The Oracle

1923

WHS

• THE ORACLE •

VOL. IV. 1923

PUBLISHED BY
THE SENIOR CLASS

Worthington High School

FOREWORD

Life is a picture of many hues, painted by the hand of Destiny, a picture on which is formed the dreams and ambitions of youth, its sunshine and shadow.

A gaily colored caravan is Life, whose jewel studded trappings gleam with myriads of lights at first, then tarnish and grow tawdry, finally losing themselves in the mists of oblivion.

Inspired by a desire to fill these shadows with sunshine, to load the caravan with beautiful and happy memories, endeavoring to make it a thing for pleasant reminiscence, we publish The Oracle.

The Oracle
ATHOMMEN

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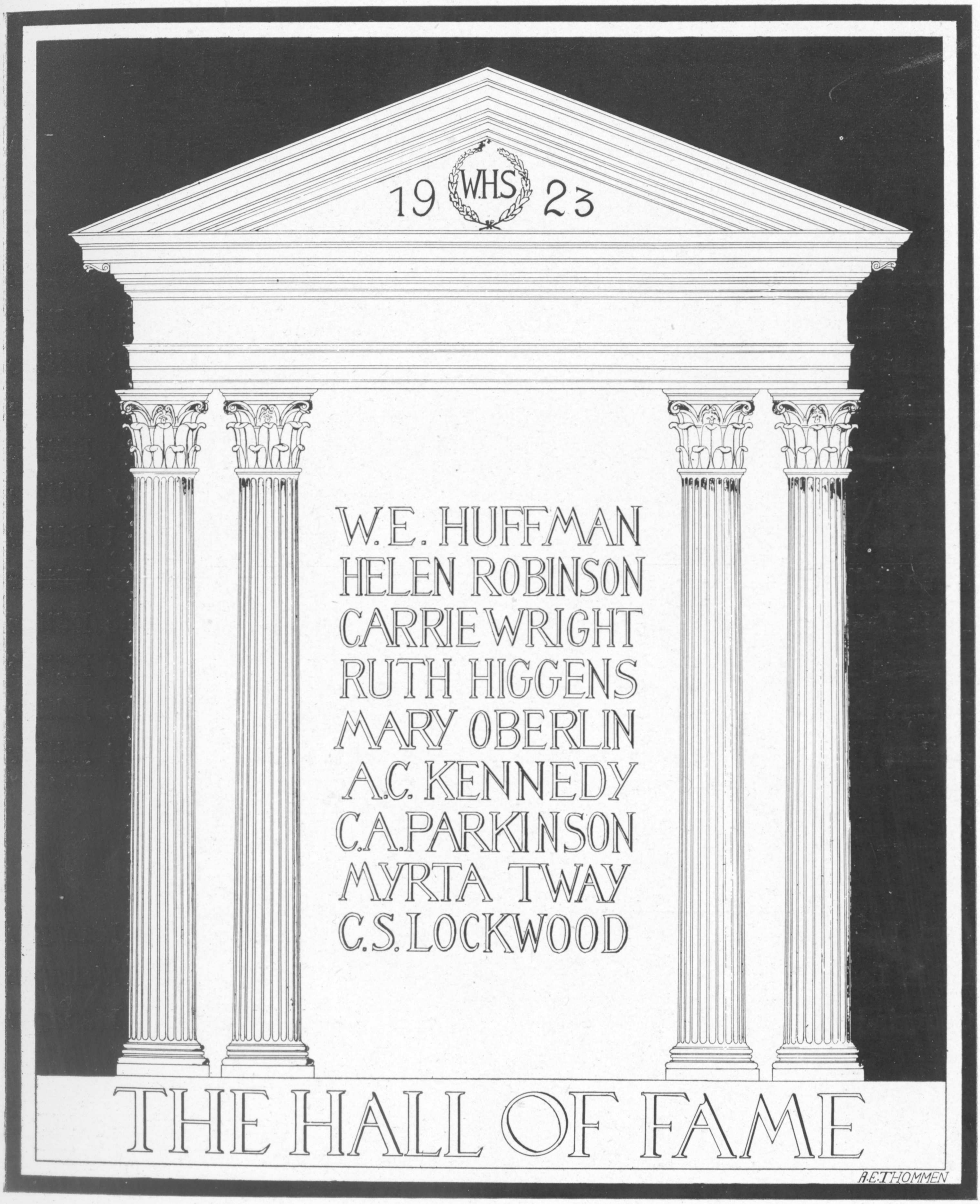
Dedication

Realizing the value of having the best dreams and ambitions of our youth fostered by those who have so faithfully labored the past four years to cultivate and bring to the highest perfection possible the qualities of intellect and individual character, we, the Senior Class of nineteen hundred and twenty-three, place within our Hall of Fame the names of our respective instructors and dedicate to them

THE ORACLE.


19 W.H.S 23
W.E. HUFFMAN
HELEN ROBINSON
CARRIE WRIGHT
RUTH HIGGENS
MARY OBERLIN
A.C. KENNEDY
C.A. PARKINSON
MYRTA TWAY
C.S. LOCKWOOD
THE HALL OF FAME
A.E. THOMMEN

EDITORIAL STAFF

Robert Riggle.....Editor in Chief
Mary Ellen Hutton.....Assistant Editor
August Thommen.....Art Editor
Elizabeth Wellman.....Junior Editor
Cathrine Wright.....Sophomore Editor
Miriam Stafford.....Literary Editor
Elizabeth Harmon.....Social Editor
Anna Belle Beaver.....Dramatic Editor
Blair Dudley.....Music Editor
Frances Hall.....Athletic Editor
Robert Brown.....Humor Editor
Arthur Davis.....Alumni Editor

BUSINESS STAFF

Carl Wikle.....Business Manager
Hilda Lafler.....Assistant Business Manager
Georgia Owen.....Advertising Manager

R. R.
—THE ORACLE STAFF—
M. E. H.
F. H.
M. S.
C. W.
G. O.
E. H.
A. T.
B. D.

MISS HELEN B. ROBINSON,
Principal

Graduated from Ohio State University, Class of '06. Teaches Economics, Chemistry, French, and Algebra. Has Bachelor's Degree in Arts.

MISS CARRIE WRIGHT

Graduated from Ohio State University. Taught at Armour Institute, Chicago. Came to W. H. S. from O. S. U. where she taught in the Department of Commerce and Journalism. Has Master's Degree in Sociology and History of Art at U. of Chicago. Teaches Latin and Literature.

MISS MARY OBERLIN

Graduated from Ohio State University. Came to Worthington from Coleraine Range, Minn. Has Bachelor's Degree in Arts. Teaches Biology and Home Economics.

W. EVIN HUFFMAN,
Superintendent

Graduated from Denison University, 1912. Has Bachelor of Philosophy Degree. Member of Caliope Literary Society at D. U. from which he obtained his R. H. B. Degree. Came to W. H. S. from Stryker, O., where he was Superintendent of Schools. Teaches Physics and History.

G. A. PARKINSON

Taking Post Grad. at O. S. U. for Master of Mathematics Degree. Has Bachelor's Degree in Science and Education. Teaches Geometry and Trigonometry.

A. C. KENNEDY

Graduated from Milo. Has B. S. of Agri. Degree. Teaches Agriculture and Shop Work.

MRS. MYRTA TWAY

Graduated from Plain City High School, Ohio State University, '15. Has C. C. O. M. Degree. Teaches Music at W. H. S., Milford Center, and Irwin. Mrs. Tway presented the beautiful musical comedy "Cherry Blossom."

MISS RUTH HIGGINS

Graduated from Ohio State University, Class of '17. Has Bachelor's Degree in Arts, Bachelor of S. in Ed. Degree, Master of Arts Degree. Taught two years at Dover High School. Came to W. H. S. from University of Wisconsin where she attended school. Teaches History, English and Civics.

Our Dedication
To the Class of 1923

The day of dedication now draws near,
When we must look into the face of Life
And lay upon her altars all we have
And all we hope to have: our worldly goods;
Our wills and earnest effort; our desires
For fame, for love, for service of mankind.
Then, with a voice sincere and full of hope,
We make our vow; we swear to do our part
In the great work, the grand unfinished task,
Our heritage from all the ages past,
To build a perfect nation; to promote
The coming of the Kingdom of Good Will;
To learn from day to day to be more kind,
More just, more friendly to all types of men;
More in accord and loving sympathy
With all the various instruments that shall
On the awaited day bring forth a sound
Of perfect harmony, divine, composed
By the Creater when he made the world.
For we are friends; we know the quiet joy
Of friendship in our little daily world.
Then let us strive with earnestness and zeal
To conquer every prejudice that checks
Our purpose, so that we at last may be
Friends in the highest sense to all the world.
Then will our lives be perfect and complete;
Then will we find that happiness supreme
That comes from purpose high and vows fulfilled.

Miriam Stafford, '23.

SUCCESS
Spiders

CARL M. WIKLE

WORTHINGTON — O. S. U.

English Club, '21
Class President, '22, '23
Basketball, '23
Football, '23
Oracle Staff
Cherry-Blosssm
Daddy Long-Legs

MIRIAM STAFFORD

DELAWARE — O. S. U.

Secretary and Treasurer, '23
Oracle Staff
Daddy Long-Legs

MARY ELLEN HUTTON

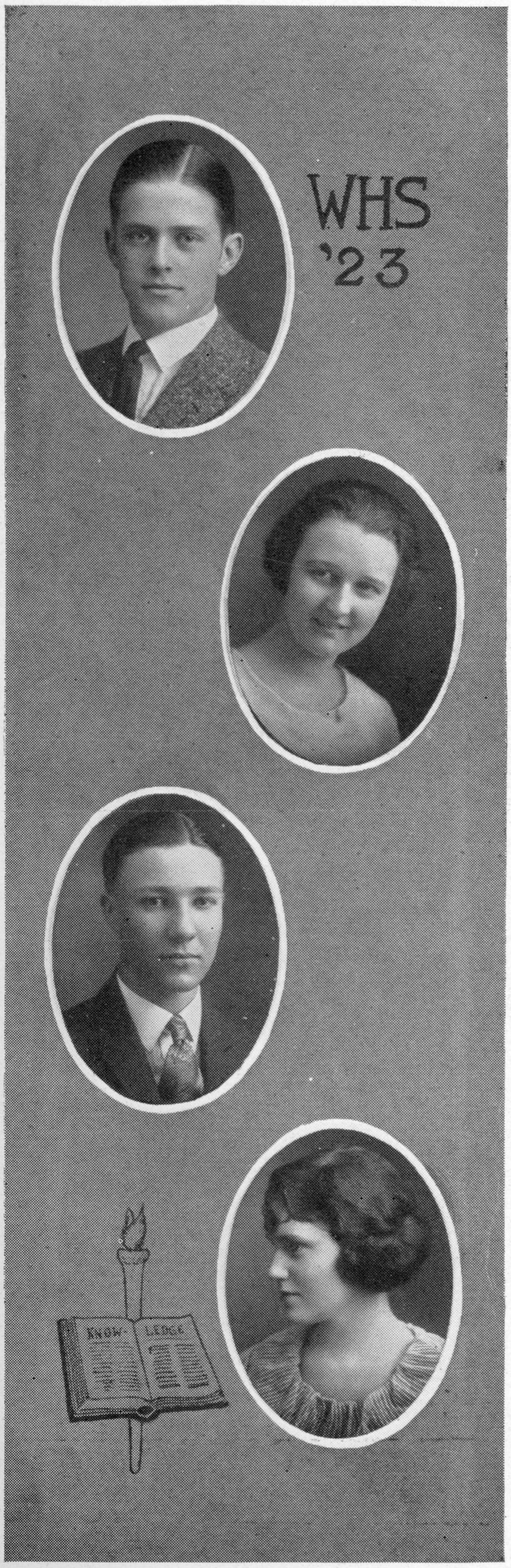
CRESTVIEW — O. S. U.

Spinster Club, '20
Dramatic Club, '21
Glee Club, '23
Orchestra, '21, '22, '23
Cherry-Blossom
Daddy Long-Legs
Oracle Staff

RICHARD E. OLSEN

LANCASTER JUNIOR COLLEGE — O. S. U.

French Club, '20
Latin Club, '20
Football, '23
Oracle artist, '22
Tennis, '22
Daddy Long-Legs



ROBERT C. RIGGLE

INDIANOLA — O. S. U.

French Club, '21
Junior Editor, Oracle, '22
Cheer Leader, '22
Vice President, '23
Editor of Oracle, '23
President of Athletic Association, '23
Cherry-Blossom
Glee Club Quartette, '23
Daddy Long-Legs

HAZEL JENNINGS

LINWORTH — OFFICE TRAINING

Music Club, '21
Class Vice President, '21
Glee Club, '22
Daddy Long-Legs

ROBERT BROWN

LINWORTH

English Club, '21
Oracle Staff
Class Play
Cherry-Blossom

GEORGIA OWEN

DELAWARE

Daddy Long-Legs
Oracle Staff
Latin Club, '22
Glee Club, '22

ANNA BELLE BEAVER

CRESTVIEW — OFFICE TRAINING

Dramatic Club, '21
Oracle Staff
Daddy Long-Legs

ELIZABETH M. HARMON

WORTHINGTON — O. S. U.

Music Club, '21
Oracle Staff
Class Play

AUGUST E. THOMMEN

BASLE HIGH, SWITZERLAND — O. S. U.

Oracle Staff
Daddy Long-Legs

HILDA LAFLER

LINWORTH — ENTER BLISS

Class President, '21
Music Club, '21
Class Play
Oracle Staff

FRANCES M. HALL

WORTHINGTON — BUSINESS COLLEGE

Class Treasurer, '21
Basketball, '21, '22, manager, '23
Music Club, '21
Daddy Long-Legs
Cherry-Blossom
Oracle Staff

CHESTER R. RAVER

WORTHINGTON — BURROUGHS A. M. SCHOOL

Vice President, '22
English Club, '21
Basketball, '21, '22
Football, '20, manager, '23
Cherry-Blossom
Daddy Long-Legs

BLAIR DUDLEY

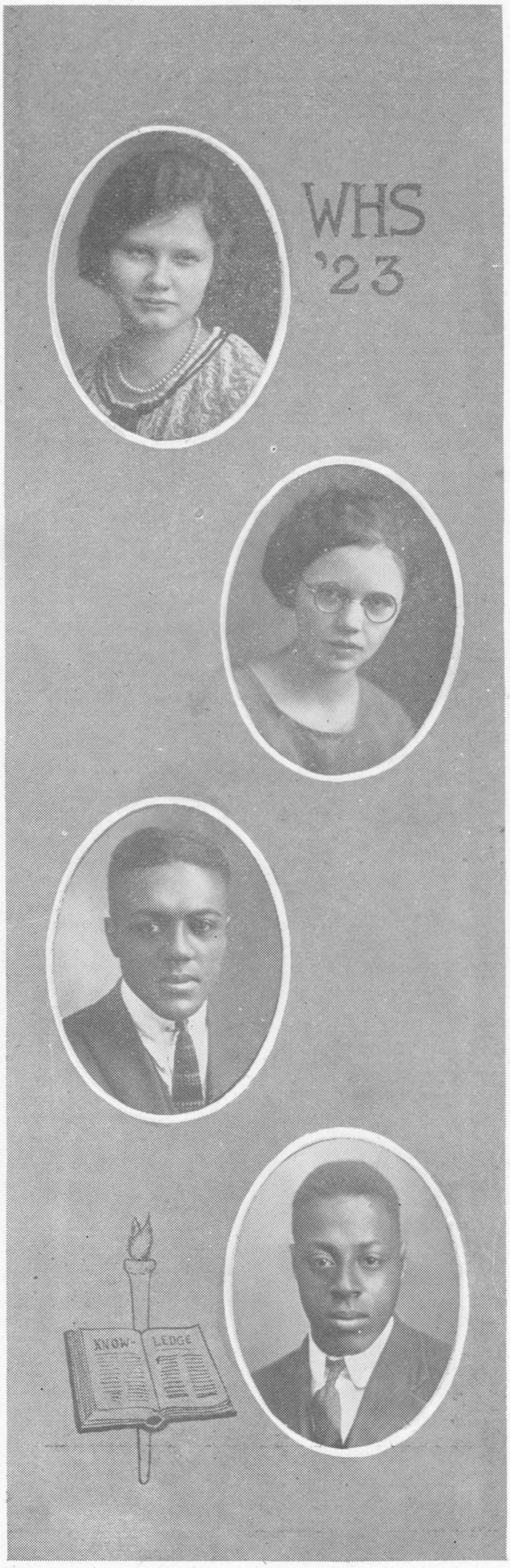
LINWORTH — TEACH MUSIC

Music Club, '21
Oracle Staff
Class Play

RUTH HERRITT

SLATE HILL — OFFICE TRAINING

English Club, 21
Glee Club, '21
Daddy Long-Legs



RHEA SMILEY

LINWORTH — NORMAL SCHOOL

Music Club, '21
Daddy Long-Legs

GEORGIA NESSLEY

GROVE CITY

Music Club, '21
Class Play

FOREST THOMPSON

ORANGE HIGH — O. W. U.

Football, '23
Basketball, '23

ROY E. LEE

HYATTS VILLE — ATHENS U.

English Club, '21
Track Team, '22
Football, '23

History of the Class of 1923

WITH a somewhat wistful smile we recall our entrance into W. H. S. as students. We withstood very well the remarks and jests that the upper classmen gave for our special benefit. Within a week after school had begun we were fully organized with Dorothy Fuller as president and Dorothy Landis as secretary and treasurer. Our freshman class was crowded with many social events such as an Hallowe'en party, coasting parties and weiner roasts. So in a whirlwind of activities, our first year at W. H. S. ended.

We entered our Sophomore year with much vim and vigor. After about a week had elapsed we elected Hilda Lafler as president and Frances Hall as secretary and treasurer. Like our Freshman year, we had several social times. Our class entertained the Freshmen with that annual event the Fresh.-Soph. party. We firmly believe that the Freshmen were well initiated into the school. In the spring the girls of the class gave a Japanese party which was strictly a Sophomore girls affair (in spite of the fact that several of the boys were determined to be entertained also). We were active not only in social affairs but also in athletics. Several of our members gave promise of becoming fine athletes.

Will we ever forget our Junior year? How could we? Our class reigned supreme that year, a box social was given soon after school had opened and was well attended and, needless to say, well enjoyed. Later our class followed this social event with a dance. It was a brilliant affair in more ways than one. This successful dance gave way to one equally so. The last social event of the year eclipsed anything that had previously been given by any class—it was the Junior-Senior Reception held at the home of Elizabeth Harmon. We must not neglect to speak of our tug-o'-war. Poor Seniors, they had to admit defeat. So the year closed with the promise of a fine class of Seniors for the following year.

Our long-sought goal is at last attained—we are Seniors! Several parties and dances livened up a year fraught with much work. Several of our members were in the delightfully, clever and beautiful Cherryblossom, two of our members had the leading roles, Mary Ellen Hutton as Cherryblossom and Robert Riggle as her young lover John Henry Smith. The class play Daddy Long Legs is one of the best, we feel, ever produced in W. H. S.

We must soon say farewell to old Worthington High and leave many pleasant memories behind us. May we, each one, attain the position we desire in life.

—*Elizabeth Harmon.*

A Prophesy

(By Miriam Stafford, '23)

As I strolled along High Street one soft, balmy day,
(The date was May 7, 1953)
I met a small newsboy, and hastened to pay
For a paper, the news of the country to see.
'Twas the Residue Daily he placed in my hand,
"The paper that cornered the news of the land,"
(Nobody knew what "Residue" meant;
No matter, the thing only cost them a cent.)
The editor's photo, engraved on the sheet,
Showed as handsome a fellow as ever you'll meet,
The autograph under it, where it would show,
Was simply the world famous sign "R. E. O."
The first glaring headline that burst on my sight
Reported the latest political fight.
The feminst party had chosen to slate
Mrs. Robert Von Riggle as their candidate
For president of our illustrious nation,
And now were preparing a big celebration.
Her husband (Mr. Robert Von R.) learned in political lore
Had resigned his position as ambassador
To Poland to come and contribute his share
Toward seating his wife in the coveted chair.
His power to thrill thousands by clever addresses
Had made him the most desired person on hand
To fill the position, "first man of the land."
The next page afforded a quite different sort
Of news; it contained a surprising report
Of the wonderful strides in the pathways of science.
Carl Wikle, the chemist, had, with the compliance
Of some of his friends, discovered a way
To put into straight hair a curl that would stay.
Everyone knows by this time, I presume,
That Wikle compounded the lovely perfume
That made "Alma Mater Face Powder" a hit
With all the fair ladies that ever used it.
I read the details of a brilliant arrest:
Chester Raver, policeman, with cleverness blest,
Had foiled a dark plot to abduct a fair maid;
And plans for the wedding were now being made.

I noticed a head line that said "Robert Brown
Announces that the prices of oil will come down."
The Standard Oil Company has a new head.
The stock was all bought (after John D. was dead)
By Brown. He discovered some oil on his farm,
And married a widow whose brains were her charm
Her first name is Hilda; her last has twice changed,
And all Brown's financial affairs she arranged.
The Residue had a long write up about her,
Saying "Robert admits that he can't live without her."
I noticed a cut of a residence grand,
With a vivid description of house and of land.
"Mrs. Georgia O. Astor," I hastened to read,
"Will devote her late husband's estate, 'Willow Meade,'
As an orphan asylum; poor children she'll take,
And ask them no questions, for sweet mercy's sake.
She'll give to each one a complete education,
And rear him to be an asset to the nation."
I then to the page of Society turned,
And more information delightedly learned.
That Miss Rhea Smiley, employed by the State,
Had promised to marry the French delegate
To a Washington Conference, gave me delight.
Mrs. Frances Hall-Castle was pleased to invite
The public to see a recital next day
Of her folk dancing class in artistic display.
Mrs. Hazel J. Bryan, returning from Rome
With her husband, to visit her old friends at home,
Was being received at the White House that day.
The president's wife is her best friend, they say.
On the "Woman's Own Page," Mrs. Blair Dudley Hall
Conducted a column quite helpful to all.
It told how to can and to cook to perfection,
In answer to young wives who needed direction.
The new styles from Paris were discussed in detail
By Elizabeth Harmon—Caruso—DuBail.
She had just arrived here with her husband, the Count,
Who owned land and money to quite an amount.
The theatre notices brought to my eyes
A name that I greeted with eager surprise.
"Ruth Herritt," I read, "Will appear all this week,
In her master production called 'Love's Hide and Seek.'"
I decided to hear a recital that night
That a headline presented to my eager sight.

Madame Hutton—Duval was to sing and to play
On the violin. I had heard everyone say
That she had attained to the greatest success
In the musical world. Her husband, I guess,
Is an artist she met while she studied in Rome.
I then saw an article showing the home
Of Anna Belle Beaver-MacDowell, whose rule
Had made a most wonderful Girls' Boarding School.
It is made up of girls whose parents are wealthy,
To be charming and popular girls in their aim,
While mental development, too, gives them fame.
One article told of a wonderful find.
Mrs. Georgia N. Drake, to exploring inclined,
Discovered a wonderful diamond mine
In Africa. That news was certainly fine.
I read of the work of a good missionary
Who had fallen in love and had wanted to marry
A "cute" little heathen who had nine wives then,
And wanted no more. I was interested when
I saw that they called her Miss Stafford, by name.
The next column over recorded the fame
Of Roy E. Lee, the inventor, who made a machine
In great labor saving efficiency keen.
His friend, Forrest Thompson, had made some improvements
To cause it to work with much more simple movements.
On the last page the comics with laughter I viewed.
The artist, named Thommen, with talent imbued,
Had come over from Europe and here been impressed
By American folly. So he had expressed
His amusement in cartoons of clever design.
I then laid the paper aside to resign
Myself to deep musings and deeper content
At knowing the years of my classmates well spent

Where is R.E.O.??
Spring (Clean up) (Paint ups)
Shocking!!!
Twins?
Mill.
Oh, You Romeo!
M.E.H.
Eve and The Apple.
3 o'clock in The A.M.
Two Kids

Willis Aleshire
Cathrine Birkhead
Ada Brookey
Montford Conklin
Joseph Colburn
Robert Cummins
William DeFoe
Leonard Dill
Lewis Dill
Alma Chapin
Cathrine Elmore
Leona Grace
Mila Griswold
Ila Hall
Kathryn Huffman
Raymond Kuhns
Vida McGurer
Geneva Mitchell
Margaret Morgan
Marjorie Nicola
Ruth Phillips
Kathleen Masters
Gertrude Potter
Paul Spear
Aura Stinson
Lee Trees
Elizabeth Wellman
Lorene Williams

JUNIORS

Pilgrim's Progress

(With apologies to Bunyon)

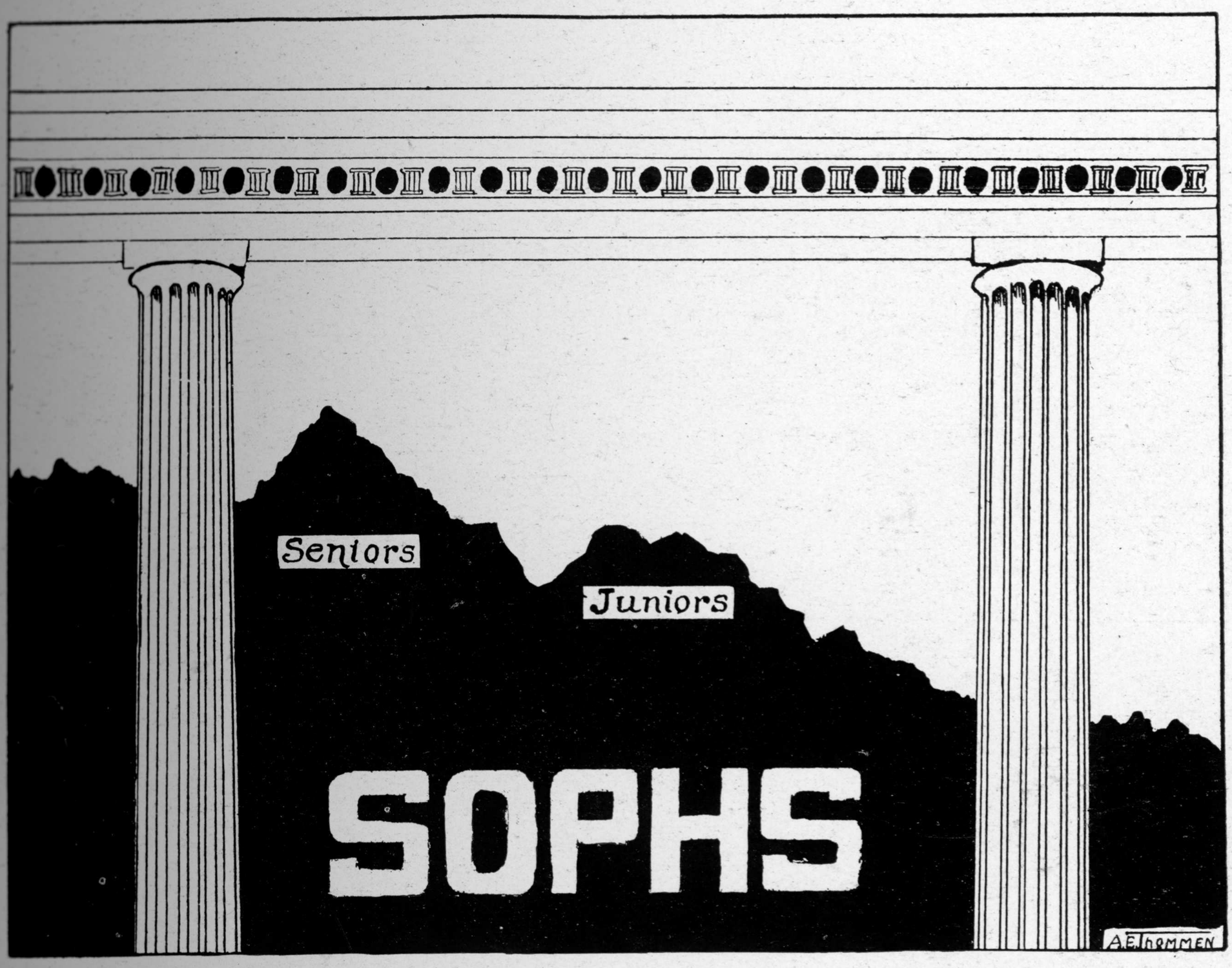
PICTURE to yourself, a band of Pilgrims ascending a steep mountain, at the top of which is a bright and shining area, paved with dollar bills. In the middle of this space is a shadowy table on which are delicious viands. Tasteful decorations are overhead. Around the table sit the members of the classes of '23 and '24. We have it! It's the Junior-Senior Banquet.

This goal occasionally grows dim however, and fades from the sight of the toilers below. They at first consult together eagerly. The band assumes an organized formation. At the head march "Bob" Cummins, Willis Aleshire, "Aury" Stinson and Lee Trees. They bear yellow carnations and a banner of gold and brown silk, on which are the words "We can." Willis carries a large bag which has a flat and empty appearance. From time to time he assaults some unlucky Pilgrim and wrests from him a few hard-earned coppers. He drew out a small book from his pocket and after consulting it, announces the amount of money in the bag; then he points despairingly to the top of the mountain where the vision now seems very faint. One by one the members of the group turn somersaults into the Slough of Despond, which lay just ahead of them.

On the next slope we see the Pilgrims again. Some of them are busily decorating what appears to be the W. H. S. auditorium. An anxious group is talking pleadingly to the members of the school board. Another is spending hours at the telephone trying to communicate with an orchestra leader who is never at home. Further up the slope we see the same anxious members dancing to beautiful music, amid the decorations, which

(Continued on page 58)

Robert Buzzaird
Charlotte Corrigan
Ethel Cunningham
Fred Gabel
Elizabeth Gabel
Leona Grace
Wayne Harris
George Hutchinson
Paul Insley
Leoda Knapp
Howard Mack
Edward McCullough
Mary Elizabeth McKitrick
Virginia Metcalf
Grace Nicola
Ellen Potter
Richard Rowe
Lois Smith
Otta Wilcox
Thomas Williams
Cathrine Wright
Donald Stack
Howard Willson
Raymond Snouffer



SOPHOMORES

Class Colors: Gold and Old Rose.
Class Flower: Rose.
Class Motto: Play fair.

THE year 1923 will always be a memorable one for the Sophomores. We have struggled through the scornful Freshman year and have arrived at last at the gates of opportunity. Then Miss Higgins arrived and altho she has been here but one year, she has won our hearts.

At our first class meeting we elecetd Fred Gabel as class president, Grace Nicola as vice-president and Elizabeth Gabel as secretary-treasurer.

Life for the Sophomores has been very lively. The Fresh.-Soph Prom. was a great success. Dancing, games and refreshments made the evening one to be remembered.

St. Patrick's Day has always been a day of jolly festivity, ever since St. Pat. expelled the snakes from Ireland. It was on this day that we had one of our best parties. It was held at the home of Ellen Potter. The refreshments were in the conventional colors, green and white.

The class of 1925 has three outstanding athletes, Raymond Khuns, captain of the basketball and track teams. Raymond Snouffer, who was on both the basketball and football teams. Donald Stack was on the football team and track team.

The year 1923 has been one of great value to us socially, spiritually, mentally and physically. May the ensuing years be as full of the richness of life.

—*Cathrine Wright.*

FRESHMEN

President ..... Hayward Gay
Vice-President ..... Anna Wikle
Secretary ..... Josephine McGuire

Class Colors: Purple and Gold.
Class Motto: It is time to conquer and conquer we must.

WE believe in the Freshman motton—they have conquered and we hope will continue to do so.

Sixty-two Freshmen registered this year, breaking all pervious records of Worthington High. They breezed in with their loads of "pep" and vivacity, bringing with them that which is held more dear than all else in the hearts of High Schoolers, school spirit. Three Freshmen boys were on the football team, and three Freshmen girls were on the girls' basketball team, an unheard of thing in the annals of W. H. S. as Freshmen have always been "de trop" in High School activities. They were the first to become organized, they elected their officers early in the year and began immediately to enjoy themselves. The Freshman-Sophomore prom.

(Continued on page 58)

EDITORIALS

A NEW PIANO

For countless centuries music has been a means of expression by the human race. The ponderous war drums of the Incas, the tiny silver wedding bells of India and the weird, oriental funeral gong of the Chinese, all have expressed the thoughts and emotions of the people.

At first it was the long-drawn wail of a reed, but thru the ages the evolution of music has been rapid and sure, until today we have the wonderful compositions of Lizt, Chopin, Wagner and many others.

Music in the life of a boy or girl develops a love for the beautiful, which in mature years will create a citizen who will be an asset to any community.

Worthington schools have thru the years endeavored to develop this love for good music. In the recent music contest two of the pupils, Ellen Gloyd and Ortha Smith, won prizes, showing the value of the excellent training they had received.

An instrument now stands in the High School auditorium which is extremely unworthy of W. H. S.'s reputation along musical lines, namely, the piano, which is in a very delapidated condition.

Let us preserve our honor, our self-esteem and our musical reputation. Let us have a new piano.

FUTURE

In taking up our positions in the world, no matter how small they may be, let us be practical, the toilers, not cloud gatherers who find their hopes wrapped in the thin mists of nothingness. We are twenty adventurers exploring twenty diverging paths. Achievement leads to success. Failure leads to ruin. Senior, which will it be?

Fads and Bees

This serious old world is a queer old world, and nothing about it is as queer as the humans on it. Their intricacies of nature, their strange belief and superstitions and even stranger their infatuations, and fads. Chief among the latter, at the present time, are the flapper, toujours l'audace and old King Tut Ankeh Amen, who arose after a sleep of a thousand centuries to startle the world with his priceless treasures, revolutionizing art, literature and dress. These fads and follies scarcely made an impression on the little, quiet, yet ever progressive town of Worthington. But when that mean little insect called the spelling bee invaded its quiet precincts everyone caught the fever. A bee was held at the M. E. Church, where Mrs. J. E. Williams won with great honors. (You can't argue with a woman). Not being satisfied with this, the pesky bee flew like an arrow straight to the heart of the High School, where the fever was very catching, and it was necessary to have Doc. Huffman there constantly to quiet the ravings of those who got stung. Miriam Stafford, after a hard struggle, came out victorious, without a single sting. Then the satisfied bee flew away to some other community where it will undoubtedly continue its ravages.

COMMENCEMENT WEEK

Thursday, May 10. Junior-Senior Banquet.

Sunday, May 20. Baccalaureate Sermon.

Monday, May 21. Dress rehearsal for Senior class play "Daddy Long-Legs."

Tuesday, May 22. First rendition of "Daddy Long-Legs."

Wednesday, May 23. Second performance of "Daddy Long-Legs."

Thursday, May 24. High School Commencement.

Friday, May 25. Grade Commencement.

Saturday, May 26. Senior-Alumni Dinner-Dance.

A Picture

I am going to paint you a picture,
A picture of Worthington fair;
As I sit on the worn, gray doorstep
And breath in the fresh Spring air.

I look away o'er the meadow,
To the winding river beyond;
(The river loved for its beauty
By the people of Worthington.)

It winds in and out of the valley,
A picture to gladden the eyes;
It's the site of many a picnic
A source of constant surprise.

In Summer it's shaded and shadowed
By groves of tall, stately trees;
But in Autumn a riot of color
Glows forth from the frost-painted leaves.

Now my gaze travels up the hillside,
To the village nestling there;
And to me, sitting here on the doorstep
It seems a Dream-City, fair.

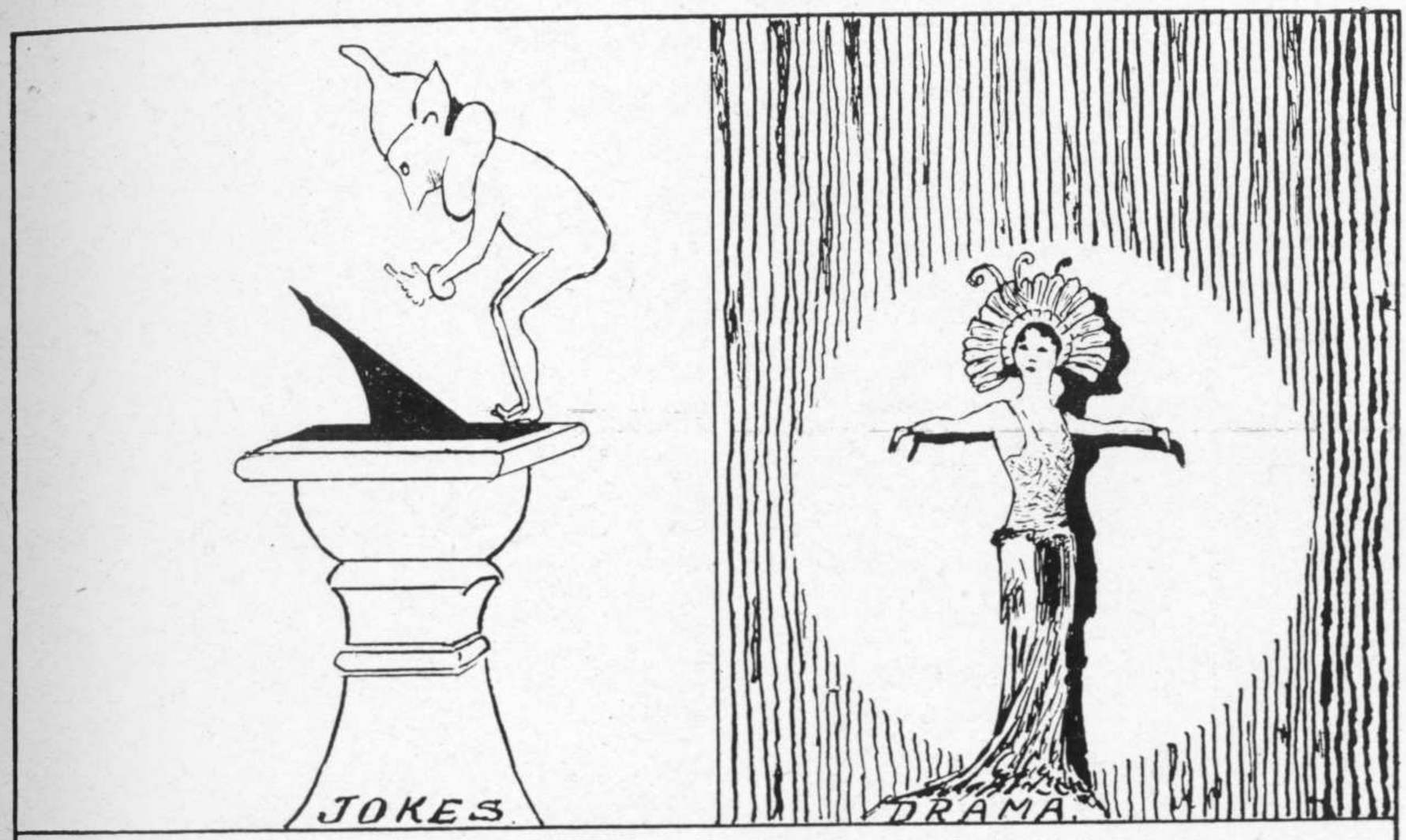
First in sight is the dear old High School,
Now aglow in the setting sun
And then, in a gay panorama,
The whole village of Worthington!

Teir upon tier it stretches,
Till the horizon, bending low,
Bestows Heaven's benediction
On the beautiful little town.

And now, in the gloom of the twilight,
Shines forth the bright evening star;
And I think of the homes in the village,
Whose hearth lights are gleaming afar.

Shine on, O Stars in the Heavens,
And hold in your special care
That dear little rural village,
And all who may ever dwell there.

—*Rhea Smiley, '23.*


JOKES
DRAMA
ACTIVITIES
A.E. Thommen
LITERATURE
ATHLETIC

Athletic

Football

FOOTBALL has returned to Worthington High School after an absence of many years. Under the enthusiastic encouragement of the coach, Mr. Huffman, a team was organized with Lee Trees, captain, and Chester Raver, manager. The material was very inexperienced in the gentle art of Football.

The line-up was very effective, each man playing the position to the best of his ability. With Olsen at center and Potter and Thompson guarding the ball, Louis and Stack tackled the opponents while Wikle and Snouffer held down the ends very successfully. Raver played quarterback, Roy Lee fullback, Wright played either guard or tackle, Gabel and R. Trees guards. Richards played either full or halfback and Wilson played center.

A kickoff made by Raver always started the game well and Richards and Lee often saved the day by wonderful punting. Raver and Wikle kicked goal.

This inexperienced team, greatly handicapped in many ways, won two, tied one and lost six games.

The team will train through the summer so that they will be in good trim in the fall for the next season. The shining lights of the team point to a brilliant success for '23.

—Frances Hall, '23.

W.H.S.
23.

Boys' Basketball

THE basket ball season of '23 has been short owing to the remodeling of the hall. It is in splendid shape now and the teams will probably get in a full season in '24.

Under this disadvantage we had a full turnout for both the boys' and girls' B. B. teams. Captain Ray Kuhns and Manager Leonard Dill were elected for the boys' team and the season was under way.

Coaches were hard to secure and the boys were trained by Mr. Huffman and Mr. Hartsook.

All the games were fast and were played clean. Ray Khuns and Carl Wikle excelled in the positions of forwards, shooting from all angles. As for guards who could outshine Lewis and Forrest, the wonderful guard who always left his opponent bewildered. Lee Trees held down the center of the floor and most always managed to get the bat-off. Ray Snouffer, the coming star forward, played well whenever on the floor. Montford Conklin showed unusual ability. We will look for his name in big type next year. Our assistant guards, L. Dill and Spear, showed remarkable ability.

The Delaware B. B. Tournament offered the boys a good experience. They were defeated 24-6 by Williamsport. For some reason the team didn't seem in the excellent condition that its rooters had been in the habit of seeing it. The team made a far better showing at the tournament at Capital College (Franklin County Tournament), holding their opponents, Grandview, to a very close score of 10-8. Each man played to the best of his ability.

The year ended with the scores standing two games won and seven lost, but the value of the experience gained surpasses far the value of the games lost.

—F. M. H., '23.

WHS
'23

Girls' Basketball

DUE to the remodeling of the hall and sickness the Girls' Basket Ball team of '23 was not the success, in number of games won, as it was formerly. But as for pluck and school spirit, these were not lacking. At the end of the season they were the good losers of five out of six games played.

Late in the season the team was organized with Alma Chapin, captain, and Frances Hall, manager. Eva Smith was secured as coach.

Alma, our star forward, bewildered her opponents and shot from all angles. As for quickness, who could equal her? Anna Wikle, forward, walked all around her guard and played fast pass work. Our stalwart jump center, Martha Shaeffer, will be one of the future shining lights as is shown by her present ability as center. As for guards, we have Frances Hall, Josephine Dill and Elizabeth Wellman, all playing the position with special swiftness and dexterity; always keeping the opponent from running up a large score. Gertrude Potter and Mila Griswold played wherever needed and played each position assigned equally well.

In the Franklin County Tournament the girls' team palyed Groveport. Altho they played with the greatest fitness and skill the game ended with the score of 6-4.

The team will remain the same in 1924, losing but one player, thru graduation. The outlook for 1924 is very encouraging. Much is expected of this plucky team, which has the proper school spirit.

—F. M. Hall, '23.

Track

THE annual track meet was held at Westerville the season of '22. The girls failed to show the real school spirit they are in the habit of showing. This took a good many points away from us, because their points counted as much towards the final score as those of the boys.

The call for track men was answered by a good many, which shows good prospects. We have only a few that remain from last year's team. They are Lee, Kuhns, Gabel, Snouffer and Dill. We appear to have some good prospects in the following new members: Trees, Thompson, Spear and Conklin. The old members of the team show fine form and expect to make an impression in the county meet.

So many men are coming out for track that baseball will be slighted, but by combining our efforts to the one field we may be enabled to "bring home the bacon," as the saying goes.

Last year Frank Colburn, one of our men, brought home the greatly coveted individual prize, a handsome loving cup. Several of the others brought home individual prizes, medals. Yes, the outlook for Worthington High School's track team of 1923 is very encouraging.

—Ray. R. Kuhns, '24.

Our Athletes

Of her clean-playing athletes
Old Worthington's proud.
And the praises that greet them
Are many and loud.

We're sure they're deserving,
And hope they'll remain
As true to their honor,
And free from all stain.

—H. V. L., '23.

Society

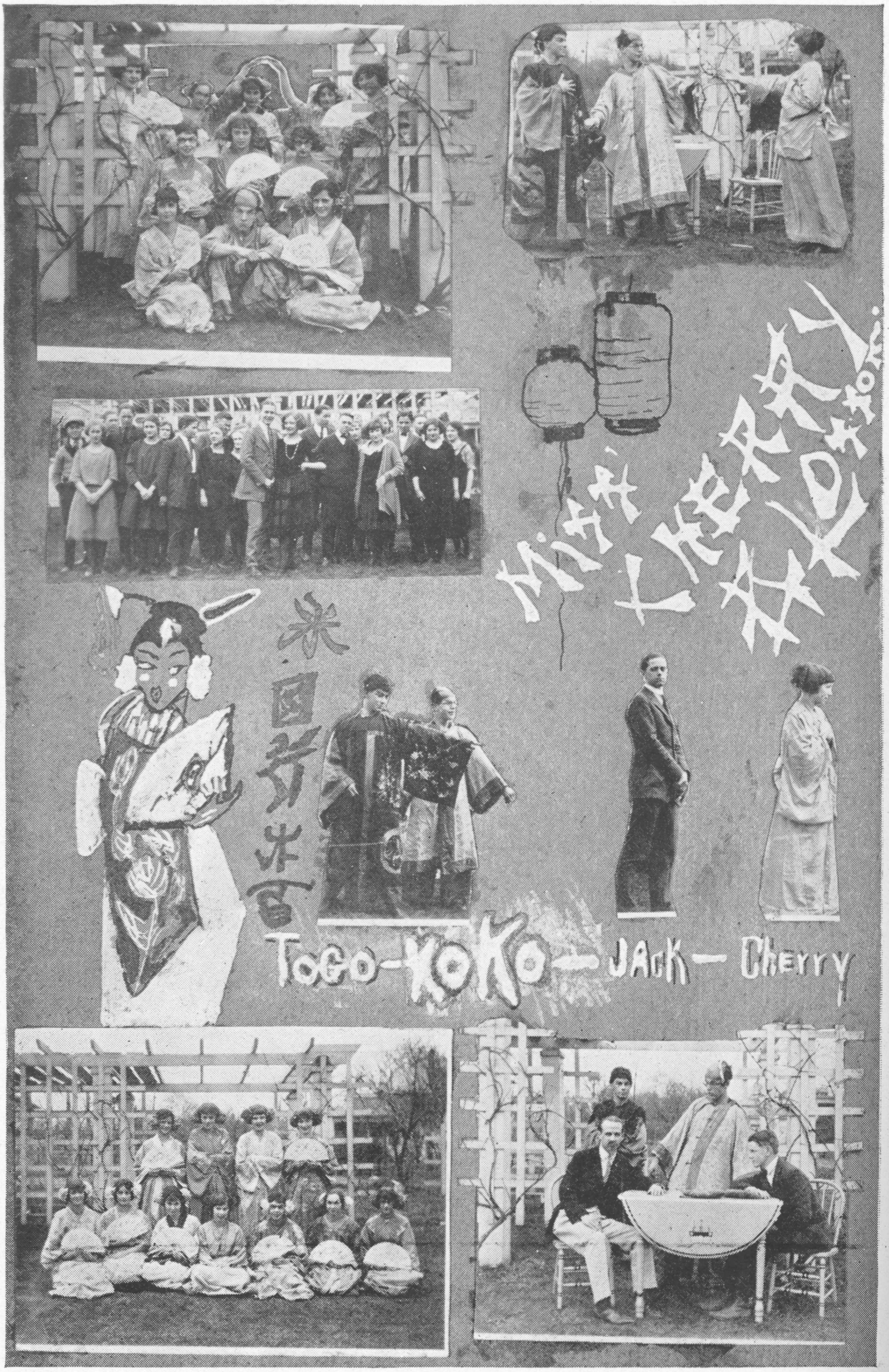
Social

OUR Junior class of '22 entertained the Senior class of '22 with a most elaborate reception on the night of May 4, 1922. It was held at the home of Elizabeth Harmon. The decorations were blue and white as those were the Senior colors. The rooms were lavishly decorated with a profusion of yellow roses, ferns and beautiful lights. Games and dancing were the order of the evening. Late in the evening refreshments were served, consisting of chickn sandwiches, fruit salad, olives, ice cream, cake and punch. This reception was considered by competent judges to be the best of its kind in W. H. S. annals. Early in the fall our Senior class had a wiener roast, at which everyone had an enjoyable time. A victrola furnished the music and we enjoyed the unusual experience of dancing on the turf.

The class held a party in the hall one night during the winter. Some very unusual and interesting games were played and we also danced. As usual, everyone had a good time.

As sophisticated Seniors we never seem to find the time somehow to enjoy ourselves. However, the parties, etc., that we have already had will not soon be forgotten.

—Elizabeth Harmon, '23.


Togo-Koko—Jack—Cherry

Music

MUSIC DEPARTMENT

UNDER the very efficient directorship of Mrs. Tway the musical year of 1923 has been a very successful and interesting one. The orchestra, which has been our pride for two years, has increased and done splendid work. There are now fourteen members in it.

Something new this year is the Boys' Quartette. The members are Robert Riggle, Frederick Richards, Montford Conklin and Robert Cummins. They have greatly added to the entertainment for many occasions during the year.

A Boys' Glee Club, which is also a new organization in W.H. S., was organized the first of the year. The work of the Girls' Glee Club has been known for several years. They will furnish the music for graduation exercises.

The two clubs, after patient coaching by Mrs. Tway, have given the musical-comedy "Miss Cherryblossom." If one were to sum up all the adjectives in the dictionary the total could never describe the unusual, exhilerating beauty of this perfectly produced play.

The cast of characters:

Cherryblossom, brought up as the daughter of Kokemo, in reality Everlyn Barnes of New York, U. S. A.....Mary Ellen Hutton, Soprano

Kokemo, a proprietor of a Tea Garden in Tokyo.....Robert Cummins

John Henry Smith, a wealthy New Yorker, on a visit to Japan as a guest of Mr. Worthington. He finally thru many adventures manages to marry Cherryblossom.....Robert Riggle, Baritone

Henry Foster Jones, Jack's pal, in love with Jessica.....Carl Wikle, Tenor

Jessica Vanderpool, niece of Worthington.....Leoda Knapp, Soprano

Horas Worthington, a New York stock broker, who is entertaining a party of friends with a trip to Japan on his private yacht.....Chester Raver

His Secretary.....Dean Mason

Togo, a Japanese politician of high rank.....Paul Insley, Bass

—Blair Dudley, '23.

Dramatic

DRAMA

THE Seniors present this year as their class play the famous Daddy Long Legs. The plot of which is as follows: Jervis Pendleton, a wealthy young bachelor, is made a trustee of the John Grier Home, an orphan asylum. He is persuaded by his old friend Miss Pritchard to adopt a certain orphan, Jerusha Abbot. He sends Judy, as she is called, to college, where she rooms with his niece, Julia Pendleton, and her chum, Sallie McBride. James McBride, Sallie's brother, meets Judy and falls in love. Jervis learns to love her also. The story ends just as one would want it to end. It is extremely humorous but has a great deal of pathos. It is a story that is very fascinating, exciting, dramatic and yet so like the life of every man that it cannot fail to interest everyone. The cast is:

Jervis Pendleton	Robert Riggle
Judy	Hazel Jennings
James McBride	Carl Wikle
Cyrus Wykoff	Richard Olson
Abner Parsons	Chester Raver
Griggs	Forest Thompson
Walters	Roy Lee
Miss Pritchard	Hilda Lafler
Mrs. Pendleton	Mary Ellen Hutton
Julia Pendleton	Anne Belle Beaver
Sallie McBride	Elizabeth Harmon
Mrs. Semple	Frances Hall
Mrs. Lippett	Ruth Herritt
Sadie Kate	Rhea Smiley
Gladiola	Blair Dudley
Loretta	Georgia Owen
Mamie	Georgia Nessley
Freddie Perkins	Robert Brown
Carrie and Maid	Mariam Stafford
Cadmon and Doctor	August Thommen

The Cubby-Hole of the Has-Beens

From the sizzling Southern summer
To the cold of Kal'mazoo.
From the pearly gates of Heaven
To the gates of Hades, too.
Ask them for the Class of '80
To the Class of '22.

Ask them if there's anybody,
And here's what they'll say to you:
"Sure, we know the one you're after,
He's the best we ever knew.
If we didn't have him with us,
I don't know what we would do."

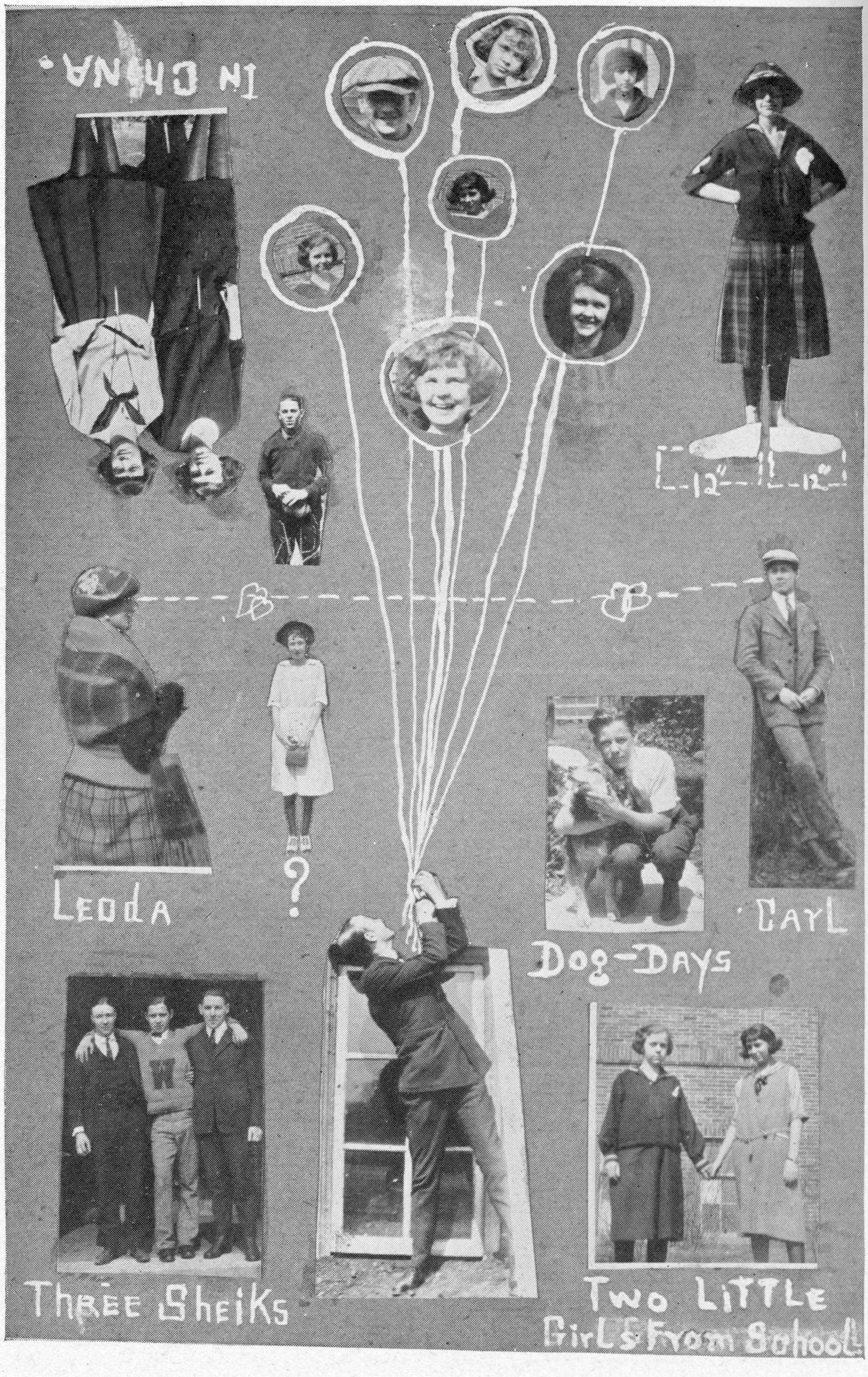
WORTHINGTON, strutting its seven hundred and fifty inhabitants on its broad and beautiful boulevards or in its nonpareil public park, nestling cozily between the railroad and the river, is a diet. Be calm, indignant reader! I only mean that it has to be regulated; and so it must. This regulation is exclusively in the hands of the Worthington High School Alumni Association. We eat, we sleep (but not like we should) only when that august body so ordains. Our entertainment and our gossip spring from that fertile source. The roof over our head (if not leaky) has been placed in such position with the sanction of the Association. Even the most influential citizen in the town, the mayor's wife, is an Alumni. So, even the watch of the authorities has an Alumni movement.

Honora Hannon's is the voice behind the screen that everybody in the back row hears when some potential dramatist forgets a cue. Will Fuller is the man that makes the motto "On the Square" apply to more than a position in space. Howard Potter, laboring under the impression imprinted by his wife, also a member, that being a blockhead entitles one to the privilege of being a whole lumber yard, started the Potter Lumber and Supply Company, which, it can be said without exaggerating, is the embryo of a flourishing little concern. The undertaker's wife, related to the wife of the man who fills our prescriptions, has correlated the two processes and proven quite a helpmate to her husband. Elmer Snouffer resilvers our mirrors and repairs our wooden legs. Steve Snouffer, aided and abetted by Leslie, is the fellow that leaves a wrench in our gear box and takes one out of our tool box. Ronald Wilson bakes bread and is in turn roasted by his customers. So, you see, the Alumni Association is a veritable neutralizing cordial as far as regulator powers are concerned.

In the spring of the year nineteen twenty-three the Alumni gave a Chatauqua. The audience pronounced it a distinct success. *He* said he was sorry that his wife couldn't come as she would have enjoyed it, also. The dinner-dance to be given to the members of the graduating class a little after this book is published, was without doubt one of the best that has graced the classic halls of the High School in decades. The music was all that could be expected under the circumstances. The repast, prepared especially for the occasion, left nothing to the imagination. Everybody present vouched for the fact that it was the best reception given by this Association this year.

The next on our program is the night-time stories.

—*Arthur E. Davis, '22.*


IN CHINA.
12"
12"
LEODA
?
DOG-DAYS
CARL
THREE SHEIKS
TWO LITTLE GIRLS FROM SCHOOL

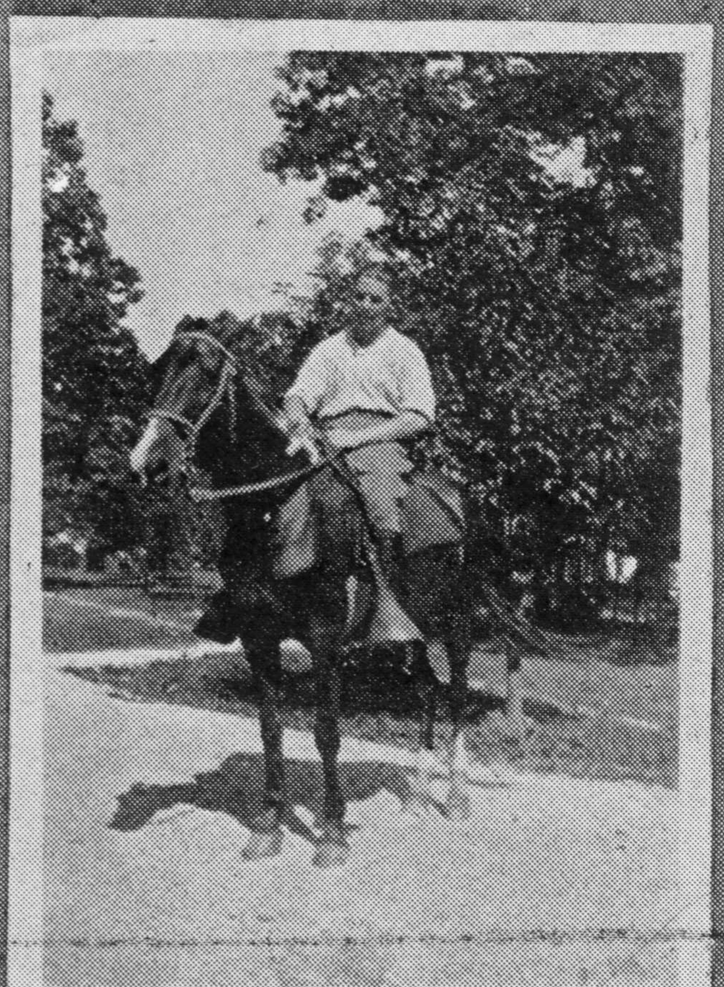
:—Bill—:

:The Garden of Allah:
(notice the sheiks)

Black & White

Jack and Cherry

Residue!!



SPARK-PLUG!!

Literary

The White Deer

(A Legend)

THERE was a time when the fairest of all lands was held and inhabited and enjoyed by a people whose shadowy past and romantic present were bound together by legends, the beauty of which gave them credence in the minds of the very men who created them. Among these people there was a maiden, the daughter of a chief. The beauty and the tender grace that shone from her dark eyes proved the fitness of her name, Star Light. She was betrothed to White Moon, by far the noblest youth in all the tribes around.

The year of the bethrothal of Star Light and White Moon was a wonderful year in the life of the tribe. It was the year of the coming of the white deer to the spring of life. Tradition told that once in a hundred years a deer of wonderful whiteness of skin came to a spring in the very region where the tribe dwelt, to drink of its waters and thus be enabled to live another hundred years. If any man killed the deer and made its skin into a coat for himself, he would be the recipient of its magic powers and would be able to live as long as he drank of the spring once every hundred years. The only death that could come to the deer or to the man was death by the arrow of a man of the tribe of White Moon and Star Light.

All the hunters of the tribe spent many hours in the forest every day watching eagerly for any glimpse of the white deer. None was more eager than White Moon, and none was more hopeful nor more sure of good marksmanship than he.

As White Moon was hunting in the forest one day, his eager eyes caught the glimpse of something white through the trees. With heart beating high he took his aim, and at the next sight of the white body, his arrow flew straight and true. The next moment he heard a low cry. Running swiftly forward, he beheld with sinking heart, not the white dear but his own Star Light, wrapped in a white fur, lying with his arrow in her heart. In an anguish of grief he bent over her. Her body was warm, but lifeless. The next instant the quick eyes of the red man discerned at a short distance another man, taking aim at some object behind the observer. Turning, White Moon beheld the white deer, in the act of drinking at the spring of life. With a quick movement he sprang into a position to intercept the arrow that flew straight toward the deer. As White Moon fell to the ground, not far from Star Light, he uttered these words: "Oh, white deer, live on. Man was not made to live while death takes away his fellow creatures. Life without Star Light would be darkness for me. The gift of life is precious to you. Man may join his loved ones in another world. but you have only this world. May the Great Spirit prevent any red man from taking your eternal happiness from you."

The man who had aimed to kill the white deer heard the dying words, and told all the tribe. The soft wind heard them, and told all the trees; and now, in the place where the forest was, when the star light and the white moon shine, the few remaining trees, in solemn whispers, tell the story to all who have ears to hear it.

—*Miriam Stafford, '23.*

Dawn

Hark! the lark is soaring towards heaven
In the meadow across the way,
And the trill of the sweet notes ringing,
Ushers in the dawn of the day.

Now Aurora, with soft rainbow tintings,
Transfigures the horizon dim,
Then opens the gates for Apollo,
Who proceeds the day to begin.

As the day disappears from the flowers,
And the morn the bird's carols make gay,
'Tis then the bright tints of the dawning
Disappears in the sun's brighter ray.

Then swiftly the sun climbs the heavens,
'Till the zenith is reached at mid-day;
Even then, ever onward it travels
Sinking, slow, down the western way.

As it nears the end of its journey
And cool evening draws on apace,
The breathless hush of the sunset
Marks the end of the well-run race.

Not now does Aurora with tintings
To transfigure the heavens dare;
For the great God himself paints this canvas
Represents every color there.

And this, His reward to the Sun-god,
For his labor so well begun,
Fills the worker with peace and contentment,
For it whispers, "Your work is well done."

Oh Seniors, this is our morning
And the many-hued colors of dawn
Are our hopes, our dreams, our ambitions,
Whispering ever, "Go on!"

As we go thru life, and its trials
Intermingle with our success,
Let's remember that God's greatest blessing
Is not riches, but happiness.

And how proud we would feel at Life's closing,
Since that is our setting-sun,
If within our hearts we could whisper,
"I am happy; my work is well done."

—Rhea Smiley, '23.

HELP! How many times that call has sounded down the highways and byways of the world. To every call there is always some one to lend a helping hand. Many queer circumstances have built themselves around this little word, but I am sure none so queer as that experienced by Miss Higgins one balmy day in June. June, that happy month of love and marriage; that month of joy, youth, etc., etc. But this hasn't anything to do with the real story.

It seems that on this day Miss Higgins had driven down town in her new electric. Driving up to the curb with a swing and flourish, she jumped out to tend to some trivial matter at a store nearby, leaving her mother to guard the new family plaything. The sun shone brightly, the cushions were soft, and the soft hum of passing motors invited sleep. Just as she was dozing off the sand man, in the form of a corpulent "cop," came up and announced that the machine was in the safety zone, and would have to be moved. The lady grew excited; she pleaded, argued, commanded, entreated, finally waxed eloquent; but all this was lost on the dumb ears of the corpulent one. A man standing near by, endeavoring to relieve the situation, entered the car (Mrs. Higgins got out) and endeavored to drive it away. Then the fun began. The man, losing control of said car, leaps out. The action becomes fast and furious; the auto runs to Gay street; becomes gay, turns around, almost upsetting a crate of pork which held a stop sign; the sign wavered, trembled, then turned, saying go. The car not being bashful, proceeded on its happy, go-lucky way. Not alone, however. About five hundred people chasing after it, caught the pesky thing just as it was about to enter the Dispatch building. They held it there, struggling and strangling, until Miss Higgins came out and turned off the motor. (Not one little heart in that game of "five hundred" was able to turn it off). However, before she turned the motor off the mean thing leaped forward, and just for revenge, knocked off a wheel of a nearby cart, for which must needs be paid many a pretty copper.

The excitement was over. That which might have been a tragedy proved to be a comedy.

Moral: Never let a little thing run away with you.

—*Bob R.*

Extracts From Letters From a Thirteen-Year-Old White Girl on the South Dakota Indian Reservation

WE ARE in a narrow valley. In front of our house, about forty-five yards away, is an abrupt cliff, which rises about one hundred and fifty feet; and the land back of us slopes up to the same height. This extends about a quarter of a mile on either side. The hills are covered with pines. This is said to be the prettiest school on the reservation. We are located fifty miles from Gordon, Nebraska, and Interior, South Dakota, which are the only railroad stations "near."

There are six Indian boys and eight girls. They cannot carry on an intelligent conversation for five minutes without exhausting their supply of English. When I say "they" I mean the four older ones who have attended school for five years at least. The younger ones cannot even answer simple questions. They ate beans every day and did not know the English name for them. Their other knowledge of English is similar. They have learned a great deal this year, but there surely is room for improvement. Some of the men can talk quite well; but the war, ranches, and traveling shows have been their main sources of education.

These Indians live in small log cabins. They have very little work to do, and because there are so many of them, they soon get it done and they sit around all the rest of the day. They live on land which the government gave them and on heirships and pensions. Whenever you want some work done, they are busy (doing nothing). Both men and women smoke as long as they have money to buy cigarettes. We have beautiful canyons covered with vines and bushes, and we have all kinds of wild flowers.

Papa got stuck in the Little White River several times lately. The Little White River joins the Big White River which joins the Niobrara which joins the Missouri which joins the Mississippi. Say! You didn't know I was that near civilization, did you? You wouldn't believe it if you were here.

I am surely lonesome for someone my own size, who likes to do the things I do. The Indian children won't do anything they haven't always done for fear someone will make fun of them. They won't even learn to play "jacks" because they are afraid they can't.

On the "Fourth" we went over to Porcupine. I never saw such beautiful scenery before. There was one place where a cliff was bare for about two hundred feet except for one lone pine.

Some of the common Indian names are: Miss Jettie-Imitates-a-Dog; Chester-Runs-Along-The-Edge; Fire Thunder; Plenty Arrows; Trouble-in-Front; Fire Place; Dull Knife; and Yellow Hawk. But the Bears! Black Bears, Top Bears, Ghost Bears, Gray Bears, and Conquering Bears are some of them.

(Continued on page 52)

Fate

T' WAS midnight, that hour when all nature shrouds herself in unfathomable mystery. The darkness of oblivion reigned; the wind in gusts swept across the moors, carrying with it the rain. The old chateau Mount de Mousant, high on its craggy pinnacle, shook with the howling gusts of rain-drenched wind; shook as if to rid itself of this cloak of mystery which surrounded it.

High in the tower one lone light shone out as if to warn all intruders. It was the room of the young count, he who had married so unhappily. In the room was a large fireplace wherein blazed some logs of birch, throwing grotesque shadows on the wainscoting. The walls were covered with guns of ancient and intricate design, spears, swords, clubs and even spades, which were hung there, making a queer appearance. No more so, however, than the four men who sat around the heavy oak table. Three nondescript men, of dark and sinister expression, all leaning slightly forward, eagerly looking at the fourth, who was Monsieur Mousant, the young, darkly handsome count. His face bore every human emotion from anger and perplexity to defiance and deep sorrow. His hand, on which shone the famous Tuelliers cameo, trembled with emotion.

A terrible gust of rain and wind beat against the window panes; the fire burned low; three men leaned closer, their expressions growing coldly cruel. Finally, with a long-drawn sigh and in tears, the Count leaned forward and in a hoarse voice whispered: "I pass." So the poker game proceeded.

—*Robert Riggle, '23.*

Extracts from Letters from a Thirteen-Year-Old White Girl on the South Dakota Indian Reservation.

(Continued from page 51)

Some of our neighbors showed us some of their costumes. They were of home-tanned hides. They were beaded half way down, and one was a solid mass of beads. It was worth three hundred dollars. These Indians wear shawls always, even on the hottest days. Some are silk with the most beautiful fringes almost half a yard long. They do not sew with thread but with the sinews of beef, and they make up some of the most beautiful designs I have ever seen.

We surely read a great deal. If we did not, I don't know how we should get along. I have seen just ten white people in the last six months.

Charlie Little Hoop will come tomorrow and will mail this letter.

Received and adapted by

—*Grace Nicola, '25.*

A LOVE STORY
or
An Attempt to Fill Space

(With apologies to the reader)

THE hour was eleven. Lily Lollypop, the most beautiful and most popular girl in Worthington, was seated in the swing on the veranda of her father's stucco mansion. It was past her bed time, but she did not care. Why should she? By her side was Charles Cream, by far the noblest and handsomest youth in the village; and so, although the aroma of Omars urged sleep, and the soft cushions of the swing invited it, and the sounds of deep breathing within the house suggested it, she would not yield to its gentle influence. Charles Cream was her hero. That was enough. He was mild, but he satisfied. Among other things, the following conversation might have been heard by anyone interested enough to listen:

"Did you ever read 'Love Relinquished?'" asked Charles.

"Oh, yes," replied Lily. "Paprika Musho played in it at the 'Jim.' Why?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Charles. "I didn't really care. I just wanted to say something. You are a very unusual girl."

"Now don't try your cleverness on me. I am too dense to understand it."

"I didn't know it was denseness. I thought it was innocence."

"Oh, it is. I am very innocent."

"Well, that accounts for it."

"What?"

"Oh, nothing," said Charles, as he burst into a gale of laughter.

As Lily Lollypop was waiting for him to stop laughing, a menacing footstep was heard; and Chuck Cheese, a villian, bold and darkly threatening, invaded the tranquil scene.

"Aha!" said Cheese (for villians always say "aha").

"So there you are! Now please hand over my patent leather slippers, my gold watch, and my twenty-five dollars."

The action becomes swift. Cream rises, looking very sour. The villain steps forward and seizes the hero by the neck. For a moment the outcome is uncertain, but Cheese is stronger than Cream, and Cream receives a thorough churning. Then Chuck departs, leaving Charles penniless and barefooted to face the weeping heroine.

"Are you, then," asked Lily, "a common thief?"

"Oh, no," cried Charles, earnestly and tearfully. "Believe me, I only borrowed his things to make a good impression on you. He had a date tonight, and I forgot to give them back in time. Will you ever forgive me?"

"My hero!" cried sweet Lily Lollypop, as she melted into his arms.

As the clock on the mantel within the house chimed twelve, Charles Cream pressed twelve lucious kisses upon the lips of his sweetheart, keeping time with the clock.

"Darling," he murmured, with trembling voice, "darling, let's be engaged."

"Oh, Charles, this is so sudden, and I'm so, so happy!" cried Lily, as she held up the third finger of her left hand.

—*Miriam Stafford, '23.*

The Worthington Chamber of Commerce—Its Aims and Achievements

FOR many years past, all cities of any importance have maintained organizations known as Boards of Trade or Chambers of Commerce; and their mission has been largely to stimulate industries, promote business generally and by studying and encouraging public discussion of various civic questions to act as a sort of clearing house between the people and the municipal, county and state authorities.

These organizations have proved of such great value that the most natural thing in the world has been their spread to the smaller municipalities, especially those which have been suffering from unjust distribution of taxation money by county officials.

Probably no village in Ohio has suffered more in this respect than Worthington, nor have the citizens of any other village received more flattering promises of better treatment in future from candidates for county offices. But the promises have always faded when the time came for disbursing the tax revenues. So the residents of Worthington (the ideal residential district of central Ohio, only nine miles from the State Capital and on so much higher ground that the "bursting of the dam" has no terror for them) came to the natural conclusion that satisfactory results in bringing the village into its due prominence could be secured only through efficient organization.

In November, 1919, the Potter Lumber and Supply Company took the lead by inviting as many live men of the village as could comfortably be seated, to an evening dinner at the Central Hotel. The meeting was addressed by Mr. J. A. Warfel of the Columbus Chamber of Commerce, who gave much valuable information and guidance. A general discussion followed, and before ten o'clock the Worthington Chamber of Commerce was a reality.

The late Mr. William F. Parks was appointed chairman of the membership committee and within two weeks had increased the membership from thirty-two to seventy-five. At the December meeting a brief constitution and by-laws were adopted, providing for meetings on the second Tuesday evening of each month and election of officers at the November meetings. The officers for 1920 were: President, Howard Potter; Vice-President, George Wing; Secretary and Treasurer, W. W. Fuller; and a board of six directors, consisting of the following members: B. S. Wellman, W. S. Parks, W. H. Fisher, J. F. Wright, Dr. Longenecker and Robert Thompson.

During a general discussion as to what line of activity should first lend its aid, Mr. Parks suggested the need of electric lights to replace the unsightly and nearly worthless gas lights of the village. Vice-President Wing was placed in charge of the improvement and due to his efforts and the donations of the Railway, Power and Light Company and the telephone companies, eighteen two hundred watt electric lamps with shades were swung at as many street intersections. The cost was less than one thousand dollars, or five hundred dollars less than estimated by a public utility company. The plant was completed during the summer and turned over to the village council which agreed to maintain and operate it.

The first activity of the Chamber in bringing the people of the village from darkness into light has been most thoroughly appreciated by our citizens and our visitors.

Plans for a sanitary sewer system costing $115,000 were backed and encouraged by the Chamber of Commerce.

While membership is confined to men, they all realize that it is strictly a community affair and that the pleasures of all are to be given proper consideration. At the close of the first year a complimentary birthday party was given to the people of Worthington and vicinity. The new High School auditorium was filled to overflowing! Games for the little folks; get acquainted stunts for the grown people; and an abundance of music and refreshments for all made a most happy and profitable affair.

The annual election of officers gave the following results: President, W. H. Fisher; Vice-President, Frame Brown; Secretary and Treasurer, W. W. Fuller, and the board of directors consisting of B. S. Wellman, J. E. Aleshire, David Kohl, Howard Potter, S. E. Corbin and George Wing. This was destined to be a very busy year with the Chamber of Commerce. Our membership had grown to 150, which was about 80 per cent of the male voters of the village.

Under the leadership of J. E. Aleshire, assisted by High School pupils, twenty forest trees and hundreds of shrubs were planted on High School grounds; Masonic Temple, Odd Fellows Building and the Town Hall were similarly treated, and the people followed the example in beautifying their home lots.

A home talent minstrel show in the early spring for the public park fund was a pronounced success.

For ten weeks, beginning May first, a series of Sunday evening community meetings were conducted in the public park. An hour of sacred and patriotic music by the Dublin band was followed by a short sermonette by one of the local clergymen, and this in turn by a speaker of prominence. With the approach of the indoor season these meetings were transferred to the High School auditorium and held on the last Sunday of each month.

The civic pride stimulated by the Chamber's activities was perhaps responsible for the paving with concrete and brick portions of South, Pearl and Short streets, completed in the early autumn.

The Chamber sponsored a most successful Redpath Chautauqua, encouraged the formation of a cornet band by providing its uniforms, took charge of selections of candidates for school board and municipal offices at the fall election, supported the school board in bringing before the Supreme Court an action to determine a status of compensation for educating in the public schools pupils from the Methodist Children's Home and erected "Welcome" bulletin boards at the village limits on the main thoroughfares.

The outstanding achievement of the year, however, was the purchase of a motor-driven and operated fire-fighting apparatus for use not only in Worthington but as far outside as good roads and other conditions will permit. More than $3000 was raised by popular subscriptions, our rural friends responding most liberally. A concrete building was constructed adjoining the Wing Garage, wherein is housed the "Worthington Community Fire-Fighting Apparatus," manned by a most efficient volunteer department with Chief James Wagner in command.

The Chamber's second Birthday Party assumed somewhat the character of a beauty show wherein thirty of the village's fairest matrons and young ladies appeared under the spotlight, arrayed in costumes representing as many periods of American history and various nationalities.

The Chamber's annual election, occurring on the second Tuesday in November, followed closely the municipal election, which enabled the Chamber to extend greetings to the successful candidates for village and township honors. At an opportune time a body of twelve members of the K. K. K. entered the hall and took charge of the reception feature.

At this meeting the following were elected as officers for the year 1922: President, B. S. Wellman; Vice-President, Carl W. Gay; Secretary and Treasurer, W. W. Fuller; Directors, W. H. Fisher, George W. Beaver, J. E. Aleshire, David Kohl, S. E. Corbin and Howard Potter.

During Mr. Wellman's administration all of the civic activities of former years were continued and improved upon. The newly organized band performed creditably at the community meetings and other functions; four squares of brick paving were laid on Pearl, Berlin and Morning streets; a lease was taken on the river front property and bath house and other conveniences established for the comfort and pleasure of the people of the village. The chautauqua was a great success and actually yielded a profit.

There were two notable achievements during the year. The Chamber gave the greatest Fourth of July celebration Worthington and its neighbors had ever witnessed. It was easy because everybody responded so readily to the call. More people came to Worthington than on any previous day. A magnificent parade, ample music, games and contests for old and young. were enjoyed.

A demonstration by the fire department, with a "water skirmish" between hose companies, and a gorgeous display of fireworks closed the program.

The second event of note was the raising by voluntary gifts of one thousand dollars with which to liquidate a hold-over indebtedness on the community fire apparatus. Here again our neighbors outside the village did their full share, and at the third annual birthday party of the Chamber last December the debt was wiped out amid great rejoicing. The community fire apparatus has already responded to seventeen calls and saved property valued at fifty times the cost of the apparatus.

Officers of the Chamber for 1923 are: President, Carl W. Gay; Vice-President, E. Howard Gilkey; Directors, J. E. Aleshire, David Kohl, S. E. Corbin, R. M. Chapin, W. H. Fisher, George W. Beaver. There are already proposed sufficient activities to make another very busy and profitable year. The usual minstrel show of April 18th was an excellent introduction. The Chamber will soon recommend to council a zoning plan for Worthington, calculated to prevent building sharks and other careless persons from ruining the beauty of our village by disregarding the rights of their neighbors in their building operations.

In short, there is no laudable enterprise which 150 fair-minded men who are in love with their home town cannot put through. They are doing things each year and they cordially invite all who are ready to subscribe to the solgan "There's Worth in Worthington" to come into the fellowship of the Chamber of Commerce.

—W. H. F.

FRESHMEN

(Continued from page 29)

was a great success, introducing in a formal way the Freshmen to W. H. S. The next event on their social calendar was a Hallowe'en party at Potter's cabin (a place well known for its enjoyable times). Following this was a December party in the auditorium; dancing, games and refreshments made the evening pleasant. In November the Freshmen went to see Southerland and Marlowe play the "Merchant of Venice." After studying this great drama for several months, they were able to enjoy it to the fullest. Miss Wright and Miss Higgins were the chaperons and it is whispered that they "had their hands full." But we are sure that none of the wonderful acting was lost on this impressionable crowd of young people.

Our story is now at an end, but it is really the beginning for these "enfants," let our toast to them be their motto: It is time to conquer and conquer you will.

—R. R.

JUNIORS—PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

(Continued from uage 25)

suggest Hallowe'en. Their cares are forgotten for the hour.—One of them walks up to the orchestra leader and hands him some money. Then he puts a very few bills into the ever hungry bag. The vision at the top of the mountain is again faint—but wasn't the dance the best of its kind known to history?

At the peak of the next ridge, they may be discerned, riding along light-heartedly. Altho they have traveled a long distance, the goal seems nearer, and Willis's bag is still distressingly light. But victory is around the next band. We see a crowd of people listening to the "Girls' Glee Club" of O. S. U., and streams of money pouring into the bag. The climbers hold a jubilee. They shake each other's hand, and pat each other on the back. They leap, and shout for joy. The summit of the mountain is now near and bright.

With a final spurt they ascend the last slope, swim the River of Preparation and arrive finally at their goal. They sink into their chairs at the table and feast upon the aforementioned viands. They are at rest, with a full consciousness of their glory, and thus we leave them, to rest for a whole summer before ascending the next mountain.

—Elizabeth Wellman, '24.

Jokes

FUSS AND FEATHERS

OUTLINE OF THE ORACLE

Did you see the funny cartoons in the front of the book? They ought to give Ireland enough ideas for another year.

First the Seniors, they had their pictures taken so that no one would forget them. Extra expense. After seeing the terrible sight once it would be hard to forget. Some of them are trying to look wise, others look scared, but most of them just look.

Next the Juniors. Here's a good laugh. Some of them have their mouths open so wide that you can't see their faces. The others make you wish they had kept theirs open. They dislocate their noses every time they look down. Their class motto is: "We Can." After looking at them we doubt it.

Then there's the Sophomores. They are almost too much, speaking of their feet. In the picture they try to hide them; that's why they look so crooked. They wear tortoise shell glasses to make them look clever. They think that Memorial Hall is where they bury the soldiers killed in action.

That last and least picture has a verdant hue. There's a reason: Freshmen. Aren't they a wild looking bunch? They think they are—they smoke, drink (pop), come late to classes, and even go to bed as late as EIGHT o'clock! We hope they learn better, these infinitesimal Freshmen.

Miss Oberlin (overheard in class by one of our ever alert reporters): "Edward, you are not fit to sit with decent people; come up here by me."

Foot Note: "Bob" Cummins says, "As soon as the soles of my shoes wear out I will be on my feet again, then I can buy an Oracle."

SCHOOL SPIRIT

" 'Lo Bill."
" 'Lo Jim."
"This sure is a rotten school, ain't it?"
"Yeh. No spirit."
"Nope, no spirit."
"Did jah hear the rotten chearin' at the game last night?"
"Nope. I didn't go."
"Neither did I."
"What's the use? They wouldn't win."
"Well, I guess they did win this time. Just luck."
"Yeh. Just luck. There ain't any spirit, tho."
"No spirit."
"S' long, Bill."
"S' long, Jim."

QUEER

Judge—What's your name?

Man—Bill Jonson.

Magistrate—Are you married?

Bill—Yes, sir.

Arbitrator—Whom did you marry?

Jonson—I married a woman, sir.

Justice (in great disgust)—Did you ever hear of anybody marrying anybody but a woman?

Bill Jonson—My sister once married a man.

TWO BADD

The card habit sure has got Fred R. Why, he even shuffles when he walks.

WHAT FOR?

Jenny—My, but I hate to see the Trees leave.

Paul W.—They'll be back; their trunks are still here.

"Speaking of bathing in famous springs," said the tramp, "I bathed in the spring of 1865."

NOT SO BAD

Wikle—I had an awful nightmare last night.

Riggle—Yes, I saw you out with her, down town.

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Miss Wright (during Am. lit. class)—"Lorene, What did "Walt." Whitman write?"

Lorene (who was out late last night)—"I didn't know he wrote anything, Miss Wright, but his Jazz Orchestra plays everything."

Fred Richards—"You are three quarters of an hour late. What do you mean by keeping me standing around like a fool."

Virginia Metcalf—"I can't help the way you stand."

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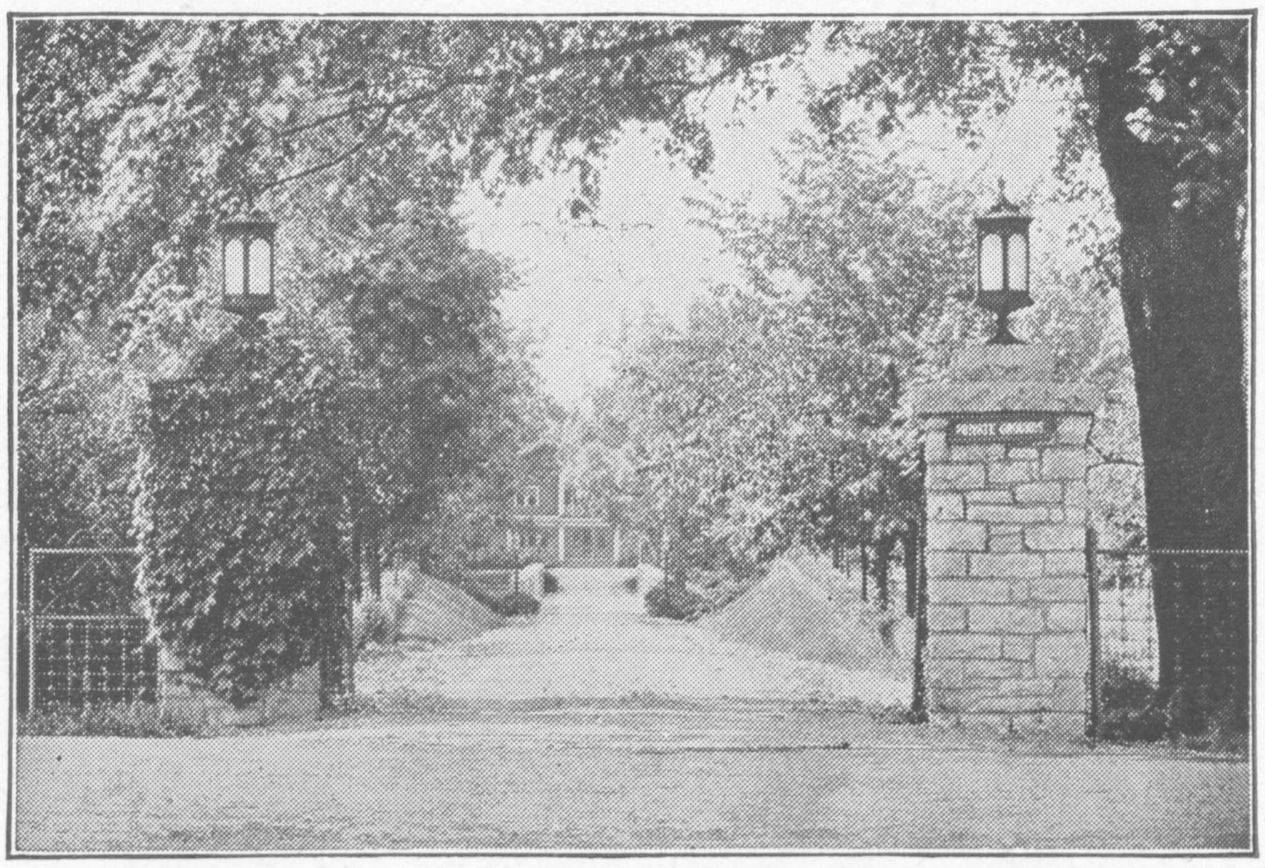

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Carl Wikle—"Gee, but I am sleepy.
Bob Riggle—"Well, go take your 'KNAPP.' "

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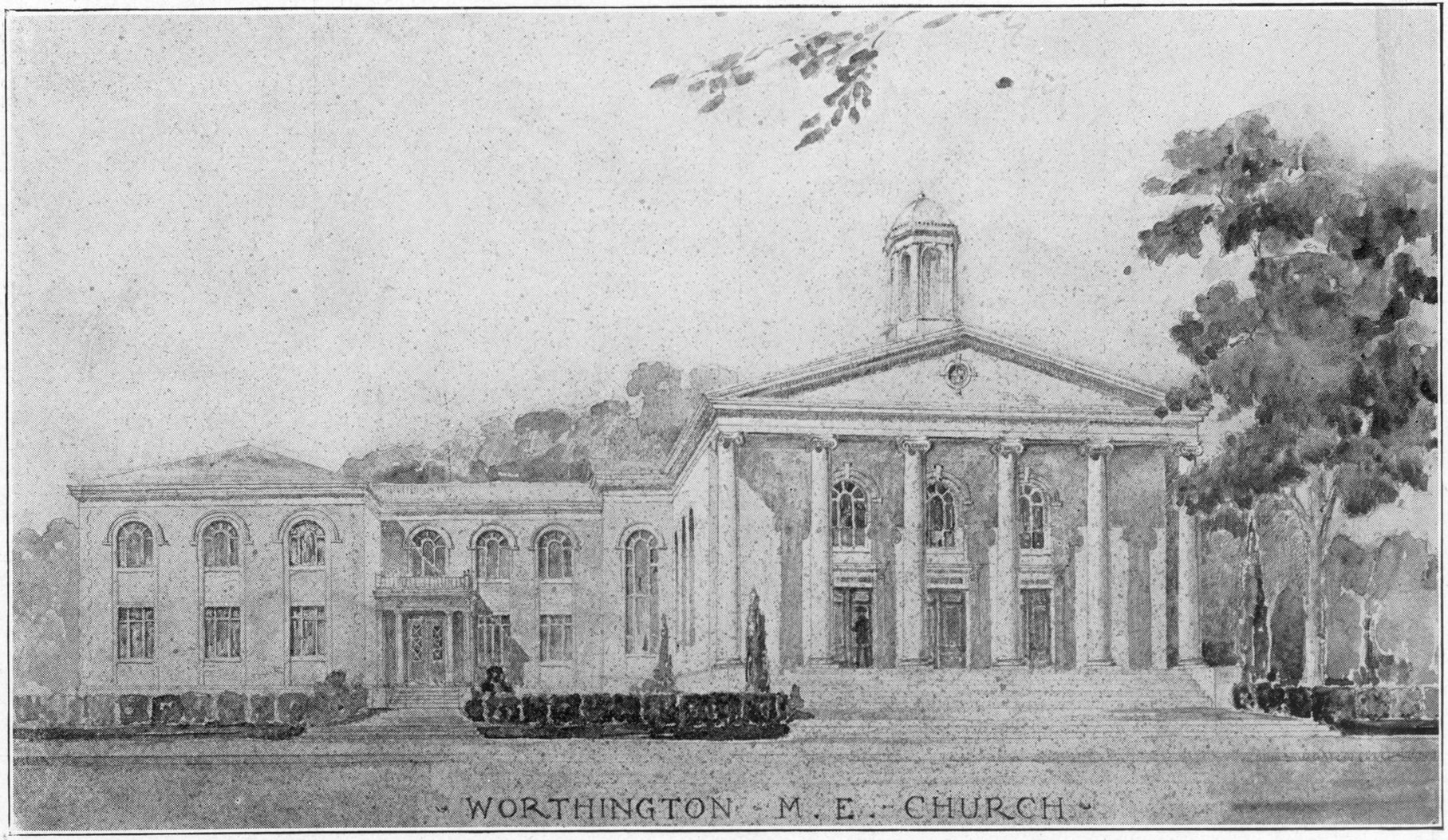

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Mill Keys—"How's that?"

Anna Wikle—"BOBBED."

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And I rather guess,
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Jack—"WHY?"

"Cherry"—"Because you always let me get up to light the fire, now."

Jack—"Nonsense, my dear, your getting up to light the fire makes me love you all the more."

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Russel Trees—"Why are tall people so lazy in the spring time?"
"Woody"—"They are longer in bed."

Robert Brown—"Why should a watch be carried while in the desert?"
Mildred Keys—"Because it has a spring in it."

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"I'm sure, sir, I don't getcha."
"Or may I take you to the Ball."
"AH, now I hear! YOU BETCHA."

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Miss Robinson—"No."

Eliz. W.—"Then, why do they put alcohol in the radiator to keep them from freezing?"

Wayne Harris (at hotel)—"Do you like lobsters?"

Mary E. McKitrick—"You're the only one."

Miss Oberlin—"What have you in the shape of bananas?"

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Violet—"Yes."
"Coxy"—"All right; I'll take one for nothing."

Mildred Keys—"Do you know you have the most wonderful eyes?"
Courtland Smiley—"I wish I could say the same."
Mildred Keys—"You could, if you told as big a lie as I did."

Joe Colburn—" 'Bill' certainly appreciates her own charm."
"What makes you think so, exclaimed Don Stack."
Joe C.—"I kissed her on the chin and she said, 'Heaven's above!' "

Mr. Lockwood (looking at a highly polished piece of mahogany)—"Donald, what kind of brown paint are you using there."

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2. But you'll get that in Civics.
3. I want that you shall, etc., etc.
4. Tomorrow we have a test.
5. Have you got your Virgil?
6. Gee! I'm going to fail.
7. I don't know.

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