

# ALUMNI

(By Nellie Utt)

Variety's the spice of life,  
And so I thought that I  
Must think of something different  
To tell of the Alumni.  
I could have said, for instance,  
Just in the usual way,  
That Bob had gone to college,  
And Tom eloped with May.

But suddenly a bright idea  
Just popped into my head:  
"I'll send some letters to each class  
And let **them** write instead."  
To Mr. Garrison I went;  
He made a list for me,  
Four from each class since year '15  
Who surely prompt would be.

Full soon I planned the letter,  
My eager pen did seize,  
"The term is drawing to a close;  
Send promptly, if you please."  
I thanked them for the interest  
That they, **of course**, would give,

And then addressed the letters  
To where each person lived.

"Now, won't they be surprised," thought I,  
"This message to receive;  
They'll sit right down and answer,  
Quite 'promptly, if you please'."  
But school and study time flew fast,  
Thus weeks passed, one, two, three,  
And I had not the least idea  
What answers there might be.

From college home the victims came;  
Fast poured in answers, too!  
They all were fine excuses: "Just  
Let George do it for you."  
"Oh, dear!" sighed one, "Oh, yes, I'll write,  
If you'll tell what to say."  
Encouraged then, he soon agreed,  
To write on the **next day**.  
To **one**, of nineteen-nineteen's class,  
Is praise and honor due,  
**She** didn't smile and let it pass,

One of the chosen few,  
Who, asked to write to the present class,  
Did not just say, "I can't."  
But "when in doubt, a poem write,"  
This maiden's praise I chant.

(By strong request, we withhold her name,  
But this "jewel" fair deserves a frame.)

"I have at hand your unkind letter of the 1st inst. I have given the request contained therein some little thought. I could undoubtedly supply you with a number of reminiscences of my class, but they are of the kind that are only published after the author's death. I might give the graduating class some valuable advice, but they have had lots of that in the last four years. So, as the only remaining alternative, I must give you this touchingly sentimental recollection of my high-school days:

I mourn the old, glad days when I  
To school carefree did take my way,  
With brow serene, untroubled, then,  
My golden hair not yet turned gray.

The day no terrors held for me  
If I had ditched no recitation,  
Nor talked in study, nor been late,  
—Otherwise I got detention.

Night had no weary task, except  
Some forty lines of easy Latin,  
Geometry that was but play,  
And a thrilling chemical equation.

An English theme or Shakespeare, versus  
The theories of Emerson,  
Of twenty pages at the least,  
For history another one.  
Ah well, from that fair shelter I've stepped,  
Into the world, ne'er to return,  
May you, O youth, enjoy today;  
We aged dream of yestere'en.

As you observe, the above has neither rhyme nor reason, so call it free verse and then it will at least be artistic."

Dashie Dash, Class of 1919.

All letters have a postscript,  
At least all women's do;  
So just as this was going to press  
Came letter number **two!**

"Just a line to extend my best wishes to the class of 1920 and to wish them every success in the publication of their annual Guard and Tackle.

Two years ago this June I was **Enjoying** the same experiences and trials that now confront your most worthy editor, and I'm on the inside when it comes to "the dope" on these annuals.

Here's hoping that the G. & T. this year will even surpass that most excellent one published in 1919—if such a thing is possible.

Sincerely,

Flora McDiarmid."  
Class of 1918.

### **"Commercial" Assembly**

On Wednesday, May 12, the commercial classes heard a talk by Mr. W. E. Morris on Pan-Americanism.

### **Thrift Lecture**

C. D. Miel, a U. S. treasury representative, spoke to the students in one of the best lectures of the year. The students would have listened attentively all afternoon, but Mr. Miel was forced to conclude shortly after the adviser period was over. The assembly was held May 14.

### **Election Assembly**

The greatest assembly of all time was held in the gymnasium Thursday, May 27, when every candidate for office and each manager addressed the school. The assembly took up the first two periods of the afternoon.

### **Memorial Day**

For Memorial Day, May 30, May 28 was celebrated by two assemblies, one for the upper classes and the other for the lower classes. Everett Prindle delivered one of the most stirring and touching talks ever given by a student in S. H. S., and a talk by William Wright was also most excellent. Many of the students were deeply affected by the tribute paid to our hero dead.

A few minor meetings were held too late in the year to permit their publication in this book.

### **A FRESHMAN'S FLIGHT**

I sat on the bank of a mighty river and heard the multitude of wood noises that forever rose and fell. The dreamy whisper of strange melodies swayed and stirred, coming and going, crooning and sighing through leafy galleries, interspersed with the gurgle and coo of the swift flowing stream. Ever and anon the sweet trill of a feathered songster rose, and thrilled the listener to the very depths of his sordid being; and exalted thoughts claimed him for their own.

My thoughts now entered the ethereal boundaries of another sphere. Aloofness seized on me and dragged me to eerie heights of introspection, from which I gazed contemptuously upon my toiling brethren round about me. Lending closer ear, I found greater joy in solitary flight.

The spell began to wane. Slowly the clouds of self-centered reverie cleared away. The river faded into the haze of dreams, and stern reality faced me. The phonograph had come to an unwelcome stop. Startled, I looked up and beheld the stern eyes of my typing teacher fixed upon me.

"You are not rational," she accused.

"No," I replied, "I am not. But this book says 'Rational Typewriting;' so I am only attempting a new departure, by way of progress."

A cold stare met my proffered witticism, and humbly I removed a ruined sheet of paper.

W. L. Kidd.



LAUGHS



## THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE MEETS

By O. Leo Margerine. Illustrated by Bob Noack.

'Twas a cool summer day when Lloyd Woods and Edward Wagner stood in the hall of the second floor listening to a voice ringing out in anguish. That voice was the property of one Lester Cowley. It seems that a motion had been made that every member of the executive committee should treat the assemblage to ice cream in turn. Here it was that Lester raised his protest. He claimed exemption on the grounds that, on account of his delicate appetite, he could not eat so much as the rest. One long gurgling wail, escaping from Santini, sounded just like the phonograph in the typing room. A poor frightened freshman running by the door was caught under the chin by the secretary's book. Finish! Freshie collapsed like a senior who has flunked in the final exam.



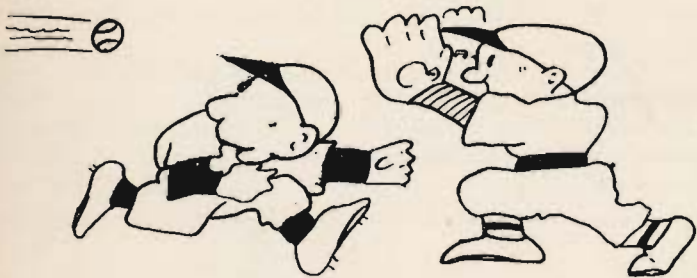
Mr. Ellis came tearing out of the door so fast that he made the fastest air liner look as speedy as a one-legged convict with a ball and chain tied to his foot. He didn't stop to scratch his head until he had climbed to the top of the flag pole.

Then Alice Luke came rolling out with her hair streaming down her back so that she looked like Theda Bara in one of her most tragic roles. The rest of the committee came out in miscellaneous disarray and in miscellaneous manners.

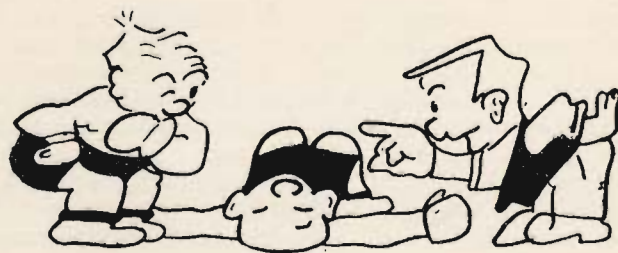


It was while this was going on that our heroes braved a multitude of flying missiles and pulled the unconscious Lester out from under a pile of furniture. He was revived by the use of fans and water one hour later.

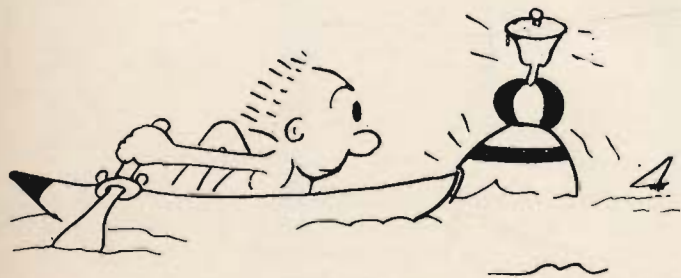
The next morning a much bandaged executive committee arrested and tried the G & T staff for disturbing the peace and damaging the executive committee's room, of which charges the staff was speedily found guilty.



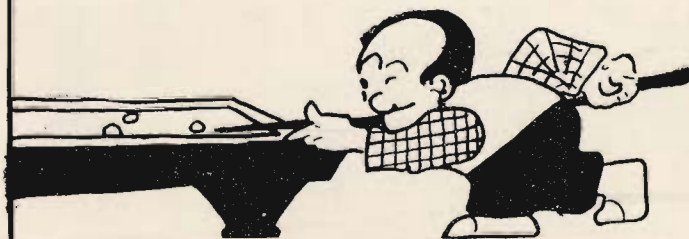
BASE-BALL WAS A FAVORITE —



BOXING CARRIED A CLOSE SECOND FOR 10—



THE CREW CAME THIRD BUT COULDN'T  
WIN THIS WAY —



AND—SOME OF US LIKED INDOOR SPORTS

BOB E

## Modern Telephone Talk

HELLO—Yes—No, this isn't Beverly; shall I call her? Oh, you wanted me?—Why, howdy, howdy!—The line's been busy for a half hour?—No, central must have been dreaming—Ah, I'd just love to go out tonight, Kissy, but my head is just positively bursting, and I was just saying good-night to the family when you called up—No, I don't get them very often, but when I do, it makes up for it! Ah, thank you, Kissy. I think it will be better tomorrow, and I'm terribly sorry about tonight—. Do come out real soon; won't you—Good-night.

Is this you? Hello—yes, this is Main 341—Yes—Oh, hello, Jack—yes. It is a long time—I know it, but I've been so busy—Oh exes and comps n'everything—What? Tonight?—Why, Jack, I'm so sorry, but I'm going to Frances Ann's tonight—What's that? I never let you come out? Oh, now, Jack, that's mean! You know I'm always glad to have you come.—I'm always going out when you call up? Why, it just seems that fate intervenes, and that I'm going somewhere every time—Yes I hope so too, Jack—I want you to come out real soon, and I'm terribly sorry about tonight—All right—Good-bye.

Hello—yes—yes, Main 341—yes this is Edith—No, I don't—No—Who? No, it isn't—Oh, now I know your laugh!—How are you, Bob?—You did! Did he say anything about me?—Why, you know I cut a dance with him Friday night, and he was terribly angry about it—Who did I dance with? I didn't dance it!—Well sitting it out isn't dancing it; is it?—With that stiff? I should say not!—Guess—Billie? How did you know?—Tonight? You and Mildred?—Now, isn't that a perfect shame—Oh, I didn't mean about you two coming out, but that I simply have to

cram—a chem ex! What? Chemistry ex day's on Friday? Why, this is one I missed and have to make up—You know I'm perfectly crazy to see you both. Isn't that always the way!—But do come out real soon; won't you? Good-bye.

Hello—Yes, Billie,—I was hoping you'd call up—Not doing a thing, absolutely—I should say you can!—All right then, in half an hour—and Billie, hurry up!

—C. A. R.

## APPLIED MATHEMATICS

"My daughter," and his voice was stern,  
"You must set this matter right.  
What time did that bold senior leave  
Who left his card last night?"

"His work was pleasing, father dear,  
And his love for it was great.  
He took his leave and went away  
Before a quarter of eight."

Then a twinkle came to her bright blue eyes  
And her dimple deeper grew:  
"Tis sure no sin to tell him that,  
For a quarter of eight is two."  
( $\frac{1}{4}$  of 8=2)

—Ex.

"Did you hear the crackling noise this morning?"  
"No, what was it?"  
"Break of Day!"



LORING Mc CARTHY  
(DISGUISED)



BRUCE VAZELLE  
(NOT MANY - BUT ALL GOOD)



# A FEW MORE AND THE "PURSUED" ONES LADIES' MEN



SHERID MORAN ↗

EACH HAS  
FIFTEEN OR TWENTY  
"BEST GIRLS"



↖ TOBY PALMER



KNOX + CAMPODONICO  
(WITH THEIR FAVORITE)



HAM ROBERTS  
(HE NEVER FAILED)



### Before Exams.

"Oh Lord of Hosts, be with us yet,  
"Lest we forget, lest we forget."

### After Exams.

"The Lord of Hosts was with us not.  
"For we forgot, for we forgot."

### A Scoop

Elise—Our second boy tore up the story I wrote for the Annual when he cleaned my room.

Bruce—Did he? I didn't know he could read.

### Apologies to Sir Walter

Lives there a man with soul so dead,  
Who never to himself hath said,  
As he aimed at a tack and missed the head,  
!!!! ———(?????)———\*?\*—ed?

He—Marie told me your hair was dyed.

She—'Tis false!

He—I told her so.

We cannot change our natures,  
For that's beyond our reach;  
For the girl that's born a lemon,  
Can never be a peach.

—I—

Rain is wet,  
Dust is dry,  
Life is short,  
And so am I.

### A Class Room Drama

Scene: Algebra Class, Room 4.

Cast: Teacher, Miss Keniston; Student, Harry Lusignan.

Time: Wednesday, after reading of Annual picture schedules.

Harry: "The juniors were going to get their pictures taken yesterday, but we didn't have no camera."

Miss Keniston: "What is that? We didn't have no camera?"

Harry: "That statement I made was a little irgram-matical."

"Ha! I will fool the bloodhounds yet!" cried the villain, and slipping on a pair of rubbers, he erased his tracks.



DARDANELLA



MY BABY'S  
ARMS



PATCHES



THE  
YAMP

Bob E