

Sophomore Class History

By RUTH COCHRAN

ONE BRIGHT, sunny morning in September, 1918, seventy-six of us frightened little Freshmen started on our journey to the Promised Land of knowledge, like the Israelites of old. During the first part of our journey through the wilderness a plague, called the "flu," overtook us, causing much grumbling and complaint. We had just begun to get acquainted with the early mysteries of Latin and Algebra, but during the unexpected five weeks of vacation we forgot everything that we had learned. We finally came to the Red Sea of examinations and, crossing this safely, on dry land, we entered the Sophomore class.

Then more wilderness! We suddenly met a foe, as formidable as Amalek of old. O, Julius Caesar, how you made us fight! How often did we make Miss Hancock wonder if we could ever learn anything! And how bitter the waters would have been had it not been for the sweetening powers of botany! Dear Miss Bates, we are hoping that you will continue to tell us such interesting stories as you have done in the past.

While we were wandering around in the wilderness, grumbling for something to liven us, we heard about the fall festival. The news came as a manna from heaven. We had an important class meeting and elected John Skeavington, our class baby, and Rose Taylor, his nurse. You remember what a popular baby John was, for he won the prize. Didn't we have a good time, though! It was the best fall festival that P. H. S. has ever had. No wonder, John!

Mr. Cockrum, coming in one morning, and seeing us sitting idle and worshipping the golden sunshine, and wishing that we had never heard of lessons, grew terrible in wrath, saying, "I will give you something to think about." Whereupon, he laid down the following commandments: "Honor thy teachers, that thy grades may be excellent. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's Latin translation or Algebra paper. Thou shalt not bear false witness on thy examination paper, or thou wilt bring condemnation upon thy head. Thou shalt not tease the girls. (Mr. Milburn and Mr. Ziliak take warning.) Thou shalt not drop pennies upon the floor, or thou wilt become penniless and, perhaps, be flogged."

In the midst of this hot, dry desert we came to an oasis, a Sophomore party given after New Year's day. It was a leap-year party, of course. We had a nice gypsy fortune-teller, who told us just what we didn't expect. We had games and a good lunch, but what would we have done without Miss McLellan to help us!

With the new term came Geometry, troubling us about as much as the fiery serpents did the Israelites. Probably if we continue to cast our eyes upon Miss Tichenor we may yet be saved.

In the numbers of our ranks are many distinguished people, some of whom are: Leslie Pierce, a grand opera star; Albert Dickens, who aspires to be a second Edison; Izetta Bee, an artist; Helen Young, who writes letters to Santa Claus, and Harry Alexander, who always has a star or two in his crown. Glenn Miller is distinguished for winning athletic honors, and Mary Ford, basketball laurels. Hazel and Grace are the David and Jonathan of our class, although they look more like David and Goliath. We have been cheered on our way by Al-da's music and Frances Ryan's stories.

We are still traveling on our pilgrimage, led by a pillar of fire and clouds, Superintendent Fagan and faculty, and we are hoping that it will not take forty years in place of four to reach that for which we are all eagerly striving, the wonderful Promised Land of knowledge.

The Sophomore Soliloquy

(By "GYM" COCKRIEL)

A year ago we were Freshmen,
As green as grass can be,
But still we thought the teachers
Knew nothing more than we.

And now we are happy Sophomores,
With the ones behind who got beat,
But we are working twice harder,
So we won't succumb to defeat.

Next year we will be Juniors,
With most of the hard work done,
But we will stop and look
Before our grand home run.

Then next we will be Seniors,
And know we'll all come through,
And graduate from P. H. S.
In glorious Twenty-two.