

Senior Class History

By HERBERT GRAETZ

Class Poem

The Four Year Voyage

We have sailed for four straight years,
Weathered storms, and tests and fears.
Some got sea sick and went back,
Most kept to the sightless track,
Surging, surging on.

Friends we made both dear and true,
With our fellow-mates and crew,
Stood by us with faith in trial
As we sailed on, mile and mile,
Surging, surging on.

Falt'ring through the misty night,
Shine the rays of some great light,
Eager press we to the rail
Oh, how slow we seem to sail,
Surging, surging on.

It's a light house just ahead,
Called "Diploma", it is said.
The air's filled with joyous cries,
The great ship moans its sad good-byes,
Surging, surging on.

This last wish I give to you,
To my fellow mates and crew,
May your life for ever be
Striving onward like the sea,
Surging, surging on.

MARY L. MAUCK.

IN THE fall of 1915 a group of studious boys and girls assembled in old P. H. S. for their first time. Within this convocation were boys and girls who excelled former records and helped to lift this class highest in the hall of fame.

Thrilling with the thought of a supreme fight with ignorance, under the guidance of Mr. Waggoner, the principal, we set to work entrenching ourselves behind the desks of the assembly. Arming ourselves with rhetorics, algebras, D'ooges, also hammers and battle axes for manual training, and rolling pins for domestic science, we went over the top to do battle with our enemy. In Miss Harsha's Latin room we learned the war songs of conjugations. So long and loud did we sing them that the enemy dared not come close, and when he did our faithful teacher called the "Purple Cow" to the rescue. Proceeding from the Latin room, we would march in single, double and quadruple file to Miss Tichenor's Algebra room. Here we had the fight of our lives. Only by the greatest effort on our part, and the supreme guidance of Miss Tichenor, were we able to counteract attacks and win the day. What a grand and glorious feeling it was to go to the assembly for a rest period and plan the next onslaught against General Bad English and his staff of slang. In these battles we had General Good English and Miss McLellan on our side. Our Freshman year was a great victory on our part, but it was not without casualties.

In the beginning of our Sophomore year we organized our class and elected Aubrey Steele as our president, but he was destined to serve only a brief period. A fatal illness claimed him and the class mourns the loss of its first president and the presence of a classmate who had endeared himself to his associates. Fred Wyatt was chosen as his successor.

In our Sophomore year our fight with ignorance was on the offensive. We drove him before us, but were never able to gain a decided victory. In the Latin room we enlisted Caesar on our side, and fought all his battles over again. This year, Miss Oehlkuch came to teach us German. Several deserted the Latin class and commenced the study of German, not because they loved the language, but because they were vamped by Miss Oehlkuch's dark eyes.

Miss Volkens, our class sponsor, thought it would be a fine thing to have a party and get acquainted. The party was planned; a date was set for a balmy night in spring. Margaret Noble's home was selected as the scene of our first social affair. When the day arrived a few of the girls decided to stay away from school to decorate the home. The voluntary vacation did not meet with the full approval of Mr. Cockrum, but there were no serious results. On the night of the occasion all of the Sophomores were not there, a few walking around the block trying to gain courage to enter. Finally these were rounded up and the frolic began. Those who could not dance enjoyed other games and ate the refreshments. We well remember when Mr. Cockrum sounded the knell to the frolic and said it was time to go home, and how the shy boys took advantage by slipping out of the house and hurrying home for fear some girls would catch them.

Another memorable social occasion was the wiener roast at McCarty's woods. We were small chaps then and Mr. Cockrum would not trust us with automobiles, so we made the trip by traction car. Before leaving, Mr. Cockrum laid down the following laws: "Riding in automobiles being dangerous, stay away from them; come home early for the night air is hard on children."

The Sophomore year closed with our record very satisfactory, to the members if not to the teachers.