Central High School Hi-Standard, Memphis, 4:7, 1925

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Hi Standard

Central-Hi -- Memphis-Tenn

April 1925
EXCUSE ME!

Excuse me from everything of course. When the rule is passed that ten is to be taken from my conduct grade for being tardy, you should not take it from my conduct grade, even if I could have prevented the tardiness, for my conduct grade is already too low to afford that. I can't have a good time in classes if I have to watch for those old tardy demerits.

I know that other boys and girls should obey the stairway rule, but when it is more convenient for me to "go down the "up" steps, why shouldn't I do it? It is too much trouble for me to go to the other steps, and really, it would be much easier for me if the school had an elevator.

Oh, the lunch line! I get so tired of waiting for the student government girl to turn her head, so that I can slip up in front of one of my friends. It is a good thing to have everyone stay in line and not rush up to the front, but I am an exception and should be allowed to step up in front of someone else. My lunch is so important, you know.

When I get tired of school, why I think it would be fine to leave school and go to the theater. Perhaps the teachers need someone to teach, but some of the others would stay, and I'm sure they wouldn't miss my rectations.

Listen! Is this person YOU? Are YOU this selfish person who thinks, "I should be excused from everything, but let the others go on." Let's try to get this spirit out of our school, and make everyone come to reasonable terms.

REPORTERS!

Won't you take a little time to read this? We can not get you together at once, so we will have to give you a little instructions. Hereafter before the "Home Room" reports go in, they must have the O.K. of the home room teacher. This is done to relieve the burden of work which falls on the faculty advisors and also to get a wider and more wholesome interest in the paper. We feel confident the teacher will help us in this way.

Now, will those who have not hand ed in any reports try to hand in a report for next issue. We want this to be a democratic paper, but it won't if you hold out on us.

Also try to get us an ad. How about it?

The next time we have a reporter's meeting, try to be there or have a representative. We won't keep you long.

Another thing, please try to write plainly and on one side of paper. We prefer typewritten reports, but any kind will do so long as the printer can read them. We pay the printer by the hour. So help us in this way, too.

We thank you.

A CHANCE FOR SOUTHERN BOYS

(From the Atlanta Georgian)

In the spring a young man's fancy turns not always lightly to thoughts of love, but often to thoughts of where and how he will spend his summer vacation. More and more, nowadays, young men plan seriously their summer outings, with the view of obtaining the greatest amount of benefit, mentally and physically, in the short period of time allotted to them for that purpose.

Time was when many young men spent two or three weeks—or perhaps the entire summer—in riotous living, returning to their work, or to college, utterly fagged out—their physical condition at its lowest ebb.

On the other hand, thousands of young men have, during the past few years, taken advantage of the offer
of the war department to attend the various training camps established throughout the country, where untold benefits of a physical, mental and moral sort have resulted in transforming them into virile and stalwart Americans. Last year three such camps were established in the Southern States.

Recognizing the wonderful influence for good which these institutions have exerted upon young America, congress this year appropriated a larger sum for the purpose of forming them into virile and stalwart citizens. It will be the duty of the best instructors in the United States army. Their applica-
tions, if approved, will admit them to the camps absolutely free of cost, the only requirement being that they are of good moral character and able to pass the required physical and mental examinations prescribed.

LET'S GO TO CAMP

 Fellow let's go to Citizens' Military Training Camp if for no other reason than to beat Tech in a new and interesting way. A Receiving Officer at the Camp is judged by the number and the conduct of their cadets while in camp.

I want to say something of these camps in this place. These Citizens Military Training Camps were established under the military policy of 1920. In attending one of these camps you do not obligate yourself for further military services in the military services of the United States. Instruction is given in infantry, a four-camp course; cavalry, three-camp; field and coast artillery, three-camp. Camp will be held in the following places: Camp McCallam, Ala., Infantry; Fort Oglethorpe, Ga., cavalry and infantry; Fort Bragg, N. C., field artillery and infantry; Fort Bar-
rancus, Fla., coast artillery and infantry.

The writer is a last years field ar-
tilleryman, but is interested in the phases of C. M. T. C. work. I might say that Fort Bragg, N. C., is a mighty nice place to be in. The units of the regular army, who ever are associated with, are above the average as large bunch of men. They are all fine fellows, particularly the cooks.

If a student is undecided whether or not to attend camp, he might look up any of the following: Wm. Battle and Jesse Morris, field artillery; Charlie Peete and Robt. Vaught, infantry; John Frericks and Robt. Mc-
Kendrick, cavalry, and J. J. Nix, coast artillery. I think any of the above mentioned boys will talk into going to camp this July.

UNUS OMNIBUS ET OMNES UNI

To the students of Central, Greeting:

My friends, long have I been gone from Central, many years. I have re-
turned several times on visits, but never enjoyed it so well that their minds have been made up to attend this year also.

Applications should be mailed to the commanding general, Fourth Corps Area, Atlanta, Ga. As none will be acted upon after June 1. The Atlanta Georgian advises its youthful readers to send in theirs NOW before the rush begins.

If you want to enjoy the best vaca-
tion of any you ever had, don't de-
lay in getting your request in to the proper authority. Many thousands of eligible young men will apply, you may be sure of that; but, remember, only 1,000 will be accepted for training at each of the four camps.
neglect your chance. Now, and think what a comfort it will be to feel that you are safe, exempt; or if you must take exams, how much worry it will save you to know that you have really done some good work, and that you have no doubt about your passing.

Has the pace grown too stiff for you? Have you dropped behind? Are you lagging? Get your second wind while the getting is good, and pull up. Dig in a little harder, put a little more work in on your studies NOW, so that when the other fellow is tearing his hair over exams, you can sit back and smile, happy in the thought that you did your work in March, April and February, and not have to bone in May, or are you among those that have done their required work, and who will not have to bone in May, or are you among those sluggards who have loafed away half of the term, and are wasting the other half day by day?

Don't look at studies as you see them now, but look at them as you will see them next June? Will the exams be a hideous nightmare to you, or will they be a little bit of work to be done well, or will you be absolutely free from them? All of this depends on what you do these next two months. Make your work count, and you won't regret it.

OUR CHANCE

A little more than a month and the drill will be held. It has been five years since Central won. Tech, victorious for four years, is putting forth her best effort to make it five straight wins. Shall they do it? For some of us, it is our last drill, our last chance to work for Central. We have seen our school beaten three times; shall we let Tech win again? This is your last chance, 12-2's and Freshmen this is your first chance to make the most of it. Juniors and Sophomores, you are the ones who set the example for the newer students; make it a worthy example.

Where there is a finer, more inspiring sight than the sight of well-drilled, neatly-dressed, soldierly-looking cadets?

And won't it be a proud and happy moment when the three Central cadets, the color-guard march over to take the colors, and carry them to the head of the Central battalion? There will be tears in the eyes of many of Central's sons and daughters at that moment, tears of joy and pride.

Failure! Hurled out of our vocabulary, never to return! Cadets, we're going to be proud of you next May.

Mother—"Come here, Johnnie, I have some good news for you."

Johnnie (without enthusiasm)—"Yes, I know. Brother is home from college."

Mother—"Yes, but how did you know?"

Johnnie—"My bank won't rattle any more."

Dr. Chappel was the speaker in auditorium on March 13. His talk was splendid. Dr. Chappel is known all over the country as one of the most eloquent speakers in the ministry, and it is indeed an honor for the students of Central to be able to hear him. Thank you, Dr. Chappel.

We were also privileged to hear another speaker of national reputation on March 16—Miss Mae Storber, a representative of the A. Nash Company of Cincinnati. Her topic was "The Golden Rule as Applied to Business."

For the first time students making the honor roll have been given public honor before the entire school. This is an achievement to be proud of, and whoever thought of that idea of a platform appearance is to be congratulated.

On March 18 we had several numbers on the programme. Miss Richardson introduced the honor roll students; Mr. Jordan gave us a talk on Hume-Pogg Hi of Nashville, and Mr. Rogers gave us some experiments with liquid air.

DON'T FORGET THE BOOK STORE!

Our track has been put into A-1 condition so please, students, do not undo all this good work by driving autos or riding bicycles on it.

Old friends are like cheese—the strongest.

Contributors are requested to write their jokes on thin paper—so they can be seen through.

The Military Department had charge of the auditorium on March 24. Our military band was on the stage and showed the results of hard work and diligent practice, as they played two snappy numbers.

Miss Richardson made a splendid talk on the coming drill.

Mr. Fitzhugh is a man who has worked hard, and he made no bones about telling what was wrong with our military. And the worst part of it was, that it was all true. He was splendid, as was Mr. Jordan. In case you don't know it Malcolm Prewitt is major of the unit.

On March 25 a musical program was the order of the day, Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong giving several vocal selections. The numbers, as is nearly always true, were thoroughly enjoyed.

Mr. Jordan has taken charge of athletics since Coach Jamerson has been away, and is working hard to put out a winning team. Luck to you, Coach Jordan; we're all back of you.

Knockout drills have been held by each of the companies in preparation for the competitive drill. In Company A, LeRoy DuBard was winner; Malcolm Younger carried off the honors in Company B; Murat Baker in Company C. Company C has challenged E to drill, which challenge E has accepted. We hope that Mr. Jester will consent, for it is for the good of the school. Come on, A and B, wake up! Help wreck Tech!

Maybe it really doesn't belong in this column, but the lowest mark made on the monthly test in Miss Raine's third period Latin class was B. If any of you other classes can beat that, let's see some of your
stuff. It's worth publishing if it can beat that.

A series of picture shows, which began on March 30, is being given each Monday at the fourth period. The purpose is to raise money for the school. Tickets, five cents. Council meetings are being held on Tuesdays instead of Mondays, so as to permit members to attend the shows. We need your support.

The Dalton system is being employed by the History Department. Because of its newness to Memphis, it cannot, as yet, be justly criticized. Because of its newness to Memphis, it will succeed here.

But having succeeded in other schools, there is no doubt but that it will succeed here.

We are happy to welcome back to our midst Miss Central. She has been absent for a long while, and we had lost all hopes of her return, but she's back!

On March 30 the faculty gave a party for Miss Harrison in the lunchroom in honor of her coming wedding. Refreshments were served, and everyone enjoyed it very much.

C. H. S. was honored by visits from Lieut. Robert Douglass, U. S. Aviation Service, and W. P. (Billy) Brown, Jr. Lieut. Douglass was interested in R. O. T. C. Billy Brown, an old "H" Club man, gave a talk to the "H" Club in which he urged the present members to "carry on the old spirit which was the best thing that Central High ever had.

Harry Hendricks was a welcome visitor last week. He is doing well at Carnegie Tech, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Naomi Dick, who is at Milwaukee-Downer, spent the spring vacation in Memphis.

**NEW STAFF ELECTION**

A new staff for next year was elected the other morning. The election was held early this year due to the fact that it was thought advisable for the new staff to do a little work so that they will be properly trained for their duties next year.

The election returns were as follows:

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**CUPID'S CORNER**

The large entrance door to Central High was softly and easily pushed open and up the steps and through the halls flew Cupid. After wandering through the halls in search of a lady and a man, whom he knew that love had stung, he finally placed his wedding hand upon Miss Harrison and then Mr. Crim, two members of our faculty. Miss Harrison was married on the afternoon of April 8, while Mr. Crim's wedding followed on the night of April the 9th.

One man who makes any business pay is a tax collector.

Since the president divided the club into four sections, each section to provide a program a month, we have been having very enjoyable meetings. Miss Gay presented one of the best programs the club has ever had, and received many compliments on its success.

Miss Emily Peale, Miss Ruby Sebulsky, Miss Dorothy Brown won first, second and third honors, respectively, in the tryouts for the New Orleans debate. They have proved, by past performance, to be very able debaters. The school and club sends them off with the very best of wishes for success.

The time for oratorical and declamatory contests, which take place every spring at Normal, will be here soon. Several of our members are expecting to try, as well as pupils from the expression and public speaking departments.

Mr. Karl Kaeastle after a long illness has gone to Paris, Tenn. He is expected back around Easter.

Mr. Faulk of Ford-Kilvington was a welcome visitor recently.

The news from this organization can be summarized in a few lines. Since nothing of importance has happened, the club has not had to produce much action. The meetings are still held each week, and the members have inspired a wonderful spirit toward different school activities. As for sports, the "H" Club has a newly formed baseball team. Although they lost their first game to the varsity, the players are still full of high spirit. We want to wish the baseball and track teams a season full of victories.
KRAZY SHEET
EDITED BY US FOR YOU
READ IT AND GO CRAZY

STAFF
Chief Dumbell "Prof." George Finley
Assistant Chief Dumbell "Geehee" Mallory
Assistant to Assistant Chief Dumbell "Dago" Trelawney

POET'S CORNER
On day as I chanced to pass,
A beaver was darning a river;
And a man who had run out of gas
Was doing the same to his flivver.

Mule in the barnyard, lazy and slick,
Boy with a pin on the end of his stick;
Creep up behind him quiet as a mouse,
Doctor fears the worst at little boy's house.

Above his head
The daisier shake,
He stepped on the gas instead of the brake.

WANTED—A boy to deliver suits that can ride a bicycle.
FOR SALE—Brown cow by man with horns and worth as much as $60.

JOKES
She: "Do you think marriage a failure?"
He: "Well, I noticed the bride never gets the best man."

With the price of cosmetics so high we pity the girl that is two faced.

SAME OLE STUFF
Little Willie Cary Lester—
Pa says I pull our old cat's tail, I think he's only bulling;
For I just hold on to its tail;
The cat does all the pulling.

"Hello, Maurice! You a fresh?"
"No, this is my fifth year."
"Taking a P. S.!?"
"No taking my time."

Dugan: "I get x. y. z. every Friday night on my radio. That's Paris, you know."
Trelawney: "That's nothing, I get R. O. T. C. every Thursday, That's Hades."

"Hey, don't shoot; your gun isn't loaded."
"Can't help it. The bird won't wait."

BUY GIFTS THAT LAST—
FROM
Julius Goodman
3 SOUTH MAIN

Great! At last we have it. We, the Krazy Sheet will do you and yours the most esteemed and highest honor that has heretofore been laid at the feet of such noble and otherwise dumbbells.

The long looked forward to Blue Book of Central Hi School is to be published by the Krazy Sheet Staff, composed of the greatest author-editors that have made their appearance in this egg shaped wellkin that is inhabited by super-illiterate, willing, but weak, riff-raff.

We have sighed, and we've tried and we are at last convinced that there is nothing funny in the world. We've striven and we've sworn and our brains are interwoven from trying to make a hit, but like the C. H. S. rifle team we find this impossible.

But, to get back from our latest rambling, the Blue Book will be published by a committee who will also have complete charge of the names of the most honored few to have their non de feathers publish there within.

The first names will be published in the next issue. We have talked to Mr. Harper and he predicts that balloon breeches and shorter side burns will be in vogue for some months to come. Well, as our train is fast nearing Bolivar, we will be forced to close.

See you next issue. Signing off.

PROF.

BUY

GIFTS
THAT
LAST—

FROM

Julius Goodman

3 SOUTH MAIN

Suit Prices Start at $25.50

Phil. A. Halle English Lounge Suits that have square shoulder, round lapel three buttons, no vent, straight lounging coats, five button vests and wide, straight trousers that have 20-inch bottoms. Silk in the knees, a strap in the back and, wide belt loops.

Are Setting the Collegian Style Pace Hereabouts

PHIL A. HALLE

EXCHANGE BUILDING
Home Rooms

HOME ROOM 302
The April honor roll in 302 is as follows: Elizabeth Gustafson, Johnny Hughes, Mildred Parkinson and May Carolyn Lee.

On April 1st Reeves Manker was sitting calmly in his desk chewing gum. Miss Thorburn said: "Reeves, are you chewing gum?" Reeves said: "Any fool, Miss Thorburn, it's on a rubber band."

On April 1st, Miss Thorburn asked who wanted a holiday, when everyone put up his hand, she said: "This is the first of April, you know."

JOHNNY HUGHES, Reporter.

302 had a fine party Tuesday after noon. This party was given by Miss Thorburn for having a perfect week of attendance. Only half of the class was present. We had plenty of candy, cream and games. The games were a Latin riddle contest, a hoop race and a Latin crossword puzzle. The party was a great success and a good time was enjoyed by all.

302 went 100 per cent in banking last Wednesday.

JOHNNY HUGHES, Reporter.

HOME ROOM 204
The background in 204 was of a maroon color when the basket ball boys received their sweaters. Of the eight letters awarded, five of them found their place in Home Room 204.

The excitement was centered around Wilbur "Runt" Bloom, who has been patiently waiting for his sweater ever since the season was over. This was Runt's first letter, and it almost got away with him, but the newness is about worn off, and Bloom has settled down again in studious work.

Captain Liddon, who for the third time has gloriously made the basket ball team, put himself and his new maroon garment into the spotlight of the social world. When he very shyly handed his newly received sweater to Miss Ruby Gee, Fred Hogan, who is an admirer of blondes, managed to find the one and only Miss Clinton, to whom he gave his newly received sweater. Ed "Cyclone" Hutchinson, who is well-known as the pronounced lady's man, has been acting rather peculiarly of late. It is rumored around that he is worrying about which lady he should pick to bestow the honor of wearing his second sweater.

Now we come, I believe, to the most handsome athlete in Central Hi., namely, Mr. Chauncy Barbour. The student body is somewhat uneasy as to what steps Mr. Barbour is going to take on the above question. It is believed that he won't be long until some fair lady will be the receiving end of a beautiful maroon sweater, delivered by the hands of this star athlete.

Although Larkin Jones, Ernest Atkins and Henry "Chicago" were not in our home room, we feel that their names should be mentioned as they received letters also. Since they do not belong to us, we cannot give an accurate account of the disposition of their gifts, but we feel sure that they can look, decide and pick for themselves. I do not want to deprive any lady of a sweater, but I do hope that we can keep one bachelorette among our eight basket ball letter men.

HOME ROOM 210
Dear Relation,
I suppose you would like some information as regards your communication. Which came with due acceleration was received with gratification.

Now, I would like to give you full commendation for this wonderful ovation; but my inclination leads me to believe you are not the sole source of its origination—that you must have had the cooperation of some of the great minds of the nation in the formation of this excellent application.

Please try to bring to your realization how hard it is for one in my humble station, with such a limitation of education, to reply to this amalgamation of adulation. Believe me, it is with great humility and after much meditation that I said with a determination first cousin to desperation: "I will without further hesitation, or even procrastination, at once discharge my obligation and show my appreciation of this fine declamation, even if it does make the top of my head feel like a conglomeration of imagination."

Here this meets with your approbation, I am, with fond felicitation, yours in subordination.

P. L. JOHNSON.

HOME ROOM 305
H. R. 305 is extremely proud of her honor roll for February, which numbered ten pupils.

This H. R. has also boast of a large number of musicians, Ma Ja Skaller, George Ehemann and Henry Steppach with their cornets, Durham Myers with his saxophone, and David Oakley with his clarinet, making music in the air. They are valuable additions to the band.

Henry Long—Say, Miss Raines, how long could I live without brains?

Miss Raines—That remains to be seen.

Nancy (very romantically)—Do you ever see pictures in the fire?

HOME RULE 206
Friends, Hi-Standard Readers and School Mates, We regret to announce that the poem that was to be completed in this issue is yet to come. The budding young poet has ceased to bud. You ask what caused this sudden halt. Shh! I'll tell—Tests did it. Those awful tests put a stop to so many things. However, I will endeavor to complete it in the next issue. Really, I hate for you all to be denied the pleasure of hearing about this wonderful home room.

We are sorry to announce that Miss McGrath is ill again. We miss her very much and hope she will be with us again soon.

Stop! Look! and Listen! We were 100 per cent in banking last week. We are proud of reaching the much-looked forward to goal.

I admit I apologize for this contribution to the Hi-Standard. It does not live up to the standard of our 206. However, better hopes for the poet for next time.

This is Home Room 206.

Signing off, 9:30 C. S. T. broadcasting.

K. C. A.
Reporter.

HOME ROOM 215
Hello everybody. This is 9-1 grade talking. We have Mr. McKnight for our home room and history teacher. We have a very interesting time. That reminds me, the other day in history class Virginia D. was talking to George and she was saying she believed in transmigration of the soul. She paused and then said: "Now, George, when you die you will return to the form of a donkey."

George quickly replied, "Well, thank goodness you won't have to change." We are gallantly striving for 100 per in banking.
Katherine V.—No; but I've seen some that ought to be.

**HOME ROOM 314**

We have noticed that somehow the more fastidious gentlemen of our school appear perpetually well groomed. I have made a deep, analytical study of this phenomenon and have found several astounding methods by which the result may be obtained. The following outline may serve to enlighten the more ignorant on the subject:

**The Methods of...**

Charles Lewis—Goosegrease.

Eugene Morgan—Scented petroleum Jelly.

Frank Aste—Cup Grease.

Maury Sifford—Penetrating Oil.

John Barnes—Olive Oil.

Roy Harrison—Pink and Lavender Soap.

Billy Reeves—Linseed Oil.

Harrison Hale—Lard.

Walter Klyce—Cotton Seed Oil.

Ronal Hayes—H 2 O.

**Should anyone desire more information, it may be obtained from Home Room 314.** S. O. L.

**HOME ROOM 303**

Home Room 303 had the honor of being congratulated by Dr. Finley for having a perfect attendance record for the week beginning March 2. We were 100 per cent in banking also. Our aim is to have 100 per cent in attendance and banking the remainder of the term.

We have two officers of the 9-2 class in our Home Room. David Gates, president, and Craig Coburn, secretary. Miss Johnson is one of the faculty advisors for this class.

**BEATRICE CANNON,** Reporter.

**CHAAS**

A Sequel to "Confusion"

(A Play in One Act)

Time: 8:30 a.m. to 8:45 a.m.

Place: Home Room 314.

A general air of confusion reigns, while voices, laughter, and shouts suddenly break out at irregular intervals. Sharp, rapping sounds followed by short intervals of silence are heard once in a while.

**The Door Opens**

Charles Lewis: "Say, listen here, you; I'm goin' to 'nihilate you."

Dorothy Folz: "Muy gracías!"

Herbert Lehman: "Ever hear of the latest Dicken's Dance?"

Milton Picard: "Go jump in the lake!"

Maury Sifford: "Ha, ha!"

Pauline: "Oh, Ronald!"

Virginia Clifton: "Translate this, John."

John: "I'm not puttin' out anything but the light, an' I'm turnin' that right back on."

Herbert Lehman: "The Oliver Twist."

Adele: "What?"

Miss Watkins: "Get rid of your gum, please!"  S. O. L.

**HOME ROOM 105**

Our class is very much interested in the "Second National Meat Story Contest," which is to be held soon. Several members of the class have entered. Last year the prize for the Southern District, which was one hundred dollars, was won by one of the girls from the Cooking Department. We hope to win still larger prizes this year.

Monday several of the girls from our class had the pleasure of baking cakes for the entertainment in which the prospective brido of the faculty was honored. Everyone in 105 eats cabbage, except Elizabeth H. We are all wondering if she is like "Maggie" in regard to eating this vegetable. "Maggie" will always eat cabbage when no one is looking.

**ERNESTINE WIGGINS,** Reporter.

**HOME ROOM 202**

Room 202 has organized a baseball team, with John Cain for captain and George Gillis as manager. Miss Deen's room has been challenged and we expect to beat them. We are very sorry to say that our teacher, Miss M. Roger, is at home ill. We hope, though, that she will soon be back with us.

**JOE SCRUGGS,** Reporter.

**NOTES FROM 109**

"Bughouse Memories"

I. "Twas many and many terms ago in the school of Central Hi. They'd let you do most anything that you might wish to try.

II. They'd let you sing in algebra class, or chew your gum in science.

You then could make your own report and weekly draw a huge allowance.

III. There were nice sofas sitting about Where you might rest and never pay. You then could make your own shoes. They had hot baths running all the time.

For any period that you might choose.

IV. Why, you could eat most any time, and when you got the least bit dry, you could go downstairs, insert a dime, and get a bottle of "rye"!

VI. Now times have changed since those good old days; and we must work with might and main.

Each one must do his level best To bring them back again.

Miss Ramsey—What was the compact that the Romans made with the inhabitants of Alba Longa?

Elvis B.—Could it have been Coty's?

I've heard a lot of dumb ones In all my useless life, But Volney Mc asked if Joan of Arc Was really Noah's wife.

Claude: "Would you accept a pet monkey?"

Neil C.: "Oh! Claude, this is so sudden!"

"Twas not an act of chivalry, Nor yet the fear of scorn: William offered Margaret his street car seat To keep her off his corn.

**Albert Sauer Says:**

Early to bed and early to rise Keeps my six brothers from wearing my ties.

**MARGARET WORTHAM,** Reporter.

**HOME ROOM 207**

Oh, Dear!

Doddlin'! Gosh darn this English! I wish I'd never been born. I'd like to ditch this nutty business and take a trip around the Horn!

What's the use of sentences anyway? Why can't one just talk and write Without commas and hundreds of crazy things That only cause mental blight.

My head is aching sorely; My brain is dead and numb; The old think-box is but poorly, And my eyes are on the bum.

My heart's not in this business; I'm on the verge of the "boos." I'd like to quit and get a job— I've got the punctuation blues.

**JOAN SEATON,** Reporter.

**HOME ROOM 310**

Room 310 really has a record to be marveled at. Think of five honor roll pupils and fourteen perfect attendance pupils! Nettie Shipp, a member of our class, has been re-elected president of the Girl Reserves, having been
nominated on all three tickets.
Our home room has loyally supported the picture show benefit—98 per cent is our standing. Also there are fifteen in our room that will take part in the opera, "Trial by Jury," that Mr. Hawke is preparing to present some time in April.

SYDNEY FOWLER, Reporter.

HOME ROOM 210

Our Home Room has just closed a very interesting contest between the girls and boys. This contest was based on attendance and tardiness. The boys came out victorious by a small majority. Therefore, the girls are to entertain the boys in the near future. DAVID ELLIS, Reporter.

HOME ROOM REPORTERS

1. William Ledsinger.
4. None.
10. George Stokes.
165. Ernestine Wiggins.
196. Mary Elizabeth Stith.
198. Fannie Bauer.
199. Marguerite Wortham.
117. Oscar Bell.
111. Esther Wood.
133. Robert Meredith.
110. David Sweeney.
212A. Ben Dent.
212B. Ed Sheely.
212C. Oscar Wilkins.
211. Lila Cross.
215. Laura Gates.
217. Herman Michael.
218. Edith Cooney.
219. None.
203. Reese Porter.
204. Frank Trelawney.
205. Margaret Colburn.
206. Katherine Ayers.
207. Joan Seaton.
209A. Jimmy Thomas.
209B. Mary Frances Phillips.
209C. David Wilson.

SMILE

SMILE—Every time you get a chance—it's the chance smile that wins.

SMILE—If you're thin—laugh if your fat—and if you're neither—just grin.

SMILE—At hard luck—the fates may think you like it and quit.

SMILE—And never let the sun set on your troubles—sit on them yourself.

SMILE—At the past and you can grin at the future.

SMILE—While you're awake and you'll laugh in your sleep.

SMILE—When you fail and you'll die laughing at your success.

SMILE—When you're mad—and try to frown when you're happy.

SMILE—At a dime and it will look like a dollar.

SMILE—If it kills you and you'll die with a grin on your face.

SMILE—Every time you think of it and you'll soon get the habit.

MR. U. S. MAIL

A train was approaching.

"Here she comes," said Dennis.

"Here it comes, you mean," said Casey.

"Yez both wrong," said Murphy.

"It's a mail train."

POETS CORNER

OUR MODERN GIRL.

What matters a bob or shingle of hair
If the womanly sweetness is ever there?

Glimpse of silken hose, or tinted cheek,
If her spirit is mild, her nature meek?

What matter if her eyelids are blue,
If her soul is pure, her heart is true;

If she tries in every way she can
To make of some boy a better man.

So don't condemn our modern girl,
She's not a mere nothing, an empty whirl,

But she's just as pure, I'll vouch to say
As the maidens were in grandmother's day.

Can a tinted face her heart and soul show,
Can it tell whether she be "fast" or slow?

Yes, I guess you mortals will say,
'tis so,

But in Heaven our God will answer,
No.

TO A MOCKINGBIRD

O mockingbird in tree top high
Raise aloft thy dusky throat;
Peal out thy carol to the sky,
Soothe me with thy merry note.

Bathe my soul, O songster sweet,
With thy rich melody so mellow;
Swaying on thy trembling seat
Cheerfully whistling to thy fellow.

Ere the sun comes o'er the trees
I can hear thy jolly song,
And floating on the dancing breeze
It echoes, echoes all day long.

When the day is almost done
And vespers shades begin to fall;
In waning light of setting sun
I can spy thee over all.

When fiery Phoebus goes to rest,
And Eribus dims the light of day,
I may search the wide world o'er;
From Greenland's peaks to India's shore;
None can mock thy happy hail.

Of all God's creatures here below,
In leafy wood or open plain,
Thou art the most divine, I know.
God did not make thee in vain.

GERALD CAPERS.

How can two men have foreheads?
ATHLETICS

TRACK
The Central Hi track season started several weeks ago, and quite a few boys started practicing hard for the Normal meet. The meet is to be held April 25th and 26th. Last year Central came through in practically every branch of track and they were awarded the trophy for the "meet."

There are many applicants for the team and there is plenty of good material. In the absence of our active coach, "Dago" Trelawney has been helping with the team.

The team is being assisted by Mr. Burkett, a former "Purdue" star. He has been telling the boys some of the fine points of track, and he has also given individual aid. The team wishes to thank Mr. Burkett for his valuable assistance and they want the students to know of his help.

EXCHANGES
The exchanges we have received since our last issue is as follows:

We would appreciate comments and new exchanges from our exchanges. The following exchanges have been received since our last issue:

College Comics.
High School News—Eureka High School, Eureka, Cal.
Central Hi-Lights—Murfreesboro, Tenn.
Little Sioux Ripples—Linn Grove High School, Linn Grove, La.
The Provonian—Provo High School, Provo, Utah.
The Key Hi-Flyer—Kosciusko High School, Kosciusko, Miss.
The Oredigger—Colorado School of Mines, Golden, Colo.
World News—Columbus, Ohio.

The El Dorado High Gusher—El Dorado High School, El Dorado, Ark.
The Nautilus—Greenville High School, Greenville, S. C.
The Tiger Club—Princeton Prep School, Princeton, N. J.
The Academite—Hebron Academy, Hebron, Neb.
The High School Journal—Whiteville High School, Whiteville, Tenn.
The Triadelphian—Oak Parl, Wheeling, W. Va.
Chicago Engineering Works—Chicago, Ill.
The Zodiac—Lansing High School, Lansing, Mich.
The Cardinal Star—Waukesha, Wisconsin.
The Sun Dial—Sterling High School, Sterling, Kans.
Miss Central's Page

Dear Friends:

I am delighted to return once more to my desk in High School after an absence of two and a half years. I was obliged to go to Timbuctoo for my health, but have returned to take up my work once more. Already I have had several appeals for my advice so here goes:

Dear Miss Central:

I am a handsome young officer in the R. O. T. C., and have a very cute, form-fit uniform, but I haven't enough decorations on to make me really attractive. I have a green and gold patch on my left sleeve, a service stripe on my right, red braid on my cap, R. O. T. C. patch on my sleeve and I wear a Sam Browne belt, from which is suspended a gorgeous saber. What can you suggest that will add to my appearance?

EMBRYO GENERAL.

Dear Embryo:

Put a cow bell around your neck. When you walk, people will look to see where the noise comes from, and will fail to notice any defects in your exterior decorativeness.

Dear Miss Central:

I got all A's on my report card. How must I break the news to ma and pa? WAT A MINUTE.

Dear Wata:

Change 'em to D's. Then they won't doubt you.

Dear Miss Central:

I am alone at night a great deal and am afraid of the dark. What kind of protection can I get?

HEEBIE JEEBIES.

Dear Heebie:

Take the bark of a dogwood tree and hang it outside of your door.

Dear Miss Central:

I am thankful that you have returned, for one of my pupils at the third period has asked me a question that I cannot answer. I have searched through every reference book in existence, but in vain, I cannot sleep, and have lost my appetite. He asked me how to conjugate a proverb.

MISS RAINES.

Dear Miss Raines:

We have broadcasted this question via Station WMC, and hope to have the solution super-saturated before long.

Dear Miss Central:

I have just been made a second lieutenant. What can I do to get people to look at my new puttees and saber?

WILLY KETCHUM.

Dear Willy:

Try standing up on a street corner with a tin cup in your hand and wear a sign: "I am dumb."

Dear Miss Central:

My daughter has a beau who is not a DeMolay. What can I do to keep him away?

UNDER SIGNED.

Dear Under:

Mix quinine with her face powder.

Dear Miss Central:

How can I expand my chest?

IMA BIT WEAK.

Dear Ima:

Wear an excuse signed by Miss Mahler across it.

Dear Miss Central:

Please tell me where I can get some racy literature.

BENNY DICTION.

Dear Benny:

Ask Mrs. Ellis for a copy of Ben Hur.

Dear Miss Central:

How can I make the baseball team?

MUFFUM ALL.

Dear Muffum:

Do your sleeping at night.
Edgar—“What are cosmetics?”
Walter—“They are peach preserves.”

“Did the doctor take your temperature?”
“Duno, all I’ve missed so far is my watch.”

Waiter—Here’s your steak, sir.”
Jas. Blount—“Oh, I thought that was a crack in the plate!”

First Tramp—“I came in a Cole Eight.”
Second Tramp—“Yeh?”
First Tramp—“Yeh, Coal car with eight wheels.”

“I feel sleepy, dear.”
“No wonder, You’ve been looking at that yawning chasm all morning.

Guard (showing visitor through violent ward in other institution)—
“These are sad cases, sir. These poor fellows in here all think they’re automobile mechanics.”
Visitor—“I don’t see anybody in here. Where are they?”
Guard—“Under the bed working on the springs.”

Old Lady—“Why, I wouldn’t think of renting this room. I ain’t going to pay my good money for a box like this, and I simply won’t have a folding bed.”
Bellhop—“Go on in, lady. This ain’t your room, it’s the elevator.”

Radio
Night Hawk Kansas—“Lecture on ‘Wild Animals I have Eaten,’ by the National Biscuit Company.”
Johnny—“Ma, would it kill the baby if he fell off the bed?”
Mamma—“Of course, it would.”
Johnny—“Naw, it wouldn’t. Go in and see for yourself.”

Mrs. Eskimo—Well, where have you been the past six months?
Mr. Eskimo—My dear, I’ve been sitting up all night with a sick friend.

AW, THAT’S NOTHIN’
Window cleaners aren’t the only ones whose occupations are hazard-
a second or two of thinking, Sam said: "I did it to save Tommy Jones."

"Oh, my noble boy," his mother cried. "Did you jump in after him?"

"No, mother," was the answer, "I jumped in first so as to be there when Tommy fell in."

I'd like to be a ladies' man
And have sweethearts by the score;
I'd like to be a cowboy,
But riding makes me sore.

Our Far Western Joke
Simple—What makes your cook so bow-legged?
Ton—He got that way from riding the ranges.

Give back to me
That wild west fillum
Where villains flee
And cowboys kill 'em;
Where there's no peace'
And guys ne'er stutter,
And axle grease
Is used for butter.

Sam "Cullud man, we got a bugler in our outfit what am! When he blows reveille, de dead start puttin' on der shoes."

Bo—"Am dat a fact?" "Well nigger, dat is only a bum impression! When our winjammer places his face to his horn, and blows 'Soupy,' de cooks have to cover de strawberries to keep from kicking the whipped cream out of the dishes."

A small boy's composition on "Man"

Man is a animule. I no he is a animule because he ain't a vegetable, and he ain't a mineral. Man is not like most animules because he hasn't got a tail, except some girls who has pigtails. Man has a head on one end and legs on the other. The legs are two projections which run half way up.

Man has two other projections coming out of his shoulder blades called arms. Some men's arms have muscles in them. They are strong men and some are called prize fighters. Other men don't have muscles on their arms. They is generally called sissies.

Man has one mouth in the south central part of his face, bounded on the north by a nose, on the east and west by dirt and ears, and on the south by a chin. The mouth is used for chewing tobacco, gum, licorish, and taffy. The chief manufacture of the mouth is tobacco juice. If a man deposits this tobacco juice on the carpet, his wife deposits a rolling pin on the upper region of his cranium, which is very dangerous to the man because he might have a few brains within the cranium.

Man is divided in two parts. Male and female. These are subdivided into mailman, milkman, iceman, and badman. If man does not do what his mother and his Sundy skool teacher tells him to he will go to the badman. By a insect.

Examining Questions for Lester Finley Art Course

Q. Where was Bunker Hill fought, and why?
A. Yes or no.

Q. What time does the eleven o'clock train leave and why? Sketch briefly giving both cause and result.

Q. Who is "Prof. Finley" and when? Answers in Swedish, using an Oxford accent.

Q. How do you know? Who told you?

Q. Why isn't it as long until June as it was? Give five reasons.

Q. Why are you taking this exam? If you do not know, write your full name.

City Boy (looking at windmill on a farm)—"Gee, look at the electric fan cooling off the cows!"

I hear that Jones left everything he had to an orphan asylum. Is that so. What did he leave? Twelve children.

Bolling-Musser
School of Music
1890—1925
Suite 18 Woman's Building