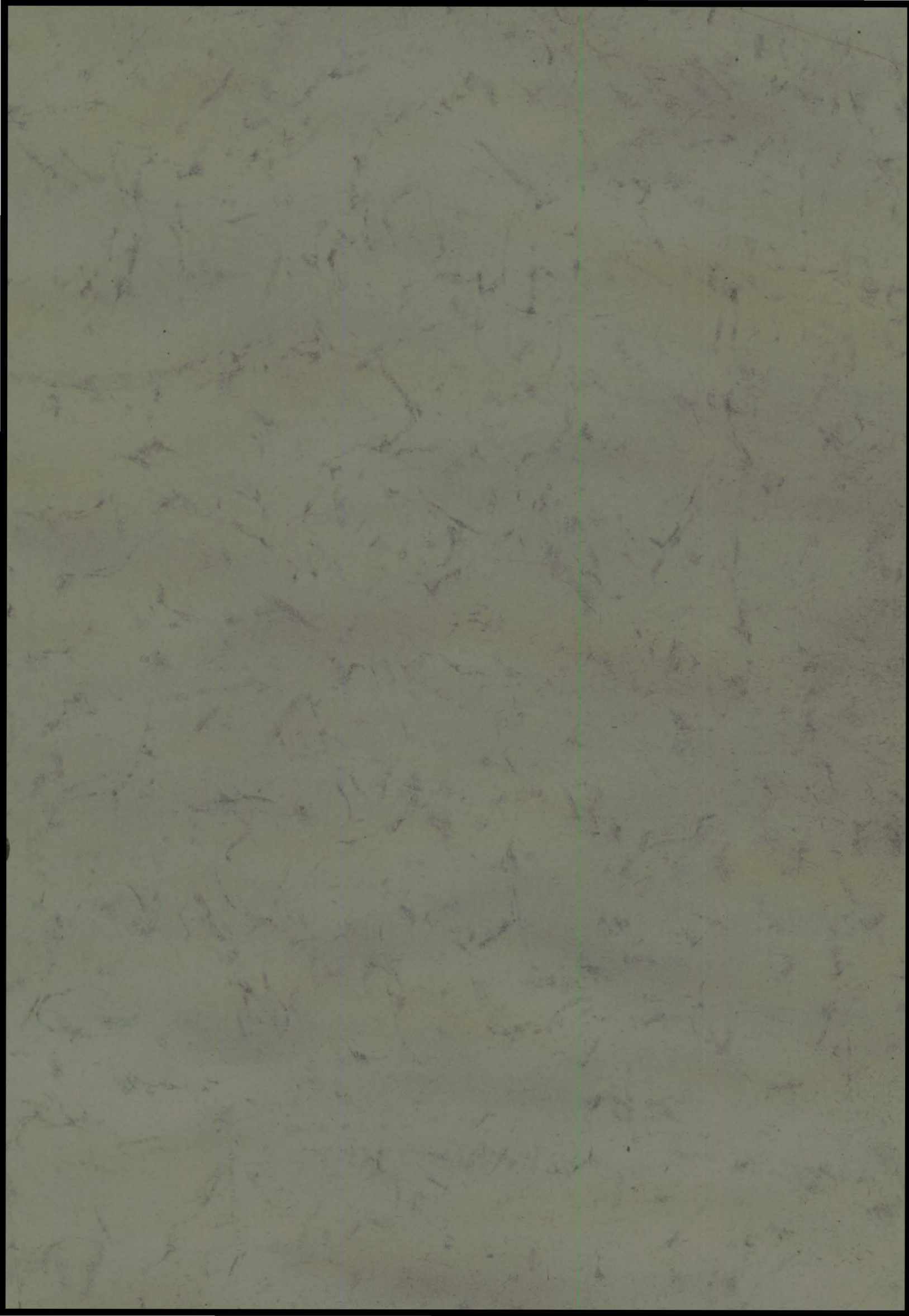
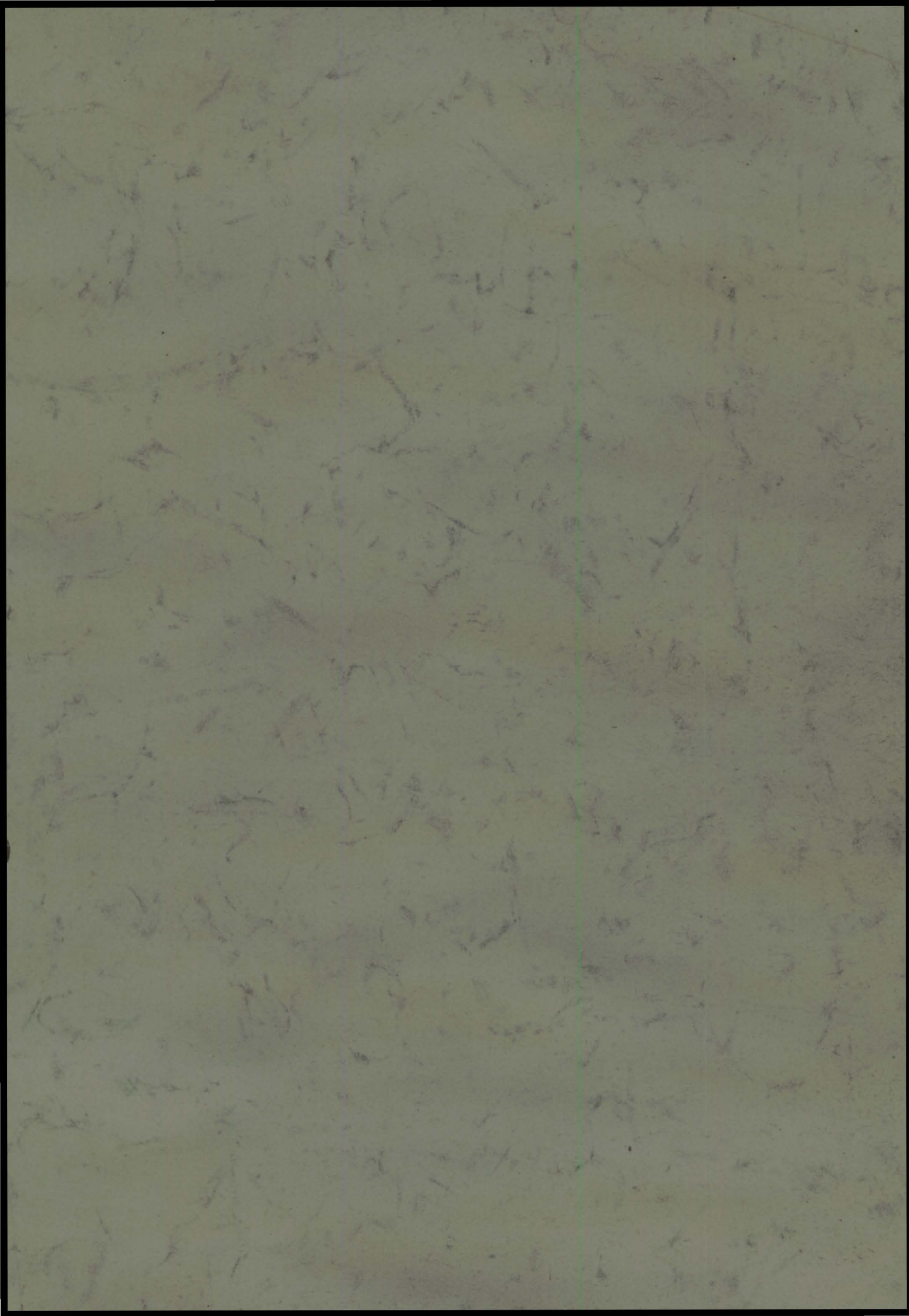


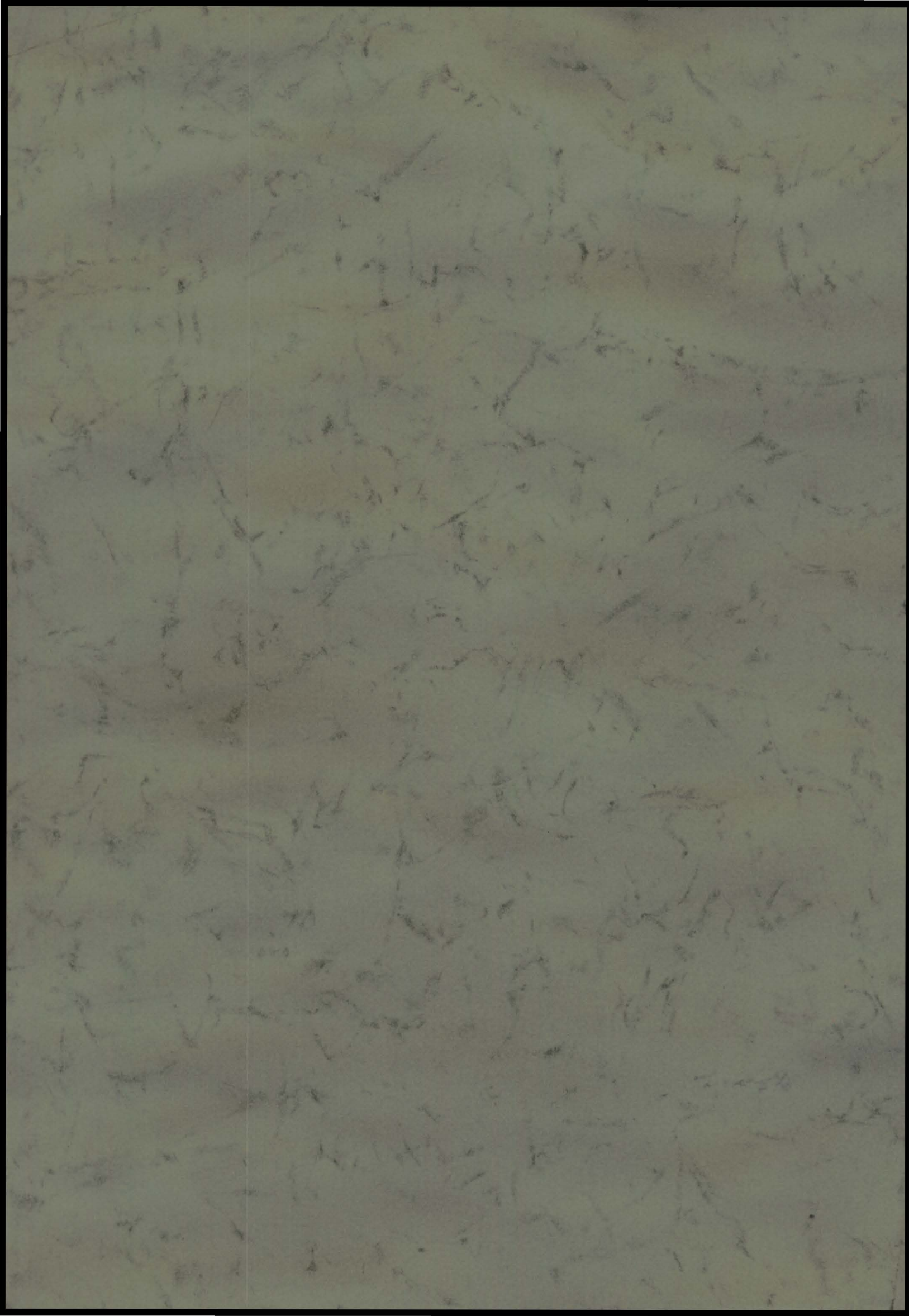
Rosennial



1922







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500
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THE 1922

ROSENNIAL

Published by
the Senior Class of
New Castle High School.

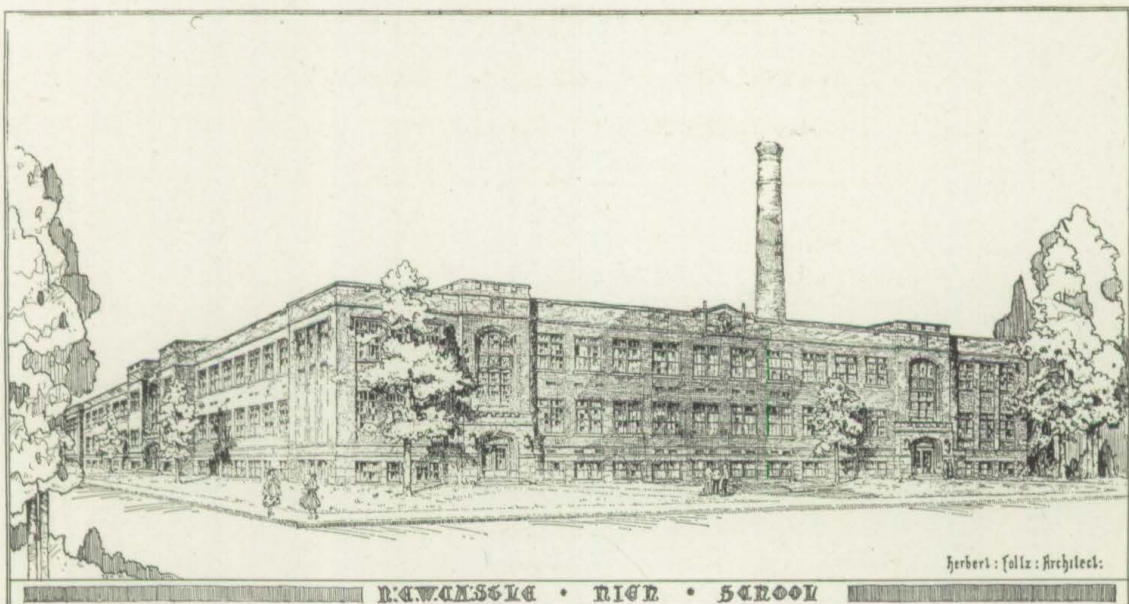
DEDICATION

We, the class of 1922, lovingly dedicate this "Rosennial" to the ones that work so hard for our welfare and seldom receive the credit they deserve: our fathers and mothers.

THE OLD AND THE NEW



The Present High School Building



The one which is planned to be ready by the time of the opening of the fall term in 1923.

INTRODUCTION

In publishing this Annual the Class of 1922 had but two thoughts in mind: to leave something to the High School of which they could be proud, and also to take something away by which the happy days in N. H. S. may be remembered in pictures and words. As usual, this book is largely the result of the work of the Senior class, but nevertheless, without the cooperation of the entire High School its publication would have been impossible, and those who have helped, we wish to thank most heartily.

We have attempted an innovation in the form of "Departments," and we hope that you will be pleased with this part of the book. Its success is left to your judgment.

No advertisements appear in this Annual as have in previous ones, but nevertheless, the merchants of New Castle have supported us to the limit, and since without their financial help this book could never measure up to the standards we set for it, it is our sincere desire that you patronize the merchants listed in the back of the "Resennial."

This is the result of our best efforts, and we hope that when you leave N. H. S. you will be able to carry with you the memories of your classmates and faculty with the aid of this '22 Rosennial.

—The Staff.

BOARD OF EDUCATION



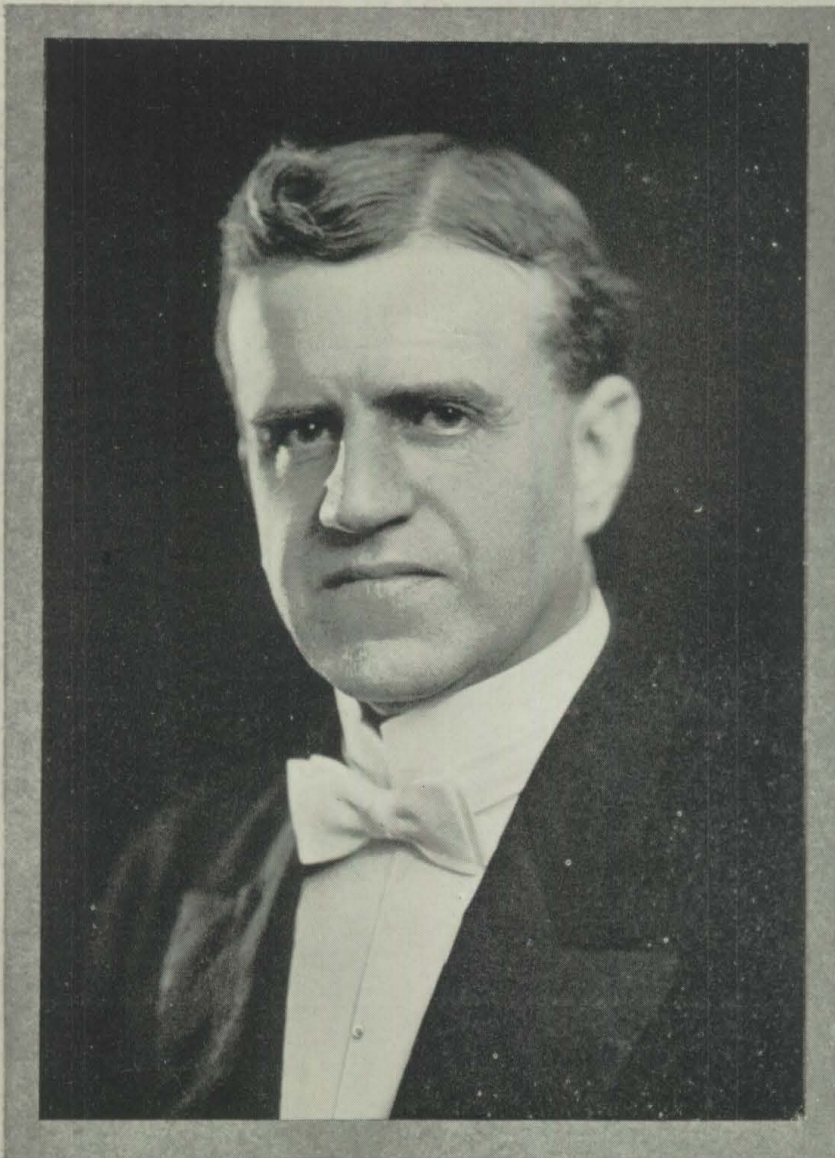
E. G. McQUINN, President.



MARTIN L. KOONS, Secretary.



LYNN C. BOYD, Treasurer.



E. J. LLEWELYN, City Superintendent.

Qualification:

A. B. Degree, Earlham College, 1907.
 A. M. Degree, Indiana University, 1910.
 Graduate Student, Columbia University.
 State Professional License.
 State Life License.
 County Institute Instructor.
 Patriotic and Chautauqua Lecturer.

Experience:

District Teacher, one year.
 Grade Teacher, two years.
 1898-1901—Supt. Schools, Fishers, Ind.
 1901-1905—Supt. School, Arcadia, Ind.
 1905-1911—Supt. Schools, Sheridan, Ind.
 Professor of Education, Earlham College,
 Summer Term, 1907.
 1911-1917—Supt. City Public Schools,
 Mount Vernon, Ind.
 Since 1917, Supt. City Public Schools,
 New Castle, Ind.

THE '22 ROSENNIAL

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

Maurice C. Gronendyke.

QUOTATIONS

Kathleen Taylor.
Maxine Monroe.
Nina Baugher.

ALUMNI EDITORS

Kathryn Stretch.
Mary McFarland.
Francis Fisher.

ATHLETIC EDITOR

Leland Decker.

DEPARTMENT EDITOR

Harriet Chambers.

CALENDAR EDITORS

Caroline Mayer.
Dorothy Burns.
Edith Gough.

ART EDITORS

Caroline French.
Albert White.
Russell Kem.

JOKE EDITORS

Orda Calland.
Marie Dolan.
Leone Stranahan.
Robert Duncan.

BUSINESS MANAGER

George B. Brebner.

ASSISTANTS

Joseph White.	Louise Koons.
James Freeman.	Cassel Higley.
Louise DeWerpe.	Arthur Johnson.
George Wiggins.	Norman Durham.
Fred LaBoyteaux.	

FACULTY ADVISORS

Mr. Valentine and Mrs. Wilson.

To do nothing is in every man's power.

THE FACULTY

New Castle High School is very fortunate in having one of the best faculties in the State, and there could be no other group of men and women who would be more interested in the welfare of the students. They are always ready to do anything to assist the student body in any way, and their interest in them does not die out with their graduation, but follows them through life.

As to their qualifications, New Castle High School has one of the highest standards for teachers' qualifications of any High School in the State, at least an A. B. degree being required. Each one is a specialist in his or her line of work and has prepared for that study, so that he is best able to give the students the benefit of his knowledge.

We, the Seniors, fully appreciate the splendid work of our teachers which has been done in our behalf, and will leave them not only as our instructors but as our true friends.



MR. ROY H. VALENTINE, A. M.
Indiana University. Principal
Mathematics, Athletic Manager.

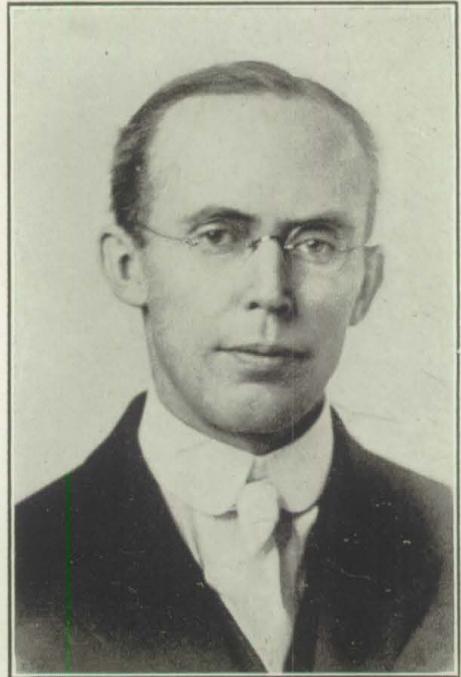


MRS. ISADORE WILSON, A. M.
Earlham College. History. Civics,
Vocational Guidance, Dean of Girls.

Idleness is the sepulchre of a living man.



MISS LILLIAN CHAMBERS, A. B.
Indiana University. English,
Literature, Dean of Girls.



MR. HOWARD ROCKHILL, In-
diana State Normal. Commer-
cial Subjects.



MISS HELEN ROBBINS, A. B.
DePauw University. English.



MISS MAUDE WOODY, A. B. Earl-
ham College. History.

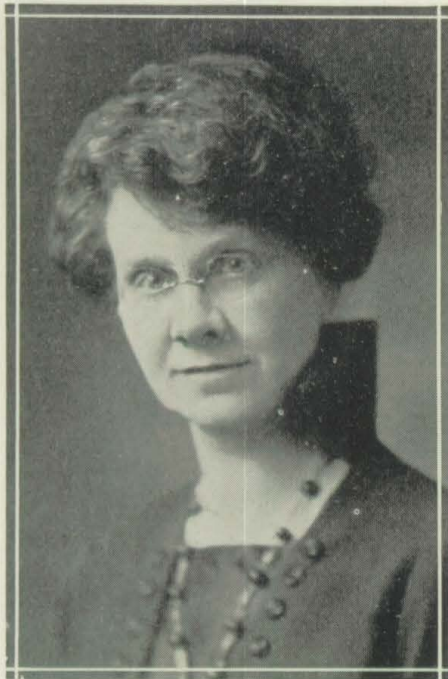
Detraction is the sworn friend to Ignorance.



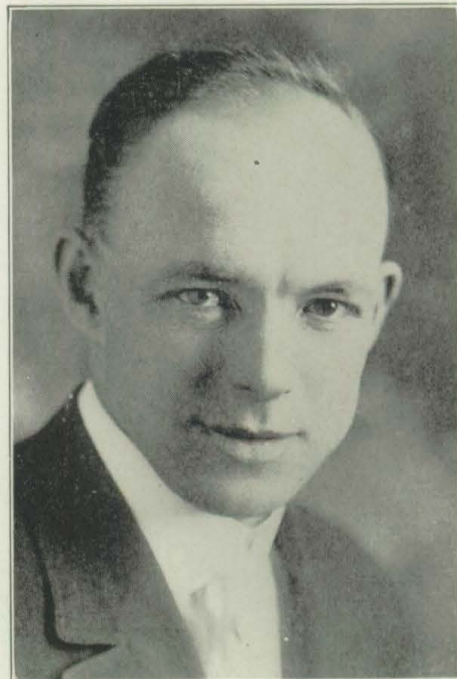
MISS LOLA HAWORTH, A. B.
Earham College. Latin.



MISS BEULAH BOWERS, A. B.
Earham College. Mathematics.



MISS DEBORAH EDWARDS, A. B.
Earham College. Latin and
English.



MR. GARRETT GROSS, A. B.
Wabash College. Mathematics,
Science.

The wicked are always ungrateful.



MR. GEORGE BRONSON, A. B.
Wabash College. Science, Dean
of Boys.



MR. WILLIAM JONES, A. B.
Earlham College. Mathematics,
Football and Track Coach.

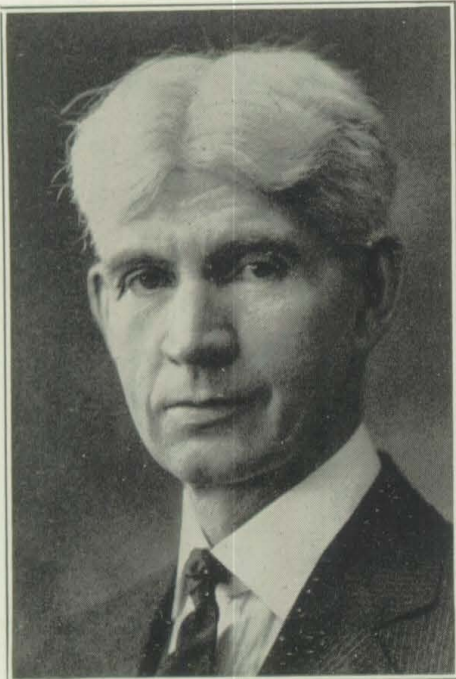


MISS JUANITA WICKETT, A. B.
Earlham College. French and
English.

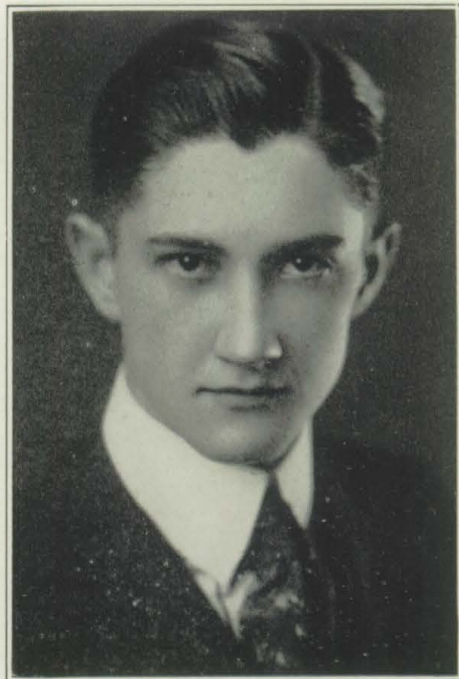


MR. THOMAS BARR, A. B. Earl-
ham College. Spanish, History,
Baseball Coach.

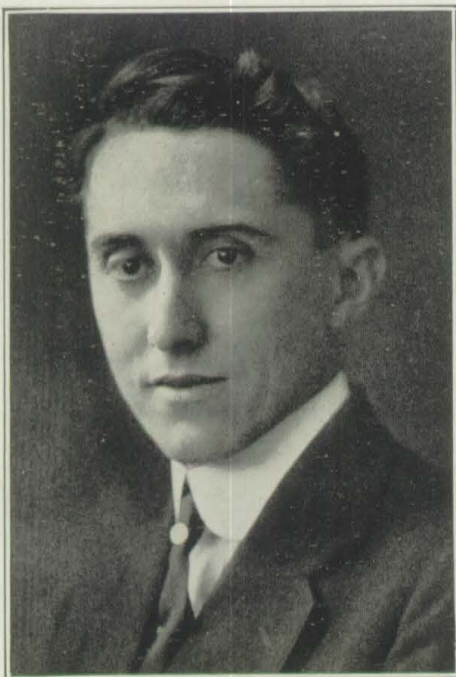
There is a great deal in the first impression.



MR. JOSEPH GREENSTREET,
DePauw University and Indiana
State Normal. History, English,
Dean of Boys.



MR. JOHN LEMON, Earlham Col-
lege. Commercial Subjects, Bas-
ketball Coach.



MR. HERMAN STALKER, A. B.
Earlham College. Mathematics,
Commercial Subjects.



MRS. MAUDE HUDELSON, Di-
ploma Indiana State Normal.
Latin, English.

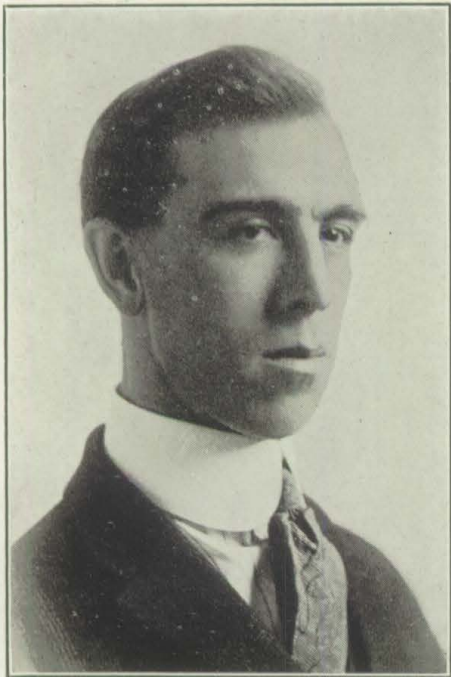
The unfinished is nothing.



MISS MILDRED WEST, Graduate National Institute of Public Speaking. Public Speaking and Dramatic Interpretation.



MISS MAY DORSEY, Graduate Indianapolis Conservatory of Music and Southern Illinois Normal School. Music, Drawing, Glee Club, Orchestra.



MR. JAMES PITCHER, Indiana University. Manual Training, Mechanical Drawing.



MRS. AGNES BROCK, B. S. Purdue University. Home Economics.

Few things are impossible to diligence and skill.



Nothing is more disgraceful than insincerity.

THE
SENIORS

Class Colors

FLAME and GRAY



Class Motto

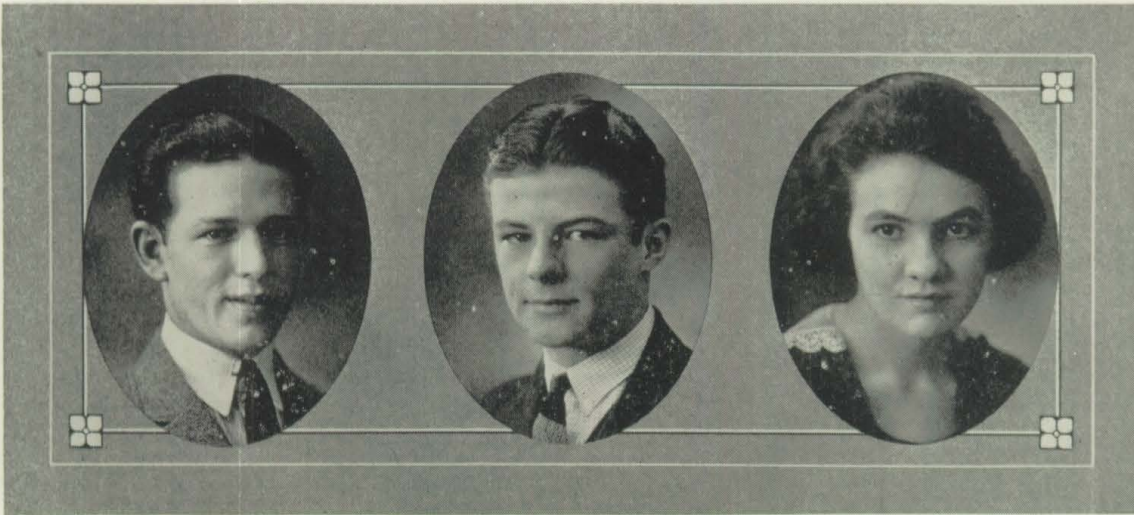
"MORE LIGHT BEYOND"



Class Flower

SWEETHEART ROSE

Men, in teaching others, learn themselves.



Richard Lawrence, "Dick"
Class President.

Junior Prom Play, Orchestra '20, '21, '22, English VIII, Football '20, '21, Baseball '22.

"None but himself can be his parallel."

Albert White, "Ab"
Vice-President

Track '22, Prom Committee, Color Committee, Annual Staff.

"A lion among ladies is a most dangerous thing."

Madge Huffman,
'Magilic."

Class Secretary

Basketball '21, Junior Prom Committee, English VIII.

"A true friend, always cheerful and plucky."

Leland Decker, "Deck"
Class Treasurer

Prom Committee, Annual Staff.

"Let me play the fool; with mirth and laughter, let old wrinkles come."

Anna Marie Rowles,
"Lovegaten"

Prom Committee.

"A smiling cheek, a sparkling eye."

George B. Brebner,
"Breb."

Prom Committee, Business Manager of Rosennial, Baseball '22, English VIII.

"He shows his spirit by few words and resolute actions."



One, on God's side, is a majority.



Maurice Gronendyke,
"Dyke"
Junior Committee, Editor-in-chief '22 Rosennial, English VIII.

"The best goods come wrapped in small packages."

Martha Brown, "Fuzzy"
Junior Prom Committee.
"She dances the light fantastic."

Fred Laboyteaux,
"Fritz".
Track '21, '22, Junior Prom Committee, Rosennial Business Staff, Stage Manager.

"On with the dance."

Genevieve Lawless, "Jen"
Basketball '19, '20, Junior Prom Play, Winner County and District Oratorical Contests.

"It is not strength but art attains the prize."

Joseph H. White, "Joe".
Junior Prom Play, Senior play, English VIII, Business Staff Rosennial.

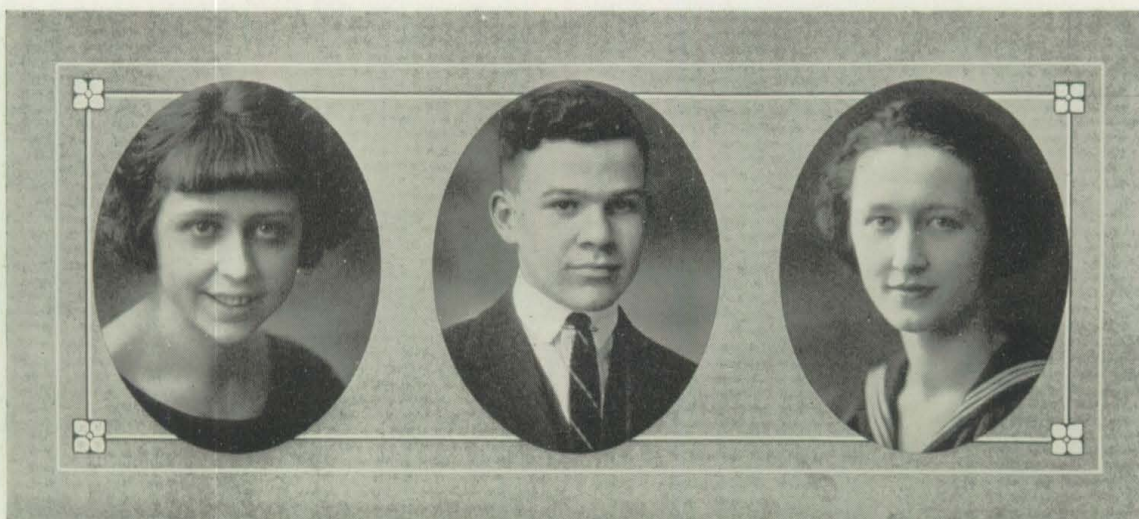
"Love me little, love me long."

Louise Koons, "Sunshine"
Junior Prom Play, Senior Class Play, Rosennial Business Staff, Basketball '19, '20, '21, English VIII.

"My 'Haynes' is a super-six."



Delay in vengeance gives a heavier blow.



Vera Teager, "Tid".
Junior Prom Committee.
"Is she not passing fair."

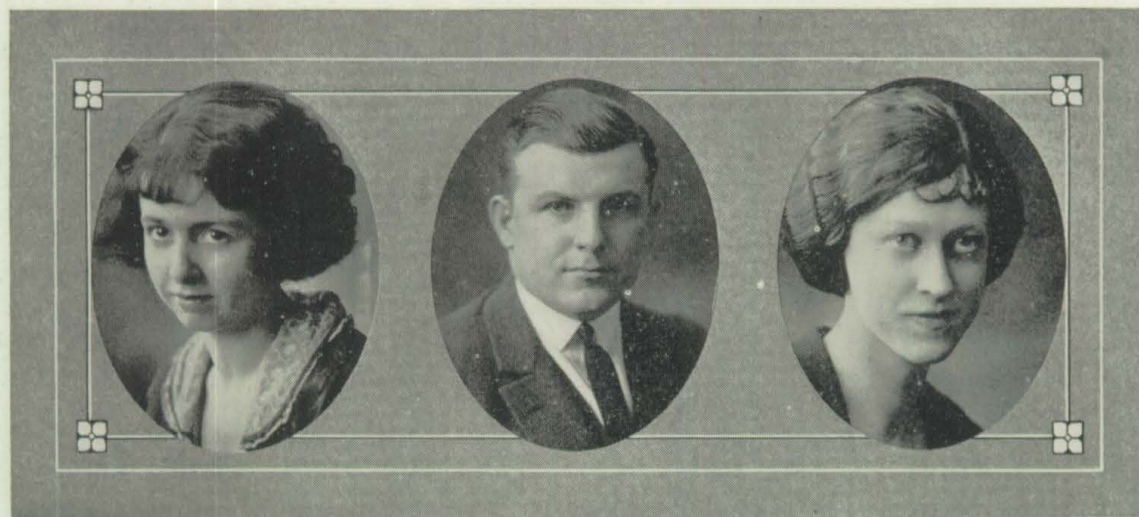
Howard Heath, "Red".
Junior Prom Play, Motto Committee.
"It is better to fight for the good than to rail at the ill."

Esther Hudleson, "Bubbles".
Basketball '21, Junior Prom Committee, Motto Committee.
"As merry as the day is long."

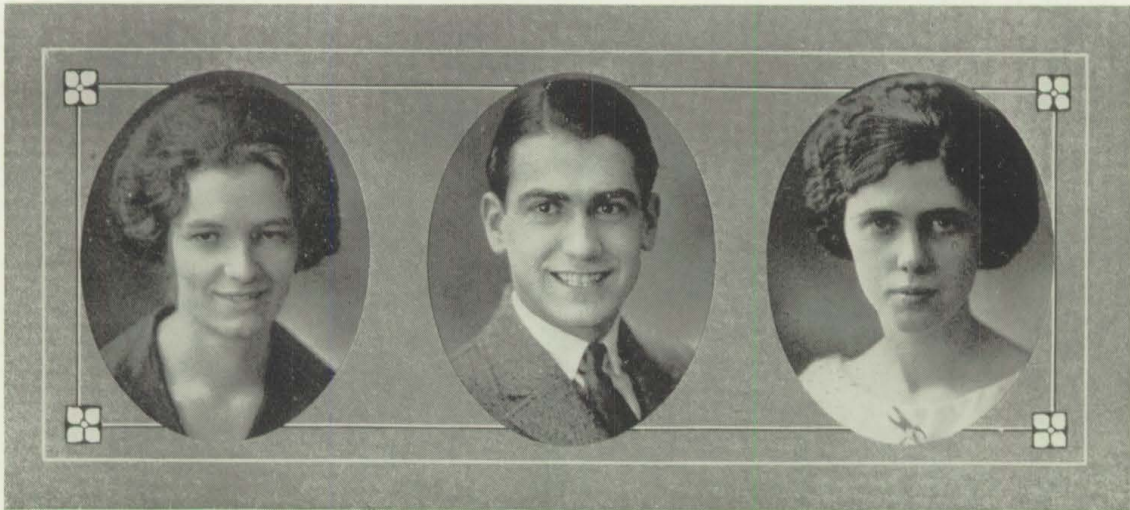
Mary Alice Kelso.
Basketball '19, '20.
"Even though she is not tall; remember Napoleon was a little man."

Owen Cowen, "Nick".
Football '19, '20, Baseball '22.
"Much study is weariness of the flesh."

Nina Baugher.
"Good temper, like a sunny day, spreads a brightness over everything."



Virtue is like a rich stone, best plain set.



Marie Dolan, "Alty".
Class Play, Annual Staff.
"My spirit is merry because my heart hath joy."

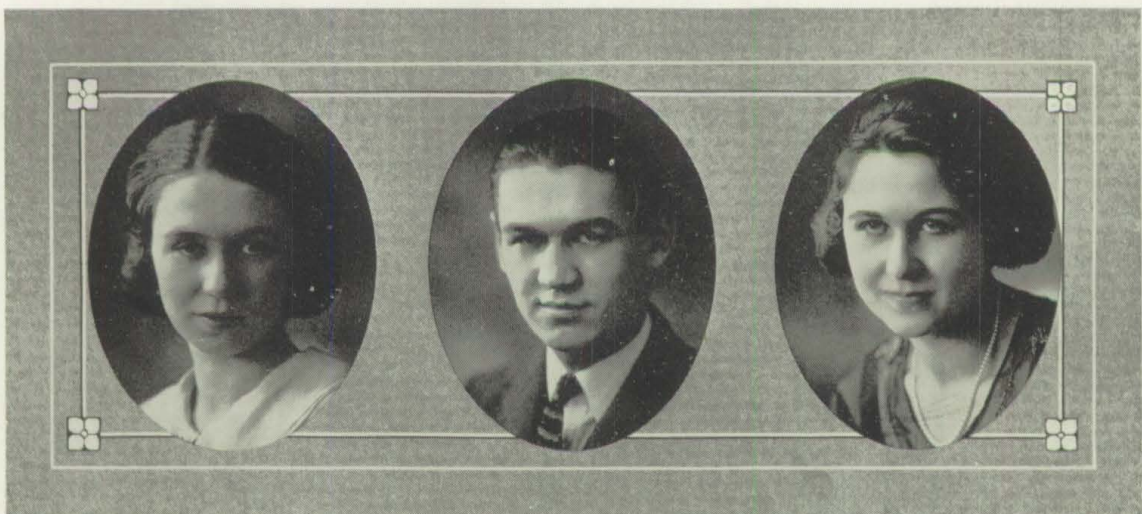
Joseph Smith, "Joe".
Prom Committee.
"He is not in the roll of common men."

Kathhleen Taylor, "Kay".
Junior Prom Committee, Basketball '20, '21, Annual Staff, English VIII.
"Think of me just as I am."

Harriett Chambers
Basketball '20, '21, Junior Prom Committee, Annual Staff, Class Play, English VIII.
"Give me Marshall or give me death."

Marshall Couden, "Marshy".
Junior Prom Play.
"And to his eye there is but one beloved face on earth."

Mable Jackson, "Maybell".
Junior Prom Committee.
"Up rose the sun and up rose Mabel."



Never was owl more blind than a lover.



Janice McShirley, "Jan".
Junior Prom Committee,
Class Song.
"She could songs make
and well indeed."

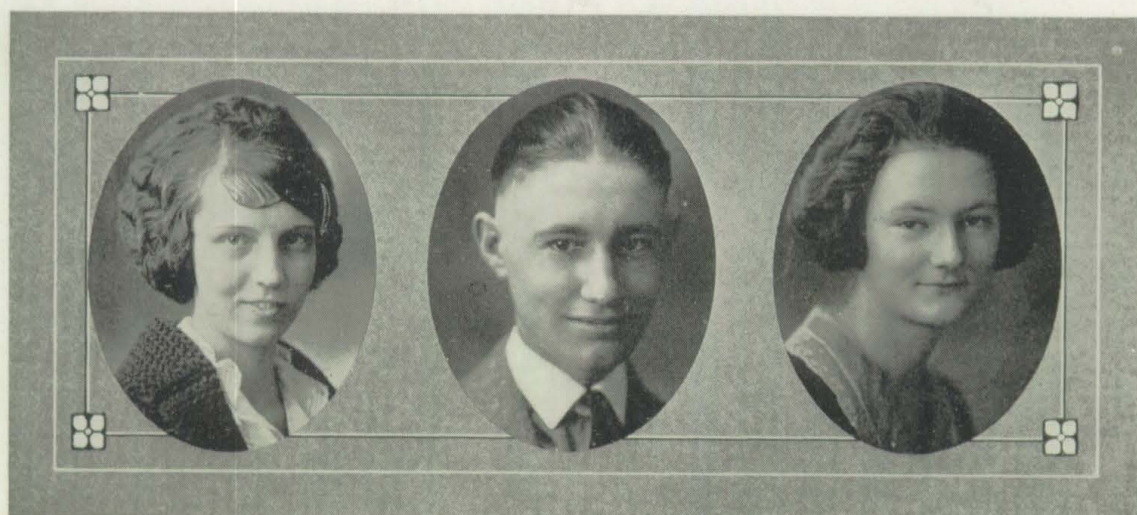
Jessie Griffith, "Jess".
Junior Prom Committee.
"He smokes no less
than a chimney."

Marie Wilkinson
"She has tongue at will
and yet is never loud."

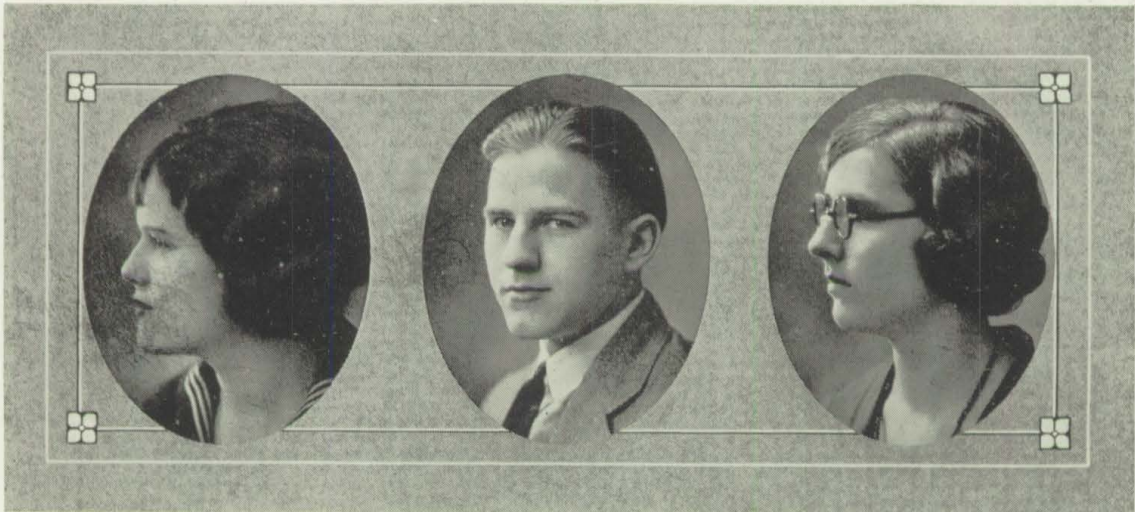
Caroline French "Slim".
Basketball '19, '20, Jun-
ior Prom Committee, Col-
or Committee, Class Will,
Annual Staff, English VIII.
"The mistress of the
dictionary."

Hershel Redd, "Red".
Prom Committee.
"Edison is my king."

Irene McCullough, "Andy"
"Of a meek and quiet
spirit."



God's rarest blessing is, after all, a good woman.



Dorothy Burns, "Dot".
Annual Staff, Public
Speaking.
"Her virtue and the con-
science of her worth that
would be wooed and not
unsought be won."

Lothiar Thompson,
"Tompie".
Junior Prom Play, Class
Play.
"Is this that haughty,
gay Lothario."

Agness Lawless "Aggie".
Basketball '19, '20.
"For highest ambition
to me it seems that I'd
like to be a movie queen."

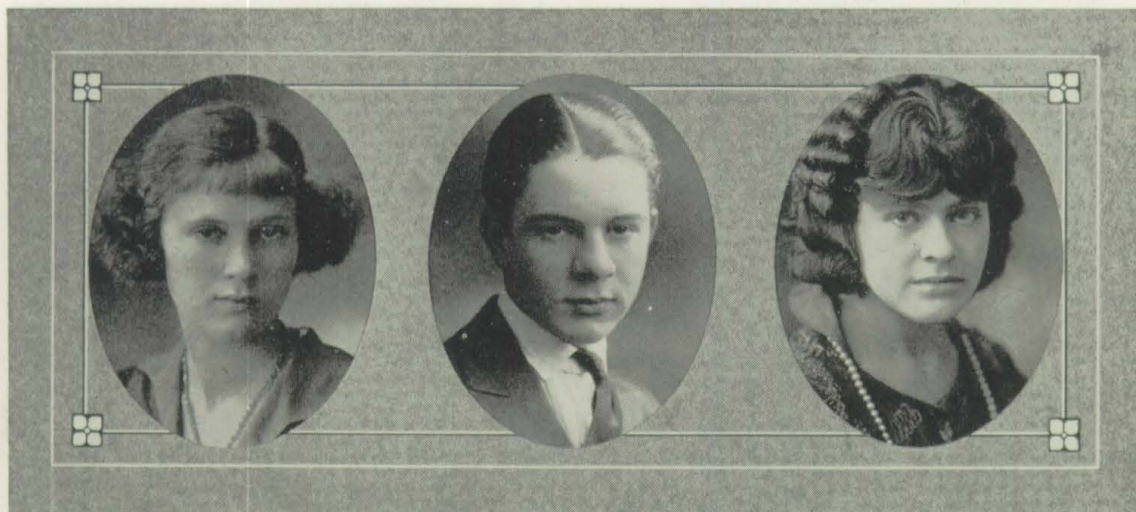
Opal Wilhelm, "Shorty".
Junior Prom Commit-
tee.
"She has a tongue with
a tang."

Arthur Johnson, "Art".
Junior Prom Committee,
Class Play, Rosennial
Business Staff.
"A man, he seems, of
cheerful yesterday's and
confident tomorrows."

Kathryn Stretch, "Kate".
Junior Prom Commit-
tee, Annual Staff.
"It is better to make
friends than enemies, and
a lot more pleasant."



Silence is more musical than any song.



Martha Dickinson, "Pat".
Basketball '19, '20, Junior Prom Committee.

"The only way to have a friend is to be one."

William Burk, "Bill".
Junior Prom Committee.

"The girls call him handsome."

Caroline Mayer.
Class Poet, English VIII.
"And for her part, she does rhyme make which tends to keep the world awake."

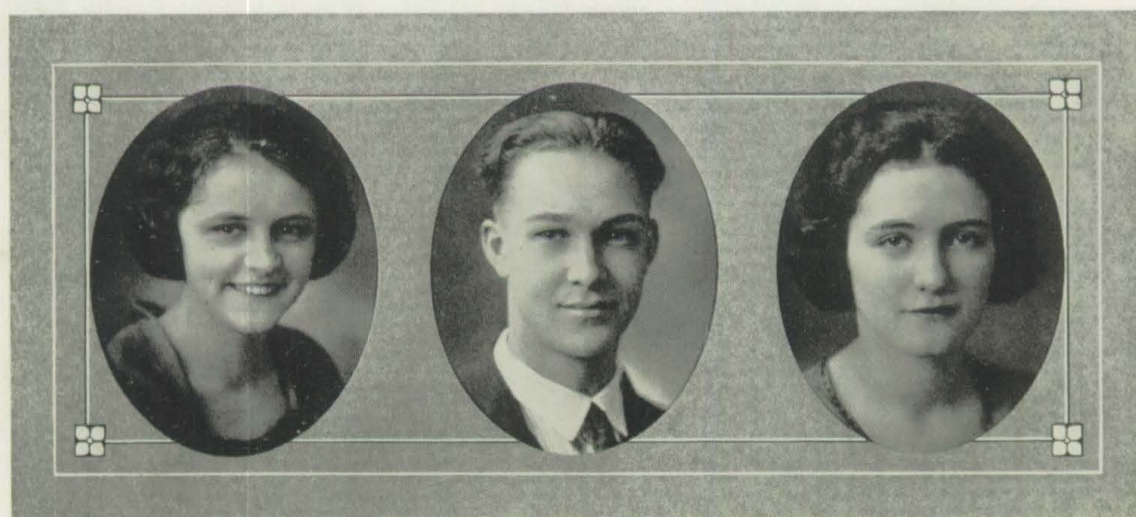
Elsie Risinger, "Sikie".
"Hang sorrow! Care will kill a cat, therefore let's be merry."

Cassel Higley, "Cass".
Orchestra, Class Play, Class Prophecy, Annual Staff.

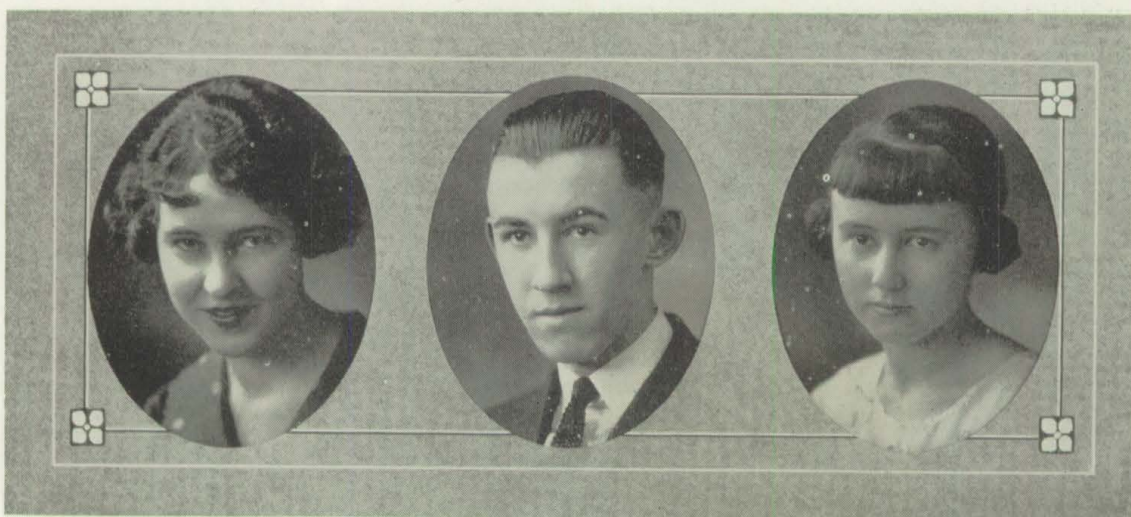
"The music master is he; his notes fill the air with glee."

Pauline Cluggish, "Polly".
Junior Prom Committee.

"Pauline dotes on writing notes."



Toil is the law of life and its best fruit.



Anna Louise Harvey,
"Patsy".
Junior Prom Committee.
"Thou shalt not see me blush."

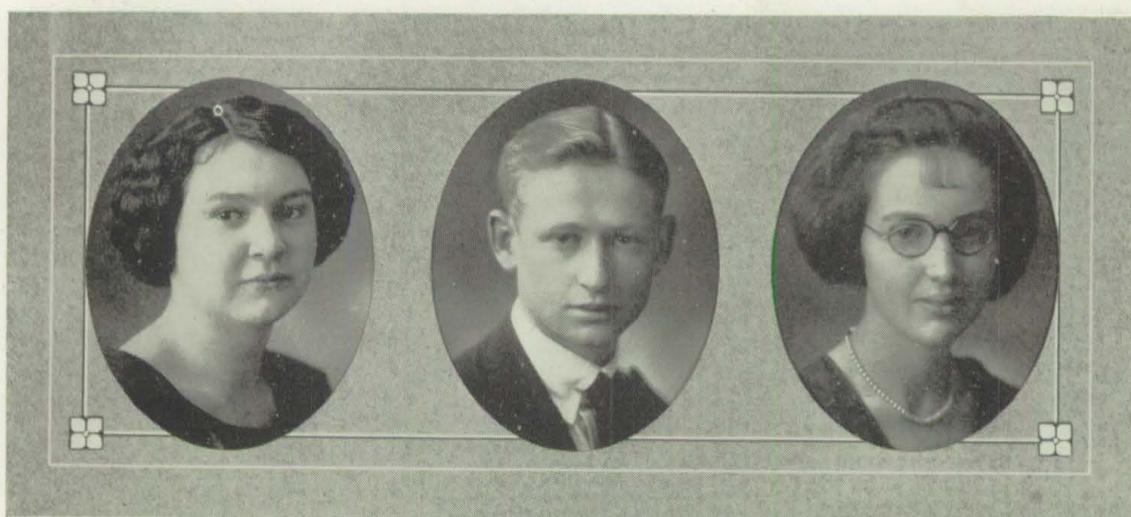
Robert Kuntz, "Bob".
Junior Prom Committee,
Class Play, Track '21, '22.
"I like not fair terms in a villian mind."

Eva Hagerman.
Basketball '19.
"Quiet always, of somewhat sober mien."

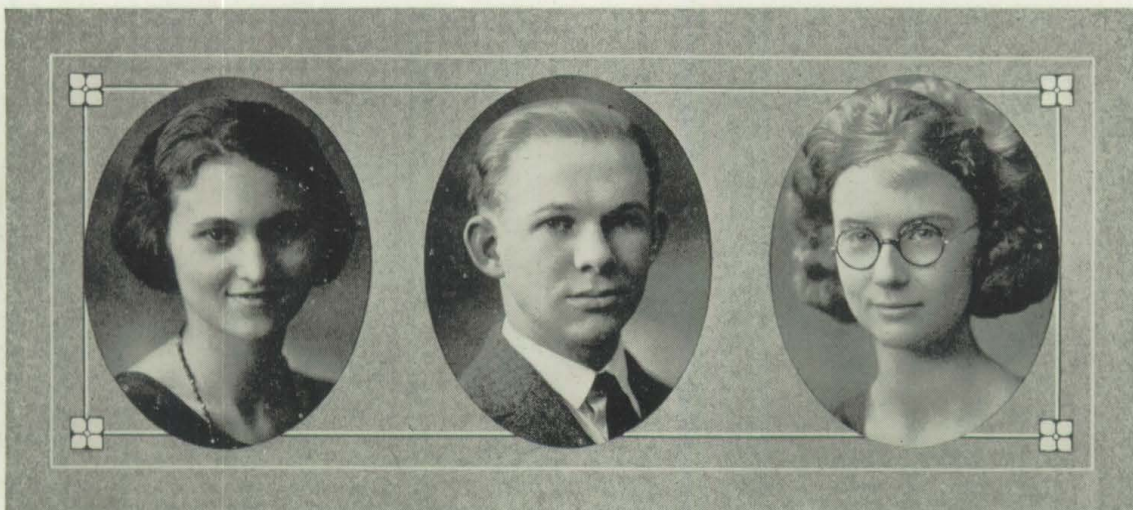
Evelyn Baker, "Studie".
Prom Committee.
"There is many and many a black, black eye, they say, but none so bright as thine."

Francis Fisher, "Fisher".
Basketball '22, Annual Staff, Track, '21, '22.
"And for his part, as meek as a maid."

Alma Wilkinson.
"Give thy thoughts no tongue."



Fame is but a slow decay—Even this shall pass away.



Meldred Morris, "Mil".
Basketball '19.
"She is wise if I can
judge her."

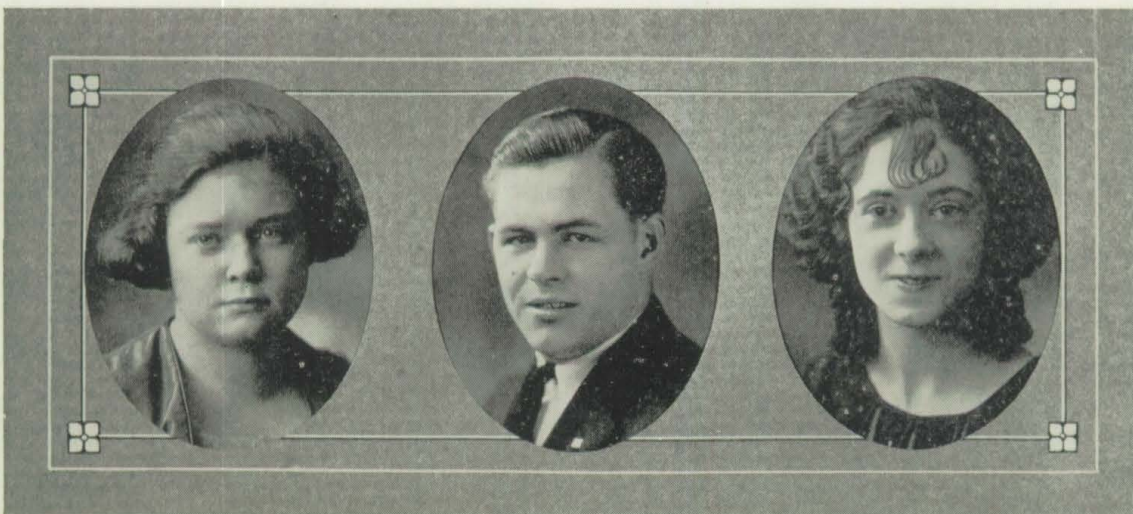
George Wiggins, "T. B."
Junior Prom Commit-
tee, Rosennial Business
Staff.
"What a piece of work
is man!"

Gertrude Rawley,
"Billy".
Junior Prom Commit-
tee, English VIII.
"He loves not well
whose love is bold."

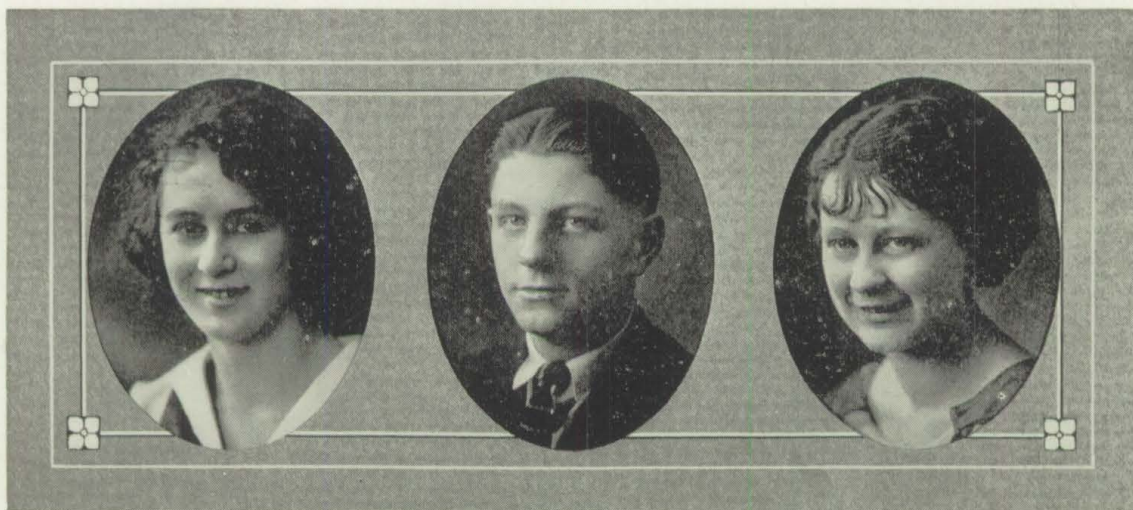
Marjorie Robbins, "Bob".
Junior Prom Commit-
tee.
"Her fiery hair crowns a
brilliant brain."

Norman Durham, "Bull".
Football '18, '19, Cap-
tain '20, '21, Class Play,
Junior Prom Committee,
Annual Staff, Track '19.
"He uses his strength
to kick the pigskin."

Mary Anna McFarland,
"Marianne".
Junior Prom Commit-
tee, Annual Staff, English
VIII.
"Oh Romeo! Romeo!
Wherefore art thou Rom-
eo?"



Every man of us has all the centuries in him.



Pauline Margason, "Peg".
Flower Committee.
"And then when I do
come to teach the school,
I'll always remember the
Golden Rule."

Malcom Edwards, "Mike".
Basketball '20, '21, '22,
Football '20, '21, Track
'21, '22, Prom Committee,
Class Play.
"Beware the fury of a
patient man."

Florence Pearl Barbour,
"Skeeter".
"A light heart lives
long."

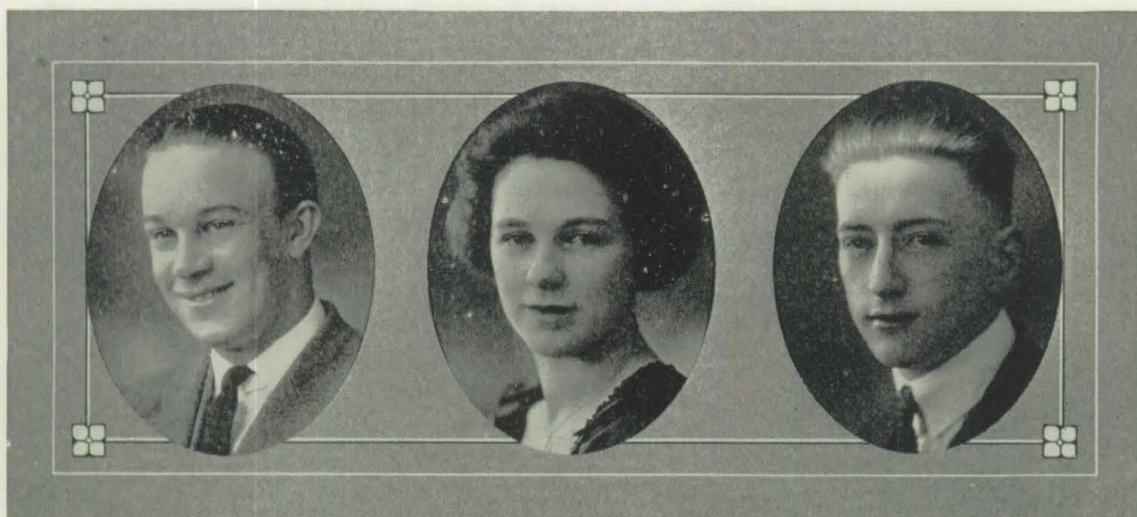
Leone Strannahan,
"Skinny".
Basketball '20, '21, Jun-
ior Prom Play, Annual
Staff.
"Some, Cupid kills with
arrows, some with traps."

Harold Refhuss,
"Rehfuss"
Orchestra, Flower Com-
mittee.
"Such music as 'tis said
before was never made."

Catherine Miller, "Kate".
"Love me, love my dog."



A lover without indiscretion is no lover at all.



Robert Duncan, "Bob".
Class Play, Annual
Staff, Orchestra.
"I'd rather a fool make
me merry than experience
make me sad."

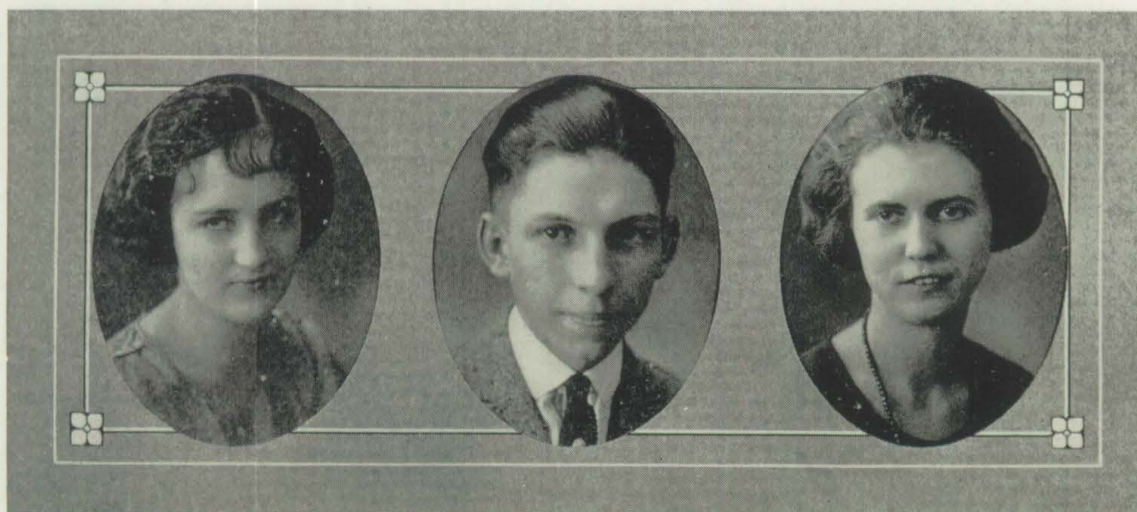
Louise DeWerpe,
"Frenchy".
Class Play, Rosennial
Business Staff, English
VIII.
"Why can't they all be
contented like me."

George W. Dingle, "Bud".
Junior Prom Play.
"The man who blushes
is not quite a brute."

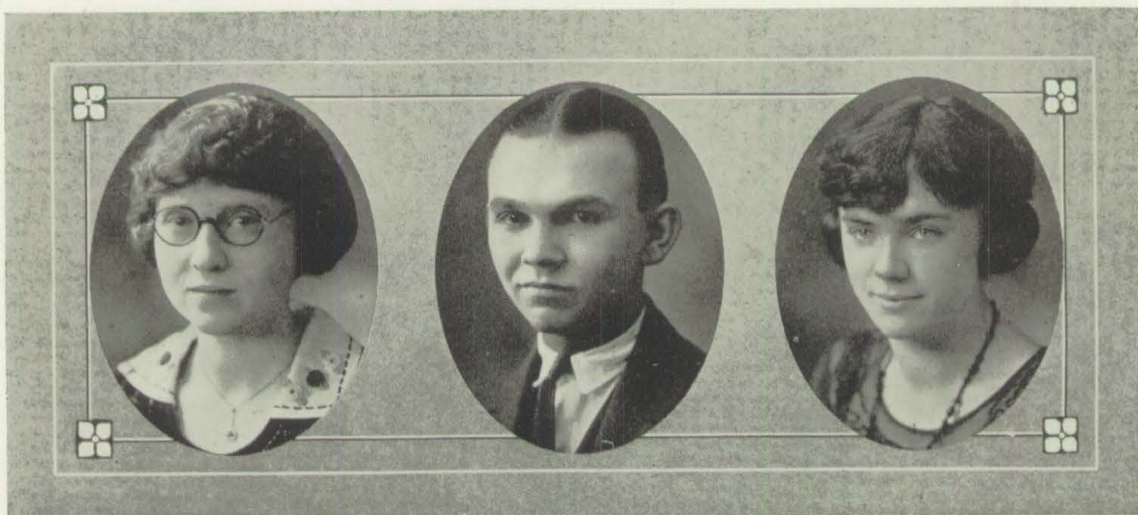
Patrice Penwell, "Bee".
Junior Prom Commit-
tee, Color Committee,
Class History.
"Smooth runs the water
where the brook is
deep."

Eugene E. Burke,
"Sheeny".
Basketball '22, Football
'21.
"I hate to see a thing
done by halves."

Maxine Monroe, "Macky".
Junior Prom Commit-
tee, Annual Staff, English
VII.
"A sweet, attractive
kind of grace."



The truly civilized man has no enemies.



Celia Frost, "Frosty".
"My tongue within my
lips I reign."

Charles Payne, "Pete".
"Better late than never."

Mildred Lennon, "Middy".
Junior Prom Commit-
tee.
"Her faults lie gently
on her."

Pauline Jenner, "Snooks".
"Gentle of speech, bene-
ficient of mind."

Russel W. Lawson, "Rut".
Baseball '19, '20, '21,
Captain '22, Track '20, '21
'22, Football '21.
"Of all the girls who
are so smart, there's none
like pretty 'Milly.' "

Edith Gough, "Betty".
Annual Staff, Junior
Prom Committee.
"He is a fool who will
not yield to wisdom."



The Golden Rule works like gravitation.



Carol Hosier.
"Sweet and neat and
quite complete."

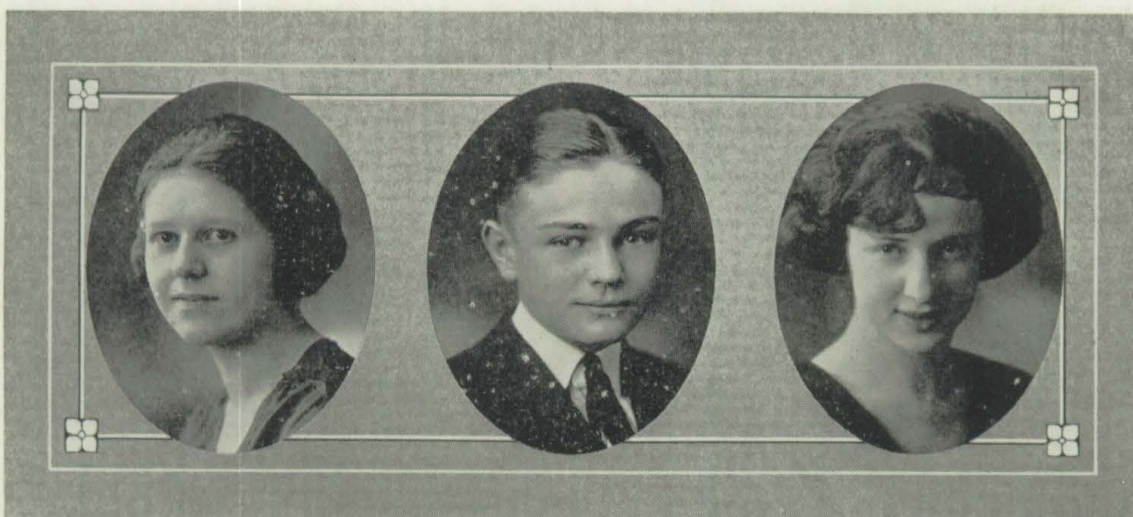
Earl Badger, "Specks".
Track '19, '20, '21, Class
Oration.
"I am Sir Oracle and
when I open my lips let no
dog bark."

Helen Lytle, "Bunnygirl".
"Silence is the most
perfect herald of joy."

Dorothy Locker, "Dot".
"Speak- Hath anyone
seen her angry?"

Russel Kem, "Kemmy".
Orchestra.
"My ways are ways of
peace."

Mildred Gouldsberry,
"Gooseberry".
Basketball '20, Junior
Prom Committee.
"My tongue just won't
convey my thought".



Lazy foke's stummucks don't git tired.



Ruth Sommerville,
Junior Prom Committee,
Orchestra, Flower
Committee, English VIII.
"We live in deeds, not
years; in thoughts, not
breaths."

James L. Freeman,
"Jimmy."
Junior Prom Committee,
Rosennial Business
Staff.
"Her stature tall; I
hate a dumpy woman."

Orda Calland, "Ode".
Junior Prom Committee,
Basketball '19, '20, '21,
English VIII, Annual Staff.
"Humor has justly been
regarded as the finest perfection
of genius."

Donald Kennedy, "Don".
Junior Prom Committee,
Stage Manager Class
Play.
"I am sure cares are an
enemy to life."

Reona Hornaday, "Biddy".
Motto Committee.
"Perseverance gains its
need, and patience wins
the race."

Thomas Fadely, "Tom".
Football '21, Junior
Prom Committee.
"A cheerful temper and
a good natured wit."



Hungry rooster don't cackle w'en he fine a wum.



Leon Bush, "Bushie".
"Bid me discourse, I
will enchant thine ear."

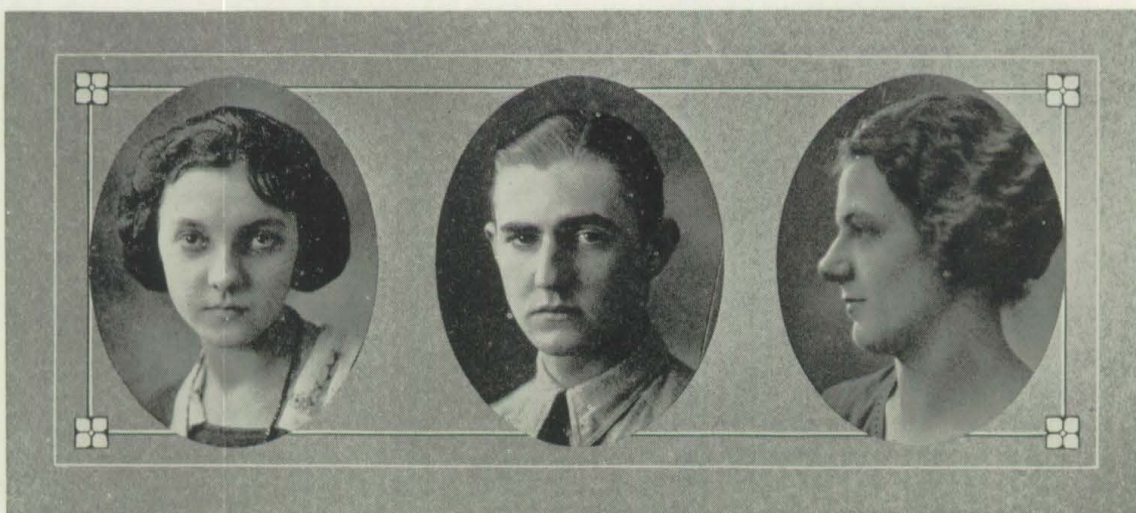
Wauneta Stevens, "Steve".
Junior Prom Commit-
tee.
"Not to know me argues
yourself unknown."

Dale Zink.
Baseball '22.
"His heart is with ath-
letics."

Opal Dilky, "Dilky".
Basketball '20.
"Silence is wisdom and
better than any speech."

Robert Goodale, "Bob".
Football '20, '21.
"Sweets to the sweet!
Farewell!"

Edith Wisehart, "Ede".
Junior Prom Commit-
tee.
"Of all the things, I like
the best, my studies sur-
pass all the rest."



The cruelest lies are often told in silence.

CLASS DAY PROGRAM

March—"Forward March" -----Evans
High School Orchestra.

Class History -----Beatrice Penwell

President's Address -----Richard Lawrence

Music—"Swing Song" -----Lohr

"Invitation of the Bells"-----Planquette
Girls' Glee Club.

Class Prophecy -----Cassel Higley

Class Oration -----Earl Badger

Music—"Star's Lullaby" -----Wilson

"Paeon to Summer" -----Suppe
Girls' Glee Club.

Class Will -----Caroline French

Class Poem—"Winter"—"Summer"---Caroline Mayer

Class Song -----Janice McSherley

Announcements-----Supt. E. J. Llewelyn

Music—"Dance to the Moonbeams"-----Mackie-Beyer
High School Orchestra.

Judgment is forced upon us by experience.

President's Address

(By RICHARD LAWRENCE.)

Friends and Fellow Classmates:

Four years ago the Class of 1922 contracted, as it were, to do certain work prescribed in the N. H. S. course of study. While all were ambitious, some, if not all of us, entered with apprehension as to what we might be able to do and what part of the work would prove insurmountable.

The time has passed and we stand today at the end of our high school training. With Paul, may we say, "We have fought a good fight, we have kept the faith." Our characters and minds have been built up step by step with promotions in the class rooms. The average student has "found" himself, has a new estimate of his own powers and possesses a stronger degree of self-reliance. The more nearly a man attains a goal in training and to a big "commencement" in the world, the more fully he realizes the necessity of a stringent course of study such as he has just completed. We are partially prepared for the great battle of life. Scholastic ratings have been granted and we stand on the threshold of graduation, the greatest day of our lives up to this time.

We are not here to boast of our achievements, nor to tender our regrets for tasks undone, but rather to express our appreciation of the efforts made in our behalf, in the PAST, and to renew our pledge that in the YEARS to COME, our motto shall ever be, "More Light BEYOND." It is not so important to know from what point of the compass we have come, as in what direction we are going. In meeting daily with better trained minds we have been taught to do Individual Thinking.

"Think for thy self. One good idea but known to be
thine own, is better than a thousand gleaned from fields
by others sown."

The insignificance of a mere man in relation to the infinite possibilities and opportunities of the world was plainly shown when Sir Isaac Newton remarked:

"I seemed to be but a boy playing on the seashore, diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble or a prettier shell, whilst the great ocean of TRUTH lay undiscovered before me."

However, "No man liveth to himself." History teaches us that in union there is strength—that contact with individuals, though not always in harmony of thought and ideals, is surely productive of strength. To choose our life work is a task worthy of great consideration. Let us hope that past experiences and personal contacts will at least enable us to get a true vision of the future. Once our life work

Necessity is the mother of invention.

is chosen, success requires a clear brain, which can be developed only through clean living, right relationships, the power of decision and the courage to do what is right under all circumstances. To accord to these their full measure, we must be true to ourselves. The world is ours for better or worse. Shall we not make it better

Our gravest need is Leadership, leadership born of far-sightedness and recognition of worth-while service. Persons capable of directing the thoughts and actions of those who must be followers. Examples of Leaders may be found in men such as Theodore Roosevelt and Lloyd George. The time is here for men and women of positive ideas, who do not "Dream" but "DO." May God grant us the power and may we use the power to be ranked with the "DOERS." May we strive to comply with Lowell's idea of manhood, beautifully expressed in the Commemoration Ode:

"To stand beside her when craven churls deride her,
to front a lie and not to yield. This shows, methinks,
God's PLAN and MEASURE of a Stalwart MAN."

In 1918 we were swept into the very midst of the greatest disaster recorded in all history—the World War. Why? Because people forgot God; because people could not conceive of the "Pen being mightier than the Sword"; because of poor leadership; because Power was coveted more than RIGHT. The world was plunged into chaos and despair. But the roseate hues of the Dawn can be seen—the Somber coloring of the Day is yet to come.

Lord Nelson, at the battle of Trafalgar, said: "England expects every man to do his duty." Class of '22, our teachers who are giving their lives in service for humanity, our parents who have sacrificed, our community which has made possible these four years of preparation, expect us to do OUR DUTY in seeking "More Light Beyond." We must not fail them.

THE CLASS OF TWENTY-TWO

Classes will come into N. H. S.,
And classes will graduate, too,
But look as you may, you can't find a class
Like the class of old twenty-two.

O jealousy! thou magnifier of trifles.

CLASS DAY ORATION

A PROBLEM FOR THE FUTURE.

(By L. EARL BADGER.)

A perfect man is the man who has the will power to be the master of himself; one who can look ahead and see the dangers and the opportunities of life; one who lives in favor with God and his fellow men; one who has a strong body, a well educated mind and who believes in strictly moral and spiritual standards. A nation made up of citizens who come up to these standards can be no less than perfect.

The obstacles which prevent men and women from attaining perfection are, selfishness, love of money, desire for popularity, and evil mindedness. Similar are the causes of weakness of a nation. A nation can be self-centered and proud of her power and mistreat weaker nations and refuse to deal honestly.

The U. S. has become very strong in all material lines; in fact, she has such great influence among the other and older nations of the world, that they look to her to set the standards of the world. She is also a great world power because she has grown very rich and at this time has more money than any other nation. The U. S. has some of the greatest Scientists in the world whose works have opened up unknown resources. Our literature is second to none. The U. S. now owns such vast territory that she can and must develop and make better homes for a people whose number has grown into millions. Again, we repeat. the U. S. is the leader of the world.

The danger of all this is that she may exert the wrong influence. She can become too rich. A product of the scientific laboratory in the hands of a dangerous fanatic, can destroy one of the greatest cities in the world, even New York, in less than an hour. Literature, if not censored, may become a tremendous power for evil. Immigration, if not restricted, may threaten our national existence. The use of money to gain personal power and pleasure and not to help make the world and one's self better, may destroy a nation as it did Rome. The thing that is lacking in the U. S. is the development of the moral and spiritual side of life.

The U. S. has shown a wonderful exhibition of the miracles of material progress. I do believe the world is a better place spiritually as well as materially. But we are not any where near as much better as we should be. And we have not grown better in anything like the degree that we have grown richer and more powerful materially. Have we tried to be better men than our fathers or better women than our mothers in spiritual ways? Have we come to serve and think of others instead of ourselves? Have we tried to live up to the Golden Rule in business and politics? When we have done this to the best of our ability—and the way to do it is for each one of us to try and make himself right—then it will be assured that our nation will stand, for we shall be invincible. The Stars and Stripes will forever wave over "The land of the free and the home of the brave,"

CLASS POEM

(By CAROLINE MAYER.)

"WINTER."

Do you know when North Winds blow
In cold December weather,
That little elves are making snow
And playing all together?

White as flowers in orchard bow'rs,
Dancing, flaky, joyous crowd,
Lightsome, sparking, frozen show'rs
As they leave the great white cloud.

Just a million diamonds bright,
Whirling, twirling, hurrying 'round;
Winter snow lies deep and white
Blanket soft of fluffy down.

Winter pure, thou art King of all.
Can I prove my love for thee?
Winter, lovely King of all,
It is boundless as the sea.

"SUMMER."

But do you know when the West Wind blows,
Soon red and pink will be the rose,
For 'tis to her this calm wind speaks
With blushes mounting to her cheeks

It is then, the sun sends flashes
Of gold and silver hue,
Across the jeweled, studded vault
Of bright celestial blue.

The sun, the moon, the stars rejoice,
The carefree forest lifts her voice,
For love and promise fill the air
Of happiness for all to share.

As joyful brooklets laugh and sing,
Thrilling notes from wedding bells ring,
When Labor's fruits are freshly strewn,
Then Summer reigns, the Queen is June.

A knavish speech sleeps in a fool's ear.

Class History

(By BEATRICE PENWELL.)

In the fall of 1918 a troop of bold, determined boys and girls, one hundred and fifty strong, gathered from the four corners of the earth, stood at the portals of N. H. S., ready to charge and take the building and all therein, including the icy and haughty stares of the upper classmen. They called us Freshies behind our backs, but we consoled ourselves by replying, "You were Freshmen once," and, as, "Ignorance is bliss," our minds were unharmed. Many teachers were added in the various departments to take care of the onrush.

There were many strange happenings in our second year. Numerous fire drills, in which we always made our exit from the wrong door, one in time to see an aviator, an alumnus of N. H. S., flying over the city. Our fighting spirit was appeased by looking at the war trophy train and joining a parade for Major Bundy. Because of flu we enjoyed a three weeks' vacation. Mr. Llewelyn, thinking it Hallowe'en, appeared before the school wearing a mask. We all followed suit.

At last the second semester of insignificance passed.

Our first battle over, we returned in 1919 to begin a new and different one. Our minds may have become rusty, but our enthusiasm was at the same pitch. In our second year our forces numbered one hundred sixteen. Some had decided that one year of learning was enough and had kept their books in the attic. Others had gone into different schools and surroundings. Our class was scattered, but we all signed our names with a '22. The second year in N. H. S. passed quickly, and before we realized it, half of our work was done.

The first part of our Junior year was uneventful. Acting the stately and dignified persons we were supposed to be, we went about our duties quietly, causing the least amount of trouble possible. We took the vacations given us and tried to come back on time.

At last our patience was rewarded when a meeting of all who thought themselves Juniors, was called, to decide about giving an entertainment for the Seniors. With the whole class in favor, we were sure of giving a reception for them that was never surpassed by the Junior classes of N. H. S. To the delight of the teachers, we gave up our daily unnecessary expenses to provide funds for this, our great effort.

At last the time came for the big event. For once the Senior and Junior class had a record attendance. A short play was given, showing the dramatic strength of the class. Refreshments and dancing followed. Our aching bodies and excited minds were rewarded by the pleased and happy expressions on the faces of the Seniors.

As this important event (as it seemed to us) was over, all we

Labor for labor's sake is against nature.

could do was to wait patiently for the time when we could come again in September, 1921, this time to the goal toward which we had been striving. We learned to our dismay that Mr. Allen, our esteemed principal, had chosen another school.

But any expressions of regret were forgotten when we returned to our old stamping ground and found that the man who had been chosen to advise and help us, was one with great personal charm and executive ability—Mr. Valentine, who has listened patiently to our troubles and smiled at our joys, offering helpful suggestions along the way.

In our Senior year we are ninety in number, the largest class that has yet gone from N. H. S. The sparks of genius and ability that burned faintly in the beginning have been fanned into flame that burns brightly in the last year. Almost every line of work has a follower from this class. We have public speakers, athletes, singers. The Fates, having decided that our ranks contained two too many, launched them on the sea of matrimony. They have the best wishes of their classmates.

We welcomed the announcement that the District Basketball Tournament would be held in New Castle on March 3 and 4, 1922. When we won it we were overjoyed, and were glad that two of us, Malcolm Edwards and Frances Fisher, had helped win it in our last year. The team romped through to the semi-finals, defeating Muncie in a fast game and Knightstown in the finals.

The class of '22 has helped make the school prominent in scholastic events the same as in athletics. Every year the public speaking classes contained several of our members. The most successful of our public speakers is Genevieve Lawless, who was chosen from the school to meet a speaker from a neighboring school. The judges decided in her favor and she easily won over the four speakers from other high schools represented, winning the honor of going to Bloomington. There she creditably won fourth place in the finals.

In organizing our class we chose as our officers: Richard Lawrence, president; Albert White, vice-president; Madge Huffman, secretary, and Leland Decker, treasurer. Our class colors, flame and gray, our class flower, sweetheart roses, and our motto, "More Light Beyond," shows our taste for selecting that which is beautiful and wise.

Expecting the Juniors to do for us what we had done for others, we looked forward to the Junior Prom. On May 12 they gave a reception for us in the Eagles' Hall which will be a treasured memory to us. The feature of the evening was a humorous three-act farce given by the Juniors. Later refreshments were served carrying out the class color scheme. Dancing was enjoyed the remainder of the evening.

In publishing The Rosennial we have endeavored to bequeath to

posterity our likeness, the likenesses of schoolmates and faculty, our literary achievements, our musical efforts, our athletic fame and our bits of humor. Its success is due to our efficient Annual staff and advisors, aided by the co-operation of each member of the class.

The success of the Class Play. "It Pays to Advertise," was due to the efficient coaching of Miss West.

Class Events are coming thick and fast, and we look forward to them with eagerness and great anticipation. Baccalaureate Sermon, May 21. Commencement, May 26. Learned and able speakers have been obtained for these occasions and we are glad.

Many of the class are going on with their education and the class will not die at the close of the year, and the spirit of '22 will be carried into other places.

We, the Class of '22, wish to express our appreciation to all who have helped to make our class a success. May the succeeding Senior classes remember that the Class of '22 was the last in the dear old building, and expect them to carry the spirit of old N. H. S. into the new.

Class Will

(By CAROLINE FRENCH.)

In the name of God, Amen. Know all students, that we, the members of the Class of 1922, of New Castle, Henry County, Indiana, being of sound mind, legal age, wonderful brilliance and mental ability, do, on this 19th day of May, 1922, declare this to be our last will and testament. We give and bequeath our possessions in the following manner:

Russell Lawson wills one of his slightly worn sweaters to Mildred Cluggish, so Jolly can wear his own once in a while.

"Fuzzy" Brown wills one bottle of bandoline to Sam Bufkin.

Donald Kennedy bequeaths his inherited speed emblems to Jesse French.

Norman Durham, hearing of Maurice Pike's football aspirations, wills Maurice a mascot.

Kathryn Stretch bequeaths Kenneth Rozelle a pair of glasses, so Red won't have to strain his eyes so hard at the next fashion show.

Nina Baugher, having captured a man, has no more use for her spit-curls, so wills them to Elizabeth Trainor.

Mary McFarland, at last having decided to reveal the reason for her luxuriant tresses and marvelous coiffures, wills two large rats to Alice Boyd.

Harriet Chambers and "Kay" Taylor will their unerring judgment in selecting the Chemistry experiments with the most terrible odors, to Theodore Dann.

Genius can never despise labor.

Leon Bush wills his famous wisdom-tooth to Helen Haguewood, hoping that she will get more wisdom from it than he did.

Robert Duncan wills his drum-major's baton, with which he stirred up the enthusiasm of the tournament crowds this year, to Cedric Mills, to use when we beat Muncie next year.

Joseph H. White bequeaths the privilege of being host at the library table parties next year to "Jimmy" Harlan.

Mildred Lennon and Pauline Margason will a can of Postum to Mr. Rockhill, in memory of his famous and widely known remark, "There's a reason."

Louise DeWerp and Eugene Burk will a copy of "Tuck Me to Sleep" to Dale Williams.

Louise Koons and James Freeman, hearing that Corbet Fennel has purchased a new pair of shoes, leave him a little pair of oars, so "Corb" may go boating this summer.

Dorothy Burns wills a lorgnette to Virginia Grady, so Virginia's royal and queenly air may be complete.

Madge Huffman and Janice McSherley bequeath one doughnut to Mr. Jones, so he will not go on eating up all the domestic-science supplies.

Arthur Johnson, Russell Kem and Edith Gough will Eldon Moore a little wagon, so Eldon may carry his subjects with less trouble next year.

Robert Goodale bequeaths a few pages of advice on how to get married without anybody knowing it, to Orville Conklin.

"Mike" Edwards and Marjory Robbins, noticing the rusty appearance of "Kate's" hair lately, will Catherine Gause a bottle of henna dye.

Albert White wills three large kid curlers to Bob Lacy, so Bob can have pretty waves, too.

Mabel Jackson and Catherine Miller will a copy of the Y. M. C. A. bulletin to "Freddy" Smith, hoping this will sway him from the wild, speedy and dangerous path he is treading.

Lothair Thompson leaves some of his bubbling spirits to Sarah Maury.

Esther Hudelson, Francis Fisher and Eva Hagerman leave a vacuum cleaner to Helen Millikan, so Helen can get a little more out of her course next year. (Call at Gray's Electric Shop).

Vera Teager, having noticed Helen's baby-talk, wills Helen Crim her baby stare to complete the infantile effect.

Caroline Mayer wills the geometrical chart by which she arranges her curls to Goldie Nicholson.

Ruth Sommerville and Maxine Monroe will a little round mirror to Dorothy Elliott, so she can see what Mike's doing without turning around so much.

Labor is the law of happiness.

Genevieve Lawless and Beatrice Penwell bequeath a little hammer to Elizabeth Wasson to help "Lib" break her dates.

Richard Lawrence leaves a few extra credits to George Weltz, so George won't have to stay in school all of his life.

George Dingle wills Morrison Vivian the key to the Chemistry pen on condition that he will promise to do nothing more desperate than blow up the building.

Anna L. Harvey leaves Hobart Lowery to Harriet Newby and Margaret Carpenter, to be fought over at their own convenience.

Florence Barbour, Edith Wisheart and Gertrude Rawley will their famous book, "Hairdressing and How It Should Be Did," to Mabel Jeffries.

"Pete" Payne, Tom Fadely and Jesse Griffith leave to Harold Moppin their cherished and much used manuscript, "Original Excuses," which will no doubt relieve Harold of much mental agony.

Earl Badger wills his weighty and influential manner of talking to Robert Cook, so that arguments may still continue in Economics.

William Burk wills his bottle of Patent Leather Resurfacer to Mr. Stalker.

Orda Calland and Martha Dickinson will their educational record, "How to Fight Basketball," to Leona Wittenbeck in hopes that that Leona will become a star if we ever have a girls' team again.

Mildred Gouldsberry wills a little eraser to Kenneth Pope, so he can erase his dreadful past and start life anew.

Marie Rowles leaves a farewell backhand note to Paul Cluggish.

Dorothy Locker, Marie Dolan and Opal Dilkey leave their group picture as an inspiration to the Freshmen, in charge of Kathryn Hines.

Fred LaBoyteaux leaves his traveling salesman-like appearance to Homer Gauker, so "Tilly" can make a hit with the ladies.

Owen Cowen leaves a copy of his favorite periodical, "Buffalo Bill's Weekly," to Hubert Kessell.

Waunetta Stevens, having decided to bob her hair when school closes, leaves one curl to Byron Armstrong. Byron may call for the rest about the first of June.

Maurice Gronendyke and George Brebner leave the job of managing the Annual next year, to anyone who is fool enough to take it.

Mildred Morris, Helen Lytle and Pauline Jenner leave their literary masterpiece, "How To Be a Vamp," with extra edition on "Application of Powder" by Miss Jenner, to Ella Yergin.

Celia Frost bequeaths her Geometry book to Henry Jennings, in hopes that Henry will see more in it than she did.

Evelyn Baker wills her large appetite to Robert McIntyre.

Irene McCullough wills a bunch of experiments to Mr. Bronson to make up for what she didn't get this last semester.

Language is part of a man's character.

Pauline Cluggish wills her Latin book, with literal translations and explanatory notes, to Elwood Shelton. If this don't get him thru, we suggest a catapult.

Agnes Lawless wills her season ticket to the Princess, to be used particularly when Rodolph Valentino or Wallace Reid is starring, to Mary Rodgers.

Opal Wilhelm wills her important position at the library to Anastasia Gullion, so "Stasia" can read all the books on the closed shelf (The Sheik particularly).

Leland Decker wills his reporter's pass to all N. H. S. games to Earl Swazy, so Earl won't have to come in through the window next year.

Howard Heath bequeaths a small bottle of Carbon Disulfide to Mildred Myers. (One whiff of this will drive away the most persistent boy-pest, Mildred).

Marshall Couden wills his constancy to one girl as an example to Ernest Scotten in his many love affairs.

Elsie Risinger and Carol Hosier leave a large-size fish-hook, to catch the few boys left, who haven't fallen for her, to Margaret Fleming.

Mary Alice Kelso, Alma and Marie Wilkinson leave a floral tribute to Fred Starbuck, to show their overwhelming grief at having to part from him.

Reona Hornaday leaves her pet newspaper which has miraculously appeared on her desk, each morning for the last two semesters, to Dora Azen, hoping that Dora will get more knowledge from it than from the "Picture Play" and "Classics" she generally reads.

Herschel Redd, Harold Rehfuess and George Wiggins leave a large blue-white diamond solitaire to Paul Dazey, in hopes that he will use it and end this dreadful suspense.

Pauline Weeks, Robert Kuntz and Dale Zink will Mrs. Wilson a new vase, to lighten the duties of the old brown water pitcher, next year.

Cassel Higley, knowing that Miss Dorsey will never get another musician, quite like him, bequeaths to her his brother, as consolation.

Joseph Smith wills a small box of candy, as an appreciation of the many enjoyable evenings he has spent at her home, to Helen Taylor.

Caroline French wills a few extra inches of height to Helen Jones.

Class Prophecy

(By CASSEL HIGLEY.)

I was sitting in a big chair in my study, busily writing my life's work—a unique translation of Vergil—when I was interrupted by a message over the radiophone. The sender was probably greatly surprised by the brief answer, "Yes." I scribbled the message on a sheet of paper and had just picked it up when my wife came in. At the sight of the message her dreamy eyes became almost piercing as she inquired, "What's this"? I told her it was a message from the president of our High School class asking me to notify all members of said class of the reunion of 1932 at the Staylonger Hotel in Boston.

My first surprise came when I obtained passage on a new air-liner. This company had several air-liners in constant commission. The owners were Francis Fisher, Robert Kuntz and Fred LaBoyteaux. Robert Kuntz had invented the new device that made air traveling profitable. I was reclining in a new chair-bed in the liner when I saw a familiar figure approaching me. I found that she was going to climb the Woolworth building in the near future. I had already heard that we had a human fly in our class. At the present time she said she was dieting in preparation for the big climb. It was Louise Koons, and she informed me that Martha Brown, a missionary to the Dark Continent, had returned to this country to recuperate. Miss Brown is doing a wonderful work for the natives. Misses Dorothy Burns and Caroline French are her assistants in the work there. Joseph White is running a book store in Edgewood and he handles Mayer's Works exclusively. Miss Caroline Mayer has proven herself a true genius. Her last work, a book of poems, is considered by critics as her best work. George Brebner is Superintendent of a firm in Pennsylvania manufacturing hand-painted skillets. He has employed Miss Vera Teager as his private secretary.

In Boston, at last, I registered at the Staylonger Hotel and found that it was a magnificent building, having fifteen rooms and modern in every respect. Mabel Jackson, Madge Huffman and Marie Dolan were running it. They have as guests only men of prominence. We know the reason for this—they are all single. Richard Lawrence is Superintendent of the city schools of Cadiz. He has a fine corps of teachers aiding him in the great educational work. Helen Lytle and Irene McCullough are members of the school board of that city. Herschel Redd has established a radio-broadcasting station on the North Pole to send the news out to the world. He says there is so much news that he will have to enlarge his station. Malcolm Edwards, George Dingle and Leland Decker are the leading trappers of the

He is sad, who laughs too much.

North, and in a recent message from Mr. Redd it was learned that they had prospered and were on the point of returning to the States. Two girls in our class have made good. They are Misses Mary Anna McFarland and Janice McSherley, who are with the Redpath Chautauqua. Miss McFarland is a noted lecturer and the Redpath people consider themselves very fortunate in obtaining a contract with her.

I picked up the Boston Times, which I soon found was edited by Maurice Gronendyke. Albert White is his assitsant, and they state that the paper is strictly non-partisan. In the paper I found that Senator Durham, of Idaho, has a bill up for government ownership of railroads. This is the first bill the youthful Senator has sponsored. It has aroused considerable opposition in Congress. Among the Senators opposing Mr. Durham's bill are Miss Hudelson of Colorado, Miss Robbins of Illinois, and Mr. Thompson of South Carolina. George Wiggins, president of the International Bank of the World, has been arrested for embezzlement. The board of directors, composed of Arthur Johnson, Robert Duncan and Joseph Smith, gave the bank examiner a statement yesterday. It was shown that Mr Wiggins had not used good business judgment. Opal and Waunetta of the Wilhelm and Stevens' Hospital for nervous millionaires, are thinking seriously of having to become patients of their own hospital. Earl Badger, president of the Poultry Products Co., has a corner on the egg market. James Freeman and Howard Heath, junior partners, in a statement for the papers, said the eggs were being held for higher prices. Maxine Monroe and Dorothy Locker, famous racers, will drive their fastest cars at the Indianapolis Speedway this year. Each has taken first place once in the past years. Miss Monroe has just arrived in this coun- from Europe, where she has won many cups and purses.

I happened to stop at a shoe-shining parlor and I thought the manager looked familiar, and upon investigation found him to be Marshall Couden. Mr. Couden stated he was doing as well as could be expected, alone. Charles Payne is the Representative from the Sixth District in Indiana. Mr. Payne states that he knows why his people sent him to Congress. Harriet Chambers and Anna Louise Harvey are running a tea-room at the first cross-roads south of Sulphur Springs. They do a big business (?) when the tourists come through. Everything is old-fashioned and when a person eats there he feels as if he were living in the time of our grandfathers and grandmothers. Kathryn Stretch, the wife of the present ambassador to France, is captivating Paris society with her charming manners.

I found that Genevieve Lawless is announcing trains in the Grand Central Station at New York. Evidently her training in public speaking has been of great benefit to her. Beatrice Penwell and Martha Dickinson have established an Old Maid's Home. Leone Stranahan, Ruth Sommerville and Marie Rowles are inmates of the in-

Laws are silent when arms are raised.

stitution. Robert Goodale, being safely married, is janitor of the institution, that being the only job the old maids could not do. The new law firm of Margason and Miller has moved to its new offices and will carry on all legal business in the fine way they have conducted it in the past. Dale Zink is catching for the New York Giants this season. Russell Lawson is holding the short-stop position. Mildred Morris, Florence Barbour, Nina Baugher and Reona Hornaday have just finished a bicycle tour of China. They intend to publish a book of their travels as soon as they can raise the necessary funds. Harold Reh fuss and Russell Kem are now in China, transposing music for a Chinese band. Carol Hosier and Elsie Risinger are taking an airplane trip over the Sahara Desert and are directing the work of excavating in several pyramids.

Our class had certainly turned out some hilarious surprises, but I was wondering what had become of the rest of them. Where had the rest of my classmates found—their life's ambition? Just then came a knock on the door and when I answered it I stood there in amazement. The two ladies confronting me looked strangely familiar, and yet as I gazed at their shining white tresses it seemed they couldn't be anyone I knew. Then all at once it dawned upon me, it was Kathleen Taylor and Gertrude Rawley. Some moments passed before I could find my voice and inquire the why and wherefore of the sudden change. Then I gathered between the two that it was the style at present to have one's hair snowy white, and that Edith Wisehart had perfected the hair treatment and it was perfectly harmless. Louise De Werpe and Edith Gough are nursing in a hospital for Our Dumb Animals as a part of their training for becoming Red Cross Nurses. They have not been able to save any of the patients so far, but we must remember they are just learning. Pauline Cluggish, Opal Dilkey and Celia Frost have formed a partnership for the business of interior decorating. The firm name is Cluggish & Co. Miss Cluggish will manage the business. The business is to be run on the cash-and-carry plan. Mary Alice Kelso and Agnes Lawless are writing Sunday School Texts for the Spiritualist Book Concern, which is owned and managed by Marie and Alma Wilkinson. Owen Cowan and Thomas Fadely are operating a line of restaurants through Greenland. As they were the first to open up a business of this kind in Greenland, they have gained the benefits of a monopoly. Mildred Morris, Eva Hagerman and Mildred Lennon are all married and have their own homes. They were all especially fortunate in their choice of husbands. Evelyn Baker, Pauline Jenner and Orda Calland have opened a beauty parlor in Africa for the benefit of the natives. They say the natives are taking advantage of the opportunity to improve their looks and they are kept on the job continually. Jesse Griffith and Donald Kennedy have recently opened their new factory, manufacturing "Wearever" chewing gum. Leon Bush and

Only rogues feel the restraint of the law.

Eugene Burke are running an ostrich farm a mile out of Kennard. They are glad they chose this locality, as the climate is especially fitting to the business (?). The plumes are of very high quality and are very large, on account of the climatic conditions. Mildred Gouldsberry is an accompanist for a noted tenor and it is rumored that there is more than a business engagement between them.

After a rushed and busy week, I sat down and reviewed the information I had acquired. Several months later, in the banquet room of the Staylonger Hotel, all the members of the class of '22 were assembled. The familiar faces brought back many happy memories of our days in high school, and all joined in the toast to old N. H. S. our President was giving—

We halt and salute our high school; we salute those precious years;
We salute the ranks that follow, but to N. H. S.—three cheers.

Senior Class Song

TO THE TUNE OF

THE BAREFOOT TRAIL.

FIRST VERSE

There's a winding trail as the years go by,
That lead back to High School days,
To a class sublime in a school just fine
With its wonderful faculty.
And our athletes, you must admit all,
We were unexcelled in basketball.
So class of twenty-two we'll be true to you,
To our colors flame and gray.

CHORUS

Though our High School days are ending,
And through the years of memory,
The past and present binding,
In a wonderful dream for us.
And we'll seem to be back in our student days,
In the dear old N. H. S.
In our class rooms and with our teachers, too,
To this, the class of twenty-two.

SECOND VERSE

'Twill be a long, long trail thro' the years, I know,
Back there to our student days.
When our work is done, then our minds will go,
Back down the long, long trail.
Through a mist our classmates we will see,
And so in reverie we will gaze,
And still it will seem like a by-gone dream,
Memory takes the long, long trail.

—Janice McSherley.

It is better to wear out than to rust out.



Life is a plant that grows out of death.



Life is not victory, but battle.

Athletic Review

During the past two years, the New Castle High School has made the most rapid advance in athletics of almost any school in the State. Although the athletic work of the teams representing the Rose City institution has always been a great factor in the success of the school, never before have the students and general public taken such an active interest in the defenders of N. H. S. The work during the school year of 1921-22 has been a great success from every standpoint and will go down in the history of the school as one of the record-breakers.

Three competent and able coaches, always working for the welfare and betterment of school athletics, have piloted the local athletes through the season with remarkable success. The "never-say-die" spirit of the coaches and the members of the teams has largely been responsible for the numerous victories that have been ours when defeat seemed almost sure. The student body of the high school has also shown true blue in their support of the teams during the entire year. From football into basketball and from basketball into baseball, the fans rooted and rooted and rooted some more. The success of an athletic team is always, in a measure, determined by the support which it receives.

Coach Jones raised the curtain on the athletic year of the local school with the opening of the football season. Out of a number of raw candidates, with only a few of the old team left, a winning eleven was picked by Mr. Jones. Through grinding practice and careful instructions, the team emerged from the season with a fine record.

Basketball, the favorite sport of New Castle, was then started by the local school. Coach Lemon, of Richmond, a fine young man of real ability, was given charge of the basketball recruits. Out of a squad of about twenty-five men he also picked an excellent team. Coach Lemon guided his team through the season with an honorable and worthy record. As a climax to the basketball season, New Castle won the district tournament here in March by defeating their bitterest rivals, Muncie, in the semi-finals of the tourney. Knightstown, the other contender for the district championship, fell before the locals in the final game. After living in glory for one week, the N. H. S. team went to the state regionals at Bloomington, where they played the mighty Vincennes team. Although they lost, they lost gloriously and no honor was lost by the defeat at the hands of so worthy a team.

Next on the athletic program came baseball. Coach Barr had charge of the baseball nine and duplicating the record of Coach Lemon and Coach Jones, the baseball nine experienced a winning season. Although track has been one of the featuring athletic sports of the local school, it was not extensively engaged in this year. The most

Only those live who do good.

promising of the local track men were sent to the district meet at Earlham College.

One of the most prized attributes of the athletic teams of the N. H. S. during the past season has been the excellent sportsmanship which has been shown throughout the entire season. When defeated, our teams offered no alibis, and when victorious, they were modest in their actions toward losing teams. This one characteristic alone has caused N. H. S. to receive complimentary criticism from practically every school with which it has engaged in athletics.



Foot Ball

The N. H. S. football eleven played seven games during the season of 1921, eliminating three of their strong opponents, bowing in defeat to a like number, and playing to a tie score with the fast Elwood grid-men at Elwood on October 19. The local team played flashy football

It takes a great man to be a good listener.

throughout the season, losing their three games by fair and square plays and winning by the same method. The student body gave good support to the team and was always rooting for the Green and White.

Technical High School of Indianapolis, considered one of the best teams in the State, opened the season here. New Castle lost by a 13 to 6 count. Marion invaded the Rose City next, but returned vanquished by the locals, 12 to 6. New Castle then journeyed to Wilkinson and in a hard fought game fell, 6 to 0. With fighting blood in their veins, the locals visited Elwood and played the memorable tie game with the speedy Elwood eleven. The N. H. S. eleven went to Knightstown next and the locals also placed it on the back shelf by a score of 19 to 6. Sweet revenge then came to the Green and White battlers when they defeated Wilkinson here by a count of 10 to 7. The closing game of the season was played with Richmond, where the locals came out on the bottom end of the count, 6 to 0. The N. H. S. gridmen scored a total of 54 points to their opponents' 51.

Captain Durham, center on the team, was given the position of all-state center for the season. Real stars were revealed in the football games this year, practically every New Castle man playing football that received favorable comment from visiting teams and coaches.

The football eleven was composed of men ranging from Freshmen to Seniors. All worked in perfect harmony and brought the banner of N. H. S. through the season with an excellent record. Goodale, end; Lawrence, quarterback; Durham, center, and Fadely, tackle, are members of the graduating class of 1922

1921-1922 Basketball Schedule

	Scores
November 18—New Castle vs. Royerton	29—18
November 23—New Castle vs. Middletown	39—15
November 25—New Castle vs. Connersville	32—16
November 29—New Castle vs. Hagerstown (Away)	12— 8
December 2—New Castle vs. Muncie (Away)	22—38
December 9—New Castle vs. Shelbyville	19—28
December 16—New Castle vs. Spiceland (Away)	26—11
December 17—New Castle vs. Marion	29—29
December 23—New Castle vs. Hartford City	24—13
December 30—New Castle vs. Rushville (Away)	18—27
December 31—New Castle vs. Franklin	18—35
January 6—New Castle vs. Connersville (Away)	11—29
January 7—New Castle vs. Lapel	36—27
January 13—New Castle vs. Spiceland	25—13
January 14—New Castle vs. Marion (Away)	27—28
January 20—New Castle vs. Hartford City (Away)	20—18
January 21—New Castle vs. Liberty	35—15
January 27—New Castle vs. Muncie	22—19
February 3—New Castle vs. Rushville	28—37
February 4—New Castle vs. Royerton (Away)	31—18
February 10—New Castle vs. Shelbyville (Away)	28—51
February 17—New Castle vs. Hagerstown	37—30
February 24—New Castle vs. Richmond (Away)	21—25
February 25—New Castle vs. Cambridge City	32—26

No man can lose what he never had.

Basketball

The N. H. S. basketball team experienced one of the most successful seasons in the entire history of the school. Starting with a practically new set of men and working gradually to almost perfection, the team won fourteen games during the season, lost nine and tied one. This record alone placed the Rose City aggregation in the limelight throughout the State, but this was not all. When the sectional tournament dawned on the horizon, Coach Lemon and his men made a vow that the tournament this year would be won by New Castle. Right they were, and on the evening of March 5, New Castle won the district tournament and closed the most victorious season in the history of the local school.

At times, our team played in perfect form, passing in excellent shape and making the most of their basket attempts count. At other times, either our men were all out of luck or could not hit the basket. Scores ran close in many games, but in the majority, New Castle gained a lead that was always hard to overcome. The team played a fast offensive game, never faltering when guarded by heavy teams. Shots from under the basket and long tosses by Jolly from near the center of the floor, featured practically every game.

Jolly, Edwards, Lowery, Lacy, Spannuth, Cluggish, Bufkin, Neff, Burk and Fisher were picked by Coach Lemon at the start of the season to defend N. H. S. on the basketball court. Every man played for the team and no discontent or "crabbing" occurred during the entire season. When a substitute was sent in, he did his best, the retiring player wishing him good luck and encouraging him to play his best for the honor of the school. This is probably one of the main reasons that the team worked in perfect harmony throughout the basketball season. Few changes were made in the lineup during the year, Coach Lemon believing that the same combination working together for several games was much better than trying new sets of men. This did not mean, however, that the subs were not given a chance. In practically every game, the substitutes were allowed to take part in the last few minutes of play.

The team won from some of the strongest teams in the State and proved their worth against teams like Shelbyville, Franklin, Rushville and others who were picked by Indiana fans as favorable contenders for the state championship. The N. H. S. five won eleven games at home and lost four. When they traversed to other cities, the records show that they won three games and lost five. On December 17, New Castle and Marion played a game here which afterward was declared a tie by the score-keepers. The tie was never played off, and the result will always be up to the opinion of the fans.

He who loves, so far serves.

The Team!



RAYMOND JOLLY,
"Jolly."

Center and Captain of this year's team. His broad smile and "never say quit" spirit was largely responsible for the winning of the district tournament. He is death on foul shots. If you don't believe it, just ask Muncie.

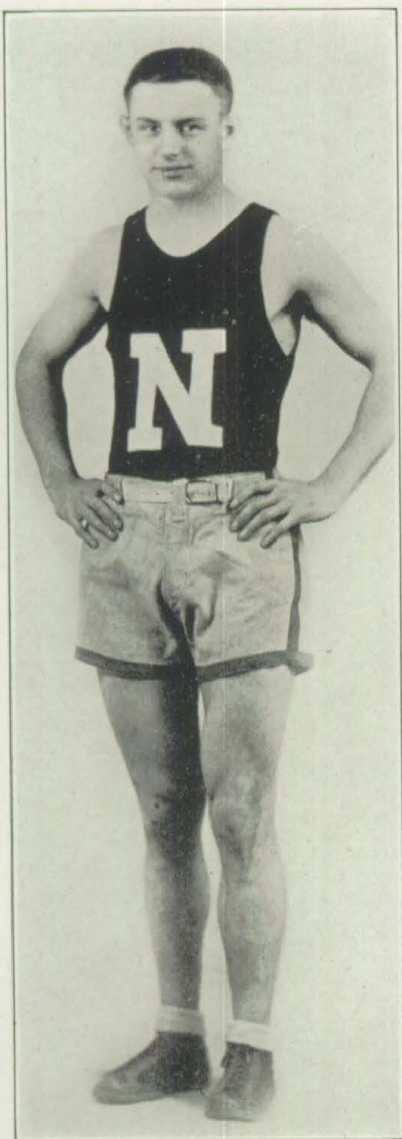


MALCOLM EDWARDS

"Mike".

He's red headed but he had a lady friend. When it comes to good forwards, he is hard to beat. He sometimes had tough luck but generally did his share in scoring when scores were needed.

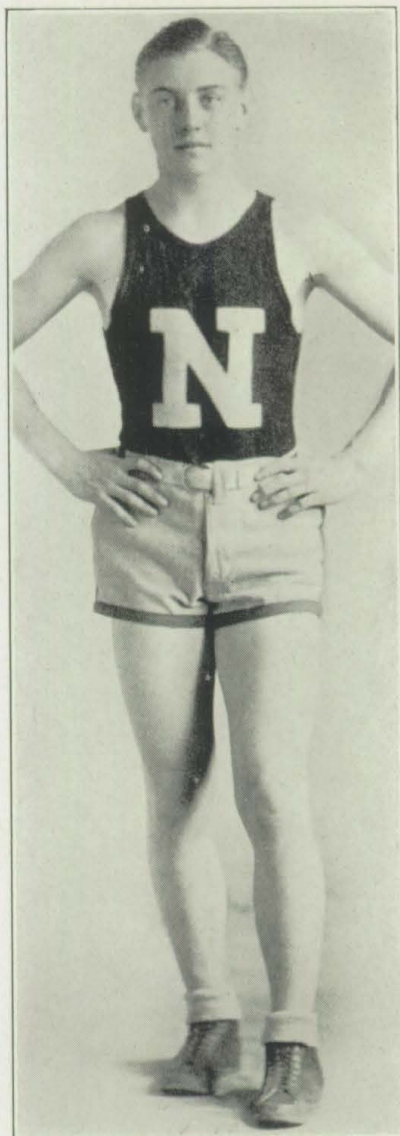
With love come life and hope.



WILLIAM SPANNUTH

"Piggy."

Speaking of back-guards, he had the world beat. A mighty hard Man to dribble around and the nucleus of the teams defence. He emerged from every game with a wonderful amount of pep, especially when Coach Lemon mentioned a restaurant.



HOBART LOWERY

'Hoke."

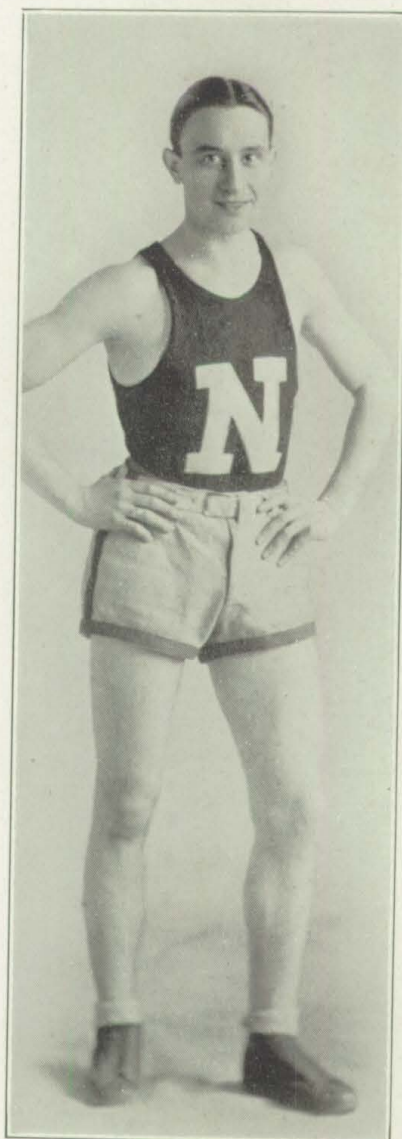
He knocked 'em all cold when it came to side shots. He is a forward and fights every minute of the time. Sometimes he missed, but this will happen to the best of them, you know. He plays next year, so watch him improve.

Love makes fools of us all, big and little.



PAUL CLUGGISH,
"Cluggish."

Nice looking kid, eh! Plays floor guard for N. H. S., so he must be. Hot when it comes to dribbling down the floor. He's not much on long shots but he generally got the ball down the floor just the same. They say he will be captain next year.



ROBERT LACY,
"Bob."

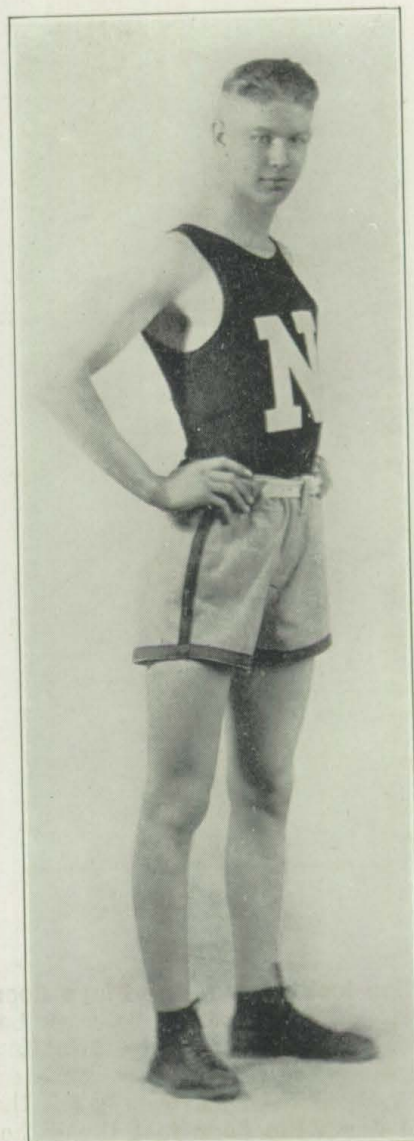
Carries a pocketfull of pep and fight. Always in the game at the forward position and has a wicked eye for the basket. In a basketball uniform you wouldn't think he knew how to make bread. He's a baker's son.

Melancholy is the pleasure of being sad.



SAMUEL BUFKIN,
"Sam."

Although a sub he plays at about any position that he is needed. His long suit is shots from the foul line. He believes in the "never give up" motto and is a favorite on the squad. He washes his hair but it is just naturally black.



JAMES NEFF,
"Jimmie."

When substituted at the pivot position he is hard to beat. He also takes care of the back guard berth when he is called upon. Isn't much on girls but he will learn as he grows older.

Necessity urges desperate measures.



FRANCIS FISHER,
"Fisher."

Small but mighty on the basketball floor. He didn't play much but he sure was a real sticker. He substituted at the forward position and always made good.



EUGENE BURKE,
"Burkie."

As for a real forward, he just couldn't be beat. He was left handed and when he dribbled down and shot from the side, the scorer always knew it was time to mark up another field goal for N. H. S.

True obedience is true liberty.

The Tournament

The bang of the pistol at the close of the Knightstown-New Castle game in the district tournament here, terminated one of the most successful seasons for the New Castle high school basketball team. The sectional event, looked forward to by practically every fan in the city and county, opened at 8:30 o'clock on Friday morning, March 3. Eaton and Selma opened the district contest before an audience of fifteen hundred people. New Castle high school stepped onto the floor Friday afternoon at 4 o'clock and administered a defeat to the Straughn team by an overwhelming score of 53 to 2. Later the N. H. S. quintet defeated Mt. Summit by a score of 50 to 22.

This game gave New Castle the right to play the strongest team at the tournament, Muncie. On Saturday afternoon at 3 o'clock, fully two thousand people packed the Coliseum to witness the battle between the two school teams that have always been the keenest rivals. Throughout the entire game, our lads kept cool and deliberate, while the Purple and White men were nervous and excited. After playing the best brand of basketball ever seen on the local floor, the N. H. S. men came out of the game victorious by a score of 15 to 12. Although sick at heart, Muncie took the defeat in a sportsmanlike manner and conceded the victory to the best team.

This practically cinched the tournament for the New Castle boys, as Knightstown, the other contender in the final game, was not rated as a very dangerous opponent. After putting up a hard battle and one that showed the spirit and determination of the team, Knightstown lost in the final game to our five by a score of 26 to 8. All New Castle joined in the celebration of the victory. One week later our quintet met Vincennes at the state regionals at Bloomington, but fell at the hands of the yet undefeated team by a score of 40 to 8. Thus the curtain fell on the basketball season of 1921-22, and with it closed one of the most successful years in the history of N. H. S.

Tournament Scores

Eaton, 24; Kennard, 11.
Muncie, 53; Albany, 0.
Yorktown, 14; Middletown, 28.
Knightstown, 24; Gaston, 16.
Sulphur Springs, 9; Spiceland, 23.
Eaton, 21; Mt. Summit, 30.
Middletown, 13; Lewisville, 26.
Spiceland, 13; Royerton, 10.
Lewisville, 13; Muncie, 28.
New Castle, 15; Muncie, 12.

Selma, 49; DeSota, 3.
Lewisville, 19; Cadiz, 8.
New Lisbon, 15; Cowan, 11.
Royerton, 22; Center Selma, 14.
New Castle, 53; Straughn, 2.
Muncie, 29; Selma, 17.
Knightstown, 21; New Lisbon, 16.
New Castle, 50; Mt. Summit, 22.
Knightstown, 14; Spiceland, 9.
New Castle, 26; Knightstown, 8.

There is a time for all things.

Baseball



Our team, representing N. H. S. in baseball, is composed of some of the best high school players in the State. Duplicating the record made by the team of 1921, the team this year has played through thick and thin and always came out on top. Up until the time that this Annual was published, the Green and White baseballers had played four games, winning them all. Lawson, Lacy and Jolly are the only members that were left from the old team, and around these three veterans Coach Barr has built a team that is mighty hard to beat.

Baseball Schedule

N. H. S. 14; Mt. Summt. 7.
 N. H. S. 14; Mt. Summit, 13.
 N. H. S. 14; Kennard 2.
 N. H. S. 10; Kennard 4.
 N. H. S. 6; Knightstown 4.

N. H. S. 20; Cambridge City 4.
 N. H. S. 15; Spiceland 5.
 N. H. S. 25; Cambridge City 4.
 N. H. S. 11; Spiceland 4.
 Earlham 7; N. H. S. 3 (Practice Game)

All things come to him who waits.

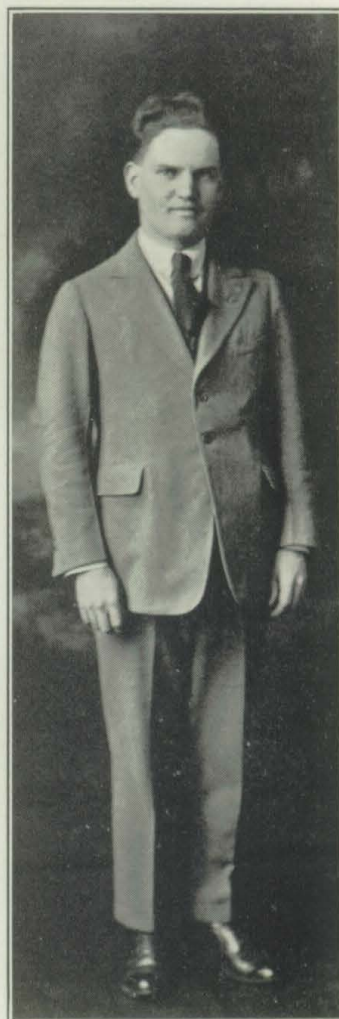
The Coaching Staff



THOMAS BARR,
Baseball Coach.



JOHN LEMON,
Baseball.



WILLIAM JONES,
Football and Track.

Fly pleasures and they will follow you.

Y. M. C. A. Juniors



The Y. M. C. A. Juniors, probably one of the fastest teams in the State, according to their class, emerged from a very successful basketball season this year. The lads who composed the Junior team range from the ages of fourteen to sixteen and are about the finest bunch of athletes in the city. If you don't believe it, look at them. The success of the Junior five during the past season grew out of a co-operative movement taken by the high school and Y. M. C. A. last fall. Thad Gordon, secretary of the Y., saw the need of development of future basketball players and obtained excuses for the above pictured boys each morning during the first study period.

During this time, the Juniors were put through grinding tests of endurance and basket shooting, and at the middle of the season a team that furnished stiff opposition for the high school had been constructed. The Juniors played several games with the high school five, always coming out at the tail end of the score, but not by very much. Several high schools in the county were defeated by the Juniors.

A girl in the arms is worth two promises to dance.

During the season, the Juniors played a total of twenty-eight scheduled games. Out of this number the Juniors won eighteen and lost ten. Seven of the ten games that were lost were lost by three points or less. The spunky five scored a total of 634 points against their opponents' 411. This alone is a record that few basketball teams possess. The lads always wore a broad smile when on the basketball floor, took defeats in a sportsmanlike manner and received praise from New Castle fans modestly.

The members of the Y. M. C. A. Junior team will furnish excellent material for the high school during the next two years, and it is believed that the boys on the Junior team will make fully as good a record in high school basketball as they did in the Y. M. C. A. encounters. Mr. Gordon, their coach and trainer, has been largely responsible for the success of the team and a large amount of credit is due him for his careful work and instruction which he has exercised throughout the year. The Y. M. C. A. boys also take an active part in every other branch of athletics and the teams that represent the local Y. are generally winning teams.

Junior Schedule

Juniors, 6; Mooreland, 5.
 Juniors, 6; Carthage, 11.
 Juniors, 27; Kennard, 3.
 Juniors, 13; Huntington, 14.
 Juniors, 14; Richmond, 22.
 Juniors, 18; Anderson, 22.
 Juniors, 22; High School Seconds, 16.
 Juniors, 12; Richmond, 33.
 Juniors, 26; Hagerstown, 5.
 Juniors, 16; Christian Church, 12.
 Juniors, 24; Mt. Summit, 10.
 Juniors, 7; Mooreland, 22.
 Juniors, 36; Spiceland, 4.
 Juniors, 21; Mt. Summit, 19, (Over-time.)

Juniors, 28; Hartford City, 13.
 Juniors, 37; Connersville, 9.
 Juniors, 23; Richmond, 26.
 Juniors, 50; Fortville, 3.
 Juniors, 26; Huntington, 9.
 Juniors, 22; Muncie, 25.
 Juniors, 27; Cadiz, 12.
 Juniors, 19; Cadiz, 16.
 Juniors, 18; Anderson, 19.
 Juniors, 19; Muncie, 21.
 Juniors, 36; Hartford City, 15.
 Juniors, 25; Huntington, 23.
 Juniors, 28; Hartford City, 16.
 Juniors, 28; Bippus, 7.

He that won't be counseled can't be helped.

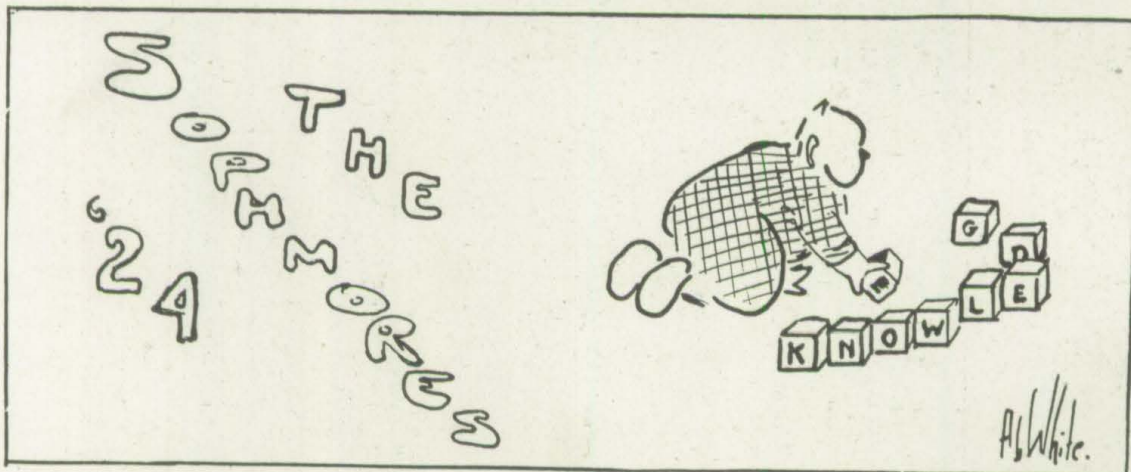


Junior Class Roll

Byron Armstrong.	Raymond Smith.	Hermann Larrowe.	Howard Powell.
Helen Berry.	Estella Shaffer.	Perry Loer.	Kenneth Pope.
Frank Burns.	Elwood Shelton.	Robert Luellen.	Elmer Ransom.
Sam Bufkin.	Jacob Surber.	Bessie Lyle.	May Rice.
Pauline Burk.	Harry Swazy.	Mildred Laisure.	Fay Rice.
Olive Brown.	Alton Schepman.	Hobert Lowery.	Maude Rigney.
Ruth Chappelle.	Frances Shelly.	Robert Lacy.	Beatrice Roof.
Robert Cook.	William Spanuth.	Esther Metzger.	Blanche Rosinski.
Clyde Coble.	Fred Sanders.	Beulah Murray.	Thelma Tinkle.
Dorothy Coffman.	Annabelle Sanders.	Edith Murray.	Lillie Thornberry.
Helen Crim.	Hilda Hagner.	Marian Morris.	Elizabeth Trainor.
Jesse Cope.	Robert Hamilton.	Elden Moore.	Arlis Trout.
Mildred Cluggish.	Howard Himes.	Elizabeth Mendenhall.	Morrison Vivian.
Thelma Cluggish.	Beatrice Holloway.	Helen Millikan.	Clyde Voces.
Louise Collins.	Edith Hunt.	Cedric Mills.	Ruth Weschke.
Helen Carey.	Edwin Hunter.	Kenneth May.	Dale Williams.
Theodore Dann.	Wilbur Hiatt.	Harry May.	Russell Williams.
Lowell Duggins.	Joseph Imel.	Sarah Maury.	Adeline Warren.
Dorothy Elliott.	Mable Jeffries.	Sarah Lou McKee.	Pauline West.
James Elliott.	Elnora Jenkins.	Leonard McCormack.	Paul Whitton.
Margaret Fleming.	Henry Jennings.	Harriett Newby.	Elizabeth Wasson.
Rex Fegley.	Ernest Jones.	Goldie Nicholson.	Floyd Winslow.
Noble Fielden.	Esther Kobey.	Loring Niles.	Claude Wolfe.
Susie Goudy.	Frances Kaufman.	Gladys Netz.	Elise White.
Dorothy Greenstreet.	Doris Kellam.	Richard Netz.	Ella Yergin.
Anastasia Gullion.	Russel Klus.	James Neff.	

When you do not know what to do, wait.

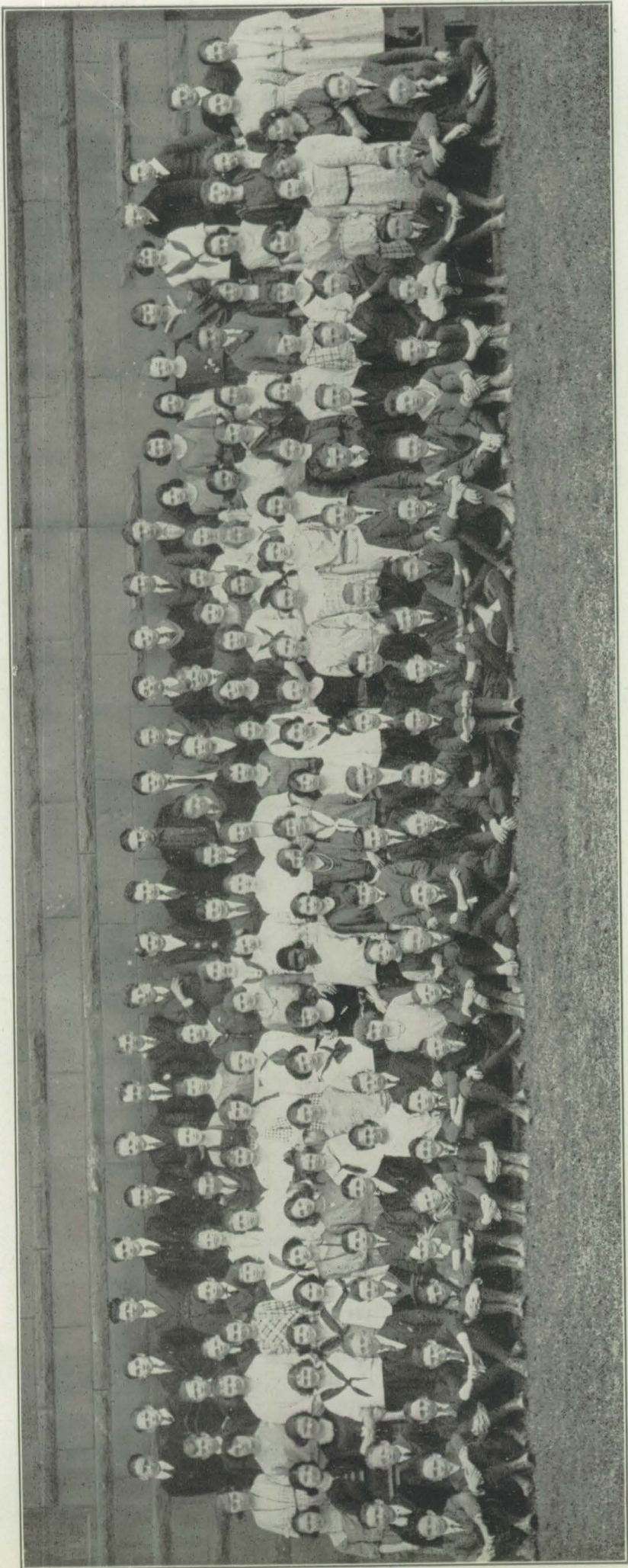


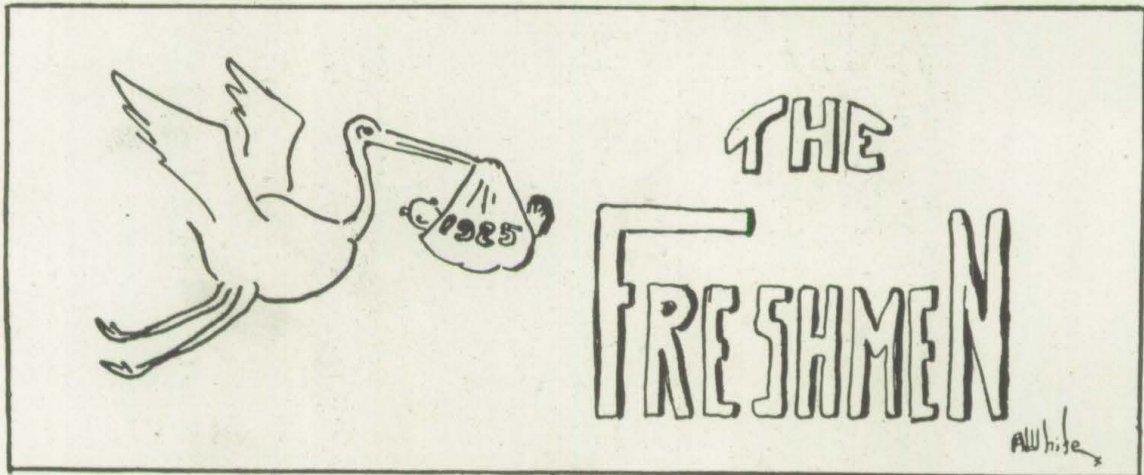


Sophomore Class Roll

Bernard Armstrong.	Henry Fox.	Lowell Kirk.	Mary Rogers.
Leo Anderson.	Francis Freel.	Hubert Kessel.	Neva Robertson.
Robert Armstrong.	Violet Fisher.	Frank Lindley.	Gladys McRitchie.
John Bogie.	Walter Falck.	Margaret Locker.	Floyd Plummer.
Maurice Baker.	Chelcie Good.	Harry Luther.	Lillian Smith.
Byram Bunch.	Virginia Grady.	Kathryn McCormack.	Estevan St. Clair.
Donald Brumback.	Deletta Grose.	Edna Mawhorter.	Mary Spannuth.
Harold Brookshire.	Leonard Goar.	Marie Morgan.	Samuel Smith.
Frances Burk.	Newton Goudy.	Naomi Miller.	Dwight Shaffer.
Alice Boyd.	Katherine Gause.	Grace Million.	Edward Sherry.
Robert Beall.	Martha Goar.	Verena Mathes.	Feryl Sipe.
Alyce Black.	Ralph Hodgin.	Claude Masters.	Earl Swazy.
Martha Boyd.	Carl Hinshaw.	Paul Mendenhall.	Jeanette Swain.
Arthur Burton.	George Hansard.	Harold Moppin.	Ernest Scotten.
Paul Clearwater.	Lloyd Hendricks.	Dellon Miller.	Lenita Spraul.
Margaret Carpenter.	James Harlan.	Mildred Meyers.	Fred Starbuck.
Earl Cassidy.	Robert Hardesty.	Clifford May.	Edna Sears.
Harold Cluggish.	Lawyer Hamilton.	Adda Martin.	Susan Shirk.
Orville Conklin.	Helen Haguewood.	Mable Mallatt.	Fylious Scott.
Walter Cloud.	Aline Hague.	Robert McIntyre.	Earl Thompson.
Harriet Coggeshell.	Mary Hopper.	Walter McCormack.	Lola Tyner.
Robert Cable.	Julia Hutton.	Eunice McSherley.	Ethelyn Todd.
Lloyd Cramer.	Byron Jacobs.	Bernice McSherley.	Marvel Tarr.
Grace Craig.	Henry Jacobs.	Pauline McCullough.	Malkemus Veronica.
John Coggeshell.	Marian Jessup.	Robert McKee.	Mary Wilt.
Edgar Cummins.	Emogene Johnson.	James Moistner.	Marion Warfield.
Claude Crider.	Margaret Johnson.	Marion Idle.	Frederick Wisehart.
Paul Cluggish.	Jessie Julian.	Glen Nation.	Leona Whittenbeck.
Mary Cluggish.	Raymond Jolly.	Osta Orner.	Dolly Winslow.
Leroy Decker.	Eugene Hines.	Jane Ogborn.	Ralph Wolfe.
Ruth Davis.	Dorothy Hizer.	Melvin Orr.	Ruth Widman.
Mable Dickinson.	Gail Johnsonbaugh.	Glenn Overcash.	Lola Wechter.
Matrice Dempsey.	Chesley Juday.	Grace Parker.	George Weltz.
Blanche Davis.	Ray James.	Blanche Pegg.	Miles Young.
Louise Evans.	Mildred Kaufman.	Edna Rees.	Dorothy Young.

Three removes are as bad as a fire.





Freshman Class Roll

James Adams.	Harold DeWerpe.	Arthur Hipple.	Thelma Lowe.
Rowland Armstrong.	Mary Daggy.	Norman Hines.	Madilene Lawell.
Mildred Ashly.	Helen Daykins.	Hazel Hall.	Dorothy Lawrence.
Howard Axel.	Dennis DeWitt.	Francis Harris.	Lillian Lindley.
Harold Anders.	Robert Dazy.	Catherine Hinds.	Louise Linn.
Paul Armstrong.	George Davis.	Mildred Holloway.	Lenore Lamb.
Bufford Brookshire.	Edwin Davis.	Leonard Hoover.	Mary Loer.
Helen Bush.	Paul Dingle.	Jewell Horseman.	Geneva Livezey.
Morris Breskin.	Herbert Evans.	Lucille House.	Clarence Locker.
Donald Bales.	Irene Ellington.	Helen Hunt.	Geraldine McKee.
Otis Brown.	Edward Charles.	Leonard Harding.	Edith Martin.
John Bacon.	Vada Elliott.	Ralph Haynes.	Leona McKnight.
Mary Byers.	Fern Elliott.	Willard Hagerman.	Eleanor McShurley.
Robert Boykin.	Keith Edwards.	Elizabeth Hamilton.	John McCormack.
Grace Black.	Otis Hagala.	Margaret Haines.	Donald Mannin.
Lorena Bartholomew.	Edna Snodgrass.	Harriet Hall.	Helen Munsow.
Robert Beeson.	Robert Falck.	Lucile Hizer.	Warren Murray.
Marguerite Beeson.	Rose Fort.	Wanneta Hastings.	Alice Murray.
Joseph Counciller.	Esther Foster.	Robert Hutchens.	Harry Morris.
Carl Rowles.	Dorothy Fisk.	Wilmer Huffman.	Marna Morris.
Carrol Davis.	Corbett Fennell.	Guy Ingram.	Charles Morris.
Frances Cannon.	Max Fennell.	Everett Jessup.	William Moore.
Miriam Cooper.	Ervin Ford.	Marshall Hunt.	Milbert Ward.
Jeanette Couden.	Mary Crimm.	Clyde Johnson.	Bertha Margason.
Ethel Cohen.	George E. Goodwin.	Helen Jones.	Lillian McGriffin.
Miriam Clift.	Arthur Gustin.	Gertrude Jimerfield.	Martha McIntyre.
Robert Colson.	Dorothy Gruler.	Maurice Joyce.	Helen McLearn.
Bernice Chalfant.	James Gordon.	John Dilkey.	Mary McFarland.
Hewitt Carpenter.	Robert Gordon.	Paul Johnson.	William McKee.
William Caldwell.	Carroll Gouldsbery.	Ruth Kobey.	John Malto.
Vera Conklin.	Theodore Gard.	Edith Kuntz.	Cecil Murray.
Howard Cooper.	Lorene Garrard.	Mearle Kuhn.	Malcolm Miller.
Everett Dingle.	Harold Gauker.	Ruth Keeler.	Albert McConnoughey.
Leafa Darnell.	Homer Gauker.	Mary Koons.	Leonard Nicholson.

Let any man speak long enough, he will get believers.

Freshman Roll (continued from preceding page)

Glenn Nicholson.
Blanche Nield.
Edward Newton.
R. W. Norris.
Ethel O'Neal.
Mary Omer.
Edgar Orr.
Marian Paris.
Samuel Blum.
Maurice Pike.
Margaret Phelps.

Randall Royer.
Francis Roll.
Helen Ritche.
Kenneth Rozell.
Helen Ray.
Vera Spencer.
Thelma Smith.
Adeline Swazy.
Helen Selke.
James Stinson.
Wanetta Schlosser.

Floyd Smith.
Melba Stubbelfield.
Ronald Shepherd.
Robert Stranahan.
Maurice Seiber.
Esther Sommerville.
Floyd Stoner.
Ray Shore.
Arnold Sims.
Ernest Solomon.
Gladys Shepherd.

Frederick Smith.
Louise Summers.
Vivian Thurman.
Helen Taylor.
William Tinkle.
Lucie Tungate.
Raymond Trainor.
Wilma Toui.
Melvin Tarr.
John Van Nuys.
Bernard Vaughan.

Boyd Vickery.
Gertrude Vivian.
George VanDyke.
Vernon Devers.
Morris White.
Anna Wilson.
John Williams.
Frank Winters.
Lois Wiggins.
Stanley Witt.
Howard Wantz.

Paul Wise.
C'ara Williams.
Waltz Osborne.
Helen Wantz.
Ruby Wilson.
Irvin Waln.
Charles Warnock.
Harold Woods.
Charley Zimmerman.
Dorothy Zerr.
Elsie Zerr.



LITERARY

Butter Side Down

(By LOUISE KOONS.)

"There's no use worrying, girls; the game's up. After such a lovely beginning, to have things end like this. It makes me tired. Do you hear me? TIRED." Peggy Silmer threw herself disconsolately upon the bed and began to sob as tho her heart would break.

"Ah, Peg, don't take it so hard. We all feel badly enough anyway," Jean Martin broke in after a few moments. "Peg, don't cry. I'm afraid that I shall cry, too, if you don't shut up," she added, fairly shouting at Peggy, whose sobs were becoming slowly louder and louder.

Silence reigned for perhaps three minutes, when suddenly Martha VanBurean, who looked as though she were formulating a ripping good scheme, jumped up with, "I have it, girls; why not use a little strategy? I have a peach of an idea."

Fifteen minutes of planning and plotting followed. Finally each girl went to her room, with a sly, still, triumphant look on her face, to dress for dinner.

Fiske Reeler had sent his invitations for his house party for the first two weeks in October. The first week of the much-looked-forward to affair had been passed in playing cards, dancing and such amusement as young folks enjoy. Mrs. Reeler had thought at first that perhaps they were all a little too young, but Fiske had insisted, and Fiske, being the only child, had his way.

Only the night before they had all practically spent the evening in planning what would be done their last week at Fiske Manor. Then the trouble started the next morning on the arrival of the delinquent guest, Miss Juanita Stedman, a distant relative of Fiske's, from afar. When the girls saw Fiske help her from his roadster, their hearts sank. She was dressed in a Joseph creation of the latest fashion, a smart little black hat and a grey squirrel choker. The girls gasped, but so did the boys.

"Gosh, isn't that handsome!" Jimmy Wells whispered excitedly, and, forgetting his manners, pointed at her.

"Whew, here's where I shine," put in Bob LeMay, after he had well recovered from the shock.

At that moment Mrs. Reeler called all the boys and girls onto the porch to meet Miss Stedman. Her etiquette was perfect, her manner a little overdone, and she appeared rather sophisticated for a lass of

Poetry is truth in its Sunday clothes.

her age. Each one she greeted with an exaggerated "Charmed, I'm sure." Every girl there disliked her from that minute on, but not so with the boys.

She had not come down to lunch because, she whispered to Mrs. Reeler, she was tired. It remained to be seen how she would act at dinner.

At seven o'clock the young people began to come down to dinner. Some one started the music-box and Tom Janice and Betty Moore started to dance. The rest were chattering quietly. They tried to appear interested in the things that they were talking about, but they weren't. Their minds were elsewhere. At that moment the elsewhere stepped into the room. Juanita was a charming picture as she smilingly greeted everyone.

If you have never been a girl sixteen years old you cannot imagine how those girls felt as they saw those boys straighten a little and smile at her. They literally felt themselves slipping.

Peggy whispered to Jean, "Her dress is too loose and I don't think that her hair looks a bit nice."

Jean gave her an understanding smile and answered, "You know she looks perfectly darling; you're just catty."

Dinner was called and for a moment it seemed undecided whether Bob or Tommy were going to offer their arm to Juanita. Fiske settled it by taking her to dinner himself. She sat between Jimmy Wells and Fiske. Martha later told Betty that she thought that the boys must have had a contest to see which could attract her attention the most.

After dinner Tommy Janice offered to show Juanita the grounds by moonlight. As they went off the porch, Tommy turned around and gave Bobby a look that seemed to say, "Oh, Sir Bob, you thought you'd shine, did you?"

Once out in the garden the conversation began to lag, but Juanita saved any embarrassment by saying, "Now, Tommy Janice, tell me all about yourself."

"Well, Miss Juanita, I—"

"Oh, please don't call me Miss Juanita; call me 'Nita.' Nita is so romantic, don't you think," broke in Juanita.

The conversation drifted quite far from what things Tommy had ever done. This provoked Tommy just a little, because he was certain that if he could have told her of his visit to Paris and Rome and of his winning the medal for swimming, she would have been far more impressed with him.

When they returned the rest of the guests were playing bunco. Just before retiring, Mrs. Reeler called all of them to come and sit near her. She told them that on Friday night she was going to open the big ball room and have a masquerade party for them. They were elated. After they had talked about it for perhaps ten minutes, Mrs. Reeler sent them to bed.

Politeness is the flower of humanity.

From Monday till Friday, the party was the main topic of conversation. The boys each tried desperately to win the favor of Nita. They each begged her to swim, golf and play tennis with them. When Mrs Reeler would ask any of them to go to the village for her they would rush like mad so that they would not be out of Nita's company for long.

Meanwhile, the girls received very little attention from Nita or the boys.

On Wednesday they had all gone to town to get costumes and that evening the girls all gathered in Peggy's room to hold a council of war.

"Well, if she hasn't just about ruined things," Martha began. "She is disgusting. Why, the other day I was out in the little arbor and she and Jimmy came poking along and she was saying, 'Oh, Jimmy boy, I just adore brown eyes. You're the nicest boy here, and I shan't forget you.' Well, that was bad enough, but later I heard her say to Bobby, 'I'm awfully glad you think I'm nice, Bob o' my heart, because I think you're awfully nice. I admire your blue eyes so.' That was about the limit. The idea of her passing that stuff off on two of them."

"Say," drolled out Peggy, "I thought that I wouldn't say anything about it, but I heard her tell Fiske that it was a shame that they were relatives and that she really thought that he was the nicest boy that she knew."

"I daresay she has told them all that, but getting down to business, who is going to swipe her costume?" asked Bitty Moore.

After a few minutes it was decided that Martha should do the mean work, because she was the exact size of Juanita.

Out in the garden Juanita was strolling with Bobby.

"You haven't told me yet; please do, Nita. You know my evening will be ruined if I don't know which is you," Bobby pleaded.

"Well, Bob o' my heart, I'll tell you if you'll promise not to tell. It is a darling little black and gold clown costume. They didn't have another like it."

At that moment Tommy came unexpectedly around a big bush and claimed Nita. "You promised that you would play golf with me at four, you know," he reminded her.

After a couple of games Juanita confided to Tommy that she was going to wear a cute little black and gold clown costume, but he mustn't tell. He promised that he wouldn't, but just the same he thought it was fine of her to tell him and no one else.

Affairs moved slowly on until Friday evening, with Nita quite the belle of the party. It was almost seven-thirty and the guests were to arrive at eight-thirty. All the young people had gone up to dress.

Peggy ran into Martha's room and whispered to her, "She's got

There is no gambling like politics.

her head buried in her trunk. Now's your chance."

Martha slipped quietly out of the room and into the hall. No one was to be seen, so she tiptoed into Nita's room. There lay the charming costume on the bed; she grabbed it up quickly and replaced it with her own green and orange clown costume. She returned to her own room unnoticed and was soon dressed in Nita's outfit.

Nita, her mind on matters far removed from her costume, got dressed slowly and did not notice the difference until she was ready to go down stairs. It was too late; nothing could be done, so she decided to make the best of it.

When she entered the ball-room it looked as though all the guests had arrived, but something was wrong. The boys didn't pay any attention to her.

Once when she was near enough, she whispered to Fiske that she was Nita. He merely laughed and said, "You can't fool me, Martha Van Burean."

Down at the end of the room was the imposter, dressed in her costume and about whom many boys were gathering.

Martha Van Burean proved herself a triumph. She angled and maneuvered until she had shown every fellow there that they had been mistaken in the angel-like Nita. She endeavored, and succeeded, in letting each fellow hear her making desperate love to another fellow.

They, thinking it was Nita, created an honest dislike for her.

On Saturday morning, Nita, realizing that she had been proven two-faced and that she no longer could have any fun at the house-party, faked a telegram for her to start home immediately. This not only pleased the girls, but the boys, and the party ended in two jolly days of merriment.

The Triumphal Entry

(By RUTH SOMMERVILLE.)

Glenn walked slowly down the hall, staring vacantly ahead. "What will be my plot?" she asked herself. "Oh, why can't I find what I want? I will think of one. I must."

She went into her English class and sat down absently.

"What's the matter with Glenn?" asked Fred of the boy who sat next him. "I spoke to her coming down the hall and she didn't hear me at all, though heaven knows it was loud enough."

"I reckon she's going to write another something. You know she's always writing things," was the response.

"Say, didn't she write last year's Senior play?"

"Yep, she's the one."

He serves his party best, who serves his country best.

"Class come to order!" snapped Miss June. "Didn't you boys hear the bell? It rang."

"What are we to talk about today, James?" asked Miss June.

"Folk lore," said James.

"All right, now stand up and tell us all you know about it."

"They are full of action," he answered slowly.

But Glenn had heard enough. She made a grab for her pencil, scribbled on a piece of paper and marched it up to Miss June's desk. The teacher nodded her head and Glenn was gone instantly.

She almost flew home and was soon in her room and at her desk. She always kept paper and pencil handy. The pencil began to fly over the paper. Sheets were laid aside regularly. The hours passed. Supper time came and went, but Glenn wrote on. She was so enthused with her idea that she forgot food and everything else. When it grew so dark she could no longer see, she got up mechanically and switched on the light, then went on writing as if there had been no interruption.

Glenn's father had been dead many years, but she had an ideal mother. Once Glenn had said, "When I have an inspiration, I don't want anyone to talk to me, not even the President. Don't folks know you lose the spirit of the thing, and if you do that, the jig's up; you might as well stop."

Mrs. Wilson had taken the hint. Now she was sitting in her arm-chair, waiting for the scraping back of a chair overhead. On a stove in the kitchen sat a pan of hot milk, and bread could be toasted in a minute.

Time passed. The clock struck twelve; then one; and still no sound. Shortly before two the sound came. She turned up the fire and the milk bubbled. The bread toasted a crisp brown. In a few minutes Mrs. Wilson took her tray, mounted the stairs and entered Glenn's room. There she sat—in her big Morris chair, her feet propped up on her desk regardless of furniture—with manuscript in both hands.

"Oh," she said. Her feet came down and she was on them immediately. "I never smelled anything half as good as that."

By this time she had the tray and was devouring the food.

"I declare, nothing ever tasted so good. Don't you just love to eat, Mumsey? I do."

"How is the story coming, daughter?"

"Oh, it's going to be the best I have ever done. I got my idea in English class this afternoon. Miss June was a dear, too. I just wrote a note and gave it to her and skidood." Glenn held up a warning hand. "Don't ask anything about it, for I won't tell you. It's a secret all my own."

"Now you can run to bed; I'll take this tray down stairs and then I am going to dance a little."

They that govern most, make the least noise.

She took the tray down and was soon in her room again. She went to her Victrola and got out a record. Quite suddenly she was in another world—a world where only fairies dwelt. They danced in the breeze. (She was one of them—a fairy with chestnut brown curls that danced in the breeze). She adored chestnut brown; and curls—Oh, she felt the damp earth under her bare feet.

Then it was all ended. She was back in this world. "Oh," she said, "how happy I am tonight. I feel just like Pippa, 'God's in his heaven, all's right with the world.'" Before she turned off the light she wrote a note and pinned it on the door. "Don't call me in the morning. I am not going to school," it read, and was signed "Glenn."

The next morning Eileen Connors stopped in front of a two-story residence and whistled long and loud, but this morning she received no answer. Then she went up to the door and rang, but still no answer. Then she went on to school.

At noon she stopped there again. Mrs. Wilson came to the door. "Glenn isn't sick, is she?" asked Eileen.

"No," said Mrs. Wilson, "but she's writing. I guess she won't be at school for a few days. When she gets it finished I'll call you over the phone to help celebrate. You're the one person she'll want."

That morning Glenn slept very late. When she came down stairs she looked the picture of happiness. "Mother, you can't guess who I'm doing it for. That fastidious Mrs. Grenly brought her bright green car to a stop in front of a ten-cent store and came trailing in after me. You know she's president of the Dramatic Club and never goes near a ten-cent store. Well, up she comes and tells me she's hunted everywhere for a play and can't find one to suit her. She had one character picked out and she had to be in it. She'd heard that I was pretty good at that sort of thing and she wondered if I could write one. Wasn't it a jolt? And the funny part was a pompous old man just stood there and listened with both ears and let his mouth hang open."

"I hope she likes it," said her mother. "You'd better eat your breakfast and then take a short hike. That will fix you up to finish the story."

A week later Mrs. Connors called Eileen to the phone. "Oh, is that you?—Well, I should say so. Is it all done? I'll be over presto—You old dear. I'd kiss you if I had you—. Yes, right away. Good-bye"

Twenty minutes later Mrs. Wilson, Eileen and Glenn were all in Glenn's room. Mrs. Wilson was in the Morris chair, while Eileen was on the bed, her heels high in the air. "I can always think best when I lay on my stomach," she announced.

Glenn stood in the middle of the room and began:
Dramatis Personae.

Proserpina—Daughter of Mother Cerez.

Just praise is only a debt, but flattery is a present.

King Pluto—God of the Underworld.

Mother Cerez—Goddess of the Spring.

Mercury—Messenger of the Gods.

A group of maidens.

Eileen gave a long sigh. "I declare, you're the limit for ideas, Glenn Wilson. I wouldn't have thought of that in ten months. Does Miss June know you got your idea from the class? But go on. Don't stop to answer questions.

Glenn had taken the old folk-story and dramatized it. It was now a living, breathing thing.

That afternoon two anxious girls, one with a square package under her arm, entered Mrs. Grenly's home. When they came out the package stayed behind. The girls were very happy. There had been only one protest. "Are you sure Pluto's chariot wheels were jeweled?" Glenn was very sure, so it was left that way.

"And just to think, you get to coach it," said Eileen.

"I'm so glad, too. Now every bit can be just like I wanted it. You can just bet those folks will get to work, all right. The first person I appoint is you. I want you to play the piano for me."

"I was scared silly for fear you wouldn't let me," Eileen said. "I've got the loveliest piece for that scene in Hades. It fits in just right. I'll make folks like Mr. Pluto. They can't help it. Let's run down to my house and go over some of the music now"

"All right; the sooner we begin the better."

Thus the work began which was to make Glenn famous in her native city.

For five weeks they had rehearsed. The machinery was now running smoothly. Tonight was the final dress rehearsal. If everything went as well tonight as it had last night, Glenn would be sure of the play.

But everything did not go so well. Proserpina acted a tiny bit too much at home in Hades and several minor characters forgot speeches.

However, Eileen was confident. It's going to be a big success," she said. "People can't help liking it."

The next night her prophecy came true. From the opening scene to the last fall of the curtain the people liked it. Not for a second did they lose interest.

The opening act was the parting of Mother Cerez and Proserpina and the capture of Proserpina by Pluto. At the very last she threw her belt into the river.

Act two dealt with the search for Proserpina and the grief of Mother Cerez on finding of the belt by Mother Cerez.

Act three—Mother Cerez appealed to the Gods. They held a council and sent Mercury to Hades to ask for her return.

Our best thoughts come from others.

Act four showed Mercury before Pluto's throne. Pluto consents to let her return for six months of every year.

Glenn had changed the story in only one respect. The Gods met on Mt. Olympus. She did not imagine this a lovely place. The sun shone brightly and made a beautiful scale of colors on the ice. There were no flowers, no trees, no grasses.

Every one wondered what Hades would be like. They got a surprise. It was a rather dark and gloomy place, but there was no fire to make a light or to burn people, either. Everything was of silver throne, garbed in rich black velvet, embroidered in gold and silver. The audience rather wished, secretly of course, that Proserpina had fallen in love with him.

Glenn and Eileen thought this Heaven and Hades idea a great joke.

The play was over. Glenn was the heroine of the hour. All her friends crowded around her, and many other people whom she did not know, among them a timid old lady, whom she loved instantly; a jolly fat man, who was very sincere in his compliments, and a pompous old man, who made her sick, he was so insincere. Even her Geometry teacher, who had been convinced that Glenn would never amount to anything, told her she was proud of her.

Finally, they were all gone. Glenn, Eileen and Mrs. Wilson walked slowly home.

"Wasn't it lovely?" said Eileen. "Everyone did just right to-night."

"We are both proud to claim you," said Eileen. Then they parted and Glenn went to her room, got out a record and danced her whole happiness into it. The record was:

"THE TRIUMPHAL ENTRY INTO ROME."

Life

(By GEORGE BREBNER.)

It was in the time of great unrest and dissatisfaction, when men were out of work, when the wives and children of some men were at the point of starvation, when great industries thriving one day were closed the next. Everything seemed unstable and insecure, and so in the hearts of men who had just fought and won for the Mother Country, a spark of hatred was slowly kindled into a flame.

Men began to gather in groups and meetings were held and, as is always the case, the wrong spirit prevailed, the spirit of rebellion, the spirit of hatred toward the Mother Country.

Twenty years before there had lived in New York with his parents a small boy by the name of Charles Stuart. He was an ordinary boy

Second thoughts, they say, are best.

in most respects. He was of a medium height for a boy his age, with big, broad shoulders. He had blue eyes and curly, sandy hair. Charles' mother, Mrs. Stuart, was rather young, a beautiful woman who always looked very nice. She lived for her son. She did everything she could for him, but not in the way to make a "baby" of him.

From the time Charles was a small boy his mother talked with him, advised and encouraged him in all things. She wanted him to take part in athletics and to always be a gentleman.

Charles' father was a quiet, unassuming man whose greatest pleasure in life was the supervising or watching over of his wife and son in their great love.

And so the happy family lived on, the parents happy in their son and his achievements and the son happy in pleasing his parents.

Charles grew from boyhood into young manhood. In high school he made good at athletics, especially football, of which he was particularly fond, and this had pleased his mother and father. In his last year in high school he made four letters, one for every major sport, and now he was ready for college. Where should he go?

Princeton, of course; his father had gone there, so he should follow in his father's footsteps.

One night in the summer following Charles' graduation from high school, he and his mother and father were sitting on the porch of their home. Mr. Stuart was telling about how he had played on Princeton's football team three years, but had never beaten Yale, and he said he hoped Charles could play on Princeton when they defeated Yale.

After Mr. Stuart had gone to bed, Charles and Mrs. Stuart still sat on the porch talking. Mrs. Stuart told Charles that she wanted him to go and play for Princeton, but play fair and square and fight hard. "But," she said, "there is one bad fault you should correct, and that is your hot-headedness or impulsiveness, because," she said, "someday, maybe you will do something on the spur of the moment that will ruin your whole life."

The summer passed and fall came and Charles went to Princeton.

In his Freshman year Charles made medium grades in l.s studies, but the thing that pleased his parents most was the fact that he was made quarterback on the Freshman 'varsity football team. Charles' father entertained high hopes for his son in his next three years in school.

In his Sophomore year Charles was a sub on the 'Varsity eleven representing Princeton in the Yale game. He just played a few minutes in the closing quarter and Princeton lost. And also in his second year Yale beat Princeton. Charles was a regular and had played the whole game. It looked as if it would be a nothing-to-nothing tie, but a Yale man intercepted a Princeton pass in the last minute of play and ran for a touchdown.

Ambition, like a torrent, never looks back.

Mr. Stuart had been at this game, and after it was over he met Charles and they talked for a long while. And before Mr. Stuart started for the station to catch the train back home, he told Charles he still had a year left in which to beat Yale.

Mr. Stuart arrived home and explained in detail the game to Mrs. Stuart, who was very sorry that Princeton had lost. Mrs. Stuart said she would be at the game the next year, if it was the last thing she ever did.

And so time rolled around and it was fall again and Charles left for school. This was his last year.

Princeton had the best team it had had in years. They went through the first part of the season running up great scores on all opponents. With Charles directing the plays from quarter-back, Princeton had been almost irresistible in their advances toward their opponents' goal.

There was just one team that stood between them and the championship, and that was Yale.

On the afternoon of November twenty-fifth two teams trotted into the stadium of Princeton. One team represented Princeton and the other team Yale.

The biggest crowd of the season was present and in this immense crowd there sat two people whose son had just trotted on the field, and they were thrilled at the sight.

Yale kicked off to Princeton. Princeton returned the ball to the forty yard line, and then for the biggest part of the first half the ball see-sawed back and forth in mid-field. In the last few minutes of the first half, Yale fought their way to Princeton's twenty-five yard line, where they drop-kicked a goal. The half ended Yale 3, Princeton 0.

The second half was hard fought all the way. The teams were on even terms until about five minutes from the end of the game, when Princeton started a march down the field that Yale could not stop. Princeton was excited over the fact that they had Yale backing up. It seemed just a matter of time until Princeton would cross Yale's goal.

Charles was guiding Princeton to what seemed certain victory, but when Yale would make Princeton hesitate even for an instant, Charles in the excitement would get mad. Finally, Princeton was on Yale's one yard line with but a couple of minutes left to play. Charles carried the ball and in the skirmish Yale's center unnecessarily kicked Charles in the face, and then the thing that Charles' mother had warned him about, the thing that Charles had fought, asserted itself. On the impulse of the moment he struck the Yale center a blow in the face. The referee saw the blow struck and his whistle blew. Charles was put out of the game and Princeton was penalized fifteen yards.

As Charles walked off the field all of Princeton's supporters hissed him except two, his mother and father.

He that sips many arts, drinks none.

The handicap was too big for Princeton to overcome in the time left to play, so Yale was victorious.

After the game, Charles came walking along by himself to meet his mother and father. His mother was smiling and she said to him, "Don't worry, son; it happened this time, but I am sure that it will never happen again." "I did it before I thought, and lost the game for Princeton," said Charles. There was a long silence, which Mr. Stuart finally broke by remarking that they must hurry and catch their train. So they parted.

The treatment that Charles received from the fans and students made him almost hate all of mindkind. He only stayed in school for about a month after the game, and then quit.

It was not long until he was drafted into the army and was sent over-seas. He hated it all and wished he could rebel again, get out and leave it all behind him, and then, to make him more dissatisfied and miserable, he received word that his father had died suddenly from the flu. Finally it was over and Charles came back home.

Then the greatest disaster that could possibly come to him happened—his mother was killed in an automobile accident. With his mother gone he lost his inspiration.

He started to find work, but none was to be had; what money he had slowly dwindled away.

He was adrift with the rest of the tide of human life in its struggle for existence. For a long time he roamed aimlessly, and then one afternoon he drifted into one of the meetings mentioned before, into a meeting where dire things were planned and then carried out.

This was a small meeting. There were just three or four, including Charles, present. For a long time these men sat and discussed things. Some of the things talked of made Charles shudder, and then when he thought back, how mankind had treated and was treating him, he thought these were good things.

When what seemed to be the spokesman of the meeting asked for a volunteer to place a bomb in the state capitol building, Charles jumped to his feet and said he would do it.

The bomb, which was ready and set, being in a satchel, was immediately given to Charles, who hurriedly left the building. Walking at a quick pace, he headed for the state capitol. The light of day was fast waning and the darkness was closing about him silently, as he hurried on.

In the park opposite the state house he slackened his pace to a slow walk, laying his plans for the disastrous work he was about to perform.

He sat down on one of the park benches to perfect his plans, which were hurriedly made. For what seemed to him ages, he sat in a semi-conscious state, until he heard the strike of a clock on a near-by build-

Better to be untaught than ill taught.

ing. He jumped to his feet, with satchel in hand, knowing he had only ten minutes in which to perform his work. When he arose to his feet he was face to face with a woman, who so much resembled his mother that he was horrified. For one brief second he stared at the woman, and at the thought of his mother, repentance seized him. With a mad dash he ran to the edge of the street and leaped upon the running board of a passing auto headed for the river. He said to the driver, "If you value your life, drive as fast as you possibly can, to the river." The driver, seeing the satchel, grasped the situation and drove with all possible speed to the river. When in the middle of the bridge that spanned the river, Charles jumped from the machine and ran to the railing of the bridge, and with tremendous effort threw the satchel far from the bridge into the dark waters below. As he heard the faint splash he knew the bomb was sinking to the bottom of the river. As he turned and walked on across the bridge a great calm came over him.

L'Envoi

"Our High School days are ending"
'Tis the song that each Senior sings,
And on thru the vale of the future,
How these words in each heart shall ring.

We've tarried four years together
In this Universe of Time,
And now we know the hours we spent
To our lives were the most sublime.

Tho many woes were inflicted
On us by our teachers dear,
And tho hard tasks were oft our lot
We will cherish them in future years.

When Old Father Time has led us on
Thru the Future's changing way,
How our hearts will yearn to live again
One golden High School day.

—GENEVIEVE LAWLESS.

A good name is better than gold.



It is better to live rich than to die rich.

DEPARTMENTS

ENGLISH

In the Department of English, four full years of work are offered. The full course includes each of the following forms of discourse:—Narration, Description, Exposition, and Argumentation. Also, the course includes a study of the History of English and American Literature, with illustrative classics representing each period of Literature.

The feature of the English Department is the Course in English VII and VIII. The courses are entitled "An Appreciative and Interpretative Study of Literature." This course is taught by the Head of The English Department and is open only to students who make a grade of 90% or higher in English V and VI. It is an elective course, but practically every student who is eligible takes the work. Many of our graduates have received College and University credit for the proficient work which is done in this course. Many letters have been received from Colleges complimenting the school on offering such a fine course.

Courses in English I to VI are required of all students, since this is the language of our Country. Even Commercial students are required to take these courses in English. The full time of three teachers is required to handle the work in English, and there will have to be additional help in this department for next year, due to the ever-increasing enrollment.

HISTORY

In all, four and one-half years of work are offered in History and Economics. The first course, known as "History I," is elective, and Junior High School students who do excellent work are permitted to take it. It is "Industrial History of The United States," and more than 300 students have taken this subject this year. It is a popular course.

The features of the History Department are "Civics and Vocational Guidance" and "Elementary Economics." Both of these courses are taught by the Head of the History Department, and can be taken by Seniors only. The classes are always full. In the course in "Civics and Vocational Guidance," one day each week is given over to the study of the occupations, which are open to young men and women, together with time of apprenticeship, opportunity for advancement, length of probable service, etc. It is a valuable course to the students. The work in "Elementary Economics" is intended to give students some idea of the essentials of our economic life. It is open

The shortest pleasures are the sweetest.

only to 12A students, and some Colleges give credit for this work.

The other courses in History are Ancient History, Medieval History, Modern European History, History of Industry and Commerce of the World, English History, United States History, and the three courses mentioned above. This makes our History Department very strong and this High School ranks with the best in the country so far as the work in History is concerned.

At least two years of work is required of all students who graduate, including "United States History" and "Civics and Vocational Guidance." Many students take the full four and one-half year course.

MATHEMATICS

Four full years of work are offered in Mathematics. One and one-half years are devoted to a study of Algebra; one and one-half years to the study of Plane and Solid Geometry; one half year to the study of Trigonometry, and one half year to the study of "Business Arithmetic." At least two years are required for graduation—one year of Algebra and one year of Plane Geometry. However, it is strongly recommended that students take at least the first three full years of the course. Trigonometry is elective and can be taken only by Exemption students in Mathematics.

The feature of the Mathematics Course is the work in Trigonometry. Students who take this course are not likely to have trouble with Mathematics in the University. For some, it represents the completion of their advanced work in Mathematics, as they may not attend college or the university, but there is satisfaction and advancement for all who take it.

The work in Mathematics may be left out by Commercial students, and it thus becomes purely elective. Notwithstanding, nearly all students take at least the minimum requirement of two years in Mathematics.

LANGUAGE

There are three Languages offered in the high school—Latin, French and Spanish. At least two years must be spent in the study of one of these languages. Students from the commercial course are not required to take language, but they must take either the requirements in Mathematics or in Language, but they do not have to take both. Therefore, the work in Language may be considered elective. Practically every student in the high school takes one or more of the Languages offered and some take three or more years of one language.

Youth is wholly experimental.

Four full years are offered in each of the languages and students are urged to take at least three years in one, even though only two years are required for graduation.

Latin is still considered as the "basic" foreign language and the full time of two teachers is required to handle the students who elect to take Latin. Some very proficient students have gone out of this course in the past few years and have received honorable mention from universities and colleges. The unfortunate thing about the work in Latin is that there is not sufficient room or teaching force to offer work in Latin VII and VIII—"Vergil," and many students ask for this course and it should be possible to accommodate them.

The work in French is growing more popular each year. It takes the full time of one teacher to conduct the work and an assistant will be needed to help within the next year. Advanced courses are being called for, but can not be offered until there is more room and additional teaching force, both of which can be arranged as soon as the new high school is completed. The French Language is fascinating and gives the students a speaking knowledge of the language and literature of a brave, heroic people. Many Latin students take French after taking two or three years of Latin, and this always makes the French seem easy.

Spanish is considered as the Commercial Language and it takes the full time of one teacher to handle the classes in this subject. This work prepares students not only to understand and appreciate the language of the Spanish people, but it makes possible a commercial understanding with the Spanish speaking people. Its commercial value is great since the people of our southern neighbors nearly all speak the Spanish language.

SCIENCE

Four full years of work are now offered in this high school in Science. This has been the case this year for the first time. Botany or Agricultural Botany is offered in the 9th grade; General Science and Zoology, in the 10th grade; Physics in the 11th grade, and Chemistry is open to Seniors only. These courses are always crowded because they are so popular with the student body.

In Science, only one year is required for graduation, but the average taken by all graduates is two and one-half years.

An effort is made to emphasize the practical application of the principles of the science being studied, so that the student will understand how it applies to daily life. Many field excursions are taken by the classes, under the supervision of the teacher.

The work in Chemistry is probably the feature of the Science Course. Many students who did not take Chemistry in the high school

The ripest peach is highest on the tree.

write back that they wish they had. In several cases, credit has been granted by colleges for the efficient work done in our science department.

COMMERCIAL STUDY

Probably more students take the Commercial Subjects than any other department of the high school. This is because of the practical application and because it prepares them for positions in offices and as salesmen. This is the youngest department of the high school, and yet it already requires practically the full time of three teachers, and more room and teaching force is badly needed to accommodate the ever increasing number of students who ask for this work.

Four full years of work are offered, as follows:—Commercial Geography, Commercial Arithmetic, Bookkeeping, Stenography, Typewriting, Commercial Law, Salesmanship and Office Practice, Penmanship, and Business English. The number in each of these courses is limited by the space and teaching force.

To receive a Commercial Diploma, a student must have credit in at least eight of these courses, including Bookkeeping, Stenography, and Typewriting. The other credits may be selected from the remaining subjects offered. For all academic students, the work in the Commercial Department is purely elective.

The features of this Department are the courses in Penmanship, Commercial Law, and Salesmanship and Office Practice. Each of these subjects is taught by the Head of the Department and excellent work is done.

MINOR ELECTIVES

The Minor Elective Subjects offered are as follows: Music (including vocal, orchestra, glee club, etc.), Free Hand Drawing, Mechanical Drawing, Manual Training, Home Economics (including Sewing, Cooking, and Home Management), and Public Speaking.

About one year of work is required of all boys in Manual Training, one year in either Free Hand Drawing or Mechanical Drawing, and two years are required of girls in Home Economics.

So far, Public Speaking is elective, but students are urged to take at least one course, in Discussion, Debating, Elocution, Dramatic Interpretation, or Oratory. Courses are being planned in Parliamentary Practice, which will probably be offered next year.

Students with special ability in any line may pursue the subject as far as seems advisable.

After all there is but one race—humanity.

CONCLUSION

The School Management is proud of the record of attendance in this high school for the past years. The largely increasing enrollment from year to year gives positive proof of the appreciation by students and the desire of the Board is to make the work offered in the school so practical that each person of school age in this community will want to come to school. **That public school is best which serves its community best.** With more than 700 students for next year, and with 657 enrolled for this year, there is no question which can arise regarding the success of the high school so far as the community is concerned. With a new building, the enrollment will soon reach 900. The management feels that every person of school age should be in school, and to that end, is doing everything in its power to make the work worth while and is doing its utmost to employ only the best teachers available. **Everything which can be done will be done.**

How To Know Them

NAME	IDENTIFICATION	BUSINESS
Fuzzy Brown	Her Curls	Dancing
Sam Bufkin	His Hair	Flirting
Dorothy Burns	Fuzzy	Going to Fuzzy's
Raymond Jolly	Girls	Basket Ball
Louise Koons	Her Walk	Haynsie
Lothair Thompson	His Pipe	Talking
Harriet Chambers.	Marshall	Marshall
Jon Kennedy	"Army"	Princess
Mike Edwards	His Sweetie	Women
Margaret Fleming	War Paint	Men
Ella Yergin	Her Eyes	Vamping
Maurice Gronendyke	His Smile	Annual
James Freeman	His Feet	Selling Clothes
Miss Wickett	Her Voice	French
Jesse French	The Dodge	Borrowing
Catherine Gause	Her Hair	Dancing
Francis Fisher	Bashfulness	Studying
John Lemon	His Shadow	Looking It Over
Leone Stranahan	Herself	Herself
James Elliott	His Pencil	Writing
Dick Lawrence	His Sweater	Class President

The wrong way always seems the more reasonable.

The Orchestra



Orchestra Members

First Violins: Mary Robers, Richard Lawrence, Robert Davis, Richard Netz, Ruth Sommerville, Mable Jeffries, Esther Sommerville, Jewell Mills.

Second Violins: Hilda Hagner, Alice Black, Grace Black, Frederick Wisehart, Fylious Scott, Mary Louise Potter.

First Cornets: Cassel Higley, Walter Falck, John McCormack, Estevan St. Clair.

Second Cornets: Floyd Smith, Helen Scott, Theodore Gard.

Clarinets: Russell Kem, William Higley, Edgar Cummins.

Trombones: Frank Lindley, Harold Stout, Alton Shepman.

Saxaphones: Harold Rehfus, Scott Chambers.

Baritone: Lowell Kirk.

Tuba: Walter McCormack.

Drums: Franklin Sherry.

Piano: Mildred Cluggish.

Time's horses gallop down the lessening hill.

Glee Club



First Row Bottom—Edith Wisehart, Grace Parker, Linnie Thornberry, Kathryn McCormick, Beatrice Penwell, Bessie Lyle, Agnes Lawless, Bernice McSherley, Mary Spannuth.

Second Row—Feryl Sipe, Helen Jones, Dorothy Coffman, Jessie Cope, Edna Mawhorter, Virginia Grady, Miss Dorsey, Madge Huffman, Mildred Lennon, Louise DeWerpe, Elizabeth Wasson, Dorothy Burns, Annabelle Sanders.

Third Row—Cecila Burns, Goldie Nicholson, Caroline Mayer, Maxine Monroe, Mildred Gouldsberry, Gertrude Rawley, Lola Wechter, Dorothy Elliott, Marie Rowles, Beatrice Roof, Leona Wittenbeck, Esther Sommerville, Doris Kellam, Gladys Netz.

Fourth Row—Opal Dilkey, Janice McSherley, Carol Hosier, Opal Wilhelm, Helen Lytle, Mabel Marlatt, Maude Rigney, Beulah Murray, Pauline Margason, Catherine Miller, Violet Fisher, Martha Goar.

Fifth Row—Jane Ogborn, Esther Foster, Edith Gough, Leone Stranahan, Ella Yergin, Wanetta Schlosser, Susie Goudy, Hilda Hagner, Lenora Lamb, Louise Summers, Louise Linn, Bertha Margason, Mildred Ashby, Mildred Laisure, Glen Nation, Pauline Jenner, Mary Rogers, Pauline Cluggish, Ruth Davis, Estelle Shaffer.

The only way to get rid of temptation is to yield to it.

CLASS PLAY



THE CAST

Mary Grayson	Louise Koons
Johnson	Norman Durham
Countess DeBeaurien	Marie Dolan
Rodney Martin	Malcolm Edwards
Cyrus Martin	Robert Kuntz
Ambrose Peale	Lothair Thompson
Marie	Harriet Chambers
William Smith	Robert Duncan
Donald McChesney	Cassel Higley
Miss Burke	Louise De Werpe
Ellery Clark	Joseph White
George Bronson	Arthur Johnson

Coach and Director—Miss Mildred E. West.

Stage Managers—Donald Kennedy, Fred Laboyteaux.

Music furnished by the High School Orchestra.

It Pays to Advertise

The Senior Class of the New Castle High School gave the play, "It Pays to Advertise," on May the 4th and 5th. The Senior Class of each year has always given a play and will continue to do so in the future, it is supposed. Now, in this play, the most important part is the "characters."

The main action centers around Rodney Martin, the son of Cyrus Martin, better known as the Soap King. Rodney is played by Mike Edwards, one of our well known and prosperous students. He has taken the responsibility of this great character work upon himself. He is supposed to be a frivolous and inexperienced business man. He has a determined character and is bound that he can convince his

Time, as he grows old, teaches many lessons.

father that it pays to advertise. His biggest asset is his red hair, as is brought out as the play progresses, as it stands for danger.

His father Cyrus would be a king of the world—if it had been soap. He is a generous old man. Robert Kuntz has taken the responsibility of this work, and though young, he appears in this production as an aged man of great responsibility. One of the most important characters is Mary Grayson, who is better known as our tallest Senior, as she stands far above us in height only, and now you know our good friend, Louise Koons. Her smile held the attraction of the audience throughout the play. She is Rodney's stenographer at present, but she may prove different, you can never tell.

Johnson, the butler, cannot be neglected, as he is Hon. Norman Durham. He was born and reared in a small town, but is still shy of the chickens. He was captain of our last year's football team, as his feet will tell you. The Comtesse de Beaurin (the Hon. Marie Dolan) takes her part well, as she has all through her school career, talked so rapidly that no one could ever understand; her part of a French lady and the French she talks, is sure hard to understand.

Ambrose Peale is a character never to be forgotten, because of his unusual ability. He is a very nervous young man and proves this throughout the play. He has spent his four years in school much the same as the rest of us. He takes the part of the press agent for the biggest show in the world, and of course, the world was never meant to be very big for him, and such is life, Tompie; you want it all or none.

Marie, yes, pretty Marie, the maid, can never be lost to our memory, as she is none other than Harriet Chambers. We always knew that she had ability for more than walking the lower hall. Not only is her part played well, but her actions are not wasted, as she will soon use them again in her——?

William Smith is a fine young man who is a friend of Rodney's father, and he says their friendship is like unto the bark of the tree, very close. This young man is no other than Bob Duncan. He has spent his school days in making other people laugh, and can be easily classed with the feather, in that they both make you laugh, and also being light, he fills the part very well.

Mr. McChesney (Cassel Higley) the advertising man, has been a quiet boy all through his school life, but we need to say no more of him than his name speaks for itself, as all cheese plays a strong part, so does he.

Miss Burke, who is pretty Louise DeWerpe. Short, but sweet, she clings to Rodney throughout the play as a green cherry clings to its seed.

Enter Ellery Clark, the son of Ivory Soap, who is no other than our friend, Joe White. He is supposed to be, and is in fact, a lazy and

A short saying oft contains the most wisdom.

hopeless young man who wishes to go into business. So far he has been in no other business than that of his own self.

Last, but not least, enters our good friend George Bronson, and who is he but good old Arthur Johnson, and he is representing Marshall Field Co. His clothes speak for him, and the girls are all crazy about his smile. Aw, come on and smile for us, Art.

This ends my little story, and I hope you will take it as a "story."

H. H. '24.

The 1921-22 Calendar

SEPTEMBER

- 5—School opens with much confusion, because the Freshmen have increased.
- 14—Kay Taylor, in English 8 Class: "Do simple people write simple lyrics?"
- 16—Students still breathing, but heart action weakened.
- 20—Oh, the wonders of the human anatomy. The hero of George Brebner's story is hit upon the impulse.
- 27—Many students decide that Mr. Rockhill, in lower hall, is going to be their "Waterloo."
- 29—Seniors told how much they do know, and how much they should, by Mrs. Wilson.

OCTOBER

- 5—Wonder why Seniors can't talk "love" in class as ardently and expertly as they make it out of class?
- 6—A line of sequence Auto ride at noon; absence; stories; office; exams.
- 12—Discovery Day, and no one has discovered us yet.
- 14—End of first six weeks.
- 17—Lots of resolutions made.
- 20—Teachers go to Indianapolis to get some more education.
- 27—Hallowe'en pranks begin. Miss Robbins seeks the hob-goblin wearing red sweater.

NOVEMBER

- 7—Harriet Chambers not seen in hall with Marshall Couden. We hope it is not serious.
- 9—Joe White is sunburnt and we wonder if he dated Katherine Gause last night.
- 11—N. H. S. celebrated Armistice Day by attending school.
- 16—I wonder where the Spring Clouds are going. To thunder, said the Freshman.
- 21—Basketball season opens. Win from Royerton, 29 to 18.
- 23—Beat Middletown in second game, 39 to 15.
- 30—N. H. S. will need several more dictionaries when students of Mr. Rockhill's class start taking his advice.

The dice of Zeus fall ever luckily.

DECEMBER

- 1—Mrs. Wilson nearly breaks her neck by nodding three times to a Freshie to speak.
5—The efficiency of mail service among N. H. S. students is appalling.
8—Tom Fadely has a caller in Room 1 in the shape of a pup.
10—Kay Taylor wishes to know if a single person wrote Dyke's piece of Poetry.

JANUARY

- 5—Everybody back at school ready to start new term in right.
6—Bobbed hair craze hits N. H. S.
10—Fog is hard on curls. Isn't it, girls?
13—Pep meeting after school. Bill McKee appointed yell leader. Speeches by Jolly and Durham.
26—Mr. Jones declares "Kay" Taylor as a rough character. So she now sits on a front seat.
27—Great game with Muncie. Beat 'em, 22 to 19. Hurrah!
28—On this day appears "Silverburg's" Memorable Comments on Muncie vs. New Castle game. Oh, Muncie, we won't forget you!

FEBRUARY

- 1—Today a new name was given for the different rooms:—
Room 18—The Playhouse.
Room 14—The Watch on the Rhine.
Room 9—Grandpa's Castle.
Room 1—The Domain of the Bride-to-Be.
Room 10—The Nursery.
2—It has been discovered today that Mr. Valentine is of a very loving nature. He was heard to call a Freshman "honey."
6—Everybody fill out a final card with their program for next term. First Senior meeting held this eve.
8—Mr. Jones threatens to spank the boys in the back of the room during noon session.
9—Mike's daily mail to the front seat, eighth row, was a little late today, but nothing was wrong, for it contained "Love and Kisses."
21—Here lies little Tommy Barr.
Alas, he treads the earth no more,
For what he took for H₂O
Was H₂SO₄.

MARCH

- 3 and 4—The Tournament was Saturday afternoon. The contest was between New Castle and Muncie. Won by three points. Hallelujah!
10—Boys leave for Bloomington to wallop Vincennes.
13—Everyone agrees Vincennes "aren't" human.
14—Chemistry class visits creamery. Mike is surprised to find no cows.

Not by years but by disposition is wisdom acquired.

20—Piggy & Estella Shaffer both absent from Commercial Geog. We say it looks suspicious.

APRIL

3 and 4—Miss Bowers out of school with Pink Eye.

7—Genevieve L. wins the debating contest. Rah! for N. H. S.

17—Skinny today stated that her favorite fruit was a "Lemon"

18—Spring fever hits N. H. S.

19—Who recalls when little girls used to put on long skirts to play women?

21—Bronson: What is an example of light without heat?

Ab. White: Moonlight.

28—Marg. F.: To think that Bronson would get flirtatious at his age. Wonder who this "Violet Ray" is?

MAY

8—Miss Bowers' trigonometry class worries a little today.

12—Great preparation for Junior Prom.

15—Did we have a good time? I'll say we did.

16—Mike didn't wear his heads today.

17—Won't the Rosennial ever be finished?

21—Baccalaureate.

22 and 23—Why are Seniors sad today?

25—Commencement. (Au revoir.)



Mrs. Dorothy Allison



Miss Hilda Kuntz

The New Castle High School Seniors wish to thank these women who have done a great deal for the class and to whom we feel greatly indebted for their favors. Mrs. Allison is leaving this year, being forced to resign on account of ill health, and we wish especially to thank her for her many years of faithful service in the superintendent's office.

N. H. S. ALUMNI

1912

Gerald Hiatt—Dentist, Cincinnati.
 Holman Cloud—Mgr. Electric Co., Anderson, Indiana.
 John Modlin—Detroit, Mich.
 Josephine Jeffrey—Married William Aitchison.
 Robert Shultz—With the Maxwell.
 Earl Peckinpau—Captain, U. S. Army.

1913

William Arthur—Automobile business, Marion, Ind.
 Dorothy Bouslog—Married Don Bowyer.
 Inez Bacon—Hoosier Office.
 Irene Caverly—Married Gerald Hiatt.
 Marian Gronendyke—Married Taylor Morris.
 Adah Granger—Deputy County Clerk.
 Gilbert Hewitt—With Farmers National Bank.
 Bernice Hiatt—Married Herman Jones.
 Trammel Ice—Farmer, Mt. Summit, Ind.
 Mildred Lawrence—Married; Wilmington, Delaware.
 Newton Leakey—Interstate Public Service Co.
 Irvin Morris—Married Edith Newby; Newby Garage.
 Christa Modlin—Married Harold Wallace, Tennessee.
 Donald Rogers—Music teacher, orchestra director.
 Clarence Scott—Married Edna Burgess; with the Hoosier.
 Fred Scott—Corner Drug Store.
 Ruth Strain—Married William Crandall.

1914

Doris Cloud—Married Fred Diederich.
 Richard Beach—Advertising; Chicago.
 Margaret Hindman—Married Grant Oldham.
 Edith Mendenhall—Dr. Stafford's office.
 Montreau Fleming—Married Claud Wilkinson.
 Annice Wilson—Married Carroll Bowyer.
 Edith Foust—Married Wilbur Spitler.
 Lowell Hiatt—Physician, Indianapolis.
 Mabel Smith—Married Eugene Modlin.
 Ivy Diehl—Married Burwell Abbott; Hamilton, Ohio.
 Raymond Dingle—Married Alice Laughlin.
 Felice Smith—Married Clifford Payne.
 Thomas Shelley—Farmer.
 Dwight Kessler—Automobile business, Flint, Michigan.
 Earl Johnson—With Smith-Jackson Co.

1915

Gerald Baily—Sulphur Springs.
 Cecil Dickinson—Conn's Grocery.
 Madaline Gullion—Teaching.
 Fred Henderson—Indiana Dental College.
 Calvin Huddleson—In orchestra.
 George Jeffrey—Married Alleen Budd; County Prosecutor.
 David Jennings—Married Mary Bookwalter; Indianapolis.
 William Loer—Married; Richmond, Ind.
 Valentine Mendenhall—New Castle, Ind.
 Beatrice Mitten—With New Castle Clinic Oculist.
 George Meyers—New Castle, Ind.
 Mabel Neff—Married Harry Churchill; California.
 Clarence Thompson—Married Essie Bowers; with the Maxwell.
 Lawrence Underwood—Indianapolis, Ind.

1916

Edward Armstrong—Married Hazel Klus; with the Maxwell.
 James Brown—Attorney, New Castle.
 Russell Brubaker—Linotype operator, Courier office.
 Richard Cloud—Law School, Chicago.
 Opal Cook, Teaching.
 Lloyd Diehl—Married Catherine Conduitt; Rex Cigar Store.
 Thad Gordon—Secy. Y. M. C. A., New Castle.
 Jessie Grissom—Piano Factory.
 Robert Heller—Married Lois Mouch; Mgr. Lomer Tire Co., Boston, Mass.
 Victor Lawson—Married; Pan-American Bridge Factory.
 Garnet Lee—With Maxwell.
 Leotis Lewis—Married Marguerite Koons.
 Lois Mouch—Married Robert Heller.
 Edith Newby—Married Irvin Morris.
 Ira Smith—Hoosier Mfg. Co.
 June Smith—Post Office.
 Howard Trout—Farmer.

1917

Paul Archibald—Married Madge Hernly; Henry County Abstract Co.
 Newell Bacon—Spring Factory.
 Ralph Cooper—Bundy Hotel.
 Mildred Dingle—Married; Bloomington.
 Gilford Eden—Indiana Dental College.
 Nellie Harvey—Casket Factory.
 George Hill—Married Gladys Keesling; Denver, Colorado.
 Francis Johnson—Indiana Dental College.

According as the man is, so must you humor him.

Miriam Keesling — Married Howard Steinkamp; Richmond.
 John Klinger—Married Kathryn Hamilton; Chicago, Illinois.
 Ruth Lowe—Maxwell Office.
 Bernice Millikan—Married Howard Yergin.
 Rosa Murphey—Married Harry Kampe.
 Earl Poston—Piano Factory.
 Helen Redd—Overland Garage.
 Edith Richards—DePauw.
 Vivian Shaffer—Earlham.
 Bernard Shirk—Stanley's Garage.
 Jesse Short—Navy.
 Dudley Smith—Reporter on the Kokomo Morning Dispatch, Kokomo, Ind.
 Mary Stevens—California.
 Ivan Welbourne—Fletcher's Bank, Indianapolis, Ind.

1918

Margaret Brown—At home.
 Edna Burgess—Married Clarence Scott.
 Sylvan Bush—Indianapolis, Ind.
 Kenneth Cofield—Indiana Dental College.
 Catherine Conduitt — Married Lloyd Diehl.
 Amy Day—Married Joe Radabaugh, Anderson.
 Evangeline Gibson—Hoosier Factory.
 Margaret Gough—Bridge Factory.
 Arthur Grissom—Indiana University.
 Elbert Hays—New Castle, Ind.
 Catherine Kessel—Detroit, Mich.
 Edward Kiddy—Indiana Dental College.
 Esler Miller—Pennsylvania R. R. Station
 Susan Morris—At home.
 George Neff—Indiana University.
 Lee Pence—Ohio State University.
 Herman Redd—Ohio State University.
 Edith Roll—Courier Office.
 James Steele—Ohio State University.
 Thelma Stevens—Dennison's Garage.
 Marcella Tully—Indiana University.
 Howard Wise—Post Office, Louisville, Kentucky.
 Paul Koons—Purdue University.
 Harriet Mann—Maxwell Factory.
 Montreau McFarland—Married Fred

1919

Paul Bell—DePauw University.
 Joseph Burris—University of Illinois.
 Eugene Campbell—Purdue University.
 Frederick Cloud—Boston Store.
 Carl Coble—DePauw University.
 Lindley Cook—Earlham College.
 Lila Bittner—Jersey Creamery.
 Mary Hedges—Hoosier Factory.
 Ellen Hernly—Farmers National Bank.
 Robert Hogue—Traveling Wright.

Mary Pitman—University of Illinois.
 Helen Paul—Stanley Garage.
 Margaret Ray — Vaughan-Polk Clothing Store.
 Dorothy Shaffer—Western Union Telegraph Office.
 Mary Stretch—Hoosier Factory.
 Cyrus Spannuth—Sullivan, Ind.
 Marc Waggoner — Married Margaret Runyan; Printer, Franklin, Ind
 William Waters—Smith-Jackson Co.
 Paul Wessener—Florida.
 Josephine Yetter—Married Paul Hays.

1920

Lee Greeta Adams—County Agent's Office.
 Harriet Austin—Married Walter Baugher.
 Walter Baugher—Married Harriet Austin.
 Lloyd Beall—Wabash University.
 Wade Bouslog—Dale Printing Co.
 Florence Bufkin—Indiana University.
 Louvina Bundy—Coffin's Millinery Store.
 Louise Burton—Married Floyd Conn.
 Edna Conduitt—Clift & Davis Shoe Store
 Cletis Conn—Spring Factory.
 Ruth Cummins—Earlham College.
 Marie Cunningham—Schuffman's Furniture Store.
 Julia Diehl—Oxford College.
 Ruth Dingle—Hoosier Factory.
 Roy Gephart—Indiana Dental College.
 Blair Gullion—Purdue University.
 Thomas Houck, Indiana University.
 John Hudelson—Indiana University.
 Joseph Hutchins—Ohio State University.
 Pha Jones—Earlham College.
 James Loer—Purdue University.
 Lucile Lowe—New Castle Remedial Loan Association.
 John Lyle—Purdue University.
 Ruth Newby—Society Editor Courier.
 Bernice Ogborn — Farmers National Bank.
 Philip Phillips—Purdue University.
 Henry Powell—Purdue University.
 Inez Record—New Castle Clinic.
 Wilbur Robson—Purdue University.
 Thelma Rummel—At home.
 Kenneth Shelton—Indiana Dental College.
 Murray Smith—Married Agnes Adams; Rose City Pharmacy.
 Robert Smith—Indiana University.
 Martha Smith—Society Editor Daily Times Office.
 George Stout—Illinois University.
 Elizabeth Swaim—Maxwell Factory Office.

One man's meat is another man's poison.

Virgil Teager—Strauss Clothing Co., Indianapolis.

Fred Thornburg—Purdue University.

Halcyon Tully—Indiana University.

Horace Upham—Indiana University.

Martha Wiggins—Maxwell Factory Office.

Ruth Wisehart—Teaching.

Eugene Yergin—Indiana University.

1921

Florence Barbour—Post Graduate.

Francis Boor—Purdue University.

Mildred Calpha—Mintch's Drug Store.

Helen Cloud—Assessor's Office, Court House.

Gertrude Cofield—Maxwell Factory Office.

Frances Elliott—Married Alfred Marshall; Chicago, Illinois.

Robert Elliott—Indiana University.

Glenna Fisher—Married.

Woodford Green—Purdue University.

Arnold Greist—Arizona.

Eugene Haynes—Wabash College.

Corwin Hiatt—Indiana University.

Wilma Hoover—New Castle.

Pauline Hutchins—New Castle.

Forrest Hutton—Ohio State University.

George Knotts—Indiana University.

Hilda Kuntz—School Supt.'s Office.

Bernice Lamb—Mrs. Blaker's School, Indianapolis.

Maxwell Mills—Wayman's Shoe Store.

Marguerite Miller—Hoosier Mfg. Co. Office.

Howard Miller—Post Office.

Stella Murray—Morris' Ten Cent Store.

Elaine Robson—New Castle.

Thelma Ross—Trained Nurse.

Everett Rowles—Wabash College.

Lorena St. Clair—New Castle.

Fred Shultz—Butler College, Indianapolis.

Howard Smith—New Castle.

Evelyn VanZant—Oxford College.

Noble Waggoner—Franklin College.

Jay Weaver—DePauw University.

Mildred Wiggin—County Recorder's Office.

Mary Woodberry—A. D. Ogborn's Law Office.

Wilmer Anderson—Purdue University.

Lowell Cooper—Purdue University.

Davis Duncan—Purdue University.

Wilfred Freeland—Purdue University.

Mildred Glick—Indianapolis Music School.

Lyman Hall—Purdue University.

Harry Hendricks—New Castle.

Henry Koons—New Castle.

Rheese Miller—Post Office.

Howard Richards—DePauw University.

Paul Shaffer—DePauw University.

Pauline Shumack—Butler College.

Pauline Weeks—Winchester, Ind.

Some Well Known Books

The Hunted Woman—Margaret Carpenter.

The Grizzly King—Lothair Thompson.

The Sick-a-Bed Lady—Caroline French.

Once To Every Man—Fuzzy Brown.

Dear Enemy—Mr. Barr.

Daddy Long Legs—Mr. Lemon.

Free Air—Norman Durham.

The Music Master—Cassel Higley.

Hoosier Schoolmaster—Mr. Greenstreet.

Six Feet Four—Marshall Couden.

Who Cares—Sam Bufkin.

A Fool and His Money—Joe White.

The Flirt—Margaret Fleming.

Wild Animals I Have Known—Henry Jennings and Lum Pope.

Simple Souls—Fred La Boyteaux and Ella Yergin.

Martee The Unconquered—Martha Boyd.

The Luck of the Irish—Mike Edwards.

Whispering Smith—Bun Smith.

The Rivals—Leone Stranahan and Miss Bowers.

She Stoops to Conquer—Lib Wasson.

Romeo and Juliet—Jesse Griffith and Lorrene Gerrard.

The Good Natured Man—Mr. Valentine.

The Spy—Miss Chambers.

Freckles—Red Rozell.

A Weaver of Dreams—Mary Anna McFarland.

The Man In Lonely Land—Earl Badger.

His own character is the arbiter of everyone's fortune.



Any one can hold the helm while the sea is calm.

Red McCormack: "Say boy did you hear about Mr. Barr beating his wife up this morning."

Spec Badger: "No I didn't, how did he do it?"

Red: "Oh he got up at six and she got up at seven."

Things we've always wanted to know:

If Anna Louise Harvey is blue is Hershell Redd?

If Mike is Irish is Caroline French?

If Mildred played tennis would Edith Gough?

If Dale yawns would Kathryn Stretch?

If Lemon is sour is Raymond Jolly?

If Helen C. gave Leb. 50 would she give Elden Moore?

If Susan Shirks would Robert Cook?

If James Freman is Mable Jackson?

If Joseph White is Fuzzy Brown?

If Leon Bush is Dale Zinc?

Johny Co: "Mr. Valentine, are all the teachers book worms?"

Mr. V.: "All but Jones and he is an angle worm."

Mr. Stone, the comedian and Eugene Wood the author, were talking on Broadway when a woman in a very short skirt passed.

Wood turned to Stone. Stone turned to Wood and they both turned to rub their eyes.

Valentine is my teacher, I shall not flunk,

He maketh me to study through the midnight hours:

He leadeth me over the pages of algebra,

He arouseth my drowsiness, he leadeth me through the paths of completeness for his name sake.

Yea, though I tremble in the hours of recitation, I will fear no evil,

For he is with me; his pointer and chalk they embarrass me.

He assigneth a lesson to me in the presence of mine enemies.

He anointeth my head with wrath; my cup runneth over.

Surely study and examinations shall follow me all the days of my life,

And I shall not wander through the midnight streets hereafter.

Russel Williams: "Say these N. H. S. teachers ought to be good at weight lifting."

Ernest Jones: "Why so?"

Russel Williams: "Because they know how to handle the dumbbells."

D. E.: (as she stifed a yawn) "Is your watch going, Mike?"

Mike.: "Yep."

D. E.: "How soon?"

A. J.: "What'll we do?"

J. M.: "I'll spin a coin. If it's heads we go to the show. If its tails, we go to the dance. If it stands on edge we'll study."

"Very slippery, the floor," remarked a young man as the orchestra played a popular waltz. "It's jolly hard to keep on your feet."

"Oh, then you are trying to keep on my feet, are you?" said the partner. "I thought at first it was accidental."

Miss Wickett: (French 4) "Jolly will you please look at your book?"

Jolly: "Why Miss Wicket I've been looking at my book for the last fifteen minutes."

Miss W.: "Mary Anna you're a very interesting book."

Lemon: "Dale! can you tell us a source of new words?"

Dale D: "Whiz Bangs" is the only place I know."

C. Payne: "My Jess you look happy this morning what's the matter?"

Jess G.: "Oho, she told me she loved me last night."

C. Payne: "Oh, go on that's what she told me Saturday night."

A Faithful Worshipper—

A minister on his way to evening service one Sunday met a rising young man of the town whom he was anxious to have become an active member of his church, "Good evening," he said, solemnly, "do you ever attend a place of worship?"

"Yes sir, regularly every Sunday nite," replied the young fellow, with a smile. "I am on my way to see her now."

Necessity knows no law except to conquer.

The Comedy of Errors Freshies
 Much Ado About Nothing .. Sophomores.
 As You Like It Juniors.
 Alls Well That Ends Well Seniors.

Miss C.: "Who is your favorite author?"

Geo. B.: "Father."

Miss C.: "What did he write."

Geo.: "Checks."

When Blanch writes a note she makes four carbon copies of it, one for each boy.

If a body meet a body
 In the lower hall,
 Can a body stop and visit
 Surely not at all.
 Can't we talk our troubles over,
 Comfort give and get it too.
 When we see the teacher coming
 Must we all skidoo?

M. B.: "I think its wonderful to have a limousine lighted inside like that one of Bob's."

K. G.: "That's funny I never saw any lights."

Miss C.: "Did you enjoy the Passing of Arthur."

W. S.: "Yes, but I liked his punting much better."

L. K.: "Weren't you angry with him when he kissed you?"

H. C.: "Yes, every time."

Miss Woody: "What is a pullman?"

K. S.: "A pullman is a sleeper."

Miss Woody: "Then I have a lot of pullmen in my class."

Claude Wolfe: "Everytime I tell you something it goes in one ear and out the other."

Ralph: "I never knew sound would cross a vaccum."

E. R.: "This paper says if you smoke cigarettes it changes your complexion."

J. H.: "That's right. I am always tanned when I get caught smoking."

Bronson: "When I quit teaching I will make 100 per."

Grose: "Per what?"

Bronson: "Perhaps."

Piggy Spannuth: "Are the farmers allowed to make cider since the prohibition law went into effect?"

Mr. Bronson: "Surely haven't you heard of the freedom of the press?"

Mary Anna McFarland: "I'm very despondent over my literary out look."

Genevieve: "Why so?"

M. A. "I sent my best poem to the editor of The Times, entitled, 'Why do I Live?', and he wrote back, 'Because you didn't bring this in person.' "

Edith Gough: "Wasn't that a fine lecture by Prof. Barr, on 'The Culture of Prunes'?"

Lothair T.: "Splendid, he was so full of his subject."

'Tis said that—

John Lemon likes whipped cream.

The lower hall is no place for lingering students.

Mr. Valentine will soon be an M. D. (specialist on pink eye.)

The new high school is a prophecy.

Bob. Stranahan is quite skilled in planeing desks.

Marie Rowles pulls the blinds down now.

Mr. Llewelyn likes sodas.

Charles Payne doesn't enjoy the pink eye.

Paul Cluggish can run pretty fast.

Miss Wickett enjoys her French class more than her English one.

Arnold Simms is a second Jesse James.

Mrs. Wilson wants a radiophone.

Elsie Risinger wants an ever sharp pencil.

Miss Woody may be a married woman before long.

The base ball games were postponed because St. Peter wouldn't turn off the water.

Robert Goodale, Paul Dazey, and Marshall Couden have a bad case.

Bob Duncan does not like to go riding on Sunday afternoons.

Bernice McShirley screams when she sees a mouse that Tommy Barr has scared out of the corner.

It is a shame that Aline Hague and Thelma Lowe live in the country.

Charles Morris and Paul Dazey ride bicycles out the Cadiz pike quite often.

It is better to learn late than never.

CAN YOU IMAGINE

Bob Lacy studying his lessons?
 Ella Yergin without her powder puff?
 Mr. Lemon's room with a clean floor
 and boards?
 Mr. Barr assigning a short lesson?
 Miss Wickett without her daily com-
 mand, "Fermez la porte?"
 Susan Shirk without her chewing
 gum?
 Jessie Griffith with his hair mussed
 up?
 William Spannuth without a grin?
 Mr. Grose giving you time to take your
 coat off?
 Marshall Couden in short pants?
 Raymond Jolly unable to argue?
 N. H. S. after the class of '22 grad-
 uates.
 Mr. Rockhill in a hurry?
 Helen Haguewood using discretion?
 Katherine Gause acting natural?
 Mr. Bronson calm and self possessed?
 Anastasia Gullion illiterate?
 Harriet Chambers without Marshall
 Couden?
 Mr. Lemon standing up straight?
 Miss Edwards with a date?
 N. H. S. with a more pleasant smiling
 faculty?
 Caroline French as short as Freddy
 Smith?
 Miss Robbins as heavy as Fatty Ar-
 buckle?
 Neva Robinson without Susan Shirk?
 Dorothy Greenstreet with her hair
 bobbed?
 Upper hall without Mr. Grose?
 Mr. Rockhill not saying, "There's a
 Reason?"
 Lothair Thompson without his pipe?
 Mr. Jones when he is not hungry?
 Louise Koons among the Chinamen?
 Red Rozell without his freckles?
 Anna Louise without her Ford?
 Miss Dorsey teaching typewriting?
 Mr. Stalker as Fuzzy Brown's dancing
 partner?
 Norman Durham not talking?
 The clock in the assembly not running?
 Mr. Greenstreet taking the place of
 Rudolph Valentino?
 The assembly without Mrs. Wilson the
 last period?
 Miss Woody in charge of a parsonage?

George Brebner hitting a home run?

SOME WELL KNOWN BOOKS

Ladies In Waiting—Louise Koons and
 Kay Taylor.

The Turmoil—Mable Jackson, Bill
 Burk and Jimmie Freeman.

The Sailor—Bob Cook.

"K"—Kay Taylor.

When a Man Marries—Bob Goodale
 and Floyd Conn.

The Shiek—Jolly.

Wild Youth and Another—Kate Gause
 and Jimmie Harlan.

E. M.: "I gave her a box of rouge
 for Christmas."

J. P.: "Gee, that was pretty flossy
 present, wasn't it?"

E. M.: "Yes, but I got it all back
 when she thanked me for it."

C. C.: "I find it very hard to get my
 hands clean, what would you suggest
 putting in the water besides soap?"

L. Decker: "You might try putting
 your hands in it."

R. L.: "I see there is a hole in your
 garden hose. Let me fix it."

M. Mc.: "How dare you to speak so?"

Miss B.: "Robert, how many hours
 does B. work?"

R. D.: "I dunno, you will have to
 let X find that."

The mouse in Prof. Barr's room hopes
 the Seniors will will him a piece of
 cheese to tote him over the summer.

R. L.: Gee, kid, but I am getting sea-
 sick."

H. H.: "Why what for?"

R. L.: "Just watching the waves in
 your hair."

Bull D.: "Is your watch all right
 now?"

H. H.: "No, but it's gaining."

Mrs. Wilson does not like to tell Rob-
 ert Goodale what to do because she
 thinks she is taking his wife's place.

Meldred Morris: "Why do you insist
 in calling me your little Cold Cream?"

R. L.: "Because you are so nice to a
 chap."

Difficulties are things that show what men are.

Smart Sayings by Smart People

- Richard Lawrence—Pure Arsenic.
 Earl Badger—Want to buy any eggs?
 George Brebner—Boys, it's work.
 Bill Burke—Going up street?
 Leon Bush—Who is she?
 Eugene Burk—Connersville.
 Marshall Couden—Where's Harriet.
 Owen Cowen—Got a chew.
 Leland Decker—Any News.
 George Dingle—Got a Date? I have.
 Robert Duncan—Where to?
 Norman Durham—Up at Summit.
 Malcolm Edwards—Let's go eat.
 Thomas Fadely—Worked last night.
 Francis Fisher—Where do we practice?
 James Freeman—I'm off the girls.
 Robert Goodale—Me and my wife.
 Jesse Griffith—Goin' to work?
 Maurice Gronendyke—Anything for the Annual?
 Howard Heath—I have to get my Trig.
 Cassel Higley—Got to practice.
 Arthur Johnson—Wait a minute.
 Russel Kem—Paper.
 Donald Kennedy—Can you imagine that?
 Robert Kuntz—Your a cheat, you man.
 Fred La Boyteaux—Where's Ella?
 Russel Lawson—Gosh Darn.
 Charles Payne—Let's go to Jenkins.
 Hershel Redd—Check.
 Harold Rehfuß—Where's my horn?
 Joseph Smith—The girls are crazy about me.
 Lothair Thompson—I'm going fishing tomorrow.
 A'bert White—Got your Trig?
 Joseph White—I don't know.
 George Wiggins—Make it two.
 Dale Zinc—Got the Pink Eye? Me too.
 Evelyn Baker—When do we eat?
 Florence Barbour—I'm carrying two subjects.
 Nina Baugher—See my curls.
 Martha Brown—Oh, that's impolite.
 Dorothy Burns—Where's Fuzzy?
 Orda Calland—Oh, gee whizz.
 Harriet Chambers—Oh, Marshall.
 Pauline Cluggish—Well I know.
 Louise DeWerpe—Parlez vous.
 Martha Dickinson—Nothing.
 Opal Dilkey—You'd better never.
 Marie Dolan—It is too.
 Celia Frost—Excuse, please.
 Caroline French—I was just crushed.
 Edith Gough—Poor prune.
 Mildred Gouldsberry—Oh, shoot.
 Eva Haggerman—We have.
 Anna Louise Harvey—Crank it for me.
 Beona Hornaday—Out in the country.
 Carol Hosier—Let's hint.
 Esther Hudelson—Oh, Harry.
 Madge Huffman — W-e-l-l G-o-o-d n-i-g-h-t.
 Mable Jackson—Mabeso.
 Pauline Jenner—I think so too.
 Mary Alice Kelso—O, get me a date.
 Louise Koons—Get fer home Bruno.
 Agnes Lawless—It's a cute doggie flop.
 Mildred Lennon—You tell em Boyd.
 Genevieve Lawless—Where's Jimmie.
 Dorothy Locker—I think that's a shame.
 Helen Lytle—Gosh, I don't know.
 Pauline Margason—Now you quit, Eldon.
 Caroline Mayer—Oh, have you?
 Irene McCullough—I'll be ready tomorrow.
 Mary Anna McFarland—You said it.
 Janice McShirley—Oh, My gracious.
 Catherine Miller—You bet.
 Maxine Monroe—O, My.
 Mildred Morris—Isn't the short-stop good looking.
 Beatrice Penwell—T'aint nothing else.
 Gertrude Rawley—I'll say.
 Elsie Risinger—Does my hair look all right?
 Marjorie Robbins—Tell Maxine I'll be down in Chemistry.
 Marie Rowles—Any one seen Paul.
 Ruth Sommerville—Well I never.
 Waunetta Stevens—Poor Hick.
 Leone Stranahan—Going to the office.
 Kathryn Stretch—Seen My Golashes.
 Kathleen Taylor—Hold her newt she's a rearin'.
 Vera Teager—Isn't Gene cute?
 Opal Wilhelm—Not in.
 Alma Wilkinson—Hope to tell you.
 Marie Wilkinson—What?
 Edith Wisheart—This book keeping is awful.

The Freshmen always look like kids to the Seniors.

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