



1924

HERALD PRINT
SULLIVAN, ILLINOIS

The Retrospect

1924

Published by The Senior Class
of The
Sullivan Township
High School

SULLIVAN, ILLINOIS

FOREWORD

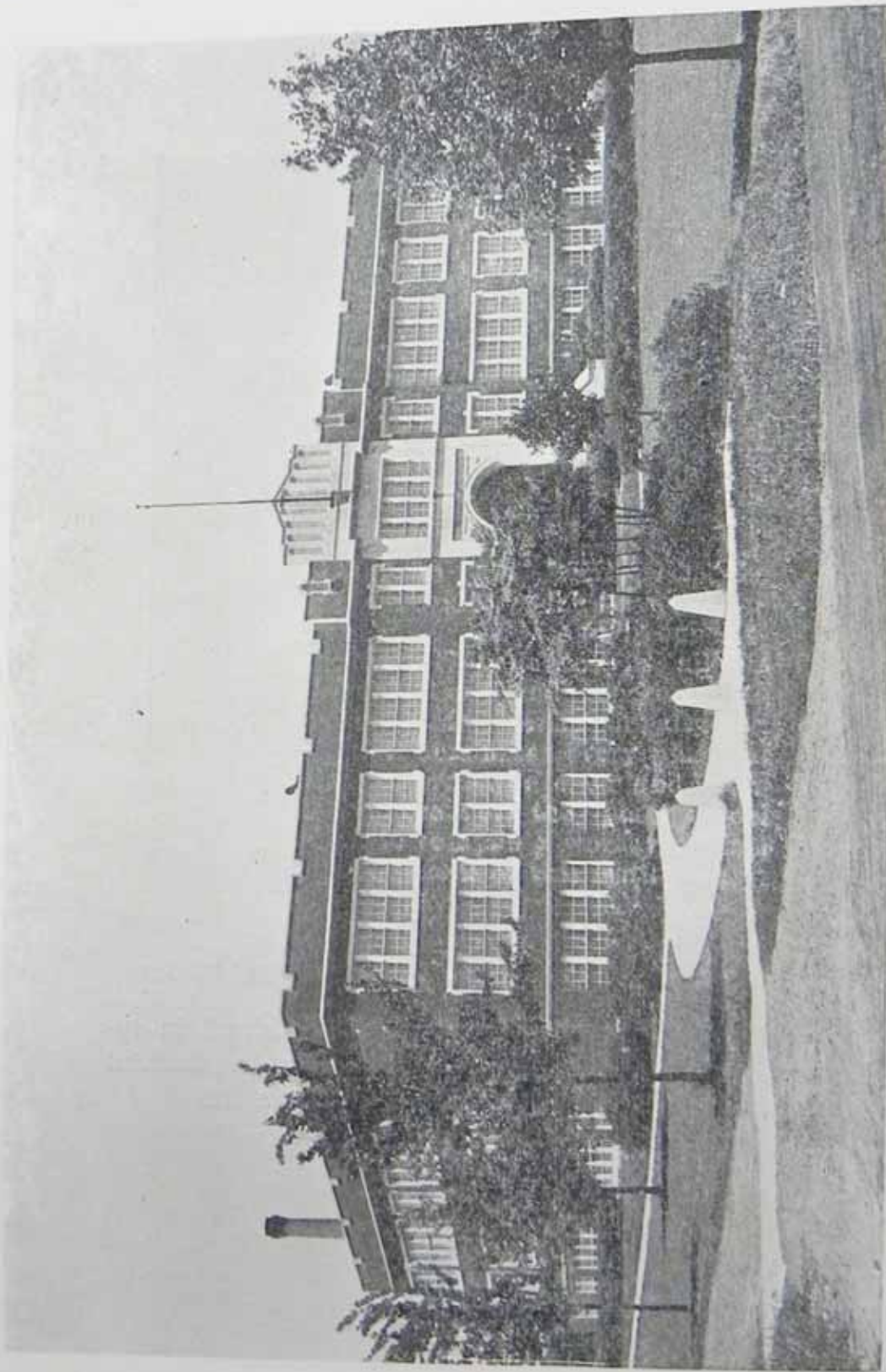
With the issue of the 1924 Retrospect, the staff completes the work to which it was appointed. It has been our purpose and our desire to picture Sullivan High School in all its departments, organizations and functions; to embody the ever increasing spirit of loyalty and good fellowship that dominates every phase of student activities; to present a clear and concise account of the events of the past school year—and withal, to compile a worthy volume in the literary productions of this institution.



To Miss Emma Edmiston

Assistant Principal and students' friend, in appreciation of her seven years as a faithful sympathetic instructor, we dedicate this

Retrospect



SULLIVAN TOWNSHIP HIGH SCHOOL BUILDING.



RETROSPECT STAFF

Editor-in-Chief	Lester Barnes
Business Manager	Harry Hill
Assistant Editor	Cecil Creath
Literary Editor	Ferne Garrett
Athletic Editor	Lee Roughton
Humor Editor	Gladys Moore
Art Editor	Caroline Jennings
Music Editor	Marian Harshman
Organization Editor	Charles Shuman
Calendar Editor	Claudia Ledbetter
Typist	Eva Behen
Faculty Advisor	Miss Bullock

—o—
EDITORIAL

Shortly after the issue of this Annual, the present Senior Class will be graduated from this school. Another year has elapsed and the mild, pleasant weather of spring ushers in that gala occasion—Commencement day.

This year the largest class which has ever graduated from this school will pass out into the rapidly increasing ranks of Alumni. Almost seventy Seniors will receive the coveted Diploma and sever, as students, their relations with the school. Out of the Freshman Class of four years ago about fifty-five remain to graduate. This group, aug-

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mented by incoming students from other schools, comprises this year's class.

Our class has been in school during the period of its greatest growth. The student body of about two hundred in 1921 has increased to nearly three hundred. In those brief four years new organizations have been started, class affairs have been instituted, and existing organizations not up to standard have ceased to function. This rapid growth is a credit to the administration and to the patrons of the school whose co-operation and foresight have made it possible. It is certain that none of the class will cease to cherish the memories of these eventful years.

During the greater part of the nineteenth century the educational system of this country was in its early stages of development. The number of high schools and students was ridiculously low as compared to present day figures. Few people ever received a high school education and, consequently, such an education was not considered at all necessary. A person completing the eighth grade was thought very well educated. Higher institutions were comparatively few and very poorly attended.

Since then, the educational system has grown by leaps and bounds. During the last forty years the number of high school students has practically doubled every decade. Universities, colleges and technical schools have shown a corresponding increase. A high school education is now considered most essential. A person denying himself a high school education goes out into the world poorly equipped. He lacks an important weapon in his efforts for success.

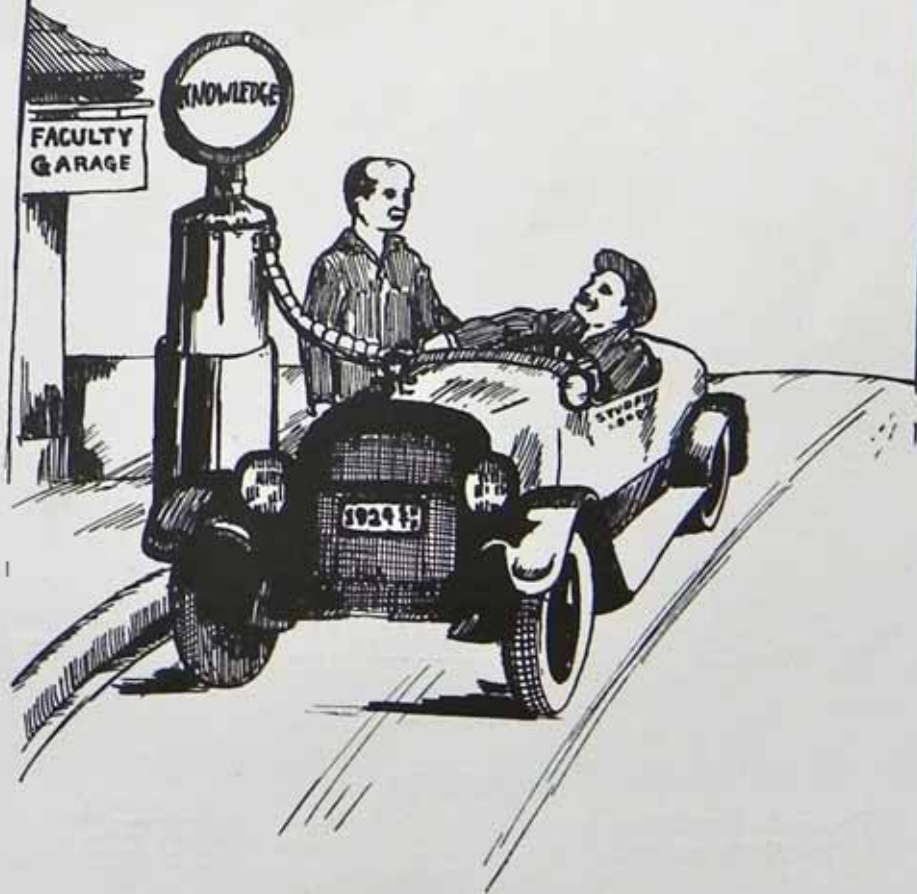
Just what distinguishing characteristic should a high school graduate possess? He should be prepared for citizenship. If he forgets all of the facts and statistics learned at school or if he fails to apply his knowledge to better his position in life, his attendance in high school has been justified if he has learned his place, his responsibility and his duty in this democracy of ours. In this age of political corruption and partisan strife, clear-sighted, unprejudiced citizens and voters are needed. The only method of abolishing political corruption is the expression of public opinion in the ballots cast at each election. The future of this nation, depends, therefore, on the character and ideals of the youth of today who are the voters of tomorrow. That the graduates of high schools possess the capability for worthwhile citizenship may be expected by the patrons of the school.

Citizenship has always received great stress in this school, especially in recent years. Due to the foresight of the class of 1922, a suitable reward is made each year to the senior, adjudged the best citizen in his class during his four years in school, and this has been an added incentive to the students.

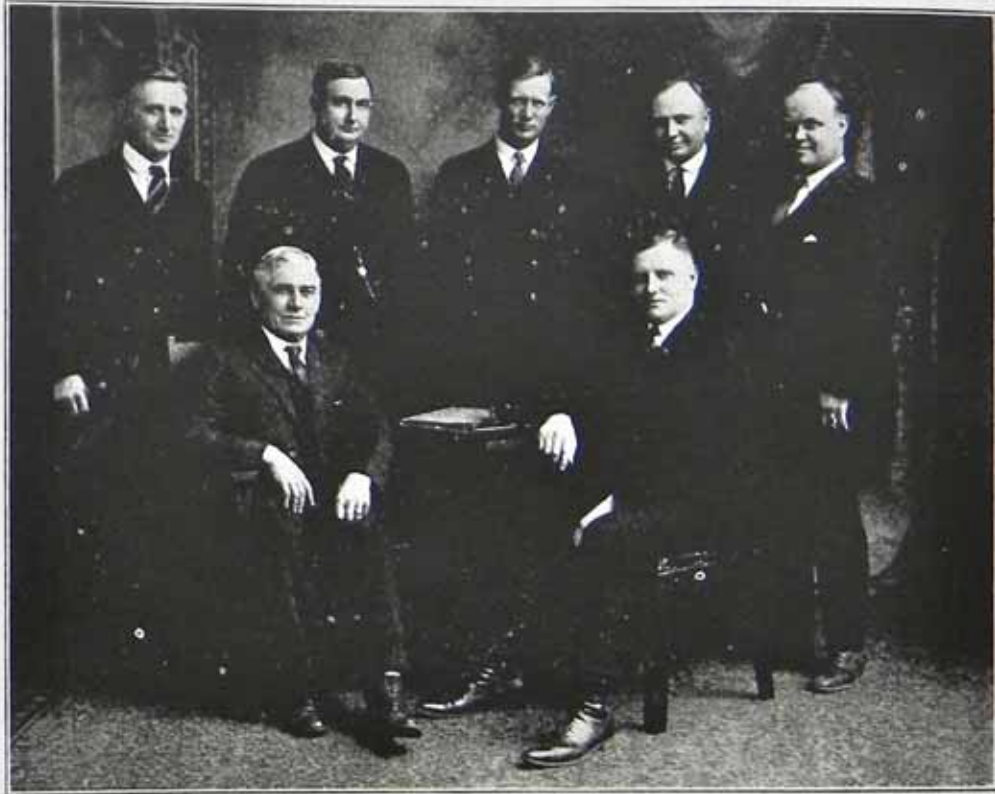
Standards set by previous classes have been high. It is reasonable to expect succeeding classes to sustain those standards.

—Lester Barnes

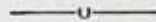
ADMINISTRATION



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 Homer W. Wright.....Secretary



MEMBERS

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 W. E. Edmiston

G. L. Kellar

J. B. Tabor
 N. C. Ellis

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Ind. U.; Illinois S. N. U., B. Ed.;
Kurtz, Ind.—Principal.

Clara E. Bullock
Illinois S. N. U., B. Ed., Normal
Ill.—English.

Frema Edmiston
Illinois, U. Valparaiso, Ind. A. B.
M. Acc't, Sullivan, Ill.—Commercial.

Ward C. Johnson
Illinois S. N. U.; Eureka College,
Stanford, Ill.—Manual Training.



Edna M. Church
Illinois S. N. U.; Millikin Conserv-
atory; Clinton, Ill., Music and Girl's
Physical Training.

Bertha E. Hobbs
St. U. of Ia.; Bryant-Straton Bus.
Col. Chicago U; U. of I., A. B.; West
Branch, Ia.—History and Civics.

Nellie Holt
University of Illinois, A. B.,
Greenup, Ill.—Household Science.

G. Eloise Murray
University of Illinois, A. B. Elgin,
Ill.—Mathematics and French.

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V. C. Mills
University of Illinois, B. S., War-
raw, Ill.—Physical Science.

Estella Ellis Baker
DePauw University Ph. B., Sulli-
van, Ill.—English and History.

E. Louise Bach
Illinois Wesleyan University, A.
B., Bloomington, Ill.—English.

Richard O. Malcomson
Western Ill. St. Teachers College,
B. Ed., Frederick, Ill.—Biological
Science.



Thomas P. Raymer
Susquehanna University, A. B.,
Lewistown, Pa.—Mathematics.

Freda F. Walker
S. T. H. S.; Sullivan, Ill.—Secre-
tary-Librarian.

Mary Ellen Martin
DePauw University, A. B., At-
tica, Ind.—Latin.

Reuben Young
Michigan St. Normal College,
Ypsilanti, Milan, Michigan.—Com-
mercial.



Thomas H. Finley, who for six years and a half guided the destinies of the S. T. H. S., left us at the close of the first semester of this year. He resigned his position here to enter the Austin High School in Chicago, where greater opportunities for advancement awaited him.

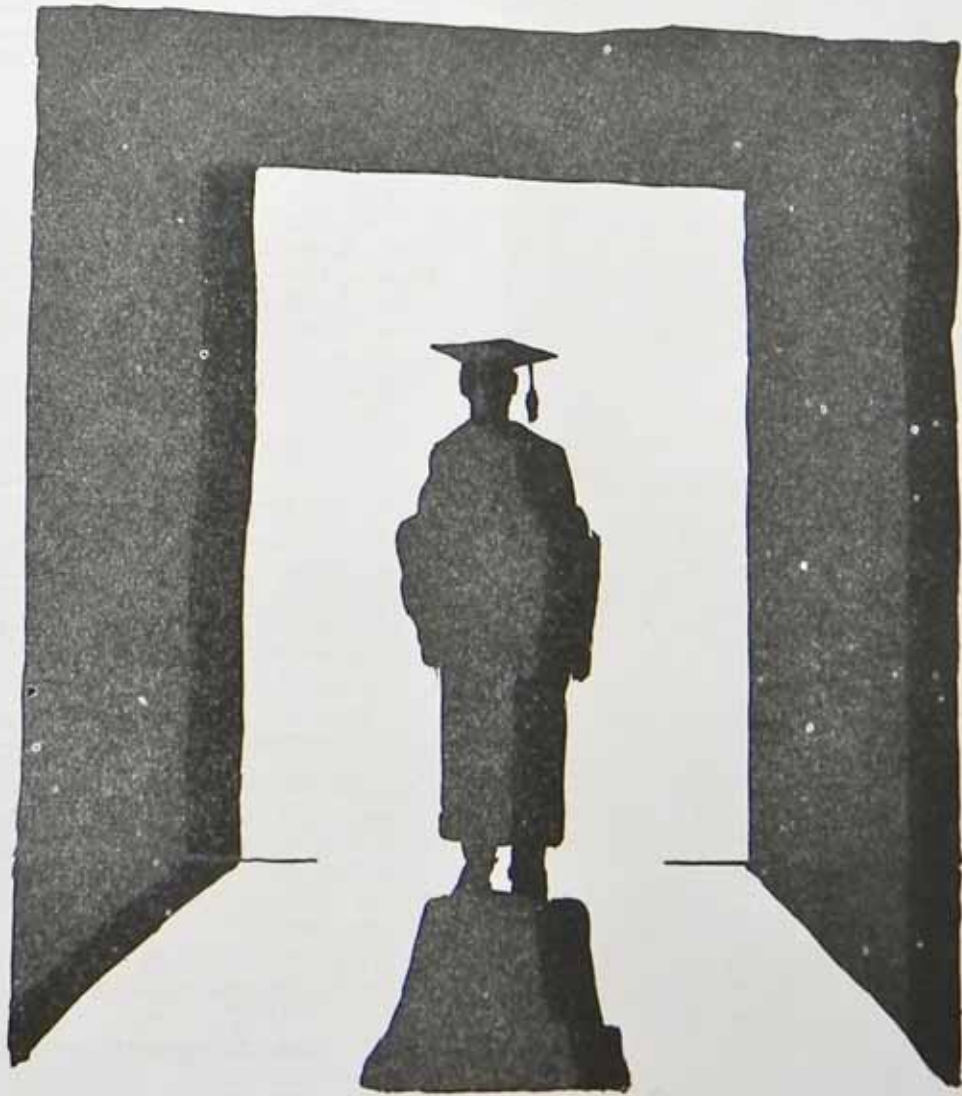
When Mr. Finley came here, Sullivan High School was in its infancy. During his administration it has grown until it now holds a coveted place among the institutions of its kind in the state; with its production of clean athletes, capable students, and valuable citizens, Sullivan High School has established a reputation of which any community might well be proud.

As an instructor, his patience, knowledge, and smiling countenance soon put his students at ease. The very atmosphere of his class room was such as to encourage moral refinement; it possessed a sunny climate in which meanness and vulgarity could not enter. An hour spent there was an hour filled with interest.

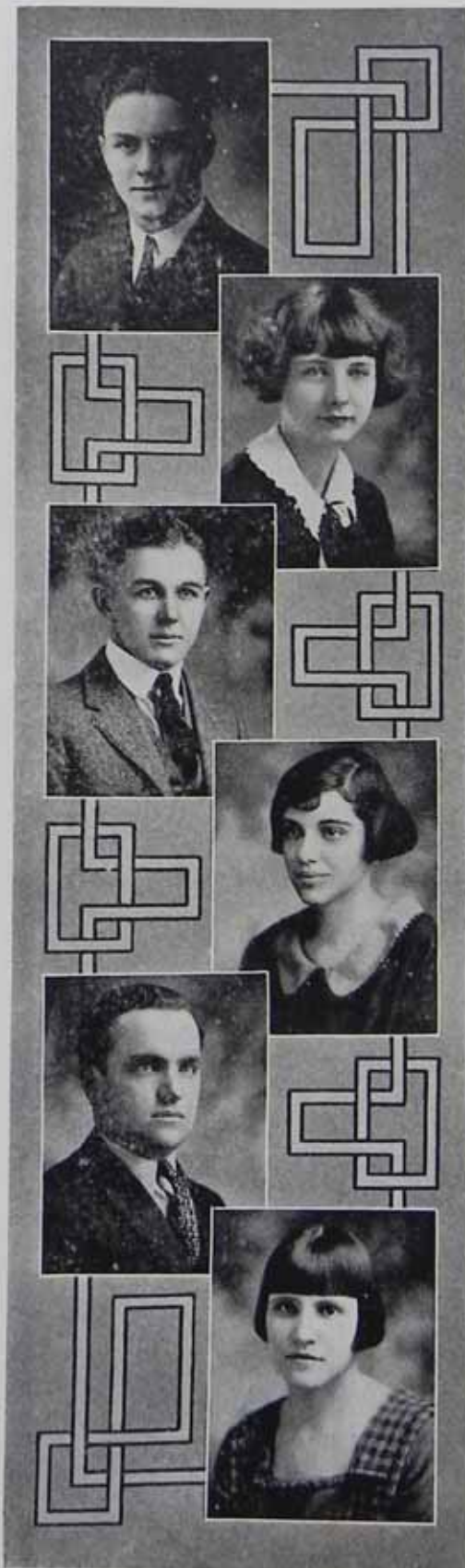
He constantly kept before the students of the school the high ideals so necessary for useful citizenship. His moral code was based on the "golden rule" and its corollary "do right."

Faculty Classification

NAME	AMBITION	NOTED FOR	FAVORITE EXPRESSION
MRS. BAKER	Senior Class adviser	Working	"Have patience."
MISS HOBBS	Housekeeper	Smiling	"Not necessarily."
MR. YOUNG	To be let alone	Agreeing	"And so forth."
MISS BULLOCK	Actress	Using big words	"Well, if you like."
MISS CHURCH	Matrimony	Dodging	"Settle down, please."
MR. MALCOMSON	President	Wondering	"Let's see."
MISS MARTIN	Editor funny paper	Blushing	"If in this class."
MISS BACH	Poetess	Smiling	"Of course not."
MISS MURRAY	Society matron	Wishing	"I should say so."
MR. JOHNSON	To become a millionaire	Stalling	"You sure are."
MISS HOLT	To be a sign painter	Even temper	"My goodness."
MR. BROWN	Farmer	Energy	"In that case, yes."
MR. MILLS	To be a prize fighter	Asking questions	"Arbitrary."
MR. RAYMER	To write a dictionary	Whistling	"Accordingly."
MISS EDMISTON	To learn to play golf	Silence	"Certainly."
MISS WALKER	To be an old maid	Talking	"Oh my, how funny."



SENIORS



EVERETT WORSHAM

Pres. Senior Class; Pres. Junior Class; Vice Pres. Thalian Society; Rep. of Student Council '24; Football '22; Basketball '23; Junior Ass't of Retrospect '23; Junior Play.

"His faculty for getting by Without great toil few will deny."

CAROLINE JENNINGS

Vice Pres. Senior Class; Vice Pres. Junior Class; Thalian Society; Orpheus Club '22; Art Editor Retrospect '24; Rep. Student Council '23; Junior Play; Glee Club; Sec'y. Student Council '23.

"Life's a jest and all things show it. Once I thought it and now I know it."

CECIL CREATH

Ass't. Editor Retrospect; Senior Class Treas; Junior Class Treas; Thalian Soc., Sec. Thalian Soc. '22; Rep. Student Council '23; Glee Club; Basketball '23; Football '23.

"An eye for business, a brain for work And never a duty does he shirk."

CLAUDIA LEDBETTER

Secretary Senior Class; Orpheus Club '22; Aeolian Society; Aeolian Vice Pres. '23; Rep. Student Council '23; Calendar Editor Retrospect; Junior Play.

"You can't admire a sunset or a rose—Like you can a man."

CHARLES ABRAMS

Civics Club '23.
"There is a gift beyond the reach of art, of being eloquently silent."

OPAL ANDRES

Aeolian Society; Glee Club.
"She's greatly interested in styles And all the most coquettish wiles."

BERTHA APPELT

Stewardson High School '23; Agorian Society; Sec'y Agorian Society '24.

"Some secret charm did all her acts attend."

FERNE ASHBROOK

Aeolian Society.

"Ah me, love cannot be cured with herbs."

LESTER BARNES

Editor-in-Chief Retrospect; Basketball '23; Delegate to Illinois H. S. Press Association.

"He will not yield to the point an inch
Nor from his fixed decision flinch."

EVA BEHEN

Agorian Society; Typist of Retrospect staff; Junior Play; Glee Club.

"Holy of air and wise is she."

MABEL BLACKWELL

Aeolian Society; Orpheus Club '22; Glee Club.

"She's quite well satisfied to be herself, and not like you or me."

DAISY BURTCHEARD

Aeolian Society.

"Among them all, you scarce will find
A girl more serious or kind."



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VALEET CARNINE

Thalian Society; Junior Play; Glee Club.

"You never see her alone."



DORIS CARTER

Aeolian Society; Glee Club.

"Except in hours of downy sleep
She does not often silence keep."



LAVERNE CHANEY

Agorian Society.

"Innocence and virgin modesty."



HUBERT COLE

"He was mild and modest and had
no taste for girls."



WESLEY COLE

Aeolian Society.

"How admirable he kept each rule
And regulation of the school."



LOUISE CORNWELL

Glee Club.

"Her look composed and steady
eye
Bespeak a steady constancy."

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ZELMA CRIST

Arthur High School '23.
"She isn't here to play or shirk,
But do an honest piece of work."

GLADYS DARST

Thalian Society.
"A maiden never bold."

OTIS DAVIS

Aeolian Society; Orpheus Club
'22.

"How much fun and work can be
put in a mixture so that the two
will result in a passing grade?"

KATHERYN DONER

Thalian Society; Civics Club; '22;
Orpheus Club '22.

"Unless the truth you overstate
She is far from being too sedate."

OLIVE ELDER

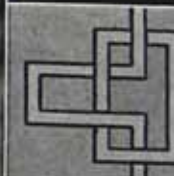
Thalian Society; Orpheus Club
'22; Glee Club.

"She speaks, behaves and acts just
as she ought."

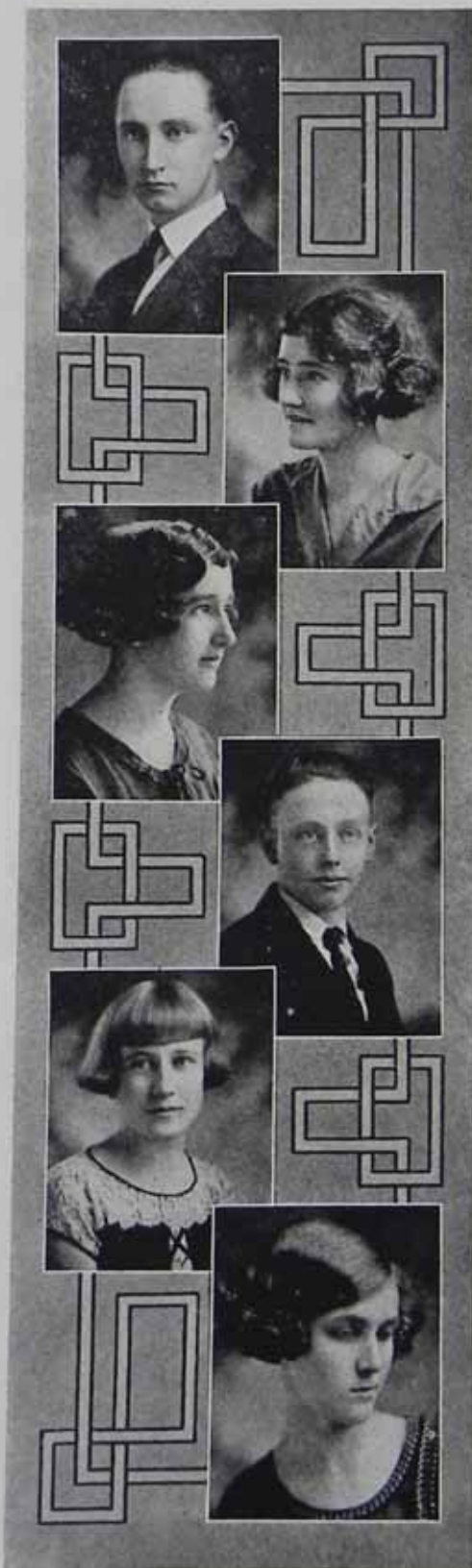
NOBLE ELLIS

Basketball '22.

"Pretty fair fellow, barring a few
faults."



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CLARENCE ENGEL

Shumway High School '23; Thalian Society.

"While he may not shine in society's show
There are sterling qualities in him
we know."

EDNA ESTES

Aeolian Society; Gays High School '23.

"If to her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face and you'll forget
them all."

HELEN ESTES

Agorian Society; Gays High School '23; Rep. Student Council '24.

"There's purpose written on her brow
To do things well and do them now."

PHILLIP FLOYD

Aeolian Society; Aeolian Sarg't-at-Arms '23.

"His ready speech flowed fair and free."

ALTA FREDERICK

Thalian Society; Orpheus Club, '22; Glee Club.

"When duty whispers low,
'Thou must,' Alta replies, 'Huh!'"

VERA FREEMAN

Aeolian Society; Orpheus Club '22; Glee Club.

"So womanly, so benign and so meek."

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VIDA FREESE

Thalian Society; Orpheus Club,
'22; Glee Club.

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

FERNE GARRETT

Agorian Society; Literary Editor
Retrospect; Junior Play.

" 'Tis not my talent to conceal my
thoughts."

RAYMOND GETZ

"We grant, altho he had much wit,
He was very shy of using it."

GRACE GRIDER

Agorian Society; Glee Club.

"She aims at big things and never
falls far from the mark."

LAUREN HAMM

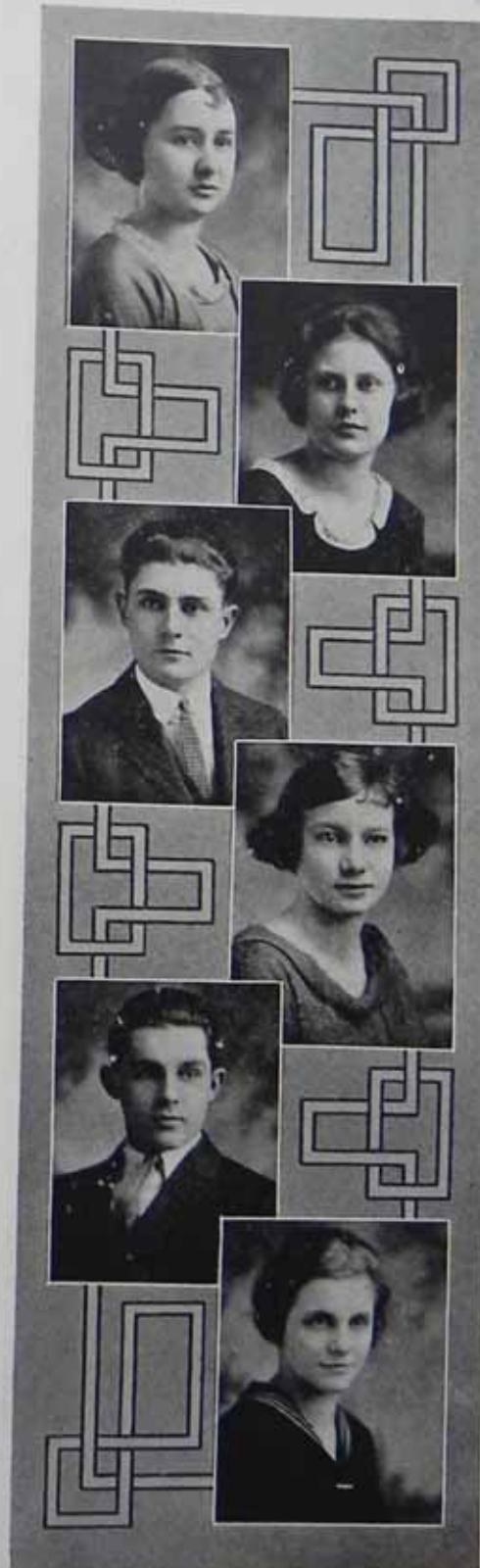
Strasburg High School '23; Bas-
ketball '24.

"He's a pretty little feller."

MARIAN HARSHMAN

Agorian Society; Sec'y '22., Pres.
'23 Agorian Society; Music Editor
Retrospect; Glee Club; Junior Play;
Contestant at Charleston '21, '22,
'23.

"She had no wish but to be glad,
She hated naught but to be sad."





PHYLISS HARSHMAN

Thalian Society; Glee Club; Constant at Charleston '21, '23; Junior Play.

"Is she talking again—or yet."

HARRY HILL

Business Manager Retrospect; Sec'y. Junior Class; Rep. to Student Council '23, '24; Pres. Student Council '24; Junior Play; Football '23, '24; Basketball '23 and '24; Aeolian Society; Delegate to Illinois H. S. Press Association; Glee Club.

"Strongly built and athletic. Broad in the shoulders, deep chested with muscles and sinews of iron."

HELEN KEYES

Aeolian Society; Glee Club.

"The harder her lessons the easier she gets them."

OLIN KULL

Strasburg High School '23; Football '23; Basketball '24; Aeolian Society.

"A droll and quiet sort of chap Who takes his after dinner nap."

MILDRED KUSTER

Stewardson High School '23; Agorian Society.

"Not much talk, a great sweet silence."

WALTER LANE

Thalian Society; Thalian Pres. '23; Rep. to Student Council '24.

"Of girls and of their lovely looks I thought not, busy with my books."

DOROTHY LEE

Agorian Society; Glee Club; Rep. to Student Council '24; Civics Club, '22; V. Pres. Student Council '24.

"Duty's sweet but pleasure's sweeter, and pleasure wins the day."

GENEVIEVE MAUTZ

Stewardson High School '23; Thalian Society; Vice Pres. Thalian Society '24.

"Blown in from other fields
To get her final polish here."

OTHA MILLS

"Things done, things undone, I'm satisfied."

GLADYS MOORE

Thalian Society, Vice President '23; Orpheus Club '22; Vice Pres. Orpheus Club '22; Junior Play; Humor Editor Retrospect; Glee Club; Contestant at Charleston '21; '22, '23.

"Full of talky talk and smiles."

EDNA MULLINS

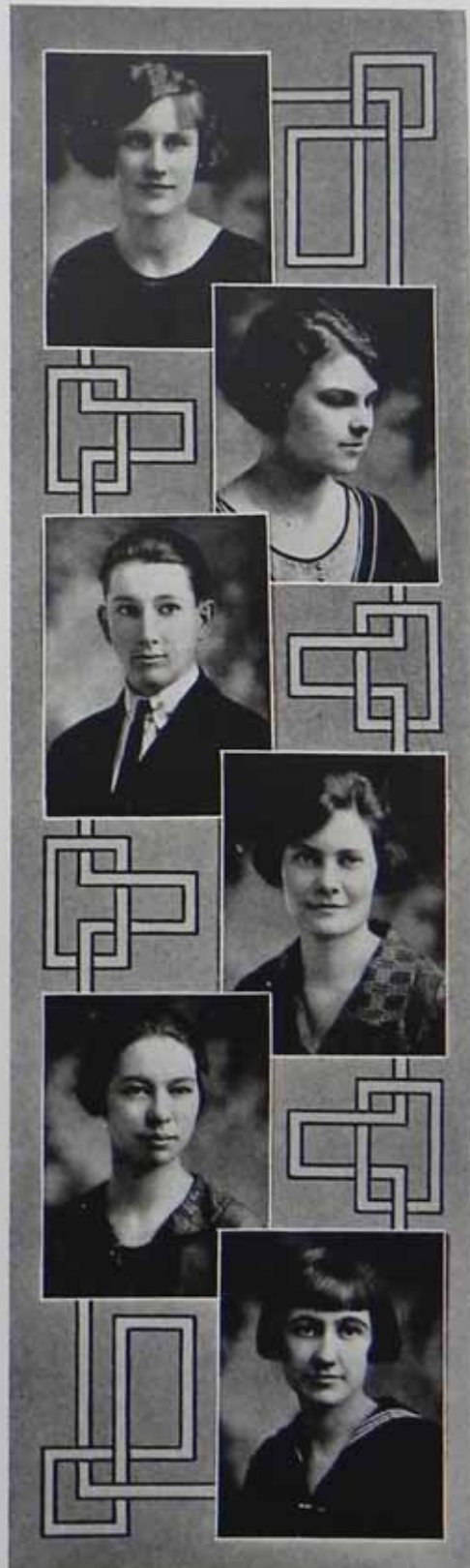
Thalian Society.

"She says what she means, and means what she says."

BEULAH MURRAY

Orpheus Club '22; Agorian Society.

"In all the ways we know her here,
She's very modest and sincere."





BLANCHE NEWBOULD

Aeolian Society; Junior Play;
Contestant at Charleston '22, '23;
Orpheus Club '22.

"Another senior who can't con-
ceive
Why life from toil should not be
free."

MILDRED POWELL

Aeolian Society; Glee Club.
"She hath a sweet and quiet style."

OPAL PURVIS

Glee Club.
"Her voice was soft and low
An excellent thing in women."

OPAL RAUCH

Thalian Society.
"If things don't suit, let folks
know it."

LOLA RHODES

Thalian Society.
"A ripple of laughter is worth a
flood of tears."

CATHERINE ROBINSON

Agorian Society; Agorian Sec'y.
'23; Orpheus Club '22; Rep. to Stu-
dent Council '23; Glee Club.

"Her air, her manners all who saw
admired;
Courteous, though coy, and gentle
though retired."

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LEE ROUGHTON

Aeolian Society; Vice Pres. Aeolian Society '23; Sec'y. Aeolian Society '24; Pres. Aeolian Society '23; Football '20, '21, '22, '23; Basketball '23; Athletic Editor Retrospect; Junior Play; Rep. to Student Council '24; Pres. Student Council '24; Glee Club.

"Too late I stayed; forgive the crime,
Unheeded flew the hours."

LOUIS SHULTZ

Shumway High School '23; Basketball '24; Rep. Student Council '24.

"A moral, sensible and well-bred man."

BERNADYNE SHUMAN

Aeolian Society; Pres. Aeolian Society '24.

"The marvel is that one so small
Should gain proud seniorhood at all."

CHARLES SHUMAN

Agorian Society; Rep. Student Council '23; Organization Editor Retrospect; Chairman Lyceum Committee.

"He who hath a grave mathematical look."

JAMES SULLIVAN

Thalian Society; Sec'y. Thalian Society '24; Football '22, '23; Junior Play; Rep. to Student Council '24.

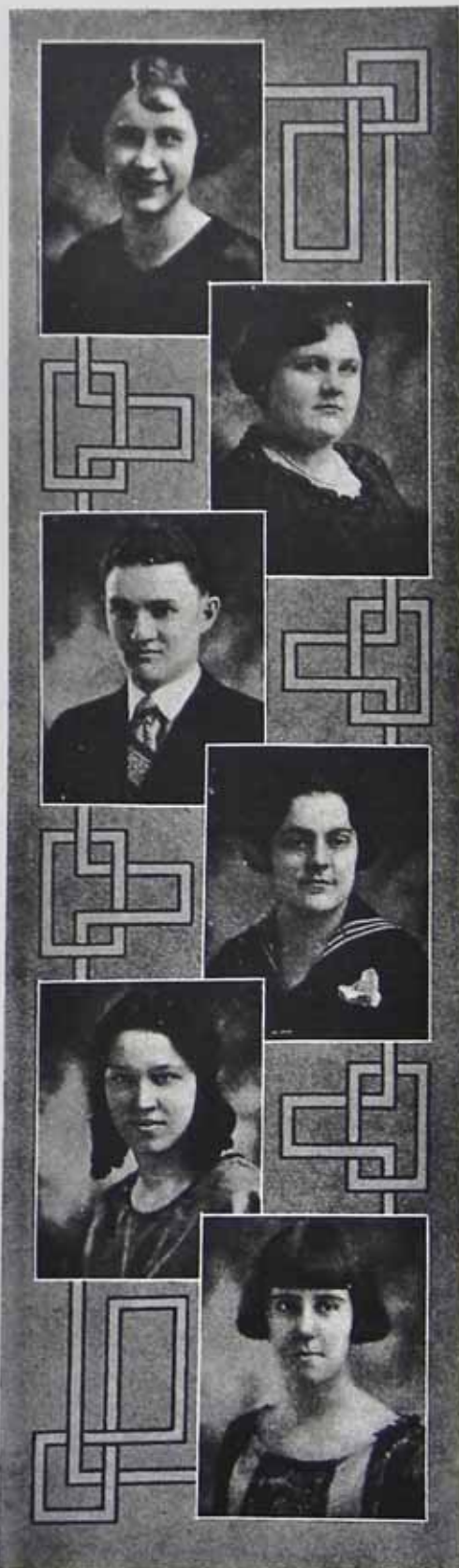
"Strange to the world he wore a bashful look."

AIMEE THACKWELL

Thalian Society; Orpheus Club '22; Glee Club.

"Her many virtues cannot be told,
She has not one but manifold."





MARY WARNER

Agorian Society; Glee Club.
"So mild, so sweet, with all so sensitive."

MADELINE WEAVER

Aeolian Society; Glee Club; Contestant at Charleston '23.
"It is tranquil people who accomplish much."

KYLE WIARD

Football '20; Glee Club; Aeolian Society.
"Still waiting, still lingering, still hoping."

LORENA WOOD

Aeolian Society; Glee Club.
"The mildest manner and the gentlest heart."

DAISY YARNELL

Agorian Society; Vice Pres. Agorian Sociey '24; Glee Club; Orpheus Club '22; Junior Play.
"Sweetness, truth and every grace, You read distinctly in her face."

GLADYS YOUNG

Thalian Society; Sarg't.-at-Arms Thalian Society '23.
"Amid the mighty fuss just let me mention
The rights of women merit some attention."

Class Motto: "B²"

Class Flower—American Beauty Rose.

Class Colors—Old Rose and Silver Gray

High School Press Convention

The second annual convention of the Illinois High School Press Association was held November 22, 23 and 24th at Champaign, Illinois. High School Journalists from all over the state gathered three hundred strong for the Convention. Delegates from eighty schools were present. Sullivan High School was represented by the Editor-in-Chief and Business Manager of this year's Retrospect.

An extensive program was carried out, featured by an inspection tour through the Publishing Plant of the Daily Illini, the Convention picture, printed on the following day in the Daily Illini, and a trip to the Illinois Memorial Stadium.

The Retrospect holds an active membership in the association and is one of the progressive publications which have sought improvement through the attendance of delegates at the Conventions.

Several tricks of the trade were learned at this meeting and many ideas gained which influence to some extent the quality and make-up of this book.

—Lester Barnes.

Memories

One afternoon, while rumaging about in the attic, I came across a chest filled with miscellaneous articles of value. Conspicuous among the varied contents was a Diary which I had kept some years before while teaching. As I looked casually through it, my glance focused upon a number of entries, which recalled pleasant memories of my high school days and former classmates.

My interest was thoroughly aroused and, brushing the dust from the cover, I glanced eagerly at the first page.

July 1, 1935: When I entered the Public Library this evening there sat Miss Ferne Garrett in the chair Miss Jennings has occupied so long. Ferne is a graduate librarian, and is well fitted for the position.

July 4, 1935: Fourth of July. Huge celebration. Sullivan out did itself today. Speeches by our most distinguished citizens. Mayor Otis Davis gave a brilliant and flowery oration on "The Declaration of Independence—Its Use and Abuse."

Aug. 20, 1935: Everyone is whistling, singing, or shouting "Oh, Them Lovey, Lovesick Blues", written by that famous popular song writer, Cecil Creath.

Aug. 31, 1935: Went in the First National Bank today, and no one but Mr. Charles Abrams cashed my check. I never dreamed of seeing him a cashier. Miss Eva Behen has recently accepted a position as stenographer in the bank, while Valet Carnine is private secretary to Mr. Harry Hill, president of a huge Steel Corporation of Chicago.

Sept. 3, 1935: School began. Among the faculty of the S. T. H. S. is Doris Carter, who teaches "gym" and music. If pep and enthusiasm accomplish anything, Doris will certainly be a success. Lauren Hamm is the coach, and there is good reason to hope for a brilliant season. Mr. Everett Worsham is civics and history teacher, and at last repents the torments he caused Miss Hobbs.

Oct. 2, 1935: Met Mr. Lester Barnes while walking in the park today. It seems he has become a naturalist. He was carrying a spy glass, microscope, and a butterfly net.

Oct. 30, 1935: Went to the Opal Andres beauty parlor to get my hair shampooed today. Miss Vera Freeman is hairdresser.

Nov. 8, 1935: Took my hat to the milliner's to have it retrimmed. Had needed it badly for some weeks. The Misses Bertha Appelt and Mildred Kuster have charge of the shop now and Miss Zelma Crist superintends the trimming department.

Nov. 15, 1935: For some reason my car refused to run this morning. I tinkered with it for about an hour, but could find nothing wrong. Called Cole Brother's garage and had them fix it. They brought it back in an hour. How's that for snappy service?

Nov. 24, 1935: Saw Mildred Powell today for the first time in years. Said she has to stay home so much with her parents that she

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doesn't get out much. She told me that her cousin, Louise Cornwell, is now married and lives on one of the largest wheat farms in Kansas.

Nov. 30, 1935: My neighbor, formerly Miss Dorothy Lee, rode up town with me this morning. She was taking her smallest child to the Day Nursery managed by the Misses Opal Purvis and Ferne Ashbrook. Dorothy said she would never think of leaving her children there, were anyone else in charge.

Dec. 11, 1935: Saw a great vaudeville this evening. One of the features was "The Gold Dust Twins", Miss Alta Frederick and Mabel Blackwell. They gave a dance, a queer, Oriental kind, very interesting and pretty. Then I received the shock of my life—Miss Gladys Young was received with great favor by the audience as "Gladys of the Silver Wire", and she did a toe dance on a tight wire far, far above the heads of the people. Her grace and beauty are remarkable. The audience went wild. Phillip Floyd also made a hit as the "Jazzical Clown."

Dec. 13, 1935: My old chum, Olive Elder, who is one of the most able Home Advisors in Illinois, and I, went to Decatur to do our Christmas shopping today. Saw Miss Laverne Chaney, a graduate nurse. She is working at the St. Mary's Hospital now. Said Daisy Burtcheard also has a case there. We returned on the 9:45. Kyle Wiard now occupies the engineer's cab of that locomotive. In all his five years' experience he has never had an accident nor has his train been delayed, except by washouts or snowstorms.

Dec. 31, 1935: Last day of '35. Heard a wonderful concert over the radio by Miss Marian Harshman, concert pianist, and Miss Phyllis Harshman, American prima donna. Miss Caroline Jennings, president of the Woman's Socialist Party Organization gave a fine lecture on "The Woman's Share in Politics."

Jan. 7, 1936: The first number of the "Woman's Political and Domestic Review" edited by Miss Genevieve Mautz, arrived today. Contained an article by Olin Kull, America's greatest transcendentalist. He explained in his article how one might obtain complete freedom from the common drudgery of life so as to give leisure for mental development. There was also a charming bedtime story by "The Children's Favorite," Otha Mills. He is famous over the entire world for his stories written in a way children can understand, and about things dear to children's hearts.

Jan. 11, 1936: My teeth bothered me today. I went to Dr. Gladys Darst, one of the most successful women dentists in the state.

Jan. 28, 1936: In a contest held recently in Chicago, Miss Kathryn Doner was chosen the most charming red-haired girl.

Feb. 1, 1936: Saw a good show at the theater tonight. Gladys Moore, leading comedienne of the Screen, sometimes called "Mary II" played in "When a Fella Needs a Friend." The scenario was written by Catherine Robinson, who has made a small fortune in her work.

Feb. 10, 1936: The florist, Clarence Engle, moved his down-town headquarters into the room formerly occupied by the Rhodes and Murray Woman's Barber Shop.

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Feb. 21, 1936: Noble Ellis, Radical and Extremist, was arrested last evening for preaching insurrection against the government. It seems that since Mr. Ellis was defeated for Justice of the Peace, he has turned Radical, and by overthrowing the government, hopes to oust his rival from office.

March 17, 1936: Saw an interesting cartoon in the paper today by Charles Shuman commemorating the fight in which Francis Purvis was proved to be the world's champion heavyweight.

March 25, 1936: Took my dress to the Mary Warner Dress Making Establishment. I like their service, and the dresses designed by Miss Opal Rauch, who has charge of this department, are more than worth the price.

March 30, 1936: Learned today that Lee Roughton, who has amassed a huge fortune from his invention of an electric egg-beater, has returned with his wife, formerly Miss Blanche Newbould, from his third trip across the Atlantic.

April 5, 1936: I had a pleasant little talk today with Miss Helen Estes, who clerks in Schultz's "Five and Ten". We were talking over old times, and she told me that her sister, Edna, has at last settled down. She was married last month to a wealthy Oklahoma oil man. Said she saw Aimee Thackwell in "The Taming of the Shrew". Madeline Weaver is singing in operas, having made her debut in "Carmen" last year in Italy.

May 1, 1936: Saw an article in a farm paper by Walter Lane. He has become a successful farmer since his invention of a radio corn-husker.

June 1, 1936: Mr. Sullivan was elected President of the Middle Western Chiropractors' Convention held recently in Columbus, Ohio. He is getting far up the ladder of success.

Aug. 31, 1936: Read Edna Mullins' latest book, "The Fallacy of Love". Liked it very well.

Oct. 19, 1936: Called on Mrs. Grace Getz this afternoon. We were talking over old times and I learned that Helen Keyes has become one of Chicago's best kindergarten teachers, that Miss Lorena Wood is a country school "marm", and that Vida Freese is taking a course in Commercial Art at the University of Chicago. Raymond is Sullivan's leading undertaker.

Nov. 2, 1936: Claudia Ledbetter, after a stirring campaign, was elected Congresswoman-at-large on the Socialist ticket. Miss Daisy Yarnell, running on the Democratic ticket, was her strongest opponent.

These notes brought back to me many happy memories of the Class of '24 of the S. T. H. S. I thought of how we had all graduated and gone out into the world, to success or failure, and it was with a sigh of regret that I closed the book and replaced it in the ancient trunk.

The Class Will

We, the members of the Class of 1924 of the Sullivan Township High School, being of sound minds and hearts, do now set forth this, our last will and testament, to the coming generations:

To the Freshman Class, we bequeath a true school spirit and our traits of initiative and self-reliance.

To the Sophomore Class, we bequeath our uncanny faculty for doing things precisely as they should be done.

To the Junior Class, we bequeath our cast-off dignity, which is so essential to a Senior Class.

To the Faculty, we bequeath the satisfaction which is theirs, as instructors of the largest and most brilliant class which has ever graduated from this institution.

The following Seniors do bequeath certain individual characteristics for which they have no farther use:

Charles Abrams to William Bland his timidity and blushes.

Opal Andres to Olive Lilly her ability to powder her nose while chewing gum.

Bertha Appelt to Harriet Tusler her mode of hair dressing.

Lester Barnes to Next Year's Retrospect Editor, all the worries and troubles of the job, with plenty of free advice.

Eva Behen to Erma Dale, her knowledge of the Monroe Doctrine.

Mabel Blackwell to Ruth Bell her recipe for a perfect complexion.

Daisy Burtcheard to Grace Cody all that she knows about dancing and kidding the teachers.

Valeet Carnine to Mary Crane her seat in the back of the assembly.

Doris Carter to Matilda Bathe her transcendentalist philosophy.

Laverne Chaney to Ruth Tabor her fairy-like appearance.

Hubert Cole to William Beitz his success as a poet.

Wesley Cole to John Hankley his knowledge of football.

Louise Cornwell to Esther Aldridge her long curly hair.

Cecil Creath to any one who is eligible, the position as class treasurer.

Zelma Crist to Ada Creath her seat next to John Corbin.

Gladys Darst to Ruth Pifer her gracefulness and winning looks.

Otis Davis to Harry Palmer his knowledge of English grammar.

Katheryn Doner to Grace Keyes her golden locks and spotless complexion.

Olive Elder to Margaret Harrington her stately height.

Noble Ellis to Henry Wright his success as chaperon.

Clarence Engel to Homer Estes, his spectacles.

Helen Estes to Mary Kenny her ability to make good grades.

Edna Estes to Lottie Ballinger her teacher's certificate.

Phillip Floyd to Kenneth Seitz his success in contradicting Mr. Mills.

Alta Frederick to Valeria Hodge, her musical talent.

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Vera Freeman to Vera Wooley her ability to make crystallized apple jelly.

Vida Freese to Pauline English her quiet disposition and even temper.

Ferne Garrett to Marjorie Bupp, her power to look like a movie actress.

Raymond Getz to Robert Wilson his mania for asking questions; to Ivan Woods his bashfulness.

Grace Grider to Eva Haley her artistic talent.

Lauren Hamm to Samuel Hagerman his cigarettes.

Marian Harshman to Helen Newbould her position at the piano.

Phyllis Harshman to Margaret Newlin her flowery speech.

Harry Hill to Glen Keen, a little of his weight.

Caroline Jennings to Marian Baker her ability to play Hawaiian Music on the sonometer.

Helen Keyes to Charlotte Duncan her shorn locks.

Mildred Kuster to Vida Murray her ability to write themes.

Olin Kull to John Bupp his curls.

Walter Lane to John Corbin his art of using big words.

Dorothy Lee to Maurine Crockett her studious habits.

Claudia Ledbetter to Etha Bushart her success in getting dates.

Genevieve Mautz to Marjorie Bolin her fair complexion and light hair.

Otha Mills to Mac Freese, that "Rodolph Valentino" expression and appearance.

Gladys Moore to Gladys Woods, her dimples and winning smiles.

Edna Mullins to Evelyn Keen the art of having red hair and still keeping it very inconspicuous.

Beulah Murray to Bernice Lawson her position at the typewriter.

Blanche Newbould to Viva Graham, her tongue twisters.

Mildred Powell to Hortense Myers her unassuming and modest manner.

Francis Purvis to Sylvan Baugher his love for the S. T. H. S. teachers.

Opal Rauch to Orpha Goodwin a little of her seriousness.

Lola Rhodes to Helen Whitfield her place as basketball center.

Catherine Robinson to Meda Harris her secrets.

Lee Roughton to Bernice Carson his brilliant recitations in Civics.

Louis Shultz to Eugene Drew his place as guard on the basketball team.

Bernadyne Shuman to all future American History students her voluminous notes, books, and pamphlets pertaining to the subject.

Charles Shuman to Talbot Bradley his scholarly dignity; also his success in bluffing.

James Sullivan to Paul Dolan his permanent blush.

Aimee Thackwell to Edgar Palmer, her ability to pass four subjects.

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Mary Warner to Lucille Chaney her love for argument; her skill in debating to Johnson Kelly.

Madeline Weaver to Lula Gravens her happy-go-lucky disposition.

Lorena Wood to Eva Bradley her abhorrence of a hair net.

Kyle Wiard to James Dedman his attraction for one of the members of the Alumni.

Everett Worsham to Kenneth Purvis his ability to have a good time and still manage to pass all four subjects.

Daisy Yarnell to Mabel Hollis her long black glossy curls.

Gladys Young to Siba Sullivan her musical talent.

—o—

“Mrs. Temple’s Telegram”

It has been the custom of the senior class to present a play near the close of each school year. This year, the class of '24 will present the popular three act comedy, “Mrs. Temple’s Telegram”, on May 16.

The cast for the play is as follows:

Jack Temple.....	Harry Hill
Frank Fuller.....	Everett Worsham
Captain Sharpe.....	Walter Lane
Wigson (the butler).....	James Sullivan
John Brown.....	Cecil Creath
Mrs. Jack Temple.....	Caroline Jennings
Dorothy.....	Gladys Young
Mrs. Frank Fuller.....	Genevieve Mautz
Mrs. Brown.....	Phyllis Harshman

Under the capable direction of Mr. Brown and Miss Bullock such an excellent cast should do exceptional work on this play. This year’s play promises to be one of the most successful ones ever given by a senior class of this school.

—Charles Shuman '24.

—o—

Mr. Mills—“What is rainwater?”

Obliging Senior—“Why, that’s frozen, condensed water.”

Sarcastic Instructor—“Your answer is about as clear as mud.”

Clifton King—“Well, that covers the ground doesn’t it?”

Miss Hobbs—“What kind of stoves did the ancients use?”

Maudia Daugherty—“I think they were mountain ranges.”

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OUR HIGH



ON YOUR MARK!



"LARK" GUESS WHO AT WORK



MUSIC HATH CHARMS



CHAMPS!



"LARK"

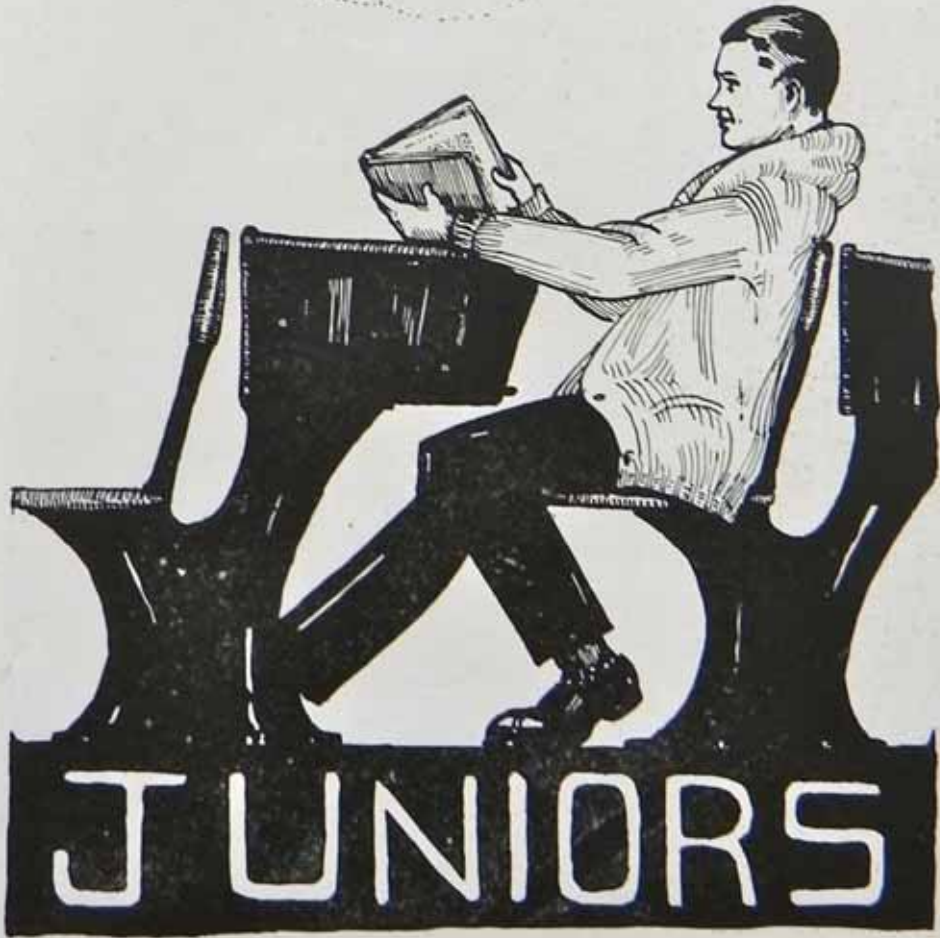


A FAST PAIR



THREE OF A KIND

S.T.H.S. The Retrospect 1924



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The Junior Class

Class Officers

President	Marian Baker
Vice President	Paul Leach
Secretary	Ruth Tabor
Treasurer	Clark Lowe

Class Roll

Leonard Anderson	Evelyn Keen
Roy Bailey	Henry Kenney
Marian Baker	Hubert Kingery
Lottie Ballinger	Paul Leach
Lorene Behen	Olive Lilly
William Bland	Clark Lowe
Halbert Bolin	Glenn Marble
Eva Bradley	Kenneth Martin
Samuel Bolin	Vida Murray
John Bupp	Marguerite Newlin
Violet Burtcheard	Earl Nighswander
Etha Bushart	Gerald Pearce
Wilber Bushart	Merl Powell
Bernice Carson	Louetta Ray
Dale Carter	Bonnie Rhodes
Ted Cooley	Clive Rhodes
John Corbin	Vera Seitz
Irma Dale	Kenneth Seitz
James Dedman	Hugh Smith
Lester Dunscomb	Hal Sona
Freda Edmiston	Kermit Stain
Pauline English	Purvis Tabor
Dollie English	Ruth Tabor
Mary Finley	Ralph Taylor
Velma Fleming	Gerald Tusler
Verna Freeman	Altabelle Waggoner
Joseph Getz	George Wiard
Samuel Hagerman	Hazel Winchester
Eva Haley	Ivan Wood
John Hankley	Henry Wright
Paul Jeffers	Mary York
Benjamin Jennings	

Class Colors—Old Rose and Lavender.

Class Flower—Purple Sweet Peas.

Clarence Engel (In Physics)—“Do you want our feet in answers or meters?”

S.U.H.S. The Retrospect 1924

"The Fujiyama or The Key Note" and ended his talk by striking the key note, which might be accepted in our land.

Other interesting toasts were given by:

Helen Keyes.....	"The Land of the Rising Sun"
Paul Leach.....	"The Seven Gods of Wealth"
Miss Bach.....	"Cherry Blossom Time"
Everett Worsham.....	"Shintoism"
Lottie Ballinger.....	"The Unseen Land"

Lorene Behen sang a solo, entitled "Blossom Time in Old Japan".

This ended the program given in the gymnasium. The students were then forced to return from the wonderful land of Japan. But this was not the end. A program followed in the auditorium consisting of a play called "Blinks and Jinks", a song by a quartet, "Japanese Sailor Man", a pantomime, "And the Light Went Out", and another play entitled, "The Mock Commencement".

—Paul Leach '25

—o—

Mr. Finley giving instructions for quiz,—“Write only on the flat side of the paper.”

Doris Carter translating a sentence in English IV—“When fully baked, open the oven door and pour sauce on it.”

Scandal is out on one of the prominent Sophomores—Hints—a party—a girl—and a great disappointment.

Junior girl—“I have been in Otha Mills' class for two years and I don't know yet who she is.”

Brilliant Senior defining window—“It is something to look out of, not into.”

Mr. Raymer compares us with gymnasium equipment—“dumbbells.”

Why is it that a **Miller** always wants **More**?

Otis Davis—“A marriage (mirage) is an illusion.”

Miss Hobbs—“Will some one please find a copy of the Articles of Confederation?”

Bland Pence—“I'll look on the way home from school.”

Mabel Roberts—“Last night it was airy (Harry) but tonight it will be cool (Kull).”

S.T.H.S. The Retrospect 1924

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SOPHOMORES

S.T.H.S. The Retrospect 1924



Sophomore Class Roll

Almeda Abraham	Marie Henderson
Mary Lucille Ashbrook	Ruth Harris
Earl Ballinger	Valeria Hodge
Matilda Bathe	Mabel Hollis
Sylvan Baugher	Johnson Kelley
Richard Bean	Charles Kellar
Ruth Bell	Eva Kenney
Marjorie Bolin	Grace Keyes
Lloyd Brown	Clifton King
Talbot Bradley	Mervin Kingery
Otis Burcham	Harold Lee
Fern Burwell	Nina Loveless
Charles Buxton	Kenneth Lowe
James Campbell	Charles McMahan
Elmo Carnine	Opal Mathias
Lucille Chaney	John B. Miller
Mary Crane	Lucy May Moore
Ada Creath	Hortense Myers
Billie Crist	Helen Newbould
Maurine Crockett	Rozella Nichols
Maudia Daugherty	Edgar Palmer
Charles Davis	Harry Palmer
Clara Devore	Kenneth Phillips
Paul Dolan	Albert Pierce
Eugene Drew	Cleo Pierson
Charlotte Duncan	Kenneth Purvis
Delmar Elder	Charlie Rhodes
Nellie Fleming	Mabel Roberts
John Fleshner	Clara Robinson
Diamond Frantz	Hazel Rose
Earl Freese	Gloyd Rose
Mac Freese	James Shull
William Funston	Gladys Sickafus
Lavina George	Sibba Sullivan
Edna Getz	Harriet Tusler
Orpha Goodwin	Clarence Watson
John Gramblin	Helen Whitfield
Viva Graham	Vera Wooley
Keith Grigsby	Glenn Wright
Olive Grigsby	Harold Yarnell

Class Colors—Blue and Silver.

Some people like pork but B--n--e N---o--d says—"I'll take ham (Hamm) every time."

Calendar---September

SEPTEMBER 3—Vacation is over. Senior oratorical ability tested. Ye poor sufferers!



Our new men from the South

Sept. 4—Everything would be fine if those Freshmen would quit coming to visit (?) our classes.

Sept. 7—"Shorty" selected to guide the destinies of our class for another year.

Sept. 10—Ivan Wood says, "She's gone; now watch my bank account grow."

Sept. 14—Miss Parker decides Sullivan is not the place she first thought it was.

Sept. 17—Another man added to our force. Good luck to you, Mr. Malcomson.

Sept. 18—Big rain. Pavements flooded. Harry Palmer is bribed by a certain senior boy.

Sept. 25—A certain senior girl has a birthday. "Oh sad fate to wonder."

Sept. 28—First "pep" meeting. Lots of enthusiasm displayed.

Sept. 29—First football game. Newman victor. Too bad boys; bad beginning a good ending maybe.

October

OCTOBER 1—Cotton Wood says he didn't realize postage stamps were so expensive.

Oct. 3—Wiener roast has wonderful results.

Oct. 8—Blanche has birthday. Dent in Ross' pocketbook.

Oct. 12—School dismissed. We're glad Institute comes again this year.

Oct. 18—Lee says, "Just one month tonight I made my first step towards nobility. (Duke of York)."

Oct. 23—Senior Class president makes a dignified (?) exit from the seventh hour assembly.

Oct. 24—Hallowe'en party promises to be good as Royce Roley informs us he is to be part of the program.





FRESHMEN

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Freshman Class Roll

Esther Aldridge	Leonard Herendeen
Collie Baker	Mae Herendeen
Ruth Evelyn Barnes	George Hoke
William Beitz	Harold Hoskins
Loveta Bolin	Daisy Jeffers
Melvin Bolin	Glenn Keen
Margaret Butts	Mary Kenney
Mildred Buxton	Inez King
Fannie Carr	Merl Kinsel
Grace Cody	Roscoe Lane
Ruth Condon	Isabel Lash
Virgil Cookson	Bernice Lawson
Jennie Margaret Cummins	Mabeline Lilly
Ruth Davis	Rozetta McKim
William Dedman	Alva Malone
Delbert Devore	Herman Martin
Everett Drew	Ada Palmer
Garold Elder	Dale Perry
Homer Estes	Harold Perry
Merl Floyd	Chalmer Pifer
Keith Fultz	Ruth Pifer
Lulu Graven	Virginia Poland
Stella Grigsby	Lenna Price
Kenneth Hagerman	Bertha Roley
Lenora Haley	Orville Seitz
Robert Hancock	Mildred Shuman
Margaret Harrington	Fern Sickafus
Meda Harris	Pheobe Thackwell
Vivian Harsh	Drucilla Whitman
Eloise Harshman	Ruth Winchester
John Harshman	Gladys Wood
William Heacock	

Any young man is made better by a sister's love. It isn't always necessary though, that it should be his own sister.

Calendar

Oct. 27—Great party. Swell eats.
 Oct. 31—You can't ever tell who's who on Hallowe'en. Where were "Ben and Bill"?

November

NOVEMBER 1—Keith Fultz looks rather pale. What can be the cause? From the looks of the surroundings you might take our S. T. H. S. to be an ice plant this morning.



AT THE END OF A PERFECT DAY

Nov. 2—First number of the Lyceum course. Football boys to Decatur. Lucky for a few that Raymer could be in only one car.

Nov. 3—Francis displaying a compact. Oh, you Decatur girls!

Nov. 5—Strenuous business dedicating new U. of I. Stadium. S. T. H. S. life seems tame now.

Nov. 6—Mr. Mills appears with a hat. Wonder if we should take up a collection for Mr. Raymer?

Nov. 7—Basketball is now in line.

Just you watch our boys shine.

Nov. 8—What ever can be wrong? Blanche and Ross failed to walk to school together this noon.

Nov. 12—Wonder what Caroline got on her Physics test? That's all right, Caroline, accidents will happen.

Nov. 13—Mr. Raymer's eyes are bad, it is thought

As the wrong person is always getting caught.

Nov. 14—"Oblong's" mother must be sick. He pays his first visit to the barber shop.

Nov. 15—Gladys Moore translating in French II: "The cat purred loud with pain."

Nov. 16—Pin and ring men, galore. Oh, that lucky committee.

Nov. 19—Another week begins, with Monday as usual.

Nov. 21—"In the class room I've been learning

How to make my life sublime,
 And by asking foolish questions
 Take up all the teachers time."

Francis Purvis.

Nov. 22—Oh, Hamm, please be careful, Olives make some people sick.

Calendar

Nov. 23—Valeria says, she hates to talk to Kull, before the whole assembly.

Nov. 26—Wake up Everett, only two more days, then you may sleep.

Nov. 28—Thanksgiving vacation.

December

DECEMBER 3—All back again, having fully recovered from the dinner.



Our boys will shine tonight

Dec. 4—Everybody working, even Bland Pence.

Dec. 5—What! Mary without Lee!

Dec. 6—Another point for Bland. He makes a perfect recitation in history.

Dec. 7—The best day of the week. (For we have glee club.)

Dec. 10—Poems, All kinds—Caroline Jennings. Illustrations—Everett Worsham.

Dec. 12—Hamm and "Red" decide to see the Bethany game. Their plans are changed. They go to Hervey City instead.

Dec. 13—Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah!
Sullivan Sullivan Sullivan.

Dec. 16—Culprit Bland is being held for breaking the two minute speaking rule. His case is being considered by Judge Finley.

Dec. 17—Miss Bach is considering stationing an umpire in the back of the Second Hour Assembly. You Senior boys should know better.

Dec. 18—Phillip Floyd teaches the Commercial Geography class something new. He gives each city a number, on the test.

Dec. 19—BOOKS, BOOKS, BOOKS, such awful books, will they never cease to walk away.

Dec. 20—Alumni visitors, yes and then some more. Perhaps they thought more of the S. T. H. S. than was suspected.

Dec. 21—We're entertained by the Thalian literary society. A lot of unrecognized ability is displayed. Alumni sing for us. So ends the year.

Calendar---January

JANUARY 2—Everyone comes back stunned by the news of our losing Mr. Finley. Many New Year's resolutions unbroken and many unmade.

Jan. 4—Jim, do be careful, or you'll lose Gladys yet.

Jan. 8—Another vacation. Bland says he's beginning to like school.

Jan. 14—Basketball squad is minus a man since that call last night. Too bad Harry.

Jan. 15—A great collision in Physics, Gladys Moore sits on the floor rather than the chair.

Jan. 16—Senior's conversation, "Have you had your picture taken yet?" "Yes, let me see your proofs."

Jan. 17—Only a few at school today.



Semester reports — Placed 'em and weep!

SEMESTERS, SEMESTERS

Jan. 21—The new Semester. It is the time for some to make resolutions.

Jan. 22—"Weren't Bill and Lorene cute last night!" Juniors receiving compliments.

Jan. 23—Paul Woodruff and Ted Cooley are missing this afternoon. What can this mean?

Jan. 24—What can Dorothy Lee know about Detroit?

Jan. 25—Mr. Brown, new principal introduced. Mr. Finley presents the football boys their letters and numerals. Some more speeches, and we say good-bye to Mr. Finley. At 7:30 p. m. last session of Moultrie County Tournament.

Jan. 28—Mr. Brown has complete control of the S. T. H. S. now.

Jan. 29—Everett won't you ever grow up? Don't you know you shouldn't tease Marian?

Jan. 30—Why are Blanche and Caroline in such a good humor this week? I'll bet I know, weren't Ross and "Chris" in town until Tuesday.

"If a person is true to himself he is almost sure to be true to others"
—V. C. Mills.

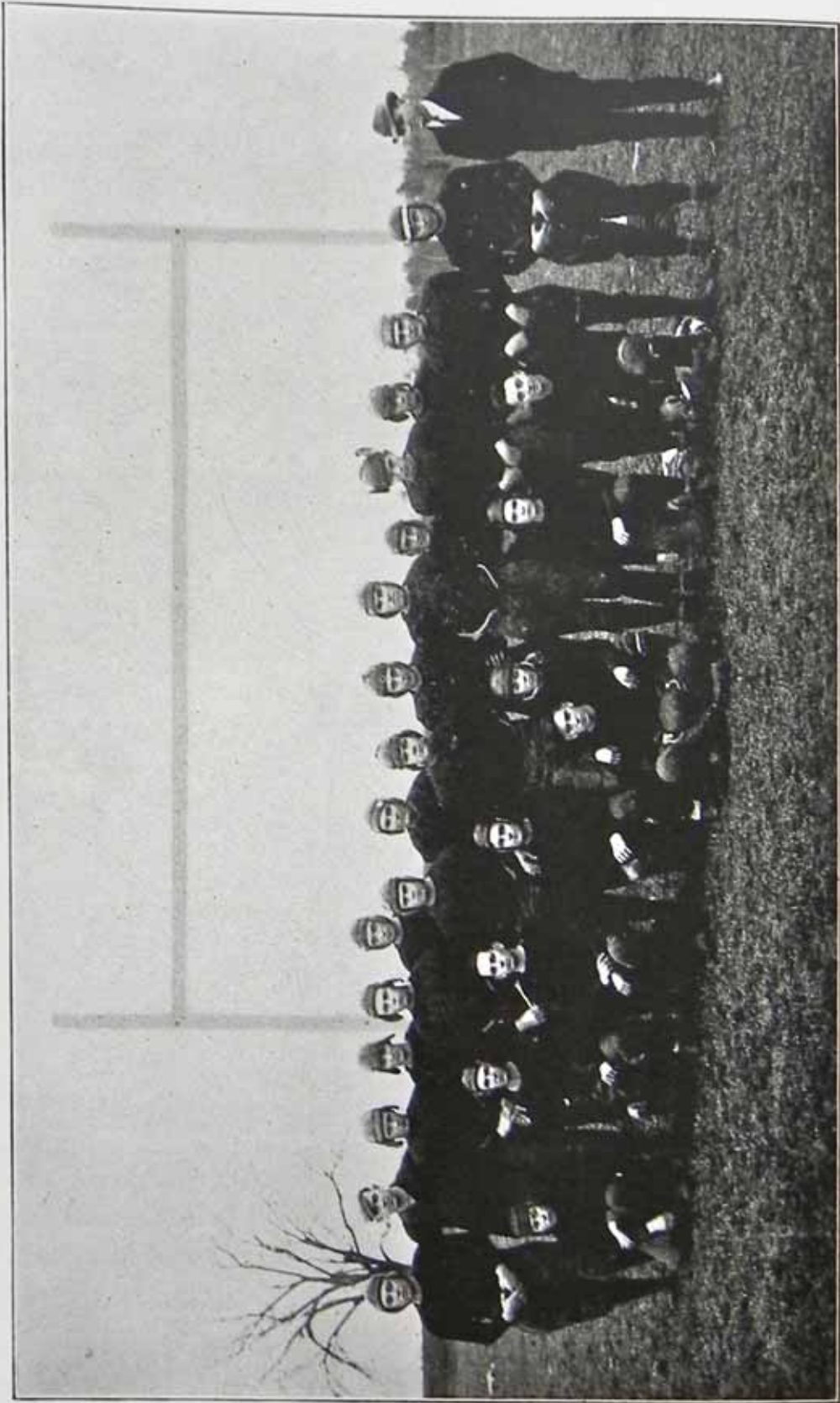
"Altho your life is dear to you, it is living that you love."—T. H. Raymer.

A good person's tongue need seldom beg attention"—Reuben Young.

S.T. H.S.



ATHLETICS



1923 FOOTBALL SQUAD

1923 Football Squad

Back row—Charles Buxton, Coach Raymer, James Sullivan, Gerald Pearce, Paul Dolan, Clark Lowe, William Beitz, Loren Kelley, John Corbin, Charles McMahon, Joseph Getz, Verna Freeman, Kenneth Purvis (Captain-elect), John Hankley, Olin Kull, Francis Purvis, T. H. Finley.

Front row—Samuel Bolin, Cecil Creath, John Fleshner, Talbot Bradley, Harry Hill (Captain), Ivan Wood, William McCaig, James Dedman. Lee Roughton was absent when picture was taken.

The gridiron season of 1923 was not a success from the stand point of victories. Although Coach Raymer put forth his best efforts he was unable to produce a winning team. Probably at no time in the past history has the Sullivan High School football squad had such a collection of "beef." Heavy men are an advantage to a football team if properly educated in football tactics. But the number of big men with little or no training was somewhat of a handicap to the past season's eleven, as Coach Raymer was not able to mold into players so many heavy weights in such a short time.

Many of the members of the team had had some experience but could not by any means be termed as veterans. Along with these players of some experience appeared several squad members who for their first time played on the gridiron.

Injuries early in the season lost some valuable material. Cooley, Taylor and Roughton were lost at the beginning and some of the best players carried bad injuries through-out the season.

In Kull, Hill, Freeman, and Francis Purvis a good type of consistent players was found. Although this was Kull's first year in the handling of the pigskin he proved before the end of the season his ability as a player.

Kenneth Purvis and Bradley both fought their first grid battles this year for the red and black and showed some flashes of high class football.

With the material that is left for the next season and with the experience that was received this year Sullivan should prove herself as good again on the gridiron as she has been in past years.



1924 Basketball Squad

Back Row—T. P. Raymer (ass't. coach), R. G. Brown (principal), Ward C. Johnson (coach).

Second Row—Ivan Wood, Henry Wright, Kenneth Purvis, Harry Hill, Talbot Bradley, John Hankley.

Front Row—Merl Powell, Hal Sona, Olin Kull, Francis Purvis (captain), Louis Shultz, John Bupp.

Basketball Season

The basket ball season this year was not a successful one when you count the number of games won and find that there were only four. Coach Johnson was handicapped much throughout the entire year by injuries, new men and the necessity of shifting men from one position to another. While Sullivan did not suffer any overwhelming defeats it was not able to produce a winning team. Many new men were broken in this year and with the supply that is coming to us in the Freshman class we should be able to add to the collection on the south wall next season.

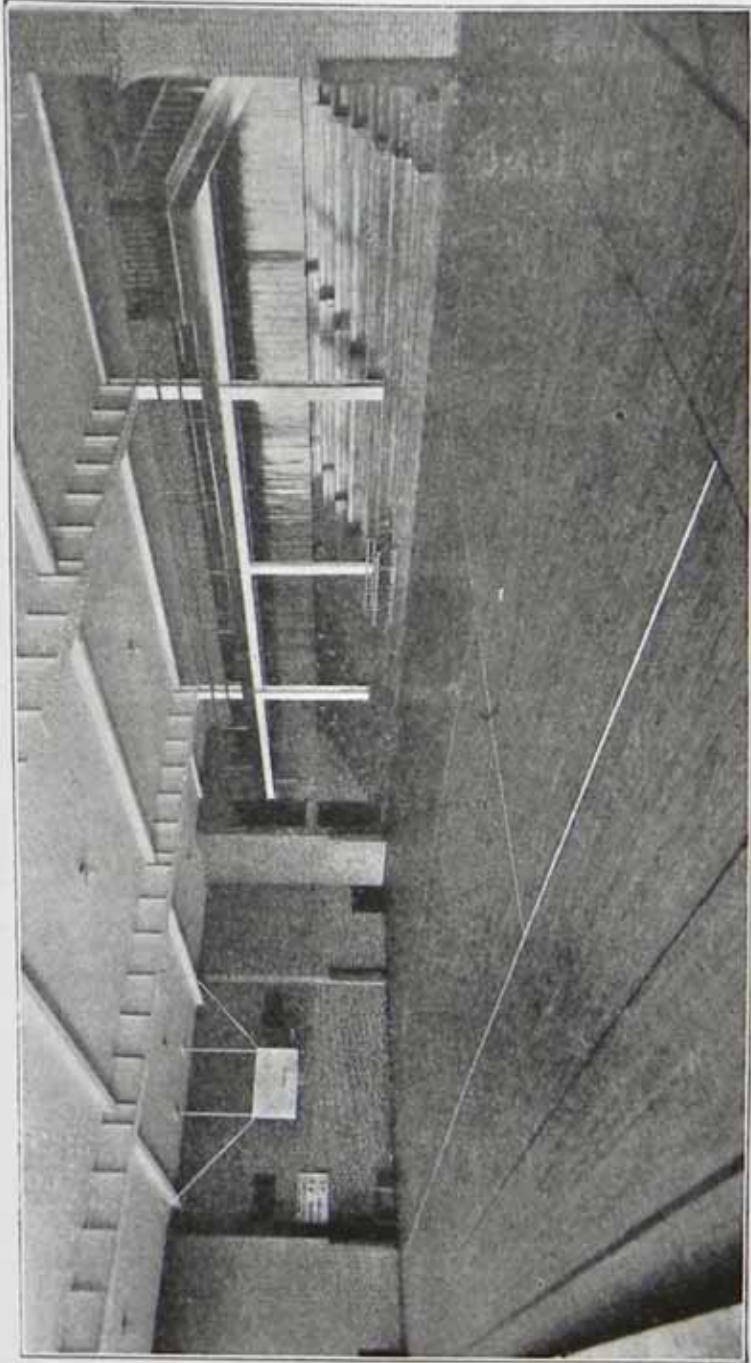
Moultrie County Basketball Tournament

The second annual basket ball tournament of Moultrie County was held January 26 and 27. Windsor again carried off the shield by defeating Sullivan, in the first game, by a score of 25 to 15 and in the second game defeating Lovington, which entitled them to the shield. Windsor had a fast and well organized five and played high-class ball in both games.

Lovington defeated Arthur by a score of 24 to 8 and showed some speedy ball. This victory entitled Lovington to meet Windsor to decide the championship but they were unable to make as good a showing against Windsor as they had in the previous game.

Sullivan met Arthur in a consolation game for third and fourth places and defeated the Arthur five by a score of 30 to 3.

The Moultrie County Basketball tournaments have both been a great success. They were well attended and much interest was shown in them. Sullivan has not yet captured the championship but no doubt with the material she has for next year she will be able to give the other schools a closer race than they have had in the past.



HIGH SCHOOL GYMNASIUM

League Tournament

To encourage interest in basketball and to give all boys in high school a chance to play, the league teams have been organized for the past five or six years. The amount of interest, the class of ball, and the number of teams have been steadily increasing.

Up until this year, however, the League Tournament had been primarily a high school affair. This year the grade school was one of the contestants and carried off first place.

There was much high class ball played at times, in the tournament.

Track

For the past two or three years there has been a growing demand for some spring sport, and track has been the most favored of them all. Two years ago the first effort was made to produce a track team and some very good results were obtained. Last year the interest seemed to die down again, but it was revived this year. While there has been no exceptional work done so far in track, there are some good prospects and with the County meet the interest should increase. Some good distance runners are showing up and no doubt by next year they will be able to place their Alma-Mater at the head of the list again.

NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS

Maurine Crockett—Never to study except when it's absolutely necessary.

Doris Carter—To speak only when spoken to.

Merl Floyd—To quit chewing gum in English.

Loren Kelly—Never to go to sleep in the assembly again for those paper wads do hurt.

Mabel Roberts—To forget all about it being Cool (Kull).

Phillip Floyd in English IV—"When they courtmartial a man don't they stand him against a side of a building and shoot at him?"

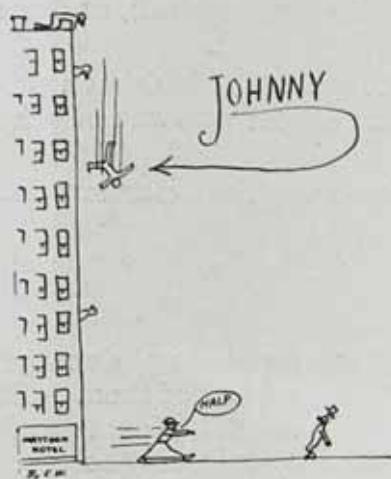
Miss Hobbs—"What was the result of the fall of Vicksburg?"

Wesley Cole—"It marked the defeat of the north and south."

Laverne Chaney—"It was all due to the weakness of the execution department."

Calendar---February

FEBRUARY 1—Again we're given a chance to show our team what we expect of them.



Feb. 5—Louis Shultz makes some new acquaintances at noon today.

Feb. 7—Roy Murray offers his services again today to Fern Garrett. Don't blush so, Fern, we might be misled.

Feb. 8—"Bill" Bland says today is good Friday for him. We wonder what he is thinking of cultivating now.

Feb. 13—Opal Rauch is seen receiving a note in History class!

Feb. 14—Evidences that flowers expressed some one's Valentine Greetings.

Feb. 19—More rain and snow. Gracious how it affects our studying.

Feb. 22—Aeolian Literary Society entertains the assembly.

Feb. 25—Just two months have passed now, Dorothy Lee has nerve enough to wear her ring.

Feb. 26—Many parties are now in progress.

Feb. 27 Kenneth Martin appears with a pretty new white sweater today.

Feb. 28—The boys seem nervous. Perhaps this is a new experience for them.

Feb. 29—John Bupp makes use of the extra day this year by trying a few acrobatic stunts at Mattoon.

March

MARCH 4—We are informed that we do not get out of school for the tournament.

Mar. 5—Lee Roughton comes to our rescue and circulates a petition to be signed by those wanting to go to Decatur. We all sign.

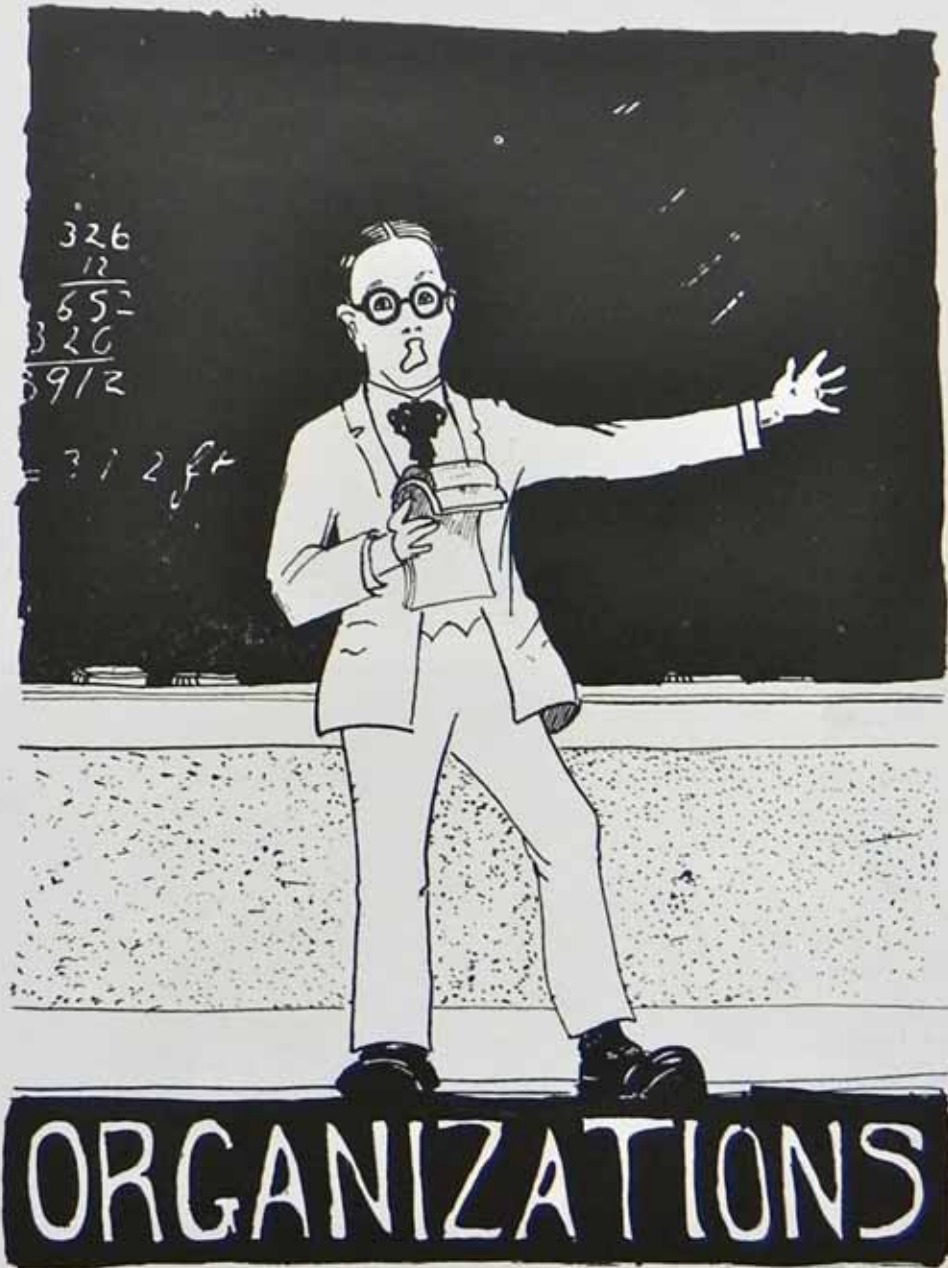
Mar. 6—Cap't. Purvis and Johnson take our team to Decatur to battle Atwood.

Mar. 7—No school. Tournament. We wonder if all those signers went?

Mar. 10—Roy Murray quits school. Otis Davis has his wish now to be popular. He is the only boy in French II.



SUNS The Retrospect 1924



S.T.H.S. The Retrospect 1924



Student Council—First Semester (Above); Second Semester (Below).

Student Council

Last year a great progressive step was taken toward a system involving more student government in our school. For the first time in the history of Sullivan's high schools a type of student government was introduced in the form of a Student Council. The Civics Club of 1922-23 deserves most of the credit for formulating the idea and constructing the constitution. This constitution after being approved by the principal, was ratified by the students and went into effect at the beginning of the last semester of the year.

The representatives were elected in accordance with the constitution which provides for three representatives to be elected from each class, one from each literary society, two from the faculty and one from the athletic team. This clause also states that there must be a representative of each sex from bodies sending two or more members. The members of the body, who are chosen for one semester only and who must have a certain scholastic standing, elect their own officers. The Council is composed of eighteen members and the principal, who is an ex-officio member holding the power of absolute veto over all of the Council's acts. The Council has the power to manage various school enterprises but cannot interfere with the work of any other organization in the school. Neither has the Council any control over the discipline or management of the school but it can recommend measures to the faculty or school board.

Last year the Council was faced by a severe test. It was a new organization, there were no previous examples to follow, and by its success or failure, the students would judge the body. Although nothing of great importance was achieved, the Council proved its ability and worth. It planned and carried through the various details of decoration, seating arrangement and other minor matters relating to the Moultrie County Tournament held in the S. T. H. S. gym. The Council also passed rulings relating to the election of captains by the athletic teams and organized the movement to secure better sidewalk conditions on the street leading to the school.

Although the problems facing the body this year were not so great, it remained for the council to uphold the standards of its predecessor. Probably the most important thing accomplished was the discussion of certain matters relative to the school management and the recommendation of changes to be made to the faculty. The Council also efficiently managed the annual Hallowe'en party at the high school.

Much of the future life and importance of the Student Council depends upon the interest and support given it by the students. The aim of this organization, that of developing better citizens and fostering school spirit, cannot be accomplished unless the student body becomes an interested booster rather than a divided group composed of partisans and disinterested students. The possibilities for the Student Council are great and its future is bright if it receives the proper support.

Members of Student Council

First Semester

FRESHMAN CLASS—Jennie Margaret Cummins, William Dedman, Royce Roley.

SOPHOMORE CLASS—Talbot Bradley, Marjorie Bolin, Robert Wilson.

JUNIOR CLASS—Marian Baker, Samuel Hagerman, Clarke Lowe.

SENIOR CLASS—Caroline Jennings, Harry Hill, Catherine Robinson.

Thalian Literary Society—James Sullivan.

Agorian Literary Society—William Bland.

Aeolian Literary Society—Mary York.

Football Squad—John Corbin.

Faculty—Ward C. Johnson, Emma Edmiston.

OFFICERS

President Harry Hill
 Vice President William Bland
 Secretary Caroline Jennings

Members of Student Council

Last Semester

FRESHMEN CLASS—Royce Roley, Meda Harris, William Dedman

SOPHOMORE CLASS—Helen Whitfield, Talbot Bradley, James Campbell.

JUNIOR CLASS—Lester Dunscomb, Olive Lilly, Leonard Anderson.

SENIOR CLASS—James Sullivan, Walter Lane, Helen Estes.

Thalian Literary Society—Everett Worsham.

Agorian Literary Society—Dorothy Lee.

Aeolian Literary Society—Lee Roughton.

B. B. Squad—Louis Schultz.

Faculty—Miss Edmiston, Mr. Johnson.

OFFICERS

President Lee Roughton
 Vice President Dorothy Lee
 Secretary Helen Whitfield

Pocahontas

The Indian operetta "POCAHONTAS", coached by Miss Edna Church was presented in the High School Auditorium on November 27.

Cast of Characters:

Pocahontas.....	Phyllis Harshman
Powhatan.....	John Corbin
John Smith.....	Royce Roley
Enoes-it-all (John Rolfe).....	Robert Wilson
Ah-Hum.....	Talbot Bradley
Ah-Meek.....	Keith Grigsby
Wah-wah-tay-see.....	Gladys Moore
Queen Anne.....	Evelyn Keen
Lady Bird.....	Lorene Behen
An Usher.....	Lester Dunscomb
Train Bearers of Queen, Helen Harsh, Jane Gibbons	

TIME: When palefaces were rare among the Indians in America.

PLACE: Scene I, An Indian Camp. Scene II, Whitehall, palace of the Queen of England.

The cast of characters was well chosen; each gave a good interpretation of his part. Marian Harshman played the accompaniment in a very pleasing manner.

Music was furnished by the school orchestra, several good selections being rendered. Hortense Myers interested the audience with a reading between acts. As a whole "POCAHONTAS" was a great success, thus, adding another to our list of successful Operettas.

College Days

The musical comedy "College Days" was presented on Thursday evening April 3, by the Music Department of S. T. H. S. in the high school auditorium. The cast was well repaid for their efforts by the large number of appreciative friends that greeted them upon the drawing of the curtains.

The scenes represented the campus of Brinkdale College. This scene was materially improved by the courtesy of Mr. Shaw, the florist, who loaned to us the garden flowers.

The operetta opened with much pep due to the cheering and results of the end of a successful base-ball game.

There were three love scenes well portrayed by the amateur play-

ers. These were between Dot and Davy, Helen and Tubby, and a number of comedy scenes between Baldy and Prexy.

Even with the trials of the lovers, the college scandal about the hero, Davy, and the coming of the World War in which he again proved himself a hero, all ended happily, the old scandal having been cleared up before his return.

THE CAST

William Dean Coles, known as "Tubby"	Keith Grigsby
John Harris, known as "Jack", catcher on the college nine .	Royce Roley
David Carson, known as "Davy", pitcher on college nine .	Lee Roughton
Dorothy Smith, known as "Dot", "Prexy" Smith's daughter	Marian Harshman
Helen Jordan, Dot's pal	Gladys Moore
Chauncey DeForest, known as "Dude" as crooked as a corkscrew	George Hoke
Jim Fox, known as "Foxy Grandpa", owner of the town hall	Talbot Bradley
Prof. Horace Greedy Smith, known as "Prexy" president of Brinkdale College	Samuel Hagerman
Martha Baldwin Teale, known as "Baldy", Dean of Women of Brinkdale College, who just loves romance	Lorene Behen
Fred Swift, known as "Topy"	William Heacock
Charles Sweet known as "Sweety"	William Dedman
Don Jewett, known as "Babe"	Harry Hill

The program was augmented by Orchestra Selections between acts, a solo by Bernice Lawson, and a reading by Jennie Margaret Cummins.

The cast was ably supported by the accompanist Helen Newbould and by our capable director, Miss Edna Church.

The Literary Societies

Four years ago a movement for the establishment of literary societies was instituted in our high school. A constitution was drawn up and presented for discussion and ratification at a mass meeting of the entire school. After much discussion, debate and amendment, this constitution was ratified. It seemed to the members of the Class of '24, who were freshmen then, that all of this was done with enough pomp and ceremony to install a national constitution. For this reason or because the entire school and faculty took great interest in the work, these societies have been outstanding successes.

The constitution provided for the equal apportionment of the students among three different organizations and the selection of a faculty advisor for each by the principal. All societies are governed by the one constitution, which gives each student the privilege of either ac-



Orchestra

cepting or rejecting the opportunity to take part in literary work. Membership in the societies is based upon scholarship, attendance at meetings, and willingness to participate in programs.

The Greek names, Agorian, Aeolian and Thalian, were selected by the advisors and approved by the organizations. Meetings are held once every three weeks on Friday. At these meetings, short programs are given and business discussed. Each society must give a program before the school once each semester. These societies started out with large memberships and have grown steadily ever since until now a large percent of all students do literary work. Efficient officers and interested members are the leading factors which have contributed to the success of our literary societies.

The chief purpose of these societies is to create an interest in literary work, to bring about a closer relation between the members of the different classes and to help prepare the member for some of the exigencies in life. Music, debate, public speaking, literature and other desirable arts are encouraged and cultivated by participation in literary work. These purposes are, to a great measure, being fulfilled and the student who has never been a member of a literary society has missed much of the joy and profit in high school life.

Officers for Year 1923-1924

FIRST SEMESTER

AGORIAN

President Marian Harshman
Vice President William Bland
Secretary Catherine Robinson
Sergeant at Arms William Rhodes

AEOLIAN

President Lee Roughton
Vice President Claudia Ledbetter
Secretary Samuel Hagerman
Sergeant at Arms Phillip Floyd

THALIAN

President Walter Lane
Vice President Everett Worsham
Secretary Talbot Bradley
Sergeant at Arms Ivan Wood

SECOND SEMESTER

THALIAN

President Talbot Bradley
Vice President Genevieve Mautz
Secretary James Sullivan
Sergeant at Arms Gerald Elder

AEOLIAN

President Bernadyne Shuman
Vice President Ruth Pifer
Secretary Mary York
Sergeant at Arms Glenn Keen

AGORIAN

President John Bupp
Vice President Daisy Yarnell
Secretary Bertha Appelt
Sergeant at Arms Robert Wilson

Calendar

Mar. 11—Pump breaks. No school this afternoon. Skating rink is doing great business.

Mar. 12—Several didn't find out the pump was fixed. Several others wish they hadn't.

Mar. 13—Everybody back today.

Mar. 14—League tournament causing much excitement and comment.

Mar. 17-20—Calendar editor takes a vacation.

Mar. 24—And to think the Juniors do not want to give us a banquet! We seniors know of no better way for them to spend their money.

Mar. 26—Operetta is coming fine. Keith Grigsby says he has the best part. Thank him, Gladys.

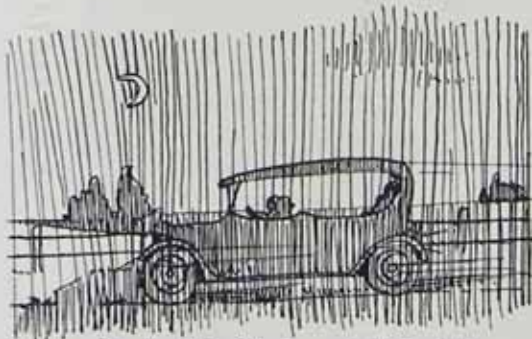
Mar. 27—Pump breaks, school until noon.

Mar. 28—No school—we're all sorry.

Mar. 31—Pump is still broken. Isn't that awful.

April

APRIL 1—We all get fooled. They really have the pump fixed.



"On the 19th of April . . . and the midnite ride of Paul Revere."

Apr. 2—Phyllis, dear, please do not lose your self control.

Apr. 3—"Cotton" Wood has his hair combed again today. Gracious!

Apr. 8—Drucilla Whitman appears in a sweater from Millikin! Who could have lost it?

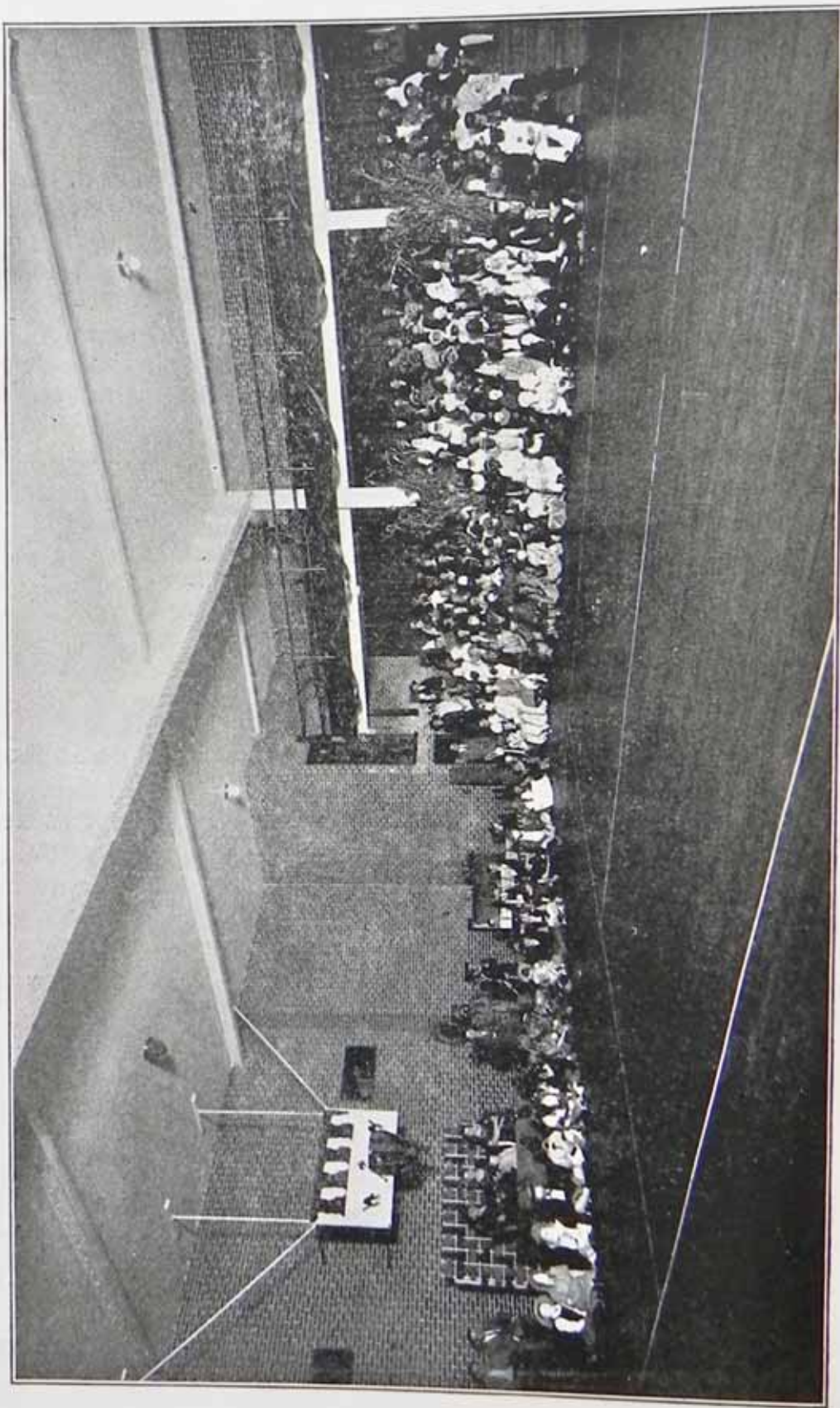
April 9—Senior Class play has a good beginning. It should be good.

Apr. 14—Phillip Floyd tells Doris Carter in English IV that she has an "awful" pretty dress. Can you beat it?

Apr. 15—Spring is here. There are at least twenty-five "Fords" here today.

Apr. 22—It's arbitrary whether we wash our hair or not. It stands up anyhow.

Apr. 28—"Be sure your sin will find you out." Johnson's marriage disclosed.



HALLOWE'EN PARTY

Hallowe'en Party

It was an ideal night for spooks—drizzly, dreary, and cool. At the school building harrassed committeemen, in fearful apprehension for their so carefully conceived plans, rushed hither and thither, preparing for the reception and entertainment of the colorfully attired guests.

After a hazardous journey through the dark halls, the "guide" proceeded to escort his ward down several flights of stairs and at last disposed of him to the "entrance manager." This latter named official forced the masquerader to ascend a step-ladder, bumping his head as he reached the summit. Then with a liberal push from the "entrance manager" he began to slide down the chute. Before his scattered wits could be collected, the astonished (and somewhat dis-composed) victim found himself unceremoniously seated upon the gym floor.

The gymnasium was adorned with a multitude of cornstalks and pumpkins. The vast room was lighted entirely by candles and hideous pumpkin faces. Frolicsome clowns, repulsive hoboos, a ghost with glittering eyes, foreigners from almost every civilized country in the world, ladies and gentlemen of the court, blanketed Indians, country dudes and city sports, society folk in evening dress, soldiers and sailors of Uncle Sam—all gathered in one great room. When all of the guests arrived the electric lights were turned on, flooding the room with light. At the command of the photographer everyone sat still and "looked pretty" while he took a picture of the motley assembly. The high school orchestra took up its station in a latticed enclosure; the judges—Mrs. Martin, Mrs. Finley, and Mrs. Raymer—seated themselves on the raised platform beside the orchestra's enclosure. The masqueraders were divided into groups. As the musicians played a lively march, each group paraded before the judges. In the opinion of the judges, the hoboos—among whom was Mr. Finley—were the best group, and were accordingly awarded the prize, a box of candy. Other prizes were awarded to the best dressed individuals.

Following the awarding of the prizes every one unmasked. The remainder of the evening was spent in playing games, and establishing the identity of friends who had not been recognized in their ludicrous costumes.

At the signal from the master of ceremonies, a line was formed and as it passed through the kitchen each person was supplied with a cup of steaming cocoa, a sandwich, and a delicious cake. After these delicacies had been disposed of, apples and popcorn were brought in.

Then thoughts of homes and beds caused the gay throng to disperse. The party had been a grand success—thanks to the Student Council.

Equipment for Cooking Classes



Too Bad!

First Junior—"Are we going to print High School Life this week?"
Second Junior—"No, the Decaturian didn't come."

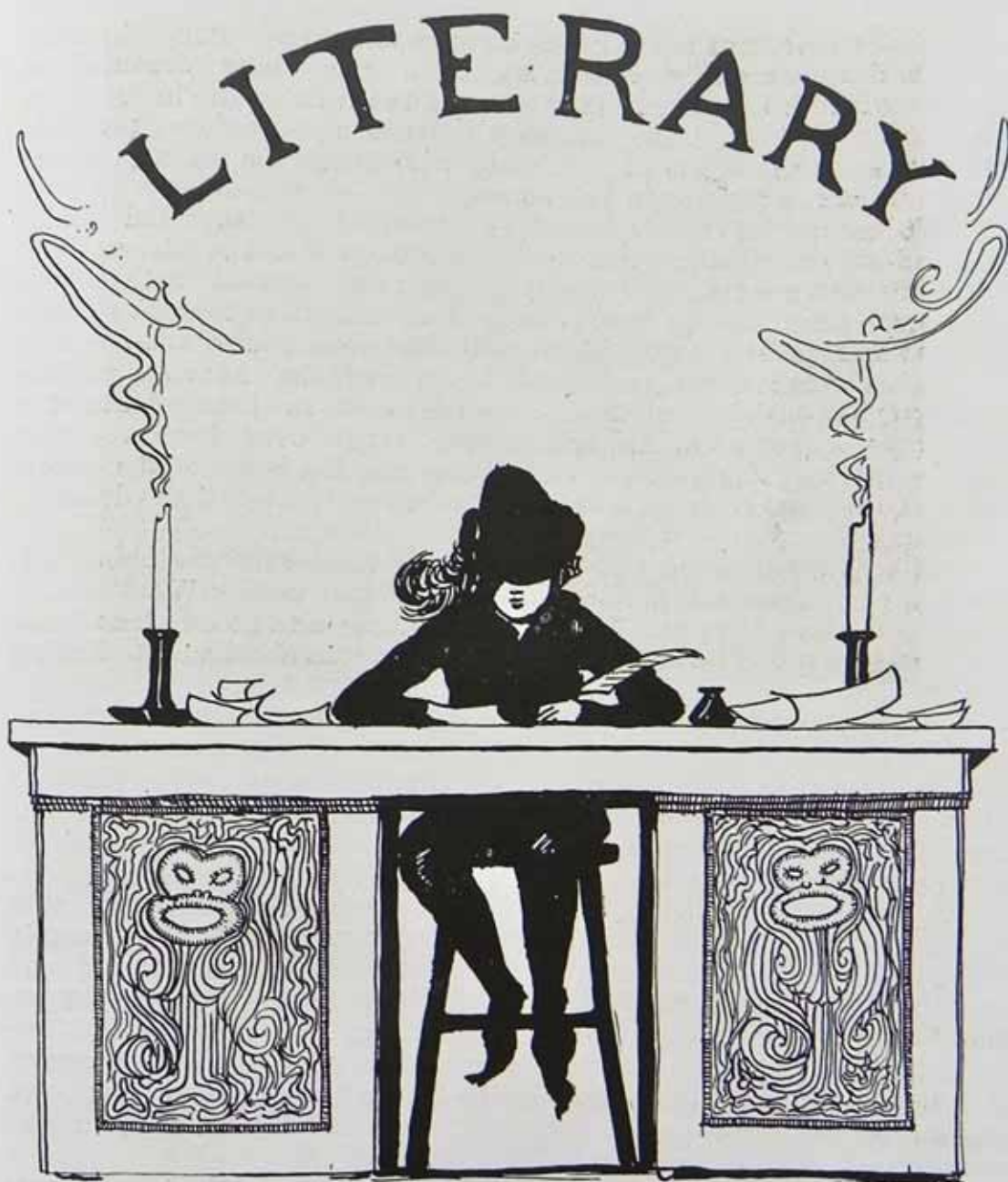
Sophomores print a year book—how those underclassmen try to imitate the Seniors.

Mr. Brown—"That question isn't fair. We'll leave it for Kenneth to answer."

Miss Hobbs—"Was that in our text, Doris?"
Everett Worsham—"No, in the funny paper."

Miss Church—"Stand with your hands and shut your mouth."

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Vis Conscientiae

(The Force of Conscience)

College was over and the two adventuresome boys, Allan, the possessor of every financial and social advantage, and Paul, his opposite in those respects, were well started to their long dreamed of golden state. In high spirits they reached the little town in Arizona where travelers bought the necessary provisions just before plunging into that withering realm of heat. Gaily they began the journey across with their lumbering wagon and horses.

For the first few days all went well as could be expected under such circumstances, but as the boys were strangers to the desert and unused to saving water their supply of that most needed article was fast diminishing. As the hours dragged on conditions became serious, not to say dangerous, and physical suffering seemed inevitable.

Before long it became necessary to relieve the heaving, failing horses of their misery even though the boys saw in their death the probability of their own. On and on they crept over the scorching torrid sands, seemingly deeper and deeper into the heart of the desert and certainly nearer every minute and every second to that dreadful impending thirst.

As Paul stood guard one morning unconsciously watching his sleeping companion a wild idea flashed into his head. What if he should kill Allan, bury him here, take his money and go on alone? No one would know. The idea horrified him; he was shocked at finding himself subject to such a thought, yet it fascinated him.

On the next day he found himself again a prey to the temptation and while he could not bring himself to yield he lacked the power to dismiss it from his mind. For hours he tried to reason with himself: Allan was miserable; there was undoubtedly not enough water for two but for one—there was at least a possibility—and so on until his mind was completely poisoned.

At last as the hiding, covering darkness was being lowered over the tumultuously calm scene Paul was overcome. Seizing an empty wooden flask he raised it convulsively over his trusting friend and brought it down on his head with a shuddering blow. All was quiet. Paul had a frantic desire to run, to scream, anything to break that awful accusing stillness. A moment later he was again the demon master of himself and transferring the money—Allan's money—to his own pocket, he fled, promising himself that he would bury the body in the morning—to night it was impossible.

There was little sleep for Paul that night even though he was tired; his heart, his soul, his mind were in a tumult. When the morning came he started, a little doubting himself to the place where he had turned murderer the night before. But as he reached it he saw no signs of either life or death. Not a thing to show that a human being

had ever been there. He was startled and for a second tried to persuade himself that he had forgotten, or that it was all a dream, a dreadful nightmare. Then the truth dawned upon him in all its horror—Allan was not dead, he was gone.

Paul wanted to sink into the sand and remain there forever; for a moment he would have given the rest of his life to live over those last fateful twenty-four hours.

The next two days were torture. His physical suffering was so completely overshadowed by his mental condition that he hardly noticed his thirst. A thousand times he wished himself dead but each time he crept on fearing, dreading every moment.

On the evening of the second day two wagons appeared crawling like tiny ants along the unbroken stretch of sand—to Paul the most welcome sight imaginable. The short caravan drew up and an invitation was extended to Paul to climb into the second wagon. Every one was uncomfortably silent and when the stranger offered to tell his story, his listeners seemed strangely uninterested. Paul wondered but was too grateful for their charity to question them.

Years crept past one by one. Allan's liberal supply of money was wisely invested and brought more than ordinary returns. At thirty Paul had accumulated a small fortune, at forty he was more than wealthy, and at fifty a millionaire. For forty years everything he came in contact with reminded him of his shame; he was hampered at every turn. He never married for fear of disgracing his family should his deed be uncovered; he lived in constant fear of meeting or hearing of the man whom he had tried to kill, yet trying all the while to persuade himself that he was really dead. He was filled with a deep seated remorse almost bordering on repentance; but the dread of humiliation, suffering and notoriety always loomed up stranger than his sorrow.

Then one day a letter came unsigned in an unfamiliar handwriting asking that he go immediately to the home of Allan, the old friend of forty years ago. The terrible struggle that is so often waged between man's better and weaker selves ensued and for the first time since he started west the former came out conqueror.

As he entered the house, to others so attractive and so beautiful, he felt almost overpowered with a shrinking, a sickening dread of the scene that must follow and of its outcome.

The walls, the furniture, and everything about the room into which he was admitted seemed to smile mockery and contempt. On a bed at one side of the room lay an apparently old man, feeble but still pleasant, who smiled and extended a thin white hand to welcome his old friend. Paul saw the hand, but gathering his almost departed courage he murmured a scarcely audible "I can't."

The invalid looked pained; there was awful silence broken only by the ticking of a clock and the visitor's short hard breathing. Then Allan as if divining the other's thoughts said gently, "Paul, I wish we could forget that. I don't hold it against you because I know too well

how it was. I was tempted the same way, although perhaps not so strongly as you were. I wanted to say something before—when we were leaving the desert—I was in the first wagon but I was afraid if I spoke then it would only do harm. Perhaps, after-all—it would have been best.” There was a pause; then Allan, his voice trembling, continued: “And I—I’ve waited all these years, and now—” there were tears in his eyes—“Paul, we loved each other so—I—I love you still—”.

Very very slowly Paul’s hand moved, extended to meet the trembling one whose owner joyfully clasped it as he smiled his last faint smile.

Both men were free—at last!

—Doris Carter '24.

A Parody

To flunk or not to flunk; that is the question.
 Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
 The slings and arrows of outrageous teachers,
 Or to take arms against a sea of zeros
 And by studying end them. To pass; to study;
 No more: and by studying to say we end
 The zeros, and the thousand flunking grades
 That we receive. To work; to study;
 To study: perchance to pass; ay, there's the rub.
 For in that passing grade what hopes may come
 When we have struggled through that six week's test,
 Must give us pause: there's the respect
 That makes a calamity of so much diligence;
 For who would bear the whips and scorns of students;
 The friends taunt; the teacher's wonder;
 The pang of despised work; the grades' delay;
 The insolence of trying; and the spurns
 That patient merit of the flunker takes
 When he himself might his own record make
 With a bare ninety. Who would zeros bear
 To groan and sweat under a constant strain
 But that the dread of another year of it,
 That wearisome toil; from whose tolls
 No student recovers, daunts the will
 And makes us rather bear those zeros that we have
 Than pass to others that we know not of?
 Thus passing grades do make drudges of us all
 And the native joy of living
 Is dulled by the necessity of study
 And pleasures of great pitch of moment
 With this regard our attentions seek in vain
 And lose their charm for us.

—Bernadyne Shuman '24.

S.T.S. The Retrospect 1924

"Conscience Doth Make Towards Of Us All"

Jim Starbuck, wealthy automobile dealer in Cleveland, glanced idly thru his morning mail in his luxurious office in the heart of the city.

He was a fine looking man of middle age, possibly forty-five, with silvery white hair giving him an odd and yet distinguished appearance. Starbuck had everything that one could wish—the respect of the entire Middle West, fame for the success of his dealings, the highest position on the social ladder, and money to burn. To his numerous friends, he was a man without enemies although they knew almost nothing about his life prior to his coming to Cleveland five years before.

Most of his mail seemed to be advertisements and these he pushed aside with an air of impatience. Deeper in the pile, a letter caught his eye, evidently no announcement of some new spot-light, or improved tires, or automobile accessories just on the market. Slitting the envelope he drew forth a piece of white stationery and on unfolding it started noticeably. In the very center of the paper were the words, "Where were you on Aug. 4?"—nothing more, no headline, no signature. Mr. Starbuck stared at the five words intently, turned the letter over and closely examined the envelope for a possible clue as to the author. But for all he found it might have had none.

"Well!" he exclaimed as he opened a drawer and picked up an envelope, the replica of the one he held in his other hand. This letter had come to him the morning before and its sole message was, "Where were you?"—its only difference being in the omission of the date Aug. 4. He had been puzzled to some extent but dismissed the thought by deciding that someone was playing a little trick on him. Nevertheless, it had impressed him enough that he had saved it. And now he compared the two letters. The stationery was identical, as was the hand writing. He could make nothing of the few words. Who could have any desire to know where he had been Aug. 4? It was absolutely ridiculous, and with a short laugh he tossed them into his desk. But all through the day the words, "Where were you Aug. 4?" kept running through his mind.

By the evening of the second day after this, Starbuck was plainly agitated—noticeably so. It was a general topic of discussion among his friends and associates. It seemed impossible that two days could change a man so much. Lines of care and worry marred the usually calm and handsome face; his eyes had a hunted look and a vacant stare; and his secretary had confided to her chum that his hand had trembled as he put his signature to some letters. He appeared pre-occupied, troubled, and extremely nervous as if awaiting some catastrophe. Indeed he was a different Jim Starbuck from the one his friends had come to love.

Starbuck alone knew the cause for his troubled mind and tortured nerves, and he could not or would not confide in anyone. Now, instead of two letters in his upper drawer, there were four. One only asked the question, "Were you in Ft. Worth?" and the following one the same question with the date "Aug. 4, 1900?"

Jim Starbuck had spent two sleepless nights—nights spent in restless pacing back and forth, every nerve crying out for rest, and his mind struggling vainly to keep down the thoughts which returned ever and again and each time clung with a more merciless hold on his mind. Yet he could not tell—he could not and he would not. His business must not suffer—his friends, many of them had found in him an ideal which must not be destroyed.

"Ft. Worth"—a city of terror for him! Aug. 4, 1900"—a date he would never forget! For over twenty years he had tried to dismiss it from his mind and of late he had told himself that he had, but here it was back, all back, with even added terror and horror. It must be imagination on his part.

The idol of the people pulled himself together and betook his weary, nerve-racked body to his office in the hope that he would forget. But Mercy was not with Jim Starbuck that day, for the first thing that greeted his dull eye was a white envelope, only too well known to him.

With hands trembling as if with palsy, he hurriedly opened the envelope so sinister to him. This time the message was "Do you remember the accident at Ft. Worth, Aug. 4, 1900?"

Starbuck sank into his chair and covered his face with his hands. No longer could he doubt or bolster himself up with hopes. After twenty long years it was known.

Jim Starbuck at twenty-one had been a reckless, carefree, wild youth with plenty of money and no need to work. Idleness had lain heavily over his hands and he had engaged in practices altogether unbecoming to any boy. But he had paid, as all must pay someday.

One night, twenty-three or four years before, driving at a rate of speed and in a way only the drunken can drive, his car hit another bringing death to an entire family. The papers had been filled with the tragic story. Starbuck had escaped—his license number was unknown and he had not been man enough to confess. Through all these years he had carried the load and burden of unconfessed crime—burden enough to silver anyone's hair prematurely. Now when miles from the scene of tragedy, he had begun to breath freely, someone, some fiend for revenge, was blackmailing him.

That night he slept the sleep of the utterly exhausted, resolved to unburden his mind the next day.

Well for Jim Starbuck that one of his characteristics was delay, for with the morning light came another of the dreaded envelopes. He could scarcely bring himself to open it. Starbuck, expecting only a

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sentence, stared at the paper in amazement, for on it was written the following letter.

Detroit, Mich.
Feb. 23, 1924.

Mr. James Starbuck
Cleveland, Ohio

Dear Sir:

Were you in Ft. Worth Aug. 4, 1900? (that awful sentence again!) Had you been there and witnessed or even heard of the terrible automobile accident you would have wished for some safety device for cars. For years people have been in need of safety brakes and just such accidents as the one referred to would have been avoided if there had been such a thing. The Starr Safety Brake Company has just perfected such a device and your adoption of the same would mean much to both of us.

No doubt you think our method of advertising queer, to say the least. We knew that a man in your position would not trifle with or even read an ordinary advertisement. We had to adopt a way, unusual and gripping, that would obtain your interest and hold it. Our short questions were intended to arouse your curiosity for what would follow. We sincerely hope we have been successful to some extent at least.

Yours very truly,
Starr Safety Brake Company,
Per. C. R. Starr—Pres.

The Radio Bug

Under the spreading aerial wire
The new radio bug stands;
The bug, a very odd man is he,
With a large radio at hand;
And the receivers on his ears
Are held with an iron band.

His hair is a pomp, and black, and long,
His side burns are coarse as sand;
His brow is wet with tuning sweat,
He hears whate'er he can,
And hears the whole wide world at large,
And he sees not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his radio go;
You can see him move his dials,
With measures fine and slow,
Just like a burglar opening a bank,
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school
 See him tune in for more;
 They love to hear the music,
 And hear the Magnavox roar,
 And see the burning tubes that hum
 Like that of a motor's roar.

He goes on Sunday to the church
 And sits among his boys;
 He hears the parson at W C B D
 He hears K D K A's noise,
 Trying to respond,
 And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like his favorite piece
 Moving him to Paradise!
 He need must think of it once more,
 How in his mind it lies;
 And with his tender hand he turns
 The vernier to suit his eyes.

Tuning,—rejoicing,—sorrowing,
 Onward through life he goes;
 Each morning a new station began,
 Each evening hears it close;
 Something new, something won,
 He earns a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to the old radio,
 For the lesson thou hast taught!
 Thus the coupler is broken
 And a new one must be bought;
 Thus to find another station
 And see what it has brought.

—Hal Sona '25.

Grandpa And The Homecoming Story

It was a wonderful day for Grandpa and Grandma. It was their sixtieth wedding anniversary. For sixty short sunny years they had been together, sharing in all things alike. All the children and grandchildren had flocked to the old fold for the great event. John, the printer, had been the first to come; then Kenneth, the banker; Harry, the farmer; Thomas, the doctor; and then Eddie, the same devoted black-sheep; all to be greeted with a motherly kiss from Grandma and a hearty handshake and cheering laugh from Grandpa. Then there were the girls; Molly, Vena, Maggie, and modern, vivacious Annie.

Grandpa, after the children had all arrived, had retreated to his

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room overlooking the old fashioned rose garden, to hide the tears which had unbidden dimmed his eyes at the memory of bygone years, when with his dear ones gathered about him he had told them bed-time stories, and had tucked the covers about them when prayers were said. Sitting there he reviewed step by step, his advancement from a mere boy to the influential citizen he was today; how his native town had grown from the few scattered log cabins with their sparse rocky fields to the well built little city in the midst of the flourishing country. His meditations were interrupted by a light tapping upon his door. As he dried his eyes the door was cautiously pushed open and Grandma, a happy light shining in her eyes, stepped into the room. Her arms were outstretched. "Come—" she commanded, her voice vibrant with pent-up feeling. Grandpa took her hands in his and peered down into her eyes; and finding there a perfect understanding, kissed her tenderly and arm in arm, they descended the stairs to their children.

The dinner hour was a joyous one. The dinner, the pride of Grandma, of chicken, potatoes, gravy, light-bread, salads, pudding, cake and pie, served to take their memories back to the time when as boys and girls they had surrounded this same old table, talking and joking.

"Say! here's where I carved my initials with my new knife and Dad licked me with his razor strop," laughed Harry.

"Well now! you've got my place. Ma! make 'im move!" protested John.

"If you don't pass me more o' that cake I'll upset the bloomin' table to get some!" shouted Kenneth, that shrewd banker. What would the directors have said had they heard him then!

"Boys shouldn't eat more than three pieces, Ken," rebuked Grandma though you could see that she didn't mean it. And Kenneth like an obedient son subsided amid gales of laughter and shouts of "Let me whip 'im!" and "So you will be cute!" and "That's it Ma!" and "Give me a piece!" and "Me too!"

After the last dish of food had been disposed of, Grandpa and his boys retired to the living room to have their after-dinner cigars and to talk of business, while Grandma, rosy-cheeked and happy, helped the girls with the dish-washing. After a while they joined the men and for a moment all was still. It was a crisp autumn day and darkness was falling upon the earth. To take the chill from the air Grandpa had built a fire upon the hearth and now, as when children at home, they had gathered to hear the stories which in the years of prosperity were not forgotten. Little brother, John Jr., voiced the wish of all when nestled in Grandpa's strong old arms he said coaxingly, "Grandpa, tell me a story,—please."

"What do you wish to hear about, Johnny?" asked Grandpa, mentally reviewing his rapidly diminishing supply of stories. And Johnny, remembering that he was wearing his new 'Injun' suit, promptly replied: "An Injun story!"

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After a moment of speculation as to the best Indian tale he knew Grandpa began:

At the top of a small hill and silhouetted against the dark sky, a lone Indian seated on a lank pony, watched a crawling wagon train make its way over the Ohio prairie, and prayed to the Sun God for their blood-reeking scalps. The Indian turned toward the fast setting sun and hurled his tomahawk to the ground. Then again he turned his attention to the hated pale face's train. There were many wagons, perhaps fifteen in all, each drawn by a team of oxen. The white canvas tops glistened in the sunlight. Men on horseback rode to and fro along the train herding the stock, and stopping occasionally to speak to the drivers. Their guns, held in the crook of the arm, were ready for instant use. Apparently satisfied the savage turned his pony and disappeared from sight among the hills.

Maria sat cuddled up in one of those white topped wagons looking out over the prairie—thinking. She thought of how but a few weeks before they had been secretly married. His father's wrath had been hard to bear, and now they were on their way to the West—and freedom. Now, somewhere beside the train her Phil was watching over her.

Just as the sun sank the train was stopped and the wagons were arranged in a circle, and the horses were firmly tethered. A great fire was built within the circle and all gathered about it. The men smoked and conversed in low tones of danger of Indian attacks. The women chatted, sang, and made merry, while destruction awaited them in the form of painted, naked, savages, silently surrounding the band and advancing.

In camp, the horses trampled nervously and the dogs issued low warning growls. The men felt as if an enemy were slinking in the tall grass. The fire cast a wierd light making and dispelling a thousand shadows, which with the sounds of night seemed to take the form of some great evil.

A whoop from a host of yelling shadows rang in the ears of the startled band, and before they recovered from the shock, a hundred gaudy, death-bringing arrows fell in their midst. The band rallied. On ly a few times did the Indians burst forth between the wagons and death seemed near. These were met with lead from the white man's 'fire sticks.'

It was in the midst of this battle, with Phil at her side, the shots whizzing, the arrows falling around her, and the mingled whoops of the Indians and the terrified sobs of the women, that little James was born to Maria and Phil.

At last after what seemed an eternity, with many of their number dead and with only a few bloody scalps at their belts, the Indians with-

drew. The remainder of the night was one of terror. The women screamed at everything and the unnerved men fired many useless volleys at the shadows.

With the coming of the day the little company could see their damage. Some of the wagons were complete wrecks and must be left behind. Bodies of the dead, the blood-stained ground, the wailing of the women and children, all helped to make the scene awful. The dead were reverently buried and as a last salute was fired, the grim men and tearful women started on their way.

After their arrival in the Illinois country (then called the West), several days were spent in finding a suitable place for the cabins. The next days were spent in felling the trees for them. The cabin raising of the leader was quite an event, a dance and feast being held on that occasion. After that the other cabins were built and the little town settled down to the life of farming. It was here that I, as James, the boy born in the battle grew to manhood."

When Grandpa had finished, the little group trooped silently up the stairs to bed. The next evening after the dear ones had all left, Grandpa again retired to his room to hide the tears, and again when Grandma found him there, they side by side, and arm in arm, descended the stairs in perfect understanding of each other, to their evening meal.

—Gloyd M. Rose '26.

Myself and I

I

Myself and I close friends have been,
 Since way back where we started
 We two, amid life's thick and thin
 Have lingered single hearted.
 In every season, wet or dry,
 Or fair or stormy weather,
 We joined our hands, myself and I
 And just worked on together.

II

Though many people have been as kind
 And loving as a brother,
 Myself and I have come to find
 Our best friends in each other.
 For while to us obscure and small
 May seem the tasks they bend to,
 We've learned our fellow men have all
 They and themselves can 'tend to.

III

Myself and I, and we alone,
 You and yourself, good neighbor,

Each in his self-determined zone
 Must find his field of labor.
 That prize which men have called "success"
 Has joy not pleasure in it,
 To satisfy the soul unless
 Myself and I shall win it. —James Campbell '26.

The Dead Author

There undoubtedly would have been no account written of the clever play that was "the latest hit" on Broadway had not the promising young author, George Strawn, realized that in order for the exacting literary critics to throw bouquets, he must be considered undeniably dead.

There was a hush in the spacious, dimly lighted playhouse on Broadway. Then suddenly all was completely dark except for the dazzling brightness of the foot lights, as they shone against the rich velvet stage curtains. There was a slow, majestic movement of the curtains and the stage was revealed.

The play had begun. Would it be a success? The audience sat spellbound. How eagerly they followed as the actors moved about. How anxiously they awaited the development of the plot. Now the mass would clamorously applaud. Now the silence was tense.

One spectator, a young man, seated in the velvet draped balcony near the stage, was particularly anxious. No audience could have more breathlessly awaited the success of the hero than the play writer awaited the success of his first play.

At length with a great dramatic climax the play came to an end. The majestic curtains with the same graceful movements, this time, closed the stage from view.

There was a hush in the playhouse. The audience stared wonderingly. Then the silence was broken by a thunder of applause. As the echo of the last cheer passed away, the mass arose to its feet clamoring lustily, "Author! Author!"

Again there was a hush in the theater. Again the silence was broken, this time, by the preliminary chords of Chopin's Funeral March. As the deep mournful chords of the instrument, touched by a master hand, reached the ears of the waiting crowd, they realized that the play was the work of a dead master. At once the audience came to its feet and stood reverently, with bowed heads, till the final chord was heard and its echo died away in the perfumed air of the playhouse.

Then slowly without the accustomed confusion and jostling the audience filed out of the massive theater.

Later, when the group of reverent people had completely deserted the playhouse two joyous faced young men stepped arm-in-arm on to Broadway. "Remember, Old Chap", one cautioned the other, "you are a dead one!"

—Eloise Harshman, '27.

Ambition

O Raymer! Mr. Raymer! our fearful test is o'er;
Our hearts are scattered everywhere,
they're pierced unto the core;

Why can't you tell, that we've written well,
the children all exulting,

While follow ears the steady plead, the
anxious hear and bleeding;

But O hark! hark! hark!

O the grades that will be better,

When on the book they're there to stay,

Forever and forever.

O Raymer! Mr. Raymer! speak up and tell us now,
Speak up—for you we call, to you the
children speak,

From you they seek advice, for you they crowd your room,

'Tis you they want, the swaying mass,
their eager faces turning.

Here Raymer, dear teacher!

This pleading tone forever

It is some dream you will

not heed,

'Tis never or forever.

My teacher does not answer, he is so
bold and stern;

The teacher does not hear my voice, the
lesson must be learned;

Our work is not completed, its voyage is not yet done;

With faithful work and steady minds

we have but now begun;

Exult, fair ones, enjoy leisure;

But I, let happen whatsoever

Press onward with ambition

Forever and forever.

—Ada Creath '26.

“No man is fit to command others if he can not command himself”
Ward C. Johnson.

Miss Church—“You will all be on the stage, for you know it is to
be a green setting.”

Student, translating in French—“Her finance (fiancee) is very
rich.”

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Calendar--May



MAY 2—The train men between Sullivan and Charleston award the girls first prize in the musical contest.

May 3—We had two chances for a cup, we take the one for track meet.

May 5—The school aroused by "The Country Gentlemen."

May 9—Patron's Day.

May 16—Senior Class Play.

May 23—Senior Class Day and picnic

JUNE

JUNE —Baccalaureate.

June 3—Commencement.

HOBBIES

Fern Sickafus—colored hose.

Claudia Ledbetter—compacts.

Cecil Creath—98's.

Olin Kull—taking naps.

Marjorie Bupp—writing notes.

Drucilla Whitman—dates.

Everett Worsham—playing hookey.

Bertha Appelt—dresses.

Miss Hobbs—"Claudia, please give your report."

Claudia—"My report is on The Cabinet."

Bill Bland, in Chemistry—"Mr. Mills, when equations go to an end, where do they go?"—Question, unanswered today.

Purvis Tabor—"Phosphorous is used in Match making." Evidently a New Way.

Mr. Mills—"What do we find in sea-water besides NACL?"

Jim Dedman—"Fish."

Francis Purvis—"There isn't any moisture at the North Pole."

Mr. Mills—"Why?"

F. P.—"Because it is all frozen."

Miss Martin—"Can someone tell about Atlas "

Jennie M. Cummins—"Wasn't he the man that had a head?"

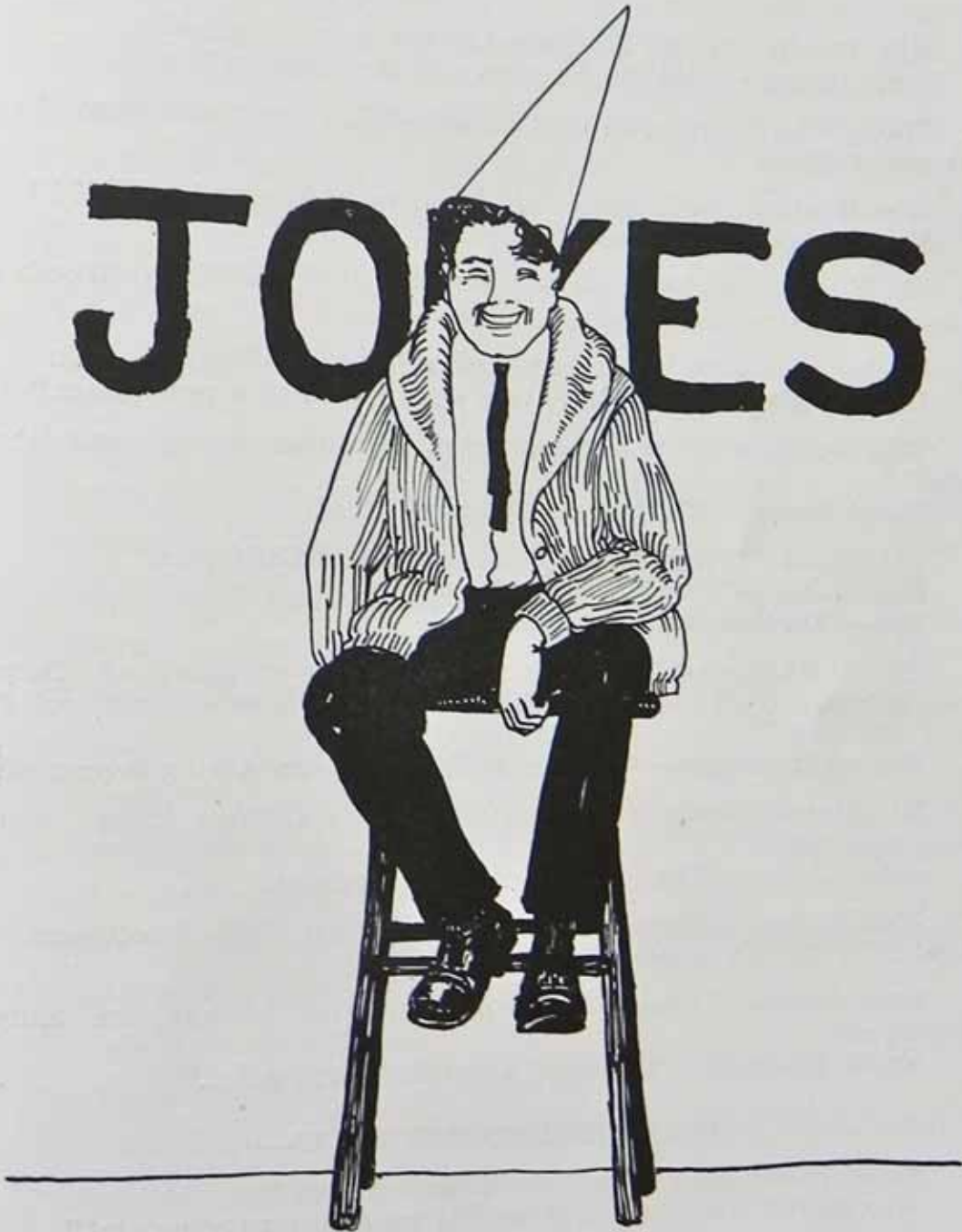
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Autographs

Dotted lines for autograph entries.

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JOKES



Jokes

Mrs. Brown—"Little Marjorie has the stomach-ache."

Prof. Brown—"Call the Secretary of the Interior."

Phillip Floyd, giving history report—"The negroes were being severely whippen."

Miss Hobbs—"Who was Prime Minister of England in 1763?"

Vida Freese—"Benjamin Franklin."

Mr. Young—"If I had my way about it I'd have Gladys Woods up on the platform with me."

During chemistry lecture, apparatus tumbles off of the desk.

William Bland—"I suppose that's your idea of a precipitate."

Miss Hobbs—"What is the difference between a long and short ballot?"

Bland Pence—"They're not the same length."

Otis Davis—"Fremont led an expedition to California."

Miss Hobbs—"How?"

Otis—"On horseback, I suppose."

Phyllis Harshman—"How do you want us to explain this? Do you want us to explain it like we would to a person who was dumb or did'nt know anything?"

Marian Harshman—"Explain it like you were talking to yourself."

Mr. Brown—"John if you had your choice of three things, which would you take?"

John Corbin—"The one I wanted the baddest."

Miss Bullock—"Does any one know 'An Old Sweetheart of Mine'?" ??? We wonder??

Opal Andres—"I feel as if I was on fire, my cheeks are simply burning up."

Verna Freeman—"I thought I smelled burnt paint."

WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF—

Bland Pence stopped saying, "I don't know?"

Miss Martin would stop saying, "If we will have some air?"

Olin Kull stayed awake in first hour assembly?

Mr. Johnson smiled?

Johnson Kelly stopped "pulling" jokes?

Glenn Keen would grow tall?

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A PROGRAM FOR THIS AFTERNOON

- "Quit Your Following After Me"—duet, Olin Kull and Lauren Hamm.
- "Last Night On the Back Porch"—Solo, Valeet Carnine.
- "Marjorie"—Solo, Harry Hill.
- "Peg O' My Heart"—William Bland.
- "I've Got Those Alcoholic Blues"—Paul Woodruff.
- "Till We Meet Again"—Louis Schultz.
- "I Love You Truly"—Drucilla Whitman.
- "Let The Rest of the World Go By"—duet, Lee Roughton and Mary York.
- "Anyone Will Do"—Gladys Sickafus.
- "Three O'clock In The Morning"—Talbot Bradley.
- "You've Got To See Mamma Everynight"—Bland Pence.
- "Dangerous Blues"—John Hankley.
- "Dearest"—Edna Estes.
- "Thru The Night"—Francis Purvis.
- "Whispering"—Claudia Ledbetter.
- "Aggravatin' Papa"—Purvis Tabor.
- "Maurice! Maurice! I've Been Thinking"—Olive Elder.
- "I Never Knew"—Fern Ashbrook.
- "Ain't We Got Fun"—Mabel Hollis and Hubert Kingery.
- "You-You-Tell Her"—Mr. Young.
- "I Love Me"—Irma Dale.
- "Lonesome Mamma Blues"—John Corbin.
- "Wabash Blues"—Duet, Genevieve Mautz and Mildred Kuster.
- "That Old Gang of Mine"—Caroline Jennings.
- "The Shiek"—Glenn Keen.
- "Kiss Me Again"—Lester Dunscomb.
- "Moonlight Waltz"—duet, Everett Worsham and Blanche Newbould.

To Our Advertisers

On behalf of the Senior Class, the Retrospect Staff wishes to extend to you our sincere thanks and appreciation.

Since the money derived from advertising is a necessary medium of revenue in the publication of High School Annuals, our advertising campaign has received great stress. Our efforts have met with a hearty response.

We wish you to feel that ours has been purely a business relationship. We want to emphasize the fact that the money spent with us has not been a loss or in any sense a gift. We are sure that you will not find it so.

We feel that our obligations to you would not be properly fulfilled if we merely printed your advertisements, without recommending you to the purchasing public. The advertiser should certainly profit by his initiative and by his willingness to pay out the money to bring his goods to public notice. We wish that it may be a reality in this case. Again, thanks.

First National Bank

Sullivan, Illinois

Your Business Appreciated



Mr. Malcomson—"We will have fish stories for tomorrow."

Lester Barnes—"The area (era) of hard feelings."

Clarence Engle—"I don't know what to do with my week end."

Louis Schultz—"Better put a hat on it."

Otis Davis, in history—"Slavery is immortal (immoral)."

Miss Hobbs—"Name some inventions that helped westward expansion."

1868

1924

St. VIATOR COLLEGE

BOURBONNAIS, ILLINOIS

Greetings and Success

TO THE

RETROSPECT

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A brand new, entirely different, and altogether better cap. Prices reasonable, too

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O. J. Gauger & Company

Lumber, Paint and Builders' Hardware

Quality and Lowest Prices. Consulting and estimating is a part of our service. "Everything in the building line."

Edna Estes (In History)—"The means of traveling were so poor in those times that people became old before crossing the Alleghany Mountains."

Noble Ellis (In History)—"The settlers intended to grow silk and raise wine."

Miss Hobbs, speaking of the Dark Ages—"Caroline can you throw any light on this subject?"

The City Book Store

... JEWELRY ...

"Home of the Edison"

Pifer & McCune, Props.

Sanitary Barber Shop

Ladies Especially Invited
Good Service :: Right Prices
W. E. Riggin

The Fair Store

Notions and
Dishes
WEST SIDE SQUARE

RADIO

Rexall Drug Store
J. W. Finley. Prop.
DRUGS

Miss Bullock—"What kind of feet is this poem written in?"
Otis Davis—"Big feet."

A student uncertain whether to multiply or divide; asked the teacher—"Would you take nine times into it?"

Mrs. Baker—"William conjugate the verb set."
Bill—"Set, hatch-er."
Mrs. Baker—"You need not go farther."

Modern—Sanitary Jefferson St.

Purity Ice Cream
& Bottling Co.

Phone 54
Sullivan :: Illinois

Shirey, Newbould
& Hankla

GROCCERS

Phone 51 and 53
N. Side Square Sullivan

The Sullivan Herald

I. J. Martin, Publisher

Modern Job Printing Plant
in Connection

TELEPHONE 47

East Side Square

Sullivan, Illinois

QUITE PROPER

A Senior stood on the railroad track
The train was coming fast
The train got off of the railroad track
To let the Senior past.

“We really should realize that self confidence is a good quality but that self-control is much better.”—Prof. Brown.

Marian Harshman—“The wigs (whigs) had a rally in a log cabin”.

Outen-Inn Confectionery

We Have the Best in Chocolates
and Hard Candies.

SOFT DRINKS AND ICE CREAM

O U T E N - I N N

Dunscomb Dry Goods Co.

Quality First Value Always

SULLIVAN, ILLINOIS

Seasonable Ready-to-Wear Piece goods and draperies

BUSSIE'S GARAGE

TIRES, GAS, OIL, BATTERIES AND ACCESSORIES
OF ALL KINDS

Service at all hours

Sullivan, Ill., Phone 10

Vera Wooley—"What was the president's name fourteen years ago?"

Miss Martin—"I don't believe I know."

Vera Wooley—"Calvin Coolidge, same as it is now."

Miss Hobbs—"Who was Herbert Hoover?"

Otis Davis—"Oh, he was that guy that didn't want us to eat."

Grace Grider—"Irving wrote, Leather Tales Stockings."

Mammoth Shoe and Clothing Company

J. H. SMITH, Manager

"Clothes For Dad and the Boys"

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anything you can give
them except—
Your Photograph.

Photographs are
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they want your
photograph

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Book were Made by Us)

Be Photographed
this year on
your birthday

Do not neglect to
have your children
Photographed more
often

Babies grow up and
change. Keep them
as they are today
in Photographs

Miss Hobbs—"Name some inventions that helped westward expansion."

Everett Worsham—"Ox carts."

Miss Hobbs—"How did they sell Slaves?"

Everett Worsham—"Why by the pound I suppose."

Miss Bullock—"What did Bacon write, Clark? You don't know! Why, doesn't that name suggest something to you?"

Clark Lowe—"Yes, Bacon and eggs."

THE MERCHANTS AND FARMERS STATE BANK

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All Home Folks

A REAL COMMUNITY BANK

The Opening Hardware Store

Stoves, Furniture, Hardware
and Notions.

R. S. Haley, Prop.

TAKEN FROM TEST PAPERS

A ventriloquist is one who can answer to two names at roll call and get away with it.

An appendix is an object created for the support of the doctor.

Miss Hobbs, explaining a paragraph to the class—"The vulnerable (venerable) Tyler."

Edna Estes—"Why didn't you speak to me this morning?"

John Hankley—"I was wrapped up in thought."

Edna—"Well you did look cold."

Harry Hill—"Want to go on a sleighing party?"

Dorothy Lee—"Who are we going to slay?"

Lola Rhodes, looking on map—"Why, I always thought Rhode Island was an island."

Miss Holt says that eggs in cold storage should be kept under the melting point or 32 degrees Fahrenheit.

Ferne Garrett—"There are no flying fishes but there are many flies and fishes."

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Cakes and Cookies

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Whitman's

Where careful, sanitary
barber work is done

Next door north of the M.
& F. Bank

Sam B. Hall

"Gifts That Last"
AND THE PUREST DRUGS

Matt Dedman

Harness, Saddlery and
Auto Trimming

We Do the Business

Phone 62

Jefferson Hat Shop And Beauty Parlor

South Side Square

Sullivan :-: Phone 360

Otis Davis (In History)—"Does the sheriff have to take an oath to support the constitution while in office?"

Louis Shultze—"No, he takes the oath to support his wife."

Opal Cracraft, giving history report—"Only the heads of families could vote, so the married men were left out."

Wesley Cole, reading from American History—"Lincoln issued the Emancipation Proclamation Sept. 22, 1862 on New Years Day."

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Phone us and we'll call
for your work

Expert Repair Work

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Home of Popular Priced
Merchandise

N. Side Sq. Sullivan

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There is a world of good Service in an old shoe properly repaired—
Do not be in a hurry to throw them away. Bring them to our shop,
and if they are not worth repairing we will tell you. If they are worth
repairing we will tell you the cost.

With our equipment we can work wonders with leather

Wade Robertson Rapid Shoe Repair Shop

Health Science Chiropractic

THAT'S ALL

L. C. Tusler, D. C., Ph. C.

Palmer Graduate

East Side Square

Mr. Raymer—"Now watch closely for he is going to erect a per-
pendicular to this line."

Paul Dolan—"What did you say I was going to do?"

Mrs. Baker—"Why did prehistoric man live alone?"

Bright Student—"I suppose, because there were no women."

Olive Elder—"Sometimes Alabaster (Asbestos) is used for table
pads."

T. P. FINLEY

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About to Be •**

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Engraving Company
THE HOUSE OF PERSONAL SERVICE
ARTISTS · ENGRAVERS
Springfield · Illinois
Designers of Artistic
High School and College Annuals



"Did you ever let a man kiss your hand?"

"Never more than once."

"Why only once?"

"Dumb-bell! What are your lips for?"

Irate father—"Young man, the lights in this house go out at 10:30 o'clock!"

Son—"That's all right, don't delay on my account."

Hardware and Stoves

Hot Air Furnaces

J. M. DAVID