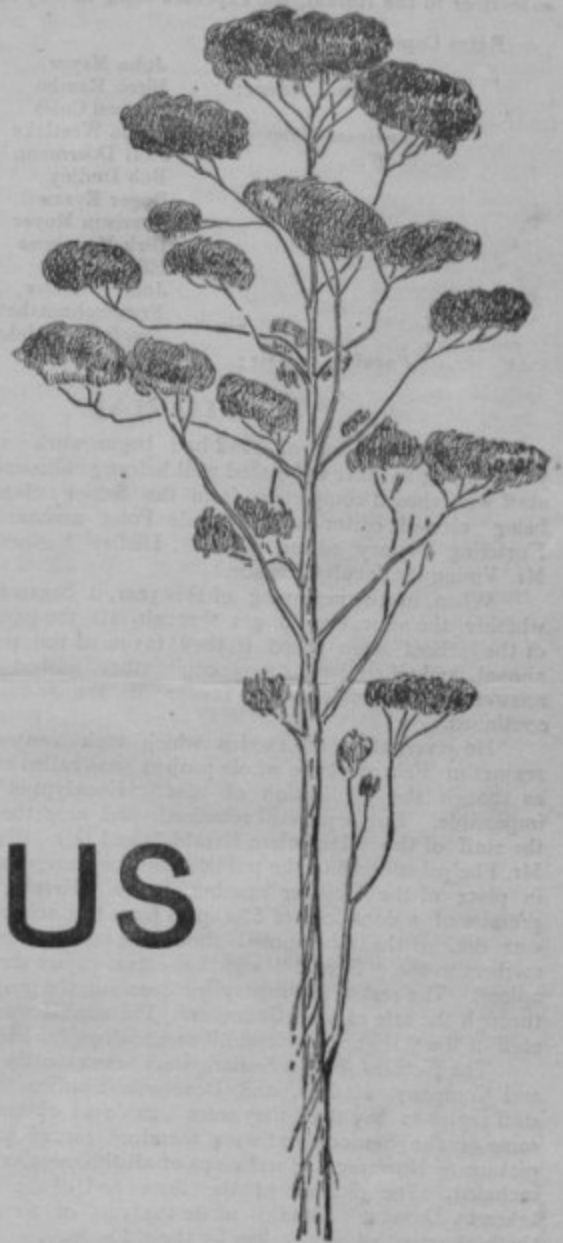


HARRISON A. MOYER

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EUCALYPTUS

1942



EUCALYPTUS 1942

HIGHCLERC SCHOOL KODAIKANAL

The 1942 number of the Eucalyptus is issued by the staff of the Highclerc Herald and the Senior class. One copy is given free to each subscriber to the Herald, the expenses being met by advertisements.

Extra Copies : 8 annas apiece.

<i>Editor-in-chief :</i>	John Meyer
<i>Assistant Editors :</i>	Birch Rambo Chireen Coles
<i>Business Manager :</i>	Diana Westlake
<i>Staff :</i>	Paul Doermann Bob Dudley Roger Evans Harrison Moyer Dirk Muyskens Elinor Potee John Schaefer Fritz Schmitthenner Jenefer Westlake
<i>Faculty Advisor :</i>	Mr. Blanchard

EDITORIAL

The Senior Class of 1942 had begun work on the annual last year, hoping to have it finished well before graduation in June. The staff was chosen completely from the Senior class, Dave Warren being elected editor-in-chief, Gale Potee assistant editor, Marian Korteling literary editor, Connie Dudley business manager, and Mr. Vining the faculty advisor.

When, in the beginning of this year, it began to seem doubtful whether the annual could get through, all the parents and friends of the school were asked if they favoured the publication of an annual, and if so, how many copies they wished to buy. Their answers were decidedly in favour of the annual, so work was continued.

However, after the exodus which took away so many of our seniors in February, the whole project was called off, and it seemed as though the publication of the "Eucalyptus" this year were impossible. But hope still remained, and near the end of the year the staff of the "Highclerc Herald" and Mr. Blanchard obtained Mr. Phelps' consent to the publication of a somewhat smaller annual in place of the October number of the "Herald," as well as his promise of a donation of 50 rupees from the school towards it. It was decided that the annual should be issued free to all the subscribers to the "Herald" and that extra copies should cost 8 annas apiece. The rest of the money for financing the project was obtained through the sale of advertisements. The annual was put out by the staff of the "Highclerc Herald," assisted by Mr. Blanchard.

The pictures of the Seniors were taken mostly by Messrs. Vale and Company, Madras, and Doveton's Studio, Kodaikanal. The staff regret to say that they were unable to obtain the pictures of some of the Seniors, and were therefore forced to leave out those pictures. However, the write-ups of all the members of the class are included. The pictures of the classes and of the faculty were also taken by Doveton's Studio, while the rest of the pictures, such as those of activities, were taken by the students.

The picture for the block of the eucalyptus tree was drawn by Miss Hudson (now Mrs. Mair) and the blocks were used in the two previous annuals. The making of the other blocks and the printing was done by Payne and Company, Madras, the press which prints the "Herald."

Comments, Please.

The staff of the "Eucalyptus" would appreciate any comments, constructive criticism, and ideas for improvements which anyone would like to make on this annual. Any such opinions will be considered in planning for next year's "Eucalyptus."

The main differences between this year's annual and the two former ones are in the size, the use of advertisements, the publication of the short stories, and the fact that it is given out free in place of the "Highclerc Herald."

CLASS WILL.

Heiny parts with his polished technique of bluffing to Hakken.
Ruth wishes her musical echoes in Boyer to be reinforced by Elinor.
Diana unrolls the hidden depths of her address book to Beth Willoughby.
Rusty generously wills his wave-set to Dud.
Marge stealthily slips her cavernous stomach to Russ.
Elfie to P. I.—her Max Factor Vermilion lipstick.
Connie reckons that Hughes might advantageously take her cranium into protective custody.
Fatty tearfully lends his "electric" scraper to Rog.
Puttee feels it would be fitting to lend his Santa Claus disposition to Dormouse.
Marion thoughtfully impresses her dimples on Richard Harrison's face.
To Duck, our sophomore angel, Dave bequeaths his one-way lane to trouble.
Babs lets Betty copy her roll call.
Jay says that Elinor can use his catty to be cruel to dogs with Dolbeer mercifully instructs Squeaky to keep the kettle boiling and run around the lake every morning.
Upon Sammy, Chas kindly bestows his strength to squeeze the anna until King George bleeds.
To Russ, Hans deeds his spare brake linings.
Mary stretches her yellow sweater so that Butch can wear it.
Vining gives the second grade "per" to divvy up his false tooth.
The mathematical "Puttee's Law of Chances" goes to Fritz.
Diana instructs us to give some of her inferiority complex to Eleanor.
Dave cuts off his right arm and sews it on Betty Swavely.

CLASS PROPHECY

Excerpt from Mr. Vining's diary, 1962:

October 20: After a long search I have at last found out the whereabouts of all my old class' members. Some, naturally, are so famous that I frequently read about them in the newspapers, but to find others I spent a lot of time and effort in searching, among which is Dave Warren, who, I found out, has settled down in a hillbilly cabin in Tennessee and is making a living by distilling moonshine. One of the big shots is Henry Moyer, now Speaker of the House of Representatives and a distinguished orator. Russ Jones is playing first base with the New York Yankees and has the highest batting average in the league.

Mary Martin, it seems, fell in with a gang of crooks and became a counterfeiter until she was nabbed by the ace G-man, Gale Potee. Marian Korteling, an old hag now, is teaching in a little country school.

The other day I was leafing through the latest Popular Science Magazine when I came on an ad which read, "In just seven days, by this new treatment, you can become like me!" It was signed, "Paul Slifer, holder of the title 'The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man.'"

Esther Fink, believe it or not, has become the first woman Justice of the Supreme Court. Connie Dudley, my bright Chemistry student, is now the head industrial chemist for the DuPont Corporation and has just discovered a new process for making rubber out of air and water.

Bob Dolbeer is now the hard-boiled Colonel of the crack regiment of U. S. Marines which was lately sent to put down a revolution in Porto Rico, while John Meyer was the Socialist candidate for the Presidency in the last election.

Well, well! Ruth Slifer is the editor of a Wild West dime-novel thriller and Barbara Wallace is in court getting her 10th divorce. Marjorie VanVranken has become a modern Madame Curie with her discovery of the 99th element, which she named Highclerium.

Chas Wilder is now the Secretary of the Treasury, and he's got a job that really fits him. He's cut down the expenses of running the government and paid off the U. S. national debt.

Hans Stern has just risen to power as the humane dictator of Germany. In today's paper is a picture of a mob at a mass meeting shouting, "Heil Hans!"

THIS YEAR'S BEST SHORT STORIES

Upon Matrimonial Advertising

BY
BOB DUDLEY.

Behind the desk at his hardware store one afternoon sat Subbramaniam Lakshmilal, self-important and pompous Brahmin leader of Tirrupur. Beside him scribbled a local newspaper reporter to whom Subbramaniam was confidentially disclosing a "scoop." This is the story he told.

"Next week my daughter is to be married." The reporter gripped his pen more firmly. This was news! "It was several months ago that I decided it was time my daughter should be wedded. As is well known, I have no relatives to whom she could—"

"Raja! let me hear no more profanity!" The startled reporter jumped from his chair at Subbramaniam's stentorian explosion. Raja, Lakshmilal's clerk, had rattled off a string of swear words which made the Brahmins' ears ring. The cause was immediately seen, for there was Raja, groping on the floor among countless tacks which he had spilled in serving a customer. Above the roars of laughter of the purchaser could be heard Raja's muttering and spluttering as he stepped on the nails.

"Raja, if I hear any more of this I will fire you. I tell you I will not stand for it!"

"This clerk will be my downfall", moaned Subbramaniam. "Such clumsiness, such unholiness, such inefficiency were never before to be found in one man!"

After apologizing profusely Subbramaniam hastened to continue his story. "As I was saying, I had no relatives to whom my daughter could be married, so I set out to find a perfect husband. As usual I have accomplished my task. These are the standards I set for myself: the young man must be a handsome, righteous brahmin; he must be receiving a good pay; he must have excellent prospects for his future business life; he must be a kind and generous husband. Two times I advertised, but of the four men who applied, not one was good enough for my daughter. All would have made excellent husbands for the average woman, but not for my

daughter—no! When I began to doubt that I could fulfil my hopes, I was very worried. But then one day as I carefully searched through the newspaper, I came upon this advertisement:

Wanted

A young Brahmin girl, very fair, to enter into matrimony with an accomplished Brahmin bachelor, handsome, well educated, settled in life.

"Yes, that was the wording; I still remember it exactly. Anyway, since I believed my daughter would certainly be worthy of the young man, I answered immediately, describing in detail all her assets, her beauty, her skill in music, her cooking abilities. To my great joy, the reply which I received was very encouraging. It appeared that the parents had been written many responses concerning their advertisement, but were giving my daughter first consideration. Of course this was hardly a surprise to me.

"The bachelor is a most holy Brahmin, for every day he visits the temple to pay reverent homage to the gods. He is also handsome, being known among his friends for his stalwart body, fine features, and beautiful, black hair. His job is excellent, and he is well settled just waiting for my daughter to add the final touch of perfection to his life. There, you see it is all just as I planned it would be; his holiness, comeliness, and good prospects for the future!"

Subbramaniam leaned back to take a deep breath and scratch his paunch with self satisfaction.

"Last week", he continued, "I visited the parents in their home forty miles from here to complete the arrangements for the wedding. Unfortunately....."

He paused to check a bill which his assistant had drawn up for a customer. "No. Raja, how many times do I have to tell you to arrange the numbers in an orderly column on the right? Also, the total comes to only four rupees eight annas instead of five rupees. The eight annas you intend to keep. I do not doubt." The mere thought of Raja made him shudder.

Problem Child

BY
JOHN SCHAEFER.

He was a serious problem, this new boy Herman Timeoskensky; a small, timid, sandy-haired youngster with hunched shoulders and a lame leg. His complexion was pale and he wore a pair of big, horn rimmed glasses. Herman was a shy refugee boy from Czechoslovakia without parents, brothers or sisters. At present he was living with the good Mr. and Mrs. Manson. About a month ago he had entered the Grant High School and immediately he had been looked down upon by the other boys in his class, either because of his lame leg or because he said "pleece" for "please", or "vat" for "what." The longer he remained there the more unpopular he became and his teacher was in despair. It was for this reason that he was in the office of Dr. Nibbs, the principal, discussing the best way to deal with the boy.

Fifteen minutes later as he emerged from the office, Mr. Binns noticed Herman slouching down the corridor with a huge armful of books. Not wishing to embarrass the boy he hastened to enter a nearby classroom where he waited until Herman had passed out of the exit into the bright, sunny afternoon. Then he quickly walked over to a window and watched him limp around the edges of the playground where the other boys were playing baseball, careful to keep out of their way, and pass out of sight around the corner of the street.

Herman walked the four blocks to his home with his eyes on the side walk not daring to raise them for fear of seeing some passerby looking at him. He deposited his books in his room and, leaving the house, turned his steps towards the Bank. The janitor of the Bank had a workshop in the basement of a nearby building which he allowed Herman to use. For the past week Herman had been working on the plans for a gas engine and now that they were completed he could begin work on the actual thing.

Entering the basement he began to work. Gray, misty light entered through a small window which opened on the empty back

alley. Now and then the legs of a running child flew past the window and then all was quiet again.

From a cardboard box in the corner of the basement Herman drew a piece of iron which he slid into the vise and with dexterous hands began to file one of the pistons of a two cylinder motor. Now and then his eyes rested on the diagrams and descriptions before him. Suddenly, something seemed to disturb him. He raised his eyes and gazed out of the dirty window in time to see the legs of a man, visible only up to the knees pass. Every few seconds the legs came back again. The shoes were brown and well polished and the creases of the brown pants legs were neat. Herman let his file sink into his lap. He began to tremble and his face grew whiter. A tear appeared on his eye. Then silently he got up, limped across the room and up the concrete steps.

The next morning when Herman came to the breakfast table, Mr. and Mrs. Manson were already there. As he seated himself Mrs. Manson looked at him across the morning paper and said; "Say, Herman, have you read about the burglary which occurred right here in this block? Two robbers walked right into the Bank in broad daylight and walked out again, seventy-five thousand dollars richer."

Herman became red and flushed. He rose as if to leave the table but Mr. Manson detained him; "Now, now, Herman, it is nothing to get excited about. You just sit down while my wife gets you your cereal."

For the next several days the excitement at school was terrific. The boys followed the police investigation with the utmost interest. But soon their excitement began to slacken because of the utter failure of the police.

About two weeks later as Herman was returning from school with his eyes downcast he caught sight of the same pair of legs he had seen that day from the basement. He stopped in his tracks and became extremely agitated. Then glancing around him he noticed a

(Contd. in next column)

(Contd. on page 4 column 1)

(Contd. in next column)

(Contd. on page 4 column 2)

COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES.

October 20, 7 p.m.

Festal March	Orchestra	Cadman
Invocation	Rev. J. J. DeValois	
Recessional	High School Chorus	Kipling-DeKoven
Speedwell		Taylor-Brahe
Trumpeter's Serenade	Robert Dudley (Trumpet)	Spindler
Address	Dr. Gravely	
On Wings Of Song	John Meyer (Trombone)	Mendelssohn
Presentation of Diplomas	Carl W. Phelps	
Kodai School Song.		
Usbers: Jenifer Westlake	Russ DeValois	
Chireen Coles	Birch Rambo	

(Contd. from page 3 column 2)

(Contd. from page 3 column 4)

"Unfortunately", he went on, somewhat subdued "the young man at the last minute had been unable to leave his work, so that the final arrangements could not be made. However, my visit with the parents confirmed my convictions about the suitability of the bachelor.

"The day before yesterday I received a letter from the parents, stating that they are coming to Tirrupur today, and also making an appointment with me for five o'clock this evening." Subbramaniam glanced at the old wall clock to see it now pointing to four-thirty. As his gaze wandered, he winced at the sight of Raja's ugly, surly face. "The parents are bringing their son with them, so tonight I shall know for sure just when and where my daughter is to be married." He sighed contentedly as he completed the tale of his magnificent achievement.

As Subbramaniam rose to lock up the store, he added, "Come over tomorrow morning at eight o'clock to get the final particulars. Everything will be arranged then."

Five o'clock found Subbramaniam Lakshmilal, hands folded, gazing dreamily out the window of his home. He was peacefully awaiting the momentous arrival of his future son-in-law. Suddenly his little boy excitedly announced, "Here they come, father, they are almost here!" Subbramaniam arose with a haste that did not become his dignity. As he strutted to the door, he was almost shouting, "Welcome, welcome to my home; I—!" his face blanched—why—Raja!"

policeman standing at the corner, under a street light. Quickly limping up to him he spoke; "Pleece, mister, arrest that man."

The policeman hesitated, "Why, son, did he hit you or something?"

"No, no," said the boy, paling a little, "But pleece arrest him. He is one of the bank robbers."

The next day when Herman entered his class room, Mr. Binns, his homeroom teacher beckoned him to come up to his desk. Herman began to blush and clumsily approached the teachers' desk. As he was passing up the aisle, one of his class mates stuck out his foot and Herman fell sprawling. Quickly scrambling up amid the laughter of the other boys he hastened forward again, now almost in tears. Mr. Binns sent the boy from the classroom and then, laying a hand on Herman's shoulder he said to him; "Dr. Nibbs would like to see you in his office." Then he added quickly as he felt the boy stiffen "I'll go with you."

Dr. Nibbs motioned Herman to a seat in front of his elaborate teakwood desk and rising from chair he came to him. Seating himself on the corner of his desk he spoke in a kind voice.

"Well, Herman, only a month until the end of school. I would like to tell you that you are one of the keenest pupils I have had. I hope you'll be coming back here next year?" "Yes.....Sir." Hesitated Herman.

"Well, Herman, I would like to ask you to spend a month with me, this summer in my cottage near a lake. You see every year

(Contd. in next column)

SCHOOL SONG

We're loyal to you, Kodai School,
We're Orange and Blue, Kodai School,
We'll back you to stand 'gainst the best in the land,
For you are a fine band, Kodai School, Rah, Rah!

We'll help you along, Kodai School,
We'll cheer you with song, Kodai School,
Our work is our fame, protector; On, then,
For we expect a vict'ry from you, Kodai School.

Fling out that dear old flag of Orange and Blue,
Lead on your sons and daughters to victory true,
We'll work until the goal's won, each day's work well done,
Till the whole course is run, Kodai School.

Upon the lofty hills, the pride of the land,
For honest Labor and for Learning we stand,
And unto Thee we pledge our heart and hand,
Dear happy, happy Kodai School.

(Contd. from last column)

(Contd. from last column)

when I go there I get lonesome towards the end."

Herman stammered, blushing; "Pleece, sir, I would enjoy it very much, but I don't know whether I will be able to come."

After a minutes silence Dr. Nibbs continued, "You know, Herman, you did a fine piece of work yesterday. That man you had arrested was identified by the bank clerk and this morning he told you the other three were; so it won't be long now. But look, Herman, it is a mystery to us all how you knew that he was one of the robbers. Furthermore I'm convinced that there is something troubling you. Listen, my boy, you are still too young to bear any great troubles or griefs. Maybe I could help you if you would tell me about it."

Herman continued to stare at the floor and after a few seconds he said abruptly; "Excuse me, sir, but I think I know what you want. I will tell you. It was about a year ago. One Sunday morning, as my father was sitting in his chair reading, the door opened and three men in terrible black uniforms and high black boots came in. My father jumped to his feet, but before he could say anything they caught him by his arms and took him away. We never saw him. Then my mother and I, because we couldn't get any money, had to live in a small room, beneath a house, which was lighted by only one small, low window. Then my mother became ill. She grew worse. I sat with her all the time—in that awful, cold, damp room. She grew worse every day. We had

(Contd. in next column)

no money for a doctor. Then, one morning she died. I lived in the streets begging. One day, a kind man picked me up and sent me here.

"While I was in that room with my mother the only thing I saw was the feet and legs of men and women walking on the pavement. I began to be able to recognise some of them who passed by many times. Then the other day, while I was in the basement of a house near the bank where a janitor has a workshop, which I have permission to use. I was working on a motor when I saw a man's—"

"And you recognised his face?" "No, sir, I didn't see his face but only his feet and legs. He walked up and down. Then yesterday—"

"You saw the same feet."
"Pleece, sir, yes."

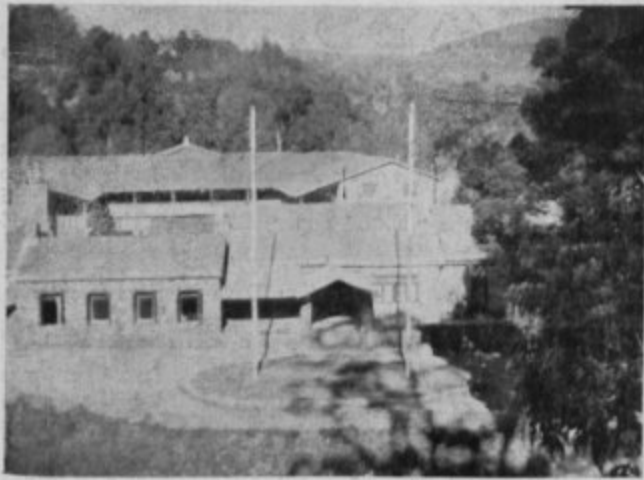
Dr. Nibbs said; "Thank you, Herman and I hope you can come with me this summer."

Herman rose and limped out of the room.

The same morning, about two hours later, the door of the classroom opened and Dr. Nibbs, followed by the president and three of the bank's trustees filed into the room. Going to the front of the class the president, straightening his tie began his speech.

"My dear girls and boys, this morning I am here to make an announcement and a presentation, with regard to the robbery recently enacted in our bank. Your fellow student Herman Timeoskensky has done us an act of service for which we are

(Contd. on page 11 column 3)



DEDICATION

To Highclerc School and all that it has meant to us while we have been here, we, the Senior Class of 1942, dedicate this annual.

Calendar of the Year.

- Wednesday, January 14: Students pile into Highclerc again. Senior class numbers 17.
- Thursday, January 15: Old round of drudgery starts again.
- Sunday, February 15: First war scare hits the school hard with the sudden departure of seven of the senior class—Marian, Marjorie, Esther, Connie, Ruth, Fatty, and Bob. The chance to go is offered to the rest of the seniors but they prefer to stay.
- Monday, February 16: "Good-bye!" "See you again some day!" And before we know it, they're gone
- Tuesday, February 17: Plans for 1942 Eucalyptus killed by circumstances.
- Friday, February 20: Long week-end in celebration of Washington's birthday brings out hikers.
- Friday, March 20: End of first quarter.
- Friday, April 3: Good Friday observed as holiday with morning service in the K. M. U.
- Sunday, April 5: Easter Sunday observed again in spite of war jitters. Participating students help to make the annual cantata, "Bright Easter Morn." quite a success.
- Monday, April 13: Scare again hits Highclerc. Rumors of invasion preparations bring together the school council and a decision is made to close the school immediately.
- Tuesday, April 14: Some of the students leave, while others make preparations for what most believe will be a one-way ride.
- Wednesday, April 15: Last sight of Kodaikanal for most of the seniors and many other students.
- Monday, May 11: The school reopens, with the senior class reduced to four, and struggles along in spite of a desperate need of teachers.
- Friday, June 12: King-Emperor's birthday observed as another holiday.
- Friday, June 19: End of the half year.
- Sunday, June 21: School's religious life receives a big help with the inauguration of the school church.
- Sunday, June 28: First communion service.

(Contd. in next column)



HIGHCLERC FACULTY

(LEFT TO RIGHT FRONT)

- Miss Margaret Connold..... Housemother (Kennedy)
- Mrs. Howard Coles..... Second Grade
- Mr Carl W. Phelps Principal
- Mrs. Carl W. PhelpsHousekeeper
- Mrs. A. L. Powell.....First Grade

(MIDDLE)

- Miss Metta C. SkovhusThird Grade
- Miss Phyllis Page.....Piano
- Miss Agnes Liddle.....Sixth Grade
- Miss Alma Parker.....Fifth Grade
- Mrs. S. M. Mair.....High School History
- Mrs. Charles L. Swan.....School Nurse
- Miss Edith Husted.....Piano and Chorus
- Dr. F. H. Gravely.....High School Biology
- Mrs. W. D. Varney.....Fourth Grade

(BACK)

- Mr. I. John DevadasonManual Training
- Mr. K. John.....Clerk
- Miss Adelaide Martin.....Seventh Grade
- Mrs. E. G. Wood.....Housemother (Boyer)
- Rev. Maurice Blanchard.....High School English
- Mrs. Maurice Blanchard..... Housemother (Sherwood)
- Mr. A. S. Albert.....Typist
- Mr. S. M. Chelliah.....Accountant

(ABSENT)

- Mr. A. J. Musil.....Latin and French
- Mr. Charles Caspari.....Supervisor of Grounds
- Mrs. Charles Caspari.....Piano
- Mrs. George Gosselink..... High School Mathematics

(Contd. from previous column)

- Saturday, July 4: School's annual track day results in the breaking of six records, in spite of the absence of many athletes.
- Monday, July 27: Our new teachers, the Nelsons, leave for America.
- Saturday, August 15: Parties start out for camp on another long week-end.
- Sunday, August 16: Day spent in swimming pools, in the saddle, on the hoof, among the leeches, or just lazing around.
- Monday, August 17: Sunburned hikers straggle in and settle down to the school grind again.

(Contd. on page 11 column 1)

SENIOR CLASS



Marjorie Van Vranken

Marjie left Kodai to take up a primary nurse's training course at Hope College. A very studious pupil with a place on the Special Honor Roll, she used her few spare hours for knitting sweaters. An expert at rising in the early hours of the morning, she seemed to prefer her studies to sleep. However, she made a successful center in the girls' basketball team, and when she was fully warmed up, woe to those who dared oppose her!

Ruth Slifer

Ruth, the fourth of the Slifer clan, first came to Kodai at the ripe old age of 9, and she has adorned our beautiful premises ever since, with a short break for a furlough in the States. She was an individualist, expressing her views with the utmost frankness. As a singer she'll probably never reach the Metropolitan Auditorium, but for her own amateur purposes she was tops. A green "freshy", Ruth is already displaying her arts at Gettysburg College, and we all bid her the best of luck.



David Warren

Since Dave came to Highclerc from Jamshedpur in 1939, he has been outstanding in the fields of size, scholastics, and sports. Senior class president, "Herald" and "Eucalyptus" editor, dramatic enthusiast, winner of the "K. S." and "K"—these show his wide interests and activities.

Leaving during the April evacuation, Dave intended to enter the pre-medical course at Dartmouth College.

Charles Wilder

The best known point in Chas' personality was illustrated by the strongbox in his room through the top of which a few annas dropped now and then. The other thing which could be called his hobby was stamp collecting. He shone as halfback on both the soccer and football teams and also was at the bottom of every plot to short-sheet Dave's bed.

He was last seen around here in April and went to America planning to enter Antioch College.



Gale Potec

Remembered as the cynical, happy-go-lucky genius who left his mark by his participation in every organization and escapade that went on. His generosity, cheerfulness, and good sportsmanship made him liked by everyone. Though he made himself out to be the dumbest person in the class, everyone knew him to be one of the brightest, even when he had to talk his way around the teachers. Outwardly, he expressed his views on life with "Curses!" but inwardly, with "Oh boy, Oh boy!"

He left this school in May of this year, planning to enter the pre-medical course at the University of Michigan.

Henry Doyer

Heinie has become a piece of Highclerc furniture, having spent most of his school days here. Kind and thoughtful, he is a scrupulous follower of the Golden Rule. His quiet and reticent nature finds a pastime in studying. He was goalie on the varsity soccer team and is the keeper of the high school social room.

His plans for the future are rather indefinite, but he hopes to go home to the States after graduation if possible.

Marian Korteling

Marian was a person who could make a success of anything she attempted, even if by underhand methods. Mr. Vining once swore that she brought him a bouquet before a chemistry test, asking for an A on it! However, she had very real talents, and she shone in studies, music and class leadership. Her scholarship record is illustrated by the fact that she was awarded the "K. S." in sixth grade, and she was one of the most popular persons in the school, being well liked and respected by all the students and teachers. She left Highclerc for the States in February.

Diana Westlake

"Di" came from England in the school year of 1940, as a member of the Sophomore class. She soon established the reputation of being the All-Round-Girl-Athlete, and each year she breaks her own and others' records at the Fourth of July celebrations. Collecting stamps occupies her spare moments - when she isn't annoying a ball on the field, - and a hearty correspondence to all parts of the world keeps her busy. Plans for the future seem rather vague, but a Cambridge School Certificate Examination in December darkens the horizon considerably.



Russell Jones

The first thing seen of him was dark hair and steel-blue eyes. Why they called him "Rusty" is a debatable question. The girls were shocked at the revelation that he could not dance, but forgave him when he promised to take lessons from his pals. Studies were not his strong point, but he was fairly good at sports. He arrived in June, 1941, as a junior, and left during the general evacuation after only eight months in Highclerc. His voice may "get him places" - (if his journalism doesn't!)

Paul Slifer

"Fatty", our well-known individualist and chief enemy of the Senior Man-Mountain, Dave, is another old-timer of the class. He played such things as fullback in soccer, end in football, horn or trumpet in orchestra, Sokka Wagga in "The King's English" and our hero around school. Characterized by Mr. Vining as always "trying to put his foot in his mouth."

Fatty left the school in February and entered Gettysburg College in September.



Robert Dolbeer

Bob was another of the Senior class's long list of good all-round students. Winner of the "K. S." and "K", he excelled in studies, music, sports, dramatics, and social activities. He left us suddenly during the February evacuation and is now studying music at Springfield, Ohio.

John Meyer

John Meyer, alias Jay, our brain trust, entered Kodai School as a light-haired infant in second grade. Since then he has been with us through thick and thin, with the exception of a short period, 1936—1938. He is talented in studies, placing either on the Honor or on the Special every quarter. He also takes up dramatics, and has lent his abilities in producing, to several successful plays. Jay is a hunter by hobby.

All in all, he is a nice chap, and we are proud to be able to commend him to Elmhurst College, Illinois, with the assurance that he will be a success.





Mary Martin

Mary has graced the Highclerc compound off and on since Auntie Powell's struggles with her. Active in such fields as music, being looked up to, and lengthening the Special Honor Roll list, she was another one of the Seniors who was awarded the "K. S." and was an influential class leader, as well as popular among the other classes also.

Mary left the school during the April evacuations and sailed for the States at the end of May.

Constance Dudley

Connie was one of the most talented of the class' leaders, shown by her many distinctions—"K. S.," "K." senior class business manager, and others. Hard-working and conscientious in school, she was also very active in sports and music, where she took part in chorus, glee club, orchestra, band, etc. She was also a stamp collector by hobby.

Connie has been in Highclerc since kindergarten, but left in February of this year and entered Oberlin College in the fall.



Hansjoerj Stern

"Hans" was reliable. An evacuee from Austria, he came here after matriculating at Bangalore, to learn American History and ways. Special Honor Roll; Orchestra, band; & father to the boys, and an industrious worker as orchestra secretary; star wood-gatherer and fire-blower at steak-roasts; short of stay, but long of influence, - that's "Hans."

He is now in Madras Christian College, Tambaram.

Barbara Wallace

"Babs" came out from England late in 1940, to enter Highclerc in 1941 as a junior. In spite of her small size, she made a large name for herself as our musical genius. She accompanied the chorus, playing for us in the Cantata, and was an important factor in the orchestra. Her feet on the tennis court were as nimble as her fingers on the piano. When she left us she intended to take a course in nursing. There is a question as to whether jazz or tennis will cure her patients when she becomes a fully-qualified nurse, but maybe they will both help a bit!



Esther Fink

Having been at Highclerc for about ten years, "Elfie" left for her chosen college, depriving the chorus of a strong alto voice. Her hours of idleness were spent in cutting pictures out of movie-magazines, and sticking them in a scrap-book. Elfie's highest ambition was to look like Bette Davis! Can she be a school-teacher at the same time?

UNDERCLASS MEN



Juniors

- Front Row : Chireen Coles, Roger Evans, Betty Moerdyk, Bob Dudley, Jenefer Westlake.
 Back Row : Eleanor Moyer, John Schaefer, Russ DeValois, Paul Doermann, Birch Rambo, Paul Irschick, Fritz Schmitthenner, John Swavely.



Sophomores

- Front Row : Ruth Gosselink, Sammy Schmitthenner, Louise Sipes, Ann Gravely, Betty Swavely, Harry Macpherson.
 Second Row : Ian Macpherson, Olga Irschick, Bill Steele, Dirk Muyskens, Barbara Banks, John Hughes.
 Back Row : Elinor Potee, Richard Harrison, Harrison Moyer, Peter Scopes, Danny Hakken, Guida Stephenson, John Wilder.

Freshmen

- Front Row : Dick Updegraff, David Wilder, Richard Dudley, Joyce DeBruin.
 Back Row : Joy Jessop, Ann Stephenson, Robin White, Keith DeJong, Margaret Moerdyk.



High School Herald Staff

- Front Row : Chireen Coles, Fritz Schmitthenner, John Meyer, Birch Rambo, Diana Westlake, Bob Dudley.
 Back Row : Elinor Potee, Dirk Muyskens, Harrison Moyer, Paul Doermann, Mr. Blanchard, John Schaefer, Roger Evans, Jenefer Westlake.



First Members of the School Church with the Pastor

- Front Row : Dick Updegraff, James Hakken, Mr. Blanchard, Ruth Gosselink, Robin White.
 Back Row : Josephine Nichols, John Wilder, Dirk Muyskens, Dan Hakken, Betty Moerdyk, Bob Dudley, Roger Evans.

GRADES



Stades Six and Seven

- First Row :** Margaret Batchelor, Paul Curtis, Helen Jessop, Kenneth Crossfield, David Evans, Betty Lou Wood, Gordon Weber, Dalton McClelland, Nancy Thoms.
- Second Row :** Michael Legg, Kenneth Banks, Harriet Varney, Ralph Doermann, Margaret DeValois, Leslie Leveroy, John Wiebe, Gillian Legg.
- Third Row :** David Muyskens, Joey Nichols, Dicky Sipes, Robert Harrison, Michael Rayneau, Ann Willoughby, Jim Hakken, Esther Wiebe, Jon Scopes.
- Fourth Row :** Miss Martin, Miss Liddle.



Grades Four and Five

- First Row :** Luther Swavely, Francine DeValois, Dorothy Varney, Richard Todd, Ruth Wiebe, Billy Rambo, William Cutting, Donald Muyskens.
- Second Row :** Donald Wilder, Gilliam Fielden, David DeVries, Patrick Greene, Malcolm Wallis, Roger Phelps, Dorothy Moerdyk, John Gravely.
- Third Row :** Teddy Nichols, Shirley Wood, John Willoughby, Margaret Perfect, Danny Meyer, Stephen White, Peter Thoms.
- Fourth Row :** Mrs. Varney, Miss Parker.



Grades One, Two and Three

- | FRONT ROW (SITTING) | SECOND ROW. | THIRD ROW. |
|----------------------|--------------------|---------------------------|
| 1. Charles Gosselink | 1. John DeVries | 1. Billy Dolbeer |
| 2. James Swavely | 2. Gordon Peery | 2. Richard Schramm |
| 3. Roger Scopes | 3. Michael Leveroy | 3. Heather Balfour-Clarke |
| 4. Donny Curtis | 4. Eugene Irschick | 4. David Firth |
| 5. Eiva Boot | 5. Allan Swan | 5. Robert Phelps |
| 6. Anne Greene | 6. Diarmuid Wood | 6. Michael Jackets |
| 7. Euxine Dolbeer | 7. Alfred Doermann | 7. David DeJong |
| 8. David Marshall | 8. Clive Beckett | 8. Norman Thoms |
| 9. Jimmy Schaefer | 9. Edward DeJong | 9. Stephen Smith |
| 10. Paul Wiebe | 10. George Bavier | 10. Irene Wiebe |
| 11. David Wiebe | 11. Katherine Boot | 11. Lucille Zigler |
| | | 12. Jean Curtis. |



WITH THE GREATEST OF EASE
OVER THE TOP!



FRESHMEN AT PUMBARAI
THE SCREWBALLS, THE OL' SWIMMIN' HOLE



ROCK OF AGES
LAKE FROM AIRLIE



(Contd. from page 5 column 2)

- Sunday, September 13: Mr. Blanchard installed as School Church pastor.
- Saturday, October 17: Final tests begin.
- Sunday, October 18: Baccalaureate service for the 3 (!) seniors
- Tuesday, October 20: Final tests end.
Commencement exercises in the Gymnasium.
- Wednesday, October 21: Awards given out at assembly.
"On Our Way Rejoicing" and here we go again.

And so ends Highcler's most eventful year.



(Contd. from page 4 column 4)

greatly indebted. Through his information the robbers have been caught and the money returned."

By this time the classroom buzzed with excitement. The boy who had tripped Herman was staring at him with wide eyes.

"Today we are here to present Herman Timeoskensky with a sum of one thousand dollars to show our gratitude to him."

Then reaching into his inner coat pocket he withdrew an envelope which he held out. Herman rose, unsteadily, and shuffled up the aisle, blushing deeply. Taking the money he

(Contd. in next column)

(Contd from previous column)

whispered an uncertain "Pleece, sir, I thank you."

After school that day Herman limped along the sidewalk, thinking about what strange people these Americans were. Only that morning he had been scorned and mocked; now he was a hero. At last he arrived at his destination. Turning he went through the swinging doors of a large building. Bravely he walked up to the counter and handed the clerk the envelope. Then turning, he left the astonished clerk of the Foreign Red Cross standing with one thousand dollars in his hands.



HIGHCLERC

She gave us skies of blinding blue, and floating clouds of white,
 She gave us sultry, blood-red moons that filled the tropic night,
 She gave us golden mountain sides, with birds in every brake,
 And the gentle hiss of raindrops, plinging down into the lake.

She gave us love, and brotherhood, and steadfast loyalty,
 She taught us of the love of God, the truth that makes us free,
 She told us of the wisdom that the stored-up ages show,
 She worked, and wept, and laughed with us, and then she bade us go.

We scattered, ardent laughing youth, like winged pods off a tree,
 Throughout our land of boundless hope, of joy and liberty,
 And though dark hosts of trials rise, and life becomes less fair,
 We'll think and smile and work ahead, unfaltering, for "Highclerc."

HELEN RAMBO
 EUCALYPTUS, 1940



HIGHCLERC K. P.



GOOD-BYE!

JAMSHEDPUR, THE GREATEST ARSENAL EAST OF SUEZ

The Tata Iron & Steel Company was barely out of the cradle at the outbreak of the last World War. Yet, it was able to supply about 290,000 tons of steel which greatly helped the campaigns in Egypt, Mesopotamia, Palestine and East Africa.

The years that have passed since have witnessed vast additions to the Company's Plant at Jamshedpur including the construction of a new Control & Research Laboratory which is said to be the finest of its kind in the British Empire. Today the Company is providing for Government well over 750,000 tons of ordinary steels annually to be used directly or indirectly for war purposes and in addition numerous kinds of special steels vital to the prosecution of the War.

Addressing the staff and Management of the Steel Company at Jamshedpur on the 12th December 1941, His Excellency the

"No matter how long this war may last no matter what sacrifices it may demand, we shall not flag or fail"—

Mr. J. J. Ghandy

Viceroy said; "The stress of modern Warfare calls for special qualities in steel and it is in the production of special steel that this Company has shown imagination, foresight and energy of the highest order. You have kept in the forefront of new developments and processes..The soldier who looks to you for your powerful co-operation will not ask in vain. He stands in the front line of battle, but you are standing at his shoulder "...

Although the task of the steel worker is to forge the shield as well the spear-head of the army, the public of Jamshedpur do not leave their enthusiasm behind in the workshops. After their full day's toil, they have given freely of their time and energy to build up an efficient A. R. P. organisation and one of the finest St. John's Ambulance Brigades in the Empire. No sacrifice has been too great for them. They have added 3 fighter planes to the Royal Air Force in Britain and 14 armoured carriers to the equipment of the Indian Army and invested over half a crore of rupees in Defence Loans.

There can be no doubt today that the public of Jamshedpur are determined to help the war to the utmost of their capacity—no doubt that the Works of the Steel Company which constitute the largest single unit in the British Empire are serving as the greatest single arsenal east of Suez.

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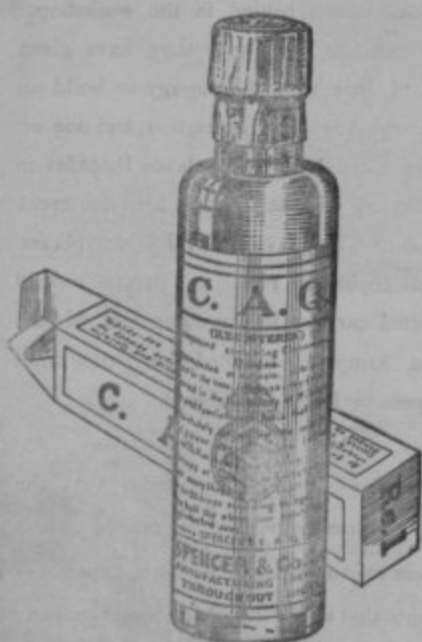
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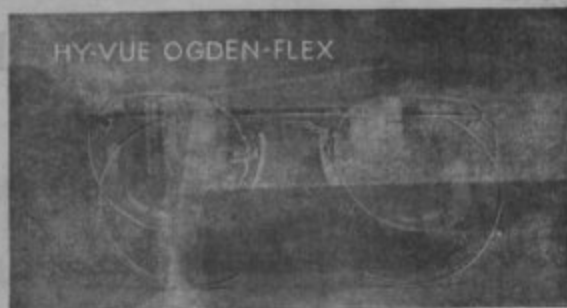
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