

The
Weather Vane

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Foreword

To perpetuate, in pictorial and verbal records,
the life of the
Class of Nineteen Hundred and Twenty-Five
is the purpose for which we, the Board
of Editors, humbly present this
fourth volume of

THE WEATHER VANE

DEDICATED
TO
FRANK N. NEUBAUER, B. A.



Whose untiring service and capable supervision have won the sincere admiration and lasting gratitude of the Class of Nineteen Hundred Twenty-Five, and of The Weather Vane Board.



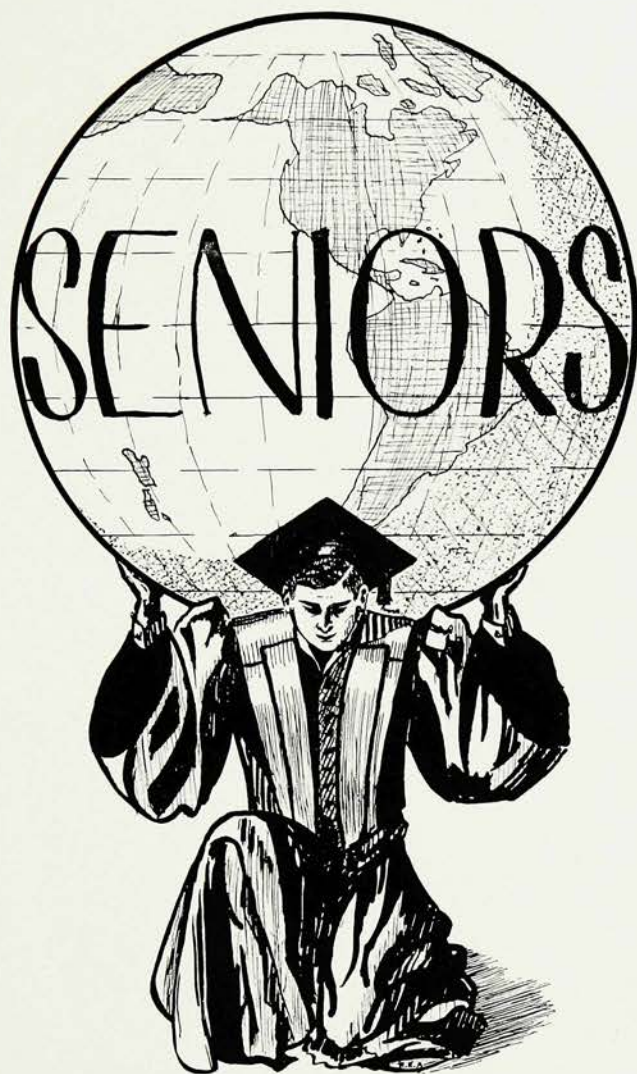
The Faculty

Mr. Neubauer, Principal	Miss Hemphill, Spanish
Mrs. Alpers, Spanish	Mrs. Jenkins, Latin
Mrs. Batten, Physical Training	Mr. Johnson, Physics, Mathematics
Mr. Batten, Physical Training	Miss Kennedy, First Aid, Home Nursing
Miss Bible, Librarian	Miss Kingman, Cooking
Mr. Brooks, Manual Training	Mr. Long, Latin
Mrs. Cartlidge, Civics, Problems of American Democracy	Miss Lord, English
Miss Cooley, Stenography, Typewriting, Commercial Law	Miss Mann, French
Miss Cooley, History	Miss Orgill, English
Miss Day, English, History	Miss Peton, Bookkeeping, Typewriting, Commercial Arithmetic
Miss Dickenson, Sewing	Miss Redington, Physical Training
Miss Francis, English	Mr. Rogers, Chemistry, General Science
Miss Grossen, Oral English	Mr. Stuart, History
Mr. Hanford, Biology, Mathematics	Mr. Thompson, Manual Training
Miss Hammell, Bookkeeping, Typewriting	Mr. Van Anden, Mathematics
	Miss Whipple, English

THE WEATHER-VANE

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BEFORE



AFTER

GEORGE DORSETT

"For it stirs the blood of an old man's heart
and makes his pulses fly."

Class President (2, 3, 4); Varsity Football (1, 2, 3); Captain (3); Senior Play; Class Track (4); Hi-Y.

Our president, though bowed with the weight of years and care, is known as "Smiling George." He is known for the ready wit, the good humor, and the never-ending supply of candy with which he entertains his many friends.

RUTH HOUGHTON

"All wild to found an university for maidens."

Debate Team (2, 3, 4); President Debate Club (4); Class Basketball (3); Living Pictures (2,3); Springtime (4); Union County Oratorical Contest (4); Secretary A.A. (4); Vice-President (4); Lafayette Concert Committee (4); French Frolic (2); Class Day Dramatization Committee.

There's so much to say about Ruth that it's hard to know where to begin. We all know her ability as an orator and public speaker, to say nothing of debating. All that she does, she does well; and we can only wish her success in all that her ambition undertakes.

MURIEL LAWRENCE

"Dainty as the cowslip that nods on dewy hills."

Class Secretary (3, 4); Springtime (4); Junior Prom Committee; Living Pictures (2, 3); Understudy Senior Play; Debate (4); High School News Editor (4); Senior Play Property Committee.

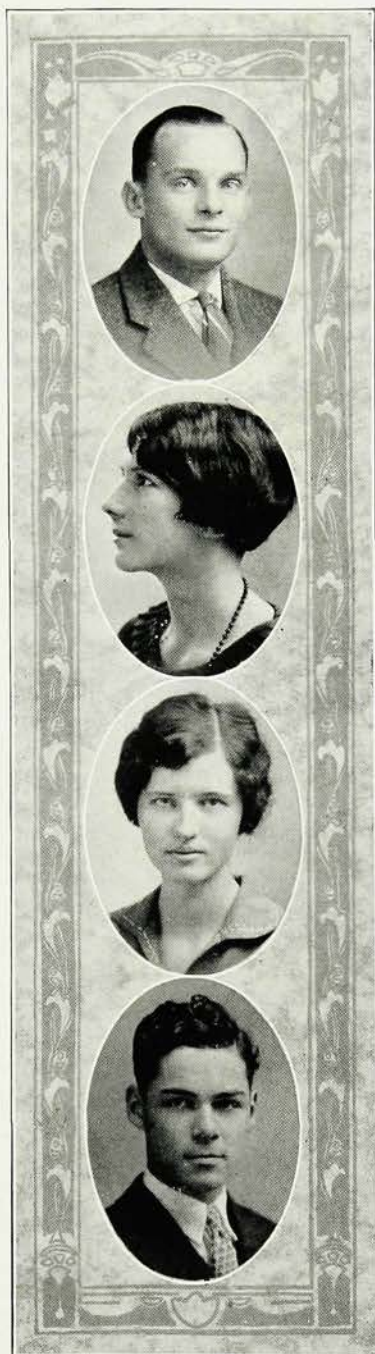
If Muriel had nothing but her unique and perpetual laughter to recommend her, she would be appreciated for that alone. However, to prove her extraordinary genius, we beg to leave to state that the height of her ambition is to wear a celluloid collar for the rest of her days, earn a million dollars, and possess a moth-eaten library.

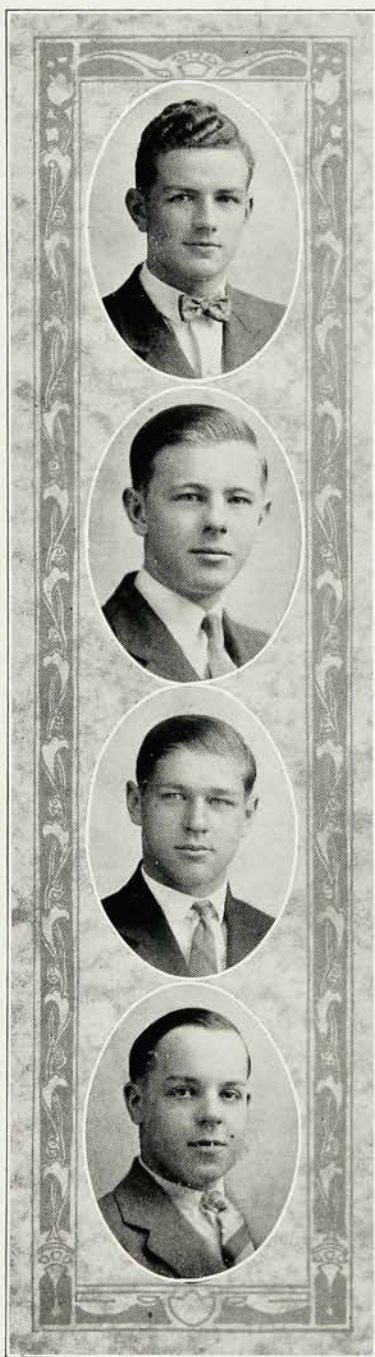
HARRY WHITON

"Is he coming home? It seems he hath great
care to please his wife."

Class Treasurer (1, 4); Class Football (1, 2); Varsity Football (2, 3, 4); Class Track (2,4); Varsity Track (3, 4); Senior Play Property Committee; Living Pictures (3); Thanksgiving Play (4); Hi-Y (3, 4), Vice-President (4).

"Zealous yet modest; patient of toil; serene amidst alarms;
inflexible in faith; *Clever—in—arms.*"





ROBERT ALEXANDER

"Methinks these ladies seek to be encountered with."

Junior Prom Committee; Glee Club Committee (3); Varsity Football (2, 3, 4); A. A. Council (3, 4); Class Treasurer (2); Senior Play; Class Day Scenery Committee; Hi-Y (3, 4), President (3, 4).

Sportsman, gentleman, and scholar. While Bob is liked and admired by all who know him, his true worth and sterling qualities are known only to those few privileged ones, his intimate friends.

HERMAN AHLFELD

"Right noble is thy merit."

Entered in Junior Year. Junior Prom Committee; Springtime (4); Senior Play Property Committee; High School News Editor (4); Class Day Property Committee.

Herman came to us from Bayonne in his Junior year and since has distinguished himself, in school and out. He is a quiet fellow, but always on the job. The Senior Class as a whole, as well as individually, appreciates the "Studey."

THOMAS CLEMENTS

"They shall know we have strong arms too!"

Class Baseball (2, 3); Class Football (2, 3, 4); Varsity Baseball (3, 4); Class Basketball (2, 3, 4); Thanksgiving Play (3).

Tommy has wandered through his high school career with a careless step. However, his sunny disposition combined with his simplicity of nature has made him a popular figure.

JACK WORTH

"Another flood of words! A very torrent!"

Weather Vane (1, 2, 3); A. A. Dance Committee (1, 2); French Frolic (2); Class Football (3, 4); Weather Vane Play (3); Living Pictures (3); Class Ring Committee (3); Junior Prom Committee; Springtime (4); Union County Speaking Contest (4); Union County Oratorical Contest (4); Understudy Senior Play; Senior Play Scenery Committee; Senior Day Committee; Hi-Y (3, 4), Treasurer (3, 4); Class Day Knock Committee.

Jack's fame has travelled far and wide, not alone for his extraordinary wit, but for his accomplishments in the field of oratory.

MARGUERITE ANTHONY

"She looks as clear as morning roses newly washed with dew."

Freshman Dance Committee; Living Pictures (2,3); Class Basketball (1,4); Second Varsity Basketball (2, 3); Columbus Day Play (4); Armistice Day Play (4); Springtime (4); Class Track (1, 4); Weather Vane (2); Weather Vane Annual (4).

"Pep" personified! That's Marge all right; vivacious, happy, full of jokes, always ready to dance, but, above all, a true friend and a good sport.

VIRGINIA APGAR

"Yes, my power with the managers is pretty notorious."

Orchestra (1, 2, 3, 4); Class Basketball (1, 2, 3, 4), Captain (3); Amherst Concert Committee (3); Lafayette Concert Committee (4); Debate Club (4).

The industry of the bee is second only to that of Virginia, a conscientious student; a pursuer of Greek and of higher mathematics; an ardent stamp collector; an enthusiast of basketball, tennis, and track; and a veteran of our High School Orchestra. Frankly, how does she do it?

GANONG BLISS

"The man who blushes is not quite a brute."

Class Basketball (2, 3); Weather Vane (2, 3); Varsity Baseball (1, 2, 3, 4), Captain (3, 4); A. A. Council (4); Hi-Y (3, 4).

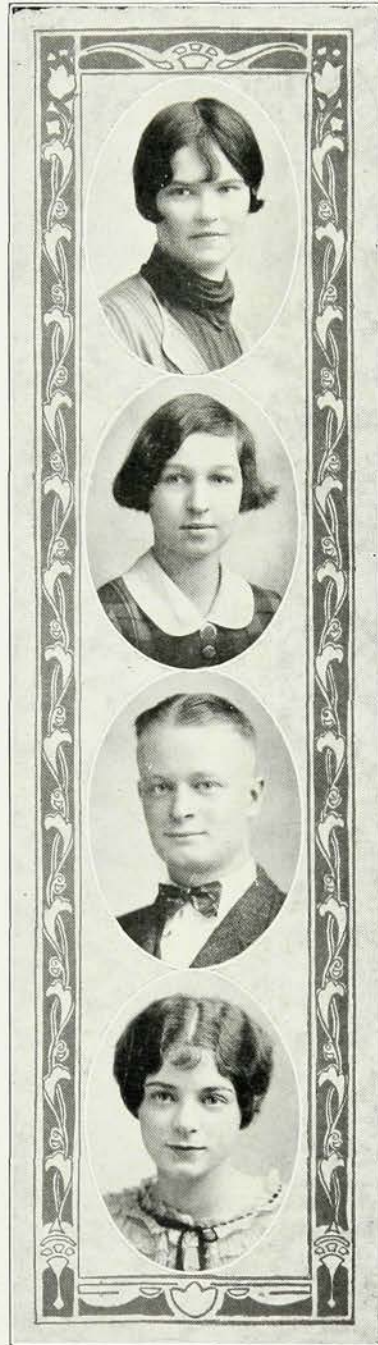
In the vocabulary of the class of twenty-five, the word *Bliss* is synonymous with the word *blush*. Many a baseball game has passed blissfully into Westfield history because the blush has been present on the diamond.

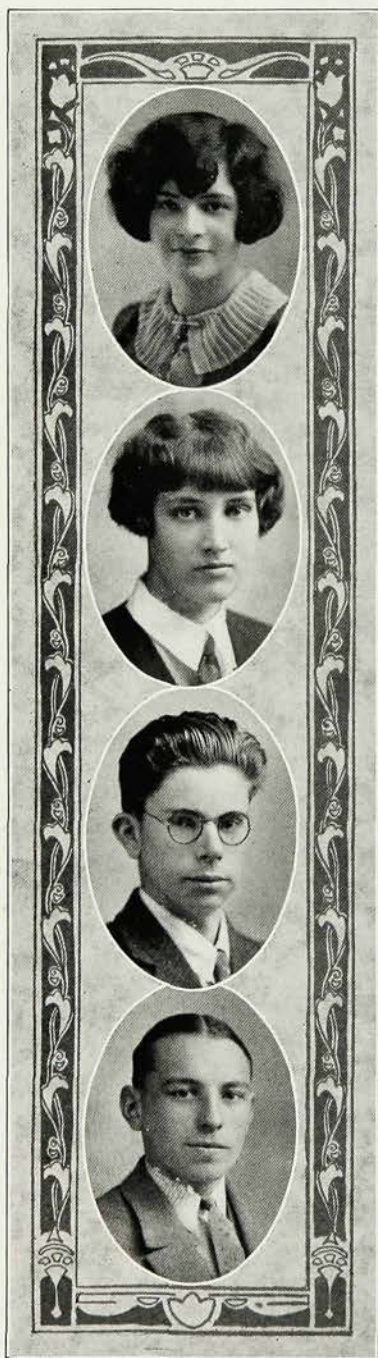
ALICE BELING

"Such virtue is there in a robe and gown."

Living Pictures (2); Weather Vane Play (3); Junior Prom Committee; Springtime (4); Weather Vane (4); Senior Day Play.

No, Alice is not as demure as she looks in this picture. On the contrary, it is her witty chatter and smiles that endear her to us.





ALICE BELL

"There's goodly catching!"

Class Basketball (1); Second Varsity Basketball (2, 3); Glee Club (1, 2, 3); Springtime (4); Senior Play; Dramatic Club (4).

Our *Somebody's Stenographer*, Sally, alias Alice, with her pretty hair and peppy ways, has wended her winsome way through this preparatory vale of tears with snap and variety of accomplishment.

DORIS BOARDMAN

"All that's simple, sweet, and satisfying."

Class Track (1, 2, 3, 4), Captain (3); Varsity Track (1, 2, 3, 4); National Track Meet (2, 3); Glee Club (1, 2, 4); Amherst Concert Committee (3); Junior Prom Committee; Springtime (4); Columbus Day Play (4); Lafayette Concert Committee (4); Senior Day Committee.

Doris is loyal, generous, steadfast, and true. One characteristic greatly distinguishes her from most of her classmates; she is always falling apart. We almost always see her arm in a sling because of a dislocated shoulder, wrist, or something of the sort, which dislocation has occurred while she was performing some athletic feat.

PAUL BOGART

"Poet, dreamer, and philosopher."

If we do not hear very much from Paul, it is because he spends most of his time reading and dreaming. We hope to hear from him as the world's greatest philosopher in the years to come.

JOHN BRUNNER

"What should a man do but be merry?"

Class Basketball (1); Class Football (4); Senior Play Scenery Committee; Thanksgiving Play (4); Varsity Basketball (4).

Though Jack is a hard worker and looks solemn enough in school, we know him as a jolly companion who thoroughly enjoys a lark.

GERTRUDE BUTLER

"She has no lack of kindly warmth."

Freshman Dance Committee; Class Track (1, 2); Chapel Committee (1); Class Secretary (2); Weather Vane (3); Weather Vane Play (3); Manager Class Basketball (3); Junior Prom Committee; Springtime (4); Varsity Basketball (4); Manager (4); Senior Play Publicity Committee; Understudy Senior Play; Class Day Knock Committee; Senior Day Committee; Senior Day Play.

A shake of a black, silken bob, a twinkle from two mischievous eyes, a flash of a smile; that's Gert. Know her? You're lucky if you do, 'cause she's just a peach!

THELMA CASEY

"Now for good luck, cast an old shoe after me!"

Class Basketball (1,2); Class Track (1, 2, 3, 4); Weather-Vane Play (3); Junior Prom Committee; Amherst Concert Committee (3); Springtime Committee (4); Second Varsity Basketball (3, 4); Captain (4); Varsity Basketball (4); Senior Day Play.

Though an athlete and a student, Thelma, we have heard, is at heart a domestic creature. Though not an orator herself, like Boswell, she may shine in the reflected glory of the great.

BLANCHE CHAMBERLIN

"Of whose true-fixt and lasting quality there is no fellow in the firmament."

Class Track (1, 2, 3, 4); Pocahontas (2); Glee Club (2); Senior Play Property Committee; Weather Vane Annual Typist (4).

"Sober, steadfast, and demure" is Banne in school, but out of school quite a different tale is told, for she is happy, peppy, and full of fun. My, how we are deceived by these quiet, conscientious students.

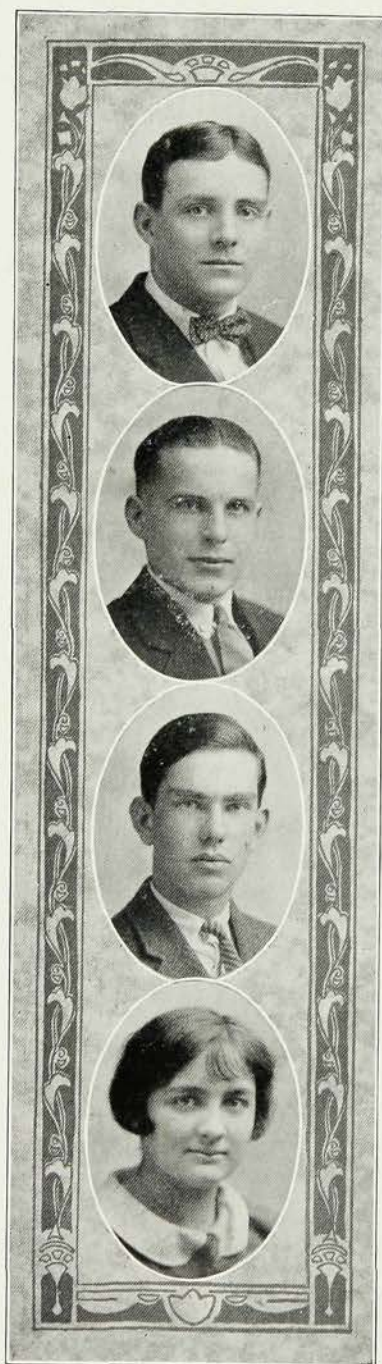
ELMER CRICKENBERGER

"Speaking much also is a sign of vanity, for he that is lavish in words is a niggard in deeds."

Senior Play Carpentry Committee.

Elmer is inclined to mind his own business, draw his own conclusions, and respect truth and diligence.





EMMETT DOYLE

"Of all our parts, the eyes express,
The sweetest kind of bashfulness."

Varsity Track (1, 2); Class Track (1, 2); Pocahontas (2);
Glee Club (1, 2); Class Football (2, 4).

Emmett is another version of the old adage, "Good goods come
in small packages." Witness that mile run, for instance.

CARMAN FISHER

"What ho! methinks the night
Shows stars and women in a better light."

Senior Play Carpentry Committee; Springtime Lighting Com-
mittee (4); French Play (3); Class Day Lighting Committee;
Hi-Y (3, 4).

"Bug" or "Cleo" has proven his versatility in the number of
his accomplishments, among which are raising rabbits, playing
the saxophone, and driving skeleton automobiles. We under-
stand that Cranford is his hunting-ground and that he is
thoroughly familiar with its caverns and jungles.

DOUGLAS FRANCIS

"How doth the little busy bee improve each shining hour?"

French Frolic (2); Glee Club Pianist (3); Glee Club Con-
cert (3); Senior Play Scenery Committee; Class Day Drama-
tization Committee.

Bud is a student of unusual ability and a musician of prom-
ise. We feel sure that his many interests will lead him to
fame.

RUTH GALLAGHER

"To be merry best becomes you, for out of
question you were born in a merry hour."

Class Basketball (1, 2, 3); Amherst Concert Committee (3);
Assistant Track Manager (3); Track Manager (4); Class
Track (3); Treasurer A. A. Council (4); Junior Prom
Committee; Springtime Committee (4); Weather Vane (4);
Senior Day Committee.

Ruth, one of the peppiest members of '25, has won many
admirers in the High School by her happy nature and loyalty
to all her friends.

ALFRED GAUBIS

"Gads-Daggers-Belts-Blades and Scabbards;
this is the very gentleman!"

Al long ago convinced us of his unusual good-nature and care-free attitude toward life in general. We'll all miss his ready grin after graduation.

ROSALIE GIBBY

"Her fairest virtues fly from public sight,
cloaked by her modesty."

French Frolic (2); Class Day Knock Committee.

Cheerful, friendly, quiet, conscientious, conservative in her tastes, clever with her hands, having a good sense of humor—that's Ro.

MAX GLASSER

"A bold, bad man."

Class Football (1,2); Class Basketball (1,2); Varsity Baseball (1, 2, 3, 4); Weather Vane Play (3); Varsity Basketball (3, 4); Varsity Football (3, 4).

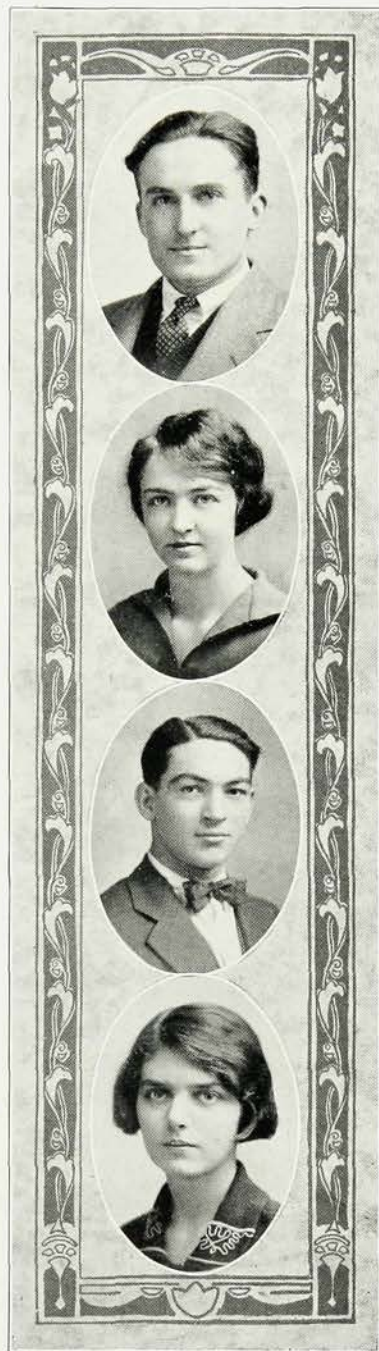
Here's a man who knows no defeat. In every form of athletics, he has distinguished himself as a fighter. We all respond gladly to his cheery "good morning" and laugh joyously at his merry sallies. W. H. S. will be a very different place without Max.

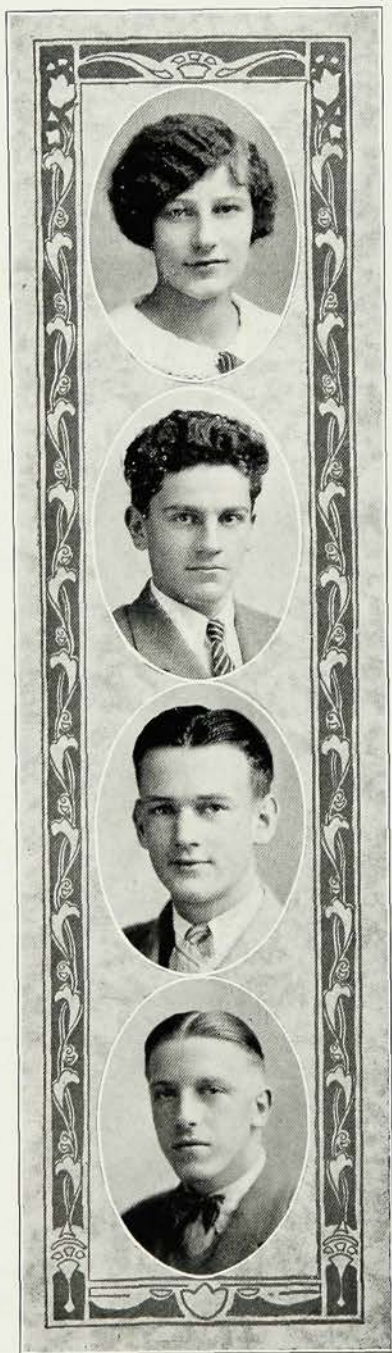
ELIZABETH GOOKIN

"The mildest manners and the gentlest heart."

Entered in Junior Year. Class Basketball (4); Senior Play Art Committee (4); Class Day Committee.

Betty came to Westfield last year from Cranford, and she started right in to show us what she could do. Her specialty is drawing, but she does everything well. We wish she weren't going to leave Westfield as soon as she graduates.





BEATRICE GOTTLICK

"Her modest look the cottage might adorn;
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn."

Class Basketball (2); Class Track (2, 3, 4); Weather Vane Annual Typist (4).

"To know her is to like her." She has a steady, conscientious disposition which should be an example to us all.

ALLEN GRISWOLD

"A curly-headed, mischief-making monkey from birth."

French Frolic (2); Living Pictures (2); Springtime (4); Hi-Y (3, 4).

Grizzy is a specialist in secret signs and handshakes, surgery, and weird stories. "Hey, fellows! Have you seen this book, *Thirty-Six Ways to Commit Murder?*"

JOHN HOVENDON

"I will most willingly attend your ladyship."

Entered in Senior Year. Columbus Play (4); Springtime (4); Dramatic Club (4); Senior Play.

Johnnie, although he has been among us only since last fall, has distinguished himself in the dramatic field. Aside from this, his attractive personality and happy-go-lucky nature have made him popular with his fellow classmates.

JACK IRVING

"Come, be not cast down. Observe me!"

Class Track (1, 2); Class Baseball (1, 2); Class Basketball (1, 2), Captain (1); Class Football (1, 2), Captain (2); Varsity Football (3, 4); Senior Play Lighting Committee; Senior Day Play.

Jack has proved himself an all-round athlete and a good sport, to say nothing of his being an efficient radio expert. He is well known by his fashion-plate appearance, while his Ford has made it necessary for the county to renew the road to Roselle.

HELEN JOHNSTON

"Hair like sunlight streaming."

French Frolic (2); Lafayette Concert Committee (4); Springtime (4); Senior Day Play.

In spite of her presence among us during high school years, Helen has kept us in the dark about her dramatic ability until these last few months. Her hair belies her disposition, but we notice that the opposite sex with the same color hair seems to appeal to her.

DOROTHY JOHNSTON

"What is thy name? I know thy quality."

Glee Club (1, 2); Pocahontas (2); French Frolic (2); Living Pictures (2, 3); Springtime (4); Chapel Committee (3, 4); Class Ring Committee (3); Senior Play; Class Day Dramatization Committee.

The school thinks first of Dorothy's intellectual achievements, which we attribute to real genius, a never satisfied conscience, and love of study and literary browsing; but her friends first recall her romantic ideas which are undampened even by her sense of humor.

EDNA JONES

"Her voice changed like a bird's:

There grew more of the music, and less of the words."

Glee Club (1, 2); Pocahontas (2); Springtime (4); Senior Day Committee; Class Day Music Committee.

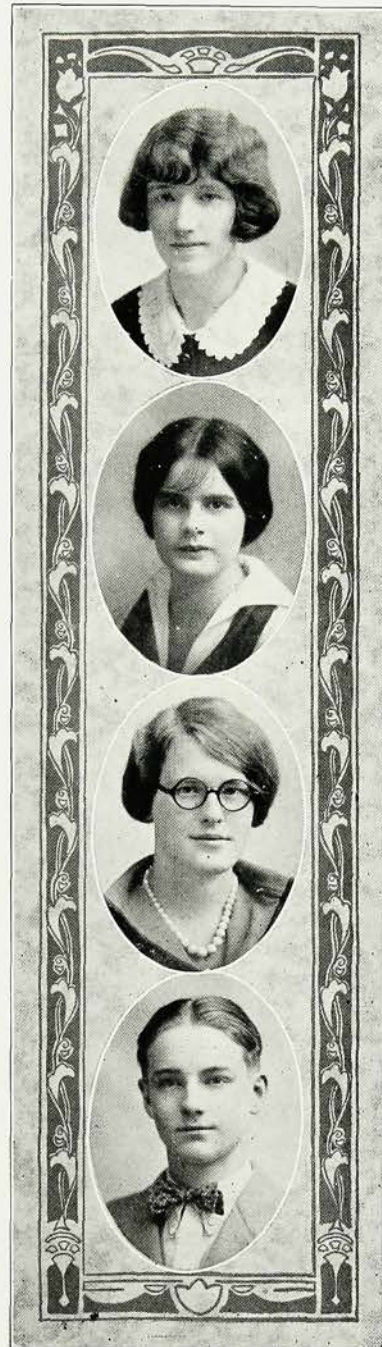
Is there anything you want done? Just ask Edna. She has won her way through high school with her good disposition and her winning smile. We girls would like to know where she gets her dimples.

PERRY JONES

"These cruel critics put me into passion for in their lowering looks I read damnation."

Class Baseball (2); Class Football (4); Second Team Football (4); Weather Vane (3, 4); Senior Play; Class Will; Hi-Y (3, 4).

Ped's happy-go-lucky disposition and his desire "to go fishing" often get him into trouble, but his ability to exhibit an expression of the utmost subjection at the shortest notice often gets him out.





BEVERLY JONES

"And ever and anon I blush and lure some eager stripling to my side".

Entered in Junior Year. Junior Prom Committee; Glee Club (4); Springtime Committee (4); Lafayette Concert Committee (4); Senior Day Play.

Although Bev has been with us a comparatively short time, she has made herself known and liked by the entire class. She possesses dramatic ability and has displayed her talent several times, much to the enjoyment of the students and faculty.

CAROL KYNES

"For she is a dainty, true, and cheerful worker."

Varsity Track (1, 2, 3); Class Track (1, 2, 3, 4); Glee Club (1, 2, 3); Debate Team (4); Debate Club (3, 4); Thanksgiving Play (3); Senior Play Committee; Senior Day Play.

Because of Cabby's readiness of speech and not-to-be-denied love of argument, she chose debating as an outlet for her overflow of oratorical energy. But Cabby also has an overflow of physical vitality which was taken care of in the track meets.

GEORGE KIRCH

"A brave man struggling in the storms of fate."

George was always craving excitement and he got the biggest "kick" out of the littlest thing. He was always ambitious, willing, and the friend of all.

DOROTHY LEFFINGWELL

"She is good company and friends do cling about her."

Junior Prom Committee; Springtime Committee (4); Lafayette Concert Committee (4).

Dorothy is famous for her reliability and her ready appreciation of a good joke. Her good nature and smiling personality have won her close friends.

VANCE LITTLEFIELD

"I have three sorts of tobacco in my pocket, my light by me, and thus I begin".

Class Basketball (1, 2, 3, 4); Class Baseball (2, 3, 4); Class Football (1, 2, 3); Varsity Football (4).

Abe's merry eyes and ambling gait betray his inmost desire for the life of a hobo. When he leaves the road, he will probably settle down on the edge of a great forest in a cabin of his own building.

CATHRYN LIPTON

"My dear, where have you been!"

Class Basketball (1); Class Track (2, 3); Living Pictures (2, 3); Springtime (4).

No doubt we know and love "Kate" best because of her constant good-nature. However, her loyalty to her friends (one in particular) has not escaped our observation.

MARGARET LYNDE

"Sprightliness and mischief-making jollity is oft admired."

French Frolic (2); Glee Club (2, 3); Junior Prom Committee; Class Day Property Committee.

Peg is a peppy little person whose smile simply radiates sunshine. Her lively personality and pert coquetry have endeared her to the hearts of many.

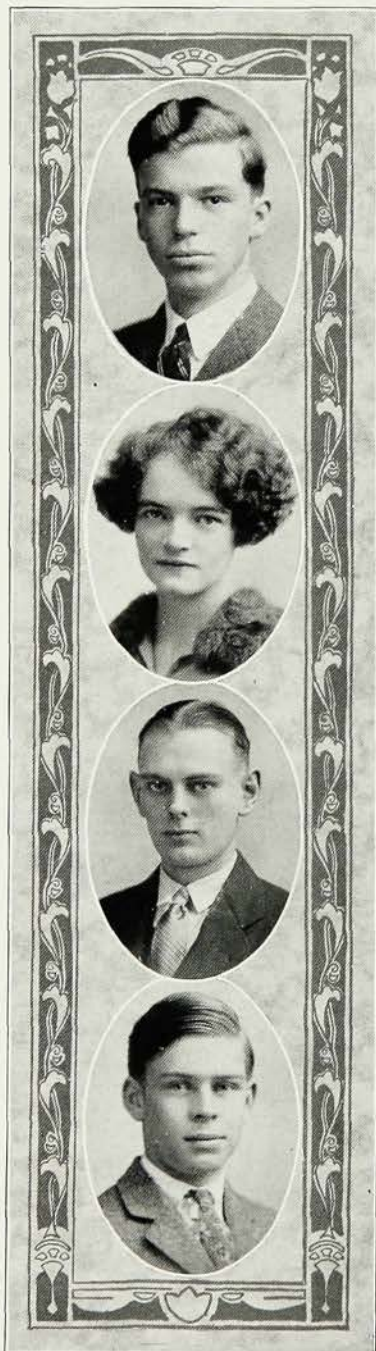
KEITH MARTIN

"When I was at home I was in a better place but travelers must be content."

Entered in Junior year. Columbus Day Play (4); Springtime (4); Thanksgiving Play (4); Lafayette Concert Committee (4); Dramatic Club (4).

Burly's refined tastes, keen intelligence, and unassuming manners have won many friends. In his Senior year he founded the Dramatic Club. At present he is in Belgium, where he expects to pursue his studies for at least a year. We look forward with anxiety to seeing the founder of the Burly Club safe at home.





EDWIN McQUIRE

"'Tis good will makes intelligence."

Class Baseball (1,2); Class Basketball (1, 2); Varsity Football (4); Senior Day Play.

Bill, the Manlius cowboy, dropped around with his knowing smile just in time to show us some real football.

KATHLEEN MILLAR

"Your merry heart goes all the day."

Thanksgiving Play (3); Glee Club (4); Springtime (4); Poster Contest (4); Senior Play.

Chubby has been with us since we can remember as a faithful worker, a good friend, and an ambitious actress. We wish her all luck for the future.

JAMES MOFFET

"There can be no great smoke arise but there must be fire."

Senior Play Scenery Committee; Class Baseball (3); Class Basketball (4).

Jimmie has slumbered peacefully through his high school course, depending on occasional periods of activity to carry him along. His flashes of wit and his undisturbed good-humor make him a source of joy to all his friends.

GILBERT MOORE

"And now subscribe your names."

Class Track (1, 2, 3, 4); Class Football (1, 2, 3, 4); Class Tennis (2, 3); Class Basketball (2), Captain (2); French Frolic (2); Living Pictures (3); Class President (1); Weather Vane (4); Varsity Basketball (3, 4), Captain (4); Springtime Business Manager (4); Senior Play Business Manager; Hi-Y (3, 4); Varsity Track (4).

As a scholar, Gibby is the essence of perfection; as a dependable business man, he is *plus quam perfectio*; but as a lady's man,—Oh, boy!

FLORENCE MOREHOUSE

"A jewel well worth a golden setting."

Junior Prom Committee (3); Class Basketball (3, 4); Spring-time (4); Class Track (2, 4).

We all know Flo as a perfect peach. Smiling, happy, and friendly, she has become such a valuable member of our class that we wonder what we will ever do without her.

ROBERT MUMFORD

"He is a scholar and a ripe and good one."

Class Baseball (1, 2); Class Football (2, 3, 4); Class Basketball (3, 4); Class Track (3); Glee Club (1, 2); Pocahontas (2); Debate Team (3); Weather Vane (2); Debate Society (3, 4); Secretary (3, 4); Class Treasurer (3); Junior Prom Committee; Senior Play Committee; High School News Editor (4); Hi-Y (3,4).

Good, serious old Bob is an excellent student and an all around good fellow. When Bob takes a job in hand it is sure to be done and done right. He always has the interest of the class at heart, and is sure to make his mark in the world because of his loyal spirit.

GRACE NEWHAM

"Wee, sleekit, cow'rin, tim'rous beastie."

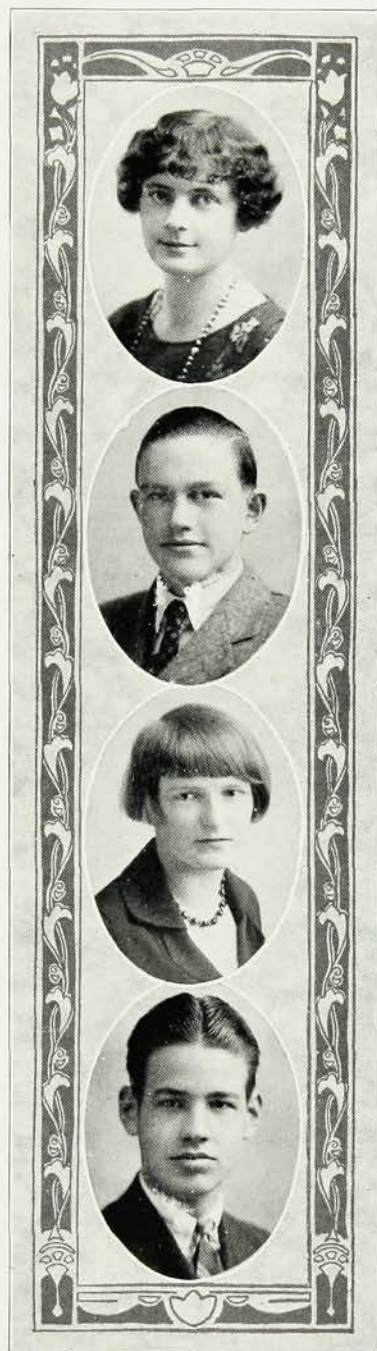
Grace is the Sphinx of our class, but we suspect this attitude is merely a species of protective armor.

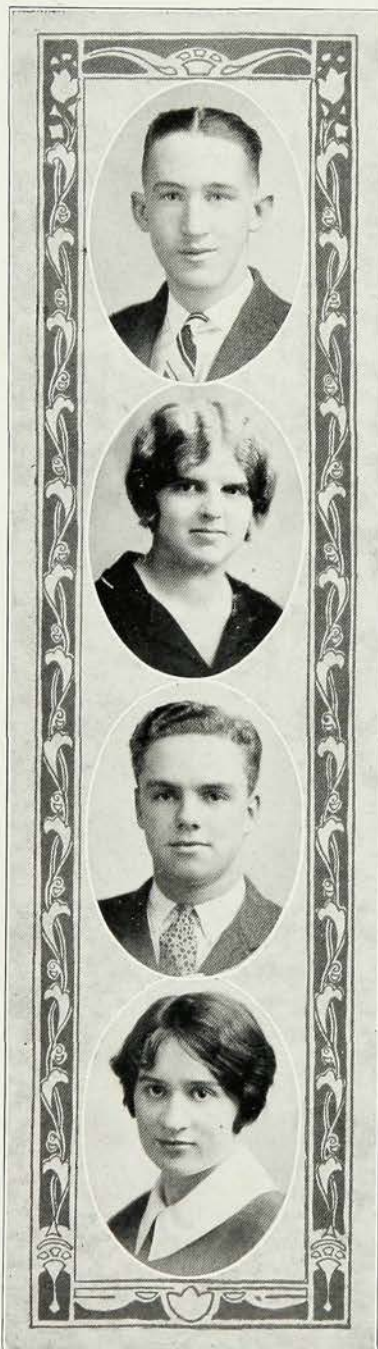
EDGERTON NEWCOMB

"Steadfast, strong and sure, without a peer, am I."

Class Basketball Manager (1); Orchestra (1, 2); French Play (2, 3); Junior Prom Committee; Class Football (4); Senior Play Stage Manager; Hi-Y (3,4); Class Day Scenery Committee.

The handsome, stalwart, heart-breaking young man who at times is seen dashing here and there in a somewhat bedraggled auto, and at other times driving with style in his Chevrolet Coupe, bears the cognomen of Edgerton Newcomb. Notwithstanding his choice of vehicles, no one could have worked more assiduously or could have accomplished so much with so little as did Edgie in his masterly work on the scenery for the Senior Play.





FRANK O'BRIEN

"A chiel's among ye takin' notes, and faith, he'll print em."

Class Baseball (1, 2, 3, 4); Class Football (1, 2, 3, 4); Class Basketball (2, 3, 4), Captain (4); Living Pictures (2); Varsity Baseball Manager (3); Junior Prom Committee; Weather Vane Play (3); Class Swimming Team (3); Columbus Day Play (4); Weather Vane (4).

The original "woman-hater", a regular fellow and a sportsman; in athletics he was always ready when called and he "came through" when needed. His ready wit and good-natured sarcasm will be missed in school next year. He seldom came to school on Monday (why Monday?).

MILLICENT PEARSALL

"Of manners gentle, of affections mild."

Glee Club (1); Living Pictures (2); Class Basketball (2, 3); Senior Play Publicity Committee.

Dependable, persevering, clear-thinking, and good-natured, Millicent has won our respect as a cheerful, loyal exponent of the high standards of Westfield High School.

THURLOW PELTON

"So many looks of young and old
Are cast upon his features bold."

"Hello men!" Jo ambles along with a greeting for everyone. We were surprised that they let him get away from Hollywood, but we're mighty glad he's back.

ELIZABETH PLEISTER

"With a roar she rides by on the wings of
the wind"—"A clever driver!"

Captain Class Basketball (1); Orchestra (1, 2); Varsity Track (1, 2, 3, 4); National Track Meet (2, 3); Class Track (1, 2, 3, 4); Living Pictures (2, 3); Second Varsity Basketball (2); Springtime Committee (4); Junior Prom Committee; Varsity Basketball (3, 4), Captain (4); Class Day Music Committee.

Billy is our candidate for the all-round girl. She is in everything. Her violin adds to the Symphony Concerts; she takes part in all school activities, athletics included. Yes, our Bill is all right.

WILHELMINA PLEISTER

"Of gentle soul; to human race a friend."

Class Track (1, 2); Class Basketball (2); Varsity Basketball (4); Class Track Manager (4); Christmas Play (4); Class Day Music Committee.

"Still water runs deep." Tiny is always busy. She has the delightful combination of being proficient in athletics as well as in music.

JOSEPH POLLACK

"A bold and vigorous warrior.
Men stand in awe of him."

Class Baseball (1, 2); Class Football (1, 2, 3, 4); Class Basketball (2, 3, 4); Glee Club (2); Pocahontas (2); Hi-Y (3, 4); Class Swimming Team (3); Columbus Day Play (4); Senior Play Carpentry Committee.

A fellow anyone would be glad to call friend; loyal, good-natured, happy, and dependable; his list of friends bears mute evidence of the well deserved popularity accorded him.

GRACE POST

"Strength levels grounds. Art builds a garden there."

French Frolic (2); Glee Club Committee (3); Junior Prom Committee; Weather Vane Art Editor (4); Class Shield Committee (4); Senior Play Art Committee, Chairman; Class Day Scenery Committee; Glee Club Committee (4); Springtime Committee (4).

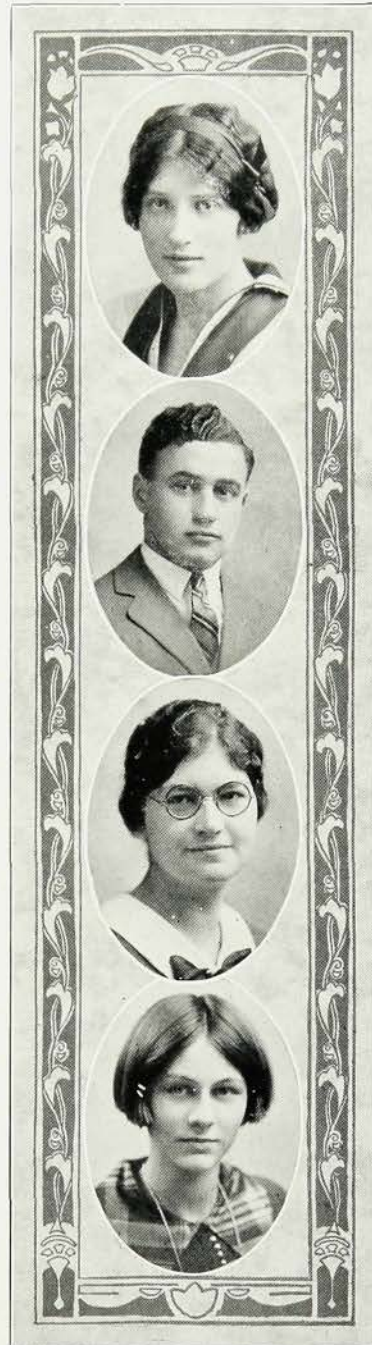
Shall we dub Grace "School Artist?" I think so. She has drawn and painted her way through school. I am sure I don't know what the *Weather Vane* will do without her. We Seniors are proud that she belongs to us.

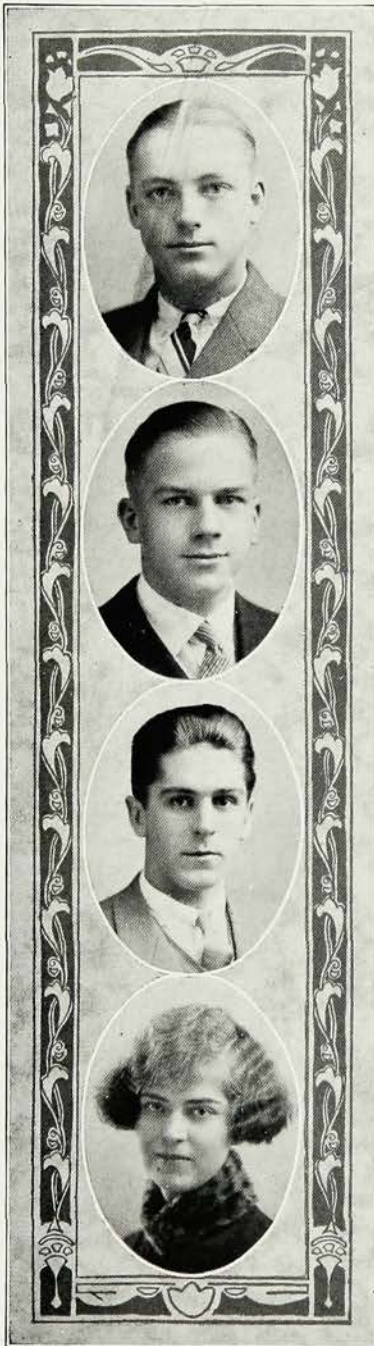
JANET ROCKWELL

"Why then should not we women act alone?
Or whence are men so necessary grown?"

Class Track (3,4); Varsity Track (3,4); National Track Meet (3); Springtime Committee (4); Senior Day Committee.

By merely glancing at Jane's record above, you can easily see that she has established a reputation as an athlete. Aside from her athletic ability, she is a good sport and possesses a keen sense of humor.





GEORGE ROOT

"Bachelor's fare; bread and cheese and kisses."

Varsity Football (3,4); Varsity Baseball (2, 3, 4); Class Basketball (2, 3, 4); Class Track (1, 2, 3, 4); Senior play; Hi-Y (4).

Athlete, student, and gentleman; in "Gee Gee," we find all the things that go to make a real man. His modest bearing in athletics only makes his record more commendable. We might sum it all up in the following: first in sports, first in studies, and first in the hearts of his fellow-students.

RICHARD SAMPSON

"This gentleman is learned and a most rare speaker."

Varsity Debate Team (2, 3, 4), Captain (3, 4); Debate Society (3, 4); Senior Play Committee; Amherst Concert Committee (3); Junior Prom Committee; Class Football (3, 4); Class Basketball (3, 4); Class Track (3, 4); Editor-in-chief of the High School News (4); Springtime (4); Class Day Dramatization Committee; Hi-Y (3,4).

Dick has been called "the war-horse of the Debate Club" but his activities have not been confined to debating. He is rather a solemn chap, but the twinkle in his eye often belies the dignity of his language.

MORRIS SCHEFFER

"The strength of twenty men!"

Class Football (3); Senior Play Scenery Committee (4); Hi-Y (3, 4).

Good nature has always been an outstanding characteristic of this sleepy young man. "Better late than never" has always been his motto, but "with all his faults we love him still."

ESTELLE SCHWEITZER

"Now the Lord bless that sweet face of thine."

Amherst Concert Committee (3); Springtime (4); Class Day Property Committee.

Estelle is democratic, versatile, and friendly. The loss to the school will indeed be great when this congenial young lady graduates.

JULIA SCULLY

"The reward of one duty is the power to fulfill another."

French Frolic (2); Class Track (1, 2, 3, 4); High School News Editor (4); Class Basketball (3); Weather Vane Annual Typist (4).

Jul, kindhearted, thoughtful, and generous, is always on the job. She is a student of ability whose accomplishments have been hidden only by her modesty.

SHIRLEY SINCLAIR

"She holds him firmly in her gentle grasp; a graceful rider."

Class Basketball (1, 2, 3); Class Track (1,3); Varsity Track (2); A. A. Treasurer (2); A. A. Secretary (3); Class Vice-President (2, 3); A. A. President (4); Varsity Basketball (4); Class Day Property Committee.

Quiet, unpretentious, athletic, and sincere is Shirley. The school will indeed miss this young lady who stands for all that is desirable in a real girl!

EDWARD SMAIDGINNIS

"I loathe that low vice curiosity; I love indifference."

Class Football (1); Class Baseball (1); Varsity Basketball (1, 2); Varsity Baseball (2, 3, 4); Thanksgiving Play (4).

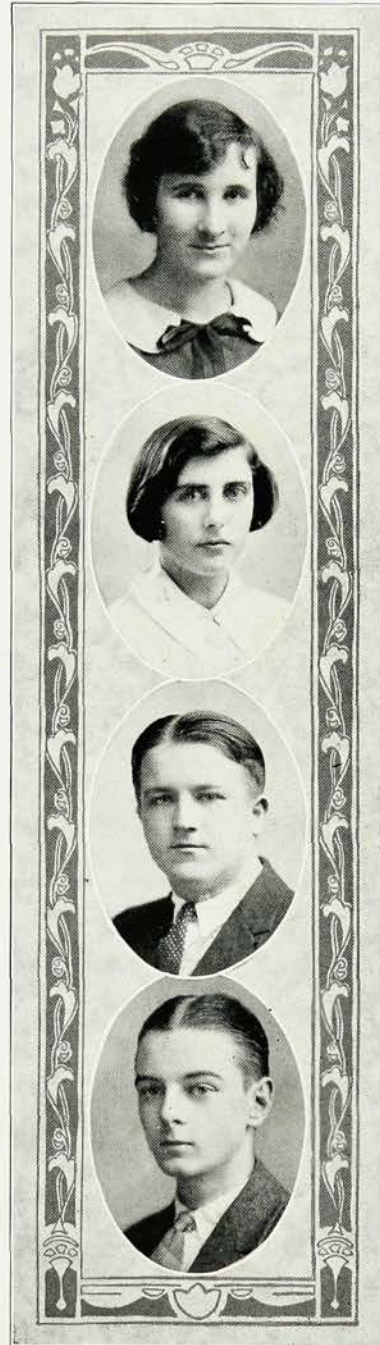
"Hippo's" happy nature has made a lasting impression in the hearts of his fellow-students. There is no doubt that he will be greatly missed.

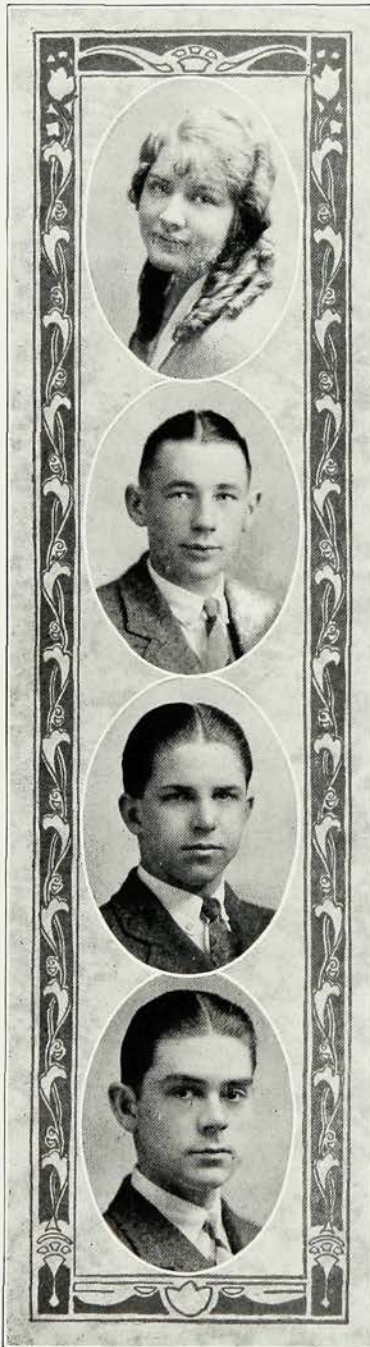
EVERETT SMITH

"His heart and hand are both open and free."

Weather Vane (3, 4); Senior Play Scenery Committee; Thanksgiving Play (4); Springtime Publicity Manager (4); Lafayette Concert Committee (4); Hi-Y (3, 4).

Smitty is an earnest soul, when he is serious. At other times he rivals Larry Semon, as a funmaker. His grin is as infectious as the seven-year itch.





GWENDOLEN SMITH

"Rising with Aurora's light,
The muse, inspired, sits down to write."

Weather Vane (1, 2, 3, 4); Editor-in-chief (4); Weather-Vane Play (3); Freshman Dance Committee; Class Basketball (1, 2); Living Pictures (2); Junior Prom Committee; Chairman Class Ring Committee (3); Amherst Concert Committee (3); Lafayette Concert Committee (4); Springtime (4); Senior Play Committee (4).

We all know Gwen as the girl with the golden curls. She has a smile as bright as her hair, and a disposition as gay and sunny as her smile; and as for her poetry, well Gwen is known as "the golden girl with the gifted pen."

VERNON SORTOR

"Oh, send me to that pleasant land of dreams,
Nor wake me while the day is young."

Class Baseball (1,2); Class Football (2, 3, 4); Class Basketball (3,4); Varsity Baseball (3,4); Senior Play Lighting Committee.

Allow me to give you a glimpse behind the scenes so as to become acquainted with the modern Rip Van Winkle. "Beans" has been asleep for the past seventeen years, but is due to awaken within three more. Before he took to sleeping as his favorite pastime, one could not help noticing his ability as a ball-player. In comparison with the modern "Rip", the original would appear a race-horse.

SYDNEY STEVENS

"When we have matched our racquets to these balls."

Weather Vane (4); Class Football (4); Glee Club Committee (3, 4); Senior Play (4); Hi-Y (3, 4); Class Day Program Committee.

If knowledge is the key to success, Syd will indeed find his entrance easy. His unfailing determination to secure an education has made him a notable figure during his sojourn in high school.

GEORGE THAYER

"Now for sweet Thelma she bids him await."

Weather Vane (1, 2, 3, 4), Business Manager (4); Class Baseball (1, 2); Weather Vane Play (3); Junior Prom Committee; Class Football (3, 4); Varsity Debating (3, 4); Debate Society (3, 4), Vice-President (3, 4); Hi-Y (3, 4); Senior Play Property Committee; Chairman Springtime Committee (4); Business manager Lafayette Concert (4); Glee Club (4); County Contest (4); Varsity Football Manager (4).

Student, Romeo, manager, George has managed so many things in school that we think that he will make an ideal husband. His thoroughness and determination have made him an outstanding figure in more ways than one.

ALAN THOMPSON

"They call me "Tom" who love me best."

Class Basketball (1); Class Football (2, 3); Weather Vane (2); Varsity Debate (3); Treasurer Debate Society (3); Junior Prom Committee; Springtime (4); Weather Vane Annual (4); Hi-Y (3, 4).

"Never hurry, never worry," seems to be the motto of blase, easy-going Tommy. His well-known fondness for motor-cars and his frequent excursions to Cranford used to occasion a great deal of speculation, but now we know. Congratulations, Tommy.

RUTH TITUS

"A quiet conscience makes one so serene!"

Lafayette Concert Committee (4); Weather Vane Annual Typist (4).

A quiet lass, but a good one. She is a steady worker, a loyal friend, and one who has the ability to combine the practical and the idealistic.

GORDON THORN

"Soft! From whence this radiance? Who comes?"

Entered in Senior Year.

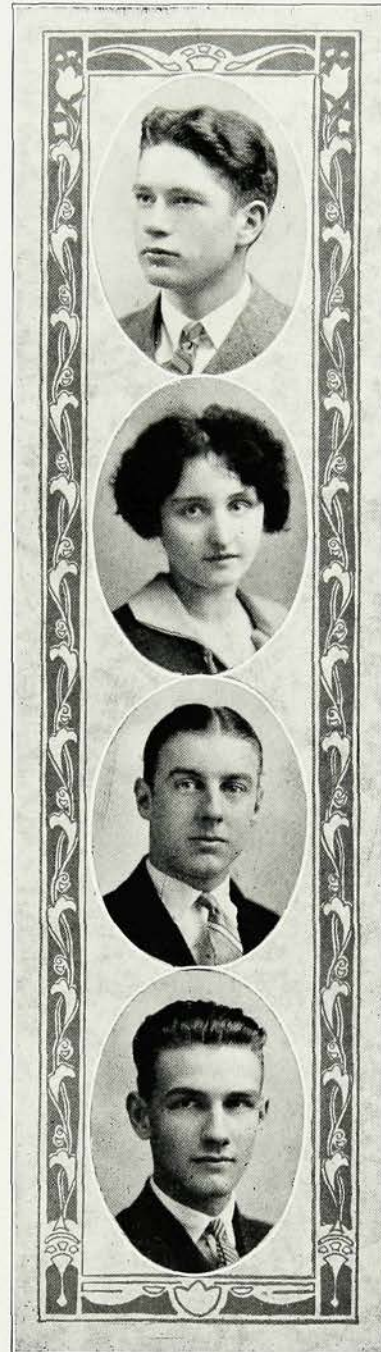
Gordon is a quiet, good-natured chap who has spent so much time away from Westfield that, although he has many admirers, (both sexes) he has few close friends. Have you ever heard him sing?

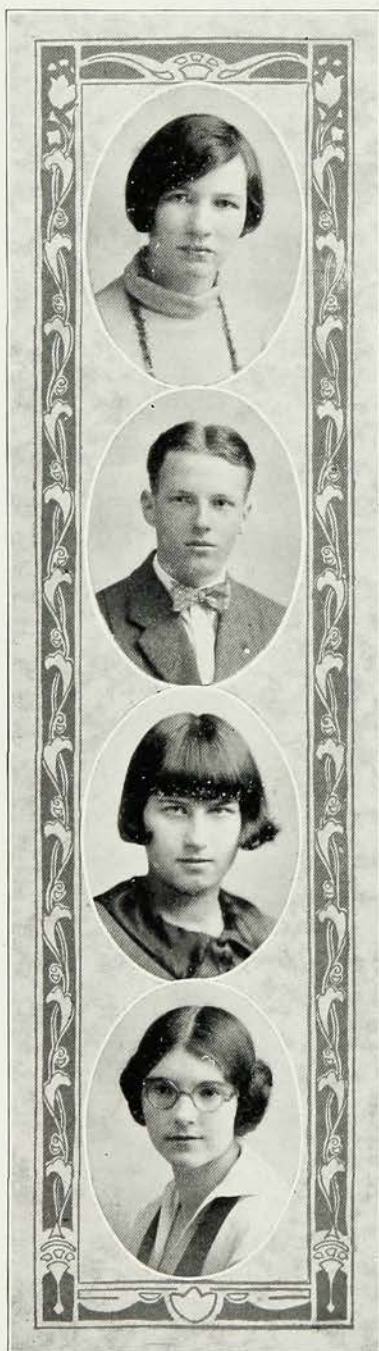
ALFRED TONNE

"What stronger breastplate than a heart untainted."

Senior Play; Glee Club (1, 2, 4); Pocahontas (2); Lafayette Concert Committee (4); Hi-Y (4).

A big, sincere fellow who was always a willing and conscientious worker. Next year the class-room will indeed seem empty without the deep, good-natured boom of his voice.





MARGARET VAN DOREN

"The rose is sweetest when 'tis budding new."

Entered in Senior Year.

Although Peg has been with us only since last fall, we have enjoyed her company. Despite the fact that she is quiet and unobtrusive, she has made many warm friends.

ALBERT VAN NATTA

"What then remains, but well our power to use,
And keep good-humor still, whate'er we lose?"

Class Track (2)

Albert is a good-natured chap whose composure is always unruffled and who goes his way with a cheerful grin for his friends and a light heart. '25's best-natured boy.

RUTH WAAGE

"Come, leave thy solemnity and sport with us!"

Entered in Junior Year; Class Basketball (4).

Ruth, an indispensable member of our class, is not inclined to be outspoken, but rather to be solemn and silent in the presence of strangers. But as soon as she is acquainted, she is as full of pep as any other member of the class. She is also loyal, and has the power to stick to a job which she has started.

LILY WEBER

"But O, she dances such a way!
No sun upon an Easter-day
Is half so fine a sight."

Entered in Junior Year. French Frolic (3); Class Basketball (4); Columbus Day Play (4); Springtime (4); Senior Play Property Committee.

Lily has made herself known to the school by her dancing on many and various occasions, and we wish her success for the future.

HARRIET WENTLANDT

"Attempt the end and never stand to doubt;
Nothing's so hard but work will find it out."

Harriet's one of those quiet girls whose hard work is covered up by her ready, cheerful smile and whose ambition knows no bounds. We wish her all possible success in her future work in the field of music, where she has already made considerable headway.

FRANCES WESTERBERG

"Thy merry smile and cheerful mien draws
friends around thee."

Glee Club (1, 2, 3); Pocahontas (2); Living Pictures (2, 3); Class Basketball (3, 4); Springtime (4); Junior Prom Committee; Columbus Day Play (4); Senior Play Property Committee; Lafayette Concert Committee (4); Christmas Play Committee (4).

Who's Frankie? She who is just a little taller, just a little more loyal, just a little more willing, just a little more sportsmanlike, and just a little more sensitive than her classmates. That's Frankie.

EVERETT WOOD

"I would make reason my guide, hard
work my path, and success my goal."

French Frolic (2); Pocahontas Operetta (2); Junior Prom Committee; Class Football (2, 3); Class Track (3, 4); Boy's Glee Club (4); Debate Club (3, 4); Senior Play; Senior Day Committee; Hi-Y (3, 4); Class Day Program Committee.

Everett is the sort of fellow whom we all respect and admire. He is fair and square; in other words, an all around good fellow.

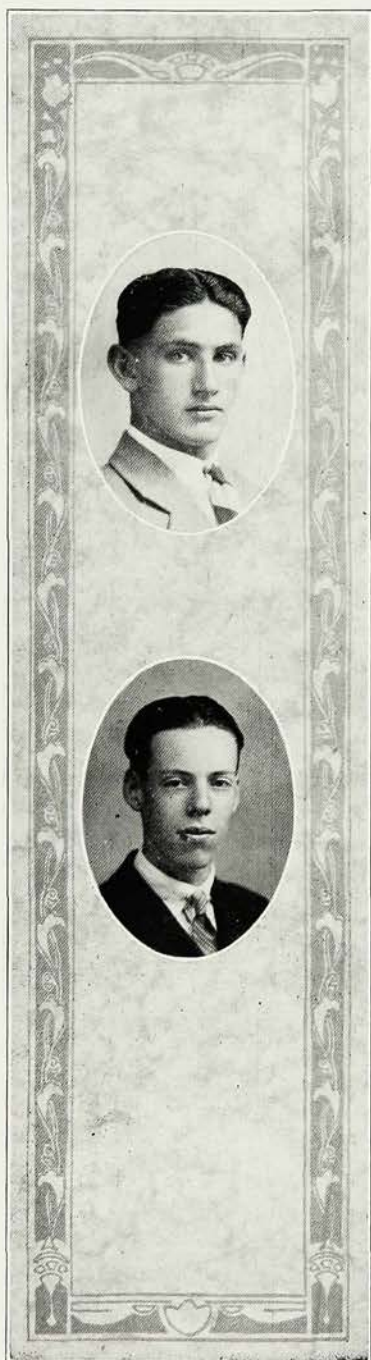
THEODORA WOOLHOUSE

"To ask and have, command and be obeyed."

Glee Club (2, 3); Glee Club Contest (3); Pocahontas (2); Living Pictures (2, 3); Senior Play; Vice-President Dramatic Club (4); Senior Day Committee.

Teddy's ready smile and sweet nature have made her many friends in Westfield High School, and her enviable part as heroine of the Senior Play was a fitting climax to her dramatic ability and personal charm.





JACK EISENBERG

"If thou dost strive with him at any sport,
I'm sure he'll best thee."

Glee Club (1, 2, 3); Class Football (2, 3); Class Swimming Team (3, 4); Varsity Football (4).

"Still water runs deep" is proven in his every action. He has attained an enviable record in athletics. Above all, his modesty has only served to make his own record more outstanding.

WESLEY SMITH

"Absence of occupation is not rest."

Entered in Junior Year. Senior Play Lighting Committee.

Wes is by all odds the most unique member of our class. As a mechanic and an electrician, he is unsurpassed. His Ford is the joy of the town. His humor enlivens his companions who, no doubt, will greatly miss friend Wes.

High and Worthy Song of Twenty-Five

(with apologies)

Near the streets of Elm and Walnut,
Near the center of this township,
Stands a school renowned in history,
Famed as once a home of ours,
Once the home of Twenty-five.

There within its halls of learning,
Gathered first this class of fame,
And in council of its members
Chose itself a mighty chieftain,
Known to all as Gibby Moore;
Chief of eager warriors was he,
Braves whose well directed efforts
Helped to start a famous pamphlet,
Helped *Westfield Review's* beginning,
With their talents and their efforts
Made themselves a reputation,
Made themselves a lofty standard
Worthy of great commendation.

Then this tribe of eager hunters,
Hunters after facts and knowledge,
Skilled, through months of ceaseless labor,
In the lore of grammar subjects,
In all youthful sports and pastimes,
In all childish arts and labors,
Made a party for its pleasure,
All the tribe came there and feasted,
Came and danced and gamboled there.

Then, came the day of graduation,
Day of speeches and of honors,
Honors for a goodly number,
(According to our well-known custom)
Honors gen'rously including
Mr. Neubauer, guide and counsellor,
Worthy keeper of the Peace-pipe
(Least it should be smoked in hall-ways).
Then rose the mighty Mr. Philhower
And he said to Twenty-Five,
"Go, my class, into the High School
There as Freshmen herd together,
Make for us a famous record,
Make yourselves a worthy name."

Out of childhood into manhood
Now had grown, and Twenty-five,
Confident and all ambitious
For the higher life and studies,
Soon the glamour from them vanished,
Soon we felt the yoke upon us.

With Chief Gilbert reelected,
With the aid of all newcomers,
With Scotch-Plainsers and Garwegians,
(Hitherto unheard of tribes)
With a warrior on the war-path,
On the fighting football squad,
With combined and valiant efforts,
We won love and admiration
From our envious upper-classmen;
Classmen who drew inspiration
For a book of tribal doings,
Book of stories and of pictures,
From our *Westfield Review*.
Chose they then as seers and counsellors,
Workers on the tribal board,
Noble pair named Worth and Thayer
Helped to start the *Weather Vane*

In that second year of glory,
Also made our squaws a name,
Honored were they as Class Champions,
Champions of the basketball.

Finished we successful season
With a pow-wow, heap big party,
Dancing, feasting, singing, sporting,
Thus, we spent our happy evening,
Spent that ne'er repeated evening,
Parted 'till the next September.

Again we held a tribal meeting
Chose ourselves a worthy chieftain,
The now famous George C. Dorsett;
Second chieftain, Shirley Sinclair;
As our scribe chose Gertrude Butler;
Bob Alex, guardian of the wampum.

Mindful of our *deeds* as Freshmen,
Deeds which should not go unsung,
Our faculty took learned counsel
And decreed an Honor Roll,
Thereupon to carve the records,
Carve the names of zealous students
Of a class that's unaccustomed
To sing, itself, its deeds of valor.
(Hence the crudeness of this epic.)

We must admit that in this year
Our tribe showed slight athletic prowess,
Prowess in its *teams* was lacking,
But three heroes brought us glory:
Chief Dorsett as the football captain,
Bob Alex far renowned as center,
Billy, athlete versatile.
(Billy must be stolen from us,
Stolen ere they get our goat).

This year arose another hero,
Hero in forensic battle,
Hero destined to achievements
Mighty in the years to come—
Ruth Houghton, famous as debater
Even in dim twenty-three.

This year knew no social triumphs;
For reasons known but not here mentioned,
We were compelled to keep in mind
The party of a happier year.

The fourth winter was upon us
When the tribe again took counsel
And selected from its members
Again as chieftain George C. Dorsett,
Far renowned as gridiron warrior,
Bob Mumford for its wampum keeper.
Thus began our year as Juniors,
Year of great and high achievements,
Achievements praised, achievements varied.

This was the season, ye remember,
When rose a team of mighty champions,
Champions great in basketball.
And to this team of national fame
Made we our special contribution,
Billy, mighty of the mighty,
Billy, peer of valiant warriors,
Who met the foe in three great battles.

Twice to no avail they met them,
But at the end they wrought great havoc
'Midst the Western, pale-faced warriors,
Pale, in truth, beneath their war paint.

Represented, too, in football
Nobly so was Twenty-five;
Nine hunters bravely caught the pigskin,
Helped the school bring home the bacon.

Again our girls won noble honors,
Honors gained in basketball,
Gained in contest of classes.

We did neglect no mental training,
(As is the case with certain tribes,)
The Honor Roll we call to witness.
Remembered be it that five members,
Five keen minds of the debate team
(Whose members were but eight in number)
Were of the sages of our people.
And when the graver minds of high school
United in a new Debate Club,
They chose then not from hoary elders
Their sachems, scribe, and wampum keeper,
But from our numbers called their chief men.

But well rounded in achievement,
We gave due thought to social matters,
Stood sponsors for a glee club concert
By the Amherst College Glee Club,
Concert much enjoyed by Westfield,
And incidentally, took in wampum.

Also do we beg to mention
All the Tribes in school assembled
Named as warrior best-beloved
Maxwell Glasser, famous Junior.

Now we come to that great pow-wow,
Greatest of all social doings,
Held in honor of the Seniors.
Then did we engage musicians,
Then did we make decorations,
Then did we make preparations,
All to please the haughty Seniors.
Gaily did we pass the evening,
Almost worked the decorations,
Pranced about the crowded dance floor;
But the triumph of the evening,
Triumph to go down in history,

Was the punch with cherries in it,
Cherries greener than our banner,
Cherries greener than the Freshmen.

In this year our fifth and last one,
Called we then a privy council,
For the purpose of selecting
Those to lead our mighty tribe;
Fortunate were we in having
Our Miss Orgill as advisor,
Mr. Johnson to assist her
With the trials and tribulations
Of our plans and occupations,
George C. Dorsett once more chosen,
(Unanimous the vote thereon);
As vice-sachem chose Ruth Houghton,
Student, orator, debater,
Tribal scribe chose Muriel Lawrence,
By assent of every warrior;
As their trusted wampum keeper,
Harry Whiton called they forward.

There is here an ancient custom,
Honoring the Senior braves,
Of allowing them to enter
By the front door of our Wigwam,
Unlike former well known classes
We became not puffed with pride
By our privileges or honors.

To replace our failing wampum,
Players, songsters lured we hither
From the tribe of Lafayette;
Then our play *A Pair of Sixes*,
Acted by some skillful warriors,
Brought pecuniary increase,
Brought no little praise and glory,
"Best play ever staged here!" cried they.

One small cloud on our horizon
Was the chieftain of the Juniors,
Who, with malice and persistence,
Sent a snakeskin filled with arrows,
Sent his warning and his challenge,
Sent his warriors on the warpath
To get scalps of braves and maidens;
We despatched their taunts with action,
Sometimes failing, oft succeeding,
Sometimes with our belts of victory
Loaded with the scalps of Juniors;
But their nation held a pow-wow
Merry music, merry hopping,
Entertained the Seniors kindly,
Forgot all rivalry, all difference
In the smoking of the peace-pipe.

Senior Class Day, and Commencement,
Parting rites of every people,
Came in their accustomed order,
Far surpassing all, however,
That had ever gone before.
Senior day, the day of frolic,
Link with childhood, day of capers,
Then Class Day, the day of beauty,
Day of gladness in the present,
Last, Commencement, day of parting,
Day of dignity and honor,
Day when all the tribal members
Gather, talking of the future,
Of the past and of the present,
And for the last time leave the Wigwam,
Departing thence into the Future,
Seeking there good hunting grounds.
Dreamily our minds will wander
Often backward to the years
That we spent here in this building,
Westfield High, as Twenty-five.
Gertude Butler, '25
Muriel Lawrence, '25

Class Will

We, the Senior Class of 1925, being increasingly weighed down by years of care, and the *majority* of our inmates—having passed the moron stage in cerebral development, do issue this document declaring the same to be our last and final will and testament.

Clause I: We bequeath to our brother class (1926) the senior text-

books, including all attendant duties and privileges. This bequeathment includes a new set, just purchased, called *Appropriate Entertainments*.

Clause II: We further extend to the class of 1926 the time-worn privilege of challenging the class of 1927, the whole school, or the whole universe according to the discretion or indiscretion of class president. These challenges, however, are to cover only such subjects of scholastic interest as the Swat the Fly Campaign or the Interclass Parchesi Meet.

Clause III: To the inferior classes we transfer our large share in the management and maintenance of the Debating Society, the Embryonic Dramatic Club, the Hi-Y, the P. G. P., the society encouraging Girls Kindest Instincts, and the Burly Club, with the admonition to remember the service you are doing the unborn millions by serving and preserving these age-old and time-honored institutions.

Clause IV: As we received as a legacy from the class of 1924 "the rights to make age-old cracks at our gym," we pass on to our posterity the right to make these aforementioned gimcracks.

Clause V: To the Freshmen of next year we bequeath the ventilators and vacuum cleaners with the warning never to misuse either or they will be confiscated by law. The ventilators were originally meant to be musical instruments, positively not waste baskets. The vacuum cleaner plugs are obviously contribution boxes for Ben. ("Dimes tinkle better than pennies", says Ben.)

Perry Jones, '25.

Executors: Mayor Beard
Bob Snevily

Class Prophecy

Merlin:

O king, a miracle hath passed!
My glass, which in all former times was wont
To show but present actions, doth unfold
Both names and places far and strange,
A race of manners all uncouth, of heathen garb,
And maids with hair full shorter clipped
Then is the wont e'en of thy knights.
O king, could this my glass be false,
I e'en should roar with laughter;
For lasses labor like their sires
And all the world seems spinning.
There passes one with smiling lips,

And brow of hope, who'll coax the world to be his slave;
His name, methinks, is Dorsett. And there
Ruth Houghton, of the golden tongue, restores the longed for age of
peace

By sweeping oratory. Mu Lawrence, trusting to her wit,
In collar made of celluloid (preferred before all others)
Is lawyer now; as usual successful.
"Rube" Whiton, famous football star,
Expects to build a motor, the "Straight 8" helped on by Al Thompson.
John Hovendon has recently filled Barrymore's engagements;
His leading lady, once yeleft sweet Mistress Teddy Woolhouse,
Is gowned in splendor by the famous House of Post and Gookin.
Cool of head and warm of heart, Miss Gottlick and Miss Boardman
Are nurses. In my glass I see towers high,
Cathedrals grand, whose architects appear to be
A trio, Bob Alexander, Edgy Newcomb,
And Douglas Francis, who trains the choir
In the cathedral of his building.
Commodore Longfellow yields his place
To Thurlow Pelton, world's high diver,
Joe Pollack plans the homes for this strange new-fangled people,
Which Cathryn Lipton decorates with taste of one experienced;
The gardens and the surrounding lawns are planned by Millicent
Pearsall,

Whose flowers come exclusively from
The mammoth flower gardens of Frances Westerberg.
But now my glass is growing dim; I see no other faces.

Vivien:

But mine with them is grown alive!
They crowd upon each other!
In search of newer hearts to conquer
Marge Anthony and Peg Van Doren are touring Europe;
Not a count but at their feet is prone;
And as they wander they will meet
Gertrude Butler who scours the face of Europe o'er
For silks of pattern rich and rare for use in the designing house of
Morehouse and Millar. George Root
Will take a deep delight to do this house's selling.
Albert Van Natta conducts a lecture course each season
On *Pep; Its Evile and Prevention*.
Jack Worth appears to study law from A to Z and backwards.
If he should reach the Senate, the nation's business all would stop

To hear him stand and argue. Ruth Waage's fame
 Is well secured by her last composition—
Essays on Silence—for which task she's fitted.
 Alice Beling and Helen Johnston are seen on every poster,
 The "Dancing Twins" of Keith's Vaudeville Circuit.
 Jack Brunner runs a diamond mine in South Africa
 And designs nose-rings for the heathen in spare moments.
 Ed Smaidginnis soon will leave the business world
 To become the model in a men's "stylish stout" department.
 When the bridge that spans the flood of this our Thames
 Is "all broke down" Herman Ahlfeld will build another.
 Perry Jones, with all the weighty cares of earth upon his youthful
 shoulders,
 Is banker now, and at his call are two skilled secretaries,
 Grace Newham and Ruth Titus. Blanche Chamberlin
 Has left her post to sew for Worth, in Paris.
 Wesley Smith experiments in locating his genius;
 He'll do it soon provided he does not first blow up the universe.
 All the world reads poetry which Gwen Smith has written.
 The editions bear the mark of George Kirch's printing press.
 The Hippodrome's latest act is staged by Max Glasser, tenor soloist;
 His song hit, *Echoes of My Youth—Good Morning, Teacher Dear*.
 On Thursday eves the awkward lads
 May learn to dance divinely
 In the glowing dancing-hall of Littlefield and Schweitzer.
 Beans Sortor yet will make a name as a blue ribbon jockey
 For Shirley Sinclair's prize show horses.
 The children who are growing up will know no lack of teachers,
 For Peggy Lynde will win the hearts of all the kindergartners.
 Virginia Apgar then will train their minds in mathematics,
 While Carol Kynes and Emmett Doyle will institute a new three
 minute series.

Merlin:

Cease Vivien, pray cease. My glass doth now grow clearer.
 The Secretary, Everett Wood, presides at Hi-Y dinners;
 And Thelma Casey plans those meals; George Thayer is speaker.
 I see not why, yet still he loves to eat those Hi-Y dinners.
 All others are obscured by one whose trade indeed I know not,
 By his name and size he's known as Mangus Johnson, Second.
 Gordon Thorn's picture appears in every Movie Magazine.
 The Pleister sisters, Edna Jones, and Franklin Knight, are making
 The most successful concert tour in all recorded history.

Wittke's store fills three full blocks under Alfred Gaubis' management:

Jack Eisenberg is joined with him to stop all competition
And Bob Mumford straightens out their large accounts on every
monthly circuit.

Paul Bogart and Elmer Crickenberger form a "silent partnership".
The radio can never pass out of date

For John Irving and Carman Fisher keep it always
Two leaps beyond the public.

Bill McGuire laughs over it for ten minutes nightly.
If their sheltered, peaceful lives weigh too hard upon them,
Bev Jones and Rosalie Gibby will walk the Avenue
To illustrate "the long and short of it".

Janet Rockwell feels called to be "The Woman in Politics";
She and Dick Sampson will conduct their debates politely.
In case James Moffett should settle down to be a business man,
Dorothy Leffingwell will direct his office system,
And Julia Scully will correct his spelling.

With their experience as an office force Alice Bell and Sidney Stevens
Continue their efficient course in the office of Everett Smith,
advertising agent.

Gilbert Moore finds himself at ease behind a wicket
Selling tickets for the biggest game of ball each season,
Bliss vs. O'Brien. From interest awakened in youth
Morris Scheffer is a Milton scholar

And studies notes compiled in rare fits of attention by Tom Clements.
Harriet Wentlandt's services as a music teacher
Will be employed in Ruth Gallagher's select finishing school.
Alfred Tonne will become a noted educator.

Allen Griswold works to make a chemical aerial bomb
To reach the height of Alfred's lofty thoughts.
And Dorothy Johnston to tears will move great multitudes
In those immortal words of grief

'Oh, I am mad, I love you, let me die!'
A blank! A void! No figures I discern.
You, Vivien, speak!

Vivien:

Master, I cannot! Naught I see!

Merlin:

Then, King, our rune is o'er.

Class Catalogue

Most popular girl—Marge Anthony	Happy-go-lucky—Bugs Fisher
Most popular boy—George Dorsett	Ten o'clock scholar—Morris
Most attractive girl—Teddy	Scheffer
Woolhouse	Better half—Kate Lipton
Prettiest girl—Dot Johnston	Least known—Grace Newham
Handsome boy—Bob Alexander	Greatest traveler—Keith Martin
Class poet—Gwen Smith	Grittiest—Dick Sampson
Class musician—Doug Francis	Perkiest—Helen Johnston
Class giggler—Ruth Gallagher	Cheeriest—Rosalie Gibby
Class optimist—Hip Smaidginnis	Meekiest—Doris Boardman
Class pessimist—George Kirch	Sweetest—Teddy Woolhouse
Class shadow—Elmer Crickenberger	Peppiest—Everett Smith
Class skyscraper—Rube Whiton	Laziest—Al Gaubis
Class orator—George Thayer	Luckiest—Thelma Casey
Class gentleman—Bob Alexander	Noisiest—Joe Pollack
Class architect—Edgy Newcomb	Wittiest—Frenchy O'Brien
Class philosopher—Paul Bogart	Rosiest—Tony Bliss
Class sleeper—Beans Sortor	Brightest—Bob Mumford
Class artist—Grace Post	Best sport—Gert Butler
Class Romeo—Jaime Pelton	Biggest flirt—Bev Jones
Class stenographer—Julia Scully	Busiest—Bee Gottlick
Class electrician—Wes Smith	Cutest girl—Alice Bell
Class carpenter—Morg. Pearsall	Cutest boy—Magnus Johnson
(by adoption)	Most sarcastic—Syd Stevens
Class sheik—John Irving	Most polite—Geegee Root
Class Hoboes: } Abe Littlefield	Most congenial—Gib Moore
Bill McGuire	Most ambitious—Harriet Wentlandt
Class actor—Jack Hovendon	Most stylish—Alice Beling
Class actress—Chubby Millar	Most studious—Ginnie Apgar
Class dancer—Lily Weber	Most unconcerned—Jimmie Moffet
Class sunshine—Peggy Lynde	Most self-satisfied—Jack Worth
Class flapper—Peggy Van Doren	Most willing—Blanche Chamberlin
Class reveler—Jack Brunner	Most eloquent—Al Thompson
Girl athlete—Billy Pleister	Most conscientious—Dot
Boy athlete—Max Glasser	Leffingwell
Quietest girl—Ruth Titus	Most romantic—Dot Johnston
Quietest boy—Jack Eisenberg	Most dignified—Al Tonne
Biggest tease—George Dorsett	Most demure—Betty Gookin
Most teased—Mike Clements	Most sensitive—Frankie
Best natured—Edna Jones	Westerberg

Most unruffled—Herman Ahfeld	Most aspiring—Carol Kynes
Most persevering—Evie Wood	Most matter-of-fact—Flo
Most agreeable—Jane Rockwell	Morehouse
Most immaculate—Ped Jones	Most inquisitive—Millicent Pearsall
Most diffident—Ruth Waage	Most smiling—Stelle Schweitzer
Most all-round—Ruth Houghton	Most deserving—Mike Van Natta
Most unassuming—Gordon Thorne	Most individual—Al Griswold
Most retiring—Shirley Sinclair	Most bashful girl—Tiny Pleister
Most pleasant—Marge Anthony	Most bashful boy—Emmet Doyle
Most decided—Mu Lawrence	

Acknowledgements to the Faculty

The members of the class of 1925 wish to take this last opportunity to acknowledge with thanks the great and untiring work of the faculty on their behalf. All that has been accomplished was dependent for its success upon their assistance, guidance, and interest.

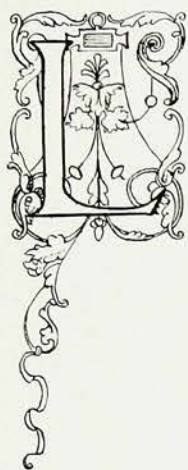
First of all, of course, comes Miss Orgill, whose ceaseless effort with and for the Senior class has been the class's main support in times of trouble as well as success. We wish also to thank Mr. Johnson for his able assistance and advice to the class, and for his faithfulness to his work as advisor. Special credit and great appreciation are due Miss Goossen for her splendid work as Dramatic Coach, not only of our lesser performances, but of the Senior Play which was so successful. In speaking of the Senior Play, we wish also to extend our greatest thanks to Miss Howard, Miss Dickenson, Miss Jagger, and Mr. Paulin, who assisted immeasurably with the scenery, costumes, music, and building. Miss Bible has been untiring in helping with all kinds of reference work and literary attempts, as well as being the supervisor of all our social activities, and we wish to express to her our sincerest gratitude for this assistance.

To each member of the faculty of this High School, the Seniors owe a debt of thanks and gratitude, not only for the actual teaching they have done, but for the interest and encouragement they have given us in all our undertakings.

The *Weather Vane* Board wishes to express its deepest thanks and appreciation for the cooperation and help given it by Miss Hammell and Miss Cooley in getting the material typed satisfactorily and on time. It would have been practically impossible to carry on the work without their generous assistance.

Any Day in 117

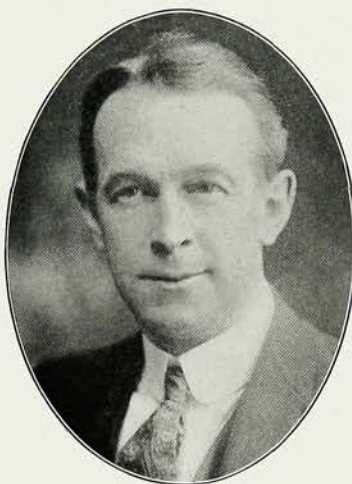
- 8:10 "Mike" Van Natta compares arithmetic answers with "Hippo".
- 8:12 "Woody" arrives. "Had a fine week-end. Stayed up until 12 P X for two nights."
- 8:13 Enter T. Boggs. (Hovey). "Who's done their Physics?"
- 8:14 Betty Gookin glances in and alas he is there. Enter Betty.
- 8:15 First bell. Wes Smith rushes down the hall. "Am I late?"
- 8:16 McGuire and Irving happen along just to throw their books in.
- 8:18 Napoleon Crickenberger and Paul Bogart are seated. Like two diplomats they are discussing the topics of the day.
- 8:19 Doris Boardman starts the day right by studying.
- 8:20 Keith Martin dances into the room. "Have you been to the auto show Keith?" "No, just a new catalogue for the S. S. Homeric." Au revoir, Keith, bon voyage!
- 8:22 Grizzly arrives. And now the two music lovers are at hand. We are favored with a duet (of finger exercises).
- 8:25 "Malcolm Johnson, have I your report card?"
- 8:27 "Chub" Millar staggers in. "Oh, I am s-o-o tired!"
- 8:28 Marge Anthony: "Oh, where is my French book? Miss Cooley, may I go to the locker room?"
- 8:29 Frankie Westerberg strolls in. "My, it's early."
- 8:30 Last bell. "James Moffett, your excuse please." "What for?"
- 8:31 "For the third time, class, please come to order. I should think that one reminder would be sufficient for Seniors."
- 8:32½ Some one reads the Bible stammering through a number of Biblical terms and names.
- 8:33 Flag salute. Still some persist in saluting the flag of our country rather than the flag of the United States.
- 8:35 Change to first period. General confusion and disorder.



iterature



G. A. Post.



CHARLES A. PHILHOWER, B. A., M. A.

Superintendent of Schools

Whoe'er amidst the sons
Of reason, valor, liberty, and virtue,
Displays distinguished merit, is a noble
Of Nature's own creating.

Mr. Philhower is recognized as one of the leading educators of the state and nation. Though still a young man, he has had a remarkable career, embracing every phase of the teaching profession. At eighteen years of age he was teaching in Tewkesbury Township, Hunterdon County, N. J., where he remained for three years. In 1902 he graduated from the Trenton Normal School and became principal at Hopewell, and two years later, supervising principal at Belvedere. He resigned from this position in 1907 to enter Dickinson College, graduating in 1909 with degree of B. A. He has since taken the degree of M. A. from both Dickinson and Columbia University. Prior to his coming to Westfield, he successfully filled the positions of principal at Chatham and County Superintendent of Warren County. Here in Westfield, he is an inspiration to both pupils and teachers.

Poetry

A short time ago it was the general consensus of opinion that poetry could be enjoyed only by scholars, ministers, and those who were especially spiritual-minded. Poetry was considered boring; perhaps because of the limited knowledge of the subject, perhaps because the readers had not been taught, as children, to enjoy it.

All this has been changed. People realize more and more the value and pleasure to be derived from the reading of good poetry. In this material age, especially, there is a great need for something which will keep alive in the heart of man the imaginative side of life, and the desire for beauty.

Poetry carries with it, wherever it is read, relationship and love. It is a common bond of union. No matter how widely nations may differ in spirit and intellect, in laws and customs, in hopes and aims, in advantages and disadvantages, in devastation of wars and quiet of peace, the poet gathers and binds together, by humanity and love, all that great society which is the world.

It has been proven, furthermore, that poetry has a great influence upon character. It is fast becoming an essential part of education. We, of the Westfield schools, may consider ourselves most fortunate in having had, as our Supervisor, a man so interested in the reading and writing of poetry as Mr. Philhower. It was he who first brought poetry into the schools, encouraging the youthful attempts of students of the grammar grades, and bringing the English teachers to the realization that poetry

is in itself a project, as important and worthy of study as the essay, the novel, or the play.

Others have not been as fortunate as we. Let us try to quicken in ourselves and instil in others "a clearer, deeper sense of the best in poetry and of the strength and joy to be drawn from it." Let us value the opportunity we have had, to nourish the love of poetry, to stimulate appreciation of the poets, and to spread far and wide their message to humanity.

The Path

(a Sonnet)

Along the well trod path of Yesterday,
Whose every turn was marked with loving care,
Whose every stone was labelled as a snare
Lest Youth might fall, we can no longer play.
For here the branching road shows not the way;
The sign is down, the pathways all are fair;
No one can tell how far they lead, or where.
We know not how to go; we cannot stay.

Perhaps it matters not which path we take
So long as we attain the brightest goal
It has to offer, or have strength to make
The often tedious way a happy whole.
He who puts forth his best in life must make
Success; who gives himself hath made a soul.

Gwendolen Crane Smith, '25

Morituri Salutamus

We, about to die, salute you.

We have fought our fight, and run our race. We are leaving the Westfield High School. For the first month of school in the Fall, perhaps, we shall be missed, and the corridors will look strange with the Senior class gone. And after that, the new Seniors will have the unquestioned right to the front door and the front seats in chapel. We shall have gone into another world, either of college or of business. We shall have stepped out of this building, where we have worked and played for so many months, into Life.

And you, Juniors, Sophomores, Freshmen, have yet before you the course which we have finished. May you be successful! May you take up your new burdens in September with eagerness, with ambition; and be happy, as we have been. May you ever be loyal to Westfield High School, and carry her name and her banner to victory. May you be able to appreciate what your friendship has meant to us, and what it will continue to mean, although we must leave. And, last of all, may you, Seniors of the years to be, take your greatest pride in doing to the best of your ability whatever task you may undertake!

History of The Weather Vane

Four long (or short) years ago, when those of us who are now dignified Seniors were humble Freshmen, the subject of much laughter and little praise, a new step was taken in the Westfield High School; a magazine was begun. Under the able supervision of Miss Hermann and with Catherine Noble as editor-in-chief and Lloyd Gallagher as business manager, the young *Weather Vane* flourished, putting out a Fall, Spring, and Senior number. Only one thing marred our joy; Miss Hermann was leaving, to come back no more.

The second year saw Anna Outwater editor-in-chief and Stanford Hendrickson business manager. Miss Orgill, taking the place of Miss Hermann, proved herself a very interested and capable advisor. *Weather Vane* kept the same number of issues but grew in quality and quantity. The cover design of the previous year, two boys in red and black brooding over a weather-vane on the table between them, was changed to the well-remembered green peacock, spreading its plumes in great pride.

The helmsmen of the third year were Mary Bell, editor-in-chief, and Roger Williams, business manager. The new board decided to put out four numbers for the whole year, but changed its mind when it saw the quantity of worthy material submitted, and made up four purely literary numbers, to be supplemented by the Senior issue. Everyone remembers

the blue ship on the darker blue ocean, which was the new cover. But, when it came time for the Senior Number, the board again changed its mind, and, taking a big step forward, put out an annual—the first attempt at an annual in the High School, which was a great success. The cover was of very heavy paper, embossed in gold, which added great dignity to the three-year-old's appearance. The proud *Weather Vane* entered the contest at Columbia which was later to become an annual convention covering the whole east, and won first honorable mention, or what was then equal to third prize.

We, who are about to leave the helm to the Junior class and its representatives, at the end of this, the fourth year, are not going to boast. We need not reiterate what has been written, nor tell you what you already know about our accomplishments. Much credit is due Miss Orgill for her devotion and help. We have put out three numbers, plus the annual, falling one number short of last year's record, but our issues have been larger; we have run more and bigger cuts, more jokes. Three things there are of which we are proud. First, we must congratulate ourselves upon having had an excellent and untiring art editor, who has made it possible for the first time in the history of the *Weather Vane* to have a different cover for each issue. Secondly, we are proud of the showing of the *Weather Vane* made at the Columbia Scholastic Press Convention, when, in competition with all schools east of the Mississippi, she won second prize. Lastly, we feel that we have put out a real annual. It has been modeled on high school and college annuals of long standing, and only financial problems have kept us from making it larger and more colorful than we have. We hope that you Seniors will be proud of this annual, as we are, and will consider it a fitting advance and climax with which to leave the Westfield High School forever.

To the future boards, we would say that in them we place the greatest faith and the highest hope. We trust that they will ever carry the *Weather Vane* to higher glory, and will get their happiest moments and longest-to-be-remembered pleasure out of the hours when they are striving to overcome difficulties and to bring to perfection this magazine, on which two of us have worked since the very beginning, and from which we are so loath to depart. We leave it with them to carry the *Weather Vane* on to first prize at the Columbia Convention and to keep it there; to love it and to cherish it as we have done; and to do with it and for it all those many, many things which we, who must leave, have been unable to accomplish.

Gwendolen Crane Smith, '25

Two Worlds

The village had always held him in modest reverence and awed respect—in his presence. When his back was turned they loosed their pent-up curiosity in spiteful remarks. They could not understand him, therefore they slandered him; they could not cajole him to their intimacy, therefore they scorned him. But secretly they desired him to approve of them, so they withheld their disloyal demonstrations until he had departed.

As for his appearance, there was nothing unusual or striking about him in that neighborhood of unshaven faces and slovenly dress, unless it was his marked disinterestedness in everyone or anything around him. His features, it is true, were not of the common village type, being delicate and artistically modeled, suggestive of a poet or an artist. He had come into the village about fifteen years before and had purchased a small lot on the outskirts. Having erected a small, rude house, he fenced it in and forthwith proceeded to cultivate a garden, upon which he practically depended for subsistence. What little he did buy seemed to come from a small but regular allowance he received from no one could find out where.

There was but one person in the whole village who had really succeeded in attaining any degree of familiarity with him, and even she did not know as much about his past life, or his present either, as his neighbors pretended they did. She was the attractive daughter of the postmaster, and had set her cap for him the day he had entered the village. Many and varied were the hints as to the cause of her aspirations. Some said it was a mere whim. Others averred that she wanted to show her father "where to get off at, nothing like being your own boss, you know." Strange to say, no one ever credited the girl with having the misfortune of being in love. Nevertheless, however wild were these hazards, she did not win him, but sometime later subsided into settled womanhood, and after a while married the exultant object of her father's preference.

Then, just after the town had been forced to acknowledge him an impenetrable mystery, he died, leaving behind him an ominous looking letter addressed to the daughter of the postmaster. The coroner and a few others present at the inquest brought it over to her house and reluctantly surrendered it with a few words of explanation. They lingered about her expectantly until politely informed that she wished to be alone, then slowly and with that conscious bearing of hurt pride, they stalked out.

It has been stated before that her former association with the "her-

mit" had worked a marvelous change in her. But gradually, as she had grown older, her companions and her social position had meant more and more to her. She had returned almost to her former natural, vivacious self. But the advent of the letter effected a radical change and completed what had once been begun on her. For no stated reasons whatsoever she separated from her husband, being no longer able to endure the company of one who could not sway her thoughts or her life. Much to the wonderment of her neighbors, she completely severed her social relations, went through the formality required by law of buying the old house he had lived in, and, although she was still on the sunny side of forty, gave herself ostensibly to the life which he before her had assumed. She gave no explanation for her change, and naturally the townsfolk formed countless opinions about her. Their attempts to uncover her secret were ludicrous.

She continued this uneventful existence until the time of her death at a ripe old age when the circumstances of her unaccountable life were almost forgotten. Among her effects was unearthed an old, wrinkled letter which was subsequently published by the enterprising but unscrupulous editor of the town weekly.

"My only Sweetheart:

You wonder why I call you this who never before have used a term of endearment to you. But now I feel that I can reveal to you that which for years I have been unable to tell you, knowing that when you receive this letter, I shall have passed to that land of the Unknown Beyond. It is only now that I feel myself free to open to you my heart, which has remained sealed to confession all these years. It is only now that I can tell you how much I love you, how much I have yearned for you ever since you first entered my life. Then, there would have been harm in your knowing, for your charms and the visions of your sweet surrender might have swayed me to attempt that which could never be. And I could never have explained why I could not accept this—love laughs at explanations. I have thought you loved me and hoped that in your heart you cherished a sweet memory of me; perhaps, unless time has hardened you as it hardens all things of the heart, you still have tender feelings for me, still hold our love imperishable. And yet I cannot see my way to explaining satisfactorily my attitude toward you and at the same time keeping you assured of how deeply I have adored and honored you, and how this has continued as the biggest part of me to my last days. Perhaps I can better explain my motives by relating to you the life of a very unfortunate man:

"He was born the scion of a respectable and well-to-do family, which had held its place as far back as aristocracy could remember. But while

very young he was placed upon his own resources by the unexpected demise of both parents. His fortune was sufficient to keep him independent for the rest of his days, without living lavishly, so he did not worry about his financial status. Growing up under these conditions, it is a wonder he did not deteriorate into the slack, careless scapegrace commonly the result of the lack of home up-bringing. But he seemed to be made of different stuff, for this only made him the more eager to live worthily.

"He had one characteristic which proved fatal to him; he was entirely too sensitive of the actions of people against him. He had his pet fancies, as other boys, but they were invariably scorned and scoffed at when he broached them to his companions. This made him reticent and disinclined to discuss his personal affairs with anyone. His sensibilities were altogether too delicate to trust to the reckless handlings of others. Realizing this, he became a sort of recluse, living in a world all by himself and populating it by means of his eager fancy. When he did find people willing to listen to his ideas, he eagerly and enthusiastically laid open his whole heart to them, only to find that they encouraged his confidences for the purpose of amusing themselves and relating the cause of their laughter to others. This at first enraged him, but as he grew older, he learned to laugh at them and even to pity them a little. But his abnormal imagination had to have some outlet, and it chose to react upon him. In this way he learned to live his own life without the assistance of other people. Being daily associated with friends and acquaintances, however, this could not last; a reaction was bound to come sooner or later, as it did. A girl was the cause of it. His intense imagination fed his mind and heart with fire until he felt positive he could not live without her. He married her. And then came his second disillusion. He found it impossible to live both imagery and reality. Yet he could not give up either and be happy. His life thereafter consisted of nothing but quarrels with both himself and others, unanswerable riddles, and one irritating episode after another. His wife divorced him and further shattered his broken ideals. Striving to gain an unbiased and an emotionally disinterested view of himself, he fought and won a terrific mental struggle. He decided that he could no longer endure life with other people—he was not fitted for it. He had thought to end it. But there was the other side of him, the unreal, the idealistic, the imaginative part of his nature clamoring for recognition. He decided to hold out a little longer and give it a trial, at least.

"So he severed all bonds that tied him to the old life, arranged for a meagre allowance to be sent him regularly, and travelled to an out of the way town to begin his new life. He could not help succeeding. His other existence had been too empty, altogether too deceiving to hold any

chains on him. He lived ideally. His brain proved fertile enough to satisfy every latent desire he had ever had. He populated his own world, lived his own existence, and fulfilled all his dreams. It was only in this way that he could find joy in living, only thus that he could still endure life. After a while, by missing the realities, he began to consider his dreams true. They became a living part of him. Is it any wonder that his physical being became lost and almost forgotten in this maze of possibilities?

"Alas, it could not last forever. His material half came subtly back to demand him once more. It began creating half-formed desires for companionship in his new existence. Then the only woman entered his life and shattered his whole equilibrium. Again were the two forces in him warring for supremacy. He was helpless. The realization that she loved him further complicated matters. But his methodical, dispassionate self came to the rescue and settled the question for him. If he denied his physical desires and reassumed his dream life, he would in all probability suffer immeasurably. On the other hand, if he accepted this girl's love and married her, it would lead to the wreckage not only of his life but of hers as well. He knew himself far too well to doubt for a moment that the fault lay with him, not with others. So he made the sacrifice, and in his surrender found mitigation.

"And now, my dear, as you have probably surmised, I was that man. His case was my own. So you can see how bitterly I suffered before giving you up. But when I realized that you existed for me mostly in my own fancy, I had no other course. But do not doubt that I loved you, in the only way it was in me to love, as much as ever man loved woman. And now, wife of my dreams, I leave you, perhaps to join you in that other world—'à jamais'."

C. A. B., '26

A Night at Sea

The shore line of Cape Cod was visible;
Upon the sea the lighthouse threw its beams;
The sailors saw from their watch on deck, the sea
With its roaring, tumbling waves of ink
Surging over the decks like thunder bold.

'Tis dawn; the sea has calmed its angry depths;
The sailors greet it with a joyous cry,
For night now holds no fear of dangerous plights
But only memories of weary hours.
And now the shouts of sailors reach the shore.

Marjorie Gray, '27

The Missing One Hundred and Fifty

The huge, bulky, sinister looking figure of a man crouched beneath the lighted window of the Ward's mansion. The evening was warm, especially warm for the thirtieth of April. The window was partly raised, and the curtains blew outward, enabling an individual who was tall enough to see distinctly into the room.

Beside a massive writing desk a young man was eagerly working. From time to time he would utter inaudibly. Soon he spoke more distinctly. "One hundred, two hundred, three hundred, four hundred, five hundred; he paused, looked at his possession with an affectionate glance, and fingered it fondly. Outside, the burly figure arose, but, try as he might, could not seem to raise himself high enough to see over the window sill. Finally, a second figure crept around the side of the building and joined the first. "Just in time," cried the first man. "The kid's countin' the money his ol' gran' pop left him. Listen a minute an' you'll hear 'im." The two figures continued to crouch beneath the window and the mumbled counting continued. "Six hundred, seven hundred, eight hundred,—" then silence.

"Say, Pete, we're in soft tonight; the old man's gone to the club an' the missus is up stairs. This'll be a cinch. You hold yer hands together an' I'll climb up to the window. No, not now; we might as well see how much the kid has."

From the window floated the distinct words, "Nine hundred, one thousand, hurrah, one thousand one hundred, one thousand two hundred, one thousand three hundred fifty. What! one thousand three hundred fifty. I'm sure I had a hundred and fifty more. What shall I do? I must have a hundred and fifty more."

"Ha! Ha! the kid'll need more than a hundred an' fifty dollars when we finish with him. Hold yer hands, Pete, and we'll make the big clear up." Pete obeyed and Sam started to mount but was checked by a noise inside. Both jumped and were silent. What was it they heard? Yes, the boy's voice, clear and distinct, "All right Ma, I'll be right up, I have only a hundred and fifty more words to write and my Senior essay will be finished."

Alice Beling, '25.

The Knight of the Prancing Packard

One afternoon last summer Connie Dawson and I went for a hike to work off some of our surplus energy. (Connie was my roommate at school, and she was spending the summer with me at our cottage on Loon Lake.) We had solemnly promised to be home by five-thirty, as there was a dance at the hotel that night, and Mother wanted to

get through supper early. However, thanks to Connie, the dependable forgetting to wind her watch, we found ourselves suddenly confronted with the problem of walking five miles in half an hour, or else getting home late and not going to the dance. There was nothing for us to do but speed it up and hope devoutly that some friend would come along in a car and pick us up. We must have been overworking our lucky stars of late, for they completely failed to function that afternoon. The few cars that did come along were entirely too "high-hat" to pick up a couple of kids, and after five or ten minutes of this, we began to get desperate. Suddenly Connie had a clever idea.

"I know, Babs," she said. "Every time a car comes along let's walk slowly and act tired, and maybe they'll take pity on us and give us a lift."

I was willing, so we tried Connie's scheme. But the road must have been full of hard hearts that day, for all the cars sailed by us, even when Connie tried limping pitifully. This last trick of hers gave me an inspiration.

"We've simply got to get home when Mother told us to," I said, "or she'll never let us go to that dance, and I told Jack I'd surely be there. You pretend you've got a sprained ankle. Sit on that rock and groan and look pathetic. I'll hail the next car that comes along and make them take you home."

Connie was game, so we set the stage and waited for the hero. He came, a few minutes later, with a cloud of dust, a blaring of trumpets, and much snorting of his magnificent blue nickel-finished charger. I rushed out in the road and waved my hands frantically, and he managed to bring his balloon-shod, eight-lunged animal to a stop. (From the rate he was traveling I guess all the cops for miles around were on his regular pay-roll.) I explained pathetically that my friend had sprained her ankle, and asked him if he could take us to East Sanford. He was a peach (terribly good-looking, by the way) and, of course, he agreed to take us. He wanted to examine Connie's ankle to see just how badly it was hurt, but by yelling murder every time he came near it, she managed to keep him from discovering that it was perfectly all right. You see, we knew he didn't live in East Sanford, for the simple reason that no such sporty car or snappy fellow would live within five miles of the place without our knowing it, so we figured that if we could string him along until we got home everything would be all right, because we'd probably never see him again.

In spite of the fact that every once in a while Connie had to turn an irrepressible giggle into a groan to keep our obliging friend from suspecting what was up, we managed to keep up the bluff all the way. Fortunately Mother was over at Mrs. Kimball's and the cottage was empty, or there

might have been some fireworks when she saw the manner of our arrival, for our handsome chauffeur drove right up to the front door. Connie wouldn't let him help her into the house, so he just said he hoped her ankle would be all right in a few days, and sat in the car while I assisted her painfully up the steps. At least, I thought he was sitting there, but when I finally deposited Con in the bungalow and went out again to thank him, steed and hero had disappeared, leaving nothing behind but a cloud of dust.

The need of caution gone, Connie and I relieved ourselves of all our pent-up mirth. We christened our hero the "Knight of the Prancing Packard," and almost had hysterics when we thought of how gravely he had advised Connie to keep off her foot for at least a week. What fun we'd have telling the other girls about it that night at the dance!

As I was dressing for the dance, I was called on the phone by Kitty Gordon, a cute girl who always spends the summer at the Sanford Hotel with her family.

"Babs, I want you to come over to the hotel early tonight if you can," she said. "A darling girl, Cicely Collins, came this afternoon, and I want you to meet her before the dance." I agreed, of course, and then, thinking my joke too good to keep, I told her all about our afternoon's adventure. Kits was properly appreciative. "I'd like to see his face if he ever finds out that it was all a cooked-up scheme to get a lift. Well, see you tonight," and she rang off.

Connie wasn't quite ready when I finally decided that my bob couldn't stand any more combing or my nose any more powder, but she told me to go on over and she'd come in a few minutes. I hurried over to the hotel, but the ballroom was as yet empty and I didn't see Kitty around, so I sat down at one side of the lobby to wait for her. Suddenly I heard voices at the other side of a group of palms behind my chair. One I immediately recognized as Kitty's and I was just going to get up and go around to where she was when I caught some of her words. She had evidently just finished telling someone about our little escapade.

"Babs says he was marvelous looking", she was saying "but must have been hopelessly dumb not to realize what they were up to. But I was thinking," confidentially, "that maybe he did catch on, but didn't want to spoil their fun by letting them know it".

"I'll bet he did. Yes, I'm sure of it." replied a masculine voice.

"Oh, here she is," cried Kitty, suddenly coming around to where I was. "Babs, this is Stan Collins, Cicely's brother. He says he's *very* anxious to meet the heroine of that little escapade this afternoon."

I looked up—into the laughing face of the "Knight of the Prancing Packard!"

N. B. It took them three quarters of an hour to bring me to!

Marion Thompson, '26

Dreams

When the golden sun has set,
And the bird sings a drowsy tune,
When day and night are met,
'Till the rising of the moon,
Then comes the time for dreaming,
Building castles in the sky,
'Tis then they're often gleaming
With a splendor from on high.
That fluffy, dainty cloud
Shall be my dream-boat new,
Filled with costly luxuries
I'll send her on to you.

She'll come to you on gentle seas.
On this, her maiden trip,
With sails unfurl'd to catch the breeze;
Thus floats my phantom ship.

Then you'll come down your cob-web stairs,
Your eyes blue as the sea,
And finger all my precious wares,
Then sail away with me.

Gertrude Taylor, '26

The Old Pump

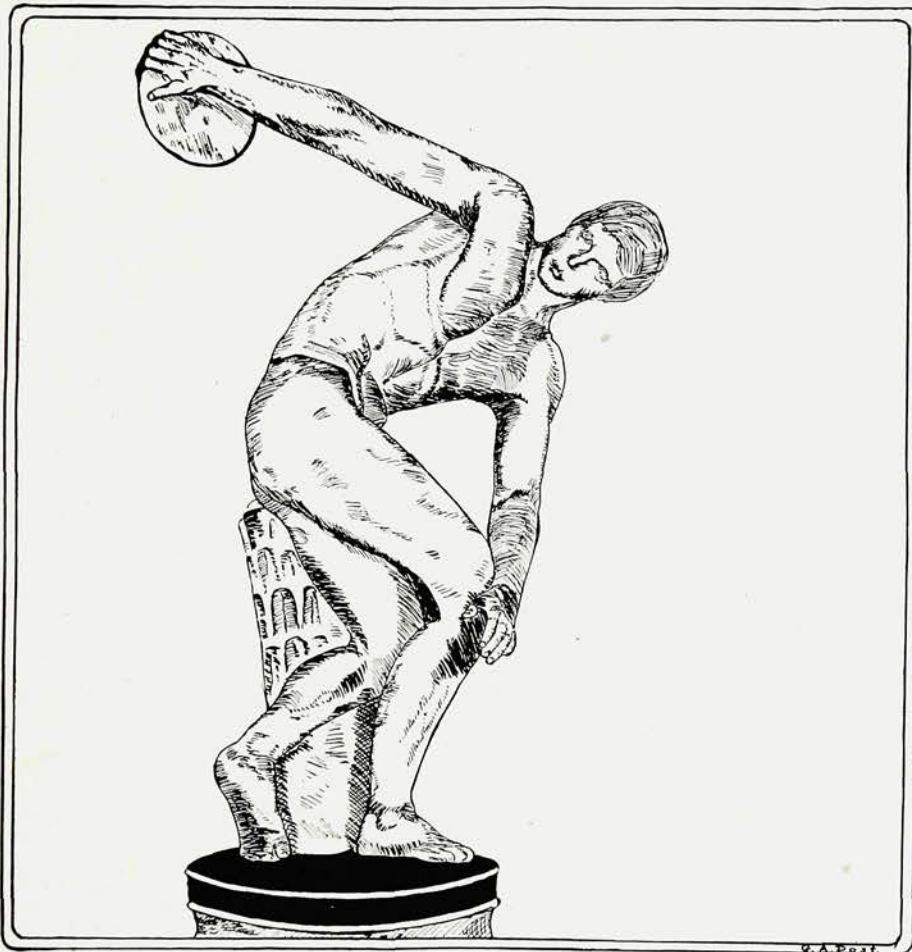
There stands in our back yard an ancient pump,
Where it stood for many years, to guard
The crystal water from the well beneath.
But now, gone are the days when it was used,
Its iron is rusted and the well gone dry,
But yet its days are not entirely o'er,
For 'round it skip the children at their play;
They shake its rusted handle, wishing that
As oft in times of old, would flow a stream
To cool their throats and wash their little hands.
Alas! the pump may still enjoy its life,
Though mixed with silent thoughts about the past.

Harold Livingston, '27

The Senior News-Stand

Harry Whiton—The Woman's Home Companion
Cathryn Lipton—The Youth's Companion
Theodora Woolhouse—Charm
Alice Beling—Vogue
Morris Scheffer—Strength
Lily Weber—The Open Road
Jack Worth—The Jester
Ruth Houghton—The Tatler
Jack Irving—The Masculine Mode
Ruth Gallagher—Smiles and Chuckles
Everett Smith—Scientific American
Douglas Francis—The Etude
Grace Post—L'Illustration
Muriel Lawrence—Le Rire
Estelle Schweitzer—I Confess
Allen Griswold—Weird Stories
Frank O'Brien—College Humor
Marge Anthony—Adventure
George Dorsett—The Cosmopolitan
Gwendolen Smith—Poetry
Elizabeth Pleister—Physical Culture

ACTIVITIES



G. A. Post.



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MISS HOWARD

MR. NEUBAUER

MR. LONG



Debate

Debating has sprung into great prominence in the last year. The two teams were composed largely of veterans but there were many raw recruits in the ranks who promise well for the future. The question for debate was the Japanese Exclusion Law. The affirmative team won unanimously at home against Morristown, while the negative team lost the decision to Plainfield at Plainfield. Both teams were well supported by the school. The teams were coached by Mr. Stuart, Mrs. Cartlidge, and Mr. Van Anden.

The most generally interesting feature of the debating season was the Banquet at which a mock debate was rendered by the Faculty. The question was: Resolved: That the Mexican Jumping Bean should be entered in the next Olympic Contest. The teams consisted of Mr. Johnson, Miss Cooley, and Mr. Van Anden vs. Mrs. Cartlidge, Miss Whipple, and Miss Day. Nothing need be said about the debate except that the speakers covered themselves with laughter. The audience frequently interrupted with loud "Amens" whenever a point was well taken. The banquet was well attended by pupils, teachers, and members of the Board of Education. Music was furnished by students. Everyone is looking forward to the next banquet.



ATHLETIC COUNCIL



ORCHESTRA

SPORTS

Baseball

This year Westfield turned out a ball team that was a success in both victory and defeat. The baseball team feels that the season was a result of the hard work of both Mr. Van Anden and Mr. Rogers.

Mr. Van Anden came to us from Oyster Bay, Long Island, to serve as a Math Teacher and Baseball Coach. It is unnecessary to say that he filled both of his positions admirably. From the very first, he was sincerely interested in the work and furnished inspiration for the very best efforts. As early as the fall Mr. Van, as he was known to the fellows, took hold of the ball team with great determination to turn out a winning team. With the game out of season, the fellows labored conscientiously under the able instructions of their two coaches; as a result the team was practically picked to start the season in the spring.

After two weeks of weeding the squad in the spring, the team was run through daily workouts till it was in shape for the opening of a successful season. Game after game was fought with either Mr. Van or Mr. Rogers directing the attack from the bench. Some of the strongest teams in the state were met and defeated; some of the weaker were met and we were defeated; yet the team fought on to establish a record it might proudly leave in Westfield High.

Girls' Interclass Track Meet

The victory of the Senior girls in the interclass track meet was a most fitting conclusion of their athletic ability in W. H. S. There was much school spirit and much competition displayed in the interclass meet this year. It is interesting to note that the Seniors last year also won by one point. This is best illustrated by the resulting scores. The Seniors were on top with a total of 41 points. The Freshmen and Sophomores each scored 40 points, while the Juniors gained 23 points. There seems to be much rivalry between the Freshmen and Sophomores since the Freshmen in the Track Meet had the best rating in regard to school spirit, while the Sophomores fell short 1%.

1925 Inter-Class Track Meet

May 18th and 19th.

Basketball Overhead Throw

- | A | B |
|------------------------|-------------------|
| 1. H. Gorsky '27 | 1. T. Casey '25 |
| 2. C. Mundy '27 | 2. G. Jenkins '28 |
| 3. R. Elberle '27 | 3. M. Hamlett '28 |
| Distance 42 ft. 10 in. | Distance 40 ft. |

Running High Jump

- | | |
|--------------------|--------------------|
| 1. E. Pleister '25 | 1. J. Rockwell '25 |
| 2. E. Ganzel '27 | 2. J. Foster '26 |
| 3. M. Schultz '28 | 3. M. Moore '26 |
| Height 4 ft. 8 in. | Height 4 ft. 5 in. |

Standing Broad Jump

- | | |
|--------------------|--------------------|
| 1. M. Budde '27 | 1. M. Smith '26 |
| 2. E. Searle '28 | 2. G. Jenkins '28 |
| 3. C. Kynes '25 | 3. D. Cole '27 |
| Distance 90 inches | Distance 94 inches |

Baseball Throw

- | | |
|------------------------|------------------------|
| 1. R. Siebenmorgen '28 | 3. M. Budde '27 |
| 2. F. Herbst '27 | Distance 159 ft. 6 in. |

60 Yard Dash

- | | |
|--------------------|--------------------|
| 1. E. Searle '28 | 1. E. Clark '28 |
| 2. E. Pleister '25 | 2. J. Rockwell '25 |
| 3. P. Whiton '25 | 3. J. Foster '26 |
| Time 7 seconds | Time 7 1-5 seconds |

Running Hop-Step-Jump

- | | |
|-----------------------|-----------------------|
| 1. M. Budde '27 | 1. M. Smith '26 |
| 2. E. Pleister '25 | 2. J. Rockwell '25 |
| 3. C. Kynes '25 | 3. C. Ryan '27 |
| Distance 27 ft. 9 in. | Distance 29 ft. 4 in. |

Basketball Side-Arm Throw

- | | |
|------------------|------------------------|
| 1. H. Gorsky '27 | 1. V. Ackerman '28 |
| 2. M. Budde '27 | 2. D. M. Taylor '26 |
| 3. V. Apgar '25 | 3. R. Siebenmorgen '28 |
| Distance 68 ft. | Distance 66 ft. |

Running Broad Jump

- | | |
|-----------------------|-----------------------|
| 1. E. Pleister '25 | 1. J. Rockwell '25 |
| 2. E. Searle '28 | 2. M. Lavin '27 |
| 3. V. Apgar '25 | 3. M. Smith '26 |
| Distance 13 ft. 7 in. | Distance 12 ft. 9 in. |

240 Yard Relay

Won by Freshmen

Freshman Relay Team

1. G. Jenkins '28
2. E. Pollack '28

3. E. Clark '28
4. E. Searle '28

Time 32 Seconds

R. Gallagher, '25.

The Union County Track Meet

The Sixth Annual Union County Field Day Meet was held at Warinanco Park, May 22nd. Once again Westfield took the laurels, having a total of 37 units. The girls have much to be proud of this year since they outshone Battin High School by 8 units. This is the first year B. H. S. has deigned to enter the Union County Track Meet. Keep up the good work, girls!

Standing Broad Jump

Class A

Class B

Carol Kynes—Second

Marjorie Smith—Second

Basketball Side-Arm Throw

Class A

Class B

Elizabeth Pleister—Third

Vera Ackerman—Third

75 Yard Dash

Class A

Class B

Edith Searle—First

Janet Rockwell—Second

Elizabeth Pleister—Third

Estelle Clark—Third

300 Yard Relay

First

First

Pricilla Whiton

Julia Foster

Wilhelmina Pleister

Catherine Ryan

Elizabeth Pleister

Janet Rockwell

Edith Searle

Estelle Clark

Basketball

In spite of the fact that the girls' basketball team came out at the small end this year, we can look forward to the future with great expectations. From the first to the last, the girls played good, clean, sportsmanlike games. Much praise is due the team and its captain, Billie Pleister, for this fine work, since there were only two letter girls on the team.

Ruth Gallagher, '25



GIRLS' BASKETBALL



GIRLS' TRACK



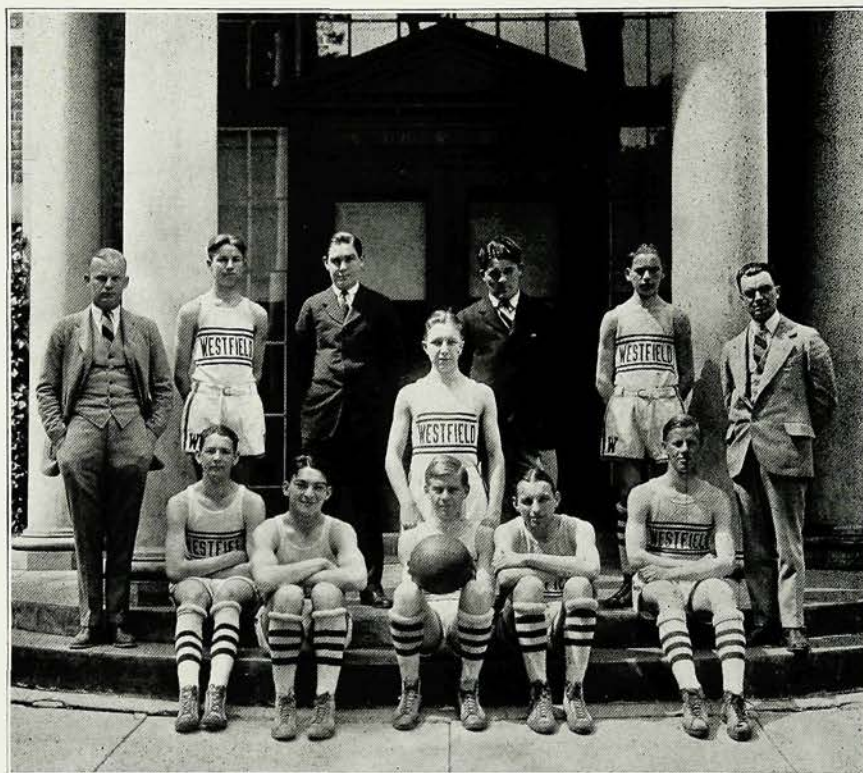
LETTER MEN

Whiton, Alexander, Glasser, Rickerson, Capt., Irving, Root, Taverner
Durow, McGuire, Littlefield, Eisenberg, Clark, Thayer, Mgr.

Football

This group of Westfield fellows represents the school exactly. All through their season they showed themselves to be real men; men who could take a setback, and, in the next game, come back and defeat the best team in the state; men who fought consistently, and who, although they didn't win consistently, piled up the very excellent record of five victories to four defeats.

It takes a team to lose a close battle on the opening day and come back and play the game it did at Chattle, Summit, West Orange, and Madison. There is no sense of presenting the usual flowers; the fellows' records speak for themselves. I say records prove that we should honor the conscientious efforts of all connected with the football team.



Back Row: Mr. Batten, Coach, Whitcomb, Cook, Asst. Mgr., Rickerson, Mgr. De Fina
Middle: Gordon
Front Row: Torberg, Glasser, Moore, Capt., Brunner, Orr

Boys' Basketball

Never in my life have I seen a classier bunch of basketball players taste defeat so often, defeats by a few points. Any fellow who can take a beating consistently and come back and fight hard against the jink deserves a world of credit. This bunch of fellows, under the floor generalship of a competent captain, Gilbert Moore, developed into a strong combination as the season progressed. Some of the strongest teams in the state came, and went home knowing they had been in a basketball game. Again I say, "Wonderful spirit, basketball team."



LETTER MEN

Moore, Byrd, Colson, Whiton, Taverner, Blackman, Dunn, Ruckert
Rickerson, Capt., Page, Mgr.

Track

As we go to press, the track team has entered three meets and twice the high end of the score has rested on Westfield. Many thought we would be weak in track this year, but Coach Batten has developed a group of athletes who strive as hard as any team ever has to maintain the supremacy of Westfield. Many of these men fought for us in basketball and football; we know what they are. Isn't that proof enough that we have one of the best track teams in the state?

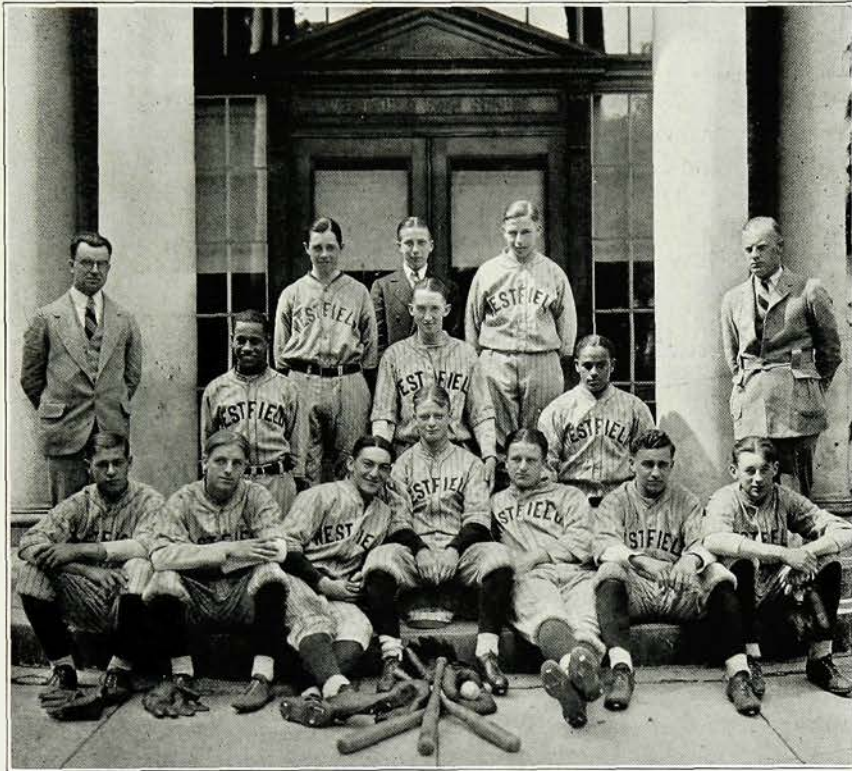


Back Row: Mr. Johnson, Coach, Thompson
Front Row: Moore, Orr, Schaeffer, Capt., Greason, McComb

Tennis

The Westfield Tennis Team, although working under difficulties because of the fact that it has no place to practice, has, in spite of all this, started off on a successful season. The coaching of Mr. Johnson, and the captain, Kid Schaeffer, have made a team which is to be feared. Westfield won her first match with Trenton 3-2, after Schaeffer and Greason, fighting hard, had turned defeat into victory. Following our match with Trenton, we next played Plainfield, winning easily 4-1. The next match was not successful, being lost to Blair 2-3. Shrimp Thomas, of Blair, played exceptional tennis, and proved himself to be one of the best boy players in this section of the country.

Kid Schaeffer in all matches has proved himself to be the star of the team, but the other members, Orr, Thompson, Greason, and McComb, have also played good games. Westfield is looking forward to a successful finish, and since all members will be back next year, a still more successful season is expected.



Back Row: Conway, Whitcomb, Mgr., Sampson
 Second Row: Mr. Neubauer, Principal, Jackson, O'Brien, Harvey, Mr. Batten, Athletic Director
 Front Row: Clements, Root, Glasser, Bliss, Capt., Smaidginnis, Pollack, Sortor
 Coaches: Mr. Van Anden and Mr. Rogers

Baseball

April 14

Morristown vs. Westfield

7-2

The diamond warriors of Westfield High opened their 1925 season with a very impressive victory over a class A team, Morristown. For the first time in a long while the team seemed to show signs of a baseball machine, but still it ran with a few rough cogs.

The Blue and White Pill Tossers got the jump on Morristown from the very first inning by the aid of some very clever bunting. In the third, Morristown tied up the game, but Westfield sewed it up in the fourth, fifth, and seventh.

Glitters From the Diamond

At times Westfield's base running and bunting was so ragged that at least four runs were thrown away.

Harvey pitched a great game for his team. He allowed five hits, fanning thirteen men.

Glasser and Root did some very timely hitting.

Sortor, I think, deserves a lot of credit. Every time the freckled face keystone sacker was asked to bunt, he did so, perfectly.

April 17

Westfield vs. Cranford

13-1

In the second exhibition of the national pastime of the 1925 season Westfield overwhelmed Cranford by a lopsided score of 13-1. The score would say that Westfield played a bang-up game, but the truth of the story is they didn't. Never in the wide world should Cranford have been allowed their lone tally which came in the seventh and last inning on an error and a hit.

While Westfield pulled a few dumb plays, their game as a whole was a decided improvement over the Morristown melee.

Glitters From the Diamond

"Trixie" Taverner pitched a wonderful game of ball. Incidentally it was "Tavy's" debut in a full game. It is a decided boost to the team to know they have another pitcher on whom they may rely.

"Maxie" is still playing Santa Claus for himself. This time he gave the apple a sail far out into the big woods surrounding the field.

April 21

Westfield vs. Bound Brook

8-6

The third game of the season proved to be Westfield's Waterloo. In the first inning Bound Brook was spotted 4 runs on three hits and an error. From that inning on, the Blue and White made a game uphill fight, but the six runs they clattered over the plate were more than offset by the four runs they threw away on errors.

The team was defeated, but you may look for them to come back strong in their next diamond battle.

Glitters From the Diamond

The team closely resembled last years' bunch of comedians. It made 7 errors!

Clements, of all Babe Ruths, smacked out a slow trinkler over center field and it disappeared in the woods beyond. The bases were populated by two of his team-mates at the time and it helped a lot, Mikey!

April 25 Dover vs. Westfield 7-6

After suffering a setback for the first time of the year, the Blue and White scored their most impressive victory in years, defeating the strong up-state lads 7-6. Both nines clouted the ball hard in spite of great pitching, which was not backed up very well by either infield.

Glitters From the Diamond

"Hip" came through when most needed. There were two on when he kissed the apple out of the Park.

Clements made a beautiful one hand catch in deep center. Too bad Mike was absent.

Sometimes Sortor looks better than Frisch, if that's possible. He made a beautiful stop of a line drive early in the game.

April 28 Summit vs. Westfield 4-5

When Harvey Whitcomb put down the 27th put-out against Westfield, a gloomy bunch of pill tossers gathered up their bats and strolled for the High School. Although our twirler was hit pretty hard, the team had plenty of chances to put the game on ice.

Glitters From the Diamond

For some reason or other the entire team hit a batting slump at the same time. This, together with failure in the pinches, spelled Westfield's second defeat of the season.

May 1 Bayonne vs. Westfield 10-8

After getting off to a great start the Blue and White presented Bayonne with three runs on a silver platter, tying the score. In the very next inning however, Westfield sewed up the game with an avalanche of runs.

Glitters From the Diamond

Glasser returned to form with a vengeance. His three smacks were labeled safe from the time they rang from the bat.

Root gave a very pretty exhibition of bunting, squeezing in no less than three runs.

Our friend Sleepy Sorter emerged from his batting slump by smacking out a hot single with second and third occupied. Glad to see you shake the jinx, Beans.

May 5

Plainfield

6-5

For the second time in four years, the Blue and White humbled the wearers of the Red. In the first inning Westfield had a golden opportunity to push across the first marker but a squeeze went wrong and the deed was postponed until the second inning, when it was successfully carried out. For six innings Westfield enjoyed a comfortable lead which was piled up by solid hitting, clever base running, and a few errors; but when things were looking bright for a walk away, an infield error started a rally for Plainfield that ended when four pairs of spikes had dented the plate.

Glitters from the Diamond

Harvey pitched a wonderful game, in fact, one of the best of his career.

I am glad to say there were no stars in the game. It was one smooth working machine.

As we go to press the ballteam has accumulated a record of ten victories and six defeats, with two games left to play. The team feels confident that they will make it two games out of every three.

May 6

Ridgewood

2-6

After a most impressive victory over Plainfield the Blue and White motored to Ridgewood either to pave their way toward the championship of the state or to lose all hope of the sought after glory. We lost. The team seemed completely exhausted after the hard game the day before; pep was gone; fight was entirely lacking. Possibly two games in a row were too much, but I doubt if fellows who play all season on the gridiron could be fatigued in one day on the diamond.

From the first inning the outcome of the game was settled, as batter after batter strolled up to the plate and strolled back to the Westfield bench without the semblance of a hit. In the field the Westfield sluggers looked like a bunch of sand-lot kids. Bunt after bunt went for hits, error after error was chalked up against the infield and the outfield. The score does not do Ridgewood the justice they deserve. With the game went all hopes of a state championship.

Glitters from the Diamond

Westfield was extremely lucky in hitting safely at all. Three scratches were all they could collect.

Sampson played his first game as a regular and shone far above his teammates when he dropped a Texas leaguer into center.

Glasser jumped into the brook after one. It was too early for a swim as Max found out.

SCHOOL NOTES

Senior Notes

As we go to press, the Senior Tea, the Junior Prom, and Class Day, our three happiest social events, have not yet taken place. For the Senior Tea, we wish to express our gratitude to our hostesses, Miss Bible, Miss Orgill, Mrs. Neubauer, and Mrs. Johnson. In connection with the Junior Prom, we may say that rumors are abroad that this Prom is to surpass all others.

Class Day needs a separate paragraph. The program is to be a dramatization of Tennyson's *Gareth and Lynette* which has been prepared by a capable committee consisting of Dorothy Johnston, Ruth Houghton, Douglas Francis, Richard Sampson, and Miss Orgill. Wherever possible the text of the poem has been used, but in some places whole scenes have been created by the committee. The scenery, which has to be changed frequently, is very simple, consisting of some foliage and several drops painted by the art committee, Grace Post, Edgerton Newcomb, Elizabeth Gookin and Robert Alexander, directed by Miss Howard. The present plans cast Dorothy Johnston as Lynette and Robert Alexander as Gareth. The prophecy will be given by Merlin and Vivien in the persons of Douglas Francis and Ruth Houghton. The knocks will be distributed by George Dorsett and George Thayer as gifts from King Arthur. The play is being carefully coached under the direction of Miss Goossen.

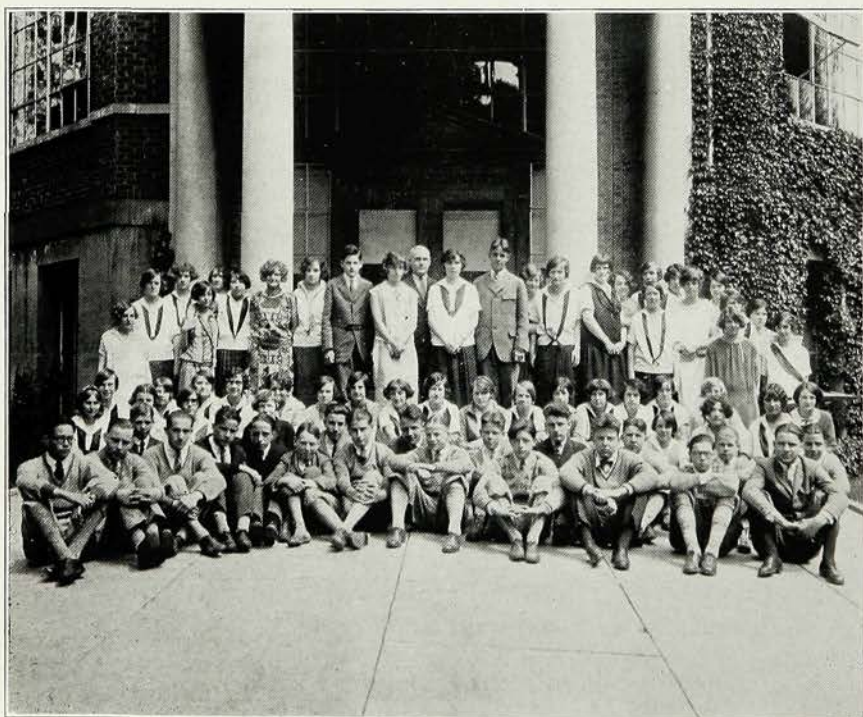
Honors

Three Seniors have recently been awarded the honor of membership in large societies. Robert Alexander and Gilbert Moore have been admitted to membership in The National Athletic Scholarship Society of Secondary Schools because of their activities in the world of High School sports. Good luck to them!

Although in a very different field, a similar honor was awarded to Gwendolen Smith, in being asked to join the Poetry Society of England by Mrs. Alice Hunt Bartlett, the head of the American branch. We hope that these members of our graduating class will carry on successfully the work which has brought them this far in their respective fields.



JUNIORS



SOPHOMORES



Freshman Notes

A class meeting was held on April 28. It was very brief and well attended and conducted. It did not take the Freshman long to decide they should have a class picture—there was a game at the armory field and everyone was anxious to go.

The opening of the track season saw the Freshmen out in large numbers. So far their efforts have been rewarded, as the girls stand first and the boys now stand second in the interclass tryouts. One of our girls broke the school running record. Oh Boy! just wait until we are *Seniors*.

'28 has five representatives in baseball. We are proud of these boys and wish them the best of luck.

The Freshmen have made a resolution to pursue earnestly our share in the support of the Weather Vane. Our efforts have been well directed as Freshmen, but next year, as Sophomores, we hope to take a more active interest in it.

We wish to take this opportunity to bid a fond farewell to the Seniors at the completion of their high school work. May they be successful in whatever they undertake after they leave Westfield High!

Alumni Notes

Westfield seems to be migrating westward. Margaret Moser, who went to California last June, sailed from there for Hawaii, Japan, and China. "Mike" expects to return to Westfield this summer and we will be glad to welcome her.

Randolph Baker, '23, who is now residing in Hollywood, California, has a position as salesman for the Beverly Branch of R. C. Durant, Inc., where he handles only Flint cars.

Westfield's young people have been proving the age old saying, "In the spring a young man's fancy——" with the result that several engagements have been announced lately. Those of Virginia Nicholas, '22, to Robert Platt of Westfield; Julia Morrow, '22, to Malcolm Chatin, '21; Estelle Wilson, '21, to Donald L'Heureux of Westfield; and Genivieve Edmunds, '20, to Return Meiggs, '20 are among the number.

Wallace Pitman, '24, Cornell, '28, is still at the front in track. He is leading varsity and freshman candidate in the field events competition. Westfield High is very proud of him.

'24 is distinguishing itself in other fields. Flo Ross has just been elected president of her class at N. J. C.

Exchanges

Good news spreads rapidly. Since the results of the Columbia Scholastic Press Association contest were announced, we have been inundated with magazines from all parts of the country, each one asking for our exchange. Of course, this is impossible as the number of magazines available for exchange is limited. However, we sincerely thank all those who have shown such an interest in our magazine and hope that they will continue to favor us next year.

We find a general tendency on the part of most magazines to allow the school notes department to preclude the literary department. Of course, for bi-weekly or weekly publications this is natural as the magazine then borders on a school newspaper. But for magazines which are published monthly, or at greater intervals, we consider this a deplorable fact. Since these publications cannot present school news which is new, the main purpose of their existence should be to give expression to the best literary efforts of the school. It is, therefore, our humble suggestion to others, and our own purpose, to establish a large literary department in the magazine during the coming year.

Sydney G. Stevens, Jr., '25

HUMOR

School Calendar

- April 1—Margaret Alguire, when called upon to criticize a fellow pupil, remarks, "I don't know what Miss—— said, but I agree with her."
(Rather agreeable for a woman.)
- April 2—Henry Schmidt in history class gives the following surprising statement: "Marius died a few days after death." (Maybe he wasn't satisfied the first time.)
- April 3—Sleepy Torborg is absent, much to the girls' dismay.
- April 6—Donald Weeks visits the Rahway Reformatory and they try to keep him there. It's highly interesting to note that "Birds of a feather flock together."
- April 7—It is noticed that when Maxine Metlach comes around with the notices, all the boys take notice.
- April 8—Coach Batten introduces the new 3 minute drills in which the pupils have to clap to keep the sleepy ones awake. (We think this plan succeeds very well. In fact, it keeps even the teachers awake.)
- April 9—We notice the big fellows that come to school with "ill" on their excuse. We suggest maybe they were "ill at ease." (Used with apologies to Malcolm Rickerson.)
- April 20—"Speed" Greason greets Elsa Meder with "Hello, Flapper."
(He is in a critical condition but his recovery is expected.)
- April 21—Miss Orgill asks, "Is the present generation losing its love of Nature?" Someone remarks, "No, people still count the stars."
- April 22—Alan Thompson comes to school with a bandaged eye which he says is the result of an auto accident. (One arm driving is certainly dangerous these days.)
- April 23—Great commotion in the hall; Francis Egerton misplaces "Butch" Rich.
- April 24—Rumor has it the baseball team held a practice in the streets of Bayonne while waiting for Ganong Bliss who was supposed to have been speaking to a young lady of his acquaintance. (We wonder if this could possibly be true.)

- April 28—Coach Batten shows that he recognizes what force of habit can do. While excusing Harry Whiton to go home for his track suit, he remarks, "Be sure to go to your own home."
- April 29—Mack Rickerson returns from his Easter vacation.
- April 30—Someone revises the saying, "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush", to "A bird in the hand is——bad manners."
- May 1—Senior Essays due. Many Seniors begin to show signs of regaining their previous dispositions.
- May 4—The notice is posted that 10% will be taken off for each day that the essays are late. (At this rate, some poor Seniors will get a minus quantity.)
- May 5—Westfield beats Plainfield. Even the teachers lose their customary composure.
- May 6—Boys come home from Ridgewood game, late, and all the lights in the locker room at school are out. But all the baseball team are "past masters" when it comes to working in the dark so no difficulty is experienced in finding their clothes.
- May 7—Someone remarks that he wishes he were Ruth Miller or Edna Drake so that he could walk around school and give the teachers one of those "You can't give me detention" looks.
- May 8—Hovendon comes to school with his hand bandaged. (He must have been holding an unlucky queen.)
- May 11—After observing the languid air with which Alice Bell walks through the hall, we come to the conclusion that the song "Too Tired" was written exclusively about her.
- May 12—It comes to our attention that if anyone taps Bob Alexander lightly on the shoulder, he will invariably ask, "Yes, dear?"
- May 13—Cary Davis returns to school, much to the surprise of the students. She wasn't expected back from her vacation for another month.
- May 14—Some admiring girl remarks that it's lucky that George Dorsett doesn't have to put a list of his conquests under his picture or he'd have to have a special page.
- May 15—All the team is eligible. (Mr. Van Anden is being treated for severe shock by one of the local doctors.)
- May 16—After watching Gene Ostrander's hands fly up in despair in typing room, think what an awful shame it is that hands can't talk. We are sure her hands could tell an interesting story.
- May 19—After watching the track team we come to the conclusion that the "sheiks" aren't the only fast fellows in school.
- May 20—Someone remarks after seeing the Easter play that they always thought there was something saintly about Bob Hennell. (Yes, we

- think so too, especially when the teacher turns around in class to see who's talking.)
- May 21—Someone observes that if the saying "Water seeks its own level" were true, there would be many Seniors on the third floor.
- May 26—The Library gets a new load of books in preparation to give the Seniors a lively time at the Senior Tea.
- May 27—"Music hath charms——," It also has charmers, as is noticed in Beverly Jones' presence in the Glee Club.
- May 28—On glancing at his report card Bob Brunner remarks, "The bitterest words of tongue or pen are—'Mr. Brunner you've failed again'."
- May 29—On glancing at some papers of the students we come to the conclusion that the saying, "The pen is mightier than the sword," was meant to show that more people have died from trying to read some of the results of the pen, than have died from the sword.
- June 1—Alan Thompson while tying Helen Pense's shoe-string has occasion to ask (meaning the approaching car) whether it is a six or an eight and he is much surprised on hearing her reply, "I think you're just horrid."
- June 2—Judging from the expressions on some of the students' faces we conclude that they must work on the same basis as the owl. "They don't wake up until night time."
- June 3—Figuratively speaking the Glee Club is a howling success.
- June 4—We thing that "If noise were intelligence, many Freshmen would be Seniors."
- June 5—Someone remarks that Pollack must have stopped at least one ball. (He's got a broken finger from the last game.)
- June 6—Someone remarks that wives seem to be like umpires! They never think their husbands are safe when they are out.
- June 7—Someone suggests that the shortstop's name be changed to should-stop.
- June 8—Just the Senior Exams. (We wonder if the honored and far famed Noah brought such an animal as a "prof" on the ark with him. If so, isn't it too bad the old tub didn't sink?)
- June 9—Senior Exams still on. (This is one time in the year that the under classmen can look with sympathy at the poor suffering Senior.
- June 10—We observe that though the modern girl has her little weaknesses, she isn't effeminate.
- June 11—As the end of his high school career looms near, Tommy Clements is heard singing daily, "Oh, the girl I'll leave behind me."
- June 12—Now with the Senior exams gone, it's all over but the cheering.
- June 15—Scientists say that slow moving people live longest. (At this

rate the girls who walk through the halls telling each other their conquest, will live indefinitely.)

June 16—Headline of a daily paper reads "Woman holding a baby in her arms held up a bank and took \$1,800. (We suggest that maybe she was giving the child a lesson in modern finance.)

June 17—We wonder if the man that wrote "The hand is quicker than the eye" ever tried anything with a teacher around.

June 18—It is reported that women are more apt at solving cross-word than men are. (It is only fair to remark that women have had more experience with cross words than the men have had.)

June 19—History proves that Washington didn't follow his own advice "Keep free from entangling alliances." (He married.)

June 22—"Boast not thyself of to-morrow; for thou knowst not what the day will bring forth." (That quotation means "If you are eligible today don't boast, because the teachers are as changeable as the weather.")

Mixing His Studies

Teacher—"Johnny, what are the two genders?"

Johnnnny—"Masculine and feminine. The masculines are divided into temperate and intemperate, and the feminine into frigid and torrid."

"And so your son is in college. How's he making it?"

"He ain't; I'm making it—he's spending it."

First Angel—"How'd you get here?"

Second Angel—"Flu"

Judy—"I wonder where the expression 'Step on it, kid,' originated."

Cully—"Probably when Sir Raleigh laid his coat down for the queen."

"On arriving at Frisco my mother had lots of trouble with the officials there about the Chinese vases she endeavored to bring in."

"Custom?"

"I'll say she did."

A farmer came to town to insert an obituary notice.

"How much do you charge?" he asked.

"A dollar an inch," was the reply.

"Migod! He was six feet tall."

Lady Customer—(To Haberdashery Clerk) "My son is a conductor and I'd like to buy him one of those railroad ties I hear him talk about."

It was one of those cold, raw November days that northern England knows so well. A Roman pageant was being given, near York. On the second day an elderly but enthusiastic maiden lady from New England hied her over from the nearby town where she was staying to "view the works."

As she approached the scene of activities, she encountered one of the outposts of the pageant guard, a tall, skinny, rawboned countryman, bare-armed, clad only in a tunic of flimsy muslin..

"Oh, sir!" cried the lady, clasping her hands in an ecstasy of enthusiasm, as she addressed the blue-lipped, shivering Roman, "Are you Appius Claudius?"

"Appy as Claudius?" responded the man, his teeth fairly chattering; "No, ma'am, I'm un'happy as 'ades!"

Jim—"Ever see one of those machines that can tell when a person is lying?"

John—"Seen one? Lord! I married one."

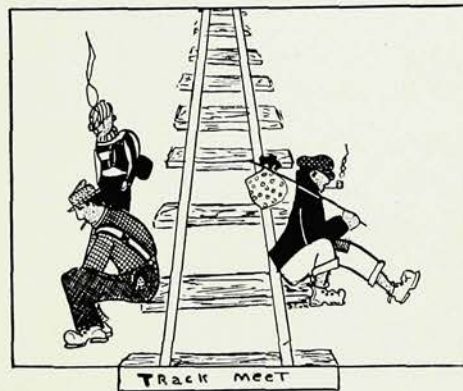
Rastus Jackson, a thoroughly married darkey, was one day approached by a life insurance agent.

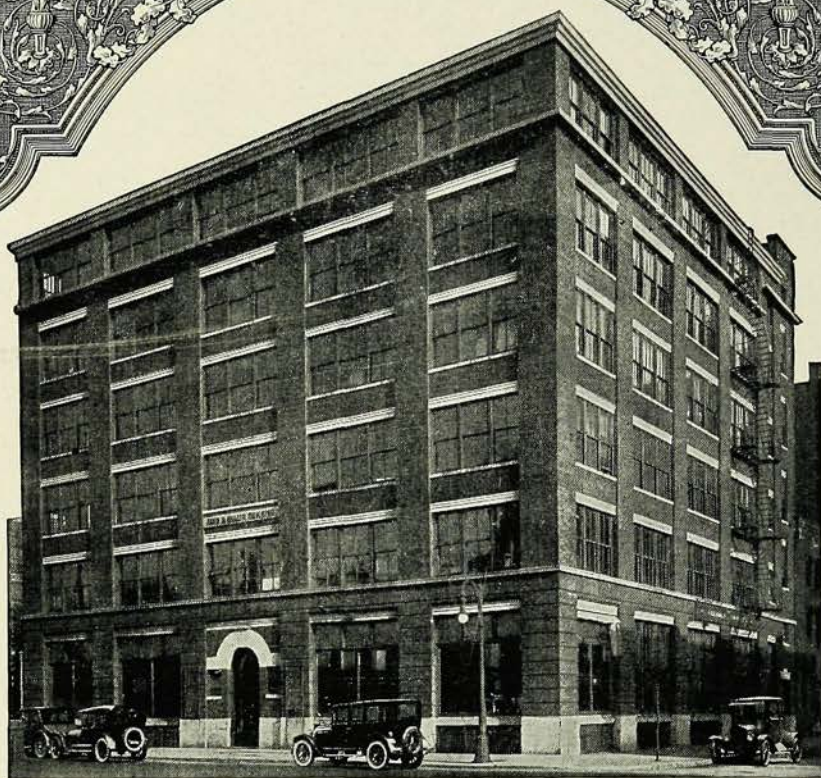
"No, sah," declared Rastus, emphatically, "Ah ain't too safe at home as it is."

Johnnie (to the new visitor)—"So you are my grandma, are you?"

Grandmother—"Yes, Johnnie, I'm your grandma on your father's side."

Johnnie—"Well, you're on the wrong side. You'll soon find that out."





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