



# THE COMET

Successor to The Crescent

## B-O-O-O-O! SAID THE BOOGEY MAN!

"A yearbook would not be advisable this year," they said. "It will be a complete failure. No one has any money to spend on such things because of the depression." Beautiful sentiments! Such advice was doubly inspiring to the staff. It was up to us to decide.

Were we to let the *groaners* tell us what to do? Were we to be dictated to by the "depression", to show our weakness before its awful majesty? Were we to be pointed out as *cowards* and *quitters*?

## AND HERE IS THE ANSWER!

We are willing to admit that this publication is not so large, or so nicely bound, or so full of color as its predecessor, the 1932 Crescent.

We admit that the cost of this book to us was small as compared with that in many previous years.

We admit that it is different! *And we are glad of it!* That was our aim for the 1933 Comet.

We concluded that if we did have a yearbook, (and where would our school rate if we didn't?) it could not be an expensive, old-type book. Some wanted to drop the publication until conditions got better, but we knew that if we did that, it would be twice as hard to start again. Here was our chance to show whether we really had any initiative, ability, or determination.

We changed the name of the Crescent to the Comet for the purpose of making the book still more different. Since this is an entirely different style of a book, we felt it would be unfair to the name of the Crescent to continue using it.

Even if you do find this book with less pages, we will guarantee you that if you look in every nook and corner you will be amply rewarded.

We hope this book has not been cheapened in spite of the lowered price. We have tried to build this book in such a way that you would be proud of it and be glad to say, "How's this for a depression publication?"

If you like it, tell your friends; and if you don't like it, tell us.

So here it is, The 1933 *Comet*.

Published by the Elwood High School

Elwood, Indiana

1933



Row One—Marcella Woodsides, Harold Athan, Woodrow Meyer, Edward Boggess, Dortha Yohe.

Row Two—Robert Foster, Mary E. Stevens, Alberta Becker, Helen Ruth Purtee, Kelton Goodwin.

Row Three—Billy Wann, Francis Henderson, Mr. Donald Brown, Bill DeHority, Freddy Frazier

## You Are The Judge

Through depression, bank holiday, and destructive comments we have struggled in an effort to create an annual that, though lacking in style, would be rich in quality. Representatives of every organized class faced these adverse conditions that you, the student body, might have something that would cause you to remember the school year 1932-33.

Upon my shoulders as editor were placed the responsibilities of management, but without the support and cooperation of every member of the staff my work on this publication would have been useless. Perhaps it was my assistants that experienced the most despairing part of the work, because it was their duty to find or invent ways of completing the tasks assigned them.

There is no doubt but what Edward Boggess and his assistants, Freddy Frazier, Francis Henderson, and Billy Wann, carried out a successful advertising campaign. Despite the conditions of the business houses in this city they turned in more than the required amount of advertising.

Because of the financial situation in the city and schools the year proved a trying one for the circulation manager. Marcella Woodsides, through her witty ideas of salesmanship, showed her ability to master such a situation when she managed the pledge drive which resulted in the soliciting of over 450 pledges.

The Student body is also to be congratulated for supporting this publication.

Harold Athan acted as banker in a most efficient way. Throughout the year he showed his ability by offering money-saving ideas. It is to him that we must give credit for the financial success of the 1933 Comet.

For the creation and collection of literary material, which was required in large amounts by this year's book, numerous members of the staff assisted. Bob Foster with his wit and humor which was the cause of many new and original literary features proved to be a valuable fellow. But a large amount of the success, if it has been, of this part of the book must be accredited to his assistants, Alberta Becker, assistant literary editor; Helen Ruth Purtee and Mary E. Stevens, senior editors; Bill DeHority, athletic editor; Dortha Yohe, junior editor, and Kelton Goodwin, class president.

To Bob Evans we express our thanks for the fine art work which he contributed. Though Bob was not a member of the staff he cooperated with us in every way possible.

Last but not least we must remember and give credit to our faculty adviser, Mr. Brown. He gave words of encouragement and gave freely of his time when problems apparently without light presented themselves to us.

It would be futile to explain this book further, and likewise a member of the staff cannot openly declare the book a success or a failure. It is the reader's opinion of this book that determine its success. You are the judge.

—W. Meyer



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## What Our School Means to the Community

What does our school mean to the community? Have we given this question serious thought? Upon our school rests the life and power of the community, and its teachings are the guide and standard by which we judge the people with whom we associate. Our school leads us to a deeper understanding and a broader sympathy for those with whom we daily come in contact.

Through our school we are able to make more secure the health and happiness of those about us. We are brought together in such a way as to make it necessary for us, the students of Elwood High School, to sacrifice petty desires and selfish motives for the good of the larger groups, thus adapting ourselves for a life of public service. We learn of the trials and mistakes of those who have trod the rocky path of experience. We are able to profit by their errors and be able to use a more successful plan in pursuit of our life's work.

To us is brought an understanding more general than was usually held by the people of a generation ago at the close of their lives. We come to realize that others, as well as ourselves, have their problems, and we are drawn closer together as we strive to help our fellow-men solve their problems.

The success of a community is entirely dependent upon the ability of its residents to work together for the betterment of all. This is almost impossible unless there are men and women of broad sympathy and common interests. A good education brings with it a better understanding and, therefore, common interests and the cooperation of its followers.

Our school leads us to better moral standards. We are taught a broader conception of the Bible, and come to recognize it as a masterpiece, both of spiritual value and of literary accomplishment. It contains the highest code of morals and the noblest gems of thought ever given to mankind.

Upon the principal of common education is our country founded. Its strength lies in the ability of the governed to see and realize the great strain of its activities. It is necessary for our community and country, if it would reach a higher governmental standard, to place its support upon firmer communities and better citizens.

Through our school our community life shall reach a higher level, and our people a broader, nobler conception of life. We must be more able to cope unselfishly and broadmindedly with the issues which are ever arising before every home, community, state, and nation in the future. We, the youth of today, are the leaders of tomorrow.

## What Our School Offers

To an outsider it may be puzzling just what some six hundred students could do in this huge high school building for five hours of every day and five days a week. Now, to students, that presents no problem.

The high school's course has been divided into four general heads, the college preparatory, commercial, agriculture, and the technical arts. Each branch has its own special type courses open only to those in the course.

Following we have a statement of what one studies under each particular course:

### LATIN

Beginning—One learns to use his tools, the conjugations, declensions and a vocabulary.

Advanced—The study of Roman life, Caesar's Gallic War, Caesar's Orations with the principals of oratory.

### PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY

A study of the physical aspects of the earth.

### ECONOMICS

A study of the fundamental workings of our Federal government.

### HISTORY 1-2

A study of the happenings from early Egypt up to modern times.

### HISTORY 3-4

The study of America ever since its discovery up to the last corner of depression.

### GEOMETRY AND ALGEBRA

The study of these subjects consists of the analysis, discovery, and proof of various geometric and algebraic facts.

### ARITHMETIC

A study of the fundamental processes of mathematics; namely, addition, subtraction, multiplication, and division; their mastery and practical application.

### ENGLISH 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8

In the first semester, grammar and composition are the essentials.

During the second the literary work is foremost.

In English three a continuation of grammar along with composition.

English four takes up prose and poetry.

Three short stories are studied during the fifth semester, and more grammar.

During the sixth, poetry is apprehended from every angle.

English seven marks a return to English grammar and composition, written composition being stressed.

The final semester concerns the study of drama.

### HEALTH

A study of the art of healthful living, or of living so as to keep or to gain health.

### PHYSICAL TRAINING

A course established for the further development of the body.

### FRENCH

An intermixing of grammar and the translation of French stories.

### BIOLOGY

A study of all living things.

### CHEMISTRY

The study of intramolecular changes which material things undergo under various influences, that is, changes which alter the physical properties of matter.

### PHYSICS

A study of the science that treats of the phenomena associated with matter in general, especially in its relations to energy.

### BOOKKEEPING

A course so arranged to acquaint the pupils with bookkeeping principles and procedures, and the mastery of applying them for future use.

### TYPING

A study in which individuals are taught to be skilled typists.

### SHORTHAND

The purpose of this course is to give the pupils a foundation for the writing of words by sound, plus the ability to take transcription of business material at the rate of sixty words per minute.

### ART

Here the talented work to develop, to a higher degree, their talents in the field of art.

### SHOP

The course is so arranged as to acquaint the boys with a much sounder knowledge of the fields of mechanics.

### HOME ECONOMICS

A study prescribed for girls in which they are given the fundamentals for cooking and sewing.

### MECHANICAL DRAWING

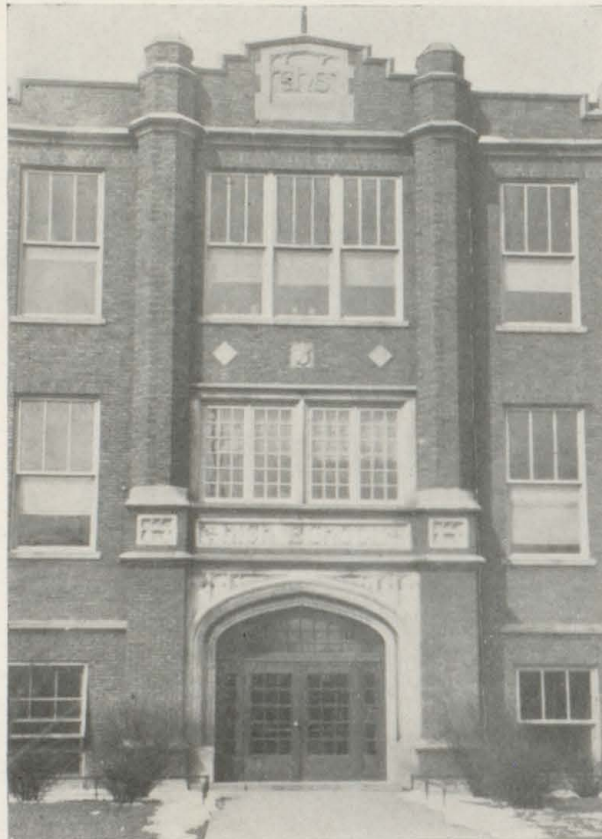
The mastery of the ability to draw and use tools well.

### AGRICULTURE

A study of the principles of soils, plants or crops, and their management.

### THE LIBRARY

The last, but one of the most important. Here one has access to reference books on any subject in preparation of one's lessons.



## Sackcloth With Laurels

Is it possible that we are about to graduate? Sometimes it seems centuries since we entered high school and sometimes we think it was only yesterday. In reality it was September, 1929.

Why is it that the finger of general opinion points to supposed ill-treatment of freshman, we wonder, when experience has taught us that such is not the case? Hasn't any other class discovered it or are we the only ones who admit it? Perhaps it was that knowledge that brought us through the first year with flying colors.

The sophomore year entitled us to the name "class" and a full-fledged one at that, with a sponsor, officers, and occasional class meetings. We certainly enjoyed this privilege and chose Kelton Goodwin, President; Thomas Lindley, Vice President; Maxine Haskett, Secretary; Hazel Hoggat, Treasurer; Mr. George Smith, Sponsor. Our motto, "The elevator to success is not working—take the stairs," is characteristic of our class spirit. Pink and green were selected as class colors and the sweet pea as our flower.

During this year, the Grim Reaper cast his shadow in our midst and took one of our most admired and beloved classmates, Juanita Jones.

Juniors! Upperclassmen! We could hardly wear our hats! Justifiable pride we called it, and rightly so, for throughout this year, our class was well represented in practically every school activity: athletics, annual work, debating, and music, to say nothing of carrying off honors in studies. Kelton Goodwin presided at class meet-

ings again this year with Gerald Smith to substitute, Charles DeHority to review the last meeting, and Donald Kincaid to handle the cash. Since Mr. Smith did so well the previous year, we retained him as sponsor.

'Twas a grand and glorious feeling to enter school the next fall as seniors but many were the problems we have had to cope with. Our class, as proof of its originality, introduced a really different annual, *The Comet*, and issued it on time in spite of what seemed unsurmountable difficulties.

President Kelton Goodwin, Vice President, Wayne Hoeffler, Secretary Wilbur Mosiman, Treasurer Pansy McDermitt, and Sponsor Mr. Smith expertly steered our ship this year.

The object of a high school education is usually assumed to be a diploma, a certificate of credits in a course of study. Perhaps that is true in one sense, but we, as a class, have found that it is not the knowledge gleaned from textbooks alone that we will use for the rest of our lives, but the valuable ability to be good sports, a trait learned only through personal contact with our fellow-students.

Although we may rejoice in finishing high school and remark that we are glad to leave, there is hardly a graduate who, at some time or other, will not recall his high school days and say with a catch on his voice:

"Backward, turn backward, O Time, in thy flight,  
Make me a freshie again, just for tonight."

## Class of 1933

Just four years ago we started in "slow",  
Over one hundred freshies all in a row  
Just to see what possibly could be done  
In the way of work and a little fun.

After one year as you could see,  
It began to tell on you and me  
That high school isn't what it's said to be;  
Work for you, and plenty for me.

Now's our chance and just you wait,  
We've taken it hook, line, sinker and bait.  
We've finished our school all so nice,  
Now we're ready for old shoes, tin cans and rice.

Now the second year comes around the bend;  
Oh, my gosh! Gee whiz! Will it never end?  
English and history and all that stuff,  
We think we shall surely end "in the rough".

Now the third year comes rollin' 'round, you see;  
It's fun for some, but trouble for me.  
If those dignified seniors would just stand by  
We'd have a good chance; and then we'd try.

—Marcella Woodsides



**MILDRED WOODYARD**  
 Music Club  
 Girls' Athletic Club  
 Garrick Club

**ALBERTA CONE**  
 Music Club  
 Girls' Athletic Club  
 English 8 play

**HAROLD M. YATES**  
 Football  
 Track

**LOIS JOHNSON**  
 Home Economics Club  
 Girls' Athletic Club

**DONALD E. KINCAID**  
 Football  
 Band  
 Orchestra  
 Booster Club  
 Class Basketball  
 Operetta '32  
 Melody Musketeers

**CLARABELLE TOMPKINS**  
 Nature Study Club  
 Latin Club

**PAUL MAGERS**

**CHARLOTTE DELLINGER**  
 Music Club  
 State Chorus  
 Senior Class Play

**CHARLES DeHORITY**

**FRANCES MARLEY**  
 Latin Contest  
 Latin Club  
 Latin Club Play

**DELORIS KNOTTS**  
 Home Economics Club  
 Girls' Athletic Club

**ALICE PHIPPS**  
 Home Economics Club  
 French Club  
 Orchestra

**MILDRED GOINS**

**WAYNE HOFFER**  
 Basketball  
 Football  
 Booster Club

**DONALD GAIL ORBAUGH**  
 Band  
 Orchestra  
 Booster Club

**BILL DeHORITY**  
 Annual Staff  
 Booster Club  
 "E" Club  
 Track  
 Football  
 Basketball

**DOROTHEA CULP**  
 Dramatic Club Play  
 '32, '33

**ZOLA MAE COOK**  
 Journalistic Club  
 Athletic Club  
 Girl's Glee Club

**MARY JO PALMER**  
 Debating  
 Dramatic Club Play  
 Senior Class Play

**WOODROW MEYER**  
 Dramatic Club Play '32, '33  
 Senior Class Play  
 Annual Staff  
 Debating

**CHARLES TYNER**

**CARL DANNER**  
 Operetta '32  
 Melody Musketeers  
 State Chorus  
 Music Club  
 Debating Club

**ELIZABETH JOHNSON**  
 Orchestra  
 English 8 Play  
 Music Club  
 Expression Club

**ESTHER HOEFFER**  
 Dramatic Club Play

**FLORENCE C. HICKNER**  
 Safety Play

**RICHARD COOLEY**  
 Orchestra  
 Dramatic Club  
 Booster Club  
 Debating

**ALVEY JONES**  
 Study Club  
 Nature Study Club  
 Public Speaking Play

**EARL BRISCO**  
 Basketball

**ALBERTA BECKER**  
 Annual Staff

**MAXINE BOHANNON**  
 Girls' Athletic Club  
 Home Economics Club

**CATHERINE E. LOER**  
 Girls' Athletic Club

**ROBERT E. RICHARDS**  
 Senior Class Play '32

**WILBUR MOSIMAN**

**GEORGE I. SELLERS, JR.**  
 Booster Club  
 Glee Club  
 Hi-Y





**MILDRED HURD**  
Home Economics Club  
English 8 Play  
Girls' Athletic Club

**MARTHA J. BENEDICT**  
French Club

**FRED WELCHER**  
Class Basketball  
Melody Musketeers  
State Chorus

**ROBERT SCHUYLER**  
Booster Club  
Voc. Basketball  
Class Basketball

**GERALD SMITH**  
Band  
Orchestra  
Operetta '31, '32  
Garrick Club  
Melody Musketeers  
Vice President '32  
Debating  
Class Basketball

**EILEEN REVEAL**  
Girls' Athletic Club

**RUTH E. COLE**  
French Club  
Girls' Glee Club

**MARY LOU WRIGHT**  
Mary Lou Wright  
Girls' Athletic Club  
Dramatic Club  
Senior Class Play

**HAROLD ATHAN**  
Cheer Leader  
Track  
Class Basketball  
Annual Staff  
Senior Class Play  
Dramatic Club Play '32, '33  
Safety Play  
Reception Committee

**SYLVESTER FAULSTICK** **WILLIS E. BEATTY**  
Band  
Orchestra  
Melody Musketeers  
Booster Club  
Biology Club  
Student Council  
Class Basketball

**FLOMA MOORE**  
Study Club  
Girls' Athletic Club

**GENEVIEVE HEFLIN** **LUTHERA SPRINGER**  
Operetta  
Latin Club  
Aviation Club  
Home Economics Club  
Garrick Club  
Dramatic Club  
State Chorus

**PAUL WILSON**  
Yell Leader  
Booster Club  
Class Basketball  
English 8 Play  
Vice President Garrick Club  
Dramatic Club Play '33

**MARY McCAREL**  
Study Club  
Dramatic Club  
Operetta '30, '31  
State Chorus  
Senior Class Play  
Student Council  
Secretary 4-A Class

**RUTH SPAHR**

**LEROY PACE**

Nature Study Club  
Class Basketball  
Operetta

**ELEANOR L. SMITH**

Dramatic Club  
Girls' Athletic Club  
Music Club

**THELMA LOUISE KING**

Study Club  
Girls' Athletic Club

**EDWARD COINER**

Aviation Club  
Operetta  
Orchestra

**DORINE GOODMAN**

Nature Study Club  
Latin Club

**DORIS CHANCE**

French Club  
Girls' Athletic Club

**ROBERT NAGEL**

**WILMA KURTZ**

French Club  
Home Economics Club  
Girls' Glee Club  
Chorus

**ANNALOUS BABB**

Journalistic Club  
Girls' Athletic Club  
Operetta

**GERALD WOODS**

**MAXINE HASKETT**

Garrick Club  
French Club  
Dramatic Club  
State Chorus  
Senior Class Play

**EILEEN GAVIN**

Dramatic Club  
Dramatic Club Play

**JOHN REDMOND**

Track  
Latin Club  
Operetta  
Class Basketball  
Melody Musketeers

**MARIE KATHLEEN GRAY**

Latin Contest  
Home Economics Club  
Girls' Athletic Club

**MILDRED GEE**

Home Economics Club  
Girls' Athletic Club

**JOHN SKINNER**





**GERALD BECKLEY**  
 Future Farmers' Club  
 Voc. Basketball  
 Reception Committee

**MARY KLEINBUB**  
 Garrick Club  
 Girls' Athletic Club  
 Operetta  
 Senior Class Play  
 English 8 Play

**BETTY ENGLERTH**

**M. RUTH MONTGOMERY HARRY BROBST**

**DOROTHY LEE**

**DOROTHY LAYTON**  
 Home Economics Club  
 Girls' Athletic Club

**MARGARET BAMBROUGH**  
 Class President  
 Senior Class Play  
 Home Economics Club  
 Girls' Athletic Club

**ROBERT HERSHEY**

**MAX HASKETT**  
 Future Farmers' Club

**BELVA DIMICK**

**VIOLET SHAW**  
 Journal Club  
 Girls' Athletic Club

**MARY E. STEVENS**  
 Latin Club  
 Dramatic Club  
 Annual Staff  
 Student Council  
 English 8 Play

**ROY NAYLOR**

**J. WILLIAM MAGERS**  
 Senior Class Play  
 Basketball

**HELEN R. PURTEE**  
 Journal Club  
 Latin Club  
 Student Council  
 Annual Staff

**EMMA TODD**  
 Aviation Club  
 Home Economics Club



**PANSY McDERMITT**  
Girls' Athletic Club

**RALPH ROBINSON**  
Radio Club  
Nature Club  
Class Basketball  
English 8 Play

**MARY E. ELLIS**  
Latin Club  
Dramatic Club Play

**THOMAS MOCK**

**VIVIAN MOCK**

**DWIGHT L. ALLEY**  
Melody Musketeers  
Booster Club  
Class Basketball  
Tri-State Chorus

**CORRINE JOHNSON**  
Music Club  
Girls' Athletic Club  
Operetta '30.  
English 8 Play

**MARY KATHERINE DUNN**  
Girls' Athletic Club  
Girls' Glee Club  
Home Economics Club

**MARY E. DRAKE**  
French Club  
Home Economics Club  
Girls' Chorus  
Operetta

**MIRIAM REYNOLDS**

**FRANK PRESTON**  
Harrison High School  
Latin Contest

**FRANCIS RENNER**  
Band  
Orchestra

**HENRY SCHUCK**

**DOROTHY AVERY**

**MARTHA MAE OSBORNE**  
Operetta  
Expression Club  
Nature Club  
Journalistic Club  
English 8 Play

**DELORES DELLINGER**  
Home Economics Club  
French Club

**ELIZABETH HOBBS**





**JEAN WAYMIRE**

Garrick Club  
State Chorus

**FRANCES LEISURE**

Operetta  
State Chorus  
Girls' Glee Club  
Music Club  
Girls' Athletic Club

**JAMES H. ADAMS**

Glee Club  
Class Basketball

**ROSE MARY KELLER**

**MARY ELLEN  
BLUBAUGH**

**MARTHA DENNIS**

Senior Class Play

**ROBERT FOSTER**

Annual Staff  
Dramatic Club Play  
Senior Class Play  
Orchestra  
Student Council  
Operetta  
Tennis Team  
Reception Committee

**ALSTON MILLSAUGH**

**KELTON GOODWIN**

Football  
Class Basketball  
Senior Class Play  
Annual Staff  
Class President  
Cheer Leader  
Student Council  
Operetta

**MILDRED MILLER**

**MARCELLA WOODSIDES**

Annual Staff  
Operetta '32  
Music Club  
Garrick Club  
Dramatic Club  
Student Council  
Reception Committee  
Girls' Athletic Club

**JANE ANN WILHOIT**

Glee Club  
Garrick Club  
Girls' Athletic Club  
Music Club

**SABA V. STARTZMAN**

Nature Study Club  
Garrick Club

**LETTA D. McCARTY**

Garrick Club

**WILLIAM A. GARDINER, JR.**

Radio Club  
Aviation Club  
Football

**EDWARD MALEY**

Football  
Radio Club  
Nature Study Club

**ROBERT EVANS**

Annual Staff '32

## By Their Initials You Shall Know Them

James Adams..... Jolly, Attentive  
 Dwight Alley..... Daring, Aggravating  
 Harold Athan..... Handsome, Adorable  
 Annalois Babb..... Always Behaves  
 Willis Beaty..... Wins Beauties  
 Alberta Becker..... Always Busy  
 Gerald Beckley..... Gay Boy  
 Martha J. Benedict..... Merry, Jolly, Busy  
 Mary Ellen Blubaugh..... Modest, Earnest, Beautiful  
 Maxine Bohannon..... Must Behave  
 Earl Brisco..... Efficient Boy  
 Doris Chance..... Desires to be Cute  
 Edward Coiner..... Earnest, Considerate  
 Ruth Cole..... Really Considerate  
 Zola Mae Cook..... Ziegfeld Marks her Cuteness  
 Richard Cooley..... Raises Cain  
 Alberta Cone..... Always Considerate  
 Dorothea Culp..... Desires to be Cute  
 Carl Danner..... Cute but Daring  
 Bill DeHority..... Blondes Deceive  
 Charles DeHority..... Cunning, Darling  
 Charlotte Dellinger..... Can't Deceive  
 Delores Dellinger..... Does her Duty  
 Martha Dennis..... Modern Diana  
 Belva Dimick..... Behaves Decently  
 Mary Drake..... Modest, Dutiful  
 Mary K. Dunn..... Merits Kind Deeds  
 Mary Ellis..... Modern Eve  
 Betty Englerth..... Believes in doing Everything  
 Robert Evans..... Really in Earnest  
 Sylvester Faulstick..... Satisfies his Friends  
 Robert Foster..... Really Funny  
 William Gardiner..... Wants his Girl  
 Eileen Gavin..... Easy Going  
 Mildred Gee..... Modern Girl  
 Edward Geis..... Easily Guided  
 Mildred Goins..... Modern Goddess  
 Dorine Goodman..... Desires to be Good  
 Kelton Goodwin..... Kids the Girls  
 Kathleen Gray..... Kind and Good  
 Max Haskett..... Modest, Honest  
 Maxine Haskett..... Merry, Humorous  
 Genevieve Heflin..... Generous, Honest  
 Robert Hershey..... Really Honest  
 Florence Hickner..... Fame and Honor  
 Wayne Hoeffler..... Wins Hearts  
 Esther Hoeffler..... Easily Humorous  
 Elizabeth Johnson..... Ever Jolly  
 Lois Johnson..... Loves to Joke  
 Alvey Jones..... Always Jolly

Rose Mary Keller..... Rose Made for Kindness  
 Donald Kincaid..... Delights in Kissing  
 Thelma King..... Tender, Kind  
 Deloris Knotts..... Desires a Kiss  
 Wilma Kurtz..... What Kisses  
 Frances Leisure..... Fondness for Love  
 Catherine Loer..... Capable, Likeable  
 Letta McCarty..... Loves her Man  
 Pansy McDermitt..... Pal to Men  
 Paul Magers..... Polite and Mannerly  
 William Magers..... What a Man  
 Frances Marley..... Flatters Men  
 Woodrow Meyer..... Woman's Man  
 Mildred Miller..... Merely Milly  
 Alston Millspaugh..... Always Melancholy  
 Thomas Mock..... Thoughtful, Modest  
 Vivian Mock..... Very Modest  
 Ruth Montgomery..... Really Modern  
 Bill Mosiman..... Beware of this Man  
 Robert Nagel..... Really Nice  
 Donald Orbaugh..... Darling, Obliging  
 Martha Osborne..... Merry, Obliging  
 Mary Jo Palmer..... Meet a Jolly Person  
 Alice Phipps..... Adores Pleasure  
 Frank Preston..... Famous as a Personality  
 Ruth Spahr..... Regular Sweetheart  
 Ray Downham..... Real Dancer  
 Luthera Springer..... Lovely, Sincere  
 Saba Startzman..... Sympathetic, Sincere  
 Mary Stevens..... Modest, Sincere  
 Emma Todd..... Earnest, Timid  
 Clara Belle Tompkins..... Charming But Tiny  
 Jean Waymire..... Jolly Woman  
 Fred Welcher..... Fond of Women  
 Jane Ann Wilhoit..... Just Another Woman  
 Paul Wilson..... Poison to Women  
 Gerald Woods..... Gone Wild  
 Marcella Woodsides..... Merry, Witty  
 Mildred Woodyard..... Many are her Wiles  
 Mary Lou Wright..... Modern Little Woman  
 Harold Yates..... Honest Youth  
 Dorothy Avery..... Delightful, Adorable  
 Margaret Bambrough..... Merry, Busy  
 Harry Brobst..... Handsome but Botheresome  
 Mildred Hurd..... Modest, Honest  
 Corrine Johnson..... Curious but Jolly  
 Mary Kleinbub..... Marvelous Kid  
 Dorothy Layton..... Dutiful to Love

(Continued on page 15)



Edward Geis



## Ships in Our Lives

What has my school life meant to me? Have you ever asked yourself that question during your four years of high school? When I was a freshman, I looked around me in amazement at the huge building which stood before me, not realizing what was it to mean to me in the future.

Our school is the place where we build the foundation for our later life. Just what does this foundation contain? First of all, it contains Friendship. Isn't it a pleasant feeling to know you have a pal in this world? How carefree you feel when Joe comes up, pats you on the back, and says "How's everything today, Pat?" Don't you have a funny feeling when you see Bill walking down the hall with Millie, and don't you wonder if this is really love? Then you begin to wonder if Mr. Lindley got hold of the note from Kate that fell out of your book this morning. Gee! isn't school life fun? I wouldn't miss it for anything.

Sportmanship is another part of this foundation. Are you really being a sport if you cheat just a *little bit*? You may say, "Well, what harm is there in copying a line or two?" It is better to help yourself than to get help from someone else.

A true sport boosts his team. A team feels more like doing its best if it is backed by its fellow-students. "Yell and yell hard for your team, and it will be sure to win."

Scholarship is another important layer of this foundation. School is not all work; neither is it all play. Don't come to school with the idea that you are trying to get by "by the skin of your teeth", but put forth a little effort. There is an old saying that says that we get out of a thing just what we put into it. If you come to school to get an education, learn all you can while you have the chance. Build your road to success on this foundation, and in later life you will not regret having built a firm foundation.

—Helen Purtee

## "Senior Memories"

We started as freshmen some ten years ago  
To learn the few things we thought we should  
know.

With each year of toil our achievements grew  
less,

And now all we know is easy to guess.

As 'Sophies' we did what we thought was the  
'nerts',

As pests in the class-room there were no worse;  
But the grades on our cards showed this would  
not do,

So we vowed to behave, for the next year or two.

Our junior year came with much added fame  
To kindle ambition and hope.

We battled it through with hearts brave and true  
For with years there was one more to cope.

Seniors at last, we were burdened with tasks

But we stayed on and finally won out;

And now that we're through, to be honest with you  
We'd much rather sniffle than shout.

We leave our school, with heavy hearts  
To wander far, to drift apart.

For after graduation day

We walk a dim, untrodden way,

While memories linger in our minds  
Of old school-mates and happy times,  
But best of all we'll love to tell  
Tales of our school we loved so well.

—Kelton Goodwin

## Treasures in Waiting

I am going to take the students of Elwood High School on a tour. Perhaps you will all be surprised when I tell you we are going to tour our own high school. We are going to explore our own domain, because too few of us know the extent of our own possessions.

In sculpturing you will find replicas of many noted pieces of work, in our library and halls, such as the Greek goddess Hebe, the Winged Victory of Samothrace, Boys with Book, Boys with Scroll, Alexander's Triumphal Entry into Babylon, and busts of Goethe, Daniel Webster, and others.

In the rooms and halls you will find walls adorned with facsimiles of fine paintings. Some of these are: The Capture of Andromache, A Reading from Homer, Ruins of Roman Forum,

William Shakespeare, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, and Oliver Wendell Holmes.

We are proud indeed of the beautiful painting, the work of Leona Williams Roop, a former Elwood High School student, and presented by her to the school.

We also have attractive photographic reproductions of the Lincoln Memorial and the Poet's Corner at Westminster Abbey.

You probably have noticed our walls are not empty, but have you been observing enough to realize the value of what they hold? If not, here is a challenge to powers of observation. See more of what is at your elbow and you will be doubly repaid. You will gain both cultural values and school spirit.

—Elwanda Phillips

## By Their Initials You Shall Know Them

(Continued from page 13)

Dot Lee.....	Deceived Love
Mary McCarel.....	Merry Maiden
Edward Maley.....	Eager to Marry
Floma Moore.....	Fondness for Men
Roy Naylor.....	Really Nice
Ralph Pace.....	Let's be Pals
Ralph Robison.....	Real Runabout
Charles Tyner.....	Cute Little Tyke
Betty Hobbs.....	Believes in being Happy
Alliene Reveal.....	Always Ready
Miriam Reynolds.....	Merry, Reserved
Bob Richards.....	Beware he is Reserved
John Redmond.....	Jealous Rascal
Francis Renner.....	Fond of Redheads
Henry Schuck.....	Honest, Serious
Robert Schuyler.....	Really Sincere
Junior Sellers.....	Jolly, never Serious
Violet Shaw.....	Very Sophisticated
John Skinner.....	Just another Sample
Eleanoir Smith.....	Earnest, Sincere
Gerald Smith.....	Generally Sincere

### HISTORY: REVISED EDITION

Mary E. Wright (in history class)—Yes, Napoleon was a great man. He would probably have captured America but it wasn't discovered yet.

### BROUGHT TO LIGHT

Freshie—Don't they have "pep sessions" up here?

Bill D.—No, little boy, they interfere with athletics.

### AMBITION

H. Etchison—I'm not going to use a comb or brush on my hair anymore.

Willard Mc.—Why not?

H. Etchison—'Cause I wanna grow up and look like Mr. Lindley.

I pulled out my hair  
And wrinkled up my face  
But it didn't help a bit  
When I tried to fill this space.

—Editor

### DEAR OLD SCHOOL

I leave thee, dear old school.  
But with regret.  
It is most cruel  
For we've just met.  
The happy hours I've spent with thee  
I'll cherish them sacredly.  
Why does it have to be  
At this time I must leave thee?

—Ruth Spahr

## Not An Uncommon Feeling

When I'm summoned to the office,  
My heart starts sinking fast.  
"I've been acting fine," I think,  
"But I knew it couldn't last."

I think of all the little things  
That I have done this week,  
And wonder what it is they want  
As I walk up so meek.

The principal is busy,  
And I have to wait awhile;  
So I sit down and try to think  
As I thumb my mental file.

Then I wonder to myself:  
Has Mr. Hillis found  
That I, instead of being sick,  
Was really out of town?

Or has he seen me chewing gum,  
Or marking on the walls,  
Or heard me yelling to someone  
While running down the halls?

The suspense is almost killing  
Till he shows up at the door;  
Then I walk in beside him  
And he quickly "takes the floor".

"Son," he says as he looks down,  
And sees my quaking knees,  
"As you go by the post-office  
Will you mail this card for me?"

—Alvy Havens

### HE KNEW HIS OIL

Ashton—Jim, name a large oil city in the South.

Jim G.—Mobile.

### MARIE

Marie, Marie—it seems to me  
That name is better than the rest.  
Of all the girls I've ever known  
I like this one the best.  
She's dear to me as she can be,  
Her thoughts are keen and true;  
She always has a smile for me—  
No matter if she's blue.  
She is to me, as good a girl  
As one could ever find.  
She is my thoughts, my one ideal,  
She's always on my mind.  
And if from me she is taken  
Some bright and sunny day,  
My skies that once seemed bright and blue  
Would then be dull and grey.

—Kelton Goodwin

(Editor's Note: "And it hath come to pass.")

## Coming Up

The juniors of '33 will be the leaders of '34. When we say leaders, we mean it because our present class has representatives in every activity of our school, who possess the qualifications and experience necessary next year.

During our career in high school we have suffered some losses from deaths, withdrawals, and matrimony, but recruits have come in and replaced them.

This class has a large group of students at the present time, more than one hundred members. They have been sponsored by Miss Grishaw, the home economics teacher, for the last two years, and it is likely that she will lead them on until their finish of high school.

Co-operation is this class's aim. They know the meaning of this word and realize that if they want to get what they start out to get, they must work together successfully. Just to prove that they really mean business, they have given two of the most successful parties in 1932 and 1933 that have ever been given by a high school class. The first party was held in the gymnasium with Mr. Lindley and Miss Grishaw chaperoning. The second party was held in the music room with Miss Allen, Mr. Lindley, and Miss Grishaw as guests.

In 1931 their first election of officers was held and Arvona Dowell was chosen for the first president. She proved to be of highest quality and was elected again this year, with Robert Hiatt as vice president, Vivian Leeson as secretary, and George Sohn as treasurer. Each officer has done his best in serving the class.

This class has more than contributed to the share of the debating teams. The entire negative team was composed of juniors, who were undefeated in debates with Frankfort, Wiley of Terre Haute, and Jefferson of Lafayette, losing only to Marion. Losing this last debate caused Elwood to be ineligible for the district contest. However, this group, with this experience gained, should be a formidable team next year.

It is always noticeable that there are several juniors who take part in all the plays and operettas sponsored by the school, which proves that they are capable of being chosen for such activities.

Our football and basketball teams rate very high in the state. This is probably because of the six juniors on the football team and the four on the basketball team. With such players being left over until next year, it is evident that we will have a winning team next years as this year. A school is held, it seems, in highest esteem with winning teams.

The juniors have done their share toward the success of the student council and the monitor system as well as the other classes. Each class is equally represented in the council. The positions as monitors are evenly distributed, which means that juniors are stationed in the halls to keep an eye on the law-breaking in this school.

(Continued on page 24)

## 3 A Class Party

Nearly half of the class of 1934 succeeded in getting together in the music room in the high school building on Friday evening, January 27, to enjoy a class party which seems to be the only one given this year, which makes it quite outstanding. My, how different the boys looked in their good suits, and the girls in their party dresses! It does make you feel different towards your classmates after an evening of fun such as was had at this party. Some students were patient enough to sit down and work on jig-saw puzzles. Others played ping-pong until they probably saw that ball bouncing around in their sleep. Ouch! If one of those darts that were thrown throughout the evening would have hit someone, we'll wager there would have been some commotion for a while, but as luck would be, nothing happened. The radio music was grand and what a homey effect the room acquired with the lamps lit and rugs on the floor. The main event of the evening was the game, hearts. Everyone took part in this and the prize was awarded to Nora Alice George. But wait! Just before that game started, what caused Alice Terwilliger to leave the party so quickly? We'll bet that Mr. Lindley has found out by this time. You can always count on him. The game was abruptly interrupted by refreshments, but I guess no one seemed to mind that. Everyone cooperated in straightening up the room, and at 10 o'clock, as were orders, the lights were turned out. Bidding Miss Grishaw, sponsor, and Mr. Lindley and Miss Allen, chaperons, goodnight, everyone departed declaring that the party was a success.

## What Shall We Do As Seniors?

We, the juniors, shall first try to act the part of seniors. We are not satisfied with the freshman antics of the present seniors. We shall try to set up a good example for the freshman instead of following his examples. We shall make our class a standard for the school, a model for the other classes to follow.

We shall promote our system of regulating the school. We shall try to cooperate with the teachers and the school officials in promoting better discipline in our school. Our present monitor system was organized for this purpose and has proved successful to a great extent, though we still see Mr. Hillis going down the halls dismissing gossiping parties, especially around the girls' lockers. He also has to watch the boys to see that they don't make a race track out of the halls.

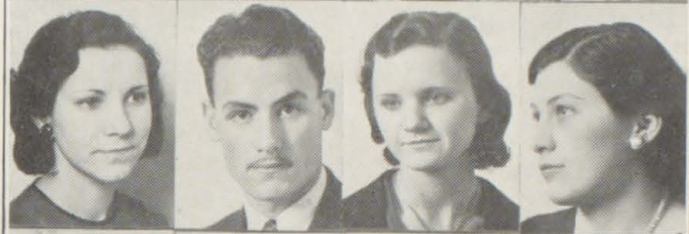
This should be taken care of by the monitor, and we shall strive to put into effect, with the cooperation of the other classes, a better executed system. We shall try to make our school an outstanding school in the state; one to be set as an example for other schools; and we shall make it a true home of knowledge. We hope.

# JUNIORS

Row One—Bessie Fish, Marion Mann, Helen Benedict.



Row Two—Laura Powers, Chester Knopp, Dora Mae Courtney, Helen Rauch.



Row Three—Delores Faucett, Jennie Gardiner, Olga Mullin, Elva Shaw.



Row Four—Dan Clymer, Marcella Coe, Rosella Robbins, Kathryn Adams.



Row Five—Hazel Cunningham, Virgie Holmes, Pauline Wood, Mary E. Wright, 3A Secretary.



Row Six—Herman Weddell, Viola Ruth Lewis, Martha Garst, Walton Wilson.



Row Seven—Geneva Davis, Cleatus McPhearson, Nita Harmon, Mary Starr.



Row Eight—Isabelle Peters, Virginia Higbee, Robert Hiatt, 3B Vice-President; Esther Scott.



Row Nine—Madonna Williams, Florence Dimick, Gerald Reynolds, Gertrude Everling.



JUNIORS

Row One—Merle Keith, Melvin Clapper, Maxine Phenis, Jeanette Harbit.

Row Two—George Sohn, 3B Treasurer; Janet McCallum, Ellen Ward, Naomi Kendall.

Row Three—Bessie Hartsock, Nora George, Richard Rees, Martha Jane Tubbs.

Row Four—Marguerite Keller, Alice Mesalem, Marguerite McDonel, Charles McDanell.

Row Five—Robert Houser, 3A Vice Pres.; Vivian Leeson, 3B Secretary; Doris DeHority, Ruby Tomlinson.

Row Six—Pauline Fouts, Naomi Harmon, Johannah Conway, Rita Higgins.

Row Seven—Madeline Hawkins, Leona Mae Osborne, Jennevie Degoyler, Genevieve Keyser.

Row Eight—Elsie Grinnell, Leon Williams, Alma Blake, Robert Osting.

Row Nine—Martha Gates, Zola Thrawl, George Jackman, Eileen Rockafellar.





# JUNIORS

Row One—Moses Wittkamper, Vera Mae Ridgeway, Dorothy St. Clair, Edward Boggess, 3A President.



Row Two—Nina Terwilliger, Phillip McDonel, Maurice Hutcherson, 3A Treasurer; Cleda Beth Kightlinger.



Row Three—Burl Vanness, Marjorie Runyan, Doris Van Briggie, Ray Downham.



Row Four—Mary Florence Cochran, Arthur Stickler, Eugene Robinson, Miriam Sosbe.



Row Five—Robert C. Smith, Jaunita Ebert, Mildred McCallum, Hubert Etchison.



Row Six—Alice Terwilleger, Willard McCord, Reed Schafer, Clarabelle Lamm.



Row Seven—James Gorden, Arvona Dowell, 3B President; Dortha Yohe, Robert Wallace.



Row Eight—Charlotte Wright, Ralph Warner, Alvy Havens, Mary Sorba.



Row Nine—Robert Jordan, Sylvia Balsler, Harold Larison, Jessie Lea Shawhan.



## Extracts From a Student's Diary

(Editor's Note: "What! No calendar?" our Literary Editor, Mr. Foster, bawled. So, in our desperation, we had to try to appease him. Fortunately, the day before the Comet went to press this diary was picked up in the hall and was found to contain practically everything we wanted—and a lot that we didn't want; for we have had to omit a great deal that was purely personal and perhaps a little compromising. Can you identify its author?)

### SEPTEMBER

- 7—First day. Walked to school with Francis Henderson. Chased all over town for Bill Magers to get a Civics text this afternoon. Cussed an English 7 essay all evening.
- 8—Pep session for first football game. Team on the stage. 'Twas probably the background that gave the team the "posing" idea.
- 12—Monday morn after the night before. Had a date last p. m. with Bob Foster. He makes the hours seem like seconds.
- 20—Tennis after school. Bob Nagel swings a mean racket.

### OCTOBER

- 13—Intelligence scores distributed. Guess I'll have to get to work or something. Who doesn't, though?
- 20—All out! Teachers' Convention. Two days to sleep.
- 24—At it again.
- 28—Anderson footballs here tonight. Guess Dot and I will go. Had a dandy pep session. Mr. Hosier joined in to put a little zip in the yells. My! What a little inspiration will do.
- 31—Here 'tis Monday. Had a date with Ed Maley last night. I had forgotten he's one of the best tacklers, and what an evening! Gee, he's handsome!

### NOVEMBER

- 4—Played Muncie there. Had a date with Paul Wilson, blond "Gable".

10—Appointed monitor. Ralph Warner stopped and chatted again. Just winked all other times he passed. First snow today.

11—Brrr\*\* Lovely weather for Eskimos. Armistice Day walking marathon. Carl Danner and his gang dropped out of line at "Sweat" Shop and watched the rest. School Spirit! Senior Day. El. Hi. 6—Bloomington 0. The atmosphere reminded one of Sunday or Wednesday night—everybody's arms around everybody else. It was the weather, not the moon. Too bad.

15—Appetizing lecture and slides on Africa. Jr. Sellers seems none the worse or the knock-downcarryout Senior Day Brawl.

16—Snowbound — 15 inches; Sleepbound — 24 hours.

23—"Deport" cards. Vacate for Thanksgiving. Whoops!!

29—Pledge Drive for Comet. Brother, can you spare an installment?

### DECEMBER

- 2—First basketball game here. El. Hi. 30—Lapel 21. Home with Gerald Reynolds. Oh! My operation!
- 5—King Male Quartette. Hear dem bells!
- 21—Safety Play the sixth period. Whattaman (Don) Goodwin on my right. Christmas vacation ahead. 18 days to "unlax".
- 24—Christmas Eve with Bill Mosiman. Looks like Merry Christmas with aspirin for Bill.

### JANUARY

- 9—The magnetic peal of school bells beckons us back to sleeping quarters today.
- 13—Flunk Notices passed out. Didn't we all?
- 16—New semester and new program. Hope the kids in my new classes are cute for a change.
- 20—Hotcha pep session this afternoon. Alex. basketballs here tonight. A date with Don Kincaid. Such politeness must be observed.

## FEBRUARY

- 7—"Sun Up" "upped" in the auditorium this morning. Giving in to Bogy's entreaties, I parked the chassis between him and Woodie. Wept bitterly. "Whoa" is me! Woodie wanted to borrow a hankie but I just had one.
- 15—Senior class meeting, fourth period. It's easy to understand why Ket has been class president every year. Such "sox" appeal! E sweaters were awarded the sixth period. Ed Maley was late again.
- 17—Went to Alex. to see Panthers vs. Tigers. My bodyguard for the evening was Harold Athan. What hair! And his "line" isn't half bad.
- 21—Charity game. Panthers 22—Frankton 19. Went to the "Dugout" opening with Pete Wolfe, gentleman and athlete.
- 24—Pep session. Jeers for Ket, Hank, Paul, Ruth, Red, and Beaty, soon ex-service men. Hartford City here tonight. Had a date with James Adams. Is he really so bashful or is it just a pose?

- 27—I hear that Anderson Hi. was suspended by the I. H. S. A. A. and the tourney is this week-end. 'Stoo bad. (For them.)
- 28—LOCAL BOY MAKES GOOD. Bob Nagel made 90 per cent on a shorthand test.

## MARCH

- 3—Madison County sectional held at Muncie. All the games were something to get hoarse about. Went with Dick Cooley. He's an expert one-arm driver. Really, Diary, you've no idea! !
- 4—Elwood battled Markleville for the final game and was defeated on an overtime. Many a fan shed tears. (Not mentioning the team.)
- 9—The Bell Trio presented an especially enjoyable program this morning. At the close, Harold led a cheer for each of the members, Catherine, James, and Richard.

## That Class of '35

Let it be herein recorded that the class of '35 are freshmen no longer. Our self esteem has gone up many points. Let it be further recorded that this class is the most brilliant, amiable, and energetic group that has ever graced the halls of Elwood High School. (Editor's Note: This last statement will probably be stricken from the record.) We do not say this with any intention to fabricate, for S stands not only for sophomore but also for sincerity.

Think of it! We have officers like "drate big peoples". We really don't know why we have officers except that everybody seems to think it's the right thing. We certainly want to do the right thing. Mary Ellen Yarling has been our president and Larry McCarel has been her assistant, though why she should need an assistant is another mystery for our class meets so rarely that even a president seems almost unnecessary. Frances Mae DeHority was elected secretary, but her duties have not been so strenuous as to threaten her health, for a secretary can't take

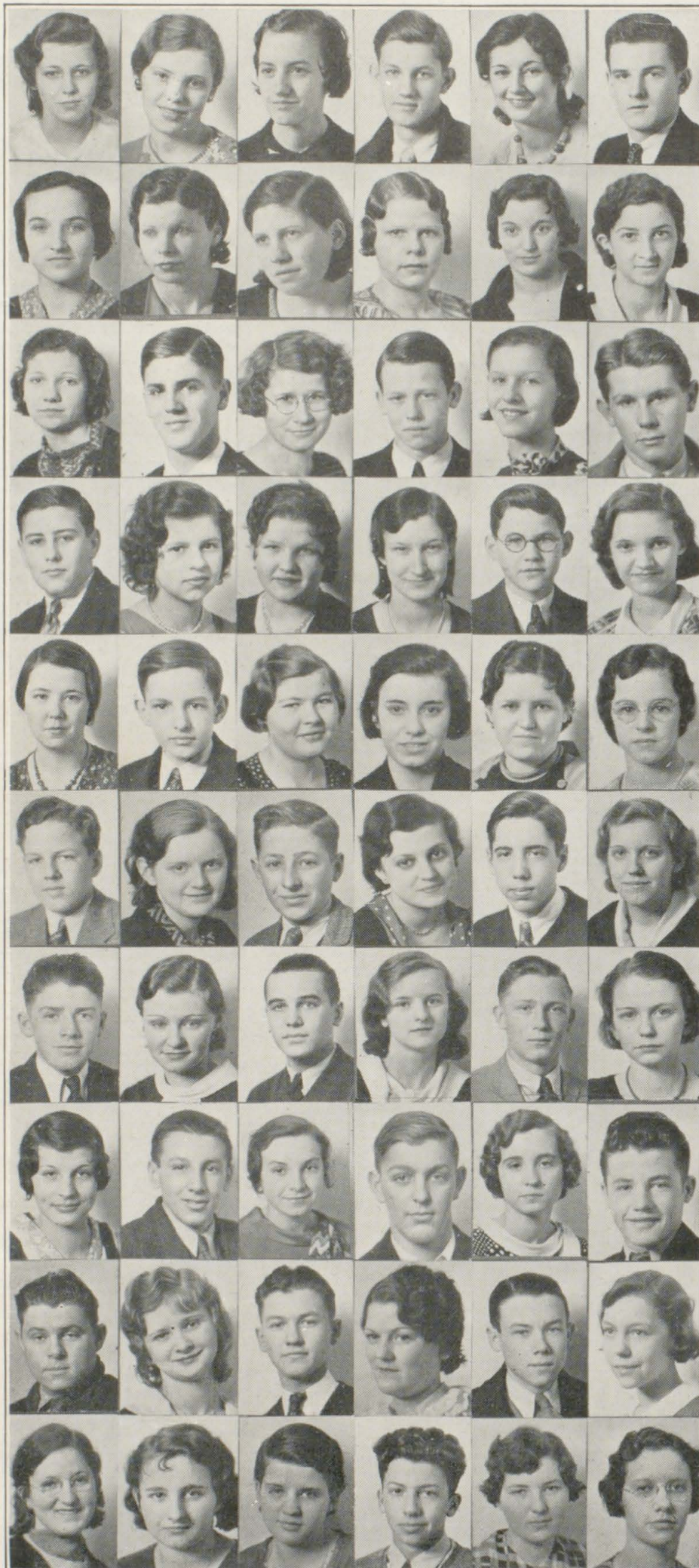
minutes without a meeting to "minute". Marjorie Boston was chosen treasurer only to learn that most of the class couldn't pay except in individual scrip, which Miss Boston hesitated about taking.

Needless to say, we shall, when we are juniors, surpass every other third year class of the past in all respects. We shall have better athletes, more honor students, more eloquent debaters and dramatic performers, and a more attractive annual. The echoes of our achievements shall go reverberating down the corridors of time.

Stand aside! The class of '35 is on its way. We shall slay dragons! Bring them on. We shall end depressions; we shall get our names in the paper. We are the class of '35.

(Editor's Note—We refuse to take responsibility for the above utterances. Their only excuse is that they are the outpourings of a sophomore's egotism.)

Sophomores



Row One—Waunita Watkins, Ruby Tomlinson, Maxine Green, Lawrence Alexander, Marcel Borst, Chester Wolf.

Row Two—Evelyn Evans, Jean Ham, Fern Colson, Marcella Hangar, Ruth Lawrence, Eileen Grimme.

Row Three—Elizabeth Mock, Chas. Cain, Frances Patchett, Harold Ott, Cora Mae Eikenberry, Charles Hofer.

Row Four—Francis Foland, Jean Robinson, Audrey Mae Smith, Eulalah Mount, Ralph Yarling, Carmen Barnes.

Row Five—Hattie Mae Dietzer, Monroe Roop, Mary Sharp, Helen Dunn, Martha Newlan, Doris Leakey.

Row Six—James Heflin, Margaret Russell, Leslie Balsler, Alice Myerly, Albert Creamer, Geraldine Boyer.

Row Seven—Raymond Whitehead, LaVaughn Phillips, James Ripperger, Margaret Savage, Mark Shaw, Martha Ann Gray.

Row Eight—Leona Albers, Addelbert Rounds, Mabel Henderson, J. R. Stone, Charlotte Knotts, Robert Todd.

Row Nine—Earl Sattler, Lilliemae Mottweiller, Lowell Whitehead, Ruby Estes, Paul Sizelove, Edna Maley.

Row Ten—Dortha Whetstone, Hilda Beckley, Dorothy Budd, Floyd Reese, Jane Ann Jackson, Lucille Freeman.

Sophomores

Column One — Josephine Sloan Leonard Hodson, Ethel Persinger, Dorothy Cochran, Rebecca Noland, Robert Goodman, Mary E. Harbit, Lairy McCarel, vice-pres., Elsie McMinds, Adrian Bambrough.

Column Two—William Hoose, Margaret Miller, Cecil Fitzpatrick, Frances Mae DeHority, sec., Harold Dietzer, Arthur Stokes, Milo Kilgore, Leon Smith, Billy Wann, Lucille Hackett.

Column Three—Marie Woodsides, Carol Hiatt, Olive Cain, Evelyn Faust, William Tubbs, Annabelle Wallace, Francis Henderson, Esther Crider, Catherine Bell, James Heflin.

Column Four—Eugene Daugherty, Mary Ellen Yarling, pres., James Van Winkle, William Parsons, Muriel Sellers, Richard Montgomery, Jane Ann Hiatt, Thos. Davis, Alice Vinson, Betty Brown.

Column Five—Cleo Fetz, Dilver Whetstone, Charles Lamm, Howard Idle, Earl Griffin, Elbert Murray, Ruby Hamm, Okal Benedict, Robert Stevens, Carlos Little.

Column Six—Gertrude Hartley, Carl Antrim, Ruth Moorehead, Joe Floyd, Marjorie Boston, treas., Lottie Williams, Jack Frazier, Harriet Lindley, Mary K. Harris, Robert Klumpp.



## A Locker's Contemplations

"When winter comes spring is not far behind," and when spring comes commencement is not far away. So I am lonely. I am supposed to be nothing but a plain, lifeless, cold locker. I have no identity other than No. 361, almost like a prison convict. The only voice I possess is a harsh, jarring rattle which I make when I am opened or closed. I am just like many other lockers. On either side of me are many that look just alike. I attract no one's attention. I am located in the darkest part of the upper hall where the light of day never shines upon me and seldom any other light. I have protected books, papers, notes, love letters, compacts, and other articles of confidential nature for Marcella for four years and have never divulged a secret. But she will soon leave me; yank my lock off of me and leave me alone and exposed to the glaring eyes of the wide world. Why shouldn't I be sad?

Yet, I have many happy memories to brighten me in the dark hours to come. Few locks have been so fortunate as I in the past four years. Instead of coming to me only once or twice a day, Marcella has lovingly caressed my lock and handle at least a dozen times in the morning while she waited for Everett to appear. Kelton used to handle me when he chatted endearingly with "Sweet Marie!" Oh! those tender endearments bestowed on me by those four fill me with happiness yet bring sad thoughts to my mind. Oh! Where is Everett now? Why has Kelton deserted me?

In the dark hours of the night, I casually glance over the treasures entrusted to me. I view with interest in the September Pathfinder of '29, the picture of "Silent Cal." who has since returned to Southhampton. I see the picture of a happy, courageous young engineer from California who has recently assumed the responsibility of the presidency in a note that he plans to abolish poverty from the land of America and that the election of '28 endorsed the "noble experiment" as a settled policy of the United States. I read that thousands have made fortunes on Wall Street and that America is the land of wealth and plenty with none but happy employed people. The names Smoot, Watson, Wood, Purnell, and several others appear. Where are they now? Where are our happiness and plenty? I read of revolutions, five-year plans, of stock crashes, England off the gold standard, Kellogg Peace Pacts, and Japanese invasions of China, insurrections, Capone, Roosevelt, Democratic landslide, McNutt, moratoriums, farmers' holidays, bank holidays, scrip, Zangara and Cermak, earthquakes in California, tornadoes in Tennessee, floods in Ohio, and beer by April 7.

It is all so confusing to me that I turn away in despair and read the sweet little love notes from Paul Wilson, written 'way back in '31. "Oh! Marcella, I . . . ." Next I find one of '30 from Rex Lineberry inviting Marcella to a party. Then there's one from Robert Richards that was used to hide her gum in when a monitor approached. Then, too, I turn back dust covered pages and find those loving little notes from Robert Gritton 'way back in '30. But the back corner of my space is filled with the notes from Everett. My!

he was ever so attentive. They would be interesting but they are so much alike.

These are just a few of my memories of the past. They are my secrets never to be exposed to a scandal-loving world. I knew the opinion of more girls, of more boys than any other person in the school, but that is another secret I must not tell because hundreds of lovesick girls have trusted me—have spoken right before me.

So you see, I, locker number 361, have my sorrows and my heartaches as May approaches. Marcella has been the very best kind of a sport, she has been a good, confidential friend but she will leave me and others will come. Maybe Charlotte Wright will come and take me. Perhaps she will share her thrills with me or perhaps Postoffice Rosie will be my pal. Whoever my future will be, my past is filled with rich memories.

—H. L.

## Coming Up

(Continued from page 16)

Last, but not least, the juniors are well represented on the annual staff, and have contributed freely with their time and effort and have done their share to solve the many new financial problems peculiar to this year's publication. This is a position of honor and each class should be proud of their members on the annual staff.

As a result of these experiences, we feel justified in saving and prophesying that next year's senior class will possess the leadership necessary to carry on the activities and traditions of E. H. S. in a manner that will bring pleasure and satisfaction to all. They seem to have everything for a successful senior year, and that is what they must look forward to.

We feel that we have the privilege of the teachers in saying that this class has been one of the best classes in many a year.

### "BILL" AND "MILLY"

"Bill" and "Milly"; "Mill" and "Billy";

Any way it's said, it's silly.

In street or hall, in any weather—

They are seen with hands together;

Bill, so towering and athletic,

Milly, short and sympathetic.

What a pair! Are lovers silly?

Take a look at Bill and Milly.

## The Green Horde or Why Is a Freshman?

Seniors may pass away into the hinterlands of the business and professional world; juniors may lose their true identity mingling in the sophistication of the seniors; sophomores may wear a foolish grin of satisfaction having sipped at the Pyerean wells of knowledge and thus hide from the world their ignorance; but the freshman lives on forever—a brilliant argument that Darwin and Barnum were both right. They have been with us always a necessary evil and an indelible blot on the escutcheon of academic education. Every mother has just cause to protest that she did not rear her child to be a freshman.

Like a green horde the freshmen have overrun the world. We see them stumbling into senior lectures on physics, enrolling in public speaking, losing their way in the halls, spilling ink on newly polished floors, mixing Latin declensions and murmuring algebraic expressions. (Ah, yes, one ever wonders if they have not been tampering with our banking system.) In the library we see them as thick as vermin in one of Edgar Allen Poe's dungeons. Rattling newspapers, bumping against chairs, dropping books and in divers other ways they annoy the studious upper classmen grinding away at their books.

In the halls, in the office, in the auditorium, and on the streets one sees them. Freshmen, freshmen everywhere but with not a thought to think.

The faculty is at the end of its wits to avoid

the new green horde of freshmen. English teachers scream with terror as the "freshies" hurl split infinitives at them. Biology teachers go into tantrums looking at the freshman's futuristic sketches of flora and fauna.

Mathematics instructors have conniptions as these verdant neophytes misplace decimal points and confuse algebraic formulae. Foreign language instructors become delirious as they listen to the cold-blooded "rhinies" slaughter the President's French and Caesar's Latin. "Et tu, Freshman," Caesar must murmur as he turns in his grave. From the principal on down to the lowliest sophomore the green plague has struck everyone. None is spared.

What must we do about it? Banish them to Devil's Island? Molakai or the Arctic Circle?

The S. P. C. A. would prevent such a remarkable solution to our problem.

Science has come to our rescue. Doctors have concocted a gaseous substance called "Anti-freshness" with which we can inoculate our freshmen. This treatment when administered with care over a period of one year will make a freshman indistinguishable from the average sophomore. Not much improvement. But we have remaining for our labor the lesser evil which may in time evolve into that homo sapiens stage of a senior. All of which proves the old adage: "Great big seniors from little freshmen grow."

—Henry Schuck.

## The Freshman's Creed

I am the freshie.

I am the youngest institution in the school and I am the oldest.

The school is my heritage when I come into it and when I go I leave it to the next generation of freshies.

My mission is to leave the school a better place than I found it.

With my many small classmates I can do this if the upperclassmen do not impose too many handicaps upon me.

I want to be respected by the upper classmen.

I want to have a voice in school affairs.

I want my ability and intelligence to be recognized.

If the upperclassmen will make my path easy now, I will help other freshies when I grow.

I am the object of all jokes and wisecracks.

I am in everybody's way and jam the halls to capacity.

I am known to be terrorized by the "office."

I want to make the honor roll.

I always obey the teachers.

When I am a senior I will act my age.

I shall carve my name on every desk.

I am the hope of the school.

I am the freshie.

## THE GAME

We will play the game and we'll play it square;  
It's better to lose than to win unfair.

What matters if the cheater wins,  
We will do our best and if in the end,

We still are losers, we will carry on  
The greatest game that can be won.

We know it's hard to lose honor and fame

But we're proud to win in Life's great game.

—Mildred Goins.

## THE FLIGHT

"Already," cried the driver,  
"Contact," rang clear and loud.

And off down the field  
Soaring up to the clouds.

Away down the skyline,  
Not another in sight.

Still going, up and around:

My! what a beautiful sight.

But, wait, why we're falling,

My goodness 'tis true.

See how the ground rushes

Right up to the blue?

We crash in a grassy field,

And oh, my! Such a fall;

But you need not worry,

For I am just a golf ball.

—Robert Foster

Freshmen



Column One—Philip Mc Knight, Irma Edwards, Olive Davis, Richard Wright, Mary Alice Tyner, Ruth Simmons, Betty Kahler, Mary Hurd, Aileen Courtney, Maurice Ewing.

Column Two—Helen Ricks, Dallas Gordon, Joan Robbins, Hilda Havens, James C. Drake, Fred Stant, Kathryn Knotts, Florence Phillips, Catherine Scholl, Agnes Phillips.

Column Three — Maurice Hurst, Charleen Tompkins, Merrill Bryan, Paul Scott, Annabelle Tucker, Howard Hastings, Marcia Reynolds, Mary Rachel Brunson, Marian Foster, Lucille Willhoite.

Column Four—Lucille Yohe, Donovan Robinson, Ernest Clingenpeel, Leo Kurtz, Russell Harrell, Harold Etchison, Marguerite Ryall, John C. Hershey, Delberta York, Eunice Gardner, Edgar Uetz.

Column Five—Betty Dunn, Rosemary Linsmeyer, Charles Coburn, Deloris Lineberry, Della K. Wardwell, Melvin Wentz, Morris Moody, Robert Colson, Ruth Robertson, Robert Meyer.

Column Six—James Courtney, Virgil Richwine, Lucile Lindley, Jack Jeffries, John King, Ruth Murray, Elizabeth Hackett, Robert Bohlander, Pauline Bohannon, Betty Klumpp.

Column Seven — Leota Brown, Ruth White, Martha Heath, Charles Van Briggie, Wilma Starr, Vivian Mitroff, Donald Chance, Richard Mullin, Donald Hershey.



Freshmen

Column One — Margaret Russel, Kathleen Heflin, Cora Byus, Katherine Ward, Esther Goins, Mildred Coe, Lucille Thomas, Robert Montgomery, LuCynthia Kightlinger, Everett Singer.

Column Two—Lillian Richardson, Robert Robbins, Delores Jefferies, Audrey Powers, Beyonda Goodrich, Louise Skinner, Eileen Balsler, John Brown, Ruby Love, William Groover.

Column Three—Allen Willhoite, Jay Peters, Dorothy Sparks, Irene Hurd, Jeanette Bissias, Freddy Frazier, Wilna Hankley, Sue Wilson, Billy Thumma, Herbert Dickey.

Column Four—Reba Ward, Fred Stant, Charles Phillip, Patricia Conwell, Martha Laude- man, Gwendolyn Stone, Dewey Clapper, Elsie Wainscott, Madge Watters, Kenneth Johns.

Column Five—Martha Murray, Robert Brillhart, Mary M. Coston, Mary Cooley, Phyllis Henderson, Rosalind Klumpp, Harold Devall, Wilma Stevens, Margaret Jaco, Martha Bam- brough.

Column Six—Ione Hocker- smith, James Bell, Mary Wil- liams, Louise Tucker, David Hartzler, Nathan Robbins, Vir- ginia Grimme, Earl Powell, Floyd Yates, Lucille Fern.

Column Seven — Martha Kratz, Florence Rockafellar, Dora Benedict, Esther Faye Updegraff, Jean DeHority, Mar- ian Foster, Helen Mesalam, Lillian Wyatt, Robert Hertle, Maxine Bunnel.



## COMETORIALS

## THE WITNESS

Congratulations! After reading the first copy of "The Witness", we are very glad to acknowledge the splendid work done by the editor, Robert Johnson, and his assistants, under the direction of Mr. Renner. Through the co-operation of your students, we, the Elwood High School, feel that it will be met with praise and acclamation. We shall be proud to assist and support you in any way that we can. We are sure that the experience you get in publishing "The Witness" will prove to be a great asset to our school, and are sure that it will improve our own annual, "The Comet".

## WHAT'S TOMORROW?

What opportunity does the high school graduate of today have? This question is discussed time and again. It comes up wherever a group of people, young or old, are gathered together. We hear it discussed over the radio and across the bridge table. Though the question is thoroughly commented upon it is never debated, because the majority prefer the side of pessimism. When asked the question people merely shake their heads and say, "None whatsoever".

Public opinion expresses itself so strongly in the negative direction that certain individuals have gone so far as to write poetry about the matter. Such a poem appears within this book. We are not criticizing the poet, because he has a right to his own opinion; but such verse, in our belief, should not be published in a book of this nature. Such writings will all the more discourage the high school students of today. Have they not enough to worry about with everybody predicting a dark and stormy future for them?

If a person would only gather his thoughts together and use them, he would find that we are living in one of the greatest periods in world history. The United States is experiencing the most trying time since she gained her independence.

Russia under the control of a new government is changing the plans of every nation of the world. Every country with its eyes turned to Russia asks, "Will she succeed?" Whether she succeeds or not, she will leave a mark on the destiny of the world.

Then with the world undergoing such a revolution and with the United States calling for men and women capable of leadership, does no hope exist for the graduate of today?

## PUZZLES

This year jig-saw puzzles are quite the craze. All that can be heard is, "Have you solved the new jig-saw puzzle yet?"

The fellows are using the jig-saw puzzle as an excuse for spending a nice quiet evening with the date. Such practice is undoubtedly saving the youths of our school many dollars.

Though jig-saws may be popular because they are difficult, there are other puzzles that would prove to be as trying if they were undertaken. One great puzzle that is making our school very unpopular with the general public is that of booing the referees at our ball games. Mr. Hillis, our principal, has undertaken time and again the solution of this problem. His efforts have yielded some results, but still the practice continues. Working alone, Mr. Hillis cannot solve this problem. It will take the cooperation of every student in high school. Unless the members of the school who are good sports and are willing to take the word of the official, get together and object as a group to this continued booing, our school will always have this blot upon it.

Another puzzle which only the student body can solve is cheering at the ball games. At the football games, especially, the rooters are scattered throughout the crowd. When the cheer leaders call for a yell, the rooters from the high school are so mingled with other spectators that the effect of the yell is lost. Students from other schools have a section of their bleachers reserved for the members of the school. When a yell is given and the voices all come from one section, the volume and force of the yell is increased. Perhaps this is why our school is named as one that does not back its teams. We know that every student is eager to and does yell for the teams, but because of the lack of unity his voice goes unheard.

Another problem, which has confronted our school for years, will probably be the most difficult to solve. Are the students fair to themselves and to their schoolmates? Do they respect the rights and privileges of one another? In the classroom, are they fair to all concerned?

We find that some students in a certain sense act as tutors for others. If this practice is carried out in the proper manner, no harm can surely result. But in many instances of this kind, the tutoring student acts as a master mind for the other. Eventually the tutored student neglects his work and depends entirely upon the knowledge and ability of the other.

## Thoughts and Afterthoughts

## WHAT DO YOU THINK ABOUT EIGHT MONTHS OF SCHOOL?

This is a question which has been quite freely commented upon during the last few weeks. Just to show you what a few of those comments have been, here are some of the "most freely expressed opinions".

Bertie Becker—I never thought about it.

Marcella Woodsides—I'd just as soon have nine months. If I wasn't a senior I wouldn't care.

Martha Jane Tubbs—It's O. K. with me.

Marjorie Runyan—Well, to be frank about it, I think nine months would be much better.

John Redmond—I don't like the idea of starting to have eight months during my senior year.

Kathryn Knott—For my part I think eight months of school is enough during these hard times.

Fred Welcher—It ain't right.

Don Goodwin—I don't like it. They ought to have three or four months of school.

Jane Ann Hiatt—It's a dilly.

## RAZZBERRIES

Mr. Hillis, what is the speed limit? Mr. Ashton likes his jokes; that is, he repeats them at least every semester. Miss Kantner, do you ever miss a dance at Muncie? Are the Panthers living on reputation? Betty Hackett, six boy friends are enough for any girl. Mr. Forney, wear your dark suit, it shows up your mustache better. We still think Mr. Brown should be a senator at least, with that mop of hair. We don't see many girls wearing E sweaters. Are they losing the art of borrowing, or doesn't the school give them any more? Parents, if your children are not at school, call up the Ballroom. Wayne H., we hear that you forgot you played hooky on Feb. 28. What's wrong? I don't hear anything of the Waymire-Price case. We hear that Billy Parsons didn't stop to remove the boards as he left the loft of Wann's barn. Cleatus McPhearson, one of your notes was intercepted between you and girl No. 5. It is in the Annual Room if you want it. Carl Danner, Julia wants to know if you returned that New Leader you "borrowed" from the library. Miss Muzum has a good imagination. She can tell you what all the things are that have been handed to her for exhibit. Hillis, Ellwood daredevil-ace, cracked up between Elwood and Alex. Mr. Ashton is quite free with his "comeback-nextsemester" remarks. Who is this Dr. Will Key, the new author? Mr. Davis, what is wrong with your No. 12's? Our school daze will soon be over and you can quit working—working the teachers.

## THINGS I NEVER KNEW TILL NOW

That "Beans" Welcher is so bright that he ought to wear a lamp shade for a hat. That W. R. Wrigley made \$150,000,000 by selling penny sticks of gum. Don't you think a lot of it came through this school? That Junior Sellers really can get a date once in a while. That some of our chemistry students think that steam is just water gone crazy with the heat. That freshman biology students think that there are three kinds of flowers: wild, tame, and collie. That Gerald Woods asked a certain girl for the last dance and she told him that he had already had it. That if Dwight Alley had a few dollars, he would try and buy this school and burn it down. That "Bogy" had so much advertising gab. That a freshman is a "Necessary Evil" and must be tolerated. That Bill Hobbs was told that 500 Chinamen were blown up on a ship and he replied "toot-toot, chop suey!" That Dot Culp can't catch a man. That "Jordy" Welcher hides his chew when walking home with a certain girl. That Wayne Hoeffer reads the "Bally-Hoo" and the "College Humor," chews gum, and writes his English all at the same time. What a man. That Maxine Haskett reads "Love Story" in English class. That you really need a friend when Mrs. Records tells you to write down, "Went to the show." That Harold Athan is so polite that he even tips his hat when he calls his girl on the telephone. That the best way to cheat on an exam is to hide your notes in your head, if you have one. That the only tell-tales in this school are the report cards. That Catherine Loer can't get into the library after being barred once. That Helen Purtee writes notes to "Cledy." That Bill DeHority has a weakness for white socks. That we have a second William Powell in our midst, none other than Mr. Earl B. Forney. That Mr. Lindley went through the knee of his trousers. That Eileen Gavin misspelled so many words on her test because she had a "cold in de dose." That if you want to find out who tells the lies in this school, ask any teacher. That the modern girl may have the ropes but they aren't the kind you hang the wash on. That a conflict is not a person who is kept in prison. That windmills are used in Holland to keep the cows cool. That steak is like a cold day in June, very rare, and that a bill is like March weather, very unsettled. That if you must inhale your soup try and get in tune with the music. That Mrs. Records asked a certain boy how he would ask for water in France, and he said that he wouldn't think of asking for water in France. That for success, keep your eyes open and your mouth shut; for eating grape fruit, reverse the process.

## NEWS FLASH!!!

Donald Orbaugh, speed-boat ace, and Edward Boggess, grocer magnate, are to compete in a unique contest. They are to vie for honors in a sleeping marathon. The betting odds are even to date, though Orbaugh seems to have a slight edge in the opinion of local authorities. The contest is to take place at the high school, where both young men maintain they can get best results.

## Getting The Lowdown

WITH HANK AND HANKUS

### SONG HITS

Dago Song—Dago Wild, Simply Wild Over Me.  
 Lazy Man's Song—Moonbeams, Kiss Her for Me.  
 Tango Song—Tango Rain No More.  
 Dirty Song—Muddy Waters.  
 B. V. D. Song—Underwear My Baby is Tonight.  
 Flower Song—By Pillsbury.

### THEME SONGS

Woodie and Mary Jo—Come On, Let's Be Domestic.  
 Wallace and Ann—Sweethearts Forever.  
 Hankus and Dink—Contented.  
 Amy—Willie Weep for Me.  
 Kantner and Russell—Save the Last Dance for Me, Sweetheart.  
 Ket and Simmons—Waltzing in a Dream.  
 Beans and Lorna—Big City Blues.  
 Marcella and Johnny—That Little Brother-in-law of Mine.  
 Unk and Mary—Living in Clover.  
 Betty and Becky—Me and My Shadow.  
 Marcel Borst—I'm Yours for Tonight.  
 Carl Danner—All I'm Asking is Sympathy.  
 Bill Hobbs—Ah, But I've Learned.  
 Bob Richards—I Found a Million Dollar Baby in a Five and Ten Cent Store.  
 Bob Foster—Betty Co-ed.  
 Basil Hoosier—Sleeny Time Down South.  
 Tank Todd—I'm a Twelve O'clock Fellow in a Nine O'clock Town.  
 Ruth Cole—Wait Till I Get You in My Dreams.

### AMUSEMENTS

At the Princess—The Blonde Venus, starring Virginia McDermitt.  
 At the Mack—Love Me Tonight, starring Miss Dorothy Kantner.  
 At the Alhambra—The Ape Man, starring O. C. Naugle.  
 At the Paramount—Merrily We Go to Hell, starring the student body.  
 At the Babygrand—The Big Broadcast, starring the faculty.

### WEATHER

Monday—good.  
 Tuesday—fair.  
 Wednesday—poor.  
 Thursday—This page was torn out of the almanac.  
 Friday—fair and generally cloudy—critics don't agree.

### LOW HIGH SCHOOL BURNS DOWN

Lotta Oates, principal, unable to give reason  
 Yesterday, Low High School burned down. Pupils near here will be glad, you may be sure. For years they have tried to bomb it and to flood it, but they never succeeded. Well, the old school sure did burn, and it was cooked well, too. My, how the librarian raved. She went up in smoke. Pupils just getting out of school threw their books in the fire just to see it grow larger and to

see the end of their studies. The fire department tried to put out the fire but after five minutes decided not to waste the water.

We think it must be that fangled teacher who teaches chemistry. She let her pupils play around with the things that they shouldn't have played with, things that would burn real easy. Next time we hope she will teach swimming. Boy, you should have seen her smoke and how she did inhale.

Taxes will have to be raised for a new school and a bucket of paint to paint the fire engine which was badly cracked and melted. Maybe people won't try to teach chemistry after this—we hope so.

### WUXTRY

#### Heart Trouble Traced to Teacher's Tactics

How could he break the news to her? How could he tell her the grim fact. She, who had always relied upon him—depended upon him when everything else was wrong. She who had sacrificed for him and done everything in her power to make him a better man. The thing was impossible, to destroy her faith in him, in all mankind, to forever shatter her hopes for him; he just couldn't tell her, but he must.

Then just as he was about to make the supreme effort, he suddenly saw the stark reality of it all. It seemed like a horrible dream. And yet, he had the evidence in hand—the sheet of paper with two numbers on the top, only two numbers, but what a story they told. He could never live over the disgrace.

Once more he drew up his courage, but once again he wavered. Must he tell her right now—must he? But, yes, it must be now. The sooner the better for all concerned.

Taking one last glance at the blue sky above him, the fair earth around him, with its humanity running to and fro, little recking of the great crisis that had come into his life, he rushed into his home. There he found a woman—little, gray-haired and knitting.

"Mother," he began as she looked up expectantly, with a tender smile. Here he hesitated and gulped. How could he bear to wipe that tender smile from her lips with terrible news that he must tell? Oh, Heavens! That this catastrophe should happen to him—to him who had never done a wrong in his life. But he could not back out; he must go on.

"Mother," he began again, and this time he did not stop, but quickly blurted out those final words—those fatal words—that meant so much.

"Mother, we had an exam. in English today and I—I received only 99 per cent."

And with these words the all-E student, unable to stand the disgrace any longer, crumpled to the floor a broken man.

His mother followed him a second later.

Moral—It pays to be dumb.

## THE ART OF MARBLE SHOOTING

Marble shooting was the first sport invented by man, according to Dr. Archibald Freestone Peedad, professor of archeology at Marblehead University. This game was once the pride of the Paleolithis, Neanderthal, and Cro-Magnon periods and consequently basked in the limelight of pre-historic press agents.

Tournaments were held by these cavemen in which whole families participated. Great stadia were built in which the games were held, Dr. Peedad further explained. In fact, Professor Peedad told the Comet reporter, the art of playing marbles became so popular that the prehistoric colleges were believed to have subsidized some of the more proficient Pueblo Tossers (pebble-tossers) in order to pay off the school debt and create a fund for erecting new caverns of learning.

To support his belief that subdizing existed, Dr. Peedad showed the reporter a picture, a reproduction of one taken from a Cro-Magnon cave, in which a coach is seen signing up a stalwart, unshaved marble player.

Be that as it may, the art of marble-shooting once held the place of our present day football, basketball and baseball.



Archeologists disagree as to how the sport declined to its present status; some saying that the art lost popularity during the bronze age when it is believed professionalism gave it a black-eye. However, the better authorities agree that the art was abandoned by royal mandate when King Boulder the Hard inadvertently stopped a rapidly moving "crockey" with his chin.

Through the ages the art of marble shooting has been passed down from one generation to the next and shows promise of regaining the prestige it held in the good old days when women were knocked senseless instead of being born in that condition.

With all its technique of "bunchums," "knuckles-down-tight," "roundsum," etc., marble shooting has weathered the waves of oblivion and shows promises of supplanting our present day sports, Dr. Peedad explained.

"Perhaps some day," Peedad concluded, "we shall have inter-high school and intercollegiate marble games. We of this generation may see the spectacle of four youths, marbles in hand, ready to give all for dear old Alma Mater while the grandstand sends up a cheer of

"Toe that line, knuckles down tight,  
Knock out a green one, knock out a white."

Then it will be that our ancient predecessors will smile contented in the dust of their graves to see their descendants carrying on the ancient and intricate art of marble-shooting.

—Henry Schuck.

## SERVE THIS COLD

Three hot-dog sandwiches, flavored freely with assorted pickles, 2 cups of strong coffee, a few cherry-cocktail chocolates eaten rapidly just before retiring.

Go to bed on a lumpy mattress, with a cross baby conveniently located. Turn and roll until sunrise, then drift into a gentle nap.

Get up promptly when called the third time; stub your toe hard enough to produce a mild oath; put one leg of undies on wrong side out; find the fire out in the stove and no kindling in the house.

Blame it on your wife and go to work without any breakfast. If this application does not bring expected results, repeat two or three times and add one pint T. N. T., Canadian Bottled in Bond, made in America.

If this doesn't make everyone dread to see you coming, try arsenic.

—A Faculty Member.

## DIZZY DRIVEL

Dashing forward wildly  
He reached his final goal,  
First at the dinner table,  
For to the last belongs the spoil;  
For many are called but, truly,  
What it is they're called, who knows?  
If Eddie Guest's a poet  
I think I'll stick to prose.

## Weeds Hill

Weeds Hill sloped gently eastward for almost a mile and then it stopped abruptly, as if some of it had been cut off and carried away. The place where the cut had seemingly been made was almost one hundred feet in height. The rocks, in places, seemed to be yellow, then following the panorama, the eyes lighted upon red, bronze, golden, and purple colors. At places where some of the rocks jutted out farther than others, small trees were struggling to live on the slight amount of earth in the rock's crevices; some, having grown for a time in the crevices, had died from the lack of food, and were hanging dead on the cliff. Many large trees, oaks, hickories, beech, and ash, clustered on the slope above the rocks; one tree stood out more prominently than the others; this was a pleasant, wide-spreading beech. Underneath it bits of broken limbs, nuts, and leaves had lain and decayed; soft grass grew through the decayed mass, making a soft carpet beneath the tree. The branches grew almost straight out from the tree trunk and the lower ones were very close to the ground. Up the tree the limbs were closely woven and the leaves hung so closely together that they seemed to be in clusters. A monstrous grapevine grew beneath the tree; its vines had caught the limbs and they had climbed to the top of the tree; some, having lost their hold on the limbs, had fallen down over the cliff and seemed to be vainly trying to reach the ground as they rippled back and forth in the breeze. At the foot of the cliff a clear thick stream of water gushed upward with great strength, and sped away, leaving its traces of sand, foam, and mud along its banks. The stream gurgled and rippled with its own free will for a distance, then the natural gaiety was checked by flat stones of different sizes making a wall, causing the water to push its course through a rusty pipe; from the pipe it poured into a great wooden trough which had been hewn from a huge old oak tree trunk; the bark still remained on the trough. Green moss hung over the side from which the water fell. The water, after leaving the trough, clattered on for a short distance toward the woods, then dived into a sink-hole and was lost from view. Some morning glories hung over the sink hole; some of their vines having been caught and carried inward by the force of the stream.

On the north, an even line sloped gently for slight distances; occasionally its even surface being interrupted by dark, rough sandstone jutting out of the ground. Several old broken tree trunks lay on the slope; their bark was gone from them and lay in decayed masses around them; their fiber was decayed and bleached in the sunshine. Bushy catalpas, straggling sassafras, sturdy old oaks, little cedars, and morning pines stood on the hillside. An over-grown hedge trailed around the sides of the hill, serving the purpose of a fence. Inside the hedge a water-melon patch had been planted; its vines trailed at random over the rich, dark soil. A row of bright, husky cabbage plants had been placed around the melon patch. Little white butterflies flitted back and forth over the cabbage.

—D. Scripshun.

## NELL, THE SEWING MACHINE GIRL

The night was dark and stormy,  
 The snow fell swift and wild,  
 As out a deep, dark cellar,  
 Lurched a man up to a child.  
 "Whither to, my maiden fair?"  
 "Whither yourself?" the maid replied.  
 "To the Sharkey-Schmelling fight."  
 "Ah, ha! You try to fool me.  
 I know your tricky game."  
 "Tis pinochle," she answered,  
 "For poker is too tame."  
 "Stop this meaningless jabber,  
 You carry the papers alone."  
 "Oh, no, you are mistaken,  
 I never roll my own."  
 Then giving the man a Lucky,  
 She hurried home with godspeed,  
 True to best girl scout-hood:  
 She had done her daily good deed.  
 —H. Schuck.

## Vain Regrets

You can joke about the freshies;  
 You can laugh at what they do;  
 But after graduation  
 It's the seniors who are blue.

They get quite sentimental  
 When a year has passed away,  
 "Gee, I wish I was back there again",  
 They are often heard to say.  
 —Alvy Havens.

## School Board, 1933



Mr. R. T. Boston      Mr. Charles Barnes      Mrs. Benjamin Wesseler

We have, composing our school board, three of the finest and most worthy individuals in this community.

It is the school board that has ultimately the worries and problems that are connected with the school. They must be efficient and untiring in their efforts to perfect the school management. They must be always prepared to face and combat new difficulties that occur from time to time.

Mr. Charles Barnes, president, is a highly esteemed gentleman who should be appreciated by students and parents alike. He has displayed an excellent example for any student during his work on the school board and has never ceased working in our behalf.

Mr. R. T. Boston, secretary, is another gentleman who has put forth much effort to better our school and thus enable us to have better educational opportunities.

Mrs. Georgia Wesseler, treasurer, is the only lady on our school board. She has proven most efficient in the handling of our funds and co-operating with the other members in their unceasing work for our school.

We sincerely believe that we have one of the best school boards in the state. They have been at the helm of our school's financial structure at a most difficult time. Theirs has been a thankless task in many instances, for they have had to act as a buffer between the taxpayers and the school city. They have had to resort to drastic retrenchment which almost invariably is accompanied by unrest in many quarters. On the other hand they have strenuously tried to prevent the lowering of our educational standards. A compromise has been the result, a compromise which has proved itself to be the most satisfactory solution to an embarrassing problem. Our school board deserves our fullest commendation.

### SCHOOL ADMINISTRATION

Let us draw our attention from the students for a moment and view the administrative division of our school. The importance of the administration in a school is not realized by some people. They have only a vague idea as to the duties of the administration. Some individuals can never see the real merits of such people as

the school board, the principals, and the superintendent. If their child makes good grades it is because he is exceptionally bright, but if the student's grade is below par it is always the teacher's fault and the school board shouldn't have hired such a person. Another excuse might be that the principal was too severe with him when he was sent to the office for chewing gum.

Though a few parents may express an unfavorable opinion of the administration, let us take a fairer view of them. Just how are they rated by the authorities on education? What is the general public opinion of them?

A group of people of whom we have heard little but who play an important part as an administrative unit is the school board. They select the teachers and the principals for our schools. It is their chief duty to select instructors who are capable, and upon their selection of these teachers rests the degree of their success.

Our superintendent is the keystone of the administrative division of our school. Though he does not teach classes, he must keep in contact with the newest and most efficient teaching methods and advise and be advised too by the school board. He must know and interpret the needs of students. He must be prepared to make decisions of weight on short notice. His job knows no definite hours.

Our principals are the connecting links between the purely administrative division of our school and the students and instructors. Preparation of school programs (a monstrous task in many cases), a diplomatic handling of embarrassing disciplinary problems, and the general overseeing of school routine are only three of the many tasks with which our principals must contend.

Still another department of school administrations, which has so long gone unsung, is that of school attendance. The attendance officer and his assistants at the various buildings have no "bed of roses." Their jobs require tact, fair judgment, definite information on students' home life, and a sense of humor. We have nothing but admiration for the splendid work of our attendance staff.



Wm. F. Smith, Supt.

How much education does one need? The answer to this question depends upon the individual himself. If his life is so simple that his needs and wants are few and easily satisfied, the amount of education he requires will be relatively small and not very complex. But if his experiences are complex and highly developed the amount of education required will be very great and inclusive of many things. The demands of his environment make education essential. The amount and kind needed, at any level of civilization, may be determined by what is necessary in learning to live on that level. Life itself will determine the need.

Great and rapid changes are upon us. Re-adjustments must be made constantly not only to our physical surroundings but also to our social and economic environments. In order to get satisfaction from life we have need of the knowledge of many things, skills of various kinds, proper attitudes and appreciations. The more we enrich our life the more meaning it has.

As conditions have become more and more complicated, more of learning has become necessary. This learning comes from all our experiences. Home, schools, churches, newspapers and magazines, radio, motion pictures, and scores of other institutions and things contribute their part to our education.

Conditions will probably continue to change. New inventions and new discoveries may tend to make living more and more complex. Thus more adjustments and more learning may become necessary. This situation suggests to both those in school and those outside that a proper attitude toward learning is very desirable. School days may end, but the need of learning continues.

Learning

That

Counts

All this relates very definitely to those who are in school. They should find that, here, learning takes place under favorable conditions and under the guidance of those who themselves have been well trained. They should find a community of interest which enables them to do better the things they wish to obtain and which they wish to do. Here, they should discover those aptitudes, capacities, and abilities which they will wish to utilize in later activities. Here, they will learn lessons which ought to lead to proper habits of health and physical well being. Here, they should lay the foundations of future vocational enterprises. Here, they should acquire useful tools of learning. Here, in the various activities, students should discover many of those ways of utilizing their leisure time so that it may be made a profitable asset rather than a liability. Finally, here, they should lay those foundations which will lead to that finest of all accomplishments, a worthy character.

Those now in school should appreciate the fact that they are well employed. This is especially true since work outside is difficult to find. What is being done may not yield immediate returns of a financial order, but the result of doing well that which is at hand is a very important preparation for whatever tasks lie ahead of us. The best preparation for success tomorrow lies in doing well that which is at hand today. It is well to aspire to do great things that may lie ahead, but it should not be forgotten that such ends are approached step by step. A project undertaken in the shop, an experiment in the laboratory, a problem in mathematics, a composition to be written or whatever assignment may be attempted challenges the student to

(Continued on page 36)



In  
The Words  
of  
Our Principal



C. C. Hillis, Prin.

In the fall of 1931 we felt that we could improve upon the method of handling the traffic in our corridors. Here the pupils are mingling with one another on their way to classes, at the lockers, at the drinking fountains and in the rest rooms. We believed these periods offered our best opportunities to teach (indirectly) citizenship. Freshmen, sophomores, juniors and seniors are thrown together in a heterogeneous mass. The corridors are taxed to their capacity. Therefore, it is necessary for the pupils to give the utmost consideration to the rights of others in which to avoid congestion and delay. Considering all these conditions it occurred to us that the introduction of a system of student control and direction of traffic would be a sound educational project.

The senior class of 1932 took hold of this project with a great amount of enthusiasm in September, 1931, and perfected an organization for its administration and operation. A student council was organized consisting of members from each of the classes, with the largest number from the senior class (4A's and 4B's). The duties of the council were to appoint monitors and to assign them to specific posts of duty, to receive complaints of traffic violations, to try violators, and to recommend penalties for such violations. The monitor personnel changes each six weeks period. We use approximately 21 pupils as monitors each period. We, therefore, use 126 pupils during the year in this work. These pupils have, we assume, received some valuable training through the responsibility placed upon them.

Previously the teachers were in charge of traffic. Naturally, when the new system was put in operation, the student body felt that the

pressure was released and they had an opportunity to do many of the things which were formerly forbidden. This presented to the monitors a rather difficult problem to fight at the start. In their attempts to maintain order, they were ridiculed and embarrassed by many of the pupils. The result was that few wished to assume the responsibility of acting as monitors. However, through the cooperation of the teachers and rigid discipline by the principal, the pupil attitude gradually changed. This was just a case of educating the student body to a realization of the fact that boys and girls of high school age are supposed to be able to take care of themselves in society at large. This process of education, or re-education, was accomplished (to a reasonable degree) within a short time. At present the pupil attitude is very commendable. During the present year (1932-1933) we have had few cases of violation of traffic rules. There is little, if any, pupil resentment toward the monitors.

Last year we sent a representative to a few of the schools near our own to take notes in order to make comparisons. These visits resulted in much enthusiasm for our new method and helped materially in its success.

We feel that after a little more than a year of trial that much has been accomplished through the change. There seems to be a better attitude toward the school and school work. Pupils are realizing that they, and not the teachers, are the important factor in the school situation.

—C. C. Hillis.

## Honor Students--First Semester

- 4A's—  
 4B's—  
 3A's—Lamm, Claribelle, 4E's  
 3B's—  
 2A's—  
 2B's—Yarling, Mary Ellen, 4E's  
 1A's—Davis, Olive, 4E's, 1G  
 1B's—Klumpp, Betty, 4E's

### HONORABLE MENTION

- 4A's—Bambrough, Margaret; McCarel, Mary.  
 4B's—DeHority, Chas.; Goins, Mildred; Hickner, Florence; Kellar, Rosemary; Magers, Wm.; Phillips, Elwanda; Purtee, Helen; Stevens, Mary E.  
 3A's—  
 3B's—Balsler, Sylvia; Degoyler, Jennevieve; Dowell, Arvona; Gorden, James; Grinnell, Elsie; Leeson, Vivian; McDonel, Philip; Owens, Catherine; Scott, Esther; Terwilliger, Nina; Yohe, Dortha.  
 2A's—Budd, Dorothy; Greene, Maxine; Hamm, Ruby; Henderson, Francis; Hittle, Alva; Powell, Earl.  
 2B's—Bell, Catherine; Boston, Marjorie; Brown, Betty; Cain, Olive; DeHority, Frances; Floyd, Joe; Hiatt, Carol; Myerly, Alice; Rees, Floyd; Sloan, Josephine.  
 1A's—Havens, Hilda; York, Delberta.  
 1B's—Bohlander, Robert; Brown, Leota; Burd-sall, Olive; Coston, Mary M.; Grimme, Virginia; Jaco, Margaret.

### TEACHERS

Teachers, teachers, everywhere  
 We cannot bat an eye.  
 Teachers, teachers, all day long:  
 No wonder pupils sigh.  
 They give us tests, they call us pests—  
 Such names we always hear.  
 They dish out P's, they dish out F's,  
 And never shed a tear.

—Gerald Smith.

### THE ALPHABET TO DATE

- A—is for Athlete, of popular fame;  
 B—is for Blackboard, on which they explain;  
 C—is for Classroom, a dreadful thing;  
 D—is for Delight, that the ball game brings;  
 E—is for English, that we all go through;  
 F—is for Faculty, that records what we do;  
 G—is for Grief, when school days are o'er;  
 H—is for Howl, that all make for more;  
 I—is for Idleness, that puts us behind;  
 J—is for Joy, when idle time we find;  
 K—is for Kick, the mischievous one feels;  
 L—is for Laughter, the feeling one reveals;  
 M—is for Manners, we must have on hands;  
 N—is for Nickels, that round out our plans;  
 O—is for Orchestra, of long we have dreamed;  
 P—is for Power, that belongs to the teams;  
 Q—is for Quiet, on which we are long;  
 R—is for Run, that builds us up strong;  
 S—is for Scrap, that we do on the sly;  
 T—is or Tease, that the boys never try;  
 U—is for University, to which later we go;  
 V—is for Victory, which always is so;  
 W—is for Wonder, at many things shown;  
 X—is for 'X tent, to which they are known;  
 Y—is for Yell, toward goals and good plays;  
 Z—is for Zeal, growing greater each day.

### LEARNING THAT COUNTS

(Continued from page 34)

do his best. The measure of success attained therein indicates his fitness to undertake the next task.

For some, high school will be the end of school experience. Others who desire and who can will go on to higher institutions. Sooner or later school days will end but the need of learning will not end. Development and growth of personality should continue throughout the most of your life. Whatever achievements are realized, whatever attainments are accomplished, whatever preferment is bestowed will depend largely upon how well and how extensive has been the preparation for them.

—Wm. F. Smith.

## Inside a Student's Mind--If Any

Wonder if anyone's looking. Don't see anybody; guess I'll go down the "up" stairs; they're closer. Oh! There's Mr. Ashton. Is that a smirk or a smile on his face. "Good morning, Mr. Ashton." Why doesn't he say something else besides "How do"? I suppose I might as well go down the back stairs. Gee, Mr. Nuding's hanging out his attendance list. It must be late.

"Beg pardon, but I didn't quite understand you, Mr. Nuding."

I said, "Whom were you sitting up with last night? You'd better send him home earlier next time or he'll make you tardy." How did he guess I had a date last night?

Here's T. B. "Good morning, Mr. Lindley." I wonder if he still tells those aged jokes in his classes.

I don't like Mr. Forney's moustache. Here's Mr. Smith. "Hello! Hello!" It's too bad he couldn't have used a little of that smile when he graded me in physics last year. What was it he "blew up" about at the last class meeting? I forget now.

There's Miss Nuzum. She's still smiling. Gee! I wish I had hair the color of Mr. Brown's. Miss Cox looks as if she had a test up her sleeve this morning. I'm doomed if she has. Whew! That's a relief. Oral recitation today.

Now for Health. That's a good looking tie Mr. Naugle's wearing. He seems to have pretty good taste in those things, doesn't he? Guess I'll just relax while he's reading.

Miss Grosswege certainly is a patient soul. Wonder how she stands those freshmen.

Speed test in typing this morning. Here comes Miss Kantner. Looks as if "Albert" was over last night. She's all smiles.

I think I'll go down to the library this period. Better take that book Miss Nutt sent me an overdue notice for. Hope she's in a good humor today.

Another study period. I'll skip Mr. Hosier's assembly and go into the typing room. What if Miss McDermitt kicks me out again? Maybe if I sort of jolly her along before the bell rings, she won't notice if I talk too much. That's a pretty good idea, and here goes! I wonder if she believes all that stuff. Oh, well, I should worry; I'm getting by. There's the warning bell. I wish she'd make those other kids sit down until the last bell rings but I don't suppose she'll say anything. No, it's too late now.

Why does the shorthand class have to sit in these little desks? I suspect we're supposed to have all the earmarks of a tent—fold up easily. Hope Miss Kantner doesn't ask me to read this next sentence because I haven't the slightest idea

what it is. I like that blue dress she has on. It's rather becoming. Oh! She's looking right at me. There! I certainly struggled through that. What a windup! Oh, well, tomorrow is another day.

—Lucy.

### THE STUDENT'S WORK AND HIS ATTITUDE TOWARD THE FACULTY

Perhaps, at times, all of us shirk our duties, but don't we suffer as a result of our negligence? When card day comes, it is amusing to watch and hear some of the students as they pass down the hall or as they are seated in their classes: "Oh, if I had only worked just a little harder," or "Mr. Forney, if you'll pass me this time, I'll make up for it next six weeks." Such frowns and lamentations are very seldom seen, only when such an important event as *Card Day* occurs.

Whose fault is it? It surely isn't the teacher's. Many of us take the wrong attitude when we make a P or an F. "I think he's just an old fool. How could I ever pass with such sweet little girls and boys carrying off all the E's. The *pets* are always the ones that make the good grades." Perhaps the main reasons that the student makes a failing grade is because of his failure to recite, because of his unfair attitude, or because of the many times he has played hooky and as a result got zero for the day.

The E students in some students' minds are nothing but *grinds*. However, those who have an aim in view are the ones that are going to get the farthest. They are the ones most concerned in their work and an onlooker can easily see the disappointment in their faces when they make a G instead of the longed for E. They accept the G as good sports would, and grin and say, "Well, I'll try harder next time."

Whether we are honor students or merely "flunkers", let's try to get the best education that is available, do our best, and be fair to our teachers.

From the past we know that our teachers are good sports in conceding that they sometimes misjudge our attitudes or intentions, for they are only human, and therefore, not infallible. Let us in turn be fair with them, for, in doing so, we shall be fair to ourselves.

—Helen Purtee.

### A TIMELY SUGGESTION

Isn't it about time our high school had a book store to be used primarily for the purpose of caring for the "used book" business? It would be a real advantage to students having books for sale; it would be valuable training for the students in charge, and it would take an exasperating burden off the teachers. The annual room could be used for the store without putting the staff to a disadvantage. How about it?



## The Faculty

Miss Gladys  
McCammon  
A.B., Franklin  
College

Mr. George Smith  
B.S., Franklin

Miss Mary E. Cox  
A.B., Indiana U.  
Columbia University

Miss Dorothy  
Kantner  
A.B., Ball State

Miss Lena M. Foote  
A.M., U. of Mich.

Miss Martha Nutt  
DePauw University  
A.B., Butler  
University

Mr. J. N. Nuding  
A.M., Indiana U.

Miss Esther Koons  
B.S., Purdue  
University  
Graduate Work  
Columbia U.

Univ. of Illinois

Mr. Harry House  
B.S., Bradley  
Polytechnic

Mr. Earl Forney  
A.M., Indiana U.

Mr. Thomas B.  
Lindley  
Purdue University  
A.B., Butler  
University  
M.S., Butler

Miss Virginia  
McDermitt  
B.S., Ball State

Mr. Wilbur  
Cummins  
B.S., Purdue  
University  
Indiana Central  
Normal

Miss Clara Nuzum  
A.B., Indiana U.

Miss Mary Allen  
Indiana University  
Winona  
B.S., Ball State

Mr. Olaf C. Naugle  
Franklin College

Mr. Donald Brown  
A.B., Indiana U.

Mr. William F.  
Kratli  
Graduate Study  
Wisconsin U.  
A.M., Indiana  
University

Mr. Ray Waymire  
B.S., Ball State  
Graduate Work  
Mich U.

Miss Helen Grishaw  
B.S., Indiana U.

Mr. Paul V.  
Champion  
B.S. Indiana State  
Normal

Miss Regina  
Grosswege  
A.B., Indiana U.  
Study at Wisconsin  
University  
A.M., Notre Dame

Mary Logan  
Records  
A.B., Indiana  
University

Miss Helen  
Benedict  
Chicago Art  
Institute  
B.S., Ball State

Mr. Basil Hosier  
A.B., Ball State  
Graduate Work,  
Ind. U.

Mr. Harley L.  
Ashton  
A.B., Indiana  
University

Mr. Palmer J. Davis  
B.S.A., Purdue U.  
Graduate Work  
Purdue

THE UNEXPECTED

One student sat in sullen gloom  
As convict meditating doom,  
And growled—  
"I'm not prepared."

Another gazed with frozen face  
As if his ears divided space  
And said—  
"I ain't prepared."

Another filled the class with glee  
To see how funny he could be  
But said—  
"I'm not prepared."

Another tried his marksmanship  
With paper wads, which he would flip,  
But said—  
"I'm not prepared."

Another stretched in sweet repose  
Across his desk and tried to doze,  
Still mumbling with his eyes half closed  
A garbled—  
"Not prepared."

Then—like a bolt out of the sky—  
One little student's hand went high,  
While from the class there rose a cry—  
"Alas! He is prepared."

The teacher turned a ghastly hue:  
Her face was white; her hands were blue,  
She gasped and murmured: "Is it true,  
Somebody is prepared?"  
—N. B.

FOUND OUT AT LAST

The theme song sung by the "Melody Musketeers" in a recent program was not of the original. It had to be changed:

"Root-te-toot, Root-te-toot!  
We're the boys from the institute.  
We don't smoke, we don't chew,  
We don't sing for the crowds that do—  
'Ket' Slays the Women!!!"

In order to keep "Ket" Goodwin from walking out, they had to change the song.

NEW COMMENCEMENTS AND OLD

We, the class of 1933, are well pleased with the type of commencement we have this year. Since it is our greatest desire to have the supreme event of our high school life close successfully, we feel that our new type of commencement will be a complete satisfaction to everyone.

Perhaps some may say, "The senior is worn out with heavy work and increased activities, and it would be much pleasanter for him to hear some noted speaker, and to be as free from unnecessary burden as possible." However, if you were in the senior's place, you would feel honored to be chosen to speak before your relatives and friends.

What are the advantages of the new type of commencement over the old? First of all, the students may take a more active part in this important function. Although hours of preparation are necessary, the student is well repaid for his hard work. In looking up material for his speech, he increases his knowledge; he is trained for future leadership. He feels more vividly the responsibilities of adult life than he has ever experienced there at any previous time.

Our new type of commencement is more economical. We are not ashamed to admit that our purses are practically empty, and we know that it takes more money to bring out of town speakers to our city. A speaker foreign to our community does not make the same impression that a senior makes, and too often his message goes in one ear and out the other. If it is our classmate speaking, he can recall fond memories to our minds, and we become enhanced with his words, and the webs of friendship and love wind themselves more tightly around our hearts.

Parents are more interested in their children than they are in speakers who come from afar. They nearly burst with pride when "Mary" or "Johnny" walks out on the platform and perhaps they even shed a tear; but, nevertheless, they always say, "There's my Mary. Doesn't she look sweet?" and continue to praise her, because after all, doesn't love do a lot in this world? It's worthwhile to have student speakers just to see the smiles and glittering tears as parents see their children receive their due honors and praise for the work they have just completed.

—H. Purtee.

## THE MEN BEHIND OUR BOYS

O. C. NAUGLE

Naugle has been with the Elwood High School long enough so that now everyone realizes his importance.

He is not merely a football coach that does all in his power to turn out a winning team, but is a coach who wants to see the players get all the benefit possible from the game.

His instructions are to hit hard but hit clean. Good sportsmanship is a leading factor in Naugle's training.

The practice following a defeat sees Naugle talking to the boys in a manner that makes them all want to play harder the next game. The defeat is not spoken of as such but is used for illustrating the defects in the offense and defense which must be corrected before the next game is to be played.

Training is spoken of little by Naugle and the most he has to say is that if you want to play football and play it right you must train. The training is left to the individual, and unless the player is weak in character he will train in the true sense of training.

Naugle knows his football; he does all in his power to teach the fellows the fundamentals in playing the game; he drills into the mind of each player that there must be team work and that if any play is to be executed properly it takes eleven men to do it.

His years of coaching have been successful, and we know that next year will be no reversal from his record.

## W. S. CUMMINS

Since Cummins has come to Elwood, basketball has grown, and why not? Wherever Cummins may be, basketball will be spoken of. His ability as a coach equals that of his playing, which is the very best. His record speaks for itself.

To watch his team in action and see the players flash out a few plays is surprising to many fans and teams. Plays which are carefully worked out to fit the playing ability of his players are taught by Cummins.

Each game played by Elwood found some improvement due to the many hours of practice held each evening under the watchful eye of a real basketball coach.

Cummins, who has played in state tournaments with the great Purdue teams, is able to coach and tell the players the necessity of team work, keeping cool, and being in playing experience. His is not second-hand knowledge.

Let the players follow the instructions that Cummins gives and Elwood will become known throughout this great basketball state of Indiana for its fine team.

Several games are played where the boys don't follow the instructions given before the

game or at the half, which results in a defeat. Following the defeat with the boys, slapping them on the back, and saying, "Good game, fellow," always helps out. Those three words make each player think highly of his coach, and the next game sees him fighting for all he is worth.

Cummins, the school is with you, for we know you give your best.

## A WORD TO THE FELLOWS

It is hard for a player to realize the sadness of an unnecessary defeat until he is a senior. If there was some way to make the underclassmen realize how wonderful victory is, better teams would be produced.

Next year Elwood has the chance to produce a football and basketball team that will be the best ever turned out here.

There is but one rule the gang will have to keep in mind and that is to do as the coaches say. They know which is the correct thing to do and if they will follow suggestions, with all their power and ability behind them, they'll come out on top.

Play hard all the time. Play as a team and encourage the fellow next to you. Never be overconfident, but don't think you can be beaten. Be on your toes all the time, use your head and keep cool. Don't blow up and get peeved at your own team-mate. Never let your opponent get your goat.

This may be summarized in one sentence and that is to make next year's football and basketball team the best Elwood has ever known.

If you do this you will be much happier and so will all Elwood.

Get in there and dig next year, gang.

## ANOTHER STEP

Years ago Elwood was known as a football city and basketball was little discussed, but today the Panthers are known for both of these sports.

Every year, for a great number of years, the Panthers have been known throughout the state for the fine football teams produced. Elwood continues to produce excellent football teams and we hope she does until far, far into the future.

In the past few years the Panthers have risen into the limelight of basketball. It is amazing the way the development has been and the nice part of it all is, we know the best is yet to come.

Elwood has two of the finest coaches obtainable. The material is always promising and there is a good backing.

Athletics in Elwood have grown by steps, and next year we expect to see the Panthers and the fans take the largest step they ever have.

## GENERAL HANDY MAN

Student (to Mr. House): Miss Allen wants you to come up and fix her map some time today.

## The Charge of the Eleven

Elwood's football name was held up gallantly by her squad this year.

The eleven stood staunchly beside their school, winning five and losing four games of the season. All the games were hard fought contests and it was only that old spirit which pulled our boys through.

The season was started right by defeating Lebanon 6 to 0. This game was a series of drives by both teams, each trying to break the other's line. Lebanon's defense weakened only slightly but enough for D. Goodwin to crash through for those six points.

Crawfordsville proved to be a more formidable team. Quick thinking and real football saved this game for Elwood. Silvey's work as end netted El. Hi. two points. Warner's superb tackling ability hauled down an opponent making for a 90 yard run and a touchdown.

Ouch! Elwood met her first defeat at the hands of Technical of Indianapolis, 19-0. Our boys lacked the necessary punch throughout the game. Anyway, we lost.

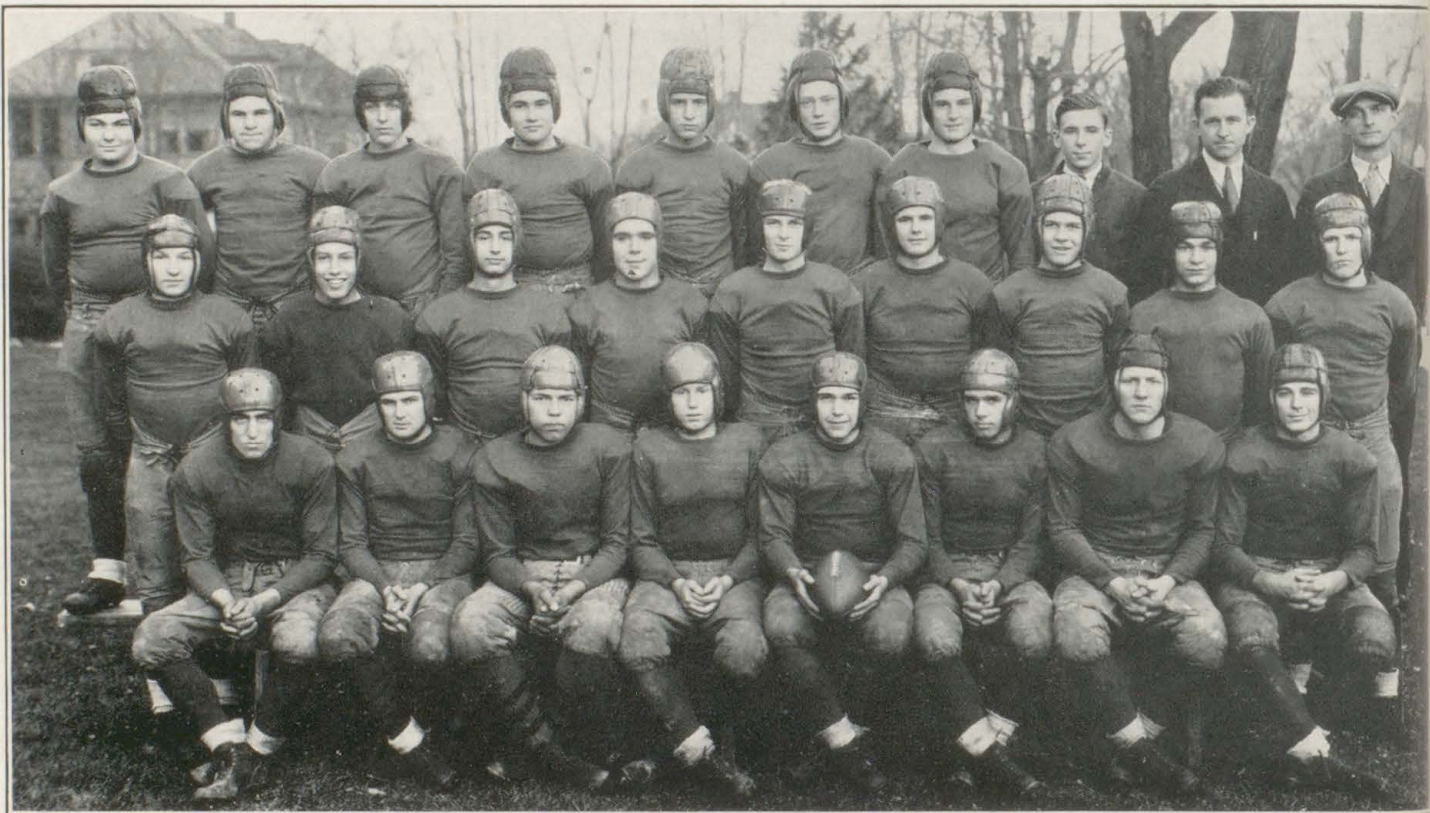
Marion barely nosed out our boys in a strenuous game, 7-6. The margin was so scanty, however, that the co-state champs were kept on their

toes throughout the whole session staving off our aggressive crew. This game demonstrated Elwood's tacklers' skill to perfection. Each attack was hard, low, and for the most part successful. Elwood showed much improvement.

Kokomo had the breaks in this battle. A fumble on the first play resulted in a touchdown for the Wild Cats. Then Elwood duplicated the feat, tearing down the field 70 yards for a score and the extra point. First half stood 7-6. At the beginning of the second half, a blocked kick ended in another touchdown for Kokomo. A penalty stopped El. Hi's. last drive just when success was in sight. After this, another chance to change that 12-7 score failed to appear. The perfect kicking of D. Goodwin proved to be the outstanding feature of the game, having an average of 50 yards per kick from the line of scrimmage.

Elwood started the Wabash game right by getting a touchdown on a pass—Havens to Hoefler. Many substitutions were made and our cub Panthers gained a lot of experience. It all ended 19-7, Wabash trailing. Anderson was next.

(Continued on page 44)



First Row: Carl Silvey, Ralph Warner, Charles McPhearson, John Wilhoite, Edward Maley, James Frazier, Robert Bryan, Wayne Hoefler.

Second Row: Harold Yates, Kelton Goodwin, Charles Micheli, Don Goodwin, Bill DeHority, Alvey Havens, Jack Baxter, Walter Watters, Fred Moore.

Third Row: Alva Hittle, Paul Courtney, J. R. Stone, Donald Kincaid, Everett Smith, Mark Shaw, Chester Wolfe, Robert Hiatt (trainer), Carl Renner ( Asst. Coach), O. C. Naugle (Coach).



### THE UNNOTICED CENTER

If you're the average football enthusiast, you probably never notice the center, except when he makes a poor pass. The center has a mighty big job on his hands, as any football authority will tell you.

What is a center supposed to do and how does he do it? What does the center do on offense, besides pass the ball? What's his assignment on defense?

In his explanation of the center's duty Edward Maley starts out by telling you about the two kinds of passes, long ones that must be shot bullet-like to the receiver in punt formation, and short lobs back to the ball-carrier on running plays. You learn that it took Maley hours of practice to make and master the art. But the pass is only part of the center play.

"On line bucks I help one of our guards take out the opposing guard," says Maley. "He charges from the outside and I charge from the inside, and between us we hold him there till the play goes through. If it's an end play, or an off-tackle play, I go through and block out the opposing fullback or center."

How does he avoid being bumped or yanked off balance? You'd think a center would be easy meat for a defensive guard.

"I have my weight balanced so I can withstand a push from any direction and so I'm ready to charge", Maley explains. "Also, I have an agreement with the left guard to act as eyes for me. If the man opposite plans to drag me down, he usually signals his intention by lifting his hand. Immediately the guard bumps my leg and I know what's coming."

On defense the center of the line is a busy section. Over the center's head come passes and kicks. Then it must be the center's duty to interfere with the passes and block the kicks. Also, it's the defensive center's job to back up the line.

For two years Maley has been the undisputed center for the gridiron Panthers. Maley is a center who certainly knows his job and sticks everlastingly to it. After having his hand broken early in the season this year, Maley's sportsmanship, humor, and dependability were appreciated by his teammates, and they voted his name to go on the Seller's cup this year. This is an honor which we are sure Maley appreciates and which he justly deserves.

Maley's black curly hair and cheerful smile will be seen no more on El. Hi's. gridiron. After having done honor to the center for two years, Maley will receive his E sweater and join the ranks of rooters for the future Panther teams.

### PLAYING THE GAME

There are many ways of playing the game, and also many kinds of games to be played.

On the basketball floor the game is well organized and is to be carried out by the players. If the boys have not lived up to rules of training and are not physically fit, the game will most likely be lost.

So it is in the game of life. Whatever one's profession may be, a big business man, an office worker, or even a school pupil, the conditions for success are much the same. In any case, self-control, perseverance, patience, and an interest in the subject are points which will aid to the winning of the game.

In the school room, if the pupil has a determination to win he has a good chance, for, with his determination, he will practice on the subject to a stage of efficiency.

There is a story told of a boy, in a small Pennsylvania school, who was easily the leader of his class. He had little competition in his class; therefore, he did not do his best work. But Fate took a hand in the matter. This school was to compete with another school of a larger community. The boy lost, but, instead of giving up, he realized his mistake and worked to his highest degree of ability. The result of this failure was the winning of the next and more difficult test.

Sometimes a failure is better than victory and leads to a better game to be played in the future.

—Martha Jane Tubbs.

### DEDICATED TO RALPH WARNER

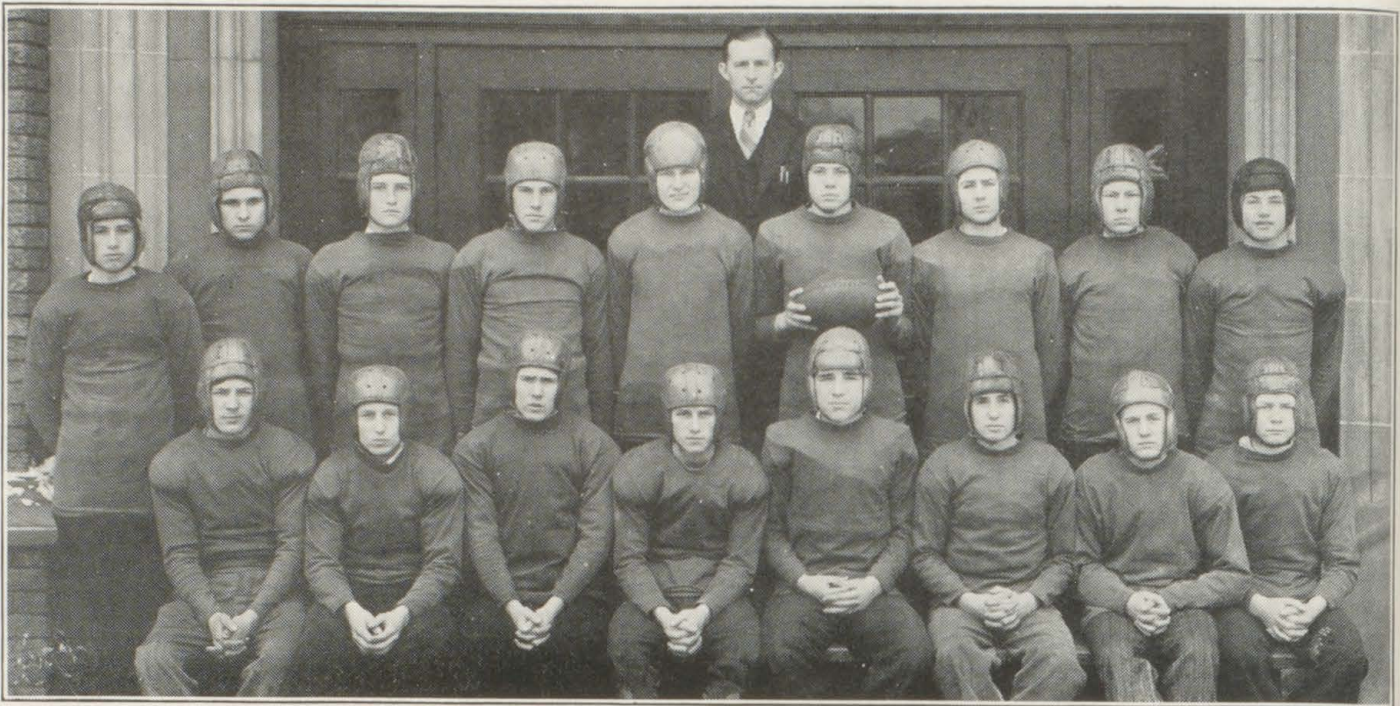
I'll give you servants to wait on you,  
I'll change the sky from gray to blue,  
I'll give you all of your heart's desire,  
I'll save you from a raging fire,  
And after I've given you all you've seen,  
I'll impart my love to the girl of my dream.

### LET HER LIVE

Pansy McD.—See that fellow. He's so dumb he thinks a basketball coach has four wheels.

Eileen G.—Ha, ha, ha — How many wheels does it have?

## The Freshman Squad



Row One: B. Bryan, R. Silvey, R. Daugherty, R. Goetz, D. Hartzler, J. Brown, W. Groover, A. Hughes.  
 Row Two: R. Mullin, D. Hershey, A. Stokes, H. Etchison, R. Montgomery, M. Cloud, J. Hershey, L. Hodson, B. Todd. Mr. Renner, Asst. Coach.

## PROSPECTS FOR FOOTBALL—1933

There will be no depression in Elwood next year as far as football goes. With only a few members of the team graduating and several underclassmen developing fast, Elwood should have a team that will bid high for the State Championship. The team of '32 was a hard one to beat and, with the year of experience to their credit, they should be a tough nut to crack.

Little needs to be said of Warner and Silvey, ends; they have already shown themselves. Wolfe showed his ability at the tackle or guard position in several of the games last year. Mc-Phearson is the "big boy" who will be plenty hard to stop next year. Frazier, guard, is always in the thick of the battle and really likes his football. Willhoite, the quiet red-headed boy who plays guard, will be able and willing to open many holes for the backfield to tear through. Courtney learned many lessons from Maley last year and showed his ability in several games. He will be plenty tough and valuable next year. Baxter and Moore can both call signals or play at half-back. We all can remember their showing in the Anderson game and will expect more than ever next year. Watters, who is full of fight and enjoys tearing into the opposition, will be there next year. Havens, who already has three years of experience, will be back more determined than ever.

Michelli, Stone, Hittle and Everett Smith, who saw but little action last year, will all be in there fighting next fall.

The freshman team showed up well and there will be some material developing from there that will be seen fighting for Elwood Hi.

## THE CHARGE OF THE ELEVEN

(Continued from page 42)

Whoops! The game of games! The Panthers certainly showed the Indians how football is played. Anderson's high hopes were shattered early in the game. The fans saw the team working to the highest point of perfection attainable—good blocking and tackling with a heretofore hidden spirit. Come back again next year, Anderson, and we'll show you some more. 21-0!

Muncie proved to be too strong a foe for our boys. It all ended 22-0. Elwood seemingly lacked that driving power so necessary for scoring. The Bear Cats made many spurt runs throughout the game and had that stamina that we lacked.

Brrrr! What a day for football—cold, windy, and a snow and water spotted field. Bloomington, the undefeated! These boys left our fair city otherwise, trailing in a 6-0 score. Elwood took the first chance to score in the early part of the game. No other opening made itself evident to either team during the rest of the game and the end was still 6-0.

## A BOY'S REFLECTIONS ON MUD

I am tired and feel like sleeping,  
 Seems the world has started weeping,  
 Aches and pains are slowly creeping—  
 And all I see is mud.

On the streets it may be dandy;  
 Cement and brick are sure the candy,  
 But gridirons are not so handy,  
 They are only mud.

How I dread football tonight  
 With shoes drawn up tight  
 And water wherever I may light—  
 Oh! It's awful in the mud.

—Edward Maley.

## Following In

Cummins, using practically the same line-up as last year, coached Elwood's basketball team through a very successful season. Due to some of our handicaps in seating crowds many of the larger teams refused to play on our floor.

The season was begun in a very promising manner when the visiting Arcadia lads were trounced 27-18. Elwood had a tight defense and kept Arcadia to long chances. Plays worked in tip-top style.

Another victory! This time Lapel, 30-21. Speedy playing was the notable event of the game. Elwood led at all times but were forced to stave off a desperate rally in the last quarter.

The Markleville boys fell under the Panther onslaught to the tune of 32-30. Both teams played fast ball, shooting from everywhere and making a good percent of their shots. That one made three in a row.

The Silent Hoosiers made it four straight wins. These boys were determined but weak in vital qualities. However their ability in team co-operation was amazing. The Panthers proved to be too strong and finished ahead, 36-15. The Army was so quiet that one would hardly suspect that a game was being played.

Defeat! The first of the season but at the hands of a deserving team, which happened to be Windfall. 28-30 is a hard game to lose but gives evidence of a well-fought one. The game was a continual see-saw, one being ahead one minute, and the other the next.

Another two point defeat! 29-31. This time to the Marion Giants. Four games in two weeks, but Elwood was able to force Marion's strong team up to the last second of play. This game was different in that only one substitution was made during the whole game, this being Marion's 6 ft. 4 in. center, out on personals.

(Editor's Note—Since then, Marion has had to forfeit the game for playing an ineligible man. This gives Elwood a 2-0 advantage.)

Tipton's undefeated team remained so after the Elwood game. They came out on top with a 27-30 score. The accuracy of the visitors on long shots was astounding.

The unexpected always happens. Alex., the weakest team in the blind tourney, carried off all honors. But not until they had defeated Elwood in the finals in a rough game, 29-31. Elwood defeated Windfall in the afternoon, 35-27. Then Alex. upset Tipton in a 20-22 battle. Alex. took the lead early in the game and Elwood was unable to gain it again. A last quarter rally made a flashing ending for the tourney.

Windfall fell again, 27-18. This makes two for us and one for them. Either one of our victories were more decisive than the Blue Devils'. The boys lightened their defense and only let Tipton get five points the last half.

Wow! What a defeat! 27-18. Each member of the Cathedral team was over six feet and had

the shooting ability also. Their fouls were exceptional, making 10 out of 15 attempts.

Frankton barely nosed the boys out in a double overtime, 28-27. The score was tied at least a dozen times, 13-13 at the half; 22-22 at the end of the normal time period; still tied at the end of the first overtime. In the second heat the Eagles sank one too many for that extra point. This was a very rough game, four players leaving on personals.

Again Alex. proved the better of the Panthers, claiming a 30-21 victory. Elwood's seven point lead proved worthless the second half when the boys seemed to wilt before the Tiger drives. Brisco made his debut in the starting lineup of this game and starred in the center circle. One of the largest crowds ever in the Armory saw this game.

Wabash was edged out by a 31-33 score. The boys improved as the game progressed, reaching perfection the last half. The Panther defense was at its very best, making the Hill Climbers rely on long chances.

A fast breaking defense put the Panthers on the top side of a 36-15 score over Broadripple. Throughout the game, plays were executed with a heretofore hidden accuracy and speed. It proved to be Haven's "on" night for he came through for 22 points.

Tall Tigers whipped short Panthers, 25-39. The boys lacked the punch needed to take 'em over. Throughout the game the boys made many desperate attempts at the basket but to no avail, they would roll in, then out again. The Circus City did not have control of the game all the time however, for as many times as they staged an offensive attack they were met with a fairly strong but not strong enough defense to be defeated.

The defense of Elwood weakened to such a degree as to permit Tipton's Blue Devils to overcome them in a 27-31 game. These three and four point defeats by Tipton are getting to be quite a habit, this being the second one this season. The first half was a bit of basketball perfection on El. Hi's. part. Guarding was close and constant and few attempted shots were missed. The second half, however, was a different story. Our boys seemed to fade out of the picture, and their moody rallies were easily staved off by their opponents, much to our great sorrow.

Elwood proved the victor over the Summitville five in a close, hard fought game, coming out on top of a 28-21 score. Both teams played good steady ball the whole game, the offensive and defensive drives all partially successful. The players had no chance to let up the driving throughout the game and struggled on to a triumphant finish.

Alex. again, and with them travels defeat for Elwood. This time 35-21. The El. Hi. boys all played real ball the first half but just let

(Continued on page 47)



Row One—Russell Silvey, Bill DeHority, Alvey Havens, Walter Watters, James Frazier.  
 Row Two—Robert Nagel, trainer; Carl Silvey, Wayne Hoefter, Mr. Cummins, coach; Earl Brisco, Fred Moore.

## Prospects for Basketball

The Panthers of '33 and '34 should be as tough as Elwood has ever turned out. Out of the tournament ten only two graduate. The team of '32 and '33 lost seven games by one, two, or three points, and with the added experience of the past year the results of such games will surely change.

Coach Cummins has been building this team for three years and they have had plenty of experience. They need now only to follow his rules and develop into a team that other teams will be proud to hold a victory over.

Havens, at center, has shown for himself in the past three years. He has developed his shots and footwork and will need very close watching.

Carl Silvey, who plays either forward or back guard, is fast and a good shot.

Warner is also a boy with speed, who is clever under the basket.

"Old Reliable" Frazier will be back fighting

under the basket to keep the opponents from scoring.

"Rut" Silvey will be seen plenty next year, much to the dismay of the opposition. He is a natural born basketball player.

Watters speaks for himself. He likes to put pep and fight into the game.

"Hot Shot" Moore with his right and left hand shots will see much action next year. He is an excellent worker under the basket and a good shot from out on the floor.

Etchison, the boy with the dimples, will be seen at the forward berth next year. He is a fine, cool-headed basketball player, who scratches his head when he makes a basket. We hope he will scratch a few bald spots on his head next year.

One must not be surprised if they see Cloud, Baxter, or Wolfe in the starting line-up some night next year. These boys are good, and there are some fine developing players in Lamm, Kurtz, Ott, and Hittle.

FREE THROW CONTEST

For the last two years Coach Cummins has given to the boy who makes the highest free throw percent, providing he shoots enough times to be considered eligible, a watch fob in the shape of a basketball with his name and the initials E. H. S. engraved on it.

This is something worth striving for and the winner is a proud owner.

Few fans realize the importance of free throw shooting. On the average, fifty-one percent of the games are decided from the foul line. This figure was worked out by the Spalding Sports Company.

It is only human nature that every player who steps to the foul line wants to make his shot good, but with a contest such as this a tingling feeling runs through his body and the mind flashes out, "I must make it." Too often, unfortunately, the player's excessive desire to make a shot is itself the reason for an unsteady hand.

Following are the final results:

Player	Made	Missed	Pct.
Frazier, g	7	4	.636
Hoeffler, g	19	13	.594
Moore, f	35	26	.574
Wolfe, g	9	7	.563
C. Silvey, f	28	33	.549
DeHority, f	20	19	.513
Havens, c	52	51	.505
Watters, g	19	19	.500
Todd, f	1	1	.500
Lamm, c	1	1	.500
Warner, g	29	30	.492
Brisco, c	9	12	.429
R. Silvey, g	24	33	.421
Baxter, f	12	18	.400
Etchison, f	18	29	.383
Cloud, c	10	21	.323
Balser, f	2	5	.286
Ott, c	0	0	.000
Kurtz, f	0	0	.000
Caldwell, c	0	1	.000
Hittle, g	0	0	.000
Weddell, g	0	0	.000
Daugherty, g	0	0	.000
Totals	295	313	.485

FOLLOWING IN

(Continued from page 45)

down the final jaunt and gave the victory quite decisively to Alex.

Revenge proved to be sweet when Elwood defeated that Frankton squad 19-21 in a charity game. Our boys led all the time and were endangered only when a last quarter rally was attempted. Elwood's delayed defense worked nicely in the last few minutes of play.

The last game and a defeat, 28-25, by the Hartford City boys. This game was unquestionably lost on fouls. Both teams made eleven field goals, but Hartford City made 6 out of 10 free throws while the Panthers completed 3 out of 7 attempts.

Although this was the last scheduled game, it turned out to be one of the best. Of the 21 games played, 11 were won and ten were lost. This includes a forfeit from Marion. Of the defeats, seven were lost by 2 or 3 points. All in all, it was an especially good season.

THE TOURNEY

Elwood nosed out a strong Summitville team, 23-20 for the right to play in the finals against Markleville.

In the finals, Elwood played a determined, cool game, never once doubting how the final period would end. But with only two seconds to go, the game won with a 25-23 score, a foul was called on Elwood. The steady Arabian came through and tied the game 25-25. During the overtime which was called, Markleville scored 5 points and Elwood none.

Thus ended Elwood's 1933 basketball season.

A DOUBLE-THREAT MAN

After one of the first football games last fall, "Big Charlie McPhearson" after coming into the dressing room with a big smile on his face said, "Boy, that was some tackle I got the last half of the last half of the third inning".

WHOSE FAULT?

Ed. B.—Tony, this picture of me looks like a monkey.

Tony L.—That's not my fault. You should have thought of that before you had it taken.

## Morocco's Last Play

John Morocco and Carl Brown were returning from school. As they reached Carl's home John reminded him, "Come down as soon as you get your clothes changed", and continued limping on.

At the age of six John Morocco had had a great misfortune. He was riding with his father when their automobile was struck by a train. His father was killed and John suffered a severe leg injury. Since that time John and his mother had not had an easy time.

John could not take part in the games that the other boys played because of his injured knee. It was hard for him to get around, but because of his friendly attitude he was well liked.

The two boys were almost continually together. John's big pleasure came from passing a football. He had very large hands and could pass far superior to any of the boys on the Circleville High School team, even when he was in the grades. Carl, on the receiving end, had learned to catch every type of pass John threw.

John had just finished dressing when Carl came running in. "Just think," said Carl. "This time next year we'll be in high school. I just saw the team going out for practice. I can hardly wait until we're on the team."

"Well, Carl, I hope the coach will have me."

"Sure he will have you. Don't worry about that. Come on, let's try some of those thirty yard bullet passes."

The two boys then went to the vacant lot back of John's home. If one could have been there he would have seen some excellent passing and receiving. John would limp back as though from formation and heave the ball forty or more yards into the outstretched fingers of his friend, who would pull the ball down, and then smiling would come running back to try another.

The two boys finally entered high school. At the first call for the football squad they reported. The coach took the name, grade, weight, and height of every applicant. When John was ready to give his information, the coach said, "I'm sorry, fella, but we can't use you." John said nothing but turned with a bowed head and started for home.

It was not long, however, until the coach heard of John's ability at passing. He thought if this were true that it would be of advantage to

have him practice with the team. It would give the players excellent practice at receiving. The following day the coach asked John if he would like to try out for the team. John was again a happy boy.

The first year in high school proved to be a failure for the two boys as far as football went. Being underclassmen, neither got to play in any games. The season ended with three victories and six defeats.

The second year Carl got to practice with the first squad some but John continued to sit on the bench, being used only in passing practice. Before the season was over Carl was a "regular". The season results proved better than the year before with five wins and four losses.

The third year saw Circleville with a strong team, and all the regulars were Juniors. Carl proved outstanding in every game but the team needed someone who could pass to him. He would be open on almost every pass play but the passer failed too often to get the ball near him. John sat on the bench every game and begged the coach to let him go in to make a pass. Three games were lost in the last few seconds when the ball failed to go far enough down the field on a pass play to Carl. At such times Carl longed to have John in the backfield to heave the pigskin. John was sick at heart to think that he had to sit on the bench when a long pass would have meant victory. The season ended with five victories and four losses, the same as the year before.

The senior year for the boys arrived and with the same team as the previous year. They managed to go through to the final game undefeated. Lucky "breaks" had helped the Circleville team to be undefeated, and again John had begged to play each game but the coach continued to refuse.

The last game, which was to decide the championship of the state, arrived. It was a wonderful fall day and the stadium was packed with fans from Circleville and Laurel, the opposing city. The teams were aroused to a keen pitch.

The half ended in a scoreless deadlock. Carl had carried the heavy burden of play for Circleville and at the half John went to him and said, "I'll be there before it's over. It's the last chance for our passes."

(Continued on page 67)

E - E  
 E L W  
 O - O  
 O O D



H. Athan                      P. Wilson                      K. Goodwin

It was Wednesday, March 1, the sixth period, our last pep session, and one of the best of the whole school year. The students had more pep than ever before and the auditorium fairly bulged with enthusiasm. The yell leaders led the cheering with more vigor than any time in the past. However, in spite of their pep, they seemed to be a little regretful. All three of our yell leaders had come to the end of their careers in high school. They would never again appear before them to give them the pep it takes to win basketball and football games.

Each gave a farewell address to their classmates and their teachers. "Hank" prophesied that Elwood would win the sectional, Paul thanked the student body for making him a success as a yell leader, and Hankus expressed his appreciation to all for their splendid attitude at the games.

The auditorium was dismissed after a yell was given for each yell leader.

Ket, a four year man, has been very efficient and has helped create a good spirit among our rivals. Except for a year of football, he has always been on hand at games. We are all proud of him and wish him the best of luck.

Paul was also a four year man. He never knew failure until he tried to get the net at the

sectional. Despite this one mishap, he showed good spirit all during the season and was liked by all.

Harold, shy but attractive, has been a much admired yell leader. Although he led yells for only one year, we certainly did appreciate him.

All in all the boys did well, and showed a real spirit all the way through. If state teams for yell leaders were picked, we feel sure Elwood would carry away honors.

Hear the rooters give the yells,  
 Thrilling yells.  
 What a world of vigor in their yell!  
 How they yell, yell, yell  
 In the gym there at night,  
 When the boys are playing right,  
 Everyone with all his might,  
 In a sort of easy way.  
 They do the long shots when they play;  
 Then the yells, vells, yells,  
 From all the rooters that can yell,  
 Oh! the whooping and the rooting of the yell.

### MIDNIGHT FANTASY

Alone, I walked down the dreary, poverty-stricken East Side. It was night. A heavy fog hung low over the shabby huts and tenement houses.

In the distance a lone dim street-lamp shone through the fog. There was the smell of burnt cabbage and fish.

Now and then I passed a door-way in which was huddled a sleeping figure—the bed of the homeless. Only the distant rumble of a factory disturbed the quietness.

My thoughts became troubled. On just such a night had cruel and bloody murders been committed. Perhaps at any moment an assassin might fall upon me.

In that house across the way, the one next to the vacant lot, had been perpetrated the notorious axe murder, where husband butchered wife. Terribly messy place when the cops investigated it—blood and flesh. I wondered if they have police down there tonight?

Out of the grim stillness there came a loud, shrill scream. The echoes had just died when it was followed by another shriek. Was it a woman in distress?

My blood ran cold. Was some one being murdered only a few yards away from me? I became sick at the stomach. Should I go to their assistance? No, I was taking no chances. I couldn't get out of there too quickly.

The cry came again; some one in despairing agony. It sounded as though it came from that lean-to directly above me.

I was lost. It was a lunatic at large cutting people's throats.

A gray, dirty cat dropped to the ground from a fence and slunk past me into an alley pursued by three others of its species.

—Henry Schuck.

### SHAME ON IT

Fran L.: Oh, dear, something's wrong with this typewriter.

Miss Kantner: Why, what seems to be the matter?

Fran L.: Well, the thing just won't spell right.

### SCANDAL

Burl Vanness: Eppie was walking between Silas and her husband on the way to the church to get married.

### NOT IN THE TEXT

One hears much complaint on the students' part as to the lack of activities in our school. We wonder if these realize how much outside work is being done by our students. Some of the more able ones are carrying three or four of these extra-curricular features, uncredited, but spending much time at them nevertheless. Teachers, too, contribute much time in order to make these enterprises successful.

First of all we have athletics. This year, as usual, about one hundred of our students participated in either basketball or football. Some, however, took part in both branches thereby expending much of their time and energy for the sake of their school. Several of the boys did three years of strenuous training in these fields.

Dramatics are steadily gaining each year. During this year five plays were given for public entertainment, and were received with much enthusiasm by the patrons. These plays involved some sixty or seventy members of the student body and faculty. The skillfulness in the directing and acting of these plays was indeed noteworthy.

The high school orchestra deserves mention for, without the aid of a sponsor, they have carried on under the able direction of Richard Cooley, working two evenings a week in an effort to make enough progress for public appearances. Along this same line is our band, made up of about twenty-five members, who practice twice weekly so they can furnish our music at the football and basketball games.

Every year some of our more intelligent Latin students enter the annual Latin contest. This contest is one that requires much preparation and diligent study on the part of the contestants. This year our entries failed to gain a place in the first ranks. Another of our scholastic contests is the annual mathematics tests. These are open to all conscientious first year math. students.

Debating is another of our important activities. Each year the debating teams discuss the popular question of the year with teams from other schools. The ability of the sponsors and the teams in this line is unquestionably exceptional.

### A BUDDING POLITICIAN

Phil Mc.: "Hi, Palmer. Hi, Rockfellar! Hi, Dowell—hi de ho—Hi, Sloane, ole girl. Howdy, Myers—with a hey nonny nonny and a hot cha cha, etc."—far, far down the hall.



## Debating

Although Elwood's first team failed to take honors in the District Debate organization, it cannot be said that the year was otherwise than successful. An unusually large number of students participated in the discussions, which speaks for itself. The real purpose of debating activities, as we know, is not only to foster speaking ability, but also to get as many as possible interested in present public questions and to gain an unprejudiced, broad-minded view of them. We believe that this end was accomplished with the topic selected, "Resolved: That the government should own and operate all hydro-electric power."

Many preliminary debates were scheduled, so as to give everyone an opportunity to debate. Elwood's Affirmative first team consisted of Francis Henderson, Mary Jo Palmer, Woodrow Meyer; Negative, Phillip McDonel, Arvona Dowell, Eileen Rockafeller. Others debating were: Francis Foland, Jay Peters, Josephine Sloan, Harriet Lindley, Florence Rockafeller, Dorothy Sloan, Nina Terwilliger.

Since all but two were underclassmen, much is expected from the debate squads in the future. We feel sure that the hopes of this year will become realities next year.



First row: Phillip McDonel, Eileen Rockefeller, Woodrow Meyer, Mary Jo Palmer, Arvonna Dowell.  
 Second row: Dorothy Sloan, Nina Terwilliger, Harriet Lindley, Josephine Sloan, Florence Rockafellar.  
 Third row: Mr. Lindley, Francis Foland, Mr. Brown, Jay Peters, Francis Henderson.

### AFFIRMATIVE

Date	Teams	Place	Winner
Jan. 12	Frankfort vs. Elwood, here,		non-decision
Jan. 12	Frankfort vs. Elwood, here,		non-decision
Jan. 21	Wiley (Terre Haute) vs. Elwood, at Butler,	Elwood	
Jan. 21	North Vernon vs. Elwood,	Butler, Elwood	
Jan. 26	Jeff. (Lafayette) vs. Elwood,	Here, Jefferson	
Jan. 30	Greentown vs. Elwood,	Here,	non-dec.

### DISTRICT DEBATES

Feb. 2	Dunkirk vs. Elwood,	Here, Dunkirk
Feb. 16	Eaton vs. Elwood,	Eaton, Elwood

### NEGATIVE

Jan. 12	Frankfort vs. Elwood	Frankfort, non-decision
Jan. 12	Frankfort vs. Elwood	Frankfort, non-decision
Jan. 21	Wiley (Terre Haute) vs. Elwood,	Butler, Wiley
Jan. 21	Wiley (Terre Haute) vs. Elwood,	Butler, Elwood
Jan. 26	Jeff. (Lafayette) vs. Elwood,	Here, non-decision
Jan. 30	Greentown vs. Elwood,	Here, Elwood

### DISTRICT DEBATES

Feb. 2	Chester Center vs. Elwood	(Forfeit), Elwood
Feb. 16	Marion vs. Elwood,	Here, Marion

## SOAP

(Editor's Note—We guarantee this essay to cleanse and refresh.)

Bars of soap are like people. They have a definite personality; they have certain characteristics, abilities, and ambitions; and, like people, they chose their associates from the various strata of society. Contrast, for example, the farm-hand's odoriferous "Grandpa's Tar Wonder Soap" with milady's dainty and highly perfumed "Cashmere Bouquet". One could never visualize the two bars associating with one another. In fact, we find upon close study that soaps have sex and social classes. There are the schoolgirl, "Palmolive"; the doctor, "Surgical Soap"; the mechanic, "Pumice Soap"; the brother barbers, "Williams and Colgate's"; the laundress, "Rinso"; and the housemaids, "P. and G". Along with our native American soaps, we have our foreign element including the Parisian, Castile, Venetian, and Marseilles soaps which represent the creme de la creme of the continental soap family.

Soaps, such as "Lux" and "Sandalwood", are distinctive because of their winning ways with friends. They have an air as beautiful and delicate as the first spring flowers. They are very congenial, and can adapt themselves to the finances, habitat, and society of any class of people.

A bar of soap can be one's help-mate and boon-companion, or it can be a treacherous enemy. How well this fact was brought to my attention one evening immediately after my bath. A small flat, green bar of "Cream Oil" in which I had placed the utmost trust, wriggled out of my hands and hid beneath the edge of the bath room mat. I stepped out of the tub upon the villainous creature and I lost my balance. I nearly bashed my head against an iron pipe, while the treacherous bar of soap whizzed across the room and lay grinning at my clumsy predicament.

However, I could not do without my bar of "Wilhelm's Shaving Soap". It is as essential to my welfare as is my breakfast. Its generous assistance in my daily shave is worthy of a Carnegie medal or some such award. But even my faithful "Wilhelm's" becomes sulky when circumstances force me to submerge it in cold water. Soaps are delicate creatures and "Wilhelm's" is especially adverse to cold water.

Withal, some of my best friends are from the soap family, and I cannot praise them too highly. Soaps are found in greatest abundance in the most highly civilized countries. Where one finds the population greatest, one will find the healthiest people and most prosperous communities. From the earliest history of soap down to the present day, there is not a single blot on the soap family's escutcheon. It is ninety-nine and forty-four hundredths percent pure.

—Henry Schuck.

## THAT'S LIFE

Did you ever go on a fishing trip? If you haven't you have missed the treat of your life. Nothing is better than to find yourself some sunshiny morning sitting under some large oak tree fishing. Occasionally, of course, you can hear the twitter of the birds and the chatter of the squirrels; and even the fleecy clouds seem to leave some impression on you for the first time.

Perhaps you sit there for some time thinking of the beauties of nature when your line gives a short, firm jerk. Oh! the excitement of those few minutes. You forget all about nature, the lunch box at your feet, and all you think about is the possibility of landing a large fish to take home proudly to the family. But, no, you jerked too late.

After this perhaps you don't think so much about nature as you did but you don't stop hoping. After a lunch of sandwiches, that only mother can make, washed down by a prolonged drink from a clear brook nearby you go back to fishing with much the same view about nature as you had early in the morning.

Once more you see the bright side of life and sit down with that lazy, carefree feeling that all people love so well.

Perhaps you get tired of fishing. There are also many other amusements near. What would be more fun than studying nature more fully than you had that morning? There are many hide-outs of animals and as you walk, you may come to some animal's den. Don't wait to see him; you might have a long wait. Next as you walk along you come to a log on which there is curled a garter snake. You run; shame on you. No garter snake will hurt you; in fact, there are only about five really harmful snakes in this part of the country. This, however, doesn't stop your fun and you go back to your fishing pole. When you get there you decide that your line is tighter than it was when you left. Your heart is in your mouth as you lift your line. You are sure of it now and with a hasty movement you begin to reel in your line. You feel a jerk that is stronger and you are beside yourself with excitement this time.

After a ten minute fight you land a nice big bass and begin the happy march home. You think about how kind the world has been today and how proud your father will be over your success. All the way home you keep casting glances at your prize to see if it is still there although you know good and well that it is. When you calm down you begin to wonder what they will have for supper and you only hope it will be half as good as your dinner was. You'll say that you will come down again tomorrow. You think it is a great place to fish. Success makes you feel this way.

That's life.

—Francis Foland.

## "Speeding Along"

Although Mr. Lindley, director, did not rehearse the cast quite so long as usual, the senior class of 1933 most successfully presented a three act comedy, "Speeding Along", on Friday evening, January 19.

The scene took place in a typical grocery store and postoffice combined, near a summer resort. The big attraction which caused the popularity of this store was Miss Bobby Larrabee, owner and storekeeper.

She secretly fell in love with a handsome, mysterious stranger, Jack Curtis, who has been living at the lake during the summer. Due to the disappearance of Charlie Dogberry, handy-man around the store and telegraph operator, and who was to pilot the speedboat, "Speed King", which belonged to the rich Mr. Hathaway, Jack was able to pilot his father's boat to victory and to win the respect of everyone on the lake who had previously considered him an out-cast.

Paul Stevens, owner of a competing boat in the race, is also a competitor for Bobby Larrabee. His illicit methods in both affairs made him a

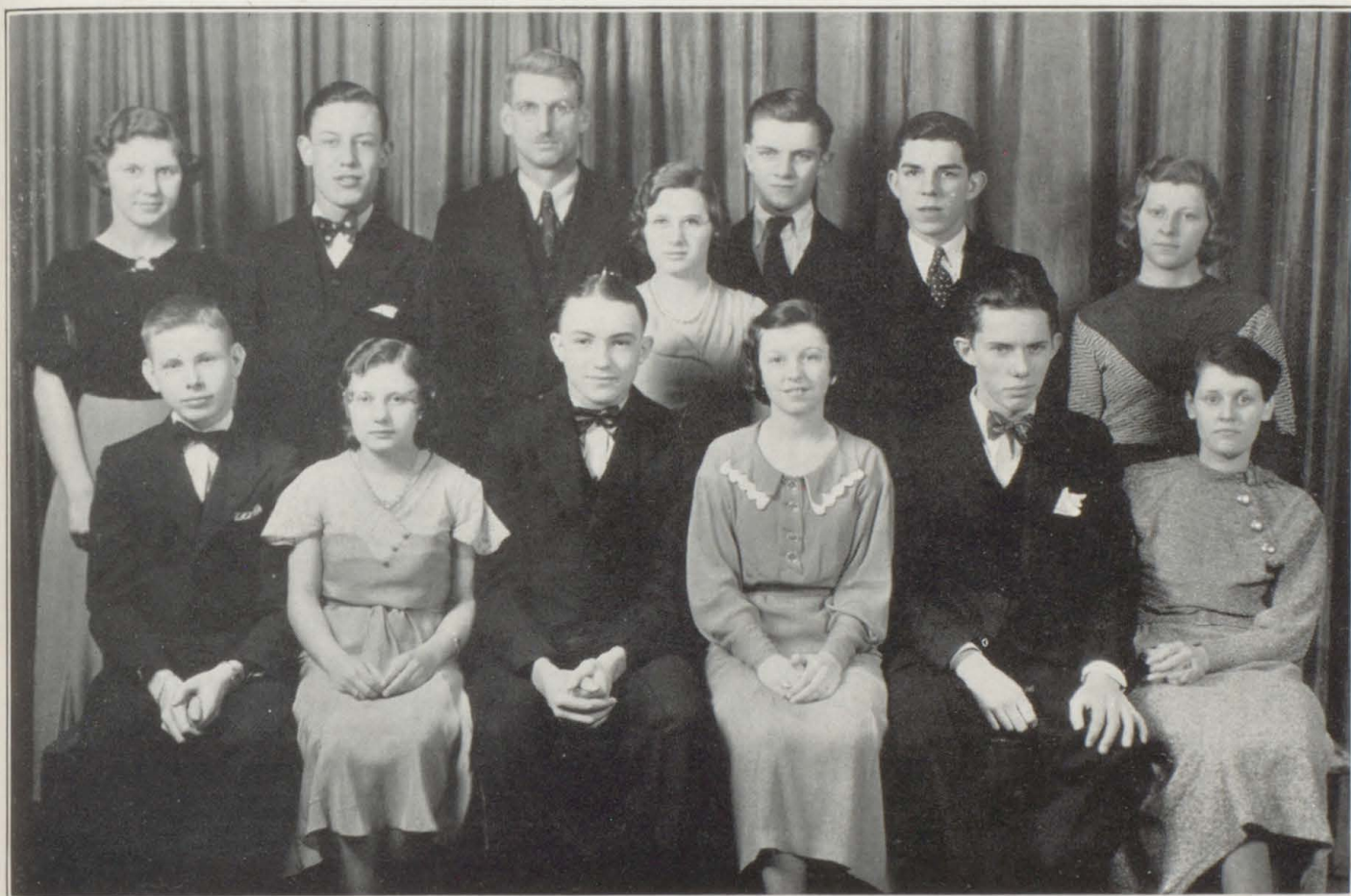
true villain. We wondered if he had a sore jaw from the blow that he received from Jack Curtis. It certainly looked real.

The natural quarrels of Wuggins and Angela gave the audience a real treat. We shall all remember the flaming red-headed boy who was willing to share his lolly-pop with one of the smallest girls in the senior class.

A red-headed, woman-shy professor, who fishes continually, is finally caught by Miss Lavina, a gay, frivolous, old maid. They are visitors at the lake and add much to the humor of the play.

Mrs. Newcome, a so-called wealthy social leader, was in a crusade to secure a rich husband for her exclusive daughter, Vivian. Molly Mallory made herself conspicuous enough, and heard often enough to fit her role as a newspaper reporter. We wonder how old Bobby's grandmother was.

The play ended happily and, we'll all agree, a complete success.



First row: Gerald Smith, Maxine Haskett, Harold Athan, Mary Lou Wright, Robert Richards, Martha Dennis.

Second row: Mary Jo Palmer, Kelton Goodwin, Mr. Lindley, Charlotte Dellinger, Edward Boggess, Robert Foster, Margaret Bambrough.

### THE CAST IN "SPEEDING ALONG"

Bobby Larrabee.....	Mary Lou Wright
Jack Curtis.....	Harold Athan
Charlie Dogberry.....	Kelton Goodwin
Mr. Hathaway.....	William Magers
Paul Stevens.....	Robert Foster
Wuggins.....	Gerald Smith
Angela.....	Maxine Haskett
The Professor.....	Robert Richards
Miss Lavina.....	Martha Dennis
	(alternate) Mary Kleinbub

Mrs. Newcome.....	Margaret Bambrough
Vivian.....	Mary Jo Palmer
Molly Mallory.....	Mary McCarel
Grandma Larrabee.....	Charlotte Dellinger
Radio Announcer.....	Woodrow Meyer

### PRODUCTION STAFF

Director.....	T. B. Lindley
Costumes.....	Mary E. Allen
Makeup.....	George Smith
Property.....	Edward Boggess



"I  
Like Your  
Nerve"

Row one: Paul Wilson, Eileen Rockafeller, Harold Athan, Dorothea Culp, Dan Clymer.  
Row two: Gerald Smith, Mary Jo Palmer, Harriet Lindley, Mr. Lindley, Arvona Dowell.  
Row three: Woodrow Meyer, Nita Harmon, Francis Foland, Philip McDonel.

The Dramatic Club of the Elwood High School most successfully presented a three-act comedy, "I Like Your Nerve", on April 7. The play was directed by Mr. Lindley and was full of fun and action.

Jimmy Anderson (Harold Athan) has just returned from Europe and falls in love with Mary Newton (Mary Jo Palmer). He changes a tire for her and attempts to follow her but has an accident. The man he hits is Devero, jewel robber.

He meets his friend, McCafferty (Paul Wilson), a detective. McCafferty has Jimmy impersonate Devero, whom he resembles, in an effort to catch the rest of the crooks.

He finds that Mary is secretary to Mrs. Sturgeon (Arvona Dowell), one of the gang, and that Dr. Tobin (Phillip McDonel), Mrs. Sturgeon's doctor, is also in with the crooks.

The night of the jewel robbery at the hotel dance comes and Jimmy gets the jewels, but the crooks begin to doubt him and take them from him. The detective is bound and gagged but Mary, who turns out to be a detective, comes to the rescue and holds the bandits until Jimmy can get the police.

The crooks are all caught and the play ends as Mary and Jimmy make up after thinking each other a crook.

Oscar Oop (Francis Foland, a correspondent detective) and Lucy (Harriet Lindley), his fiancée, add much humor to the play.

Peewee (Dan Clymer), bell boy, the live wire of the play, amuses the audience with his unsuccessful attempts to smoke.

Whitey (Gerald Smith), hotel clerk, is characteristic of a small town clerk and becomes engaged in many entanglements.

Cora (Dot Culp) and Della (Eileen Rockafeller), two flirts, find it impossible to catch any of the Newport millionaires.

Olga (Nita Harmon), a member of the gang, successfully pretends to be the Countess Duani.

The cast deserves much credit for their splendid acting as does the production staff for their part in making the play a success.

CAST

Mary Newton.....	Mary Jo Palmer
Jimmy Anderson.....	Harold Athan
McCafferty .....	Paul Wilson
Peewee .....	Dan Clymer
Whitey .....	Gerald Smith
Cora .....	Dorothea Culp
Della .....	Eileen Rockafeller
Mrs. Sturgeon .....	Arvona Dowell
Oscar Oop.....	Francis Foland
Lucy .....	Harriet Lindley
Dr. Tobin.....	Phillip McDonel
Olga .....	Nita Harmon

PRODUCTION STAFF

Director .....	T. B. Lindley
Costumes .....	Miss Allen
Makeup .....	George Smith
Property .....	Woodrow Meyer

## "Oh, Professor!"

Miss Frederica, assistant dean, the seven students, and Jake, the janitor, of Brixton Private Academy, were getting on fine when Dr. Aristotle, the dean, announces that his doctor has ordered him to take a vacation. He has secured a young man, Professor Percival Courtwright, to take his place while he is gone. On the way to the school Professor Courtwright's car breaks down and he is taken to the college by a rich young idler, Michael Pemberton, who is trying to escape Mademoiselle Fifi while he takes his place as the professor of astronomy.

Jimmy Anderson, a spoiled young man whose parents want to put him in a sanitarium, makes a getaway and unexpectedly meets Michael, who is a friend. He dresses up as a girl, assumes the name of Emily Anderson, and pretends to be in love with Michael.

Patricia Patterson, also a student, comes back from Paris and tries to help Miss Frederica straighten things out. She has a friend by the name of Emily Anderson, and suspects that Jimmy is an imposter. Miss Frederica doesn't know what to do so she wires Dr. Aristotle to return.

Patty discovers that the new Professor Courtwright is Michael Pemberton, the man she met in Paris and fell in love with.

Meanwhile Jimmy has some thrilling experiences with the seven girls of the Academy. Dr. Aristotle returns and everything clears up. Fifi and Percival, who have fallen in love with each

other decide to go to Paris where Percival will work in Mr. Pemberton's bank.

There you have the story of the play, "Oh, Professor!", a light farce-comedy by Katherine Kavanaugh, author of "Speeding Along" and "I Like Your Nerve".

The cast will long remember their hours of labor in 308, library, and on stage, in preparation of this play and the thrill when they received their first order, "All right, on stage!" because this was the first time up for all but one. The most notable characteristic of this group was their fine co-operation and willingness to learn.

### CAST OF OH, PROFESSOR!

Michael Pemberton.....	Alvy Havens
Patty Patterson.....	Esther Hoeffler
Dr. Aristotle.....	Edward Boggess
Miss Frederica.....	Luthera Springer
Professor Courtwright.....	Robert Hiatt
Madameselle Fifi.....	Mary Sorba
Jimmy Anderson.....	Moses Wittcamper
Jake .....	Earl Brisco
Students—	Madeline Hawkins, Nina Terwilliger, Madonna Williams, Naomi Harmon, Charlotte Wright, Josephine Sloan, Johannah Conway.

### PRODUCTION STAFF

Director .....	T. B. Lindley
Costumes .....	Mary E. Allen
Makeup .....	George Smith
Property .....	Woodrow Meyer
	—Esther Hoeffler.



Row one: Madonna Williams, Madeline Hawkins, Johannah Conway, Charlotte Wright, Nina Terwilliger.  
 Row two: Robert Hiatt, Mary Sorba, Mr. Smith, Esther Hoeffler, Alvy Havens.  
 Row three: Josephine Sloan, Naomi Harmon, Miss Allen, Luthera Springer, Mr. Lindley.  
 Row four: Richard Cooley, Moses Wittcamper, Woodrow Meyer, Edward Boggess, Earl Brisco.



Row one: Elizabeth Johnson, Ralph Robinson, Mary E. Stevens, Alberta Cone, Paul Wilson, Mary Kleinbub.  
 Row two: Lena Willkie, Martha Mae Osborne, Corrine Johnson, Ruth Montgomery, Mildred Hurd.  
 Row three: Roy Naylor, Gerald Blackburn, Willis Beatty, Mr. Lindley.

“THE REVOLT”

One of the requirements in the English 8 course is that of writing an original play. Some of the members of the class asked Mr. Lindley if the class could complete a special class project. The play that was submitted by Lena Willkie proved to be one easily adapted to the needs of the class. This play was presented before the student body on the last day of the fall semester. By popular request it was repeated for a Parent-Teachers' meeting.

The story of the play is a clever one. Kathleen, a girl who was abused and tormented by her parents and relatives, receives an offer to take care of a girl ill with consumption. During her stay with the sick girl she meets the son of the owner of the “Price Drug Co”. Kathleen receives a letter from the family doctor stating that she can live only a short time. Dick Howell, whose real identity is not known, and Kathleen marry and live in an out-of-the-way place. One day a man comes to Dick's home and inquires for him. Mr. Howell tells Kathleen all of Dick's past history. Some days later Kathleen receives another letter from the doctor stating that he had mailed her the wrong letter and that a slight shock would cure her. Immediately Kathleen leaves a note telling Dick that he should get a divorce and marry the girl he had left in New York. When Dick comes back to the house, he finds the note and comes to Kathleen's home hunting her. Dick Howell tells her all of his past life and says that he can not do without her. Kathleen's relatives are very much overjoyed because she has made such a fine choice in marrying a wealthy gentleman.

The cast of the play was as follows:

Dick Price.....	Ralph Robinson
Kathleen Mervine.....	Mary Stevens
Uncle Louie.....	Gerald Blackburn
Uncle Louie's wife.....	Martha Mae Osborne
Uncle Fred.....	Paul Wilson
Jake Mooreland.....	Roy Naylor
Aunt Lizzie.....	Alberta Cone
Mrs. Mervine.....	Corrine Johnson
Jake Mooreland's daughter, Janet,	Ruth Montgomery
Cousin George.....	Harry Brobst
Cousin Bertha.....	Mildred Hurd
Mr. Price.....	Lena Willkie

“IT'S UP TO YOU”

And now, dear children, do be careful when you cross the street, don't get into automobiles with strange people, and don't throw rocks at the birds. Very good suggestions, we must say, but how many of this younger generation tend to pay any attention to it?

“Oh, well, we usually get by”, one said. Another answered, “Yes, but there is always one thing that you will not”. It's the truth, too.

This clever one-act play, “It's Up to You”, tried to emphasize that carelessness was not the right policy. It did this in another form from preaching, as is usually done.

Mr. and Mrs. Dickson and their children (Burl Vanness, Ellen Ward, Frances Mae DeHorty, and Eugene Skillman) made up a most delightful family. Their quiet home life was disturbed when their son Jimmy was hit by a car which was being driven by a wealthy banker and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Duncan (Harold Athan and Dorothy Yohe).

The Dickinson's family doctor was called, and can you imagine who walked in? None other than Mr. Moses Wittkamper. How would this be, “Dr. Moses Wittkamper”? We hope in the future your assistant nurse will be very pretty, Mose.

Do you believe in apparitions? Neither did we until we saw this play when poor little Jimmy raised up and gasped when he saw the Spirit of Safety (Arvona Dowell) standing in the room. She gave some excellent advice and was assisted by her helpers, Spirit of Carefulness (Catherine Loer), Spirit of Caution, (Florence Hickner) and that awful Spirit of Carelessness (Helen Rauch). “Off with that mask, Helen, we know you”. How could we be mistaken?

Finally after it was found out that Jimmy was only scratched a little bit, and after all ill feelings between the two families were patched up, the Duncan family departed.

Laying all jokes aside, we do hope you didn't think this play was too comical, because it was a worthwhile play for everyone, young and old. The name itself has a good lesson, “It's Up to You”.

“SUN-UP”

“Sun-Up”, a most unusual three-act drama, was presented to the students Friday morning, February 3. It took up two perfectly good hours of school time, but it was worth every minute of the time. It was given by the Hascom players, an experienced group of performers.

The play was a character study of the reactions of the people to the World War. All the acts were in Widow Cagle’s cabin and the scene was in the mountains of western Carolina near Asheville.

Bob Hascom appeared in the principal role, that of “Widow Cagle”, which was one of the most difficult characters. The widow seemed to enjoy her pipe through-out the program. Her quaint witticisms added to the vigor of the play.

Romance was provided by Rufe, the widow’s son, and Emmy, daughter of “Pop” Todd, a well-known drunkard around that neighborhood. Before Luke left for the war, he and Emmy were married.

“Pop” and the widow created much humor and everyone wondered what was in the bottle he dropped while the minister was there.

There must always be a villain, and the sheriff successfully played that part. The “stranger” was able to portray the part of a runaway soldier to perfection. Emmy’s brother, who appeared to be a little feeble-minded, proved he was capable of giving aid at the proper time.

It seemed that all was going to be well, when news came of Rufe’s death, leaving everyone a little sad as they went home from school.

Appetites for lunch that day were whetted by the smell of Widow Cagle’s bacon, which filled the whole auditorium.

CAST OF “IT’S UP TO YOU”

Harold Athan .....	Mr. Duncan
Moses Wittkamper.....	Doctor
Burl Vanness.....	Mr. Dickson
Eugene Skillman.....	Jimmy Dickson
Dwight Alley.....	Policeman
Edwin Griffin.....	Policeman
Fred Welcher.....	Garage man
Robert Bundy.....	James Duncan
Robert Wallace.....	Chauffeur
Ellen Ward.....	Mrs. Dickson
Frances Mae DeHority.....	Frances Dickson
Violet Shaw.....	Jean Duncan
Arvona Dowell.....	Spirit of Safety
Catherine Loer.....	Spirit of Carefulness
Florence Hickner.....	Spirit of Caution
Helen Rauch.....	Spirit of Carelessness
Lucille Lindley.....	Page
Mary Brunson.....	Page
Dorothy Yohe.....	Mrs. Duncan

ACTING AND SPEAKING—WHAT USE?

There are two subjects taught in high school in which every student tends to be interested—mainly, because they give the satisfaction of attainment. These two subjects, dramatics and public speaking, have a very ancient origin; and the study and knowledge of them increases rapidly as time goes on. We have proof of this by calling to mind the fact that dramas were written even farther back than the sixteenth century, we find that the nature and process of introducing them into all countries has continued through the present.

The art of dramatics was found to be so useful and interesting that it is now being taught in practically all institutions of learning. There are many benefits which are derived from this study; but those which are considered the greatest values are: first, as a means of entertainment; second, as a means of overcoming self-consciousness; third, as a means of training the voice; and fourth, as a means of improving our language.

This subject is not one that young people think is uninteresting, but rather they delve into it with great vitality, and derive the foregoing benefits from it. Most students like a study that is alive—that treats with real life—this very surely they find in dramatics.

The other subject, public speaking, is also of great importance. We know that this art also has an ancient origin. Our history tells us of Demosthenes, a man who sought to be a great orator, but could not utter his words clearly. Day after day he would go down to the river and shout across the water with a pebble in his mouth. Did he not become a great orator? We do not necessarily have to be Demostheneses, but there are always advantages in being good public speakers.

The greatest of these advantages is the building-up of self-reliance. This one purpose alone is worth while. The second value is the acquaintance of each with his faults. The next is the acquaintance of each with the way to correct his faults, and the last is the ability to attempt each common type of speech.

For fifteen or sixteen years each high school senior has been building up his own speech and language. It seems unfortunate that he could not have public speaking when he was a freshman. If there is a time when one needs self-confidence, it is surely when he is a freshman. He does not often have the courage to stand up and tell the things he knows. Public speaking will aid us in college, in social life, and to express ourselves at any time and under any circumstances.

—Florence Hickner.

## BELLS AND BELLS

At the mention of the bells, the active mind immediately enters an uncertain state in which thoughts and counter-thoughts, emotions and counter-emotions struggle for existence. A wild panorama of pictures, scenes and experiences pass across the horizon of memory.

Bells are connected activities of every description and every climate and season. The beautiful, sonorous sound of the bell of St. Joseph's reminds Mary Jo and Rit Higgins of things, eternal, but to Woodrow Meyer and Wayne Hoeffler come thoughts of romance.

The drowsy, tinkling bells of cattle at eventide remind Dan Clymer of labor and that it is time to persuade old Bossy to make her contribution to the family budget, unless she has declared a thirty day moratorium. The same bells turn the thoughts of Catherine Loer and Genevieve Heflin to the great paintings of Rosa Bonheur or the many wasteful hours spent in art class.

Again the mention of the turn may form thoughts of sleigh bells with snow and all the gaiety of coasting parties and oyster suppers or may remind one of the bob-sled of Mr. Forney back in the winter of 1929 when he first saw the light which has now become his fixed star.

Bells may remind some of travel, of the mountain scenery in Swiss Alps with the inspiring chimes of distant churches blending into one harmonious chorus; or they may arouse the thoughts of honor of the tower of London with its misty past.

To some, the thoughts may turn to the threat of fire as sounded by our own city fire department as they leave the city building. Others may turn back their memories to the joy and elation of a fire drill and accompanying confusion.

Robert Richards would probably experience the terrible emotion of fear with the mention of the word for tardy-bell associated with Mrs. Records and her stern, unhuman expression.

But after indulging in this fleeting imaginary expressions into the mental reactions of others, I allow myself a few moments of introspection and find my thoughts turn to the warning bell with its confusion. To many it is the modern version of the Liberty Bell. The ring of this little bell means five minutes, six times a day, totaling the grand sum of eighty hours per year given over to the monitor parade, the making of dates, the renewing of lipstick and other facial decorations.

Carl Silvey would likely think of Christmas bells and wish that Santa may again remember him with a sack of candy. On the other hand, Ruth Cole would probably think of the opposite time of the year—the perfect June, the month when wedding bells are bound to ring.

Sleigh bells belong to the glorious past; foreign bells are heard by few; wedding bells impress us but once unless we are movie stars. But the warning bell with eighty hours of fun, idleness, pleasure, and confusion for each year of one high school career leaves impressions which will be with us through years to come.

—Harriet Lindley.

## HOW TO STUDY

(Editor's Note—If the faculty are not aware of what happens in a study hall, this article may give them some insight on the subject.)

A member of the staff was told by the editor to contribute something to the book. The unfortunate member racked his brain for hours. He scratched two bald spots on his head, but he appeared to be so narrow-minded that he couldn't get a comb between his ears. Then while Miss Cox was bawling him out for not having his lesson, the question was asked him, "What do you do during a study period?"

This question within itself presented an idea. While in the study hall one day he took it upon himself to watch the actions of the students. To show you clearly how an hour was passed away it might be well to explain some of the performances of the students.

To begin the period Dwight Alley tossed an eraser to Bill Hobbs. The pass was too high and the eraser dusted the Honorable George Washington's picture. Later in the period the two boys settled down to their usual mischief of writing notes, carving desks, and annoying their partners.

Dorothea Culp explained to everybody without hearing distance just how the injury to her hand came about. This took 45 minutes of her study period and the remainder she spent in trying to catch a man.

Zola Mae Cook dreamed for 25 minutes and talked to Mary Florence Houser the rest of the period.

Harold Athan wrote letters. Everyone had Alexandria written on it. We don't know what they meant.

Leon Smith slept throughout the period as usual.

Edward Boggess was telling stories to Willis Beatty, but sleep finally overcame him. Others were doing the same as Leon and Edward, but since it was Monday morning they were too numerous to mention.

Sis Sellers read recipes for some real good cookies.

Wayne Hoeffler came in about 45 minutes late as usual. He stretched out at his desk and smiled at all the girls.

When the warning bell was sounded Mr. .... awakened and intercepted a note that was on its way from Mary Jo to Rit.

Kelton Goodwin lead the monitors from the room. This procession made more noise than the warning bell, and the slumbers of the students were destroyed. They glanced at their books before they went to their next class, and prepared for the final bell.

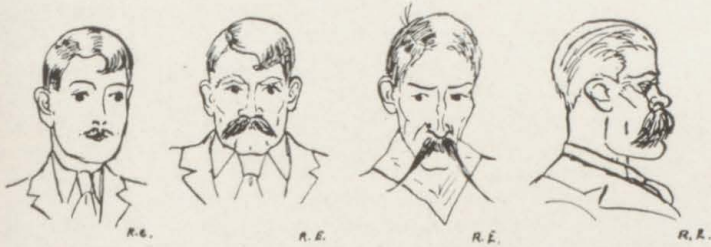
The person who gathered this data was unable to get his lesson because he spent the entire period stretching his neck and nibbling into everybody's business.



LIP FOLIAGE

Soup strainers, must-n'-touch-its, cookie dusters, or whatever you wish to call them seem to be quite the vogue this year. They first claimed recognition at the beginning of the school year, and they rose another step (or should we say another hair?) as the second semester opened. These two periods of the moustache (the name given by society to hair on the upper lip) fad reminds us that there are two times during the year when a moustache can be grown. These times are, namely, during Christmas vacation and during the summer vacation.

The time you should choose to grow a moustache depends upon your hair raising ability. After a careful study of moustache growing, we have come to the conclusion that only teachers attempt to grow one over Christmas vacation. It has been known even a teacher's attempt to grow a moustache has been an utter failure. For instance, Mr. Lindley harvested his excuse for a moustache when somebody reminded him that his lip was slightly soiled.



Last year Mr. Davis abandoned his attempt at moustache growing when he remarked to Mr. Hillis, "Don't you think my moustache becoming?" Mr. Hillis replied, "It may be coming, but it hasn't arrived yet".

Though the moustaches of numerous teachers have failed, there are two that stand as a success. Mr. Brown has carried his super-red lip throughout the school year, and over Christmas vacation his model was copied by Mr. Forney. The growing of a moustache evidently changed Mr. Forney's appearance, because soon after we returned from the vacation a freshman asked us, "Say, who's that new teacher standing in front of room 309?"

There are two teachers that to our knowledge have not dared to grow a moustache. Mr. Ashton may think that his lip is like his head and of course the attempt would be futile. Mr. Nuding probably does not grow a moustache because it would take too much time to wax it as he does his hair.

The practice of the teachers seems to have travelled to the male members of the student body. During this year the boys have tried their luck at moustache growing continually. In most cases the boys' attempts have yielded them nothing. Henry Schuck is probably the boy with the most successful moustache, but he shaves his so close that it always sings to the razor, "Why Not Take All of Me".

Please do not misunderstand this discussion. Its purpose is not to ridicule or criticize the moustache wearers, but to protect the honorable "moustache". Do not disgrace this name by trying to grow one on the installment plan, "A little down each week."

A REPLY TO GROANERS

Alumni stand with faces long,  
And say, "Too bad, too bad,  
That these poor students must go forth  
When all the world is mad.

"Now on my graduation day  
A song was in the air,  
I knew that I could conquer all,  
I did not have a care.

"The world was full of wealth and hope,  
The two seemed but to merge,  
On every hand encouragement,  
On every tongue an urge.

"But for you, class of '33,  
No wealth or hope await,  
For you there's no encouragement  
Since you were born too late."

And then—the class of '33  
In one tremendous voice:  
"We know we were not born too late,  
For still we have a choice.

"The world is waiting for the strength  
Of those who dare to do  
We will succeed in spite of all:  
That's our reply to you."

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT CLUB

The Junior Department Club is an organization for girls of high school age and is under the supervision of the Senior Department Club. Both divisions may be members of the Federation of Clubs, an organization of women's clubs.

The aims of the Junior Department Club is the training of young ladies in social, economic, and civic fields, to make them worthy of society and teach them to become better citizens. Its members are mainly girls interested in this work and also interested in dramatics, music, athletics, and literature.

The lines of work of such an organization are varied. It is not all work, neither is it all play; but by combining both a successful curriculum may be made.

The Elwood Junior Department Club has been very successful in its undertakings. During the past years the club has been reorganizing and is flourishing with the utmost success. Since so many have become interested in this club and its activities, a junior division of the Junior Department Club has been formed for girls under high school age. Elwood should be complimented on having such an organization for its young ladies. A few of the regular events of the club are the singing of carols at Christmas time and the monthly distribution of charity baskets. These charity baskets are made up by the young ladies and given to the needy.

Two meetings are held each month by the local department. One meeting is for business affairs and the other is for social events.

The club is to be complimented on its undertakings and wished continued success.

—Mary Jo Palmer.

## STUDENT COUNCIL

The two words, "Student Council", speak for themselves. That is exactly what it is. The student council is probably one of the newest organizations in our school. It was organized only last year but from what this group has done, one would think it was a life-long practice in our school. There are only a few people on the council, but they are those capable of leadership. They aid in boosting the school functions although they are not widely advertised, they do their work efficiently, which is the most that can be asked of any organization.

The members are: Marcella Woodsides, Robert Hiatt, Willis Beatty, Harold Vanness, Marie Woodsides, Dorothy Cochran, Vivian Leeson, Kelton Goodwin, Mary Ellen Yarling, Mary E. Stevens.

## RICHARD COOLEY AND HIS ORCHESTRA

We think some mention should be made of the fine work that has been put forth by our classmate, Richard Cooley. Along with his work with the Bell Trio he has been additionally energetic and displayed his knowledge of music by organizing an orchestra. The group is composed of the various talented students in the four years of Elwood High School. Along with Richard Cooley and his violin are: James Bell, cello; Catherine Bell and Merle Keith, piano; Ellen Ward, bass; Edward Coiner, violin; Robert Smith and Francis Foland, trumpet; Donald Orbaugh and Maurice Hurst, saxophone; Cleda Beth Kightlinger, clarinet; Francis Henderson, French horn, and Charles Van Briggie, drums.

This group has been organized only a short time, yet are well enough developed to play before our public. They made a very good showing at the Senior Class Play and are invited to play for the Dramatic Club Play. When the school can place so much confidence in an individual group, it must be sure of cooperation on every member's part. That's the big thing our school faculty is striving towards and you can see how an accomplishment of this kind rewards their efforts.

An organization of this kind, made up and directed by students, is a new feature introduced in our school this year. It is an experiment on the part of the school. But all their worries are over because Richard and his orchestra are a success and will continue to be so.

—Dorothea Culp.

## DEPRESSION

Depression has been talked so much it seems to be a joke;  
 To hear some folks a talkin', you surely think you'll croak.  
 They'll congregate at corners when a word they have to say,  
 To a friend apassin' or a comin' right their way.  
 They get their heads together and before it's very long  
 They're homeward bound a singin', quite the same old song,  
 If they'd only change the subject, and let it have a rest,  
 Everyone would be a feelin' quite their very best.  
 —Jean Waymire.

## BLOSSOMING CARUSOES

Another talented group in our high school presented a quarter-hour entertainment on Friday, April 14, for the student body. The entertainment in the form of the Melody Musketeers was enthusiastically received by the audience. These boys displayed unusual ability in vocal work, in harmonizing, soloing, and group singing. A solo number, "Bells of Avalon", rendered by Alvy Havens was especially pleasing. Alvy, heretofore known only as a brilliant star of the basketball floor and football field, gained new heights with the mellowness of his singing voice as it came to our ears through his miniature silver megaphone. Other selections by the group were, "Call Me Back Pal of Mine", and "I'm a Twelve O'clock Fellar in a Nine O'clock Town", the latter number being dedicated to Mr. T. B. Lindley.

Members of the Melody Musketeers include Gerald Smith, Alvy Havens, Robert Hiatt, Moses Wittcamper, Kelton Goodwin, John Redmond, Willis Beatty, and Donald Kincaid. They were accompanied at the piano by Miss Jean Liesure.

The clever opening of the entertainment and the harmonious selections which followed made the audience feel that they could stand more. It seems almost essential that such work should be encouraged, and be taken into the interests of the students as a whole. It also appears that, for the most part, we were not aware of the fact that such an abundance of talent was distributed so freely among the students of our high school. Therefore, why not put this talent to the best use possible, and show our community and numerous communities far and wide, that we have the stuff to make us successful in many fields, singing and music included?

Hear  
The  
Blare



THE BAND

First row: Junior Cooper, Richard Gustin.  
 Second row: Phillip McDonel, Wayne Leeson, Donald Orbaugh, Gerald Smith, Mr. Robert Birt, director; Donald Kincaid, Robert Hiatt, Dale Taylor, Phil Copher.  
 Third row: Robert Smith, Robert Johnson, Herbert Dickey, Parke Moore, Clede Beth Kightlinger, Jane Ann Hiatt, Marjorie Smith, Ruth Spahr, Francis Foland, Francis Henderson, Junior Sellers, Richard Orbaugh.  
 Fourth row: Richard Montgomery, Maurice Hurst, Maurice Hutcherson, Leon Smith, Charles VanBriggle, Willis Beatty, Everett Singer, Francis Renner.

Listen! What is all that noise? Is it someone breaking into the house and trying to carry off the dining table with all the dishes on it, or is he dragging the kitchen stove through the parlor? Oh, no! I know what it is; it's just the trap drummer "getting ready". Wow! once more comes that terrible screech as though a thousand dragons had issued from the earth and were threatening to devour the good townspeople. But it's only another wind instrument being "tuned in"!

Now it sounds as though the whole German air fleet were swooping down upon us, with all the frightened citizens in a rumble and tumble, falling and scrambling over one another in their effort to get out of sight of the monstrous zeppelins. But that must be Willis Beatty and Junior Sellers giving them a sortie.

Then there comes to our ears more frightful sounds like a minstrel band coming down the street in a hurry, each one of them playing in a different key. But that's just a clarinet or a trombone getting ready to enter the race.

What! Have the savages of Africa broken loose? Hear the ominous note of their tom-toms reverberating upon the air. We have forgotten that it is Don Kincaid with his great bass drum.

Now all is silent. Then there comes floating out on the breeze a beautiful stream of music. Everyone is in perfect ecstasy, and it seems that

the very angels of heaven are blending their voices in one magnificent flow of harmony.

The whole school takes up the spirit of the band, and in their imaginations they see before them enchanted and inspired musicians and hear dulcet tones that seem to carry one away. Cheering and applauding, the student body wishes the spell to go on forever. The music stops and there before them are only the band.

We know the student body appreciates the band, because they are always attentive when they have a chance to listen to it. Why doesn't it appear more before the public? Are we going to let boys and girls give their time to band practice and yet never give them a chance to show their ability?

Some students can remember that it was not so long ago that our band was considered equal to any band in the state. Do you remember how they used to go to other schools and readily play strange numbers? All can remember how they used to march in at the basketball games amid the cheers of the spectators. Our band was a real favorite in those days.

Our band still has the same talent and ability. Why can't the student body insist that more attention be given to the band. With a band of which we are proud we could all the more help cheer our teams to victory. Then would it not be said, "Elwood is the leader of schools."

## A CHANGE IN THE COURSE OF EVENTS

My sister and I taught school in one of the rural districts of Southern Indiana. We decided to go home on Thanksgiving and surprise our parents. We dismissed school one day sooner than we should, and arose early in the morning in order to get started on time. It was past sun-up, but a thick fog hung over the valleys. Heavy clouds hung near the earth, but we put any supposition of rain from our minds. Our wardrobes were packed and at nine o'clock our landlord hitched his two lank, sorrel horses to his rickety, old wagon, for that was his only way of travel; drove up to the door, and we climbed in. Our pet dog, Spook, set up a howl to go, too. We told him he could not go and sent him into the house. To our dismay he leaped upon the front door, grabbed the landlady's best door-panel, and began to rip and shake it with all his might! She grabbed the broom and started after him; he sailed into the kitchen, seized a corner of the linoleum, and ripped it half-way across the room. Something told us if we wanted that dog to live long we'd better take him along with us, so I climbed down from the rickety clay-begrimed, old wagon; caught my best skirt on the lock, and tore the hem loose. I quickly changed clothes, got my dog's leash and muzzle and started to put them on him. When he saw the leash he knew he was going to get to go, and in his delight he unexpectedly jerked the leash from my hand; as the snap passed through my fingers and caught the nail of my forefinger and almost tore it lose. My sister came to the rescue, and after consoling me for my mishap, getting the dog ready and insuring the landlady that her loss would be accounted for, we started on our three-mile journey to the railroad. The dirt road was rough and rocky; occasional ruts kept us bouncing back and forth; large limbs grew over the road and we kept wearing our patience by wanting to jump, first from the front seat, and then to the back.

At last we arrived at the little town. It was almost twelve o'clock and our train was due at twelve-ten. The train kept its reputation that day, for it was two hours late. When it rolled in, we placed Spook in the baggage car; he immediately began to howl. We told him to be good and he could soon be with us, but that did not pacify him. So, to our dismay as well as that of the baggage master, we left the discontented creature in the baggage car.

The train was a freight and passenger combined. Upon arriving the engine disconnected from the cars and began switching carloads of logs, lime-stone, and empty box-cars on the main track. After much jerking and jumping, we started.

Soon we heard a series of wild yelps. Before we had time for discussion, the baggage man appeared carrying Spook with difficulty for he

was wiggling, chewing, yelping, and showing his sweet disposition.

The baggage man told us to take charge of him until he became accustomed to the train. He was so glad to see us that he jumped into the seat and flourished his dirty paws over our clothes before we could stop him. He was panting furiously; Sis raised the window to let the fresh air blow in on him. We neared the junction and stopped. A cat gave a screech outside and Spook bounded out of the window after him! We hurried after the dog! The agent was calling outside that there was a special telegram for Mary Clark! Sis grabbed it, and with nervous fingers tore it open. It was from Mother and Dad. They were coming to see us!

We rescued our dog, hired a taxi, and started home. A heavy rain began to fall, which furnished us added amusements on the journey back to our rooms.

## HANDY HOME HINTS

- Mashed Potatoes....Never peel. Gives a delicious color.
  - Bread....Break off in hunks. You will not have to call for it so much and, it saves the bread knife.
  - Peas....Eat with a fork. Most people don't like them so they will last longer with a fork.
  - Dishwashing....Never wash. Wears out dishes and soap. Let cat or dog lick them clean.
  - Coal—Drop as many small pieces on the floor as possible. Makes rug more durable.
  - Sweeping—Wears out broom and also the rug. Avoid it.
  - Rearrangement of Rooms—Have kitchen in the front so house-wife can see what is going on outside.
  - Beds—Have bedrooms up stairs so you won't have to make beds. It gives them a comfortable appearance.
  - Clothes in House—Hang wet clothes in the house. It makes steam and causes "flu."
  - Borrowing—Borrow from neighbors and forget to give it back. It gives the neighbors a pleasant disposition.
  - Radio—Don't buy a radio. Listen to your neighbor's.
- Dortha Whetstone.

### AN ARGUMENT FOR ELEVATORS

As we walk (or run) up and down the stairs at school, do we realize that we are wasting money? There are almost five hundred steps in school plus those in the auditorium and gymnasium. This totals about six hundred steps. These steps cost almost as much as three elevators would cost.

Let us consider the cost of shoe leather. The average student walks up and down a flight of stairs six times a day. These stairs contain about fifty steps in each flight or a total of three hundred steps per pupil. Three hundred times seven hundred equals two hundred and ten thousand steps each day. A pair of shoes will last about one hundred thousand average steps. Walking on stairs is five times as hard on shoes as ordinary walking. This makes about fifteen pairs of shoes worn out each day on our stairs. We go to school one hundred and sixty days each year (new terms.) This makes about two thousand five hundred pairs of shoes. Multiply this number by two dollars (depression price of shoes) and we have the staggering sum of five thousand dollars for each year, which would be saved after the installation of elevators.

The elevators could be run on our teachers' hot air. This would save all cost of power. The monitors could man the elevators; this would take care of service cost.

The one and only objection would be the inability of elevators to take care of the demand for rides by students' parents desiring entertainment, so until some one can add enough to my idea to take care of this filial obligation, we shall have to walk and wear out five thousand dollars worth of shoe-leather on our steps annually.

—John Redmond.

### DRAW A BLUEPRINT

Harold Larison: What flavor is your lipstick?

Alice Terwilliger: Kissproof. Why?

Harold L.: (blushing) Well, you see, I didn't know.

### AFTERTHOUGHTS

Did you ever wonder just how old certain people are?

A senior just begins to learn something and he has to graduate.

Something ought to be done about these students who always have their lessons.

We just found out that some people have reserve seats in the library.

It's funny how quickly these country boys get "citified".

### OEDIPUS THE KING

(Retold from Sophocles)

Laius, King of Thebes, is told by an oracle that a child born to him by his queen, Jocaster, would slay his father and wed his mother. So when a son was born he was bound and taken and left on a mountain side to die. But a shepherd found the baby and gave him to another shepherd who gave him to his master, the King of Corinth. The boy was adopted and grew up as the king's son. Doubting his parentage, he inquired of the Delphi god and was told the same story that was told before to Laius. He inquired of the Delphic god and was told the fled from the King of Corinth whom he thought to be his father, and on journeying encountered and unwittingly killed Laius. Arriving at Thebes he answered the riddle of the Sphinx and the grateful Thebans made their deliverer king. He married the queen and later children were born to them. A plague fell upon the city, and when the oracle was consulted it told the people to purge themselves of blood-guiltiness. Oedipus denounces the crime of which he is unaware and undertakes to track out the criminal. It is finally brought out to him that he is the man. Jocaster kills herself and Oedipus puts out his eyes and is banished from the country.

The tragic act of Oedipus takes place before the play opens. The tragic act is the killing of Laius by Oedipus. It is committed by the leading character who is neither too good nor too bad. It results in a reversal to the leading character because, although years pass before it is discovered that he killed Laius, events happen which finally lead him to his downfall. It is a sin of commission, which means doing the wrong thing unknowingly, and he killed Laius, not knowing who he was. The act, which was an act of human frailty, is the stubbornness of Oedipus and his becoming angry when Laius asked him to step aside and let him pass. Oedipus refused and fought with Laius, finally killing him.

The crisis of the play is when the messenger comes to Oedipus from Corinth to inform him of the king's death. Immediately Oedipus says he can't go back and be king because of what he has done and also because of what the oracle said, and then the herdsmen tell Oedipus he is really not their son and they try to prove it. When the herdsman tells his story of finding Oedipus on the mountain and he saw the fight between Laius and Oedipus, Oedipus is convinced that he is the one who committed the crime. This is the climax.

The catastrophe is when the queen kills herself and Oedipus puts out his eyes and is finally banished from the country.

This tragedy is very interesting and since it is not such a long one it is easily read. This would add to the interest. However, it is a complete tragedy.

—Ruth Montgomery.

### NO CHOICE

Rit H.: Coming down tonight?

Wayne: I don't know, why?

Rit H.: Dot's gone.

## Shakespeare's King Lear

### Story of the Plot

Lear, king of Britain, having reached his 80th year, concluded to resign his crown and to divide his kingdom between his three daughters—Goneril, wife of the Duke of Albany; Regan, the wife of Cornwall, and Cordelia, who is sought by the King of France and the Duke of Burgundy. The old king questions his daughters as to which of them loves him the most and while Goneril and Regan, in the most exaggerated manner express their love, Cordelia, scorning the hypocrisy of her sisters, states in simple words her love for her father. Lear, who is so embittered by her seeming lack of affection, disinherits and disowns his formerly favorite daughter and divides his realm equally between Goneril and Regan. He reserves for himself merely the title of king and one hundred attendants. With each of his daughters he is to live alternately one month at a time. The Earl of Kent who naturally raises objections against this suicidal action is banished from the kingdom. Cordelia, although disinherited and disowned by her father and refused by Burgandy without a dowry, is married by the King of France solely on account of her virtue, merits and charms.

Soon Goneril's and Regan's true characters are shown; they treat their aged father with coldness and they order the servants to fail to respect him and then demand the dismissal of his knights. Lear goes to Regan but she also mocks and derides him. This treatment drives Lear insane and he leaves the court during a violent storm and spends the night on an open heath with only Kent, in disguise, his fool, and Edgar, son of the Duke of Gloucester, who has been separated from his father by slanderous accusations by Edmund, his bastard brother. Edgar is disguised as a madman. Gloucester sends the king to Dover, for which the Duke of Cornwall puts out his eyes and thrusts him from his palace. Cornwall is killed by one of his own servants for this.

Cordelia has landed an army in Dover to reinstate her father and her two sisters raise an army to fight her. Goneril and Regan fall in love with Edmund, who professes to love both of them. Through jealousy, Goneril poisons Regan and, when her husband finds a letter from Goneril to Edmund, stabs herself. Edmund has by many lies angered his father against his brother but Edgar finds his blind father and they are reconciled. Cordelia's army is defeated and she and her father are imprisoned where she is strangled by the order of Edmund, who is killed in a duel with Edgar. Lear dies while tenderly clasping the body of the dead Cordelia with whom he became reconciled. Edgar, Kent and the Duke of Albany remain to again firmly establish the much harassed kingdom of Britain.

King Lear portrays the tragic results of parental injustice and filial ingratitude. It is the most horrible of the plays of Shakespeare be-

cause of the cruel treatment to father, brother, sister, and children by those who should have loved them best. Its magnitude includes the whole kingdom of Britain and threatens the security of it. The play arouses the pity and terror of the audience to a greater extent than does any play. We pity Cordelia because her sincere love brought about her dismissal and also her tragic death. We experience terror at the sight of Cornwall's order to put out the eyes of Gloucester, who is to be pitied because he is separated from his true son by his other son, Edmund. At first Lear is a cruel character devoid of any feeling and we have no feeling for him but dislike, but when he is stripped of his power we sympathize with him with the thought that he brought it upon himself.

Lear is the leading character and is suited to the part. At first he is a tyrant who is used to absolute and unquestioned authority. He is so self indulgent and unrestrained, so terribly cruel not only to Cordelia but to Kent, that we feel that hardly any punishment is too bad for him, but stripped of his power by his own folly, his own fool teaches him what a fool he has been, and when he comes to himself, cut off from the flatterers who surrounded him and realizes the consequences of his own folly, we feel a pity for him although his condition is the punishment for his cruelty to his child as the punishment of Goneril and Regan is due to their treatment of Lear. The punishment of Gloucester and Edmund portrays the same vicious circle. Both Lear and Gloucester repent of their acts and are reconciled to the child they have wronged. Cordelia seems to be a calm, sincere woman who was ready to aid her father even though he spurned her, a positive proof of her love for him. Goneril and Regan are cruel, deceitful, faithless women who are mad for power, and when they get it they use it unjustly. This may be excused to a certain extent as they had never seen Lear use his power kindly but had only witnessed the ruthless and brutal use of might, and naturally they followed this example. The Duke of Cornwall seems to be of the same caliber as the sisters but the Duke of Albany seems to be a finer type of a person. He is one who is not given to fanciful use of power. The noble and long-suffering Kent is a fine character as is shown by his dogged loyalty to the king. Also by his effort to keep the king from making a mistake which he will regret. Edgar and Edmund are a contrasted pair; both are men of penetration, energy and skill—Edgar on the side of good, Edmund on the side of evil. Edgar naturally would be on the side of good as his position was honorable and assured and he was accepted by society. His belief in the good of everyone led him to be easily

(Continued on page 69)

## The Hearse Is At Our Door

Did you say our school spirit was dead? If it isn't why is that old hearse standing at our door? Silly questions! Why should a high school student complain the minute things go a little wrong at school?

Are we going to give up the minute we lose a few basketball or football games?

Are we going to let that old hearse carry our school spirit away to its grave? It's been standing there for a long time, as you can see by its style, to grab the first chance it can to take our school for its last long ride the next time we let our school down, as we have been doing lately.

Incidentally, why should our school spirit be based, seemingly, on athletic standards? If our school spirit must stand or fall with the success or failure of our teams, it is in a sorry plight indeed. Every activity, every student's attitude

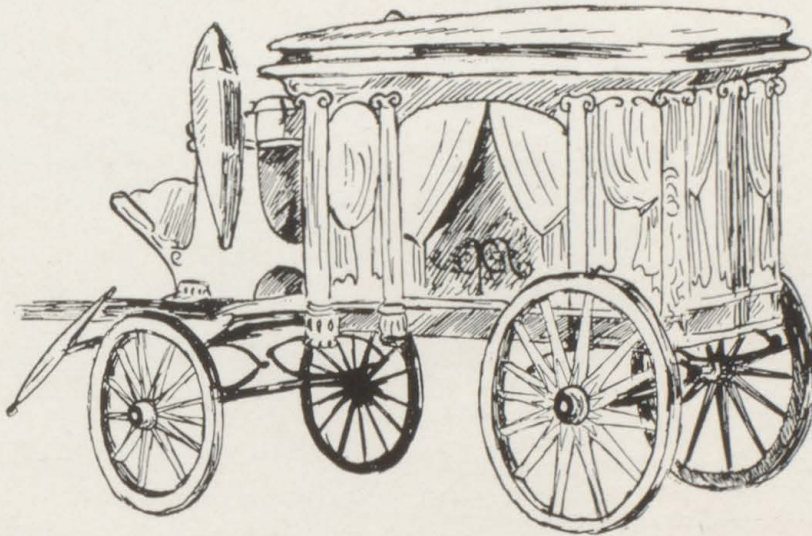
toward his work and his school, every day's doings—all make a composite picture of a real school spirit. When you knock a school's spirit, you are knocking yourself!

Really, laying all jokes aside, we think our school spirit is more than three-fourths dead, but with the best of medicine and long hours of constant watching, we may be able to save it. Our last appeal: let's bring it back to life. Let's back our school, let's yell for it, and let's say farewell to the blues.

Maybe if we successfully do all these things, we can build a bonfire out of that old hearse, so we may never see or hear of a hearse that was willing to carry away the dead spirit of our school.

Come on, everyone, let's do it.

—Dortha Yohe



Robert Evans

## Little Boy Blue Who Blew His Horn

Back in those remote days before the depression there lived a little boy who had a desire to become a cornet player.

What he lacked in talent he made up in ambition, and by saving his pennies accumulated the sum of \$6.78. He sent away to Sears and Roebuck for the much desired cornet, which was duly sent with a copy of "How to Master the Cornet" by Ututa Flute.

Now Little Boy Blue (so called because he had red hair and weighed 295 pounds), began the tedious process of mastering the cornet.

Soon he was forced to move to the country for his health. The neighbors in the city did not appreciate music.

Well, what was the neighbors loss was the cows' and chickens' gain. Since cows and chickens can't throw bottles and old shoes, Little Boy Blue's practice went on uninterrupted.

After mastering the first five lessons he arranged to broadcast over his hometown radio station. He was to broadcast a request pro-

gram. He received thousands of letters of requests from fans—not to play.

Poor Little Boy Blue—he went back home to practice some more. Then one day the director of the Cotton Club was driving through the country.

He heard long blatant sounds coming from a hay-stack. "Is that a sick cow or is that music that I hear?" he thought to himself. The orchestra leader investigated and discovered Little Boy Blue.

He spoke to him and said:

"Little Boy Blue come make some dough.

On your jazzy cornet you can certainly blow, Little Boy Blue come blow your horn;

Sell Dated Coffee for Chase and Sanborn."

So Little Boy Blue left the sheep in the meadow and the cows in the corn and went to the city. There he made "Big time" playing for the sheep in wolves' clothing and the sots filled with corn.

—Henry Schuck

USE VS. ABUSE

The significance and importance of the school library cannot be exaggerated although many of us use or abuse it as a place to sleep in, to visit with others, or to write our notes to hand out the next period. Let us consider whether or not we are right in abusing this privilege.

Our school books cannot offer each subject from all points as it should be given and so our library offers us books to supplement our textbooks and to give us a more workable knowledge on the subjects taught in the school. There are about 2800 books in the library, including the encyclopedias, fiction, non-fiction and dictionaries; and new books are constantly being added to keep the library up to date on all topics. Any subject from aviation to zoology is covered by the books on the shelves, and they are there for us to use, not to abuse.

There is nothing so complex or tricky to understand about finding the book we want. The books are numbered from 000 to 999 and there is a chart which gives the subject handled in every hundred; or we can refer to the index case which will give us the exact number of the volume desired. A little practice and perhaps a few questions to the librarian or one of the assistants, and we can fit ourselves to use a library competently and confidently.

This next paragraph may seem like an old story but it needs repetition. Many of the students abuse as well as use the library. To do them justice, not all of the students make a recreation hall out of the library; many of them go to really study, while others go merely to while away an hour and then next class and not having anything to do are constantly on the watch for some mischief to disturb the students and irritate the librarian. All of us want to be good sports and talk of good sportsmanship as an ideal to strive for and keep unstained. All of us strive to have good sportsmanship in sports, but why stop there,—let's be good sports in everything and use, instead of abuse, the library. The books in the library are indirectly bought by our parents as they pay the taxes which support our school, and in all this depression we can help by taking care of the equipment and books of the library and school.

Let's be good sports and use, not abuse, the library.

—Lena Wilkie

A YOUNG MAN'S LAMENT

Paul W.—I'm simply worn to a thread trying to do something sometime, some place, that the whole school won't find out about.

OUR LIBRARY FRIEND

The birds who in their trees do sing—  
And make their melancholy voices ring,  
Bring gladness to this world of ours,  
As also do the lovely flowers.  
How thankful then we all can be—  
To see the flowers, the grass, the trees,  
And all our winter work is done—  
We're ready for a lot of fun.  
When spring has come in bright array,  
It lifts the darkness of the day—  
Brings us once more to real free life,  
Instead of that old hard school strife.  
We'll have no more worry, no more fret—  
No more Lindley's English lessons to get,  
School is out,—we're glad and gay,  
But, we'll miss our library friend each day.

—Maxine Haskett



TO THE LIBRARY

Your shelves of health,  
Your shelves of wealth  
Of knowledge more rare than gold  
You hold within your stately walls:  
The guide for young and old.

Your shelves do hold  
From masters old  
In books from them obtained  
The dies in which their lives were cast;  
Their knowledge is our gain.

—Clifford Drake

CORRECT!

Mr. Ashton—Where was the Declaration of Independence signed?

Moses Wittcamper—At the bottom.

APPLIED KNOWLEDGE

He—Have you seen her yet?  
Honor Roll Student—Huhuh, I ain't saw her yet, but I don't think she come this morning.



## The Trophy Case

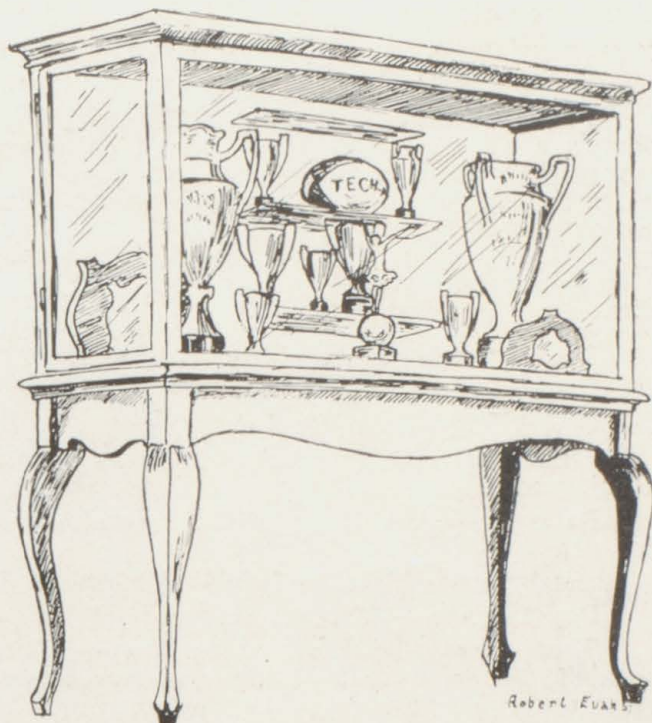
In my opinion, Elwood High School has one of the finest trophy cases in the state. Not every school can have the honor of having such a gift bestowed upon it. We, of Elwood High, should be proud to know that students before our time and fellow students of today have helped to bring us these honors.

Every year new students try their luck at football, basketball, track, and debating. Some are successful and have the ability, while others aren't so fortunate. As a whole our teams have been made up of very efficient students who have tried to put forth an effort to win.

Along with our fellow students comes the biggest asset the school possesses. There is no need to mention names, just say "Our Coaches". Although they are very shy and don't show themselves often, we owe them a great deal of credit. We have them to thank for a great deal of support in helping us fill our trophy case.

Thus you can see what a case like ours means to the school. It is placed before the public eye to let them know that there is perfect harmony and co-operation between the faculty and student body of our own Elwood High School. Let us hope that as years go on, the trophy case will expand as steadily as it has in the past.

As an after thought, let us not forget that there are trophies of our school which we can



not put in a case, which are not visible. They are the thoughts that we gain, the abilities we master, and most of all, the memories we retain. For them we can display no cups or shields but they are more permanent than material trophies: they will be real and vivid as long as we last.

—Dorothea Culp

## Morocco's Last Play

(Continued from page 48)

"Gee, I sure hope so, John, but I don't want you hurt."

The third quarter ended in favor of Laurel 7-6 after fierce fighting by both sides. The score remained the same up to two minutes to go. It was Laurel's ball, fourth down, two to go, on Circleville's thirty yard line. Circleville must hold them! The play was through tackle but Carl rushed through to the line of scrimmage and stopped the play there.

It was Circleville's ball now and their last chance. John went over to the coach and pleaded, "You have to let me go in."

The coach at last relented. "All right, go in for Smith." He disliked seeing the boy go into the game with his knee in such a dangerous condition but perhaps the risk was worth taking.

John went out to the referee as fast as he could, trying to limp as little as possible. The time was frightfully short as Carl murmured to his team-mates, "I'll call the plays. Everyone do as you do on pass plays. John, the thirty yard bullet pass." The team lined up, the ball

was snapped, the pass was completed, but Jim was downed on Laurel's forty yard line.

Ten seconds remained. The team lined up and Carl whispered to John, "Pass long." Again the ball was snapped and John hobbled back to keep away from the opposition to give Jim time to get down the field. The Laurel forward wall was trying to keep John from passing, but he got the ball away high into the air and far down the field. A shot was fired while the ball was in the air. Carl's eager fingers grasped the ball and he fell across the goal line for a 13 to 7 victory.

Someone was stretched out on the field. Yes, it was John: he had been hit hard on the play. He was rushed into the dressing room and examined by the doctor who reported the injury painful but not dangerous. When he came to, Carl was standing over him, crying unashamed. John looked up into his eyes and with a catch in his voice said, "It was worth it, pal, to have us win."

"Not us," Carl managed to reply. "You."  
—Bill DeHority

ALIBIES MADE TO ORDER

*And oftentimes excusing of a fault  
Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse.*

—From Shakespeare's *King John*.

Playing hookey is lots of fun. Perhaps there's a good show we want to see, or maybe we go "joy riding" with Joe. But it isn't so much fun to get an unsatisfactory permit when we return to school the next day. Oh, dear! what shall we say? Maybe these alibies may help you out next time you run out of a good idea:

**Fred Frazier**—Out of town on business.

**George Welcher**—All wet.

**Carl Silvey**—Tooth Pooled.

**Walt Wilson**—Car trouble (Wonder where Marj. was?)

**Betty Englerth**—Attended the funeral of my pet dog.

**Gerald Reynolds**—Swallowed a chew.

**Ray Downham**—Freight held me up.

There have been many times that we just couldn't get our lesson. What was our excuse. Here are a few that may help the Freshman to escape the "grind" of school life:

**Kitty Bell**—"I didn't understand what the lesson was about."



**Howard Caldwell**—"I forgot to bring my notebook."

**Junior Sellers**—"I would have had the lesson but I had to go to Indianapolis yesterday."

**Charles DeHority**—(after missing a test) "I had an appointment with the dentist."

**Betty Englerth**—(two or three times a week) "I was ill yesterday." (after being seen in the five and ten candy department).

**Wayne Hoefter**—"I got kinda mixed up. I'll have it tomorrow."

**Kathryn Dunn**—(after a month of silence and inactivity) "I don't see why I don't get an 'E'. I had my hand up one day."

**Pansy McDermitt**—(when called on while talking to Eleanor Smith) "I didn't quite hear the question."

SKIMPING SLEEP

You're young, and youth recuperates quickly, so you don't need to get eight hours sleep every night. You can do with four or five, if necessary. But can you?

You can't without doing your system permanent harm. An investigation carried on by the Sleep Laboratory at Colgate College proves it. Loss of sleep is hardest on younger persons. After 35 you can do with less sleep.

Lack of sleep ages you, makes you irritable, prevents your body from recuperating. You can't do first-class mental work unless you're thoroughly rested, and sleeplessness makes you uncertain in physical ways, too. That's why athletes keep such regular hours.

It's the quality of the sleep you get that counts, says the magazine, and not the quantity. Six hours of sleep are better than ten hours of restless tossing. Here are some of the suggestions the Laboratory makes for furthering sound sleep:

First, your bedroom walls should be soothing in color—blue or green, never red. Your bedroom should be well ventilated, but don't let the temperature get too low. If you wake cold you haven't slept well. You have made your body do extra work to keep you warm, and it hasn't had a chance to relax.

Light and noise will spoil your sleep, whether they wake you or not. Your body sleeps in separate sections, and a flash of automobile lights, or tiptoeing footsteps past your room, may disturb certain parts of you. Keep your room absolutely dark, absolutely quiet.

If you sleep lightly, sleep alone. The best springs are those that support your weight and yet yield a little. Your bed should be wide enough to allow free movement, and your bed-clothes long and free and light, to let you stir freely. Night clothes should be loose. A warm drink, or a warm bath, just before retiring, is likely to induce sleep. Don't go to bed stuffed. Try to be in a relaxed, cheerful frame of mind when you close your eyes.

Now, after reminding you of all of this, I'll get to my point. Perhaps it is sleep that creates so many strong personalities around our high school. From all appearances Gerald Smith never gets more than four hours of sleep. A person may also wonder why Mary Jo is always wide awake and Woodie comes to school sleepy. Is it possible that he is having other dates?

From the facts pointed out by the Sleep Laboratory at Colgate University, it is evident that Alberta Becker goes to bed hungry while Betty Englerth surely goes to bed stuffed.

—The Observer

A NEW ANGLE

Just what are your thoughts when you first look at this picture? You probably think, "Oh, just another janitor!" Again one might think, "Gee, I wouldn't mind having a janitor's job—nothing much to do—just a little sweeping to do after the students leave the building." Did you ever stop to consider how important the janitor really is? The janitor's responsibilities are as important or even more so than the highest officials of the school. The janitor preserves the sanitation of the students.

What would happen if the janitor neglected his duty? Just to keep the rooms swept is a small part of his work.



Is it the principal's duty to disinfect fountains, dust furniture, clean walls and fire the furnace? No, these are the duties of the janitor.

Did you ever notice the janitor as he leaves his work at the end of the day? He looks tired and often stooped. But why shouldn't he be stooped? In an indirect way we might say that our janitors become stooped from pride. But we say, how can this be? It is a fact since we students do not take pride in our building, the janitor assumes the responsibility and pride himself. For an illustration, this is the kind of pride we now have—

- (1) On rainy days we thoughtlessly tramp mud into the building.
- (2) On receiving our test papers with a low grade at the top, we immediately fly into a rage, tearing the paper into tiny bits.
- (3) We wad trash papers and, since we are tired, give it a toss in the direction of the waste paper basket, and it lands on the floor.
- (4) After receiving a note from the "flame" or following the "dieing out of the embers", we leave our notes in the assembly room desks or in the bottoms of chairs.
- (5) The biggest thrill of all comes from the water-um, such sweet smelling fountains—One day it's juicy fruit and the next it's dentine.
- (6) Such interior decorating, especially in the rest rooms. The mirrors are artistically decorated by many red marks, but then, that is quite excusable because the girls must have some place to wipe their "Kiss-proof".

(7) If we accidentally get a little too much ink on our pen—Wham! We then have modernistic patterned floors—"Polka Dot" to be exact.

(8) Then comes the greatest treat of all—The state inspectors visit our school. The first thing that they notice is the fact that the school is gifted with students who have the ability to carve. They realize this from the desks, which have beautiful carvings which will last many, many years.

Let's develop a different type of pride. Many times we speak of our school as a prison. If we must think of it in this manner, let's make our school a pleasant prison. Let's come back to the prison next year starting a pride campaign—What shall be our campaign cry? New or old type of pride? It's up to every student. This is our school. Shall we continue to let it be a janitor's nightmare?

—Ellen Ward

KING LEAR

(Continued from page 64)

duped by Edmund. Edmund on the other hand is disowned by society, his father is ashamed of him and is going to send him away, he has no position as he cannot inherit the estate—all these things make him determined to have advancement and position through treachery rather than virtue and poverty through honesty. One can readily see his point of view—his bitterness against his father for having him in such a false position and his envy of his brother who is to receive all; therefore he maps out his plan and proceeds to clear his way to the title of Duke of Gloucester.

The tragic act is committed by Lear in the first act when he gave over his kingdom. His human frailty was that he desired the homage to and flattery of a kingship but shirked its responsibility. His act was one of omission as he failed to see the true character of his children.

The incitement is rather slow but it is not tiresome; the cruelty shown is an interesting factor in it. The crisis of the play is the death of Cordelia. The denouncement is brief and to the point as the conclusion should be.

The characters are true to type and observe propriety throughout. They are real people in that they have their faults and make their mistakes. Shakespeare's keen insight into human characters and his ability to show their faults in an understanding way add to the play. Poetic justice is shown in the punishment of Goneril, Regan, Cornwall, Lear, Edmund, and Gloucester for their cruelty to one another.

King Lear is an interesting play but rather repulsive in its horrors, the treatment of Lear by Regan and Cordelia and his subsequent madness, the putting out of Gloucester's eyes and the hanging of Cordelia. The horrors follow too close upon one another and detract from the enjoyment of the play. This play is, however, one to be long remembered.

—Lena Wilkie

### MY RURAL COMMUNITY

My home community has a level surface. It was once a swamp and was practically useless at that time, but now it is drained by tile and is a very valuable country. There is an occasional small slope which the inhabitants think is a hill. Only enough pasture land is preserved to supply the needs of the stock raised because the rich soil produces an abundance of corn, which is used as feed. Not only corn but rye, wheat, oats, and other grain are also raised extensively. Great meadows of alfalfa and other clover also thrive on the soil. There are no springs such as exist in the hilly countries, and all the water is obtained from drilled wells. This leads to the necessity of windmills, gasoline engines, and a good supply of pumps. In order to carry away the water that is drained away through the tiles, ditches have been dug. During the spring thaw and heavy rains, the ditches overflow. Sometimes the land is under water many days at a time.

The majority of the inhabitants came from the South and East to settle here. They found many arrow-heads and other articles which showed that the Indians occupied the territory in the

prosper and works toward the goal of prosperity. The housewife is not one who is neglectful. She takes care that her house is kept neat and attractive; not gawdy attractiveness but with such simplicity as demands notice. She holds the secrets of the most palatable of the culinary arts and takes pleasure in displaying them. She keeps enough canned fruit in her cellar to supply the needs of several families and is very generous with it. She likes to out-rival her neighbor, but is always glad to lend a helping hand.

—Maxine Haskett

### WE RURAL STUDENTS

The vision of our future years began to grow more vivid when we graduated from our rural districts and were thus permitted to enter Elwood High School, and through this medium secure additional education.

Our country customs and habits, which were formulated during our early schooling, proved very valuable and afforded us many opportunities which are necessarily denied the city pupils.

We can even remember our initial day, for



Robert Evans

previous time. Some mounds still exist that are supposed to have been made by them. One of the first interurban lines that was built in Indiana was placed in this community.

The farmers are exceedingly prosperous, as they should be under the conditions existing. They take great pride in keeping their farms well supplied with modern equipment. Nearly every one owns his own tractor, corn-shucker, disc, and other implements. If a farmer does not own all the necessary implements for modern farming, his neighbor is glad to lend or rent them to him. The horse has almost lost his place in the fields and spends many idle days standing in the barn or running in the pasture. Each farmhouse is also equipped with modern conveniences. If there is not a necessary amount of gas to supply the desires, the farmer installs his own electric light plant and enjoys the use of electricity as his city neighbor enjoys it. He takes great pride in seeing that his school is kept up to date. He belongs to the Farm Bureau and looks out for community welfare. He takes care to display his Detective Association sign over his barn door. He is an active church worker and wants his church to prosper as well as his farm. He has the idea that everything good should

a city school was new to us. The industrial whistle blew its usual morning five o'clock blast. The chickens proudly greeted the morning in their customary manners, as off to the chores we hurried. Our hastily and excited breakfast over, we dressed and dolled up for our glorious first "hack" ride to the city.

Our previous training had successfully prepared us for our work. We were nearly all apt scholars and our country enrollments proved it by their good sportmanship, attitude toward the school and its faculty—and last, but not least, scholastic attainments.

The four years which we spent in the broadening of our knowledge and the advancement of our education will be recalled by us in later years as a nominal sacrifice for the welfare and benefit to ourselves and the rural communities in which we shall endeavor to serve, we hope, unselfishly, untiringly, and devotedly to maintain the ideal American standard of education.

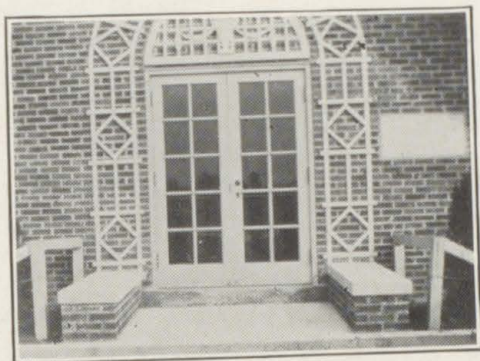
We wish to take this opportunity to express our sincere appreciation for each and every courtesy and consideration that has been granted us rural pupils by those with whom we came in contact.

—Charlotte Dellinger

### OUR SWIMMING POOL

Last spring one of the most beneficial projects ever attempted in our community was started at the Calloway Park. After two months of remarkable progress the swimming pool was completed. Although this cost more than thirty thousand dollars, it was worth far more than that to the community. The majority of the people in and around Elwood have taken dips in the pool during the short time that it was open, and many were in numerous times. All those who spent twenty-five cents for a refreshing dip on a hot summer afternoon wished that they had had this privilege before and might visit it more frequently in the future. Let's not forget free days at the new swimming hole and how children, young and old, enjoyed them.

Swimming is considered by most athletic directors as the nearest possible perfect sport; that is, swimming exercises more muscles in man than any other known sport. A short swim is exceedingly refreshing. If men would give over more time to swimming and less to loafing, they would soon be better men than they had hopes of be-



coming. According to the leading beauty experts and body builders swimming is as great a form perfecter as any known method used to improve one's personal figure. Diving is often called "the most graceful act of man", and none dare deny that a dive is an inspiring sight to behold. Many boys and girls in our own high school can make us glow with admiration for their remarkable diving ability.

We are justly proud of our pool, that is surpassed by none in quality and by few in size in all Indiana. Even if we cannot go swimming, we may sit and watch others and thus vicariously enjoy ourselves as others use the pool; for we know that this fine tank is partly our own.

If we use our swimming pool, pleasures and benefits undreamed of by those influential in having it built will be had by all of us. If every year we could add something to our city as beneficial as our pool, we would soon have a city known far and near for our improvements, and Elwood might well be called the "city of pleasant dreams".

—John Redmond—

### THE PHANTOM RADIO

*Don't tell anyone but our school has a radio.*

Why isn't it used? Is it broken? It is in excellent condition. The only mishap that we can think that might befall it is that some day it may rot from disuse. It may even emulate the famous "one hoss shay". How embarrassing it would be if, after a hundred years or so, some person should open the radio case only to find therein a pile of dust surmounted by an antique tube. Perhaps it would be an excellent piece of forethought to insert now a parchment with explanations so our posterity will not be in doubt as to its identity.

Is it so out of date that it will not receive modern programs satisfactorily? Not yet. However, if we wait long enough, we can trade it in on a television set or a chunk of plaster of Paris with which to adorn our walls.

Is there no one capable of operating it? Absurd! Even a five-year student can tune in a radio.

Is it that there are no programs on the air worth a student's time? Absolutely not. Every day programs are broadcast during the school hours which are of value to the student. There are programs on history, government, science, dramatics, or literature. Besides these, there are innumerable excellent musical presentations which could in a measure make up for our dearth of them now. We understand that one of the famous seven cardinal principles of education regards the proper use of one's leisure time. What could be more appropriate for the development of this principle than the utilization of radio for musical instruction?

The class of '30 presented our radio to the school with the belief and hope that it would be useful. We have repaid the spirit of their gift with disregard. We have shown our appreciation by hiding the radio away and promptly forgetting it. How they must regret having selected a radio as their remembrance of the school. Theirs was an excellent class, and deserves greater consideration.

What are we to do about it? We must, first of all, let this school know that it has a radio, and then we must use it wisely to advantage. If we can not do this, we might as well convert it into cordwood. Or we might set it out in the front hall and adorn it with some such placard as this: "Private—Keep off—Do not touch!" The school could file by and place wreaths about it, singing this dirge:

*To you, oh, longlost radio!  
This wreath I do impart.  
Thou must have died from loneliness!  
Woe is my broken heart!*

LOOK TO YOUR FUTURE

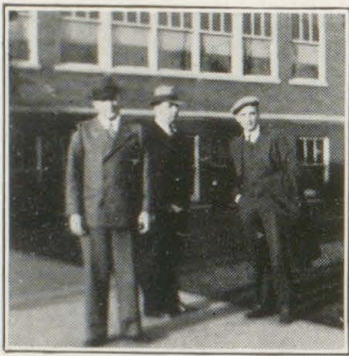
I am appealing to the young men of America. Every youth has his ideal. To some it may be George Washington, the father of our country; to others it may be Babe Ruth, the home-run king; to you it may be men such as you see in the accompanying photograph.

Here they are, three worthies of our community, who have so kindly consented to pose for us that you may gaze upon them with pride and wonder.

It doesn't really matter what the names of these men or what their respective characteristics might be. They look prosperous; which is enough for our purpose. Let us assume that they are three representative citizens with different interests and accomplishments.

Let us say that one man is a man of distinction, a product of his community, a versatile gentleman whose vocation is the interring of last remains. Will you emulate him?

Next is one whom we might call an "all-around-man": yell leader, nursery man, ex-coach, referee, mathematics instructor, and about anything one might think of. Will you be such as he?



Last, but not least, is one, let us imagine, who chooses to work from the ground up. Give him a plow and a horse and he seeks no other pleasure. Will you be a man of the soil?

All of which reminds us of the old saying:

*Lives of great men all remind us:  
Let us make our life sublime,  
And in parting leave behind us  
Footprints in the sand of time.*

Let us strive to make the most of life as these men have.

THE NIGHTINGALE

(Editor's note—Tony Lewellyn, our photographer, always has some witty idea. After working all night to get some witty pictures printed, he found that business wasn't very rushing. He went about trying to develop a customer-bringing advertisement. Here is the result).

The nightingale is noted for his song,  
And not the feathers in his coat,  
He advertises loud and long  
By the warble of his throat.

The picture man is noted for his art  
And love for drawing lakes and springs,  
Of faces dear to the human heart;  
And satisfaction which it brings.

What could it be you'd treasure so much,  
Or love to give to many a friend  
As a picture with an artistic touch.  
Which costs so little to send?

Time is too treacherous, don't wait;  
We think you know the reason why.  
No treasure has the equal, up to date,  
That money has the power to buy.

Of pictures and frames, no doubt you know,  
My guarantee is doubly strong.  
The work you get at my studio  
Will please as much as the nightingale's song.

—Paid Adv. (Uncollected)

LOCAL BOY MAKES GOOD

A new hope comes to the local 4-H Clubs. George Knotts is held in favor as the likely one to win the boys' 4-H Club's health contest. George won the county contest with ease. His score was 97.5 points out of a possible score of 100 points.

Local doctors claim that with a little exercise to bring about the loss of some weight, and with more care of his fingernails, George can raise his score to 99.5 points. Mr. Davis, local club leader, has high hopes that George will carry the state health honors home with him on May 4.

Though George may not win the state honors, we are sure that he will win honorable mention. Also, we are proud to have such a healthy individual in our school. May George appreciate his natural gift and maintain his wonderful physical condition.

SUCCESS

"What is success?" you all may ask  
Of master minds and learned men.  
The only measure of success  
Is, ask yourself, "Am I a friend?"

"A friend on which you can depend  
To be a help when in distress?"  
If you are all of these you are  
A friend to man and a success.

—Clifford Drake

Classified Advertising

WANTED

Somebody to love me and care for me. Ed Boggess

A new market basket to carry papers in. "Granny" Cox

Somebody to help Mr. Naugle read the health books. The classes

Two teeth so that I might make myself clear to my classes. Miss Mary Allen

LOST, STRAYED OR STOLEN

A number of basketball games—no reward. Student Body

The Pennant from the Spanish Inn. Alex. Police

FOUND

Several "set" locks. Jane Ann Hiatt and Marion Mann

FOR SALE

Copies of "Oh, Where Are My Wondering Boys Tonite". Coach Cummins

Several stray dogs around the school building. The Janitor

HELP WANTED

A Fireman—not to save my child, but to build a fire and keep me warm. Betty Englerth

A Woodcutter—to finish carving the desks in 304. The Teachers

Sweet little girl to wake me up each morning. Wayne Hoeffler

Someone to help me catch a girl. Junior Sellers

FOR RENT

Three excellent notebooks, pretty good shape. Act at once, as exams are near. Ket Goodwin

EXCHANGE

I have a "little green car" somewhat "unlaxed" and I will trade it for anything. Paul Wilson

A car that won't go quite so fast as the one I have. C. C. Hillis

DO WE KNOW OUR ADVERTISERS?

This year we have had something new in advertising, something that has never been tried before in the Elwood High School Annual.

This is only proper, though, as our annual is new from cover to cover. This year we sold all ads cheaper and smaller than any other time in the history of Elwood High School journalism. We also had a hard time because of the so-called depression. In spite of the hard times, we found that the merchants would cooperate with us to the best of their financial ability. Many, we know, gave until it hurt. Some of the merchants are with us in spirit only. You will find the business houses who advertize are, as a rule, the backers of our school.

The agents worked hard, as a rule, but you know, boys will be boys. We have worked hard because we did not have the space that we usually have at our disposal, but we pulled through with flying colors to show that advertizing is not dead. In spite of the odds against them, four high school students, Edward Boggess, Freddy Frazier, Francis Henderson and Billy Wann, went over their quota. This shows that merchants will help if you go to them in the right manner. This year it took more than the usual tactics to secure the ads. It took some one who had courage and a good "come-back" to sell ads, someone who knew the merchants and knew how to approach them. Many other merchants would liked to have advertized but found it impossible because of the financial condition of Elwood.

Instead of battling for the team on the football field, we struggled to make the 1933 Comet a financial as well as a literary success.

The Elwood merchants helped us in many ways that we shall not try to list. We find that these merchants have helped us before and will help us again; so if it is at all possible, patronize them, for in patronizing them you are patronizing Elwood High School.

In all the years preceding this the people who did not advertise were giving as a refusal, "It's nothing but a donation". This year we do not hear that, as the cost of advertising is so low. What we hear is, "The space is too small for advertising value". Maybe they are right, but forty-seven Elwood business men thought that it was worth while. So help the advertiser when you can, for in helping him you are helping yourself, not only to have a successful annual but also to create a spirit of goodwill between our merchants and our school.

NEEDED INVENTIONS

- 1. Desk pillows to make sleeping a real pleasure.
2. A new system of grading to make failure impossible.
3. An easy way to learn chemistry.
4. A foreign language that doesn't have to be translated.
5. A "bug" exchange for biology students.
6. A device to make it possible for Mr. Hillis to be in more than one place at a time.

## French Steam Dye Works

1414 Main Street  
Elwood, Ind.

Cleaning and Pressing

Wm. Mott Johns

Seasonable Styles at Reasonable  
Prices

## Richeson Shoe Store

Foot Comfort Service

111 South Anderson Street

## Dorothy Knick Beauty Parlor

Give her a Permanent for  
Graduation

Phone 202

## F. W. Woolworth Co.

5 & 10c Store

## CONGRATULATIONS OF The Elwood Sweet Shop

Dinner 25c

A bite to eat and something  
sweet

## H. J. Schrader & Co.

Complete replacement parts, Good-  
year Tires, Gulf gas and oils, Auto-  
mobile Accessories, Willard batteries,  
Smith Alsoop House paints, Certified  
greasing.

Phone 237

Open Nights

COMPLIMENTS TO  
THE CLASS OF '33

## Frazier Packing Corporation

COMPLIMENTS OF

**PERRIN THE DRUGGIST**

Prescriptions

122 So. Anderson St.  
Phone 519

## Fred C. Aldendorf

Groceries and Meats

38 Years in Business

The house that quality built

1532 Main Street

Quality Furniture at Lowest  
Cost

## A. R. CHARLES

Your Home Should Come First

1411-15 Main St.

Elwood



**The Central Hardware  
Store**

**A Safe Place to Trade**

RAY NUDING (Prop.)

Phone 28                      108 So. Anderson

**For your Beauty Work go to  
Foster's Beauty Studio**

Open Evenings by Appointment

Phone 1105

Corner Main and Anderson Sts.

COMPLIMENTS OF

**Slauter's Jewelry  
Store**

1432 West Main Street

**Perkins-Rhodes  
Furniture Co.**

**Happy Home Specialists**

Elwood, Ind.

CONGRATULATIONS TO THE  
CLASS OF '33

**The Great Atlantic and  
Pacific Tea Co.**

**The Morris 5 & 10c Store**

**Prompt, Courteous Service**

Glenn Auxter, Manager

**Edgar M. Clark**

**Funeral Director  
Ambulance Service**

108 — Phone — 798

Gail Orbaugh

Phone 287



CONGRATULATIONS BY

**Lewellyn Studio  
of  
Photography**

**Rapp's Cut Price Co.**

Elwood, Indiana

**Clothing, Furnishings and Shoes  
For the Entire Family**

You Can Always Do Better at Rapp's

## The Sandwich Shop

Nothing Over

# 5c

Snappy Service at Noon Hour

## Elwood Shining Parlor and Hat Works

Bring your Hats to a Real Hat Cleaner  
When things are not right—Tell us and  
we'll make them right

101 So. Anderson St.

Complete Insurance Service

based on

33 Years Experience

### Frank E. DeHority & Son

Opposite Post Office Phone 193

## The Vanitie Salon

Nell McDonald (Prop.)

Experts in Personal Grooming

### Permanent Waving Our Specialty

1452 So. Anderson St., Elwood, Ind.

## York Memorial Chapel

We are lowering the cost of our merchandise and services in proportion to the reduction of our overhead and cost of our material

### Milton York

## Royal Garment Cleaners Inc.

308 So. Anderson St.

PHONE 13

### Approaches Perfection

Harold Brunnemer, Mgr.

COMPLIMENTS OF

## The New Elwood Theater

## O. D. Hinshaw

### Drugs - Paints - Wallpaper

The Home of Utilac—the original  
Quick Drying Enamel

### CITY DRUG STORE

Phone 88

## J. C. Penney Co.

Dry Goods - Clothing - Shoes

Ready-to-Wear for the

Entire Family

## Superior Shining

None Better in Town

### Cigars, Tobacco and Candy

1525 South Anderson St.

## Home Lumber Company

Everything to Build with

Phone 132 Arthur E. Bell (Mgr.)

## R. L. Leeson & Sons Co.

Department Store

Serving in Safety since 1882

## First National Bank

Elwood, Indiana



TO THE CLASS OF  
1933

CONGRATULATIONS

Savings Provided for Future  
Necessities

## Elwood State Bank

Chas. C. DeHority, Cashier

## IDLEWINE

Korn Smax

Candy - - - Cold Drinks

Taxi Phone 37

## ICE

Not a Luxury—A Necessity

( food )  
SAVE ( flavor ) USE ICE  
( money )

HOME ICE AND COAL CO.

Electricity to Serve You

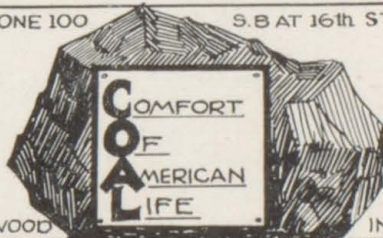
## Indiana General Service Company

Phone 84

*Palmer Coal Co.*

PHONE 100

S.B AT 16th ST



ELWOOD

IND.

*Dealers in Satisfaction*

DRINK

# Coca-Cola

IN BOTTLES

Congratulations to the Class of '33

CANDIES

SCHOOL SUPPLIES

Sam Aurelius

Elwood Lumber Co.

There's No Place Like Home

Phone 28

CONGRATULATIONS

Kute and Conner

School Books and Supplies

New Process Laundry

1348 South C. Street

Phone

The Maine Restaurant

"Open All Night"

Mrs. Carl King—Prop.

The Princess

Elwood's Only Home Owned  
Show

21 years under same ownership

Always a Good Show

Congratulations to the Class of '33

Jay Grain Company

Phone 229

Coal — Feeds — Seeds

This Annual printed by

The Benton Review Shop

FOWLER, INDIANA

PRINTING

School and College Yearbooks

Jas. W. Harris

The Home of Good Clothing

Right Goods and Right Prices

This Book Engraved by the

INDIANAPOLIS ENGRAVING COMPANY

222 East Ohio Street

Indianapolis, Indiana

*Of Treasures Far Greater Than Silver or Gold.....*

*Are the Friends We Make and the Friends We Hold.*

