

Senior Class History

They came from the east, the new-fangled east
 Where the Broadway peaches grow;
 And they came from the north, James Curwood's north,
 From the land of ice and snow.
 Many of them came from the heart of the west;
 From 'way out yonder where the sun shines best;
 But most of them came a trottin'
 From the sunny land of cotton,
 From the land we're proud to own,—the south.

To trace properly the history of the Highland Park Senior Class of 1924, one must first turn back to the dim and almost obliterated pages of memory until he comes to **October 2, 1914, the date on which was founded the John S. Armstrong School.** Most of us were in the second grade at that time and we are happy to say that we have stuck together for about ten years. To be sure there have been some losses, and no few have gone "trailing off after false gods," but for the most part they have returned as the Prodigal Son, and, like the father of the Prodigal, we have received them.

The History of the Senior Class of 1924 is, in a great way, the History of the Highland Park High School, for as a High School we have stood scarcely more than a year. We were happy students when, a little before January 1, 1923, the doors of our new building were thrown open and we took possession. During the last school year we were the highest class in the school, as only a three year course was offered.

September of 1923 found us fully prepared to take up our responsibilities as dignified Seniors. Whether or not we have upheld our obligation can only be answered by the tradition which the Senior Class leaves to the undergraduates. Many schools live merely on the momentum and traditions they have gathered in the more flourishing days of the past. We are proud of our short past, but we are even prouder of the roseate prospects of the Highland Park High School that is to be.

We have students in our class from Fitzgerald's "side of Paradise" to Harold Bell Wright's "blue-vaulted dome of an even bluer Pacific"; from James Oliver Curwood's "Land of never-ending snow" to Dorothy Scarborough's "Land of Cotton." What, then, is the attraction to Highland Park? It is the feeling that each one is an individual, and deserves to be treated as such. We have attempted to make more of every student who has entered our class. Have we succeeded? If, on graduation night, as a student is handed his diploma, he feels that he has received an ordinary education, we have failed; but we have succeeded if, looking out upon the grand horizon of the future, the graduate of the class of '24 says: "I have fought the clean fight, I have played a fair game, I have run a hard race, and I now feel that I have achieved the 'Honor of Honors,' for I have graduated from the Highland Park High School."