



The Weather Vane



Westfield High School

Westfield, New Jersey

1926

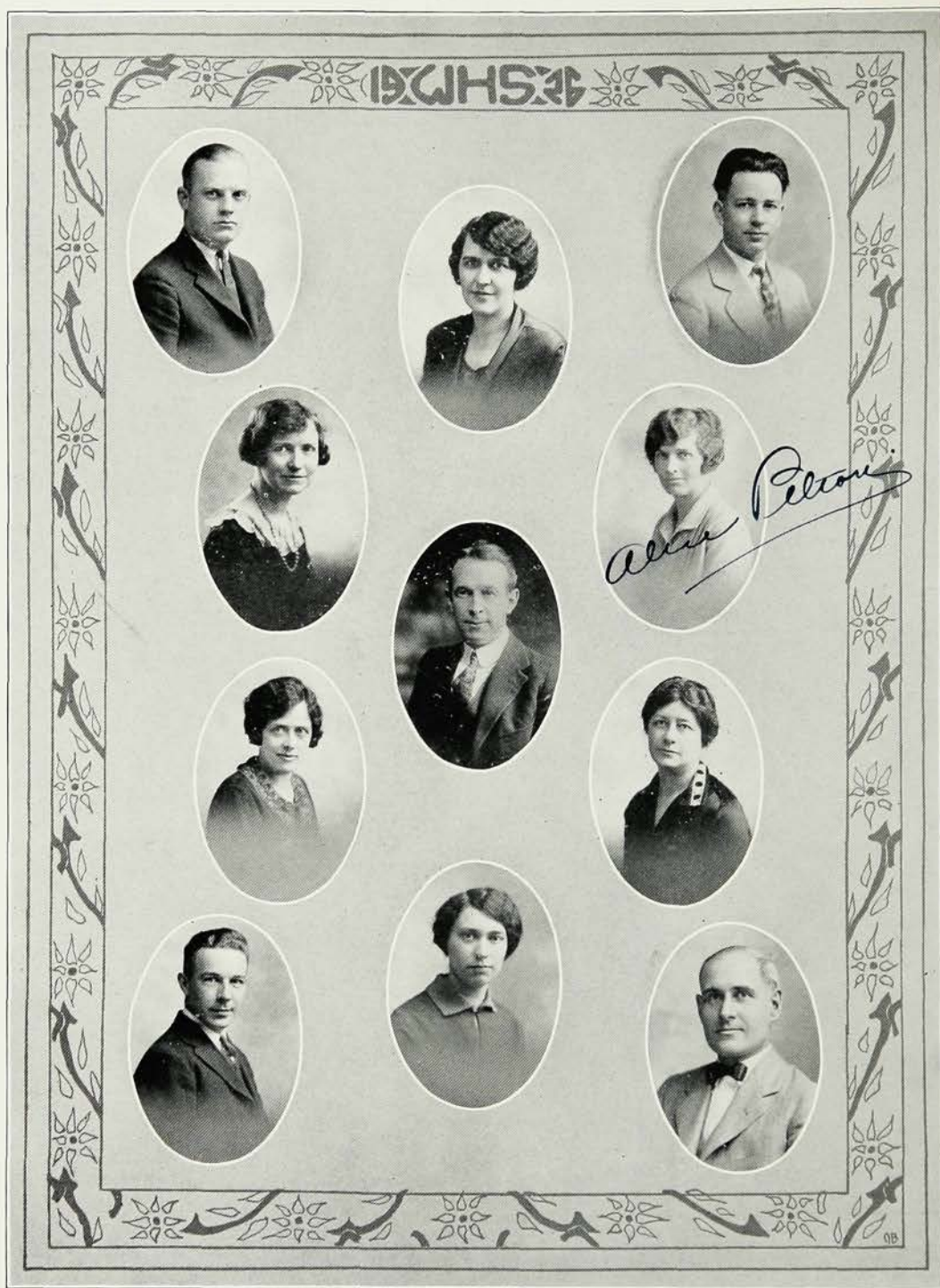
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Foreword

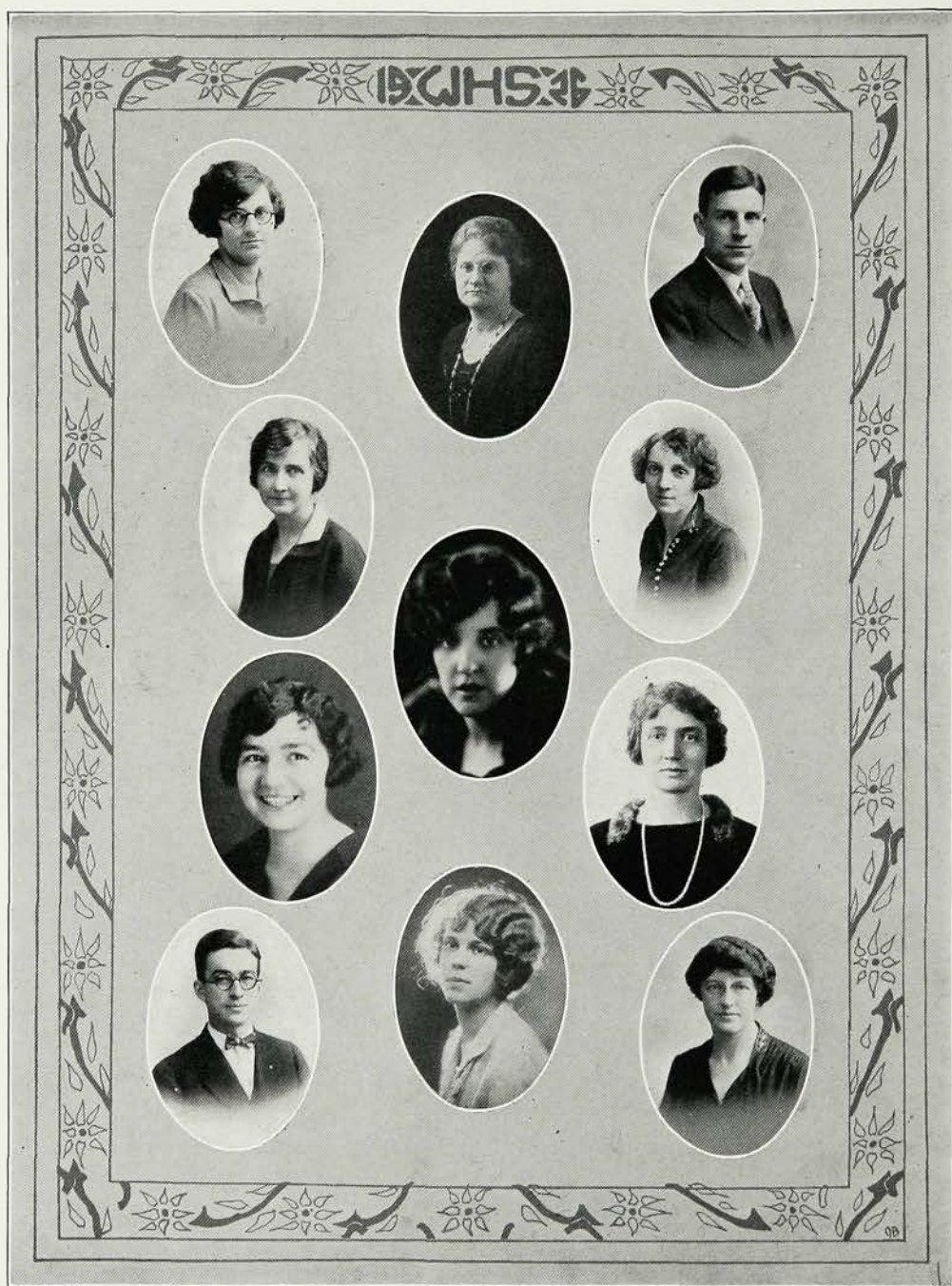
The editors humbly present this fifth senior issue of the Weather Vane in the hope that it will meet with the approval of the school at large and prove a fitting record of the activities and accomplishments of the class of nineteen hundred and twenty-six.

The Editors Present

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*"While the cock with lively din,
Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
And to the stack, or the barn-door
Stoutly struts his dames before."*



BEFORE



AFTER

ROBERT HENNEL

Old English

"I have loved my friends as I do virtue."

Class President (4); Class Football (2, 3, 4); Captain (4); Pocahontas (1); Living Pictures (1, 2); Senior Play (4); Easter Play (3, 4); Dramatic Club (4); Treasurer (4); Columbus Day Play (3); Dramatic Club Play (4); Hi-Y Club (2, 3, 4); Glee Club (1, 2); Union County Music Contest (2).

Bob is our illustrious president, but he seems to forget this on the famous week-end trips. Bob is always the center of attraction; ask anybody on the football squad about number "13" at Ocean City. He is one of our best actors; he has fine technique when on or off the stage.

EILEEN ROSS

M. Stanford Hendrickson
She's a Good Fellow

"As frank as rain on cherry blossoms."

Vice-president (1, 2, 3, 4); Class Basketball (1); Glee Club (1); Pocahontas (1); A. A. Treasurer (2); Pantomimes (4); Property Manager of Senior Play (4); Dramatic Club (4); Property Committee of Dramatic Club (4); Senior Day Play (4); Dramatization Committee for Class Day (4); *Weather Vane* (3); Times Oratorical Contest (4).

Curly hair framing blue eyes and a sweet smile—that's how we see Eileen. When she wears blue, we don't wonder that she makes frequent trips to Rutgers.

ELEANOR TEN EYCK

M. Merry, Merry

"On one she smiled and he was blessed."

Class Basketball (1); Captain (1); Union County Musical Contest (1); Class Secretary (2, 3, 4); Junior Prom Committee; Junior Entertainment Committee; Varsity Basketball (3); Springtime (3); Christmas Play (4); Chairman Commencement Invitation Committee; Class Day Committee; Senior Party Committee.

Some women, the few, have charm for all. None can deny Tenny's right to belong in this class.

JANE REVERE

The Faithful

"Toil does not come to help the idle"

Class Treasurer (1, 2, 3, 4); Living Pictures (1, 2); Glee Club (1); Operetta (1); Class Hockey (4); Junior Prom Committee (3); Music Committee Class Day; Times Oratorical Contest (4); Chapel Reporter (4).

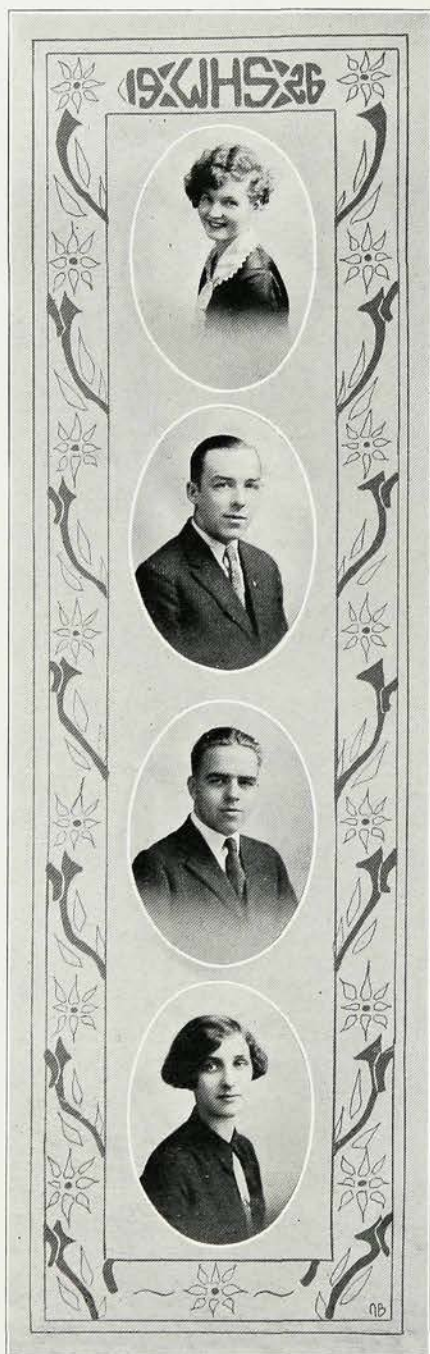
Jane is Milton's "Nun, devout and pure, sober, steadfast and demure." When she gets started, she's lively and sparkling enough to suit the Prince himself.



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MARGARET ALGUIRE

Vanities

"There was never yet fair woman but she made mouths in a glass."

Glee Club (1, 2); Junior Prom Committee (3); Blue Beard's Wives (4).

A flick of powder, a shake of blond curls, a flash of teasing eyes—Peg Alguire, of course! She likes tall, dark, bored young men who nonchalantly twirl canes as they escort. Attraction of opposites, we suppose! Anyhow, no other class ever had a Peg Alguire.

DALLAS BADROW

Easy Come, Easy Go

"Why doth one man's yawning make another yawn."

Class Football (1, 4); Class Basketball (1, 2, 3, 4); Class Track (1, 2, 3, 4); Varsity track (2, 3); Hi-Y Club (3, 4); Orchestra (2, 3, 4); Arbor Day Committee (4); Springtime (3).

Dally, besides liking to sleep and to play the saxophone, has a propensity for red-haired girls. It is said that he is often seen in Bound Brook.

E. DONALD BARBER

The Barber of Seville

"There is always work and tools to work withal".

Class Track (1, 2, 3, 4); Glee Club (2, 4); Carpentry Committee Senior Play; Easter Play (4); Dramatic Club (4); Hi-Y (3, 4).

Don is the most obliging fellow in the class. His unfailing good humor has made him a valuable member of the Mask and Mime.

NINA BARNES

What Every Woman Knows

"By music, minds an equal temper know"

Senior Play; Easter Play (3, 4); Thanksgiving Play (2); Orchestra (2, 3); Accompanist Boys' Glee Club (4); *Weather Vane* (4); Junior Prom Committee; Accompanist for Thanksgiving Play (4); Accompanist for Christmas Play (3).

Nina Barnes wins the title of "The Sarah Bernhart of her class." In her part in the Senior Play and parts in other plays throughout her school career, she deserves great credit. She's the kind of a girl you can't forget.

ESTHER BARRETT

The Dream Girl

"When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music."

If the reader is impressionable, he must not look too long at the eyes on the accompanying picture. Disregard of this notice may result in serious injury to the aorta. We were at first undecided as to whether Esther was a P. G., a visitor, or a senior; but now that Scotch Plains students no longer make their morning visits to Miss Cordua, we are delighted to find that she is the latter.

ELSIE BECKER

Not Herbert Vance
Not Herbert

"Let me have man around me that are fat"

Glee Club (1, 2, 3); Property Committee for Senior Play; Thanksgiving Play.

Twinkling eyes—rosy cheeks—smiling lips—that's Elsie Becker, the sweetest girl in the class.

GRINNELL BOOTH

The Monkey Talks

"O wearisome condition of humanity"

Senior Play; Thanksgiving Play (4); Varsity Debate (2, 3, 4); Orchestra (1); Class football (3); Hi-Y (4); Junior Prom Committee.

"I would be a man" seems to be Grinnell's great ambition. He has helped spread the intellectual fame of W. H. S. by the force of his arguments. The loftiness of his speech leaves us poor mortals hopelessly bewildered.

MARGUERITE BOWERS

Not Jack Ostrander
The Reckless Lady

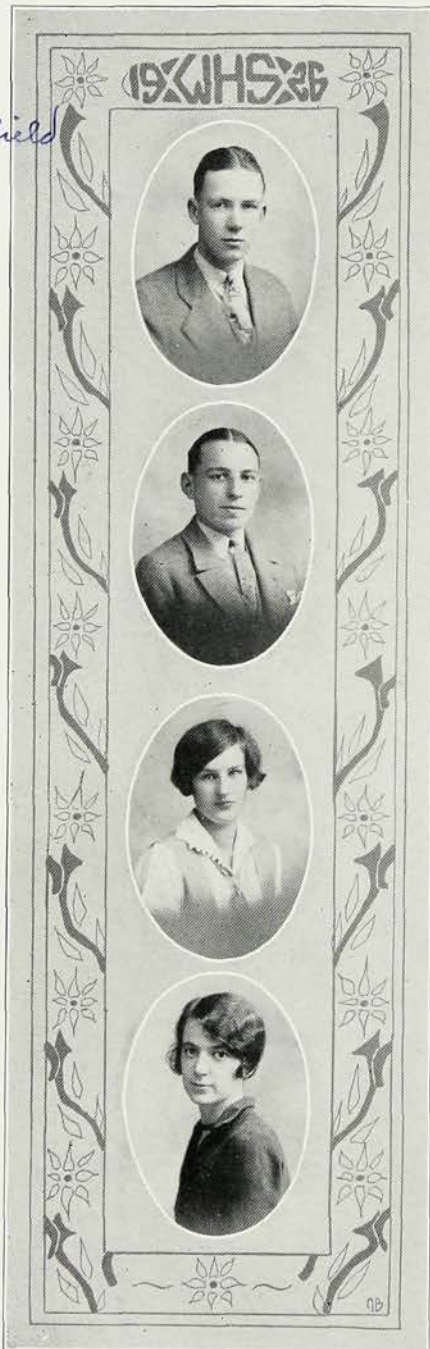
"A creature not too bright or good for human nature's daily food."

Glee Club (1); Junior Prom Committee (3); Senior Day; Chairman Property Committee Class Day (4).

Peg may be the pensive nun, but her rapt soul does not sit in her eyes—it dances there. Her dignity and vivacity, we hear, are well exercised during the week-ends, but neither seems to be worn out in school.



T.C.



U of Penn
dental
Dentist-Westfield

GEORGE A. BRAY

The Nervous Wreck

"What, sigh for a toothache?"

Class Football (2, 3); Class Basketball (1, 2, 3, 4); Class Track (1, 2, 3); Arbor Day Committee (4).

This prospective D.D.S. will have much diversion to break the monotony of his dental routine. He is a natural cosmopolitan and speed-demon.

JACK BRUNNER

M. Lydia McDonald - 39
The Midnight Sun

"The devil tempts us not, 'tis we tempt him,
Reckoning his skill with opportunity"

Class Basketball (1, 2); Varsity Basketball (2, 3, 4); Captain (4); Class football (3); Varsity football (4); Scenery Committee Senior Play.

We hope Jeb hits everything in life as hard as he hits the line in football. He seems to think it more pleasant (or more economical) to be on the outside looking in than on the inside looking out at dances.

VIRGINIA CARR

For Heaven Sake!

"On wings of winds came flying all abroad."

Track (1, 2, 3, 4); Class Basketball (1, 2); Varsity B. (3); Varsity A. (4); Chairman Ring Committee (2); French Play (2); Chairman Junior Prom Committee (3); Thanksgiving Play (4); Class Hockey (4); Chairman Senior Party Committee (4).

The last, but not the least of the Carrs. Ginny is a fitting caboose! (No offense, she originated the name herself).

MARJORY CHATTIN

M. Wynant Cole
Song of the Flame

"Be gone, dull Care, thou and I shall never agree."

Glee Club (1, 2); Springtime (3); Living Pictures (1, 2); Second Team Basketball (2).

A shock of red hair, a merry laugh, a person rushing into class just as the last bell rings introduces Marjorie, or as we best know her "Chat." Peppy, wise beyond her years, and a good sport.

taught in Mason
School of Music

DORIS COLE

Kiki

"A boy is better unborn, than untaught"

Class Track (1, 2, 3, 4); Class Basketball 1, 2, 3); Second Varsity Basketball (4); Springtime (3); Columbus Day Play (3); Thanksgiving Day Play (4); Pantomimes (4); Costume Committee Senior Day (4); Dramatic Club Play (4).

"Doey" is a peppy young person but you musn't think her manner is all of her personality.

PAUL COLSON

Arms and the Man

"How can I bear to leave thee?"

Debate Team (3); *Weather Vane* (3, 4); Interclass Baseball (3, 4); Interclass Basketball (3); Interclass Football (3, 4); Interclass Track (2); Varsity Track (3, 4); Captain (4); Easter Play (1, 2, 3, 4); Christmas Play (1, 2, 3, 4); Varsity Football (4).

Paul is some runner. We wonder if he got his training running after girls. Although he is misunderstood, his best friends know him to be a good fellow. We often wonder why his class-pin doesn't wear out. We are proud to have with us this W.H.S. perennial. His eloquence can charm the multitudes, especially when adorned by lilies.

BEATRICE COLYER

A Soul Celebrity

"Her Voice was ever soft."

Glee Club (2, 3); Springtime (3).

Beatrice, or as we better know her "Peaches", is the quietest girl in school—but that's because she's resting up after the night before. She's pep personified. She's ready for anything.

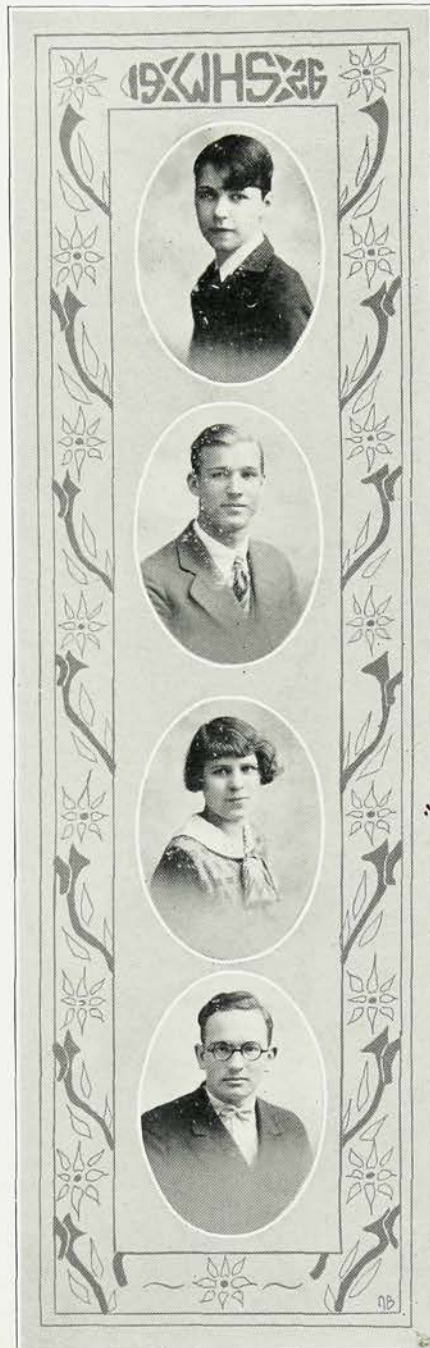
ROSS CONOVER

Alias the Deacon

"The trick of singularity"

Columbus Day Play (3); Thanksgiving Day Play (4).

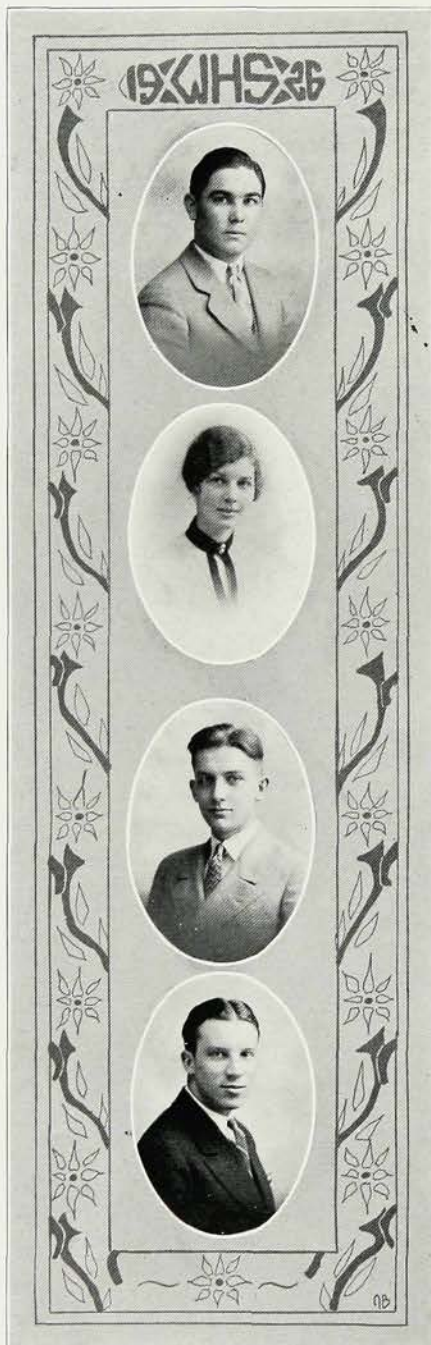
Here is a man on whom scarlet-fever had an unusual effect. After three days of illness, he demanded his books. He seems to have fully recuperated. He still sits appearing to be deep in meditation, but the Conover chuckle leads us to believe that he is not considering the indomitable power of the atom.



"Peaches" Colyer

Ross Conover

Princeton
4-9



LEIGH COOK

Laff That Off

"And when I speak, let no dog bark".

Class Football (2, 3, 4); Class Basketball (2, 3); Class Baseball (2); *Weather Vane* (3, 4); Business Manager (4); Springtime (3); Varsity Basketball Manager (4); Senior Play.

Leigh is noted for his carefree disposition. His lusty laughter rings through the halls and is a fitting accompaniment to the merry twinkle in his eye.

JANET DARBY

When You Smile

"Alack there is more danger in thine eyes
Than twenty of their swords."

Living Pictures (2, 3); Pocahontas (2); Thanksgiving Day Play (4); Easter Play (3, 4); Secretary of Dramatic Club (4); Dramatic Club (4); Junior Prom Committee (3); Springtime (3).

"Dimples deepening in rose-leaf cheeks"—that's what poets would say of Janet. And we know that Pete, besides being the class beauty, is a merry companion and a good sport. Her smile is sunny enough to make a rainy day cheerful.

HOBART DUELL

The Sport of Kings

"So big, and strong—but oh, so gentle".

Pocahontas (2); Glee Club (1, 2, 3, 4); Debate Team (3, 4); Class Football (3); Hi-Y (2, 3, 4); Junior Prom Committee (3); Baseball Manager (4); Thanksgiving Day Play (4); Treasurer Debate Club (4); Union County Music Contest (3); Senior Play Committee (4).

Hobart, a keen debater and the snappiest baseball manager that we have ever had, has at many times, kept his classmates in a state bordering upon hysterics with his humorous remarks and witty sayings.

ALBERT DUROW

Beau Gallant

"Divert her eyes with pictures in the fire."

Varsity Football (3, 4); Varsity Baseball (2, 3, 4); Captain (4); Varsity Basketball (2); Senior Play Scenery Committee; Senior Day Play; Class Football (1, 2); Captain (1); Class Baseball (1); Living Pictures; Junior Prom Committee; Hi-Y (3, 4).

This "big brown boy" will be remembered, if for nothing else than his brute strength. His red hair, good humor, and gentle courtesy make him very popular.

HELEN FOREMAN

The Pony Express

"Speak low if you speak of love".

Entered in Senior year. Thanksgiving Day Play (4); Senior Play Property Committee; Senior Day Play; Understudy Senior Play; Dramatic Club (4).

Helen has a perfect thirty-eight measured in dates not inches. Helen's voice can not only carry but carry and fetch. If you doubt this, untie her shoe lace and watch the scrimmage. After graduation she expects to return to the city where she will have more room. We perceive a suicide epidemic.

JULIA FOSTER

M. Edgar Wright - Ewelid
The Blue Streak

"Too like the lightning, which doth cease to
be ere one can say it lightens".

Entered in Sophomore year; Class Basketball (2); Class Track (3); Manager (3); Varsity Track (3); Junior Prom Committee; Varsity Basketball (3, 4); Thanksgiving Play (4); Senior Day Property Committee; Class Day Costume Committee.

Yes, this Minerva is Julia Ella Foster, simplified to Judy. At most times these classic features are broken in a smile, for Judy can see the funny side of an undertaker. Five minutes with Judy and you find yourself either a "mess" or an "aire-dale" but you feel surprisingly happy over it.

LAWRENCE FRITTS

The Black Pirate

"Do not think that what is hard for thee to
master is impossible."

Columbus Day Play (3); Class Track (3, 4); Class Football (4); Senior Play Scenery Committee.

Lawrence is a reliable friend but it took the Senior Play to show us the real Bud.

EVELYN GALLAGHER

Silence

"Life is but thought."

Glee Club (1); Class Track (3); Publicity Committee Senior Play.

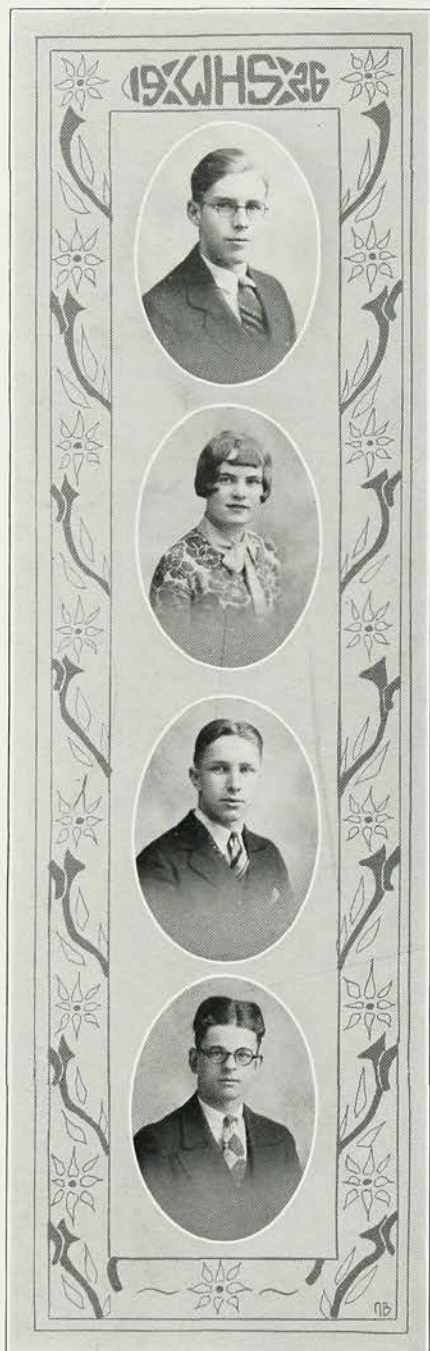
We are sorry this picture can not speak. We would love to share Dee's broad A with the reader. She has a giggle which might even surpass that of her big sister but some one has to preserve the dignity of the family.



Mr. Holyoke '30
Miss Huda - Non history

Lawrence Fritts

Evelyn Gallagher



ALLEN GIFFORD

A Gentleman of Leisure

"Had in him those brave translunary things
that the first poets had."

Class Track (1); Hi-Y (2, 3, 4); Springtime (3); Union County Speaking Contest (4); Dramatic Club (4); Thanksgiving Play (4); Senior Day (4).

Programs! Every morning we used to see are class poet rub his cheek against that of one of his honored colleagues. This apparent show of affection provoked some speculation and perhaps some jealousy (Who knows?) However, we learned that it was only an indication of his progress in the beard contest.

BETTY GOODRICH

Lady Be Good

"Come home to men's business and bosoms."

Glee Club (2, 3, 4); Class Basketball (1, 2, 3, 4); Decoration Committee for Junior Prom (3); Glee Club Concert (2, 4); Glee Club Contest (3); Thanksgiving Play (4); Class Track (1, 2, 3, 4); Class Day Costume Committee, Chairman (4); Head Typist for Annual (4); Senior Day (4).

We can hear Betty long before we can see her. Everyone in the school is familiar with her "carrying" voice, either when she sings or laughs.

RALPH GORDON

Comedy of Errors

"If the heart of a man is depressed with cares,
The mist is dispelled when a woman appears."

Class Football (2); Varsity Football (3, 4); All Union County Center (4); 2nd All Northern New Jersey Center; 3rd All State Center (4); 1st All State High School Center (4); Class Basketball (1, 2); Varsity Basketball (3); Class Track (2); Varsity Track (4); Hi-Y Club (2, 3, 4); Class Day Scenery Committee.

Oh! why does not G come nearer the end of the alphabet! But whatever time Ralph spent on the descendants of the Pilgrim fathers, he still did not neglect his football.

GEORGE GREASON

The Jazz Singer

"Step right up and call me Speedy."

Class Track (1); Cheer Leader (2, 3); Class Tennis (1); Varsity Tennis (2, 3, 4); Springtime (3); Hi-Y Club (2, 3); Chairman Entertainment Committee (4); Senior Concert Committee (4); Thanksgiving Play (4); Pantomimes (4); Senior Day (4); Class Football (4).

Nize beby! That's "Speed." This social celebrity is also a gentleman of the great outdoors, an advocate of the sport of princes, and a very clever imitator of the sons of Moses.

Rollo
Gordon

ALLEN GRISWOLD

M. Sally Meyers
Ghosts

"He cometh unto you with a tale which holdeth children from play, and old men from the chimney corner."

French Frolic (2); Living Pictures (2); Springtime (4); Hi-Y (3, 4); Class Football (3); Varsity Football (4); Varsity Track (4); Thanksgiving Play (4); Knock Committee (4).

Grizzy, besides the school massager and faint eradicator, reads the weirdest books on record. He can give you any information you desire.

"How many taxis are there in the world, Grizzy?"
"Must be millions."

SALLY HASSELL

Sally

"Did I deserve no more than a fool's head?"

Class Track (3); Class Hockey (4); High School News Reporter (4); Art Committee Senior Play; Senior Editor *Weather Vane*.

With a slap on the back and a laugh all her own, Sallie greets you. It is a very rare occasion that finds "our Sal" in the dumps. Her originality, keen sense of humor, wit, and pep have made her an indispensable member of our class.

JOHN HOVENDON

M.
Love 'Em and Leave 'Em

"On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting"

Entered in 1925. Class Football (4); Dramatic Club President (3, 4); Senior Play (4); Columbus Day Play (4); Springtime (4); College Woman's Club Play (4); Dramatic Club Play (4).

Johnnie is one of the big three, a club of actors held in close accord by a member of Johnny's family.

WILLIAM JACKSON

The Song and Dance Man

"They've been struck out."

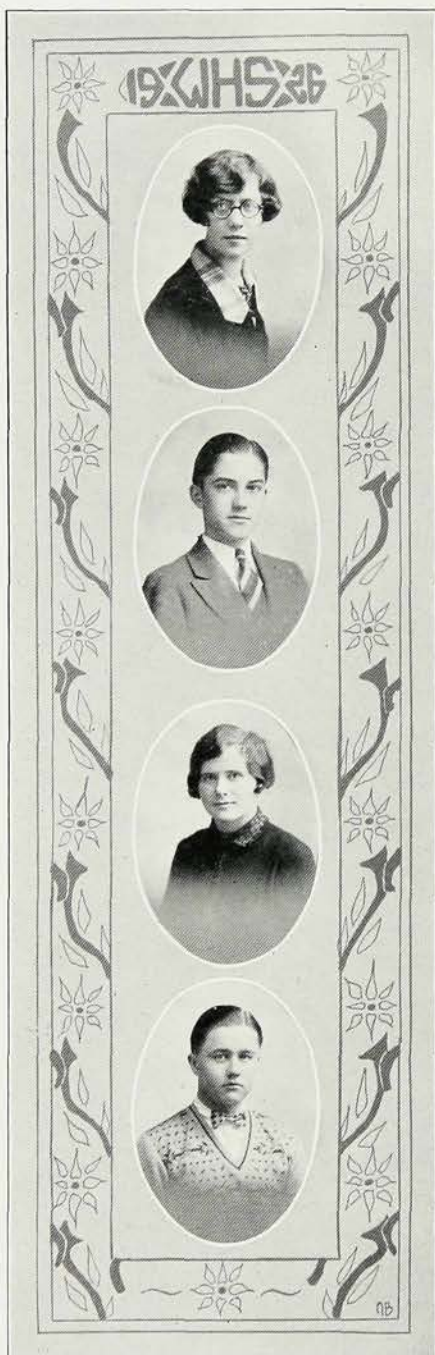
Class Baseball (1); Varsity Baseball (2, 3, 4); Class Football (4); Class Track (4); Class Basketball (4).

Bill, our star pitcher, has proven himself versatile in many respects. The Senior Mixer showed him to be quite the Charleston king and in the last few months he has become an authority on "artshitetshure."



Allen Griswold

John Hovendon



409 Chestnut
EDITH KELLETT
M. Luther Gishwood -
The Untamed Lady

"You'd scarce expect one of my age
To speak in public on the stage."

Entered in Sophomore year; Junior Prom Committee; Commencement Invitation Committee.

Edith is always in a quandary but she always manages to laugh her way out of it and come up smiling. Edith's good disposition has been tried but not found wanting by the frequently perpendicular position of her desk.

THOMAS KLEIN

Cradle Snatcher

"I am young—so is she—and how fair."

Class Basketball (1, 3); Class Tennis (1); Thanksgiving Play (4); Senior Play Property Committee; Class Day Program Committee; Hi-Y Club (4).

Tommy hopes to have a position in Washington School next year. For what other reason would he so often visit the place. We hear that Tommy's favorite movie actress is the star of *The Darling of New York*.

ELIZABETH KNIGHT

La Poudre Aux Yeux

"If the hill will not come to Mahomet, Mahomet
will come to the hill."

Secretary Debate Club (4); Debate Team (4); Thanksgiving Play (4); Bluebeard's Wives (4); Class Basketball (4); Senior Play Property Committee; Senior Day Stunt Committee.

A sweet smile, an innocent look, a merry twinkle in the eye, and Betty wins her way into somebody else's heart.

FRANKLIN KNIGHT

Skyrocket

"A man whose blood
Is very snow-broth; one who never feels
The wanton stings and motions of the senses".

Class Baseball (1, 2, 3); Class Football (3); Hi-y (2, 3, 4); Orchestra (2, 3, 4); French Frolic (2); Thanksgiving Play (4).

Ambling along the halls on his size three and a half feet is "Nite", the only remaining veteran of the "Bungalow Boys". His favorite sport is making young ladies scream admiringly as he lets reptiles crawl around his hand and cuts pieces out of his arm with a razor.

MARION KROMER

Find Papa

"Woman's smile and girlhood's beauty,
Childhood's lisping tone".

Glee Club (1, 2); Pocahontas (1); Senior Play.

After the Senior Play, all the boys came home, looked their sisters over and remarked that Marion certainly could show them a few things. Didn't she make a winsome Peggy O'Neil on Senior Day?

HELEN LYNDE

Helen of Troy

"As chaste as unsummed snow."

Class Track (2, 3, 4); Class Hockey (4); Junior Prom Committee (3); Art Committee Senior Play (4); Art Committee Class Day (4).

Helen is a mighty quiet person until a reliable helpful friend is needed and then she is right there. She has the famous Lynde smile too, which makes her such a good companion—just ask the scenery committee of the Senior play.

INEZ LUSARDI

I'll Say She Is

"Better three hours too soon, than a minute late."

Track (1, 2, 3, 4); Glee Club (1, 2); Pocahontas; Class Basketball (1, 2, 4); Varsity Basketball (3); Senior Day Play; Baseball (3); Glee Club Concert (2).

Inez's self-appointed office seems to be that of reception committee for Ben. Women who can disguise as Inez can are dangerous. If you attended our Senior Day program, you know that this happy, bright-eyed girl terrified two women and one able-bodied man.

FRANCES MARTIN

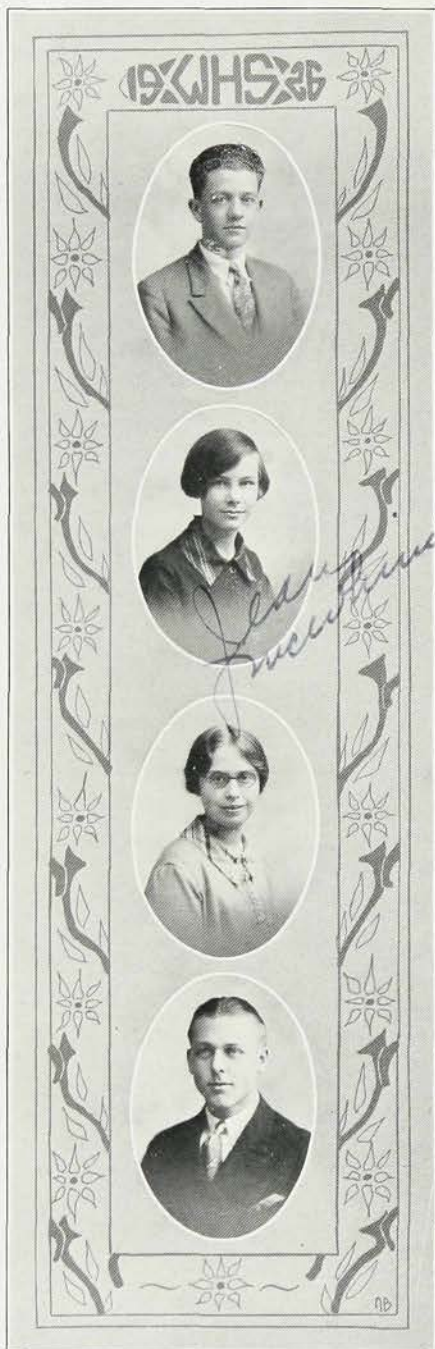
The Saint

"A tender smile our sorrow's only balm."

Glee Club (1, 2); Glee Club Concert (2); Junior Prom Refreshment Committee; Class Basketball (3); Senior Play Property Committee.

Frances is a loyal student of the school, a loyal member of her class, and a loyal friend. Quiet and unassuming, she appears at first; but, when you know her, you find that she is as peppy, as noisy, and as talkative as anyone else.





WALLACE McCOMB

The New York Idea

"Care Charmer sleep, son of the sable night."

Wally, the boy with the permanent wave, has an amiable disposition which makes friends wherever he goes. He is so "fast" he has to cling to street signs to make a corner without skidding. Wally works hard and when he isn't found at school you will find him either at the Rialto or at Ida's Marble Basin.

JEAN McWHINEY

Sunny

"With mirth and laughter, let old wrinkles come."

Pocahontas (1); Glee Club (1, 2); Living Pictures (2); Track (2); Springtime (3); Class Basketball (3); Dramatic Club (4); Senior Play (4); Arbor Day Committee (4).

This cunning child is the famous J.B.M. She is an actress, writer, and artist, but she won't scorn a good time (she never has as yet anyway). We wonder what brotherly individual gave her the inspiration for *When A Man Comes to Himself*.

ELSA MEDER

The Student Prince (ss)

"O thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated
to closeness and the bettering of my mind."

Class Basketball (3, 4); Pantomimes (4); Class Day Music Committee.

Elsa's intellectual achievements make us feel unnecessary. There would, perhaps, be a great many more futile feelings in the world if Elsa didn't know Virgil so well between eight-fifteen and eight-thirty. Elsa's smile often belies her philosophical argumentation.

JOHN K. MEEKER

The Accused

"Then did she lift her hands unto his chin,
And praise the pretty dimpling of his skin."

Class Football (1, 3); Varsity Football (4); Glee Club (4); Understudy Senior Play; Dramatic Club (4); Scenery Committee Senior Play (4); Master Ceremonies Senior Party.

Here's a man that needs plenty of room. He wears glasses because he strained his eyes selecting his cravats and parading Fifth Avenue. He comes in every morning with his neck bandaged and singing that pathetic little classical ditty "Montrez-moi la rue pour aller chez-moi."

John K. Meeker.

Wally McComb

Montclair T.C.

Barnard

MARGARET MOORE

When Dreams Come True

"I am sure care's an enemy to life."

Track (1, 2, 3); Class Basketball (1); Springtime Property Committee; Junior Prom Committee (3); Thanksgiving Play (4); Chairman Art Committee Senior Play; Senior Day Play.

Here's our sombre comedian, Peggy—Targarem, for variety. She gets "more darn fun" out of acting "assinyun" but "no goatin"; Targarem's "darn sweet."

JOHN M. MORGAN

The Perfect Fool

"A willing heart adds feather to the heel,
And makes the clown a winged mercury."

Entered in Senior Year. Art Committee Senior Play.

"Johnnie" Morgan plays the organ, and his sister plays the drum." We don't know how true this is but we've heard it sung quite often. You'd never think this quiet child could be very boisterous. But Johnnie can raise—well, he jumps quite high!

RUTH MUELLER

Nearly Married

"All kin' 'o smily round the lips
And teary round the lashes."

Thanksgiving Play (3, 4); Glee Club (1, 2, 3); Springtime; Senior Day Play.

Ruth is the type that you just must notice. She has enough interest in class affairs to look happy and unbored in school but out of school she has many interests. New things characterize her: new clothes, new men, New Haven.

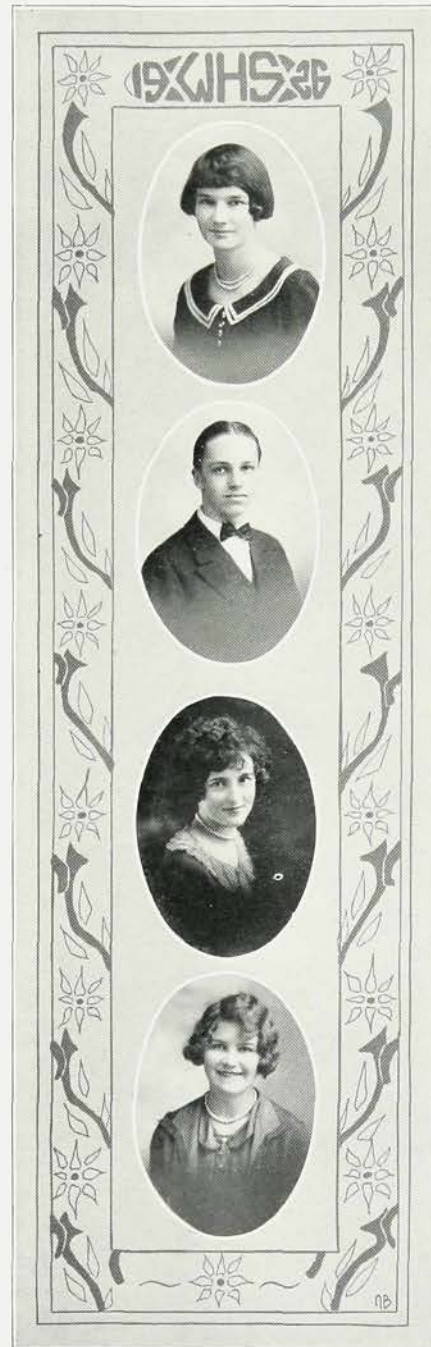
ANNE MULLIGAN

Sweetheart Time

"Oh grant an honest fame, or grant me more."

Track (1, 2, 3, 4); Interclass Basketball (1); Chairman Property Committee Springtime (3); Publicity Committee Senior Play; Dramatic Class Play.

Anne is the sweet, gentle sort of girl we all love. She never makes a fuss to show she's here, but when she isn't here, we all know it, and miss her. She's always busy, but never too busy to help you with your French for instance.





CATHERINE MUNDY

Springtime of Youth

"Exceeding fair she was not; and yet fair
In that she never studied to be fairer than
nature made her."

Class Basketball (1); Pocahontas (1); Glee Club (1, 2);
Class Track, (1, 2, 3, 4); Manager (3); Second Varsity
Basketball (2, 3); Varsity Basketball (4); Class Day Prop-
erty Committee (4).

We can never say that Catherine is "blue Mundy," for she
always has ready a sunny smile.

FLORENCE NEWHAM

The Wisdom Tooth

"Such sweet compulsion doth in music lie."

High School News Reporter (4); Music Committee Class
Day.

Three guesses! Who is the Orpheus of our class? I'll give
you a few hints. She is cheerful, common-sensed (but not
necessarily prim or prudish), and ever willing to give helpful
advice. Have you guessed who it is? Yes, Florence Newham.

KATHRYN NICHOLAS

Tangletoes

"Our whole life is like a play."

Class Basketball (1); Varsity Track (1, 2); Varsity Basket-
ball (2); Springtime (3); Junior Prom Committee; Senior
Day Play Committee; Chairman Senior Day Property Com-
mittee.

Oh! My dear!—a few giggles—the little toe dancer has
reached maturity. We usually see her in a rush. We don't
know what she is going to do after she gets there because
we never get a chance to ask her. But considering that Babe
usually looks happy, we take it for granted that she does it.

VIRGINIA NOBLE

Arthur Low Pelton
The Girl Friend

"An inviting eye, yet methinks right modest."

Class Basketball (1, 2); Second Varsity (2); Manager (3);
Living Pictures (2, 3); Springtime (3); Christmas Play (1);
Columbus Day Play; Senior Play; Vice-president Dramatic
Club (4); French Frolic (2); Dramatic Club Property Com-
mittee; Class Day Dramatization Committee; Knock Com-
mittee; Concert Committee.

Ginnie's merry eyes and friendly manner have made her the
general favorite of the class. She has talent too; after the
senior play, everyone said, to quote Milton, that Ginnie "en-
nobled hath the buskined stage."

DICKSON, OLIVER

M. Mimi Thomas
Puppy Love

"Cupid is a knavish lad."

Class Football (2, 3, 4); Junior Prom Committee (3);
Weather Vane Board (4); Senior Play Committee; Class
Basketball (2, 3, 4); Class Day Committee; Hi-Y (3, 4).

"Kewpie" is not exactly the Weather Man but he does very
well in recording the temperature of the school for the
Weather Vane. "Oleeveer" has lots of fun between those
dimples, too! (Oh, doesn't he love that!)

MORGAN ORR

M.
The Cocoanuts

"And to his eye
There was but one beloved face on earth,
And that was shining on him."

Class Football (2, 3); Varsity (4); Class Basketball (2, 3);
Varsity (4); Varsity Tennis (3, 4); Pocahontas; Hi-Y (3,
4); Secretary (4); Glee Club (1, 2, 4); French Frolic (2);
Weather Vane (4); Union County Music Contest (2); Senior
Day Play; Christmas Play (3); Advertising Manager Senior
Play.

Although Morgan ranks at the top of the ladder in football,
basketball, and tennis, he is still held decidedly in check by a
New York attorney in a sport that interests him more.

ERNEST F. OTTO — *Cellist*

The Importance of Being Ernest

"Such notes as warbled to the string
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek."

Orchestra (1, 2, 3, 4); Kulmayer Concert (4); Orchestra and
Glee Club Concerts; Carpentry Committee Easter Play (4);
Lighting Committee Senior Play (4).

We were surprised to see this dignified musician dressed as a
hick playing *Pop Goes the Weasel*. It is rumored that he
enjoys his work in the orchestra for non-musical reasons. Is
that true, Ernest?

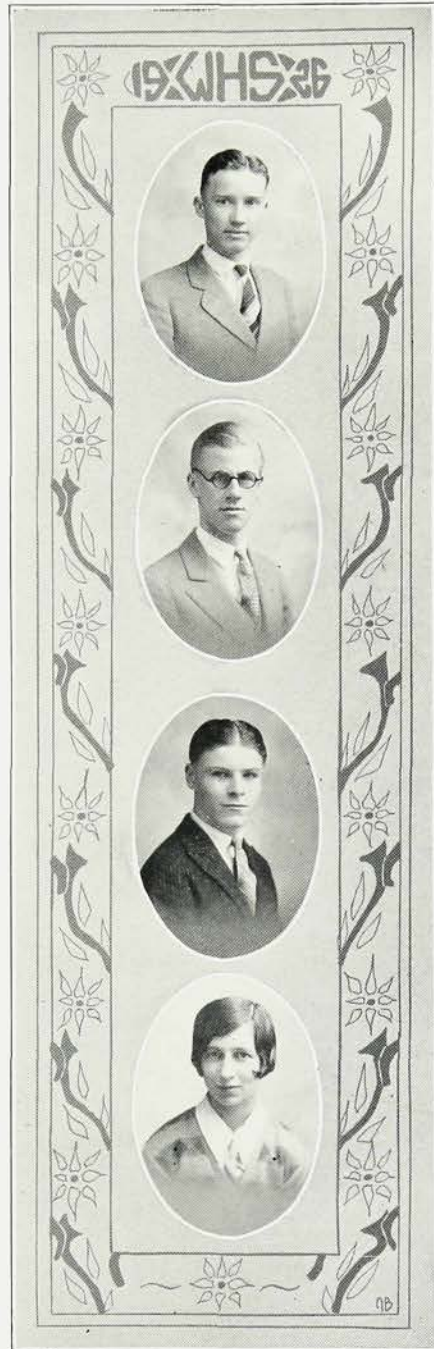
HELEN H. PIERCY

Sky-High

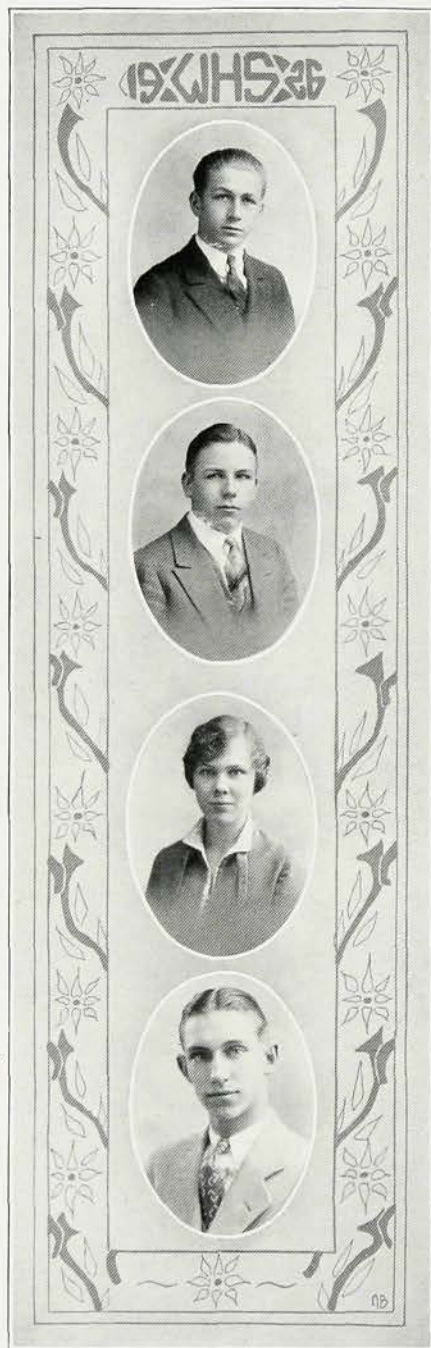
"She is cunning past men's thoughts"

Class Basketball (1, 4); Springtime (3); Pocahontas (3);
Columbus Day Play (3); Glee Club (1); Property Com-
mittee Senior Day Play.

Helen is such a cute, pert little person that she is quite indis-
pensable to our class. She is always ready for a bit of non-
sense or for a bit of sense, too—that's why she is such a
dandy pal.



Princeton Gr



G. WALLACE RUCKERT

The Firebrand

"Maydens be they never so foolysh, yet being fayre, they are commonly fortunate."

Class Football (4); Class Track (3); *Weather Vane* (4); Hi-Y (4); Senior Day Play (4); Varsity Track (3, 4); Christmas Play (4).

Smash! Bang! What's this coming? You guess it; it's Wallie, the class shark. No, he didn't have to take off his glasses to have this picture taken because he isn't that kind of a shark. He is a shark with athletics, a shark with acting, a sheik (pardon me, shark) with the ladies.

Mr. Albert **DOUGLAS SAMPSON**
Sampson 307 Prospect
Is Zat So?

Mr. Elaine Thompson

"So curses all Eye's daughters of what complexion soever."

Living Pictures (1, 2); Class Baseball (1); Assistant Football Manager (2, 3); Varsity (4); Class Football (3, 4); Class Basketball (3, 4); Varsity Baseball (3, 4); Springtime (3); Scenery Committee Senior Play (4); Debate Club (3, 4); Varsity Debate Team (4); Hi-Y Club (3, 4).

"Is the metomicocuc of the snickerumbisic a part of the hypocoticus of the thyronemphtera, or of the wilonypex of the Maxelotherim?"

"Yes, Douglas, two or three of them."

Douglas' frequent "pardon me, but it is not that etc." has made him the wonder of his class-mates and the terror of his teachers.

Graduated from
U. of Pa.
Alpha Tau
Mega
&
Beta Gamma
Sigma
now with
Western
Electric

MARIAN SCOTT

When Knighthood Was in Flower

"Toil, says the proverb, is the sire of fame."

Living Pictures (1, 2); Class Basketball (2); Varsity Basketball (3); Capt. Second Varsity (4); *Weather Vane* (3, 4); Junior Prom Committee (3); Union County Oratorical Contest (4); Times Oratorical Contest (4); Armistice Day Program (4); Class Hockey (4).

Why set her back among the hoop skirts, powdered wigs, and demure ways? She can laugh as loud as anyone!

ROBERT SCHAEFER

All for a Girl

"He is only fantastical who is not in fashion."

Varsity tennis (1, 2, 3, 4); Captain (2, 3, 4); Manager (3); Senior Play Carpentry Committee; Thanksgiving Play; *Weather Vane* Board for Senior Issue.

We often wonder if Kid doesn't fear the Ku Klux. Perhaps some day the Klan will make a mistake—Poor Kid! But he doesn't spend all his time in his Hebrew gesticulation—far from it! Can he play tennis,—yes he can—and bridge!

Bob Schaefer

FRANK SCHOENWISNER

The Creaking Chair

"He is but a country gentleman."

Christmas Play (4); Debate Club (3).

Frank is all that his name implies. He succeeds at everything he tries, whether it be studies, acting, or arguing. Among his aspirations are a professorship in Columbia, and the Mayoralty of Garwood.

ELIZABETH SCULLY

The Quaker Girl

"Your Presence gladdens our days."

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

Here is our class Philleas Fogg, never in a hurry, always on time. No wonder she can always laugh so easily.

JOSEPHINE SILBERG

Kid-Boots

"And leave us leisure to be good."

Junior Prom Committee (3).

In the classroom, Joe assumes a quiet and reserved manner but outside it is quite different, where she is girlish and enthusiastic, of a friendly and kind disposition. Joe proves a very likeable personality—lively and full of fun.

L. LORRAINE SLOCUM

Tell Me More

"What means this passionate discourse?"

Debate Squad (3, 4); Senior Play Publicity Committee.

Mire! Here's our marathon debater. What would happen if she stuttered! Lorraine is the type that blows away your trouble by wagging around you and laughing at your stupid jokes.





EVERETT S. SMITH

The Jest

"Good wits will jump."

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

You're likely to find Smitty on the chandeliers, window casements, or telegraph poles. He amuses the student body with his *Weather Vane* and *Dramatic Club* speeches. He expects in future years, to support himself by selling can-openers. He will be the human fly in his spare moments.

MARJORIE SMITH

Pinafore

"Keep this friend
Under thy own life's key."

Class Track (1, 2, 3, 4); Varsity Track (1, 2, 3, 4); Class Hockey (4); Class Basketball (1, 2); Varsity (2, 4); Art Prom Committee (3); Art Committee Senior Play (4); Art Committee Class Day (4).

We think that "Midget" must have a pair of wings tucked away somewhere—she just seems to fly through the air in all athletic events. She is another example of the old saying that the "best goods come in small packages."

C. WESLEY H. SMITH

The Master Builder

"Faith, his hair is of good color."

Entered W. H. S. in 1923. Chairman Senior Play Carpentry Committee (4); Chairman Lighting Committee Senior Play (4); Dramatic Club (4).

If Red should hit his thumb with a hammer, you wouldn't hear about it. That's the nice thing about him; he does his work well without a lot of noise. We hope the scenery won't fall down in future years after "Red" has left his post. If he doesn't succeed as a stage artist, he can always make a living as a humorist.

RUTH STADELE

The Dove

"Promise is most given where the least is said."

Glee Club (1, 2, 3); Pocahontas (2); Class Basketball (1, 2, 3, 4); Junior Prom Committee; Class track (4).

Ruth accomplishes whatever she does with the least possible confusion. When she plays basketball, she hardly moves, but she always manages to get the leather through. While she is at her Remington, she sits still and the type flies.

Teacher

Teacher

DORIS STEURNAGEL

Gentlemen Prefer Blondes

"The clear, sweet singer with the crown of snow."

Glee Club (1, 2, 3); Glee Club Concert (2); Union County Glee Club Contest (2); Pocahontas (1); Thanksgiving Play (4); Living Pictures (1); Springtime (3).

It is Doris's sweet sincerity that we all love. Her happy disposition is never covered; we have noticed that the said disposition is accentuated by the semi-demi-weekly visit of a citizen of Long Island.

SYDNEY G. STEVENS, Jr.

The Home Towners

"And cheers his table round with large, divine, and comfortable words."

Glee Club (1); Armistice Day Program (4); Senior Play (4); Hi-Y (4); President (4); Debate Club (3, 4); President (4); *Weather Vane* (4); Editor in Chief (4); Glee Club Concert Committee (4).

El Cid has passed away, but not this one. Tho' he hasn't done anything notable in the line of driving Moors from Spain, he's carried off many an A from La Senora. He has also proved himself quite a "man on horseback" for the *Weather Vane*.

JACK STIRRUP

The Right to Kill

"A kinder gentleman treads not the earth."

Class Football (3, 4); Class Basketball (3); Senior Play; *Weather Vane* (4); Hi-Y (4); Easter Play (3, 4); Senior Day Committee.

Here we have the old man of the Senior Play, the poor old fellow who tried in vain to take his waning life. But he doesn't always try to take his own life. On the other hand he tries (not in vain) to kill the ladies.

WALTER TAVERNER

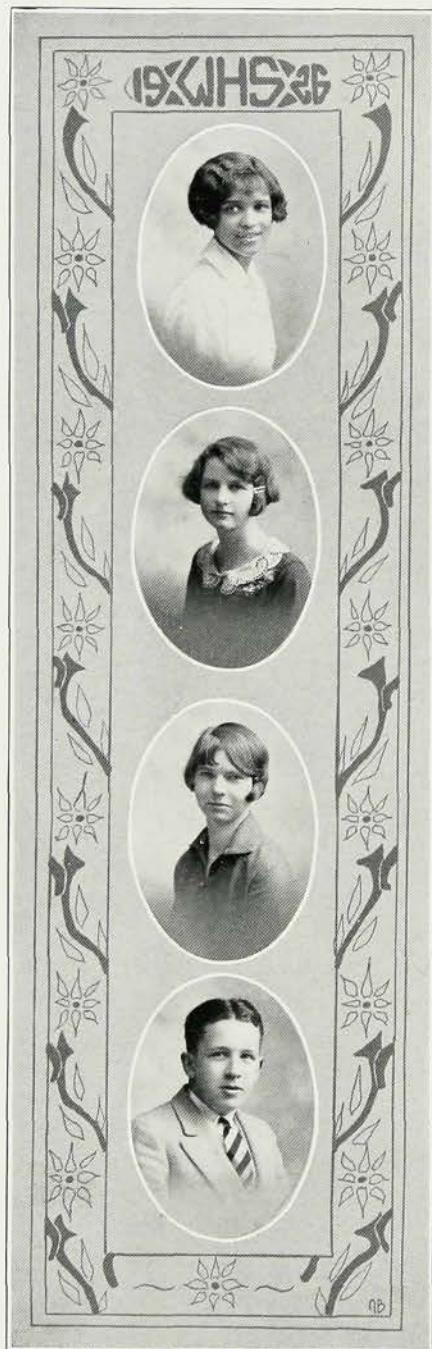
The Champion

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

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

This football-faced touch-downer makes himself known by his flivver, Packard, and blue and white sweater. He has a girl in every town between here and Ocean City, but they never eclipse his Westfield friends.





Ph. Ed. Teacher

Teacher

DOROTHY A. TAYLOR

Tip Top

"I am just going to leap into the dark."

Glee Club (1); Pocahontas (2); Class Track (1, 2, 3, 4); Varsity Basketball (3, 4); Thanksgiving Play (4); Dance Committee for Class Day.

Here's one of our few who can clear the bar at four feet-two from the front. When we see her do the Charleston, we don't wonder she keeps fit. Her side step is the envy of the class. Her giggle is filled with the genius of mischief, but still, "she's a nice child."

DOROTHY M. TAYLOR

Make It Snappy

"We have met the enemy and they are ours"

Track (1, 2, 3, 4); Class Basketball (1, 2); Captain (2); Varsity Basketball (3, 4); Captain (4); Hockey (4); Manager (4); Senior Play Property Committee; Glee Club (2). Everybody's friend—that's D.M. She has all the qualities which make a peach of a girl. The "old Westfield fight" is surely in evidence in her. If you don't believe it, you should see her play basketball.

GERTRUDE TAYLOR

School for Scandal

"I will tell you everything right as it fell out."

Glee Club (1); Pocahontas (1); French Play (2); Class Basketball (1, 2, 3, 4); Class Track (1, 2, 3, 4); Class Baseball (3); Junior Prom Committee (3); Pantomimes (4); Senior Play Committee (4); *Weather Vane* (4); Class Hockey (4); Chairman Senior Party Committee (4); Senior Day Entertainment; Class Day Committee.

They say she talks! We grant she does but give her credit for being neither false nor boresome in her detail. She has an excellent use for breath in the eighth period drills, too.

WARNE C. TEN EYCK

Deceased
The Tempest

"His magic force each silent wish conveys."

Debate Club (3, 4); Debate Team (3, 4); Senior Play.

Besides being a great actor and a debater, Warne takes part in many week-end activities. Still water usually runs very deep. Plainfield seems to have quite an influence although they have a stern judge.

EVELYN TIMBERLAKE

Sailor's Wives

"Courteous though gentle, and gentle though retired."

Glee Club (1, 2); Varsity Baseball (4); Class Track (1, 2, 4); Glee Club Concert (4).

Evie's sure-fire repartee has brought her no enemies. We hear it has stood her in good stead at several institutions of learning; no, not high schools.

ELIZABETH TODD

The Dark Angel

"She sat like patience on a monument
Smiling at grief."

Glee Club (1, 2); Pocahontas (1); Junior Prom Decoration Committee.

Easy come, easy go. Elizabeth is always good-natured, pleasant, and jolly. There is only one thing that causes her any worry. What is it? The hoo-doo of every senior class, English IV.

HARRIET TODD

The White Sister

"I had rather have a fool to make me merry,
than a fool to make me sad."

Glee Club (1); Track (1, 2, 3); Pocahontas (1); Varsity Basketball (4); Class Day Property Committee.

Harriet is athletically inclined. Her skillful playing on second team Varsity basketball proves her ability in this line. We always know Harriet is present when we hear a cheerful, "hello" resounding through the room.

ALAN THOMPSON

The Bat

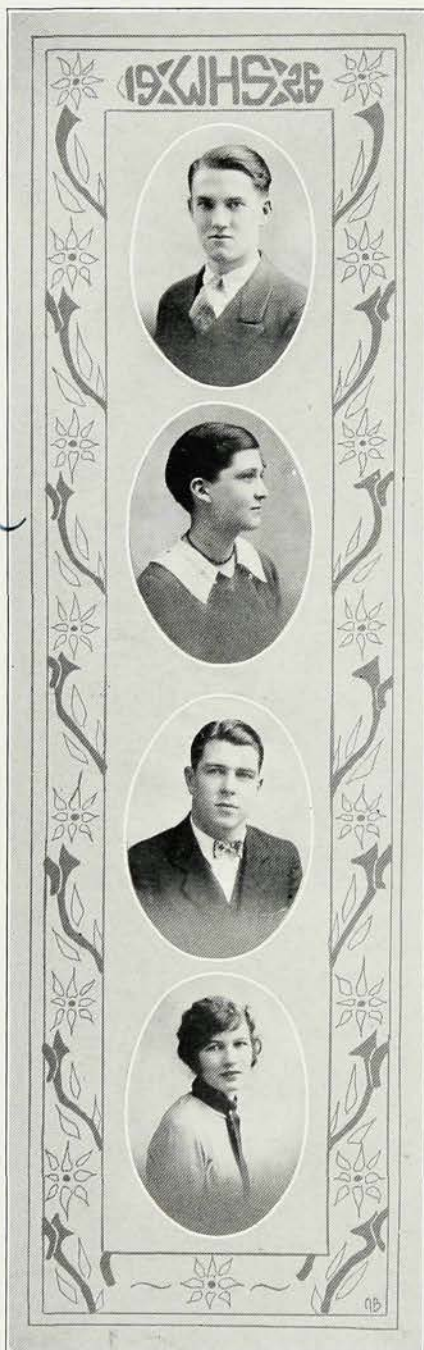
"We must never assume that which is incapable
of proof."

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

Tommy with his unfailing wit and cynicism has been a valuable member to the Senior Class and we believe that with his Knight has been an unfailing visitor to Cranford.



*Lawyer
Mayor of outside*



ARTHUR THOMPSON

*The Man of Destiny**"He was a prince."*

Class Basketball (2, 3, 4); Class Football (3); Second Team Basketball (2, 3); Varsity Tennis (3); President A. A. Council (4).

Jack is a real friend, tried and true. He thrives on basketball, tennis, and Spanish. Sometimes he smiles at the girls.

MARION THOMPSON

Polly with a Past

*"Then cease bright nymph to mourn thy
vanished hair."*

Weather Vane (2, 3); Class Basketball (2, 4); Captain (4); Second Varsity Basketball (3); Varsity Basketball Manager (4); Dramatic Club (4); Understudy Senior Play; Junior Prom Committee (3); Senior Party Committee (4); Class Day Committee; Class Historian.

Speaking of historians, anyone who can get "A" in English at the first try is a genius. Tommie's a good sport, too.

STUART TOMS

Big Boy

"That inward eye which is the bliss of solitude."

Glee Club (1, 2, 3, 4).

For several years W. H. S. halls have rung merrily with the greetings of this happy-go-lucky fellow of our illustrious class. He has the record for having had more narrow escapes than any other fellow in school.

MARGARET VAN DOREN

Rainbow Rose

*"Soft is the music that would charm forever
The flower of the sweetest smell is shy and lowly."*

Entered in senior year.

A piece of femininity is Peg. This likeable member of the class is an intellectual, but she has been proven to be as much a social butterfly as a scholar.

RUTH WARFIELD

The Youngest

"What a prodigy."

Varsity Basketball (4); Class Hockey (4).

Speaking of blushes! If that's what stimulates your mind, we'll all wear scarlet.

LILY WEBER

Tip-Toes

"Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear,
Or, like a fairy, trip upon the green."

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

Lily has thoroughly captured the esteem of the school. Her dancing is an eagerly anticipated feature of every program. We're proud to have her in our class.

ELIZABETH WENTLANDT

The Patsy

"The very room, coz she was in,
Seemed warm from floor to ceilin'."

Class Basketball (4).

Our representative of the Wentlandt dynasty, though not a possessor of the fire-top of her two predecessors has the smile that immortalizes the noble house of Wentlandt.

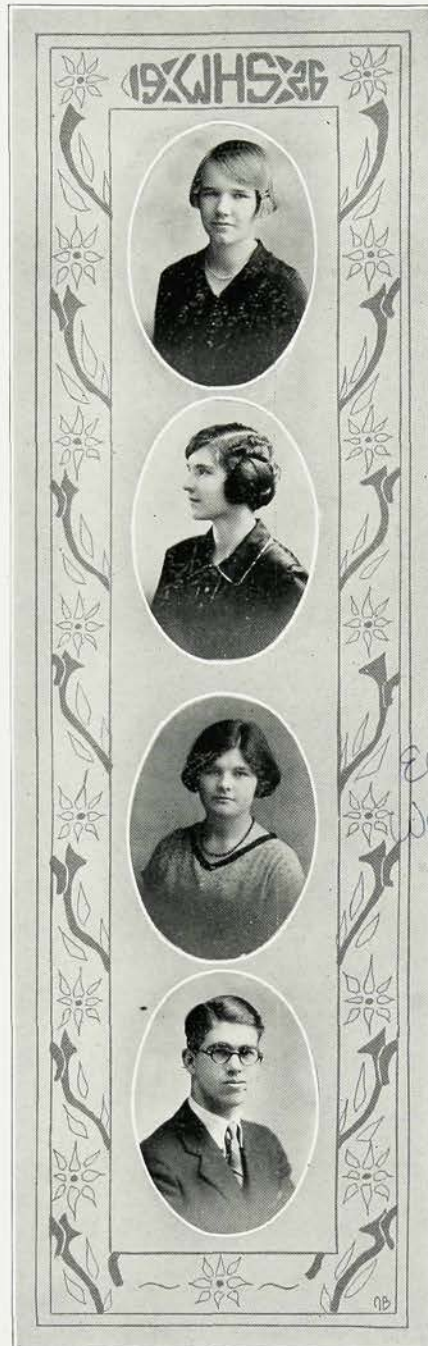
HOLMAN WESTERBERG

The Chief Thing

"My library was dukedom large enough."

Class Football (1, 2, 3); Varsity football (4); Class Basketball (2, 3, 4); Hi-Y (2, 3, 4); *Weather Vane* (4).

Westy, besides being an athlete and honor student, is the treasurer of every club that he belongs to.

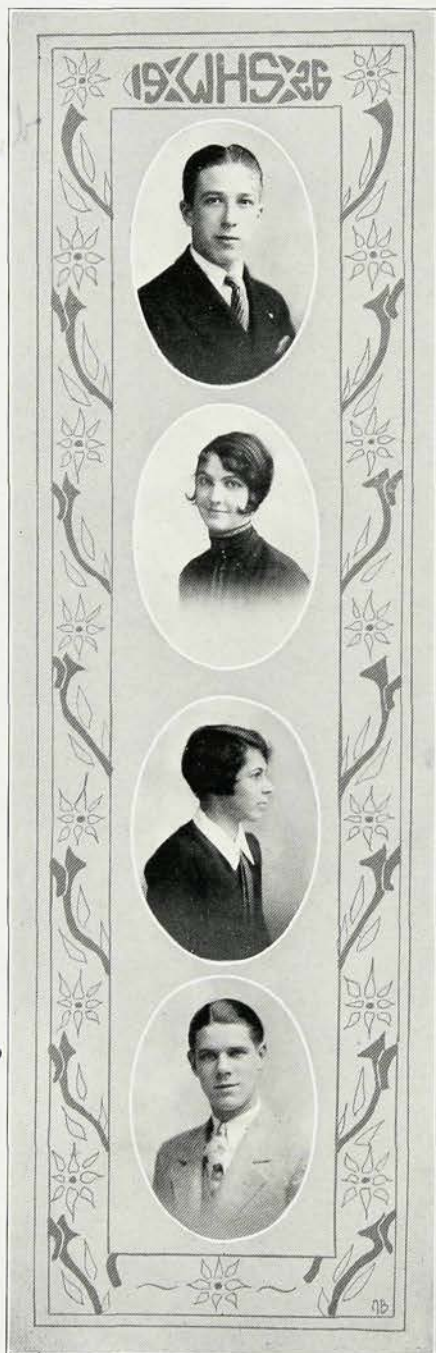


Lily Weber

Elizabeth Wentlandt

Hamilton Gr.

Westy



HARVEY WHITCOMB

The City Chap

"Madam, you have bereft me of all words."

Class Football (3, 4); Class Basketball (4); Business Manager Senior Play; Hi-Y Club (2, 3, 4); Treasurer (4); Senior Day Play; School News Staff (4); Baseball Manager (3); Glee Club (1, 2).

The class didn't really become acquainted with Harvey until this year, but, since then, the "business man" has had no little share in our work. However, work isn't his only line!

ELEANOR WHITE

Up ^m She Goes

"Though I am not splenitive nor rash, yet have I something in me very dangerous."

Class Basketball (1); Springtime (2); Columbus Day Play (3); Pantomimes (4); Entertainment Committee (4); Class Day Dramatization Committee (4).

Eleanor has been with our class since she was a very small girl with long curls—even then as pretty as she is now. So we have had time to learn that "Whitey" not only plays well, but works well, which, as you see, makes a good combination.

PRISCILLA WHITON

Ralph ^m Royster Doyster

"Immortal gods, how much does one man excel another."

Class Basketball (1, 2, 3); Varsity Basketball (4); Class Track (1, 2, 3, 4); Varsity Track (3, 4); President Girl's Athletic Association (4); Junior Prom Committee (3); Senior Day Property Committee; Class Hockey (4).

Nibbs is a real asset to '26. Vitality supplemented by her ability has enabled her to partake in basketball, hockey, and track. In all she excels as a modern Atlanta.

FRANKLIN WINDFELT

The Butter and Egg Man

"If music be the food of love, play on."

Weather Vane (1); Orchestra (1, 2); Tennis Manager (2); Senior Play; Thanksgiving Play (4); Dramatic Club (4); Springtime (3); Chairman Property Committee Dramatic Club Play (4); Banner Committee (4).

There is something winning about this boy. The boys of the Senior Play cast will never quite forgive him for letting them freeze for an hour and a half while he played Romeo before a quarantined house.

HAROLD WINTER

If Winter Comes

"As a knight well spoken, neat and fine."

Senior Play Lighting Committee (4); Hi-Y (4); Easter Play (4).

This is our class Socrates. In addition he is a perfect secret-order man. His favorite morning sport seems to be assisting young ladies with Spanish.

RICHARD WOLFF

The Freshman

"The silver snarling trumpets 'gan to chide."

Class Tennis (1); Class Basketball (1, 2, 3); Varsity Basketball (4); Class Track (3); Orchestra (1, 2); Class Secretary (1); Thanksgiving Play (4); Senior Play Committee.

Dick is going to be a florist when he grows up, (that is sometime in the dim future). We wish him success but we haven't much hope. He will never be able to keep out the weeds. Why does he always look worried?

FLORENCE WOODRUFF

Conscience

"Be checked for silence.
But never tax'd for speech."

Here is a girl whom few know. But those who do will never regret their acquaintance. Florence may be very quiet but she's always on the spot.

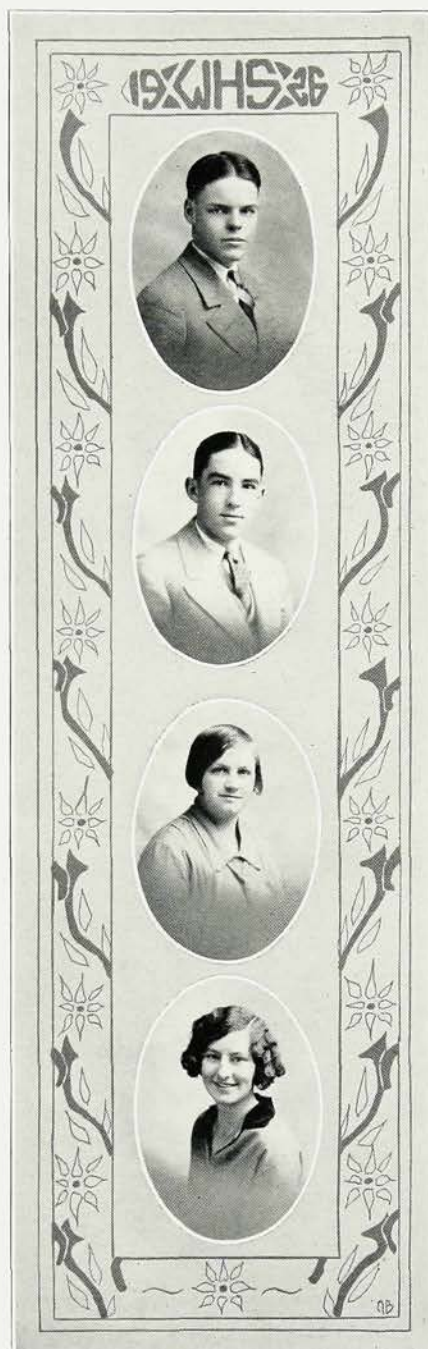
SHIRLEY WRIGHT

Bride of the Storm

"I am stabbed with laughter."

Junior Prom Committee; Senior Party Committee; Class Hockey (4).

Here is one combination of Irish wit and Yankee grit which brings out not only a keen mind, but a winning smile.



Florence Woodruff

*Wm & Mary Gr
Library W. Pub Lib*

ROBERT CARBERRY - *Westfield Ave*
M. Barbara Bowdoin
Beyond Evil

"My heart is high above."

"Tito" was too bashful to have his picture taken. This wood-pecker makes a wonderful messenger. Why do they call him "whooh"?

EMMETT J. DOYLE

So Big

"He would not, with a peremptory tone,
 Assert the nose upon his face his own."

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

Emmett has found time to play his hobbies, the principal of these being moustache-growing.

JUDSON MOSHER

Still Water

"They are proud in their humility, proud in
 that they are not proud."

Class Football (4); Varsity Track (5).

Jud is inclined to be rather quiet. He impresses us always as being a deep thinker. However, his friends know that he excels as a ladies' man, Chrysler driver, and track man.

Real Silk

Class History

(In the style of Milton)

Come all who spend your days in this dim
hall

Which men call School, and with low-
thoughted care,

Confined and pestered in these class-rooms
here,

Strive to keep up a frail and hard-won C,
Unmindful of the crown that Virtue gives,
After three feverish years, to mighty Seniors,
Enthroned, each Chapel-day, on sainted seats.
And listen why—for I will tell you now
What never yet was heard in tale or song
From teacher or from youth in class or
Chapel.

A fair and noble leader in this school
Has in her charge, with tempered awe to
guide,

An old and haughty class of fair repute.
But now, alas, these loyal youths and maids,
Learned in all that here they can partake,
Are going from these halls forever more;
They must not go out from our midst unsung
Without the meed of some deserved praise.

EIGHTH GRADE

What might this be? A thousand fantasies
Begin to throng into my memory.

Oft we trod the buskined stage
In that far removed age.
First a Book Play we assayed,
In the guise of books arrayed.
Later with secure delight
Favored friends we did invite
To behold the comedy
Called *A Merry Company*,
There to hear the bells ring round,
And the jocund rebecks sound
To many a youth and many a maid
Dancing in the checkered shade.
But when our task was smoothly done
And the first fair guerdon won,
Then our graduation came
Giving us our meed of fame.
In the great and spacious hall
Where our class was gathered all,
Kerchiefed each in gold and white,
Faces gleaming, eyes alight,

Where this night were met in state
Many a friend to gratulate.
So we left Eighth Grade at last,
Happy in the joyous past.

FRESHMAN

"Hence, O loathed Childishness,
Thou vain and infantile disease.
Find out some little nursery bright
And dwell in innocent delight.
But come, thou goddess old and wise,
Experience, thou paradise
Of us who now in High School dwell,
Where we may sit and rightly spell
Of Latin verbs and gerunds new,
With Algebra and English, too."

Thus sang we uncouth Freshmen to our
mates,

With eager thought warbling our silly lay
As through the front door merrily we tripped,
The nodding horror of whose shady brows
Threats the ignorant youth who enters here
In innocence. Yet, oh, where else
Could we inform our unacquainted feet
That here our tender age might suffer peril?
And blithely still we made our way each day,
Elected for our officers this year
Bub Swaney as our honored President;
Vice-President, Miss Ross, of great renown
Because of highest honors in Eighth Grade;
For Secretary named was Richard Wolff,
And Jane Revere our trusted Treasurer.
Now some there were that by due steps aspired
To have their names upon the Honor Roll
Which every month surpassed by many names
The honor lists of mighty upper classes.
But we did little else, for 'tis most true
That musing Meditation most affects
The pensive secrecy of Study Rooms
Far from the cheerful haunt of Frutchey's
store.

And we were safe as in our little cribs,
For who would rob a Freshman of his slate,
His few books, or his sticky lollypop,
Or do his good marks violence?
But 'twas some solace yet, some little cheering
When finally our Freshman year was done.

SOPHOMORE

As Sophomores next we gravely did resolve
To scorn delights and live laborious days.
As leaders of our class this year we chose
Mac Rickerson, and once again Miss Ross;
Miss Ten Eyck to record our worthy deeds,
And Miss Revere to guard our hard-won
dues.

In all activities we then took part,
And many of our classmates won high praise
In football, tennis, and all other sports;
The girls in track and basketball excelled.
The Weather Vane permitted all the school
To read our clear wit and gay rhetoric
And our inspired verse; and in debate
Our classmates won renown for '26.
Not any boast of skill, but sincere wish
To bring our class due praise inspired them.

JUNIORS

Yet once more, oh ye schoolmates, and once
more,

I come to sing the praise of '26.
As Juniors, Clarence Bull became our chief,
The other officers remained the same.
Our class insignia we now displayed,
Fair rings and pins of gold which must be
shown

In class, at lunch, and in all corridors
Where most may wonder at their workman-
ship.

In football '26 defeated all,
And much the other classes did lament.
We gave an entertainment at this time
To please our friends and fill our coffers
light.

Here all did please and sate the curious
taste,

And we were quite surcharged with surplus
wealth.

Then next, to celebrate the Easter time,
The Juniors trod the buskined stage anon,
Producing with their great dramatic skill
An Easter Play for all to marvel at.

At last in June our Junior Prom we gave;
Bedecked the hall with flowers gold and
white.

Here dwelt no frowns, for here were all
the joys

That fancy could beget on youthful thoughts.
The Frolickers first touched their various
stops,

Began, and somewhat loudly swept the
string;

We tripped it on the light fantastic toe,
And ended happily our Junior year.

SENIORS

At last as mighty Seniors we defend
Our grim and sacred portal, the Front Door,
From all the lower classmen who attempt
To creep, intrude, and climb into the fold.
And now to interpose a little ease
Let our frail thoughts review our recent deeds.
Of Senior leaders let us sing.

First and chiefest we did bring
Bob Hennell of the oozy locks
Who guarded well his wayward flocks.
Then we chose, to help him boss,
Vice-President—the fair-haired Ross;
Miss Ten Eyck next to wield her quill
And Jane Revere to pay each bill.

And now against financial cares
A concert of sweet Lydian airs.
Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures
Whilst the past delights it measures—
Our Senior Party's gay success
When all were decked in children's dress.
Here were jest and jollity,

All unproved pleasures free;
Mirth received us to her crew
And the happy hours flew;
Here in one night ere glimpse of morn
A real Senior spirit was born.

Now to the well-trod stage anon;
The Senior's famous play is on—
The Big Idea, with Bob and Gin,
Where all their meed of praise did won.

Next, the customary rule,
The Senior class amused the school.

Young and old came forth to play
On our merry Senior Day.

All the Seniors did appear
As never else in their career,
Not kerchiefed as they were each day
But tricked and frownced in dresses gay,
Each a song with costume sly
Where more is meant than meets the eye.
Our play retold a gruesome night

'Mongst horrid shapes and shrieks and sights;
And all the day was filled with fun
Until the setting of the sun.
Other songs might well be sung
Of tourneys and of trophies hung.
Our Class Day too in later age
Ennobled here the buskined stage.
Never did our due feet fail
To walk the studious cloisters pale.
Until at last Commencement came
To add more glory to our name.
School had timely tried our youth
Our faith, our patience, and our truth,

And sent us here through hard assays
To win at last our crown of praise.

Thus sing we to the others of this school
As our famed class goes out with well-
earned praise,

For '26 has left its shining mark
At Westfield High for others to admire.
And now we leave these halls forevermore
And go to seek fresh woods and pastures new.

Marion Thompson,
Class Historian.

Class Will

We, the class of 1926, having so far as can be reasonably ascertained, no weeds in our respective roof-gardens, do make and declare this our final will and testament and hereby revoke all wills by us at any time heretofore made or attempted to be made.

Clause I: To the Junior Class we leave the right formerly enjoyed by us to affect a look of bored indifference, to speak slightly of under classmen, and to converse familiarly with the faculty and others.

Clause II: To the student body we leave the Five Year Club, together with the provision that its limited membership shall not be exceeded and that due respect shall be paid to the Club maxim, "Eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow we *may* graduate."

Clause III: To a prominent Junior, we leave our star athlete, "Canonball" Colson, together with the suggestion that said Junior be entirely responsible for his future health and happiness and that said Junior make desperate efforts to develop the latent virtue of this noble youth.

Clause IV: To the Junior Class we leave the front door privilege, together with its attendant duty of keeping porch and steps free from Freshmen and refuse.

Clause V: To the student body we bequeath detention with all its opportunities for social pleasure.

Clause VI: To the Junior Class we leave our front seats in Chapel (including two broken ones) together with the pleasant dreams we have enjoyed during each performance.

Clause VII: To the school a tlarge we leave the lunchroom, together with the suggestion to the management that all prospective diners be required to sign a paper releasing the school from all responsibility in case of accident or sudden death.

Clause VIII: To the Freshmen we leave the privilege of having their milk served between classes in the auditorium, but with the provision that no rattles, lollypops, or toys be left lying about.

Clause IX: To the school at large we leave a complete set of automatic drinking fountains (non-explosive) together with a never failing supply of bigger and better water.

In witness whereof we hereunto set our hand and seal in the year of our graduation one thousand nine hundred and twenty-six.

CLASS OF '26

Executors: Mr. Cook
Andy

Class Prophecy

Ladies and gentlemen, I have been asked to exhibit to you my wonderful powers as a seer and prophet. In order to do so I will tell the fortunes of an unusual group known as the Class of 1926 of the Westfield High School. I have chosen these young people because they give my powers wide scope, since all are destined to become famous in one way or another. I challenge you to find any prediction that has not come true in five years. Ladies and gentlemen of the radio audience, I shall proceed with the prophecies.

First I see Elsa Meder, who, reluctant to leave her beloved Virgil, has accepted a professorship in the Latin department of Bryn Mawr.

Red Durow will become a chauffeur, now that the ladies have found out how well such a uniform becomes him.

Lily Weber, now ballerina of the Capitol, will strike envy to the hearts of her admirers with her furs from the fox farm of Franklin Knight.

Many of this class are destined to succeed on the stage.

Peggy Alguire and Kathryn Nicholas will grace Bob Hennell's Scandals, while Dot Taylor and Willie Jackson pep up the show with their advanced Charleston dancing.

The song hits of this show are all by Hassell and McWhiney, Inc.

Johnny Hovendon will follow in the footsteps of Glen Hunter as a famous matinee idol. His mail will be so filled with requests for pictures that he will have to employ Edith Kellett to answer them.

The Todd sisters are bound to succeed with their snappy vaudeville act.

Allen Griswold is now the contributing editor of *Wierd Stories*.

Lawrence Fritts will be the owner of a big New York daily.

His sport editor, Harvey Whitcomb, will devote his sheet entirely to the achievements of Judy Foster, Walter Taverner, and Marjorie Smith.

Elsie Becker, modiste, will set the styles for the 400. Her chief model will be Eleanor White.

Doris Steuernagel's debut at the Metropolitan will far surpass that of Marion Talley. Among the box-holders will be Marion Scott, the famous poet, Jack Stirrup, prominent lawyer, and Florence Newham, concert pianist.

The renowned female impersonator, John K. Meeker, will make a grand tour of the country, playing only one-night stands in one-horse towns.

Everett Smith will entrust the millions he makes in the radio business to Dickson Oliver, noted banker.

Eleanor Ten Eyck's experience as Class Secretary will be of great value to her when she becomes the first woman Secretary of State.

When Ralph Gordon becomes a college football hero, Priscilla Whiton will let her kindergarten classes wait while she cuts out all his press notices.

The '26 Trio, composed of Ernest Otto, Dallas Badrow, and Jane Revere will be made justly famous by their press-agent, George Bray.

After making a few additions to her present collections, Ruth Mueller will be able to start a pet farm.

Enterprising Holman Westerberg will inaugurate a Westfield-Princeton air service for Janet Darby's special benefit. It will undoubtedly become a thriving business.

Big Bill Tilden will retire permanently from the field of tennis after taking a beating at the hands of our future champion, Kid Schaefer.

Paul Golson will become a valued contributor to College Humor. His stories will frequently be illustrated by Doris Cole, who uses Marge Chattin as her model.

The favored friends of Speed Creason will be royally entertained on his private yacht, formerly the *Leviathan*.

Lorraine Slocum's impassioned speeches on "Woman's Rights" will draw large crowds, while her debates with Ma Ferguson will be the talk of the country.

Catherine Mundy will be the successful proprietress of a beauty shop. As a walking advertisement of her marcel waving she will employ Wallie McComb.

Next I see Helen Piercy and Tommy Klein, the future stars of "Our Gang" comedies. The heavy fan mail of these child actors will

be answered by their secretary, Frances Martin.

Esther Barrett will undoubtedly send all of her eight children to Peg Van Doren's fashionable boarding school. Nina Barnes is the resident muse at this institution, while the physical director is D. M. Taylor.

The world will be astonished by the accomplishments of Ruth Warfield infant prodigy.

Franklin Windfeldt's "Girating Jazzhounds" will put all other dance orchestras out of business.

Gertrude Taylor will be in her element as editor of the "Sally" column in the *Leader*.

Frank Schoenwisner will best employ his unique powers as a dancing-master. Two of his pupils will be Anna Mulligan and Marion Kromer.

Ross Conover can be seen daily coaching the Westfield High School swimming team in the gym.

Margaret Moore will undoubtedly win out after years of keen competition with Florence Moore in the restaurant business. Her success will be due largely to the employment of Donald Barber as head waiter and Ruth Stadele as cook.

Jack Dempsey will be forced to yield his crown to "Dauntless Doug" Sampson, notorious prize-fighter.

I see a most dignified young person in cap and gown, the president of a large woman's college. It is Betty Knight.

Betty Goodrich will marry a rich turfman, whose horses are all ridden by Helen Foreman, premiere woman jockey.

Jack Thompson will gain fame as the playing manager of a World's Champion baseball team.

Helen Lynde will take over the management of the Rialto, where she will show the pictures of Ginny Noble and Lee Cook exclusively.

More fair bathers than ever before will require expert assistance when Wallie Ruckert joins the Atlantic City Life Guards.

Eileen Ross will be the hard-riding captain of the American Woman's Polo Team.

Evelyn Gallagher is fated to travel as the companion of a wealthy widow. In Europe she will meet Johnny Morgan, Ambassador to France, and Jack Brunner, intrepid African explorer.

Marguerite Bowers will keep a home for moth-eaten alley-cats, which she will feed entirely on milk from the dairies of Wentlandt and Woodruff, Inc.

Poor Harold Winter must make up his mind to settle down and be the sole support of a 400-pound wife.

Beatrice Colyer will decorate the many homes built by Hobart Duell, architect, including the country villa of Richard Wolff, retired dog-catcher.

Allen Gifford will piously take up his duties as a missionary to Garwood.

The brilliant orator, Grinnell Booth, will make a tour of the continent with Elizabeth Scully as his secretary.

Morgan Orr will be the soloist of a famous choir, whose members will also include Virginia Carr and Evelyn Timberlake.

Robert Carberry will receive the plaudits of thousands as the winner of a six-day bicycle race.

Emmett Doyle, political boss, will secure for Inez Lusardi the job of truant officer, and will make Shirley Wright a "constabule."

Alan Thompson, brilliant satirist, will be a valued contributor to *Harper's*, now edited by Syd Stevens.

Josephine Silberg will be the star bareback rider in Judson Mosher's three-ring circus.

Wesley Smith will make his bid for fame as the winner of the International Marble-Shooting Tournament.

Stuart Toms will assume the high and mighty position of Fire Chief, in which capacity he will have the priveleges of addressing the public schools once a year.

The great magician, Warne Ten Eyck, will astonish millions by his slight-of-hand tricks.

Marion Thompson will entertain the literary world by her justly famous anecdotes about the modern poets who are her familiar friends.

This is the future of the Class of 1926. You will agree, I am sure, that this is an unusually versatile class. In a short time you will be able to see for yourselves the truth of my prophecies. I thank you, ladies and gentlemen, for your attention. Good evening.

A Limerick

The nutmeg was the pepper's hater,
And he told him so, a little later,
They fought, my son,
The nutmeg won!
Does that make the nutmeg grater?

Wesley Smith, '26

Class Superlatives

1. Most popular boy—Johnnie Meeker.
 2. Most popular girl—Ginnie Noble.
 3. Prettiest girl—Pete Darby.
 4. Most attractive girl—Ruth Mueller.
 5. Handsomest boy—Bob Hennell.
 6. Class orator—Grinnel Booth.
 7. Class gentleman—Kid Schaefer.
 8. Class sleeper—Wes Smith.
 9. Class Romeo—Paul Colson.
 10. Best actor—Johnnie Hovendon.
 11. Best actress—Ginnie Noble.
 12. Girl athlete—D. M. Taylor.
 13. Boy athlete—Rollo Gordon.
 14. Most happy-go-lucky—Johnnie Meeker.
 15. Most teased—Sissy Foreman.
 16. The perkier—Helen Piercy.
 17. The sweetest—Pete Darby and Scottie (tied).
 18. The peppier—Doie Cole.
 19. The laziest—Speed Greason.
 20. Wittier—Sallie Hassell.
 21. Best sport—Wallie Ruckert.
 22. Biggest flirt—Peggy Alguire.
 23. Most self-satisfied—W. Leigh Cook, Jr.
 24. Most all around—Judy Foster.
 25. Most inquisitive—Gert Taylor.
-

Old Timer: "I understand Bill took mechanical engineering. What is he doing now?"

Second Old Timer: "He's working for the railroad."

"That so? What doing?"

"Well, you know the man who goes around the cars and taps all the wheels to make sure everything is all right?"

"Yes."

"Well, Bill helps that man listen."

Class Roast

NAME	LIKES	DISLIKES	SECRET AMBITION
Ruth Mueller	Horn-rimmed glasses	Quiet clothes	To blind the world
John Meeker	Noise	H ₂ O (internally)	To live in Monte Carlo
Margaret Alquire	Cosmetics	A shiny nose	To bring about twenty suicides
Douglas Sampson	An argument	Parties	To silence Senator Borah
Leigh Cook	Freedom	Obscurity	To finish that which Napoleon began
Judson Mosher	Cute little things	Knocks that fly the quiet man's way	To build a Chrysler
Helen Foreman	Equines	Cats	To have a male harem
Grinnel Booth	Nothing	Everything	To make a universal revision
Elizabeth Knight	The limelight	The commonplace	To move multitudes to tears
Julia E. Foster	Mindowaskin Lake	Airdales	To be the human fly
Margaret Moore	"More darn fun"	"That asinine mayun"	To die in Virginia
John Morgan	A London tailor	Three inch paint brushes	To be a model for a tooth-paste ad.
Morgan Orr	"Hard-on-the-eyes" dresses	An English sense of humor	"A June Night and I Wonder Who"
Virginia Carr	A grand rush	Vegetables	To use T.N.T. for face powder
Gertrude Taylor	News	Peanuts	To run that renowned "colyum" "About Town With Sally."
Florence Newham	We promised not to tell	Frivolity	To live in Utopia
Doris Steuernagel	Huntingdon	"Blue Monday"	To rival Jeritza
Elsa Meder	Greenwood Lake	Compliments	To travel to the ends of the earth with a ruler, a square, and a compass.
George Greason	Evidence of a well-shaped head	Burke tests	To edit <i>College Humor</i>
Franklin Knight	Anything that squirms	Afternoon teas	To go on an expedition to the infernal regions.
Dickson Oliver	Underclassmen	Same as friend Orr	To find out <i>what</i> .
Ruth Stadel	Anything that doesn't jump	Friend Edmund	To live in a shell
Hobart Duell	Whoever "caught"	Muffers	To keep his blood below his neck.

Acknowledgments to the Faculty

As the members of a senior class come to the end of their fourth year in high school, they suddenly realize that the most carefree and pleasurable years of their lives have passed, and that, whether they are going to college or to business, they are embarking upon an entirely new adventure in which friendly faces and familiar surroundings will be lacking. There is a feeling of awe in contemplation of the prospects and a very poignant realization comes over them of the real happiness in which they have lived for four years.

It is only natural that at such a time they should think of those who have been most closely associated with them in all their experiences,—the faculty, and the senior class takes this opportunity of extending its sincerest thanks to that capable and ever patient body, for the training which has been such a potent factor in the development of eighth graders into young men and women. We fully appreciate their efforts in our behalf and realize that whatever success we may attain in future fields of endeavor will be the result of the fundamental training in scholastic work which they have given us.

To our principal and advisor, Mr. Neubauer, we feel special thanks to be due for his untiring service to the class. He has followed our course through high school with watchful eyes and been always ready to assist us with his keen judgment in the solution of any particular difficulty.

In a relationship which has been particularly intimate and cordial our faculty advisors, Miss Orgill and Miss Pelton, have been our constant guides in all activities. They have supervised every undertaking upon which the class has embarked and the high record which '26 holds for successful achievements may be credited, for the most part, to them.

Our dramatic coach, Miss Goossen, deserves special mention and thanks for her splendid and unstinting service in the class productions, Senior Play and Class Day. In this connection thanks are extended to Mr. Paulin, for assistance with the carpentry, to Miss Howard for supervision of art work, to Miss Dickenson for costuming, and for arrangement of music, to Miss Jagger.

Lastly, to Miss Bible we give our whole hearted thanks for her assistance in library work, especially in connection with the Senior essays, and for her capable supervision of our social activities. We feel that to her poise and fine perceptions are due a large measure of their success and consequently, thank her personally, for the most enjoyable events of our school life.



"With stories told of many a feat"

The Weather Vane

We should not consider the annual complete without some mention being made of *The Weather Vane* and its progress during the five years of its existence. The book, however, speaks for itself and little need be said by us, therefore.

During the four years previous to nineteen twenty-six, the editors-in-chief were girls, assisted by boys as business managers. They were Catharine Noble and Lloyd Gallagher, 1922; Anna Outwater and Stanford Hendrickson, 1923; Mary Bell and Roger Williams, 1924; Gwendolen Smith and George Thayer, 1925.

We feel that *The Weather Vane* started out on a very high plane as a school magazine and each of these leaders worked hard and aided its development. The responsibility yearly grows more great for succeeding editors to maintain and improve upon the high standards set by former boards.

The improvement has been gradual and, consequently perhaps not so noticeable, but a comparison of an early copy with this year's edition shows to a marked degree the development which has taken place. In size and appearance there has been a definite change. Sixty pages is now considered the standard for volume, while, dating from last year, there has been a new cover for every issue. This has entailed more art work but those editors have been capable and we feel that much has been added to the attractiveness of the book by this feature. This is attested by the fact that *The Weather Vane* received honorable mention in the Columbia contest this year because of "its unusually attractive appearance."

This year's board has striven to edit a magazine, as worthy of merit as possible. Although no new features have been added, the literary department has been extensively enlarged, which shows development of the basic part of the magazine. We have found it possible to use coated paper in all three issues, thus allowing the printing of occasional snapshots of particular interest.

In the annual the dramatic and poetry sections are new features; also the two pages of senior snapshots. For the first time, this year individual pictures of the faculty were obtained and grouped. On the whole we feel the annual to be a larger and more complete record of the senior class than any which has preceded it.

However, to those who follow after us and take up the trust of editing the school magazine we wish for a success to crown all their endeavor, which will far surpass our feeble efforts, that *The Weather Vane* and Westfield High School may stand supreme in the eyes of all.

Sydney G. Stevens, Jr., '26.

Aren't We All?

Slowly I strolled down the darkening elm-shaded street of the quaint Vermont village. It was an evening in late May and all the green sweetness of spring was in the air. The shrill cries of children still playing drifted to my ears; far away a dog barked. A little circle of contentment hovered about my heart, settled, and tightened. It was good to be at home after two years of wandering about in the world. Not many people recognized me, but then people never do pay very much attention to a middle-aged bachelor.

My steps carried me toward the center of the village. There were more stores there now, for the place had grown since I had gone away. However, it was still comfortably small. Unflinching my feet carried me to the other end of the block of stores, past the church with its sober little graveyard, to a tiny flower-shop riotous with gay colors. A little old man sat dreamy-eyed, pipe in mouth, on a low, comfortable bench in front. At sight of him my steps quickened. This was where my feet had unconsciously been leading me. I wanted an hour's quiet gossip and a smoke. Petey Winterbottom was the person for it.

He looked up as I approached and smiled. "Set down, Jerry," he invited, "I knowed ye right off."

"You would, Petey," I laughed, as I sat down beside him, "Gosh, it's good to be back. Town isn't changed much, is it?"

"Wal, 'tain't and 'tis," Petey replied cryptically, between puffs on his pipe.

"How?"

"Wal, town ain't changed much, 'cept it's a mite bigger, but folks has changed. Some's died, some's born, some's got married—"

I laughed. "But that's to be expected, isn't it?"

Across the street tripped the short, slight figure of a girl. Petey nodded toward her. "She's one of 'em," he remarked with a chuckle, "but 'twas onexpected, kinda."

I was puzzled. "What do you mean?" I asked, "She's Judge Porter's daughter, isn't she?"

"Yep, oney her name ain't Porter any more. They's a story about it."

I slumped comfortably on the bench and settled myself. I knew what was coming. Petey relit his pipe and gazed thoughtfully at the dusky sky above. Tiny limpid stars winked here and there, and already the moon was glowing like a pale golden lantern in the east, over the trees.

"Nancy Porter was engaged to Larry Carn when you left, wa'nt she?" Petey asked finally.

"Yes, I remember."

Petey nodded. "Yep, couple o' months 'fore you went. Wa-al, Nancy wanted to git married in a hurry, but Larry sez, 'Wait awhile, Nance, I gotta have somp'n to keep you with, even if it won't be as much as yore father has.' So Nancy sez of course she'll wait. Larry's a big, good-lookin' feller, easy-goin' but brainy. He kept workin' and workin' out at the mills savin' up quite a sight o' money. He'd take Nancy to the dance every Sad'dy night. You never seen a purtier lookin' couple than them two; Larry with his blond curls and slow grin, and Nannie beside him, with dark curls and laughin' eyes. Her pop used t' say his Nannie was the purtiest girl east of the Mississippi, and I reckon he was right.

"Wal, eve'thin' went smooth as silk for 'most a year; but you could tell Nancy wuz gettin' kinda impatient toward the end. The trouble began when Nancy's cousin from New York came to visit. He was forty-second cousin, or mebbe fifty-fourth. Any way, his name was—" Petey paused, gulped painfully and continued "—was *Percy*. Percy Penton. My lan', the way he courted Nannie! He fell for her headfirst. He began to take her to the dances instead of Larry, in spite of Nannie's first protests. He'd take her whether she wanted to go or not. Larry didn't like none o' this, not fer a cent. He went to Nannie and asked her what she meant by runnin' round so with this *Pe-ercy* feller, and Nannie sed she didn't see the harm in it. Then she kisses him a couple or mabbe three times and he ain't mad any more for a while.

"From then on it's a fight to see which one could take Nancy out the most. Percy had the advantage because he was stayin' right with the Porters, and besides, Larry was workin' mighty hard them days. Nancy started runnin' around again with her cousin. Larry kept gettin' madder and madder, and his work got to be sump'n terrible. Finally one day he exploded. He and Nancy had an awful fight. He wanted her to quit goin' with this Percy feller, told her flat to stop. He says, 'You're engaged to me, not him, and people are beginnin' to talk.'

"Nancy sez, 'Wel, he's a relative, and you ain't, yet.'

"'That don't make any difference,' Larry yells; 'you're engaged to me, not him!'

"Nannie looks at him funny, but she can't say nuthin' 'cause Larry goes right on ravin'. They quarrel and quarrel and don't get anywhere until finally Nancy ups and yanks off her ring and throws it at him. Then she bursts into tears and runs out of the room. Larry stares at the ring a minute, and then sticks it into his pocket. I seen him walk past me that day, kinda white and grim, but I didn't know what was the matter until later.

"Nancy starts her high jinks with Percy again, and never speaks to Larry. Larry starts actin' sorta desperate all the time. He meets a girl from over South Side—Masie, her name is—and *he* starts goin' around with *her*. Ye kin guess how all the tongues wuz waggin' can't ye? This was the way things went for two months. Larry and Masie was real chummy. Nannie knew it and let on she didn't care a durn.

"Then the Perkinses had a huge barn dance. Ev'rybody in town was invited. Of course Larry took Masie and Percy took Nannie. They must have been nigh two hunnerd people there. Long about half-past nine a turrible thunder-storm comes up, but inside nobody hardly seemed to notice it. Larry was actin' up wild with Masie, showin' off to Nannie. I s'pose he had too much of what there was to drink. About ten o'clock he snatches Masie off in a corner and sez, 'Masie, you and me are goin' to elope tonight. Meet me out in the car in an hour, and bundle up warm, 'cause it's rainin' cats and dogs.' Then he squeezes her and they run back into the crowd. Masie was all excited. She knowed Larry loved Nannie, but she wasn't lettin' him slip through her fingers. He was too good a catch.

"She kept her eyes glued to her watch and at eleven o'clock she slips out ta where the wraps wuz and muffles herself up good. Larry was waitin' in his flivver, all wrapped up to his chin. He needed to be too, cause the wind was howlin' and drivin' the rain in sheets. Purty soon he saw a muffled figure comin' out o' the darkness, stumblin' through the puddles. He opened the door and she jumped in. Off they slushed through the mud. They was very quiet durin' that ride. She was a-thinkin' and he had to watch the road. Wasn't long afore they reached the parson's house. They had to wait a few minutes 'fore the parson got out of bed. Larry was still kinda stewed up, I guess. When the parson opened the door the wind blew 'em in. The parson saw that they was two young folks and he grinned and told them to wait a minute while he went up to dress. Then he beat it up-stairs. Larry turns to Masie to help her take off her cloak, and he near drops in his tracks! It ain't Masie a-tall; it's Nancy! She stares at him and screeches "Larry!" He was shocked sober and they both begins askin' questions at once.

"Turns out Nancy was goin' to elope with Percy and evidently she got into the wrong flivver. But they was both so excited findin' each other there that they didn't stop to hear what the other was sayin'.

"Pretty soon they both gets out of breath and just stare at each other. Suddenly Larry reaches out, wraps his arms around her, and starts kissin' her double quick, right and left.

"'You're the only girl for me,' he groans, 'Marry me now, darlin'.'

"When the parson come down, I guess he kinda wonders why ther're kissin' before his speech, instead of after it. They clean forgot about Masie and Percy."

Old Petey sighed and knocked the ashes out of his pipe. I stood up and stretched comfortable.

"Petey," I said solemnly, "Suppose Larry *had* married Masie and Percy, Nancy?"

"I never let meself think about it," said Petey simply.

'26.

Let It Rain

What is more soothing than a rainy day? To disturbed, discouraged, downhearted souls the soft, gentle patter of the raindrops brings ease, peace, contentment. To sit in a favorite nook of one's home and to listen to the never ceasing chattering of the tiny drops from heaven is a pleasure which the poet Milton might have enjoyed.

Many and varied are the stories which the rain tells, stories of the past, dreams for the future. With every dash upon the windowpane, with every beat upon the roof, some adventure of the past is being told to us. Every bitter experience or hardship becomes softened when the rain tells it to us; every joy and gladness gains in sweetness and in pleasure when our dear friend rain relates it to us.

A rainy day is the day when we build our castles in the air. As the rain begins softly and unobtrusively, so our dream first filters through our mind. The rain increases, gains volume, lashes itself into fury. Then, with one last downpour, with one last outburst of passion, it is over. Thus it is with our dream. We nourish it in our mind until it grows and expands. It gets beyond our control. This mad thing that is dashing in our brain, what is it? Then, like the rain, it is over. Is this outburst the last? Will the sun shine upon us now and dispel our castle in the air, or will another shower come and once more carry us to the land of dreams?

Judy Foster, '26.

Cop: (to struggling man in private pond) "Come out of that. You can't swim in there."

Feller: "I know I can't. That's why I'm hollering for help."

Stranger: "Tell me, have any big men ever been born in this city.?"

Native: "Nope. Only babies."

Whom Do You Look Like?

"Oh, whom does she look like? Doesn't she remind you of someone you know? Oh, you look like Mary (or Jane, Virginia, Betty, as the case may be.) "Don't you think so? I think she looks exactly like her."

This is one of the surest ways of irritating me. Wherever I go some silly person begins to gush about how much I look like somebody. I think I would like to see all these other people lined up in front of me. Perhaps I really do look like Mary (or Jane, Virginia, Betty, as the case may be.) Probably I do have hair like Mary's, eyes like Jane's, a mouth like Virginia's, or a nose like Betty's, or some other similar feature. I don't like to think of these people resembling me in one part—I feel separated.

But there is one thing, of which I am sure; that is, that I don't want to look like Mary, Jane, Virginia, or Betty, as the case may be. I want to be Myself. I should not want other people to be like Me in some respects, as they are like my features. It would not be pleasant for them. The real Me is so queer that if any one had just a part he might be considered very peculiar indeed. Why can't I look like Myself without anyone copying?

People are always saying to me, "Why don't you fix your hair the way So-and-So does?"

This is another remark which destroys my good humor and puts me out of sorts. If I wanted to fix my hair like So-and-So, I would without waiting for anyone to tell me. But if I did, then some kind person, upon seeing me, would be reminded that I look like So-and-So. I want to be individual, but some people are determined that I shall not be. They do not realize that I am trying to make that Me better than it is.

That is something every one should strive to do. To make the real Me better and better is the task to which each should set himself. One does not wish to be known by some physical characteristic which belongs to another also. Each person should make his personality so magnetic and glowing that another would be proud to have one like it. There are several people I know, who have these glowing personalities. They have an understanding. I want to cultivate the Me, that I have, so that I may have that personality which will make people forget that I "look like some one else." I want to be recognized for what I am. Not for my physical characteristics, but for Me, do I want to be known.

If everyone developed himself this way, he would become vastly more interesting. One would impress people with her personality. One would not be told she looked like Mary, (or Jane, Virginia, Betty, as the case may be).

The Lunch Room

I am always delighted when Mother tells me that I may go to the lunch room. In fact, I consider it quite a treat.

In the first place, seventh period is my favorite lunch period. Of course I am never hungry; so I do not mind waiting until then. I am a person with a very unselfish disposition. When I come down and find that all the ice cream is gone, instead of feeling annoyed, I am almost glad. It makes me quite happy to think that, though I could not have it myself, the others who came before me had the pleasure of enjoying it. Then, too, it is strengthening to the character; giving up things for others does one good.

It is peculiar to our school that the students walk sedately to the lunch room. They always walk in single file and never crowd.

Usually, I manage to get a few ham sandwiches or some soup. After all, why should we complain? The lunch room soup is quite delicious.

Very often I discover that some one has taken, by mistake, the stool that I was saving. Of course, I do not mind. In fact I rather like to eat standing up. Only a clever person can hold a tray in one hand and eat soup and sandwiches with the other. However, I find that this is not necessary, as some kind gentleman very politely gets up to give me his stool. We won't mention the fact that his reason for doing so is that he has finished his lunch.

Janet Grady, '28.

The North Pole as We Will See It

America, a nation actively engaged in bringing the world gradually nearer the Perfect State, can be excused a certain feeling of pride in the recent accomplishments of our own fliers on their northern trips. Other countries have done well, it is true, but it remained for our energetic countrymen to make popular the new and thrilling sport of tagging the North Pole. Publicity made this sport what it is, and what people understand the art of publicity better than the Americans?

Some have questioned there being any real benefit to American business interests to be gained by all this scuttling up to the pole and back, by hikers in seal skin suits like Peary, or by such capable heroes as the strong-winged Byrd. Let us look into the far reaching results of these exploits, then, and see what American manufacturers and business men will gain in the next few years.

The logical starting point is the wide-eyed interest the public has taken in the excitement; the simple proof being the featuring of the explorers on the front pages of all the tabloid papers. Ask a truck driver

or a subway guard if he would like to see the Pole. He'd be charmed with the idea. He probably thinks it is an exciting looking pillar of ice with the red, white, and blue flying from the top. All business has to do is to capitalize the interest before some other explorer finds it as interesting as the British found King Tut's Tomb.

In a few years, if promoters make good their golden opportunity, there will be excursion dirigibles at reasonable rates leaving regularly on sight-seeing tours, stopping at Nome, Dawson, the North Pole, and points east. Sears Roebuck & Co. will be advertising smart raccoon exploring costumes to be sold on the installment plan. Spalding and Macy will have to fill a growing demand for skiis, snowshoes, and picnic boxes. The enterprising Mr. Ford will have perfected little flivver planes for family use to be sold at popular prices, and every self-respecting man will feel that he should own one. For those less fortunate who are unable to afford the planes, there will be yet another way. A good strong sled, with plenty of room for Mama and the girls would be a reasonable purchase. Father could hitch up Rags, Jocko, the peke, and Uncle Joe's mongrel collie, and away they will go.

In a few years the millions of square miles to the north, that are now so wickedly wasted, will be open to the influence of American methods, and will form a good place for Father's summer vacation. Of course, Peary and Dr. Cook would get quite a shock if they could come back and see the good old ice fields now, but a few bill boards and detour signs would make the Babbits feel quite at home.

Helen Piercy, '26.

The Professor

Before I knew of human nature's propensity for moulding itself according to the one and only pattern of formality, I used to look forward to womanhood, expecting that my relations with those fascinating, infallible people called "grown-ups" would be as delightfully free from studied effects as my play with my fellow children. Now that I have just begun that fatal process of "growing-up", I am disillusioned, for I find that, not only have my elders avoided an aspect of childhood, but the children with whom I once played are as surely and obviously becoming adults in my sight as those ten years my senior, were a decade ago.

Perhaps everyone has had this idea in childhood. I know someone who has retained it. He is not far from his "three-score-years-and-ten" but, to him, the world is a huge playground filled with children. He plays the games with others and does his stunts all by himself, unmindful of the impression he is making on the other "children."

It is with childlike indifference that he adorns his gaunt figure. To him, clothes are only a type of shelter from the weather; if they cover and keep him comfortable, they have admirably accomplished their purpose. There have been many gasps of surprise, mingled with low chuckles at the sight of an Ichabod Crane, tightened at the joints, in a black chin-chilla that almost sweeps the ground, a long, high cheek-boned countenance graced with a pair of heavy-rimmed *pince-nez* with a dignified black ribbon, an egg-shaped head in a skull-cap and ever-present heavy, black ear-muffs.

This figure is always under a microscope, for our "Lothario" teaches Latin in a city high school. But all giggles of ridicule become smiles of admiration for, to his pupils, he is a god. To his classes, the dead language glows with life, for they are made to understand it. Latin is, however, not the only subject that keeps his classes interested. To him, there has never been a more beautiful and accomplished woman than his wife. Her comings and goings, likes and dislikes, are the subject of a daily ten-minute talk to each of his classes. Thirty minutes a day covers his courses admirably, for the morale of the classes is never lowered by monotony.

Out of question he loves his profession, but it occupies only five hours of the day and he is never idle. On almost any week-day he may be seen in the small library of his six-room house with his coat off and neck bare (for at any season of the year, his house registers eighty degrees) sawing, with his left hand, on a huge red cello. The book on the music-stand before him opens of itself to a two-line exercise which has been his favorite motif for years. His musical activity is not confined to his cello, for he also plays a violin. But to make a substantial addition to his individuality, he composes music. Though musical, he is no temperamentalist. He will accompany his wife and her friends to an entertainment and when the show becomes dull, he will take a memorandum book from his pocket, look into space for a few moments, then begin to hum in his cracked tenor and record his inspiration in the note-book.

Five days a week are enough for his mental activity. The hundred feet behind his house gives him ample opportunity to get back to nature. Ever since I can remember, he has been surrounding his garden with a path. The only material he uses is sifted ashes from his furnace. Saturdays and Sundays, he may be seen in a uniform he wore when a boy at military school, a turban, made from a white pillow-case, taking the place of the helmet. With the invincible left hand, he shakes a hand-seive, while he expostulates to himself on the topics of the day. I have never been near enough to him to hear the words of the *ashes-soliloquy*, but without doubt they express philosophy worthy of the pen of Emerson.

After intelligent study, he has come to the conclusion that a house needs a coat of paint but once every ten years. It is a rule of his life to live in a white house. Consequently, the color of his domicile is indescribable. He would scoff at a suggestion to paint his house gray, for, although you can not see the dirt on a gray house, it is there. And has he not always wished to live in a white house?

Living his own life, to its fullest extent, oblivious of all trivial imaginary obligations, he is years ahead of the age because his relations with his followmen are as free and unstudied as that of a boy to his chums, for "a great man is he who never loses his child's heart".

Sallie Hassell, '26.

An Ideal School

It was a warm day in May. The pupils in the English class were lazily reposing on broad divans. Two electric fans buzzed at each end of the room; a small one was humming quietly on the teacher's mahogany desk. The cretonne curtains fluttered now and then as a passing breeze wafted in. A large pitcher of ice water stood on a wicker table in the center of the room, and every now and then a pupil sauntered to the table to help himself to a glass of water. Occasionally a fly buzzed outside the screens. The awnings flapped lazily in the breeze. A canary in the far corner of the room sang merrily between naps. A soft odor of lilacs came from the window boxes, and circulated around the room.

And then came the lazy tinkle of the bell. The pupils rose and walked across the hall to the elevator, which bore them to the first floor where they were given ten minutes to use as they chose. Of course, the girls retired to the dressing room, thus eliminating shiny noses. After ten minutes, they boarded the elevator and went to their next class.

And thus the day passed—Don't wake me up! Let me dream.

Dorothy Wilson, '28.

Mr. Phiffer Finds a Way

"Let's all go to the movies," suggested Mrs. Phiffer one evening, as the family sat around the kitchen watching her dry dishes.

"Let's!" cried all the little Phiffers, five in number. Mr. Phiffer did not give his opinion on the matter (not that his would have anything to do with it) for he was deeply engrossed in the one hundred and forty-third installment of *Gilded Cages* in *The Illustrated Evening Looking-glass*.

However, after all the dishes had been put away with the breaking of only ten, the family, except Mr. Phiffer, was ready to go. Therefore, he had to reluctantly leave *Gilded Cages* and go upstairs to change from his Jacob Brown Comfy Slippers to his Extra Super-Special Arch Preserver Shoes.

As the family got outside just in time to miss the seven-thirty trolley, it was decided that they should take an Orange Taxi which came down the street.

By a remarkable bit of luck, the taxi hit only two cars on the way to the cinema-palace, and in about ten minutes the vehicle drew up before Rosenbaum's Star-of-the-Orient Theatre "devoted to the superb presentations of the classics of the shadow world."

All the Phiffers dismounted but Mr. Phiffer who had had the unfortunate experience to have been forced to sit upon a folding seat. Everytime he tried to arise, the seat would snap up and catch his coat-tail. However, after several trials, he managed to extract himself from his predicament and to step out of the taxi, to be confronted with the pleasant figures on the taxi meter, \$10.46.

Of course, Mr. Phiffer said it was ridiculous and all that, and said a lot of naughty things that made Mrs. Phiffer blush with shame and all the little Phiffers shriek with delight; but in the end, the fare was paid and the family walked into the theatre lobby, where Mr. Phiffer purchased the tickets and ushered the family in.

As the little group entered, the funeral of some noted person was being shown in the newsreel on the screen, accompanied on the organ by a very *appropriate* piece entitled *Red Hot Charleston Ma-ma*.

Luckily, the family was able to find seats together. But, alas! In the back of Mr. Phiffer sat two small children with their mother.

Now the Phiffer children were very well behaved and were able to read the titles on the screen for themselves. This, nevertheless, was not the case with the *infants* in the row behind. They were constantly rattling waxed paper, noisily chewing gum, or sucking lollypops, and loudly demanding "Ma-ma! What does that say?" or "Ma-ma! Who is that funny man?"

Then, too, in the exciting parts of the picture, people had to cross in front of the Phiffers, and several times Mr. Phiffer's new Stetson was trampled flat on the floor (the wire hat rack not being any too good in filling its purpose).

Suddenly, a great shrieking and moaning sound filled the auditorium. Then there was silence. Then, a crash. Again, silence. Of course,

everyone became excited, but soon knew, by the notes of a very tinny piano, that the organ had just broken down.

Then, unexpectedly, Mr. Phiffer received several hard yanks on his hair from the children behind him. This was followed by the sucking of lollypops right beside his ear, and every now and then stray mouthfuls of gooey juice would trickle down his neck. If they asked their mother once, they asked her fifty times to read the titles. Also, in the tense moments of the photodrama, Mr. Phiffer received several violent "whacks" in the head. When he turned around to glare scornfully upon the child, the mother exclaimed, "He's so playful, isn't he?"

Finally Mr. Phiffer could stand it no longer. With a few words to his wife, he silently left the theatre. In a few minutes he returned and resumed his seat.

He waited for one more "whack". He got it! Without another word he uttered a shriek and jumped up, firing off a revolver and yelling such epithets as "Fire! Murder!"

In a few seconds the whole place was emptied. (1.24 minutes less than the fire-commissioner said on the program) and the Phiffers sat undisturbed and enjoyed the picture to the close.

Then, three men, known as policemen, came and took Mr. Phiffer away to spend the night. However, he returned home next day, and entered the house, singing the immortal strains of *The Prisoner's Song*.

'D' you know," cried Mr. Phiffer to his wife, "I'll bet that when those kids die and stand before the sign *Gate to Heaven*, they'll shout, "Ma-ma, what does that say?"

Ward Randall, Jr., '28.

Dreams

It was a night of dreams, an April night when almost anything might happen. The breeze was from the south, bringing promises,—such promises! First it would sooth with a touch of dreamy melody, a melody that makes love seem new and the world a place of fantasies. Then it would blow fierce and strong, and the heart would long for adventure—free adventure before the masts of a ship, a ship such as the Norsemen used. Then again, there would be a calm, so quiet, the world would seem like a vast cathedral, an unexplainable wonder and man—only a momentary spectator. On such a night great poets are born!

Beatrice Colyer, '26.

Two Minutes to Go
or
A Before-Gym Episode in the Girl's Locker-room

"A sudden rush from the stairway,
 A sudden raid from the hall!
 By three doors left unguarded
 We enter our locker-hall."

(With apologies to H.W.L.)

"Have you a locker key?"—breathlessly. "Let me try it? Oh," with a crestfallen accent, "*Who* has a key that will fit?"

"'Scuse me. Oh! My chin."

"But it was *my nose*. What a bump!"

"Has anyone her Latin written out? Kin I have it? Uuh! There now, it's gone!" A groan. "Does anyone have a shoelace?"—sweetly.

"Oh! Quick! Who knows the third exercise in the second group?"
 General consternation.

"Arms forward, left foot back, you know——"

"No, it's arms *behind* the neck."

A stampede for the bulletin board.

Rrrrrrr!!! The late bell followed by the first whistle!

"*What* did I do with that piece of shoelace? Why! You're sitting on it"—in an injured tone. "*Now*, what's the hurry? I say—, come back with my shoelace. Oh!" with disgust, on finding it to be an elastic band.

"Ouch! my humerus!"

"Your what?"

"My er—humerus, that is a—the end of it."

"Which end?"

"Why, the funny end of course!"

"A sudden rush to the stairway,
 A sudden dash from the hall!
 By the last door left unguarded
 We answered the whistle's call."

(With apologies to H.W.L.)

Cary Davis, '28.

The Tail of a Pony

Once upon a time there was a little girl by the name of Bo-Peep Foreman. This little girl had a nice "pony" that she loved very much. Every night she would ride on his back to Italy where she would see Aeneas. Bo-Peep could not live without going to Italy and, just as many others, had to know Aeneas. But most children rode to the land of Aeneas on the *Construction trolley*. One day Bo-Peep lost her "pony." What could she do? She was afraid to go by *construction* because she knew nothing about it. So she started to search for her beloved "pony."

She had scarcely left home when she met Little Boy Blue Windfeldt.

"Boy Blue," she said, "help me find my "pony."

"Yes, Bo-Peep, I will play my little eighteen-key horn. When he hears me playing, he will come home."

So Boy Blue's horn burst into the strains of a touching little ballad, *I Wonder Where My Pony Is To-night*.

"Never mind," interrupted Bo-Peep, "you are very kind, Boy Blue, but my "pony" might hear that noise and he's too young to be frightened. Thank you just the same," she said politely, for Bo-Peep was a very gentle child.

When Bo-Peep had walked a few blocks farther, she met John, John the Piper Knight carrying the implement of his art under one arm and his traditional booty in the other.

"John," said Bo-Peep, "help me find my "Pony."

"I would, Bo-Peep," he said, "but I am afraid of losing my little friend from under my arm. I must not get away from him for, you know, "birds of a feather flock together.'"

A few minutes later Little Bo-Peep came upon Little Miss Muffet Alguire.

"Little Miss Muffet, help me find my "pony?"

"Sorry, old bean," said Miss Muffet, "but I'm waiting for my spider to come and scare me."

"Why, Miss Muffet," said Bo-Peep, "That spider has come to you three times since I've been talking to you."

"Don't be a sap, do you expect me to jump when there isn't a man in sight?"

"Oh, dear," sighed Bo-Peep, "I am afraid I'll never find my "pony."

"Oh, yes, you will" said a laughing voice. Bo-Peep looked up, and there stood Jack Be Nimble Gordon.

"Jack, can you tell me where to find my 'pony?'"

"Not far from here," began Jack, "is a dungeon, guarded by a powerful soldier who carries a deadly spear. I've heard people call the dungeon, 'the office;'" and the spear "detention." Now I have been to this place a *few* times myself and I know that there are several "ponies" in the dungeon. If you find the place unguarded, you may get your "pony."

"You dear boy" cried Bo-Peep characteristically.

And that night Bo-Peep was happy with Aeneas.

Sallie Hassell, '26.

Day Dreams

Day dreams are the curious reflections of an imaginative mind. They are irresponsible and respect neither time nor persons. They may hinder the busiest man, or they may offer solace to the laziest loafer. But with myself, I find that they are a never failing source of amusement, in a study period in which I should complete my algebra. I may be transported from the algebra to the track where I compete with such master sprinters as Paddock or Locke. I invariably startle the world by not only defeating my formidable adversaries, but by bettering their best records by several seconds. When my moment of triumph reaches its climax, I am called back into the world of reality.

Once more I concentrate on the assignment. The problem is nearly complete when there is a tremendous cheer, and I find that I have cleared six feet in the high jump, and have forced my rival from competition. I bow in acknowledgement to the cheers, and walk over to shake hands with Osborne. Just as he is about to congratulate me, someone taps me on the shoulder and inquires, "What answer did you get for the sixth?" "Sixth? Oh, I haven't reached that one yet."

Again I begin on the algebra, and finish the first problem before I find myself watching the shot land forty feet away. An involuntary gasp from the audience draws no more than a faint smile to my lips. What is such a putt when compared to my previous records? As I am about to throw the shot again, the bell rings, and I am in the land of reality. The period is over. It was interesting enough, but was it profitable?

Wallace Mc Comb, '26

"What shall I do to keep from falling in love?"

"Try pricing apartments."

Impressions

The first impression one had of him was his longness. His arms hung limply at his side and his lean hands toyed listlessly with some small object. His shoulders were slightly stooped, as is often the case with a man of extreme height. He was dressed in a carefully brushed black suit, shiny at the elbows and a bit frayed at the cuffs. This fitted his spare loose-jointed figure but poorly and seemed rather to clothe him than to be a part of him. He was standing with his head thrown back, his thoughts far away. Masses of dark hair curled away from his broad, low forehead. His eyes were brilliant and fathomless. An otherwise stern profile, severe in its very strength, was softened by a sensitive mouth. His face was a clear tan and long like his body. As I watched him standing there alone and silent, I thought of many things.—Something of the Lincoln, the dreamer, the lover—wholly the man—the man—and I slipped silently away.

'27

Blue eyes looked into gray eyes adoringly. Slowly he bent his lips to her soft lips lingeringly. She looked up at him worshipping. She was dumb; she could not speak. Exultingly, he pressed her close to him. She was his own! He would never let her go! They would be companions, pals, chums! They would love and work together. He would never disappoint her! He covered her upturned face with gentle, yet passionate kisses, full of love and promise.

The blues slowly filled with tears. The soft lips grew distorted, ugly. The sweet face grew red and homely. Horrified, he watched the repulsive transformation. The red eyes overflowed; she shuddered with deep, gasping sobs.

Then the air was suddenly filled with piercing, ear-splitting shrieks. Hastily he laid the squalling infant beside his sleeping wife, and tip-toed guiltily from the room.

Our Own Movie Stars

Norma Talmadge.....	Virginia Noble
Mae Murray.....	Eleanor Ten Eyck
Colleen Moore.....	Margaret Moore
Lila Lee.....	Shirley Wright
Douglas Fairbanks.....	Edwin Barber
Harold Lloyd.....	George Greason
Marion Davies.....	Janet Darby
Rudolph Valentino.....	Robert Hennell
Norma Shearer.....	Helen Foreman
Larry Semon	Everett Smith
"Our Gang".....	Senior Class
Baby Peggy	Helen Piercy
Jackie Coogan.....	Tommy Klein
Constance Talmadge.....	Margaret Alguire
Charlie Chaplin.....	Allen Griswold
Constance Binny.....	Elsie Becker
Priscilla Dean.....	Priscilla Whiton
Dorothy Gish.....	Evelyn Timberlake
Betty Bronson.....	Ruth Mueller
Glen Hunter.....	John Hovendon
Ina Claire.....	Nina Barnes
Nazimova.....	Doris Cole
Gloria Swanson.....	Marion Thompson
Thomas Meighan.....	Wallace McComb
Viola Dana.....	Jane Revere
Lillian Gish.....	Eileen Ross
Lois Wilson.....	Marion Scott
Earnest Torrence.....	Judson Mosher
Wesley Barry	Wesley Smith
Marshall Neilan.....	Leigh Cook
Tom Moore.....	Hobart Duell
Richard Dix.....	Walter Tavener
Ben Lyon.....	John Meeker
	Anne Mulligan, '26
P.S.—Pauline Garon.....	Anne Mulligan
	E. B.

How foolish you feel when:

1. You tap somebody on the back, and find that it is *not* your friend.
2. You try to use a Spanish verb in Latin.
3. From force of habit acquired at home, you walk up to kiss the teacher goodbye on leaving class.
4. On being asked in Civics who the president pro tem of the Senate is, you arise and say "Moses."
5. In the same class, while discussing penal institutions, you say, "When I was in Jamesburg," etc., etc.
6. In bed that night you suddenly remember that you forgot to return your library slip.
7. You start to count instead of saying your prayers.
8. In W. V. meeting you tell somebody "That story is rotten," and later discover that that person wrote it.
9. You read all period in the library, and suddenly remember that Spanish you had to do.
10. On rushing upstairs with your arms full of books, you drop them and strew the floor with papers covered with your masterpieces of art.
11. The rest of the school in chapel stops singing and you hold a note a second longer.
12. You remember the things your mother told you to get down town, after walking all the way home from school.
14. You get to school and remember that you have forgotten again to bring your report card.
15. You get to school and remember that you have forgotten to bring that dime for civics.
16. You tell a joke to somebody that told it to you yesterday.

Andrew McWhiney, '28

A Tale

One Mundy Knight I was standing by a Taylor's shop, on the corner of Forman Avenue in a little Wester-berg called Newham. It was Winter and the Windfeldt cold, but I had nothing to do, so I was just Chattin with an old friend of mine. I saw a Carr drive up to the curb, and on looking Moore, I saw that it was a Gif-ford (you know the type, it has to be a gift before you'll take it.) Then I saw my young friend Gordon get out of the "Stevens." Now he is Thompson and Toms' an old pal of mine, so I always look out for his boy. Makes Tom feel Schaeffer, y' know. Well then I saw his Gall-er-gher-l or whatever you call her—Winnie coming down the street, all dressed in Whiton pink, looking Meeker than a Rose, so I knew he had a date to Meder there. But just there I saw Tom's rival had come out from behind one of the Barnes along the street and was trying to McWhiney Conover to Martin's with him. But Winnie was cleverer than I thought, and she Schoen-weisner than I had ever seen her before, and she called Gordon. Gordon went tearing up Durow of stores, and grabbed his rival by the Colyer. "Shall I Slocum?" he asked Winnie.

"Sure, Kellet if you want to," she nodded and dove into a telephone Booth, so that she would not see the Duell. I turned away from the Warfield, too, though I really Otto have helped him out. I heard a crash, and a Piercy shreik and pretty soon Gordon and Winnie went on down the street, and I heard Gordon say, "Well, it's Oliver now."

"Great Scott," I said to my companion. "Did you ever see such Noble actions? Great Scott—" again. "That reminds me, I saw Hovendon out shopping for the family and if I go home empty-handed, the Hennel die, and then Hassel choke me, and probably end up throwing me in that Timberlake in back of the house Weber I'm Wright Orr not.

My friend tried to persuade me to Todd-le along to the tavern with him, because he knew the Taverner well, but I thought of the wife and Ten Eycks at home and I refused. Anyhow the Wolff was at our door most of the time, and has had a hard enough time to find anything to Cook, without my staying away late at Knight.

Eleanor White, '26



*"Youthful poets dream
On summer eves by haunted stream."*

May

The last night in April,
Misty silver trailing,
Golden crescent waning,
Whisp'ring breezes sighing,
April, softly dying.
Then rosy banners in the east,
Bright Aurora's fingers,
Lilting song of wak'ning bird,
Cobwebs, dew besprinkled.
Comes May at last, a dainty maid,
Tripping, glowing, laughing,
Garlands gay and sweet perfume,
Golden sunbeams glancing.
Blue eyes, azure skies,
Whispers soft entrancing.
Apple blossoms, violets,
Dropping on the verdant sod,
Green and gold, with pink and white,
Beauty, love, and songs.
Tears like pearl-drops glist'ning,
Smiles behind the tears,
Merry sunbeams' golden play,
Rainbows through the mist.
Life so full it scarce seems real,
Joy so deep it pains,
Wonders now an every side,
May our homage claims.

Marian Scott, '26.

Tigre, or Justice

The buffaloes had sought a sluggish stream,
Some standing knee-deep in the stagnant ooze,
With eyes half closed in lazy lethargy,
Revolving juicy cud in patient jaws.
The jungle life was still, save for the cry
Of brightly plumaged birds, and far away,
The guttural jabber of two wrangling apes
Came blurred by distance on the heavy air.
Within his hut, crosslegged, on a mat

Sat Freitez, partly hidden in brown gloom
Of thick mud walls through which the blazing sun
Could scarcely penetrate its pointed rays.
His dark eyes flamed and glowed like living coals,
And in one hand the keen steel of a knife
Caught the faint light along its shining blade.
He crouched there and in brooding silence thumbed
The trusty weapon—and he thought of things :—
Small, trivial things they seemed when they occurred,
Yet, now—he ground his teeth in helpless rage ;
His woman had been thus conjured away—
His wife, the best, most useful of the three,
Yes, prettiest too ; how wide her nostrils were !
Her lips how full ! and as for strength of limb,
Why, she could draw the laden bullock cart—
And that vile dolt, that wizard Masha Kaa,
Had claimed her for his own, his property,
And challenged Freitez to a fight for life,
For life and for his honor in the tribe.
Now, waiting for the sun's fierce heat to fail,
And night to drop her starry mantle down,
Freitez was idle.—Doubt—thirst for revenge,
And hatred not unmixed with awful fear
Warred in his soul. For how could he defeat
A wise witchdoctor wearing potent charms ?
Yet, honor bade him go ; so up he rose,
Sheathed the long knife and took down from the wall
His seasoned blowpipe—bag of poisoned darts,
Fastened with care his sacred amulet,
And strode with catlike tread the village through,
Forth to the waiting jungle which for him
Held life or death, gave all, or wrung her due.
Behind each screen of rank green undergrowth,
In every massive tree entwined with vines,
There stalked fierce death with hungry dripping jaws.
Lithe Freitez paused, and fancied that he heard
The tread of padded feet and the soft thud
Of unseen bodies near the water hole.
The jungle stirred and stretched and then awoke.
A jackal howled, a panther missed her prey,
And the fierce scream of hate that rent the air
Made Freitez chill with fear and grasp his knife.

On—he sped with noiseless, furtive tread,
And reached the trysting-place before his foe.
A flat cleared space it was, all broken trees
And crushed leaves, the place where elephants dance,
And hold their revels once in thirteen moons.
He had not long to wait; before him rose
The glistening, paint-streaked limbs of Masha Kaa.
He fitted to his pipe a feathered dart
And aimed—the arrow never found its mark,
For ere he could but send it on its way,
His quick ears caught a faint and warning sound.
Too late!—a flash—a hurtling tawny streak—
The crushing impact—a fierce, searing pain
That bit like red-hot needles quivering
From shoulderblade to wrist—a savage snarl—
And Freitez' panic-stricken gaze beheld
A giant tiger crouching for a spring.
His knotted muscles rippled underneath
A satin burnished coat; with nervous jerks
His tasseled tail was twitching; and his eyes
Glowed like twin lanterns smouldering in the dark.
As quick as thought, tall Freitez leaped aside,
And bounded toward the cover of his foe.
There stood the two, united now by fear,
Weapon in hand, and their quick beating hearts
The only sound; for all the jungle knew
That Tigre sought his kill—which might be they.
He sprang! yet in midair he checked himself.
He smelled another man, and caution first,
The native instinct of fourfooted beasts,
Now bade him wait—and gain a double meal.
But darts flew thick and fast to pierce his hide,
So, with a mighty roar of pain and rage,
He launched himself straight for old Masha Kaa,
And crushed his skull between white, gleaming teeth.
And Freitez saw—and with all silent haste
Faded away into the murky depths,
His knife unstained by blood, his honor whole,
The terror of attack already gone.
He softly felt the tiny ivory charm,
Dear amulet! It alone had kept him safe;
And as for justice—Tigre must have known—

Wise Tigre, king of beasts, had understood.
And as the dawn streaked white the Eastern sky,
The fragrant smoke of burning sacrifice
Curled heavenward to meet the rising sun.

Helen Townsend, '27.

June Night

The sky is filled with twinkling stars,
Like jewels in a crown,
The great white moon sails slowly by,
And sends her glory down.
The verdant, fragrant earth is still,
And by the moon's pure light,
The beauty of each lowly hill
Is made more clear and bright.
The iris all in stately row
Their royal heads hold high,
Beside them gossamer larkspurs grow,
With moss roses close by.
The gentle, swaying summer breeze
Brings fragrance from each flower,
And the shimmering poplar tree
Seem sweet with mystic power.
And as the earth in growing splendor
Is bathed by rays from silver moon,
The world seems ready to surrender
To the radiancy of June.

Gertrude Taylor, '26.

Sunset

The sun sinks in its golden glory
Over the pines in the West,
But it leaves with me the memory
Of its flaming scarlet crest.

It has changed the world to grayness
That which had been so bright,
As if to warn all beings
That day will turn to night.

No matter how sunny the day is
No matter how cloudless the sky
A change comes o'er us at twilight,
As even all sorrows pass by.

B. G. H., '28.



*"Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful Jollity,
Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods, and becks, and weathered smiles."*



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Debate Club

The Debate club held its usual activities (this year), with Plainfield and Morristown. The triangle debates took place on March twenty-sixth. After several weeks of concentrated labors by both of the teams and the coaches, Mr. Stewart, Miss Day, Miss Hawkins, and Mr. Pruitt, the results of that night were not as satisfactory as they might have been. The Plainfield negative team defeated our affirmative with a score of 3—0. At Morristown the results were a little more encouraging, although the team did lose. The decision there was 2—1. The club, however, does not accept these scores as failures.

There are very favorable prospects for next year. In the tryouts for the club on May nineteenth and twenty-sixth, some excellent talent was shown. Thirteen new members have been enrolled and great success is expected for '27.



ATHLETIC COUNCIL



ORCHESTRA



Dramatic Club

A new step in the development of Dramatics in Westfield High School is the founding of the Dramatic Club, or the Mask and Mime. During the latter part of last year the Dramatic Club movement was begun by one of our classmates, Keith Martin. The club was organized, and Mr. Martin was elected President. However, it was then too late to undertake any active work.

This year the Dramatic Club was reorganized, with John Hovendon as president; Virginia Noble, vice-president; Janet Darby, secretary; and Robert Hennell, treasurer. The members decided to name the club The Mask and Mime. A constitution was drawn up, adopted, and the Mask and Mime Club was formally instituted.

On May 28, 1926, the club presented a group of three one-act plays: one a fantasy, *Three Pills in a Bottle*; one a tragedy, *The Valiant*; and the other a comedy, *Evening Dress Indispensable*. Members of the club were selected from the students who tried out for these plays.

The chief ideal of the Mask and Mime is, of course, to develop the dramatic abilities of the students in the high school. The school has always presented dramatic programs of fine character, and the new club will serve as a more active medium for the abilities of the pupils. The

club is also expected to increase the interest of the townspeople in the school activities of their children. What finer method can their children have for instilling self-confidence, poise, ease in speech, and clarity of thought, than dramatics?

Furthermore, in view of the excellent dramatic talent in Westfield, Miss Goossen, our dramatic coach, and the members of the club dream of a time in the near future when Westfield, through the High School Dramatic Club, will establish a Little Theatre. The play's the thing!

The Purpose of Dramatics



Since the Greeks began dramatizing their national traditions and ideals the play has been a real influence in the lives of all cultivated peoples. A good play is a picture of life. Because it brings to life the words and ideals of men and women in a vivid representation of



life itself, it is probably the most powerful instrument for good or evil in the world today.

Its function is more than amusement; it educates by giving men and women, through stage interpretation, a deeper and more intimate understanding of life. Instead of looking upon the play as a means of making money for the class or school, we must endeavor with the forward-looking spirits of our day to make the most of school dramatics as one of the most useful and fertile of our educational resources.

In our own small way, in Westfield High School, we are endeavoring to do this very thing. The dramatic field is steadily growing, and with it we have the tireless efforts of the school to produce good dramatic performances; plays that have a purpose and will benefit everyone.

There is no more coöperative work in our institution that Dramatics for it includes the art, manual training, dressmaking, music, and perhaps even the physical training, departments. There are also social effects, probably the most important of all, for they concern ourselves. Participating in dramatics broadens our characters as nothing else can do. Each part we interpret adds a little to our understanding and sympathy of human nature. When we have experienced the emotions of a certain character, we are certain to be able to understand that character in real life. It is with these ideals in mind that our Dramatic Department is functioning.

The rapid growth of the Dramatics classes shows the decidedly increasing interest which the student body is taking in the work. In fact, Dramatics have so become a part of school activities that it was decided that a special section in *The Weather Vane* be set aside for a review.

During the last few years the chapel programs have been a great deal more entertaining and interesting because of the predominating influence of Oral English. The interest which the Dramatics classes have taken in these programs has been shown in the delightful performances which they have presented at various times throughout this year. The first of these performances was a one-act play by Edna St. Vincent Millay, *Two Slatterns and a King*. This fantasy was presented by the second year class. As an introduction to the play, a short report on the life and works of this charming author was given, in addition to a group of her shorter poems. The play was so favorably received by the students and faculty, that a request was made that it be given for the Parent-Teachers' Association.

The next work of the Dramatic classes to be presented in chapel was a group of pantomimes. This type of program illustrated the entertaining possibilities of silent drama. Two short pantomimes were cleverly presented by members of the first-year class. An allegorical playlet, presented by other students, displayed the cruelty of the twentieth-century Bluebeard, Examinations.

To commemorate the historical landing of the Pilgrims, an attractive and impressive pageant was given as the annual Thanksgiving chapel. Many characters, including promising talent from the grades, took part in this pageant, *The Lighting of the Torch*. These actors are to be commended for their work in portraying the vivid picture of the dangers and hopes of our first Americans.

It is being said that religion is slowly losing its influence in the school. The Drama is an important factor in preventing this tendency. This was the purpose of presenting two religious plays, one at Christmas and the other at Easter. *Why the Chimes Rang*, a beautiful story showing the absolute faith of a little child in our Saviour, was given in the last chapel period before Christmas. The acting in this play was extremely impressive. In this, as well as in the Thanksgiving and Easter plays, the talent of the coming high school was revealed in the excellent acting of several of the grammar school students.

Many outsiders have shown great interest in the chapel exercises and a goodly number are present at every meeting. It was the deep impression produced on the audience last year which encouraged them to make a request that the Easter play be given over again this year. The superlative acting of the cast raised the performance from that of amateurs to one of

distinctly professional character. *The Alabaster Box* was the title of the play given these two years. Because of its beauty, and its strong, but simple plot, it appeals to everyone. For this reason, the school is planning to repeat it annually.

Jean McWhiney, '26

Virginia Noble, '26



Senior Play

For years it has been the custom for each Senior class to present a play. This is one of the most eagerly anticipated events of the school year. The Senior play is expected to be the best-acted, the most professional of the school performances. Each class has presented a fine play, and there has been a wide variety of type.

The class of 1916 presented *The Adventures of Lady Ursula*; 1917, *Green Stockings*; 1918, *The White Feather*; 1919, *It Pays To Advertise*; 1920, *The Amazons*; 1921, *Alice Sit-by-the-fire*; 1922, *Clarence*; 1923, *Nothing But The Truth*; 1924, *Come Out of The Kitchen*; 1925, *A Pair of Sixes*; and 1926, the present Senior Class, presented *The Big Idea*. *The Big Idea* was a new type of play to be undertaken, in that the plot was serious, and the acting, consequently, more difficult. However, according to all comments, everyone enjoyed the competent treatment of so serious a subject.

SPORTS

Football

This group of fellows, showing the true Blue and White spirit, helped to make the football season a successful one. By cooperating with the coaches, Mr. Batten and Mr. Wittpenn, the team gained seven decisions over its opponents and only in two games were our colors lowered.

We started the season with a rush and a rush it was all season. The team, on the opening day, dedicated the new Recreation Field by beating Morristown. Following the victory over Morristown came victories over Red Bank, West Orange, Roselle, Summit, Lakewood, and Ridgewood.

With Clark holding the guiding reins, the high school football team, a success in every way, passed along the road to victory, winning seven and losing two. This is the best showing made by a Blue and White football team in years and the credit belongs to this bunch of fellows.

Basketball

Because it takes a game team to take a defeat in the right way, this group of fellows, composing the Basketball Team, can well be called the gamest crowd that we have seen in a long time.

We seemed to be trailed throughout the entire season by some jinx. At times we played better basketball than our opponents but the score was one sided and we had chalked up another defeat. Despite all this, the basketball team did its duty in a way that is commendable. They fought every game, met defeat gamely and, we believe, showed the real Blue and White spirit throughout the season.



FOOTBALL



BASKETBALL



Girls' Basketball

Considering all the points connected with good basketball playing, Westfield's team proved very successful. Although only three games out of eight were won, there was fine spirit displayed by every one.

Everyone on the team will agree that she will miss the coaching of Miss Reddington next year as all but two of the varsity squad are graduating and as Miss Reddington is leaving.

Many good times were enjoyed during the year's schedule and as a wind-up, Miss Reddington gave the team a party.

We thank you and wish you happiness in the future, Miss Reddington.

The Team, '26.



Track

The track team, going great guns as we go to press, has hung up three victories. Besides these victories at Summit, Plainfield, and, in co-operation with the girls, the Union County meet at Warinanco Park, the relay team won its event in the Penn Relays. We regard this victory and the fact that the track team has gained the Union County Championship as the two greatest accomplishments of the year. The relay team, composed of Colson, Ruckert, Dunn, and Byrd, has already won individual fame, but it is with the aid of the rest of these athletes that the track team has been a decided success in 1926.

PENN RELAYS, APRIL 23 ONE MILE RELAY

Westfield High School Relay Team commenced the season in the right way at Franklin Field, Philadelphia. Coach Batten took five men down with him, the pick of the school, as far as running is concerned. There were nine High Schools in the event and Westfield came in first with the time of 3:42. Dunn ran the first quarter and by strong running

gave Ruckert a lead of about five yards. Wally held his own and Byrd, our third man, also had a lead of about five yards. Byrd, however, stepped on it and Colson, fourth man and Captain, started off with about nine yards. Colson pulled in first by some twelve yards.

On the Straightaway.

Those gold medals that the boys won certainly are quite the thing.

Last year we took fourth place in our event and this year first. Nice improvement.

All the good athletes of the country were at the meet and our fellows certainly weren't absent.

May 5

SUMMIT

53-19

The Blue and White Track Team swamped Summit in the first meet of the season. Our boys took seven first places out of the eight events, being only outclassed in the running broad-jump. Colson, "Nurmi" Byrd, and "Bud" Dunn led the Blue and White offensive. Together these three athletes collected 38 points. The other points were scored by Blackman, 6; Marwick, 3; Revere, 3; Morgan, 2; Ruckert, 1.

Westfield took all three places in the 440 when Dunn romped in winner, Colson was runner up, and Ruckert, running a nice race, pulled a third.

Keep up the good work boys and make the student body back you up!

May 14

PLAINFIELD

59-31

W. H. S. track team defeated Plainfield on the Lincoln School track by a score of 59-31.

Westfield carried away eight first places out of a possible ten.

Colson started things going by taking first in the dash. Byrd took first place in the mile run, making it in 4:53: 3-5 seconds. "Bud" Dunn captured first honors in the broad jump by sailing through the air 18 feet 4½ inches. Blackman placed first in the high jump with Morgan coming in second. In the hurdles Colson was first and Ruckert third. In the 440 yard dash which closed the meet, Westfield took all three places.

Colson cleaned up twenty-one points, getting three first places. "Nurmi" Byrd made ten points and "Bud" Dunn thirteen. The rest of the men had scores of one place numbers.

May 21

UNION COUNTY

18

Westfield High School track team won the Union County track meet, by a score of 50. The boys succeeded in getting 18 of these points.

Doyle took first place in the 100 yard dash class B. McComb and Whitcomb captured second and third places in 8 lb. shot. In the 880, class B, Westfield came in second. Colson placed second in class A, 100 yard dash. The mile relay ended the meet, with Westfield taking second.

SCORE SUMMARY

Total	School	Girls	Boys
50	W.H.S.	32	18
31	U.H.S.	20	11
28	B.H.S.	12	16
17	P.H.S.	2	5
16	S.H.S.	4	12
14½	H.H.S.	1	13½
12	R.P.H.S.	1	11
3	C.H.S.	0	3
1	L.H.S.	0	1
0	R.H.S.	0	0

May 31

ROTARY MEET

87

In the Rotary meet at Plainfield, Westfield made 87 points. In every event except two Westfield took a first or second place. The nearest score to the Blue and White was 21.

INTERCLASS TRACK

May 10 and 11

The greatest aggregation of track stars ever assembled together on one field competed in the greatest meet ever sponsored by the High School. Representatives from the four classes took part and the results were very interesting. The Juniors, ably supported by Cruttenden, R. Whitcomb, Wick, J. Harper, Revere, Freeman, and Carberry, were victors. They compiled 87 points while the Seniors, the next in points, collected 77 points. The Freshmen and Sophomores trailed in with 14 and 24 points respectively.

The results: Class A.

Broad Jump:

J. Harper, '27
R. Harper, '28
J. Freeman, '27

100 Yard Dash:

J. Mosher, '26
H. Humphrey, '27
R. Harper, '28

12 Pound Shot:

R. Gordon, '26
J. Meeker, '26
D. Marwick, '27

440 Yard Dash:

D. Badrow, '26
J. Mosher, '26
L. Fritts, '26

High Jump:
S. Revere, '27
R. Carberry, '27
E. Britten, '28
120 Yard Hurdles:
J. Freeman, '27
D. Oliver, '26
F. Warnke, '27
Mile Run:
R. Carberry, '27
H. Whitcomb, '26
L. Humphreys, '29
Pole Vault:
D. Badrow, '26
R. Gordon, '26
R. Wolff, '26

75 Yard Dash:
A. Cruttenden, '27
W. McComb, '26
A. Moore, '28
3 Pound Shot:
W. McComb, '26
F. Magner, '27
F. Delnero, '29
Mile Run
W. Jackson, '26
Blyth, '29
P. Vervoort, '28
Broad Jump:
H. Whitcomb, '27
Powers, '29
R. Wick, '27

220 Yard Dash:
J. Freeman, '27
J. Harper, '27
L. Fritts, '26
880 Yard Run:
R. Carberry, '27
S. Revere, '27
D. Sampson, '26
Mile Relay:
Juniors
Seniors
Sophomores

Class B.

120 Yard Hurdles:
R. Wick, '27
P. Defina, '28
Powers, '29
Pole Vault:
R. Wolff, '26
A. Moore, '28
B. Thompson, '28
440 Yard Dash:
H. Whitcomb, '27
A. Cruttenden, '27
F. Delnero, '29
880 Yard Relay:
Seniors
Sophomores
Juniors

Broadway In Westfield

"The Big Parade"
"What Every Woman Knows"
"Greenwich Village Follies"
"Sweetheart Time"
"One of the Family" ('26)
"By the Way"
"Square Crooks"
"The Chief Thing"
"The Bells"
"Dearest Enemy"
"Pinafore"
"The Makropoulos Secret"
"Rainbow Rose"
"Artists and Models"
"The Immortal Hour"
"The Bunk of 1926"

Fire Drill
There's a mirror on the second floor
Girl's Gym Class
Luncheon Periods
Mr. Paulin
"When have you a vacant period?"
Athletic Association
Mr. Neubauer
Before and after 3 minute exercises
Miss Goossen
The Cooking Class
Senior Essay Mark
The other teacher in 117
Sketch Class
2:20
Seniors



Varsity W's in Track

Marjorie Smith, '26
 Vera Ackerman, '28
 Elizabeth Grobes, '29

Estelle Clark, '28
 Sara Albert, '29

Girls' Track

The girls' track events have proved most satisfactory this year. Westfield High School girls have never participated in such keen competition. Two records were broken, one in standing-broad jump and one in high-jump.

In the Union County meet the girls captured five of the possible six first places. Because of some unknown trouble, Westfield lost first place in the relay by inches.

Union County

Class A.

1. E. Grobes, '29
Distance 8 ft. 1 1/2 in.

1. E. Grobes, '29
Time: 9 sec.

1. V. Ackerman, '28
Distance, 72 ft. 10 in.

1. Union H. S.
2. Westfield H. S.
3. Battin H. S.
Time: 38 4-5 sec.

1. E. Grobes, '29
2. O. Wheeler, '29
3. R. Black, '29—distance 102 inches

1. H. Gorsky, '28
2. O. Wheeler, '29
3. C. Mundy, '26
Distance—44 Ft.

1. E. Grobes, '29
2. F. Herbst, '27
3. G. Horsky, '28
Distance 70 Ft.

1. E. Grobes, '29
2. C. Nicholas, '26
3. H. Foreman, '26
Height 4 ft. 5 in.

1. E. Grobes, '29
2. E. Searle, '28
3. O. Wheeler, '29
Time: 7 1-5 seconds.

1. Sophomores
3. Seniors

Freshmen	38
Sophomores	35
Seniors	15

Class B.

Broad Jump

1. M. Smith, '26
Distance 7 ft. 4 in.

75 Yard Dash

1. E. Clark, '28
2. S. Albert, '29
Time: 9 1-5 sec.

Basketball Throw

Relay

1. Union H. S.
2. Westfield H. S.
3. Summit H. S.
Time: 39 sec.

Inter-Class Track

Standing Broad Jump

1. H. Townsend, '27
2. N. Hill, '29
3. M. Smith, '26

Basketball Over-head Throw

1. P. Whiton, '26
2. M. Hamlette, '28
3. V. Carr, '26
Distance—42 Ft.

Basketball Side-arm Throw

1. V. Ackerman, '28
2. R. Siebenmorgen, '28
3. D. M. Taylor, '26
Distance 70 Ft.

Running High Jump

1. V. Ackerman, '28
2. N. Hill, '29
3. J. Foster, '26
Height 4 ft. 7 in.

Sixty Yard Dash

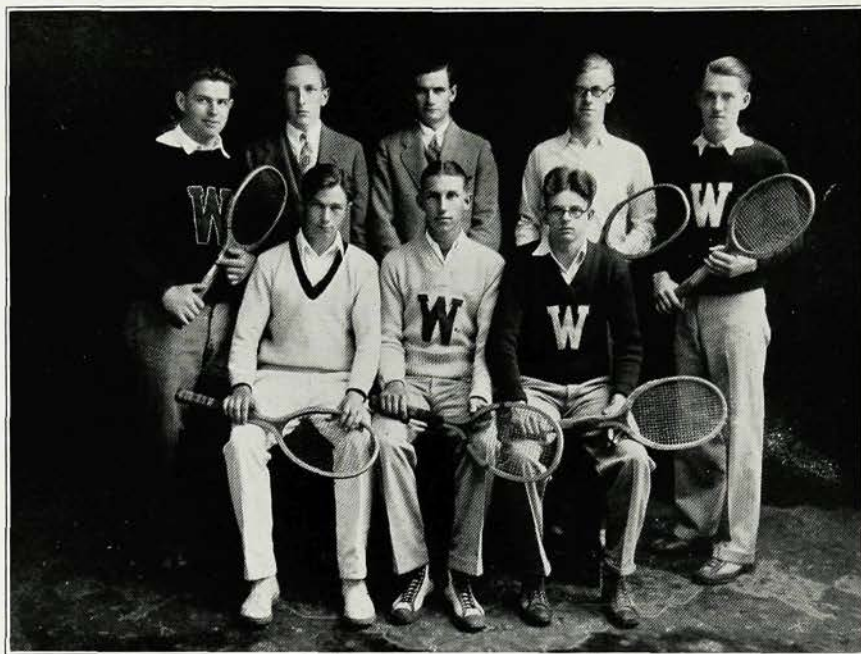
1. E. Clark, '28
2. S. Albert, '29
3. N. Hill, '29
Time: 7 2-5 seconds

Inter-Class Relays

2. Juniors

Total Point Score

Juniors	11
Total	99 points



Tennis

Westfield High School has had many excellent tennis teams in the past, but undoubtedly this year's aggregation of players ranks among the best. Under the able leadership of Captain Schaefer, the team has already obtained two victories and one draw from the first four matches.

This year's team is composed of Schaefer, Orr, Greason, Thompson, Kookogey, and Vance, with Payson Weston as manager. "Kid" Schaefer, as in former years, has proved himself to be the star of the team by winning every match in which he has played. Kid has the unique distinction of having been a member of the team for four years and captain for three years.

Westfield is looking forward to the successful finish of the present season, and with two experienced men back next year, an equally successful season in 1927.

May 12

PLAINFIELD

2-3

Westfield succeeded in trimming Plainfield in tennis. This is the first match of the season and, as usual, Schaefer won in the singles, but Orr and Kookogey both lost in close sets. In the doubles, Schaefer and Orr

beat their opponents without much trouble and Kookogey and Greason won also.

The small crowd that witnessed the affair said that it was a well played match with Westfield holding the margin.

May 18

EAST ORANGE

3—2

The Blue and White Tennis Team with its small band of ardent supporters journeyed to East Orange to meet their first setback. The matches were all closely played and furnished plenty of thrill to the spectators. As usual, Kid Schaeffer won his match in straight sets. The double combination, Schaefer and Orr, proved too strong for their opponents and won quite easily. Greason and Kookogey were defeated by their opponents but before being beaten they forced the match to the limit. The Orange boys finally won this match and they also took two out of the three singles.

May 22

BLAIR ACADEMY

3—3

The Tennis Team, out for revenge for last year's 4—2 defeat, only could get a draw in the match with Blair at Blair. Schaefer and Greason won their single matches while Schaefer and Orr, our apparently invincible double combination, won in the doubles. Schaefer won his singles in straight sets and with Orr won the doubles in straight sets.

"Speed" Greason proved the hero of the day. With Blair leading 3—2, Speed won his match in fine fashion. This enabled the Blue and White to get an even break.

May 26

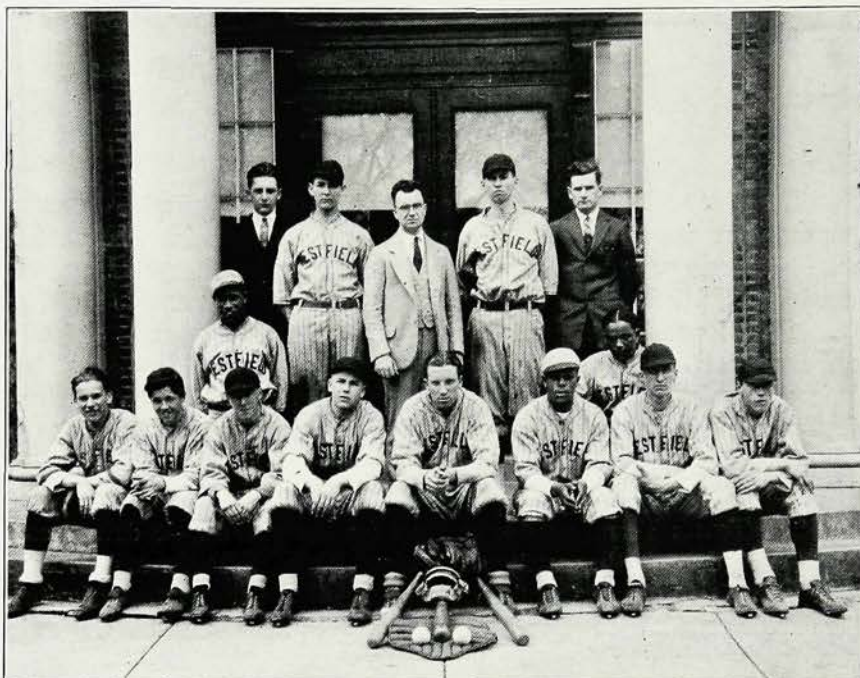
PLAINFIELD

4-1

The Blue and White Tennis Team, going great guns, took its second match from Plainfield by a 4-1 score. The match was well played by both teams but Westfield had the upper edge and victory was not long in coming our way. Kid Schaefer won his singles in fine style. Morg Orr also won his singles. It is well to make special mention of this because this is the first singles match that he has turned in for the Blue and White. In the doubles we won both matches.

I'm a sheik, by heck,
For I kissed her neck,
And I told her fibs
As I tickled her ribs.
But by her longing eyes
I knew it was wise
To leave that cow alone.

Wesley Smith, '26



Baseball

April 15

RED BANK

7—6

Westfield High School opened her baseball season with a "bang" when she defeated Red Bank by a score of 7—6.

A seven inning game was decided on, because of the cold weather. However, at the end of the seventh the score was tied 6—6. The eighth inning went scoreless, but in the ninth Torborg knocked a run in, winning the game.

Caught at the Plate

Durow pitched the whole game, allowing six runs in nine innings. Conway caught a fine game.

April 20

CRANFORD

8—7

The second game of the season resulted in a victory for Westfield. With Britten, who incidentally made his début as a varsity pitcher, the Blue and White ball tossers put up a strong fight. The way was not all rosy, however, for in the first six innings Cranford held the lead. The

seventh and eighth were all our boys needed to win and during the ninth neither team scored.

Caught at the Plate

"Britty" fanned eleven men during the game.

Sampson played a nice game in the field.

The infield flashed a nice snappy brand of ball.

Conway ably handled Britty's pitching and was in many ways responsible for the victory.

April 23

BOUND BROOK

7—11

The Westfield High School nine lost their first game to Bound Brook by a score of 7—11.

The game was evenly played almost all the way through. Durow pitched a good game, but many decisions went against him. Conway led with three hits while Torborg followed up with two.

Caught at the Plate

DeFina, Edmond, and Sampson made some good plays out in the field.

April 26

BAYONNE

8—0

Westfield gained her first shut-out of the season in this game when, with Britten in almost perfect form, Westfield shut out Bayonne 8—0. From the very beginning it looked as if it would be a nip and tuck affair. Britty, in a little trouble at first, sailed through after the third inning. In the fourth, after Bayonne had failed to score, Westfield came to, and before the fireworks had ceased four runs had crossed the plate. These would have been plenty to win but, taking no chances, Westfield piled up four more in the eighth on several clean hits. The game ended without any further score. This makes the third victory out of four starts for the Blue and White.

Caught at the Plate

Britty and Conway certainly do make a sweet battery.

Harvey took the honors for the longest hit of the day. It was a pretty triple.

The entire team played nice ball.

May 1

SUMMIT

4—3

The Blue and White baseball team won its fourth game in five starts when it defeated Summit 4—3. The game was very close since both teams played tight ball. Summit took the lead in the first by scoring one run. Again in the third, two Summit runs crossed the plate. In the fourth Westfield put three runs over. In this inning Harvey and Sampson doubled, Britten sacrificed, and Torborg and Crane singled. Again in the sixth Westfield tallied, scoring the deciding run.

Durow pitched the first three innings and after that Jackson bore the burden. In only one inning was he in danger but he managed to pull through without being scored on.

Caught at the Plate.

This was the first game that Jackson has pitched. He struck out ten men and walked only four. He allowed no runs to cross the plate.

Crane broke into the game and covered second base in a satisfactory manner. He also made a nice, clean single.

Torborg and Gilmartin form a nice pair in the infield. They made several snappy plays.

May 4

BOUND BROOK

9—0

In our return game with Bound Brook, we won by a score of 9—0 in three innings.

Our first inning at the bat netted us five runs. Every man hit until a new tosser was put in. "Jess" Harvey was put in for W. H. S.' twirler, but because of a bad arm he had to be relieved by Britten. In the third inning Bound Brook knocked in two runs and all went well until they decided to oppose the umpire in one of his decisions. Gaining no satisfaction, our opponents went home. The game was forfeited to Westfield by a score of 9—0.

May 8

RAHWAY

11—5

The Blue and White easily won their sixth game in seven starts when she defeated Rahway 11—5. Westfield piled up nine runs in the first two innings and from then on the game was a joke. Jackson, pitching his second game, kept the home team in check and at no time was our lead threatened. The game was, without a doubt, the slowest game this season.

Caught at the Plate

Jackson struck out fifteen Rahway men.

Gilmartin played a nice game at short-stop and made several pretty stops.

Several new faces were seen. Crane started at third with Edmonds in right. Eventually Short and Harper broke into the game.

May 13

PLAINFIELD

1-4

When Westfield's baseball tossers played their old rivals, Plainfield, they were defeated for the second time this season by a score of 4-1.

Plainfield started her lead by scoring in the first inning and again in the fifth and sixth. Torborg slammed out the longest hit of the game—three bases. Torborg came in on a pass ball, and this ended the scoring for the Blue and White. Plainfield succeeded in pounding in another and final run in the eighth inning.

Caught at the Plate

"Jess" Harvey led the Westfield batters by knocking three hits out of four times at bat.

Jackson tossed a fine game striking out eight men and allowing only seven hits.

May 15

SOUTH ORANGE

7-11

For the second time in a week the Blue and White ball tossers lost. This time the affair was a slugging match, and a game to see which team could make more errors. I believe our boys were first but the Orange boys were not far behind.

Westfield took the lead in the first inning, but this was soon of little use because the visitors kept scoring on a few hits and many errors. Westfield attempted to come back in the eighth inning but the rally fell short and that was the end of the scoring for that day.

Caught at the Plate

Britten pitched fine ball and had little difficulty with his control.

Sampson had a fine day. He batted well and covered left field in an admirable way.

Gilmartin played perfect ball at shortstop, while "Sleepy" Torborg gave a fine exhibition on first.

May 18

SUMMIT

9-5

Westfield High School baseball team turned back the Hill City tossers to the tune of 9-5.

Both teams left the first inning without a score, but the second started Westfield on her way to victory. Summit made some bad errors in the fourth and W. H. S. put a four up as the spoils of that inning. Summit made their first tally in the sixth, when some good hitting brought in two runs.

Jackson has turned out to be a regular hurling ace. He struck out ten men and allowed none to walk.

Caught at the Plate

Sampson and Conway collected three hits out of five times at bat.

May 22

RED BANK

2-1

For the second time this year Westfield turned back Red Bank. It was the best game of the season and both pitchers deserved to win, but it remained for Britten to claim the victory. From the very start it was a tight game. Both teams scored early but it was the Blue and White that finally broke the 1-1 tie by pushing a run over in the later innings. That was the last scoring of the game, for Britten held the visitors in check and we won our eighth game of the season by a score of 2-1.

Caught at the Plate.

Sampson and De Fina both gained new laurels. Doug covered left field in admirable fashion while Finny, back after being absent for several games, poked out two long hits and also made two thrilling catches.

Britten and Conway formed a neat battery.

The Red Bank pitcher was the best pitcher we have been up against this year. With mediocre support he kept the hits well scattered and his control was perfect.

May 29

RAHWAY

4-5

Westfield lost her fourth game of the season when Rahway, a team that had been defeated earlier in the season by a lopsided score, turned the tables and won by a one run margin. Westfield took the lead in the

early innings and it looked as if we would win easily but the fireworks started in the eighth inning. Rahway pushed five runs across with little opposition. A few hits, coupled with errors and the game seemed hopeless for Westfield. However, we came back with two runs and it still looked hopeful. Then in the ninth inning with one out and Edmonds on third, Sampson poled a fly to the outfield. After the catch Edmonds started for home and was caught standing up. And the game ended with Westfield trailing by a one-run margin.

Caught at the Plate

Jackson pitched a good game.

So's Your Old Man

Miss Orgil.....So's your old Mansfield
 Miss Jagger.....So's your old mandolin
 Miss Hewitt.....So's your old mantissa
 Mr. Thompson.....So's your old manual-training
 Miss Goossen.....So's your old manuscript
 Mrs. Alpers.....So's your old mantilla
 Miss Dickinson.....So's your old mannikin
 Miss Kingman.....So's your old manna
 Miss Kennedy.....So's your old mandible
 Mr. Batten.....So's your old maneuver
 Miss Howard.....So's your old manila-paper
 Mr. Philhower.....So's your old Manitou
 Mr. Long.....So's your old manus
 Miss Becker.....So's your old mandate
 Miss Hammel.....So's your old manutype
 Mr. Neubauer.....So's your old management

Ward Randall, Jr., '28



*"And ever against eating cares
Lap me in soft Lydian airs."*





Senior Day

This year Senior Day, the occasion on which the more sagacious members of the high school forget themselves to foolishness, it was decided to dress to represent songs. The result was positively enough to cause a weary sensation in one's side from laughter. There were "Sailors' Sweethearts", "Raggedy Anns", toughs from "Down by the Winegar Woiks", girls just returned from "The Buggy Ride", and farmers from "Way out West in Kansas."

In the afternoon the entire school gathered in the auditorium for the exercises. Paul Colson introduced the afternoon's "events" in a very impressive manner. The first was a one-act play, "Travelers" by Booth Tarkington. It told of a night spent in a roadside inn in the savage regions of Sicily. The mysterious noises and the peculiar complexions of the servants caused many humorous situations. The cast was as follows:

La Sera, the guide	Allen Gifford
Chauffeur	Albert Durow
Mr. Roberts	Morgan Orr
Mrs. Roberts	Eileen Ross
Jessie Roberts	Ruth Mueller
Innkeeper	Arthur Thompson
Maria	Inez Luzardi
Servant	Harvey Whitcomb
Freddie Slidell	Wallace Ruckert
Mrs. Slidell	Helen Foreman
Servant	Holman Westenberg

Following this was a variety program in which was brought to light the amazing talent hidden in the Senior Class. The first act was a melodious quartet, Stuart Toms, Gordon Thorn, John Meeker, and Morgan Orr. Next was an Apache dance, "rough, tough, and terrible," given by "Miss" E. S. Smith and George Greason. Following this was a farmers' trio, cello, trombone, and flute, played respectively by Ernest Otto, Dallas Badrow, and Franklin Knight. The fourth was a delightful dance given by Lilly Weber. George Greason and Robert Schaefer followed this by a side-splitting dialogue, an imitation of two Israelites. Next Betty Goodrich and Marguerite Bowers gave a group of songs "full of sound and fury, signifying nothing." The closing act was a pantomime, "Lord Ullin's Daughter."

Senior Notes

Although, as a class, the Seniors have not been unusually active lately, it would be well to set down some individual accomplishments. In the Union County Oratorical Contest, Marian Scott won first prize in the girls' division and Grinnell Booth, second prize in the boys'. In the Union County Prize Speaking Contest, Jean McWhiney took second prize for the girls' and Allen Gifford, third prize in the boys' division.

Three members of the Senior Class, Morgan Orr, Holman Westenberg, and Wallace Ruckert were elected to membership in the National Athletic Scholarship Association. This organization is open to boys who have earned their Varsity letter and have had a scholastic standing above the general average for three consecutive years.

As we go to press, some of the most important events of the year have not yet taken place. For the Senior Tea we wish to express our thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Neubauer, Miss Bible, Miss Orgill, and Miss Pelton. On Class Day, the program is to be an entirely original masque, a defense of modern youth in America. The action, songs, and dances are to cover three periods in our development, the Revolutionary, The Civil War, and the present. The committee on dramatization whose work it is to make this performance one of the best ever given on Class Day, is composed of Marion Thompson, Marian Scott, Gertrude Taylor, Eileen Ross, Eleanor White, Virginia Noble, Alan Thompson, Allen Gifford, and Miss Orgill.

For the Junior Prom. we wish to offer hearty congratulations and thanks to '27.

Wallace Ruckert, '26.



Junior Notes

In making a résumé of the activities of the Junior Class for the year, there is much to be said in all branches.

We have had a very fine class organization. Beside the usual officers the following committees were elected: athletic, scholarship, civic, entertainment, and finance.

In athletics the Juniors have been well represented on all teams. In interclass athletics the Junior girls won in basketball and the boys in track.

On Thursday, May the eighteenth, the Class of '27 introduced a new idea, a Junior picnic. At the close of school we left for the Orange Reservation where preparations were made for dinner. During the afternoon two baseball games were played between the boys and the girls. The boys, playing in skirts, were much applauded. Mr. Johnson, also in costume, acted as umpire and made some very remarkable decisions. After the ball games we were informed that fires were contrary to park regulations so we returned to eat in the gym. The "eats", consisting of "hot dogs", "hamburgers", pickles, cakes, and coffee, met with much approval and disappeared rapidly. Stunts were then given by various members of the

class. Much hitherto undiscovered talent was brought to light. After the entertainment we left for home, much in favor of the Junior Picnic.

The Junior Class wishes to express its thanks to the members of the faculty who aided in making the picnic a success.

The committee is now at work arranging for the Junior Prom, which will be held on Friday, June the eleventh. We expect to make this a very pleasant affair.

Juniors

CAN YOU IMAGINE:

Carol Eldridge—not bored to death.
Billie Meglaughlin—not making a noise.
Gus Becker—not doing his Latin at 8:30.
Betty Siebenmorgen—without cosmetics.
Emily Rockwell—not telling jokes.
John Freeman—forgetting his daily wise crack.
George Peterson—without his brief-case.
Don Bartow—not holding the flag.
Josephine Green—forgetting to yell out at a quiet moment.
Frances Egerton—present.
Jimmie Blackburn—not asking for dues.
Edgar McWhiney—behaving in chapel.
Shirley Meeker—with her books, (we can't imagine who has them.)
Myrtle Jones—getting here before 8:29 ½.
Seth Revere—forgetting to hold his daily discourse with the fair one behind him.
Eleanor Meeker—not blushing.
Janet Mather—not knowing her Latin.
Marjorie Gray—playing Tennis.
Stewart Dunn—not talking to Catherine Mundy.
Bessie Di Micelli—acting her age.
Ruth Moulton—doing anything but Algebra.
Gertrude Lewis—without her box of candy.
Evelyn Newham—without her vanity case.
Rodney Wick—working in the dog wagon.
Billie Quick—forgetting to describe his feelings when rescuing a drowned man.
Dorothy Gay—without her name on the board.
Dorothy Hammer—minus her fur coat.
Revo Gendall—not gazing at the bulletin board.
Grace Joline—making a noise.
Steven Liana—forgetting his self appointed duty of *hushing* everyone.
Vivian Collier—without her pocketbook.
Bill Yeager—playing the harp.
Slim Clark—bashful with the women.
Les Udell—having a date.
Arnold Cruttenden—being in a hurry.
Frank Sabatino—cutting your hair.

Walter Wewer—not following the Freshmen activities with unusual interest. We wonder why?

Albert Snyder—refusing an automobile ride.

Fred Warnke—not breaking the ladies' hearts.

Dick Whitcomb—acting sensible.

Payson Weston—not making his morning excursion down to 205.

John Meeker—without his paper of art work which accompanies all his brilliant recitations.

David Marwick—not struggling with that "maldito Español".

Charles Robinson—refusing a date.

Irving Wallack—not in manual training.

Hubert Humphrey—not getting in "dutch".

Alfred Marshall—riding in an auto.

Henry Schmidt—acting like a Junior.

Walter Austin—making a commotion.

Ernest Talbot—prepared in Latin.

Otto Eitel—not having tire trouble.

John Harper—winning a race. (John's ability was proved at the Junior Picnic.)

Rodney Dixon—without his freckles.

Harvey Littlefield—breaking up a class.

Bradford Thompson—taking Spanish.

Charles Vaughan—competing with Van Dorens.

Marjorie Budde—Not breaking her daily record of silence by gossiping with "Mundy."

Dorothy Barnard—unprepared.

Eleanor Conway—coming on the 8:15 trolley.

Edith Dawe—making a noise.

Anna Delnero—hurrying.

Grace Dickson—not worrying about her studies.

Janet Douglas—without her Biology done.

Ruth Eberle—coming on the trolley.

Alice Guise—driving a Ford.

Frances Herbst—with "F" in gym.

Ruth Jamison—not visiting the library at 2:30.

Marion King—being in Latin on time.

Harriet Lee—wearing a gingham dress.

Helen Lewis—talking to the girls in preference to the boys.

Marion McCarthy—being quiet.

Jeanne Ostrander—in Harold's Ford.

Betty Thayer—drawing college men.

Grace Thorn—high jumping.

Frances Tipping—gossiping.

Helen Townsend—in a colored hair ribbon.

Attala Walker—without her "Frat" pin.

Helen Zeitelhack—not on the "Honor Roll."



Sophomore Class Notes

During the Sophomore year, the class of '28 has been very prominent in almost all the school activities. This can best be shown by enumerating the results obtained by each committee.

Early in the school year, our advisors and officers formulated a plan of organization which has met the approval of all the school and which has subsequently been adopted by the other classes. This is the method of organizing various committees whose purpose is to bring the school activities to the attention of the class. During the year our committees have not been idle.

As we remember the teams in the different branches of athletics, it is very evident that the Sophomores have made an excellent showing. In boys' sports we were represented in football, baseball, and track, and half of the fellows on the basketball squads were Sophomores. The girls also have made an excellent showing, since several were on the basketball team and several have distinguished themselves in track. In interclass events, the boys won the basketball championship and the girls took second

place in the track meet. Next year we intend to make a much better showing.

The main result which the Arts and Crafts committee has accomplished is the selection of our class pins and rings, the design of which is very fine.

By the reports which have been given at each class meeting, we know that the Academic committee has improved our record in the main branch of scholastic activities. The scholastic averages of the various Sophomore home rooms have been improved and, as a result, our standing as a class has been raised considerably.

As one looks over *Weather Vane* issues of this year, he finds that the number of Sophomore contributions has gradually increased. Along with this goes the fact that the percentage of the Sophomores who received each issue of *The Weather Vane* has been rising steadily. In view of this, the record that our class makes in regard to the annual will show better the real result obtained by that committee during this year.

If one looks at the quotations opposite the Sophomore names, he will notice that most of them are very apt and suitable, so, the Quotation Committee, though not regularly organized, did its work well and in addition, were the first to hand in their completed contributions.

This year was but the beginning. Watch us next term.

Sophomores

Vera Ackerman—*I have heard of your paintings.*

Mildred Acks—*This is the way the ladies ride.*

Donald Anderson—*A little nonsense now and then*

Is relished by the best of men.

George Arguimbau—*Whose little body lodged a mighty mind.*

Mildred Bartleman—*I rest content.*

Charles Bell—*I have been a stranger in a strange land.*

Ruth Bender—*But she is wondrous fair.*

C. Houghton Bidsall—*He wore a bashful look.*

Fred Blackman—*What can a man do but be merry?*

Muriel Block—*A merry devil.*

Elizabeth Bonnell—*Give me some music.*

Elwyn Britten—*Deeds, not words.*

Evelyn Brunner—*A merry heart goes all the day.*

William Brynildsen—*Speech is great, silence is greater.*

Joseph C. Burd—*As quiet as a mouse.*

James Byrd—*I can run—I can fly.*

Robert Chattin—*On with the dance.*

Olive Church—*With a quietness of spirit.*

Jean Clark—*A genial nature doth appear.*

Estelle Clark—*The swiftness of a dart.*

- Clifford Coles—*A modest youth.*
 Harold Colyer—*With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come.*
 Henry Crane—*A noticeable man with large blue eyes.*
 Helen Dawson—*A well deserving friend.*
 Eric Cross—*The man who blushes is not quite a brute.*
 Joseph Curran—*Stirred to generosity.*
 Cary Davis—*Order is Heaven's first law.*
 Dorothy Dean—*I came, I saw, I conquered.*
 Paul De Fina—*Hail, fellow, well met.*
 Josephine De Francesco—*Never idle a moment, but thrifty and thoughtful of others.*
 Frank Delnero—*A little man from a little town.*
 Elinor Dillon—*The power of thought—the magic of the mind.*
 Carl Dimmick—*The generous prosper.*
 Eleanor Dodge—*A most exquisite lady.*
 Isabel Down—*Ever calm and cool.*
 Dorothy Duell—*C! I am stabbed with laughter!*
 Emily Egan—*Fashioned so slenderly*
 Young, and so fair.
 Dorothy Finken—*Farewell and stand fast.*
 Helen Fox—*I am disposed to harmony.*
 Marion Frowery—*So quiet, so unassuming.*
 Joan Frye—*Good natured as the day is long.*
 Murvan Fuhrmann—*Yet will she blush.*
 Robert Goodrich—*The sports of children satisfy the child.*
 Helen Gorsky—*Hang sorrow! Care will kill a cat.*
 Janet Grady—*Love me, love my dog.*
 Thomas Gregory—*Go forth under the open sky.*
 Mary Hamlette—*Low was her voice and kind.*
 Henry Hansen—*One vast substantial smile.*
 Richard Harper—*Care's an enemy to life.*
 Elizabeth Harvey—*Her voice was ever soft, gentle and low—an excellent thing in woman.*
 Jesse Harvey—*Give me an hour for sport.*
 William Heermance—*A scar nobly got.*
 Joan Hennell—*O rare and radiant maiden!*
 Tessie Jannuzzi—*Kind hearts are more than coronets.*
 William Jones—*A bold, bad man.*
 Florence Johnston—*A blue eye is a true eye.*
 Lois Johnston—*In maiden meditation, fancy free.*
 Eunice Kellogg—*Steadfast and demure.*
 Chester Kenney—*Sing away sorrow, cast away care.*
 Winifred Kenney—*As gay as any.*
 Virginia Klein—*Silence in seven languages.*
 Helen Kraus—*A smile is in her eye.*
 Mildred Lavin—*A worker who needeth not to be ashamed.*
 Gertrude Levine—*She eateth not the bread of idleness.*
 William Lindsay—*With certainty to please.*
 Lillian Lusardi }
 Jessie Mallinson } *But let us silent be.*
 Harvey Mason—*Everybody bids me good-morrow.*
 Helen Maycock—*Come prove that by the force of argument.*

- Wallace McGuire—*What ho! Hercules.*
 Robert McMahon—*Wit is a dangerous weapon.*
 Andrew McWhiney—*I know my words are wild.*
 Gene Messersmith—*A noticeable maiden with large brown eyes.*
 Florence Mills—*Ease with dignity.*
 Allen Moore—*Wind of the sunny South.*
 William Mumford—*In an ocean of dreams without a sound.*
 Gladys Nelson—*A kindly smile to all she lent.*
 Walter Nelson—*Laugh and grow fat.*
 Maurice O'Donnell—*Take life too seriously, and what is it worth?*
 Robert Pearsall—*None but himself can be his parallel.*
 Ruth Pearsall—*A maiden hath no tongue but thought.*
 Ralph Poinard—*Give up your quiet life.*
 Edith Pollack—*There studious let me sit.*
 Ward Randall—*How much more elder art thou than thy looks!*
 Jean Reynolds—*In each cheek appears a pretty dimple.*
 Jack Rinckhoff—*Mischief, thou art afoot.*
 James Robottom—*Choice word and measured phrase—above the reach of ordinary men.*
 Servia Rogers—*A gentle soul.*
 Jean Ross—*O trusty messenger.*
 Betty Ross—*O noble, modest nature.*
 Catharine Ryan—*Kind manners and gentle.*
 Virginia Ryan—*Let the world slide.*
 William Saylor—*A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance.*
 Edith Searle—*Swifter than arrow from the Tartan's bow.*
 Alice Schade—*A modest, uncomplaining soul.*
 Mark Short—*Thy wit is as quick as the grey hound's mouth.*
 Ruth Siebenmorgen—*I help others out of a fellow feeling.*
 Morris Silverstein—*Kind hearts are more than coronets.*
 Emily Slocum—*With eyes as black and burning as a coal.*
 Clifton Smith—*With volleys of eternal babble.*
 Helen Smith—*Soft smiles by human kindness bred.*
 Walter Somers—*Listening to hear the music of the spheres.*
 Owen Sowerwine—*Thy modesty's a candle to thy wit.*
 Warren Sprout—*You are a merry man, sir.*
 Frank Stirrup—*Prize me no prizes.*
 Robert Thomson—*He wears the rose of youth upon him.*
 Robert Torborg—*Come and trip it as you go.*
 Kenneth Udell—*In a fiery chariot borne.*
 Otto Ulbrich—*Plough deep while sluggards sleep.*
 Herbert Vance—*Lean men are dangerous.*
 Lucille Van Doren—*Gentle, yet not dull.*
 Charles Vaughan—*The orator persuades.*
 Paul Vervoort—*Good company always.*
 Anna Wahl—*With kindness hidden deep in her heart.*
 Donald Weeks—*He hath a stern look but a gentle heart.*
 Walter Wewer—*For he's a jolly good fellow.*
 Russell Wilcox—*Thou art a fellow of good respect.*
 Dorothy Wilson }
 Ruth Wilson } *Both sisters, never seen apart.*
 Lois Wright—*I would be friends with you.*
 Lyles Zabriskie—*An affable and courteous gentleman.*



"The Twenty-Niners"

"The Twenty Niners", at their conference on the twentieth of April, held their third meeting. The president called the meeting to order, and after the secretary's report, asked all the committees to give an outline of what they were doing. The class historian thought that a girl historian was needed to take care of things which the girls were doing, so Harriet Revere was elected to this position. Attendance was taken and proved to be very poor. After the attendance was taken, about fifty per cent adjourned, while the remainder discussed dues, which were put at fifty cents, and whether we should have our names put in *The Weather Vane* beside the picture. It was decided in the negative.

Where are the Freshman boys in track and baseball? Very few are out for it. Let's have better spirit. There is nothing to praise the Freshman for but their usual representation on the Honor Roll, which is still excellent.

Alumni Notes

'25

"Gib" Moore, last year's track captain, has won a regular berth on the freshman track team at Colgate.

Clements and Bliss are starring in baseball at Rutgers. Clements saved the Rutgers Freshman team from defeat when it played Erasmus Hall High School of Brooklyn. Bliss was captain of the Blue and White baseball nine last year.

George Thayer is trying the lacrosse game at the University of Pennsylvania.

Once again Max Glasser appears in the lime-light. Max is trying out for the baseball nine at Delaware University.

Edna Jones has a newly acquired job. It seems that she's treasurer of the Spanish Club at Ripon College, Ripon, Wis.

Everett Wood at Brown and Richard Sampson at Pennsylvania are working hard at baseball and track.

We congratulate Jack Worth for being one of the eight members of the Freshman swimming team who were awarded class numerals.

'24

Wallace Pitman and Roland Nydegger are making good with the Cornell University track team. Pitman is pole vaulting and Nydegger is competing in the dash events.

Wayne Johnson is a member of the Rutgers College lacrosse squad this year.

'23

Marion Mills is coaching plays! Did you see the amusing farce she put on for the Methodist Young People's Society. Former dramatic stars of Westfield appeared again before the footlights at W. H. S. Rah Williams and Eddie Wright, who played in *Come out of the Kitchen* in '24; Gee-gee Root, who played in *A Pair of Sixes* in '25, and Ruth Miller who played in *The Trysting Place* in '24, were among the cast of Marion's play.

Halsey Cook, '23 was named in the second honor group at Princeton this half. Halsey is also on second crew.

Bob Darby, '23 is out for track at Princeton.

Dow Mills, '23, is out for Hockey at Dartmouth.

We were glad to welcome so many Alumni at Easter time. Why not form an Alumni organization?

Evelyn Anderson, '23 was one of the two honor members of the Junior Class at Sweet Briar College this year.

Stan Hendrickson is strengthening the Scarlet Varsity Baseball team at Rutgers, being a member of the Varsity Squad.

'22

Willard Pfaff is out with the Varsity baseball squad at Colgate again this year as a member of the hurling division.

Kenneth Pelton is employed in the Gibson Art Co.

Margaret Barrett is in her third year at N. J. C.

Coleridge Hudson is radio operator on one of the South American lines.

Exchanges

"O wad some Power the giftie gie us
To see oursels as ithers see us!"

In this month of June, we leave dormant—for a few months—the agreeable task of producing our school magazine. This breathing space is a most opportune time for redress. For repentance, if you wish. It is a time to stop our own glamorous criticisms. It is a time for summarizing, through others' eyes, what our magazine means to us. It is a time for appreciation of what others have done for us. It is a time for extending our heartiest wishes to other editors for another successful printing year.

Therefore, students, you find none of our own criticism in this exchange department. You find only the words of other editors—some of the many well-written comments we have received.

We have received a February issue of your magazine, a magazine whose quality of material is heralded by very unique and attractive Valentine cover. The themes of your poetry seem to us unusually above the standards of amateurs. Gordon Thorn gives an unusual insight in his "Music."

Missemma,

Atlanta, Ga.

An excellent book. Your short stories are remarkably well written.

Clarion,

Lynbrook, N. Y.

Some of the outstanding features of the *Weather Vane* are its fine paper, beautiful and generally wonderful appearance. The poetry of your magazine is of the best. The fiction, too, is interesting. We liked *The Winning of Leona Anislee*, perhaps because it was almost a melodrama.

H. S. Record,

Camden, N. J.

Your magazine is well worth reading. The cover designs are always attractive. Your departments are well-developed. We would suggest that you add a few more cuts, especially at the beginnings of departments. The Joke Department is exceptionally large, also your Literature Department which we consider excellent.

The Trident, Ocean Grove, N. J.

Weather Vane, Westfield, N. J.

Your magazine is like a lever; it is well balanced. We are glad to see that your prose is balanced by so much good poetry. Then too, judging from circumstantial evidence, *School Notes* could not be more complete. *Athletics* ranks just as high and is written as well. But, alas, your exchanges are sadly lacking when their department is held up beside its sisters.

The Critic, Lynchburg, Va.

Weather Vane, Westfield, N. J.

You publish a dandy paper. The literature is fine; the Sport and Alumni Sections are well written. Cartoons are one of the spices of a school paper; why leave them out?

The Reflector, Clifton, N. J.

Weather Vane, Westfield, N. J.

Does your art change with the weather, or only with the season? Your material is very fine but would be greatly improved by some lively cuts and cartoons.

The Owl, Wadleigh, N. Y.

Weather Vane, Westfield, N. J.

In our opinion, you have an excellent literary department. Worthy of mention are *The Jeweler* and *The Hawk*, and *Music*. Your joke department contains some very humorous material. How do you get along without any advertisements?

H. S. Record, Westfield, Mass.

Weather Vane, Westfield, N. J.

Mr. Westfield, who has obtained so much fame, owes it to his *Weather Vane*, which contains much excellent and interesting material.

Periscope, Perth Amboy, N. J.
Ruth Siebenmorgen, '28.

In gratitude for the coöperation of these other editors, we print here the list of magazines with which we have actually exchanged.

Arrow, Ridgewood, N. J.
Blue and Gold, Conshohocken, Pa.
Cedar Chest, Toms River, N. J.
Clarion, Lynbrook, Long Island
Critic, Lynchburg, Va.
Fort George Lantern, New York City
H. S. Herald, Westfield, Mass.
H. S. Record, Camden, N. J.
Homespun, Greensboro, N. C.
Kyote, Billings, Montana
Lincoln Lore, New York City
Lit, Lawrenceville, N. J.
Missemma, Atlanta, Georgia
Missile, Petersburg, Va.
Oracle, Plainfield, N. J.
Periscope, Perth Amboy, N. J.
Pilot, (Jr. H. S.) Newark, N. J.
Quest, Minneapolis, Minnesota
Red and White, Chicago, Ill.
Reflector, Clifton, N. J.
Rose Leaves, Belmar, N. J.
Sentinel, Leisenring, Pa.
Shucis, Schenectady, N. Y.
Spotlight, Cranford, N. J.
Students' Pen, Pittsfield, Mass.
Upi Dah, Upper Darby, Pa.
Trident, Ocean Grove, N. J.



"Laughter holding both his sides"

School Calendar

April 12—We return to start the last lap, for this year, on our road of learning. But many of us are sorely out of condition.

April 13—Someone says that basketball is longer than baseball.

“Watta yer mean” we disputed, and thereby explained the respective time for each game.

“Aw well, it’s got a *K* and *T* that baseball hasn’t.

April 14—We hear that “Will Rogers” Wallach is going to use some of his cowboy tactics in an endeavor to win his innocent friend, Carol E., from the clutches of the dashing young Easterner, P. Colson.

April 16—Nothing much—just Wally Ruckert got a new girl. Wonder what he did with the one (s) he was talking about yesterday, the day before, etc.

April 19—Proving that actions speak louder than words, Johnny Meeker goes to sleep in the library.

April 21—The school was in general discord. (We sang in chapel.)

April 23—EXTRA! EXTRA! MISS ORGILL WANTS SOME DIRT (for the Arbor day tree.)

April 26—McComb was looking for some pajama pants for track. He found some (or heard of some) that wouldn’t run because they were good quality. He was about to give up the idea when Gin Noble said that they’d do because they’re fast.

April 27—To prove the importance of six years of English the following notice appeared on the Physics board:

“All birds what got lab manuals must come across wit \$.15 to defray the expence that the class fell into (must’a been deep) when the orders dropped from 10 to 9 copies, thereby losing the low cost rate.”

April 29—We don’t say that Holman Westerberg has a Roman nose, and is named Izzy, and says “vot,” but did you ever notice the relieved expression of a coin after leaving his pocket?

May 10—The shot-put event of the interclass track meet, strangely enough, had as contestants such sons of Sir Nicotine as Gordon, Meeker, Yeager, etc. We wonder why?

May 11—The school is turned into a veritable paradise. (The girls are all excused at 12.10.)

May 12—Some of the Seniors who thought that their photographs didn’t do them justice ought to be asking for mercy.

- May 3—Miss Bible allows each member of a library class to give himself detention. (Another good step towards self-government.)
- May 14—The telephone booths at Frutchey's are pretty busy at night. (A lotta belles get rung.)
- May 17—Helen Foreman wants to know just what would happen if the baseball were to be lost in the middle of the game.
- May 18—A very surprising thing happened in Physics. The barometer fell four feet—and broke.
- May 19—Mr. Sabold needs an eye examination; he mistook Sampson for Douglas Fairbanks.
- May 20—Hobart Duell says that the only way to get rid of the baseball tickets is to give them away.
- May 21—A great many of the people excused to go to the track meet seemed to have enjoyed—the movies at the Ritz.
- May 24—That Mueller girl stays at home and the school is "Ruth-less" all day.
- May 26—Everybody got disgusted with the ball team. They made us miss our supper while they ran the four bases seventeen times.
- May 27—We wonder what would have happened to Edmund Burke if he had suddenly made his appearance during the English IV test.
- May 28—Miss Orgill tells us of her childhood days. She used to dress in mother's nightie to represent a domine so she could marry the rest of the family.
- June 1—"Did you see the moon last night, Taverner?"
"No, we didn't notice it."

OH BIT YOU AIRIES

Shed a tear for Howard Pfaff,
His girl made a joke. He didn't laugh.
The body of Winters is under this turf,
He took a dive but missed the surf.
Here is the grave of "Slick" Dushank,
A cop came in when he held up the bank.
Under this stone is Arthur Frit,
He counted ten before he hit.
This is the grave of J. Walker Blind,
He looked ahead but not behind.
Here are the remains of Theodore Brush,
He stooped for a penny in the five o'clock rush.
Freshie, 306.



Actor: "My good man, just what is your vocation?"

Scene Shifter: "I'm a Methodist."

Actor: "Kind sir, but that is your belief. Now then, I am an actor."

Scene Shifter: "Huh, that's *your* belief."

"Abie, what you mean by blaying mit matches on de sidewalk? Come right away in de store and blay mit 'em."

She: "What animal is that?"

He: "It looks like reindeer."

She: "Did you hear me ask you what kind of an animal that is?"

"Why use such a high crib for your baby?"

"So we can hear him when he falls out."

"Why does Smith always wear his hair pompadour style?"

"Oh, he likes his comb so well, that he refuses to part with it."

Inquisitive Old Lady: "And now, officer, tell me what that strap under your chin is for."

Officer: "That, Lady, is to rest my poor old jaw when it gets tired answering silly questions."

"I told your sister that I love her, and we are going to be married next summer."

"July?"

"No, I didn't. I really love her."

The Carnegie Institute of Pittsburg has established a chair of plumbing. This branch of learning, we understand, is doing very nicely except that the more advanced students forget to come to class.

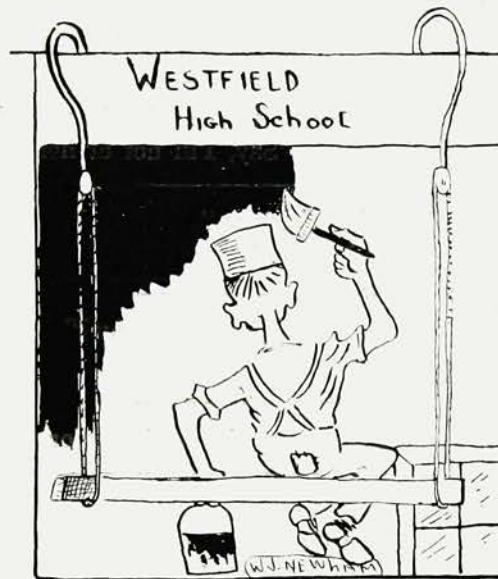
"I'm sorry but Madame forgot to leave money for your bill."

"How do you know she forgot?"

"She said so when she left."

Frosh: "What's the difference between a friend and an acquaintance?"

Soph: "Well, when a friend wants to borrow money, he's an acquaintance."



Suspended From School

Young Wife: (whose husband has knocked his knee, digging) "Oh John, and you said you always called a spade a spade."

"At the end of the service tonight, the choir will sing a special anthem composed by the organist, after which the church will be closed a month for necessary repairs."

When a "self-made" man marries, his wife usually makes a lot of alterations.

"This is terrible! What's the good of your schedule if the trains are always late?"

"What's th' good of waitin' rooms if they ain't?"

Teacher: "Why don't you like our school, Willie?"

Willie: "Oh, it's not so much the school—it's the principal of the thing."

Young Husband: "Last night when I got home, my wife had my chair drawn up before the fire, my slippers ready for me to put on, my pipe all filled, and—"

Old Friend: "How did you like her new hat?"

Warden: "Lady to see you, Sixty-six, in the reception room."

Sixty-six (in for bigamy): "Say, I'm not at home, Warden."

1st: "I'm tired of playing checkers."

2nd: "Sort of checker bored, eh?"

Mable: "What do you think of my new fur?"

Mazie: "It's the cat's, dearie!"

Oleomargarine is something you take for butter or worse.

When grapefruit is cut up
And eaten like a pie,
You get more in your mouth,
And less in your eye.

First Tramp: "Where do you bathe?"

Second Tramp: "In the spring."

First Tramp: "I said *where* not *when*."

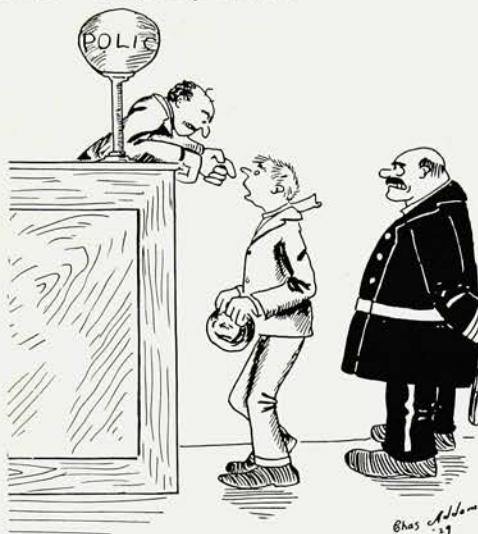
Teacher: "I see your jaw is working."

Jane: "Yes."

Teacher: "Well, come up and put it in the basket."

Miss Howard: "What are two complimentary colors?"
Dumb Dora: "Powder and Paint."

Mrs. Cameron Hist. II: "What was the Diet at Worms?"
Bright Student: "Mulberry leaves."



Magistrate—"You can take your choice—twenty-one shillings or ten days."
Prisoner (Still in a foggy condition)—"I'll take the money, your worship."

"How's the legless lady?"
"She walked out on us yesterday."

First Souse: "Hic"
Second Souse: "Hic"
First Souse: "Don't talk back to me!"

The wife and daughter of Colonel Berry, camp commander, came to the gates after taps and demanded admission. The sentry objected.

"But, my dear man, you don't understand," expostulated the older woman, "We are the Berrys."

"I don't care if you're the cat's whiskers," retorted the sentry, "You can't get in at this hour."

Mistress: "What makes you sad, Dinah?"
Dinah: "Ah 'speks mah feller ain't loyal."
Mistress: "So it's the eternal triangle?"
Dinah: "Ah fears it am an infernal hexagon!"

Nonsense

This is *The Way Things Happen* at *The Madras House*. On Monday *Lady Windemere's Fan* was lost, and *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* said she saw *Milly Dear* place it in *The Locked Chest Before Breakfast, Yesterday*, when *Madam Butterfly* went *Over the Hills* to see *The Violin-Maker of Cremona*. *The Little Man* who has been *The Captain of the Gate* during the reign of *Charles the Second* was *Suspected*, but the *Secret Service* could find no *Evidence* against him. He was such *A Charming Young Man* that *Leonora* invited him as a *Guest for Dinner*. He and She talked of *The Voysey Inheritance*, *The Cassilis Engagement*, *The Tragedy of Love* and *Carrots*. At the *Witching Hour*, their *Voices* could be heard *Beyond The Brink of Silence*, like the *Murmurs of A Rusty Door*. One of Them told the story of *What Happened to Jones* when he called on *The Wrong Mr. Wright*. When they had counted all the *Rubies and Pearls* in *The Silver Chest, Don*, (for that was his name) said, *Good-bye, I'm Going*, but I'll see you again *Thursday Evening*. This never happened, because *On The Highway*, the *Police* found him with *The Fan* in his pocket and he was taken to *The Land of Heart's Desire* in the *Garden of the Glen*, where all *The Clever Ones* are kept.

It Pays to Advertise, even if it is ignorance, so I'm doing so.)

The Rover Boys

One day the Rover boys got permission from Colonel Putnam to go hunting. So they each borrowed a shotgun and a razor and stepped into their Curtiss pursuit plane and hopped off.

Although Tom was good looking, he was friendless because he had dandruff. Therefore he was elected pilot for their tugboat.

For several hours the big green auto, driven by Tom, flew about the countryside, but they could not find the Adelphe treasure. Suddenly the fun loving Rover jammed on to a halt with a jerk. He raised his goggles and exclaimed, "I just saw Josiah Crabtree!"

Dick kissed Dora Stanhope lightly on the cheek and sprang through the window, while Sam threw the hobo flat and recovered the gold watch.

Then they set off in the direction of the secret temple. Soon they came to a farmhouse. Tom walked upon the porch and knocked. A very large fat woman appeared.

Then she disappeared again, and a little, hen-pecked looking farmer opened the door.

"Good evening," said the fun loving Rover. "I am working my way through college by getting magazine subscriptions. Would you like to subscribe to *Art Life*, or *Colliers*?"

"If you don't go away I'll call my wife," whimpered the farmer, so the boys stepped into the submarine, closed the hatches, submerged, and were off.

"Say, Dick," said Tom, "I should hate to be as small as you."

"Why?"

"Because when you're sick you can't tell whether it's a headache or a corn!"

And Dick's chagrin was comical to see.

Suddenly a storm rose, and the small rowboat was buffeted about. Tom said that most of Lake Minneswane was in his mouth, while the rest seemed to be in his shoes. This set Dick and Sam laughing so hard that the conductor threw them all off.

Soon it began to snow and the boys realized that they were lost. Their little fingers were blue with cold, not mentioning their thumbs. They wished they were in Africa with their father shooting lions.

"Ship ahoy!" howled Dick suddenly, "Veer off! You'll hit us!"

The boys looked up and saw a large yacht bearing down upon them. Bells tinkled, shouts rang out, a policeman's whistle blew, and Sam jerked the child out from under the wheels of the hurtling kiddy car.

Then a committee appeared in high hats and frock coats, and presented Sam with a gold watch and a trip to Washington.

The irrepressible Tom wanted to plug the high hats with snow balls, and it was with difficulty that his aunt restrained him.

A tear came into Dick's eyes as he saw the workmen tearing down Putman Hall. Then he had an idea. He rushed down town and pawned his watch for \$6.67, and rushed back to present the money to the colonel.

"My boy," said that dignitary, patting him on the back, "you have saved the old school. If all American boys were like you, there would be no need of policemen or laws."

Then the Rover boys gave their family a fond good-bye, not forgetting Cadwaladder, the pig, and stepped onto the train. Soon the towers of old Putnam Hall came into sight and the boys realized that they were safely back from their big hunting trip.

And now, dear readers, in our next volume, entitled "The Rover Boys in a Peanut Shell," we shall learn how Tom captured a thief single handed.

Andrew McWhiney, '28.

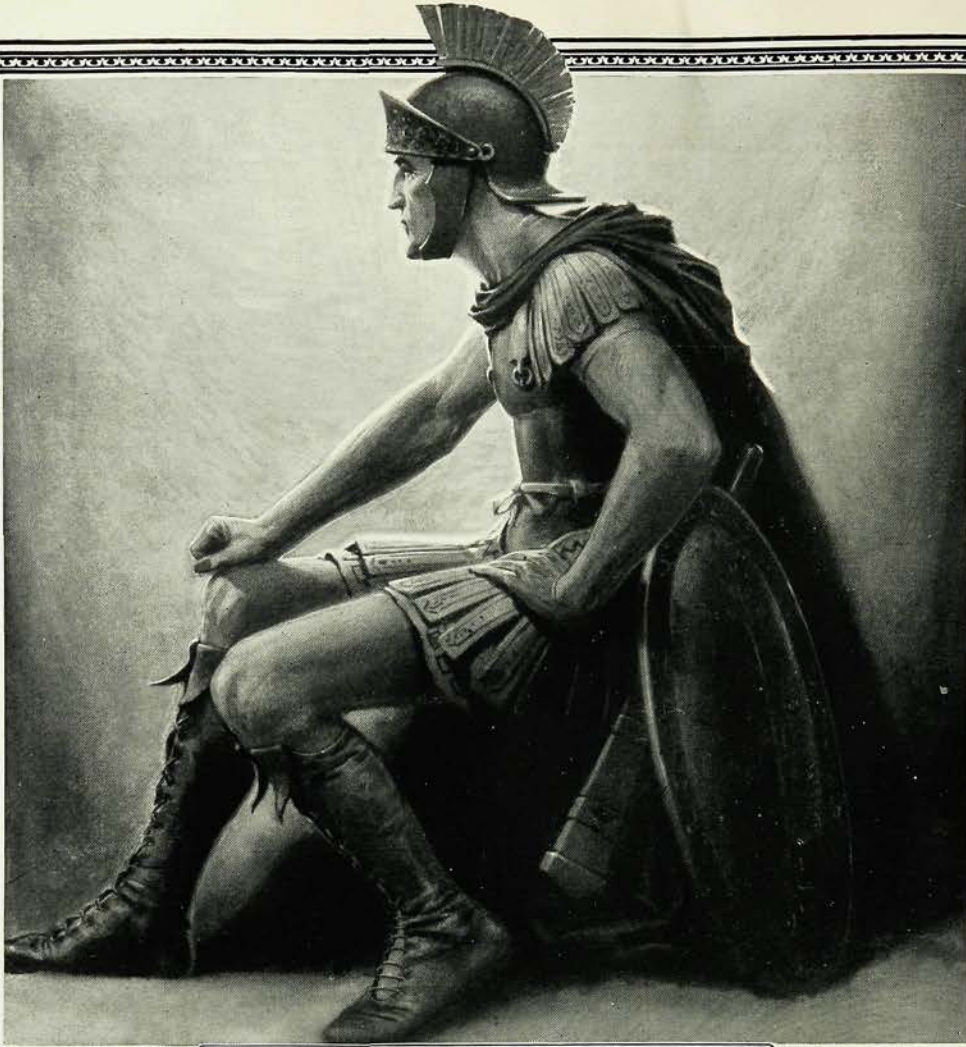
Autographs

Elizabeth Scully

~~Samuel Todd~~

Elizabeth Todd

Autographs



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