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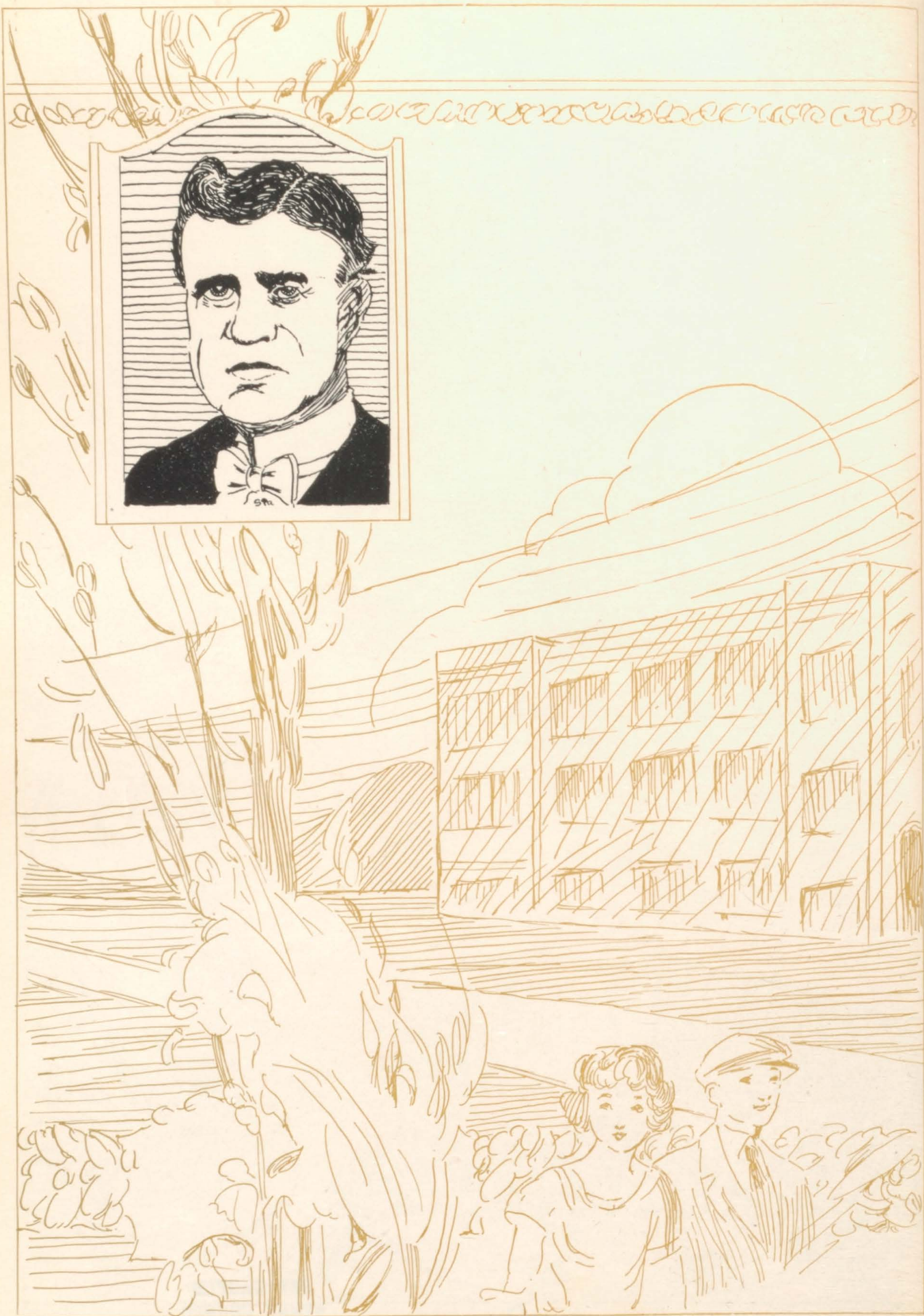
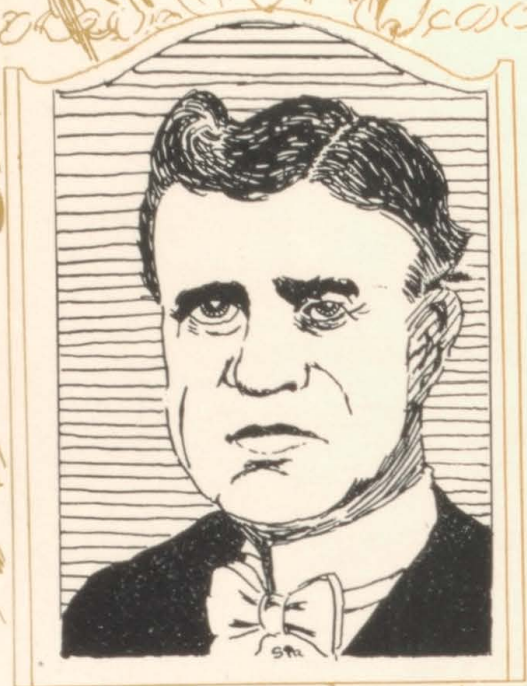
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Under The Direction
of
LILLIAN E. CHAMBERS

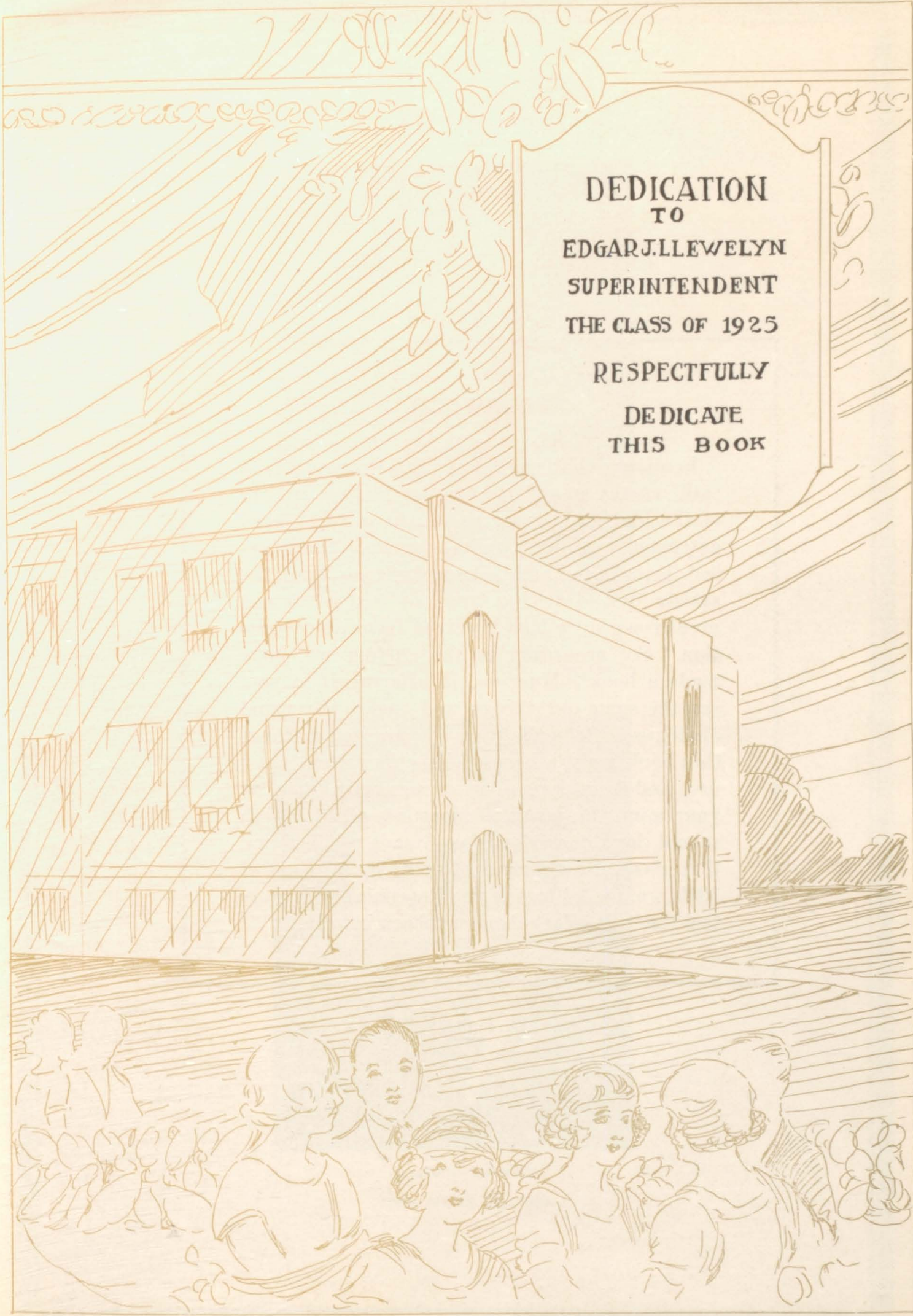
The ROSENNIAL

1 9 2 5

Published
by the
Senior Class
of
New Castle
High School
New Castle, Indiana







DEDICATION
TO
EDGAR J. LLEWELYN
SUPERINTENDENT
THE CLASS OF 1925
RESPECTFULLY
DEDICATE
THIS BOOK

FOREWORD

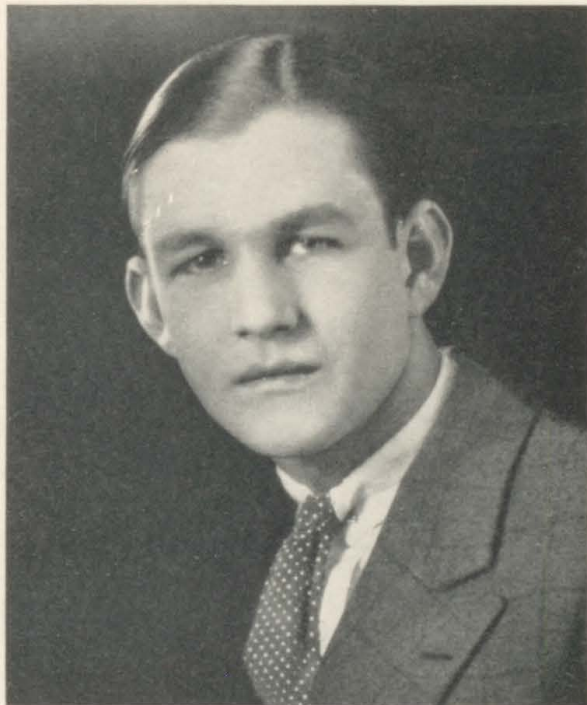
Realizing that publishing the Rosennial is a task worthy of efforts and intellectual ability of the highest degree, we to whom it has been entrusted feel ourselves unworthy. Nevertheless, brim full of enthusiasm, we started and the satisfaction of having done our best is the one great reward we have received from its completion. So, according to the custom we have made a book. Must we, in offering it to you, say the same old things and make the usual apologies? If in the years to come you discover this book amid a heap of long forgotten treasures and from the gallery of memories come to your mind the joys and pleasures of your high school days, the friends you made while there, if it gives you a feeling of pride in the class of 1925, we, the editors of the Rosennial, will truly feel that our efforts have not been in vain.

In Memoriam



GEORGE A. ELLIOTT.

Died March 2, 1925.
Member Board of School Trustees.



HARRY MORRIS.

Died March 20, 1925.

ROSENNIAL STAFF 1925



ADAMS



BOYKIN



CARPENTER



COGGESHALL



HUFFMAN



JOYCE



LAMB



MCCLURE



MCINTYRE



STARBUCK



STRANAHAN



TAYLOR



TRAINOR



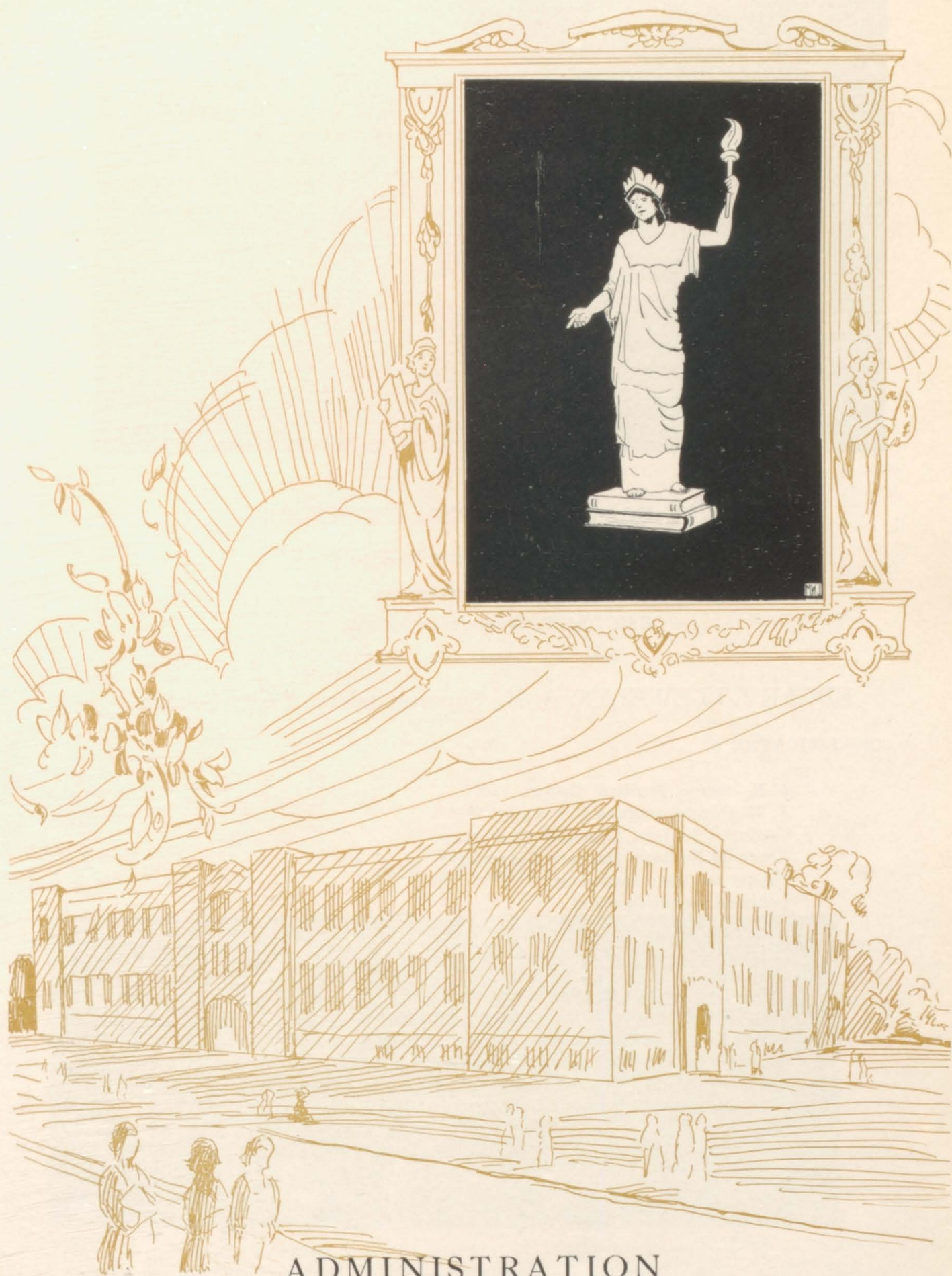
WIGGINS



WISE



ZERR



ADMINISTRATION



CITY BOARD OF SCHOOL TRUSTEES

EMMETT G. McQUINN ,President.

MARTIN L. KOONS, Secretary.

RAY DAVIS, Treasurer.

EDGAR J. LLEWELYN, A. M., Superintendent of City Schools.

QUALIFICATIONS:

A. B. Degree, Earlham College, 1907.
A. M. Degree, Indiana University, 1910.
Graduate Student, Columbia University.
Graduate Student, Harvard University.
County Institute Instructor.
Commencement Speaker.

EXPERIENCE:

District and Grade Teacher, three years.
Principal of Schools, Fisher, Indiana, 1898-1901.
Principal of Schools, Arcadia, Indiana, 1901-1905.
Superintendent of Schools, Sheridan, Indiana, 1905-1911.
Superintendent of Schools, Mount Vernon, Indiana, 1911-1917.
Superintendent of Schools, New Castle, Indiana, since 1917.



MR. ROY H. VALENTINE, A. M.—

Indiana University. A. M. Columbia University. Principal and manager of athletics N. H. S.

"The quality of mercy is not strained."

Our Deans





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

Her classes are never dull and un-
interesting.

MISS LILLIAN CHAMBERS, A. B.—
Indiana University. English, Lit-
erature. Dean of Girls.

An excellent teacher with high
ideals.

MR. ROCKHILL—Indiana State Nor-
mal. Commercial Subjects.

His sense of humor makes him pop-
ular with the students.

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

N. H. S. is fortunate in having her.

MR. GARRETT—GROSS, A. B. —
Wabash College. Science,
He has a cheerful word for all.

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

His wisdom surpasses all.

MR. WILLIAM JONES, A. B.—Earl-
ham College. Mathematics.

He chooses his point of view and
stands by it through thick and thin.

MISS JUANITA WICKETT, A. B.—
Earlham College. French.

A friend worth having.





MR. JOSEPH GREENSTREET—De-
Pauw University. Mathematics.
Dean of Boys.

What would we do without him?

MRS. MAUDE HUDELSON—Indiana
State Normal. Latin.

"Silence is wisdom and better than
any speech."

MR. GEORGE LOGAN, A. B.—Indi-
ana University. Mathematics and
Commercial Geography.

What more can be said than he has
no enemies?

MISS CLARA WESTHAFFER, A. B.—
Evansville College. Ph. B. Uni-
versity of Chicago. English.

We know her as she is.

MISS MARCELLA TULLY, A. B.—
Indiana University. Latin.

Sweet and neat and quite complete.

MISS CHARLOTTE TARLETON, A.
B.—Washington University. Span-
ish.

The best goods come wrapped in
small packages.

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

We remember how hard she worked
with us when we were Juniors
and we shall never forget her.

MISS FERN HODSON, A. B.—Earl-
ham College. Mathematics.

"So learned yet so meek."





MR. LLOYD WHITAKER, A. B.—
Earlham College. Commercial Sub-
jects. Assistant Athletic Coach.
Come what may, I am ready.

MR. PARK KIRK, A. B.—Earlham
College. Graduate Student, Uni-
versity of Arizona.. History.
Reserved in his opinions, he never
failed to think before he spoke.

MR. IVAN HODSON, A. B.—Earl-
ham College. Science.
His heart is in his work.

MISS LEWELTA POGUE, A. B.—
Indiana University. English and
Spanish.
"So tiny yet beloved by all."

MISS ATHA PINNICK, A. M.—Indi-
ana University. Botany and Dra-
matic Coach.
She has been here only two years.
Now she is one of us. There's
something about her we adore.

MISS GLADYS CLIFFORD, A. B.—
DePauw University. English and
Latin.
We feel that we do not know her
well—but we shall.

MISS LOVE BARNETT, A. B.—Uni-
versity, Michigan. Mathematics,
and Science.
A winsome botanist.

MR. THAD GORDON, B. S.—Indiana
University. History and Salesman-
ship.
The qualities of six good men com-
bined in one.



MRS. AGNES BROCK—Purdue University. Home Economics.

Her work might be called sacred for she will make better homes.

MISS MELLVILLE—City School Nurse.

She always goes quietly about her affairs with a smile for every one she chances to meet.

MISS MAY DORSEY—Graduate Indianapolis Conservatory of Music and Southern Illinois State Teachers College. Music, Drawing, Glee Club and Orchestra.

"Music Hath Charms" and so has Miss Dorsey.

MISS HILDA KOONTZ—Secretary of E. J. Llewelyn.

"And it was proclaimed far and wide and none better could be found."

MR. JAMES PITCHER—Indiana University. Manual Training and Mechanical Drawing.

"One Who Demands" defeats.

MISS EVELYN GARR, A. B.—Earlham College. English and Girls' Athletics.

She trips through the halls as though there was never a care in the world.

MISS WRIGHT—Millinery, Textiles, and clothing.

A sweet smile and a few well chosen words.



NEW CASTLE CITY SCHOOLS

Senior High School Department

CURRICULUM

Explanatory Notes

1. The figure in the tens column indicate the year in which the subject is offered. The figure in the units column indicates the term or semester in which the subject is offered.

2. No student is permitted to elect a subject with a higher number than the year or semester to which he belongs without consent of the head of the department, a Dean, and the Principal.

3. Irregular or Special Students are required to make up their programs with the advice of a Dean and the Principal.

DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH

English 11—A study of Narration, Composition, Appropriate Classics.

English 12—A study of Description, Composition, Appropriate Classics.

English 21—A study of Exposition, Composition, Rhetoric, Appropriate Classics.

English 31—A study of the Short Story, Essay, History of English Literature, Appropriate Classics.

English 32—A study of the Poem as a literary form with especial emphasis on the Epic, History of English Literature, Appropriate Classics.

English 41—An Appreciative and Interpretative Study of Literature. Pre-Requisite—Satisfactory work in preceding courses. Study the Drama—Epic Poetry—Lyric Poetry.

English 42—An Appreciative and Interpretative Study of Literature.

Pre-Requisite—English 41 with satisfactory grade.

Study Short Story, Essay, Historical Writings.

English 51—(Graduate Course)—An Appreciative and Interpretative Study of Literature.

Pre-Requisite—English 41 with satisfactory grade.

A Study of the Novel, History of Novel Writing, Nineteenth Century Fiction.

DEPARTMENT OF HISTORY AND SOCIAL SCIENCE.

History 11—Industrial History of the United States.

History 12—History of Commerce and Industry of the World.

History 21—Ancient History.

History 22—Medieval History. Pre-Requisite, History 21.

History 31—Modern History. Pre-Requisite, History 21 and 22.

History 32—English History. Required as a pre-requisite for students who have not elected History 21, 22 and 31. Students who have courses 21, 22 and 31 are permitted to take this course only with the consent of the Head of the Department.

History 41—United States History (Required of all Seniors.)

History 42—Civics and Vocational Guidance.

History 51—(Post-Graduate Course) Elementary Economics. Pre-Requisite, History 41 and must be taking History 42.

DEPARTMENT OF MATHEMATICS

Algebra 11—Elementary Processes.

Algebra 12—Equations, etc.

Algebra 21—Advanced Algebra.

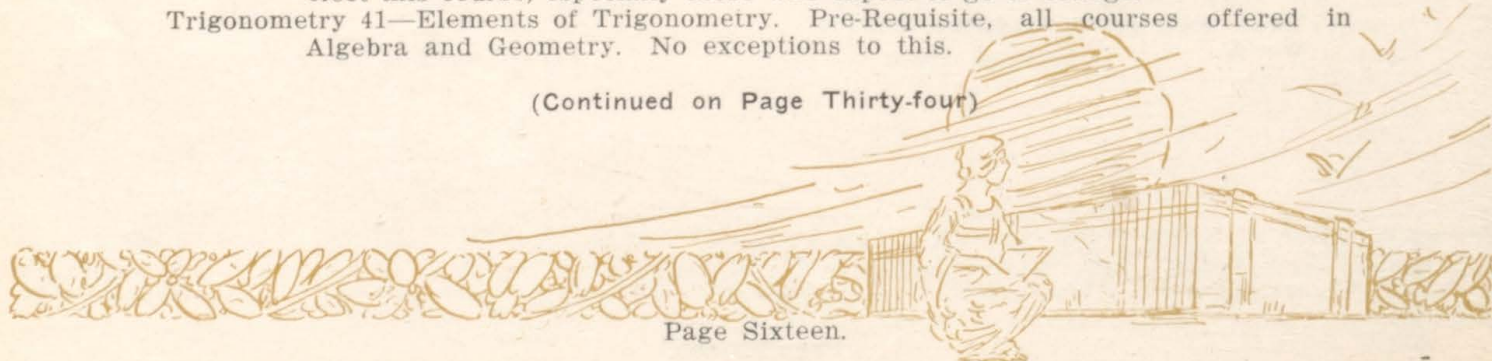
Geometry 22—Plane Geometry. Pre-Requisite Algebra 11 and 12. It is strongly urged that students take Algebra 21 before electing this course.

Geometry 31—Plane Geometry completed.

Geometry 32—Solid Geometry. Not required for graduation, but students are urged to elect this course, especially those who expect to go to college.

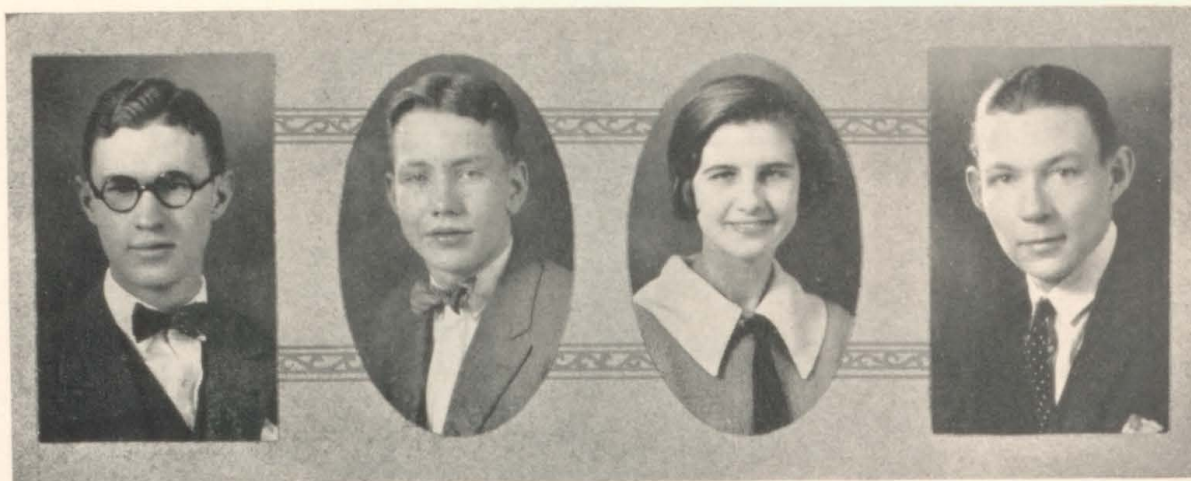
Trigonometry 41—Elements of Trigonometry. Pre-Requisite, all courses offered in Algebra and Geometry. No exceptions to this.

(Continued on Page Thirty-four)





CLASS OF '25



CLASS OFFICERS

John Van Nuys	President
Fred Starbuck	Vice President
Gertrude Vivian	Secretary
Boyd Vickery	Treasurer

CLASS COMMITTEES

COLORS—Purple and Orchid.

Committee for Class Colors:

Chairman—Miriam Clift
Paul Dingle Vera Conklin

MOTTO—"Follow the Gleam."

Committee for Class Motto:

Chairman—Ronald Shepherd
Helen Hunt Helen Jones

FLOWER—Ophelia Rose.

Flower Committee:

Chairman—Esther Sommerville
Frank Winters Fern Elliott





ESTHER ADAMS—"Just like a gypsy"—with dark hair and eyes to match. Prom committee. Prom play. Annual staff. Yell leader for '24. Vice President, History Club, Eng. 41, 42, 51. Class play.

Ambition—To always be able to have a good time.

MARETA ALBRIGHT—A cheerful disposition, and friendly smile for all.

Ambition—To bring back the days of long ago.

MILDRED ASHBY—A good student quiet and friendly. Eng. 41. Prom play.

Ambition—To be a coach of girls' athletics.

JOHN BACON—John's motto for school is, "All work and no play make John a dull boy." So John plays "Safety First." Prom play. Stage manager.

Ambition—To be a musician.

ROBERT BEALL—If anyone can tell us about Porto Rico 'Bob' can. He's been there. Prom play.

Ambition—To have straight hair.

PAULINE BOLSER—She is content and happy, and has a joyful heart.

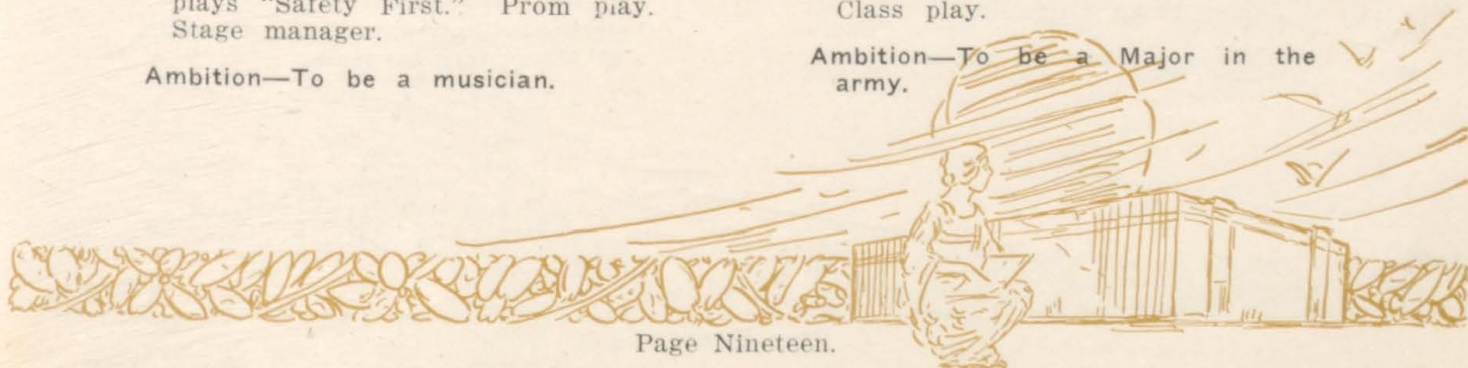
Ambition—To be a stenographer.

ROBERT BOYKIN — Being editor may be a thankless task, but Bob manages to have a good time. President of History Club. Managing Editor Phoenix. Editor-in-chief of the Annual. Eng. 41, 42, 51.

Ambition—A second Ralston.

BYRAM A. BUNCH—Reserved but friendly. Track '23. Football '24. Class play.

Ambition—To be a Major in the army.





ARTHUR C. BURTON—"Much work is the weariness of the mind."
Junior Prom Committee. Class play.
Ambition—To graduate from High School.

HELEN BUSH—Red hair usually means a "hot temper" but all who know Helen agree that there is an exception to every rule and that Helen must be "it". Class play.
Ambition—To drive her Chevrolet.

MARY BYERS—A girl to order, a friend worth knowing.
Ambition—To persuade Harry to move to New Castle.

WILLIAM CALDWELL—His words are few but they count for much.
Junior Prom Committee.
Ambition—To be seen but not heard.

HEWITT CARPENTER—His ability and sincerity always bring him out on top. Prom Committee. President of Pro and Con Club. Prom play. Eng. 41, 42, 51. Member of student council. Business Manager of the Annual. Class play.

Ambition—To make the annual a big success.

OLIVE CARRUTHERS—Olive is known among her friends by a few words, a quiet smile, and a willingness and capability to do what is before her. Eng. 41 and 42.

Ambition—To be a great mathematician.

MIRIAM CLIFT—Tall, slender, dark eyes and curly hair. There are rumors of her remaining single, but we don't believe it. Who could? Prom play. Phoenix staff. Color Committee. Class play.

Ambition—To keep her contracts with "Gas" Joyce.

ROBERT COBLE—"It takes a great man to be a good listener." Basketball '24. Junior play.

Ambition—Chemistry and agricultural Missionary to India.



JOHN COGGESHALL—He's a loyal booster for the Frojans. Prom Committee. Basketball '23, '24. Football '23. Senior Student Manager of Basketball '24, '25. Eng. 41 and 42. Annual staff. Class play. Class will.

Ambition—"To live, learn and love."

VERA CONKLIN—A good student, quiet and cheerful. Junior Prom Committee. Class color committee. Eng. 41.

Ambition—"On to Antioch."

LU VESTA CONLEY—There's nobody else like her.

Ambition—To be a successful business woman.

MILDRED CONWAY—She's a sensible girl who believes in work and fun too. She can be seen every Wednesday with her violin tucked under her arm, a valuable member of the Orchestra. English 41, 42, 51. Orchestra '25.

Ambition—To be a violinist.

MIRIAM W. COOPER—"E'en tho vanquished, she could argue.

Ambition—Be Happy.

LEAFA DARNELL—She takes things as they come, be they good or bad, and her friends are many.

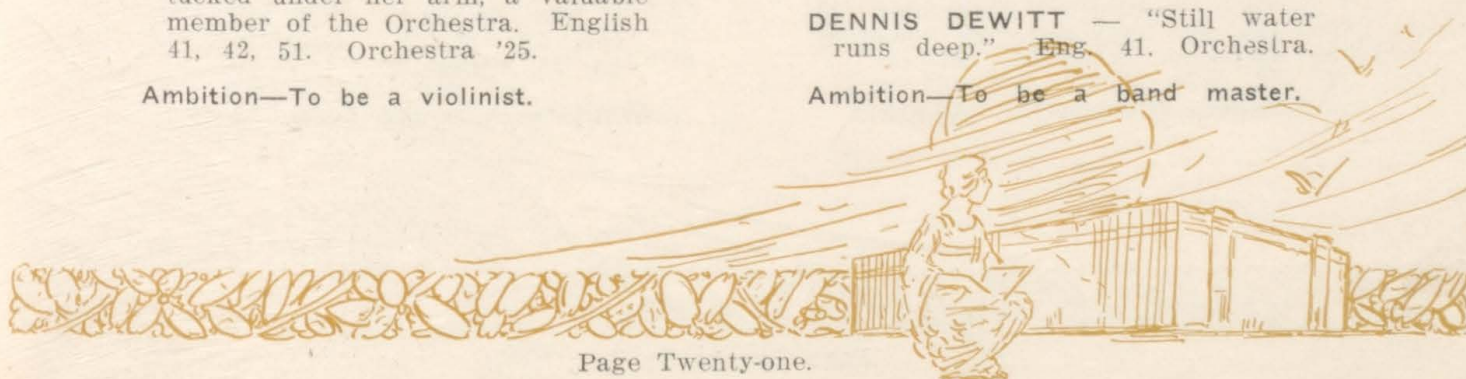
Ambition—To live a carefree life.

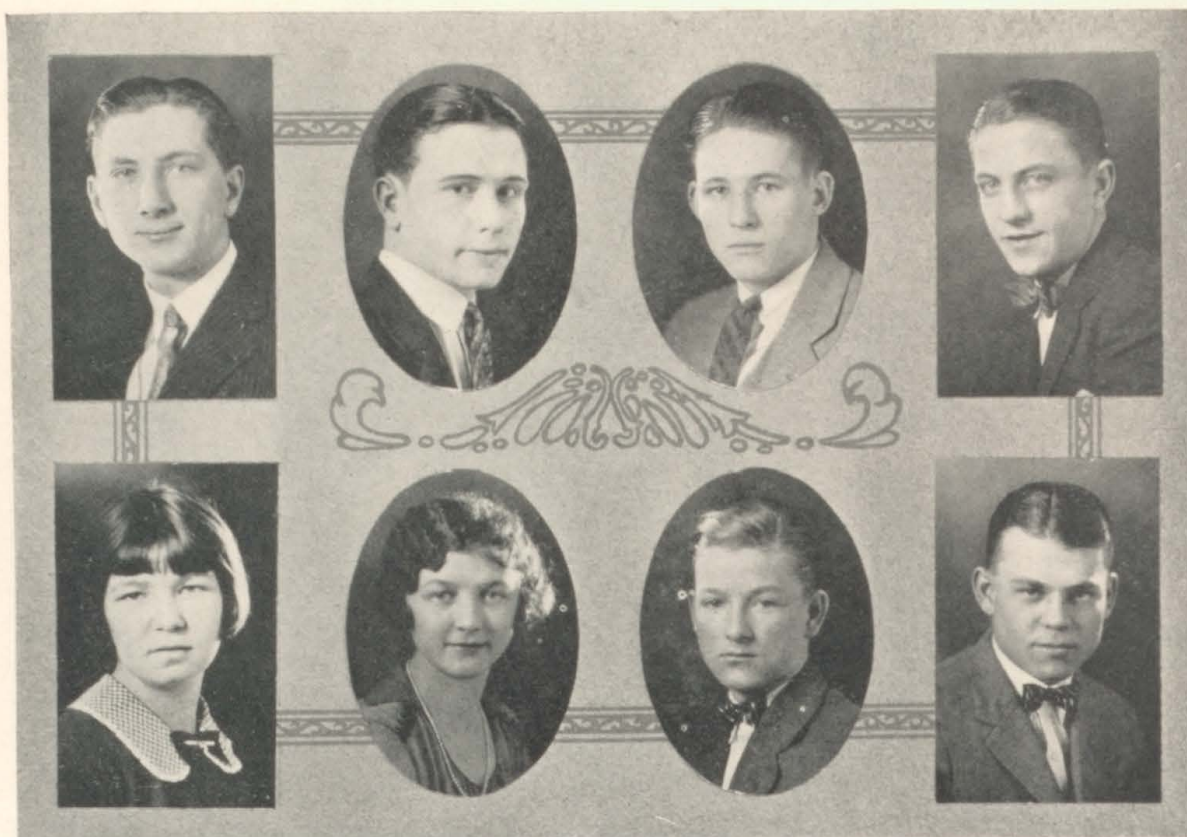
EDWIN L. DAVIS—One of the studious members of the class of '25

Ambition—To be a master mechanic.

DENNIS DEWITT — "Still water runs deep." Eng. 41. Orchestra.

Ambition—To be a band master.





PAUL DINGLE—A good conscientious fellow. Prom Committee. Prom play. Student Council. Color Committee.

Ambition—To be a banker.

BOYDEN DUDLEY—Boyden is dignified, sincere and reliable.

Ambition—To be the "Ace of Aces."

IVAN DURHAM—Quiet and business-like but 'knows his stuff'; Just ask "Kate" Trainor if you don't believe it. Eng. 41.

Ambition—To be a salesman.

KIETH EDWARDS—"Kitchen" is one of Thads "old reliables." But his time is not all taken up with Trojan warfare as he takes quite an interest in the under class men (class women).. Basketball '23, '24, '25. Baseball '23. Football '23, '24.

Ambition—(Doubtful).

IRENE ELLINGTON—She has a light and happy heart.

Ambition—To be an actress.

FERN ELLIOTT—Little but mighty. Flower Committee.

Ambition—To be married.

ROBERT FALCK—Robert is quiet and unassuming, a true friend and a good student well liked by his classmates.

Ambition—To be seen but not heard.

WALTER FALCK—Oh! yes Falckie! Our praise deserving basketball player, musician and student. Almost too much for one, but it doesn't seem to worry him in the least. Hard to catch, isn't he girls, at least he hasn't fallen yet. Football '22, '23, '24. Basketball '23, '24, '25. Track '23.

Ambition—A second Sousa.





DOROTHY FISK—She is always in for a good time and consequently has many friends. Where Dorothy is there you also find Fern.

Ambition—To be slender.

ERVIN FORD—Senior dignity personified. He would have had a case but he simply couldn't decide who it should be as there are so many girls in N. H. S. You can find him loafing either in Chemistry stock room or at the Moon lite.

Ambition—To sleep in 203.

ESTHER FOSTER—Our office girl with the contagious smile beloved by all. She burns the midnight oil but we have a suspicion that it isn't always lessons. Glee Club '22, '23, '24. Prom committee. Office '25.

Ambition—Private Secretary.

JESSE FRENCH III—We'll never forget Jesse in those English 41 plays. He talked and he continued to talk what ever the subject was. He finished his work the first semester. English 41. Prom Committee. Class Play.

Ambition—To drive in the Speedway.

HOMER GAUKER—A synonym for athlete? "Tillie"—But why name his activities every one knows and likes him and we frequently hear him described in feminine lingo as "perfectly fascinating." Basketball '22, '23, '24, Capt. '25. Foot Ball '22, '23.

Ambition—To be a salesman.

CARROLL GOULDSBERY — He is noted for those perfect chemistry experiments, usually found consulting Mr. Bronson. If he were a girl we'd be almost inclined to accuse him of using powder.. Anyway he has a nice complexion.

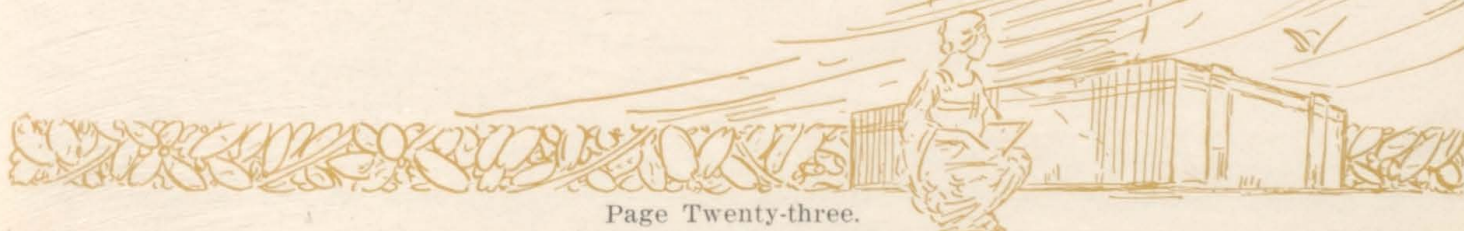
Ambition—To be a chemist.

DORTHA GRULER—Some people might think Dortha is quiet and reserved but they just don't know her. She's willing to try anything once, even a Ponjola bob. Glee Club '23, '24. Prom Committee. English 41, 42, 51.

Ambition—To be a medical professor.

HUGH HANNA—We wonder "from where" does Hugh get such a great amount of energy. He's always doing something all the way from studying to creating a disturbance in 203. He has many friends and seems to enjoy life to the brim. Base Ball '24, '25.

Ambition—To run a soda fountain.





JAUNITA HARTER—It's too bad for the fellows that Jaunita's interest strays to Mooreland. Never the less we have learned to admire her in the two years she's been in N. H. S. as a loyal student and an industrious worker. Glee Club '22, '25.

Ambition—To be a pianist.

EUGENE HINES—"One must have good qualities to be a real sportsman and "Gene" lacks none of them." Baseball '22, '23, '24. Basketball '23, '24. Football '22, '23.

Ambition—To play with the N. Y. Giants.

CARL HINSHAW—We have heard he aspires to be editor of the New York World. And if he works like he has the last four years we know he will succeed. Class phophecy.

Ambition—Journalism.

LEONARD HOOVER—"Bud" has acquired the habit of spending most of his leisure time in the lower hall. Possibly there is attraction. He loves to talk and believes in getting the fun out of life. Prom Play. Track '24.

Ambition—Automatic Machinist.

ROBERT HOSEA—He's survived four years of Latin and can still smile, quite an accomplishment for this quiet black-haired fellow. He helps give the class that coveted senior dignity so lacking in most of us.

Ambition—To write a poem like Vergil.

WILMER HUFFMAN—Every one knows Wilmer. He needs no introduction or discussion, his "way with the ladies" and that black wavy hair is quite an attraction, isn't it girls? Phoenix Staff. Annual Staff. Foot Ball '22, '23, '24. Basket Ball '23. Class Play.

Ambition—To travel.

HELEN HUNT—Helen is usually silent although she is interested in the activities of her class and school, and boys she'll be a real stenographer some day. Motto Committe. Glee Club '25.

Ambition—To own a movie palace.

EVERETT JESSUP—He usually lets the other fellow talk but he can and will argue in the senate—just ask Mrs. Wilson.

Ambition—To be dignified.





EMOGENE JOHNSON—Meek in spirit and gentle of speech.

Ambition—To be everyone's friend.

HELEN JONES—A wee winsome thing, a regular fashion plate, always up with the styles. We have a suspicion that she subscribes to the "Vogue." Prom Committee. Prom Play. Motto Committee. Glee Club '22, '23. English 41, 42, 51.

Ambition—To dress like Gloria Swanson.

MAURICE JOYCE—"Gas" is a happy-go-lucky fellow always getting into trouble but gets safely out of it and say, did you ever notice that blush? Prom Committee. English 41, 42, 51. Class Play. Annual Staff.

Ambition—To run a perfect bluff.

MILDRED KAUFMAN — Mildred's philosophy is to be seen not heard but possibly she thinks it's not safe to be too friendly with the fellows at least she's rather shy.

Ambition—Nursing.

RUTH KOBAY—The fairest of the fair can be said of Ruth for she's our one perfect blonde. She's making high school in three and a half years, perhaps that's the reason boys have no attraction for her. English 41.

Ambition—To be a perfect chauffeur.

MARY KOONS—Mary has long since discovered the gentle art of not letting studies interfere with good times. She's a good sport and every one likes her but how can they help it? Prom Committee. Prom Play. Student Council.

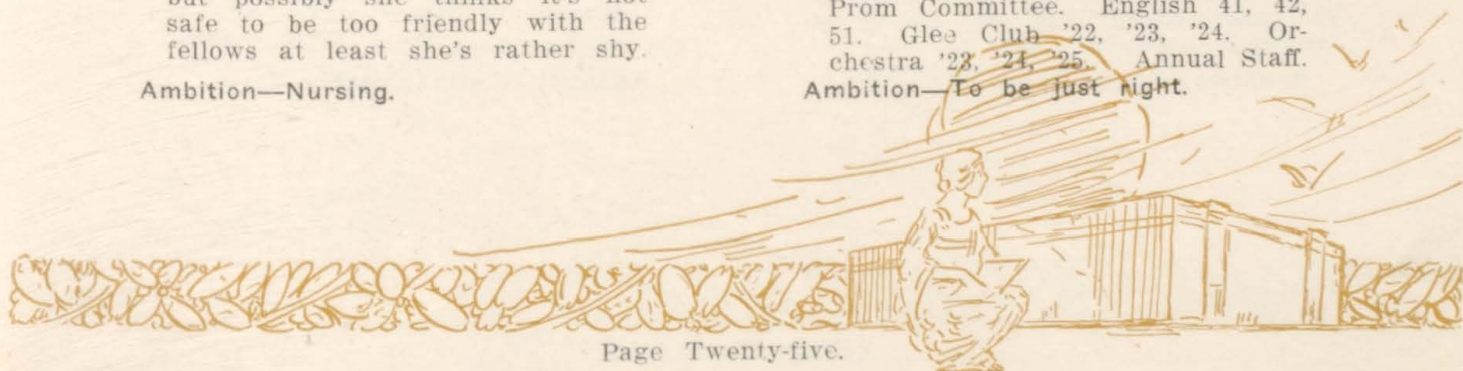
Ambition—To have a good time.

EDITH KUNTZ—She has a smile as merry as the day is long, we never saw her cross with the world. The kind of a student the teachers enjoy. The kind of a pal we love. Prom Committee. Glee Club '23, '24, '25.

Ambition—To be an author.

LENORE LAMB—A whole hearted worker and friend. But be not deceived for if there's any mischief around she's in it. Prom Play. Prom Committee. English 41, 42, 51. Glee Club '22, '23, '24. Orchestra '23, '24, '25. Annual Staff.

Ambition—To be just right.





MADELINE LAWELL—Madeline is one of our hard working conscientious seniors and no doubt is getting more out of her work than most of us. Her friends describe her as adorable and we believe it. English 41. Glee Club '24, '25.

Ambition—To teach.

CLARENCE LOCKER—He is the quietest boy in school but when you're out driving and hear a peculiar honk you might as well turn out for he will pass any way.

Ambition—To win that one little Miss.

MARY LOER—Mary's smiling eyes will speak to you even if her voice is silent, a sincere worker and a good pal.

Ambition—Athletic Instructor.

BERTHA MARGASON—If silence were golden, Bertha would rival John D. in wealth, nevertheless she has the respect and friendship of all her class-mates. Orchestra '25. Glee Club '22, '23, '24, '25. Prom Play.

Ambition—To be happy.

HOWARD MAY—A yell leader of note. His great assets are originality and pep. Yell leader '25, '24, '23. Prom Play. Track '24. Eng. 41. Class Yell.

Ambition—To be the manager of Woolworth's in New York.

ELIZABETH McCLURE—We like your complexion, your sweet smile, your artistic talent, and altogether you. Annual Staff. Eng. 41, 42. Prom Committee.

Ambition—To give to the world the best she has.

MARTHA McINTYRE—Complete in every way. The thoughts of her remain until memory itself is gone. Annual Staff. Eng. 41, 42, 51. Class Play. Prom Play. Prom Committee.

Ambition—To be in partnership with Miriam C.

PAUL LEONHARD—Cicero himself might well be proud of his diligent and surpassing Latin student. Paul is graduating in three years and has made quite a name for himself as well as the school. Winner in Cicero, state Latin contest '25.

Ambition—Latin Teacher.





ROBERT McKEE—Among the best liked fellows in N. H. S. One of his outstanding virtues is, he delivers the goods. Basketball '23, '24, '25. Foot Ball '24. Track '23, '24, '25. Base Ball '25. Prom Committee.

Ambition—To sit.

GERALDINE McKEE—If Jerry was very blue about anything we have yet to hear about it. Prom Committee. Prom Play. Class Play. English 41. Vice-President of Student Council.

Ambition—To leave the world better than she found it.

DOLORES H. McLEAR—An echo is the only thing that can cheat Dolores out of the last word.

Ambition—To have Arthur or death.

DELLON MILLER—If you want fun get a gang together and call Dellon. Class Prophecy.

Ambition—To make every one believe in his ability as a hypnotist.

NAOMI E. MILLER—If silence is golden, Naomi will soon be a millionaire. Office '24, '25. Prom Committee.

Ambition—To be known.

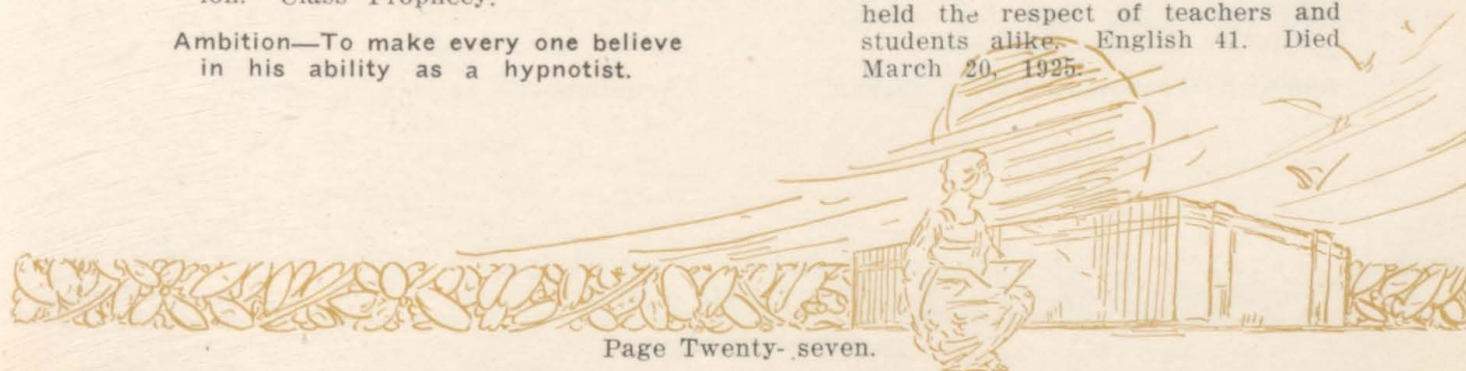
GRACE MILLION—She smiles on everything she sees and her smiles go every where. Prom Committee.

Ambition—To obtain what her name signifies.

HAROLD MOPPIN—He is one of the two most important members of the famous Moppin-Flemming Combine.

Ambition—To be loved exclusively.

HARRY MORRIS—Harry was always active in all school affairs. He held the respect of teachers and students alike. English 41. Died March 20, 1925.





HELEN MUNSON—Another brunette with quiet ways. Eng. 41, 42, 51. Prom Committee.

Ambition—To be loved as she loves.

ALICE MURRAY—N. H. S.'s Paderewski. Orchestra '23, '24, '25. Prom Committee. Prom Play.

Ambition—To play as many different musical instruments possible.

GLADYS NATION—So little that under ordinary circumstances you would hardly see her, but you just can't keep her quiet. Orchestra '24, '25.

Ambition—Never to be blue.

FLOYD PLUMMER—When he sang out those signals, defeat was spelled for the opposing foot-ball team. Foot Ball '22. Foot Ball Captain '23, '24. Captain of Base Ball Team '25. Base Ball '22, '23, '24, '25. Prom Committee.

Ambition—To always drive a flivver.

HELEN RAY—"The Calm and Serene." Just watch her some day in class she gets more out of it than the teacher puts in. Student Council.

Ambition—To always be absolutely sure of everything she does.

LOUISE RICKS—One of our few quiet Seniors.

Ambition—To be seen and not heard.

HELEN RITCHIE—She knows whereof she speaks.

Ambition—To get everything possible out of life.

FLORENCE ROLL—We take off our hats to Florence. English 41, 42, 51.

Ambition—To be a great writer.





CARL ROWLES—We expect great things of Carl. He has a great gift, Common Sense.

Ambition—Never to loose a certain one's love.

WILLARD SANDERS—He has a lot of good reason but you just can't tell when he is going to let it out.

Ambition—To be a Shiek.

HELEN SELKE—Helen has true N. H. S. spirit and puts it into every thing she does. Prom Play. Class Creed.

Ambition—To have her autograph book complete.

DWIGHT SHAFFER—He never says much, but we will wager that Einstein will be small compared with him some day. Prom Committee. One of the six winners of State Chemistry Essay Contest.

Ambition—To make friends at all times.

RONALD SHEPHERD — Romeo's great successor. His smile would charm any woman, and his singing stir the emotions of any who hear him. Prom Play Motto Committee.

Ambition—To be well known on the stage in the future.

DOROTHY SIMS—May the 28th will see the Ad, "Lost, The Boomer-and's Leading Lady." Class Play.

Ambition—To live in Michigan City.

FRED SMITH—Of all the arts he chose swimming and mastered it. Prom Committee. Class Play.

Ambition—To grow up.

HELEN SMITH—Her seeming shyness is but a mask which hides an active mind. Helen has a sincere love for quiet fun.

Ambition—To get every thing done with the least amount of fuss as possible.





SAMUEL SMITH—One who is worthy of trust and respect among all.

Ambition—Always to be experimenting with something.

EDNA MAE SNODGRASS—Edna is everybody's friend. She is disillusioned by no sophistication of others.

Ambition—To be a Latin teacher of Miss Tully's ability.

ESTHER SOMMERVILLE—Nothing for her seems difficult for individual accomplishments. Class Song. Prom Committee. English 41.

Ambition—We think that now it will be a librarian—But maybe we are mistaken.

FRED STARBUCK—Fred is every thing we want him to be. Without him the class of '25 would have lacked something important. Basket Ball '23, '24, '25. Foot Ball '23, '24. Vice President of Class. Annual Staff. President Student Council. Prom Play. Prom Committee.

Ambition—He says it is to be a coach—but Fred we feel there is some one thing that you are hoping to accomplish.

JAMES STINSON—The meek shall inherit the earth.

Ambition—To be a manager of a Wholesale Grocery Co.

FLOYD STONER—He is a rising Sun. Track '21. Student Council.

Ambition—To be able to sleep as long as he could some day.

ROBERT STRANAHAN—In the future you may see famous cartoons by our famous "Bob" in the daily news. Yell Leader '25. Prom Play. Class Poem. Proenix Staff. Eng. 41, 42. Track '24. Class Play. Annual Staff.

Ambition—To be able to smoke a pipe.

MELBA STUBBELFIELD—Melba's untiring efforts to become intelligent do not rob her of time enough to always be sociable.

Ambition—To win the love of some lonely little bachelor.





LOUISE SUMMERS—Her cleverness, wit, and ability at all times, and the fact that she is just naturally likeable make her an equally desirable companion on any occasion. Prom Committee. Prom Play. Class Play. English 41, 42.

Ambition—To wear as many different boy's sweaters as possible in a given length of time.

ADELINE SWAZY—We feel that there lies beneath her quiet repose a real ability. Class Song. Prom Play.

Ambition—To be the second Pavlova.

MELVIN TARR—He deserves recognition of being among the fine characters who yet live. Stage Manager of Class Play.

Ambition—To be all that he should be.

EVELYN TAYLOR—Though Evelyn has been with us just a year we are glad to say she is one of the class of '25—and we feel richer for having her.

Ambition—Seemingly to be liked.

HELEN TAYLOR—It would take a volume to hold her good qualities and we feel that she is one girl in a million. Prom Committee. Prom Play. Annual Staff. English 41, 42, 51.

Ambition—To never hold malice for anyone.

BESSIE THORNBERRY—Wisdom lies in silence.

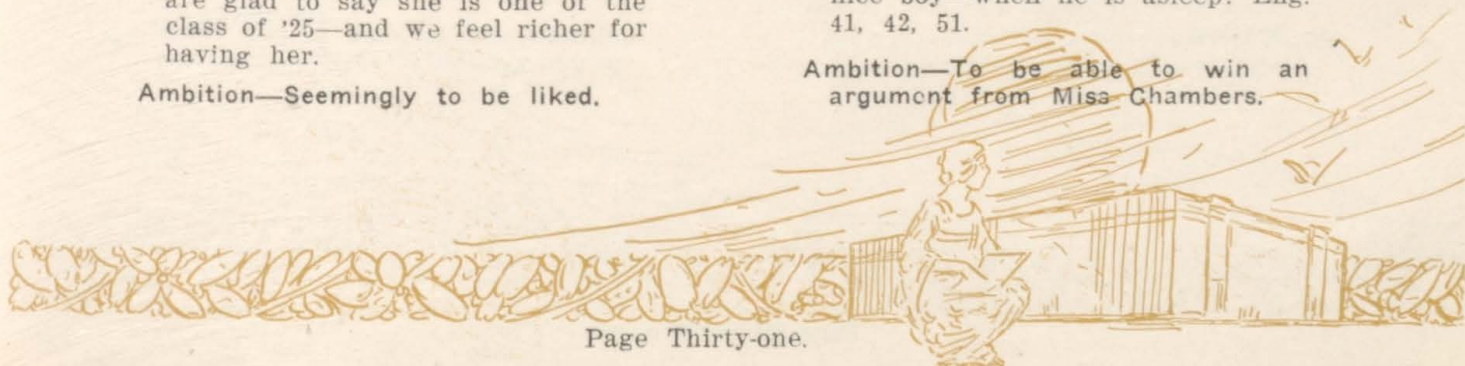
Ambition—To put her whole heart in every thing she does.

CATHERINE TRAINOR—Catherine knew that to be a member of our class would mean ever-lasting fame for her, so she worked hard to graduate with us. We are glad of it for she is the kind we like to welcome. Annual Staff.

Ambition—It is accomplished—Ivan D.'s pin is missing from his sweater where we used to see it.

RAYMOND TRAINOR—"Irish" is a nice boy—when he is asleep! Eng. 41, 42, 51.

Ambition—To be able to win an argument from Miss Chambers.





GEORGE VAN DYKE—George has proven his real worth this year and we are proud to know he is one of the class of '25. Phoenix Staff. English 41, 42, 51. Class Play. Foot Ball '24. Track '24. Prom Play.

Ambition—To be John Van Nuys' shadow.

JOHN VAN NUYS—We would like to know, John, some one thing you can't do, when you make up your mind to do it. There is only one class president born every year. Class President. Winner of Henry County Oratorical Contest in '24. Eng. 41. Prom Com. Prom Play.

Ambition—To become a wellknown doctor.

BERNARD VAUGHN—Bernard has a real laugh and a love for life in its heights and depths. Orchestra '23, '24. Track '22. Prom Committee.

Ambition—Most anything.

BOYD VICKERY—Here we have one who can consume knowledge and tell you about it afterwards. Class Treasurer. Student Council. Class oration.

Ambition—To be an aviator.

GERTRUDE VIVIAN—We count Gertrude one of our most sincere and capable girls. English 41, 42. Class Secretary. Prom Committee. Prom Play.

Ambition—To be a Basket Ball star.

HOWARD WANTZ—Through rain and blizzard Howard drives in from the country with Levara to "Git his Eddication."

Ambition—To always be able to laugh and never be serious.

LOIS WIGGINS—No 'use arguing girls—the world can't go on without Lois. Oh! ye eavesdropper! Prom Committee. Prom Play Phoenix Staff. Annual Staff. Class Play. English 41, 42, 51.

Ambition—To be an all 'round "good scout."

CLARA WILLIAMS—Girls like Clara make a better and greater N. H. S. Prom Committee.

Ambition—To become a real stenographer.





EVELYN WILLIAMS — Small but mighty in more ways than one. We wonder why Evelyn is always in a hurry. Yell Leader '23.

Ambition—To show us all just what she can do and we know that will be a great deal sometime.

ANNA WILSON—We haven't heard much from Anna but we are expecting much from her in the future.

Ambition—To be something worth while.

FRANK WINTERS—Formula "wine plus women equal life." Flower Committee.

Ambition—Never to be left out.

EDGAR WISE—A very demure fellow, but every word counts for something. Annual Staff. Prom Play. Student Council. Prom Committee.

Ambition—To be a dentist.

PAUL WISE—His last name just describes him—? Class Play.

Ambition—To be in charge of Vaughn-Polk Clothing Co.

DOROTHY YOUNG—Without Dorothy and Esther F. in the office maybe some of us would never have been called to the telephone—so often. Office '25.

Ambition—It surely must be office work Dorothy. You've made us think so anyway.

DOROTHY ZERR—We would like to know your methods Dorothy for you surely know how to get the grades.

Ambition—To always be on time.

ELSIE ZERR—Something new, something different. Prom Committee. Phoenix Staff. Class History. Eng. 41.

Ambition—To be a successful school teacher.



CURRICULUM

(Continued From Page Sixteen)

DEPARTMENT OF LANGUAGE

A—Latin

Latin 11—Elements of Latin.
 Latin 12—Elements of Latin completed.
 Latin 21—"Caesar in Gaul."
 Latin 22—"Caesar in Gaul"—Four Books completed.
 Latin 31—Cicero's Orations—First and Second Orations completed.
 Latin 32—Cicero's Orations—Third and Fourth Orations completed and several letters.
 Latin 41—Vergil's Aeneid—Book I completed—Emphasize scansion, e. c.
 Latin 42—Vergil's Aeneid—Book II, III and either IV or V—Emphasize oral scansions.
 etc.

B—Spanish

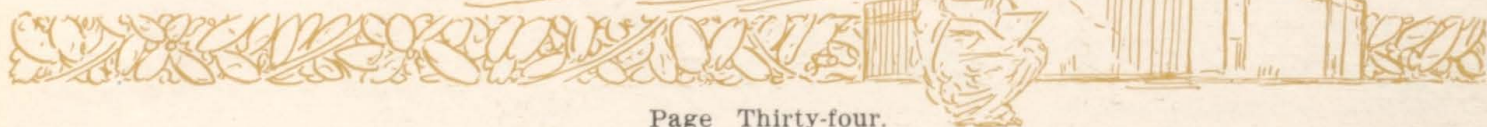
Spanish 11—Elements of Spanish.
 Spanish 12—Elements of Spanish completed.
 Spanish 21—Elementary Readings in Spanish, composition, reviews, etc.
 Spanish 22—Spanish Readings, Syntax, etc.
 Spanish 31—Spanish Readings and Spanish Literature.
 Spanish 32—Spanish Readings, Syntax and Spanish Literature.
 Spanish 41—Spanish Literature—an appreciation.
 Spanish 42—Literature—the beauties of same.
 French 11—Elements of French.
 French 12—Elements of French completed.
 French 21—Elementary French Reading. Composition, Syntax, etc.
 French 22—French Reading, Syntax, etc.
 French 31—French Reading and Literature.
 French 32—French Literature and Reading.
 French 41—Appreciation of French Literature.
 French 42—French Literature.

DEPARTMENT OF SCIENCE

Botany A—11 or 12—Autumn Course. Introductory Botany appropriate to the season.
 Botany B—12 or 11—Winter and Spring Course. Appropriate Work.
 Zoology 21—Elementary Zoology. Appropriate to Season.
 Zoology 22—More Advanced Work. Appropriate to Season.
 Physics 32—Elements of Physics.
 Physics 32—Elements of Physics, completed.
 Chemistry 41—Chemistry and Its Use.
 Chemistry 42—Chemistry and Its Use.

COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT

Commercial Geography 11—Commerce and Industry.
 Business English—(Extra Elective)—Drills in effective Business English.
 Penmanship 11—(Extra Elective)—Palmer's Method of Business Writing.
 Commercial Arithmetic 12—Essentials of Business Arithmetic.
 Bookkeeping 21—Bookkeeping and Accounting.
 Bookkeeping 22—Bookkeeping and Accounting and Business Practice.
 Stenography and Typewriting 31—Elements, Practice, Speed, Accuracy.
 Stenography and Typewriting 32—Elements, Speed, Accuracy.
 Stenography and Typewriting 41 and 42—If there be a demand.
 Commercial Law 41—Essentials of Business Law.
 Salesmanship and Business Procedure 42—Salesmanship and Office Practice.





CLASS DAY PROGRAM

Music	N. H. S. Orchestra
Address	President John D. VanNuys
Class History	Elsie Zerr
Music	Girls Glee Club
Class Prophecy	Dellon Miller and Carl Hinshaw
Class Poem	Robert Stranahan
Music	Girls Glee Club
Class Oration	Boyd Vickery
Class Will	John Coggeshall
Class Creed	Helen Selke
Announcements	Superintendent E. J. Llewelyn
Class Song	Adeline Swazy and Esther Sommerville
Class Yell	Howard May
Music	N. H. S. Orchestra



PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS

Classmates and friends:

When one has reached what might be called a milestone in the journey of life it behooves him to stop and look and listen. Now I know you as the class of '25, but also have become acquainted with you as individuals. Our problems have been mutual, efforts to solve these have made us stronger. The decisions we have made and the conclusions we have reached mark the various stages of our advancement toward a vantage point where we may fully realize what has been done for us and fully appreciate the better and higher things of life.

Who can estimate with any degree of accuracy the value of a high school education? Who but ourselves will ever reap the benefits of the tireless and conscientious efforts of those working in our behalf in awakening those innate possibilities deeply imbedded in our souls? By appealing constantly to our higher and better selves our teachers have been able literally to draw out from our inner selves the opinions and attitudes that show our own personalities as we take our places in the world of affairs.

But let us not dwell upon the past. Let us consider the future. This is truly a commencement. Tomorrow we go out into a new world, a world of new experiences. It will be bewildering. Some of us may fall by the wayside while others will "Keep the Faith" and strive to meet the high requirements and live up to the ideals developed by our twelve years of training. Year by year new problems of seemingly insurmountable magnitude will present themselves and seem at every turn to block our progress toward the desired goal which is at all times uppermost in our minds. However, this condition of affairs merely offers increased opportunities to those who are capable and willing to do their part. Never before in the history of the world has there been such a demand for men and women willing to dedicate their lives to the service of mankind. At no other period in world affairs has there been such opportunity for Christian men and women to do the right thing by their country and their God in every day living.

We are all familiar with the story of the great Sir Launfal. He had it in his heart to do a great service to the world by finding the Holy Grail. After years of search he returned, a beggar, to his own door and there found the Grail in sharing his last crust of bread and being kind and helpful to the leper at his gate.

With the story of this great knight in our minds and with the exalted idea of service in our hearts, why not do our part in the community and in the state which has borne the expense of our education, has been our home, and has sheltered us since childhood?

May neither the passage of years nor the influence of others or



temptations in the world ever dull or change our conception of right doing. As Kipling said:

If you walk with the crowds and keep your virtue
Or walk with Kings—nor loose the common touch,
If neither friends nor loving friends can hurt you,
If all men count with you, but none too much;
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,
And—which is more—you'll be a Man, my son!

Class of '25:

To the service of mankind may we dedicate our lives, increase our store of knowledge, and repay all obligations to others. With a firm and steadfast trust in God and in the right, let us "Follow the Glean" to success.

CLASS HISTORY

It seems a long, long time ago that we entered high school, for most of the boys wore knee trousers and the girls were in short dresses; yes, even shorter than they are now. It was on a bright and peaceful September morning in the year 1921, that 217 of us, with hands and faces lately washed and hair arranged in the latest fashion, presented ourselves at the door of old N. H. S. After being closely watched and examined by various teachers we were entered as Freshmen. This seemed wonderful to us and what matter if we did seem insignificant beings to every one else?

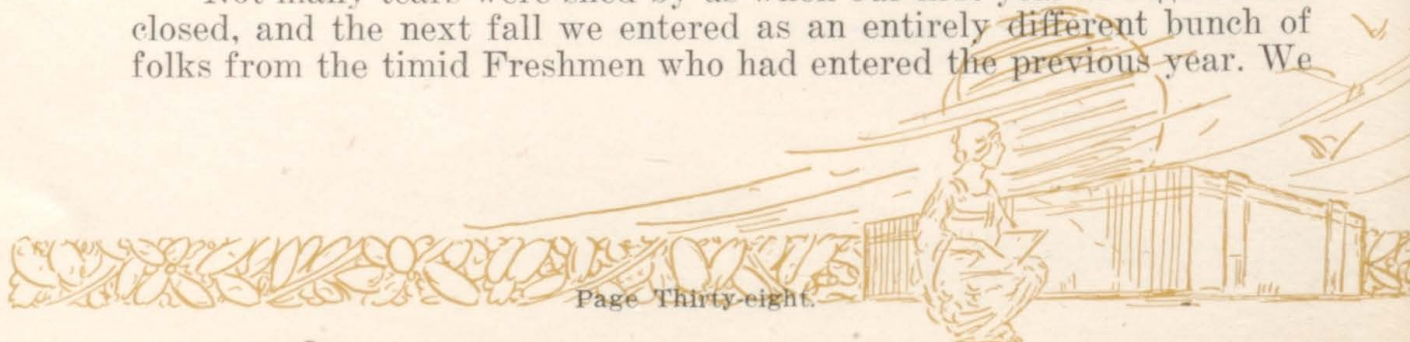
We soon discovered that this new world which we had entered although novel, was very interesting. After wandering about from room to room and through the halls for several days, we at last became partially reconciled to our new surroundings, and settled down to business resolving that some day, we would make a name for ourselves.

Our teachers, however, did not have as much confidence in us as we had in ourselves, and it seemed very difficult for us to become accustomed to the way in which we were treated by the faculty. At last we learned that their treatment of us was not meanness but simply discipline, as they called it.

We thought our introduction to the teachers was a very trying ordeal, but it was tame compared to our experience with the Sophomores. They seemed a conceited, wild crowd who took special delight in tormenting the innocent Freshmen.

Mr. Valentine became Principal of the High School in this year and helped us over many a rough stone which lay in the path of us Freshmen, and he has continued to guide us all through our four years of high school.

Not many tears were shed by us when our first year in high school closed, and the next fall we entered as an entirely different bunch of folks from the timid Freshmen who had entered the previous year. We



now were Sophmores and looked with contempt upon the great number of Freshmen who entered and whose greenness was beyond description. It was then that we remembered our own green actions and the cruel reception given us by the Sophomores; so, in order to ease our troubled souls we treated the newcomers even as we had been treated.

We accomplished many things as Sophomores but we were becoming anxious to enter the desired state of Seniors. So when bidding farewell to each Senior class, we realized we were one step nearer the goal we wished to reach.

Only those who have had a like experience can fully understand the feeling entertained by students when they enter high school as Juniors. We merely gave pitying glances at the poor Freshmen as they sneaked into the building, as we felt our position as Juniors. We now enjoyed privileges which before were denied us because of our standing as underclassmen.

The new High School Building was completed and in January was ready for occupancy. We were glad for once, that we were not Seniors because we wished to enjoy the privilege of this splendid hall of learning for another year.

As Juniors we certainly came into the limelight. John VanNuys, a member of our class, won the district oratorical contest in which three other towns of the district were represented. During "Boys' Week" in the city, Fred Starbuck, another Junior, was elected to be, for 6 hours, Boy Mayor of the town.

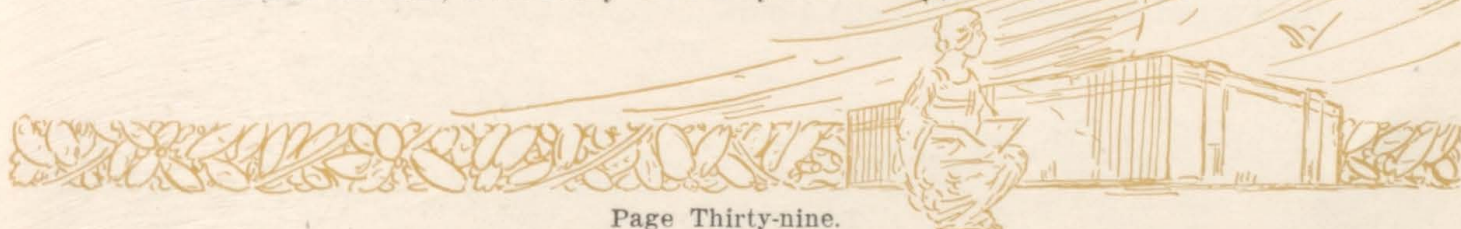
But the most important event in our Junior year, in our own estimation at least, was the Junior Prom. The Seniors were well pleased with the reception we gave them and because of their flattery we believe ourselves to be unequaled in the art of entertaining Seniors.

When, in September, 1924, we entered high school as proud and joyful Sniors, we realized that we were beginning on the last lap of the journey that would place us "Out of school life and into Life's School." We now had a feeling of personal responsibility never experienced before.

For the first time in eight years we had a high school paper, called "The Phoenix".

When the first meeting of the would-be Seniors was called we realized that a number of our fellow students had fallen by the wayside. Later, in casting our eyes about us to see what had become of them we discovered that the majority of the absent had found the way too difficult to climb and had left school to earn a living. We found not more than six had left school life for married life. In March of this year one of our fellow classmates passed into the Great Beyond. We have now 118 members, the largest class that ever graduated from N. H. S.

At an early Senior meeting we elected our class officers. The ones we chose proved that the wisdom manifested by us at an early date, was still present, only in a stronger degree than ever. John VanNuys was elected President, unanimously; Fred Starbuck, Vice President; Gertrude Vivian, Secretary and Boyd Vickery, Treasurer.



Committees were appointed to select the class flower, colors and motto. After many days of research the committees reported the results of their efforts. We chose as our motto, "Follow the Gleam", the class colors, Orchid and Purple, and our flower, the Ophelia Rose.

Aided by the competent coaching of Mr. Gordon the Trojans were able to carry off the laurels at the sectional basket ball tournament this year. Five of the boys on the team are Seniors, so is it any wonder that our class should feel especially elated over the splendid showing made by the team?

Our class play, "The Boomerang," directed by Miss Pinnick, was one of the best plays ever presented by the Senior class.

As the years went swiftly by, one fact was realized by us; that "Broad is the gate and wide is the way that leadeth to the high school, and many there are who go in thereat; but straight is the way and narrow the gate that leadeth to graduation and few there are who enter."

But as we draw near to the termination of our high school days let us pause for a moment and take a retrospective view of them. As we go forth from here to enter college or make a place for ourselves in the world, if we have good use of the opportunities accorded us during these years of learning, we will, in years to come reap our due reward, if we never weary in well doing.

ELSIE ZERR.

CLASS PROPHECY

One evening while sitting in my study reading an aircraft magazine I came across an advertisement which read as follows: Wanted—Two intelligent and adventurous men experienced in the art of flying, to maneuver an air ship to Mars.

Having had four years' experience in the art of flying, I felt myself capable of occupying this position. I set out at once for Loogootee, Iowa, to place my application.

While changing cars in Chicago I met no other than Carl Hinshaw whose destination was also Loogootee, to apply for the same position.

After a two weeks' ride on the Hootstown Special we arrived in Loogootee and at once set out for the Observatory. To our surprise, we found no other than Maurice Joyce president of this institution.

After passing a successful examination, we were chosen as the two best applicants to fill the position and we were taken at once to the aviation field and there found, to our great amazement, the inventor of this powerful machine was Boyd Vickery and his mechanic was Byram Bunch.

Having made quite a number of successful flights, and having provisions placed in storage, we were ready to start on the following day on our trip to the planet.

Bidding our three old school-mates farewell as they started the huge motors, our trip to Mars began.

After a few enjoyable and exciting days we sighted a planet and



landed at once. To our great disappointment we found it to be the cold old barren moon. Giving our motors a few hours rest and finding no people on this planet, we again resumed our trip upwards. Sailing along at the rate of eight hundred and fifty miles per hour my mind went wandering back to earth, all at once I was startled by an excited cry from Carl and upon investigation I found he had discovered another planet. This proved to be our destination.

Upon our arrival we were surrounded by a great throng of curious looking people. They were expecting our arrival, we soon discovered, because they had the most powerful telescopes and had been watching our flight from earth. Carl at once interested himself with the many wonders of this new world while I asked for the telescopes that I might view the earth. After a few turns of the dial I found to my surprise I had located a town on earth, this proved to be no other than my old home town, New Castle. In looking closer I discovered the old high school building and this at once brought to my mind what had become of the old classmates of the class of '25.

Inquiring, I found that by moving certain dials you could make humans look very large and could look through buildings and walls. I at once turned these dials and focused the telescope on the high school building, and there, to my amazement, was standing before the students as a teacher, Madelene Lawell, and in the principal's office, seated at the desk, was Elsie Zerr. My attention was then drawn to a field back of the building, where many boys were playing football, and I discovered John Coggeshall as the coach, and standing beside him was Ivan Durham, who was now a salesman, and was trying to sell John some steel head gears for the players.

Moving the dials again, I saw a large city and standing on a street corner stood Fred Smith at a newspaper stand, talking to Hugh Hanna, who was now a successful business man and they were discussing whether small men still had a chance in this world. I next saw a bungalow and sitting on the front porch was Fern Elizabeth Elliott. Miriam Clift and Esther Adams, and the sign read, "Home for Old Maids; Superintendent, Dorothy Fisk." Moving the telescope again, I discovered a party leaving port along the Pacific ocean, which I recognized Dortha Gruler, Helen Hunt, Jaunita Harter, Robert Hosea and Arthur Burton, who were being sent to China to make an investigation to see if the cross word puzzle originated from the Chinese language. Following the ship's course awhile my attention was called to a small island in the South Sea, where Bernard Vaughn was trying to sell ear muffs to some cannibals and Helen Ritchie and Grace Million, who were missionaries, were giving Bernard a lecture and trying to convince the natives they could not use them.

Next I saw England and discovered Lenore Lamb and LuVesta Conley making plans to swim the English Channel. Upon viewing France I saw standing at the platform, Ruth Kober and Naomi Miller, who were making a speech to a large throng on the Volstead Act, and in this same crowd I saw Elizabeth McClure selling books, educating the people on the subject. "How to Become Fat," taking herself as an example of this wonderful subject. In a large fashion shop in Paris I be-

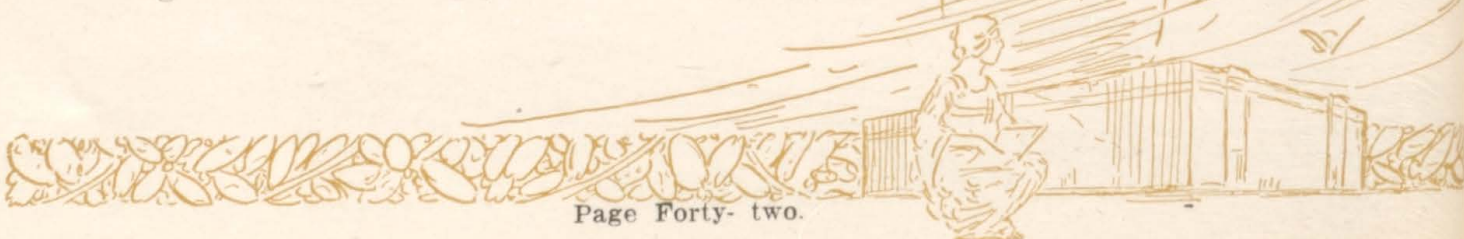


held Edith Kuntz, Adeline Swazy and Helen Taylor buying Paris gowns for the Burgner Fashion Store in New Castle, Ind.

My attention was then called to a very startling sight, for I saw Paul Dingle trying to make love to a French maiden, however, he was not making great headway, as he could not speak French. Next I sighted Germany and there I saw Miriam Coöper and Irene Ellington making plans with the German government to buy and bale all old German marks to be shipped to the United States for scrap paper. I then turned the telescopes on Italy and there saw Alice Murray and Gladys Nation, who had just graduated from the school of music in Florence. Turning again I saw Helen Selke, Esther Summerville, Dennis DeWitt and Walter Falck had taken Russia by storm and were trying to introduce the bath tub and soap to Russians. Following, I saw a desert, on which George VanDyke, who was now a shiek, had just captured Melba Stubblefield as she was on her way to explore King Tut's tomb, and was carrying her off to his harem. But at this moment an English regiment appeared on the scene, being lead by an experienced captain, who was Frank Winters, who soon rescued Melba, but failed to capture George, as he made good his escape on a camel.

My attention was then attracted to a soft drink parlor in the middle of the desert, which was being run by Ervin Ford, with the assistance of his wife, who was Helen Munson. I then moved the telescope to the southern part of Africa, where a lion hunt was being held, lead by an able-bodied guard, who was Edgar J. Wise, and the party consisted of Leafa Darnell, Mildred Conway, Robert Coble and Melvin Tarr. I now located South America, where James Stinson and Floyd Stoner had discovered a gold mine and were now running it at a large profit. Upon locating the Panama Canal Zone I discovered a gasoline railway running from coast to coast and to my great astonishment the owners were no other than Dorothy Young, Edna Mae Snodgress, Florence Roll and John Bacon, who had formed a company and were running it in competition with the Panama Canal. In this same zone I saw a great summer resort where Howard May was spending the remainder of his life, as he had made an enormous fortune in the five and ten cent store business. He was being closely watched by his wife to see that he did not get into trouble. She proved to be Catherine Trainor. Next I saw a great disturbance in Mexico, which looked like a revolution, but turned out to be a fight caused by Boyden Dudley and Robert Falck, who were representing different companies and were trying to sell the Mexicans snow shoes.

Being so close I looked for the Lone Star State and there on a large ranch was Paul Wise, who was the owner, his assistant being William Caldwell. My telescope was then turned to Palm Beach, Florida, where a great bathing beauty contest was being held and the winner proved to be Anna Wilson, with Helen Ray and Mary Loer running second and third. There seemed to be somewhat of an argument over the judge's decision and the judge proved to be Samuel Smith. Traveling on up the coast, I saw where Martha McIntyre, Delores McLearn and Harold Moplin had started a dog farm, this turned out to be a howling success. Going back to New Port, I saw Harold Wantz and Everett Jessup joining



the navy, as they had decided to see the world through a port hole. I next located Washington, D. C., and saw in the House of Representatives, Robert Boykin, representative of Ohio, and John VanNuys, representative from Kentucky, in a heated debate over the canal, which was being built from the Great Lakes to the Pacific ocean. Upon sighting a theatre in New York, where the Follies was putting on a program, I beheld Helen Jones, Bertha Lea Margason and Mary Koons, who were chorus girls, and at the stage door stood Jesse French and Homer Gauker, with flowers in their arms. These two had made a success on Wall Street. My attention was then called to a studio in the Greenwich Village, where Carrol Gouldsbury was finishing his great book, "Stories of My Love Affairs."

I saw in the world's largest Radio station in Philadelphia Edwin Davis and Raymond Trainor, who had just become famous by their new invention to take static out of the air. The next place that came in view was Boston, where Helen Bush had just started a lady's barber shop with Mary Byers, Pauline Bolser and Olive Carrothers as attendants, and who should the first customer be but Fred Starbuck, as he was now a professor in Yale University. Seeing a ship leaving the harbor, I found the captain to be Leonard Hoover, and as his passenger was Robert McKee, who was leaving for Ireland, with his secretary, Mildred Kaufman, to try to stop a labor uprising. Robert has just met Wilmer Huffman, who is now playing with Sousa's Band, and they were leaving on the same boat for Europe. I again returned to Boston and at the Union Station were Ronald Shepherd, as train caller, and at a magazine stand stood Gertrude Vivian, who was the owner. Locating a baseball field, I saw Floyd Plummer playing with the New York Giants, as first baseman, and he had just put out Carl Rowles, who is now known as the home run king and who is playing with the Boston Cubs. In the grandstand Evelyn Taylor and Clara Williams are selling peanuts, the proceeds from which were to go to the society for the suppression of pipe smoking in the United States.

Leaving Boston and locating a small village in New Hampshire, where a circus was being held, I saw the name on the tent to be Sanders & Shaffer Circus, which was owned by Willard Sanders and Dwight Shaffer, who have made a great success in this business. Under the big tent was Esther Foster, as a lion tamer, and Louise Summers, the world's greatest tight rope walker, while in the side show, the strong man proved to be Hewitt Carpenter. The world's largest fat lady was no other than Emogene Johnson.

I then turned the telescope to Montreal, where the Women's Olympic contest was being held, some of the contestants being Geraldine McKee entered in the ski contest, Mildred Ashby in the skating contest, with Vera Conklin as rival. In Nova Scotia I discovered Eugene Hines and Keith Edwards were fighting for the world's heavyweight boxing championship. Along the Hudson Bay, Bessie Thornberrv, Evelyn Williams and Dorothy Zerr were trying to introduce Gunn's Magic Mud to the Eskimos. While in Greenland I saw Louise Ricks, Helen Smith and Robert Beall trying to sell the Ever Cold Refrigerator which was not proving to be a great success. I then discovered Dorothy Sims and



Lois Wiggins were on their way to the North Pole, as explorers for the National Geographical Society. It seemed that I had missed some one so I looked the whole world over and finally found the missing members who were Clarence Locker and Maretta Albright, who were introducing the Flea Hop to the Hawaiian Dancing Society. In the extreme wilds of India I found to my horrified surprise Robert Stranahan and Paul Leonard gathering walrus whiskers for the new brush the Fuller Brush Company had just invented.

This being the last member of the class of '25, we turned our attention to the many wonders of the planet.

Signed,

DELLON MILLER. CARL HINSHAW.

CLASS CREED

We believe in the United States and all for which she stands.

We revere the memory of all who have in any way contributed to her greatness.

We respect the majesty of law and the obligation of law enforcement.

We believe in "America First."

Not merely in matters material, but in things of the spirit.

Not merely in science, inventions, motors, and skyscrapers, but also in ideals, principles, character.

Not merely in calm assertion of right, but in the glad assumption of duties.

Not flaunting her strength as a giant, but bending in helpfulness over a sick and wounded world like a Good Samaritan.

Not in splendid isolation, but in Christ-like co-operation.

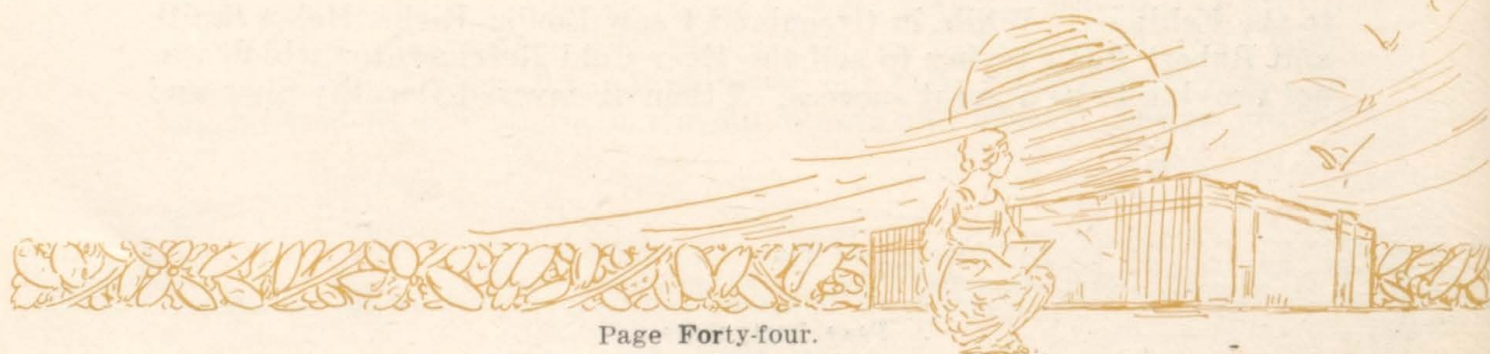
Not in pride, arrogance, and disdain of other races and peoples, but in sympathy, love, and understanding.

Not in treading again the old, worn, bloody pathway which ends inevitably, a new trail toward peace, along which, please God, other nations will follow.

Some nation must take the lead and, because of what America has done, and is going to do, we rightly covet that honor for our beloved country."

So, in this spirit and with these hopes, the Class of 1925 says with all its heart and soul, "America First."

HELEN SELKE.



ADDRESS FOR CLASS DAY

We are exceedingly fortunate to step out of school life at the most interesting period of the world's history. There has been more progress made during the last hundred years than there was from the days of Caesar to the beginning of the nineteenth century. There has been a complete transformation in every phase of life within the span of a single generation. The whole life of the human family has been transformed as much as the change from the ox-cart to the airplane.

We who are commencing the struggle of life now should realize that we are missing most of the real drudgery that characterized all ages prior to this one. American inventive genius has entered every field of human endeavor, and has lightened the load in nearly every walk of life. Human hands and minds direct machinery and the motive forces, supplied by nature, furnish power.

Let us look for a moment at the sphere of education. The whole book of science is open to man through education. Learning draws aside the curtain and reveals the wonders of the temple.

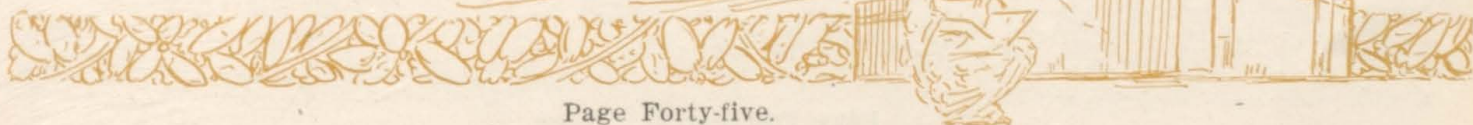
So, my friends, we are thankful that we are commencing our active careers in the golden light of the twentieth century, when the door of opportunity opens for us on every side. We who have had the opportunity for proper training, can, if we will, forge to the front in every line of human activity. A large share of the great corporations are managed by men who are not forty years of age. Young people easily adapt themselves to new conditions and in the rapidly changing world nearly everything is new.

The community of which we are about to become active participants has a right to expect that we take on the characteristics of a cultured American. A student graduating from our schools ought to be an influence in politics and in the solution of all social problems. He will secure a high growth of self by regarding the welfare of others instead of worshipping exclusively at the shrine of his own development. As he grows older he will take on more of the traits of the ideal man of affairs.

Because of twelve years in the schools he will take a view from the height of which he has already attained and catch a glimpse here and there of the world and of the meaning of human life. It is not enough for any wide-awake citizen to enjoy selfishly his knowledge and power. It is one thing to have power, another to use it. May we convert power into active energy and study the best ways of making it tell for the highest usefulness.

Let us go out, after these years of training, with loyalty and courage, with determination and vigor, to play well our parts in whatever field we enter, realizing that we have come upon the scene at the most opportune time in the history of the world.

—BOYD VICKERY.



CLASS WILL

Ladies and Gentlemen:

I am an attorney by profession and make a specialty of drawing up a different class of wills. In past years, so many of the last wills of this school have been broken, the class decided to hire an expert who could draw up such a document in a way that it would remain intact through time and part way through eternity. It will be necessary to levy a special assessment on the graduating class to pay the attorney fee.

The Senior class of this school realized that soon it would cease to exist and as it possessed many treasures beyond price that might cause conflict and trouble among those who desired to secure them, she took a careful inventory and distributes them as follows:

"Bob" Coble and Ronald Shepherd will their dramatic ability, as shown in last year's Prom play, to "Pete" Morris and Martin Clift.

"Tillie" Gauker leaves a vest pocket hand-book, entitled "What to Say While Making Speeches at Pep Sessions," to "Flabby" Fennel.

Madeline Lawell wills her modesty to William Boykin.

Gertrude Vivian leaves her position on the Girls' Basketball team to any girl who has no objection to scratches and hair-pulling.

Fred Smith bequeaths his office of Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. to Edwin Ogborn.

John Bacon wills his pretty dimples to Miss Clifford so she will smile once in a while.

"Bob" Boykin and Hewitt Carpenter will their editorship of this year's annual to the newest inmates of East Haven knowing they will eventually arrive there.

Elsie Zerr and Adeline Swazy, knowing Miss Tully will some day get married, leave her a little tea cup for a wedding present.

Ervin Ford wills a pint bottle of specially prepared hair-dress to Charles Eastman.

Howard Wantz, being sent to the office so much, leaves his regular seat to John Scott, realizing that John's is rapidly wearing out.

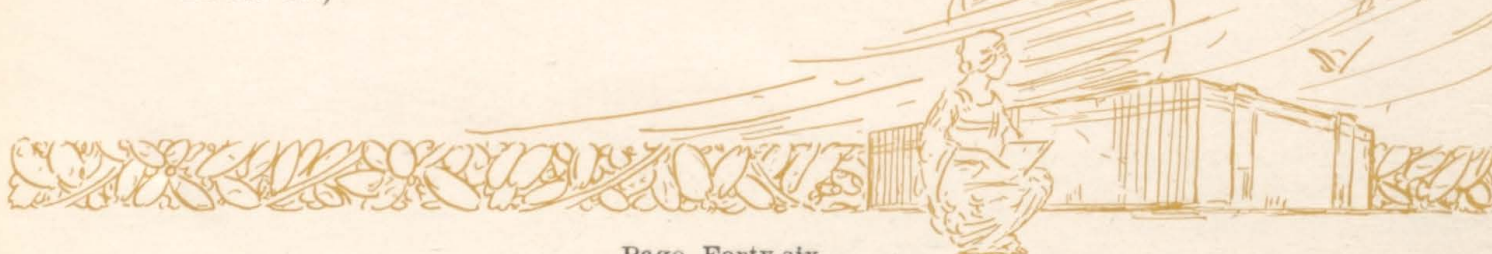
Dellon Miller leaves his power to hypnotize to Miss Chambers so that her English VIII Class may be able to write real short stories.

Walter Falck, John VanNuys, Lenore Lamb and Willard Sanders leave their Chemistry Note Books and also the chemistry motto, "Together we stand, divided we fall," to the highest bidder.

Keith Edwards and Fred Starbuck will to the school, life size pictures of themselves to be hung in various places in the halls, and to be left in care of Mr. Greenstreet, so that Mary and Dorothy won't be so lonesome next year.

Boyd Vickery and Clarence Locker leave their knowledge of gasoline engines and flying machines to Harold Templeton.

Wilmer Huffman wills his ability to produce sizzling hot notes, gained in the High School band, to Miss Mae Dorsey. (Lord knows she needs it.)



Evelyn Williams wills a pair of boxing gloves to Bertha Ellen Welker to be used on any girl she catches waving at "Strings" while he is on the basketball floor.

Lois Wiggins and Dorothy Sims will their mugging scenes in the class play to Frieda Dann and Janet Morris.

Helen Jones wills a jar of Gunn's Magic Mud to Ruth Phillips.

Helen Ray, Helen Hunt and Olive Carruthers leave a copy of their "daily dozen" to Helen Scott.

Dorothy Zerr bequeaths a new library permit to "Jack" Burns as his will not go through another year.

Esther Summerville wills her musical ability to William Higley so that not all the neighbors will leave when "Bill" starts practicing.

Frank Winters and Floyd Plummer will a bottle opener to Lloyd Whitaker so that Lloyd won't always be cutting his lips on broken bottles.

Helen Taylor wills her athletic build to Fern Stanley.

Catherine Trainor bequeaths her queenly airs to Lillian Swartz.

John Coggshell wills his jitney bus tickets to Harold Gauker so that 21st street won't seem so far from town.

Florence Roll and Dortha Gruler will their boyish bob to Helen Baldwin, hoping to train her unruly locks.

George VanDyke and Miriam Clift leave their staff room parties held the fourth period to anyone who likes to have a wild time in a nice way.

Helen Munson, Elizabeth McClure and Ruth Kobey leave their dignified manners to Mabel Williams and Josephine White.

Bessie Thornberry wills her seat in the picture show behind Pauline Mathes, to Vosco Woodard so Vosco can view the pictures without putting kinks in his neck.

Melba Stubbelfield, Pauline Bolser and Gladys Nation leave their "Red Hot Ways" to "Daddy" Logan.

Jesse French III leaves his cute little title to "Peedad" Fennel, so that "Peedad" will have something other than size to be stuck up about.

Bernard Vaughn and "Bud" Trainor leave Park Kirk a half dozen tea towels to go in his "hope box."

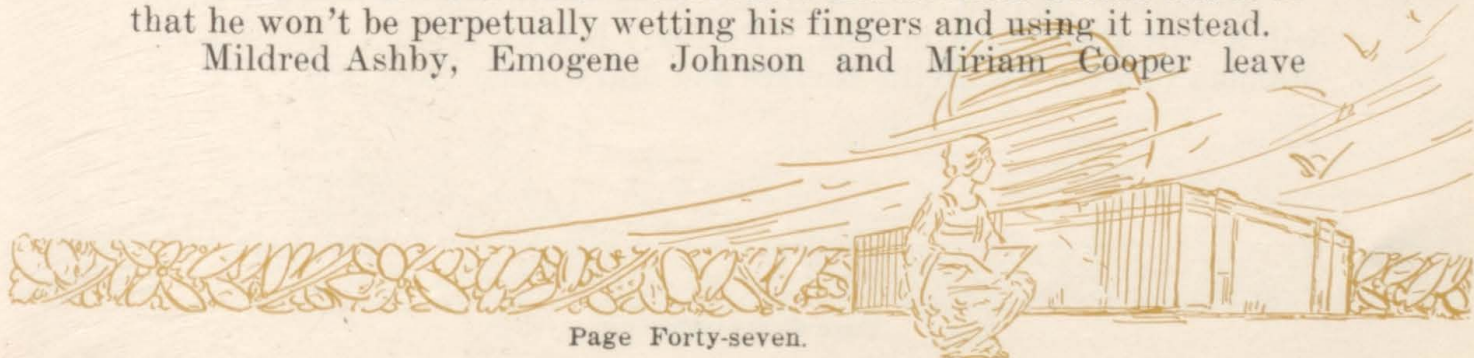
Dolores McLearn and Arthur Burton leave their case of puppy love to Mary Katherine Peckinpaugh and "Bob" Heath, who, however, show no signs of needing it.

Mareta Albright, Bertha Margason and Mildred Conway, having thus safely graduated, renounce their nervousness, declaring solemnly that 'twas chemistry tests and so forth that caused it.

Esther Foster and Dorothy Young leave their office jobs to anyone who enjoy hearing Mr. Valentine administer punishment to the unruly underclassmen, and we admit, some Seniors.

Leafa Darnell and Edith Kuntz leave Mr. Rockhill a little eraser so that he won't be perpetually wetting his fingers and using it instead.

Mildred Ashby, Emogene Johnson and Miriam Cooper leave



sketches of their long tresses to be placed in the library to encourage the growth of long hair.

Naomi Miller and Grace Million leave to "Bill" Mitchner, the story of little George Washington, so that in the future "Bill" won't make mistakes about the Talent Club programs.

LuVesta Conley leaves her power to command, to next season's yell leader so that she can keep those young Boosters from razzing the referee and make them behave themselves.

Mildred Kaufman and Juanita Harter leave a tiny cook book to Margaret Ransom, who needs one, judging from the burnt odor coming from the cooking lab.

Louise Summers, realizing that she no longer needs her babyish ways as she is leaving high school, wills a rattle box and a fooler to Mr. Valentine to be given to the youngest member of next year's Freshman class.

Edwin Davis, Everett Jessup, Byram Bunch and Carl Rowles, fully realizing that gray matter is extremely scarce around high school, will a little to Mary Hosea.

Anna Wilson and Helen Smith will their best wishes for a mutual case to Margaret Ryan and "Herb" Heller.

Mary Byers, Vera Conklin, Fern Elliott and Dorothy Fisk leave a pattern for a B. B. suit to Robert Jennings, so Bob can have a suit next year that will be really becoming to him.

William Caldwell, Paul Dingle and Robert Falck leave a Congressional Record to George E. Goodwin, so that he may delve into it and and really have reason for his frequent saying, "Politics is Rotten."

Helen Selke bequeaths a string of Sunday night dates to one who needs them, namely, Con Bailey, so that Con won't have to walk so far without results.

"Bob" Stranahan wills his seat behind Elizabeth Weltz to anyone who has no objections to her unquenchable curocity.

Howard May, Dennis DeWitt, Boyden Dudley and Leonard Hoover will their bashful, winning ways to Maxine Schmidt.

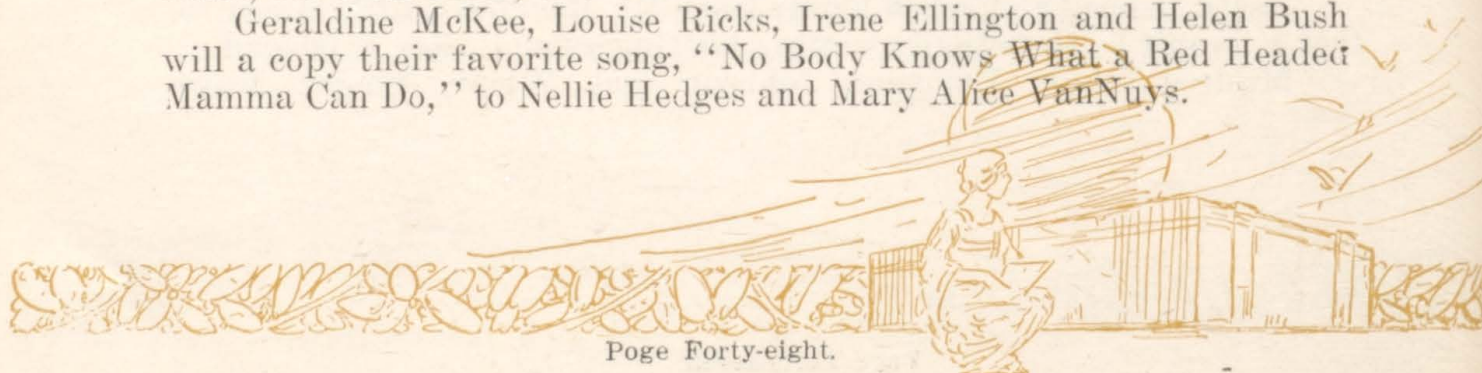
Mary Loer and Alice Murray bequeath to Gordon Taylor a silencer so that the faculty will have one less worry.

Edna Mae Snodgress, Helen Ritchie and Clara Williams will twenty bright Juniors to Miss Wickett to take the place of her wonderful Seniors, thus keeping Room 231 a model room.

Hugh Hanna and Maurice Joyce leave the crook in their little fingers, to be used only when drinking tea, to Paul Jones, thus hoping to teach Paul some badly needed etiquette.

Esther Adams, Martha McIntyre and Mary Koons, thinking that there will be no good looking girls in H. S. next year, leave Milo Burcham, our local sheik, to the mercies of Mildred Cochran.

Geraldine McKee, Louise Ricks, Irene Ellington and Helen Bush will a copy their favorite song, "No Body Knows What a Red Headed Mamma Can Do," to Nellie Hedges and Mary Alice VanNuys.



Paul Wise wills his ability to speak French, as was plainly shown in the class play, to John Cramer.

Samuel Smith and Edgar Wise will Professor Jones a go-cycle so that Bill will not have to eat the dust of Mr. Kirk and Mrs. Wilson on his way home.

James Stinson, Floyd Stoner and Melvin Tarr will Miss Garr a pencil sharpener, so that she won't sail majestically into 231 each morning to use that of Miss Wickett.

Evelyn Taylor will to William Tinkle a handful of Excuse Blanks, with the excuses already made up, thus saving Bill a lot of excess meditation and worry.

Dwight Shaffer, Carl Hinshaw, Robert Hosea, and Carol Gouldsberry leave Ralph Bush and William Cunningham two little dolls to take the place of dates, thus saving their mamas much worry.

"Bob" McKee leaves Margaret Hernly to the special care of Howard Cooper.

Harold Moppin and Eugene Hines, after spending five and one half years in N. H. S. have obtained (by mistake), an extra credit between them, and bequeath this hard-earned (?) treasure to "Bill" Berry.

Ivan Durham, agreeing that it is hard to get dates in town, leaves to Bob Gordon a list of Mt. Summit "Shebas".

Signed, sealed, published and declared by the above-named Senior Class, as and for its last will and testament, in the presence of us, who have hereunto subscribed our names at its request, as witnesses thereto, in the presence of the said testator, and of each other.

THE SENIOR CLASS

By JOHN COGGESHALL.

WITNESSETH: "PETE" MICHAELS and OPHIE KNOX.



CLASS SONG

Adeline Swazy

Esther Sommerville

1

Thru four short years we've been in the dear school,
And yet they have been long,
Thru four short years we've been under our teachers rule,
And thus could not go wrong,
So to our teachers, our friends, and our classmates,
All that we owe tongue ne'er can tell.
Each, while some inspiration for which he now waits,
Will long for the old school bell.

2

'Tis not enough to bid our school good-bye,
And never farther go,
'Tis not enough for us to simply verify,
What we have learned and know.
But all through life we will always keep in mind,
That our light can ever beam,
And that if conquered, we should at last lag behind,
Unless we "Follow the gleam."

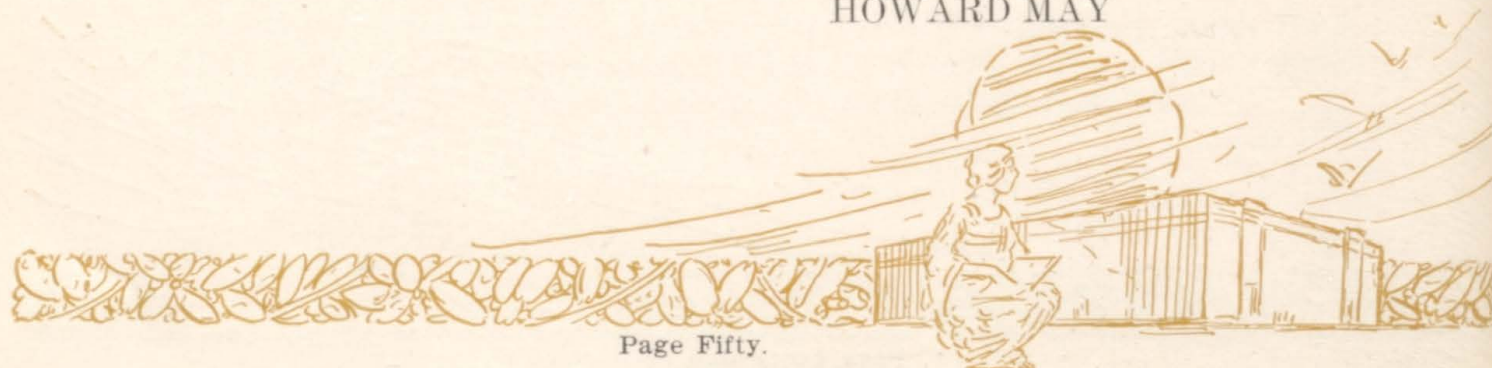
CHORUS

Dear old high school, we bid thee good-bye,
For all who work, for all who try,
As we leave you, as each dreams his dream,
We are trying, yes, trying to "Follow the Gleam,"
This class of nineteen twenty-five.

CLASS YELL

Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah!
Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah!
Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah!
Class of '25 Rah! Rah!
Yea '25! Rah!

HOWARD MAY



CLASS POEM

"THE HARBOR OF THE SUN"

The Ship has left the Harbor
And starts bravely out to sea;
From Her masthead flowing, rippling,
Floats its flag triumphantly.

For years she been sheltered
From the breakers of the deep;
But the time has come for parting.
Is She worthy, strong, or weak?

Will the Wreckers of Life's Ocean
Rip her seams from beam to beam
Leaving Her beneath the billows
On the shifting sands, so clean?

Will she pass the Rocks of Discontent
And thru the Storms of Hardships
sail?

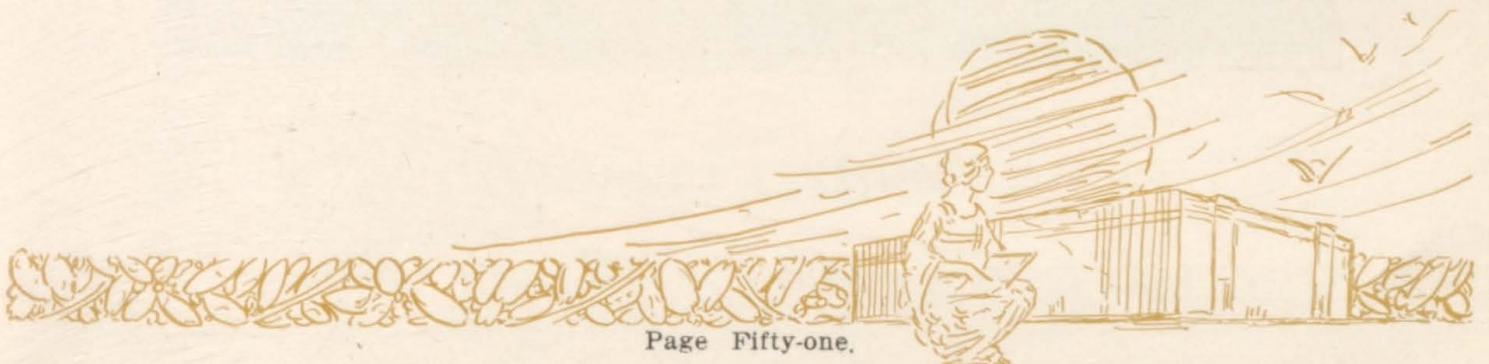
Will the Winds of Opportunity
Push her onward thru this gale?

For a Golden Harbor sailing,
'Tis the Harbor of Success,
That the Gallant Ship has striven
And has weathered every test.

The Masters all have done their duty,
And, as the ship her anchor trailed
All can say with hearts a'thrilling;
I built the Ship that has just
sailed!"

Then her Builders will be happy,
When the Voyage has been run,
And the Ship has anchored safely
In the Harbor of the Sun!

ROBERT STRANAHAN.







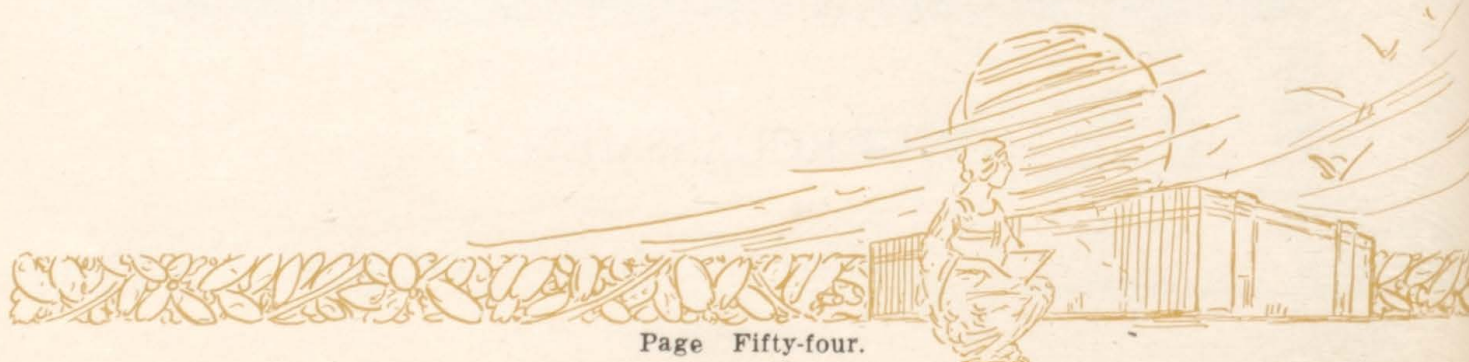
UNDERCLASSMEN

JUNIOR CLASS

Joseph Addison.
John Alexander.
Wilbur Allen.
Gladys Armstrong.
Paul Armstrong.
Howard Axel.
Helen Baldwin.
Robert Barber.
Margaret Barratt.
William Berry.
Forrest Borrer.
William Boykin.
Fonda Burcher.
Sarah F. Burris.
Ralph Brown.
Milo Burcham.
Eunice Carpenter.
Eulah Cassity.
Scott Chambers.
Telford Chard.
Martin Clift.
Mary A. Coleman.
Berneice Conklin.
Howard Cooper.
Lawrence Corum.
Elizabeth Craig.
Eva Cross.
Frieda Dann.
Helen Daykins.
Alfred Denney.
Harold DeWerpe.
John Dilkey.
Beryl Duffy.
Elizabeth Dunlap.
Herbert Evans.
Russell Evans.
Mervin Eward.
R. Lyle Fant.
Max Fennel.
Warren Fennel.
Louise Fleming.
Walter French.
William Gardner.
Harold Gauker.
George Goodwin.
Robert Gordon.
Clifford Gough.
Florence Grady.
Elizabeth Hamilton.

Helen Harding.
Ralph Haynes.
Robert Heath.
Nellie Hedges.
Herbert Heller.
George Hall.
Thelma Henry.
Margaret Hernly.
William Higley.
Norman Hines.
Ray Hurst.
Dorothy Hows.
Floyd Hudson.
Pauline Hutcheson.
Harold Hutson.
Mary Imel.
Guy Ingram.
Edith Inman.
Opal Jeffries.
Robert Jennings.
Opal Johnson.
Chesly Juday.
Mildred Kendall.
Fern Keeler.
Raymon Kinsinger.
Norman Klika.
Clyde Koon.
Mearle Kuhn.
Margaret Lee.
Cleo Luellen.
Ronald Mangas.
George Mann.
Edith Martin.
Sylvia Masters.
Lucretia Maus.
George May.
Harold Miller.
Malcolm Miller.
Thelma McDonald.
Leona McKnight.
Adeline Morris.
Warren Murray.
Leonard Myers.
Volena Nale.
Phoebe Netz.
Edward Newton.
John L. Nicholson.
Letha Nipp.

Edwin Ogborn.
Maurice Oldham.
Margaret Osborn.
Esther Ostlund.
Marian Paris.
Robert Paul.
Nethla Paule.
Mary K. Peckinpaugh.
Agatha Pegg.
Edward Pettiford.
Helen Phelps.
Ruth Phillips.
Fredrick Pierce.
Tom Pierson.
Mary L. Potter.
Carl Poindexter.
Mary Powell.
Virgil Redd.
Fannie Reed.
Levara Ricks.
Helen Roberts.
Sylvesta Schrader.
Helen Scott.
Jesse Scott.
Verl Shaffer.
Dorothy Shelley.
Marjorie Shepherd.
Edward Sherry.
Myrtle Shore.
Magdalene Sinclair.
Fern Stanley.
Florence Stepanek.
Mary Stoup.
Helen Stretch.
Ernest Taylor.
Gordon Taylor.
Harold Templeton.
William Tinkle.
Wilma Tout.
William VanMeter.
Eva VanOsdol.
Charles Warnock.
Josephine White.
Edith Wiehmeyer.
Leona Williams.
Wauneta Wimmer.
Charles Wood.
Voscoe Woodard.





SOPHOMORE CLASS

Irvin Adams.
 Ray Dennis Anderson.
 Garnet Armstrong.
 Waunieta Axon.
 Gwendolyn Armacost.
 Conrad Bailey.
 Richard Barber.
 Merrell Byer.
 Wilbur Birsinger.
 Frank Bolser.
 Carlos Bond.
 Leslie Borrer.
 Richard Brandgan.
 Dortha Anne Brouhard.
 Mary Brown.
 Ruth Browning.
 Paul Burcher.
 Thelma Burk.
 Jack Burns.
 Gerald Burton.
 Ralph Bush.
 Robert Campbell.
 Crystal Carruthers.
 Dorothy Chalfant.
 Margaret Circle.
 Kenneth Clark.
 Mildred Clearwater.
 Robert Cluggish.
 Mildred Cochran.
 Elaine Collins.
 Vera Conway.
 Curtis Cook.
 Louis Cooper.
 Herbert Cope.
 John Cramer.
 Ivan Craycraft.
 Clyde Crim.
 Moody Cross.
 William Cunningham.
 Rochelle Darnell.
 Rex Daubenspeck.
 Evan Davis.
 Ora Davis.
 Caroline Daykins.
 Lillian Decker.
 Everett Delph.
 Hassel Dempsey.
 Allen DeWerpe.
 Charles Diehl.
 Marvin Dilkey.
 Yuma Duffy.
 Herman Dunlap.
 Charles Eastman.
 Ruth Edwards.
 Robert Evans.

Katherine Fleming.
 Robert Ford.
 Harold Fox.
 Virgie Gard.
 Jeanette Glazer.
 Agnes Green.
 Myrl Guthrie.
 Loma Hague.
 Dorothy Hall.
 Willard Harding.
 Martha Harris.
 Mary L. Heller.
 John Henby.
 Fay Hipple.
 Edna Holloway.
 Mary Hosea.
 Vernon Hinshaw.
 Robert Hunter.
 Agnes Hutson.
 Mary L. James.
 H. E. Jennings.
 Lois Jessup.
 Millard Johnson.
 Paul Jones.
 Dortha Kever.
 Ella Kendall.
 Robert Kennedy.
 Neita Fae Kirk.
 Aileen Land.
 Janet Lander.
 Marguerite Lanning.
 John Livezey.
 Merrill Lyon.
 Florence Lenox.
 Charles Mahoney.
 Dorothy Malloy.
 Pauline Mathes.
 Elizabeth Mattix.
 Eugene Miller.
 Robert Millikan.
 Electa Millikan.
 Virginia Million.
 Willard Mitchener.
 Carolyn McCormack.
 Paul McCormack.
 Christine McCullough.
 Catherine McGraph.
 Ruth Montgomery.
 Joseph Moody.
 Dorothy Moore.
 Ethel Moppin.
 Selby Morrell.
 Janet Morris.
 Charles Morris.
 Mary Morris.

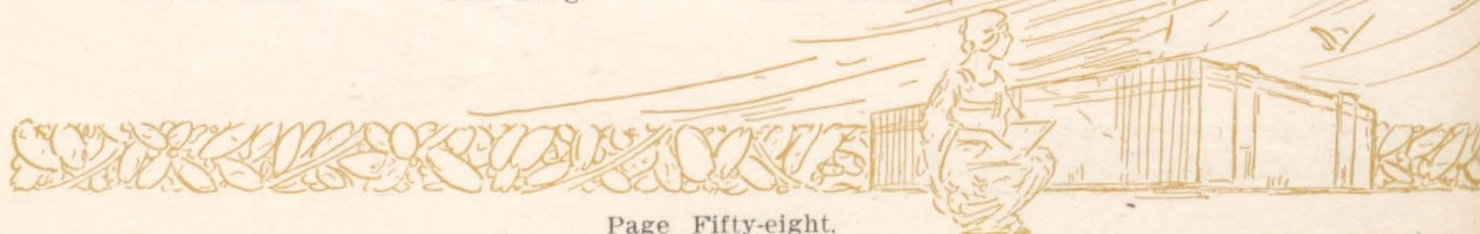
John Murray.
 Wilhemena Muzzy.
 Leslie Myers.
 Audra Nale.
 Preston Ocker.
 Hildred Parrish.
 Gladys Paul.
 Thelma Pea.
 William Peckinpaugh.
 Robert Perry.
 Harry Petro.
 Ruth Pierce.
 Ray Ratcliff.
 Catherine Ratcliffe.
 Lene Reed.
 Carolyn Rees.
 Thelma Reeves.
 Keith Reynolds.
 Dorothy Rodgers.
 Helen Rozelle.
 Marguerite Ryan.
 Edna Schenck.
 Francis Schelsky.
 John Scott.
 Mary Shaffer.
 James Shelley.
 Wilma Sherry.
 Ardutice Shore.
 Russell Simpkins.
 Wanda Slick.
 Della Smith.
 Orville Stephens.
 Julia Stiers.
 Elizabeth Stonecipher.
 Lucile Stotelmeyer.
 Lillian Swartz.
 Francis Tarr.
 Thelma Thursman.
 Virgil Tinkle.
 Garnet Todd.
 Jeanette VanZant.
 Freeman Vickery.
 John Waller.
 Bertha E. Welker.
 Dorothy West.
 Edward White.
 Leroy Wilhoite.
 Mabel Williams.
 Robert Williams.
 Iris Winter.
 Evelyn Witt.
 Reginald Wood.
 Frances Wooten.
 Glen Zink.





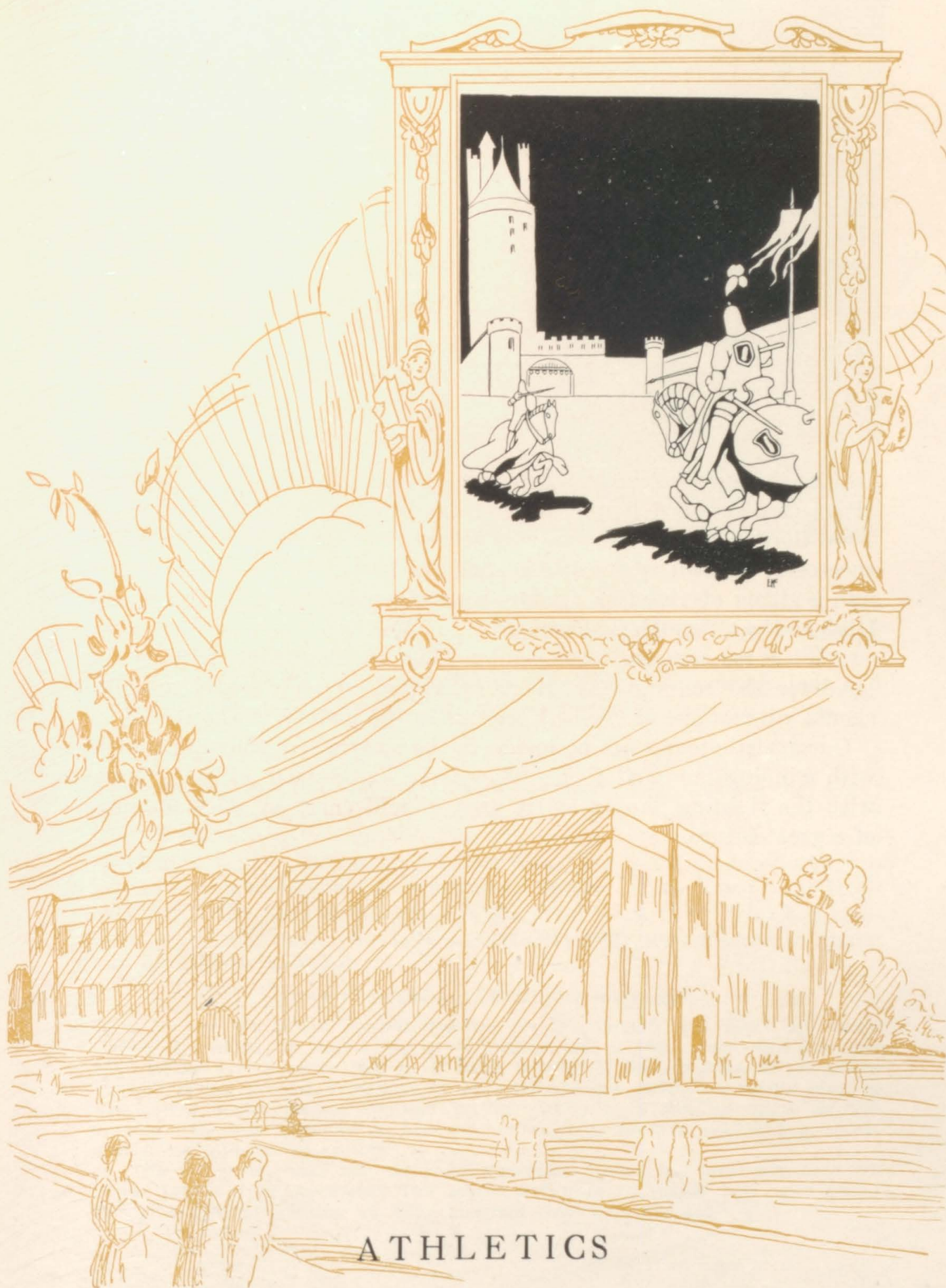
FRESHMAN CLASS

Florence Alexander.	Lela Fant.	Martha Luther.	Clifford Ricks.
Elsie Altemeyer.	Margaret Faucett.	Opal Lyons.	John Ritchie.
Dortha Anderson.	Leon Fox.	Janiece Mangas.	Joe Robeson.
Glen Anderson.	Doris French.	Fred Mann.	Clyde Rosea.
Myrtle Auten.	Frederick Fletcher.	Lorene Mark.	Lena Rogers.
Elizebeth Ashton.	Byron Garner.	Helen L. Marley.	Dorothy Roland.
Harry Azen.	Max Gold.	Marie Meeks.	Juanita Rucker.
Robert Baldwin.	Eleanor Goodwin.	Kathleen Mees.	Edith Runyan.
Robert Ball.	James Grant.	Jessie Meggs.	Maxine Schmidt.
Charles Ballenger.	Evelyn Griffith.	Ethel Messick.	Helen Scully.
Helen Barton.	Nellie Griffith.	Walter Metzger.	Eugene Sears.
Catherine Baughan.	George Gruler.	William Miers.	Mertice Seibert.
Mildred Blackburn.	Emitt Gwinn.	Dorothy B. Miller.	James Shelley.
Eulah M. Boatright.	Eulah Gwinn.	Donald Miller.	Charles Shepherd.
Harold Bolser.	Laura Gephart.	Martha Miller.	Joseph Shoemaker.
Opal Bovender.	Marjorie Hall.	James McCormack.	Frances Shough.
Robert Baker.	Victoria Hamilton.	Harold McCray.	Caroline Smith.
Eugene Bowne.	Violet Hamilton.	Bessie McDonald.	India F. Smith.
Esta Brayton.	Harold Hammer.	Monroe McGinnis.	William Smith.
Arthur Brenneke.	John Hardin.	Mildred McKown.	Dorotha Snider.
Anna Bretzinger.	Aillene Harding.	William McMillan.	Ralph Sprinkle.
Vera Lee Bronson.	Elias Harmon.	Martin McMurray.	Thayron Stephenson.
Dorothy Browning.	Marcus Harmon.	Pauline McNeice.	Ronald Stickleman.
Vernon Burch.	Melvin Haynes.	Norma Mogle.	Mary Stiers.
Robert Burns.	Merle Hays.	Mary Moody.	Lucile Supinger.
George Brown.	Jesse Hess.	Elanor Moppin.	Macie Taylor.
Marion Cable.	Charles Hines.	Betty Morris.	Agnes Tarr.
Fred Carpenter.	Lynn Hinshaw.	Elbert Morris.	Waunetta Taylor.
Orville Carpenter.	Helen Hochkirck.	Marcella Morris.	Loraine Temple.
Thelma Carpenter.	Lloyd Holloway.	Mildred Murray.	Elizabeth Thompson.
Ralph Chadwick.	Irene Howard.	George Edward Myers.	James Thompson.
Frank Coble.	Elsie Jeffries.	John Myers.	Carl Thornberry.
Howard Collins.	Mary Jennings.	Grayce Myler.	Nina Troobaugh.
Glen Cooper.	Robert Johnson.	Don Nicholson.	Zelda Tweedy.
Dorothy Cory.	Paul Guy Jones.	Helen Nicholson.	James Upham.
Harold Cory.	Evelyn Joyce.	Jesse Nicholson.	Marjorie L. Valentine
Luther Cowan.	Chalmers Juday.	Charles Niles.	Mary A. Van Nuys.
Herschell Cox.	Meryel Judkins.	Hilda Ocker.	James VanOsdol.
James Crim.	Laura Kellam.	Edna Ogborn.	James Waggoner.
Helen Crone.	Robert Kelsie.	Robert Ogborn.	Estle Walen.
Frances Crouch.	Edna Kendall.	Helen Orr.	Elizabeth Weltz.
Margaret Cummins.	Pauline Kendall.	Albert Palmer.	Gladys Sherley.
Ruth Daggy.	William Kissane.	Dorothy Phillips.	Sylvia White.
Audrey Darling.	Thelma Koon.	Francis Pickering.	Reed Wiles.
Walter Delph.	William Laboyteaux.	Luella Popejoy.	Mary Wilkinson.
Roger DeWitt.	Marjorie Lamb.	Lillie Poynter.	Max Williams.
Roy Dickson.	Horace Larabee.	Margaret Ransom.	Marcella Wimmer.
James Ditton.	Forest Laurie.	Wayne Ratcliff.	Harold Wittenbeck.
Bonnie Dugan.	Ralph Lawell.	Lloyd T. Ray.	Alice M. Wolfe.
Florence Duva.	Robert Lindley.	Harold Rees.	Nola Wolfe.
Dale Elliott.	Albert Lines.	Virgil Reger.	Pauline Woodward.
Helen Elliott.	Lester Lockhart.	Mary Reynolds.	Warren Worl.
Mary Elliott.	Mildred Lockridge.	Olin Rhodes.	
Francis Ellis.	Don Long.	Baird Richardson.	









ATHLETIC FOREWORD

In the summer of 1924 the school board announced a very decisive step forward in the athletic department when they employed Thad Gordon to direct the various activities of that department. As a successful football season passed and the basket ball schedule turned into a string of victories, friends began to point towards New Castle High and say, "watch that school."

With the material coached by Thad Gordon that will be on hand for the coming year, those interested in high school athletics should witness one of the best seasons in the history of the school.

Our athletic teams are no longer in the class where they are content with winning now and then. They have had a taste of victory and with the fighting Trojan spirit, they should carry on with promises of a great future.





COACH GORDON

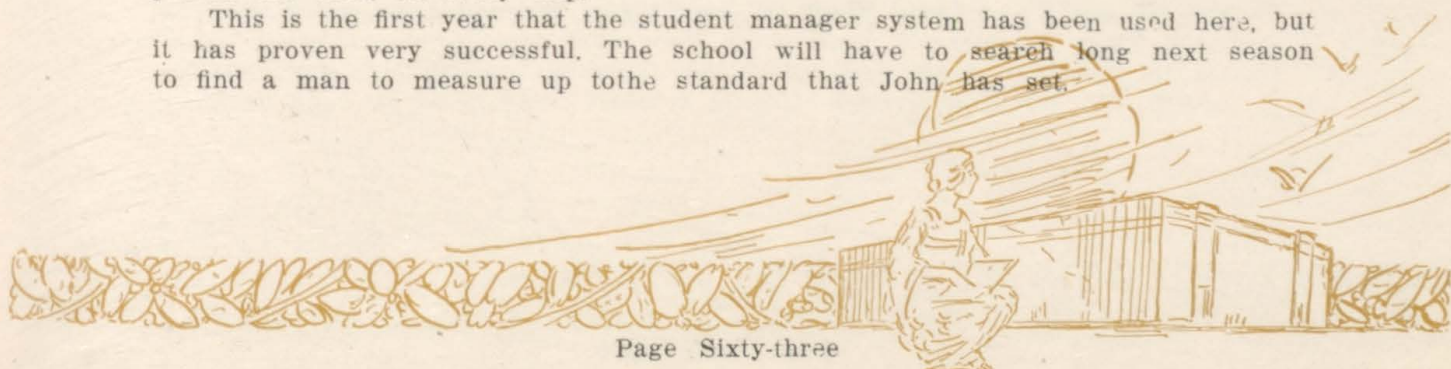
Mr. Gordon came to N. H. S. this year having just concluded his course at Indiana University. Although he had not taken part in athletics at college, yet he had studied them and was ready to come here and put New Castle on the map. This he has certainly done and we are deeply in debt to him for the honors the Trojans have won this year.

It was he who won N. H. S. the motto "Fight To Win" which everyone has adopted. In both major sports he has instilled that fight and determination which has carried N. H. S. on to victory even when against odds. He has instilled in the hearts of every man whom he coached, a bigger, better, and loftier aim. He is for clean sportsmanship always and fairness to every one. In the future New Castle High may reach the peak in athletics if the good work that Thad has commenced is continued. N. H. S. is certainly very unfortunate in losing him as athletic director.

JOHN COGGESHALL, STUDENT MANAGER

John was the Senior student manager for the Trojans this year. He helped greatly in making the season the great success that it was. John was prevented from taking a very active part in athletics because of the condition of his health. Because of his general knowledge of athletics and his ability to handle men, he was named Senior student manager by the faculty at a meeting called for this purpose. He was "Johnny on the spot" when ever he was needed and accompanied the team on every trip.

This is the first year that the student manager system has been used here, but it has proven very successful. The school will have to search long next season to find a man to measure up to the standard that John has set.





FOOTBALL—1924

When the 1924 season for football opened, there was a great amount of material on hand from which Coach Gordon was to select the team to represent N. H. S. in the coming games. Nine letter men were left from the previous year. These were; Captain Plummer, "Steve" Freel, Walter Falck, Keith Edwards, H. E. Jennings, Melvin Tarr, Harold Templeton and Fred Starbuck.

The Trojan gridmen spent one week at football camp at Bethany Park, Brooklyn, Indiana, before school began, so when it opened they were ready to get down to hard work. The team played a total of eight games, winning from Marion, Manual of Indianapolis, Knights town, and Greenfield, and losing to Hartford City, Muncie, Richmond and Wilkinson.

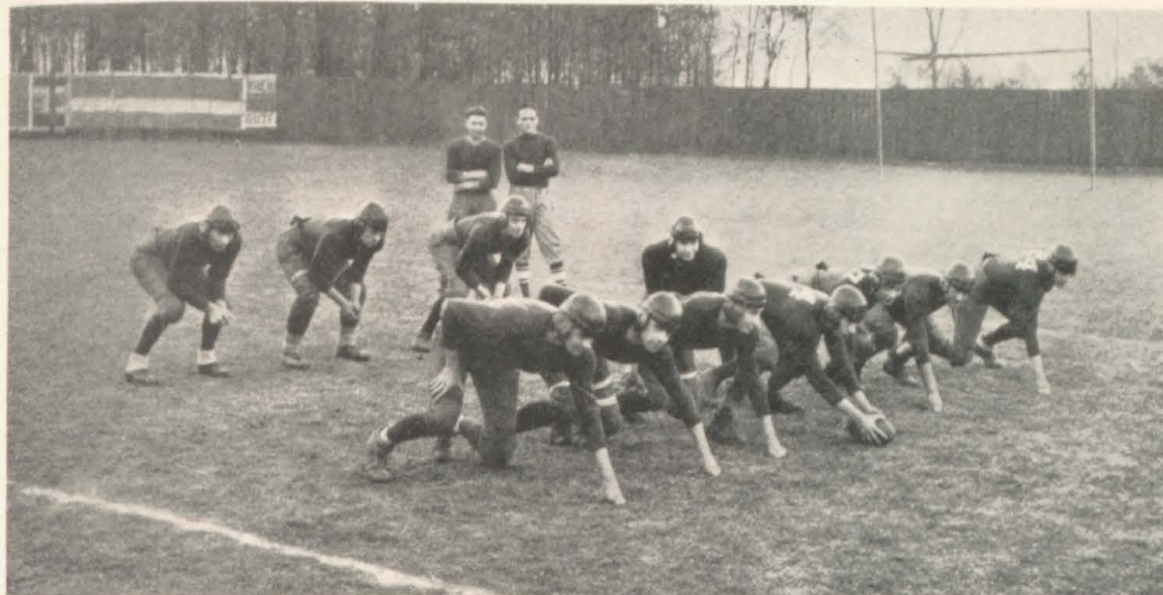
This season was especially successful considering the fact that it was Mr. Gordon's first year as the Trojan coach.

At times the team showed excellent form and looked like champions, but they were not consistent, losing to some weak teams and winning from stronger ones. The team was handicapped by the injury of Captain Plummer received in the Greenfield game which caused him to stay off the grid for the remainder of the season. Falck also was forced to miss several games when he injured his leg, although he was back in the line for the last two games of the season.

The team was supported better this year both at home and away, than it ever has been before.

Next year's men are, Zink, Koon, Allen, Templeton and Schelsky.





FOOTBALL LETTER MEN

PLUMMER—Plummer played his last year on the foot ball team as Captain and half back. He displayed that spirit which has made him admired throughout the school. An injury prevented him from participating in several games. He was a valuable man and will be greatly missed in next year's line.

FALCK—Falcky finished his last year on the team and was picked as the most valuable player on it. Stubborn on defense and aggressive on offense; Falcky is the man whose loss will be most felt next year.

EDWARDS—Kitchen, another senior whose shoes will be hard to fill. Keith is an ideal end, although not husky, he was plenty tough and pulled many a pass out of the air for a large gain.

TARR—Tarr is another good man lost by graduation this year. He played tackle and was a stone wall both on offense and defense. He would often slip through the line and get the tackle. He was selected on the third all state team.

McKEE—Bob is a senior who came into his own this year. He was not discovered until after season began but when he was found, he sure proved himself worthy. Although small he had plenty of speed.

HUFFMAN—Wilmer is another senior that leaves N. H. S. this year. He played tackle and was right there both on offense and defense. He had plenty of fight and drive.

FREEL—Steve played half and was also one of our punters and could drop kick with accuracy. Steve hit 'em hard and often and was a valuable man in the back field.

STARBUCK—Played quarter back most of the season and was a real safety man. When we needed two or three yards Freddie was right there with the play to put it over.

ROZELL—Red played center this year. He was tough on defense, breaking through the line time after time for the tackle. He got more tackles than any other man and was selected on the third all state team.

ZINK—Glen played guard and filled his place well. He played with a determination that spelled victory for N. H. S. He has two more years to play.

KOON—Koonie played full back this season and will be left to the team next year. He can also punt and should be a good man to the team. He always kept going and hit 'em hard.

TEMPLETON—The big boy who played at guard position. When he was determined there wasn't any one who could move him. He has two more years.

SCHELsky—Another and, although not so big and plenty of fight. He is only a freshman now, so watch him. He is a probable quarter back for next year.



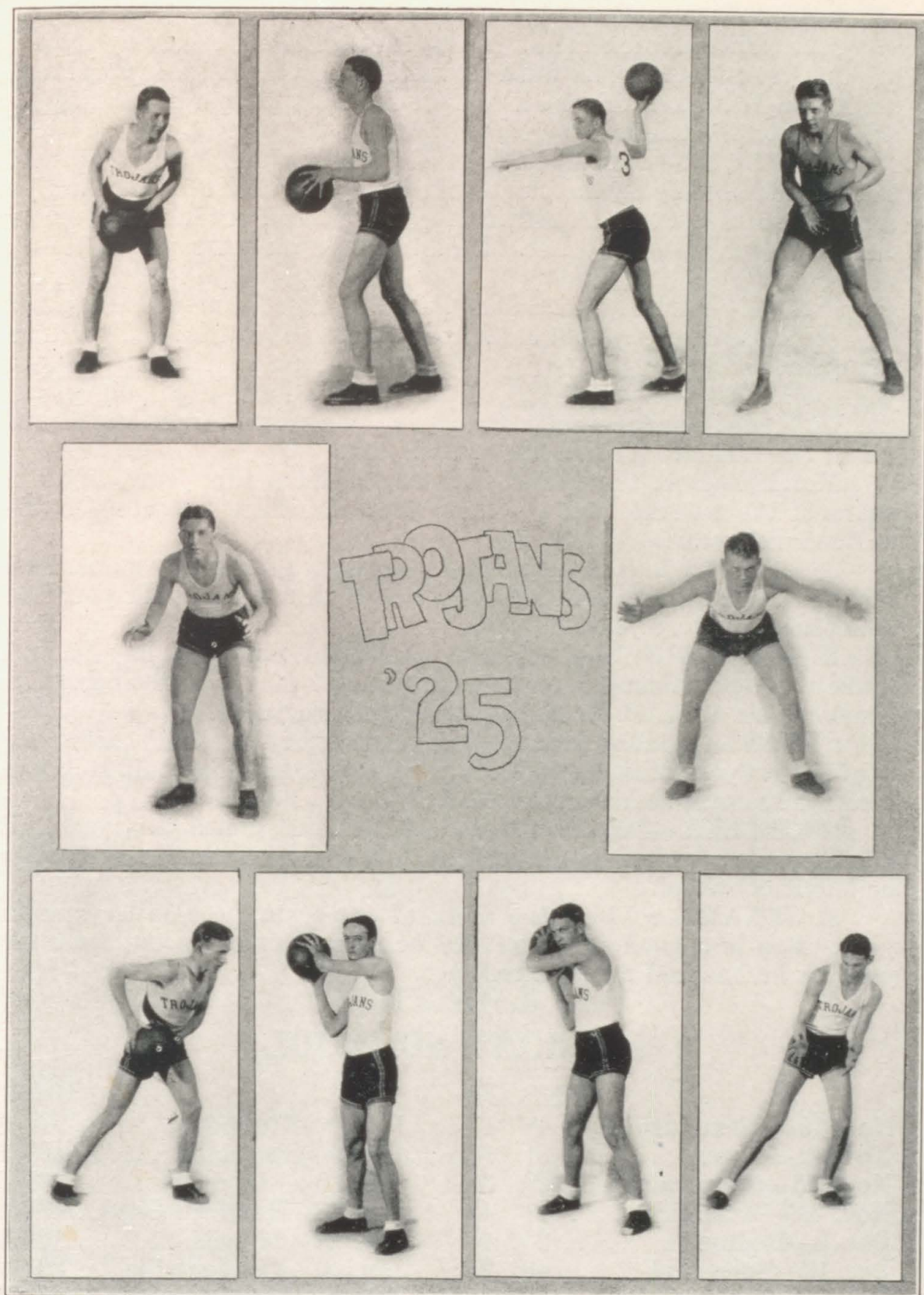
BASKETBALL

When Coach Gordon made his first call for Trojan basketekers some fifty men reported at the old Coliseum. Various kinds of uniforms were donned and great enthusiasm reined. Every one predicted that with the material and such a good coach that the chances of N. H. S. to have a good team were excellent. There were only five days in which to select the few men to go on the floor against Alexandria. Therefore the squad was soon cut to about fifteen men; of these Gauker, Starbuck, Edwards, H. E. Jennings, Allen and Rozelle were letter men from last year.

The first two games were won and everything looked bright but disaster was soon met, for in the Rushville game, Captain Tillie Kauker fell and broke his wrist. He was out of play until the return game with Muncie. The Trojans won a total of eleven games and lost nine. Some of the best teams in the state were defeated and at times, especially at Shlbyville the Trojans played in championship form.

The Trojans won the district this year, defeating Sulphur Springs, Mooreland and Knightstown to win. They then journeyed to Anderson for the regional, where they defeated Dunkirk in the first round. But then came the greatest blow of the entire season when Carmel defeated the Trojans 26-24. And so the season was over and our hopes of having a team on the state floor could not be fulfilled until next year.





BASKETBALL LETTER MEN

GAUKER—Tillie ended a three-year basketball career by Captaining this year's team. His work on the offense was at times spectacular and through the season he was one of the most dangerous and aggressive men on the team.

STARBUCK—Freddie is a basketball player. Knows about all there is to know about the game. He is beyond doubt one of the fightingest men that ever donned a Trojan uniform. Starbuck's absence next year will be keenly felt. He also made the all regional team at Anderson.

FALCK—Falckie, a real back guard. Played same steady game in basket ball as he did in foot ball. He also likes the girls; and graduates this year.

EDWARDS—Kitchen played forward. He was high point man of the Anderson regional. Plays a hard and fast game, makes 'em all from under the basket. He is a senior this year.

McKEE—Bob, the fastest man on the team this year. Made his share of the baskets, and did more than his share on defense. This is Bob's last year.

ALLEN—Strings is our center. He plays a good heady game. Drops them in from the center of the floor once in a while. Oh you Tech! Allen has one more year.

H. E. JENNINGS—Feet is a man who could play any position. Came through whenever we needed him and played a good game. H. E. should do a lot for N. H. S. in the next two years.

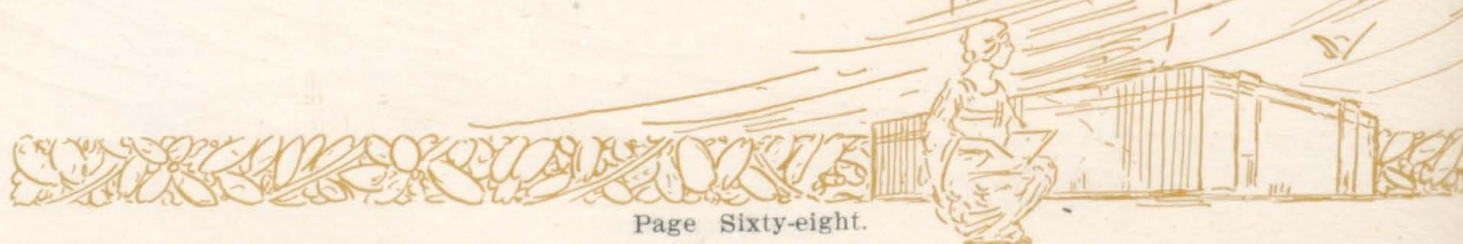
FENNEL—Flabby succeeded in making the tournament team playing his first year of basketball. He is six feet four inches tall. He should lead the team in scoring next year.

SCHELISKY—Francis played sub at floor guard this year. He has three more years, and should make a real basketball player before he is out of school.

R. JENNINGS—Bob, the sheik of our team, he also has another year. Bob is a good man and will be of real value to the team next year, as he has had much experience.

SEASON'S SCHEDULE

	NHS	OP		NHS	OP
Nov. 15—Alexandria	44	17	Jan. 2—Elwood	37	32
Nov. 21—Eaton	31	17	Jan. 9—Spiceland	48	12
Nov. 26—Connersville . .	29	30	Jan. 10—Richmond	24	21
Nov. 28—Rushville	31	48	Jan. 17—Hartford City . .	43	21
Dec. 5—Bedford	25	40	Jan. 23—Muncie	19	31
Dec. 12—Spiceland	49	21	Jan. 31—Connersville . .	30	28
Dec. 13—Technical	39	14	Feb. 6—Knightstown . .	36	24
Dec. 19—Muncie	22	32	Feb. 13—Shelbyville . .	34	28
Dec. 20—Marion	29	30	Feb. 20—Greenfield . . .	29	41
Dec. 27—Rushville	21	24	Feb. 27—Marion	17	21





BASEBALL

The season started with a hard game, Kennard coming here for the first game. The team was slightly handicapped by the lack of practice. Workouts were held every evening at the bridge factory diamond and the men worked hard to get in good shape for Kennard. The Trojan nine was also handicapped by the lack of a veteran pitcher for Plummer was the only letter man left on the squad this year. The men trying out as pitcher are Gruler, Fennel, Hines and Meegs, but none of these has had any experience. Some other men out are Plummer, McKee, Zink, Eastman, Schelsky, Miller, Falck.

SCHEDULE

April 17—Kennard	Here
April 21—Spiceland	Here
April 27—Kennard	There
May 1—Spiceland	There
May 6—Muncie	Here
May 8—Greenfield	There
May 19—Greenfield	Here
May 25—Muncie	There



BASEBALL LETTER MEN

Plummer. Floyd is the veteran of the team having played four years. He is a mighty valuable man, either in the infield or the outfield and is usually strong at the bat.

Zinc. Glen has held down first base for the last two years. He is left handed but he can sure stow 'em. It is expected that he will play his next two years in high school.

McKee. "Bob" is holding down his position behind the bat in a very successful way. This is his first year in the game and also the last one as he is a senior. We're sorry you didn't start sooner Bob.

Gruler. George was the "find" of the season. He is only a freshman and will develop into a first class pitcher before he leaves N. H. S.

Schelsky. This was Schelsky's first year on the Trojan nine. He has two more years and will be a valuable man.

Falck. Walter is a man whose loss will be felt next year as he is a Senior. He is an excellent fielder and hitter. This is his first year on the team.

Eastman. Charles is a real second sacker and can be depended upon to get a hit. This is his first year on the team but he has two more to go.

Miller. "Mutt" holds down third base and is a valuable man. This is his first year but he has one more year.







THE WILSONIAN HISTORY CLUB

The History Club originated in substance long before the organization was founded. Early in the first semester of this year Mrs. Wilson asked all members of her history classes to each bring an article on some point of interest in the history of Henry County. The purpose of this was to aid her in securing material for a talk at the convention of the State Historical Society, on "Local History". There was such a generous response, and the interest ran so high that the idea of a history club became a reality.

All students taking Junior and Senior history were invited to join the club. An election of officers was held and Robert Boykin was elected president, Esther Adams, vice president and Lois Wiggins, secretary.

The purpose of the club was very successfully carried out. Several visits were made; to the Henry County Historical Society Building, to Spiceland to view the collection of Mrs. S. B. Unthank, and to Memorial Park, (the site of the first village of the White Crow Indians). At other meetings, programs were furnished by the program committee.

Because of the interest shown, it is hoped and thought that the Wilsonian History Club will become a permanent organization, run in connection with the more advanced history classes.





MATHEMATICS CLUB

The Mathematics Club was one of the first of the numerous clubs to be organized in New Castle High this year.

The officers for this year were Chesly Juda, President, Miss Barnett, Chairman of the Program Committee, Herbert Heller and Katherine Ratcliffe, were also members of the Program Committee. They have worked faithfully and steered the Math Club successfully through this year.

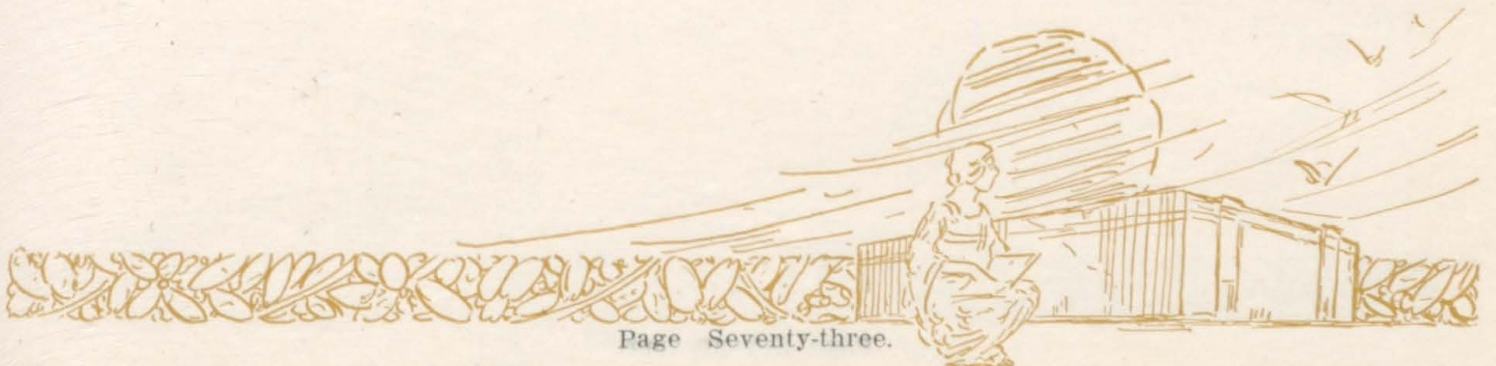
It was of course necessary to have faculty sponsors and therefore, Mr. Jones, Miss Barnett, Mr. Logan, Miss Hodson and Mr. Greenstreet were enrolled as members of the organization.

The purpose of the Club was to discuss all current mathematical questions of the day and to give the student a broader idea as to the possibilities of mathematics and science than he can gather in the class room.

Club meetings were ordinarily held every two weeks, the length of time between meetings however was to be determined by the interest manifested. Sessions lasted from 3:15 till 4:00 o'clock in room 329, Mr. Jones' session room. Parliamentary law was practiced to some extent but the meetings as a whole were informal.

The programs of the Club concerned all mathematical and scientific questions, even astronomy was studied to some extent. All math or science students of any class were eligible for membership.

The club has been a complete success and although the attendance decreased, the club was attended by those who were really interested in mathematics.





PRO AND CON CLUB

About January 30, 1925 a call was made through the school for orators and debators, any who thought they were that already, or any who hoped to be. The response was encouraging, so from that group was founded the Pro and Con Club.

Under the leadership of Mr. Kirk the Club rapidly increased in wisdom, purpose and favor among the students of the High School. After electing Hewitt Carpenter, President; Mildred Cochran, vice president, and Mary Morris, Secretary, things began to take form with much interest and system.

Every meeting has been characterized by an interesting program. Debates have been held on such topics of interest as, "The Acceptance of the 20th Amendment to the Constitution," "Capital Punishment," and other live current questions that will confront us as voters in a few years. An outstanding meeting was one in which Mr. Paul Benson lectured on the art of public speaking.

It may be mentioned that members of this club, Janet Morris and Eunice Carpenter, won second and third places in the school orator selection, from a field of over twenty competitors.

Notwithstanding the fact that this was the Club's first year, and the membership, not what it ought to be for a school of this size, the start has been made; and if it continues to grow and become a permanent school organization, the hopes and plans of the President and the members will not have been in vain.





N. H. S. ORCHESTRA

It is the aim of the orchestra and Miss Dorsey as director, to awaken the student body of New Castle High School to a more appreciative and sympathetic understanding of good music. This group tries to co-operate with, and assist all activities sponsored by the school.

Among other aims of the Orchestra is that of helping each member to become a proficient performer on the instrument which he or she plays. With this point in view the music played includes all types ranging from classical to semi-popular. This is done, in order to acquaint the student with all classes of music, because when one starts out into the musical world, he soon finds that he needs to know all kinds of music if he expects to progress very rapidly.

Every year the high schools of Indiana send representatives to Indianapolis to play in the All State Orchestra which plays for the teachers at the convention of the State Teachers Association. This year the representatives sent by New Castle High were, Mildred Conway and Evelyn Taylor, violinists, and Juanita Wimmer, trombonist.





THE PHOENIX

The Phoenix is a school paper published by the students of the High School. This is the first year that a high school paper has been published since 1916, when the paper called "The Reflector" was printed. During this time, although many of the students desired a paper, the school officials did not think it advisable for the school to have this added responsibility. Therefore, when the students were given permission in the fall of 1924 to publish a paper, they were well pleased and promised to do their best to make it a success and a permanent publication.

John Van Nuys was chosen editor of the paper and on October 24, 1924 the first issue of the new paper appeared.

The Phoenix is a four page, four column paper and contains accounts of every phase of the activities of the school in both Senior and Junior High. It is published on the last school day of every week. The paper has a high standard and ranks well with other high school papers of the state.

The Phoenix, although still in its infancy, has a large circulation and it is hoped every student will soon be a subscriber.

The following is the permanent staff during the past school year of 1924 and '25:

John Van Nuys	Editor-in-Chief
Robert Boykin	Assistant Editor
Scott Chambers	Business Manager
William Boykin	Circulation Manager
Martin Clift	Assistant Business Manager
Evan Davis	Assistant Business Manager
George Van Dyke	News Editor
Wilmer Huffman	Reporter
Frieda Dann	Associate Editor
Elsie Zerr	Feature Editor
Robert Stranahan	Athletic Editor (boys)
Garnet Todd	Athletic Editor (girls)
Miriam Clift and Lois Wiggins	Alumni and Personals
Mary Katherine Peckenpaugh and Juanita Jane Rucker	Reporters

—FACULTY ADVISORS—

Mr. Valentine Mrs. Wilson Miss Chambers Mr. Bronson Mr. Greenstreet





GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

The Girls' Glee Club is a singing organization which began several years ago in N. H. S. and is under the direction of Miss Dorsey.

Girls in any year of high school are eligible to enter the Club and the membership increases yearly; this year's class having sixty-five members.

The Glee Club meets on Tuesday evening of each week for forty-five minutes with Miss Dorsey in Room 101. One tenth of a credit is given each semester in this work.

The best types of music are studied. The members are able to receive a clear understanding of and create a deeper appreciation of really good music.

The Cantata studied this year is, "The Pipes of Pan" written by Paul Bliss. This is written in three parts, first and second sopranos and alto. It is very interesting and the music is very tuneful.

The members of the Glee Club of 1925 are:

FIRST SOPRANOS

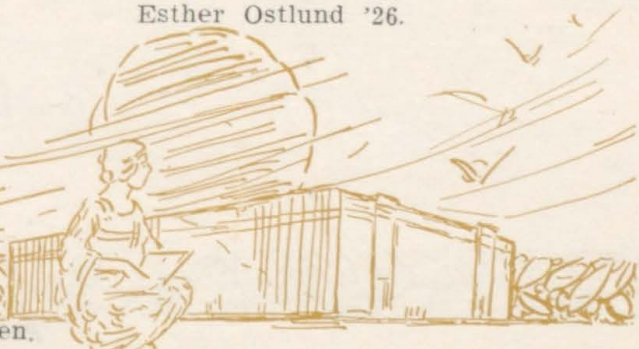
Mary Powell '27.
Evelyn Taylor '25.
Edna Holloway '27.
Francis Pickering '28.
Bertha Margason '25.
Jeanette Van Zant '27.
Evelyn Witt '27.
Doris French '28.
Mildred Ashby '25.
Juanita Rucker '28.
Catherine McGrath '27.
Juanita Harter '25.
Helen Nicholson '28.
Edith Kuntz '25.
Mary Stiers '28.
Virginia Million '27.
Ruth Phillips '26.
Thelma McDorman '26.
Helen Bush '25.
Janet Morris '27.
Dolores McLear '25.

SECOND SOPRANO

Helen Baldwin '26.
Lela Fant '28.
Edith Puickerton '28.
Opal Bovender '28.
Mary Imil '27.
Neita Kirk '27.
Dorothy Browning '28.
Florence Grady '26.
Ruth Pierce '27.
Pauline Hutchinson '27.
Margaret Hernly '26.
Bertha Welker '27.
Mary Morris '27.
Pauline Maths '27.
Madeline Lawell '25.
Helen Hunt '25.
Vera Conklin '25.
Margaret Circle '27.
Dorothy Moore '27.
Waunieta Axon '27.
Miriam Cooper '25.

ALTOS

Aileen Land '27.
Mary Brown '27.
Florence Roll '25.
Mary Louise Heller '27.
Evelyn Joyce '28.
Ruth Edwards '27.
Julia Stiers '27.
Helen Roberts '26.
Electa Milikan '27.
Freda Dann '26.
Carolyn Rees '27.
Dorothy Malloy '27.
Margaret Barrett '26.
Janet Lander '27.
Edna Kendall '28.
Helen Harding '27.
LuVesta Conley '25.
Gladys Nation '25.
Esther Ostlund '26.



THE STUDENT COUNCIL

Not to be outdone by the faculty, the student element of the New Castle High School has taken unto itself, an organization for the securing of "students' rights."

During the year nineteenhundred and twenty-four, there was in the school an urgent need of some tangible organization in which every student might have a common interest. The Student Council is the result of this constant growth of supervised student government and was actually effected by the adoption of the present constitution. This constitution was carefully drawn up and designed to meet every phase of school life with the control of Student Government. Under it, the powers granted the Student Council are enlarged as is also the responsibility for the conduct of students in their school life. The Council promotes scholarship, develops the spirit of democracy and promotes loyalty to the ideals of the school.

The chief work of the Council this first year was the publishing of a student hand book. It contains all necessary information about the school and its many activities. This Hand Book is and will be a great help to the under-classmen and those just entering high school. Many other plans have been discussed as to class organization and etc.

The Student Council although yet in an embryonic stage, still hopes for a bigger development when it has passed through a period of changes and reconstruction until it will hold a place of prestige and respect which will make it the paramount organization in the school life.

FRED STARBUCK, President.

GERALDINE McKEE, Vice-President.

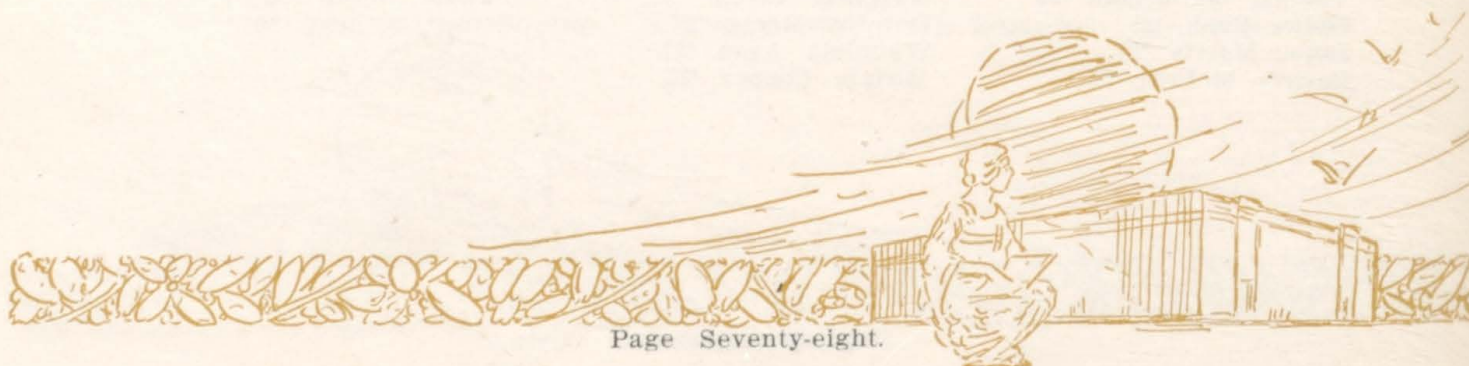
BERNICE CONKLIN, Secretary.

MEMBERS OF STUDENT COUNCIL

Fred Starbuck
Bernice Conklin
Geraldine McKee
Paul Dingle.
Howard May.

Virgil Redd
Mary Koons.
Herbert Heller.
Edgar Wise.
Charles Morris.

Homer Gauker.
Fred Smith.
Hewitt Carpenter.
Helen Ray.
Marcella Wimmer.







CLASS PLAY

THE CAST

Dr. Gerald Sumner	John Coggeshall
Budd Woodbridge	Maurice Joyce
Preston DeWitt	Robert Stranahan
Emile	Paul Wise
Hartley	Byram Bunch
Mr. Stone	Arthur Burton
Virginia Xelva	Dorothy Sim
Grace Tyler	Lois Wiggins
Marion Sumner	Geraldine McKee
Gertrude Ludlow	Martha McIntyre
Mrs. Creighton Woodbridge	Esther Adams
Guests at the Party—George Van Dyke, Hewitt Carpenter, Wilmer Huffman, Helen	

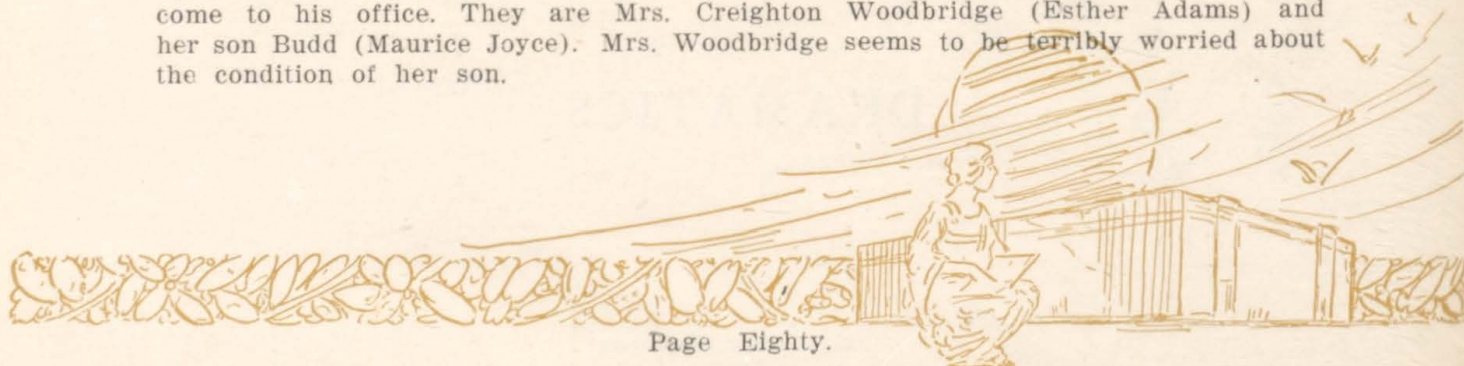
Jones, Miriam Clift, Louise Summers, Jesse French, Helen Bush.
Stage Managers—Melvin Tarr, John Bacon and Carrol Gouldsberry.

"The Boomerang", a play which was produced in New York at the Belasco Theatre, August 10, 1925, was chosen for this year's Senior Class Play. It is an unusual and interesting comedy in three acts, being entirely different from any play ever staged by any previous Senior class of New Castle High School.

On May 6, 7, 8, this play was presented to attentive spectators. The members of the cast were clever in their impersonations of the various characters and proved themselves no amateurs at the task.

Mr. Sumner, (John Coggeshall) is a young physician who has returned home from abroad and practicing for two weeks and has, not as yet had a patient. Virginia Xelva (Dorothy Sims), who has no mother or father on whom to depend, calls upon Dr. Sumner and applies for a position as a nurse. He has no need of a nurse but wishing to help her all he can, gives her a position in his office.

While the doctor is out on the important errand of buying a dog, two people come to his office. They are Mrs. Creighton Woodbridge (Esther Adams) and her son Budd (Maurice Joyce). Mrs. Woodbridge seems to be terribly worried about the condition of her son.





Before the doctor returns, Mrs. Woodbridge is forced to leave on account of a social engagement and poor Budd is left to the mercy of Dr. Sumner and Miss Xelva. When the doctor returns he learns that the only thing that is the matter with Budd is that he is in love. Nevertheless he tells him he can cure him if he will remain under his care for a month.

During the month that Budd is under the Doctor's care he is not allowed to see Grace Tyler, the girl that he loves. And he, Dr. Sumner even dictates the letters that Budd writes in answer to the inquiries from Grace.

The climax comes when Dr. Sumner decides to give Budd his freedom and plans a surprise party on his birthday. Here the presence of Grace proves too much for Budd and he tells her of his love for her.

In the meantime Miss Xelva has fallen in love with Dr. Sumner and she does not want to accept an inheritance from her rich uncle because it will take her away from him. Dr. Sumner looks upon love as a game and a very foolish game until he himself falls in love. Of course, the girl of his heart's desire would be Virginia Xelva.

To the entire satisfaction of everyone Dr. Sumner's "theories" about love prove impractical when applied to himself; Virginia plays the love game according to his directions and the doctor gets the Boomerang, when he becomes intensely jealous of his nurse and Preston De Witt.

Preston DeWitt, Robert Stranahan, is Budd's rival who is always taking Grace to the Golf Club

Marion Sumner, Geraldine McKee is the doctor's sister and a very good friend of Mrs. Woodbridge and Budd.

Gertrude Ludlow, (Martha McIntyre,) is a friend of Marion's.

The entire play is just one big laugh from beginning to end.



JUNIOR PROM PLAY

"Spring Time in Holland"

Mynheer Hertogenbosch, a rich Holland farmer Robert Coble
 Vrouw Hertogenbosch, his wife Esther Adams
 Wilhelmina and Hilda, their daughters. Louise Summers, Lois Wiggins
 Bob Yankee, American salesman Howard May
 Hans, a student of music in love with Wilhelmina... Ronald Shepherd
 Franz, rich farmer's son in love with Hilda Robert Stranahan
 Katrina, rich farmer's daughter Geraldine McKee
 Chorus—Farmers' daughters and mill workers—Miriam Clift, Mary
 Koons, Helen Taylor, Helen Jones, Mildred Ashby, Bertha Mar-
 gason, Clara Williams, Grace Million, Leafa Darnell, Martha Mc-
 Intyre, Gertrude Vivion, Fred Starbuck, Carl Hinshaw, Edgar
 Wise, John Bacon, George Van Dyke, John Van Nuys, Paul Dingle,
 Warren Murray, Hewitt Carpenter, Robert Beall, Leonard Hoover,
 Lenore Lamb.



SYNOPSIS

Wilhelmina, daughter of Hynheer Hertogenbosch, becomes discontented with the simple life she is leading and complains to her Mother. Her life is changed at this time by the appearance of Bob Yankee from America, in whom she takes a great interest and imagines herself in love. Hans, her Dutch lover becomes very disconsolate and tries in vain to win her back. The discontentment spreads its influence to Hilda who abandons her Dutch sweetheart.

Not only does the salesman cause the girls to change, he assays to install new American machinery in the Windmills of Mynheer Hertogenbosch, and is stopped only by the strike of the mill hands who desire their old windmill to be left unchanged. The tide turns for the American, the Dutch lovers regain their sweethearts and the windmills of Holland still turn. He decides to return to the home of his forefathers.

The above cast put on this production in a very expert manner, omitting the fact that Wilhelmina stepped on her dress with her wooden shoes, that Bob Yankee couldn't find a place for his hat, that the chorus was not always in step and that the machinery which turned our windmill, namely a pair of grasping hands, could be plainly seen by the audience. It was a change, (we thought for the worse but don't you say it) and the local color portrayed by the colorful costumes, carried it safely thru.





THE ORATORICAL CONTEST

Twenty-one students of N. H. S. entered the National Oratorical Contest, a nation-wide movement concerning the Constitution. The contesting speeches were on such subjects as the Constitution alone, or, such great statesmen as Washington, Jefferson, Marshall, Madison, Webster, or Lincoln and the Constitution.

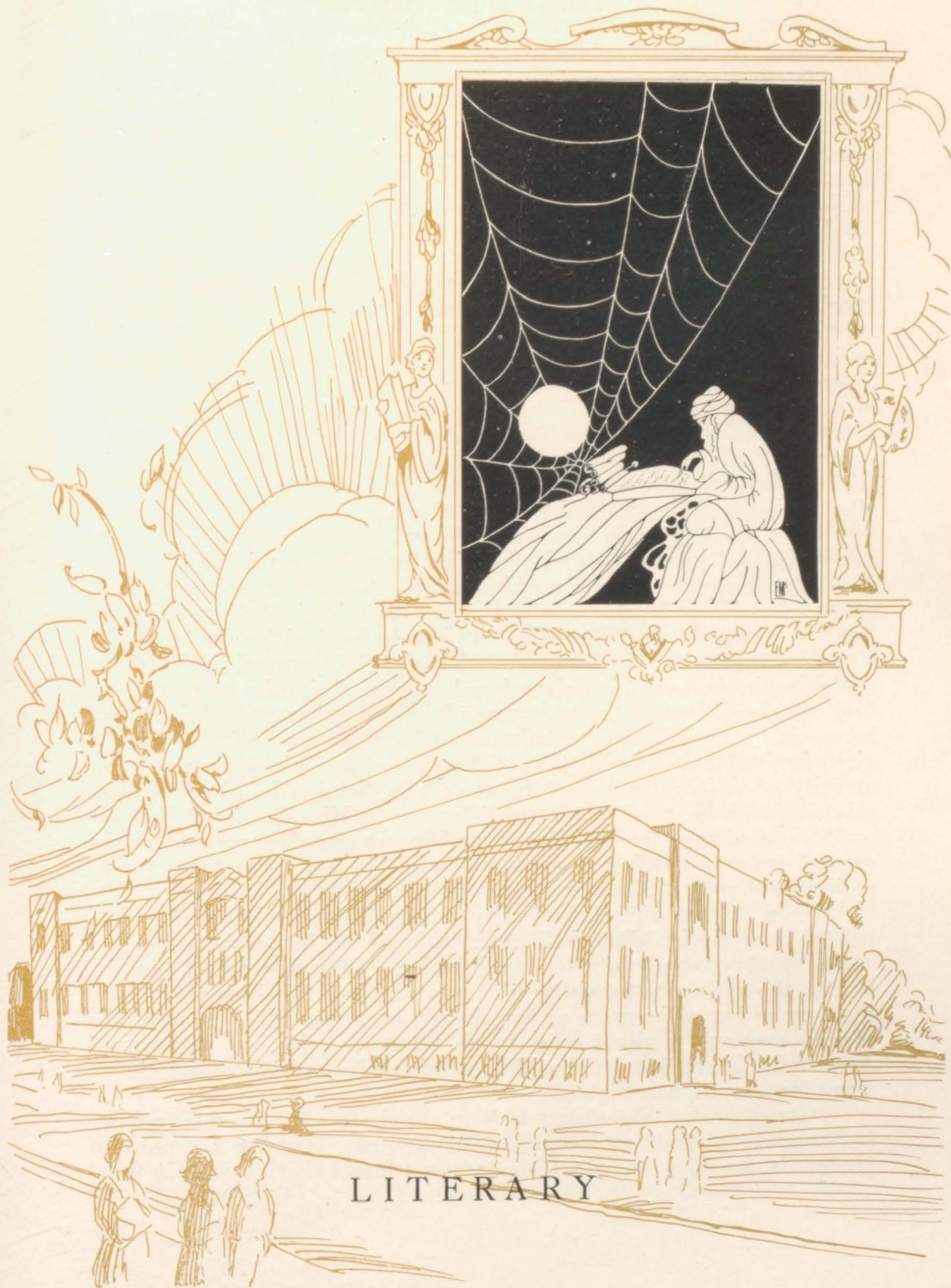
The divisions of the contest were: School Center, District, Territory, State, Zone and National. Any students in High School under 19 years were eligible to enter.

The first elimination contest in the local school was held on March 26th. Eleven students delivered their orations in room 200. They were Marguerite Lanning, Eunice Carpenter, Lenore Lamb, Edith Pinkerton, Edna Kendall, Bessie Thornberry, Bernard Vaughn, H. E. Jennings, John Waller, Chesly Juday, and Harry Petro. In room 305 ten gave their orations. They were Mary Louise James, Meryl Guthrie, Olive Carruthers, Edith Runyan, Lucretia Maus, Bessie Hornaday, Janet Morris, Wanda Slick and Boyd Vickery. Of these, six were selected, three from each room. They competed at the First Christian church March 27.

In the School contest, H. E. Jennings, who spoke on the Constitution, won first place and a prize of \$15, given by three local banks, and the right to represent the school in the district meet. Second place and a prize of \$10, were awarded Janet Morris, who spoke on Lincoln and the Constitution. Third place and a prize of \$5, were given to Eunice Carpenter, who spoke on the Constitution. Lenore Lamb, Edith Runyan and Boyd Vickery talked on the Constitution. The judges were Mrs. Arthur Saint, Paul R. Benson and Rev. John F. Edwards.

On April 3rd Knightstown, Middletown, New Lisbon, Spiceland and Straughn sent representatives here to compete with H. E. Jennings, in this contest. Miss Margaret Leakey of New Lisbon won first place and a prize of \$50, given by the Henry County Bar Association. H. E. Jennings won second place and a prize of \$25. The judges were Judge Arthur C. Van Dyne of Greenfield, Prof. Edwin Trueblood of Earlham College, Richmond, and Prof. Wood Unger of Butler College, Indianapolis. Such a fine spirit was shown in this contest that it is hoped that it will be held every year for years to come.





A WOMAN SCORNE

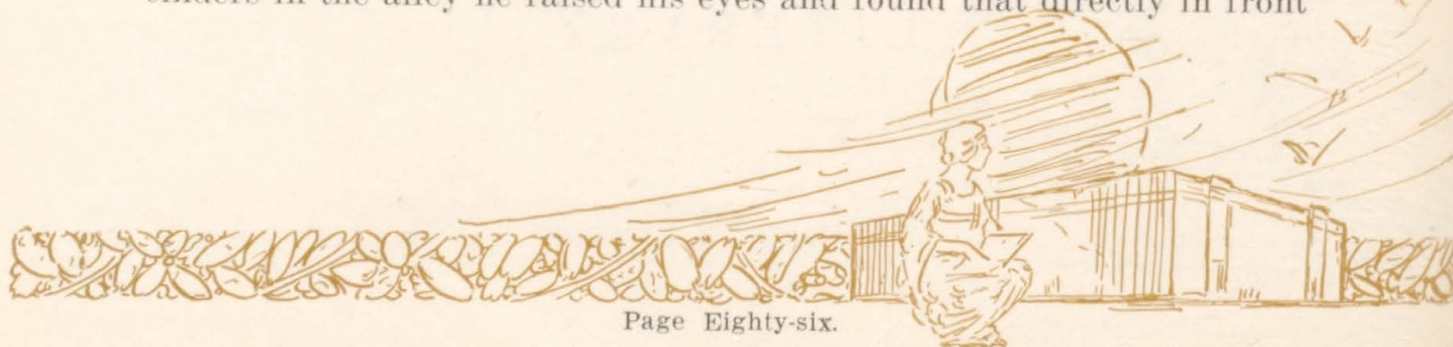
The spring sun was sinking slowly behind a bank of golden clouds and the evening breezes wafted delicate and inviting odors of frying steak, smothered in onions, to the nostrils of Patrick O'Brien as he hurried down the alley from the lot. The lot, which might have been called a play ground in the city, adjoined the grade school and furnished the boys a place to play ball, shoot Indians, display fistic prowess, play marbles and quarrel to their hearts' content.

It was here that Pat O'Brien, the red haired, freckled faced hero of the seventh grade had won a game from the East Siders. The score standing 10 to 11 in the ninth inning, this fighting Irishman had knocked a home run, breaking up the game because he had broken the only bat on the lot in his heroic effort to "knock the cover off a it" as instructed by a wild eyed crowd of loyal supporters. The East Siders promptly put forth their protests but decided it would be safer to withdraw to other parts where they were met by a shower of pop bottles, rocks, brick bats, mud balls and the willing fists of their worthy opponents. With the termination of the game successful young Captain O'Brien had withdrawn his forces and was wending his way up the alley to home and his third meal of the day.

As he made his way homeward, the young son of Erin, head hanging, meditated upon the day he had just passed through. He had arrived breathless to school after his hard run to keep from being tardy, only to find Helen Martin, one of the monitors, in the hall and that he was one minute late. When Miss Latshaw had asked for the tardy list Helen had given her his name. At this point the storm which had been gathering broke over his defenseless head, this being by no means his first offense, he was roundly lectured by the teacher and advised that he would be compelled to remain a half hour after school. Dipping a girl's braided hair into his inkwell had added ten minutes more to his eternity of waiting, so when the class was dismissed Pat sat disconsolately in his seat. It made no difference to Miss Latshaw that this was the evening of the deciding game between the rival schools, so the young hero sat, or rather slumped, sadly in this room of tortures, taunted by the sounds of the game which progressed in the lot nearby.

When at four o'clock he finally regained his freedom and rushed wildly from the building, ball glove in hand, he found the game had started and was well into the sixth inning. Of course being captain, he had the authority to replace the man who had filled his position in the box; and won the game as has already been related. However, this victory was only a slight balm to his wounded pride and he resolved deep in his heart that he should hate this girl who had caused him so much discomfort, forever and ever.

"Dawg'on 'er, she didn't haft to snitch on me", he declared vehemently to himself as he walked homeward. Hearing a crunch of cinders in the alley he raised his eyes and found that directly in front



of him strolled the girl whom he had resolved to punish by his hatred and disdain, Helen Martin. It was uncommon for a girl, even of her age, and especially as pretty and well bred as she was to use this route for a thoroughfare. Pat saw that unless he altered his speed he would soon be abreast of her and that would necessarily mean walking with her so he cut his brisk walk down to a snail's pace but still the distance did not increase between them; indeed it seemed to diminish. Soon she turned and, as if she had just discovered his presence said:

"Why hello Pat! I didn't know you were behind me, what did you think of the game? I thought you were wonderful. Oh! wasn't it great that we beat them!"

She kept on questioning and talking but the replies of the injured hero were non-committal, usually being a short "Uh-huh", "Nope" or "Yep". Finally seeing that she had made no impression upon him with her woman's wiles, she turned and said:

"What's the matter with you anyway?" "Nothing" was the curt reply she received.

"I think you're awfully mean" the girl declared with tears of anger starting in her blue eyes. "And I won't ever speak to you, again."

"Don't kere, g'wan, no one ast youse ter walk wid me nohow", Pat said rather boldly.

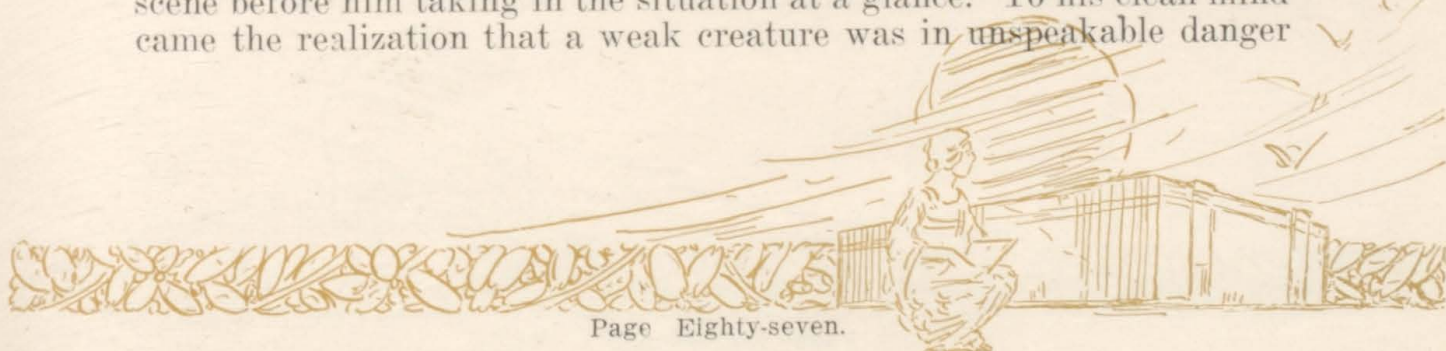
The girl gasped, then turned upon him with all the fury of a woman scorned, red hair flew and her white fists beat on his face. She scratched pinched, bit and in fact used all the weapons that have been given woman for defense.

Patrick O'Brien, the fighting Irishman who was the terror of the neighborhood, and who could without doubt lick his weight in wild cats, was literally carried off his feet and made no move to defend himself. Replacing his cap which had been dislodged in the fray, Pat continued his advance up the alley toward his home.

Helen, who had run blindly up the alley sobbing and with her pride badly wounded, was suddenly halted by a form directly in her path. Lifting her eyes, the girl found standing in her path a disreputable looking fellow of about her own age. His clothes were ragged and dirty, cap pulled down over his eyes, and he had an insolent and leering air about him as he stood there blocking the girl's way. She then recognized him as Bo' Williams, the leader of the East Siders, who had lived round the gas house toughs until his character had been moulded into a leering, foulmouthed lad with too much knowledge for his age. He carried himself with a "cocky" air and considered himself the boss of the town.

"Come 'ere honey!" he addressed the frightened girl, "an let big Bo kiss you, I like huggin' goils like youse, I hain't gonna hoit youse". The tough grabbed her arm and held her tight ready to carry out his intentions.

At this point Patrick O'Brien rounded the shed and started at the scene before him taking in the situation at a glance. To his clean mind came the realization that a weak creature was in unspeakable danger



and that the tough's intentions could be nothing but evil ones. A marvelous courage, which probably fired the hearts of knights of old, who protected with their lives, those of the weak against death or something worse than that, was that of the boy as he threw himself at the body of the tough, a head taller than himself and a veteran of many fights. Pat was strong but he was no match for the older and stronger Bo Williams, so after few blows and a struggle he found himself flat on his back with the other straddling him, pinning his shoulders to the ground. This was the first time that the Irishman had ever been in this position and it was truly galling to find himself thus with that girl gazing on wild eyed.

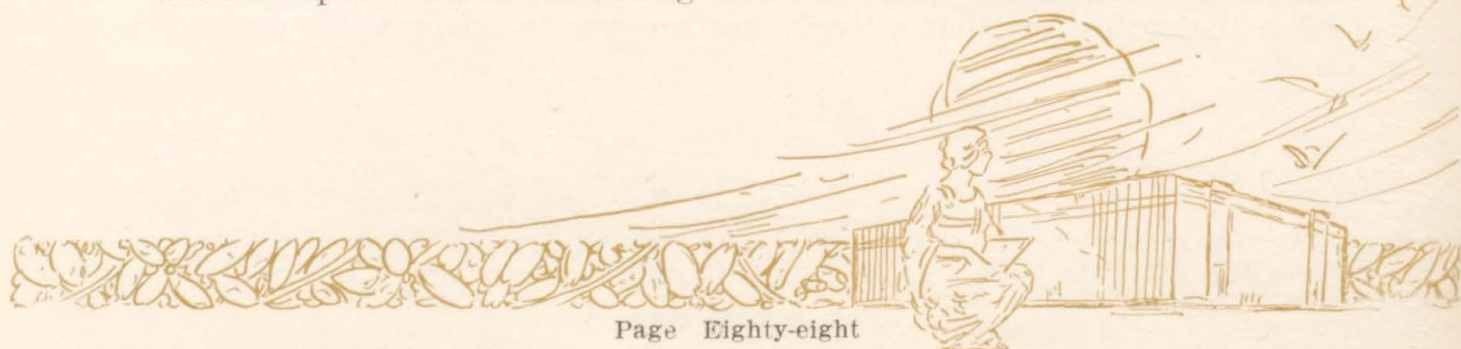
"Well, well, so some one else wunted de goil; look at yer little wild cat, now honey!" the bully said in a sneering voice. "Now watch Bo as he pokes dis ole boy's eyes out." As if to carry out his threat he placed his thumb on one of Pat's eyes and began to apply some pressure. Pat writhed and squirmed as if in pain.

This, however, marked the opening of new hostilities and Bo found that aid for the enemy was attacking from the rear. Helen, frightened by Bo's threat to poke the orbs of sight from her hero's countenance had roused herself and from a nearby trash pile had armed herself with a murderous weapon, an old catsup bottle about half full of catsup. Grasping this in both hands she brought it down over the head of Bo Williams with all her strength. The bottle burst, cutting a clean slice out of the bully's scalp and covering his head and face with the catsup that remained in the bottle. Bo, feeling the catsup running down his forehead, raised his hand to wipe it off; looking at the red mass in his hand he imagined that his head had been split wide open and that his brains were oozing out. Believing himself to be mortally wounded, the enemy withdrew his forces and ran screaming down the alley holding his hands to his head. Pat arose, dusted his clothes and resumed his walk down the alley. He turned though as Helen spoke his name.

"Pat," she said, "I'm sorry for what I did and I want to thank you for what you just did for me."

The boy turned with a strange light in his eyes, and stared at the girl, who stood making a beautiful picture with the sun shining through her golden hair, lips parted in a smile, showing gleaming white teeth. Then he did something very unnatural and something he had never done before, he kissed her fully on the lips. The girl gasped; it was a common occurrence for her to be kissed (by her mother) but for any boy do dare do such a thing was unknown to her. Her face flushed, and as she recovered her wits she slapped him smartly on the cheek. This had made the third time that Pat had suffered chastisement at her hands that day, yet he could no longer bring to his mind any feeling of hate.

He watched her disappear down the alley, then he quickly ran home. Arriving there he scraped the mud off his shoes, dusted his clothes and tried to repair some of the damage done to his countenance in his recent



encounter with Bo and Helen. But the minute he stepped inside the kitchen door he was met by this sally from his mother, a fat Irish woman with usually a smiling face and a kind heart.

"Patrick O'Brien, ye've bin foitin' agin an I've a good notion to lambaste youse again."

After sparring with her in a battle of words in which he was badly bested, Pat withdrew to the parlor or "sittin' room" as it was called by the O'Brien household. There his father sat smoking his evening pipe and reading the paper.

"Ye didn't git licked did youse?" asked his father gravely with a twinkle in his eye. Pat shifted his weight from one foot to the other and hung his head.

"Don't ye iver mind me b'y, ye'll git monny a lickin' afore ye git it out' a yer system", his father both warned and comforted him. Pat went up stairs and sat moodily down on the bed. His mother sensing that something was wrong tiptoed upstairs to find him sitting there in the dark.

"Come to Mither b'y and tell her what's the matter" she pleaded as she entered the room.

"Aw Mon they ain't nuthin' wrong. I jest wuz thinkin'", gee whillikers, don't youse iver like to tink to yer self?" Pat answered.

"Then young man to bed youse go", commanded his mother. So Patrick with a groan, got out of his daily attire and slipped into bed.

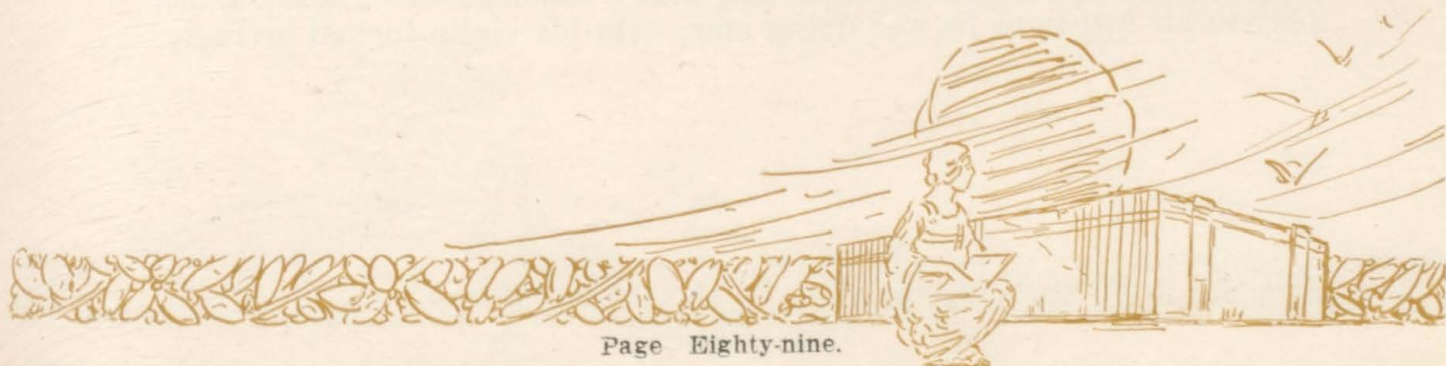
Love may trouble some men's sleep but Patrick O'Brien's slumbers were certainly not troubled until his mother, after shouting six times from the foot of the stairs that it was school time, arrived in his room the next morning to pull him out of bed. Patrick dressed leisurely, descended the stairs, looked at the clock and immediately began to hurry. Mrs. O'Brien had never before seen her son so particular about his appearance. He begged for a clean shirt and it was only Wednesday, slicked his fiery hair down with water, adjusted and readjusted his best tie, blacked his shoes and actually sewed up a hole in his stocking.

Pat ran to school and dropped breathlessly into his seat as the tardy bell rang. He took out a sheet of paper, and carefully wrote for a few minutes, then he folded his attempt at the art of penmanship and placed it on the vacant desk across the aisle. Helen Martin came into the room after the bell had rung, from her monitorial duty in the hall, and took her seat opposite that of Patrick O'Brien's. She found the little white square of paper, unfolded it, blushed, and then smiled in her most winning manner.

When Patrick O'Brien sank into his seat after lunch, he found on his desk a square of paper unfolding it he read:

"You're my beau."

ROBERT STRANAHAN.



"MUSIC HATH CHARMS"

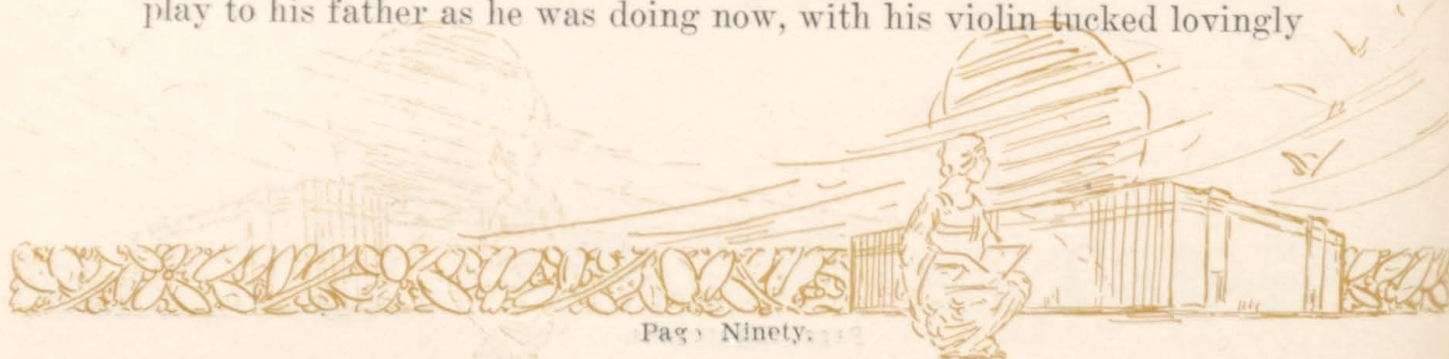
"Wha' dat good fo' nothin' Dago kid? He neve' do stack these trays." Mary the head cook of the "Shown Cafeteria" paddled ponderously over to the pile of disordered trays and began ferociously to stack them. Ferdinando Flonzala the erring tray boy, pulled off his white jacket, threw it at a nail and bolted out into the night.

The thermometer had soared that day to 98 degrees and now that temporary relief had come Little Italy lay drinking in the coolness along its sidewalks and balconies. The air was filled with cheery calls, and laughter while a phonograph ground out the latest popular musical hit for a small group of dancers in an open grocery store. They seemed to have forgotten the beautiful old Italian love songs their ancestors sung, but were following fast in the foot steps of Jazz-crazy America. Ferdinando did not hesitate, he wanted to get away from all this noise and confusion, away with his beloved violin.

He walked swiftly up four flights of narrow stairs, smelling strongly of cigarettes and garlic. On the fourth landing he paused, listening—breathless. Yes, they were gone, he could be alone. Opening the door he fumbled for the matches and lit a spluttering gas jet. Remains of the last meal lay upon the table, a half eaten loaf of black Italian bread, scraps of meat and fruit. The chairs and every other available piece of furniture was piled high with clothing. Evidently they had left in haste as usual. Advancing to the opposite corner of the room where a violin case lay upon a high shelf, he opened it and lifted the violin out tenderly. Turning out the light he scrambled up the fire escape to the roof.

Ferdinando Flonzala's Mother had died when he was three years old, and his Father, who had been a concert violinist, was killed in a train accident ten years later, and Ferdinando had been sent to his father's nearest relative, living in America, Pipo Flonzala, fruit merchant. When his father's estate had been settled it was found that he had gambled his fortune and there was nothing left except his violin, that had been in the Flonzala family for generations.

To Ferdinando, his father had been the most wonderful musician in the world. From the time he was three years old, until he was thirteen he had been taken with his father on concert tours. Six long years had spent themselves. He was very lonely. Pipo Flonzala cared for nothing but his fruit business, attending cheap movies, and gaudy clothing. They could not understand why Ferdinando worked until midnight in a hot cafeteria so that he could take lessons "from a swell Professor on his fiddle." Why didn't he get him a girl, there was Fidilena Reno, that lived across the hall, and take to the movies or to the Saturday night "hops"? But he would only shake his head, grab his violin and scramble to the roof. Sometimes there were others up there, then he played the light airs to please them. Only when he was alone did he play to his father as he was doing now, with his violin tucked lovingly



under his chin. Had he not promised his father that he would be a great musician? He would! He would! The tones grew shrill, mad. He had much to play for to-night. Had not Professor Schulman told him to come to his home at ten o'clock, the next morning? The great professor who would only give his time to the wealthiest and most talented. It had been Ferdinando's ambition to some day be under his instructions. But he could only afford a Saturday morning course from a student teacher.

That morning while waiting for the teacher to appear he had been playing his violin idly, when he heard a voice behind him, "Boy, play that again!" He turned and saw Professor Schulman standing in the doorway. Ferdinando began dazedly to play. When he had finished the command "play it again", was repeated. What did it mean! He, Ferdinando Flonzala, playing before the great Professor!

When he had finished Professor Schulman asked him where he got his violin. He told him it had belonged to his father who had been a concert violinist. His only remark was "It is a fine one. Keep it. Boy, you come to my home at ten tomorrow." Then he had hurried from the room, leaving Ferdinando too bewildered to move.

He had thought the loud voices, constant clatter of dishes and burning steam of the cafeteria would never end. Now the cool moonlight changed the ugly chimneys and roofs to silver and bronze towers of a fairy city. Ferdinando played on and on the joy in his heart until at last he lay back exhausted.

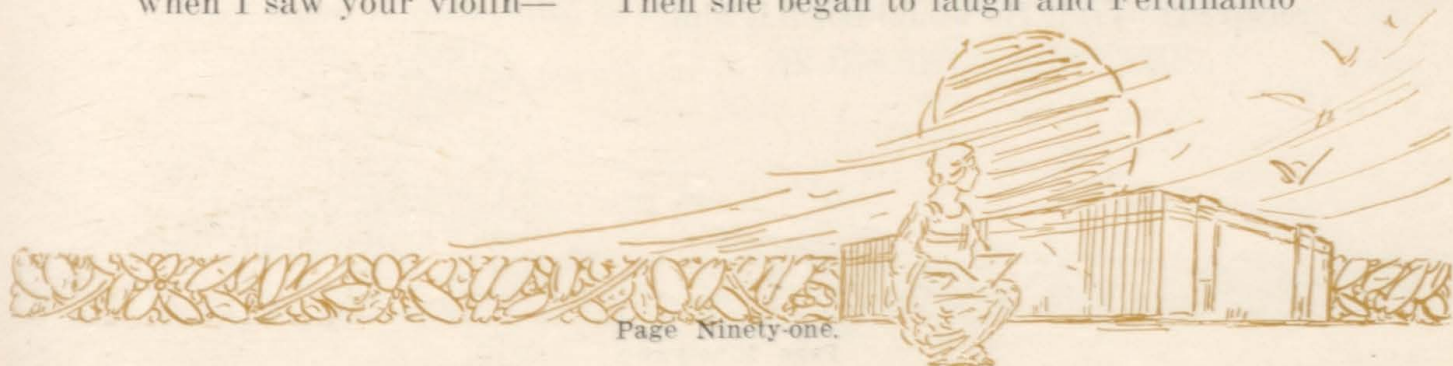
The next morning he rose early and donned his best clothes, and with his violin tucked reassuringly under his arm, walked swiftly down the four flights of stairs to the side walk. He was ushered into the most beautiful drawing room that he had ever seen. Over everything hung the atmosphere of wealth and refinement. The footman told him the Professor would see him in a few minutes. Suddenly down the wide stair way came the click of small French heels. Ferdinando Flonzala held his breath. Before him stood a girl with golden hair, large blue eyes and a small pouting mouth. She was arrayed in the latest sport costume as though ready for a hike. She seemed not the least surprised at seeing him, coming into the room, saying "Good Morning! I want you and your gang Wednesday evening, with lots of pep. I'm giving the dance in honor of a friend from Atlanta and it must be a success."

"I—I'm afraid—" began Ferdinando.

"Oh, please don't say you can't come! If you have another engagement, cancel it. Dad will pay the bill."

"I think you have mistaken me for some one else. My name is Ferdinando Flonzala, and Professor Schulman told me to come this morning. I'm a student at the Music School."

"Oh, I beg your pardon! I thought you were Ted Andrews, director of the Seven Ace Orchestra. I told him to come this morning, and when I saw your violin—" Then she began to laugh and Ferdinando



decided that she had the cutest little mouth he had ever seen, even if it were a trifle too red. Just then the Professor walked into the room. "An introduction does not seem necessary, does it?" Ferdinando and the girl looked at each other and laughed.

The Professor went to the piano, selected a sheet of music. "Boy, I want you to play this." Fredinando took out his violin and began to play. For the first time Alice Schulman noticed that he was handsome. The clear cut features looked as though they had been chiseled from old ivory. The large black eyes and crisp curly hair were attractive and quite different from the sleek haired young Americans of her own set.

Alice had been the disappointment of her father's life. He had wanted her to be a musician. She seemed to care for nothing but dancing, popular music and golf. For the first time in her eighteen years Alice listened not impatiently to her father's "High brow music." Before it had bored her but now—this handsome young Italian playing as though his very life depended upon it. Some thing asleep in her nature began to awaken. Could it be her love for classical music that her father had been waiting for, for so long?

When Ferdinando arrived at the Cafeteria two hours late, Mary's black face was blacker yet, "that there lazy Dago kid hadden' neve' showed up." But he did not hear her angry protests for he walked on rosy clouds into a golden sunset.

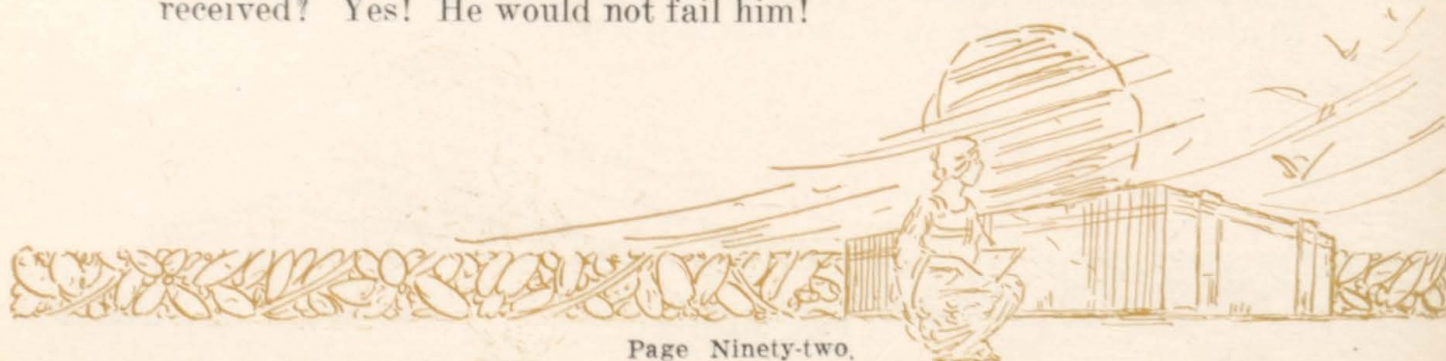
After this Ferdinando became a quite frequent caller at the great stone mansion. Professor Schulman saw in him the making of a great violinist. Sometimes he saw the blue eyed girl. One morning he was introduced to Mrs. Schulman, an aristocratic looking lady whose picture he had seen many times in the Society page of the Sunday paper. These people had always seemed as vague as the stars to Ferdinando and then to think that he was really meeting and talking with them!

"Mr. Flonzala, you are the very type I've been looking for. I'm giving a dinner dance next Friday night and I wanted some entertainment that was unusual. If you would be so kind as to help me I would be very glad. If you would dress as an Italian street musician and play old Italian love songs it would be splendid."

"I would be glad to do anything I could to accomodate you but do you thing I could do it? I have never played before an audience."

"Oh! I'm sure you can after a few rehearsals," retorted Mrs. Schulman.

That night as he sat on the roof of the tenement house he played as he had never played before. His dreams were really coming true. He could remember how he used to sit off in the wings of the theater where his father played and watch the ease in which he met his audience, how they seemed spell-bound after he had finished, then the burst of thundering applause. Would he ever receive the honors his father had received? Yes! He would not fail him!



The remainder of the week went by at a snails pace. At last the great night had arrived. Ferdinando had inherited a love of warm rich colors from his ancestors, so naturally the gay Italian costume and red scarf for his head appealed to him. He looked around for the blue eyed girl but he could not find her among the guests. He experienced a pang of disappointment. He had been so sure, because she seemed to like his music.

Alice was attending a dance given by her very best friend Mary Adamson who lived across the street. And no one in the set ever thought of missing one of Mary's dances. It was really the crowning event of the year. The orchestra was the best that could be found and the floor was "marvelous" but to Alice the music seemed loud and rasping. Strange to say dancing with Bob Richards, the best dancer in the crowd had lost its charm. She remembered that her mother was going to use the handsome Italian for entertainment. How different the sweet strains of his violin from the hoarse sounds of the saxophone! She could think of nothing else. So slipping out unnoticed she sped across the street. At the library door she halted. Why he looked like a quaint picture she had seen in the Art Gallery the afternoon it had fallen her lot to entertain an Aunt that doted on such things. At the time she had been plainly bored and had paid little attention to the picture but now that one came back very vividly to her mind.

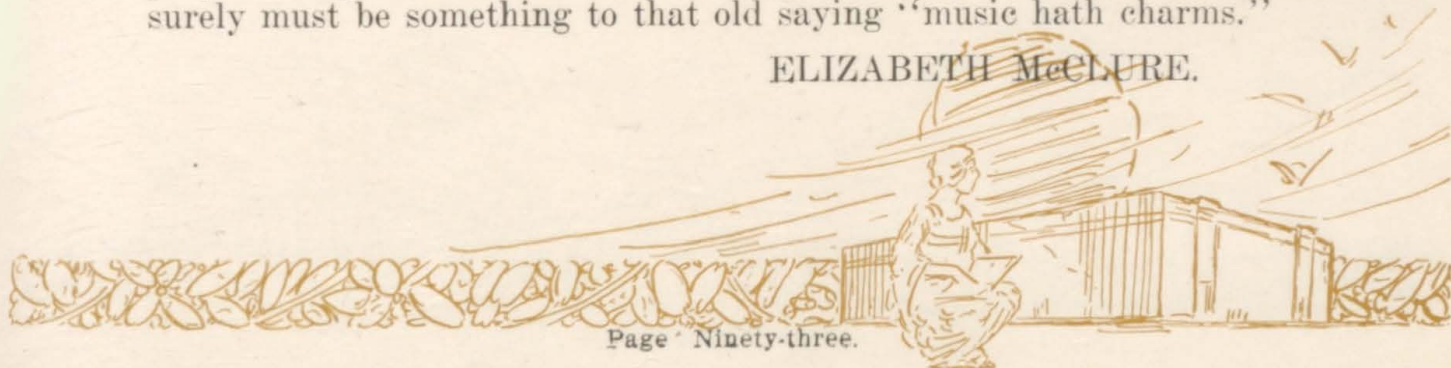
He was just beginning to play. As he lifted his violin to his chin he saw her. Now he played twice as well as before, for was he not playing to his father and the blue eyed girl? At first the tones were light, gay, then shrill, madder, then slowly, slowly they became soft, sweet and low, quavering into silence. Ferdinando's heart sank. Where was the applause he had dared hope for? All was silence as he slowly walked from the piano. Then with a crash it came. They wanted an encore! Again and again he was called! At last when the dancing began the blue eyed girl came to him and congratulated him upon his success and asked him if he would play it for her again in the garden. The fountain splashed gaily, the cypress trees that lined the garden looked like tall stately sentinals, and over it all the moon shed her silver light.

Across the street the merriment was at its heighth. What had become of Alice? Bob Richards and Mary Adamson volunteered to go in search of her.

Half way across the Schulman lawn they halted. "Bobby, I hear music in the garden!" Mary ran to the entrance and peeped in, Bob directly behind her. An unbelievable scene met their gaze.

"Why, Bob, its our own fastidious Alice, listening to that Italian play his high-brow music! She left my good orchestra too. There surely must be something to that old saying "music hath charms."

ELIZABETH McCLURE.



DICK'S DEFEAT

The score was 6 to 6 in one of the most exciting games that Senn had played that season. They only had two minutes to play. In that time they made the score that was necessary for them to be the winners. The crowd was cheering, and roaring with excitement. They had defeated their close rivals, the Evanston high school eleven. And here they were coming, up the field, carrying on their shoulders, Bud Bickford who had just made a sixty-yard dash, and a touch-down, that had marked Senn the winners. In the crowd of players was Dick Goodwin. A few fellow team-mates were slapping him on the back, but otherwise he was getting no attention. It was Dick who by blocking the way made possible Bud's touch-down.

It wasn't long after that, that Dick was congratulating Bud upon his election to Senior class president. Dick also had been running for the office but was again defeated.

"I might have known it," Dick thought, as he recalled to his mind the numerous times he and Bud had been rivals, but nevertheless they were close friends. They had gone to school together ever since they started, they had graduated from Grammar School and they were expecting to graduate from High School together this June.

Bud was popular socially, everybody liked him. He always had a grin and his jolly ways made him the "life" of the party. Dick was a quiet person who was always slow but sure. He had a typical southern drawl, while Bud's very voice expressed energy.

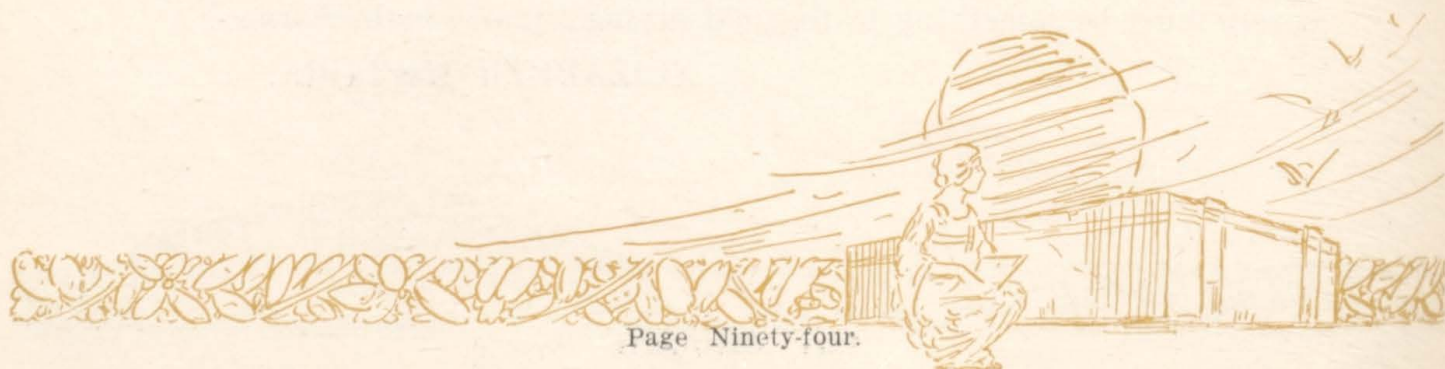
Bud had also been elected captain of the football team.

There was one thing in Dick's favor, he was considered a better dancer than Bud, and all the girls loved to dance with him. But there was only one girl in that part of the town that Dick cared anything about, and that was Marion Day. There was to be given, a fraternity Easter Dance, in a few weeks at the "frat" house. He would ask Marion to go, and he wanted to do it before Bud had a chance, because they were rivals even for a girl. But again he was fooled. Bud had already asked Marion and now Dick would have to ask someone else. Everything seemed to chant defeat. It was on his mind constantly.

But there was one more thing to think about—to try for the school scholarship to Northwestern University. Professor Harrison, who had been the head of the English department had offered a school scholarship to the boy or girl of the Senior English VLII class who submitted the best original short story.

Dick had already been thinking about his story, he had the plot all worked out in his mind.

In a short time he had his story all finished, the composition was perfect, and all the edges rounded up, so that it read as smoothly as a magazine story.



He had given the story to his mother to read, and she was very well pleased with it.

That evening at the dinner table he overheard his father saying "It's sure too bad, poor old Roy Bickford losing every cent he had in that Coal Yard of his, and besides that, he has even mortgaged his home. It is almost certain that Bud won't get to go to college now."

Dick was all interest while his father told of Mr. Bickford's losing his money.

Dick was deeply impressed and so he inquired of Bud whether he was writing a short story for the contest. Bud replied affirmatively and asked, "Would you like to read it?"

Dick went down to Bud's house and read the story. It did have an interesting plot, it was original but it wasn't any more interesting than his own. The composition of Bud's was poor, and it was carelessly written, as he had other worries; notably his father's loss, rather than his short story.

Such a conflict that was in Dick's mind. He thought, "If I do hand in my story, just think of the publicity, fame and congratulations that I would get, and I'm quite certain mine is the best." But his friendship for Bud kept saying, "You'd better let Bud have a chance to get a college education, you know his father can't afford to send him, and your father can well afford to pay all your expenses at college."

That evening as Dick's mother went by his room she heard the sound of tearing paper, but of course that was nothing unusual.

The next morning the stories were to be read in front of the judges. In the audience of under-graduates, was a number of parents of the students who were going to read their stories.

Dick saw his mother in the audience, but he was afraid to face her. She had read his story, and he knew that she would be tired. His face was wan and haggard. He had just been through a terrible mental battle.

He heard stories being read—some were rather good, but most of them were dull and uninteresting. After what seemed ages to Dick his name was called. As he arose a murmur of expectancy spread over the audience. Every one knew that Dick and Bud were the best senior english students. And they even expected more from Dick than Bud because they knew that Dick had a style of writing that was equalled by no senior, not even Bud.

Soon disappointment was marked on every face in the audience. Dick's story was dull, commonplace, it had been written carelessly, hurriedly, and it did not sound as if it were Dick's style of writing. Dick's mother was stunned and puzzled. This was not the story that Dick had given her to read. Then she happened to recall Dick's interest in his father's telling about Mr. Bickford's failure and loss of money. She was not displeased.



Now she knew what the paper was that she heard being torn in Dick's room last night.

Bud was then called on to read his story. His slow but interesting narrative was so much better than Dick's that was just read. Unquestionably Bud received the scholarship. Crowds were coming up and congratulating Bud. Dick found himself congratulating him. And in the crowds every once in a while he would hear a person saying, "He's always defeated." He saw their pitying glances. If they only knew the humiliation he was going through with. His victorious defeat; but they didn't know that. If he could only explain to them, he didn't want them to think that he was not able to do better than Bud or the rest of his fellow contestants. But he couldn't let them know, he had to endure the torture.

From out in the audience he saw Marion smiling radiantly at him, she understood, and liked him the better for it.

Oh, how Dick hated to face his mother, and he didn't know whether he could explain it or not. Suddenly he felt her arm slip into his and heard his mother saying:

"Don't be downhearted, son. I'm proud of you. I understand."

FLORENCE ROLL.

THE WILD ROSE

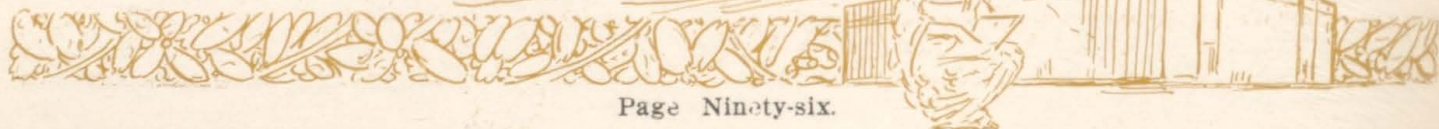
The bleak of Winter's cold is past,
Now skies are blue above me,
Bright summer days are here at last
With them, wild rose, I love thee.

A tramp, along the thicket's edge
I spy you blooming, blowing,
Or by the dusty roadside hedge,
Your ragged flowers growing.

For rich and poor your cheer is free,
For begger and for king;
Oh, if we had your humility,
So pure a heart to bring. . .

O' rose, blooming in the field
With petals ope' like heaven's portal
Could I one such a petal yield
Then would I be immortal.

—ROBERT STRANAHAN '25







8th—Back again to grind and toil,
To burn again the midnight oil.

9th—Freshies, keep your eyes open and your
mouths closed!

10th—Not enough books in town. Hurrah!

11th—Same old tale, either lost or strayed, (nobody
stolen that we know of.)

12th—One week gone, thirty-five to go.

15th—Wonder how many candles are on Valen-
tine's cake this year.

16th—Everybody found study hall at last!

17th—We have the study halls, now let's see some
study.

18th—Regular periods! Oho these long, long days.

18th—Big pep meeting to get up steam for Muncie.

20th—First foot-ball game of the season. Muncie
6, N. H. S. 0. Not so bad for the first game.

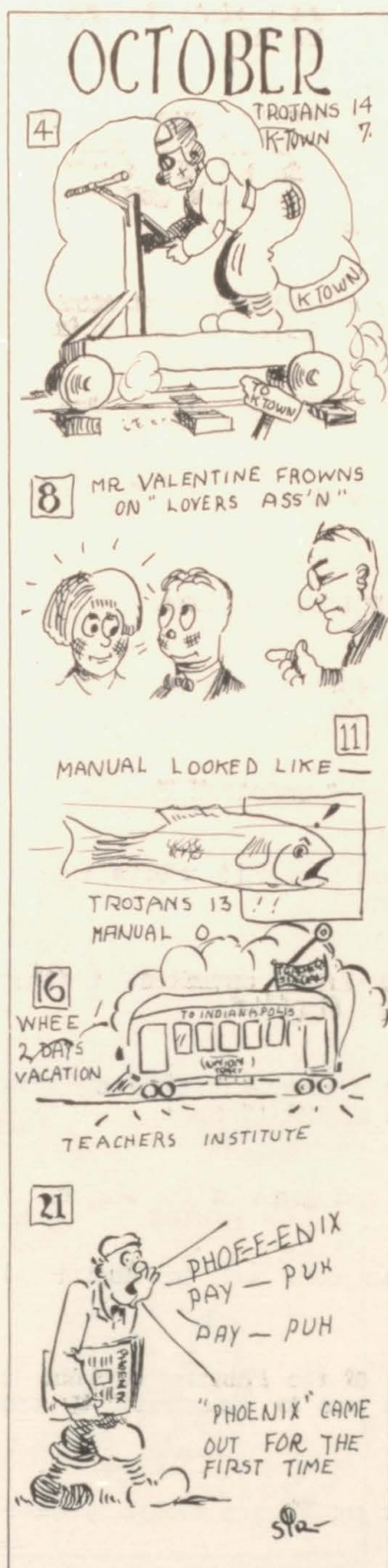
23rd—Mr. Bronson gives lecture on prohibition of
chewing gum for the benefit of all new-
comers.

26th—Another big pep meeting. Have to find a
larger place for meetings.

27th—Football game at Hartford. Hartford City 7,
New Castle 6. Things look better.

29th—Miss Chambers gave her English 41 classes
heart failure when she announced that they
had to write poems.





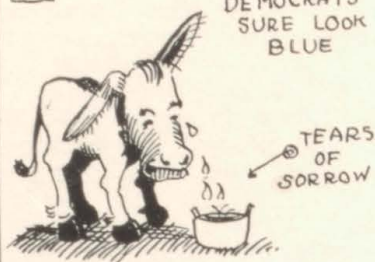
- 1st—Sad day for girls. Miss Westhafer and Miss Woody sent out the proclamation that girls must wear high shoes, cotton hose and long sleeves.
- 2nd—Cloak room in 305 raided by Miss Chambers. Loafers caught. Guess that it won't happen again soon.
- 4th—K-town game, 1st victory of season. N. H. S. 14; K-town 7. Thad seemed rather down-hearted about the spirit that was displayed however.
- 6th—Big pep meeting called at noon by Thad. Guess he made us think about the pep at the foot-ball games a little more.
- 8th—Mr. Valentine called the members of Lovers Ass'n. to the office. Freddie S. takes it seriously. Too bad Freddie. Guess the guy who said, "Ain't love grand," was all O. K.
- 9th—Louise and Moppy seen arm in arm strolling down the hall. Better call another meeting Mr. Valentine.
- 10th—First real Pep Meeting of season held in court. Old spirit of N. H. S. came back to stay.
- 11th—Played Manual of Indianapolis. Spirit went big. N. H. S. 13; Manual 0. How's that Thad? Old N. H. S. is pretty good after all.
- 14th—Miss Chambers makes raid on library. Fourth period English class discuss after life. Some of us fear the end. Be brave.
- 17th—N. H. S. played Greenfield. Big victory for Trojans. Plummer broke his collar bone. He fought like a lion to the end. He made the 1st touch-down.
- 18th—Merchants surprise students by displaying school colors.
- 22nd—Student council members elected.
- 24th—First edition of Phoenix out. All students rush back at noon to see the great sheet. We weren't disappointed either.
- 25th—N. H. S. played Richmond. We were defeated but it was a grand game. N. H. S. 7; Richmond 12. Plummer was missed.
- 27th—Freddie Smith claims to have gained his ability to swim from having been a traffic cop in Venice.



NOVEMBER

6

ELECTION OVER!
DEMOCRATS
SURE LOOK
BLUE



11

FIRST
BASKET BALL
GAME - BEAT
ALEXANDRIA



26

SPECIAL EDITION OF
PHOENIX OUT TODAY!!
IT WAS SO BIG THAT
SEVERAL FRESHMEN WERE
SEEN TO HAVE DIFFICULTY
IN CARRYING IT HOME, FOR
BABY BROTHER TO READ



27

WE SURE ARE
THANKFUL
FOR
THANKSGIVING
- UM - UM -



1st—We started the month right by beating Marion 12 to 6 in Football.

3rd—A certain Senior asked Mr. Jones why they didn't plan to close school the next day (1st Tuesday of November) so that the teachers could vote. Yes we are getting considerate all at once.

5th—What is this we are hearing about records? Evidently George VanDyke and others know.

6th—Wonder why the Democrats are so blue.

8th—Wilkinson 48, New Castle 0. It's tough—but wait.

10th—First meeting for basketball men.

11th—The G. A. has first gym class. Everyone seems to forget that this is Armistice Day.

13th—Drive on for sale of basketball tickets.

15th—Basketball season is started with a victory over Alexandria.

17th—Math, Club was finally organized. Chesley Judy selected as President.

19th—At last we got a chance to show our dramatic ability in English 41 class.

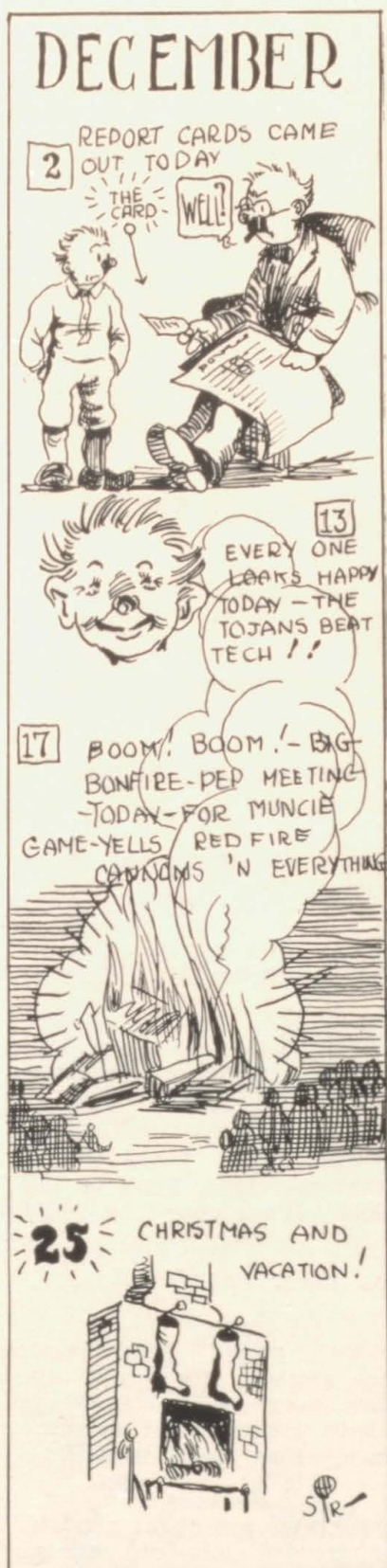
21st—Beat Eaton in 2nd game of the season.

25th—Gertrude Vivian does well in English 41 Class.

26th—Special edition of the Phoenix, everyone is surprised. We lose to Connersville by one point.

28th—Captain Gauker got his arm broken in Rushville game.





- 1st—The first day after Thanksgiving. Some still think they are eating Turkey.
- 2nd—Report cards are given out today. How many red "U's" did you get?
- 3rd—Join the Y. Learn how to be as graceful as the Seniors in getting through the crowded halls.
- 4th—Girls turn out for Basketball. Watch out, fellows, or they will show you up!
- 5th—Returns from Bedford and New Castle game received at the Y gym. Johnson & Jones mobbed afterwards.
- 6th—Some little "Freshie" seen sauntering toward school. Pool little fellow, he'll learn some day.
- 8th—Booster's Club organized by the business men of the community who attended Basketball games. That's the old spirit.
- 10th—It is rumored that John Van Nuys and "Goldy" VanDyke have been lecturing to Freshmen on "How to keep out of Mischief." Underclassmen please heed.
- 11th—Mrs. Wilson wonders how many got killed in the English 41 class and 4th Period. It sounded as if the entire class might have met with disaster.
- 12th—New Castle wins over Spiceland "Yellow Jackets." Yea Trojans! Keep up the good work.
- 15th—George Goodwin wants Santa Claus to bring him a vanity case. Won't some fair maiden condescend to part with her's?
- 16th—This date marks beginning of work for the Student Council.
- 17th—Big bonfire pep meeting. Has New Castle got the pep? Don't you remember the rain that night? Well just recall it. N. H. S. has the pep.
- 18th—Every mind with but a single thought. "BEAT Muncie."
- 19th—"Au Revoir" until January 5, 1925.



JANUARY

2 TROJANS TROMP ON ELWOOD!



6

FIRST SENIOR MEETING HELD
JOHN VANNUYS
PRESIDENT

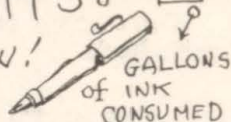


15 PINK EYE AND DARK GLASSES HIT NHS.

THE TWINS (GOLDIE AND JOHN V.) HAVE IT NOW.

EXAMS!

WHEW!



22

24 NEW TERM STARTS!
— FRESHMEN RUN WILD!
LOOKING FOR ROOM 100
ON THE 3rd FLOOR.



1st—Leap year now over—Boys are now free.

2nd—Trying to get back in harness again. But it seems good though when you remember it is our last time to return after a Christmas Vacation.

6th—Our first Senior meeting and didn't we feel big. It is the beginning of the end. John Van Nuys is nominated President for the class of '25.

7th—History Club met and elected officers. Named it after our well beloved dean Mrs. Wilson. Here's to her.

8th—Reviewing started for finals. Gee but life seems tough at this time.

9th—Spiceland Game. New Castle 48; Spiceland 12. Yea Trojans.

10th—And we defeated Richmond. Two victories. We feel grand.

13th—Senior meeting. Can't get used to that big feeling.

15th—That pink eye must be terrible. The twins, John V. and George V. have it now. Goldie used his too much.

16th—Pep meeting. They say Room 101 resounded to Jazz today.

17th—Too bad Hartford, but it had to be done. Hartford City 21; N. H. S. 43.

20th—Exemptions read and groans heard in the halls. Freshies take warning. Don't be like the Seniors and loaf. Work once in a while.

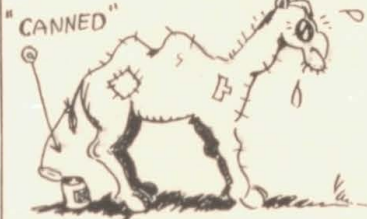
22nd—Will those exams never end?

24th—Remember the Muncie game? Good wasn't it? New semester started. Its fun to see the way the classes work so hard to be in the same study halls together. It must be great to be in love. How about it Fred?

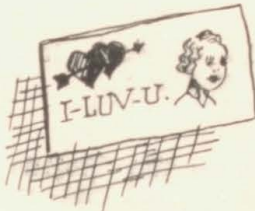
27th—Those blooming programs are about straightened out. S. J. needed lots of patience though.

FEBRUARY

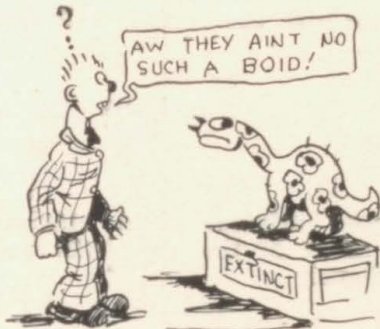
13 TROJANS WALLOP THE
SHELBYVILLE CAMELS
IN AN OVERTIME GAME
34-28 !!!



14 "VALENTINE DAY"
[WE DON'T MEAN R.H.]



16 HISTORY CLUB VISITS
HISTORICAL BUILDING



22
WASHINGTON'S
BIRTH DAY



1st—Just getting over from the thrill of the game with Connersville. N. H. S. 30; C-Ville 28.

2nd—Every one built shades over ground-dog holes to-day.

4th—Something new today. Students hand books were sold for the 1st time in N. H. S.

10th—"Boomerang" is announced as class play for '25. That sounds good doesn't it?

11th—History Club gives ox-yoke to Historical Society of N. C.

12th—Honest Abe's life was recalled to our minds.

13th—We are hoping that all Fridays will be the 13th, if they can bring such luck as this—N. H. S. 34; Shelbyville 28.

16th—Everybody looks embarrassed. Too many valentines.

17th—Marked signs of Spring Fever are appearing rapidly. They say it comes every year. That is one exception we can't make for '25.

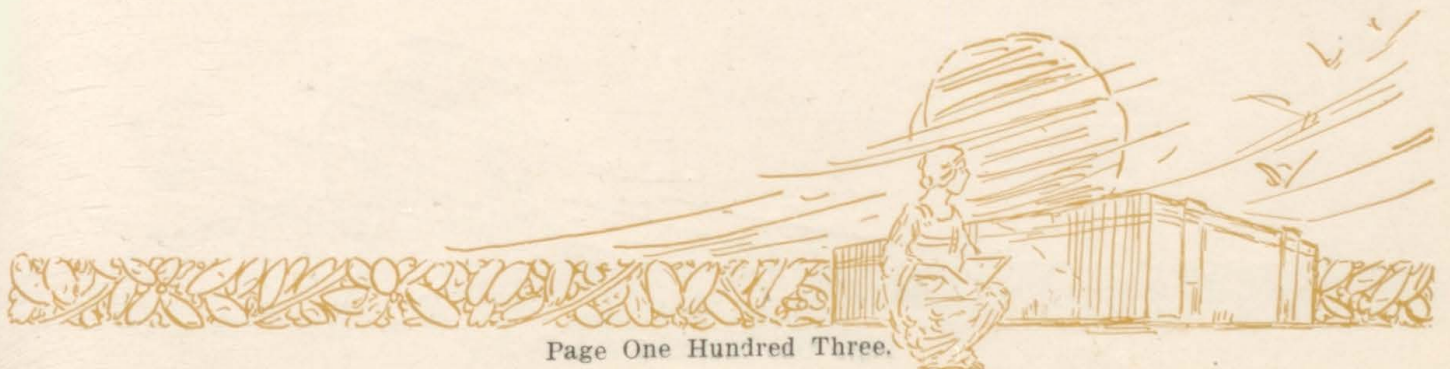
20th—Not so good. But we were good losers. Greenfield 41; N. H. S. 29.

24th—Oorations on the Constitution begin to take definite forms.

25th—Rumors of a strong entry in the Latin Contest are heard.

26th—Mr. Jones talks about the lesson for a change in his Geometry class.

27th—Last game of the season. Everybody disappointed but then we have the tourney to look forward to for victory.



MARCH

5-6 TOURNAMENT HERE!
TROJANS DEFEAT
KNIGHTSTOWN IN FINALS!




9 SENIORS ARE GETTING
THEIR PICTURES TAKEN
(TREMENDOUS EXPENSE TO
PHOTOGRAPHER FOR
NEW CAMERAS AFTER
SOME OF US HAVE OURS
TAKEN)



13 REGIONAL AT
ANDERSON—TROJANS
LOSE IN LAST GAME TO
CARMEL



30 GORDON ISSUES CALL
FOR BASE BALL



4th—Mr. Bronson takes his chemistry class to the creamery. Was the cheese good, boys?

5th—Sectional tourney begins. May the best team win.

6th—Trojans win Tourney for N. H. S. by a victory over K-town.

8th—Cast is chosen for the Class play.

9th—Seniors get ready to have their pictures taken.

10th—Seven students of N. H. S. win first and second place in the county Latin Contest held at Knightstown.

11th—Miss Chambers is still confined to her home. My how we all miss her.

13th—A large crowd accompanies the Trojans to Anderson. We didn't quite win. But aren't we proud of the Trojans?

17th—The Juniors vote to give the Seniors a Prom.

21st—Many from New Castle attend the State Tournament.

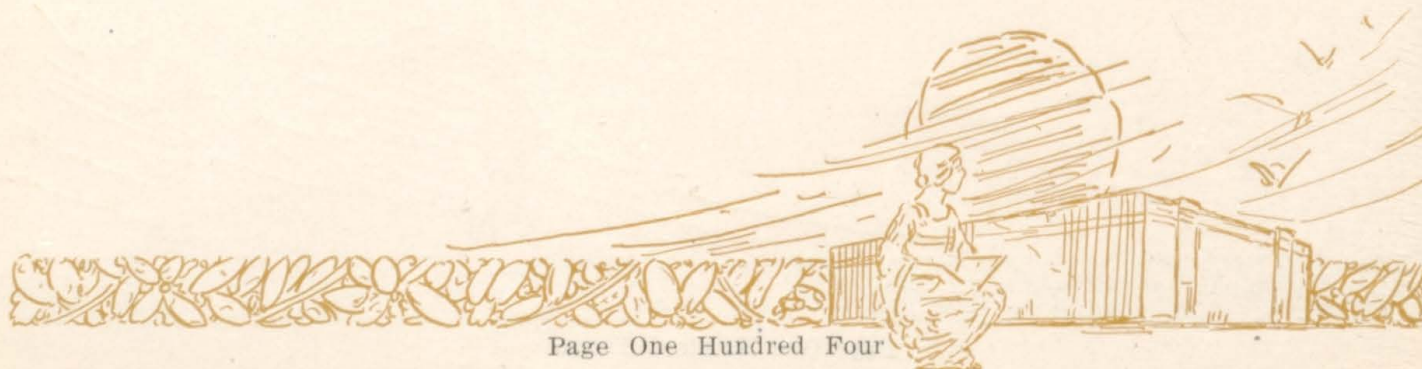
23rd—Eng. 42 class read original short stories. We wonder how many of the class will become famous writers?

25th—From the number of colds around school, we gather that spring must be here.

28th—N. H. S. Latin contestants go to Rushville to compete with other contestants at the district meet.

30th—Just learned that we have two Latin contestants who get to go to Bloomington Hurrah!

31st—Another month gone; how time flies!



APRIL

1 APRIL FOOL'S DAY



3 ORATORICAL CONTEST



9 "KID PARTY" BY GIRLS DANCING CLUB - SOME PEOPLE WERE SHOCKED



17 BASE BALL GAME WITH KENNARD



1st--Most of the old April fool gags are pulled—successfully.

2nd—Mrs. Wilson insists that John Coggeshall is absent. She is informed he is just dressed up.

3rd—Oratorical contest. New Lisbon wins. H. E. received second place.

6th—Get that line a day up for the calendar. About time for the annual to go to press. Are we expected to be crystal gazers or what.

7th—Class pictures taken. Seniors had to attend classes while all the fun went on.

9th—Kid party—some affair the eavesdroppers say.

13th—Several old students back visiting. That's what we'll be doing this time next year.

14th—Senior meeting. Five dollars must be in by to-morrow. Hard on our already flat pocket-books.

16th—Spring fever is claiming many patients, at least they are able to be in school.

17th—First Base-ball game with Kennard. Yea Trojans!

21st—For the last time we resolve to raise those grades and cheer the teachers' hearts.

24th—Freshman asks a well-known senior if every one gets to go to the prom. We had to tell him it was exclusive.

28th—One month from to-day, and then what? —is the question the seniors are asking.


29th—Dress problem heard discussed everywhere even by boys.

30th—One more month and we depart from N. H. S.




MAY


6-7-8 SENIOR CLASS
PLAY - "THE BOOMERANG"
PRESENTED




22 CLASS DAY!
AND
JUNIOR
PROM.



28 COMMENCEMENT
EXERCISES
JUST A PLAYFUL LITTLE FRESHIE



29 GOOD BYE NEW CASTLE
HIGH SCHOOL - SENIORS
SURE LOOK SAD TODAY!
GOOD BYE, STAFF
ROOM



*Drawings by
ROBERT STRONACH*

1st—Members of the "Boomerang" cast begin to feel funny things run up and down their backs. I wonder why.

2nd—How many lovely little May baskets did you get last night Freshies?

5th—Tuesday night—that means the night before—we are wishing that instead it means the night after. Dress rehearsal and everything. But there always seems to be something good in everything. We don't have to go to school today anyway.

6th—First performance of the Class Play. They say it went big. Thanks be.

8th—We are wondering what Louise will do next year without Moppy.

13th—We never knew or realized that seniors could be so busy.

15th—The middle of the month. We begin to realize it is near the end.

16th—Every one looking forward to getting annuals.

22nd—Class Day—Junior Prom. Annuals out.

24th—Baccalaureate.

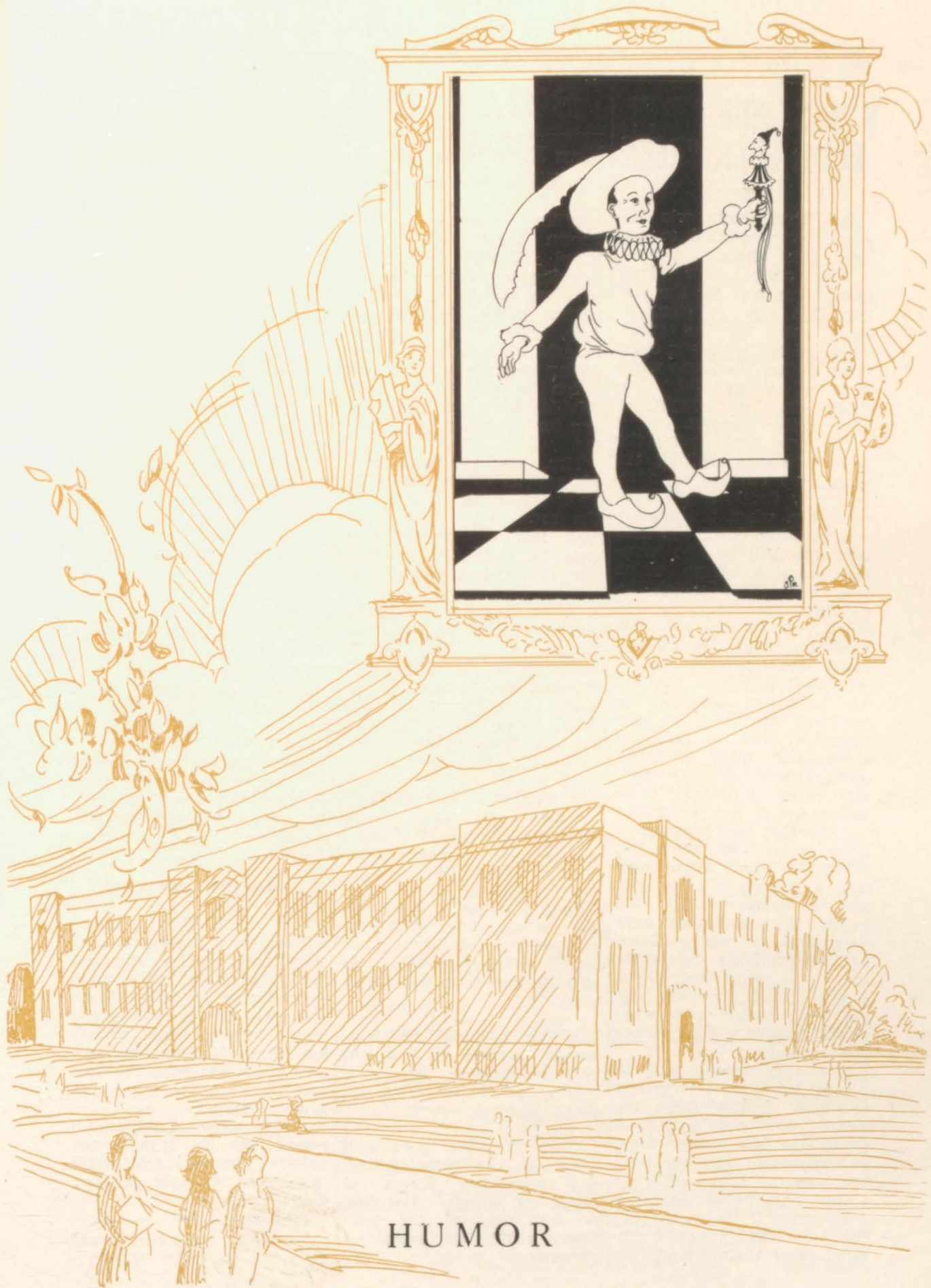
26th—Exams. Poor little dears we wish you luck.

27th—We recall the good times we had at Prom. Here's to the Juniors.

28th—Commencement. With regret we must say our high school days are over.

29th—Seniors are all rather down hearted. Come back to roam through the halls and to say AU REVOIR.





HUMOR

THE FEE-NIX

Vol. Ca. No.

Fri Day, No Wonder The 32nd

Tel. Itt—2—d Proph.

N H. S. DIDN'T WIN FROM DUCK CREEK

Our boys didn't win the game they expected to win from Duck Creek.

The reason our boys didn't beat was for the reason that only 10 (ten) of them came to the game. Three of our boys' sox came down during the game while none of theirs did. We think our boys ought to have better support.

The first five minutes the game was very exciting, the score was nothing to nothing. New Castle might have won then when the captain was running down the field with the ball but he stumbled over a stump which was out there which he couldn't see and he fell down. When he stumbled over the stump which he could see but the people who paid to get in couldn't see, why he dropped the ball and one of their boys picked it up and ran real quick and made a touch down before our boys could stop him (three of them had gone to get a drink.)

After that our boys didn't seem to be much good. But in the last half when there was a minute left to play and the score was 60-0, not in our boys favor, our boys wanted to quit and go home but our Captain stood out there and said, "No! We've a minute left, we will win yet, you can't tell what might happen." That shows our boys have spirit.

Not very many paid to get in but saw it from the cornfield. But of these ten people who paid only one asked for his money back, so that shows that our boys are pleasing the people.

Our boys play Flatrock next week if they can find the ball. Every one is invited, also their friends.

BULLETIN

Man Kills Him Self With Ax, In Barn

Willie Spanker well known local young man killed himself yesterday morning by hitting himself with an axe in the barn.

Mrs. Willie Spanker, his wife, states that something he said when he got up yesterday morning worried her. When he got up he said, "Nellie, don't cook but one egg for breakfast this morning."

Mrs. Spanker attributed his actions to the fact that he drank a lot of cider at the social last night. She says that this is the first time he ever did anything like this and it rather took her by surprise.

Willie Spanker's remains will be buried at the cemetery in a few days. He is sorrowed by his widow, two children and a bull pup.

Mrs. Spanker wrote this little verse in memory of her departed husband:

"Willie, Willie's gone away,
Left us all alone,
We wonder if he's gone to
stay,
He sure was off his dome."

DEATHS

Nott N. Egg died yesterday when her breathing stopped at her home on North Main. She will probably be buried at the graveyard.

Arthur Mometer died yesterday morning with a bad case of mumps. His body will be presented to the Indiana Medical School.

Lean Wayback died suddenly at her home yesterday after an illness of about six month. She died of Halitosis of the feet. There will be no funeral arrangements made.

MEETING OF MUSICAL SOCIETY

The Musical Society met at Wash Higgins' place just south of town last evening

Orville Slump stamped his feet so hard when the club was singing "Red Hot Mamma" that the ceiling came off the dining room and Mrs. Higgins made everyone go to the barn.

A recital was given by Harry Ett which was very good, no one going to sleep.

After this the club sang in unison "Baby Get the Hammer, There's A Fly on Daddy's Heed."

The only thing that marred the performance was the fact that Alva Doolittle, the leading base not caught on a low note and one ship out on the lake came to land thinking it was the warning fog horn.

After this a heart thrilling number was rendered by the club as whole entitled,

Refreshments were served at nine o'clock and after singing, "I'll See You In My Dreams," every one left for home.

POLICE COURT

Two local young men were arrested for violating the liquor laws. They gave their names as Ophia Knox and Pete Michaels but the police have a slight suspicion that these names are only alias and that the two are Howard Cooper and Robert Barber.

When asked whether he would take ten days or ten dollars Cooper said he'd take the ten spot if they didn't mind.

Berneice Conklin was shopping in Cadiz, Friday.

THE FEE-NIX

The Fee-Nix

Published weakly by the students of this awful school. Member of the Western Conference Press Club. (Why not have your trousers renovated by our association?)

IDIOTIC STAFF

Oley O. Marjoreen Chief Idiot
 Lem N. Extract Sub. Idiot
 Absol Utley News Idiot
 I. C. Stars Spozartz
 Urealie Don't.

EDITORIAL

We think there ought to be a clean up around this shool.

There are only 3 poker tables in the Principal's office and 6 decks of cards (one of these decks has 9 aces in it when there only ought to be five.)

We find through extensive observation that only three pairs of dice are provided for the office help and not even a drop of dandelion wine.

The library is used principally for students to have dates in, it is our opinion that a special ball room should be provided.

The chemistry department is not able to concoct vile enough odors so we suggest that it be replaced with a glue factory or a garbage plant which would lend a delicate and invigorating air to our Alma Mater.

Our competitors the "Phoenix" have a rotten paper full of vile reading matter on French Class picknics and other demoralizing activities about the school.

We suggest that a pool room be established in their staff office to uplift the minds of the staff.

These are only a few of the much needed reforms which we feel that should be made around this school.

SOCIETY

Among the most pleasing social events of the season was the marriage of Keith Edwards and Mary Stoup. The home was beautifully decorated with onion stalks and red radishes. Little Fern Stanley, the flower girl, was daintily dressed in blue calico. Fred Starbuck who was dressed in a black velvet suit, carried the ring in a dandelion. The bride looked as well as could be expected and leaned heavily on her father. The triple ring ceremony was used. After that Helen Stretch in a beautiful de-soto voice sang "She lives In Our Alley." The bride received many beautiful gifts including a cake pan from "J" White, a wash tub from "Bea" Welker, a rolling pin from Helen Stretch and many other beautiful things too numerous to mention. The cake for the occasion was splendid.

—

Louise Fleming and Harold Moppin are thought to have eloped as they were seen in Indianapolis riling around in a buggy.

—

A bridge tea was given Thursday by Martha McIntyre. Ten tables were in session during the after. Those present were, Miriam Clift, Mary Koons, Helen Taylor, Lois Wiggins, Helen Jones, and Esther Adams. Dainty refreshments of sour kraut, weiners and lemonade were served. A rotten time was held by all the guests.

TYING THE K'NOT

Marriage licenses were issued by the County Clerk to the followin couples:

George Van Dyke and Melba Stubblefield, Hugh Hanna and Helen Smith, Jesse Nicholson and Louise Summers, also Liston Here and Hallie Tosis.

All of these were approved of by Supt. E. J. Llewellyn who stated that the boys never would learn better any younger.

Bum Work, Bum Material,
 And High Prices
 DURHAM'S SHOE STORE

John Coggeshall
 in

"COME SEVEN"

A gripping Melodrama of
 the Slums of New Lisbon

—Also—

Dorothy Sim
 in

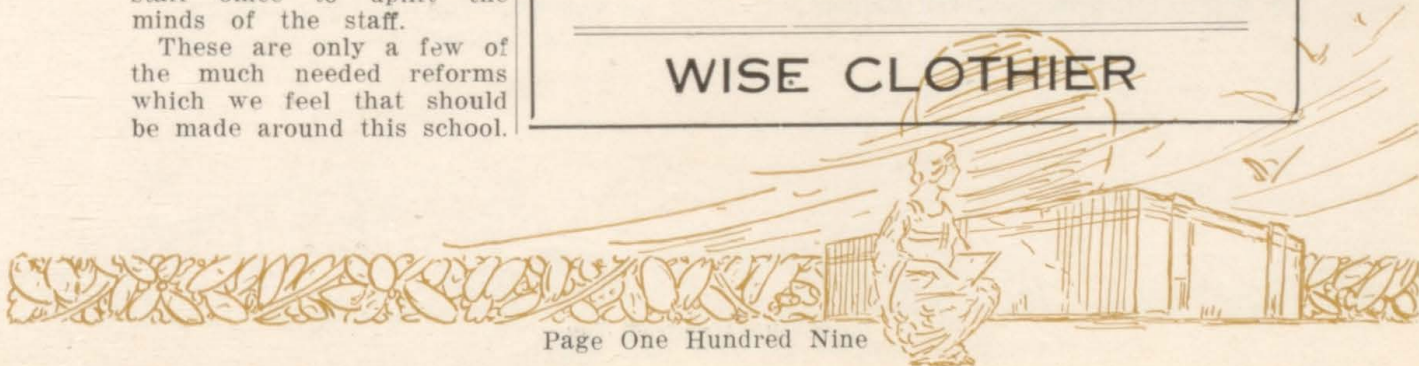
"THE ROOMER BANG"

at

MURRAY'S "MECCA"

Stale Pies at
 HEATH AND HANNA'S
 GREASY SPOON

Ear Muffs Furnished With Each
STRAW HAT
 WISE CLOTHIER





Julius Sees'er.



The man who cleaned up quite a pile on Wall Street lately.

These jokes quite old,
We trust will hold.—Poetry.

(License Applied For)

Theoretically, this part of the book needs no introduction. All well-regulated annuals, as this one is, have the last few pages devoted to what is hopefully designated as 'Humor'. The alleged humorists fondly imagine no one has ever lamped many of these jokes. There are the bright sayings attributed to the reader and his friends as a sop to the vanity pervading all human kind, including high school students and teachers.

But this time we have fully determined to fool everybody. There's not one atom of humor here. Space must be filled somehow, however, and facts fill space more readily than anything else so we're going to use facts, the worse the better. And anywhere a name is mentioned rest assured there was no escape—murder will out.

"YE JOKE EDITORS."

John Van Nuys and Robert Boykin editors of the Phoenix and Rosennial will leave for an extended trip immediately upon relinquishing their jobs. All expenses it is rumored are to be paid by the Phoenix and Rosennial Inc.

Nuf: "How long have you been learning to skate?"

Sed.: "Oh, about a dozen sittings."

He: "There's Fred's Star Buck. What will we do with it?"

She: "Let Raymond Train'er."

He: "Why not let Floyd Stone'er?"

She: "No, let Willard Sand'er."

He: "And Dellon Mill'er."

She: "Floyd could Plumb'er."

He: "About as easy as Leonard could Hoove'er."

Dennis: "Why all De Wit?"

Exams. (Before)

O Lord of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget.

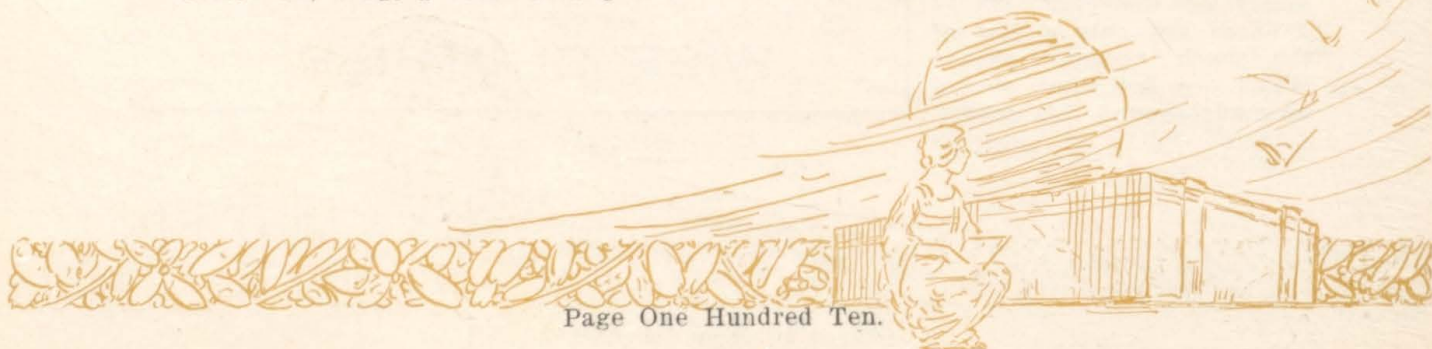
(After)

The Lord of Hosts was with us not,
For we forgot, for we forgot.

"Goldy" VanDyke at Camp Knox:
"I must have looked pretty sick. At the gate they put a sticker on me that said, 'Flying corps.' (corpse). A fellow on a horse said, 'Look what the wind blew in' and I says, 'No not what the wind blew in, the draft brought me here.'"

Speaker (at boy's meeting) "What is it that the boys of N. H. S. need more than anything else?"

A voice from the rear: "Garters!"





Old Lady—"Give me some bird seed!"
Keith Edwards—"Ha! Ha! You can't fool me, birds come from eggs, not seed."

THE WAY THE PHOENIX DOES IT

To print a kiss upon her lips,
He thought the time was ripe,
But when he went to press she said,
"I do not like your type."

A kiss he printed on her lips,
And she made this oration,
"Please, please, continue doing that,
It boosts my circulation."

A kiss he printed on her lips,
A soft, a sweet caress,
And this is what she whispered low,
"Don't let them stop the press."

Miss Pinnick (first night of Senior play): "Now then we are all ready to run up the curtain."

John Coggeshall: "What do you think we are, a pack of squirrels?"

Mr. Gross (to barber): "I didn't see you the last time I had my hair cut."

Barber: "Oh no! I have only been here a year."

Freshie: "What is Mr. Gross' ambition?"

Senior: "To see just how low he can grade without making a zero."



"He who laughs last—
didn't see the joke at first."

George Goodwin: "I read about someone finding a skull an inch thick in Arizona."

Mrs. Wilson: "Why go to Arizona?"

"Tillie" G.: "She's a decided blonde, isn't she?"

Max Fennel: "Yes, she decided just recently."

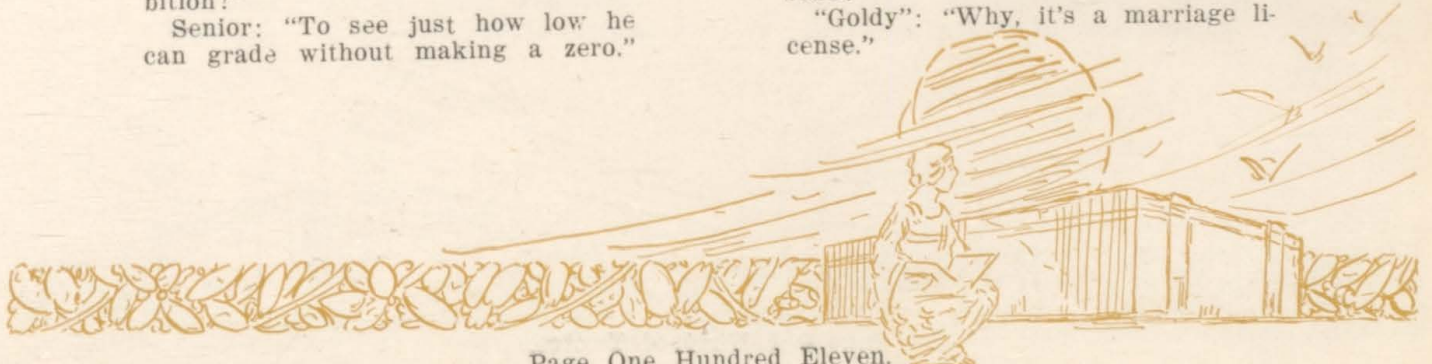
FAMILIAR SAYINGS

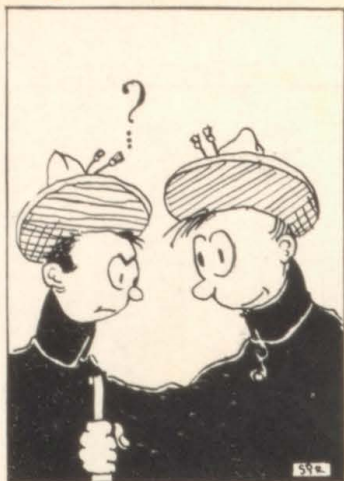
Who's the date?
Who are you goin' with?
Hand in your papers.
There'll be a test Friday.
For tomorrow I want you to??

Fern S. says: "Tillie's a nice kid, a good basket ball player and I like him, but there is one thing the matter with him—he's just a little forward."

"Gas" Joyce: "What is a tros-seau?"

"Goldy": "Why, it's a marriage license."





Huffman—"What did you do at Camp Knox?"
 Bunch—"Why, I was a pilot in the cavalry."
 Huffman—"A pilot in the calvary?"
 Bunch—"Yes! Every morning the sergeant said to me—'Pile it here and pile it there!' "



"'Twas a dark and stormy knight."

Miriam Clift: "Walter clapped his hands when I was singing."
 Martha Mc: "Over his ears?"

Beo Welker: "Do you love me?"
 "Strings": "What do you think I bought you that cocoa cola for last week?"

"Bob" Boykin to "Bob" Jennings when Boykin found some empty condensed milk cans on the Jennings farm, "Hey, Bob, come here quick! I've found a cow's nest!"

Martin Clift: "Have you read the write-up in the Bible of the Egyptian tennis game?"
 "Pete" Morris: "No, what did it say?"
 M. C.: "Joseph served in Pharoah's court."

Dr. VanNuys (sternly): "Who called on you last night?"
 Mary Alice: "Why only Mary Elizabeth, father."
 Dr. V.: "Well you tell Mary that she left her pipe on the piano."

When I first went to see her
 I showed a timid heart,
 And even when the lights were low
 We—sat—this—far—apart.
 But as our love grew stronger
 And we learned its joys and bliss
 We knocked out all the spaces
 Andsatupcloselikethis.

IN LAB.
 Johnny took one drink;
 He took no more,
 For what he thought was H2O
 (water)
 Was H2SO4 (sulfuric acid).

HEARD AT JOHNSON AND JONES
 Mable Williams: "What is this Cupid's Favorite they have here?"
 "Bill" Berry: (looking at menu)
 "It's 20c."

Nellie Hedges: "I wonder how old Mr. Greenstreet is?"
 Berniece Conklin: "Quite old, I imagine. They say he used to teach Caesar."





Exclusive photo of that beknighted bozo who stayed home and studied on the night of the prom.



"Before and after" or "Fresh and—Senior". The thrilling drama of a high school education.

"Pete" Boykin: "If I should throw you a kiss what would you say?"

Mary Brown: "I'd say you were the laziest man I had ever seen."

Helen Jones: "Why do you look so sleepy, Esther?"

Esther A.: "It's because there is 'possum fur on my coat."

Mr. Logan in Geometry class: "Miss Virginia, I wish you would put proposition 9 on the board because I would like to see your figure."

A glance, a dance,
A shot of gin,
A sigh; goodbye,
Fraternity pin.

"Chuck Wood: 'Miss Wickett, do you know the name of the greatest war song ever written?"

Miss Wickett: "No, What is it?"

"Chuck": "Here comes the bride."

Templeton: "Mr. Jones I hear you have advertised for a donkey."

Mr. Jones: "I have, but I want a four legged one."

Boyibus Kissibus sweet girlorum,
Girlibus likibus; wanti somorum;
Fatherus hearibus sweet kissorum—
Kickibus boyibus out-of-the-doorum.

By the shore of Cuticura,
By the shining Sunkist waters,
Lived the Prophylactic Chiclet,
Danderine, old Helmar's daughter.

Who was loved by Instant Postum
Son of Piedmont and Victrola,
Heir apparent to the Mazda,
Of the tribe of Coca Cola.

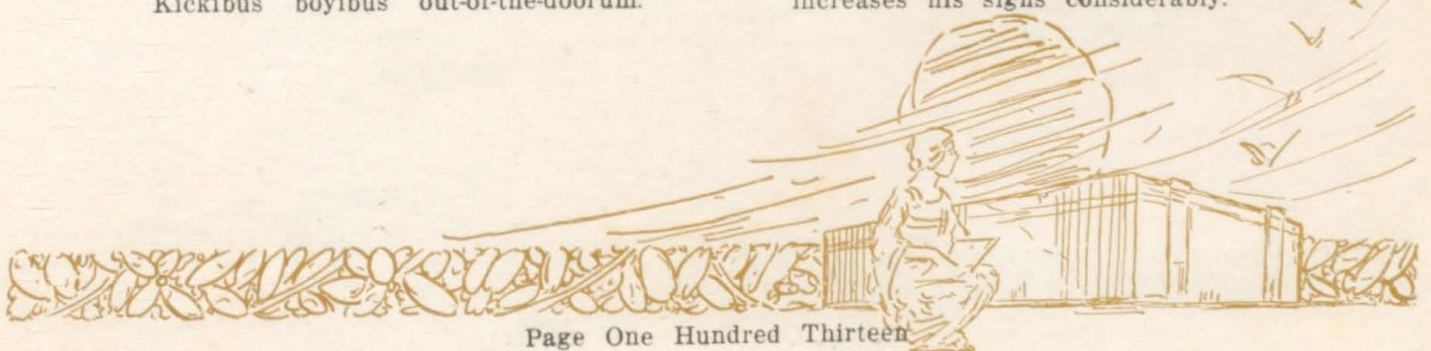
Through the forests strolled the
lovers,
Woods untrod by Ford or Saxon;
"Oh, my lovely little Beechnut,"
Were the burning words of Postum.

"No Pyrene can quench the fire,
Though I know you still a miss;
For my Pepsodent desire
Is to marry Chiclet, Djer Kiss."

"Herb" Evans: "Who is that fellow that has been looking at you all evening?"

Mary K.: "Oh, he's just the fellow who brought me to the dance."

They say when a man's in love
it stunts his growth, but we say it
increases his sighs considerably.





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Following is the list of patrons who, by their generous contributions, made possible the publishing of this 1925 Rosennial.

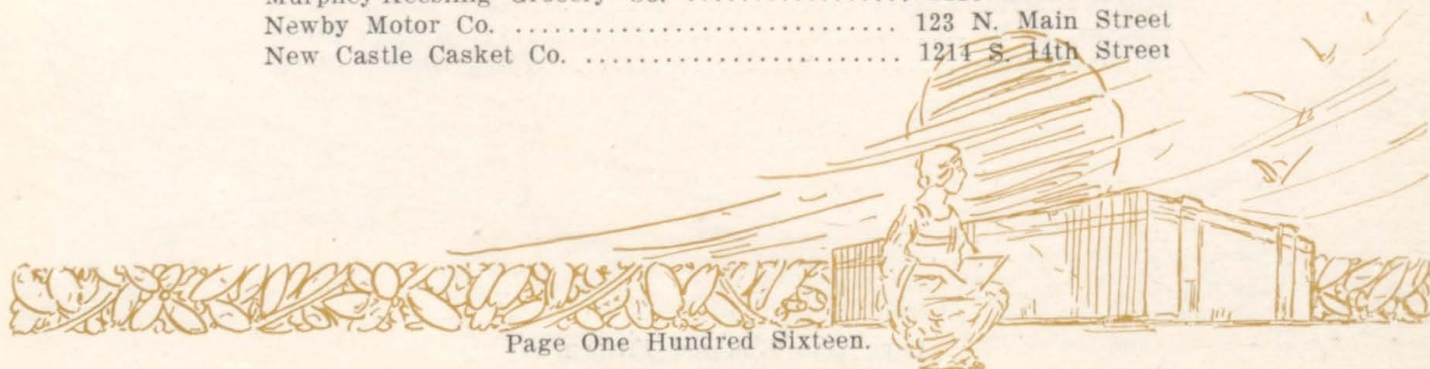
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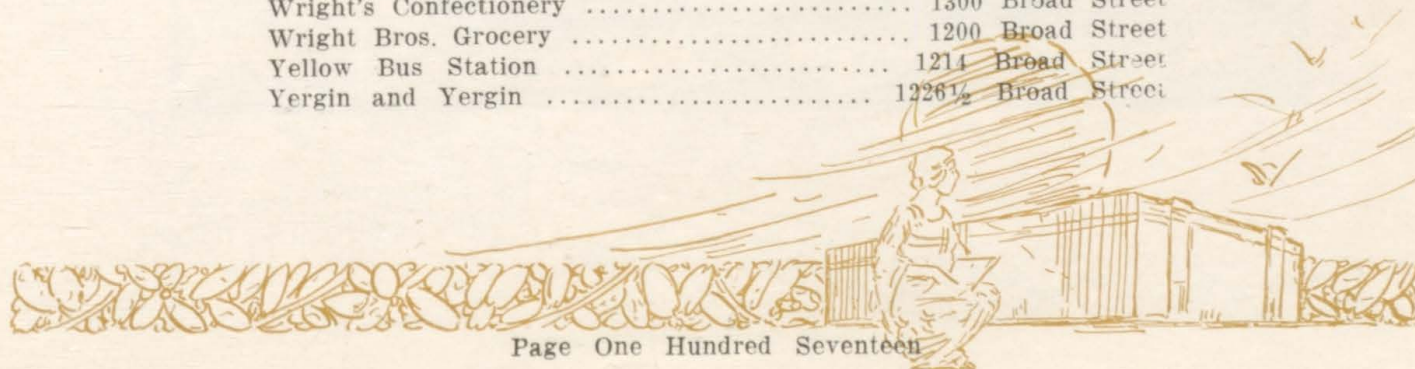
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