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The Register

Omaha
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October Number

Volume XXXIII

Number 2

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Number 2



HARD LUCK!

The flu vacation came just at a time when it interrupted the organization of school activities. It has upset the football schedule, interrupted the work of literary societies, has caused the loss of eight good drill days to the regiment, and leaves us to make up four weeks of school work.

In addition to this, many of the leaders in school activities have joined the service. The *Register* staff has lost three members, the football team has suffered, the C. O. C. and Student Association presidents have gone.

It will take hard work and the effort of every student to make a success of the year's activities. We've had hard luck—but hard luck never downed Central.

Buckle to!

Did you ever stop to think that this *Register* is made possible by the business men who are interested enough in Central High to appeal to its students thru the school paper? Reciprocate by giving your patronage to our advertisers, and speak to them of the *Register*.

Central High was unable to show what she could do in the Fourth Liberty Loan, but now we have a chance to put Central over the top in the United War Work Drive. Do your share that we may be proud of Central's total.

We didn't mind the flu vacation while it lasted. But every silver lining has its cloud—the post-flu assignments.

★ HONOR ROLL ★

Lieutenant Peyton C. March, son of General Pershing's Chief of Staff, lost his life in aviation practice at Fort Worth, Texas, February 13, 1918. O. H. S. 1911-12.

Corporal Russel G. Hughes, serving abroad in the 168th Infantry, 42nd Division, Company L, was killed in action, March 17, 1918. O. H. S., '15.

The oldest graduate to make the great sacrifice is Marion Crandell, of the class of 1889. Although she was not a resident of Omaha at the time when she enlisted in canteen service, O. H. S. wants her upon its honor roll. She was killed at the French front by the explosion of a shell, March 30, 1918.

Sergeant Kenneth E. Hatch, '10, died April 23, 1918, while in training with Ambulance Company 335, Sanitary Train 309 at Camp Taylor, Louisville, Kentucky.

While receiving training in the school of Military Aeronautics, Lieutenant Harold C. Kelley of the Aviation Corps at Austin, Texas, was killed at Carruthers Field, Fort Worth, June 20, 1918. O. H. S. 1904-1906.

Cadet William B. Peterson gave his life in the U. S. Air Service in France, July 2, 1918. He received his training with the Aviation Corps of Princeton Training Camp, N. J. O. H. S. 1907-'09.

Sergeant Ellsworth C. Wood of the Bliss Searchlight Unit in France was killed August 9, 1918. He went to France with the 1st Division of the Engineers' Train. O. H. S. 1912-13.

Lieutenant Jarvis J. Offutt, U. S. Aero Squad 22 from Camp Hicks, Fort Worth Texas, was killed in Flanders, August 27, 1918. O. H. S. 1908-10.

Bryan Sackett, '15, died of pneumonia at Great Lakes Naval Training Station, September 18, 1918.

Herbert W. Hatz, stationed at Camp Dodge, Iowa, died of Spanish influenza, September 29, 1918.

"It is rather for us here to be dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion."

LITERARY

ONCE, when Twinkle was nine years old she got something that Uncle Jim called "being off her feed," which meant that she wouldn't drink her milk and was picky at the table, and jumped like anything when any one spoke to her, and was crosser than two sticks if anybody mussed up her paper dolls or lost her place in the book she was reading. Nobody paid much attention to it at first, tho, because I reckon Twinkle wasn't the pay-attention-to kind; as Uncle Jim said, if you *had* to have kids around the house, Twinkle was an A—No. 1 brand, and he'd recommend her anytime. He said she could put it all over any other kid he ever saw for making herself scarce when a fellow wanted to read his evening paper or balance his books in peace, altho she sometimes gave you a doggoned uncomfortable suspicion that she wasn't all there, and for his part, he wouldn't object to her coming down to earth a little oftener.

Anyway, Twinkle's long slim legs kept getting longer and slimmer, and the big black circles under her eyes kept getting bigger and blacker until by and by Uncle Jim said it gave him a haunted feeling just to look at her. He said, too, that he wasn't going to have anything that belonged on the farther shore putting its feet under *his* table, and if what the kid needed was burying, the matter ought to be seen to directly, which was just his way of telling Aunt Angela to call in Dr. Grimes, and she did, too, the very next day.

Dr. Grimes wrinkled up his eyebrows, tapped his cheek with the rim of his eyeglasses, rammed a thermometer under Twinkle's tongue, thumped her chest and stared hard at her for a long time; then suddenly, he growled in such an awful voice that Aunt Angela jumped half out of her chair.

"Get that youngster out in the country and get her there quick, d'ye understand? See that she gets plenty of fresh milk and eggs. Let her have plenty of outdoor exercise! Let her go barefoot! What she needs is to wake up, and find out she's a real live kid in a real live world. And," he added impressively, "if I hear of that young lady reading another book this summer, it'll be twenty-five dollars more on my bill. That's all!" (Dr. Grimes and Twinkle's Uncle John were ever so good friends, you see.)

Twinkle protested desperately that she hated the country—that she hated dirty back yards and people who wore dust caps all day instead of combing their hair—that she couldn't, wouldn't go barefoot and get nasty, gooey mud between her toes; and she wailed that there were cows and worms and toads in the country; and couldn't she take a single book, not a single one? But as far as any visible results were concerned, she might as well have kept still.

Aunt Angela simply sighed resignedly and declared that she might have expected something. She said she didn't see, as long as Twinkle was going to be sick, why she didn't have something sensible like measles or whooping-cough, and have it in a sensible way like other children. She said she wished Twinkle's mother could have the worry of her for a little while, but Uncle Jim held Twinkle's hand tight and said,

"Well, Tommy, old scout" (sometimes—times like that—Uncle Jim called Twinkle, "Tommy," and then she always squeezed his hand hard), "the old place'll seem pretty quiet without you bangin' around;" then he laughed kind of short and funny, and Twinkle grinned, too, because you see, she didn't ever bang around at all really.

Well, Twinkle hated the country just about as much as she thought she would, for more than a week. To be sure things weren't as dirty as she had

expected, and there were five perfectly ducky kittens; but then she couldn't play with them all the time, and the only available children did have such scraggly hair and runny noses. If she only could have something to read she thought, she wouldn't mind anything else at all. After she'd moped around the yard for days and days, tho, she wandered off on an exploring expedition, and that was the beginning of the Great Discovery.

It was this way: the month was May, not May as she sometimes is, but May as she ought to be—all apple-blossomy, and sweet-smelly, and lovely, and Twinkle had wandered clear thru the woods north of the house, and had come our just below the old Beaver Road, a little past the place where the Coon river dikes stop, without seeing *much*, not because there weren't millions of things to see, mercy no, but because she wasn't clear awake yet, only just waking. She hadn't ever known it was like this, so alive; her fairy books hadn't said much about the woods and spring, you see.

Pretty soon, Twinkle thought she heard a sound like a brook or something and, seized with sudden, overwhelming desire to paddle her hands in it, she slipped down and around into a sort of hollow, where sure enough there *was* a little stream, a lost straggling little branch of the Coon—but she didn't see it at all, she had stopped still with clasped hands—transfixed, breathless.

You see, she had wandered into what was known to picnic lovers as Violet Vale, only she didn't know that, of course. There were violets, violets everywhere—dear, pale little young ones and lovely queenly, long-stemmed purple ones—but I'm not going to try to describe the loveliness of it, because I couldn't, not in a thousand years. Even Twinkle had never in her wildest imaginings visioned anything like it.

As soon as she could recover her breath, she gave a long drawn "ooh" of rapture, and plumped herself down flat on her stomach on the ground, and, burying her face in the nearest ones, just lay there, kicking up her heels, and loving them hard. By and by she began to have a lovely, thrilly feeling; and, tho at first she couldn't account for it, pretty soon she knew—the violets were telling her something! She didn't hear it outside with her ears, you understand, but she felt it inside with her soul—and what they told her (Twinkle isn't sure whether they all told it, or just one of 'em, but anyway it doesn't matter), what they told her was something like this:

Once upon a time ages and ages ago, when the fairies were thicker on earth than dandelions, there was one kind of faries busier and nicer than all the rest, and they were called the "Lovely Thot Fairies." There were millions and millions of 'em fluttering around all over, and every time anybody began to look a speck as if he were even *going* to be unhappy, up popped a little thot fairy and put a lovely thot into his heart quicker than scat; and then he'd smile like anything and forget that he ever had intended to be sorry. Ever and ever so often, when a thot fairy put an especially lovely thot into a man's heart, he'd keep it there a while and cherish it, and by and by, it would expand into a beautiful poem or picture or statue or song, and make all the other happy people happier than ever; so you see a whole lot of responsibility rested on the thot fairies, and as I said, they were pretty busy.

After a long time, tho, some how or other, a nasty old giant named "Common Sense" grew upon the earth, and he was dreadfully wicked and banished all the fairies, except the lovely thot fairies, into Nowhere for ever and ever. And the too-bad part of it was that he wouldn't have been able to have banished any of 'em at all if the silly old people hadn't taken his part, because really, he was awfully stupid and blind in both his eyes; only because he was so much bigger than the fairies, the people thot he was nicer, I guess. Anyway, he couldn't banish the lovely thot fairies, as I said before, because they were in the hands of a Higher Power than the other fairies; but he did make it perfectly miserable for 'em, just the same. The foolish, ungrateful people let the old beast lock up their hearts tight, so the lovely thoughts couldn't get in at all,

and then they bustled around all day, groaning and wearing long faces because they were so miserable and unhappy. And the poor little lovely thot fairies just wandered around and around, trying people's hearts and finding 'em locked, and the fairies were as wretched as could be.

Pretty soon the Higher Power, seeing the neglected little thot fairies fluttering disconsolately around, and realizing that it wasn't good for anything not to have something to do, took pity on 'em and changed 'em all, except some who had succeeded in finding refuge in the hearts of a few people who wouldn't toady to the wicked giant, into dainty little flowers and called 'em violets. But no matter what you transform a thing into, you can't ever ever change the heart of it; so when you look way down deep in the tiny gold heart of a violet, and then shut your eyes a while, you can—but there, the violet didn't tell Twinkle that part of the story at all.

Of course, Twinkle thot it was a dandy story though she caught an awful cold and a worse scolding for lying on the damp ground. But those things are neither here nor there; the real point to the affair is that it was what caused her to make he Big Discovery, which was that you didn't really have to have book stories because if you'd just listen hard, things would tell 'em to you themselves, which was nicer anyway, and, as Twinkle said "intimater."

After she made the Big Discovery, Twinkle just couldn't be mopey or lonesome any more, and, if you asked her now, she'd tell you that she never had a happier summer in her whole life before or since. Just the same, though, she was glad when Uncle Jim came to take her home with him in the fall; and, as for Uncle Jim, he just said,

"Well, well, Tommy; so they ran you out at last, did they? What did you do this time, tie those five cat's tails together over the clothesline, or break all the windows? Mind, sir, I'll not stand for any of your monkey shines around my wigwam—not for one minute. D'ye understand?" and he picked Twinkle up and looked her straight in the eye.

"Yeh," answered Twinkle gravely, and then she laid her cheek against his, because, you see, that was just his way of saying he'd be glad to have her back home again.

—JUANITA PRESSLEY, '19.

TO A KITTEN

Fuzzy kitten on the floor,
Wonder what God made you for!
All you do the live long day
Is tumble 'round and purr and play.

First you're falling down the stair
Sprawling four white feet in air;
Now you've found a plaything fine
In a bit of raveled twine.

Laughing, cooing Baby May
Dimples up to see you play,
Tries to clap her hands so wee
With merry little squeels of glee.

You keep her gay the whole day thru
With the funny things you do—
Fuzzy kitten on the floor,
I know what God made you for!

W. T.

BREAKFAST FOODS

Breakfast foods! I have long been wishing for an opportunity to express my opinion on that subject. There are only two classes of breakfast foods; those which require cooking before they can be placed on the table, and those which come ready to serve.

I am fond of ready-to-serve breakfast foods; but owing to several scathing remarks on the part of the men of our family concerning sawdust, shavings, and baled hay, they do not often appear on our table. Shredded wheat biscuits, I think, are the choicest members of the *prepared* class. My earliest recollections of dining cars are of two crisp, brown biscuits (of the baled hay variety), a bowl of finely powdered sugar, and a pitcher of delicious rich cream. Then there are Grape Nuts, with many "reasons" why we should partake of them in great abundance. Some persons prefer Corn Flakes, Puffed Wheat, Washington Crisps, and others; but to me these are an inferior kind, and worthy of little comment.

On the subject of cooked breakfast foods I am somewhat critical. This is especially the case on a cold morning when I have come down stairs unusually hungry to find a dish of oatmeal, a cup of coffee, and a plate of toast for my breakfast. However, oatmeal is not half bad as compared with Cream of Wheat. Cream of Wheat is a peculiar substance, composed of small white particles, which, when cooked, form a pale and uncompromising food. One can neither eat this, nor drink it; therefore, one must swallow it whole. Cream of Wheat is universally advertised. On the advertisements a dark African perpetually displays a steaming dish to a group of delighted, innocent children, who are evidently laboring under the delusion that they are about to receive something exceptionally nice. Whether the children ever get the dish, I do not know, but for their sakes I hope they do not, for they would be sadly disappointed. A brother, or at least a first cousin of Cream of Wheat is Wheatling. Of late, our maid has been offering us this cereal for breakfast. It resembles cream of wheat in taste, color, and shape. No, as a rule I do not enjoy cooked breakfast foods; but on account of the war I have been endeavoring to alter my feelings toward them.

But other persons have entirely different views on this same subject; and they have a perfect right to them, for where would we all be if everyone thought alike? I am afraid that there would not be enough shredded wheat biscuits to go around.

M. L., '19.

SERVICE COLUMN

This new department of the *Register* is to be made up of extracts from letters written by former High School students now in the service. We would be very glad if any readers who have letters containing interesting items would hand them in at the *Register* office so that they can be printed. All letters will be returned to the owners in good shape.

On the Atlantic.

The torpedo destroyers met us yesterday, many of them—really a beautiful sight to see our entire "fleet". We know we're nearing land, but just when or where we've not been told. Here's one place where they can keep a secret. No one is afraid, not even our stewardess who has been torpedoed twice. "It's really not so bad," she says.

EVA O'SULLIVAN.

August 2, 1918.

"I suppose that news of the big drive is old to all of you by this time, but it is going on full swing with us at the present time.

After coming from a rather quiet sector, we were sent up here to hold the line. Well, that was all right but after we had held the line about a week, we received ten minutes notice that the big drive was on and that we were to go over the top. So over we went, and for almost a week it was attack and attack without much to eat and no sleep except what we could catch between lulls in the battle. Our company was very lucky—being in the first wave and got out as lucky as any other company in the regiment. Fritz evidently had a good line on us for the minute we went over his artillery opened up and made No Man's land just one mass of shell holes. With all the shells bursting around and the machine-gun barrage whizzing by, I never thought we would reach our first objective, but I looked ahead and picked out the path where I thought fewest shells fell and so managed to dodge them all. Fritz was (and is) on the run and we had little difficulty in taking the village. After that it was one continual march, through woods and swamps, taking prisoners and pushing Fritz back. A week is about all a division can stand of that kind of fighting and we were relieved and are now back here taking a rest, getting replacements, killing the most of the cooties, etc. etc. There are only two officers now, so things are pretty busy for us. Besides, the other one is a new officer to the company and that means that I do the work. But I don't mind—that's the only thing to do over here, work.

Today is Sunday. I remember last Sunday—'twas the first Sunday that I had been to church for a long time, and it was the first day that we had been relieved and we surely were tired. You know when we are relieved on the advance that way, the relieving division leap frogs right over the old one and the old one settles right down among the ruins to form a reserve in case of counterattack. Well, we were that reserve. Three ammunition boxes and a blanket for a pulpit, and old apple tree for a church, some hymn books that the Y. M. C. A. man had carted along and we were off. Great service!

It is too bad that you can't send any packages these days, for we all surely enjoyed them, but the American Army is really quite an army now—and we would all rather have the war nearer an end than more packages while we are here. Besides we can't buy most things if we get the transportation. And as for the money—at least an officer doesn't know how to spend it. You can't wear good clothes and so often you can't buy anything to eat when you are on the line because it isn't there. No room rent—the good old earth and a blanket is what we have when we are on the line and behind we live in barracks or in billets—government pays the natives a franc a day for an officer's room and a cent per man per day for a barn where the men are.

By the way, we are living the life of Riley now—I have a wonderful room in a beautiful chateau overlooking the Marne. When we came to this town the natives had not all yet returned so we obtained permission to use this chateau. Just to think—a real bed with sheets, haven't seen a sheet since I left the hospital in Toul, where I spent a week with trench fever—real hardwood floors and all that. We have our cooks for our officers' mess and our orderlies right here and we are enjoying life while the going is good. One wouldn't think that there was a war but for an occasional ambulance coming back from the front or a hospital boat coming down from Chateau Thierry or a Red Cross train over across the valley. Here is hoping that I won't have to ride in any of them. Rode up the line the other day and came back in an ambulance in which there were four poor devils, all got caught—and one was raving around so much that we had to strap him down to keep him from falling overboard. He had just been operated on and was slowly coming out of the ether while enroute to the base. I felt sorry for him but we couldn't do anything more.

KENDALL HAMMOND, '13.

SCHOOL NOTES

IN MEMORIAM

Charlton Troxell, who entered this fall from Bancroft, succumbed to the Influenza on October 25. The students of the high school wish to express their sincere sympathy to Charlton's relatives and friends.

Miss Ina Sackett, formerly of the English department of the high school, died, November 10th, of pneumonia at Charleston, South Carolina, where she had been engaged in army service.

ENLISTMENTS

Central High loses a large number of her best boys this month. Harold Eaton, William Wallace, Dave Noble, Don Mahaffy, Ellison Vinsonhaler, Jack Krobs, Roland Jefferson, Allan Clarke, Edmund Peterson, Roger Moore, Harold Payne, James Holmquist, and Richard Reynolds have enlisted in the Ambulance Corps. Walter White and Robert Ingwersen have joined the navy. Wallace Craig has enlisted in the army. Dan Lee Miller, Dienesie M. Sirea, Paul White, and Jules Merle are to be airplane mechanics. Edwin Moser has gone to Detroit as a motor mechanic.

Central High is proud of her boys who have not hesitated to do what they considered their duty. Our best wishes go with them.

VICTORY DRIVE

The United War Work, or Liberty Drive opened the first Wednesday after school began with a series of peppy mass meetings. Mr. Wedeking, Mr. McMillan and Miss Towne are in charge of the drive. Mr. Wedeking and Mr. McMillan are getting at the boys thru the regiment and Miss Towne has organized a regiment of her own of the girls. They hope that every boy and girl in Central High School will be a Liberty boy or girl.

STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION ELECTION

On Wednesday, October 2, the Students' Association held a mass meeting and the following officers were elected: Roger Moore, president; Roland Jefferson, vice-president; Margaret Harte, secretary; Marion Adams, chairman of the reception committee; Robert Wiley and Stuart Sommers, members of the athletic board; and Arthur Paynter and Kenneth Baker cheer leaders.

ABOUT THE MEMBERSHIP CONTEST

The number of members in the Students' Association soared to over twelve hundred by election day. This marked success was due to the Booster's Club Drive.

Lieutenants Gulgard, Cairns, and Wardwell have arrived safely on the other side.

BOY'S WORKING RESERVE

All boys over fifteen years and seven months and under twenty years will register November 14th for agricultural or industrial work next summer under the supervision of the Boy's Working Reserve. Central High boys will register in the south hall.

FACULTY RESIGNATIONS

Mr. Puls has resigned to go to Snelling for a month's intensive training, after which he will be bayonet instructor of the Bellevue S. A. T. C.

Miss Hilliard will spend a semester's leave of absence at her home in South Carolina.

Miss Fullaway leaves Central High for work in the canteen service in France.

Miss Esther Thomas and Miss Jenkins are awaiting passports for foreign canteen service.

DEBATE

Due to the vacation, the debating season this year will be very late. Mr. Puls, the debating coach has resigned to become bayonet inspector of the Bellevue S. A. T. C. An attempt is being made to secure a good coach as soon as possible. The season will probably include debates with South High, Sioux City, Council Bluffs, and Lincoln. The question suggested is, "Resolved: That the Government Should Operate the Railroads after the War."

HEADQUARTERS RUMORS

C. O. C. ELECTION

The first meeting of the C. O. C. was held Friday, September 27. The following were elected officers: Wallace Craig, president; Louis Beindorff, vice-president; Verne Vance, secretary; Marion Adams and Harley Anderson, sergeant-at-arms.

— OUR HERO —

Have you ever seen that dark, grim-faced, fierce, looking fellow lurking around Room 12A in the south hall? Well, that's Captain Powers of our efficient Ordinance Department. Constant association with weapons of slaughter has made Captain Powers a fierce fighting man, but at heart he is very kind and gentle. To look at him he is the last person in the world you would ever imagine to have dreams; but, as he himself acknowledges this to be so it must be a fact. In accordance with his fierce nature he often dreams of being a "fighting doughboy" in the muddy fields of France and has some stirring times. The following dream is of the type often related by Captain Powers:

(Dream opens with Marshall Foch and General Pershing in conference in Paris.)

"How about ze beeg drive tomorrow, eh Jack?"

"Well I hadn't thought much about

it, Ferdinand, but I'll find out if it's possible.

He calls up the regimental Headquarters of the Fighting-Thirty-Third.

"Hello, give me Major Scale."

"Hello, Major Scale, this is General Pershing, find out from M Company Captain whether one Private Powers, No. 1313 is still intact."

"Yes sir."

Ten minutes passes.

"Hello, General Pershing: Major—talking. The captain reports Private Powers absent on a raid into German lines."

"Have the captain send a lieutenant out after him."

Ten more minutes elapse.

"Hello, General, the lieutenant has found Private Powers position, but can't approach within a hundred yards of it."

"Why not?"

"There are too many Huns lying piled around it."

"Send him out again."

Fifteen minutes pass while General Pershing sits breathlessly at the phone.

"Hello, General Pershing—"

"Yes, have you found him."

"Yes sir."

"Still in fighting trim."

"Excellent, sir."

The great General turned to Foch with a sigh of relief.

"We are ready anytime now, sir."

C. O. C. ELOQUENCE AND DIPLOMACY

Off in the mysterious recesses of Room 121 (frequently in the grim language of realism called the "War Office") there meet the C. O. C.—C. O. C. not meaning "Crowd of Cutthroats" or anything like that, but "Cadet Officer's Club."

Now, in the C. O. C. because of its composition and duties, weighty matters and important issues are oft aroused. Of course, in any gathering, be it P. M. U. (Piano Mover's Union) or B. A. S. (Book Agent's Society) an important question will naturally arouse discussion. So the C. O. C., following the usual custom, sometimes has a little civil war; not that it has a "wilful twelve" or a "bolshieviki" but sometimes ye ossifers don't all arrive at the same view point.

Considering this from some angles, it's really a good thing for the C. O. C. member. While of course, not benefited as much physically at a C. O. C. meeting as at a meeting of the Piano Mover's Union, which would, of course, include a fistic conflagration, the officer does nevertheless acquire an astonishing wealth of diplomatic power. This diplomatic power serves as a convenience at some of the meetings in successfully passing some of the terrible crises that arise. A little incident that occurred at one of the recent meetings only goes to show that the C. O. C. is no slouch on the diplomatic stuff.

The meeting was progressing very nicely—in fact like a mill stream—very quiet indeed. All was serene and beautiful, the air betraying no sign of impending danger. Nominations for sergeant-at-arms were in order and the first came something like this:

"Mr. Chairman, I would like to nominate a man who is big, strong, sturdy—a regular Hercules, and able to quell any disturbance that might arise. I nominate Major Adams."

No one took especial notice, realizing perhaps, that it might be well to have a man of this description. Even when a second nominator came forward with something like this:

"Mr. Chairman, believing avoirdupois and brawn a necessity, I nominate a man of the same style—Captain Wyley"—nothing happened. Only, Wyley wanted to know how they got it that he looked like Adams.

But when a third presented something like this:

"I nominate a fellow who, like the one just mentioned, is modelled along the same lines that is, concrete foundation and double strength thruout,—Harley Anderson,"—there was an angry murmur. This was a case of "Enough is enough." In fact, it was too much entirely. If these nominators were picking a football team they would have deserved praise for good judgment, but for officers of a peaceful organization, even tho military, this was a crime. Another like the last and something would have broken loose that might have made a Russian revolution look like a home coming.

But the day was saved by a simple nomination like this:

"Sir, contrary to the usual custom which seems to have grown of late, I wish to nominate a man who can boast of no powerful arms or back, but who, I think, is capable of doing his duty,—Major Pillsbury."

Thus, by simple words of mouth, did one avert a catastrophe. If ever medals are awarded for distinguished conduct, the school's silent heroes should be considered among the first.

The Cadet Regiment was one of the big losers in the recent grand rush to the nation's call. It was hardly a loser either because, having our men accepted for national service speaks well indeed, for the training received. Several captains and lieutenants have volunteered their services either with the Red Cross unit or with other branches.



DUMMY GAME

Our warriors opened the season with what was to be a football game with the Dummies, but what ended in a general retreat of the enemy. At best, the game was only furnishing good scrimmage practice for our fellows, when the Dummies suddenly got the "Flu" and beat a hasty retreat. The Dummies played about twenty minutes when their coach, seeing certain defeat, called his men off the field.

The first blow of Old Man Jinx came to our team on the eve of the South High game when coach discovered that two backfield men were ineligible for the remainder of the season. As a result coach had to choose Campbell, a fast, energetic, quick-thinking player to fill the place of quarter, and after giving him one night's practice, pinned Omaha Hi's hopes of conquering South High on the unknown ability of a man who was wearing the purple and white for the first time.

SOUTH HIGH GAME

October fourth our team, crippled by the loss of two players and by bruises most of the men were nursing, faced the fast, shifty, light South High team. Our fellows had to play straight football from the outset; for with a new quarter, not knowing the signals, no trick plays could be called. Despite stiff resistance put up, Harper, Swoboda, and Noble were able to break thru for short gains. We were all expecting our "Ramrod" to be called back to dent the South High line, but Schaeffer had a sore shoulder and couldn't hit the line. Peters played a heady game at his end as did Konecky also at left end. Logan was right on the job with the passing and showed the ear marks of a great captain. Campbell at quarter played a great game considering the fact that it was his first attempt on the first team.

The first quarter was about an even match with Omaha keeping the ball slightly on South Hi's territory. The second quarter our moleskin toters began to get into action, but thru fumbles and misplays lost the ball at crucial times. The third quarter saw Omaha playing and fighting like veterans, but by a fluke South Hi got away into an open field and planted the brown pill over our line for a touchdown. They were unable to raise their score because of an error in returning the ball. In the last quarter Omaha played a much faster and better game than they had played all afternoon. They made their downs repeatedly and forced the ball within a foot of South Hi's line. With a line smash they carried the ball over, but a fumble cost them a touchdown, and it was South Hi's ball on their own ten yard line. It was then that Peters broke into the limelight by slipping around his end and nailing a South Hi man for a safety. During the remainder of the quarter Omaha played good football but was unable to get from under the yoke because of an inexperienced man at the helm. Score: South Hi, 6; Omaha, 2.

The Council Bluffs, Norfolk, North Des Moines and Sioux City games were called off because of the flu. Sioux Falls also called off their game for the second of November, and it was arranged that the North Des Moines game should be played on that date. Again the team was considerably disorganized

(Continued on Page 13)

FRAGMENTS

By KILOMETERS BURKELEAF AND BURKEHART

Well last issue we run in some cartoons (?), and we didn't have any room for Kilo's chatter (but he got his name in anyhow); so this time we went up to Stryker's Sanctuary and knocked and craved audience. The GGGgreat and Terrible got up on his hind legs, rising to the bottom of his feet and the top of his voice and, with a tremendous burst of silence, admitted us. "Would there be sufficient hosts of Iron Men to face the cost of er-ah another page of illustrations by our Mister Burke hart?" we enthused and also quoathed.

Forsooth, Gadzooks, and Tarrididles but we are getting too ella-, ella-, kwent. Well, anyhow just then Price came in with a \$125(ooo00 I left out the decimal pint, after the 'I, please) ad, and in a moment the sanctuary was in an uproar. So we went away with a feeling of vainness,—no, feeling that our labor had been in vain.

Eftsoons let it never be said we dummed on U so please except this as a token of our right merry esteem.

LONG BOY

He was just a long, lean, lanky geek,
From away out west on Marcy street.
He didn't know what he was drilling for,

BUT HE DRILLED HARD AND HE DRILLED LONG

And now they call him Kernal Moore.

As we take our pen in hand, -n-no our typewriter; naw, evbody knows we couldn't do that. Anyhow, here is a telegram from Ole Doc Cook who has finally reached the Arctic again after having been wounded four times on the other side and once in the back, gassed, bayoneted, torpedoed, blown up and knocked down:

FROM: Doc Cook

TO: Pieces of OHS Register.

SUBJECT: Just bumped into clothesline in the dark.

Expect to discover the pole shortly.

La RUE De NOISETTES MYSTERIE

Scantlingham Pavingstone was dead. The Man with the Pink Cab-roilet had killed him. Of that there was no doubt. I had seen it MEME. The Man always ate alone and at the Pig'n Whistle. Always the same choice VIANDS, fried Fricasees and Table d' Hotes. For days I had been following him, watching for any false move on his part. Finally I was rewarded one day; he had changed his menu to an A la Carte which he hastily seized and devoured.

When he had done, he left immediately. Calling a taxi, I followed him near and far, also hither and yon. At length his Fierce-Sparrow halted before a tumble down MAISON. My Rolled-Rice glided up just as he slid thru the door, but for once luck was in my favor; he had forgotten to tip his chauffeur.

'Fiend', I cried, 'you are caught at last in the hard and horny hand of the law. Confess!'

Whimperingly he slithered up to my side and sobbed, 'Yes, I did it; but I am glad, for he deserved it. He stole my STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION TICKET!'

DROLL INCIDENTS

Pillsbury drilling furrreshmen tother day: Don't make such awkward motions. You seem to be a little stiff.

Furrresh: Aw, so er you.

Pvt. Perry Scope: Ere, whut did yuh call me a blinkin' idjit in front of the Colonel for? ?

Peters: S'no secret, is it?

FRAGMENTS ANNEX

SOLDIERS LETTERS

Well, Kilo, one of the burgs along the line here is where Jonah Vark was born when she was alive. It seems France was mixed up in another war along about 100 yrs. ago and they was getting licked and Jonah was just a young girl but she dressed up in mens clothes and went up to the front and led all the charges with a white horse and she carried a white flag and the Dutchmens or whoever they was fighting must of thot it was a flag of truants and anyway they didn't fire at them and the French captured New Orleans and

win the war. The Botches is trying to pull the same stuff over on our boys now and lots of times they run up and holler Conrad like they was going to give up and when your back is turned they whang away at you, but they won't pull none of that stuff on me and when one of em tries to Conrad me I will perculate them with a bayonet.

Yours for 4th Loan:

ALF—A. E. F.

Say, this is the first anniversary of Burken bucks famous lil page, aint it?

(Continued from Page 11)

by the loss of two stars, Dave Noble, our crack full-back who enlisted in the Ambulance Corps, and Edwin Moser who has enlisted as motor mechanic. Shanahan was declared eligible once more, and filled Noble's place at full for the Des Moines game.

The husky green and blue squad from North Des Moines High was on deck at Rourke Park Saturday afternoon, and surely gave a good account of itself. As a preliminary to the big game, the Central High Reserves showed up in true form, taking the Commerce team into camp to the tune of 47-0.

The North Des Moines fellows played a clean, first class grade of foot ball and thruout the four stanzas kept the Purple and White on the defensive. At the first formation it was evident that our fellows would have to fight an uphill game, as that Iowa line appeared like a stone wall, and it proved itself to be the same. Thruout the game our light backfield men tried to pierce the Iowan's line, but could not get thru consistently or for any great gains. Harper at half, was able to wriggle thru for a couple of fair gains, but his fellow back field men were unable to follow up his lead and the ground was lost. Schaffer was called back once and showed some of his old form by denting North's line for a small gain. "Hob" Turner was right on the job with his tackling and Swoboda, altho light played a fast, snappy quality of football. Shanahan at fullback played a star game, twice making tackles which prevented touchdowns. He played a good offensive game, but the opponent's line was too stiff for him to break. Logan, at center, did some mighty fine work. Campbell handled his men in good shape, but was handicapped by the fact that the Iowans outweighed Omaha so much that he couldn't call for a play that was good for a substantial game.

North scored her first touchdown early in the first quarter, and from that time on had things her own way. Omaha was never nearer than thirty yards to the Iowa goal line. During the third quarter Omaha attempted to stage a comeback, and by hard fighting prevented a score, but was unable to take the ball into North's territory. At the close of the fourth quarter the score stood 40 to 0, with the odds against us. Our fellows put up a game fight, but were simply outclassed.

A letter, commending the excellent appearance of the cadets in the Ak-Sar-Ben parade, was received from an official of the Ak-Sar-Ben.



THE WRECK OF THE BREAD-LINE

It was the cafeteria
That once gave bread out free;
And the students took advantage
Of this gratis luxury.

Then up spake the Manager, Miss
Fullaway
Of experienced, culinary eye;
"We must prevent this waste of bread.
The prices are so high."

Down came the ban and struck amain
The students in its strength
The bread-line paused in agony,
Then shrunk its entire length.

Oh, Hope, I hear the sound of guns,
Oh, say, what may it be?"
"'Tis the Yanks destroying all the
Huns
That bread may soon be free."

TRAGEDY

Geraldine dropped her eyes to the floor as
Henry burst into the room. His face length-
ened rapidly, and she finally pierced him with
a glance. As his laugh rose and fell, she
dropped her jaw and her voice broke.

Fresh: "Mother, this book says Washing-
ton, Jefferson, and Madison are our fore
fathers; who was the fourth one?"

Kid brother: "What do you do at school
all day?"

Pauline C.: "Oh, nothing."

Kid brother: "Then how do you know when
your thru?"

ALAS!

We mortals have to swat and shoo
The flies from dawn to dark,
'Cause Noah didn't swat the two
That roosted in the ark.

Shell Shocks

HELLO, CENTRAL!

Patient Sufferer:

Again I come before you, this time
not to bury someone, but to cure all.
I come not as an undertaker, but as
a doctor.

Now that the "flu" germ is quite
harmless, we may with impunity
discuss its shortcomings and tenden-
cies. The flu germ, according to
Dr. Whoozis, a specialist in his line
(being known professionally as the
scientific species specially sponsored
since seventy-six by pained people,
prescribing pink pills in purple pack-
ages), is a microscopic germ of no
dimensions, which has a tendency to
thrive in damp, cold weather. He
says that the "flu" germ is especially
dangerous to robust persons and to
those affected with inflammatory rheu-
matism.

On the other hand, Dr. Whoozat
(Also a specialist, being privy pro-
fessor possessing Pete's priceless pain-
less pills, curing corns, consumption,
cuticure, and cutting cuticles) says:
"Flu germs are harmless things which
are easily discernible to the naked eye.
They thrive in dry, warm weather,
and have a tendency to affect thin,
weak persons."

Both of these worthies, however,
unite in praise of the "flu" mask.
The "flu" mask is a piece of derelict
white gauze which is bound around
the nose and mouth. If worn correct-

ly, the mask can easily choke a
person to death.

The real purpose of the flu mask is
not to choke the patient, but, on the
authority of Dr. Enyphool, to dis-
guise so completely the physiog-
nomerical character of the victim so
as to render him immediately imper-
ceptible to the voracious, cituperous,
vicious, and vivacious vision of the
garrulous, gormandizing, greatly gal-
vanized germ.

Following is an extract from the
Cyclofeedia Bricklayeria: "Flu is a
disease originally communicated by
carrier pigeons sent from Noah's
Ark. These birds, sent on a perfectly
peaceful mission, flew and flew and
flew and flew and flew; until the
star reporter of the *Daily Sneeze*, in
writing this up, ran out of "e's" and
"w's," and printed "and flu." This
influenced the birds so that they
flu into the ark again thru the flue;
and the result of this influ(x) was
so influential that Noah flew in a rage
and became so weakened from this
that he was easily a victim to the
ferocious, phantasmagorious, furtive,
fickle flu fiends.

Knowing the origin of the disease,
let us now take inventory of its effects.
The pestilence is put in the Hall of
Shame together with Broken Boilers
as a means of obtaining vacations for
poor, provocative pupils playing piti-
ful parts by painfully participating
in long lessons learned laboriously
thru weeks of weary, wasteful work.

However, the greatest crime per-
petrated upon the populace by this
pestiferous plague is the pathetic
pun: "He opened the window and
Influenza."

SELAH!

But Harley Anderson has one
even worse than this.

Says he, "I opened the door, you
know, and income tax."

Due to an injured knee incurred on the
gridiron by Beef Adams, the step in the
Ak-Sar-Ben parade had a sort of rocking
motion. By the time it was passed down to
Price's cadetlets in Co. E. the step had a
cradle-like effect.

"Huh!" yelled a spectator, "they sure have
that lullaby motion down pat."

FASHION NOTES FROM THE FRONT

"Where are you going?" asked one rookie
of another.
"Going to the blacksmith shop to get my
tin hat reblocked."

ADVICE TO A SOLDIER

"Remember, my son," said his mother as
she bade him good-by, "when you get to
camp try to be punctual in the mornings,
so as not to keep breakfast waiting."

Laugh and the world laughs with you,
Get caught and you leave the room

"Give me a drink!" Orlando cried

"Of water would I sup."

The youth replied, "No, not from here,
For this is Bessie's cup."

"I am honored much!" Orlando cried,
And when the water he had downed,
"Is Bessie your sister?" now quoth he—
The youth replied—"No, she's just my
hound."

Mr. Masters: "Don't you ever sweep under
the carpet?"

Janitor: "Yes, sir, I always sweep every-
thing under the carpet."

Mr. Woolery: "Did you ever take trig-
onometry before?"

Stryker: "No, pneumonia left me this
way."

WARNINGS TO GIRLS

Don't put these jokes too near your face,
Or you'll be blown to chowder;
It's dangerous to place dry things
So near a store of powder

Father: "Why doesn't that young man of
yours join a freak show?"

Daughter: "Well, I'm sure when I passed
the hall last night I saw two heads on his
shoulder."

If you don't like these jokes

And their dryness makes you groan,

Just stroll around occasionally,

With some good ones of your own.

A TOUCHING APPEAL

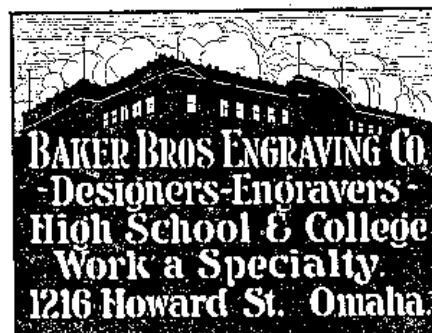
J. S. Sr., N. Y.

S. O. S., R. S. V. P., P. D. Q.

So close, so close the faces drew
The lips had touched before they knew,
And 'ere they parted in disgrace
She left a stain on the mirror's face

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A CULINARY DITTY

I
You've heard about the latest kind
of cooking?
In little paper bags; it's quite the
craze.
My wife has got the fever
And I swear I'll have to leave her
If she doesn't stop her paper-cooking
ways.

CHORUS

Oh it's not the paper bags that I ob-
ject to.
It's her method that's so very, very
crude;
For the paper bags she uses
Are all made of Daily Newses,
And the print boils off and comes out
on the food.

II.

There's a breach of promise case upon
the mutton.
There's a murder right across the loin
of pork.
You can read about the navy
On the surface of the gravy,
While the spinach gives the latest
from New York.

Chorus— III.

Last Sunday night instead of having
reading,
We had pictures from the Sunday
Comic News,
There were photographs of actors
And of famous benefactors,
And the very latest panoramic views.

Chorus— IV.

We had Forepaugh's elephants upon
the jelly;
Upon the cheese, an acrobatic group.
But what really took the biscuit
Was Mary Garden on the brisket,
With a picture of Salome in the soup.

Chorus— —R. G.

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