

Retrospect

Volume 1

1917

S. T. H. S.

The Retrospect

Nineteen Hundred and Seventeen
Volume One



Published by the Senior Class of
The Sullivan Township High School
Sullivan, Illinois



FOREWORD

In the past Sullivan High School has published an Annual. The Class of '17, in order to remove financial burden the year books in the past have placed upon the public, the school and the class, has decided to make a change and publish two books a year, one the first semester and one the second.

The second book will be issued near the end of the school year. This book will feature the Senior Class, Commencement, the Class Play, the different organizations of the school, the basket ball team, the different classes, and the track squad. It will also contain an especially good roast and joke section and a calendar.



Geo. B. Dunscomb
EDITOR



Irene Moutray
ASSISTANT EDITOR



William McCarthy
PRESIDENT



Glenn Whitfield
BUSINESS MANAGER



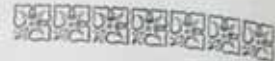
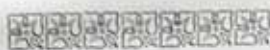
Emma Harshman
ASST. BUSINESS MANAGER

EXECUTIVE STAFF



DEDICATION

TO THE SUCCESS OF THE SULLIVAN
TOWNSHIP HIGH SCHOOL, ITS PATRONS,
ITS BOARD OF EDUCATION, ITS FACULTY,
AND ITS STUDENTS, KNOWING THAT IT
CANNOT AND WILL NOT FAIL. WE DEDI-
CATE THIS VOLUME OF THE RETROSPECT.



THE S. T. H. S.

The Boston Latin Grammar School founded in 1635 was the initial of our present high school. While it was for the education of youth, its purpose was as different from the present day high school, which followed it, as two things established for similar ends can be different.

Its avowed purpose was for the education of that youth who showed especial promise, but not for the rank and file of people. The Boston English high school established in 1821 was much broader in conception and practice than the Latin Grammar school of two centuries earlier. It was three quarters of a century after the founding of the Boston English school that the real high school development began. The past twenty years has evinced a growth in high school equipment, curricula, and attendance unprecedented in history.

The public high school is the people's school and is no longer dominated by forces outside of the community where it exists. The existence of a modern high school in a community spells equal opportunity to all youth in the community regardless of race, finance, or previous social condition.

The Sullivan Township High School exists for the purpose of extending that "equal opportunity" to all who wish to enter its doors. Its purpose is single; its opportunities manifold. The world is paying, and ever will pay, remunerative prices for efficient service. The Sullivan Township High School is ever increasing its capacity to give the training necessary for efficiency to those who avail themselves of the opportunity. Its courses are broadened and increased in number for the accomodaion of the various desires and necessities of those attending. Its government is as near self-government as can be obtained without sacrificing discipline. The nearest such a condition can be attained the better for the political institutions of the future. Withal it has the qualities of a good high school.

T. H. FINLEY.



RETROSPECT, VOL. 1, 1917



THOS. H. FINLEY, Principal



Miss Olive Martin



Miss Maude Johnson



M. D. Abney



Miss Gertrude Hill



Miss Charlotte Baker



Miss Eva Perrin



Miss Lillian D. Wyatt



R.V. Lindsey



Miss Blossom Redmon



Miss Nellie Bartels



THE SENIOR CLASS

SENIOR DIRECTORY

IRTYS ALVEY—A shy, little country boy.

MAY AUSTEN—A maiden fair with flaxen hair.

WADE BLAND—What I know, all men shall know.

ORAL BRAGG—If silence were golden, I'd be a millionaire.

VERA CASTEEL—Friend of many, foe of none.

HELEN CHASE—Her air, her manner, all who saw admired.

LEE COCHRAN—Strange to the world, he wears a bashful look.

DEVERE FREDERICK—He fears the wiles of women's smiles.

LOUISE HANCOCK—Happy go lucky, fair and free, nothing there is
that bothers me.

MARY HARNETT—Few things are impossible to diligence and skill.

PEARL HARSH—Half a loaf is better than nervous prostration from
overwork.

NINA NIGHSWANDER—Good nature and good sense were rightly
joined.

IRENE PIFER—My heart is smitten.

FRANCES PIERCE—Studious of ease, and fond of humble things.

MABEL POLAND—There's nothing like fun, is there?

“His years but young, but his experience old”—Royal Eden.

LYDA PURVIS—I've bought golden opinions from all sorts of people.

ALPHA RODENBERGER—So many hours must I take my rest; so many hours must I contemplate.

HAROLD RONEY—He is not as bashful as he looks.

LUCIEN SABIN—True science then with modesty as thy guide.

THELMA STEWART—Made up of wisdom.

HUBERT TABOR—He's a good fellow, I can tell you that.

RUTH TODD—She hath an eye that smiles into all hearts.

OCIE VANDEVEER—Thou hast the patience and the faith of saints.

CORAL WALLACE—I'm not one who loveth many words.

HERSCHEL HARSHMAN—I have my reasons.

EMMA HARSHMAN—It s not indeed my talent to engage in lofty trifles.

ALBERTA HUGHES—Who mixed reason with pleasure and wisdom with mirth.

CARMEN GREEN—I'll be there, never fear.

HENRY JONES—I'm not in the role of common men.

VICTOR LANDERS—Work, what's work? Where have I heard that word before?

HOWARD LILLY—The important business of his life is love

GEORGE DUNSCOMB—I think Jack Lait has Emerson skinned a mile.

RUTH MOORE—Little, but Oh My!

"I am as sober as a judge."—Orris Gifford.

MILDRED MOORE—For a moment I was at a loss and knew not what to say .

ROE MOORE—He said right or wrong what came into his head.

ODESSA MONROE—I was disgusted.

IRENE MOUTRAY—That which she is, she is.

WILLIAM McCARTHY—Worth, courage and honor these indeed your sustenance and birthright are.

GLENN WHITFIELD—Never mind the expenses, we have lots of them.

LUVICA WINCHESTER—Whose little body lodged a mighty mind

DEWEY WOOLEN—And when a lady is in the case you know all other things give place.

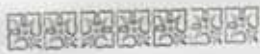
ELVA SNYDER—A secret to you, I might confide.

HE OUGHT TO BE A WONDER

He ought to be a wonder, but he's not—
I wish I only knew what he's forgot.
He's quick at catching on to things
And clever?—He has brains!
On the track he goes on wings;
He makes the football gains—
At school when good things came around,
Why he was on the spot.
And he ought to be a wonder—but he's not.

—The Siren.

“On pleasure she was bent.”—Helen David.



HISTORY

Class of 1917

I. PREHISTORIC

A—Time. From about the beginning of the twentieth century until September 1913.

B Statement. During the first decade of this present century in Allenville, Windsor, Kirksville, Bethany, and the numerous little red school houses of Moultrie county, there was developing a tribe destined to be joined with the most illustrious class which ever passed through the Sullivan graded schools to form that most distinguished unit of the Sullivan High School, the class of 1917.

II. FRESHMAN YEAR

A Statement. Even as freshmen this class made its presence felt.

B Scholarship. Good.

C Social. Furnished girls for the Senior boys.

D Athletics. Contributed Arthur Baker to the football team.

"Be gone, dull care! Thou and I shall never agree."—Gertrude Millizen.



III. SOPHOMORE YEAR

A Statement. 1917 has lost its fear of the upper classmen and in its turn becomes patronizing.

B Industrial. 1917 never entirely neglects its lessons.

1. Successfully sack and duck the freshmen.
2. Become expert bluffers.

C Social. Dresses lengthened, trousers elongated.

1. Sophomore party. This was the first class with sufficient courage and originality to engineer a formal sophomore party.

N. B. The Sophomores paid for the hats which were ruined when the ice in the freezers melted and the water dripped through the floor to the millinery store below.

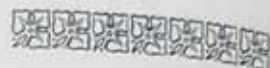
C Athletics. Increased donations to basketball and football teams.

IV. JUNIOR YEAR

A The class of 1917 reached its zenith, far outshining the previous efforts of all other junior classes.

B Political. All the officers of the Literary Society for the second semester were Juniors.

“Don’t stir, gentlemen; ’tis but an author.”—Charles Pifer.



C Social.

1. The Junior Banquet. The big social event of the school year. Beautiful decorations, interesting and unique program, splendid eats.

2. The Plague. Measles.

(a) Spared neither rich nor poor; senior nor freshman, orator nor athlete, class president nor sergeant at arms.

3. Athletic. The leading class on athletic teams.

(a) Eight men on the football squad.

(b) The majority of the basketball team.

(c) H. Harshman won second prize in javelin throw at Charleston.

Oratorical. William McCarthy represents the high school in the contest at Jacksonville.

V. SENIOR YEAR

It is yet too early to tell just what '17 may accomplish but it is safe to say, that the previous record will be maintained.

A Political. Most of the Literary officers are seniors.

B Social. The Seniors furnish boys for the Freshman girls!

ONCE IN THE DEAR DEAD DAYS BEYOND RECALL

Mike Abney did NOT say before a basketball game, "Now lemme tell yuh sumpin.' You can beat those birds if yuh will only get in there and work."

Wade Bland did not give us the benefit of his opinion on every subject that came up in English IV. He was absent from class.

Hubert Tabor wore little white kid shoes wth cunning blue tassels on them.

"Soup" Alvey was a baby.

Mabel and Victor were freshmen.

Lucien Sabin forgot his vocabulary.

Joe Scallet and Denzel Dunscomb had a musical laugh.

Hug MacDonald's hair combs nicely when his ma wet it

William Selock lisped delightfully.

Royal Eden was quiet through a whole class period.

Russel Arnold was afraid of the girls.

Mr. Finley didn't mention Egypt for thirty-five minutes.

Thelma Palmer refused to grin.

Bert and Helen were strangers.

Roscoe Selock went with a girl.

Odessa Monroe agreed.

"Whoso findeth a wife, findeth a good thing"—William Selock.



THE SENIORS

Seriously Speaking

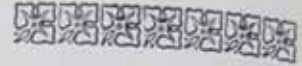
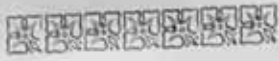
"If I were not myself, I would prefer to be my father, because in the first place he is a Christian man and always endeavors to do the right thing; secondly, because he has a good education and remembers well what he has learned; thirdly, he has a good home and a fair income which he has worked for and made; and fourthly, he has a happy, contented family."

"If I were not myself, I would prefer to be Jane Adams, or to have the qualities which have made her so famous. Think of the great work she has done, not only in Chicago where she established Hull House, but in relation to social workers and their problems all over the world."

"If I were not myself, I would prefer to be Billie Burke. My reasons for this statement are as follows: I think she has very charming ways and I would like to have the same; then she is pretty, very pretty, so the critics say; she is graceful and coquettish and she uses her eyes to a good advantage. She is considered a great actress and I would like to be her."

"If I were not myself, I should like to be Doctor Evans. He is an authority on medicine and surgery, and has a chance to do more good in the world than any other one person I can think of; he comes in contact with rich and poor and helps their bodies and their spirits."

"If I were not myself, I would prefer to be the president of the United States. Why? Because a man qualified to be president of this country must be a real man. He is the choice of the majority of the people of the United States who have trusted him with the nation's welfare and honored him with the position once held by Washington and Lincoln. Mr. Wilson is the man that I would like to be."



THE JUNIOR CLASS



Junior Class Roll

Officers

President Irma Tabor
 Vice President Brice Martin
 Treasurer Russel Arnold
 Secretary Lucile Martin

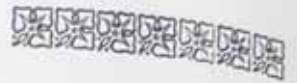
Russel Arnold	Garnet Graves	Blanche Oliver
Arthur Baker	Charlotte Harris	Thelma Palmer
Beulah Bolin	Bernice Hess	Herschel Patterson
Bessie Coder	Icel Hidden	Fred Punches
Ethel Collins	Lena Horn	Roscoe Selock
Agnes Corbin	Grace Jenne	William Selock
Frank Davis	Halac Lansden	Laverne Selock
Charlotte Denton	Mabel Martin	Fannie Smith
Mildred Fleming	Brice Martin	Irma Tabor
Gladys Fleming	Lucile Martin	Harold Vaughan
Lillian Freeman	Gertrude Millizen	Bert Waggoner
Sylva Freeland	Olaf McIntyre	Fern Woodruff
	Lucile Wright	

I know I'm not a poet,
 I couldn't write a book,
 I am not much at sewing
 And I'll never learn to cook.

At athletic contests
 I win the booby prize,
 And when I play you music
 I must apologize.

In art I'm surely lacking,
 In looks I am a joke.
 And when you mention singing
 I don't sing—I just croak.

CLAUDIA IRELAND '18.



THE SOPHOMORE CLASS



Sophomore Class Roll

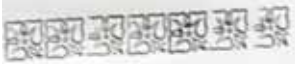
Officers

President Delbert Briscoe
 Vice President Dorothy Witts
 Secretary-Treasurer Ruth Chase

Waverly Ashbrook	Hilda Harris	Earl Nichols
Donald Ashbrook	Russel Harshman	Fay Nighswander
Fred Baker	Edna Harshman	Reta Palmer
Opal Baxter	Ray Jeffers	Pearl Pierce
Forest Baxter	Helen Lane	Fleta Piper
Clinton Bozell	Oleta Lane	Veda Poland
Delbert Briscoe	Gladys Landers	Elizabeth Purches
Mike Buxton	Kathryn Lang	Glenn Rhodes
Mabel Cazier	Helen Loveless	Andrew Selock
Ruth Chase	Albert Lucas	Paul Stricklin
Earl Clark	Dorothy Millizen	Carl Summit
Glenn Cochran	Daisy Moore	Guy Taylor
Celia Cody	Shelby Moore	Freda Walker
Marie Curry	Roselle Moore	Bessie Wallace
Marie Dale	Mildred McClure	Violet Webb
Elmer Graven	Bert McCune	Zachie Whitfield
Orris Gifford	Mary McIntyre	Lewis Witts
Dorothy Witts		Beulah Woodworth

Oh Caesar! When you did depart
 Where climate never varies
 Why, in your haste, did you forget
 To take your commentaries.

—The Record.



THE FRESHMAN CLASS



Freshman Class Roll

Idella Ballinger	John Goodwin	Charles Pifer
Lelma Ballinger	Myllie Graven	Orville Poland
Lorne Barnhart	Ruby Graves	Earl Panches
Vica Boyd	Dale Grigsby	Lena Reedy
Grace Bradley	Charity Gustin	Fred Roberts
Marcella Bupp	Veda Hankley	Opal Roley
Merle Cazier	Thelma Hengst	Lora Sabin
Derchel Chaney	Hazel Hidden	Joseph Scallet
Dorris Curry	Fred Landers	Frank Scallet
Mamie Dale	May Lang	Ileen Sears
Helen David	Dale Lee	Jean Seass
Hommer Doughty	Dorothy Leffler	Charles Sharp
Cora Drew	Sheldon Lindsay	Claude Shirey
Denzel Dunscomb	Leroy Martin	Adah Six
Lorine Emel	Lucile Moore	Herman Smith
Royal Eden	Hugh McDonald	Edna Summitt
Blanche Fisher	Irene Nighswander	Corma Tabor
Fern Fleming	Ruth Nuttal	Pearl Tolly
Merle Fleming	Arthur Palmer	Marie Valentine
Neva Fortner	Grace Patterson	Nancy Whitman
Maudia Freeman	Lowell Patterson	Clarence William
Carl Freeman	Dale Patterson	Roselle Wood
Fred Funston	Mildred Pence	Alfred Wood
Burell Goodwin	Goldie Pifer	Forest Wood
Fern Pifer	Eleanor Workman	Dena Yarnell

"Made up of wisdom and of fun."—Mildred Fleming.

Freshman Page

The prize for presenting scenes from Shakespeare at the Moultrie County Teachers' and Farmers' Institute, was won by the Freshmen of the Sullivan Township High School. The following scenes were given:

ACT I, SCENE II

Portia Lora Sabin
 Nerissa Helen David

ACT I, SCENE III

Shylock Charles Pifer
 Bassanio Joseph Scallet
 Antonio Frank Scallet

ACT II, SCENE II

Launcelot Forrest Wood
 Old Gabbo John Goodwin
 Bassanio Fred Funston

ACT II, SCENE V

Shylock Charles Pifer
 Launcelot Forest Wood
 Jessica Nancy Whitman

ACT III, SCENE I

Salanio Jean Seass
 Salarino Frank Scallet
 Shylock Dale Grigsby
 Tubal Dale Patterson
 Servant Claude Shirey

"Love is better than fame."—Bert McCune.



“1916”

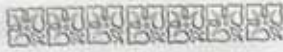
“What’s the matter with ‘16?”
 “They’re all right”
 Who’s all right?”
 “ ‘16”
 “They are, they are, they are all rght.”

Thelma Barton, Nurses’ Training school.....	Springfield, Ill.
James Warren Booze, mechanic.....	Sullivan, Ill.
Ralph Boyd, student University of Illinois.....	
Fleeta Byrom, at home.....	Sullivan, Ill.
Maurine Cochran, In L. T. Hagerman’s office.....	Sullivan, Ill.
Clara Cody, at home.....	Sullivan, Ill.
Duane Farrell, at Roadman’s Bakery.....	Sullivan, Ill.
William George, George Brothers Bakery.....	Sullivan, Ill.
Agnes Harshman, at home.....	Sullivan, Ill.
Zoe Lutz, student at University of Illinois.....	
Clark Magill, teacher.....	Sullivan, Ill.
Mabel Eden Martin, student Illinois State Normal, University.....	
Raymond McCune, salesman, Wear-Ever Aluminum Co.....	
Ralph Miller, teacher.....	Sullivan, Ill.
Bruce Munson, teacher.....	Sullivan, Ill.
Merle Myers, Mr. Ernest Martin.....	Sullivan, Ill.
Nellie Patterson, travelling in the West.....	
Irtys Peadro, farmer.....	Sullivan, Ill.
Hubert Powell, student Spark’s Business College.....	Shelbyville, Ill.
Nellie Roney, at Dr. Lawson’s office.....	Sullivan, Ill.
Ray I. Spaug, teacher.....	Allenville, Ill.
Homer Tabor, teacher.....	Sullivan, Ill.
Hoke Lane, student James Millikin University.....	Decatur, Ill.
Hirst Rutledge, student University of Illinois.....	

QUITE A COLLECTION

“Soup” Alvey, clearing his throat, bumping his knee on the desk and scraping his chair announced, in his seafaring voice, “The next number on the program is:

- The Rival, Fern Woodruff.
- Little Orphan Annie, Thelma Ballinger.
- Jack the Giant Killer, Luvica Winchester.
- An old Sweetheart of Mine, Odessa Monroe.



“Fishing”

Oft on Sundays to the river
 With our fish-lines we would go;
He with a large can of fish-worms,
 I with a small ball of dough;
He to catch the little fishes,
 Quickly, skillfully and sure,
I to sit for hours waiting,
 Disappointments to endure.

Many a time, far down the river
 I could hear a shout of joy,
And the cry, “I’ve caught another,”
 From the happy, care-free boy.
Sitting there in endless silence
 I would wait and watch and wish
Fishing deep and near some drift-wood
 For the larger, wiser fish.

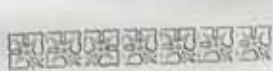
When the day was almost endless,
 When the sun was sinking low,
Passing down below the tree-tops,
 Sending up a ruddy glow
Up the river came my brother
 With his string of little fish,



Vowing his contempt and pity
And I dared not tell my wish.
Suddenly my cork went under
Quickly then the line grew tight,
Running toward the river's center,
And I pulled with all my might.
Now the pole bent almost double
And I could not raise the fish
So I drew the pole in, toward me,
When at times his pulls would cease.
To the bank I drew the treasure,
The largest fish I'd ever caught
Then I marred my brother's pleasure
For I told him what I thought,
So this ends my fishy story
And the moral, or my wish,
Is to show why every fisher
Does not catch the larger fish.
You have heard "God hates a quitter,"
Well he also hates a man
Who in life has aims no higher
Than the place where he began.
If you win in life's great battle
Wealth and happiness and fame.
You must do as all good fishers
Always seek the larger game.

CHARLES PIFER, '20.

"A little mischief-making monkey from his birth."—Forest Woods.



“Semester Exams.”

Thursday afternoon, January 18, 1917. “All quiet on the Patomoc,” in a certain high school building in Central Illinois. The hall is deserted save for an occasional instructor measuring its length with leisurely steps and with a stack of papers under one arm. Over the cloak rooms in the basement broods a kind of silence—ominous—awe—inspiring. There are only a few coats and hats ranged in scattered desolation on the long rows of hooks. Those articles of apparel seem to be turning to one another in mute appeal, as if they silently inquired whether this were the gathering of the elect or a summons for the punishment of sinners. In front of the mirror is a meager group of perhaps three girls. But while the pulling and patting and frizzing of hair and the powdering of noses, goes on to be sure, it is done with an air of abstraction, as if force of habit, rather than any particular regard for appearances, dominated the action.

Enter the assembly room. Something has thrown the gleam of the January sunshine out of the windows, drawn the southern shades, and substituted lurking, velvety, grey-black shadows in the corners. There is noise—yes, a subdued hum arises from the various groups and circles of individuals, who people the room. Here is a group of boys—arms folded, faces set, lips grimly smiling, and eyes apparently looking into a far country. Is some enemy preparing to storm the battlements of this institution of education, and are these the defenders? Perhaps they are the commanding generals.

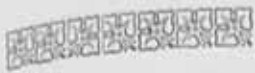
But a moment! Here is another group. Strength has fled from their limbs and they sit limply in their seats, their hands folded, their shoulders drooping, a mixture of resignation and desperation thickly veiling their countenances. It must be some trouble of the mind that disturbs this assembly.

The prolonged, muffled sound of a bell comes from some unknown quarter, and its tone is strangely in keeping with the previous hum of conversation—a sort of sorrowful, intensified expression of subdued protest against the inevitable.

The various companies resolve themselves into their original elements and find seats, up and down the aisles, pass instructors, placing a set of questions and two or three blank sheets of paper on each occupied desk. The questions are taken up gingerly as though they were bomb shells and examined. And then a prolonged sigh disturbs the strange quiet of the place. Presently the monotonous scratch of seventy-five pens fills the room.

An hour and a half goes by. The lower door opens. The instructor for the next examination enters and glides softly and silently to her class room. This is an impressive occasion! Semester Exams!

LUCILE WRIGHT '18



“The Half Way Corner”

Jim Harding of Melonville, Kentucky had decided to try his luck in a large city that spring, and so with a ticket for Chicago in his pocket, a cigar in his mouth and about fifty dollars worth of paper money in his shoe he boarded a north-bound train.

Jim carried in his hands two well-filled valises containing his belongings, and wore a smile which illuminated his homely countenance which was set off by the few strands of reddish brick-colored hair not wholly covered by the large soup-bowl hat which he wore. The hat was a family emblem, having been handed down to James from his grandfather's time; and, because of the wear upon the former, the band had been replaced by one of red.

From head to foot his was a remarkable get-up. His bony six-foot frame was covered by a suit fully two sizes too small for him, and about two inches of purple socks peeped out from below the pepper-and-salt trousers to become hidden in monstrous, new tan shoes with high toes and a squeaky sound.

Thus did Jim Harding, the best boy in the village, leave his family and home to seek his fortune in a new and wonderful world, the city of Chicago.

Jim's father had told him that he was always welcome home and that if anything befell him just to let his old dad know; but Jim had resolved in his own mind that no one would put anything over on him, for, thought Jimmie, “Aint I up to all their tricks.” So we find the boy leaving his peaceful home to become one of the struggling million who vainly try to gain an honest fortune in the city of Chicago.

A travelling man dropped into a seat near James and began trying to open a conversation, but Jimmie's remarkably suspicious nature was aroused and so he declined to state his views upon the war, the weather, or the high cost of living, but answered only in monosyllables until the man gave up in disgust and buried himself in a paper.

Watching the hills and towns come into view and fade away in the distance he began to wish that he had never left the old town, and try as he might he could not help but view this event as a very foolish one, wishing that he had never heard of the city to which he was bound.

Stations of variable sizes were left behind and finally came the name that Jim had been listening for; “Sullivan, Sullivan,” for he knew this to be the place where he must change trains.

The train slowed and stopped before a depot almost void of people, and Jim alighted, carrying his two mighty valises and glancing suspiciously over his shoulder at the travelling man who followed him down the steps and over to the other depot. James formed a resolution to guard against any attempt at robbery on the part of the salesman and so we

leave him in the depot waiting for the Chicago-bound train.

Roy Daly looked out of the window upon the house-tops and seemed to dread the racket of the traffic in the street below, the smoke bedimmed air, and the bustle and push of the city life. He had resolved to leave it; to go to some little country town and start up in business upon his own hook. He had decided even then upon the town, it would be Melonville, Kentucky.

Daly's employer informed him that his old job awaited him if he ever wished to return but Roy was overflowing with confidence and could hardly wait to pack his few belongings. So he boarded a south-bound train, and, after a few hours riding got off at Sullivan where he knew that he must wait for some time.

Upon entering the depot the first thing Daly saw was James Harding seated uncomfortably upon a bench with his valises near at hand and a large two and one-half cent cigar in his mouth. At his best Jim was little better looking than a scarecrow and now he appeared a most comical figure in his small pepper-and-salt suit, purple socks, tan shoes and the soup-bowl hat. Daly was a man who appreciated a joke, whether verbal or otherwise, and he put forth no effort to stop his humor, but stood, his sides shaking with laughter, pointing at the boy from Melonville. "Purple sox!" he croaked "and tan shoes, well what do you know about that?"

Harding's face burned red and rising up he proceeded to tell what he would do if his tormenter didn't keep his mouth shut, and when they were on the point of coming to blows, the salesman who had watched the affair came between them and told them that if they wanted to fight, to bet something that each could whip the other and then to come with him to a quiet spot for the fray.

"I'll bet my ticket to Melonville, Kentucky, against his ticket that I can knock that soup-bowl over his lopears," said Daly confidently, for he knew by the Kentuckian's looks that he was awkward.

Not to be outdone Jim put his ticket into the salesman's hand saying, "show me the place and I'll whip him like a farmer would a mule and save my friends the trouble of running him out."

The salesman led them across the tracks and around behind the houses to an old barn. Here they pulled off their coats, rolled up their sleeves and advanced upon one another.

Harding rushed but was brought to a standstill by a hard right. Then he became cautious and managed to land twice upon Daly's mouth with force enough to draw the blood. Daly felt that he must end the fight early or the strength of the countryman would win so he rushed and forced Jim back with a whirlwind of blows.

A blow to the chin sent the overbalanced countryman to the ground, but he arose and rushed into another right which again brought his pepper-and-salt suit in contact with terra firma. Once more he arose but

this time Daly was upon him and had landed two blows which again seated him with force enough to take from him all thought of continuing the battle.

Following the salesman's orders they shook hands and the man from the city took both of the tickets. A train to Chicago had arrived and Daly mounted the steps for he had decided that Chicago was all right after all. As the train started Daly leaned out of the window and something white fluttered from him to fall at Harding's feet. Stooping, Jim picked up a ticket for Melonville, Kentucky and a grin broke over his ugly, beaten countenance.

CHARLES PIFER, 1920.

"Suum Negotium"

(*Business*)

Vir agebat per oppidum in curru. Midebat Romanum trans viam et dixit

"Suntne vinariae tabernae (saloons) in oppido?"

"Quattuor" Romanus responsit.

"Possum non manere hic" vir dixit "Habeo tres pueros in curru"

"Quid est tuum negotium?" Romanus petevit.

"Meum negotium est servare pueros." vir dixit et egit prorsus.

MARCELLA BUPP, First Year.

Duo Pueri et Puella

Carolus et Cicero amaverunt Iuliam et erant hostes. Puella, Iulia erat pulcherrima sed amabat non pueros. Amabat solum nigram comam Caroli et albos dentes Ciceronis.

Carolus et Cicero pugnaverunt et Carolus amisit suam nigram comam (hair) et Cicero suos albos dentes. Ita Iulia amisit ambos pueros et Carolus interfecit se et Ciceronem atque pulchram puellam, Iuliam.

Si amas nihil, amittis nihil.

CHARLES PIFER, First Year.

Sapientia Dicta

Mature surgere et mature lectum

Facit virum sanum, prudentem et opulentum.

Unus, duo, tres, quattuor, quinque, sex, septem, Omnes boni liberi eunt ad caelum.

FERN WOODRUFF, Fourth Year.

"I would not waste the spring of my youth in idle dalliance"—Lee Cochran



“You Never Can Tell”

Billy smiled as he read the following from his mother's letter.

“Mr. and Mrs. Andrews, our old neighbors, and daughter, Vivian, are going to spend Christmas and several days following with us. It has been twelve years since you saw Vivian, but you remember her, don't you? She like you, is a dignified (?) Senior. She graduates next spring from the University of Michigan. Vivian may possibly teach English in high school next year, although she has not fully decided.”

Did he remember her? Could he ever forget the prim little girl with the pink hair ribbons who seemed to have a strong dislike for all boys in general? Could he forget the time she slapped him when he asked her to go coasting with him? Could he forget how humiliated he had been when she said that he was the silliest boy she ever saw?

Hardly.

He wondered what she was like now. Probably some prim, uninteresting girl whose sole ambition was to be a school ma'am. He pictured the jolly time he would have while home. Couldn't they have a perfectly splendid time debating whether or not Milton was a greater poet than Emerson. If they grew tired of that they could have a nice exciting game of checkers. No, checkers was probably too frivolous a game for her. He allowed his imagination to grow until the picture he developed of the young lady would hardly have pleased her could she have seen it.

He did not stop to consider that she might remember him as a dirty faced little boy with a perpetual hole in his stocking always getting into mischief and always being punished for it.

On his way home from the state university he changed cars at Pittsfield. At the station he met one of his girl friends, a co-ed at Michigan University with a bunch of girls who were having a house party and who had just brought one of their number to the station as she was to take the same train as Billy. Billy was introduced to all of them one after another with the result that he did not remember the names of any of them. He did remember that one of them was from Arling, a small village near his own home town.

One of the girls attracted Billy's particular attention. Small, demure, adorably pretty, with a smile as sunny as her hair, Billy decided she was the most attractive girl he had ever seen. He was overjoyed when he learned she took the same train that he did.

On the train he soon felt as if he had known her for years. He confided to her how he was afraid that his vacation was to be spoiled by having to “lug” around a girl who was to spend Christmas at his home. He gave a very vivid and ludicrous description of the girl. The girl beside him listened with a smile, and a mischievous light in her eyes. Encouraged by the smile he talked on and on. Presuming that she lived at

Arling since she was going that way he made arrangements to call upon her the day after Christmas, saying that by doing this he might be able to stand the company of Vivian. It would be, he said, like a ray of sunshine in a dark room. She sympathized with him, saying that she was sorry that he was to have his Christmas spoiled. He was very heroic about it hoping that it might not be so bad after all.

Billy stopped off at Chicago to do some Christmas shopping. On the Saturday before Christmas he arrived at home. After he had shaken hands with everyone and greetings had been given, his mother called up stairs, "Vivian, Billy's here."

Then Bill, the dignified Senior, the honorable class president, the football hero, blushed as he had never blushed before, and acted, his kid brother said afterwards, "like an all-round simp," for shaking hands with him and smiling up at him demurely was the girl he had ridden with on the train and she was saying, "You can catch a train to Arling tomorrow at 11:26, Billy."

GEORGE B. DUNSCOMB, '17.

I RESOLVE

"To let my hair grow"—Mr. Finley

"That I will someday reach high C"—Miss Hill.

"That hereafter when I mash my finger I will count ten before I speak"
—Mr. Lindsay.

"That I will drink milk once a day during the week and twice on Sunday"
—Miss Wyatt.

"That I will in every possible way endeavor to stop my growth"
—Miss Redmon.

"That on and after January 1, 1917 I will conduct myself with dignity"
—Mr. Abney.

"That I will let some poor freshman be excused from final examination."
—Miss Baker.

"That never again will I call William Francis McCarthy a German!"
—Miss Bartels.

"That I will learn to drive a car (preferably a Hudson Super Six) before I again endanger the lives of my friends."—Miss Perrin.

"That I will watch my step when in the vicinity of fragile vases filled with water."—Miss Johnson.

"That I will carefully remove the cover from the Cosmopolitan before reading it."—Miss Martin.

“Jura et Legatus”

Iura et suus pater incolebant Romam. Suus pater erat imperator sextae legionis. In sexta legione erat legatus nomine Quintus Marcus Atrebas.

In proelio pater Iurae vulneratus est. Portatus est ad locum salutis a Quinto. Ubi proelium erat ad finem, pater et legatus properabant domum patris Romae.

Legatus amabat Iuram et pater dicebat “Quinte, fuiste for tissium et licet tibi a me connubire meam filiam.

Jungati sunt a iudice et vixerunt feliciter omne tempus.

LORA SABIN, First year.

“Niger Puer”

Niger puer volebat venire ad scholam. Magister habebat et dicebat eum posse venire. Albi pueri habebant non bonos mores et amabant non nigrum puerum quod erat dissimilis. Albus puer pugnabat cum nigro puero et niger puer superabat alium. Albi pueri timebant nigrum puerum et pugnabant non rursus.

ZELMA BALLINGER, First Year.

Boves sunt in pascup
 Pecudes sunt in grasse
 Sed omnes simplices parvi geese
 Sunt in prima classes.

FRANCES PIERCE, Fourth Year.

Viridans puer parvus
 Iar viridante parvo more
 Viridantem parvum malum
 Consumpsit uno die.

DEWEY WOOLEN, Fourth Year.

Mildred Moore—“Michael Wigglesworth translated some poetry into Psalms.”

Girls' Glee Club



First Row—Mildred Pence, Edna Harshman, Gladys Fleming, Carmen Green, Mildred McClure, Thelma Stewart, Helen Chase.

Second Row—Mildred Moore, Gladys Landers, Emma Harshman, Helen David, Violet Webb, Fern Pifer, Freda Landers.

Third Row—Dorothy Millizen and Ruth Chase.

Others—Hazel Hidden, Elanor Workman, Louise Hancock, Charlotte Harris, Opal Roley, Veda Poland, Lora Sabin, Coral Wallace, Agnes Corbin.

The musical organization of the school have been working under conditions that have made it almost impossible to make any degree of progress. Due to the fact that the present high school quarters do not afford a room large enough for chorus work, no special period could be given to the music work and after school practices were not convenient as many of the boys that sing also belong to the athletic teams.

However the school contains a number of excellent voices and good work can be done as soon as the new building is entered.

The Girls' Glee Club is to be congratulated upon their work however and the future gives promise of much good work in their organization.

Wade Bland analyzing—"She is like her sister. Like is a verb modifying is."



THE LITERARY SOCIETY



Literary Society Roll

Irtys Alvey	Carmen Greene	Arthur Palmer
Russel Arnold	Dale Grigsby	Mildred Pence
May Austin	Mary Harnett	Fred Roberts
Miss Nellie Bartels	Charlotte Harris	Kenneth Roughton
LaVeica Boyd	Edna Harshman	Carl Summit
Helen Chase	Emma Harshman	Edna Summit
Ruth Chase	Russell Harshman	Elva Snyder
Earl Clark	Miss Gertrude Hill	Lora Sabin
Agnes Corbin	Miss Maude Johnson	Lucien Sabin
Doris Curry	Halac Lansden	Andrew Selock
Marie Curry	Mr. R. V. Lindsey	Thelma Stewart
Ethel Collins	Sheldon Lindsey	Ocie Vandiveer
Helen David	Albert Lucas	Bessie Wallace
Denzel Dunscomb	Bernadines McCaig	Coral Wallace
George Dunscomb	Willie McCarthy	Bert Waggoner
Royal Eden	Hugh McDonald	Violet Webb
Mr. T. H. Finley	Dorothy Millizen	Glenn Whitfield
Merle Fleming	Mildred Moore	Nancy Whitman
Mildred Fleming	Roselle Moore	Dorothy Witts
Gladys Fleming	Shelby Moore	Alfred Wood
Blanche Fisher	Odessa Monroe	Roselle Wood
Devere Frederick	Irene Moutray	Fern Woodruff
Garnet Graves	Miss Olive Eden Martin	Luvicia Winchester

OFFICERS

President	Irtys Alvey
Vice President	Devere Frederick
Secretary	Emma Harshman
Treasurer	Russel Arnold

BORROWED

We've been told in flowing rhyme
Of footprints on the sands of time
And yet we often wonder why
The footprints come when time doth fly.
—The Exponent.

ENGLISH-LATIN

English is a language,
And is always going to be;
It started with the Saxons
And now it's got to me.
Latin is a language,
At least, it used to be;
First it killed the Romans
And now it's killing me.
—The Decanois.

"Meet me," said she, "by the orchard wall
Tomorrow night as the sun goes down,"
And this is tomorrow and here am I,
And there is the wall, and the sun's gone down.
—The Pelican.

NATURE STUDY

Teacher—"Willie, which do you think are the most destructive worms or caterpillars?"

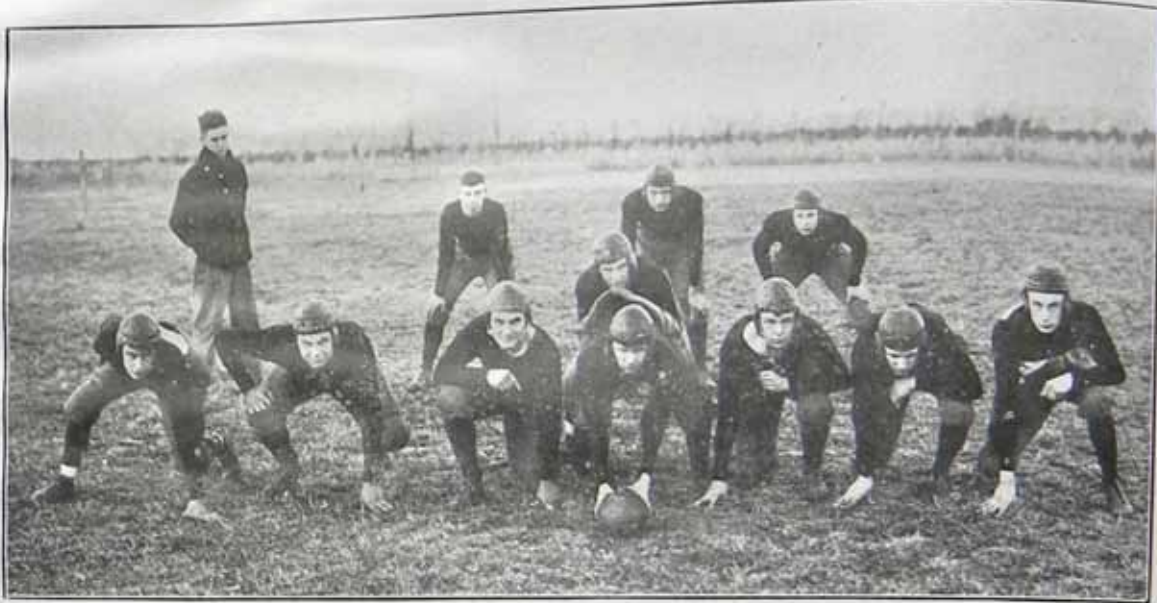
Willie—"I don't know, teacher. I never had caterpillars."
—Purple Cow.

"He's a pretty little fellow."—Russel Arnold.



“SOUP,” Football Captain.

Football



FIRST TEAM

R. End, Arnold; R. Tackle, Jeffers; R. Guard, Cochran; Center, Harsh;
 L. Guard, Woolen; L. Tackle, Frederick; L. End, Dunscomb; Coach,
 Abney; R. Halfback, Baker; Fullback, Alvey; L. Halfback,
 Tabor; Quarterback, McCarthy.

Review of Football Season

Sept. 23	Sullivan	26	Bethany	13
Sept. 30	Sullivan	27	Alumni	0
Oct. 7	Sullivan	25	Monticello	0
Oct. 14	Sullivan	6	Moweaqua	6
Oct. 21	Sullivan	0	Mattoon	6
Oct. 28	Sullivan	6	Oakland	19
Nov. 4	Lovington	cancelled		
Nov. 11	Sullivan	26	Bement	3
Total		116	Total	47

Hard luck cost us the championship. We're not crying about it for it all goes with the game. We were not beaten until October 21, when we were defeated by Mattoon 6 to 0. In this game our offense and defense was greatly weakened by the absence of Tabor. Near the end of the last quarter Sullivan carried the ball to Mattoon's five yard line but the final whistle—not Mattoon—stopped us.

One week later, Oakland, championship contenders for several seasons past, defeated us 19 to 6. Tabor and Baker were both out. For



THE SECOND TEAM

R. End, Pifer; R. Tackle, Summit; R. Guard, Harshman; Center, Sabin;
 L. Guard, Roughton; L. Tackle, Roberts; L. End, Landers, Quarter-
 back, Z. Whitfield; R. Halfback, Briscoe; Fullback, Graves
 L. Halfback, Whitfield

almost three quarters Sullivan led 6 to 0. In this game Sullivan showed her defensive strength. Oakland had the ball within six inches of Sullivan's goal line with four downs to make it. In those four downs Oakland gained $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches. Had Baker and Tabor played we are confident that we would have won.

We won four games, tied one and lost two. Sullivan scored 116 points to her opponents 47.

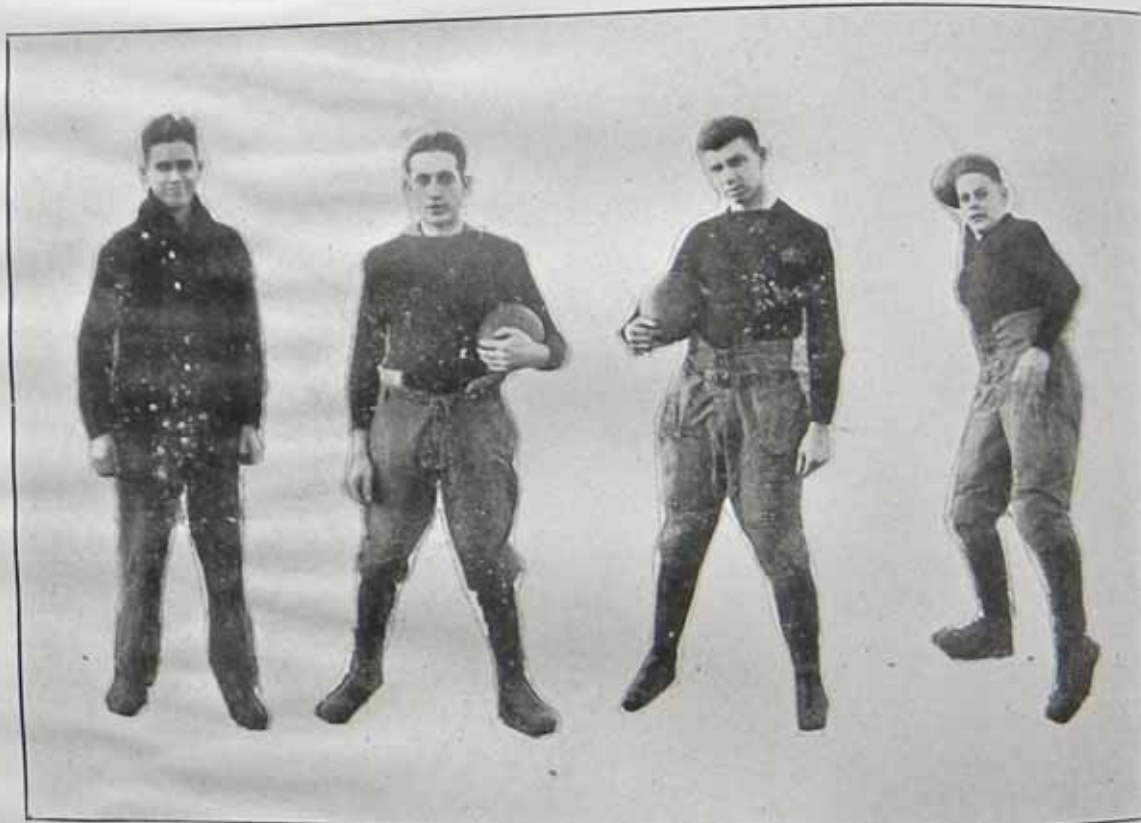
Nine of the team played their last high school football this year. This includes the entire backfield, Alvey, Baker, Tabor and McCarthy, an aggregation of stars which would compare favorably with any in the state.

Woolen, Frederick, Harsh and Cochran also graduate. Each was a star. They made holes in every line they met and when they were on the defensive a backfield man could consider himself lucky if he got back to the line of scrimmage before they stopped him. Then there's Dunscomb, but you see Dunscomb is writing this so we won't say anything about him. Arnold and Jeffers are the only two regulars left and the stellar performances of these two men are familiar to every football enthusiast.

There will be an abundance of material left for next year's team. Indications are that it will be light and fast, depending upon speed rather than strength to win games.

M D ABNEY
Coach

IRTYS ALVEY '17
Age 19; Weight 195
Football '15-'16; Basketball '16
Fullback



ARTHUR BAKER '18
Age 19; Weight 165
Football '14-'15-'16; Basketball
'15-'16-'17
Halfback

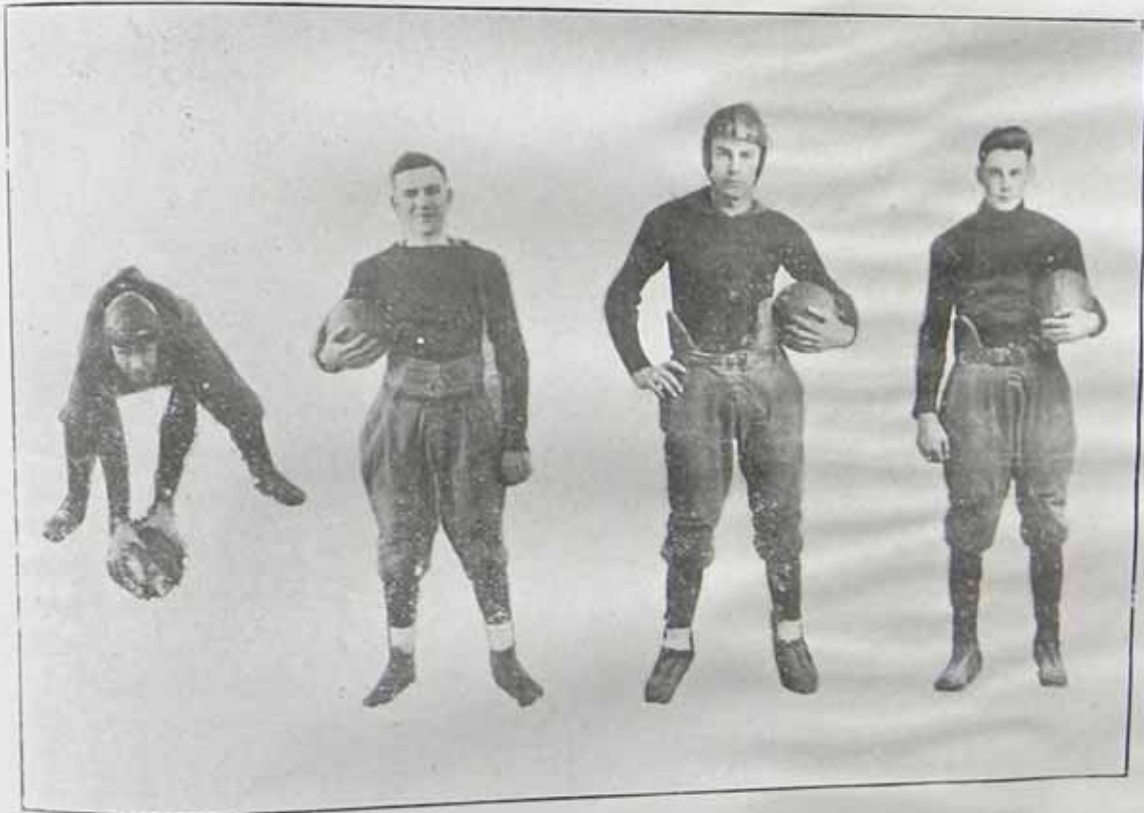
HUBERT TABOR '17
Age 17; Weight 165
Football '14-'15-'16; Basketball
'15-'16-'17; Track '16
Halfback

Sad visaged man—thy face unmask, and smile."—"Red" Harsh



PEARL HARSH '17
Age 19; Weight 132
Football '14-'15-'16
Center

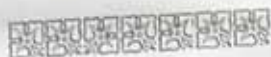
WILLIAM McCARTHY '17
Age 19; Weight 125
Football '15-'16; Basketball
'16-'17
Quarterback



RUSSEL ARNOLD '18
Age 18; Weight 145
Football '15-'16; Basketball
'15-'16-'17
End

GEO. B. DUNSCOMB '17
Age 17; Weight 160
Football '15-'16; Basketball
'16-'17; Track '16
End

"I attribute my success in high school to buttermilk."—Glenn Whittfield.



DEVERE FREDERICK '17
Age 20; Weight 155
Football '15-'16; Basketball '17
Tackle

DEWEY WOOLEN '17
Age 17; Weight 155
Football '15-'16
Guard



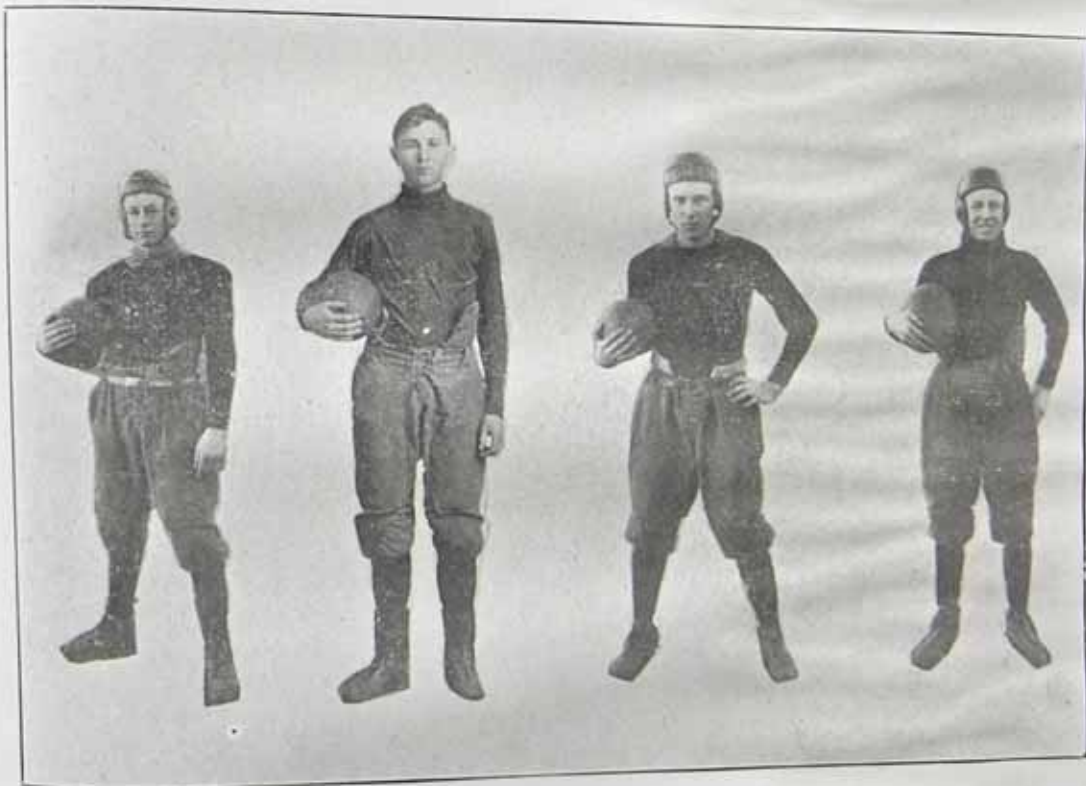
RAY JEFFERS '19
Weight 165
Football '15-'16; Basketball '17
Tackle

LEE COCHRAN '17
Age 19; Weight 172
Football '14-'17
Guard

"A gushing child o' nature."—Howard Lilly

DELBERT BRISCOE '19
Age 17; Weigh 138
Football '16; Basketball '16-'17
Track '16
Sub. Halfback

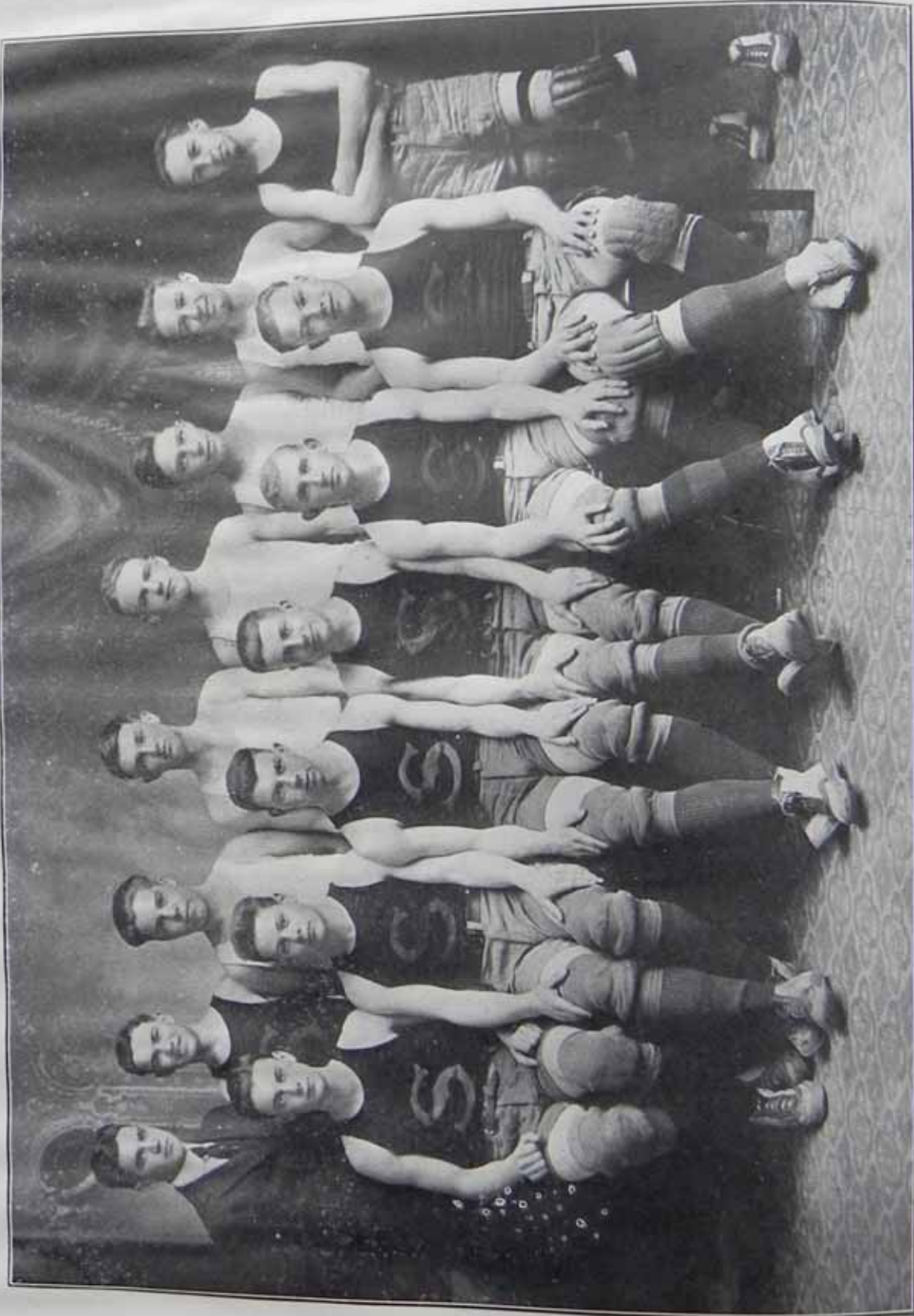
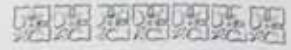
HAROLD VAUGHAN '18
Weight 135
Football '15-'16; Basketball '17
Track '16
Sub. Half and End



GARNET GRAVES '18
Age 17; Weight 150
Football '16; Basketball '16-'17
Sub. Fullback

VICTOR LANDERS '17
Age 18; Weight 136
Football '17
Sub. End

"The world knows little of its greatest men."—Dewey Woolen



BASKETBALL SQUAD



Basketball Lineup

FIRST TEAM—Arnold and Tabor, forwards; Baker, center; Dunscomb and Frederick, guards.

SECOND TEAM—McCarthy and McCune, forwards; Waggoner, center; Gifford and Jeffers, guards; Whittfield, Cochran, and Roughton.

THE SEASON'S RECORD

Sullivan	35	Altamont	24
Sullivan	13	Monticello	39
Sullivan	36	Alumni	29
Sullivan	31	Tuscola	15
Sullivan	24	Pawnee	21
Sullivan	29	Charleston	14
Sullivan	18	Shelbyville	44
Sullivan	40	Hillsboro	9
Sullivan (seconds)	35	Windsor	9
Sullivan	12	Shelbyville	40
Sullivan	33	Charleston	26
Sullivan	21	Arthur	22

TOURNAMENT

Sullivan	36	Westfield	18
Sullivan	37	Hillsboro	8
Sullivan	27	Shelbyville	25
Sullivan	28	Assumption	23
Sullivan	21	Mt. Olive	28

Sullivan won the Eastern Illinois Basket Ball championship. In the tournament at Charleston Sullivan defeated Westfield 36 to 18; Hillsboro 37 to 8; Shelbyville 27 to 25 and Assumption 28 to 23. In the finals Mt. Olive defeated the S. T. H. S. 28 to 21. Later developments showed that Mt. Olive had used men over age to win the tournament and the championship was taken from them.

Sullivan and Taylorville, who placed second and third respectively, then played for first honor at the Millikin gymnasium in Decatur during the state tournament. Sullivan won 16 to 15 in a hard-fought game.

That night Sullivan was defeated by Belvedere in the state tournament 24 to 16. In spite of the fact that it was Belvedere's first game, while Sullivan had played a hard game a few hours before, Belvedere won by only eight points. During the second half Belvedere gained only one point. Belvedere placed second in the state tournament.

Sullivan's victory over Shelbyville at the Charleston tournament was considered by many Sullivan fans, to be worth more than the winning of the tournament itself. This was easily the fastest and most exciting game of the entire tournament.

A much more comprehensive review of the Charleston and state tournaments will be found in the second semester book.

A YEAR BOOK RECIPE

Take eleven of the Faculty and enough music to give it tone. To this add the Staff and Literary Society to give it body, the Freshmen to give it color and athletics to give it popularity. Add enough jokes to flavor slightly and after this is properly folded together, put it into a neat cover and decorate it with the name, "Retrospect 17."

THELMA STEWART, '17

A THING I COULD GET ALONG WITHOUT

I oftentimes think I could get along without my mothers presence in the room when I am having a dress made. No matter how I plan, my plans always prove worthless, for the neck is sure to be entirely too low, the waist too high and the skirt too short. Down fall my plans and down falls the skirt two inches in length. I storm and rave, but to no avail; the neck is made higher. Surely I think I can have short sleeves. But no sooner do my hopes begin to rise than a sleeve reaching to my very wrist is slipped onto my arm. I see that I may as well give up so I say no more, and then after all when the dress is finished I find that I really like it.

DORIS CURRY, '20.

IN THE SPRING A YOUNG MAN'S FANCY

The girl I am going to describe is the flower of my heart. Her features are as fair as a water lily in full bloom. Her silken tresses which hang down over her shouldiers* consist of a continuous band of color shading from brown to red. Her lips in talking open like Heaven above. The sparkle in her beautiful eyes reminds one of the north star on a clear December night. Her thoughts are of a very intelligent young gentleman in the Junior class.

* Spelling original.

Editor's note: This theme was written under the title "My Sweet-heart" and when the teacher's back was turned it was borrowed from among the English III themes by the editor and two accomplices who had previously heard of its literary merit.

In the class room I've been learning

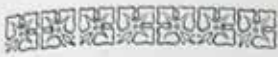
How to make my life sublime;

And by asking foolish questions

Take up all the teacher's time.

—Dale Grigsby.

The sun was lazy, Claudia Ireland beat it up.



Mr. Lindsey writes on the English 1 examination.

A plot is any small portion of land around which there is other land.

The climax of a plot is in the summer when the weeds have to be cut

The climax proper is when you get to sit in church with your best girl.

A setting is any number of eggs from one to fourteen under one hen.

A historical romance is what two lovers that gets rote up in history and we has to read about them.

Miss Redmon to Wade Bland: "Wade, I disgust you—I mean you are disgusted by me—I mean—oh, you know what I mean."

FRANCES DIDN'T MEAN IT

Frances Pierce, "I intend to remain single all my life, that is, until I am married."

Mr. Abney spilt some water upon some books on the table remarked as he picked one of them up, "I guess Macbeth got his back wet this time, all right."

Teacher, "Glenn, which side of the heart does the venous blood enter?"
Glenn—"Yes mam."

Listen! Listen! Listen!

It's a History exam.

O run, you little Seniors,

she'll catch you if she can.

But hush! hush! hush!

'Twill do no good to cram

You'd best lay low, you stand no show

In a History exam.

Mrs. Lindsay—"My goodness! what is the matter with that child?"

Mr. Lindsey—"She hit her head against one of the piano pedals."

Mrs. Lindsey—"Poor little dear. Perhaps she's seriously hurt!"

Mr. Lindsey—"Nonsense; she hit the soft pedal."

Kenneth—"There is something about you that is terribly attractive."

Nancy—"Oh! now, what is it?"

Kenneth—"Me."

Freshman maid—"How do they ever get the boys clean after a game?"

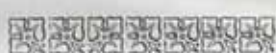
Senior Escort—"Thats what the scrubs are for."

Botany teacher—"Can you graft a pear on an apple tree?"

Bright Freshie—"Yes'm!"

Teacher—"What would be the result?"

Bright Freshie—"Pared apple, wouldn' it?"



Bright Sayings of Children

"Maudie" Johnson—"To work this problem, draw a circle and put your three feet in it."

Roscoe Selock—"Joan of Arc was a pheasant."

Lena Horn—"Llewely was queen of the Whales."

Glenn Whitfield—"It was Hamilton's fault he was killed in a duel."

"Blossie" Redmon (blushingly)—"I am constantly searching for a husband."

"Mikey" Abney in Physics—"Who can stand on your head without using their hands?"

Emma Harshman in Physics—"Do you want our feet in answers or meters?"

Dewey Woolen's greeting to Roe Moore—"Hello Biped."

Royal Eden—"He went to school in a log cabin built of logs."

Fern Pifer—"Mr. Shakes Spear wrote the Merchant of Venice."

"Ruthie" Moore—Howe didn't join Burgoyne because he got caught in a pigeonhole."

Odessa Monroe, translating in German, "A young man with finely curved nose and full gray blond beard, etc.,

Orris Gifford continued, "He strode over the Cathedral place and one saw at a glance that he was no living mortal.

DID YOU, GARNET?

Mr. Abney—"Now take two of these."

Garnet Graves—"Say while your'e about it, I'd like to know what them theses are."

Hugh McDonald—"I want my hair cut."

Barber—"Any special way?"

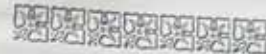
Hugh—"Yes; off."

Teacher—"Who is your favorite author?"

William Selock—"My father."

Teacher—"What does he write?"

William—"Checks."



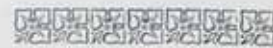
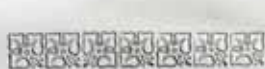
CALENDAR

SEPTEMBER

- 4—Crowds and jams.
- 5—Poor Freshies! But they'll learn! We did!
- 6—First real lesson make us pale.
- 7—Miss Hill begins lecturing.
- 8—Boys meeting, foot ball, of course.
- 11—Mr. Finley speaks second time about chewing gum.
- 12—Warbling commences.
- 13—First Literary meeting. Miss Redmon gets hers.
- 14—Ruth Moore wears her hair on top of her head.
- 15—First Senior class meeting.
- 18—Assembly looks woe-begotten when Dewey offers to sing.
- 19—All powder puffs disappear from assembly and halls.
- 20—Boy's glee club is created.
- 21—The Heavens opened and the waters pour forth.
- 22—Still damp.
- 25—Mr. Finley seen without notebook.
- 26—The new minister tells us "Plan our work."
- 27—A mere date.
- 28—Bert walked home with Helen.
- 29—Miss Redmon appears true to her Irish blood.

OCTOBER

- 2—Alberta Hughes slides to school.
- 3—Oral Bragg spoke outloud today.
- 4—A bad day.
- 5—George and Dick lose their dignity and ask Nancy and Dorris for dates.
- 9—Fair and warmer. Miss Martin wears her coat all day.
- 10—Freshman begin to look scared.
- 11—An awful lot of history still to be read.
- 12—Many quizzes and heart failures.
- 13—First six weeks ends with a quiz.
- 16—Grades beginning to be known! Horrors!
- 17—Louise Hancock, "I hope they keep my mail man out of this book."
- 18—Louise H., "Irene, please don't put that in."
- 19—Joe Scallet canned—an unusual happening.
- 20—3rd. hr. Mis.
- 23—Mr. Abney wears his new suit for real reasons.
- 24—A day with seven periods.
- 25—Howard Lilly has his history lesson.



- 26—Miss Wyatt parts her hair in the middle today.
- 27—Physics class caught in a very undignified position.
- 30—"Soup" and Frank Scallet seen crying.
- 31—Miss Redman uses another big word.

NOVEMBER

- 1—Howard Lilly again has his history lesson.
- 3—English may come and Physics may go, but History goes on forever.
- 6—Debate makes the Democrats hate the Republicans.
- 7—Election day.
- 8—Roe astonishes the world.
- 9—Helen David yells for Hughes in Democratic art.
- 10—Corma Tabor sits down on a tack.
- 13—Girls all rush to west door but Ethel didn't introduce him.
- 14—Thelma Palmer informs us she'd like to marry a lawyer.
- 15—"Monk" falls out of his chair in physics.
- 16—Thelma says she's found him.
- 17—Dale follows Roe's example.
- 20—Miss Hill saw a new dime today.
- 21—Miss Redmon goes to wedding not her own.
- 22—"Soup" gets double grade "B-B."
- 23—A long, hard rainy day.
- 27—War declared. Seniors did not take green gold ring.
- 28—Dick has the tooth ache.
- 29—Carmen dresses up. Pictures taken.

DECEMBER

- 4—Miss Hill loses patience when four of her class go to sleep.
- 5—Second six weeks grades out. Broad smiles, sickly grins, briney tears
- 6—A basketball game. The armory was not crowded.
- 7—Helen Chase teaches Oral Reading. Tee hee!
- 8—Miss Perrin brings teachers back, all alive.
- 11—Monday.
- 12—Strange figures resembling monks seen in upper halls.
- 13—Miss Wyatt had to buy her own season ticket.
- 14—Last hour assembly becomes unmanageable.
- 15—A mass meeting and some speeches.
- 18—Miss Martin spills her coin.
- 19—Why did "Soup" blush when he announced, "That old sweetheart of mine."
- 20—Moving day for Miss Redmon.
- 21—"Where were you last night?" Miss Wyatt, sleepily, "Ask Miss Harshman."
- 22—Debates in Oral Reading prove a success.

"Oh! The little lady's dainty as the picture in a book."—Doris Curry.