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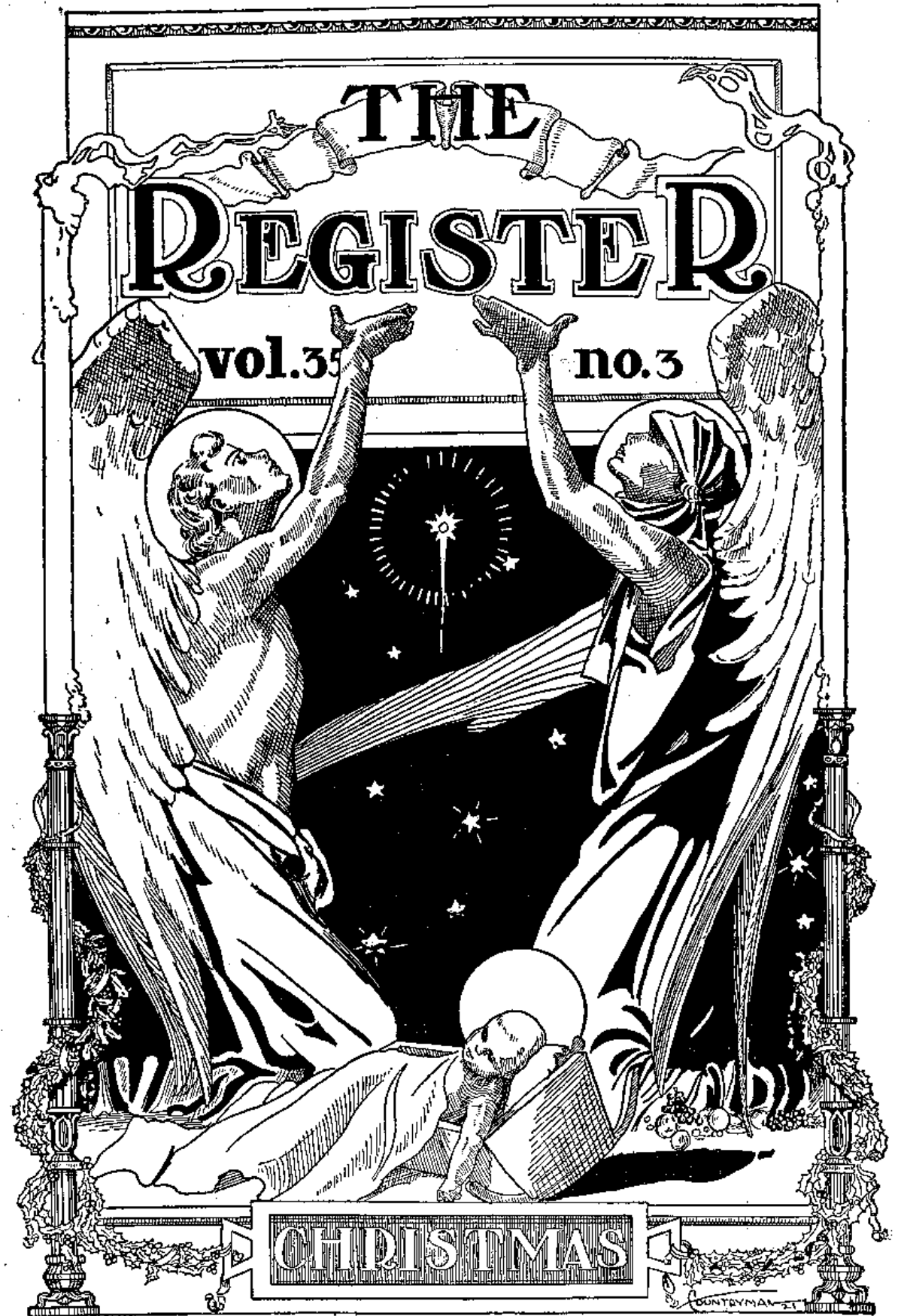
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# HIGH SCHOOL REGISTER

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

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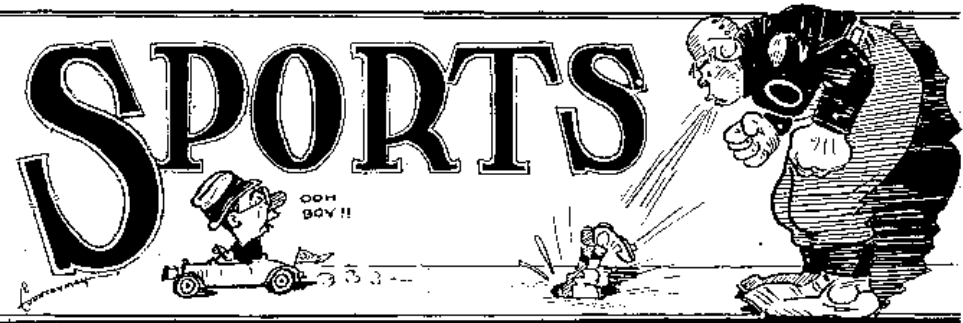
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# SPORTS



## DEDICATION

To Coach Mulligan and to his faithful team of football warriors who have worked hard, fought to a finish, and forever upheld the standards of the Purple and White, this issue is dedicated as a small token of appreciation for their service to the school.

## CENTRAL BEATS LINCOLN

Revenge is sweet! Central, after two years of defeat in every line of sport by Lincoln, has at last put the Purple and White above the Red and Black. It all happened at the swimming meet held at the Athletic Club on November 18th.

The Central relay swimming team, consisting of D. L. Dimond, Scofield DeLong, John Robertson and Edward Thoman, Jr., took first honors in the state championship 200-yard relay. Other teams entered were Creighton High and Lincoln High. The Central team swam a consistent race, and was in the lead at all times. Creighton took second place, with Lincoln a close third. Don Coons, swimming last for Lincoln, made the finish exciting by gaining about ten yards on the Creighton man, and losing second place by only a foot.

The Central quartet is without doubt the fastest team in the state. Dimond and Thoman showed up especially well in other events, each winning a club championship. Dimond's was the 100 yard swim, and Thoman's was the 50-yard backstroke. DeLong also placed in several events.

F. W. B. '21.

## FOOTBALL PLAYERS IN PERSON

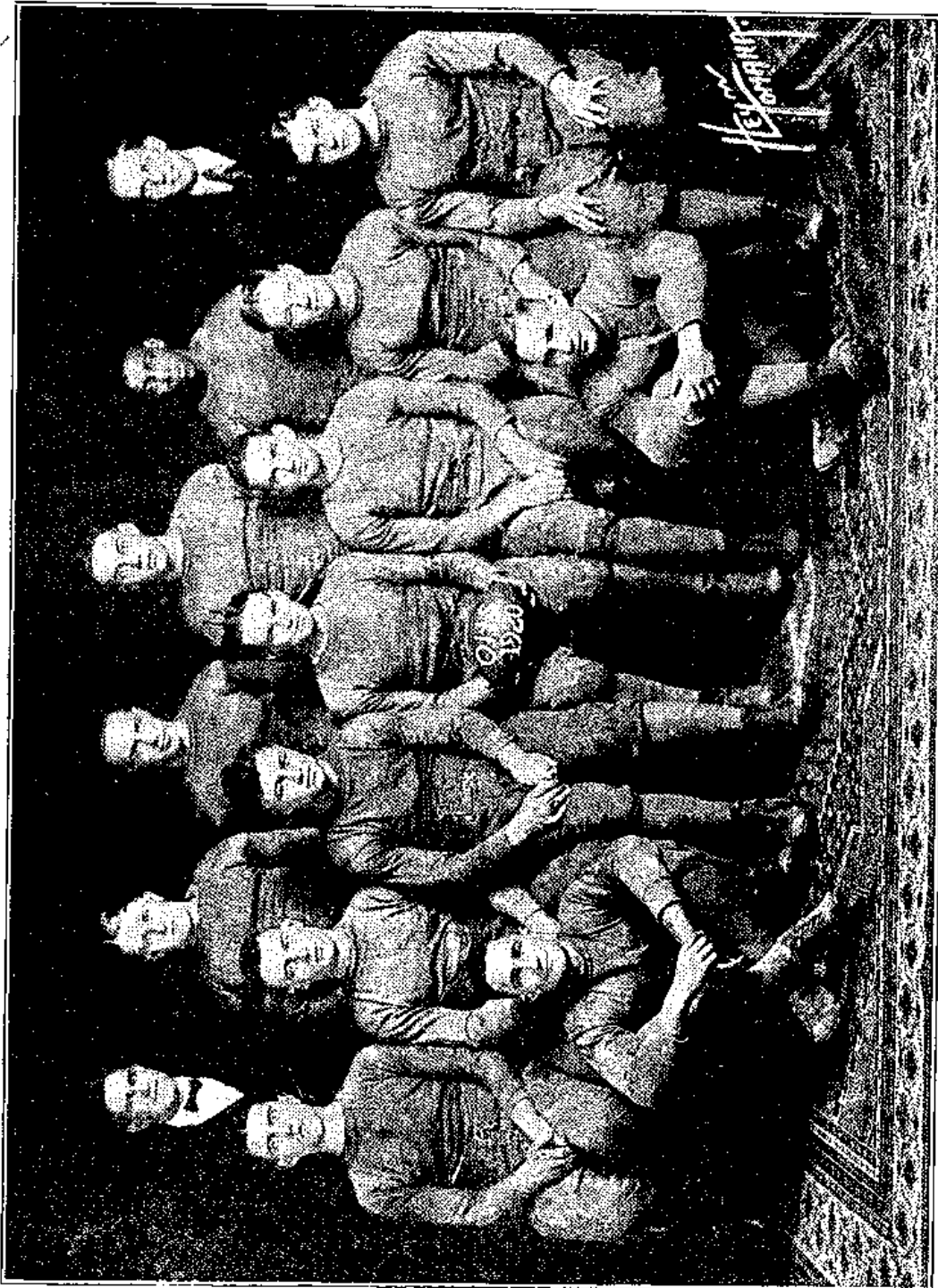
Captain William Campbell—"Pete"—A heady quarterback who was looked up to by his men, and who was there with the dropkicks.

Beryl Meston—A hard hitting fullback who always gave everything he had in practice and in the games. A good man for our next captain.

George Smith—"Smitty"—A level head who always knew the game and the part he had to play. A bundle of nerve and a demon at hitting the line.

Ray Clement—Small, but oh my! how he could gather the passes out of the air.

CENTRAL HIGH FOOTBALL TEAM, 1920



Lisle Hoerner—"Squink"—The fellow who was always on the ball. A player of great ability.

Clark Morris—The longest man on the team, always on the job.

Lloyd Good—The best singer on the team, with a voice like an eagle. How he could toss long passes!

Harold Stribling—"Cupie"—A man with lots of beef and a football player of no small ability.

Ledruue Galloway—The best tackle on the team. A player of all-state caliber.

George Benolken—"Beno"—A good football player, a big man in school, and with the girls—"You know me Al!"

Thorval Berg—"Bergie"—A new addition to our school and our team. A fighter to the last inch.

William Clarke—"Bill"—A man who always played his best. A comer for next year's team. F. W. B. '21.

### CENTRAL 33—ST. JOSEPH, 7.

The Central High School football team brought the season to a successful close by beating severely the St. Joseph grid eleven 33 to 7 at Rourke Park on Thanksgiving day.

The first score was made after two minutes of play when Meston carried the ball over on the third play made by the Central backs. This was done without a signal. Clement kicked goal. Meston made another touchdown about five minutes later on a trick play. Clement again kicked the goal.

In the second quarter the Central team recovered a St. Joseph fumble, and after several line plunges, Clement carried the ball over the line and kicked goal. In this same period Meston and Clement each broke away for fifteen yards, placing the ball within striking distance of the goal. Campbell made the score. Score first half, Omaha 27, St. Joseph, 0.

In the third period Captain Campbell came to the front by making two neat dropkicks. One was from the 20-yard line, and the other was from the 40-yard line. Toward the end of the game St. Joseph opened up a neat passing game and scored a touchdown on a pass from Nichols to Stuben. Kinnamon kicked goal.

Captain Campbell was the star of the game. His kicking and long end running was the feature of the game. Meston and Clement played their usual stellar games. Smith, although handicapped by an injured ankle on the first play, played his position like a veteran. Good and Berg starred on the line. Nichols and Perry showed up well for St. Joseph. Following is the lineup.

OMAHA	ST. JOSEPH
Benolken.....l. e.	Henderson (C)
Berg.....l. t.	Kinnamon
Morris.....l. g.	Lucas
Hoerner.....c.	Peters
Good.....r. g.	Stropp
Stribling.....r. t.	King
Clarke.....r. e.	Stuben
Campbell (C).....q. b.	Wyatt
Clement.....l. h.	Perry
Smith.....r. h.	Nichols
Substitutes: Meyers, Swenson, Green.	

### QUESTIONS WE'D LIKE ANSWERED

1. Why do the girls all fall in love with the members of the team who get hurt?
2. Why does it always take us so long to make up our minds to cheer for

the person who has been hurt on the opposing team?

3. How does a football man feel when the game is held up for a while so that several buckets full of water can be poured over his face to make him stay awake during the rest of the game?

4. Why aren't there pockets in football suits so the boys could have a place to carry their handkerchiefs? Ex.

### A REVIEW OF THE 1920 FOOTBALL SEASON

Upon looking back over the football season which has just ended, it is found that although the Purple and White team lost most of its games, the season has been a decidedly favorable one. The team has scored 18 more points than its opponents, even though it won only three out of nine games.

The team showed such an improvement in the last two games that the whole school ought to congratulate Coach Mulligan for the excellent work he has done with a squad of green men. The team that played the games with Norfolk and St. Joseph was a team of seasoned men who knew the game, and who were out to redeem themselves before the eyes of the school and the public in general for their poor showing earlier in the season, and they did. Anyone who saw the last two games will be satisfied that the team of 1920 did their part in upholding the traditions of Central High, by putting the Purple and White on the athletic map of the state.

The team was without doubt the cleanest bunch of football players in the state. In five straight games the team was not penalized a foot, and in the other games the penalty was for short distances because the men were too anxious to get off on the play.

The team of 1920 will go down in history as showing the greatest development of any team of Central High.

Following are the scores of all the games of the year.

Central 0, South High 7.
Central 38, Council Bluffs 0.
Central 3, Commerce 26.
Central 7, Sioux City 13.
Central 7, North Des Moines 21.
Central 0, Beatrice 31.
Central 6, Lincoln 19.
Central 48, Norfolk 0.
Central 33, St. Joseph 7.

Total—Central 142, Opponents 124.

F. W. B. '21.

### THE HAVEN (For those who sleep)

With due apology to E. A. Poe.

Once upon a study hour dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,  
Over many a dry and difficult volume of language lore,—  
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,  
As some one rapping, rapping on the study floor.  
" 'Tis some paper-wad," I muttered, "dropping on the study floor—  
Only freshmen, nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,  
"Sir," said I, "or madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;  
But the truth is, I was napping, and so gently you came tapping,  
tapping at the study floor,  
That I scarce was sure I heard you"—here I looked from book of lore:  
Teacher there, and nothing more.

Skillabooch.



# Literary

## MR. BURKE—STOCK BROKER

The Mid-West is an imposing hotel of a Wyoming oil town. Sunk into the green velvet depths of an easy chair in the marble-pillared lobby of this hotel is Mr. Harry Burke, a stock broker. He is a short, heavy man of middle age. He has a full red face, and his lips have a purple tinge to them. His eyes are small, shrewd, and steel grey. He has not the good-natured expression of most fat men. His clothes, on any other man, would not be flashy, but on him they are so. The finishing touch is a large diamond solitaire, which glitters on his hand. He is slouched way down into the chair. His knees are crossed, and his head is help up by the chair back. In his hand is a huge expensive cigar. Occasionally he takes a puff at it and lets the smoke slowly escape through his puffy lips. He is looking at a pretty girl at the desk and wondering why his wife does not look like that. After a while he pulls from his pocket a paper which he had previously folded to the oil exchange. He studies the market report, especially that of the company of which he is a promoter. When he has done so for ten minutes, he stuffs the paper back into his pocket, looks at his watch, and leisurely saunters over to several other men. They talk a few minutes and then go into the grill room for their lunch.

## DREAM OF A FLAPPER

Well, everything is ready now for tonight, and here I am, sitting in the big, padded chair, wondering what I shall get for Christmas. There are so many things I want that I know I shall never get. Oh, I'm so tired,—

I don't know what to do or say, I got so many, many things for Christmas. Rows and rows of party gowns in my closet, and feather fans of all colors! And shoes! I always used to want more shoes than I had—but that was a long time ago. Now I have dozens of pairs. And new books, and stacks of movie magazines lying around, only I haven't a speck of time to read them. Oh, I'm so happy! I have a purple Packard touring car, and a little green Stutz racer, and a big tan Cadillac sedan. Listen! There's Paul Biese playing in the other room. That's not a record, either. It is Paul himself, and his real orchestra. This is the life, all right. Any time I feel in the mood for music, I merely say the word, and Ted Lewis, or Art Hickman or Louisiana Five, or All Star Trio come a-running. Oh! What a shame! I spilled chocolate on my pretty dress. I blame it on the jazz—not that I care about a single dress, any way. Boys! Rows and rows of the *best*-looking boys, and they're all crazy about me! Wonderful dancers, too, every one of them. Really, though, it gets embarrassing sometimes,—so many of them, you know. I feel hot. Let's go for a ride. Speed! Isn't it the most glorious sensation? But look! That little girl! Go back, little girl! Oh, what shall I do? I can't stop! Oh, did I hit her?

Oh! I'm glad I'm here, in this chair, and not driving a purple Packard. That was a horrid dream. I want to forget it, quick. What's this in my lap? I'll open them. See! A wrist watch, and a kodak. I am perfectly contented.

H. H.

## JOHN HENRY HUNTS A FLAT

Clara J. (who is the Real Thing—the Proposition in Peaches, by the way, and who become my fifty-fifty for life the other day)—as I say, Clara J. went through the newspapers looking for apartments, and at the end of the week she had picked 219 winners.

One bright day Mother, Clara J., Tacks, and I sauntered forth for the purpose of finding a janitor tame enough to live in the same house with. (Tacks, by the way, is Clara J's small brother. His company name is Thorndyke, but they call him Tacks for short, because he is sharp, and hard to sit on).

"A sweet little nest of our own," was the way Clara J. put it, but mentally I put the foot to that nest and pushed it out of the tree. A nest, forsooth. Not if I saw it first. I had a friend once who built a nest in a Harlem flat, and three months later a strange bird flew in and eloped with his wife. So me for a dug-out with a Yale lock on the front gate—always. The first palace we entered bore up bravely under the name of "Heliotrope Hall." I suppose they had sprinkled that name over it so as to counteract the effects of the stiff fight a soap factory was putting up four blocks away.

"Heliotrope Hall" was all right, but it wouldn't do. The janitor showed us through a collection of horse stalls on the third floor, and when I asked him if he knew any place around there large enough to hold a table and two chairs he blew out his cylinder head. The janitor told us there were only three dark rooms, and when I told him that three was too many for us and not quite enough for a photographer, I thought he'd bite me.

In the meantime Tacks was out in the hall cutting his initials on the dining-room door with a penknife. Tacks always manages to leave a wide, white wake behind him as he sails through life.

Our next guess was a high bundle of stone tied up with strings of white windows and called "The Daisyora." Wouldn't that name make your pulse beat faster?

I've often wondered how apartment houses and Pullman cars manage to do business under the burden of the bitter names that are thrust upon them. Fancy a big slob of a car rolling through the country with the name "Babyetta" painted all over it. I should think it would want to crawl in a tunnel and never come out again.

The janitor of the "Daisyora" was made up to look like a walrus.

When I told him what we were looking for he showed us two tusks and led the way to the elevator. That fellow had the softest voice I ever heard. Every time he spoke it sounded like somebody hitting a fat squash with a paddle.

After the janitor had shown us through the cubby-hole he said that no children were allowed there.

"Why not?" I said. "It looks nearly large enough."

Then he ran the tusks out again and we quit him.

Three blocks away we anchored for a few minutes at a bungalow called "The Duleydooza." A colored bell-boy met us at the door and dared us to come in. We were offered a flat on the fifth floor, but the walls were so close together I told them they'd better save it. It might be a success as a place to press autumn leaves, but never as a place to live in, unless the tenants went through life standing up.

Tacks took a knob off one of the doors as a souvenir, and we wended our weary way.

At last we found one that my wife said was a dream. I let her sleep. It was a jeweled joint with seven rooms and a landlord. There were self-folding doors and hot and cold gas in every room. The gas meter had ball-bearing axles and was guaranteed to exceed the speed limit set by the law. The dumb waiter was so lazy that every time it went to work it let out a yell of mortal agony, and the floors were sound proof against everything but noise.

The outlook provided a superb view of the uncompleted Subway, with blasting from 8 to 9, explosions from 12 to 2, and malaria at all hours. However, Clara J. took a violent fancy to the cage, and in order to show her that her love was reciprocated the janitor pinched my gloves. Oh, maybe he wasn't the lad with the loud lingo. As soon as we butted in he picked Mama out as a steady listener, and he led her through a field of prose where the large, fat words grew in rich profusion. When a child he must have pushed a pocket dictionary under his scalp, for he had the largest collection of homeless language I ever listened to.

"You will notice, ma'am," he chattered on, "that the builder was very essential in obtaining large rooms so that the tenants might confirm to their comfort. Yes, ma'am; they's stationary washtubs in the kitchen; and you will notice, ma'am, that the wainscoting in the dining-hall is percolated so as to inflict itself necessarily upon the harmony of the decorations you may select. Yes, ma'am, it is all open plumbing."

Clara J. took me by the arm and led me through the condensed catacombs, pointing out to me the objects of interest along the route.

"This room," she said, stepping into a niche in the wall, "we'll fix up for your den."

"It might make a good den for a squirrel, but not for me," I said, "Why, there's scarcely room to growl in a den like this."

"Nonsense, John," she laughed. "There's plenty, plenty room."

"That's because it hasn't been papered," I explained, and then we moved on the next stand.

"Why, what a cute little dining-room," she exclaimed rapturously.

"It is cute," I said. "It looks like a mousetrap."

The dining-room was just about large enough for two people and a bottle of pepsin.

The janitor turned on his current again. "This, Maddum, is one of the most conducive dining-rooms that has ever been desicated for the essential comfort of the tenants. The builder disemployed much deliberation in the plan of these apartments. Yes, Mem, they's an electric football under the table, which is very essential to the servants."

"I rather like the place," said Clara J's mother. Then to the janitor: "Is it a pleasant neighborhood?"

"Delicious, Maddum, deliriously so," he replied. "They's a swell beer garden only three blocks away for them as likes their toddy in public, and the police station is only four blocks East."

I thought that speech would cure Clara J., but she was still in dreamland. The place pleased her, —and with the exception of the janitor's vocabulary certainly was the best cellar we'd found so far, and I was game to hang up my hat there if she was. Clara J's mother and I trooped into the sitting-room to discuss the situation, and I was down on the floor getting the diameter and circumference of the room with my thumb when the janitor rushed in.

"Well," he said breathlessly, "I'm glad that your discretion has resulted so pleasantly."

I thought he meant me, so I apologized for picking holes in the floor with my thumb.

"Your apology is untakeable," he answered. "Since you have decided to acquire the apartment that is the necessary essential."

"What makes you think we've decided to take it?" inquired Clara J.

"The little boy who is with you," the janitor said gravely, "By some mysterious concern he secured my hatchet, and for fifteen minutes past he has been chopping down the wood-work in the butler's pantry, which is at times fatal to the building. But, of course, since you decide to take the apartment the damage is immaterial only to those who are essential by living there."

"Go," I said, "and tell that boy we've rented the apartment, but we're not going to take it away in a basket."

Tacks, with his little hatchet, had found a home for us.

Adapted by J. M. Watt, from *John Henry*.

### THE POETIC FOOTBALL TEAM

There was great excitement in the town of Poetville during one brisk day in late October. The town was decorated everywhere, with streamers of azure blue and blood red, colors of the Heathen School for Poets. Groups of students stood around the campus cutting capers and giving snappy school yells. Little Bobby Burns dressed in red trousers and a blue shirt was perched upon the shoulders of Bill Wordsworth and Ed. Burke, leading the yells. He was the official cheerleader of the school. There was to be a game of football in the afternoon, and the school spirit was being aroused.

That afternoon the grand stand of the Heathen football team was crowded with students yelling and singing under the direction of Bobby Burns, who with many fantastic motions capered at the foot of the grand stand. Finally, in a rush of red and blue, the team made its first appearance on the field. The noise was terrific.

Bill Shakespeare, the flashy Englishman, was leading the eleven at quarterback. He was famous for his ability to cheer the players and usually led them to victory. He could carry the ball down the field like a tempest, and scattered the opposing players right and left.

Johnnie Milton shone at fullback. Since he had lost his eyesight, he had developed such a keen sense of hearing that he could elude most all opposing tackles, and the way he hit the line made the opposing players think of *Paradise Lost*.

Burke, the redoubtable Irishman, was at one half, while "Lilliput" Swift was at the other. Burke was a great help to the team because of his ability to argue with the referee. He had made many points for the team by argument. He would always try to conciliate the umpire to his way of thinking. "Lil" Swift was an eccentric player. In one game he would think he was playing against pigmies and play like a demon, while in the next game he would think he was playing against giants and then not gain an inch.

For ends we have John Bunyon and Joey Addison. John would progress down the field faster than any other or pilgrim to come. Addison played half-heartedly and often wished he were a spectator.

"Fat" Goldsmith and Bill Wordsworth were the tackles. Bill played a poetic game, but very often was knocked out and wandered around the field lonely as a cloud. Ollie Goldsmith, the victor of Wakefield, played a steady game. He earned his name because it was through him that the poets defeated Wakefield Uni.

Sam Johnson, the fat, huge center was the individual star of the game. When he spread out his mighty carcass, no one could get through the line. He always received first service from "Food" Boswell, the water boy.

This team has a queer way of calling signals. If Bill Shakespeare wanted "Tank" Milton to go through center, he would call "*Comus*," or if he wanted to send him around right end he would say, "*L'Allegro*," or around left end he would say "*Il Penseroso*." For a pass he would say "*Skylark*" or "*Waterfowl*," or any poem relating to the heavens or birds.

It is needless to say the Poetic team won that afternoon. The whole team began to recite poetry, and the other team was so astonished that they could do nothing but stand gaping at their opponents. Also the grey-bearded poets won the inter-Poetic university's championship by their queer and strategic methods.

Harry Haykin, '21.

# THE REGISTER

THE REGISTER WISHES ITS SUBSCRIBERS AND FRIENDS  
THE MERRIEST KIND OF A CHRISTMAS AND  
HAPPINESS AND PROSPERITY IN THE COMING YEAR.

## ATHLETICS

Athletics in Omaha Central High School have fallen below their standard. Beginning in 1918 our teams commenced to slump. From the Missouri Valley Championship football teams in 1916 and 1917, we have fallen, until now we are rated as having a second class team. These facts are true in regard to basketball, baseball, and track. We have, however, never had a championship basketball team. Now what is the reason? The one and only reason we have fallen is this: students in our high school are too greatly interested in social affairs to sacrifice their time and energy for athletics. We have a good coach, good equipment, and a fair place to practise; but we have not enough candidates for the team. Look at West Des Moines High; it has one hundred and seventeen candidates for the basketball team. In other words it has five or more men fighting for the same position on the team. This makes every man play his best all of the time. Since the only reason for our teams falling down is that the students will not try to represent their school in athletics; why not criticize and ostracize these students instead of criticizing the fellows who do make the sacrifice in order to represent the school?

Wilmer Beerkle, '22.

## HOW TO BE UNPOPULAR

Be absolutely sure that everything you have done was right, and if mistakes have been made, the blame rests on the other fellow.

Tell everything you hear.

Find fault with every plan that is proposed.

Insist on being boss in every enterprise that is launched.

Refuse to consider any criticism of yourself or your ideas.

Be witty above all things, even at the expense of some one else's feelings.

Have nothing to do with any one who does not quickly accord you first place.

Wait for the other fellow to make advances to you, speak to you, call upon you, etc.

Insist upon being heard in gatherings of older heads.

Let no conversation pass without leading it around to discussion of yourself.

Tell all your personal affairs.

Insist upon knowing every one else's personal affairs.

Be sure you have one thing or one person to "harp on."

Be sure that the other fellow's great purpose is to hurt your feelings—especially if you are a singer.

# THE STUDENT PULSE

## THE FOUNTAIN

Dear Editor:

Several drinking fountains have been out of order since school started, in September.

This condition causes a great deal of discomfort to the pupils, and an unnecessary confusion in the halls. There is always a jostling, pushing, laughing crowd of thirsty toilers around these oases of the desert. But, also like the desert, the distances between them yawn like great chasms.

Moreover, are not drinking fountains a necessity? Why, then, must we yes, suffer, for want of water? Whatever the reason for this seeming defect may be, the fountains could be mended by a good plumber in a short time.

Charlotte Smith.

## THE BELLS

The bells of Central High School are certainly striking for some reason or other, the most probable, perhaps, due to the fact that their heads are a bit turned because the pupils await, with such eagerness, their sounding. At any rate, they are not living up to the greatest expectations of the pupils. In the good old days, especially during Fourth Hour, when the pupils were as hungry as wolves and hardly able to wait for the period to end, the loud peal of the bells would send a thrill of ecstasy through them; but now, when the soft dainty echo of a bell is heard, one is afraid to raise his expectations too high for fear it is not the bell, but just his imagination. Indeed, that is with what the present soundings of the bell can be compared to—the sounds that used to be heard through imagination. Nowadays, the bells ring at most any convenient time and then they are hardly audible. When a series of successive rings are heard, the school is at a loss as to whether it is a fire drill, or simply the 1920 system of bell-ringing; something must be done. What shall it be? Think it over!

Corine Anderson.

## HOLDING CHAIRS IN THE LUNCH ROOM

Dear Editor:

Have you ever rushed to the lunch room to get in first? I know you have. After getting your food and spoons have you ever found that you're without a chair? You go along the various tables and see chairs tipped against the tables. You very politely ask someone if the chairs are reserved. She usually looks at you coldly and murmurs something under her breath, or she shrugs her shoulders indifferently and says that she does not know. Maybe after scrambling around, you get a place to sit. You keep your eye on several tipped up chairs, and often no one occupies them during the lunch period.

Can't the students be made to be a little more considerate? Maybe some do get into the lunch room sooner than others. That isn't to their credit. Consider the people in 435, who have to come in late. Let's give every one a chance to get a chair and not be selfish.

Charlotte Denny, '21.

## CAFETERIA AND LUNCH ROOM LOGIC (OR FOOD FOR THOUGHT)

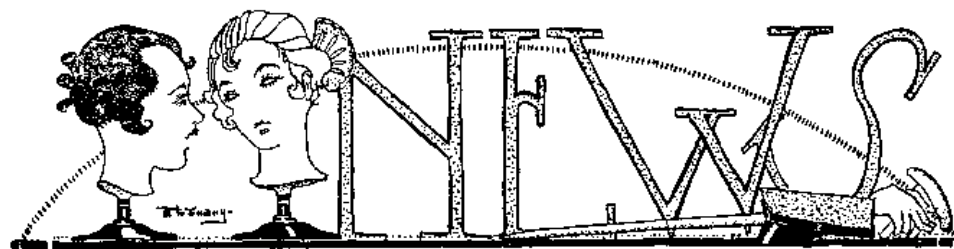
Unwrap lunch and deposit paper in proper receptacles.

Keep the doorway clear. Someone besides yourself may want to get in.

Take your turn in line.

Don't crowd. Give the rest a chance.

Remember, it's NOT against the rules to remember you are a gentleman or a lady—and, when through, please push the chairs under the tables and pick up your dishes, "hardware," and any waste materials.



### WANTED: FACULTY NEWS

Don't the members of the faculty ever do anything interesting, or is all their time occupied in lengthening assignments? After hearing the testimony of several teachers, I am almost convinced that a large number of highly educated individuals are sacrificing their lives for us. Truly, we ought to feel grateful—except when we want faculty news. A certain Latin teacher unhesitatingly declared that the faculty was like a nation without a history. She was the first *in loco parentis* that I had approached. I was stunned. Nevertheless, after cornering a French teacher, I asked her for some faculty news. She frankly confessed, "I don't know anything." I didn't dispute the matter for I considered her the best judge on that subject.

My third attempt seemed to have the proverbial charm. One teacher came forth with a "yes" to my unchanged question. I waited in suspense; my hopes were on third floor (I was in the basement). "Miss X. has a new dress," was all she volunteered. My hopes descended to the regions below the basement. Here was some perfectly good news that couldn't be published.

My fourth attempt was either more or less successful. I'm not sure which. A mathematics teacher told me she knew some interesting, exciting, yes, thrilling news, but she couldn't tell it yet. And will you believe it, an English teacher cut school to go to a luncheon without getting any eighth hours.

Then I got a brilliant idea. I decided the teachers were too modest to tell on themselves, and too timid to tell on their co-workers, but that they would be willing to say what they planned to do. With this in mind, I scouted around to find out how the faculty expected to spend their vacations. But, alas, they are going to save it in Tuesday morning deposits. They are not going to spend it at all. Some of our high and mighty officials are going to fix the schedules. Isn't that interesting? One man, whom ordinary mortals consider stout enough, declared he was going to eat three meals a day; and another of his sex, plans to spend his vacation in bed.

If faculty news doesn't grow, it will have to be created. So, dear faculty, in self defense, won't you send in news of any size, shape or color, thereby proving that teaching does not necessitate an uneventful existence?

M. C. '22.

Miss Duke will be married to Mr. J. F. Eales, and Miss Coulter to Mr. A. B. Graham, during the Christmas vacation.

Miss Amanda Anderson, who is absent on account of illness, will not be back until after the Christmas vacation.

Miss Ella Phelps was elected president of the Modern Language Section

of the Nebraska State Teacher's Association.

Miss Rose Ostronic returned to her work in the office on December 6, after having been ill for a month.

Mrs. Banguess has taken two English classes to relieve Miss Williams, who is now devoting a great deal of her time to dramatic work.

### MASS MEETING.

On Wednesday, November 24, a big mass meeting was held for the purpose of arousing enthusiasm for the last football game of the year with St. Joe. The Boy's Glee Club gave a selection; Mr. Masters, Pete Campbell, Dorothy Gordon, and Mr. Bexten spoke. Mr. Nagle, one of our alumni, also spoke. All the speakers use as their topic the slogan, "Get Out to the Game and Yell."

### Mass Meetings—How to Better Them

1. Our Motto: Girls first.
2. Signal for silence: The chairman appears.
3. Courtesy to orchestra: Talking should cease. (Our music is not so good as theirs.)

4. Conduct. Remember to live up to the standard which your home, your school and your community expect of you.

The boys who have so much "pep" and enthusiasm which bubbles over at the wrong time should get a uniform from Coach Mulligan and do their best to give another school the black eye, speaking physically, which we will receive, speaking figuratively, if we fail to follow the above suggestions.

### I'M THE H. S. GUY

I'm the high school guy who is always tearing up paper and stuffing it in the desks or throwing it in the desks or throwing it in the corners of the halls. I know this doesn't look well, that it annoys the teachers, and the pupils who are proud of this school, but what is that to me? Of course, I wouldn't do it at home because that is my own property and what do I care for some other person's property? I don't have to clean it up. If I do happen to go to the waste paper basket, I tear the paper in little bits so that when I throw it, some of it falls on the outside. I know that this is hard to pick up because the teacher made me pick some of it up, but she doesn't catch me very often so I should worry.

### IN THE LIME LIGHT OF O. H. S.

1. George Smith—(Smitty) Cadet lieutenant colonel, and half back on the football team.
2. William Campbell—Captain Pete and his warriors 'leven.
3. Arthur Bramman—(Art) Captain and adjutant of the regiment.
4. Crawford Follmer—(Crawf) A captain, chairman of Purple and White week, Junior and Senior day, and member of Register staff.
5. Russell Countryman—(Russ)—A sergeant major, art editor, and the most talented artist that ever breezed in.
6. Thelma Burke—Vice-president of the junior class.

Bun, '21.

### DID YOU KNOW?

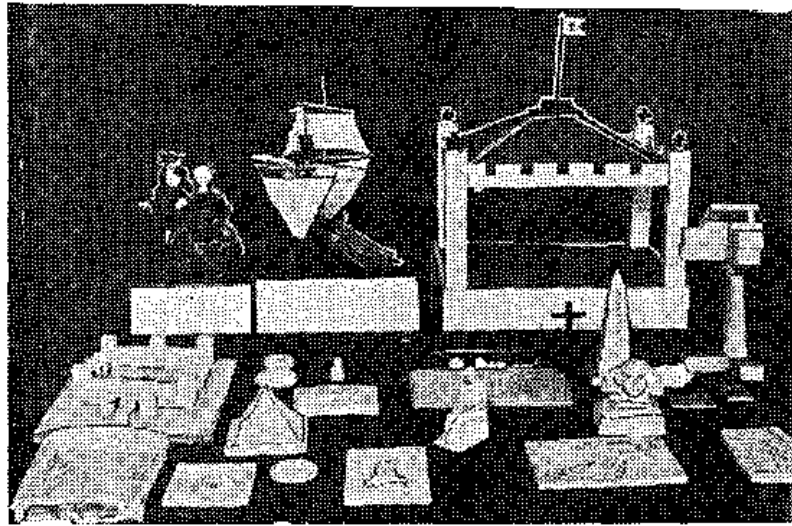
That the Central High School building cost \$848,045; the equipment, \$33,565; the site is valued by real estate men at \$450,000; it was deeded to the city by the state when the first school was built on it. Formerly, when Omaha was the capitol, the state house occupied the same site. The cost of maintenance is over \$140,000 per year. The auditorium seats 768.

### Mid-Term Class Elections

The result of the Mid-year graduating class election are as follows:

- President, Lowell Miller.
- Vice-president, Lydia Flesher.
- Secretary, Helen Forslund.
- Treasurer, Ronald Gladstone.
- Sergeant-at-arms, Virginias Morcom, William Fieler.
- Reporter, Beatrice Sandahl.

Norma Mach originated and taught the dances in *The Captain of Plymouth*. She has spent much of her time in revising and teaching the different steps to the boys and girls taking part. They show her marked ability as a teacher. To her should be given credit for the success of that part of the opera.



### PROJECT EXHIBITION

Although the projects method of teaching has been in practice in the Agriculture class of Central High School for many years, the recent increasing interest, accorded to this activity of the amateur craftsman has given it the effect of a delightful novelty. The success of this exhibition is due largely to the laborious efforts of Miss G. W. Clark.

What are projects? Foolish question—for who does not remember the fascinating array of miniature Shakespearean theatres, Greek triremes, pageant floats, gayly costumed dolls, and clay models, exhibited during Purple and White week? Often the creation of artistic talent or technical skill, these projects are invariably the result of energetic initiative and persevering industry. They are certainly worth while. The annual Purple and White Week, with its memorable pageants, is itself a grand project, in which the entire student body is participant. Let us appreciate and encourage this activity

which so richly recompenses the students and the school in constructive and instructive effort, and in precious mementos and traditions. K. K.

### FRENCH PLAY

Several members of Miss Phelps' French classes presented a play, *Cher Maître*, before L'Alliance Francaise on Tuesday evening, November 23. Those taking part were Lucille Musgrave, Charlotte Denny, Maurine Richardson, Constance Perley, Kathryn Smith, and Herbert Fisher.

### THE INQUIRING REPORTER

Do you think exams are fair?

F. F. '21. I don't like exams, but I think they're necessary for college.

H. J. '21. I think that the final grade of the semester should be determined by every day work and not by the marks of exams.

C. D. '21. I believe in monthly tests but not in final examinations.

C. M. '21. No. They're not a fair test of a person's knowledge.

History Teacher—On what grounds was Charles I executed?

Pupil—In front of his castle.

Thomas Sutphen, a member of the Freshmen Class, died at his home here Friday afternoon, December 2. He entered the Omaha Central High School in February 1919. He was interested in athletics and dramatics. Last year he took part in the Freshmen Purple and White week dramatics.

## DRAMATICS

*The Kleptomaniac*, a one act comedy was presented in our auditorium November 18, by Miss William's Expression class. It was coached by Melva Gerard, a member of the class, and although it was the first piece of amateur work produced by this class, it was exceedingly well worked out. We are sure all those who saw the play will be eagerly awaiting the next production of this class.

### TRY OUT NOTES

The tryouts for the comic opera, *The Captain of Plymouth* promise a sensational triumph in dramatic and operatic art.

For instance, *The Sailor's Hornpipe*—the *Bohm Ballet* has nothing on that. Aside from one hand not being on speaking terms with the other, and there being a sort of frictionally heated argument between each boy's pair of pedal accelerators, the effect was very artistic.

Special credit, though, must be given to the girl's sextette. It is a far cry from this reserved age to *Plymouth*, but our demure maidens took upon themselves the difficult task of playing these roles.

Some of the fellows who couldn't decide whether to take the romantic or tragic leads, tried out for all parts and landed in the Deck Swabber's chorus.

Simpson did a take off on one of Standish's solos and used among other properties, a helmet made from a tin

bucket, very boldly lettered, "Calf Brains." Evidently he believes in advertising. Howard (Fat) Woerner rather hates to play the Indian chief, as he is afraid of overtaxing Benolken's strength in the scene where George has to drag him off by the hair.

Greenberg sang a ditty about being sorry for saying—(it rhymes with slam) but that was camouflage. He sang it twice after being told not to supply missing words.

I would like to tell you more, but something funny happened at which yours truly laughed, for which he was granted immediate and indefinite leave of absence. Random Roamer.

### C. O. C. STUNT

Between halves of the Thanksgiving game the C.O.C. proved its worth as a Central High School booster when its members enacted *The Trial and Execution of St. Joe*. Because of the score at the end of the first half, the mourners were really too happy to be first rate mourners, but they worked hard to carry out their parts. The originator and director of the stunt was Edward Reynolds. By the way some of you girls who fainted, it wasn't real blood you saw; it was just water tinted with red crepe paper.

Stunts such as the above mentioned are made possible through the whole hearted co-operation of every member of the organization. Now that the school has had a sample of what the C.O.C. can do, it need not be surprised at the elaborate plans for school activities which will be announced very soon.

## MUSIC

The glee clubs have been taking an active part in the mass meetings this year. Some time ago the boys sang *Smiles* and *Our High School*. Everyone who heard them sing responded to the enthusiastic tenor who invited them to *Just Smile*. The girls sang the Goblins. The music department has been giving to this school something that Central High has lacked for sometime, a good quality and high standard of much. The glee clubs wish it to be known that they are ready and willing to put across anything helping to build up school spirit.

On November 29th, the glee clubs sang at the third municipal concert. The reputation that they made is something of which the whole school may well be proud. We have heard nothing but the highest praise for the quality and the high standard of their work.

The tryouts for the light opera the *Captain of Plymouth* brought out many exceptionally good voices both from the glee clubs and from the dramatic classes.

Some badly needed scenery is being made for the *Captain of Plymouth*. This is to be the permanent property of the school and is to be paid for out of the proceeds of the opera.

It has been decided that since so many students can not come to an evening performance, the Glee Clubs and the Dramatic classes will give the *Captain of Plymouth* on Thursday afternoon as well as Thursday and Friday evening. The seats are now on sale. Any members of the glee clubs or dramatic clubs or dramatic classes will be glad to sell tickets for either a 35 cent or a 50 cent seat.

The two glee clubs are going to sponsor a concert to be given January 11, by the glee club from Hamline college of St. Paul, Minn. This glee club carries with it, an entertainer, a flutist, and a pianist. The visiting glee club is on a tour to the coast. Central High School is fortunate to be able to get a booking for even one night. The boys of the glee club will entertain the visitors at their homes. As this is an experiment on the part of the glee clubs, we have decided to charge fifty cents admission. We consider this a very low price, but the one object of the glee clubs is to bring good musical attractions to the city at as economical a price as is consistent with the quality. The glee clubs have been ready to help the school in any activity. Now is your chance to show your appreciation by coming and bringing your friends. An informal reception will be given immediately following the program for all those who would like to meet the performers. Frances Wiles.

## DEBATE

### TRY OUTS

Thirty-seven candidates for Central's debating teams were tried out December 7th and 8th. In miniature one-man debates the problem of immigration restriction was expounded to the complete satisfaction of perhaps a hundred interested listeners. Eleanor Hamilton's eloquence, quiet but forceful, gained the admiration of all; Donald Meyer's resounding logic, and Washington Williams' fiery oratory were features of the occasion. After a recess for careful consideration, the judges, Miss Towne, Mr. McMillan, and Mr. Woollery, elected the following to represent Central in the coming debates this spring:

Morris Block	Eleanor Hamilton
William Cejnar	Karl Kharas
Richard Elster	Eloise Margaret
Ruth Godfrey	Lyall Quinby

## ORGANIZATIONS

### GYM CLUB

The Gym Club won the greatest honor given to a Central High School organization during Purple and White Week. The eight girls representing the Gym Club in a clever Dutch dance carried away the first prize.

The girls in the Gym Club are working on some very extraordinary dances, but they are having a good time as well. A very successful Thanksgiving party was held at the home of Lucille Morris on the Friday afternoon of November 25th.

### STUDENT CLUB

The Student Club girls have entered into the true Christmas spirit of helping bring good cheer to others who are less fortunate than themselves. They are planning a party at The House of Hope and one at the Settlement during the holidays and are working hard to carry out their plans successfully.

Besides the Christmas preparations the girls are having a lively songs and yells contest through committees. The contest will close the first week in January.

The Club paper that was started this year has proved a wonderful success. The staff is working hard to make the Christmas issue much larger than any of the others.

### THE L. T. C.

The Lininger Travel Club gave a very interesting program at the Old Peoples' Home which consisted of the following numbers:

Violin solo . . . . . Jennie Liebowitz  
Reading . . . . . Lydia and Bertha Flesher  
Fancy Dance . . . . . Della Mae Overmier  
Piano selection . . . . . Bertha Flesher

The club will have an open meeting in Room 215 December 10. An interesting program has been arranged including musical numbers, readings, and solo dances.

Plans for Christmas are being formulated and a tree will probably be trimmed for the Childs' Saving Institute.

### L. D. S.

The L. D. S. has held several large meetings this year which have displayed an unusual amount of hearty co-operation at the part of its members. The society has challenged all other societies to a debate which will be held in the near future. Watch the bulletin in the west hall for further particulars.

### Hi-Y

The Hi-Y Club is breaking all previous records with an average attendance of more than 150. The Bible study course is proving a great success. The last meeting before Christmas vacation will be held December 17 with Bishop Shayler as speaker. The Club opens again January 7 with a talk by Mr. L. C. Oberlies of Lincoln. A number of other good speakers have been obtained for future meetings. The Hi-Y Club feels confident of the most successful year in its history.

### HAWTHORNE

The Hawthorne Society has been very active this year. Many favorable comments were made concerning its stunt in the Purple and White contest.

Christmas preparations are progressing very rapidly. A basket is being filled with clothes, toys, and goodies for some unfortunate family of the City Mission.

Definite plans for the next semester's program will soon be announced. A. J.

Smith: "Do you think our Government's sound?"

Jones: "Mostly."

## EXCHANGES

The exchanges that we have received so far this year are excellent. We have received papers from more than sixty different institutions in the country, and we are mailing *The Register* to schools in almost every state in the Union—from coast to coast and from the Gulf to Canada.

We are glad to receive these numerous papers with their friendly comments, and we are endeavoring to make our exchange department as interesting as possible so that you will enjoy reading it.

You don't knock when you come into our building; don't when you go out.

The Louisville Kentucky Girls' High School has adopted Home Rule. At present Ireland is fighting for Home Rule and it is doubtful whether it will get it or not, but this school received it with very little opposition. Five years ago a Student Council was started. This year besides its regular duties it took up the supervision of the study halls. The plan has proved so successful that at present there are seven hundred girls to one study hall with but one teacher.

The faculty of Lincoln High School, Los Angeles, California, went "*From Knowledge to Nonsense*" and consented to dabble in theatrical cosmetics for the pleasure of the students. *The Railsplitter* says "It wasn't as fake-ulty as expected. Some were almost the real thing. Note: They couldn't have displayed any more talent than Mrs. Pitts, Miss McCague, Miss Thomas, Mr. Chatelain, and Mr. Hill.

At West High: Coach Harris announced a girl's class in the study of football.

Once each week, on Friday, West High, Des Moines, Iowa, has a social hour in the gymnasium.

### THE 1920 SCHOOL GIRL

She starts her mechanical thinker,  
And winds it up real tight;  
Then starts her mechanical pencil,  
Her English theme to write.  
Then starts her mechanical compass,  
Which Geometry does, you know,  
Then powders her nose, and gayly goes  
To a moving picture show.

### HISTORY COMPARED

I envy not the famous men  
Of any time or land;  
Horatius may have held the bridge,  
I've held the one girls' hand.  
Tho Shakespeare may have written  
plays,  
And sonnets not a few,  
Yet to the one girl I have sent  
Some loving letters true.  
Drake may have circled 'round the  
world,  
And for that pleased his taste,  
Suffice for me to have my arm  
Around the one girl's waist.  
Tho Sherman may have made a march  
From Georgia to the sea;  
A wedding march right up the aisle  
Is what I hope will be.

Clement J.—"Er, by the way,  
there's a report going about that  
we're engaged."

Dorothy S.—"Can't you stop it?"  
Clement J.—"Why not verify it?"



### FIRST INSPECTION OF YEAR

The first personal inspection of all the men in the Cadet Regiment was completed Monday, November 22nd. The appearance of the companies, in general, was very good, but there is still much room for improvement. Company B won first place, Company F second place, and Company D third place. There will be another inspection the first drill day after the holidays.  
Brammann.

### WHO'S WHO IN THE REGIMENT

Sometimes, good things come done up in small packages, as shown by "the little giant." It is through his great perseverance and determination that he acquired his high rank. Yes, lieutenant colonel George Smith is made of good stuff. When Mr. Gulgard has something he would like done, a flash comes across his mind, "Let George do it." In the regiment as well as in football and around the girls, George's idea is to get what he is after.

### A GIRL'S IMPRESSION OF MILITARY DRILL IN THE HALLS

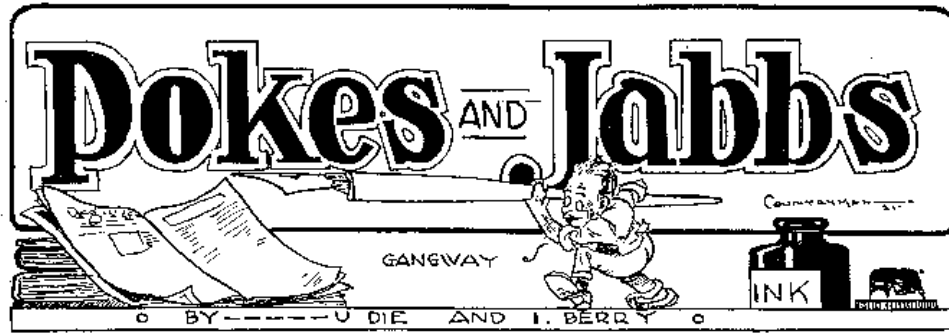
It is a dark, rainy Monday. After school we rush down the stairs to Miss Phelps's room to ask some simple question. All goes well on the way down, but when we come out of her room and walk down toward the west stairs, we come to a stand-still. There in front of us, all lined up in perfect rows, are the blue clad cadets. How to get by them? We can't go back of them, for their guns are on their shoulders, and we aren't crazy about being hit. We feel so peculiar when in front of them, for they roar out commands and responses right in our ears. Finally, we take the better of the two ways, and dive in front of the ranks, and rush upstairs with our ears ringing. We go up to the second floor and there is another company to pass before. We rush in front of them but just then they begin to march in our direction. With a great deal of speed we escape from them and hurry to our lockers. We jamb on our hats, and make a get-a-way. Oh, what a relief to be out in the open air where we have to dodge automobiles and not cadets.  
C. D. '21.

### O. H. S. AS IT SHOULD BE

In the Utopian high school of Central High  
A high school we hope will exist bye-and-bye,  
The fountains all flow and the clocks all go,  
And all's as it ought to be, you know.

Assignments are short, ne'er over a page.  
The pupils are quiet and the teachers don't rage.  
The hours are short and the lunch times are long  
And we're never marked late if we don't hear the gong.

Cookies are given free—at least three a piece.  
And in the study halls we all have a feast.  
The home room periods are observed every day.  
Eighth hours are unknown for we ne'er have to stay. C. D. '21.



### SCHOOL-DAY FRIENDS

"Fond Recollection Presents Them to View!!

Sometimes I go, reflectively,  
On journeys retrospectively,  
And for the moment dwell amid the  
scenes of long ago:  
And on such outings, as a rule,  
I wander to the dear old school,  
And visit with the boys and girls  
whom I there used to know.

Perhaps you were acquainted, too,  
With many old-time friends I knew;  
You may have met Ann-Alysis also  
Ann-Elize;

Or maybe chummed with Algy-Bray  
Or sauntered with Phil-Osophy,  
Or delved with Ed-Ucation, who was  
wont to be so wise.

And there was Etta-Mology,  
Ah, yes, and Ann-Thropology,  
And Polly-Gon and Polly Glot and  
Polly This and That:

You may have glanced at Ella  
Cution,  
Cast a smile at Eva-Lution,  
Or with Ella-Mentary enjoyed a  
little chat.

Now all those friends I used to see  
Are half-forgot'en dreams to me,  
Tho' once within my thoughts they  
held a quite important place:

But they commenced "Commence-  
ment-Day"

From memory to slip away.  
'Till now I'd scarcely know them if I'd  
meet them face to face.

Freshman—"Seniors are not what  
they used to be!"

Senior—"What did they used to  
be?"

Freshman—"Freshman, of course."

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### THREE HAIRS LEFT—STILL A CHANCE.

What's the tooth brush for?  
That's my class pin. I graduated from Colgate."

A dignified Senior was slowly coming down the stairs. Following him was  
a freshman in a great rush.

Fresh—"Hurry up, Hurry up."

Senior—"Don't be in such a hurry, Sonnie, you've got four years to go  
through here."

At Station—(Ham) "Well, I must be off."

(An) "Yes, I thought you were the first time I met you."

## Edward Dewar Challinor

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Father: "I never smoked when I was your age. Will you be able to tell that to your son?"

Willie: "Not and keep my face straight as you do, pop."

Teacher: "How long has George Ingallsby been absent?"

M. C.: "Four days."

W. B.: "He isn't dropped yet!"

M. C.: (who works in the office): "Yes he is. I dropped him this afternoon."

Miss Thrust (Typewriting.)

"Now, Pierre, how do verbs form their past tenses besides adding *ed*?"

Pierre: "Oh, they change their spelling."

Miss T.: Give an example."

Pierre: "Oh, *mouse* and *mice*."

For Rent: A telephone by a lady with a second-hand mouth piece.

For Sale: A house by a man with a large attic.

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#### BEFORE AND AFTER

The genial candidate goes forth  
When comes the autumn weather.  
To-day he shakes you by the hand  
And later altogether.

"My boy," says the earnest reformer, "every time you smoke one of those things you drive a nail into your coffin."

"Is that so?" asks the youth puffing at his cigarette. "Well, they must think I'm going to be buried in an ocean liner."

If you don't know anything good about a fellow make something up.

Ever go up in an Airoplane?"  
Nit. I prefer a game I can drop out of when ever I've got enough.

Pa: "Gussie, what are you trying to do to that poor dog's eyes, push them out?"

Gussie: "No, Pa, I'm just trying to push them farther in"

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*O. C. Albertsen, principal of the Whittier Union High School, Whittier, California, says: "Mr. Ellis is especially successful in training the voices of young people."*

#### RANDOM SHOTS

A correspondent asks this knotty question.

A young gentleman becomes engaged to beautiful young lady; some time before their proposed wedding, he learns she has a wooden leg. Should he break it off?"

Olsen: "Yes, sir, you'll find that most Swedes join the Navy."

Watt: "Yeah, that's a Swede all over. He joins the Navy so he can live on water."

Heard in French I—"And he turned into a boarding house."

Dark were her eyes  
As black as jet  
Of an Omaha maid I knew.  
I kissed her and her lover came;  
Now mine are jet black too!

Be a booster and save the day,  
Help to make the Register pay  
Do what you can, be it great or small,  
Something is better than nothing at all.

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A history teacher—"What is a necessity of life to maintain one's social standing."

Ambitious Junior—"Peaches and Dates."

Janitor—"A little piece of paper goes a long ways."

Harold P.: "Yes, it does if the rubber band is stretched tight enough"

Johnnie W: "What are you laughing at? I don't see anything funny."  
Certain stranger: "Well, you aren't standing where I am."

Sara: "I saw you driving yesterday with a gentleman. He appeared to have only one arm."

Emma: "Oh, no; the other arm was around somewhere."

Elizabeth McD: "What is period furniture?"

Charlotte D: "I guess it's the electric chair after a sentence."

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Teacher—How do you account for that?

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Izzy E.: "By its frontiers."

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He—Have you any other evidence  
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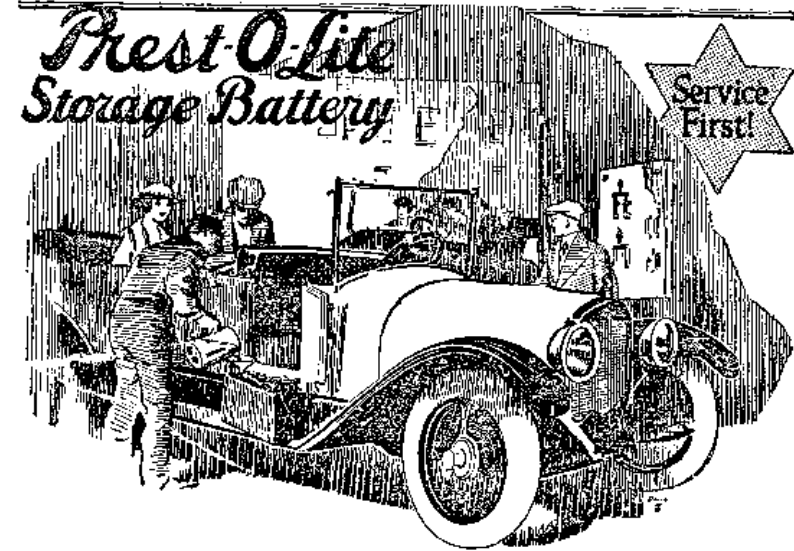
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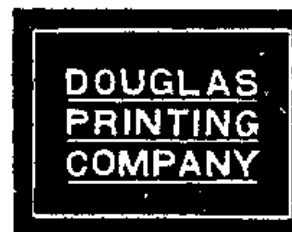
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