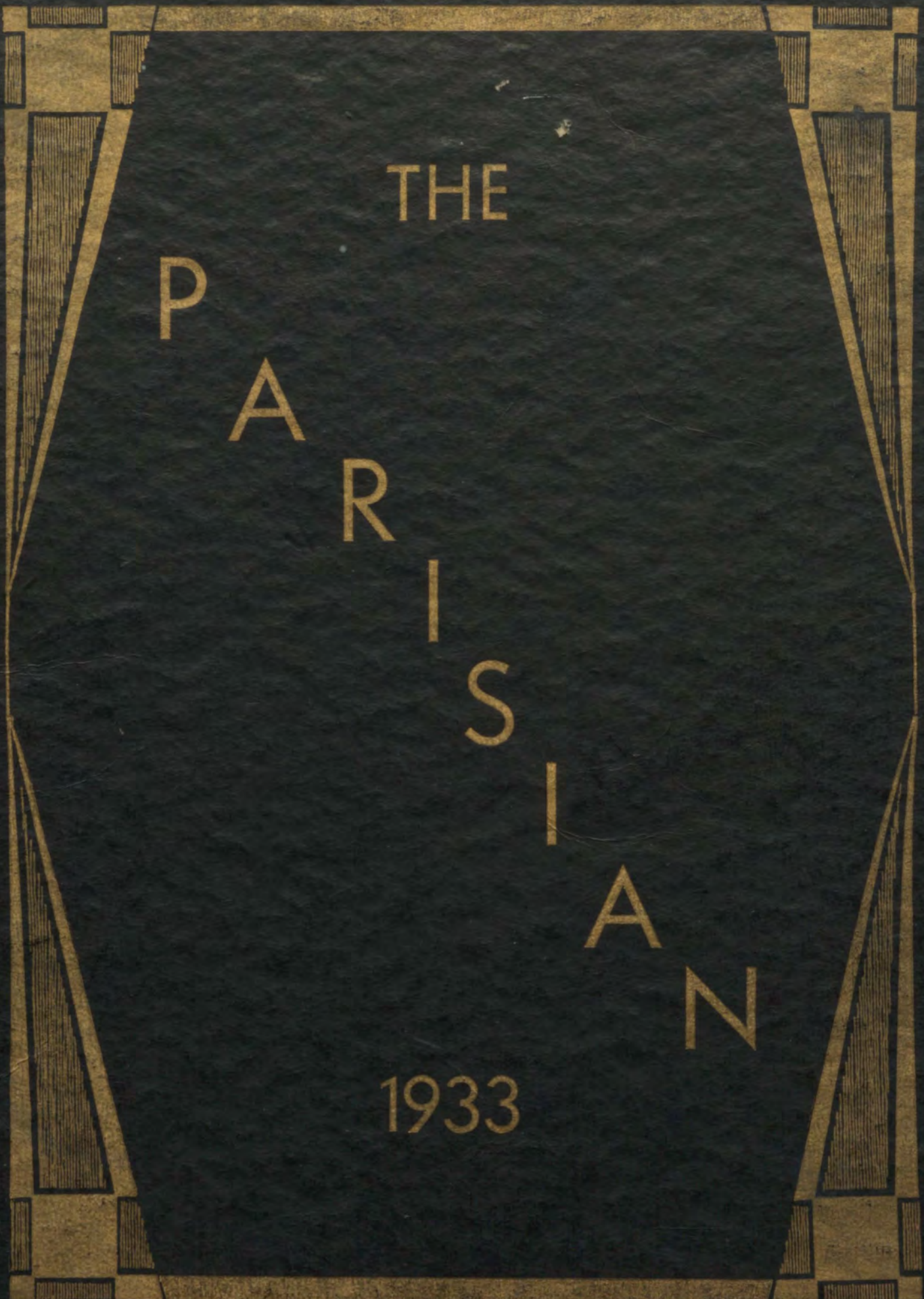
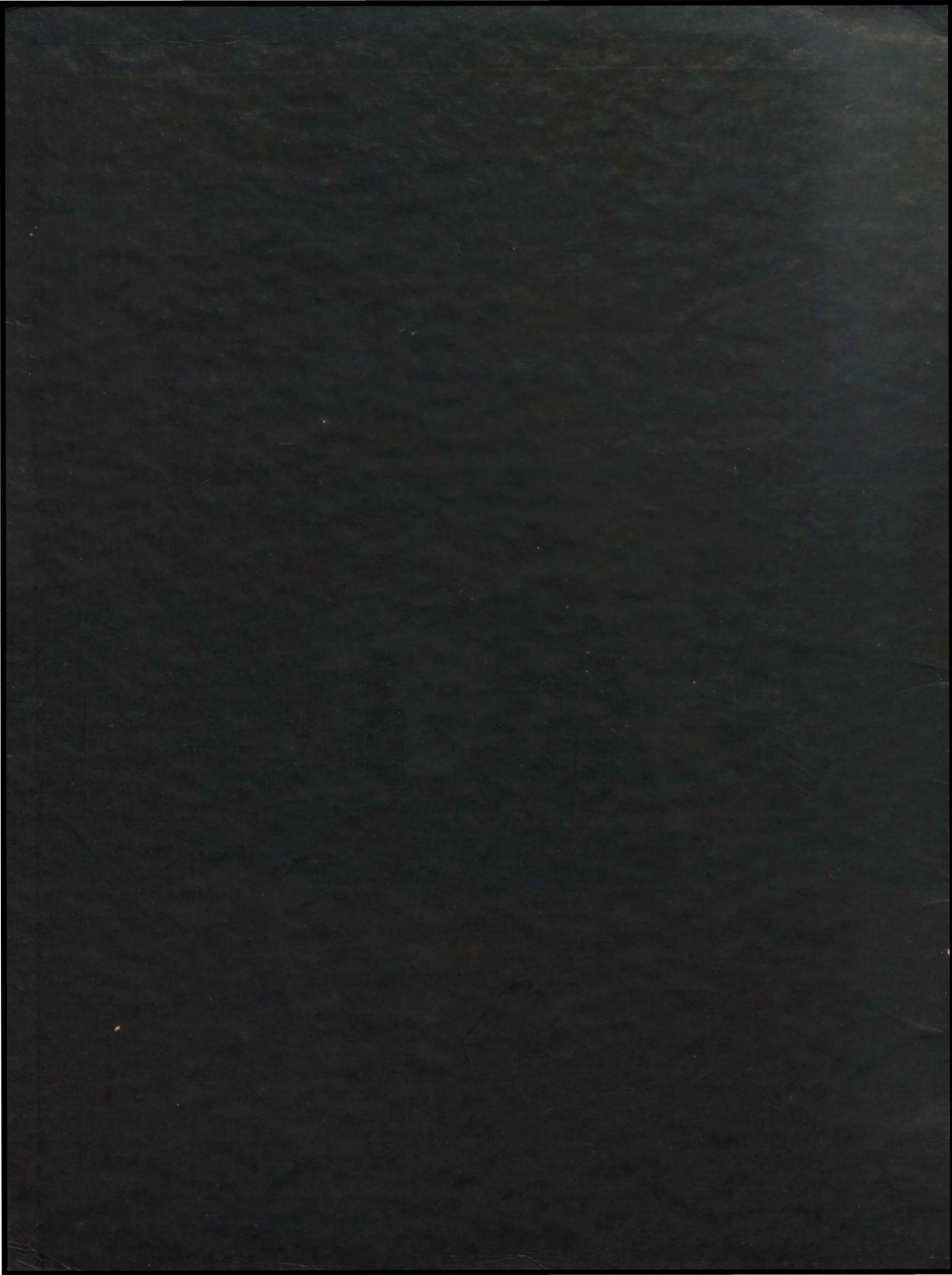


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1933







THE PARISIAN

1933



*Published by the
Senior Class of Paris High School*





Dedication

“Perfect was the love she bore me
Paltry praise my little song”.

With this appropriate verse we, the Senior Class of 1933 of Paris High School, dedicate this Annual to the dearest and truest friend on earth—Mother. Good mothers are the anchors of the State and its greatness depends on the faith of Mothers. Our first cries are to her and she has always comforted and sustained us with an undying tenderness. As we have grown older she has become a beloved companion, a friend on whom we can always depend for guidance, sympathy, and loyalty. It is she who has borne the major share of our troubles and responsibilities and in doing so has lightened our burdens and made them easier to bear. It is impossible to measure her great love or ever repay it. She does not expect it or desire it. Hers is a labor of love which asks no reward save the happiness and welfare of her children. The Senior Class of 1933 wish to share in giving her a small but sincere portion of that reward which she so greatly deserves. May we always remember how much we owe her, and honor her in our lives as well as in our thoughts.

CONSTANCE KENNEDY.





LEE KIRKPATRICK

Superintendent

A. B., Georgetown College; A. M., Columbia University;
Graduate Student Harvard University.



THE PARISIAN

CLASS HISTORY OF 1933

The greatest basketball game of the ages was played in the Paris High School by the Class of 1933. All who saw were amazed that such material could be turned out, even from as fine a school as Paris. The first quarter began in September, 1928 in the terrific heat of Summer. The players numbering about ninety were eager for the fray and determined to win the coveted trophy, the diploma. Great enthusiasm and cooperation were displayed by the spectators, a great throng of nearly 8,000 people. The teams were ably trained by Coaches Lavin, Connell, and Collier; and the entire game was refereed by officials Kirkpatrick and Scott, Kentucky. The teams showed possibilities from the very tip-off and the interest of the spectators was held throughout the game. The team took time out for Christmas and Spring vacations and each time picked up quickly where they had left off. During the second quarter all teams participating got warmed up and a few changes were made at the beginning. The team now gained an added advantage in that it advanced to the Senior High building, and its spirit was not daunted by the "boos" from the cheering section occupied by the Seniors and Juniors. The time was to come however when the team had its own cheering section which backed its every endeavor. Two other important changes were made. The team changed coaches—not because of any dissatisfaction but because of a conference ruling. The newly favored ones were Coaches Batchelder and Scott. In the first quarter there had been three captains, but this idea was discarded now. Captain Violet was elected to lead the team. A great deal of scoring was done during the second quarter; namely, glee club, football, basketball, declamation, oratory, scholarship, Parisian Circle, all other clubs, orchestra, etc. Time out was taken several times and a few players were removed from the game because of disabilities. The half was enjoyed by all and the game was resumed after a period of three months.

The third quarter started off with a bang. The team lost a few more players during the half. There were now over sixty players going strong. The team's strength was so obvious that the Seniors sat up and took notice and well they might, for more than once during the third quarter did they feel the power of the class of '33. Of course, this glory blinded the Sophomores, who are generally accepted as a matter of course. The team decided to keep Coach Batchelder in her capacity permanently, but Coach Scott was called to supervise another team. Coach Noland was employed in his place, and she too was retained to coach this memorable team to victory in 1933. Russell Kenney undertook the responsibility of being captain in '32. One of the prettiest goals made during the quarter was the scoring made by "Pandora Lifts the Lid", in which this class was the first to make use of and help pay for the new curtain and scenery. Most of the honors in the local music contest were won by the team of '33. The fourth and final quarter was the proof of the old adage "Last but not least", for the last quarter was the supreme triumph for this hardworking team. Most of the success was due to our able coaches, referees, and associate Coaches Monson, Scott, Collier, and Lavin. The Captain during the fourth quarter was Joe Hedges who proved himself a true leader and worthy of the honor bestowed upon him. The team as Seniors went into every field of activity and scored. Leadership was ably assumed in all the clubs; the team was well represented in scholarship and speaking contests; valuable contributions were made to the band in the form of band sponsor, Martha Bruce Williams, and drum major, William Terry, and all the cheer leaders were members of this team. Continuous scoring by the team was made from this point in: Seniors winning places in the local music contest; mixed quartett and solo winners first in district; Helen Farmer winning second in state solo contest; C. K. C. Championship in football; Shout making the C. K. C. football team and all-southern; many Seniors on the winning team that won the C. K. C. basketball championship for the third consecutive time; Shout and Bell making all C. K. C. Team in basketball; two members George Greer and Jack Nickerson on the successful debating team. The final scores of the team of '33 were: the publication of the Annual, the Senior play, and the Commencement program. Three were removed during the final quarter because of matrimonial fouls and two other players preferred to remain to play another year with the team of '34. June the second, of '33, Referee Kirkpatrick blew the whistle and the team received its trophy—the diploma.

CONSTANCE KENNEDY.



GILBERT LAVIN
A. B., University of Kentucky
Graduate Student Ann Arbor
Latin

LULU BATCHELDOR
A. B., Transylvania College
M. A., Columbia University
Political Science

MRS. DAN PEED
University of Kentucky
Home Economics

MRS. W. E. COLLIER
A. B., University of Kentucky
M. A., University of Kentucky
Science

F. A. SCOTT
A. B., South Western University
M. A., Columbia University
Principal

ELLEN BLANDING
University of New York
Music

EDITH L. MONSON
A. B., Georgetown College
M. A., Ann Arbor University
French and Spanish

ZERELDA NOLAND
A. B., University of Kentucky
M. A., Columbia University
English

MRS. NAN K. BEARD
A. C. A., Bowling Green
Commercs



JOKES

We hope that "Willie Joe" Criswell won't get excited next Fall and carry the left end around the ball.

Lois—Joe told me that he would swim across the Atlantic ocean just to be near me.

Almeda—Did he tell you where he was last night?

Lois—No. He called up last night and said it was raining too hard for him to come out.

Wilson Barlow (Running up to Hiram's car)—Hiram, is Noah's ark full?

Hiram Redmon—No, we're short one monkey—jump in!

Marie Snyder (Finding button in salad)—I guess the salad lost this in dressing.

Overheard in the Cafeteria:

George Sullivan—Hey, there is no turtle in this turtle soup!

Jack Gaiskill—No, and you won't find any horse in the horseradish, either.

Miss Noland—Use the word "bewiches" in a sentence.

Paul Gudgell—Don't wait for me—I'll be witches in a minute.

Brooks—She sure gave you a dirty look.

Rusty—Who?

Brooks—Mother Nature.

Brown Lee (horrified)—Marie sent back her engagement ring yesterday!

Leslie—Why, what's the matter with it?

Brown Lee—It was marked, "Glass, handle with care."

Hodgie—Melvin, do you know the motto of insomnia victims?

Melvin—No. I'll bite.

Hodgie—We never sleep.

Bess Long—Quit throwing that paper in my shoes.

Blanche—O, pardon me—I thought that was the waste basket.

Long Winded Speaker—You must pardon me for taking so much of your time, but there is no clock in the room.

Rusty Violet's voice from the rear—No, but there's a calendar behind you.

Miss Noland (To Paul Gudgell sitting idly in school during spelling lesson)—"Paul, why are you not writing?"

Paul—"I ain't got no pen."

Miss Noland—"Where's your grammar?"

Paul—"She's dead."

Anonymous—It has been said that the nearest thing to perpetual motion is a Jew chasing a Scotchman for a debt.

Marie Snyder—"I wish God had made me a boy."

Carl Conner—"He did, I'm he."

Brown Lee Yates—"First I'll take some sulphuric acid and then I'll take some chloroform."

Voice from behind—"That's a good idea."

Susan Hinkle—"Tell me something about the Israelites?"

Betty May—"I don't know anything about them; we have electric lights."

Miss Batchelder—"Use the word 'boycott,' in a sentence."

John Charles Greene—"It rained that night and the boy cott an awful cold."

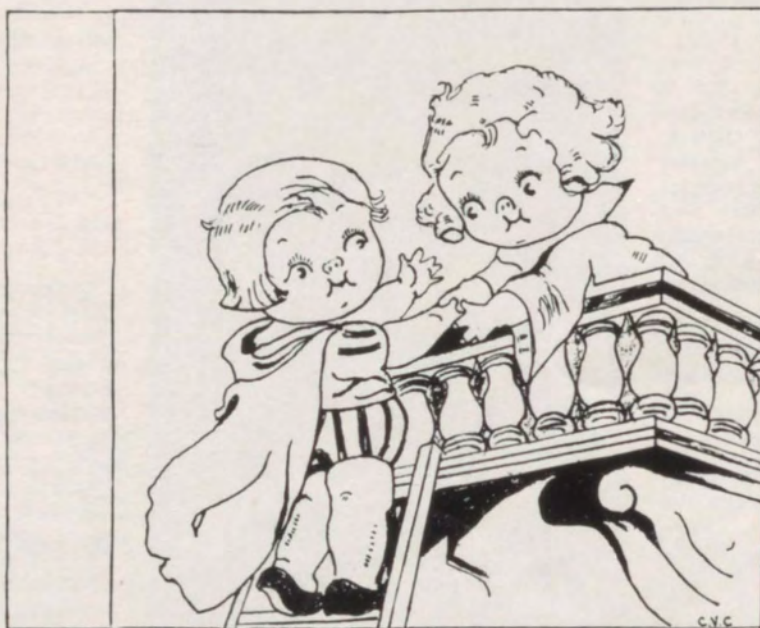
Mrs. Santen—"Professor, I'm surprised to hear that your chickens have been over the wall scratching up my garden."

Prof Scott—"My dear madam, that can hardly be regarded as a phenomenon. If your garden had come over the fence and scratched my chickens I could have understood your astonishment."

Girl—"O, Officer! There's a man following me, and I think he must be drunk."

Officer (giving her the once over)—"Yes, he must be."

Classes



Joe Hedges

"The secret of success in the constancy of purpose."

Class President 4; Annual Staff; Parisian Circle; Scholarship Latin 2, American History 4; Football 3, 4; Basketball 4; Science Club 3, 4; Romance Language Club 2, 3, 4; Class Treasurer 2.

Estelle Clay Auxier

"Quiet, but wonderfully capable, is the verdict of those who know her best."

Transferred from Ashland Senior High; Commercial Club 4; Annual Staff; Scholarship Commercial Dept. 4.

Jean Allen

"Pretty hair, shining eyes, Quiet laughter, she's a prize."

Romance Language Club 2, 3, 4; Home Ec. Club 4; Parisian Circle; Dramatic Club 4; Secretary of Girl Reserves 4; Glee Club 2, 3, 4; Annual Staff Junior Play; May Day Attendant 3; Scholarship English Mechanics 2, 3, 4; Orange and Black Book 1.

Thelma Pauline Booth

"A genial disposition brings its answer, many friends."

Home Ec. Club 2, 4; Commercial Club 3, 4 (Secretary) Band 4; Declamation Contest 2; Scholarship Short-hand 4.

Eugene Santen

"Full of dignity and common sense, mostly dignity."

Glee Club 2, 3, 4; Science Club 4.



Mary Catherine Mahany

"Her heart was in her work and the heart giveth grace unto every art."

Latin Club 3, 4, (Secretary) Commercial Club 4; Annual Staff; Glee Club 2, 3, 4; Class Vice-President 4.

Edward Allison

"Reserved, calm, and quiet, and a singer among the best."

Latin Club 3; Science Club 4; Glee Club 2, 3, 4; Basketball 4; Operetta.

Guthrie Bell

"All great men must die, and I don't feel so well myself."

Dramatic Club 4; Glee Club 2, 3, 4; Commercial Club 4; Football 2, 3, 4; Basketball 2, 3, 4; Track 2, 3; Romance Language Club 4; Annual Staff "32".

William Blake

"Of manners, gentle, and a most engaging smile."

Transferred from Jacksonville, Florida; Science Club 4 (Secretary); Dramatic Club 4; Glee Club 4; Football 4.

Fred Boling

"A smile to greet the morning with."

We like Fred for his genial disposition and his helpful spirit.

Science Club 4; Glee Club 2, 3, 4; Operetta 3; Commercial Club 3, 4; Junior Play 3.

Susan Hinkle

"A good true friend and jolly pal, whimsical, witty, and wise."

Romance Language Club 3, 4; Parisian Circle; Latin Club 3, 4, (President); Dramatic Club 3, 4, (Secretary); Vice-President of Girl Reserves; Pep Club 4; Annual Staff; Glee Club 2, 3, 4; Class Vice-Pres. 3; Class Treasures 2; Junior Play; Orange and Black Book 1; May Day Jester 3.

Ruby Doyle

"Ruby is quiet and unassuming. Conscientious in her work."

Home Ec. Club 4; Commercial Club 4.

Constance Kennedy

"Sincere and true to her own beliefs. With a good original mind. A leader who is ever willing and just. A girl of the highest kind."

Glee Club 2, 3, 4; Orange and Black Book 1; President of Girl Reserves 4; Romance Language Club 3, (V.-Pres.) 4; Latin Club 3 (V.-Pres.) 4; Annual Staff (Editor); Dramatic Club 3, 4, President; Operetta; Junior Play; Scholarship Literature 4, Geometry 3, Latin 2; May Day Attendant 3.

Henry Downing

"That he's a jolly good fellow no one can deny."

Glee Club 2, 3, 4.



Helen Farmer

"And still they gazed and still their wonder grew that one small head would carry all she knew."

Romance Language Club 4; Latin Club 3, 4; Home Ec. Club 4, (President); Dramatic Club 4; Glee Club 2, 3, 4; Annual Staff; Junior Play; Operetta.

Rosa Crowe

"We like her; she is ever quiet and pleasant."

Science Club 4; Home Ec. Club 2, 4; Glee Club 2.

Franklin Dryden

"I am my mother's pride and joy; because I am her youngest boy."

Pep Club 4; Dramatic Club 4; Science Club 4; Glee Club 2, 3, 4; Junior Play; Operetta.

John Craig

"My only books were woman's looks, and folly's all they've taught me."

Glee Club 3, 4; Football 3, 4; Basketball Manager.

Ruby King

"None but herself can be her parallel."

Romance Language Club 3, 4; Dramatic Club 3, 4; Glee Club 2, 3, 4; Home Ec. Club 3.

Clarence Gifford

"Many have talent—it rises to capacity only in a few."

Glee Club 2, 3, 4; Football 4.

John Charles Gleen

"Charlie is a witty boy with eyes and hair quite light; He doesn't take life seriously—he's courteous and polite."

Parisian Circle; Science Club 3, 4; Dramatic Club 4; Annual Staff; Football 2, 3, 4; Basketball 2, 3, 4; Junior Play.

Russell Kenney

"Radio's his specialty, the lab's his second home, About the fascinating place it's his delight to roam."

Class President 3; Science Club 2, 3, 4; Commercial Club 4.

Helen Letcher

"With smiling eyes and curly hair,
She's a daisy, we declare."

Romance Language Club (Chairman Spanish Division) Orchestra 2, 3, 4; Commercial Club 4.



Charles Grinnell

"What a spend-thrift is he of tongue."

Science Club 3, 4; Glee Club 2, 3, 4; Commercial Club 4.

Irene Florence

"Her statue tall—I hate a dumpy woman."

Romance Language Club 3; Glee Club 2, 3, 4; Home Ec. Club 4.

Nathalie Linville

"She doesn't put things off; she puts them over."

Latin Club 4; Home Ec. Club 4; Dramatic Club 3, 4; Annual Staff; May Day Attendant 3; Band 4; Basketball 1.

Earl Kenton

"Earl would hide his talent in the bushel of his modesty."

Romance Language Club 4.

Betty May

"If worry were the only cause of death, then she would live forever."

Romance Language Club 3; Home Ec. Club 4; Dramatic Club 3, 4; Junior Play; Commercial Club 4; Glee Club 2, 3, 4.

Jim Will Higgins

"Still water runs deep."

Romance Language Club 4; Science Club 3, 4; Glee Club 2.

Dorcus Levy

"Here is a friendly heart that has plenty of friends."

Glee Club 2, 3, 4; Commercial Club, 4; Dramatic Club 4; Operetta.

Jack Nickerson

"Knowledge is proud that he knows so much; wisdom is humble that he knows no more."

Orange and Black Book 1; Debating; Commercial Club 4; Junior Play; Dramatic Club 4; Science Club 3, 4; Latin Club 3; Scholarship; Basketball.

Mary Louise McCarthy

"A daughter of the gods, divinely tall, and most divinely fair."

Latin Club 3, 4; Annual Staff; Glee Club 2, 3, 4; Commercial Club 4.



David Kennedy

"Patience is a necessary ingredient of genius."

Latin Club 3; Science Club 4; Glee Club 2, 3, 4.

Mildred McDaniel

"Of me you may write in the blackest ink; I say what I mean, and know what I think."

Romance Language Club 3, 4; Latin Club 3, 4; Dramatic Club 3, 4; Annual Staff; Basketball.

Ruby Morgan

"She is just a carefree, happy-go-lucky girl."

Commercial Club 4; Romance Language Club 4; Basketball 1.

G. T. Lyons

"The world means something to the capable."

Romance Language Club; Latin Club 3; Science Club; Basketball 4; Orange and Black Book 1.

William Terry

"A fellow of infinite discourse."

Romance Language Club 4; Latin Club 3; Drum Major 4.



Raymond Ogle

"Speech is silver, but silence is golden."

Science Club 4; Glee Club 2, 3, 4.



Harry Smith

"Mine be the strength of spirit, full and free."

Commercial Club 4.



Kathryn Pogue

"Her airs, her manners, all who saw admired."

Orange and Black Book 1; Glee Club 2, 3, 4; Romance Language Club 3, 4; Dramatic Club 3, 4.



Jack Shout

"Tell me not in mournful numbers."

Football 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball (Capt. '33) 1, 2, 3, 4; Commercial Club (Vice President) 4; Science Club 3, 4.



Anna Kathryn Neal

"To see her is to wonder—to know her is to love her."

Romance Language Club 4; Glee Club 2, 3, 4; Commercial Club 4; Declamation 2.



Betty Price

"Eat, drink, and be merry for tomorrow we may die."

Romance Language Club 3, 4; Commercial Club 4; Glee Club 3, 4; Junior Play (Stage Manager); Basketball 1.



Agnes Sousley

"Men, not marks, have been my aim."

Romance Language Club 2, 3, 4; Home Ec. Club 4; Science Club 4; Dramatic Club 3, 4.



Dorothy Smith

"As brimful of fun, wit, and glee—as ever a human being could be."

Romance Language Club 4.



Jean Violet

"To be little is to be loved."

Glee Club 2, 3, 4; Class President 2; Parisian Circle; Pep Club 2, 3, 4; Home Ec. Club 4; Romance Language Club 2, 3, 4, (President 4); Orange and Black Book 1; Latin Club 3, 4; Dramatic Club 3, 4; Annual Staff; Basketball 2.



Martha Williams

"The music in my heart I bore;
Long after it was heard no more."

Glee Club 2, 3, 4; Orange and Black Book 1; Romance Language Club 4; Latin Club 3, 4; Commercial Club 4; Pep Club 4; Annual Staff; Dramatic Club 4; Band Sponsor; Junior Play; May Day Attendant 3.

Robert Weigott

"He has not allowed his education to interfere with his dancing."

Football 1, 2, 3, 4, (Capt.4); Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4.



Thornton Swinford

"Maximum results with minimum efforts."

Science Club 3.

Gladys Speakes

"Duty, faith, and love are virtues truly fine."

Romance Language Club 4; Commercial Club 4.



Dodge Whipple

"I'd rather walk with a woman any day than with an angel."

Glee Club 2, 3, 4; Pep Club 4; Romance Language Club 2, 3; Dramatic Club 4; Annual Staff; Football 3, 4; Science Club 3, 4; Operetta.

Mary Strickler

"She entered our ranks at the last of the race,
But she won many friends by her smiling face."

Commercial Club 4; Glee Club 4.



Mabel Stone

"When she speaks she knows where of she speaks."

Commercial Club 4 (Treasurer); Home Ec. Club 2; Romance Language Club 4; Basketball.

Willard Whalen

"Come not within the measure of my wrath."

Romance Language Club 4; Science Club 3, 4; Glee Club 2, 3, 4.





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THE AIRPLANE RIDE

His Royal Highness, the Crown Prince William Philip Rowland Emmanuel Cedric Oliver Henri Frederick Maurice of Flavenstine, leaped from the royal limousine, almost upsetting the footman who was rushing to hold the car door open for him. His mother, her Grace, The Duchess Lisette von Reinburg, fairly gulped with mortification at his appalling lack of manners. It must be the influence of that new American governess. She would certainly give her a lecture when she got home.

At the airport gate the Crown Prince raced by the guards, who were bent double in absurdly exaggerated bows. A stranger in Flavenstine would not have known he was the Crown Prince. With his brown curly hair standing on end, his cheeks glowing, and his Eton jacket flying out in the breeze, he might have been any nine year old boy on his way to see an airplane at close range for the first time.

He reached the hangar a good five minutes ahead of his mother and his nineteen year old half-sister, the Countess Cecilia, and the rest of the royal party. When they arrived, they found his Royal Highness emitting short hiccoughs of excitement over a great tri-motor which the usher was explaining to him. The Duchess suppressed a sigh. In spite of all she could do or say, Prince William Philip hiccoughed when he became excited. She had spent sleepless nights visioning him hiccoughing through the wedding and coronation ceremonies.

Prince William Philip became aware of his mother's presence and his face flushed deeply. "I beg your pardon, mother", he said in a mechanical voice, "for walking in front of you. It was the airplanes. Mother, can I ride in one just this once? Just once, mother?" he pleaded.

"May, William. Don't say 'can'. No, you may not. Airplanes are very dangerous. You must think of your people. You are to be king after your uncle, you know. Your subjects expect you to refrain from taking unnecessary risks. If you put your handkerchief over your mouth, William, perhaps your hiccoughs will not sound so loud."

The Crown Prince buried his flushed face in a hand woven linen handkerchief and blinked back hot tears. When he got to be king, he'd show them. He would buy about a million airplanes and ride in them all every day. The tri-motor ceased to interest him. It would be fun to go out on the flying field and watch the planes take off. He shot a quick look at his mother. She was inspecting the cabin of a passenger plane. Cecilia was talking to the usher about the engine of the tri-motor. The rest of the party was looking at the control board. He was quite unnoticed. Quietly he slipped out of the hangar.

In the far corner of the field he saw a plane getting ready to take off. His short legs carried him to it in a few minutes. Approaching it reverently, he started to twirl the propeller.

"Hey, Sonny," a man's crisp voice hailed him, "let that alone!"

The Crown Prince drew back in astonishment. "I beg your pardon. Were you speaking to me?"

"Yeah," answered a young man in greasy overalls, appearing from under the plane. "Yeah, I'm talking to you. Don't ever fool with a propeller."

"Oh," said his Highness, "I didn't know. You see, I never got up close to an airplane before. Are you an aviator?"

"Well," said the young man, "I wouldn't exactly call it that, but I fly."

Prince William Philip drew nearer. "And is this your plane?"

"Yes," said the flyer. "At least it will be after I make two more payments."

"I think the colors are pretty", admired his Highness. "Red and white. There's a picture of a plane like that in a book I have at home."

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The young man was crawling back under the plane. "You'd better go on, kid. As soon as I get this wing fixed, I'm going up. Go-on, now. Scram!"

"I beg your pardon," said his Highness, "but I didn't quite understand the last word you said."

"Scram—S-C-R-A-M!" came from beneath the plane.

"I'm afraid I don't understand what you are saying," said William Philip, crawling under the plane with the flyer. "Sometimes I have scrambled eggs for breakfast. Scrambled means mixed up. Do you want me to mix up something?"

"You're mixing me up," said the flyer, blinking at him. "What's the matter with you? Did you ever go to school?"

"No, I never did. I think I should like to, though. It would be much nicer than having governesses. I have a new American governess, and she is very nice; but my French governess is too particular as to verbs."

"Well, what I mean is this: I'm going up in the air and fly. See, like this—fly." The young man moved his arms up and down in a flying motion. "And I want you to get out of the way while I'm taking off. See—like this," he said, making two of his long fingers walk across the ground.

The Crown Prince sucked his breath in sharply. "Oh," he gasped in a rush of words, "please let me go with you. Please! I promise I won't be any trouble, and I will give you all my allowance. See—I just got it this morning, and I haven't spent any of it yet."

The aviator looked at him sharply. "Well—well—O. K. Only never mind about the allowance. Hadn't you better go tell whoever you came with where you are going?"

"Oh, no," said his Highness hastily. "That's all right. We won't be gone long, will we?"

"About fifteen minutes. Say, what's your name, anyway?"

"William Philip."

"All right, climb in,—Bill."

Bill! The aviator had called him Bill! That was what they called the boy in his favorite story—that story about the boy who went fishing one day when he should have been at school. After the English governess had read it to him, he had wanted to go fishing, too. Finally the chancellor had arranged a fishing party for him. They had gone up to a fishing resort in the north. The thought of that fishing trip made angry tears rush to William Philip's eyes. He remembered how the French governess had gone along so that he might not miss his French lessons, how he had not been allowed to sit on a stone to fish like the boy in the book because he might catch cold, how the chancellor had taken the fish which he had caught and had it mounted instead of letting him eat it for supper. It hung now over the doorway of the schoolroom with an inscription on it to the effect that it had been caught by William Philip III when he was seven years old. Always it seemed to be laughing at him.

And now the aviator had called him Bill—just as if he could sit on a stone without having it covered with a fur rug first. The wonderfulness of it made his throat ache.

The young man helped the little boy into the plane and called two mechanics to come and assist him in taking off. The propeller turned and sent great throbs through the machine. The plane taxied across the field and began to rise gently into the air. The Crown Prince hiccoughed at the thrill of it.

Up—up—up they rose. Beneath them Flavenstine rolled away to meet the sea. By craning his neck over the side, the Crown Prince could see the shimmer of a lake, the dark cloud of a



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forest, ribbons of rivers, blots of towns. It was marvelous being up there away from the governesses, his mother, Cecilia, his uncle, the chancellor, and the court. Heavenly feelings—the rush of the wind against the helmet which the aviator had put on him, the dipping of the plane into an airpocket. The sense of his freedom rushed over him. Free! No one in all Flavenstine—no one in the whole world knew where he was! He felt as the boy called Bill must have felt when he went fishing. He was so engrossed in the wonder of it that he scarcely noticed when the aviator turned the plane about and headed back the way they had come.

Now he could see the shadow of the plane on the ground. It slipped gently along beneath them like a black cloud. The steady roar of the engine sounded like the feet of marching soldiers in the palace court.

Suddenly, before he knew what had happened, the plane was dipping. Down—down—down they went. The Crown Prince had a strange premonition that everything was coming out his ears. There was a slight bump as the wheels hit the ground, and they were taxiing across the flying-field. The aviator turned off the engine and helped his small passenger to alight.

“Like it?” he asked with a flashing grin.

The Crown Prince gulped down a hiccough and declared, “It was great. When I grow up I’m going to——”

The flyer called a mechanic to put the plane in the hangar, and he strode across the field with the small Prince. “Glad you liked it, Bill,” he said.

William Philip was pouring out one question after another about the instruments on the dash board when he looked up and saw Cecilia running toward them.

“William,” she gasped, “William Philip—where have you been? Why, they’ve called out the guard to look for you, and mother is having one fainting spell after another!”

“If you please, Cecilia,” said the Crown Prince, “I wish you would call me Bill instead of William Philip. I’ve been——”

The Crown Prince got no further with his confession, for the aviator suddenly burst forth into an exclamation of recognition. “Countess,” he gasped, “Countess, I most humbly beg your forgiveness. It is I who have kept him out. I have been showing him around a bit. This boy—he can not be the Crown Prince?”

“Yes,” said Cecilia, “he is the Crown Prince, and he has been a very naughty boy.”

His Royal Highness kicked up little clods of grass with the toe of his patent leather shoe.

“William,” his sister addressed him, “You have not been up in an airplane, have you? Somehow you seem to have such a wind-swept, fly-away look.”

The Crown Prince looked up at the aviator. “Up on the look-out on top of the hangar it is very windy, is it not, Mr. Aviator?”

The flyer looked down at the small boy, who with his hands jammed into his pockets, was digging a hole in the earth with his toe. After all, when the wind blew from the north it was very windy in the look-out. For the merest fraction of a split second it seemed that something which strongly resembled a wink passed between the young aviator and the Crown Prince William Philip of Flavenstine. Then the flyer was all seriousness. He bowed very low to William Philip, who was suppressing a hiccough in his handkerchief, and said in a voice which admirably concealed the laughter which shot from his eyes, “Yes, your Highness—extremely windy.”

ELIZABETH DANIEL.

Juniors



JUNIOR CLASS OFFICERS

President.....Wolford Ewalt
Vice President.....James Connell
Sec. Treas.....Eva Mingee



MEMBERS OF THE JUNIOR CLASS

MRS. COLLIER'S ROOM

Bess Long Ardery	Virginia Jordan
Leslie Allison	Alice King
Wilson Barlow	Simon Kenton
Hazel Cannon	Eva Mingee
Carl Conner	Anna Frances Redmon
Elizabeth Clotfelter	Hiram Redmon
Vivian Cantrill	Mildred Snelling
James Connell	Mark Scott
Wolford Ewalt	Thelma Sharon
Martha Gifford	Marie Snyder
Jack Gaitskill	Mary Hatton
Paul Gudgell	Lillian Weber
Walter Hodge	Brown Lee Yates
Francis Hines	Egbert Davis
Hannah Jones	

MR. SCOTT'S ROOM

A. J. Criswell	Mary Gillum
Melvin Link	Blanche Griffin
Brooks Luallen	Anna Grinnell
Hanley Mers	Harriet Gilkey
J. J. Parrent	Lois Honican
Norman Violet	Josephine Hume
Raymond Weigott	Kate Mann
George Sullivan	Jane Pogue
Edwin Poplin	Dorothy Santen
Carl Stalnaker	Jewel Sosby
Henrietta Bedford	Hugh Brent
Elizabeth Daniel	George Greer
Almada Delaney	Kelly Haley

THE JUNIOR CLASS

The third year of the class of 1934 has reached its completion. We point with modest pride to the splendid record we have set. We have made a name for ourselves in scholarship, athletics, and all branches of school activities. A new member of our class, Lillian Weber, won third place in the state extemporaneous speaking contest. Our class has been unusually outstanding in debating. The Junior team, composed of Jack Gaitskill, Kate Mann, and Henrietta Bedford, defeated the Senior team in a spirited debate. Two out of four of this year's team were Juniors.

We were creditably represented on the football team by Walter Hodge, George Sullivan, Hiram Redmon, and Wolford Ewalt. Hodge was named on the All C. K. C. team and given honorable mention for All-State. Sullivan was named on the second team and was given honorable mention on All-State.

To the basketball team we contributed Brooks Luallen and Walter Hodge. The enthusiastic support of Manager Link helped to make this team conference champions. Luallen was named on the All C. K. C. team and was given honorable mention for All-State.

The Junior members of the Parisian Circle are Anna Frances Redmon, Brown Lee Yates, Henrietta Bedford, and Leslie Allison.

Due to the hard times it was agreed to abandon the Junior Prom and to substitute for it something less expensive that will appeal to a larger number of students.

Mrs. Collier and Mr. Scott have helped us unsparingly, and we feel indebted to them.

As Seniors, we hope to set an example for the rest of the school and to fill the place of the class leaving us this year.

ELIZABETH DANIEL
MELVIN LINK

THE KEY-HOLE OF THE JUNIOR CLASS

We Wonder Why:

1. Kate Mann is known as "Christmas."
2. Carl Conner likes fourth period study hall in Room 30.
3. Josephine Hume is considered an authority on polygons.
4. Marie Snyder takes Physics.
5. Mark Scott sits in the corner in English.
6. Lois Honican likes basketball.
7. Melvin Link likes to stroll down Houston Avenue.
8. Almeda Delaney blushes when a certain curly headed Senior comes into the room.
9. Jack Gaitskill's favorite subject of debate is "Who is the Smartest Person in Paris High School, and Why I Am?"



THE PARISIAN

EDITORIAL SCRAPS

Sept. 15—Eight Seniors and five Juniors were trampled under foot this morning when the invading horde of Sophomores rushed into the building at 8:25. The injured were taken to the hospital and are expected to recover. Further accidents are not expected as the Seniors and Juniors now travel only in a body, and Mr. Scott is wearing a steel vest at the request of his wife.

Oct. 7—The cheer leaders were in Heaven today. At least, at the pep meeting they made their debut behind a dainty rose-covered fence, and arch marked as the Pearly Gates. Burly football players passed back and forth through its portals, looking very angelic, thanks to Miss Cleveland, who was responsible for the decorations.

Nov. 11—In spite of the intense heat, the people of Paris lined the streets this morning to see the Armistice Day Parade. The procession proper was announced by sweet strains of music rendered by the Paris City School Band. Many attractive floats representing the various High School Clubs appeared before the gaze of the warm but patriotic spectators.

Dec. 22—The Senior High kiddies spent the last day before vacation in the midst of stick candy and oranges. Mrs. Collier told a sweet Santa Claus story, but was interrupted by little Dodge Wipple, who insisted that there was no Santa Claus, and had to be taken out. Happily the children's faith in old St. Nick is still unshaken.

Jan. 17—Paris High School silently mourned the end of examinations Friday. The week had been one of tranquility and pleasant surprises, and every student was sorry to see it end. Jim Betts was heard sobbing behind Miss Batchelder's door, but was comforted by Brooks Luallen.

"Cheer up, old fellow," he choked, with a tear in his eye; "they'll come again in May."

Feb. 2—Representatives from the University of Kentucky arrived to test the Seniors today. The object was to estimate the approximate number of morons, imbeciles, and idiots. Previously, Mr. Scott stated that he confidently expected the majority to achieve the moron classification, but at the close of a three hour session, the idiots outnumbered the other groups five to three.

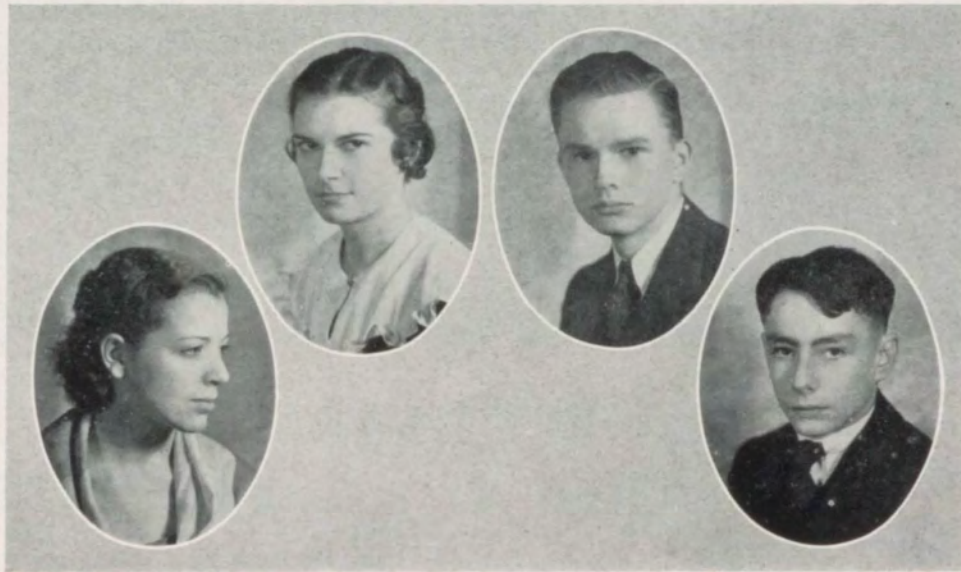
Feb. 16—The first evidence of picture-taking for the annual was discovered this morning at 8:20 when Bob Weigott, Senior High's Beau Brummel entered Miss Noland's room. Mr. Weigott wore a black Prince Albert of fashionable cut and a tie of delicate purple and green shades. A derby hat and grey spats. Cohan's best 1916 model, completed his costume.

Mar. 24—The cream of the dramatic talent of the Junior Class appeared to a large audience tonight in "Pay As You Enter", a popular comedy which has just finished a six month's run on Broadway. Honors go to the following: Marie Snyder, Carl Conner, Kate Mann, Brown Lee Yates, and Anna Frances Redmon.

Apr. 7—Jean Violet a member of the Senior Class sustained a severe loss today when a valuable string of genuine Newberry pearls which she was wearing broke in English class. In spite of attempts to recover the scattered beads, a few are still missing. The case has been turned over to the Melvin Link Detective Agency, and speedy results are expected.

April. 14—The Glee Clubs journeyed to Lexington today en messe to participate in the State singing contests. The girls were charmingly attired in drab winter skirts and gay (?) Spring (?) blouses. We are proud to announce that the members though they outclassed all the other schools. Strange to say the judges thought otherwise. We don't know what the boys wore.

Sophomores



SOPHOMORE CLASS OFFICERS

President.....	Alice Dodge
Vice President.....	James Marsh
Secretary.....	Ann W. Shropshire
Treasurer.....	Elies Elvove



THE PARISIEN



SOPHOMORE CLASS ROLL

MISS LAVIN'S ROOM

Jane Adair	Mary Carter Mann
Carolyn Ardery	Phil Marsh
Helen Bell	Frank McCracken
Annie Burns	Betsy Ann Meteer
Gladola Cannon	Charles Parker
D. P. Clark	Rodes Parrish
Jack Clark	Malcom Pike
Elizabeth Clotfelter	Power Prichard
Nancy Bell Davis	John A. Royse
Alice Dodge	Frances Scott
Bruce Dodson	Ann Wallace Shropshire
Page Faries	Jasper Skeen
Sarah Gaitskill	Paul Smith
Christine Glover	Margaret Snapp
Jeferies Harlan	Rebecca Sousley
Alma Hicks	L. B. Swinford
Jerome Isaacs	Dorothy Waterfill
Thomas Johnson	Douglas Wilson
Mildred Jordan	M. C. Wilson
Harley Kiser	Wallace Yates

MISS MONSON'S ROOM

Betsy Allen	James Marsh
Tilton Bannister	Earl McCracken
Bobbie Betts	Jean McMillan
Joe Bratton	Stuart Moore
Ann Lee Buchanan	Alma L. Parrent
Nell Cain	Lucille Prather
Sam Clay	Lucy W. Payne
William Cooper	J. P. Rose
Harold Devoe	William Smits
Elies Elvove	David Snell
Virginia Feddars	Woodford Spencer
Marie Gaunce	Doris Thomas
Nelson Hardin	Burton L. Violett
Beula Harney	Bertie M. Watson
Mary F. Holliday	Kendrick Wills
Harold Johnson	Mary Wilmoth
Edith Jones	Myra Wilmoth
Mary M. Kirkpatrick	Josephine Woodall
John Mahany	Anna C. Young

SKETCH OF SOPHOMORE CLASS

It seems that the Sophomore Class, which entered Senior High with fear and trembling last September, has covered itself with glory by Spring. We would like to get out our little horns and blow them to call attention of the Seniors to this fact. The "Little Sophomores" have proved to be of some value in that they have won honors as representatives of the school in various contests. We claim three of the four contestants sent to Georgetown in March to enter the district speaking contests. And we report Sarah Gaitskill, Parisian Circle member and prominent in school activities, to be the district winner in the girls Oral Interpretation. Good for you Sally! Anna Catherine Young added to the Sophomore honors by winning second place in public discussion. We are counting on Sam Clay, the other Parisian Circle member, to bring up the boy's part by winning the Oratorical contest next year.

The Sophomores were well represented in music competition by soloists, a cornettist, a trio, and a quartette. In scholarship we are sending two representatives to the state contest, Power Prichard in English Mechanics and Elies Elvove in science. Sophomores have taken an active part in dramatics throughout the year and concluded their activities with the Sophomore Play in May.

The Auxiliary of the American Legion sponsored a contest for essays written on "National Defense" in Senior High. Out of the two hundred entries the two winners were Sophomores: Sarah Gaitskill winning first place and Mary Morton Kirkpatrick placing second.

This Sophomore Class of 1932-33, consisting of nearly seventy-five members, is destined to become one of the strongest Senior Classes ever to graduate from Paris High. Just wait and see!

P. S.—There is nothing like tooting your own horn.

SOPHOMORE PLAY

"SOUTH IS SOUTH"

Directed by

MISS MARGARET CLEVELAND

Uncle Ben.....	Tilton Bannister
Dacey.....	Sarah Gaitskill
Billy.....	J. P. Rose
Jimmy.....	Stuart Moore
Mrs. Gordon Humphries.....	Alice Dodge
Mrs. William Humphries.....	Anne Wallace Shropshire
Virginia Bankston.....	Anna Catherine Young
Lynn Barton.....	Sam Clay
John Mason.....	Phil Marsh
Merry Spangler.....	Paul Smith
Marie Hamilton.....	Mary Morton Kirkpatrick
Bessie Lee.....	Jean McMillan
Clare Dickson.....	Page Faries
Bea Redmon.....	Myra Wilmoth
Gay Redmon.....	Mary Wilmoth
Tom Jones.....	Bruce Dotson
Dick Maybin.....	Rhodes Parrish
Dr. Winters.....	Power Pritchard
Virginia's Father.....	John A. Royse



THE PARISIEN

WE WONDER WHY:

"Cackie" Young is looking for a freckle balm and hair straightener.

Billy Cooper is seen shadowing Houston Avenue.

Betsy Allen goes to the Sweet Shop so religiously.

Myra Wilmoth is so anxious for Spring football to be over.

Jean McMillan tries to improve her handwriting by writing daily letters to Billy Blake.

Alice Dodge is so fond of pups.

Is it true that "Shack" Parrish has been receiving advice from Dorothy Dix concerning his troublesome love affair.

Mr. Scott—"What kept you from school yesterday—acute indigestion?"

A. J.—"No sir, a cute co-ed."

Jane (a Latin student)—"Would you take Virgil if you were I?"

Elizabeth—"Not if I could get Billy instead."

Almeda—"Do you like Chopin?"

Thelma—"No, I get tired walking from store to store."

Chapel Speaker (after 40 minutes of the usual "blah")—"And so at the age of twenty I faced the world with fifty cents and a clear conscience."

Bored Student in the rear of the room—"And what happened to your conscience?"

Hugh—"I hear you stayed at the haunted house last night. What happened?"

Dodge—"About twelve o'clock a ghost came through the wall just like there was no wall there."

Hugh—"What did you do?"

Dodge—"I went through the other wall the same way."

Dorcas—"What are you studying so hard for?"

Estelle—"I'm learning Pig Latin so that I can talk to these road hogs."

Helen—"When I sang last night, the people were glued to their seats."

Miss Blanding—"That's a quaint way of keeping them there."

Hodge—"Do you believe in love at first sight?"

Carl—"That depends entirely upon the sight."

Salesman—"These shirts simply laugh at the laundry."

Wolford—"I know, I've had some come back with their sides split."

Marie thinks that the Einstein theory of space is a solution of the parking problem.

Cameraman (taking the Junior Class picture)—"How old are you little boy?"

Paul—"The latest personal survey available shows my psychological age to be 14, my moral age 4 2-3, my anatomical age 8 1-6, and my physiological age 7. However, I suppose you refer to my chronological age. That is 14 1-3."





THE PARISIEN

CLASS NIGHT PROGRAM

President's Address.....	Joe Hedges
Solo.....	Helen Farmer
Historian.....	Constance Kennedy
Grumbler.....	Mildred McDaniel
Boy's Quartette.....	{ Billy Blake Franklin Dryden Henry Downing Clarence Gifford
Piano Selection.....	Martha Bruce Williams
Poet.....	Susan Hinkle
Will Maker.....	Jean Violet
Girl's Sextette.....	{ Ruby King Betty May Mary Strickler Anna Cathryne Neal Irene Florence Dorcas Levy
Prophecy.....	Jean Allen
Giftorians.....	{ Betty Price Guthrie Bell
Solo.....	Dodge Whipple
Farewell Address.....	Jack Nickerson
Alma Mater Song.....	Seniors

We are proud of—

1. Martha Bruce Williams' perfect record—no tardiness, no absence in all twelve years of school.

DEBATING

Subject for Debate:

Resolved that one half the state and local revenue should be collected from sources other than tangible property.

Members of Debating Team	{ 1. Jack Gaitskill 3. Jack Nickerson 2. Henrietta Bedford 4. George Greer
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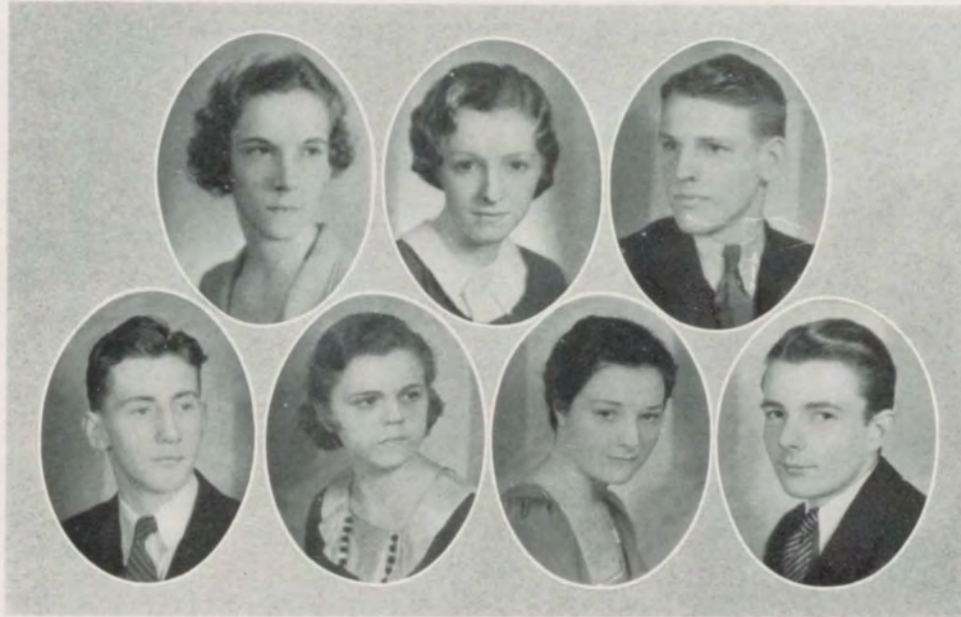
Coach—Miss Zerelda Noland

SENIOR PLAY—"CLARENCE"

BOOTH TARKINGTON

Directed by Miss Noland

Clarence.....	Dodge Whipple
Violet Pinney.....	Helen Farmer
Mr. Wheeler.....	Jack Nickerson
Mrs. Wheeler.....	Betty Price
Cora Wheeler.....	Susan Hinkle
Bobby Wheeler.....	Billy Blake
Hubert Stern.....	Guthrie Bell
Della.....	Dorcas Levy
Dinwiddie.....	Franklin Dryden
Miss Martin.....	Ruby King



CLUBS OF PARIS HIGH SCHOOL

Science Club.....	John Charles Green, President
Commercial Club.....	Jack Gaitskill, President
Romance Language Club.....	Jean Violet, President
Latin Club.....	Susan Hinkle, President
Home Ec. Club.....	Helen Farmer, President
Dramatic Club.....	Constance Kennedy, President
Pep Club.....	Dodge Whipple, President
Girl Reserve.....	Constance Kennedy, President

LETTER BOYS AND GIRLS IN SENIOR CLASS

	BASKET BALL	FOOTBALL
Nathalie Linville.....	1	
Betty Price.....	1	
Guthrie Bell.....	3	4
John Charles Green.....	1	4
Dodge Whipple.....		1
Jack Shout.....	4	4
Joe Hedges.....	1	2
John Craig.....	Manager 1932	2
Clarence Gifford.....		1
Billy Blake.....		1
Bob Weigott.....	4	4



THE PARISIEN



ANNUAL STAFF

Constance Kennedy.....	Editor
Jean Allen.....	Assistant Editor
Nathalie Linville.....	Business Manager
Jack Shout.....	Collector
Dodge Whipple.....	Collector
John Charles Green.....	Collector
Mildred McDaniel.....	Distributor
Susan Hinkle.....	Sophomore Reporter
Carl Conner.....	Artist
Martha Bruce Williams.....	Junior Reporter
Joe Hedges.....	Sports Reporter
Jack Nickerson.....	Sports Reporter
Mary Catherine Mahany.....	Senior Reporter
Helen Farmer.....	Senior Reporter
Jean Violet.....	Senior Reporter
Estelle Auxier.....	Typist
Mary Louise McCarthy.....	Typist
Thelma Booth.....	Typist



MAY DAY PROGRAM, MAY, 1932

May Queen.....	Margaret Bohn
Prince Charming.....	George Swearingen
Maid of Honor.....	Esther Briggs
Attendants.....	Ann Clay Hinkle
Gladys Rion, Ethel Letton, Virginia Henry, Jean Allen, Nathalie Linville, Martha Williams, and Constance Kennedy.	
Court Jesters.....	Edwina Gorey and Susan Hinkle
Ringbearer.....	Charles Roberts
Crownbearer.....	Doris Doty
Court Singer.....	Helen Farmer
Court Dancer.....	Virrillous Quisenberry



THE PARISIEN



MUSIC CONTEST

Girl's Solo.....	Helen Farmer
Boy's Solo.....	Dodge Whipple
Girl's Trio.....	{ Helen Farmer Constance Kennedy Mary Strickler
Male Quartette.....	{ John Craig Carl Conner Wilson Barlow Franklin Dryden
Mixed Quartette.....	{ Alice Dodge Wilson Barlow Constance Kennedy Clarence Gifford
Octette.....	{ Lillian Weber Henry Downing Helen Farmer John Craig Dorcas Levy Edward Allison Mary Gillum John A. Royce
DIRECTOR—Miss Ellen Blanding	ACCOMPANIST—Martha Bruce Williams

THE PARISIAN



BOYS GLEE CLUB

Edward Allison
Leslie Allison
Wilson Barlose
Guthrie Bell
Billy Blake
Freddie Boling
Joe Bratton
Hugh Brent
Sam Clay
Jack Clark
Carl Conner
John Craig

Henry Downing
Franklin Dryden
Charles Fudold
Jack Gaitskill
Clarence Gifford
Everet Gifford
George Greer
Charles Grinnell
Jeffries Harlan
Thomas Johnson
Harold Johnson

David Kennedy
William Kenton
Harley Kiser
Brooks Luallen
Phil Marsh
Jack Nickerson
Raymond Ogle
J. J. Parrent
Rhodes Parrish
Malcolm Pike
Edward Poplin

J. P. Rose
John A. Royce
Hiram Redmon
Eugene Santen
David Snell
George Sullivan
Norman Violet
Willard Whalen
Dodge Whipple
Kendrick Wills
Douglas Wilson

GIRLS GLEE CLUB

Jean Allen
Betsy Allen
Jane Adair
Bess Long Ardery
Mary C. Ardery
Nell Cain
Gladiola Cannon
Almeta Delaney
Alice Dodge
Page Faries
Helen Farmer
Virginia Feffers
Sara Gaitskill
Martha Gifford

Mary Gillum
Blanche Griffin
Anna E. Grinnell
Alma Hicks
Susan Hinkle
Mary F. Holladay
Virginia Jordan
Mildred Jordan
Constance Kennedy
Ruby King
Alice King
Mary M. Kirkpatrick
Helen Letcher
Dorcas Levy

Mary C. Mahany
Mary C. Mann
Kate Mann
Betty May
Mary Louise McCarthy
Jean McMillan
Anna Katherine Neal
Alma L. Parrent
Waller Payne
Kathryn Pogue
Lucille Prather
Betty Price
Anna Frances Redmon
Thelma Sharon

Ann W. Shropshire
Margaret Snapp
Jewell Sosby
Rebecca Sousley
Gladys Speakes
Mary Strickler
Doris Thomas
Jean Violet
Lillian Weber
Mary Wilmoth
Myra Wilmoth
Josephine Woodall
Anna Catherine Young

HONESTY

"The Good American Plays Fair.

"Strong play increases and trains one's strength, and sportsmanship helps one to be a gentleman, a lady. Therefore:

1. I will not cheat; I will keep the rules, but I will play the game hard, for the fun of the game, to win by strength and skill. If I should not play fair, the loser would lose the fun of the game, the winner would lose his self-respect, and the game itself would become a mean and often cruel business.

2. I will treat my opponents with courtesy, and be friendly.

3. If I play in a group game, I will play, not for my own glory, but for the success of the team.

4. I will be a good loser or a generous winner.

5. And in my work as well as in my play, I will be sportsmanlike—generous, fair, honorable."

THE LAW OF SPORTSMANSHIP.



THE PARISIEN



BAND

CLEARY FIGHTMASTER—Director

Trumpets

John A. Royce
Jack Clark
John Lee Kirkpatrick
Stanley Richards
Billie Shire
Robert Cooper
Thelma Booth
Tilton Bannister
Charles Thomas
George Sidney Tate
Nancy Williams
Robert Smith
Sallie McMillan
Rex Lyons
Charles Carr
Marcus Harlan

Bass Drum

Edward Sutherland

Clarinets

Frank Shy
Bobbie Myers
Larry Brannon
Jane Clay Sutherland
Hamlet Collier, Jr.
Edward Faries
Elmer McCord
Mary K. McMillan
Elizabeth Grimes Chapman
Frank G. Skillman

Cymbals

Ussery Fightmaster
James Smith

Piccolo and Flute

Elizabeth DeJarnett

Saxophones

Charlene Young
Albert Owsley
George Dodson
J. C. Booth
Leonard Tully
Maurice Lykins
Jack Baldwin
Betty McMillan

Baritones

Kendrick Wills
James Ewalt
Keller Ewalt

Bass Horn

Jce Kelly

Trombones

Floyd Carr
Howard Stivers
Frank Horine
Thomas Johnson
Lawrence McKinzey

Snare Drums

George Dodson
W. J. Barr
Nathalie Linville
Bobbie Betts

Alto's

J. P. Rose
Mildred Morton
Robert Borden
Carl Crawford

BAND SPONSOR— Martha Bruce Williams

DRUM MAJOR—Billy Terry



PEP CLUB

George Greer

Dodge Whipple

Martha Bruce Williams

Franklin Dryden

PARISIAN CIRCLE

Susan Hinkle

Joe Hedges

Jean Allen

Jack Nickerson

Jean Violet

John Charles Green



THE PARISIEN



SCHOLARSHIP

Leslie Allison.....	History
Joe Hedges.....	History—First in District
Brown Lee Yates.....	Plain Geometry
Jean Allen.....	English (Mechanics) II
Power Prichard.....	English (Mechanics) I—First in District
Elizabeth Daniel.....	Physics
Jack Nickerson.....	Chemistry—First in District
Elies Elvove.....	Biology
Susan Hinkle.....	Literature
Estelle Auxier.....	Typewriting
Estelle Auxier.....	Bookkeeping
Thelma Booth.....	Shorthand
Edna Lytle.....	Algebra
Louise Royce.....	General Science
Jean Allen.....	Home Economics—First in District and State
Jack Nickerson.....	General Scholarship

Athletics





TOP ROW—HEDGES — GREER — SULLIVAN — BLAKE — REDMON — SNAPP — CRAIG — COACH COLLIER
BOTTOM ROW—WHIPPLE — HODGE — BELL — WEIGOTT — SHOUT — GIFFORD — BRENT — GREENE



COACH BLANTON COLLIER

FOOTBALL TEAM

- Right End.....Robert Weigott, (Captain)
- Right Tackle.....Emmett Snapp
- Right Guard.....Hiram Redmon
- Center.....Jack Shout
- Left Guard.....George Sullivan
- Left Tackle.....Clarence Gifford
- Left End.....Hugh Brent
- Quarterback.....Charles Green
- Right Half Back.....Joe Hedges
- Left Half Back.....Walter Hodge
- Full Back.....Guthrie Bell

Backs—George Greer, Wilson Barlow.

Ends—Billy Blake, Dodge Whipple.

Linesmen—"Shack" Parrish, Wolford Ewalt, Joe Bratton, John Craig.

REVIEW OF ATHLETIC SEASON

The unusual success of the Paris Greyhounds of 1932-33 was due to the thorough methods of Coach Collier, the spirit of the boys on the athletic squads, and the constant support of the student body and faculty. During the year 1932 the Greyhounds did not lose a contest within the Central Kentucky Conference. They shared the Conference championship in football with the Lexington "Blue Devils" and won for the third consecutive time the Conference championship in basket ball. This record is an enviable one and will probably stand for some time.

Several of our boys gained unusual honors. Walter Hodge and Jack Shout were named all C. K. C. players in football. The latter was an all-State and All-Southern football player. Bob Weigott, George Sullivan, and Guthrie Bell received honorable mention. Bell was an All-State basketball player, while Luallen, Shout, and Bell were placed on the All-C. K. C. team.

Led by a fighting Captain in Robert Weigott, the Greyhounds of 1932 made an outstanding record in football. Coach Collier and Assistant Coach William Brophy created the best team Paris has had in years. From a difficult schedule of nine games, the Greyhounds won five. In the Central Kentucky Conference, they had their greatest success.



BASKETBALL TEAM

Forward.....Guthrie Bell
 Forward.....Joe Hedges
 Center.....Jack Shout, (Captain)
 Guard.....Walter Hodge
 Guard.....Brooks Luallen

Substitutes.....
 {
 John Charles Green
 George Greer
 Hugh Brent
 Jack Nickerson
 Edward Allison

RECORD FOR SEASON

Paris.....47	Lawrenceburg.....15	Paris.....31	Richmond.....9
Paris.....39	Cynthiana.....22	Paris.....21	Danville.....20
Paris.....23	Ashland.....16	Paris.....38	Mt. Sterling.....20
Paris.....37	Frankfort.....13	Paris.....33	Frankfort.....26
Paris.....30	Winchester.....15	Paris.....32	Georgetown.....7
Paris.....17	Ashland.....23	Paris.....38	Lexington.....8
Paris.....31	Lexington.....11	Paris.....41	Cynthiana.....13
Paris.....36	Lawrenceburg.....20		

47th District Tournament

Paris.....32	B. County High.....10
Paris.....24	M. M. I.....12
Paris.....64	Little Rock.....12

12th Regional Tournament

Paris.....66	Flemingsburg.....12
Paris.....57	Augusta.....17
Paris.....47	Buena Vista.....17

State Tournament

Paris.....26	Hazel Green.....27
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CLASS PROPHECY

I shall never forget with what mingled emotions I emerged from a deep sleep that pleasant May morning. Brilliant sunlight poured in at the edges of the lowered shades, and the joyous melodies of birds invaded the silence of my room. I had a peculiar sensation of the length of time that had passed since I first had fallen asleep, and I began to fear that I should be late for school. That is why I was so surprised to say the least, to find my family and a doctor standing at the foot of the bed, great concern written plainly on their faces. I knew very well who each one was, and yet they seemed to have aged during the night, a fact which I was for a time, at a loss to explain.

"She's awake," they whispered in a chorus.

"Of course I'm awake," I replied, somewhat nettled.

For a moment they stood starrng at me as though I had returned from the dead, and then as though at a signal each one broke into a clamor of explanation which left me more confused than ever.

"Please," I said, remembering Alice in Wonderland, only one speak at a time.

And so by degrees, I learned that instead of one night, I had been asleep for ten years; in other words I had made a half-successful attempt to imitate the feat of one Rip Van Winkle. I could scarcely comprehend that it was—yes, 1943! Could you?

One of the first people I met after that amazing recovery was Betty May. She was coming out of the Piggly Wiggly with her arms full of packages, and tripped over Junior, age three, who was playing solitaire on the sidewalk.

"Betty," I cried.

"Mrs. to you," she replied, mistaking me for Popeye.

"Oh, it's you," she yelled gently, and we fell into such enthusiastic conversation that a stranger paused in curiosity. There was, I noticed, something vaguely familiar about this stranger, who was dressed in an immaculate white uniform, with an insignia composed of white wings sewed to the garment. I now perceived that it was none other than Willard Whalen, and I prepared to address him, but he moved off broom in hand, mumbling audibly, "Apple-cores and banana peels, banana peels and apple cores."

Having my curiosity so aroused, I began to ask Betty questions concerning the other members of the class. For a moment she began telling about this one and that one, and then stopped abruptly.

"Come to the Opera House, Friday night," she suggested mysteriously, "and learn all."

Grabbing Junior, who had abandoned solitaire and had engaged a little colored boy in a game of poker, she disappeared around Wollstein's corner. Until Friday night, then, I was left to conjecture this promised revelation, but secret inquiry revealed that the class of '33 was to give an entertainment in order to finish paying for the auditorium curtain.

At last Friday night arrived, and the curtain rose on a playground scene. See-saws and merry-go rounds, swings and sand-piles furnished a kiddie's paradise. Pasted discreetly on the enclosing fence was the modest sign. "Equipment by The Green Furniture Company, Inc."—which accounted for John Charles.

A veritable horde of men and women now issued from the wings, and a roar of laughter burst from the audience. The reason for this I soon perceived. The seniors of the Class of '33 were playing about on the stage dressed in childrens clothes, making a brave attempt to look natural while rolling hoops and sliding down the slides. Some had grown fat; Russell Kenney, for instance, had developed two chins along with a Super-Super radio, and played with his toy in a corner by himself, because he got stuck in the slide and weighed down the see-saw. Some however, had grown thin, and they were bony knees that carried John Craig around the stage as he sprayed his friends with—ah! not Flit, but romance.

A group of the make-believe children now arose and came forward with the evident intention of singing. They were Helen Farmer, Dorcas Levy and Mary Strickler. Martha Bruce Williams sat down at the piano. Franklin Dryden and Billy Blake were evidently a part of



THE PARISIAN

the chorus also, but they began fighting over a little Mack truck, and so had to be eliminated. Following their example, Dorcas and Mary disagreed about the ownership of a lovely doll named Alto, so Helen Farmer sang "I Love to Play Out at the Barnes'," and Martha Bruce accompanied her, playing something else.

There were so many of these strange children, and each one was so completely preoccupied that recalling it now, I cannot remember exactly what each one was doing. But I am sure that Mary C. Mahaney and Ruby Doyle were planning diets, for they had blue-prints and everything, but they gleefully tore up each diet after it was finished.

The orchestra, led by Natalie Linville, who directed with one hand, and beat the drum with the other, now broke into furious chord in G, after which a little boy in a Lord Fauntleroy suit who had been tearing the pages out of a law book stepped, or rather sprang forward I knew by his walk that he was Dodge Whipple. The curtain rang down behind him.

"While my former class-mates change their costumes for clothes more appropriate to their ages," he explained, "I will endeavor to tell a story, and then we shall present a play." So Dodge struggled with a story entitled, "The best Long Shot I Ever Made", which was a harrowing tale about a man who suffered from "Ardery" trouble.

When he had finished, the curtain rose for the second time. The play-ground scene had vanished, and in its stead was the likeness of a street which singularly resembled Main.

At the left was a dry-cleaning establishment, owned by one Charles Grinnell, and next to it, a neat grocery run by Jim Will Higgins. Further down the street was a shop bearing the sign "Parisian Fashions—Neal and Booth." The whole scene was as true to life as the one preceding had been fantastic.

The Class of '33 promenaded about the streets, talking and marketing. Susan Hinkle was arguing with Jim Will Higgins about the price of potatoes, when a band of gangsters played by Bob Weigott, Guthrie Bell and William Terry arrived upon the scene and attempted to rob the grocery store. Bedlam now broke loose, indeed, the acting was very realistic.

The gangsters had almost made a successful getaway when the Sheriff, (G. T. Lyons) and the jailer (Fred Boling) appeared, and after a terrific battle, subdued the outlaws.

So the play ended, and everyone pronounced it very good. It had been a very great pleasure to me to see all my old class-mates display such dramatic talent—from the ridiculous to the sublime, one might say. It occurred to me, however, that there was one who had not appeared.

"Whatever" I asked, "has become of Raymond Ogle"?

"Indeed," was the reply, "didn't you know? He's a big business man these days. He took a special journalism course at Columbia, and got a job making epigrams for tombstones."

JEAN ALLEN.

Say! when I think of that football team,
Such a varied collection I've never seen,
With Gifford, en Weigott, en Brent, en Shout,
They make me think the Zoo's turned out.
Gosh, to leave out Flat Head it'd be the worst,
And to think about Pup, I almost burst.
Well, I reckon the rest of them will pass,
Course Bell and Hodge have the rest outclassed.
And there of course are the four horsemen,
With Redmon at guard and Blake at end;
And Hedges and Greene complete the four,
It's a wonder to me they'd ever score.
I'm 'bout to forget Ernie, the team's best friend.
Plays fullback, tackle, guard or end.
Like the straw that broke the camel's back,
They're bound to break through the ungainly pack.
But still they stand for P. H. S.
So we'll have to yell for them I guess.

C. GIFFORD.

