them.

Time passed. Although Paul had

everything that money could possibly buy, he was not happy. All the money in the world could not bring him happiness. One evening he told his story to his father. So, wrapped up in his adopted son, the old gentleman immediately began to unravel the mystery. He employed many detectives and offered large rewards for information that would lead to his discovery. But his efforts were not rewarded in any way. However, Paul never gave up the idea that he would some day find his brother safe and sound.

All this time Paul was attending a private school. He was very bright and eager to learn. At the graduation of his class he received the class honors. On his nineteenth birthday he entered Dartmouth College. He soon made many friends and the unanimous selection as class President was the result. He became very learned at French and German and was able to speak each one fluently. All this came to naught, for he soon fell in with the rougher element of the college and as a result he drank and played cards for money. He lost quite heavily and fell down in his standards of study. Traveling at this rate of speed he soon became a social outcast at the college. All this was more than his old father could stand, and to save the good name of his family from further abuse he promptly disinherited his son and refused to grant him any more money to continue his course. The boy soon saw his mistake and tried to remedy his faults. But he was branded for life. For awhile he was able to keep up his expenses by his ability to read and transcribe French and German. But the demand for money was much greater than his supply and he was forced to leave college. From the moment he shook the dust of the campus from his shoes, his life was one of continual wandering. At times he hardly had enough to eat and no permanent lodging. He now realized that his mistake was still greater than he had reasoned for before, and again determined to begin life anew. Wherever he drifted it seemed that everybody knew him and nobody wanted him around. He was trying to set himself

aright with the world but it would not let him. One disappointment followed another until he became despondent and lost all interest in life and his faith in human beings.

Time passed and the next time we find Paul he is sitting on the express truck at the Canadian Pacific at Glenroy, Canada, carelessly sunning himself in the warm sunshine of that bright August morning. We have now seen the life of our future hero up to August 1, 1915, and shall drop it at this point to take up a topic of momentous importance not only to Paul but to the whole world in general. It was the great European War, momentarily brought about by a petty quarrel between the royal families of Europe. All this Paul read as he sat on that express truck in the little town of Glenroy, Canada. Austria had declared war on Servia and soon the whole of Europe was grasping at each other's throats in a mad frenzy.

When England declared war on Germany it necessarily involved the country in which our future hero was now wandering. When the call for volunteers came he enlisted in the Canadian army, not because of his patriotism but more because the thread of adventure ran high in his mind. After he had been in training for a short time he realized that here was a greater cause for his giving his life, than for the mere thought of adventure, and that to fight in the army of the world in its fight against militarism. He soon became a lieutenant because of his commanding appearance and extreme fearlessness.

After several months' training they embarked at Halifax for an unknown port "over there." They landed at Liverpool after an uneventful voyage. Here he underwent his final training in the course of about two weeks. By this time the Germans had rushed through Belgium and were pouring into France by the thousands. Troops were needed in great numbers and immediately. So Paul and his company of Canadians were slipped across the Channel under cover of darkness into sunny France. By the time Paul had reached the front line of trenches, the German drive had reached its zenith about twelve miles from the gates of Paris, and was slowly falling back.

After several weeks in the trenches, Paul received orders to report to the American Ambulance Corps. He was assigned to a truck that was carrying the wounded from the battlefield. Here he saw all the horrors of war, mingled with its glory. While on duty he saw many towns that had been leveled to the ground by the opposing gun-fire. Among them was a town that had been taken and retaken six times. There was nothing left of the town but heaps of brick. In one instance he noted a pile of broken stone and bricks that had been pounded to a dust. From one of the guards he learned that the Germans, when compelled to evacuate the town, had forced Belgian prisoners to pound the building material that remained in the town so that it could not be used in future building. In this same town he saw a mother who had given her six sons to the cause, but she was still cheerful and was doing her bit to drive back the Hun by tilling a small garden between the piles of ruins. Another woman had given her only son and had her daughter carried off by the Germans. These are only a few of the many instances which he saw and heard.

The next day he received orders to drive to a place about three miles distant to bring back some wounded. The night was one of those kind that drenched one to the skin, being a half rain and half sleet. The road was very slick and uneven and it was not uncommon for one to become fast in a shell crater. The only light a driver had was that light which was given off by the bursting shells, as lights on the trucks would only serve as a target. Shells were continually whistling and bursting over head. Finally one of them reached its target and carried off the rear end of the ambulance, turned it over and rolled it into the side of the road. By the light of a bursting shell Paul could see another ambulance approaching in the distance. While he was waiting for the relief, he heard a deep groan of some one in great agony. He took out his pocket flashlight and started in that direction. He soon found the prostrate form of a young French soldier lying in the hole made by a huge shell. His shoulder had been shot away and left his arm hanging by a few shreds of flesh. By this time the

other truck had arrived and had been hailed by Paul and stopped. The two men placed the wounded man on the stretcher and put him in the ambulance.

The road was very rough and at every rut in the road the wounded man would let out a deep groan. Paul's heart was touched and he did everything in his power to aid the injured man and make him comfortable. When they reached the hospital with him he was unconscious. Before they departed Paul received the assurance of the nurse in charge that she would let him know in a short time the condition of his friend.

So Paul went back to daily routine of work, eagerly watching the mails for the expectant letter. At last that happy moment came, for when the mails were distributed he received the following letter which he eagerly tore open and read:

Dear friend:

As requested I am sending you the information which you asked for concerning your soldier friend. He has been unconscious since Thursday last and is slowly sinking. He continually talks about some person whom I am unable to understand distinctly. He mutters about another person whom I afterwards made out from the rest of his talk to be the captain of a steamship plying between New York and Bordeaux. He says that he is not French but American, and that he was

taken from New York when quite a small boy. His whole life seems more or less mystifying. He cannot live long, for death is rapidly claiming the better part of his life.

Respectfully,

MISS X.,

Head Nurse, 133rd Base Hospital Unit.

When Paul had finished reading the letter, tears were trickling down his cheeks and in the next moment he gasped in one breath, "Loran!" He luckily obtained a two days' furlough to go to the hospital.

When he arrived a strong breeze was bearing his friend away to a place where joy and happiness rules supreme. The pale face of the man stood out glaringly on the white sheets. His face twitched with agony and it was plain to be seen that he could not hold out much longer against such great odds. Finally he moved his last time, raised up and was dead. Although he uttered no audible sound, it seemed to Paul as if he murmured "Paul." As the nurse pulled the sheet over the dead man's face Paul told her his own little story about his brother who disappeared when a little boy in New York and how this one might have been his long lost brother.

That evening the thought of his day's experiences were continually on his mind. But he lost all hope and sorrowfully murmured, "It might have been."

—Lee T. Pence.

OUR KIND OF MAN

The kind of man for you and me!
He faces the world unflinchingly,
And smiles as long as the wrong exists,
With a knuckled faith and force like fists;
He lives the life he is preaching of,
And loves where most is the need of love;
And a feeling still, with a grief half glad,
That the bad are as good as the good are bad,
He strikes straight out for the right—and he
Is the kind of a man for you and me.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

SERVING

It was a very warm evening in July. Alice stood on the porch by the moon-vines trying to catch a breath of the faint breeze that was gently rustling the leaves. It was all over with; the train had left the little station a few minutes before, taking Joe with it. And she began to realize for the first time how lonesome she would be without him.

She could not blame him for leaving the small town for broader fields and for refusing to live longer on his meager income. She was proud of that, proud of his ambition to become a great surgeon, but now that he was gone she knew that he was much more to her than just "the little boy next door," as he had always been in the past.

Several weeks passed before she heard from him and finally a letter came from him, full of his first successes, small as yet but wonderful stepping stones for his future. She smiled over his enthusiasm and wrote him an encouraging letter.

But as time went on the letters became fewer and lacked the friendliness the first ones had contained and took on a more distant air until they ceased entirely and became mere notes now and then. In spite of this Alice tried to be the same, writing him of the incidents that she thought would interest him most.

But one day a letter came from him saying that he had a commission as an army surgeon and that he was leaving for France. This was quite a shock to Alice, but she put aside her own feelings and thought only of the good he would do "over there."

Many months passed but no word of him came to her and at last she ceased thinking of him. One day an aunt came on a visit and being a great Red Cross worker, at last persuaded Alice to become a Red Cross nurse. It was several weeks before she was ready to go, but when the time finally came and the train was pulling out, Alice thought how useless her life had been and looked forward to a new and far different period of her life to open before her.

She was to sail for Liverpool, where the party of which she was a member was to

be organized. The doctor and other nurses made up a party of twenty, all anxious to start for France where they would join the rest of this contingent, part of it having gone ahead to prepare the way for the others. When the party at last arrived in France they still had a great way to travel before reaching the firing line where their real service would begin.

Alice saw no signs of war until they came to a small village of green and white houses. This little town had been fired on three times but no serious damage had been done. Here supplies were obtained and the journey resumed.

Along the road were many destroyed farm houses and barns and over all there seemed to be a mysterious quiet which Alice could not account for. Not far away was a deserted trench half-filled with water and the crickets chirped mournfully around it. After a long delay in the arrival of final orders, necessitating a long wait in an abandoned farm house, the party finally got the long expected word to move on, and every one started out, anxious for the real work to begin.

The nearer they came to the firing line the more unnerved Alice became. She tried to steady herself but when they came within hearing of the big guns she began to realize what war really meant and her fear of it. They finally arrived at the Red Cross Station, just behind the lines, and the incessant din and roar of the cannon was almost unbearable.

Here at last they were settled and the work began. All day long and far into the second day the stretcher bearers were busy bringing in the wounded. The nurses were kept busy bandaging and washing wounds. The house was becoming unbearable with the groans of the wounded and the odor of blood.

Alice at last lost all of the fright she had felt the first night, but in its place came a great desire to get nearer the firing line and death and the knowledge of what death really was.

The next day was not so full of things to do and for the first time since her start from

America she thought of Joe, and wondered if she would meet him here while both of them were serving the same cause. The next week the lines moved forward, the Red Cross unit with them. This time they stopped at a village which had just been retaken by the Allied forces. Not many people were left here, but these were jubilant over their rescue. However, a long stay here was unnecessary, as the Allies were winning ground with very little effort.

Finally the unit stopped at a small church and was compelled to again begin their work. The stretchers came in one after another until the wounded men filled the church and it was necessary to erect tents outside for many of them. Alice bandaged until she could hardly stand, but her heart was strong and, wrapped up in her work, she went on unheeding. At last the injured became so numerous as to require more doctors and several were sent from another station and then it was that Alice saw Joe. Not the same Joe she had known but an older Joe, with his heart so full of his duty and so determined to save that Alice was left unrecognized.

He was one of the men called from the other station and Alice saw and recognized him as he came in the door. But he did not seem so important to her as he would have in the past, for now her work came first.

Then came the great shock. The lines that had been going forward so successfully

were falling back. Something was wrong. No one knew what, but they all busied themselves with placing the wounded in ambulances and bearing them out of the danger zone.

Alice never forgot that night. How they hurried and how worried she had felt for the wounded, but she bravely obeyed orders, always conscious that Joe was near her, although he did not suspect. After everything was made ready they started back over the road over which they had so triumphantly come. It seemed that the horses moved more slowly than ever before and that the enemy gained on them although the guns had ceased. But finally they arrived at the farmhouse where they had first settled and here began unloading.

The next day Alice was one of a party sent out to investigate a food supply train. She noticed with great joy that Joe was also in the party. But suddenly as they were passing thru a small woods a great shell burst and Alice knew no more.

When she opened her eyes she was in the farmhouse and Joe was sitting beside her. When he saw that she had regained consciousness he told her how surprised he had been to find that she was here with him and how he found how much he cared for her and asked to be forgiven for his negligence. She willingly forgave him, telling him that it was all necessary in serving.

—Edith Roll.



SUMMARY 1917-1918 SEASON

Athletics in N. H. S. started with a rush at the beginning of the fall semester in 1917. It did not take long to become thoroughly acquainted with our new coach, Mr. Allen. After an interview with him enthusiasm ignited in every heart.

There were many try-outs in football and after a short time a worthy team was selected. Altho its playing was clean, scientific and well organized, it played in bad luck. However, we know from the enthusiasm displayed, both by the team and student body, that football will be a success here next year.

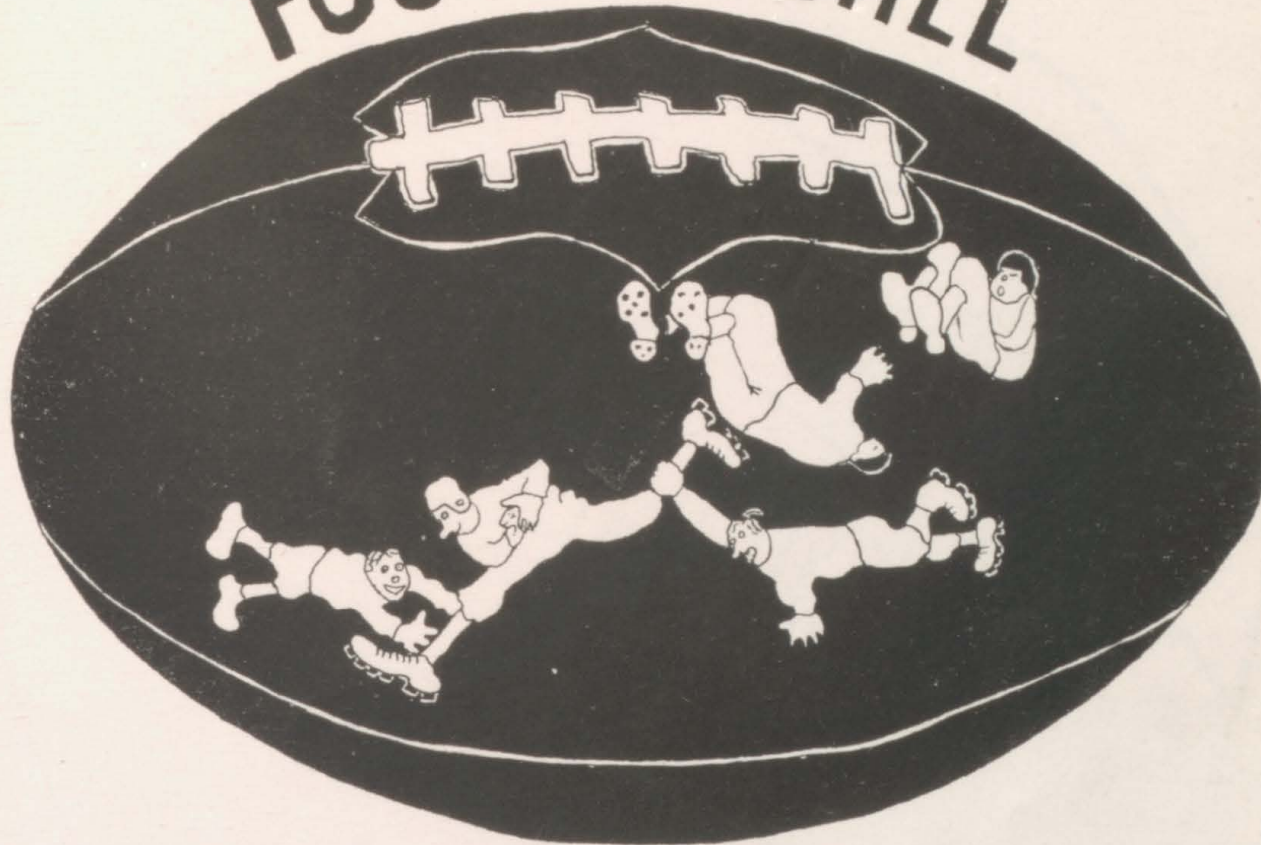
Then basketball was taken up with a spirit that could not fail to place us on the winning list. So many tried out that for a long time it was difficult to choose a team that would best represent the school. But at last the choices were made and real work began. It is true that a little bad luck followed the team during the first of the season, but their efforts soon drove away the jinx. The spirit displayed at the games this year far exceeded our fondest expectations. Everyone turned out with the determination to win. And win we did.

The girls also have developed some very strong teams. Girls' basketball is not given the prominence that is given boys' basketball. The season is not so long, but the girls say they certainly enjoy the game and expect great results.

So let's give the teams next season more support than ever before. The more support the better results.

Unusual interest was displayed this spring in baseball. Several teams were chosen and nearly every evening has seen an interesting game played at the Maxwell park. Bad weather and the grip epidemic shattered all hopes of a strong 'Varsity nine for this year. Indications point, however, to a more successful season next year.

FOOT BALL



"Football in the high schools of Indiana has come to be a survival of the fittest," says Prof. Bronson. For some years N. H. S. was not among the survivors and was bemoaned as a dead one in football. But with the big changes in the faculty this year, Allen came to the rescue and put us afloat on the sea of football.

At the first tryouts the whole Freshman class turned out and the upper classmen were also there in "goodly numbers." But after Grant's momentum was ascertained "the gang" began to thin out and finally faded to about fifteen huskies.

In each game the boys played hard, but the scoring machine got some sand in the gear box and refused to be run until "Wisey" broke it loose in the second Greenfield game.

It was all like this:

N. H. S. Alumni, 7; N. H. S., 0.
Greenfield, 6; N. H. S., 0.
Greenfield, 13; N. H. S., 6.
Elwood, 48; N. H. S., 0.

Grant played a heavy game.

Starbuck was "awful" rough.

Beck's motto was, "Let me at 'em!"

Pence was hard to get hold of.

Mills blocked 'em all.

Steele stayed with the ball.

Capt. McDaniels gave them a merry chase.

Craig, Ogle and Baugher were heavy hitters on the line.

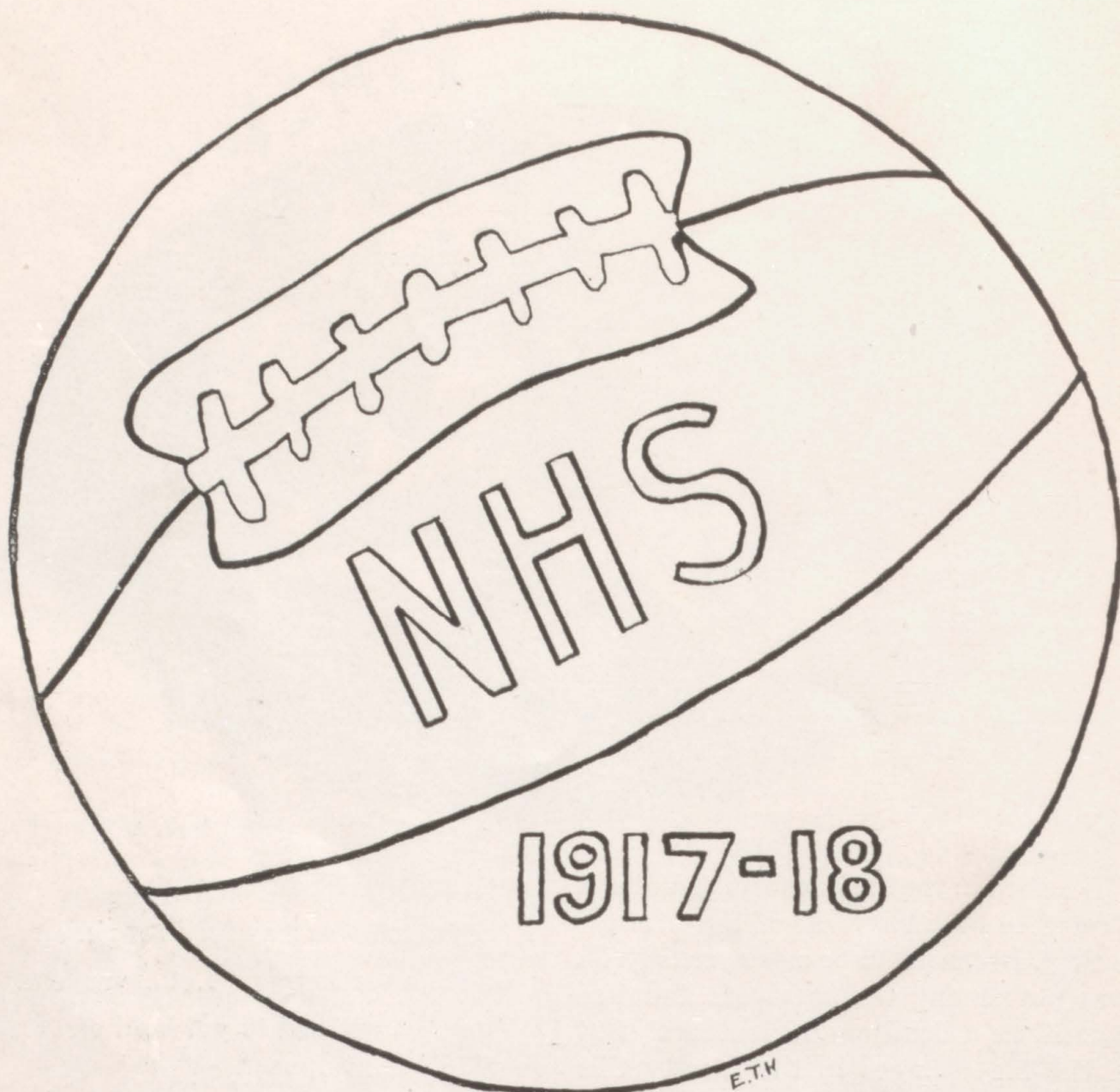
Miller's size made them all take notice.

Spannuth grabbed at 'em but missed.

Gullion couldn't even raise a sweat.

Phil White found the game too hot.

In conclusion we all hope that next year N. H. S. will be a lively survivor in the sea of football and that she will sail thru in a dreadnaught instead of a raft.



SEASON SCORES

N. H. S. vs. Muncie	13-26
N. H. S. vs. Knightstown	17-12
N. H. S. vs. Richmond	7-27
N. H. S. vs. Spiceland	22-16
N. H. S. vs. Knightstown	29-22
N. H. S. vs. Richomnd	12-17
N. H. S. vs. Anderson	19-59
N. H. S. vs. Mooreland	19-11
N. H. S. vs. Middletown	44-8
N. H. S. vs. Hagerstown	41-11
N. H. S. vs. Mooreland	19-11
N. H. S. vs. Muncie	20-13
N. H. S. vs. Noblesville	110-0
N. H. S. vs. Cambridge City	59-24
N. H. S. vs. Modoc	71-18
N. H. S. vs. Anderson	23-32
N. H. S. vs. Lewisville	25-13
N. H. S. vs. Modoc	47-8

THE TOURNAMENT

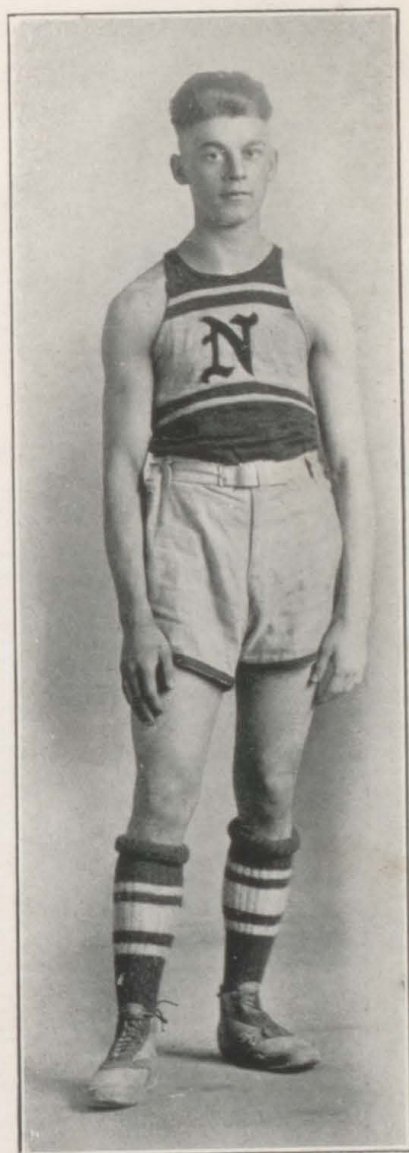
Mooreland vs. Knightstown	16-13
Wilkinson vs. Cowan	4-33
Spiceland vs. Cadiz	13-18
Middletown vs. Mt. Comfort	12-32
New Castle vs. Straughn	57-11
New Lisbon vs. Kennard	19-20
Maxwell vs. Lewisville	16-21
Muncie vs. Mooreland	18-8
Cowan vs. Cadiz	27-7
Mt. Comfort vs. New Castle	11-35
Kennard vs. Lewisville	10-14
Muncie vs. Cowan	26-17
New Castle vs. Lewisville	47-16
New Castle vs. Muncie	24-26



HOWARD WISE

("Wisie")

Take notice! No holding, or there is always a little party for two after the game. A guard who covered ground and became captain.



WALTER BAUGHER

("Baugher")

A good player and he piles up our score.



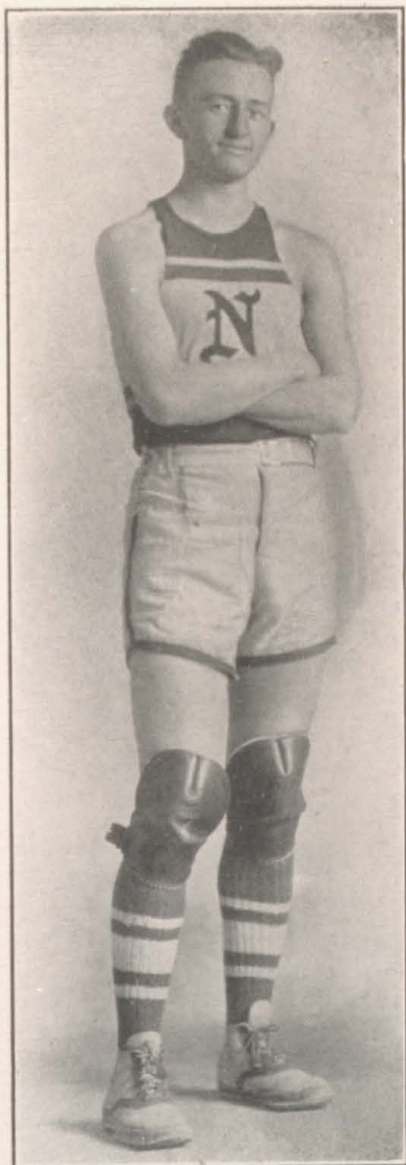
ORIS M'DANIELS
 ("Red")

He carries out his Irish by fighting them all; so, fellows, don't get him mad.



GEORGE STOUT
 ("Stouty")

When Stouty comes out he brings pep with him.



LEE T. PENCE

("Doe")

All-district center.

Good when it comes to reverse turns. Watch him close, guards, for he will slip one in over you. And as for fouls, why he eats 'em up.



ERNEST CAINE

("Ernie")

All-district guard.

Never gives up. He fights till the gun fires and fights to win.



EDGAR MILLS

("Farmer")

Don't blow your breath on him while he is running across the floor. He may fall over.



ROBERT HOGUE

("Bob")

Never gets sore at any one.



JAY RHOTON

("Rooster")

A modern Mutt. He looks down with disgust on all opposing centers.



FRANK E. ALLEN

Coach of the "Fighting Five."

A man who has a big smile and is there with the goods.



ELBERT HAYS

(“Tobe”)

Who said “Tobe” wasn’t the regular little “red pepper” when it comes to leading N. H. S. fans? Always on the job with the pep bucket brim-full.

HERBERT CONNER

(“Herb”)

A most valuable assistant to “Tobe.” A sure-fire yell leader. He always brings a big howl from the crowd.



THE SECOND TEAM



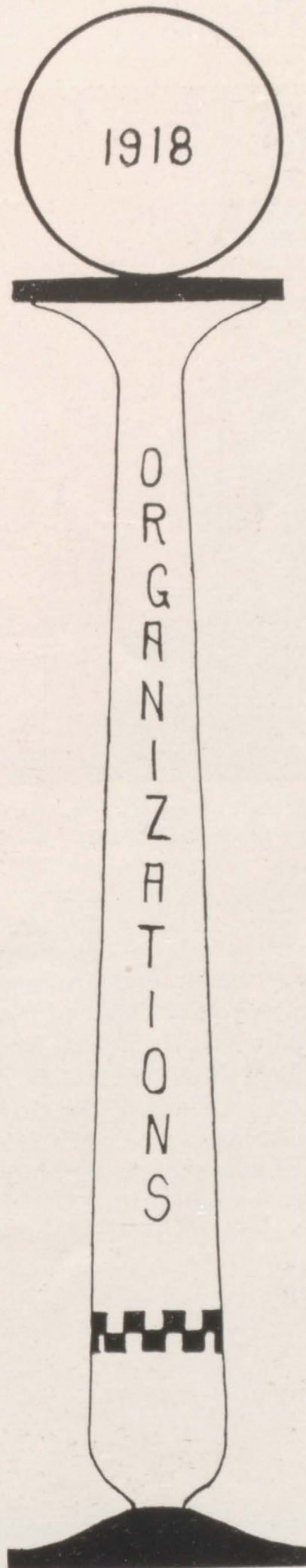
Standing, left to right: Eugene Steele, Everett Rowles, Carl Starbuck, Charles Beck, Thomas Houck.
Sitting, left to right: Blair Gullion, Cletis Conn, Harold Gilbert, Robert Lacy, Joseph Burris.

Probably in no previous year has the Second Team played so important a part in the season's athletics. It is true that upon the strength and skill of the Second Team depends the success of the First Team. This year more men obtained a berth with the Seconds than in former years, thereby giving the coach an opportunity to put the strongest possible team on the floor. The strength of the Second Team was made evident by its victories over Cadiz, Kennard and Lewisville.

However, the most important purpose of the Second Team is not to defeat the smaller towns around New Castle, but to teach the First Team to fight. We all admit that the Second Team, assisted by Coach Aleln, instilled the true victory spirit into the First Team. In addition to this much valuable material was developed for next year's team and a great deal of experience was gained by all the members of the Second Team.



GIRLS' BASKETBALL SQUAD



THE ORCHESTRA



Sitting, left to right: Thelma Rummel, George H. Neff, Sylvan G. Bush, Otis Bradway, Howard Richards, Alta Hiatt, Marjory Cox, Doris Lande, Joseph Burris and Arthur Grissom. Professor Kampe standing at piano.

The local High School Orchestra is not an exceptionally large organization. Just why it is not even so large as similar organizations in even smaller schools, is not known. But that our Orchestra is well balanced in instrumentation and possesses a wide knowledge of music and harmony, is proved by its appearance on Class Day and at the Commencement exercises. Professor Kampe deserves very special mention for his untiring efforts to raise the standard of the Orchestra, and the results of his efforts are now noticeable in a pleasing degree. We are confident that the orchestra will accomplish great success next year and we certainly wish it a prosperous future.

GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

One of the most successful of Mr. Kampe's many efforts in the past year has been that of the Girls' Glee Club. It was organized under that name at the beginning of the school year, and by the end of the first half was so crowded that it was necessary to limit the number of members for the following semester.

Meeting every Thursday evening, the young ladies assembled in the study hall and there for several minutes engaged in the usual amount of gossip and individual voice culture. It is even said that, prior to the arrival of Prof. Kampe and roll call, the Winged Victory contemplated taking wings and flying out of reach of those many and various shrill voices. However, when real work commenced, the Glee Club accomplished much and is to be commended. The Girls' Glee Club is indeed an organization of which the school may feel very proud.

BOYS' GLEE CLUB

Last September, when the Glee Club was organized, very little interest was taken in it among the boys who should have been there. A few Freshies as first tenors, Cecil Colson was the lone second tenor, Lindly Cook being first bass and Charles Stevens, "the little boy with the big voice," completed the role. Hardly enough for a good quartette.

The first semester was taken up with easy songs by which Professor Kampe hoped to teach the boys the elementary ideas of good harmony.

The second semester, however, witnessed a big increase in membership and a renewed interest was taken, all of which was probably due to the rumor that the organization would be decked out in Tuxedo costume and do the country up in style. Whatever the real reason may have been, it accomplished a wonderful purpose, for an excellent Glee Club was developed and it bids fair to do old New Castle "Hi" famous next year.

PUBLIC SPEAKING

Under the able guidance and direction of Miss Taylor, the Public Speaking Club made great headway this year. During the second six weeks' period several periods each week were devoted to practice and trial speeches on a current question. At last in a contest held before the student-body, Marc Waggener, '19, was chosen as representative from N. H. S. to attend the District Contest at Rushville. Unfortunately the judges voted the Fortville and Richmond representatives to be a little better than our man, so we can only look forward to bigger and better results in Public Speaking next year.

HIGH SCHOOL DEPARTMENTS

ENGLISH.

Four full years of work are offered in English Composition, Rhetoric and Literature, besides work in Public Speaking and Business English. A History of English and American Literature is taken, together with illustrative selections from each period of Literature.

The first six courses in English are required of all students. English VII and VIII are elective, but students are urged to take the full four year course, as it is our mother tongue.

HISTORY.

The work in History consists of the following courses:—Industrial History, Ancient History, Medieval and Modern History, American History, Civil Government and Vocational Guidance.

This year, the work has been changed so that one semester, only, is devoted to the study of Ancient History. In the judgment of the school management, it is better to devote one semester to the study of The History of Industry than to devote an entire year to the study of Ancient History.

Vocational Guidance has been added to the Course this year, and is studied in connection with Civil Government. In this work a thorough study is made of all the vocations open to young men and to young women. This study includes the following points:—Apprenticeship required to learn the work; danger to life and health; chances of promotion in the same work or in other lines of activity; tenure of position; chances for individual growth; opportunity for amusement; probability of accumulating a surplus for old age, etc. The student may use all facts brought out in reports and studies made in determining the particular vocation for which he feels he is best fitted.

Three full years of History work are offered, two years being required and one year elective. Students are advised to take the full three year course.

LANGUAGE.

The Board of School Trustees unanimously voted to drop the study of German from our High School course of study, at a regular meeting held last June, thus being one of the first School Boards to take similar action in the State. The members of the Board deserve credit for their wise action in this matter. Provision was made for those who had begun the study of German to continue the work in order to graduate. However, there will be no German classes after this year.

There are four years' work offered in Latin, consisting of Beginners' Latin, Caesar's Gallic Wars, Cicero's Orations and Letters, Vergil's Aenid, and Prose Composition, extending throughout the course. Two full years are required for graduation, and all students who have any ability in the subject are urged to take at least three full years. Students with marked ability are requested to take the full course.

MATHEMATICS.

There is a course of three full years offered in Mathematics, besides Commercial Arithmetic. The course is divided as follows:—Algebra, three semesters; Plane Geometry, two semesters, and Solid Geometry, one semester. Each student is required to take two semesters of Algebra, and two semesters of Plane Geometry. The third semester in Algebra and Solid Geometry are elective. Students with mathematical ability are urged to take Solid Geometry and the third semester in Algebra, as most colleges require these for entrance.

The Commercial Arithmetic is offered in the Commercial Department and it can not be substituted for any required credit in mathematics. Students who elect to take the special Commercial Course may be exempt either from the requirements in Mathematics or in Language, but not from both of these. In such case the cause must be sufficient to justify the Faculty in giving permission.

SCIENCE.

Courses in Botany, Agriculture, Agronomy (Gardening), Physics, and Chemistry are offered in Science. One full year of science study in the same science is required of all students, and students are urged to take at least two years. Students with unusual ability are requested to take all of the science work offered.

The courses in Agriculture and Agronomy are being offered for the first time this year. All science classes have had full enrollment this year. The students who study Agronomy are required to make a garden as a part of the work and this garden must pass inspection of the teacher. Before the garden can be made, the plans for making the garden must be submitted and approved. This work has added very materially to the interest in Gardening and many persons who have not before been interested in the subject are now making gardens and helping in these war times. One hundred and twenty pupils have taken this course this year. The work in Agriculture consists in a thorough study of the elements of agriculture, with frequent laboratory tests, field excursions, and live stock inspections. This work will be very helpful to the students who elected to take it.

COMMERCIAL SUBJECTS.

The Commercial Department was organized and equipped last fall and has already become a very popular department among the students. It has long been known that students must be taught to "make a living" as well as to be taught to "live." It was with this thought that this Department was organized.

Bookkeeping, Stenography, Typewriting, Commercial Law, Business English, Commercial Geography, Commercial Arithmetic, Salesmanship, Business Correspondence and Penmanship are offered in this Department. Students graduating with a Commercial Diploma must have at least eight full credits in the Commercial Department, including two credits in Bookkeeping, two in Stenography, and one in Typewriting. The other three credits may be chosen from the subjects offered. Students are urged to take as many courses as possible from those offered.

One, two, or three year Commercial Certificates, as well as four year Commercial Diplomas, are granted to students in this Department. This course will be a big drawing card for our High School and will cause a much larger enrollment.

MINOR ELECTIVES.

The "minor electives" indicated below, are offered with the requirements indicated in each.

1. MUSIC. Work is offered in Rudiments, Elementary Harmony, Advanced Harmony, Music Appreciation, Music History, Orchestra, Boys' Glee Club, Girls' Glee Club, and Mixed Chorus. All students must have a thorough knowledge of the Rudiments of Music. The work in Orchestra, Glee Clubs and Choruses, and all advanced courses are elective, according to ability and on recommendation of the Supervisor of Music.

2. DRAWING. A total of eight courses in free-hand drawing and four courses in mechanical drawing are offered. Students must have at least the first two courses in free-hand or mechanical drawing. The advanced courses are elective and privilege of election depends on natural or acquired ability and on recommendation of the Supervisor or Teacher.

3. MANUAL TRAINING. A student with ability may make as many as three credits in Manual Training, the work including lathe work, cabinet making, etc. All boys must have at least eight-tenths of one credit in the same, the purpose being to give boys a working knowledge of tools, their care and uses. Many boys take more than the minimum amount of work required. The Manual Training Shop is a very busy place at all times in the day.

4. HOUSEHOLD ARTS. All girls are required to have at least one and six-tenths credits in Household Arts—the same to be divided equally between Sewing, Textiles, etc., and Cooking, House Management, etc. Advanced courses are offered so that girls with ability may take as much as four full credits, with the consent and advice of the teacher.

5. PUBLIC SPEAKING. All students with probable ability in Public Speaking are urged to take some of the courses offered in this subject. The courses offered are always determined by the demand and need of the school. Oratory, Elocution, Discussion, Debating, and Dramatic Interpretation will be offered next year, and some of these were offered this year.

CONCLUSION.

With courses being offered as given above, it will be evident to any interested taxpayer or friend of the school that the NEW CASTLE HIGH SCHOOL will soon stand at the top of the list of High Schools of the State. The one plan of the management is to make the course so vital and so practical that every child in the City may be helped by attending.

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS OF THE NEW CASTLE HIGH SCHOOL

Number 4.

HIGH SCHOOL ON A WAR BASIS

se of Study Adapted to War Needs.

War tax will be levied on High School graduates. If the school is not devoted to religious instruction according to the law, the day of the military training, replying to questions by school heads through the press.

If a school has an education which keeps the military end of the season, then, on admission must be held, but if the net receipts to school use, such as maximum apparatus, new library, etc., then no tax is charge.



of the Course of study in II, dealing largely with the of mosses, lichens, etc., there will be a course in "Gardening." The students will make gardens in the time which has been usually been spent in making "Herbariums."

A new course will be added in History which will be known as "Industrial History." This will study the development of the various industries that the students will better know the reasons for our present commercial and industrial standing among the nations of the earth.

Another course to be added is a course in "Vocational Guidance." In this course, there will be a study of the various industries and occupations, the requirements for boys and to girls, with special reference to advancement, apprenticeship, etc., connected with each. This course will be taught by Prof. J. H. Brown, principal of the High School. The Commercial Department, the various courses will be offered in correspondence, Commercial Salesmanship, Penmanship, Commercial Geography and Law. With these added courses it is hoped to really prepare students for life.

It is expected that these changes and adaptions in our course of study will cause a very large increase in the enrollment of the High School. The School Board and the Faculty are anxious to make the course of study in such a way that the best interests of all the people in the community will be served.

PLANS FOR TOURNAMENT PRACTICALLY COMPLETED

The district basketball tournament will be held March 8-9 in the Coliseum in all probability. This floor is the only suitable one in this district. New Castle is the only logical place to hold such an affair anyhow. Begin now to boost for it. Let's make it a bigger success than last year even. We'll have to go some, but it can certainly be done. Quite an argument over the location of the state tournament was settled between Lafayette and Bloomington, by a vote at the state teachers' association at Indianapolis some time ago. Indiana will hold its basketball

"TEN DEMANDMENTS" OF BUSINESS

Up in Canada there is a successful business concern that expects, as most successful concerns do, that every employee shall do his full duty. To assist him in the task that concern places conspicuously before him these "Ten Demands:"

1. Don't lie. It wastes my time and yours. I am sure to catch you in the end, and that is the wrong end.
2. Watch your work, not the clock. A long day's work makes a long day short; and a short day's work makes my face long.
3. Give me more than I expect and I will give you more than you expect.
4. Mind your business and you will have a business of your own to mind.
5. Don't do anything here which hurts your self-respect. An employee who is willing to steal for me is willing to steal from me.
6. It is none of my business whether you do at night. But if dissipation affects what you do the next day, you do half as much as I demand, you'll last half as long as you hoped.
7. Don't tell me what I'd like to hear but what I ought to hear. I don't want a salute to my vanity, but one

CAN YOU SOLVE THIS?

The night was to be memorable because of its very gloom. The fog hung heavy over the stars and moon. The planets had long since after banking their lights. Two slim figures of business and fog toward the top of the hill. One carried a brick while the other a cheese-cloth. The five newspapers in the other. As they entered the building, they took advantage by lighting a lantern. They might not be stumbling over some. A window was silently they entered. Straight up they went and opened the door. head of the stairs on the right and two long passageways were revealed. The man who carried the brick started down one of the passages, but was halted by the other man who was in favor of the other passageway. After a long but noiseless argument the man with the papers waved his arms and led down the path he had suggested. Almost instantly there was a terrific explosion.

The student who solves the problem, namely, what happened to the man with the brick and what his purpose was in entering the building, will receive one well trained and highly educated "pony" which may be used either at home or in school. Equally efficient in both localities altho rather more dangerous in the latter place.

NARROW ESCAPE

The 'personal interview' which was slated for this number is missed because our "interviewer, U. B. Good," left the city and failed to hand in his report. However we will see that he

JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL

For the first time in the history of our school system, New Castle will have a fully organized Junior High at the opening of next semester on January 13, 1918. In this way, the pupils of the Departmental school will be allowed elective privileges and be promoted by subjects instead of by

CLASS DAY

PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS

Fellow-Students, Teachers and Friends:

Our days in the New Castle High school have ended. The problems which confront us now are of the greatest importance, and if solved correctly, will be the foundation of the future.

We have inherited the excellent qualities of preceding generations. In our make-up we have the courtesy, hospitality, sunny humor and those indefinable virtues of the Southlands, and the deep religious feeling, great moral courage and something of the Yankee business efficiency and progress of the New Englanders. So why can we not accomplish as much and even more than our ancestors?

To this rich inheritance we have added four years in New Castle High School, which endeavors to make of the individual a well rounded, well developed citizen. The lessons and ideals explained to us have been such as to give us that training which will enable us to meet the world at large in its demands. Our school has enabled us to think clearly, to believe in human nature and to rely upon ourselves.

A High School improves any student mentally, morally and spiritually, and, more than that, it helps him to find himself. The course given shows the student his strength and weakness and reveals to him the desire to develop his abilities for the service of mankind as did our ancestors. They did not rely on others to do their work. Their character was made up in the stern school of necessity. They were strong, vigorous, stalwart men and women who pointed civilization upward. They were the products of self-help. They were not pushed or boosted, but they fought every inch of the way up to their own position.

The stalwarts, the men of iron, of stamina and of grit, are self-made. They are great men because they have been great conquerors of difficulties, supreme masters of difficult situations. They have acquired the strength with which they have overcome; so we must do the same. We must confront many hardships, and the one who tries to evade these testing times is the one who is pursuing the road to failure. We must confront these tasks with a determined mind. These are the times when characters are shown, when the demands are such as to show what manner of citizens we are.

All of the great men of the past generations had to face the severest hardships, but with a strong will, determination, and with no thought except "success," they strove hard against those things which blocked their way, and went forward and sowed possibilities which we have been privileged to reap. We must take the same attitude toward our own environments and opportunities, if we shall excel.

We, as students, have our weaknesses, but we must put every ounce of energy we have to overcome these. We must not let such things as stupidity, weakness or laziness hinder us in our great drive, but must trample them down under our feet as we climb ever upward.

Therefore, Class of nineteen hundred and eighteen, my hope is that every graduate will show that he has received from this school the instructions and influences which have developed those qualities that are summed up in these words—Gentlemen, Patriots, and Christians; gentlemen who are courteous and will not see anything but courtesy displayed in our presence; patriots who serve their country with their utmost abilities in times of peace as well as in war; Christians who love the Lord our God, with our whole heart, and our neighbors as ourselves.

—Ernest Caine.

CLASS DAY ORATION

AMERICANISM

(By Marcella Tully.)

The essential definition of Americanism is given in four great historical documents, making progressive epochs in our National history. The Declaration of Independence, in which we proclaimed the principles by which we justified our independence of European domination—The Declaration which voiced the belief in men's right to the self-responsible making of their laws; which proclaimed America's right to try out democracy. The second is President Monroe's message which announced the right of the peoples in this hemisphere to pursue their political destinies without interference from Oriental powers. This doctrine proclaimed the success of the experiment upon democracy. It proclaimed again the acceptance of responsibility, no longer for experiment, but for huge expansion. The third great advance toward true Americanism is Lincoln's memorial address at Gettysburg. In this the right of Americans to their own continents is affirmed to be inalienably democratic. Fourth is our own President's message asserting the value of democracy to the whole territorial world and the right to it of the entire human race. Out of each of these documents may be chosen phrases which serve as the texts of the fuller meaning. "All men are created equal"; "inalienable rights"; "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." Our doctrines have expanded, our ideals have become broader. They are not confined to our own borders, but are reaching out to the whole world.

The experimental stage of American democracy is past and the great aim of our Nation today is that "government of the people, for the people, and by the people" shall not perish from the earth. America faces the world today, conscious that she has, to the highest degree in her power, been true to the ideals of a democracy. She recognizes no caste, the civic man is of no preferred complexion; this is now a fixed article in our American faith in a "government of the people." The heart of Americanism today is faith in civic nobility—in civic rights of all nature which we call human. Americanism cannot be for "all men" in any lesser sense than for "men of all kindreds."

New conditions confront us; new perils menace us, the destinies of numerous peoples are in the balance. If they move toward liberty, it will be liberty which is the ideal of America; if they recede they return to hereditary regimes and absolutism. America is watched today as never before. The political, social, and civil happenings all over our land are watched with intense anxiety. Nations are wondering if our Americanism will stand the test; what is to be the outcome of republican and democratic institutions. If we fully understood how the world is depending on our country, our patriotism would become more intense, we should be more zealous for the welfare of our republic. The safety of the republic and of democracy lies in the vigilant and active patriotism of the American people.

The United States is called upon once more to stand for its faith, for its Americanism, not only to stand for it, but to expand the meaning of that faith. We have done both, and the President has given their meaning in this phrase, "The world must be made safe for democracy; its peace must be planted upon tested foundations of political liberty." The world. Is not this expansion? Democratic and autocratic governments can not exist together on our globe. It has become too small for that. Democracy defies the stronghold of absolutism; she no longer claims the rights to independence, but asks the supremacy over fields and all polities. She now claims for herself no lesser thing than the whole world.

This new Declaration is accompanied by a restatement of the old. The "tested

foundation of political liberty" refers us to the trial which has been given our faith and shows that we have come out victorious and that the self-confidence of the authors of the Declaration has been justified in their posterity. We are fighting to liberate the peoples of the world, "the German people included." The people of antagonistic lands are not excluded, for that would be a step away from our ideal rather than a step nearer. Under the broader interpretation of our Americanism, the word people must include not merely men of all classes but men of all polities, because there is but one true form of the truly human polity, and that is the democratic form. It is in the faith that underlies this, that we are fighting, for it is the core of Americanism. We are fighting, yet we are eagerly waiting for the German people to give some sign of response. This is a war, not with people, but with institutions.

Four great documents have established the definition of Americanism. All have been issued upon the occasion of great wars, so it is obvious that Americanism is no pacifist faith. America is not a country of pacifists. Our history proves the contrary. Our conscientious objections to certain shameful things, like injustice, and dishonor, and tyranny, and cruelty, are stronger than our conscientious objections to fighting. But our National policy is averse to war, and our National institutions are not in favor of its sudden declaration or swift prosecution.

We are a pacific nation of fighting men.

What, then, was it that caused us to enter this conflict? It was the feeling that the very existence of this war was a crime against humanity, that it need not and ought not to have been begun, that upon us as a nation lay the duty of entering the strife that we might help to bring it to the only end that will be a finality. We entered the war, not for the sake of war, but for the sake of humanity. An incentive for entrance was our Americanism, our belief in the right of free people, however small and weak, to maintain their own forms of government.

The United States, having grown to a world power, must either uphold everywhere the principle upon which it had been founded and made great, or sink into the state of a helpless parasite. Its sister republics would have shared the same fate and autocracy would hold sway over the nations of the world. The list of crimes and atrocities ordered in this war by that mysterious and awful power that rules the German people is too long to be repeated. The levying of unlawful tribute from captured cities and villages; the use of old men, women, and children as a screen for advancing troops; the burning and destruction of entire towns; the poisoning of wells; the reckless and needless destruction of priceless monuments of art, like the Cathedral of Rheims; the bombardment of hospitals and the sinking of hospital ships with their helpless and suffering company—all these, and many other infamies committed made the heart of America hot and angry against the power which devised and commanded such brutality. True, they were not crimes directed against the United States. They did not injure our material interests. They injured the world in which we have to live. They were outrages against humanity itself. Could we uphold our standards of Americanism? could we be true to our inherent love of a democracy, and not take a stand against such a power? No. And we shall fight until the three terms of real peace—restitution, reparation, guarantees—for which we have come to fight, have been won.

The American faith is far more profound than the autocrats believe—it is a faith that has survived despite a century of trial. Yet today, it is unshaken and serene, confident and hopeful. Americanism is a faith that men have died for, and that men are dying for today. Let us "stand fast" to our ideals that autocracy may yield its place to democracy, that every scrap of Hohenzollern may be destroyed today so there will be no fresh militarism tomorrow.

And may there be in every heart American patriotism active, which shows itself in deed and sacrifice; patriotism public-spirited—patriotism intense, which speaks out in noble pride, "I am an American."

CLASS WILL, 1918

We whose names are hereto subscribed, do certify that on May 11, 1918, The Senior Class, the testator, subscribed their names to this will in my presence and hearing, declaring the same to be their last will and testament, and each of us have signed our names thereto as witnesses to the execution thereof, which we hereby do in the presence of the testator and of each other on this said date do will to the Faculty, the janitor and the students the various things for which we, the undersigned, have no more use after leaving said school.

SENIOR CLASS.

SYLVAN G. BUSH.

In witness whereof, we have hereunto set our hand this 11th day of May, 1918.

MARTIN ALPHONZO DEAN.

BYRON EBINEZER HOOVER.

LILLIAN VICTORIA CHAMBERS.

Howard Wise leaves his future plans of "Married Life" to Julia Diehl and Robert Hogue.

Thelma Stevens bequeaths all of her lost books to the Faculty, whom she has caused so much trouble in times past, to find them.

Josephine Sims, having completed the 1917-18 school Calendar, leaves to Evelyn Wright her book of statistics so that the Calendar will be completed by the time Evelyn's class graduates.

Esler Miller bequeaths his alarm clock to Paul Koons in order that said boy may leave Helen Bolser's home on time.

Margaret Gough leaves to Mary Oldham, her trustworthy friend, our Coach, Mr. Allen.

Nina Hill leaves to Wilbur Robinson one big chocolate drop.

James Steele leaves to William Thornburgh a little comb in order that William may keep his "part" in life.

Josephine Hosier bequeaths her dashing ways and conquering smile to Margaret Ray.

Homer Strong bequeaths his spare lessons in Wine, Women and Song to Eugene Steele, to be carefully studied.

Marguerite Koons leaves her knowledge of "Cares and Trials of Lengthy Cases" to Thelma Rummel and Herbert Lee Conner.

Susan Morris leaves her book on "How to Get Dates for the Younger Set" to Genevieve Lawless.

Cecil Colson bequeaths his lessons in "Speed" to Bob Smith.

Jeanette Heller, after spending many hours in training her hair, leaves a few preparations to Blair Gullion.

Margaret Brown bequeaths one bottle of "Peroxide" to Gertrude Cofield.

Jay Rhoton bequeaths his first pair of long trousers to Otis Bradway.

Herman Redd leaves his "Heart Throbs" to Clifford Millikan. Clifford will find them in the Library.

Kathryn Hamilton leaves her "Vampish" ways to Sarah Hall.

Evangeline Gibson bequeaths to Betty Swain and Carlton Dargusch her interest in matrimonial affairs.

Basil Beeson leaves to his old friend, Gordon Anders, his noted Speed recorder.

Ernest Caine gives all his ability as a driver and his long tours to "Tub" Beall.

Archie Hill bequeaths his quiet methods of getting thru school to Rober Kramer.

Zola Harvey leaves all her modest ways to Edna Conduitt.

Lee Pence leaves his record of "Shoot-in'" to George Stout, to be an inspiration to "Stouty" next year.

Fern Butler bequeaths her lip stick and tickets to Muncie to Gerald Newton.

Opal Fraizer bequeaths her knowledge of "making eyes" to Roma Kampe.

Marion Chapman leaves his little black tie which he brought into said N. H. S., to Robert Gaumer, who is to wear it to his first date with Susan Morris.

Mary Archibald leaves her motto, "Early to bed and early to rise," to Henry Powell.

Edward Kiddy leaves his "old dry Dutch wit" to Randall Watkins.

Edna Burgess, after being followed four years by a kitty, bequeaths it to George Thompson, said cat to be taken care of until grown up.

Edith Roll leaves her modesty in high collars to Margaret Johnson, to be exhibited next year.

George Neff leaves his ability as Editor of The Annual to the Junior Class, and Marc Waggener in particular.

Catherine Conduitt, who has a great "Diehl" of trouble with sleepless nights, leaves them in care of Doris Wischart.

Arthur Grissom bequeaths his string of dates to Jerome Nowlin.

The Hansard sisters bequeath their nine o'clock privileges to Edward Mouch, our "speed king," as Edward will probably need both privileges next year.

Alta Hiatt leaves one note of her musical ability to Noble Waggener.

Elbert Hays bequeaths to Mr. Bronson a book, "How to Put Signs on the Board," to be given to the student who succeeds "Toby."

Marcella Tully leaves all her E's to Byron Hoover.

William Craig leaves his great literary taste, especially in "Life" and "Judge," to Sydney Fields. To be kept a secret tho, since no credit is given in this work.

Ethel Magee, after having many years in which to "vamp" the N. H. S. boys, leaves all her past experience to Frances Elliott.

Edgar Mills leaves his love for his own wit and jorstling ways to Joseph Burris.

Amy Day bequeaths her studies of Theda Bara to Mildred Gold.

Kennth Cofield leaves his reputation as a "wind-jammer" and long arguments, to Eugene Campbell, the last to be used on the Facutly next term.

Reva Thompson leaves her High School case to Evelyn VanZant.

Sylvan Bush bequeaths one lump of sugar to Freddie Goar, in order that Freddie may be a little sweeter next year.

Catherine Kessel leaves one box of kisses to Maxwell Mills.

CODICIL 1. We leave to the Faculty, students and janitor, our various methods of getting thru school. Said methods may be obtained at the office with a written permit from Mr. Bronson.

CODICIL 2. We, the Senior Class, bequeath to the school our unusual talent in basketball.

CODICIL 3. We leave to the American Red Cross our War Blanket.

CODICIL 4. We bequeath to Mrs. Wilson one box of candy, for we know that on those days which are 'less she is too patriotic to eat of the forbidden fruits. Hence we furnish this substitute.

CODICIL 5. We leave one bar of soap and one wash cloth to the janitor, in order that the "Winged Victory" may be cleansed once yearly of its annual accumulation of coal dust.

CLASS PROPHECY, 1918

It has been seven years since I graduated from the New Castle High School, and for three years I have been in New York, playing in the great Broadway success, "Hush." Having completed our New York contract, we started on our western tour. Everything was ready and I found myself comfortably seated on the train, headed for Chicago. The train made its first stop at a little town called Altoona. While the train was getting water I went into the station to get a magazine, and whom did I find running the place but my old classmate, Basil Beeson. Basil told me that Herman Redd and Lee Pence left New Castle the same time he did and that Herman was driving a taxi for the Belmont Taxi Co. in Pittsburgh, and that Lee was a reporter for the Altoona Chatter. The train was pulling out, so I bid Basil good-bye and started on. As I glanced over the American magazine I noticed an article entitled "Tully's Travels," and as I read on I found the author to be Marcella Tully. About this time I heard a voice calling, "Last call for supper. Last call for supper." I felt rather hungry, so I went into the dining car and here I found another surprise. Archie Hill was trying to feed the people and he seemed to be enjoying life immensely. After devouring the menu I went into the smoker, where I picked up a New York Post that was lying on the seat. I caught the headline, "Notorious Bandit Caught," and as I read on I found that it was no other than my classmate, Blinky Bill, alias William Craig. This was sure a blow to me. After enjoying a smoke I went into the Pullman car to get a little sleep before arriving in Chicago. Here I found Cecil Colson in charge of the snore shelves of the Pullman car. After arriving in Chicago I went to the Morrison Hotel to get a room for my stay in the city. I had the honor of having Edgar Mills usher me to my room, as he was representing the hotel as a bell hop. Edgar told me that three other members of the '18 class were staying at the hotel. When I asked who they might be, he replied that Ernest Caine had charge of the automobile show which was to be held during the next week, Susan Morris was with the Boston Grand Opera Co. which was playing at the Blackstone theatre, and Josephine Hosier was president of the W. C. T. U., which organization was holding its convention at the hotel that week. One evening Susan and I went to the Morrison Terrace after the show to get something to eat. After we were through we went up on the balcony to look down on the gay parties that were there. As we were viewing the place we noticed a very tall chap who had been overcome with champagne and was in a very wobbly condition and was trying to entertain some chorus girls. The entertainer turned out to be Kenneth Cofield. This sure did bring back memories of the old parties that we gave while in school. We went down to see if Lum needed any help and when we got there we found another member of our gallant class hidden behind several empty bottles and other debris, who turned out to be James Steele. After getting them away from the rest of the party I put them into a taxi and was going to take them to their apartments, but on our way out we were halted by a motorcycle cop. When we got out to try to fix things up we were face to face with Jay Rhoten, who informed us that we had been speeding, and we were soon marching to the police station. I awoke the next morning and had the morning paper brought to me to see what had been published, but my attentions were turned to the headlines of the paper, which read like this: "Bush for Mayor on the Socialist Ticket." At last Sylvan had placed Socialism on the map. I noticed another article where Katherine Kessel had made a suffrage speech in which she said she thought that some one should put through a bill making Tealess day a national institution. Just think, she said, the sugar it would save and how it would help the needy sellers of Bronxes and Orange Blossoms. I read on down through the article and I noticed where Zola Harvey, the vice-president of the Woman's Working Reserve, had suggested a Bazaarless day. She said that a holiday of the kind would save a great amount of energy, patience, space and money

to say nothing of relieving the terrific congestion in the sanitariums. After staying in Chicago for three months we started for Denver, Colorado. The train was compelled to stop at a little milk station in Iowa called Creston. While the air-brakes were being repaired I thought I would get off the train and stroll about the station. As I was walking up the platform I noticed a very familiar face. Arthur Grissom was juggling milk cans from one wagon to another. I was somewhat surprised when he told me that he and Mary Archibald were married and were in the creamery business. Arthur also told me that Thelma Stevens and Ethel Magee were engaged in the fish business in Marshall, Iowa. After a little chat I returned to where the train crew was working on the air-brakes. While I stood idly watching, I was given a gentle tap upon the shoulder, and as I turned I looked into the face of Josephine Simms. I was amazed to learn that she was riding on the same train with me and that she was on her way home in Lincoln, Nebraska, after spending four years in China in Missionary work. The repairs were soon made and we got aboard the train and were on our way. In the conversation that followed, Josephine told me that she met several of our classmates while touring the Orient. While attending a meeting of the Missionary society in Peking she met Fern Butler and Edith Roll, who were making a study of the habits of the Shanktahiens, a very vicious member of the monkey family. She said that Edward Kiddy had become rich by illegal business methods and after marrying Amy Day was making a tour of China and the Orient with an idea of finding a location for a factory where he might manufacture pig-tails for the bald-headed Chinamen. At length we arrived at Lincoln and Josephine here made her departure. As the train pulled out of Lincoln I noticed that the hour was late, so I retired to my berth. Late the next morning I arrived in Denver. From the station I took a cab to the Planters Hotel and soon arranged for a stay there. It was during the second performance that the Cresca theatre was destroyed by fire, and, in addition to all our property being lost, several members of our cast were injured. The next morning I went to the hospital where the injured members of the cast had been taken after the fire, and there found them receiving the best of care and attention from Opal Frazier and Marguerite Koons, the attending nurses. After returning to the hotel I was called to the office of our manager, as he said that two representatives of costume firms were there to submit bids for the furnishing of new costumes for our company, and whom did I find in the office but two members of the class of '18. Reva Thompson was representing Heller-Brown, the famous costume designers, and Homer Strong, who had made many appearances in style shows and had gained a position as a representative of Boche Brothers, famous gents' furnishings. Reva also said that the Hansard sisters and Nina Hill had charge of the rest rooms in Jeanettes and Margaret's establishment. As it would be at least three weeks before we could continue our engagement, I thought I would have time to make a visit to New Castle. But noticing that Howard Wise was at Enid, Oklahoma, in training to punch the heavyweight championship out of Jess Willard in the prize fight which was scheduled to take place in Guthrie the following month, I decided to pay him a visit. While visiting Howard I met George Neff, who was there getting pictures and dope on the big fight for the next issue of the Police Gazette. George was now the editor of this noted piece of literature. After spending two days with Howard and George, I started for New Castle. After a long and tiresome journey I arrived at my destination. From the station I immediately went to the Rose City Pharmacy. There I found Edna Burgess and Kathryn Hamilton still in the business of luring the younger members of N. H. S. into this resting place of the school so they could buy them drinks. While talking to them Marion Chapman came in. Marion had become a successful follower of the medical trade. Even now he was obtaining a fresh supply of chloroform to be used on his future victims in order that he might make a more complete study of the victims' pocketbooks before turning the said victims loose. They also told me that Catherine Conduitt, who had made such a hit as a drug saleslady in the Class Play, "The For-

tune Hunter," was still in the business and had been in the store a few minutes before, taking several orders for drug supplies. I left the store and started up Broad street, and as I was walking along I noticed a poster in a window which informed me that Alta Hiatt was to be in the city with her famous orchestra. She was with the Red-path Chautauqua. I met Esler Miller coming out of Cooper's book store. He told me that he and Margaret Gough were married and they had purchased the book store. He said that Evangeline Gibson, who was office girl at the High School building, had telephoned him to bring some books that Mr. Llewelyn had ordered, and he had started to deliver them. After spending three weeks here renewing old acquaintances and friendships, I was at last compelled to return to Denver, again to take up my profession.

Signed: ELBERT HAYS.

CLASS SONG, 1918

When 'tis time to say adieu,
We'll leave all friends, no foe;
And ever to our school be true,
As down life's stream we row.
Our hopes will lead us onward,
To heights we may attain;
We'll ne'er forget our comrades,
Nor this, our class refrain.

Chorus:

Class eighteen, class eighteen,
Our work in school is done,
But future years will show to us
That life had just begun;
Class eighteen, class eighteen,
We salute thee, banner true,
Purple is royal, and white is pure,
For thee we dare and do.

Life, sometimes, may seem all strife,
Of this we have no fears;
We'll make it ours to win the fight
For fame in future years.
No gifts can be more welcome,
Than those we here receive;
No years can be more happy,
Than those which now we leave.

Finis.

—Alta G. Hiatt.

CLASS HISTORY

VERSE LIBRE

(Not by Amy Powell.)

We are the Seniors!
Noble, dashing, strolloping, omniscient Seniors!
Lauded, honored, praised and noisy Seniors!
Canst grasp the thought?

- Oh, yes—we too were Freshmen once and so
We feel we really should admit the appellation.
Green we were—verily, but
Brite green, if you please.
The big front doors stood open that September morn,
So in we came.
We merely showed that we were full-fledged Freshmen
By falling in a room or two of Senior Civics
Where we were not welcome.
Such trials and such cares make real Sophomores,
And so we passed the old bromidic milestone
Saying, "Watch us, please, we're Sophomores now."

'Twas here while robust Sophs we gained our rep.
As spellers that could find no peer.
And e'en in basketball we bore away
The banner fair from all the other classes.
To celebrate the honors we had won
A picnic held at Shiveley's
Did the work.
Oh, yes, 'twas there we ate
Of pickles, cake and buns,
A stomach-full; and hence resulted
Some sad reminders of a day's wild joy.

Our Junior year!
That scrappy, glorious, "wild and wooly" year!
'Twas then, of course, we chose our husky Lee
To pilot our frail boat thru stormy seas.
To help him hold the wheel in safety zone
Marcella took the stand by common vote
And served her time.
The records then were placed into the hands
Of Marguerite Koons.
George Neff gave bond and swore his word was good
In writing checks and counting up the pennies;
Hence he was treasurer.

'Twas in this radiant year
 That proudly we appeared with class pins new.
 And swore to ever true and faithful be
 To white and purple.
 This year our Bernie Epstein won distinction
 For class, and school, and county, by his gab.
 And when the Freshies first appeared among us,
 The school,
 Did frolic, sing, and grewsome pranks perform,
 To please them.
 E'en Shakespeare here did send his ladies fair,
 And Junior girls revealed to us the secret
 Of how they talked when husbands were away.
 And when our State would celebrate its birthday
 Our "submarine" and gaily floating banners
 Showed we were "on parade."
 And then the "Prom!"
 The Junior "Prom"—can you forget it?
 The dates, the "eats," the dance and friend "Abe Martin"?

And now we're Seniors.
 So to our Ernest Caine we gave the gavel.
 For his assistant did we straightway choose
 The garrulous "Katy," she who ever talks.
 Then Edna Burgess vowed she'd keep the records clean;
 And so to her and Cecil Colson did we trust the other offices.
 When the call came, we have shown our colors,
 And leave as our class gift to N. H. S.
 A U. S. bond, for Uncle Sammie's use.
 Of Thrift Stamps, too, we've all subscribed our share.
 Our aim is not to "hang a crepe"
 But we can hardly see what N. C. will do
 Without our five brave, stalwart youths
 Who helped to earn the name of "Fighting Five"
 In basketball.
 We've tried our hand at getting in the public eye
 And to that end have put out this big year book,
 And some Reflectors, too.
 Then our histrionic skill was given test,
 And true "struts" and "frets" we showed ourselves,
 The play? It was "The Fortune Hunter."
 So an expectant bunch we stand,
 Some forty-seven of us, with hands outstretched
 To clutch the offered roll which says,
 "Out go the Seniors."

—Marguerite Koons.

CLASS POEM, 1918

Forgive us, if from present things we turn
To speak what in our hearts doth beat and burn,
And hang our honors on the time-worn urn.

School they say doth quote,
And cannot make a man
Save on some worn-out plan,
Teaching us by note.

For us the old-time moulds aside she threw,
And, choosing new work from the best
Of the unexhausted texts,
With stuff untainted shaped a class anew,
Wise, steadfast in the strength of God, and true.

How beautiful to see

Once more a class of schoolmates indeed,
Who loved their school but never loved to lead;
One of whose flock we are proud to be.

Not lured by cheat of birth,
But by our clear-grained human worth,
And, brave old wisdom of sincerity!

We know that outward grace is dust;
We could not choose but trust
In that sure-footed school's unfaltering skill,
And her persevering will,
That made us like perfect steel, to spring again thrust.

Ours was no lonely mountain-peak of mind,
Thrusting to thin air your cloudy bars,
A sea-mark now, now lost in shadows blind,
But school-days rather, genial, level-lined,
Fruitful and friendly for all human-kind,
Yet also nigh to Heaven, and loved by loftiest stars.

Nothing of woe confronts us,
We go out all undaunted
To fill our place in that never-ending line.

Finis.

—Evangeline Gibson.



CLASS PLAY, 1918



CLASS PLAY

"THE FORTUNE HUNTER"

CAST OF PLAY

Nathaniel ("Nat") Duncan.....	James T. Steele
Harry Kellogg	Edward Kiddy
George Burnham	Ernest Caine
James ("Jim") Long.....	Sylvan G. Bush
Lawrence ("Larry") Miller	George H. Neff
Willie Bartlett.....	Kenneth R. Cofield
Robbins	Lee T. Pence
Sam Graham	Arthur Grissom
Tom	Herman Redd
Lockwood	Howard Sherry
Tracy Tanner	Elbert Hays
Pete Willing	Esler Miller
Herman	Herman Redd
Roland Barnett	Basil E. Beeson
Mrs. Sperry	Catherine Conduitt
Mrs. Watty	Jeanette Heller
Mrs. "Hi"	Edith Roll
Betty Graham	Edna Burgess
Josephine Lockwood	Susan Morris
Angie	Margaret Brown

For the first time in several years the Class Play was staged on two nights. The unusual sale of tickets assured the management of the play that it would be a huge financial success, easily enabling the class to pay for its Liberty Bond. The very large and enthusiastic audiences gave sufficient evidence that "The Fortune Hunter" was one of the best home-talent productions ever seen in New Castle.

James Steele as Nat Duncan, Edward Kiddy as Harry Kellogg, Nat's friend and financial backer, Arthur Grissom as Sam Graham, Edna Burgess as Betty Graham, and Susan Morris as Josie Lockwood, deserve more than ordinary mention for the excellent manner in which they played the leading roles.

In the first act we are introduced to Nat Duncan, a young college man, out of luck, almost penniless and unable to hold a position because of his dislike for work. His old friend, Harry Kellogg, a rising young financier, suggests that Nat marry some small-town heiress as the only way out of the difficulty. After much argument Nat decides to try this rather unusual plan.

The second scene shows us the very much dilapidated and run-down drug store of Sam Graham, in Radville, Pa. Sam, at one time wealthy, had generously loaned money on bad security until he was lacking funds not only to keep his store stocked, but even to feed and clothe his daughter Betty. Graham is also something of an inventor. Nat, coming to Radville, first establishes himself as a most profound student and then applies for work in Graham's store. He at last obtains the position, altho he is warned that he may never see his wages. In this act Nat attempts to offer some friendly advice to Betty, but is rebuked by her.

In act three we find that the Fortune Hunter has at last found his trade. The drug store, due to his ability and energy, is one of the best in the state. However, Nat has spent all the money advanced him by Kellogg in paying old Graham's debts and in sending Betty, in whom he has taken a slight interest, to school. All this time Nat has been laying the net to catch the hand, and fortune, of Josie Lockwood. So well has he succeeded that she proposes to him and he is forced to accept. Then he so manages the sale of one of Graham's inventions that Graham is made wealthy once more and Nat finds that he not only does not care enough for Josie to marry her, but feels that he is wronging her, he having started out to marry her for her money. Then Betty comes home from school. So great is the change in the druggist's little girl that Nat almost loses his head. At last he becomes madly in love with her. Betty, while at college, has become a most beautiful young woman, and after realizing that she owes it all to Nat, falls in love with him.

In act four we find Angie and Betty sitting in a swing just outside the Graham home. Betty is deeply pained when she learns of the engagement between Nat and Josie, but says nothing to indicate it to Angie. Then Nat comes in, immediately followed by Josie, her father and Roland Barnett, a clerk in Lockwood's bank. Roland, also after the Lockwood fortune, believes Nat to be an escaped bank embezzler from New York, and accused him of the crime. Nat, seeing his opportunity, refuses to deny the accusation. Josie herself breaks the engagement she has made and thus leaves Nat and Betty to live happily ever after.

OUR ALUMNI

CLASS OF 1914

Jeanette Wilson Business College
 Walter Messick Could not be located
 Doris Cloud Office—Hoosier Factory
 Richard Beach Officers' Training Camp
 Margaret Hindman Married
 Linsa Polk Farming
 Wishard Greist In California
 Bertha Smith Married
 Edna Mendenhall Dr. W. H. Stafford's Office
 Frank Hamilton Company M, 151st Infantry
 Montreau Fleming Home
 Lennard Craig Training Camp—Texas
 Annice Wilson Married
 Henry Davidson Farming
 Edith Foust Married
 Lowell Hiatt Indiana University
 Mabel Smith Married
 Ivy Diehl Married
 John Gunder Home
 Ruth Motley Richmond, Indiana
 Raymond Dingle Dingle Coal Co.
 Sarah Green Western College
 Claude Wilkinson In Postoffice
 Felice Smith Courier office
 Thomas Shelly Farming
 Dwight Kessler U. S. Service
 Leota Pearce Teaching
 Earl Johnson Felt Jewelry Store
 Mary Burris Casket factory office
 Evelyn Wright Married



CLASS OF 1915

Day Bacon Maxwell factory
 Gerald Bailey Home
 Eva Calland Maxwell office
 Darrell Clearwater Factory—Indianapolis
 Edith Cluggish Maxwell office
 Hassel Conn Married
 Denise DeWerpe Interstate Public Service Co.
 Cecil Dickinson Casket factory
 Irene Foust L. E. & W. passenger office
 Helene Gough O. W. McGeath Company
 Madeline Gullion Teaching
 Ernest Heaton Hoosier office
 Fred Henderson In U. S. Service
 Ruby Hinds Home
 Mabel Hodson Earlham College
 Calvin Huddleston American Expeditionary Forces
 Helen Jackson Indianapolis
 George Jeffrey Jeffrey Law Office
 David Jennings Officers' Reserve Corps
 Charles Johnson In Canada
 Wilbur Kampe Earlham College
 William Loer Home
 Valentine Mendenhall Camp Jackson, S. C.

Edna Mills Earlham College
 Beatrice Mitten Clinic
 Olive Modlin L. E. & W. Station
 George Myers U. S. Aviation School
 Mabel Neff Home
 Mildred Peckinpaugh F. E. Felt Jewelry Store
 Martha Runyan DePauw University
 Barbara Schmidt Ridgway's 5 and 10 Cent Store
 Cecil Sinclair Home
 Nelly Jane Smith Married
 Clarence Thompson U. S. Marine Corps
 Laurence Underwood U. S. Aviation, Officers' Res've
 Byron Williams U. S. Navy



CLASS OF 1916

Edward Armstrong Detroit University
 James Brown Indiana University
 Russell Brubaker Daily Times Office
 Catherine Bunting Earlham College
 Bernice Burgess Home
 Levi Carey Married—U. S. Service
 Richard Cloud Hoosier Office
 Opal Cook Teaching
 Lloyd Diehl U. S. Service
 George Elliott Harvard Radio School
 Floyd Fields College, Missouri Agricultural
 Thad Gordon Purdue University
 Margaret Green Oxford College
 Jessie Grissom Barnard Law Office
 Robert Heller Michigan University
 Agnes Jameson Detroit
 Hazel Klus Public Library
 Fred Koons Purdue University
 Herman Lawell Hoosier Office
 Ruth Lawson Ridge Lumber Co.
 Victor Lawson Tri-State College
 Garnet Lee Could not be located
 Leotis Lewis Wright Grocery Co.
 Clifford Lowe Teaching
 Marie Miller Maxwell Office
 Lois Mouch Home
 Perry Nation Farming
 Edith Newby Hoosier Office
 Helen Ogborne Deceased
 Clarence Orner Hanover College
 Ivan Paul Farming
 Eugene Rothrock U. S. Service
 Dora Pope Could not be located
 Eufaula Sanders Standard Motor Parts Co.
 Harriet Smith Married
 Ira Smith Hoosier Office
 June Smith Postoffice
 Howard Trout Farming
 Bryan Wilson U. S. Service
 Paul Wintersteen Purdue University

OUR ALUMNI

CLASS OF 1917

Rosa Murphey.....Murphey Grocery Co.
 Harry Kampe.....Maxwell—Chemical Laboratory
 Hildred Carrier.....Maxwell Office
 Kathleen Kem.....Oregon University
 Forrest Achor.....Business College
 Gretchen Kramer.....Married
 George Powers.....Home
 Edith Richards.....DePauw University
 Newell Bacon.....Maxwell Factory
 Miriam Keesling.....Lynch's Greenhouses
 Bernice Millikan.....Home
 Madge Hernly.....Oxford College
 Earl Poston.....Piano Factory Office
 Ruth Lowe.....Lynch's Greenhouses
 Nellie Harvey.....Morris' 5 and 10 Cent Store
 Jessie Short.....Wabash College
 Helen Redd.....Bookkeeper—Stanley Auto Co.
 Minnie Fraizer.....Terre Haute Normal School
 Elwood Daugherty.....Goodwin Garage
 Vivian Shaffer.....Piano Factory Office
 Mary Stevens.....DePauw University
 Francis Johnston.....Indiana Dental College

Genevieve Kramer.....Post Graduate—N. H. S.
 Mildred Dingle.....DePauw University
 George Hill.....Maxwell Factory
 Grace Bowyer.....Ridgway's 5 and 10 Cent Store
 John Klinger.....Star reporter, Philadelphia, Pa.
 Minnie Williams.....Indiana University
 Olive Hiatt.....Touring in England
 Lynn Thomas.....Hoosier Office
 Ruby Holloway.....Lynch's Greenhouses
 Gilford Eden.....Hoosier Office
 Alta Jacoby.....Teaching
 Herman Abrams.....Indiana Dental College
 Paul Archibald.....Hunt's Law Office
 Maria Shepherd.....DePauw University
 Ivan Welbourn.....Central Trust & Savings Co.
 William Shultz.....Indiana University
 Marcella Hamilton.....
Bookkeeper—Manning-Armstrong Co.
 Russell Cummins.....Maxwell Factory
 Eugene Hatfield.....Maxwell Factory
 Ina Mulvihill.....Home—Richmond
 Bernard Shirk.....Aviation Corps—Louisiana
 Ralph Cooper.....Rolling Mills
 Dudley Smith.....Indiana University



CALENDAR 1917-1918

SEPTEMBER.

- 3 School begins. Classification and enrollment. Short periods.
- 4 General confusion. Freshmen get lost. Frances Elliott asks Mr. Bronson where to go.
- 5 Everybody getting acquainted.
- 6 Homer Strong blew in the Senior room.
- 7 Russell Alexander becomes highly indignant when Prof. Rockhill assumes the fact that Russell does not know as much as himself. Company M leaves. School dismissed for the occasion.
- 10 Classes resume regular work.
- 11 Seniors have Class meeting.
- 14 Miss Duncan calls down some Freshies in the Assembly.
- 19 Mrs. Wilson has a time getting Homer and Catherine to school on time.
- 21 School from 8:15 to 12:30. Forty per cent of Henry County's quota off to Camp Taylor.
- 25 Miss Chambers makes use of the consultation period.
- 26 Mr. Llewelyn talks to student-body. Boys' Glee Club organized.
- 27 Girls' Chorus meets.
- 28 Mixed Chorus meets.
- 11 Seniors have an awful time getting quiet. Basil Beeson made official "bouncer" in case of fire drill.
- 12 Discovery Day.
- 15 First day of second six weeks.
- 16 Liberty Bond parade, led by Seniors. Senator Watson speaks at Coliseum.
- 17 Senior Class meeting. After stormy meeting Seniors decide to purchase Liberty Bond.
- 18 First basketball practice.
- 19 Money flying everywhere. Reflector out. Cards for first six weeks out. Fire drill.
- 22 Blue Monday.
- 23 Homer slides into room barely in time. Ed. Kiddy asks Prof. Bronson if he is to memorize the Logarithm table.
- 24 Exciting discussion in American History.
- 25 Rumored that Basil Beeson believes in ghosts.
- 26 Gloomy day.
- 29 Mrs. Wilson receives gentlemen's clothing advertisement.
- 30 Miss Taylor tells Esler Miller to remain standing sitting.
- 31 School out until Monday. Teachers' Institute. Reflector out.

OCTOBER.

- 1 Exit at front, entrance at rear, rule enforced.
- 2 Mrs. Wilson thinks the Seniors will never stop talking.
- 3 Bill Craig visits the office.
- 4 Seniors are urged to pay A. A. dues. Peculiar odor in Chemistry Lab.
5. School begins at 8:15; dismissed at 12:30. Twenty per cent. of Henry County's quota off to Camp Taylor.
- 8 High School celebrates Riley Day. Seniors elect Reflector staff. Reporters appointed.
- 9 Tests of all kinds.
- 10 Some Seniors are too studious to listen.

NOVEMBER.

- 5 Fire drill.
- 6 Election of city officers.
- 7 Amy Day wears shirt to school.
- 8 Georgia Modlin becomes indignant in Commercial Arithmetic.
- 9 Convocation. Talk by Supt. Llewelyn.
- 12 List of subjects chosen for second semester.
- 14 Girls' A. A. meeting. Margaret Gough sits on the floor.
- 15 Boys of 4B English class are advised to read Romeo and Juliet for a good love story. Mrs. Wilson says McCormack reaper has no effect on corn or pigs.

- 16 Reflector out.
- 19 Grammar school has convocation in study hall. Carlton Dargusch sits on front seat during seventh period assembly.
- 21 Sylvan Bush comes to school eating breakfast.
- 23 American History students learn what "green backs" are.
- 26 Seniors have pictures taken for Annual. Senior boys give concert in lower hall.
- 27 Prof. Bronson tells Chemistry class that the laboratory is not a whistling conservatory.
- 28 School out for Thanksgiving.

DECEMBER.

- 3 Some flirting takes place in seventh period assembly.
- 4 Pictures taken of under-classmen for Annual.
- 5 Jimmie Steele, in Chemistry, says that a certain Chemist did not get to finish his life.
- 7 Richmond plays here.
- 10 James Steele makes famous speech in American History. Also tells of bootlegging whiskey.
- 11 Chewing gum is common in laboratory.
- 12 Junior room is dolled up for Christmas. Seniors buy Red Cross stamps.
- 13 School dismissed until noon. Ventilation system off. Some Seniors go to Spiceland and fail to return on time.
- 18 Basil Beeson begins knitting his sweater.
- 19 Herman Redd tells us that corn may be used as ammunition. Whiskey shall not be made out of the corn at any rate.
- 20 Hot political speeches in American History.
- 21 Out for Christmas.
- 31 Several visitors in school.

JANUARY.

- 1 Howard Wise gets Baker and beaker mixed in Chemistry.
- 3 Some people fall up stairs, which is better than falling down.

- 8 Examinations begin and last until Thursday.
- 11 Cards given out.
- 14 New semester begins.
- 15 Freshmen everywhere.
- 17 George Neff teaches Civics. Ernest Caine teaches Industrial History.
- 18 Weddings transpire in Senior Class. N. H. S. beats Mooreland.
- 21 Convocation. Mrs. Payne teaches History class.
- 22 New work taken up readily and without confusion.
- 23 Seniors not very polite.
- 24 Seniors are urged to pay Annual dues.
- 25 N. H. S. beats Muncie, 20-13.
- 28 Teachers' meeting.
- 29 Laboratory now located in frigid zone.
- 30 Mrs. Wilson tells us in Civics that many a person has lost his head and religion over a chicken.
- 31 Electricity turned off. School dismissed at 1:40.

FEBRUARY.

- 1 N. H. S. beats Noblesville, 112-0. Picture of Margaret Brown and her pet dog taken in Senior room.
- 4 Howard Wise entertains us in Senior room with latest musical selections.
- 5 Everyone freezing.
- 7 Senior Class meeting.
- 8 N. H. S. beats Cambridge City.
- 11 Everyone feels sleepy.
- 12 Assembly room window blown out by wind. Smoky atmosphere follows.
- 13 Rumor floats that one of our classmates is married. Basil tells us in Civics that farmer cannot have pork because he has to kill the whole hog at once.
- 14 Mrs. Wilson receives valentine. Sender unknown.
- 15 Cast for play chosen.
- 18 Mr. Llewelyn gives talk to Seniors.
- 20 Anderson defeats N. H. S.
- 22 "War Education" lessons held once each week under recommendation of Government.

- 25 Marcella goes home—measles.
- 26 Ventilation system off.
- 27 Fire drill. Cards out.

MARCH.

- 1 N. H. S. beats Modoc.
- 4 Meeting of Senior girls. Too much excitement.
- 5 Trouble in basketball circles concerning eligibility of Rhoton.
- 6 Lee is reminded in fifth period assembly to comb his hair before coming to school.
- 7 Everybody excited over tournament. School dismissed until Monday.
- 11 Everybody feeling blue. Teachers' meeting.
- 12 Chemistry class goes to visit gas plant.
- 13 H. Lee Conner says ate and date are the same thing.
- 14 Convocation. B. B. team goes to Bloomington.
- 15 War subjects discussed.
- 18 Everyone afflicted with spring fever.
- 19 More of the same.
- 20 Mrs. Wilson thinks Basil will not have to get up to move the clock ahead.
- 21 In accordance with the weather, love messages begin circulation.
- 22 School 8:15 to 12:30. Teachers go to Richmond.
- 25 Chemistry class makes trip to ice plant.
- 26 Physics class goes on shooting expedition.
- 27 Basil sleeps on.
- 29 Practice for Class Play. Boys leave for Camp.

APRIL.

- 1 Some of the Freshmen prove themselves to be April fool jokes.
- 2 Mrs. Wilson tells Industrial History class that castor beans should be raised in order that the aviators shall have plenty of oil.
- 3 Horrors! Lee had a ghastly hand on his back.
- 4 Miss Chambers thinks some of the Seniors talk too much.
- 5 Outlines for Civics reports due.
- 8 Mrs. Wilson says that when Rembrandt died he stopped painting pictures.
- 9 Chemistry class makes trip to Maxwell.
- 10 Weather bureau gives us cold reception.
- 11 Seniors give Class Play.
- 12 Seniors repeat performance. Everyone has the grippe. Lee Pence and James Steele go to Richmond to take Annapolis entrance examinations.
- 16 Seventh period Civics class watches city fire department respond to an alarm—after so long a time.
- 17 Juniors decide on May 3rd as date for Junior "Prom."
- 18 Josephine Hosier hopes Prof. Rockhill will recognize her the next time he sees her.
- 19 Basil tells us in Civics that he does not care for housekeeping because he lacks the equipment, but that he might find one.

MAY.

- 10 Class Day.
- 15 Commencement. Good-bye, everybody.

—Marguerite Koons.
—Josephine Sims.



N.H.S. Hens

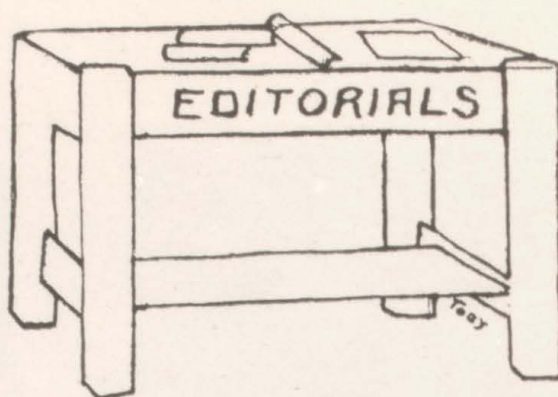


"Nutz"



Our Prius.





In summing up our four years in High School, may it be said that the Class of nineteen hundred and eighteen has enjoyed a degree of success in scholarship and achievement rarely, if ever equaled by any previous class. With very few misfortunes of any kind, but with the spirit of co-operation and co-ordination predominating we have reached the highest ideals of our school lives. True, there may have been times when we felt the struggle to be extremely difficult, but nevertheless a continued application of strength and industry has given us the lead.

In looking back we notice that our experiences have not differed considerably from those of any other class. Practically the same routine of study has been followed. But we believe that few previous classes have worked for the interests of the school as a whole as has ours. In leaving we do not attempt to forget our High School life or the many interesting incidents connected with it. Too many pleasant memories remind us of the time spent in this institution. It is indeed the earnest and sincere hope of every member of the Class of nineteen hundred and eighteen that the student-body of New Castle High School will realize the debt it owes to this community, thereby endeavoring in every possible manner to guard jealously the reputation and character of the school and always striving to make it better.

This year the class has practiced the utmost economy, thus keeping in the spirit of the time. Economy in expenditures, economy in Commencement activities and wisdom in investments. We urge that every succeeding class, at least during the length of the War, will follow our lead in this respect.

But after enjoying for four years such pleasures, such success, such achievement, we are at last, on the very eve of our supreme attainment, forced to accept a sorrow, a loss, too great for human words to express. One of us, young, full of life, ever popular and so generous and jolly that he held the esteem and friendship not only of his classmates, but of the entire city, has been called by the greatest Master. That such a situation should occur, has occurred, in our very midst, at such a time, can hardly yet be realized. He seems to still be with us, in memory at least. Nor do we wish to forget, even for an instant. It has been God's will and therefore must be done, altho we, mortals that we are, fail to understand.

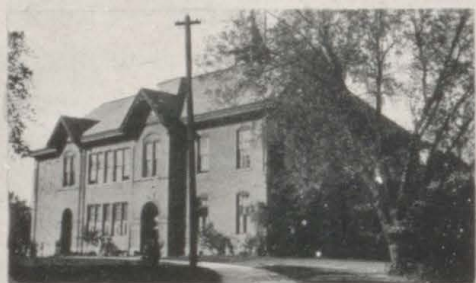
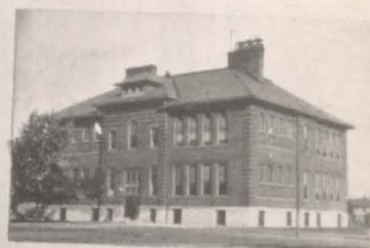
Just what has been gained by the education we have spent so many years to acquire? This is indeed a big question; the answers to it are so numerous and far-reaching that it is impossible to attempt to name or describe all of them. However, we believe that three results stand forth without doubt—our view of life has been materially increased and broadened—we have developed an individual personality—we have learned to be more truly American.

It is said that the really great statesmen see both sides of the questions which they are called upon to discuss. So the really great citizen must be educated to the point that he may see both sides of the problems which he may meet, solving them as they arise. Thus we are made to realize this important phase of citizenship, by the education gained in the public schools.

The personality of Grant and Lincoln, in fact of all our leaders of men, probably was more responsible for their greatness than any power of speech or command of English which they may have possessed. A man may be judged by his poise and the manner in which he handles himself in all situations. His personality will win fame for him when everything else fails. So we are given this unusual advantage of attending the public schools and acquiring an education, altho it is as yet elementary.

Then, at last our education has made us American in spirit as well as in reality. To be capable of realizing American ideals, American liberty and American democracy, is to be truly American. When we have realized these things, and only then, may we declare ourselves worthy of citizenship under the Stars and Stripes. And what factor tends to teach us that pride of country so much as the public schools?

These three results of education are not all that might be mentioned. We believe they are the most important, however. There is just this to be kept in mind—the more education we may acquire, the farther we go in educational institutions of worth, the better will be our Americanism, the broader will be our views of life, the more influential and commanding our personality.





Mrs. Wilson, in Civics: "Many people have lost their heads and religion over chickens."

Jimmie Steele, in Chemistry: "Is hydrochloric acid a base?"

After reading a sentence in shorthand, Margaret Ray remarked that the sentence did not sound right. Whereupon Prof. Rockhill answered: "Well, Margaret, you know this is no course in music."

E. Mills: "I don't know what to do with my 'weak'-end."

Herb. Conner: "Well, why don't you put your hat on it?"

IN PURSUIT OF PLATO.

A library date is stolen fruit.

A Senior always feels like the High School is going to kids.

The love game is never called off on account of darkness.

A safety razor is one with which there is absolutely no danger of harming—the beard.

You spend your first three years in getting into things and your last year getting out.

You don't have to go to a museum if you want to see queer things. Just take a squint at old N. H. S.

There is not much romance in a girl in your own home town.

When it comes to doing nothing there is sure some teamwork among some students.

Social supremacy is a matter of transparency of hose.

Eternity is brief compared to our Class Play.

Have you ever noticed that no one ever steps on your shoes until you get 'em shined?

Bill, in an awed whisper: "Say, I'm sure this pretty girl on the other side of me punched me with her elbow."

Toby: "Aw, fergit it. Don't you see she's knitting?"

Maude Muller on a summer's day,
Raked the meadow sweet with hay;
We simply mention this fact to you
Because it takes up a line or two.

ART.

Art is long and tempus fugit. Which is about as far as we ought to go on the subject. Some students have studied art for three long years and all they got out of it was that fraction of a credit to make up for that something they flunked in, and to learn how to tie a Windsor tie properly. But it is evident that a flowing tie does not make an artist any more than a one-piece khaki suit makes an expert automobile mechanic. Art covers a multitude of territory. It takes in almost everything from painting funny looking flowers on nice white china to making an unexpected speech before the assembly room. It's pretty hard for the amateur to figure out just where art takes up and leaves off. All of which gets us no farther than we were when we started out on this piece of nonsense, so judge for yourself.

In Industrial History: "They should illuminate all the foreign population in the cities."

One of the girls in the cooking class was asked: "Did you wash that fish before you cooked it?"

"No; what's the use? Hasn't it lived in the water all its life?"

I stood upon a mountain,
I looked upon the plain,
I saw a lot of green stuff,
That looked like waving grain.
And then I looked again
And sure I thought 'twas grass,
But goodness, to my horror,
It was the Freshman class.

After their past four years in High School the Seniors bestow the following advice upon the lower classmen:

Never do for yourself what you can get a teacher to do for you.

In case of doubt, consult a Senior.

Always throw your chewing gum on the ceiling, as the teachers object to it on the floor.

If you must fall, do it gracefully.

Never cut your desk with a knife. Use an ax, it's quicker.

Flirt with a teacher occasionally—they like it, too.

Miss Chambers, in English: "What do you think L'Allegro and Il'Penseroso represent?"

Howard Wise: "Happy Hooligan and Gloomy Gus."

BY-WORDS OF THE SENIORS.

Edgar Mills: "Can't you see I'm from the farm?"

Edward Kiddy: "I've had a date every Sunday night for the last ten weeks."

Margaret Brown: "Where's your chemistry note-book?"

Ernest Caine: "Shall we vote by standing or by ballot?"

Jimmy Steele: "I'm not trying to resurrect the Bull Moose party."

Basil Beeson: "Who has a pair of pink stockings I could borrow?"

Miss Chambers, in English VIII: "How does Sheridan get his characters off and on the stage in the 'School for Scandal?'"

George Neff: "At times they had to use the hook."

Fools are born every minute, and somebody wants to pick off an Annual job every year.

Junior: "What is Allen's favorite game?"

Senior: "I don't know."

Junior: "Golf (Gough), of course."

Mr. Bronson: "A blotter is a thing one looks for while the ink is getting dry."

Jeanette Heller, in Com. Law: "Oh, that's the same recapitulation that we captured yesterday."

SPRING FEVER.

Spring fever is laziness in an advanced form. With some persons it is chronic—High School students especially. We have it all the year 'round. Maybe you have got it, too. If you have, permit us to offer our condolence. If you haven't, you don't know what you are missing. There is no cure as far as science is able to determine. A curious fact about this disease is that those afflicted with it have no desire to get rid of it. They are satisfied to just suffer and let the malady take its course.

TIME.

This is the stuff that, like the gas meter, goes on and on and then keeps going on. There are many kinds of time, but the worst kind of all is rag-time. Methuselah gave time an awful tussle but it finally got him. We shall mention a few of the best known times: Dinner time, summer time, life time, apple blossom time, bed time, examination time and high time.

Cartoonists usually picture time as an old man with a scythe and hour glass and carrying long serpentine whiskers. We don't know why they picture him thus, unless it is to keep people from taking him for Uncle Sam or somebody like that. Father Time's real name, we believe, is Tempus Fugit.

A peculiar thing is that it never started nor will ever finish. In this respect it reminds us of certain candidates for political office, but we decline to mention any names. The high-brow name for time is Temps just like the high-brow name for onions is shallots. An old proverb says, "Time and tide wait for no man," but this has nothing to do with women. Of course, time doesn't wait for women, as far as that is concerned. But they manage to stall off right smart by using somebody else's hair and by using detachable complexions. You might call them self-made women. But if you do you'd better tell them over the long-distance telephone or send 'em a postal card.

Mr. Bronson, in Chemistry: "Why are diamonds getting higher?"

Margaret Brown: "I suppose it's because of the increased demand for engagement rings."

Basil Beeson: "The army retreated by going backwards."

Edward Kiddy, in the Rose City Pharmacy: "Do you eat lemon ice with an ice pick?"

Grubb: "Do you know what turns green earliest in the spring?"

Stake: "No."

Grubb: "Christmas jewelry."

Put out the lights and all girls are the same.



It is to the Advertisers—

That the Business Staff of The Rosennial owes its very sincere gratitude. Had it not been for them the Annual could never have been published. Kind reader, please show your appreciation by patronizing the merchants and business men represented in this book.

THE STAFF.

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New Castle's Quality Shop
Of
Women's, Misses' and
Children's Ready-To-
Wear Garments.

Dr. W. A. Winters

DENTIST

Phone: Residence
1351 Office 263.

North of the Court House

Some people are born famous, while others have a growth on their upper lip. But what we started out to say was that our dear old New Castle High School, nay, even the Senior class, has been blessed with the original product. This patent "soup-strainer" or otherwise, has been the cause of the loss of many hours of perfectly good sleep. Not only to him, but others. Many trying and anxious moments were passed through while we watched it (the subject under discussion) grow from a tiny sprout to a grand and glorious hedge-row. But there's no use trying to hide its identity any longer, so we might as well bring him from behind the bushes and introduce him to the world at large. His name is Basil Earl Beeson.

(Editor's Note—After due consideration on their part, the editorial staff has persuaded the above mentioned to impart to others wishing to try it, the correct way by which to cultivate a third eyebrow which nature never intended.)

Citizens State Bank

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Invites

your help to co-operate
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This is distinctly the young man's day--worth while young men alive to the spirit of the times demand youthful dash and vigor in their clothes--military shoulders and smart, form fitted back.

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AMBITION.

"Let not ambition mock their useful toil."

Ambition is the stuff that makes business good for the correspondence schools. It also makes millionaires out of the fellows who run the said schools.

There are many kinds of ambition. When we were exposed to Julius Caesar in English class (not Latin, for we used a pony) we found out that he (Caesar) was ambitious. And you know what happened to him in the end. Ambition is also the stuff that makes a man discontented. The fellow working for \$10 a week wants to make \$15, and when he gets into the fifteen dollar class he is less satisfied than before.

A small boy's ambition is to be a policeman. A policeman's ambition is to be a sergeant; a sergeant looks with longing eyes upon the captain's job and the captain wonders how he can get right with the next administration so as to be sure of being chief. The chief has prob-

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CALLAND
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We Feature Goldwyn,
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ably ambition, too. But a line must be drawn somewhere and this seems to be about as good a place as any.

Although some authorities disagree, the word ambition is, we believe, derived from the Anglo-Saxon, Am Bit, which means a dissatisfied condition. This has been corrupted into meaning "am stung" and other familiar expressions, conveying the thought that one is getting the worst of something and wishes to do better. Then, as will readily be seen, it is an easy matter to attach "ion" and make a regular word of it. If the reader is still in doubt as to the real meaning of the word or the above explanation is not perfectly lucid, he should, in order to get the meaning, try to imagine a Senior staying up until a late hour that he may have his lessons prepared for the following day, burning up some midnight gasoline.

Then try to imagine the opposite of it and you will have it ready to put into your little notebook for future reference.



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The Right Goods—The Right Price

Come to us for Dress Goods, Silks, Good Black Cat

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"See her sitting there,
tenth row, third chair."

She is just one of our
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Johnson's
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After the Class Play has been given
it is not hard for one to realize why there
is no shortage in the crop of movie stars.

Who remembers the good old days
when every student supplied himself
with paper and pencil instead of bor-
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In the City

Soda Fountain in Connection
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Some people burn Midnight gasoline
when they should be burning Midnight
oil.

If you didn't get "bawled out" in The
Annual, blame yourself; don't accuse the
Editorial Staff.

For the Sweet Girl Graduate—

What Gift would bring greater joy to the young missy than a Wrist Watch. The popularity of the wrist watch now will answer that question for you.

Ladies Small Size Gold Filled Wrist Watch \$15

They come in styles inter-changeable for ribbon and chain arm bands.

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New Castle

Phone 351

Basement Bundy Hotel

B. B. BARBER

Cleaner and Dyer

New Castle, Ind.

We wonder why some people always have their lessons on Monday morning while some don't even know where the lesson is.

Who remembers the last time some one dropped a jitney on the floor in the assembly room as a signal for everybody to shuffle their feet?

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Phone 251

Never take the trouble to put your
waste paper in the waste paper basket;
just throw it in an empty desk in the as-
sembly room. It looks so much bet-
ter. (?)

There are Two Reasons Why Staffords Engravings are used in This Annual and Why They Should be Used in Yours

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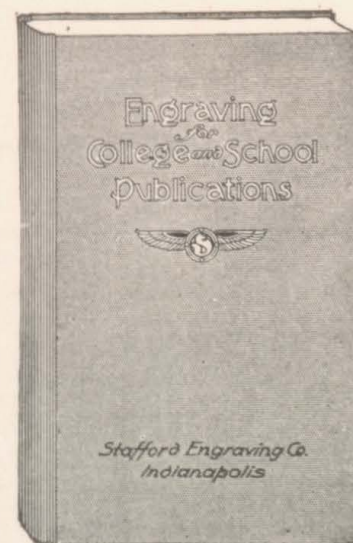
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Picture Framing. Have your
Diplomas put in a neat frame

Walters Studio

Some people are about as original as
the Ice-Plant drawings made by the
Chemistry Class.

Miss Chambers:—What is the differ-
ence between novels like "The Inside of
the Cup" and the cheaper grade of
novels?

Eddy Kiddy:—About forty cents.

BIG TIME!

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"Opening"

Favors for Ladies

Watch the news-
papers for date.

Rose City Pharmacy

We are Headquarters
For

Sporting Goods,
Bicycles,
Traveling Luggage
Electric Grills and
Chafing Dishes,
Electric Irons,
Cutlery Etc.

The Ice Hardware
Co.

He:—I've seen the crew training
Quarters.

She:—Is that all they had to do?

"I understand that the Kaiser has
already ordered his halo for the next
world."

"I trust that he has taken the pre-
caution to make it of asbestos."

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United States
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Runs a Long Time.

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Two-button, three button, single breasted and double breasted sacks. Smartest ideas in pockets. Close fitting sacks in all sorts of interesting fabrics

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are designed for all you boys who are looking youngmanward; and extra stress is laid on the needs of boys about to step into their first long trousers.

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We Back It.

Come In.

We Save You Money

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What has become of the old-fashioned upper classman who, when he saw the Freshmen wandering about the halls in an effort to find their class room, remarked, "'Aint they green; they almost glisten?"

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John H. Hewit, John H. Morris, Oakley M. Polk, Robert H. McIntyre.

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J. Milton Cook, Vice.Pres.

Earl F. Frazier, Sec'y.

Gifts For All Occasions

Wouldn't it be unfortunate for the
girls who comb their hair after they get
to school if something should happen to
the mirror that hangs in the hall?

There was a young Senior named Beeson
Who does things clear out of reason,
He first grew a beard,
And then said I am "sceered"
For people will think I'm out of season.

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Music that you will enjoy
The price is always right

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Is not destructive of
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Give us a trial and be
convinced.

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Ask her what she wants
most as a gift. She will
probably reply. "A
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our assortment of famous
W. W. W. insured rings.

H. T. COFFIN

The Reliable Jewelry.

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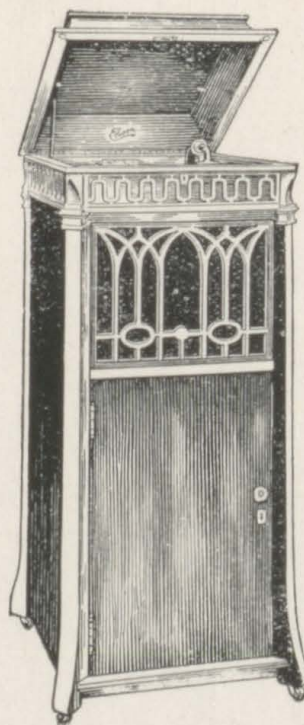
Teacher:—What was the main crop
of the Assyrians?

Bright Student:—Whiskers.

Eddy Kiddy, in English:—They went
to different colleges together.

And what is so rare as a good joke
for The Annual?

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The New Edison

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fluttering far away
O'er homes that you have never seen. The
same impulses sway
The souls of men in distant states. The
red, the white and blue
Means to one hundred million strong, just
what it means to you.
The self-same courage resolute you feel and
understand
Is throbbing in the breasts of men through-
out this mighty land.
Not somewhere in America but everywhere
today
For justice and for liberty all free men
work and pray.

—Edgar A. Guest.

