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"THE TEST OF OUR  
WORD IS THE SERVICE  
WE RENDER"

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.





THE PATRIOT  
PUBLISHED BY  
SHIELDS-FINE-SCHOOL  
SEYMOUR-INDIANA  
AND  
DEDICATED TO  
GERTRUDE-JAMES  
ANNA-DUMM  
1919



# FOREWORD

IF NEAR THE COVERS  
OF THIS BOOK  
IN AFTER YEARS YOU  
CHANCE TO LOOK  
AND FEEL THE MORE  
THE JOYS  
MAYHAD THE YEARS  
OF THESE OLD DAYS  
OF YOUNG SCHOOL YEARS  
FELLOW STUDENT!  
WIND TASKS WELL DONE  
A RALLIED MEMORY  
—JUST BEGUN







TO

GERTRUDE - JAMES  
IN WISE FRIENDSHIP  
AND GUIDANCE

WE HAVE FOUND THAT  
WORTH IS MOST WORTH WHILE  
WE ARE GLASS OF  
NINETEEN AND NINETEEN  
IN TAKEN OF OUR APPRECIATION  
DEDICATE THIS  
OUR ANNUAL



Thomas Abbott Mott  
Superintendent of Public Schools

## To The Seniors.

This month you are leaving the High School to enter the broader life of the college, or the business and social world. The fidelity and industry you have shown during the years of your school course give ample promise that your work will be useful and successful in whatever field of life you enter.

Probably four hundred thousand young people will graduate from the high schools of America this spring. Twenty years hence this army will form a large part of the master-workers and leaders in our republic.

Within a quarter of a century twenty per cent of this army will have become the citizens of wealth and influence in the communities where they live. Thousands who are now poor will have become rich. Thousands who are now striving to prepare themselves for usefulness and success will have become leaders in their chosen fields of endeavor.

All of these will accomplish their aims in life in exactly the same way.

Whoever will keep his body vigorous and healthy, and whose life is guided by the fundamental virtues; fidelity, perseverance, frugality, industry, courage, and temperance will always reach his goal.

These laws of life apply to all alike. Everyone has the same chance. Remember that!

CH. W. H. T.



Kate Ferris Andrews  
Principal of Shields High School



## A Message.

In this year of strife and victory,  
The great cause for which we fought  
Has prevailed, and freedom's blessings  
For all people have been bought:  
Bought with courage that was dauntless  
Bought with firm unfaltering faith,  
That the vision which had led them  
Was no idle dream-like wraith,  
But a gleam, whose glorious radiance  
Would throw light upon the way  
Of the People as they struggle  
Toward the newer fuller day.  
And to us has come the message  
From those heroes who have fought  
"Carry on nor cease to struggle  
For the good that we have sought."  
Yes, we, too, may don our armor  
And in fields which life may give  
Fight the battles, win the victories  
That will make us truly live.

Kate F. Andrews.



*Familiar Haunts*



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I-CAN-NOT-TELL-FOR-THE-TRUTH-MAY-BE



I-SAY-THE-TALE-AS-TWAS-TOLD-TO-ME"

# THE NEW BOY

F. K. MILLER, '21



ALL THE pupils of the small country school stared at the new boy as he entered. He was about fourteen but much overgrown, being perhaps six feet in height. He entered the rude school-room at an awkward gait, with his arms full of books and a confused expression upon his face. His ragged trousers, reaching between his knees and ankles, were held up by a pair of old suspenders and, being much too large for his lean body, gave him a very awkward appearance. His loose shirt, checkered alternately green and white, was in itself enough to attract the attention of all. His fair hair was tangled and long but his face was clean. His shoes were almost soleless and his stockings full of holes. Taking everything in consideration he might truly be called a boy, that type of a Hoosier country boy that Edward Eggleston loved so much.

"We have a new boy today, scholars," said Mr. Long, the school-master; "his name is Joe Mullins and he is in the seventh grade, he tells me. You all want to get acquainted when school is out and make Joe feel welcome."

Poor Joe had a terrible time in reaching his seat. He collided with a desk and every book he had went to the floor. A group of girls, observing his awkwardness, let out a giggle, and a big boy on the front seat let out a "haw! haw! haw!" At length, however, guided by Mr. Long, Joe reached an empty seat in the rear of the room. He sat down and placed his books in the desk and awaited further orders from the master.

A class in grammar was about to recite. Mr. Long told Joe that he might enter it. Joe picked up his grammar and took a seat with the class.

"Our lesson today," announced the teacher for Joe's benefit, "is on page forty-three; it concerns the parts of speech. Each of you will have a short sentence; and you are to tell me which part of speech each word is."

The sentences went around the class, each pupil reciting one of them. As a whole the recitations were fairly commendable. When it came Joe's time, he stood up and read boldly in a clear, distinct voice, "The bucket was old and with moss was covered."

"What part of speech is the word 'the'?" asked Mr. Long.

"An adjective," replied Joe.

"'Bucket'?"



“A noun.”

And so he replied to every question until he came to the word “with,” which he called a conjunction, because of embarrassment upon realizing his position in a strange class.

“‘With’ a conjunction?”

“O no, an adverb.”

“An adverb? Sit down. Next.”

A murmur went through the class as Joe sat down. He looked about him and was met by sneers from all. A little girl bobbed up from her seat and in her squeaky voice gave the sentence correctly. Joe realized his mistake. He had known the correct answer but had failed to give it and now he could only do better the next time for this time had passed.

When the shadows were lengthening eastward, the rural school was dismissed, and the children, swinging their books, tramped leisurely homeward. A group of boys crowded about Joe and tried to make things as miserable for him as they could. “You can’t tell us nothin’” said one, while another commented on his clothes and asked if they came from Paris.

“We’re goin’ to have a game of baseball Saturday,” announced a lad noted for his red hair and freckled face, “but you won’t get to play. Doncha wish yer was?”

“Who’re you to play?” asked Joe.

“Carltown,” spoke up another boy. “It’s between us and Carltown. But we can’t let you play. The other side might git skirred, thinkin’ we was a army an’ you the flagpole with a green-and-white flag.”

Everyone laughed. But Joe, seeming not to mind it, went on. “Who’s our pitcher?”

“‘Our,’ listen to that will you, ‘our,’” said a boy with a shaved head and apparently an empty one.

“Me,” proudly replied the freckled lad. “I, ‘Reddy’ Gawsons, am the pitcher of Centerville and ‘Baldy’ there is my catcher. Some pitcher I am too, can sling ‘em right and left, spit-ball, curve, inshoot, er anything yer want. That’s me.”

“Who’s Carltown’s pitcher?”

“A feller they call Ben Perry. He’s a star mentally and physically both, they say, but I’m gonna try to beat him if I can. We can’t let you play as we know of, but of course in case we run kinda short we might let you carry water to the players or be third assistant to the umpire.”

Unmindful of the hilarity at his expense, Joe continued, “How do the two teams stand this season? How many games have they lost and won?”

“Carltown has won about eight games this season and lost none; we have won about seven and lost one. But say, what’s that to you? You can’t play.

Guess we'll have to leave you. So long, flaggy-pole."

"So long, boys," said Joe, and his manner was unchanged. He went his way, with his head down thinking deeply about the game. Joe had now proven his worth, if never before, for it takes a wonderful person indeed to remain composed during the taunts and jeers of his companions.

Saturday came at last, welcomed by all. A field just outside of Centerville was crowded with spectators from both villages, gay colors were flying everywhere and hundreds of voices could be heard cheering. Old men, veterans of the Rebellion, leaned on their canes and peered through their spectacles, smiling on the young warriors. Here and there through the crowd, as the waves of cheering died down, a word could be distinguished, "Goodbye, Centerville," "Take out Carltown," "Skunked to be," "The game is ours," and other phrases signifying the keenest interest and utmost loyalty on the part of the rooters.

At length the game began. Carltown, being the visitor, was up to bat first. The red-haired boy took his place in the box, while "Baldy" stood behind the batter, ready to catch anything the Carltown lad should miss. Each team did its best, for every lad had a lassie whose eyes were fixed upon him.

"Reddy" put the ball over the plate.

"Strike one!" called the umpire.

"Not such a worse pitcher, if he keep up at that rate," said Joe who was standing in the crowd, much interested in the game.

The boy from Carltown woke up and knocked the ball away over in center field. He took third base before Centerville's fielder could get the ball back into the diamond.

Ben Perry, the opposing pitcher was next up. "Reddy" shook ever so much as he realized the reputation of the person at bat.

"Ball one!" sang out the umpire, "Ball two . . . Ball three!"

"Reddy" knew there was no time to waste so he put one over the plate. Ben was not caught napping nor was his strike a wild one. He hit the ball squarely and knocked it almost twice as far as the first batter, thus bringing his catcher in and scoring himself. Three outs quickly followed; then Centerville was up to bat.

"Baldy" struck out the first thing. "Reddy" was next up and he made second, but was caught off his guard and put out. Next was the short-stop; he showed great speed—true to his long legs—and brought in a score. Jones, the second-baseman, made third and was brought in by Popplewell who "bunted" and made first, while Carltown "fumbled" with the ball. The next batter made an out and the score stood two to two, at the end of the first inning.

The next five innings quickly followed, Carltown having the upper hand with the score six to three in her favor. Joe stepped out to "Reddy" and asked him to allow him to pitch for them.

"You pitch!" said "Reddy" scornfully. "Why we wouldn't think of such a thing. Git outa the diamond."

"Take 'flaggy-pole' out" shouted Popplewell.

"Hogs out of the diamond!" shouted "Baldy."

Joe stood his ground and pleaded calmly, "I only want you to give me a chance. You want to win the game and I want you to win it, but you know you can't, if you keep up at this rate. I only want a chance. Let me pitch the seventh inning. If any man makes first, you may throw me out. That is fair. Only try me."

There was a heated discussion among the players as to whether or not Joe should be put as pitcher in "Reddy's" place. At length they decided to give the new boy, a trial though it was much against "Reddy's" will.

"I'm not doing this against you," said Joe to "Reddy" as he walked out to the box, "but I am doing it for Centerville."

Joe proved that he could pitch. Three opposing players were successively fanned out, none of them even fouling the ball. Only once did Joe fail to put the ball over the plate. The umpire scratched his head, as Carltown came into the field, and the great crowd of spectators from both villages asked each other the question, "What manner of boy is this and where did he come from?"

Centerville went up to bat but no one scored. Then Carltown went up and Joe gave the three batters a fan-out similar to that of their fellow-players.

The home team was up again and this time for two scores. The eighth inning ended with the score six to five in favor of Carltown.

There seemed to be a great deal of commotion among the crowd of onlookers. Fans from Carltown were going wild, hats were flying in the air and every other sound was drowned by their shouts of victory; while a few thoughtful ones eyed the new boy and realized that victory was yet to be obtained with such a person as he on the opposing side. No joyous shouts, were heard from the Centerville fans though most of them smiled confidently when they looked at Joe.

The ninth and last inning followed. Joe took his place and Ben Perry was at bat. The shouts of the crowd had ceased; every one gazed in breathless suspense, for at last the two great players were facing each other. Joe purposely threw a ball but Ben, expecting it to be a strike, struck at it. His strike was a wild one and missed the ball a good foot. Joe again threw a ball and again Ben struck at it, with the same result. Then the Carltown lad saw the trick and decided not to strike at the next one. Joe put the next one, however, over the plate.

"Strike three!" called the umpire. "Batter out!"

Joe's expression remained unchanged, though, could we have looked into his heart, we might have seen him smiling. Centerville cheered to the top of her voice but Carltown was quiet. The new pitcher was acting beyond her realiza-

tions. It was easy for Joe to fan the next two batters and then his team was up to bat. The last few moments had arrived. Victory or defeat was at hand. Which would it be?

The first two Centerville batters made outs, for Ben Perry was not asleep. The outlook for the home team seemed doubtful indeed. "Baldy" was next up. He hit the ball a good blow and finally made his way to second. Joe was next up and as he stepped to the plate he gave Ben a look of defiance. Ben returned it without a quiver. The ball whizzed over the plate! Joe struck and missed. Again the ball came over the plate and again Joe missed it.

"What's the matter?" called a Centerville patriot.

"He's not as good as he seemed to be," shouted some one in the Carltown crowd. "The game's ours."

Joe clinched his teeth and gripped the bat. Only one more strike remained; the time was now or never. The ball came. "Bang!" Joe knocked the ball fully out of sight. It was a whole minute before the ball was returned to the diamond and then the score was seven to six in Centerville's favor. Joe Mullins, the new boy had beaten Carltown.

The Centerville rooters cheered as they had never been known to cheer before when Ben Perry walked forward to the new boy and shook hands with him.

Joe smiled a smile of victory and, looking Ben Perry full in the eye, said, "We have equaled each other in playing, but Fate has placed the victory in my hands."

## EVENING

ANNA SCHMIDT, '20

OVER THE darkened landscape  
The calm bright stars shine down;  
Over the forest and mountain  
Re-echoes the nightingale's round;  
Out in the night's still darkness  
The wild things roam on their way;  
And the wood-nymphs gather wild-flowers  
While the night-hawk seeks his prey.  
Oh! the joy of the great wild nature  
Has cast its spell over me,  
As I walk in God's great garden;  
And the cool wind from over the sea,  
As it comes from the land of the sunset,  
Is bringing His message to me.

# A-LULLABY

MYLREA FINDLEY, '19

THE GOLDEN dreamboat's ready,  
With her silken sails all spread;  
And the breeze is gently blowing  
To the fairy port of bed;  
And the fairy captain's waiting  
While the busy sand man flies  
With the silver dust of slumber  
Closing every baby's eyes.

Oh, the night is rich with moonlight,  
And the sea is calm with peace,  
And the angels fly to guard you,  
Their watch shall never cease;  
And the fairies there await you,  
They have splendid dreams to spin;  
You shall hear them gaily singing  
As the dreamboats draw you in.

Like the ripple of the water  
Does the dreamboat's whistle blow,  
Only baby ears can catch it  
When it comes the time to go.  
Only little ones may journey  
On so wonderful a ship  
And go drifting off to slumber  
With no care to mar the trip.

Oh, the little eyes are heavy,  
But the little soul is light;  
It shall never know a sorrow  
Or a terror through the night.  
And at last when dawn is breaking  
And the dreamboat's trip is o'er,  
You shall wake to find your mother  
Smiling over you once more.

# LIFE'S-A-STOCKING

DORISE NORBECK, '20

THE SUPPER is over, the hearth is swept,  
And in the wood fire's glow,  
The children cluster to hear a tale  
Of that time so long ago,  
When grandmother's hair was golden brown,  
And the warm blood came and went  
O'er the face that was scarcely sweeter then  
Than now, in its rich content.

The face is wrinkled and careworn now  
And the golden hair is gray,  
But the light that shone in the young girl's eye  
Has never gone away.  
And her needles catch the fire's bright gleam,  
As in and out they go,  
With the clicking music that grandma loves,  
As she shapes the stocking toe.

And the waiting children love it too,  
For they know the stocking song  
Brings many a tale to grandma's mind  
Which they shall hear ere long;  
But it brings no tale of olden times  
To grandma's heart tonight,  
Only a sermon quaint and short,  
That is sung by needles bright.

"Life is a stocking," grandma says,  
"And your's is just begun,  
But I am knitting the toe of mine  
And my work is almost done;  
With merry hearts we begin to knit,  
And the ribbing is almost play,  
Some are gay colors, and some are white,  
And some are ashen gray.

But some there are of many a hue,  
With many a stitch set wrong,  
And many a row to be sadly ripped  
Ere the whole is fair and strong,  
There are long plain spaces without a break,  
That in youth are hard to bear;  
And many a weary tear is dropped,  
As we fashion the heel with care.

But the happiest, saddest time is that  
Which we court, and yet would shun,  
When our Heavenly Father breaks the thread  
And says our work is done.''  
The children come to say good-night  
With tears in their bright blue eyes,  
While in grandma's lap, with a broken thread,  
The finished stocking lies.

## A-FLOWER

RUTH L. MILLER, '19

**O**NLY A flower in the deep, dark woods,  
Half hidden by last year's leaves,  
A bit of freshness and beauty divine,  
A breath of fragrance among the trees.

Dear little flower with a heart so pure,  
Beautiful emblem of love!  
Tell me the secret God gave you to know,  
Did you fall from heaven above?

How many hearts have you cheered and made glad?  
How many souls have you healed?  
Seems to me you've a mission to fill,  
In your God-given beauty revealed.

# THE LAST OF THE MONDUES

AGNES ANDREWS, '20



FOR OVER four hundred years in a certain section of Picardy the name of Mondue had been synonymous with strong men and thrifty women. It was, as well, another name for honesty, and loyalty. And, as far back as the people of this region could remember, every member of the Mondue family had been a wonderful shot. For ages, unerringly, first their arrows, then their bullets had reached the bull's-eye in every contest held in Picardy. But of late years, the family had gradually died out, until there remained now but one male Mondue of age.

Pierre Mondue was an unusually happy Frenchman. Yes, happy even in that eventful spring of 1918. Was not his prosperous little farm far behind the battle-lines, even practically free from Gothas? Was he not discharged from the army, minus one leg, to be sure, but plus a *Medaille Militaire*, and a *Croix de Guerre* with palm? Was not Zenobie, his wife, amiable and kind; not like that vixen, *Mme. Dirong*, across the road? Were not *Angele-Marie*, his sixteen-year-old daughter, and *Jacques* his ten-year-old son in the best of health? And finally was not the *Generale American* paying preposterous, unheard of prices for supplies? Why should he not be happy?

To be sure, one small cloud obscured the horizon of his happiness. *Jacques* his only son, last of the honest Mondues, was not as truthful as he should be, and was too easily swayed by considerations of material things. Still, Pierre comfortably reflected, he would grow out of that, he was still young.

So thinking, he strolled along, until his reverie was interrupted by the voice of his son. "Mon pere, mon papa! les Boches are coming! *Mme. Dirong* said so! Just over the hills!" and he stood panting in the hot May sunshine, pointing his finger in the direction from which the invaders were supposed to come.

Pierre was silent a moment listening, but could hear nothing more ominous than the familiar faint roar of far-away guns. Then, for he had been a soldier, and had heard more than one fantastic rumor, he shrugged his shoulders. "Eh bien! if they come, they come. But a big man like you should fight against them. Go get the guns, and let us go to our lesson, he remarked ironically.

The boy, flushing a bit under his father's irony, ran to the house for the guns. Meanwhile Pierre limped across the field of grain, into the green meadow, the site of their gunning exhibitions, and daily lessons. Suddenly he halted, and



turned in the direction of the thick hedge. Again he heard a low involuntary groan. Quickly investigating, he found lying there a white faced young officer, his blue coat covered with blood, striving with all his might to hide the only too evident pain of his wound. Seeing the sturdy peasant, the soldier confident of aid, spoke in low broken sentences: "Ah, mon ami—for the love of the good God—have pity—on one wounded, upon whose shoulders much of importance rests. Diable—Hide me, the damned Boche is after me—Marbleu, this wound—Some place to hide and—water, water, s'il vous plait" he ended in a sort of gasp.

Pierre's peasant mind, never quick to grasp a situation, at last formulated an answer, but before he could speak, he was interrupted by the patter of feet, and Jacques was crying "Voila! They were hidden—" but he perceived for the first time the wounded man. "Qui-est-il?" "He is a soldier of France, wounded. Help me to carry him to the barn."

So the two, one a cripple, and the other but a mere child, sweating and panting under the officer's weight, staggered to the cool, dim barn. There, pillowed in the soft hay, they gave the man water and looked dubiously at his wound. Finally Pierre said, "I have a daughter. She knows a little about nursing. She can keep a secret. Jacques, call your sister."

In a little while, Angele-Marie's deft fingers had dressed the gaping wound in his shoulder and she retired to the house, under pledge of eternal secrecy. Then, to the quiet man, and the wide-eyed boy, the stranger explained.

"I am Henri Laton, aide-de-camp of General X. The Boche advanced, and we were cut off from supplies. Then the Boche retreated. We found some plans of his and added them to some very valuable maps of our own. Then the Boche advanced again. Not finding his plans where he left them, he grew angry. So we were "trafed." Mon Dieu, but we were "trafed." So M. le Generale sends a man back to headquarters with those important plans of ours, and of M. le Kaiser. The Boche sees the man. The Boche wounds the man and then pursues him. The man is lost, and takes refuge in a convenient hedge. Helas, I am the man," and he sank back into the hay.

"You are pursued?" asked Pierre anxiously.

"Oui," in a matter of fact tone.

"Then the barn is not safe for you. It is too open. You must be hid."

"Eh bien. Is there a loft?"

"Certainement."

And in a moment, the warrior, supported by the ex-warrior, and the warrior-to-be, was led into the airy loft, and covered with hay. It was, of course, arranged to give him air, but it was also a perfect device for concealment.

"Au revoir, mon vieux ami," said Pierre.

"Au revoir," answered a stifled voice from beneath its blanket of hay.

As soon as they had left the barn, Pierre turned to his son. "Not a word of this. It is a secret for France, comprends-tu?"

"Oui. Je suis un Monduc."

The shooting lesson that day was not a great success. Jacques was excited, and Pierre was worried. To get the message to headquarters safely and soon, was obviously his duty. But how was he to do it?

That evening he discussed the matter with Henri, over a supper prepared by Angele-Marie. For, though Zenobie was a worthy madame, her tongue was loose at both ends, and she knew not the meaning of the secret. But when the subject was mentioned, Henri protested in horror. "Mais non! I have a verbal message which I must keep secret" he declared. And no amount of persuasion could move him in his determination.

So for a day, life, on the surface at least, went on as usual in the little stone cottage. Morning of the second day came, and Pierre, after carrying breakfast to the officer, who was gradually growing stronger, set out with his rifle for the field, where he and Jacques were to practice again.

A long time he waited in the sunny meadow. The shadows shortened as the morning slowly passed, and he still patiently waited. At last weary of inaction, he turned and stalked, as quickly as his lame leg would let him, back to the small group of buildings. Zenobie and Angele-Marie were absent that day, and perhaps Jacques was fixing himself a lunch. He was greedy enough to do so, reflected his father with a sigh.

Just then he mounted the slight knoll at the side of the barn. For a moment he stood stock-still, in amazement. Then horror-stricken, he started to advance, but thinking better of it, retreated behind a scrubby little tree, from which he could see and hear without being seen. For there, in front of the barn, was his son, his Jacques, the last Monduc, talking to, or arguing with, a group of men on horseback, whom he recognized only too readily as Prussian Lancers.

"But I tell you, I repeat, there is no man here" cried the boy, almost in desperation, "I am alone."

"No. Where is he? Aeh mein Gott! I know he is here. Tell us now, vite," threatened one in badly pronounced French.

"No, monsieur, there is no one here" reiterated the white faced boy.

One of the men angrily raised his whip. The boy, in mortal terror, shrank against the side of the barn. Inside the barn, a pale soldier listened to the colloquy which would give him life or death. On the hillside a man proud in the pride of race, listened to the proof that his son was indeed a Monduc.

Suddenly the man who had raised his whip dropped it, reached into his pocket, and dangled a gold watch before Jacques' eyes. Another man, taking his cue from the first, removed a heavy signet ring from his finger, and almost dropped it into the boy's hand.

Jacques, watching the articles glitter in the dazzling sunlight, smiled nervously and leaning against the barn, clutched and unclutched his greedy hands. In his soul, love of country and love of beauty conflicted. And the trinkets won.

He stretched out his hot hands—"Give them here, give them here! Yes, yes, he is upstairs, in the loft, hidden under the hay!"

Dropping their ornaments in his hands, the men leaped off their horses, and darted into the barn. Upstairs a man was tearing to bits such maps and plans as he could, while muttering to himself half forgotten prayers. Jacques suddenly realizing the enormity of what he had done, dropped the seductive baubles in the dust and crouched, weeping on the comfortless ground. On the hillside, a man and a father, but with the honor of a family to preserve, picked up the rifle with which they were to have practised, and gauging his distance carefully, calmly, nervelessly, shot his son dead.

"Le fils est mort; Vive la famille!"

## THE PANSY

MARGARET HALL, '19

A LITTLE flower bloomed at my feet,  
Its face upturned, my face to meet;  
I smiled at it, it smiled at me,  
And seemed to say,  
    "I bloom for thee."

Two dark eyes expressive of mirth,  
Merry and gay, of smiles, no dearth;  
A wee tiny mouth for the pansy meek,  
That seemed to say,  
    "To thee I'll speak."

What would you say to me, pansy dear?  
Would you tell me how you came to be here,  
Or how you spend the sunshiny hours?  
And it seemed to say,  
    "With the other flowers."

What keeps you happy on a very hot day,  
You live not under the fountain's spray?  
What keeps you happy, your heart full of love?  
And it said,  
    "I trust in my Father above."

# THE SPIRIT OF THE WIND

ANNA-SCHMIDT

OH-WHAT-A-FROLIC-THE-WIND-MUST-HAVE  
AS-IT-GOMES-FROM-OVER-THE-SEA,  
OVER-THE-PLAINS-AND-THE-FOREST  
AND-DOWN-THE-MOUNTAIN-TO-ME,  
AS-I-GAST-THE-WILD-ROSE-DETCALS  
OUT-OF-MY-PANDS-IN-GLEE,  
THEY-SAIL-AWAY-INTO-GLOWD-LAND  
AND-SOLR-THE-RAMBOW-FOR-ME



## TINY-AMERICA

MARGARET THOMAS, '20



IN JUNE of nineteen hundred and ten, Jeneal Welville and Phillip Cartheron were married. Although both were Americans they had met in Paris where Philip had lived for many years, devoting his time to the study of art.

At present they were living in Beverloo where the quaint homes and queer people had been the inspiration for many canvases.

Those were peaceful palmy days, those days of nineteen ten. The thought of war and its horrors had never occurred to the people of Beverloo. For how was mortal man to foresee it? How was he to dream of it?

August of the next year came, bringing joy to the Cartherons and to all of Beverloo for a tiny baby girl was born among them who was to be the delight of the village. Little America Cartheron was loved by all. Her dark curls and fascinating baby way were the talk of the village. And even her name sent a thrill to every one's heart. And so it was amid these surroundings that America spent the first years of her life.

It was an evening of August of nineteen fourteen that Jeneal and her two-year-old baby girl sat on the side porch of their little cottage and awaited the coming of her husband. Why didn't he come? He had never been so late before. Had anything happened? A presentiment of evil seemed to hang over the young mother. America after a game of romp had been amusing herself with an old doll and her mother, to pass the time away, had picked up some sewing. The material fell from her hands as she heard a step on the walk. Was this her husband's step? It was like and yet so unlike it. She sprang to the door, opening it just as he reached the porch. He looked grave and sad as he drew his wife into the little sitting room where America was playing.

"It's come," he said, "Germany is raiding Belgium, killing women and children at her will. We are ordered to mobilize immediately."

The mother screamed and little America (although not realizing the meaning of it all) nervously covered her face with her tiny apron. A year before, her face had been burned and ever since, when excited she sought to protect it in this way.

"And to think," continued Philip, "I have a half-brother in Germany.

What if he should be forced into the service and be the one to hurt you or our child?"

Little time remained for much had to be done before daybreak. What happened in the next few hours need not be told here. At six the next morning Philip Cartheron left his little family to fight for Belgium as did thousands of other men.

What Jeneal endured that day and the days following is only what hundreds of other wives and mothers of France and Belgium have endured, and like all the rest she was unselfish thinking not of herself but of her helpless baby girl. How was she to save her child? It would be useless to flee with her. What was she to do? Every day the Germans were getting nearer to Beverloo and every day they were getting more barbarous. She couldn't stand for her little America to fall into their hands.

Finally the thought occurred to her to teach her child to say, "I love thee," in German. Teach her to say it to every stranger. She was old enough to understand. And what German or any man would not be moved by such words spoken by so lovely a child? Jeneal believed there were none so inhuman. Immediately she began teaching America the three German words.

Two weeks passed. The long gray line entered Beverloo about nine o'clock. Little America had been dressed for bed, Jeneal had heard her prayer and left her for the night just as the warning came. Hurrying back to her child she repeated the three words, gathered her in her arms for the last time and left her. Snatching a wrap she left the house thinking it would be the better plan for the little one's safety.

A young army officer of the German troops drew up before the cottage, dismounted and entered, motioning his men to remain where they were. As he entered the cozy sitting room he felt like a tired child, who had reached home after a long journey. He was tired of murdering people, sick of crimes. It was in this frame of mind that he passed into the nursery where little America lay in her white bed. As his eyes fell on the dark curls of the child his heart gave a leap. She made him think of his own little girl who had died only two months before. As he went up to the bed tiny America opening her blue eyes, looked up into his face saying, "Ich liebe dich." With a cry of longing he gathered her up, blankets and all, and carried her out to his men.

Little America was treated kindly, even tenderly by the big officer. About a week later he took her home to his wife who welcomed her even more tenderly than had her husband. She reminded them so much of their own little one.

• • • • •

Four years had passed. Germany had met an irresistible force in America's entry into the war and had discreetly surrendered. Little America or Elga as she was now called was nearly seven years of age and the idol of both her

foster parents. The scenes of her childhood had been completely forgotten. She was as happy as a child could be. Near her home a Red Cross hospital had been established under the direction of the Allies.

One evening a Red Cross nurse was strolling through the village streets when her attention was attracted by little dark-haired Elga. How different she was from all the little fair-haired girls! Especially did her rarely beautiful eyes appeal to the woman. Only her little America ever had such eyes. Could this be she? Was it possible? Hurrying after the child, Jeneal (for she was the nurse) asked her name. "Elga," she replied and the mother turned sorrowfully away.

Almost a week later Jeneal passed Elga's home. The little girl and her brother were playing in the yard. He was vainly trying to walk on a broom handle laid across two high posts. Just as Jeneal came opposite the house the little fellow fell with a loud scream. Instinctively Elga covered her face with her apron. How many times had Jeneal seen her own little America do this! This must be she!

Entering the yard she was finally permitted to see the mother of the two children. For a while the mother hesitated to tell but after a time Jeneal knew all. This was her own little America found and cared for by these kind people. There was great rejoicing in the little home that night, for kind Providence had permitted America to become part of the family of her father's half-brother.





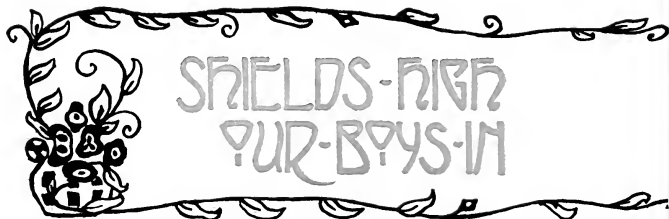
ALL-RAIL! THEY-COME-WITH-BANNERS-BRIGHT  
WITH-EMBLEMS-OF-THE-JUST-AND-RIGHT,  
ALL-RAIL! THEY-COME-WITH-FLAGS-UNTURLED,  
THEY'VE-GAINED-THE-FREEDOM-OF-THE-WORLD

D.S.





ALL-HAIL! OUR-BOYS-ARE-COMING-FROME  
FROM-LANDS-ACROSS-THE-SEA,  
ALL-HAIL! OUR-BOYS-ARE-COMING-BACK.  
THEY'VE-DOWNED-AUTOCRACY.



# SHIELDS-RIGHT OUR-BOYS-IN

LESTER ABBETT  
 GILBERT ABEL  
 HORACE ACKERMAN  
 LLOYD ACKERMAN  
 ERNEST ALLEN  
 JOE ALLEN  
 CHARLES APPEL  
 GEORGE APPEL  
 WALTER ARBUCKLE  
 ARTHUR ARNOLD  
 EVERETT AULT  
 FRED BACON  
 ROSS BALDWIN  
 ERNEST BALLARD  
 CULLEN BARNES  
 GERALD BARNES  
 ARTHUR BARTLETT  
 BURL BEATTY  
 PAUL BECKER  
 WILLARD BECKER  
 ROY BELDON  
 JOHN BLISH  
 LYMAN BLISH  
 ELMER BOLLINGER  
 EARL BOWMAN  
 JEROME BOYLES  
 FRED'K BRETTHAUER  
 LINTON BREWER  
 KINGSLEY BRINKLOW  
 REGINALD BRINKLOW  
 CARLOS BROWN  
 CLARENCE BROWN  
 FRED BRUNING  
 WILLARD BURKLEY  
 JOE BURTON

IRMEL BUSH  
 WILLIAM BYRNE  
 FRANCIS CADEM  
 LOUIS CADEM  
 HARRY CARTER  
 JOHN CASEY  
 CYRIL CHARLES  
 VIRGIL CLARK  
 HENRY COBB  
 IVOR COLLINS  
 GEORGE COMBS  
 JOHN CONNELLY  
 EDRICK CORDES  
 LOUIS CORDES  
 PHIL CORDES  
 CLARENCE CRAIG  
 EVERETT CRAIG  
 FORREST CRAIG  
 RAYMOND CRAIG  
 CURTIS CROSS  
 FRED DANNETTELE  
 LAWTON DANNETTELE  
 MERLE DANNETTELE  
 FRANK DARLING  
 EDWARD DECKER  
 JOHN DE MATTEO  
 WILLIAM DEMUNBRUM  
 FRED DEVEREAUX  
 HAROLD DONNELL  
 JOHN ECKLER  
 JOSEPH EDWARDS  
 LAWRENCE ELDRIDGE  
 JAMES ENOS  
 WILLARD EVERHART  
 GLEASON EWING

LYNN FAULKCONER  
 CYLDE FITZGIBBONS  
 HERBERT GALLAMORE  
 BURRON GARVEY  
 JOHN GARVEY  
 FRANCIS GATES  
 WILFRED GEILE  
 FRANK GILBERT  
 REA GILBERT  
 CLAUDE GLASSON  
 HAROLD GLASSON  
 OMER GREEMAN  
 WILLIS GREEN  
 LELAND HADLEY  
 JOHN HAGEL  
 JAMES HANCOCK  
 EARL HARRINGTON  
 GUY HARRIS  
 RUSSELL HARRY  
 KENNETH HAUENSCHILD  
 GUY HAZZARD  
 KENNIE HAZZENZAHL  
 DALE HEINZ  
 LYNN HELLER  
 WILFRED HENDERSHOT  
 BERTRAM HINTZEN  
 LAWRENCE HILL  
 MELVIN HILL  
 DE WITT HODAPP  
 JOHN DALE HODAPP  
 LYNN HODAPP  
 MAURICE HODAPP  
 PAUL HOFFMAN  
 JESSE HOOVER  
 LAWRENCE HORNING

# SCHOOL-HEROES THE SERVICE



WALTER HORST  
ELTON HOWE  
EDWARD HUBER  
MANSIL HUGHES  
WILLIAM HUMES  
MAURICE JENNINGS  
FENELON JOHNSON  
LOUIS KAIN  
PAUL KANAUFF  
GLENN KYTE  
WARREN LAFKIN  
FORREST LEININGER  
FREEMAN LEININGER  
EDWARD LEWIS  
DEWEY LINDER  
JASON LUCAS  
CHESTER LUMPKIN  
WILL MASTERS  
KENNETH McCURDY  
JOE McDONALD  
MARION McINTYRE  
GEORGE McLAUGHLIN  
LORIS McPIKE  
WILLIAM MYERS  
CHESTER MILLER  
HARRY MILLER  
JOHN MILLER  
WILLARD MILLER  
JOE MISCH  
COULTER MONTGOMERY  
FRANK MONTGOMERY  
HARLAN MONTGOMERY  
KENNETH MONTGOMERY  
EVERETT MURRY  
LEO NICHTER  
ROY NEWBY

SAM NEWBY  
CARL NIEHAUS  
ROY NIEHAUS  
LOUIS NIEMEYER  
JOE ORMSBY  
CARL OSTERMAN  
LOUIS OSTERMAN  
WILL OSTERMAN  
CARL OTTE  
DALE PATRICK  
FAE PATRICK  
AUBREY PETTUS  
ORWINE PETTUS  
LAWRENCE POLLERT  
C. H. PHILLIPS  
IRWIN PUMPHREY  
LOUIS REDMAN  
DUNCAN REED  
HARRY REED  
ALFRED REYNOLDS  
MAURICE RIEHL  
CHESTER RILEY  
CLAUDE ROBBINS  
CLYDE ROBBINS  
ROY ROEGGE  
ALBERT ROSS  
ELMER ROSS  
CHARLES ROTTMAN  
RALPH RUDDICK  
ELMER RUDDICK  
JAMES RUDDICK  
RAY RUSSELL  
CHRIS SCHLETER  
GEORGE SCHLETER  
HORACE SEELINGER

OTIS SHANNON  
OSCAR SHEPARD  
EWING SHIELDS  
NORBOURNE SHORT  
ROBERT SHORT  
ARTHUR SMITH  
VIRGIL SNOW  
CHESTER SPILLMAN  
ARTHUR SPRAY  
CHARLES STANFIELD  
HOWARD STANFIELD  
MERRIL STEELE  
GRAHAM ST. JOHN  
FRANCIS STUNKEL  
ROY SULLIVAN  
CARL SWITZER  
STANLEY SWITZER  
JOE SWOPE  
EARL TATLOCK  
CHARLES THOMAS  
WILLIAM THOMAS  
CHARLES TRUMBO  
BRYAN VOGEL  
WALTER VOSS  
MAURICE WATERBURY  
VALFORD WIETHOFF  
FRANK WELER  
GEORGE WHITE  
KENNETH WHITE  
REX WHITSON  
FRANK WIENEKE  
ALBERT WILLIAMS  
EARL WILSON  
CHARLES WRIGHT  
HERBERT WIRE



IN-MEMORIAM

THE-BOYS-OF-SHIELDS  
HIGH-SCHOOL-WHO-HAVE  
MADE-THE-SUPREME  
SACRIFICE

WALTER-ARBuckle  
HENRY-CORB  
WILLIAM-MEYERS



# A-TRIBUTE-TO-ROOSEVELT

ALICE SEYMOUR, '21



JUST TWO months after peace had been declared the joy of the nation was turned into mourning when the bells of the old Trinity Church of Oyster Bay tolled forth its mournful message to the world that another chieftain had passed on to that place of eternal joy, and that his days of chivalry were ended.

It is hard to put into words the grief which every one felt in the loss of her great American patriot, Col. Theodore Roosevelt, undoubtedly one of the greatest leaders that the history of our country will ever record.

All America in spirit participated silently and proudly. Whatever public tributes may hereafter be paid, Col. Roosevelt died and was buried like the plain American citizen he was so proud of being. That was the keynote of his life, "Simplicity." The man who is universally mourned today achieved the highest distinction which our great country can confer on any man; and he lived a useful life. He was not deficient in education but with all that you will hear of his great career and his services to his country and fellow citizens, you will not hear that the high plane which he attained was due to his education alone. For he was a statesman gifted with an influence which was such that he was able to unite the discordant forces of government and mould the diverse purposes of men toward progressive and profitable action. A magistrate whose poise of judgment was tested and vindicated in a succession of national emergencies—patriotic and faithful soldier, honest and upright citizen, tender and devoted husband and father, helper and leader of men—and greatest of all an exemplar to his people of the virtues that build and conserve the nation's welfare.

His great bravery was recognized on Cuban soil more than twenty years ago when he organized his gallant band of Rough Riders. His diplomacy was shown in his peace negotiations with Panama and with Russia and Japan. He was a great writer, naturalist and a traveler.

And we as a nation, regardless of creeds and of politics, must bow down our heads in submission to the will of Almighty God and pay out of full hearts our homage of love and reverence to this great and most honorable man whose death has smitten the nation with bitter grief.

What he has left unfinished will be taken up by other hands, and when the complete crowning triumph comes it will rest upon the foundation he had laid.

Cut down in life, just as a mighty oak withers and dies after the lightning stroke, was this great man. Our nation mourns the loss but not alone. Love's tribute comes from many a distant throne. It was "God's will;" as he had lived he died, statesman and soldier, fearing not to bear fate's heavy cross; while swift from sea to sea rolled the deep accents of a nation's prayer.

And as we assemble to pay the last respects of tribute to our dear and beloved statesman, how vivid to my mind come those beautiful words of Walt Whitman who voiced the anguish of the North when Lincoln was struck down in their early hours of triumph.

"O, Captain! My Captain! rise up and hear the bells,  
Rise up for you the flag is flung,  
For you the bugle trills,  
For you the bouquets and ribboned wreaths,  
For you the shores a-crowding,  
For you they call, the swaying mass their eager faces turning.

The ship is anchored safe and sound  
Its voyage closed and done,  
From fearful trip the victor ship  
Comes in with object won.  
Hear Captain! Dear Captain!  
This arm beneath your head;  
It is some dream that on the deck  
You've fallen cold and dead.



## To the Honor of '18



**E**DRIC CORDES was the only member of the class of '18 who saw actual service at the front in the world war.

Leaving school a few days before commencement, he enlisted in the Marine Corps, May 23, and was assigned to Paris Island, S. C., for a brief but vigorous training. Thence he was sent to Quantico, W. Va.

On August 12 he sailed on the Henderson, arriving at Brest fifteen days later. September 12th, as member of the Forty-fifth Company, 5th Regiment of Marines, he went over the top for the first time. He participated in the fight in the San Mihiel sector and later on the Champagne front. Here he was wounded and in consequence was returned to a hospital where he lay for nine weeks. He was then sent to a convalescent camp for members of the Marine Corps at Mahre where he remained until his return to the States March 11.

We wish him a speedy permanent recovery from his wounds. All honor to Edric!

# AN INCIDENT OF THE ARGONNE

AGNES ANDREWS, '20

**F**OR THREE days in the Argonne lost,  
Starved in that bloody wood,  
No one can know what that brave stand cost,  
But the "Lost Battalion" stood.

Water or food without either they fought.  
"Are we forgotten," they cried,  
And their efforts seemed to count for naught,  
As the brave men, wounded, died.

Three nights in sunset-glory came  
In morning-paleness, waned,  
Glorious be those brave men's name,  
Their honor never stained!

The third cruel sun dipped in the west,  
One more they could not endure;  
To offer surrender came the Boche on his quest,  
So smiling, haughty, and sure.

They were tempted almost beyond their power,  
Their leader looked on his dead;  
But, God be thanked, in that anxious hour,  
"Go to Hell!" Major Whittlesey said.





Adelaide Gasaway  
Instructor of Music in Seymour Schools  
now  
Singing for Convalescent Soldiers in France



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## EDITORIAL

HELEN ANN DANNETTELE, '19



NCE TO every generation in a nation's history comes the supreme moment, the moment when the whole country feels a joy so great, that in its overwhelming intensity, reason gives way to feeling.

For us that moment came on the memorable morning of last November when, amid the quiet of our school life, was heard the sound of whistles and the ringing of bells, the noisy expression of such riotous happiness, that we could not fail to know its wonderful message.

On the morning of November 11, 1918, the armistice was signed and the greatest, the most dreadful war in all history ceased. The year of 1919 will go down to future ages as the year memorable not for destruction but for the laying of the foundations of a perpetual peace through the union of the great peoples of the world in a League of Nations so broad in its sympathy, so uplifting in its moral and spiritual influence as to make War an outcast among nations. The Idealist's great dream may at last come true for the world has indeed been reborn in the spirit of "peace on earth."

Never before have men been actuated by motives so righteous as those of today. The soldiers of this last war fought not from a desire for conquest nor from a hope of material gain, but they gave up their homes, even their lives for the sake of an ideal.

Only when we look back over the long ages since the beginning of time, during which war has roamed almost at will over the earth, can we fully realize what a monumental step we are taking in this resolution to make the words "to wage war" an archaic expression.

It is true we can not understand why it has been our good fortune to live in this epoch-making age and year, yet to us that inestimable privilege has been given. To us has been given not the responsibility but the privilege of "carrying on" for future peace. We are ready, we are eager for the trust—the optimism of youth perhaps, but possibly it is something deeper.

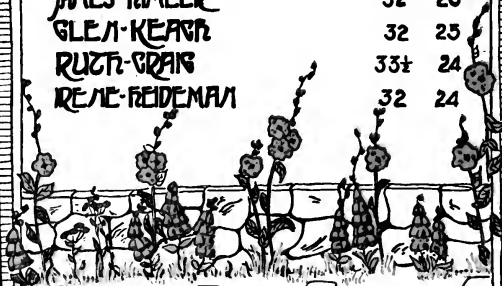
We wish to thank the faculty and student body who have so whole-heartedly co-operated and helped us to print this book. We also wish to express our appreciation of the generosity of the business men.



# HONOR ROLL

1915-1919

	CREDITS	PTS
HELEN-DAMMEZELLE	41	40
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WALTER-FUBER	32	28
THELMA-ALBERRING	32	27
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# THE SENIORS

"IN GOD WE TRUST"

TREE: BEECH FLOWER: CHRYSANTHEMUM

COLORS: BLACK AND OLD GOLD

PRESIDENT  
VICE PRESIDENT  
SECRETARY  
TREASURER

GLEN KEACH  
RICH MILLER  
IRENE REIDEMAN  
ARTHUR WILDE



THELMA ALBERRING

*"Give me Crothersville or give me Loertzes,  
please, Central. Which-ever is the handier."*

RALPH AMICK

*"The horn, the horn, the lusty horn  
Is not a thing to laugh to scorn."*



ELSIE AUFFENBERG

*Elsie advises us to take things always by the  
"smooth handle."*



BEULAH BARNUM

*"Then let thy love be younger than thyself or  
thy affections can not hold the bent."*



EDITH BOWMAN

*"Those curious locks so aptly twined  
Whose every hair a soul doth bind!"  
—the kind Edith has.*



LEROY BRETTHAUER

*Just notice the lettering in this book. Leroy  
did it.*



ALBERT BRETTHAUER

*If Marie would only say, "Oui, oui, to everything I ask her, oh bliss!"*



EDWARD BUHNER

*"Oh, Edward! Oh, Edward! Tendir and trewe!"*



MAURICE BYRNE

*"Slick" lived up to his name alright. If you were reprimanded for something you never heard of before—depend on it—he turned the trick.*



HELEN CLARK

*"The beautiful are never lonely for some one always loves them."*



RUTH CRAIG

*Our Senior boys are nifty, some of them are really nice, but I've got my eye on a Sophomore.*



HELEN DANNETTELE

*"I've traveled much both east and west, Take it from me, I like millionaires best."*



DURBIN DAY

*For goodness sake don't let him know what any of the girls think of him. He doesn't like compliments.*



EARL DIECK

*Another artist and he says, "Here lately I'm not so particular about politics. I know one nice person who's a Democrat."*





EDNA DOWNS

*"What's this dull town to me? Clancy's not here."*



RUBY ERNEST

*"Rube" says, "Pep without purpose is piffle." If you know more about a Ford than she does you're going some.*



BERTHA EWING

*She likes to draw and to write long letters, but we can't find out who the lucky fellow is.*



GLEASON EWING

*To boot, to saddle, to horse, and away,  
To fight for Uncle Sam in the fray;  
He did his duty, and then without fuss,  
Came back to graduate with us.*



MYLREA FINDLEY

*She sings and makes poetry and cooks!  
Yum, yum, oh boy!*



STELLA GOSSET

*O those waves of brown cheveux  
It takes our Stella to arrange a coiffure.*



GARNET GREEMAN

*"He wears the rose of youth upon him, does  
our Garnet, for early to bed and early to dream  
makes a man's complexion like peaches and  
cream.*



MAUD GREEN

*However would we have managed without  
Maud to keep us informed on local "affairs?"*



LILLIAN GRIFFITTS

*"The grass stoops not she treads on it so light," but hearts—she crushes them.*



MARIE GUDGEL

*"Beauty hath strange powers" which is to blame for her ever increasing train of admirers.*



MARGARET HALL

*Speak to her of Jacob's ladder and she'll ask you the number of steps.*



IRENE HEIDEMAN

*Here is a cheerful child. She even hopes to out-grow those freckles. Good-luck, Irene!*



**JAMES HIMLER**

*"A man may try his hand at all trades," says Jimmy. "If I don't like astronomy I can still be an eminent chemist or play the flute in the New York Symphony."*

**WALTER HUBER**

*"Buzz" quotes, "That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man, if with his tongue he cannot win a woman."*

**HAZEL HUMES**

*At first we thought it inconsistent  
With her slow and measured tread.  
That she should scream and yell like that,  
When Seymour got ahead.*

**FERN HUNTER**

*"Oh, horrors! Here comes a boy!"*



**RUTH HUNTER**

*Her main object in taking chemistry is to learn to chloroform those horrid cats.*



**HAROLD JAMES**

*"Jessie" is "a man in all the world's new fashion planted,  
That hath a mint of phrases in his brain,"  
Such as, "I don't believe I understand your question."*



**GLENN KEACH**

*"A lion among ladies is a most dangerous thing," but "Deacon" really can't help himself.*



**RUTH KRAMER**

*"If I can't catch one any other way I'll bedeck a chair with tangle-foot."*



GLADYS LAWELL

*I'd do anything rather than vote for a Republican.*



CLETUS MACKEY

*This fellow has sense enough to play the fool and to do that requires a certain kind of wit.*



LUELLA MASCHER

*"Wait till I get my complexion on."  
But believe us, it sure looks fine.*



HAROLD MERCER

*The teachers won't miss him from their classes, but what will become of basket-ball and the "matinee class?"*



**RUTH MILLER**

*"I hate onions, men and tomatoes"—a poet,  
an actress, a cyclist and general entertainer.*



**IRENE PFENNING**

*"O, for a forty-parson power!"  
Irene is missionarily inclined, but what can  
be her interest in ——?*



**ESTHER PRALL**

*It's our opinion that she is rather partial to  
little fellows.*



**EDWIN RUDDICK**

*"Girls really don't bother me. I'd rather  
plow than talk to one of them."*



HAZEL STANFIELD

*"That boy who would rather plow—he has strange taste, hasn't he, Eddy?"*



HILDA STEINWEDEL

*"To be in love and act wisely is not in the power of the gods," so we excuse her.*



EDITH SUMMA

*No one ever said anything about a young girl's fancy turning, but it does, sometimes.*



OMEGA WHEATON

*"Gatch" has a sweet attractive kind of grace. N'est-ce-pas, Walter?*





ARTHUR WILDE

*"I am Sir Oracle (otherwise "Pud") and when I ope my lips, let no dog bark."*

JOSEPHINE WHITE

*"Jo" is an amiable creature. Blues she never has and we'd recommend her giggle for any melancholy disposition.*



# THE JUMPERS

"BE A VOICE AND NOT AN ECHO"

TREE: SYCAMORE

FLOWER: RED ROSE

COLORS: BLACK AND WHITE

PRESIDENT  
VICE PRESIDENT  
SECRETARY  
TREASURER

MAURICE MACKAY  
EDMUND MONTGOMERY  
BESSIE ABELL  
MARY GODFREY BILLINGS

WILLIAM ABEL  
BESSIE ABELL  
HAZEL ACKERET  
FRED ACKERMAN  
AGNES ANDREWS  
MARY BILLINGS  
HELEN BLAIN  
CHARLES BLUMER  
KARL BRASKETT  
FORREST BROCKHOFF  
FELIX CADOU  
MAE CARR  
ANNA HOLLAND CARTER  
LOUISE CARTER  
ELLA CLEMENTS  
MARIAN CRABB  
OPAL CRAIG  
NEWTON DAY  
IRENE DEHLER  
WILLIAM ECKSTEIN  
EDWIN FETTIG  
MONCLOVA FIELDS  
EVERETT FOSTER  
FRANCES GREEN  
HARRY GOTTBORG  
JANE HAAS  
MERRIL HARSH  
MARY LOUISE HONAN  
MARGARET HOPEWELL  
DOROTHY HUBER

GARRISON HUMES  
DORA JOHNSON  
CECIL JONES  
RUBY JUDD  
ROBERT KEACH  
HELEN LEWIS  
OREN LEWIS  
ELNORA LOCKMUND  
MAURICE MACKAY  
GLADYS MAY  
EDMUND MONTGOMERY  
DORIS NORBECK  
EARL PARKER  
ARTHUR PHILLIPS  
KATHRYN REIDER  
MIRIAM RINNE  
MALCOLM ROUTT  
EDNA RUDDICK  
KATHRYN SCHAEFER  
ANNA SCHMIDT  
EUGENE SMITH  
DOROTHY SPANAGEL  
LEO SPRAY  
RUTH STANFIELD  
CLARENCE STEINWEDEL  
MARGARET THOMAS  
IRENE TULLIS  
EMMA WESNER  
KENNETH WHITMAN



# THE SOPRANOS

HENRY ABBETT  
PEARL ACKERET  
WANETA ALBRICH  
CARL AMICK  
JOE ANDREWS  
CHESTER AULT  
JAMES BAKER  
TIPTON BLISH  
WILLIAM BRACKEMEYER  
EDWINA CARSON  
IRIS CHILDS  
CALVIN DOBBINS  
RUTH DOUGHERTY  
FRANCES DOWNS  
SHIRLEY FAULKONER  
MILDRED FETTIG  
EVA FOSTER  
EMMA GALLAMORE  
ROBERT GRAESSLE  
MABEL GREEN  
MARGARET GUTHRIE  
ELLSWORTH HAGEL  
ALLAN HANAUER  
RUSSEL HARRY  
HARRY HEDGES  
CLARENCE HIRTZEL  
ORVILLE HILL  
DOROTHY HORNING  
FLORENCE HUFNAGEL  
TOM HUMES

ESTHER JONES  
ALMA KRUGE  
GLADYS LEE  
BURYL LIND  
HELEN LINKE  
WILLIAM MAINS  
CHARLES MAPLE  
EDWARD MASSMAN  
DONALD MILLER  
FRANK MILLER  
FRANCIS MISCH  
FRANCIS NIEHAUS  
MABEL PFAFFENBERGER  
ESTHER PHILLIPS  
ELSIE REIDER  
ANNA RICHART  
ALBA ROGERS  
LOUIS SCHAEFER  
LLOYD SHAFER  
ALICE SEYMOUR  
MACK SHIEL  
OLIVE STANTS  
GLENN SUTTON  
MADGE TABOR  
LUCILE WALTERS  
THEODORE WEILER  
FLORENCE WIETHOFF  
BERTHA WELLER  
GEORGE WELLES



# 97-98 FRESHMEN

LAWRENCE ABEL  
VERNA ACTON  
CONSTANCE ACTON  
BRUNOW AHLBRAND  
THEODORE BARTLETT  
GLENN BEATTY  
FLORENCE BECKER  
EDITH BENKMAN  
HELEN BLEVIN  
HOWARD BLUMER  
MARTHA BORCHERDING  
GLADYS BREITFIELD  
PAULA BREITFIELD  
MARY BROWN  
OWEN CARTER  
HARRIET CLARK  
EMMALINE COLLINS  
JOHN DEAL  
GRACE DUNN  
MILLARD ED DALY  
OSCAR FENTON  
FRANCIS FETTIG  
CHESTER FILL  
ALICE FOSTER  
FRANCIS GEILE  
EDWARD GHOLSON  
FRANCES GILL  
LEONA GILLMAN  
HARVEY GREEN  
ALBERT HACKMAN  
VIVIAN HAMILTON  
MAURICE HAPER  
LOAT HARREL  
LAWRENCE HATFIELD  
STELLA HELLEWELL  
CLARENCE HERTZEL  
JOHN HUNTER  
WILLIAM IRVING  
LOUISE JOHNSON  
RAY JULIAN  
PAUL KAMMAN  
EDWIN KASTING  
WILBUR KASTING

ARTHUR KAUFMAN  
MATILDA KESSLER  
KATHRYN KIRSCH  
HENRY KNOTT  
ZACH KRIENHAGEN  
ROY KRUEWELL  
MARIE KYSAR  
FORREST KYSAR  
ELOISE LEE  
CHARLES LINKE  
CARL MALICK  
ROBERT MANN  
EVA McCAMMON  
DONALD MILLER  
HAROLD MISAMORE  
IRENE MONBOE  
MAURICE MONTGOMERY  
ALICE MORRISON  
ROSA NICHOLSON  
FRANCIS NIEHAUS  
WILBUR OAKS  
PAUL OTTING  
MARTIN PARDIECK  
LEONARD PFAFFENBERGER  
KATHRINE REED  
FERN RHOADS  
MARGARET RIEHL  
CHARLES ROSS  
HERSCHEL RUDDICK  
RAYMOND SHARFENBERGER  
ESTHER SIEPKER  
LILLIAN SHAFER  
OSCAR SHORT  
DOROTHY SMITH  
GERTRUDE STEINWEDEL  
NELLIE STEWART  
DALE SWENGEL  
LOUISE TASKEY  
OPHELIA WEILER  
LOUISE WERNING  
HAMER WESNER  
GEORGE WILSON  
LUCILE WINKENHOFFER



## Girls Club

MARY GOODLOE BILLINGS  
HELEN BLAIN  
MARY BROWN  
FELIX CADOU  
ANNA HOLLAND CARTER  
LOUISE CARTER  
MARION CRABB  
ELLA CLEMENTS  
RUTH CRAIG  
CALVIN DOBBINS  
FRANCES DOWNS  
EDNA DOWNS  
RUBY MAE ERNEST  
EMMA GALLAMORE  
FRANCES GREEN  
LILLIAN GRIFFITTS  
MARIE GUDGEL  
MARGARET GUTHRIE  
MARGARET HALL  
IRENE HEIDEMAN  
MARY LOUISE HONAN  
MARGARET HOPEWELL  
DOROTHY HORNING  
WALTER HUBER  
FERN HUNTER  
RUTH HUNTER  
CECIL JONES  
RUBY JUDD  
MATILDA KESSLER  
HELEN LEWIS  
ELNORA LOCKMUND

GLADYS LAWELL  
MAURICE MACKEY  
WILLIAM MAINS  
CHARLES MAPLE  
RUTH MILLER  
DORIS NORBECK  
MAY NICHOLS  
MABEL PFAFFENBERGER  
IRENE PFENNING  
ESTHER PHILLIPS  
KATHRYN REIDER  
MIRIAM RINNE  
LILLIAN SHAFER  
DOROTHY SMITH  
EUGENE SMITH  
DOROTHY SPANAGEL  
HAZEL STANFIELD  
RUTH STANFIELD  
CLARENCE STEINWEDEL  
HILDA STEINWEDEL  
EDITH SUMMA  
MADGE TABOR  
OPHELIA WEILER  
THEODORE WEILER  
BERTHA WELLER  
EMMA MAUD WESNER  
LOUISE WERNING  
OMEGA WHEATON  
JOSEPHINE WHITE  
FLORENCE WIETHOFF







## High School Orchestra

### First Violin

HELEN DANNETTELE  
LILLIAN GRIFFITTS  
AILEEN HOPE

### Second Violin

EMMALINE COLLINS  
FRANCIS FETTIG  
DORIS NORBECK  
ELGIN RUCKER  
DOROTHY SMITH

### Drum

NEWTON DAY

### Cornet

WILLIAM MAINS  
CLARENCE STEINWEDEL

### Saxophones

JOE ANDREWS  
TOM BOLLINGER  
KARL BRASKETT  
CHARLES MAPLE

### Baritone

EUGENE SMITH

### Flute

JAMES HIMLER

### Trombone

FRED ACKERMAN  
RAY JULIAN

### Piano

HELEN CLARK



*'55 A Summer's Tale*

PRESENTED BY  
 THE SENIOR CLASS OF SHIELDS HIGH SCHOOL  
 JUNE 5, 1919  
 AT THE  
 MAJESTIC THEATER

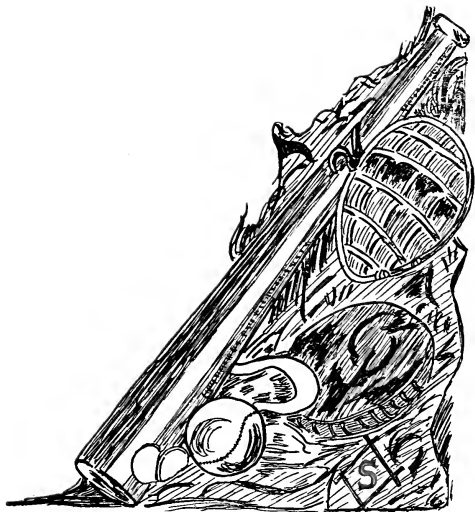
CAST OF CHARACTERS

<i>Tom Harrington</i> , foot-ball captain . . . . .	GLENN KEACH
<i>Reginald Black</i> , his chum . . . . .	WALTER HUBER
<i>Byron Harrington</i> , father of Tom . . . . .	EDWARD BUHNER
<i>James Roberts</i> , a Freshman . . . . .	CLETUS MACKEY
<i>William Everett James</i> , a new professor from Stanford, the rival college . . . . .	ARTHUR WILDE
<i>Dan Davenant</i> , from the hills . . . . .	HAROLD JAMES
<i>Professor Magee</i> , director of the "gym" . . . . .	GLEASON EWING
<i>Dawley</i> , a collector . . . . .	JAMES HIMLER
<i>Freshmen</i> . . . . .	{ GARNET GREEMAN
	{ DURBIN DAY
	{ EARL DIECK
<i>Mrs. Wigginton Wiggins</i> , the landlady . . . . .	LILLIAN GRIFFITTS
<i>Marian Davenant</i> . . . . .	HELEN CLARK
<i>Ruth Thornton</i> , Mrs. Wiggins' niece . . . . .	MARIE GUDGEL
<i>Dulcie Harrington</i> , Tom's sister . . . . .	RUTH MILLER
<i>Chia</i> , Japanese servant . . . . .	OMEGA WHEATON
<i>Widow Maguire</i> , known as "The Widow" . . . . .	HAZEL STANFIELD

# SANA-MENS-111



# SANTO-GARZARE



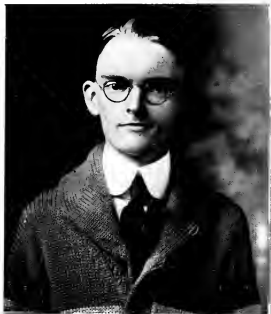


## Varsity Basket Ball

**T**HE ORGANIZATION of the Athletic Association marked the beginning of the athletic activities in the Seymour High School. The following officers were elected:

GLENN KEACH .....	<i>President</i>
WALTER HUBER .....	<i>Vice President</i>
JAMES HIMLER .....	<i>Secretary</i>
EDWARD BUHNER .....	<i>Treasurer</i>
L. A. ACKERMAN .....	<i>Faculty Treasurer</i>

Coch Carson had four experienced "S" men, hold-overs from last year's team: Keach, Niehaus, Eckstein, and James. The prospect for a fast and winning team was very promising but the season was delayed by the "Flu" epidemic which interfered with the scheduled games. In spite of this handicap the team won fourteen out of eighteen games. Although we lose Mercer, Keach, and James through graduation there will remain four experienced men with which to build a strong team for next year, Bob Keach, Brackmeyer, Lewis and Niehaus.

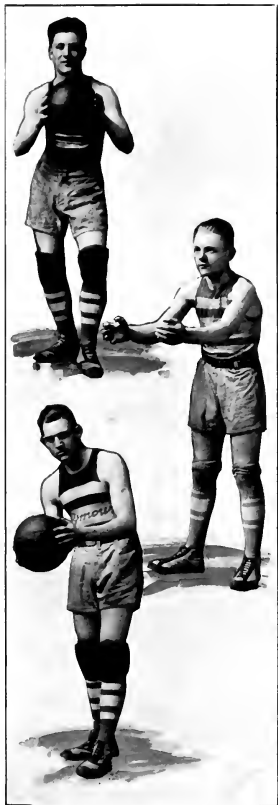


PAUL E. CARSON  
*Athletic Coach*

HAROLD JAMES—"Jesse."

Was an all-round man and could  
be counted on making good at any  
position.





GLENN KEACH—"Deacon."

Has the ole eye for the basket. In every game he came out with the score running high.

OREN LEWIS—"Judge."

Was a sticker at guard but always got rough. Next year he will know better.

HAROLD MERCER—"Brub."

The staunch back-guard. It took a good man to get by him as he was as firm as Gibraltar.



ROBERT KEACH—"Bob."

Young but nevertheless showed up well in the tournament. A good asset for next year.

WILLIAM BRACKEMEYER—"Bill."

Was a big husky and he knew how to guard. His pet expression—"darn."

WILLIAM ECKSTEIN—"Ex."

Showed his skill again at center and was right there when it came to watching his man.



## Varsity Schedule

Nov.	8.	Seymour.....	38	—	North Vernon .....	17
Nov.	15.	Seymour.....	34	—	Brownstown .....	14
Dec.	6.	Seymour.....	31	—	Washington .....	35
Dec.	13.	Seymour.....	35	—	Mitchell .....	19
Dec.	20.	Seymour.....	47	—	Crothersville .....	8
Jan.	3.	Seymour.....	44	—	Brownstown .....	13
Jan.	10.	Seymour.....	28	—	New Albany .....	40
Jan.	17.	Seymour.....	21	—	Columbus .....	45
Jan.	24.	Seymour.....	26	—	Mitchell .....	25
Jan.	31.	Seymour.....	54	—	Crothersville .....	17
Feb.	14.	Seymour.....	38	—	North Vernon .....	18
Feb.	19.	Seymour.....	24	—	Columbus .....	44
Feb.	21.	Seymour.....	27	—	New Albany .....	26
Feb.	22.	Seymour.....	62	—	Madison .....	10
Feb.	27.	Seymour.....	26	—	Madison .....	19
Feb.	28.	Seymour.....	23	—	St. Xavier .....	22
Feb.	28.	Seymour.....	24	—	St. Xavier .....	23
March	1.	Seymour.....	15	—	Newport, Ky. ....	16
March	7.	Seymour.....	26	—	Aurora .....	13
March	8.	Seymour.....	32	—	Hope .....	7
March	8.	Seymour.....	10	—	Columbus .....	19

Who for? What for?  
 Who we gonna yell for?  
 Seymour!  
 That's the way to yell it!  
 This' the way to spell it—  
 S-E-Y-M-O-UR  
 Seymour!



### *Inter-Class Basket Ball*

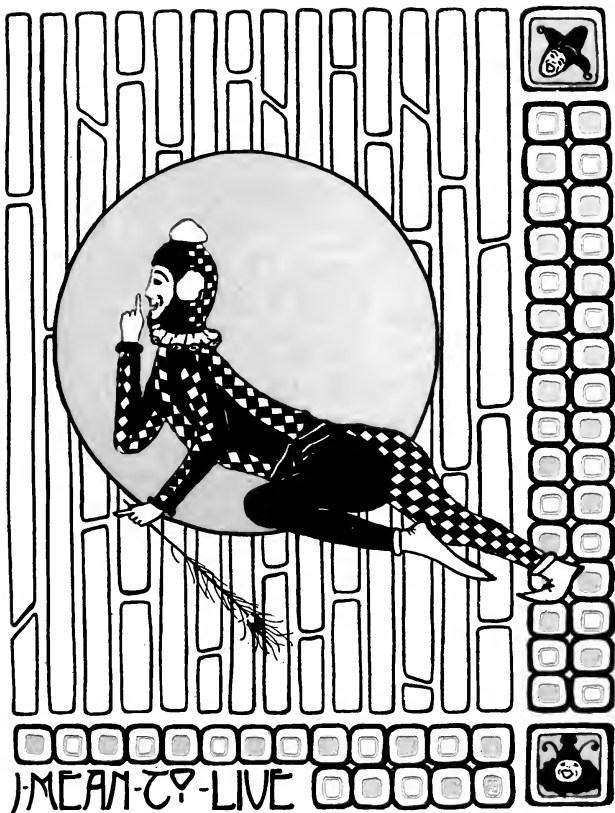
R. Forward—GLENN KEACH      R. Guard—MACKEY  
 Center—JAMES  
 L. Forward—BUHNER      L. Guard—MERCER

A SERIES of inter-class games was arranged to determine the standard of basket ball in the different classes. This custom has been followed for several years in order to assist the coach in selecting players for the Varsity team. The Seniors easily won over the other classes in the series. They were fortunate in having three men from last year's Varsity, Mercer, James and Keach. The total number of points made by the Seniors was 139 to their opponents' 43.

Seniors	vs. Juniors	.....	22	12
Sophomores	vs. Freshmen	.....	26	7
Seniors	vs. Sophomores	.....	38	18
Juniors	vs. Freshmen	.....	2	0
Seniors	vs. Freshmen	.....	53	6



- MIRCEN; WICR-CHEE





## "A SENIOR TRICK" THE JUNIORS SAY

### THE SPIDER AND THE FLY

M. G. B., '20

"Come go to the Majestic,"  
Said the spider to the fly.  
"Oh I'm afraid, I really am,"  
The other did reply.

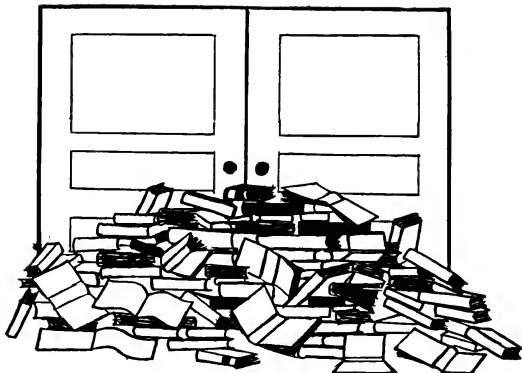
"Well, you're a coward sure and true,"  
Said the spider to the fly.  
"Oh no I'm not; come on let's go,"  
The other did reply.

Sure the spider was a naughty boy,  
Accustomed to much skipping,  
While the other was a better boy,  
Who saw his grades were slipping.

Such is the way of all mankind,  
Of rich, poor—you and I,  
The wily spider whispers, "come,"  
"Oh yes!" returns the fly.

MR. DISHINGER (in Commercial Arithmetic)—"How many make a million?"  
OPAL C.—"Very few."





"A JUNIOR TRICK"—THE SENIORS SAY

MISS HANCOCK—Robert, what is a man who believes in peace called? It comes from the verb "pacify."

ROBERT—A pacifier.

---

OREN L.—Say, Carson, how can you restore the natural tint to ivory?

PROF. CARSON—Get a shampoo.

---

They say the soldier has a time,  
A digging in the trenches;  
But we also have to suffer  
Getting fired at in our benches.

---

JOE ANDREWS (in Geometry)—"What kind of an angle is at the corner of a person's mouth?"

MISS SUTHERLAND—"A cute angle I suppose."

---

PETE JULIAN—Have you a hope-box, Peggy?

PEGGY HOPEWELL—No, but I have a hope-well.

---

MISS QUINN—According to the recent war the Germans have no souls at all.

A. B. P.—No wonder they wear wooden shoes.





"Red hairs show up awfully bad" remarked M. L. H. as she industriously brushed her dress.

---

LET ME

D. E. N., '20



Minerva takes a sudden  
liking for black and old gold.

"If I were a teacher," said the clock  
As it hung upon the wall,  
"I'd get the marble throwers  
From the largest to the small.

There would be no passing notes  
Across the room and back,  
None to Carl and none to Mary,  
None from Olive to Jack.

I'd show them a waste basket,  
And tell them what its for;  
So they wouldn't tear up paper,  
And throw upon the floor.

Then when Columbus teachers came,  
They could look around and say:  
"Seymour beats our High School,  
If we do sweep twice a day."

I'd teach the Seniors better  
Than to lead the Juniors on,  
To stack the books and hoist their colors,  
By moonlight and begone.

This High School needs reforming,  
So Miss Andrews should get me;  
For you see I'm always on the job,  
An example of industry.

---

MISS REMY (to English class)—Can anyone tell me why Robert Herrick is my favorite poet?

LUCILLE M.—Because he writes love sonnets.

---

GLADYS L. (in the Senior room)—I smell matches in here.

---

RUTH HUNTER—Jimmy, what produces an incandescent light?

JIMMY H.—That's easy. Push the button and the light appears.

---

MISS DAVISON—Eddie is that you whistling.

Ed. Massman (sitting near the radiator)—No, it's this radiator.



## SUGGESTIONS FOR OUR TEACHERS

MISS KESSLER—Let the little boys promenade some more in Domestic Science togs—they don't mind.

MISS ALWES—The advice given to the twelfth pedagogue treated applies equally well here.

MISS JAMES—Do draw some checks on Uncle Sam, he's worn stripes long enough.

MR. ACKERMAN—Be sure that every one sits just so before you dismiss the class.

MISS REMY—Don't inflict Thought Books on next year's class.

MISS BELDON—A quart of cream three times a day.

MISS HANCOCK—Please stand still when you conduct a class.

MISS ANDREWS—Stay in the office between periods.

MR. CARSON—Can people in three's and two's. It's more sociable.

MISS SUTHERLAND—Raise your voice at the end of sentences.

MISS DAVISON—Stop loving the little boys in the Assembly room. It's alright in private but in public—never!

MR. DISHINGER—Smile once in a while, it won't hurt you.

MISS QUINN—Give A to all who helped on the Patriot.

Miss Howe—When you make cookies pass them around.

MISS GEILE—Chaperon some more parties, still in blissful ignorance of the fact that dancing is not allowed.

MR. HENDERSON—Don't bring your Ford to school, you can't teach it agriculture.

---

### THE SONG OF THE AGRICULTURE CLASS

Sing a song of six-pence, a pocket full of seeds,  
We're going to plow a little patch that once grew only weeds;  
Instead of little tufts of grass and dandelion buds,  
We'll have some early cabbage and several rows of spuds.

---

QUESTION—Why don't Jack Shiel and Earl Parker speak to each other any more?

ANSWER—One girl with red hair answering to the name of Olive.

---

MISS DAVISON (in Commercial Geography)—Where is rock salt found?

DOROTHY S.—Ground up and in sacks.

---

MISS HOWE (in Domestic Science Class)—At a sanitarium in Michigan they feed nuts."



Lines of Cicero all remind us  
If we had the author here;  
We should move, but leave behind us  
Loving footprints on his car.

HELEN D. to RUTH M.—You may be cunning but it takes me to make people look.

DOROTHY H.—Which way Helen?

True as the love of a woman,  
Fair as the lilies at dawn;  
Happy and gay as a little brook,  
Slender and young as a fawn,  
Beautiful hair of dark chestnut,  
Big eyes that sparkle like dew,  
Tell me, has Heaven no mercy?  
My pup has died of the "flu."

B. W., '21







MISS REMY—Kathryn,  
name a spirit in one of  
Shakespeare's plays."

KATE R.—"Punk."

When the bats in your  
belfry do flirt,  
When your comprenez-vous  
rope is cut;  
When there's nobody home  
in the top of your dome  
Then your head's not a  
head, it's a nut.—Ex.

MR. CARSON (in Botany)—Mistletoe is a parasitic plant having no use.

ELSIE REIDER—"Why, it does too have a use! Just ask Hickey!"

EMMA W. (in Botany)—Mr. Carson, how can I tell the hardness of this  
elm tree?"

MR. CARSON—"Use your head."

#### PINK'S PRESENT SCHEDULE AS IT REALLY IS.

- |              |                   |
|--------------|-------------------|
| 1. Slumber.  | 4. Smoking Club.  |
| 2. Mansil's. | 5. Rest.          |
| 3. Greeks.   | 6. Matinee Class. |

ART STUDENT (seeing Miss James write 51 after one of her drawings)—Are  
we all to put our ages after ours, too?

#### AN ODE TO A PENCIL

I know not where thou art, I only know  
That thou wert on my desk, peaceful and contented  
A moment back and as I turned my head  
To see a girl, some heartless wretch  
Went "south" with thee;  
I know not who he was nor shall I investigate;  
Perchance, it may have been  
The guy I stole thee from.



## JUST AFTER DISMISSAL.

"Goodness, how hot it is! Say, Lil, go get your car and we'll go out riding—" "No, don't, Kenneth is outside waiting for me—" "Oh bother! Helen. I wouldn't worry my head over boys—" "Preachers' sons always turn out bad anyway, but I think red hair is perfectly beautiful."—"Now, Honan, you know K is nicer than Pink."—"You're wrong, Helen, pink hair and blue eyes are nicest. Oh, I wish I was staying at Gatch's tonight! Ed hasn't taken me out in his car for three whole days."—"Botheration! I hope Buzz wins in the oratorical contest. I believe we ought to practice the class play. Let's go to Lil's tonight."—"Of course, come on up, my dad and mother are in Louisville. We'll have a grand time."—"Oh! I wish Pink and I could come in on that!"—"And poor Kenneth, where will I leave him? Well, I won't come, so there!"—"Oh yes! Helen, you don't care. Glenn will be there."—"Oh yes, but I can't ignore K. altogether because 'keep what you got till you get something better,' and Lucile will soon be coming back."—"Oh pshaw, I'm glad I'm settled. I guess Ed is a sure catch. He can't very well get away."—"Nor Buzz, either."—"Oh Kids, I *must* go—what will Kenneth think?"

"Well, good-bye,"—"good-bye."

R. M., '19.



MR. CARSON leaves his class room frequently. Whither? The kitchen or the French department?

MISS REMY (speaking of Keats' "Ode to a Grecian Urn")

—Why does he use the word "cold" to describe the figures?

EVERETT F.—Because they are on a frieze.



LOVE IS BEAST BY FANCY-  
-MYRA BE-GAZE-S-A-RUNG.

---

“THAT’S ME ALL OVER MABEL”

I do not care for A’s and B’s,  
I do not dread the C’s and D’s,  
i do not wish to be the best,  
And get one hundred on my test.

I do not try to be a pet,  
With all the teachers you can bet;  
The teachers I do not condemn,  
I’m pretty happy as I am.

I do not care what grade I get,  
At my report I never fret,  
Nor do I cry when “canned” from class,  
For I just smile and let it pass.

Now if you wish to take life thus,  
Please never look for an A plus;  
And to all questions just you say,  
Why worry? T’ll happen anyway.

E. P., '20

---

#### SHIELDS MATINEE CLASS.

PRINCIPAL—Mrs. Eggleston.

Teacher—Fuzzy.

PRESIDENT OF CLASS—Graessle Lewis.

TIME OF RECITATION—2:30 to 4:00 p. m.

COURSE OF STUDY—The Lightning Raider, etc.

MEMBERS—All expert skippers.

RECREATION PERIOD—Federman’s and Mansil’s.

Register Now!

---

MISS DAVISON (with ruler in hand) to Felix Cadou rummaging through a senior’s desk. “I now dub thee ‘Sir Mettlesome Matty.’”

ARTHUR K.—In “Alice in Wonderland” I have to wear wings.  
BOB M.—Keep them. It’s your only chance of ever having any.

ALLAN HANAUER—Are you a Freshman?  
JAMES BLACK—No Scotch-Irish.

MAE CARR to MIRIAM R. (in Botany Lab.)—Miriam, has your bean busted yet?



2:00 Off to the Matinee Class

MISS KESSLER (as Agnes A. and Opal C. enter the room)—Now we have the barbaric invasions.

There was a boy in our school who fancied he could bluff  
Through mazes of Geometry and all that sort of stuff,  
He’d miss the mark by scarce an inch and make the teachers sore,  
There was a boy who fancied this—there isn’t any more.

MISS GEILE (in the assembly)—“Glee Club, Dry Your Eyes.”

## A STUDENT PROGRAMME

The only original "Fat Girls' Chorus" in the country—Ruth Kramer and Ruby Ernest.

An eye opening aerobic feature will be given by Harold James and Newton Day. It is entitled "Nut and Duff."

Two real comedians—Helen Clark and Kenneth Whitman.

Professor Huber will lecture on "How High is Up."

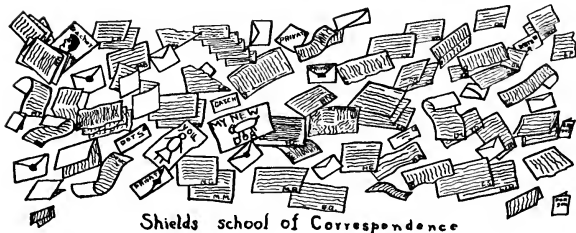
Garnet Greeman will explain how he gained twenty pounds in one day by using Mellen's Baby Food.

Glenn Keach will offer for sale his famous Aphrodite cold cream which he guarantees will make you as beautiful as he is.

A giggling duet by Hilda Steinwedel and Elsie Auffenberg.

How I became what I am not what I wanted to be, "Arthur Wilde."

Wasted hours of play remind us,  
That test time will always come;  
If in class you joke with blindness,  
Your report will not be dumb.



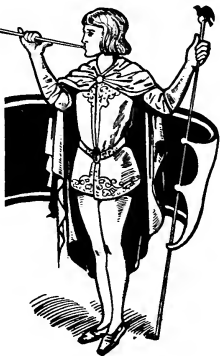
Shields school of Correspondence

**AND NOW IT'S**  
**THE CALL TO BUSINESS**

We won't speak German.

We won't buy German-made goods.

We don't need to speak German,  
and we can get on quite well without  
German-made goods—though we once  
thought we couldn't.



The dash and daring with which we went into the war will be carried  
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And the call is out now for men and women unafraid in business—  
for leaders in our fight for the commercial supremacy of the world.

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**THE JOB SEEKS YOU IF YOU ARE TRAINED**

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ALBERT L. WALTERS, President

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*SUMMER TERM BEGINS JUNE 16th*



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THE BODY AS WELL AS THE PURSE

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*CLOTHES FOR YOUNG MEN*

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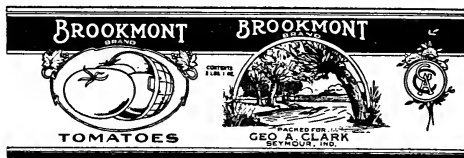
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INDIANA

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Ben M. Sutherland

Katherine A. Cunningham

Hazel Krumm

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John A. Hunter

Ex. 119

Mary G. Lewis

Bob Kueck

14-20

Miss Helen

14-21

L. A. Acherman

Miss Jones  
14-22

Miss Krumm

Frederick Liberman  
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William ...













