

# THE ROSENNIAL

NEW CASTLE HIGH SCHOOL  
1920 - 1921

EDITED BY THE  
SENIOR CLASS

AS A TOKEN of appreciat-  
ion to one we hold in high-  
est esteem, we dedicate this  
Rosennial to our principal,  
instructor, and true friend  
Frank E. Allen :: :: ::

## FOREWORD

AS the grand climax of our High School career, the class of '21 offers this Roseennial, the eighth year book of N. H. S. In it we have endeavored to place an accurate account of the activities, accomplishments, and personnel of New Castle High School.

According to the custom of our school, this book is edited by the Seniors, but it is not the work of the Seniors alone. It has been made possible by the combined efforts of N. H. S. and we hope that it will express the true spirit of the entire school.

We appreciate the invaluable assistance which we have received from the faculty, who have patiently given us their advice and criticized our work. We are also deeply indebted to those who have put their advertisements in this book, for without their financial aid it would have been impossible to publish it. If you appreciate this book you can best show it by patronizing them.

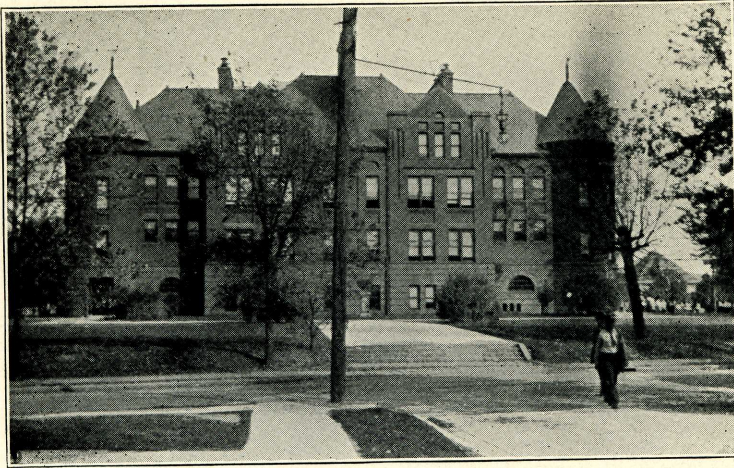
We have tried to make this Annual "different" by introducing the "Spontaneous Combustion." Read it and judge it for yourself.

If this Roseennial is a success we are glad, for we have endeavored to do our best and to profit by the mistakes of preceding classes; as, Juniors, Sophs, and Freshies, we know you will profit by our mistakes and ever live up to the high standard of N. H. S.

"For Victory ever follows  
That peerless banner bright  
That prompts the school's endeavors,  
The dauntless Red and White."

—The Editor.



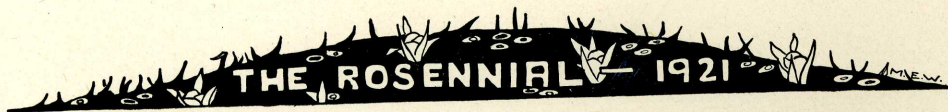


HIGH SCHOOL BUILDING

WHEN you come to the end of your High School years,  
And you sit all alone with your thoughts,  
Can you think with pride of the lessons learned,  
And the joy that those lessons brought?  
Can you think what leaving old N. H. S.  
Can mean to a Senior's heart,  
When he bids farewell to the old school house,  
And with dear friends has to part?

Yes! this is the end of our High School days,  
'Tis the end of our childhood, too;  
For we now will tread the path of life  
Where the "snaps" are all too few.  
But Memory has painted these High School days  
In colors that ne'er will fade,  
And we find at the end of these happy years  
The love of the friends we've made.

—Genevieve Lawless.

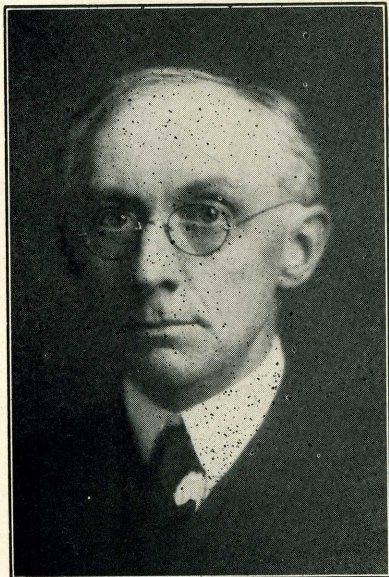


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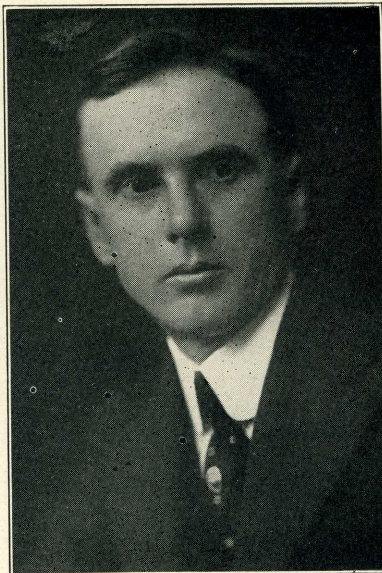
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# BOARD OF EDUCATION



LYNN C. BOYD President.

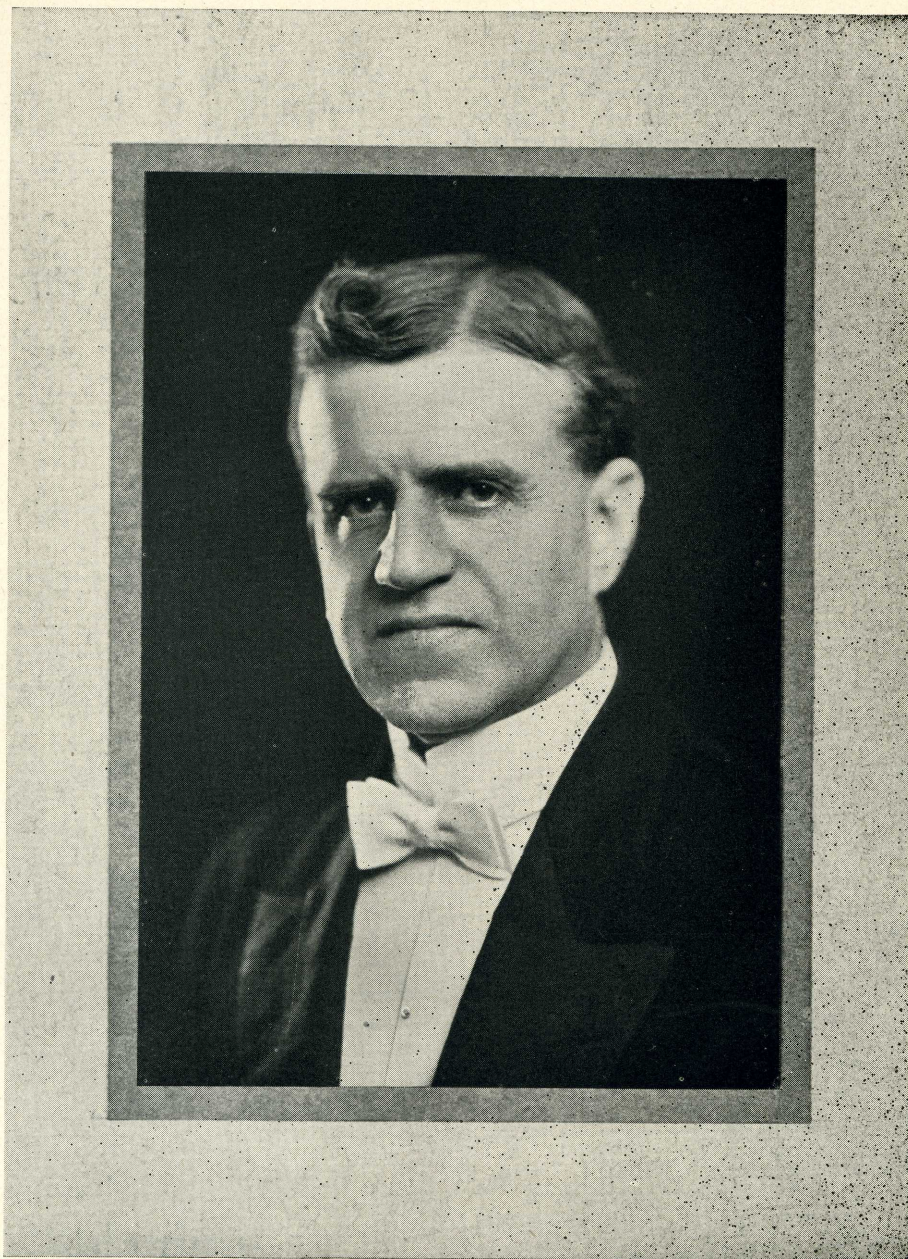


E. G. McQUINN, Secretary.



MARTIN L. KOONS, Treasurer.





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

**Qualification:**

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

**Experience:**

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



# STAFF

---

Editor-in-Chief  
MARY WOODBURY

Assistant Editor-in-Chief ----- James Hamilton

Joke Editors ----- { Mildred Calpha  
Russell Alexander

Quotation Editors ----- { Glena Fisher  
Mildred Brenneman

Athletic Editor ----- Eugene Haynes

Alumni Editors ----- { Helen Cloud  
Elizabeth Conner

Business Manager  
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Woodford Green  
Howard Smith  
Noble Waggener

Lyman Hall  
Marguerite Miller  
Jay Weaver

Mildred Glick  
Rheese Miller  
Fred Shultz



# THE FACULTY

---

These lines we pen,  
And well we ken  
The patience of our teachers.  
Since we are men,  
We think of when  
We were such stupid creatures.



MR. FRANK E. ALLEN, A. B. Indiana University. Principal. Mathematics, History and Athletic Coach.



MRS. ISADORE WILSON, A. M. Earlham College. History, Civics and Vocational Guidance.



MISS LILLIAN CHAMBERS, A. B. Indiana University. English and Literature.



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



MISS ALICE STEVENS, A. B. Indiana University. Spanish and English.



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





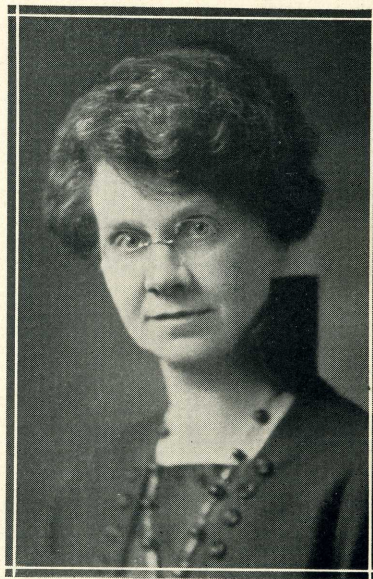
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MISS LOLA HAWORTH, A. B. Earlham College. Latin.



MISS BEULAH BOWERS, B. S. Earlham College. Algebra.



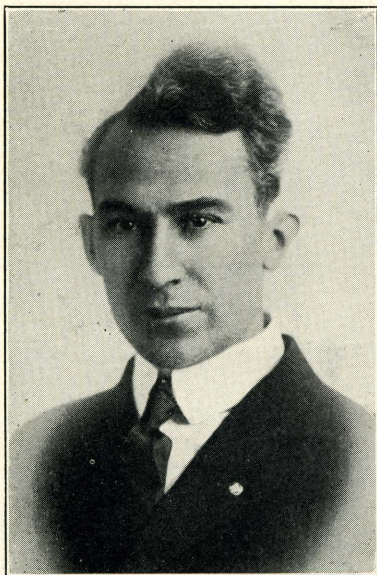
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MR. GARRETT GROSS, A. B. Wabash College. Algebra, Botany, Zoology.

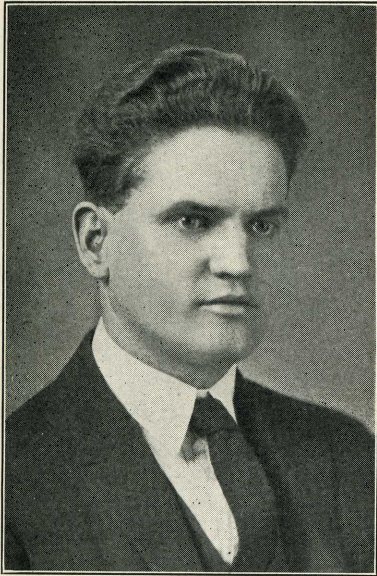


MR. GEORGE BRONSON, A. B. Wabash College. Chemistry, Physics and General Science.



MISS ISABEL CRABB, M. A. Earlham College. French and History. Athletic Coach for Girls.

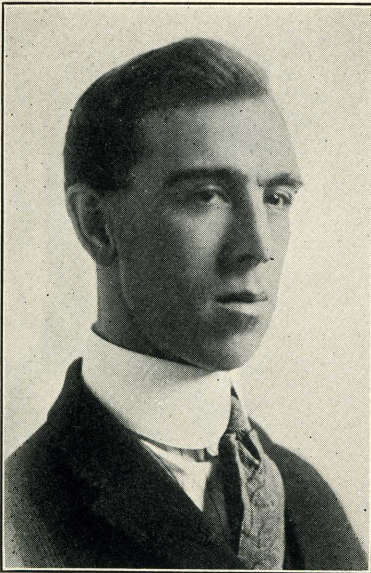




MR. WILLIAM JONES, A. B. Earlham College. Algebra and Geometry. Assistant Athletic Coach for Boys.



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



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



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



MISS VERNA ALLEN, Indiana University. Geometry and Latin.



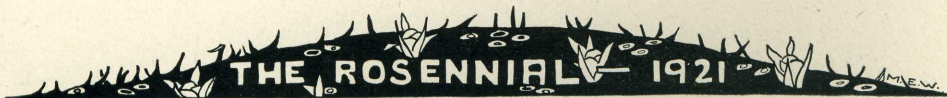
MISS MILDRED E. WEST, Graduate National Institute of Public Speaking. Public Speaking and Dramatic Interpretation.



MRS. DOROTHY ALLISON, Clerk.

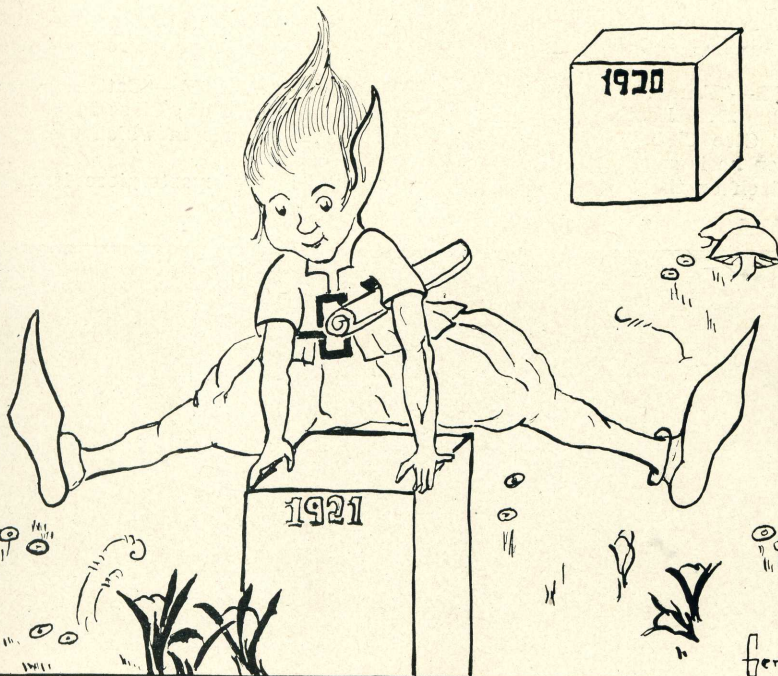
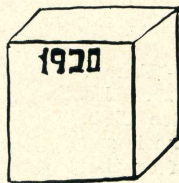


MISS HELEN HOOVER, Stenographer.



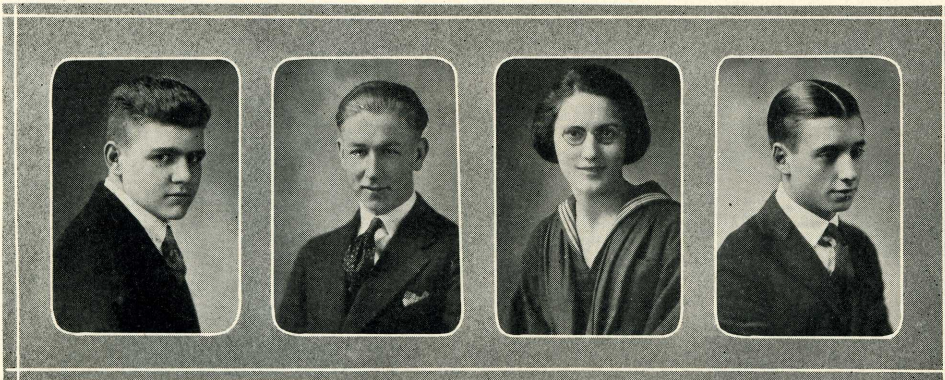
# SENIORS

Bow Ye! low before his name,  
Senior now with zeal aflame  
Hard won knowledge, broader view;  
Strength of purpose, will  
to do.



Gertrude Osfield





RUSSELL ALEXANDER — "Gus."  
Joke Editor; Football '20; Class Play.

"Sometimes naughty, full of tricks,  
But the kind that always sticks."

WILMER ANDERSON—"Hank." Assistant Business Manager.

"A sense of humor and a touch of mirth,  
To brighten up the shadowy spots of earth."

BARBARA ARCHIBALD — "Bab."  
Glee Club; Gym.

"Always happy, always gay,  
She laughs the live-long day."

FRANCIS BOOR—"Fanny." Basketball '19, '20, '21. Football '20. Track. Boys' Glee Club.

"Like Napoelon he is small, but his might asserts itself on the basketball court."

MILDRED BRENNEMAN—"Midget."  
Quotationist; Prom Committee.

"To those who know thee not, no words can paint,  
And those who know thee, know all words are faint."

HELEN CLOUD—"Tubby." Alumni Editor; Prom Committee; Class Play; Glee Club.

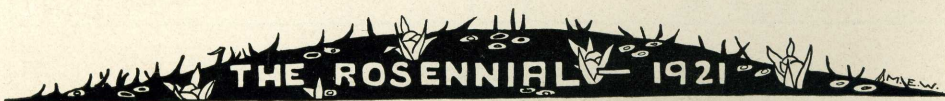
"Happy-go-lucky, fair and free,  
Nothing there is that bothers me."

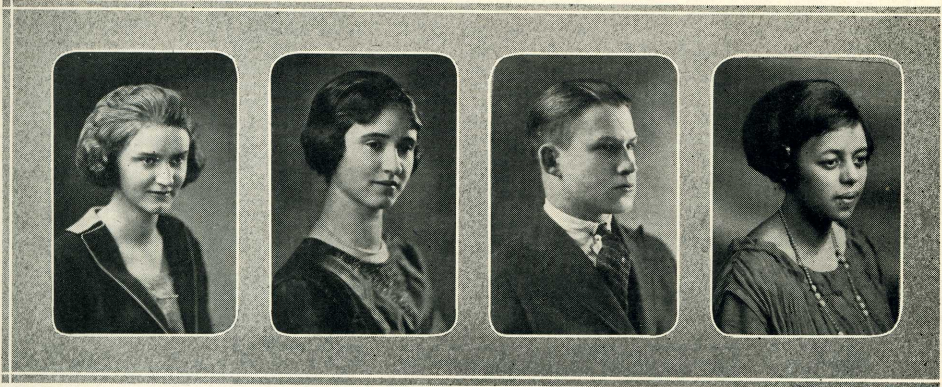
SUZANNE CHANDLER — "Sooz."  
Class Will; Motto Committee; Glee Club.

"Firm friend, faithful friend,  
Her cake and fudge we recommend."

MILDRED CALPHA—"Patty." Joke Editor; Glee Club; Class Play.

"Of all those arts in which the wise excel,  
Mildred's chief masterpiece is writing well."





GERTRUDE COFIELD—"Tude." Art Editor; Color Committee; Prom Committee; Reflector Reporter; Basketball '18, '19, '20, '21; Class Play. "In the morning all of us are bright and happy, But she remains the same to the day's end."

ELIZABETH CONNER — "Bettie." Alumni Editor; Glee Club. "Her ways are ways of pleasantness, And her paths the paths of peace."

LOWELL COOPER—"Apricots." Class Prophecy. "Studious, droll, conscientious, helpful, thoughtful, unpretentious."

TWILA DEAN—"Twi." "A practical, earnest young girl."

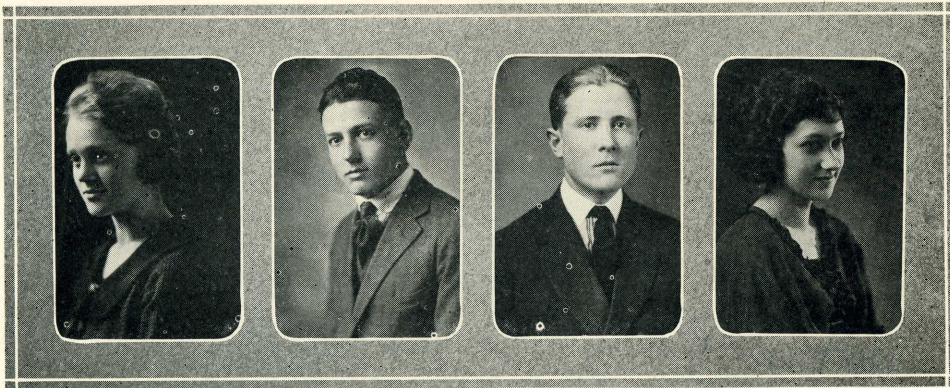
DAVIS DUNCAN—"Day." Orchestra. Class Play. "He who betrays his friend shall never be, Under one roof, or in one ship with me."

FRANCES ELLIOTT—"Bo." Annual Committee; Glee Club; Prom Committee; Class Play. "A nobler yearning never broke her rest Than but to dance, sing and be gaily drest."

ROBERT ELLIOTT—"Bob." Class President. "Take him for all in all, I shall not look upon his like again."

VIVIAN ELLIS—"Trixie." Orchestra '20. "Musically inclined via piano."





GLENN A FISHER—"Fisher." Quotationist; Motto Committee; Basketball '18, '19.

"Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?

Thou art more lovely and more temperate."

WILFRED FREEL—"Jitney." Vice-President; Football '20; Track '20, '21; Class Play.

"High erected thoughts, seated in the heart of courtesy."

HUBERT GAUKER—"Speed." Football '20.

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

MILDRED GLICK—"Bill." Assistant Business Manager; Flower Committee; Basketball '20, '21; Prom Committee; Class Play.

"Study is a dreary thing; I would I knew the remedy."

WOODFORD GREEN—"Green." Assistant Business Manager; Prom Committee.

"I shall belike the tree, I shall die at the top."

ARNOLD GREIST—"Greistie." Prom Committee.

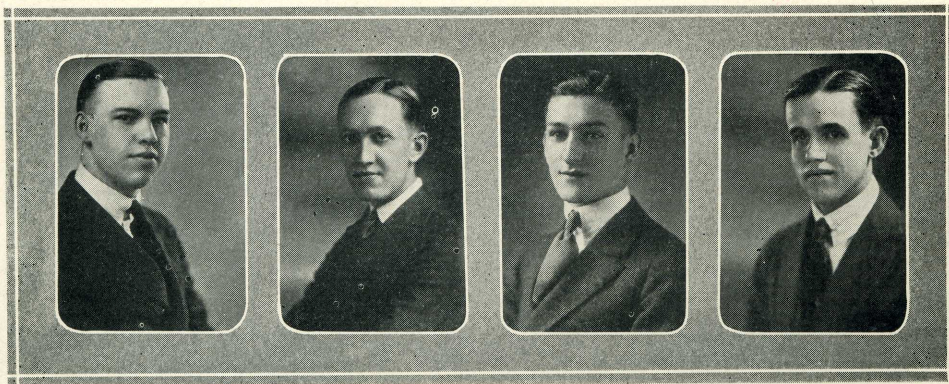
"He of the hundred tales of love."

LYMAN HALL—"Mike." Assistant Business Manager; Prom Committee.

"This is my first public appearance."

JAMES HAMILTON—"Jim." Associate Editor; Flower Committee.

"Whate'er he did was done with so much ease,  
In him alone 'twas natural to please."





EUGENE HAYNES—"Gene." Athletic Editor; Annual Committee; Prom Committee; Reflector Reporter; Basketball '19, '20, '21, Captain '21; Baseball '18, '19, '20, '21; Track '18, '19, '20, '21.  
 "Quick of wing, plays the game,  
 Small, but mighty just the same."

HARRY HENDRICKS—"Skinny."  
 "I am sure that care is an enemy to life."

LOWELL HESS—"Hessie."  
 "Of all my relation, I love myself the best."

CORWIN HIATT—"Coy." Baseball '18, '19, '20, Captain '21.  
 "From his cradle he was a scholar, and a ripe and good one."

CARL HIGGS—"Higgsie." Orchestra; Motto Committee.  
 "I'll grow big some day, and then—"

WILLIAM HOLLAND—"Bill." Football '19, '20; Baseball '19, '21, Captain '20.  
 "The more we study, the more do we comprehend the vast scope of Knowledge."

WILMA HOOVER—"Willie." Class Poem; Glee Club; Class Play.  
 "To see her is to love her.  
 And love but her forever."

LAWRENCE HOWELL—"Fat."  
 "A good-natured boy, well-liked."





PAULINE HUTCHENS — "Paula."  
 Class History; Glee Club.  
 "Nor is the wide world ignorant of  
 her worth."

FORREST HUTTON—"Hutton."  
 Class Day Address; Football '20;  
 Treasurer.  
 "Noisy—Aggressive, Progressive—  
 Expressive."

CLIFFORD JOYNER—"Cliff." Or-  
 chestra.  
 "Never was known to get into  
 trouble."

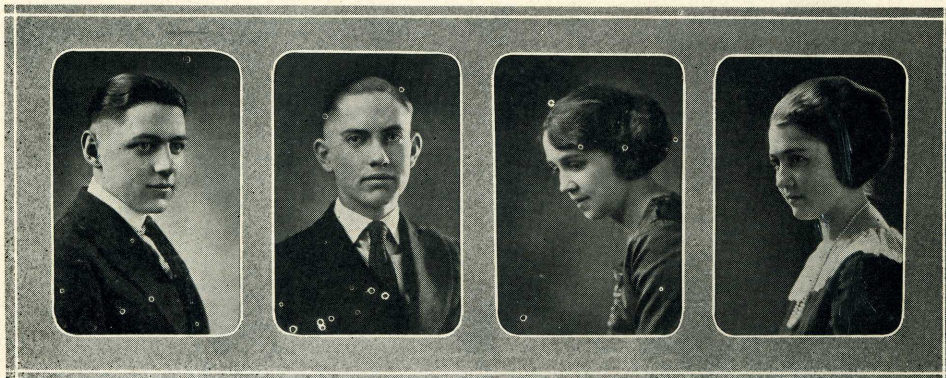
GEORGE KNOTTS—"Mac."  
 "Blessed is the man who expects  
 nothing,  
 For he shall not be disappointed."

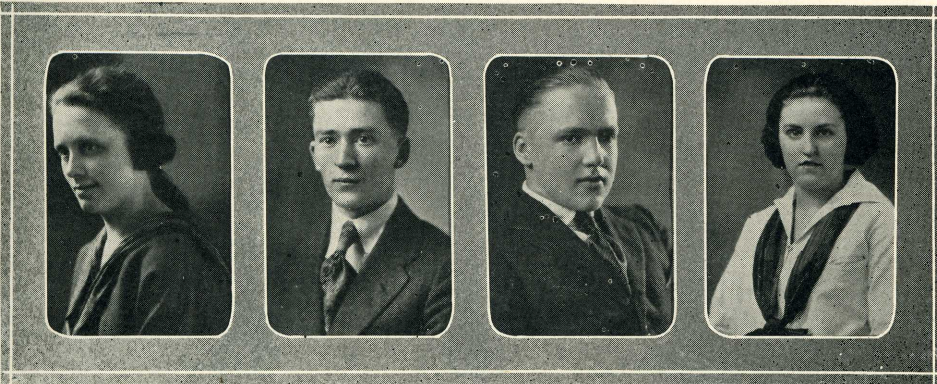
HENRY KOONS. Assistant Business  
 Manager; Football '19, '20; Basket-  
 ball '20, '21; Boys' Glee Club; Base-  
 ball '19, '20, '21.  
 "To my extreme consternation I  
 grow wiser every day."

RICHARD KOONS—"Dick." Business  
 Manager-in-Chief; Junior Prom  
 Play.  
 "Fully prepared to bear down all re-  
 sistance."

HILDA KUNTZ—"Kuntzie." Class  
 Secretary; Glee Club; Prom Com-  
 mittee.  
 "She that hath a merry heart, hath  
 a continued feast."

BERENIECE LAMB—"Bene." Calen-  
 dar; Class Play.  
 "She was a phantom of delight,  
 When first she gleamed upon my  
 sight."





LUOTTA MANN—"Ottie."

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

NOBLE McDANIELS—"Moe." Class  
Play.

"Of spirit so still and quiet."

MARVIN McKEE—"Mac."

"I would not change my knowledge  
For anything else in the wide world."

FERN MEISEL—"Dutch."

"Only the wise tend to their work  
and succeed in doing it."

LLOYD METTLE—"Met."

"I don't let my studies interfere  
with my education."

HOWARD MILLER—"Miller."

"He is wise yet he says little."

MARGUERITE MILLER—"Marg."

Assistant Business Manager; Color  
Committee; Glee Club; Prom Com-  
mittee; Basketball '19, '20, '21.

"She findeth relief from study in  
much mischief."

RHEESE MILLER—"Miller."

"Nowhere so busy a man as he,  
And yet he seems busier than he is."





MAXWELL MILLS—"Weasel." Class Play; Junior Prom Play.  
 "I had rather have a fool make me merry,  
 Than experience to make me sad."

WILMA MOORE—"Berl." Glee Club.  
 "A very good piece of work, I assure you, and a merry."

STELLA MURRAY—"Phoebe." Glee Club.  
 "E'en tho I seem so quiet,  
 My eyes and ears work noisily."

HOWARD RICHARDS—"Dick." Orchestra.  
 "Little tho he seems, there's a certain bigness about him that awes his fellowmen."

ELAINE ROBSON—"Robbie." Glee Club; Gym.  
 "The bright side of everything is foremost in her thoughts."

EVERETT ROWLES—"Doug." Basketball '18, '19, '20, '21; Football '20; Baseball '20, '21; Track '20, '21; Color Committee; Prom Committee.  
 "An all-round athlete, not very tall, Earnest in work, friendly to all."

MARGARET SEEGARS—"Margie."  
 "Worry and I have never met."

PAUL SHAFFER—"Shivers." Class Song; Football '20.  
 "I'll get fun out of this if it takes a vacuum cleaner."





FREDERICK SHULTZ—"Fred." Assistant Business Manager; Reflector Reporter; Prom Play; Class Play; Boys' Glee Club; Football '18, '20; Track '20.

"Hang sorrow! Care will kill a cat, and therefor let's be merry."

PAULINE SHUMACH—"Kid." Gym.

"Oh, why should life all labor be?"

HOWARD SMITH—"Jerry." Assistant Business Manager.

"What I have been taught I have forgotten,

What I know, I have guessed."

EUGENE STEELE—"Booty." Prom Play; Class Play; Basketball '20, '21; Football '18, '19, '20; Baseball '18, '19, '20.

"Give me vacation or give me death."

ODESSA VAN DYKE—"Mickey." Flower Committee; Glee Club; Class Play.

"Joy rises in me like a summer's moon."

EVELYN VAN ZANT—"Peggy."

Class Song; Class Play; Prom Committee; Reflector Reporter; Orchestra; Glee Club.

"She is pretty to walk with, and witty to talk with, and pleasant, too, to think on."

MABEL VILLARS—"May-bell." Prom Committee.

"Her modest looks the cottage night adorn,

Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn."

NOBLE WAGGENER—"Fat." Assistant Business Manager.

"Fain would I climb, yet fear I to fall."







MARIE WECHTER—"Petite." Basketball '19, '20, '21.

"What's the good of living if we can't enjoy ourselves?"

LAWRENCE WIGGINS—"Wiggins." Basketball '18, '19, '20; Football '18, '19, '20; Track '19, '20, '21.

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

MILDRED WIGGIN—"Mil." Basketball '18, '19, '20, '21; Prom Committee.

"Smile, and the world smiles with you,  
Frown, and you frown alone."

She smiles.

RALPH WILSON—"Doc." Orchestra.

"A good, sensible fellow."

IRVING WITTENBECK—"Beckie."

"We grant although he had much wit, he was very shy of using it."

MARY WOODBURY. Editor-in-Chief Annual Committee; Prom Committee; Glee Club; President Girl's A. A.; Basketball '19, '20, '21.

"That which she wills, she does, and does so much

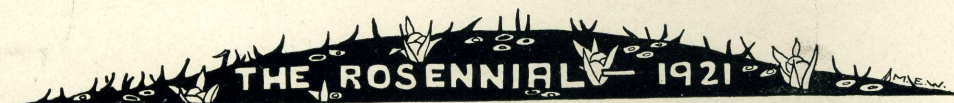
That proof is called impossibility."

MARY ZIMMERMAN—"Dutch."

"A certain goodness in her heart,  
A smile within her eye."

JAY WEAVER—"Jaysus." Assistant Business Manager; Yell Leader.

"You know I say just what I think, and nothing more or less."



# JUNIORS

Look Ye! that he has the floor,  
Junior, with text books galore  
Thirst for knowledge, eager mind;  
Leaves a record made, behind.



## ROLL '22

Earle Badger  
Orville Baird  
Evelyn Baker  
Florence Barber  
Nina Baugher  
Velma Blackburne  
Lura Bell  
George Brebner  
Martha Brown  
Eugene Burk  
William Burk  
Dorothy Burns  
Leon Bush  
Orda Calland  
Harriet Chambers  
Pauline Cluggish  
Floyd Conn  
Marshall Couden  
Louise DeWerpe  
Leland Decker  
Martha Dickinson  
George Dingle  
Robert Duncan  
Norman Durham  
Malcolm Edwards  
Thomas Fadley  
Francis Fisher  
James Freeman  
Caroline French  
Robert Goodale  
Edith Gough

Mildred Gouldsberry  
May Grace  
Jessie Griffith  
Anna L. Harvey  
Eva Hagerman  
Howard Heath  
Esther Hudelson  
Madge Huffman  
Cassel Higley  
Mabel Jackson  
Pauline Jenner  
Arthur Johnson  
Russell Kem  
Mary A. Kelso  
Donald Kennedy  
Robert Kuntz  
Louise Koons  
Fred LaBoyteaux  
Richard Lawrence  
Russell Lawson  
Mildred Lennon  
Elizabeth Lohr  
Genevieve Lawless  
Agnes Lawless  
Helen Lytel  
Pauline Margason  
Caroline Mayer  
Irene McCullough  
Mary McFarland  
Janice McShirley  
Mildred Morris

Catherine Miller  
Maxine Monroe  
Reuben Orner  
Beatrice Penwell  
Herchell Redd  
Marjorie Robbins  
Lawrence Rhoton  
Anna Marie Rowles  
Gertrude Rawley  
Harold Rehfuss  
Elsie Rising  
Estella Shaffer  
Joseph Smith  
Vernice Shelton  
Ruth Sommerville  
Lorena St. Clair  
Wannetta Stevens  
Leone Stranahan  
Kathryn Stretch  
Katherine Taylor  
Vera Teager  
Lothair Thompson  
Pauline Weeks  
Joseph White  
Albert White  
George Wiggins  
Alma Wilkinson  
Opal Wilhelm  
Marie Wilkinson  
Edith Wisehart  
Dale Zinc



CLASS OF 1922

## THE JUNIORS!

WHEN a class of small, ignorant Freshmen came into the halls of N. H. S. in 1918 few ever dreamed of the wonderful things they were to accomplish in their four years of High School. It was the largest class which had ever entered the school, and it was destined to become the most famous.

The class of 1922 is, of course, the best class which has ever walked the floors of N. H. S. It may be spoken of, as a circus is advertised—Biggest, brightest, best, most wonderful, most spectacular, and most magnificent. There is another likeness, however, which is the large number of clowns.

But despite this latter, the class as a whole is most studious and industrious and we all have our lessons every day except when lessons and pleasure collide, in which case part go one way and part the other.

Among our number are wonderful athletes, some of whom are Horace Hatfield, Mike Edwards and Lawrence Rhoten, so we will certainly have a winning team next year.

Many of the classes before us have claimed to be the best class in the school, and each one has always been better than the last (so you have read), but the next class could not possibly be better than we, because we have reached perfection in Junior classes, and we intend to be the star Senior class. For proof of this statement you may refer to the faculty, to whom we owe much for our learning.

When we step from the dear old High into the battle of life we shall have been the last class to graduate from the place we love so well.

In closing we submit this little poem, which summarizes the whole thing—

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

—Dyke Gronendyke.





Naughty! Naughty!



Papa-Mamma



Two of a Kind



Double Speed



STEPS OF LIFE



Hobo's



"Mornin' Jedge"



Oh! Daddy



ONE MAN AND SEVEN FISHES



Atlas



Darwin was right.



They will talk.



Excuse: Toothache



Tony, the Aligator



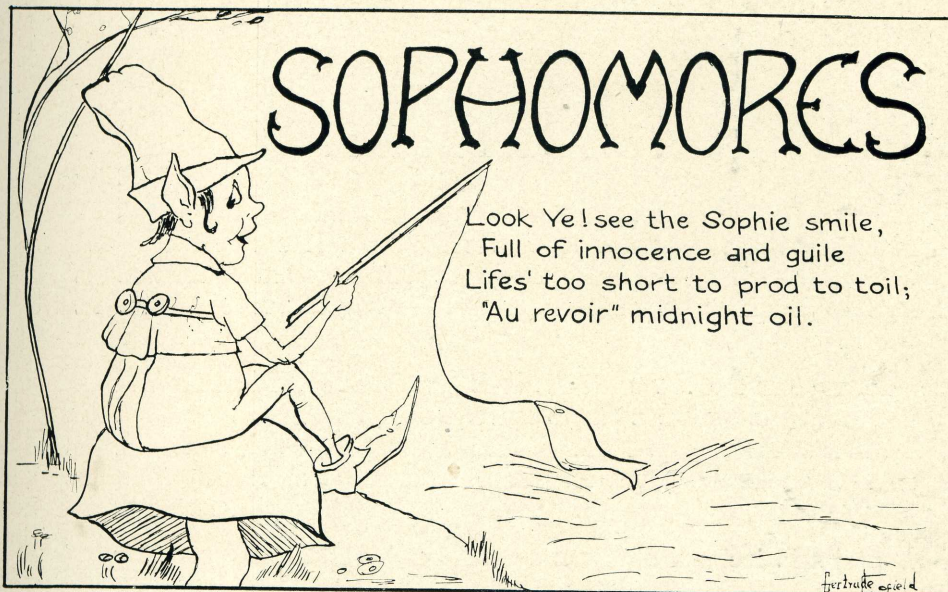
BULL DICK JOLLY



Fond Remembrances



Y'S

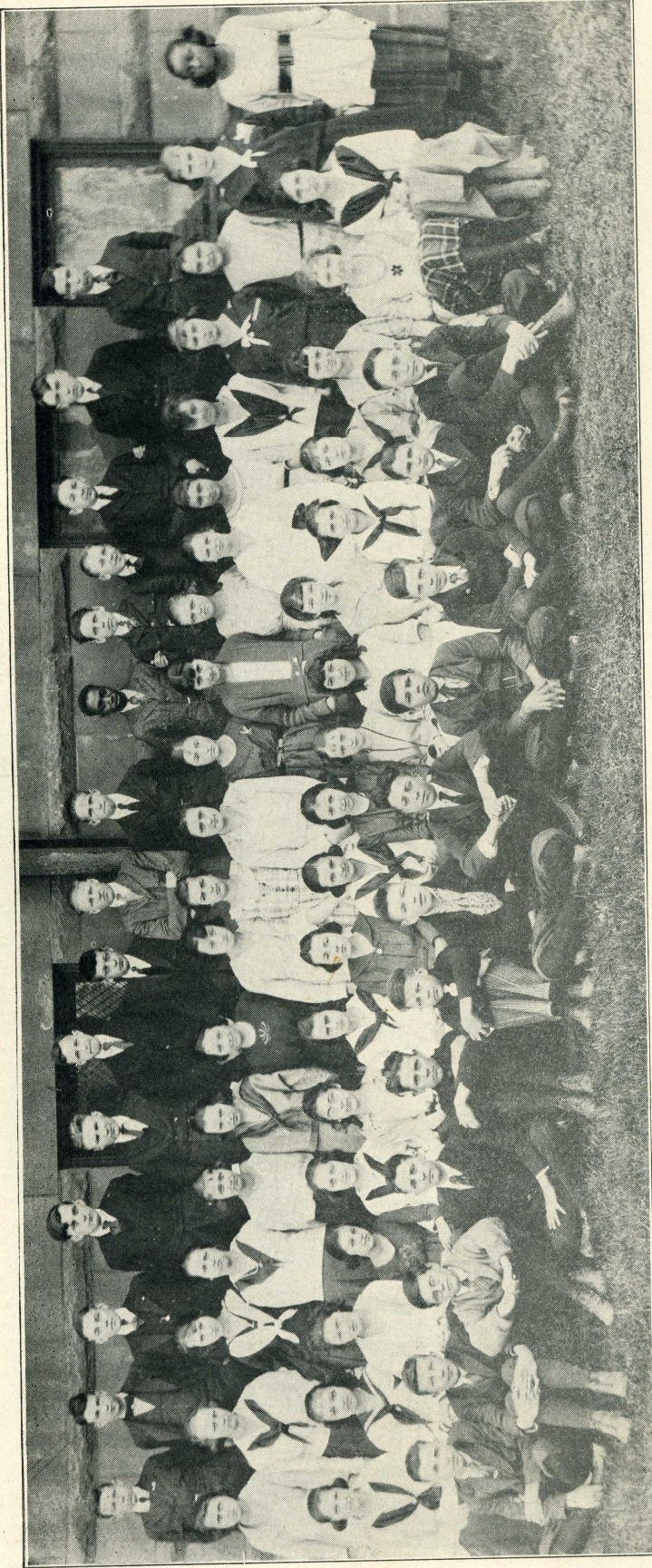


## ROLL '23

Byron Armstrong  
 Dora Azen  
 Cecil Bicknell  
 Sam Bufkin  
 Frank Burns  
 Mabel Chalfant  
 Donald Clark  
 Harold Cluggish  
 Paul Cluggish  
 Thelma Cluggish  
 Louise Collins  
 Kenneth Colson  
 Russell Cook  
 Jessie Cope  
 Margaret Frazier  
 Howard Hines  
 Dorothy Hizer  
 Beatrice Holloway  
 Edith Hunt  
 Fdwin Hunter  
 Marion Idle  
 Joseph Imel  
 Mabel Jefferies  
 Elnora Jenkins  
 Henry Jennings  
 Ernest Jones  
 Frances Kaufman  
 Doris Kellam  
 Russell Klus  
 Esther Kobey  
 Mildred Laisure

Ernestine Laurie  
 Herman Larowe  
 Russell Lawson  
 Dorothy Locker  
 Francis Lockeridge  
 Perry Loer  
 Hobert Lowery  
 Harry Luther  
 Bessie Lyle  
 Mabel Marlatt  
 Sarah Maury  
 Harry May  
 Kenneth May  
 Sarah Lou McKee  
 Bernice McShirley  
 Elizabeth Mendenhall  
 Esther Metzger  
 Helen Millikan  
 Cedric Mills  
 Marion Morris  
 Elden Moore  
 Richard Moulton  
 Edith Murray  
 Beulah Murray  
 Juanita Myers  
 Gladys Netz  
 Richard Netz  
 Harriet Newby  
 Loring Niles  
 Alice Ogborn  
 Melvin Orr

Kennth Pope  
 Howard Powell  
 Elmer Ransom  
 James Ray  
 Fay Rice  
 May Rice  
 Maude Rigney  
 Beatrice Roof  
 Blanche Rosinski  
 Annabelle Sanders  
 Alton Schepman,  
 Raymond Smith  
 William Spannuth  
 Ione Stuteville  
 Frances Shelly  
 Jacob Surber  
 Harry Swazy  
 Thelma Tinkle  
 Arlis Tout  
 Elizabeth Trainor  
 Morrison Vivian  
 Claude Vores  
 Adeline Waren  
 Jeanette Watkins  
 Pauline West  
 Isabel White  
 Paul Whitton  
 Russell Williams  
 Floyd Winslow  
 Claude Wolfe  
 Lova Wright



### THE SOPHOMORES

**H**OW far that little candle throws its beams," so shines the Sophomore class in the corridors and class rooms of N. H. S. Surely no class ever surpassed or ever will surpass this shining array. Even when we first made our appearance in the High School, our superior ability and intelligence was recognized.

In fact, we have talent in all lines. We have among us musicians, dancers, orators, scholars and athletes. Witness, for instance, a few of the many sparks from this brilliant collection: Paul Cluggish, the champion basketballer of our fighting five; Samuel Bufkin, the well-known orator, whose inelegant but expressive phrases, "You chase me," and "Nothin' previous," are

renowned all over the great and thriving city of New Castle. And who has not heard of the famous Sophomore Girls' Basketball Team, which has never been known to suffer defeat, and which also won the girls' basketball tournament. And last but not least, our tiny exponent of pep, Junior Powell, who has helped us win so many victories.

Without a doubt the faculty will agree that we are the most intelligent, the most talented and the most perfect class that has ever entered the High School. It is largely due to their efforts that our wonderful ability has been recognized and developed. After viewing our past achievements and our future plans, we are certain that the whole United States will be illuminated in future years by the brilliancy of the Class of 1923.

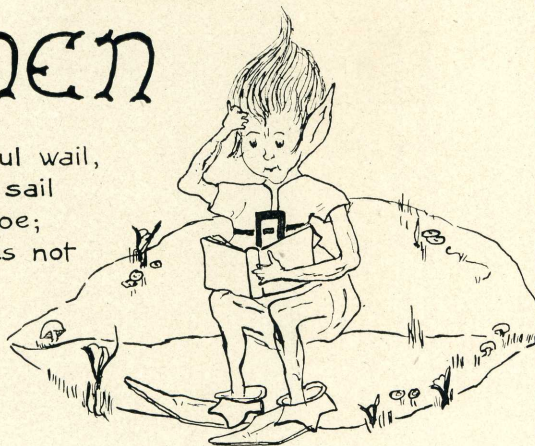
—Dorothy Burns, '23.





# freshmen

List Ye! to his mournful wail,  
 Freshie in life just set sail  
 Confident, yet full of woe;  
 Oh! the things he does not  
 know.



Bohndt & Field

## ROLL '24

elizabeth anderson  
 bernard armstrong  
 maurice baker  
 dorothy b. als  
 helen berry  
 alice boyd  
 martha boyd  
 ronald brumback  
 frances burk  
 cecilia burns  
 margaret carpenter  
 helen curry  
 carl cassady  
 jessie cassady  
 robert clark  
 paul clearwater  
 walter cloud  
 orville conklin  
 loyd cramer  
 hilda hagner  
 helene haguewood  
 lawyer hamilton  
 george hansard  
 robert hardesty  
 stanley harding  
 james narlan  
 beatrice harris  
 lloyd hendricks  
 eugene hines  
 carl hinshaw  
 ralph hodgin

julia hutton  
 byron jacobs  
 marion jessup  
 emogene johnson  
 magaret johnson  
 gail johnsonbaugh  
 chesly juday  
 raymond jolly  
 jessie julian  
 mildred kaufman  
 hubert kessel  
 lowell kirk  
 robert lacy  
 rachael lawson  
 frank lindley  
 eugene livezey  
 margaret locker  
 robert luellan  
 bertha mees  
 veranica malkemus  
 verna mather  
 adda martin  
 clifford may  
 robert mc intyre  
 robert mc kee  
 howard may  
 walter mc cormack  
 pauline mc cullough  
 gladys mc ritche  
 edna mc whorter  
 paul mendenhall

dellon miller  
 naomi miller  
 grace million  
 olis moore  
 marie morgan  
 monroe morgan  
 harold moppin  
 claude masters  
 mildred myers  
 glen nation  
 goldie nicholson  
 glenn nicholson  
 walter ogborn  
 osta orner  
 glenn overcash  
 earnest oxley  
 georgia pearce  
 blanche pegg  
 frank popejoy  
 edna rees  
 neva robertson  
 mary rogers  
 ernest scotten  
 edna sears  
 dwight shaffer  
 elwood shelton  
 gladys shepherd  
 edward sherry  
 susan skirk  
 samuel smith  
 mary spannuth

lenita spraul  
 fred starbuck  
 estevan st clair  
 earl swazy  
 marvel tarr  
 earl thompson  
 mary thompson  
 linnie thornberry  
 thedyn todd  
 lola tyner  
 bernard vaughn  
 clyde voris  
 osborne waltz  
 marguerite ward  
 connie ward  
 marian warfield  
 lola wechter  
 raymond weldon  
 mack white  
 ruth widman  
 herman wilkinson  
 mary wilt  
 dolly winslow  
 frederick wisehart  
 leona wittenback  
 ralph wolfe  
 harry woodbury  
 dorothy young  
 miles young



CLASS OF 1924

## freshmen

**A**DMITTING the merit in the saying that little children should be seen and not heard (not admitted by Elwood Shelton) we will not take up much space in this volume which should be devoted to our Seniors.

While not denying that we have many fine qualities of which we are justly proud, and although we may really excel some of the other classes in many respects, yet we know that these will be generally acknowledged before we have completed our course, and we will wait for our praises to be sung by others.

The principal use of the Freshman class is for the Seniors to look at and see what they once were. However, there are some items that should be mentioned by the class which will graduate in 1924.

We have one hundred ninety-four members, including Harry Woodbury, when present. The first member that is thought of when our class is spoken of is Raymond Jolly, World War veteran and the famous basketball guard, who spoils so many goals for our opponents. He is considered to be the equal of any guard in the State and is to be the Captain of our team next year.

Among the fair sex we have Helen Haguewood, Margaret Carpenter and many others who have attracted a great deal of attention among upper classmen, so we advise you to just watch the progress of our class in the years to come.

—Katherine Gause, '24.



## freshmen

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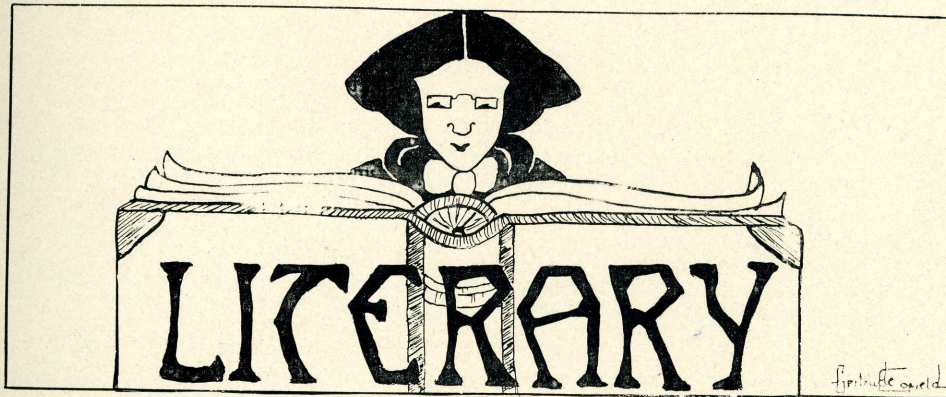
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—Katherine Gause, '24.





WHEN we were Juniors and gave our Prom, it was the greatest event we had ever experienced in our High School career. We worked, and planned, and practiced, and finally one fine May evening it happened! There was a playlet, the Pyramus and Thisbe scene from "Midsummer Night's Dream," which we presented in true Shakespearian fashion, with Maxwell Mills starring as Thisbe. We ate and laughed and danced, and then we all went home, and perhaps in time we will forget most of it, but here is something to remember, the poem that Mrs. Wilson wrote and read to us that night:

**"Up and Down Old Fourteenth Street."**

Up and down old Fourteenth Street  
 In the days 'at's past and gone,  
 With an old worn book, to meet  
 Just the very one—, I swan  
 I've had more fun, to the square  
 Inch than ever anywhere;  
 Heaven to come can't beat  
 Up and down old Fourteenth Street.

Haint no sense in wishin'—yit  
 Wisht to goodness I could jes  
 Gee the blame world 'round and git  
 Back to that old happiness—  
 Kind o' sneak in to the front door  
 Of the Rose City once more,  
 To see if my lost text books  
 Were on the shelf near the hooks.

Honest now! It haint no dream  
 'At I'm wantin'—but the fac's  
 As they wuz; the same old theme  
 Of the same old school, I jacks! !  
 Give me back my own place and  
 Marked up seat; classmates and band  
 Of the dear old High School feet  
 Tramping down old Fourteenth Street.

In and on betwixt the doors,  
 'Long the halls, at the time of noon,  
 Kind a noisy on the floors  
 And the piano out a' tune;  
 And the smokin', chokin' dust  
 O' the furance at its wust.  
 Spring days! Say! but it did seem  
 Teachers just wouldn't beam.

Whilse the old town not fur away,  
 If there we'd only land  
 All unknown in the heat of day,  
 At the dentist's if only planned;  
 Or to escape thru the door  
 O' Room 1, but oh the roar  
 O' the teachers, trim and neat,  
 Who looked out on Fourteenth Street.

Reported me to see if that  
 Would change me, what did I care  
 Peek in to see if she sat  
 Watching the clock on the stair,  
 Wouldn't fudge even a second  
 Fer a feller who had beckined  
 Kept her pencil and her frown  
 As tho' she never went to town.



Ba'k at the library to pass  
A note to—but you  
Can't feel as I did, alas!  
Playin' like I ust to do,  
So in memory today  
I see the dog-eared dictionary  
That my grandsires thought complete  
When they made old Fourteenth Street.

Er a-studyin' with my friend  
Some hard lesson in Latin,  
And furgettin' to the end  
To watch the teacher come pattin'  
And stoppin' smack up to where  
We were talkin'—then she scare  
Me clear crosst to my seat  
There east of Fourteenth Street.

Don't you 'member report day?  
They'd coax me to try my best,  
And I'd hardly dare to play  
At morn, noon or night, lest  
I'd fail to make the grade.  
Then to session. What had I made?  
When alone I'd look gingerly—  
'Twas higher than it ust to be.

Allen ust to read us the law,  
When in the office we'd stall,  
And thru us always he saw.  
We'd look meekly back toward the hall  
And give excuses—and then  
Steal back to our room again  
Never looking left or right,  
Only hoping to keep out o' sight.

Up and down old Fourteenth Street.  
Fur four mighty long, long years  
With many I did compete  
In all the pleasures and the fears,  
Wish't I wus as good and as young  
And as wise as when I begun—  
But time never does retreat  
Up and down old Fourteenth Street.

### DOROTHY, AGE FIFTEEN.

“FROM pristine glories of departed days,  
Languishing forlorn in the sun's bright rays.”

“Yes, mam, I'm coming.” Dorothy reluctantly laid down her pencil to obey her mother's summons.

“A dozen eggs, and fresh ones, mind you. Good gracious! You haven't been fit for a stroke of work ever since this poetry-writing notion struck you. I declare, I don't know what I'm going to do with you if you don't get rid of some of these foolish ideas. Now, when I was your age—”

“But, mother, can't you understand? Genius is above sordid worldly cares and dwells upon the heights,” replied Dorothy.

“Humph! Have you swept the porch? Have you made your bed? Have you watered the flowers? You are right about genius dwelling on the heights, for you certainly do dwell on the heights of idleness. Now, I don't want to be harsh, but it really is annoying. I don't know whether I can even trust you to go to the grocery for some eggs or not. You might set them down on the sidewalk and leave them, you're so absent-minded anymore.”

“Well, indeed I won't. Why should I? Just try writing poetry sometime yourself, and then see if you have any thoughts left for material things.”

After this retort the front door slammed eloquently, and Mrs. Hayden, left alone, shook her head dismally. Then the corners of her mouth lifted in a crooked little smile. After all, Dorothy was fifteen—



And now, with our heroine safely upon her errand, let us delve into that elusive thing called personality. Dorothy Hayden, age fifteen, altho not the kind to arrest the glance, was, on the whole, satisfactory to look upon. Her dark brown hair and grey eyes contrasted pleasantly. Her boyish slimness and average height made her appear younger than she really was. She lamented this fact. How could people know that beneath this youthful exterior lurked a being wise in the ways of the world, and above the commonplace things of life? "But," she thought, "no one understands. No one!"

The summer festivities were beginning. Almost every week the Country Club dazzled with lights, and resounded with music, gay and careless chatter and laughter. For Dorothy it was a time when the summer moonlight would inspire her with vague longings which she was at a loss to name, but which her mother promptly classified next day as indigestion.

In the latter part of June a dance was to be given in honor of the tennis tournament. Dorothy, instead of being thrilled with enthusiasm, looked upon it merely as another shallow pleasure of frivolous girls, who, unlike her, had no mission in life. But even to her heart the temptation of wearing a new peach-colored organdy proved too great. She went.

During the intermission the veranda was occupied by groups of young people. Dorothy was usually a part of these by virtue of her general vivacity and good-fellowship. But tonight in the midst of it all, she felt oppressed by a strange sense of loneliness and slipped away to an unoccupied corner of the veranda.

"Oh, I beg your pardon. I didn't know that anyone was here," she exclaimed, perceiving that the settee had another occupant besides herself.

"Oh, that's all right," replied a masculine voice, not deep enough to sound very old.

"Aren't you Katherine's cousin? I believe that we were introduced this evening," said Dorothy, rather apologetically.

"Yes, I guess we were. Your name's Dorothy, or something like that, isn't it?"

"Yes. Do you like to dance?"

"Oh, not particularly. I'd rather play basketball. That's a game that—" and he gave an enthusiastic account of his feelings on the subject. The dances slipped by unheeded. Two young people discovered that they had a great deal of things in common with one another.

Later that night, at home in her room, Dorothy leaned her head upon her elbows on the window-sill and gazed out into the moonlit darkness. She reviewed the events of that night. This took a long time. Turning from the window, she opened a drawer of the dressing table and took out several sheets of paper covered with verses. She read them over slowly.



“How indescribably young and inexperienced I must have been when I wrote these,” she thought. “I seem so much older now.”

Suddenly she tore the doggerel rhymes into fragments. She surveyed herself in the mirror.

“Good-bye, Dorothy,” she said to her reflection. “You’ve been the loveliest nuisance of a child.” Her first case of puppy-love had come.

—Mary Anna McFarland, '22.

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### A MODERN VERSION OF ROBINSON CRUSOE.

\*Note: During a recent spiritualistic meeting a letter was dictated by a friendly spirit who knew the original Robinson Crusoe in H——. Coupled with the letter were the instructions to forward it to Daniel DeFoe (if he still lived). Mr. DeFoe was to write a modern Robinson Crusoe, as the first one was getting very much out of date.

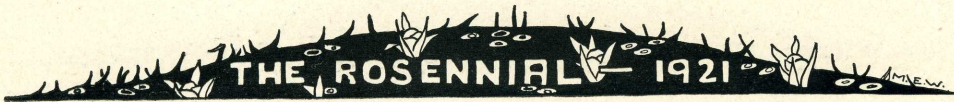
This letter has been handed to the Annual Staff and as we do not know the present whereabouts of Mr. DeFoe we are publishing it in hopes that some reader will know the address and forward the letter printed below.

Friday, 13, 1921.

Dear Friend Daniel:

Probably you will be very much surprised to hear from me. Well, you see, the spiritual world does not forget earthly matters. My heirs are complaining about the decreased royalties being paid on our book, Robinson Crusoe. This, my dear Daniel, is due to the fact of the extreme out-of-dateness that the book enjoys. The young population will not read it because of the lack of romance. I have had a more recent experience that I will tell you of directly.

As you will remember, I ran away from home when I was comparatively young. You know at that time my father was infatuated with a Broadway Chorus girl and as I did not want a chorus girl for a step-mother, I joined a merchant ship and set out to see the world. We sailed with a mixed cargo, mainly pigs and rifles. The pigs were for a little Catholic mission in South America. We sure had a time with them. They were all sea-sick from the first day out until the end of the trip. The most miserable part of it was that there were not enough hot water bags to go around, and those that were not comforted by this warmth kept the crew awake most of the nights. The rifles were for a little South American country that was staging a revolution. These did not seem to mind the voyage at all.





It was during a stormy night that the disaster happened. I was asleep when there came a crash that threw me out of my bunk. I knew instinctively that the ship had struck, I mean grounded. I rushed upon deck just in time for a big wave to wash me overboard. Being made of that sterner stuff, I struck out for the shore. I swam and swam, yet no sign of the shore. I grew tired. I was about convinced that I had struck out the wrong way and was going seaward. I grew feebler and feebler. I was just thinking of ceasing to swim and end it all, when my knee grated upon the bottom. This put more fight into me, so I arose to my full height and waded ashore.

For some days I labored to make the island habitable. The first raft I constructed to go out to the wreck, precipitated me into the water, as soon as the first little swell hit it. I was now forced to swim to the wreck. There my first act was to cut loose a life-boat and partially load it with things I thot I would need. My first load was some underwear, a change of sox, and other camping paraphernalia. I soon loaded this and went into the hold to search farther. You can imagine my joy to find in the hold a portable house that some Spanish grandee had ordered from Sears and Roebuck for his South American plantation. I carried this upon the deck and unloaded the boat. I now loaded up the portable house ready for my departure.

Before I had finished this I was feeling the pangs of hunger. Having finished my job, I immediately went to the cook's galley, where to my joy I found forty-eight of Heinz Fifty-seven Varieties. Having satisfied my personal wants, my attention was distracted by the incessant cries of the pigs in the hold. Thinking of my winter's meat supply, I drove them upon deck and then threw them into the water. They soon swam ashore, so my food question was solved.

I now rowed my boat load ashore and assembled the little portable bungalow. Thinking I might want to leave this island I again went to the ship and moved its wireless to my house. This I soon assembled and was listening to the calls of ships away out in the ocean. For some reason I could not get the sending set to working.

For the next few days, for fear that a storm would come up and destroy the wreck, I worked diligently getting everything available off the wreck to my island. These things were too numerous to enumerate, but from time to time things will be mentioned that I got from the wreck.

One day I had the scare of my life. I was out on one of my frequent exploring expeditions and I was wandering aimlessly around when I came upon a footprint in the sand!! On looking farther I discovered another—there was a literal trail of them. Wishing to discover who the miscreant was, I followed the trail. After walking for a short time the trail was joined by a second, and two trails, side by side, now stretched before me.



"There are two of them," I thot to myself, and looked well to my weapons. After a time a third trail joined the two I was following. As time went on, more and more trails joined the original one until there must have been a party of fifteen that I was following, and still no sign of an intruder. Well, I followed those trails for half a day, more and more trails joining, before I found out that I had been trailing myself. I had been walking in a great circle and as I came to the place I had started my last trails showed as new ones. My, but I was frightened for some time.

One day I had just cause for fear. A canoe load of savages in war-paint pulled up before my bungalow. They came up to the door and knocked. I knew I must put up a bold front or all was lost, so I came to the door. A big, savage-looking chief said:

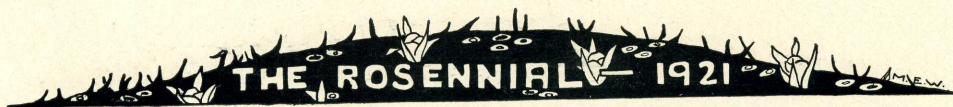
"Are you Robinson Crusoe?"

I answered in the affirmative and he handed me a special delivery letter from my father, saying that he had married the chorus girl. After this bit of bad news I did not want to go home at all. Wishing to gain the good will of the natives, I pulled a few simple tricks in magic that I had learned while touring with a vaudeville troupe. So great was my success that these simple children of nature became my abject slaves thru fear.

I had a goodly amount of compunction in employing them as slaves, yet I couldn't see that Lincoln's proclamation extended to this island, so I proceeded to put them to work. The work we accomplished was marvelous. In a very short time we had a good sized, thoroly up-to-date, modern town located here. The buildings were composed of some of Sears and Roebuck's portable bungalows. They were equipped with electric lights from the municipal plant, two kinds of water (cold and wet), and gas ranges. The town was blessed with good paved streets, a good water and sewage system, trolley cars, electric street lights, and both protection from the police department and the fire department.

Blessed as these simple-minded natives were with the good things I had given them, they soon grew tired of the present municipal system and demanded the City Manager form of government. This I granted. Then, partly thru their gratitude and my newspaper, which controlled public opinion, I was unanimously elected City Manager, with commissioners from their own class under me. Under my able management we soon had a large public library, a railroad to all parts of the island, a municipal telephone system, and were even connected by cable to all the nearest islands of importance.

So many of the natives were flocking into this island that I had made a modern Eden, that I was forced to pass some very strenuous immigration laws. These disappointed natives soon found I had a monopoly on the gold output and they began to ship in gold. So, for



the public policy, I laid a very high tariff on gold; this also acted as a source of revenue.

As time went on I improved the island wonderfully, in both a public and governmental way. Me being the only Whiteman on the island is what my great success is due to. There was, of course, no political opposition, and I held my place thru merit and God. According to the natives, my god was a some one in a shiny box. This was nothing else than a Victrola that I had brought from the ship. When the natives heard it play they bowed to the ground in reverence.

However, I was not to enjoy my isolation in peace. One day the observer in my weather bureau announced a strange cloud seaward. I got out my binoculars and saw that it was the smoke of a steamer and it was heading for my island. It soon dropped anchor and a boat set out from it. Raising my glass I made out besides the sailors a girl. With my glass I saw that she was young and beautiful, and I fell in love with her at long range. The boat soon arrived and I welcomed her to my humble habitat. As time went by we became very friendly. Friendship ripened into—my downfall. After several days of mooning around I had lost my appetite. I had lost my interest in work, and I had even lost my patience. But one night we were walking along the moonlit beach. My heart was beating like a trip-hammer, my face was flushed, I summoned up all my courage, then, clinching my hands, I asked her—her name. Ye Gods and poisoned mushrooms!! It was my Chorus step-mother.

Well, Daniel, she beguiled me to come home, and as father was getting old and couldn't possibly live much longer, I went. I was very sorry to part with the island that had been my home so long. The natives gave me a great sendoff. The troops lined up and fired a farewell salute, and the people cheered as the boat pulled out. I don't know whether they were cheering because I was leaving, because I had deeded the place to them before a notary public, or because of my service to them. However, I didn't mind which one it was, as I was feeling fine after a hot bath and a shave in the Municipal Barber Shop, a new suit of tailored clothes, and a cigar grown on my own plantation. With my arm around my step-mother, we looked back to the island until the steamer had taken us almost out of its sight.

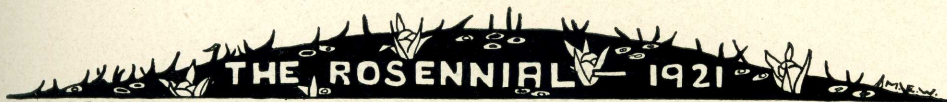
Well, Dan, it was hard to leave at the time, but mother and I are getting along famously now—that father is dead.

With best wishes I close,

Your boyhood friend,

Robinson Crusoe.

—Russell Alexander, '21





Music—Victorious Flag ----- Ascher  
 High School Orchestra

President's Address—  
 Robert Elliott

Class Poem----- Indiana, the Beautiful  
 Wilma Hoover

Music—(a) A Merry Race----- J. E. West  
 (b) A Summer Garden----- J. E. West  
 Girls' Glee Club

Class History—  
 Pauline Hutchens

Class Address----- Service of Science  
 Forrest Hutton

Class Will—  
 Suzanne Chandler

Music—Fairylnd----- G. A. Veazie  
 Girls' Glee Club

Class Prophecy—  
 Lowell Cooper

Class Song—  
 Evelyn VanZant

Announcements----- Superintendent E. J. Llewelyn

Music—Our Sailors----- Ascher  
 High School Orchestra



## PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS

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FELLOW CLASSMATES AND FRIENDS:

It has been said, and well said, that all the world's a stage; men come upon it, play their part and retire. We, as the graduating class of Nineteen Hundred Twenty-one, have just completed the prologue and now the curtain rises for the first act in the mighty drama of life, in which each of us will be called upon to present a part in a masterful manner.

In the rehearsals for this great drama of life we have been prompted by competent instructors, but now as we, unaided, cautiously advance from the wings of the world's stage to the footlights, a receptive but critical audience asks, "What can you do, and how well?"

Our character and ability as Christian citizens will measure the value of our four years' training in the New Castle High School. The duties of citizenship into which we now enter not only involve obligations to ourselves but to those about us.

We will seek to apply the ideals and ambitions of youth to practical pursuits in a time laden with undreamed-of possibilities. Whether we strive to become captains of business and industry, students of various professions, tillers of the soil, leaders in public thought, or creators of works of art or literature, by this time we should have formed a resolute purpose to perform a definite task. We will find that we must prove our worth if we succeed, but as the world emerges from the testing time of war and reconstruction, ever-present progress calls for men and women of action, alert in mind, trained in hand, and pure in heart.

There will be difficulties to overcome and much work to be done, but 'tis the fierce gale that urges the sailor to deeds of bravery, while the soft south wind lulls him to lethargy. Should the college halls be accessible, we will be able to command a life made rich by knowledge, whatever occupation we enter.

It is a noble purpose to try to get the best out of life, but a still greater aim lies in trying to give our best to the lives of others, for in this democracy over which so proudly floats the Stars and Stripes, where a rail splitter has mounted to the Presidency, and where equal advantages of education are offered to all, we must also recognize that there is allotted to each a share in the responsibilities of that citizenship. What shall our part be?

To become conscientious citizens of our community, observant of both moral and civil laws, is our share. In the successful conduct of the affairs of a free people it is necessary that an industrious people be fitted to make good use of their inalienable rights, as well as to have just laws. Too often it is thought the law-maker holds the place of im-



portance, yet the success of a government depends more largely upon enforcement and obedience to the laws already made. Leaders are ever needed, but happy followers, performing their humble share in the scheme of life, are just as necessary.

We are prideful of our Americanism, but if we would be true to the traditions established by Washington, preserved by Lincoln and immortalized by Roosevelt, we must look to the home and community welfare, upon which government of a free people rests. The statesman is in fact only a faithful citizen of a community, delegated to do a greater work. The community, state and nation, whose advancement is our advancement, is made better by our individual progress. In a word, then, our task is to become Home and Community Patriots. The patriotism of home life calls for makers of homes in which the principles of Americanism and high moral precepts are taught. It is the Community Patriot, afire with the civic spirit, who builds cities from villages, who is first to observe and enforce the laws, and who anticipates his neighbors' needs.

So, fellow Seniors, as we recall the happy yesterdays of preparation, let us look forward to the tomorrow of opportunity, with a determination to so conduct ourselves that of our individual workmanship, it may be said: "It is well done."  
—Robert Elliott.

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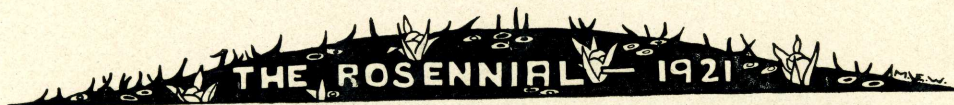
## CLASS POEM

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### INDIANA, THE BEAUTIFUL

ONCE I sat one clear, warm night;  
Up above the stars shone bright,  
While the moon was hidden from view  
All the world was showered in dew.  
Through the mist a vision grand  
Came to me, of fairy land.

Fields I saw of waving green,  
Gaily decked by sparkling streams.  
Then I saw old water mills,  
Nestled close among the hills.  
Beating their tunes, the falls were gone,  
Ceaseless,—always rushing on.



Passing then before my eyes,  
Trees that reached up toward the skies,  
Nodding, bowing all together,  
Each content with all the weather.  
Peeping o'er the edge of nests,  
Little birds had gone to rest.

Pictured there, as in a mirror,  
Ne'er a sight will e'er be dearer,  
Myriads of dancing flowers in bloom,  
On the hillsides of the Dunes.  
Saw a cave with mouth hung low,  
Carved by nature long ago.

Looking, where the road did turn,  
Saw a bridge o'er grown by fern,  
Interlaced with rose and vine,  
Making it a place sublime.  
Underneath, the gurgling brook,  
Gushing to some shady nook.

Then, the moon broke through the night,  
Wrapped the world in gleaming light.  
Scenes, where are they wondrous fair?  
Answers came from everywhere,  
Name far greater than that of Rome,  
"Indiana," our dear old home.

—Wilma Hoover.

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## History Of Class Of 1921

THE night was uncommonly chilly for one in the middle of May. Outside the wind blew noisily, making me long for the coming day. A bough beat with ghostly fingers, the rain pattered among the new leaves, keeping a soft tune to the mighty chorus of tossing branches over the eaves.

I had returned from our last class function and now in the long hours of the night, sat warming while engaged in retrospection before the flickering firelight.

The unsteady flames cast long shadows from the furniture all about me and utterly failed in its efforts to penetrate the darkness so gloomy.

Thus I sat lost in reverie. My High School course traced in fancy back to Nineteen Hundred Seventeen. At last I aroused myself enough



to secure a pencil and paper, upon which I recorded things of interest about my class.

I happened to think of my classmates. Many have dropped out of school. Some there are who remember the launching of our craft September third, Nineteen Hundred Seventeen.

Into the halls of N. H. S. we came, a noisy crowd of eighty Freshmen, and fresh we were in fact and name, as we started on a four years' journey with every prospect of a brilliant career. We progressed wonderfully the first week; most of us getting into the wrong classrooms or missing classes altogether. The Freshmen reporters, who were Gertrude Cofield, Fred Shultz, Evelyn VanZant and Eugene Haynes, helped to make "The Reflector," our school paper, a success. Miss Lemon and Miss Wilson, our session room teachers, marvelled at the ability with which we performed our duties. However, some fell by the wayside, and after final examinations others decided to change their course in hopes of finding more congenial surroundings beyond the school-room.

Our Sophomore year was more eventful than the first. Being Sophomores we were very dignified and settled down to work, forgetting the foolishness of the previous year. The Sophomore class furnished its quota in helping to make the first track and baseball teams which represented the High School.

Finally, our first affair as an organization took place—the Junior Reception. There was no need for any stimulus to enthusiasm, for we were overflowing with impetuous energy. We had to go sparingly on the bare necessities, such as picture shows, fountain specials and our most beloved, "Death do us part," chewing gum, in order to entertain the Seniors. Those that took this too hard were referred respectfully to "Poor Richard's Almanac" for hints on economy.

This affair proved to be the first real test of our mettle as a class, but we cleared the class treasury of a deficit and stood by to the end of the year, looking forward to our last and best year in New Castle High School with a clean record.

And finally we were Seniors! We found to our delight that having reached this stage, the teachers were placing more confidence in us and we tried to live up to that trust.

During our various business sessions we chose as our class officers, Robert Elliott, president; Wilfred Freel, vice-president; Hilda Kuntz, secretary, and Forrest Hutton, treasurer. Our class colors, Autumn Brown and Gold, and our class flower, the Ophelia rose, exhibit our taste for the beautiful.

Our studies held our interest until May 13, the day for the Prom, one of the greatest days of the year. The Junior class, with their able assistants, did the work, while we merely sponged our collars and shaved our faces, glowing with an unaccustomed brightness from anticipation





and soap. At the prescribed hour over two hundred guests assembled in the Chambers-Baily hall. The hall was beautifully decorated and the reception was a success from start to finish. A very clever and humorous play was presented by the Juniors, which was a most delightful surprise to all. Refreshments were served, using the High School colors, green and white, as the color scheme. After this there was good music for those who cared to dance. We remember what a truly charming host the Junior Class made, and how fine this last function was with our immediate successors.

By the publication of *The Rosennial*, our undeniable latent talent has been brought out. We worked together for one common triumph. In a great measure, it carries with it the aims, ambitions and ideals of the class of 1921. If it is in any way a success, it is due to the splendid Annual staff and faculty advisors, who had the cooperation of every member of the class.

The Class Play, "Under Blue Skies," given under the efficient coaching of Miss West, was presented with success.

While under classmen we learned many new things, chiefly facts concerning our ignorance and unimportance. But four years have elapsed, in which we have grown, both mentally and physically.

We view our past vicissitudes from the standpoint of a noted professor who said, "The mistakes that make us men are better than the accuracies that keep us children." We are now in a position to appreciate the value of a High School education, if we were too narrow gauged before; for we have become unconsciously, many of us, better built up in Personality, better rounded out in Character and newly possessed of a modest fund of Knowledge, all of which will be instrumental in preparing us for the great day when we accomplish things worth while.

We are now very busy planning our Commencement week. The Baccalaureate sermon will be given May 22.

For our Commencement, which comes May 26, a very able speaker has been secured and the Class is well pleased.

The education of the Class of 1921 will not stop when we graduate, as at least one-half of us intend to go directly to college, and more expect to go later, and so we might say that our school history will be "Continued in Our Next."

May the Class of 1922 and the lower classes enjoy every prosperity.

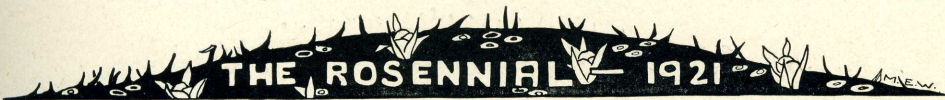
—Pauline J. Hutchens.

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## CLASS MOTTO

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"EDUCATION FOR SERVICE."



## Class Oration-- "Science of Service"

PREHISTORIC man recognized few desires, all of which were easily appeased. Climbing higher, he realized a need of more freedom, and hence felt a greater number of desires less easily satisfied. Civilized man has delegated to the man of science the opportunity to satisfy the cravings of his evolutionary nature, making the present ever indebted to the past and the future dependent upon the present.

Progress is made only through the sacrifice of greatness. No man lives without leaving an impress upon time in which he lived, either great or small. To all poets, philosophers and sages we owe a debt of gratitude which we can never repay. But to the scientist we owe life itself.

From the days of the alchemist "not a truth to art or science hath been given, but brows have ached and souls have striven." From the Greeks to Darwin, from Darwin to Marie Curie, humanity has been blessed in innumerable ways. Let us for a moment consider what science and her devotees have done—the shepherds watched on the hills of the far east and from their watching the compass beckoned man to unknown worlds and ships sail the seas. Another group of students of God's handwork found ink and paper and the printing press, gave to the world the new learning—the English Bible and the Reformation became a fact. Anesthesia came as a gift from the altar and suffering was alleviated. The scientist spoke and medicine and surgery saved the lives of millions.

Pasteur devoutly discovered how to save sheep and from this man learned to save babies, by making milk pure. Electricity was harnessed and carries the burden of man. Bessemer steel was made and buildings climb to the sky and bridges span the rivers. The machine-gun sprang into existence and the enemy fell back from Hill No. 103, and civilization and democracy were saved.

The earth's population doubled and redoubled, science came to the rescue with more scientific farming, helping to feed the millions who are non-producers. An investigator spends a lifetime perfecting communication, investigating plant life, changing the product or learning more of the ailments of the human body to benefit the coming generations. With the recent development of modern machinery came the need of lubrication to insure longer wear and more efficient operation, and also came the need of a source of motive power. Geologists grappled with the problem and modern-day conveniences were made possible.

Few men other than scientists, have the satisfaction of knowing that by their research they have brought humanity closer to God himself. A poet's production serves to uplift ideals, the same does an artist's masterpiece, but that which makes life worth living and interesting is the product of the scientist's brain.

—Forrest Hutton.



# CLASS WILL

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IN the name of God, Amen. Know all students by these presents, that we, the members of the Class of 1921, of New Castle, Henry County, Indiana, being of lawful age, sound mind, unusual intelligence, and disposing memory, do, on this 20th day of May, 1921, make, publish and declare this to be our last will and testament, and bequeath our valuable and otherwise possessions in the manner following:

Russell Alexander wills his vaulting pole, with which he is enabled to descend the stairs in four leaps, to Walter Cloud.

As an incentive to work, Wilmer Anderson leaves his little white cap, which is always in evidence when he is in Couden's, to Earl Swazy.

As a preservative for good looks, Robert Elliott wills his fine motto, "Early to bed and early to rise," to Junior Powell.

Lawrence Wiggins bequeaths his interest in "golf" to James Freeman.

Odessa Van Dyke, well known as the "vamp," in looking for some one to take care of Hobart Lowery next year, leaves him to the tender mercies of Blanche Rosinsky.

Hoping for improved conduct, Elaine Robson wills her good behavior in school, to Vera Teager.

Lowell Cooper wills a hair net to Mary Anna McFarland.

Eugene Haynes wills his never-failing meal ticket to Leon Bush.

Wilma Hoover bequeaths her poetical genius to Genevieve Lawless.

Vivian Ellis gives her perfect modesty to Juanita Myers.

Pauline Shumack leaves her vampish ways to Maxine Monroe.

Lowell Hess, being an ardent admirer of punctuality, leaves his faithful alarm clock, for next year's use, to Stanley Harding.

Recognizing an apt pupil, Maxwell Mills wills his flute to Raymond Jolly.

Knowing his great liking for, and also his intimate knowledge of the uses thereof, Mildred Calpha bequeaths her powder puff to Mr. Jones.

Noble Waggener wills his job of selling tickets at the "Y" to Leonard McCormack.

Lawrence Howell leaves his mania for chewing gum to Joseph Smith.

Stella Murray bequeaths her gift of gab to Charles Payne.

Wilfred Freely, world renowned cook, wishing to perpetuate his art among the male sex, leaves his cherished frying pan to Albert White.

Carl Higgs wills his noted violin compositions to Mabel Jeffries.

Pauline Hutchins gives a bunch of kid curlers to Floyd Conn.

Barbara Archibald wills her love for athletics to Catherine Cooper.

Bernice Lamb leaves her wandering mind to Dale Williams.



Everett Rowles bequeaths his stylish appearance to Osta Orner.  
Margaret Seegers wills a hamburger, of which she is especially fond,  
to Daniel Shaw.

George Knotts leaves his most beloved plaything to "Dyke" Gron-  
endyke.

Hilda Kuntz bequeaths her complexion (namely rouge and lipstick)  
to Ella Yergin.

Fred Shultz wills his precious cigarettes to Jesse Griffith.

Lyman Hall and Mildred Glick leave their high school case to Rus-  
sell Lawson and Mildred Morris.

Luotta Mann bequeaths her spinx-like silence to Anastasia  
Gullion.

Noble McDaniel wills the dividends from the rent of his civics  
book to Alton Schepman.

Frances Elliott leaves her calendar, which has helped to keep her  
dates straight, to Robert Goodale.

"Booty" Steele gives his foot-prints, which we are sure will lead to  
perfection in study, to Sam Bufkin.

Henry Koons wills his vocational guidance report on farming to  
Henry Jennings.

Marvin McKee wills his curiosity which has been aroused in  
Physics Lab. to Dorothy Elliott.

Woodford Green leaves his promenading privileges in the hall to  
"Tete" Dann.

William Holland leaves his first and last word in everything to  
George Weltz.

Gertrude Cofield, realizing the value of a pencil for making a mark  
in life, hereby bequeaths one to Kenneth Pope.

Mabel Villars wills her unbroken record in typewriting to Elsie  
White.

Elizabeth Conner leaves a wedding cake to Miss Robbins.

Fern Meisel wills her pretty dimple to Donald Clark.

Davis Duncan leaves his means of self-defense, learned at the Naval  
Training Station, to Russell Kem.

With the hope of encouraging a most pomising basketball career,  
Francis Boor bequeaths his old "gym" shoes to Louise Koons.

Mary Zimmerman wills her flippant, Spanish tongue to Russell  
Klus.

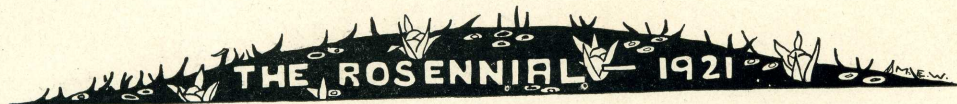
Richard Koons leaves one big pickle to Carol Hosier.

Hoping to save wear and tear on desks, Mildred Wiggin bequeaths  
a little drum, that beats a good tattoo, to her friend, Clyde Coble.

Twila Dean wills her Commencement picture to George Hansard.

Jay Weaver leaves a top, which he considers a good plaything, to  
Norman Durham.

In order to fill a long-felt want, Mildred Brenneman wills her best  
book of knowledge to Elmer Ransom.



Hubert Gauker bequeaths his tooth, (lost in basketball) to George Dingle.

Having a desire to help cut down traveling expenses, Glenna Fisher leaves her traction trip book to 'Mike' Edwards.

Forrest Hutton wills the safety deposit box, which has kept all the Seniors' money, to the prospective treasurer of next year's class, George Brebner.

Evelyn VanZant leaves the curling iron with which she makes those beautiful "Marcelle" waves, to Mr. Grose.

Mary Woodbury bequeaths her length to Harriet Newby.

Arnold Greist wills his perfectly good, unused dates to Helen Millikan.

Helen Cloud leaves a hammer, which has done some good knocking, to Hattie Coggeshell.

Rheese Miller bequeaths his crutches, as a warning to fast drivers, to Donald Kennedy.

Lloyd Mettel wills his much admired pocket comb to Harold Moppin.

Ralph Wilson leaves a box of rubber bands, useful in training the hair, to Lothair Thompson.

Marie Wechter bequeaths a bunch of Hershey wrappers to Howard Himes.

Howard Miller leaves a few good excuses, especially for Mondays, to Lawrence Rhoten.

James Hamilton wills some razor blades to Leroy Decker.

Irving Whittenbeck bequeaths his bottle of hair dressing, which guarantees a patent leather shine, to Horace Hatfield.

Marguerite Miller leaves a book on "How to Be Cheerful," along with her charming smile, to Edwin Hunter.

Paul Shaffer, a public-spirited citizen, wishing to relieve suffering humanity from being talked to a slow death, and furnish the victims a less painful method, bequeaths a bottle of Chlorine gas to Randall Watkins.

Howard Richards wills his beloved hoe, which is a good help on the farm, to Perry Loer.

Corwin Hiatt leaves a guaranteed remedy for sleepiness, consisting of elixir of life and aromatic spirits of ammonia, to Marshall Couden.

Howard Smith wills his fountain pen, thru which his thots have flowed most fluently for the past four years, to George Wiggins.

Clifford Joyner wills his model Physics Note Book to Ernest Jones.

Harry Hendricks regreftfully leaves his stinking pipe to Russell Cook, in hopes that its strength will bring Russell up a year or two.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, we have set our Hands and Seal, this 20th day of May, 1921.

HOWARD HEZEKIAH ROCKHILL.

HARRIET AWILDA TABITHA COGGESHELL.



# CLASS PROPHECY

CERTAINLY this was a blow to my happy expectations. To be shipwrecked on a desolate island off the coast of Scotland. I was wet and cold and a bleak north wind was rising, so I nestled down at the foot of a tall pine tree which seemed the only sign of shelter, and fell asleep.

The wind was howling thru the trees when I awoke, but soon I fancied I heard another sound that made me jump up with a start. It was the sound of someone talking. But that voice!—Then it came to me suddenly why I had been so startled. That voice could belong to none other than Hilda Kuntz. After several minutes of wandering in the moonlight I came to the mouth of a natural cave. There were three ugly old women seated around an old iron kettle supported by three sticks over a fire.

I did not need to be told where I was. I had heard rumors on the mainland of these three witches; how they had made Macbeth king of Scotland and numerous other stories of their wonderful power.

There was clearly no chance of leaving the island until someone should come over from the mainland to consult with the witches, and in the meantime I might as well make the most of a bad lot, so I decided, out of curiosity, to find out how much the witches really knew, and ask them about my old school friends.

When I had made my desires known, they danced around the old iron pot, chanting a weird song. Soon the eldest threw something into the kettle and a dense white gas arose, the center seeming to take on the form of a fiend. When the younger spoke a few words of command, the shape vanished and in its place vague shadows began to play, and finally to creep and arrange themselves into a definite form which soon became recognizable as the old corner drug store.

This was something like. I grew thirsty as I glanced toward the soda fountain. There, rising with a quart of milk in his hand, was the carbonated water dispenser. He looked familiar and in spite of a smart moustache and a little goatee, Wilmer Anderson looked very natural, even to the same sad expression in his eyes.

The shadows shifted, and as the figures rearranged themselves I found myself watching a play at the Grand theater, when suddenly a vision illuminated the stage, for an actress with eyes, hair, nose and complexion the color of an American Beauty rose, had entered. It was Bereniece Lamb starring as Golduh Stubbins in that stirring melodrama "Roger Wants His Beans," produced by the McDaniel Opera Company, with whom Noble McDaniel is associated as general office boy. Opposite Miss Lamb played Wilfred Freel as Roger Bean, and between the two in momentary suspension in the atmosphere, was a series of plates, dish rags, and other tender missives of adoration. The play was improved



between acts by Glenna Fisher, who gave a remarkable demonstration of classical dancing which was very appropriate for the occasion, owing to the way in which she does up her hair in true Golduh fashion. She was brought to New Castle under the auspices of the local Y. W. C. A., of which Fred Shultz is acting secretary. He enjoys the congenial atmosphere surrounding the position.

The scene shifted slowly, and I saw an auction sale in New York City. The goods were going rapidly, at fabulous prices, under the hammer of Mildred Brenneman, auctioneer. She was happy at last where she could make all the noise she wanted to.

A bright red limousine flew past and I could have sworn that Ralph Wilson was at the wheel. Alas! I thot, that his electrical engineering dreams should be confined to magnetos and starters. The machine stopped in front of a great office building and Ralph jumped out to open the door for Eugene Haynes, editor of the New York World. I was not surprised, for I knew he'd get there before he stopped. He had hardly seated himself at his desk when Clifford Joyner brought in the news that "Policeman" Mary Zimmerman had arrested Carl Higgs for suspicious conduct and being a public nuisance, when he stumbled over the street car track and broke a basket of eggs full of booze.

The next scene took me to a private home. There was Mabel Villars pacing up and down the living room. She had made up her mind to be a farmer's wife, but she just couldn't decide on the farmer—and she had advertisements in all the papers around too—but even while I watched, a maid in a white cap and apron, who looked a lot like Fern Meisel, ushered into the room three handsome, blushing, jealous farmers, Davis Duncan, Howard Richards and Irving Wittenbeck.

When the shadows shifted I saw that Frances Elliott and Helen Cloud had joined the reform movement. After having witnessed a moving picture show they became just scandalized and mutally pledged themselves in a solemn compact to eat no pie and chew no gum until the movies should be reformed.

The Henry County Fair was a big day for Marie Wechter. She passed among the crowd selling her indestructible powder puffs, warranted not to scratch or show finger marks. As she walked away from James Hamilton I saw the poor fellow gazing helplessly at a little pink powder puff in his hand. He threw it away as soon as she was out of sight, grinning sheepishly and acting as if he wanted to kick himself. But it was no use. He knew he would buy another if she came around again. And she did.

The scene shifted to a side-show on the fair grounds where Hubert Gauker and Lyman Hall were exhibiting three freaks in nature composed of curious unballanced members of the Junior Class who thot themselves as intelligent as a Senior. Under the same tent people gazed wide-eyed at the stunts pulled off by a comic magician. He announced that anyone could get a deck of the magic cards at the window with his



picture, and people flocked to get a deck of the wonder cards with Russell Alexander's picture on the joker.

The shadows faded and grew again until they formed a baseball diamond. It was the final game of the world's series between New York and Cleveland. The score was 6 to 7 for Cleveland. It was the last half of the ninth and New York had two outs and a man on third. In the pitcher's box was William Holland, and Henry Koons, New York's pinch-hitter, at the bat. William sent down one of his wonderful curves and the umpire called "Strike two." I glanced curiously at Henry. His knees were shaking. Probably from the cold wind. I certainly didn't envy Cowin Hiatt his job of umpiring that game.

In the next scene I saw that Twilda Dean had been made the dean of girls at Tuskegee University, almost immediately after having graduated from that place.

The figures changed and I saw the fate of Evelyn VanZant. Miss VanZant has consecrated her life to religious work in Salt Lake City and at present is conscientiously following the Bible injunction to become a fisher of men. She likes the work immensely. And who are they, you ask? Well, they change very rapidly. At present about a dozen in general and Everett Rowles in particular. Mr. Rowles went to Salt Lake City ostensibly to aid and recall his friends, Maxwell Mills and Lloyd Mettle, who had some time since joined that great majority known as prescription hunters. But all that has ceased to be even a memory now.

The next scene showed Pauline Shumack, a Philadelphia society butterfly, grown rich thru oil. She was sitting in her easy chair, reading a favorite copy of "Hoover's Love Lyrics." Evidently Wilma Hoover was guilty, but I always expected as much.

A little country schoolhouse now came into view. There, behind a desk, sat Eugene Steele, Professor of Latin, in a pair of shell-rimmed spectacles. Often in the cool of the evening, an old white headed man with a flowing beard, might be seen at the schoolhouse. This evening he had a butterfly in his hand. He was a naturalist, nature lover, and his butterflies were his pride and joy. It took considerable concentration to recognize Richard Koons. He loved the peace and quiet of the country and lived a happy, solitary life with his faithful cob pipe. But it was only when Lawrence Wiggins came out from the village with a fresh supply of chewing, that the circle was complete. The three old men loved to sit around the stove and read while they squirted tobacco juice thru the open door. The book they loved to read the most was written by Richard himself. He called it "Woodrow Wilson—An Appreciation." It is by this work even more than by his bugs and butterflies, that he desires to be remembered by future generations.

The only member of the class to leave the country seemed to be Stella Murray, who is teaching the straight and narrow path to the natives of the Congo Valley.





In the next scene the figures showed me that Odessa VanDyke, Barbara Archibald and Woodford Green were serving on the New Castle Board of Education, but at present they have removed only one teacher from the faculty.

A quiet living room now came into view. The lights were low, but the tension was high, and there a scene was enacted almost too painful to record, but briefly, Jay Weaver had proposed to Mildred Wiggin and got slapped in the face. My nerves were strained and my sense of modesty was shocked and I implored the witches to hurry on.

When the last scene was left unfinished, the shadows formed a well remembered picture. There was Arnold Greist absorbed in his studies, taking a post-graduate course in the new High School.

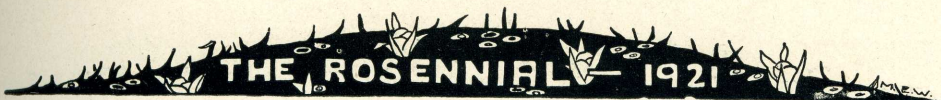
I saw a court room now. Glancing at the Mayor's chair I saw that Lawrence Howell's majestic figure amply filled it. Howard Miller wanted a divorce from Marguerite Seegers on grounds of misrepresentation. Her advertisement in the paper said she owned an oil well in Oklahoma, but he found it blew up twenty years ago. However, upon a decision of the court awarding Mrs. Miller \$2,000 alimony, Howard decided he was only joking. He only wanted to tease his wife, he said, so they kissed and went out arm in arm. As they passed the door, Wilma Moore, the court reporter, spoke to Marguerite and said "I told you there wasn't any sense in your getting married. Look and see how happy and free I am."

These shadows were replaced by others showing Kahn-Heller's display windows, and there, one in each window, were Gertrude Cofield and Mildred Glick, living models displaying the latest rage in evening gowns. That they didn't like their job was clear. Evidently they only remained because they believed in the economic principle that everyone should do that for which they are best fitted. It was interesting to watch the crowds of prospective customers.

Two members of the class draw their money from Uncle Sam. Rheese Miller has been induced to accept the position of Postmaster-General and recently created quite a sensation when he announced that he would support any bill increasing the salary of that office to \$15,000.00. Also Vivian Ellis, having carefully followed Mrs. Wilson's prescription, quite unexpectedly found herself in the Senate and is now dreaming over a reform bill which when passed, will make it fitting and proper for ladies to smoke cigarettes in public theaters.

Lowell Hess and George Knotts seemed to be the only true geniuses which the class produced. Having studied in physics of the vast stores of potential energy stored away in the pumpkin, they have conducted several experiments with very satisfying and conclusive results. They have proved the amount of energy expended and the amount of work expended by them since leaving school to be almost equal to the amount of pumpkin pie consumed.

Giving way to her romantic inclinations, Pauline Hutchens has



become the owner of a cattle ranch in Arizona. She says Noble Waggener is the best cowboy on the place. She picked him up on the streets of Denver, down and out, and now he is her devoted slave, thus proving to her satisfaction that there may be a little good in even the very worst of us.

The next scene at the next glance seemed to be rather unintelligible. There was Elizabeth Conner sitting in a big arm chair and chattering away and laughing uproariously at seemingly nothing at all, for there was no one in the room. I certainly was some nonplussed at this behavior until a man came in and said that would be enough for today. Then I caught on. She was employed by the Victor Talking Machine Company to tell funny stories and jokes for phonograph records.

When the shadows moved again I was watching Marvin McKee trying to sell a Hoosier Kitchen Cabinet to Luotta Mann. Now, I don't know anything at all, but what can Luotta Mann want with a kitchen cabinet?

I now passed into what seemed to be a sort of an office, but a feeling of politics pervaded the air. At a desk sat Forrest Hutton. I knew without being told that Forrest had become a cog in our great political machine. Wondering what high office he held, I glanced at the door and saw the lettering, which read: "COUNTY CLERK." The door opened and in stepped two embarrassed young people. They were Suzanne Chandler and Robert Elliott, and they walked to the desk as if they wished they were going the other way.

"What can I do for you?" asked Forrest.

"We—we want—we," Suzanne started to explain. "We—Te—he—you tell him, Robert."

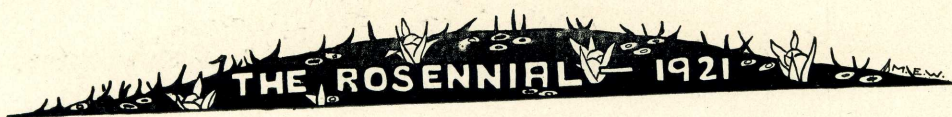
Robert was perspiring, but he managed to stammer out, "Ma—maybe we'd better come back when he's not so busy," and they started to leave. But Forrest knew his business, and called out in a sympathetic, fatherly voice: "Come on back. I know what you want and we'll fix it up all right."

I now saw that Francis Boor, having learned that a business must be suited to one's temperament if he is to put his whole heart into the work, has bought a share and is now entered a junior partner in the firm of "Smith & Hendricks. Undertaking Parlors."

The shadows faded and showed the interior of a well furnished office. The lettering on the door, reading:

PAUL SHAFFER, SPECIALIST

told me where I was. Soon Paul entered with a patient. It was Elaine Robson, and she was explaining her case. "Oh, Doctor, so you think it's heart trouble. Could I have gotten it by being so often to the movies with a lady friend?" "I don't know whether **you** could or not. But **I** did," Paul replied. "And what did you do for it?" asked his patient. "I married her," answered Paul, a beautiful glow suffusing his cheek. I was curious to see who it was Paul had married, and then



an inner door opened, and Paul quailed. It was Mildred Calpha, then, who had upset Paul's little heart. She glided ethereally up to him, slapped him squarely on the mouth. Then, as if to explain her conduct, she spoke to Miss Robson, saying, "My husband ain't the same gallant lover as courted me twenty years ago and when he gets sort of frivolous and light-headed with his patients I has to stop him the kindst—"

But it will never be known what was to come next, for stranger things began to happen. The gas that had been rolling out of the kettle and where the figures seemed to be dancing was of a peculiarly suffocating nature and one of the witches began to sneeze. Very extraordinary for a witch, no doubt, but it was nothing compared to what followed, for the sneeze seemed to tear her very face away and there behind it was another face. I thot of the familiar voice I had heard on my first arrival.

The game was up and no longer could they extort money from the simple peasants for their prophecies, but Marguerite Miller, Mary Woodbury and Hilda Kuntz were far from discouraged, for they knew that other bewitching properties would be just as easy for them in America.

—Lowell Cooper.

### CLASS YELL

1—9—2—1

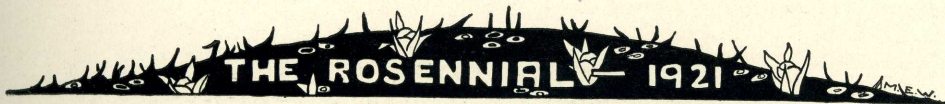
Who rah! Who rah!

Who won? Who won?

1—9—2—1

Yea Class!

'21 !



# CLASS SONG

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## First Verse

**Y**ES, we love you, dear old High School,  
You're the greatest school of all;  
With your spirit in athletics,  
In the winter, spring and fall.  
We love your learned teachers,  
Your high standards we'll not shun,  
But most of all we love our own class,  
Our class of twenty-one.

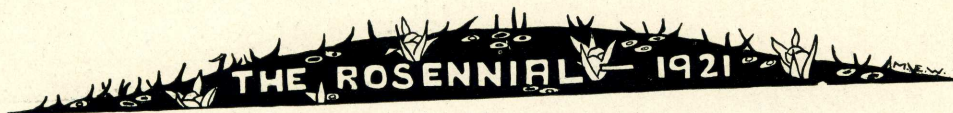
## Chorus

Here's to twenty-one, with lots of pep and fun,  
Here's to our dear old Senior days,  
Here's to our colors, autumn brown and gold,  
N. H. S. we'll always praise.  
Here's to friendships new,  
To which we'll be strong and true.  
Better than us there is not one.  
Here's to the best class in the High School,  
Class of nineteen-twenty-one.

## Second Verse

In the future years at college,  
Or wherever we may be,  
We shall long for New Castle High School  
And our dear old friends to see.  
And we shall e'er remember  
In the years as they pass,  
The good times we had together  
In our nineteen-twenty-one class.

—Evelyn VanZant.



# CLASS PLAY

## CAST

Bruce McCulloch	-----	Wilfred Freel
David Joyce	-----	Russell Alexander
Dick Warren	-----	Maxwell Mills
Oscar Weber	-----	Fred Shultz
Old John	-----	Noble McDaniel
Sleepy Heine	-----	Eugene Steele
Williams	-----	Davis Duncan
Clare Joyce	-----	Evelyn VanZant
Edith Warren	-----	Frances Elliott
Sara	-----	Wilma Hoover
Mrs. Weber	-----	Gertrude Cofield
Little Elsie	-----	Sarah Lou McKee

## Neighbors

Mrs. Holt	-----	Mildred Calpha
Mrs. Wagner	-----	Bereneice Lamb
Minnie Wagner	-----	Helen Cloud
Sophie Barton	-----	Mildred Glick
Tillie Hoffman	-----	Odessa VanDyke

Stage Manager, Jay Weaver.

"Under Blue Skies," a comedy drama in four acts, was presented by the members of the Senior Class on May 19th and 20th. All members of the cast were at their best and played their parts with marked ability. As a whole it was a decided success and will go down in the pages of the history of our school as one of the best plays ever given by a Senior Class.

Clare Joyce is a motherless girl of eighteen, the daughter of a New England farmer. Their closest neighbors are the Webers, mother and son, the latter of whom is betrothed to Clare through an early understanding of the parents. Clare dislikes Oscar Weber and she falls in love with a stranger, Bruce McCulloch, a young man who is spending the summer in the neighborhood. They meet one day by chance, afterward by design. Bruce is reported to be engaged to Edith Warren, also a neighbor, whose father has become wealthy. The Webers and others become aware of the friendship between Clare and Bruce and gossip about it, until one day Mrs. Weber and her son call on David Joyce, Clare's father, to put a stop to it and hasten the marriage of Clare and Oscar.

Clare is a sweet, innocent girl, who has never been a hundred miles away from the little town in which she was born. At Bruce's request she writes him a love letter, as pure and sweet as herself. By accident



this letter falls into Oscar's hands, and he uses it to humiliate Clare by placing it on the door of the chapel, or meeting house. Clare is amazed to find her foolish little letter in such a conspicuous place, and Oscar, urged on by Edith Warren, tries to convince her that it is the work of Bruce. They insult and taunt her with what the neighbors are saying about her. Believing that Bruce is guilty, she innocently goes to his house that evening to tell him that he must never come to her father's home, and that she will never see or speak to him again. Bruce is astonished to find the letter has been lost and finally convinces Clare that he knew nothing about it. At this point Oscar Weber and Edith Warren arrive and demand an entrance. Oscar has been following Clare to learn something he could use against her. He had promised Miss Warren to let her know if he ever found Clare and Bruce together again, so when he sees Clare entering Bruce's gate, he gets Edith. Bruce, hearing their voices at the door, hides Clare behind the heavy window curtains. He denies that Clare is there, but Oscar suspects and is stealthily making his way to the window when Williams, Bruce's servant, throws him aside. Edith is convinced that Clare is secreted in the room and breaks her engagement with Bruce. Bruce is happy to have it so, because it makes him free to tell Clare of his love. After disposing of Oscar and Edith, he proposes to Clare that she marry him that night in order to quiet the gossips in the morning. He has a college friend in the next town who is a minister, and ordering Williams to get the automobile, they drive to his friend's and are married, with the minister's wife and Williams as witnesses.

David Joyce knows nothing of Clare's absence until the next morning, when the Webers and Miss Warren come to tell him of last night's happenings. At this moment Bruce returns with his wife and both are quickly forgiven when David hears the true story. The Webers and Miss Warren are disappointed at the turn of affairs and depart in anger. The table is spread and a happy family sit down to a joyous wedding breakfast.

—Glenna Fisher '21.





THE ORCHESTRA

Director, Miss May Dorsey

**Violins**

Richard Lawrence  
 Robert Duncan  
 Davis Duncan  
 Austin Akers  
 Carl Higgs  
 Richard Netz  
 Howard Richards  
 Alice Black  
 Hilda Hagner  
 Mabel Jeffries  
 Mary Rogers  
 Ruth Sommerville  
 Esther Sommerville  
 Mary Louise Potter  
 Jewell Mills  
 Grace Black

**Saxaphones**

Rheese Miller  
 Scott Chambers

**Cornets**

Walter Fatch  
 Cassel Higley  
 Clifford Joyner  
 Paul Mendenhall  
 Ralph Wilson  
 Frank Flick  
 John McCormack  
 Floyd Smith

**Clarinets**

Harold Rhexuss  
 William Higley  
 Marlow Paris  
 Russell Kem

**Piano**

Mildred Cluggish

**French Horn**

Bernard Vaughn

**Drums**

Alton Schepman



## High School Orchestra

THE High School Orchestra of 1920-21, made up of thirty-three talented musicians, is the largest that ever represented N. H. S. The orchestra attained its great success and popularity through the diligent, untiring efforts of the leader, Miss Dorsey. The standard of music played by the orchestra of '21 was far superior to that played by those of previous years. The musical talent of the orchestra was presented to the public on Class Day and when it furnished the music for the Class Play.

Few of the members will be lost by graduation, and Miss Dorsey looks forward to even a more successful orchestra next year.

—Richard Lawrence, '22.

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## The Girls' Glee Club

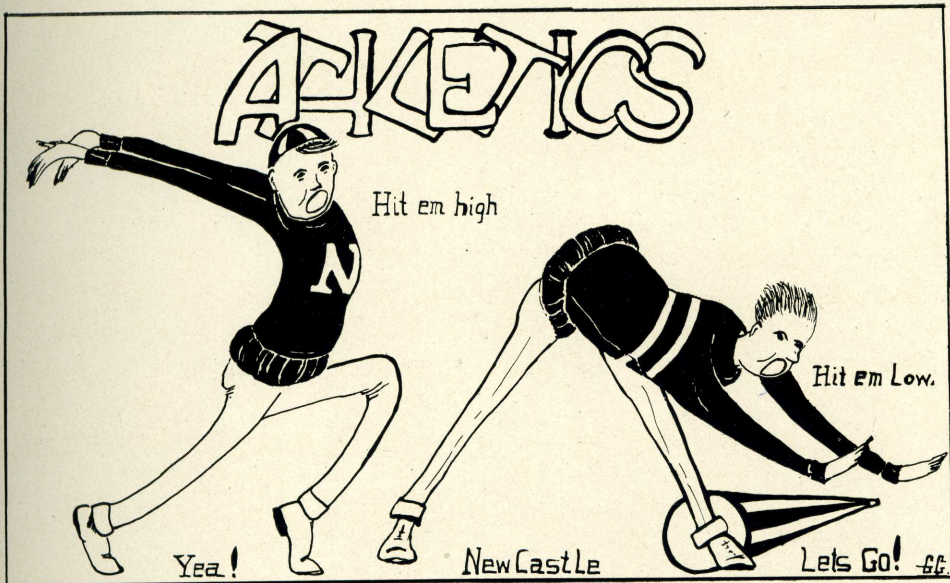
I breathed a song into the air,  
It fell to earth, I knew not where.  
For how could I discern the source,  
When paralyzed by such a force?

NO offense, Glee Club, we fully appreciate you. Our Glee Club has proved an invaluable cog in the wheel of our school life. In every instance it has responded to the demands of the occasions which necessitated the entertainments which it alone could afford. Its members, under the able supervision of Miss Dorsey, have toiled faithfully at weekly practice in order that its voice may be heard on the day of all days on our calendar—Class Day! The members who are Seniors and who have participated in the Club's activities, deeply regret their withdrawal from its friendly associations, but it is so well represented by the members of all classes that it will assume its activities next year with even greater success. Through all the many trials and triumphs, Miss Dorsey has shown the deepest interest and the most admirable ability in making the Girls' Glee Club one worthy of mention. N. H. S. is extremely fortunate to be the possessor of such a talented musician.

—Mildred Calpha, '21.







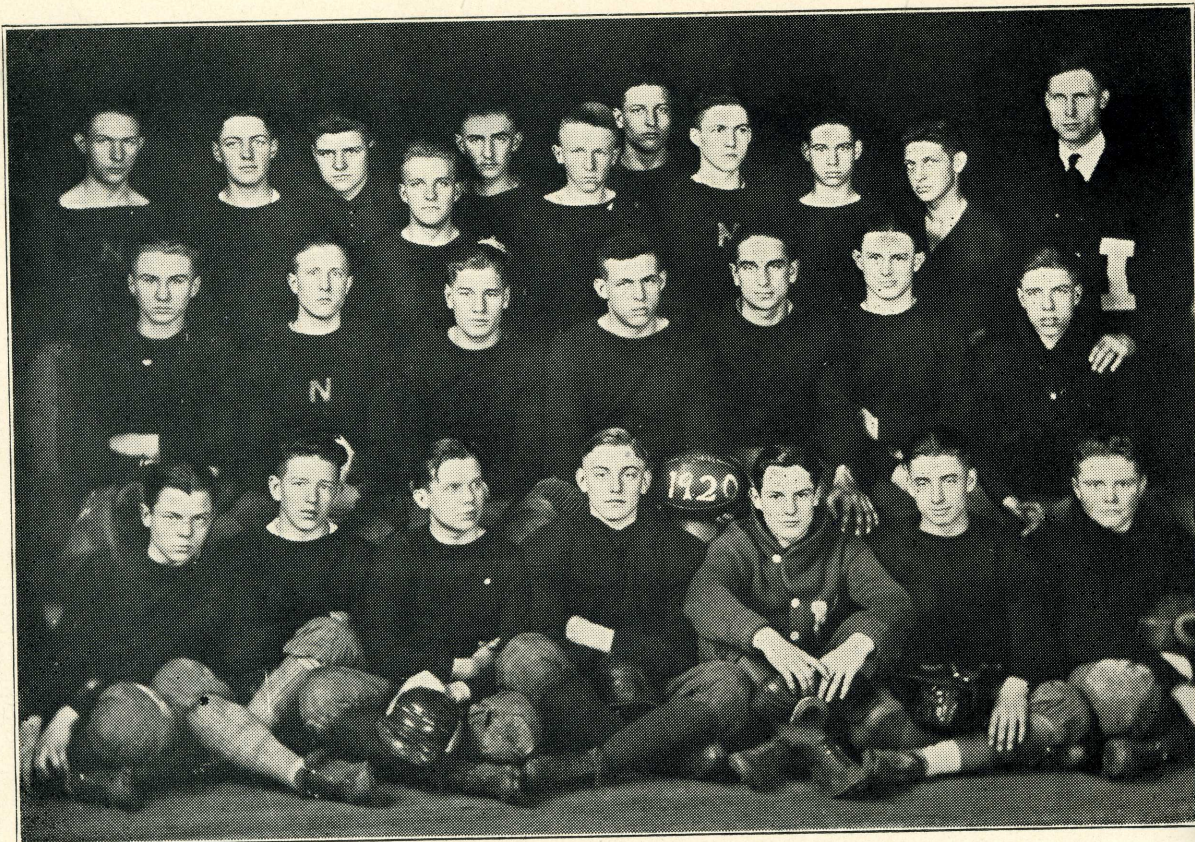
THE athletic work of the New Castle High School is the real life of the institution. In the past few years the athletics of the school have been brought upward until at the present day they stand on an equal basis with other accredited schools of the state. This feat cannot be accomplished anywhere unless the persons in charge are competent. The spirit of the community has also helped to develop athletics.

During the past seasons the athletic teams representing the local school were piloted successfully under the guidance of Coach Frank Allen. No alibi was available in many instances, for they met defeat fighting. The football team was the best in the history of the school. They established a record well worth recognition over the state by losing only one game out of seven starts.

The most popular sport in the High School today is basketball. Indiana leads the United States in this game, having more members of the state association than any other state. Every city, town and village in the state has a quintet. New Castle has had a team for several years and on several different occasions the teams that represented the local institution possibly played a better game, but it must be remembered that the tactics used in the game are continually changing, and possibly a good high school team three years ago could have been easily beaten by a team small in stature but built along the line of play used today.

At present the school athletes are engulfed with work in baseball and track. The local school had a good baseball team last year and nearly all members of the squad remain. Track has been revived in the school and with Assistant Coach Jones working with the track men and Coach Allen in charge of the baseball nine, the spring athletics of the school should be known over the state.





FOOTBALL TEAM

**T**HE High School football team played seven games during the past season, easily eliminating six of their opponents. The only reverse of the season came with the Technical high school of Indianapolis. Our team played in good form throughout the whole season, although in the Tech game several well known "boners" were "pulled" by our eleven. Tech won by the score of 17-0. The team was very well coached to keep six opponents from crossing its goal line.

Wilkinson met the locals here to start the season. The score was 69-0. Knightstown played here next. Score: 72-0. The Noblesville eleven, considered one of the best football teams in the state, lost their game here by the score of 13-0. "Tech came; they saw and they conquered," by the count of 17-0. New Castle traversed to Knightstown via special car and won again by the score of 48-0. Wilkinson was defeated on their own territory by the count of 18-0. The final game of the season saw the locals battling the Richmond High School team on Earlham Field in Richmond. New Castle won, 18-0. A final tally at the close of the year showed that the team scored a total of 255 points to the opponents' 17.

Some worth-while recognition was given several members of the squad. Captain Durham was given a position on the all-state second team. Francis Boor was named on the third team, while Raymond Jolly and Everett Rowles were given honorable mention. William Holland, a half-back; Eugene Steele, quarter-back; Boor, Rowles and Wilfred Freel are members of the graduating class. Durham and Wilfred Freel are members of the graduating class. Durham was recently re-elected Captain, being a Senior next year. The remainder of the squad left for next year range from Seniors to Freshmen.



## 1920-21 BASKET BALL SCHEDULE

	<b>Scores</b>
Nov. 12—New Castle vs. Centerville.....	48— 6
Nov. 19—New Castle vs. Elwood, away.....	23—10
Nov. 24—New Castle vs. Mooreland .....	55—17
Nov. 26—New Castle vs. Hagerstown, away.....	16— 7
Dec. 3—New Castle vs. Muncie, away .....	14—29
Dec. 4—New Castle vs. Connersville .....	30—25
Dec. 8—New Castle vs. Hartford City, away.....	21—23
Dec. 11—New Castle vs. Marion .....	28—11
Dec. 17—New Castle vs. Spiceland .....	29—15
Dec. 18—New Castle vs. Connersville, away.....	23—11
Dec. 24—New Castle vs. Rushville .....	21—28
Dec. 31—New Castle vs. Shelbyville, away .....	20—42
Jan. 7—New Castle vs. Shelbyville.....	19—28
Jan. 8—New Castle vs. Marion, away .....	11—13
Jan. 14—New Castle vs. Spiceland, away.....	17—19
Jan. 21—New Castle vs. Hagerstown.....	35—16
Jan. 28—New Castle vs. Muncie.....	17—27
Jan. 29—New Castle vs. Knightstown, away.....	12—19
Feb. 4—New Castle vs. Rushville, away.....	19—32
Feb. 5—New Castle vs. Columbus, away .....	22—45
Feb. 11—New Castle vs. Pendleton .....	31—16
Feb. 12—New Castle vs. Mooreland, away.....	29— 9
Feb. 18—New Castle vs. Elwood .....	29—28
Feb. 19—New Castle vs. Pendleton, away.....	23—32
Feb. 23—New Castle vs. Hartford City .....	50—10
Feb. 26—New Castle vs. Franklin .....	10—35

## BASKET BALL

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THE Basketball team, under the supervision of Coach Allen, won thirteen games and lost a like number. At times they were good enough to go through the state tournament and appear a winner, while during the next contest, the most insignificant team could have made our quintet look weird. The team started the season like a whirlwind and easily defeated some of the best teams; then came the slump. The squad stayed in that slump throughout the remainder of the year and when the sectional tourney appeared over the horizon the team was not in very good circumstances.

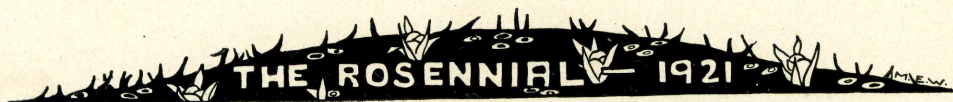
The team fought hard and at times it seemed as if everything would go along nicely, but they continued to lose games. They showed real form in the Elwood contest there November 19, when they won by the score of 23-10. The team baffled the Elwood five, while near the close of the season our five barely nosed Elwood out of the victory column on the local floor.

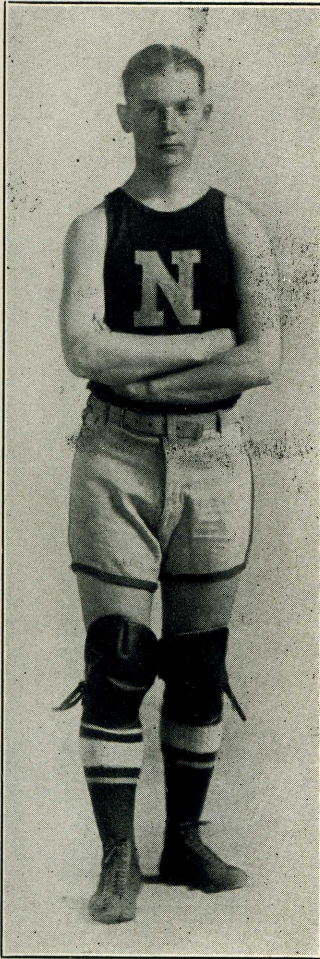
There are many things to be considered when the reasons are being picked why the team was not a winner, for the spirit of the community and the students was at a high pitch at all times, and never in the history of the school had so many noble townspeople cheered on their representatives.

At the start of the season Coach Allen commenced to build up his team around one regular player from the preceding team. It was true that he had three substitutes from the former outfit, but only one player had been in many of the scheduled games. This was not an easy task. It is comparatively easy to replace two or maybe three players, but when a coach has to pick out of a small squad four new players and give them a system, it is a hard matter to deal with, regardless of luck.

Francis Boor, Everett Rowles, Eugene Haynes and Eugene Steele and several of the mediocre players on the squad remained at the start of the season. Three of the above named players are forwards and the other a guard. It was necessary, therefore, to pick a center and another guard. It was a trying situation, but with Horace Hatfield, of Fountain City, big husky center, in school, and Raymond Jolly, ex-sailor, who came back to get his education in N. H. S., added to the squad, Coach Allen picked his five to start the season.

Many changes resulted as the season progressed, due to injuries and other matters, but as a whole the team remained permanent throughout the season.

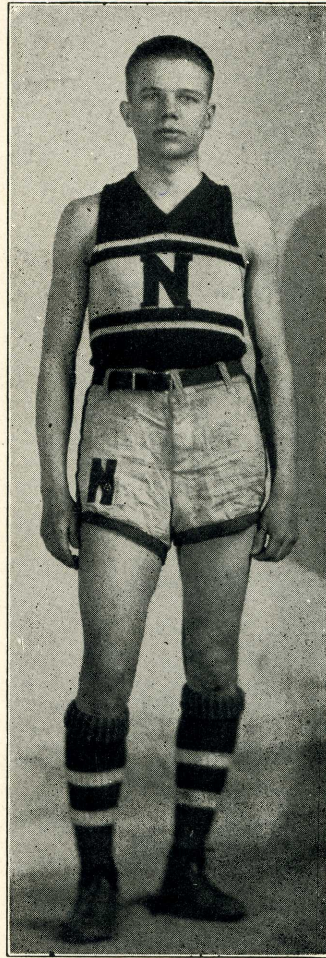




EUGENE HAYNES

"Spud."

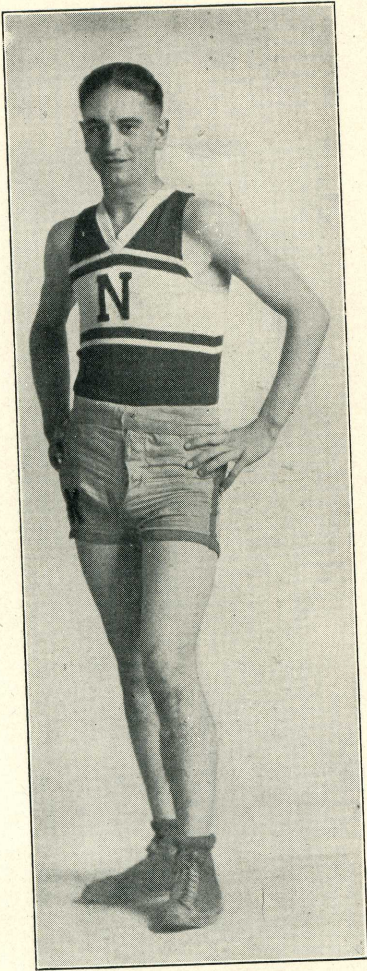
A fast man with the ball. Death on short shots. He is the Athletic Editor of this sheet, so people, judge him for yourself, not from what this says about him. At any time he played forward and guard, besides tossing the galloping dominoes. He was Captain.



EVERETT ROWLES

"Doug."

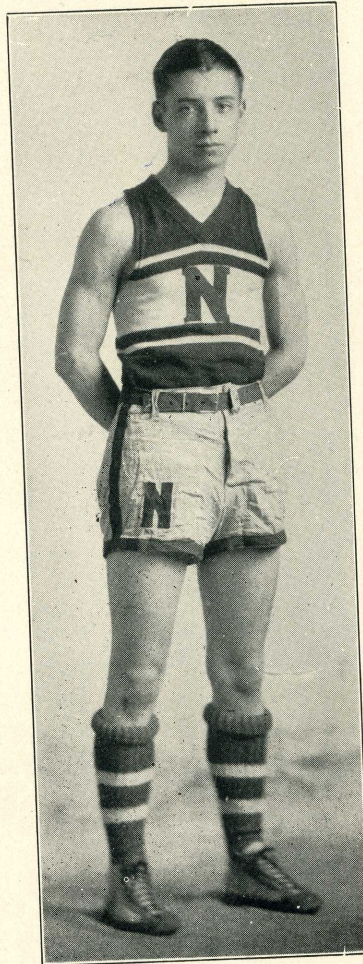
A forward who is a fast dribbler. Never takes a long shot but is death on short ones from under the netted rim. Want to watch him, guards, or he will slip past. Another one of those boys who never majored in women until after the basketball curtain had been pulled down on the 1920-21 season.



RAYMOND JOLLY

"Jolly."

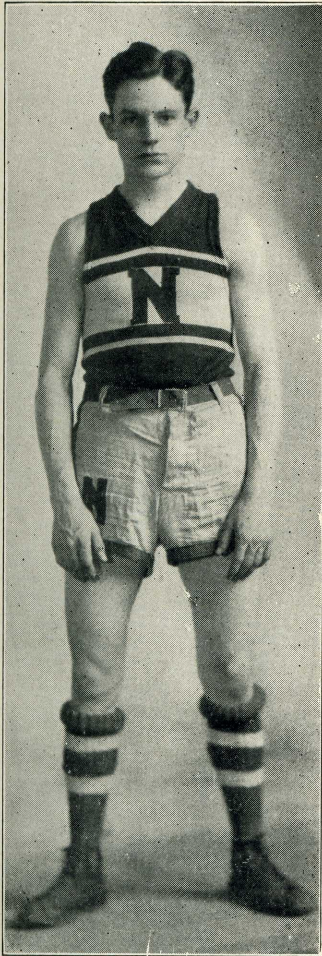
Captain-elect. The wild Indian. A back guard that made good in his Freshman year and was elected Captain of next year's team. His big smile won many a word of praise from the crowd. Speaking of fouls, they are sure counters, for he never misses. They say he is a big eater.



FRANCIS BOOR.

"Fanny."

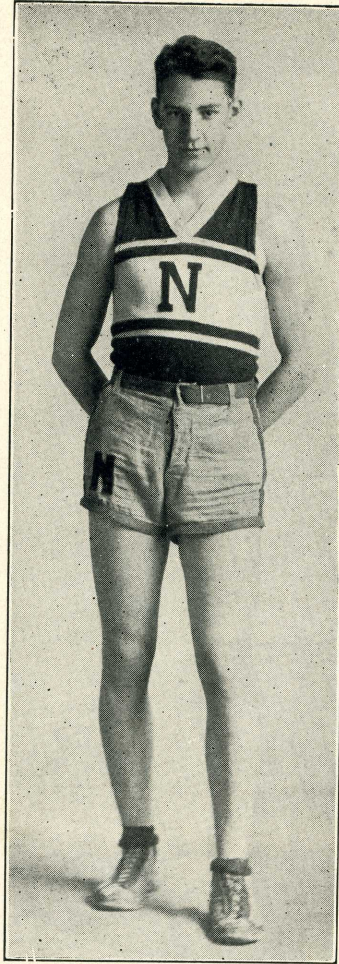
A steady forward who plays the entire floor. Has lots of fight and shoots from any place. He parts his hair in the middle and has a wicked smile, especially when his Soph coed is in the audience—and he nearly missed one game. He is sometimes called "Double Speed."



EUGENE STEELE

"Booty."

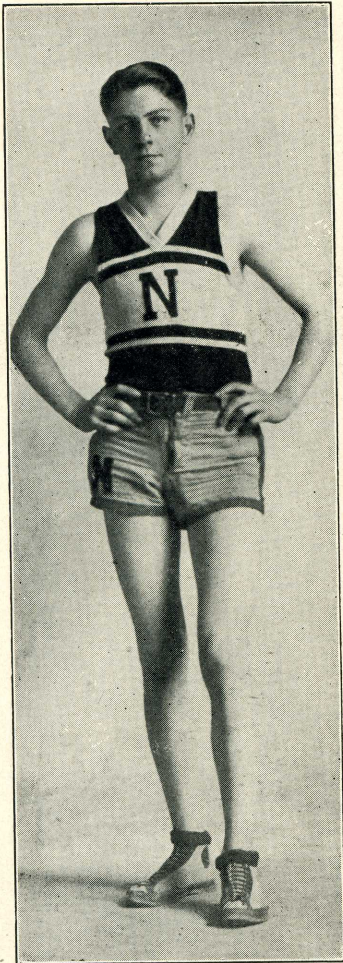
The man who carries a pocketful of pep. Speaking of long shots, he couldn't be told a thing. His play is as a guard—he also dances. His motto—"When do we eat?"



PAUL CLUGGISH

"Roddy."

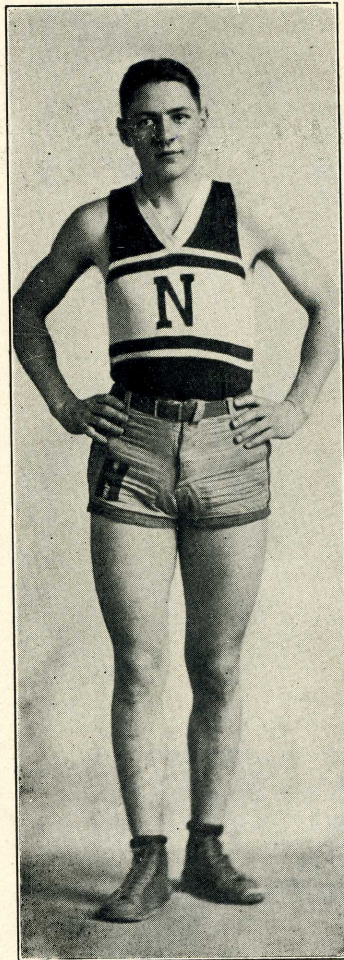
The team clown. Plays floor guard. Never shoots, but has a wicked pass and a mean dribble. He has curly hair—and that isn't all, for he has a friend in Miss Chambers. He was exposed to school work for one year before this, but he is engaged in his work now.



**MALCOLM EDWARDS**

**"Mike."**

Called the big Irishman of the team. He isn't called that because he talks funny, but because he has red hair. A guard who covers the floor well. He attempted to paint his feet, which are not mates, with iodine and was on the sick list for several weeks during the season. He is a Junior.



**HENRY KOONS.**

**"Koonsie."**

He is a steady player at guard, who fights to win. Players who think him a tallow molded athlete should watch out, for he is certainly rough. It is said Koonsie is not going to college, and it is even said that he is married.





**HORACE HATFIELD**

**"Hatty."**

The big, husky athlete was recruited from Fountain City. He plays center and is a bear at shooting under the basket. He made a name for himself in the Muncie game in the semi-final of the tourney. Girls, he is very fond of Juicy Fruit. He is a Junior.



**FRANK E. ALLEN**

Coach of the High quintet. The instructor who originated the swiftest offensive ever witnessed on local courts.



## BASEBALL

**T**HE Baseball team representing the school is the best in the history of the institution. Six members of the team have been playing 'varsity ball for four years. The team is rapidly getting into shape for the big games of the season which will be played a few weeks before the closing of the school year. The Technical High School, as well as Shortridge, will send baseball teams here. The visitors will find that the local players are ready and a battle will be well fought.

In William Holland, Senior athlete, the High School has one of the best High School pitchers in the state. Last season he beat Tech of Indianapolis, considered one of the state's best. His support lost several of the games for him last year, but the defensive and offensive work of the outfit are working regularly this season.

Jolly is looked upon to replace Wade Bouslog at first base. The lanky sailor should be able to keep down the short infield on wild throws, and Jolly can hit 'em, too. The remainder of the infield is the same as it has been for the past three years, with Lawson at second, Haynes, shortstop, and Rowles on third base. Captain Hiatt, with Clark, Koons and Lacy, will work the outer gardens. In the catching



department the team is well stocked, for Steele, a four-year man, is back again, donning the uniform, as well as Hatfield, the big Fountain City athlete.

It is expected that the team this season will play about twelve or fourteen games. Games have already been scheduled with Tech, Shortridge, Kennard, Muncie, New Lisbon, Mt. Summit and Spiceland. The season opened April 5, with our nine playing the Mt. Summit nine on the foreign diamond.

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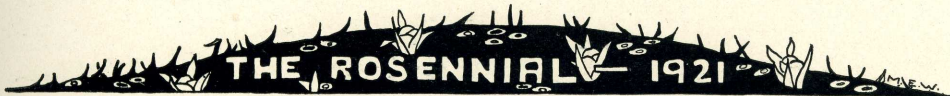
## TRACK

THE track work in the local school has assumed a leading position this season under the direction of Coach Jones. The tracksters have been working out regularly. New Castle lost the dual meets at Muncie and Connersville. The final dual meet, held at Richmond, was won by New Castle by the score of 75—24.

Coach Jones had several regular track men of the 1920 squad to start out the season with: Lawson, 100-yard dash; Wilfred Freel, miler; Rowles, half-miler, who represented New Castle at the state meet last year; Wiggins, hurdler and dash man; Clark and Haynes, quarter-milers and relay men. Hatfield will toss the shot; Jolly will run hurdles and jump; Edwards will run the quarter, mile, half and other events, while Lawson will take on extra events in the jumps and the 220-yard dash.

Jones is working faithfully with the men. Two days of each week are given over to all track events, while on the other three, the track men practice baseball. The men will be in condition by the second dual meet, and several new faces will probably appear on the roster following the final tryout for those to participate in the sectional. The firsts and seconds at the sectional get to participate in the state meet, which will be held at Purdue University this year.

Last season the squad defeated Muncie, tied with Connersville and sent one man to the state meet. Two years ago, one man represented the local school in the half-mile, while the relay team finished sixth. This season Coach Jones is rapidly planning to conquer some of the firsts in the sectional and then win in the state. Track events are interesting as well as influential in building up the body and mind of an individual athlete. The work is done by the individual, while in all other sports in High School team play is the chief requisite.



## THE GIRLS' ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

WE are proud of our Girls' Athletic Association. It has grown in leaps and bounds in the last two or three years until now it includes most of the girls in the High School. The Association was divided into two parts, Physical Culture and Basketball, and we had hikes and picnics many times, between practices.

We elected our officers at the beginning of the year and represented all of the classes. We chose Mary Woodbury, president of the Association; Orda Calland, vice-president; Harriet Newby, treasurer, and Margaret Carpenter, secretary. For the committee on the hikes and picnics we elected Mildred Wiggin, chairman, with Martha Brown, Esther Huddleson and Beatrice Holloway.

On Wednesdays, from 3:15 to 4:00 o'clock, we had Physical "Torture," with Miss Crabb as chief "Torture-er." She insisted upon calling the roll to be sure that no one played hookey. This was always well responded to, owing to the fact that one girl would obligingly answer "Present" for her friends who were unable to stay.

At the end of the season we had an exhibition at the Coliseum, where we displayed our unusual ability before the appreciative public. Everything "went off" fine, except when Marguerite Miller got out of step with Louise Koons, and when Mildred Glick stumbled over Miss Crabb's foot, causing a slight disturbance in the lines.

The Basketball contests probably excited the most interest for many reasons, not the least of which was the need of an escort home. We had four teams, with Louise Koons, Mildred Wiggin, Orda Calland and Agnes Lawless as captains. The hours were from 6:00 to 8:00 on Mondays, and Miss Crabb always required the girls to be on time and not to eat any supper; which two things Louise Koons thought were too much to ask of anyone.

Toward the end of the season Miss Crabb re-divided the teams into class teams. They played against each other in a tournament and the Sophomores came out victors. In the last game of the series, which was played before the public, the Seniors beat the Freshmen, and the Sophomores defeated the Juniors. Marie Wechter received honorable mention from the referee for having the least number of fouls called on her—only seven "personals" during the entire game.

Then the hikes created much interest, even though we did usually forget matches and money. One such hike was to Shively's Park, with 35 girls, 10 pounds of weinies and 49 cents. And the memorable hike to Memorial Park, where we left two girls in the woods alone in the dark. But the hikes were fun and we learned many things, for instance that it doesn't pay to give a solo dance and leave your weinie to cook by himself, 'cause he does not know when to quit. Ask Gertrude Cofield.

The activities were concluded with a banquet at which the letters were awarded the "Champs."

—Mildred Wiggin, '21.





Soda and Castor Oil.



Cap "Oogene"



Feet or Yards?



Hung out to Dry



"Breb"



Backstep Gossip



Neptune's Daughter



Napoleon!



Whither?



When You and I Were Young, Maggie



Whistling Mettle



PEG TOOTH



Teacher's Pets?



Just Kids



3 P.M.



Birds of Feather



"Deck" the Star Rep.



Is My Nose Shiny?



A Helping Hand



Our Only Vice

# THE SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION

AN EXPLOSION OF N. H. S

Volume 0.

May 49, 1921.

No. 000000

A BLOWOUT TO PUNCTURE YOUR GROUCH

The Craziest Newspaper Not in Captivity

## HOW THIS HERE WENT OFF.

The awful catastrophe has descended on this here old globe. The daring, dashing, side-splitting, jaw-cracking "Spontaneous Combustion" has went and happened. We'uns exploded like this:—

First we meets in the office where Mr. Allen serves us with crab-apple flap-overs, in a pink apron and a little "do-funny" cap of his'n. The other side of this "funny department" gets up sudden and hits the school board with his rod to fetch the attention of the Staff from the argument of "Does bees make hives, or does they make honey?" Then we runs them all out but ourselves and takes our Ever Sharps in our mouths and thinks like heck. We didn't do this very long on account of we exploded in a fit of inspiration and blowed out this here Combustion so as you wouldn't die from lockjaw. Now as it's done we are scared to pieces for fear you'll break your jaw from reading this mirthter and sue us for disfiguring your countenances. We didn't have no intentions of doing this awful deed, but if we are "persecuted" we will plead "not innocent" and take our medicine like two men, which we ain't.

Hershal had a paper wad,  
He rolled it up with glee.  
Soon Hershal was beneath the sod,  
The paper wad hit me.

Page Seventy-six

## MYSTERIOUS SOUND TERRIFIES STAFF

One night when the Staff had collected itself together in its Rose Bud Boudoir, formerly Mr. Allen's office, and was industriously punishing its chewing gum and doing great things, it was knocked out of its reverie by a series of heart-rending elaborations which issued some where out of no where and could be heard any where by every one. Nobody could help being scared stiff. First a rumbling discord, probably made by a piano, echoed through the key-hole. Then something began to murder the scale at rapid fire. No particular tune was designated, the slaughter being upon all tunes in general. Even the bravest of the Staff could only stand frozen to their tracks until the melodious discord died away. After it was deemed safe, a few of the more adventurous sneaked out and made a thorough investigation. Nothing was revealed except the usual class in voice culture in the Assembly and the Janitor in the basement. The cause of this unusual sound is still a mystery and we have given up all hope of solving it. Therefore, we shall bequeath it to the rising generation as a real "Ghost Story."

Wuf-Wuf.

Forrest H.: Say, what is the most nervous thing next to a girl?  
Wilfred F.: Me, next to a girl.

Kelley-Springfield

Brunswick

## SHARP-JENNINGS AUTO Co.

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Chevrolet

Nash

**T**he name of H. T. Coffin on a gift box has the same deep significance as the word Sterling on silver.    ::    ::    ::

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**Skinner's Silk for a Good  
DRESS**

## THE SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION

### EDITORIAL

As editors of this highly educational production, we feel it our duty to dedicate an article in behalf of our own heroic efforts, as probably no one else will. Herein are the accurate records of the accidents and incidents which have occurred in famous places, namely the school and our minds.

Our research for material for this paper has lead us into places which would have made Daniel turn pale. We have quoted brilliant statements of Students and Faculty, for which we shall probably suffer, as all great men do, sooner or later. We have destroyed the midnight oil and numberless sheets of perfectly good paper endeavoring to compose appropriate promulgations for this "Herald of Fame."

The jokes are designed for the express purpose of inspiring mirth. If you are unable to laugh, consider your sense of humor diseased. These jokes are the funniest jokes ever written. Their points are very keen, but like a cat's claws, are hidden, so if you fail to appreciate them do not be discouraged and do not entertain the erroneous idea that you are dense. Tell no one, but buy several copies of The Annual, and in the secluded solitude of some sequestered spot seek out the subtle, elusive point and LAUGH!

If your name occurs in this paper more than twice, you are a hero or some grave mistake has been made, as only those who have escaped the iron hand of common sense are mentioned.

The numerous articles contained herein are the fruits of careful deliberation and prolonged meditation. Never did the Editors of a newspaper exert such heroic efforts, and we dedicate this article "in memoriam" to those who died that you might laugh.

—M. C. '21.

### THE ORACLE

This department is in the interest of our readers. We aim in this space to answer any and all questions sent in by them. If personal answer is desired please enclose postage.

Question: How may one obtain a permanent complexion?

"Stationary" Gullion.

Answer: We are advised by our Beauty Hints Department that a permanent complexion may be obtained by the following method: "Coat the surface with one application of crack filler. Over this put a coat of bath tub enamel. When this has dried sufficiently, paint spots desired with red or crimson house paint." This complexion is guaranteed to wear and not to rub off.

Question: When I sing, tears come in my eyes. What should I do to prevent this?

"Fleecy" Lamb.

Answer: Stuff cotton in your ears.

Question: Why is it necessary to whitewash the interior of chicken houses?

"Bob" White.

Answer: To keep the chickens from picking the grain out of the wood.

Question: Do you think a soda clerk's wage is large enough to support a family of two?

"Cinnamon" Rowles.

Answer: I am sorry but we do not have any recent statistics on the soda clerks' wage, and we could not positively say. Yet it is said that two can live as cheaply as one.

Question: Why do they surround electric bulbs in glass?

"Iva" Paine.

Answer: To keep the light from going out.

Question: What is the most important date in history?

"Raspberry" Jolly.

Answer: Anthony's date with Cleopatra.



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reason. Come and learn it.

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## POE -- TRY

(Not Edgar Allen).

### THE ANCIENT SENIOR

It is an ancient Senior  
And he stoppeth one of three.  
"By thy long hair and horn-rim specs,  
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?"

I hurry, hurry, to my teacher's side,  
Her love and faith to win;  
The class is met, the texts all set  
And I'd better be there, you bet.

He holds him with his skinny hand,  
"There was a time," quoth he.  
"Hold off! Let up, you glass-eyed Mutt!  
What do you think this is, old nut?"

He holds him with his glittering eye—  
The Sophomore stands quite still,  
And listens like a three year's child:  
The Senior has his will.

So on he spoke, while cigarette smoke  
Did gaily puff aloft.  
"When I was at school I loafed, I loafed,  
Yea—I certainly took it soft."

The months slipped by and so did I,  
With Latin ponies and such aid:  
'Twas a very gay life, without a sigh,  
But ah! my child, I've paid, I've paid.

A job I had, a good one, too;  
From nine till twelve and one till three  
But sad, sad fate, I couldn't spell **blew**,  
And now without that job I be.

I joined the Army at a Captain's rank,  
And over across the sea I went,  
But I knew no math, so down I sank,  
And now I'm only Private Dent.

Page Eighty

I tried a grocery store at last,  
And went ahead without a sigh,  
But when they heard of my sad past,  
They kicked me out and said good-bye.

I've wandered far for many a year,  
Till now at last I near my bier.  
Take a Senior's warning, my little lad,  
For your future's sake don't go to the  
bad."

The Senior, whose horn-rim specs grew  
bright,  
Whose hair with Nelson's shown,  
Is gone: And now the lonely Soph  
Turns back toward the school alone.

He goes like one who has been stunned,  
And is of sense forlorn.  
A sadder and a wiser boy,  
He studies hard the morrow morn.  
—Caroline French, '22.

Sir Jim, a knight,  
With armor bright,  
Took tea with Lady Bowsers;  
With manner free  
She spilt some tea,  
And rusted Jim's new trousers.

Said Russell to the protoplasm,  
'Twixt you and me is a mighty chasm.  
We represent extremes, my friend—  
You the beginning, I the end.

The protoplasm made reply,  
As he winked his embryonic eye,  
Well, when I look at you, old man,  
I'm rather sorry I began.

# Buick and Maxwell



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TOPS REBUILT  
EXIDE BATTERIES

---

STANLEY AUTO CO.

“Stanley Sells the Cars”

## LITERATURE

### THE NET

Flutie arose from her desk and went to the window, where she stood speculating on the passers-by. She sighed as she extracted her chewing gum from her rosebud mouth and flung it impatiently out of the window. Her thoughts were far away when she looked down and saw a young man halt, glare at her, and shout in an impolite manner:

"Say, how do you get that way?"

As he dug the discarded gum from his hair Flutie giggled.

"Oh, 'cuse me, where's your lid?" she warbled.

His expression changed instantly, and a smile overspread his young physiognomy.

"Come on down, girlie," he called; and she came.

It all started then. She was all Marcus had ever dreamed of, and more, too. Almost every night they viewed a new phase of the city. One evening Flutie suggested that they go to the park. The moon was sparkling sympathetically in the distance. As they sat blissfully on a seat made for one, Marcus spoke thus:

"Flutie, are you kiddin' me?"

"Why, Marcus, why what do you mean?" asked Flutie.

"You know I'm crazy about you, Flutie; are you gon'a marry me, Flutie?" said Marcus, soulfully.

"Oh, Heck! Marcus, you've torn my hair net, and I just bought it," said Flutie, feeling her hair ruefully.

Marcus's temperature rose.

"You've got your nerve. What's an old hair net when I'm concerned? I'm done. I'm clean through. No, don't try to explain. I'm through with wimen; you're just like all the rest."

"Yes," wailed Flutie; "how do you know? How many have you proposed to before?"

Marcus did not answer, but walked stiffly along by Flutie's side. The miserable silence was unbroken until they reached Flutie's house.

"You left your cornet in here didn't you?" quavered Flutie.

"Yes, I'll get it," boomed Marcus, unfeelingly.

The house was very dark. Flutie fumbled nervously for a match to light the gas, but failed to find one.

"Have you a match, Marcus?" asked Flutie, in a small voice.

"Can't find any; guess I left mine at the shop."

"Guess I can find your cornet without one; I think you left it on the kitchen table, didn't you?" said Flutie.

"I guess so," said Marcus, coldly.

Marcus could hear Flutie stepping cautiously along the hall in her attempt to reach the kitchen. His heart was very heavy; in fact, it felt like lead. He was just wondering if drowning were such an easy death as people pictured, when he heard Flutie scream. In an instant he was kneeling by her prostrate form on the floor, crying in terrified tones:

"Flutie, Flutie, are you hurt? Are you dead?"

Evidently she was dead. When he received no answer he stood upright in the dark, trying to collect his wits. She was dead, and he had killed her. He pictured Flutie in her coffin, and the tears stole down his cheeks and fell unheeded on the floor.

"Marcus," said a weak voice at his feet.

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## THE SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION

"Flutie, Flutie," he wailed, as he picked her up and laid her on the kitchen table.

"Lord!" I thought you were dead," he breathed, and his arms tightened about her.

"Marcus, would you have cared very much if I had been dead?" asked Flutie.

"I'd of died, too, honey; honest, I couldn't have stood it without you."

"When can you get off from work, Marcus?" asked Flutie, with her head on his shoulder.

"Most any time; why, Flutie?" he asked, bewildered.

"Well, I thought maybe you could get off a day when you get married," whispered Flutie.

Marcus was inarticulate—almost—all he could say was—

"Tomorrow, Flutie, tomorrow?"

Some time later when Marcus had found a match in his hat-band, they discovered that the object of Flutie's downfall was a rolling pin which had found its way to the floor in some mysterious way. Marcus picked it up and as they looked at it, he said:

"Let's not have one of these things, Flutie; they are so dangerous."

—M. C. '21.

### A FABLE IN SLANG\*

\*With apologies to George Ade and Jay Weaver.

Listen, fellers, she sure was a pippin. Here she come a gallopin' into my office on my busiest day. She slaps the office boy's face when he tries to stop her for a card, and says:

"Go tell old pie face I want to see him."

The office boy was scared stiff. He comes into my office and tells me about the jane, lobbying around outside. About this time his conversation was interrupted long enough to dodge the

city directory and take the hint and get out. The door opens again. That makes me sore, so I grabs a paper and turns around right sudden like to throw it. My hand drops to my side nerveless. There she stands, one hip thrown out of joint and one hand on it, probably to push it back. She swaggers over and cops the visitor's chair and starts her line of gab. I glanced at her face and saw that if it was the right kind she wore enough powder to blow up the Woolworth building. I glanced at her jaw. It was doing double duty. While its mistress was slingin' out her line of chatter a wad of gum the size of my fist was getting lacerated by the teeth. From the way she was pushing her line of gas I concluded she must have been awarded the G. G. degree (Gift of Gab) and was taking overtime work to earn her L. L. degree (Leather Lung). Well, she continued to spout her news; first she would spout about the weather, then a speil about the H. C. of L.

Well, along toward the finals I began to think that she was asking me for a job as Chief Tickler of the Typewriter Keys, so I ups and tells her that we have all the chickens employed that the occasion demands. Then's when I get it in the neck. She ups and says:

"Well, old pie face, you've sure got crust. Have me spoutin' off about my good points and there you sets with your mouth open, gapin' like a sunfish out of water. Why couldn't you ups and tells a lady you can't use her?"

With that she makes a bee-line for the door, full steam ahead. Slams the door and that's the last I sees of her. I now rings for the office boy and tells him if he steers any more of these bunco ladies in my office he had better select his flow-ers, for there will be singin' at his house that he won't know anything about.

—Russell Alexander.

D

# DODGE BROTHERS MOTOR CAR

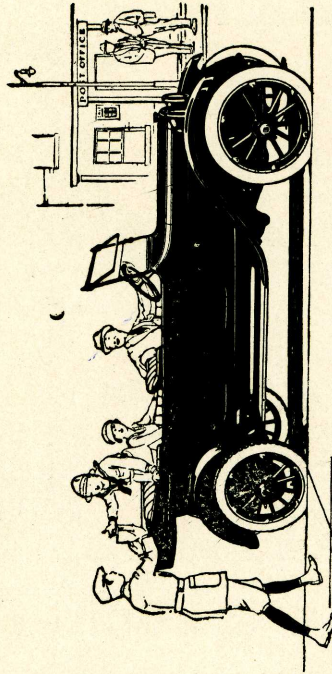
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PILGRIM'S PROGRESS. George Knotts in Civics.

THE FOREIGNER. Russell Coop in Commercial Arithmetic.

THE INNOCENTS ABROAD. Mr. Rockhill and his new traveling bag.

THE SCARLET LETTER. Mr. Jones' favorite Geometry grade.

WHEN A MAN MARRIES. Ask Mr. Allen.

BURK'S SPEECH. Eugene Burk delivering an oral theme.

THE DANGER TRAIL. Eluding Mr. Gross in the upper hall.

THE PILOT. Mr. Rockhill in the lower hall.

THINGS EVERY CHILD SHOULD KNOW:

That every thing in this Annual is not true.

That Glenna Fisher is predicted to be married soon.

That the pencil sharpener in the assembly is a joke.

THE FAIRAE QUEEN. Miss Crabb in girls' physical training.

TWENTY THOUSAND LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA. Howard Miller in Chemistry.

THE EYES OF THE WORLD. When you get in front of the assembly to make an announcement about the Annual.

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A CHURCH-YARD. Thinking up funny stuff for the Annual.

SPORTS

The game opened with Molasses at the stick, and Smallpox catching. Cigar was in the box with plenty of smoke. Horn on first base and Riddle on second base, backed by Corn in the field. Umpire Apple, who was rotten, refereed the game. Axe came to bat and chopped. Cigar let Brick Walk and Sawdust filled the bases. Song made a hit and Twenty made a score. Cigar was out and Balloon started to pitch but went straight up. Then Cherry tried it but was wild.

Old Ice kept cool until hit with the ball, then you should have heard Ice Cream. Cabbage had a good head and kept quiet. Grass covered lots of ground in the field. The crowd cheered when Spider caught a fly. Wind began to blow what he could do. And the way they roasted Peanuts was a fright. Knife was put out for cutting first base.

Lightning finished the game and struck out six men. In the ninth Song made another hit. Thombone made a slide and Meat was put out on the plate. There was a lot of betting on the game and Soap made a clean up. The score was 1 to 0. Door said if he had pitched he would have shut them out.

—Exchange.

A timid little Freshman  
To the joke box did come.  
He put a nickle in the slot  
And waited for his gum

There was a young man from the city,  
Who saw what he thought was a kitty.  
He gave it a pat,  
And soon after that,  
He buried his clothes—what a pity.

Father: Have you made up your mind to stay in?

Daughter: No, I've made up my face to go out.



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WON CATASTROPHE

AFTER ANUTHER

WUNC on a time A litle boie buy thee name ov jorje waz combing tew skule and he stopd tew pley marbels with thee boies. Wel after he had loste awl ov hiz marbels tew thee other boies he startd tew crie and tew ball which made thee other boies sew mad that thay in ordr to get evn with hymn decyded tew tak hymn tew thee old grayve yarde and initiate hymn that knight for thee weigh hee hadd akted. Sew that knight promptly att ate aclok thee gang asemebled att thee olde howce att thee bottom ov thee hyll that leedes tew thee grayve yarde and decidedwatt proceedur thay wood go threw with inn thee initiatshun. Thay decieded tew go tew hyz howce and tew wistel for hymn and wen hee com too thee dore thay wood knab hymn ande frum thare tak hymn tew thee dirtie wurk, wich wood mak thare mindes feal a litle betar ovar thee mater.

Well thay wistled ande weighted til som bodie opend thee dore, now whew inn thee worlde dew you thinke it wuz? Yew air rong, it wuz thee litle boie hizself with a napkin tuked inn hiz nek and a bigg pece ov angle foode cak inn hiz hand. Well when hee seez awl thee boies he sais, "well boies Ime gladd yew kum evn iff yew didd kom lait, wel com onn inn insted ov standen owt ther lyke a bunche ov dum heds."

Well thay awl went inn att thee door, thee onlie thing tew dew az itf waz plane thet hee hed invitd themn. Well wen thee boies gott awl seted att thee tabel ther kom a wring att thee telafone and thee collered made ansered it and com bak and kaled 4 William Fourber, hee beeing one ov thee boies wat juste com inn at thee fronte doar, but befor hee cud anser the fone another wring kame, this

won koming from thee dore bel. Thee made ansered this on tew as I guess that wuz what shee was 4. Thee made soun kom bak inn a minut and kaled 4 Hary Gorden, wel this left tew boies att thee tabel whew new wat the tawkin at the dore and thee fone ment sew thay just stuffed thereselves with angle fode cak and chickin with nudles. Inn a minut thee too boies com bak and sade that there fathers wer sik and thay had tew go hoam. Wel thee tew att thee tabel begen too git unkomfertabel tew and finally won ov them sed, "Ko monn Jon I thinke R fathers sik two." Sew thay left thee howce and run awl thee weigh hoam and decided that waz enuff 4 eny boies ov there age tew stande inn won evening.

DeER REedeR this May seam a queer weigh tew ende this storie butt I hav tew stopp som wheres sew I thot this wood bee as goode az eny.

—Wilmer Anderson, '21.

There was a young lady named Anna,  
Who got caught in a flood in Montana.  
Her sister, they say, as she floated away,  
Accompanied here on the piano.

A green little Freshman in a green little  
way,  
Mixed some chemicals up for fun one  
day;  
The green little grasses now tenderly  
wave  
O'er the green little Freshmen's green  
little grave.

Pat: Say, Mike, ain't them big oranges?

Mike: Faith, and them ain't oranges; them is grapefruit.

Pat: Be gory, it wouldn't take many of them to make a dozen.

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**HOW TO WRITE A STORY  
FOR THE ROSENNIAL**

This article has been dug up with much difficulty and careful research for the benefit of the under classmen who are in considerable danger of being Seniors sometime and having to concoct some dope 4 there Annual.

This Annual is pretty good, probably the best there will ever be, but if these specifications are carried out (not to the wastebasket) there may be some hopes for right decent ones in the future.

First of all, sit down. Stories can be written standing up on a blackboard, or lying down if your arms are long enough to reach the ceiling, but it is best to sit down, and have somebody put a table in front of you. After you have sat, go and get something to write on. Mr. Rockhill says that in this process you can save time if you run or skip, and some other wise guy tells us that time is money, so if you skip fast enough you can probably get rich, and not have to depend on the advertisements to pull you out of the hole. Blank paper is the best material to write a story on, although the top of a desk or the edges of a Latin book are a good substitute. Also most authorities require something to write with. A stub pen 5 3-16 inches long is best, although an Eversharp pencil prevents the story from being dull.

Having did them things, your story is practically finished and is the best you have ever wrotten. However, it is well to have a beginning (called a start in the case of a ghost story). First, it should be very unusual, like this: "Once a time, once, was there a girl which was Lizzie." Then there should be some other stuff, a climax maybe, and a new paragraph, like

this. Don't have any ending, they are old fashioned and aren't being used this season. just frighten your reader and

make him think you dropped ded or recovered your senses or something, by stopping in the middle of the story—like this.

**TO OUR YELL LEADERS\***  
**\*Jay Weaver and Junior Powell.**

Let us harken, backward turning,  
To the time when art and learning  
Did not hinder man or aid him—  
He was just what nature made him.  
When the tribe met to rejoice,  
Above all there was a voice;  
One who lead, and all obeyed,  
One who signs and gestures made.  
He, the leader, has through ages,  
When mirth rings, and battle rages,  
Kept the flag of victory high,  
Raised aloud the victory cry.  
Then came games of strength and skill,  
There we see the leader still,  
Needed more than ever here,  
To inspire and dispel fear.  
In the thickest of the fray,  
Many a man hemmed in, at bay,  
Has carried on and honors won  
Because of what the leader done.  
'Twas he who would not let the throng  
Stop singing when things seemed all  
wrong.

And well we know success depends  
On the support the audience lends.  
All this has lead, as well it may,  
To leaders of the present day,  
Those whom we exalt and laud  
Are those whom very few applaud.  
The Yell Leaders of N. H. S.  
Their names don't rhyme, we must confess.

The one is tall, the other short,  
To one more verse we must resort.  
Although in size and appellation  
There's absolutely no relation,  
When these "live wires" say "Hit 'em  
low,"

The other side says, "Yea, let's go."

—M. C., '21.

Roses, Carnations,

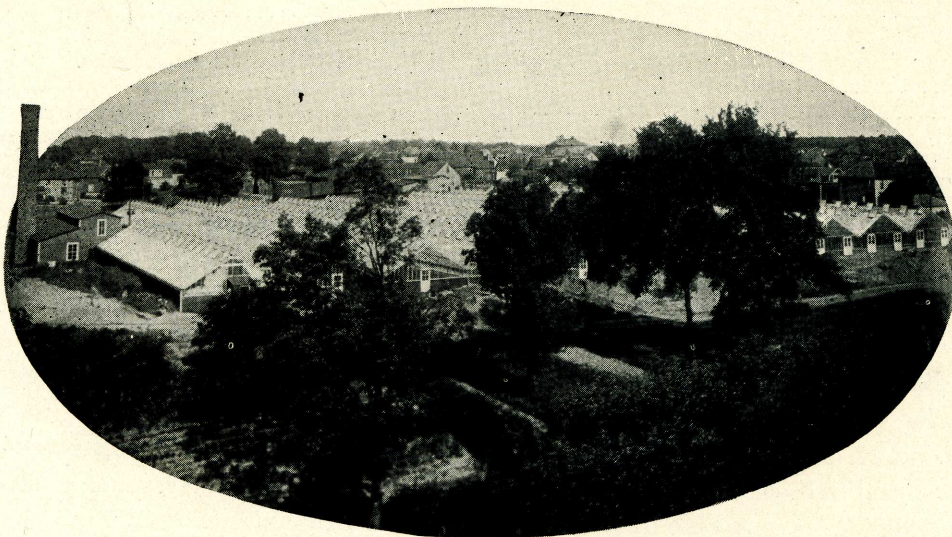
Chrysanthemums,

Budding, Plants, Etc.

Cut Flowers For Any Occasion

# FOREST H. MEEK

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# THE SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION

## NUTS IN A NUTSHELL

NUTS	FAVORITE SAYING	HANGOUT	AIM IN LIFE
Sam Bufkin.....	"You chase me".....	Johnson's .....	Own a shine parlor.
Fuzzy Brown.....	"Just heaps and heaps".....	Dance floor.....	Ballet dancer.
Randall Watkins.....	"Nothin' mo' pregnant".....	An alley.....	A dancer's steady.
Louise Koons.....	"Where's Gene?".....	21st street.....	?
Eugene Haynes.....	"Hope to tell you".....	Times office.....	To grow
Evelyn Van Zant.....	"Um hum".....	Room 6.....	Actress.
Edwin Tully.....	"Goin' to Muncie?".....	Muncie .....	To live in Muncie.
Lowell Hess.....	"I'm going, Ed".....	Jenkins' .....	To be out of debt.
Elizabeth Mendenhall.....	"You tell 'em".....	Church street.....	To reduce.
Lothair Thompson.....	"Boy, Boy!".....	Jenkins' .....	A section boss.
Odessa Van Dyke.....	"Hobart".....	Her front room.....	Pick roses.
Hobart Lowery.....	"Where is she?".....	A certain parlor.....	A gardner.
Alice Ogborn.....	"Honest?".....	A machine.....	Ride a horse.
Orville Baird.....	"I can't read".....	Room 15.....	A Latin prof.
Margaret Fleming.....	"Powder Puff".....	By a mirror.....	A man.
Robert Goodale.....	"I'm sick".....	Not in N. H. S.....	A mustache.
Ella Yergin.....	"I'll say".....	A chair.....	Vamp.
Mr. Gross.....	"Move on" .....	Upper hall.....	Keep 'em going.

—Donald Kennedy, '21

### OUR ZOOLOGY DEPARTMENT

It is entirely due to the bravery and the persistence of the reporter on our staff that this report was obtained. Braving the wrath of the instructor, he has prepared a report of the year's work of the Zoology department. You will never realize (I never have) the great work our able instructor and the persevering class have wrought. It is wonderful, to say the least. Mr. Burbank has been hailed as the wonder in Botanical circles; our own teacher, Mr. Gross, and the able classmen under him, will be hailed in just such a way in the Zoological circles. The class as a hole, I mean whole, have taken up a great many experiments upon living animals, with phenomenal success. Out of a possible ten there has been a grand total of six wonderful experiments. Many of these are due to the crossing of animals, this is a hybrid.

The experiments are as follows:

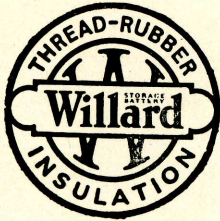
- I. The common honey bee crossed with the lightening bug has produced honey bees which will work at night and thus increase the supply of honey fifty percent.
- II. Due to the high price of cream and strawberries, the latter has been crossed with the milk weed, producing strawberries and cream from the same plant.
- III. A cow was crossed with a mule and milk with a kick in it was the result.
- IV. A common lamb was fed on old bolts, scrap iron, etc., and the finest grade of steel wool was produced.
- V. A mosquito was crossed with a mosquito, and a fish which would bite was the result.

#### LATIN VERBS.

Flunko—Flunkus—Faculty—Firum.  
 Okido—Okdearie—Okissus sum.  
 Ohelno—Ohelnare—Ohelnatus  
 Focit—Gusset—Misset.

—SAY—

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**HOW TO FIGURE UP  
YOUR INCOME TAX**

It has come to the ears of the Spontaneous Combustion that many people are being swindled by the income tax lawyers. As we know a very simple method of calculating your income tax, we are printing it here in hopes that we can save some one a lawyer's fee.

As the result is much different for the married man and the single man, we are printing them both. They are as follows:

**The Married Man's Income Tax.**

To find the amount for a married man, first take the number of children you have (if you have none use the following symbol 0), multiply by the size shoe you wear, divide by the size of your collar, subtract the price of a movie, multiply by the difference between your and your wife's ages, divide by the number of cylinders in your car (if you have no car take a mean ratio between a four and six-cylindered car, i. e. 5). Multiply the last answer by the street car rate prevailing in your town or the nearest town. add \$200 if you own your home, and if you are a renter subtract \$200, divide by the difference in wages now and those five years ago, and you will find that this result is the amount you owe the government on your income tax.

**The Single Man.**

For the single man the procedure is somewhat different. First you must take the number of city blocks you walk from your home to your work. If you ride to work, take twice this. (It will be obvious that if one rides, the distance seems only half as long), multiply by the number of hours you work each day. add the number of silver pieces of money you have in your pocket and subtract the number of nickles and pennies, multiply by the number of dates you have each week, and divide by the price of any one dance you go to. If you don't dance.

divide by the price of your favorite phonograph record. Take this result and divide by any odd number, then multiply by the size of your hat, add the price of your last tie, and you will find this result to be the correct amount of your income tax.

**WONDERFUL, WE CALLS IT.**

Mr. Jones (in Geom. II): Now, class, watch the board carefully while I go through it again.

Miss Haworth (in study hall): Some of you pupils are forgetting about your excuse blanks. You know I have to sign them the same as regular teachers."

Miss Smith (in Com. Geo.): The Chinese in their funeral rites, keep the body for forty days and burn incense around it. (Sharply) Well, Mr. Orner, tell us what you're whispering.

Rube: I think if they kept the body forty days they would have to burn incense around it.

Miss Stevens: Orville, how many subjects are you carrying?

O. Baird: I'm carrying one and dragging three.

Robert Elliott: My father says when I start in business I am to go into it with nothing but my intelligence.

F. Hutton: My, what a small beginning.

Miss Smith: Mr. Shaffer, give your current event.

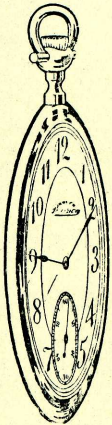
Paul: In Italy many Italians are living on garlic alone. I believe any one that lives on garlic ought to live alone.

E. Rowles: We write today.

F. Boor: What on?

E. Rowles: Paper; lend me a sheet.

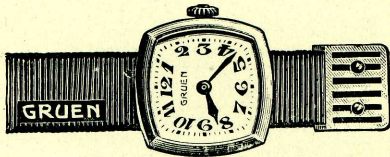




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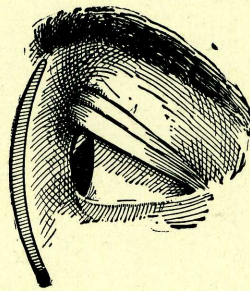
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# CALENDER—1920-21

## SEPTEMBER

- Monday, 6—School opens with much confusion. The Freshmen seem smaller.
- Tuesday, 7—Classes begin, but periods are short. Strange noises heard in Room 10. Miss Bowers suspects Ralph Wolfe, but we suspect a well-known Junior.
- Wednesday, 8—Booty taking a vacation. Says he is lonesome without Kate.
- Thursday, 9—Last year's graduates departing for college—some of our girls feel blue (and maybe some fellows, too).
- Monday, 13—Don Kennedy has his Cicero prepared before going to class.
- Wednesday, 15—Rockhill gets Mildred Calpha's goat. No hopes for its recovery.
- Thursday, 16—Football practice. Jolly enrolls. Girls' Glee Club organized.
- Monday, 20—Dick Koons in "Republican Campaign" speech in American Hist., asserts Art. 10 won't do. Lawrence Wiggins takes a prominent "neutral" stand.
- Wednesday, 22—Jay Weaver chosen Yell Leader and Junior Powell assistant.
- Friday, 24—Crowd of N. H. S. fans witness first football game of season. New Castle won easy victory over Wilkinson; score, 60-0.
- Tuesday, 28—Strenuous workout at football practice. Some boys decide not to come back any more.
- Wednesday, 29—Harry Hendricks has his Com. Law lesson, much to the astonishment of Mr. Rockhill.
- Thursday, 30—Mr. Gross informs Max Mills that his days will be shorter in Zoology if he keeps his present pace.

## OCTOBER

- Friday, 1—N. H. S. defeated Knightstown, 70-0, in football.
- Thursday, 7—Fannie Boor has a black eye. Did Alice give it to him?
- Friday, 8—Pep meeting in Room 11. Defeated Noblesville, 13-0 in gridiron battle.
- Tuesday, 12—Big barbecue at Fair Grounds. N. H. S. rather vacant.
- Thursday, 14—Miss Chambers has convinced her Eng. VII class that short stories are very interesting.
- Friday, 15—N. H. S. forms big parade previous to the "fast" baseball game between the Rotary and the Kiwanis Clubs, for the benefit of the "Y" Boys' Camping Fund.
- Saturday, 16—Big football game. Tech victorious in hard-fought battle, 17-0.
- Wednesday, 30—Mr. Grose is wearing a new pair of shoes today—hear them?
- Thursday, 21—Out for two days' vacation while teachers attend Institute at Indianapolis.

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New Castle

Monday, 25—First snow. Miss Haworth interrupts when two Seniors are planning a coasting party by means of notes.  
Wednesday, 27—Penmanship class still making ovals to the rythm of Mr. Rockhill's "How-de-do? How are you?" N. H. S. defeated Wilkinson, 18-0, at a game with the pigskin oval.

#### NOVEMBER

Monday, 1—George Knotts asks Miss Smith not to call on him to recite in shorthand class because he never has his lesson.  
Thursday, 4—In French, Lawrence Wiggins makes believe he knows his lesson, gets called on, and has to say he doesn't know.  
Saturday, 6—N. H. S. defeated Richmond Hi football team at Richmond.  
Monday, 8—Paul Shaffer spends Chemistry Lab. period in storing away a supply of Chlorine Gas.  
Friday, 12—Booty made 97 on English History test! First basketball game of season.  
Thursday, 18—Frances Elliott denounces teachers who spank children.  
Monday, 22—Mrs. Brock assumes the duties of Miss Phillips.  
Thursday, 25—Out for Thanksgiving vacation.  
Monday, 29—Back again. Everyone seems to have forgotten everything he once knew. Maurice Bales flew the coop and is married.

#### DECEMBER

Monday, 6—Miss Edwards finds that some people don't know when to call "time out" when speaking to their neighbors.  
Tuesday, 7—Lots of paint and powder seen in High School.  
Thursday, 9—Chemistry class realizes that Russell Alexander is the laziest one in the class.  
Wednesday, 15—Trig. class gets a lecture on over-eating and losing sleep. Hits some members hard.  
Friday, 17—Spiceland had to go home without the bacon. N. H. S. 29—S. A. 15.  
Monday, 20—Short week. Mr. Grose lectures Max Mills on "When and Where to Be Funny."  
Tuesday, 21—Out for ten days' vacation. MERRY CHRISTMAS!

#### JANUARY

Wednesday, 5—Everybody rested, ready to do some good hard work—even Suzanne, who admits Cincinnati is fascinating.  
Friday, 7—Mr. Rockhill tells Hilda Kuntz that the place for monkeys is out in the hall.  
Monday, 10—Presumably Dick K. is making another business trip, as he is absent.  
Tuesday, 11—Senior class meeting. Nominations made for class officers.  
Wednesday, 12—Fred Shultz reveals the fact that he wants to be a lawyer.  
Tuesday, 18—Weather for N. H. S.: Cloudy and thunder showers for some; for others, fair and warmer. Exemptions lists ready.  
Friday, 21—Report cards out. "Read them and weep."

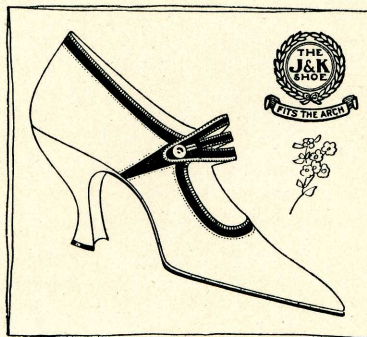
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- Monday, 24—Beginning of second semester. Big Freshmen class. We surely need a new High School building.
- Thursday, 27—Glee Club resumes its harmonious discord.
- Monday, 31—Miss Stevens reseats the fourth period assembly. Sam Bufkin has a party at the library. Look out, Sam!

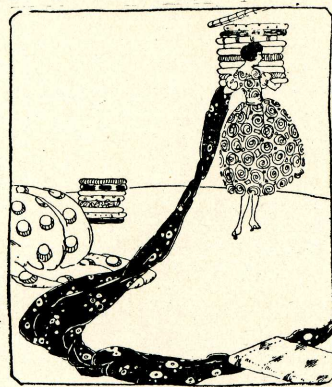
## FEBRUARY

- Tuesday, 1—Rockhill makes a class of Stenography for Helen Cloud and George Knotts.
- Wednesday, 2—Miss Allen leaves for Indiana University. Mr. Jones takes her classes in Room 11. He also becomes assistant athletic coach.
- Thursday, 3—Miss Chambers emphasizes the word "Excused" when Louise Koons says, "They went down the road riding on little camels."
- Tuesday, 8—Arthur Burton has some new playthings today—a bird, a top, and some marbles.
- Thursday, 10—Miss Dorsey informs some Glee Club girls that they can resign if they cannot control their voices.
- Monday, 14—Lowell Cooper received a Valentine today. Wonder who she is?  
tournament. Lots of dope going around. Peg and Bene have gone visiting.

## MARCH

- Tuesday, 1—Mr. Rockhill says that Everett Rowles has a "spring look" on today.
- Friday, 4—High School closed. Many visitors in town. Great hopes for N. H. S. to win finals Saturday. "Hit 'em high, Hit 'em low; Year, New Castle, let's go!"
- Monday, 7—Everyone thinks he knows why we lost the tournament.
- Tuesday, 8—Convocation. Mr. Llewelyn tells about his trip to Washington, D. C. Tribute was voiced to T. F. Wright and J. H. Hewitt. Rosennial Staff announced at class meeting.
- Wednesday, 9—Jay W. thinks girls should sleep more and powder less. He didn't think so last year when Velma was here.
- Thursday, 10—Harriet Chambers learns that there is such a thing as the "Man-O-War"; also that It is a horse.
- Friday, 11—Mrs. Wilson has the Hist. VII class spell "embargo" backwards. Lots of fun.
- Tuesday, 15—Uncle Maurice Goodwin entertains the basketball team. Hattie just can't get enough to eat.
- Wednesday, 16—Chemistry class visited gas plant today.
- Thursday, 17—Kappas entertained the basketball team at a pitch-in supper at the Cloud home, north of town. Mrs. Wilson wonders where all the St. Patricks colors are.
- Friday, 18—Team and some followers have gone to the State Basketball Tournament at Indianapolis.
- Monday, 21—Senior Arnold Greist visited in N. H. S. today. He will return for Commencement.

## THE FASHION SHOP



"In days of yore nothing was holy but the beautiful."  
—Schiller

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Tuesday, 22—K-town proves to be a good “hang-out” for N. H. S. Senior dates.

Monday, 28—Juniors have a call meeting in Room 1 to discuss the Junior Prom. Seniors are anxious.

Wednesday, 30—English VIII class presents the comedy, “Eliza Comes to Stay.”

#### APRIL

Friday, 1—Gym girls have exhibition program at “Y” under the supervision of Miss Crabb.

Monday, 4—Junior Prom date set for Friday evening, May 13th.

Tuesday, 5—Mr. Llewelyn has resumed his duties of superintendent after acting as principal and substitute teacher.

Friday, 15—Everybody has the spring fever. Just six more weeks of school.

Wednesday, 20—Joseph White spends study period combing his hair.

Tuesday, 26—Forrest Hutton can be heard talking to himself most any moment now.

Wednesday, 27—Peg is singing, singing, singing all the day long.

Friday, 29—Ab White is proving himself a Geometry shark.

#### MAY

Monday, 2—Cupid is playing in the Senior class. Juniors are bubbling over with pep.

Friday, 13—Buzz, buzz. Everybody ready for the long anticipated Junior Prom.

Tuesday, 17—Oh! we’re so busy, Annual, Class Day, an’ ever’thing.

Thursday, 19—First performance of Class Play. Class Play a decided success.

Friday, 20—Class Day observed at Coliseum.

Sunday, 22—Baccalaureate services.

Tuesday, 24—Exams! Oh! what a strain!

Thursday, 26—Here’s to the Class of ’21;  
Better than us, there are none.  
We, the battles have fought and won,  
For our dear old Class of ’21.

#### COMMENCEMENT.

—Bereniece Lamb, ’21.

Eugene: Before I saw the Anderson High School girls I thought the New Castle girls were beautiful.

It was midnight in the parlor—  
There was darkness everywhere.  
Not a whisper broke the silence—  
For there was nobody there.

Frances: And now you know it.

What is Russian for “cootie?”  
Ivanawfulitch.



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# OUR ALUMNI

## CLASS '18

Basil Beeson ..... Indianapolis  
 Sylvan Bush ..... Indiana Dental College  
 Kenneth Coffield..... Indiana Dental College  
 Catherine Conduitt ..... Married  
 William Cr ..... Texas  
 Evangeline Gibson ..... Rolling Mill  
 Kathryn Hamilton ..... Courier Office  
 Josephine Hosier ..... Hoosier Factory  
 Verna Hansard ..... Muncie Normal  
 Mabel Hansard ..... Muncie Normal  
 Alta Hiatt..... Cincinnati School of Music  
 Catherine Kessel ..... Dayton  
 Edward Kiddy ..... Indiana Dental College  
 Esler Miller ..... Station Agent on Penn. Railroad  
 George Neff ..... Indiana University  
 Lee Pence ..... Ohio State University  
 Herman Redd ..... Stanley Auto Co.  
 Edith Roll ..... Hoosier Mfg. Co.  
 Jay Rhoton ..... Indianapolis  
 James Steele ..... Ohio State University  
 Homer Strong ..... Texas  
 Thema Stevens ..... Teaching at Muncie  
 Harcella Tully ..... Indiana University  
 Howard Wise ..... Purdue University

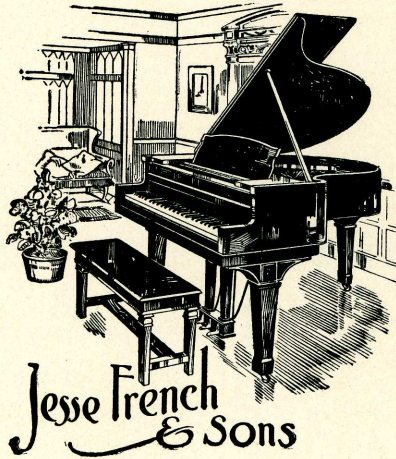
## CLASS '19

Paul Bell ..... DePauw University  
 Joseph Burris ..... Illinois University  
 Thelma Byers ..... Dale Printing Office  
 Eugene Campbell ..... Purdue University  
 Eugene Campbell ..... Purdue University  
 Frederic Cloud..... Rose City Pharmacy  
 Carl Coble ..... DePauw University  
 Lindley Cook ..... Earlham College  
 Herbert Lee Conner ..... Courier Office  
 Margery Cox ..... Barnard's Law Office  
 Sidney Fields ..... Indiana Dental College  
 Harold Gilbert ..... Indianapolis  
 Fred Goar ..... Earlham College  
 Mary Hedges ..... Indianapolis  
 George Hernly ..... Indiana University  
 Nelson Higgs ..... Hunter's Law Office  
 Helen Hoover..... Supt. Llewelyn's Office  
 Paul Koons ..... Purdue University  
 Lowell McBride ..... West Point  
 Mildred Nowlin ..... Indianapolis  
 Mary Pitman ..... Western College  
 Dorothy Shaffer ..... Telephone Exchange  
 Alice Smith ..... Teaching School

Cyrus Spannuth .....Purdue University  
 Mary Stretch ..... Illinois University  
 Mary Sweigart ..... Wholesale Cigar Store  
 William Waters ..... Piano Factory  
 Paul Weesner ..... Central Pharmacy  
 Margaret Wolford ..... Indianapolis

## CLASS '20

Harriet Austin ..... School in Tennessee  
 Lee Greeta Adams..... County Agent's Office  
 Lloyd Beall ..... Wabash College  
 Walter Baugher ..... Dayton  
 Harriet Burk ..... School in Tennessee  
 Florence Bufkin ..... Times Office  
 Ruth Cummins ..... Earlham College  
 Allegra Chapman ..... Muncie  
 Elva Calland ..... Piano Factory  
 Cleatis Conn ..... Piano Factory  
 Anna Day ..... Indiana University  
 Julia Diehl ..... Oxford College  
 Joseph Frazier ..... California University  
 Amanda Fadely ..... Teaching  
 Blair Gullion ..... Teaching  
 Roy Gephart ..... Indiana Dental College  
 Sarah Hall..... First National Bank  
 Effie Hagner ..... Mulberry School  
 Thomas Houck..... Morris & Standford's Store  
 John Huddleson ..... Indiana University  
 George Hinds ..... Purdue University  
 Elbert Hutson ..... Purdue University  
 Pha Jones ..... Earlham College  
 Margaret Johnson ..... Cincinnati Conservatory  
 Roger Kramer ..... South Bend  
 John Lyle ..... South Bend  
 Bernice Locker ..... Chicago  
 Elberta Markley ..... California  
 Ruth Newby ..... Indiana University  
 Bernice Ogborn ..... Garment Factory  
 Beatrice Ogborn ..... Farmers' Bank  
 Henry Powell ..... California  
 Elizabeth Powers ..... Earlham College  
 Philip Phillips ..... Purdue University  
 George Stout ..... Illinois University  
 Martha Smith ..... Goucher College  
 Murray Smith ..... Rose City Pharmacy  
 Kenneth Shelton..... Indianapolis  
 Robert Smith ..... Indiana University  
 Velma Sherry ..... Muncie Normal  
 Virgil Teager ..... Indianapolis  
 Fred Thornburgh ..... Connersville  
 Horace Upham ..... Indiana University  
 Ruth Wisehart ..... Indiana University  
 Martha Wiggins ..... Piano Factory  
 Eugene Yergin ..... Indiana University  
 Eugene Wilkinson ..... Texas



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—Alice Ogborn, '23.

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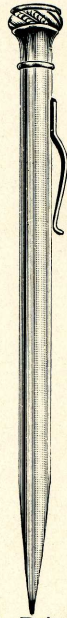
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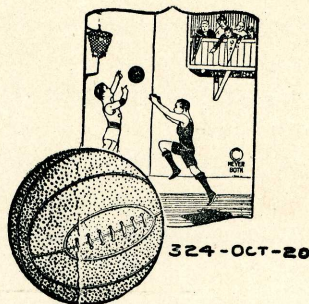
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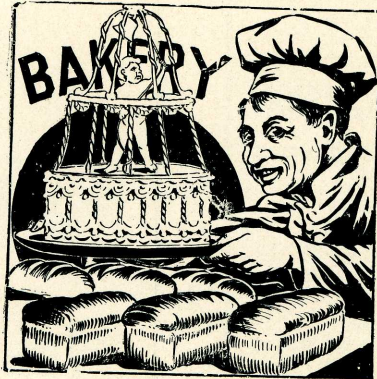
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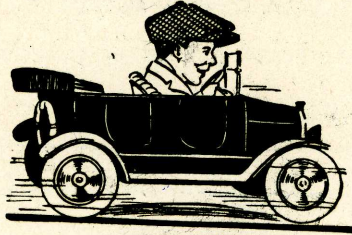
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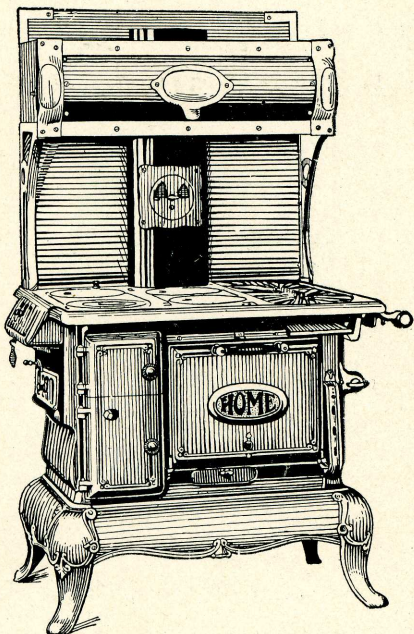
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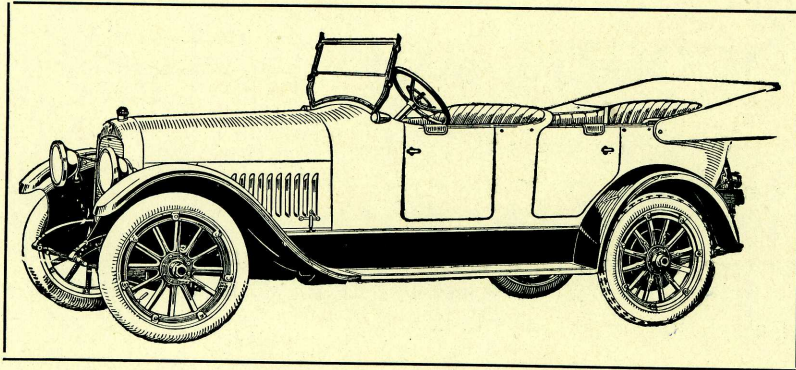
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Good Furniture is  
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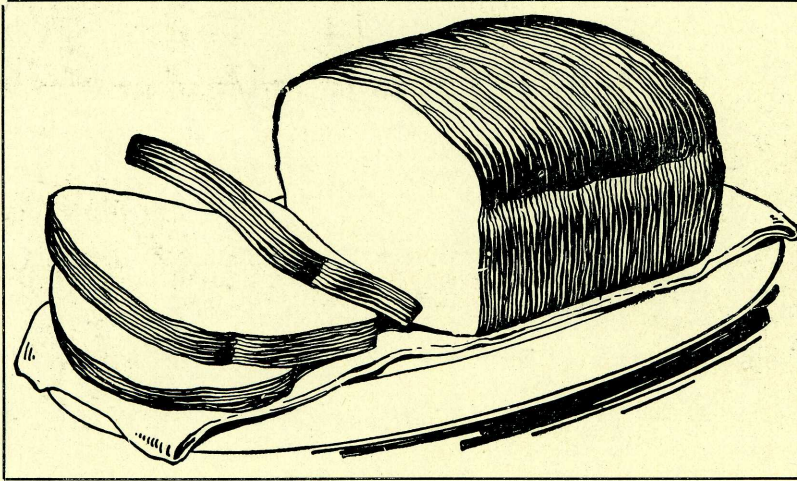
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Buy  
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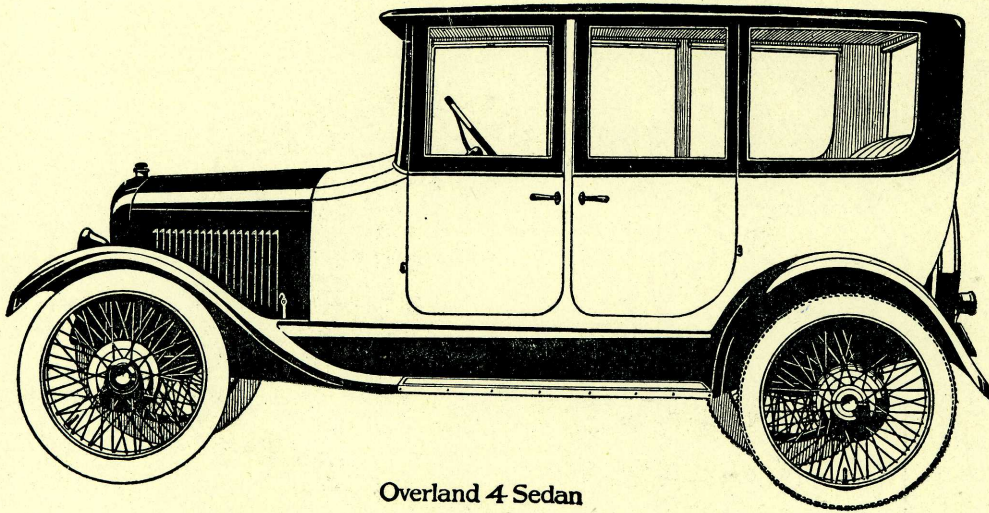
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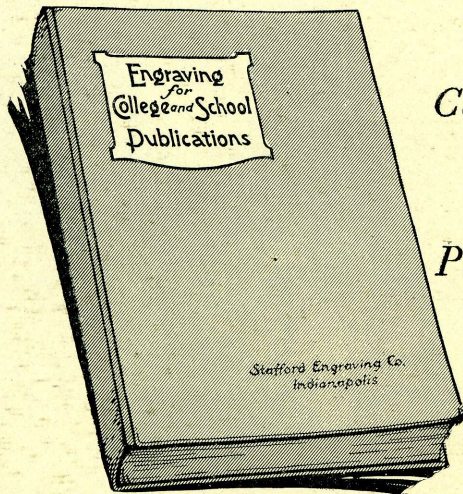
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