

THE WEATHER VANE 1924



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THE WEATHER-VANE

CONTENTS

COVER DESIGN—Muriel Smith, '24	1
CONTENTS DESIGN—M. Richardson, '25	2
WEATHER VANE BOARD	3
FACULTY PICTURES	3
SENIOR:	
Senior Picture—M. V. Bell	5
Pictures and records	6
History—E. Morgan	20
Will—F. Mundy-M. Bell	22
Prophecy—F. Ross	24
Catalogue	27
Acknowledgements	28
Senior play—R. Whitlock	29
Song—F. Mundy	30
LITERARY:	
Literary Cut—M. Smith, '24	31
Editorial—J. Orgill	32
Alas, Poor Yorick—H. Thorne, '25	32
The Wind Mill Turns—G. Smith, '25	37
True Incident of the Sea—G. Bliss, '25	38
The Sea—G. Taylor	39
Daybreak—A. Allen	40
Au Clair de la Lune—M. Richardson, '25	41
Favorite Antipathies—A. Allen, '24	42
April Raindrops—M. Bell, '24	42
Moonset—A. Gifford, '25	43
To Cut, or Not to Cut—E. Gottlick, '24	44
SCHOOL NOTES:	
Class Pictures	45
Glee Club Concert	47
More Fame	47
Hail, French Department	48
Spanish Department Entertains	48
Popularity Contest	49
Senior Day	49
Debate Society	50
Alumni Notes	51
Exchanges	51
SPORTS:	
To Miss Wheelock	52
Girls' Basketball	53
Girls' Track	55
Football	56
Boys' Basketball	57
Boys' Track	58
Weequahic Park Meet	61
Baseball	63
A. A. Council Picture	68
Tennis Picture	68
CARTOONS—M. Smith, '24	69
JOKES	70

JUNE 1924

M. Richardson



THE WEATHER VANE BOARD

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FLO ROSS, '24

Faculty Advisors

MISS ORGILL MISS HOWARD MR. NEUBAUER MR. LONG

The Weather Vane

3



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

Superintendent of Schools

"The great man is he who does not lose his child's heart."

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.

FRANK N. NEUBAUER, B.A.

Colgate University

"Titles of honor add not to his worth
Who is himself an honor to his titles."

Mr. Neubauer has been principal of the Westfield High School for three years, and during this time he has won the respect and affection of the whole school.

Mr. Neubauer received his B.A. degree at Colgate University in 1913, and was graduated with Phi Beta Kappa honors. Prior to coming to the Westfield High School, he was principal in Balton Landing, New York, and held various supervisory positions in Westfield.



JESSIE ORGILL, B.A.

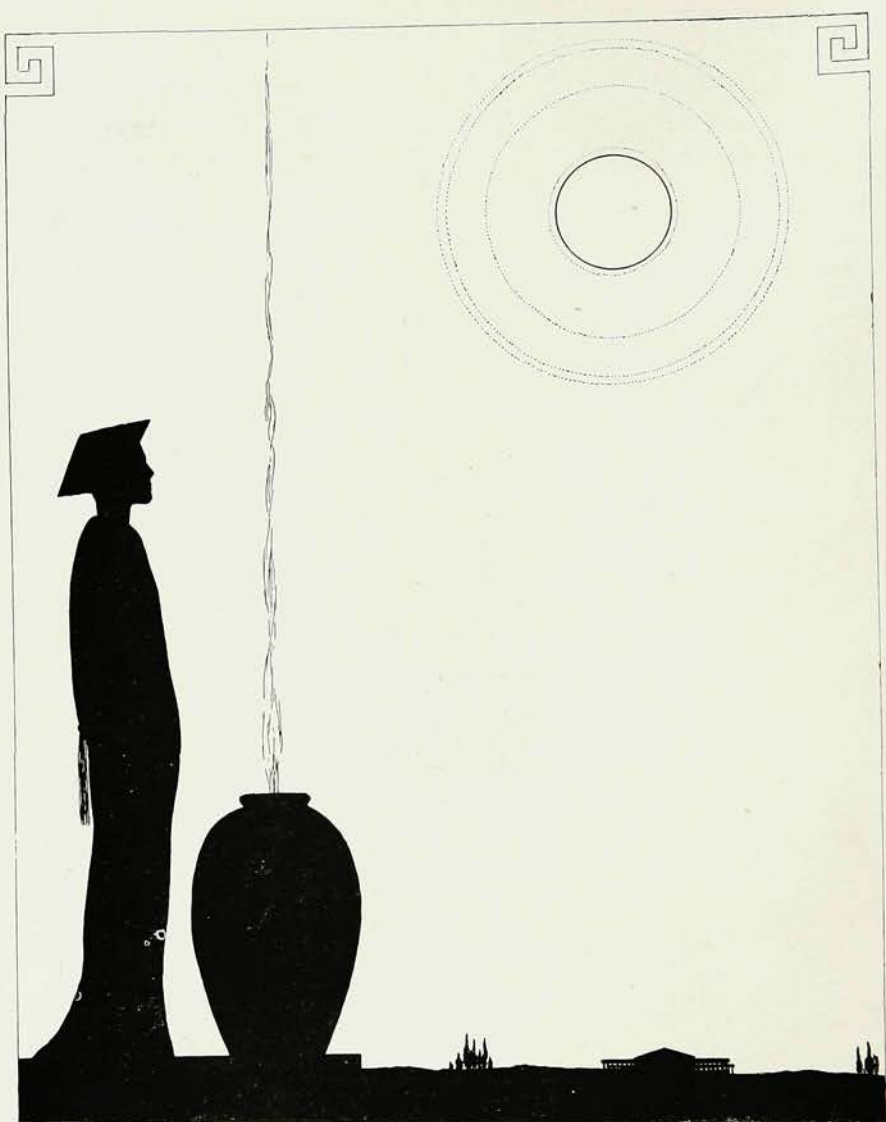
Adelphi College

"Admiration begins where acquaintance ceases."

Miss Orgill came to Westfield High School two years ago 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.





SENIORS

1924

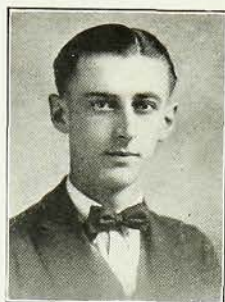


FLO ROSS

First, Last, and Always

"Were she perfect one would admire her more but love her less."

Vice-president, 1-2-3-4; Glee Club, 1-2; Second Team Basketball, 2; Living Pictures, 3-4; Chapel Committee, 3-4; Wm. Orr Contest, 3; Assistant Basketball Manager, 3; Basketball Manager, 4; Weather Vane, 4; Spanish Play, 4; Class Day Committee; Class Day.

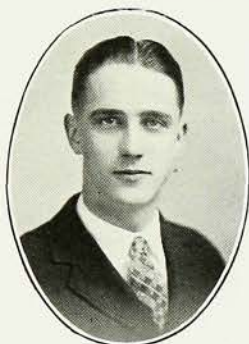


ROGER WILLIAMS

Why Did I Kiss That Girl

"Without tact you can learn nothing."

Class Secretary, 2-4; Class President, 1; Class Basketball, 1-2-3-4; Class Baseball, 1-2-3-4; Class Football, 2-3-4; Asst. Baseball Mgr., 1-2; Baseball Mgr., 3; Cheer Leader, 3-4; H. S. News, 2-3-4; Thanksgiving Pageant, 3; Senior Play; Business Manager, Weather Vane, 4; Senior Day Spanish Play, 4; Senior Gift Committee; Class Day.



ARTHUR CRUTTENDEN

Last Night on the Back Porch

"Ability involves responsibility."

Class President, 2-3-4; Class Secretary, 1; Varsity Track, 3; Class Football, 3-4; Captain, 3-4; Class Basketball, 2-3-4; Class Baseball, 2-3-4; Class Track, 3-4; Living Pictures, 3; Senior Play; Secretary, A. A., 3; Class Day; Commencement Oration.

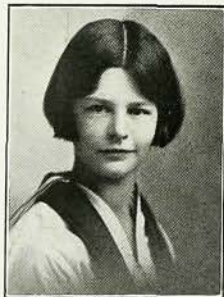


WALLACE PITMAN

Take, Oh Take Those Lips Away

"He was a verray parfit gentil knight."

Treasurer, 3-4; Class Track, 1-2-3-4; Class Basketball, 1-2-3; Class Football, 1-2-3; Class Baseball, 1-2; Class Tennis, 3; Varsity Track, 3-4; Captain, 4; Varsity Football, 4; Varsity Basketball, 4; Living Pictures, 3-4; Senior Day; Gift Committee; President Athletic Association, 4; High School News, 4.



ELIZABETH MORGAN

My Little Bimbo

"Nobody ought to have been able to resist her coaxing manner."

Class Historian, 1-2-3-4; Varsity Track, 1; Class Basketball (Captain), 1; Second Team Basketball (Captain), 2-3; Dance Committee, 2-3; Weather Vane, 2-3; Editor-in-Chief, High School News, 3; Treasurer, A. A., 2; Secretary, A. A., 3; President, A. A., 4; Class Day.



AILEEN ALLEN

*Mindin' My Business**"Politeness costs nothing and gains everything."*

Chairman Senior Play Ticket Committee.



LAWRENCE APGAR

*Wonderful One**"Why should the devil have all the good music."*

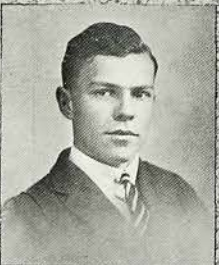
Glee Club Concert; Living Pictures; Junior Play; Senior Play; Senior Play Committee; Class Day Committee; Commencement.



DWIGHT BARBER

*Cow Bells**"The farmers are the founders of civilization."*

Class Track, 3-4; Class Football, 3-4; Carpentry Committee, Senior Play; Lighting Committee, Senior Day; Second Team, Football, 4.



JACK BARTLETT

*Dancin' Fool**"Strange to the world, he wore a bashful look."*

Lighting Committee, Living Pictures; Head Electrician, Senior Play; Class Football, 4; Class Day Committee.



DORIS BEARD

*Ma, He's Making Eyes At Me**"And her face so fair**Stirr'd with her dream, as rose leaves with the air."*

Glee Club, 1; Class Basketball, 1; Second Team Basketball, 2; Class track, 2-4; Varsity Basketball, 3; Class Secretary, 3; Living Pictures, 3-4; Weather Vane, 3-4; Senior Play; Class Day Committee.



ELIZABETH BECKER

Innocent Eyes

"To be gentle is the test of a lady."

Glee Club, 1; Class basketball, 2-3; Living Pictures, 3; Thanksgiving Play, 3; Typewriting Contest, 3-4; Christmas Play, 4; Senior Day; Class Day.

MARY BELL

What Do You Do Sunday, Mary?

"Ambition has no rest."

Class Track, 1; Junior Play; Varsity Track, 2-3-4; Weather Vane, 2-3; Editor-in-chief, 4; Weather Vane Play; Senior Shield; Art Committee, Senior Play.

CAROLINE BRADFIELD

Runnin' Wild

"If I could write the beauty of your eyes."

Living Pictures, 3-4; Senior Play; Senior Play Committee; Senior Day Committee.

BERTHA BROWER

Bebe

"Happy art thou as if every day thou hadst picked up a horse shoe!"

Captain Second Team Basketball, 4; Glee Club, 4

WILLIS BUNKER

Calm As The Night

"Indifference is the invincible grant of the world."

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



NATALIE BURRELL

*Smilin' Through**"Nothing is more useful than silence."*

Class Track, 1-2; Varsity Relay Team, 2-3



ELIZABETH CARR

*Angel's Serenade**"'Tis good-nature only wins the heart!"*

Class Basketball, 1; Second Team Basketball, 2; Varsity Basketball, 3-4; Singing Contest, 3; Pocahontas Operetta, 3; Living Pictures, 4; Senior Play Property Committee.



EDWARD COLSON

*Rolling Down To Rio**"How much lies in laughter; the cipher-key,
Wherewith we decipher the whole man."*

Class Baseball, 2; Class Football, 2-4; Living Pictures, 3-4; Lighting Committee, Senior Play; Second Team Football, 4.



ALAN COLYER

*You May Be Fast**"Everything is sweetened by risk."*

Class Track, 3; Varsity Track, 3; Living Pictures, 4; Lighting Committee, Senior Play; Class Day Property Committee.



ALBERT COOK

*Keep A Goin'**"A gentleman makes no noise."*

Class Football, 3.



DOROTHY COOMBE

Time Will Tell

"Victory belongs to the most persevering."



RUSSELL CORBIN

Rustle of Spring

"Dignity of manner always conveys a sense of reserved force."



PAUL CRICKENBERGER

Beyond The Clouds

"The more we study the more we discover our ignorance."

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



ISABEL CUBBERLEY

Crinoline Days

"Bashfulness is an ornament to youth."

Class Basketball, 4.



DOROTHEA DE FINA

Good Company

"And violets transform'd to eyes
Inshrined a soul within their blue."

Class Basketball, 1; Understudy, Senior Play; Senior Day
Play.



DONALD DE HART

Make It Slow and Easy

"True as a needle to the pole
Or as the dial to the sun."

Class Football, 3-4; Class Basketball, 4; Basketball, Second Team, 4; Christmas Play, 4; Spanish Play, 4.



REBA DELATOUR

Bring On The Pepper

"Let me silent be."

Class Basketball, 2-4; Senior Shield Committee.



LOUISE DENISON

I Love Me

"On with the Dance!"

Glee Club, 1; Class Basketball, 3-4; Captain, 4; Class Track, 2-3-4; Living Pictures, 3-4; Spanish Play, 4; Senior Play Committee; Senior Knock Committee.



EDNA DRAKE

The Duck's Quack.

"The only way to have a friend is to be one."

Class Basketball, 1-2; Second Team Basketball, 3-4; Class Day Committee.



HELEN EVERETT

Little Butterfly

"They are never alone who are accompanied with noble thoughts."

Senior Play Property Committee, 4; Senior Day Play, 4; Debate Team, 4.



EDWIN GOTTLICK

How Dry I Am

"Why aren't they all contented like me?"

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



CARL HORNUNG

Cutie

"Cheek

Flushing white and mellowed red,
Gradual tints as when there glows
In snowy milk the bashful rose."

Class Baseball, 3; Living Pictures, 4.

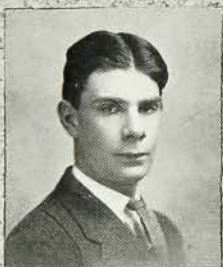


FRANCES JENNINGS

Mon Homme

"The shortest pleasures are the sweetest."

Second team basketball, 3-4; Pocahontas Operetta, 3; Union County Musical Contest, 3; Living Pictures, 3-4; Property Manager, Senior Play; Chairman Senior Dance Committee; Track Manager, 4; Class Day.



KENNETH JOHNSON

Sweeter As The Years Go By

"Young men will be young men."

Class Baseball, 3; Class Football, 4; Class Basketball, 4;
Class Track, 4.



EDWIN GANZEL

They've Gotta Quit Kickin' My Dawg Aroun'

"Blessings on him who invented sleep."

Living Pictures, 2-3; Track, 1-2-4; Class Football, 4.



WAYNE JOHNSON

*Teasin'**"There was no arguing with Johnson."*

Class Football, 1-2; Class Basketball, 1-2-3; Class Track, 4;
Class Baseball, 1; Varsity Baseball, 2-3-4; Varsity Football,
3-4; Varsity Basketball, 4; Varsity Track, 4; Chairman
Student Government Committee.



KATHLEEN LEWIS

*Sweet One**"The sweetest flower that ever grew
Beside a human door."*

Christmas Play, 4; Weather Vane, Senior Issue.



ISABEL MANSON

*A Smile Will Go A Long, Long Way**"But light as any wind that blows
So fleetly did she stir."*

RUTH MILLER

*It's A Man Every Time**"From a grave thinking mouser, she was grown
The gayest flirt that ever coached around the town."*

Class Basketball, 1; Second Team Basketball, 2; Varsity
Basketball, 3-4; Class Day Committee; Senior Day Com-
mittee; Senior Day Play.



ADELAIDE JONES

*Oh, Gentle Presence**"Her silver voice
Is the rich music of a summer bird."*

Class Basketball, 1-2-3; Thanksgiving Pageant, 3.



JEAN MOODY

What Do You Wanta Make Those Eyes At Me For?

"High erected thoughts seated in a heart of courtesy."

Glee Club, 1-2-3; Class Basketball, 2; Living Pictures, 3-4; Wm. H. Orr Contest, 3; Union County Speaking Contest, 3; Union County Essay Contest, 4; Pascoe Contest, 4; Chairman of Senior Play Committee; Senior Play; Class Day Committee; Class Day.



WILLARD MORGAN

The Last Part of Every Party

"A fine fellow
Whom everybody liked."

Class Football, 1-2; Class Basketball, 1-2-3; Class Baseball, 1-2-3; Varsity Football, 3-4; Varsity Basketball, 4; Carpentry Committee, Senior Play; Senior Shield; Senior Dance Committee.



MARGARET MOSER

California, Here I Come

"Look cheerfully upon me
Here love, thou seest how diligent I am."

Class Basketball, 1; Second Team Basketball, 2; Class Track, 3; Property Committee, Living Pictures, 4; Weather Vane, 4; Property Committee, Senior Play; Property Committee, Class Day.



FLORENCE MUNDY

Rosy

"God's prophets of the beautiful, these poets were."

Class Track, 1-2-3-4; Living Pictures, 2-3; Glee Club, 2; Varsity Basketball, 2-3-4; Varsity Track, 2-3-4; National Track Meet, 3-4; Class Day Committee.



SARAH MEYERS

My Gal Sal

"For what I will, I will, and there's an end."

French Play, 3; Spanish Play, 4; Weather Vane Play, 4; Weather Vane Board, 4; Property Committee, Senior Play; Property Committee, Living Pictures



GRACE NEWHAM

All Muddled Up

"Simplicity is doubtless a fine thing."



ROLAND NYDEGGER

Everybody Calls Me Honey

"In the lexicon of Youth, which
Faith reserves for a bright manhood,
There is no such word as fail!"

Class Track, 1-2-3-4; Class Football, 1-2; Class Baseball, 1-2-3; Class Basketball, 2-3-4; Glee Club, 1-2; Orchestra, 2; Second Team Basketball, 2; Varsity Football, 3-4; Varsity Track, 3-4; Senior Play; Class Day Committee; Student Government Committee; Class Swimming team, 4; Class Day.



VIOLET PARKER

Lonesome

"Silence is the perfectest herald of joy."

French Shadow Pictures, 3.



MORGAN PEARSALL

Vamp Me

"Good nature is stronger than tomahawks."

Assistant Football Manager, 2-3; Class Football, 3-4; Football Manager, 4; Chairman Carpentry Committee, Senior Play; Stage Manager, Senior Play.



EVELYN PLEISTER

All By Myself

"Silence is more eloquent than words."

Class track, 2-3-4; Class Basketball, 3-4; Pocahontas Operetta, 3.



EUGENE REID

Bees' Knees

"His eye begets occasion for his wit,
For every object that the one doth catch
The other turns to mirth-moving jest."

Class Treasurer, 1-2; Assistant Football Manager, 3; Thanksgiving Play, 3; Class Baseball, 3; Class Football, 4; Class Basketball, 4; Basketball Manager, 4; Living Pictures, 4; Property Manager, Spanish Play, 4; Weather Vane, 2; Senior Issue, 4; Ticket Committee, Senior Play; Senior Day Committee; Second Team Football, 4.



HELENE REYNOLDS

I Don't Have To Die To Go To Heaven

"So sweet the blush of bashfulness
Even pity scarce can wish it less."

Class Basketball, 4; Class Day Committee.



EDWARD ROEBER

You Tell Her, I Stutter

"The blush is beautiful, but is sometimes inconvenient."

Class Football, 3-4; Living Pictures, 4; Stage Hand, Senior Play.



ISABEL ROCKWELL

Take Me To The Land of Jazz

"A merry heart goes all the day."

Class basketball, 2-3; Varsity Track, 3-4; Glee Club, 3; Weather Vane, 4; Senior Day, 4; Class Day Committee.



RUTH RUFFER

Gee' But I Hate To Go Home Alone

"The sweetest joy, the wildest woe, is love."

Living Pictures, 3; Typewriting Contest, 3-4; Shorthand Contest, 4; Thanksgiving Play, 3; Senior Day; Senior Dance Committee; Class Day Committee; Senior Stenographer, Weather Vane.



DOROTHY SCARFF

Say It While Dancing

"My love in her attire doth show her wit."

Glee Club, 1-4; French Play, 3-4; Property Committee, Senior Play.

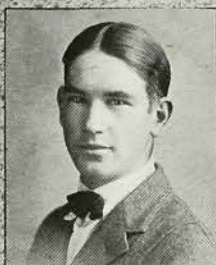


KEMPTON SEARLE

When Frances Dances With Me

"I will be lord over myself."

Class Football, 1; Varsity Football, 2-3-4; Living Pictures, 3-4; Pocahontas Operetta; Varsity Track, 3-4; Senior Play; Class Day Committee; Senior Swimming Team, 4; Class Day; Glee Club, 1-2-3-4.



ABRAM SHORT

Steppin' Out

"Wit is an unexpected explosion of thought."

Living Pictures, 3-4; Scenery Committee, Senior Play; Scenery Committee, Class Day.



MERCHANT SLOCUM

Sweet and Low

"Tall oaks from little acorns grow."



MURIEL SMITH

So Long—Oo-long

"To know how to hide one's ability is great skill"

Glee Club, 1; Weather Vane, 3-4; Living Pictures, 3-4; Senior Shield; Art Committee, Senior Play; Class Day Committee.



LAURETTA STAGG

Dreamy Melody

"It is tranquil people who accomplish much."

Property Committee, Senior Play.



EVELYN STEWART

Mammy

"I have a heart with room for every joy."

Class Basketball, 4; Senior Play.



GEORGE TALBOT

Mystery

"Zealous, yet modest."

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



ELIZABETH TAYLOR

Strut Miss Lizzie

"When you do dance, I wish you
A wave o' the sea that you might ever do
Nothing but that!"

Manager Second Team Basketball, 3; French Show, 3-4;
Class Day.



LEIGH TOWNLEY

Kitten On the Keys

"For discords make the sweetest airs."

Glee Club, 1; Class Baseball, 1-2-3-4; Class Basketball, 4;
Baseball Manager, 4; Senior Day Committee; Senior Day.



KENNETH VREELAND

You Can't Make A Fool Out of Me

"Doing nothing with a great deal of skill."

Class Basketball, 3; Class Football, 4; Varsity Tennis, 4; Assistant Track Manager, 3; Track Manager, 4; Business Manager, Living Pictures, 3-4; Weather Vane Play, 4; Senior Dance Committee; Senior Knock Committee; Class Day.



GLADYS WEWER

Say It With Music

"Good sense and good nature are never separated."

Glee Club, 1; Class Track, 1-2-3-4; Varsity Track, 2-3-4; Captain, 4; Class Basketball, 2; Second Team Basketball, 3; Varsity Basketball, 4; Senior Play Committee; Shorthand Contest, 4.



HELEN WHITCOMB

Linger Awhile

"An excellent Scholar."

Glee Club, 1; Class Track, 1-2-3-4; Class basketball, 2-3-4; Varsity Track, 3-4; Debate Team, 4; Senior Play Committee.



RUTH WHITLOCK

What'll I Do

"Ease with dignity."

Glee Club, 1; Class Track, 1; Thanksgiving Pageant, 3; Living pictures, 4; Weather Vane play, 4; Senior play; Weather Vane Board, 4.

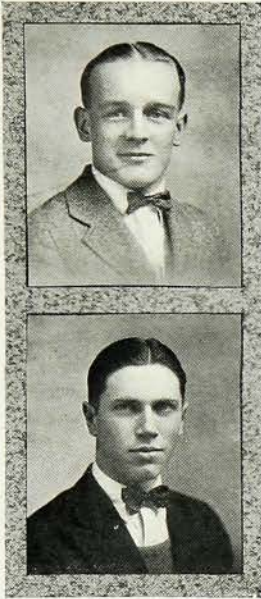


EVELYN WOODRUFF

Wond'ring

"I have had a dream."

Class Track, 1-2-3-4; Varsity Track, 3-4; National Track Meet, 3-4; Varsity Basketball, 2-3-4; Captain, 3-4; Property Committee, Senior Day.



EDGAR WRIGHT

My Sweetie Went Away

"The rule of my life is to make business a pleasure and pleasure my business."

Class Football, 1-2; Class Basketball, 1-2; Class Baseball, 1-2-3; Dance Committee, 1; Varsity Basketball, 3; Varsity Track, 3; Thanksgiving Play, 3; Assistant Stage Manager, Pocahontas, 3; Assistant Stage Manager, Living Pictures; Class Track, 4; Senior Play; Student Government Committee, 4.

WILLIAM YARNALL

Sleep

"Oh Bed! Oh Bed! Oh Delicious Bed."

Living Pictures, 4; Stage Hand, Senior Play; Class Day.

NORMAN THOMPSON

Stop Your Kiddin'

"Let the world slide, let the world go,
A fig for care, and a fig for woe!"

History of the Class of 1924---An Account of "Deeds not Words"

From its present superior position, it is difficult for the Class of '24 to recall its infancy without an indulgent smile. To the girls of the class, such a reference recalls endless hours of labor, sewing a middy and skirt, for the wondrous "graduation day," when they would no longer be merely "school girls," but "High School Girls." The middies and skirts were essentially handmade, and of speckless white. At that time, the class was 175 strong, but at present we are regretful when we realize that a great many of our number have been lost, strayed, or stolen, in the mad rush to keep in the race. At that time, however, we boasted three honor pupils who are still in our number. Arthur Cruttenden, Flo Ross, and Doris Beard had the highest scholastic records at that time of our infancy, and have continued to hold prominent places. Our first social attempt was an eighth grade reception, which was managed very creditably by our first president, Roger Williams, who was elected to his office by a unanimous vote.

In its last will and testament, the class of 1920 bequeathed to '24 the aquatic gymnasium, in which we were to develop our youthful bodies in land or water sports, as circumstances permitted. We took advantage of our heritage and when we entered high school as a young giant class of 175, we immediately distinguished ourselves in athletics. The *Westfield Leader's* columns became filled with such articles as the following:

FRESHMAN GIRLS CHAMPIONS

When the Freshmen girls basketball team beat the Sophomores, they won the inter-class championship for the first time in the history of the school. The Freshman-Sophomore game was very interesting, as the Sophomores were in the lead until almost the end of the game.

FRESHMEN WIN

VOLLEY CHAMPIONSHIP

For the past two or three weeks the inter-class volley ball series have been played. The games were played in the gym sessions on Monday, Wednesday and Friday noons. The Freshmen won the championship on Friday the 28th with the score of 15-21. Up to that time the Juniors were close in the wake of the Freshies. If the Sophomores had defeated the Freshmen on Friday the Juniors and Freshmen would have tied for championship. Freshmen always had a good showing but the other teams lacked class spirit. Hardly any people came down to play in the games. Next year if the series are run off again we want to see full volley ball squads at every game.

The class was soon brought to realize that its good conduct would be insured; the class of '22, as our sister class, assumed a protectorate. We were impressed by the dignity of our worthy guardians, but have always felt that such a guardianship, while helpful to the majority, was a little unnecessary in the case of the exceptional class of '24. The president of the class of '22 called a meeting of our immense hordes for the purpose of organizing and electing class officers. Roger Williams was reelected

president; Flo Ross, vice-president; Arthur Cruttenden, secretary; and Eugene Reid, treasurer.

If we have been made conspicuous by our occasional absence on the honor roll, and outsiders have been concerned with our intelligence, we have the following clipping from *The Leader* to reassure any question as to our mental abilities.

In the recent intelligence tests given by Dr. Elliot, of Rutgers, in the High School, the Freshman Class broke all records in both the accuracy and the speed tests. We ought to be proud of our Freshman Class.

Intelligence, after all, is the most necessary quality in school work.

Our largest social activity of the season was the Freshmen party, which was held in the Grant School Auditorium. Troublesome Sophomores attempted to refresh themselves with ice cream that had been provided for the occasion. They were admitted to the auditorium, paraded across the floor, and escorted out the building without a glimpse of food. Thus did the class of '24 proclaim its Declaration of Independence!

As Sophomores, we were greatly annoyed by hordes of Freshmen who seemed to be always underfoot, or rushing madly to their home in the aetherial regions of the third floor. We immediately held a class meeting, partly for our own interest, and partly to spare ourselves the indignity of having the president of '22 repeat his performance of the previous year.

Arthur Cruttenden was elected president, Flo Ross reelected vice-president, Roger Williams, secretary, and Eugene Reid, treasurer. Under this administration we distinguished ourselves scholastically, athletically, and socially. The football team won school championship and the girl's champion basketball team of the previous year was converted to the first second varsity team ever organized in the high school. Socially, we were made conspicuous by our Sophomore party, which was held in the Lincoln School. Because of financial embarrassment, we had been dubious as to the advisability of such a dance, but by ingenious management, we not only covered large expenses, but made \$15.

Our importance as Juniors was first realized when we felt the responsibility of our giant sister class. Our president very thoughtfully called a class meeting to help them organize and elect officers. Our own officers were: Arthur Cruttenden, president; Flo Ross, vice-president; Doris Beard, secretary; and Wallace Pitman, treasurer. The Colgate Glee Club concert was a great success, benefitting the class socially and financially. We modestly admit that in athletics we were champions in Basketball, Football, and Track. As Juniors, we were given the privilege of wearing class pins and rings, which, we are forced to realize, are exceptionally good looking, and appropriate insignias of a very important organization. The Junior Hop was probably the most successful event in our school

career. The Lincoln School Auditorium was beautifully decorated with blue and gold balloons which lasted for almost an hour.

Several of our classmates had slid through the front door on rare occasions during their underclassmen days, but they had invariably suffered the penalty of such a misdemeanor. In September of 1923, however, each member of the *Senior Class* had grown several inches, in order to walk with all the necessary dignity of such important characters *through the front door of the school*. The day after this dramatic entrance a class meeting was held, and Arthur Cruttenden was elected president for the third time, Flo Ross, vice-president for the fourth time, and Roger Williams and Wallace Pitman, secretary and treasurer for the second time. The entire year has been one of peace and prosperity. The Senior play, which was our first public exhibition, was, according to the *Plainfield Courier*, "The best Senior Play ever staged in Westfield High School." The boys maintained their title of Football, Basketball, and Track champions. It is said that "with every privilege comes a responsibility." As Seniors, our privileges have been numerous, and varied. It is easier to realize the privilege of using the front door than it is to assume the responsibility of being an example to the rest of the school, but '24 realized its responsibility also, and has striven to give something to Westfield High School in return for all she has received.

We think we have benefitted by the gym which was bequeathed to us by '20 and also thank them for our heritage, our class colors—the blue and gold.

Elizabeth Morgan, Class Historian.

Class Will

We, the Senior Class of 1924, of Westfield High School, County of Union, and State of New Jersey, and having no bats in our collected belfries, do make, publish, and declare the following as our last will and testament; that is to say:

- First.* We hereby cancel all remaining detention periods and library fines which we have heretofore incurred.
- Second.* We direct that the masterpieces of newspaper rotogravure in Miss Orgill's domain be kept intact throughout the summer for the delectation of the succeeding classes.
- Third.* We do give and bequeath to those who remain, the right to make age-old cracks at our gym.
- Fourth.* We do hereby devise that the splendid view from the lunchroom be held in trust for coming generations, and that said majestic view be unimpaired with Freshmen.
- Fifth.* We do hereby direct that the promenade from the coop be reinforced to keep it from rattling, with the proceeds from the Rutgers' Glee Club Concert.

- Sixth.* We give and bequeath to the future residents of room one hundred seventeen, the capacious and magnificent blackboard beside their heavenly portal. We do confess and frankly admit that the reason for its being has always puzzled us, but have faith in the mental calibre of our Junior class, whose names so often appear on the Honor Roll, that some scintillating intellect in said class will find a use for it.
- Seventh.* We pass on to the Junior and Sophomore classes the exquisite rapture of a Senior book-report.
- Eighth.* We leave behind us to the Junior girls the joys of keeping in step with long-legged partners when marching into chapel to the strains of our immortal orchestra.
- Ninth.* We bequeath to the Junior girls the opportunity, as coming Seniors, to acquire a romantic hand-writing, full of character (which nobody can decipher.)
- Tenth.* To the entire Junior class, we do give and bequeath the front door privilege. It is understood that the Juniors are to use this privilege, no matter how inconvenient they may find it.
- Eleventh.* To the Freshmen we commend our explosive, and oft times violent drinking fountains, deeming it fitting and proper for the afore-said Freshmen to have custody over said Fountains of Youth.
- Twelfth.* We, the boys of the Senior class, do pass over to the boys of the Junior Class the fun of jollying Miss Becker.
- Thirteenth.* To the teachers we do bequeath the proceeds from the sale of our epic

"Lives there a teacher,
With soul so dead,
Who never to her class hath said
This is no beauty parlor?"

- Fourteenth.* We do recommend that a Junior girl acquire adiposity, to fill the place left vacant by one of our worthy number.
- Fifteenth.* We do give, devise, and bequeath to the Senior classes of 1925, 1926, 1927, 1928, 1929, and 1930 one Max Glasser.
- Lastly.* We do appoint Florence Mundy and Mary Bell executors.
- In Witness Thercof* we have hereunto subscribed our name and affixed our seal the sixteenth day of May in the year of our graduation one thousand nine hundred and twenty-four.

Class of 1924.

Class Prophecy

Hail ye, Troopers, a traveling band are we.
If you'd but stay with us awhile,
Your future, perchance, we could prophecy.
We have traveled far and wide
Through many a distant land.
Come hither and we'll soon impart
The great mysterious future.
Ah! I can see Laretta Stagg as a nurse
Who soothes the pains and sufferings of many people.
Evelyn Stewart will be the only woman
Who owns and runs a Ford Service Station.
George Talbot and Norman Thompson
Will put on a unique vaudeville act.
John McGraw of the New York Giants
Will yield his place to Leigh Townley.
Helen Whitcomb will be the ballet prima donna
In a Broadway cabaret.
Ruth Whitlock will institute a startling taxi service
Whose drivers will all be women.
Charles Rogers Williams, Jr., will cause the Senate chambers
To resound with his oratory advocating
A national magazine, *The Weather Vane*.
Evelyn Woodruff will settle down to a
Contented married life.
The famous John Drew will find
His successor in Edgar Wright.
Kenneth Vreeland and Kenneth Johnson will cause much merriment
As clowns in Barnum and Bailey's Circus.
William Yarnall will follow in the footsteps of his father,
As a successful chiropractor.
Such a quiet little maid as Elizabeth Taylor
Is apt to be deceiving, but she will be found at home
With domestic cares on her shoulders.
She is doing some noble work quietly,
Flitting round in cherubic appendages,
Helène, a philanthropical someone.
Then Izzy will speed past her,
Bangs afloat, side-stepping and
Jazzing her way through this life.
Both Edward and Violet, modest and prim,
Are working together, intensely bent
On a—publicity campaign for
Nationwide fame of Roeber and Parker and Co.

In a mansion of intellect, vulture, and grace,
Dwells Florella, the competent homemaker,
Her dreams of a business career are all dead,
For a dark handsome someone is sharing her home.
Ruth Ruffer, I trow, is important too
For she is secretary to a great senator.
While Eli Carr will be the winner
In a matrimonial race.
Ed Colson and his understudies will arouse the country
By their cheering for Alan Colyer, who will be the first man
To go around the world on a motorcycle.
If perchance you visit Africa you will be startled
To see our old friend Albert Cook hunting grizzlies.
While in Paris we will see Dorothy Coombe
As the champion of the mile race.
Paul Crickenberger's voice will fail him
And he will be obliged to learn the deaf and dumb language.
In a secluded spot I see Isabel Cubberley,
The first woman rifle instructor at West Point.
Dorothy DeFina, in a brilliant medical career,
Will discover a brand new germ.
Donald De Hart will be a missionary,
Converting and teaching millions of savages.
Reba Delatour will surprise us by her capable management
Of one of New York's most popular roof-gardens.
While Louise Denison trains the
World Champion Basketball Team of Westfield.
Jun Reid will find his vocation
As the human fly or as an acrobat with Ringling Bros.
The kindergarten world is destined to welcome
Evelyn Pleister into its midst;
She will not have to teach Virgil there.
Among the great Olympic heroes of coming years
The names of Wallace Pitman and Willis Bunker
Will be enrolled as champion high jumper and sprinter
There are carpenters and architects, but I see
Morgan Pearsall becoming a prince over them all.
Aileen Allen and Ruth Miller will join the stenographer's union
And win more medals for trying.
According to all signs and patents, the broad field
Of mechanical engineering is awaiting the advent of Roland Nydegger.
Florence Mundy will stir the land with her
New methods in osteopathy, after she has stirred
The muscles with her physical education.
The best dressed women of the country

Will be arrayed in gowns designed by
Moser, Jennings and Co.
Engineering seems a popular pastime, but
Willard Morgan shall lead in the civil branch.
Elizabeth Morgan will be blessed with a genius
For writing, and enter upon vocational journalism.
Lawrence Apgar will thrill the world
As a second Paderewski.
I see a flock of wandering sheep
Guided by their minister, Dwight Barber.
Broad Street will eclipse Broadway in brilliance
Under the clever hands of Jack Bartlett.
Doris Beard will enchant the theatre
With her brogue, while Kathleen Lewis is her understudy.
The leading milliners of the city will soon
Be put out of business when Elizabeth Becker
Opens an establishment.
Robert Edmond Jones will yield his place to Mary Bell,
Scenic artist and costumer.
I can see Caroline Bradfield as a successful interior decorator.
Send your dogs to Bertha Brower,
Complete circus training guaranteed.
Helen Everett will journey to the mission fields
With Edna Drake as her private secretary.
All the riding trophies of the country, by mutual consent
Will be given to Edwin Ganzel,
Owner of the largest racing stable in the world.
Teeth extracted without pain, see Edwin Gottick.
The original Arrow Collar model
May be seen in our classmate, Carl Hornung.
I see the All American Football Team
Coached by the esteemed Wayne Johnson.
Adelaide Jones and Sarah Meyers
Will consider conciliation with Paul Whiteman.
Jean Moody will commence her career in kindergarten
But will finish in child work of all sorts.
I perceive a vacancy in Savage Institute
Which Gladys Wewer will be called to fill.
Natalie Burrell and Russell Corbin will go into partnership
Along hitherto untried lines.
And Dorothy Scarff is leading the show,
A pony in Broadway's best scandals.
Who is this Siegfried, resplendent in song?
'Tis whispered that he is Kempton Searle.
Abram has followed the fad, of annexing a powerful damsel;

He fears for his rights, and the fellows all say he's abused.
 Merchant has thought out a fine scheme for himself
 With a ladder he cranes over the crowd,
 And sees all the commotion to speak of.
 A slither, a slather, there's Muriel Smith
 Who's sketching a splinter for Colgate's new brushes.
 Ah! there in the dim future I see Arthur Cruttenden
 Making his millions as a great wall street magnate.
 Thus I see the Class of '24 taking their places
 In the many spheres of tomorrow.

Class Catalogue

Most popular girl—Bim Morgan	Girl athlete—Florence Mundy
Most popular boy—Crutty	Boy athlete—Wally Pitman
Most attractive girl—Bim Morgan	Best natured girl—Eli Carr
Prettiest girl—Mary Bell	Best natured boy—Possum Morgan
Handsome boy—Duck Searle	Class sunshine—Red Vreeland
Class poet—Florence Mundy	Biggest bluffer—Ed Ganzel
Class musician—Lawrence Apgar	Biggest flirt—Snake Miller
Class giggler—Mike Moser	Class carpenter—Morg Pearsall
Class optimist—Skipper Colson	Peppiest—Izzy Rockwell
Class pessimist—Sally Meyers	Laziest—Ebbie Gottlick
Class shadow—Adje Jones	Luckiest—Edna Drake
Class skyscraper—Duck Searle	Noisiest—Red Vreeland
Class miniature—Perch Slocum	Wittiest—Jun Reid
Class orator—Jean Moody	Ten o'clock scholar—Ed Ganzel
Most sarcastic—Wayne Johnson	Happy-go-lucky—Bill Yarnall
Most polite—Rah Williams	Class philosopher—Russell Corbin
Most talkative—Caroline Bradfield	Class dreamer—Evelyn Woodruff
Most outspoken—Caroline Bradfield	Least known—Violet Parker
Most ambitious—Helen Everett	Most desirous of renown— Jean Moody
Most stylish—Frankie Jennings	Jolliest—Skipper Colson
Most studious—Helen Everett	Class cook—Aileen Allen
Most independent—Willis Bunker	Class seamstress—Betty Becker
Most unconcerned—Carl Hornung	Most romantic—Louise Denison
Most critical—Duck Searle	Brightest—Crutty
Most bashful girl—Helene Reynolds	Class dumbbell—Bill Yarnall
Most bashful boy—Dick Roeber	Jazziest—Izzy Rockwell
Most self-satisfied—Duck Searle	Quietest girl—Ev Pleister
Most original—Mary Bell	Quietest boy—Paul Crickenberger
Most undecided—Ruth Whitlock	Biggest tease—Crutty
Most stubborn—Muriel Smith	Most conscientious— Helen Whitcomb
Class gentleman—Crutty	
Most willing—Gladys Wewer	

Most punctual—Gladys Wewer	Most unruffled—Lauretta Stagg
Biggest primper—Ruth Whitlock	Sweetest—Kay Lewis
Most inquisitive— Caroline Bradfield	Most diffident—Grace Newham
Better-half—Ruth Ruffer	Most determined—Isabel Cubberley
Class chemist—Wally Pitman	Most smiling—Isabel Manson
Class artist—Mary Bell	Meekest—Rebe Delatour
Class Romeo—Rolie Nydegger	Best sport—Flo Ross
Class stenographer—Ruth Ruffer	Greatest traveller—Don DeHart
Cutest boy—Crutty	Most immaculate—Dot Scarff
Cutest girl—Bim Morgan	Most enthusiastic—Mandy Stewart
Most dramatic—Dot Beard	Class Advisor—Ken Johnson
Most dignified—George Talbot	Class Chauffeur—Al Colyer
Most congenial—Eddie Wright	Most humorous—Abe Short
Most tactful—Rah Williams	Cheeriest—Beans Thompson
Class Singer—Duck Searle	Perkiest—Shrimp Townley
Best girl dancer—Frankie Jennings	Most agreeable—Bebe Brower
Best boy dancer—Crutty	Fleetest footed—Natalie Burrell
Class Farmer—Dwight Barber	Most persevering—Dottie Coombe
Class Electrician—Jack Bartlett	Grittiest—Dot DeFina
	Class mechanic—Albert Cook
	Most demure—Billy Taylor
	Done most for 1924—Jessie Orgill

Acknowledgement

The Senior class owes so much to the faculty that we wish to take this opportunity to thank them for the support and encouragement they have given us throughout the year. Everything that we have successfully accomplished has been due largely to the unceasing efforts and ever ready aid of the teachers. We wish to thank Miss Orgill for her wonderful faithfulness and unselfishness in her part as Senior teacher, and the other faculty advisors, Mrs. Jenkins, Miss Hammell, and Mr. Stewart, who have been invaluable to our class. Mrs. Jenkins has been our advisor ever since she was our teacher in the eighth grade, and has remained loyal and faithful to us through all our high school career. Special mention and deepest gratitude are due Miss Dowding, who trained us for our Senior play and for all our dramatic activities. In connection with the Senior play, we wish to thank also Miss Howard, Miss Dickenson, and Miss Jagger, who assisted us with the scenery, costumes, and music. Miss Bible has been untiring in giving us advice and help in our literary efforts and in many other fields and has proven herself a true friend to us all.

Each member of the faculty has rendered many services, not only in the actual work they have done for us, but also in their encouragement and interest in all our attempts.



THE CAST

Doris Beard, Caroline Bradfield, Evelyn Stewart, Jean Moody, Ruth Whitlock, Kempton Searle, Roger Williams, Arthur Crutterden, Edgar Wright, Lawrence Apgar, Roland Nydegger.

Come Out of the Kitchen

Do you remember

The senior play rehearsals that we used to have?

First the afternoon ones,

When everybody used to go to basket-ball games downstairs

And miss their cues,

And we used to eat much, much candy;

Then the ones we had on holidays,

When everybody used to freeze

And still we ate candy?

Then there was the day when Miss Dowding

Told somebody to sit on "comfort"

And half an hour later she found everybody

Searching frantically around the auditorium

For the comfort.

But the evening rehearsals we shall never forget;

Usually it snowed

And it was always freezing in the auditorium,

And between the cold, and our natural weariness

We made some rather dumb mistakes

Until our poor instructor was almost in despair.

But we finally triumphed over circumstances

And "came up smiling",

And now that it's all over, we all agree

That on the whole

Those Senior Play rehearsals were pretty good fun!

Ruth Whitlock, '24

Class Song

Words and Music by Florence Mundy

We've worked and we've played together,
In the four long years gone by,
At first we were only Freshmen,
But with spirits flaming high,
Determined to pass with honor,
At the end of the High School year,
And finally we joined the Sophomores,
And our hearts were full of cheer.

Another hard year we struggled
To become the Junior class.
Each person a faithful worker,
And striving to do his best.
Despite all the loyal backing
Of our teachers true and kind,
A few of our friends and classmates
Were left far, yes, far behind.

But the rest of the class kept together
Through the year of twenty-three,
The jolliest crowd of Juniors,
That you ever hope to see.
We worked yet enjoyed the best times
That the school could give with pride,
And in June the carefree Juniors,
Became Seniors dignified.

So now we are "worthy Seniors",
Yet no longer gay, but sad,
For soon we must leave our high school,
And the friends here we have had,
And on life's ever widening pathways,
We will journey on to fame,
While the laurels we win in the future,
Will re-echo Westfields' name.



LITERARY



Editorial

With the current issue, *The Weather Vane* has completed its third successful year. It started in 1921, publishing, during the year, three numbers of about thirty-two pages. Last year the magazine averaged forty-eight pages. This year, contributions have been so numerous that the average number of pages has been fifty-two, and five issues have been published. The Senior Issue is in reality a Westfield High School Annual. It is an experiment which the Board has undertaken with full confidence that the school will support the enterprise loyally. It represents the highest achievement of three years' progress and presages attainments of greater merit in the future.

When we look back over the history of *The Weather Vane* we find that six of the present workers served on the original Board: Mary Bell, Gwen Smith, Paul Colson, George Thayer, Jack Worth, and Harold Thorne, all belonged to the valiant adventurers of 1921. Their three years' training has rendered valuable service to *The Weather Vane* this year, and has made possible the rapid growth of the magazine.

Football players toil in the mud and heat of scrimmage and conflict during the crisp, clear days of autumn; Basketball players struggle on gym floors in the cold, dark days of winter; Track and Baseball men fight for the honor of Westfield in the burning suns of June. All play under the stimulus of loud cheers from the sidelines or the galleries. It's "A long Westfield—with three teams on the end" for every activity. But *Weather Vane* editors toil from September to June, even from June to September again, often stealing hours from the night and precious Saturdays entire, to give the school a magazine of which she may be proud. Have we no cheers for them? Come on, school, a long Westfield—with three *Weather Vanes* on the end. Let's hear it, Hip, hip———!

Jessie Orgill.

Alas, Poor Yorick

The man, seen wearily trudging the dusty country road, was evidently a Knight of the Side Door Pullman sadly out of his chosen environment. His appearance on the exterior strengthened this fact. Aside from this doleful situation, Samuel Yorick, known in the company of his co-knights as Soulful Sam, was suffering the pangs of an unrelenting and unsatiated desire for a generous portion of that celebrated staff of life. His unshorn visage was barred from any intrusive glance, but his eyes held the baleful expression commonly seen in the orbs of the homeless and hungry dog of the streets. However great was his hunger, his observation was ever alert, and his keen sight revealed to him an apple, apparently lost from the sack of a market-bound apple merchant. Drowning men clutch at straws, and

so, too, did Sam clutch this. The luscious fruit only served to ridicule the appeasement of his flowing craving for nourishment, but Sam paid proper respects to his temporary succor. Pausing not to nibble, he engulfed it, devouring it with amplified gusto as his finite meal drew to an unsatisfactory finish. Punctuating his small feast by smacking his lips, and drawing his sleeve across his mouth, he contrived on his way, to be doubly alert and watchful.

A half mile down the road Sam encountered a farmhouse, in his eye, an institution which would replete his empty cornucopia. Making his customary "look see" concerning dogs, he was gratified to see that none were visible and that no sustenance of dog life appeared in the landscape of his next intended operations. His next move was one with which was connected his hope of a meal. Approaching the side of the house fence-ward, he glanced in, and his eyes were open to any enclosed conviction. Convictions or no, there was a pumpkin pie of ample proportions resting serenely, invitingly, on the windowsill, giving off the heat of its birth to the atmosphere, also an aroma of such taste-demanding quality that many a man of higher position in life than Soulful's had banned an honest man's grave for a pleasing portion of this brown-faced, crisply crusted creation of celestial qualities.

Having a will of his own, Sam willed it that ere night cast its protective coating over man and his deeds, he of the infinite appetite would rest with the happy content of a "hog."

His campaign mapped in his mind, he easily vaulted the fence, and with palate aquiver, he advanced upon this passionate appeal to his craving for nourishment. He made effort to control the backwash of his moral ethics, but the situation demanded brainy execution of burglarious tactics, so he lifted the pie and prepared to depart, planning surcease from hunger.

Have you ever stood, gazing with apprehension and sense of scenic beauty numbed by a growing and unrelenting hunger, failing to rhapsodize on the effulgent serenity of the placid splendor embraced in the waving fields of grain because of your interest centered on a grosser thing, such as a pie?

Perhaps that is why Sam failed to realize the presence of a small bull pup of mighty ambitions, who lolled within the umbrage of the barn, enjoying the delectable position of watchdog, perhaps retaining his sphere of influence by virtue of family reputation. By intuition, this quadruped of no meagre ability sensed that his duty must be discharged, and rising to do so, he beheld his adversary and knew that it must be done with such finesse as to leave no doubts in the mind of the offender that his decisions in questions of ownership, were final, and that his verdict was to be abided by. And so he sallied forth.

As Sam appropriated the pie, he saw animated judgment and punishment of his sin descending with wrathful censure, and he sized the situation with commendable interpretation. The dog's arguments were convincing,

in fact, conclusive, so with colors flying and pie protected, he beat a retreat with no little celerity of movement. His generalship was superb, yea, the exalted Napoleon's reputation tottered in the balance. Reaching the porch, he ascended, and vaulting the railing, he was on the ground again, headed for the fence, freedom, and feed. The dog, temporarily handicapped by this sudden show of athletics, was soon upon him again. Sam alighted on the foreign side of the fence, sans an essential section of his pants, a component usually associated with the nape of the neck.

He bore the fruits of victory, yet he suffered the sting of defeat. The dog committed his duty with fidelity, gained his desired end, yet was pained in the knowledge that the pilferer, though repulsed from his ingle-side, carried with him his objective, and his interposition yielded him naught save the tattered remnant of an over worn garment.

Thus ended the battle of man versus beast. Man won, dog lost, yet the light of canine superiority was lifted high over the shape of defeated man.

Sam was fully satisfied with the result of his escapade, for its fruits served to defer the mighty tide of hunger that assailed him. Realizing his safety, he turned to behold his ejector, and being blessed with a versatile perception of impending calamity, he went thence, fearing the dog would find exit from the yard to vent a consuming rage of his fleeing figure.

Drawing out of sight, he stopped, for he was laboring under an anticipation that increased in intensity as his meal was detained, so he slumped in the herbage and sought cessation in the pressing need that was delving in his character and undermining his moral fibre.

When his acute appetite became but a vague and obtuse perception he paused, possibly to parley with time, to keep his appetency from flagging before this gratifying contract was terminated. After so sojourning, he elevated himself for a position more adapt and convenient for embracing. His mouth was encompassing the chaste morsel, when he suspended execution, transfixed and speechless. Expression was inadequate for his astonishment. There, standing a little to his left was one of his own genus, unkempt and unshorn, whose bearing radiated the same enthusiasm which Sam had endured a scant fifteen minutes before.

Eying the choice morsel, he said, "Howdy Sam, wheredja get the handout?"

Seemingly the new arrival, at some time or other, had enjoyed the acquaintance of Sam, or surely, he would not have saluted him with an approach so intimate. Or perhaps the latter's memory was benumbed by the exquisite comfit so entertaining. There are times when the material things of existence must bow down to a higher cause, or, to be explicate, mind over matter, so Sam rose to the occasion, and with painful effort at retrospection, he reverted to bygones, and lo! it was done.

"Gabby Gus" he accosted with enthusiasm. "Sit down and break fast with me."

Gus nodded his willingness to be agreeable, and the remainder of the pie was given to his disposal, which he retrenched with an alacrity too amazing for comprehension.

To Sam, the amicable parrot of former years had undergone an alteration in nature, for after the pie had vanished into the abyss of that tangled frontage, Gus seemed to settle into a perverse manner, unlike that of former years. To be more informing, the personality of Gus had been soured by a detainment in a certain institution of correction, an imprisonment which he believed to be the command of unjust gods. We do not mention Gus's misdemeanor, but in mourning his situation, he often alluded that he had a royal flush when they broke the doors down.

Seeing Gus in this prevailing temper, Sam settled back to do justice to his name. He lifted his handsome voice in song, and the birds and animals, their petty chirpings and quarrels aside, were transfixed by a lyric of a quality that had graced the country side never before. Unmindful of the fact that he was reversing nature, Soulful Sam continued in song, and when his delectable melody was brought to a close, an audience of an human appreciation appeared in the form of a jovial person of material magnitude.

"What melodious succession, what rhythmic correspondence! My febrile frame is vibrant with your affluent consonance. Come with me, my desolate domicile will do homage to your beauteous art."

Completely astounded, Sam arose and followed, but still, he was willing to undergo any circumstance that might bear the promise of another meal. Gus, too, had no disposition to tarry.

The "desolate domicile" proved to be a residence showing lavish expenditure for ravish effect, a place where desolation was completely foreign. Inside Sam was speechless with awe, and as if in a trance he was led to the drawing room. Here Gus was pleasingly shocked, for on a table in a remote corner, stood a decanter full of a—an intoxicating liquid.

"Tarry, I'll call my friends, your song demands an audience," and the ponderous mass waddled out.

The liquid in the far corner was as a magnet to the eye of Gus, and what one looks at most, one wants most.

"Aye, I am parched with an woeful thirst, lead thou me boozeward," he said as he advanced. Pouring himself a copious helping, he drank as one would drink the evidence of a drastic crime.

Liquor warmed the soul of Gus, and his tongue loosened.

"Come, Sam, let's to drink, join me in a blessed toast to our future ease."

Sam took the proffered glass, and drank for auld lang syne. Alas, what potency is hidden in that effervescent fluid. As they regaled themselves with that boneset toddy, their thirst waxed stronger, and continuing to imbibe, they became hopelessly and shamelessly spificated.

In this ignominious state, their benefactor found them, and his ire was aroused.

"Bedouins, depredators of my hearth, out! I'll none of you. You'll delve not in my larder, you'll eat not of the kickshaws of my board," he shrieked as he advanced upon them. This ample personage gathered them up, and ejected them through the window. Clapping his hands to take the dust of many roads and railroads that had been transmitted to them from the clothes of the two, he exclaimed, "By all the Olympian Potentates, this is most harrowing. Balderdash!"

Outside the stricken Sam bewailed the caustic fate that had robbed him of his opportunity.

Harold Thorne, '26.

It comes to me with a rush—the thought that I am leaving the old school forever. How I will miss the familiar bell warning late-comers and announcing the grind for another day.

Perhaps my happiest days have been spent in the gym. A rush of tears blurs my eyes as I recall the trips made with the team, the glory of victory, and only twice the crushing blow of defeat.

The door is opening and I must prepare to leave. I may go out in body but my spirit is with you, old W. H. S.!

As I turn my face toward the world, I carry in my heart a picture of events and incidents that may some day give me courage enough to win a battle against great odds.

Farewell, underclassmen! May you realize your duty and forever honor your Alma Mater!

'24.

What if it really were true! What if it stayed 9:30 forever! What if all of a sudden the clock began to jump frantically from 9:30 until it reached 2:10! Would we gather our books madly at 10:00 o'clock and rush to our next class before the hands moved again? Think of the scraped elbows, the slamming of doors, the screeching of desks, the torn hair-nets,—all for the want of a minute.

Why doesn't the janitor fix the clocks?

'24.

The Wind-Mill Turns

O'er vale and hill Dawn shows her dewy face,
And in the freshness of her sweet embrace
All life returns.
Somewhere a bird sings softly to his nest—
And in a field apart from all the rest,
A wind-mill turns.

E'en as we watch, the rosy-tinted grey
Of early morn becomes the brilliant day.
The warm sun burns.
Man works, and children play. The busy mill
Puts forth its greatest efforts now. And still
The wind-mill turns.

Behold, low o'er the western hills, the sun!
The day is almost spent; his work is done.
And see! He spurns
The company of stars in the great dial
Of Heav'n, and sinks behind the mountains, while
The wind-mill turns.

And in the starlight, 'neath a silver moon
We see the wind-mill toiling as at noon
Among the ferns.
For while new days are born, grow old, and die—
While children play, men work, and lovers sigh,
The wind-mill turns.

Oh, temporal symbol of an unseen power!
Life's little morn soon tells the midday hour.
The candle burns;
It flickers and goes out. The course is run.
But pulsing through it all, sun after sun
The life-wheel turns.

Gwendolen Crane Smith, '25.

A True Incident of the Sea

"No sir," said Captain Ed Campbell as he turned the nose of his sea skiff toward the west, "I can't make it an' I ain't gonna try."

"Say, listen, Captain—I hired this skiff for today under the conditions that I should be taken out of the inlet to the mackerel grounds, and I expect you to keep your part of the bargain. Where's your nerve?"

"Nerve? Why man alive, it doesn't take nerve—it takes what ya might call insanity!" Nevertheless, Captain Ed Campbell again threw the tiller to port, and narrowly scrutinized the turbulent waters of the narrow torrent between the reinforced jetties.

Slowly the graceful skiff fought her way to the mouth of the angry inlet, the water rushed past her lap-boards like a mill race, while the whirlpools and waves lapped hungrily at her gunwales and exhaust. She was nearing the broad expanse of the glittering white caps, tinted a blood red by the rising sun, when Campbell's bronzed hands corded on the tiller handle. Walt Tedly's eyes bulged. Would they ever survive the bar? A breaking wave, foaming and roaring, bore down on them with the speed of sound. The frothing mountain hit the skiff exactly in her bow, lifting her perpendicular with the sea, then raced on its way into the inlet, leaving boat and occupants suspended in midair for a second. But force of gravity had its way and the skiff, narrowly missing cracking her bottom, splashed down to its environment.

Neither Campbell nor Walt said a word, but both did a lot of thinking. It was impossible to turn back now, as it would be suicide to show the skiff's broadside to the waves, and both knew it. A dejected look in Walt's eyes told of his sorrow for having taunted the captain into attempting to navigate Shark River inlet in a wind and tide storm like this while Campbell's grim lips spoke of his sorrow at having accepted the foolish taunt.

Although her twelve horse-power Eagle engine strained and puffed, Campbell's skiff barely moved through the angry mass of green water.

They were about a mile outside of the 16th Avenue fishing pound, when all the luck went against them. Usually *The Stranger*, Campbell's skiff, was the smoothest running motor boat on Shark River, but the sea was too much for her screw, and as she mounted a wave, the casing bolt snapped, throwing her to the mercy of the sea.

Immediately Campbell began to work on the damaged propeller, hoping to fix it in time to save his craft from destruction. But it seemed that the harder he worked, the faster the wind and waves tossed the skiff towards the fish pounds. Both knew what it would mean to be caught in the fish net in a sea like that!

A half an hour later, Campbell looked up from his task to find Walt standing as if riveted to the floor, staring straight ahead. At almost the same moment the progress of the skiff was checked as she crashed into the strong, tarred ropes of the 16th Avenue fish nets.

The net, not having the power of determining between poor fish and regular fish, opened up her wide arms and eagerly welcomed the new comer. The harder the wind blew the more entangled *The Stranger* became until she was securely held down. The waves now found no difficulty in satisfying their desire to play with the gunwales and port holes; it was only a question of time for the unmerciful sea to rush through the battered boards into the cosy interior of Campbell's pride.

The fear of both Campbell and Walt suddenly vanished into presence of mind, and simultaneously they cried for a knife. Campbell dove into the cabin and produced a couple, with which they began to cut their way to liberty. Frantically they hacked and sawed at the tough rope, praying that the sea would remain in the sea for just a while longer. Then with a last hack the boat leaped forward and they were free from a much damaged fish net.

Encouraged by this good fortune, Campbell soon had the casing repaired, and had turned *The Stranger's* nose toward the inlet. They both decided they had had enough fishing for the day.

A few days later, after Walt had calmed down, he told me that he could see the funny side of the experience now. He said he had held up the iron cable that binds the fish net and had cried out to Campbell, "Cut it! Cut it!" Which Campbell had tried to do with the back of the knife!

Ganong Bliss, '25.

The Sea

Along the dim horizon the restless, tossing sea
Extends for miles to east and west
And sparkles with ecstasy.
The rolling breakers bathe the shore
And smoothe the yellow sand.
Their never-ceasing swish and roar
Is echoed by the land.
The sky is glowing in the west,
With a rosy, golden light.
As the lordly sun sinks to his rest
And bids the world good-night.
His last bright beams fall on the sea,
A sea of rose and blue,
That murmurs now entrancingly
As it fades to somber hue.

Gertrude Taylor, '26.

Daybreak

To the north there was hill country, backed by mountains; to the east, hills; to the west, again hills piled high on hills—a lofty mountain range, the whole forming an irregular semicircle that encompassed a broad, arid area with a ragged horizon.

To the south, however, stretched the desert—vast, silent, eternal, lifeless, and trackless.

At first it was very dark and very still. The moon, whose light had made the shadow of the tumbling buildings seem a pool of ink upon a silver platter, had dipped behind the horizon. A wide, windless, cloudless sky arched above, wonderfully brilliant with many stars, whose softly falling and pallid light was all that served to show the irregular, upflung line of the encircling hills, and pick out the blurs of black that stood for the station and its forlorn companion, the tank.

Then very suddenly, a pale light filled the void betwixt earth and sky; the eastern mountains became as black and solid battlements against the horizon; in the west the darkness seemed to deepen, to grow more softly dense.

The stars flickered feebly; were blown out one by one by the breath of dawn. A sweeping sense of coolness was in the air, with the effect of a gentle breeze—though, in truth, the atmosphere had not stirred from its eternal calm.

Stronger and stronger grew the light. Abruptly the spire-like peak of a far hill caught the first rays of the sun; it glowed like a flame of rose. Great shafts of iridescent light radiated across the firmament, like the ribs of some celestial fan.

The marvelous, clear air of the desert underwent its daily transformation, paling swiftly from black to purple, from purple to violet, from violet to amethyst, to sapphire, until finally, with a bound the sun cleared the hill-tops and losing the first vigor of its ascent, soared more sedately aloft in the brazen empyrean, and flooded the desert and the bare, baked flanks of the hills with golden, dazzling light and withering heat.

The earth glowed in its fierce glare and seemed to steam; wherever the eye turned the goose-heat kept the air in constant agitation. The gigantic malformed hills basked—arid, desolate, glorious with all the hues of the rainbow.

And so the day came.

Aileen Allen, '24.



Au Clair de la Lune

In the yellow moonlight
Pierrot, my friend,
Lend a guill, I prithee
A line would send.
Dead and dark my candle
In this lonely place—
Give me fire to light it
As thou hop'st for grace.

In the yellow moonlight
Pierrot makes reply :
All my guills are broken,
Snug in bed I lie ;
Go and ask my neighbor
I think thou'll find her there.
In her darkened Kitchen
A light begins to flare.

AU CLAIR DE LA LUNE

Favorite Antipathies

OR A DISSERTATION ON A PEACH SKIN

What is your favorite antipathy? Mine is—well, I won't take you into my confidence just yet, but I'll wager that you have some such cherished antipathy as mine and so I guess I will be sociable and tell you what mine is. It is the fuzzy, wuzzy fur on the skin of a peach. Now, as you know, a peach is very lovely to behold; yes, sometimes very lovely girls are referred to in this wise. Its complexion is fair and rosy and this small or large fruit, as the case may be, is very sweet, delicious, and juicy. Ah, yes, sometimes too much so, and it seems quite the usual thing for this fair object to be especially so when one is all decked out in his or her best. But all the joys extended by its loveliness vanish when teeth break the skin and lips touch the fur. Whenever I attempt to eat of this fruit, ugh! shivers upon shivers take possession of my spine as a toboggan and go scooting up and down, evidently out for a wonderful time.

They shout gleefully in the back of my head and make my teeth chatter, and then they start to play leap-frog. Tiring of this, they lose their balance, one by one, and go tumbling head over heels into space.

You fortunate ones who have never experienced these awful shivers may think this statement of my feelings rather odd but you who have suffered with me, ah! I can feel your sympathy, and as I have eaten many peaches in my time, while yet adorned with their jackets, I have come to know the after effects of this would-be delight, quite well, but you may be assured that I fully enjoy my peaches when they are minus their fur coats. An odd thing, when you come to think of it, to wear in the summer time.

Aileen Allen, '24.

APRIL RAINDROPS

It's raining April raindrops
With a drowsy, humming, drizzle on the roof.
It's raining silver bubbles,
That swirl about the street light,
That splash and shatter, tinkling,
On my window.
And I'm a fairy princess
In a tower of crystal, high.
The playful, fickle, dancing droplets,
Sliding down my crystal walls,
Bending low my jasmine vine,
Softly laugh
And call me out.

Mary Bell, '24.

Moonset

The silence deepened, broken only by
The noise of breaking branches made by
Some great animal hovering nigh
My insecure retreat.

The moon rose from its quiet rest
Across the lake's soft whispering breast
There shot a shaft of gold toward the west,
Where the delirious whip-poor-will
Shattered the night so still.

Then the great blue-gray loon
Raised his voice toward the moon
Which, stopped by its flight so soon,
Echoed and echoed.

Soon from its nightly perch
In the gold and gleaming birch,
The moon gave a sudden lurch
Behind the mountain.

Now again all was still,
Still now the whip-poor-will,
Still now the blue-gray loon
With out the moon.

Now it is dawn.

Allen Gifford, '25.

A good, familiar essay is always received with appreciation by the student body. On thinking over the topics assigned I could find but two. "The Penalty of Violating Convention" did not seem to lend itself easily to my childish mind and pen. The second topic, "The Pleasure of Loafing," seemed a bit too common for my consideration. As for the subject matter, I had plenty of ideas, but the thought that my production might be read by an unsympathetic public was quite discouraging.

But the worst of all is; that possessing all these brilliant ideas and spending hours planning what to write, I turn out a thing like this:

First Impressions of a Basketball Game.

My first basketball game was an awfully interesting one—most awful. The ball bounded to and fro like an injured collar button, as we slithered and slathered across the soft pine floor. Zeros decorated the score board and many of our craniums.

I realize that the most important thing in a basketball game was: to shoot a basket. So, I resolved to shoot a basket; or myself. With a horrible twist I grabbed the ball and hurled it from me. It hit the ceiling with a look of pained surprise on its leather countenance; then it sweetly dropped through the basket. The whistle blew and I stepped back to receive the applause of my team, a sickly grin on my face. They leaped upon me like a pack of hunting dogs. I had won the game, yes, for the other team. I had shot the wrong basket.

Now, do you wonder why I refrain from contributing to the *Weather Vane*?

Grace Newham, '24.

To cut, or not to cut: that is the question;
 Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
 Those threats and zeros in outrageous portions
 Or to submit ourselves to evil genius
 By planning to avoid them? To cut, to flee;
 To flee, perhaps get caught, ay there's the dread
 That makes our plans short-lived
 For in that sweet delicious truancy,
 What captives fear may make us.

Edwin Gottlick, '24.

Ode to a Mermaid

O, I'd love to be a mermaid
 And sit upon the rocks,
 Away out in the ocean
 Where I could comb my locks.

O, I long to be a mermaid,
 To watch the seething foam,
 To comb my tangled gnarled locks
 With a Woolworth, celluloid comb.





SENIORS



SOPHOMORES



JUNIORS



FRESHMEN



THE GLEE CLUB CONCERT

The Glee Club gave its annual concert before a large audience of delighted hearers on Friday, May 9. All who attended, and the crowd was a large one, were very favorably impressed with the splendid results which Miss Jagger, with her capable leadership, received. A distinctive feature of the program was the solos rendered by Kempton, (known in school society as "Duck") Searle. Lawrence Apgar also lent attraction to the performance with a difficult piano selection, faultlessly played, while Carol Kynes read an excellent original essay on *Music Week*. The two saxophone duets, *Whispering Hope* and *Barcarolle from Hoffman*, played by Franklin Windfeldt and Richard Wolfe, were well applauded by the audience. Truly we ought to be proud of our school Glee Club; it grows bigger and better each year, and at present, there is little room for improvement. Congratulations, Miss Jagger!

MORE FAME

Ssh! Start here to unravel the great mystery. One fine day Mr. Beling set off to his daily office work with a light heart, for he carried the first issue of the *Weather Vane*, in which was the masterpiece of his daughter, Alice, of Junior fame. Mr. Beling basked in the glory of the clever stories until his duties called him away. Being so engrossed in his business, he failed to miss the *Weather Vane*, and to notice that it had not been on his desk until it turned up another fine day. With it was a copy of the *American Perfumer*, the magazine edited by the firm of which Mr. Beling is vice-president. What was his surprise upon turning over the pages, to discover the sketch which Alice had written, entitled "Old Home Week"! So ends the mystery. The clever editor of the *American Perfumer* is to be congratulated for his good taste in selecting such material, Alice for writing said material, and the *Weather Vane* for printing aforementioned material.

HAIL, FRENCH DEPARTMENT!

If Mr. Zeigfield should ever run short of fancy dancers, the place for him to secure the best the world offers is right in W. H. S. The French Department, conducted by Mademoiselle L'Homme (which, being interpreted, reads Miss Mann) entertained the Parent-Teachers' Association at its last meeting with a very clever little sketch, in which Miss Elizabeth Taylor, Miss Lilly Weber, and Miss Dorothy Scarff displayed their most excellent aesthetic ability. Paul Colson and Morgan Orr added interest with their quaint French songs. Much credit should be given to those boys who manipulated the lighting, for the effects were beautiful. Once more the French Department has brought glory upon its head with the fine type of entertainment it has offered.

THE SPANISH DEPARTMENT ENTERTAINS

Not to be outdone in any way by her rival language, the Spanish Department rises, clamoring for a place in the dramatic world. The very name of the two-act play, produced in chapel and at the Parent-Teachers' Association meeting, entitled *One of Them Ought to Marry*, attracted a great deal of curiosity and not a little interest. The parts were very well acted, and even though only the Spanish students howled with mirth at the clever lines, the more unfortunate (or fortunate, as the case may be) joined in out of sympathy. Rah Williams, playing the part of the unfortunate brother who finds it his lot to woo one of the sex whom he fears, certainly was fine. Flo Ross, and Sally Meyers were sweet and simple Spanish ladies, and Donald De Hart was a dashing cavalierio! No doubt about it, the acting was splendid. La Señora is surely a most competent "manageress." Miss Louise Denison captivated the hearts of her audience by her graceful dancing, and we suspect there was more than one "stage-door Johnny" that day. Adelaide Jones, accompanied by Doris Beard, sang a pretty little Spanish song. Edward Colson and Wayne Johnson, as announcer and interpreter, were the hit of the performance. They appeared in dress-suit, and reminded some of us of nobles; others, of waiters! So Spanishy was the atmosphere, we wouldn't have been a bit surprised to see Columbus come walking out upon the scene! We enjoyed it a great deal, Spaniards, and are looking forward to your next entertainment.

Popularity Contest Winners



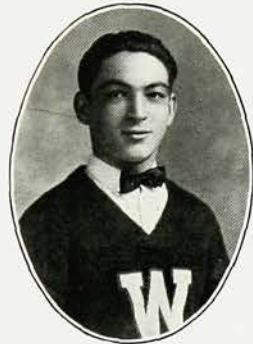
MOST POPULAR GIRL

BIM MORGAN, '24

Bim is the cheeriest, peppiest little body that ever made the sun shine on rainy days. Her playing in the Guthrie games was spectacular. She does everything well, without any apparent effort; strums a bewitching ukelele and Bim has a way of singing—all her own. We're surely going to miss her when she's gone!

MAX GLASSER, '26

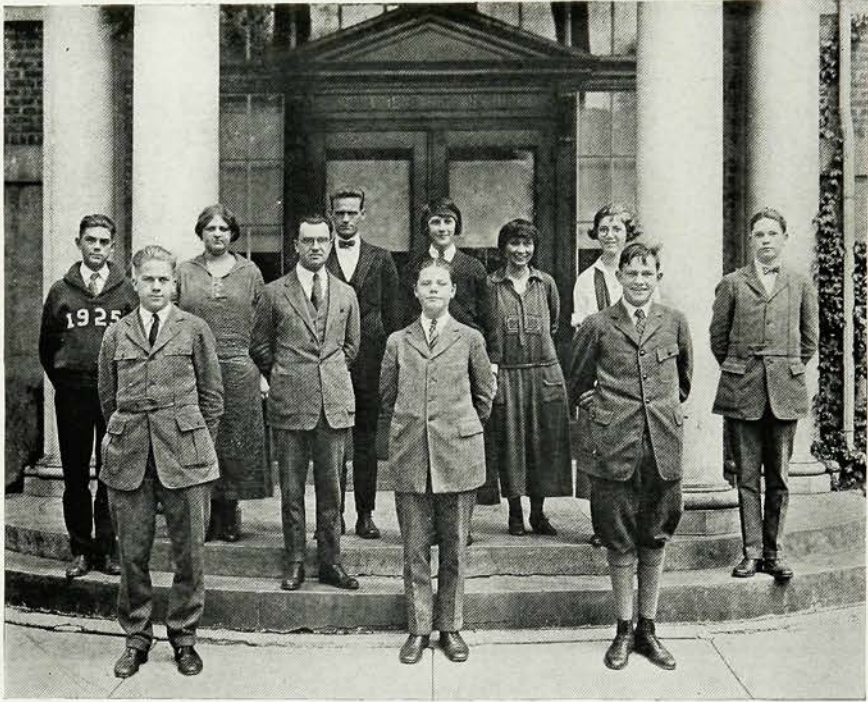
Everyone knows Max—his easy, and rather distinctive manner of speech. But it is his smile that charms us. There is so much of it and it's so genuine. For being utterly care-free and supremely light-hearted, Max's fame is well established. He has been on the football team and the basketball. He shines in baseball, too. When he was a Freshman he had the highest rating in the intelligence test. His latest success was as the dastardly villain in the *Weather Vane* play.



MOST POPULAR BOY

Senior Day

Senior Day has always been one of the time-honored customs of our school, but this year we decided to make the event a little less *time*, and a trifle more *honored*. Being such a superior class, we conceived the bright idea of dropping our dignity for one day, and becoming as little children, yea, even as Freshmen. Each Senior represented either a book, or a character in a book, and many were the hilarious shouts of laughter upon meeting with one's favorite hero, and most adored heroine. The big event of the day, however, was a play by Booth Tarkington, entitled *The Trysting Place*. Again, excellent acting ability displayed itself, but what we should especially like to know is, who taught "Roly" how to make love? He showed the results of constant coaching, and much practice. We really think the secret is too good to keep! And how amazed we were to see how many gypsies the Senior Class possessed. "Frankie" Jennings, ably assisted by her wandering, wild, and winning troupe, sang all she wanted to about the teachers, and no one said a word, in fact, they didn't dare! The participants in Senior Day feel it was the best ever produced in school. How do you feel about it, W. H. S.? Yes, we thought you'd agree!



DEBATE SQUAD

The Debating Society

The latest addition to the Westfield High School family is the Debating Society, a healthy, active, ambitious youngster of about four months.

Organized for the purpose of promoting an interest in debate among the pupils of the Westfield High School, the society took as its charter members those who constituted the two debating teams.

The election of officers resulted in the choice of Ruth Houghton as President, George Trayer as Vice-president, Robert Mumford as Secretary, and Alan Thompson as Treasurer. Helen Everett, Helen Whitcomb, Richard Sampson, and Grinnel Booth are charter members and Miss Marielle Kays and Mr. Stuart, advisors.

Membership, although somewhat restricted, is most desirable. Limited to five percent of the student body, the members must have been passed upon by the Principal and recommended by the society. Applicants must assure the society of their speaking abilities by passing some test of public speaking. Members of the society will participate in interclass debates, an annual mock debate, trips to nearby towns or colleges to hear prominent public speakers, two social meetings at night, and lastly an annual banquet. The society is busy now making plans for the banquet which it hopes will be the closing success of the successful year.

Alumni Notes

Do you know that?

Katherine Randolph, '18, was married to Charles Nowels Garretson of Somerville on May 8th.

Edna Pearsall, '20, and Bud Cooper were married on May 28th.

Joyce Thompson's '19 engagement to Philip Keeler of Westfield, has been announced.

Ruth Tremaine, '22, is traveling through Europe with her parents.

Bill Pfaff, '22, is pitching for Colgate's second baseball team.

Ed Hubert, '23, displayed to advantage h's old W. H. S. track training in an N. Y. U. Track Meet.

The following are among the graduating classes in their respective colleges and finishing schools: Fred Brokaw, '20, Cornell; Westford Cutler, '20, Union; Dorothy Turner, '20, New Jersey College for Women; Helen Newcomb, '20, Vassar; Charles Pitcher, '20, Yale; Margaret Middleditch, '20, Vassar; Carolyn Darby, '22, Penn. Hall; Elizabeth Evens, '22, Miss Wheelock's Kindergarten School.

Stanford Hendrickson, '23, has been elected a member of the Philoclian Literary Society at Rutgers.

Ernestine Bunnell, '23, has been elected president of the class of '27 at Elmira.

Exchanges

We wish to acknowledge the following exchanges. We sincerely hope that you will consider us worthy of an exchange next year.

The Altruist, Emerson H. S., Hoboken, N. J.

The Bucknellian, Bucknell Hall H. S., Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Flambeau, Grantwood, N. J.

The Periscope, Perth Amboy, N. J..

The Spot Light, Cranford, N. J.

Lincoln Lore, Lincoln H. S., of Teachers College, N. Y.

The Quill, Barret Manual Training H. A., Henderson, N. Y.

Red and Gray, Roselle, N. J.

The Mirror, Hasbrouck Heights, N. J.

The Oracle, Gloversville, N. J.

The Beacon, Asbury Park, N. J.

The Oracle, Plainfield, N. J.

The Tabula, Oak Park-Forest Hills, Ill.

The Owl, Wadleigh H. S., N. Y. C.

Red and Blue, Pocatello, Idaho.

SPORTS



To Miss Wheelock

The school and the town and the state and the East all join in this tribute. She belongs to each one of them and it is with pride that they uphold her. So much do we owe to Miss Wheelock that these mere words are not able to express how much we appreciate and value her as one of us. Her work as coach of the girls' championship team has been one of untiring effort, patience, and determination. To her we owe our state championships of four years, our splendid teams, the cooperation and good spirit among the girls, and the fine calibre of training they have received in this school. And in this last work, in her quiet way, she has made Westfield known throughout the Union. Miss Wheelock, to you is extended the hand of favor in the warmest appreciation and congratulation.

As the team, and as the senior members especially, we cannot see the season end without a feeling of sorrow. It is terminating not only a successful year but also the companionships and joy we have had in working and playing together. We can never forget the times we have had at the practices, nor the victories, publicity, and all else that basketball has meant to us in a broadening sense; above all the guardianship of "dear teacher." In good times, she has been the happiest among us; in sad times, she has been the most hopeful; in gay times, the level head that we needed. Her "dressing room talks" inspired us to victories and her "last minute words" guided us from defeats. She has been more than a coach to us, more than a teacher. We feel as if she were a third parent, or a temporal god-mother. She has made us what we are today and this team will never, never forget its basketball days with her.

In conclusion we wish to say to the second team:

"To you from falling hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high!"

The Team.



Standing: Mr. Neubauer, Katherine Nicholas, guard; Florence Mundy, jump center; Gladys Wewer, guard; Flo Ross, Manager; Miss Wheelock, coach.

Seated: Elizabeth Carr, guard; Elizabeth Pleister, side center; Evelyn Woodruff, forward, captain; Ruth Miller, forward; Elizabeth Morgan, guard.

May 10 at Roselle

RED BANK

11-34

The challengers for state title came up with a determined spirit and an animated crowd of routers.

We all admire this courageous team, but they were not equal to Westfield's experience. The opponents were despondent at the quarter when they faced a 0-14 score. Blue and White's playing was confident and in something like pre-Guthrie shape. She snapped into the game proudly and sailed through it like a ship of state. The Grays made three points to our four in the second quarter but at that point their salvation was impossible. It is true Westfield should have been more careful of over guarding for all but two of Red Bank's goals were made from the foul line. Our two point shots by R. Miller were exceptional. The line-up changed with Woodruff at side-centre, Morgan forward, and Wewer guarding the last quarter. The final score shows the team are righteous holders of the State Championship they verified by this game.

Alva-Croton Game

The girls' basketball team and certain other members of the High School were fortunate enough to be transported to the Croton-Alva game at Ossining, on May 12.

The game was the third in a series between the champions of New York state and those of Oklahoma. Croton secured her title by her three games with Hempstead, L. I. There has been a general misunderstanding as to Alva's rating with Guthrie. At the time of Guthrie's visit to Westfield, they were alleged the champions of their state. We then heard that Alva held the title of that state. This fact is attributed to the unfortunate condition of Guthrie's team during the one game they lost to Alva. Four of their regulars were out with influenza. This game disqualified them for state runner-up, but as they otherwise lost no games, they still considered themselves champions over the official position of Alva. That neither of these teams should have settled their dispute before coming east, we consider more or less of an imposition on the teams they played here.

However, Alva won the championship from Croton with her two victories. The Monday night game was the deciding factor, since each team had won one of the previous matches. It was a wonderfully played, well matched game, since both teams used the same type of play. It can hardly be judged to have belonged to either team till the whistle blew with Alva one point in the lead.

Alva thus stands contestant for the National Cup against Guthrie. This will be decided in a series between the two which will be a settlement of state and interstate controversy.

The Westfield Cup, as it is called, is now in the rightful ownership of Guthrie. It is the project of the Cup Committee, Mr. Rogers, Mr. Snevily, and Mr. Nicholas, and the trustee, Mr. Harden, to establish a national committee and guardian of this cup that shall draw up a charter to establish the rules and regulations by which the cup shall be governed. The present deed of donorship is possessed by Mr. Harden. The town manifests great interest in this, our cup, and looks anxiously for the day when it will return to us.

The girls' track meet was held on campus at 2:30, May 14. The Seniors won by two points.

GIRLS' TRACK MEET

Class A

E. Pleister
G. Wewer
D. King

Dash

Class B

J. Rockwell
E. Woodruff
I. Rockwell

Relay Race
Freshman
Juniors

Basketball Side Arm

F. Mundy
E. Pleister
H. Gorsky

M. Buddie
M. Thompson
S. Sinclair

Hop Step And Jump

Basketball Overhead

E. Pleister
G. Wewer
D. Boardman

F. Mundy
M. Bell
C. Mundy

Running High Jump

Running Broad Jump

E. Pleister
M. Bell
G. Wewer

E. Pleister
G. Wewer
M. Bell

Baseball Throw

F. Herbst
M. Buddie
J. Quipp

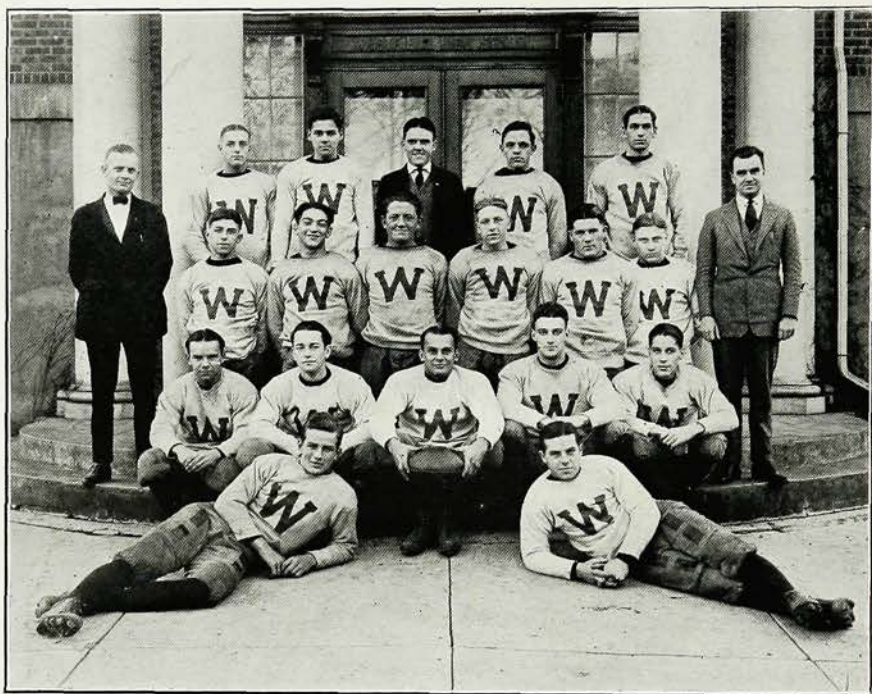
Standing Broad Jump

M. Bell
F. Mundy
C. Kynes

M. Smith
J. Rockwell
M. Buddie

Inland Voyages of the Girls' Track Team

Girls' athletics have never been especially conspicuous, but lately more and more attention has been devoted to them. With the Guthrie-Westfield games came a surprising and pleasing feeling that W. H. S. had some girl athletes. We're glad people woke up in time to allow us to journey to the Eastern Section of the Women's National Track Meet at Mamaroneck, N. Y. On Saturday, May 17, the eighteen Varsity Track girls traveled up to Oaksmere School to participate in the meet. Our spirits were high but our hopes not quite so, for we had vague and troubling memories of a measly four points squeezed out of our first meet last year. However, we started off with a bang! When the meet was finished, we discovered Westfield had taken third place, with a score of 17 points. "Billy" Pleister, Mary Bell, Florence Mundy, Janet Rockwell, and Frances Herbst brought in our points for us. We're going back next year to win the cup. Can we do it?—of course we can!

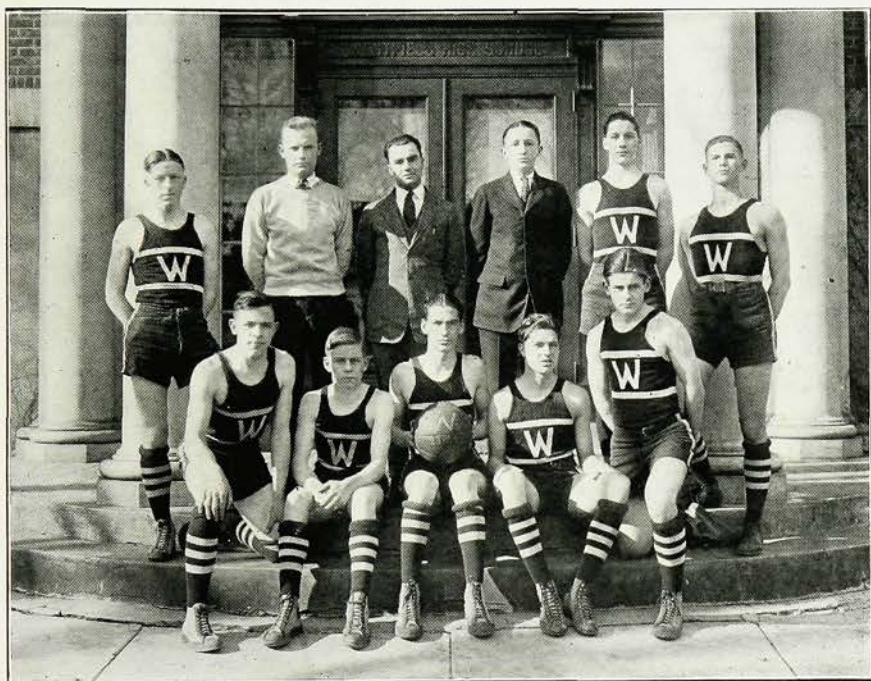


Football

This group of Westfield football heroes represents our most successful gridiron team in many years. By successful we mean that the team played clean, square football every minute of every game. Besides upholding the high standard of character which Westfield is proud to display, the eleven won some very hard games, and lost some pluckily fought battles. Each second of every contest, the team battled its opponents with a do-or-die spirit that brought both glory and victories to the Blue and White. Behind George Dorset's excellent leadership, and Coach Batten's complete understanding of the game and his fellows, the team worked like one cog, every man for his fellow linesman and all linesman for his school and a clean victory.

So well was the team coached that there was not a single accident during the whole season. When the last game was brought to a close by the "ref's" whistle every man on the entire squad knew himself to be as hard as a nail on the outside, and about fifty per cent. more of a man on the inside. That is saying a lot when one knows what likable fellows they were before they pulled on their cleats.

A good number of these fellows will be back next year to battle for old Westfield and, while the Seniors will be greatly missed, there will undoubtedly be just as good men to step into their places.

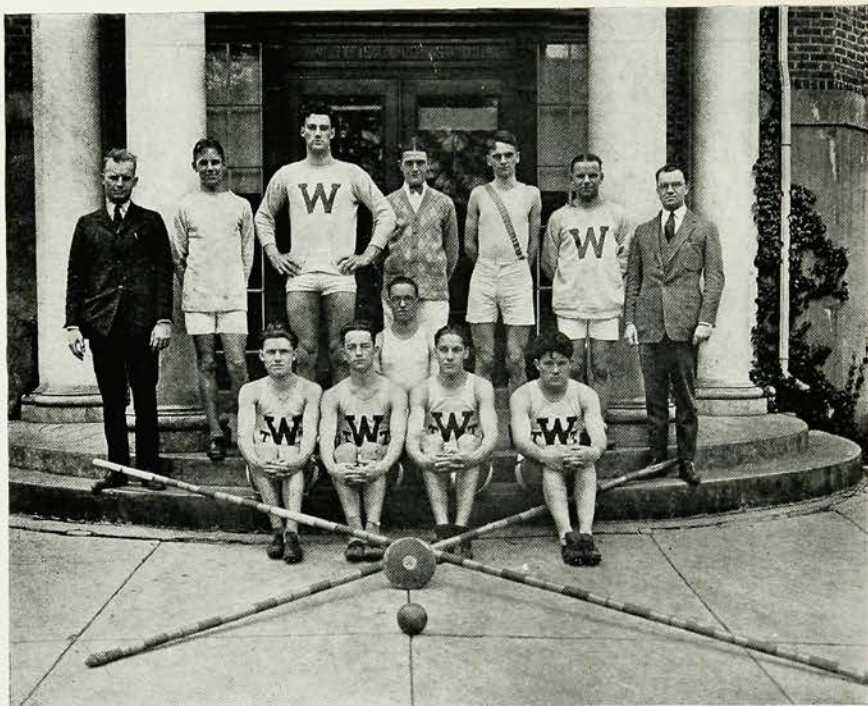


Top Row: Jack Irving, forward; Coach Batten, Mr. Neubauer, Eugene Reid, manager; Wallace Pitman, forward; Donald De Hart, center.

Second Row: Willard Morgan, guard; Gilbert Moore, forward; Horace Higbie, center; Louis Deitz, center; Winton Baker, guard.

Basketball

This year Coach Batten found himself stranded without a single letter man, and yet developed a real basketball team! Although they met with a *few defeats*, the team always played a hard game that was a pleasure to see, a game to which every Westfielder was proud to refer. This might lead one to think that all games were lost, yet this was not the case as Plainfield and many other strong teams went down to defeat before the ceaseless efforts of the team. All the more credit is due the five because of the fact that they were an inexperienced bunch of athletes in the beginning. They did not remain inexperienced long, however, much to the chargin of teams that were defeated. Truly a fine specimen of Westfield courage, spirit, and determination.



Track

THE INTERCLASS TRACK MEET

On Monday, May 5, the class track teams journeyed to the Washington School campus for their annual clash. The Seniors were the outstanding characters in both classes. They made as many points as all the other classes put together, eighty-one.

Wally Pitman flew up in the air like a bird when he cleared the bar at ten feet three inches in the pole vault, beating his record of last year by one foot, one inch. The Johnsons also made a good showing. Wayne Johnson won the half and quarter mile runs and the pole vault in class B. "Ken" Johnson won the half mile in Class A.

Where are the other classes? Don't let the Seniors do it all. Juniors! Sophomores! Freshmen! let's see you beat those Seniors in baseball!

A SUMMARY OF THE MEET

Class A

Class B.

Half-mile Run

- | | |
|----------------------|------------|
| 1. K. Johnson | W. Johnson |
| 2. R. Carberry | C. Dimmick |
| 3. D. Badrow | J. Moffet |

Quarter-mile Run

- | | | |
|----|--------------------|------------|
| 1. | R. Nydegger | W. Johnson |
| 2. | M. Rickerson | E. Wood |
| 3. | D. Badrow | W. McComb |

220-yard Dash

- | | | |
|----|--------------------|-----------|
| 1. | W. Bunker | S. Dunn |
| 2. | M. Rickerson | J. Dary |
| 3. | G. Moore | J. Moffet |

100-yard Dash

- | | | |
|----|--------------------|-----------|
| 1. | W. Bunker | E. Wright |
| 2. | R. Nydegger | G. McLary |
| 3. | M. Rickerson | J. Dary |

Pole Vault

- | | | |
|----|--------------------------------|------------|
| 1. | W. Pitman (10 ft. 3 in.) | W. Johnson |
| 2. | R. Nydegger | S. Dunn |
| 3. | D. Badrow | R. Wolf |

High Jump

- | | | |
|----|-----------------|-----------|
| 1. | W. Pitman | S. Dunn |
| 2. | E. Ganzel | R. Swaney |
| 3. | S. Revere | E. Smith |

Broad Jump

- | | | |
|----|--------------------------------|------------|
| 1. | G. Moore (18 ft. 11 in.) | R. Mumford |
| 2. | W. Bunker | J. Dary |
| 3. | S. Revere | R. Wick |

Shot Put

- | | | |
|----|------------------|------------|
| 1. | R. Gordon | R. Mumford |
| 2. | H. Holberg | C. Dimmick |
| 3. | W. Baker | E. Wright |

Relay

- | | | | |
|----|------------|----|------------|
| 1. | Seniors | 1. | Seniors |
| 2. | Juniors | 2. | Sophomores |
| 3. | Sophomores | 3. | Freshman |

Discus

- | | |
|----|--------------------------|
| 1. | K. Searle (83 ft. 7 in.) |
| 2. | W. Pitman |
| 3. | E. Barber |

SOUTH ORANGE vs. WESTFIELD

The first interscholastic track meet of the season was held on Wednesday, May 7, at South Orange. Because of the sloppy condition of the track after the thunder storm of the night before, no records were broken. Although Westfield has defeated South Orange for the last two years, it was not able to make it three straight, the final score standing at 41½

to 30½. Of the eight events Westfield placed first in two, second in six, and third in two. The third place in the high jump resulted in a tie. Pitman easily defeated all comers in the high jump, while in the shot put Searle beat the nearest South Oranger by one foot. The other places are as follows:

	<i>First</i>	<i>Second</i>	<i>Third</i>
100 Yd. Dash	So. Orange	Bunker	Nydegger
220 Yd. Dash	So. Orange	Nydegger	Bunker
440 Yd. Run	So. Orange	Pitman	So. Orange
880 Yd. Run	So. Orange	Johnson	So. Orange
1 Mile Run	So. Orange	Johnson	So. Orange
12 Lb. Shot	Searle	So. Orange	So. Orange
High Jump	Pitman	So. Orange	Ganzel—So. Or.
Running Broad	So. Orange	Bunker	So. Orange

Although our first meet resulted in a defeat, the team contends that in their next meet the scores will be reversed.

Wayne Johnson, '24.

May 14

PLAINFIELD

47-25

The dual track meet with Plainfield resulted in a second defeat for the Blue and White runners this season. Plainfield scored a total of 47 points, Westfield, 25 points. Pitman was the individual star of the meet placing in 5 of the 8 events, and scoring 16 points. The Plainfield team took a flying start, taking two places in each of the first 6 events, but Westfield came back with the old fighting spirit and took two places in each of the last two events scheduled.

Final Results

100-yard Dash	Time 11 1-5 seconds
1st Carr—Plainfield	
2nd Hetfield—Plainfield	
3rd Nydegger—Westfield	
220-yard Dash	Time 25 1-5 seconds
1st Carr—Plainfield	
2nd Hetfield—Plainfield	
3rd Pitman—Westfield	
440-yard Dash	Time 56 1-10 seconds
1st Carr—Plainfield	
2nd Pitman—Westfield	
3rd—Johnson—Westfield	

880-yard Run	Time 2 min. 18 1-10 sec.
1st	Johnson—Westfield
2nd	Cowan—Plainfield
3rd	Bull—Plainfield
	Chevalkowski—Plainfield
Shot Put	34 ft. 5½ in.
1st	Gesbockin—Plainfield—34 ft. 5½ in.
2nd	Fernstrom—Plainfield — 34 ft. 1 in.
3rd	Searle—Westfield — 33 ft. 8¾ in.
High Jump	5 ft. 4 in.
1st	Sheppard—Plainfield
	Pitman—Westfield
2nd	Budenboch—Plainfield
Broad Jump	19 ft. 1 in.
1st	Hetfield—Plainfield
2nd	Pitman—Westfield
3rd	Bunker—Westfield
Pole Vault	9 ft. 6 in.
1st	Pitman—Westfield
2nd	Sheppard—Plainfield
3rd	Budenboch—Plainfield

G. H. Thayer, '25

May 23

WEEQUAHIC MEET

38 Points

Boys

Westfield for the fourth consecutive time won the Union County Track meet. The final score showed Westfield on top with a total 38 points.

The events which started at 9:30 lasted all day and at times became very exciting. The shot put, which was run off first, resulted in a first and second place for Westfield, Searle and Whiton placing. Later Morris of Cranford protested and was allowed to try again. In the extra, he beat Duck's best by nine inches—37 feet, 2 inches.

In class B, Mumford's best was fourth place.

The running high jump was won by Wallie Pitman with his best jump of the year—5 feet, 8 inches. It was, according to some spectators, really thrilling. He cleared the bar easily on his second jump.

The broad jump was the only event of the day in which Westfield did not qualify.

In the track events, Rolly Nydegger took a second in the Century. Dunn in class B qualified in the trial heats but failed to place in the finals.

The most disappointing events of the meet were the two relays. In the class B, Eddie Wright tripped and lost a good deal of ground. He

fought hard but could not close up the gap. In the class A relay, the fight was hardest of all. The Blue and White runners were nosed out in the last yards by a foot. Both relay cups, won last year, were lost this year. The team, although scoring only 15 points, fought hard and deserves a great deal of credit for the showing.

GIRLS

The Westfield girls were proud to add their 23 hard earned points to the 13 of the boys, to compose that winning 38. The story is a good one, full of pathos and mirth, sunburn and charley-horse. Our boys and girls were the heroes and heroines and starred in parallel sequences through the day. The plot is deep and lies all the way between a dislocated knee in the leap-frog contest, to the sketching of obliging officials with roving tendencies.

First, Mundy hove a hefty heave and won the basketball throw, class A at 81 feet, 3 inches, with Helen Gorsky, third place. Then Carol Kynes and Mary Bell placed 2d and 3d respectively in the standing broad jump, class A. Someone must have fed little Margery Smith bird seed, for she flew across the soil 94½ inches before she stopped and won first place in the class B. In the track events, Janet Rockwell, Billy Pleister, and Gladys Wewer figured in the finals. Janet ran away with second in class B and Billy, saying, "watch my dust," kicked up 75 yards into her contestants' eyes and pranced over the line ahead, in class A. Those inquisitive as to the relays are referred to above mentioned obliging official.

The moral of the story is "Never weep till you're sure you've lost the meet." The reticent author dedicates his tale to the following heroines: Isabel Rockwell, Janet Rockwell, Elizabeth Pleister, Florence Mundy, Evelyn Woodruff, Catherine Nicholas, Gladys Wewer, Mary Bell, Helen Gorsky, Margery Smith, Marion Thompson, Helen Whitcomb, Carol Kynes, Margery Budde.



Baseball

This group of athletes needs no introduction to the dyed-in-the-wool baseball fan. They are fellows who could be easily mistaken for Speakers, Cobbs, Frisches, Hornsbys, Heilmans, or Sislers. There is not a fellow on the team who would not sacrifice his batting average for the good of the team without a moment's hesitation; there is not a pitcher on the squad who would not throw his arm off in an endeavor to whiff a batter; nor is there a fielder on the whole nine who wouldn't gladly run his legs off to stop a ball. Many are the times when a player would sacrifice the chance of covering himself with glory by taking the ball on the first hop instead of diving for a shoe-string catch or by bunting when he was dying to put it over the fence for the circuit.

When the fellows were a team, they were unbeatable by any nine sluggers in the state. Most of the fellows undoubtedly hope to break into faster company when they became a little more seasoned, and all are good ball players.

A word must be added, too, concerning the cleanness of the fellows' play. The decision of the "Umps" were allowed to stand always with never over a mild protest on the part of the team. The nine put up such a fine calibre of game that they also deserve the distinction of maintaining "Westfield character."

April 26, 1924.

BOUND BROOK

5-7

The Westfield pill-tossers opened up their season at Bound Brook with an exciting victory. In the first inning we were scored upon by a break of the game, while in the third a wild peg resulted in two more chalkers. For five innings the Blue and White booted the ball all over the Corn pasture; either that or our "Babes" were whiffing consistently. In the fifth, however, the team settled down to that musical tune of 1, 2, 3, side out! Steadily pounding away at the horsehide the Westfield "Frankie Frisches" slowly overcame the 4-1 lead Bound Brook had accumulated until the eighth found Westfield taking the field with a one run lead under their belts. In this inning an error due to the sun gave Bound Brook the tying run. Still undaunted, the Blue was determined to sew up the ball game in the last trip to the plate. Two stitches were put into the bat bag, locking the game up for keeps.

"GLITTERS FROM THE DIAMOND"

Harvey pitched airtight ball after the third inning. Hunter, another Scotch Plainsman, kept Jess's three bagger company with a similar swat.

In that unlucky third inning Pollack had his collar bone broken. Too bad, I am sure we shall miss his big bulk behind the plate. Vance stepped into Joe's place and did very well.

Whenever you think of "Beans" Sortor, think of Frankie Frisch. They're both wizards on the keystone sack, although "Beans" is no doubt the better of the two. He scooped in about as many assists as he has freckles, and that's saying a lot!

Old Wayne came through when needed as usual; it was a pretty smack.

Smilin' Hip smiled at the pitcher and then double crossed him by sending a pretty liner for two bases. Anybody else would have gone around the bases twice, and yet Hip says he lost two pounds doing those two in a half an hour flat.

April 30, 1924

BAYONNE

9-4

Our second game of the season and first game at home was lost before the record breaking crowd of fifteen. In the very first inning a run was forced across the plate because of our twirler's wildness and in the third Bayonne found him and batted him all over the lot. Before Coach Batten had time to see what was happening the damage was done, making it too late for Harvey to save the game for us. In the last inning, however, the Blue and White mud-hounds staged a late act that pushed two men over the plate with none out, but it was checked before it became dangerous by the next three men up who took about three healthy swings apiece, and started to hike for the "Hy" School.

"GLITTERS FROM THE DIAMOND"

The above heading is a little sarcastic as the game was played in the pouring rain, quenching any sparks that might have glittered.

In the last inning Ken Johnson broke into the game as a pinch hitter and leaned against one for a pretty single.

Hopes were shattered by this sad exhibition of the national pastime, as the team honestly expected to make a great record this season. Yet, who knows? Baseball is a very uncertain game. Even the Giants are defeated occasionally.

May 2, 1924

BOUND BROOK

11-1

In the third game of the season Westfield again went down to defeat, a defeat that was a disgrace. The 11-1 score does not show in any way how badly the team was defeated.

After getting off to a good start, the team kept weakening, inning after inning, until they blew up entirely. There were only three men on the whole who were not first class sieves. After a horde of boneheaded plays, errors, and everything else that can happen in baseball, the team lay down, and the merry-go-round became an uninterrupted track meet. All the players from Bound Brook had to do was to hit the ball and it would be safe.

"GLITTERS FROM THE DIAMOND"

Red Durow pitched a marvelous game until Bliss spelled his downfall by dropping an easy out. That muff was enough to take the heart out of any pitcher or team. It was the indirect cause of the blow up.

Hip Smaidginis was the only man on the team besides the pitchers who deserves to wear a uniform after that exhibition of soccer. A good game, Hip.

The team made as many errors as Bound Brook made runs!

Tommy Clements made some very pretty catches in center field. Nice stuff, Tom!

May 6, 1924

BAYONNE

12-11

The Westfield nine met with its third defeat of the season after a great fight! In the first two innings Bayonne started the fire works with some clean hitting that netted them seven runs, while the Westfield team was collecting a lone tally. In the third inning, however, Westfield shook off the jinx that had followed them for twenty consecutive frames. The first two men up singled, the next batter walked, and then Hunter rode over the right field bleachers for a four base clout! From that clout on, the team's backbone stiffened, and they allowed Bayonne only five runs in the remaining eight innings. In the fourth, Harvey duplicated Hunter's smash with a screeching liner to the center field wall, and in the next inning, after Hip had belted the horsehide for a pretty single, Hunter

again collided with the pellet, this time sending it to the left field fence for the circuit. The game see-sawed back and forth, inning after inning, every time because of a hit on the part of Westfield, or an error. In the last half of the tenth Westfield trotted on the field with the score standing at 11—11. Red Durow easily disposed of the first two batters and whizzed over two on the Bayonne captain before he caught hold of an outshoot on the end of his bat and gave it a ride into the bay.

"GLITTERS FROM THE DIAMOND"

Hunter collected three hits, two homes, and a single! Harvey, his fellow townsman, banged out four, including a homer and three singles.

Red Durow allowed the Bayonne swatters only one hit, but oh my! what a clout!

The team deserves a lot of credit for overcoming a 7—1 lead. Without a doubt the team has found itself.

May 14, 1924

PLAINFIELD

10—1

In the annual clash Westfield was humbled before a sixth inning rally by Plainfield. For six innings the spectators witnessed one of the snappiest games ever pulled off on a High School diamond. Neither team did much of anything in the line of hitting, up to the last three frames, although Plainfield had scored twice early in the game on a couple of errors.

In the sixth the team blew. An infielder booted three in succession, a team-mate threw a couple over the grandstand, and Plainfield wore out the plate with a good assortment of runs, runs made in every way possible, except by the belt-it-and-run policy. When the team descended from the clouds and the mud had rolled back into place, it was too late to try a Giant rally, yet the team attempted it,—the redeeming feature of the game from our standpoint.

The lone tally came in the ninth by a pretty piece of strategy. With Harvey on first and Jackson on third, with no outs, things looked good for a real rally, but the two next men spoiled our hopes. Now then for the trick: Harvey ran half way to second and stopped, and, of course, the pitcher threw to trap him, but little wide awake Willie ran half way home and stopped. The first baseman's play was to trap the man off third but instead of throwing to the hot corner, he heaved the pelota over the hospital roof, and Jackson cantered home.

"GLITTERS FROM THE DIAMOND"

Root had a lot of fun wading around out in the left field swimming pool. He sat in it once—and got wet.

Johnson made a nice stop of a liner that looked good for an extra base.

Vance made one pretty smack in as many times at bat. It was one of our four hits, by the way.

May 16, 1924

SUMMIT

5-10

On the 16, the Blue and White found itself ready to play ball on the Summit cornfield. For the first five innings, the team played indifferent ball, handing five runs to the Summit pill-slingers on a silver platter via errors. During this Summit picnic, Root and Johnson had sneaked around the bags for two chalkers. Not until the last inning, however, did the Westfielders' art lose. The fireworks started when Morgan connected with a fast one for a single that dropped between the whole Summit infield while the pitcher and third baseman did the Alphonse and Gaston act. A sacrifice, single, and walk filled the bases, bringing Root to bat to poke a screecher to left center for a beaut of a 1 bagger. Two men scored. The next man up smacked a skyscraper to second who took mercy on the batter's efforts and dropped the horsehide, tying up the score.

After another scoreless inning, Westfield began to poke the pill all over the lot; liners, singles, doubles, errors, in fact, everything, rained on the Summit fielders in that inning and when the balloon exploded and dropped Summit back on the field Westfield was tired but happy; five more chalkers had been chased over the pan.

"GLITTERS FROM THE DIAMOND"

Root had a fine day at bat; three screechers that went for singles. Morgan kept him company. Harvey pitched a three hit game. It was the first real game that Westfield put up.

Teacher: "What does A stand for in this reaction?"

Student: "Just a minute, I have it right on the tip of my tongue."

Teacher: "Well, spit it out, it's arsenic!"

Don't you think my wife has a fine voice?"

"Eh?"

"I say, hasn't my wife a fine voice?"

"That woman's making such a terrible racket I can't hear a word you say."

Mr.—"Rachel, I am losing control of the car."

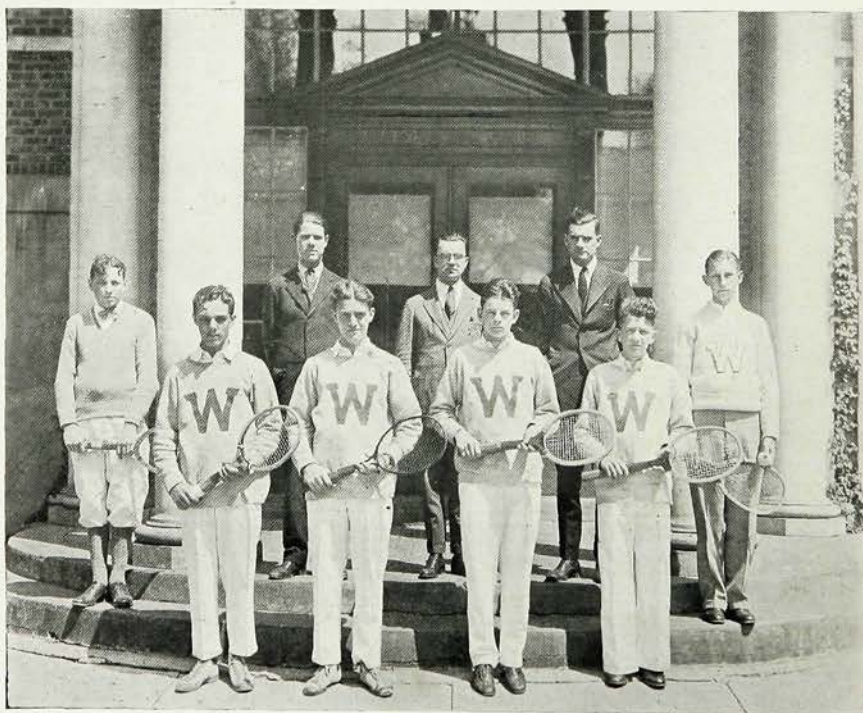
Mrs.—"Quick, Abie, hit somethink cheap, the insurance ran out last week."

Steve: "What's that dent in Sprout's head?"

Hop: "That's not a dent; that's his bump of generosity."



ATHLETIC COUNCIL



TENNIS



A danca, a data
Perchanca, out lata
A classa, a quizza
No passa, gee wizza.

Doctor: "I don't like your heart action. You've had trouble with angina pectoris."

Patient: "You're right, Doctor, but that ain't her name."

"Drink and be merry," said the bullfrog, "for tomorrow we croak."

Teacher: "Give me a sentence without a predicate?"

Student: "Thirty days."

Anna: "My people were one of the first families of Virginia."

Belle: "That's nothing. Mine were one of the oiliest in Oklahoma."

Can you imagine "Duck" not being Frank?

Etiquette for surgeons. Before operating on a patient it is always proper to ask, "May I cut in?"

My next selection will be a little ditty entitled "The Commercial Trust of Indiana," formerly known as "The Banks of the Wabash."

We've all heard about the absent-minded professor who poured the syrup down his back and scratched his pancake, but the one that worries us is the one who poured catsup on his shoelaces and tied his spaghetti.

The absent-minded man, who grumbles as a pastime, was out to dinner. Forgetting his surroundings, he announced solemnly to his wife across the table "My dear, the soup is again a failure."

Mr. Rogers in Science: "Now class, with this acetic acid, we shall make some vinegar that never saw an apple tree.

The shades of night were falling fast
When for a kiss he asked her,
She must have answered "yes" because
The shades came down still faster.

Mrs. and Mr. Lumberg were out looking for a new house when they came to a spot where Mrs. Lumberg exclaimed, "Oh, Adolph, this view strikes me dumb."

"Well, my dear, I think we will take this."

A man fell out of a skyscraper window and landed on a woman in the street below. We wonder if he made much of an impression.

Mother: "John, don't fold your napkin in a cafe!"

Father: "How else can I get it in my pocket?"

The Weather Vane

71

The following advertisement was seen in a magazine:

Baily, Banks, and Biddle Company

Watches for Women

of

Superior Design

and

Perfection of Movement

I Wonder

Drunk: "Who are you "

Policeman: "Me?"

Drunk: "I thought so."

Teacher: "Have you read "To a Mouse?"

Student: "No, how do you get 'em to listen?"

Quite Handy

"Shay, is thish a hand laundry?"

"Yessee."

"Well, wash my handsh."

Pat: "Say, I've some furniture that goes back to Queen Anne."

Mike: "I've some that goes back to Louis XIV."

Iky: "Dat's notting. I got some that goes back to the installment house tomorrow."

Mr. Hanford: "Where do bugs go in winter?"

Jimmie: "Search me."

Bill: "How was Peg dressed last night?"

Will: "Why—er it's hard to remember, but I do know that the dress she wore was checked."

Bill: "There! I knew she was no kind of a girl for me to be associating with."

Logic

Jack: "You know more than I do."

Paul: "Of course."

Jack: "You know me and I know you."

"What time am it, Sam?"

"My time-piece says two o'clock."

"What? Ah, reads a quatah ob eight."

"Well, niggah, ain't dat two?"

Judge: "Ten years in Sing Sing."

Prisoner: "Yeah, I heard you the first time."

Freshman: "Do horses bray?"

Sophomore: "Neigh, neigh, my child."



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LOC HIST 974.939 Wes 1924
Westfield (N.J.) Senior
Weather Vane

Death's Sting

"Whither away-stranger? What wouldst?" cheerioed St. Peter as he leaned over the pearly gates.

"Gosh let me in," muttered the wandering soul of convict No. 999, just released from the electric chair, "I just had the shock of my life."

Lord Jeff.

Fackleti

noobower
long
alpurs
howerd
hanferd
rogers
dickinsun
whippul
jenkuns
man
flete
kooley
bybul
cays

jonsun
stooart
batin
orgil
hamul
muckdowal
kingmin
jagur
weelock
bruks
tomspsun
kais

P. S.

ben

