

RETROSPECT



THE RETROSPECT

Annual Publication of the
Sullivan Township High
School, Sullivan, Illinois

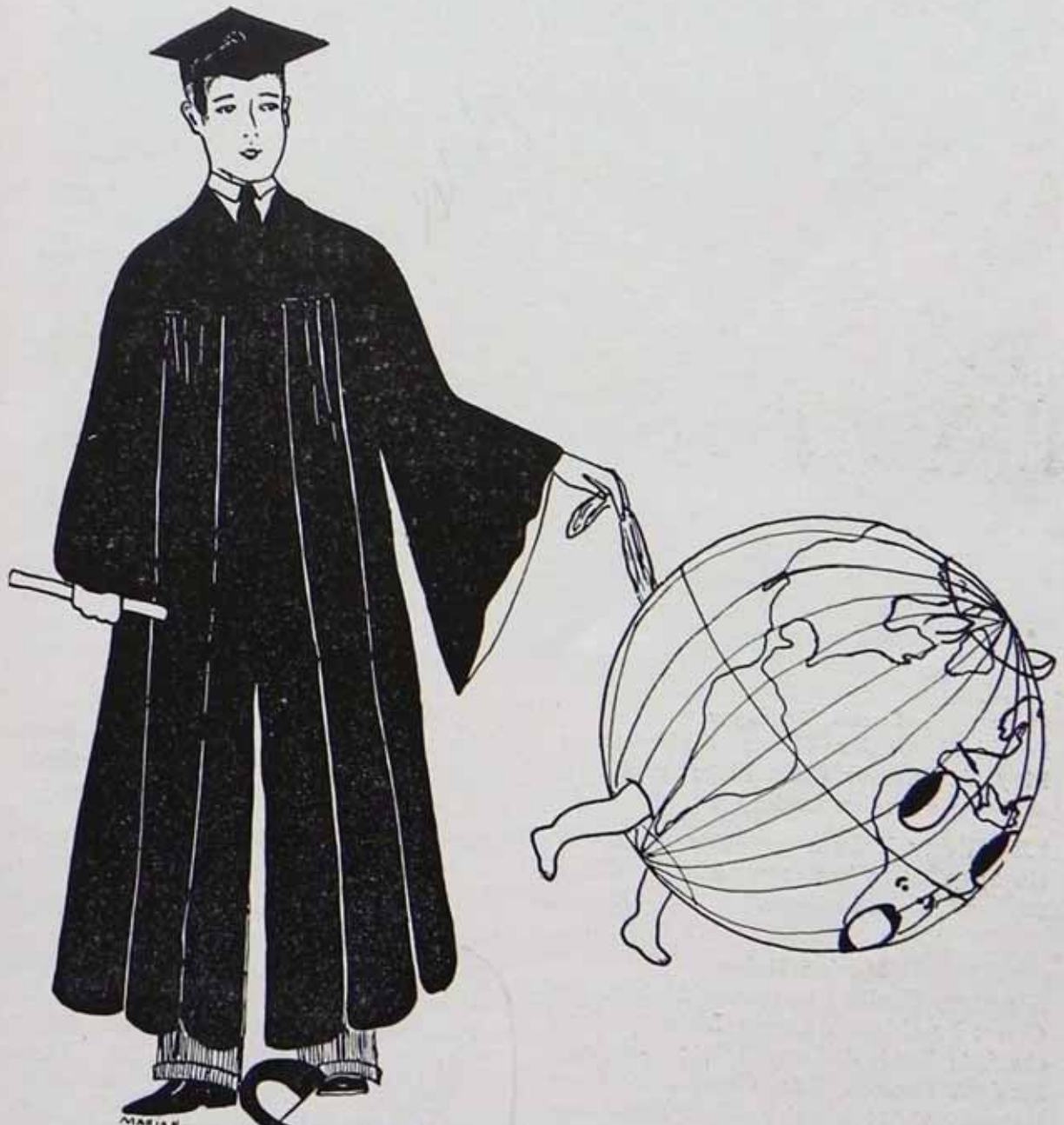
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Edited by the Senior Class, Nineteen hundred twenty-five



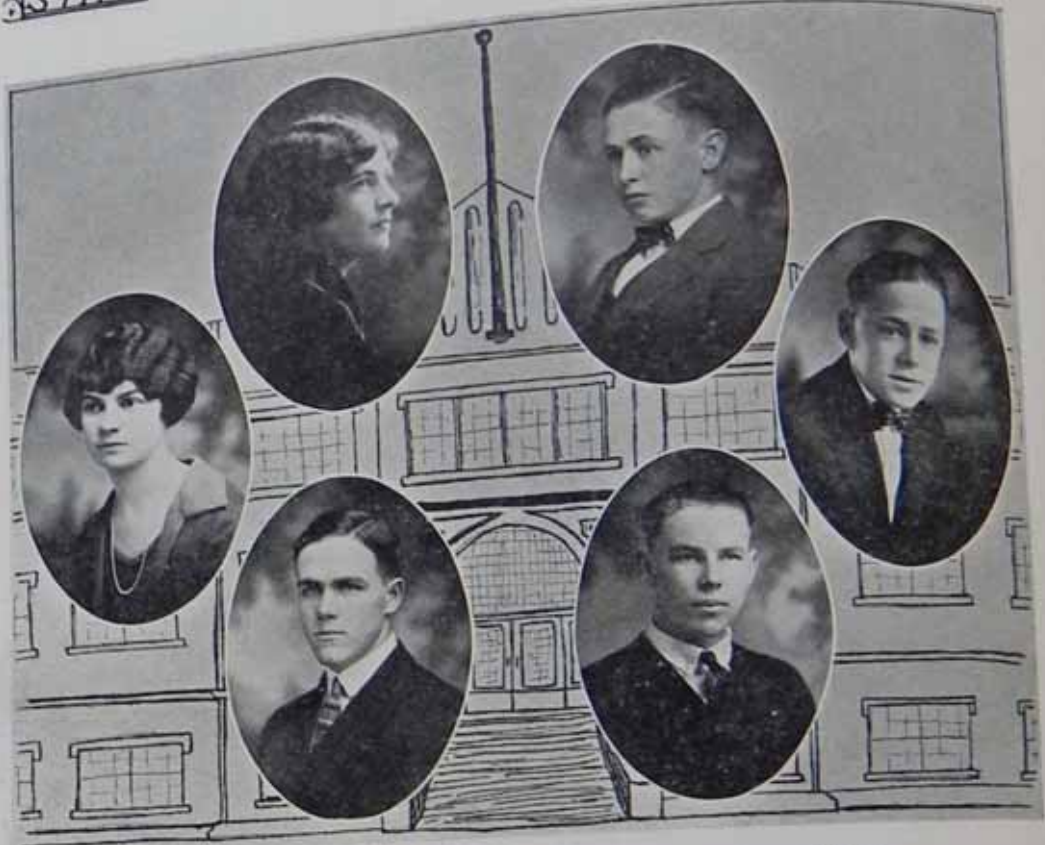
To
Mrs. Estella Baker

who has given her unstinted support to our every endeavor; who has viewed with the eyes of youth but guided with the mind of experience in the office of class adviser and Retrospect coach; who has given her friendship and counsel to all students, we, in farewell, dedicate the Retrospect of Nineteen Hundred Twenty-five.



MARIAN LE
DART

Senior



Lottie Ballinger

President Senior Class; Junior Class Play '24; Senior Class Play; President Thalian Society '24.

"Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose; quick as her eyes and as unfixed as those."

Marian Baker

Secretary Senior Class; President Junior Class; President Agorian Literary Society '24; Student Council '24; Secretary Student Council '23; Charleston Contestant '23-'24; Junior Class Play; Assistant Business Manager and Art Editor of Retrospect; Retrospect Staff '23.

"And mistress of herself tho' China fall"

Leonard Anderson

Student Council '24; Aeolian Literary Society.

But merit wins the soul.
"Charms strike the sight"

Samuel Bolin

Vice-president Senior Class; Vice-president Thalian Literary Society; Track '24; Captain of Track Team '25.

"Other men have acquired fame by industry but this man by indolence."

William Bland

Treasurer Senior Class; Sergeant-at-Arms Agorian Literary Society, '23; Vice-president Agorian Literary Society '24; Student Council '23-'24; Junior Class Play

"The pink of perfection"

Roy Bailey

"All great men are unique."

So long as we love we shall
and as long as we are loved by
others, I would say that we
are indispensable, for no man
is useless while he has a will"



Presid
Class
Litera
'23,
"But
Not I

Char
"She
Had

"A



Lorene Behen

President Student Council, '24; Junior Class Play; Senior Class Play; Thalian Literary Society; Charleston Contestant '23, '24, '25. Music Editor Retrospect; Secretary Student Council '25.

"But lady, when thy voice I greet,
Not heavenly music sounds so sweet."

Eva Bradley

Charleston Contestant '23; Glee Club; Thalian Literary Society.

"She that was ever fair and never proud
Had tongue at will and yet was never
loud."

Violet Burchard

"A gentle mind by gentle deeds is
known."

Halbert Bolin

President Aeolian Literary Society '24; Senior Class Play.

"Wonders never cease
Halbert as a country station agent."

Marjorie Bupp

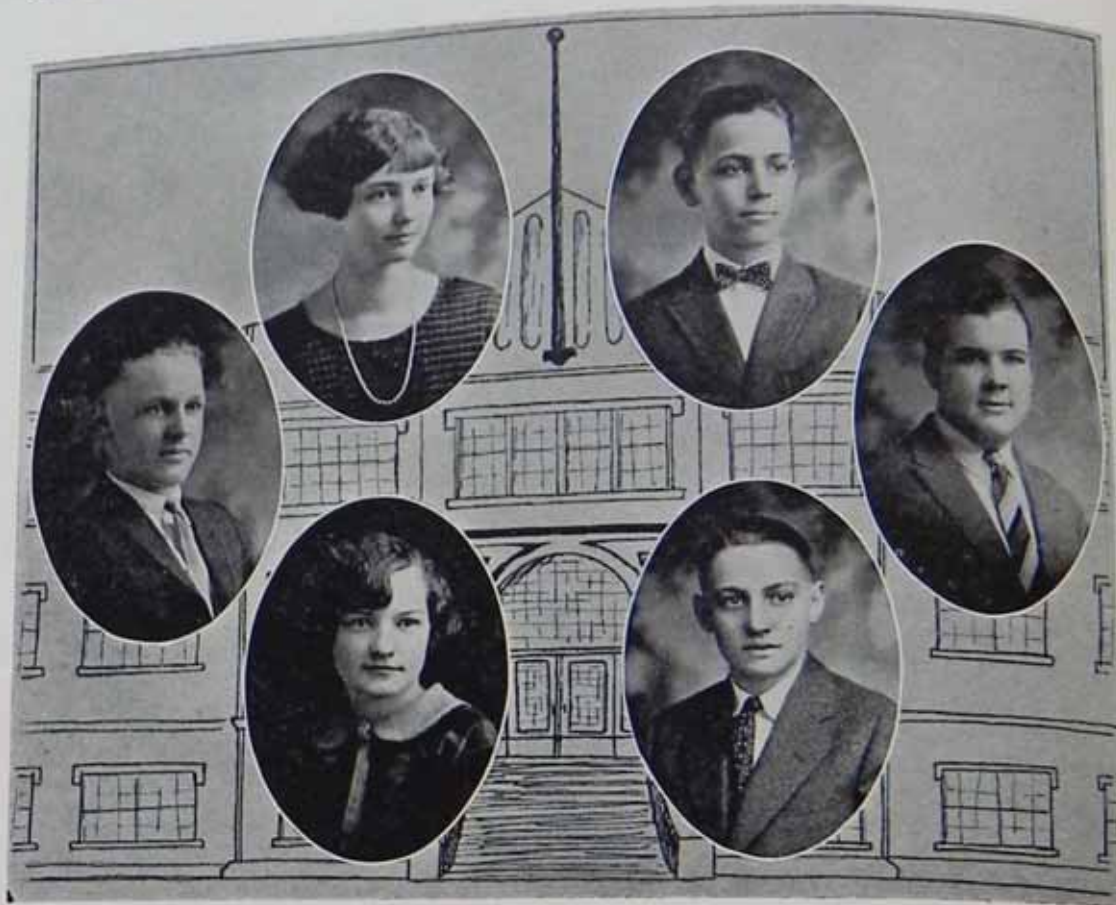
Thalian Literary Society; Charleston Contestant '24-'25.

"O those coquettish glances!"

Etha Bushart

Thalian Literary Society; Charleston Contestant '24-'25.

"Her stature tall—I
Hate a dumpy woman!"



Bernice Carson

Typist Retrospect; Charleston Contestant '24.

"Here is a look, here is a face
That makes simplicity a grace."

Dale Carter

Agorian Society.

"Strange to the world
He wore a bashful look."

Ted Cooley

"Fair and winning—the look of a
Grecian God."

John Corbin

Football '22-'23-'24; Aeolian Society;
Student Council.

"Plague if there ain't somepn in,
Work that kinda goes again
My convictions."

Erma Dale

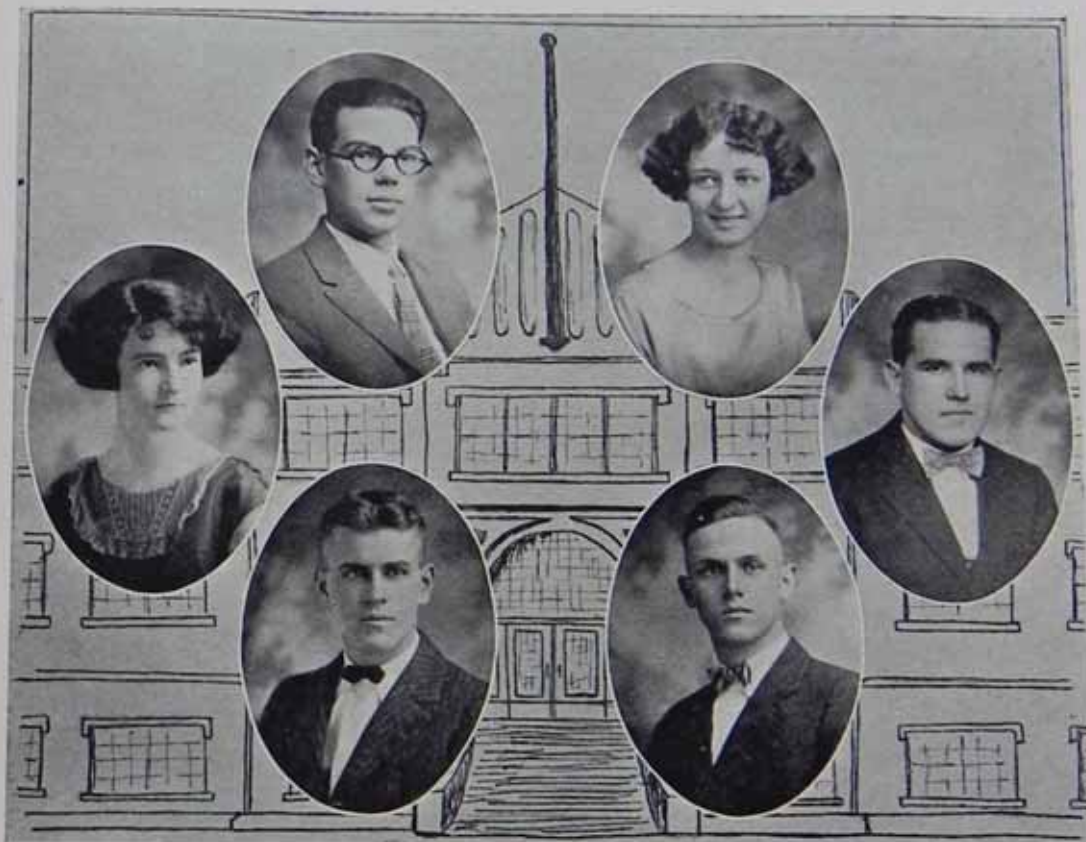
Thalian Society; Glee Club.

"A man, a man, my kingdom for a
man!"

James Dedman

Football '24; Aeolian Society.

"Suit the action to the word, the word to
the action!"



Lester Dunscomb

Secretary Aeolian Literary Society '24;
Student Council.

"A primrose by the river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him
And it was nothing more."

Pauline English

Secretary of Agorian Society '25; President Home Economics Club; Student Council '25; Joke Editor Retrospect, Glee Club '22-'23.

"The sun is red when it shines on her head."

John Hankley

Football '23-'24; Basketball '24-'25.

"Still water runs the deepest."

Freda Edmiston

Thalian Literary Society.

"A smile is the same in all languages."

Joseph W. Getz

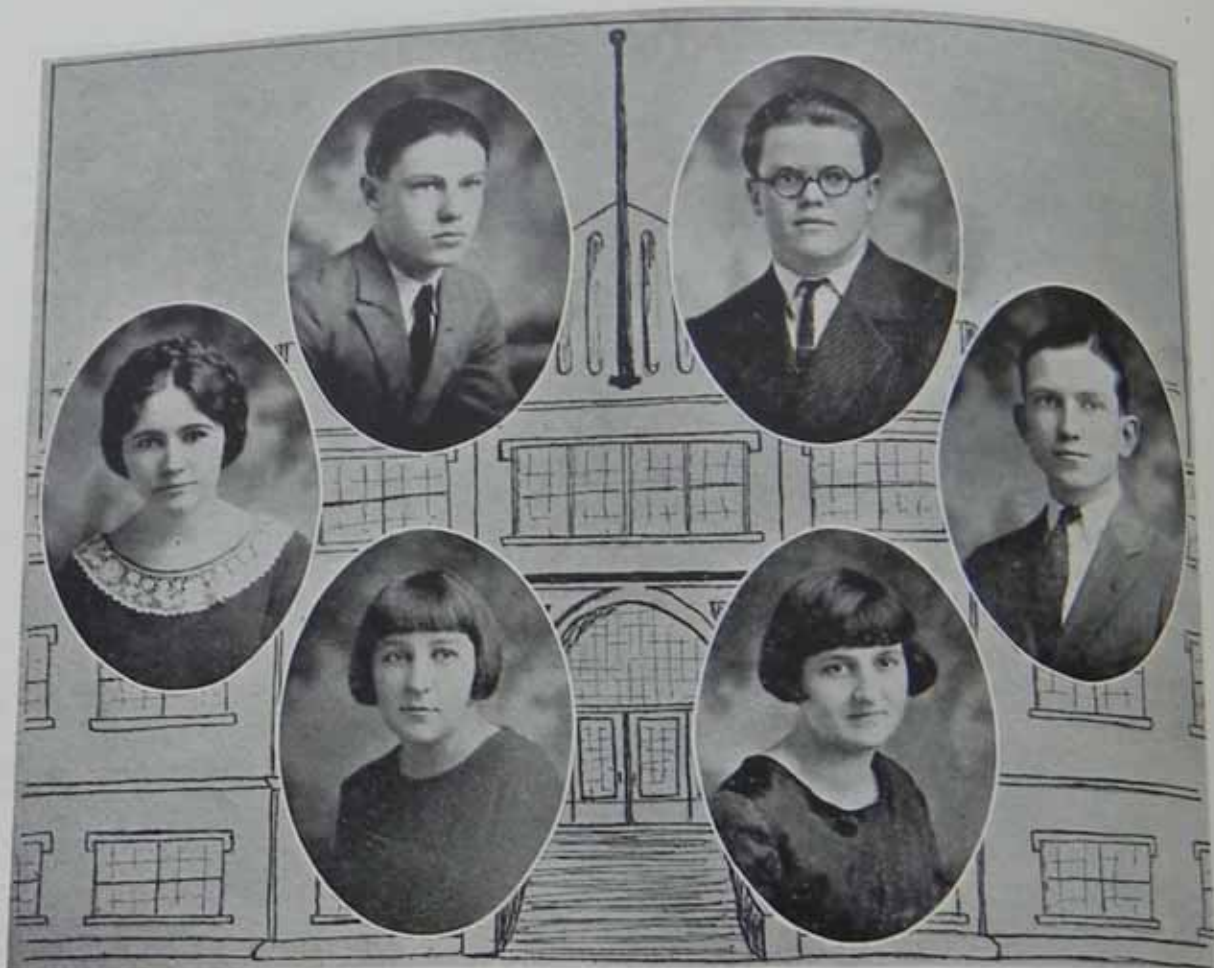
Football '23-'24; Aeolian Society '23-'24

"For even tho' vanquished he could argue still."

Samuel Hagerman

Secretary Aeolian Society; Vice-president Aeolian Society; Student Council '23-'24; Junior Class Play; Senior Class Play; Assistant Editor Retrospect.

"On their own merits
Modest men are dumb."



Benjamin Jennings

"A man of inches and every inch a man."

Paul Jeffers

Aeolian Literary Society.

"I do not profess to be a talker"

Evelyn Keen

Literary Editor Retrospect; Junior Class Play; Thalian Literary Society; Charleston Chorus '24.

"She shapes her speech all silver fine
Because she loves it so."

Paul Leach

President Student Council '25; Senior Class Play; Vice-president Junior Class. Editor Retrospect.

"I would make reason and logic my
"guide."

Elda Libotte

Gays High School '24; Agorian Literary Society.

"If silence is golden she is 24 karat."

Olive Libotte

Gays High School '23; Aeolian Literary Society.

"And in her eyes there's something like
A pathless wood that leads me on."



Olive Lilly

Student Council '23-'24; Organization Editor of Retrospect; Thalian Society.
"Tho' I am short in stature I am great in nature."

Clarke Lowe

Football '22-'23-'24; Basketball '25; Student Council '23-'25; Agorian Society.
"A football man, a basketball man
And last, but not least, a lady's man."

Glenn Marble

Football '24.
"What's in a name?"

Olive McCusker

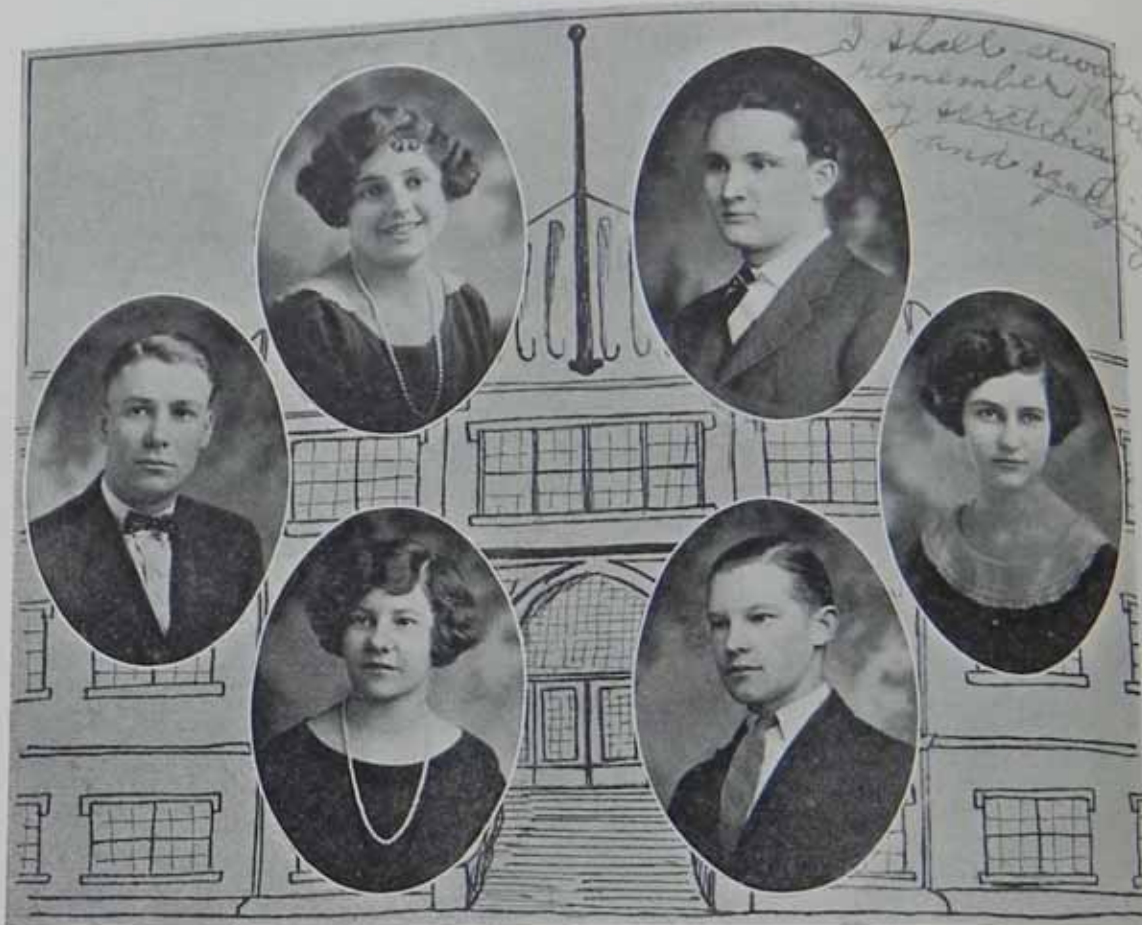
Mattoon High School; Thalian Society; Senior Class Play.
"These little things are great to man."

Leonard Mueller

Strasburg '24; Basketball '25; Vice-president Agorian Literary Society '25.
"The modesty's a candle to they merit."

Marguerite Newlin

Aeolian Literary Society; Glee Club.
"Maiden of the deep brown eyes
In whose orbs the shadow lies."



Vida Murray

Student Council '25; Snap-shot Editor of Retrospect; Agorian Society; Charleston Contestant '22-'24-'25.

"It's a very good world to live in."

Merle Powell

Basketball '24; Track '24.

"He silently goes about his business."

Bonnie Rhodes

Aeolian Literary Society.

"A voice soft and sweet as a tune that one knows."

Gerold Pearce

Agorian Literary Society; Football '23-'24.

"Things never are like they look like they're gonna be."

Louetta Ray

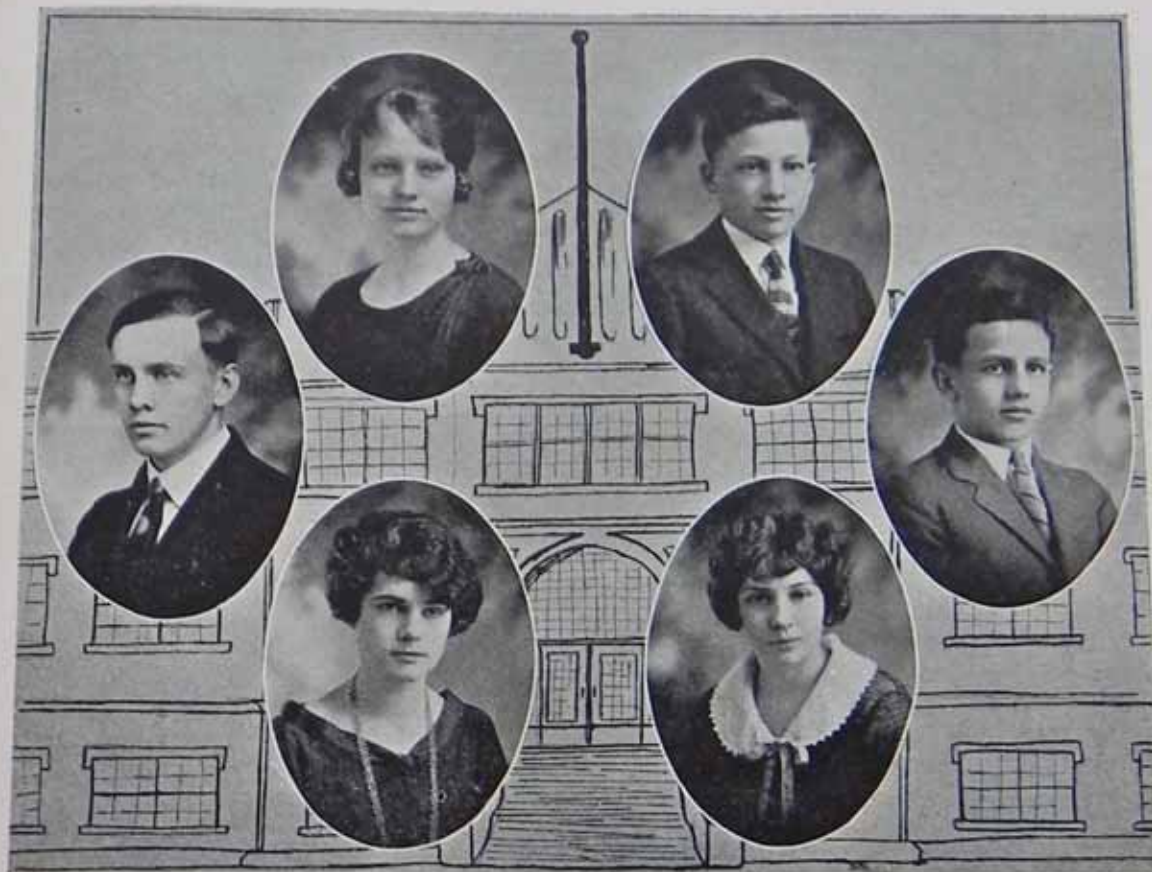
Thalian Literary Society; Decatur High School '22-'23.

"Woman may be a problem but look at the interest men would lose if they could solve her."

Clive Rhodes

Junior Class Play '24; Senior Class Play; Agorian Literary Society.

"In every deed of mischief he had a heart to resolve, a head to contrive and a hand to execute."



Vera Seitz

Thalian Literary Society.

"Good name, in man and woman, dear
My Lord, is the immediate jewel of their
souls."

Hal Sona

Aeolian Literary Society; Student Council '24.

"Of manners gentle, of affections mild
In wit a man, simplicity a child."

Altabelle Waggoner

Thalian Literary Society; Glee Club '23.

"A box of powder
And a puff
And lovely eyes
And that's enough.

Kenneth Seitz

Aeolian Literary Society.

"Women may come and women may go
But I'll stay single forever."

Purvis Tabor

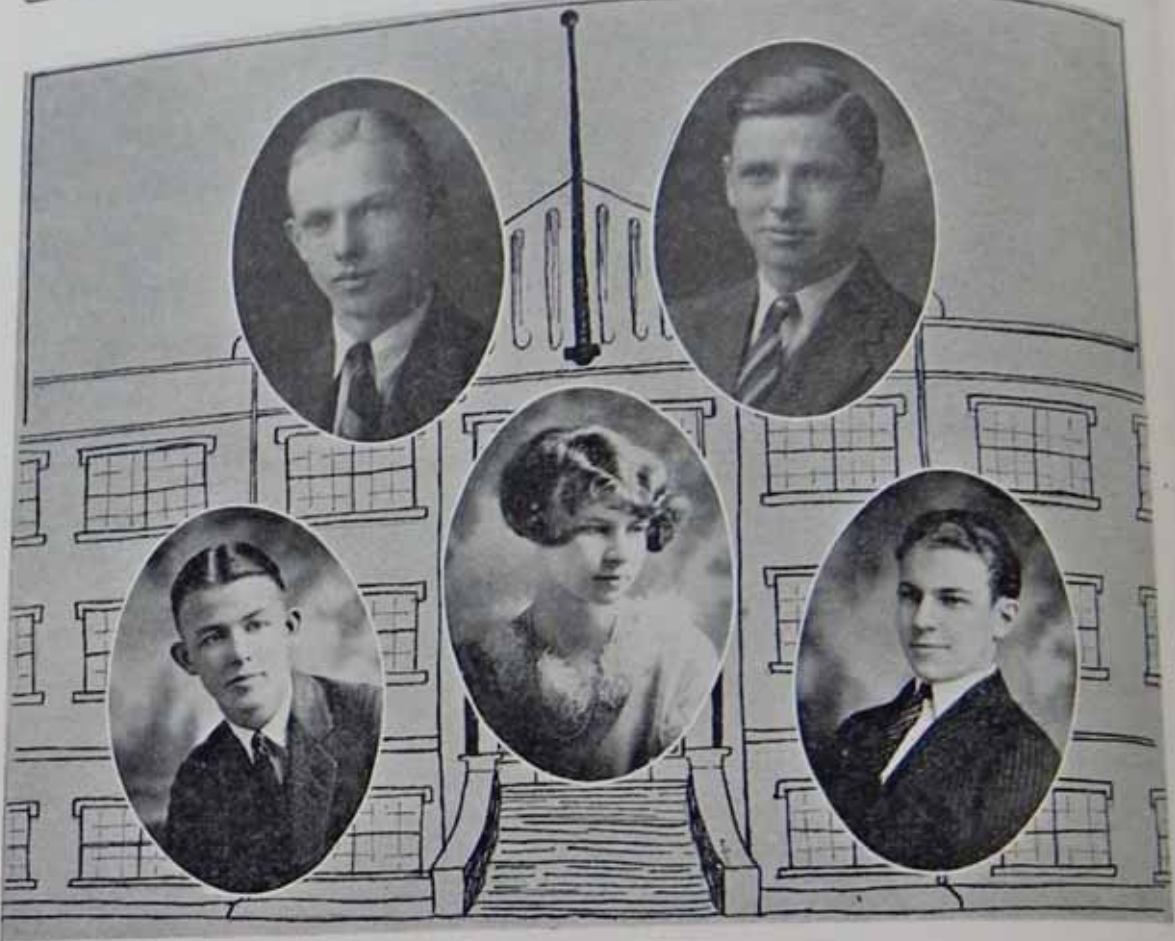
Football '24; Basketball '25

"I'm sure cares are the enemies of life."

Hazel Winchester

Aeolian Literary Society; Glee Club.

"Happiness is a habit—cultivate it!"



Hubert Kingery

"A pompadour divided against itself can not stand."

Ivan Wood

Football '23-'24; Basketball '24-25; Secretary and Sergeant at Arms of Thalian Society; Junior Class Play; Business Manager of Retrospect.

"Oh that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me!"

Henry Wright

Basketball '22-'23; '23-24; Track '24-'25; Athletic Editor Retrospect; Agorian Literary Society.

"He could distinguish and divide,
A hair, twixt south and southwest side."

Harrison York

Student Council '25; Senior Class Play; Agorian Literary Society.

"He knew what's what and that's as high
As metaphysic wit can fly."

Mary York

Secretary Aeolian Society '23; President Aeolian Society '25; Student Council '23 and '24; Calendar Editor of Retrospect.

"One reason why we have men at S. T.
H. S."



Motto—"He Conquers Who Endures"

Colors—Lavender and Silver Grey.

Flower—Lavender and White Sweet Pea.

CLASS POEM

Another year is come to end,
And Wisdom's bounteous hand
Pours out once more with last God-send
The cream of all the land.

The aged now have sought their rest,
New men must fill their place,
And, as of yore, we meet the test.
Man halts not in the race.

Twelve years has youth with patience wrought
With teacher, book and mind.
Control and knowledge he's been taught,
His forces are aligned.

But more than these his powers are,
The fire of youth lends might.
He scents the battle from afar
And longs to join the fight.

O, faltering land, rejoice, take heart,
Be once again alive.
Strong hands have come to take your part,
The class of 'twenty-five.

Dear Old Class of "25"

Time: "Take My Love to Rosalie"

Words by
Marian E. Baker

1. Ma - ny years we've been to - get - her, Dear old class of "Twen - ty five",
2. Classmates, teach - ers we'll re - mem - ber, When so far a - way we re - main.

Hap - py times we've had to - get - her, Hap - piest times in all our lives;
Oh, come back to Al - ma Ma - ter, To our dear old high school home.

But our high school days are ov - er, And we'll ne'er come back a - gain,
So — then no mat - ter whe - ther Time shall sep - ar - ate our lives,

As the care - free class we once were, Dear old class of "Twen - ty - five",
Let us meet some - times to - geth - er, Dear old class of "Twen - ty - five".

CHORUS.

Far a - way tho' we may wan - der, Tho' we may or may not thrive,

Ah, for - ev - er we'll re - mem - ber Thee, dear class of "Twen - ty - five".



HISTORY OF THE SENIOR CLASS OF 1925

In September, 1913, most of the members of the present Senior class started to school. Those of us who went to the North Side school of Sullivan were divided into two classes, having as teachers Miss Flossie Burns and Miss Sarah Powers. Under the care of these two first grade teachers, we little tots mastered the A B C's and the numbers up to fifty. We learned to read "The Five Little Pigs" and to spell such words as "cat" and "man."

The next fall we went "up stairs" to Miss Mary Powers, the second grade teacher. This was the only year in the grade schools that our class was united. Some of the pupils did some excellent reading and spelling. Fairly good works of art were also exhibited at the court house during Farmers' Institute.

Out on the playground we made good use of the swings. Most of the girls ate a small dinner when noon came and hurried back to "get a swing" before someone should take possession of it. Other pupils played "school" or "house" under the front steps, or slid down the banisters.

The second grade was not passed without some "fusses." The fuss was most always over who was going to lead the line and march down stairs first, or who was going to sit in the front seat in the first row. At times the opponents came to blows. Miss Powers was the arbiter in all cases of course.

In the fall of 1915 we entered the third grade. Miss Ola Reedy and Miss Pauline Burns had charge of the two sections of our class. This year marked the beginning of our mathematical troubles because we were required to master the multiplication tables before we could go into the fourth grade.

Miss Ruby Dickey and Miss Harshman had charge of us in the fourth grade. This year we got to slide down the fire escape which produced a "grand and glorious feeling" in us.

The next fall we went over to the South Side school for our fifth grade work. Instead of one teacher we had several. Among them were Mr. Howard Wood, Miss Blanche Martin, deceased, Mrs. Fortner, then Miss Gertrude Hoke, Mrs. George Roney, then Miss Susan Kelligar, and Miss Maurine Bone. During the year the members of our class were saddened by news of the death of our former teacher, Miss Dickey.

When we reached the sixth grade we went over to the "other side" of the South Side school. The term "other side" meant that we would have our regular study desks in the assembly room. This year was the first year that we went to different rooms for our recitations. The teachers had come to us up to this time, but now we went to them. Among our new teachers were Miss Neva Wallace, Mrs. Overstreet, deceased, then Miss Louise Hancock, Miss Mazel Fread, Mrs. Robert White, and Mrs. George, then Miss Mabel Martin.

Nothing very unusual happened in the seventh grade.

Some of our new eighth grade teachers were Mrs. Nettie Roughton, Mr. O. B. Lowe, Miss Ferne Woodruff, and Mrs. Ralph Emel, then Miss Lena Laws. Our class gave an operetta at the High School entitled "Princess Chrysanthemum." Several country students joined us during the year.

At last our memorable commencement day came—our first commencement day toward which we had looked for eight years. We had proudly chosen blue and gold for our colors, and the white rose for our class flower. The commencement was held in the Jeferson Theatre. As each one walked up to receive his diploma, a thrill went through his body—such a thrill as had never before been experienced. When the night of our commencement day drew on, our class was found in the assembly room of the South Side. Here we had our class party. When we left the familiar South Side building that night, we left our home to which we would never return as a united

(Continued at end of "Radio Party", next following)

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THE RADIO PARTY—(1936)

Ting-a-ling-a-ling.

"Hello".

"Hello, is this Eva?"

"Yes."

"This is Marian. I met some of our classmates up town this afternoon and invited them out to our house this evening. Would you like to come? It's just an informal party so that we might all get acquainted again after all these years."

"Oh, I'd love to come. Who's all going to be there?"

"There's Vida Murray, Marguerite Newlin, Lottie Ballinger, Bonny Rhodes and I want you to bring Evelyn, will you?"

"Evelyn left for Chicago this morning to attend a teacher's convention, but I shall come."

All the other guests were there when I arrived and it seemed so good to see them. Naturally we started talking about our high school days.

"Well, I surely never thought when I was taking a business course in high school that I would be the steno. in the National Bank at New York," Vida said smiling, remembering how she used to work away on the typewriter at school trying to get a perfect copy.

"No, or of my being librarian at Chicago either", said Marguerite Newlin. "Doesn't it seem strange to think what time has in store for each one of us?"

Glancing around, noticed how much the same they each looked as they did in 1925. They, of course, looked a little older but they still looked young and happy.

"Why, Lottie Ballinger, how much thinner you are! Been working too hard, haven't you? By the way, what have you been doing, I haven't heard from you for a long time."

"Well, in the first place, I must correct you in calling me Lottie Ballinger; you see, the year after I left high school I changed it to Fields. We live in Chicago but are now taking a few days' vacation visiting friends before we sail for Australia. My husband's uncle wants him to manage his sheep ranch for him so we will go there to live, for some time at least".

"Well, imagine you living in Australia! Do you think you will like it?"

"That, of course, remains to be seen. He told us we could come and stay there a year and if we liked it we could live on it always but if we didn't we could sell it or rent it to some one. I'm thinking of taking Etha along with us because she needs a rest and I want her for company."

"What's Etha been doing?"

"She's manager of one of the departments in Sherman's Dry Goods store in Chicago. She has surely made good but has worked mighty hard."

So one by one each told what she had been doing. Marian had been a teacher in S. T. H. S., teaching history. After three years of teaching she married the Principal and is now busy with the home work.

Bonnie said that she had a beauty shoppe in Decatur. She hires three girls and has a large trade.

"Did you girls hear about Marjorie Bupp?" Vida asked us. "Well, she's sailing for Cuba with an old widow. The widow wanted a companion to read, write and to help her and Marjorie took the job".

"Good for Margie, but say, Marian, let's 'tune in' on the radio. There's going to be a good program at B. G. N. that I'd like to hear. How about the rest of you "

Marian set the dials to find the announcer had just started.

"Station B. G. N. Los Angeles, Cal—We have with us this evening Miss Lorene Behen, who will sing 'Spring Song'. She will be accompanied on the piano by Freda Edmiston."

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We were all so surprised and also glad to hear Lorene. It was just as if she were with us there in the room and with Freda playing it seemed all the more natural, since they were always together.

"Station B. G. N. Los Angeles, Cal.—Mr. Lowe wishes us to announce that his son Clarke, disappeared two weeks ago after spending an evening with a girl friend of his and has not been seen since. If anyone has seen him please write to Mr. Lowe.

"When last seen he wore a coca-brown suit, hat and spats. He carries a molacca cane. He is six feet, four inches tall, weighs 195 pounds, has a black goatee and wears glasses."

Station B. G. N.—The next number will be a jazz selection by Dale Carter on his famous French harp. The first number will be, "My Shiek's the Shiekiest of the Shiekiest Shieks".

Dale then started in with all the pep and vim he always had. Bonny said she saw in the paper that everyone was crazy about him because he was always so good natured. She said he now weighed about two hundred pounds.

"Station B. G. N. We just received a telegram from Professor Paul Leach of the Law School of Pennsylvania. 'Your programs coming in fine. Enjoying it immensely.' Another one from J. Corbin, J. Dedman and G. Pearce from the 'Land of the Northern Lights'. 'Wonderful program. Used to go to school with both performers. Let's have some more'."

Los Angeles, Cal.—The famous Benjamin Jennings will now give us a talk on 'Transmorgification'. Benjamin talked in a forceful voice and was a wonderful speaker.

After his speech we turned the dial again just in time to hear the announcer in Shanghai, China, announcing that John Hankley would give a lecture on "Teaching the Chinese children basketball as it is taught in America."

We thought this would be interesting as John used to play on our team and was terribly disappointed when he started to talk in Chinese and we couldn't understand a word.

"Say, I know now who the announcer was at B. G. N. I thought his voice sounded familiar."

"Do tell us, don't keep us waiting any longer", said Lottie who always hated to be kept in suspense.

"Why it was Sam Bolin. Don't you remember how he used to drawl his words out. Why sure that was who it was."

"Funny that we never thought of that before and—wait, we've got Spain. Listen here."

"Senor Moreno, otherwise known as Purvis Tabor, will exhibit another bull fight, Feb. 1st, at the arena. This will be one of the best ever staged by him. The tickets are now on sale at the Bland Shoppe."

"Mr. Bland wishes us also to announce that he has just received a new shipment of antiques which will be on display a week from today. These antiques were brought from the old country by Leonard Mueller, who is collecting such things for William Bland."

"Purvis Tabor a bull fighter! How did it happen that he chose that for his work?"

"Why didn't you hear about that?" said Bonny. "It was this way, he was desperately in love with a girl and she was desperately in love with another man and the other man won. I suppose he thought he could best fight it out with a bull."

Another important event to take place in the near future is the arrival of the famous American dancer, Mary York, who will entertain us for several months. We are always glad to have Little Mary with us and we wish she would make her home here."

"I almost forgot to tell you what I heard last night. I was tuning in on Pittsburg

about seven-thirty and I heard Olive McCusker telling bed time stories for Parrots."

"Parrots?" we all cried at the same time.

"Yes," said Marian laughing, "just a new way of advertising children stories. She was sure good. Got her first idea when she took Public Speaking at school."

"Let's see now what they have at Kansas City; they generally have a good entertainment there. Maybe Lester Dunscomb's Jazz Orchestra will be on."

She pressed the button three times and we heard a good jazz orchestra playing the latest pieces. The trombone laughed and shrieked and the saxophone moaned and groaned. After they played several pieces they introduced the musicians and we sure were surprised to hear who they were. Lester Dunscomb, Cornet; Hubert Kingery, Banjo; Glen Marble, Drums; Henry Wright, Saxophone; Ted Cooley, Trombone.

Of course, there were many others but those were the only ones we knew. His orchestra consisted of twenty-five pieces and it sure had the "pep".

"Station W. D. A. F., Kansas City, Mo. You have just heard the best jazz orchestra in the country. The next number will be by the wonderful jazz whistler, Halbert Bolin. We have never found his equal yet.

"Before he begins I have just received a telegram from Mr. Josph Getz of Philadelphia, Pa., saying that he lost his wallet with \$3,000.00 when he was coming from New York last week. A big reward is offered to the one who finds and returns it.

"We also wish to announce that the honorable Hal Sona will lecture on 'The Wonders of Chemistry' tomorrow night. He has made a study of this for a number of years and is a teacher at the University of Florida."

Halbert whistled a number of popular pieces which were written by Erma Dale and Pauline English, two of the latest song writers. Halbert's ability to whistle had certainly improved since he had graduated.

Bernice Carson next played a violin solo which was the prettiest I had ever heard.

"Station W. D. A. F., Kansas City, Mo. The concluding number this evening will be a speech on 'Caring for the Farm', by Kenneth Seitz, a well known farmer".

"Say, girls, W. G. N. is having a good program there and at ten o'clock Clive Rhodes, the comedian, is to be on and you know how good he is. Every one is just raving about him now. They say he beats every one they ever heard."

We got W. G. N. and believe me, we weren't disappointed. Clive was just as clever and more so than he used to be at school. He sang and played on his banjo mostly popular pieces and we felt that his entertainment was about the best of the evening.

W. G. N. Chicago--Just received a telegram from Leonard Anderson and Roy Bailey of San Francisco, "Program coming in fine. Much enjoyed". You perhaps know that Mr. Anderson and Mr. Bailey are trying to solve the question, which has been before the country for so many years, whether or not Mars is inhabited. They have been working very hard and believe they can find out much more after the machine which they have ordered is completed.

This is Station W. G. N., Chicago--We will now be entertained by the famous reader, Olive Lilly. She will give some of her own works.

Olive gave a number which had been advertised as some of the best written for many years.

"Girls, it is about eleven o'clock. Let's just sit around now and have a long chat before we have to leave", said Lottie. She was anxious to hear all about her classmates as this would be the last time for several years perhaps.

"Eva, do you remember how Harrison York used to act in history? He was always such a cut-up."

"Yes, and how all the girls used to be crazy about him because of his fascinating eyes."

"Well they are yet," said Vida. "Don't you read in the newspaper how all the girls

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say he's a second Rudolph Valentino and how every actress wants to be Juliet because he is Romeo."

"Well, he's not the only one either; I heard Ivan Wood has got quite a name in the world. He's a comedian and he sure brings the crowds." Every girl thinks he is one in a million. I heard he was to be married soon."

"Not changing the subject, but have any of you seen the pictures Altabelle Wagoner has been painting? They are simply grand. So true to nature. I heard that she painted them when she was out visiting Hazel on her Western ranch."

"They are pretty, aren't they?" Marian responded. "I was talking to Altabelle several months ago and she said that the scenery on Hazel's ranch was beautiful."

"What's Hazel doing? Married, I suppose."

"Yes, and has two of the sweetest children. Altabelle had some pictures of them. She has a boy and a girl."

"Just listen here what I found in this paper, I've been looking through just now. This is from the New York Gazette,—Miss Louretta Ray has received first prize from one thousand contestants for her pretty handwriting. She is going to sail soon for France where she has a position writing letters for the designer of all the French styles."

"I'm not surprised, she always was a good writer."

"And here's something else. Violet Burchard's new book gets much praise. It is the best seller on the market and the publishers are rushed with orders for it."

"Good for Violet. I used to wonder what she would do after she left school."

"Eva, do you know what the Libotte girls are doing? Have you heard from them lately?"

"The last time I heard, Olive was working in Samuel Hagerman's hospital and Elda was a dressmaker in Detroit."

"I didn't know Samuel had a hospital."

"Well, where have you been all these years? Samuel has the cleanest, largest and the most sanitary hospital in the U. S. and every one goes there with a serious case because he is the best surgeon there is."

"Did you girls know that Vera Seitz was a Domestic Science teacher at the University of Illinois and all the pupils are crazy about her. She teaches them such nice and also economical things to make."

"Have any of you girls heard Paul Jeffers over the radio lately? He is a second when it comes to making music on the piano. I haven't heard him yet but Evelyn heard him one evening and she said it was fine."

Marian then left the room and returned with some refreshments which were much appreciated.

I happened then to look at the clock, "Why girls, just look what time it is. I must go or I'll get fired in the morning for going to sleep over the typewriter."

We each felt that we should leave but hated to part as we didn't know when we could all meet again and hear about our dear old class of '25.

—Eva Bradley, '25

("History of Senior Class of 1925", continued)

eighth grade class. We also saw a few classmates, as such, for the last time, for some did not go on to high school.

During the summer several of the graduates worked and wondered what high school was like. "Should I go to high school, or not?" was a familiar question.

In the fall of 1921 several freshmen faltered their way to the office to register. In trembling tones they told Mr. Finley what subjects they wished to take. A few days later our high school life began. Some freshmen got "lost" as all freshmen are likely to do. But soon we knew when and where to go.

After one year of freshman life we were transformed into sophomores. During this year we struggled with geometry and looked forward to the time when we could go to the Junior-Senior banquet.

In our Junior year our class distinguished themselves by winning the Moultrie County Track Meet. The class worked hard during the year and looked forward very anxiously to the time when they would be seniors.

At last, dear readers, we **are** Seniors. Our high school life is about to end. From those toddling boys and girls who started to school in 1913 we have grown to young men and women—the class of twenty-five. When our second commencement day comes and we go forward to receive our diplomas, we shall experience a feeling different to that thrill when we received our eighth grade diplomas—a feeling of mixed joy and sorrow—sorry that we are leaving our cherished home—our S. T. H. S.—yet joyful as we look forward to the pleasures the future holds in store for us, and to “the great tasks remaining before us.”

—Olive Lilly

THE SENIOR CLASS PLAY

“Dulcy,” a comedy in three acts, was presented at the high school auditorium by members of the Senior class. The play had a well chosen cast and was appreciated by a large audience.

Dulcy is a bride. In her eager determination to be helpful to her husband and her friends, she plans a week-end party at her home not far from New York. They are an ill-assorted group of people, such as only Dulcinea could summon about her. Their brief association becomes an unbroken series of hilarious tragedies. It is Dulcy's greatest blunder which unexpectedly crowns all her mistaken efforts with success.

Meanwhile she has all but ruined her husband's plans to put through an important business merger with a rich capitalist. One of her guests, a rapturous scenario writer, conspires to elope with the daughter of the capitalist, who loathes motion pictures. The plausible rich young man from Newport, whom Dulcy invites because he may be useful in assisting the aspirations of the capitalist's wife to become a writer for the films, turns out to be a harmless lunatic. The ex-convict whom she employs as a butler in her work of social uplift, steals a pearl necklace belonging to one of the guests. Everything goes wrong, including the bridge, the golf and the billiards—the last because Dulcy has disturbed the level of the table and misplaced the ivory balls. But the most exquisite torture she inflicts upon her hapless guests is when she invites the scenario writer to recite one of his hectic plots to interpretive music played at the piano by the lunatic. It is with this experience of Dulcy's bored guests that the play reaches its highest level of satirical fun. The play ends with a surprise wedding and the success of the longed-for business merger.

The cast was as follows:

Dulcinea, the well-meaning but ill-fated bride	- - - - -	Lottie Ballinger
Gordon Smith, her long-suffering husband	- - - - -	Halbert Bolin
William Parker, her whimsical, sarcastic brother	- - - - -	Ivan Wood
C. Roger Forbes, the bored, exasperated capitalist	- - - - -	Paul Leach
Mrs. Forbes, the distracted wife	- - - - -	Olive McCusker
Angela Forbes, the charming, romantic daughter	- - - - -	Lorene Behen
Schuyler VanDyck, a “wealthy” gentleman with an hallucination,	- - - - -	Samuel Hagerman
Tom Sterrett, the talkative advertising agent	- - - - -	Henry Wright
Vincent Leach, the eloquent scenarist	- - - - -	Harrison York
Blair Patterson, an embarrassed relative of VanDyck	- - - - -	Clark Lowe
Henry, the butler with a past	- - - - -	Benjamin Jennings



THE 1923-1924 JUNIORS WIN INTER-CLASS TRACK MEET

Among the new activities added to the S. T. H. S. list during the year 1923 and 1924, the Inter-class Track Meet seems to be important. It proved very interesting, as well as beneficial. It served as a preliminary meet, and enabled the coaches to choose those people who would likely represent the school in the invitational meet which followed.

All classes were well represented, with the exception of the Freshmen. The other three were very well matched, and of course strong opposition was exhibited by each, since nothing could have been as near unbearable, as the thought of defeat at the hands of an opposing classman.

The Juniors however, were the victors by a small margin, and were accordingly presented with the above banner, which was made up in the junior colors of lavender and silver gray.

THE HIGH SCHOOL PRESS CONVENTION

At the fourth annual convention, held by the Illinois State High School Press Association on November 20, 21, and 22, Sullivan High was represented. Due to a motion from the Senior class, the editor was sent, as the representative.

Strange as it may seem, there were perhaps some 600 other delegates present and all were bent upon getting all of the information possible. It took little time to decide that it was not a meeting for the benefit of the annual publications, but instead for newspapers. However, much good was derived from examining various last year's books and noting the comments given by competent critics. In addition to this much of the business discussions about newspapers, applied to the annuals, and a special round table talk concerning this phase of publication was enjoyed.

The S. T. H. S. was not wholly left out of the business affairs but was represented on the Co-operation Committee.

Social events were not lacking for an informal entertainment was given at the Champaign High, on Thursday afternoon. Thursday evening was spent in an informal meeting in the lobby of the University Hall, while a "Journalism Jamboree" was given at six o'clock on the following evening.

ALUMNI NOTES

- Zelma Crist, nurse, Decatur
 Beulah Murray, stenographer, Decatur
 Lola Rhodes, stenographer, Decatur
 Gladys Young, clerk, Decatur
 James Sullivan, home, Sullivan
 Everett Worsham, U. of I., Champaign
 Claudia Ledbetter, Eastern Illinois State Teachers College, Charleston
 Blanche Newbould, nurse, Decatur
 Walter Lane, home, Sullivan
 Harry Hill, home, Sullivan
 Gladys Moore, home, Sullivan
 Philis Harshman, Dr. Butler's Dentist office, Sullivan
 Marian Harshman, home, Sullivan
 Vera Freemon, home, Sullivan
 Edna Estes, teacher, Bethany
 Helen Estes, teacher, Sullivan
 Opal Rauch, home, Bruce
 Laverne Chaney, Home Telephone Co., Sullivan
 Grace Grider, Home Telephone Co., Sullivan
 Vida Freese, Normal, Bloomington
 Lauren Hamm, creamery, Strasburg
 Olen Kull, Knox College, Galesburg
 Louis Shultz, traveling salesman, Stewardson
 Clarence Engle, Brown's Business College, Decatur
 Bertha Appelt, teacher, Stewardson
 Genevieve Mautz, Millikin, Decatur
 Mildred Custer, teacher, Stewardson
 Daisy Burchard, Eastern Illinois State Teachers College, Charleston
 Eva Behen, Secretary at S. T. H. S., Sullivan
 Helen Keyes, teacher, Bruce
 Lester Barnes, U. of I. Champaign
 Caroline Jennings, Brown's Business College, Bloomington
 Katherine Robinson, Brown's Business College, Galesburg
- Cecil Creath, U. of I., Champaign
 Opal Andres, Eastern Illinois State Teachers College, Charleston
 Charles Abrams, home, Sullivan
 Ferne Ashbrook, home, Sullivan
 Mabel Blackwell, Montgomery Ward & Co., Chicago.
 Valete Carnine, home, Sullivan
 Doris Carter, home, Sullivan
 Hubert Cole, home, Sullivan
 Wesley Cole, home, Sullivan
 Louise Cornwell, married, Mrs. Guy Taylor, Sullivan
 Gladys Darst, home, Bruce
 Otis Davis, home, Allenville
 Katherine Doner, home, Sullivan
 Olive Elder, Eastern Illinois State Teachers College, Charleston
 Noble Ellis, home, Sullivan
 Philip Floyd, Eastern Illinois State Teachers College, Charleston
 Alta Frederick, Montgomery Ward & Co., Chicago
 Ferne Garrett, Illinois College, Jacksonville
 Raymond Getz, home, Sullivan
 Dorothy Lee, Tabor's Garage, Sullivan
 Otha Mills, home, Decatur
 Edna Mullins, Masonic Home, Sullivan
 Mildred Powell, home, Sullivan
 Opal Purvis, stenographer at U. of I., Champaign
 Lee Roughton, Eastern Illinois State Teachers College, Charleston
 Bernadine Shuman, U. of I., Champaign
 Charles Shuman, U. of I., Champaign
 Amiee Thackwell, saleslady, Sullivan
 Mary Warner, married, Sullivan
 Madeline Weaver, Mattoon
 Kyle Wiard, Florida
 Lorena Wood, home, Sullivan
 Daisy Yarnell, Spark's College, Shelbyville.



Junior

Little handsome with
winning ways.

Remember me
as a friend in
your place
Kinestry Club
Jan 1926

I'll
always
remember
you as one of
the boys who
helped
it stay
I hope
I never
forget you
you will
be as me
20 1/2
your
4-27-26

STHS RETROSPECT 1925



THE JUNIOR CLASS in Beconnelly
Ruth I will never forget you

From left to right, they are: First row: Elmo Carnine, Helen Newbould, George Wiard, Harriett Tusler, Lloyd Brown, Mervin Kingery, William Rhodes, Valeria Hodge, Albert Pierce, Martha Harkless and Delmar Elder.

Second row: John Earl Collins, Lucille Chaney, Keith Grigsby, Orpha Goodwin, James Campbell, Nina Loveless, Billie Crist, Clara Robinson, Marjorie Bolin, Alameda Abraham and Viva Graham.

Third row: Miss. Lewis, John Fleshner, Ruth Harris, Diamond Frantz, Charles Buxton, Cleo Pierson, Matilda Bathe, Clarence Watson, Vera Wooley, Glody Rose, Helen Whitfield and Mac Freese.

Fourth row: Percy Ledbetter, Lucy May Moore, Talbot Bradley, Charlotte Duncan, Earl Nighswander, Ruth Bell, Hazel Rose, Mary Crane, Ada Creath, Charles McMahan, Opal Mathia, Clara Devore, James Schull, Grace Keyes and Marie Henderson.

Fifth row: Charles Kellar, Gladys Sickafus, Kenneth Lowe, Kenneth Johnson, Fern Burwell, Harold Yarnell, Sibba Sullivan, Glenn Wright, Olive Grigsby, Paul Dolan and Mary L. Ashbrook.

Sixth row: Mary Finley, Harold Lee, Ruth Tabor, Otis Burcham, John B. Miller, Kenneth Purvis, Robert Wilson and Loren Kelley.

Can you
all say
100's
thomely

you sure are a
speed friend at
dancing Hups
Mrs. Flashner

"She sure
burns the
Hups up"
C.C.

I'll always remember
you by your cute
smile for a friend
Hurry

CLASS OFFICERS

Delmar Elder	-		President
Charles Buxton	-		Vice-president
Glen Wright	-		Secretary
John Fleshner	-		Treasurer

Class Flower—Pink Rose Bud.
 Motto—"Let Deeds Prove."
 Colors—American Beauty Red and Jade Green.

THE JUNIOR CLASS HISTORY

On September 1, 1922 one hundred and thirty verdant and awe-stricken students entered the S. T. H. S. to start work that would eventually lead to graduation. Now we have passed three of the mile-stones and are now ready to start the journey toward the fourth.

On Monday morning we came to school, wandered around and awaited developments. We were assigned our seats, told where to hang our wraps and were told a few other things that we should and should not do. Then several weeks after we were all settled and busy at our work, we were told that the Freshmen class was to hold a class meeting. We met and after the meeting three more-or-less surprised students left the room with the knowledge that they had been placed on the student council. The rest of the year passed uneventfully and we were dismissed for the Summer vacation well satisfied with our work.

In the next year eighty-three of us returned; forty-seven having fallen by the way-side. Our class life went on in much the same manner as the year before, but we were more sure of ourselves this year and we were not quite so much bother. Our class was well represented in all activities and every-one knew that even if we were not so many in numbers that the class of '26 was still in school.

In 1924-25 seventy of us returned. We then entered upon the busiest year of our school-life. The officers were elected, Delmar Elder was chosen president; Charles Buxton, vice-president; Glen Wright, secretary and John Fleshner, treasurer. Miss Lewis was our adviser. In athletics, as well as all activities, the Juniors were well represented. On the football team, the most successful athletic team produced from our high school in recent years, eight Juniors were on the first team. One of the two most important events that took place in the Junior year was the class play, "And Home Came Ted". The other was getting under way the Junior-Senior banquet.

Thus the Class of 1926 passed the events of the third year in high school. May we assume the dignities and responsibilities of our Senior year as students worthy of praise, and may we overcome obstacles as easily in the future as we have in the past.

—Robert B. Wilson, '26.

"AND HOME CAME TED"

On December 18 the Junior Class presented "And Home Came Ted" as its annual class play. The play was a three act comedy, the plot of which was interesting and characterization excellent.

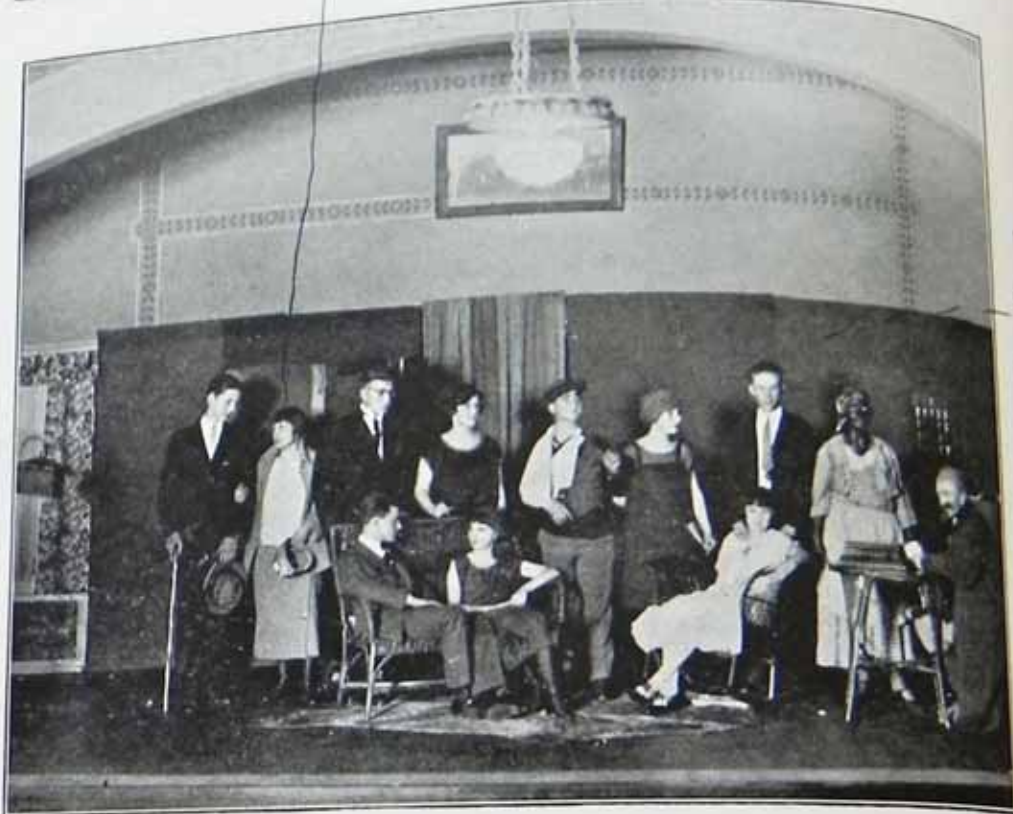
The action of the comedy occurred at the Rip Van Winkle in the Catskill Mountains.

Glen Wright as Mr. Man, a mining engineer, is the rightful heir to a furniture factory which Talbot Bradley as Ira Stone is trying to control by villanous methods. This was prevented by the plucky little housekeeper Mollie Mackin, Marjorie Bolin, and the clerk, Skeet Kelly or Keith Grigsby, who asumed these roles to perfection.

Delmar Elder as Jim Ryker, the lawyer, was instrumental in frustrating the schemes of the villain, resorting at times to the use of disguise which was cleverly car-

You know I never did have any brains Ruthie but at least I can have a good time at good parties with friends dance & party

STHS RETROSPECT 1925



THE JUNIOR CLASS PLAY

Those sitting, from left to right: Talbot Bradley, Clara Robinson, Ruth Harris and Delmar Elder. Those standing: Robert Wilson, Helen Newbould, Harold Yarnell, Marjorie Bolin, Keith Grigsby, Valeria Hodge, Glen Wright and Charlotte Duncan.

ried out. A nice test of comedy was presented in his evasion of his supposed-to-be widow, Henrietta Darby or Clara Robinson.

Ruth Harris effectively played the part of Diana Garwood, the charming rich heiress who was always ready to give her aid to Mollie.

Miss Loganberry, the spinster, was played by Valeria Hodge, whose characterization and old-maidish ways added comedy to the action.

Charlotte Duncan depicted the character of Aunt Jubilee, the negro cook. Her negro dialect and expression of superstitious ideas were given in a highly satisfactory manner.

Ted, the groom, who was mistaken for the real Ted, and Elsie, his bride, were Robert Wilson and Helen Newbould who played their parts well as did Harold Yarnell in the character of Senator McCorkle, the father of Elsie.

The complication of situations made the comedy complete throughout.

An orchestra conducted very efficiently by Sylvan Baugher, furnished the music. A musical number by Helen Newbould and Chas. McMahan was an added feature.

The High School Orchestra played several pieces before the opening of the play. Keith Grigsby, in behalf of the cast, presented Miss Lewis with a bouquet of roses

as a token appreciative of her efficient coaching.

—Helen Whitfield, '26

HIGH SCHOOL LIFE

Editor—Ruth E. Harris.
 Ass't Editor—Charlotte Duncan.
 Literary Editor—Helen Whitfield.

Athletic Editor—Sylvan Baugher.
 Joke Editor—Loren Kelley.
 Typist—Mervin Kingery.

SULLIVAN WINS

Sullivan won over Lovington by an easy victory here last Saturday night. The game was played fast in most of the places. With Tabor starring and Mueller at guard playing a wonderful game.

Lovington defeated the Red and Black several weeks ago but Sullivan came back strong. The first half was 7 to 3 for the Red and Black and in the second half was 7 to 3, still in favor of the Sullivan team.

The team came out all bloomed out in new Red and Black sweater shirts.

Don't forget the big tournament.

Sullivan—13	G	F	TP
Lowe, f -----	0	0	0
Tabor, f -----	4	2	10
K. Purvis, c -----	0	0	0
Wood, c -----	0	0	0
Mueller, g -----	0	3	3
Hinton, g -----	0	0	0
Total -----	4	5	13

Lovington—6	G	F	TP
Dixon, f -----	0	0	0
Piarcy, f -----	0	1	1
Hoover, f -----	0	0	0
Simpson, f -----	0	1	1
Cook, c -----	0	0	0
Heinsch, g -----	0	0	0
Hewitt, g -----	0	0	0
Foster, g -----	1	2	4
Total -----	1	4	6

Referee—Williams.
 Umpire—McLane.

The girls gym class showed the boys how to play basketball last Saturday night. The game was somewhat slow in

places. Some of the girls starred while others did not. Jennie M. Cummins starred.

The lineup follows:

Green

Cummins, f; Hagerman, f; G. Wood (capt.); N. Lee, sid. c; M. Harrington, g; C. Harris, g; V. Harsh; L. Ledbetter; M. Kinsel.

Red

M. Buxton, f; D. Whitman, f; E. Harshman, c (capt.); R. Winchester, sid. c; F. Carr, g; B. Lawson, g; L. Harshman; J. Roderick.

—Sylvan Baugher.

LEAGUE BAIT

(By S. Edgar Baugher)

It looks like we're going to have several champion teams for this year's League. It will be hard to pick an all-star team. But the way old "Ballie" has selected a team will be a knockout. William Heacock, center; John Miller, forward; Wayne Miller, forward; Joe Ashbrook, guard and Paul Dolan, guard. This report is not official.

Scores.

Wednesday, 14—Bulldogs 7; Missourians, 17.

Monday, 19—Marines, 6; Hoboes, 3.

Tuesday, 20—Kagers, 12; Weasles, 14.

Monday, 17—Sea Hawks 16; Negroes 11.

Scores.

	W	L	Pct.
Aggies -----	4	0	.1000
Marines -----	4	1	.800
Midgets -----	3	1	.800
Negroes -----	2	2	.700
Weasles -----	3	1	.500
Ducking Ducks -----	2	2	.500

IN REGARD TO HIGH SCHOOL LIFE

At the beginning of the year it was suggested that the Junior Class should publish in the papers of this city the events that took place in the high school; themes, poems and other things that would be of interest to the patrons of the S. T. H. S. under the heading of the "High School Life". Editors were selected who were to serve four weeks apiece. These editors were to select their staff. The following were the editors selected for this work.

1. Keith Grigsby
2. James Campbell
3. Ruth Harris

4. Charlotte Duncan
5. Talbot Bradley
6. Vera Wooley

These students worked hard to make the High School Life the success it was. The jokes were good, there were many good themes, all the things that took place at our school were well written and due credit should be given the editor and their staffs for this work.

—Robert B. Wilson, '26.

THE JUNIOR-SENIOR BANQUET

The Juniors entertained the Seniors in the high school gymnasium on Friday evening, May 1st. The banquet carried out a May-pole and May-time idea. There were May-poles on each of the tables with streamers running down to the place-cards. There were also May-poles in each corner of the gym with streamers gay. The colors used for the decorations were lavender, grey, blue and pink. The following dinner was served:

The Menu

- | | | |
|--------------------|--------------------------|-----------------|
| Fruit Cocktail | | |
| Chicken Croquettes | | Hot Rolls |
| Mashed Potatoes | Giblet Gravy | Olives |
| | Creamed Peas in Timbales | |
| Butterfly Salad | | Saratoga Flakes |
| | Pickles | |
| | Brick Ice Cream | |
| | Coffee | Cake |
| Nuts | | Mints |

Between courses the following numbers were given:

- | | |
|--|--|
| Quartette—"Howdy-do, Senior Class"—
Talbot Bradley, Charlotte Duncan,
Clara Robinson, Robert Wilson. | Orchestra Music
Vaudeville Act, "Pilsner and Poppy
Seed"—George Hoke and Mac
Grigsby. |
| Solo, "Maytime"—Talbot Bradley | |

Then with Delmar Elder as toast master, the following toasts were given:

- | | |
|-------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| May Day - - - Miss Edmiston | May Poles - - - Mr. Brown |
| May Flowers - - - Evelyn Keen | Mayhaps - - - Keith Grigsby |

The banqueters were then ajourned to the assembly where the following program was presented by the Juniors:

- | | |
|---------------------------------------|---------------------------|
| "A Box of Monkeys". Two Act Play | |
| Edward Ralston - - - Talbot Bradley | Mrs. Ondegho-Jhones - - - |
| Sierra Bengaline - - - Helen Newbould | - - - Charlotte Duncan |
| Chauncey Oglethorpe - - - Glen Wright | |
| Lady Guinevere Llandpoore - - - | Radio Program. |
| - - - Clara Robinson | Fashion Follies. |

—Robert Wilson, '26.



Saphumare

Love
your mother
and
love your father
and
love your sister
and
love your brother
and
love your friends
and
love your school
and
love your country
and
love your world

I'm
kind
of
a
saxophone
player.

Remember
me
as
a
saxophone
player.

John E. Harsh

Remember
the first row
of
elder.
Remember
the first row
of
elder.
Remember
the first row
of
elder.

STHS RETROSPECT 1925



Remember
the first
row
of
elder

THE SOPHOMORE CLASS

From left to right, they are: First row: William Heacock, Ruth Winchester, Everett Drew, Velva Sullivan, Gerald Elder, Vivian Harsh, Glenn Keen, Bertha Roley, Orville Seitz, Lenna Price and Leonard Herendeen.

Second row: Eloise Harshman, Charles Rhodes, Marguerite Harris, Royce Roley, Mabeline Lilly, Harold Hoskins, Ruth Pifer, George Hoke, Mildred Buxton, Eugene Drew, Daisy Jeffers and Robert Hancock.

Third row: Inez King, Harold Perry, Eileen Hagerman, Homer Johnson, Ruth Davis, Roscoe Lane, Gladys Wood, Herman Martin, Fern Sickafus, Melvin Bolin and Merle Kinsel.

Fourth row: Margaret Harrington, Hazel Wucherpfenig, Drucilla Whitman, Jennie M. Cummins, John Harshman, Bernice Lawson, Cecil Robertson, Laveta Bolin, Collie Baker, Meda Harris, Ada Palmer and Lenora Haley.

Fifth row: Lula Graven, Virginia Poland, Margaret Butts, William Dedman, Rosetta McKim, Ruth Condon and Fannie Carr.

OUR HISTORY

We are just Sophomores! When I say "just" I mean that we are not at all conceited but we are really very proud of the fact.

We will begin with our history when we started in the first grade.

Most of us were just six years old. We were extraordinarily intelligent and everyone knew that we would make an eminent class. We had lots of "pep" to begin with and I am glad to say that we have retained some.

Our first year we wore out the teacher's patience many times as well as wearing out numerous paddles.

The second year everyone was acquainted and we weren't quite so mischevious as previously.

Love
and your mother
and loved your father
Love
and your father
I'm here come you
find me!
Love
I'm here come you
find me!
Love
I'm here come you
find me!

Remember
to remember
love to your sister.
7-5

STHS RETROSPECT 1925



It's me
"a nut."
Remember
me as a
saxophone
player.
Don E. Heacock

Remember
the first
assembly

THE SOPHOMORE CLASS

From left to right, they are: First row: William Heacock, Ruth Winchester, Everett Drew, Velva Sullivan, Gerald Elder, Vivian Harsh, Glenn Keen, Bertha Roley, Orville Seitz, Lenna Price and Leonard Herendeen.
 Second row: Eloise Harshman, Charles Rhodes, Marguerite Harris, Royce Roley, Mabeline Lilly, Harold Hoskins, Ruth Pifer, George Hoke, Mildred Buxton, Eugene Drew, Daisy Jeffers and Robert Hancock.
 Third row: Inez King, Harold Perry, Eileen Hagerman, Homer Johnson, Ruth Davis, Roscoe Lane, Gladys Wood, Herman Martin, Fern Sickafus, Melvin Bolin and Merle Kinsel.
 Fourth row: Margaret Harrington, Hazel Wucherpfenig, Drucilla Whitman, Jennie M. Cummins, John Harshman, Bernice Lawson, Cecil Robertson, Laveta Bolin, Collie Baker, Meda Harris, Ada Palmer and Lenora Haley.
 Fifth row: Lula Graven, Virginia Poland, Margaret Butts, William Dedman, Rosetta McKim, Ruth Condon and Fannie Carr.

The third year was very gratifying. We had an "occasional sweetheart" and really idolized our teacher.

Next we were transferred to the South Side. There, we were divided into two classes the "A" and the "B" and in our "particular case" this stood for "absolutely the best."

Our fifth year we entered very light heartedly. However, I will say we had this all taken out of us before we finished. The reason for this miserable year was—the multiplication tables. Most of us waded through, nevertheless, leaving only a few of our number behind.

The sixth grade was much different. It was a long step in our young lives. We mingled with the seventh and eighth graders and therefore we felt very large.

The seventh grade was not so great a change, notwithstanding the fact that this was our poetic age. We all felt very romantic. We did our studies with a zeal to be admired, however, there was a lightness in the air that told of perfect contentment.

The last year in the grades we were advised, warned and threatened. We began having quizzes so that we would be accustomed to them at High School.

Every teacher prophesied "hard work" ahead;
Every eighth grader lived in anxiety and dread.

Thank goodness, that year passed swiftly and it was not long until commencement.

We sat on the stage, the day of commencement feeling important, trying to look dignified and taking life very seriously.

Then—and this is the sad part—before we knew it we were Freshies.

We had intended to be the biggest toad in the puddle but found ourselves to be only little "tadpoles" drifting about.

Every time we walked down the hall we would try to dodge an upper classman but invariably we would dodge into the wrong room.

We had one fault, as a class that simply could not be cured. Everyone of us were guilty of it some time or other. That fault was "blushing." When we had displayed some of our ignorance it made it twice as bad when we blushed. I might add we have outgrown this defect now, for we are "Sophomores."

The six weeks tests were hard enough oh, my! But we soon discovered it would not be long until semester.

Semesters! Where had we heard that word before? Did we study hard? Well I should say! We worked on our lessons all of the time and I might say made excellent grades the last two weeks of the semester, but it was too late.

Many of us were forced to take these tests and would you believe it? Some, or I should say "most everyone" passed.

NOW things have changed. We are Sophomores, upper classmen.

We have outgrown the age of worries and now are practically carefree. We know "how" to study and so it doesn't require near all of our time.

Some of our leisure time we spend in comforting and consoling the forlorn Freshmen.

We have a great deal of musical talent in our class, of which we are very proud. We are well represented in athletics. And last of all we try our level best to uphold the standards of the school.

We were brilliant as Freshmen but as Sophomores "we are—famous."

We are the Sophomore class of '25.

Watch us!

—Jennie Margaret Cummins.

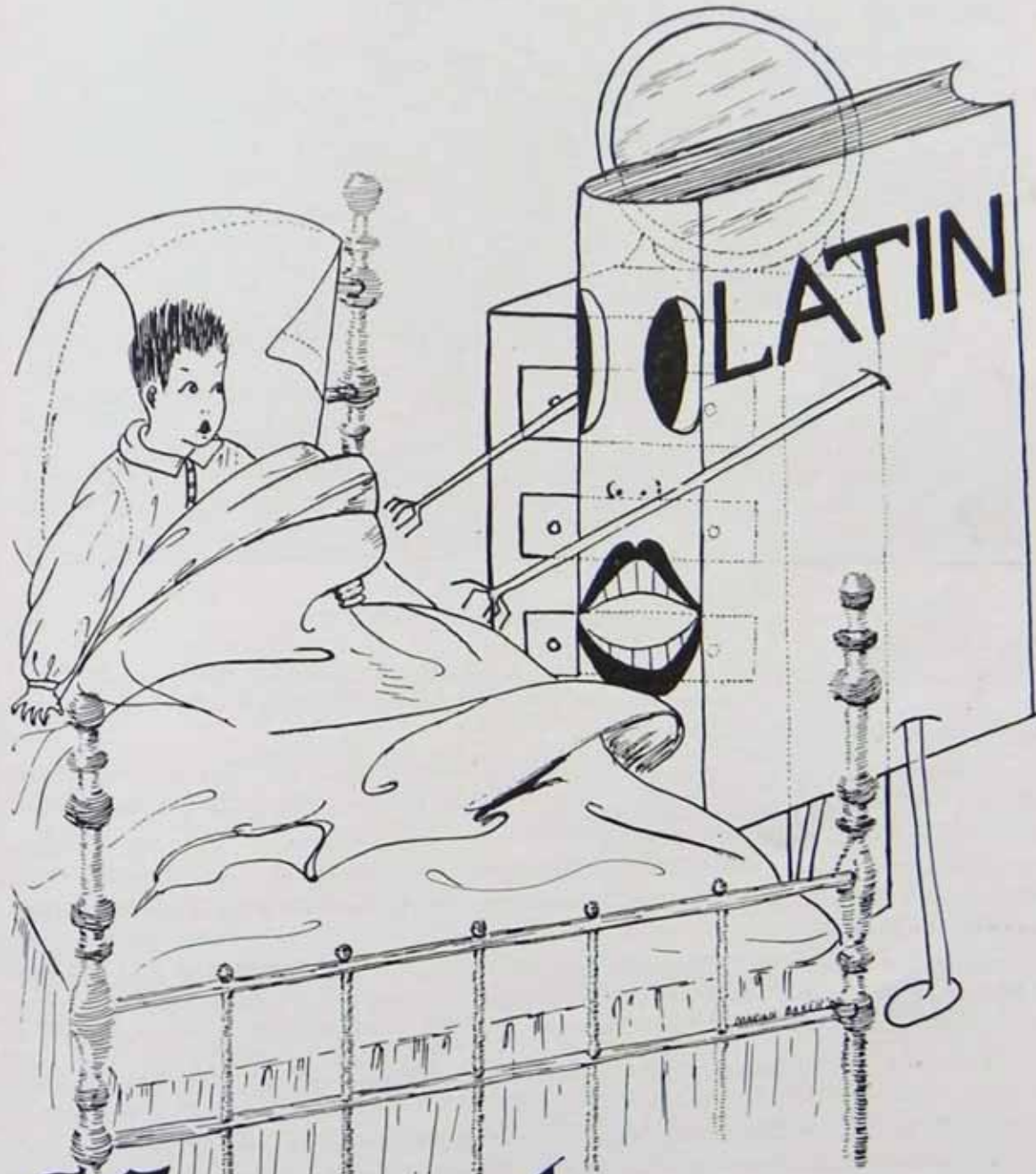
HIGH SCHOOL CALENDAR

SEPTEMBER

- Sept. 1. School begins with an enrollment of 296.
 Sept. 3. Mr. Brown acquaints us with the rules and regulations of the school.
 Sept. 8. We are reseated.
 Sept. 9. Distance only lends enchantment to Fred and Drucilla.
 Sept. 12. Miss English discovers that others know of her friendship with Mr. Henderson.
 Sept. 15. Be careful Drucilla! Those smiles of Miss Pape's very seldom escape Fred.
 Sept. 17. Miss Lewis keeps Gerald Tusler after class so that she can learn how to pronounce his name.
 Sept. 19. We all get a thrill at the first pep meeting.
 Sept. 20. Can it be true! S. T. H. S. beats Arthur 6 to 0. Ratio and proportion: Miss English and William Heacock drive to Newman.
 Sept. 21. Harrison and Freda are both asleep 6th hour. Wonder why??
 Sept. 22. Lorene has a birthday today. John says so, anyhow.
 Sept. 23. Mr. and Mrs. Mills from the M. E. church entertain us.
 Sept. 24. Edna Getz seeks a date for the party. Harrison is very agreeable.
 Sept. 25. Joe Getz informs the American History class that the early colonists failed to live and died.
 Sept. 26. Literary Societies organize.
 Sept. 27. We tie Newman.
 Sept. 29. Pshaw, Girls! I thought Windsor had better looking fellows than that, didn't you?
 Sept. 30. Three girls and a teacher in the rest room today.

OCTOBER

- Oct. 1. Poor Ruth! Will she ever learn when to keep still in cooking?
 Oct. 3. Mahomet beats Sullivan 12-0. Rotten referee??
 Oct. 4. What next! Harold Lee takes Miss Lewis to Arthur!
 Oct. 5. Mary Finley and Bob have a little spat. Now Bob will try to do better next time.
 Oct. 6. Yes, Vida, we'll agree with you that Strasburg does put out some good looking sweaters.
 Oct. 7. More scandal about Mr. Henderson! He was seen walking to school with Maxine Robertson today.
 Oct. 8. Excitement in 5th hour English IV. class. Cause; ask John Bupp and Loren Kelly.
 Oct. 9. More excitement! Ask Harrison York and Bill Bland the cause this time. Perhaps they were practicing yell leading.
 Oct. 10. Keith Grigsby announces the football game between the first and second years and the grades. We are very proud of the captain and coach of the first and second years team.
 Oct. 11. Another victory! Sullivan beats Monticello 6-0.
 Oct. 13. Leonard discovers that Edna Getz makes a good taxi driver.
 Miss English comes to school with her hair bobbed.
 Oct. 14. Excused at 11:00 o'clock to see Mr. Davis, the democratic nominee.
 Oct. 15. There is a breathless moment as the grade cards are given out.
 Oct. 16. Sale of pep germs. Did they work! Well I should say!
 Oct. 17. No school on account of Teachers' Institute.
 Sullivan beats Lovington 8-0. Oh boy! I'll say we've got a team.



Freshman



THE FRESHMAN CLASS

From left to right, they are: First row: Kenneth Anderson, Blanda Grounds, John Hollonbeck, Elda Wallace, Robert Carter, Genevieve Daum, George Sabin, Olive Dazey, Alvine Keen, Lois Davis and Ervin Haley.

Second row: Gerald Newbould, Naomi Lee, Juanita Roderick, Mac Grigsby, Irene Mattox, Juanita Thomas, Glenn Clark, Gladys Elder, Wayne Miller, Elsie Burwell, Donald Jenkins, Martha Yates and Lloyd Kenney.

Third row: Virgil Collins, Maxine Robertson, John Maxedon, Ralph Bowers, Opal Henderson, John Graven, Alice Schull, Hildreth Walker, Coleen Conard, John Niccum and Alberta Monroe.

Fourth row: Dean Bell, Kenneth Randall, Gerald Cazier, William Mattox, Joseph Ashbrook, Letha Ledbetter, Stanley Bragg, Olive Taylor, George Thompson, Gertrude Davis, John Nighswander and Olive Hoskins.

Fifth row: Verne Kellar, Alva Short, Carmen Harris, Evelyn Finley, Wallace Ritchey, Francis Webb, Mabel Henderson, Clarence Cochran, Fern Elzy, Sybel Beck, Carol Carson, Jessie Craven, Dorothy Clark, Dale Landers, Ernest Craven, Helen Myers.

Sixth row: Wenzel Nedden, Ora Purvis, Claudia Yarnell, Rosy Graven, Vayne Garrett, Elta Collins, Orville Stain and Clifton Bolin.

Seventh row: Don Newlin, Daisy Harris, Lucia Harshman, Agnes Wright, Marion Woodring, Aanabelle Devore, Mary Elizabeth Leeds and Carlton Purvis.

Eighth row: Blanche Hall, Daisy Jeffers, Wayne Righter, Rex Donaker, Doris Graven, Hulbert Hinton, Russell Freemon, Forrest Freemon, Lynn Ledbetter, Glenn Landers and Clyde Coventry.

CLASS OF '28

When we Freshies came to high school, we thought that a change from eight or ten subjects to four subjects, would make life easy. After we had studied about a week, we changed our minds and got down to work.

When the football season rolled around, we showed the school what kind of men we had in our class. Two Freshmen were on the football squad. In basketball we again furnished two men.

Being a Freshman class we have not had much time to make history, but before we are through with high school life, we intend to have a great number of good achievements to our credit.

—Mac Grigsby.

A Good Motto.

It is better to love a short girl than to never have loved a-tall.

In gymnasium, after hurrying very much, the following conversation was overheard:

Carmen Harris: "You have your slippers on the wrong feet haven't you, 'Peggy'?"

Marguerite Harrington: "Why you poor goop, these are the only feet I have."

Hal Sona: "What would you do if you saw a woman being washed out to sea?"

Mac Grigsby: "I'd throw her a cake of soap."

Hal: "Why the soap?"

Mac: "Why, to wash her back."

Found on a Freshman's theme: "The horse that Bill killed yesterday isn't dead yet."

Dear Teacher: Ples exkuse Mary frum skul 2 day, she got wet in the a. m. and tuk a chill in the p. m.

Glen Clark: "What kind of skins are used for slippers?"

Gerald Newbould: "Banana skins."

Mr. Mills (in Chemistry): "What kind of wood do they make matches out of?"

—"He would and she would."

Evelyn Keen (in History): "Miss Hobbs didn't the English attack Washington from the rear?"

Ends Well.

A theme was being read in Junior English class and it ended something like this, "He knelt before her and their lips met."

Mac Freese: "Say I like that ending."

Bernice Lawson: "Say, Tom, who was the new girl I saw with you last night?"

Tom Purvis: "Ah, that was just the old one painted over."

Ivan Wood: "Say do you like nuts?"

Lorene Behen: "Oh, Cotton, is this a proposal?"

After emptying the pencil sharpener John Niccum was stopped by Gladys Wood and noticing the pencil shavings in his hair remarked—

"What on earth have you been doing, John?"

John: "Nothing, why?"

Gladys: "Your head looks like you have been sawing on it."

Mary York (in cooking during a discussion on beef cuts): "Miss Stuart, isn't plate beef the same as bacon?"

Miss Hobbs (in American History): "Shall I read you the story about the Mormons or about the discovery of gold in California?"

Gerald Pearce: "Oh naw, read us a bear story."

Miss Bach (in English I.): "Have you ever read 'To a Field Mouse'?"

Agnes Wright: "Why no, how do you get them to listen?"

HIGH SCHOOL CALENDAR

- Oct. 18. Percy and Grace are stepping out together this evening. Here's too you, Grace.
- Oct. 20. Etha and Leonard are invited to the weiner roast.
- Oct. 21. John B. Miller decides to change his seat in American History class. Ivan, you should be ashamed of yourself.
- Oct. 22. Exciting Senior class meeting to choose class rings.
- Oct. 23. "Big Rich" gives us an interesting entertainment.
- Oct. 24. Many go to the game at Bement. Sullivan wins 20-0.
- Oct. 27. The secretary arrived home safely from her visit to Stewardson. She says she surely had a good time.
- Oct. 28. Bonnie takes a tumble down the basement steps and loses her heel. Wonder where she got it.
- Oct. 25. Mrs. Baker goes on a strike, and starts home at the end of the third hour.
- Oct. 29. Ruth Pifer declines an invitation to go with Bill Bland to the party because she doesn't like to ride in the front seat. Why, Ruth?
- Oct. 30. Mysterious ghosts pass out invitations to the Hallowe'en party for Saturday night.
- Oct. 31. Preparations for Hallowe'en party are being made by everyone—especially by cooking class.

NOVEMBER

- Nov. 1. Except for a bad accident the Hallowe'en party was voted a success by all. At last Sullivan beats her old rival, Atwood, 19-17.
- Nov. 3. Cooking class again on duty after a long vacation.
- Nov. 4. High School votes on President of U. S. and Governor. Davis and Coolidge tie; Jones wins as Governor.
- Nov. 6. "Girls, girls! When will you learn to quit bothering the boys", says Mr. Brown.
- Nov. 7. Big pep meeting.
- Nov. 8. Shelbyville beats Sullivan 7-0. Good game anyway.
- Nov. 10. It looks like a contest between the boys and girls to see who can have the most new sweaters.
- Nov. 11. Edna Getz and Inez King are being kept very busy answering telephone calls. Looks bad, girls.
- Nov. 12. Freshies, Sophomores and Juniors have their smiling physiognomies portrayed.
- Nov. 13. Sam Bolin and Evalyn Finley walking to school together. So that's how mad they are at each other, is it?
- Nov. 14. Pep meeting outside to see the boys off to Mahomet. Mahomet wins, 7-6.
- Nov. 18. Purvis Tabor and Hubert Kingery go swimming. Henry Wright claims to be an eye witness of this act.
- Nov. 20. School dismissed in the afternoon for H. S. Teacher's Meeting at Champaign.
- Nov. 21. Hope the teachers are having a good time.
- Nov. 24. New dresses and marcelle waves in abundance.
- Nov. 25. The Misses Hobbs purchase a lantern to use during their stay in Sullivan.
- Nov. 26. Eloise Harshman continues visiting the joke-box each evening to see if her name is in it. She didn't see this one, though.
- Nov. 27-28. Thanksgiving vacation.



ATHLETICS



COACH STERLING



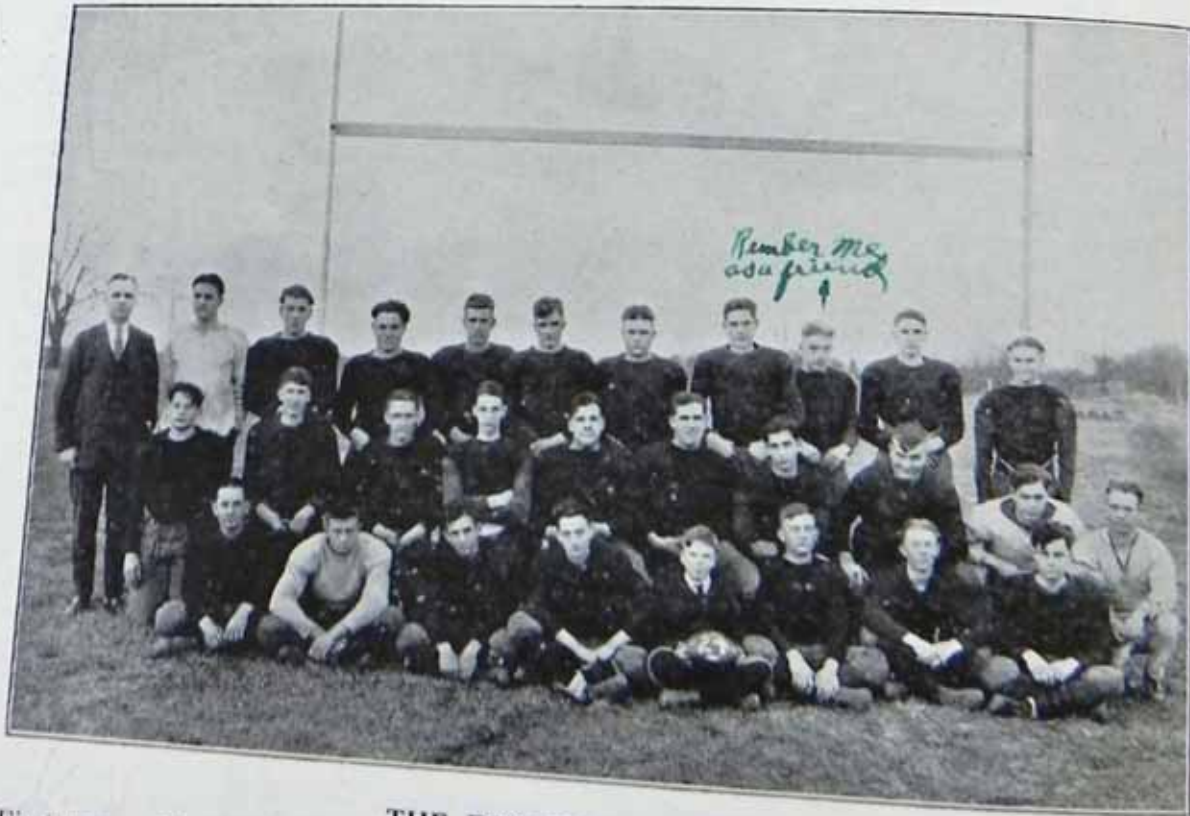
Mr. Sterling comes to us from Stanford, Illinois, where he was formerly a coach. He is a graduate of the Illinois State Normal and has attended the University of Illinois Coaching School.

Mr. Sterling played for three years on the Varsity football team at Normal. He is a three letter man, and received them in football, basketball and track.

His work as a coach and instructor here has been excellent. He was able to shape one of the best football teams that Sullivan has had for many years. Sullivan has been in an athletic rut for the past few years, and Mr. Sterling's ability as a coach has played a great part in the making of a team that lost only three out of nine games, played this season. Two of these were lost to the Mahomet eleven.

Coach Sterling's work has been very much appreciated by all, and we are confident that

he will continue in his efficient coaching of next year's eleven.



THE FOOTBALL SQUAD

First row: Fleshner, Baugher, Tabor, Dedman, Miller, J. Kelly, Wood and Bradley.
 Second row: C. Purvis, J. Miller, Pierce, Wilson, Corbin, Getz, Camel, L. Kelly, Mahan and Coach Sterling. Third row: Principal Brown, Ass't Coach Johnson, Yarnell, Buxton, Hankla, Lowe, Dolan, Capt. Purvis, Palmer, Hinton and Tusler.

STHS



"Soak" Taber



John Fleshner



"Boob" McMahon



Harold Yarnel



"Tiny" Corbin



Clarke Lowe



"Joe" Getz



Jim Dedman

1924



"Hub" Hinton

STHS



"Cotton" Wood



Captain
"Tom" Purvis

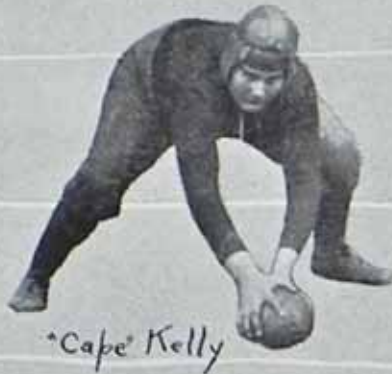


"Pat" Bradley

I hope your life will be full of peace and love along his steps.



"John B" Miller



"Cape" Kelly



"Bus" Buxton



"Stub" Pearce



"Doc" Dolan

1924



"Collie" Purvis

THE FOOTBALL SEASON

The Red and Black opened their season by beating Arthur. Arthur played hard, but could do little against our well balanced line. The backfield worked well with the exception of a few fumbles, K. Purvis going over for a counter in the last period.

A week later with high ambitions, we journeyed to Newman. The teams were evenly matched and the game ended in a tie 6-6. Tabor secured the necessary touch-down on an incompleated pass in the latter part of the game.

On October 4, we played Mahomet on the local field. This was an off day for the home boys. The game was scheduled late in the week and one night's practice did not put the boys in shape to meet the visiting eleven. With these odds against the locals, they were unable to score, while the visitors were successful in making 12 points. McMahan had the misfortune of receiving a broken collar bone.

The following Saturday we scored another great victory, by defeating Monticello 6-0. The tussle was fast and furious. Buxton, like a human tractor, smashed through the line on almost every play. Twice he was able to carry the ball within three yards of the mark, and succeeded in putting it over in his second attempt.

Our next victim was Lovington. Although they staged a fighting game, they were defeated by our powerful backfield. It was not until the latter part that the game was considered ours. Long runs were characteristic of the game; Hinton breaking loose for a 50-yard and Tabor for a 70-yard run, which ended in a touchdown, during the last minutes of play. Bradley was forced out with a broken collar bone in the early part. Corbin scored in the second period by a safety, thus making the score 8-0—and another victory for Sullivan.

The Red and Black again showed what it could do by defeating Bement, 20-0, in a hard fought battle. The honors of the tussle go to Lowe, who procured two of the touch-downs. Buxton also scored six points, while Tabor gained two points by kicking goals. Long passes were especially noticeable in the game.

The day of Atwood's visit to Sullivan, will go down in the history of the S. T. H. S. as the first time that Atwood H. S. has ever been beaten by the Red and Black. The game went on swiftly, but Sullivan was not able to get together in the first half, at the end of which the score was 17-0, in favor of the visitors. In the second half the home team reformed considerably and McMahan, Tabor and Lowe all scored touch-downs.

A week later with a good record already established, the Red and Black warriors with many rooters, toured to the city of our old rivals, Shelbyville. The game was hard fought throughout. Sullivan played a good offensive and defensive game with the exception of fumbles, which always came at a critical time. When the final whistle was blown the score stood, Sullivan 0, Shelbyville 7.

The Red and Black tangled with Mahomet in their last game of the season. Both elevens seemed to be in first class trim, and fast playing was noticeable throughout. Mahomet played a passing game, and was able to make several gains in this manner. Sullivan however was not so successful with the aerial attack. Both teams remained scoreless until the third quarter, when Mahomet brought the ball to our one yard line by way of a forward pass. Our line was unable to hold the Mahomet warriors on their fourth down. Mahomet was successful in gaining their extra point as well as a touch-down. Tabor, a little later, scored Sullivan's only touch-down by way of a forward pass. Sullivan's trial for extra point failed, however, and Mahomet held their one point margin to the end.

Much credit can be given those substitutes who aided in building up our winning team. However they should not feel bad over their back seat which they occupied this season, for in most cases, they will be given their big chance next school year.

THE FOOTBALL BANQUET

The banquet for the football team of 1924 goes down in the history of the S. T. H. S. as one of the best and most successful banquets ever held in the high school building.

The banquet was held in the gym, with everybody seated around a "T" shaped table. At each person's plate was a place card, containing the program for the evening, menu, the record of the 1924 season and names of the men making letters during the past season.

While the S. T. H. S. orchestra was playing, the girls of the cooking classes served the guests. After a meal that was enjoyed by everyone, the following talks were given: "Dad's Relation to Football," Rev. Wilson; "The Year in Retrospect," Capt. Purvis; "The Prospects for Next Year," John Miller; "A Word of Farewell", John Corbin; "The Board of Education and its Relation to Football", Mr. Shirey.

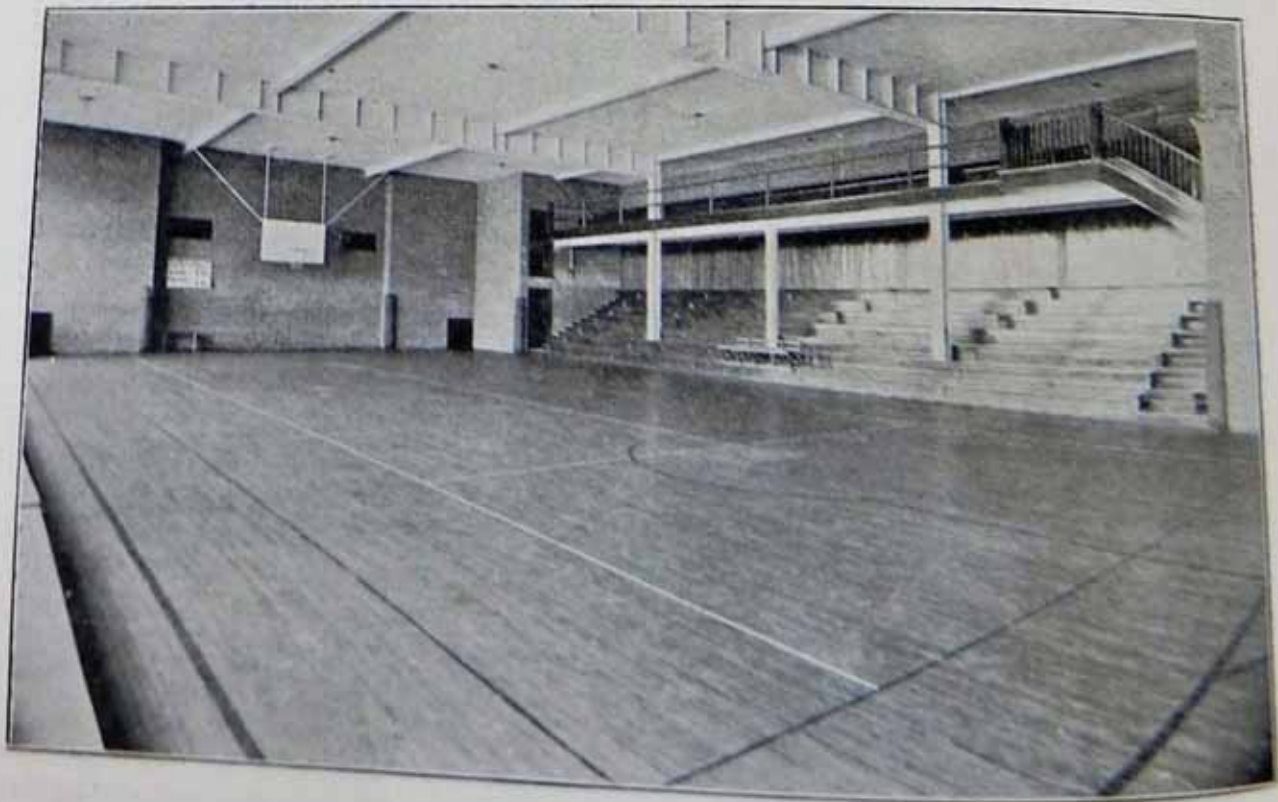
Mr. Harold Pogue, a former graduate of the S. T. H. S. was the speaker of the evening. Having been prominent in athletics while in college and high school both, he was of course able to make a very interesting talk. He related several of his former experiences, and also compared the football game of six years previous, with the one of today.

Following this Mr. Sterling awarded letters to the worthy members of the squad.

Mr. Brown as toast-master, conducted the proceedings in an admirable fashion.

After the banquet had been concluded, the 1924 letter men elected their 1925 captain. The honors again fell upon Kenneth Purvis.

—Keith Grigsby.



GYMNASIUM, SULLIVAN T. H. S.



COACH JOHNSON

Mr. Johnson needs no introduction to the people of Sullivan. He has been with the Sullivan Township High School faculty for the past three years.

He is a two letter man, having obtained his letters in Football and Basketball, at the Illinois State Normal School, which he attended.

As a coach Mr. Johnson possessed the necessary qualities. He was a very good example to the boys, who were under his directions. He was good natured, and working for Mr. Johnson was a pleasure.

Although Sullivan did not exactly have a winning team, this season, we feel as if it had been through no fault of Coach Johnson.

How easy those vases break



?
 did you
 say you had
 a test to
 and had to
 study?
 Fitting col
 ton

THE BASKETBALL SQUAD

First row: Wood and Tabor. Second row: Lowe, Hankley, C. Purvis, Bradley, Ledbetter and Mueller. Third row: Wilson, Yarnell, Hinton, K. Purvis and Coach Johnson. Fourth row: Grigsby, Hoskins, Walker and Asst. Coach Sterling.



Ivan Wood



Clarke Howland



Talbot Bradley



Purvis Tabor



Kenneth Porais



Hulbert Hinton

The lady's man



Leonard Mueller



Carleton Purvis



"Lotion"



BASKETBALL SEASON

The basketball season for the year '24-'25 was very successful. The regular schedule included eighteen games, the majority of which was played from home. Ten of the games resulted in victories for the S. T. H. S. The total number of points made by our opponents was 252 to our 325.

The squad for the year was made up of about fifteen boys who remained for the season, the following being especially prominent in their respective positions:

Purvis Tabor, at the forward position, was very reliable and especially was noted for his consistency. He played in every game in which the Red and Black was entered and was always sure of a few points. He has the honor of being high-point man for the season. His playing was an outstanding feature in the Findlay and Lovington games here.

Leonard Mueller, filling the guard position, was very well placed. He also played in every game this season and was a valuable asset to the team. A characteristic example of his playing was seen in the first game with Lovington at that place.

Hulbert Henton, also playing a defensive game under the basket, proved himself to be worthy of the Red and Black. This is his first year in High School and he is sure to be a very valuable man in the next three years. His close guarding was very essential in the winning of the Monticello game which was air-tight.

Ivan Wood, light of complexion and weight, was slightly handicapped by the latter fact—nevertheless, he played a fast game across from Tabor on many occasions, especially in the Windsor game at that place. This is his last year and he will be missed in the lineup next year.

Clarke Lowe did not get a good start but finished in great fashion. At center position he was very valuable as a follow-shot man. This is also his first and last year in basketball and the vacancy will be hard to fill. He exhibited his best playing in the Hammond and Monticello games.

Kenneth Purvis, alternating between the center and guard positions, played a good game in either. This is his second year in the S. T. H. S. and he is sure to be among those on the team next year. He played in a majority of the games this season and started in the Findlay game at that place.

Talbot Bradley did not hit his stride at forward position early in the season, but later he made up for lost time. He distinguished himself in the Bethany game in the Moultrie County Tourney, and others after that. He has one more year with this school and will be a factor in the team of '25-'26.

Carlton Purvis, also a Freshman, was prominent this year on the basketball floor. This is his first year in high school and he is sure to make a success at the guard position before he completes his high school career. Although he did not play in all the games he featured in some of them. This was noticeable in the Stonington game in the District Tourney.

SCHEDULE

Sullivan 11, LaPlace 0.	Sullivan 19, Arthur 4.	Sullivan 27, Arthur 10.
Sullivan 14, Atwood 17.	Sullivan 17, Lovington 19.	Sullivan 12, Charleston 24.
Sullivan 14, Windsor 15.	Sullivan 20, Monticello 19.	Sullivan 11, Bement 13.
Sullivan 27, Findlay 15.	Sullivan 28, LaPlace 8.	Sullivan 13, Lovington 6.

THE MOULTRIE COUNTY BASKETBALL TOURNAMENT

The third annual County tourney was held in the S. T. H. S. gymnasium, January 29th, 30th and 31st. Much interest was taken in the games played, and the attendance broke all previous records.

Four teams entered again, Lovington, Arthur, Bethany and Sullivan. Although Lovington drew a hard schedule, they succeeded in coming out on top. They fought hard and won a much deserved championship.

The games and scores were as follows:

- Game No. one—Sullivan 20, Arthur 6.
 - Game No. two—Bethany 10, Lovington 8.
 - Game No. three—Lovington 28, Arthur 2.
 - Game No. four—Bethany 20, Sullivan 13.
 - Game No. five—Lovington 16, Sullivan 14.
 - Game No. six—Bethany 20, Arthur 0.
 - Game No. seven—Lovington 13, Bethany 11.
- Lovington, champion.

THE LEAGUE TOURNAMENT

The annual basketball League Tournament in which all of the teams of the school, with exception of the squad, took part, was held during the week of March 9-13. The Bull Dogs carried away the shield that was offered to the winner.

The members who played on the Bull Dogs, were: Captain Royce Roley, Hal Sona, Orville Stain, Roy Bailey and Clifton Bolin.

Good material for the 1925 and 1926 high school team was exhibited. Although the League does not materially aid in the development of a basketball player, it keeps him fit and before the eyes of the coaches who pick the squad members for the following year.

LEAGUE BASKETBALL TOURNAMENT SCHEDULE

- Kagers 9, Missourians 19.
 - Bull Dogs 15, Midgets 13.
 - Marines 22, Weasles 13.
 - Aggies 12, Sea Hawks 16.
 - Gypsies 20, Hoboes 19.
 - Ducking Ducks 7, Negroes 5.
 - Bull Dogs 16, Marines 7.
 - Sea Hawks 12, Gypsies 17.
 - Ducking Ducks 27, Torpedoes 14.
 - Missourians 12, Bull Dogs 22.
 - Gypsies 9, Ducking Ducks 14.
 - Bull Dogs 16, Ducking Ducks 7.
- Bull Dogs—Champions.

The ten high point players in the tournament were as follows:

Name—Team	FG	FT	TP
Sona, Bull Dogs	13	8	34
Palmer, H., Ducking Ducks	13	6	32
Bupp, Gypsies	10	1	21
Lowe, K., Ducking Ducks	9	2	20
Wiard, Marines	6	3	15
Drew, E., Gypsies	7	0	14
Bailey, Bull Dogs	6	2	14
Palmer, E., Hoboes	5	7	12
Elder, Missourians	3	6	12
Dedman, W., Missourians	6	0	12

The all-star teams as picked by the officials:

First team:

Forward—Palmer, H., Ducking Ducks.
 Forward—Lowe, K., Ducking Ducks.
 Center—Sona, Bull Dogs.
 Guard—Bailey, Bull Dogs.
 Guard—Bolin, C., Bull Dogs

Second team:

Forward—Drew, E., Gypsies.
 Forward—Roley, Bull Dogs.
 Center—Palmer, E., Hoboes.
 Guard—Wright, G., Weasles.
 Guard—Corbin, Gypsies.

Officials—Johnson, Sterling and Henderson.

Number of games lost and won for the season:

	Won	Lost
Marines -----	6	3
Midgets -----	6	2
Aggies -----	6	3
Ducking Ducks -----	5	4
Torpedoes -----	5	4
Gypsies -----	5	3
Missourians -----	5	3
Hoboes -----	4	4
Weasles -----	4	5
Sea Hawks -----	3	5
Negroes -----	3	6
Kagers -----	1	8

Times Change.

Miss B. Hobbs (in American History)
 "When I was your age I could recite the names of the presidents backward and forward."

Ivan Wood: "Yes, when you were my age there were not so many presidents."

Mr. Henderson: "Name the two parts of the sea animal, the squid."

Harry Palmer: "The head and the rest of it."

A Mystery.

Several of us are wondering how two prominent members of the Senior class happen to know that Eloise Harshman keeps a watch dog—especially after night.

Miss B. Hobbs: "Where is citizenship defined in the constitution Ivan?"

Ivan Wood: "Why in the ten commandments." (Amendments)

Caught in the Act

Miss C. Hobbs was seen coming out of Mr. Henderson's room carrying a heart on a platter.

Hazel Winchester (In English IV):
 "His mother was an Englishman."

Mrs. Baker: "You mean English-woman."

Lucile Chaney inquired from Mrs. Baker in the English III. class if the plural of seven wasn't fourteen.

Here's One For Mr. Mills

Ah, chemist of skill, investigate,
 Answer this quizz of mine,
 I think I know where carbonate;
 But where did iodine?

Miss B. Hobbs (in American History):
 "At what place was Jonston killed?"

Gerald Pearce: "Well-a-a he was killed in yesterday's lesson."

TRACK

For the last three years track has steadily been growing and is now a very important branch of athletic activity. Track in this school is now on an equal basis with basketball and football and should be considered in this light. Of course it in most instances, lacks the thrills of a game of basketball. However it is an exhibition of skill and endurance just as the grid-iron battle. The track meets that are held during a season are not as numerous as the engagements in other sports. Nevertheless it involves the same amount of constant drill and practice as does the others. Too much support can hardly be given track activities.

Our schedule this season consisted of a dual meet with Findlay, and a county track meet. In addition to this, Sullivan representatives were entered in the meet at Millikin University and at Charleston. The county meet, which was brought about through the efforts of our Principal, Mr. Brown, was more than a success, and promises to be an annual event from now on.

The squad was composed of the following men: Capt. Samuel Bolin, Talbot Bradley, Henry Wright, Glenn Landers, Hal Sona, Clarke Lowe, Kenneth Lowe, Delmar Elder, Ivan Wood, Linn Ledbetter, Paul Leach, Glenn Wright, Keith Grigsby, Leonard Anderson, Collie Baker, John Hankley and Carleton Purvis.

The following will receive letters for track this year: Bolin, Bradley, C. Lowe, H. Wright and Hal Sona.

Sullivan Overpowers Findlay in a Dual Meet, 92-16.

50 Yard Dash—Talbot Bradley, S., first; Samuel Bolin, S., second; Glenn Landers, S., third. Time: 6 sec.

Mile Run—Kenneth Lowe, S., first; Ivan Wood, S., second; Wayne Combs, F., third. Time: 5 min. 29 sec.

100 Yard Dash—Talbot Bradley, S., first; Henry Wright, S., second; Glenn Landers, S., third. Time: 11 3-5 sec.

440 Yard Dash—Clarke Lowe, S., first; Olive Dawdy, F., second; Carleton Purvis, S., third. Time: 59 3-5 sec.

Pole Vault—Wayne Combs, F., first; Leonard Anderson, S., second; Collie Baker, S., third. Height: 9 ft. 8 in.

Shot Put—Clark Lowe, S., first; Hal Sona, S., second; Roy Webb, F., third. Distance: 36 ft. 9 in.

High Jump—Paul Leach, S., first; Earl Phillips, F., second; Leonard Anderson, S., third. Height: 5 ft. 2 in.

Discus—Hal Sona, S., first; Clarke Lowe, S., second; Halford Makepeace, F., third. Distance: 86 ft. 1 in.

Broad Jump—Ivan Wood, S., first; Talbot Bradley, S., second; Wayne Combs, F., third. Distance: 18 ft. 9½ in.

Javelin—Hal Sona, S., first; Keith Grigsby, S., second; Halford Makepeace, F., third. Distance: 128 ft.

220 Yard Dash—Henry Wright, S., first; Glenn Wright, S., second; Luther Little, F., third. Time: 26 2-3 sec.

Half Mile Run—Samuel Bolin, S., first; Delmar Elder, S., second; Ivan Wood, S., third. Time: 2 min. 20 sec.

INDIVIDUAL POINTS

First—Sona Bradley, and C. Lowe, 13 points each.

Second—Wood, 9 points.

Third—Bolin, H. Wright, 8 points each.

Fourth—Combs, 7 points.

Fifth—K. Lowe, Leach, 5 points each.

Sixth—Anderson, 4 points.

Seventh—Dawdy, Philips, Grigsby, G. Wright, Elder, 3 points each.

Eighth—Landers and Makepeace, 2 points each.

Ninth—Purvis, Baker, Webb, Little, 1 point each.



SULLIVAN FOURTH IN TRACK MEET AT CHARLESTON

Only two contestants were sent to Charleston. They won for Sullivan fourth place in the meet with a total of 10 points. Talbot Bradley placed first in the 440 yard dash, while Capt. Samuel Bolin took first in the mile run. Other opponents that were at the meet wondered what the result would have been had we sent a full team.

THE MOULTRIE COUNTY FIELD AND TRACK MEET

The first annual Moultrie County Field and Track Meet was held at Arthur, May 8, 1925. This is not the first county meet but is the first under the Moultrie County Scholastic and Athletic Association.

Sullivan won first place although the outcome was uncertain until very late in the meet. No records were broken, but the time on the track events was very good.

Harold Osborne, the World's Champion high jumper and best all-around athlete refereed the meet and gave an exhibition of his high jumping. Many spectators were filled with surprise when he succeeded in clearing 6 feet, 6 inches.

The Medley Relay Race was also won by Sullivan, and proved the most interesting race of the meet. The members of the team were Bradley, G. Wright, H. Wright and Clarke Lowe. The time was 3 min. 57 3-5 sec.

The following scored for Sullivan: 50 yard dash, Bradley second; 100 yard dash, Henry Wright, second; Bradley, third; 220 yard dash, H. Wright first; 440 yard dash, Bradley first; 880 yard run, C. Lowe, second; mile run, Bolin, first; Keneth Lowe, second; shot put, Sona, third; Discus, C. Lowe, second; javelin, Sona, first; pole vault, Baker, second.

THE SIREN OF THE JUNGLE

Colonel Macklin, who gathers relics of past ages has recently got into his possession a piece of ivory. The finest to be had—so thinks the colonel. The history of it is the following story.

Long ago, yet a white person was known to have set foot on the dark continent, Africa, a small group of natives lived together, far from anyone else. The head of this group was an old chief, who was the bravest of the group. These people were superstitious and worshipped their ancestors.

In one part of the jungle, close by, a mysterious place could easily be detected. It was dark looking and occasionally smoke was seen rising from among the branches and vines.

One night as several of the natives were returning from a hunting trip, they were amazed to hear a beautiful voice singing. It echoed and re-echoed in the still air. As I said before, these natives were superstitious and so thought that what they had heard was a voice of a good spirit warning them of an unknown danger in that spot. Quickly they turned and took another path for the village.

When the chief heard of their experience, he decided to investigate. Early the next morning, he and a few of his men started for the place. When they came in sight of it all seemed calm and peaceful and remained so until they reached within thirty feet of it. Then again came that singing. It came so sudden and it was so beautiful that the group were amazed and stopped in their tracks. As it gradually died away, everyone, even the chief was sure that it was a spirit's warning. They went back to the village and determined never to re-visit that spot.

As the months went by no solution to this mystery was unearthed. At long intervals they could hear it singing but now it had almost died away.

Then three years passed, bringing with them some Englishmen who tried to civilize the natives. Four of them came to this group. As they rode through the neighborhood they too, heard the voice.

When they reached the village, they asked for an explanation. They were told all and these men themselves, determined to investigate. They knew it was not a spirit for that voice was human.

The next morning, the four Englishmen and a few of the older natives, set out for this place, with the thought that they were going straight to their death. They reached the spot and the very air seemed to whisper mystery. All was quiet for a while, then out of nowhere came that voice singing beautifully indeed. First it sang softly almost sadly, then growing desperate until it seemed to scream. Then gradually sinking, then repeating the same over and over.

"Surely the whites were crazy; couldn't they understand how hard the spirit was trying to warn them? Alas, no!" Such were the thoughts of the natives. The whites commanded the others to form a circle around this place. Then the four men stepped carefully up to the brush. Then as if by magic, the voice stopped abruptly. This seemed to give the men courage and when they had cleared the entanglement, they beheld a young girl, pale and trembling, slumped down on some old rags. Her hair was streaming and her face as well as her hands were badly bruised. She shrank from the men. They approached her and at last won her consent to tell her story.

Her step-father had once been a rich man but had lost all of his fortune. He had determined to get even and regain his wealth by fair or foul means. He took the latter. After being run out of England he came to Africa.

"He would come in at night with his arms loaded down with ivory and such. He forbade me to ask questions but as I could sing pretty well, he made me do it to frighten the natives. But you men had better go now. You cannot help me for he will surely kill you."

Just then he came stalking into the circle. His face was dirty and grimy, his clothes worn and ragged. After one terrible look at his step-daughter, he gave way to despair.

It is not necessary to tell of his capture. His store of ivory was divided among the natives and the four Englishmen. The girl was taken to England and later became the wife of one of the Englishmen, Dick Martin, by name.

The ivory, the colonel has, is a piece which came from this place. It had been handed down to the others until the colonel bought it. Quite a treasure, is it not?

—Jessie Craven.

You Can Never Tell

Miss C. Hobbs: "Queen Elizabeth was portrayed as very homely. Her part may have been played by a man so far as appearance is concerned."

Paul Leach (Editor of Retrospect): "Now, let's everybody say something 'cute' for the Retrospect."

Ivan Wood (after a long pause): "Silence reigns. Put up your umbrellas."

Right and Wrong.

A little kissing now and then
Is why we have the married men
A little kissing, too, of course,
Is why we have the quick divorce.

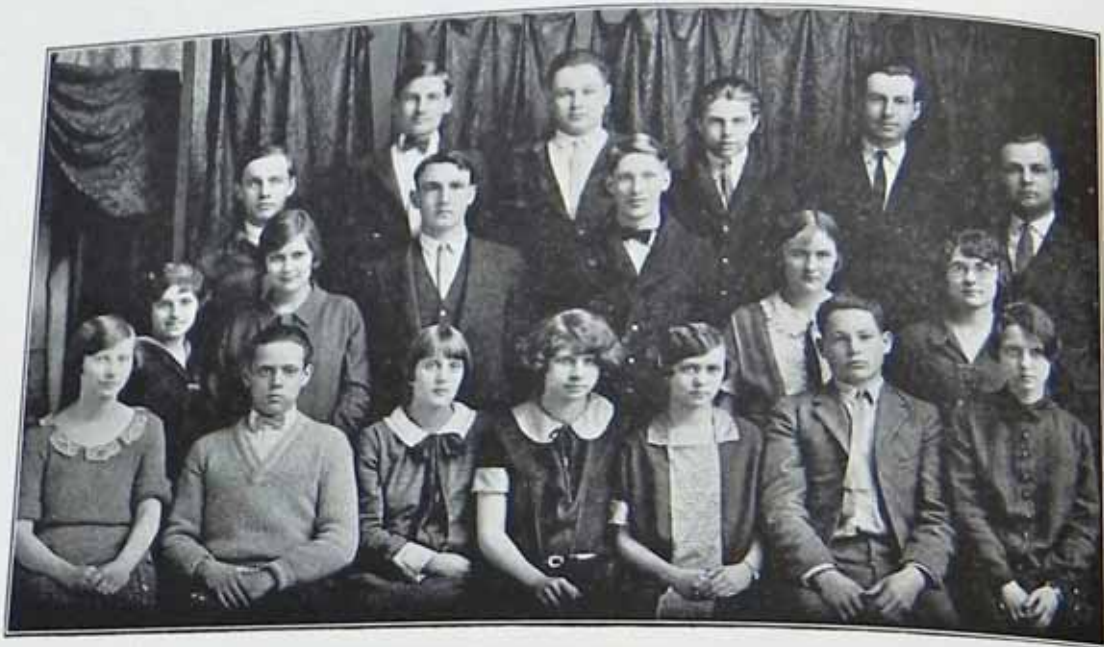
Harry Palmer: "Can you lend me five dollars for a month, old boy?"

Kenneth Purvis: "Sure, but what would a month old boy do with five dollars?"



Organizations

Cartoon



THE STUDENT COUNCIL
First Semester

Front row, from left to right: Marie Henderson, Collie Baker, Vivian Harsh, Mary York, Mervin Kingery, Carlton Purvis and Lorene Behen. Second row: Vida Murray, Evelyn Finley, Hulbert Hinton, John Miller, Dorothy Clark and Miss Hobbs. Third row: Hal Sona, William Dedman, Charles Buxton, John Collins, Mr. Mills and Mr. Brown.

MEMBERS OF THE STUDENT COUNCIL
First Semester.

Freshmen:

1. Carlton Purvis
2. Evelyn Finley
3. Dorothy Clark

Sophomores:

1. Vivian Harsh
2. William Dedman
3. Collie Baker

Juniors:

1. Marie Henderson
2. John Earl Collins
3. Mervin Kingery

Seniors:

1. Vida Murray
2. Lorene Behen
3. Hal Sona

Agorian Society—John B. Miller
 Aeolian Society—Mary York
 Thalian Society—Hulbert Hinton

Athletics—Charles Buxton
 Faculty—Mr. Mills and Miss Hobbs.
 Ex-officio—Mr. Brown.

Officers:

President	-	-	-	-	-	Lorene Behen
Vice President	-	-	-	-	-	William Dedman
Secretary	-	-	-	-	-	Mervin Kingery



THE STUDENT COUNCIL
Second Semester

Front row, from left to right: Evelyn Finley, Clarke Lowe, Lorene Behen, Valeria Hodge, Gladys Wood, Harrison York and Charlotte Duncan. Second row: Paul Leach, Pauline English, Harold Yarnell, William Dedman, Miss Hobbs and Mr. Mills. Third row: Mr. Brown, Royce Roley, Keith Grigsby, Carlton Purvis, Vern Kellar and Harold Hoskins.

MEMBERS OF THE STUDENT COUNCIL
Second Semester

Freshmen:

1. Evelyn Finley
2. Carlton Purvis
3. Vern Kellar

Sophomores:

1. Royce Roley
2. William Dedman
3. Gladys Wood

Juniors:

1. Valeria Hodge
2. Harold Yarnell
3. Keith Grigsby

Seniors:

1. Harrison York
2. Paul Leach
3. Pauline English

Agorian Society—Clarke Lowe
Aeolian Society—Charlotte Duncan
Thalian Society—Lorene Behen

Athletics—Harold Hoskins
Faculty—Miss Hobbs and Mr. Mills
Ex-officio—Mr. Brown

Officers:

Paul Leach
Lorene Behen

President
Secretary

THE STUDENT COUNCIL

The Civics class of 1922-23 were the founders of the student council in our school. A committee from that class drew up a constitution which was accepted by the principal and student body. It is one of the valuable assets of this school.

The council consists of 19 members: one boy, one girl and one either boy or girl, from each of the four classes, one representative from each literary society, one athlete, one man and one woman teacher from the faculty, and the principal who is an ex-officio member of the organization. The members are elected by the body which they represent and are eligible for re-election. Each member to be eligible must be carrying four subjects belonging to his own year of work and must have an average of 80 in three of his subjects.

The council elects its own officers, which are president, vice president, secretary and treasurer. The student council has not been confronted with many questions during the past school year but the work accomplished has been satisfactory to the school. This organization is considered one of the school's greatest assets.

Favorite sayings:

- "Ballie Baugher, "How's Ab?"
- Eva Bradley, "I don't know, but—"
- John Corbin, "Let's have some air."
- Miss Hobbs, "In general."
- Sam Bolin, "I'm so busy now."
- Percy Ledbetter, "Hello Reuben."
- Mr. Brown, "I trust."
- Miss Bach, "Make every recitation your own."
- Marian Baker, "Why is that?"
- Sibba Sullivan, "How extraordinary."
- Ted Cooley, "Hey, what time is it?"
- Erma Dale, "Oh, I'm so mad."
- Meda Harris, "Oh, Glen" (Keen)
- Etha Bushart, "Oops there."
- Purvis Tabor, "Now boys."

Vera Seitz was reading a sentence in English IV. so she read as follows: "When you ask a person what a spiral 'suitcase' (staircase) is they will motion with their hands."

Influenced by the preceding, another member of the same class asked "What is the best method for 'irritating' sugar beets?"

Miss B. Hobbs (In American History) "Name the thirteen colonies, Harrison."

Harrison York: "Shall I name them in order or skip around?"

Miss Hobbs: "No; you'd better stand still."

Mrs. Baker (while discussing the death of Bryant in English IV.) "Does anyone know what month Bryant died in?"

John Corbin: "June"

Mrs. Baker: "And what was he doing when he died, do you remember, John?"

Mr. Henderson: "Gladys how many eggs does the oyster lay during a season?"

Gladys Sickafus: "We-l-l-a it didn't say how many the male laid."

Olive Grigsby: "Helen Newbould has so many men she doesn't know which one to go with."

Marguerite Newlin: "Sorta up a tree, isn't she?"

Olive: "Yeah, pop'lar tree."

Miss Stewart (in sewing class): "Will black goods fade?"

Elda Wallace: "Yes, I've washed black hose and the water was awful black when I finished."

Martha Yates: "That shows that your feet were awful dirty."

William Bland (in Civics): "Are chauffeurs' license state or local taxes?"

Miss B. Hobbs: "State, I think."

Ruth Tabor (after a period of silence) "Say, what are chokers license, anyhow?"



LITERARY SOCIETY OFFICERS

Agorian, First Semester.

President—Marian Baker

Vice President—Kenneth Purvis

Secretary—Ruth Harris

Sergeant of Arms—Loren Kelly.

Aeolian, First Semester.

President—Halbert Bolin

Vice President—Ruth Pifer

Secretary—Lester Dunscomb

Sergeant of Arms—William Heacock

Thalian, First Semester.

President—Lottie Ballinger

Vice President—Samuel Bolin

Secretary—Ivan Wood

Sergeant of Arms—Garold Elder

Agorian, Second Semester

President—Paul Leach

Vice President—Leonard Mueller

Secretary—Pauline English

Sergeant of Arms—Kenneth Purvis

Aeolian, Second Semester

President—Mary York

Vice President—Sylvan Baugher

Secretary—Ruth Pifer

Sergeant of Arms—Joseph Getz

Thalian, Second Semester

President—Helen Newbould

Vice President—Ivan Wood

Secretary—Meda Harris

Sergeant of Arms—Talbot Bradley

THE LITERARY SOCIETIES OF THE S. T. H. S.

The three literary societies in our high school were established in 1920. The faculty and pupils took great interest in literary work at that time. Because of this interest and the later interest which the entire school took in the societies they have been very successful.

All three societies are governed by the same constitution. New pupils are assigned to one society at the beginning of the school year. The pupil may or may not attend a society, but if he does go to any society he must go to the one to which he is assigned. Each member of the society is required to have a certain scholarship standing, to participate in the programs and to attend all meetings unless absent from school.

The names of the societies, Agorian, Aeolian and Thalian were taken from the Greek language. Much profit is derived from society work. The members have an opportunity to become interested in literary work, to get better acquainted with their fellow students, and to cultivate their talents by taking a part in the program. In order to secure the most from a high school life every pupils should be a member of a society.



From left to right: Purvis Tabor, Hal Sona, Mac Grigsby and Margaret Harrington.

OUR HALLOWE'EN PARTY

The annual High School masquerade party is an event to be looked forward to for an entire year. No party is just like it and no event will be remembered with the same feelings, in the years that must follow High School. The party, this year, was held in the High School gymnasium on Saturday night, November 1, 1924.

About seven o'clock a strange and weird group assembled at the south door of the building, to hear issuing from within, shrieks and laughter, and moans and groans.

Groups of five were conducted by ghosts through the dark, empty halls. Weird stories echoed and various objects obstructed the pathway.

In the dim jack 'o lantern lights of the gymnasium, negroes could be seen, their kinky heads bobbing here and there; clowns falling head over heels; gay Spaniards; Hawaiians with ukeleles strumming; prim little colonial ladies perilously piloting their tall powdered wigs; little girls, tripping lightly along; Indians in their beads and feathers; and many others. After all had assembled a grand march began before the judges, who were, Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Johnson and Miss Marie Dale.

The first prize was awarded to the Spanish Troubadour who proved to be Margaret Harrington. Purvis Tabor, as the Hunchback of Notre Dame, won second prize. The booby prize was awarded to a negro couple—Hal Sona and Mac Grigsby.

The crowd unmasked, went to the assembly and were entertained by a program:

- A reading, "The Haunted Mill" - - - Claudia Yarnell
- A play, "Burglars" with the following cast:
- Mrs. Maria Green - - - - - Jennie M. Cummins
- Mr. Joshia Green - - - - - William Bland
- Kitty, the maid - - - - - Gladys Wood
- Toby, the negro - - - - - Keith Grigsby
- A play, "The Fellow That Looks Like Me" Cast:
- Mrs. Bobkins - - - - - Pauline English
- Mr. Bobkins - - - - - Lester Dunscomb
- Cupid, the negro - - - - - Talbot Bradley

—Freda Edmiston.



THE PATRONS' DAY PROGRAM

S. T. H. S. Inter-class Track Meet
April 10, 1925

The points scored by each class: Seniors, 74; Juniors, 49; Freshman, 20; Sophomores, 3.

Morning, 10:00-12:00.

Mile run: Samuel Bolin, first; Kenneth Lowe, second; Ivan Wood, third. Time 5 minutes, 17 seconds.

Pole Vault: Leonard Anderson, first; Collie Baker, second; Ralph Blystone, third. 8 feet, 2 inches.

Shot Put: Clarke Lowe, first; Hal Sona, second, Kenneth Purvis, third. 33 feet, 4 inches.

50 Yard Dash: Talbot Bradley, first; Henry Wright, second; Samuel Bolin, third. 5 2-5 seconds.

High Jump: Paul Leach, first; Leonard Anderson, second; Wayne Righter, third. 4 feet, 10 inches.

Discus: Hal Sona, first; Paul Leach, second; Harold Yarnell, third. 86 feet.

Broad Jump: Hulbert Hinton, first; Lynn Ledbetter, second; Ivan Wood, third. 18 feet, 2 inches.

100 Yard Dash: Talbot Bradley, first; Henry Wright, second; Samuel Bolin, third. 10 4-5 seconds.

Javelin: Hulbert Hinton, first; Hal Sona, second; Keith Grigsby, third. 117 feet.

220 Yard Dash: Talbot Bradley, first; Henry Wright, second; Samuel Bolin, third. 25 2-5 seconds.

440 Yard Dash: Talbot Bradley, first; Clarke Lowe, second; Harold Perry, third. 56 seconds.

Half Mile Run: Samuel Bolin, first; Kenneth Lowe, second; Ivan Wood, third. 2 minutes, 20 4-5 seconds.

Relay Race: Juniors, Talbot Bradley, Delmar Elder, Glenn Wright, Percy Ledbetter, 1 minute, 47 seconds.

HIGH POINT MEN

Talbot Bradley	- - - -	20 points
Samuel Bolin	- - - -	13 points
Hal Sona	- - - -	11 points
Hulbert Hinton	- - - -	10 points
Henry Wright	- - - -	9 points
Clarke Lowe	- - - -	8 points
Leonard Anderson	- - - -	7 points
Paul Leach	- - - -	7 points
Kenneth Lowe	- - - -	6 points
Glenn Wright	- - - -	5 points
Glenn Landers	- - - -	3 points
Ivan Wood	- - - -	3 points
Collie Baker	- - - -	3 points
Lynn Ledbetter	- - - -	3 points
Ralph Blystone	- - - -	1 point
Kenneth Purvis	- - - -	1 point
Wayne Righter	- - - -	1 point
Harold Yarnell	- - - -	1 point
Keith Grigsby	- - - -	1 point
Harold Perry	- - - -	1 point

Afternoon, 12:00-1:30.

The visitors examined the exhibits.

1:30 to 3:15 A Program in the Assembly.

American Folk Songs	-----	Special Chorus
1. "Carry Be Back to Ole Virginy"		
2. "Old Black Joe"		
3. "Swanee River"		
4. "Sweet Adaline"		
5. "Dixie Land"		
6. "Good Night, Ladies"		
Reading	-----	Jennie M. Cummins
Music	-----	Special Girl's Glee Club
1. "Carmena"		
2. "The Recessional"		
Music	-----	Boy's Band

3:15 to 4:15 a Program in the Gymnasium

Afternoon 3:15 to 5:00

District School Track Meet

High Jump: Colman Gustin, New Castle, first; Robert Sullivan, Morgan, second; Mason Isaac, Titus, third. 4 feet, 6 inches.

Jousting: Sethie Devore, Titus, first; Truman Isaac, Titus, second; Wilson Ashbrook, New Castle, third.

100 Yard Dash: Coleman Gustin, New Castle, first; Robert Sullivan, Morgan, second; Wayne Wood, East Hudson, third. 12 4-5 seconds.

Broad Jump: Sethie Devore, Titus, first; Robert Sullivan, Morgan, second; Jesse Cookson, East Hudson, third. 15 feet, 11 inches.

Shot Put: Coleman Gustin, New Castle, first; Robert Sullivan, Morgan, second, Mason Isaac, Titus, third.

Three Legged Race: Wilmer Marshall and Jesse Cookson, East Hudson, first; Carrol Wooley and Fred Chapman, Two Mile, second; Lonnie Mahoney and Everett Bundy, Morgan, third.

Sack race: Kenneth Smith, New Castle, first; Ira Dale Wickiser, Reedy, second; Ethel Gordy, New Castle, third.

Bean Bag Contest: Lillie Sullivan, Morgan, first; Agnes Wooley, Two Mile, second; Ethel Gordy, New Castel, third.

One Legged Race: Lillie Sullivan, Morgan, first; Kathryn Nighswander, Morgan, second; Jennie Seitz, New Castle, third.

Egg Race: Edna Rauch, Baker, first; Vonnie Leavitt, New Castle, second; Merle Fisher, Titus, third.

Exhibit.

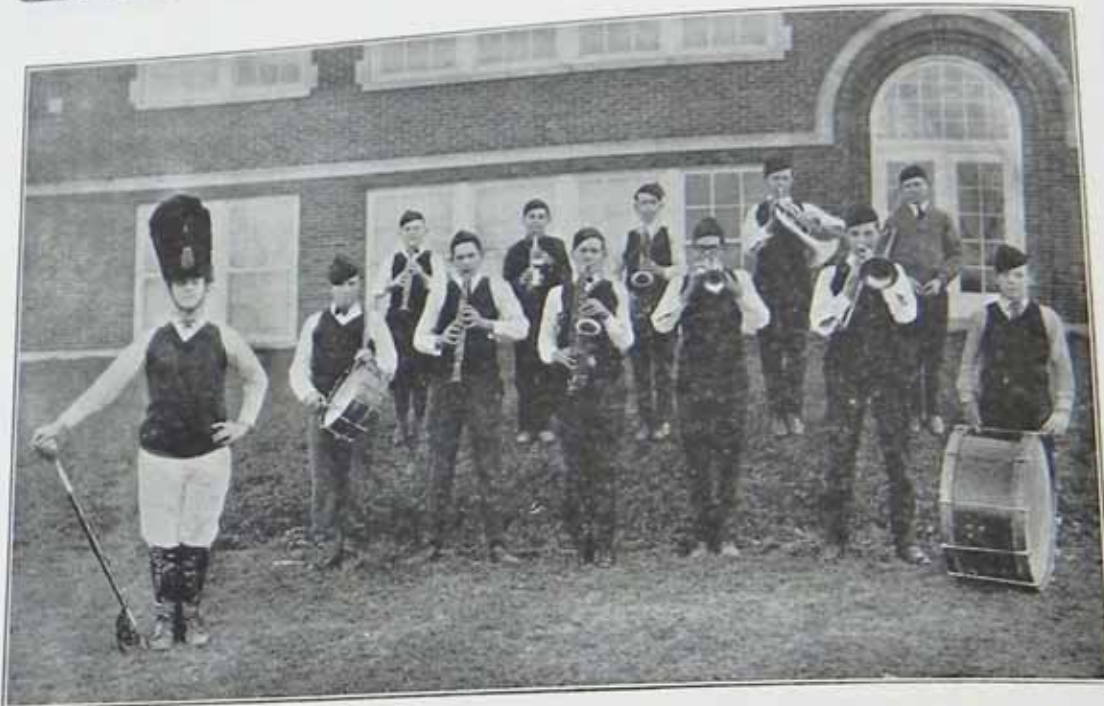
Morgan, first; Titus, second; Two Mile, third.

Total Points.

- Morgan, 385 points
- Titus, 245 points
- New Castle, 145 points
- Two Mile, 140 points
- East Hudson, 45 points
- Baker, 25 points
- Reedy, 15 points.



MUSIC



First row, left to right: Keith Grigsby, Sylvan Baugher, Kenneth Lowe, William Dedman, Lester Dunscomb, Bob Wilson and Everett Drew. Second row: William Heacock, Gerald Newbould, Glenn Clark, Lloyd Brown and Eugene Drew.

THE BAND

The high school band was organized at the beginning of this year by Miss Lena English, the instructor in music. It is composed of the talented boys and under the careful direction of Miss English, they produced a high type of music. The membership of the organization numbered twelve, including the drum major, who played his part well.

The instruments included in the band are a cornet, trombone, two clarinets, two C melody and one tenor saxophone, an alto horn, a snare and base drum.

The band was very active in all school doings. They also proved themselves very accommodating, in helping to entertain at programs other than those given at school.

At football and basketball games they were always on hand to do their share in creating "pep" among the rooters.

In the early part of the football season, there were numerous parades, and in each case, they were led by the band, whose music served to lead the town people out to our football field.

There is no doubt but what they have been very, very successful in the work they did, and we wish them as much and even more success in the future.

In addition to this it might be said that out of this small organization a larger band is being formed. Mr. John Lucas is offering his time and service in training the band, and it is to be hoped that by the beginning of the next school year, Sullivan will have a large high school band, composed of some twenty-five or thirty pieces. The main object in organizing such a band, was to avoid having to call in an out of town band for special occasions which arise.



Sitting from left to right: Carmen Harris, Olive Lilly, Mabeline Lilly, Harriett Tusler, Blanche Hall, Helen Newbould, Ruth Davis, William Heacock, Gerald Newbould, Everett Drew. Standing: Lois Davis, Jennie M. Cummins, Gerald Cazier, Miss English, Lloyd Brown, Kenneth Lowe, Gloyd Rose, William Dedman, Glenn Clark, Robert Wilson and Sylvan Baugher.

THE ORCHESTRA

The orchestra this year was under the direction of Miss Lena English, a graduate of Illinois State Normal. For the past few years an orchestra has been in existence but only a few members participated in it. But this year the membership has increased almost one-half.

The orchestra is composed of the students who have musical talents. It is elective, and one-half credit is given to those who wish to take advantage of it.

The orchestra entertained on various occasions, such as the Junior and Senior plays, the Junior-Senior banquet, the football banquet and other activities outside of high school. Their specialty was the production of the latest classical selections. In each case a high type of music was given, and the entertainment furnished by them was thoroughly enjoyed.

There are nineteen members and nine different instruments. They are: three B flat clarinets, two C melody saxaphones, seven violins, one flute, one cello, one trombone, drums and the piano. Miss Newbould was the pianist.

THE TOREADORS

Cast of Characters:

Senior Dictorio, wealthy farmer; great admirer of Toreadors - - - Kenneth Purvis
 Benita and Juanita, his twin daughters - - - Jennie M. Cummins and Vida Murray
 Juan and Pablo, sons of neighboring farmers and admirers of Benita and
 Juanita - - - Talbot Bradley and Royce Roley
 Senor Sweteo and Senor Whackeo, beggars masquerading as Toreadors
 - - - Robert Wilson and Benjamin Jennings
 Dolorse and Maria, friends of Juanita and Benita - - Ruth Harris and Marian Baker

Stage Setting—Spanish Patio (walled-in garden) with gate at back.

Chorus Men: Collie Baker, William Dedman, William Heacock, Henry Wright,
 Dale Carter, Everett Drew, Eugene Drew, George Wiard, George Hoke, Percy Led-
 better and Clarke Lowe.

Chorus Girls: Etha Bushart, Agnes Wright, Drucilla Whitman, Vivian Harsh,
 Eileen Hagerman, Berenice Lawson, Ruth Pifer, Valeria Hodge, Lucia Harshman,
 Evelyn Finley, Carmen Harris and Margaret Harrington.

Dancing Girls: Gladys Wood, Meda Harris, Eloise Harshman, Ruth Winchester
 and Ruth Tabor.

Synopsis: Senior Dictorio is giving a banquet in honor of his twin daughters,
 Juanita and Benita. Juan and Pablo who are very much in love with them are dis-
 liked by their father whose heart is set on a Toreador. Two beggars appear and help
 Pablo and Juan in their plan to dress as Toreadors, Senor Sweteo and Senor Whackeo.
 Senior Dictorio is very pleased to have them come and ask for the hands of his daugh-
 ters which he gladly gives—but—the Toreadors are asked to stage a bull-fight in
 which their masquerade as Toreadors is unveiled to Senor Dictorio. The Toreadors are
 then turned away from the garden and once more resume their life as beggars. Senor
 Dictorio then turns his interests to Juan and Pablo and presents them to Benita and
 Juanita as birthday gifts for ever and ever.

GLEE CLUBS

Music is an elective subject in the S. T. H. S. and no one is under any obligations
 whatever to take it. This year the enrollment was about eighty. The chorus is divided
 into two sections. The Freshman-Sophomore chorus and the Junior-Senior chorus.

From these choruses, both boys' and a girls' Glee Club are picked. Special boys'
 and girls' Glee Clubs have been organized to perform at entertainments given at the
 school and also at other entertainments outside our school.

It has been the custom for many past years to send representatives of the music
 department to compete in the Interscholastic contest, which is held each year in the
 auditorium of the Normal University in Charleston.

In previous years a Glee Club has been picked by the music instructor to compete,
 but this year two soloists and a quartette were chosen to represent the high school. The
 solos were Vida Murray and Royce Roley. The quartette was composed of Marjorie
 Bupp, Vida Murray, Etha Bushart and Lorene Behen.



LITERARY

THE AVENGER

The sun rose slowly over a distant eastern ridge. Frost glittered on the trees and grass. The smoke rose lazily from the top of several Indian tepees nestled down in the valley. A small band of shaggy ponies grazed at the village edge. A dog barked. He was answered by a score of others. A squaw went to a nearby creek for water.

As the sun rose higher, the village awoke more and more, until it fairly teemed with dogs, squaws, small boys, Indian maidens and stalking, dignified warriors.

A band of stalwart warriors soon mounted their ponies and started on a hunt. Several small boys practiced with miniature bows.

Two Strike, a Shawnee youth of perhaps fifteen, watched the departure of the hunting party longingly. Striding back to his tepee, he secured his bow and arrows and disappeared into the forest. He was considered too young to go on the war path. He would have to do some great deed first.

He stole noiselessly through the forest, seeing and hearing everything. In a short time he had quite a bag of small game, and started on his return journey. Suddenly as he came into a clearing he stopped. The body of an Indian lay on the ground, face downward. Two Strike crept cautiously forward. It was his brother, High Hawk, the great Shawnee warrior. He had an arrow in his back. His scalp was unharmed. Some coward had invaded their hunting ground and shot the warrior in the back. It had just happened. The Indian had probably seen Two Strike and fled.

The eyes of the Indian lad glittered with hate. He quickly covered his brother's body with brush and leaves. Then he circled the clearing. He found the track, a faint impression on the grass. It was an Algonquin moccasin. It pointed north. Without a moment of deliberation Two Strike followed.

For two days he glided tirelessly on. The track went north, ever north. He cooked the game which he had shot. He was now in Algonquin territory. Late one afternoon he came within sight of an Indian village. He followed the tracks to its edge; then concealed himself in some brush. He saw the Indian, whom he had been following, telling his experiences to a circle of comrades. He was boasting proudly of the cowardly deed. Two Strike gripped his tomahawk tighter.

He watched the Indian enter a tepee just before dusk. He waited.

As it grew darker Two Strike left his hiding place and glided softly into the village.

The Indians were dancing around a huge bonfire in the center of the village. They were making a great noise. Two Strike peeped inside the murderer's tepee. The big warrior was asleep. No one else was within. Silently as a cat he crept to the sleeping warrior's side. He slept the sleep of the exhausted. With a single blow Two Strike severed the scalp lock from his head. As the Indian awoke with a scream of agony, Two Strike's tomahawk went crashing through his skull. With a loud ringing war-whoop Two Strike made for the forest.

The dancing ceased. For a moment the Indians thought the whole Shawnee nation was upon them. When they recovered their surprise Two Strike was well on his way. The Algonquins attempted a pursuit, but it was too dark to follow a noiseless, fleet-footed Indian far.

Two days later Two Strike calmly walked into his father's tepee with a reeking scalp at his belt. He had avenged his brother's death and made himself a warrior of the first rank.

—Glen Wright.

STARLIGHT IN THE DESERT

It was night in the desert of Western United States, and the tourists party, of which I was a member, stopped the car to camp for the night. A fire was built from dried mesquite, found near by, and the party sat around it to enjoy the evening. I sat there with them for a time but the beauty of the night, unmarred by the light of the fire and the sound of voices, seemed to call me. I took my heavy Indian blanket and started out into the night, after telling my friends to not be alarmed at my absence.

Walking alone, farther and farther from voices familiar to me, I had a deep feeling of something indefinable, something awing. The desert with its wondrous beauty from one side, and the companionship of man from the other both seemed to be tugging at my heart at once, pulling me first one way and then the other, until the struggle was won by the call of the glorious desert. I continued my walk from the little group around the campfire in response to it.

Far enough away from any living being to begin to feel the isolation, I stopped and spread my blanket over the sand and stretched my tired body upon it, full length. In this position I could not help noticing the seeming nearness of the stars. They twinkled and shown from their beautiful background of deep, deep blue. They seemed to come out for company to one, to protect from that awful monster, loneliness; but even without the stars, how could one be lonely in a beautiful desert when he knew that, "God was in His heaven and all was well with the world." Yet, there are those who could not bear the loneliness of it or rather the fear of it. The only thing to fear in the desert starlight is one's self. The thoughts you have are go great, so deep, so beyond anything that is pondered during the day, out among people, that those thoughts are capable of putting fear into the heart of anyone.

When the gaze is shifted from the heavens to Mother Earth, the heart swells with a deep indescribable feeling that any one has when he gazes upon something unfortunately beautiful. The sand in many mounds and hills, is dotted all over with the deep purple of the sage brush and the mesquite. The tops of the hills are grey shading into a shade of lavender grey to lavender, and then to purple, which is in the hollows. The solitude and greatness of the desert makes one feel very insignificant, subdued, and small. It takes away that feeling of, "We, the human are the lords of all creation," from one that is acquired after long association with people.

I felt that I had enjoyed those wondrous hours alone to the greatest extent after having gazed at everything around me until it was stamped in my mind, to remain there all my life, so I slowly went back to camp.

When I reached there, the campfire was out and the party was asleep, wrapped in their blankets, for it is cool at night in the deserts, so I just followed the example of those friends of mine and went soundly to sleep, myself. I dreamed of blue skies and bright stars and purple hollows, between sand dunes.

—R. Evalyn Finley.

THE RIVALS

Yes, Jed Burnak was an outlaw, but not truly so. A pal had committed murder and he had taken his place to shield the woman he loved. After six dreary years in Sing Sing, he escaped and immediately went to South America.

Now he was king of his little domain, the homestead facing the great, green forest on the west with the tall snow tipped mountains towering above. The pride of his heart was his beautiful, long haired Angora goats which he carefully kept in a well guarded corral. Here, far from men, he lived with faith and courage again growing in his heart.

But within the border of those green trees was another king, old Scar Face, king of the jungles. For years he had lived here wandering wherever he chose, the undisputed monarch of all. Long had Scar Face been watching the man with a growing

hatred in his sharp, green eyes, for the great tawny lion looked upon the man as a trespasser of his domain.

If ever he had a chance he would kill him, but now he had other things to think about. He was hungry and dusk was approaching. Three times before he had tried to steal a goat but all in vain. However, since the man was not in sight he would try once more. A few cat-like glides and one graceful leap brought him within the corral. With a mighty blow he stunned a fine lamb. At the pitiful bleat the door of the house was pulled open and the man came out. In his hand was a long, black stick.

Scar Face did not tarry long for he had not forgotten the time when fire came from the stick of a man, leaving those ugly scars on his face and neck. Again he had been foiled by man, but the time was coming when the man and the beast would be matched.

Jed had been hunting in the forest across the stream and being a tender foot and inexperienced with tropical weather, he had not known that up in the mountains there had been a severe storm which changed the little stream into a dangerous, frothing river, until he attempted to cross it. He had thought that he could easily swim it, but as he stepped in, the strong under current swept his feet from beneath him and on down the stream he was carried.

Two hundred yards or so down the stream was old Scar Face. He, too, wanted to cross and get home. There was but one way, over a half rotten log that stretched from one side of the stream to the other. The water was now very close beneath it, and there was but one thing that Scar Face hated and feared more than water. It was man. As he started across, something struck the log and started it down the stream. Scar Face startled by the sudden jar nearly lost his balance but with a frantic effort he managed to keep a foothold. To his further amazement he saw clinging on the other end the man, for it had been he who struck the log. Scar Face nearly forgot his fear of water. Now was his opportunity to be avenged on the man thing, his one rival.

One step he took toward the man. A sinister feeling possessed him and he almost forgot to hold tight. Rapidly they were being carried down stream, a rotten log, a fear stricken man, and a tawny lion. Two more steps and he was within three feet of the man. The latter jerked the log up and down, and as Scar Face saw the water splash, he retreated. Again he advanced and retreated but the third time he resolved to reach the man. One, two, three steps, but suddenly from a hole in the log, something green with a rattling sound, shot forth! In an instant it was wrapped around Scar Face's throat. He had not counted on a third party when he decided to end the rivalry. He had forgotten that Rattler's home was in the log and that many times he had tried to crush him, and thus had made a fatal enemy.

Still with a look of hatred in his eyes, old Scar Face gradually lost his hold and with the rattle snake surely and slowly choking him to death, he fell into the stream, leaving his forest home, his power, his all to his enemy and rival, the man.

—Martha Harkless.

A PERFECTLY SLEEPLESS NIGHT

It was fifteen minutes till eleven and I had just arrived home after the dance. The night was a lovely one; just the kind that lovers like. The moon was sailing swiftly over head and was flooding the clouds with its silvery light. The spring breezes murmured softly among the great oaks outside my open window. I settled my head back among the pillows, closed my eyes, and was just drifting off toward dreamland when I was awakened by a queer noise. I raised up with the alacrity similar to that when one sits on a tack. Great heavens! Dad had just begun his snoring. Instead of

beginning as soon as I got into bed, he waited until I had had a taste of sleep, just to see how nice and pleasant it was; then, he broke in on my slumbers like a winged, breathing demon, and I never knew what peace was again that night.

He started out with a terrific "Gur-r-rt" which opened my eyes very, very quickly. I hoped it was an accident and trusting that he wouldn't do it again, I forgave him. Then he suddenly blasted all my hopes and curdled the sweet serenity of my forgiveness by a long drawn out "Gw-a-h-h-hah", which sounded too much like business to be accidental. Then, the sleeper in the next room went on in long drawn, regular cadences that indicated good staying qualities, "Gw-a-a-hah. Gahwayway. Gawah-h-hah."

Evidently it was going to last all night and my weary head dropped back upon my sleepless pillows. It mumbled along in low muttering tones, like the distant echoes of a thunder storm. Pretty soon, he gave me a little variation. He shot off a spiteful "Gwook", which sounded like his nose had got mad at him and was going to go on a strike. Then, he paused again for breath and when he accumulated enough for his purpose, he resumed business with a "Kwopff", that nearly shot the roof off the house. Still he went on playing these fantastic tricks with his nose. It is an utter impossibility that any human could make the monstrous, hideous noises with his breathing machine that Dad was making with his. He went up and down a very chromatic scale of snores and he ran through fearful variations until it seemed that his nose must be out of joint in a thousand places. All night long he told his story, "Gw-a-ahah. Gahway. Gaw-wah-hah".

I lay there wondering what to do; it seemed to me that it must be almost morning. Suddenly, I heard the ringing of a bell.

"The door-bell", I thought. "Who in the world could it be?"

I crept out of bed, quickly slipped on my kimona and bedroom slippers and went downstairs to answer the door-bell. I opened the door and behold! there was nobody. I then understood what the bell was. Dad's alarm clock had been ringing. Just at that time, I heard my father coming down stairs. I got breakfast for him and then as you may all imagine, after I was through with my work, I went back upstairs and took a nap, which, by the way, lasted until my mother called me for supper.

—Meda C. Harris.

A RADIO PROGRAM

"Dear One, My Dear One!" While sitting "All Alone," so "Lonely and Blue", wondering if "Somebody Loves Me" suppose I should "Laugh it off," there comes over me "Moon-light Memories" of "My Old Pal" so "Just for Remembrance" I am asking you to "Put Away a Little Ray of Golden Sunshine For a Rainy Day."

"I've a Garden in Sweden" not in "Copenhagen" or "Mandalay" nor in "The Garden of the Gods" where you will find growing "My Wild Irish Rose."

"The Grass is Always Greener in the Other Fellow's Yard" but don't let "A Little Green God" come between you and your "Sally Lou."

When you say to your "Blue Eyed Sally", "Let Me Call You Sweetheart", because "Nobody Loves You Like I Do", and besides you are the "Only, Only One" may her answer be "After All I Adore You". But don't let her hear you say "I Don't Want to be Married", "I'm Having Too Much Fun", nor that "Any Old Time at All Will Do". But tell her "One Fine Day" or some "June Night" will "Doodle-De-Do".

"You're Just a Flower", "An Old Bouquet", but the "Mother O'Mine" has a "Lingering Hope" that, unless you are "Too Tired" at "Three o'clock in the Morning" or "Some Other Day" you will "Follow the Swallow Back Home" to the "Little Gray House in the West" which stands "At the End of a Winding Lane".

"I Don't Know, You Don't Know, No One Knows What It's All About" but I heard this over the radio.

—Erma Dale.

LAST, BUT NOT LEAST

The day nursery at Joanburg was in an uproar. Such noise! Nurses were flying hither and thither and were talking in nervous, high-pitched voices. Their apron strings were flying in the breeze created by hurrying forms, their little white caps bobbed on their heads and almost fell off when the head was given a little more than expected nervous shakes.

The babies felt the nervous tension in the air and were squawling as never before. Their little mouths were open as wide as the mouth of a crocodile, they turned their faces up, just like a dog when barking at the moon, and the squawl just tumbled out, each squawl being louder than the preceding one. The roof seemed to shake and become a bit wobbly under all this terrific strain.

The Day Nursery was a great boon to the women of Joanburg, they left their babies here while they worked or went to club. On Friday there was always a larger crowd than usual because this was the afternoon off for many of the private nurses and the mother having no place else to leave her baby left it at the nursery while she went to club.

This was Friday and babies just seemed to pour in. Each was checked and put in his respective place, usually very cheerfully but sometimes with more or less protest from the inestimable howling store house that every baby seems to own and from the clawing hands and feet that seemed to come from all directions and never were where they were thought to be.

Everything seemed to be running very smoothly until one of the mischievous youngsters—a boy—of course it was a boy, they are usually the root of all trouble.

This youngster had in some way gotten hold of the checks and they now formed little white paths through the house and garden. Now—Oh! Mercy! how were the nurses to know which mother got the right baby. This was what was causing all the turmoil and confusion.

The mothers were beginning to come for their babies; now came the endless job of identifying the babies and being sure that they were sent to the correct homes. At last the tiresome job was about over, the last mother, late from club, looking very trim in her furs, came. The tired nurse went to get the last baby but lo! and behold! it was a negro baby, could it be possible that there was a mistake; she looked again, yes, it was a negro baby—but this didn't make so much difference for you see the mother was a negro too.

—Marjorie Bolin.

WILL THE SUN RISE?

Will the sun rise in the morning,
As has been its wont to do,
O'er this world of joy and sorrow,
Full of sin and suffering too

Will it shed its beams upon us,
The sinners like the rest,
Will we look once more upon it,
In its shining garments dressed?

Or will the mighty hand of God,
As men have prophesied,
Destroy this world at midnight,
Before the sun can rise?

—Bernice Carson.

PLAYTIME

When is the only real time for fun?
It's when you know your work is done.
Who leaves neglected tasks behind,
Takes with him an uneasy mind.

The sweetest hours of joy are those,
Which every weary toiler knows,
The holidays, which, now and then,
Shine through the lives of busy men.

When, free from care and duty's grind,
He leaves the daily tasks behind,
And he can sing along his way,
Because he's earned the **right** to play.

He only knows the thrill of fun,
Who plays not, till his work is done.
Then he may wander fancy-free,
And claim the joys, whate'er they be.

There's not the greatest joy in play,
For him who knows that he should stay,
And keep his post, however sweet,
The joys that he has gone to meet.

He seeks for joy, but on his mind,
There lies the task he left behind,
Knowing the laughter and delight,
Which come to him are his by right.

So I'll but try and do my best,
With every struggle meet some test.
I'll help somebody every day,
But always at my post I'll stay.

And then, when I come down to rest,
With life's sun sinking in the west
When the last bugle call is wrest,
I may know that I have done my best.
—Mildred Buxton.

WHAT I DID DOWN BELOW

In the awful heat and torture
Of the fire that leaps and dances
In and out the furnace door, that never closes,
On in silence I did work,
For with me, there was no chance
On my brow to feel the outer breeze that blows.
For they've placed me in a room,
Down below,
In a burning, blazing tomb,
Down below,
Where I could not see the sky,
Or could not try in time to fly,
When destruction stalketh nigh,
Down below.

Though my name was never mentioned,
Though they saw or knew me not,
Though my deeds may never bring me worldly fame,
I was a man below all others—
And the bravest of the lot—
And a hero of the firey cruise, just the same.
I was the man who did the work,
Down below,
From the labor I did not shirk,
Down below,
I did shovel day and night
Feeding flames all blazing bright,
Keeping up a deep blue cruise,
Down below.

—Joseph Getz.

SKETCHES FROM THE BUSY BEE

This page has been inserted in the Retrospect—not so much for the pleasure of outsiders as for a pleasing remembrance of school days for the students.

The Literary Editor believes that in these sketches there lingers a bit of the school atmosphere—a reminder in years to come of the distant days when we were scholars at the S. T. H. S.

She will be doubly pleased if this page proves interesting to the alumni and friends of our school and Retrospect.

Evelyn Keen,

Literary Editor, Retrospect.

FRESHMEN

Registration—a last few days of freedom—the first day—strange rooms—strange teachers—ten minute classes—assignments—mad rush for books—afternoon of fearful contemplation of the new subjects—second day—endless wandering in the halls—wrong classes—jibes from upper classmen—a none too promising look into the year's work—time passes—report cards—ouch—that algebra—night of study—themes—themes—themes—English—uh—Latin conjugations—watch out—Physiography—Semesters approaching—uncertainty—work—work—Semesters here—and flunked? More Algebra—it's harder—more English—still harder—Physiology—bad enough—Latin—awful—report cards discouraging—spring fever—less work—harder lessons—three more weeks—now two—shall we pass?—big review—Semesters—final reports—oh!—what a relief—three months vacation—Bliss!

THE NOON HOUR AT S. T. H. S.

Bell—hurrying steps—books bang—Rise—Pass—running—scrambling—quiet in halls.

Lunch rooms—eating—sacks—bread crusts—apple cores—banana peelings—loud munching—scraping of chairs—couples leave—silence regins.

Halls—almost deserted—groups of two's—against the walls—secrets.

Office—gang—telephone—giggles—telephone again—secretary arrives—pupils slide from desk—hasty retreat.

Assembly—few studying—stragglers in and out—piano—talking—“Have you your Geometry?”—“Oh and I have it fifth hour”—“That test I just know I flunked it”—“What did you get?”—Mr. Brown walks in—approaches unlucky student—bawling out—everybody looks—Mr. Brown leaves—necks at less tension—talking resumed.

Teacher appears—bell rings—pupils troop out—doors shut—quietness resumes control.

—L. R.

MAY

Sun shining brightly—fleecy clouds floating lazily in the blue sky—bees buzzing around the flowers—lawnmowers whirring harshly—boys languidly tossing baseball to and fro—more boys in shirt sleeves lolling in the shade—girls sitting on the front steps talking—buildings silent—halls deserted—assembly all but deserted—teachers yawning—everybody sighing—nobody working—May at the Township High School.

—S.M.H.

FOUR O'CLOCK

Ding-a-ling-a-ling—a slight stir through the assembly—books thump into desks—murmur of voices in the halls—footsteps rumble—crowd commences to pour into assembly—crowd continues to pour into assembly—laughing and talking—rustling of papers—shuffling of feet—a few stragglers—everybody seated—a sudden hush—silence—everybody tense—a sharp command—pandemonium loosed—a general rush for the door—a scramble for coats and hats—continued bustle—doors slam—everybody out—quiet once more—another schoolday over.

S. M. H.

FLAMING HEARTS

Scenario by Evelyn Keen
 Photographers
 Lorene Behen
 Vida Murray

Casts
 Jeanie Lane - Elsie Marchman
 The Hero - Glen Wright
 The Villain - Keith Grigsby



Another customer and another proposal



Jeanie Lane, a little manicurist, has a customer and a proposal.



A bloody Duel



The unconquerable villain defeated



A dastardly trick and a fair spectator

And they lived happily ever after

Isn't this just too romantic?



John R. Bupp
 Our elected Capt
 who was unable
 to serve because
 of injury.



Mounted on his coasting steed in full cost of arms ready for battle



Collie our polevaulter doing 9 1/2 feet



Our Football Mascot

Autographs —

Harriet Waller '25
E. ... '22
Anna Wiers

John B. Miller '26
Edgar Palmer

Kathleen Higgins
Helen Lovell '26

Harriet ... '26
Frank Siskapus '27

William Bland '25
Gerald ...
James Taber

Granny Newbold '24

Grace Siskapus

Betha Riley

S. Edgar Baughen

Hoyt M. Rose

John Plesner '26?

Hubert Kenton

James Wright

Henry Wright



They look dead here
But they sure can lead
yells!



Cap't
of
Bulldogs, winners
of League Tourney



Mr. Johnson goes on duty.



"Charlie"
(My Boy)



"Shorty"



He twinkled
at
Bement.



"Hank" receives as Henton
delivers.



Spring is here
Mr. Collins and
the Campus
Mix.



Eva
or
(Eve)



The Cooking Class
We've heard strange tales about their cooking



Jokes



Now the editor of the jokes
Is just an ordinary folk
Who has quite hard times
To find jokes and rymes;
So if you have heard one before
Just read it some more.
And gentle reader, don't raise a complaint,
For some are original, and then too,
some ain't.

Keith Grigsby (translating Latin)—
"Will you travel with me?"
Miss Todd—"Yes, go on."

Harrison York (while discussing
American history examination questions)—
"Miss Hobbs, will you ask us for
dates?"

Miss Hobbs: "Why, no, you see the
school board discourages it."

To You From Us

You will make fun of our bobbed hair,
Let's hear you laugh, old dears;
But funnier still, is the female male,
Who wears side-burns below his ears.

Vivian Harsh: "What is that peculiar
odor coming from the fields?"

Ruth Winchester: "That's fertilizer"

Vivian: "Oh! For the lands sake."

Ruth: "Yes."

Lester Dunscomb: "What was that
noise I heard in the Civics room yesterday?"

Sam Bolin: "That was me falling
asleep."

A Small Ad.

"Hind's Honey and Almond Cream
guaranteed to keep the chaps off."

"Oh yes," said Miss Lewis, "I understand
now. I'll never use it again."

Halbert Bolin: "I thought that Caesar
was dead."

Clarke Lowe: "He is, isn't he?"

Halbert: "Why, Miss Todd says she
teaches him."

The Inquiring Reporter.

What would you rescue first in case
of fire?

Gladys Wood: "Purvie's picture, of
course."

Fred Lee: "Drucilla"

Purvis Tabor: "My curls"

Marjorie Bupp: "Charlie, my boy."

John Corbin: "My pocket full of
mints."

James Campbell: "My politeness."

Ivan Wood: "My witty sayings."

Mr. Henderson: "What is the difference
between ammonia and pneumonia?"

George Hoke: "Ammonia comes in
bottles while pneumonia comes in chests"

Vida Murray (inquiring about the
history examination questions) "Make
them short and don't extend one question
all over North America."

More Trash.

Freshman fell into an ash can last
Wednesday. Presently another freshman
passed by and remarked, "Home,
Sweet Home."

Drucilla Whitman: "I found the
cutest present for Fred's birthday today."

Gladys Wood: "Bargain huh? Something
for nothing."

Maudia Daugherty (in English): "I
have already read 'Silas Marner' and
'Mill on the Floss' and those books."

Miss Sullins: "Oh well, those books
aren't for children anyhow."

Now Guess Who!

Margaret Harrington—"You know
he's just so little that I called him
honey right out in class the other day."

Miss Hobbs: "How many wars has the
United States had?"

Hal Sona: "Five."

Miss Hobbs: "Enumerate them."

Hal: "One, two, three, four, five."

A Kiss.

She says "no"
meaning "maybe."
She can't say "yes,"
For she's a lady.
Moral—"Why ask?"

Overheard in the hall:

Henry Wright: "I stayed at home and studied last night. I believe it does a fella good to study once in a while."

Hubert Kingery: "Yeah, I couldn't get a date last night either."

Vera Seitz (in English IV.): "The book says that Emerson didn't go to lectures to listen, but for what he heard"

Guess Again.

Miss Hobbs (in American History): "Where did the manufactured goods which were not manufactured in the colonies come from before the war of 1812, James?"

James Campbell: "Well, they went and got them, I suppose."

Gerald Pearce: "What should a fellow do when a girl in front of him goes to sleep in class on another fellow's shoulder?"

Ed Palmer: "Trade seats with him."

Miss Hobbs (in American Problems): "What was the difference in the houses of today and the ones in the early days?"

Percy Ledbetter: "Why the houses of today are much warmer."

Miss Hobbs: "Yes, some of them."

Percy: "In summer, did you say?"

That's the Spirit.

Mr. Brown: "Bill what do you intend to do?"

William Bland: "Be a policeman."

Mr. Brown: "What would you do to disperse a crowd?"

William: "I would start to take up a collection."

Mr. Brown: "Get you a star and start to work."

Where to find them in a hurry.

Lester Duncomb—Coming to school between 9:05 and 9:20.

Leonard Mueller—Slinging hash at Purvis'.

Evelyn Keen—Arguing in history class.

William Beitz—At Bethany.

Certain Senior Boys—On the road to Eloise H.'s house.

"Pat" Bradley—Down town looking for a jug of eggs.

Lorene Behen—Praising "Cotton" Wood.

Ted Cooley—Dancing.

Jim Dedman—Teasing the girls.

Edgar Palmer—At the Butterfly Shoppe.

Miss Pape—Teaching Algebra.

Altabelle Waggoner—Buggy riding.

Lives of football men remind us
How they write their name in blood,
And departing leave behind them
Half their faces in the mud.

Miss English (in Senior chorus) "Robert, what ever you are playing with, I wish you would lay it on my desk."

Keith Grigsby: "Huh! It's my shirt-tail."

Lots Of 'Em Do

Hubert Kingery: "My girl got Austria the other night on her radio."

Harry Palmer: "That's nothing. My girl gets Hungary every night without any radio."

Keith Grigsby (approaching Miss English): "Say it isn't a very good day for the race is it?"

"Miss English (puzzled): "Why, what race?"

Keith: "Human race."

Marjorie Bupp: "Why did they take Buster out of the game?"

Vida Murray: "For holding."

Marjory: "Now, isn't that just like Buster."

Lost: A purse containing \$10 and a bathing suit. See Lucy May Moore.

For Sale: My blushes. Guaranteed not to fade on rainy days. Call at once. Kenneth Lowe.

Lost: (To the world)—Drue Whitman and Fred Lee.

For Sale: Our reserved seats on the front steps.—Olive Lilly and Bernice Carson.

Lost: A linen handkerchief with a five dollar bill tied in one corner. Don't care for money but would like to have handkerchief returned. Reward offered. Bernice Lawson.

Bill Dedman (waking up in History, after being called upon by Miss C. Hobbs who had been talking about Hawaii.)

Miss C. Hobbs: "Say Bill, where is Hawaii?"

Bill (sleepily): "What was the question?"

Miss Hobbs: "Hawaii."

Bill: "Oh, I'm all right thanks; how are you?"

There are meters of accent,
And meters of tone,
But the best of all meters—
Is to meet 'er alone.

Freshman: "Teacher won't let me in school today because I met a skunk?"

Senior: "Gee! These freshmen are always lucky."

Marjorie Bupp: "If Ivanhoe sells for a quarter what is Kenilworth?"

Freda Edmiston: "Great Scott! What a novel question."

Erma Dale: "I don't think I deserve zero on this paper."

Mr. Sterling: "I don't think you do either but that is the lowest I can give you."

Gladys Wood (noticing the delicious odor coming from the cooking room): "Clara, what do I smell? I thought Miss Stewart wasn't here today."

Miss English (in public speaking): "How many knew that alfalfa was a kind of hay before they read this? I didn't. I thought it was like clover."

Class: "Ha! Ha! Ha! Clover is hay."

Miss English: "Oh! Next paragraph, please."

William Bland: "But, my dear, you know that old proverb, 'Love is blind.'"

Ruth Pifer: "Yes, but you see the neighbors aren't, so pull down the shades."

Miss Hobbs: "What is Minneapolis?"

Leonard Anderson: "The North American Capital of Sweden."

Mr. Sterling: "What is the difference between love and matrimony?"

Mrs. Sterling: "I'm not discussing war just now."

Velva Sullivan: "Don't you think it is wrong to box a compass of a ship?"

Fern Elzy: "Not any more than to paddle a canoe."

Delmar Elder: "Would you like to go to the Junior class play?"

Jennie M. Cummins (rather excited): "Why, I'd just love to."

Delmar: "Then buy your ticket of me, will you?"

Miss C. Hobbs (in General History, with reference to the French Revolution): "Marguerite, when were Louis XIV. and Maria Antoinette on good terms?"

Marguerite Butts: "The only time I can think of is when they were married"

Benjamin Jennings: "Is this well water?"

Lester Dunscomb: "Does it look sick?"

Carlton Purvis: "Dad, I got in trouble at school today and it's all your fault."

Mr. Purvis: "How's that, son?"

Carlton: "Well, you remember when I asked you how much a million dollars was."

Mr. Purvis: "Yes, I remember."

Carlton—"Well, teacher asked me and 'helluva lot' isn't the answer."

Freshie: "Mr. Henderson, did God make both you and me?"

Mr. Henderson: "Why, yes?"

Freshie: "He's doing beter work all the time isn't he?"

Freshman: "What's your occupation?"

Senior: "I'm a sailor."

Freshie: "You don't look like a sailor. I don't believe you were ever on a ship."

Senior: "Do you think I came over from England in a hack?"

John Hankley (in English IV. reading a sentence): "They have went to town."

Miss Bach: "Don't ever say, 'have went'. Have gone is the correct form. You may stay after school and write 'have gone' one hundred times."

John stayed and Miss Bach left. The next morning this is what she found on the board: "I have written, 'I have gone' one hundred times, so I have went."

Ruth Pifer (in General History): "Miss Hobbs, how old was Louis XIV. when he died?"

Miss Hobbs: "Just about sixty, I think."

Ruth: "Now isn't that queer?"

Miss Hobbs: "I don't see anything queer about it."

Ruth: "Well you see he ruled seventy-two years."

Royce Roley: "What is that bump on Vivian Harsh's head?"

George Hoke: "That's where a happy thought struck her."

Miss Hobbs: (In American History): "This is merely a skeleton map."

Hal Sona (in an undertone voice): "Boo, I'm afraid."

Mr. Henderson: "Harry, what is your report about?"

Harry Palmer: "Whiskey."

Mr. Henderson. "Let's have it."

Miss Hobbs (in American Problems): "When is Capital stock watered, Purvis?"

Purvis Tabor: "When it is thirsty."

Miss B. Hobbs: "What drew our soldiers to war with Mexico?"

Dale Carter: "Locomotives."

John Bupp: "Dontcha want to ride to school with me?"

Clara Robinson: "No thanks, I must hurry and report on my English."

Miss B. Hobbs, (in Civics): "What is a revenue stamp?"

Ivan Wood: "It is the stamp on whiskey bottles."

Ivan Wood: "The traveling expenses of the President are paid when going back in a ford" (meaning when going back and forth.)

The printer gets the money,
The editor gets the fame,
The students get the Retrospect
But the staff gets all the blame.

HIGH SCHOOL CALENDAR DECEMBER

- Dec. 1. Sylvan Baugher mourns the loss of his drum which was burned in the Jefferson fire.
- Dec. 2. The league teams organize.

- Dec. 3. An act of destruction was noticed today when Hal Sona was seen tearing up the stairs.
- Dec. 4. Russell Jenkins appears with "specs" this morning. Hope no one mistakes him for a teacher.
- Dec. 5. Can you imagine the Senior class president being jerked into the office. The letter must have been important.
- Dec. 8. Another pair of "specs" appear on John Corbin. Very becoming, John.
- Dec. 9. Sale of Red Cross Seals continues.
- Dec. 10. Marjorie Bupp falls hard,—not for a man either.
- Dec. 12. Interesting basketball game with Windsor. 15-16.
- Dec. 15. Gladys Woods causes Miss Sullins much embarrassment when she mentions the name of an "intimate friend".
- Dec. 16. Olive McCusker and John Corbin are the foremost society leaders at the present.
- Dec. 17. Sullivan beats Findlay, 27-15.
- Dec. 18. Junior class play, a great success.
- Dec. 19. No electricity—no school—for only half a day. We beat Arthur, 19-4.
- Dec. 22. Another Alumni visitor; Genevieve Mautz.
- Dec. 23. Agorian Literary Society gives their program before the Assembly.
- Dec. 23 to Jan. 5. Christmas vacation.

JANUARY

- Jan. 6. "Aren't these men getting hard here lately", says Marjorie, Lorene and Freda.
- Jan. 7. The "American Mysto" gives an entertainment.
- Jan. 9. Ted Cooley, Ed Palmer, Fred Lee have some experience in regard to court rules.
- Jan. 11. More split-ups on the trip to Charleston. Junior girls have their troubles as well as Seniors after all.
- Jan. 12. Talk about scandal! The girls in the cooking class certainly can give you plenty. "Looks are often deceiving though", says Pauline.
- Jan. 13. New election of officers in Literary Societies.
- Jan. 14-15-16. Now the teachers work? County Institute.
- Jan. 19. Where's Bus McMahan today? Helen looks sort of downhearted.
- Jan. 20. Who's who is the question now with everybody wearing everybody else's dresses.
- Jan. 22-23. Semester exams. But where are those pitying looks on those who have to take?
- Jan. 26. The new semester begins. Everyone looks determined.
- Jan. 27. Why all the questions about Miss Bach? Because she has taken second hour English class.
- Jan. 28. Senior class meeting.
- Jan. 29. Clarence Engle and Louis Schultz, two prominent alumni, were visitors at S. T. H. S. today.
- Jan. 30. Another visitor from Stewardson; Mildred Kuster pays us a visit.
- Jan. 31. Basketball Tournament ends with Lovington taking the honors.
- Feb. 2. Red hair appears to be quite stylish since Freda has it.
- Feb. 3. Lauren Ham must be studying to become a History teacher from his brilliant recitations.
- Feb. 4. Miss Lewis' brother and his friend from the U. of I. have arrived at last and our curiosity is satisfied.
- Feb. 5. Many K. K. K.'s are absent today. Looks suspicious.



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Feb. 6. Miss Stewart introduces us to her sister. Ruth Tabor thinks she must be related to Anita Stewart.

Feb. 9. Can it be that Pauline is interested also in Joe Getz's humorous sayings?

Feb. 10. John Corbin and Ted Cooley cause a little disturbance in seventh hour History class.

Feb. 11. Retrospect staff is photographed. Even work has some good points.

Feb. 12. Keith Grigsby tells us about the victory in basketball with Windsor last night.

Feb. 13. Elda Libotte was misunderstood again today by one of the teachers.

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Feb. 16. The photographer must be very busy at present, judging from the number of Marcelle waves.

Feb. 17. The Freshmen receive some Senior knowledge in English I.

Feb. 18. Football boys have a banquet.

Feb. 19. Miss Hobbs even dreams of slavery she says.

Feb. 20. Pictures, pictures everywhere!

FEBRUARY

Feb. 23. Mrs. Baker decides there is much talent for comedy plays in her fourth hour English IV. class.

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- Feb. 24. New styles appear often. Now it's in hosiery.
Feb. 25. Mr. Brown apparently is not offended by Ruth's refusal to let him taste her cake. It looked like flavoring anyway, didn't it Ruth?
Feb. 26. Operetta.
Feb. 28. Eugene Drew and Meda Harris give us a surprise.
- MARCH**
- Mar. 2. Shall we or shall we not get dismissed for the Tournament?
Mar. 3. Six weeks exam in full force.
Mar. 4. We listen to President Coolidge's Inaugural Address—over the radio.

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Mar. 5. Mr. Brown announces that we do not get dismissed for the Tournament. Wonder how he knew we would get beat.

Mar. 6. Many have gone to the Tournament after all.

Mar. 9. Everyone is enjoying the first Spring day.

Mar. 10. Gladys Woods says she feels like she ought to study but she just hasn't got the nerve. (She may go fishing instead.)

Mar. 11. Boys start the style of stiff katie's. Not bad boys! You're progressing!

Mar. 12. Mr. Brown talks to us of the "High School Spirit" and also informs us that Seniors lead in six weeks average of 89.

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Mar. 13. Several Seniors write on the teachers exam—to see how much they do not know. From reports, they seem to have found out all right.

Mar. 16. After a few seconds of deep thought Gerald Pierce, in answer to Miss Hobb's question, "When was Johnston killed?" replies, "I think in yesterday's lesson."

Mar. 17. We have added a new member to the faculty, a cat, who is to teach the mice that they must stay out of the cooking room.

Mar. 18. Rain! Rain! Rain! Baldy orders Benjamin to crank up the "ark."

Mar. 19. Bill Bland had a slight accident today when he was rudely pushed into the hedge by one of the boys.

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Mar. 20. The S. T. H. S. Band played for us at music period. Following was an experiment on electricity and slight of hand performance by Mr. Mills.

Mar. 23. Since Fred has the measles Ted sees that Drucilla gets to school all right.

Mar. 24. Mr. Brown disturbs Lester's peaceful slumber during the sixth hour assembly.

Mar. 25. Agnes Wright chaperones Miss English and Dr. Merriman to school.

Mar. 26. Mr. Brown announces Patron's Day as April 10 and discusses it before the assembly.

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Mar. 27. Aeolian Literary Society gives a program before the assembly.

Mar. 30. School dismissed sixth hour for grade school parade. A few boys were apparently delayed on the return trip.

Mar. 31. Hm! So that's the opinion the editor of the Retrospect has of the staff—saying we're all nosey.

APRIL

April 1. Miss Hobbs April Fools her seventh hour history.

April 2. We manage to get through English class by means of Purvis Tabor's head.

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April 6. Ivan says his legs are sure sore from kicking in Commercial Law class.

April 7. Mrs. Baker has a spelling match in English IV. today.

April 8. Senior class play practice begins. Now the fun begins.

April 9. Lucy More tries to get Ruth Harris a date for the banquet. However, Ruth had made other arrangements.

April 10. Patron's Day.

April 13. The rain and hail storm caused several calamities today. Besides breaking windows in the assembly, it forced some of the dignified Senior boys to go home barefooted.

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VICTROLAS AND RECORDS

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April 14. Senior class sends flowers to Louetta Ray.

April 15. What! Are Evelyn and Hal talking to each other again?

April 16. It is noticed that the park is being used extensively on the way to school.

April 17. Harriet Tusler "steps out" with John Corbin. We didn't know she had a "divorce" yet.

April 20. Marian Baker says she is so sleepy today. (Beryl was over last night.)

April 21. Grade school announces their Operetta at the S. T. H. S.

April 22. Domestic Science Club goes on a hike. Some hike too.

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April 24. Track meet between Findlay and Sullivan. Findlay lost hope and gave up in the end, not even remaining to finish the relay race.

April 27. "Peg" Harrington and Leonard Mueller were greatly embarrassed today when they were forced to walk to school together.

April 28. Wouldn't it be nice if all the teachers and pupils were as good friends as Talbot and Miss Lewis?

April 29. Much talent displayed in the Declamatory Contest.

April 30. Mr. Lambrecht gives the bad boys a scare today.

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MAY

- May 1. Junior and Senior Banquet.
May 4. Wrist watches are becoming more abundant. Graduation is almost here.
May 5. Miss English is wearing a high collar again today. Wonder why?
May 6. Oratorical contest.
May 7. Students going to Charleston to show us what they can do.
May 8. Track Meet at Arthur. Sullivan wins.
May 11. Medals for various accomplishments are displayed, together with the possessors, in the assembly this morning.
May 12. Ivan Woods announces his wedding date as July 1, 1928. However, things look at present as if the date may be put off for awhile.
May 28-29. The exams that tell the tale.
May 31. Baccalaureate.
June 2. Commencement.

The End

