

We entered the Junior year with feelings unlike those which marked our Freshman debut. This year we took on a greater dignity and began to think we knew more than the teachers, but Miss Fitzpatrick soon relieved us of that thought. Miss Bates came to the rescue and brightened the atmosphere for us and Mr. Hammond. We had an unexpected vacation in the fall which most of us spent in bed with the "flu." In history we learned all the ways of hair dressing and nail filing from Miss Smith. Remember how alert she used to be, especially in the ancient history class, where she had to be quick in order to answer all the questions Elizabeth Milburn asked her. Miss Smith had a brother who came to teach us Geometry when Miss Tichenor had the "flu". Mr. Smith was very fond of the Freshmen girls, and it is rumored that he still writes to Mary.

The Seniors decided that we were a lonesome group so they gave us a New Year's Eve party at the home of Zelda Ziliak. Dr. Ziliak's contribution was a supply of confetti, and there was a battle royal until the New Year's bells sounded taps.

The next party was held at the home of Dorothy Wolfe. It was at this party that Mr. Hammond had such a great time with the ouija board, and the way Cupid is shooting now it looks as though the prophesy will come true. Raymond Dill danced the latest tango. In this dance, "Dillie" captured the eye of Katherine, and she has been watching him ever since.

The annual Junior party given in honor of the Seniors was a great success. After assembling in the "Gym", we sang a parody on "Smiles," written by Mary Mauck. Mary Eleanor Ewing was the toastmaster and introduced the speakers. The speech of welcome was given by Raymond Dill, our class president. The reply was made by John Ritchie, president of the Senior class. The history of the Senior class was read by Gertrude Simpson, which included the secret of Mr. Cockrum's stoutness and Miss Oehlkuh's beautiful hair. Nina Ellis read the prophesy, which she had obtained by the means of a magic lantern. The teachers were toasted by Herbert Graetz. Those especially toasted were Miss Fitzpatrick, whose soldier hero had returned from the war to claim her as his bride, and Miss Volkens, who was to be married in the following summer. Miss Volkens, with the help of Caesar, returned the toast to the faculty, crisp and done. Thadeus Nash, the cow king, read the class will, in which the thoughtful Seniors bequeathed everything to the lower classmen. After the program in the "Gym" we went to the Elks home and finished the evening with dancing. It was here that Miss Tichenor made her debut as an aesthetic dancer.

In our Senior year we elected Maurice Wilkinson, the vocalist, our president; Paul Brumfield, for Secretary-Treasurer, and Luther Mayhugh to represent us on the board of control, of which board he became the president.

This year we took American history to the tune of Miss Saupert's footfalls, as she romped around her desk, her eyes popping with interest, explaining how Columbus discovered America.

Cicero is an old friend of Miss Hancock's. When examination time comes she lets us know that she had a personal acquaintance with Dr. Johnston.

Some of the Seniors have spent a great part of their final year struggling with irregular verbs under Miss O'Brian.

The fall festival helped to brighten up our spirits and was the school event of the early year.

The girls broke the monotony by giving a leap-year party at the home of Margaret Noble.

The students of P. H. S. started a bank account for Barrett Jr., so he might be prepared for the worst in case the teachers' salaries are not raised.

Mr. Cockrum grew very serious for once and told us that either we had to join the scrubbers' union, and scrup the tops of our desks, or he would join the Woodmen's order and cut down our department. Many of the Seniors took the hint and received the same department grade as the innocent Freshmen who couldn't find water.

Wishing to leave P. H. S. in a blaze of glory, the class of '20 decided to issue this annual, in the pages of which you may summarize the history of the class efficiency and gain hints of its brilliance. The Seniors agree with the teachers that their class is a credit to P. H. S., and the future for its individual members is bright with prospects of accomplishment. Modesty forbids more.



There is a history in all men's lives
Figuring the nature of the times deceased:
The which observed, a man may prophesy
With a near aim, of the main chance of things
As yet not come to life, which in their seeds
And weak beginnings be intreasured.

—Shakespeare.

A lesson in the head is worth two on the cuff.

Freshmen rush in where Seniors fear to tread.

Study is the mother of the honor roll.

Figure deep while sluggards sleep,
And you shall have problems to lend and to keep.

A penny flipped means department clipped.

A teacher helps them that help themselves.

Laziness travels so slowly that failure soon overtakes him.

At the idler's house good grades look in but dare not enter.

Put not your trust in ponies.

Study thy books and thy books will keep thee.

A good lesson turns away the teacher's wrath, but a bad one aggravates it.

Woe be to the idler, for on the day when he thinketh not the test cometh.

The man who is clean inside and outside, who neither looks up to the rich nor down on the poor, who can lose without squealing and win without bragging, who is considerate of women, children and old people, who is too brave to lie, too generous to cheat, and too sensible to loaf, who takes his share of the world's goods and lets others have theirs, is indeed, a true gentleman.