

Class of 1922



Sullivan Township
High School

CLASS MOTTO

To thine own self be true;
For it must follow, as the night
the day,
Thou can'st not then be false
to any man.

INTRODUCTION

The class of '22 publishes this Retrospect with the hope that it will affect a closer co-operation with the school and its supporters. We will try to tell you of our accomplishments and our ambitions. We want you to know of our Literary Societies, Clubs, Athletics and of the work done in the classrooms and laboratories.

We want the reader to notice the feeling of sportsmanship, and unselfish school-spirit that dominates every page of this book. And when you read this if you do not feel a sense of pride for the Red and Black, then you need a closer co-operation with it.

The Faculty of S.T.H.S. 1921-1922



T. H. Finley, Principal. S. B. in Education; Illinois State Normal U.; U. of Chicago.
Olive Eden Martin, English. U. of Illinois.
Genevieve Ashdowne, Math. B. S.; Knox College.
Ruth Mosser, English. Ph. B.; U. of Chicago.
Ella Leona McGraw, History. A. B.; Washington University.
E. H. Stullken, Physical Science. A. B.; Cent. Wesleyan College.
Nellie Holt, Household Science. A. B.; U. of I.

Eugene Gordon, Manual Arts. Eastern Illinois Teachers' College.
Agnes Peterson, Music and Girls' Physical Tr.; Detroit Normal Training School.
Emma Edmiston, Commercial. A. B.; U. of I.
Charlotte Phelps Baker, Latin. A. B.; U. of I.
Freda Walker, Secretary; Sullivan Twp. H. S.
Edna E. Jones, Biology. S. B.; U. of Chicago.
G. Eloise Murray, Algebra and French. A. B.; U. of Illinois.

THE LITERARY SOCIETIES

It is customary in writing anything of this sort to tell something of the work and aims of the societies as a whole and of the officers and accomplishments of each.

Much of the credit for inspiring the organization of these literary societies is due the present Senior class. Last year was the first time since the opening of the new Township High School, that any effort had been put forth to take up literary work aside from the regular English course.

The rules for all the societies are the same. They are such that re-election of officers takes place at the end of each semester.

Every student in High School at the time of registration is assigned to one of the three societies. He is not compelled to take up the work if he does not desire to do so. However, the majority of students have derived much pleasure and benefit from them, and consider it a privilege to take up the literary work.

The rules of the societies are such that if a member refuses two consecutive times without a good reason, to take part in a program, he is expelled from the society until the beginning of the next semester. In this way each member is compelled to take part in some program, and the effort is made by each President to have different members appear on each program.

Another rule states that any student who does not carry three subjects successfully will not be recognized as a legal member of any one of the societies.

Each society meets once a month on Friday and one program is given in the assembly room each semester. The programs consist of readings, musical selections, debates and plays.

Following are the officers and the assembly programs presented by the three societies:

AGORIAN

President	Don Moore
Vice-President	Pauline Poole
Secretary	Marian Harshman
Sarg. at Arms	Elliott McDonald

Program, November 11, 1921.

Play "A Young Man's Fancy."

Caste

Martha	Eudora Bracken
Mrs. —	Hazel Tabor
French Maid	Eleanor Palmer
Mildred	Joyce Martin
Marguerite	Helen Parks
Mabel	Pauline Poole
Molly	Marian Harshman

Bobby Ashton	Elliott McDonald
Reading	Chlorine Simer
Flute Solo	Francis Hall

THALIAN

President	Harold Harmon
Vice-President	Glen Davidson
Secretary	Henry Parks
Sergeant-at-Arms	Caroline Jennings

Program, December 23, 1921.

Song, "Shine on Heavenly Star".

Quartet—Flora Seass, Gladys Moore, Dorothy David and Ida King.

Recitation	Samuel Bolin
Reading	Olive Lilly
Play, "The Teeth of the Gift Horse"	

Caste:

Mrs. Butler	Ida King
Mr. Butler	Joseph Sullivan
Aunt Marietta	Caroline Jennings
Anne Fisher	Iva Elder
Delvin Blake	Harold Harmon
Kattie "the Maid"	Phyllis Harshman

AEOLIAN

President	Clarence Ireland
Vice President	Beryl Donaldson
Secretary	Robert Barnes
Sergeant-at-Arms	Dudley Voris

Program, November 9, 1921.

Play, "Fun in a Chinese Laundry"

Reading "Driving from the back seat"	Bernadyne Shuman
Violin Solo	Dorothy Hall
Piano Accompaniment	Virginia Wright
Synopsis of Play	Russell Shirey
"Why"	Clarence Ireland

WE WONDER.

Why Mr. Finley says "Chewslay."

Why Mr. Stulken can't spell.

Why Freda is so popular.

If Miss Murray sleeps in kid curlers.

Why Miss Emma is always in a good humor.

Why Miss Jones' cheeks are always so rosy.

Why Miss McGraw wears a diamond.

Why Miss Holt likes to visit the jewelry shop.

Why Miss Ashdowne doesn't get married.

Why Miss Baker sews and embroiders so much.

How old Miss Martin is.

How Miss Mosser can have the patience to teach those Freshie English classes.

Why Miss Peterson visits in the Southeast part of the town so often.

Why Mr. Gordon shut himself up in his room one morning and wouldn't come up to assembly.

Monday 29—260 students size up the new teachers.

Tuesday 30—Mr. Finley came to school this morning with such a broad smile and sprightly step that we thought he was eager to announce that the school board, on account of hot weather, was going to give us another week's vacation. However, on inquiry, we found that it was all on account of the arrival of a new son.

Wednesday 31—Mildred and "Frenchy" blow in from the far North and join our happy throng.

SEPTEMBER

Thursday 1—Full force in action.

Friday 2—Seniors get acquainted during half hour period.

Monday 5—We labor although it is a holiday.

Tuesday 6—In French class today, Chlorine speaks knowingly of the "Battle of Waterfall."

Wednesday 7—Doris Carter decides that her seat in the assembly room is too hot, so she moves back in front of Cecil Creath where it is much more pleasant.

Friday 9—Miss McGraw certainly likes Ivan Myers' company. She kept him in her room after school, again today.

Monday 12—September cases begin.

Tuesday 13—Found in a library book, a letter from an unknown sweetheart, "Billie" to Hallie Ashbrook.

Wednesday 14—"Pup" Palmer and "Buck" Ireland are both at school on time.

Thursday 15—Harold Harmon made 40c today by making "Shamrock's" maps.

Friday 16—Seniors show originality by having a weiner roast.

Monday 19—No serious results reported.

Wednesday 21—Ruth Bupp, "I think Ross Donaldson is the cutest boy in school." Beware, Ross!

Friday 23—Kyle Wiard is bit by a squirrel. We didn't realize that he looked that "nutty."

Saturday 24—First football game vs. Decatur. Score 0 to 0.

Monday 26—Charley Horses and Limps.

Tuesday 27—Mary Warner starts to school much to the satisfaction of Homer Palmer.

Wednesday 28—How did it happen that Miss McGraw and Mr. Miller went to the Married Peoples' dance last night?

Friday 30—Four members of '21 class visit us.

Monday 3—Last night "Younger" made his first Sunday evening call for this month.

Tuesday 4—Elsie says she doesn't care if we do tease her about Warde—and—she doesn't think that he cares either.

Thursday 6—School opened this morning with what was supposed to be the merry peal of wedding bells, but on close inspection we found them to be only the clanging of kettle lids from the Domestic Science room, as Mr. Gordon was rather slow in announcing his marriage, which had taken place about a week previous.

Monday 10—It was an unlucky crowd of high school boys and girls who got an early start to Fred Hoskins' weiner roast, for they were side tracked by a heavy downpour until midnight. They returned sadly bedraggled but in high spirits.

Tuesday 11—A very unusual wedding feast took place today. The Domestic Science class banqueted the bridegroom, who looked lonely without his bride.

Wednesday 12—No absent or tardy marks recorded all day.

Thursday 13—Miss Martin says that the "Goose Hangs High Today."

Friday 14—Fred tells us in his theme today that the wire in the hair pin factory in Shelbyville, is wound on spinals.

Monday 17—Oh wonder of wonders! Elmer didn't walk to school with Marjorie today.

Tuesday 18—Faculty supper in honor of the new bridegroom.

Wednesday 19—Nothing stirring today, but the breeze. The atmosphere is very "unattractive."

Thursday 20—Rain! Rain! Rain!

Friday 21—Preparations being made for High School Hallowe'en party tomorrow night.

Monday 24—Joyce says she likes for the boys to spend money on her. John Corbin took her home from the party in a taxi.

Tuesday 25—Mr. Stullken receives several painful phosphorus burns while working in Chemistry laboratory this evening.

Wednesday 26—Warde Walker has a boil.

Thursday 27—Warde has another boil.

Friday 28—Warde sings praises of antiphagistine.

Monday 31—Weird pictures and ghostly plans fill our minds during the day.

NOVEMBER

Tuesday 1—Wyman Hughes relates the thrilling adventures of him and his gang on the night

before when they experience their first look-up in the callabuse.

Thursday 3—Eight Seniors venture up to the county superintendent's office to take teachers' examination and find out how much they don't know.

Friday 4—Glenn Davidson took Helen Newbould to the show tonight. Helen says he is too polite to be interesting.

Monday 7—Miss Baker gives her Latin students a written test as she is tired and sleepy after three successive days of entertaining.

Tuesday 8—Harold Martin bought a new pony sometime ago. It is also reported that he has taught his dog to dig up Latin roots.

Wednesday 9—Lost in the assembly room, during the first hour, "Patience." Finder please return to Miss Murray.

Thursday 10—Mabel, "Wyman and I had a terrible quarrel today, but it's alright now and I have a date with him tonight.

Friday 11—Armistice program and play given in the assembly room by the Agorian Literary Society. Operetta, "The Gypsy Rover" given at night.

Wednesday 16—Mabel and Wyman sign up for all future dates. Let's not worry—they're happy now.

Thursday 17—Our dear teachers go to Champaign. We'll worry about them until they return.

Friday 18—Teachers enjoying themselves in Champaign and we are enjoying ourselves at home.

Tuesday 22—Boys talking about their grades. Warde Walker, "Aw, he's a 95 student, but it seems like I got the spirit of '76."
Joe Sullivan, "Yes, but I'm only a 49er."
Elmer Williams, "Well, I guess I'm just 54-40 or fight."

Wednesday 23—Juniors elect class officers.

Thursday 24—Dismissed for Thanksgiving.

Monday 28—We all ate turkey, but chicken feathers grew on some of them.

Tuesday 29—Harold Harmon was sent to make an unexpected call at the office the 7th hour, but he surely didn't have a very enjoyable time, as he hasn't mentioned it since.

Wednesday 30—John Corbin and Holt Gregg have on their first pair of long trousers, today.

DECEMBER

Thursday 1—"Wee'um" and Dorothy are having troubles of their own. They walked home on different streets at noon.

Friday 2—Music club give a program.

Monday 5—Girls appeared with beautiful, large red bandannas which were received with but a half-heary welcome, so they all vanished by noon.

Tuesday 6—Miss Peterson is very giggly today. She received a letter from Charles.

Wednesday 7—Juniors have class meeting and decided to give a play.

Thursday 8—Anyone wishing to take instruction in the art of solo dancing, call James Sullivan who has proven himself an expert in that line.

Friday 9—Nellie has her hair bobbed in spite of Russell's threats.

Monday 12—What did the boys see coming home from Windsor Saturday night? Could it have possibly been Marjorie and Elmer? P. S.—What was Virginia doing?

Tuesday 13—When Miss McGraw asked the American History class who wrote the Star Spangled Banner, a bright Senior named Harold, waved his hand frantically in the air. When told to answer the question he blurted out, "Edgar Allen Poe."

Wednesday 14—Alfred Wood brings Virginia Wright to school at noon and waits from 3:30 to 5:00 o'clock to take her home.

Thursday 15—Ford tickets everywhere, and Mr. Finley is promised many rides.

Friday 16—Boys appear in new B. B. suits to battle with Kansas. Score 26-27 in favor of Red and Black.

Monday 19—Phyllis Harshman passes her "life savers" around to the Latin class.

Tuesday 20—We advise Eudora Bracken to wear green as Miss Holt says that it tends to take away that shade from her face.

Wednesday 21—Lee, Everett and Paul told their mammas a story last night and went to Windsor.

Thursday 22—Glenn, a frequent caller at the Newbould residence. He must be getting less polite but more interesting.

Friday 23—School dismissed with Best Wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

JANUARY

Tuesday 3—Everyone is so glad to be back.

Wednesday 4—Seniors wear 1922 rings and pins.

Thursday 5—Chlorine, in cooking class, "Isn't the hostess supposed to sit in the middle of the table?"

Friday 6—The High School loses "Frenchy."

(Continued on last page)

ORPHEUS (MUSIC) CLUB

The High School as a whole, has shown a very great interest in the music work. Because of the large number of students who take music this year, it was necessary to divide them into two mixed choruses, one containing ninety-eight students the other containing seventy-six, making a total of two hundred sixty-eight students.

Each chorus meets twice a week.

The two choruses are divided into six Glee Clubs, three boy's Glee Clubs and three girl's Glee Clubs. These meet only twice a week. Our choruses and Glee Clubs have given many entertainments during our High School days. This year we have organized a music club that meets once a month to study what America is doing in music and to become acquainted with the leading musicians of the world. The officers are as follows:

President Ada Harshman
Vice-President Mildred Lowe
Secretary Glayds Moore

FRENCH CLUB

The French Club "Le Cercle Francais" is composed of the students of French I and II classes. The club meets once a month and after the roll-call, business meeting and short program, French games are played and then light refreshments are served. The officers for the year are as follows:

President Chlorine Simer
Vice-President Elliot McDonald
Secretary Hazel Tabor

JUNIOR-SENIOR BANQUET

The Junior-Senior banquet was held April 7, 1922 at the High School building. It was a grand success and everyone enjoyed themselves every minute they were there.

The main part of the Junior program was put on in the assembly room. The first thing was a short address by the Junior President, Stewart Seass. Then Flora Seass sang a song entitled, "An Old Sweetheart of Mine", which was followed by a pantomime of the same name and theme. After this Frances and Dorothy Hall played a violin and flute duet; Marjorie Poland gave a musical reading and then came a play, a ghost story. Maxine Wright sang a solo and then the Senior class prophecy was presented in the form of an original play.

This ended the program in the assembly room and we then went to the gymnasium where a three course dinner was served. The gymnasium was beautifully decorated in old rose, blue and gray. The tables were in one large triangle which extended the length of the room. The light was furnished by three large floor lamps and several reading lamps.

The Christian church orchestra furnished the music during the dinner hour. The food was well cooked and served in Queens style by sixteen Sophomore maids.

After dinner was over, the following toast program was given:

Beryl Donaldson American Boy
Iva Elder American Girl
Miss Martin World's Work
Fred Hoskins Outlook
Harold Harmon The Open Road
Eudora Bracken The Woman's World
Elliott McDonald Life
Mr. Stullken Success

A hallowe'en masquerade party was given at the High School on Saturday evening, October 22. Tickets were sold before hand and were taken at the door by masked persons.

After parading the halls, and encountering frightful personages, the party entered the fittingly decorated gymnasium, where after a picturesque grand march, all removed their masks.

Miss Hazel Tabor who was dressed as an Indian squaw, won the prize for the best looking costume. Henry Wright won the prize for the most ridiculous costume.

A fitting program was rendered, games were played, and last, refreshments consisting of popcorn balls, cider and apples, were served.

There were one hundred and seventy present and all declared they had enjoyed themselves immensely. This was one of the most successful parties ever held in the gymnasium.

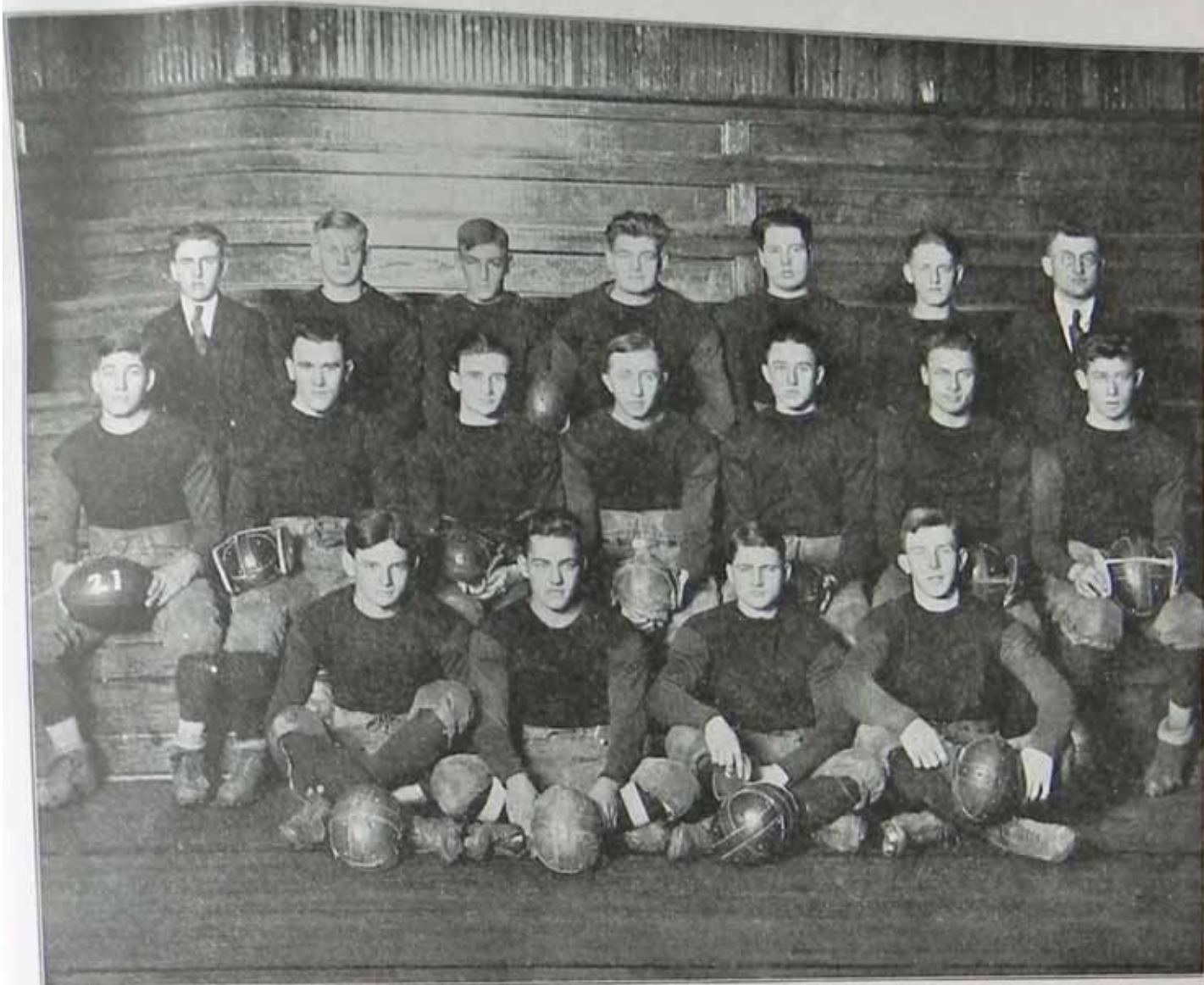
On Friday, March 15th, the domestic science girls gave a banquet for the basketball squad of the past season, in the dining room of the high school building.

The guests included the boys of the squad, their fathers, the ministers of Sullivan, the high school board, L. F. Kinister, Scout executive of Decatur, coach Stullken, and Mr. Finley.

The girls had the dining room decorated in keeping with St. Patrick's Day and the menu, a three course dinner, also carried out the scheme.

After dinner, Principal T. H. Finley presided as toast-master. Talks were made by Don Moore and Fred Hoskins, of the squad, and also by Rev. W. B. Hopper, Mr. Stulken, C. R. Hill, and L. F. Kinister.

The evening closed with an examination of the radio set installed in Physics laboratory, and an attempt to listen to anything which might be in the air.



FOOTBALL SQUAD, S. T. H. S. 1921

The football season of 1921 was a successful one—not from the standpoint of the number of games won or lost, but from an educational point of view. Our gridiron found the largest, most jovial, and the best sportsmanlike squad that it had ever experienced. They played for love of school, honor, and the game itself. Instead of profanity when a fellow was kicked in the head, we heard some clever remark such as “I hear the angels calling me.” Any observer could detect the unparalleled spirit that dominated each H. S. player and also the sidelines, and not a single rooter would have traded his team for the best one in the state.

Some teams have beaten us this year that any Sullivan fan would have been ashamed to call their own—teams that had their pictures shown in the Decatur papers and classed by those that had never seen their style of ball, as the best; teams that had the “ring-around-rosey” signals, suspecting that because they were not sportsmen, we were not.

We do not want the reader to think that all the teams Sullivan played were of the class described

above. Many of them had their share of desirable qualities. The preceding paragraph refers to some few games, while this one is dedicated to many. We played teams that thought “to win at any cost, cost too much” and that played to win squarely, or to lose. Sullivan is gradually arriving where only teams with the correct spirit will be played, when both teams can enjoy the game, win or lose.

Although we lose a majority of the first string men, we can predict a successful season for next year.

Found on one of Mr. Stulken's Chemistry student's tombstone:

Here lies a good student,
 Now he is no more;
 What he thought was H₂O,
 Was H₂S O₄.

Miss Ashdowne—“Now watch closely, he is going to erect a perpendicular to this line.”

Otis Davis—(studying for a moment) “What did you say I was going to do?”



BASKETBALL SQUAD, S. T. H. S. 1921-1922

No matter how successful our football season, basketball always goes it one better. This year was no exception. Our crowds were larger and handled themselves in better form. With very few exceptions, the fans showed the finest sportsmanship possible. In all these exceptions, not one happened on the west side where the high school rooters sit, and not a single one occurred on the playing space of the gym. In short, all the breaks this year were made by people not attending the school and who do not have sportsmanship drilled into them day after day, as is done in the high school.

Our team started out playing whirlwind ball, and kept it up fairly well all season, but with a twenty-one game schedule, we could hardly expect them to win every game or even a very large percentage of them. Playing out this large schedule in a limited time was a larger undertaking than we thought it to be at first, especially since the teams in this part of the state were stronger than ever before in the history of the game. But be that as it may, we would rather lose by close margins and play the best teams, than play weak

teams and claim a great record.

One of the main attractions in our basketball games was the stellar passing of Shirey and Hoskins. These two guards live side by side in the neighboring country. They started to high school together, roomed together, and drove the same Ford. They both came out for athletics the same year and made the team at the same time, and even when Hoskins was elected class president, his shadow was given the second high office. No wonder they knew each other so well and did such pretty work together. And just as their work was gaining popularity and seemed to be the main attraction. Hoskins was compelled to give up athletics on account of inflammatory rheumatism. Although Ashbrook played a good game at guard, and Moore couldn't be beaten as captain, our team was considerably hurt, and we did not find the work of the guards such an outstanding feature.

Running down the right side of the floor was Myers and at his side Bishop, his passing mate. It was with whirlwind speed that these two men took the ball down the floor, and when they got

started, they furnished a puzzle for the visiting guards. Running down the floor at the same time was Moore. It is almost impossible to imagine what the left side of that floor will look like with Moore not there. He has been there almost every game for the last three years, and he played some even as a freshman. His clever pass, his cool head, and his hookshot made him the best all-round man that we had. In all the games he has played, he has never been known to lose his head. When a Red and Black man in possession of the ball did not know what to do with it, it was always the best policy to pass it over to the left side and take a chance on Moore being there.

At the District Tournament at Decatur, Sullivan played up to true form, holding the second best team in the tournament to a close score. Sullivan's play was commented upon favorably by more people than any team in the list, with the exception of Atwood.

It has always been our policy to be neutral unless our team was playing. But for this very act of sportsmanship just related, we were criticized in a certain school paper for not trying to promote "a common chord of sympathy" in Moultrie County schools. This school was not slighted in the least by our rooters, but yet they claim we should have given them a special consideration—and what had they done to deserve this?

Prospects for next season in basketball are equally as good as in previous years. We hope the new material may prove of the quality that will uphold the spirit of the teams of the past.

GLEE CLUB WINS LOVING CUP

The Girls' Glee Club, for the third successive year, won a place at Charleston, but this year they went over previous years and took the highest honor. Much credit is due Miss Peterson, music instructor, for it is her untiring efforts that have built the Glee Club up to what it now is. The girls made a reputation at Charleston of which they are proud.

Flora Seass sang a solo, but it seemed that one prize was enough for Sullivan, and accordingly she didn't place.

Along with the Glee Club went Miss Martin with her public speakers, Joyce Martin and Elliott McDonald, humorous readers and orator, respectively. Although both were picked by some of the best authorities, for the finals, they seemed to share the fate of Flora Seass, and got nothing.

Beryl Donaldson (on board train) "Do you know when the Wabash was mentioned in the Bible?"

Dudley Voris—"Yes, in Genesis, when the Lord made all creeping things."

"GREEN STOCKINGS"

The Senior class play "Green Stockings", was a distinct success. Under Miss Martin's able guidance, the twelve members of the play cast put forth their best efforts. The parts were learned early and the expressions necessary for effective utterance were quickly adopted. It is surprising that there is so much talent in one high school, although, of course, that high school is the best in the state. As Miss Martin said, there was no element of friction or "showing off" on the part of any member in any one of the several practices to which all were subjected. That is indeed a compliment for even in performances staged by grown-ups there is generally some person who slights his share or tries to be the whole show. However, this distinguishing feature was not the only good thing about the play as the choice of characters and their individual and combined work could not have been surpassed.

But let us take up the play itself. The scene was in England, quiet, quaint England, with all of its traditions and whims and mannerisms. The theme of the play centered around one of these traditions which, queer as it may seem to us, was a live issue in the English families. This issue had to do with the marriage of girls in a family. If the younger of the two married before the older, the English believe the older should wear green stockings at her sister's wedding. Of course this occasion was one to be avoided and dreaded by the older sister, so they tried by hook and crook to avoid this extremity of evil and perhaps portent. Nevertheless, some of them were defeated in their designs, and the younger was married with her sister looking on in green stockings.

Celia was the old maid. One of her sisters had been married at a date she didn't care to mention, and the other was engaged and about to cast off into an ocean of trouble. Miss Mildred Lowe took this part, not because it fitted her but because it was thought better for her to begin early in what may be her life's work. She was certainly good. Her natural charm was against her as we could not understand why she had remained single for so long. Her adaptability and cleverness were indeed marvelous when we consider her age. She possessed the facial appearance of a young lady of thirty, but we know that this was due to the audience of young men and the stage artist behind the scenes. However, there can be no doubt that she was a wonderful and conscientious actor.

The rest of the cast supported her in a fashion that would do credit to a metropolitan production. Miss Eudora Bracken, with her sweet girlish ways, showed promise of a bright future

(Continued on next to last Page)

Senior Class 1922





SENIOR CLASS ROLL

Fred Hoskins, "Wobbles"—Senior Class President; Football '20, '21; Basketball '20, '20; Capt. '21; Agorian Literary Society; Senior Class Play cast.

"A good student, a willing worker and leader of his class."

Ada Harshman—Senior class Secretary; Vice-President Class '21; President Orpheus Club; Vice-President Agorian Literary Society; French Club; Chorus; Glee Club; Charleston Musical contest '20, '21, '22; Senior Play Cast.

"Droll and witty, withal is she,
Yet good sense along with wit you see."

Russell Shirey, "Runt"—Senior Class Vice-President; President Aeolian Literary Society '20; Vice President Aeolian Literary Society '21; Treasurer Class '21; Basketball '20, '21, '22; Football '20, '21; French Club; Senior Play Cast.

"A hero bold as those of old,
In basketball a corker.
In football too, he is true blue,
He does what 'ere he ort'er."

Glenn Creath—Senior Class Treasurer; Secretary Agorian Literary Society; Football '21; Basketball '21; Chorus; Athletic Reporter Retrospect.

"A well versed chap who studies all the time,
And gladly helps his friends their hills to climb."

Helen O. Parks, "Parksie"—Secretary Class '21; Agorian Literary Society; Orpheus Club; Glee Club; Chorus; Charleston musical contest '20, '21.

"She is gentle, she is shy,
But there's mischief in her eye."

Ivan E. Myers, "Shorty"—Agorian Literary Society; Basketball '20, '21; Football '21.

"Such a boy."

Joyce Martin, "Toots"—Class '20 Milford, Indiana; Agorian Literary Society; Orpheus Club; French Club.

"High flight she had, and wit and will,
And so her tongue was never still."

Harold Harmon, "Harmon"—President Thalian Society; Senior Play Cast.

"Girls are not a part of my life, anyhow."

Rachel Garrett—Aeolian Literary Society.

"Modest and simple and sweet. The very type of Priscilla."

Warde G. Dappert—Stewardson H. S. '21; Agorian Literary Society.

"Very much admired by the girls, but he doesn't seem to realize it."

Flota Roley, "Curley"—Orpheus Club.

"The young men's vision and the old men's dream."

Ward Walker—Thalian Literary Society.

"He's one who says little, but takes in everything."

Fern Floyd—Thalian Literary Society.

"Not only good, but good for something."

Ward Beals—Class '21, Stewardson, Illinois; Agorian Literary Society.

"Why should life all labor be?"

Mabel Kenney, "Bubble"—Reporter Retrospect '20; Agorian Literary Society.

"A dainty lassie with pink cheeks and a charming smile."

Wyman Hughes—Aeolian Literary Society.

"It's fun to see him strut about and try to be a man."

Mary Floyd—Agorian Literary Society; Chorus; Glee Club; Orchestra '20.

"She has a big sunny smile and kindly blue eyes."

Elmer Wood, "Woodsie"—Football '20; Basketball '20, '21; Aeolian Literary Society.

"See how sickly looking and deathly pale and thin; overwork and study are surely killing him."

Gladys Roßirdia Graven.

"Too good to be true."

Glen R. Ray—Thalian Literary Society; Basketball '20, '21.

"Not so bashful as he looks."

Inez Garrett—Aeolian Literary Society.

"Nothing ill can dwell in such a temple."

Joseph Sullivan—Football '19, '20, '21; Sergeant-at-arms Aeolian Literary Society; Senior Play Cast.

"Studious to please, yet not ashamed to fail."

Chlorine Simer, "Chloe"—Class '20 Gays H. S.; Editor-in-chief Retrospect; President French Club; Agorian Literary Society; Orpheus Club; Chorus; Glee Club; Charleston Musical Contest '21; Charleston Oratorical contest '21; Senior Play Cast.

"All kin' o' smiley 'round the lips; and teary 'round the lashes."

Elliott McDonald, "Pat"—Cheer Leader '20, '21; Class President '21; Agorian Literary Society; Football '21; Assistant Editor Retrospect; Vice-President French Club; Oratorical contest at Charleston '21, '22; Senior Play Cast.

"All the great men are dead and I am feeling sick."

Delphia Dickson—Business Manager Retrospect; Agorian Literary Society.

"So gentle, wise and grave."

Donald Moore, "Stubby"—Captain Football team '20, '21; Team '19; Captain Basketball team '20, Team '21; President Agorian Literary Society '20, '21; Chorus; Glee Club; Male Quartet; Senior Play Cast.

"A football man, track man and basketball man; Last, but not least, a lady's man??"

Pauline Poole, "Polly"—La Place H. S. '20; Vice-President Agorian Literary Society; Calendar Editor Retrospect; Chorus; Glee Club; Senior Play Cast.

"A maid with a thousand charming ways, Laughs and giggles fill her days."

Eudora Bracken, "Babe"—Agorian Literary Society; Chorus, Glee Club; Charleston Musical contest '20, '21, '22; Senior Play Cast.

"To be with him, best becomes her."

Donald L. Taylor, "Stub"—Football '20; Basketball '20; Agorian Literary Society.

"Whistling to keep myself from being afraid."

Waunetah Durborow—Agorian Literary Society; Chorus Glee Club; Charleston Musical Contest '20 '21, '22.

"Ever quiet, kind and glad; not over studious or sad."

Dudley Voris, "Dud"—Stewardson H. S. class of '21; Aeolian Literary Society; Football '21.

"He has common good sense in a way that's uncommon."

Ruth Emel—Aeolian Literary Society; French Club; Chorus.

"And she was the smallest lady nature ever made so bright."

Clarence Ireland, "Shamrock"—President Aeolian Literary Society '20, '21; H. S. Orchestra '18.

"Good-bye to pain and care; I take mine easy today."

Beulah Parker—Chorus.

"I care not for the men; they are so simple."

Glen Elim—Stewardson H. S. '21; Left the High School in April; Asst. Cashier Stewardson Bank.

"A man of sterling worth; of deeds, rather than words."

Nellie Whitman, "Nell"—Chorus Glee Club 1918 and 1919.

"Blue-eyed pet of blue-eyed lover."

Elmer R. Williamson—Agorian Literary Society; Football '20, '21; Basketball '20, '21; French Club.

"Blest with that charm, the certainty to please."

Lucile Morris—Westervelt H. S. '20; Thalian Literary Society; Orpheus Club, Glee Club Chorus; Charleston Musical Contest '21.

"Sweet as May, and always gay."

George Wehmhoff, "Wehm"—Dalton City '21; Football '21; Thalian Literary Society, Chorus; Senior Class Play.

"The world at large don't worry you and me. Right here at home is where we 'ort to be."

Elsie Belva Kirk, "Mary"—Aeolian Literary Society; Orpheus Club; French Club; Chorus, Glee Club; Charleston Musical Contest '20.

"The sweetest kind of bashfulness."

Glenn Y. Davidson—LaPlace H. S. '20; Sgt.-at-Arms Thalian Literary Society '20; Vice-Pres. '21; French Club.

"Blessings on thee, little man; live and laugh as boyhood can."

Hazel Ramsey—Chorus '19.

"There's such a charm in melancholy, that I would not, if I could, be gay."

J. Holland Nighswander—

"As I says before, he ain't no talker nohow."

Melinda Rucker—Stewardson H. S. '21; Agorian Literary Society; Chorus.

"So sweet, so fair, so on the square."

James E. Vollmer, "Jimmie"—Dalton City H. S. '21; Brown's B. C., Decatur, '20; Agorian Literary Society; Football '21; Chorus.

"He lives in a whirl of girls."

Mildred N. Lowe, "Pud"—Secy. Aeolian Literary Society '20, '21; Vice-Pres. Orpheus Club 1921; Chorus; Glee Club; Musical Editor Retrospect; Musical Contest Charleston '21, '22; Senior Play.

"A gay and laughing girl so full of mirth; we need have more like her on this old earth."

Gladys Horn—Charleston Musical Contest '20, '21; Chorus; Glee Club; Aeolian Literary Society.

"Is she talking again—or yet?"

WHEN A FELLER NEEDS A FRIEND.

When Friday comes and Miss Martin is in a bad humor.

When Miss Peterson catches you studying in chorus.

When Mr. Finley asks you to see him in the office.

When you fail to get the western boundary line of the Louisiana Territory correct in American History.

On the morning after the night before.

When you're called on to make an extemporaneous speech before the assembly.

When your report card says "74."

When the Chemistry students have laboratory.

STANDING IN LINE

Standing in line is a pastime to be avoided as it is a sure means of exposing the true character of any man or woman. Permit me to illustrate.

When you are tired and weary after a hard grind at your work all day, you naturally feel inclined to seek some means of entertainment and diversion. If finance and the weather permits, you decide on the theatre. You have no trouble in reaching this conclusion, if you are a married man, but if you are an old bachelor you hesitate before selecting any particular place as hesitation is one of your fateful virtues. However, when once come to conclusion, nothing can change you, so you "primp up" a little and set out for the distant theatre.

By the time you arrive in the near vicinity of your destination, you find yourself halted by the usual crowd of pushing, jamming humanity, which always collects at the last minute before the play begins. If you are an aggressive individual, you seek to slip in near the door, and if you have sharp elbows and an air of distinction, you succeed. Otherwise you do not. If you are of the meek variety made up of husbands and older women, you stand in your proper place and wait for your turn. You utter an impious exclamation when your neighbor digs you in the ribs and then steps on all your corns, but that doesn't ease the pain. It is true that he mutters a weak "Beg your pardon," before he moves up and permits another to take his place (and opportunity). It is the truth that hurts.

As you are pushed around, you become indifferent to the better side of life, unless you are one of those who brag of being an optimist. It is also about this time that you begin to distrust the people about you. Your hand seeks your purse and finding it, keeps a tight grip on it. As time flies, you become decidedly impatient and so vexed that you vow you will never enter or attempt to enter, another theatre. If the night is warm and your sense of smell is working at all, you are almost overcome when getting in close proximity to the old fashioned cheek and lip artists whose sideline is applying their clothes with liberal amounts of strong perfume. You have to take things as they come, although you do not realize it until you are through with the ordeal. If you push the others about in order to get ahead of them, you invariably stumble, a proceeding which adds to the others' amusement and your own discomfort.

As you approach the door, you prepare for the first opportunity to enter: An opening appears and you make a hasty step toward it, only to have a prim, precise, society dame walk calmly in ahead of you. You follow her in to the ticket

booth with a feeling toward her not akin to respect or admiration.

By this time you are very weak and feel that you could not resist any temptation. You manage somehow to get in front of the window and ask for a ticket. You figure out the change given you and then loudly ask for another quarter. You forget that it is a theatre and not an ordinary show. And then as you enter the darkened room and find a seat your thoughts return, and you sit and reflect all through the performance on whether you did anything to mar your reputation.

—Glenn Davidson, '22.

GOODBYE OLD SCHOOL

Four years have I struggled and fought. Four years have I withstood the attack and barrage of assignments from the teachers in the divers departments of learning. I have had my trials and tribulations, suffered disappointments and witnessed cruel tragedies in the school life of my friends and associates. There have been times when it seemed futile to proceed any farther. But I have held out against these for the sole reason that within me was the hope that I might some day be a high school graduate. This was my highest ambition. My dreams and speculations went no farther than to be honored with a certificate of graduation.

Now that I am assured of this, my joy should be boundless, for in a short time I will be free from books and classrooms forever. This is far from true however for I find that I do not want to leave, because during these years of work such joy and happiness has been intermingled that the dreary side is entirely forgotten and only the bright side dominates in my mind to reflect upon. I have learned to love this school with a love that I believe will last forever. I have made many friends here from whom (?) I can hardly bear to think of parting. Never again will I have the opportunity of enjoying the privileges I have here. They are gone forever. In a way, I really dread the moment that I shall receive my certificate of honorable discharge for all that glitters is not gold. So you see I hesitate a moment when I say goodbye to my dear old school.

—Fred Hoskins, '22.

FOUND IN ELMER WOOD'S NOTEBOOK.

- Like a hamburger needs eating,
- Like Eastland needs the hook,
- Like a dusty rag needs beating,
- Like a Cafe' needs a cook,
- Like a mean dog needs a muzzle,
- Like a Polar bear needs fur,
- Like a house fly needs a killing,
- That's how I need her.

AT GRANDMOTHERS

As a small child, many of my good times centered around a certain little old gray house, which was surrounded by large, spreading trees and tall, fragrant rose bushes. In this house lived one of my dearest companions, who, although many, many years older than I, somehow could talk with me about things—about my playhouse, my dolls and my lessons at school.

Whenever I grew restless or hungry at home, I had only to slip out the back door, run down a small alley, across the road to grandmother's house, and there I was furnished with all the entertainment that a child could want.

If I were hungry, I had only to say so, and brown cookies were at my demand. Sometimes it was mince pie; and many times we popped corn together. My! but my brothers and sisters and I had lots of fun when grandmother would decide to leave the lid off the skillet and let us jump for the popcorn, as it flew all around the old iron stove.

Sometimes we would have fun just talking. We children would entreat grandmother to tell us "about her when she was a little girl." After protests that she was too bad when she was little, and that she was afraid it would teach us bad lessons, she would always finally relent and tell us about the time when she slipped out, while her mother was asleep, and took a horseback ride, and how she fell off and broke her arm and was afraid to tell her mother how she did it. Or else she would tell us about the time when she ran off and how she got scared at the owls when it commenced to get dark so she sneaked back home.

Then we would ask her if she wanted us to sing the new song that we had just learned at school, and of course she would always say "Yes." So we would sing at the top of our voices until mother called and told us that it was time to come home.

Sometimes we would spend hours together in the old red barn, which was used for a cobhouse. We would sit out there and talk and shell the corn that was left on the cobs, so that it could be fed to the chickens. Grandmother was a fast worker, and lots of times she would have her apron nearly full of corn before I had shelled a handful. During all this time I would be telling her what "I was going to do when I got big" or else about how much fun I had wading in the mud that morning.

As I recall all these incidents, I realize with a pang of regret that I can never again experience the joys of childish innocence, and irresponsibility.

—Ada L. Harshman, '22.

FRESH FROM THE PEN OF PAT.

There is a tide in the heart of man, which if taken at the flood, leads on to marriage.

Omitted, all the rest of their long lives are spent in happiness and plenty.

Dears, pets, and darlings, throw away your affections; I come to bury love, not to praise it.

The good that it does, lives in novels; the bad is nursed away in sorrow.

The idea of love is all bunk, and all the sweet-hearts merely triflers, and each man in his time, fools many people.

First his mother, with kisses and hugs, because he wants to go swimming.

Then his father, with a sorrowful and earnest face, asking for a dime.

Then the girl—Holding her hand, he asks for her heart and she accepts in silence.

—Pat McDonald, '22.

TO A JUNK PILE.

Forgotten junk pile, remnant of thy race,

A nation's history written on thy face.

And all who look may read thy thoughts sublime,
And know thou are a marking stone of time.

Where is thy hope, ye remnants of the past,

East day thy worth grows smaller than the last

Thy beauty's gone, tell was thy past worth while,
Did life give you for serving it a smile?

Now all thy friends except the young are fled,

But thou hast placed a blessing on his head.

And taught him that although thy worth is past,
Each new born thing is fashioned from the last.

That age, although it may be out of style,

Can teach the world to know what is worth while.

But in the end, thy value has not ceased,

Things valued most, are seldom missed the least.
—Warde Dappert, '22.

Sad and weary, sore at heart.

My brain refused to do its part.

So I gave up in deep despair,

Got on my knees and said a prayer.

"Great Lord," I asked in a trembling tone,

"Will you help me to write a poem?"

Then all at once there broke a light,

And I could see a wondrous sight.

A motto it was, and nothing else:

"God helps him, who helps himself."

—Ward Walker, '22.

PRIZE CONUNDRUM.

Why is Miss McGraw considered the most businesslike teacher in the building?

Because she never undertakes anything of importance without first consulting her attorney.



JUNIOR CLASS, S. T. H. S. 1922

A SALE

An auctioneer of the buy-bidding type, held an object aloft, that all might see it.

"What am I offered for this fine piece of art?" he cried in a shrill voice.

Then as no one replied, he started the object at eighty.

"I'll give eighty-five," said a woman in front of him.

"I'm offered eighty-five," he said, "eighty-five, eighty-five, going at eighty-five."

He cleared his throat, spit and began again.

"Why folks" he said, "look at the skill with which this has been made, it's too good to go at eighty-five. I'll bid ninety myself."

The woman in front of him said, "May I examine it?"

"Certainly," said the auctioneer, and he handed it to her.

She looked at it for a moment and then turned to him and said, "But this has a crack in it here and a flaw there, and I can hardly think that it's worth more than seventy-five."

"But madam," he said, "think of buying such a piece of art at that price, and besides it may be repaired at a very small cost."

"Well," she replied, "if it is as you say, I'll give you ninety-five."

Again the auctioneer raised his voice to a shrill cry, "I'm offered ninety-five, folks, it's your last chance."

No one raised the bid so he said, "It's sold to the lady here in front for ninety-five."

She accepted it with a satisfied look, paid him and passed on to where another object was being auctioned off.

Now as this narration may have aroused your curiosity a slight bit, as to what the object was, I will try to explain it in a few words.

The woman who purchased the object was an English teacher, the auctioneer was a Junior boy and the object was—a theme.

—Russell McPheeters, '23.

VIRTUES OF IDLENESS

Is idleness virtuous? It is a question rather hard to answer in a way. Of course it depends on the variety of idleness meant, that of body, of mind or of both.

We too often consider a person as being lazy and worthless who has an aversion for manual labor. That is a common mistake.

Sometime ago I heard a story which illustrates my meaning well. This story was about a boy who formerly lived in Cerro Gordo, Illinois. The person who told me about him lived in that town a number of years ago and was well acquainted with the parents of the boy. This lad was famous in that town for his laziness. He shirked his studies and work. His parents and teachers despaired of ever teaching him anything. It was the general opinion among the village gossips that a

bad ending was in store for him. There was but one thing that interested him and that was drawing. He was continually drawing pictures on sidewalks, on fences, in his books and in fact every possible place.

But unlike many boys of similar character, he used his brains.

Today he is a high paid cartoonist on the New York Tribune and is making as much in one month as his hard-working father did in a year. Sounds like an Alger book, but it is a real story about a real boy. But he did not accomplish his success through idleness. His apparent laziness was really a mask for a busy imaginative mind.

There are many instances where bodily idleness has brought forth good fruit. Newton was sitting under an apple tree when a falling apple suggested to him the law of gravitation which he later formulated.

Galileo, the ancient Italian scientist, was sitting idly in a dreary prison when a spider swinging across the narrow window of his cell, gave him the idea of the pendulum.

So much for bodily idleness. For idleness of the brain there is only one excuse and that is with the purpose of resting.

Complete inactivity of both brain and body is but another way of saying, sleep. It is useful only as a builder of the body's mechanism, strengthening it for next day's activity of brain and muscle.

—Robert Barnes, '23.

MILITARY SCIENCE AMONG BOYS

Of all events of my childhood, the ones I remember best are those which deal with adventures that I had, in which I pretended to be a great explorer or general. With boys as with primitive nations, war is the most delightful occupation. There was little danger in my wars, for most of them were fought in my head.

History made a great impression on me, and the stories of Greece and Rome laid the foundation for much future enjoyment. When my mother saw me brandishing a dead stick by the garden gate, she little realized that I was defending the bridge to Rome from the Etruscans, that there were great armies behind and in front of me and that I was dressed in Roman armor. But those were the real facts. However, I was usually of Athens, while I allowed my friends to represent Sparta and Corinth. We never fought, but only spied on each other or were allies. I never pretended to kill people, I thought that was not right, but I often enslaved them. In these fights all the burden fell on my imagination.

But when the World War came, it was different. Boys began to collect in squads, dig back-

yard dugouts and trenches, and wear tin pan hats. And then came the only battle ever fought in Sullivan which was given a place in history. This was the only battle of the war in which it was fought.

The underlying cause was the growing discontent of the masses under the oppressive Turk. That is to say, a band of boys led by "Turk" Bromley, had organized into a standing army, and they often proudly marched up and down our streets. The jealousy of the rest of the boys for their own prestige kept this peaceful and unsuspecting town in constant danger of civil war.

The occasion for it was the arbitrary imprisonment of two innocent citizens. A friend and I were caught by the army when we were spying on them as they marched through our territory. We were shut up in my father's corn-crib and the door was wired.

I tried the common stratagem and it worked. I said, "There he comes, my father." While they withdrew to reconnoiter we cut the wire with a corn knife and escaped.

The next Saturday a great host was up in arms at my house, by invitation. I was at first surprised to learn that all of them were generals except those who were spies. The king, my father, had vetoed the use of slingshots and rocks, and we had no definite plan of action. We set out in all directions to find the enemy, posting watchers on the top of an old house. Our magnificent bicycle brigade wheeled in stately formation to a bridge and then unconsciously committed a great blunder by leaving them unprotected while we searched up the creek awhile. But no one took our bicycles, and having no luck we returned. Later in the afternoon we encountered the enemy on a road near my house, and the famous battle of Asa Creek began. I arrived upon the scene of the battle with reinforcements after the first engagement. One of the enemy had been wounded by a rusty piece of tin, and then the battle was stopped by a neighbor woman who feared for our lives.

When she was gone the other army quickly rallied and took us by surprise. We were executing a masterful retreat to our front porch, and would have lost the battle but for the gallant action of our cavalry, composed of Paul Woodruff on his pony, which galloped up and threw into confusion the ranks of the enemy. We captured a few prisoners, but soon let them go, for we felt satisfied that we had shown where the real military strength of Sullivan lay.

—Joseph Baker, '23.

Mr. Stullken—"Class, this is the worst recitation I've had. Why, I've done three-fourths of it myself."



SOPHOMORE CLASS, S. T. H. S. 1922

JUST A KITCHEN

One beautiful Spring day, my aunt invited me to come and visit her in her new home. I knew it would be lovely, and so, snatching my hat I skipped from the house down the road, softly humming a tune.

Entering my aunt's yard I caught the odor of baking bread, and what smells more delicious when one is hungry? So I hurried to the kitchen door—but there I stopped in astonishment. Could this really be the kitchen? Surely it was but never before had I seen such a beautiful one. Always a kitchen was, in my mind, an ugly, smoky place where work was a drudgery. But in this kitchen, flooded with sunshine, spotlessly clean, with its prim row of shining pots and pans, work would be joy. Here and there on the bare floor were gay rag rugs, and from one of these, Tabby, the cat, rose from her nap in the sunshine and came purring and stretching to welcome me. Gay potted plants bloomed in the open windows and dainty white curtains fluttered outward with the gentle, blossom-scented breeze, while the birds in the trees just outside the window warbled and sang, filling the air with their happy spring-song. Mingling with the lazy droning of bees and the soft purring of the cat came the faint hum of the teakettle. Now and then white petals from the blooming trees were wafted in at the window like fairy messages of spring.

Over all was an air of drowsy content, and I

felt irresistibly happy with just this glimpse into my aunt's kitchen.

Caroline Jennings, '24.

THE COMPLAINTS OF A FORD CAR

I am a car and a Ford at that. Perhaps it is because I am a Ford that I am often left out of doors instead of in the garage, as I should be. I remember one night, especially. The whole family (there are eight in all) went to the movies. How they all ever got into me is more than I can see! It was late, twelve o'clock, when we got home. All eight of them got out of me, went into the house and went to bed, leaving me by myself under an elm. About two o'clock a cold wind arose from the East, and then it began to rain. The rain came down in sheets and torrents. In five minutes I was completely drenched, and then water commenced to drip down from the elm. A window slammed shut, but no one came to put me in the garage.

However, this is only one of my many complaints. When my radiator froze up and bursted, they filled me with oats to keep me from leaking. (No, the oats didn't sprout; they were rolled oats!). I am often left standing for hours in the hot, dusty streets with nothing to shade me from the merciless rays of the sun. Sometimes no water is put into my radiator for days. The little that is in there boils and steams, and makes my engine so hot that I can scarcely go. Then

my driver says: "Oh, that there ol' radiator's boilin' again!"

When anything goes wrong with my engine my owner pokes all around in my insides and makes things worse than they were. Then turns me over to the mechanics at the garage.

When Julie, the eldest daughter, drives me, she dashes down the road, powdering her nose with one hand, operating the steering wheel with the other, and swerving from one side of the road to the other, often almost landing me in the ditch. But worst of all is brother Bob! He whizzes down the road at a forty mileclip, never stopping until he gets to his destination, when he jams on the brakes, nearly tearing my tires off.

I have been in three smash-ups, as you could readily tell, if you could see me. There is a big dent in my back fender, one of the doors is knocked off, the back curtains are in shreds, the top part of my windshield is missing and my radiator leaks like a faucet.

Is it any wonder that I rattle like a wagon load of milk cans?

Bernadyne E. Shuman, '24.

George Wehm. in American History—"And the Pilgrims went from coast to coast."

"Stub" Taylor—"Aw, what's the matter with him. Why in those days it would have taken them 10 years to do such a thing."

Clarence Ireland (sweetly)—"Now Donald, don't you believe they could have made it in five?"

Miss Ashdowne (in Geometry class)—"What is formed when two faces coincide?"

Joyce Martin—"Aw—er—you know."

Elmer Wood (between football halves)—"Bishop will be our best man next year."

Marjorie (blushing)—"Oh Elmer, this is so sudden."

THOU SHALT NOT.

- I. Speak more than one minute when Miss Ashdowne is in the assembly.
- II. Try to borrow a quarter of a Senior.
- III. Drink the alcohol bought for Chemistry experiments.
- IV. Sing "Parlez-Vous" in the halls when the assembly doors are closed.
- V. Hang your coats on the banisters in the hall.
- VI. Throw peanuts over the floor at the last hour of the assembly.
- VII. Whisper and laugh at the Reference table.
- VIII. Speak when you haven't permission.
- IX. Chew gum in class.
- X. Wear Junior colors on Senior class day.

How the French II. class translates:

Elsie—so low the teacher and all the class cannot hear a word she says.

Chlorine—In great dramatic style.

Clarence—Word for word, never stopping to give meaning to a sentence and supplying clever phrases.

Ada—Slowly, yet surely.

Russell—Hurriedly and when finding a word he doesn't know calls it "What ever that is" and goes on.

Joyce—Nervously, yet seldom wrong.

Pat—Rushes through, right or wrong, it matters not.

Ruth—Calmly, with never a mistake.

Mildred—Pausing now and then to supply oh-a.

Though Moses was no High School man,
And never played Football.

In rushes he was said to be

The first one of them all.

If the wind blows will Nellie Russell?

If Frenchy bought an automobile would he Park it?

If Elsie bought a new dress would she ask the Price?

If Eudora got married would she want an Earl?

If Gammill wanted to die would he take Chlorine?

If Miss McGraw went on a Zoology hunt would she look for Millers?

If you skipped an assembly period would you be asked to go to Findlay?

If Ada likes peace doesn't she want Harmon-y?

If Joseph Sullivan wants a Christmas present would he ask for a Horn?

If we were arguing in History class would Joyce stand Pat?

If Hughes again ran for president would Mabel vote for him.

If Lee were asked for his favorite song would he answer "Sweet and Lowe?"

If Lucille Morris became a traveler would she be a Nighswander?

If Fred went fishing would he go to the Poole?

If Benlah Parker wanted a new dress would she go to a Taylor?

If we wouldn't, I wonder if Marjorie Wood?

If we were asked for our favorite dish would we answer "Olives?"

If Dorothy Summit ran away to keep from washing dishes, would Nellie Holt-er?

If Mr. Gordon were asked for his favorite month would he answer Mae?

If Pat went abroad would he go to Ireland.

If Ivan has Tabor how could he ask for Moore?

If Dorothy wanted to get married would she go to a Bishop?



FRESHMAN CLASS, S. T. H. S. 1922

MY PET AVERSION

I've something I want to tell you—it may not fit the subject—if it doesn't, you may call it a "Pet Aversion" if you want to, or any other kind of aversion for that matter, but I'm afraid it won't keep; I may forget to tell it when I find a suitable subject.

One day I was talking to a friend. She spoke of a preacher she had heard.

"Was he old?" I asked.

"Yes," she answered.

"Did he have gray hair?" I asked.

"Yes," she answered.

We talked on awhile and suddenly she threw up her hands in horror (or with a horror-stricken look on her face.)

"I told you something that wasn't so!" she cried.

"What was it?"

"Oh! Oh! Oh! Will you ever forgive me?" She cried, wringing her hands.

"How can I forgive you when I don't know what to forgive you for?" I said.

"And it was about a preacher, too?"

She really looked crestfallen by this time.

"Well for mercy's sake tell me about it" I cried in alarm.

"Why" she cried "I told you he had gray hair—and—I—(she was weeping.) I don't know—know whether he—did or—not—cause—hoo hoo!—he was bald!"

—Maurine Elder, '25.

THE VIOLETS

Once by a country wayside,
There grew a cluster of flowers,
They drank in the glorious sunshine,
And welcomed the April showers.

Their's was a color of purple,
Their stems a bright, fresh green,
And yet these little flowerets,
No mortal eye had seen.

One day it chanced, a king passed by,
And noticed these tiny flowers,
Said he, "Dig up these little plants,
And place them in my towers."

The flowers grew dear to the heart of the King,
He said, "I know what I'll do,
Long have I looked for a color royal,
And this is the very hue."

And thus the purple violet,
That grew by the country road,
Gave hue to the royal raiments,
Which brightened the King's abode.

Martha Miller, '25.

Ward Walker—"Seniors aren't what they used to be."

Elmer Wood—"What did they used to be?"

Ward—"Freshies, of course."

ahead. Miss Ada Harshman was a prominent character of whom too much cannot be said. Her cultured voice and simplicity of manner fit her well for the social position which she will someday soon occupy. The two young noblemen, whose everyday names are Mr. Harold Harmon and Mr. Russell Shirey, also played their parts well. Harold with his natural aggressiveness and forcefulness somewhat outshone Russell whose common and more appropriate name is Younger. However, Russell portrayed the character of a good Englishman in more than a fair manner. He never used questionable language but that was because he never had a chance. Harold saw to that. Both of them were either hot or excited while on the stage, or else someone behind the scenes was overly generous or had myopia.

Miss Pauline Poole and Mr. Patrick McDonald took the berries for acting. Mr. Finley said they had evidently practiced elsewhere, but he didn't answer when some one asked him how he knew. Of course, Elliott didn't have to do any acting while he was near Miss Pauline. She just naturally held him in her power and he didn't mind it the least. Miss Pauline's increasing beauty and charm will make her popular in several more years. Elliott devours any good looking girl with his attentions, but he can't help that. He is too good an orator, however, to be forever wasting his talent in proposing. His career will end in the White House or as an evangelist for he surely does not intend to deprive the rest of us of his influence in the years to come. His temporary engagement to Miss Poole and their acting drew response all through the play. His election sat rather heavily on his mind but that was not the election's fault. It was his mind's.

Mr. George Whemhoff proved himself capable of doing something. The responsibility of years and a family rested heavily upon him, but he showed us what a capable man he may make. He was good, there can be no doubt of that. His efficiency when a lady lost more control of her mind than usual, was not above normal. All men are like that more or less. The others were almost worse than useless when Celia's aunt put on a prolonged case of hysterics. The butler was the only one who didn't become upset, but that was because Joe Sullivan played the part. Dignity and formality were the two characteristics which Joe didn't excite himself to display. Joe isn't Joe when he doesn't possess them. What difference does it make to us whether his sideburns were black as coal and his face was redder than usual. He played his part fine and we knew him and liked him because he is a steady, honorable fellow.

Mr. Donald Moore was an admirable Admiral. Nothing wrong with him in the least. He played

cards but that can't be counted against him. Like Joe, he is a good fellow and no one cannot help but like him. There was something the matter with his face but we knew his heart was in the right place. That is what counts after all.

The greatest piece of single acting was not done by a boy. I'm sorry, but I have to confess that it was a girl. Miss Chlorine Simer was an admirable aunt to a girl like Celia. Her intentions were well meant but her actions didn't carry out her designs. Celia looked after her almost as much as she looked after Celia. Her genuine delight at Celia's fake engagement and her apparent horror at the deceit in the whole affair were faultlessly expressed by look, work and deed. Her attack of hysterics and her drunken spell would have deceived a doctor. We all knew that she couldn't be drunk but we were afraid that she had given away when circumstances conspired to reveal a live Col. Smith. Miss Chlorine is a fine actor on the stage or off as the case might be. She knows what to do, how to do it and when to do it. When she becomes a professional actor, the people of Sullivan will remember with pride, that she attended their high school and lived with them for several years.

The most prominent actor with a boy's part was Mr. Fred Hoskins. He was well adapted to play the part of a Colonel and take a share in giving us a good night's entertainment. His work on the stage was not slow or he would never have known Celia as he did. Such boys as Fred are bright or we wouldn't have elected him president. Celia didn't give him the scar on his forehead. No, it was some other one who did not take part in the play at all. Besides, Celia would never have done a thing like that. Fred was also slightly amusing. He generally don't have much to say but when he does, we sit up and take notice. He's a good scout at all times and a good friend to have although his appearance is not such as to make friends. However, "Wabbles" is a little too severe for even Fred, as most of the girls will agree.

We must not end this precious manuscript without putting in a good word for Mr. Taylor. Ordinarily this is hard to do but Donald is good as a scene-shifter even if I do say so. He enjoyed his work, because it was an excellent means of letting him out of school.

The play was good, of course. It could not be otherwise if Miss Martin was the director. Her patience and foresight in the care of details are characteristic of Miss Martin in all of her work and especially in taking care of class plays. It is no wonder that our play was such a success when we consider these things. After all, it is the school spirit that brings us good results.

(Continued from School Calendar page)

Monday 9—Gladys Horn kept silent for a total of 30 minutes this morning. She isn't expected to live.

Tuesday 10—A mouse is put in Gladys Moore's desk. "Shorty" Myers is the guilty one.

Wednesday 11—Everett Worsham is discovered **STUDYING**.

Friday 13—Unlucky Friday the thirteenth. No wonder we lost the basketball game.

Monday 16—Blue Monday is here in flaunting colors.

Tuesday 17—Worried looks and sighs. Everyone resolves to make 90 next semester.

Wednesday and Thursday—Mid year exams.

Friday 20—Of all sad words of tongue or pen, The saddest of these—themes again.

Monday 23—"Ban" put on excuses.

Tuesday 24—Cafeteria starts.

Wednesday 25—Seven more H. S. girls join the bobbed hair brigade.

Thursday 26—"Snap shootin'" popular.

Friday 27—Mr. Stullken threatens to get Elmer Wood a divorce.

Monday 30—Eight girls eat in the teachers' dining room.

Tuesday 31—Gladys Moore is minus her puffs today, and as a result her ears freeze on the way to school.

FEBRUARY

Wednesday 1—Seniors having pictures taken.

Thursday 2—Miss Holt calls up Mr. Huff to come out and turn the electric stove on.

Monday 6—Margaret Finley, member of '21 class, begins teaching school.

Wednesday 8—It never rains but that it pours. I wonder where Nellie's flaxen curls have gone.

Thursday 9—As a result of Miss Petersons' recklessness with her love letter, many pupils learn the art of writing in that line.

Monday 13—Lucky day for History students. The plastering fell before class time.

Tuesday 14—Lost, in the gym this evening, my voice. Finder please return immediately to Pauline Poole.

Wednesday 15—Boy's Glee Club sing for assembly.

Friday 17—All go to the gym for a rousing pep meeting before our boys meet the Atwood fliers.

Monday 20—Junior class play.

Tuesday 21—James Volmer is "best man" today.

Wednesday 22—Several go to Decatur to see "Hamlet".

Thursday 23—Forty Glee Club girls dressed in red and white give a program.

Friday 24—Miss Martin is in high spirits today. She received \$100 for first prize in an essay contest at Chicago.

Monday 27—Freshmen, Sophomore and Junior pictures arrive. "Oh! Isn't mine just horrid?"

Tuesday 28—Concert in 1st hour assembly.

MARCH

Wednesday 1—Freshman collides with window glass.

Thursday 2—School dismissed for tournament with big snake dance and pep meeting as a send off.

Monday 6—Colds, sore throats and ill humor.

Tuesday 7—Mrs. Harris arrives on the scene.

Wednesday 8—Quite a number of students return to school today after an encounter with the "flu."

Friday 10—Seniors choose colors and select invitations. "Has-beens" wallop the "Will-bes."

Monday 13—Mr. Stullken came out to the school house last night and heard Bryan preach at Pittsburg, Pa. Dudley Voris at Stewardson and Ellis Bushart at Mattoon heard the same sermon.

Tuesday 14—Streets turned into rivers and rivers into oceans. People are reminded of the days of Noah.

Thursday 15—The same bunch of prospective school teachers, with the exception of Warde Dappert, go back to take teachers' exam, and find out what else they don't know.

Friday 16—The Basketball boys are given a banquet.

Monday 19—First rehearsal for Senior class play.

Thursday 22—Indians defeat Maroons in final league tournament game.

Friday 23—It looks as though some of the Juniors and Senior girls are using their themes as a way of getting boys to ask them for dates for the banquet.

Monday 26—When coaching the class play Miss Martin told Russell to supply "carriage" for the word "brougham." Russell promptly said, "They went in his mother's supply carriage."

Wednesday 28—Don Moore finds a Senior girls picture in his desk today.

Friday 30—Music Club give program in the afternoon. Chorus gives "Love Pirates of Hawaii." at night.

May 28—Baccalaureate Sermon.

May 30—Commencement.

Finis.