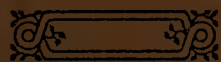


The  
Johnson Journal



VOL. 1.

JUNE 1923.

NO. 3.

# CONTENTS

---

---

STAFF  
EDITORIAL  
ODE  
CLASS DIRECTORY  
CLASS HISTORY  
PICTURES  
PROPHECY  
AS REX SAW IT  
ATHLETIC  
CLASS BALLOT  
WHO'S WHO IN 1923  
WISE WINKERS  
ADVERTISEMENTS

# THE JOHNSON JOURNAL

*The Student Publication of the Johnson High School, North Andover, Mass.*

## Editorial Staff

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.....ROBERT F. BURNHAM  
NEWS EDITOR.....EDWARD MURPHY  
COPY EDITOR.....CHRISTINA M. ELLIOTT  
SPORTS EDITOR.....HOWARD E. METCALF  
HUMOR EDITOR.....LESLIE J. CLARK  
FACULTY ADVISER.....MISS ELEANOR WILLS

## Business Staff

BUSINESS MANAGER.....DONALD BUCHAN  
ADVERTISING MANAGER.....DOUGLAS COATES  
CIRCULATION MANAGER.....ANNA PFEIFFER

## Reporters

RENA HIGTON  
MILDRED JOHNSON

GERTRUDE ABBOTT  
GLADYS NASON  
MARY COSTELLO

BLANCHE SHEARER  
RAYMOND GAGNE

## TO THE HONOR PUPILS

It would seem as if this little book were of little value if we did not take some space to speak of the honor students. We are proud to do honor to those who have honored us.

We should all like to be honor pupils. Some of us feel that we could if we tried; others feel that honors are unattainable; still others may not care. It takes a "plugger," however, to be on the honor roll each month in the year.

After all, an honor student is happy in the knowledge of work well done. Whatever may be his work after he leaves school, he has a reputation which will go with him, a reputation for hard, conscientious work, which is the best possible graduation present to take away from school.

## CLASS ODE

Four happy years have passed away,  
We've labored hard but not in vain,  
We meet on this—Our Festal Day  
Which ne'er shall come again.  
The path of life for all is fraught  
With mires and crags untold,  
But far beyond a glimpse is caught —  
Of rays of shining gold.

The World awaits us one by one,  
As we go on the field of life,  
Our goal in view, our toil begun,  
We aim to win through strife.  
Oh! God that rules this world of ours  
—Guide us o'er all the way  
Until we reach at thine own call  
—The land of endless day.

Words, Anna P. Pfeiffer.  
Music, Henrietta A. Hotchkiss.

## CLASS DIRECTORY

Emily S. Balcom "Em"  
25 Annis Street  
Girl's Basketball '22, '23  
Class Basketball '21

Samuel C. Battles "Sam"  
43 Bradford Street  
Football '22  
Baseball '23  
Class Basketball '23

K. Elvira Benson "El or Via"  
West Boxford

Robert F. Burnham "Bob"  
19 Merrimack Street  
Football '22  
Baseball '23  
Class Basketball '23

Editor of Journal '23  
Debating Society '23

Margaret A. Carroll "Peggy"  
29 Sargent Street  
"Bulbul" '23

Ruth E. Chadwick "Rufus"  
West Boxford

Leslie J. Clark "L. J."  
Lincoln Street  
Class Basketball '23  
Football '22  
Baseball '23  
Humor Editor, Journal '23

Ruth M. Collins  
37 Stonington Street

## THE JOHNSON JOURNAL

H. Benjamin Duce "Ben"  
843 Chestnut Street  
Class Secretary '20, '23  
Orchestra '21, '22, '23  
President of J. H. S. A. A. '23

Helen R. Dufton  
Longwood Avenue  
Class Basketball '22, '23

Christina M. Elliott  
71 Main Street  
Class Vice President '20, '23  
Orchestra '21, '22, '23  
Journal Staff '23

George B. Falla  
163 Main Street  
Class Orator '23  
Debating Society '23

John C. Farnum "Jack"  
442 Farnum Street  
Football '21  
Basketball '22, Capt. '23

George F. Gemmell  
West Boxford

Arthur Garneau "Tiny"  
91 Maple Avenue

Henrietta A. Hotchkiss,  
Music to Class Ode  
286 Middlesex Street

Leona H. Jensen "Dutchy"  
111 Main Street

Albert C. Johnson "Al"  
63 Pleasant Street  
Class President '22 and '23  
"Bulbul" '23  
Class Basketball '23  
Vice President J. H. S. A. A. '23

E. Virginia Judson "Speed" "Grindy"  
278 Middlesex Street  
Class Treasurer '20, '21, '22, '23  
Salutatorian '23  
Girl's Basketball '23  
Debating Society '23

Mary C. Lane  
12 Fernwood Avenue

Mary R. L. Long  
Rosedale Avenue

Russel K. Mason "Steve"  
272 Middlesex Street  
Baseball '22, '23  
Football '21  
Basketball '23  
Class Basketball '20, '21, '22  
Tennis Captain '23  
"Bulbul" '23

Howard E. Metcalf "Mickey"  
226 Main Street  
Class Basketball '20, '21, '23  
Journal Sport's Editor '23  
Orchestra '20, '21, '22, '23  
Debating Society '23

Alice E. Moody "Al"  
96 Prescott Street  
Basketball

Mary E. Moody  
96 Prescott Street  
Class Historian '23  
Basketball '22, '23  
Debating Society '23

Clarence Nearing  
78 Sutton Street  
Debating Society '23

H. Lloyd Nearing "Henry Lloyd"  
78 Sutton Street  
Baseball '20, '22 Captain '23  
Basketball '23  
Class Basketball '19, '20, '21

Anna P. Pfeiffer "Ann"  
57 Marblehead Street  
Treasurer of A. A. '23  
"Bulbul" '23  
Journal Staff '23  
Class Ode Writer '23  
Basketball Captain '23

Ardis Putnam "Putty"  
32 Pleasant Street

Irene C. Richardson "I"  
233 Main Street

Esther M. Roesch "Es"  
248 Middlesex Street

Marion Saville  
31 Milton Street  
Debating Society '23

I Bruce Sjöström "Buddy"  
Railroad Avenue  
Baseball '22, '23  
Basketball '23  
Football '23 Mgr.  
Class Basketball '20, '21, '22  
Class Prophet '23

Joseph P. Slipskowskas "Slip"  
Camden Street  
Basketball Mgr. '23  
Baseball '22  
Class Basketball '20, '21, '22

Helena M. Sullivan "Lena"  
26 Clarendon Street  
Basketball '20, '21, '22, Mgr. '23

Blanche D. Taylor "Sis"  
24 Stonington Street  
"Bulbul"

Alice M. Twombly "Al"  
55 Marblehead Street  
Basketball '23

Helen L. Westran  
133 Massachusetts Avenue

Ruth A. Wilkinson "Rufus"  
30 Marblehead Street  
Valedictorian '23  
Debating Society '23

## THE CLASS HISTORY

Because we happened to be the class of '23, Miss Fortune, that charming daughter of Mrs. Fortune, endeavored to enter Johnson High with us; but in vain, for we were not superstitious. We accredited to her neither our showery graduation day in 1919, nor our rainy introduction to J. H. S. In fact, we hardly noticed the weather of that first day—so occupied were we in examining our classmates to see if high school freshmen *do* differ from grammar school graduates.

Our efforts were not in vain, for we soon found sure signs of age—as we thought then. *Here*, a boy with his hair parted in the middle and *there*, a girl with hers *snailed*; and horror of horrors, *here* were complexions that had been introduced to something besides soap and water. Nature had been aided with a little rouge. In case this article is unfamiliar to any of you, we feel sure that the Physics class will be glad to tell you just what rouge is and even to explain its composition—so thoroughly have they studied it; but I fear they would advise that it be used on glassware only.

On our first day at J. H. S. we promptly gathered at the *front* door—nothing is too good for Freshmen, you know—and patiently waited for it to open. Imagine our surprise and chagrin upon being requested to enter by the Main Street door! It was most humiliating, to say the very least!

We were not very different from other Freshmen. About the first thing we discovered was the boiler-room and how good-natured "Pat" was and how friendly Rex.

Since we were such a brilliant class, Boxford sent us four of its inhabitants to "bring up": Elvira Benson, who was so tiny that we had to hunt for her; Mabel Gould, who was so good-natured as it is traditional for people to be who are not thin; George Gemmell, who we soon discovered was a complete set of history books disguised as a boy—what George Gemmell did not know about history was not worth knowing—and Ruth Chadwick who was so quiet then that we could hardly tell when she was around.

The first social event of our Freshman year was our reception by the Seniors. We arrived very promptly; picked out a chair to sit in; and sat there very politely and quietly during the entire evening. Our boys, being Freshmen, were ignorant of the fact that if they would be in style they must stand in the corridor and wonder when it was ever going to be time to go home. We soon gave the Seniors a return

party, and as entertainment we had a play in pantomime form with Blanche Taylor as heroine. Miss Hills had coached us for this.

Abbie Rowell arrived near the half year and made Johnson High a lively place in which to live.

It was our misfortune to lose John Donovan, our president, at the end of our Freshman year, and Miss Helen Sargent gave up teaching us cooking. We also lost some of our classmates—John Costello, Catharine Cotter, Neva Snell, Albert Chadwick, Waldo Fraser and Thomas Hughes.

How much different it was to be Sophomores. No longer were we the scapegoats of the school; no longer need we blush when we heard someone say, "Did you ever see a Freshman who did not try to "run" the school?" How righteous we felt when the new Freshmen copied our actions and asked our opinions on everything under the sun. We arrived at school, as Sophomores; to find that we had two new teachers—Mr. Skinner, a Math. teacher, Miss Webster, a cooking teacher.

Since our president had left us, we elected Herbert Young to take his place. It was not long before June had arrived and we were again groaning and saying "Exams tomorrow." We not only lost Miss Boutillette, one of our commercial teachers, Miss Stevens, our French teacher, and Miss Olson, our drawing teacher at the end of our Sophomore year; but we also lost Mr. Dame, our superintendent of schools, and Francis Muldowney, Isaac Osgood, Loretta Hurson, and Margaret Toohey some of our classmates.

As we returned our Junior year, we felt quite important. We must admit that we were also quite curious to see our new French teacher, Miss Cook; Miss Bedell, one of our commercial teachers; Miss Butler, our new drawing teacher, and our new superintendent, Mr. Leonard.

One of the important events in our Junior year was the organization of a famous girls' baseball team by a few of our classmates—some of our quietest and most respectable girls. Imagine that! Alice Twombly was its captain and pitcher. Mary Lane and Ruth Wilkinson were basemen—an undefeated girls' team;—victorious in all their games—which happened to be but two. At the half year we added Miss Cofran to our faculty as an English and Civics teacher.

A trio was also formed during our Junior year—George Falla, cello player; How-

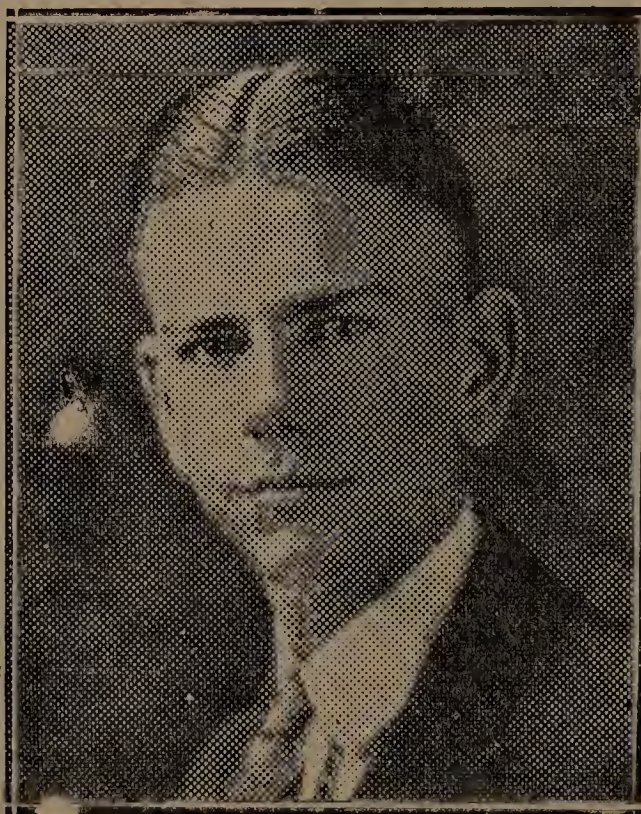
THE JOHNSON JOURNAL



RUTH A. WILKINSON  
Valedictorian



E. VIRGINIA JUDSON  
Salutatorian



ALBERT C. JOHNSON  
Class President

## THE JOHNSON JOURNAL

ard Metcalf, violinist; and Esther Roesch, pianist. Piano playing was not Esther's only accomplishment. You should have taken her to an exciting game if you wished to see what a gymnast she was.

It was our sorrowful duty, near the end of our Junior year, to call a class meeting to act upon the resignation of our president, Herbert Young, who was to move to West Virginia. To fill our highest office, we elected Albert Johnson. Ever since then he has had his hands full, for whenever we wished to shirk responsibility, we appointed the "chair" as a committee of one to handle the matter under discussion. We never said, "Let George do it," we said, "Let the 'chair' do it."

As Juniors, we had the privilege of giving the graduating class a supper. Miss Webster, our cooking teacher, assisted us—or rather, Miss Webster gave the supper and we assisted her. But we were not very helpful. You know accidents will happen in the best of families, and in spite of Miss Webster's instructions and watchfulness, a tragic incident took place. Mistaking the pepper for the cinnamon, we shook a generous amount of it into a batch of cookies. Our supper certainly did not lack seasoning.

Miss Butler, our drawing and manual teacher, put so many original ideas and so much untiring work into her decorating of the drawing room that it elicited the praise of many of our guests. After the supper some of our talented Seniors entertained with the play, "A Man from Brandon," which Miss Chapman had coached.

Besides Herbert Young, our president, we had lost one of our classmates—Gertrude Aaronian, and two of our teachers—our English teacher, Miss Hills, and Miss Webster, our cooking teacher at the end of our Junior year.

In September of 1922 our dreams were fulfilled—we became Seniors. But Freshmen are not as reverent and respectful now as we were in our day. We had some important additions to both our faculty and our class—that first day of our Senior year—Miss Wills, our English teacher; Miss Tonon, one of our commercial teachers; and Miss Doane, our cooking teacher.

We very soon discovered that Robert Burnham loved to "run" things, and from what we have learned about his plans for the future, we certainly expect him to put Billy Sunday to shame; that Clarence Nearing might not know whether Hector were the son of Priam or of Hecuba, the husband of Andromache or the father of Astyanax or a Trojan warrior, but that without any hesitation, he could tell you how to wire a house or how to drive an automobile; that John Farnum was not superstitious or he never would have preferred the class of '23

to the class of '22; that Clark was the youngest boy in the class—which, by the way, accounts for the suggestion Miss Cook recently made about colored splints; and that Battles was *not* a woman-hater.

Then we had the pleasure of giving the class of '26 a reception, repeating the play that Miss Chapman had so successfully coached for us the previous June. By this time Duce had become very proficient in scrubbing woolly dogs and basting turkeys with sticks. But our return party was certainly the best that we had ever attended.

During the winter some of our Senior boys organized a team in basketball—a champion team, in fact an undefeated team. But do not ask them how many games they played, you might embarrass them.

We are the last class—up to the present minute—to attempt to form a debating society. Falla, our best debater, was president. Miss Hatch helped us with our debating until it became almost as great a hindrance to the writing of themes as week ends are.

We have also taken part in athletics. With Miss Cook as faculty manager and Miss Whitehead as coach, our girls' team, that represented the school, won ten of their fourteen games and two of these victories they hold over the Freshmen girls of New Hampshire State College. But we could not have accomplished this without the work of Anna Pfeiffer, our captain; or of Helena Sullivan, our manager and "star" forward; or Alice Moody, our swiftest player, or without the backing of Alice Twombly, Virginia, and Emily Balcom, who is also famous for the flexibility of her eyes. We feel it our duty to take this opportunity to warn Emily that unless she stops exercising them so much, some day when she gets to be a feeble old lady she will be quite blind.

Lloyd Nearing, Joseph Slipkowskas, Captain Farnum, Bruce Sjöström, and Russell Mason were the boys who represented J. H. S. in basketball this year. I shall not try to number their victories, I fear you would grow tired of listening to such a long list. Lloyd Nearing also played a good game of baseball, and if B. A. meant batting average, Lloyd Nearing would surely graduate with a degree.

To "rest up" after his strenuous exercise during the winter in athletics, Sjöström sometimes took a nap in History.

Russell Mason was in 1923 chosen captain of the first tennis team that ever represented Johnson High. We hear that he is going to Lowell Textile to study dyeing. Now isn't that discouraging when we have just succeeded in resurrecting "King Tut."

We have had our workers as well as our players. Marion Saville has been one of

## THE JOHNSON JOURNAL

our most industrious.

For the first time in the history of J. H. S. the girls in the school received numerals for work on class teams in basketball. Helen Dufton was one of two Senior girls who were fortunate enough to receive their 1923's.

We are proud of the fact that some of our Seniors had parts in "Bulbul," the operetta, which was presented by Johnson High this year under the direction of Miss Richmond, with Miss Wills and Miss Chapman as stage directors, and Miss Case in charge of costuming. Among those who took part in it were Blanche Taylor and Margaret Carrol. We have no doubt that the time they spent drilling on the wedding march was not wasted. Metcalf made himself famous by the invention of the wooden stone-wall for the scenery in Bulbul. In fact, he is the one who put the stones into the stone-wall.

Christina helped in the production of "Bulbul" as accompanist. We are thankful to be able to say that this time the piano stool endured the strain.

This is a good time to read some honors that have nothing to do with studies and marks. To Helen Westran goes the honor of being our neatest and most beautiful girl; to Mary Long the honor of being our quietest girl; and to Irene Richardson the laurels that *should* go to the class singer.

We hope that people will remember the class of '23 for innovating a class ballot, for reviving the custom of having a class ode and for establishing the "Johnson Journal," which we hope will be carried on next year under the influence of Miss Wills its faculty adviser, as successfully as it has been this year. But we do not think the staff will be able to find another copy editor as good as Leona Jensen.

We must take this opportunity to express our appreciation of the time and thought that Henrietta Hotchkiss spent in

composing the music for the class ode. It must have been a difficult task.

We must not forget to mention our motorists. Although we have more than two, these two are new ones. Ruth Collins has driven her machine all over town filled with youngsters. Oh, if we were *only* youngsters again. Ardis Putnam trained her car so well that it would almost spin around corners on one wheel. We shall see that our lives are insured before she gets a chance to take us for a ride.

We have had our athletics, our socials, our studies, and our other interests, and we also have had our favorite anecdotes. These few we could not keep to ourselves any longer. We acquired an archaeologist in our Senior year. Duce started digging up skeletons and carrying them around in his pocket for company. Before we realize it Johnson High will have a museum.

Did you hear that our school accompanist tried to flirt with the measles in 1923 and succeeded, much to her disgust?

Some men have become famous for the things they have done; some for the things they have left undone. Garneau has become famous for regularly attending French class minus a pencil.

One afternoon in 1923 Mrs. Judson forgot to lock up the scissors upon leaving the house. Her youngest daughter discovered them and came to school all "banged up" the next morning.

This would not be a complete history of the class of '23 unless we mentioned Miss Sargent. Through our four years, during work and play, Miss Sargent has been our chief adviser and a most patient one. She has always found time to help us when we were planning our courses and never failed us when we needed advice while making our plans for that future which begins at midnight, June twenty-eighth.

Mary Moody '23.

## THE CLASS PROPHECY

The other day I went into a barber shop, sat down and said, "No, I don't want a massage or a shampoo. I think the weather is fine. I've heard all the latest barber shop jokes and I want a hair-cut, not a renovation."

"Ain't you ever going to grow?" said the barber. When I took a close look, I saw that it was Lloyd Nearing.

I said, "Do you have to go four years to high school to land this kind of a job?"

"No," said Lloyd, "you have to be a college graduate." But I guess he was only fooling me. While he wielded the shears, he entertained me with the topics of the day.

"Did you hear about Bob Burnham?" he asked. "He married three girls that were in our class.

"No," said I. "He never was that much of a sheik."

"He's no sheik," Lloyd replied. "He's a minister."

"Oh," I said, "I never knew it before."

"I just heard about it the other day," said Lloyd. "Johnson and Gemmell were in here telling me about it. They were in his church, and when the collection came around Gemmell fainted, and Johnson carried him out."

"What are they doing for a living?" I asked?



## THE JOHNSON JOURNAL

"Gemmell is the tree warden down in Boxford, and Johnson gives lectures in Physics at the International Correspondence School."

"All you barbers are awful gossips," I told him. "You must know all about the old class."

"Yes," he said, "I see a few of them once in a while. Metcalf has a job on The Boston Post."

"What doing," I asked, "filling inkwells?"

"No. Feeding the office cat," said Lloyd.

"Great," said I. "*The Johnson Journal* was of some use to us, wasn't it? And what's become of Clark?"

"I never see him," said Lloyd, "but I hear he is professor at Wellesley. Mustn't he be having a good time?"

"Where's Ardis Putnam?" I asked. "I always had an idea she'd run a taxi service with her Studebaker Sedan."

"No," said Lloyd, "She runs me instead. I'm her husband. Now get out, I'm busy. Go around and bother Falla for a while."

I went over to Falla's office and was admitted by Miss Wilkinson, his assistant. "Doc," said I, "I have a bad case of lumbago."

He examined me and said I needed more exercise, and charged me five dollars.

"By the way," said Falla, "Did you know that Helen Dufton is a Congresswoman? She sits down at Washington and sends vegetable seeds to the folks down home. And Joe Slipkowskas was in here the other day to have his arm set. He won a golf tournament and broke his arm patting himself on the back. And you should see Christina Elliott. She runs a hairdressing parlor, and her hair is a different shade every day."

After digesting this information I went out.

I turned a corner and saw a sign "ALL KINDS OF LABORATORY SUPPLIES." Entering, I saw Steve Mason superintending the labors of scores of workmen. "Greetings," said Steve. "I thought you said Lowell Tech was no good. Why I make more money in an hour than the rest of you get in a year. I have Miss Chapman's order for all her supplies besides other sidelines. Now, what do you think of Lowell Tech!" I didn't say a word, but left the factory.

Passing a theatre, I saw Margaret Carroll just entering the stage door. I hailed her and asked what she was doing.

"I'm a soubrette," said Margaret. "I get fifty dollars a performance." We stopped to talk, and it developed that Leona Jensen was a telephone operator, and Marion Saviile, president of the North Andover Improvement Society, and that Mary and Alice Moody were running a very strict and select finishing school in Boston.

Then Alice Twombly drove up in a Ford and gave me a ride. She was a saleswoman and just to help her out, I let her sell me a car. I drove out to see how fast my new car would go and was arrested for speeding by Jack Farnum, a state cop: "You wouldn't pull in your old friend, would you Jack?" I asked.

"Sure," said Jack. "I get \$1.50 for every one of you fellers I can get." And he handed me a summons.

On the way to court I passed over a muddy road. I saw a girl's hat by the side of the road. I got out to pick it up and when I lifted it I found a head sticking out of the mud. "Blanche Taylor," I said, "How did you ever get stuck in the mud like that?"

"Oh, I'm not in deep," said Blanche. "You ought to see Helen Westran. I'm standing on her shoulders." I got some rope from the car and pulled out Blanche. Then both of us pulled out Helen. When she had wiped the mud from her face she said, "Now go down and get Henrietta Hotchkiss. She's down there somewhere. So we hooked the car on to Henrietta and pulled her out too."

"I'd offer you girls a ride if you weren't so muddy," I said. "What's your line, Henrietta?"

She said, "I'm the future queen of England. I met the Prince of Wales at the Metropolitan Opera last fall and we became engaged. Blanche is my travelling companion and Helen is my secretary."

"Would you care to ride to the city?" I asked.

"Certainly *not*," said Henrietta.

"All right, don't," I replied, "I'm late for an appointment anyway." I drove to court, appeared before Judge Clarence Nearing and tried to be pleasant. "Good morning," I said. "How are you, Judge?"

"Fine, ten dollars," said Clarence.

I paid him and went out. Just as I was climbing into my car, a girl came up and said, "Hello, Buddy. Don't you remember me?"

"Your face doesn't look familiar," I said, but I recognize THE hat. Hello, Anna, take a ride?"

"I'm too busy," said Anna. "I take dictation for Virginia Judson."

"What does she write?" I asked. "Translations," replied Anna. "Her Iliad is better than Pope's."

"You don't say so?" I said. "I'll have to look through it to see if it needs correcting."

So I left Anna and went around to the Public Library to see if I could find Virginia's book. Esther Roesch was the librarian. I talked with her for a few minutes and then she pointed to a couple of

## THE JOHNSON JOURNAL

women who were talking together.

"Do you know them?" she asked in an awed voice.

"No," I answered, unimpressed.

"Well, that one at the right is Mrs. De Vourscourt, the founder of this library. She used to be Mary Long. They say she has \$1.73 for every Chinaman in Shanghai."

"Oh," I said. "Who's the other?"

"She's Mary Lane, and she's poor-house proof, too. Struck an oil well in the back yard while she was digging the garden."

I walked up and accosted the ladies familiarly. The temperature instantly dropped several degrees. I turned up my coat collar and left the library.

I went over to Sam Battles' house and found Ben Duce and another man there.

Sam said, "We are indeed lucky to be able to entertain such distinguished guests. On my right is Mr. H. B. Duce, the curator of the Metropolitan Museum." Ben bowed to me and asked if I had any black snakes or pink fleas. I said that I had no black snakes. Then I turned to Sam and said, "Who's this other gentleman?"

"That's Tiny Garneau, the truant officer of the Alexander Hamilton Institute," said Sam.

Ben had his saxophone with him, you remember it, his "ash tray," so he got it out and played some popular airs for us.

Then we all got into Ben's Overland (1906) and drove to a tea room run by the Misses Benson and Chadwick.

Helena Sullivan was head waitress and took our orders. When we were through she told us that the cashier was an old classmate of ours.

"Emily Balcom?" I asked.

"No," said Helena, "She's waiting around for that boy of hers to grow up. You'll have to guess."

"We all walked over to the cashier.

"Doesn't anybody remember me?" she asked. "I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll give you your dinner for nothing if you tell me who I am."

"Easy," I said. "I've accounted for everybody in the class except Ruth Collins so I reckon you're Ruth."

"You win," she replied.

We left for home. On the way Ben asked Sam and me what we were doing. At first we pretended not to hear him and then we refused to answer. When he left us at Sam's house he asked us if we please wouldn't tell him what our occupation was.

Sam said, "Neither of us graduated you know and we're still going to Johnson High.

Bruce Ivar Sjöström  
Class Prophet.

## AS REX SAW IT

### "Bulbul"

On the night of May 18 Rex heard a big commotion in the hall. Coming around to find the reason he encountered "King Dawson" with four pillows, two cushions, five towels, seven neckties, two belts, and one hundred and forty-three pins to make him the right dimensions. A magnificent brass crown, studded with five-and-ten-cent store diamonds completed his costume. Rex was glad that he didn't have to wear all this. He thought that he would go into the hall and see "Bulbul," but the arm of the powerful Prince Cassidy stayed his progress, so he had to be content to stay in the ante-room and watch the play from there. He enjoyed "Bulbul" so much that he could hardly be kept from barking until told that if he barked he would be shut up in Justso's "cash box." This made Rex keep still. He began to be puzzled when he saw one of the peddlers knock over a tree. He wondered how such a stately, noble cedar tree could be knocked over by a common, ordinary, insignificant, everyday peddler. The royal glasses that Dosay carried around also puzzled Rex, for how could Dawson, even if he were a king wear those. Alain

also puzzled him. If he wanted to be a soldier why didn't he go to Camp Devens instead of singing his desires to everybody. Rex wished that he could go, but somehow he had never been able to get an application.

He went home feeling tired, although he had had a pleasant time. He was determined to investigate all the noises that he heard hereafter even if he didn't get up on the following morning until dinner time.

### JUNIOR-SENIOR DANCE

On May 25 Rex heard some more peculiar noises and finding two freezers of ice cream on the side steps he went in to find the cause of his good fortune. Just inside the door he found a dance program. Why! This was the Junior-Senior party, and he had forgotten all about it. He took out his comb and combed his hair. Then, walking briskly up the stairs his ears caught the irresistible strains of "Gallagher and Shean." Rex walked proudly into the hall. He was surprised to see how well the hall looked "dressed up" in pink and blue, and also the comfortable looking section occupied by the patrons and patronesses. He

## THE JOHNSON JOURNAL

could tell by looking around that the students and guests were enjoying a very good time.

### THE CLASS SUPPER

The next event that Rex attended was the Class Supper. This was the day to which he had been looking forward all the year, because he knew what good suppers the girls could cook. At first the darkies that he met everywhere made him nervous. He was soon put at his ease, however, when he was assured that they were

only getting ready for a Minstrel Show. Soon the smell of nut bread and fruit cocktail made him lick his chops. He followed his nose down to the drawing room, although he knew that a dining room was the proper place for a supper. Oh boy! He hadn't been mistaken about the cooking ability of the girls. After supper the Class Prophecy and Class History were read. They made Rex sit up and wag his tail. Rex barked a few signs of approval and shook hands with all the Seniors. Then he went home with the rest. The next morning he didn't even get up for breakfast. He didn't need anything to eat for three days, after which he gradually began to regain his lost appetite by starting with a few chops and a steak for lunch.

### SPORTS



"BUDDY" SJOSTROM  
Our Three Letter Man

#### Athletic Resumé

Our athletic teams get more discouraging every year. The pupils in the school are getting smaller and smaller, and although they still have the Johnson fighting spirit, they are unable to win against many teams because of their size.

The football team was a very light team, and did not win a game during the season. There were but two veterans who returned to report for football. The eleven was swamped by both Punchard and Methuen, although Battles, the Johnson half-back, snatched up a Methuen fumble and scored

a touchdown. The team also bowed twice to Sanborn Seminary and Manning High. George Knightly, center, is the captain-elect, but it is very likely that Johnson High will not be represented on the football field next season.

The basketball team was, as usual, the best team to represent the school in the past year. Outweighed by almost every team they met, they proved themselves a scrappy aggregation, and with Slipkowskas, Nearing, and Mason, the stars of the team, playing great basketball, the court team won over the Alumni, Belmont, Lexington, and Groveland. The other players on the team were Bruce Sjöström, forward; Wentworth Carr, center; and Norman Richardson, guard; who is captain-elect for next season. The subs who expect to be regulars next season are George Knightly, Charles Driver, and James Driver.

The baseball team was a fairly heavy hitting outfit; but it played ragged in the field, for which reason it won only two games. The team also lacked a good moundsman. Burnham, Sjöström and Mason all took a turn at the twirling duties, but did not prove very effective. Allison worked two games, and won one of them. Captain Nearing was the star of the team playing at first base. Sjöström, when playing shortstop, put up a good game. Methuen, Punchard and Wilmington each handed our nine two overwhelming defeats. The players to return next year are Knightly, Richardson, Armstrong and Dimery. Let us hope for a better season next spring.

The girls enjoyed a very successful season with only four defeats. The team was captained by Anna Pfeiffer and coached by Alison Whitehead. They defeated Methuen, Punchard, Haverhill and New Hampshire State Freshmen.

Dorothy Metcalf, '25, was chosen to lead next year's team.

## THE JOHNSON JOURNAL

Johnson High will lose many of its best athletes by graduation. The girls who will not return are: Anna Pfeiffer, Helena Sullivan, Alice Moody, Mary Moody, Alice Twombly, Emily Balcom, and Virginia Judson. The boys lost by graduation are: Lloyd Nearing, Bruce Sjöström, Samuel Battles, Joseph Slipkowskas, Russell Mason, John Farnum, Leslie Clark, and Robert Burnham.

Bruce (Buddy) Sjöström is the only three-letter man in the school now, having played quarterback on the football team, forward on the basketball team, and short-stop on the baseball team. He is sure to be missed and his place will be hard to fill.

### SENIOR CLASS BALLOT FOR 1923

Best Boy Student	Falla
Best Girl Student	Wilkinson
Most Popular Boy	Sjöström
Most Popular Girl	Pfeiffer
Most Promising Man	Mason—Garneau— Gemmell
Most Promising Woman	Judson—Jensen
Handsomest Boy	Battles
Prettiest Girl	Westran—Twombly
Boss Politician	Robert Burnham
Class Baby	Leona Jensen
Class Athlete	Sjöström
Heart Breaker	Balcom—Burnham
Class Grind	Moody—Judson—Dufton
Class Flapper	Putnam—Collins—Balcom
Class Artist	Metcalf
Class Musician	Elliott—Duce—Hotchkiss
Class Dancer	Slipkowskas
Class Vamp	Putnam
Class Sport	Slipkowskas
Class Bluffer	C. Nearing
Class Wise Guy	L. Nearing
Woman Hater	George Gemmell
Man Hater	Mary Moody
Class Singer	Irene Richardson
Sleepiest Boy	Sjöström
Class Humorist	Clark
Teacher's Delight	Saville
Cutest Girl	Taylor
Most Innocent Person	Benson
Most Talkative Boy	Nearing
Most Talkative Girl	Carroll
Best All-Around Boy	Johnson
Best All-Around Girl	Pfeiffer
Most Ambitious Boy	Burnham
Most Ambitious Girl	Mary Moody
Class Giggler	Carroll
Shyest Person	Westran
Class Flirt	Elliott
Quietest Girl	Long

### WHO'S WHO IN 1923?

Emily Sells Batteries  
Smiles Charm Blondes  
Knows Entire Boxford  
Runs For Boss  
Makes Any Chorus  
Reads Enough Civics  
Legal Joke Censor  
Runs Machine Cleverly  
Hates Bryden's Dog  
Hems Her Dresses  
Coming Musical Expert  
Generally Brought Fun  
Jack's Car's Funny  
Going For Good  
Just After Gemmell  
Happy And Hearty  
Ladies Home Journal  
Al Can't Jazz  
Ever Very Joyful  
Makes Class Laugh  
Mary Rarely Laughs Loudly  
Rather Knowing Man  
Howard's Ever Mildred's  
Active Every Minute  
Measures Each Moment  
Joyously Cracks Nuts  
Hates Learning Noticeably  
A Poor Prune  
Always Peppy  
In Classes Regular  
Eats Many Raisins  
Modest Student  
Best In Sports  
Johnson's Perfect Stenographer  
Hardly Misses Shots  
Busy Dainty Tot  
A Mild Terror  
Has Light Worries  
Recites All Winter

### WISE WINKERS Poor Book!

Miss Chapman announced to a class the other day that she would skip over a few pages.

Evelyn: "I'm a little pale today?"  
Buchan: "No! You're a little tub."

### What the Seniors will miss in 1924

The daily marathon to the store;  
The boiler room;  
The interesting circulars from schools and colleges;  
The odors from the chemical laboratory;  
The wise Sophomores;  
The little Freshmen.

**What the other classes will miss  
THE SENIORS!**

## THE JOHNSON JOURNAL

### A Clever Bit of Advertising

A scientist says that each man contains fat enough for seven bars of soap; iron enough for a medium sized nail; lime enough to whitewash a chicken coop; sugar enough to fill a shaker; phosphorus enough to make 2200 matches; magnesium enough to explode a toy cannon; sulphur enough to rid a dog of fleas;—and the whole collection is worth 98 cents.—Ex.

### I Want to be a Senior Tune: "I Want to be a Soldier"

I want to be a Senior,  
And with the Seniors stand  
With a fountain pen behind my ear,  
And a note-book in my hand.  
I wouldn't be a president,  
I wouldn't be a king,  
I wouldn't be an angel,  
For angels have to sing.  
I'd rather be a Senior  
And never do a thing.  
I'd rather be a Senior  
And never do a thing.

### Wouldn't You Laff?

Last night,  
I saw  
Two cross-eyed  
Men bump into  
Each other.  
One said  
"Look  
Where you're going."  
And  
The other said  
"Oh, go  
Where you look."  
I laffed.  
It was a good joke.—Ex.

Dear Violet,

Do you carrot all for me. If you do lettuce see if we cantaloupe. Gee, you are a peach. If I had you now I'd squash you. You simply can't be beet.

I know this is sort of radish for me, but just same you need not turnup your nose.

Love from

Lena.

P. S. Lena who? Lena Wayback.

### Ancient History

Teacher: "When was Sennacherib the ruler of Assyria?"

Brilliant pupil, (thinking deeply): "I think it was 1492."

Getting out this paper is no picnic. If we print jokes, people say we are silly. If we don't they say we are too serious. If we publish original matter, they say we lack variety. If we publish things from other papers, they say we are too lazy to write. If we don't print the contributions from other people, we don't show proper appreciation. If we print them, the paper is filled with junk. If we don't print personals, the paper is uninteresting. If we do, folks get insulted. What is a fellow to do anyhow? Like as not some poor fish will say we swiped this from an exchange. So we did.—Green Witch.

Son: "Dad, can you write your name with your eyes closed?"

Fond Parent: "Why yes, I guess so, yes."

Son: "Then close your eyes and sign my report card."—Ex.

### Lost and Found, Etc.

LOST: A watch by a young gentleman with a cracked face.

LOST: A cane by a man with a polished ivory head.

FOUND: A fountain-pen by a girl half full of ink.

FOR SALE: A white bull dog; will eat anything; especially fond of children.

WANTED: Boy to open oysters 15 years old.

WANTED: Girls to sew buttons on the top floor.

"He who laughs last didn't get the joke in the first place."—Ex.

Compliments of:

**White & Huntress Coal Co.**

---

95 Main Street  
Tel. 5386

**Routhier's Pharmacy**

Joseph O. Routhier

"If it's quality, it's at Routhier's." 130  
Main St., North Andover, Mass. Eastman  
Kodak Agency.

**A Friend**

Compliments of:

**Stott's**

---

Sutton's Corner  
Tel. 1665

Boiled Ham a Specialty

**D. & D. Cash Market**  
Fish, Meats and Groceries

---

91½ Main St., Tel. Con.

Milk that is all milk and not a derivative of it. Every head of our cattle has been examined by the Mass. state Federal Board of Animal Industry. This test shows that every head is free from disease and germs. We feel proud to say that the records and milk of our own cattle have never been excelled in this vicinity. The only milk that doctors recommend.

---

**William L. Smith**

---

North Andover, Mass.

Brook Farm Tel. 1029-J

Compliments of:

**I. Bottomley**

66 Union Street

Delicatessen and Groceries  
Tel. 4010

**William J. Dryden**

Cigars and Confectionery

---

144 Main Street

Compliments of:

**A. P. Currier & Company**

Groceries and Fruits

---

67 Water Street  
Tel. 1860

---

Compliments of:

**Joseph Rivet**

---

**John T. Campbell**

Fancy Groceries

Railroad Ave.

Tel. Con.

---

---

Compliments of:

**North Andover Coal Co.**

---

---

Compliments of:

**Merrimac Alleys**

McCubbin and Gray Props.

---

---

Compliments of:

**James W. Elliott**

71 Main Street

---

---

Compliments of:

**A Friend**

---

**Mrs. Marion Cormey**

Hair Dresser

Main St.

---

---

Compliments of:

**R. Heider**

---

---

Sutton's Corner  
**Service Station**

---

**S. Wexler**

First Class Custom Tailoring  
46 Main Street

A Trial Will Convince You

---

Automobile Accessories

---

J. D. Burke, Prop.

---

**W. F. Murray**

Cigars and Confectionery  
Lunches

75 Water Street

---

**H. Shrager**

Groceries and Provisions

52 Main St.

---

---

**North Andover Market**

Groceries and Provisions

59 Main St.

Tel. Con.

---

**LEITCH'S GARAGE**

Studebaker

---

Compliments of:

**Harry Ainsworth**

---

**Anderson Branch Shoe Store**

T. W. Waters, Mgr.

48 Main St.

---

Compliments of:

**George H. Perkins**

Pharmacy

Rexall Druggist 50 Water St.

---

---

**Central Service Station**

Automobile Supplies

=====  
Kelly-Springfield and Firestone Tyres

=====  
85 Main St.

---

**H. E. McQuesten**

Central Market

Meats, Provisions and Vegetables

=====  
Water Street  
Tel. 1523

---

Compliments of:

**Frank A. Welch**

Sutton's Corner

---

Compliments of:

**Longbottom's Market**

---

4 Johnson St.  
Tel. 1941

37 Mass. Avenue  
Tel. 2796

---