THE HO-HI

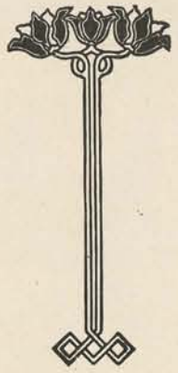


1923

HO-HI

VOLUME ONE

Nineteen Twenty-three



Dominic Pratomastro

Published by
February Class of Nineteen Twenty-three
of Hoboken High School

With sincere affection, with great esteem,
and with deep appreciation, we dedicate
this volume to the loving memory of
our dear friend and instructor,

Joseph F. Brandt



JOSEPH F. BRANDT

THE voice of the Divine Master sounded on Sunday, April 30, 1922. In response, His Messenger of Death went forth to call Joseph F. Brandt, Superintendent of the Hoboken Schools, from life among men into the Kingdom of Eternity.

On that day Hoboken was deprived of one of its foremost citizens and our schools lost an educator of the highest type. From our midst there passed a real man, a true American, a noble Christian, a friend mourned, respected, revered and loved.

As Mr. Brandt travelled the journey of time his path was strewn with virtuous deeds. The many acts of charity performed by him were known only to those who benefited by them and would have remained so if gratitude had not impelled the recipients of his generosity to speak. High School graduates, who financially were unable to obtain a higher education, were assisted through the bounty of Mr. Brandt, and some are now successful professional and business men. Suffering and want were driven from many homes by his alert and spontaneous kindness. The sick and suffering were consoled and comforted by his visits. His friends ever found in him a ready and tender sympathy, a wealth of sincere and wholesome advice. They came to him with their joys and he rejoiced with them; they came with their sorrows, and went away strengthened, encouraged and inspired, for Joseph F. Brandt knew the human heart, because he himself possessed a real human heart; he understood its many emotions and impulses.

Guided by principles and promptings which spring from an interior spiritual life he looked for the good that was to be found in his fellow-men and he found it there. He was a friend "who knows all about us and loves us still; one who takes us just as we are, the wheat and the chaff together, sifts them with a loving hand; keeps what is worth keeping and with the breath of kindness blows the rest away."

So it was he built up in himself a magnetic Christian personality which brought him to that estate where to know him was to love him.

For forty-five years he lived and walked among us and in all this time no blot of dishonor or disloyalty ever soiled a page of his record.

As a boy he attended St. Joseph's School in Hoboken, and, graduating with honors, entered St. Peter's Preparatory School and College. Ever thirsting at the font of knowledge, he pursued his studies at Fordham and at Columbia School of Law. His constant application was rewarded. He acquired the degrees Bachelor of Arts, Master of Arts, Bachelor of Law and Doctor of Law.

Coming into the Hoboken School system a brilliantly educated, highly capable young man, he was appointed as a teacher in our High School in the year 1900. Later he became principal of School No. 3 and still later of School No. 8.

In 1908 he found a greater field for his ambition and skill as an educator. In recognition of his abilities he was raised to the principalship of the High School and in the performance of the duties of this office, the high capabilities and sterling character of the man were brought into action and produced results which for many years to come will leave a salutary impress on the community life of Hoboken and on the life of many an individual who felt the benefit of his guidance and interest.

The teaching body of the High School, drawn on by the patience, kindness and sympathetic understanding of Mr. Brandt, gave to their work the best that was in them. Repression and injustice found no favor with him. In this atmosphere there flourished a spirit of coöperation and good-will, not only between principal and teacher, but also between teacher and student. This spirit was productive of a student with a well-trained heart as well as a well-trained mind; it made optimists, not pessimists; it created contentment and happiness, two powerful motor forces for the good of the individual, the home and the state. What educator could ask for greater success! What higher aim for a nation's educational efforts!

Called from the High School in the year 1921, Mr. Brandt was told to assume the duties and responsibilities of the difficult and elevated office of Superintendent of Schools. He had served in this office less than a year when the final summons came.

Joseph F. Brandt has finished the course; has fought the good fight. He has left behind him a record of worth and greatness. His memory ever will be a beacon light leading us onward, an encouragement, an inspiration, for his life is a striking illustration of the oft-quoted lines:

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time;
Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again."



DANIEL S. KEALY, M.E., A.B., LL.B.
Superintendent of Public Schools
Principal of Hoboken High School, 1921-1922



WILLIAM J. WYSE
Principal of Hoboken High School, 1922

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Progress in Education.

IN the course of the last ten or fifteen years, especially in the last eight of these, a decided, unparalleled improvement in educational activities by the Board of Education has been effected. Taking ourselves back these years, we can recollect when the High School was situated in the old Martha's Institute at Sixth Street and Park Avenue. Indeed, many of our Faculty themselves were students in that institution. But compare the advantages secured by us to those who have obtained their education in the old High School. Such a number of opportunities did not present themselves at that institution at Sixth and Park Avenue. None, or very few of the innovations or facilities that we have now, were introduced.

From the higher department of learning we will carefully scrutinize the progress in elementary branches. In 1913 the Board, by its action, voted to construct a new school at Third and Garden Streets. This plan was successfully accomplished, with the result that No. 1 School today houses many hundred pupils. Further, only recently No. 3 School was erected at Fifth and Adams Streets, not to mention the construction of the building, its fireproof walls, its numerous exits in case of fire, etc. This edifice alone takes care of the numerous young population of the lower part of Hoboken.

Yet, to come down to facts, an appreciation of the good work of educational leaders is not shown. Criticism by a minority is often prevalent throughout the school. We are glad that it can be said that this class constitutes but an ignorant, egotistic kind of people. At any rate, we should appreciate the advantages offered, treat them with gratitude, and assist in every possible way towards aiding one of the most efficient educational departments in the United States.

College Education.

WE enter upon a topic which bears directly on every student from freshman to senior. In what ways may we benefit by a college education? It would take quite some time to enumerate every beneficial detail connected with this subject. Upon the most important and the most essential points are we going to dwell.

In the first place, we will consider it in the light of the business world. Day by day the business world is becoming more stringent concerning the education of its employees. Upon the completion of our high school career what chances do we stand for success in life? A business man today selects the persons who qualify for a position. But such a qualification can only be procured by an ample education. No sooner is an uneducated man placed in competition with a well-informed person than he assumes second place, together with a second-place income. Are we willing to take second place?

Frequently persons utter a contempt for college education, claiming that such is really not necessary in life. They also endeavor to prove their statement by pointing out a few individuals who have made "good" despite a lack of college education. Taking these few aside for a moment in order to scrutinize their efforts, which have made them successful, we discover that they are not only of high intellect, higher indeed than the average person, but that they have expended much more time and energy in reaching their goal than if they had received a college education. If men with such intellect, with such energy, had only secured a college course they would, perhaps, have accomplished ends much greater than they have. For example, we take our greatest inventor. He was unable to obtain the benefits derived from higher institutions. Consequently, in many respects he requires a greater amount of time to clear up a solution. In other words, he is not trained. However, we must attribute great praise to such untrained men who have "worked themselves up" to success. But why accept a single advantage if a double opportunity awaits us?

Secondly, a college education is a great social value to any one. Four years

of college assists one in broadening his scope. It ejects the narrow-minded ideas which cling to us even after a high school graduation. Thus does it enable us to see the other's viewpoint.

Yet, sometimes it is difficult to realize the full value, to show a full appreciation for a higher learning until we come in contact with people of high calibre. Here we find we are able to converse with them in a manner which does not in the least show embarrassment; we can cope with any situation that may arise in a social group. In short, we have elevated our social position.

Lastly, we will show that the higher the education the more do we advance civilization. Every time a new device is perfected, a recent discovery made, we can say we are progressing towards a better civilization. History starts us with the crude form of weapons made of stone, in the Old Stone Age. Then came the New Stone Age and, finally, the Age of Metals. Today we are still advancing in this manner. So as not to recede and to continue to accelerate, a college education must be stressed.

However, a four years' course will not hand us success. Effort, time and patience are essential factors that go to make a successful career. A college alone does not make the man. It can only help.



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Grace Murray, 1118 Bloomfield Street, Hoboken
Marion V. Tahen, 25 Ivanhoe Terrace, East Orange

Commencement Exercises

June Twenty-eighth
Nineteen Hundred Twenty-two

OVERTURE—*"Apollo"* ..... Fischer

MARCH—*"Athalie"* ..... Mendelssohn

SELECTION—*"Badinage"* ..... Herbert

INVOCATION ..... Rev. Henry Clay Risner

SALUTATORY ..... Pauline Glaser

SELECTION—*"Romance"* ..... Tschaikowsky

VALEDICTORY ..... Emil Mylting

SELECTION FROM *"Blossom Time"* ..... Bromberg

ADDRESS TO THE GRADUATES ..... Mr. Robert Doherty, A.M., LL.D.

PRESENTATION OF CLASSES FOR GRADUATION ..... Mr. Daniel S. Kealey
Superintendent of Schools

AWARDING OF DIPLOMAS ..... Richard F. Butler
Member of Board of Education

AWARDING OF PRIZES

SELECTION FROM *"Tangerine"* ..... Feist

FLAG SALUTE

"THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER"

"POMP O' CIRCUMSTANCE" ..... Elgar

Class of 1922

GIRLS

Albert, Vera F.
Bach, Gertrude Sophia
Burns, Grace
Crawford, Helen May
Glaser, Pauline Kathlyn
Hauenstein, Elizabeth
Heisterkamp, Jeanne
Joerren, Gladys J.
Leib, Augusta
Marino, M. Ruth
Muller, Anita Ilonka
Nolan, M. Mary
O'Neill, Emma Dorothy
Pappanicholas, Venie
Puvogel, Ethel Viola
Rochi, Catherine A.
Schuster, Frieda
Schwartz, Esther
Sexton, Alice T.
Spierling, Hilda
Visalli, Josephine E.
Wilson, Frances Lorretta

BOYS

Abbott, Seward
Andersen, Arnold
Andersen, Howard Tjornhom
Anderson, Mervyn Francis
Bruen, Curtis
Cooper, Morris
De Angelis, Louis
Dinsmore, Alfred
Dougherty, Daniel Dennis
Eyskens, Leo J.
Farrell, John Leo
Finkelstein, Isadore
Frakt, Samuel
Gottlieb, William
Grobe, William Ferdinand
Gullicksen, John Walter
Hait, Howard Bertrand
Hannis, Jerome
Hauck, Harry Conrad
Heyman, Nicholas
Hunt, Ivan Leon
Jurgensen, Harry
Kerr, William Armstrong
Kaufman, William
Kaegebehn, Charles F.
Kenny, Bernard
Kopf, John Charles
Mazzei, John Edward
Mylting, Emil
Nashel, Samuel
O'Brien, William J.
Ortolano, Frank John
Probst, Everett William
Rexford, William J.
Rosenblatt, Sydney
Ryan, Edward Bertrand
Sciorsci, Edward F.
Schultz, William Frederick
Seiler, George C.
Solomon, Abraham
Sullivan, Stephen King
Swenson, Charles William
Thorne, John
Turro, James C.
Van Woert, Andrew
Wall, Gerald Aloysius
Waller, Samuel Joseph
Weinberg, Edward Frederick
Wendt, Herman Walter



"YE SENIORS"



FEBRUARY CLASS OF 1923

Class Officers.

RANSOM SHOUP.....*President*

HENRY HEIGIS.....*Vice-President*

EMANUEL SUGARMAN.....*Secretary*

BARTHOLOMEW SPARVIERI.....*Treasurer*

VICTOR BERMAN.....*Sergeant-at-Arms*

FEBRUARY CLASS OF 1923

THE combined Academic, Technical and Commercial classes, organized under the name of the "Class of February, '23." Who are they? What did they do to gain notoriety among the school folk? The following paragraphs synopsize their work from 1919 through the year of 1922.

In February, 1919, one hundred and fifty boys and girls entered this magnificent High School for the sole purpose of securing a higher education. Some selected the Academic course, others the Technical, and the remainder, the Commercial course. With the courses now chosen, and schedules adjusted, they began to settle down to work as 9-A students. But the ambition of some of the students was lost. Some found the subjects too difficult. Others lasted until June, when, since they were not promoted, they left. It may be said that even with the aid of an enchanter, it would be an impossible task to find them now. But there is no school or place where everyone is perfect, for if this were so, success would be of no advantage.

The work was then left to those who remained to establish themselves among the other scholars and also to partake in the school activities. Due to entering in February, the term was short and nothing was undertaken as 9-A students. In the 9-B, however, they became better acquainted. The

formation of a club of the Acs. and Techs. was planned and finally started with a bang! Although the club failed through lack of co-operation, it gave to the school the first paper, the *Echo*. It was run under the auspices of the class members with Mr. Moriarity as faculty adviser. In time this too proved a failure, due to the lack of co-operation on the part of the student-body as a whole. Even though this was a second failure it did not lessen our enthusiasm in any way. It rather acted as an incentive to remedy the causes of the failure of various school projects.

Nothing else was attempted until the 11-B class was reached. There, with the help of Mr. Stover, a new class club was organized, of *all* 11-B students, Acs., Techs., and Commercials. It was with the formation of this club that our real work and hearty co-operation began, with this purpose in view: a better, higher school and school spirit. We may divide our work into three sections: athletics, scholastics, and social events.

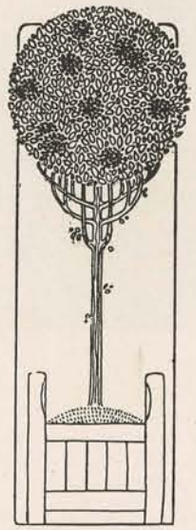
Athletics! The backbone of many a school! The first active part we took in the athletic line was in basketball, during the 1919-20 season. A team was organized that required the keenest competition to defeat. In the 1920-21 season little was done, but in the next year two class teams were formed that headed the Junior and Senior leagues. During the same season two of our classmates were considered good enough for the Varsity reserves.

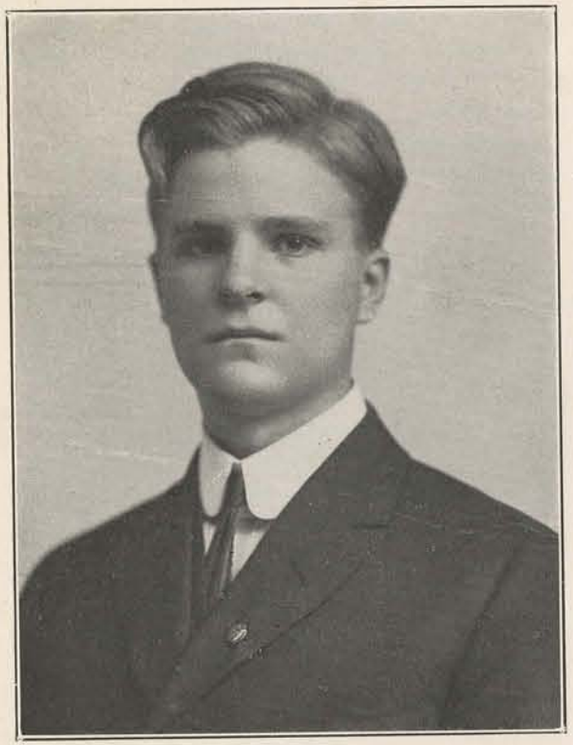
Tennis is another field in which we can claim a high standing. Two of the best men of the Varsity Tennis team were from our class. These men helped to uphold the glorious Red and White through a season of but one defeat.

Now let us turn to scholastic events. We have the School Play with four of our members in the cast. Aside from the *Echo*, there is the *High Light*, with a number of our class holding executive positions. And then this Year Book, the biggest undertaking of its kind ever attempted and ever done in our Alma Mater.

Few classes have had as pleasant a time in or out of school as our organization. First, there was the theatre party, Mr. Stover our guest of honor. Then there was the outing to Bear Mountain, Miss Ker, our chaperone. Besides these two major events there were automobile trips, tennis matches and everything that goes to form true and firm friendships.

So, upon reading the preceding paragraphs and then recollecting the events of each and every exploit, it may be said that the Class of February '23 is one never to be forgotten. The future classes should seek to perform not only the same duties, but others, new and better, to raise the banner of our school to the highest rank.





TO Mr. Stover, our former faculty adviser, the 12-B Class takes this opportunity to express the deepest appreciation for his activity in organizing our class club. It is mainly through his efforts that the class gained its strength and was enabled to undertake such a project as this Year Book. While his promotion to the position of Principal of Public School No. 7 was highly deserved, it brought sorrow to our class, as it deprived us of an unimpeachable faculty adviser. As a teacher, Mr. Stover was universally liked. He introduced into his physics department one of the best possible systems of tests and marks. It is a fact much lamented by his past students that the Honor System inaugurated by him was not accepted throughout the High School. It is to be hoped, however, that through his position as President of the Teachers' Mutual Aid Association he can cause this system of government to be established in all grades of Hoboken High School.

BAKER, NATHAN

"Originality"

108 14TH STREET, HOBOKEN

P. S. No. 6 *Academic* *N. Y. U.*

Photograph Editor; Class Basketball 4, 5, 6, 7

"Originality" is some originator. He came by his nickname in geometry where he always had a new proof for his propositions. The proofs were almost always wrong, but that made absolutely no difference to him, since he didn't know any better. When Baker was initiated into the P. B. E. he had to measure the block with three kosher perspiring bow-wows. At the grand finale, he was hotter than the hottest hot dog. All he needed was a little sauerkraut and mustard. It's alright, Baker, there's plenty of room for a blood-hound.

BATES, MARJORIE

"Midge"

1226 PARK AVENUE, HOBOKEN

P S. No. 6 *Academic* *Newark Normal*

Minor Dramatics; Glee Club; Biology Club

"Midge" is a nice little girl. But Midge is not a little girl, she is a young lady. Very much so. She even inhabits one of the most prominent theatres of Hoboken when "local talent" is displayed for approval. Midge is some dancer. As a proof of this we are under the impression that she helped inspire that popular song, "Say It While Dancing." She ought to know.

BERMAN, VICTOR I.

"Wic"

630 BERGEN AVENUE, JERSEY CITY

P. S. No. 2 *Technical* *Georgetown University*

Major Ho-Hi Committee; Advertising Manager; Echo, Humor Editor; Class Football Team, 4

Victor Berman, comedian, detective, French student, strong man, chauffeur. In his four years at H. H. S. "Wic" has cracked at least 1,435,672 jokes. One was pretty good. He looks as funny as his wisecracks, therefore he is good-looking. On our class outing, when we were being annoyed by some boys, "Wic" sat on one side of the boat, his hat pulled over his eyes, looking just like a ham-and-bean detective of the Pinkerton Detective Agency. Victor never goes riding in the Winton with anyone that we know of—but we don't know much.









BONIN, STELLA

"Star"

912 Garden Street, Hoboken

P. S. No. 2 *Commercial* *N. Y. U.*

Glee Club; Dramatics

Stella, I'm sure, could tell you more than we. But one thing we do know is that Stella can tell good wisecracks. She's very quiet. You know what we mean. But all the same, still waters run deep. She's especially quiet in the Spanish class where she is a real "star." This does not necessarily mean a "star" student. It might be "star" talker or gossip.



COOMBS, GRACE W.

"Garrulous Grayce"

1219 Washington Street, Hoboken

P. S. No. 2 *Academic* *Newark Normal*

Biology Club; Glee Club; Minor Dramatics

A write-up for Engracia is really unnecessary, as her nickname describes her. Always has something to speak about, says nothing and means less. She is not too backward either. Not at all. She is a big factor (physically) in our class activities. The fact that she will become a teacher makes us yearn for a repetition of childhood days. But one consolation is that graduates are allowed to visit the school. Let us in.



COZZOLINO, VICTOR

"Cozzie"

104 Clinton Street, Hoboken

P. S. No. 1 *Commercial* *N. Y. U.*

Official Score-keeper; Class Basketball 2, 3, 4, 5

Victor Cozzolino, the midget prune, is pasted to the left. He would like to be a Spanish prize-fighter, with a certain Spanish teacher as the prize. Of course, his size, or rather lack of it, would be against him in this, but once he reached his opponent, it would be impossible to shake him off. Just like a mouse in an elephant's ear, or a flea on a cat. However, his very minuteness helped him to receive the appointment as score announcer: the shelf on which he had to sit would not hold one of more mass. Just the same, he's a nice kid and we like him.

CRANE, EDNA F.

"Ed"

1207 Washington Street, Hoboken

P. S. No. 2 *Academic* *Newark Normal*

Biology Club; Glee Club; Minor Dramatics

Woo-woo. Oh, Edna! "Oo lite to do for a wide?" Pretty Edna likes to baby-talk, which makes her too cute to touch. Her blond hair is sublime. When she asks for anything it is so hard to refuse her. "Ed" once tried to take up millinery, but she gave up the idea because it was too tedious. Be she ever so humble there's no Edna like our own.



DELLNER, HELEN

"Dell"

128 Bloomfield Street, Hoboken

P. S. No. 1 *Commercial* *N. Y. U.*

Associate Editor of High Light; Minor Dramatics

Helen figures among the smaller girls in our class. Social activities are Dell's hobby. Her winsome and petite ways seem to harmonize in every respect as Helen is quick and cute in her actions. Facial expressions are her perfections, but still we cannot find out how she makes the fellows fall.



DETTBARN, HERMAN

804 Washington Street, Hoboken

P. S. No. 1 *Commercial*

Do you know this man? Most likely you don't. He is one of that almost extinct species of mankind, the scholar. While most of the High School students are at dances, in theatres, or in other places of amusement, Herm is at home preparing his essay on the "Virtues of Man." But don't get the idea that he is *a* bookworm. (He is two.) Although he studies a great deal he is one of the best-liked boys in the class.









DOOLEY, ALICE

"Al"

1119 Washington Street, Hoboken

P. S. No. 6 *Academic* *Newark Normal*

Minor Dramatics

Alice Dooley was duly rewarded when she received her name. A bit Irish, but everybody loves the Irish (Axiom 56). "Al" loves to dance and, unlike most girls similarly inclined, she does dance. On our trip to Bear Mountain she was the public dancing teacher. So she may be called the official pusher of those who stepped out last season. There are a few more who need pushing, so go to it, "Al."

DREYER, ELSIE

"Else"

1209 Park Avenue, Hoboken

P. S. No. 6 *Academic* *Hunter College*

Year Book Staff; Glee Club; Minor Dramatics

Elsie is an athletic girl who finds it extremely convenient to come to school minus hat and coat, clad in bright sweaters throughout the winter, while we are freezing. But Elsie is not entirely given over to athletics; judging from the knowledge she has acquired from reading, Elsie is up on all subjects. She has developed a very English accent, perhaps for future years of travel. We hope she gets the accent right before she reaches Jolly Old London.

DUFFY, MARION

1225 Garden Street, Hoboken

J. H. S. *Academic* *Montclair Normal*

Glee Club; Minor Dramatics

Marion is quite a pretty little miss, real demure 'n ev'rything. Notice the bang on her forehead, ready to be communicated to him who gets too familiar. Just the same she's a good sport, and we'd like to like her. She takes great pains to keep up appearances. Not a hard job, however, as she got a good start.

ELLIG, LILLIAN

"Lil"

1112 Washington Street, Hoboken

P. S. No. 6 *Academic* *Newark Normal*

Glee Club; Biology Club; Minor Dramatics

"Lil" is another of the small girls of the class. Although she is small she is very popular and much heard of. When the class went to Bear Mountain "Lil" succeeded in vamping some young man on the boat. It made some of our young men quite sore to be left in the cold, but they got over that.

ERKLIN, GERTRUDE M.

"Gert"

1028 Hudson Street, Hoboken

P. S. No. 2 *Academic* *Cornell*

Glee Club; Social Editor; Football Squad

The centre of the social whirl of the school, the object of other girls' envy, the heart's desire of every male in the community. We feel we have not the ability to treat properly with such a charming personality. Well, let us land on terra firma once more. "Gert" had her first taste of fame as organizer of the far-famed Football Squad. This squad cannot be equalled. We should say not (two hundred and fifty pound average).

FRANCKE, ALICE M.

"Alicia"

206 Madison Street, Hoboken

P. S. No. 9 *Commercial* *N. Y. U.*

Glee Club

We have a long story to tell for a tall girl, but in order not to tire you, we're going to tell just a trifle. Dancing is her hobby and she sure can shake a wicked foot. She is trying to combine stenography with dancing as far as speed is concerned. She soon will be some rich man's private stenographer, so watch your step!













GLASER, BERTHA

"Betsy"

58 Paterson Avenue, Hoboken

P. S. No. 9 *Academic* *Montclair Normal*

Betsy introduced collegiate clothes and collegiate dancing in High School and deserves a great amount of credit when you consider the number of dance converts she had made. Occasionally Betsy goes dashing in her car and we find that our local police can't keep up with her. But burning the roads isn't her only pastime: she finds studying almost as interesting (sometimes).

HAGGERTY, JOHN

"Cy"

1126 Garden Street, Hoboken

O. L. G. *Academic* *Fordham University*

Fire Brigade; Minor Dramatics

In the picture at the side of this the reader may behold the source of the smoke in the fire drills. He is captain in the fire brigade, and after the students have been safely conducted back to the classrooms he and some of the other trusties on the brigade proceed to furnish the smoke. Haggerty is a great asset in the chemistry class. He asks all the questions that perplex us but which we are too bashful to voice. In "12A Literature" he represented the Ghost of Hamlet's father. Good representation because of his deep voice and white face (he had a shave that day).

HANSEN, RUTH E.

"Rufus"

1207 Bloomfield Street, Hoboken

J. H. S. *Academic*

School Play

The girl with the collegiate haircomb and vampish earrings is "Rufus." We never heard of the nickname before this book was published but maybe she didn't like it and kept it quiet. At any rate that is what she did with one of her regular names. After the "E," which stands for Emily, should come Jessica. Possibly she resembles the Jessica of one of Shakespeare's plays (we forget which one), but we are not aware of the location of the resemblance, as we never read the play.

HAYES, EMMA

"Girlie"

825 Washington Street, Hoboken

P. S. No. 6 *Academic* *Newark Normal*

Biology Council; Glee Club; Minor Dramatics

It does seem a pity that "Girlie's" pretty auburn hair cannot be seen on her picture. "Girlie" is known throughout the school as the girl with the nicest disposition. She has that happy smile that means so much in this life. Lately "Girlie" has been kept busy smiling at all our boys, but you can understand that although she smiles at everyone she remains true to one. Lucky fellow!

HEIGIS, HENRY E.

"H. E. H."

312 Highpoint Avenue, West Hoboken

P. S. No. 2 *Technical* *Stevens*

Class Vice-President, 7, 8; *Class Reporter,* 7; *Fire Brigade,* 7, 8; *Class Basketball,* 6, 7; *Major Ho-Hi Committee; Sales Manager*

The accompanying physiognomy, dear customers, is an exact representation of our dear Henry, the perambulator pusher. Henry has descended from a long line of mathematical geniuses, and has confidentially told us his chief ambition: to be a sanitary engineer—removing garbage. Our dear Henry thinks himself a man because he shaves every day, but we are not fooled as we know he is only a little shaver. He expects to be a mechanical engineer. We hope he does not waste his time fixing baby carriages. "H. E. H." comes from the wilds of West Hoboken, U. S. A. "'Snuff said."

HEILER, ALICE M.

60 12th Street, Hoboken

J. H. S. *Academic* *Normal School*

Minor Dramatics

Alice—another of those popular girls in our class. "Al" is very studious, especially in English. One day, when she missed up on her recitation, half the class fainted from the shock. Notwithstanding all this, Alice must have a very persuasive line of talk. She secured more advertisements for this book than anyone else. Good work, Alice, is our comment; please keep it up.









HIRSCHMANN, ELLIE

412 Washington Street, Hoboken

P. S. No. 4 *Academic* *N. Y. U.*

Class Basketball, 4, 5

Here he is! Our singer! Our songster! He sings(?) tenor once in a while. "Ellie" expects to be a second Caruso! We'll say he has a flighty imagination. Outside of his desire to be of value to the Talking Machine Companies, Ellie wishes it known that he is a basketball star,—Star Ham and Bacon. He *is* a champ. He did play center when he wasn't unwilling to jump, for fear he would ruin his voice. Never had one, Ellie, didja?



HITZMAN, DOROTHEA F.

"Dot"

518 Hudson Street, Hoboken

P. S. No. 1 *Commercial* *N. Y. U.*

Year Book Staff; Glee Club; Minor Dramatics; Associate Editor of High Light; Students' Council

Although her name is Dot she is not so small. It has always been a source of wonderment to everyone just what is going on in Dot's mind. She seems to have one object in view, and that is keeping her opinion to herself. Dot's tastes seem to vary, especially where frat pins are concerned. From New Orleans Dot hails and it seems true most beauties come from the South.



HORWITZ, BERNARD

"Varsity Joe"

732 Willow Avenue, Hoboken

J. H. S. *Academic* *N. Y. U.*

Class Basketball, 4, 5, 6, 7; *Fire Brigade,* 8; *Glee Club; Varsity Tennis,* 7; *Managing Editor*

This is the bubble-blower. The man with the good-looking haircomb. It was because of "Barney" that the author of "They Go Wild" was inspired to write the truthful words of that beautiful melody. "Varsity Joe" does anything from joy-riding to studying. The in-between, tennis, is his favorite sport and he gained his place on the Varsity team by sheer good playing (maybe sheer good luck). It is seldom we see "Bennie" in the cold weather. The blankets are so nice and warm. Yes, we have no bananas.

JOSEPH, HENRY

"Joe"

154 14th Street, Hoboken

P. S. No. 123, *Brooklyn* *Academic* *N. Y. U.*

Class Basketball

You must meet "Joe." Last summer while "Joe" was at camp he showed great ability as a diver. We have noticed this in the class basketball games as "Joe" is usually swimming all over the floor. He got hold of the ball once and started to run home with it. He ought to patent his new swootball (combination of swimming, baseball, basketball, football) game. "Joe," don't give up; you will learn in time.



KARG, ERNA H.

"Ernie"

223 Washington Street, Hoboken

P. S. No. 1 *Academic* *Normal School*

"Ernie" is our best English student. When asked whether bird-cage was a hyphenated word, she answered "yes." Upon being asked why the hyphen was there, she said "For the bird to sit on." Since "Ernie" had her hair bobbed she must be eating bird-seed. She is slowly going back to zero by the clockwise road.



KRAMER, MILTON

"Milty"

369 1st Street, Hoboken

P. S. No. 1 *Academic* *Columbia University*

Class Treasurer, 6; *Assistant Business Manager; Social Editor; Fire Brigade,* 8; *Class Basketball,* 4, 5, 6, 7; *Biology Council,* 8; *Glee Club*

"Milty" is the guy who looks out for the horse-cars. He was almost run over by one while strolling near ———well, we don't know the address. His picture does him credit, but it omits "Milty's" football mustache, eleven on each side. Milton is the only fellow in the class who can blush behind the ears. That is why he wears his hair so long (fifty cents a hair-cut). In the history class, "Milty" is regularly called down for looking disgusted. He is only trying to smile. Look out for the horse-cars.









LEHNHOFF, ERNEST B.
"Ernie"
80 River Street, Hoboken
P. S. No. 1 *Technical* *Brown University*
Class Basketball, 6, 7; Class Baseball, 2; Varsity Tennis, 7; Art Editor

"Ernie," the class artist, is also a varsity tennis man. "Ernie" can draw anything from pictures to his allowance. (He can overdraw the latter.) He is undecided as to whether he should design houses or costumes or sewers, since it makes the same difference to him. As a foul shooter on the basketball team, "Ernie" has won many a game. He does it so gracefully, too. Bends slowly, cocks his head, raises up, and—one point! It is just as easy as that. When we look at Ernest we know the reason "Why Girls Leave Home."

LESLIE, ROBERT
"Bobbie"
103 Hauzhurst Avenue, Weehawken
Hamilton School *Commercial* *N. Y. U.*
Basketball, 4, 5, 6, 7; Baseball Manager, 7, 8; Glee Club

By the exercise of your optical organs, the image of "Bob" Leslie may be commuted to your brain. The effort required is but slight, as "Bob" is very easy to look at. Any time during the day one may find numerous girls baring their optics to the beneficial sight of his face. "Bob" likes to give surprises to his friends. Why, only Monday morning he came to school early. Later we found that he was sick over the week-end and was confined to bed. But anyhow, the fact remains that he was early, and the element of a surprise is not diminished by extraneous reasons.

MOHR, ETHEL
"Jimmy"
209 Garden Street, Hoboken
P. S. No. 1 *Academic* *Barnard*
Glee Club; Vice-President of Class Club, 6; Minor Dramatics

Ethel is a very collegiate girl, more or less. "Jimmy's" a great attraction to those of the opposite sex. She even vamped one of the members of our class to teach her how to drive an automobile. Cleopatra had better watch out for her title. Just a few months ago Ethel did not know much about Broadway; my, how things have changed! Greenwich Village is another place she frequents. Soon she will be Queen of Bohemia. We will now say adieu, Ethel, but hope to meet again in social circles.

MURPHY, MILDRED
"Mil"
740 Park Avenue, Hoboken
P. S. No. 6 *Academic* *Montclair Normal*
Glee Club

Back in the days of brave knights, bloody duels and balcony romances lived a beautiful damsel named Mildred. Her entrancing eyes, glorious hair and rose-like cheeks were the envy of the fair ones of the day. But now, in this present age, lives such a girl—our own Mildred. We find "Mil" is the kind of a girl all people call "a regular girl." Where "Mil" is concerned we must lay down the hammer.





NATOLI, ANTHONY
"Nat"
369 Newark Street, Hoboken
P. S. No. 4 *Academic* *Fordham University*
Assistant Editor-in-Chief; Fire Brigade; Class Basketball

"Nat" is Editor Manny's assistant, but from the look on Manny's face we think "Nat" is falling down on the job. But "Nat" is redeemed by one great quality he possesses: that is, his faculty for arguing. "Nat" can argue on any subject (it makes no difference to him, as long as it is an argument) and advance theories and views of the question that no one would ever think of mentioning. But he doesn't only argue. He does the deep-water act occasionally—that is, ducking from work.



NEUMANN, MARGARET E.
"Margie"
57 Hudson Street, Hoboken
J. H. S. *Commercial*

What's the use of worrying? It never was worth while—that's what "Margie" says. Not so worse, eh? "Margie" is rather quiet in school: just gets a little gay once in a while (when we have a fire drill). Sport! Yes, daring and game, but Margaret's not concerned about the boys, she is quite cool to them; but still, you never can tell.







NICOLAYSEN, ANNA
"Ann"
54 Garden Street, Hoboken
P. S. No. 1 *Commercial* *N. Y. U.*

No introduction is needed for this young lady. "Ann" is right on the "spot" for doing favors, especially when Spanish is concerned. Ask "Ann" and she'll tell you. She is rather quiet about her boy friends, outsiders, it seems, but not fussy about boys in the school. At present we know not what intentions "Ann" has, but—sh-sh! we think she's going to be a teacher.

NORR, GEORGE
"Georgie"
220 Garden Street, Hoboken
P. S. No. 9 *Academic* *N. Y. U.*
Personality Editor; Fire Brigade, 8; *Minor Dramatics*

We shall not attempt to describe the matinee idol whose countenance graces this page. Just cast your eyes upon his wonderful features and use your own imagination.

"Georgie" has won a great deal of honor by passing the State examination for pharmacy and is now a Junior Pharmacist. He's a good mixer, both at school and fountain.

Someone came into the drug store where "Georgie" works and asked for oil of vitriol. "Georgie" said that no English Nobleman lived there.

OLSEN, HARRY
"Oats"
309 Willow Avenue, Hoboken
P. S. No. 1 *Technical* *Syracuse University*
High Light Exchange Editor; Varsity Baseball, 5;
Class Baseball, 2; *Class Basketball,* 4, 5, 6, 7;
School Cheer-leader, 6

Behold! Our galloping globe-trotter. Harry is a hiker of no little ability, having gone out to the Pacific and back in less than two months. He certainly enjoys these little pleasure strolls. On the way to 'Frisco he encountered rain but once, and that was on a desert. After graduating from High School, Harry plans to tour the world on foot. One foot at a time. He will spend about three years on the trip, maybe, after which he will settle down, perhaps. "Well," say we, "all the luck in the world on your tramp, Harry."

PAGANELLI, AMERICUS J.
"Giggie"
732 Bloomfield Street, Hoboken
P. S. No. 4 *Academic* *Georgetown University*
Grind Editor; Fire Brigade; Basketball Manager, 8;
Class Basketball, 4, 5; *H. S. Reserves,* 6, 7;
Minor Dramatics

"Wic's" brother and partner. Another comedian, "Giggie" would make a most wonderful, illustrious, daring, handsome Spanish toreador. He is *very* experienced in throwing the bull. Julius Cæsar Americus Vespuccius Paganelli has the last word in any dispute with student or faculty. He does credit to his ancestors—Cæsar, a noble orator; Vespuccius, a brave explorer—and to his class of other and greater spokesmen. Paganelli is a terror with the girls. We don't know whether the reaction goes to completion; but we see a separation every day.

PAPPANICHOLAS, JOHN
"Pap"
66 Garden Street, Hoboken
P. S. No. 1 *Technical* *Stevens*
Publication Editor; Class Basketball, 4, 5, 6, 7; *Class*
Baseball, 2; *Fire Brigade,* 8

Gaze upon him. Does he not remind you of the powerful Greek god, Achilles? John is a descendant of the great mathematician, Demosthenes, but does not show it. He can apply his Greek powers to any problem whatsoever, and can always give you the incorrect answer. If "Pap" follows in the footsteps of his ancestors, we can expect an engineering genius in our midst very soon; for all we know, he might even discover the reason why suspension bridges do not use suspenders to remain suspended.

PISTOR, HATTIE
"Girlie"
807 Washington Street, Hoboken
P. S. No. 1 *Academic* *Newark Normal*
Minor Dramatics

Hattie does not think she is the Queen of Sheba or anything, but we have reached the conclusion all the same that she has something on her mind besides her hat. (It may be on her heart, but then, we know nothing.) "Girlie" is often found gazing into space, her thoughts concentrated on—but that's telling. When reminded of the fact that her thoughts are wandering, she blushes. You all know Hattie's pretty confusion. 'Salright, Hattie. We're not curious, but—you know how 'tis.













PODESTA, ALICE

"Al"

1124 Washington Street, Hoboken

P. S. No. 6 *Academic* *Montclair Normal*

Alice is a real type of Italian beauty. When she is in the arms of ——— she thinks she is in Wonderland. But she isn't. She is on earth, with a few periods to go. After all the *good* treatment Alice gets in school, we wonder what kind of a professoress she will be when she gets out of Montclair Normal School. "Al" does not say much, but when she says something you can depend that it means a lot.

RELYEA, WILMER

1205 Bloomfield Street, Hoboken

J. H. S. *Academic* *Stevens*

Literature Editor; School Play; Fire Brigade, 7, 8; *Class Basketball,* 6, 7

Silence! This is Relyea! Sh-h-h-h. Don't speak. That's what he does. When he starts to speak, prepare for a long nap. He slowly stretches out to his full five-feet-ten. Then he glances into the book for a sentence to discourse about. After that he speeches his speech. In class he is always told that it is correct, otherwise he would argue again and another oratorical attempt would be inflicted on his long-suffering classmates. He also used to speechify in the auditorium, informing the students how glad they should be to let us have their money. But eventually he was silenced.

REXFORD, OLGA

"Pat"

263 11th Street, Hoboken

J. H. S. *Academic* *Newark Normal*

Glee Club; Minor Dramatics

Olga is the class Audrey Munson. In one of our class pageants she represented Liberty. She was there, all right, except that the torch did not send forth rays of hope and opportunity. However, her eyes furnished the missing emanations. She is a great institution in the class, very industrious and studious. That's quite convenient, for where would we poor males get our lessons were it not for this studious young miss?

ROSENBERG, WILLIAM

"Rosie"

265 8th Street, Hoboken

P. S. No. 4 *Technical* *Columbia*

Major Ho-Hi Committee; Business Manager; Cheerleader, 6, 7; *Sergeant-at-Arms,* 7; *Class Reporter,* 6; *High Light Staff; Fire Brigade,* 7, 8

The wild-west, six-foot-two Sergeant-at-Harms. We intended to put a full view of this Goliath in our book, to increase or decrease the circulation, but panoramic views are too expensive and expansive. "Little Willie" has a voice in proportion to his size; it booms like a twelve-inch gun. "Will" also has some vocabulary. Words, never seen or heard before, are constantly issuing from the cavernous depths of his huge epiglottis. We accept his "higher" mentality but don't understand a word he says. "Willie" likes every girl in the class in turn. Whose turn now, "Rosie"?

✓SCHMIDT, MARTINA

"Pete"

706 Garden Street, Hoboken

J. H. S. *Commercial* *N. Y. U.*

There's a vamp in everything, but here's one of a different type. A wee bit *Espanol.* Dancing fits "Pete" to a *T,* but still she has so many hobbies that we can't say which one is her favorite. If any aspiring young Romeos (no balcony needed) wish to make a date with the Spanish prima donna he must call her up at least three weeks beforehand, or consider his luck lost.

SCHULTZ, EMILY

"Millie"

227 Hudson Street, Hoboken

P. S. No. 1 *Commercial* *N. Y. U.*

"Millie" has a very tender heart, exemplified at the time our great basketball team of 1921-1922 lost its first game against the Crosby High School team. The dear girl could not bear it, so burst into tears. "Millie" is a coquettish little girl and outside of using cosmetics and bobbing her hair, along with trying to make flapper costumes she does nothing whatsoever to keep up appearances. From her work in classes may we not prophesy that she will some day be a copyist?













SHOUP, RANSOM F.

6 Lincoln Place, Weehawken

P. S. No. 2, *Weehawken* *Technical* *N. Y. U.*
Class President, 6, 7, 8; *Major Ho-Hi Committee; Baseball,* 2; *Minor Dramatics*

Ransom, the man in the picture, is the nerviest student in school (nerve referring to audacity, not intrepidity). On our trip to Bear Mountain he flashed a police ferry pass on a fresh deck-hand. The deck-swabber saw the words "Police Department" and immediately degenerated himself by saying "Yes, sir." Theoretically, as he is president of our class, Shoup should be called "Sir," but that is how they addressed Abraham Lincoln. Take another look and see if the owner of that face should be even remotely classed with Mr. Lincoln.

SPARVIERI, BARTHOLOMEW

"Bart"

86 Jefferson Street, Hoboken

P. S. No. 4 *Technical* *N. Y. U.*
Manager of Class Basketball, 6, 7; *Class Treasurer,* 7, 8; *Assistant Sales Manager; Class Baseball,* 2

Don't have heart failure. This is not Rudolph Vaselino, but merely known as "Bart." You have before you the man who woke up overnight. Used to be as dead as a doornail until the class excursion awakened him. Now you ought to see him with the girls. Wow! A regular he-vampire! He sure can attract them in the Moon (light). Trains! Another hobby of "Bart's." Always has time-tables and literature before him. After he finishes his college course as Bachelor of Commercial Science, "Bart" expects to be chief track-walker of the Hoboken Shore Road.

SUGARMAN, EMANUEL E.

"Manny"

76 Sterling Place, Weehawken

Hamilton School, Weehawken *Academic* *Columbia*
Class Secretary, 6, 7, 8; *Major Ho-Hi Committee; Editor-in-Chief; Fire Brigade,* 8; *Class Basketball,* 4, 5, 6, 7; *Minor Dramatics; Glee Club*

To the reader: Sugarman is "pleased to meetcha." Why, yes, he is human. Absolutely. He is even Editor-in-Chief of this book. He dared to cast adverse criticism on the contributions of some of our fair classmates, and since then he has had to haunt side streets and back alleys. He will have to do a lot more ducking after the contents of this book become known to the public. He put his O. K. on all the write-ups that went into this book. Up and at him, classmates!

SWENSON, FLORENCE A.

"Freckles"

212 Monroe Street, Hoboken

P. S. No. 1 *Academic* *Montclair Normal*
Glee Club

Florence A. is also a candidate for Montclair Normal. She will be some asset to the school that annexes her. Lately she has been afflicted with nervous tremors. We did not exactly notice the trembling, but the evidence of it was there. Instead of painting her lips she slipped and reddened the tip of her nose. She is not vain, for she would not even take the trouble to rub it off. Diogenes, thy search is ended.

WENZEL, JOHN

"Jack"

464 Park Avenue, Weehawken

P. S. No. 2, *Weehawken Technical* *Lafayette*
June, '22, Vice-President, Glee Club, Class Basketball Team, 4, 5, 6, 7

Jack is a ladies' man, not through choice, but through necessity. The girls get one look at his "Arrow Collar Ad" face and run to him. Jack is also quite a finale hopper, kicking both feet to good advantage. He received good practice for gliding through packed dance halls on his journeys to school some mornings. Yes, he is an unfortunate commuter and displays a great facility for wending his way through crowded street cars. Once last year he got a seat. By dint of great speed he beat a lady to it. One hundred per cent effort.

WILSON, GEORGE V.

"Chuck"

72 Washington Street, Hoboken

SS. Peter and Paul Commercial *N. Y. U.*
Class Basketball, 4, 5; *Class Baseball,* 2; *Class Reporter; School Play, Glee Club; Mgr. Inter-class Basketball League,* 4, 5.

Let's go! "Chuck" is the class protector. At the time of the class excursion he tried to beat up all the deck hands on the boat because they did not act as gentlemen to his classmates. He also likes girls. George, besides his pugilistic ability, can also attract the members of the female sex (especially from Newark). He often goes to "parties" and takes the milk in with him when he returns home. Taking all in all, George is a nice, quiet boy. Oh my, yes! Be good, "Chuck."













WILSON, HELEN M.

1229 Garden Street, Hoboken

P. S. No. 6 *Academic* *N. Y. U.*

The "Helen" is plain enough. So is the "Wilson." But what is the "M" for? Maggie, or Mississippi, or Mike, and millions of others begin with M. M-m-m-m. 'Tis it not so? As Shakespeare said, "There is nothing in a name." And we say he may be right. But though "Helen" fits this proud young dame wondrously Helen of Troy would fit her much better.

WRIGHT, GRACE

"Gracie"

126 Park Avenue, Hoboken

P. S. No. 1 *Commercial* *N. Y. U.*

Glee Club, Minor Dramatics, High Light Staff, Year Book Staff, Biology Club

Gracie is the most obliging girl we know. When this book was being constructed Gracie would take all the illegible writeups and type them. What we want to know is the name of the fellow whose ring she wears and who writes such long letters. She knows how to keep a secret—for two years we have tried to find out his name, but as yet have been unsuccessful. One time we thought that we were about to lose Gracie because of her great attraction for Rumson, but she came back and we consider ourselves lucky.

ZORN, ALBERT LEONARD

"Tin Can"

413 First Street, Hoboken

P. S. No. 1 *Academic* *N. Y. U.*

Athletics Editor; Fire Brigade; H. S. Reserve, 6, 7.

Albert Leonard boasts of more nicknames than any student in the scholastic circle. His full name is Albert Leonard Tin Can Nosenheimer Pork Alley Zorn. As soon as "Tin Can" made the H. S. Reserves Basketball team he gained about 40 pounds. Fido expects to be a dentist some day. He will then make a living from "hand to mouth." We feel that he will make a great success in the dentist line as we understand he can handle tools (axes, etc.) with great skill.



JUNE CLASS OF 1923

History of June Class of 1923

Dear Reader:

If you are one of the few people who will read this book from cover to cover, you will have been told that the present 12-B class is the best and most active in the school. Similarly, on perusing the write-ups on the Junior, Sophomore and Freshman classes, you will read successively that each is the highest ranking class. That information is erroneous. However, during the period from June, 1919, till the present, each of those lowly grades in turn was the best in the school—when it was filled by the members of our indomitable class.

This record-breaking, history-making class organized 150 strong in June, 1919. Compared with other Freshman and Sophomore classes, ours was a wonder. Our youth kept us from the debating teams, our lack of weight kept most of us from the athletic teams, and constant refusals of aid kept us from helping in the publication of the "Echo." However, where experience was not an essential feature our class excelled. In spite of the failure of our literary attempts we gave our full support to the "Echo" by subscribing to it as long as it was published.

When we saw that we could not physically help in the athletic contests with rival teams we decided to show the representatives of Hoboken High School that the moral support of our Class was behind it. The lusty voices of our classmates carried, we hope, chill into the hearts of many opponents.

The girls of the class, prohibited from representing our class in Hoboken High School activities, went a great deal further afield—to Belgium and the Army of Occupation in Germany. Under the instruction of Miss Rooney the girls devoted all of their study periods to the making of sweaters and socks for our soldiers in Germany and to providing clothes for the children of Belgium. If records had been kept they would have shown that more handiwork was turned out by our class than any other, possibly through an excess of study periods.

In the Junior Year the influence of our class was first shown in the school. Three of our men, Schien, Zatta and Schlosser, had been advanced

from second team positions, held previously, to the first team. Another, Johnny Dondero, "made the seconds" that year. On the High Light staff responsible positions were filled by Day, Maurer, Johnson and Schlosser. During this term several class clubs were formed, the Technical Boys' Club, the Academic Club and the Commercial Club. The most active of these was the first mentioned, which took several outings and yacht trips.

In this, our sub-senior year, the three clubs combined, electing Schlosser president, Noble vice-president, Miss Bielitz treasurer, Rossi secretary. In order to preserve their individuality, however, the Tech Boys, retaining their membership in their class club, organized as the Beta Chapter of the Stag Club, formed by the boys of the February Class of 1923. At present both clubs are contemplating outings and socials, bidding fair to make the winter season one to be remembered in the annals of the school.

In conclusion, we beseech thee not to read the malicious histories of other classes, for they might serve to weaken in your mind the conviction that the June Class of 1923 was the most active class and the most beneficial to the school.

June Class of 1923

ABRAMOWITZ, ABRAHAM
ANDERSON, MILDRED
BACCARO, ANNA
BURNS, LILLIAN
CAMPBELL, JOSEPHINE
DRUZ, REBECCA
DE BARI, SUSAN
DEFAZIO, CHARLES
DONDERO, JOHN
EMERSON, FRANCIS
FARLEY, RAYMOND
FRIED, ROSE
GARIBALDI, TERESA
GINSBERG, EVELYN
GJURGEVICH, JAMES
HAUCH, CONRAD
HAW, ELEANOR
HEATH, CONSTANCE
JOHNSON, HAROLD
JURGENSEN, CLARA
KELLY, EMMET
KLEIBER, RUDOLPH
KRAEMER, VIOLA
LIZZA, HENRY
LUCIANI, VINCENT
MAROTTA, ALBINA
MAURER, HARRY
MUHLY, BERTHA
MURPHY, FRANKLIN
NOBEL, ALFRED
PAGANELLI, HUGO
PEROH, JOSEPHINE
POLCH, FRANZ
REPETTO, AURELIA
RING, FRANK
ROTHSCHILD, LILLIAN
SAFIER, ANNA
SCHEIN, SAMUEL
SCHLOSSER, WILLIAM
SCHREIBER, WILLIAM
SMITH, RICHARD
TEPMAN, MAX
WESTPHAL, ERNEST



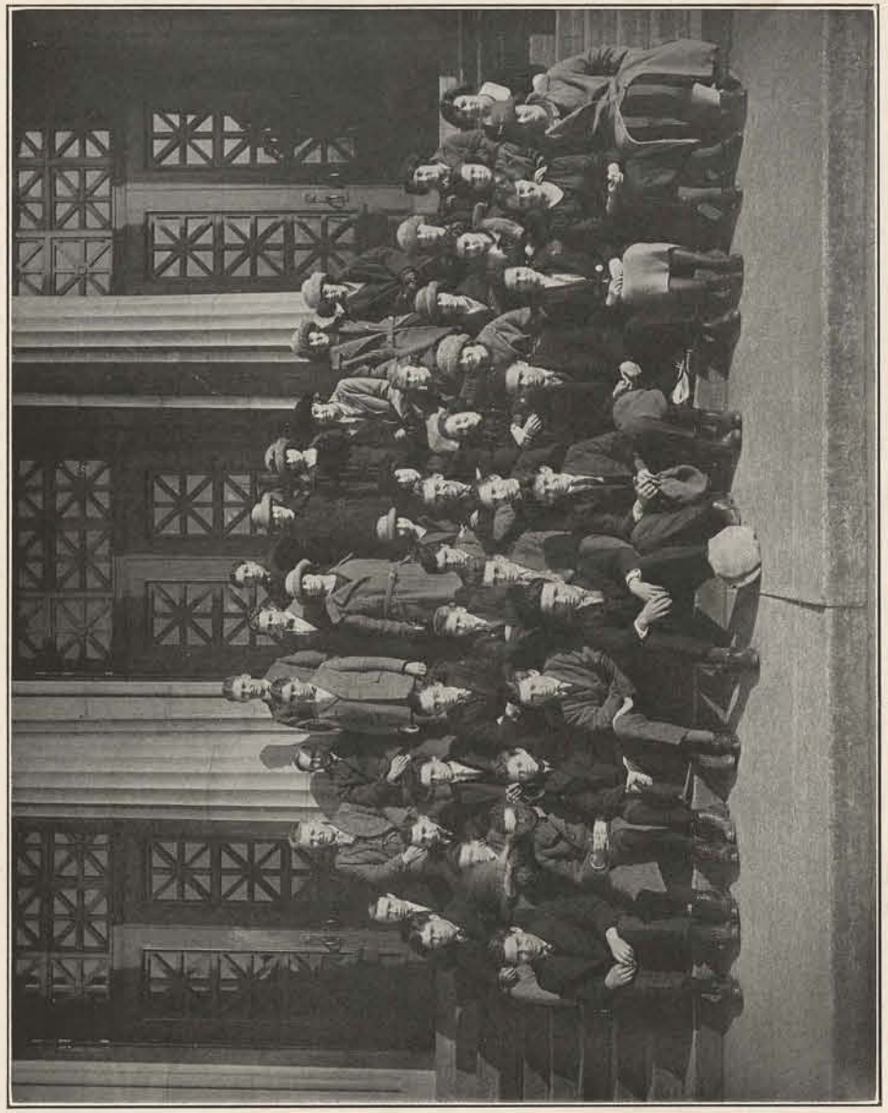


Class of 1924

IN February, 1920, the first contingent of the Class of 1924 arrived at the school. They were soon reinforced in their attempt to make a lasting impression in the school annals by the class of June, 1924. However, even though they were impeded by the weight of their own importance and that of their grammar school graduation pins, this class has partly succeeded in doing this. But they are still young and hopeful of entering the school history as positively the best class that existed.

Up to date, besides establishing several records in the class work, this class has sent members to every athletic team in the school. On the basketball team may be seen such of their classmates as Glenn, Whalen, Madden and Clements; while the school cheering section is led by Mutsy Cowan. On the track field one may see Bill Stubbman, Ed Matthey and Mutsy Cowan, all point winners from the Junior Class. Joe Whalen, Kearins, Wagner and Danny Moore all represent them on the baseball diamond, while Curley and Clements, both 11-B's, shake wicked rackets for the Red and White.

The two Junior Classes have clubs, both very active in the interests of the school. Plans are being contemplated for a union of these clubs and then the school can watch for developments.



FEBRUARY CLASS OF 1924

February Class of 1924

ABRAMOWITZ, BENJAMIN
ACE, RICHARD
BOCCO, MICHAEL
CAHILL, EDWARD
CLEMENTS, JOSEPH
FODAR, HERMAN
GRAZIANO, VIRGINIO
HEISTERKAMP, CHARLES
KUESTER, LOUIS
MINES, JESSE
MONACO, THOMAS
PROTOMASTRO, DOMINICK
SCHARNIKOW, WILLIAM
SCHULTZ, ARTHUR
URSO, THOMAS
WAGNER, THOMAS
WILSON, ARTHUR
ZACHARIASEN, HANS
ZEICHNER, ISADORE
BAKER, WILLIAM
CAHILL, JAMES
DUFFY, ROBERT
FOLEY, RICHARD
HEINIMAN, MYRON
KLEINBERG, SIDNEY
PITERA, DOMINICK
SAVARINIE, SALVATORE
SCIORSCI, ROGER
AHRLING, ADELAIDE
BIER, BERTHA
DE PALMA, THERESA
ENGEL, GRACE
KLEIN, ALICE
MARNELL, MARGARET
MERIAM, VERA
OYER, RUTH
PETERS, AUGUSTA
PUVOGEL, MARION
SAVAGE, DOROTHY
STROHMEIER, LOUISE
WALSH, GRACE
WEISBART, FRANCES
SYLVESTER, EDNA
BORELLI, MICHAEL
COHEN, WILLIAM
JANABA, HUGO
LANDI, ALEXANDER
MORAN, JEROME
FARELLA, ROCCO
ANDERSON, CATHERINE
BARANSKY, IDA
BIELITZ, ELLA
DINSE, CAROLINE
EDWARDS, ALICE
ERICKSON, ANNA
FALLON, MARGARET
GUISTO, LILLIAN
GLINDMEYER, LOUISE
GLYNN, MARGARET
GUNDERSON, DORA
KAHL, BERTHA
KRAMER, NELLIE
LAWSEN, HELEN
LEVINE, GUSSIE
M'CARTHY, CATHERINE
PERCZEL, MARIE
RETSLAFF, CHARLOTTE
SCHWARTZ, EVELYN
SIEGEL, BERTHA
STRETCH, OLIVE
THOMPSON, FRANCES
URBOVITCH, ANNA
WATERMAN, SYLVIA
WIENER, GUSSIE



JUNE CLASS OF 1924

June Class of 1924

ABELSON, MIRIAM
ANTONOWSKY, ROSE
AVENGO, ANNA
BIAMANO, FRANK
BIER, ANNA
BIRNBAUN, MOLLIE
BROCKMAN, ETHEL
CELLA, NORMAN
COON, ELZA
CORDTS, FRANK
COWAN, MORRIS
CRAMER, IRENE
CURLEY, RAYMOND
DAVIDSON, SAMUEL
DE WOLF, EMIL
DRUHL, HELEN
DUFFY, MARY
ENGELMAN, LILLIAN
FARREL, VIRGINIA
FERRIS, MAE
FERRIS, MARGARET
FITSCHEN, JOHN
FRAKT, ROSE
FURNSNIAN, DOROTHY
GILLEN, LORETTA
GLIEDT, ALFRED
GREENHAUS, HERBERT
GROULS, HAROLD
HAMMEL, MARJORIE
HARDMAN, MILDRED
HEATH, MARIE
HERBERT, IRENE
JACOBS, WALTER
JOSEPH, ROSE
KIESEWETTER, CHARLES
KLUSSMAN, EDWARD
KROEBEL, LEON
LEIB, MAX
LILIENTHAL, FLORENCE
LIPMAN, FLORENCE
MANULOW, ISAACS
M'GRAW, EDWARD
MONTVERDE, ELIZABETH
NESTI, EMMA
NIEMEYER, AUDREY
PETERSEN, ALFRED
POMERANZ, ANNA
RYAN, HERBERT
SCHEINMAN, FRANCES
SCHULTZ, EDNA
SCIORSCI, MARY
SPINNEWEBER, FRANCES
SUTER, GEORGE
TORPEY, GEORGE
VAN SHAAK, MARGARET
HEYMAN, DORIS
LARSEN, HELEN
M'BRIDE, CATHERINE
M'GRAW, CATHERINE
MARINOVICH, CATHERINE

MOLLER, HELEN
NAGEL, HELEN
PODESTA, MARJORIE
PROFITA, ANNA
RESS, EMELINE
ROBBINS, LOUISE
REEHL, MINNA
SACKS, LILLIAN
SCHEINMAN, GERTRUDE
BLAUVELT, RICHARD
BOHNERT, JEROME
CERRITO, ALBERT
DYER, FRANCIS
GLENN, JOHN
GOLDSTEIN, ABEL
JARDWIN, ERWIN
JOLL, JOSEPH
KAUFMAN, ABRAHAM
KERR, ALLEN
KLOP, CORNELIUS
KLEIN, ELMER
KOPP, JOSEPH
KORN, CHARLES
LA POINT, ROBERT
LUFT, JOHN
MADDEN, FRANK
MOORE, DANIEL
NORWOOD, CHARLES
PAGANELLI, EUGENE
PECK, IRVING
MONIO, DARIO
REINMAN, REINHOLD
ROTHSCHILD, WILBUR
SAFIER, SAUL
SHIPLEY, MALCOLM
STALLING, WALTER
STRANEY, THOMAS
STUBBMANN, WILLIAM
STUBBS, LESTER
SULLIVAN, JOHN
STEINBERG, BENJAMIN
THIESMEIER, JOHN
VAN WOERT, CLARK
VAN TYLE, LESTER
VINCENT, LOUIS
WEAVER, JOSEPH



Class of 1925

WHEN the February class of 1925 entered the school the only thing that announced their presence was the fact that more seats in the auditorium were being occupied. In June their ranks were increased by 150 more children. These would-be pupils had a complete disregard for the superiority of the upper classmen, but they were soon shown their places. But, sad to relate, according to the write-up handed in by one of the sophomores, a few of his classmates still cling to the idea that their motley collection is one of the best classes in the school. The seniors regard this statement as a deliberate insult and intend to take steps to insure other Senior classes from a similar degradation. It has been suggested that the process of hazing be inaugurated into the school, for an efficient hazing board would do much to subdue the cocksureness of entrants while they are still Freshmen.

The Sophomore class was but slightly represented on the teams, due, undoubtedly, to the fact that the more mature members of the school filled most of the available positions. However, "Chick" Lemken found a berth as pitcher on the baseball team, while "Ed" Matthey won many points on the track team. Another member of the class, "Ed" Kuebler, represented the Classes of 1925 in the school play.

A few of the Sophomores endeavored to sing in the Glee Club. It was noticed, however, that the boys' voices sound better in the cheering squad, where they certainly added to the volume of the yells.

The various sections of the second-year classes have separate class clubs. They are to be given much credit for organizing so early in their school life, but would find a great advantage in uniting all of the clubs into one organization, strong and active.

With the early start secured by these classes we watch with interest their action in the school. There is plenty of room for action.



FEBRUARY CLASS OF 1925

February Class of 1925

AESCHBACH, OTTO
ANDERSON, FRANK
ARAGONA, JOSEPH
AREGENZJANO, ANTHONY
BAILEY, BEATRICE
BARILE, GEORGE
BASKIN, LILLIAN
BEHNKE, MARGARET
BOEHNLEIN, HELEN
BERMAN, SIDNEY
BERNSTEIN, MARGARET
BLOHN, MARTHA
BRANDSTETTER, LOUISE
BRAUN, WALTER
BRUN, JACK
BRIZZOLARA, JOSEPH
BROSONSKI, CHARLES
CARINIC, CHARLES
CARUTH, FRANCIS
CONNORS, HOWARD
COPPOLA, CONGETTA
CUTSLER, PAUL
DE LASKI, RALPH
DRIESEN, ADELINE
EMERY, ROBERT
FROGEL, GERTRUDE
GARIBALDI, MARIE
GFALLER, MARTHA
GUNDERSDORF, FRED
HALLENBECK, GEORGE
HAMMES, MARGARET
HANDELMEN, PEARL
HILTBOLD, GORDON
HODGINS, CORNELIA
HOLZMAN, JOSEPH
HOLZMAN, MORRIS
JOHNSON, MADELINE
JORDON, JOSEPH
KAPLAN, RALPH
KAUFMAN, CLARA
KENRY, HELEN
KESS, ANTHONY
KOCH, PAULINE
KOCH, THEODORA
KRUEGER, CLARA
KUCHENMEISTER, JOHN
KUDWIG, ALFRED
KUEBLER, EDWARD
LA BOOK, SOFIE
LALWTSKY, LYDIA
LANDI, ALEXANDER
LANG, LOUISE
LARSEN, EDGAR
LAUS, EDMUND
LEIB, PAULINE
MACKENZIE, JOHN
MARNELL, DOROTHY
M'CARTHY, HARRY
MEOLA, LOUIS
MILLER, GERTRUDE
NICOLSON, ELIZABETH
NIOSI, JOSEPH
NOLAN, AGNES
NONENBACHER, GILBERT
PEDERSEN, RICHARD
PERETZMANN, SARAH
PURCELL, MARION
ROEDER, EDNA
ROMONO, FRANK
RUBENSTEIN, LILLIAN
SCHERER, BELLA
SCHOW, RICHARD
SCHWARTZ, SAMUEL
SHIFFMAN, GOLDIE
SPREEN, DOROTHEA
STANTON, ELYMORE
STARK, MARTIN
STEIN, ALBERT
STEPHAN, ALLEN
SWENSON, ALFRED
WAAGBO, RUTH
WANNEMACKER, ELEANORE
WHALEN, JOSEPH
ZANELLI, ADELAIDE
ZEICHNER, NATHAN
ZINNER, JOHN



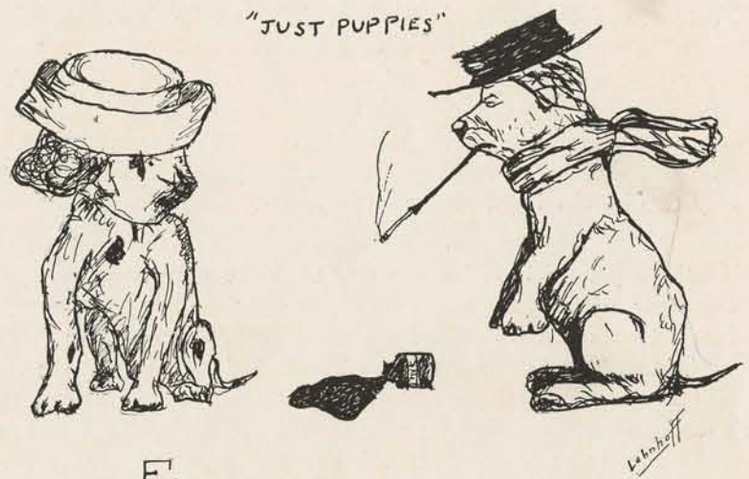
JUNE CLASS OF 1925

June Class of 1925

ANDERSON, MILTON
CALABRO, ARTHUR
CELLA, PETER
EASTWOOD, WALTER
ENGLE, EDWIN
FUSCO, ANTHONY
GARGUILO, FRANK
GOLDENSTEIN, HERMAN
HELBER, RALPH
HOFSTEDE, DIRK
KREMER, JOSEPH
LEMKAN, FRANK
SCOTT, FRANCIS
WECHSLER, ARTHUR
WOLF, CHARLES
AMOROSO, LUCY
ARATA, MILDRED
ASCOLESI, MARGARET
BRUCE, KATALEEN
CAMPBELL, ALEXINA
CAMPBELL, DRUCILLA
CERRITO, ELLIE
FARRELL, CATHERINE
FALCONER, FRANCIS
NAGEL, LILLIAN
SOSOWER, BELLA
HOFFMAN, OLGA
M'ALEVY, ROBERT
NICHOLASON, FRED
SCHMUCKER, JACOB
SILVER, BERNARD
SINNER, GEORGE
VEZZETTI, ALFRED
WALTERS, BENNIE
WEINSHENKER, HARRY
BENGE, ALICE
BOEHN, ELLA
NONINO, PAULINE
CANTZ, LOUISE
COPE, MARGARET
GRUBE, LEONA
HELVERSTEIN, REB
HENNING, AGNES
MAASWINKEL, MAY
MOULDER, JOHANNA
OLSEN, MIRIAM
SEITEL, JENNIE
BEER, MORRIS
BUCCY, HARRY
HAESSLER, WALTER
HANSEN, VICTOR
HENDRICKS, HARRY
KLEIN, STANLEY
LA PLACA, FRANK
MATUCH, WILLIAM
MAZZEI, RALPH

PESCATORE, FRED
POLLAK, SYDNEY
SUSSELMAN, JACOB
VOCCOLI, VICTOR
ANSELMI, BIANCA
FURSMAN, GERT
HIRSCHMAN, LILLIAN
LOEHMER, ADELINE
MILCENT, VIOLET
PRICE, RUTH
REITH, GLADYS
COON, EDGAR
JOERREN, ERNEST
KOHLER, ERWIN
KUSSELUK, SAM
M'LAUGHLIN, ALLEN
MANCARI, JOSEPH
NOLAN, RICHARD
PRINCIPE, THOMAS
REICHENBACH, EDWARD
RITZ, HAROLD
RUE, CHARLES
STEINWHER, GEORGE
WARNECKE, HARRY
WILSON, NORMAN
M'KAY, URSULA

RETZLAFF, ERNA
RUSHE, ELIZABETH
SCHUEMANN, ANNA
SERVENTI, MARIE
SOLOMON, DOROTHY
STOCKER, ELIZABETH
TAYLOR, EDNA
WEIHE, EDNA
ADAMO, PAUL
AZZOLINI, PAUL
BAJCICH, JOHN
COYLE, JOHN
GIAIMO, THOMAS
HOPPER, RAYMOND
RUBIN, ALEXANDER
SCOCCINIARRO, ANGELO
SHEA, JOHN
VERESPUT, PIERRE
WALLACE, ALEXANDER
HAMMOND, ELIZABETH
HERIN, BEATRICE
HUNTERMAN, ANITA
LAUDIERO, TESSIE
KLEINBERG, CHARLOTTE
JAQUES, BUELAH
CASTELLI, FELICE



FRESHIES 1927

Class of 1926

THE entrance of the class of February, '26, may be described briefly as follows: We came, we saw, we were conquered. Although we weren't held in very high esteem by the seniors, we showed that we weren't altogether "green." Not one of our class bought any seats in the auditorium, which were offered for sale by the aforementioned seniors, and only six of us bought stock in the Athletic Association. In June we were further reinforced by two hundred and ninety more pupils.

Although as yet we have been unable to prove our true worth, yet we feel that we shall acquit ourselves with honor later on. At the present time many of our class are members of the Glee Club, several have served on the High Light staff and the whole class has backed up the paper to the best of its ability. Sad to relate we had no men on any of the athletic teams, but yet there is time, for we have only started our high school course, and surely in three years some members will be considered fit to represent their school on the field, court or track.

Up to the present time the only Freshman class club was formed by the students who sit in Mr. Gottlieb's classroom. Several other class clubs are now being organized, however, and we hope in the near future to have one Freshman class club which will be a combination of all our sections.



FEBRUARY CLASS OF 1926

February Class of 1926

BALLETTEE, WALTER
BARTOLUCCIO, DARIO
BENGEL, KATHERINE
BENTE, GEORGE
BERKOWITZ, MORRIS
BERNSTEIN, REGINA
BERTELLI, FRANCES
BERTONE, ANTHONY
BONIN, HELEN
BORBE, FRED
BROWN, ROSE
CARBONE, JAMES
CARLUCCIO, MICHAEL
CARMELITANO, ELIZABETH
CASTAGENTTI, ALFRED
CELLA, AMELIA
CERRITO, IDA
CHRISTENSEN, HANNA
CHRISTENSEN, INGRID
COMBATTENTE, ELMIRA
CONNORS, AGNES
COOK, LEO
COOK, MARION
CUNNINGHAM, LILLIAN
DALY, JULIA
DANIELS, LEAH
DEETZ, ELSIE
DE FAZIO, HAROLD
DENTON, ADELAIDE
DILGER, THEODORE
DRUZ, ANNA
FISHER, JOHN
FORKEL, MARIE
GARIBALDI, AUGUST
GARUILO, SALVATORE
GAUPMANN, ANNA
GENARIO, LEON
GOLDBERG, SIDNEY
GOLDSTEIN, JOSEPH
GOODWIN, LEAH
GRETEN, DOROTHY
HARTWIGSEN, ANN
HAUTH, AUGUST
HAVERTY, ETHEL
HOWITZ, HARRY
JACOBS, LOUIS
JACOBS, MORRIS
JOHNSON, WALTER
JURICK, CHARLOTTE
KACHENMEISTER, ARTHUR
KENNEDY, MATTHEW
KIESRITTER, BERTHA
KING, WINIFRED
KNOLL, MARION
KOLK, ANNA
KRAMER, LESTER
KRAUSS, HELEN
KROGER, ELISE
KUESTER, LULU
KUNZE, OSCAR
LAMAR, LILLIAN
LARSEN, GEORGE

LAST, MARTHA
LAVAGNA, ALFRED
LAVIN, JOHN
LEBEUF, LLOYD
LITTLE, DOROTHY
LOWENBERG, ETHEL
MADDISON, IRMA
MAULOW, IDA
MAZZEO, ANDREW
M'BRIDE, MARGARET
M'GILVRAY, DAVID
M'GRAW, MARGARET
MONTENEGRO, MICHOLENA
MOSCA, SALVATORE
O'BRIEN, EILEEN
ORTHIEB, HAZEL
PALMERIA, MARIE
PIPER, BERTHA
POTTER, CLARK
PULLIS, ANNA
RAVITZ, ROSE
RICCIO, NICHOLAS
RICHARDSON, ISABEL
RITTER, WALTER
ROBBINS, MORTIMER
ROGGIO, JOHN
ROLLENHAGEN, ALBERT
ROSSI, JOHN
ROTMAN, ANNA
RUDOLPH, FLORENCE
SANT, PETER
SARDELICK, FRANK
SCHATEL, DAVID
SCHMIDT, CARL
SCHWARTZ, FRANK
SCHWEITZER, SYLVIA
SIEGEL, SIDNEY
STEIN, ROSE
STICHT, HILDA
STOCKER, JOSEPHINE
STOLLERMAN, GERTRUDE
STROMWASSER, MILDRED
SUSSELMAN, ALEXANDER
TAMBURELLO, JOHN
TEISEN, THORBORG
VANCE, ROBERT
VEZZETTI, HELEN
VIEHMEYER, MAY
WACHENDORF, WILLIAM
WAGNER, FRANK
WEISBART, HAROLD
WILL, HATTIE
ZANG, JOSEPH



JUNE CLASS OF 1926

June Class of 1926

ACQUAVIA, CHARLES
ADDESSO, JOSEPH
ALBERTS, DORIS
ALDRIDGE, MARIE
ALECCI, DOMINICK
ANDERSON, ROSE
ANGEVINE, MARGARET
ANTES, GRACE
ANTICICH, MARGARET
ARENDS, MARTIN
AZZARITI, ANTONIO
BACHMANN, CHRISTEL
BAILEY, MARY
BALLETTI, WILLIAM
BEHRENS, EVELYN
BELLEBOUNE, NICHOLAS
BERGEN, HELEN
BERT, EDWARD
BERTELLI, LUCY
BERONINO, CAROLINE
BIER, MAX
BLANCK, HENRIETTA
BOCK, ELIZABETH
BONALDI, PAULINE
BORGSTEDT, WILLIAM
BORICHE, HENRIETTA
BOWMAN, WILLIAM
BRADY, FLORENCE
BRANTON, EDNA
BRAUNSTEIN, WALTER
BREITENBACK, GERTRUDE
BROCKSTEDT, EVELYN
BRODERICK, MARGARET
BRODERICK, MARY
BROWN, WILLIAM
BUCSI, MARGARET
BUCINO, ROSE
BUCKLEY, RICHARD
BURKE, BEATRICE
CAHILL, ALICE
CAHILL, JOSEPH
CARINE, ARTHUR
CARMEN, FARINO
CASAZZA, FLORENCE
CASAZZA, MADELINE
CASAZZA, MILTON
CASEY, LORETTA
CASEY, WILLIAM
CASSALE, FRANK
CESA, HELEN
CLOUGH, DOROTHY
COCHONES, BARBARA
COHEN, SOPHIE
COOPER, SYLVIA
CORSETT, LILLIAN
COX,EDNA
CRAY, RAYMOND
CUMMISKY, WILLIAM
CURLEY, DOROTHY
DAGOSTINO, JANET
DALTILLO, ANTHONY
DANTONIO, ALPHONSO
DARICO, CHARLES
DARR, GRACE
DE FELICE, JOSEPH
DEGERICK, WILMER
DELABELLA, ALEXANDER
DELLA ROSA, MARIO
DELLNER, WILLIAM
DE MENSA, MARGARET
DE NOBLE, JAMES
DE STEFANO, JOSEPH
DEWENDER, ANNA
DIERHING, WALTER
DI LEE, JOSEPH
DI LEO, PETRONINO
DIMMLER, MARTHA
DOIMEDE, CECILIA
DIXON, EUPHEMIA
DOUGHERTY, WILLIAM
DRUZ, MAX
EDMONSTOR, BRITTEMER
EIDUKOT, HARRY
ELKIN, JOSEPH
ELLEBRECHT, JOHN
ERHARD, CONSTANCE
ERHARD, GERTRUDE
ESPOSITO, MICHAEL
FENSTER, HELEN
FEURER, DOROTHY
FLOERKE, EMILY
FLYNN, THOMAS
FOSTER, CARL
FRITZ, CHARLES
FROGEL, FRANK
GEIGH, EMMA

GERMAIN, ERICA
GESTEIT, ALFRED
GEAIMO, ROSARIO
GEGGINS, VERONICA
GILLUS, HAROLD
GLATT, OTTO
GRABER, MATILDA
GRAZIANO, JOSEPH
GRAZIANO, PATRICK
GREGARIO, CONRAD
GREGORIO, ANTOINETTE
GROESCHKE, ESTELLE
GROSCH, MARGARET
GROSSI, JULIAN
GUIDER, VERONICA
GUNDERSTDORFF, MAUD
HAEHNGEN, HERMINIA
HAIUND, HENRIETTA
HAMMELL, PAULINE
HECHT, CHARLES
HECHTER, ADOLPH
HEIM, INGRID
HERMAN, DAVID
HESS, HENRY
HICKEY, MARY
HORNER, FLORENCE
INCANI, ANGELO
JEKOWSKI, PAULINE
JOHNSON, OLGA
JURGENSEN, JESSIE
KADIEN, THOMAS
KATZ, ISADOR
KELLER, HANS
KELLER, RUDOLPH
KELLY, AGNES
KELLY, EDNA
KELLY, JOHN
KENNELLY, FRANCES
KERR, EDITH
KILDUFF, SADIE
KERBY, BEATRICE
KLEEN, ETHEL
KLEINBERG, SAM
KOLSCH, MARGARET
KOVICH, FLORENCE
KROMMENHOCK, DANIEL
KRUEGER, GEORGE
KRUEGER, OTTO
KRUSE, ANNA
LANG, HARRY
LANGEN, ELEANORE
LANGEN, FLORENCE
LARSEN, CECELIA
LECKI, WESLEY
LENZ, JULIA
LETSCHER, IRENE
LEUDWIG, OLGA
LEVINE, BLANCHE
LEVINE, ROSE
LIBERTI, ANTHONY
LISA, NICHOLAS
LITTLE, MILDRED
LLOYD, PEAFIELD
LONDREGAN, JAMES
LOVEINOVICH, MATHEW
LUCIANO, ARMIDA
LUCIANO, LOUIS
LUCIANI, PETER
MACKIE, IDA
MAI, MADELINE
MAINE, MATHILDA
MALATESTA, MARIO
MARDONE, LUCY
MARINICK, FLORENCE
MAIS, ALBERT
MARTENO, GEORGE
MATERA, EDWARD
MAURER, JACOB
McCALL, ALEXANDER
McCURDY, WALTER
McDANIEL, GERALD
McGRATH, JOHN
McINTYRE, ELIZABETH
McKENNA, RUTH
MEARA, KATHLEEN
MENKEN, ELSIE
MERCOVICH, FRANCES
MEYER, KATHLEEN
MILBERG, EVELINE
MILBURN, HENRY
MOHNARI, EDWARD
MONGILLIO, JANE
MONTEVERDE, HELEN
MOORE, MILTON
MORITZ, LOUIS
MURDTER, CHARLES

NATALECCHIO, AMERO
NELSON, DOROTHY
NEW, TINA
NEWELL, ARTHUR
NOLL, MICHAEL
O'BRIEN, GEORGE
O'CONNEL, DENNIS
O'CONNOR, JOSEPH
O'DONNEL, VIRGINIA
OLSEN, LILLIAN
OSWALD, CHRISTIAN
PATROVITS, CATHERINE
PEDERSEN, LEON
PELLECHIA, RALPH
PELLICONE, BESSIE
PENDERGAST, FRANCIS
PERETZMAN, MARY
PETROSINO, ANGELINA
PETTA, ANTHONY
PITCHER, EGBERT
PLOTNIK, ROSE
PRINCE, ROSE
PULTKA, ANNA
RATA, VICTOR
RAVITZ, GERTRUDE
RAZUMMY, HENRIETA
RAZZETTI, EUGENE
REID, WALLACE
REILLY, JOSEPHINE
ROCHI, JOHN
ROESSLER, MINNIE
ROMANO, CARMINE
ROSE, CLARE
ROSENFELD, MORTIMER
ROSS, FREDERICK
ROSSO, LOUIS
ROTHSCHILD, SIDNEY
SACKS, HAROLD
SAVAGE, LILLIAN
SAVASOHN, REGINA
SCHENKERBERG, GEORGE
SCHIESEL, FRANK
SCHLICTING, FRED
SCHROLDER, CHARLES
SCHROLDER, MARIE
SCHWARTZ, HYMAN
SCIARRIALLO, LUCILLE
SEIGLER, VERNON
SEITEL, HARRY
SHEEHAN, JOSEPH
SHIFFMAN, MAX
SHERMAN, KENNETH
SIEGEL, AUGUSTA
SISA, ANTHONY
SIVARI, GEORGE
SOLTMANN, HANS
SPAGNOLETTI, LENARD
SPEER, REYNOLDS
SPINNA, FRANK
SPINGOLA, JOSEPH
SPINNEWEBER, NORMAN
STROHMINN, WILLIAM
TAPPENBACK, MICK
TEIOEN, ELLA
TOBRAS, MEYER
TOOMEY, WILLIAM
TOTARS, FRANK
TOTARS, ROSE
TRAPP, VALENTINA
TRAYNOR, BERNARD
TROLTZSCH, ERNEST
TRUGHO, DOMINICK
ULRICH, FRED
USDIN, ARCHY
VALLA, JOHN
VANBRUSSEL, EMILY
VAN DINE, CORNELIUS
VAN DONGEN, LEO
VAN KOLLBERGEN, JAMES
VAN LOAN, LILLIAN
VENIZIA, SALVINO
VERASCO, ANNA
VISALLI, LUCY
VISCONTI, ADELE
VOGEL, MORRIS
VREELAND, EDWARD
WAHL, HELEN
WEIGERINK, AGNES
WILCON, WILLIAM
WILHELMS, IRENE
WILSON, ETTA
WORTTENWELT, JOHANNA
WULF, ELIZABETH
WULSTEIN, FLORENCE
WYHORCK, MARY
YUDICONE, ELMA
YUDICONE, PAULINE
ZALUSKA, IRENE
ZIMMERMAN, GENEVIEVE
ZORN, BLANCHE
ZOTTO, FRANK

ALMA MATER

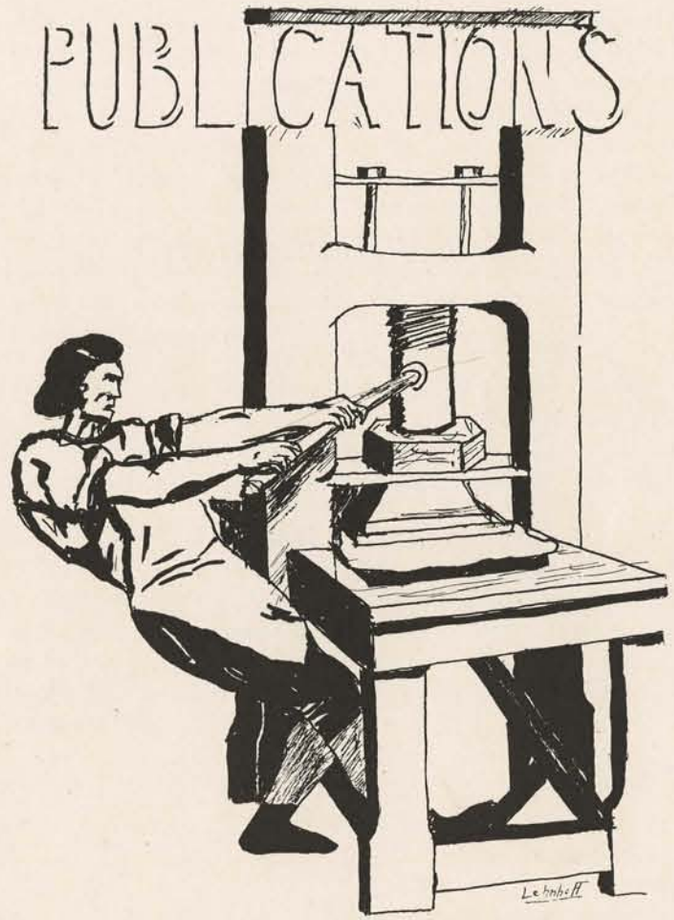
All hail to Alma Mater,
Hail Hoboken High,
Behold her mighty banner,
Forever will it fly,
For her champions stalwart
Struggling in the fight,
Ever spurring onward
Waves the red and white.

Chorus

Give a cheer! Give a cheer!
Give a cheer again!
H-O-B-O-K-E-N!

We're true sports and blue sports,
We're striving step by step
To uphold our banner bold,
Snap! Vim! Pep!
With spirits high, we ne'er say die,
For we must keep our rep,
Yes, this is our name, this is our fame,
We're never lame in any game.

H. H. S.



School Publications

ECHO

HIGH LIGHT

YEAR BOOK

The Echo.

THE year 1919 marked a new era in the history of the Hoboken High School. On November 25, after a part of the student body realized the significance of a school paper, the first copy of the *Echo* was issued by the February Class of 1923, both academic and technical. Originally it was meant to be a class paper. With funds raised from the class club, a small duplicating machine was purchased. It was very difficult to print the first fifty copies, and inconveniences were encountered at all times. All school news taken from the social and athletic point of view was published, as well as cartoons drawn by the students. As it proved a great success, on December 2 and 10 other editions were issued and many strong indications were observed toward what seemed to be its sure success. There had been no occasion for criticism concerning the well-written articles describing the school activities, together with a little humorous accent.

On January 14, 1920, the *Echo* was printed by the *Hudson Observer.* Each copy, which consisted of four pages, as in the previous editions, was sold for five cents, or below cost for producing the same. The only financial means consisted of the few advertisements received from the Hoboken merchants.

One of the foreseen and desired results of the paper was to elevate our standing in scholastic circles. Practically all the work performed to help the output of the paper was accomplished by James Turro, who proved zealous in the cause he served. Ever since the paper was first published it had been without a staff, but on March 15 of the current year it annexed one. The following students comprised it:

Editor.....James Turro

Associate Editors

News.....Gertrude Erklin, Walter Gullickson, George Norr, Eva Kirschner, Florence Walsh

Athletics.....Edward Sciorsci, Morris Cooper, Maurice Stollerman

Humor.....Victor Berman

Advertisements.....Walter Bishop

Business Manager.....Adolph Klein

Faculty Advisor.....Mr. Moriarty

At first the students realized the value of such an organ and gladly supported it. However, this spirit did not sufficiently show how much concern they had for its dominating and inspiring influence. Instead, their lack of appreciation and support of so important an organ of our institution caused its gradual decline and final death after fifteen issues had been published.

Notwithstanding this failure, the *Echo* had not been a fruitless and unthankful task. Meanwhile, let us recognize the revival of School Spirit, which a short while later introduced to us a new literary piece, the *High Light*.

The High Light.

ALTHOUGH the *Echo* was apparently a failure, that spirit which it brought about in the school was not overcome. The *High Light* soon came into its present existence largely through the efforts of Bernard Kenny and through Mr. F. Hauser, who gave his utmost support as faculty advisor. Their object was not only to publish a school paper but to make that publication a permanent one.

In order to make this everlasting a firm foundation was needed, and great energy of its co-workers was most essential.

After the approval of Mr. Kealy, then principal of the High School, and the Faculty were had arrangements were made for the printing.

In order to be assured that the *High Light* would be a success, subscriptions were asked.

The students were given an opportunity to subscribe as an inducement to buy the paper, which was to sell at fifteen cents each. The subscriptions were four papers for forty cents. The papers were issued about every two weeks. The *High Light* contains interesting and amusing material. A full description of the games, dances and school activities, the jokes and the question box are only a few features of the paper that make it so interesting.

When the paper was first issued it had no name. So an offer of five dollars for the best title was made. Mr. Kealy suggested the name but refused the prize.

In the third edition the name *High Light* appeared at the top of the chronicle. Soon the staff was chosen.

This term Mr. Wyse will take supervision of the *High Light* in order to insure its existence.

A school paper will always promote school spirit. The *High Light* should therefore be supported by the entire student body.

The Year Book.

VOLUME I! How little do most of us understand or realize the difficulties to be surmounted, overcome, utterly crushed in the first issue of a Year Book, a magazine or a paper? With the issue of this volume we hope that you will fully appreciate that which we have done to present to you a book, worthy of the school, the student body, and the activities. We have given the best of our time and energy to make the *Ho-Hi* a success, to build a firm foundation for all future, for there *will* be future Year Books.

First thoughts of an annual book were presented at the class meeting of May 13, 1922. After that things were hustled until the present Governing Board was appointed. Assistants and editors were selected and work was commenced before the close of the term. A member was selected from each class to write up the history of that class.

With the selection of the authors of the book almost complete, the great question arose, after the Governing Board had visited several publishers, "How are we going to finance this affair?" It would be impossible to sell many books at cost, for this would have amounted to nearly five dollars a book, and most students could not afford to pay as much. So the committee had to lay a great deal of importance on the advertising. Each member of the Senior Class was urged to go out for ads. At first, few pupils brought in any results, and it seemed an almost impossible task to raise the money. However, returns came in more quickly soon and enough was made in ads to sell the book for two dollars.

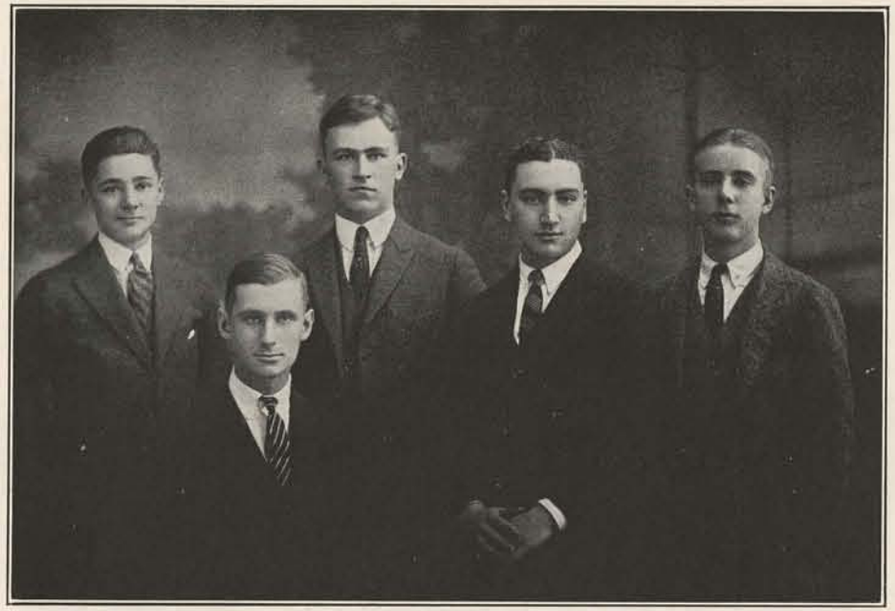
While these efforts were being made along the advertising lines, members of the class were endeavoring to collect deposits for the books from the students. Wilmer Relyea made several speeches from the platform which seemed to increase the circulation a good deal. Within a short time deposits were received from nearly two hundred students, which were few enough out of a school of one thousand.

When William Rosenberg suggested that the proceeds of a basketball game be turned over to the Year Book many considered his suggestion ridiculous. However, those in charge were asked for that permission, which resulted in our success. The proceeds of the Commerce-Hoboken game were given for the Ho-Hi.

In the meanwhile the girls of the class were still bringing in ads. Miss Heiler was exceptionally successful in bringing in both advertisements and subscriptions.

From this time on everything progressed smoothly. A name for the book was suggested by the publisher, Mr. William Schilling, and soon passed the vote of most of the members of the class. As soon as the committee was relieved of the worry as to finances, they started to arrange the material. Pictures of the different classes and faculty were taken for the book. The members of the upper-senior class had individual pictures taken for the Ho-Hi. It was no easy task to accomplish all this work. Meetings were held at the homes of the various members, where submitted work was corrected and arranged.

In order to further increase the sale of the books, circular letters were printed and sent to fifteen hundred alumni members. This met with fair success. We hope that by the time the book is issued we will have 100 per cent in subscriptions from the school.



GOVERNING BOARD

EMANUEL SUGARMAN RANSOM SHOUP HENRY HEIGIS

WILLIAM ROSENBERG VICTOR BERMAN

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M. KRAMER — J. PAPPANICHOLAS
W. RELYEA — R. ARDITO
G. NORR — A. PAGANELLI
A. ZORN — H. DELLNER

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B. SPARVIERI
ELSIE DREYER — A. HEILER

Organizations

BIOLOGY CLUB

GLEE CLUB

ART STUDIO CLUB

STAG CLUB

ORCHESTRA

PYTHAGOREAN CLUB

HEALTH CLUB

FIRE BRIGADE

The Biology Club

President.....EDWARD SCIORSCI
First Vice-president.....AMERICUS PAGANELLI
Second Vice-president.....SIDNEY ROSENBLATT
Secretary.....FRANCES WEISBART
Treasurer.....ELLI BIELITZ
Faculty Advisor.....LEONARD A. COMSTOCK

Club Council

LOUISE STROHMEIER
MARTINA SCHMIDT
ALICE KLEIN
RUTH OYER
ROBERT LESLIE
ALBERT ZORN
RAY FARLEY
HATTIE PISTOR
EMMA HAYES
GRACE WRIGHT
ANTHONY NATOLI

THE Biology Club, according to its constitution, is organized "to promote the knowledge of biology among its members: to bring this science into close relation with everyday life and succeeding technical work and to develop in its members a broad scientific outlook." The Club has an executive committee of sixteen members, including the officers, known as the Club Council.

At the meetings, papers written by members of the Club are discussed. The Club has taken some trips and other expeditions are planned. Last spring a particularly pleasant and interesting trip was taken to the tropical fish hatcheries and aquariums of Otto Gneiding of Ridgefield Park.

Here were observed the actual workings of practical biology. The beautiful and often grotesque forms of goldfish produced were most surprising.

The Club also adds to the school biological collections and several valuable specimens have been received. The offering of prizes for excellence in biology by the Club is practically assured.

Glee Club



READ this, ye Carusoes and Galli-Curcis! Our Glee Club was successful last year and has reorganized with a great many more members this semester. The organization last term was just a group of students who, under the direction of Miss Liddy, led the music in the auditorium. They were mostly girls, with a few, very few, males lending their voices to the general chorus. This term, however, the club has elected officers and is collecting dues. A regular constitution was formed and approved. There are fewer boys this term; but the number of girls has increased greatly.

An organization of this kind is of the utmost importance to a school. All high schools and colleges can boast of a Glee Club. The only difference between these Glee Clubs and ours is that more interest is shown in those of other schools. There is no reason at all for this lack of spirit. Many boys can sing, some fairly well; some better. They should join and give their noisy support to our Club. We cannot expect a Glee Club composed of the entire school body, but in an institution of 1,000 students there should be more than 75 enrolled. All of you with voices, bass, contralto, soprano, tenor, etc., join and let us hear your wondrous music swelling on the breeze.

Art Studio Club

President .....MARION DUFFY
Secretary.....MARGARET FERRIS
Treasurer.....WALTER JACOBS
Faculty Advisor.....MISS KAHRS

AMONG the clubs formed in the school's latest burst of ambition was the "Art Studio Club," one of the most successful organized. This body was formed "to promote an interest among students and enable them to apply their designs to material." The weekly meetings are well attended, due to the great interest aroused through the efforts of Miss Kahrs. The work is set forward in a very interesting manner and the results obtained are proof enough of the members' abilities brought out and greatly developed by this organization.

The practical side of Art is the more greatly emphasized in this Art Studio Club. During the past term the following work was carried on: Stick printing as applied to scarfs, bags, belts and hatbands. Beaded ornaments were modeled in clay and decorated, while book-ends, wooden trays and candy boxes were attractively painted.

Besides these activities of the Club the members still find time to take part in the entertainments of the school. On their own part, also, they intend having several social events this coming winter. A Christmas sale of articles will be one of the features of the winter, while a reception and exhibition will relieve the monotony of the spring.

The Stag Club

THE Stag Club is one of the recently organized societies. It was formed by several members of the Class of February, '23, who felt that the regular Class Club did not offer enough chance for social work and amusement. A constitution was formed which limited the number of members to nine students who were to be in the Senior Class. The Club was inactive most of last term, but is again reviving. Several "parties" are being planned, among which are included a banquet and a theatre party followed by a supper.

In order to perpetuate this society an amendment was added to the constitution which provided for the forming of additional chapters among the students. The Beta Chapter of the society was recently formed and comprises nine students of the Class of June, '23.

Members of the Stag Club

V. BERMAN
H. HEIGIS
B. HORWITZ
M. KRAMER
W. RELYEA
W. ROSENBERG
R. SHOUP
B. SPARVIERI
E. SUGARMAN

School Orchestra

HOBOKEN HIGH can now number among its versatile brood a jazz orchestra that certainly can make a person's toes palpitate.

Under the supervision of Elmer Klein, who shakes a wicked violin bow, the musical talent of the school has been developed into a melodious symphony of which we may justly feel proud. Miss Grace Engel tickles the ivories with a skill that is unbeatable. And when the saxophone in the able hands of Mr. Taylor starts to moan it is mighty hard to keep from stepping out. In fact, to the seductive strains of this saxophone Mr. Taylor could make an octogenarian do the college hop. Bill Rexford restricts his talents to solos, which is very commendable, as we must distribute our genius. However, in the absence of Elmer Klein Bill performs very creditably. And don't forget that Wilmer Relyea clangs a jazzy banjo. And at last we come to the real pep of the outfit, Dave Wolowitz, the drummer, who snares a fantastic drum as well as being an accomplished pianist.

The orchestra obliges at the weekly assembly, the holiday exercises, the class dances and upon many other occasions.

Pythagorian Club

THE last few years have seen many sturdy attempts to form a really good science club. Mr. Comstock, teacher of biological science, has formed the Biology Club, which has filled an aching void for the followers of that science. But still the field was narrow. It was restricted to certain students, not through anyone's fault, but because Mr. Comstock has only biology classes.

Mr. Stover, who was teacher of physics, but is now Principal of No. 7 School, was unable to take up this work through other engagements after school hours, so the Science Club had not been formed until recently.

Seven ardent embryo scientists of the senior class, scorning all previous discouragement, met and evolved a solution. The June class of 1921 knew an organization called the Pythagorian Society. The Beta Chapter of this society has recently been formed by those same seven seniors. The purpose of the society is evident—"Advance Science" is its watchword. There can be no doubt as to the intentions. The mark of the society's brotherhood is the composite drawing of the Pythagorian Theorem. No scientific organization in the school but has signified its approval of this attempt to place the great study of natural philosophy and mathematics in its proper sphere. The foremost members of the Biology Club, the best mathematicians in the class, the best chemists and the foremost physicists are enrolled in its membership. Five of its Alpha Chapter are now studying engineering at Stevens. The head of the famous M. B. A., the "Health Society," is a member. It is hoped that the good work will progress. It is the earnest hope of the society to have our school excel as one of the foremost in the preparatory study of science and mathematics.

Health Club

A GROUP of scientifically inclined students have organized a club for the promotion of health among the high school pupils. This club was kept secret for a long time for fear of unjust and adverse criticism.

Due to sickness, the city loses much money each year and students miss much work. Proper nourishment and sensible care of the body will prevent a great many of the minor types of illness and appreciably increase the average percentage of attendance. It is the proud boast of this club that none of its members has been sick a day during the term.

Having had such a large measure of success in their experiments, the new club has now come forward to give the remainder of the students the benefit of its investigations. Each week, in the school paper, the club, known as the M. B. A. Club, gives talks on the health and prevention of sickness to the students. These talks comprise the value of milk, vitamines in general, undenatured foods, mastication and common skin eruptions.

Fire Brigade

LAST term, under the personal supervision of Principal Kealey, the Fire Brigade was organized. Up to this time there had been some confusion at the fire drills, so in order to prevent any accidents in case of fire, a group of students were appointed, whose duty it was to take charge of all fire drills and to see that the school was dismissed in the time required by the state.

William O'Brien was appointed chief. The members of the brigade were each given an exit to take charge of and to see that everything worked smoothly. After a few trials the brigade worked like a piece of well-oiled machinery, with each man at his post and attending to his own duties. A record was kept of the time it required the students to leave the building and it was found that the school could be emptied in less than three minutes.

The Fire Brigade is now an established organ in the school and is one of the organizations of which the student body can be justly proud. The only thing lacking in the system is the appointment of boys to man the hoses. It is hoped that in the future, however, this matter will be taken care of and students will be taught how to manipulate the hoses and other pieces of apparatus which the school possesses.

ATHLETICS



THE DISCUS THROWER (AFTER MYRON)

The Athletic Association

THE Athletic Association of the Hoboken High School has been in existence for a good many years. It governs all athletics: basketball, baseball, track and tennis; and supplies the teams with their uniforms and other material. The A. A. receives the money from the games, that is, all the proceeds after the expenses have been paid. Last year they received the profits of the school play. In this way their fund is kept to a high standard and there is seldom a lack of funds. All finances are taken care of by our physical training instructor, Mr. Corrigan.

Meetings of the A. A. are held in September of each year. Officers are nominated and at the last meeting are elected to the positions of: president, vice-president, secretary, assistant basktball, assistant baseball, track and tennis managers. Each year, when the managers graduate or leave, the assistant-managers take their places and new assistants are elected. The results of this year's election were as follows:

President	H. Olsen
Vice-president	W. Schlosser
Secretary	J. Dondero
Basketball manager	A. Paganelli
Assistant basketball manager	J. Kearins
Baseball manager	R. Leslie
Assistant baseball manager	J. Glenn
Track manager	O. Aeshbach
Tennis manager	R. Wagner

The dues of the association are one dollar, an increase of twenty-five cents over the dues of two years ago. The membership up to the printing of this book is approximately 250 students. This is not one hundred per cent as it should be. This is due to the lack of school spirit among the High School pupils. As yet, only boys are eligible to membership in the A. A. A joint organization of boys and girls would do a lot of good and should be strongly advocated.

The Athletic Organization, its officers and supporters, should be congratulated on the good work, the regulation of games and the resulting clean sportsmanship of Hoboken High School.



1921-1922 BASKETBALL TEAM

Basketball

WITH the call for candidates for the basketball team, Coaches Walsh and Corrigan found a great amount of valuable material to support and extend our supremacy in scholastic circles. After the last "cut," the following men were left to uphold the Red and White for the basketball season of 1921-22. We find "Pinky" Gottlieb and Captain O'Brien, forwards; Leo Zatta, pivot man; "Sammy" Schein and "Bill" Schlosser, as guards; and substitute material in our well-known "Abe" Solomon, "Bull" Ryan and "Joe" Whalen. The reserve team consisted of "Johnny" Dondero, "Giggie" Paganelli, "Frankie" Madden, "Giggy" Glenn, "Moe" Cooper, "Tin Can" Zorn, "Abe" Abramowitz, "Joe" Clements and "Bob" Wagner.

Things looked bright for a successful schedule, but no one expected that this combination would even come near tying the record-breaking score of the previous season: twenty-five consecutive victories and one defeat at the hands of Montclair High School. But after the last basketball game of 1921-1922, we find an even more amazing score of twenty-nine victories and only one defeat. Crosby High School downed our Alma Mater in the semi-final round of the Eastern Championship Tournament at the University of Pennsylvania. Even though we were not the victors of the games, the representatives from the "Mile Square" City left the Quakertown University with the reputation of having the fastest passing team and highest scoring of all entrants. This was based upon the opinions of various coaches of the competing teams and of the University of Pennsylvania team. "Pinkey" scored eighteen consecutive fouls, breaking all records in the contest. All this was done by the lightest team in the Philadelphia tournament.

During the same season, such teams as Dean Academy of Massachusetts, Commerce and De Witt Clinton, of New York, and many others of equally high standing bowed before the mighty Hoboken quintet.

By defeating all high school teams in the vicinity we gained the championship of Hudson County. The home and home series with Union Hill High, our rivals in all sports, will never be lost in the annals of scholastic basketball history.

The Varsity basketball team of the Hoboken High School downed the Union Hill team by the score of 39-33. The superiority of the Hoboken team was most pronounced toward the close of the game, when the players scored almost at will. The work of Gottlieb, at forward throughout, and of Zatta, at center, in the latter part of the second half, was the feature of a game which remained interesting and exciting until the close.

The game started with a rush at the blowing of the whistle. Within a very short time Hoboken carried the ball down for a close shot, but the ball circled the basket without falling in, and in a minute more the Union Hill team missed a shot at their basket. Union Hill was trying to pocket Gottlieb and, in the attempt, they fouled him. "Pinkey" made the foul try good, and the Hoboken stands burst into an uproar. The Union Hill cheering section looked depressed and sad, but a minute later their faces lit up as Boxer evened the score on a foul try. Zatta was not getting the jump, but Schien, the Hoboken guard, was intercepting Fatting's taps. Schien gave the ball to Gottlieb, who was fouled in an attempt to dribble the ball through the Union Hill defense. Gottlieb made it. Then O'Brien broke the scoring ice and made a neat basket. After Hoboken had made five points by a basket and three fouls, and Union Hill had made a solitary point, the Union Hill team found its right guard down under the basket and passed it to him for a pretty field goal. Zatta made a rather difficult shot from field and the score stood 7-3 in Hoboken's favor. At the end of the half the score stood 22-20. The second half showed that the Union Hill team was outplayed. Hoboken won the game, 39-33.

In the fastest preliminary game of the season the Hoboken Reserves defeated the Union Hill second team by the score of 29-23. Dondero and Glenn were the high score men for the home seconds, while Gomberg was the mainstay of the Union Hill team. Wilson, at guard for Union Hill, was a veritable mountain of strength for his team. "Bobby" Wagner played a wonderful game for Hoboken.

In the Union Hill High School gymnasium, Hoboken High made it two straight over Union Hill, by the score of 32-22.

The game started with Zatta tapping the ball to O'Brien, who passed it to Gottlieb. He, in turn, passed it to another player and then cut to the basket. While cutting to the basket he was fouled and made the try at the foul line good, thereby giving his team a one point lead. Boxer evened the score up with a foul shot for his team. Fouls by Gottlieb put the Mile Square City boys ahead by three points. Strahl then dropped in a nifty long shot from the center of the court. Then Boxer tied the score on a foul shot. Charles Krause, Union Hill's star guard, dribbled from under Hoboken's basket right clear through the defense and made a field goal, thereby giving his team the lead. With five minutes of play left in the first half, Gottlieb sank a long shot, getting the only field goal credited to his team in this half. The half ended with the score standing at 12-11 in the homesters favor. It was mainly due to Gottlieb's excellent foul shooting in this half that kept the Mile Square City boys in the running.

The second half started with O'Brien getting a basket, the first of the game, and giving his team the lead, which they held throughout the game. Baskets by Gottlieb, O'Brien, Zatta and Schein, intermingled with some fouls by Gottlieb, sewed up the game for Hoboken. Union Hill's only basket of this half was made by Faltings who sank a nifty one-hand shot.

For the winners O'Brien and Gottlieb played well, as did Schlosser, whose

floorwork helped considerably in this team's victory. For the losers Boxer, Strahl, Krause and Faltings played well.

In the preliminary game of the evening Union Hill High School Reserves defeated the Hoboken Reserves by the score of 19-16, thereby evening up the series between these two teams.

For Hoboken, Glenn, Madden and Wagner played the best, while the whole Union Hill team played well.

With this record, attempts were made for a post-season series with Passaic, the New Jersey Champions. All these efforts proved futile.

The seconds did not prove as successful as the varsity team, losing four games in all. This was due to the heavier weight of the opposing teams rather than to their superior playing.

Taken altogether this was a banner year for the Red and White. We feel assured all future teams of our Alma Mater will pile up scores of equally high standing.

Basketball Scores Season of 1921-1922

Date, 1921	Opponent	Hoboken	Opponent
November 11	Flushing	49	20
November 18	Commerce	33	27
November 25	De Witt Clinton	34	27
December 2	Newark Normal	52	45
December 9	Erasmus Hall	39	16
December 17	Madison	54	28
December 23	Alumni	43	31
December 30	Commerce	39	35
	1922		
January 6	St. Peter's Prep	46	26
January 13	Ansonia	82	20
January 20	Morristown	66	21
January 23	West New York	54	45
January 27	De Witt Clinton	49	29
February 1	Emerson	56	21
February 3	Commercial	44	30
February 4	N. Y. M. A.	38	16
February 10	Stevens Prop.	63	40
February 11	Ansonia	38	14
February 18	Mahanoy City	39	35
February 22	Morristown	39	33
February 24	Dean Academy	40	22
February 25	Radmore	50	23
March 3	Emerson	38	25
March 6	Camden	38	24
March 9	Norristown	33	20
March 10	Crosby	30	40
March 14	Union Hill	39	33
March 17	Keyport	79	21
March 18	Union Hill	32	22
March 24	All Stars	67	31
	Total	1,383	820

Games Won—29 Games Lost—1 Per Cent. Won—96.6%



1922 BASEBALL TEAM

Baseball

WHEN considered from a standpoint of victories our baseball team was not very successful. This was not due to poor coaching, however, but to the fact that no material was available. Our two star pitchers, Neubauer and Saladino, had graduated and there seemed to be no one to take their places. Graduation had mowed a deep hole in both our infield and outfield, and Sam Schein, our varsity catcher, was unable to play since he had moved.

With all raw material Coach Walsh moulded a team which succeeded in winning one-half of the games played. The season started gloriously with the defeat of Stevens Prep by the score of 8—0. Jerry Moran allowed only two hits and acted very calmly during the entire game. The team next traveled to Ridgewood and were defeated, 10 to 2. We next traveled to Nutley and again sustained defeat, 8 to 5. Emerson, our county rivals, just managed to snatch the game out of the fire in the ninth inning, winning by the score of 8 to 7. St. Peters' crack team defeated us by the score of 4 to 3. We then traveled to Bayonne and easily won our second game of the season by the score of 8 to 5. The team, after winning their second game, suffered another slump, losing to West New York, 8 to 3., and to St. Peters, 10 to 9. We again defeated Stevens Prep, this time by the score of 13 to 5, and closed a rather unsuccessful season by defeating Bayonne, 3 to 2.

Baseball, although it is America's national sport, never ranked high in our High School Athletics. Since we rank highest in basketball, that is our major sport. However, if we get a good team together next season, we will make baseball one of the leading sports of Hoboken High School.

Scores of 1922 Baseball Season

	Opponents	Hoboken
STEVENS PREP	0	8
RIDGEWOOD	10	2
NUTLEY	8	5
EMERSON	8	7
ST. PETERS	4	3
BAYONNE	5	8
WEST NEW YORK	8	3
ST. PETERS	10	9
STEVENS PREP	5	13
BAYONNE	2	3
Total	60	61

Games won, 4. Games lost, 6. Per cent, .40.



1922 TENNIS TEAM

Tennis

A FEW weeks prior to the Easter vacation, Mr. Stover, the tennis coach, called together the candidates for the tennis team. After a short talk, he told the boys to report, for the time being, to the gymnasium for practice, the uncertain weather preventing outdoor workouts. This indoor practice was continued until about a week after Easter, when the Hudson County Park courts were finally prepared.

Those who survived the various cuts until this time were: Lehnhoff, Curley, Weinberg, Clements, Horwitz, Ker, Sullivan, Schow, Bill and Arthur Schultz, Mazzei and Laus. Of these, the first five were picked to represent the Hoboken High School in its meets with rival schools.

The first game on the excellent schedule of Manager Mazzei in May, was with George Washington High, the scholastic tennis champions of New York City. Considering the stiff opposition, the boys played an excellent match, nearly each game going to deuce. The score—George Washington, 5; Hoboken, 0—does not represent the true ability of the Hoboken team.

The second meet arranged was against West New York High School, at Hoboken. This game was easily ours, Curley losing the only match. By the time of the third game, which was against Union Hill, the boys were rounding into true form. With Lehnhoff losing the only game to Mac Henry, the cut artist, the excellent quality of the team was plainly evidenced. Again in our second game with West New York, the responses to Coach Stover's teaching were shown. This was our first complete victory, Curley partly revenging his past defeat by his victory over another man of the rival team.

Our fifth game we won by forfeit from East Orange High School, who failed to appear at the court or to cancel the engagement. This was greatly regretted, although it gave our boys a technical victory. The game with the experienced East Orange men had been keenly looked forward to.

Probably the most interesting meet of the season was against Emerson, in which the feature was two matches of mixed doubles. In these Clara Jurgensen played with Horwitz and Constance Heath doubled up with Lehnhoff.

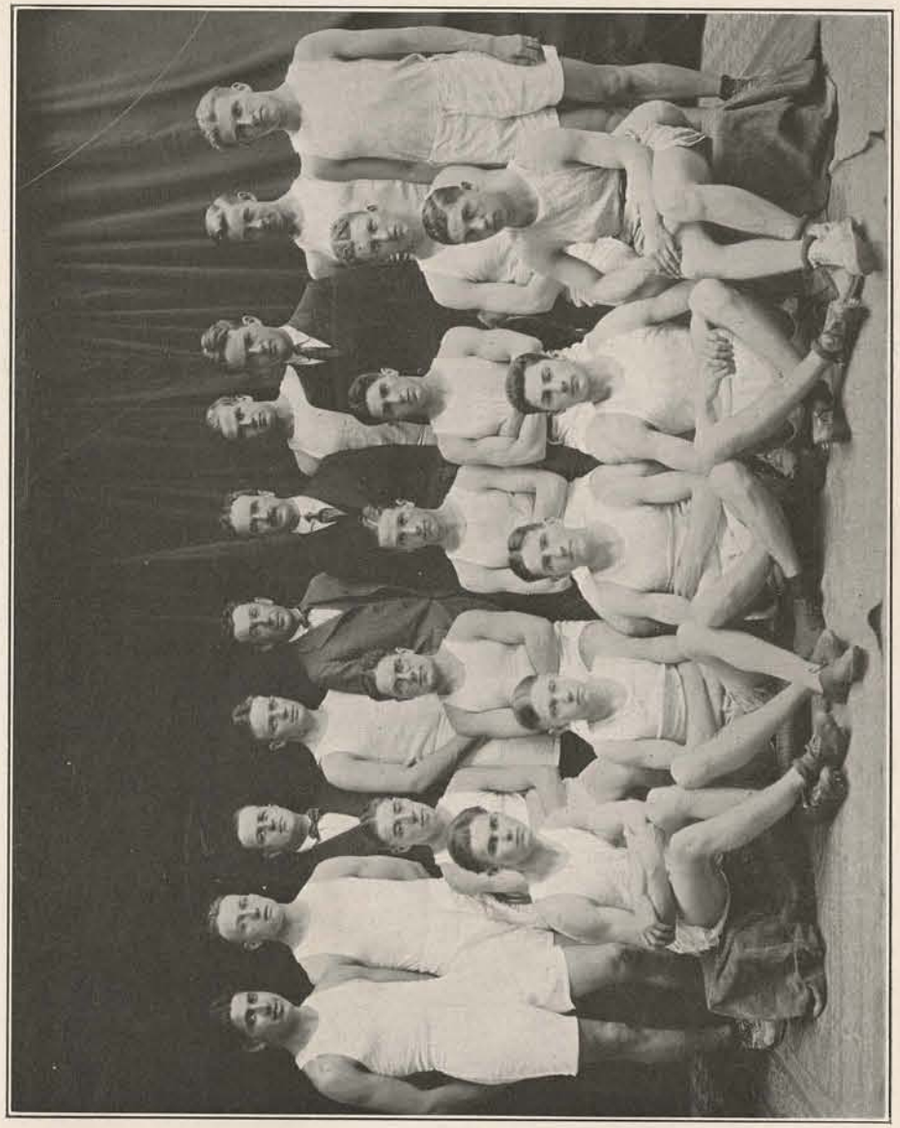
Both girls played exceptionally well and contributed greatly to the victory of the day. The three singles also went to Hoboken. The winning of this meet gained for Hoboken High School the title of Scholastic Tennis Champions of Hudson County.

During the 1922 tennis season it may be said that the wielders of the racquet ably upheld the high standard raised for Hoboken by our other victorious teams. With no previous personal experience or no recent school team, the record of five victories to one defeat is remarkable. Great praise and many thanks must be attributed to Mr. Stover, who spared no effort and drew unsparingly on his time to drill the team. Besides, much credit is due to Manager Mazzei, who materially aided the team by his carefully arranged schedule, providing ample time for practice and rest.

Tennis Scores

	Opponent	Hoboken
GEORGE WASHINGTON	5	0
WEST NEW YORK	1	4
UNION HILL	1	4
WEST NEW YORK	0	5
EAST ORANGE	0	5
EMERSON	0	5
Total	7	23

Games won, 5. Games lost, 1. Per cent, .83 1-3.



1922 TRACK TEAM

Track

EARLY last fall our track prospects looked bright. A call for candidates was sent out and over fifty men responded. After the first few practices, however, interest began to lag. We returned to the same rut from which we were constantly trying to lift ourselves. Last spring, under the leadership of the 12 B Class, track practice was revived. We arranged a meet with Steven's Prep, the Hudson County Champions, for the championship of the City of Hoboken.

We acquitted ourselves with honor at our first appearance, losing by the close score of 38-35. We won four first places, four second places and three third places.

We are in hopes that this book and this account of the track meet will help somewhat in turning out a large number of men for our next year's team.

This season another meet was held, but the regular team was not organized at the time. A team of any who wished to participate was formed and entered the meet of the Hudson County League. This league, consisting of Bayonne, West New York, Emerson and Hoboken, was formed to regulate the sports between these schools. In this meet we did not cover ourselves with glory. The other teams were better and we had had no practice. Bayonne won by a big margin, West New York took second place, Hoboken came in third and Emerson footed the list. In the next event we all hope to acquit ourselves with more glory.

Wearers of the "H"

BASEBALL

Zatta
Moore
Dondero
Murphy
Moran
Ryan
Lempke
Kearins
Whalen
Farrell
Wagner
Schlosser, Mgr.

TRACK

Geismar
Zatta
Mylting
Anderson
Mathey
Hunt
Cooper
C. Paganelli
Engel
Sciorsci
Stubbman
Farley
Kenny
Bello
Gulliksen
Cowan
W. Schultz, Mgr.

TENNIS

Lehnhoff
Clements
Curley
Horwitz
Weinberg
J. Mazzei, Mgr.

BASKETBALL

Gottlieb
Daugherty, Mgr.
Schein
Schlosser
Solomon
Whalen
O'Brien, Capt.
Zatta
Ryan

School Cheers

Rickety, rickety, rex—rex,
Hurrah, hurrah.
Rickety, rickety, rex—rex,
Hur—rah, hur—rah,
A rollickin', frolickin' bunch are we,
Hoboken High School, yes, siree.
Team! Team! Team!

Cheering Song

Our boys will shine to-night,
Our boys will shine.
Our boys will shine to-night,
Shine down the line.
They're dressed in red and white,
That's a good sign,
When the sun goes down,
And the moon comes up,
Our boys will shine.

Long Locomotive

H—O—B—O—K—E—N
H—O—B—O—K—E—N
H—O—B—O—K—E—N
Hoboken! Hoboken! Hoboken!
Aka—lacka—ching,
Aka—lacka—chow,
Aka—lacka—ching—ching—chow—chow—chow,
Boom—a—lacka, Boom—a—lacka,
Sis—boom—ba,
Hoboken High School,
Rah! Rah! Rah!

Activities

1. POPULARITY CONTEST
2. CLARENCE
3. JUNIOR PROM
4. SCHOOL PLAY
5. HIGH LIGHT DANCE
6. ALUMNI DANCE

Popularity Contest

NO doubt the students of the Hoboken High School were kept in a constant strain of suspense during the two weeks of the Popularity Contest. This contest was conducted by the officers of the High Light, the school paper, for the purpose of finding out who was the most popular girl and who was the most popular boy in the school. The contest was worked out by a system of votes. A coupon worth five votes was printed in the High Light. After the name of the favorite boy or girl was written in, the voter placed the coupon in a box situated on the bulletin board of the first floor of the High School.

This contest, open for all students, with the exception of the High Light staff, proved Miss Ella Bielitz, of the Commercial Department, the most popular girl, and Mr. William O'Brien, of the Academic Department, the most popular boy.

The two long weeks of waiting for the returns of the contest worked wonders upon the dispositions of many students. Even the teachers were beginning to notice how singularly nice the students were to each other. There is no getting away from the fact that some students did everything but stand up on soap boxes in the centre of the hall and solicit votes for the campaign. One person went so far as to perform in the gymnasium for the benefit of the votes.

The contest naturally affected the girls more than the boys. Is it not a natural accomplishment for the vanity of every Sal, Mary and Jane in the school to acquire votes? She might have been a cat before, but now how she has changed! Girls who were very exclusive before, burst forth into the crowds about school as a shower of rain in spring.

The boys viewed the contest in an entirely different light, but of course that was to be expected. Why should a real man care for such a trivial thing as a popularity contest? Nevertheless, the boys were very cordial during the last week. One young man was sure to capture the prize, if actions speak louder than words, but to our minds the winners should please everyone.

The results of the contest were as follows: Ella Bielitz, 280 votes, Edna Wehr, 200 votes and Gladys Joerren, 160 votes. William O'Brien, 425 votes, Leo Zatta, 265 votes and Samuel Schein, 200 votes.



Clarence

WHILE the all-absorbing topic to the Senior Class of February, 1923, is the Ho-Hi, the members of the class of February, 1922, were intent upon the production of a play. Early in the term a play committee was appointed. After due consideration "Clarence," by Booth Tarkington, was chosen. The services of Mr. K. Nicholson were secured to coach the show. Great perseverance was shown by those who took part in the cast, almost every afternoon for a month previous to the presentation being devoted to rehearsals.

On the night of December 16, 1921, "Clarence" was enacted for the approval of the public. The High School auditorium was filled with friends and relatives eager to witness the first stage appearance of the Seniors. The leading parts were filled by Al Dinsmore, as Clarence, the ex-soldier, and Elizabeth Hauenstein, as Violet Penney, the pretty nurse. With Ruth Marino, as the perplexed mother, Bernard Kenny, the perplexed father, and Harry Jurgensen and Gertrude Bach, as the squabbling children, the major cast was complete. The part of Clarence in settling the difficulties in this family form the basis of Tarkington's farce. The malicious attempts of Seward Abbot, as Herbert Stem, to win the affections of Miss Penney from Clarence form an interesting diversion in the plot. Skillfully woven into the plot of the play was an exhibition of Al Dinsmore's talents. He rendered excellent vocal, piano and saxophone solos.

Junior Prom

ONE of the most enjoyed of all the school activities last year was the Junior Prom, conducted by the June Class of June 1923. It served to end up the spring term, taking the place of the usual exit dance which the class of February 1923 was prevented from giving.

The spice of the evening were the novelty dances. The night was started with a get-together dance, which admirably served its purpose to get the dancers acquainted with each other. In it the participants frequently separated partners.

Another attraction of the evening was the lemon dance, in which an odd fellow with a lemon passes it to one of a couple and then dances off with the girl. The lemon was kept constantly in action, the game affording great fun, especially in the case of certain "Hons and Dearies" who wished to dance together.

The primary event of the evening was a lucky number elimination dance. The prizes were candy and cigarettes. The first prize was given to Miss Margie Compton and her partner.

This dance was voted a huge success by all who attended. Therefore, even though no financial gain was made, those in charge of the prom were highly satisfied.

The School Play

THE "World Champion," a popular play of last year, was presented by High School students on March 17 and 18. A new policy had been inaugurated. It was customary for the Senior Class to present a play and raise money for their graduation expenses in that way. This year a school play was presented and the money was given to the A. A.

The "World Champion" was a great success. It was run two nights in succession. The High School auditorium was crowded both times. The cast was:

GERALD WALL	PAULINE GLASER
WILLIAM SCHLOSSER	ESTHER SCHWARTZ
STEPHAN ERKLIN	RUTH HANSEN
EDWARD KUEBLER	WILLIAM EMERSON
FRIEDA BAMBERG	WILMER RELYEA
GEORGE WILSON	ROBERT LESLIE
JAMES THOMPSON	JOSEPH CLEMENTS

WILLIAM O'BRIEN

The play was coached and directed by Mr. Keefe, who should receive most of the credit for its success. Mr. Branton and Mr. Sullivan helped in the lighting and scenic effects.

High Light Dance

ON Friday, December 9, 1921, a dance was held after school at the Hoboken High Gymnasium in honor of the first issue of the school paper. A large number of the students attended. The new jazz band furnished the music, and all will admit they played well for their first attempt at syncopation.

It needs to be stated that the male factors of this school are bashful, for during the first few dances there were but three fellows on the floor. But the worst was yet to come, and near the end there were very few who were not "stepping." "Music hath charms that soothe the savage breast." It did not, however, soothe the unfortunate culprits who were sentenced to warm seats in the *jug*. But these prisoners were released in time to enjoy the fun also.

There was only one bad feature about the whole dance, and that came at five o'clock, when it had to close.

Alumni Dance

THE first successful reorganization of the Alumni was effected on April 7 when the Athletic Association staged an Alumni Dance. The dance was a success in every respect, when considering it was the first reunion in several years.

The "High School Gym" was neatly decorated with flags. The affair was informal in every manner. Members of the Alumni from classes as far back as 1904 attended the reunion. Many of the faculty were present, among whom were Misses Jacobsen, Rabold, Davey and Mr. Stover.

At the entrance to the gymnasium a register book was kept, in order to ascertain the number of Alumni present.

To add to the splendid arrangement of everything the school orchestra rendered the music. Although the orchestra had only been organized recently, it displayed a wonderful knowledge of music. The dance order was of the best, including the very latest dance pieces.

On June 2 the Athletic Association again staged a promenade for the Alumni at the Union Club at Sixth and Hudson Streets. The Alumni co-operated in making this affair a success for it was the first of its kind in many years.

Girls' Cheering Squad

A HEALTHY school spirit, co-operation and support, moral and financial, aids the teams representing the school to achieve victory. Dissatisfaction, complaining and adverse criticism from a few scholars will cause even the best drilled team to lose courage and will consequently not put forth the best that is in them. This spells defeat.

Financial support of our various athletic teams is not lacking. Moral support in a larger and better degree is desirable. One way in showing our teams that we are with them and backing them up is to cheer them, urge them, encourage them to victory. The High School boys have always done this in a more or less systematic way. The girls, who are just as enthusiastic and just as loyal, are beginning to put forth organized efforts to cheer their school team to obtain new laurels.

When girls arrayed in white sweaters with a large, red H on them, occupy center seats in the cheering section, surely it will show that all students are loyal supporters of their team.

Perhaps the yells and cheers emitted from the delicate throats of the girls will not shake the very foundation of the building, but more earnest, sincere and loyal cheers will not be heard from others.

Boys and girls cheering together will show a united front, an organized effort, a loyal school spirit. With such support our team can not and will not lose. So an earnest plea is addressed to the girls to show their colors, to organize in a cheering squad. Girls and boys unite for new victories.



How Blubber Won the Derby

It was the night before the big exams.
Not a sound was in the room—
The silence hung with misery
For the morrow each smelt Doom.
"Who was this tough guy, Caesar?"—
"Know your math. or chemistry?"
"What's a gram? Say, whathahell
Must we learn in botany?"
"Cut the chatter, will you, fellows,"
Blub, the dumb-bell, now implores.
"Wake up, Buddie, Say there, Freddie,
You can't skip—I locked the doors!"
"Aw, the Yankees are big bluffers,
Not a single game have won——"
"What cher say about my Dundee?
Sure, I'll lay you two to one."

So they drink the midnight lampblack,
Countless butts adorn the floor.
Though they make some *try* at study,
None can read a page or more.
Blubber tried his best to work them—
Railed his pals and punched his friend,
He could hammer none to Caesar
Or to trig. his classmates bend.
"You must study or you'll flunk, boys."
"What about yourself?" one cried.
Blubber answered, getting hotter,
"Though I flunk, yet I have tried!"

Came a rap upon the panels—
"Blub, your gal is down the line."
(It was Izzie, the class wizard,
Speaking of a girl divine.)
Down the hero fell a-crashing—
Snickered Bud, Tom, Jake and Fred.
"'Scuse me, boys!"—the red-faced mentor
Ducked a book and quickly fled.

JAMES TURRO

Tempus Fugit

In the class a horde stood sweating
Underneath a great prof's eye.
Many thought of happy jailbirds—
Here were they to sweat and die.
Blubber's native tongue was English
But he spoke American—
What of syntax, chords and meters;
Tie to ologies a can.
So he wrote whate'er he 'membered
(Twasn't much, I'll tell you that).
At the finish of the exams
Quickly rushed his Fordham flat.
"O! I'm flunked," he whispered hoarsely,
"Even Iz, the wiz, was stuck.
If the book-worm found it roughly
What could I make of such truck?"
Gloom—
Again Tempus fugit, flees and flies
Passed the time, hushed the classroom;
Marks are called and many flunk.

Izzie hears a little eighty—
'Tis for him an average punk.
Near and nearer comes Blub's number,
Down into his seat he dives.
"Mister Blubber," says the doctor,
"Average—(cough)—is ninety-five!"
Sudden action in the classroom—
Many gaze with startled eyes,
What's the matter there with Blubber?
Why, he's fainted from surprise!

JAMES TURRO

A Poppy Eater Dreams

SOMEHOW I find myself walking through chambers of immense length, entering through archways of gigantic span; the black walls that stretch above me rise into immeasurable space above which blinks one lone, pale star.

A hushed quiet has descended upon this Place, and as I roam about, entering and departing from each huge, lofty room, this stillness softens my anguish, deadens and smooths away my poignant, needle-like woe.

Yet above and in this quiet there is an intangible something that I cannot see nor hear, yet which my sensitive body can feel, although it touches me not. It is like unto the brooding quiet before a storm, and the damp wind that blows fitfully about me brings to my listening ears a faint, sinister roaring, softened by distance unknown.

I turn to retrace my steps. The wind has died out of itself and a stifling silence descends. The immense walls cast down huge shadows that thicken and grow darker. The star above me grows dull, then fades away with an unearthly suddenness—and I am lost.

The unnatural stillness grows intense in its quiet. I hurry towards the spot where last I saw my guiding star. My hurrying, feverish feet make no sound—I am startled to find myself walking on tip-toe.

I enter a room that seems familiar though I know they are uniformly alike. The darkness with a swift change turns into blackness; I cannot see my hand two inches from my face.

This stillness now terrifies me. I long to be near another throbbing, nervous body—to hear a voice—to shout. I tramp my feet—not a sound. I'm frightened. I give a low laugh at myself. I stop.

From the walls a laughter starts, rising like a cyclone from a whisper until it swells into a diabolical roar that is tossed and thrown, hurled and

battered from chamber to chamber, till the Place seems to be filled with a distorted laughter issued from the lips of grotesque beings that mimic my sound and try to excel each other in their imitations.

I flee, the unearthly laugh bursting in my ears and ringing through my brain. Reeling and falling I go, one hand outstretched, the other striving to shut out that aweing screech from my head.

I have traveled far. I stop, exhausted, listening. From afar comes a distance-deadened howl, that still lingers in my ears, mocking, challenging me into calling it the echo of my voice.

And as I listen that unholy sound dies out in a long-drawn sigh, blending into the silence so that I still stand immobile, listening for that I know not. Yet it seems that there are beings all about me, grinning and chuckling to themselves, peering at me with wicked, malevolent eyes, waiting to hear my voice that they may yell and shriek and mock, for they have no voice of their own.

These unknown beings are unbearable and I creep away softly, looking back furtively, careful to see I am not followed. Then an irresistible fear envelops me and headlong I flee.

A damp, fitful wind that has a clammy, chilly touch pursues me as I grope and stagger through the murky shadows, bringing reminiscences of that distant, evil roaring.

A curious sensation creeps over me. It seems as if the wind were the forerunner of some harsh calamity. For as I stand undecided in this quiet a flash of lightning (which is not lightning) swiftly illuminates the chamber for an instant, yet does not pierce the sombre shadows.

Suddenly the blackness is again split open by a giant flash and as swiftly closes, yet in that moment I saw a sight that was fearful and compelling in its terrifying splendor.

For the tops of the gigantic walls seemed to have been dipped by some master hand in gold and silver and studded with gleaming, precious jewels that had caught the ferocious light as it zig-zagged across the skies and now glowed and poured out their celestial fire through the blackness.

And now the wind rose to a terrific velocity, slamming against the walls and tearing from those huge structures their living, glowing colors, scattering them broadcast over the Place so that it seemed to my startled eyes that I stood watching the fall of countless stars of magnificent hues, rolling and tumbling from space—a mass of vibrant colors.

Then the thunder broke. It sounded as if a twig was suddenly snapped; then gaining in momentum it seemed to leap and roll, overtaking and tumbling over itself, till it filled the Place with a vast, deafening roar that shook the huge chambers.

The heavens were loose. Shafts of lightning chased each other crazily across the sky in one continuous stream, illumining the Place with dazzling light, but not piercing the shadows that stood haughtily still.

What happened next I know but dimly. The stupendous greatness of it all filled me with wondering awe and left me free from fear. I was but a gaping, staring mite watching the fall of colossals. About me tumbled and fell huge structures, made by the gods, and by them broken. Their falling roar was but the deeper drumming to the high screech of the wind and the rumbling thunder, while the flaming stars danced merrily to the tune.

And as I watched a strange thought came to me. Was I not also a plaything in the hands of the gods, futilely trying to escape them, while they looked on and laughed at their toy's efforts?

Who was I to pit my puny strength against them? By them was I carelessly created, to be as carelessly shattered. I was but as the mud-cakes of a child, a thing of the moment, a whim, to be scornfully cast aside or unconcernedly squashed underfoot.

Chaos is about me. All is ruin and more is falling. I hasten to leave behind this great destruction, but wherever I go 'tis all the same. The thunder of the falling structures is so great that my feeble ears cannot enregister the sound; they are useless midst all this confusion.

I enter another chamber and I see a marvelous stairway, wide and dignified in its magnitude, rising high, high up into the sky and losing itself in the upper obscurity.

I clamber up this stairway and always it rises above me, white, beautiful, crystalline. I am tired of climbing; my legs are as leaden weights, the lifting of which is pain. I pause to rest and view the imposing destruction. Ah, those wondrous lights, flaming, palpitating fire dancing in the dark! It seems to my enchanted eyes that I am watching a country field at night, aglow with the flashes of countless firebugs, winking and blinking in their merry way.

The step upon which I stand slightly trembles, and looking behind I see where once the stairway descended—a yawning chasm. I leap upward as the step beneath me crumbles away into the abyss.

Now ensues a horrible race. For as quickly as I climb the next step, the one I had left behind vanishes into the black pit

* * *

I have climbed for hours, days, I do not know—maybe it is years. Time has no place in my mind. My thoughts all center on how to evade the doom that dogs my footsteps. Feverishly I climb, trying to elude the crumbling steps, but yet I must hasten.

My legs are dead; 'tis but fear that urges me up this eternal stairway. Will it never end? It must surely reach that heaven or hell in which we believe. Oh, but I'm tired! I would fain lie down and die, but still I stagger forward, away from death that will surely overtake me. And as I stumble upward yet do I resemble mankind, always fearful, fighting, suffering to flee the death that is their birthright, that must come as inevitably as night after day.

My tongue hangs from my mouth and my face is filled with dust. My sight is a blurred vision of dots and dashes fantastically jumbled about, and yet I must not rest.

* * *

I have reached the top of the stairway. Far below the bright lights still fall to their resting place. The moon and the stars we see from earth are far below me. Earth itself is but a little round ball, the color of orange. I know now what those little firebugs were that clung to the towers. They are huge meteors that, flying recklessly through space, were attracted to the Place by some mysterious power and there held prisoners.

Truly I feel like unto a god. I am in another world, another sphere. Beneath me I see all that man has seen and other that he does not even dream of. Above stretches space, so limitless and infinite, that makes me remember I am still a man. Where must heaven be? I wonder, as the last step trembles warningly.

A crack appears, growing rapidly larger. Immense pieces are already falling away. I back off to the extremity of the step and there rest immobile, staring, horrified, unable to think, but to clasp my hands impotently. Alone upon a block of stone with nothing above me and black space below. And as the crack widens under my feet like, a rainbow of hope a silver ribbon of light spans the higher heavens. The rock falls beneath me; I leap even as a swimmer into this ocean of air, towards the light. The wind rushes past me swiftly and now I smile contentedly. Billions of miles are below me, countless more above, and I am falling, I am falling . . . falling . . .

It was by request that James Turro handed us the preceding composition. Although a college student now, Mr. Turro shows more of an interest in his former Alma Mater than many of our present students. We thank him heartily for his help and are sure his story will be enjoyed by all.

A Dissertation on Examinations

I DON'T suppose there is anyone in the whole world, that ever went to school to be brow-beaten, who does not understand, who does not grimace, who fails to utter a fierce ejaculation of hatred in a panicky undertone when the question of examinations presents itself. And why? That question is an easy one, for, as shall be proven later, examinations are illegal; why, sir, they threaten our very constitutional rights and liberties and I but follow in the footsteps of my illustrious predecessor, Patrick Henry, when I say—do away with them.

But what is an examination? Easy again, for any school boy or girl may answer. An examination in its highest sense, which is not very high, is a so-called testing process by which miserable students are failed, flunked, etc., just to keep the population of the school at normal and to insure the despot whose alias is "teacher," a salary. You know this to be true, you cannot deny it.

You, you miserable, down-trodden wretches, you puppets otherwise named scholars. Don't you hear the call of duty? Don't you remember Longfellow's words, "Be not like dumb driven cattle"? By the Beard of the Prophet he was right, but he hinted (I guess) the impossible. You are mere dolls—white and pasty—who do not think, who do not know your power! No, you do not think! You are ordered around, pushed about, made to believe black is white; in other words to do without question that which your superiors command. You study Caesar. Was there ever one? Who knows? You read of Alexander, Xerxes, Nero and others. Did they exist? No—to you they live in the only complete volume of fairy tales, under the blackest of black covers, on which is emblazoned in golden letters, yes, golden—Ancient History. Be skeptical, my friends. It is your inalienable right as an American citizen. Why, what has happened to the phrase, "I'm from Missouri—you've got to show me," that was brought into vogue by our illustrious forefathers? Don't you see to what a level you have fallen? It seems too terrible to be true; but it is so, and it stands a hideous, unalterable fact.

But to return to our topic of examinations. Do you remember the morning of the first one? How you trembled, how you paled and looked more

worried than your Caesar in his alleged Gallic campaign? You were possessed with the feeling of an indescribably ill-omen. You were going to your doom and knew it. Do you remember how you slunk to the classroom and crawled into your seat (looking like a "corralled Ponzi") and smiled a ghastly smile in recognition of the equally ghastly smiles, smiled by your equally ghastly-faced comrades in a common woe?

Ha! it recalls vivid recollections, does it not? When the despot told you that the Board of Dictators called Board of Education had decided on twelve questions instead of ten you were ready to—and almost did—collapse. Ah, but I pitied you not!

And then the examination itself. You wrote on white paper amidst a deathly silence. You did not dare speak and yet—yet, the Constitution grants to us—each and every one—the blessed freedom of speech. Is this liberty? If it is I do not comprehend it. Is this what our forefathers fought and died for? I cannot comprehend it and *I will not comprehend;* no, not now or ever!

HERMAN DETTBARN.



An Incident in the Life of a Chaplain at the Front

THE scene of this narrative is a field hospital in France, set at the foot of a hill, in the center of a clearing surrounded by tall trees. A short time after the United States had entered the war, a little incident, worthy of note, occurred in this hospital. Communication with the front line trenches had suddenly been broken. William Grahame and an assistant were sent to locate and repair the damage. Crawling along slowly and availing themselves of every means of concealment, the two men finally reached the damaged wire and replaced it. They were just starting back when a shell burst very close to them. Grahame uttered a groan and then was still. His comrade saw immediately what had happened and, at the risk of his own life, took Grahame on his back and crawled rapidly towards the American lines, where willing hands brought him into the shelter of a dug-out.

Grahame was taken to the hospital on a stretcher. His condition was so dangerous that the doctors had little hope of saving his life. Realizing this, he whispered faintly to the nurse, "Please send for a chaplain."

"I will, but you must lie quietly," she said.

The nearest chaplain, who was summoned, happened to be of Hebrew faith. After the chaplain had been with Grahame a few moments he discovered that the wounded man was of a faith different to his own.

"Grahame," he said quietly, in an assuring tone, "at a time like this religious differences should not be thought of, but we must only remember that we are men, you wounded, and I with some power to assist and comfort you."

"Will you send word to my old parents back home?" the wounded man asked, with tears in his eyes.

"Of course," answered Chaplain Gould.

He then received an affectionate and pathetic message, assuring Grahame's parents that their boy had fallen in the performance of his duty. Orderlies appeared to transfer Grahame to the operating room, where it was found necessary, as a last resort, to amputate his shattered limb. Contrary to all expectations, he came through very favorably, and in a few weeks was on the certain road to recovery. After several months of convalescence in France, he was sent home. His parents, who had received no information after the message sent them by the chaplain, believed him killed in action and were mourning their loss very deeply. His return, as of a spirit come back to life, was first a shock and then a great joy to them.

At last the great event, long prayed for by all the world, came! Peace was in sight! Hostilities ceased November 11, 1918. Soon the American troops began to return to their own land. Chaplain Gould was among the first to come home. While delivering his first sermon, after his return to Denver, a crippled man entered the temple. He seated himself and listened intently to the sermon. Just before the closing service he asked the usher if he might address the congregation. Permission was immediately granted and Grahame hobbled up slowly. What he had to say was brief. He told of the kindness of the chaplain and in forceful language argued the cause of the Brotherhood of Man.

If the World War accomplished nothing else, it at least created a spirit of friendship and good fellowship between nations and races. It has helped to eliminate the narrowness and pettiness of religious factions. Men are no longer antagonizing one another because of conflicting ideas and beliefs. A church is becoming a place of worship and not a house offering us isolation from our fellow creatures. This state has been brought about by the noble work of the chaplains, always appealing to the better sides of our nature.

EMANUEL SUGARMAN.

A Survivor's Story of a Submarine Raid

IN February, 1918, I found myself in Hoboken, waiting for a transport to take my regiment to France. I was still dazed over my sudden call to the army, the two months' training at Camp Dix and the entraining for Hoboken. I had, until I was drafted, looked on the war as an impersonal matter, but during my training I had come to know that it actually meant something to me. During my stay at camp I had formed a very close friendship with Jim Ewain, the corporal of our squad. Near the end of February our regiment and a few others, together with about one hundred Red Cross nurses, embarked on the fast steamship "Aztec" for France. We were to cross the submarine-infested Atlantic in company with the "Leviathan" and some other transports, escorted by a convoy. After we had gotten about thirty miles out the "Leviathan" slowly started to forge ahead of the convoy. This ship always followed this procedure, as it was the fastest transport in the fleet and could easily elude any U-boat that chanced to give chase. The captain of the "Aztec" was proud of his ship and jealous of the reputation of the "Leviathan," so he decided to leave the convoy and try to follow. In a few hours, however, it could be seen that while our transport was faster than the convoy, it could not keep up with the "Leviathan." So it transpired that when the middle of our journey was reached we were about fifty miles in front of our escort and seventy-five miles behind the ship we had tried to follow.

At this time the men on the vessel became suddenly subdued, as a rumor came from the wireless room that the "Leviathan" had been attacked by U-boats. About fifteen minutes later our captain came back from the commander's quarters, and, when we had fallen in, said: "The "Leviathan" has been attacked by submarines, but has eluded them. In all probability we shall be attacked. I want you to conduct yourselves with dignity, as befits soldiers of the United States. Go to your quarters and await further orders. That's all. Dismiss." When we reached our bunks everyone started complaining, not because of the coming danger, but because only the navy gunners would be able to get a shot at the Germans. About three hours later a sudden shock and an ear-splitting noise broke in upon the soldiers' efforts to stay awake.

Shrill cries came from the rear of the boat, where the nurses were situated. Hoarse commands were shouted, pulleys creaked as the life-boats were lowered from the davits, and the clang of hob-nails on the steel companions and ladders rang throughout the ship. Flames appeared in the rear of the transport as it started to settle into the water. The submarines, evidently satisfied with the havoc they had wrought, withdrew.

The life-boats, after picking up those who had jumped into the water from the deck, were drawing away when suddenly a cry went up. There, looking through a port-hole, stood a nurse. Flames could be seen in back of her as she begged to be shot so that she might not be burned alive. Instantly, without waiting to shed his coat or his belt, Corporal Ewain flashed into the water. A powerful crawl brought him rapidly toward the sinking ship. Grabbing a rope swinging from a davit, he pulled himself, hand over hand, up the side of the ship and then disappeared over the deck. A hush fell over the men in the boats. Would he return? Would he bring the nurse with him? Disregarding the heat, one of the life-boats drew in towards the "Aztec" to receive him, should he return from this almost impossible mission. Then all at once a great shout went up as Jim reappeared on deck with the nurse in his arms. Eager hands went up and took them gently into the boat, which was barely rowed to safety before the transport sank. Five hours later we were rescued by the convoy.

When we reached France the captain of the "Aztec" was severely punished for leaving the convoy. Ewain received the Congressional Medal for his bravery and was made Lieutenant. But even greater reward awaited him, for when he returned to America after the war, the nurse he rescued became his wife.

H. HEIGIS.

The Unsophisticated Traveler

"TING-A-LING-A-LING," rang the alarm clock persistently. Mr. Howard began rubbing his eyes when it occurred to him that today was the day when he was to start on his journey to the country. Cheerfully he jumped out of bed and began to dress quickly, which was unusual for him. In a like manner he packed his baggage and, when he was through, he had filled two valises, two traveling bags and two parcels. With a quickness which did more harm than good, he ate his breakfast. Arthur, as he was called by his wife, looked at his watch and discovered that he had only one-half an hour to reach the station. Grabbing a bag and a parcel in each hand and placing, with difficulty, a valise under each arm, he hurried to the street. A trolley car came along and, noticing his bundles, refused to stop. Luckily, another trolley came a few moments later, but how was he to get on? By throwing the parcels into the car and lifting the bags, he managed to climb into it, but this was after the car was delayed fully two minutes. Mr. Howard sat patiently while the car was bringing him to his destination. He gazed out of the window and for the first time that day he noticed the weather. It was a warm June day. When twenty minutes later the car arrived at the station, Arthur, with a great deal of difficulty, clumsily got off the trolley. As fast as he could carry himself with his burden, he made his way, with a hustle and a bustle, through the crowd. First worming, then running, later pushing, then pulling, until at last he arrived at the gate, showed the ticket (which was in his mouth) to the gateman, and ran to catch the train. But, lo— where is the train? As best he could, since as yet he was unable to remove the ticket from his mouth, he inquired whether his train had already gone. He was informed that it had not and that he had an hour to wait. Bewildered, Mr. Howard looked at his watch. Just then it occurred to him that his was daylight saving time and that the trains operated on standard time—an hour's difference. In despair he dropped his baggage and fell back onto a bench.

N. BAKER.

Modern Business Opportunities for Women

WOMAN has come into her own! After several thousand years of patient drudgery, what should she do but kick off the shackles of the past, declare her liberty and demand a voice in all undertakings in politics, the game of put-and-take heretofore confined only to the men! It is really an evolution of power, for, in my opinion, woman always had her voice (unless she had a cold). She may have thought that she lost it, but most men find out to the contrary (and their chagrin) before they buy their one-way tickets to Reno and put themselves under the protection of the police. So, woman has left her paltry task of commandeering Henry, and seeks to rise to higher heights and a position where she can get her name and picture into the papers without committing a murder. Therefore, the flames of social revolution have been fanned in an attempt to undermine present conditions in order to give woman, who suddenly finds she has nothing to do, a chance to put the exploits of an Alexander into the shade. Then up with the sign "Women's Rights!" Let the orchestra strike up! *En evant!*

So, we arrive at the present time. Woman now has her desired place in the form of a seat in the legislatures of the states and even in the legislature of the United States. Now they may be found in all sorts of political positions. Among them you may find stern enough judges, frivolous jurors, portly aldermen, sedate mayors and up-to-the-minute prohibition agents. I can only conjecture that, when in the future, woman becomes a policeman, burglars will attend schools wherein they will study up but one project—"The Cause and Effect of Tears." Will she fall for it—as American barbarians ask in their uncouth manner?

But I really wonder what will happen next. It would now be no surprise to me to have the sun order from the public service an extra light of six million candlepower to enable it to keep its brilliance. When the impossible happens, who may say what we shall have next?

Let me depict a few scenes which in a short time will be prevalent in the

various legislative centers of this country. Step into the future a moment, please.

On yonder corner you may see Mrs. A. B. Sufferayet and Mrs. X. Boxer, ardent Republicans, sitting in the shade of a bootblack's umbrella and discussing, over an afternoon pipe, the possibility of carrying a measure appropriating two million dollars for the moral and mental improvement of the poor, misled cannibals.

Yonder, you may see Judge Brusk, with the aid of her jurors, make a beauty parlor out of a courtroom while they give local color to the place by condemning to death a man who, not being an "artful dodger," did not know how to appeal to their sympathies and emotions.

There, in that paper, you may read of the jury corrupted with twenty-dollar hats, a circumstance which caused a second trial necessary and consequently increased the mental torture of the poor miscreant. But finally, to cap the climax you may see to the left of that column an advertisement of a juror's dictionary wherein such terms as "the hussy" and "the cat" enjoy prominent places.

And the legislature. Good gracious, we may have civil strife there yet! If the women ever get to wrangling over a bill we will have more trouble than General Wrangel, when he wrangled with the very wrangled affairs of the Soviets. If the argument is on a bill giving a monopoly to Colgate's Cosmetic Company or some facial cream company, it will most likely become heated, when there will ensue such a fight as might appropriately be titled "The Battle of the Amazons." Then, if the men are drawn into the dispute, I may here prophesy that we will have nothing short of civil war! And that's when I pack up my old kit bag and run, run, run.

HERMAN DETTBARN.

An Eskimo's House

YEK ZIK was a young Eskimo contemplating marriage, and, as such, he naturally thought that the matrimonial services would be indeed well crowned if he could immediately install his bride in a modern apartment. So first he went out and looked for a suitable site. This he found on the Bay of Bamfelt, upon the waters of which the great Northern Lights and Aurora Borealis first cast their helter-skelter of beautiful colors. Here, indeed, he thought, was a great place in which to erect a new, up-to-date ice palace! So, with a smile as he thought of Yap Krak's great joy, he started to make preparations for the building, in which he did his work thoroughly although he was carpenter, mason, bricklayer and all. First he marked out in the form of a circle the size of the new house, at the same time deciding upon its only opening—the door. Then he went down to the sparkling, blue Bay of Bamfelt and cast a masterly eye over the icy waters. Blan, as he was called by his intimate friends, was a precise young man, for he wanted only the best of material. So finally he decided on several beautiful and shimmering, though irregular, pieces of ice which he pulled ashore and then squared and cut into the desired shape with the precision of any mason. Now the material was ready; the building could commence. As he had decided on the size of the house he placed the ice in a regular row around the edges of the circle. Thus was the foundation laid! Then he kept placing other ice bricks on top of these, each row inclining more and more toward the center of the circle than the row beneath it, until finally, with a sigh of infinite happiness, he put on the roof. Then he hung over the entrance the skin of a great brown bear which his reverenced stepfather, Rip Zik, had killed without any weapons. At last the finest house in the district was ready for the envious eyes of the neighbors. It had taken only eight and one-half hours to build it.

HERMAN DETTBARN.

Grinds

"Laugh and the world laughs with you
Weep and you weep alone."

"HIGH LIGHT" CLIPPINGS

"Scrap Heap"

There was a recent meeting of the 11 B Class Club, at which officers were chosen. Those selected were: President, R. Shoup; vice-president, Miss Mohr; secretary, E. Sugarman; treasurer, M. Kramer.

A mysterious illumination entered the school last week and many were involved in the matter. The question was soon cleared up, however, when we took a peek at Sparvieri's new suit.

Pappanicholas will make a business trip to Greece next summer, as a relative willed him three ice cream parlors.

"Spats" Horowitz is rapidly gaining a place in the ranks of the "Sharpies."

"Enrico" Hirschman, with orders from his singing master, is forced to keep his voice quiet for a while. Can you imagine that? Just like making Rosenberg wear a size four shoe.

The Class Club of February, '23, recently held its fifth meeting. As this was the first meeting of the new term, a re-election of officers was held. Ransom Shoup was unanimously re-elected president, Henry Heigis succeeded Miss Mohr as vice-president, B. Sparvieri defeated M. Kramer by one vote for the position of treasurer, E. Sugarman was re-elected secretary and W. Rosenberg succeeded H. Olson as sergeant-at-arms.

At the meeting it was decided that the members of the club would go to see "The Music Box Revue." A committee was appointed to arrange for the purchase of the seats.

It has been rumored that Milton Kramer's uncle died, as Milton now comes down to the games in "longies."

Ransom Shoup got two valentines signed "M. S." We wonder who could have sent them.

Alice Heiler has decided to enter a beauty contest held by a local paper.

Ethel Mohr was seen wearing knickerbockers on the ice-skating rink. Horwitz had better look out or he will soon find a rival for the title of "class sharpie."

H. Heigis was late to school the other morning. His mother spent more time than usual in combing his "golden locks."

The 12 A Class has had an unexpected stroke of good fortune in securing "gratis" the services of the renowned journalist, William Rosenberg, to record class notes. This famous reporter, it has been decided, is the only person who can really do justice to such an assemblage of illustrious men as that of which the 12 A can rightly boast.

B. Sparvieri is some live treasure all right! He even got Bertha Glaser to pay her back dues.

Ransom Shoup's fondest dreams are shattered! H. Heigis admitted sending the Valentine.

The miracle has happened! H. Olsen got a haircut.

There is gloom among the Acs and Techs of the class. Three teachers are absent.

Some fellows called Zorn a "tub of lard." That is impossible as lard isn't "koshur."

SOME FEMALE LOGIC.

1. We love our teachers.
2. We would like to love them more.
3. Absence makes the heart grow fonder.
4. Therefore: We hope that our teachers stay absent so that we may love them more.

Harry Olsen, through the medium of this paper, would like to meet a man desiring an employe for one of the following positions:

Ford agent in Palestine.

Dog catcher in China.

Soap salesman in Russia.

Coal dealer in Equator.

Lemonade vender on the North Pole.

Bathing beach censor in the Sahara.

The Class Club has decided to go on an outing to Bear Mountain the latter part of June.

It's too bad Sparvieri doesn't belong to any fraternity. A frat pin would be so becoming to Ethel Mohr.

Pandemonium reigned supreme in the Solid Geometry room yesterday. Olga Rexford spoke so everyone could hear her.

J. Davies, one of our former classmates, has just returned from Europe. 'E reports that the Henglishmen really do drop their "h's" when speaking.

We believe Relyea is cured of peeping through keyholes. Did you see his eye last week?

BUG-HOUSE FABLES.

Shoup hates to receive valentines.
Ethel Mohr refused an auto ride from ————.
Alice Heiler left all her books in school.
Bob Leslie arrived early at school for a week straight.
Olsen tells the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth.
Berman cracked a clever joke.
Ruth Hansen said a Spanish recitation all by herself.

NONSENSICAL NONSENSE

Where can a man buy a cap for his knee
  Or a key for the lock of his hair?
Can his eyes be called an academy
  Because there are pupils there?

In the crown of your head what Jewels are found?
  Who travels the Bridge of your nose?
Can you use in shingling the roof of your mouth
  The nails at the end of your toes?

Can you sit in the shade of the palm of your hand,
  Or beat on the drum of your ear?
Can the calf of your leg eat the corn on your toe?
  Then why not grow corn on the ear?

Can the crook in your elbow be sent to jail?
  If so, what did he do?
How can you sharpen your shoulder blade?
  I'll be darned if I know. Do you?

Souse to policeman: "Shay, did you—hic—shee me fall down?"
Policeman: "Yes."
Souse: "Did you—hic—ever shee me before?"
Policeman: "No."
Souse: "How did—hic—you know it wash me?"

Bee: "Is your Packard friend coming to-night?"
Tee: "No."
Bee: "Dodge Brothers?"
Tee. "No, dearie; this is Willys-Knight."

Couple is all ready for final embrace beneath Campanile when they hear the footsteps of the approaching watchman.

Night watchman—Young man, are you going to kiss that girl?
He (straightening up and standing at attention)—No, sir——
Night watchman—Here, then, hold my lantern.

Professor of Physics: "The pressure of bodies at rest is called force. Give an example, Harry."
Harry: "The police force."

A very dainty birthday dinner was given in honor of a popular maiden lady of the faculty. The feature of the occasion was a large cake with a lighted candle for each year. Four guests were overcome with the heat.

When Bill kicked the dynamite,
He flew o'er vale and hill;
"I must," his father said that night,
"Collect my little Bill."

Al: "I thought that you took solid geometry last year."
George: "I did, but Miss Kelly encored me."

Institute for healthy men. Why not be strong and well? After years of research, I find that chewing pencils is a sure way to health and happiness. Inquire for particulars—B. Horwitz.

He: "You look almost sweet enough to kiss."
She: "I intended to look better than almost."

Why is a household of married folks like an empty room?
Not a single person in it. —*N. Y. Evening Journal.*

Why are blind people most sympathetic?
They feel for their friends. —*N. Y. Evening Journal.*

Why are domestic squabbles like pots of preserves?
They are family jars. —*N. Y. Evening Journal.*

After years of toil I have my great discovery to make known to humanity, a squeakless baby carriage. Absolutely will not make a noise unless moved. Patent applied for.

MORE CARE.

Little Willie was yearning for yore,
And tacked the baby on the door.
Mother cried in accents faint,
"Willie, Willie, you'll mar the paint."

"How Do They Get That Way?"

IT was Johnny's eighteenth birthday. He went to his father and said: "Father, you said that you had a great secret to divulge to me on my eighteenth birthday. That is today." The loving father replied: "Yes, John, I know that there is something that you should know, before going out into the world. But I—I cannot tell you. Go to your mother. She will tell you the great secret."

The boy went to his mother, saying: "Mother, there is a mysterious secret which father promised to tell me. But he says that he cannot bear to disillusion me. Do you know what he wants me to know?" The mother paused a moment, then said: "My boy, I do know what he wants me to tell you. It is something of which every boy should be cognizant before going forth into the world. But I can not tell you. Go to your grandfather."

The boy went to his grandfather, repeating his request that the marvelous requisite of success be passed on to him. But again he was greeted with a solo of anguish, and was referred to his grandmother.

"Grandma," he said, "father promised to tell me something on my birthday. But now he refuses, mother refuses and grandpa refuses. You've *got* to tell me."

"Ah! the cowards, the dirty cowards!" cried the grandmother. "They shirk their duty. But I'll tell you this thing, this thing that every boy should know before going out into the world. Johnny, my boy, prepare for a great shock. There is no Santa Claus!"

Son—Pop, what is the Latin word for "people"?
Father—I don't know.
Son—I guess "populi."
Father—What, you young scoundrel, I lie, do I? Woodshed for yours.

Senior—Long lessons; hope fled; heart broken; he's dead.
Junior—Love smitten; no bed; brain fever; he's dead.
Soph—Conceited; swelled head; burst cranium; he's dead.
Freshie—Milk famine; not fed; starvation; he's dead.

Prep—What do those cannibal head-hunters do with the heads after they get them?
Senior—They make noodle soup, of course.

How easy it is the night before to get up early in the morning.

"My man, where did you become such an expert swimmer?"

"Why, lady," responded our hero, modestly, "I used to be a traffic cop in Venice."

They were saying good-night at the door, when the girl said: "Harry, won't you come in for a while?"

"N-n-o," said Harry, reluctantly, "I don't believe I'd better to-night, it's so late."

"But," insisted the girl, "it will be so lonely, mother is away for the night, and father is upstairs groaning with rheumatism in his leg."

"In both legs?" asked Harry, solicitously.

"Yes," replied the girl.

"Well, then, I guess I will come in," he decided.

Do you know that guy there?

Yeah, he sleeps beside me in English.

Math. Prof.: "How much is nine times thirteen?"
Assistant: "One hundred and seventeen. Can't you do that?"
Math. Prof.: "Eventually, of course; but fools multiply rapidly."

"Do you know," beamed the lecturer, to his class, "as I came into the room this morning, I read a single word printed on the door: without which not one of you could dream of succeeding in the scientific world?"

"Pull!" shouted the class in unison, and the instructor knew that he had taken his motto from the wrong side of the door.

DISTINCTIONS

You can always tell a Senior with his noble cap and gown;
You can always tell a Junior for he seems to own the town;
You can always tell a Sophomore with his wisdom, wit, and such;
You can always tell a Freshman, but you cannot tell him much.

EVOLUTION OF A NAME

Infant .....Mary
In high school.....May
In college .....Mae
Married .....Dropped the "e"

Ask a bachelor why he hasn't married,
And be relieved of his bachelor cares;
"I don't like folks that are married,
They are apt to give themselves heirs."

Stewed—"Honey, I'd like to see you apart for a moment."
Lady Clerk—"Say, whatdayah think this is, a puzzle for the little ones?"
—*Awgwan.*

"That remains to be seen," said the Freshman as he painted his class numerals on the building wall.

"Pretty soft," said the frosh, he he scratched his head.

"Excuse me," said the student as he presented his absence petition.

"How do you get that way?" said the thirsty man to the drunk on the corner. —*Orange Peel.*

'24—"Howdja come out in the exam?"
'23—"Knocked it for a loop."
'24—"Howzat, a hundred?"
'23—"No, a zero."

ATTENTION! RULES FOR SUB-SENIORS

Sub-seniors entering all rooms will leave the doors wide open or apologize.

Make all the noise possible in going from one class to another. If convenient stop in the hall and talk a while.

Don't bring any paper to school. The others will gladly supply you.

Study your Latin aloud. It will help others learn theirs.

At noon, call in. By all means keep your hat on. Talk loudly (or whistle), especially if ladies are present. If it has not the desired effect, sing.

Write on the blackboard, if you wish. Crayon furnished.

A freshman girl gazed wonderingly at the pearl eardrops worn by a senior: "Say, do you have to button yer ears on?" she finally inquired.

HEADLINE

"Girls need exercise as well as boys."
Question: Do girls need exercise as much as they need boys?

Conductor: "Your fare, Miss."
Dorothy R.: "Oh, thank you! Do you really think so?"

Theo. B.: "Why are you so sad?"
Dooley D.: "Oh, I was just thinking this would be our last evening together until to-morrow night."

Mr. Craves: "When I marry I am going to marry a girl who can take a joke."
Mr. Hedblom: "Don't worry, Mr. Craves, that's the only kind you will get."

"Why is a flapper like an Easter egg?"
"She is painted on the outside and hardboiled on the inside."

Mrs. Brown: "Does our singing bother you?"
Miss Trovinger: "No; I used to work in a sawmill."

Teacher (before test): "I am willing to answer any question you put to me."
Bright Student: "What are the questions in the test going to be?"

Mr. Corcoran: "Now, class, look at the board and I'll go right thru it."

To prove that a freshman is an affliction. Proof:

1. A freshman is new.
2. New means not old.
3. Not old means not stale.
4. Not stale means fresh.
5. Fresh means smart.
6. Smart means pain.
7. Pain is affliction.

Therefore: A freshman is an affliction.

Clarke: "What will it cost to have my car fixed?"
Garage Man: "What's the matter with it?"
Clarke: "I don't know."
Garage Man: "Forty-eight dollars and fifty cents."

Senior: "Do you know that fish can sing?"
Freshie: "Where do you get it?"
Senior: "Sure; don't they run scales in the high seas?"

Mr. Harvey (in Virgil class): "Where is Aeneas at the time of today's lesson?"
Grace C.: "I think he is dead."

Teacher: "Who is the first boy mentioned in the Bible?"
Victor: "Chap. I." . .

Miss Parsons: "Where was the Declaration of Independence signed?"
Student: "On the bottom."

The fall has came,
The flowers has went,
It was not did
By accident.

The birds have flew,
As we have saw,
Back south again
By nature's law.

One of our latest arrivals said, while riding on the trolley for the first time, to the conductor, when he handed him a transfer: "Thanks, I don't want a receipt for my nickel."

Freshman composition: Water is the most useful thing in the world, because, if there was none no person could learn to swim and everybody would be drowned.

If Mephistopheles calls up Faust, will Xenophon?

Office Boy to Caller: "Boss is out playing football."
Caller: "What position is he to play?"
Office Boy: "Well, he said he'll be right back."

They passed a soda fountain.
She said: "I'm awful thirsty."
He said: "Well, there's enough swallows in the air."

Genevienve: "What makes the leaves turn red in the fall?"
Fifty: "They are blushing to think how green they have been all summer."

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Ballinger, "it was funny enough to make a donkey laugh. I laughed till I cried."

C. Starrett: "Where do the jellyfish get their jelly?"
J. Lindas: "From the ocean currents, of course.

Father: "Why is it that you are always at the bottom of the class?"
Fat. B.: "It doesn't make any difference, dad; they teach the same thing at both ends."

Mr. Corcoran instructed his chemistry class to take enough sulphur solution to cover two nickels.
"Giggie" proceeded to measure out enough to cover a dime.
"Why the dime?" asked Mr. Corcoran.
"Well, a dime's two nickels, isn't it?" he answered.

NOTICE IN A HOTEL ROOM

1. There is no running water in the room, but several springs in the bed.
2. In case of fire ring the towel.

Lehnhoff: "I'm broke."
Olsen: Why don't you cash some of those checks in your socks.

Big: "What is a polygon?"
Ben: "A dead parrot."

Teacher: "Bob, why were you late this morning?"
Bob Leslie: "For the simple reason that the class started before I got here."

Mrs. B. (to plumber in cellar): "Is it a leak?"
Scotch Plumber: "It's no leak, ma'am, but a lake."

Willie and Jack were two youngsters pugilistically inclined.
"Aw," said Willie, "you're afraid to fight. You're scared."
"Naw, I'm not," protested Jack, "but if I fight, my ma'll find out and lick me."
"How'll she find out, eh?"
"She'll see the doctor goin' to your house."—*Ropeco.*

CUPID'S THISTLE

Pretty Lass, Brave Lad,
First date, Ever had.
Started home, Meant no harm.
Libe book, Under arm.
Walk closer, In the dark.
Under light, Far apart,
Far from home, Soon did get.
Passed Ag, Also Vet,
On ground, Took a seat,
Rest up, Tired feet.
On ground, Thistle grew,
In dark, Not in view.
Loud scream, Naughty word.
Same time, Could be heard.
Feelings hurt, Sure enough,
Consolation, No rebuff.
First thought, Made mistake;
Wrong again, Ended great.
Both hearts, Thumping fast,
Cupid got, Both at last.

Horwitz wants to know if a boy is a lad and the lad has a stepfather, does that make the lad a stepladder?

History Prof.: "Why are the Middle Ages call the Dark Ages?"
Wise Sophomore: "Because there were so many knights."

SOME STUDENTS' MOTTO

Don't study when you're tired or have something else to do,
Don't study when you're happy, for that would make you blue.
Don't study in the daytime and don't study in the night,
But study at all other times,
With all your main and might.

"Did Caesar's disposition change much during his life?" asked the Prof.
"Well," answered the bluffing student, "he had a lot more of Gaul when he died."

All good boys love their sisters,
But angelic I have grown;
For I love other boys' sisters
As well as I do my own.

Teacher (reading from the Bible): "'And the old man fell on his neck and wept.' Why did he weep, Herbert?"
Herbert S.: "Because he fell on his neck."

Miss Liddy: "Why is history hard?"
Marian T.: "Well, we've had a stone age, a bronze age, and an iron age, and now we're in a hard-boiled age."

Visitor: "Do you support your school paper?"
Tightwad: "Of course not; it has a staff."

Contributors should write their jokes on thin paper, so that they can be seen through.

Jack King (reading Virgil): "Three times I strove to cast my arms about her neck and—that's as far as I got, Mr. Murray.
Mr. Murray: "Well, Jack, I think that was quite far enough."

Hurried Senior: "I want Lincoln's Gettysburg Address."
Miss Trovinger: "There's the telephone directory; look it up."

SOME THINGS WE NEVER HEAR

Miss Ker: "Very good recitation; you deserve more than ten, my dear."

Board of Education Members: "Our students do not get nearly enough vacations."

Coach Walsh: "We've got a weak team and will certainly get beaten, so there's no use of any of you spending your money to buy season tickets. Go to the movies instead."

Any Girl: "Indeed, I don't want to go riding with you."

Student: "Say, the High Light is certainly some paper. Don't see why they don't charge more for it."

Miss Trovinger: "I admire your spirit. Whisper all you like."

"What was Adam's favorite song?"
"There's Only One Girl in the World for Me."

Miss Hausman: "Order! Order here!"
Voice in rear: "Hamburger and coffee."

Miss Strothoff (during band practice): "Why do you always beat time with your foot?"
Fat Brown: "It's the music in my sole, I guess."

Senior favorite toast: "Here's to our parents and teachers; may they never meet."

It was a few years ago at a camp in Maine.
A girls' camp nearby invited the boys to a dance one evening.
We (the boys) arrived at their camp hall.
The girls stood huddled together in a corner.
The boys were bashful and kept in a bunch.
The councillors of the camps made an attempt to introduce the campers.
This was almost successful.
The music began to play.
The councillors chose partners for the girls.
We were all bashful, but nearly all were finally persuaded to dance.
I was very shy when my partner was chosen.
She was shy, too.
After a lot of persuasion, I took the girl into my arms to dance.
We had just taken one step when the music stopped.
I went my way, and she went hers.

BEFORE THE EXAM

John and Jim to Hoboken came
  To take a course up here,
And also to acquire fame
  Through an athletic career.

Everything had gone all right,
  Both had made the team;
Exams were coming now in sight,
  Which very hard did seem.

'Twas the night before the Latin exam,
  Both men were at their book,
Trying with might and main to cram
  What before they had forsook.

Since twenty of seven they had sat there,
  Neither had uttered a word,
Both contemplated how they'd fare,
  When the morrow's bell was heard.

They knew not what it meant that night
  To concentrate one's mind,
Although they had seen many a fight,
  In school they were behind.

John swung 'round in his morris chair
  And cast a glance at Jim
To see how well his friend did fare,
  If Latin appealed to him.

Jim slowly turned around also,
  And met John's questioning look,
He feebly shook his head, although
  It all John's courage took.

Thus sat they there for quite a while,
  Such sad looks on their face,
Little thinking of Latin style
  But pondering o'er their case.

Finally John arose and walked
  To Jim, who sat there sad,
Cheered him with kind words, laughed and talked
  As if it weren't so bad.

"Come, Jim," he said, "Cheer up, old boy,
  Yes, both of us are in wrong,
But don't let all these things annoy
  You, tomorrow'll not be long.

"Say, Jim, I've got a dandy scheme,
  I know you'll like it, too;
Let's go to bed tonight and dream—
  Forget this year, will you?

"Tomorrow we'll both go in to write
  The little that we know;
Of course, we'll flunk without a fight,
  But that's all right, old beau.

"That's all that you or I deserve;
  We haven't done what's right,
But, Jim, we'll nevertheless have nerve
  And take ours after tonight.

"But when vacation days are o'er
  And, Jim, we meet again,
I hope to find you here once more,
  But we'll start right over then.

"And, believe me, pard, in spite of all,
  We'll still be on the team;
We'll also answer the Latin test's call
  And through it then we'll steam.

"And then with the utmost ease, old boy,
  For then we'll know the stuff,
We'll pass and then can say with joy,
  'We've won, although 'twas tough.' "

A student was asked to read the following sentence: He lives upon pickled grasshoppers and sauced mushrooms.

He reads: He lives upon pickled grasshoppers and soused mushrooms. Wonder what he was thinking about?

Mr. A.: Are you the man who gave my wife a lot of impudence?

Mr. B: I reckon I am.

Mr. A.: Shake; you're a hero!

John: Papa, would you be glad if I saved a dollar for you?

Dad: Certainly, my son.

John: Well, I saved it for you all right. You said if I brought a first-class report from my teacher this week you'd give me a dollar, and I didn't bring it.

Teacher: If you are a good boy, Willie, you will go to heaven and have a gold crown on your head.

Willie: Not for mine, then; I had one of them things put on a tooth once.

Professor (looking for fun): Johnny, what time is it by your nose?

Johnny: Mine ain't running. Is yours?

Waiter: What will it be? Sauerkraut or pate de fois gras?

Customer: Ham and eggs. I'm neutral.

Elsie: Mamma, do men ever go to heaven?

Mother: Why, of course, my dear. What makes you ask?

Elsie: Because I never see any pictures of angels with whiskers.

Mother: Well! Some men do go to heaven, but they get there by a close shave.

Woman (to tramp): How's the soup?

Tramp: 'Taint quite strong enough, ma'am. I wish you'd wash a few more dishes in it.

AIN'T?

Ruth was keen, but Belle was keener,
Now I wish I'd never seen 'er.
They were green, but I was greener.
And they couldn't have cleaned me cleaner.
First Ruth rimmed me, then 'twas Belle,
Then they shook me, ain'tit'ell.

Expectation, examination, revelation;
Depreciation, takes vacation, no graduation.

Talk about Pride. The bird that wears a wig and then sprinkles salt on it to make people think it is dandruff takes the cake.

"I dreamt I died last night."

"What woke you up?"

"The heat."

First Tramp (after a fruitless raid on a hen coop): Bill, I wonder what made that blamed rooster fall off his perch and commence to crow so loud?

Second Tramp: You forgot to cover up your nose and he thought it was sunrise.

He: Can't I have just one kiss before I go?

She: And if I let you have one you will take two, won't you?

He: No, I won't; indeed, I won't.

She: Then you shan't have any.

One thing can be said about the iceman: If he has any left over he does not warm it up for breakfast.

WHY?

Why does the Freshie—

1. Think it looks important to carry his biology notebook around?
2. Delight in taking gym?
3. Rush madly from one class to another?
4. Count the days till assembly?
5. Carry her locker key on a ribbon around her neck?
6. Always get to school in time to welcome the teachers?
7. Feel more important now than he will when he is a Senior?

One Friday I went to a restaurant,
A nice little restaurant, indeed.
I ordered a Friday dinner
And expected to get a good feed.

Now I don't like Friday dinners,
'Cause you're bound to get one certain dish,
A dish that I eat very seldom
And that is a platter of fish.

On this particular Friday
A waiter came forward to me.
I regarded the menu forlornly
Then ordered a mere cup of tea.

He looked at me in amazement,
I gave him back look for look.
He said: "Beg pardon, dear Madam,
"Didst forget Him caught by the hook?"

Now this was none of his business,
It made me a little bit sore.
I sent him away in a jiffy
Before he could hint any more.

He was gone but a very few minutes,
During which I had taken one sip,
When back he came bounding again,
He had forgotten his tip.

What is Civil Service?
Service performed during the Civil War.

Do you write with your left hand?
No; I write with a pencil.

Guess I'll study twig-o-nometry.
'Bout trees, ain't it?
Some poor sticks like it, if that is what you mean.

There are two kinds of muscles, outer-ternal and inter-ternal muscles. The inter-ternal are the heart, and the outer-ternal are the calf of the leg.

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Spanish Love.....M. Schmidt
The Kid.....V. Cozzolino
Gee! How I Hate to Go Home Alone.....G. Wright
The Romantic Age.....E. Schultz
So This Is London!.....E. Dreyer
Vanity Fair.....E. Crane
Oh, Margie!.....M. Bates
The Cat and The Canary.....R. Leslie and R. Hansen
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MORALIZING ON THE MODERN GIRL

Girls wish to become young women by the time they are fifteen. At fourteen they put up their hair, lengthen their heels, and think they have an education.

Is rain-water soft?
Yes.
But, sometimes it rains hard.

In what period does Jefferson belong?
The Jeffersonian period.

I dreamed last night that I died.
What woke you up?
The heat.

Open the window about six inches from the top.
I can't reach that far.

What is the number of mermaid?
I don't know what a mermaid is.
A mermaid is a certain part woman and part fish.
Oh, I know. It's plural.

What do you know about the old age pension?
I never was old enough to find out anything about it.

What is money?
Something I haven't got.

Where is the heart located?
In front of the backbone.

What is the feminine for stag?
Wall-flower.

The abbreviation f. o. b. means from our barn.

Angel Child.....H. Heigis

Dancing Fool.....B. Glazer

I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles.....B. Horwitz

Who'll Take My Place?.....Class of June '23

Serenade.....E. Hirschmann

We Won't Get Home Until Morning.....Governing Board

Stumbling.....W. Rosenberg

One Exciting Night.....Commerce vs. Hoboken

Why Men Leave Home.....M. Duffy

Passing Show.....Class of February '23

Better Times..... Vacation

Dapper Dan.....E. Lehnhoff

Sherlock Holmes.....V. Berman

Across the Continent.....H. Olsen

Pathe News.....E. Karg and A. Heiler

Meet Me at the Fountain.....A. Francke

Grandma's Boy.....H. Dettbarn

Say It While Dancing.....G. Coombs

In the Name of the Law.....R. Shoup

Oh! How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning.....R. Leslie

The Three Musketeers....A. Pagnelli, J. Haggerty and G. Norr

Seniors Take Trip to Bear Mountain

IT did take some time to arrange it and, of course, there was a great deal of discussion before any definite point was arrived at, but finally the class had an outing to Bear Mountain. Miss Ker agreed to chaperon the affair and everything worked well right up to the appointed day. What, to our horror, should we find that the day threatened to be rainy. Still this did not daunt many and the larger part of the class arrived early. But was there ever an excursion without some certain few arriving at the last minute? Of course not, and this excursion was no exception to the general rule. Our late ones came tearing down the dock while those on the boat underwent the tense strain of wondering how on earth these late ones could get on without swimming to the boat. But the captain evidently had seen such situations many times before, so he ordered the boat turned around, picked up the late comers and started once again for a day's pleasure.

Small groups of boys and girls could be found all over the boat. Several went downstairs and danced while others remained on deck, talking and admiring the scenery. As we neared Bear Mountain the class gathered on the top deck to sing school songs. Here we met the first disturbing feature of the day. Several small boys, acting like ruffians, endeavored to shower us with fruit peelings. Some members of the crew of the ship were in favor of such pranks and proceeded to inform us that they would show us something if we cared to start anything. Mr. Ransom Shoup, president of the class, thereupon drew out his police pass, flashed it underneath some husky's eyes and told him there was no limit to what might happen to the crew if they started any "rough stuff." Right then and there the crew, in unit with the small boys, faded from sight and we had no further annoyance from them during the trip.

After luncheon the boys of the class hired boats and, with the girls, went out on the lake, rowing. For two hours the lake was a scene of boats, rowing to and fro, carrying parties of jolly boys and girls. Just as rowing was becoming a little tiresome it was suggested that the party go on shore and dance. In due time all were making headway for the dance hall.

Here we met another disturbing feature of the day. While everyone was enjoying himself dancing, a storm broke and rain fell heavily. For quite a while we were forced to remain under the shelter of the dance pavilion. Finally the buses took us back to the boat.

Due to the heavy rain the class was forced to stay inside the boat. The orchestra on the boat played music while the class sang. Many people gathered about to hear the school songs and cheers. For the whole trip home the class lustily sang and cheered.

Despite the adverse conditions that we had to contend with, everyone agreed that the day was a success inasmuch as the class can look back upon that day in memory of the spirit of fraternity that existed in school days.



THE END

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