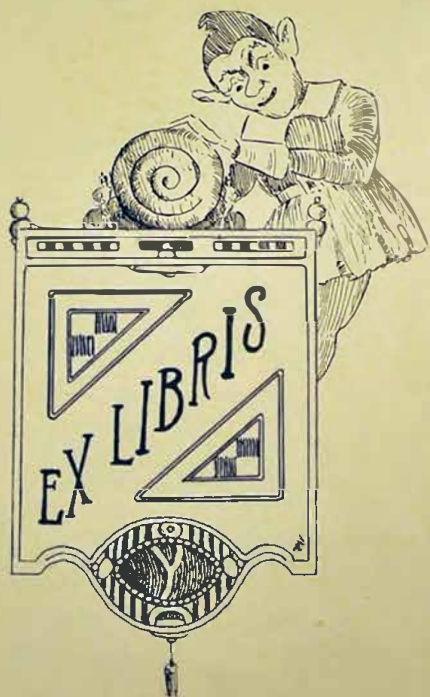
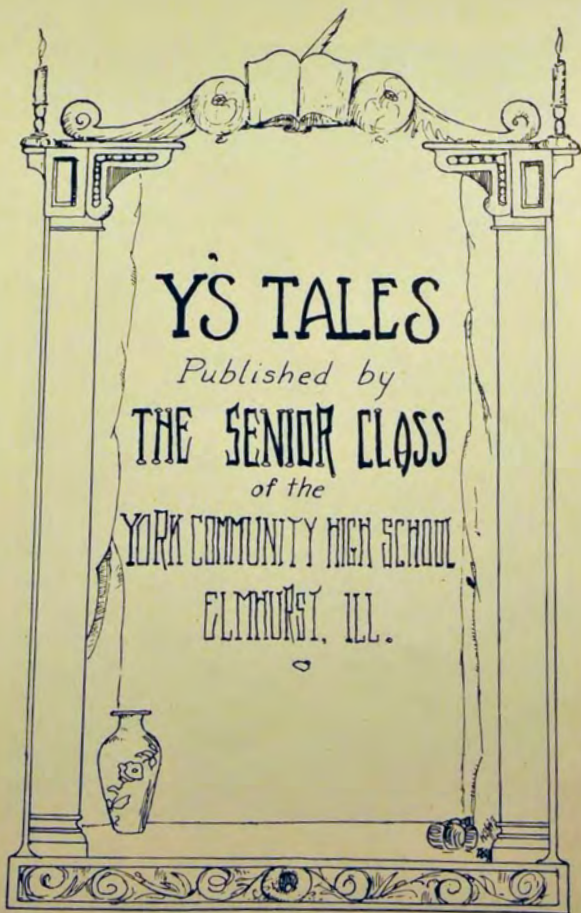






Y'S TALES

Published by

THE SENIOR CLASS

of the

YORK COMMUNITY HIGH SCHOOL

ELMHURST, ILL.

TO
MR. GEORGE L. LETTS

*who has, by his untiring efforts and co-operation
with the students, imbued in each of them a
love and spirit of loyalty for York Community
High School which shall last long after they
have graduated and gone, we dedicate this
book.*



GEORGE L. LETTS

FOREWORD

It has been our intention in the publication of *Y's Tales* to give the students a memory book which will enable them, in after years to recall happy days spent in the halls of York.

If at some future date, you turn these pages and dream of pleasant things, we shall be content.



*Individuals may form communities,
but it is institutions alone that can
create a nation.*

Order of Books

Seniors

Classes

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Calendar

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Public Speaking and French





MARY D. WAMPLER

Graduate from Silver Cross Hospital
School for Nurses '24
Supervisor of Health
Dean of Girls



RUTH HAMMERSMITH

Illinois State Normal University,
Bloomington, Ill.
Secretary



CLASSES



ADELA BACKOFF
"Rosie"

"Unthinking, idle, wild, and young, I laughed, and danced, and talked, and sung."

Spanish Club 3-4; Basketball 2-3; Chorus 1-2-3-4;
Girls' Athletic Association 2-3; Latin Club 1.

OTTO BAUER
"Otts"

"God bless the man who first invented sleep, so Sancho Panza said, and so say I."

Class President 3-4; Football 3-4; Swimming 1-2-3-4, Captain 4; Humor Editor Y's Tales 4; Business Manager York-Hi 3; Athletic Association 3-4; Band 2-3; Prom Committee 3; English Club 3, Vice-President 4; Latin Club Secretary-Treasurer 2; French Club 1-4, Secretary-Treasurer 2; Radio Club 2-3; Chess Club 3-4, President 4.

MILDRED HALL
"Moud"

"Principle is ever my motto, not expediency."

Came from Oak Park High School, Oak Park, Ill.; Chorus 2-3; Latin Club 2-3-4, President 3-4; French Club 2-3, Secretary 2; English Club 2; Basketball 2-4; Swimming 2-4; Girls' Athletic Association 3-4, President 4; Debating Team 3-4; York-Hi Staff 3; Y's Tales Staff 4; Class President 2; Class Vice-President 4; Senior Play; Junior Prom Program Committee Chairman.

Goucher College

PAUL HANEBUTH
"Boody"

"A nice and particular man."

English Club 3; Spanish Club 3, 4; Y's Tales Staff 4.

University of Illinois

ETHEL BRUNS
"Liz"

"Her ways are of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace."

Home Economics Club 1-2-3; Red Cross 2; Chorus 1; Spanish Club 2; French Club 3-4; English Club 3-4; Basketball 2-3; Athletic Club 3-4.

University of Illinois

MAXINE HAMMERSCHMIDT
"Mackie"

"Fortune is unstable, will free."

English Club 3-4; Latin Club 1-2; Chorus 1-2;
Treble Clef 3-4; Home Economics Club 1-2-3;
Secretary 1; French Club 3-4; Girls' Athletic As-
sociation 3-4; Vice-President of Class 3; Senior
Play.

ROSS KNEISEL

*"Lord, I wonder what fool it was that first invented
kissing."*

Latin Club 2-3; English Club 3-4; Hi-Y 3-4;
Secretary 4; Band 2-3-4; Football 4; Swimming 4;
Radio Club 3.

FRANCES HOLLINGER
"Dot"

*"She that was ever fair and never proud, had a tongue
at will, and yet was never loud."*

Chorus 1-2; Debating Team 3-4; Public Speaking
Play 2; Athletic Association 3-4; French Club 3-4;
President 4; Latin Club 1-2-3; Photography Club 2;
Vice-President; Class Secretary 4; Swimming 2;
York-Hi Staff 2-3; Senior Play 4.

GEORGE HULTON
"Judge"

*"He was a man, take him for all in all, I shall not
look upon his like."*

Football 3-4; Basketball 2-3-4; Baseball 2-3-4;
Track 3-4; Spanish Club 3-4; English Club 3;
Athletic Association 2-3-4; Radio Club 1-2-3;
Spanish Club Treasurer 3.

GRACE HELTON
"Mops"

"Her wit was more than man, her innocence a child."

Home Economics Club 1-2-3; Red Cross Club 2;
Chorus 1; Latin Club 2; French Club 3-4; English
Club 3-4; Basketball 3; Athletics 3-4.
University of Illinois



KENNETH LARSON

"Kennie"

*"Nose, nose, nose, nose,
And who gave thee that jolly red nose."*

Latin Club 2; English Club 3-4; Band 2-3-4;
Hi-Y President 4; Treasurer Athletic Association 3;
County Older Boys' Council 3-4; Athletic Association 3; Track 1.

MYRTLE OLSON

"Ole"

"Silence more musical than any song."

Treasurer of Home Economics Club 4, Member
2-4; Spanish Club 2-3-4, Vice-President 4; Commercial Club 4; Chorus 1-2; Girls' Athletic Association 4; English Club 3-4.

WILLIARD MOWERS

"Bill"

"Hold the fort; I'm coming."

Football 3-4; Radio Club 1-2-3; Spanish Club 2-3;
Class Treasurer 4; Athletic Association 2-3-4;
Hi-Y 4; Junior Prom. Committee 3.

RUTH PEARN

"Ruddie"

"A loving heart is the beginning of all knowledge."

Basketball 1-2-3-4, Captain 3-4; Spanish Club
1-2-3-4; Domestic Science 3-4; Chorus 1-2; Photography Club 2; Girls' Athletic Association 3-4.
Nursing—West Suburban Hospital

WILBUR STUENKEL

"Gyp"

"Work first and then rest."

Latin Club 2; Spanish Club 3, 4, President 4;
Editor-in-Chief York-Hi 3; Y's Tales Staff 4;
Debating Team 4; Senior Class Play.
University of Chicago

MILDRED LAURA PFAFF
"Mickey"

"May you live all the days of your life."

Student at Carl Schurz 1½ years; Spanish Club 2-3-4; English Club 4; Commercial Club 4; Chorus 1-2; Treble Clef 3; Indoor Baseball Team 1; Volley Ball Team 1.

CLARENCE SWINK
"Kike"

"O why should life all labor be?"

Latin Club 2.

ESTHER SELMA PFUND
"Fundy"

"Knowledge comes but wisdom lingers."

Photography Club 1; Home Economics Club 1-2-3; Chorus 1-2-3; Basketball 2; Latin Club 2; Junior Prom. Committee.

FREDERICK W. HORNBERGER
"Fritz"

"All I ask is to be alone."

Secretary-Treasurer Class 2; Band 2-3-4; Latin Club 3; Chorus 1; Radio Club 1; Secretary-Treasurer Radio Club 3.

American Conservatory of Music, Chicago

BLANCHE RINCKER
"Bubbles"

"Honor lies in honest toil."

French Club 2-3-4; English Club 4; Commercial Club 4.



CARL A. E. THORSELL

"Doc"

"The passionate love of right, the burning hate of wrong."

Latin Club 2; Spanish Club 3-4.

IRENE ESTHER RUDNICK

"Bud"

"The sweet converse of an innocent mind."

Latin Club 2-3-4; French Club 2-3-4, President 2; English Club 2-3-4; Chorus 1-2; Treble Clef 3; York-Hi Staff 3; Basketball 2-3; Athletic Association Treasurer 3-4; Junior Prom. Committee 3; Social Hour Committee 3; Debating Team.

JOHN WEISER

"Johnny"

"He was a man who stole the tivery of the court of heaven to serve the devil in."

Football 1-2-3-4; Baseball 2-3-4; Basketball 2-3-4; Track 3-4; Hi-Y 4; Radio Club 1-2-3; Spanish Club 2-3; Athletic Association 2-3-4; Junior Prom. Committee 3; Band 2-3.

MARION SMITH

"Mamie"

"She's all my fancy painted her, she's lovely, she's divine."

Basketball 2-3-4; French Club 2-3; Chorus 1-2; Photography 2; Girls' Athletic Association 3-4; Prom. Committee 3; Home Economics Club 2-3-4; Secretary 3.

Simmons College

GEORGE WILLIS

"Willis"

"A good heart is better than all the heads in the world."

Radio Club 1-2-3; Latin Club 2-3, 2nd Vice-President 3; Spanish Club 2-3; Band 2-3-4; English Club 3; Hi-Y 3-4; Treasurer 3; Member of County Y Conference 3; Activities at Montrose County High; Football 4; Boys' Glee Club 4; Commercial Club 4.

VERA SCHULKE

"Swede"

"That virtue was sufficient of herself for happiness."

Spanish Club 2-3; Home Economics Club 3-4;
Chorus 1-2; Basketball 3-4; English Club 4; Com-
mercial Club 4; Senior Play 4; Girls' Athletic
Association 3-4.

IDA SONNENBERG

"I have often regretted my speech, never my silence."

Secretary of Spanish Club 3; Typist York-Hi
Staff 4; English Club 3-4; Commercial Club 4;
Reporter of Spanish Club 4.

LOIS SURKAMER

"Her only fault was that she had no faults."

Spanish Club 3-4; Commercial Club 4; Girls'
Athletic Association 4; Domestic Science Club 1.

ALICE THIEL

"Sal"

"I am the very pink of courtesy."

Latin Club 2-3-4; Chorus 1-2-3-4; Spanish Club
3-4; English Club 4.

ESTHER VETTER

"Addison"

"There is no wisdom like frankness."

Came from Alva High School, Alva, Oklahoma.
Home Economics 2-3-4; Treble Clef 4; Basketball
4; Commercial Club 4; French Club 3-4; Girls'
Athletic Association 3-4.



HAROLD MILLER
"Hack"

"All wisdom's armory this man could wield."

Came from Oak Park High School, Oak Park, Ill.
Football 3-4; Captain 4; Basketball 3-4; Captain
4; Swimming 2-3-4; Track 3-4; Baseball 2-3-4;
Business Manager of Y's Tales 4; Band 2-3; Spanish
Club 2-3-4; English Club 3-4; Hi-Y Club 3-4;
Vice-President 4; Radio Club 3; Public Speaking
Play 3; Senior Class Play 4; "Taming of the Shrew"
3; "Merchant of Venice" 3; Chorus 2-3-4; Editor
of Sophomore Issue of York-Hi 2; Class Will 4;
Prom Committee 3.

Coe College, Coe, Iowa

DOROTHY McNELIS
"Dot"

*"Her air, her manners, all who saw admired; courteous
though coy, and gentle though retired."*

Latin Club 2-3-4; Chorus 1-2-3; Accompanist,
Photography Club 1-2; Pub. Sp. Plays 1-2; York-
Hi Staff 3; President Class 11A 2-3; Declamation
Contest 2; Athletic Association 3; York High
Orchestra 4.

JOHN SWARNER
"Sweenie"

*"Men are polished through act and speech,
Each by each."*

As pebbles are smoothed on the rolling beach."

Latin Club 2-3; French Club 3; Chorus 1-2;
Track 3; Radio Club 3; Editor-in-Chief of Y's
Tales 4; Editor of Class Issue of York-Hi 3; English
Club 3-4; "Taming of the Shrew" 3; "Merchant
of Venice" 3; Hi-Y 3; Band 3; Class Prophecy 4;
Senior Class Play 4; Boys' Athletic Association 3;
Debating Team 4.

University of Illinois

HENRIETTA LOUISE GOLDEN
"Hennie"

"She is never less at leisure than when at leisure."

English Club 4; Girls' Athletic Club 3-4; Latin
Club 2-3-4; Treble Clef 3-4; Chorus 1-2; Senior
Class Play 4; Public Speaking Play 1.

WESLEY SHARER
"Wes"

*"Fine art is that in which the hand, heart, and head
go together."*

Basketball 4; Track 4; Radio 2-3; Photography 3;
Spanish Club 3-4; Hi-Y 4; Stage Manager Public
Speaking Play 3; Chairman Prom. Committee 3;
Senior Play 4.

HELEN DREWES

"Bobby"

"With a smile that was childlike and bland."

Chorus 1-2; Basketball 2-4; French Club 3-4;
Spanish Club 3-4; English Club 3-4; Girls' Athletic
Association 3-4; French Club Vice-President 4;
Commercial Club 4; English Club, Secretary-
Treasurer 4; Spanish Club, Secretary 4; Swimming
1-2-3.

Northern Illinois Teachers' College—De Kalb, Ill.



HAROLD EDWIN RULAND

"Dusty"

Baseball 3; Football 4; Spanish Club 3-4; Chair-
man of Greater York-Hi Drive 4.

CLASS POEM

By FRANCES HOLLINGER

Four years are gone, and Seniors all,
We look at what we've done,
Look back at years spent happily,
Including work and fun.

We see again, as in a dream,
Our Freshman year appear,
And as we watch it slip away,
Without a laugh or tear.

Another year comes rolling 'round,
A year full of events;
We help to run our dear old school,
With very good intents.

Our Junior year—we pause awhile,
For it is now, by chance,
We have the big time of the year,
The much looked-for Prom dance.

We laugh, we dance—our Junior year
Slips quietly away,
And then before we are aware,
We're Seniors—one brief day.

Our Senior year has wings, it seems
To spirit it away,
And somehow months just fly along,
And pretty soon it's May.

May, June—it's graduation time,
The final rites are done
And as we watch we sadly see
The final curtain run.

We're through—we leave our old high-school,
Where we spent care-free days,
But in our hearts she'll always live
And happy mem'ries raise.

CLASS PROPHECY

It was a very cold afternoon in the month of July—the fourth to be exact. The snow was pouring down, with the men struggling in their galoshes in face of the down-pour. It was 1950, and what a change had come over the world! Women were acting in the capacities of men, and the latter intellectual beings had retired to the fireside.

In this particular year, the fourth fell on Wednesday, and the Brotherhood of Home Economics was holding its weekly seance at Clarence Swink's home, who was now a social worker for men's suffrage.

Due to the gloomy day, the lights were lit, and their soft, iridescent glow of color shed beams upon the crouching forms arranged in a circle, knitting at the rate of sixty stitches per minute.

The inmates, characters that once beheld the halls of York, were not women but men; old friends of the Class of '25.

Suddenly one of the forms fell on his knees and searched furtively for a stitch he had dropped. It was none other than Johnny Weiser, winner of the National Knitters' Contest. Times certainly had changed! Who would have expected to find mischievous Johnny in such a position of life?

One of the men, Boody Hanebuth to be exact, who had become rich by selling silk stockings to the Eskimos and whose wife, Myrtle Olson, was chief of the Elmhurst Fire Department, began to speak: "What do you think the hussy said—", but he was drowned out by Clarence Swink, now owner of the men's marcelling shop, who said, "Do you know the latest?" George Kulton, designer for women's clothes, committed suicide over some vamp. I've got authority and I know the facts."

Instantly all heads were together, and the gossip was on.



"And what do you think," piped up Willard Mowers, who had just finished a course in home nursing. "Frederick Hornberger, the arch-anarchist, was discovered in Westmore and deported to Russia."

"That's nothing," murmured Kenneth Larson, writer of the famous book, "Flannels for the Africans"; "Did you read Otto Bauer's latest novel, 'Regrets of an Early Love Affair'?" It is simply disgusting."

A loud report from a cannon cracker caused nervous John Weiser to faint. Clarence rushed to the kitchen and brought a pail of water to throw on his feet which brought him "to" just in time to hear the front door slam and see Dorothy McNellis, president of the Subway Transportation in Elmhurst, strut in and grab John Swarner, now an "actress" in the play, "Cheese and Crackers".

"What do you mean," she yelled, "by staying out all afternoon? The dishes are still in the sink, and the house is a wreck. You'd better come right home." Her voice died down as she slammed the front door and Johnny Weiser raised his hands in horror and said:

"What a pity that you have such a wife!"

"John, you'd better come home and do the same thing," called out his wife, Ethel Bruns, renowned painter and decorator, as she entered the room.

"Hello, Ethel," said Bill Mowers. "I meant to tell you before! I saw your old friend Grace Helton on our trip to Europe. She was captain of our ship. My, she's looking well. And when I was in Italy, Ruth Pearn and Adela Backoff, who have become real estate agents, tried to sell me Mount Vesuvius but I didn't have enough money to put down, so I couldn't take it."

"Oh, Willard," said Paul, "Did you see Lois Surkamer in England? I heard she was trying to revise Bryce's *American Commonwealth* to make it easier for High School students. She wrote to my wife and told her that Helen Drewes was at Oxford working for a degree, so she can teach in Villa Park College—you know—where Vera Schulke is president."

"Yoo-hoo"—and everybody recognized the low voice of Frances Hollinger, the latest vamp in the movies. "I thought I'd come in to see how you were getting along," she said as she winked at Otto Bauer. Ethel Bruns sat straight in her chair and appeared bored, for she was "vurra, vurra" jealous.

"I just took George Willis home," she continued. "He had been taking care of the children of Wilbur Stuenkel, the West Elmhurst News reporter, because he had to interview Marion Smith, trapeze performer, who is in Harold Ruland's Circus."

"Come on, Johnny," interrupted Ethel Bruns, "we've got to get home so that we can go to help Maxine Hammerschmidt with her campaign in running for mayor of Elmhurst."

"Just a minute, dearie. I want to tell the boys something. A lady got up to give me her seat in the car the other day, and who do you think it was? Mildred Hall! She told me she's going to China to study the growth of guinea pigs next year. Not only for that, but she heard Carl Thorsell is going to China to explore and she can't live without—"

"Well, why didn't you tell me you were holding a convention?" broke in Esther Pfund, swimming instructor in the Home of the Disabled. "I wouldn't

mind being invited occasionally. Mildred Pfaff, the owner of the new bank, drove me up here. The bank's new motto is "Put your money in here and try to get it again". Well, I guess I'll go. I've a date with Wesley Sharer, the salesman for Watch-em-Go automobiles. You know I always was fond of Wesley and it's taken me twenty-five years to get a date and now I had to make it myself. We're going to eat at the Ritz so we can have Ross Kneisel serve us. He's always so good and the food is wonderful. You know Irene Rudnick is the chef there. Irene used to be afraid to take the eyes out of the potatoes because she might hurt them. She was so tender-hearted. By the way, I saw Esther Vetter the other day. She's matron at an orphan asylum in Addison."

"Say," piped up Clarence Swink, "I read in the paper that Alice Thiel and Ida Sonnenberg are in 'cahoots' in the Ukelele business. Ida is going to Hawaii next week to learn the new "Hawaiian shimmy" and to get the real heathen twist to her fingers when she strums the 'uke'."

"Well, for John's sake, Clarence, how long is this meeting going to last?" inquired his wife, Blanche Rincker, as she entered. "Hack Miller next door just told me to inform you to be more quiet. You're disturbing Henrietta and you know she works in their pawn shop at night. Better break up, boys."

"Well, really, you know we've discussed a good many old time friends today," said Otto, "I'm awfully glad I came."

The crowd dispersed and each went his homeward way.

1925 CLASS WILL

Wondering whether we are the recipients of many benefits from an over-generous Providence, which has guided us through our high school career, and hoping that those who follow after us might be aided by these benefits, and virtues, which we have acquired during our four year visit, we, the Senior class of 1925, of York Community High School, Elmhurst, Illinois, being of unsound mind, memory, and understanding, and being graced with lunatic ideas, considering the uncertainty of life, do now if ever, make and publish our last will and testament.

We desire that the following bequests be made; namely that:

Lois Surkamer leave her love secrets to Bill Smotherman, since Bill seems to have great need of them.

Wilbur Stuenkel will his Follies joke to Harold Youngberg. (Oh Harold!)

Ida Sonnenberg has finally consented to leave to the future commercial class, her broken down and dilapidated typewriter.

Marion Smith leave her knitting hour to Eilein Meinsen. (Eilein is turning domestic. We wonder why?)

Wesley Sharer will give his masterful art to Ted Schreffler.

Vera Schulke on departing, vows at the moment to leave the college boys to Alverda Maier.

Irene Rudnick bequeath her Terpsichorean career, to the ever present in body but never in mind, Bob McLain. (Not that Bob needs it, but you know how it is!)

Blanche Rinker leave to any Junior, preferably Walton Swander, her Senior text books. (We only hope that Walton can ever use them.)

Mildred Pfaff leave her school days to all true friends.

Ruth Pearn leave her hours of study to Min Miller hoping she will make good use of them.

Myrtle Olson leave her joy and great sport to anybody who is seeking a good time on provision that they must remember the sky's the limit.

Williard Mowers leave his quiet and feminine voice to Kurt Hansen, so that Kurt will stop frightening all the bashful janes around the school.

Harold Miller, better known as Hack, leave his ability to raise funds for the Annual to the next business manager, Karl Bauer.

Dorothy McNellis leave to the girls of York-Hi her one and only Melbourne Black, another sacrifice on the altar of love.

Kenneth Larson leave to anyone who wants it his ever present red nose.

George Kulton leave his steady life with the girls to Haro Hansen.

Ross Kneisel leave to Jack Wallace one bicycle tire that he promises will hold air for two whole minutes.

Frances Hollinger and Otto Bauer jointly leave their affection for each other to Steve Feilinger and Johnnie Emerick—if they need it.

Grace Helton and Ethel Bruns leave daily ride within their launching Packard to Louis Corneill and his friends on one condition that they do not kill themselves needlessly.

Adela Backoff leave her nickname of Rosie to some poor unfortunate.

Helen Drewes leave her winsome smile to Buddy Blanchard.

Henrietta Golden leave for the benefit of the students, her much talked of library; may they ever appreciate it.

Mildred Hall leave her participation in activities to Ruth O'Neil.

Maxine Hammerschmidt leave her angelic countenance to Florence Rotermund; let's hope she makes use of it.

Paul Hanebuth leave to Russel Swanson his ability to get excuses written by somebody else; not by himself.

George Willis leave his dancing class to be coached further by Russel Terwedo.

Carl Thorsell leave his Carolina sweetheart to nobody but himself. (Big hearted Carl.)

Alice Thiel bequeath to an opportunity seeker her daily ride back and forth from school (but she does not leave car fare for same.)

Clarence Swink will his steady of High School affairs to Edmund Ronske.

John Swarner leave the weary work and ability to put out the best Annual, to the future editor, Harold Youngberg.

Frederick Hornberger leave his boisterous manners and aversion to girls to Fred Bucholz.

Esther Vetter give to nobody her sad case of the mumps, of course somebody will accept this contribution.

John Weiser, last but not least, bequeath his new model V-63 $\frac{3}{4}$, and dares anyone to drive it.

We also desire that:

Miss Jamison be given great care after we leave.

The athletes pass unnoticed.

Our scholastic standing be given to the Sophomores.

We leave to Mr. Letts no cause for worry, for we graduate as loyal students of York-Hi.

We give and bequeath to Mr. Cotter, the right to prohibit the use of all originals in geometry.

We give and bequeath to York Community High School all the residue in our class treasury for the purpose of purchasing plenty of food to relieve the monotony of our everyday menu. We leave all our discords, class music, and broken violin strings to our music teacher, Mr. Menema.

We give and bequeath all the flowers and ribbons worn by us today to the class of 1926, to be used in decorating for their commencement exercises.

We hereby appoint Mr. Clarence D. East, Elmhurst, Illinois, Athletics, Executor of our last wishes under the name of York High Students, and we order our executor here named to pay all just debts. In witness whereof, we have hereunto subscribed our name and affixed our seal, this day of June A. D., 1925.

THE CLASS OF 1925.
HAROLD MILLER, Clerk.

Seniors '25



So Sassy!



Otis





Y S TALES 1925 G

FAREWELL ADDRESS OF 1925

Our Schoolmates:

This graduation, for us, is an event of joy mingled with grief—joy because the fruits of our labor are soon to be ours; grief because we must part from the good fellowship of York. This is the last time that we, the class of '25, and the student body shall meet together. Though it should chance by some event miraculous that on another Commencement Day we should be present and answer to the roll-call without one missing in the list, we should not be the class of '25 save in the name. Something would be lacking, something gone. The old bond of unity breaks this hour and as we take each other by the hand and look into each others eyes, we know that as the class of '25, we part forever. We go our ways. If some of us should meet again, the light that shines upon the meeting will be so brief and so illusory that "'twere like the lightning that is gone 'ere one can say 'It lightens'." It is the last time. The knowledge of this would indeed make us sad. During the past four years, many friendships were cultivated, but now, comrades, we will soon be taking different walks of life.

Before us is the open world—life and all that goes with it; bitter obstacles and disappointments, experience and success; success not alone to be measured in dollars and cents, but in the ideals of service and duties toward mankind. Perhaps but few of us—possibly none of us—will ever be great in the world's eyes, but to be truly great lies within the reach of us all. The world will be richer and better for our having lived in it if "Service" ever be our motto.

Some of us will choose one path, some another. No matter which way we take, each of us, spurred on by the friendship which has characterized the class of '25 will endeavor to make good in his calling that he may be an honor to York. Discouragements may come; we may be for a time plunged into a sea of discouragement, but it cannot last. We have work to do, a life purpose, and will follow it. We go forth into the busy world with unbounded hope, courage, and faith.

The days spent here at school are the ones never to be forgotten. Day after day we have assembled here, and the associations that cluster around this place—more vivid in our minds today than ever before—can never be forgotten. They will go with us through life and form an important part in the experience of every one of us. The events of this day and of the past school days are to be remembered and recalled with pleasure, perhaps with pride, when we have passed far down the vale of years. Through the constant help or our endearing faculty, we have been carried past the most critical period of our lives.

To our own Miss Jamison, who so ably took over the reigns of class adviser-ship, we owe a debt of gratitude which cannot be repaid. To Mr. Letts, principal and guiding hand, and to Mrs. Schmitt, our friend and business manager, we give our sincere thanks.

It is to our teachers, whose influence and contact has laid the foundation for our opportunities, that we owe our respect and love. They, in position are superior to us, but to the class of '25 as a whole, they have been a part of it and may

our cherished friendships never be forgotten. So we acknowledge the debt of gratitude we owe to our school and to our teachers for their fostering care. We have too little experience of the duties and responsibilities of active life fully to understand and appreciate the value of the intellectual and moral training we have received, but we know that we are wiser and better for it. We know that without it we could achieve neither moral nor business success. To many of us the education we have obtained will be our only capital in beginning life; and, whatever of wealth or honor we shall win in life shall be largely indebted to our school for the means of success. Let us, then, ever remember our school with affection and gratitude. Let us ever feel a noble pride in those who have so wisely and so generously placed the means of education within our reach. To school officers, and to teachers we return sincere thanks for their hearty and continued interest in our welfare.

It is here in the halls of York where our class has tried to work for the glory of the school in an endeavor to uphold the high standard of scholarship, participate in school activities, and out on the athletic field, that we have striven to play the game.

Next year, may you who follow always be fighting warriors before the new stadium for the good name and sportsmanship of this, our school.

Now, graduation opens to us the gateway of the world, where our future awaits us. We will endeavor to order our lives, so as to bring glory and honor to York Community High School whose halls we are about to leave. We

Say farewell and yet again,
Thoughts and faces to you turn;
Happy school-days spent together,
Whatso'er may be the weather,
Heart to heart hath closely bound,
Inspiration too, we've found.
Time forbids us more to tell
So my friends, dear friends, farewell.

Our friends, we bid you a loving good-bye; teachers, a fond farewell; but, classmates, let us only say, "May we meet again".

OTTO BAUER,
President of Class of '25.

Vera Schultke	Georg Kulton	Paul Hanebuch
John Wenas	Gerald Struque	Marion Smith
William Mowere	Blanche Pincher	Edith Pearce
Mildred Pfaff	Myrtle Olson	Frederic Wundersger
Eda Sonnenberg	Jois Larkham	Cecil Bruno

Senior

Harold Miller
Frances Hollinger
Wilbur Stuenkel

Geraldine T. Schmitt
Les. L. Litta
Grace S. Jamison
Otto Bauer

John Swanson
Mildred Hall
Leucy Gorden

Autographs

1925

Dorothy McHelle	Alanae Lind	Alice Thiel
Grace Helton	Carl Thorsell	Marie Hammerschmidt
Esther Tetler	Helga Brewce	Wesley Shaver
Adela Backhoff	Rosa Kneisel	Kenneth Larson
Georg Willis	Cather Pfund	Harold Guland

FAREWELL

Sweet memory that lingers, once more as we go,
In those days of gladness, which we so well know.
Yes, fondly we miss them, those four happy years,
And look in the future with trembling and fear.
The struggle is over, the battle is won,
The twilight approaching, and clouds o'er the sun.
Sweet memory that lingers, and makes our heart sore,
Brings tears to our eyes; oh, turn back once more.

Sweet memory that lingers, and brings us so near
To scenes of old friendships, and comrades so dear.
To them, our companions in work and in play,
In sorrow our fellows, in pleasures so gay.
Their memory shall ever, as long as we live,
Encourage us onward in climbing life's cliff.
Sweet memory that lingers, and makes our hearts sore,
Brings tears to our eyes; oh, turn back once more.

Sweet memory that lingers, to look o'er the past,
To catch a last glimpse of the scene fading fast.
How great are our thanks for all that we've seen,
For all we've experienced, be it good, be it mean.
All wrongs are forgotten, all grievances eased,
In that parting sadness which now us has seized.
Sweet memory that lingers, and makes our hearts sore,
Brings tears to our eyes; oh, turn back once more.

Sweet memory that lingers in gratefulness true,
On the work of our teachers, the toil that they knew.
What they have taught us shall serve as a light
In showing us ever the wrong and the right.
The knowledge they gave us was a valuable find;
It widened our interest, made liberal our mind.
Sweet memory that lingers, and makes our hearts sore,
Brings tears to our eyes; oh, turn back once more.

Sweet memory that lingers, once more as we leave,
Come back now, look forward, the future perceive.
We'll go through it gladly, be it dark as the night;
We'll keep e'er before us the goal that's so bright.
Once more we will meet you, when life's race is run,
When struggles are over, all battles are won.
Sweet memory that lingers, turn, turn, and depart:
A farewell we give you, from the depths of our hearts.

JOHN SWARNER
HACK MILLER
WESLEY SHARER.



CLASS HISTORY

The Super-Hetrodyne was at last slung together, the cuckoos were kicked off the aerial, and station 1-9-2-5 was tuned in on York's Educational program on 32 meter credit wave length. An onion was thrown in the loud speaker to make it come in stronger, and this was the result: "Station 1-9-2-5, the only class in the history of York to organize as Freshmen, and spent most of the year trying to look intelligent. It was the only strenuous task or activity we undertook, in which we have failed. They continued to wear as blank countenances as ever. In the class memory book reposes a headline, embossed in silver, "Neugie cops second place in inter-class track meet"; this was the only accomplishment the first year." Whee-e-e-e- Gr-r-r-tweet--Crash!

Station 1-9-2-5 coming on the air, September, 1922. Class spends hours thinking up a mean hobo party to entertain basketball team from Plainwell, Michigan. Huge success! The guests of honor helped the girls dry dishes, which were washed by the president. The Sophomores revealed their versatility for the first time by winning the scholarship cup, given to the school by the class of '22. All the other classes jealous! Bang-Crash--Whe-e-e-, Zoom-Vacation.

Station 1-9-2-5 coming on with the bedtime story. Junior fellows stay up all night decorating for the Prom. Otto sits on the stage all evening studying his French, and then comes to school next morning with his French lesson complete, first time in history. Hack catches cold from going in swimming, and then walks home at five a. m. Johnny Weiser develops bow legs from straddling rafters. Everyone falls dead when they see how beautifully the Junior sheiks illustrate the terpsichorean art as a result of girls' strenuous efforts in practice dances. Sad leave-taking of their close friends and companions, the class of '24. Program closed with familiar dirge.

Final program from station 1-9-2-5. Seniors take usual course in striving desperately to make money; Carnival, first project, big success. All organizations assisted loyally. York theatre co-operates by loaning us the house for a night. Seniors bring forth long concealed dramatic ability in popular play, "Honor Bright". Baccalaureate. Class Day. Commencement.

Station 1-9-2-5 signing off at June 12, 1925.

"Charge the batteries, John."



12B CLASS

"The best things come in tiny packages"—that's what the 12B class thinks anyway.

In February of 1924 these eighteen ambitious people felt that they were capable of organizing themselves into a class; and so it came about that Dorothy McNellis was elected class president; Lorraine Kennedy, vice-president; Charles Jackson, secretary and treasurer. Later on, however, Dorothy joined the ranks of the class of '25 and so the office of president was taken by the vice-president, Lorraine Kennedy.

Since these people are the "in between" class, it has been impossible for them to undertake many activities, but nevertheless, their pep and school spirit is unsurpassable.

In the spring of 1924 this class, under supervision of Miss Florence Moore, as adviser, won first place in the school as having edited the best York-Hi, the school paper. During the basketball season, the 12B boys were very well represented; Bob Pettit, being the captain of the second team. Much to the surprise of the students of York, the 12B's carried off the inter-class championship in this sport. In honor of this winning of the championship the members of the class felt that a banquet given in their honor would show, in a manner, their appreciation, so on April 1st, Miss Allen's sewing room was a very artistic setting for a dinner party, with green and white prevailing throughout as the color scheme.

Some of the 12B's are planning to stay an extra half year and graduate in June, although there are still some who are contemplating commencement next February.

Ambition and loyalty stand out in this small class and every member feels that spirit which carries them to a higher ideal. Dependability always comes first in both study and pleasure.



JUNIOR CLASS

STEPHEN FEILINGER	<i>President</i>
VERA TOBELMAN	<i>Vice-President</i>
KARL BAUER	<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>
MISS WEBSTER	<i>Adviser</i>

The class of nineteen-twenty-six became organized early in the fall and elected Stephen Feiling, president. The first great achievement of the year was the leading in the race of the scholarship cup for the first semester. The class having the highest standing at the end of a year's work has its class numerals engraved upon the cup which was donated by the class of twenty-two. The Juniors were in the lead at the end of the first semester, and were also ahead of the other classes the first few months of the second semester.

The Juniors were well represented in student activities this year. Members of the class of twenty-six took part in dramatics, York-Hi Staff, Debating League, and the various clubs in this school. There are also outstanding athletes in this class. The Football, Basketball, Track, and Swimming Teams have many Juniors in their ranks. Several of the boys have received "Y's" for their work on the athletic teams of the school.

Naturally, the outstanding thing done by this class was the Prom. This farewell dance to the departing Seniors exceeded all its predecessors in decorations and orchestra. This dance was the greatest event of the season, and the beauty of the decorations and the peppy music of the orchestra will be long remembered.

Whatever success the Juniors have had this year, or whatever honors they have gained, is due largely to Miss Webster, to whom the members of this class wish to extend their thanks for the great interest she has taken in their activities.



SOPHOMORE CLASS

DALE LETTS	<i>President</i>
KATY BABCOCK	<i>Vice-President</i>
VERNON PEDERSON	<i>Secretary</i>
JUDITH WILLISTON	<i>Treasurer</i>

The name of being the second largest class in school goes to the class of '27. This group of energetic people, led by our popular teacher, Mrs. Schmitt, emerged triumphantly from every undertaking.

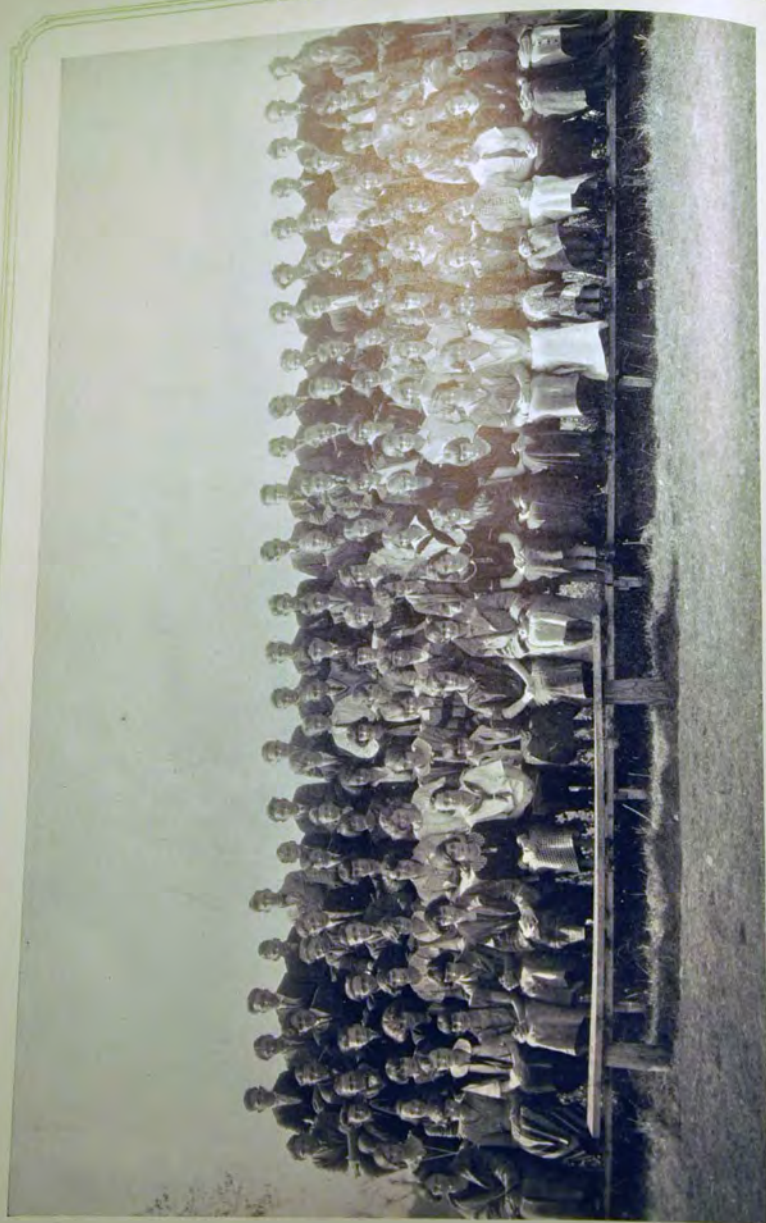
Though not rated at the head of honor pupils, there is hardly an event occurs in which a Sophomore is not represented.

Our girls carried away the girl's basketball championship after a hard struggle with the Juniors. The Sophomore boys lost the tournament by a narrow margin. Hard luck.

The captaincy of York's teams has once been held by members of our class. Several Sophomores were on the second teams.

All the officers have done the utmost for the good of their fellow classmates. In the middle of the year President Letts resigned his position. At the next assembly Birdsall Blanchard was chosen to fill the office of president.

We heartily wish to extend our humble thanks to the rest of the student body for the kind and faithful interests they have taken in our activities.



THE HEART OF A FRESHMAN

LILLIAN O'NEILL

If you could take a peek into the heart of a Freshman, you would see veins of loyalty, courtesy, and kindness. Most of us think that a Freshman is, as we term it, "green". But oh! if you could see yourself with the eyes of a Freshman you would change your opinion. Although a Freshman does not talk very much, his thoughts are deep.

The "foolish Freshmen", as they are named, respect the upper-classmen. Freshmen think that they are worthy of praise, and envy them the clubs, and they sometimes feel rather "left out", but cheerfully look forward to the time when this ban will be removed.

Most Freshmen, nevertheless, want to have a good time and do their studying too. Probably none of us have ever thought how queer and strange a school would be without Freshmen. Don't they add to the school as finishing touches to a picture?

We usually think of a Freshman as a mere child running about the corridors to his classroom. Then we see him stumbling out the door, going home with a pile of books to do his "homework". But when those boys and girls are Seniors and have to take books home, they think how foolish and inexperienced they were.

Then we visit the tank room, and see groups of Freshmen struggling in the water like a school of disabled fish. Their flutter-kick is terrible and their arm-stroke is worse. One lonely Freshman is sitting on the edge of the tank; and as a Sophomore walks by he or she gives the youngster a little push which sends him splashing into the water. "Oh that was just a little bit of initiation," remarks the Sophomore.

If you are able to think the thoughts of a Freshman, you can understand the title without reading the story. Then, summing up the thought of this theme, we can dwindle it down to "The Heart of a Freshman".





ACTIVITIES

STAFF 1925



MARION SMITH
Art Editor



MILDRED HALL
Literary



WESLEY SHERER
Art Editor



JOHN SWARNER
Editor-in-Chief



MISS JAMISON
Faculty Advisor



HAROLD MILLER
Business Manager



OTTO BAUER
Honor Calendar



PAUL HANEBUTH
Athletics



WILBUR STUENKEL
Activities

Y'S TALES

After many trying hours of hard labor the *Y's Tales* staff, under the able direction of John Swarner, Editor-in-Chief, and Hack Miller, Business Manager, finally produced this year's book.

Co-operation was needed in this task and the staff should be congratulated for its help in attaining this end. We, the staff, promised to give to the students of York Community High School a better book for remembrance of the class of '25. The work done with the thought of pleasing you as our goal, was surely a pleasure to all.

We hope that all the material within this volume will win your admiration. The choice selections which you read on the pages of this book are accurate accounts of the past year's work.

We sincerely hope that you have as much pleasure reading this edition as we have had in compiling it.



HENRIETTA GOLDEN
Feature Writer



CLIFTON PRAGER
Exchange Editor



DOROTHY MCNEILL
Circulation Manager



LORRAINE KENNEDY
Editor-in-Chief



MR. MOORE
Faculty Advisor



KARL BAUER
Business Manager



FRANCES HOLLINGER
Feature Writer



BILL SMOTHERMAN
Sport Editor



GERTRUDE WYCOFF
Reporter



RICHARD PAIGE
Joke Editor



FLORENCE CLAMER
Reporter



PEGGY STERRET
Reporter



LOUISE GRAMMAR
Reporter



IDA SONNENBERG
Typist

YORK - H I

As soon as a school begins to grow, it has its own school paper, and so for four years York has edited her paper, a worth while periodical.

It was very unfortunate that during this year the paper had to change hands so many different times which proved an impediment to its growth. Towards the last of the year, however, things adjusted themselves and the editor, Lorraine Kennedy, the business manager, Karl Bauer, and the faculty adviser, Mr. Moore, managed to cancel the debt which seemed almost impossible to be met at the first of the year.

The membership of the staff was increased, making it possible to receive all kinds of talent along the lines of writing journalistic articles.

On April third, a dance was given in the York High Gym by the staff for the students and parents of York. It was a gala event, everyone enjoying himself.

The last issue of York High was a large, eight page summary of the past events of the smaller editions. This is the first time that a paper of such size has been undertaken by the staff.

The editor has received much praise for York High this year from some very noted state organizations, and since the heading of the paper has been changed this publication has improved to a great extent. The students should feel proud to have such a paper as was edited this last year. It is hoped that two more pages may be added to this periodical next year.



ENGLISH CLUB

ROLL CALL

BAUER, KARL
BAUER, OTTO
BRUNS, ETHEL
DREWES, HELEN
EHLERS, LEOLA
EMERY, HOWARD
HAGGE, RUTH
HALL, MILDRED
HAMMERSCHMIDT, MAXINE
HANEBUTH, PAUL
HELTON, GRACE
HINDS, MARJORIE
HORNBERGER, DOROTHY
JACKSON, CHARLES

JESSUP, LILLIAN
KLUSAK, ESTHER
KNEISEL, ROSS
KULTON, GEORGE
LARSON, KENNETH
MARSHALL, GENEVIEVE
MCKNIGHT, KEITH
MILLER, HAROLD
MILLER, MURIEL
NEILSON, MARTHA
OLSON, MYRTLE
PFAFF, MILDRED
PRICE, JANE
RINCKER, BLANCHE

RUDNICK, IRENE
SCHULKE, VERA
SONNENBERG, IDA
STEELE, ELEZABETH
STRINGER, GERALD
STEUNKEL, WILBUR
SWANDER, WALTON
SWANSON, EVELYN
SWARNER, JOHN
THIEL, ALICE
TOEBELMAN, VERA
WYCKOFF, GERTRUDE
YOUNGBERG, HAROLD

ENGLISH CLUB

LOUISE GRAMMER	<i>President</i>
OTTO BAUER	<i>Vice-President</i>
HELEN DREWES	<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>
MISS SHEHAN	<i>Adviser</i>

The purpose of the Club has always been to direct the attention of the students to a more intense study of the best literature, in the most interesting manner. Music and art have also been introduced into the Club and are rapidly gaining a prominent place in the meetings.

The membership, which is extended only to Juniors and Seniors, has generally been by election. The meetings are held the second Monday in every month, and a program follows every regular meeting.

The Club operated a booth during the Senior Carnival and also helped in the York-Hi Campaign.

Owing to Mr. Bird's withdrawal from the faculty at the end of the first semester, Miss Beulah Shehan was unanimously chosen as the new club adviser. She is ably fitted for the work and is gradually promoting an interest in the club not felt before. Plans for next year's work are rapidly progressing and we are looking forward to a successful year.



LATIN CLUB

ROLL CALL

WENDLAND, FRED
DOHERTY, MAYNARD
RAHM, VERA
BURMEISTER, ETHEL
MEINSEN, EILEEN
LEVEILLE, MAY
ROBILLARD, BLANCHE
CLARKE, ALICE
ISEL, DOROTHY
WEBER, MARTHA
ALLEN, JOHN
SEARS, KENNETH
HANSON, VERNETTE
PHILLIPS, MARGARET
KELLER, ANNA
MCNELLIS, DOROTHY
FLUGGE, HELEN
TOOLE, MARY MARGARET
GRASS, MARY
MURRAY, JOSEPH
WILLISTON, JUDITH
SCHIEFNER, ROBERT

DAVIS, LAWTON
GREGG, ETOLA
CARLSON, MARGARET
ROTTERMUND, FLORENCE
THIEL, ALICE
SWARNER, ALICE
BRYDGES, RUSSELL
RIEGER, PHYLLIS
MCGRATH, LEONA
PRAGER, CLIFTON
HOLLE, CHARLOTTE
SMITH, RAY
JOHNSON, ERNEST
HEINE, HAROLD
BUSCH, EDNA
PRICE, JANE
MAIER, ALVERDA
SOUKOP, ELIZABETH
KAPPUS, JOAN
SNITE, FREDERICK
GRAY, JOHN
PILLATT, HAROLD

WELLER, STANLEY
MCKNIGHT, RUTH
JOHNSTONE, GLADYS
MALKIN, RUTH
O'NEILL, LILLIAN
KENNEDY, LORRAINE
STRAND, ELINOR
POTTLE, DRUMMOND
NIELSEN, ERNEST
GOLDEN, HENRIETTA
LETTIS, DALE
GREENWAY, EDWARD
MANN, LECLAIR
TOEBELMAN, VERA
HOLLINGER, FRANCES
LEGGY, PATRICIA
JOHNSON, AGNES
ULRICH, ELSA
DRUMMOND, FOREST
ALLEN, WILLIAM
MAY, ROY
ARMSTRONG, FLORA

CIRCULUS CLASSICUS

MILDRED HALL	<i>President</i>
IRENE RUDNICK	<i>Vice-President</i>
FRANCES HOLLINGER	<i>Secretary</i>
ARTHUR RUDOLPH	<i>Treasurer</i>
T. LOUISE VIEHOFF	<i>Adviser</i>

The close of this year marked the third year of the existence of a comparatively new club, Circulus Classicus. This club has always had a large following, which enables it to carry out many plans successfully. This year the Latin Club enlarged its coffers by presenting two motion pictures to the student body: "Quo Vadis" and "The Descent into Avernus". In this way the club was able to present to the school a group of reproductions of famous paintings, as its annual gift. It is the purpose of this organization to establish a Latin museum, containing reproductions of ancient sculpture, famous paintings, and illustrations of Roman habits of life.

In accordance with the custom and purpose of the club, a Roman banquet was given at the end of the year. Plans were made early and efficiently carried out by the members. Each year, the club excels itself in the splendor of this banquet and the Roman play presented with it, as part of the entertainment. The banquet is so arranged that it may be as consistent as possible with ancient habits.

Circulus Classicus has done much in furthering the aesthetic side of school life, and the appreciation of the students is shown in its large membership.



SPANISH CLUB

BACKOFF, ADELA
 BIERLINE, HERBERT
 BRAUN, ALFRED
 BREUHAUS, EDNA
 BULLMAN, ADRIAN
 BURKE, WENDELL
 CARLSON, BEDA
 CLAMER, FLORENCE
 CLAMER, LAURA
 DREWES, HELEN
 EHLERS, LEOLA
 EMERICK, EVELYN
 EMERY, HOWARD
 FEILINGER, STEPHEN
 FIENE, CLARENCE
 FROEMING, LEONARD
 GRAMMAR, LOUISE
 GRAUE, DOROTHY
 HAGGE, RUTH

HANEBUTH, PAUL
 HANSON, EUGENE
 HANSCOM, ADELE
 MIENEMAN, HILMA
 HILD, MARGARET
 HOLLAWAY, ALICE
 HORVATH, VIRGINIA
 JACKSON, CHARLES
 JACOBI, HAROLD
 JESSUP, LILLIAN
 KENNEDY, LORRAYNE
 KLUSAK, ESTHER
 LEDDY, ANDREW
 MILLS, MARCELLA
 MOST, GLEN
 MOWERS, WILLARD
 OLSON, MYRTLE
 PEARN, RUTH
 PEDERSON, VERNON

PAFF, MILDRED
 PILLAT, HAROLD
 ROZAK, EDWARD
 SHARER, WESLEY
 SCHULKE, VERA
 SCHUMACHER, ROBERT
 SMOTHERMAN, BILL
 SONNENBERG, EDNA
 SONNENBERG, IDA
 STEELE, ELIZABETH
 STEINER, GERTRUDE
 STUENKEL, WILBUR
 STOTT, DONALD
 SUKAMER, LOIS
 THIEL, ALICE
 VAN ZANDT, BERNICE
 WEBER, EDNA
 WRIGHT, KATHRYN
 WYCHOFF, MAY

EL CIRCULO HISPANICO

WILBUR STUENKEL	<i>President</i>
MYRTLE OLSON	<i>Vice-President</i>
HELEN DREWES	<i>Secretary</i>
LORRAINE KENNEDY	<i>Treasurer</i>
MISS CANAN	<i>Adviser</i>

As in the previous years the object of the Spanish Club is to develop interest in all phases of Spanish life. Because of the great size of the club, only an upper classman may become a member. One Freshman class, however, has organized the Beta Spanish Club with Louise Grammer as its president. It holds regular meetings during the class hour. Therefore, its members will be well prepared to carry on the regular work of our club next year.

The social, music, and program committees have full charge of the club work. The programs have been of unusual and varied interest. At the first meeting of the year, six girls dressed in Spanish costumes showed us how they "plucked the turkey" and serenaded Spanish beauties. The girls danced and also sang "Hasta Manana". The subject of the second meeting was "America's Debt to Spain". Topics were given on Art, Literature, and Colonization. The January meeting was a social meeting for members and friends. Spanish chocolate and cake were served in the Domestic Science room after which the dancing was resumed.

The Spanish Club took the students on "A Trip to Buenos Aires" during one assembly hour when a movie was given.

The crowning social event of the Spanish Club season was the picnic which was given one day shortly before the close of school. Races, games, and best of all, Spanish "eats" were enjoyed.



FRENCH CLUB

ROLL CALL

HELEN DREWES
 GRACE HELTON
 RUTH MALKIN
 GENEVIEVE MARSHALL
 MILDRED CLARK
 ETHEL BRUNS
 ESTHER VETTER
 MARY HANSEN
 MAXINE HAMMERSCHMIDT
 BERNICE VAN ZANDT
 LUCILE GAUGER
 FRANCES HOLLINGER
 BLANCH ROBILLARD
 MILDRED HALL
 RUTH KEIMEL

MARION SMITH
 IRENE RUDNICK
 OTTO BAUER
 LOUISE CORNEILLE
 ROBERT WILSON
 KARL BAUER
 EVELYN SWANSON
 HONORA HIRT
 RUTH O'NEILLE
 EMILY NELSON
 JANE PRICE
 ALICE WHITFORD
 AUDRE CONEY
 VERONICA SHAEFER
 MARTHA NEILSON

ELSA VERICK

LE CERCLE FRANCAIS

FRANCES HOLLINGER	<i>President</i>
HELEN DREWES	<i>Vice-President</i>
BLANCHE ROBILLARD	<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>
MISS WEBSTER	<i>Adviser</i>

The French Club, Le Cercle Francais, was organized to promote the interest of the students in French. The programs of the monthly meetings were interesting as well as educational. Since all the members of this club have had at least one year of French, it was possible to pass some time in French conversation at each meeting. French songs, games, and stories were also interesting features on the programs.

We are glad to state that this club is gradually accomplishing its purpose: to promote interest in French. When this organization started several years ago, there were but a few members; now there are over forty. Miss Webster's untiring efforts to make this club a success have not been in vain, because there is a large attendance at each meeting.

One of the outstanding achievements of the club this year was the winning of the prize offered by the Senior Class for having the best booth at the Carnival.

It is the policy of this organization to present an annual gift to the school.



HI-Y CLUB

ROLL CALL

M. COOK
M. VOELZ
H. YOUNGBERG
R. CARLSON
R. PETTIT
E. HANSEN
V. PEDERSON
W. SWANDER
H. MILLS
H. PILLATT
J. ALLEN
WM. ALLEN
J. BRACKETT

C. PRAGER

G. WILLIS
H. HEINE
M. DOHERTY
D. SMITH
S. BYE
C. COLES
S. WELLER
E. THOMPSON
W. SHEARAR
H. HANSEN
D. LETTS
R. BRYDGES
L. SIEGFRIED

HI-Y CLUB

KENNETH LARSON	<i>President</i>
HAROLD MILLER	<i>Vice-President</i>
ROSS KNEISEL	<i>Secretary</i>
HOWARD LARSON	<i>Treasurer</i>
MR. DESHANE	<i>Adult Leader</i>

The purpose of the Hi-Y Club is "to create, maintain, and extend throughout the school and community, high standards of Christian Character". It stands for Clean Living, Clean Speech, Clean Athletics, Clean Scholarship.

When the club organized in the fall, the boys saw fit to choose Mr. DeShane as adult leader. Under his supervision meetings were held every Tuesday morning during activity period during which time there were open discussions on lessons in Christian Fellowship. On Wednesday evenings the Hi-Y boys had the use of the swimming pool and gymnasium where they came together to build up better friendship and better bodies.

In the early part of the fall they put on the 4C's campaign, and on Thursday, December eleventh, a Father and Son's Banquet was held in order to form a closer relation between the boys and their fathers. There were ninety-three boys and fathers present. Several interesting speeches and songs furnished the entertainment.

Ten of the members attended the Tenth Older Boys' Conference at Naperville. Boys from all parts of the country were gathered here, and many speakers delivered interesting messages.

There are about thirty boys who regularly turn out to these meetings and it is hoped that next year more boys will become members of this club for it attempts to teach high school boys to live better lives.



THE HOME ECONOMICS CLUB

ABEL, RENATA
BLUME, GERTRUDE
BUTTS, BERNICE
CARLSTROM, EDITH
CLAMER, LAURA
COXWELL, GERTRUDE
DAVIS, FANNY
ELFRING, ANITA
GAUGER, LUCILLE
GOLTERMANN, ADELINE
GRASER, GERTRUDE
GREGG, ETOLA
LEVEILLE, LUCILLE
MCKNIGHT, RUTH
MATSON, IRENE
MILLS, MARCELLA
NORDHAUSEN, ADELINE

O'NEILL, RUTH
PRICE, JANE
REIGER, PHYLLIS
SCHWALGE, MARIE
STEINER, GERTRUDE
VAN ZANDT, BERNICE
WHITE, IRENE
WYCKOFF, MAE
HAECKNER, MILDRED
HAWKINS, RUTH
HEINEMANN, HILMA
HILD, MARGARET
HOLLE, CHARLOTTE
HOLLOWAY, ALICE
JESSUP, LILLIAN
JONAS, CATHERINE
KLEMAN, MYRTLE

KUETER, GRACE
KUHN, VIOLA
LEDDY, PATRICIA
McFADDEN, IRENE
MAIER, ALVERDAY
MEINSEN, EILEEN
MOSACK, HAZEL
OLSON, MYRTLE
PAJEAU, IRENE
RATLEDGE, HARRIET
ROTERMUND, FLORENCE
SONNENBERG, EDNA
STEINHEBEL, GERTRUDE
VETTER, ESTHER
WYCKOFF, GERTRUDE
GARDNER, VIRGINIA

HOME ECONOMICS CLUB

GERTRUDE WYKOFF
RUTH O'NEILL
MYRTLE OLSON
PATRICIA LEDDY
LILLIAN M. ALLEN

President
Vice-President
Treasurer
Secretary
Adviser

"Home" has been defined as "a unit in the social organization of the world." With this idea in mind Miss Allen, our beloved adviser, and the girls of the Home Economics department organized the club for social and educational purposes. Charters says, "Activities are not carried on without ideals to govern, and ideals will not operate except through activities." The ideals held up to the girls both in the department and club work are the following: accuracy, independence, industry, neatness, patience, perseverance, self-reliance, speed, thoroughness, thoughtfulness, and unselfishness.

The class work and club activities are correlated as much as possible, thus making it easier to carry out the ideals which have been established. Instructive programs, demonstrations, and parties appropriate to various occasions are given, adding greatly to the social as well as the educational instruction of the girls.

Each year added interest has grown in the club and the membership has increased tremendously. The girls who take Home Economics during the school year and those who previously have taken the work in High School are eligible for membership.

The Club as a unit aims to be helpful to, and to work with all school organizations, to entertain, and at the same time to be instructive.

This year the Club met twice a month: on the first and third Thursdays. The first was set aside for a business meeting and the latter for a "get-together" of all members for a jolly, good time. Dues were payable at the business meeting.

During the past year the Club presented a flag to the High School. It now waves atop the stalwart pole which was presented by the "Class of 1924". Both were dedicated with due ceremony last fall.

In addition to the gift of the flag, the Club presented the School with a gift of dishes and glassware. These have since been used at a number of banquets here, served by the Home Economics classes.

Some of the most prominent features of the Club were the following: initiation of new members, Hi-Y Dinner, Father and Son Banquet, Christmas Program, presentation of gifts to the children at the Addison Home, First Annual Banquet for the Football Boys, Afternoon Tea for the Mothers, Serving the Mothers' Congress, Colonial Party and Program, May Party with films and demonstrations for the Club Members. Although the Club is of great benefit and inspiration to its members, its help and good-will are felt elsewhere in the school and home life.

We can not give too much credit to the adviser, Miss Allen, for her untiring efforts to bring the Club up to its standing of today. She is ever cheerful and ready to help us at any time.

The officers are also to be commended for their splendid work and co-operation. They in turn commend all the members for their delightful attitude and co-operation at all times. Harmony has been the keynote throughout the year; hence the successful year.



COMMERCIAL CLUB

ADVISERS

MR. C. BERRY

MRS. G. SCHMITT

ROLL CALL

MILDRED PFAFF
IDA SONNENBERG
LILLIAN VALENTA
GERTRUDE WYCOFF
LEOLA EHLERS
MYRTLE OLSON
VERA SCHULKE
MELBOURNE BLACK
ESTHER VETTER
GERALD STRINGER
LILLIAN JESSUP
EDNA WEBER
BLANCHE RINKER

RENATA ABEL
EVELYN CARLSTROM
GRACE KUETER
META CRUM
ELIZABETH STEELE
RALPH STICKING
KATHRYN WRIGHT
HARRIET RATLEDGE
HELEN DREWES
LUCILLE MILLER
FANNIE DAVIS
LORRAINE KENNEDY
LOIS SURKAMER

BOB ROZENTHAL

COMMERCIAL CLUB

Until April the Commercial Club, due to the conflicting schedules of its members, held but one formal meeting at which the following rules were adopted: anyone wishing to be a member of the Commercial Club must have two credits in commercial work or be enrolled as a commercial student. Officers must have at least four credits in commercial work to be eligible to election. Treasurer must have had one year of bookkeeping.

The aim of the Club was to obtain speakers on topics of business and preparation for business life. As there was no project demanding business management nor any dues assessed, no officers were elected. In the place of formal meetings, small group meetings were held during different commercial class recitations at which time the commercial instructors gave talks on business methods, management, and business etiquette, as fitted in from time to time with the regular work. During the month of May a few speakers were obtained for the advertising and salesmanship class and the advanced stenography class. A trip through a large manufacturing plant was planned for the people in advanced commercial work.

The members of the Advanced Stenography Class acted as secretaries for a number of school projects, preparing stencils and mimeographing department courses, forms, examination questions, questionnaires, tickets for social functions, posters, handbills, mechanical drawings, programs, as well as taking letters for the different instructors and other work of similar nature.

The Commercial Club as an organization will be active next year in the business projects of the several organizations.



TREBLE CLEF

EILEEN MEINSON
MILDRED HECKNER
GLADYS JOHNSTONE
VERNA RAHM
DOROTHY HORNBERGER
JUDITH WILLISTON
VERA MANN
MIRIAM VAN BUSKIRK
JOAN KAPPUS
LUCILE GAUGER
ALVERDA MAIR

ESTHER VETTER
HENRIETTA GOLDEN
MURIEL MILLER
ELINER STRAND
FANNIE DAVIS
EVELYN EMERICK
EDNA BREUHAUS
ELIZABETH STEEL
FLORENCE CLAMER
ANITA ELFRING
DOROTHY GRAUE

HELEN WENDLAND

THE TREBLE CLEF

A year and a half ago a small number of girls met with Mr. Minnema in the club room. This meeting was the beginning of the mighty Treble Clef chorus of York. How diligently the group worked! Gradually and steadily the organization grew, and blossomed out in a spring concert with Mr. Oumiroff and Madame Spravka as solosits. During the summer Mr. Minnema and the girls worked hard in order that new members might be "broken in". In the fall they were ready for a concert and the great Chiapuso was their soloist. This year all numbers have been sung unaccompanied. The fact that the Treble Clef is able to sing capella music is certainly a great accomplishment.

"Ye Treble Clefers" have performed for the Lions Club and the Women's Club of Elmhurst, for the Sheridan Road Methodist Episcopal Church in Chicago, and for the Aurora Methodist Episcopal Church. They also brought some cheer to the "boys" at the Speedway Hospital. The Treble Clef did its "bit" in promoting Christmas Spirit by broadcasting Yuletide songs over the microphones of the Chicago Tribune broadcasting station, WGN.

This year many Freshmen have been initiated into the mysterious order of ritards, accelerandos, pianissimos and fortissimos.

We have found that Lillian Jessup is a most indispensable part in the machinery of the Treble Clef. Lillian sits at the piano and helps to drum the melodies into the girls' heads.

All that the Treble Clef has accomplished reflects back to its director, Mr. Minnema. This man of endless "pep" is the head of the Music Department of York and is responsible for York's success musically. So here is to the Treble Clef and its director who is one hundred per cent for York, he who wears no man's hat—Mr. Minnema.

ROSTER

70

YORK-HI BAND

The York-Hi Band was organized in 1922. At that time there was quite a number of students who played band instruments and the organization became active at once, playing at football games, basketball games, and other school functions, such as pep-meetings and P. T. A. meetings.

But this year, like many other school organizations, the roster of the band suffered both in number and talent through graduation of many of its members of previous years. This year the band started with practically all beginners, a number not sufficient for a complete instrumentation. If this organization is to exist, more active members must join its ranks.

Kenneth Larson, Eugene Hanson, and Harold Pillatt blow the long, black pipes, while George Willis, performs on the smallest instrument in the band, the piccolo, not to mention Stanley Weller's shoe horn.

Howard Larson trades off with Howard Emery on the bass drum and the snares are tapped by Fred Davis and Stanley Weller. Howard Hansen plugs away at his alto, known as the "peck horn" and can be heard above the others playing in strict time; um, dah, dah; um, dah, dah! The cornet and trumpet parts are taken by Frederick Hornberger and Glenn Most. To help out the bass section, Mr. Olsson has forsaken his cornet and is now playing the baritone.

Ross Kneisel, Howard Luetgert, and Theodore Woeller operate the slip horns; and Theodore Schreffler, the low toned boy with the bass, completes the membership.



DEBATING SQUAD

DALE LETTS
 FRANCES HOLLINGER
 MILDRED HALL
 WILBUR STUENKEL
 LUCILLE GAUGER
 HENRIETTA GOLDEN
 RAY SMITH
 IRENE RUDNICK
 CHARLES JACKSON
 JOHN SWARNER
 HELEN FLEUGGE
 MISS WEBSTER, *Coach*

DEBATING LEAGUE

The Public Speaking Department of this school again has entered the State Debating League. As soon as the question for debate was sent to the school, work started, and in a few weeks, the preliminary debates were held in the assembly. Of the twelve members who took part in these, the following were chosen to enter the State Triangular Debates.

Affirmative

DALE LETTS
IRENE RUDNICK
CHARLES JACKSON

Alternate

HENRIETTA GOLDEN

Negative

FRANCES HOLLINGER
JOHN SWARNER
MILDRED HALL

Alternate

WILBUR STUENKEL

Miss Webster, the coach, worked many hours with the teams. March thirteenth both teams were ready to try their skill against other schools. The affirmative defeated Austin, while the Negative triumphed over Downers Grove.

March twenty-sixth our affirmative journeyed to Lane Technical High School, but suffered a two-to-one defeat. The following evening in the last debate of the season, our negative was the victor against Riverside.

The school looks with pride upon the three victories gained this year and it is hoped that in future years, York will have champion debaters.



"Steve"



"Billy Capron"



"Ritchie"



"Roney Olsen"



"Yessenden"

Public
Speaking
Play



"Mrs. Yessenden"



"Pansy"



"Mrs. Ritchie"



"Dorothy"

PUBLIC SPEAKING PLAY

"ON THE HIRING LINE"

CAST

Sherman Fessenden
Dorothy Fessenden
Steve Mack, a chauffeur
Rosiland, Fessenden's wife
Ronnie Oliver, an actor
Mrs. Billy Capron
Mr. Billy Capron
Ritchie, the butler
Mrs. Ritchie, the cook

CHARLES JACKSON
MURIEL MILLER
STEPHEN FEILINGER
IRENE RUDNICK
KARL BAUER
EVELYN EMERICK
LLOYD SIEGFRIED
HOWARD LARSON
VIRGINIA HORVATH

"On the Hiring Line," a three act comedy by Harvey O'Higgins, was presented in our gymnasium on April sixteenth and seventeenth, as the annual play of the Public Speaking Department. Miss Webster spent much time coaching the actors and actresses and when the play was given, it could be seen that they were thoroughly trained.

In the first act, we find Mr. Fessenden unable to induce servants to remain at his home. His wife, weary of life in the country, tries in every possible way to get her husband back to the city, but he is determined to stay, and resolves that he is going to get servants to stay with him. Mrs. Billy Capron, visits them, and tells about some persons who unknowingly had detectives for servants. Fessenden, unable to get regular servants to remain, decides to employ detectives as a butler and a cook.

The detectives not knowing that they were hired as servants, try to find clues to some mysterious letter Mr. Fessenden told them he had received. They suspect Steve Mack, the chauffeur, who has fallen in love with Dorothy Fessenden.

Mrs. Fessenden, has gone to her desk and accidentally found some love letters written to her before they were married. She shows them to Ronnie, the actor friend, who copies them for his stage sketches. The copies were lost, and turned over to Fessenden by the detectives, and he naturally thinks that Ronnie wrote them to his wife. Mrs. Capron, wanting to make her husband jealous, says they were written to her, and Fessenden has to do a great deal of explaining to Capron. When the situation was at its worst the detectives discover that the letters were written by Fessenden to his wife before their marriage. The end finds everybody happy except Fessenden, who is disappointed to learn that the detectives refuse to remain as servants in the country.

Moral—Leave the servant problem to your wife.



"Eaton"



"Mrs. Eaton"



"Michael"



"Missie"



"Honor"

Senior



"Dick"

Play



"Mrs. Berrington"



"Annie"



"Eaton"



"Tot"



"Drew"



"Walt"

"HONOR BRIGHT"

CAST

Watts	GEORGE WILLIS
Michael	KENNETH LARSON
Foster	MAXINE HAMMERSCHMIDT
Mrs. Barrington	WILBUR STUENKEL
James Schooley	HENRIETTA GOLDEN
Mrs. Carton	HAROLD MILLER
The Rt. Rev. William Carton	WESLEY SHARER
Richard Barrington	FRANCES HOLLINGER
Honor Bright	VERA SCHULKE
Annie	IDA SONNENBERG
Maggie	MILDRED HALL
Tot	HAROLD RULAND
Simpson	PAUL HANEBUTH
Jones	JOHN SWARNER
Bill Drum	

On Thursday and Friday, May 28 and 29, the members of the Senior Class staged their last entertainment in this school. The play, "Honor Bright", a three act comedy by Meredith Nicholson and Kenyon Nicholson, was presented to an exceptionally large audience. The players, under the careful coaching of Miss Webster, displayed remarkable talent, and set a standard which will be difficult to surpass.

The play was intensely interesting as complications arise in the very beginning. Richard Barrington has fallen in love with a chorus girl and is bringing her home to meet his family. His aunt and uncle are especially desirous of meeting her before they sail for Europe and the evening before they are to leave, Tot, the chorus girl, has not come. Richard, wanting to keep the favor of his aunt and uncle, induces a book agent, Honor Bright, to play the part of Tot until they are gone. Honor Bright played the part of Tot very cleverly, making a wonderful impression upon her future relatives. Everything passed wonderfully until Tot herself came. Poor Richard had a difficult time keeping Tot's temper under cover until his aunt and uncle sailed. When the situation was at its darkest point, however, Bill Drum, a press agent, came on the scene and relieved Richard of Tot. Richard, in the meantime, persuaded Honor Bright to remain much longer than the original agreement called for.



AS WE KNOW THEM

Most Ladylike	Frances Hollinger
Most Gentlemanly	Howard Emery
Most Popular Girl	"Min" Miller
Most Popular Boy	"Hack" Miller
Prettiest Girl	Joan Kappus
Handsomest Boy	Lawton Davis
Most Athletic Girl	Katy Babcock
Most Athletic Boy	"Hack" Miller
Wittiest Girl	Alice Holloway
Wittiest Boy	Johnny Weiser
Most Bashful Girl	Genevieve Marshal
Most Bashful Boy	Gerhardt Spaltholz
Cutest Girl	No Decision
Cutest Boy	Russell Brydges
Noisiest Girls	Terrible Cleff
Noisiest Boys	The Seniors
Silliest Girl	Adele Hanscom
Silliest Boy	Charles Jaxon
Most Studious Girl	Ruth O'Neill
Most Studious Boy	Karl Bauer





ATHLETICS



FOOTBALL

At the end of the football season York High had been successful in totaling a greater score than her opponents and in winning seven out of the eleven games played. This showing made by our boys is very remarkable when taking into consideration that it was the lightest team in the county.

Before the regular schedule three practice games were played; one with the alumni and two with the college of which we easily captured all three. With these scrimmages and daily practice, Coach East had the team in the pink of condition anxiously waiting for the opening game.

Libertyville traveled out here only to be defeated to the tune of 12 to 0. It was a well played game, and showed Coach East's capability in turning out a winning team from light material. The next week the spectators were treated to a real game in which all the sciences of football were displayed. Riverside with whom York has always had a close battle was not an exception this year. A touchdown by Kulton and a drop kick by Weiser put us one point to the good of our opponents, the score being 7 to 6.

With a merry bunch of rooters the team journeyed to Barrington and won an easy game, scoring 40 points to her opponents' 0. On the following Saturday we were handed our first defeat by Downers Grove. The first half of the game was full of thrills and close playing but York finally fell down against the heavy onslaught and finished with a score of 5 to 27.

Maine's huskies traveled out here on the following week-end, and handed us our second defeat 7 to 20. York fought a hard game and used all its skill of football, but the superior weight of the Desplaines team triumphed.

All teams, not excluding the best, have some off day, and when we had ours Glenbard was the benefactor. With Bucholz out of the line the team was unable to show its usual stuff, resulting in a 53 to 0 defeat. We finally overcame our jinx when we met West Chicago on our own field. A good game had been predicted and West Chicago came here with a firm determination to win. By the time the first half was over they realized that they had not been so correct in their principles and at the completion of the game we had 31 points to her 0.

The next game which was with Hinsdale, completed our schedule. It was, perhaps, the best and most exciting game that we played away from home. The first three we were in the lead but York suddenly weakened and Hinsdale piled up another touchdown and won by a score of 19 to 13.

The showing made by these boys is largely due to the splendid coaching of Mr. East, who has spent many weary hours toward the making of a football team. These boys, although failing to win the West Suburban Championship, have made a showing of which the school is very proud.

Only three men will be lost through graduation so the future of next year's football team looks very bright. We wish Captain Bucholz and his team mates a successful season and the trophy for the West Suburban Championship.



HEAVYWEIGHT BASKETBALL

York	16	College	11
York	13	College	6
York	31	Arlington Hts.	14
York	14	Riverside	17
York	21	Wheaton Acad.	15
York	16	Glenbard	15
York	8	Downers Grove	23
York	14	Riverside	13
York	11	Desplaines	16
York	20	Hinsdale	27
York	17	Morgan Park	16
York	21	West Chicago	16
York	4	Wheaton	22
York	17	Glenbard	13
York	13	Downers Grove	15
York	15	Arlington Hts.	17
York	23	Maine	19
York	11	Hinsdale	25
York	10	Wheaton	16
York	15	West Chicago	16
York	34	Wauconda	2
York	11	Libertyville	4
York	13	Waukegan	26

368

Won 12; Lost 11.

374

HEAVYWEIGHT BASKETBALL

The York High basketball team was undoubtedly one of the fastest that this school has ever produced. This team was composed of all new men, not one remaining from the last year's tossers, but nevertheless it was a real bunch of basketball players.

After taking two scrimmage games from the college we started on our regular schedule, against Arlington Heights. This game showed York's superiority in team-work and fastness and when the final whistle blew the score stood York 31, Arlington Heights, 14. The next week we lost to the husky bunch from Riverside, 14 to 17, in a close contest. The game was played on our own floor and was won by Riverside only through a hard struggle.

Wheaton Academy feeling almost certain of a victory, challenged Coach East's basketball team, but they too succumbed under the superior playing of York High. On the following week we traveled to Glenbard, supported by a good crowd and won a close game of a 16 to 15 score.

Our next two games were played away from home. The first was with Downers Grove, to whom we lost, 8 to 23. This was largely due to a low gym to which our boys were not accustomed. On the following game we evened up matters by taking a close game of 14 to 13 against Riverside. It was a good game, full of many thrills and good basketball playing.

Des Plaines, with a large crowd, visited us on the following Friday. The hard struggle put up by both teams offered much excitement to the spectators. Des Plaines, however, was successful in getting the largest score to her side, 16 to our 11. The next game was also played on our floor against Hinsdale. We were defeated but did not fail to put up a hard fight. The score was 20 to 27.

Morgan Park, our next opponents fell victims to York's clever playing. It was a close game to the finish and ended with York 17, Morgan Park 16. We then traveled to West Chicago and returned home with the bacon, 21 to 16.

The next three games of which we had the misfortune of only winning one, were played on our own floor. Wheaton trounced us, 4 to 22. We then played Glenbard whom we defeated for a second time, 17 to 13. When we played Downers Grove we were defeated, but felt assured that a hard struggle was needed to better our score, which was 13 to 15.

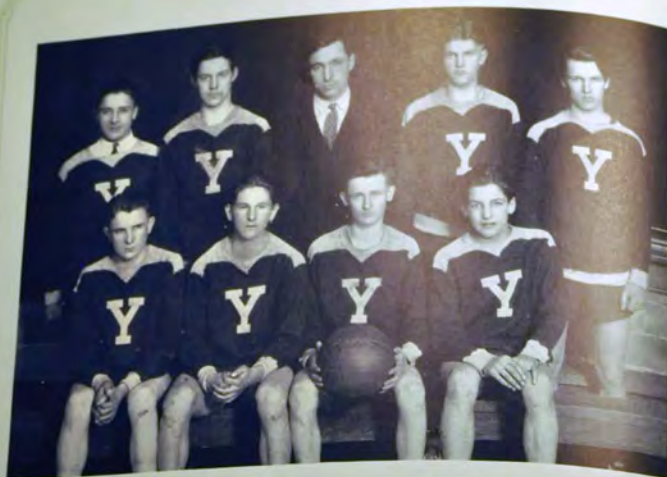
The second game with Arlington Heights proved to be one filled with excitement and close playing. They finally captured our warriors by 2 points. The final count was 15 to 17. We then traveled to Maine with a determination to avenge the defeat which they handed us earlier in the season. Our boys were able to fulfill our expectations and won, 23 to 19.

The following game was played at Hinsdale, who defeated us 11 to 25. Wheaton won against York for a second time but only through hard fighting they were able to get 16 points over our 10. The last league game to be played was against West Chicago in our own gym. Both teams were supported by a strong crowd and a record-breaking thriller was played. The score was close throughout the game and was doubtful who would win, but at the final whistle the score stood 15 to 16 in favor of West Chicago.

One of the reasons why this year's basketball team was a success was the splendid showing made at the tournament at the Deerfield Shields High School. A splendid game was played against Waukegan in which we were victors at a score of 34 to 12. We then had to play Libertyville whom we defeated, 11 to 4. This victory brought us into the semi-finals against Waukegan a school much larger than ours, who defeated us, 26 to 13.

Coach East may be congratulated on the splendid work he has done in making a good team from unexperienced players. Only two players will be lost by the graduating class so we see no reason in the world why Captain Hansen and his team mates should not have a successful year.

Here's to a championship team.



LIGHTWEIGHT BASKETBALL

York	5	College	11
York	25	Academy	8
York	7	Arlington Hts.	11
York	12	Riverside	10
York	14	Glenbard	21
York	7	Downers Grove	15
York	14	Riverside	8
York	15	Des Plaines	4
York	12	Hinsdale	16
York	21	West Chicago	9
York	5	Wheaton	14
York	3	Glenbard	14
York	8	Downers Grove	18
York	17	Arlington Hts.	6
York	12	Maine	7
York	22	E. F. C.	4
York	13	Hinsdale	21
York	13	Wheaton	25
York	19	West Chicago	9

Won 9; Lost 10.

243

221

LIGHTWEIGHT BASKETBALL

The lightweight basketball team, or the future stars of York High, had to her credit, 254 points to her opponents' 221 and won nine out of the nineteen games played. These boys always filled with the fighting spirit, offered many an exciting game to the spectators.

They started the season with two practice games with the college at which the honors were divided. The game against Arlington Heights began the regular schedule. The teams were evenly matched and a hard fight was put up by both sides throughout the entire game. Arlington Heights, however, won by a score of 11 to 7.

The game with Riverside on the following week proved to be even a better game than the former. Two points decided the contest which was in favor of York, 12 to 10.

Glenbard and Downers Grove, both in the West Suburban League, proved to be stronger teams when they met our tossers on their own floor.

Riverside for a second time met York but this time on their own floor. They were determined to avenge the defeat given them in the earlier part of the season, and were even positive of a victory. When they clashed, however, it proved to be a different story as the game went to York, 14 to 8.

After the game with Riverside we were scheduled for two games at home. York won the first one which was against Des Plaines. At this game York's lightweights proved their skill in basketball playing when they captured the honors at a 15 to 4 count. The next game, however, was taken by Hinsdale by a small margin.

West Chicago our next opponents, fell victims to York's clever playing. Nine points were all that they were able to tally against our boys. Then came the big game with Wheaton. A large crowd gathered in our gym to see the teams perform, knowing that a hard fight would be needed to better the mark that would be made by Wheaton's lightweights. A hard fight was given but nevertheless the game fell to the visitors.

The next two games were played on our own floor. Glenbard and Downers, both strong contenders in the West Suburban League, proved to have good teams when they both defeated York. These two defeats did not discourage our basketballers for they came right back with three straight victories. Arlington Heights fell victims for a second time to York, likewise did Maine, better known as Des Plaines. The third victory was against a team from our own city, the First Evangelical Church team who had obtained the use of our gym on Tuesday nights and desired a game against our lightweights. You can imagine what a game they had when you look at the score which was 22 to 4.

On the following Friday we journeyed to Hinsdale and clashed with a strong team. The outcome of the struggle was in favor of the home team. We played our last game away from home when we met Wheaton for a second time. The York tossers tried their uttermost but they were compelled to give way to Wheaton's superior weight and skill. The game against West Chicago ended the schedule. The team was determined to end the season right and it was successful. The outcome of the game was 19 to 9 in York's favor.

The honor that is due to the lightweight team is not only because of the record they are also indirectly responsible for the success of the heavyweights by scrimmaging against them.

Much honor should be given to Coach East who has showed such interest and has given much time in developing York's future cage stars.



SWIMMING TEAM

EVENTS

Plunge

RALPH STICKLING	40 Yard Breast Stroke	FRANK MEYER
KARL BAUER	100 Yard Free Style	ROSS KNEISEL
CAPTAIN OTTO BAUER	40 Yard Back Stroke	HOWARD EMERY
BILL SMOTHERMAN	40 Yard Crawl Stroke	HERBERT BIERLEIN
HACK MILLER	100 Yard Breast Stroke	EDMOND RONSKE
KARL BAUER	160 Yard Relay	HOWARD HANSEN
KARL BAUER		OTTO BAUER
EDMOND RONSKE		HACK MILLER

Coach

HARRY BROOKS

Scores of Meets

Austin	22½	York	36½
Austin	27	York	32
St. Phillips	15	York	44
Alumni	24	York	35

SWIMMING

The York-Hi swimming team is the best that this school has ever produced, and will be hard to equal in the future. In spite of the fact that five members of last year's squad were lost by graduation, Coach Brooks turned out a swimming team. To get a meet with schools of our size in this vicinity, Mr. Brooks soon found to be an impossibility. In order to get a meet we had to swim against city schools.

The first battle of the season was against Austin, a school which has an enrollment of about seven thousand students. The meet started with a thriller, when Captain Bauer, who swims the 100 yard free style, won by an inch. Hack Miller took the 40 yard crawl with an easy stride. First honors in the breast stroke and relay were also taken by York. When the score was totaled, York had 36½ points, Austin 22½.

We gave Austin a return meet in their tank. This time with two extra swimmers of great agility, Austin felt certain of a victory. The same winners placed again, but by a small margin, which gave York a small lead. York, however, was unable to hold this lead throughout the match, and by the end of the plunge for distance, which is next to the last event, the score stood at a tie. The relay, which gives five points to the winner, would decide the meet. E. Ronske, the lead-off man, was able to get a few feet on his opponent, Karl Bauer, the next in line, was capable of adding another foot, while Otto held his man to a standstill. With a one yard lead, Hack plunged into the tank, but he was not satisfied with such a small edge on Austin, so he added on five more yards and decided the winning event.

The third meet of the season was against St. Phillips, a team which holds third place in the Catholic League. Some prophesied that here we had picked out a stronger team, but York's swimmers were not to be daunted. This contest proved to be the greatest victory that this team has acquired so far this year. The 100 yard free style, breast stroke, crawl, plunge, and relay again went to York. The total score was 44 to 15.

At the time this Annual went to the printer, three meets are all in which these boys had participated. The remaining schedule includes: Maine Township High School, Lakeview, Crane, Tulley, Marshall, and many other city schools. The 100% record established by this team will undoubtedly be difficult to surpass.



1924 TRACK

CLARENCE EAST, *Coach*

KURT HANSEN	Javelin
GEORGE KULTON	Discus
E. MUELLER	Discus
CHARLES JACKSON	Mile
HOWARD LARSON	Mile
B. BLANCHARD	Hurdles
M. ERICKSON	Hurdles, Broad Jump
J. WEISER	Pole Vault
F. BUCHOLZ	Pole Vault, Shot Put
S. WHITFORD	Half Mile
G. KOCA	Dashes
C. WHITE	Dashes
H. MILLER	High Jump, Quarter Mile
R. CALHOUN	Shot Put
P. HUBERT	Shot Put
J. HOLLOWAY	Mile



TRACK TEAM

The 1924 track season was the first in which track was a major part in the West Suburban League. Although there had been a little track work at York before, this was now first serious year of hard track work. With inexperienced men Coach East put out the best possible team. Never winning a meet but forever fighting, the team carried York's spirit through the season.

The season started off with a triangular meet at Maine at which Maine took first place, Glenbard second, and York third.

A trial meet was held at Des Plaines in which York received the low end of the score.

On account of not having a track, no meets were held at York.

At the League meet held at Hinsdale York won three points, Ed. Mueller taking second place in the discus.

At Aurora Bud Blanchard, captain for 1925 track, won a third in the high hurdles.

Next year's team having a number of experienced men and better training equipment, can add a much higher score to York's record.

We sincerely hope that this team may add in the future a track shield to the halls of York.



GIRLS' BASKETBALL

LINE-UP

BETA CARLSON							<i>Right Forward</i>
V. HANSON							<i>Left Forward</i>
A. KELLER							<i>Center (Captain)</i>
K. BABCOCK							<i>Right Guard</i>
J. WILLISTON							<i>Left Guard</i>

Substitutes

E. MIENSON, J. EMERICK

The girls' basketball title went to the Sophomores this year, after a hard fight with the Juniors. This is the highest honors that the girls may have bestowed upon them in athletics, as basketball has become the foremost sport. The Athletic Association presented the cup to this team with satisfaction, realizing that it went to girls of the highest type of sportsmanship in athletic ability.

LINEUPS OF CLASS TEAMS

SENIORS

V. SCHULKE	.	.	.	.	.	Right Forward
E. VETTER	.	.	.	.	.	Left Forward
R. PEARN	.	.	.	.	.	Center (Captain)
M. SMITH	.	.	.	.	.	Right Guard
M. HALL	.	.	.	.	.	Left Guard

JUNIORS

M. MILLER	.	.	.	.	.	Right Forward (Captain)
P. RIEGER	.	.	.	.	.	Left Forward
L. GUAGER	.	.	.	.	.	Center
M. HANSON	.	.	.	.	.	Right Guard
R. O'NEILL	.	.	.	.	.	Left Guard

FRESHMEN

M. WEBER	.	.	.	.	.	Right Forward
V. RAHM	.	.	.	.	.	Left Forward
L. MILLER	.	.	.	.	.	Center (Captain)
H. RATLEDGE	.	.	.	.	.	Right Guard
L. O'NEILL	.	.	.	.	.	Left Guard



GIRLS' ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

MILDRED HALL	President
LUCILLE GUAGER	Vice-President
KATHRYN BABCOCK	Secretary
VERNA RAHM	Treasurer
FRANCES HOLLINGER	Reporter
MISS WEBSTER	Faculty Adviser

The Girls' Athletic Association, organized to promote clean athletics and sportsmanship among the girls, has reached a mark that will be hard to surpass by future administrations.

The organization succeeded in entering the Illinois League of Girls' Athletic Associations. Under this plan a point system is used, by which the girls secure and retain eligibility to membership by earning points under the standard system. There are awards, the first two given by the local organization—numerals and an emblem—and the other two given by the state league.

The next year is looked forward to with eagerness. With the foundation already made, the club ought to grow swiftly. It has possibilities of being the strongest organization in school. Each class is represented in offices.







LITERARY

SPRING

"In the Spring a young man's fancy—"
 You know what the poets say,
 'Bout the balmy spring time weather,
 When they want to sing a lay.

"Spring is full of fun and frolic,"
 Say that stuff is all the mush!
 Spring brings showers, colds, umbrellas,
 Stinging sleet, and ice and slush!

—FRANCES HOLLINGER.

THE RUDE AWAKENING

Patsy had a tiny foot, a tiny hand, even Patsy herself was tiny; she owned a pretty tiny face and head with a tiny bit of gray matter inside. Patsy's gray matter was never strained along the subjects of Latin, English, Algebra, or Science. But somehow she always slipped by. Despite her tendency to be a Dumb Dora, she was clever, dumbly clever perhaps, but nevertheless effective.

"Patsy, who were the Vestal Virgins?" the sharp voice of her Latin teacher brought her out of her reverie.

"Uh? Oh, I guess they were the cooks that er-ah-um-cooked for Neptune's family."

Strangely enough fond teacher didn't join in with the shrill shout of mirth enjoyed by the others but coldly replied, "Neptune was a bachelor, Patsy."

mured Patsy as she settled back to resume her nap.

Between bells she energetically applied the powder puff to her nose and dropped into class two seconds late.

"Patsy have you an admitt?"

"Now where—?" muttered Pat, beginning a feverish search through her pockets, books, and canteen.

"Sorry, can't find it now, Mr. Allen," she apologized.

"Never mind, give it to me after class," and the absent-minded professor again took the roll for the third time in five minutes.

"Everyone please turn in his theme or his excuse," commanded Mr. Allen.

Immediately Patsy's hand began to sway in the air resembling so many flags waving in the gentle breeze on Memorial Day.

"So sorry, Mr. Allen, but the lights went out last night and I had to undress in the dark so of course I couldn't get my home work." Patsy's excuse boldly given among the tittering of classmates was accepted without question by Mr. Allen.

"Of all the crust!" indignantly exclaimed Helen, who was the next "S" after Patsy Stevenson.

"Well it's partly true," Pat replied, "the lights *did* go out, (I didn't say who put 'em out) and I did undress in the dark because I didn't want Mother to see the clock."

Thus the day went, like so many others, until her last class. It was quite the easiest thing in the world to go to sleep in it. She was seated in an inconspicuous corner of the room and the near-sighted professor always failed to notice her. It was under these conditions that she again dozed on this day as usual.

Detention detained her from accompanying her friends home but this bothered her very little. As she lingered along the road only a few cars passed her and none offered to pick her up as was their wont. Her step (none too elastic at the beginning) became less spirited as the long blocks gradually slipped by.

"Well, Miss, we're going the same way so please accept a ride with my compliments."

Patsy's glance swept the details of the car and lone occupant. The exact make of the sedan she could not determine, but the graceful lines and equipment were impressive. When her glance wandered to the driver she found a well groomed young man carefully dressed in the latest fashion. He, too, looked impressive, but despite this fact, she hesitated. Then, throwing caution to the wind, she boldly accepted his offer and the seat beside him.

Gayly she responded with laughter to his jokes and clever remarks. Gayly she accepted a bottle of ginger ale purchased at a near-by stand. She drank it; how refreshing it seemed! Strange too, because never before had she particularly liked ale.

"No information will be given the young lady." Patsy indistinctly heard this; it seemed miles away, of course it had no connection whatever with her! She was conscious of little else than a whirling head and a vague realization that she was in an unfamiliar place.

Suddenly her head cleared, so suddenly in fact, that it startled her. A faint odor of burning incense was wafted to her nostrils, a soothing odor. The room in which she found herself was darkened. The furnishings were faintly outlined. These were decidedly oriental.

The couch on which she was lying was draped with the richest silk. Pillows of the softest down and enveloped with satin supported her head. The floor was covered with a thick oriental rug; on the walls hung the richest tapestries.

Her companion stood at the far end of the room, straight and stiff, with arms crossed and eyes staring directly ahead. When Patsy moved, stretched and yawned, the woman's arms dropped to her sides and she slowly approached her couch. She was a Japanese dressed in the costume of her native country. She looked at Patsy and waited for her to speak.

"Well?" said Patsy.

The woman shook her head and said, "Amelican girl no lucky".

"Apparently not," murmured Patsy, "but tell me where I am and what's to become of me?"

"No tell you where you are. Folks no have much money. My lord prays to Jekia. Time for present to god. My lord give you."

"Who is your lord and Jekia and how's he going to give me to 'im?"

"Kekia lives in lions. Jekia favored my lord. My lord owes thanks. You sent to pay."

Patsy laughed, "show me the lions and then I'll believe you."

The woman glided over to the wall. Her hand reached out and grasped a cord, her other hand pointing to the opposite wall. Patsy watched, fascinated. Slowly the tapestry on the wall parted revealing a low den with a heavy iron bar gate barring entrance or escape. Behind the gate several lions paced.

Patsy sprang from her couch. A cold sweat wet her brow. Her mouth was open but no sound came forth. Horrified she watched the tapestry fall back in place. She could already feel the cold nose of the monstrous animal touching her face. The heavy paw was forcing her down, down, into eternity. Wouldn't something happen to save her? Her frame quivered as she fell to the floor.

"Oh, Patsy, I forgot to mention that broken chair to Mr. Sampson, the janitor. I do hope you're not hurt."

Patsy opened her eyes and blinked. The near-sighted teacher loomed before her as a mammoth lion. She sat up and yawned. Mr. Hopkins assisted her to her feet continuing to apologize.

Patsy saw him through a haze. Finally the situation dawned upon her.

"Mr. Hopkins," said Patsy seriously, cutting short his excuses, "you saved me from dying of fright."

—PEGGY STERETT.

GIRL O' MY DREAMS

Girl o' my dreams, girl o' my dreams,
I've watched all my life for you;
I've hunted at night
When the stars were bright
And the sky was a deep, dark blue.

I've hoped and I've prayed
That some golden day
I might find you waiting for me,
And I've anxiously scanned
Each face that I've passed
In the hope that you'd smile, and I'd see.

I've looked on the hill top,
I've looked in the dale,
I've seen every land in my quest;
I've known many maidens,
I've talked with them too—
My dream girl was always the best.

Girl o' my dreams, girl o' my dreams,
I have found you
Only, too late—
With a heart full of love, I came to you;
My dear, why didn't you wait?

—FRANCES HOLLINGER.

THE TRIALS AND TRIBULATIONS OF YOUTH

I have given up hopes of ever becoming a moving picture actress. Perhaps my family is unappreciative—but let me explain matters. I will let my reader be my judge.

I had just come from seeing Coleen Moore in "The Perfect Flapper", and had decided she was ideal. I set her up as my model and proceeded to business. I hastened home and combed my hair perfectly flat against my head. I rather hated doing it, since I had just had it marcelled the night before, but I decided that it would have to suffer for art's sake. As I was saying, I combed my hair real flat, and made two little hooks on either side. Fortunately, I had had a Dutch bob to begin with. Then I carefully applied some "complexion",—just enough to make me look pretty—put on my shortest and tightest dress, and sauntered downstairs, ready for my evening date.

Unfortunately, I had dressed before dinner. When everyone had seated himself at the dinner table, and we had just started to eat, my brother, Bill, a Senior in high school, looked at me, when asking for the bread. (He never looks at me during dinner unless I can be of some service to him—he's too busy eating. He has two stomachs, I honestly believe, or else all his six feet of height are hollow.)

"Well, for gosh sake! Look what we have with us! What happened to you? You look like a drowned rat."

I glared at him unable to say a word due to the fact that I had just taken a bite of bread.

"Why don't you dry your hair after you've been in swimming? It looks fierce this way," he continued.

"Really?" I inquired fidgety.

"Yeh," he answered amiably.

"Where did you get that dress?" mother interposed. "It's so old and shabby I thought I had thrown it away."

I suddenly conceived an untold fondness for the dress. It had always been my favorite, and I was not going to be separated from it so carelessly.

"I don't think it looks a bit shabby, mother," I answered spiritedly.

"Well, you have to wear it; I don't. It doesn't matter to me if you wear it 'till it falls off," mother said.

I remained haughtily silent.

"I wish you'd take a little 'country air' off," father said reproachfully.

"I will!" I said heatedly. "I'm going to put on my best dress, curl my hair like Nazimova, and go around looking like a ghost! Then, maybe, you'll be satisfied!" I stalked out of the room like an Indian on the war path.

A few days later I saw Pola Negri in "His Last Hour". It was perfectly thrilling, and Pola was superb. Her eyes were fascinating.

I decided I would be like the well-known vamp. So I had my hair marcelled again, and lengthened all my dresses and adopted a "slinky" walk. I worked my eyes to death, trying to get them to behave. Finally I succeeded to my entire satisfaction.

I decided to try the effect on Jack my old faithful. I wouldn't dare try it on Bill, my brother. He has no sense at all, and just because I'm his sister he thinks he can be as frank as he wants to and he oughtn't to be; it's very embarrassing at times.

Jack called for me and we went over to Helen's house. She was having a small party. I had on a real long, black velvet dress which just suited my type and

"slink". Before the evening had even begun, or I had started to "vamp" Jack came to me and asked what in the world was the matter. I languidly questioned why he wanted to know, and he whispered, "You act so peculiar. Are you really well?"

I said, "I am perfectly well". However, I deemed it wise to stop acting like Pola. They say true art is never appreciated and I believe it now. How can a person act dignified when there are so many youngsters around, anyway!

The next artist I decided to have as a model was Virginia Lee Corbin. She is adorable. I had my hair marcelled the way she wears hers and started on my "campaign". The first thing to do was to get some fitting clothes. Virginia always wears clothes that just shriek Paris, so I had to get new ones, at least.

That night after school I casually asked mother if it were possible for me to get some new clothes.

"You have about six dresses now," she said in answer to my earnest plea. "Aren't you ever satisfied?"

"They're so old they almost fall off me," I answered fretfully. "Why Jane Marie Spaulding!" she exclaimed. I began to get nervous. Mother never exclaims like that unless she is getting peeved.

I began to get nervous. Mother blue crepe de chine especially for Alice May's party and that was last week. Surely you haven't worn our your black serge trimmed with red that I got about two weeks ago for school. How about that new sweater and skirt you got just Monday, because you didn't have a thing to wear?"

I waived all these questions aside. Mother has a very disconcerting way of getting to the heart of matters at once. It's very annoying.

"Now, Mother," I began patiently, "you know I need more than three dresses for school. Why all the girls have more than three dresses." Then, as I saw mother take a deep breath as though she were about to expostulate, I added, "I mean all the girls in my set do."

"Well, I won't argue with you. I have not the time to waste. I think you have enough clothes now. You ask father. We'll see what he says."

I wasn't very keen about asking father. He has his own ideas on things. And one of his family established ideas is, "Girls should have sensible clothes and not too many. Father is a dear but at times he's impossible."

However, I decided to see what he would say. "You owe it to yourself to be attractively dressed," I argued to myself.

"A girl has to have clothes to get along in this world."

Thus I armed myself for the conflict, hoping for the best.

I waited until we were through with dinner that night, before I broached the subject to the head of the house. The old saying is, "Never ask a man for anything when he has an empty stomach." I delayed my attack until everyone, but mother and father was out of the dining room. Then I went up to him and sat on his lap. I began very tactfully by asking him how everything was and if business were good. He said it was, so I decided to ask the vital question.

"Father."

"Yes, dear."

"Don't you think I need some new clothes?"

"No, I don't, if you wish me to answer your question with perfect truth and sincerity."

"All the girls are getting new clothes, father."

"You don't need any. All you need is a coat and you can get that anytime you can spare a few hours of your day to dash down and get one," he announced, rather gruffly, I thought.

"Can I get a racoon coat dady-kins?" I had just gotten an inspiration. I suddenly felt as though life wouldn't be worth living without a fur coat to don when I wished.

"What nonsense! What utter nonsense!" he sputtered. Then he looked at mother and asked with his eyes, "Where does this child get all the nonsense?" Mother answered back, with her eyes, "I don't know; I really think she's feeble-minded."

I pretended not to notice either. It was all I could do under the circumstances. "Oh, please! Pretty please with sugar on it, sweetheart," I urged.

Father seemed adamant. Then, suddenly, he brightened up.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," he declared. "If you'll count the coat as a birthday present I'll get it for you. Otherwise, I won't."

"Oh, you darling!" I exclaimed, giving him a rapturous bear hug. "I love you 'most to death! Don't forget that my birthday is next Thursday. Thank you just heaps!"

I dashed out of the room, completely satisfied. To have a fur coat was better than having a number of clothes. Anyway, it is so useless trying to display my ability and likeness to famous moving picture stars before my family. It simply cannot appreciate art.

Oh, raptures! I'm the first girl in my "set" to have a fur coat.

"Isn't life wonderful?"

—FRANCES HOLLINGER.

SEEKING REST

The moon had failed to pierce through the black clouds on that rainy night. It was early spring—the time when the snow melts and the heavens overpour in a mighty flood. The earth was swollen with water, and the river, loosed by the melting snow and ice, rushed on in awful torrent.

It happened on that dreary night that a young man, with neither friends nor relatives to whom he could go, was traveling to a nearby town in search of work. Penniless, he knew he could not pay for shelter, and he was too proud to ask for food, drink, and a roof to cover him. Feeling that Providence would somehow give him a place to rest soon, he trod onward. Weak from hunger, cold, and drenched with the rain, he stumbled on, occasionally slipping and falling into the slimy mud.

He had walked for almost two hours. So tired was he that his eyes could no longer see the road. He knew not where he was going, but his feet, accustomed to moving forward, kept plodding along. Suddenly as his foot went forward, he fell—down, down, into the roaring waters of the mad river. He struggled in vain to free himself from its hold. It carried him down below the surface and rushed on over his weary body. God, at length, had given him rest.

—IRENE RUDNICK.

DOWNHILL

1. A small spot.
2. Suffix meaning way.
3. A metrical composition.
4. Mistakes.
5. To stain.
6. A form of debt.
7. Free from moisture.
8. Two words meaning possession (past tense).
9. Regulating the dimension.
10. Many Great Teachers (abbr.).
11. Personal pronoun.
12. To oversee with power.
13. Occurring at the same time.
14. Unshut.
15. To walk with short steps as a child.
16. Degree given every Sunday in the Trib.
17. A spherical body.
18. Twenty-second letter of English Alphabet.
19. So be it.
20. A thread or slender rod of metal.
21. An island in the Aegean Sea.
22. To accumulate anything.
23. To allow.
24. Contraction of "I have".
25. Twelfth Night (abbr.).
26. A note of the diatonic scale.
27. Secrecy.
28. Process of immersion into a solution.
29. A girl's name.
30. Female Deer.
31. A male descendant.

1. To predict the result of.
5. Part of the verb to do.
8. Distinctive doctrines.
12. Property of a substance that affects the sense of smell.
13. This institution.
14. To direct a vessel in its cause.
15. Electrical Union Yards (abbr.).
16. Indian Tribe of Mexico.
18. Manuscript (abbr.).
19. Prefix meaning down.
20. A kitchen utensil.
23. In a higher place.
27. Any painted process.
29. A period of time.
32. Part of verb to be.
34. Utmost extent.
36. Get one at the stand.
38. To adore.
41. A Species of West African fungus.
42. God or spirit of a particular locality.
43. Termination.
44. Musical instrument.
45. Public notice.
48. Interior.
49. The lowing of a cow.
50. Art or skill.
51. Study of history of earth and its life.

A MODERN JULIET

Jo was upstairs preparing to make her appearance while Bill was downstairs waiting, waiting, waiting. Her maid was putting the finishing touches on her hair and the curling iron in her hand betrayed the secret of the attractive curls. Meanwhile, the owner of this attractiveness applied the powder puff with kinetic energy bringing to light her clear complexion and behold—the belle of the season stepped back and reviewed herself in the long mirror with evident satisfaction. Turning on her heel she tripped out of the room, downstairs, and into Bill's waiting limousine. Bill talked incessantly, not a word of which Jo heard because her mind was filled with serious things, thoughts no one ever suspected her of entertaining.

To think in a serious strain was injurious to Jo; to think at all had its bad effects. Usually she did it in bed secure from the keen eyes of her friends. But now you see, Jo was in love and that excuses all things. Not that this was the first time she had been in love, oh no, but this was the latest affair. The others had been wild, fast, and short-lived. This one was anything but wild, almost unbearably slow, and *not* short-lived because she had been aware of her emotions for nearly three weeks. It hadn't even grown into an "affair" yet so she determined to bring matters to a climax this very evening.

Jo's arrival caused the usual sensation; everyone was glad to see her for then "the fun begins". They were doomed for disappointment tonight, however; "the life of the party" wasn't in the mood to be lively.

"I suppose I'm the last as usual, dear Betty", she remarked as she ascended the stairs with her hostess to remove her cloak.

"The last except Harold, Jo, but if he's this late he won't come; it *is* strange, though, that he hasn't let me know. He always does."

Betty failed to notice the sudden weakness that overcame Jo as she sank in a chair.

"Don't bother about me, Betty; go down to your guests and leave me to powder my nose." Jo said this in as calm a voice as she could command.

"Surely, but don't be long; Harry's been howling for a dance with you for an hour not to mention the others."

"I'll hurry, agreed Jo as the door closed behind Betty.

"Darn!" she muttered, "what's a party without Harold, even if he don't dance and is bashful?"

Suddenly she sprang to her feet, tossed her cloak on the heap of others, and ran to the bathroom. Drawing water she washed her face in such feverish haste that it glowed with a pink, healthy color. Rushing back to Betty's dressing table, she snatched a jar of vanishing creme and dabbed it on her face in great gobs. Working this in she stepped to the desk where Betty delighted to pass her time in sketching. From this she procured a purple crayon. Back at the mirror she touched her lips with it producing a ghastly effect. On top of the layer of creme she put a layer of powder and stroked her lips with lipstick through which the purple showed. She laughed, "I could almost make myself believe I was a walking skeleton." It was true; the powder with no rouge to brighten the cheeks, made her look deathly pale; the purple crayon caused her lips to appear strangely drawn and bloodless over which the lipstick looked too plainly artificial.

She hurried from the room to the head of the stairs where she stopped to regain her composure, straighten her rumpled dress, and then began, slowly, to walk down the steps, leaning on the rail for support. At the foot of the stairs Harry was waiting for her with his hand outstretched to receive hers.

As Jo looked strangely pale and tired, Harry suggested that they sit the dance

out. When the music ceased the couch on which they were resting was besieged with what was known as the "eligible young men". In turn the fairer sex drifted over, the result being a crowd of young people through which Jo easily slipped unnoticed.

"Dear Betty", was her excuse, "I have such a headache. Will you be so kind as to excuse me?"

"The guests were remarking how pale you looked; of course I'll excuse you. Let me call Harry or Bill to take you home."

"No, no, Betty, do not trouble them; it is such a short way. I'll walk; the night air will do me good."

"Very well; have your own way," responded Betty as she helped Jo with her cloak.

Jo ran down the steps and through the Gordon's yard. She sat down on a stone seat to ponder. Her hopes and her plans were blasted. She felt she *must* see Harold. But how? He was in all probability in bed and asleep.

For the second time that evening Jo jumped to her feet announcing the arrival of a bright idea. She struck the palm of her hand with her fist and cried, "I'll do it."

Immediately she began to tear off her shoes and stockings so she would not be hindered by high heels and started to run with the fleetness of a young deer. Through the back of Gordon's estate she ran, easily jumping the low wall separating it from Mansen's. Through here she picked her way swiftly, stopping under the window she knew to be his and began to climb the vines covering the brick wall.

As her hand clasped the railing of the balcony she heard an unmistakable gasp. "What", she thought, "if it isn't Harold!" But it was, she assured herself because only he would have sense enough to keep still.

When her head immersed over the moss of green leaves she heard another gasp. "You?"

"No one else but," she replied; "lend a helping hand here."

Obligingly Harold assisted her over the railing and offered a chair. Seating himself on a small table he waited for her to explain.

"Well?" she said.

He was silent.

"What do you think of a girl who scales the wall to your window in the moonlight?"

"Very brave of any girl to climb that wall," he admitted, "but is something wrong?"

"Wrong? Oh-er-no, that is-er-not exactly. You see I'm, that is we-er are going away tomorrow and-er I wanted to-er-ask you if you would be kind enough to keep Pickles for me."

"Of course, Jo, I'll have a lot of fun with the pup. Say, Jo?"

"Yes?" she murmured in a voice soft and low to fit the romantic atmosphere of the moonlight. "I suppose you're very happy?" asked Harold.

"Happy? Why yes, I suppose I am; anyway I'm not unhappy."

"You don't seem very enthusiastic over it."

"It? What it? Harold, *do* tell me what you're talking about."

"Why, your engagement, of course," said Harold.

"My engagement?" Jo sprang to her feet, "Who," she demanded, "said I was engaged?"

"Bill? Bill did propose, but I didn't accept him. Harold, how did you think I could when you *knew* I loved you?"

Harold had descended from his seat on high.

"I thought," he whispered, "that you did it to punish me for my backwardness."

TENNIS CHAMPS

PLAYING TENNIS WITH A GIRL

I am nothing but "one of those Junior boys". I play basketball, swim, and play tennis. I thought I had an average amount of brains until two weeks ago. After that I considered myself an idiot. Why? Oh, because I asked a girl to play tennis with me.

Maybe it's because I'm a boy, maybe it's because I lack a thorough understanding of psychology; whichever it is, I don't understand girls.

When you're right in the middle of a nice tennis match, Annabelle, or Lucy May, or whoever the girl is, will stop, look about in wild despair and say, "Oh! Georgie dear, my nose is shiney; where is my compact?"

Now, I don't know what a compact is, but I do know that this sort of action has a drastic effect on my subconscious mind or some such other important organ, for while at most times I feel like a calm, peaceful, law-abiding citizen, at times like this I feel like committing murder. I should like to pull every golden hair out of Annabelle's or Lucy May's dear, dumb, head! I should like to toss her compact so far she'd never find it! Then I should like to say, "In the name of something, young lady, let's play tennis; this is no beauty contest!"

At other times I picture myself calmly telling her that after all I should never have brought her out into this stifling heat, that I, in fact, any fellow was a fool dignified manner with the words "Oh, Georgie dear!" just sighing through my ears like a bitter memory.

—ADELE HANSCOM.

THE LAST PICTURE

(With apologies)

When the annual's last picture is painted,
And the ink of the copy is dried,
When the proofs for which we have waited
Have been mounted by what has been typed,
We shall rest, and faith, we shall need it—
Sit down for a moment or two,
Till the gentle voice of a sponsor
Shall call us to work anew.

And all who have worked shall be happy:
They shall sit in an easy chair;
Or shall go to all the ball games
With never a worry or care;
They shall see there plenty of candy
Peanuts and Oh Henry bars,
They can buy all they want with their money
And eat it—sitting in cars.

Perhaps only the sponsors shall praise us,
While all the world shall blame;
Yet no one has worked for money,
And no one expected fame;
But each for the joy of the working,
And each in his esparate sphere,
Has done his best to please you
With the pages that you find here.



CALENDER



September



- 3—Hail, hail the gang's all here.
Freshies will come in perambulators next year.
- 4—Seniors sowing wild oats, choose seats warranting quick exit to lunch.
- 5—Mr. Olsson rides bicycle to school in order to study properties of matter,
as inertia, velocity, acceleration, etc.
- 6—War is declared by students vs. a strange invading foe, the new members
of the faculty.
- 11—Swimming pool opens. Blub! Blub!
- 12—Defense Day program. J. C. officiates at mass meeting.
- 13—Sparky comes to visit. Poor boy. Looks so lonesome.
- 14—Students and Faculty consider friendly alliance.
- 15—Worthy upper-classmen organize.
- 16—East's gridders show Alumni how. Score, 7-0.
- 17—Mr. Coopman entertains Activities Period. Enjoyed? Absolutely!
- 18—Mr. Letts calls pep meeting. York! Wow!
- 19—York irons out Libertyville. Score, 12-0.
- 20—Sunday.
- 21—Alice Hollaway late again.
- 22—Freshie discovers he has been taking English twice a day.
- 23—Join the band and be a blow-hard.
- 24—Black speaks his first piece. Did he blush? Oh no!
- 25—Day before the game.
- 26—Riverside brutes are big; only York is bigger, 7-6.
- 28—School again. Get acclimated.
- 29—Sophomores have a conscience and—?
- 30—Gloom spreads over York. Report cards.

October



- 4—York hands Barrington 40-0 defeat.
- 5—Seniors order Class rings. Hope you like them.
- 7—"J. C." the bronze sheik, has Opera try-outs. "Barney Google" is big hit.
- 9—Steve and Dot elope on bicycle. Faint heart never won fair lady.
- 11—Downers crushes York hopes. Too bad.
- 15—Did it sink in, boys? "No smoking", says Dr. Allen.
- 18—Maine triumphs in hard fought battle, 20-7.
- 20—"Wild Nell, the Pet of the Plains".
- 21—Mr. Berry in Geology makes announcement, "Class will take oil for tomorrow."
- 22—Dr. Hummel gives interesting lecture on "Clean Scholarship".
"Old Glory" is raised on Flag Pole dedication.
- 23—Group pictures taken for Annual. Say "ah" and smile.
Senior Parade is ushered out of Glen Ellyn.
- 24—Noble Sophists organize.
- 25—Glenbard triumphs in hectic battle. Hard luck!
Senior Class puts over Carnival. Don't get too gay. Hot dogs 'n everything.
- 29—Helen Wendland and Marcella Mills sing for their supper at Lions den.
- 31—Hallowe'en. Wow! "Hack" is put in Villa Park jail for safe keeping.
Teachers go to Aurora.
Cupid spears Mr. DeShane. Congratulations.

November



- 1—York humbles West Chicago, 31-0.
 - 2—Miss Downing leaves for balmy breezes. Has best wishes of faculty, students, and alumni.
 - 3—York-Hi paper craves more money.
 - 4—Bohsulav Rozenhal exhibits his violin.
We like the noise it makes.—
P. S.—With that name he should be able to play anything.
 - 5—Dr. Kimmel gives interesting talk on "Clean Living".
 - 6—P. T. A. entertains students. Dancing and more fun!
 - 10—Senior Weenie Roast. A doggy time was had by all. Glowing canines and marshmallows—M'boy!
 - 11—Mr. Brooks has slide put in tank. Splash! Blub!
 - 12—Greater York-Hi Drive launched.
 - 13—"Red" Pauley drops General Science.
 - 14—Red Cross Drive opened.
 - 17—Beginning of "American Education Week". Boody tries to look intelligent.
 - 18—Miss Shehan forgets herself and gives an easy quiz. Who wrote "Milton's Poems"? Don't ask me.
 - 19—Report cards. "Red" drops Algebra.
 - 20—York-Hi stunt. Jaxon makes hit as Mr. Grouch.
 - 21-22-23—Teachers and Journalists journey to Champaign, Urbana. Attend lecture and game. Illinois wins the turtle.
 - 25—Bucholz elected grid captain. Hit 'em low, Frec! Basketball season opens. Captain "Hack" and new candidates start work. Swimming also starts.
 - 27—McLain stars as fancy dancer. Keen form, eh?
 - 27—Thanksgiving Day.
 - 28—Again no school. Cruel world!
- Hi-Y Conference at Elgin.

December



- 1—Spanish Club puts on social. Hot coaco!
- 2—Girls' Basketball Tournament. Juniors and Sophomores come out on top. "Fighting Babcock" and "Min" Miller star.
- 3—Pauley gets first long trousers from Sears-Roebuck. Quits English to celebrate.
- 4—"Terrible Cleff" gives recital at Masonic Temple.
- 5—"Music hath charms to soothe the savage beast." We are given double dose.
- 6—We finish Arlington basketeers. Yea bold team!
- 7—Mel. goes to Christ Church. 9th wonder.
- 8—Star students become sub teachers. "No Detention" is slogan of the hour.
- 9—Chalk box spilled on floor. Stanley W. says "Gravity did it." Who *was* guilty?
- 10—Hi-Y gives Fathers and Sons' Banquet. Walton S. develops into public speaker.
- 11—Chorus lustily and feelingly sings "Forsaken".
- 12—Local fighting five succumb to superior weight of Riverside huskies, 14-17. Better next time.
- 15—Mr. Brooks rescues a fair maiden and ruins a good suit. Was she worth it?
- 16—Sophomore girls win hardware in hard fight.
York trounces Wheaton Academy in 21-15 win. More!
Xmas Carol. Can't fool us with those whiskers, Steve.
- 17—Progressives skate to school. "Boody" breaks his arm. Clumsy? Oh no!
- 17—J. C.'s harem disturbs the ether from WGN.
- 19—Naughty Senior boys eat girls' candy. Moud Hall, prosecutor, collects damages.
We give Glen Ellyn the goose egg.
- 20—Same with Morgan Park. Big boost for us.
- 21—Mr. Letts breaks collar bone from slumbering too hard. Was it during church?
- 22—etc. Xmas vacation. "Let joy be unconfined!"

January



- 1—Sober New Year!
- 2—Dale and Cookie have dispute over Santa Claus.
- 5—Mr. Bird late to school. A woman at the bottom of it.
- 6—"Red" Pauley drops Spanish and school.
- 7—Sleigh ride. Playful Seniors initiate faculty members. Ask Miss Webster.
- 8—"Reign of Terror" instituted by teachers. All play policeman.
- 9—Cage tilt with Downers. No necks broken. More luck next time.
- 12—Boys not permitted at girls basketball practice. For why?
- 13—We chant Riverside funeral dirge in key of 14-13. Lights take curtain raiser.
- 14—Football Banquet. Mr. East presents letters to grid warriors.
- 15—School inspectors find us very "smart".
- 16—Fish; Friday today.
- 17—No game.
- 18—Treble Cleff goes to church.
- 19—"Quo Vadis" entertains "(?)".
- 20—We did! What? Cleaned house on West Chicago, 21-16.
- 21—"All that goes to play." Muriel Miller as Inkwell to dark villain makes hit.
- 24—Wheaton takes big end of score.
- 27—Mid-year exams! Cram! Cram! We nearly perish!
- 28-29—A few days to recuperate.
- 30—York takes Glenbard into camp. We win, 17-23. Spirit of old '76.

February



- 4—All aboard.
- 5—Miss Webster kills mouse single handed.
- 6—We lose to Downers 15-13. Treat our visitors right and give them the extra basket.
- 7—Arlington wins, 17-15.
- 9—Blue Monday. Nuff sed!
- 10—Chorus tears the air with music. We tear our hair.
- 11—Physics classes linger after school with the major. Does he love us?
- 12—Lincoln's birthday.
- 13—French Club has wicked Valentine party. Refreshments and dancing.
- 14—Heartless. We lick Maine!
- 16—Senior play try-outs create excitement.
- 17—Negative team wins debate preliminaries. Sharer's clothes looked slept in. York Lights become sacreligious. Beat Church team, 22-4.
- 18—Affirmative debate squad holds audience spell-bound. Yes?
- 19—Stanley Weller caught embracing Essex. Authority. Mr. East.
- 20—Hinsdale quintet uses us as a mop. Score, 20-11.
- 23—K. B. poses as turtle. "Ach du lieber".
- 24—Reports out. "Tears, idle tears."
- 25—York heavies lose in tough tilt with Wheaton, 16-10.
- 26—Teddy Weller invents Geometry theorem. Has begun work on writing a new text.
- 27—West Chicago wins in hectic struggle, 15-14. Local lights win.
- 28—Sophomore Hop. M'boy. Strong punch!

March



- 1—Mr. Letts back from Cinncy.
- 2—Squirrels attack YZR and Bill M.
- 3—Prof. Moore's classes act out *Macbeth*. Remember Kulton's tackle?
- 3—Back to the sticks, Waudonda. You're trimmed.
- 5—Libertyville next victim, 11-5.
- 6—Waukegan wins. York tied with Hinsdale for third place.
- 7—Cap. "Hack" and YZR place on "all star" teams.
- 11—Latin Club movie gives weary students a chance to catch up lost sleep.
- 12—Cafeteria closed after school. Mrs. Malnutrition too rich.
- 13—Unlucky day for Downers Grove and Austin. York's two debating teams win in triangular word tilt over water project. Bite'm, York!
- 16—Miss Boslough and Mr. Minnema entertain with Light Opera. Remember "No John?"
- 17—Upper-classmen lose in interclass cage tournament.
- 18—"Hack's" Freshmen succumb to onslaught of Captain "Mosey" and gang.
- 19—Coach Blanchard's Sophs lost to 12 Bees in championship battle, 16-19.
- 20—Senior dance and party. Mr. Berry becomes after-dinner speaker. More fun.
- 23—Mr. Alexander sings "To Celia". English class knows what it's all about.
- 24—Girls' health test day.
Helen Drewes declared absolutely normal. P. S.—Heads weren't examined.
- 25—Miss Weiser entertains with xylophone solos.
- 26—Jiddish debaters in their element. York is jewed out of 2-1 win at Lane Tech.
- 27—York swimmers splash to 36-24 victory at Austin. Negative team hands
Riverside 2-1 defeat in argument over water. (Nothing stronger.)
- 30—Robert Quick and Sanders play for us.
- 31—Stork brings new geometry shark to York. Congratulations, Mr. Cotter.

April



- 1—Stickling is found studying. April Fool!
- 2—Passing Show of 502 B. C.
- 3—Staff Hop.
- 6—Joel Lay serenades us.
Air Mail at the local Opera.
Seniors display talent.
- 7—Intelligence test proves that high school students are too young for wisdom teeth.
- 8—We sink Austin 32-27.
- 9—Health talk. Don't touch me.
- 10—No school. More!
- 13—Same.
- 14—Seniors strut in Interclass Track Meet.
- 15—Alexander the Great with us again. Glad? Well, we should say so!
- 16—Public Speaking Play.
- 17—"On the Hiring Line" makes big hit.
- 18—Downers ran faster.
- 20—Mr. Gould sings bass.
- 21—(Big Scandal)!! Everyone takes a shower bath at the same time. (April Showers).
- 22—Track meet at Glenbard.
- 23—Swim Alumni.
- 24—Hard Times Party. Everyone at home.
- 25—Swim at Maine.
- 27—Entertained at assembly.
- 28—We outswim St. Phillips, 44-15.

May



- 1—On the last lap.
- 2—Miss Canan's movie for entertainment.
- 4—Mr. Minnema and Co.
- 5—Vernon Pederson washes his face and has hair cut in mortal fear of the nurse.
- 6—Helen Martin, blind, plays piano.
- 9—Track meet at Maine.
- 11—Swede explains Miss Wampler's decision: "She tapped my head; I guess she must think I'm nutty."
- 12—Helen Wendland leaves for Europe. Be good.
- 13—Nothing doing.
- 15—Latin Club Banquet. Davis says grace: "Thank God, we eat again."
- 16—State Meet at Aurora.
- 18-19-20—May Festival at York Theatre.
- 22—All Conference Track Meet at Glenbard.
- 23—Declamatory, extemporaneous speaking, and commercial contests at Hinsdale. Talk to 'em, York!
- 25—Public Speaking picnic. Nothing censored. Nobody thirsty.
- 26—Mr. Berry: "If you don't settle down, I'll have to use strong language." Rumor has it that he is soon to be doing some settling himself.
- 27—Some grind today.
- 28-29—Seniors give "Honor Bright". See the clinch? Cut it out.

June



JUNE

- 1—Spring Fever. Virgil classes ride their ponies to death.
- 2—Only a few days left.
- 4—Seniors leave. "O thou soaked handkerchief!"
- 5—Junior Prom is best event of the season.
- 7—Baccalaureate.
- 8—John and "Hack" complete the Annual. Good work.
- 10—Class Day. Like our neckties?
- 12—We graduate. Good-bye, forever.



HUMOR



A MUSICALE

That Old Gang of Mine
Anvil Chorus
Solo—Mama Goes Where Papa Goes
I Love Me
Miserere
Solo—Everybody Loves a Fat Man
All Alone
Sleep
Solo—Work, for Night is Coming
Dancing Doll
Indiana Moon
Dreamer of Dreams

The Seniors
The Terrible Clef
Frances Hollinger
M. Cooke
The Audience
W. Stuenkel
Johnnie E.
O. Bauer
A. Thiel
Joan Kappus
Miss Shehan
Dale Letts

WE ASK YOU

"What shall it profit a man that he earn ten bucks and yet lose his own soul?"
"Ten bucks."

EVERYDAY OCCURRENCE

F—ierce lessons
L—ate hours
U—nexpected callers
N—ot prepared
K—icked out

A chair for one is holding two
It could not hold another,
But suddenly it holds but one,
You think it broke? No. Mother!

WANT ADS

J. Swarner—More time.
Me. Black—A remedy for removing powder from shoulder of his coat.
H. Heine—A new laugh.
Johnnie E.—More sleep.

H. D.—"You know, I can speak every language but Greek."
B. B.—"That so? Comment vous portez-vous ce matin, M'sieu?"
H. D.—"That's Greek to me."

Stick says—"She was only a farmer's daughter, but she knew her oats."

MOTTOS

"Where do we go from here?"	The Freshies
"While there's life there's hope"	The Sophs
"Sound your Klaxon"	The Juniors
"With all our faults we love us still"	The 12 Bees
"Watch our Smoke"	The Seniors

Mr. Moore—"Do you believe that other planets are inhabited?"

A. B.—"No I don't till it's proven."

Mr. Moore—"Why, didn't you ever see the man in the moon?"

A. B.—"Oh yes, and he lives on green cheese, doesn't he?"

Mr. Berry (in English History)—"You go to the library and look up the French line of kings."

Min—"Where will I find that?"

Mr. Berry—"Why in a Spanish history of course."

Freshman—"Say, how long could I live without brains?"

Mr. DeShane—"That remains to be seen."

Mr. Olson—"What does the formula CH_2O stand for?"

Bright Student—"Chocolate water, I guess."

H. M.—"Do you believe in love at first sight?"

S. F.—"Yes and at every opportunity, too."

Traffic Cop—"Listen here, where do you think you're going with that car anyway?"

Sweet young thing by name of Dot—"Oh, officer, I've just had it washed and I can't do a thing with it."

What a loss of work for nothing when, after two hours of concentrating and figuring, X is found to equal O.

Miss Canan—"What do you expect to do in your old age?"

Boody H.—"Guess I'll graduate."



He—"I thought that you took freshman Spanish last year."
 She—"I did, but the teacher encored me."

Min (in Journalism)—"I'd give a kiss for an idea."

Mr. Moore—"Wait here after class and I'll give you plenty of ideas."

WHY THEY FLUNKED

From answers to recent examination questions, we chose the following:

Things equal to the same thing are equal to anything else.

Oceania is the continent which contains no land.

In India a man of one cask cannot marry a woman out of another cask.

Parallel lines are lines that cannot meet unless you bend them.

Gravitation is that which, if there were none, we should all fly away.

Louis XVI was gelatined during the French Revolution.

Horsepower is the distance one horse can carry a pound of water in an hour.

Letters in sloping print are "hysteries".

WHY SO COLD?

Someone (in chorus)—"What's the name of that song and what page is it on?"

Mr. Minnima—"I Would That My Love" was fifty-five:

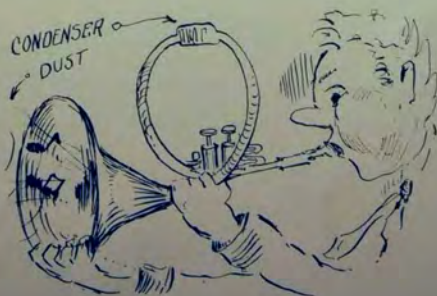
Shorty—"A kiss speaks volumes."

Katy—"Are you collecting a library?"

Willis—"Aw, Fred, I'm going to quit the band."

Hornblower—"Seriously!"

Willis—"Sure, they're only a bunch of blow-hards."



WELL DONE

Supt.—"Dale, where did you get that black eye?"

Dale—"I was protecting a little boy."

Supt.—"That was noble, son. Who was the little boy?"

Dale—"Me."

CAN YOU PICTURE THIS?

Ding—"Which side would a photographer take in a debate?"

Dong—"The negative of course."

Ding—"Are you positive of that?"

Dong—"Sure, I have proofs of it."

Mr. Moore—"To where did Chaucer retire after he completed most of his works?"

Marion Smith—"To Westminster Abbey."

F. H.—"I hope that Glen Most won't smoke."

Dumb—"Why?"

F. H.—"Because smoking might stunt his growth."

Mowers to Sharer (the Artist)—"I don't think that you are doing Kul-ton justice."

Wes—"It isn't justice he needs; its mercy."

Some people are so dumb, they think that conductors wear railroad ties.

Mr. Berry (In Eng. Hist.)—"You answer the question for us."

Katy B.—"Can't."

Mr. Berry—"Not enough study or too much—Hansen?"

Mr. Moore (in 12B Eng.)—"Do you know what a hallucination is like?"

YZR—"Never smoked that kind."

Mr. Moore in 12B—"Did you ever imagine yourself to be a bloody pirate?"

Geo. Kul-ton—"No, Mr. Moore, I always imagined myself to be a fairy."

Mr. Moore (discussing future conditions in U. S.)—"Just think, in 5,000 years from now what will we be here?"

O. B. (from rear)—"Dead."

N. D. in Eng. Hist.—"Mr. Berry, why was the Prince of Wales initiated into the Order of the Garter?"

Mr. Berry—"It doesn't say in today's lesson."

N. D.—"Because the Prince is the king's chief supporter."

"It's a hard, hard world," said the aviator as he crossed to earth.

"Fleeched again," said Wes, as he searched in vain for his sheepskin.

Clothes may make the man but Adam was quite a character.

Banana skins make good slippers.

FAMOUS DATES IN HISTORY

Feb. 49, 1????—Napoleon met Wellington.

Feb. 9, 1???—Anthony held hands with Cleopatra.

Sept. 86, 1925—Steve met Johnnie.

Jan. 21, 1924—Mel met Dot.

Wilbur Stuenkel, in a panic after staff meeting, called out—"Where's the dictionary? I want new words. I must have some cinnamons for success."

What is that rasping noise in the office?
I guess somebody's filing a complaint.

Boody—"What do you think of my pictures?"
Bill—"They serve you right."

O. B.—"I feel like a new man."
F. H.—"Well, don't get fresh."

Mr. DeShane—"Fred, what is a molecule."
F. S.—"That's what an Englishman wears in his eye."



A. H.—"Well, I must be off."

H. E.—"That's what I thought when I first met you."

DARN RULES

Always put off tonight what you are going to put on in the morning.

Wes Sharer—"I had a blowout last night."

Helen Wendland—"I think you're mean; you never invite me to any of your parties."

"That's one on me," said Charlie as he lay pinned beneath his Ford.

Frances Hollinger—"I'm out here to get local color for a pastoral poem."

Pack Hardner—"I reckon you're gettin' it, Miss; I painted that bench only this morning."

SCENE—MIDNIGHT. SUMMERTIME

A moon is mooning dreamily in a perfect sky. Man and Girl on tombstone.

He—"Cold?"

She—"Nope."

Silence.

He—"Isn't that moon wonderful?"

She—"Mmmm-m, vernal equinox."

More silence (disgusted).

He—"Doesn't it make you think of beautiful things, dear?"

She—"Mmmm-m."

He—"Life and love and happiness. Isn't it a wonderful moon; a real lover's Moon?"

(Gently he slips his arm about her shoulders. She allows her head to drop to his shoulders.)

He—"Couldn't you love me just a little, darling?"

She makes no reply. Caressingly, he touches her hair, kisses it; lifts her face to his, and then—Gosh, she's asleep.

WHICH ONE DO YOU USE

I didn't find that in the lesson.

The page is out of my book.

Why—er—ah—

I was sick last nite.

??????

I studied the wrong lesson!

I didn't hear the question.

Kulton—"Does History repeat itself."

Mr. Letts—"Sure it does if you flunk it."



Gerald—"How can Miss Shehan flunk me? How does she know I don't know the course—I haven't handed in my work."

Helen—"Don't you think you'll be cold without your coat?"

Dorothy—"You don't know Mel very well, do you?"

Min—"They took Steve out of the game for unnecessary roughness."

Johnnie E.—"How like Steve. Many is the time I've sent him home for the same thing."

SPORT SPASMS

Last football season captain Hack was taking the ball around left end, in the Libertyville game, with head down and a great deal of speed. Captain of Libertyville also came running at full speed with head down, for the tackle. Both captains met—on the 30 yard line. Censored.

I think that football players should adopt motor rules.
When making a left end run or rather a left turn, the runner should hold his arm out in a horizontal position.

The trouble is, he'd probably sock some goop in the jaw, and then there would be trouble.

I wonder if a player running for a touchdown should stop at the York Street "stop" signs.

Could he park near a fire department water hydrant?

If so, why? No, but a garbage can.

A football player with four-wheel brakes and balloon tires would be a rarity.

How about a stop light? No tackling, plunging or fast running should be allowed in football. It hurts the players.

Stickling, our 170 pound end, had his foot hurt in football practice. The following day he was operated on and had his tonsils removed.

He reported that he felt better but the way he coughed, me thinks that the doctors left a monkey wrench or something like that in him.

My girl wants to know if a football coach has wheels and how many quarters are in a game.

Just before basketball season, Steve, the pride of all Cicero wops, was getting in trim for the cage season. He'd shoot at a herring barrel hoop nailed to a lamp post, back in his alley. More baskets for York.

Hack Miller, our enterprising pitcher, began baseball practice during the early part of April. The girls would always gather around to watch him, so Hack developed a very good eye—for pitching—Oh yes, Mr. Kelly!

Mr. Brooks also has his worries. During swimming season, Fattie's wind was bad for plunging due to the Hershey Chocolate Co. Products. Fat's orders to stop inhaling sweets started the boy to reduce and lose a few feet in the plunge (for time) "???" More fun!

Miss Shehan—"Why haven't you your lesson?"

Dorothy—"I couldn't study; the lights went out."

Miss Shehan—"Why didn't you turn them on and send Mel. home?"

On girls gym Eileen Redmond dropped her dumbell next to her feet. She looked but couldn't see it anywhere.

In the last track meet Helen Wendland elected the last place man in the mile run as her hero. When asked why she replied: "He's got the most gorgeous eyes, and look, he's brave, chasing the other three runners around the track."

LAUGH WITH US

Do you remember way back when:

You met us up in heaven just after St. Peter had told us to get a box of chalk and write our sins on the blackboard? And you were returning the remainder of your box—and we had to confess we were coming back for more.

—"Wes".

School days, school days
Always late by rule days
Painting and powd'ring and rouge on thick,
Taught to the tune of an eye brow stick
You were my little flapper queen
I was your cake-eater, cute and keen
You wrote on my slate—
"Gee you—look mean!"
When we were a couple o' kids.

ODE TO CHARLIE MARTH'S WRECK

She lies on her back at the foot of the hill,
Her body is silent and quiet and still
The turmoil is over, her energy's spent,
Her top is smashed badly, her axle's all bent,
She lies there a tangle of iron and tin,
A pretty good Ford for the shape she is in.

Mr. Olsson—"If I could just get the formula for sunshine—"
H. P.—"I'd rather have the formula for moonshine!"

Chemistry experiment
Everybody there
Then a big explosion
Everyone in air!

"Science is a growing subject"
I have heard my teacher say,
Things grow better when untouched
And not handled every day!

He kissed her softly, then he said
"I never could love more"
She looked up shyly, whispered low,
"I've heard that stuff before!"



The following questions were found among Prof. Moore's papers. We have it on good authority that he was forbidden at a faculty meeting to give such a harsh quiz.

1. When did Rameses go into the cigarette business?
2. How many no-hit games were pitched by Alexander the Great?
3. Who held the bag when the Gauls sacked Rome?
4. What two counties were engaged in the Spanish-American war?
5. Who shot off whose head?
6. Who was Rosetts Stone and where did she live?
7. Who was the author of Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales?"
8. Which was the first nation to issue U. S. Liberty bonds?
9. For what noted city in France is plaster of Paris named?
10. When was the War of 1812 fought?
11. Where did Lincoln deliver his Gettysburg Address?
12. Previous to the present administration, what noted American Statesman never told a lie?



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Mr. Moore—"What was Poe's state?"
V. Horvath—"State of Drunkenness."

Miss Shehan—"What's the most important thought in our lesson today?"
Keith M. (from back of room)—"To get it over with."

DARK JOKE

V. Pederson—"Look at that colored person."
A. Hanscom—"She's not colored; she's born that way."

Katy B—"I stubbed my toe against the piano last night but it didn't hurt me."
Shorty—"Why?"
Katy—"I struck the soft pedal."

Dear Editor—"My hair is beginning to come out. What shall I do to keep it in?"
Ans.—"Get a paper bag."

Mr. Moore (in Journalism)—"Are you a stenographer, Otto?"
O. B. (absent-minded as per usual)—"No sir, I've never handled one."

L. æ.—"I zan never hide my thoughts."
E. M.—"That's why you always have such a vacant look."

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