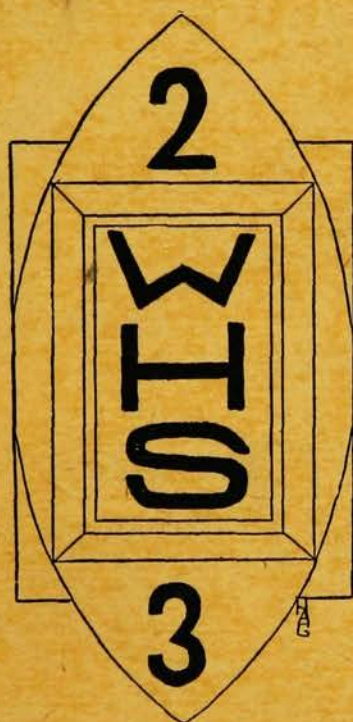


THE WEATHER-VANE



SENIOR ISSUE

WESTFIELD MEMORIAL LIBRARY
WESTFIELD, NEW JERSEY

The Weather Vane

Published by the students of the Westfield High School, Westfield, N. J.

Entered as second class matter, Westfield P. O., Westfield, N. J., December, 1921.
under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Volume 2.

JUNE 1923

No. 3

THE STAFF

Editor-in-Chief

ANNA M. OUTWATER, '23

Literary Editors

EDWARD HUBERT, '23 LUCILLE BURKE, '23 EVELYN ANDERSON, '23
GILMORE SPENCER, '23 MARY BELL, '24
GWENDOLYN SMITH, '25
MARION MILLS, '23 WILMOT SNYDER, '23

Art Editor

MURIEL SMITH, '24

Business Managers

STANFORD HENDRICKSON, '24 ROBERT MUMFORD, '25
FRANKLYN WINDFELDT, '26 HORACE BAKER, '23

Exchange Editors

DOW MILLS, '23 DORIS BEARD, '24

School Editor

PAUL COLSON, '24

Joke Editors

HELYN GRAY, '23 ELIZABETH MORGAN, '24 JACK WORTH, '25

Athletic Editors

ROBERT DARBY, '23 GEORGE THAYER, '25
MARGUERITE ANTHONY, '25

Faculty Advisors

MISS ORGILL

MR. NEUBAUER

MISS HOWARD

TABLE OF CONTENTS

	Page		Page
Appreciations	2	Is She Stubborn?.....	34
Graduating Class '23.....	3-16	Poem—The Song of the Trees	39
Poem—The Time Draws Nigh.....	16	The Average Girl of America.....	39
Class History	17	Poem—Apple Blossoms	40
Last Will and Testament.....	18	How the Wind Blows—	
Prophecy	19	Glee Club Operetta.....	41
Acknowledgements	22	The Union County Singing Con-	
Class Catalogue	23	test	41
Literary—		Senior Day	42
Does Westfield Want a Maga-		Athletics	42-47
zine?	25	Joculator Scholarum—	
Cheng's Revenge	23	The Old Homestead.....	48
On Being Absent-minded.....	28	Picton Polytechniccal Institute..	49
The Medium	29	Poem—Here's Something to Do,	
Poem—Sunrise	30	Make a Guess at a Few.....	50
A Fable	31	Poem—To a Senior From a	
On Going to Bed.....	32	Junior	51
Poem—Metropolis Versus Na-		Exchanges	52
ture	33	Humor from Our Exchanges.....	52

CHAS. A. PHILHOWER, B.A., M.A.

Superintendent of Schools

"The soil out of which such men as he are made is good to be born on, good to live on, good to die for and to be buried in."



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 the 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.

JESSIE ORGILL, B.A.

Adelphi College

"To see her is to love her,
And love but her forever;
For nature made her what she is,
And never made anither!"

Miss Orgill came to Westfield High School this year from Burlington. Through her untiring work with the Senior Class, in every phase of their activities, she has won the admiration and gratitude of every one in the class.

Miss Orgill received the B.A. degree from Adelphi College, where she graduated among the Honor Group. She is working for the degree of M.A. at Teachers' College in New York City. The next Senior Class is very fortunate in having Miss Orgill to assist them in making their last year of high school a great success.



FRANK N. NEUBAUER, B.A.

Colgate University

"With grave
Aspect he rose, and in his rising seem'd
A pillar of state; deep on his front engraven
Deliberation sat, and public care."



Frank Neubauer has been principal of the Westfield High School for two years; and during this time he has won the respect and affection of the whole school.

He is a member of the National Education Association, the New Jersey High School Teachers' Association, and the New York Schoolmaster's Club. He is also a member of the New Jersey Historical Society.



R. R. SINCLAIR, JR.

Westfield, New Jersey

"He sits high in all men's hearts."

Class President, 1-3-4; A. A. President, 4; Varsity Football, 4; Class Football, 2-3; Class Basketball, 1-2-3-4; Class Baseball, 2-3-4; Class Track, 3-4; Senior Day, Class Day.



MARION BRAILLARD

Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Not bold, not shy, nor short, nor tall,
But a new mingling of them all."

Vice-President, 1-4; Senior Play; Class Basketball, 1-4.



MARION MILLS

Chicago, Illinois.

"A perfect woman, nobly plann'd,
To warn, to comfort, and command."

Vice-President, 3; Secretary, 4; Senior Play; Class Basketball, 4; Senior Day; Weather Vane, 4; Class Day Committee; Class Day.



STANFORD HENDRICKSON

Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Thou hast a stout heart and a strong hand."

Treasurer, 4; A. A. Treasurer, 4; Senior Play; Varsity Baseball, 1-2-3-4; Weather Vane Manager, 4; Class Debating, 3; Cheer Leader, 4; Class Day; Senior Day; Class Relay, 3-4; Class Basketball, 3-4; Class Football, 2-3-4; Captain, 4.



PHILIP AKS

Westfield, N. J.

"Happy am I, from care I am free,
Why aren't they all contented like me?"

Class Football, 2-4; Chapel Play, 4; Scenery
Committee, Senior Play.



EVELYN ANDERSON

Philadelphia, Pa.

"Who can foretell for what high cause
This darling of the Gods was born?"

Class Basket-ball Team, 2-3-4; Weather Vane,
4; French Play, 4; Class Day; Glee Club; Chapel
Play, 4; Track; Class Prophecy.



LAWRENCE ARGIMBAU

Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Howe'er it be, it seems to me
'Tis only noble to be good."

Debating, 4; Interclass Debating, 1.



HORACE BAKER

Westfield, N. J.

"In thy heart the dew of youth,
On thy lips the smile of truth."

Class Football, 2-3; Class Baseball, 2-3; Captain,
2; Class Basket-ball, 2-3; Varsity Tennis, 3; Var-
sity Basket-ball, 4; Varsity Baseball, 4; Class Day
Property Committee, Chairman; Assistant Business
Editor on Weather Vane.



RANDOLPH BAKER

Westfield, N. J.

"Thinks much, writes little, speaks less."

Senior Day.



AUDREY BLOCK

Jersey City, N. J.

"With lingering step how oft at early day,
For well I knew you went to school this way."

Senior Day, Class Day.



FRED BRAUN

New York City.

"A man, not of words, but of action."

Class Baseball, 3; Class Football, 4; Varsity Baseball, 4; Living Pictures.



ARTHUR V. BUNNELL

New York City.

"Wise to resolve and patient to perform."

Track Team, 3; Head Electrician for Senior Play; Living Pictures.



ERNESTINE BUNNELL

New York City.

"Always at leisure to do good."

Glee Club, 1-2; Class Basket-ball Team, Captain; Varsity Basket-ball Team, 3-4; Property Committee for Senior Play and Living Pictures.



LUCILLE BURKE

Chicago, Illinois.

"We meet her like a pleasant thought when such are wanted."

Entered W. H. S. September in Junior Year; Glee Club, 3; Weather Vane, 4; French Play, 4; Class Day.



STANLEY CARLSON

Garwood, N. J.

"What shall I do to be forever known?"

Class Day.



FREDERICK D. CASEY

Bayonne, N. J.

"He is a brave fellow, a man of pluck."

Varsity Football, 3-4; Class Basket-ball, 3-4; Class Day; Scenery Committee for Senior Play.



ELMER D. CHATTIN

Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Blushing is virtue's color."

Varsity Baseball, 2-3-4; Captain, 4; Varsity Basket-ball, 3-4; Varsity Football, Captain, 4; Class Football, 2-3; Class Basket-ball, 2; Class Day.



OLIVE CLARK

Westfield, N. J.

"And she has hair of a golden hue, take care!"

Class Basket-ball, 4; Pianist in Orchestra, 1; Class Day Committee; Senior Day Play.



DANIEL CLUFF

St. Louis, Missouri.

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

Class Football, 4; Class Baseball, 2-4.



HALSEY COOK

Bayonne, N. J.

"For I am nothing if not critical."

Basket-ball Manager, 4; Class Baseball, 2-3-4; Class Football, 3-4; Class Day; Senior Play Ticket Committee.



ROBERT DARBY

Westfield, N. J.

"The elements so mixed in him
That nature might stand up and say
To all the world: This was a man!"

Weather Vane, 3-4; Varsity Football, 1-3-4; Varsity Basket-ball, 3-4; Captain, 4; Class Treasurer, 3; Living Pictures; Class Football, 1-2; Class Basket-ball, 1-2; Captain, 3; Class Baseball, 2-3; Class Day; Senior Day; Varsity Debating, 4; A. A. Committee, 4.



WILLIAM DARROCK

Garwood, N. J.

"Men of few words are the best men."

Class Football, 4; Class Basket-ball, 2; Class Baseball, 4.



MARY DOUGLAS

Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Sweetness, long drawn out."

Class Basket-ball, 1; Varsity Basket-ball, 3; Senior Play; Chapel Play; Glee Club; Living Pictures; Senior Day; Union County Musical Contest, 4.



DOROTHY DUSHANEK

Roselle, N. J.

Senior Play; Glee Club, 1; Union County Musical Contest, 4.



EDWIN EDWARDS

Bayonne, N. J.

"Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever,
One foot on sea and one on land,
To one were constant never."

Entered W. H. S. in Senior Year; Class Basket-ball, Captain, 4; Class Track, 4; Class Baseball, 4; High School Jazz Band, 4.



ALICE M. ESKESEN

Perth Amboy, N. J.

"If to her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face, and you'll forget them all."

Entered W. H. S. in Sophomore Year; Class Basket-ball, Captain, 3; Senior Play; French Play; Class Day.



WILLIAM FREDRICK

Westfield, N. J.

"Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes."

Electrical Committee and Carpentry Committee for Senior Play; Basket-ball Manager, 3; Living Pictures; Class Baseball, 1; Class Basket-ball, 1.



FREDERICK FRITTS

Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Direct not him whose way himself will choose."

Living Pictures.



EDWIN GANZEL

"For I am constant as the Northern Star."

Varsity Track, 3; Senior Play; Living Pictures.



MATTHEW GLASS

Rochester, N. Y.

"A beautiful but bearded face."

Class Football, 1; Varsity Football, 2-3; Class Track, 3-4; Varsity Track, 3-4.



CORINNE GOODWIN

Shreveport, Louisiana.

"What a fair lady!"

Property Committee for: Senior Play, Living Pictures, Senior Day; Program Committee for Senior Day.



HELYN A. GRAY

Jersey City, N. J.

"Even tho' vanquished, she could argue still."

Class Secretary, 1; Glee Club, 1-2-3-4; Weather Vane, 3-4; Class Basket-ball, 4; Living Pictures; Class Day; Senior Day; Varsity Basket-ball Manager, 4; Union County Musical Contest, 4.



GORDON HAHN

Nutley, N. J.

"He is noble who acts nobly."

Carpentry Committee for Senior Play; Class Baseball, 3-4; Class Football, 4; Class Basket-ball, 4.



MARJORIE HARNISH

Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Look out, bright eyes, and bless the air,
Even in shadow thou art fair—to some."

Class Basket-ball, 4; Class Day; Publicity Committee of Senior Play.



HORACE HATFIELD

Scotch Plains, N. J.

"A quiet lad, there are but few
Who know the treasures hid in you."



CATHERINE HORNUNG

Jersey City, N. J.

"She has two eyes so soft and brown,
Take care.
She gives a side glance and looks down,
Beware!
She is fooling thee!"

Dance Committee, 1; Class Basket-ball Captain, 4;
Senior Day.



EDWARD CHARLES HUBERT

Westfield, N. J.

"Away with work,
I'll none of it."

Weather Vane, 3-4; Senior Day; Track Captain,
1-2-3-4; Varsity Football, 4; Glee Club; Jazz Or-
chestra.



FRANCES C. JENNINGS

"And in this as in all other things, our President
showed good judgment."

Entered W. H. S. in Senior Year; Second Team
Basket-ball, 4; Living Pictures; Senior Day; Glee
Club; Union County Musical Contest; Property
Manager of Senior Play.



ELSIE L. KENT

Rutherford, N. J.

"And now came the sound of Elsie's voice, clear,
powerful, and sweet."

A. A. Committee; Chapel Committee; Class Day;
Senior Day; Glee Club; Union County Musical
Contest.



JAMES LENT
Bernardsville, N. J.

"Cheerfulness is an excellent wearing quality."
Class Football, 4.



VERNON WINSTON LITTLEFIELD
Westfield, N. J.

"His heart is in his work."
Varsity Debate, 4.



RUTH LUDY
Jersey City, N. J.

"Gentle of speech, beneficent of mind."
Senior Day; Property Committee for Class Day.



WALTER R. MacCOWATT
Amsterdam, N. Y.

"With many a social virtue graced,
And yet a friend of solitude."

Class President, 3; Tennis Team, 3-4; Varsity Basketball, 4; Class Baseball, 1-2-3-4; Captain, 4; Class Football, 1-2-3-4; Class Basketball, 1-2-3-4.



HELEN P. MARTIN
Scranton, Pa.

"For she was just the quiet kind whose natures
never vary."
Entered W. H. S. in Junior Year.



S. DOW MILLS

East Chatham, N. Y.

"The word impossible is not in my dictionary."

Class Historian, 4; Track Manager, 4; Weather Vane, 4; Assistant Manager Senior Play; Class Baseball, 2-3; Senior Play Committee; Wm. Orr. Contest; Class Day Committee; Class Day.



STEWART MORTON

Westfield, N. J.

"Noble in every thought and every deed."

Assistant Manager, 3; Senior Play; Senior Day Committee; Class Day.



LAWRENCE NELSON

Mandal, Norway

"All things come to him who waits—even height."

Class Baseball, 3; Class Football, 4; Living Pictures.



ANNA M. OUTWATER

New York City.

"Diligence is the mother of good fortune."

Glee Club, 1-2; Secretary, 3; Editor of Weather Vane, 4; French Play, 4; Library Assistant, 4; Class Day; Commencement Oration.



NESBITT POWELL

Brooklyn, N. Y.

"What objects are the fountains of thy happy strain?"

Jamaica High School, 1-2-3; Jazz Orchestra, 4.



WILLIAM PRICE

Westfield, N. J.

"I am monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute."

Assistant Football Manager, 3; Football Manager,
4; Class Football, 4; Senior Play Committee; Senior
Play; Debate Team; Living Pictures Manager.



PAUL RIEDEL

New York City.

"Always thoughtful, kind and untroubled."



JOHN P. RUSSELL

Crookston, Minnesota.

"One that utters with a quiet mind."

Class Baseball, 2-4; Captain, 3; Class Basket-ball,
3; Track, 3-4; Class Football, 4; Senior Play Light-
ing Committee.



W. SNYDER

Garwood, N. J.

"Plain without pomp, and rich without a show."

Class Football, 1-2; Varsity Football, 3-4; School
Orchestra, 2-3; Senior Play Stage Manager; Class
Day Property Committee.



GILMORE SPENCER

Westfield, N. J.

"Shape the thought that stirs within thee,
And a great man ye will be."

Varsity Tennis, 2-3; Captain, 4; Captain Debating
Team, 4; Weather Vane, 3-4; Varsity Track, 3-4;
Captain Class Track, 3-4; Class Football, Class
Basket-ball; Class Baseball.



WILLIAM SPENCER

New York City.

"A man of books and meditation."

Class Football, 3; Wm. Orr Contest.



JACK STULTS

Mount Vernon, N. Y.

"It is the heart and not the brain
That to the highest doth attain."

Class Football, 2-3; Varsity Football, 4.



JUSTINA TAYLOR

Westfield, N. J.

"Maiden with the meek brown eyes."

Class Basket-ball, 1-2-4; Senior Play; Class Track,
1-2.

WILLETTA TAYLOR

Westfield, N. J.

"Patience and application will carry us through."

Class Day Committee.



DOLORES THORNTON

Great Neck, L. I.

"Sober, steadfast, and demure."

Treasurer, 2.



HELEN VAN DOREN

Brooklyn, N. Y.

"A maiden modest, and yet self-possessed."



CHARLES WELLER

Westfield, N. J.

"A willing heart, a helping hand,
Always ready on demand."

Class Baseball, 2-3; Carpentry Manager, Senior Play; Carpentry Committee, Living Pictures; Senior Day; Class Day.



KATHRYN WEST

Westfield, N. J.

"What she undertook to do, she did."

Class Basket-ball, 1; Varsity Basket-ball, 2-3-4; Property Committee Senior Play; Varsity Track, 1-2-4; Property Committee Class Day.



EDWARD WHITE

Bayonne, N. J.

"It behooves the high to do things for their own sake worthily."

Class Football, 1-2; Varsity Football, 3; Class Track, 4; Stage Committee Senior Play; Class Day Committee.



CHARLES WILSON

Jersey City, N. J.

"I am that merry wanderer of the night."

Varsity Football, 2-3; Class Football Captain, 1; Varsity Baseball, 1-2-3-4; Varsity Basket-ball, 2-3; Varsity Track, 3; Senior Play; A. A. Council, 2; Senior Day Committee; Class Day; Commencement Oration.



ELEANOR WOOD

Plainfield, N. J.

"She's pretty to walk with,
She's witty to talk with,
And pleasant to think on."

"Rub-a-dub-dub,
Eighth Grade past!!!
Sub-a-sub-sub!!!
Senior at last!!!

ROBERT M. WRIGHT

Westfield, N. J.

"Oh! Why should life all labor be?"

Class Football, 3-4; Class Baseball, 4; Class Day.

THE TIME DRAWS NIGH

O Westfield, Alma Mater,
We leave thee now forever.
No more will roam thy sacred halls
Our feet in best endeavor.

To learn the mysteries and hidden things
Of books and education.
We leave thee now for good and all;
No mere two months' vacation.

Oh, we were proud to enter here
When first we heard thee calling.
We well recall our freshman year:
Ambitions in the making.

On gridiron and on diamond,
On the track and in the gym,
Our class has held the leadership
With honor and with vim.

And now good-bye, dear Westfield,
We bid thee sad adieu.
Look out, '23, to the world before us,
We've still more work to do!

Eddy Edwards, '23.

CLASS HISTORY

Clio must grant to the Class of 1923 a place on the scroll of history proportionate to the deeds of the Orange and Black, which are manifold.

Our class commenced its career by electing Robert Sinclair President of the Eighth Grade, and Marion Braillard, Vice-President. We made our debut into society with an unusual reception in the Washington School Auditorium at the end of the school year. A capable committee took charge of the decorations of orange and black, the dancing, and the refreshments. The evening was thoroughly enjoyed by the class and its distinguished guests.

The Commencement Day exercises consisted of a speech by one of the local ministers, the rendition of a poem and a biography by two classmates, and the presentation of diplomas. We closed the program with our Class Song. One hundred and six new graduates were added to the alumni of Washington School.

Our numbers swelled with students from out of town when we reached high school. Our first duty was to organize ourselves with R. Sinclair as President of the Freshman Class; M. Braillard, Vice-President; Helyn Gray, Secretary; and Ray Stewart, Treasurer.

We became prominent in athletics by capturing the Interclass Track Championship and the Interclass Football Championship. Wilson and Hendrickson won their W's for playing on the 'varsity baseball team. A freshman debating team was organized.

The Freshman Party was our first social event in high school. Needless to say, it was well attended and everyone had a good time. A short play was given, followed by dancing and refreshments.

Our Sophomore year was inaugurated by the election of officers. W. MacCowatt became President; K. Avery, Vice-President; E. Bunnell, Secretary, and R. Harry, Treasurer. We won the Interclass Football and Track Championships again and became Interclass Baseball Champions. No class party was given, as we thought it better to put the money into a sumptuous Junior Hop next year.

In that year our officers were R. Sinclair, President; M. Mills, Vice-President; A. Outwater, Secretary; and R. Darby, Treasurer.

The College Women's Club were hosts to the Junior girls at a delightful entertainment. The Brown Concert was a source of enjoyment to its auditors and revenue to the treasury.

A tennis team was organized, thanks to the efforts of Spencer and MacCowatt, which defeated Plainfield, making tennis a major sport.

The Junior Hop was held at the new Lincoln School Auditorium, which was tastefully decorated with our class colors. The Senior guests expressed their satisfaction with the affair.

At the close of school, we received the Key of Knowledge from the Seniors. What use we have made of it can be seen by the results of our Senior year.

R. Sinclair was chosen for President of the Senior Class; M. Braillard, Vice-President; M. Mills, Secretary; and S. Hendrickson, Treasurer. The first 'varsity football game of the year was advertised by the Senior boys who wore blue sweaters, white flannels, and noisy socks. The results were unprecedented.

The Brown Glee Club Concert was given under our auspices again. It was every bit as good as last year's entertainment.

The Senior Play, "Nothing But the Truth," was produced February 9-10th by an able cast, whose success was due to Miss Alber's supervision. Committees on scenery, lighting, and carpentry made the setting which enhanced the play. The Senior play will undoubtedly rest secure in its place for many a year.

This year the Woman's Club invited the girls to a luncheon, as did the Rotary Club the boys. These events will not soon be forgotten by the lucky guests.

Senior Day was celebrated by the Senior boys in farmer's guise, and the Senior girls in gingham. A play, "Two Crooks and a Lady," a song by two "farmers," and a mock class meeting were heartily enjoyed by the school. The day was fittingly ended by the Seniors beating the Juniors in a baseball game.

A very artistic Class Day program was well received by the appreciative audience. "Sherwood" was the name of the play. The knocks and prophecy were given as a part of it.

A larger number of graduates from Westfield High School this year than ever before, showing the results of four years of ceaseless and co-operative work.

As a fitting remembrance to the school, the Class of 1923 has presented more adequate lighting equipment for the stage, a token worthy to represent a class such as ours.

S. Dow Mills, '23.

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF THE CLASS OF '23

We, the Class of 1923, of the suburban metropolis of Westenburg, being of sound mind, liver and appetite, do make, publish, and declare the following, as and for our ultimate and final will and testimony; to wit:

First. We, becoming baldescent and exhibiting other signs of approaching senescence, revoke everything said or done or did by inferior classes, said classes to consist of all other classes.

Second. We direct that just debts and respect be paid to us by those

young little specks upon the atmosphere, appellated Freshmen.

Third. We direct our attorneys to enter into bankruptey proceedings on our behalf, on and for the purpose and consideration of evading and avoiding our excessive debts.

Fourth, and fourthly. We hereby bequeath, give, sell and present, and hand over the spacious High School Campus to the Juniors to frolic upon, with the two and double codicils that they romp not after eating soup sandwiches, and confine themselves, as is right and proper to their adolescence, to the roof of our factory of knowledge.

Fifthly, and quintescently. We present and dedicate to the Juniors the sole and exclusive right and privilege of listening to the ventilator elegies and band-saw Wrecking March, and of co-utilizing the front porch with the members of the faculty.

Sixthly, and next to last. To the Juniors we bequeath the right to act as if grown up. For the guardianship of said Juniors while practicing such right, we appoint the individual and collective members of the Faculty.

Seventh, and lastly. We bequeath to the entire student body, Westfield High School spirit, our most cherished possession, and one which we hope and expect the school will keep untarnished in the future.

In witness whereof, we have hereunto set our hand and seal at our residence on the trolley tracks in this village of Westenburg, this 32nd day of June, in the anno domini, one thousand, 9 hundred, and 90 nine.

THE SENIOR CLASS.

Alias Orange and Black.

Executors: Hank and Ben.

Alias 1923.

PROPHECY

The scene is laid in Sherwood Forest, in Merry England. Shadow-of-a-Leaf, a Jester, half man and half fairy, enters.

Shadow-of-a-Leaf:—

The gates to Fairyland are open wide,
And I may enter in.
Great power of prophecy is mine
When I commune with Fairy folk.
Come, scraps of rainbow, floweret fairies,
Tell me what may come to pass;
Come, tell me of the Twentieth century
Of future folk in other lands.
Ah, vision of visions can I see
Behold a man, one Robert Sinclair;
A great physician shall he be,
Discovering how to banish measles,
A deadly, deadly malady.

A maiden sweet next comes to view,
Corinne Goodman, a famous actress.
Next shall I tell of one John Russell,
A quiet lad, but a Wall Street magnate.
Justina Taylor's forte is plain—
A mother of a dozen shall she be.
Gordon Hahn, a silent boy in school 'twas said,
Will invent an unusual talking machine.
More quiet folks—one Helen Van Doren,
Will marry a parson in Hindustan.
Dow Mills, a second Edmund Burke,
Will shake the world with declamations.
Ruth Ludy and Helen Martin, partners,
Will corner the market for sewing machines.
Willie Taylor, patient worker,
Soon will find her forte in teaching.
Dolores Thornton, political boss,
Will do away with all bootlegging.
Good James Lent and Frederick Fritts
Are destined for New York's police force.
One young poetess will follow
Amy Lowell—Audrey Block,
Randolph Baker will be agent
For a standard radio corporation.
Mary Douglas will lead a kindergarten,
For whose children is not told.
Now can be seen "Stan" Hendrickson,
Head cashier of a national bank.
One diplomat to foreign countries,
Nesbitt Powell, is revealed.
Conde Nast, the great Vogue printer,
Will hire Frank Jennings as chief designer.
From the Senate, Robert Darby
Will be president of our country.
Upon all future theatre programs
Philip Aks will write of fashions—
"What the well dressed man will wear."
Fredrick Braun is seen as Captain
Of a champion big league team.
The Amalgamated Electric Company
Will have as founder Arthur Bunnell.
Elsie Kent will sway the millions
With her art as concert singer.
Painless Dentistry's L-t-d-
Is writ on Frederick Casey's shingle.
Edward White will be the manager
Of a famous concert singer.
Two dignified and bachelor brokers
Are Horace Baker and Daniel Cluff.
Years hence Charles Wilson will become
A famous osteopathic doctor.

Vernon Littlefield to far-off Iceland
Will go as helpful missionary.
Lessons in the art of dancing
Will be taught by Stewart Morton.
Paul Riedel and Lawrence Nelson
Will start a traveling ten-ring circus.
An interior decorator comes to view,
Alice Eskesen, to beautify the world.
Evelyn Anderson, quiet, but of steadfast mind,
Will be a great physician, healing all.
Now Gilmore Spencer next is seen,
The greatest satirist of all the age.
Jack Stults, the coach of Lafayette College,
Will startle the world with his tactics in football.
Inventor of breakfast foods
Dorothy Dushanek now I see.
In wig and gown, William Spencer
Presides as chief justice of the land.
Charles Weller will construct cathedrals,
While Stanley Carlson rings church chimes.
William Darrock will become
A famous member of Scotland Yard.
Eleanor Wood will tour the world.
Edwin Ganzel to the world's surprise
Will teach in Harvard—economics.
William Price and Horace Hatfield
As shrewd business men are seen.
Two preachers from the class discovered,
Elmer Chattin, Fighting Parson,
Second, a woman—Helyn Gray.
William Fredrick will devise
A lightning rod for submarines.
Ernie Bunnell and Marge Harnish
Besides all housewifely cares,
Will be patrons of a home for orphans.
One author of a world-wide fame,
Edward Hubert, will write novels.
Halsey Cook, a great sport editor,
Will write of red-hot, sizzling prize-fights.
Olive Clark and Lucille Burke
Will be Russian ballet dancers.
In many Olympics with women entries,
Marion Mills will win the high jump.
Walter MacCowatt will fall heir
To a Monte Carlo palace.
Edwin Edwards will be singer
In the Metropolitan Opera.
Marion Braillard will teach school,
Dean of Languages in Wellesley.
Lawrence Arguimbau in future
Will be champion checker-player.

Robert Wright will own a garage,
And tinker with cars to his heart's content.
A wonderful editor next is seen,
Anne Outwater will publish "The Century."
A prince of Keith's circuit—Ah—behold!
Matthew Glass, renowned comedian.
Walter Damrosch, the great director,
Will yield his place to Wilmot Snyder.
Oh! what is this? My power is leaving;
I can no longer prophecy;
The fairies have gone—the gates are closing—
Alas—the mortals are returning.
Where human beings enter in,
The fairy-folk must yield their sway.

Evelyn Anderson, '23.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

The Senior Class wishes to take this opportunity to thank the teachers who have heartily supported every activity that we have attempted and have made it possible for us to succeed in all our projects. Special gratitude we give to Miss Alber for her wonderful training in our Senior Play and all other dramatic productions. We have much to thank Miss Bible for—her constant help and advice in our literary accomplishments—and we surely did appreciate our tea, too. Without Miss Orgill, Miss Hammell, and Mr. Stuart, our Seniors' advisors, we positively would not have had the heart to undertake all our Senior tasks, but with encouragement, one can do anything. Our scenery in the Play would have been lacking if Miss Howard had not taken an interest in us and directed everything with taste. Miss Dickenson's hard work on costumes has surely been appreciated. Class Day could not have been such a success if Miss Wheelock had not trained us for our dance.

It would be impossible for us to acknowledge fittingly in a small space all the assistance rendered to us by the faculty, but we know that our success is chiefly due to their untiring efforts.

CLASS CATALOGUE

Done most for '23—Jessie Orgill.
Most dramatic—Cast of "Nothing But the Truth."
Most popular girl—Marion Mills.
Most popular boy—Robert Sinclair.
Most attractive girl—Corinne Goodman.
Prettiest girl—Marion Mills.
Handsome boy—Stewart Morton.
Class poet—Dow Mills.
Class musician—Eddy Edwards.
Class bookworm—Vernon Littlefield.
Class giggler—Mary Douglas.
Class optimist—James Lent.
Class pessimist—Helyn Gray.
Class baby—Anne Outwater.
Class shadow—Helen Van Doren.
Class skyscraper—Robert Darby.
Class miniature—Laurence Nelson.
Class orator—Robert Darby.
Most sarcastic—Gilmore Spencer.
Most polite—Frederick Casey.
Most talkative—Alice Eskesen.
Most outspoken—Marion Braillard.
Most ambitious—Daniel Cluff.
Most stylish—Frances Jennings.
Most studious—Dolores Thornton.
Most independent—William Spencer.
Most unconcerned—Frederick Fritts.
Most critical—Halsey Cook.
Most bashful girl—Justina Taylor.
Most bashful boy—Horace Hatfield.
Most self-satisfied—William Price.
Most individual—Randolph Baker.
Most original—Evelyn Anderson.
Most undecided—Audrey Block.
Most stubborn—Helyn Gray.
Class Gentleman—Edward White.
Most willing—Charles Weller.
Girl athlete—Kathryn West.
Boy athlete—Charles Wilson.
Best natured girl—Ernestine Bunnell.
Best natured boy—Wilmot Snyder.

Best girl dancer—Frances Jennings.
Best boy dancer—Eddy Edwards.
Best sport—Robert Wright.
Biggest bluffer—William Frederick.
Biggest flirt—Catherine Hornung.
Class carpenter—Charles Weller.
Peppiest—Marion Braillard.
Laziest—Frederick Braun.
Luckiest—Walter MacCowatt.
Noisiest—Halsey Cook.
Wittiest—Edward Hubert.
Who thinks he is—William Price.
Ten o'clock scholar—Edwin Ganzel.
Happy-go-lucky—Charles Wilson.
Class philosopher—Gilmore Spencer.
Class dreamer—Lucille Burke.
Least known—Helen Martin.
Most desirous of renown—Stanley Carlson.
Best sleeper—Matthew Glass.
Jolliest—Stanford Hendrickson.
Class cook—Dorothy Dushanek.
Class Seamstress—Marion Braillard.
Most romantic—Elsie Kent.
Brightest—Anne Outwater.
Class dumbbell—Audrey Block.
Jazziest—Nesbitt Powell.
Quietest girl—No such thing.
Quietest boy—John Russell.
Rosiest—Elmer Chattin.
Biggest teaser—Horace Baker.
Most conscientious—Willetta Taylor.
Most punctual—Gordon Hahn.
Biggest primper—Olive Clark.
Most inquisitive—Ruth Ludy.
Class Sheik—Philip Aks.
Newest—Eleanor Wood.
Better half—Marjorie Harnish.
Class chemist—Paul Reidel.
Class physicist—Laurence Arguimbau.
Class Romeo—Robert Sinclair.



Literary

DOES WESTFIELD HIGH SCHOOL WANT A MAGAZINE?

As this school year ends, one great question looms up into view—Does the Westfield High School want a magazine next year?

Our Weather Vane has been something to be proud of, something that helps W. H. S. to keep its high reputation. It ought to have been, and has been of interest to every one in the school. During the two years since the Weather Vane was first started, it has been increasing rapidly in size and importance. It has passed safely the dangers of infancy, and is now a good-sized paper. Are we, the students of the Westfield High School—the persons for whose benefit the magazine was started and has been kept up—are we going to let it fall flat, just when it is ready to burst into bloom? Shall we—because of the lack of a little effort—let the hard work of the first two years result in nothing?

It is up to every one of us to make the magazine a “go.” If we could only make “every student a contributor,” if each person would buy his own magazine instead of reading his neighbor’s or not reading any—the Weather Vane would flourish with all the vigor of the student body behind it.

After all, Westfield High is our school. We are the students who make it, and as such, we should see that everything pertaining to it is of the best. We want the Weather Vane to sell widely—not for the cash alone, but so that the people of Westfield may see what we are doing and how we compare with other schools. You can make it sell!

It is well known that a person gets out of a thing as much as he puts into it, and so—if each student contributed to the Weather Vane, he would have an immediate interest in seeing that it sold.

The editors can’t do all the work. Heretofore they have collected and corrected all the material, and now they are being asked to write it. The Weather Vane isn’t for the benefit of the editorial staff. It is for

the student body—for YOU. You must be its supporters. The magazine is not a cold outsider. It is your school paper—your representative in the school world. It is yours!

Will you let it fail?

Gwendolen Crane Smith, '25.

CHENG'S VENGEANCE

The steamship *Esther Dollar* sailed from Boston, November eighteenth, bound for the Orient. With her she carried the bones of three hundred and fifty Chinese who had died in New England, some of them as long ago as 1889.

Two days out a storm struck her. The *Esther Dollar* was an old ship that should have been retired years ago, and full of cracks and creaks and dirt. In the gathering storm she lurched onward sickeningly. The captain swore at his men, and the engineer swore at his engines; all the crew was panic-stricken. The storm increased its fury.

Down in the hold crouched limply a stowaway who had found refuge in a kind of well formed by hundreds of boxes piled on all sides. These rose straight up into shadows beyond the light of a flickering Christmas candle set in its own wax on a box ledge. The cubby was a little world of its own. One could conceive of nothing beyond the confining walls and the suffocating blackness above. Even the crevice through which the man had entered was obliterated by a blue shirt and a muddy pair of overalls.

Four feet wide and four feet long! Hardly a desirable haven for even such as he. Lying down full length was impossible, but he did not wish to sleep. He sat tailor fashion on a heap of bags, with a blanket drawn over his thin knees, staring at the flame. The candle had burnt down to its base, and now he took another from a heap of vari-colored ones in a red and white box, and stuck it in the melted wax. The green and white and pink Christmas candles amused him. Good cheer and warmth and popcorn. He grinned vacantly.

He was mad, insane. His wizened old form and dishevelled hair over bloodshot eyes attested that. "Shannon Spear, Shannon Spear, Shannon Spear, Shannon Spear," he muttered endlessly through his cracked lips, "Shannon Spear," and chuckled, coughing. He paid no attention to the rolling ship or the creaking beams.

The storm rose in intensity and the lookout could not see through the torrents the derelict ahead. A tearing thud ground her bottom for a moment; then the ship crept forward again, lazily, and listing gradually to port. The captain called his men to the pumps. All was useless, how-

ever; an hour or two at the best was all they could hope for; after that, a thousand to one chance in the boats.

The stowaway staggered to his feet in amazement. The impact had caused one of the topmost boxes to fall into the hold with him. It had burst open. He stared, horror frozen. Then he burst into a frenzied, hopeless yell, for the white bones of a skeleton gleamed through the split boards. His sanity had come back, God save him, and he realized absolute, stark terror. He tore at the walls, but in vain. Merciful insanity would not return. At length he screamed himself out. He could experience nothing worse now, yet pangs of fear quivered through his body as the candle, Christmas candle, flickered fearsomely over the gleaming skull. He tore his face from the thing and glanced at the now terrifying blackness above. But the skeleton drew his eyes, and he, silent now, looked again.

"Who are you? The ship is sinking." In a whisper, "Who are you?"

Remembrance came breaking in upon him; he remembered now. He had read of it in the newspaper. "Bones of Chinese to go home." All of those boxes, then, were full of skeletons, surrounding him, jeering. And the ship was sinking.

Ah, a tag was attached to the box. He read, and jumped back with a scream. "My wife, little Cheng, my Chinese wife! How did she die? I cannot remember. And these are her bones. She swore to avenge herself. And now—I must have been mad a long time. I feel her jaw, her sockets, her spine. When was I hit? Yes, I was mad. I was a unique collector; my fortune enabled that. Some collect flags, coins, or pottery, but I collected echoes. Yes, that was unique. Was it mad? I cannot tell. I bought them in India, in Spain, everywhere. I went to all countries. Did she move her jaw? It seemed so. Double and triple echoes, I bought the land that held them. An obsession, they called it. But it gave me pleasure. Four or five echoes in one, how they come back, thrilling, haunting me. I went to China and married Cheng. She soon found I was mad. I brought her home to America. My great fortune was almost gone. I could not assemble my prizes in one place. And then I heard of an echo in Maine that surpassed all others. It was wonderful. It vibrated everlastingly. All the demons of hell together could make no such noise; wolves howling down the winter passes of the Himalayas. I returned day after day. Difficulties with Cheng for years. An unhappy marriage. She Chinese, I English. The echoes could be made either by yelling or rolling big stones into the cavern. She hated me; her fleshless teeth sneer at me now. But she did not escape. She knew well, too well, that I was mad. Again I came to the echo, although my health was failing. My voice was gone. How to produce the noise? I looked at Cheng

sitting sulkily on the ground. A wave of irritation and self-pity flooded me. I seized her, and laughing, tossed her in. The surging echoes rolled and re-echoed, billowing around me, thrilling, shaking me. The echo died, moaningly, and I fled from the spot. She had long sworn to avenge herself on me. Her skeleton! God! I hold my throat. Hers, hers, these her bones; the flesh has rotted away, her sockets grinning from her skull. The water is rising, rising. I don't remember how I came here. To escape the law, of course. Christmas candles, green and white and pink, mocking me. And Cheng swore to avenge herself. I gasp, choke. Her talons clasp me. The water rises. Can I not get out? The entrance is filled. Held here with my dear wife, ha, ha, ha! Her bones rattle with the creaking. Help, help, help! She comes back in the flesh. See the cloud steal over her bones. I cannot, cannot get out. My nails are broken. Her face takes shape. She leers at me. The candle is flickering. Cheng, my wife, pity me. Do not torture me. Speak, speak, and pardon me. What does she say? Her fleshless gums chatter loathsomely. The water rises. To my chin. To her chin. Bones again. The flesh has gone. Pardon, Cheng, pardon, pardon."

The candle went out with a hiss, and the fear-struck soul after its final agonies lay quietly with the gleaming bones.

Gilmore Spencer, '23.

ON BEING ABSENT-MINDED

I have always felt a keen sense of pity for absent-minded people. They are constantly being ridiculed, and are often the cause of great mirth. It is next to impossible to pick up any magazine without finding the usual joke about the absent-minded something or other.

My experience in that field is, much to my embarrassment, the greatest of family jokes.

Several months ago it was my misfortune to be obliged to take my youngest sister shopping. An unusually heavy storm was raging, and as I insisted on wearing my best clothes, Mother felt that it was her duty to give me her umbrella, which, incidentally, is the only really good one in the family.

Knowing that leaving things behind is one of my greatest failings, I was reminded at least a dozen times before I left to be sure to bring the umbrella back.

Walking down the street, I kept saying to myself, "I mustn't leave the umbrella in the car, etc., etc.," until I felt confident that I would.

Having made short work of the shopping, we were soon on our way home. We had gotten out of the car, and were walking down the street, when my sister suddenly asked me where the umbrella was.

The fatal moment had arrived! "I left it in the trolley car," I fairly screamed, and started after the car, knowing all the while that I could never catch it.

Without thinking of what I was doing, I rushed into a store to call a taxi. The man on the other end of the wire politely inquired where I wanted to go, and in my excitement I replied, "I haven't the faintest idea, but please hurry."

In less than no time the taxi had arrived. I explained my trouble to the driver, and asked him to follow the trolley. He said because of the storm, he would have to take me down to the car barns.

I sank wearily back in the car, and prepared for a long ride, and a large taxi bill. Suddenly I felt something cold and wet around my ankles. What! That couldn't be the umbrella hanging on my arm! Too true. There it was, and had been all the time.

I tapped lightly on the window, and said meekly to the driver, "Will you please take me home? I've found what I was looking for."

'23.

THE MEDIUM

Most college girls, when they go out for amusement, usually want more excitement than they get around their college; and these two girls I am going to tell you about were out for a lot of unusual amusement.

It was a bleak afternoon (for it has to be a bleak afternoon where there is an unusual adventure involved), when our two friends left the college grounds for the excitement of the town. The main streets offered nothing more than the usual store windows and the many types of American people walking about the streets, so they turned from the business sections and wandered on and on to the small by-ways that are forbidden walks to the college students. While walking slowly past one of the low, dark buildings, one of the girls looked up and saw a sign that read, "Medium."

"Oh, Marj," she said, "a Medium! Come on! Be a sport. Let's go in."

Marj, like so many obedient (?) and law-abiding college girls, gasped, and said, "It would be fun—it's forbidden, you know. If we were caught here, we'd be campussed or they'd do some awful thing to us for breaking rules. This street is the one that is absolutely forbidden. Let's not."

"Oh, you and your old rules make me sick. Besides, who'll ever know the difference?" And finally Marj was won over by the pleading Dotty.

But friend Marj only consented to go in on the condition that one go

at a time; the other one waiting outside should call for the police if she thought it necessary. Who was to go in? The only fair way to decide was to toss a coin, so, "heads," and Dot won.

When Dot walked in the door, she entered a dark room, the only excuse for any sort of a light being a shimmering curtain at one end. The air was heavy with incense, and the only sound was a cat-like tread she heard from behind the curtain! Oh, why had she ever come into that place? But it had been her idea and she had to stand it out.

Through it, and seemed to feel about in the air for something; then the curtain opened entirely, and there stood a most horrible looking creature dressed like a Sheik. He just stood still with his arms stretched forward, and Dot felt that he was hypnotizing her. Then he took a step forward, and she, for some unknown reason, took one forward also.

Then the "Sheiky" person started coming nearer and nearer her, at each step saying, "I'm so happy, I'm so happy."

She tried to shriek, but could do no more than open her mouth. Surely he was hypnotizing her! Finally, he was almost touching her. His gaze was still fixed on her eyes, and still in that awful, monotonous voice he said, "I'm so happy, I'm so happy."

His hands were about one inch from her face when she, with some forced power, lifted her hand and struck him, because her mother had always told her to strike a happy medium.

Mary Douglas, '23.

SUNRISE

In a clear, clear sky of deepest blue,
The glorious sun of color red,
Rises slowly into view,
Between tinted clouds o'erhead.

Up from behind the stately pines
It slowly wends its way,
And every beam that from it shines
Proclaims the coming day.

It paints the landscape far and near,
It vanquishes black night,
And every beam sends out good cheer
By its path of golden light.

Gertrude Taylor, '26.

A FABLE

The devil was seated on his throne. Around him shone a hot red light diffused by the burning of many fires. Although these fires were some distance away, they were so big that their light shone over everything. They formed a great circle. Inside this circle men were seated at card tables playing cards. They seemed to be having a good enough time except that they were all in full dress suits, which seemed to annoy them a great deal.

The devil was bored, dreadfully bored. Really, being the devil was such a stupid job. There were only so many possible ways of torturing people, and he had used them all many times over. He wished he could think of some way to torture the people who were not yet dead. If he could only let some evil loose on earth!

* * * * *

The Great Inventor sat in his spacious living-room before a softly glowing fire, thinking, thinking. He was on the trail of another great invention. He was noted for the simplicity yet usefulness of his inventions. There were no lights in the room except that cast by the fire. It bathed his beautiful daughter in a ruddy light. She was sitting at his feet gazing into the fire and dreaming dreams. She was perfectly happy and contented. She laid her head on her father's knee and sighed happily. She raised her head and her hair fell down.

Meanwhile the Great Inventor kept on thinking, thinking. He loved his daughter dearly, but her hair was messy and unsightly, always falling around. Why couldn't she keep it up even with the aid of the best hair-pins in the world, which he had imported for her especial benefit? Still he reflected, she was no different from others. All girls' hair looked sloppy. Girls were "big fishes" anyway, he thought. "Big fishes," said his subconscious mind, "are caught in nets. Why," questioned his whole mind, "why couldn't girls' hair be caught in nets? Why not, indeed?"

* * * * *

The devil was seated on his throne. His kingdom was the same scene as ever, yet he was no longer bored. In fact, he was vastly amused. He had caused the Great Inventor to invent hair-nets. He was supremely happy!!!

* * * * *

The Great Inventor and his daughter were seated in the spacious living-room of the Great Inventor's house. The soft glow from the fire made the only light in the room. The Great Inventor's daughter sat at his feet and gazed at the fire. She laid her head on her father's knee. She raised it, and although her hair remained in perfect order, there was an almost imperceptible ripping sound. Her eyes filled with tears. She

sighed deeply. "The seventh," she moaned.

"What?" inquired her father.

"The seventh hair net I've ripped today," she wept. "Oh, why did you ever invent hair-nets? They are ruining my happiness! When my best beloved comes to call I dare not greet him for fear he will rip my hair-net. I dare not do anything for fear I will rip my hair net. Oh, oh, oh!!"

So it was all over the land. Sadness reigned everywhere among women. And so it is this day. And that is the true story of how hair-nets came to be.

Sarah Meyers, '24.

ON GOING TO BED

"Come, John, it's time for you to go to bed." How many times we hear that admonition repeated, until finally, exasperated even beyond the limits of her seemingly limitless patience, Mother calls, "John, I want you to go to bed, right away." This in a tone which arouses even your sleepy mind to instinctive obedience.

So you put aside your book and laboriously undress, and, unless you are very tired, meticulously fold the trousers and hang them up, having first emptied the pockets on the table.

The first of this series of seemingly Herculean labors performed, your long day already having a soporific effect on you, you "gang along" to the bathroom, where your nightly ablutions are performed. You clean your teeth, all the time swearing, in a long stream of profanity which makes the cleaning doubly necessary, at the makers of that vile-tasting tooth-paste that your sister persists in using, and which you sometimes mistake for your own.

When that is done, back over the cold floors you go, hopping from rug to rug until you reach your room. You open your windows, hurry through your prayers with that night air going over your back and through your pajamas, and then hurry in to kiss mother, who is already half asleep.

By this time you are fully awake, but crawl into the clean sheets, snap out the light, and are wafted away to dream land.

I have heard people remark, "Oh, if sleeping were only unnecessary—if I only didn't have to go to bed." Then, in an effort to be fair-minded, they will go on to tell of our dreams, and the pleasure they are, and the ideas obtained from them, but they always end with a complaint at the hours "wasted" in sleeping.

It seems to me that they skip over an important phase of the question. If it were not for sleep, what would relieve the monotony of life? They forget that, after all, there is a Supreme Power, who, having the

welfare of us mortals at heart, would not compel us to sleep if it were not to our best advantage.

I think going to bed and sleeping are great privileges, ones which I shall always value highly. There is no feeling to be quite compared with that which one experiences when, utterly tired, he crawls between clean, white, crisp sheets for a good night's rest. Robert Darby, '23.

Mr. Johnson—"Define space for us."

Student—"Well-er-a, I have it in my head but I can't define it.—Li-Tah-Ni.

Mike—"Do you know, dear, I've had something trembling on my lips for a long time?"

She—"Well, why don't you have it shaved off?"—Advance.

"Well," said the barber, as Rip Van Winkle walked down the street, "this fellow certainly seems to have a good head for business."—F. H. S. Spirit.

METROPOLIS VERSUS NATURE

The glamour of the golden way,
 The hum and buzz of life,
 Along the crowded thoroughfares,
 Where all is noisy rife,
 Creates a welcome thrill, enthralls,
 And holds in tight embrace,
 And guides a person's very soul
 With awe he cannot grace.
 But soon it goes, and in its stead
 Contempt, in bright sequence,
 O'erswamps the mind and there is left
 But cold indifference.
 The mystery of Nature's wilds,
 Its secrets, pure and sweet,
 Unblemished by a human stain,
 Where birds and creatures meet,
 Create the thrills, which give to all
 Enlightenment and regard.
 They do not fail, nor even die,
 Their strength cannot retard.
 But ever as the time goes on
 That's spent in Nature's arms,
 The thrill remains and never fades,
 She'll never lose her charms.

C. Bull, '26.

IS SHE STUBBORN?

"Stubborn? Is she stubborn? Why, that girl's name ought to be Maud!" Jamming his fists into his pockets, he grunted disgustedly.

"Bob, you don't mean it! You said yesterday she was an angel!"

"Well, yesterday she was an angel, but last night she wasn't."

The two boys sighed, shook hands wonderingly and sighed again, sadly perplexed at the vagaries of one little girl.

"Am I late? Will be down in a minute." The voice, coming from the upper regions of the house, served to awaken the boys to a world of rosy hue. Bob looked at his friend and, sighing ecstatically, straightened his tie and smoothed his patent-leather hair.

As the girl came down the stairs, Bob rushed to the door, endeavoring to keep his joyous grin in check.

"Howd'y, Connie. Your disposition all right now?"

"You big—big——" she was almost indignant. Bob interrupted.

"Connie, want you to meet Mr. Duffield."

"So this is 'Dear Old Duffy'! I'm awfully glad to meet you; Bob has talked so much about you that I'm not going to 'get acquainted'! I know you already."

Duffy, from high in the air, looked down to her vivacious face. "And I would have known you if we had met on the street. Bob had his room papered with snapshots of you, and kept his bureau and desk so covered with photos of you that everything else was relegated to the bureau drawers."

"Don't you think he's a nice kid?" Connie's eyes were very green and big, and they widened with earnestness. "But isn't he stubborn?"

Duffy stepped back in alarm and, troubled, looked at Bob, who contemptuously folded his arms and grimly narrowed his eyes to small slits.

"Go ahead, Constance Mayfield, blacken my character to my friends."

"Well, you needn't try to insult me by calling me by my own name! And since he roomed with you last year, you needn't think that I could tell him anything about you that would surprise him! Could I, Mr. Duffield?"

"No, indeed, Miss Mayfield. Bob's as stubborn as they come." With his chin defiantly tilted, he eyed his friend.

"Humph! He's brave now; you make him feel so big and strong! But he's only trying to humor you; he knows——"

"I guess it's time to go, isn't it, Bob? Didn't you know we were going to Anne's? She's giving a party for me. Now, stop your grumbling!"

"I didn't say a word!"

"No, but you were going to. And don't do it, please. I want to go; don't you all want to?" How wistfully she asked it!

"Of course we do," Duffield answered, and Bob followed them gloomily.

Several hours later, after the last lingering good night had been said, the boys sat on the steps of Bob's porch. Bob, resting his hand on the step, sighed. Duffy placed his big hand affectionately on Bob's shoulder.

"Wish you all sorts of luck, old man."

"The only sort I ever have is bad luck," Bob answered grumblingly.

"You're in luck to know her. I'd give an eye to know her as well as you do and have the drag you have."

"If she wasn't so darn stubborn! Lord, she does anything she thinks I don't want her to do, and she'd rather be boiled in oil than let me have my way."

"Bob, has she ever felt sorry for you?" Duffield spoke slowly, thoughtfully.

"Sorry for me? Well, I should say not!"

"Uh-huh. Thought not. Suppose we try that. Hey, sit down! Now, I ask you, have I ever been hard up for good girls?"

"You have not, but I know a——"

"You don't know a darn thing. In the first place, you try to drive Connie, and she needs to be coaxed; then you feed her a steady diet of sweets, when she craves an occasional cabbage and string-bean. You——"

"I feed her sweets when——"

"O, wake up, you fool! Try to understand, will you? I'll elucidate: you want to help her up a path of roses, and she needs to be shoved around a little. You treat her as though she were a rare and fragile piece of china, and she needs to be treated rough—though she doesn't know it! See?"

"I guess so, but——"

"She also likes to tease you, you are so easy to rag, and you either get huffy or pretend you aren't teased. Now don't get indignant! You must act teased when you are, when you're not sometimes, too; that's a mighty good line when used by the right person, and you can do it fine. Are you taking this in, or am I talking to a dead man?"

"I sit at thy feet, O Sheik! And I'm not so dumb as I look. Some grains of thy wisdom are penetrating."

"Good! And now the most important thing of all this is: awaken her sympathy, make her feel sorry for you. And don't you feel sorry for her when she begins to sympathize!"

"Why should she feel sorry for me?"

"You remember when Mike's dog was run over, he was kind of cut up over it. Belle almost forgot she's ever said 'howd'y-do' to me and for a week Mike was the 'poor dear Mike,' and I got a handful of wooden nickles. Remember?"

"Well, I can't——"

"Now, don't get indignant! You won't necessarily have to kill your dog or break an arm, though you could break a leg——"

"You might throw me down stairs." Bob waxed sarcastic.

"That might do. Shall I?"

"Sit down! You might break my nose or give me a cauliflower ear, and then she'd sympathize! Yes, she would!" The boy was bitter.

"Oh, come on, let's go to bed. It's four-thirty now and your mother will be disappointed if I'm not up for lunch."

"Humph! Don't hate yourself, do you? Funny thing how Mother and Dad like you. I never could understand it. But, Duffy, you've the right line on Connie, all right."

"We'll talk about it some more tomorrow. Belle's a lot like Connie, only she's had more experience. I like 'em clever, but willing to learn a few more tricks. Great bunch you've got in town. What's her name—Hattie—something——"

"Hattie Belle Hales."

"She's some lady; wicked smile; and how she can dance!"

"I never liked her much."

"You wouldn't, having Connie. Come on; I'm getting old; I need sleep."

At Duffy's door, Bob paused.

"Good night, Duff. I guess you're right about Connie; thanks a lot, I want to get her."

"You will, Bob; leave it to me."

The next day the two boys again waited for Connie.

"Now, remember, Bob, don't overdo anything. Make it moderate."

"Sh—— Hello, Connie. Duffy's leaving this afternoon. Just brought him over to say 'good-bye.'"

"Going today! Why, don't you like us?" Her big eyes widened adorably.

"I surely do, but Bob's best friend is going to get married real soon, and I have to be there."

Bob turned his back and walked heavily to the window.

"Ooo, tell me about it! Who is he? Don McFey?"

Duffy motioned to her to be quiet, and led her to the other end of the room. Bob continued to gaze unseeingly out of the window.

"Belle Rogers is going to be married, and she and Bob were engaged

the last time he heard from her. And the rotten part of it is that she is going to marry me!"

"What! Bob engaged! The girl Bob was engaged to is going to marry you?" Had he been a worm he would have felt her contempt. "And you said you were his friend! The girl must be mighty blind and low;—but she couldn't be any lower than you!"

She whirled about and walked quickly to Bob. Putting her hands on his arm, she said softly, "I'm so sorry, Bobby. But I'm glad she's getting that Duffield person. She doesn't need any worse punishment." A glance over her shoulder withered Duffield and hastened his wordless departure.

Bob's head drooped, and Connie smoothed his hair. "I know it's hard, Bobby, to lose two friends, but they never could have loved you, or they'd"—she choked on a sob—"they'd never have stopped."

Bob could not stand her dear sympathy, so, with an honest mist in his eyes, he hurried away.

When he reached home, he found Duffield in the kitchen preparing to eat.

"Didn't I tell you? All you've got to do now is to keep her interested; and, Lord, but those green eyes can swear! I felt the size I was twenty-one years ago when mama carried me in her arms!"

"I don't feel that big. Gosh, it's a dirty trick! If you could have seen her. She almost cried, and it was all a lie."

"Bob, you haven't got a heart; yours is just a great big balloon. You poor thing! Let her know that you deceived her, and she'll stick a pin in that balloon. Now this is working fine!"

"I'll have to have your help. Tell me what to do."

"Have some lettuce? No? Don't let a little thing like this ruin your appetite. Say, that's a good idea; get thin and gaunt; but, remember: try bravely to be cheerful."

Bob took a note-book from his pocket and made a note of this.

"Think of anything else, Doc?"

"Yes, don't blame me to her. A quiet, hurt, uncomplaining silence is best. She'll be deceived into thinking your disposition is good. Got that down? Here's something else: Don't be too rough or too nice; be moderate. And make your fall for her visibly gradual. When she's being exceptionally cute, break away from the sorrow and look at her in surprise, amazed that she can be so interesting. Gradually lessen your spells of abstraction, and very gradually show your interest. When a decent length of time has passed, long enough for a punctured heart to be vulcanized, make love snappily. That must be accomplished with speed; and keep it interesting. Don't ever let her know how much you care."

"Boy, where did you learn so much?" Bob was awed.

"Well, I've been practicing for a long time, but I'd never have learned any of this alone. I've picked it up, 'here a little, there a little,' from"—he paused dramatically—"girls. Law! Ten minutes to get the train! Will Bertha run today?"

He was half-way up the stairs before Bob could answer.

"I'll get her out now; if you're ready, come out to the garage; that'll save time."

After two weeks of waiting, the uncertainty proved too much for Duffield, and Bob received the following telegram of four words: "How is it coming?"

The reply, "Too many cabbages, but am adding sweets. Am interested already," caused Duffield to smile exultantly, "What a girl, some vulcanizer for Bob!"

A few weeks later Duffield received another telegram: "Everybody happy. Instructions carried out. It worked. How is Belle?"

The busy man could stop only for a hasty moment at the Western Union office. His message, however, stunned Bob. It was as follows: "Congratulations. Knew it would. Belle engaged to Mike. His other dog died. Have found second Connie."

"Gosh! Couldn't get Belle! But he got Connie for me all right." Bob was amazed, but too happy to be very sorry for his friend.

Duffield was just then in need of sympathy. He had received a letter from Connie, and this is what he read:

"Dear Old Duffy:

"You did nobly. Bob and I are so grateful to you—though Bob doesn't know that I am. You made it so easy for me, for I never could have let him make me like him, could I?

"I was sorry that you lost Belle, but you used the wrong method. Belle likes boys to be clever, but willing to learn. Be meek once in a while with Belle.

"Isn't she a dear girl? We were such good friends in school, but it has been ages since I saw her.

"Do come to see Bob again; I'd love to talk to you.

"Gratefully,

"CONNIE."

"The stubborn little mule!" Duffy was crushed. "Her name ought to be Maud! Law, what a girl!" He sat down on the edge of the table and stared murderously at the offensive note. "And I learned about women from her! But I admit I was clever to get her for Bob."

After a moment's indecision, he took up the 'phone and called a certain number. "Hello, Belle? Duff. Let me come down this evening? Please, I'm an awful bore, I know, but— Good girl! I'll be there at eight. No, eight. Well, eight-thirty, then. 'Bye. Boy! Girls are clever. 'Set a thief to catch a thief' every time."

Corinne Goodman, '23.

THE SONG OF THE TREES

In the deep and breathless silence
Of the fragrant woods of Maine,
Great fir, and lofty pine-trees
Border every path and lane.

When all is dark and silent,
There awakes a tiny breeze,
And soon that whole great forest
Is murm'ring the song of the trees.

First a soft sweet lilting cadence,
Then a sad deep tune, not long;
Now a pleasant, cheerful rhythm,
So echoes the forest's song.

From the mighty lords of the forest,
Who survey their lands with ease,
To each tender bright green sapling,
All join in the song of the trees.

Marion Thompson, '26.

THE AVERAGE GIRL OF AMERICA

In the foreign countries that I have visited, I have observed that certain customs are peculiar to each. Naturally, being a man, or a so-called man, my eye went first to the ladies, later to the men. In all countries, I noticed a decidedly wide margin between man and woman.

On arriving in the States after my trips, I paraded up and down the busy streets of New York City, and then "stood by" for a couple of weeks at Frutchey's. Watching the young ladies and men, I decided that there was an over-abundant resemblance in the dress of the two. It is a crime the way the girls are taking away fashions in clothes from us. Of course, we don't have to give them up, but when the ladies start to wear the same style clothes as the men, we have to give them up because they are the weaker sex (yes, they are).

The practice of cutting the hair, which heretofore has been a tradition of the men, has been adopted by the girls. The girls now have the monopoly on that tradition, so I guess in the near future we men will

have to let ours grow; that is, if the girls do not tire of the fashion. The funny part of it is, they even comb it as the men do, either parted, or straight back, like Mr. Stewart's. Some fellows don't comb their hair at all, and will you believe that the girls have even gone as far as to have their crop of alfalfa look like that? You know what that looks like—the dickens!

Of course, you know that the wearing of trousers among men is about as old a custom as that of cutting the hair. However, the girls now wear our breeches. They buy them, and those who haven't the price to buy them, borrow a pair; if they can't buy or borrow them, they create or manufacture a pair. Just watch a girl's face when she passes you in Knickerbockers. If she blushes, well, she's got on somebody else's or a home-made pair.

They wear low-heeled shoes now, claiming that they are French, or something like that. Anyhow, it's an excuse that's not to be recognized. They smoke our cigarettes. Not Philip Morris or Milo, but Lucky Strike, Fatima or Camels; you know, the kind that are strong and kill you quickly.

It is pitiful to see them try to imitate the college man's swagger. Wearing their hats at an angle of thirty-five degrees like their brother's, they call themselves collegiate.

And last, as they couldn't take the vote away from us, they interfered, and now we have to divide that. Oh! the girls and ladies. They say that man cannot live without woman, but I think the women would certainly have a pretty tough time living without men. They couldn't have any new clothes or fashions—that means they would die because it is also said that a woman can't live without new clothes! Any girls wishing to dispute this essay, see me!

Quod erat demonstrandum,

Cholly Wilson, '23.

APPLE BLOSSOMS

Flecked with the sunlight's golden gleam,
Caressed by the South Wind gay,
Like a happy, glorious fairy-dream
Sways the dainty bride of May.

With petals white as swans-down,
Light as a fairy fay,
The fresh green leaves form a fitting crown
For the happy bride of May;

Robed in her gown of spotless white,
As the breezes round her play,
The soft, cool petals falling light;
Nature's lovely bride of May.

Marion Scott, '26.



GLEE CLUB OPERETTA

On May 24th and 25th the Glee Club gave the Comic Operetta, "Pocahontas." Its great success was due to the untiring efforts of Miss Jagger and the whole-hearted co-operation of the faculty and the student body. The Cast was as follows:

Pow-Hat-On, Chief of the Chuckdallahs.....	Louis Dietz
Pocahontas, his daughter.....	Frances Jennings
John Rolfe	}.....Paul Colson
E-Noes-It All	
John Smith	Kempton Searle
Ah Hum Medicine Man.....	Victor Meyer
Ah Meek Mother-in-Law	Mr. Brooks
Waw-Waw-Tay-See	Theodora Woolhouse
Queen Anne of England.....	Janet Darby
An Usher	Morgan Orr

Orchestra, Mr. Eugene Otto, '22 Concert Master.

Leader, Miss O. B. Jagger.

Accompanist, Miss Mooney.

THE UNION COUNTY SINGING CONTEST

The contest was held in Elizabeth at the Battin High School, on May 4th. The contest was a great success, judging by the number of the contestants, there being about six High Schools and ten Grammar Schools represented. The High Schools were divided into two groups, Class A and Class B.

The schools in Class A were required to sing Sullivan's "The Long Day Closes," and one other piece of their own choosing.

Class B sang "The Toreador Song" as a standard piece.

Westfield, by defeating Battin, won the Pennant for Class A, an

achievement which was made possible only by the hard work that both Miss Jagger and the chorus put on their production.

Roselle Park won the Class B title for High Schools, while Hillside won in the Grammar School Division.

Miss Mooney entered a fine chorus representing the best in our Grammar Schools.

Paul Colson, '24.

SENIOR DAY

It seems to us ("The Inferior Clawses") that every year about this time the Dignified Seniors have a sudden failing, they lose all control of that reserve that they have been accumulating for four years, and have a sudden let-down. They drop from their dizzy heights and become as Freshmen, as it were—simple, harmless, and gentle. As far as we remember, there were no calls for Morris Plains.

Starting with "Doc" Sinclair's speech, the Seniors gave us a really good program. The Hubert-Edwards combination was a real imitation of the backwoods men who live in that quaint little hamlet of Garwood. Dow Mills' play on words was extraordinary. One felt like saying choke him "or gill" him—doncha know.

More of the acting which made the Senior Play a success was displayed when "Two Crooks and a Lady" was presented. But, Olive, you had better take lessons in sharp-shooting; Stew wasn't killed by the bullet, he died of fright.

Next we were favored by seeing a mock Senior Class Meeting. Truly, it was unique. However, they are generous with their gifts, so I take this opportunity to make a motion that we, the inferior classes, send the Seniors a vote of thanks. We just know that Reckless Randolph will second the motion. All in favor of the motion will signify by passing the Final Exams. '24.

ATHLETICS

W. H. S. Champions of Two States

The girls' basketball team has won renown for themselves and for the School in this season's series. The team has been training since September, although the schedule did not begin until December.

Of thirteen straight victories, most of them were won by a generous margin. We wish, however, to thank Roselle and Glen Ridge for the splendid games given us, on their own courts; the latter, our favor by only one point, in an extra five minutes.

Westfield has been claiming "State" for the third time since March,

and has received no challenges, although Ridgewood is at present contemplating a retort. A game arranged with Meriden, Conn., for the title of that State, was unfortunately cancelled by them, but this disappointment was more than atoned by the encounter with Croton, New York State Champions.

Westfield's thirteen representatives received a hearty welcome from this little town, and congratulate it for a wonderful spirit, such as they have not met before. The game gained for us a fairly won, hard-fought championship. Those few present from Westfield were well repaid for their trip, and the team, with a score of 29—22, decided by an extra period on the two-division court, brought back to Westfield the second skull in their belt this year.

BASEBALL

Westfield's first game was played at Metuchen, and resulted in a victory for the Blue and White, 17—1. Jesse Harvey, a Freshman, was given a chance, and proved his ability as first-string pitcher. He made a number of strike-outs as well as timely hits. Wilson was transferred from short-stop to the position of catcher.

Our first home game, Union, was our second victory of the season, 9—0. Harvey again pitched, striking out five of Union's best in the few innings he played. He was succeeded by Braun, who also pitched excellent ball. Westfield made eleven hits. Union made seven. Chattin played second base, Hendrickson played short-stop, and Wilson caught again, making a new combination in the "air-tight" infield. This was our first County League game.

Saturday, April 21st, Westfield went to Princeton Prep., and lost 12—8 after a hard-fought battle. Westfield's old fighting spirit was shown in the fourth, fifth and sixth innings, when the score was brought from 7—1 to 8—7, Harvey's triple and Bliss' home run bringing in runs. Harvey again pitched and made three hits in four trips to the plate.

Westfield defeated Plainfield at Plainfield for the first time in four years, 8—2. The score stood 2—2 in the ninth inning, and in the tenth Westfield "came back," making six runs. Harvey held Plainfield scoreless in the last inning. "The Courier" said that if Jesse pitched for the rest of the season the way he did on that Monday, the Blue and White should beat any team in the county. That speaks for itself.

Hillside, Westfield's second County League contestant, was defeated 20—6 here in the fifth game of the season. In the first inning Westfield collected seven runs. Harvey allowed Hillside but one hit, no runs, and made eight strike-outs in the first three innings. Eighteen players were

given a chance, letting the rookies see what they could do for the Blue and White.

Westfield lost the second game to Somerville, 15—2. Harvey pitched excellent ball, striking out nine men. For the first seven innings all went well, but in the eighth and ninth our defense weakened and Somerville collected fourteen runs.

Linden was defeated at Lirnden in a very one-sided game, 28—0. This made our third County League victory. Westfield's big inning was the fourth, when the team made seven hits and eleven runs. Braun and Sinclair pitched for Westfield.

Roselle Park registered the first County League defeat of the season, 6—3. Braun pitched for the entire nine innings. He not only played an excellent game from the box, but his double in the sixth brought in two of our three runs. This was one of our hardest games.

The game with Chattel High of Long Branch resulted in a fourth defeat, 9—8. The game was hard fought and Westfield's big score came in the ninth when four runs were brought across. There were three distinct features in the game: first, "Tony" Bliss's pitching in the last six innings, during which time only three runs were brought in; secondly, Max Glasser's spectacular catch in the eighth; and Stan Hendrickson's homer in the ninth with Chollie on.

The best game of the season was with Rahway, at Rahway. Westfield won, 6—3. The game was nip and tuck until the sixth inning, the score being 3—2 in Rahway's favor. In the sixth and ninth innings, Westfield found Ferguson, the Rahway twirler, for four runs. The game was fast, both sides being retired in order for several innings. The infield was on its toes throughout the game, and played air-tight ball. The co-operation was perfect, and Harvey was given excellent support.

Geo. H. Thayer, '25,
Athletic Editor.

INTERCLASS BASEBALL

The first game of the interclass baseball series, Sophomore vs. Freshmen, was won by the yearly nine, 7—6. Neither team played sensational ball, but Schwartz, captain and pitcher of the 1926 team, starred, allowing only two hits. Peterson caught for the Freshies. Hildebrand and Pollack made up the Sophomore battery.

The Senior-Junior game, the second of the series, resulted in the first defeat the Juniors have seen this year, 15—8. MacCowatt pitched for the Seniors from the second inning, and during his term on the mound 1924 crossed the plate only four times. Bob Wright caught. Pitman pitched for the Junior nine, and Paige was on the receiving end.

TRACK

The quadrangular track meet held at Plainfield May 10th was won by Plainfield, with a score of 34 points, Westfield second, with 18 points, North Plainfield third, with 16 points, and Somerville fourth, with 13 points. Plainfield won six first places from a total of nine events. Westfield, however, has the distinction of being the only high school in the meet to take a place in every event. The team fought hard, and deserves a great deal of credit. The results speak for themselves.

100-Yard Dash—1st, Carr, Plainfield; 2nd, Glass, Westfield; 3rd, Ryno, North Plainfield. Time, 10 $\frac{4}{5}$ seconds.

220-Yard Dash—1st, Carr, Plainfield; 2nd, Ryno, North Plainfield; 3rd, Hubert, Westfield. Time, 23 $\frac{4}{5}$ seconds.

880 (Half Mile)—1st, Lee, North Plainfield; 2nd, Brown, Plainfield; 3rd, Wentlandt, Westfield. Time, 2 minutes 14 $\frac{1}{2}$ seconds.

Mile Run—1st, Austin, Somerville; 2nd, Lee, North Plainfield; 3rd, Doyle, Plainfield. Time, 4 minutes 53 seconds.

Half Mile Relay—1st, Plainfield; 2nd, Somerville; 3rd, Westfield; 4th, North Plainfield. (No credits.)

Broad Jump—1st, Hetfield, Plainfield, 19 feet 10 $\frac{1}{4}$ inches; 2nd, Glass, Westfield, 17 feet 10 inches; 3rd, O'Connor, North Plainfield, 17 feet 8 inches.

High Jump (Height, 5 feet 2 inches)—1st, Sheppard, Plainfield; 2nd, Hendrickson, Westfield; 3rd, Barret, Westfield.

Pole Vault—1st, Austen, Somerville; 2nd, Pitman, Westfield; 3rd, Robertson, North Plainfield, and Sheppard, Plainfield. Height, 9 feet.

Shot-Put—1st, Bunibler, Plainfield, 37 feet; 2nd, Avery, North Plainfield, 36 feet 8 inches; 3rd, Collier, Westfield, 34 feet 11 inches.

George H. Thayer, '25,
Athletic Editor.

INTER-CLASS TRACK

The inter-class track meet, held on May 3rd, resulted in a third athletic victory for the Juniors this year. 1924 won 38 points; 1923, 26 points; 1925, 15 points; and 1926, 2 points.

Ed. Hubert broke the old W. H. S. record for the 100 yards, making it in 10 seconds flat. W. Pitman beat the old record in the high jump, making 5 feet 1 inch, and cleared the bar in the pole vault at 9 feet 2 inches, establishing another new W. H. S. record.

The results were:

100-Yard Dash—1st, Hubert, '23; 2nd, Glass, '24; 3rd, Bunker, '24. Time, 10 seconds.

220-Yard Dash—1st, Hubert, '23; 2nd, Bunker, '24; 3rd, Rickerson, '26. Time, 24 $\frac{3}{5}$ seconds.

880-Yards Dash—1st, Wentlandt, '25; 2nd, Pitman, '24; 3rd, Bunnell, '23. Time, 2 minutes 27 $\frac{3}{5}$ seconds.

Mile Run—1st, Doyle, '25; 2nd, Spencer, '23; 3rd, Bull, '26. Time, 5 minutes 30 seconds.

Broad Jump—1st, Glass, '24; 2nd, Colyer, '24; 3rd, Bunker, '24. Distance, ———.

High Jump—1st, Pitman, '24; 2nd, Hendrickson, '23; 3rd, Winkelman, '25. Height, 5 feet 1 inch.

Pole Vault—1st, Pitman, '25; 2nd, Nydegger, '24; 3rd, Spencer, '23. Height, 9 feet 2 inches.

Shot-Put—1st, Wilson, '23; 2nd, Collier, '25; 3rd, Searles, '24. Distance, 35 feet 9 inches.

Half Mile Relay—1st, Juniors (Cruttenden, Colson, Bunker, Glass); 2nd, Seniors; 3rd, Sophomores.

George H. Thayer, '25,
Athletic Editor.

GIRLS' TRACK

Won by Sophomores, 35; Juniors, Second, 29

Running High Jump—Elizabeth Pleister, Gladys Wewer, Mary Bell.

Running Broad Jump—Mary Bell, Elizabeth Pleister.

Dash—Class A—Elizabeth Pleister, Gladys Wewer, Kathryn West.

Dash—Class B—Isabelle Rockwell, Evelyn Woodruff, Evelyn Anderson.

Basket-Ball Overhead Throw—Class A—Florence Mundy, Fannie Thorne.

Standing Broad—Class B—Evelyn Woodruff, Marjorie Smith, Helen Whitecomb.

Basket-Ball Overhead Throw—Class B—Evelyn Woodruff, Margaret Moser.

Shot-Put—Elizabeth Pleister, Florence Mundy, Evelyn Woodruff.

Basket-Ball Throw—Shirley Sinclair, Kathryn West, C. Siana.

Basket-Ball Side-Arm Throw—Florence Mundy, Elizabeth Pleister, Shirley Sinclair.

Standing Broad Jump—Class A—Florence Mundy, Carol Kynes, Harriet Todd.

Hop, Skip and Jump—Elizabeth Pleister, Doris Boardman, Gladys Wewer.

NATIONAL TRACK MEET

On Saturday, May the nineteenth, fourteen of the High School girls, Miss Wheelock, Mrs. Revere and Mrs. Wewer, went to Mamaroneck, New York, to the Eastern Division of the Women's National Track Meet. This was Westfield's first entry into a track meet of such great size and importance, and the girls made a fine record.

Billy Pleister entered the running broad jump, and made second place, with a jump of 15 feet 4½ inches. Elizabeth Stine, a girl from Leonia High School, who won first place, with a jump of 15 feet 11 inches, is an Olympic star. Billy is therefore greatly to be congratulated.

Contesting against the same girl, Billy took third place in the hop, step, and jump. As Elizabeth Stine is the world's champion in the hop, step, and jump, this is a great triumph for Billy, and consequently for Westfield High.

Florence Mundy came out fourth in the basket-ball throw, with a throw of 78 feet. Gladys Wewer and Billy Pleister both qualified for the semi-finals in the hundred yard dash. Maybelle Guilliland, who won this dash, is a national champion, and therefore it is a notable achievement, to think that our girls, running against her, reached the semi-finals.

Billy Pleister and Mary Bell, in the high jump, went out on the jump 4 feet 5¾ inches. Since the girl who won third place won it with a jump of only 4 feet 5¾ inches, this is something to be proud of.

Altogether, the girls' track team has made a fine beginning. They are going to enter the meet again next year, and are confident of doing even better.

WESTFIELD HIGH SCHOOL TRACK AND FIELD RECORDS SINCE 1921

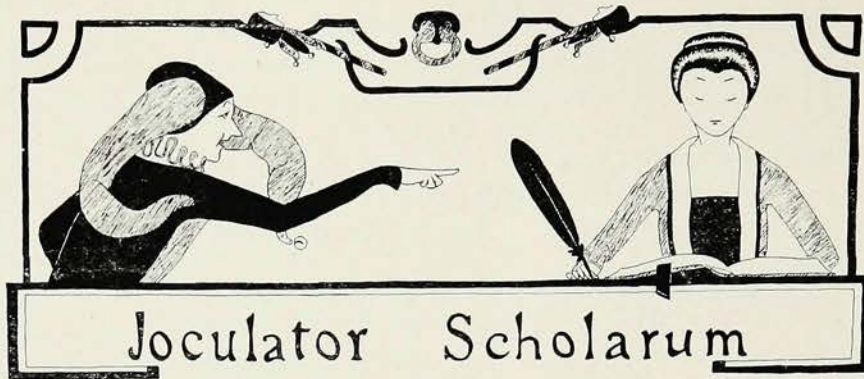
Girls

Standing Broad Jump—7 ft. 5 in.....	Evelyn Woodruff, '24; Ann Revere, '22
Running Broad Jump—15 ft. 4½ in.....	Elizabeth Pleister, '24
Running Hop, Step, and Jump—30 ft. 1½ in.....	Elizabeth Pleister, '24
Running High Jump—4 ft. 6 in.....	Florence Buddie, '22; Eliz. Pleister, '24
Basket-Ball Overhead Thrust—42 ft. 4 in.....	Florence Mundy, '24
Basket-Ball Side-Arm Throw—78 ft.....	Florence Mundy, '24
Baseball Throw—160 ft.....	Alice Wright, '22
Shot-Put—24 ft. 3 in.....	Elizabeth Pleister, '24
Dash—7 1/5 sec.....	Gladys Wewer, '24; Alice Wright, '22; Eliz. Pleister, '24

Boys

Made in the Inter-Class Track Meets 1922 and 1923

100-Yard Dash—10 2/5 seconds.....	Hubert, 1923
220-Yard Dash—23 seconds.....	Hubert, 1922
Half Mile—2 minutes 10 seconds.....	Hescock, 1922
Mile—5 minutes 30 seconds (First time run in 1923)	Doyle, 1923
High Jump—5 feet 1 inch.....	Pitman, 1923
Pole Vault—9 feet 2 inches.....	Pitman, 1923
Broad Jump—16 feet 7 inches.....	Wilson, 1922
12-lb. Shot-Put—35 feet 9 inches.....	Wilson, 1923



THE OLD HOMESTEAD

(With No Apologies to Anybody)

The Old Lee Homestead is for sale! This was the feature topic of the town gossips in that sleepy southern hamlet, Defiance, Ga.

For many years the old Lee Homestead had been admired and looked upon as a lasting institution. It had been handed down from one generation to another since 1830 when the first Davis Lee had built it. It had become a duty in the Lee family to keep it in good condition, and at death to pass it down to the next Lee.

But "Old Lee" was confronted with difficulties. He had lost his money in unfortunate investments and slow horses, and could no longer keep up in the race against increasing expenses.

"The old homestead must be sold," old Lee thought as he sat on his front porch searching for some way of raising money. His thoughts wandered, and he found his son foremost. "Surely, he must be a great success up there," he mused and smiled. "But he's so self-sufficient and——" Old Lee interrupted his musings with an oath as he remembered a certain day years back when his son had chosen a Northern college and left in calm resolve to work his way through and be independent of a Southern father and Southern traditions. "I hate to appeal to the boy to save the old homestead—it'll look like I'm weakening and forgiving him for deserting me all these years. But I guess he's sorry now, else he wouldn't have written to me last week." Old Lee was torn between Southern pride and love for his son. "But the Lee Homestead must be handed down. I cannot sell it—I must ask the boy's aid." Relieved by his decision, Old Lee arose from his chair and eagerly wrote a telegram to his son, telling him that the Old Homestead would have to be sold Wednesday if the money wasn't raised.

Several days passed and Old Lee became worried as no answer came. "But my son will help me even if he is a bit eccentric," he kept reassuring himself.

Wednesday came. Old Lee paced his front porch impatiently. Would his son help him?

But what was that sound? An automobile throb? A limousine drove into view, and as it came nearer Old Lee saw in it his son.

"Ah, thank God!" he cried.

Young Lee stepped from the car and fell at his father's feet. His eyes filled with tears and, looking into his old father's sad eyes, he exclaimed, "Father, father, don't sell the Old Homestead—burn the old shack!"

Edward Hubert, '23.

PICTON POLYTECHNICAL INSTITUTE

President, Vice-President and Treasurer—Bob Wright

Professor of Mathematics.....	Ed Hubert
Professor of All Languages.....	Bill Snyder
Professor of Sewing.....	Charley Wilson
Professor of Domestic Science.....	Bob Darby
Professor of Dancing.....	Randolph Baker
Professor of the Heating System and All Other Sciences.....	Ed Ganzel
Head Janitor	Ed White
2nd Janitor	Bill Price
Musical Director.....	Bill Spencer
Football Coach.....	Louie Nelson
Athletic Instructor.....	Paul Riedel
Official Bouncer.....	Halsey Cook
Assistant Bouncer.....	S. Dow Mills
Faculty Adviser.....	Henry Sampson
The Student	Philip Aks

Teacher—"What is meant by Johnson's hack work?"

Student, Sotto Voce—"Oh, I guess he was a London taxi-driver."

Miss Orgill in English IV—"Who wrote essays between Bacon and Lamb?"

Who said this?

Wordsworth was born in a lake.

Gibbon's mother died at the age of six.

The Parade of the Wooden Soldiers—That endless line of students who bring announcements into our study (?) rooms.

THE WEATHER VANE

HERE'S SOMETHING TO DO, MAKE A GUESS AT A FEW

There are many great Seniors, 'tis true,
And they've proved to us what they can do.
Quite a few are of fame,
So if you'll guess the name,
I'll tell you about just a few.

Here's the first one that you ought to know,
He made football and basket-ball go,
While in our debate,
Why, he was just great,
When you guess you'll agree that it's so.

There's another young champion named, Who?
There are very few things he can't do,
In all sports he's won fame,
Take a guess at his name,
He took part in the Senior play, too.

Now a girl who, when Weather Vane came,
Talked the Freshmen right into the game,
She made them all buy,
Tho' to lose cash they'd cry,
Don't you think we should mention her name?

He's as modest as ever can be,
Tho' in sports he's a fighter, for, gee!
With his team he will fight
Till he wins, tho' at night
He is ready a doctor to see.

When this fellow gets up, we do too,
For he makes us our flag salute do,
While his name it is true
Is,—I'll leave that to you,
For it's surely not one that is new.

There are numerous others we know
Whose deeds are a hundred or so;
And my way, tho' crude,
I ask to conclude,
That you praise them before they all go.

Jack Worth, '25.

Ed. Ganzel, commenting on one of Keat's poems—"There is nothing
as great as love." Oh, come now, Ed.!

Dot—"What is a heifer?"

Dow—"A cow not yet."

THE WEATHER VANE

51

TO A SENIOR FROM A JUNIOR

"You are old, stately Senior," the Junior said,
And your hat has become very tight,
Yet you sometimes climb three flights of stairs,
Do you think at your age, this is right?"

"In my youth," the old Senior replied to the child,
"Before I got feeble and lame,
I climbed up those stairs six times every day,
So I'd just as soon try it again."

"You're a dignified Senior," the infant said,
"And you walk with your head in the air,
Yet one day I saw you wear ribbons and socks,
Do you think to the Freshmen that's fair?"

"You are old, ancient Senior," the Junior went on,
"And don't mean to be cruel I know,
Yet you are to the Freshmen as I am to Dirt,
Pray, why treat the children so?"

"Next year at college," the Senior replied,
"I'll have plenty of teasing and pain,
So I must have my chance at teasing and such,
Before I'm a Freshman again."

A Junior.

Eddy Gottlick questioning Commercial Law Class: "Do husbands have to be married men?"

A feature of "Senior Day" was the enthusiastic cheer of the Juniors, Blue and White—"Who will win this game today, Seniors, Seniors, Seniors!"

And in a few hours the Seniors trounced the Juniors in baseball, 15—8!

Miss Whipple, explaining grammar sentence, "Am I my brother's keeper?"

Wise Bird—"Napoleon said that, didn't he?"

Collier, explaining about his home-work—"I mean if I did my home-work tomorrow, I couldn't bring it in yesterday."

Miss MacDowell, after asking Bunker a question in Commercial Law—"Why do you look at me that way?"

Bunker—"I didn't know I did."

Miss MacDowell—"Well, you showed your teeth."



3 9550 00290 0149

EXCHANGES

"O wad the gift the giftie gie us
To see ourselves as ithers see us."—Burns

The Monad, Belleville, N. J.:

Bulletin form is interesting but, too often, "ads." spoil the contents. Your material is varied in its value.

The Reveille:

Would like to see your magazine increase in size. The literary department could be enlarged profitably.

The Owl, Wadleigh School, New York City.

This is from a girl's school. We have not seen a co-ed publication as peppy and as equally balanced in merit as yours. Thank you, Wadleigh, for your magazine.

The Altruist, West Hoboken, N. J.:

Your magazine is well-balanced. Would suggest more material in your literary department. The Question Box, Student Opinion, and Library Corner departments are fine innovations.

From the Spotlight, Cranford, N. J.:

Your material is good and the appearance of your book is excellent, rendered so by the absence of advertisements. It is a fine idea, but we wonder how you do it.

HUMOR FROM OUR EXCHANGES

"I saw a girl with a rubber nose once."

"I've seen lots of girls with rubber necks."—Trident.

Teacher—"Monday, I will give you a test."

Fresh—"Will we have any questions?"—Trident.

"Isn't it vunderful vat dey do vidt machinery these days? They have machines to do everything almost."

"Yes, Mawruss, it is vunderful. But thank heafen, we still talk by our handts."—F. H. S. Spirit.

Mike Glass (in English, stroking his chin)—"This is the forest primeval."—Spotlight.

Mr. Stuart (to R. Baker in Amer. Hist.)—"Did you know what caused the panic of 1907?"

Baker—"Certainly, I was born then."—Reveille.

Mr. Hanford (in biology)—"We will now name some of the lower species of animals, starting with Chas. Weller."—Spotlight.

WESTFIELD MEMORIAL LIBRARY
WESTFIELD, NEW JERSEY

LOC HIST 974.939 Wes 1923
Westfield (N.J.) Senior
Weather Vane

The Leader Press
Westfield, N. J.