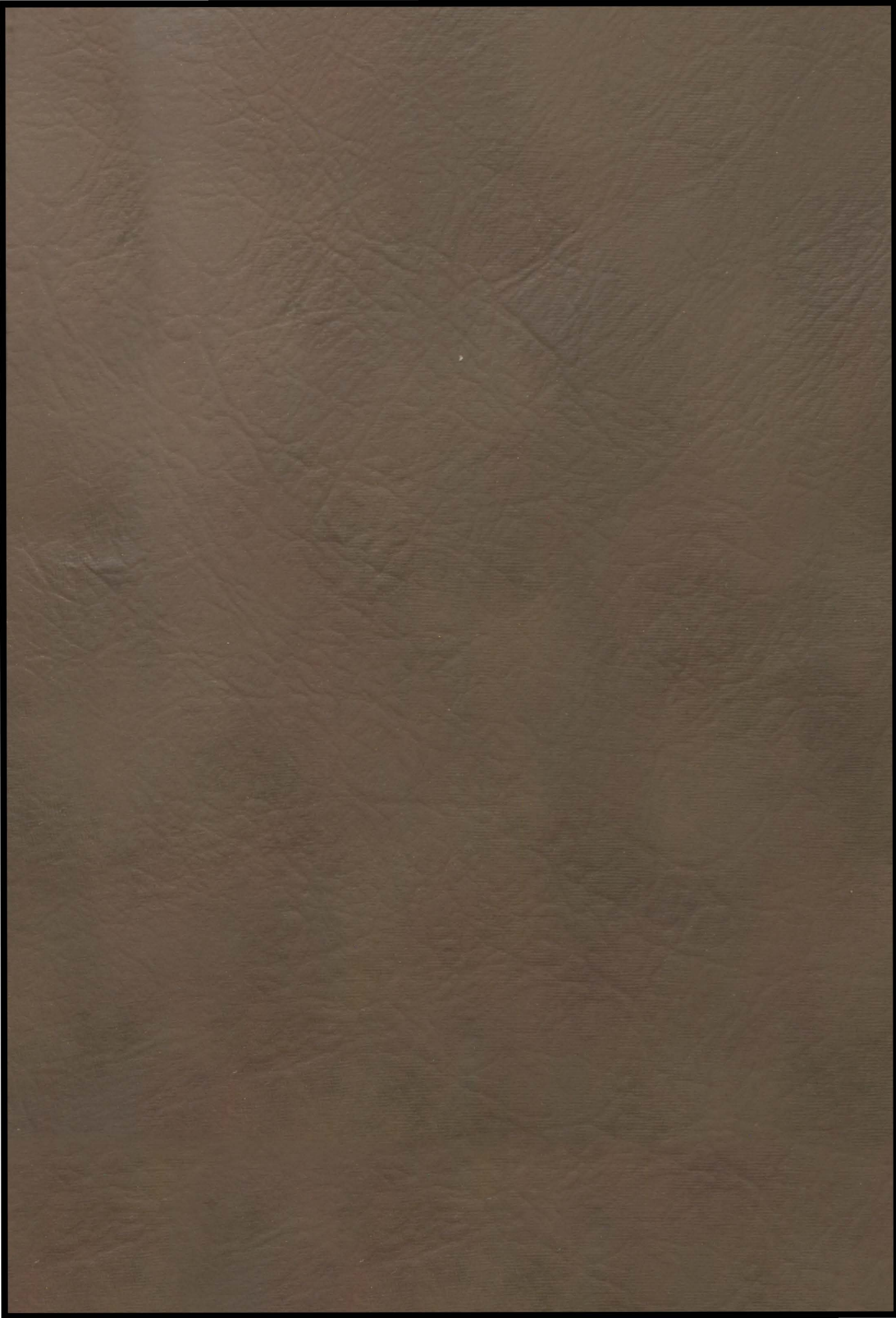
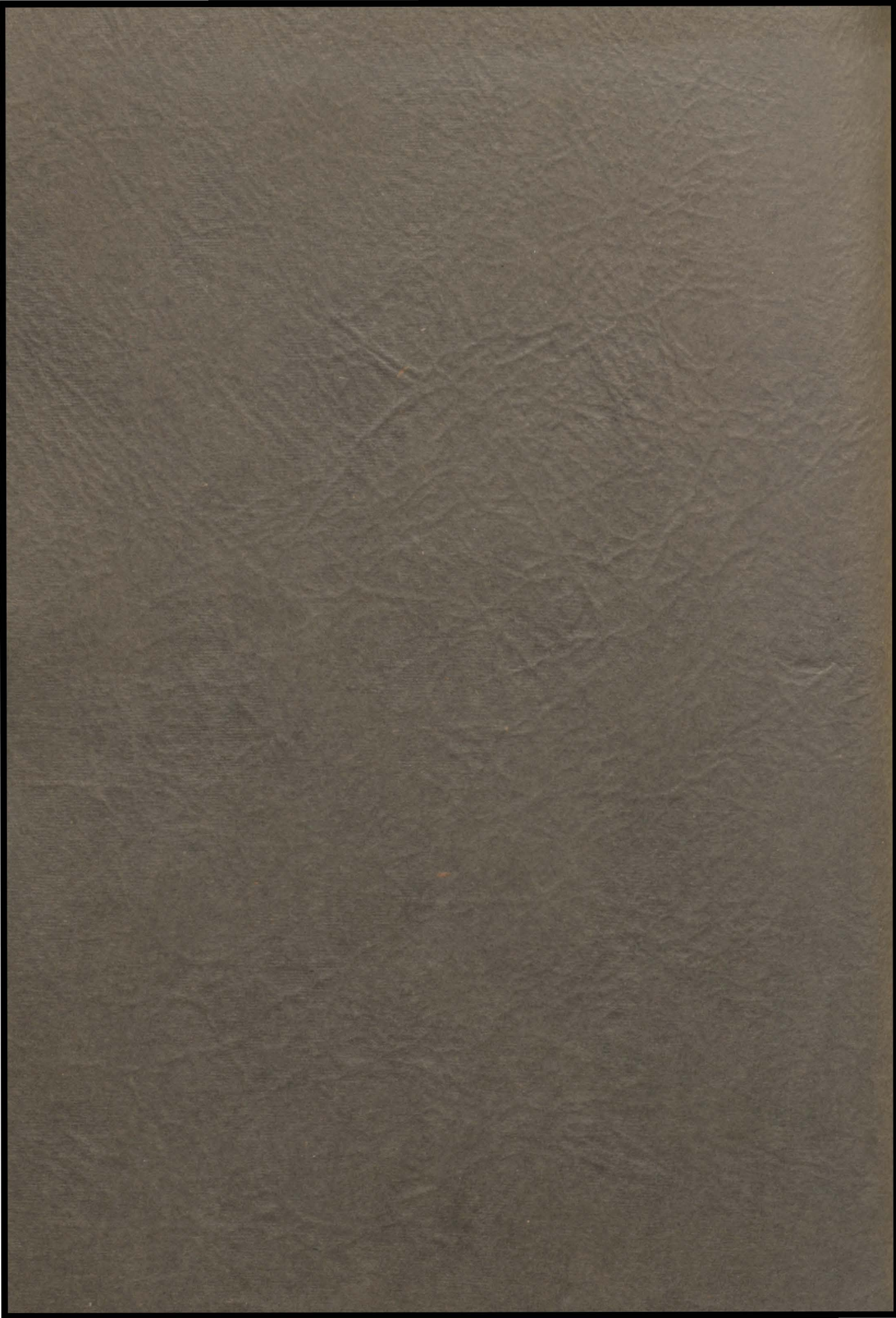


ROSENNIA

1923

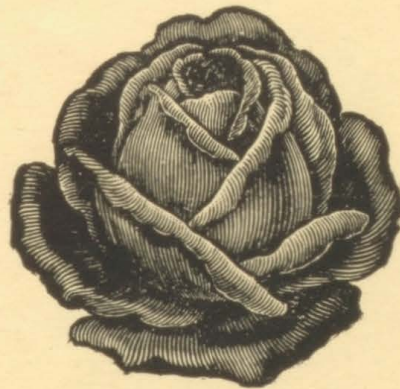




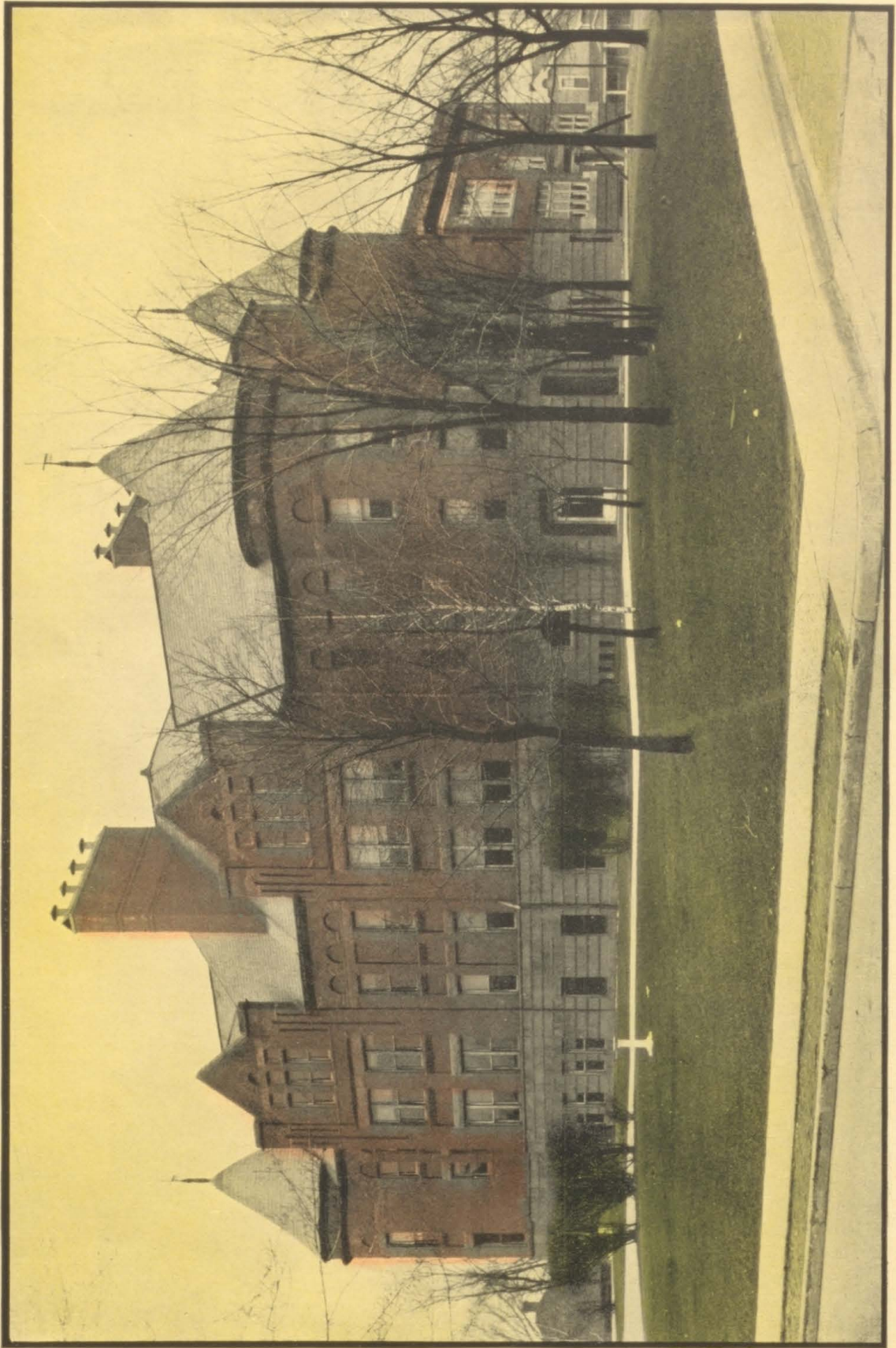
THE ROSENNIAL

OF

1923



Published By
THE SENIOR CLASS
NEW CASTLE HIGH SCHOOL



OUR "ALMA MATER"



Having learned to regard him as a dear and sincere friend, because of his innumerable services to us, we humbly dedicate this book to Roy H. Valentine.—CLASS OF '23.



FOREWORD



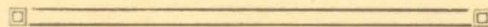
As is the ancient custom of our venerable High School, we, the Seniors of 1923, have endeavored to make this Rosennial a true symbol of our High School days.

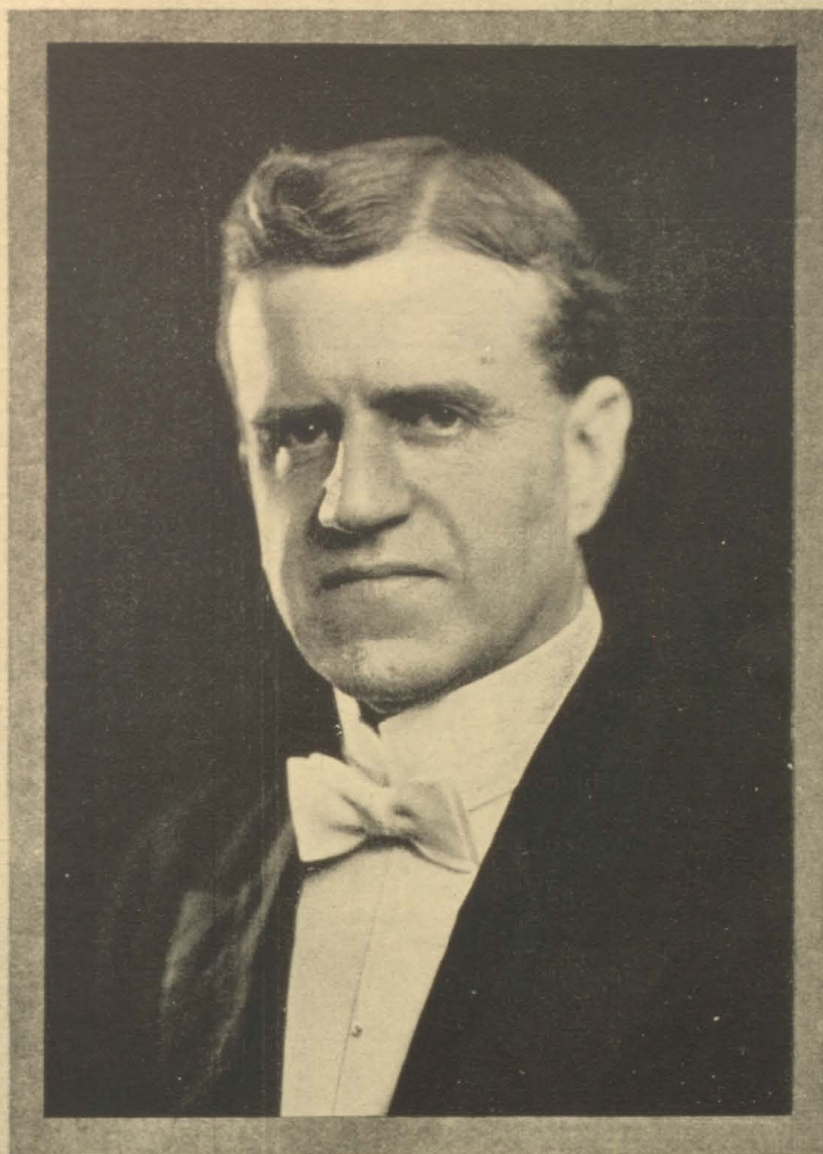
With the combined efforts of the entire High School we have tried to make our year book a splendid success, and we truly hope that it be an everlasting monument to dear N. H. S.

We wish to express sincere appreciation for all aid given by fellow students and faculty. Especially do we thank the business men, without whose aid we would not be able to publish our Senior book.

Juniors, Sophomores and Freshmen, we wish you the best of success and hope that you, too, may experience many joys and few sorrows as Seniors. Lastly, we beg that you will not forget us when you enter the stately portals of your new High School, but that you may conquer all difficulties that may confront you and go out to conquer as we have done.

THE STAFF.





E. J. LLEWELYN, A. M., Superintendent City Schools

QUALIFICATIONS:

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

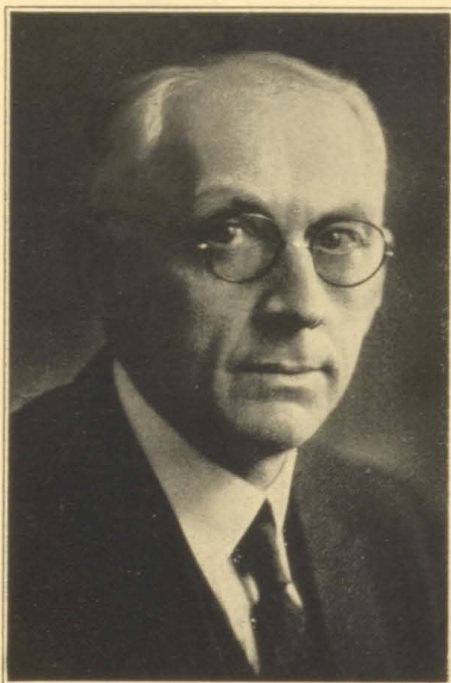
EXPERIENCE:

District Teacher, one year.
Grade Teacher, two years.
1898-1901—Supt. Schools, Fishers, Ind.
1901-1905—Supt. Schools, 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, Newcastle, Ind.

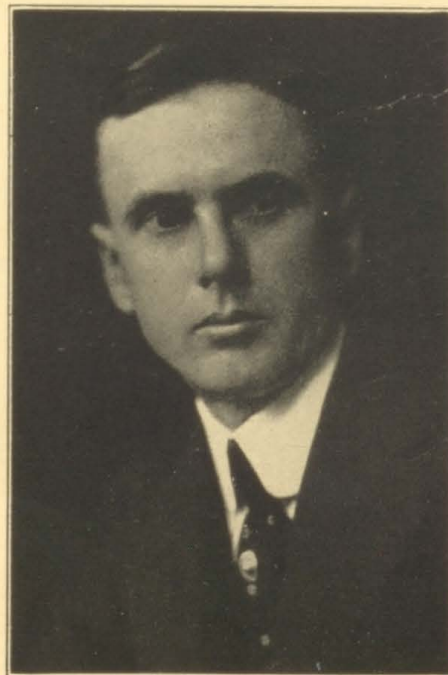
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ROBERT COOK, Athletics
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SARAH L. MCKEE } Jokes
CLAUDE WOLFE }

MAY RICE, Who's Who
THELMA CLUGGISH, Quotations

COMMITTEES

Flower—

HELEN CRIM
HILDA HAGNER
FRANCES KAUFMAN

Color—

ELLA YERGIN
ELIZABETH TRAINOR
BEULAH MURRAY

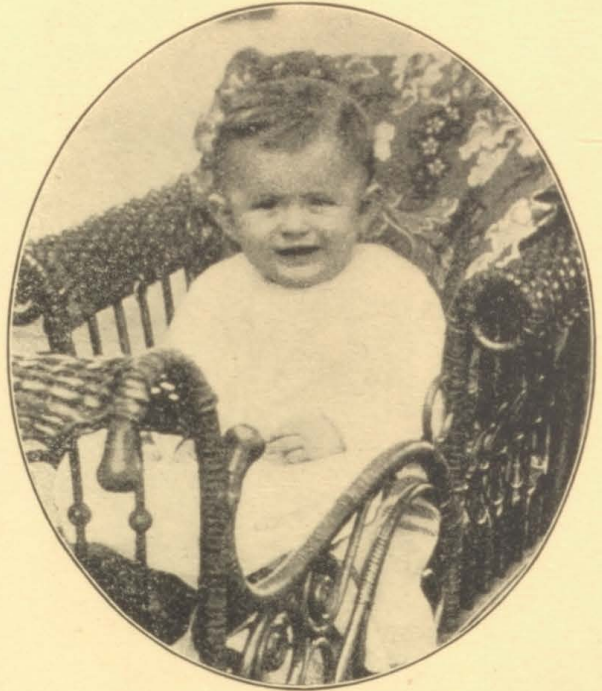
Motto—

FAY RICE
BEATRICE ROOF
BESSIE LYLE

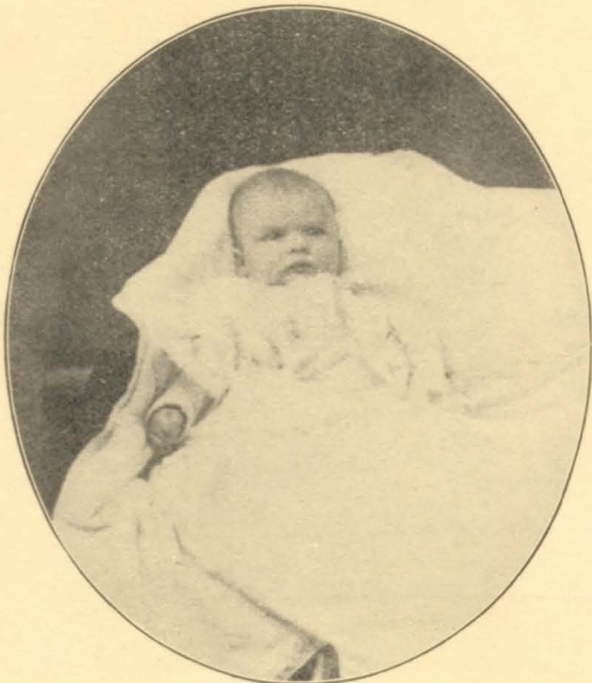
CLASS OFFICERS



PRES. MORRISON VIVIAN



VICE-PRES. WILLIAM SPANNUTH



SECV. LOUISE COLLINS



TREAS. FRED SANDERS

FACULTY



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



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



MISS LILLIAN CHAMBERS, A. B. Indiana University. English, Literature, Dean of Girls. (On leave of absence second semester.)



MR. HOWARD ROCKHILL, Indiana State Normal. Commercial Subjects.



MISS MAUDE WOODY, A. B. Earlham College.
History and English.



MR. GARRET GROSS, A. B. Wabash College. Science
and History.



MISS BEULAH BOWERS, A. B. Earlham College.
Mathematics. (On leave of absence second semester.)



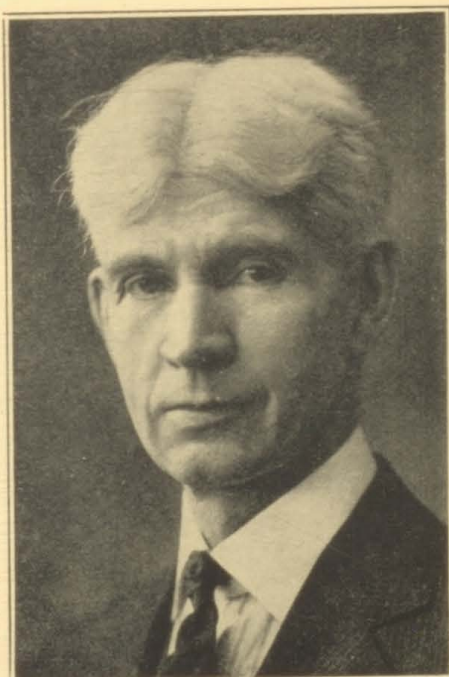
MR. GEORGE BRONSON, A. B. Wabash College.
Science, Dean of Boys.



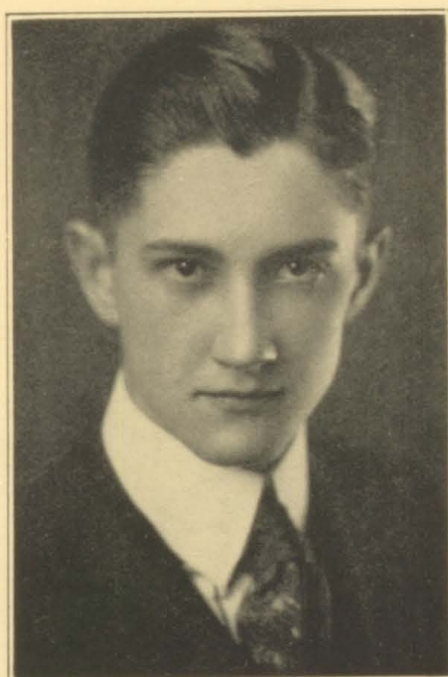
MR. WILLIAM JONES, A. B. Earlham College.
Mathematics.



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



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



MR. JOHN LEMON, Earlham College. Commercial
Subjects and Athletics.



MRS. MAUDE HUDDLESTON, Diploma Indiana State Normal. Latin and English.



MR. GEORGE LOGAN, B. S. Southern Indiana Normal College, A. B. Indiana University. Mathematics and Commercial Geography.



MISS CLARA WESTHAFFER, A. B. Evansville College, Ph. B. University of Chicago. English.



MISS MARCELLA TULLY, Western College, Oxford, A. B. Indiana. Latin.



MISS AMMIE GUTHRIE, A. B. Indiana University.
Latin.



MR. MURRAY MENDENHALL, A. B. DePauw University.
History and Athletics.



MISS CHARLOTTE TARLETON, A. B. Washington University.
Spanish.



MRS. HELEN ROGERS, A. B. DePauw University.
English.



MISS FERN HODSON, A. B. Earlham College. Mathematics.



MR. DONALD MCKEE, A. B. Earlham College. English and History.



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



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



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



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



MISS HILDA KUNTZ



MRS. HAZEL LAWSON

The Senior Class wish to thank Miss Hilda Kuntz and her assistant, Mrs. Hazel Lawson, for all the assistance they have so willingly rendered during the Senior activities.

A FRESHMAN WISH

"I wish I wuz a Senior,
So knowing, smart an' tall,
And not a little Freshman
A roamin' 'bout the hall.

If I chanced to look at Juniors,
I'd view 'em all with scorn,
An' priggish little Soph'mores
Ud wish they'd ne'er been born.

I'd stall in all my classes
Jus' like the Seniors do;
I wish I wuz a Senior,
Now, really, don't you, too?"
—By EDNA DAVIS.



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

—R.

SENIORS



F. Hersh



KOBEY
MAY

NEWBY
McCORMICK

SHELLY
KLUS

ESTHER KOBEY

Prom Committee, Class Play, Public Speaking.

"A wide-spreading sunny disposition is my umbrella in this vale of tears."

KENNETH MAY—"KEN"

Class Oration.

"With a head as level as his heart is big."

HARRIET NEWBY

Basket Ball, '20, '21.

Prom Play, English VII.

Editor-in-Chief, Class Play.

"For if she will, she will, you may depend on't,

And if she won't, she won't, so there's an end on't."

LEONARD McCORMACK—"RED"

Foot Ball, '20, '21, Captain.

Base Ball, '21, Prom Committee.

"A man he seems of cheerful yesterdays, and confident tomorrows."

FRANCES SHELLY

Prom Committee.

"Her air, her manners, all who saw admired."

RUSSEL KLUS—"KLUS"

Annual Business Manager.

"What shall I do to forever know, and make the age to become my own."



WEST
DUGGINS

YERGIN
COOK

CLUGGISH
BURNS

PAULINE WEST—"PAUDY"

Prom Committee.

"A smiling face and a merry heart all the day."

LOWELL DUGGINS—"DUGGY"

Annual Business Staff.

"A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the best of men."

ELLA YERGIN

Color Committee, Class Play.

"Shine out, fair sun, till I have brought a glass
That I may see my shadow as I pass."

ROBERT COOK—"BOB"

Foot Ball, '21, '22.

Basket Ball, '23; Prom Play.

Annual Staff, Class Play.

"I dare do all that may become a man; who dares do more is none."

THELMA CLUGGISH

Quotations, Prom Committee, Class Play.

"Sober, but not serious; quiet, but not idle."

FRANK BURNS

Prom Committee.

"The master looks sharpest to his own business."



FLEMING
SWAZY

HAGNER
IMEL

MAURY
WILLIAMS

MARGARET FLEMING—"PEG"

Prom Committee.

"She gives a side glance, then looks down. Beware! Beware!"

HARRY SWAZY—"SWAZY"

Class Play.

"Act well your part; there all the honor lies."

HILDNA HAGNER

Orchestra.

"My tongue within my lips I reign,
For who talks much must talk in vain."

JOSEPH IMEL—"JOE"

"I have learned that to do one's duty is to take a step toward all that is worth possessing."

SARAH MAURY

Basket Ball, '20, '21.

Annual Staff, Prom Committee.

"So sweet, so lovely, and so mild is she."

RISSE WILLIAMS

Annual Business Staff.

Class Play.

"No sinner, yet no saint, perhaps,
But—well, the very best of chaps."



CLUGGISH
BUFKIN

GREENSTREET
BAUGHMAN

KAUFFMAN
HAYS

MILDRED CLUGGISH—"MILLIE"

Prom Committee, Orchestra.

"And when she played, the atmosphere was filled with magic."

SAMUEL BUFKIN, JR.

Basket Ball, '20, '21, '22.

"I wish I was as sure of anything as Macaulay is of everything."

DOROTHY GREENSTREET—"DOT"

Prom Committee, English VII, Class Prophecy.

"The sum of duty let two words contain—be humble and be just."

JOHN BAUGHMAN

"Thou art a fellow of good respect."

FRANCES KAUFMAN—"FANNIE"

"Nor bold, nor shy, nor short, nor tall,
But a new commingling of them all."

THEODORE HAYES—"TED"

Class Play.

"When I think, I must speak."



GULLION
SMITH

COLLINS
WOLFE

McKEE
HUNTER

ANASTASIA GULLION—"STASIA"

Prom Play.

"The best of life is conversation."

RAYMOND SMITH—"BUN"

Prom Committee, Annual Staff.

Class Play.

"But thou art wise and witty, too."

LOUISE COLLINS—"WIESE"

Basket Ball, '20, '21; Prom.

Play, English VIII, Class Secretary.

"Concentration alone conquers."

CLAUDE WOLFE—"LUCKY"

Prom Play, Annual Staff, Class Play.

"I envy no man that knows more than myself, but pity them that know less."

SARAH LOU McKEE

Basket Ball, '20; English VII.

Annual Staff, Class Play.

"'Tis something to be willing to commend,

But my best praise is that I am your friend."

EDWIN HUNTER—"ED."

Prom Committee.

"My heart is firm; there's naught within the compass of humanity but I would dare and do."



CRIM
LOWERY

OGBORNE
MAY

MURRAY
LOER

HELEN CRIM—"TUCK"

Flower Committee, Prom Play, Class Play.

"O controversial tongue and iron-clad convictions."

HOBERT LOWERY—"HOBE"

Foot Ball, '21, '22, '23.

Basket Ball, '22, '23; Class Play.

"The most manifest sign of wisdom is continued cheerfulness."

ALICE OGBORNE

Basket Ball, '20, '21.

English VII.

"She's all my fancy painted; she's lovely, she's divine."

HARRY MAY

Foot Ball, '22; Basket Ball, '23.

Prom Committee.

"The world is out of joint,

O blessed light,

I see that I was born to

Set it right."

EDITH MURRAY

"It is tranquil people who accomplish much."

PERRY LOER

Foot Ball, '21, '22.

Basket Ball, '21, '22, '23; Track, '22.

"Search your brain for good or bad;

There is nothing to be about this lad."



ROOF
COBLE

RICE
JOLLY

RICE
POPE

BEATRICE ROOF—"BETTY"

Public Speaking, Motto Committee, Class Play.

"The sweetest noise on earth—a woman's tongue; a string which hath no discord."

CLYDE COBLE

Class Play.

"In every rank, or great or small,
'Tis but industry supports them all."

FAY RICE

Motto Committee.

"A blithe heart makes a blooming visage."

RAYMOND JOLLY—"PETE"

Basket Ball, '21; Captain, '22.

Foot Ball, '20, '21, '22.

Base Ball, '21, '22.

"Their various cares in one great point combine,
The business of their lives, that is to dine."

MAY RICE

Annual Staff.

"What is it to be wise?

'Tis but to know how little can be known;
To see all others' faults and feel our own."

KENNETH POPE—"LUM"

Prom Play.

"My only books were women's looks, and follies all they've taught me."



SHUTT
BICKNELL

BROWN
NETZ

MURRAY
POWELL

PAULINE SHUTT—"SKEETZ"

English VII, Oratorical Contest, Class Play.
"Tis modesty that makes them seem divine."

CECIL BICKNELL—"BICK"

"Everywhere in life, the true question is not what we gain, but what we do."

OLIVE BROWN

Annual Staff.
"Bright as the sun her eyes the gazers strike;
And, like the sun, they shine on all alike."

RICHARD NETZ—"DICK"

Orchestra, Prom Committee, Annual Staff.
"And when a lady's in the case,
You know all other things give place."

BEULAH MURRAY—"SUSIE"

"Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there is no place like home."

HOWARD POWELL, JR.—"BUGS"

Prom Play, Class Play.
"A glass is good, and a lass is good,
And a pipe to smoke in cold weather.
The world is good, and the people are good,
And we're all good fellows together."



ELLIOTT
VIVIAN

JEFFRIES
JENNINGS

LYLE
LAROWE

DOROTHY ELLIOTT—"DOT"

Basket Ball, '20, '21; Prom Committee.

Public Speaking, English VII, Class Play.

"I love a hand that meets my own with grasp that causes some sensation."

MORRISON VIVIAN—"MORRY"

Prom Play, Senior Class President, Class Play.

"One thing is forever good; that one thing is success."

MABLE JEFFRIES—"RASTUS"

Orchestra, Class Play.

"See me, how calm I am."

HENRY JENNINGS—"HEN"

Prom Play, Stage Manager.

Basket Ball, '20, '21; Class Play.

"I have always been a quarter of an hour before my time, and it has made a man of me."

BESSIE LYLE

Motto Committee.

"She hath in her heart wide room for all that be."

HERMAN LAROWE

"Reading maketh a full man, confidence a ready man, and writing an exact man."



HUNT
RANSOM

JENKINS
FIELDON

TRAINOR
TOUT

EDITH HUNT—"EDIE"

Calendar.

"I recommend you to take care of the minutes, for the hours will take care of themselves."

ELMER RANSOM—"DICK"

Prom Play, Stage Manager.

Class Play, Stage Manager.

"Life is a jest, and all things show it;

I thought so once, and now I know it."

ELNORA JENKINS—"JENK"

"I hate to see a thing done by halves; if it be right do it boldly; if it be wrong, leave it undone."

NOBLE FIELDON—"SLEEPY"

"I would rather make my name than inherit it."

ELIZABETH TRAINOR—"BESS"

Prom Committee, Public Speaking.

English VII, Color Committee.

"I pride myself in recognizing and upholding ability in every way and whenever I meet it."

ARLIS TOUT—"PEPPER"

Prom Committee.

"Those that can command themselves command others."



SHAFFER
SURBER

DAVIS
JONES

THORNBERRY
SPANNUTH

ESTELLA SHAFFER—"STELLA"

"Speech is great, but silence is greater."

JACOB SURBER

Prom Committee.

"He broke no promise, served no private end,
Hath gained no title, and hath lost no friend."

EDNA DAVIS—"SUSIE"

Class Play, Class Poem.

"Full of fancy, full of folly, full of jollity and fun."

ERNEST JONES—"JONESIE"

"Here's a brave fellow! Here's a man of pluck!"

LINNIE THORNBERRY—"LIN"

"When on any great design thou doth intend,
Think on the means, the manner and the end."

WILLIAM SPANNUTH—"PIGGY"

Prom Play, Foot Ball, '21, '22.

Basket Ball, '21, '22; Track, '21—Captain, '22.

Vice-President of the Senior Class.

"I never with important air,
In conversation overbear."



WESCHKE
CONWAY

GOUDY
WHITTON

STUTTEVILLE
SANDERS

RUTH WESCHKE

Prom Committee.

"All that glitters is not gold."

LOWELL CONWAY—"Doc"

"Happy the man who has been able to learn the cause of things."

SUSIE GOUDY—"SUE"

Public Speaking.

"True happiness resides in things unseen."

PAUL WHITTEN

Prom Committee.

"He pulls down, he builds up, he changes squares into circles."

IONE STUTTEVILLE

English VII, Class Play.

"Quick to learn, and wise to know,
And keenly feels the friendly glow."

FRED SANDERS—"FREDDIE"

Prom Committee, English VII.

Class Treasurer, Class Play.

Prom Play

"Grant me honest fame or grant me none."



HIMES

HOWARD HIMES—"WEARY"

Prom Committee, Class Will.

"You beat your pate, and fancy wit will come,
Knock as you please, there is nobody at home."

OUR AMERICAN CREED

"We believe in the United States of America as a government of the people, by the people, for the people; whose just powers are derived from the consent of the governed; a democracy in a republic; a sovereign nation of many sovereign states; a perfect union, one and inseparable; established upon those principles of freedom, equality, justice and humanity for which American patriots sacrificed their lives and fortunes.

We, therefore, believe it is our duty to our country to love it; to support its constitution; to obey its laws; to respect its flag, and to defend it against all enemies."

THE SENIORS.



JUST WATCH 'EM

Maybe you have seen it, too,
Never thought of asking you,
But I'm sure you'll find it true,
If you watch 'em.

Seniors just this time of year
Begin to act so old and queer—
Of course not if they know you're near;
But just watch 'em.

Some just roll their eyes about,
Others droop their lips and pout;
Sometimes they smile—well, if you doubt,
Simply watch 'em.

Think I've found the reason, though,
Why they pause and giggle so—
Senior pictures soon, you know.
Just you watch 'em.

"ARSENAL."

TO A SENIOR

Whither, I ask of you,
While glows the campus with the first steps of day,
Far through the halls dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?
Jealously the Freshman's eye
Doth follow thee along thy chosen way.
He thinks, "Who is this very privileged guy
Who dares to make us all his word obey?"
Four years thy brain has toiled
To gain that education, thy desire;
And so, although we know you're terribly spoiled,
We'll humor you, for we, to be like you, aspire.

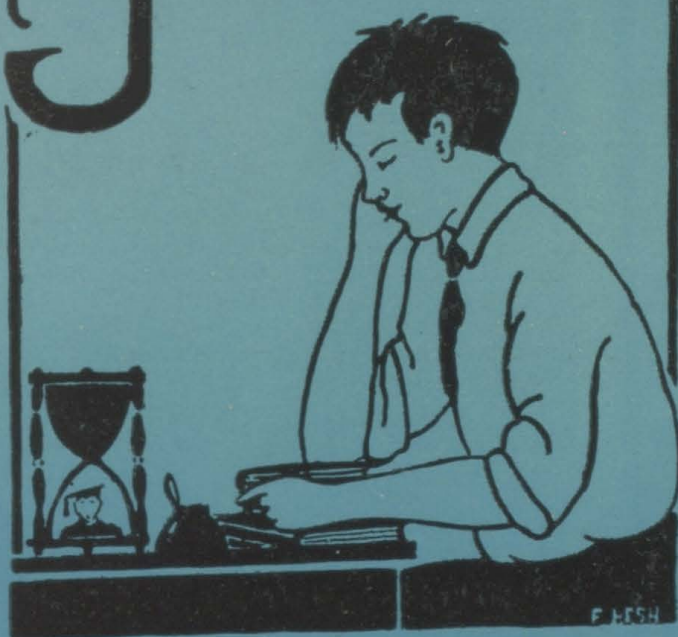
—APOLOGIES TO BRYANT.

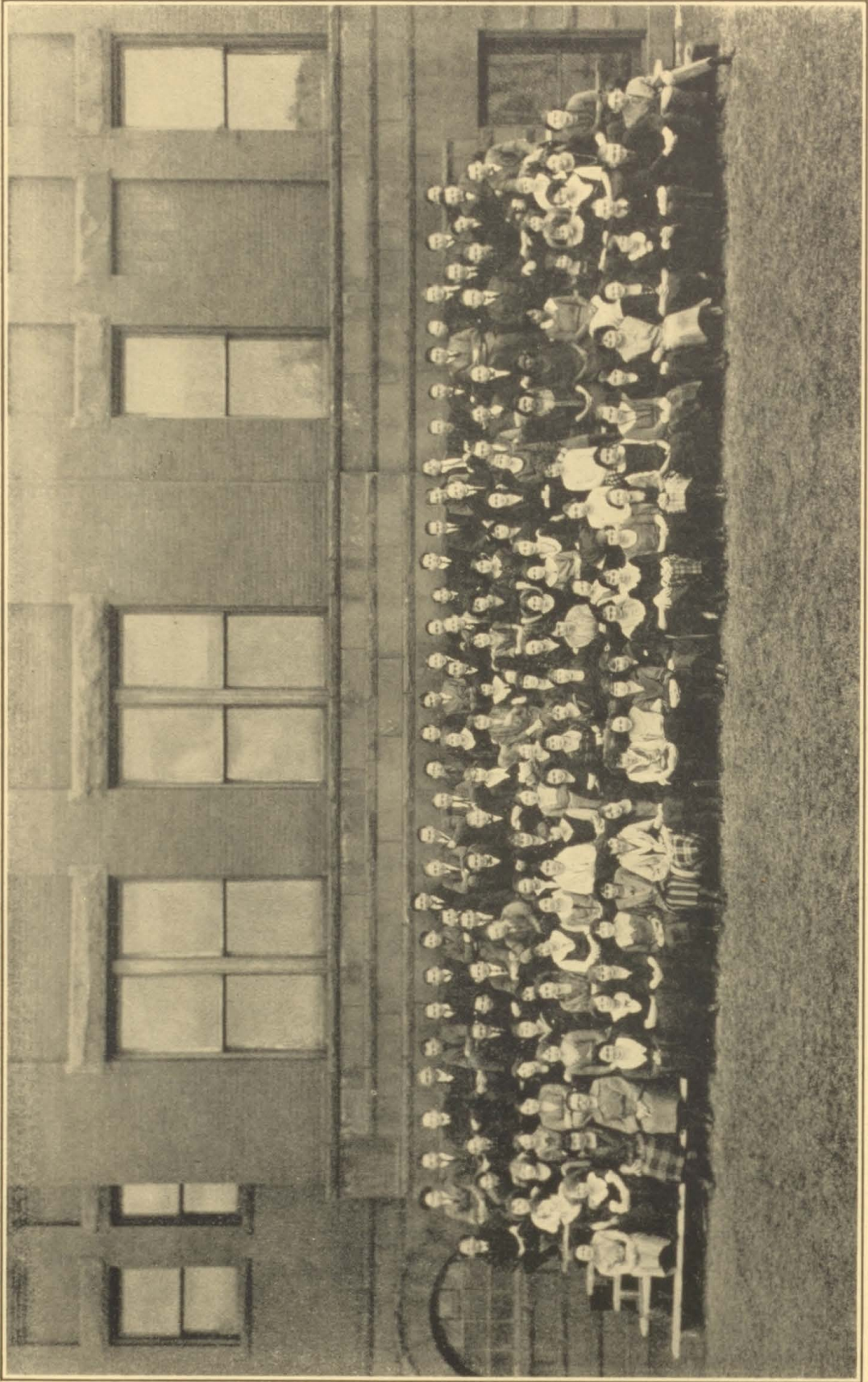
"This world is old, yet likes to laugh;
New jokes are hard to find.
A whole Annual Staff
Can't tickle every mind.
So if you find some ancient jest
Dressed out in modern style,
Don't frown and discount all the rest;
Just laugh—don't be too wise."

"So live that when thy summons comes
To join that innumerable caravan which moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His place on Llewelyn's carpet green,
That thou go not like a guilty boy
Who is kicked from the Class Room;
Is but sustained and soothed by an unfaltering nerve.
Approach thy doom as one who marches
To a History test, with countenance peaceful and serene."

—APOLOGIES TO BRYANT.

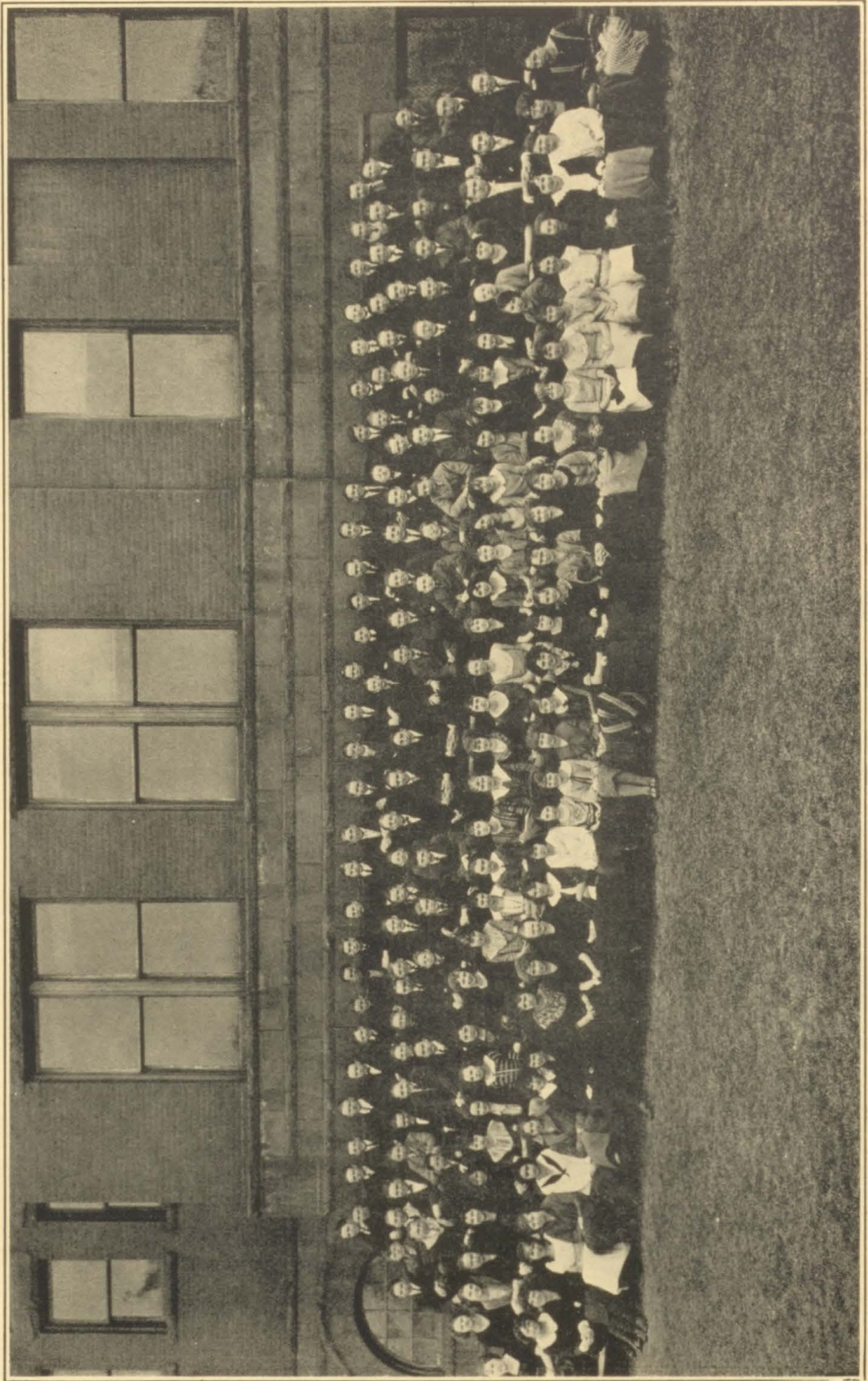
JUNIORS





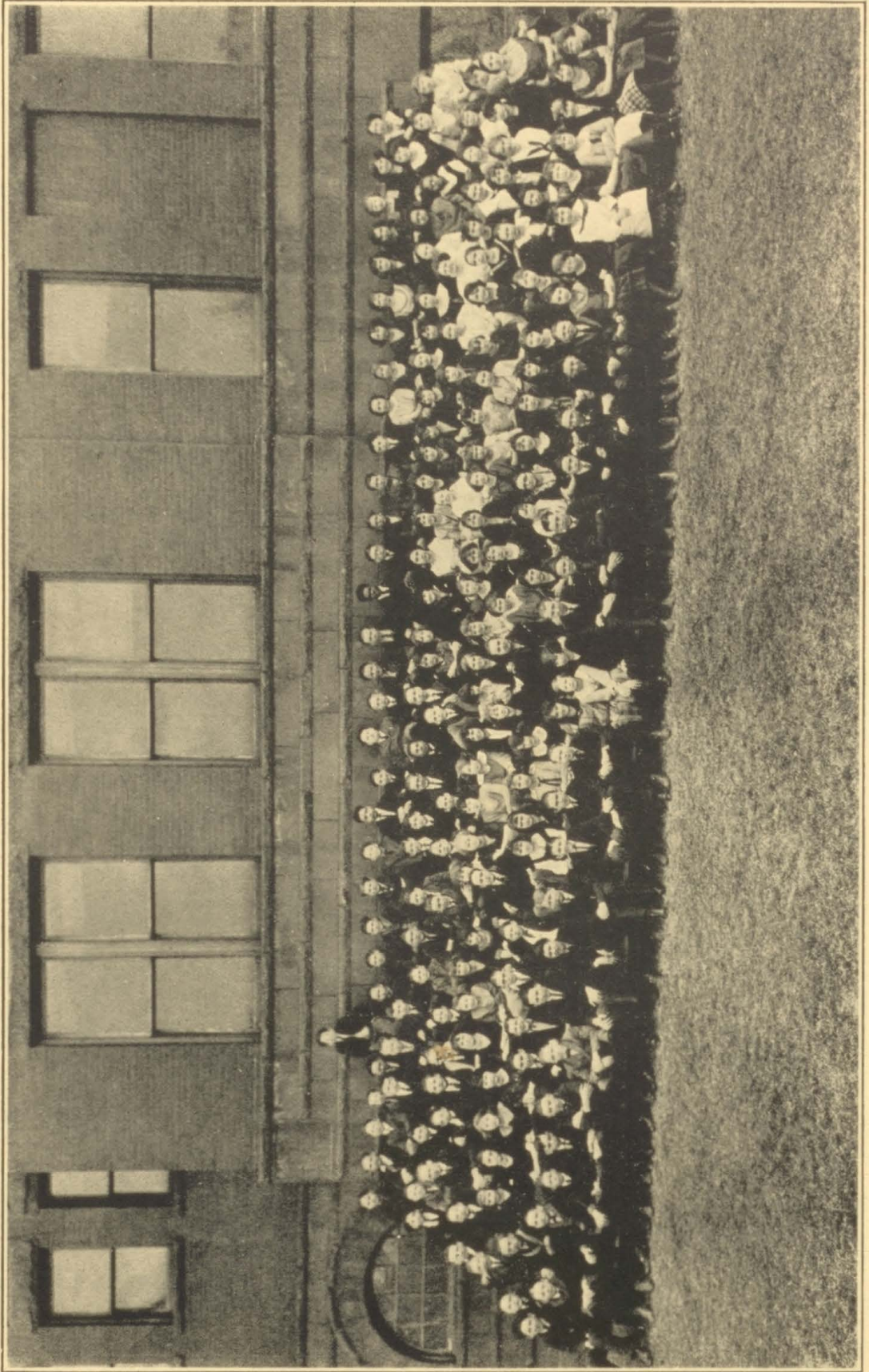
CLASS OF '24





CLASS OF '25





CLASS OF '26

PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS

Fellow Classmates:

We have now reached the position where we may review our high school career and note, with just pride, the many obstacles which we have surmounted. As an unorganized class, we entered high school with absolutely nothing except the unyielding hope and determination to realize the greatest possible benefit from the future. It is with real joy that we recall the numerous pleasures which have been ours. But our hopes and efforts would have been of little avail had it not been for the sacrifice and hardship oftentimes endured by the parents, our teachers and our community. They have made it possible for us to realize this goal, and to them we owe unbounded gratitude.

Soon our high school life will fade into the background of our thought. New thoughts, new tasks will be shifted into the limelight of our minds. We shall have made our first mile post in the race of life.

Our high school training has lifted us to a new and higher plane of purpose and effort. Consequently, it is in order that we leave below the fickle and transitory and rise into a new life, self-directed and efficient.

The modern youth, after graduation from high school, is confronted by problems of utmost importance. The manner in which his decisions are made concerning these questions will directly influence his future life, and they should be decided upon with great caution and foresight.

Though the future is oftentimes altered by unyielding circumstance, nevertheless it is well said that *"our strength is measured by our plastic power."* From the same material one man builds palaces, another hovels; one warehouses, another villas. *It is only ours to determine what our future will be.* If this principle is firmly believed, whatever the outcome may be, every crisis will be but a stepping stone to higher things. May our graduation be not a terminus, but a "commencement," in the truest sense of the word.

It is a well acknowledged fact that the man with the college education is rapidly becoming a necessary part of the modern world. The great economic machine of our times could absolutely not revolve if the man with the well-trained mind were not present to supervise its control. It is our duty that we make strenuous efforts to obtain such a broad and needed education. "We are no older than our opinions." Some people boast that their views are the same today as they were yesterday or even a year ago. That is nothing of which to be proud. If minds are open and teachable, public opinion will be enlightened, and public opinion virtually rules the United States.

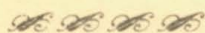
"The prosperity of a country depends, not upon the abundance of its revenue, nor the strength of its fortifications, nor the beauty of its public buildings, but upon the number of its cultured citizens, its men of character." The future of our nation depends, absolutely, upon the honesty, integrity and patriotism of its people. The form of government is of little importance unless the people, themselves, can be depended upon to do what is right in politics as well as in society and business. If every American citizen could be brought to understand and appreciate the fact that this is a government of the people, and that he is part of that government, and responsible for its conduct and control, it would aid immensely in solving the important civic problems of this nation.

Classmates, soon we shall be responsible citizens. Let us be honest, trustworthy and loyal to our American ideals. May it always be said that we have conquered, are conquering and are yet to conquer.

MORRISON VIVIAN.

CLASS MOTTO

"Conquering and still to conquer."



CLASS POEM

THE NEW YEAR

We have a new present from old Father Time,
A purse from his bountiful store—
A few less than a thousand precious hours,
Half a million of minutes and more.

With that purse we shall stop in the marts of life,
And some bargains we surely will find.
We shall spend it for study, for reading and sport,
For improvement of body and mind.

Like minted coin in the shops of life,
It will purchase what suits our taste.
We shall put every bit of the sum to use;
It's too valuable to waste.

Some part of the lot we'll share with our friends,
For none of the hours will keep;
And much we shall spend for the pleasures of home,
And a part we shall give for sleep.

For deep, hard thinking a large amount
From our generous store we'll spend;
We'll invest in a great many shares of toil,
And be sure of a dividend.

Some less than nine thousand precious hours,
Half a million minutes and more;
We shall trade every moment for something worth while,
And be richer than ever before.

—EDNA DAVIS.

"CLASS HISTORY"

In the library of the Assembly Hall I found, buried away in the dust, four large volumes compiled by some sage of long ago.

These volumes contain chapters and chapters filled with prophecies and fore-castings.

Each volume contained the happenings of each year from Freshman to Senior in the life of a certain class some time to enter N. H. S.

I haven't time to relate all these prophecies, but now it can easily be seen what class fulfills them.

This wise man foretold that in the dim future called 1919, there would enter through the portals of N. H. S. a class wonderful and surpassing. This class would be noted far and wide.

This class, with 217 strong, spent its first year learning location of rooms, names of teachers, what courses were snaps, how many drinks at the fountain could be taken in three minutes, the difference between Latin and English, what "X" means, what "R" on a home report means, the way to the office, how many coats can hang on one hook, how to make a permanent wave, and to spell "government." Higher and higher we soared into that ethereal range of Sophomores.

Here, having become accustomed to the strange atmosphere of the surroundings, we astounded the faculty and lower classmen with our extraordinary talent and brilliance. There was indeed a just cause for jollification when we defeated the Senior girls in a heart-thrilling and soul-stirring basketball tournament.

Then came that long to be remembered year, the beginning of our real class organization—the Junior year. The opening of school brought to us Mr. Valentine, that helpful, congenial man, with a heart almost as large as himself.

In our first semester the teachers always looked at us with a wise smile that seemed to say, "They will be doing great things some day," and so we did.

First came that memorable basketball season and the tournament. During the season we "broke even" with Muncie, our rival up toward the Arctic Zone, by winning our game at home to counteract the defeat we received on their floor.

It is sometimes said that a person is never satisfied after he has gained his long sought for goal, but this proved untrue when in the finals we defeated our old-time rival, "Spiceland."

The next event of our Junior year, which will go down in our records of memory as one great event, was our Junior Prom. We waited patiently for that eventful night, and at last it came. A little play was given, the cast of which was composed of our best dramatic talent. This proved a complete success (especially to us). The many expressions of appreciation from our guests indicated that all had enjoyed the whole evening.

Not enough can be said of our Senior year. Having arrived there we were pointed to as models in scholastic as well as athletic and other lines.

Our fame had begun in our third year, and so it continued and increased while we were Seniors.

For the first time in eight years we had a Virgil class, under the able supervision of Miss Guthrie.

Then came the second semester bringing Senior meetings and that happy, yet sad, "Beginning of the End."

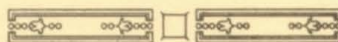
In our election of officers we chose as our leader and spokesman one with great dignity, Morrison Vivian for President. As his able assistant we selected that famous back guard of '23, William Spannuth, and for our class Treasurer, Fred Sanders. For our Secretary we chose Louise Collins.

Our class colors are Silver and Pink, and the flower of the corresponding hue, Columbia Rose. Our motto is full of force and meaning, "Conquering and Still to Conquer."

In our four years in the halls of N. H. S. we have loved and lost many teachers. While we regret their departure, we have been fortunate in having their places filled with those of equal ability and interest in our work.

We are looking forward to the Commencement, Junior Prom and Baccalaureate, which are prophecied in the fourth volume as being the best in the history of New Castle High.

DOROTHY ELLIOTT, '23.



CLASS SONG

Ding, dong, ring our High School bell,
But for us you'll cease your ringing;
Life just begun—tasks must be done
If we must win our goal.
How we'll miss you, dear old Hi;
We can hardly say goodbye—
Our class of '23.

CHORUS:

Freshman days, Sophomore days,
Then we were Juniors, oh, so gay!
Old and young remember the fun
Drifting back to High School days.
Senior days—best of days—life was only a dream.
Now, friends, we will part, but we'll keep a brave heart—
Our class of 1-9-2-3.

Goodbye, teachers, classmates dear,
How we do hate to leave you.
We say goodbye, New Castle High.
Our tasks they must be won!
Onward, upward we will pass,
Always try to do our best.
Let this our motto be.

CHORUS:

—MABLE JEFFRIES, '23.

PROPHECY

I stand before you as the class prophet. This is a difficult job, as has been found out by Isaiah, Amos, Hoag and the weatherman. But, unlike some of the above, I have been able to handle this difficult feat successfully by means of a weird and remarkable contrivance, discovered while pondering how I might make good at forecasting the fates, good, bad and indifferent, but mostly good, of my dear classmates. Of this contrivance I shall tell you after I have narrated the revelations which it brought to me, if, per chance, any of you shall still be here at that remote time.

The class president is the first man put up. The prophecy machine stuttered a little when it first contemplated Morrison; however, this young man became a very well known pugilist and went for a while with a black spot on his jaw and a cauliflower ear. All of a sudden the machine got sweet on him and showed him up as a famous engineer building dams and other kinds of profanity.

When first the prophecy machine looked on Fred Sanders he was observed to have Thelma Cluggish on one side and Mildred on the other, smiling contentedly, but as the group drew nearer, the girls were seen to disappear for points unknown, with two unknown but strangely familiar looking young men, leaving poor Fred alone, but looking relieved.

The next victim of the machine was Anastasia Gullion. "Stasia" seemed to be very successful as field manager of a chain of stores owned by Harry Swazy, with headquarters in London, New York and Paris. When campaigning seasons are on she gets out and makes political speeches for her favorite candidate for the presidency, senate, town mayor, or justice of the peace.

Henry Jennings was another problem, but the machine felt kindly toward him. With great business foresight he had secured from France and Belgium the soft drink concession for the Sahara Desert and the Congo region, and was supplying cream sodas and pop to both men and beast throughout this vast thirsty area. At last accounts he had built up a business which, compared to the Standard Oil Company, made the latter look like a peanut stand located in a village alley.

Leonard McCormack, Richard Netz, Kenneth Pope and Elmer Ransom became famous opera singers. They were so skillful in the art of singing that at times the stones and bricks of the streets leaped out of their beds to follow them, to hear their transcendent harmony, and not infrequently a peck of potatoes or a covey of cabbages could be seen rushing after them.

At this juncture the machine stopped entirely and I was beginning to feel worried, however when I investigated the matter the machine gave a sudden jump and my worries ceased. Before me could be distinguished Elnora Jenkins and Robert Cook doing their new and famous Polish dance. These two had decided to earn their bread by the sweat of their toes.

True to form, the machine showed Sam Bufkin, Noble Fieldon and Theodore Hayes, who were performing their life's work as traffic "cops." The city in which they were located seemed to be a strange one of possibly 125,000 inhabitants, and a very cosmopolitan city at that, for Sam was heard to swear in four languages when a half dozen Fords piled up in one corner of his square. I was completely at a loss whither these classmates of mine had strayed in their life's pathway until I saw a little old building off in a plot by itself at the edge of town which I recognized as the court house of the Newcastle of other days.

The machine gave an appreciative squeak and I beheld a picture gallery. The central feature of this gallery seemed to be a beautiful picture around which eager spectators were gathered. In the background, scarcely detached from the walls and furniture of the building, I perceived an indistinct figure with face averted, but of a familiar outline, which I finally recognized as Olive Brown, the creator of the masterpiece.

Another twist of the machine brought into view a very strange scene. At first I could not see anything except the backs of the people present, but finally I recognized that this was none other than a gathering of the Senate. Ruth Weschke seemed to have the floor and was putting forth her views with great emphasis upon the annexation of Mexico. Another scene showed quite a little confusion, and Pauline Shutt and Estella Shaffer were observed to be starting a filibuster against the general appropriation bill in the House, their chief occupation during the sessions.

The machine gave a startling snap and I could distinguish the figure of Margaret Fleming standing before a class of Latin students. The facility with which she read the difficult passages put her down as a star in this line of educational work.

The next problem was Dorothy Elliott. She was engaged in her usual occupation, talking. At first I thought she was making a speech to the unsuspecting public, but I soon found out that she was giving Howard Himes a lecture upon his last escapade. She was talking at such a rate that poor Howard, who usually stood up for himself, could not get the wire.

My machine gave a groan, and to my surprise Perry Loer, Harry May and Joseph Imel were thrown before me. These men had become famous astrologers and were at this moment peering through a telescope in order to add a few finishing touches to the theory which would explode the Bronson theory of the universe.

At this point my machine got in a hurry, and Louise Collins, Susie Goudy, Pauline West, Ella Yergin and Linnie Thornberry were seen getting ready for a trip abroad. These young ladies had decided to visit King Tut's tomb and go man hunting where men originally appeared on earth. Lowell Duggins was the captain of their ship, and was seen walking the deck with a large pipe in his mouth. Susie, having purchased a bag of peanuts from Raymond Jolly, the sea rover, proceeded to get seasick. She had not been so thoroughly jarred since the time she was vaccinated against smallpox in 1923, just previous to her graduation.

Being interested I followed them on their long journey and watched their fortunes. Susie did not die, although she profoundly wished that she might. Others also felt the sickening influence of the sea and came under the care of the ship's doctor, a tall, massive, spectacled professional man, whom the dapper little ship's engineer, Bicknell by name, frequently saluted on the side as "Piggy." The stewardess carried tempting bits of pie and cake to the semi-invalids parked on steamer chairs and other items of furniture about the deck. She was recognized as what was left of Beulah Murray. Along with the crowd was Frances Shelly, who spent most of her time in a mad flirtation with a corpulent middle-aged banker, outward bound from New York on business and pleasure bent. His name appeared to be H. A. Lowery. This activity aroused the hapless and speechless envy of a number of the other spinsters on board who were unable to connect with any such thrilling adventure. Other familiar faces among this discontented crowd were those of Beatrice Roof, a Smith College Dean, Edith Murray and Bessie Lyle, wealthy proprietors of Helen Crim's cafe in Paris. Esther Kobey was making a romantic trip to South Africa, where she expected to be married upon her arrival to a mining engineer. Sarah Lou McKee O'Brien, a fat little widow, entertained the members on board by her trapeze stunts. Ione Stuteville wrote long poems and read them to anybody that would listen, finally capturing the ship's cook, Edwin Hunter, and reading to him until he was black in the face. A bald-headed man with heavy shell-rimmed glasses was recognized as Lowell Conway, the professor of Archaeology at Columbia University. This being Lowell's eighteenth visit, he was telling the tourists of the marvelous wonders that were to be found in the tomb of King Tut. He, himself, had obtained one of Tut's little fingers, Cleopatra's famous ring and a tooth from Ptolemy on various of his other visits. Professor Conway's most attentive auditors were Sarah Maury, Edna Davis and Alice Ogborn, who listened with wide-eyed amazement to these stories, and built up their hopes of getting this same kind of trophies.

This ship was very fortunate in having on board several highly talented people. The passengers were entertained one evening by two girls, one performing on the drums and the other on the flute. At first I could not distinguish one from the other, but finally I recognized them as May and Fay Rice. Both of the girls had dyed their hair *red*. This same evening two other people performed. A very tall, gray-haired man, who seemed never to have gotten over his bashful youth, sang a song. I did not recognize him until he lifted his head, revealing the face of Hermann Larowe. A girl who had been performing tricks with chewing gum all evening appeared to be none other than Mable Jefferies. She favored the audience with ballet dances. There was a man on board who was conspicuous for his quietude, nobody being able to get a word out of him except Harriet Newby. In her bewitching way she engaged him in conversation and found out that the gentleman was John Baugham, her old class-mate, who had become an inventor and who was trying to figure out how to make butter out of beech trees at this time. Edith Hunt and Elizabeth Trainor were seen leading two professors of psychology, Ernest Jones and Arlis Tout, by their noses. As the ship neared the docks of Cairo, Hilda Hagner was seen gathering her crowd of tourists under her wing, as she was chaperoning them to King Tut's tomb.

At the docks of Cairo the familiar figure of a man greeted my eyes. He was supposed to be throwing out ropes to the newly arrived ship, but he was mainly engaged in talking and doing the heavy looking on. This personage was Raymond Smith. A few minutes later Claude Wolfe, in cork helmet and tropical clothes, was seen to tell Raymond in no uncertain language to mind his own business to the best of his ability. A short, snappy fellow approached the dock and looked intently at the American flag flying from the taffrail. I soon saw that it was Russell Klus, who had been constructing a power plant on the Zambezi river just above the Zambezi falls. The next moment I perceived a man, wearing a poupe, behind bars in a large railway station in Cairo. He was none other than Risser Williams, selling railway tickets. In this same station one could hear the loud voice of the train-caller, and as the prophecy machine gave a click I saw Frank Burns, who had grown to be a fat, jovial man of forty.

As the city of Cairo was investigated further by the tourists they found that Howard Powell and Kenneth May were wealthy and popular bachelors in the city, having made their money at Monte Carlo where they held the position of bell boys in a hotel. Clyde Coble was found to be engaged in paving the city streets, while Jacob Surber and Paul Whitton sat under a nearby palm tree thumping their guitars and bossing the job. Uniformed flunkies from time to time served sodas to them which they brought from a nearby emporium upon which was a large sign bearing in fourteen languages and a hundred and twenty-three dialects the legend, "H. Jennings & Company, Ltd., Thirst Destroyer to the Sahara Desert, the Valleys of the Nile, Neger and Congo."

Just as I strained my wonderful machine to its limit to view myself as a fat, jolly old maid of forty-five, in rouge and curls, the mechanism gave way under internal stress and lay a hopeless tangle of wrecked wheels, levers, pawls, cams and pinions at my feet. So I cannot describe to you this wonder as I have promised, but can only relate here the melancholy story of the wreck of the greatest prophecy machine of history, and lament the fact that it can never be used again.

DOROTHY GREENSTREET.

CLASS WILL

We, the class of 1923, having been judged by John Sylvester Miles Monroe Lemon as possessing a sound mind and rare intelligence, all of us carrying chauffeurs' licenses and vaccination certificates, do this 25th day of May, make this last will and testament.

In witness thereof we have hereunto set our hand and seal.

Signed:

Clyde Coble leaves to Harry Woodbury a list of doctors' and dentists' engagements and other excuses for absence. What Harry really needs is a few good excuses for attendance.

William Spannuth wills to "Bill" Tinkle a few wires, to be pulled next year so "Bill" can loaf in the office, too.

Hobart Lowery endows Herbert Evans with his popularity.

Elizabeth Trainor leaves her extra credits to Annabelle Sanders so that she will not have to wait a second year to get her name on the Honor Roll.

Ella Yergin relieves the minds of many by making a final statement saying that she is *not* married.

Frank Burns leaves his ability for conversing in Spanish to one of his many admirers, Elsie White.

Theodore Hayes leaves his beloved Mt. Summit to the tender mercies of "Ced" Mills, to be used particularly on Sunday nights.

Harriet Newby, knowing that Blanche needs a little information along this line, bequeaths her masterpiece, "How to be Independent," to Blanche Nield.

Anastasia Gullion endows Paul Clearwater with her gift of "gab."

Bessie Lyle leaves her interest in missionaries to Evelyn Williams.

"Bob" Cook leaves to our local "Sheik," "Bob" Jennings, his delicate laugh, in the belief that it will match "Bob's" dainty ways.

Sam Bufkins leaves his brilliant sayings in the care of "Bruno" Shapiro.

Harry May bequeaths his pet quotation, which is, "Consider the fish, if he didn't open his mouth he wouldn't get caught," to George Weltz. If carefully followed, George, it will save lots of trouble.

Perry Loer leaves his "unquestionable ability" as a "pool player" to Jesse French.

Henry Jennings leaves his talent for mixing chemicals with the most horrible odors to Theodore Dann.

To a certain group of Freshmen, of which William Higley and John Scott are good examples, Thelma Cluggish, Beatrice Roof, Sarah Maury and Elnora Jenkins bequeath their studious ways in the belief that the aforesaid *could* be something besides nuisances.

Frances Kaufman and Frances Shelley leave their extensive knowledge of law, acquired in this semester's class, to John Coggshell, so he can figure out the penalty for his next offense before he is called to the office.

Esther Kobey wills her diary, which practically everybody in the Spanish V class read when she lost it, to Duke, the janitor, to start a fire in the furnace next year.

Fred Sanders leaves his good looks to Eugene Hines, so he can make a hit with Dora Azen.

Cecil Bicknell, Noble Fielden, Lowell Duggins and Joseph Imel, having more money than they know what to do with, have pooled their finances and purchased an "accident" policy which they leave to "Red" Rosell. The policy states that in case "Red" does graduate in the next ten years it will be classed as an accident and he is to be pensioned for life.

Olive Brown leaves her "artistic temperament" to Miles Young, so Miles can entertain Miss Wickett by drawing pictures or something of the sort instead of talking so much and bothering the rest of the French class.

John Baughman leaves one bucket of "Stacomb" to Paul Hosea. He sincerely believes that it will take the whole bucket to make Paul's hair lay down.

At the suggestion of some of Professor "Don" McKee's friends, Kenneth May has bequeathed to him one pair of suspenders. Puzzle—now what will he do for something to play with since he no longer has use for a belt?

Junior Powell, in the kindness of his heart, leaves his most cherished possession, a yard stick, to "Freddie" Smith, with this suggestion from Coue, "Every day, in every way, I'm getting taller and taller.

Raymond Jolly leaves one of his dozens of old sweaters to "Don" Brumback to replace the horrible looking affair "Don" has been wearing lately.

Margaret Fleming bequeaths her artistic ability in the use of cosmetics to her sister, Louise.

Helen Crim, to make an everlasting impression, bestows upon Keith Edwards her "baby talk."

Dorothy Greenstreet leaves her dignity to Helen Haguewood, to counterbalance Helen's wit.

Howard Himes leaves himself in the care of a *faultless* little person, namely, Helen Millikan, so that she can correct the many faults she is continually finding in him.

Claude Wolfe and Risser Williams leave their ability for making fools of themselves on the subject of radio to Harold Moppin and Frank Winters.

Lowell Conway wills a framed picture of himself. A statue is to be made of him and placed in the upper hall to prove to the ignorant Freshmen that athletics and careful training will give one an "Appolo-like" figure.

Morrison Vivian, Russell Klus and Louise Collins leave their Senior offices to any one in next year's class who is fool enough to accept a nomination to them.

To Louise Evans, Mildred Cluggish leaves a large set of springs to be placed on the sidewalk outside Louise's house as a lighting place for "dates" who are not welcome to all members of the family.

To "Bill" McKee, Elmer Ransom bequeaths his childish pranks.

Sarah Lou McKee and Richard Netz leave their interest in each other to Blanche Davis and Francis Roll.

Dorothy Elliott wills one bale of letters received from fellows going to college to any one who has a taste for "Thrilling Literature."

Arlis Trout wills one comb to Walter Cloud. This will be a relief to any one who frequents the north end of the lower hall.

Ruth Weschke leaves the promise to act as detective to "Windy" McGraw for the next three years, so "Windy" can keep track of his "wife" and find out where she was the night before.

Linnie Thornberry leaves some of her weight to Helen Taylor.

Estella Shaffer wills her "vampish ways" to Opal Johnson.

Fay Rice and May Rice, during a period of overwhelming pity, have decided to leave a book on "How to be Happy" to Professor Rockhill, in the hope that it will cause the numerous frowns so often seen on his troubled brow to disappear.

Pauline West, Ione Stuteville, Pauline Shutt, Beulah and Edith Murray, during their spare hours in the last month, have constructed a pair of lace curtains which they bequeath to Professor "Bill" Jones as a wedding present.

Harry Swazy gives his golden voice to "Goldie" Nicholson.

Leonard McCormick leaves his modesty and blushes to backward little Ruth Fields.

Hilda Hagner, knowing how well Ralph likes to talk, leaves an everlasting supply of knowledge concerning Europe to Ralph Wolfe.

Edwin Hunter leaves his habit of chewing gum to Susan Shirk, so Susan will have something to do besides talk.

To "Peedad" Fennel, Herman Larrowe leaves a little common sense to go with his bulk.

Mable Jefferies leaves her curls, which she never had the nerve to dispose of, hoping that Helen will wear them and realize that she is not so old after all.

Edna Davis bequeaths her "Girl Graduate Book" to one of similar feminine tastes—Rex Fegley.

Paul Whitton, knowing the trials of translating Latin, leaves his Vergil pony to Feryl Sipe.

Edith Hunt wills her "radio boots" to Lowell Kirk, so he can wade through the mud to see Ruth.

To George Davis, who has a craving for literature, Ernest Jones leaves his library permit.

Jacob Surber leaves his "vaccination certificate" to one who has a consuming fear of being vaccinated—Arthur Burton.

Susie Goudy bequeaths her Household Management note-book to Mary Koons, who, tradition says, couldn't boil water without burning it.

To Max Fennel, Alice Ogborn leaves her crutches so Max can reach his heart's desire and get more attention when he takes his daily stroll in the assembly.

"Bun" Smith wills one bushel of finely cut paper to Morris White, with instructions to scatter it under Mary Cluggish's desk and really give her something to growl about.

Our Jewish friend, Kenneth Pope, leaves for Egypt tomorrow morning to escape the wrath of Clyde Applegate, who has just found out that Pope was cheating him when he won so many games of pool the other day.

Codicil: All the foregoing acts are to be carried out under the supervision of Merret Duke.

CLASS ORATION

ONE WAY OUT

War is a curse, and peace a blessing upon humanity. "A realm gaineth more by one year's peace than by ten years' war."

The aftermath of war has always been the worst part of war. Devastation of territory, waste of manhood, the overwhelming debt, chaos in the business world, the physical suffering, the immorality—these are what makes war dreaded; these are arguments for peace. Any plan that will keep perpetual peace is heralded by any thoughtful person as worthy of attention. Just now we in America are asked to consider a new World Court. This is no new idea, for all are more or less familiar with the Hague Tribunal, which has been in action since 1900.

If a survey be taken of the various schemes for a new World Court, three things must be assumed. In the first place it must be taken for granted that representatives of the governments concerned are efficient agents for establishing and working the court; in the second place it must be assumed the governments are competent to carry out the obligation to which they are bound, and, lastly, it must be conceded, the function of the court itself is government. It is a political machine made out of political material and with a political object; that of governing the world or the largest possible portion of it in a different and presumably better manner than heretofore.

When we turn from the self-sacrifices of the war to the political intrigues that followed it, we are aware of painful discrepancy. On the first level we are in contact with the soul of a nation, and on the second the material forces that control the nation. It is not too much to say that if a Court of Nations is ever to come into being, the foundation must be laid on the self-sacrifices which characterized the war, and not a low level of political intrigues.

Nothing will be adequate to the deliverance of civilization from its present entanglements except by united action. Means must be devised to bring nations together on a higher plane of self-sacrifice. The forces exist; the problem is to unite them. Talked into existence, the Court of Nations will never be; it must be wrought into existence by invincible courage and long enduring travail.

We of this generation do not have to face a task such as our fathers faced, but we have our tasks, and woe to us if we fail to perform them. That task is the task of establishing a permanent Court of International Justice. International justice cannot be achieved in any generation for all times to come, for it involves a continuous process which can never be accomplished with a single stroke. Why then do we withhold our action? It is not because of any opposition to the idea, even in the days of strictest isolation, because we realize that world questions will not be settled unless a permanent court is established. But machinery alone will not suffice. Behind it must be a faith in the peaceful processes it is created to serve, and a will that it shall succeed.

KENNETH MAY.

REFLECTIONS OF A CANARY BIRD ON GRADUATION

One would think the life of a canary would be of dull monotony, but to "Dickie" it grows more interesting all the time. For being located in the big window of the living-room he watches the activities of the great out-door world, and, with keenest pleasure and amusement, observes the various proceedings of the family. Being a canary he has more privileges than other creatures, for he is admitted at all times into the conversation of the family, while the mouse behind the door only gathers his knowledge in passing.

Just at this time of year all centers of interest and subjects of conversation are concerned with graduation. Its concerns are digested along with the breakfast, dinner and supper. You see the girl of the family has reached that glorious age of seventeen, and has no worries with the exception of Jimmy, the small brother, but is in the midst of the joy of getting ready for commencement. There are those days spent with the necessary dressmaker. To the canary it seems so trivial to see each garment fitted and pinned, basted and sewed, to see which way looked the most effective. And what difference would it make—the world would go on just the same—if the dress wasn't just the length of friend Marcia's taffeta, or Charlotte's "Prom" dress? There were those two evenings spent in deciding about the calling-cards. Should they be Old English or Script—which was going to be just the thing this season? Then there were Peggy's preparations for her part in the Annual, writing the Class Will. Which would cause more humor, leaving Professor King kid curlers or a bottle of bubbling spirits? With noise and confusion, haste and delay, this was at last in readiness for the printer. Then came the day when the troop of flapper friends came tripping in on their way home from town or the post office, just stopping a minute to show Peggy what Cousin Phill sent from Wyoming, and Aunt Kate's present from New York. The assortment of adjectives used in expressing the desired praise, the Ohs and Ahs! "How wonderful! Oh, perfectly darling! Aren't they a dream? You lucky girl!" All over one pair of jade ear rings. The canary thought of all those thousands of people who tried to exist before ear rings became a fad, and wondered how they managed. Finally came the day when the pictures were finished, the Junior Prom was over, the Annuals all sold, the play voted a splendid success and everything in readiness for commencement day. What then? With this in mind, Dickie fluffed his feathers and settled down to a peaceful dream, and to be thankful he was not a "sweet girl graduate."

MARION LDYL.

THE ESTEEMED CLASS OF ENGLISH VIII

Once upon a time not so very long ago and not so very far from here, there grew up one boy and twelve girls. Through many trials and tribulations these aforesaid people have arrived at the station of English VIII.

The one solitary boy, though alone in his class, is in no wise an object of pity, for he has already achieved fame in various fields of activity and is secure in the confidence of his classmates, who have made him their class treasurer. Aside from these accomplishments, the young man is looked upon with admiration by the members of the class.

The young lady with the light hair merging into red uses the language which she is studying with great fluency. In fact she uses it over and over in a constantly changing number of ways, but it never wears out. If this young lady were not so modest I would say more.

Among our number is a raven-locked girl who is tall in person and also tall in personality. She is peculiarly fond of the mysteries of Latin, and some day may become a proficient teacher in that language.

There comes to my mind a girl with violet eyes. While she is not known to volunteer information, she is always ready with an answer if called upon. This young lady is particularly noted for her wonderful English notebook.

Our class is blessed with an artist, not in painting, but in literature. She is able to write both stories and poetry. She can give a good discussion or criticism, much to the delight of her classmates.

There are two midgets who, though small in stature, are giants in mental powers. One comes in with her head bowed down under the heavy load of editor-and-chiefship of the Annual, while the other comes in with head up and not a care on earth, knowing that she can act any part from Romeo to Shylock.

We have a musician who is quite capable in the work she is doing, although she nimbly jumped a peg to get her English VIII.

There is another musician in our midst who is blessed with raven bobbed hair and rosy cheeks. This young miss would drop her musical talents for the typewriter, in the manipulation of which she is very skillful.

There are two cousins who are talented as elocutionists. Not even do they toss their bobbed hair with greater ease than they are able to unwind the most knotty combinations of their beloved mother tongue. Look out for them on the stage, or platform.

Behold another, modest, demure, talented, who has so captivated her fellow classmen, that they could think of nothing more complimentary than to bestow upon her the secretaryship of the Senior class.

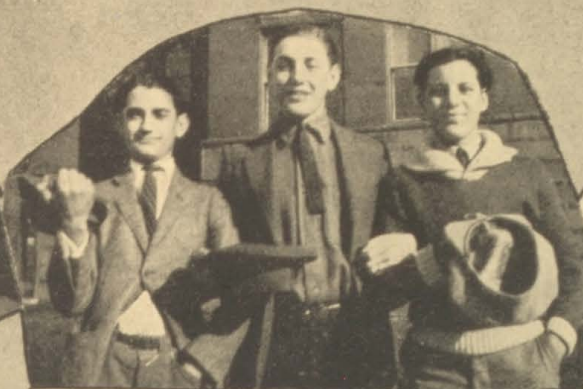
Last, and probably least, the writer, just as ambitious as the rest if perchance a few paces behind in attainments.

Their teacher, too, must be added to the list. With mind mature and heart of youth, she plies her skill to give us in early life the riches she has gathered through the years.

These few things I say on this poor sheet about the small efforts of these youngsters. But if I should try to tell of their ambitions, dreams, hopes and fears, and prophesy of their success or failure in the coming years, a volume would not hold the half that I must write.



Ugh!



Donations Please.



3-0'clock in the morn.



"Aint Nature Grand?"



Conceit



Twins.



Young & Foolish.



Pals.



The Inseparable.



And me.



Behold-



M.



Kate.



During ye Office 'ours.

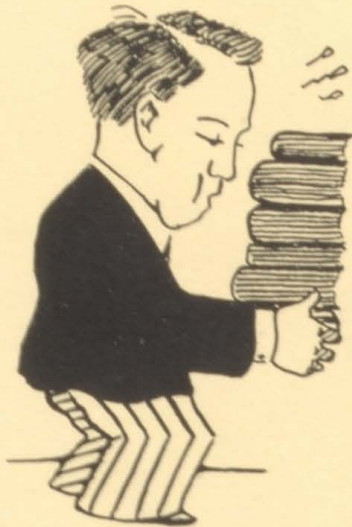


Oh Gee.



Tee! Hee?

SKETCHES ABOUT SCHOOL —



MR. BRONSON
TAKES HOME
SOME WORK

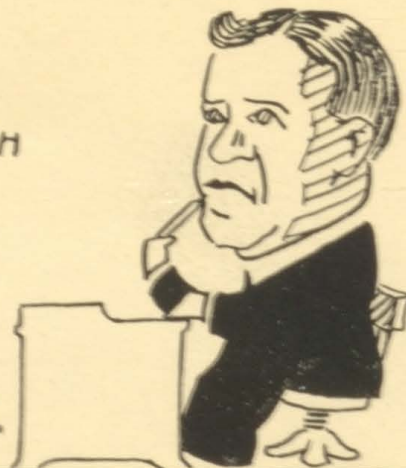


THERE HAS BEEN A
REPORT ABOUT MISS
WESTHAFFER WEAR-
ING OUT A PAIR OF
GLASSES THROUGH
OVERWORK.



MR. LOGAN LOST
FIVE POUNDS THROUGH
OVERSTUDY—

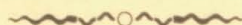
MR. LLEWLYN
IN
SILENT MEDITATION.



HOWARD
MOON



ATHLETIC FOREWORD



Athletics in the last few years have meant more and more to the student body of Newcastle High School.

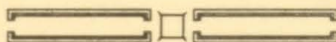
Every business man must have some sort of recreation or a hobby. If he does not, there is the greatest chance that he will not be a success. Every student is a business man; absorbing knowledge is his business. He must have recreation, just as the man in any other business. He turns to athletics for this recreation.

A student that attends an athletic contest, participates in the game, whether he is on the floor or in the bleachers. Any student that attends a game and roots for the team makes it that much easier for the team to beat their opponents.

There are rules to every game that limit the number of participants that can be on the court—eleven on a foot ball gridiron, five on a basket ball court, and nine on a base ball diamond—but there is no limitations as to the rooters. It is evident that it is up to the students as to how strong a team the school puts against its opponents. Let us always remember this.

There is a sport for every season—foot ball lasts from September to November, basket ball from November to March, and base ball and track from April till the end of the school year.

Once upon a time a Richmond player said that the players on the Newcastle team were too rough, because some wearer of the green and white had broken the Richmond lad's rib. The referee told the broken ribbed one that the game was a man's game, and that if he couldn't stand the pace to get out. He got out. Morale: It takes a man to participate in athletics, not necessarily in size, but in spirit. You will appreciate this if you have ever participated in athletics or even if you haven't, if you have ever noticed closely an athlete as he leaves the field of battle.



FOOT BALL



The foot ball season started off with every indication of a wonderful season on the gridiron. At the beginning of the season seven of last year's letter men reported for practice. They were Captain McCormack, Lacy, Jolly, Cluggish, Spannuth, Cook and Loer. But due to the eligibility rules of the school and State Athletic Association, only Cook and Loer finished the season with the team.

Lady Luck beamed on us the first three games. We handed Muncie and Knightstown goose eggs, and Portland only got seven points on us. We ran fifty-three points on the three teams. About this time we began losing the regulars. Consequently we were forced out of the winning side of the score book for the rest of the season.

The recruits of this year's squad played a good game considering their inexperience.

At present, next year's known material lines up with the following men in the limelight: Lacy, Baker, Hodgett, Plummer, Shelton, Freel, Royer, Zink, Gauker, Hines, Niles, Faulck and Corb Fennell. These men, with the experience and coaching they got this year, should form the nucleus for a winning team next season.

The letter men this year were Loer, May, Cook, Lacy, Baker, Hodgett, Plummer, Gauker, Hines, Niles, Falck, Corb Fennell, Shelton and Freel. Loer, May and Cook are members of this year's graduating class.

The schedule and outcome of this year's games:

N. H. S.....	31	Knightstown	0—Home
N. H. S.....	12	Portland	7—Away
N. H. S.....	10	Muncie	0—Home
N. H. S.....	13	Richmond	35—Away
N. H. S.....	6	Portland	12—Home
N. H. S.....	0	Muncie	12—Away
N. H. S.....	0	Brazil	52—Away

Games scheduled for next season:

September 22	Knightstown—Away
September 29	Open
October 4	Man. Tr.—Home
October 11	Muncie—Away
October 17	Greenfield—Away
October 27	Richmond—Home
November 2	Muncie—Home
November 10	Open

More and more grows the conviction that William Shakespeare was no slouch when it came to the matter of keeping up with the times. Behold the following mentions in which he makes constant allusion to the favorite pastime of the American youth:

"Down, down."—Henry VI.

"Well placed."—Henry V.

"A touch, a touch, I do confess."—Hamlet.

"I do commend you to their barks."—Macbeth.

"More rushes. More rushes."—Henry IV.

"Pell mell, down with them."—Love's Labor Lost.

"This shouldering of each other."—Henry VI.

"Being down, I have the placing."—Cymbeline.

"Let him not pass, but kill him rather."—Othello.

"'Tis sport to maul a runner."—Anthony and Cleopatra.

"I'll catch it ere it comes to ground."—Macbeth.

"We must have bloody noses and cracked crowns."—Henry IV.

"Worthy sir, thou bleedest; thy exercise has been too violent."—Coriolanus.

"It's the first time I ever heard breaking of ribs was sport."—As You Like It.



BASKET BALL SCORES—SEASON '22-'23

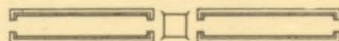
GAMES AT HOME

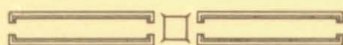
Nov. 24—N. H. S.....	21	Hartford City	17
Dec. 1—N. H. S.....	39	Middletown	18
Dec. 9—N. H. S.....	57	Knightstown	13
Dec. 22—N. H. S.....	16	Muncie	37
Dec. 29—N. H. S.....	22	Rushville	21
Jan. 5—N. H. S.....	25	Cambridge City	18
Jan. 12—N. H. S.....	20	Spiceland	14
Jan. 16—N. H. S.....	29	Eaton	24
Jan. 19—N. H. S.....	20	Richmond	28
Feb. 3—N. H. S.....	21	Marion	30
Feb. 23—N. H. S.....	19	Connersville	22

GAMES AWAY

Nov. 17—N. H. S.....	24	Cambridge City	21
Dec. 2—N. H. S.....	19	Connersville	25
Dec. 8—N. H. S.....	24	Middletown	24
Dec. 15—N. H. S.....	27	Spiceland	43
Jan. 13—N. H. S.....	14	Marion	31
Jan. 26—N. H. S.....	19	Muncie	39
Feb. 2—N. H. S.....	25	Rushville	38
Feb. 9—N. H. S.....	42	Knightstown	37
Feb. 16—N. H. S.....	34	Hartford City	29

Summary—Games won, N. H. S., 10; games lost, 10; points by N. H. S., 517; opponents, 529.





BASKET BALL

Basket ball is the most patronized sport in Newcastle. That a keen interest is shown in the sport is proved by the fact that about fifty aspirants reported at the first of the year for practice.

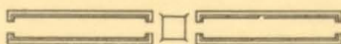
For the last two months of the season, Coach Mendenhall had fourteen or fifteen men to work with. Out of this bunch, besides the first team, he developed a second team that was capable of taking and being "took." The seconds put up some mighty interesting games for the spectators.

The first team this year stacked up against the strongest teams in this part of the country. We have heard of teams, that are not a thousand miles away, who played teams that were so easy that they beat all but one team, then they held their record up for the basket ball fans of the state to look at—but alas, they went to the district tourney and were defeated by a town exactly the size of Mt. Summit. N. H. S. never made schedules like that, and we hope this school never will, for a true sportsman would much rather see his team go down in defeat before a good team than win a game from a rotten team by a four or five-point lead. We were defeated by Muncie and Richmond, who were two of the sixteen teams to play at the state fair grounds. Muncie, it will be remembered, came within eleven points of being state champions.

Newcastle has wonderful prospects for a team next year. Cluggish, Dann, Gauker, Harlan, Freel, Lacy and Starbuck, letter men of this year who will be back next year, are going to have to step to keep their positions, for a lot of new material will be out for the team next season. Edwards and "Feet" Jennings should be wearing the English N next year.

John Lemon, last year's basket ball coach, has in the last month of basket ball season developed a midget squad that will average about 115 pounds. He found some truly wonderful material in the kids. If some of them get some weight on them this summer, they, along with Jolly's Y. M. C. A. Juniors, are going to make the high school coach do lots of thinking before he picks eight men for the district tourney next year.

This year's basket ball letter men were May, Dann, Cluggish, Lowery, Lacy, Harlan, Freel, Jennings, Starbuck and Gauker.





CLUGGISH, "PAULINE"

When he is in the right mood he gives any man a fight for the title, "Best man on the floor." When the other fellows are off form he can be counted on to register from the center of the court. And dribble! He surely bounces a wicked ball.



LACY, "BOB"

Small but mighty. One of the best forwards in the district. He has a hook pass that baffles the best of them.



LOWERY, "HOBE"

One of the most valuable players on the team. Always makes a goodly number of the shots from the little black mark. Capable of making the team at any college he may attend.



GAUKER, "TILLIE"

He has been going good since he had his arches built up. He is death on those under the basket shots. Ask Hartford City. "Tillie" has another year. Watch his smoke, folks.



MAY, HARRY

A back guard who can cause a lot of worry to his opponents under the basket. He had some tough luck with his elbow, which caused him to stay out of the fight for several games.



STARBUCK, "FRED"

So small he can climb up a big fellow's back and get away with it. He has been playing regular most of the year. Fights all the time. If he grows this summer, watch him step.



DANN, "TEET"

It was against the doctor's orders that he played at all this year. He wore out several draperies at the "Y" with his accurate shooting. He made twenty-two points in fifty minutes of play at Knightstown. He will be around next year, so he says.



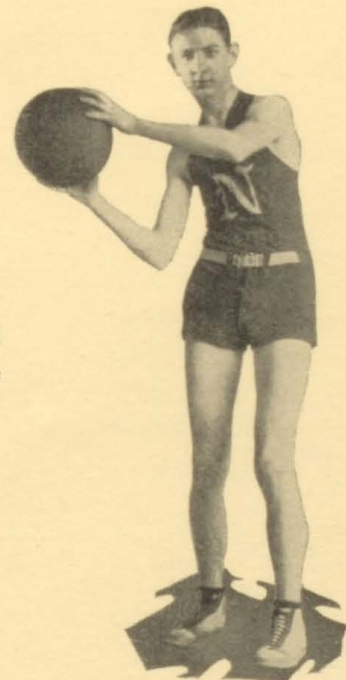
FREEL, "STEVE"

Here he comes, there he is, there he goes. So fast it takes three people to see him. Makes them all dizzy with his reverse turns. He is quite the bear on those fifteen-foot shots. We pick him for another of the regular five next year.



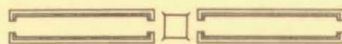
HARLAN, "JIMMIE"

If you want any instructions on how to fight the ball, just watch Jimmie. Possession is nine points of the law. Jimmie always has the nine points on his side. Next year will see him playing regular at floor guard or center. He sure can jump.



JENNINGS, "HEN"

A good reserve man. He was handicapped by lack of experience, this being his first year of playing. He has wonderful form in coming under the basket. Played the game of his life at Cambridge.



BASKET BALL TOURNEY

The sixth district held its tourney in Newcastle for the seventh consecutive year. On a whole it proved to be an interesting affair; just glance at the scores.

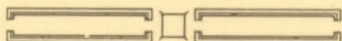
A "big black horse" loomed up in the shape of Mooreland. It will be noted that Spiceland, "a supposed to be" contender for the district honors, was laid low by Mt. Summit. Mooreland beat Newcastle three points in the final game, which proved to be a very interesting one to all concerned.

Mooreland proved herself capable of upholding her title of District Champs by beating Shelbyville at Ft. Wayne. We sure were glad to get that news, Mooreland!



TOURNAMENT SCORES

Cadiz	50	Sulphur Springs	0
Mt. Summit	36	Kennard	13
Middletown	20	Spiceland	27
Knightstown	28	Lewisville	14
New Lisbon	4	Newcastle	52
Mooreland	43	Cadiz	19
Mt. Summit	17	Spiceland	12
Knightstown	15	Newcastle	16
Mt. Summit	20	Mooreland	40
Newcastle	21	Mooreland	24



BASE BALL



The base ball season has started off with a rush and a win. The first game of the season was won from the Mt. Summit delegation by the score 3 to 2. It must have been a close game, eh?

It is early in the season to really see just how things are going to end, but from indications the season on the diamond is going to be a mighty successful one. At least it should, for we have several of last year's letter men to chase the illusive pill about the grass diamond.

The base ball men are indeed lucky to have Murray Mendenhall and Don McKee as their "guardian angels" and coaches.

It is too early in the season to name the letter men. At present the squad consists of the following men: Royer, Niles, Zink, Tout, Bicknell, Hines, Hunt, Hodgins, Plummer, Tinkle, Young, Edwards, Gauker, Allen and Dann.

The schedule at present is arranged as follows:

Mt. Summit; there April 11.

Spiceland; here April 13.

Mt. Summit; here April 17.

Kennard; there April 18.

Richmond; here April 20.

Open; April 27.

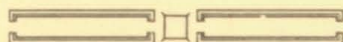
Muncie; here May 4.

Technical (Indianapolis); here May 9.

Richmond; there May 11.

Spiceland; there May 18.

Muncie; there May 25.



TRACK

What is track? That is the question that comes into the mind of a large majority of people when they see the word track.

I will attempt to tell you in my own crude way what it is, as I see it.

One of the branches of track concerns doing distances from one hundred yards to two miles in the shortest time possible, while under your own power and on two feet instead of four wheels.

Another branch concerns jumping as high as you can, with a pole or without. When you use a pole it is called vaulting; when you don't it is called high jumping. There is also the running broad jump, which is self-explanatory. Last, but not least, comes the weight throwing. All we are doing along that line in N. H. S. is putting the shot. As you perhaps know, the shot is a light iron ball of a mere twelve pounds; the idea is to put it as far as you can. To date, one of the huskies put the shot forty feet; that listens good for our score-board, seeing as how thirty-eight feet four and one-half inches won the district last year.

It is impossible to name any man that will participate in any of the meets, because that depends upon the man himself. The man that jumps the highest, the farthest, runs the fastest, or puts the shot the farthest is the man that is going to represent the school. Some man in the last few days of practice may come out from behind and upset the dope bucket, so we will not make any dope bucket as to who the letter men will be, then there will be no upsetting.

John Lemon has charge of the track aspirants. He makes a good guardian angel for the boys with his vast store of knowledge of athletics to draw from.

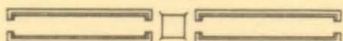
This year's schedule is as follows:

Triangle meet at Connersville with Connersville and Rushville, April 28.

Muncie, May 5.

District meet at Anderson, May 12.

State meet at Indianapolis, May 19.





MURRAY MENDENHALL

Coach Basketball, Baseball and Football

"Mendy" came to us last fall from DePauw University, where he had made a name for himself in athletics. He produced for us a flashy team, both in basketball and baseball.

JOHN LEMON

Coach of Track

"Lemon," ex-basketball coach, is this year in charge of track. His success of last year in basketball indicates some splendid marks in track.





Isle of View.



Pockets.



Oh!



Argue.



Guardian Angel.



Cherubs.



me and Thee.



"It's a long, long way"



Ouch!

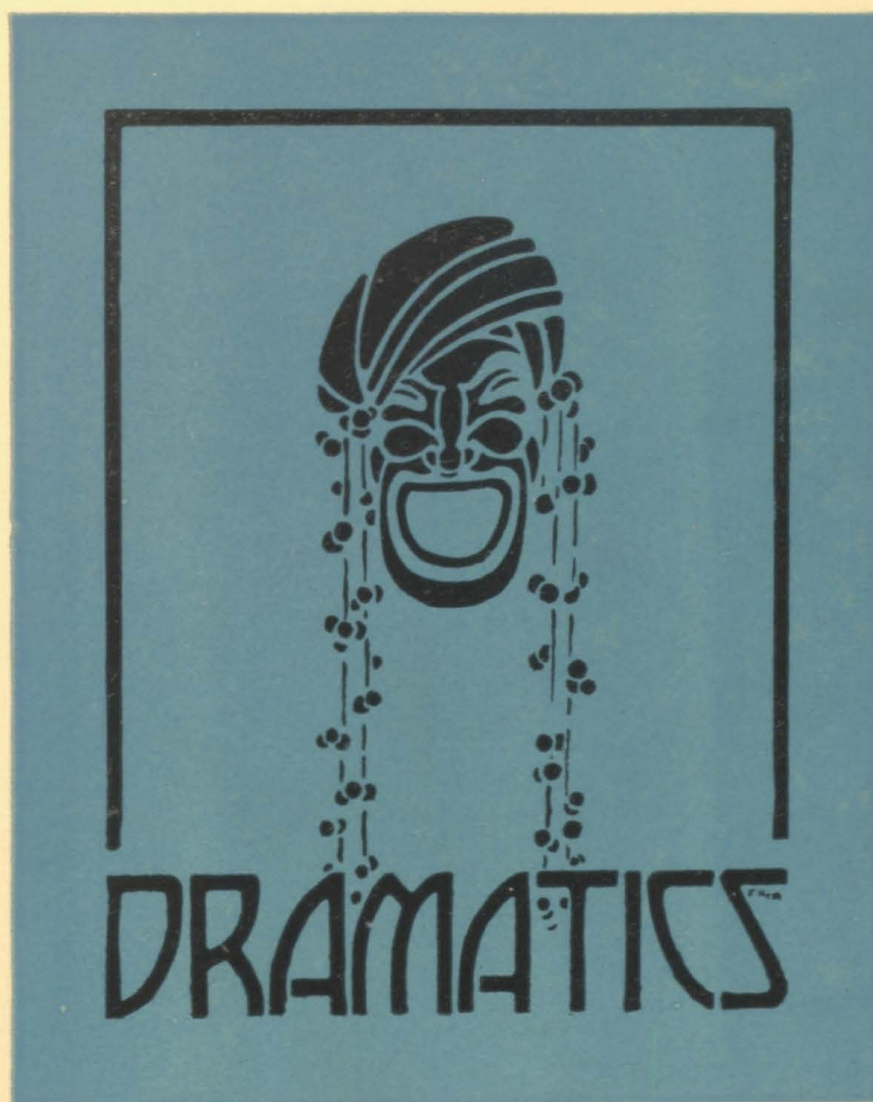


Dreams.



Lean Against It





CLASS PLAY

CASTE

Lin Leonard.....	Howard Powell	Aunt Winnie.....	Beautrice Roof
Major Jartree.....	Morrison Vivian	Lizzie Monahan.....	Edna Davis
Ned O'Hare.....	Henry Jennings	Ethel Kohlor.....	Sarah Lou McKee
Mr. E. Z. Ostrich.....	Claude Wolfe	Violet Ostrich.....	Harriet Newby
Dr. McNutt.....	Robert Lowery	Mrs. K. M. Diggins.....	Thelma Cluggish
Jim Wiles.....	Risser Williams	Daffodil Diggins.....	Mabel Jeffries
Archie.....	Theodore Hayes	Miss Chizzle.....	Ella Yergin
Officer Riley.....	Robert Cook	Pearlie Brown.....	Pauline Shutt
Officer Dugan.....	Fred Sanders	Little Violet.....	Jane Patrick
Mr. Ebenezer O'Hare.....	Raymond Smith	Diamond.....	Margaret Barnard
Mrs. Ebenezer O'Hare.....	Ione Stutteville	Betty.....	Dorothy Elliott

MUCH ADO ABOUT BETTY

In the early part of May the Senior class of Newcastle High School gave their class play, and truly proved their ability in the way of dramatics. The cleverness of the plot was magnified by the unusual acting of these amateurs.

Aunt Winnie Maguire and Alexander Jartree, alias Beatrice Roof and Morrison Vivian, have conspired to keep Betty Campbell, a young motion picture star, unmarried until after her nineteenth birthday in order that Alexander Jartree may obtain the sum of forty thousand dollars, five thousand of which he is to pay Winnie Maguire for keeping prospects of marriage from Betty. Major Jartree double-crosses Aunt Winnie, and in order to gain vengeance she determines Betty must marry before midnight of that night. Thus Betty will receive one hundred thousand dollars and Major Jartree nothing. Morrison Vivian and Beatrice Roof make ideal characters for these parts, while Dorothy Elliott adds her charm in the characterization of the young movie star, Betty Campbell.

Howard Powell, as the hero Lin Leonard, enters Betty's apartments to hide from the police after an unsuccessful attempt to meet Betty while acting a minor part in the movie studio. Here he is supposed to have stolen the purse of an actress. Of course "the plot thickens" when Aunt Winnie discovers him, and tells Betty she must marry him or lose a fortune. Betty, in her excitement, takes the purse that Lin finds in her apartment, the one he was supposed to have stolen, to put her jewels in. While the young bride and groom are on their way to Florida to spend their honeymoon they are separated. Betty loses her memory when her train is wrecked, and on her arrival in Florida is placed under the care of Dr. McNutt, who is none other than Hobart Lowery. Dr. McNutt finds the bag containing Betty's jewels, also discovering the name of Violet Ostrich on it.

Enter the real Violet Ostrich, Harriet Newby, with her latest husband Edward O'Hare, Henry Jennings. Affairs become more complicated when Violet and Betty are mistaken for each other.

Comedy enters into the play, with Claude Wolfe taking the part of E. Z. Ostrich, a former husband of Violet Ostrich, and through the quarrels of Ebenezer O'Hare and his wife (Raymond Smith and Ione Stutteville), Edna Davis as Lizzie Monahan also creates comic situations.

Mrs. K. M. Diggins, her daughter Daffodil and Miss Chizzle, in their "cat-to-cat" talks, aid in complicating the plot.

Risser Williams and Sarah Lou McKee, known as Jim Wiles and Ethel Kohlor, schoolmates and admirers of Betty Campbell; Pearlie Brown or Pauline Shutt, Violet's colored maid, and two small children add realism to the play. Little need be said of the ability of Archie. The success of this part is due Theodore Hayes.

Here we will "draw out the laughs," having created amusement, and thank you for your interest.

THE SENIORS, '23.

WHEN FATE PLAYS HER HAND

By FRED SANDERS

He was thirteen, a freckle-faced fisherman in overalls, who twice every spring or fall holiday, and several times each week during the summer vacation, walked past the mysterious mansion surrounded by a high wall.

She was a little brown-eyed, curly-headed girl of the same age, always dressed in spotless white, and when he saw her she was always sitting on top the high wall which surrounded the mansion. The house and its occupants were a mystery to the little boy. The people, when seen about the town, were always well dressed and were always riding in luxurious cars. But for all that, those people who had been inside the high walls found that a very conservative policy was applied to everything, house, lawn and garden.

To the freckle-faced fisherman, however, the old apple tree, whose broad, leafy branches extended over the wall, was most attractive. For here it was that he had first seen the curly-haired girl who had gazed at him from the other side of the wall. She had eluded her governess and, contrary to all the ladylike principles which this worthy lady tried to impress upon her, had climbed the tree and was merrily swinging on a strong bough when he came past, all unconscious of her presence until he looked above to see whether the old tree was going to bear a large crop that year. She had been gazing boldly over at the boy with the long pole and the long stringer full of fish until she saw him look upward. Then some of the lady-like principles in which she had been drilled came to the surface and she tried to slip behind the wall. She succeeded in hiding herself, but not in overcoming her curiosity. Slowly her head reappeared over the wall. The boy meanwhile had stood, feet apart, mouth open, gazing at the spot where she had lately been seen, and where her head now emerged inch by inch from the covering of the wall.

"Hello," was his greeting.

"Hello," she replied.

"You'd better be careful, you'll fall."

"No, I won't. Have you been fishing?"

"Yeh! Ain't them dandies?" And he held up the string of fish.

"What kind is that one on top? Is it a whale?"

"No, that's catfish. Whales are lots bigger'n that. See this one's horns? He horned me with that one right on the thumb. See that red spot? That's where he horned me."

"Does it hurt to get horned?"

"Yeh! a little."

She was immediately sympathetic.

"Oh, that's too bad."

"I don't care. I got him anyway."

"Do you go fishing often?"

"Uh-huh. I'd go every day if mother didn't find so blame much for me to do."

"What's your name?" She had finally mustered up courage to ask what she had wanted to know since she had first seen the boy.

"Jimmie. What's yours?"

"Alice. But here comes the governess. I must not let her see me up here."

Instantly her head disappeared below the top of the wall, and Jimmie went home feeling much elated over his chat with the little girl of the mysterious house.

Jimmie had several chats with Alice after that, but one day he learned that she had left. It was rumored that Alice's father had made some bad speculations on the stock market which had brought on his ruin and that he had left the country to begin anew elsewhere. This was confirmed when a new family moved into the mysterious house.

Jimmie never saw Alice again, but his little talks with her had made an impression on his mind that was bound to stay there.

The freckle-faced fisherman had ceased to exist, but a person fifteen years his senior, one who signed himself James L. Masters, and who was now called Jack by his more intimate associates, had taken his place. James L. Masters had been successful and was now starting upon the most brilliant part of his career. He had not as yet been married, and although he could have had his pick of a full dozen of the young women of his social set, he had found none with whom he thought he could dwell the rest of his life. To him they all seemed to be interested in his money rather than him. Had he lost his money he doubted that there was one who would be willing to start life again with him. Although he had forgotten his little friend of the house surrounded by the high walls, there remained in a little corner of his brain a beautiful little picture of a little curly-haired girl perched on top a high wall. This was his ideal, and fate, that "divinity which shapes our ends," knew full well that Jack Masters would never be content until he found a girl like Alice. And that must have been the reason why she led him as she did.

One day in early May, when the leaves on the trees at Jack's club had grown to half size, and the rest of the landscape was assuming a color that could really be called green, our old friend Wanderlust, laid hold of Jack so strongly that in the middle of a game of tennis, with the score 30-15 and his serve, he threw down his racket and quit the game. All the protesting of his opponent was of no avail, and really before it was half uttered, Jack was in his car driving away.

Once at his apartments, he called a number over the telephone. Impatiently he waited the few seconds before the answer came.

"Hello," he heard.

"Hello! This Denny?"

"Yes! Jack?"

"Yes! I'm leaving on the 4:27 for the lakes. Come prepared for all that means. Meet me at the Union Station."

"But, Jack, —"

"No buts about it. I've just got to have you along. You'd better quit your gabbing. You only have an hour and three-quarters to get ready in."

As the train pulled out, two men, Jack Masters and Dennis Fairfax, sat in the Pullman. Contrary to the custom of the majority of people who travel in this manner, their entire baggage rode in the same car with them, for these two men were not the ordinary city-campers who take more clothes to camp than they ordinarily possess at home. Jack, with the instincts of the freckle-faced fisherman, was a hardened camper, and "Denny" was a reformed member of the class just mentioned.

At the end of the third day of tramping through wood and clearing, hills and valleys, swamps and sand, the campers had nearly run out of food. Jack remarked upon this fact as he made an inventory, preparatory to getting the evening meal.

"If we don't hit something pretty soon, we're going to have to eat worms. I don't balk at flapjacks without butter or molasses, but I can't appreciate 'em without a little grease."

And here fate, with whom we have grown so familiar in the last few paragraphs, put in her hand again.

In the bushes there was a faint rustling, and as Jack and Denny rose to see what was causing the disturbance, a clear laugh rang out, and an extremely pretty girl stepped out of the bushes.

"If your larder is as low as that, why don't you boil your shoes and make soup?"

"Huh!" grunted Denny. "Not enough left of my shoes to make enough soup to fill one-thirteenth of me. I feel as if I were made of India-rubber."

"Well, if it is as bad as all that, you must stay all night with dad and me. We live about half a mile away."

And so the hikers accompanied the young woman to her home, which seemed unusually pretty for its surroundings, for all around was the dense woods, except in front where a little lake gleamed in the late sunset.

Savory odors came from the rustic house and soon all four were seated at the table, served by a silent Jap. The girl and her father said their names were Alice and Andrew Meriden.

After the meal, Alice and Jack, who had already been attracted to one another, slipped out on the large veranda overlooking the lake, leaving Denny behind talking to Mr. Meriden. As the couple sat upon the porch discussing the moon and other equally absorbing topics, Jack suddenly exclaimed:

"I seem to want to call you Alice. You seem the grown-up woman of the little Alice I used to know back in my home town."

"And you seem 'Jimmie' to me," she replied. "You seem to be the freckle-faced boy who always passed our house with a string of fish."

"Are you the Alice who looked over the garden wall and asked if that was a whale I had?"

"Are you that Jimmie?"

And somehow the moon seemed strangely neglected by the curly-haired Alice and the freckle-faced Jimmie on the porch.

But our old friend fate seemed well satisfied, and who will say that she shouldn't have been?

THE OLD ORDER

By LOUISE COLLINS

Courtney Towers! What better name could be given to that gray-walled old southern mansion? Courtney Towers, with its wide, gently sloping, shady lawn, had been the playground of five generations of Courtneys, from Michael Courtney, who had first fashioned it like a castle for his bride, Martha, down to the present owner and master, John Courtney. Courtney Towers had been the ideal for all that is rich and fine and lovely in all the country about.

Courtney Towers was so named because of its three towers, one in the front and two in the rear, rising majestically above the rest of the structure and pointing piously to the stars. Now, the estate was perhaps as well known for its stables as for its famous old towers, for the last few Courtneys had been race horse fiends. Wouldn't Michael and the gentle Martha have been horrified to find their descendants following so closely behind the patter of the ponies' feet? But they needn't have been ashamed, because in the Courtney stables there were fed as well-bred and blue-blooded horses as ever carried saddles.

John Courtney was alone in the world except for his one daughter, Barbara, and his horses. John's paternal affection for Barbara lacked nothing. He would give up anything, even the things nearest his heart, to satisfy her slightest whim. But Barbara wasn't a girl who liked pampering, and although she adored her "daddy," she had a will of her own and a clear mind, not too narrow to notice her father's faults, but too broad to make it known to him that she did.

There is no use to describe a girl like Barbara Courtney. She was one of those typical southern girls who have all the airs of the South. She rode horse-back and followed the hounds with the same grace that she danced, sang, or entertained her friends in her drawing-room. She was a good sport and all-round athlete, yet she was entirely feminine and lacked no grace that makes a charming personality.

That early spring evening as she sat with her father in the gathering twilight she glanced across the road to a large brick house almost hidden by trees. The house and lawn were entirely surrounded by a high iron fence. The house itself brought to Barbara's mind a hundred questions, questions which had been troubling her since girlhood, when she had ridden her pony past that big iron gate which had always been locked. She knew that "Woodlawn," as the place was called, was owned by a man near her father's age and that he now lived in New York. But she had heard her father speak of times when the master of Woodlawn lived at home, and he and her father were——

But whenever she had been too inquisitive, her father had gently reminded her that she wasn't to be bothered by men and their troublesome affairs.

This evening Barbara broached the subject again.

"Daddy," she said, "Maria told me some one had come to Woodlawn and was re-opening it." She noticed a slight quickening of the muscles of her father's face, but she went on heedlessly.

"It will be nice won't it, to have such close neighbors?"

"No," came the quick response.

"But why?" questioned Barbara. "They are perfectly respectable people, aren't they?"

"The story why is very long, and I had thought never to burden your ears with it. Nevertheless,"—— John Courtney seemed to be gathering force, but Barbara waited patiently until he continued.

"Long ago Woodlawn was as fine and well kept as Courtney Towers. It, too, had been a home, for generations, of one family—the Winstons. John Winston was the last of the family; the last that I ever knew. He and I were the best friends ever, the David and Jonathan of Kentucky. We played together, grew up together, and raced horses together with never a more serious quarrel than a boys' fist fight when we were wee laddies. But something came between us; it doesn't matter what. John went away soon afterward, and I heard he married a girl from New York City, a kind of an artist or actress or something of the sort, Bohemian I guess you call it now. I was young when he went away and didn't miss him much at first, but since your mother died and when you're away at school, I get awfully lonesome, awfully lonesome, and I long for my old friend. Take a word from your daddy, girlie mine, don't let your anger get the best of you and cause you a heartache for years and years as I have."

Barbara now understood her father's sometimes gloomy moods. He was lonesome without his old friend.

"Our new neighbor," her father was saying, "is John Winton's son, Carter Winston. He has come back to open up the old place, but his father stayed in New York. They say he has forgotten all about the old life and is completely contented basking in the light of the city. I heard young Winston was going to re-open the stables and start racing again. I can hardly forgive the old hurt, but if Carter Winston, with all his temperamental and city-bred ideas can put out a good race horse, I'll at least forget some of it."

"And we can't recognize Carter Winston as our neighbor till he does?" asked Barbara. "Do you think that's running true to our southern hospitality, dad?"

But the old man had no answer for her.

Spring gave way to summer, and all the time Carter with his trainer was working his colt preparatory to entering him in the races in Lexington in the fall. The colt was a sleek, glossy chestnut sorrel, his only markings a white star on his forehead. Carter, with a burst of his temperamental attitude, had laughingly named him Winston Prince, and had jokingly said that it remained for him to regain the old Winston prestige. But it would be a hard fight for Winston Prince, as along with the others entered in the race was one Ronald C. from the Courtney stables, who boasted a pedigree as long as the track itself.

But while summer was slipping away and Winston Prince was being trained, something else was happening. It was impossible, in a region so full of young folks wanting gayety and a good time, and since Barbara was the leader of her set, for she and Carter not to become acquainted; and as acquaintance deepened, so did friendship. Barbara recognized in Carter all the manly qualities she most admired, and she knew that her father would like him immensely if he were not too obstinate to become acquainted.

When Carter learned on what condition the barrier between Woodlawn and Courtney Towers might be torn down, he went at Prince's training with more zeal and vigor than ever.

A ducky youth, George Washington Smith, the son of one of the stable men, was going to ride Winston Prince. That worthy youngster could usually be found either at Carter's heels or near Winston Prince. Sometimes Carter confided in him, and one day he said, "We simply have to win that race, boy, for more reasons than one!"

"Yes," said George Washington, "I done spect Miss Barbara pretty much want you to win."

"What?" thundered Carter.

But the impish George Washington was unconcernedly rubbing Prince's nose.

Carter met Barbara at a dance about two weeks before the races.

"Father came in from New York last night, and this will probably be the last time I'll see you before the races," he said. "From now on I'm going to give my time to Winston Prince."

"Oh!" exclaimed Barbara. "I do hope Winston Prince wins. It will mean so much."

"Yes," answered Carter, "it means so much to me that now I dare not even hope."

The day of the races came as all days have a habit of doing. Barbara and her father were among the early comers at the races. They occupied the customary Courtney box seat. Down at the stables a young man was helping a little ducky to mount Winston Prince. But before he did so, he was seen to whisper cautiously into the ear of Winston Prince. We don't know what he said, but George Washington probably voiced his sentiments as he rode from the stable to the judges' stand. He leaned over and said in Prince's ear, "I tell ya, Prince, ole hoss, we just gotta win this race, 'cause Marsa an' Miss Barbara, they am in love, and ole Marse Courtney won't let 'em be 'less you all done win this race. You all done got a big job, but you all kin do it."

And then the judges announced the positions, with Winston Prince at the pole and Ronald C. with fourth place. When Carter heard this he glanced up and Barbara smiled back, realizing Winston Prince's advantage. The judges tapped the bell and gave the signal, "Go!" The bars flew back.

"They're off!" shouted everybody in one voice.

From the start Winston Prince led, but just as they rounded the turn, Ronald C. was seen to move up and take the pole, with a big bay close at his heels, putting Winston Prince in third place. They kept these positions through the back stretch and on into the last turn. The race seemed now to be between Ronald C. and the big bay, who was still holding second. Just at that instant Barbara was seen to rise from her seat and grip the railing in front of her. Then the crowd arose because, just as the horses headed into the home stretch, Winston Prince passed the bay horse and was surely and swiftly gaining on Ronald C. It was neck and neck down the home stretch to the flag, where Ronald C.'s rider drew his whip and George Washington crouched low on Winston Prince's neck.

"Come on, hoss," he said, "don't you all forget what this race am for—Carter and Miss Barbara, they am in love an'—"

Winston Prince raised his ears for a fraction of a second and then lowered them. He seemed to spring forward, barely nosing past Ronald C. With that spring he gathered speed. Inch by inch, step by step, he left the black behind. Now Winston Prince was a head in the lead, now neck and shoulders, and with a last leap he passed under the wire, winning by half a length.

There no doubt have been better races in the world's history; there no doubt have been faster records than the one set by Winston Prince that day; but there never has been a race which meant more to any two people than this one meant to Carter Winston and Barbara.

As all the people crowded around Carter to congratulate him, John Courtney stepped up and shook hands with him as only a John Courtney, who has been beaten at his own game, could do. But he turned away just before John Winston appeared at Carter's side.

That night as Carter stepped on the vine-covered veranda at Courtney Towers he met John Courtney going out.

"Young man," said Courtney, with pretended sternness, "is your father alone?"

"Yes," answered Carter, "he's sitting on the porch, all alone."

"Well," returned Courtney, with the same feigned gruffness, "he won't be all alone very long."

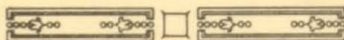
During their conversation Barbara had slipped out of the house, and she and Carter stood there together watching her father walk proudly down the driveway, across the road, and through the gate to Woodlawn.

Barbara chuckled, "He's a good old dad, if he'd only not let hatred overcome love."

"Love," said Carter softly, "always overcomes hatred in the end. It's the old order that never changes."

Across the road on the Winston porch two old men clasped one another in a handshake that obliterated all the years of hard feelings. Way up in the eaves of one of the towers at the Courtney home a turtle dove cooed softly to his mate. And the man in the moon, peeping through the trees, saw on the porch, Carter and Barbara.

But the man in the moon winked his other eye at whatever he saw, and so, my dear reader, will we.



ORGANIZATIONS

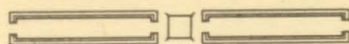
ORCHESTRA



Merrell Beyer
David Blum
Edgar Cummins
Frank Day
John Dilkey
Marvin Dilkey
Walter Falck
Lyle Fant
William Higley
Lowell Kirk

John McCormack
Walter McCormack
William Mitchner
Richard Netz
Frederick Pierce
Franklin Sherry
Estevan St. Clair
Alice Black
Grace Black

Hilda Hagner
Mabel Jeffries
Lenore Lamb
Jewel Mills
Alice Murray
Mary Louise Potter
Mary Rogers
Fylious Scott
Helen Scott
Esther Summerville



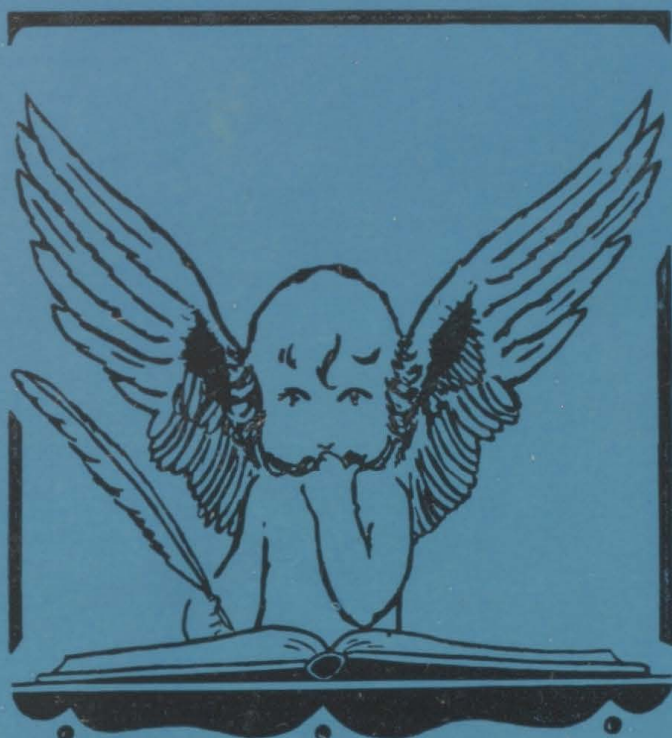
GLEE CLUB



Esther Adams
Verda Adams
Mildred Ashby
Helen Berry
Cecelia Burns
Helen Bush
Frances Cannon
Mary Cluggish
Dorothy Coffman
Ruth Davis
Violet Fisher
Esther Foster
Susie Goudy
Virginia Grady
Hilda Hagner
Juanita Harter
Pauline Hutchison
Judith R. Ice
Marion Idle
Mabel Jeffries

Gail Johnsonbaugh
Helen Jones
Jesse Julian
Mildred Laisure
Lenore Lamb
Bessie Lyle
Bertha Margason
Mabel Marlett
Verena Mathes
Edna Mawhorter
Louise McClure
Martha McIntyre
Dolores McLearn
Glenn Nation
Gladys Nation
Goldie Nicholson
Jane Ogborn
Grace Parker
Ruth Phillips
Mary L. Potter
Maude Rigney

Helen Roberts
Annabelle Sanders
Wanetta Schlosser
Helen Selke
Dorothy Sims
Feryl Sipe
Esther Summerville
Mary Spannuth
Ione Stutteville
Louise Summers
Linnie Thornberry
Lola Tyner
Marguerite Ward
Lola Wechter
Ruth Widman
Lois Wiggins
Mary Wilt
Waunetta Wimmer
Leona Wittenbeck
Elsie Zerr



CALENDAR

"CALENDAR"—1922-1923

SEPTEMBER

- 11—Mr. Greenstreet gives general information to Freshies. Sam Bufkin wants to know if he can carry six subjects.
- 12—Students wonder why they made out programs at all yesterday, since they have to make them all over today.
- 14—First football practice. After a three-day trial, Freshmen abandon Industrial History; the first word of the title gave them convulsions.
- 15—Mr. Valentine has a cake and candles for his birthday today.
- 18—N. H. S. looks more natural. Jolly is back.
- 20—Republicans and Democrats organize forces on west side of Room 4 in History VII.
- 21—A lot of folks get tired of school and play hookey. Excuse, "Sick because of illness."
- 22—Rome had its Virgil and so does N. H. S.; but our Virgil is Virgil Koons.
- 25—Blue Monday.
- 27—Some girls find out that Virgil isn't as funny as they thought, and Miss Guthrie wasn't as scared as she looked!

OCTOBER

- 3—A few of our well-known "cut-ups" stirred up a little excitement in the assembly today.
- 5—Mr. Bronson declares he will not have students in his classes chewing gum—not even Bob Jennings.
- 9—A lot of fellows (and girls, too) are sleepy today. Wonder why?
- 10—Mr. Lemon states that bookkeeping is very important in business life, but not all took heed, for George Weltz dropped class.
- 11—Orchestra practice. Miss Dorsey says it isn't a jazz band, so asks Estavon St. Clair to leave out a few syncopating notes and tone down a little.
- 12—Mr. Rockhill still reassures his Stenography I class that "There's a Reason."
- 16—Somebody in the General Science class asked if there was any moonshine on Mars or Venus.
- 17—Fragrant odors from the Domestic Science room—some girls learn to cook before matrimony seizes them, anyway.
- 18—Set out today for a few days' vacation—Teachers' Institute at Indianapolis.
- 19—Mr. Jones says that Lowell K—— has a seat in the assembly that he seems to like. Lot of inspiration to him.

NOVEMBER

- 1—In case you don't know it, it is the first day of said month.
- 2—A Senior: "Everybody's queer but me and thee, and sometimes I think thee's a little queer."
- 6—Isn't a teachers' meeting a pleasure?
- 7—George Weltz is initiated into the detention room.
- 9—Senior representative for Glee Club—Elmer Ransom.
- 13—Remember our brilliant (his hair was) basketball star, "Mike" Edward? Yesterday was his birthday.
- 14—Notice: "Windy" and Vera are heard to say, "Together we stand, divided we fall."
- 15—She's to be a Senior some day. Can she talk? Margaret C——: "He dasked frownly."
- 16—"The Dickens you say"—Elmer Ransom (Senior) coming from show, "Oliver Twist"—"wasn't that a peach of a show?" Freshie: "Yea, wouldn't it make a grand book?"
- 17—We won our first B ball game of the season at Cambridge City.

ROSENNIAL

20—Sam (trying in vain to see the board): "I can't see, Mrs. Wilson." Mrs. Wilson (moving): "I-is-a-dore, but you can't see through me."

21—"Lum" makes the startling announcement that he doesn't like pink ice cream.

22—Mr. Bronson tells Neva Robertson that "we will start with our lesson as soon as breakfast is over."

24—Beat Hartford City in basketball.

27—The most popular song was given a wide range—"Oh, How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning."

28—We again hear, "Don't loiter in the halls."

29—"Every day, in every way, we grow wiser and wiser"—Senior "Coue."

30—The notorious students of N. H. S. "stuff" with turkey and cranberry sauce.

DECEMBER

1—"The world's coming to an end." Mabel Jeffries started in this month by being at school on time four days straight.

4—Educational week. Everybody getting wise.

5—Boys and girls called together for convocation.

6—Goldie Nickelson and Cecilia Burns were found in a beauty shop after being absent all afternoon.

7—Lowell Dugan's absent today. You'd think Room I was laid out by an undertaker.

8—Howard Himes looks hungry. Wonder why?

11—Mr. Logan made an outrageous statement today. He said, "I'd rather teach geometry on water and toothpicks than anything else on cake and chicken." No wonder he's getting fat.

12—Fad for Long dresses hits N. H. S.

13—Miss Woody's history classes are still "thriving," or "striving."

14—Miles has a terrible time in his French class.

15—Mr. Jones is never in a good humor on Friday evening.

18—Last Monday of school for this month.

19—Every one has quit studying and has started their vacation.

20—Here's to our long vacation. Every one's looking for Santa Claus.

JANUARY

4—Every one looks as though all vacations were "Watch Nite."

5—More vacation tomorrow. We need it.

10—Convocation. Junior High will beat us yet.

11—Who makes the color schemes for "pep" meeting notices?

12—Mrs. Wilson's getting rash. "Hope we sin."

15—Howard Himes says whether Mrs. Wilson climbs the court house inside or out, Professor Logan has a job.

16—Eaton's bringing a crowd. Wonder what the girls meeting is for?

17—The Pep'ers are here.

18—Mable Jeffries got a new ring today. "Woolworth must have had a sale."

19—Who said we didn't have any "pep?"

22—Aren't the Seniors proud?

23—Miss Chambers tells of her resignation.

FEBRUARY

5—Senior meeting. Officers elected.

12—Every one says Mr. Jones was married Saturday.

13—Mr. Logan: "Folks, that buzzer means something. When that buzzer buzzes, it means for buzzers to stop buzzing."

14—A good day for our Freshies to send their sweet messages.

15—Mr. Logan stated today in his Com. Geo. class that corn was used to fatten animals. Then said, "I was brought up on corn-bread."

19—Paul Cluggish asserts that Miss Wickett didn't kick him out of French class, but that he kindly left.

20—After being addressed today as Mr. Llewelyn, Mr. Logan has decided he will have to buy a larger collar, as he can't buy any larger shoes.

21—Organized boys' Bible class.

22—Behold! "Geo. Weltz" was without his "gum" today.

23—The Seniors seemed to be rather sad today. We suppose because they couldn't sign up for their subjects for next year. Played our last basket ball game with Connersville here.

26—Even Mr. Greenstreet agrees this is a blue Monday. He says he hopes we come back with more "pep" tomorrow.

27—Tournament tickets went on sale today.

28—Last day of school this month, if you don't happen to know it. Here's a vacation this year on "February 29." Mistake in the assembly today. Got out 10 minutes early. We are hoping they will make another one soon.

MARCH

1—Mr. Greenstreet out of school for several days with "flu."

2-3—The tournament was Saturday afternoon. The contest was between Newcastle and Mooreland. We lost by three points, but showed them a good fight.

5—Senior meeting. Selected our class colors, motto and flower.

6—Mr. Greenstreet back at school.

7—Mr. Logan made an outrageous break. "The Ohio river is the best dammed river in the world." We don't know how he meant it.

8—Every one trying to dodge the nurse.

9—Last day of our first six weeks' period of new semester.

12—Every one full of "pep." A windy Monday, both inside and outside of the school. Senior meeting.

13—While palling through the halls, we heard several "Freshies" and a few "Seniors" trying to tell Mr. McKee that their grades were not high enough.

14—Juniors had their first meeting of this year.

15—Meeting of all boys interested in any kind of spring athletics.

16—Several out for State Tournament, even some of the teachers.

19—The Senior boys are learning how to play marbles.

20—Lowell K..... seems to be the joke of his Geometry class.

21—Seems like the Bookkeeping II class ought to know bookkeeping or something like it when they get through, from the noise they make.

22—A faculty meeting.

23—Convocation of Senior High and Junior High at Coliseum.

26—Another Senior meeting and also a Junior meeting. They will beat us yet. Mr. Logan asks his bright Commercial Geo. class, "How many Switzerlands could you put in Texas?"

Russel Klus—"All of them!" real loud. Then he explained that he meant the people.

28—Several girls out this week, going to Indianapolis; spending all their money for Easter clothes. Then have to make up their time seems pretty hard.

29—Several students made serious mistakes today by calling the teacher of Room 5 Miss Wickett. It seems that Mr. Mendenhall was very embarrassed.

30—All the "Freshies" are anxious to get their pictures in the Annual. They ask every day, "When do we start?"

APRIL

2—Some students seemed to have forgotten that April Fool Day is over.

3—Mr. McKee seems to be getting a little better—not so hard on the students.

4—Mrs. Wilson informs Ione S. how to pronounce corps, "C-O-R-E—" not "C-O-R-P-S."

- 5—Several of the boys like to get permits to go to the library the last period.
- 6—We hope the teachers will come back Monday in a better humor.
- 9—Every one came back with a terrible fever—they called it “spring fever.”
- 10—Miss Wickett seems to like to send out the invitations for the “tea party” given down in Mr. Gross’ room each evening after school.
- 11—Wonder where Margaret F. and Paul were today?
- 13—Everybody agrees that Friday 13 is an unlucky day. Even the teachers.
- 16—Had something good to eat in Mrs. Brock’s room today. Every one was hanging around the door.
- 17—Mr. Jones is still trying to “pound” Geometry into some of the students.
- 18—Wonder what Margaret F. will do after Bob C. gets out of school.
- 19—We hope that Lowell K. and Ruth D. have better success next year. Yet we don’t see how they could have much better.
- 20—Several students wish they could find a method for getting their lessons without having to study. Example—“Perry L.....”
- 23—Another dead Monday.
- 24—Mr. Rockhill seems to be getting rather “cross” or “hard” on his classes. We don’t know what has happened.
- 25—Absences seem to be increasing since it is warm weather. Every one has the “headache.”
- 26—Detention room is always full—any more?
- 30—Only one more month of school, if you don’t happen to know it.

MAY

- 1-2—Class play.
- 3—Every one has decided that Miles and Dorothy will probably have the leading case in next year’s class.
- 4—“Sam” says he can make more noise than any one else in school. We agree with him.
- 7—Only a month until Miss Tarleton will sail for Europe.
- 8—Mr. Jones is working his “Trig” class pretty hard.
- 9—We still hear Howard asking, “When do we eat?”
- 10—Wonder why all the teachers are so industrious?
- 11—We still see Mr. Logan carrying his kodak around with him.
- 14—“Freshies” are just beginning to get acquainted with their classes.
- 15—We can still hear Mable J..... saying, “I never did understand that.”
- 16—Mr. Rockhill is still having a terrible time with his typewriters.
- 17—Wonder why we always see Harry S. by himself this year?
- 18—Many Seniors are trying at the last moment to find out what they are going to do.
- 21—We hope Mr. Gross will have good luck next year with his Detention Room.
- 22—Will school never be out?
- 23—We wonder whose favorite fruit is “Lemon” this year?
- 24—We didn’t see Mildred C. and Margaret F. in the halls today. Where were they?
- 25—Class Day—Junior Prom.
- 27—Baccalaureate.
- 28—Did they show us a good time at Prom? I’ll say they did.
- 29—Everybody taking a vacation now.
- 30—Why are all the Seniors so down in spirits?
- 31—Commencement. (Au-revoir.)

SENIOR ALPHABET

MAY RICE

- A is for Anastasia, from the Senior stars,
Whose genius for acting has few pars.
- B is for Bicknell, Bufkin and Burns,
Also Baughman, who in his seat everlastingly turns.
- C is for Collins, Cluggish and Crim,
Three merry classmates who are very trim;
Also for Conway, Cook and Coble,
All jolly fellows, yet they are noble.
- D is for Dorothy, of which are two,
Also for Davis and Duggins, whose behaviors might do.
- E is for Edith, Esther and Ella,
So the fourth girl is surely Estella.
- F is for Fleming, who is known by her paint,
Also for Feilden, whose ways are quaint.
- G is for Goudy, who is calm and sedate.
- H is for Hilda, with whom nothing will rhyme,
So I'll write down the others, Hayes, Hunter and Himes.
- I is for Imel, so grave and serene,
Also for Ione, but the other extreme.
- J is for Jolly, the basket ball star alone,
Also for Jennings, Jinkins and Jones.
- K is for Klus, with the girls he is first,
Also for Kaufman, who writes many a verse.
- L is for Lowery, a star on the floor,
Also for Lyle, Larrow and Loer.
- M is for the Mays, Mable and McKee,
Yet Maury, McCormack and Murray are the other three.
- N is for Newby, the chief to be sure,
Also for Netz, with a musical lure.
- O is for Olive, an artist her aim,
And also for Ogborn, with a different fame.
- P is for Powell and also for Pope,
Two jolly fellows for whom there is hope.
- Q is for questions we get on exams.,
And some of them really would perplex Uncle Sam.
- R is for Rice, the Senior girl twins,
Also for Ransom and Roof, who are no akin.
- S is for Sanders, Shelly and Smith,
By their names ye shall know them, for they sure do fit;
Also to Shutt out, Spannuth, Surber and Swazy,
We would make this little rhyme hazy.
- T is for Trainor, a tall, slender lass;
Also for Tout and Thornberry, whose behavior will pass.
- U stands for all of us, "Tom, Dick and Harry,"
So off with your hats and let us be merry.
- V is for Vivian, whom some do not know,
Yet on our class day his virtue he'll show
- W is for Wolfe, the joke of us all,
Also for Whitton, Williams and West,
Whose statures are small.
- X is for—now, quit your kidding;
For that ask the faculty, of course they know everything.
- Y is for Youth, which does all of us fascinate,
But one might be young "Until death do us separate."
- Z is for zero, we cannot deceive you,
And now in conclusion just smile as we leave you.



WHO'S WHO?

(We dedicate this section to those who have added to the fame and good will
of our "Alma Mater.")

Miss Mary Rogers has shown to her fellow students what she means to N. H. S. by the following: She won first prize on the essay written on Wilbur Wright, and, too, gave proof of her merit by winning second place in the musical memory contest.

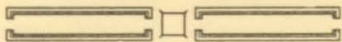
Much respect is due Morrison Vivian, president of the senior class, for making the highest average for four years' work, having every grade above 90. His average is 97—.

Who doubts the efficiency of our yell leaders now? We wish to add to the fame of George Weltz and "Bill" McKee. (Flip-Flop!)

The charm of Ethlyn Todd's voice won for her honors in public speaking.

Martha Boyd gained fame during this year when she organized the famous Pep'ers.

Ruth Fields and Evelyn Williams distinguished themselves as yell mistresses of the Pep'ers.





To Anastasia Gullion we bow our heads for having made an average of 95+ (for three and a half years' work, and making all grades above 90).

Jane Ogborne has the highest average in N. H. S. For two years' work she has an average of 98+ and has made exemption grades the entire time.

The oldest student of N. H. S. is Raymond Jolly, age 21; the youngest, Florence Stepanek, age 13.

Thelma Cluggish leaves a record of exemption grades and an average of 96.

Ninety-five is the average for the three and one-half years' work of Sarah Maury.

The fattest student in our high school is Earl Cassady; the leanest Max Fennel.

Hilda Hagner's average is 95 for three years.

The tallest student is Robert Cook; the smallest, Leroy Decker.

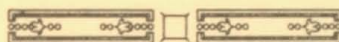
Theodore Dann's average for three years (all grades above 90) is 97+.

Margaret Carpenter was voted the most popular and the best looking girl in N. H. S.

James Harlan won the title of "best looking boy" in the school vote.

Raymond Jolly was voted the most popular boy.





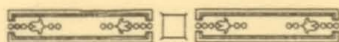
TO THE HOME OF THE CLASS OF '23

Dear old High School Building, we are the last
Of those who in your sheltering walls have passed
Our High School days.
And now with our diplomas within our reach,
In gratitude we turn to you, that each
May give you praise.

We love each brick that makes your walls,
We love your session rooms and halls;
You've served us faithfully.
E'en the marks on desk and wall are links in the chain
Of memory of our High School days that come not again,
And binds our hearts to you.

Another High School building is just at hand.
They've built it high and broad and grand
For future years.
But you are ours! Our hearts will always turn to you,
In love and in honor and in loyalty.
Here's to you! Three cheers!

—By Elnora Jenkins.



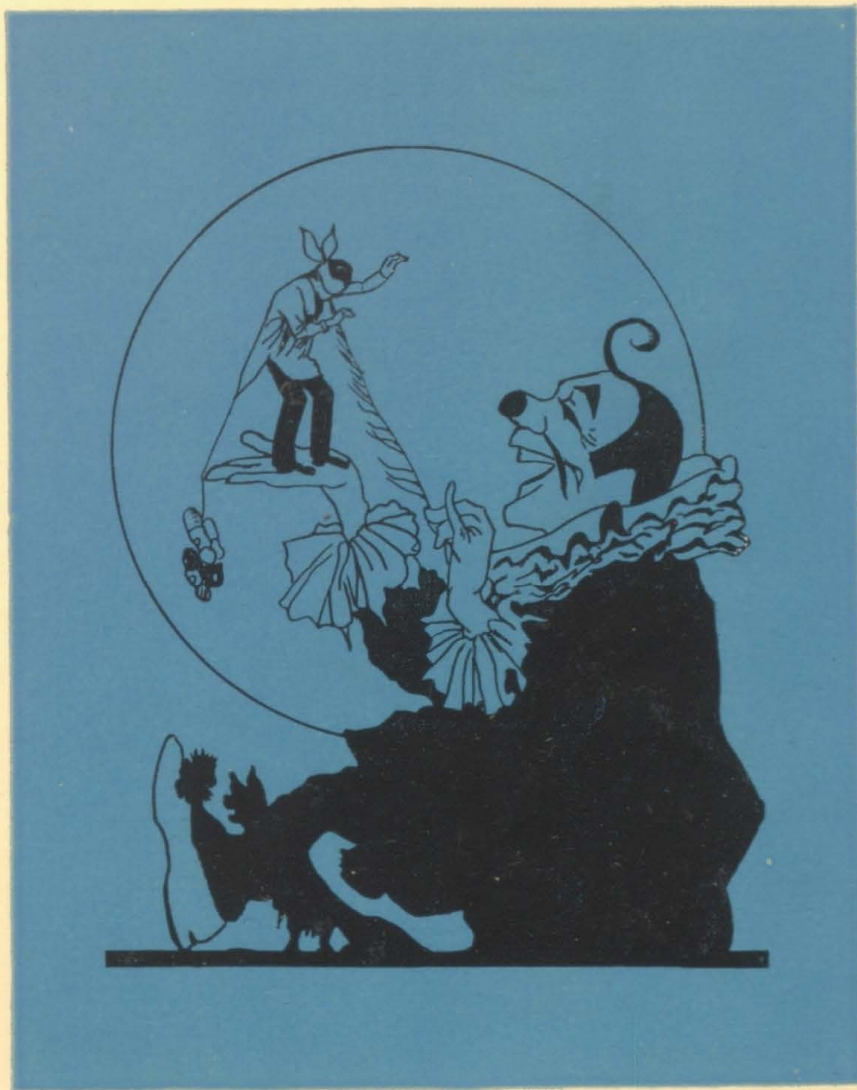
THE BIBLE STUDY CLASS



"A knowledge of the Bible is an essential element in a good education. Whether or not one is interested in the Bible as a manual of devotion, it is imperative that he should be familiar with it as literature and as history; for no literature and no history have more vitally affected Anglo-Saxon civilization. English literature has been greatly influenced by Biblical style and is strewn with allusions to Bible stories and teachings. Shakespeare is said to have over seven hundred such allusions; Tennyson, over four hundred. As Charles Dudley Warner put it: 'The Bible is the one book that no intelligent person can afford to be ignorant of. All modern literature and all art are permeated with it. It is not a question of religion or theology or dogma; it is a question of general intelligence.'"

For the first time in the history of Newcastle High School, there have been classes in Bible study. This work has been in connection with the Y. M. C. A.; the classes are organized as in school. The Freshmen were led by Mr. Greenstreet, the Sophomores by Mr. Bronsen, the Juniors by Mr. Logan, and the Seniors by Mrs. Wilson. The course consisted of a study of the life of Christ as depicted by Luke. During the course our school stood third in the state. We are justly proud of this, our first effort.





Chalk M. (stopping Red Rozell, who was running for all there was in it)—
“What’s the matter?”

Red—“I just stopped a fight.”

Chalk—“Who was fighting?”

Red—“Me and another boy.”

Mrs. Jones (before their marriage)—“Oh, William, this diamond ring is beautiful, and dear, there is no one who trusts you more than I do.”

Mr. Jones (thinking)—“Yes, there is, dear.”

Mrs. Jones—“Who?”

Mr. Jones—“The jeweler.”

“Vader, said little Ikey, “de vader is comin’ in at the toe of my boot.”

“Vell, vot you want? Make a hole at de heel, and de vader vill run out again.”

“Helen H. to Anastasia—“I got a man, but I won’t tell you his name, for my man and your man is the same.” (Murray Mendenhall.)

Mr. Lowery—“Well, Hobert is going to take a general course at Wabash. What is Raymond going to take?”

Mrs. Jolly—“I think he’ll take well with the girls.”

Ruth Fields—“Say, isn’t that a dandy cat I’ve just drawn?”

Bill Mc.—“But where is his tail?”

R. F.—“Oh, it’s in the ink bottle yet.”

Mabel J.—“Our new cook makes everything out of a cook book.”

Ione S.—“That must ’ave been part of the back cover that I tasted in that cake.”

“Be what you are, not what you ain’t; ’cause if you are what you ain’t, you ain’t what you are.”

“Mr. Lemon is so stingy that he looks over his glasses to keep from wearing them out.”

“If you loiter in the hallway,
If you talk upon the stairs,
If you whisper in the classroom,
Or if you sit in pairs,
You’ve got to be more careful,
And you’ve got to look about,
Or Mr. Gross will get you,
If you don’t watch out.”

Policeman—“Say, you can’t park here.”

Martha B.—“Can’t park! What is that sign, “Fine for Parking,” up there for, anyway?”

F—ierce lessons.

L—ate hours.

U—nexcused absences.

N—ot prepared.

K—icked out.

Mr. Jones—“I forgot what I was going to say.”

Walter C.—“You was going to tell us a joke, weren’t you?”

Mr. Jones—“No, I wasn’t going to say anything about you, Walter.”

“She’s refused my suit,” “June” exclaimed dramatically.

“Mother,” loudly whispered Amelia in the audience, “What does he want her to wear his clothes for?”

Jolly—“After all, life is but a game.”

Helen—“You must be very athletic.”

"Unconfirmed reports say an African lion swallowed a flivver a few weeks ago. He forgot to shut off the engine, however, and shook to death in fifteen minutes."

RECEIPT FOR LONGEVITY

"When you walk
And when you fliv,
Look both ways,
And try to live."

"It almost makes me laugh,
So wonderful the treat,
To see an athlete run a mile
And only move two feet."

Miss Tarleton—"I should like to open an account at this bank, please."

Teller—"We shall be glad to accommodate you, madam. What amount do you wish to deposit?"

Miss T.—"Oh, I mean a charge account, such as I have at the large dry goods stores."

Bronson—"Lowell, your conduct is outrageous. I shall have to consult your father."

L. C.—"You'd better not. He'll charge you two dollars. He's a dentist."

Mrs. Wilson, in front of some questions on the blackboard, wasn't shocked when Mabel J. said she couldn't see the questions, but said, "I's-adora but no window."

Mr. McKee—"I see Henry Ford is going to buy all the squeals of pigs that are killed at packing houses and use them instead of squeaks, as a big shoe concern is going to use them."

M. F.—"My—how noisy!"

Bob Cook (entering his home).

Mrs. C.—"Why, Robert, did you get run over by a train or a machine, or what?"

Bob—"Neither. I got into a fight with Elwood Shelton."

Mrs. C.—"Well, you didn't let that little runt run over you, did you?"

Bob—"Sh-sh, mother, you shouldn't speak ill of the dead."

Boy (running up to man)—"Say, mister, have you lost a fifty-cent piece?"

Man (feeling in his pocket)—"Yes, I have. Why?"

Boy—"You make the fortieth one this morning."

Helen Taylor—"Mother, may I go to the party as a milk maid?"

Mrs. Taylor—"No, dear; you are quite too small."

H. T.—"Then can I go as a condensed milk maid?"

"Bun" Smith—"How did you happen to get home so early last night?"

L. Hamilton—"I had tough luck; I leaned against her doorbell."

Mr. Mendenhall—"History class, please tell me some of the dangers of the desert."

Bob J.—"The Shiek."

Sign on Y. M. C. A. bulletin board—"Mr. Harrison wants boy to milk and drive auto."

L. C.—"Will you buy an annual of me?"

Freshie—"I don't know whether I'll go yet or not."

Little Girl—"Mamma, can our new maid see in the dark?"

Mother—"Why, child, what makes you think that? I don't think she can see any better than you or I."

L. G.—"Well, I heard her tell dad that he needed a shave, out in the hall, and there was no light on."

George W.—“Well, boys, how much are you going to donate?”

Bill Mc.—“On what?”

G. W.—“A pair of rubber-soled shoes for Mr. McKee, so that he can catch the students in the assembly writing notes.”

Mr. Jones—“I understand that Wallace-Hagenbeck’s circus has an extra monkey cage this season.”

Keith E.—“Why don’t you go and get in it?”

Mr. Jones—“I thought maybe you’d get it.”

Sam B.—“Hold still, you haven’t swallowed all of it yet.”

Mr. Bronson—“Sam, what are you doing to Hobert?”

Hobe L.—“Aw, I swallered his dime, and now he is making me eat yeast so he can raise the dough.”

Perry Loer (in Chemical Lab.)—“Doggone the luck! I ought to knowed better.”

Mr. B.—“Perry, watch your English. What is the matter?”

P. L.—“Aw, that Bunsen burner burns so good that the flame can’t be seen; so I lit it and put my hand above the flame to see if it was burning.”

Mr. B.—“Was it?”

P. L.—“It wasn’t doin’ nothin’ else.”

City Boy (after visit to country)—“And just think, I saw milk that didn’t come from bottles.”

Tommy—“Say, dad, I looked through the keyhole last night when sis’s beau was here.”

Dad—“What did you find out?”

Tommy—“The lights.”

Scott C. entered a bank the other day, walked up to the cashier and said: “I want a check book for a lady that folds in the middle.”

Shapiro—“I shall never marry until I meet a woman who is my direct opposite.”

Helen Taylor—“Oh, Bruno, there are a number of intelligent girls in this neighborhood.”

Miss Wickett—“Surely, Mr. Duke, you don’t consider these windows washed?”

Mr. Duke—“Indeed I do, Miss W. I washed ’em good on the outside so the light can come in, but I left ’em dirty on the inside so the students won’t stand ’round and look out.”

Mrs. Jones—“Bill, dear, I’ve got something I want to talk to you about.”

Bill—“I’m glad of that, darling. Usually you want to talk to me about something you haven’t got.”

Bill T.—“Hi, June; I hear you’re working in a shirt factory nowadays.”

June—“Yep.”

Bill—“Why aren’t you working today?”

June—“Oh, we’re making night shirts this week.”

Margaret—“I’m going to get married next week if Paul can get a day off.”

Mildred—“Do you think he can?”

Margaret—“Yes. You see it isn’t the same as if he was asking for a vacation to have a good time.”

“Well, my dear,” said Mr. Jones one evening, “I had my life insured today for \$5,000.”

Mrs. Jones—“Oh, how sweet of you. Now I won’t have to tell you to be careful everywhere you go.”

Miss Wickett—“What is the new baby’s name at your house?”

Miles Y.—“Don’t know. It can’t talk and hasn’t told us yet.”

Hobo L. (on phone)—“What are you doing?”

Paul C.—“I just finished washing my B. V. D.’s.”

Central (butting in)—“I am still ringing them.”

Rob H.—“Mother, will you buy me a radio set?”

Mrs. H.—“Landsakes, no! I don't want any of those radio bugs in our house.”

Elsie W.—“What did you say when Freddy kissed you on the chin last night?”

Esther K.—“I said, ‘Heavens above!’ And I meant it, too.”

A TOAST FOR A KISS

“Though a kiss be amiss,
She who misses the kisses,
A Miss without kiss
May miss being a Mrs.
And he who will miss
The kisses of Misses
Will miss having the bliss
Of being Mr. and Mrs.”

THE CIGARETTE

“I'm not much of a mathematician,” said the cigarette, “but I can add to a boy's nervous trouble, subtract from his physical energy, multiply his aches and pains, divide his mental powers, take interest from his work and discount his chances of success.”

“I've turned highwayman,” said the sofa.

“How's that?” asked the rocking chair.

“I held up a couple last night.”

Hobo—“That's a vampy chair you have.”

Alice—“What makes you think it's vampy?”

Hobo—“It has bare legs, a low-cut back, and no upholstery.”

Harriet N.—“Who was that Junior?”

June—“Oh, don't you know? That was Luke Warm from Hot Springs, Ark.
Ha! Ha!”

H. N.—“Oh! I thought it might have been Ice C. Cold from Nome, Alaska.”

Mr. Logan—“And what did the farmers turn to then, Clyde?”

Clyde A.—“Squashes, sir.”

Sam B., a business man of Newcastle (not very good in pronouncing words), went into L. D. Elsbury's store and asked for a pair of leghorns (meaning leggings).

“Good Lord! What do ya think this is, a poultry shop?”

Claude W.—“Did you ever take chloroform?”

Blanche N.—“No. Who teaches it?”

“THE LIGHT THAT FAILED”

First Student (at 10:30 p. m.)—“This match won't light.”

Second Student—“That's funny; it lit a minute ago.”

Miss Woody's motto: “They shall not pass.”

BIRTHSTONES

Freshman—Emeralds.

Sophomore—Moonstones.

Junior—Grindstones.

Senior—Tombstones.

“Be it ever so homely, there's no face like your own.”

Webster says: “Thermometers are not the only things which are graduated and get degrees without brains.”

“I'm awfully glad you came in, mother,” said Mrs. E. Moore, who was trying to do some cooking. “This recipe says, ‘Take a good-hearted cabbage.’ Now, mother dear, how do you tell the disposition of a cabbage?”

Notice to Freshmen: “Please park your tricycles and kiddie kars on the north side of the building.”

FRESHMAN YELL

RAH! RAH! RAH!
 MA! MA! MA!
 PA! PA! PA!
 HELP!!!

Prof. Jones' Principle: "The conduct of a student varies as the square of the distance from the instructor."

"You would think some of our classes were carpentry classes, the way they make bolts for the doors when the bell rings."

G. Weltz—"Well, I didn't know Columbus had a telephone; but here's his number as plain as day—Columbus 1492."

And still, Mrs. Wilson always manages to tell her history classes at the beginning of each semester that she doesn't believe in a lot of dates (of any kind).

SHORTEST CONVERSATION KNOWN

Bill—"Huh?"

R. Hodson—"Uh huh."

Bill—"License, please."

Lemon says that next year he is going to teach some of his classes in the gym, because that is the proper place for dumbbells. (Get your gym shoes, Bruno.)

GOOD EXERCISE

"As an expert tennis player,
 Our baby beats them all,
 Because his racket is immense
 And he doesn't miss a bawl."

Mr. Bronson—"Name one of the oldest prophets."

W. Cloud (having sat down on a tack put there by his neighbor)—"H-o-l-y M-o-s-e-s!"

Mr. B.—"That's right; but don't holler so loud."

Lum—"I saw an airplane flyin'."

Father—"Don't forget your 'g's,' my boy."

Lum—"Gee! I saw an airplane flyin'."

"All good boys love their sisters,
 And I so good have grown,
 That I love another boy's sister
 As well as I love my own."

—Harry S.

"Oily to bed and
 Oily to rise,
 Is the fate of a man
 When an auto he buys."

Alice Boyd—"A mouse! A mouse!"

Mr. Grose—"Oh, shut your trap!"

"I stole a kiss the other night;
 My conscience hurts, alak!
 I think I'll go again tonight,
 And give the darn thing back."

Melba S.—"Does it cost much to feed giraffes?"

Ralph W.—"No. They say a little goes a long ways."

"Lives of great men all remind us,
 We should always do our best,
 And departing leave behind us
 Notebooks that will help the rest."

Mr. Jones (in Geom. class)—“Now, students, sit up straight, and I’ll come around and look at your figures.”

“In sport he called her a lemon nice
And said he would be the squeezer.
Instead he felt like a lemon in ice,
And she—well, she was the freezer.”

“Never tell a secret to your dog; they say they carry tails.”

Miles Y.—“Here, this coffee is nothing but mud.”

Waiter—“Sure; it was ground this morning.”

“A girl who didn’t like to say ‘spitz’ or ‘pants’ once saw a Spitz dog coming down the street and said, “Just see how that saliva dog trousers.”

Margaret C.—“Why, Jimmie, won’t you get sick from smoking?”

Jimmie H.—“Naw. I’ve smoked for years. My father smoked hams, my grand-dad smoked fish, and I smoke anything I lay my hands on.”

Logan—“Named the baby yet?”

Gross—“Well, her mother wanted her called Opal, I wanted Pearl for her name, and her grandmother wanted Ruby.”

Logan—“How did all come out?”

Gross—“We compromised and called her Jewel.”

“WHAT THEY THINK LOVE IS”

A Child—“Nuisance.”
The Flapper—“Petting.”
The Cynic—“Sham.”
An Optimist—“Life.”
The Old Maid—“Delusion.”
A Preacher—“Religion.”
The Student—“Fun.”
A Fool—“Joke.”
The Screen Star—“Will o’ the Wisp.”

“Our mothers in olden days wore dresses called ‘Mother Hubbards,’ but dresses today are more like the dear old ladies’ cupboard.”

Mildred—“Do you like fishballs?”

Russell—“Don’t think I ever attended any.”

Miss W.—“Why did you tell you had to go to your dressing room for some cold cream?”

Helen H.—“I had to do something to get the chap off my hands.”

JUST A STORY

“A man rode up to a little town in Mexico on a mountain lion; he had a wildcat under each arm, and was using a rattlesnake for a whip. He went to a soda fountain and ordered a glass of carbollic acid with just a few drops of iodine for a taste. After eating some mothballs to take the taste of the drink out of his mouth, he began to cry. When questioned why he was crying, he said: ‘Pa wuz goin’ to whip me fur bitin’ the heads off his tame horn toads, and I run away. Now I’m lonesome.’ ”

Mr. Bronson (to class)—“Does anyone know how iron was discovered?”

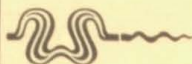
Risser W.—“Yes, sir.”

Mr. Bronson—“Well, tell us about it.”

R. W.—“They smelt it.”

“During a very hot spell, a man was riding in his Ford with one foot hanging out over the door. A small boy noticing this, shouted after him: ‘Hey, mister! Did you lose your other skate?’ ”

To Our Readers....



This Rosennial, we hope, has portrayed the trials and tribulations with a full share of the joys of the high school year of 1923. The success of this book is largely due to the financial aid rendered by the business men of this city. Let us truly express our appreciation by patronizing our.....

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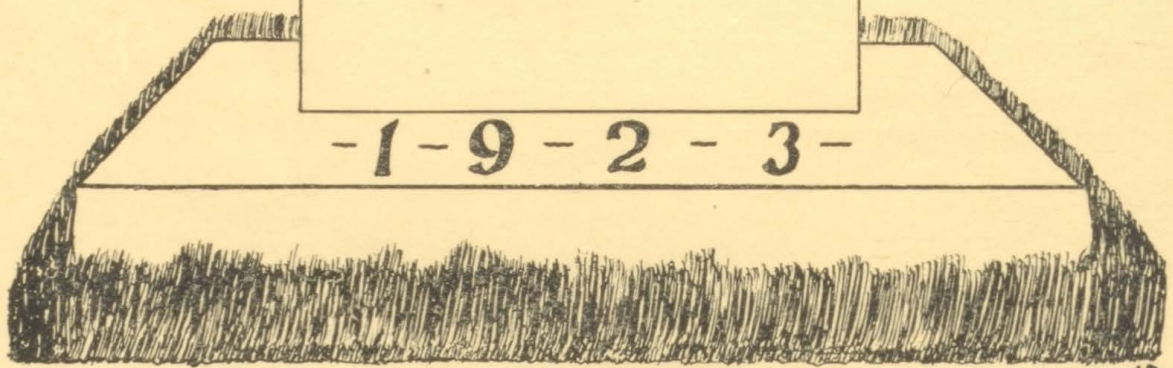
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THE OLD WORN OUT
ANNUAL STAFF
LIES DEAD.
ALAS! ALAS!

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