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Tennis Slippers



JANUARY

VOLUME XXXV

NUMBER FOUR

Young Women of Omaha!

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operator.

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employment.

I have interest-
ing work.

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I receive good wages.

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Wouldn't you like to join me?



GRACE SMITH

Grace Smith

See Mrs. Morris, Employment Secretary
Room 614 Telephone Building
19th and Douglas Streets.

HIGH SCHOOL REGISTER

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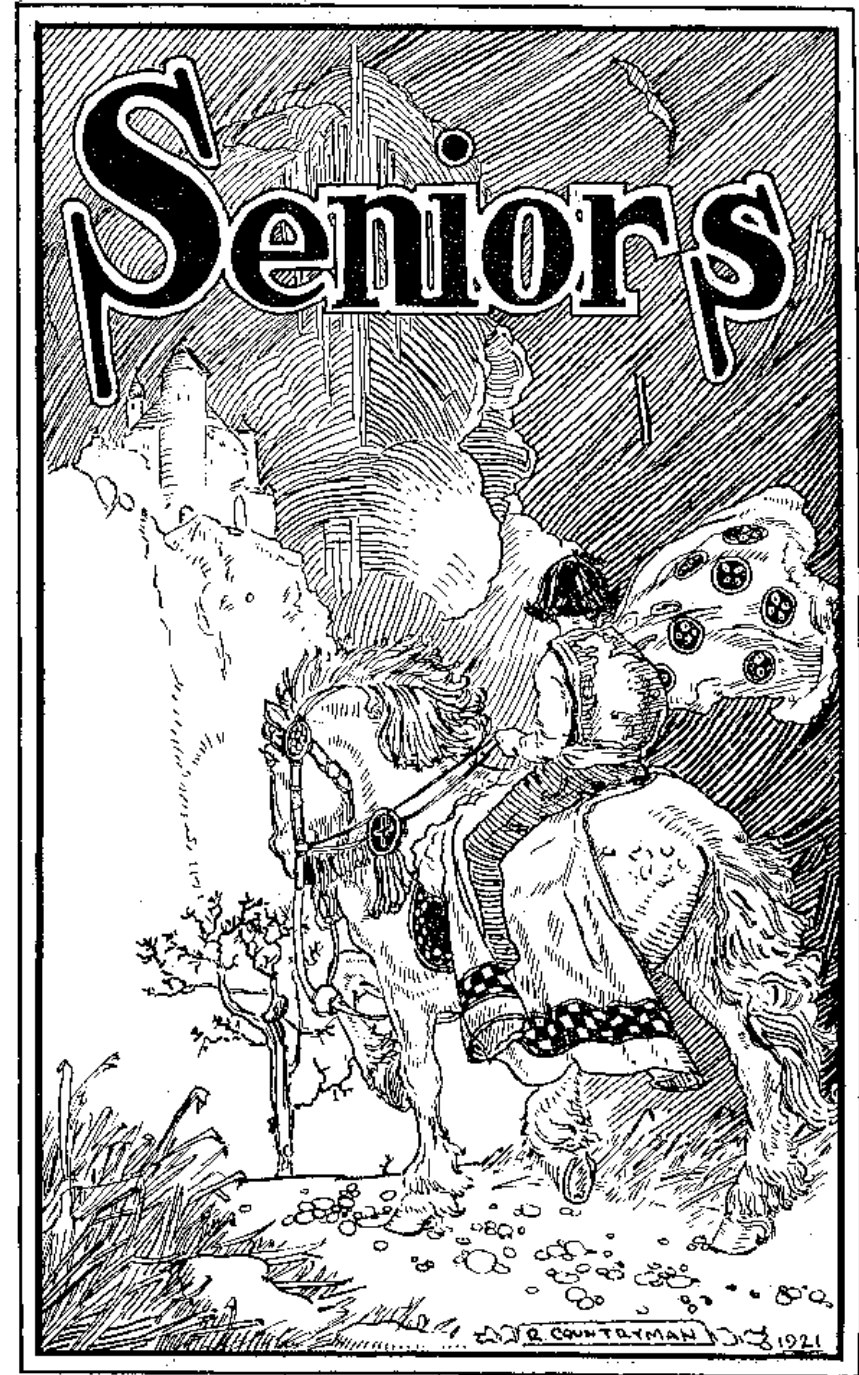
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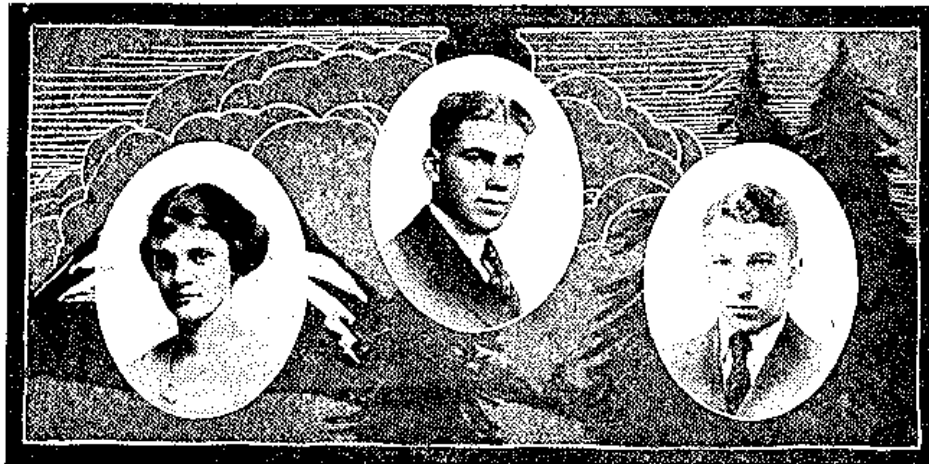
THIS
Mid-Term Number
— is —
DEDICATED
— to the —
Mid-Year Graduates
of February, 1921
THE REGISTER





LOWELL MILLER LYDIA FLESHER ETHEL L. FORSLUND
 President Vice-Pres. Secretary

CLASS OFFICERS



VIRGINIA MORCOM RONALD GLADSTONE WILLIAM FEILER
 Sergeant-at-Arms Treasurer Sergeant-at-Arms

ADAMS, ELIZABETH

Senior Play
 Hawthorne (3)

*She's quite unassuming and quiet,
 And no one on earth will deny it.
 She can always be found
 With boys all around
 For with them she creates a riot.*

ALTSCHULER, TINA R.

War Work Browning (1), Student Club (1-2),
 Chairman Senior Class Play Committee.
Always frank and always cheerful.

ENDERS, LUDWIG M.

*A fine fellow, quiet and unassuming, and
 always a true friend.*

FEILER, WILLIAM

Sergeant at Arms Senior Class (4).
 Associate Editor Mid-Term Annual (4).
*Ambitious is he
 And good marks has he won.
 Many friends does he leave
 Now his school work is done.*

FENNER, FRANK L.

Stanton High School Football (1-2-3)
 Commercial High School
 Omaha High School of Commerce Football (4)
 Senate Debating Club Inter-Club Debates
 Central High School
 Senior Dramatics and Business Manager
 Senior Class Play
 W. D. S. (4)
*Frank is—(frank); and is the hardest
 worker in the class*



**FLESHER, LYDIA**

Volleyball (1)
Baseball (1)
Rally of Nations (2)
Student Association ticket selling committee (2-3)
Student Club (2-3-4), play (2), cabinet (4)
Liniger Travel Club president (4)
Senior Dramatics. Purple and White Week (4)
Vice-President Senior Class (4)
Senior Play (4)
Her friends are more numerous than her honors -and her honors are never ceasing.

FORSLUND, HELEN

Senior Play (4)
Sweeter than sugar- and more expensive

GILES, GRACE (Twin)

L. D. S. (3-4)
Orchestra (3)
Glee Club (3-4)
Purple and White Week Pageant (3-4)
*If you want to get hep
To a gal full of pep,
You must get acquainted with Grace.
But you better come quick
And come with a kick,
Or you'll find your out of the race.*

GILES, HAZEL (Twin)

Sergeant-at-Arms L. T. C. (3)
Vice-President L. T. C. (4)
Glee Club (3-4)
Purple and White Week Senior Chorus (3-4)
*All that she does is marked with great skill
Her hand lends itself to each task
With ready talent and perfect art
She's ready to do what you ask.*

GLADSTONE, RONALD

Treasurer Senior Class (4)
Associate Editor Mid-Term Annual (4)
Latin Play (1-2)
Football Reserves (4)
Senior Dramatics (4)
The better you know him, the better you like him, and a cute little fellow he is.

**JOHNSON, DOROTHY ELIZABETH, "DON"**

French Club (3)
Student Club (3-4)
L. T. C. (2-3-4)
Secretary L. T. C. (4)
*She studied French, she studied Math,
She studied history, too,
And now that her school days are done
We wonder what she'll do.*

MILLER, LOWELL, "JIGGS"

Engineer (4)
Road Show (4)
Purple and White Week (4)
Glee Club (4)
President Senior Class (4)
He isn't half so stern as his picture.

MORCOM, VIRGINIA

Student Club (2-3-4), Glee Club (4), Student Association Ticket Selling Committee (4), Sergeant-at-Arms Senior Class.
*A girl of cheerful yesterdays
And confident tomorrows
Virginia's life should always be
Free from many sorrows.*

MUIR, HELEN JANE

Student Club Pageant Purple and White Week (4)
*A reserved lass—There are but few who
know the treasures stored in her.*

QUINLAN, RUTH

Student Club (2-3-4), Senior Chorus—Purple and White Week (4)
*She's peppy and jammed full of fun,
Especially when her work's done,
She's inclined to flirt
But that doesn't hurt
For there's no warmer heart under the sun.*



RAVITZ, HARRY

D. D. S. (1-2), L. D. S. (3)

What's better than a good friend? Tug you're it!

RIPS, MERLE

Our star. He made it in three years.

RUHNKA, ESTHER

Student Club (3).

*Dickens says "Cheerfulness and content are great beautifiers."
Esther uses his recipe.*

SANDAHL, BEATRICE, "B"

Class Reporter (4), Senior Chorus—Purple and White Week

*If you're ever stuck, and out of luck
She's the person you want to see;
For she'll always lend to help a friend
I know—for she did it for me.*

SASS, MINA, "SASSY"

"A blond—but not light-headed."



SCHNEIDER, VIOLET

As sincere as Truth, she makes a wonderful and everlasting friend.

COHAN, REA

Says little but is there with the goods at the right time.

SPENCER, HELEN L.

Student Club (3-4)

She's a well liked, dainty little Miss who has little to say.

MANGER, EDWARD

Football Reserves (3)

A. D. S. (1-2)

Class Track (1-2)

Class Basketball (1)

Student Association Ticket Selling Committee

Dramatics (2)

"Edward the Confessor" is always in trouble and out of luck. If it wasn't for that grin he'd be more so.

VOGEL, EVELYN, "DICK"

Browning (1-2)

Linniger Travel Club (3-4)

Glee Club (2)

Senior Dramatics

She's small—you know the rest.

CLASS PROPHECY

Chicago, Ill., Oct. 15, 1930.

My dear Virginia:

"Should Auld Acquaintance be Forgotten?"—no, never. I know you will be interested in hearing the little bits of news that I have gathered of our old acquaintances of the Mid-year class of '21.

Many of our old-time class mates are still in Omaha. While there this summer, I met Lydia Flesher and you can imagine what a wonderful old chat we had. She is a very successful teacher of dramatic art. Her school is one of the best of its kind in Omaha. She told me that Beatrice Sandahl, a true chip off the old block, is married to a young minister and is fulfilling her Christian duty wonderfully as shepherdess of a flock. Elizabeth Johnson is teaching "parlez-vous" at Central and Evelyn Voegel is teaching ancient history. Helen Muir is in training at Nicholas Senn Hospital. Ron Gladstone, after his successful experience as class treasurer, is holding the position of cashier at the First National Bank. Harry Ravitz and Merle Rips are joint owners of a women's teggery on South Sixteenth street. On entering another women's shop, I was much surprised to find Tina Altschuler and Rea Cohan as salesladies. Two salesmen have developed from our class ranks. William Feiler sells automobiles and Edward Manger sells real estate. Both are doing very well. Edward has taken unto himself a wife. Violet Schneider is owner of a smart little hat shop on upper Farnam street. Helen Spencer assists her in rush seasons, but spends most of her time at home keeping her Minne Lusa bungalow bright and clean for her husband. When I left Omaha I discovered Ludwig Endres behind the bars selling tickets at the Union Station.

I had a short letter from Esther Ruhnka a few weeks ago in which she told me that she has just accepted a splendid position as secretary to a lawyer in Portland, Oregon. Frank Fenner is also in the West. He manages an airplane manufacturing con-

cern in San Francisco.

Helen Forslund passed through here a few days ago on her way to New York from where she will sail for Sweden for a visit with relatives.

Elizabeth Adams is a stenographer in an insurance office here. Mina Sass is also here attending art school.

I have heard that the Giles twins are on the Orpheum circuit this season. They are putting on a clever little musical act, still deceiving people as to their identity.

You can imagine my surprise when on reaching church late last Sunday morning I beheld in the pulpit our new minister—no less than our class president Lowell Miller. He really makes a very distinguished looking clergyman. And, my dear, he is growing bald already.

I am glad to know that you are meeting with such good success in your social settlement work. I always thought you were well suited for such work. Write to me soon and tell me all about it.

Your old classmate, R. Q.

MY FAREWELL ADDRESS

Graduated! (Big sigh)—at last!—(another). But where does the thrill and joy of it all come in? I used to think that the day of my graduation would be the happiest moment of my life—and to tell the truth I'm not so joyful as I was the day I found a dollar bill when looking for a dime.

I can look back now and see that perhaps school is not so bad as war, after all. I can even remember when I was a Freshie.

When I was a Sophomore this was a wery, wery wicked school. Alarm clocks automatically disturbed study-halls until found in pianos and desks.

The halls were habitually filled with varying aromas, odors, and smells. All these phenomenons coupled with the fortnightly Bum Days made my life as a Sophomore rush by.

When I came back as a Junior, things and people took on a new air of responsibility—why shouldn't they? Teachers delivered eighth hours with unflinching genercsity (I got sixty-two

(that year!) a special posse guarded the "Greeks," and every part of school life was lawful, orderly and uninteresting UNTIL—or do you remember the fake circular? It and my memory have clung to each other. Why? I don't know.

And then I was a Senior. I must say that my mind ceased to consider such frivolous foolishness during that period. I was too much concerned with selecting a vocation. Yes vocation—not vacation. Isn't the difference between an "a" and an "o" tremendous?

But now I am a graduate. I mean a GRADUATE, an ALUMNUS. My fondest desire is to keep the high school boys and girls of today from facing the same perils which I faced when I was in high school. I am fully conscious of the fact that the cheapest gift on earth is advice. But if my advice, cheap as it is, is followed, it will attain great value and will serve to make the pupils of Central High as honored as its students.

Freshmen, there is nothing, of course, that I can tell you. You're omnipotent knowledge is recognized. However, I feel compelled to say that all that made me receive four A's at the end of the year, was work. Plugging ahead put me where I am today. If I had not worked when I was a Freshman, it would probably have taken me seven years to complete the course instead of six. If you must step out nights, wait 'till you are Sophomores.

Sophomores, you have passed the perilous period and are liable to a recreation. Above all, don't go to "Pete's" during lunch hour. Your obedience to this particular piece of advice will save you many sleepy eighth hours and many sleepless nights. I didn't know who Pete was. If you consider yourselves good Bolsheviki material and daredevils of the first class, for the sake of the Juniors, save it for next year.

Juniors, don't dance! You may be able to dance and to pass, but you can't dance and make a record like mine. If my grades, as a Junior, have inspired any of you to nobler things, follow my advice and my example—

don't dance! Defy the tingling feet at least 'till you are Seniors.

Seniors, yours is the task. Retain your dignity at any cost. Let your poise at all times be one of complete sophistication and responsibility. Remember—you are Seniors, and a Senior has no sense of humor. Your strength lies in your dignity. If you must be frivolous and gay, wait 'till graduation.

My life throughout my course at Central has been a happy one, even though I have been burdened with responsibility. I know I have been successful at school; for if I had not been, I wouldn't have been encored for repetition.

And so, even though my heart and soul cling to dear, old Central, her students, and her faculty, except the one that begins with X and although there is much knowledge which I will leave behind me; I feel called upon to step again onto the stage and in as courageous a voice as I can summon under such strenuous circumstances bid ye all, both friends and foes, "Farewell." JIGGS.

STATISTICS

Prettiest girl, Ruth Quinlan.
 Sweetest girl, Virginia Morcom.
 Most attractive girl, Mina Sass.
 Most popular girl, Lydia Flesher.
 Most handsome fellow, Edward Manger.
 Most popular fellow, Lowell Miller.
 Best looking faculty member, Mr. Mulligan.
 Most cheerful faculty member, Miss Towne.
 Cutest girl, Helen Spencer.
 Frankest person, Hazel Giles.
 Laziest person, Ludwig Endres.
 Happiest person, Violet Schneyder.
 Quietest person, Evelyn Voegel.
 Harry Ravitz.
 Noisiest person, Tina Altschuler.
 Witticest person, Lowell Miller.
 Most dignified person, William Feiler.
 Most distinguished looking person, Helen Forslund.
 Most intelligent young man, Ronald Gladstone.
 Most ambitious fellow, Frank Fenner.
 Most romantic person, Elizabeth Adams.

WILL OF JANUARY CLASS OF 1921

We, the Mid-Year Class of 1921, Central High School, City of Omaha, County of Douglas, State of Nebraska, United States of America; being now in good health in body and soul, but being aware of the precariousness of life, and desiring to dispose of our earthly affairs while capable, to hereby draw, publish, and declare the following to be our last will and testament, hereby revoking and cancelling all wills made previous to this twenty-eight day of January in the one-thousand nine hundred and twenty first year of our Lord.

ARTICLE I. To the members of the June Class of '21 we designate and leave as a token of our esteem and in memory of ourselves, our poise and dignity. May they honor themselves by its use in June.

ARTICLE II. To the Class of '22, the beloved Juniors, we hereby grant our humility and most profound generosity. Though it may be considered inappropriate, this gift will be of untold value to Juniors.

ARTICLE III. To the Class of '23, the dear Sophomores, we hereby solemnly bequeath our intelligence and ability. These are the elements which the said class has seemed to lack.

ARTICLE IV. To the Class of '24, the freshman, we deliver nothing, due to our inability to convince the foresaid party of the second part of his need of anything.

ARTICLE V. To the Faculty, we bequeath our youth, our ambitions, our good looks, and our riches which have not been named above.

ARTICLE VI. We, as individuals, do hereby devise, give, and bequeath the following from the following to the following:

- a. Elizabeth A's pretty blue eyes to Elizabeth P.
- b. Tina A's disposition to Bernice K.
- c. Harry Ravitz's working ability to Crawford Follmer.
- d. Ludwig E's good looks to Carlton E.
- e. William F's physical ability to Charles S.
- f. Frank F's business capacity to Frank Freeman
- g. Lydia F's dramatic ability to Norma M.
- h. Helen F's journalism to Orietta B.
- i. Grace G's album to Maurine R.
- j. Hazel G's voice to Myra H.
- k. Elizabeth J's wrist watch to Gladys K.
- l. Edward M's grin to Eric O.
- m. Lowell M's "gab" to Archie M.
- n. Virginia M's diplomacy to Sara S.
- o. Helen M's reserve to Lois S.
- p. Ruth Q's piercing eyes to J. G. M.
- q. Marion S's dimple to Kathryn S.
- r. Mina S's blond hair to Velma G.
- r. Violet S's wisdom to Harry Robinson.
- t. Evelyn V's sincerity to Silvia Reha.

ARTICLE VII.

We hereby do solemnly decree the above to be our last will and testament, and we subscribe our name, and set out seal, this twenty-eight day of January, 1921.

Signed, decreed, and published this our last will and testament in the presence of witnesses.

(Signed)

The Mid-Year Class of '21.

Witness.

(Signed) June Class of '21.

(Signed) Class of '22.

(Signed) Class of '23.

(Signed) Class of '24.

THE REGISTER

THE MELTING POT

Silence is golden excepting when teacher calls upon you for a recitation.

One way to help others is to keep out of their way.

If you split rails, you may sometime become as famous as Lincoln did; but if you split infinitives, you may expect a "D" in English.

It might be well to lead a simple life, but the trouble is for most of us the simple life gets too complicated.

I'd rather be a Could-Be.
If I could not be an Are,
For a Could-Be is a May-be,
With a chance of touching par.
I'd rather be a Has-Been
Than a Might Have Been by far,
For a Might Have Been has never been,
But a Has was once an Are.

How do you like our campus?
We don't either!

Wouldn't it be nice not to have a class until twelve o'clock—but
Who wants to stay in school until six?

There are several changes in the personnel of the Register staff for this month. We feel that we cannot retain people on the staff who are not willing to take responsibility and cooperate with us in our work. These people may be engaged in other work that they consider more valuable to them but we cannot, under the circumstances, retain them on the Register staff.

Wouldn't it be wonderful to go to Commerce and get out of school at twelve o'clock?—but

Who wants to be in school at eight o'clock?

WANTED—SOME IDEAS. SUGGESTIONS FOR IMPROVEMENT IN SCHOOL MANAGEMENT, SENSIBLE OBJECTIONS, COMPLAINTS AND KICKS ARE DESIRED. GET BUSY; EVERYBODY'S DOING IT. READ THE STUDENT PULSE IN THIS ISSUE AND PATRONIZE OUR LETTER BOX.

How do you like the Literary Department this month?

Do you like exciting short stories of rapid-fire action? Yes? Then just watch the next issue of the Register.

GRIT

Friend, do you ever have these spells, when everything's going wrong; the world's handing you a punk deal; you're sick and tired of everything and everybody; and you just want to throw up the sponge and quit? So do we. But—don't take it to heart. Nothing's far wrong—if you have a waving sense of humor, and a little GRIT. Sure, we know—everyone is against you; and your teachers seem—to you—to take an unholy delight in "bawling you out." Well, Napoleon's instructors as much as told him they didn't think he'd ever amount to much; and the great Gladstone was put down as a "muttonhead" at school, too—but it didn't seem to affect them to any great extent, in later years. The reason why? Grit; sheer grit. They succeeded—just as you can succeed. The formula for Success is no secret, intricate thing; it is simply this: Get your eyes and mind glued on the Object to be attained; summon up all your Grit and Will-power; go after it—and get it!

Certainly, there will be obstacles. There are obstacles in a football game, too. The goal is in the distance; you're going to get to that goal—but there are obstacles in front of you, the opposing team. What do you do? You hit the line hard; your middle name is "Fight"; you scatter all the obstacles, break through, and get to that goal! Don't you?

In the Game of Life, you do precisely the same thing. Your obstacles

are Fear, Uncertainty, Lack of Confidence, and Jealous Enemies. Your allies are Grit and Will-power. You see the Goal—Success! You scatter your enemies! You gain the Goal!

And when you're there? You think what a grand old fight it's been after all; and it was worth it; and you'd do it all over again if you had to! And you shake hands with your pals, Grit and Will-power.

J. M. WATT.

THE STUDENT PULSE

THE STUDENT PULSE

A kicker is the sort of person for whom no one has any use. The confirmed kicker is despised, and justly so. Yet most of us are tempted, now and then, to make just criticism of our school. Unfortunately, the impulse to complain is sometimes given expression in knocking—a practice distasteful to the students and harmful to the school. It is for this reason that the Student Pulse was introduced. We believe that much good can be accomplished by giving the students opportunity to express openly their ideas in the form of sensible, critical comment and well-conceived suggestions for remedying the faults they have pointed out. Remember, the use of this column is more that a privilege—it is a responsibility. With the advantages here presented, there is little excuse for not putting your ideas where they will be of service to the school. Don't kick—co-operate.

THE EDITOR

Dear Editor:

Just a few little hints that I think can stand a little thought. Having been a student in Omaha Central High School nearly four years, I am determined to express my ideas of this grand building. During these four years, I have failed to see, if there have been any, or locate any towels, soap, or mirrors in the girl's

lavatories. I think that it is a girl's privilege to have a mirror on the landing. Certainly towels and soap are necessities which should be given to the girls. Did you ever notice, girls, that there is a towel case in every lavatory? While noticing, did you carefully perceive that there were no towels in them?

MARY FARLEY.

Dear Editor:

A and B locker, next to C, X, Y, and Z, mutual friends of A. and B, stop for a chat.

By the time C arrives at her locker it is quite late. X and Y are leaning on the door, B and Z are immediately in front of X and Y, and A has her locker open at an obtuse angle powdering her nose.

Now C is rather shy and by the time she unobtrusively directs attention to the fact that she would like the use of her locker, the bell has rung.

X, Y, and Z must pick up their books and make a fitting farewell address to A and B.

In the mean time, C is struggling with wrap and books in a very acute manner, and maybe she gets to class in time—maybe she doesn't.

Have we no regard for others personal liberty?

J. P.

HOW COME, GIRLS?

Dear Editor:

Feminine attire seems to have drifted from the Greek Classics to the Hungarian mode. The Huns have their "goulash," so must our women. Being exclusive, the ladies take their's in clothes and not in eats. Hence, the rubber boots.

To the untrained eye they look like those worn on the old homestead. Not so. On the farm they buckle 'em, in the city they don't.

"Galoshes" are bound to be attractive. They attract the men's attention for a long time—trying to figure whether it's a steam roller or a cavalry officer coming. Traffic cops are often puzzled.

The galosh may be a step in advance of other footwear, but it has to be a very short one. Promenading them hasn't become a fine art yet. Possibly they are worn to conceal club feet.

Ornamental buttons would look better than buckles, which are used about as much as "h" in sausage. The tin could be used in making bath tubs for the Bolsheviki.

MERLE SIMPSON

Dear Editor:

I am indignant—very indignant—in other words, I'm boiling! I feel that my wrath is so justified that I have decided to write to you and put the question to the entire school.

As I was passing the war office this morning, I heard two C. O. C. men discussing the clothes worn by some of the Central High School girls. The article in discussion was galoshes! You, of course, know what galoshes are. They are very, very sensible. They are warm, dry, and even comfortable.

Surely the boys have the privilege of expressing their opinions on galoshes—may I express mine on the wearing apparel of the well-dressed Central High School male? Girls, have you ever seen anything so utterly ridiculous as this fad of wearing corduroy trousers, jersey sweaters, and enormous boots? This is the masculine idea of style. We would suggest

adding a pair of gold earrings to the costume. We feel the effect would be very artistic. Why, some artist may become so inspired as to paint one of our popular male students passing as a fruit vender or something equally picturesque.

Girls! What did you think of those jazz bo ties. No matter what excuse the fellows may offer for their new costumes I can see no redeeming feature in ties that resemble an ink blot.

Oh, yes! Galoshes are really sensible!

B. K.

Hm-m! She suggests an addition to the costume of the Central High School Male! On the other hand, we feel that it is the female of the species to whose costume something should be added.

St. Joseph, Mo., Jan. 14, 1921.

Editor—*The Register*,

Omaha Central High School.

Dear Sir:

I am writing in regard to the newly organized Student Council at Central High School. This council is composed of seven students from the Senior class, six from the Junior class, five from the sophomore and four from the Freshman class. These members of the council were elected by popular vote of the respective classes.

It is the duty and privilege of this council to bring about a more perfect harmony between the students of the various classes and to back all student activities. Any problems confronting the pupils are presented to the council and it decides what course had best be taken.

This organization has a president, a vice-president, secretary and treasurer. The students at large are much in favor of this council and feel that it will be a benefit to Central.

If you have an organization of this kind in your school I should like to hear from you, or from its secretary concerning its activities.

HARRIET E. RIDGE,
Secretary Student Council
St. Joseph, Mo.



Literary

ELIZABETH PATTON WINS OMAHA DRAMATIC LEAGUE PRIZE



Courtesy of "World-Herald."

Elizabeth Patton, a Central High School Senior, has won great credit for herself, and incidentally reflected glory on Central itself in producing a poem which was awarded first prize by the Omaha Drama League, in a contest open to students of the four Omaha High Schools, in honor

of the Pilgrim's Tercentenary. The poem is a truly remarkable piece of work and a real achievement for a high school girl.

Miss Patton is a graduate of Saunders school. She is very modest concerning her talent for getting it. This is not the first time Elizabeth Patton has done good work during her four years in High School.

In June, 1919, she won first prize in Mr. Cox's song contest by the songs the first Central, another Omaha and the third Nebraska. Her favorite poet is Noyes. She reads Galsworthy, Sexome, and Scott very extensively. Miss Patton best likes to write upon the subject of nature. She is planning to go to Nebraska next fall to take a course in English literature and constructive English.

Mrs. Morseman presented Miss Patton with the prize two five dollar gold pieces, Friday morning, January 15, at a large mass meeting.

The following is her poem:

THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS

The ocean, in her remembering depths,
treasures this story,
And sings it again and again to the
Rock.

How a few hearts, filled with hope
and holy, heroic fear,
Put behind them the handclasps of
friends and youth's happiness
To seek for a home,
Westward, over strange, white foam.

The sunset's glory, rolling out its
streamers, beckoned on.
At night the cold, stern stars looked
down.

On unpraised, supplicating hands
Praying for guidance to new lands.

The Register

Day after day the gray waves beat up
fierce, loud rhythm
Against the sides of the frail vessel
That moved like an immortal soul
Onward, on to the goal.

Then came a day, unlike other days,
Of scudding, angry clouds and mellow,
golden sunshine,
A land bird uttered its soft cry,
And leafless trees rose black against
the sky.

They left the ship, they knelt on land,
they rose to work and fight.
They built new homes, they trod new
paths,
They toiled for harvests all unknown—
Their children reap what they have
sown.

The ocean, in her remembering depths,
treasures this story,
And sings it again and again to the
Rock.

AN INTERVIEW WITH J. M. WATT

J. M. Watt, winner of the second prize for all the city, added another laurel to his growing collection. Mr. Watt is not only a writer of verse, but also of stories, and newspaper articles. Of his "League of Nations" essay, a newspaper editor of the city declared that he "was frankly astonished"; and that it "was nothing short of remarkable that a high-school student should have so grasped the facts as to be able to give such a really masterful analysis of the case of the League as it then stood." The essay was written during the latter part of 1919. Numerous smaller articles by the same writer have appeared in the papers from time to time.



It is, however, as a weaver of stories that this gifted writer is already on the road to success. For a good few years he has been reading, studying, testing his ability, intensively—pre-

paring himself in all the phases of the writer's art. And the hard work has not been without its deserved reward, for a few weeks ago an Eastern Publishing Company offered to put one of his longer stories into book form, entirely at their own responsibility, an offer which is very seldom made on a first book. The author, however, refused it! To quote him; "I don't consider the story far enough removed from amateurishness to allow it to go into print in book form. Fortunately—or unfortunately, whichever way you want to take it—I can't look at it from the purely money point of view. It is the writer's business to bring the reader up to his range of thought and vision by giving the very best that is in him. I simply feel that I can do better by waiting a time."

Upon being asked for his views on contemporary literature, Mr. Watt replied: "Practically everybody is writing nowadays—especially verse. Some of it's good, but most of it's bad. I think the trouble arises from the fact that most would-be literary geniuses think that to write a story or a poem requires nothing but an idea, a pad of paper, and pencil. After they've had a few 'scripts returned with the "not available" slip attached, I think they're going to be terribly disillusioned."

"Success in writing comes from study—long and hard study. And even then one would never be able to get everything in, in a lifetime. Why, the first fifteen or twenty years as a writer are mere apprenticeship years."

"The outlook for literature? It never was better. Literature has, speaking generally, been sadly neglected in the United States during the last half century or so. That was, of course, due to the fact that the period 1870 to 1914 was a purely business one. In our efforts to build ourselves up to invincibility commercially, we, as a race, lost practically all appreciation of the more ethereal things of life. Now that we are strong materially,

Mid-Term Number

let us turn to the finer and more spiritual things again."

"But I believe that has already been accomplished by the supreme tragedy of the Great War. The soul of the world has been awakened by this greatest calamity of all time; and man, tired of the monotony of materialistic existence, is turning to Beauty and Idealism for spiritual guidance and solace."

"The number of our real contemporary poets, novelists, and dramatists, however, is quite large. My favorites? Well, in poetry, quite a host of them: Kipling, Alfred Noyes, Robert Service, Vachel Lindsey, Louis Untermeyer, Alan Seeger, and our own Nebraska poet, John Neihardt. In the novel: Kipling, Wells, Ibanez, Harold Bell Wright, and Mary Roberts Rhinhart. In drama: Barrie and Galsworthy. I have also a great number of favorites in the short-story world—which is, I believe, the most delightful, instructive, and commonly helpful field in the whole world of literary effort." C. E. D.

The prize poem follows:

THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS

Three hundred years ago the Fathers slept,
On wild, free shores of an unknown land;
A dauntless, noble race who left, unwept,
Strife-ridden lands ruled by th' intolerant hand.
To death, to desolation would they come?
Ah, what were such, when freedom was the price?
They came; hardship untold was theirs: and some
Were called by Him into his Paradise.
For savage, cold, and famine broke the weak,
And tried the souls of those whom God gave strength;
But through it all they battled on.
Why seek
To tell the wondrous tale? They won, at length,
A great republic from their toil arose,

God give us men and women such as those.

MAN—A SATIRE

Man is an angel, but he flaps his wings so hard in an effort to make others believe it that they become frightened at the noise. Thinking it is caused by messengers of his Satanic majesty, they rush to the nearest spot of refuge.

Man is an Atlas, and the world sits so heavily upon his shoulders that he must have a seat in the street car.

Man is truth personified, therefore he enjoys relating to his fellow man his numerous conquests in the field of love.

Man loves a chic wife, but if he has one, he finds it necessary to explode like nitro-glycerine on the first day of every month.

Man's ideal of a home is a place where he can keep warm without firing a furnace, satisfy his appetite without paying the cashier as he goes out, and hang his hat without fearing that the first fellow to leave will pick up the best hat.

Man's ideal of a wife is one who will darn his socks, do all the maid's work, dispense with the wash-woman, cook delicious meals, hoe the garden, mow the lawn, and do the thousand and one other things necessary to the upkeep of a domestic establishment, and still keep her fresh and youthful beauty and amuse him when he wishes to be amused.

Man admires frankness, but intimate to him that he is conceited and you are immediately booked as akin to the green-eyed monster.

Man is temperate in all things—when he wants to be.

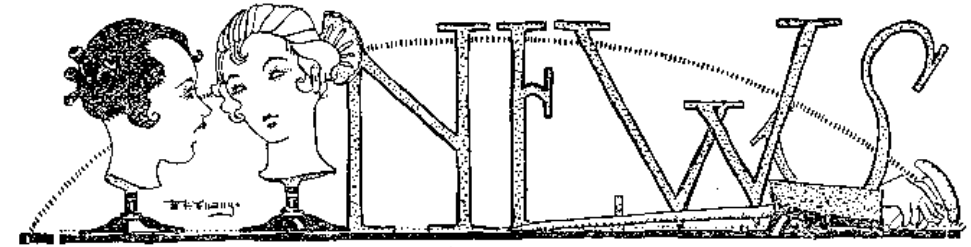
Man likes home companionship—with the evening paper.

Man admires the old-fashioned girl, but he needs a few modern ones for playthings.

Man objects, between puffs of his cigarette, to the girl who uses rouge.

Man is superior to woman—according to Man.

RUTH QUINLAN.



FACULTY

The "Register" wishes to take this opportunity of expressing, on behalf of the Faculty and Student Body of the High School, its sincerest sympathy to Mr. Kerrigan in the recent accident in which he lost part of his right hand.

WEDDING BELLS

The school has been greatly surprised by the marriages of two of its members, Miss Duke and Miss Coulter. We only regret that we have lost both of them. The Sioux again have invaded our territory and have captured two of our well liked faculty members. We wish, however, to extend our heartiest congratulations on behalf of the student body and faculty.

Miss Constance Platt has taken Miss Duke's classes, and Miss Ruth Hutton, Miss Coulter's classes in physical training.

Miss McCague has left Central High School to teach art at Commerce.

Miss Mary Angood has taken the classes in mechanical drawing.

Miss Hilliard is out for January on account of illness. Mrs. Buest is taking her classes.

Miss Esther Thomas and Miss Minnie Kruchenberg visited in New Orleans during the holidays.

Mr. Woolery has been elected sergeant-at-arms of the School Forum.

Miss Alice Treat visited Miss Gross, a classmate at the University of Chicago.

Miss Lena Williams is in room 14A except when she is teaching classes in expression.

1904 CLASS PIN FOR SALE

Shield shaped Gold with green enamel and pearls. Like new. Call Tyler 3517 or Register Office.

The article entitled "Day Dreams," which was printed in the October number, was written by Helen Howes.

The article entitled "Mr. Burke Stock Broker," which appeared in the December number was written by Dorothy Sandburg.

APPRECIATION

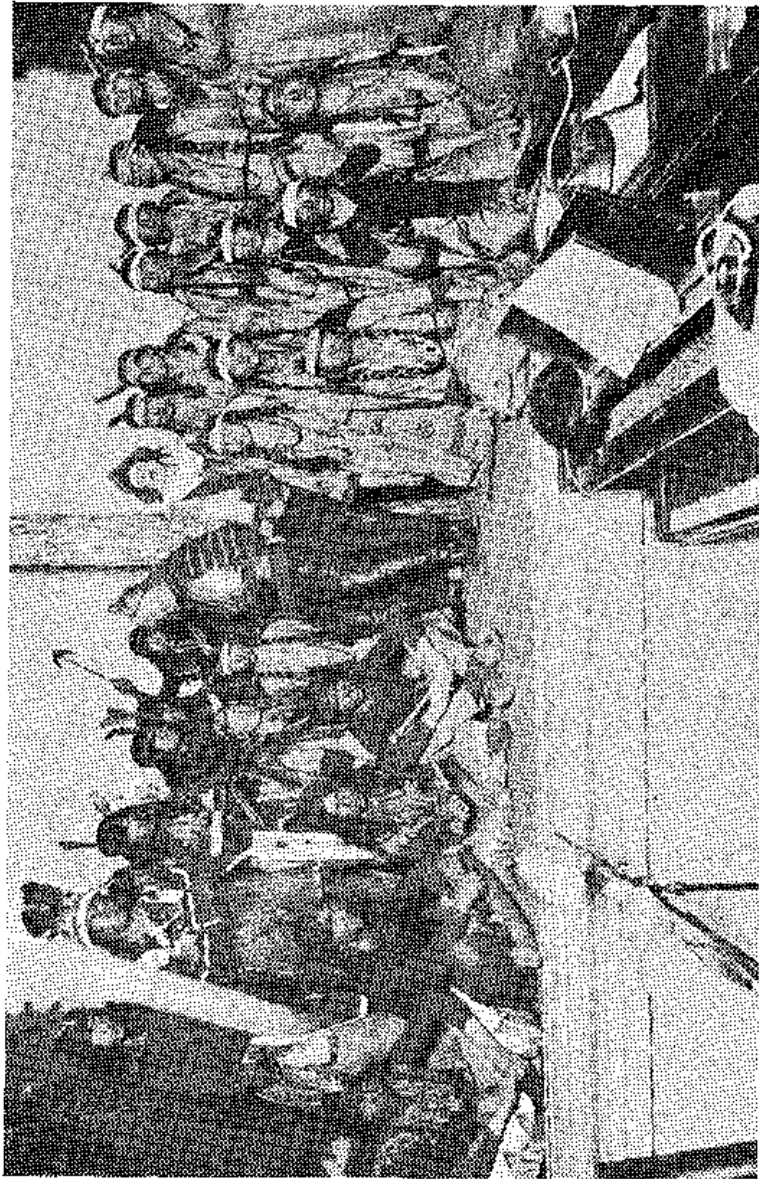
We know that it's the usual thing for a man to be praised for his work after he is dead. We wait to praise and thank a man for his work, but he is still alive and very much alive at that. You all know him and have evidence of his good work. We thank you, Russell Countryman, for the remarkable work you've done for this as well as previous numbers of the Register.

The Register.

POPULAR CENTRALITIES

I'm the guy who skips school at least once a week. Of course I know this habit isn't exactly approved by the faculty, but what the faculty don't know won't hurt 'em. I'm not hurt unless they find it out, and they don't catch me very often and then I just worm out of most of my eighth hours by putting up a good line about being sick and having a three o'clock dentist appointment, and having to work or help my mother. Anyway, I can usually fix up some sort of excuse from my dad to bring to account for the cut, either by lying to him or forging his signature, and they haven't any right to doubt my word. Why should they? They've never caught me really lying. Of course teachers are naturally suspicious and mistrusting and never have any faith in me. It must be awful to have such a distorted view of life as they have.

POOR CAPTAIN



Courtesy of the World-Herald.
An exciting moment during the "Captain" of Plymouth.

Nebraska's Youngest Student



Courtesy Omaha Daily News.

Richard Henry Debus, Nebraska's youngest high school student, entered Central High at the age of ten. Local high school authorities, after comparing figures, believe Richard may be the youngest high school student in the United States.

He came to Central High from district No. 48 which he has attended ever since he left Monmouth Park School in the first grade. The Debus family lives at 4408 North Twenty-eighth street during the school term, and spends the summers on the Debus farm on the West Dodge road.

Richard, in addition to carrying a full high school course, helps his mother about the house. There are ten children in the family which means a great deal of work for everybody. He made very good grades in the county examinations, which he took with boys and girls five and six years older than he. During his last year in grade school he always kept

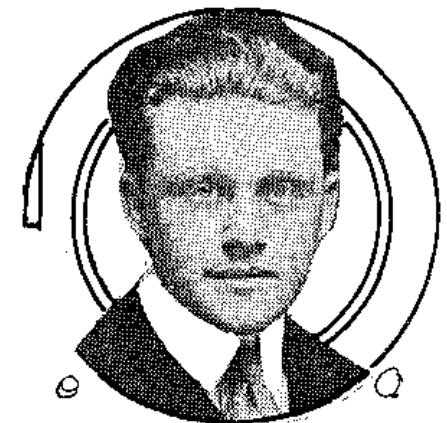
(Continued on Page 31.)

OUR PRESIDENTS



Miss Mary Gorton

Mary Gorton, the president of the Girl's Glee Club, is a very able young lady for the position. Her first official act was to nominate Betty Ann Pitts, Mascott, which goes to show that we're all for Betty Ann.



Murrell Simpson

Murrell Simpson is the newly elected president of the Boys' Glee Club.

QUADS EAST AND WEST

SPRING IS HERE



Glorious Springtime with all its flowers, lilies-of-the-valley, morning glories, sweet peas, nasturiums, and poppies, was in the limelight at Central High recently when all the masculine members of our high school showed their appreciation of nature's wonders and bedecked themselves with perfectly beautiful yarn flowers. It is rumored that said flowers were made by the heart's desire of the wearer—but this of course, is merely hearsay. The popularity of the flowers was universal. From lieutenant-colonel to the awk-

wardest rookie in the regiment—from the editor-in-chief to the humblest subscriber—yes, even our dignified faculty censor answered to the call of the colors.

THE INSPECTIONS

The result of the last inspection of the regiment was a follows:

Co. C—First... 86%	Co. E—Fourth... 80%
Co. B—Second... 85%	Co. D—Fifth... 78%
Co. F—Third... 82%	Co. A—Sixth... 77%

The Colonel thinks this inspection was a great deal better than the last, but that there is still plenty of room for improvement. S. STREET '23.

WHO'S WHO IN THE REGIMENT

One of the most illustrious officers in the high school cadet regiment is the major of the first battalion, Stuart Edgerly. Although the major is not mighty in stature, the manner in which he takes command of his battalion is one of such authority that even the most insignificant Freshman is filled with love and admiration.

The seventh annual Road Show is assured of greater success than ever before in the history of the school. One of the reasons, in fact, the greatest reason is that the Commissioned Officers club is led by Major Edgerly. He is also the president of the Hi-Y club.

THE ROAD SHOW POSTERS

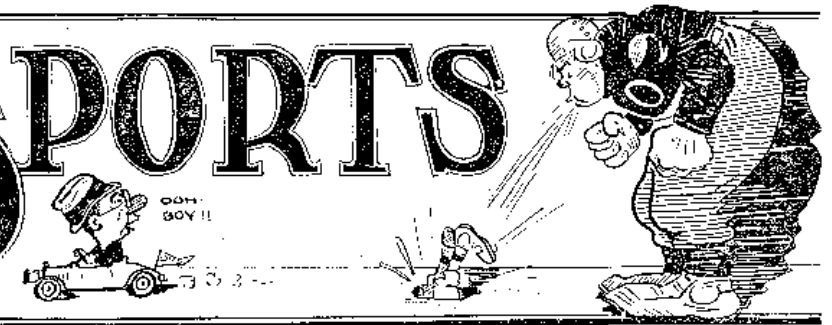
The Commissioned Officer's Club wishes to announce the following awards for the best posters submitted for the seventh annual Road Show, to be held April 15 and 16, in the High School Auditorium.

For the best poster drawn by a boy, Two good first-floor seats.

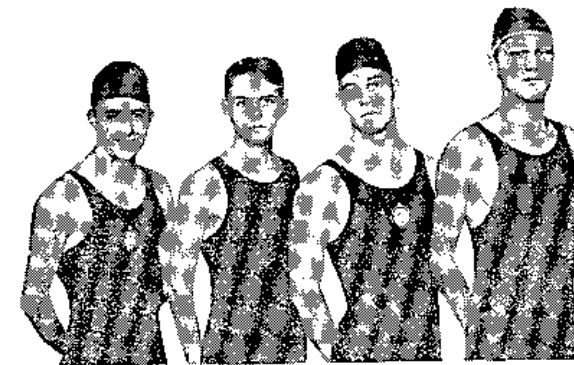
For the best poster drawn by a girl, Two good first-floor seats.

Posters should be in by April 8th, to receive credit. Hand in to the art room or to Harry Haynes.

SPORTS



CENTRAL SPLASHERS



The Central High School swimming team, composed of E. A. Thoman Jr., and John Robertson, Scofield DeLong, D. L. Dimond, is one of the classiest aggregations in the state.

It holds the State High School championship for the 200-yard relay, winning the title by defeating Lincoln and Creighton High schools.

The quartet was entered in an open championship

relay at the Omaha Athletic club the first part of January, and won second place, being defeated by the O. A. C. team which is composed of fast men swimmers. They won places ahead of the local and Council Bluffs Y. M. C. A's. and Creighton University.

A great deal of success of the Purple and White swimmers is due to the efficient and thorough coaching of Pete Wendell, swimming director at the O. A. C. He has given considerable time to improve the swimming of the high school tank artists. F. W. B. '21.

GIRL SWIMMERS

The boys are not the only ones that excell in swimming and aquatic sports. Central has also produced some "mermaids." Helen Condon, star swimmer and diver, gave an exhibition of fancy diving and life saving at the mid-winter swimming meet, Nicholas Senn Hospital, January 19. Among her numerous "stunts", Helen ate a banana under water. (Say Helen, what really became of the other half of the banana?)

Irene Powell also deserves honorable mention, winning the ladies' 50-yard free style swim at the Omaha Athletic Club January 13th.

Under the special coaching of Coach Pete Wendell, Helen and Irene have

developed into speed swimmers of no mean ability. Helen Condon is Nebraska State Champion lady swimmer and diver. D. J. D.

CENTRAL 17, COUNCIL BLUFFS 19

The Central High basket ball team met their first defeat Saturday, January 15th, at the hands of Council Bluffs High by a close score of 19-17.

The Purple and White basket tossers showed the effects of their hard game the night before and did not play up to standard. However, they led the Bluffs lads 11-4, at the end of the first half, and the result of the contest was in doubt until the last minute.

The Central High School basketball team opened the season, January 14th, by going down to South Omaha and trouncing the South High cage five 38 to 26. The Purple and White team showed a superior brand of basketball, and although they were on the tail end of a 23 to 18 score at the end of the first half, they came back in a whirlwind fashion and gathered 20 points to the Packer's 3 in the second period.

VOLLEYBALL

Volley ball has been suspended for the present owing to the departure of Miss Duke, who had charge of the teams. The underclassmen may well be proud of their volley ball material although it has not been completely organized. Norma Johnson, Geraldine Wyckoff, Katie Goldstein, and Constance Page are a few of the shining lights for the Sophomores.

E. H.



Johnston: "What kind of pie is this?"

Waiter: "Jam pie, sir."

Geo.: "How so? I see no jam."

Waiter: "The top, sir, is jammed against the bottom."

-Ex.

Greene: "Bad accident down-town last night."

Connell: "How come?"

Greene: "Street car ran over a cat."

Farmer: "What are you doing up there?"

Frank Mc.: "One of your pears just fell down and I'm trying to put it back up again!"

Ex.

McCoy: "Heads we go to bed, tails we go down-town."

Shepard: "And if it stands on edge, we study."

Miss Gross: "Name three things that contain starch."

Beth Y.: "Two cuffs and a collar."



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AS YOU ARE

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MANGER BONAPARTE

JIGGS

OH YOU CANDY KID

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Elster: "Have you ever done any public speaking?"

Hanna: "Yes, I once proposed to a girl over the phone in my home town." —Ex.

Alice T: (*Giving history report*) — "There is a great shortage of teachers in Omaha at present, due to the fact that the teachers would rather work than teach."

Virginia M.: "What is a hug?"

Lowell M.: "A feat of arms."

Corr: "Did you hurt yourself

when you stumbled over the piano?"

Curly S.: "No, I hit the soft pedal."

Nebraska's Youngest Student

(Continued from page 21)

his grades around the 90 mark, without much home preparation.

The specially-made cadet suit Richard wears while drilling, contrasts oddly with the man-size uniforms of many husky high school cadets, as Richard manfully stretches his legs in an endeavor to keep up the pace in drill. But when it comes to mental power, Richard sets the pace.

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Scene: Darkest night.

Time: December 24, about 1:30
a. m.

Plot:

Jim I.: "Stop here, driver (to rear seat)—Jawn, is that stuff safe?"

Jawn W.: "Both rolls are safe sir, each one is tied to one of my feet."

Jim: "Now, driver, if you'll stop here and help us drag this inside where we can count it, we'll donate you a nice house and lot."

Jawn: "Sophomores may be foolish

but the juniors are worse." (Lights
cigar with ten dollar bill.)**DOES ANYONE IN THE SENIOR
CLASS REMEMBER**

When he expected to graduate?

When he had his first high school
date?When the "flu" gave us an extended
vacation?

When the girls had ears?

When the undergrads looked up to
a Senior?

When the girls were pale?

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Bun.: "Gee, that fellow's got big feet like hams."

J. Adams: "That's perfectly natural, he graduated from Armour's!"

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Girls! When you "doll up," be careful not to smile, as it lights up your face and might set the powder off."

He who laughs last is thick headed.

Ellen-Frances: "Father, who was Hamlet?"

Daddy: "Aren't you ashamed of yourself, and at your age, too!" "Bring me the Bible and I'll show you."

Edgerly: "Did you see that girl smile at me?"

Anderson: "Yes, she was too polite to laugh out loud!"

—Ex.

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Dimond: "Frank, if you had a chance to name a boy, what name would you give him?"

Freeman: "I've always liked the name 'Alias,' but I find that all the boys with that name are usually in jail."
—Ex.

My father and I fell on the ice,
Because we could not stand,
He saw the glorious stars and stripes,
I saw the "Father-land."
—Ex.

Dudley: "Here there, you just missed me by an inch."

Russell: "Well, be patient, I'm coming back again in a minute."

Miss Davies: "The census embraces two thousand women."

D. L. D.: "Hm-m, wish I was the census."

Miss Brown: "What tense are you using?"

Dorothy G.: "Pretense."

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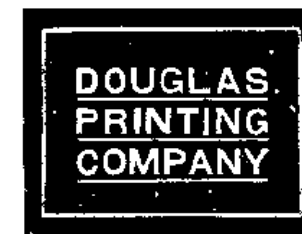
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