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FOR
FOOTBALL

- *September 28 . . Deaf Institute
- *October 4 . . . South High
- *October 12 . . . Council Bluffs High
- October 18 . . . Norfolk High
- *October 26 . . . N. Des Moines High
- November 2 . . Sioux City
- *November 8 . . Sioux Falls
- November 16 . . Lincoln High
- November 22 . . Beatrice
- *November 28 . . St. Joe

*Home Games



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PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS



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The Register

Omaha high School

September, 1918

Volume XXXIII

Number 1



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PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

High School Register

Published Monthly from September to June by Students of Omaha High School

RALPH KHARAS
Editor-in-Chief

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Business Manager

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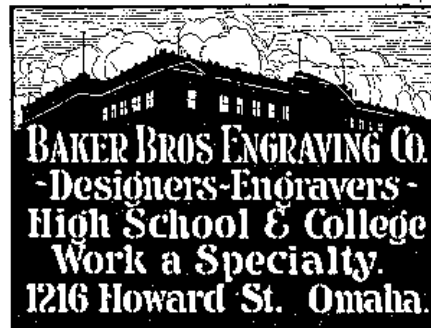
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CONFECTIONERS' SHOPS

What a paradise for one of any age is the confectioner's shop! The word confection itself seem to melt in the mouth. How much daintier and more foreign-sounding than candy! When one thinks of candy, he thinks of peppermint and wintergreen lozenges; but confections! Ah, then one thinks of sugared sweets, light and dainty, of black chocolate oozing with rich cream! How futile to try to improve on a Confectioner's Shop by calling it a Sweet Shop or a Chocolate Shop! How futile it sounds to say one is going to a candy store; how much finer and deeper motives than gross hunger seems to underlie a visit to the confectioner's shop! What an elusive odor of melting ice, strawberries, ice-cream, chewing gum, bananas, and furniture wax permeates the atmosphere when one passes the screen-door of one of these establishments!

But, alas, all romantic interest leaves one on entering. A wheezy phonograph is playing a saxophone solo in a corner of the room. A thousand eyes follow one's ungraceful promenade the length of the room to the only vacant table. Once there, a pair of complaining legs endeavor to fathom the wages of that wire table legs.

Failing utterly to break through this barrier to comfort, they disconsolately compose themselves beneath the chair, the back of which is already pressing a curvilinear pattern into the tender sun-burn on one's back. The next task is the deposit of one's hat, which is finally placed on the chair opposite, from which it is gracefully flipped to the floor by a hurrying attendant.

An indescribable period of waiting follows. At last a small boy in a large apron appears with a fresh napkin and a half-filled glass of tepid water. Announcing his presence by flickering the remains of the last occupant's lunch into one's lap, he glares at one so accusingly that the moderately-priced cocoa in mind enlarges into a sundae costing twice the price.

At last the dish arrives, containing, among other things, the thumb of the attendant. This is hastily with-drawn and the purchaser is left to the contemplation of the dainty. The eager expectations one has conjured up in the interval of waiting are dashed to the ground, for he finds it to be an old and not very delicious sundae masquerading under the new name. Scarcely has one started on it when the boy returns with an apology for forgetting the check. One kindly points out to him that the check is undoubtedly for another person; and one smilingly shows him the place on the menu where the dish is priced for half the sum on the check. The boy smilingly replies that the dish has gone up on account of the war, and ruthlessly changes the price on the card. Now the sundae is considered with more distaste than before, and is gulped down hastily, but completely, for one is a Hooverite and knows the food value of the calories in ice-cream.

With an air of nonchalance one pays the gum-chewing cashier; but once outside, a hasty search through one's pockets reveals the fact that he must walk home. Then one can feelingly say: "Out upon such dens of robbers!"

—ROBERT GILBERT, '19.

THE CRIMES OF KODAKS

A guileless-looking article is the kodak. It seems impossible that its smooth, shiny surface could conceal the evil spirit which undoubtedly lurks beneath it. Experience should teach one to mistrust kodaks. But in this instance, despite her vaunted superiority, Experience utterly fails as a teacher.

Have you never, while standing at the head of the stairway with the intention of going into the sitting room where big sister is entertaining company, heard a girl's shrill voice cry, in tones of derision, with giggles doing duty as punctuation, "Who is that thin anaemic-looking girl? Isn't she just too funny?" A silence—then the same voice, keyed even higher. "Oh! Your sister! I beg your pardon."

When the realization that you are the thin anaemic person spoken of comes over you, the way in which you conduct yourself depends largely upon your temperament. Perhaps you will go to your room, survey yourself in your mirror, and indignantly protest to your reflection that you don't look like that. Or, if you are philosophical and are not self-conscious, you will boldly confront your critic, inwardly vowing that you will never allow another snap-shot of yourself to be added to the collection.

But when one of your sisters raises the innocent-looking kodak which has been the cause of your mortification and suggests that a few pictures be taken out in the yard, or on the lawn, then your resolutions vanish and you succumb to the temptation. Out in the strong sunlight, you screw up your eyes and twist your otherwise grave face into a hideous parody of a smile in obedience to the commands of the despotic amateur photographer. A moment or two passes—a period of supreme discomfort—and then—click! your guests, in looking at the album, will have another fantastic-looking creature to arouse their mirth. And again you repeat your vow, and think regretfully of what you have just done.

Allow me to give some advice, though certainly I am not a fit person to offer it. If you find that the little demon of the kodak is not propitious to you avoid a kodak!

—STELLA COESFIELD, '19.

HOW THE FIRST SCHOOL ORIGINATED

Many, many centuries ago there lived in a far-away land, called India, a bad little boy named Ed-u-ka. Now in the days of Ed-u-ka only a few very wise men could read or write at all. These people were called scribes, and were usually priests, too. These scribes were hated by Ed-u-ka and his playmates, because a mother often threatened a bad child by saying she would send him to a priest to learn to read and write. And did not learning to read and write mean years of hard work indoors? And did not these boys hate to be indoors?

But one day a great misfortune came to Ed-u-ka. The boys were pretending that they were hunting tigers, and one of Edu-ka's blunt arrows struck a priest in the back of the head. The priest, angered by such an offense, turned around, seized the cause of this great crime, and dragged him to the temple, where a number of priests were sitting. Ed-u-ka was given a trial by these priests, found guilty, and had this fearful sentence pronounced upon him:

"Ed-u-ka, you have committed a great crime in the eyes of Mohammed. Your offense shall be visited not only upon you, but also upon all children for ages to come. For you and all after you shall be made to go to a place of eternal punishment called *school*! And the punishment meted out there shall be named after you that all may know who was the cause of this thing, and cause you. The punishment shall be called Ed-u-ca-tion! Go!"

THOMAS FINDLEY,

"OVER THERE"

Just a rifle shot to Alsace, but a "fiver" to Lorraine
There's a brave and husky Sammy doin' duty in the rain.
And the air is fresh and snappy, and the thoughts of Sammy say,
"Do your bit for Uncle Sammy, do your bit to make it pay."
For in the region of the Vosges where the shrapnel whizz and flare,
There's a happy U. S. soldier, in the trenches "over there."

From the grassy plains of Texas to the noble fields in France
There's a bright yet serious Sammy, makin' Huns and Boches dance.
And the breeze comes through the barbed wire, and it always seems to say,
"Do your bit, brave U. S. soldier: do your bit and make it pay."
For in the region of the Vosges where the shrapnel whizz and flare,
There's a soldier under Pershing doin' duty "over there."

From the Flanders' coast to Alsace, from the sand dunes to the Alps,
There are allied soldiers stationed, collecting German soldiers' scalps.
And the French and British cannon make the welkin ring and sigh,
For the valiant allied soldiers will either win or die.
For no matter how much blood-shed nor how red-stained is the grass,
Brave Poilus have now resolved that the Boche shall never pass.
And the breeze that blows from southward dries the soldiers' sweaty hair,
And their thoughts are with the old folks while they're fighting "over there."

—MAURICE STREET, '19.

ORGANIZATIONS

The High School Club will hold its first meeting, Friday, October 18, at the Y. M. C. A.

A short business meeting of the W. D. S. was held September 13th, at which plans were made for the coming year. The first regular meeting, at which new members were welcomed, was held Friday, September 20.

Athenian Debating Society will begin active work early in October.

Under the leadership of Ounollee Mann, the Margaret Fuller Society is planning some unique programs for this year.

The Boys' Glee Club has laid extensive plans for the presentation of grand opera including "Miserere" from "Trovatore" and possibly an act from "Carmen."

The Student Club opened its 1918-19 program with a short business meeting September 12, to discuss plans for the year. The membership promises to be so large that it has been decided to organize an auxiliary club of freshmen girls, to be conducted with the same purposes as the original club.

With Gladys Mickel as president, Browning Society plans to resume its literary work this winter.

The Art Society is looking forward to some good talks this winter by experts. Other plans have not yet been discussed.

The Gym Club is already practicing for an exhibition to be given before the Physical Culture Department of the Nebraska State Teachers' Association in November.



ON THE SIZE OF THE REGISTER

The steadily growing cost of printing, paper and other details has so crippled our finances as to make it necessary to reduce the size of the *Register*. We realize that it will be a disappointment to our readers, and we assure them that we are sincerely sorry and disappointed ourselves. But the fact remains, that it would be utterly impossible to produce an average sized *Register* upon our present income. Although many new "cuts" and pictures are also prohibited by our limited finances, nevertheless, we shall try our best to make quality make up for quantity.

A SENIOR'S SURVEY

(Freshmen May Read if They Wish)

Having reached the twelfth rung of the ladder, we pause a minute to regain our breath, and incidentally to look around a bit. A little way below us stands the Junior, likewise pausing for breath; but not quite so contemplative, owing to his inferiority in years and wisdom. (No offence meant.) Still farther down stand the Sophomore and the Freshman, gathering their strength and somewhat scattered wits for the next climb.

Notwithstanding a rather queer and lonesome feeling we have, being so very high up in the world, you know, and being put upon our own resources, without any upper-classmen to boss us; notwithstanding these sensations, pleasant or otherwise, we are not so dizzy but that we can look about a little.

And it's rather an alarming group of things we see, too. It suddenly begins to dawn upon us that we are fast growing up, and that life is waiting for us up yonder; that, indeed, she has already touched some of us upon the shoulder. In the hands of some of our number she is placing guns; and when we see them, a queer, cold feeling creeps over our hearts. But when we watch and think a little longer, the cold, fearful feeling changes to one of pride and exultation. We know suddenly that we will climb with a steadier gait and a loftier determination than ever before; for it is we who must fill in the ranks of those who have gone before.

We must educate ourselves to think quickly, observe accurately, speak distinctly, and act with self-assurance; for our nation needs trained minds not only in her future soldiers, but in her future citizens as well.

In this day of constant movement, we *must* be able to step forward, to take the opportunities offered, and to accomplish something. Otherwise we shall be left far behind, plodding in the old track, while the world sweeps steadily on.

—J. K. '19.

Remember, this is your *Register*. Bits of news, especially about high school boys in the service, are always appreciated. Contributions by our literary geniuses will be published when possible.

ANOTHER GOLD STAR

One more blue star upon our service flag has been replaced by a gold one. It is with a feeling of deep sorrow and reverence that we note it. Bryan Sackett, of the class of '15, passed away at the Great Lakes Training Station on September 18, having succumbed to a severe case of pneumonia. The *Register Staff*, representing the students of the high school, wishes to extend its heartfelt sympathy to his relatives and friends.

MAKE IT A GOOD YEAR

1918-1919:

We are beginning a new school year; let's start right. A determination now that this year is going to be a big year in Central High history will see us in June with a record of achievements of which we may be proud. Nobody need be a bystander. Everybody should be interested in some extra-curriculum activity. Scholarship, war work, the regiment, athletics, literary organizations,—all these kinds of work must be kept up to a standard of efficiency which will equal or excel that which has been done in previous years.

Surely this year there should be no slackers in school work. Let's surprise our teachers and get better marks this year. Consistent hard work ought to bring us nearer to those distant "A's". In the regiment, too, we must redouble our efforts to reach a greater efficiency than ever before, and to accomplish more practical training. We can accomplish this only if each cadet is willing to do his full share.

Athletics as usual! Championship foot-ball teams have become a habit with Mulligan. We can repeat the performance this year, too, because the material turned out is splendid; but, as usual, support is necessary. Let's boost NOW, and Lincoln won't have a chance later on. Make up your mind to attend every game and cheer.

Get behind your school activities and boost!

SMILE! SMILE! SMILE!

Did you ever stop a moment to think what a smile is? An awfully little thing, I know, and yet—how much it means! It is so easy to smile—really much easier than not to. And, like most other things, the more you smile, the easier it is. "And when you smile, another smiles, and soon there are miles and miles of smiles." That is the real importance of a smile—its spreading power. It helps other people while it is helping you. You can't go around with a smile on your face and still be blue. It just can't be done. Neither can you keep on feeling blue if some one says "Hello" in a friendly tone of voice, and send a broad, friendly smile along with that greeting. Smile at your teacher; she likes cheerful people much better than glumy ones. Smile at everybody you speak to, and they will like you much more. Everybody all together now: Try smiling!

—G. S. M. '19.

EARN SOMETHING FOR WAR RELIEF

American boys and girls are asked to contribute \$170,000,000 to war relief in a drive to be launched November 11. This contribution is to be made from individual earnings in each case. Let's start now to make Central's share worth while.

Let's remember the little things asked of us. Bring all fruit pits to school. The government needs them for gas-masks.

SCHOOL NOTES

MASS MEETING

The first mass meeting of the school year was one full of pep both on the part of the audience and of the speakers. Held for the purpose of arousing school spirit and thereby furthering the sale of Student Association tickets, the meeting was a pronounced success.

The program opened with a song by the Glee Club and this was followed by a solo by Charles Davis. Art Burnham gave a short talk, and then Ed Munroe led several school yells. Next, Miss Towne made a short speech on her attitude toward athletics and on school spirit in general. Mr. Mulligan's speech, interesting and full of spirit, brought before his hearers the need of cooperation in order to make athletics a success.

The mass meeting accomplished its purpose by arousing a spirit of support which will make possible another Valley Championship.

THE S. A. T. C

Among the four hundred colleges which have taken up the student training work, Nebraska University is probably of most interest to the pupils of this school. The question of housing the large number who are enrolled is one of considerable importance. Although fraternity houses and dormitories are being used in many parts of the country, Nebraska will have regular barracks. Intensive military training will be given, and those who show a fair degree of adaptability will probably soon be sent to officers' training camps. High school graduates are being urged to enter this branch of the service, and a large enrollment is expected everywhere.

SERGEANT BALDWIN SPEAKS

Patriotism was at its height in the auditorium, Monday, September 9, when Sergeant Baldwin, 5th Western Cavalry, First Canadian Overseas Division spoke to Central High students. He spoke directly to the point in the simple, forceful language of a soldier. His appeal was for the Salvation Army Fund. The words of the man were inspiring, lifting all present to a higher plane of appreciation for what has been done by the boys in France. He left us with a determination to do our utmost in support of all authorized measures of war relief.

Sergeant Baldwin again spoke in the auditorium to an audience of adults, September 20th.

BOOSTERS' COMMITTEE

The work of the Student Association Campaign progressed rapidly. The Boosters' Committee was divided into two girls' teams and six boys' teams, each team having twelve members. Unusual effort was required this season, as this year will undoubtedly be the hardest for athletic finances.

To create a vigorous campaign, prizes were given to those who did the best work.

TEACHERS' PICNIC

The old members of the faculty of the Omaha High School gave a very enjoyable picnic on Friday, the thirteenth of September, for the new members of the faculty. The picnic took place in Elmwood Park at six o'clock. Nearly the entire faculty was present. Mr. and Mrs. Beveridge and Mr. and Mrs. Masters were also guests.

FACULTY

Among the twelve members of the faculty who have left us since last June, there are four who have married. Four more are now in the service of the Government. The remaining three, still in the city, are engaged in business here.

Miss O'Sullivan has gone to France with the Nebraska Base Hospital Unit.

Mr. Nelson is in the artillery.

Miss Lane is a teacher in a woman's college at Pekin, China.

Mr. Gulgard and Mr. Cairns, formerly of our faculty, have received their commissions as second lieutenants in the Air Service and are now on their way overseas.

Mr. Garwood has gone to the University of North Dakota, where he will teach English. Mr. Cox is going to take his place as leader of the band. He will continue to lead the orchestra.

Mr. Wedeking and Miss Somers are teaching mathematics this year and Mme. Chatelaine and Miss Rockfellow, French since we no longer have any German in the High School.

REGISTRATION

Among the 27,000 men who registered for the draft on the twelfth of September, sixty-three were boys from the Omaha High School, of eighteen or more years of age. School was closed at noon and the entire force of teachers took up their quarters in various garages, engine houses, and stores to assist in the registration. The drafting of boys between eighteen and nineteen will probably be deferred until the last; thus making it possible for them to continue their education along with their military training.

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

Drawings for the girls' fall tennis tournament are now posted in the south hall. Watch for the time of your match and get it played off.

Volley ball will start as soon as the classes are formed. Basketball will not start until the first of December.

ALUMNI

Gertrude Koenig has just entered her freshman year at Vassar.

Ilda Langdon left a short time ago for Smith College.

Lydia Burnett leaves the last of this month for Miss Somers' School, Washington, D. C.

Virginia White is back at High School for a post-graduate course.

Margaret McLaughlin, Helen Clark, Dorothy Arter, and Catherine Goss are going to Wellesley.

Frances Cleland, Clara McAdams, and Annie Jenkins are going to our own University of Omaha.

Nebraska is claiming a good many of our friends. John Fike, Lawrence Ortman, Cullen Root, Lee Huff, Dick Dearmont, Munsen Dale, Eugene Maxwell, and Hugh Carson have registered. Peggy Matthews, Bee Montgomery, Josselyn Stone and Mary Thomas are also there.

Our ex-editor-in-chief, Sol A. Rosenblatt is now enrolled at Harvard.

Barton Kuhns safely weathered the storms of entrance exams at Princeton.

John Sunderland and Wilbur Fullaway of the class of 1916 have enlisted in Naval Aviation.

Dartmouth has taken nine of our boys: Leonard McCoun, Will Nicholson, Clyde Jensen, Clarence Adams, Lansing Brisbin, Robert Booth, Lawrence Hoag, Peter Kiewit, and Herluf Olsen, besides Warren Ege, Clarence Moore and Paul Nicholson who entered the year before. This is the largest number of our boys enrolled in any one eastern college.

Pupils of Miss Landis' and Miss Phelps' French classes are planning to give a French play when the State Teachers' Association meets here in the early part of November.

WAR WORK

Salvation Army! Salvation Army! was all we heard for a while, but we were glad to hear it when we learned that it gave our soldiers "over there" doughnuts and hot coffee. What could be better than being handed a delicious still-hot doughnut and a steaming cup of coffee when one is tired out, dirty, and maybe a little homesick?

The boys say that nothing is better; so the least thing that O. H. S. could do was to dig way down and bring out every cent that wasn't absolutely essential to living. And did O. H. S. do this? It most certainly did. Just about every person at school had the little tag on after the collection.

But don't let us stop at that. There are Y. M. C. A., Y. W. C. A., Liberty Loan, and without a doubt, many other drives coming off in the near future. The thing to do is to start saving now, this very minute. After receiving this *Register*, walk home. Already you have saved a nickel for one of these many drives. Why there are so many things we would so gladly give up for the boys "over there" if we were to see the conditions. Sergeant Baldwin gave us a glimpse, and there were more than one that day that went without their gouts, phosphates, sundaes, or sodas.

Surgical Dressings

We are proud to state that 125 girls are now enrolled in Surgical Dressing classes.

Camp Fire Girls

O. H. S. has many Camp Fire Girls who are very active in various kinds of war work. The latest work in which they are assisting is that of the Belgium flower sale for the relief of Belgium children. They have undertaken the house to house canvass and are very enthusiastic about the work. Another phase of their work is the collecting of tinfoil which has been turned over to them by the Omaha Red Cross Salvage Department. Everyone is urged to save tin-foil, and boxes will be placed in both lunch rooms for its disposal.

The collecting of waste paper to be sold for War Work purposes has not been organized as yet, but the chances are that before long we shall be asked not to crumple note-book paper and to drop it into the box. It would not be a bad idea to follow this plan of not crumpling it now and keep all the paper for such a time. Every little bit helps the good cause.

We have not yet been able to start the Knitting Regiment this year because of the shortage of yarn.
—ZOE SCHALEK '19

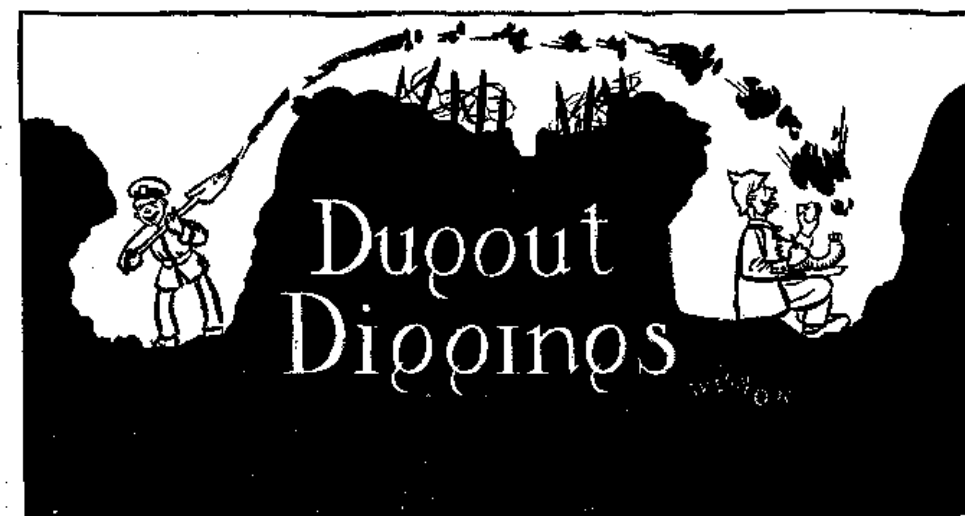
NON-COM'S COMPANY

The importance of having well trained non-commissioned officers has been shown by the recent establishment of non-com schools in the United States for the non-commissioned officers of the army. Therefore, the non-com company has been re-organized this year. The main object of this organization is the improvement of drill in the companies.

PERSHING MARCH

On Pershing's birthday about one hundred far-sighted and fully equipped cadets took part in the parade in honor of our great American General.

Considering the small amount of time spent in preparation, the men upheld admirably the reputation of the Cadet Regiment.



SOME ADVANTAGES OF MILITARY TRAINING IN HIGH SCHOOL

One great advantage of military training is **LOYALTY**. A cadet, after having drilled for a short time, unconsciously grasps this spirit and retains it as a part of himself. Loyalty to his comrades, to his squad, to his company, to his battalion, to his regiment, to his school, becomes a part of his high school life. Their reputation becomes his reputation; their interests, his interests; and their success, his success. He also carries this spirit of loyalty out into the world and makes a much better citizen.

Another important advantage of high school military training, one which all great men desire, is **SELF-CONTROL**. A cadet not only learns the control of his hands, but of all his faculties. It is very easy for one accustomed to military ways, to tell a man who has had military training from one who has not without questioning him or watching him at drill. Such a seemingly simple thing as the manner and position in standing marks one from the other. Nothing is more appalling to the old drill sergeant than the position of a recruit at attention. Head cocked to one side, one shoulder higher than the other, chest sunk in, arms hanging like boards, and whole body swaying back and forth. These defects are all caused by lack of control. The recruit has not been trained to control his muscles and he cannot make them do what he wants them to do. After undergoing a course of training he becomes master of himself.

After the cadet gains control of himself he naturally has another of the advantages; that is, **SELF-CONFIDENCE**. A cadet's self-confidence is founded on his ability to do things. His mastering of the drill brings the realization to him that he can do things. But confidence in doing things is not enough; there must be confidence to meet an emergency. Military drill gives more opportunity to meet emergencies than any other branch of training. In fact, it is full of tasks which must be done under difficulties and at short notice.

Still another advantage is **ORDERLINESS**. There can be nothing worse looking than an untidy soldier or cadet. Neatness is even more essential in a cadet organization than in the army. A cadet learns to keep his uniform spotlessly clean, his trousers pressed and his buckles shining. It is not necessary that he have a perfectly new uniform. An old uniform, clean, properly pressed and equipment shining and white, will pass inspection as well as a new one. A cadet learns this: always **BE NEAT**. —Harold Moore, '19.



The United States Government has adopted athletics, especially field events, as the best means by which our soldiers are rounded into physical trim for the gigantic task which lies before them on the field of battle. Omaha High has always maintained a high standard in all its branches of athletics—football, basketball, track, and baseball. This year, when our government wishes us to keep up our efficiency in all activities, we are eager to turn out first place teams.

One of the most important cogs in our chain is the coach. We are all pleased to welcome our "chief" and friend, Mr. Harold Mulligan, back again; and we feel sure that he will put that "old pep" into the team. A new member of the faculty is with us—Mr. Schmidt, who is a physics teacher and a coach of no mean ability; and, judging from size, he ought to help develop a stonewall line to defend Mully's wizards of the backfield.

The main thought in our minds at the present time is OUR football team and its possibilities for a victorious and successful season. We have six of last year's Missouri Valley Champs back with us; and of course, we expect them to show just as much class this year as last, plus a little more. We have nine of last year's "Rs", who will make the old men hustle to keep their former berths. The new material contains some promising men both among the seasoned and the green men. About eighty huskies turned out in answer to Mully's first call; and, as the fellows are all heavies, we shall have a real beefy team. However, we must not be too optimistic as we have not met our first foe, but we must be boosters as good support will help defeat that first foe.

We have our ever-pushing and ever-boosting friend, Mr. A. J. Wedeking, for athletic director; and he is surely the right man for the right place, as he demonstrated last season. If you have any suggestions concerning advertising, booster meetings, or mass meetings, bring them to him and he will be glad to consider them for the good of the department. We need some good, peppy, snappy yells to go along with a good team. Bring in some good lively ones and have Mr. Wedeking put his O. K. on them.

SUPPORT governs the success or downfall of a perfectly good team. The team needs the personal support as well as the financial support of every student. In order to insure both, buy a Student Association ticket and lend your financial support at the beginning of the season, when it is needed; then come out to the games and lend your personal support, when the team is on the field and it is essential that the fellows receive your encouragement in order to win decisively. Get into the game yourself and back our fellows to the limit. We are going to have a great team. Just boost, cheer, and boost.

—W. W. W. '19.



ODE TO A GOUP

O goup, thou art a wondrous treat;
No dish with thee doth dare compete;
Thou hast the world down at thy feet.
O goup, thou'rt awful hard to beat.

O goup, thou art a grander dish
Than pie or cake, or steak or fish.
O goup, thou art so good and thick,
Full clean my dish I always lick.

O goup, for thee we live and die.
O goup thou'rt all my nickels buy.
O goup, if thou and I should part,
I know full well 'twould break my heart.

—William Campbell, '19.

MODERN MOTHER GOOSE

Sing a song of victory
Our airships up on high,
Couple of million Yankees
To make the Kaiser cry.

Now the Yanks are crushing
The Hun-hordes to the Rhine,
Pershing comes arushing
To dip Wilhelm in the brine.

CUSSING AND KICKING

Said the needle to the stocking;
"I'll stick you thru and thru!"
Said the stocking to the needle
"I'll be darned if you do."

Inquisitive Freshman to Virginia
Leussler, who is assisting him to
register: "Say, what do you teach?"

HELLO, CENTRAL!

Patient Sufferer: The time has come when it is necessary to change a time-honored institution of our beloved Alma Mater. For four long years you have been moved to tears and to laughter by that sagacious "Buck-Bored." But all this is no more.

"Buck-Bored" is gone. No longer shall we be privileged to read the expressions of his genius; no longer shall we have the supreme joy that comes with the perusal of his wit and humor. "Buck-Bored" is dead. (Reference: Annual, 1918, Page 171.)

Yet I came not to praise Buck but to bury him. For, indeed, there is no praise that I might lavish upon him that would be sufficient. Was not the greatest funeral oration since the death of Zenxyphonopolis, written for "Buck-Bored?" Shall we not be content to let him rest?

The real question at hand, however, is the replacing of Buck-Bored. Luckily this is an age of substitutes. It will be patriotic to offer a substitute for Buck. We are sure that you will cheerfully accept this change and that you will sympathize with our poor efforts. We assume that you will view our aspirations with the leniency for which you are noted.

An introduction is hardly necessary since we are already mutually acquainted. You know who we are.

If you don't, you will. We have no apologies to make for our existence. It will be our policy to continue the noble work which our predecessor has so ably started. Indeed, if there should be an upheaval in our gray matter and an occasional new idea should penetrate our impregnable numbskull, then we shall be tempered by the course set out by "Buck-Bored."

Led on by the thought that there is a task of stupendous magnitude before us, a task that compares with the achievement of the little Hollander who stopped the leak in the dike by filling the hole with his finger, we shall labor unceasingly. Cheered by the reflection that we have the support and cooperation of all the worthies of the school, including Art Burnham; and remembering our pledge to the editor to "have the copy ready on time," we consecrate ourselves to filling the gap left by the death of "Buck-Bored."

—Louis Freiburg, '19.

ADVICE FOR FRESHMEN

1. Concerning all puzzling matters, consult the teacher in your home-room period. She makes it her business to be well-informed on the needs of scholars.

2. Remember that lunch checks are purchased in the lunch-room, not in the book-room.

3. No, the articles in the glass cases outside of 215 and 235 are not playthings to be taken into the study hall. Such things should be brought from home. However, the faculty cannot be responsible for them.

4. During the noon-recess hour, confine all games and romping to the proper side of the building, so as not to disturb the slumber of pupils in class.

5. Beware of all Seniors approaching in a jovial or familiar manner.

6. When in the Library, don't ask Miss Shields for books of fairy tales. She would prefer that you hunt for them yourselves as she is very busy.

FROM AN EXAM PAPER

Question—Describe the difference between a chemical, a physical, and any other changes that you have heard of.

Answer—If I tore a part of this exam paper, it would be a physical change. If I burned the piece I had torn off, it would be a chemical change. If I burned the entire paper, Doc Senter would consider it a change for the better.

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Mrs. Atkinson: "Who is the king of England?"

Ruth M.: "George is his first name. His last name isn't in the book, but it begins with a V."

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Miss Towne: "What would a young man in old Venice need most for going a wooing, William?"

Harry Hamilton, (after deep thought): "I don't know what he would have needed then; but if living now, he'd need lots of gasoline."

Miss Paxson, fourth hour: "Decline gingo."

Hungry pupil: "Gingo, gingere, gingerbread, gimme some."

Bones: "The hammock broke with me last night."

W. B.: "Was Bob hurt?"

Life is real, life is earnest,
We must strive to do our best,
And departing leave behind us
Notebooks that will help the rest.

He: "I dreamed last night that I took the classiest queen at school to the prom."

She: "Did I dance well?"

A Freshman stood on the burning deck.

As far as we could learn,
He stood in perfect safety, for
He was too green to burn.

Little words of wisdom,
Little words of bluff,
Make the teacher tell us,
"Sit down; that's enough."

First Fresh, staring at statue of Diana: "Who's that supposed to be?"
Second Fresh: "The Goddess of Liberty, stupid."

"Why does a sculptor die an awful death?"

"Well, why?"

"Because he makes faces and busts."

"Hey, Jimmy, how did those moth balls work?"

Jimmy: "Oh, I tried for an hour and I couldn't hit a bloomin' bug."

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