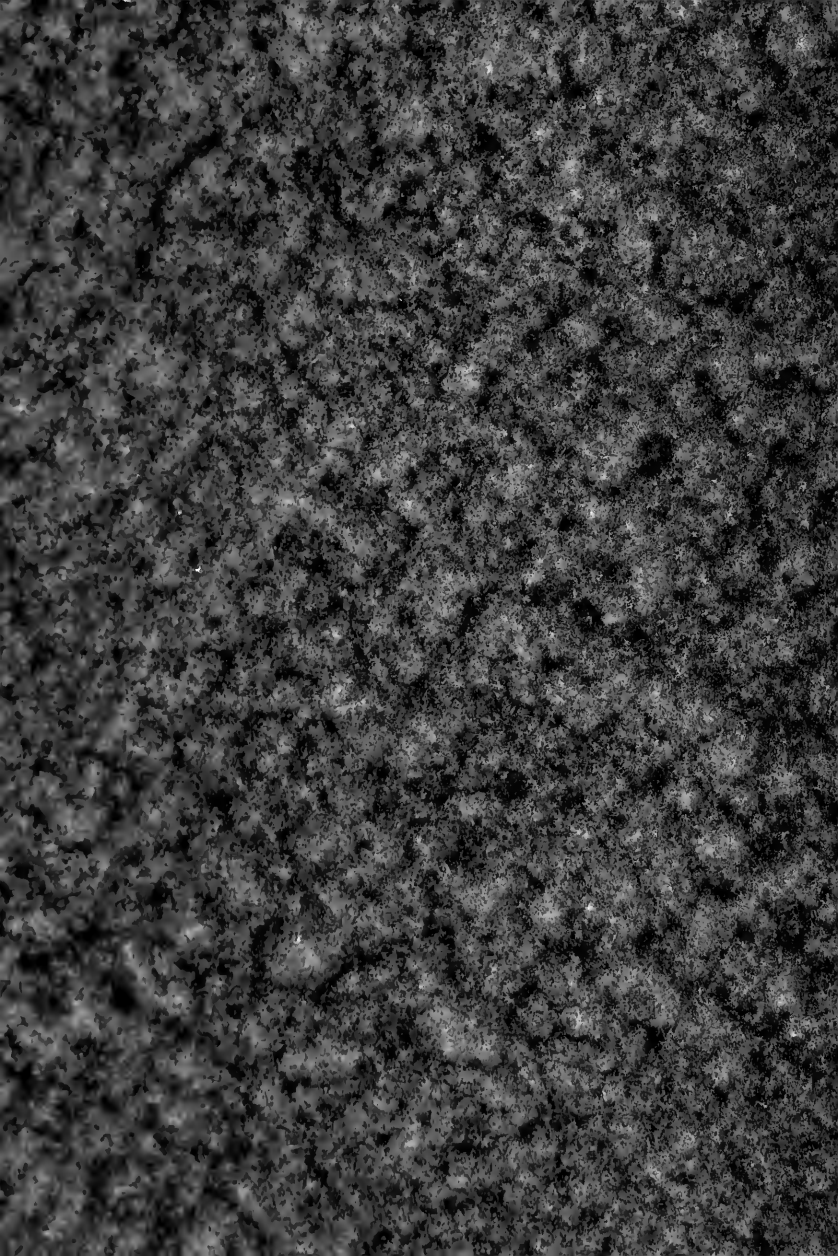




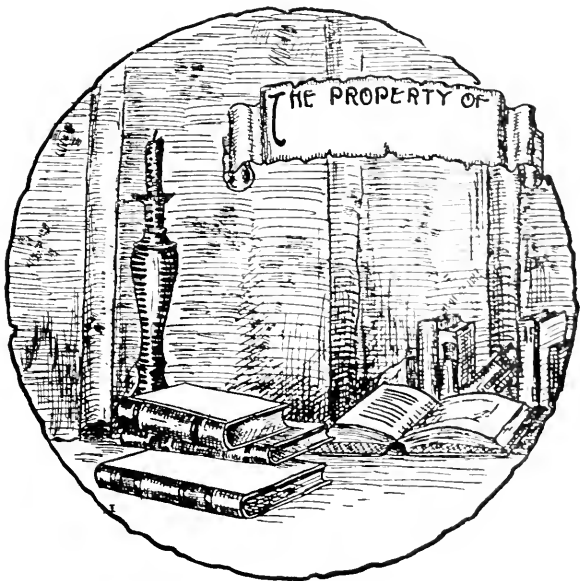
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THE PATRIOT
PUBLISHED BY
SHIELDS HIGH SCHOOL
SEYMOUR, INDIANA
AND DEDICATED TO
J RUSSELL MITCHELL
AND THE
BASKET BALL TEAM
ANNO DOMINI
1923







FORWARD

WHEN MEMORIES OF
YESTERDAY
HAVE FADED FROM
YOUR VIEW,
THE PAGES OF OUR
PATRIOT
WILL BRING THEM
BACK TO YOU.



TO
J RUSSELL MITCHELL
AND THE
BASKET BALL TEAMS
WHOSE FINE SPIRIT OF
TRUE SPORTSMANSHIP
HAS DONE MUCH FOR THE
CAUSE OF BETTER ATHLETICS
IN THE SEYMOUR HIGH SCHOOL
WE THE CLASS OF NINETEEN
TWENTY-THREE DEDICATE THIS
OUR ANNUAL



Thomas Abbott Mott
Superintendent of Public Schools



Kate Ferris Andrews
Principal of Shields High School



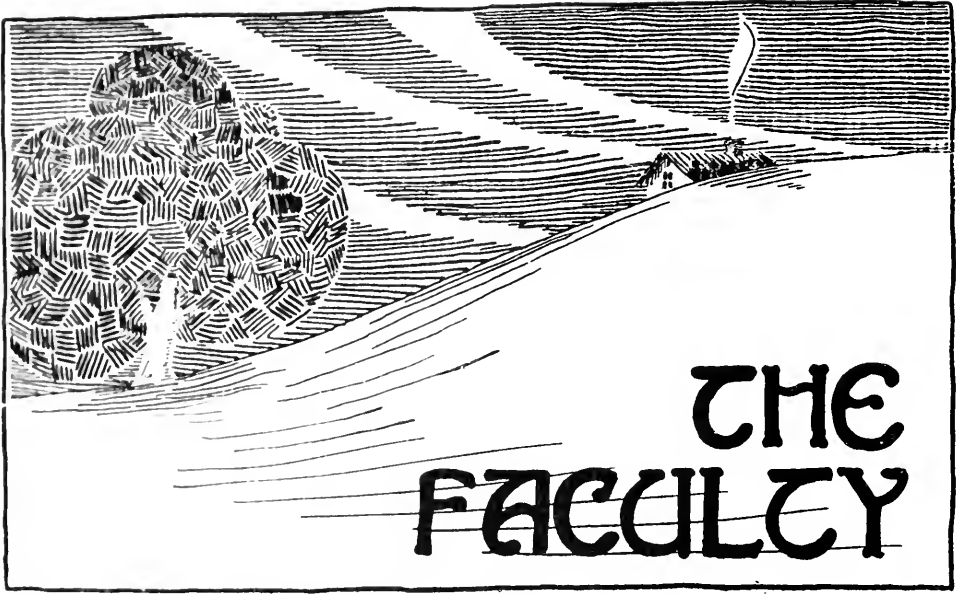
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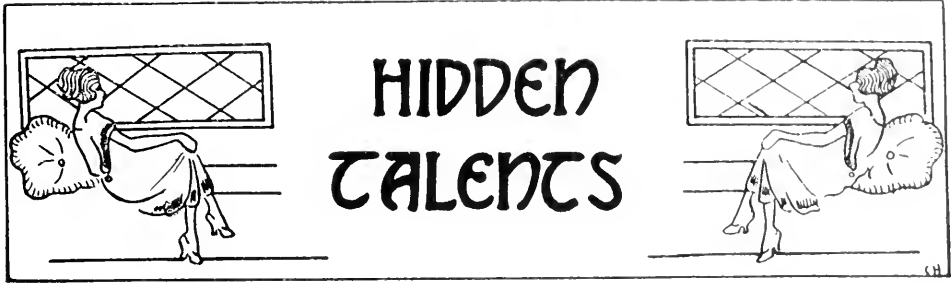
LENORE-SWALKS



WILHELMINA
VEASLAGE

Literary





GLADYS HUDSON, '23.

CYRUS Holmes, Taney Town's big postmaster, leaned through the postmaster's window, talking to a small girl, Dodo, aged five, who was much enthused about talking to Uncle Cy.

"Come, Dora. Come here at once," a woman's voice called sharply.

Almost before Cyrus Holmes realized it, the little visitor was whisked away out of his sight by her mother, who never wanted Dodo to talk to Uncle Cy. And Cyrus wondered.

At the supper table Cyrus wondered again. Mother was unusually quiet. Even Bee, their youngest daughter, and the only one at home now, was silent, although usually such a chatterbox. Soon the feeling that he was being watched became unbearable.

"What's the matter that Bee isn't going to the dance with Dan?" He asked slowly, turning to his wife. "If it's the clothes, we'll manage that."

"It's not the clothes, but I think there's some trouble between Dan and Bee," she stammered, and set hurriedly to picking up the dishes.

Cyrus arose and ambled off to the barn, followed by Dickie, the ancient spaniel. Amid the clutter of miniature houses, in his work room under the rafters he began to think.

Once he had longed to be a great architect, so when the children came he built doll houses for them. Gradually his children grew up and the little girls of Taney Town all brought Uncle Cy bits of flowered silk and wall paper, lace from candy boxes and the like, and adored him as he formed the tiny trifles into lace curtains, and diminutive upholstered chairs.

He especially adored all things Elizabethan, and occupied himself in copying in detail an Elizabethan banquet hall with its great oak table, its tapestries and armor.

Cyrus pressed Dickie's head tightly between the palms of his hands, rose and groped for the lantern near by. For a long time bending there in the flickering light of the lantern, he worked in utter content at a morsel of difficult carving.

Dan's voice carried to him from the gateway where he heard, "Why, your father—". The words trailed off into nothingness. "If you won't understand then— I won't go to the dance with you," he heard from Bee.

Whatever the fault it was not Dan's, he thought, as he slipped into the kitchen door. Why had his name been mentioned in the talk at the gate?

The following day Miss Polly Primsall, who saw Cyrus dressing a little colonial lady to rule over a colonial house (and which he had smuggled down to the postoffice to work on during slack hours) declared, "It's wors'n Sam Dean who knits. There's some sense in his knitting."

Cy, who overheard the expression, knew she was comparing him to a man who had a mind like a woman's. This contempt touched him in a raw spot.

The first real blow fell on the following morning, however, when Tom Dillon, President of the Union Bank and the big political man of Taney Town, quietly informed Cy that he was serving his last term as postmaster. Yet Cy had been so faithful to his work, and moreover without a single complaint from Dillon.

Cyrus finished the morning routine and found himself alone in his own barn loft. There was something back of it—Tom Dillon who had been a friend from school days; and if Tom switched there was a reason. He had felt for a week as if something was working against him; as though the whole town had a secret from which he alone was shut out.

Sitting there by the open window Cyrus heard voices and a sound like falling pebbles. Mother and Bee were shelling peas on the back porch.

"It's been growing on him," sighed Mother, "But you are a foolish girl, Bee. Dan's folks would get over it."

"I tell you I can't do it. Dan is hard to manage, Mother. If I could only get away."

"We've got to be careful, though. Dad mustn't suspect it. If we could only get the play houses away from him, and get his mind on something else."

So that was it—. The meaning of the misunderstanding between Bee and Dan, the reason Dodo was no longer safe with him, and the reason he could no longer be postmaster. They thought he, Cyrus Holmes was insane.

He would show them. He would burn the doll houses, and stay home nights, reading the newspaper as other men did. The people were fools, every one of them.

Back at the postoffice he sat brooding over the little colonial house when suddenly the door slammed and standing before him was a vision. A child whose golden hair and shell-pink daintiness suggested a fairy princess done in water-colors. The child stood laughing up at Cyrus. She reminded him of Dodo, but instead of being round like a gum drop, she was fragile like a rose petal, and he realized that her frock was unknown in the little town of Taney.

"Sylvia. Oh, Sylvia," called a woman's voice which Cyrus knew to be strange. "Naughty girl," scolded the mother, "She runs away."

She took the child in her arms and inquired of Cyrus, "Is there a hotel here?"

"Taney Town has one hotel," stammered Cyrus, "but who wants such a fairy child as that to be taken to that dingy place? We have a spare room, so come home with me."

"Hugh, dear," she said, wheeling to face the dark-skinned young man who entered. "The postmaster says he's a spare room."

"It's mighty fine of you. My name's Laidlow—my wife and child."

"And I'm Cyrus Holmes."

Supper went well. Mr. and Mrs. Laidlow hailed from New York and were jolly young people. Mrs. Laidlow and Mother talked of jams while Sylvia played with Dickie. Cyrus, finding himself superfluous slipped away to the loft when the meal was over.

Dickie padded after him, Sylvia trailing. On the threshold she caught her breath. "Oh," she cried, dropping to the floor before the little colonial house. "Sylvia's house."

"Does Sylvia like it now?"

"But now, Uncle Cy's forgotten. We're going to make a bon-fire out of this great big beautiful house. Sylvia can watch it burn."

"No," cried the child, stamping her foot. "No, Sylvia's house." And suddenly bursting into tears she ran sobbing from the barn.

Cyrus was still standing helpless when she returned dragging her mother with her. "Why, it's colonial. Even the spinning wheel," exclaimed Mrs. Laidlow. Her glance leapt from one house to another.

"Claire's crazy over colonial stuff," her husband remarked coming in. "You've struck her hobby. She haunts unique places."

"But you've struck something else," he said, eyes narrowing. I sold a doll house to a wealthy customer last Christmas for a hundred and fifty dollars. I'm in the business, and if I had a couple of these for window features—"

"Down here in a little town like this, when he's so marvelous. Why, Hugh, it isn't right. Anyone who can design things like this ought to do something big, Mr. Holmes."

"I was going to, once." Cyrus' eyes were vague like an old man's "but I been building doll houses so long, I doubt if I could ever do anything else."

"Bosh," cut in the younger man. "The value of the things is in the uniqueness."

Later mother found an envelope in the house containing fifty dollars from Mrs. Laidlow for the doll house.

"Seems like robbery," said Cy, "but I guess Mr. Laidlow knows. Here Bee, take this money and go to the dance tonight, will you?"

His daughter stared at the money in bewilderment; then took the note from her mother's hand and read it twice.

On a September morning two months later, Cyrus sat in the postoffice and re-read the amazing article on "Uncle Cy—The Man Who Builds Doll Houses." True, it was only a little "People Who Are Doing Curious Things" article squeezed into a half a page; but the magazine was very prominent.

Even Tom Dillon was urging Cy to start his bank account with the Union Bank, for, he pointed out to Cy, that so much money left around the house might be stolen.

"Well, I might consider giving Bee the position she wanted," laughed Dillon.

"No, she and Dan are going to be married, I think," replied Cy.

"I see," twinkled Dillon, "and I can't say I'm surprised."

Tom left Cy in a splendid stupor which he came out of to find Dodo's small face tilted toward him. His heart fell—she covered her face with a tiny hand as if in fear. But wait—she was peeping at him through spreading fingers, laughing. Cyrus was only conscious of the smiling neighbors as he swung her up to the window ledge.

"Could Uncle Cy use pretty stones that Dodo finds, could he?" she asked, patting his cheek.

"Pretty stones?" His hand clasped over her sticky fists. "Why Uncle Cy could use pretty stones any number of ways."

A SAD TALE

ALICE COBB

A small round hole, a little mouse,
The mouse creeps from his tiny house.

A square steel trap with grim aspect,
Has many a mouse's family wrecked.

Within the trap the mousie sees
A golden, luscious piece of cheese.

The mousie doubts, yet tempted feels,
And toward that piece of cheese he steals.

A frightened squeak, a sinister snap,
And mousie's caught in the cruel trap.

So let me then the moral map,
Where there is cheese, beware the trap!

EVENING

FRANCIS EU DALY, '23.

THE sun is sinking in the west,
The day is done.
The birds fly homeward to their nests,
The whole wide world is seeking rest,
Low sinks the sun.

The last light zephyr has gasped out,
Night's mantle falls,
The blundering beetle drones about,
The cock gives out a final shout,
The night wind calls.

The bull-frog in the marsh below
Begins his song,
The robin in the dark hedge-row
Sings sleepily. The fireflies glow,
Shadows are long.

The first faint star turns up it's light
And twinkles clear,
The faithful watchman of the night.
Above all, God, who guides aright
Till day appear.

THE BLUE-BIRD

EDNA PETERS

I know of one who has no care
His joy is free for all,
He travels miles without a fare
Singing his song for all.

With freedom from the world he sings
His little song so true,
Indeed, 'tis happiness that brings
The little bird of blue.



FRANKLIN SWAIN, '23.

DUSK was settling over the city when two gentlemen seated themselves near the open grate fire in a private room of the most exclusive men's club in New York. One, whom we shall call The Man, was rather tall and well built with dark hair, faintly tinged with gray. The man's features were not of unusual type except that there was a long white scar under his chin running all the way across, but scarcely noticeable unless his head was thrown backward. The other was The Cynic, who was slightly shorter and who looked to be forty years old, about the same age of his companion. Both wore evening clothes and both looked to be successful.

The Cynic leaned forward and stirred the dying embers of the fire, which immediately blazed forth, sending a shower of sparks which shot upward for a fraction of a moment, then died again.

"How like a dormant being who receives an inspirational stirring up and blazes forth with all the fire and energy of youth, only to die out from lack of repeated encouragement," observed the Man.

"True indeed, my friend," was the Cynic's rejoining answer.

The fire was the only means of illumination in the room and it cast strange grotesque yet beautiful flickering shadows on the walls and ceiling. Neither spoke for several minutes, but were engrossed in the fantastic figures made by the tongues of flame as now and then they leaped up, only to vanish again.

"I must thank you kindly for the gracious hospitality tendered me by your club, while I am in your city," said the Man.

"Please do not mention it. 'Birds of a feather,'—you know. We are both interested in steel. But let us make the best of the passing time. Pardon my forgetfulness, but you are leaving—?"

"At eight o'clock. We haven't long," said the Man.

They both lapsed into a reverie, gazing into the fire. Finally, the Cynic broke the silence.

"This is a world of misdemeanor, penitence and forgiveness, is it not?" he asked.

“Ah! Perhaps you are thinking of the Governor’s pardon to James Ruskin, the forger.”

“Exactly. I do not approve of giving pardons as Christmas gifts to world-renowned law-breakers,” said the Cynic.

“Perhaps it is for the best. He might ‘go straight’ as they say.”

“Bah! He might discover a fifth dimension, but—ah, quite improbable, you know.”

“Pardon my frankness, my gracious host, but you are a bit, ah—cynical, are you not? Will you try one?” the man asked, extending a case of cigars.

“Thank you. No, I believe a man cannot be changed morally after his twentieth year. I base my statements upon statistics. In their parlance, ‘Once a crook, always a crook’.”

“Then perhaps you would care to listen to an interesting little story, at least it seems so to me,” said the Man.

“Certainly, if you please.”

“The Man lighted his cigar, expelled the smoke, and began:

“It was fifteen years ago. I was acquainted with a young man, very well acquainted, in fact, with this man who had nothing in the world to worry about. His father had died, leaving him a small fortune in some mining stock in Chile. He ‘lived high’ until one day there came a sharp decline and the bottom dropped out of his stock. He was left penniless and without vocational training of any kind. He sought work but in vain. His reputation had been that of a spendthrift, an idler, and so he tried the more questionable means. Newspapers of his town, for the next few months carried accounts of small burglaries and thefts, person or persons implicated unknown. There came a larger attempt. This boy next tried to rob the offices of a large steel foundry in a town of about sixty thousand. Would that God might have put this incident in his path sooner. He gained entrance to the building and knelt in front of the safe. After repeated attempts at the dial failed to open the heavy door, he became less cautious. One can imagine his surprise and dismay, when, upon seeing the lights turned on, he wheeled about and found the night-watchman staring mildly at him.

“‘I imagine that is nerve racking work,’ said the watchman. The boy was speechless with fright.”

Here the Man leaned forward and flicked the ashes in the glowing embers of the fire. Had he chanced to glance at the Cynic he would have seen him lean forward with an expression of incredulity on his face.

“The boy seemed to realize his position and sat down limply in a chair.”

“‘My God! why am I doing this?’ he cried.”

“‘Yes, why are you doing this?’ the watchman said quietly. He crossed to the chair and placed his hand on the boy’s back.”

“ ‘This is an embarrassing position,’ he continued, ‘but you are young; you have the world before you, and forty years possibly in which to atone and counteract. My boy, it does not pay.’ ”

“There followed a silence, as still as death, in which the office clock could be heard as though it were measuring off the centuries of eternity. Then the watchman fumbled in his pocket, brought forth a crumpled bill and extended it to the boy. He looked up in surprise.”

“ ‘Take it, son,’ said the watchman, ‘and go East or West for a fresh start.’ ”

“ ‘Why—I—y—you—I couldn’t take it.’ ”

“ ‘Consider it as a trade, then. I’ll give you ten dollars for your lantern.’ The boy arose unsteadily and extended his hand. The watchman grasped it and removed his hat.” Here the Man glanced at his watch, then continued, “ ‘Together they passed out the door into the dark street.’ ” The Man arose and crossed to his hat and coat.

“It is getting late. My train leaves shortly but I will finish hurriedly. The last thing the watchman said was, ‘Try it all over again, my boy. Life is beautiful if it is seen from the right side, and remember, a good name is the most valuable asset a man may have.’ The boy promised the watchman he would try to succeed and he has. There, my friend, are you convinced?”

“I am. And I see you have become a success.” The Cynic rose while the Man whirled around, facing him, and continued, “ ‘I was the night watchman that night.’ ”

ODD ACCIDENTS

KEITH BRACKEMYRE, '23.

I SAW a cow slip through the fence
A horse fly in the store;
I saw a board walk up the street,
A stone step by the door.

I saw a mill race up the road,
Morning break the gloom;
I saw a night fall on the lawn,
A clock run in the room.

I saw a peanut stand up high,
A sardine box in town;
I saw a bed spring at the gate,
An ink stand on the ground.

EVENING AT THERON ABBEY

OSBORNE FISCHBACH, '23.

THE setting sun with wistful glow
Shines o'er the the ivy-covered wall—
It's last faint gleams in glory fall
Through a small chink into a cell
Of Brother Ambrose deep immersed
In prayers,
The which he oft rehearsed.

And as the holy man turned o'er
The beads with many an ave
And trembling pater noster grave,
The last dim tokens of the day
Shone on his old and seamed face
And piercing eyes—
He seemed as in a hallowed place.

And now the cloister bell peals forth,
Ah! Tintinabulum so clear,
So free, so bright, and yet so drear.
Whence thy power o'er mind and heart
To sorely try—exhilarate
By strains
Thy limpid tones reverberate.

Faster and faster falls nocturnal gloom;
The strident frog begins to sing,
The cricket green virbates its wing,
And other sounds of like import
Re-echo through the sultry night,
And such a night!
By angels, spirits, genii bedight.

“Clink, clank” the weighty gates are heaving to—
The porter's light weaves in and out
As to his cot he takes his route.
Hush! All is still! All's quiet!
Within the hall the brothers all
Are sleeping.

MAKING GOOD WITH DAD

EDITH ZIMMERMAN, '23.

HIS name was Son. There wouldn't be any better and bigger name for a four-year old. His mother was a little woman with a disposition of captivating exactness. Yes, her son was just like her.

Son was well liked by his grandparents, and uncle and aunts, and could have had as many homes as he desired. First of all there was the home of his mother and father. Then that of his grandmother Perkins' home and his grandmother Hollister's home. But the first and second were the ones he liked best. Mother, ammie and all the grandparents thought Son as nearly perfect as a child could be. Only his father was not satisfied with the perfection, and at times would grumble thus:

"I tell you Betsy, he's too good to be true. You take a thing from him—does he howl? No. It isn't natural. Now I ask you, what kind of a man is he going to make, if he fails to develop some spunk?"

"Wait," was always Betsy's answer. "You forget because he is so big that he is only a four-year-old."

"Yes, but a four-year-old who wears a six-year-old suit isn't a baby," retorted father.

Son wasn't like the other boys of the neighborhood. For whenever other boys plucked a flower Son would do his best at repairing their damage by replanting it.

Son's father was a college man even if at times he alluded to his son as a "mush head."

When Son's Aunt Margaret wrote letters sending him kisses of crosses, he would count them carefully and slip them into his pocket and keep them until a time came to redeem them.

"You can't beat him at a love game," his father exploded contemptuously one Sunday morning after he had come upon Son searching the hamper of soiled clothes for the discarded suit of the day before.

"My Aunt Marg's tisses," Son explained as he fished the kisses out and put them in the pocket of the white linen suit he had on.

"Mush-head," commented his father. His Auntie Marg was coming that day and Son was going out to watch for her. So he went forth—wide blue contented eyes beneath a crop of curly yellow hair.

When he reached the street he came upon six-year-old Ted Jones, the bully of the block. Ted's mother had just been disciplining him by making him button his little sister's shoes, and help his little brother into his clothes. By way of revenge, Ted was kicking the tree in front of Son's house with all his

might and main, there being in sight no living thing with which he could pick a fight.

“Hello, Ted,” Son said in his genial manner. Ted gave the tree an even more vicious kick. Ted looked at Son’s satiny legs as if he were wishing that they stood where the tree did.

“You waitin’ to see Auntie Marg come?” beamed Son.

“Shut up,” came from the other.

“My Auntie is coming.” He smiled unconcernedly and was turning away when fate took a hand.

Inside Son’s pocket his hand was closed over those kisses. He brought them forth and displayed them proudly.

“See my Auntie Marg’s tisses, Ted? See, one, two, three, four, five.”

Ted spat contemptuously on the ground. “Who cares for your Aunt Marg?” he growled. Then with a quick ugliness he snatched the paper from Son’s hand and tore it into bits and scattered it to the winds. After which he looked at Son with the expression “Well, what are you going to do about it?”

At first Son’s lip quivered, then something inside him began to boil. Next his hands were clenched and he shot forward like a shot.

It was a whirlwind fight while it lasted. The two figures seemed as one. Now they were down, rolling, striking.

From a window two people were watching. They had seen the start. As they watched Betsy rung her hands and wept, while her husband held her with a merciless grip from interference.

“Let him finish, let him finish.”

“He’ll be killed,” sobbed Betsy. “Oh, let me go.”

“Ted’s going home,” said father.

Son brushed a hand across his eyes. There was a scratch across his cheek and a growing bump on his forehead, and his white linen suit was dirty. But Son wasn’t thinking of himself. With careful diligence he was gathering up the scraps of the precious paper. Then he made for the house and came in.

“He tore up my Auntie Marg’s tisses. That’s why I fought him.”

Son’s father coughed as he realized that Son knew that he had done something wrong. It was up to him to give the child a lecture. But how could he when he was filled with the keenest satisfaction? Then noticing that Son and mother were rushing into each other’s arms, he quietly left the room.

Outside the door he said to himself, “He’s my son, all right, but who would have thought that of him.” Then he laughed and taking his hat slipped outdoors.

IN THE GLOAMING

ALICE COBB

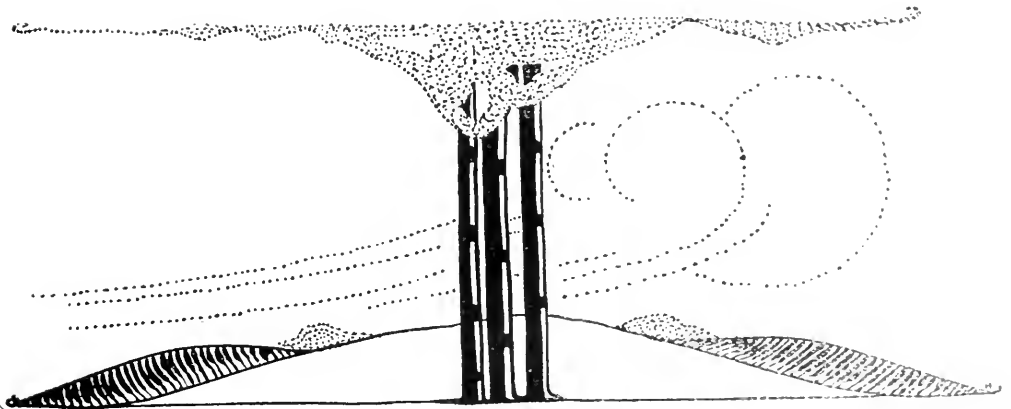
THE afternoon light is fast fading
As the sun
Anxious to reach his destination beyond
The horizon
Hastens with increased speed
Westward.
The western sky is ablaze with glory,
And the waning light of the sun gradually
Blends with the marvelous rainbow
Of the sunset and is at last lost
In the glorified heavens,
And it is dusk.
A soft brooding peace falls over the world,
And silence, like a winged messenger from the sky
Steals over the earth.
It envelopes the most remote corners,
And all is still
Save for the gentle cooing of the turtle-dove,
The subdued sounds of crickets,
And a few last sleepy chirps of birds hardly awake.
A gray cloud gently enfolds
The silent world,
For a few moments it remains
Then comes the night like a peaceful
Angel of Rest
And the moon like a guardian angel.
The little stars twinkle cheerfully
And rival the village lights
In brightness.
Then the lights disappear
But the stars remain
And the moon sheds her benign brilliance
Over all.
And the world sleeps.

WHAT DO WE SPEAK ?

WHAT do we speak as the days roll by,
To sing and smile or to pout and ery?
Do we do our share in a great big way
Do we work or wait, do we hope and pray?
For the days speed by on rapid wing
What do we speak, what do we sing?

What shall we dream as the days roll on,
The dreams that count and are fresh and high?
The dreams that shall live in a lovely creed
The dreams that shall end in a noble deed?
For dreams live on till they mount the sky.
What shall we dream as the days go by?

What will we speak as the days go by?
The words of truth, or the words that lie?
The words that sting and that carry tears,
Or the word that comforts, the word that cheers?
For words are things that cannot die.
What shall we speak as the days go by?



THE CHRIST OF CHRISTMAS

GEORGE WILSON, '23.

IN a small, tumbled down house on a narrow, dirty street in Petrograd lived an old cobbler. He was so old that even grandmothers called him uncle. He was at peace with the world now, for he had come to regard his fellow men as little children, who make little, playful mistakes, but who are usually good at heart.

He was bent over his last pair of shoes that night, for it was Christmas Eve, and he had some work to do before he went to his little bed to sleep.

Upon finishing his work, he arose and crossed over to the fireside. There he sat and read the only text-book he had, the Bible.

He read of the birth of Christ, and of all the humility which accompanied Him into the world.

As he read on, he became more reconciled to his own condition in life. He began to realize that humbleness is a real blessing and not a curse; that meekness is not to be scoffed at, nor lowliness to be spurned.

When he stopped reading, he sat in his chair a long time dreaming.

It was Christmas day, a typical Christmas—everything was covered with snow and it was bitter cold. As he climbed out of bed, he heard the chimes of the cathedral ringing. They seemed to say, "Christ has come! Christ has come!"

As he heard them he thought, "How wonderful it would be if Christ would come, if He would come to my house."

Just then a knock came at his door. He immediately left off preparing his breakfast and opened the door. There before him stood a dirty, hungry boy.

"Mister, may I come in and get warm, I'm so cold?"

The heartstrings of the old cobbler were touched, and he ushered the boy into the room with, "Of course you can. Of course you can."

He took him in, warmed and fed him, and then set him down to talk.

"You, see, Sir," the boy said, "I haven't any home, or father or mother. I am the only one left of our family. The rest were all killed by the Anarchists."

Presently the boy made preparations for leaving. The old man, perceiving this, said, "Won't you stay with me over the Christmas day, my son, and we will be happy and worship together?"

One look out through the flying snow decided the boy.

"I'll stay, but I can never thank you for all that you have done for me."

A little before noon another knock came at the door. When the door was opened a poor, ragged mother carrying an infant was standing on the threshold.

"Have you anything I can eat?" she asked, "I have not eaten for so long that I cannot remember the last meal."

As the old cobbler sat and watched the woman and boy eat, he could not help but feel compassion toward them.

He thought of his own boy, now buried in the graveyard close by the great cathedral. He thought of his mother, his father, and his dear, loving wife—they were all side by side now, and he would soon join them.

When he saw how much he could do for a few of these wandering peasants his heart was sore because he could not do more. He could not understand how any good God could look down unmoved and see His children suffer and die, innocently.

When the meal was over the mother rose to go.

“No, no, Dear Lady, I want you to stay and enjoy the warmth and Christmas spirit with the boy and me.”

All afternoon they talked and read. The woman, he found, was well educated, despite her poor and impoverished condition. The story she told was pitiful in the extreme. She had been the wife of a rich merchant, and the mother of a healthy, happy family. When the war came, her husband sold the business and left her the money. He went to war and was killed. Then, when the Radicals came into power, they seized all her possessions, gave her to an officer in the Bolshevik army, took her daughters to the auction block, and killed her sons, who had resisted them. She had escaped her martial husband, and had been wandering in the streets of the city for days with her little babe in her arms.

As she finished her story, the old cobbler got up from his chair and went over to the fire to replenish it. He remembered that he had fixed the fire before she had commenced her story, but he had to do something to hid his emotions. He could hardly believe that he had been living in peace and comparative prosperity, while all around him was suffering and the commission of horrible crimes. Now as he looked upon this poor, outcast mother and this poor, destitute orphan, he thought again of all the unnecessary misery which men and women, seemingly, have to suffer.

“I am an old man, a very old man, yet I can make enough to keep us all, if you will stay here with me.”

The mother looked at him dumbfounded. She could not believe her ears. She could not believe that so much good could exist in the world, and where it could be expected least—in the heart of a great city, which was the headquarters of the most brutal organization that man could devise.

“Well—” she stopped, for her heart was too full for speech. “I have looked long for a place to stay.”

“Oh, that’s all right, we can get along nicely,” he said. “I have long needed a housekeeper, and I really need a boy to run errands for me.”

That night, after he had found room for all of them, he pulled his chair up before the fire. As he was sitting drowsily thinking of the day’s adventure, a man stepped before him.

He looked at him wonderingly. The door was closed and barred. How could anyone have gotten in without being heard? Then the man spoke. His countenance was all aflame.

"I know all you have done today. I heard you wish that Christ would come into your home. Three times today He has come: first, when you took in the hungry, shivering boy; second, when you fed and warmed the mother and her child; third when you asked them to remain with you and live. Good, as well as evil has its reward. You have won yours. I have come from my Father to bring you a message of love, for He has also seen the good works that you have done, and He bids me tell you that God is always with His children, and in an hour of trial you should not doubt, for He has placed such good people in the world as you, to do His good work for Him."

As the Vision vanished the old cobbler awoke. He rose and went to the window—the dawn of Christmas Day was breaking.

"My, my, I must have slept the whole night through."

A Riddle

NORMA BARKMAN, '23.

I'M thinking of something more precious than gold,
More precious than honor or fame,
'Tis worth more than the wealth of the world, all told,
This something. Can you guess it's name?

Without it you're sad and growly,
But with it you're glad and jolly;
And though 'tis more precious than gold
It can neither be bought or sold.

It lights up the homliest face
With a joy that is hard to believe
It lends you both beauty and grace,
And helps you forget to grieve.

Haven't you guessed it yet
This riddle? 'Tis plain as it can be.
Come now, won't you confess?
It's happiness. Can't you see?

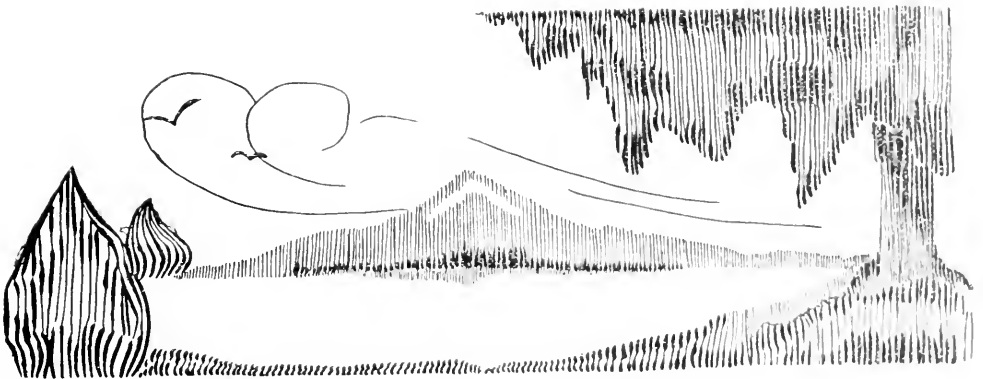
MY POEM

DO your best, your very best,
And do it every day;
Little girls and little boys,
That is the wisest way.

What ever work comes to your hand,
At home or at your school;
Do your best with right good will,
It is a golden rule.

For he who always does his best,
Will ever better grow;
But he who shirks or slights his task,
Lets all the better go.

What if your lessons should be hard?
You need not yield to sorrow;
For he who bravely works to-day,
More brightly greets each 'morrow.



MY KITTEN

LOIS ASHLEY, 7A.

I HAVE a lovely maltese cat,
Katsumi is her name.
Oft has she killed the wicked rat;
Known far and wide her fame.

She runs and jumps and purrs and plays,
She eats and sleeps and doses;
She has such very cunning ways,
She's just as sweet as roses.

When I go out to take a walk
That cat is sure to follow;
It does no good at all to talk,
She comes o'er hill and hollow.

When I grow old and weak and gray,
May I have friends as true;
Who in joy or sorrow shall stay
Katsumi, staunch as you.

A THOUGHT

CLIFFTON FISCHBACH, '23.

“**A** WAKE!” The Father calls in youth,
In early youth to man,
“Make use of bright’ning day, for yet
Life’s but a narrow span.”

“Arise!” The summons strong we hear,
Reluctant we arise,
Responding to the oft heard call,
“Go where your labor lies.”

“Rest Thou!” The Father’s voice is kind,
When dusk falls all around,
“In sleep forget thy toils and cares,
In slumber, sweet, profound.”

“Come Home!” The thread of life is snapped,
The Eve of life has come,
Freed from all the cares of life,
Our Father takes us home.



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EDITORIAL

FRANCIS EUDALY, '23.

Fifty years ago, in the east part of the city, stood a small, two-story frame structure. It was the first school building in Seymour. Only the oldest residents can remember the time when as happy children, they went to school here. Established when Seymour was quite young, it naturally had a small enrollment.

Later when Seymour began to increase in population the old building was vacated and a larger one built on the site of the present building. It was of red brick, and was set in the midst of grounds, occupying the whole of a city block. Immediately in front of the building was a large space paved with brick, from which led the walk to the street. The grounds were surrounded by an old fashioned board fence, within the confines of which, filling all of the space not occupied by the building, were immense trees. Here, in the delightful shade of these beautiful beeches the children played.

Later, as the school outgrew that building, an addition was made on the south side. This building most of our present residents remember.

In 1910 it was condemned as unsafe and razed for the erection of a completely equipped modern brick building. The greater portion of the trees surrounding the building was cut down, and the rear part of the lot converted into a playground. The front part of the lot was made into an attractive lawn, one of the most beautiful in Indiana.

Until February of 1923, the High School and grades were in the same building; but the enrollment in the High School has increased so steadily that changes were inevitable. Accordingly, plans were drawn up for a modern addition, in which there would be a large auditorium suitable for public meetings, for basketball, and other gymnastics, as well as class rooms for the accommodation of the grades. This building was completed in 1923. Now the High School occupies the whole of the older building, while the grades are housed in the new wing.

From a study of the evolution of our present school building a very good idea can be gained of the marvelous growth that the schools of the city of Seymour have enjoyed. To-day, the High School is a complete and thoroughly organized institution, which has a reputation for turning out well-educated, progressive students, the greater majority of whom have made a success in business, social and civic life, and have revealed the value to Seymour of her fine School System.

HONOR ROLL

	credits	Rs
Beryl Shields	34	34
Lydia Krug	38½	35
Norma Barkman	35¾	33½
Ruby Montgomery	33¾	31½
Edna Biddle	33	31
Francis Eudaly	32¼	25
Elva Carter	33¾	24
Inez Beckman	34¼	22
Ruth Humes	34½	22
Marian Simon	36½	22
Maurice Haper	33	22
Mildred Glasson	32	22



BASED ON WORK OF FOUR YEARS. REQUIREMENTS-ALL GRADES MADE IN SEYMOUR HIGH SCHOOL, NO FAILURE, NOT MORE THAN TWO C'S. "A" GRADE REQUIRED FOR 22 CREDITS.

THE SENIORS

GOD HELPS THOSE WHO HELP THEMSELVES
TREE-PINE FLOWER-WHITE ROSE
COLORS- GREEN AND WHITE

PRESIDENT-WILBUR BALDWIN
VICE-PRESIDENT-FRANKLIN SWAIN
SECRETARY-GEORGE WILSON
TREASURER-CATHERINE JAMES



LEWIS ADAMS

*Of all the varieties of apples, I think
the Baldwin is best.*

HAROLD AHLBRAND

Best in the long run.



EUNICE ALEXANDER

"Brevity, here is thy counterpart."



HUGH ANDREWS

"I'd pick a Hudson every time."



OPAL BALDWIN

*Straight is the line of duty,
Curved is the line of beauty,
Follow the straight line, then shall see
The curved line will ever follow thee.*



WILBUR BALDWIN

*He was the mildest-mannered man
that ever scuttled ship or cut a throat.*



PEARL BANTA

*A nobler yearning never broke her rest,
Than but to dance and sing, be gaily
drest.*



NORMA BARKMAN

*"If wisdom's ways you wisely seek,
This rule observe with care,
Take Norma for your trusted guide
And you'll never know despair."*



ARTHUR BECKER

*How much wood would a woodpecker
peck
If he sat on the head of our dear friend
Beck?*



THELMA BELL

*"You've got to see Mama every night
or you can't see Mama at all."*



INEZ BEUKMAN

*I care for nobody,
No, not I.*



EDNA BIDDLE

*The only exception to any rule
Is the one who follows it.*



JAMES BLACK

Woman-hater who quotes Shakespeare.



FLORENCE BLAIN

*Glcn, Star,
Ride far.
Moonlight,
Good-night.*



RAYMOND BLUMER

*"I'll go home this way because no girls
live on this street."*



KIETH BRACKEMYRE

*Kieth believes that "A revolving frag-
ment of the Paleozoic age collects no
Crypto-gamus vegetation."*



CARL BUHNER

*"Chad" is a silent member of the
"Bone-dust Twins Corporation."*



MARTIN BUHNER

"Slim" and his car are always popular.



LILLIAN BUHNER

*Tall of stature
Light of hair,
Eyes of blue,
Complexion fair.*



ELVA CARTER

*"Hear council, and receive instruction,
That thou may's't be wise in the end."*



MARGARET DEHLER

*She's beautiful, and therefore to be
wooed,
She is a woman, therefore to be won.*



ETHEL DUNN

*"A mouthful of sarcasm, and very
sentimental."*



FRANCIS EUDALY

"Better to wear out than to rust out."



CLIFTON FISCHBACH

*When the radio bug bit Tippiie,
It really made him go quite dippy.*



OSBORNE FISCHBACH

"Thy modesty's a candle to thy merit."



MARIE FOX

*"Even if the boys are a nuisance, we
couldn't get along without them."*



MILDRED GLASSON

"A word to the wise is sufficient."



KENNETH GOSSETT

"Lend every man thy ear but few thy voice."



LOIS HALL

A living proof that you can't tame wild women.



EVA HEIN

"If you wish to preserve your secret wrap it up in frankness."



HARDEN HANCOCK

*Wanted—A slave girl by a care man.
Apply in person.*



MAURICE HAPER

"Jake's" opinion carries weight.



HUBERT HEDGES

"O what a pal was Mary."



ESTHER HEIWIG

*"'Tis as well to be out of the world as
out of fashion."*



MINNIE MAE HELT

*"Great things through greatest hazards
are attained, and then they shine."*



ERNEST HERRING

A wily fish. You can't string him.



JAMES HONAN

*Mr. Kutt Honan, Esq. A. B., S. O. S.,
B. V. D., P. D. Q., R. S. V. P.*



HOLLIS HOOKER

A small voice but a mighty man.



GLADYS HOPPLE

"Peg" drives the noon taxi. Eh, Glaze?



GLADYS HUDSON

*"Man is a creature of a wilful head,
And hardly driven is, but easily led."*



RUTH HUMES

*"One man among a thousand have I
found."*



JARVIS HYATT

*"Toots" has his way with everything
but the ladies.*



WALTER HYATT
The "Shiek" of Seymour.



CATHERINE JAMES
"There's scarce a case comes in but you shall find a woman at the bottom."



ELIZABETH JAMES
The course of true love never did run smooth.



MARY JOHNSON
"Find me a reasonable lover against his weight in gold."



MARY JUDD
Mary always likes green things, especially Hedges.



CHARLES KEACH

*"Days may come and days may go, but
I rave on forever."*



DOROTHY KELLEY

*A kind and gentle heart she has,
To comfort friends and foes,
She tells the whole wide world her joys,
But not a soul her woes.*



LYDIA KRUGE

Like Quebec she is stationed on a bluff.



CHARLES LINKE

*How ya gonna keep 'im down on th'
farm after he's seen Purdue?*



VERA LOCKMUND

*"I myself must mix with action
Lest I wither by despair."*

Guid Nov 10 - 1924



DOROTHY MAHORNEY

“What’s the good of living if we can’t enjoy ourselves?”



EARL McCANN

His name may be “Squirrely,” but he doesn’t like nuts.



HERSCHEL McCLINTICK

Bill says “It’s easy enough to attract the girls if you know how to work Commercial Arithmetic.”



ROBERT McCORD

“If work interferes with pleasure, give up work.”



HAROLD MISAMORE

We will miss “Missy” most when our opponents get some points ahead.



MAURICE MONTGOMERY

Maurice left us just in time to lose his dip.



RUBY MONTGOMERY

"Knowledge is easy to him who hath understanding."



VENEDA MOORE

"Be wiser than other people if you can; but do not tell them so."



NELLIE PEASE

"Everything unknown is taken to be magnificent."



FRANCIS RICHART

Enthusiastic member of the Bachelors' Club.



CHARLES ROSS

He has to get out and get under.



HOWARD ROSS

*Like a Dago, "Lick-Skillet" will play
if there is a monkey to dance.*



LESLIE RUSSELL

*Long, lean, lanky Russell,
Don't work and won't hustle.*



BERYL SHIELDS

*She speaks not because she has to say
something, but because she has some-
thing to say.*



MARIAN SIMON

*A very quiet girl, but just get her
started.....*



ELMA STARK

*"For John's sake, give me a man who
has brains enough to make a fool of
himself."*



ERMA STARK

Pep—bushels of it—and the right kind.



DOROTHY STORY

*Talk what you will of taste, my friend,
you'll find,
Two of a face as soon as of a mind.*



FRANKLIN SWAIN

"I want a Hall in my house."



LOUISE TASKEY

*"Look before you ere you leap;
For as you sow you're like to reap."*



EARL THOMPSON

*"For he's a jolly good fellow—
which nobody can deny."*

Killed Dec 27 - 1924



GLENN UTTERBACK

*"Twinkle, twinkle, little Star,
What a wonder car you are!
This time you are Cupid's car,
When Flo and Glenn out riding are."*



MARY WHITE

*"My thoughts by night are often filled
With visions false as fair,
For in the past alone, I build
My castles in the air."*



GEORGE WILSON

*George was a man till Cupid got after
him.*



EDITH ZIMMERMAN

*"O teach me how to look; and with
what art,
I can sway the motion of some fellow's
heart."*

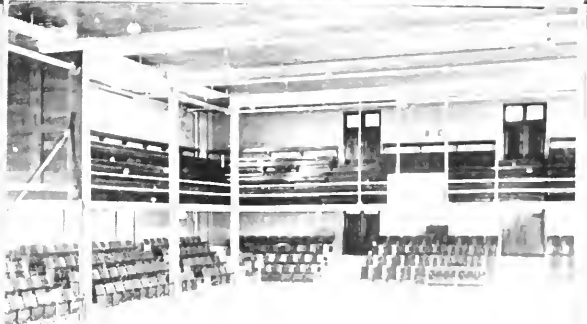
Familiar Haunts



Study Hall



Auditorium



Gymnasium

THE JUNIORS

"IN GOD WE TRUST"

TREE-TULIPTREE FLOWER-ROSE
COLORS - GOLD AND WHITE

PRESIDENT--LOUIS ECKSTEIN
VICE-PRESIDENT-DONALD MOORE
SECRETARY-FLORENCE GRIMES
TREASURER--MARY FETTIG

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HARRY BALDWIN
LOIS BARTLETT
BESSIE MAE BEACH
HERMAN BEEM
ESTHER BIDDLE
EARL BOOTH
GRACE BRACKEMYRE
JEANETTE CARSON
CONRAD CHRISTIE
ALICE CLARK
BERYL DANNETTELE
WILMA DEATS
FREEMAN DICKASON
MANUEL DOUGHERTY
MARION DOUGHERTY
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FLORENCE GRIMES
RAYMOND HOEVENER

JOSEPH JOHNSON
OPAL KASTING
ROBERT KASTING
HARRY KRUELL
RALPH LEMP
FORREST MALICK
AVIS McPIKE
ALFRED MILLER
ROBERT MISCH
D V E MITCHELL
DOROTHY MONTGOMERY
HENRIETTA MONTGOMERY
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EVERETT OTTE
CLARENCE POWERS
WILLIAM SCHLUESEMEIER
IRENE SPEAR
ELSIE SPURGEON
SUSIE SWENGLAN
LEONARD TAULMAN
LENORA THICKSTEN
DARRELL WELFER
EUGENE WRIGHT



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EVA ADAMS
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ALICE BECKER
MELVIN BELL
ELSIE BERGSICKER
ROY BEUKMAN
ALFRED BLEVINS
ERNEST BLEVINS
LEE BLEVINS
RUTH BLUMER
RUTH BOTTORFF
HILDA BRETTHAUER
EDWARD BROOKS
GERALD BROWNING
RUTH BRUNOW
GEORGE BRYAN
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WILLIS COX
ROBERT DAY
ETTA DETTNER
MARION DICKASON
PAUL DOUGLASS
ROWETA DUNCAN
MARGARET DUNN
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CARL HUSTEDT

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MARGARET KASTING
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HAROLD MASCHER
WALTER MASHINO
GLADYS McCORD
KENNETH McDONALD
GORDON MILLER
WILLIAM MILLER
DONALD MISAMORE
MADGE MOREN
MYRTLE MYERS
FRANCIS NICHALSON
WILLIAM NIEMAN
WILLIS NOELKER
HOWARD PARKER
ROBERT PARKER
SYLVESTER PEASE
VENICE RADER
BERENICE RITTENHOUSE
WILLIAM RODERT
DONALD ROSS
RUTH SIEFKER
RUTH SIMMONS
VIRGINIA SMITH
MAURICE SPRAY
RILEY SPRENGER
ROBERT SPRENGER
SYLVIA STANTS
DOROTHY STEINKAMP
PAUL STEINKAMP
VONDA STEWART
MARGARET SUMNER
MURIEL SWEANY
RALPH SWEET
HARRY THOMPSON
CARL VORNHOLT
DOROTHY WALTERS
HAROLD WINKLER
SAM WHITSON
MARY WORLEY



THE FRESHMEN

ELIZA ABBETT
JOYCE ACKERMAN
EMMA ALWES
THOMAS AUFFENBURG
BURT BAKER
VALEDIA BALDWIN
PEARL BEDEL
JESSIE BELL
ROGER BILLINGS
WILLIAM BOBB
HELEN BREITFIELD
TOM BOLLINGER
WESLEY BORCHERDING
DONALD BRUNOW
RALPH BRUNOW
HOWARD BUCKLEY
LLOYD BULGER
GEORGE BURRELL
DONALD BUSH
BERNADINE BUSKIRK
MARGARET BUSKIRK
GERTRUDE CALLAHAN
ALMA BELLE CHARLES
BYRON CHENOWETH
DORIS CHILDS
DOROTHY CLARK
IRENE CLIFFTON
ALICE COBB
JESSE COMBS
EARL COX
PHILLIP COX
WERNER COX
EDWARD DOUGLASS
BERL DOUGHTY
RUTH DUNN
LOLA ELLIOT
ELIZABETH FEASTER
MADELINE FINDLEY
JOHN FOX
LOUISE FREELAND
LOIS GILBERT
ROSS GLASSON
LOTTA MAY GOBLE

AGNES GOENS
KERVAL GOODWIN
ALTON GORBETT
ADDIE GREEN
GEORGE GREEN
HELEN GREENE
DELBERT GOSSETT
WILLIAM HALL
RUSSELL HAMER
MARIE HANNER
ELMA HAZZARD
CATHERINE HEHMAN
AGNES HEITKAMP
NEAL HENNESSY
ARTHUR HERKAMP
LUCILE HIRTZEL
MARGUERITE HOFFMIRE
EARL HOPPER
LYNN HUBER
MARGARET JACOBS
ALVIN JOHNSON
ALBERT JUDD
SARA KEACH
ALICE KIRSCH
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WILBUR PHILL'PS
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EDWARD RIEHL
EARL RUSSELL
LYMAN SAGE
HELEN SCHAFFER
CHARLES SCHNECK
RUTH SEWELL
HERSCHEL SPURGEON
OLIVER STEINBERGER
VIRGIL STEINKER
MARTIN STOCKAMP
REBA SWEANY
DALLAS THOMAS
LOUIS TOBORG
MURIEL TRUEBLOOD
DELORIS VANHOY
ARTHUR VOGEL
SYBIL WEASNER
ROY WILLIAMS
ATHOS WOOLLS
MARTIN WULFF
EARL YOUNG
KENNETH YOUNG
BENJAMIN YOUNT
LOIS ZIMMERMAN





JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL

8-A CLASS

HARRY ACKERET
MARIE ACKERET
LORA ALBRICH
PAULINE ASHLEY
LOTTIE AULT
MARY BARKMAN
PHYLLIS BARNETT
ELIZABETH BARNUM
WILMA BARNUM
WILBUR BIGGS
RALPH BOHNENKAMP
ADELINE BOWMAN
BENNETT BOWMAN
OPAL CALLAHAN
ARTHUR CARPENTER
NORENA CARPENTER
VIRGINIA CASE
ELSIE CROUCHER
GERTRUDE DEPUTY
INEZ DOWNEY
ALLEN EUDALY
HARRY GERDOM
PAUL GERKENSMEYER

GORDON HALLOWELL
CARL HAPER
JAMES HARLOW
MARY HATFIELD
ARTHUR HEIWIG
LAWRENCE HENDERSON
LEON HIMLER
MADA HODAPP
DOROTHY HOLLENBECK
MARJORIE HOUSE
MARY HUNTER
VIRGINIA JOHNSON
ADEN JONES
EARL KAMMAN
LURENE KRUEWELL
WRIGHT KYSTAR
MARY LEWIS
HOWARD MEYER
JUANITA PARR
CHARLES PHILLIPS
THELMA PICKERRELL
CLARENCE POLLARD

FERN PREWITT
EDWARD REVEAL
EDNA REYNOLDS
LORENE RHODES
LELAND ROSS
MILDRED SCHAFER
LOUIS SCHRAEDER
CHARLES SEWELL
THELMA SERP
HARRIETT SMITH
HELEN STAAB
DONALD STEINKAMP
MACK STEINKAMP
CHARLES TASKAY
DOROTHY TASKAY
MARTIN TASKAY
ALBERT TOBERG
JOHN WARD
GEORGINA WEDEL
JOE WHITE
OREN WILLIAMSON
KERMIT YORK

8-B CLASS

LUCILLE ABELL
MERRILL ALEXANDER
CLARENCE ARBUCKLE
DORIS AUFDERHEIDE
WILLIAM BALSLEY
LUCILLE BENDER
MARY BIGGS
STUART BLISH
VERNIE BOWMAN
PAUL BRACKEMYRE
WILMA BROCKHOFF
ROBERT BUHNER
MAURINE CARTER
BOBBY CHAMBERS
GEORGE COLLINS
PAULINE CROUCHER
MILDRED DAILY
MARY DOUGHERTY
HARRY DOWNING
GLENN DUNCAN

DOLORES ELSNER
ESTHER ENGLAND
RALPH FOSTER
BERNICE GOENS
EDITH GOENS
ARTHUR GREEN
HOWARD HALL
MIRIAM HAMILTON
DOROTHY HAUENCHILD
VIDA HAWK
GRACE HORNING
MILDRED HUNTERMAN
FLORA HUSTEDT
GROVER HUTCHINGS
DONALD KASTING
ROBERT KNOST
MILDRED LARABEE
HARVEY LEWIS
LOYD MOREN
KENNETH OTTO

DOROTHY MYERS
CLARA PATTERSON
EDNA PETERS
NARCISSUS REDMAN
LUCILE REED
WILLIS RESINER
HAZEL RICH
ORVILLE ROBERT
BERNIE RUCKER
FREIDA SCHLEIBAUM
MARGARITE SCHRINK
GLEN SEWARD
CHRISTINE SMITH
OPAL SPRAY
HOWARD SPRENGER
JUANITA SWENDEL
ELSIE WEBER
KATHRYN WHEELER
ANITA WOLTER
MARTHA WOODARD

7-A CLASS

SYLVESTER ANDERSON
LOIS ASHLEY
WILLIAM BARNES
ALVIN BEKMAN
ADA BROOKS
THEODORIS CLARK
HERBERT COCHRAN
DOROTHY COX
HOMER DUE
MARGUERITE EMHUFF
WILLIAM EMHUFF
CLAUDIA EMLY
WILLIAM FENTON
HELEN FRANZ
EDWARD GREENE
SARAH HATTON

LOIS HERCAMP
DOROTHY HOOKER
DALE HOOPER
ROBERT JACKSON
RALPH JAMES
FERDINAND JAYNES
PAUL LACEY
LILLIE LESLIE
WAYNE JEFFERS
RAYMOND MANNING
GLENN McCLAIN
EMMA McCORD
JOHN McCORMICK
FULTON MEYER
MINNIE MILLS
MARGARET MYRON

EMERALD NEWKIRK
HELEN OWENS
BERNICE PRATHER
BERTHA ROBBINS
CHARLES RUSSELL
FAYE STARK
MILDRED STARK
HAROLD STELLER
FAIRBELL SULLIVAN
BERNICE SWANEY
LAURA SWEET
HAROLD TASKAY
HENRY WEBB
VERNE WRIGHT
ROBERT ZICKLER

7-B CLASS

ERLINE ALLEN
ROBERT ALLEN
GRAHAM ANDREWS
WILLIAM BAISE
ALBERT BELDING
BEATRICE BISHOP
MILDRED BRETHAUER
DOROTHY BROWN
FLORENCE BRYAN
EDITH BUCKLEY
ALBERT CAMPBELL
EDGAR DAY

BRYAN DOUGLASS
MARVIN FENTON
LUCILE HATTABAUGH
VIRGINIA HOADLEY
LORA HUNT
KATHRYN JAMES
ALICE KIEBTH
DOROTHY KYSTAR
KATHLEEN McDONALD
BESS McCANNON
MARJORIE MILLER
DONALD OTTO

DOROTHY PHILLIPS
MARGARET PICKERRELL
RAY PRALL
CLARENCE REDMAN
FRANCES REED
AARON SALLEE
LILA SCHAFER
ADDIE SHUTTERS
VIRGINIA STANTON
GENELLE SUTTON
INA WHITCOMB





ORGANIZATIONS





Girls' Glee Club

OPAL BALDWIN
PEARL BANTA
FLORENCE BLAIN
RUTH BOTTORFF
GERTRUDE BURKART
RUTH CHRISTIE
JEANETTE CLARK
VELMA COOPER
BERYL DANNETTELE
MARGARET DEHLER
ROWETA DUNCAN
ETHEL DUNN
MARGARET DUNN
MARY FETTIG
FLORENCE GRIMES
LOIS HALL
ESTHER HEIWIG
GLADYS HUDSON

RUTH HUMES
GLADYS HOPPLE
DOROTHY JACOBS
ELIZABETH JAMES
KATHRYN JAMES
MARY JOHNSON
MARY JUDD
OPAL KASTING
GLADYS McCORD
AVIS McPHE
DOROTHY MAHONEY
VENEDA MOORE
MYRTLE MYERS
VENICE RAIFER, *Piano*
ELMA STARK
ERMA STARK
SUSIE SWENGLE
LOUISE TASKEY



Boys' Glee Club

HAROLD AHLBRAND
HUGH ANDREWS
WILBUR BALDWIN
ARTHUR BECKER
ALFRED BLEVINS
LEE BLEVINS
CONRAD CHRISTIE
BERL DOUGHTY
LOUIS ECKSTEIN
KERVAL GOODWIN
HARDEN HANCOCK

JAMES HONAN
JARVIS HYATT
WALTER HYATT
ROBERT McCORD
DONALD MISAMORE
HAROLD MISAMORE
DONALD MOORE
ALBERT MYERS
HOWARD ROSS
EARL THOMPSON
GLADYS HUDSON, *Piano*



HIGH SCHOOL ORCHESTRA

Flute

BERNICE FOSTER

Violins

ELMA STARK
ERMA STARK
ROY WILLIAMS
ETHEL DUNN
MARIAN SIMON
MARGARET DUNN
JEANETTE CLARK
LOUISE FREELAND

Saxophone

HARRY THOMPSON
ROBERT SPRENGER

Cornet

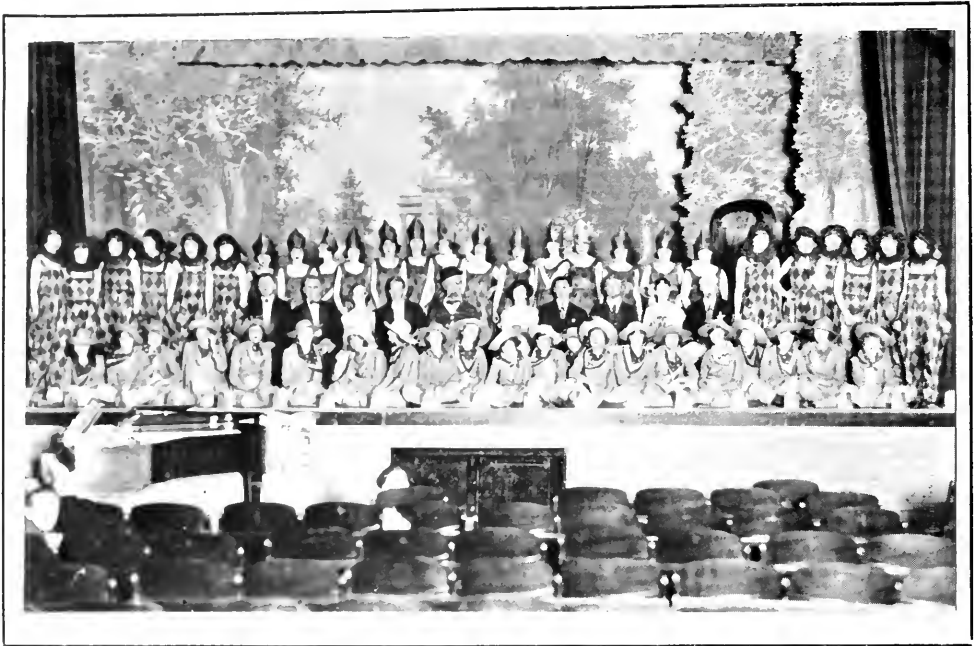
LELAND HOLTMAN

Trombone

ROGER BILLINGS

Piano

HOWARD ROSS



Kathleen

Lem Underduck, Flynnville's police foree.....KINGSLEY BRINKLOW
 Teckley Bramble, best checker player in town.....CLETIS MACKEY
 Arabella Wilkins, the village post-mistress.....LOUISE CARTER
 Jimmy Stanton, rich in love, but poor in fact.....LYNN CORDES
 Flossie Neverset, who vamps and dances.....RUTH CHRISTIE
 Kathleen, Michael's niece and ward.....ELSIE REYNOLDS
 Michael Flynn, Flynnville's wealthiest citizen.....ARTHUR WILDE
 Hans Swindler, proprietor of the General Store.....GEORGE McLAUGHLIN
 Ned Rollington, with a college education.....LELAND BRIDGES
 Higgins, the butlerSIM TURMAIL

Lassies, Villagers, Tennis Girls, Every Toad, Shy Maids, By Hecks, Guest Girls, Dance My Lady, Danec-O-Mania.



A TAILOR-MADE MAN

Mr. Huber	GEORGE WILSON
Mr. Rowland	HAROLD AHLBRAND
Peter	JAMES HONAN
Dr. Sonntag	CLIFFTON FISCHBACH
Tanya Huber	RUTH HUMES
John Paul Bart	FRANKLIN SWAIN
Pomerooy	GLENN UTTERBACK
Mrs. Stanlaw	LYDIA KRUGE
Mr. Stanlaw	ROBERT MCCORD
Corinne Stanlaw	GLADYS HUDSON
Dorothy	ELVA CARTER
Bobby Westlake	HUGH ANDREWS
Mr. Fleming	MARTIN BUHNER
Mr. Crane	CHARLES LINKE
Mr. Carroll	KENNETH GOSSETT
Mrs. Fitzmorris	ETHEL DUNN
Mr. Fitzmorris	HOLLIS HOOKER
Mrs. Kitty Dupuy	OPAL BALDWIN
Bessie Dupuy	THELMA BELL
Mr. Jellicott	HAROLD MISAMORI
Abraham Nathan	OSBORNE FISCHBACH
Miss Shayne	DOROTHY MAHONEY
Mr. Grayson	LESLIE RUSSELL
Mr. Whitcomb	JAMES BLACK
Mr. Cain	HOWARD ROSS
Mr. Russell	ARTHUR BECKER
Mr. Flynn	WALTER HYATT
Wheating	WILBUR BALDWIN

WAITERS—Ernest Herring, Harden Hancock, Kieth Brackemyre.

COUPLES AT RECEPTION—Charles Linke, Earl McCann, Carl Buhner, Francis Richart, Charles Ross, Nellie Pease, Veneda Moore, Erma Stark, Elma Stark, Lillian Buhner, Vera Lockmund, Mary Louise White.



THE CHARM SCHOOL

A COMEDY

Austin Bevans	LEWIS ADAMS
David Mackenzie	CHARLES KEACH
George Boyd	RAYMOND BLUMER
Jim Simpkins	JARVIS HYATT
Tim Simpkins	HUBERT HEDGES
Homer Johns	MAURICE HAPER
Elise Benedotti	PEARL BANTA
Miss Hays	DOROTHY STORY
Miss Curtis	ESTHER HEIWIG
Sally Boyd	GLADYS HOPPLE
Muriel Doughty	RUBY MONTGOMERY
Ethel Spelvin	NORMA BARKMAN
Alix Mercier	FLORENCE BLAIN
Lillian Stafford	CATHERINE JAMES
MADGE KENT	EUNICE ALEXANDER
Charlotte Grey	MARIAN SIMON

THE YOUNG LADIES OF THE SCHOOL

Dotsie	LOIS HALL
Edna	EVA HEIN
Celia	ELIZABETH JAMES
Margaret	INEZ BEUKMAN
Mary	EDNA BIDDLE
Gertrude	MARY JOHNSON
Ruth	MARY JUDD

High School Alumni

Forty-nine years ago the first class graduated from the Shields High School. Since the foundation of the school there have been probably thirty-five hundred pupils who have shared in its work and received a preparation, more or less extended, for the duties of life. When we consider the work of the school and the good it has done, we must take into consideration all who have been enrolled, and not only those who have finished the entire course of study offered by the school.

The Alumni of the school now numbers nine hundred and fifty-six, most of whom have filled and are filling honorable places in life. A glance over the roll of graduates and into the lives of the men and women whose names we find there, will convince any one that a "*High School education does not unfit boys and girls for the practical duties of life.*" The work of any school or institution of learning is best evidenced by the lives of the men and women that it sends forth into the world.

GRADUATES OF THE SHIELDS HIGH SCHOOL

1874	Alice Marshall	1882
Herbert Bowers	Jennie Swope Montgomery	Marvin D. Deputy
Amelia Platter	Emma Vogel Clow	*Edward V. Johnston
Emma Rapp Bowers	1878	Fannie Vogel Hancock
1875	No Class Graduated	1883
*John B. Blish	1879	Walter Johnston
David McCrady	Emma Brown Shields	*Lizzie Lewis Trimble
*Rose Gerrish	Mary Durland Orman	Cyrus McCrady
Anna Mills	Sadie Frey	Fannie Shields Barnes
Carrie E. Mills Cone	Carrie Heaton	Frankie Williams McCrady
1876	John J. Cobb	John A. Wood
*Emma Blish Thompson	*Rena Marshall	1884
Nannie Cobb Pellens	Belle Schmitt Gates	Emma Hibner Russell
Eva Cooley Fenton	1880	Geneva Huffman Bare
Ella Craig Rapp	Winifred Elliot Ackley	Kate Jackson
*Betty Ewing Mills	*Lizzie Fairbanks Coakley	*Oliver Frank McDonald
Jennie Kling Dunbar	Ida Harding Montgomery	*Nannie Price
Mary McCrory	John J. Smith	Kittie Sprigman Faulconer
*Jennie Rapp Enos	Mollie Patrick Bache	Georgie Thompson
Anna Schmitt Thompson	Max Rosenburg	Laura Thumser Horst
*Emma Shaw	1881	Kate Vosbrink
Harvey St. Clair	Charlton A. Swope	1885
Hattie Swope	*Lutie Blish Humbert	Inez Elliott
1877	Effie DeVore McClure	*Carl Horst
Annie Doane Vogel	Lulu Donaldson Harsh	*Kate Hensley
Gorge D. Carter	Mattie Edward Crim	Nivoda Johnson Baldrige
James E. Moore	Flora Miller	*H. C. Johnson
Dr. F. W. Brown	John A. Ross	*Ella Rankin
*Dr. M. F. Gerrish	Etta Thumser Laupus	Tillie Schneck Severinghaus
		Mamie Wilson Brooks

1886

Jennie Bain Flemings
Kittie Benjamin
Louisa Brown
Clara Childs England
Emma Groub Masters
Nannie Hancock Buchannan
Harley H. Hoskins
Ora Jennings White
Edwin Severinghaus

1887

Travis Trumbo
Priscilla Bergdell Nieman
Walter Wood
John Brown
Anna Hancock
Kate Andrews

1888

Maggie Hancock
Mary Huffman Graessle
*Fannie Lyon
*Sarah E. Marsh
*Inez L. Newby

1889

Frank Baker
Kate Greer Wells
*Bruce Shields

1890

Cordelia Andrews Winn
Amanda Baird
Minnie Phelan Riehm
Carrie Banta Seacove
Ida Champion Baxter
Laura Gibson Hill
Effie Gowdy
Minnie Frey Dobbins
*Daisy Johnson Johnson
Amelia Reich
Kate Tromback

1891

*Orlena Huffman Cloud
*Elva Kieth
Mary Mead Brand
Martilla Mead St. John
Naoma Montgomery
Minnie Sarver
Louise Schneck Raineir
A. R. Vogel
Emma White

1892

*Jessie Bollinger Hancock
Etta Brooks Bridges
Jessie Burton
Mary Clark
Irma Fitch
Lenore Gasaway Swails
*Anna Greer McCaffy
Eva Hancock
Lettie Marsh Orr
Kittie Marshall
Adelaide Miller
Minnie Ross Zimmerman
Ida Sarver Kackley
*Benjamin Schneck
John Sheron
A. D. Shields
*Kate Trumbo

1893

George Bush
Ida Campbell Bonnell
Everett Frazer
Nannie Love Frazer
Radie Marsh Nelson
Anna McElvain Reinhart
Maggie Mitchel
Agnes Neighbor
Robert Neighbor
Vina Ross
Harry Thompson

1894

Minnie Adams
Will P. Billings
Corwin Boake
Fred C. Bush
Alice Cobb Carlson
Irma Crabb Lewis
*S. V. Jackson
*Rose Klein
Ida Oesting Thompson
J. Benjamin Robertson
Bertha Salsich Baird
Ira G. Saltmarsh
F. V. Schmitt
Margaret Schobert White

1895

Myrtle Baker Page
Lucy Boake Short
Pearl Clark
Ed Humes

Rose Hirtzell
Alice Harding
Fred Leininger
Jennie Lemon Barritt
Algettie Lester Carter
*Lulu Mason McPheeters
Margaret J. Phelan
Amie Robertson
Elizabeth Reinhart O'Mara
Willard Stout
Bertha Short Reinhart

1896

Edna Brown
Emelia Beikman
Bert Bottorff
Eleuthera Davison Coryea
*Clara Everhart
*Alice Moses Flomerfelt
Edith Flenniken Gaylord
Freda Heins Hauenschield
Maud Jeffries
*Laura Klipple
Georgia Montgomery Kirsch
Harry McGinnis
Albert Meseke
Mary Meek
Nina Patrick
Clara Nieman Becker
Edna Scanlon Bollinger
Johnanna Newby
Ross Robertson

1897

Daisy Alwes
Virgil Able
J. H. Andrews
H. W. Burkley
Clara Beyer Rapp
Lulu Casey Holderman
*Mayme Dennison Saltmarsh
*Emma Niemeyer
Enola Miller Montgomery
Harry H. McDonald
*Emma Hustedt Bell
*Bertha McCann
Caroline Reich
Katherine Short
Bessie Thompson
Nettie Wilhelm
Bertie Wolf McHaffie
Alpha Hoadley Williams

1898

Albert Charles
Arthur DeGolyer
Harry Dannettell
Carrie Dennison
Hattie Emery Fink
Lydia Frey Elrod
Lena Harlow
Nora Flenniken
Kittie Jackson Vernier
Mae Love
Millicent Miles Groub
Helen Smith Graessle
Edward Lauster

1899

Harry Arnold
Josephine Abel
Nora Abel
Bertha Bollinger
Jason Crane
Clarence Davis
Hettie Elliott Spreen
Arthur French
Clarence Hinsdale
Wayne Hancock
Effie Hibner Carter
Fred Jeffries
Lulu Knost
Edward Loertz
Sudie Mills Matlock
John Patrick
Garfield Rapp
Effie Weaver DeGoyler

1900

Laura Edith Andrews
Nellie Balsley
Rose Barkman Hamilton
Myrtle Bennett
Will Borcharding
John Buhner
Grace Conner Harris
Minnie Cordes Wilhelm
Ed Elsner
Lyda Flenniken
Blanche Huffman
Macie Johnson Hill
Merle Little
*H. Roy Luckey

Bessie Montgomery
Emma Meseke Mattox
Thomas O'Mara
Wm. Peter, Jr.
Raliegh Robertson
Ed H. Vehslage

1901

*Mae Boggs
Katie Mae Cordes Luckey
Ben H. Cox
Thomas Casey
Helena Hustedt Bender
Everett Heller
Ed. Hopewell
Viola Harsh Critcher
Albert Massman
Erma Montgomery Williams
Herbert Robertson
Amy B. Roegge
Dorothy Sandau Martin
Margaret Sheron Crane
Frank B. Shields
Lelia Vest Mayes
Emma William Brunow
Vallie Woesner
Bertha Truelock Campbell
Clarence Weaver

1902

Anna G. Abel
Harry G. Ackerman
James G. Anderson
Goldie G. Atkisson
Geo. A. Baldwin
Daisy E. Barkman Blair
Albert E. Berdon
Kelsa F. Bottorff
Jessie L. Buchanan
Andrew L. Carson
Margaret Finnegan Baker
Clara Grelle Krueger
Harry B. Guernsey
Agnes A. Hoffman
Flossie B. Johnson
Albert H. Kasting
E. G. Kyte
Clara Massman
Kathryne Price
Alma L. Reich
Clara L. Trueter
Harry E. Vogel

1903

John H. Conner
Frank A. Dahlenburg
*Charlton V. Durland
John Louis Finnegan
Frances Hibner Milhouse
Rosa Himler Meyer
Otto Carl Horst
Mayme McDonald Elsner
Everett F. Meyer
Lillian Prewitt
*Edna F. Price
Maybelle Richardson Fox
John C. Rinne
Irwin A. Schneck
Carl R. Switzer
Nellie Switzer
J. F. W. Westmier

1904

Howard W. Balsley
Don A. Bollinger
Ida M. Critcher Casper
Viola E. Doane
Allen C. Foster
Georgia Lauster Hopewell
Bertha Meseke
Madge Montgomery Steel
Faye Johnson Reisner
Mina Weaver Meyer
Bertha E. Woesner

1905

Chas. Appel
*Nellie Baughman
*Elsie Cordes
Walter Horst
Bertha Hoffman Hunter
Maurice Jennings
Effie Lane McCulley
Edna Massman
Wm. G. Masters
Frieda Meyer
Harlan Montgomery
Julius Peter
Nellie Phelan
John Roeger
Claude Swengle

1906

Anna Able
Helen Andrew Kahin
*Lynn Bollinger

Everet Craig
Ora Emery
Glen Frey
Irma Hodapp Boicourt
Bessie Humes
Christine Leblin Rapp
*Alice Lucky
Kathryn McLaughlin
Joseph Ormsby
Clara Rapp
Harold Ritter
Mary Schmitt
Ida Siefker
Lenore Stanfield
Stanley Switzer

1907

Minnie Bartlett
Bernice Bauer
Fred Bruning
Stenson Clark
*Henry Cobb
Addie Gasaway
Edward Huber
Gladys Kyte
*Clara McDonald
Frank Montgomery
Clara Niemeyer
Anna Rucker
Robertson Short
*Edna Swope Hughes
Wilhelmina Veshlage

1908

Nettie Able Harlow
George Appel
Ora Armstrong
Glen Basey
John Casey
Agnes Cobb
Roger Craig
Fern Densford
Grace Doane
Chas. Hess
Jessie Himler
Delight Hopewell Catt
Stella Laupus Huffman
Hazel Love Sargent
Mentoria McDonald Kendall
Maud McGinnis
Mabel Niemeyer
Chas. Phelan
Emma Ross Mecke

Minnie Shepard
May Spurling Dobbins
Alma Switzer
George Veshlage

1909

Ross Baldwin
Louisa Brown Swengel
James Enos
Rosa Hunt McLean
Lynn Heller
Howard Bartlett
Goldie Kendall
Goldie Lutes
Matilda Leblin
Helen Massman
Chas. Rottman
Louis Schneck
Karl Seulke
Mabel Hodapp Hufnagel
Clem Roegge
Holmes Thompson
Evelyn Wood

1910

Flossie Allen
Florence Appel
Ada Cordes McCool
Forest Craig
Lemuel Day
Homer Davis
Edna Dobbins Sanders
Francis Gates
Enola Harris
Erna Heuser
Linden Hodapp
Lillian Kelly Kern
Alma Laupus Appel
Myra Laupus Gates
Elsie Lawell Rodert
Cash McOsker
Christine Meyer
Merrill Montgomery
*Francis Murdock
T. Louis Niemeyer
Fern Ritter
Elsie Rucker Sheets
Frank Schwab
Joseph Swope
Frances Teckemeyer
Harold Veshlage
Blain Vogel
Frank Wheeler

Bernice White Hodapp
Rex Whitson

1911

Carrie Aufderheide
Fred Bacon
Mary Baker Brooks
Madge Brown
Willard Burkley
Hattie Carr Hill
Catharine Clark
Louis Cordes
Gladys Coryell Coleman
Helen Downs Minkiewitz
Chas. Foster
Margart Frey Thoma
Harold Graessle
Kennedy Hassenzahl
Minnie Heintz Marquette
Frank Hopewell
Martha Kitts Myrtle
Clara Langhorst Tupman
Marguerite Miller Hodapp
Carl Osterman
Nora Pomeroy Darling
Margaret Remy
Lois Reynolds Stiles
Minnie Schleter
Gertrude Sweany Pillinger
Julius Teckemeyer
Walter Voss
Leota Wieneke

1912

Ruth Baldwin
Ernest Ballard
Lulu Bishop
Bessie Bollinger
Beula H. Bozell
Linton Brewer
Francis Bunton
Juliette Cox Betz
Clarence Craig
John Eckler
Carl Fox
Raymond Foster
Leland Hadley
Hazel Heinz Myers
Elizabeth Hoffman Hetzler
Clarence Kasting
George Laupus
Martha Loertz

Ruth Leblin Enos
Joseph McDonald
Marion McIntyre
Irving Pumphrey
Luncan Reed
Lora Reynolds Stewart
Ethel Rottman
*Alice Ruddick
Edna Schwab Garvey
Roy Schafer
Alice Stanfield Cooley
Leona Thompson Hess
Luella Toms Graessle
Hattie Roeger

1913

Esther Arnold
Mary Lee Galbraith Armstrong
Mary Teckemeyer Bacon
Cullen Barnes
*Hazel Bretthauer Fleetwood
Freda Deppert Feaster
Josephine Fettig
Wilfred Geile
Maurice Hodapp
Ruth Kaufman
Will Humes
Catherine Hancock Laupus
Frank Lemp
Mary Mack
Harriett Montgomery
George Schleter
Earl Schobert
Lena Shafer
Ethel Stewart
Charles Thomas
Bertha Torbrocke
Henry Walenburg
Ewing Shields
Roy Manion
Chester Miller

1914

Horace H. Ackerman
Eleanor Ahlbrand
Ernest Amick
Jennie Bridges Zanders
Zetta Brown Woody
Esther Bush
William Byrne
Margaret Byrne
Hazel Clark

Wilma Colemeyer
Phillip Cordes
Raymond Craig
Fred Culp
Josephine Cuddahee
Esther Doane
Ova Donnell
Arthur Enos
Faye Everhart Amick
Alice Fox
Mary Foster
Thomas Galbraith
Herbert Gallemore
Omer Greeman
John Hagel
Minerva Hazzard Gruber
Ray Himebaugh
Gladys Johnson
Pearl Kaufman
Kathryn Kessler
Cecil Kelso
Inez Kreinhagen Dennison
Mary Lewis
Everett Murray
Gertrude Meyer
Grace Miller Hemmer
Joseph Misch
Chloe Nevans
Lillian Osterman Brunow
Ira Pomeroy
Amelia Schleter
Alice Saunders
Grahame St. John
Charles Trumbo
Bertha Werning
Myrtle Young Ackerman

1915

Mabel Marie Abell
Walter Abel
Grace Ackeret
Lois Baker
William Beyer
Orville Bottorff
Reginald Brinklow
Kingsley Brinklow
Mary Byrne Rottman
Lura Carnes
Thomas V. Carter
Herbert Craig
Merle Danneltell
Florence Darling Bartlett

Harold Donnell
Mary Magdleen Fettig
Margaret Foster
Doris Geile
Estella Gillert
Imogene Glasson
Harry Glasson
Winifred Greene
Viola Green
Earle Harrington
Mabel Clare Harrod
Frances Hess
Edna Hodapp
Elton Howe
Edris Hughes
Minnie Madden
Bernice Amelia Miller
Roy Niehaus
Marie Orr
Louis Osterman
Russell Phillips
Nona Rucker
C. George Schleter
Lawrence Shannon
Edna Smith
Mildred Tucker
Frank Wineke
Laura William Schneck
Caroline Wohrer
Margaret McDonald Burton

1916

Lloyd Franklin Ackerman
Rachel Barbour
Gladys Becker
Lyman Blish
Joe Burton
Lois Casey Beatty
William DeMunbrum
Glennis Dixon
Rebecca Dixon
Grace Foster
Mabel Foster
Maud Foster
Claude Glasson
Elsie Harris
Paul Hoffman
Hilda Howe
Mary Irene Hunsucker
Fenelon Johnson
Meril Jones
Frieda Kasting

Annette Kessler Test
Nellie Lind
*William Mackey
Marion Mains
Maud McClintock
Harold Meyer
Charles Milburn
Leota Nevins Brinklow
Samuel Newby
Inez Paul
Chester Riley
Claude Robbins
Cecil Shields
Emma Simons
Carl Sumner
Charles Stanfield
Pearl Teckemeyer
Edith Trumbo
Dorothy Ulm Plump
Carrie Ethel Walker
Jean Weber
Harry M. Williams
Chester Wilson

1917

Jessaline Alexander
Helen Barnes Stout
Paul Becker
Willard Becker
Hal Branaman
Elmer Bollinger
Amy Bridges Goodlander
Helen Brunow Bruening
Genevieve Brocher
John Connelly
Flossie Collins
Iris Cox Weddel
Edna Dixon
Ruth Edwards
Marguerite Fox
Clyde Fitzgibbon
Esther Grelle
Esther Groub Enos
Kenneth Greeman
Mansil Hughes
Jess Hoover
Carmel Hazzard
Louise Hodapp
Ruth Kamman
Madge Linke
Margaret Lewis
Lee Miller

Ethel Mitchel
Margaret McCord
Mabel McColgin
Kenneth McCurdy
Elsie Miller
Marie Nichter Wells
Lila Nieman
Hulda Osterman Topie
Fae Patrick
Veva Paul Cooper
Fay Parker
Malcolm Rittenhouse
Horace Seelinger
Carl Sumner
Edwin Schleter
Oscar Shepard
Virgil Snow
Ruby Smith Kaufman
Edna Sumner Glasson
Willa Teckemeyer
Eva Thicksten
Marie Wieneke
Lillian Whitson
Anna Zimmerman

1918

Burel Beatty
Lorita Bollinger
Jerome Boyles
Frederick Bretthauer
Daisy Carter Weddel
Edric Cordes
Georgia Cox
Due Craig
Alice Dixon
Gladys Fox
Gladys Glasson Shannon
Marguerite Hirtzel
Kathryn Hodapp
Esther Humes
George Hurt
Doris Jackson
Thelma Jones
Lawrence Kasting
Lucille Kasting
Elizabeth Lucile Kessler
Alice Kruge
Emma Kruge
Justine Leas
Katherine Love Howse
Mabel Martin
Harry Miller

Mildred Nichter
William Ross
Otis Shannon
Joseph Sheedy
Jennie Shields
Francis Stunkel
Frank Weller

1919

Thelma Alberring
Ralph Amick
Elsie Aufenberg
Beulah Barnum
Edith Bowman
Albert Bretthauer
Leroy Bretthauer
Edward Buhner
Maurice Byrne
Helen Clark
Ruth Craig
Helen Dannettelle
Durbin Day
Earl Dieck
Edna Downs Kruwell
Rugy Ernest
Gleason Ewing
Mylrea Findley Schaeffer
Stella Gossett
Garnet Greeman
Maud Green
Lillian Griffiths
Marie Gudgel
Margaret Hall
Irene Heideman
James Himler
Walter Huber
Hazel Humes
Fern Hunter
Ruth Hunter
Harold James
Glenn Keach
Ruth Kramer
Gladys Lawell
Cletus Mackey
Luella Mascher
Ruth Miller
Irene Pfenning
Esther Prall
Edwin Ruddick
Hazel Stanfield
Hilda Steinwedel
Edith Summa

Omega Wheaton
Josephine White Icenogle
Arthur Wilde

1920

Bessie Abell
William Abel
Hazel Ackeret
Fred Ackerman
Agnes Andrews
Mary Goodloe Billings
Helen Blain
Charles Blumer
Karl Braskett
Mae Carr
Anna Holland Carter
Louise Carter
Ella Clements
Marion Crabb
Opal Craig
Newton Day
Irene Dehler
Montclova Fields Hill
Everett Foster
Frances Green
Harry Gottberg
Jane Hass
Merrill Harsh
Mary Louise Honan
Margaret Hopewell
Dorothy Huber Lunte
Garrison Humes
Dora Johnson
Cecil Jones
Ruby Judd
Ella Mae Kruwell
Helen Lewis
Oren Lewis
Elnora Lockmund
Maurice Mackey
Edward Massman
Gladys May
Harold Mercer
Edmund Montgomery
Doris Norbeck
Arthur Phillips
Kathryn Reider
Miriam Rinne
Malcolm Routt
Edna Ruddick
Kathryn Schaefer
*Howard E. Shultz

Eugene Smith
Anna Schmidt
Leo Spray
Dorothy Spanagel
Clarence Steinwedel
Ruth Stanfield
Margaret Thomas
Emma Maude Wesner
Kenneth Whitman
Helen Wolter
Felix Cadou

1921

Henry Abbett
Pearl Ackeret
Waneta Albrich Reveal
Joe Andrews, Jr.
Tipton Blish
Howard Blumer
Wm. Brackemyre
Edwina Carson
Forrest Brockhoff
Calvin Dobbins
Frances Downs Newson
Florence Downing
Marguerite Edgar
Shirley Foulconer
Mildred Fettig
Mable Green
Margaret Guthrie
Ellsworth Hagel
Harry Hedges
Thomas Humes
Esther Jones
Ruby Joslin
Robert Keach
Alma Kruge
Helen Linke
Agnes Lucas
Ralph Mack
Wm. Mains
Charles Maple
Frank Miller
Francis Misch
Earl Parker
Esther Phillips
Elsie Reider
Alba Rogers
Lewis Schaefer
Alice Seymour
Mack Shiel
Olive Stants

Glen Sutton
Lucile Walters
Bertha Weller
George Weller
Florence Wicthoff

1922

Constance Adams
Brimow Ahlbrand
Charles Banta
Robert Barbour
Florence Becker
Edith Benkman
Helen Blevins
Gladys Breitfield
Paula Breitfield
Mary Brown
Owen Carter
Emalyn Collins
John Deal
Grace Dunn
Oscar Fenton
Francis Fettig
Chester Fill
Alice Foster
Francis Geile
Frances Gill
Stella Hallowell
Lawrence Hatfield
John Hunter
Ray Julian
Paul Kamman
Arthur Kaufman
Matilda Kessler
Kathryn Kirsh
Forrest Kysar
Marie Kysar
Eloise Lee
Gladys Lee
Carl Malick
Robert Mann
Donald Miller
Fern Rhodes
Margaret Riefl
Agnes Riordan
Ruth Robertson
Hershall Ruddick
Lloyd Schafer
Dorothy Smith
Louise Werning
Hamer Wesner
* Deceased.

THE DISCUSSION LEAGUE

That "Time does make ancient good uncouth" is true of the old-time elocution; but so great is the delight of audiences in oral expression, that the temporary disfavor in which it was held is rapidly being done away with, and there has come a revived interest in oral expression.

Contests in debating, discussion, oratory, and interpretative reading mark the programs of many high schools and colleges; and courses in public speaking, as a distinctive branch of the English work, are being established in increasing numbers. The human voice, as the expression of personality as well as thought, is still and will always be a vital force in the affairs of men and women.

In our own school there has been during the last few years an increasing amount of time spent on oral expression.

Again this year we took part in the discussion of the question selected by the "State High School Discussion League"; and Osborne Fischbach as our county winner represented us in a most creditable way at the District Contest at North Vernon.

The choice of Osborne as our district representative was preceded by a thorough study of and many local discussions of the question selected; namely, "A solution for industrial disputes in public and quasi-public industries."

The results of this study have been undoubtedly beneficial and a preparation for better work next year.

In the realm of the inter-school debate, we are about to make our initial venture; and as this book goes to press, we are looking forward to our joint debate with Bedford. The subject selected grew out of the "High School Discussion" and the debaters will argue the question, "Resolved, That all Disputes in Public and Quasi-public Industries shall be settled by Compulsory Arbitration."

The affirmative speakers: Franklin Swain, captain, Florence Blain and Dorothy Story will debate at home against the negative Bedford team; our negative debaters; Osborn Fischbach, captain, Norma Barkman and George Wilson will go to Bedford.

Arrangements are being made for a much fuller debating schedule for next year.

Another outgrowth of this revived interest in oral expression is a movement that promises much of value and enjoyment for the people of Seymour. Under the auspices of the Seymour Community Service there has been organized the "Seymour Community Players," a group of people interested in the recreational activities of our city, who, realizing the unlimited sources of delight in the drama are hoping to interest increasing numbers in its enjoyment.

For "The drama embraces and applies all the beauties and decorations of poetry. The sister arts attend and adorn it. Painting, architecture, and music are her handmaids. The costliest lights of a people's intellect burn at her shrine. All ages welcome her."

Music Memory Contest

The entire music department took an interest in the Music Memory Contest as was proven by the results. After weeks of listening and other preparation the city contest took place. Prizes were given by many people and business houses, the prizes being money, records, or music lessons.

In the city contest there were twelve perfect papers in the grades and eleven in the High School. There were many excellent papers, but only the perfect ones received prizes. There were county, district and state contests.

Miss Alice Becker, a Sophomore, was the only one from Shields who went to the state contest. There she made a perfect paper, and only after a prolonged overtime examination was she eliminated.

Certamen Latinum

For several years it has been the custom of many districts in the state, to make an annual Latin contest one of the activities of the school year. The movement has been sponsored and encouraged by the State Latin Teachers' Association. It is felt that these contests have done much to promote a fine spirit of scholarship, and to stimulate a loyal school spirit in the matter of scholarly attainments as has always been manifested in athletics.

When the news came to us that the Fourth District was to undertake a contest of this sort for the first time, great interest and enthusiasm was manifested among the Latin students of our school. The local Certamen Latinum held on March the 18th, to determine the representatives for the county contest, proved lively and interesting. About thirty-five students entered the strenuous preliminaries. The following received the highest local honors, and represented S. H. S. at Brownstown on March the 26th.

First Year Latin—Mildred Peacock, Beryl Dannettelle.

Caesar—Alice Cobb, Gordon Miller.

Cicero—Raymond Feaster, Mary Fettig.

Virgil—Beryl Shields, Lydia Kruge.

Results of the county contest showed that honor medals were awarded to five of our contestants.

Virgil—First award, Beryl Shields; second award, Lydia Kruge.

Cicero—First award, Raymond Feaster; second award, Mary Fettig.

Caesar—First award, Gordon Miller.

These five winners were sent to Columbus on April the 21st for the District Meet. Beryl Shields brought S. H. S. honor by winning first place in Virgil, Lydia Kruge, second Raymond Feaster won second in Cicero and Gordon Miller second in Caesar, both the latter losing to first place by a difference of but one per cent.

“Seymour Schola
Semper Summa!
Honorissima!
Seymour Schola est dura!
O hurrah, O hurrah, O hurrah!”

Throughout the contests a fine spirit of good sportmanship has been shown by both winners and losers. We hope that the Centamen may become an annual event in our school, and that plans which are being made for a state-wide meet, can be carried out next year.

AGRICULTURE WINNERS



LATIN CONTESTANTS





Some Achievements in the Department of Vocational Agriculture

Carl Fill, Everett Otte and William Schluesemeier won signal honors for themselves and their school when, as a team, in the state corn judging contest they were awarded first place and a large cup (trophy).

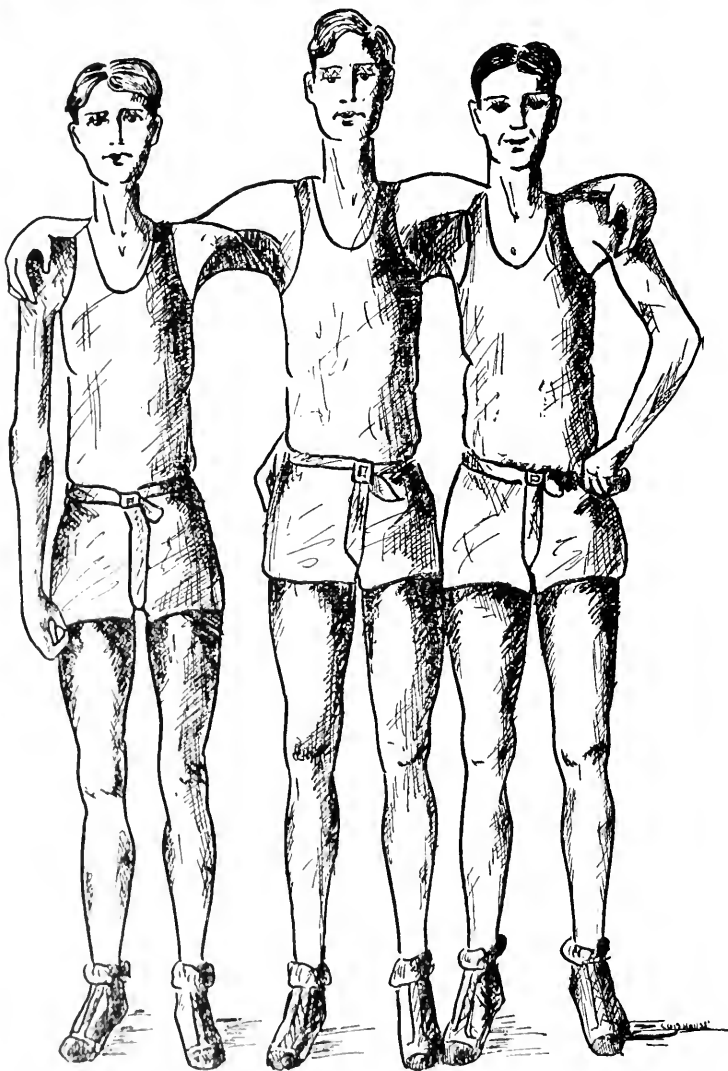
They also won another cup as champions in the livestock judging contest on the work with sheep.

In individual competition Carl Fill won a gold medal for the best corn judge in the state, and a ribbon for third place in the livestock judging work on sheep. Everett Otte won a ribbon for second honors in the livestock judging work on dairy cattle.

William Schluesemeier won the trip to the International Livestock Show at Chicago as a result of his successful poultry club work; and also a trip to the Club "Round Up" at Purdue by the First National Bank of Seymour for his corn club work. Everett Otte won second, a trip by the same bank and Clyde May stood third. Wilfred Niehter won sweepstakes honors in the annual egg show held by the agricultural classes. Carl Fill won second honors.

These honors conferred upon the students of the agriculture classes are most gratifying and are a testimony to the high grade of work done by these students under the direction of their instructor, Mr. H. C. Henderson.

ATHLETICS





ORGANIZATION

Athletic activities were resumed in the fall with the organization of the Athletic Association. The following officers were elected:

President	FRANKLIN SWAIN
Vice-President.....	JARVIS HYATT
Secretary	ELIZABETH JAMES
Treasurer.....	ARTHUR BECKER

The Athletic Council as chosen was: Miss Kate Andrews, chairman; Franklin Swain, Jarvis Hyatt, Elizabeth James, Arthur Becker, H. C. Henderson, and J. R. Mitchell.

The students responded nobly to the call for members. To insure the publicity of the athletic activities of the school a publicity committee was elected. Gladys Hopple, Thelma Bell, and Miss Eva Sinclair were elected to this committee, and were responsible for much lively advertising.

Coach Mitchell's call for basketball candidates was answered by fifty-two enthusiastic boys. With Keach, Hyatt, Honan, Adams, Misamore, and Mc'ord left from last year and Hooker, who moved here from Scottsburg, a fast team was whipped into shape with the assistance of an excellent second team to practice against. The Lutheran Club Gymnasium was used prior to the completion of the new High School Gymnasium.

Seymour was fortunate in being selected as one of the district basketball centers. The District Basketball Tournament was held in the new gymnasium, March 2 and 3, and proved to be a great success. In order to use the new gymnasium work was rushed to completion and was finished the morning of the tourney.

INTER-CLASS BASKET BALL

The inter-class basket ball tourney was postponed this year until the last of the season when the new gymnasium would be available. As usual, the Seniors romped off with the inter-class championship title, snowing the Freshmen under in a hard-fought contest.

Freshmen	17	— Juniors	14
Seniors	64	— Sophomores	4
Juniors	31	— Sophomores	11
Seniors	38	— Freshmen	5

In an unofficial tourney between the second teams of each class, the Junior seconds took the title.

The Senior team was practically the same as the Varsity with Misamore, forward; McCord, forward; Keach, center; Hyatt center; and Honan, Adams and Hooker, guards.

The best game was between the Juniors and the Freshmen, the latter winning by a narrow margin.

The Seniors succeeded in scoring 102, as against their opponent's 9.

INTER-CLASS BASE BALL

An inter-class baseball tourney was held at the beginning of the season in order to give Coach Henderson a line on the available material for a winning team. The inter-class games were run off the first of April at the Seymour Athletic Park.

Juniors	3	— Freshmen	2
Seniors	7	— Sophomores	5
Seniors	5	— Juniors	3

The Seniors captured the inter-class title by defeating the Juniors in the final game. The line-up follows:

McClintock, 3b	Adams, lf	Baldwin, c
Hyatt, 2b	Andrews, cf	Wilson, p
Russell, 1b	McCord, rf	Becker, ss

VARSITY SCHEDULE

Oct. 20—Seymour.....	27	— Brownstown	8	there
Oct. 27—Seymour.....	46	— Freetown	6	there
Nov. 3—Seymour.....	47	— Alumni	15	here
Nov. 10—Seymour.....	18	— Franklin	42	there
Nov. 17—Seymour.....	39	— Triangles	10	here
Nov. 24—Seymour.....	31	— Scottsburg	20	there
Dec. 8—Seymour.....	22	— Edinburg	30	there
Dec. 15—Seymour.....	22	— Southport	30	there
Jan. 6—Seymour.....	34	— Orleans	28	there
Jan. 12—Seymour.....	29	— Scottsburg	14	there
Jan. 19—Seymour.....	35	— Mitchell	24	there
Jan. 26—Seymour.....	19	— Lyons	31	there
Jan. 27—Seymour.....	32	— Linton	18	there
Feb. 10—Seymour.....	31	— Brownstown	13	there
Feb. 10—Seymour.....	34	— Crothersville	11	Brownstown
Feb. 10—Seymour.....	47	— Cortland	30	Brownstown
Feb. 16—Seymour.....	17	— Columbus	34	there
Feb. 17—Seymour.....	17	— Southport	20	here
Mar. 2—Seymour.....	21	— Crothersville	9	here
Mar. 3—Seymour.....	25	— North Vernon	11	here
Mar. 3—Seymour.....	26	— Cortland	14	here
Mar. 3—Seymour.....	43	— Butlerville	14	here
Mar. 10—Seymour.....	12	— Franklin	15	Bloomington



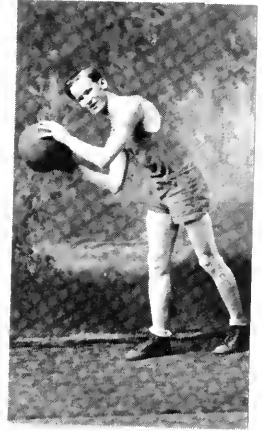
LEWIS ADAMS



ROBERT McCORD



HAROLD MISAMORE



LOUIS ECKSTEIN



JARVIS HYATT



CHARLES KEACH



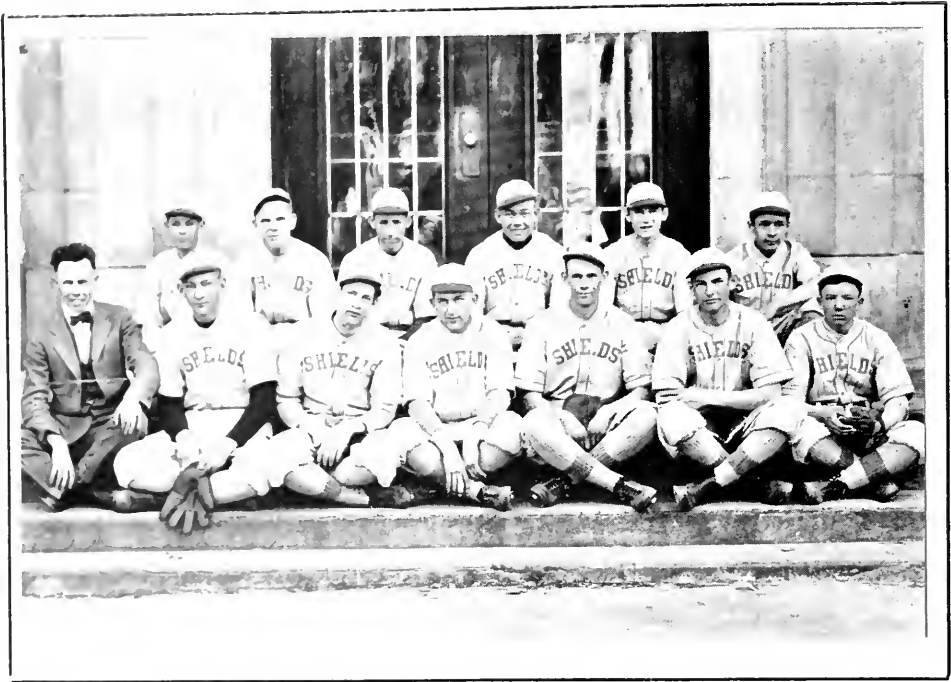
JAMES HONAN



HOLLIS HOOKER



EARL YOUNG



BASE BALL

With the coming of spring, baseball resumed it's major position in outdoor athletics. With Baldwin, McClintiek, Nicholson, J. Hyatt, Eckstein, Becker, Adams, and Johnson as hold-overs from last year, indications pointed to a very successful season. A wealth of material was found in Eckstein, Beem and Young to fill the mound position, left vacant by the ineligibility of Wilson, star south-paw of the last two years. Baldwin was elected to serve his third successive year as captain.

The season was opened with a victory over the Brownstown Bear Cats in a game played at Brownstown. The score was 6 to 0.

The Athletic Association purchased new uniforms for the team at the beginning of the season.

Baldwin, c	Becker, ss	Young, p and 1b
McClintock, 3b	Nicholson, lf	Eckstein, p
Hyatt, 2b	Maliek, cf	Beem, p.
Russell, 1b	Glasson, rf	Johnson, e

McClintiek, Hyatt, Russell, Baldwin and Becker will be lost by graduation.

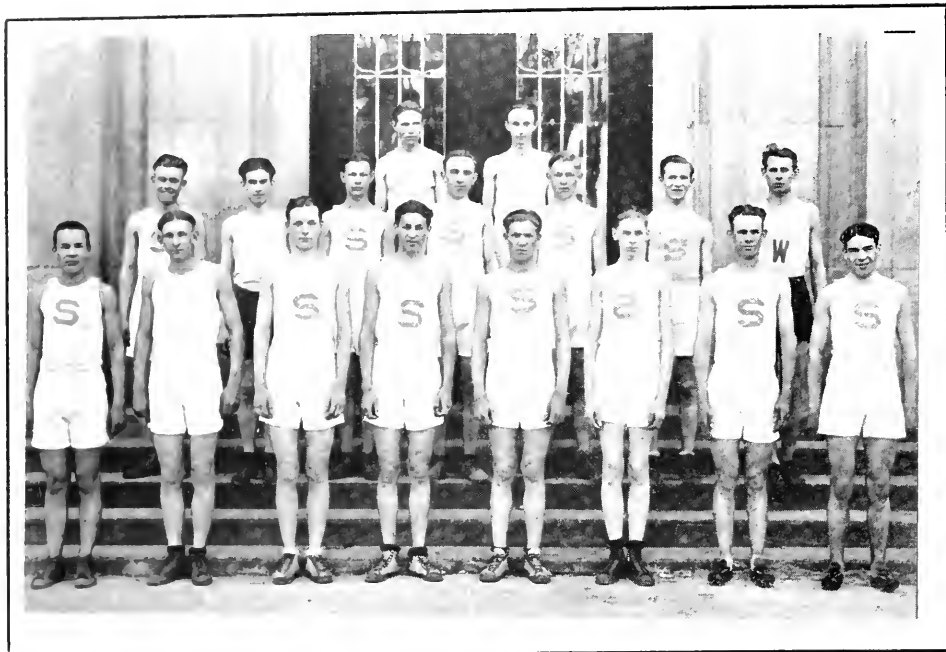


TENNIS

Tennis was made a part of the fall athletic program for the second time. A series of inter-class matches were arranged between the Freshmen, Sophomores, Juniors and Seniors.

The Lutheran club court was used throughout the tourney. Walter Hyatt and Charles Keach won for the Seniors the championship in doubles by right of their victory over the Junior representatives.

There were no matches arranged with other schools this year, but it is hoped by the student body that tennis will be featured among fall athletics, and a series of matches with other schools may be arranged to further that end.



TRACK

Coach Mitchell's call for track candidates was promptly answered by many boys. Early spring training was afforded by practice in the new gymnasium, until the weather was favorable for outdoor work. The team worked and eliminations were made early so that the best of attention and instruction could be given by Coach Mitchell.

H. Ahlbrand was the only hold-over from last year's team who participated in track work this spring, but around him was built a team that gave assurance that Seymour had resumed her former place in track work although this was but the second year with the track and field listed among the spring activities.

April 19 a dual track meet was held at the Athletic Park between Crothersville and Seymour, the latter winning by the score of 67 to 39.

Seymour showed great strength in track events, taking first place in all the runs, and did well in the field events.

Other dual track meets have been arranged with Columbus, Salem, and Crothersville, also a Sectional Meet at Columbus, May 12.

Track shoes and suits were purchased by the Athletic Association and distributed to the members of the team.

DOCKES



Mr. Ackerman—"Why are women like salad?"
Bill—"Because they need a good deal of dressing."

Elizabeth—"Oh, my lips are so sore this morning."
Katherine—"I think it is from the sun."
James—"Whose son?"

Mr. Mitchell—"I'm not much of a speaker, boys, but I have several little things in my head that I am trying to get rid of."
J. H.—"Ever try a fine-toothed comb?"

Mr. Phillips—"What is a vacuum?"
Paul L.—"Things you push around to clean rugs with."

Miss McHenry—"Faces this way."
Clarence Otis—"I can't make mine that way."

Francis—"Say, my feet are getting tired."
Owen—"Oh, that's all right, think of the ride your stomach's getting."

Eyes are to sparkle,
Cheeks are to blush,
Arms to encircle you
Oh, my! bush,
Kiss is a noun
Both common and proper,
When you kiss her
Make it a whopper.

Miss Myers—"John, have you seen or read "Crabb's Tales?"
John—"No, I didn't know red crabs had tails."

Ruth—"Say, Dorothy, those are good looking shoes you have on. How much?"
Dorothy M.—"Eight and a half."
Ruth—"Oh, I mean the price, not the size."

Mr. Phillips—"Lewis, what is the greatest instance of magnetic power you can think of?"
Lewis E.—"When my girl draws me seven miles on Sunday night to see her."

Walter H.—"My head feels awful hot."
Toots—"I thought I smelled wood burning."

Harden H.—"Don't you think a talkative girl is better than any other kind?"
Mac—"What other kind is there?"

Mr. Phillips—"The law of gravity keeps us from falling off the earth when it is upside down."

'29—"What did folks do before that law was passed?"

FLIVVERS

Yea, verily, I say unto thee, the Ford belongs to that class of vehicles which doth not fly; nor doth it creep, but like the unceasing thunder, doth rumble on and on forever. Dost thou ask where with I am supplied with the necessary knowledge and right to broadcast same? Yea, brother, I say unto thee I own one.

It's steering wheel toucheth my heart or doth prod gently in the vicinity thereof. The accessory dealer doth touch my pocketbook with his line of chatter and flim-flam accessories.

Cold weather doth give a remarkable degree of stubbornness to the worthy self-starter (in name only) and when its battery doth run down from any of several causes, its starting crank doth provide a gentle and delightful exercise until it doth kick back mightily, which causeth its owner to register deep chagrin and murmur, "Darn it!" with all the gentle timidity of a man shouting "Fire!"

When finally the sleeping engine doth begin its day again, a safe-cracking job cannot be heard in a radius of three blocks.

At night it travelleth by the light of the moon only, for its head-light doth flicker and vanish as doth the mouse on seeing the kitty or as doth the pocketbook on the approach of friend wife.

It doth rattle and knock, like unto a harvester; it doth moan and howl like unto a gafilta fish, which doth continually grow worse until it wheezeth its last cough.

Trouble, like a Seven Headed Chinese Devil, never sleepeth, but doth forever percolate around His Lordship, the Ford owner.

Yea, verily, I say unto you, tires are an evil influence to mankind, for they do assume the appearance of a good tire in the garage, but do cast off this deceptive raiment with a bang when thou art miles from home.

However, brethern, as the prophets hath said, even a snake hath good points, even tho it be to eat other snakes. So I liken unto this, the Ford, for when it is stuck in sand or mud, the owner need but get out and lift the back end over on high ground and proceed forth.

The Ford hath all the speed of a slumbering turtle. Allow me, my brethern, to quote from my friend Bill Shakespeare:

"The Ford, it is a wonder,
You give it gas, and say,
You pass by all the other cars
(That go the other way.)"

Henry Ford hath said, "Buy a Ford and spend the difference." Brethren, I ask you, spend it on what? Repairs?

Still, my brethren, the car doth seem to be vastly popular. People ordereth far in advance and accepeth their delivery with all the languid indifference of a starving tiger that pounceth upon it's first meal in a fortnight.

So, therefore, brethern, harken ye unto my words, all that is gold need not necessarily glitter, and though a man may wear out many Fords, like a tenacious cat, he always cometh back and buyeth another.

KEEP OFF THE GRASS

The ground was soft
The grass was wet
We got a chill
As there we set.

So now take heed
And do not set
On ground that's soft
Or grass that's wet.

Miss Small (assigning lesson)—“We will begin with lightning and go to thunder.”

'24 (inspecting the basketball schedule)—“Where is that place, Alumni?”

Mr. Glaze—“There's not a boy in this class who will say that Commercial Arithmetic is hard.”

'23—“It's just because we're afraid to.”

FOR BOYS ONLY.

There's nothing a girl would like to find out
Better than that which she ought not to know,
And we bet she'll find out all about it somehow.
If given a shade of a show.
We're willing to bet dollars to doughnuts
That this poem she's already read,
We know that she'd get at it somehow
If she had to stand on her head.

Mr. Due—“When were automobiles first thought of?”

R. B.—“In Bible times. The Bible says that Elijah crossed the river by Ford and went up on high.”

“How beautiful the moon is” said Mr. Ackerman, taking off his hat.

Miss H.—“Manuel, you may come in every day after school and stay for a week.”

Mr. Due (meeting his son)—“Good morning, Homer, how is your father this morning.”

Mrs. Swails—“Fred, what does the word ‘procrastinate’ mean?”

Fred—“To put off.”

Mrs. Swails—“Use it in a sentence.”

Fred—“Procrastinate me at the next corner.”

“THE PATRIOT” STAFF

Typewriter rattling
Telephone ringing,
Lo's Hall prattling
Theodore singing.

Ruth eating candy
EuDaly gone wild,
Becker plays banjo
And sings “Angel Child.”

Yelling of “Hurry,”
Splashing of glue,
Mahorney gone dippy
Over picture she drew.

Franklin gets scissors
Cuts pictures in half
Such is the life
Of the *Patriot* staff.

Miss Ma'ns—“Charles, have you done your outside reading yet?”

Charles—“No, it has been too cold outside.”

Miss Andrews—“Where is Miss Sinclair?”

Louise T.—“Down stairs dyeing with the rest of the girls.”

SONGS OF THE SENIORS

Gladys Hudson—"I Want to Powder My Nose."
James Black—"I ain't Nobody's Darling."
Coonie Christie—"I'm like a Ship Without a Sail"
Beryl Shields—"Jimmie, I Love but You."
Hubert Hedges—"Oh, What a Pal was Mary."
Gladys Hoppie—"I didn't raise my Ford to be a Jitney."
Cotton Baldwin—"They Go Wild, Simply Wild Over Me"
Charles Keach—"Why Am I So Misunderstood"

Mr. Due—"In what part of the United States is most of the coal found?"
Earl—"In the ground."

WHAT WE ARE UP AGAINST

Miss Andrews wants strict attention, Miss McHenry wants undivided attention and Miss Barbour wants masculine attention. Now which shall we give?

I offer no apology
For dropping off to sleep,
When someone says Geometry;
I know I'm in too deep.

Miss Hanna (in French class)—"What does this mean Hubert?"
Hubert—"Can't tell you, but I'll give you five guesses."

Miss Andrews (in Senior meeting)—"If you don't want the motion vote it down"
Chas. Keach—"I vote it down."

ODE TO AN ERASER

I know not from whence thou came,
I only know that thou art here,
For it was I who intercepted
Thy tragic arc
With my ear
And filled my ear with
Chalk dust.
So be it unto the end of time
The innocent bystander gets shot,
The onlooker must pay.
But if that is so
Why did I get hit?
As I said before, I know not who
Wafted thee hither.
Some base Knave,
Perhaps it was the goof
I threw thee at
In the first place.

Extract from a Freshman story—"And many saw the invisible horde approaching."

Teacher (to boy with his feet in the aisle and chewing gum)—"Here boy, take that gum out of your mouth and put your feet in."

A FRESHMAN'S IDEA OF A JOKE

A fly was sitting on Mr. Ackerman's head. He slid off. His neck was broken.

Miss Barbour—"Sit up in your seat, James. Do you need some exercise?"
James (drowsily)—"Naw, I need some sleep."

Miss McHenry—"Give the principal parts of the verb begin."
Alfred B.—"Begin, began, begone, git out."

A PICTURE

One day as I was sleeping
A picture came to me,
It was the funniest picture
That ever you did see.
Miss Hanna came in dancing,
And playing a cornet,
Mr. Due came in smoking
A great long pipe of jet,
Then came Miss Myers a-whistling
A tune, "I'm Loved No More,"
While Miss Andrews washed the windows,
And Glaze, he swept the floor;
Mr. Phillips taught us cooking
Miss McHenry how to draw;
Mr. Mitchell he played hookey,
But in each we found a flaw.

Dick Hyatt (after solo)—I believe my voice is cracked."

J. Honan—"Your voice is cracked all right, but your head will be worse than that if you don't retire into utter seclusion."

FEEDING THE ANIMALS

The Seniors live on choicest fruits,
The Sophs on pork and beans,
The Junior class on lengthy words,
But the Freshmen class on greens.

It's Seniors delight to bark and bite,
And the Junior bunch to sing;
But all the Freshies can find to do
Is stare at every thing.

Miss Barbour—"Frank, what sensation do you suffer when the "Minuet in G" is being played?"

Frank Swain—"I feel like I'm in the 'teenth Baboon's heaven."

Miss Myers (in Latin class)—"What does the word equinox mean?"

Gertrude C—"A night horse."

L. A. A.—"Gordon, if I gave you five dollars and you already had three what would you have?"

Gordon—"Hysterics."



TYO OF A KIND



THREE MUSKETEERS



PEEK-A-BOO



WHERE'S ADAMS?
HERE'S EVE.



NOTHIN' AT ALL



Love Me, Love My
Dog.
Which is Which?



Dance o' Monia



The Bridge of Sizz



SIMPLE SIMON



High and Dry?



Crazy as they look



TEN-CENTERS



OUT ON A LIMB.

AS THE DAYS GO BY

Specimus Wells was an expert on soil,
Who spent flocks of money prospecting for oil.
While farmer Joe Bush was a terrible hick,
Who sat on a fence-rail and whittled a stick.
But Wells proved to be an unfortunate bloke,
No oil did he find. That's the reason he's broke.
But by chance a great gusher was found on Joe's place,
The rest you can tell by the smile on his face.

Mr. Henderson (in botany)—“How do bacteria reproduce?”
Earl McCann—“By the thousands.”

Teacher—“How did you measure this water?”
Carl Fill—“With a granulated cylinder.”

Harry Baldwin (in botany)—“Little swellings on the roots of clover called noodles.”

Miss Vehslage—“Why did these men go to Cuba, William?”
Wm. Nieman—“Oh, they went to make a revolution, but the natives wouldn't revolute.”

Bill—“Who takes charge when the President dies?”
Will—“The undertaker.”

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH

Under the shade of building tall
The modern mechanic stands,
The sweat he wipes with a kerchief all
Of yellow silk and tan;
The muscles of his arms so small
Are white as ivory bands.

His hair is light and neatly cut,
His face is very fair;
His brow was never touched by soot,
His price is very rare.
He raises autos from the rut
And charges with a care.

Week in week out, from nine to six
You can hire him if you pay.
You will not hear him strike the licks
With a sledge—the smithy's lay.
If he must work nine hours he kicks
For eight hours is his day.

And boys, returning home from school
Step in at the open door,
They like to watch him with a tool
And hear the autos roar.
He starts the engines like a fool
And makes them snort and snore.

He goes on Sunday to the church
And sits among the girls,
He only sees the preacher's shirt
And pulls his daughter's curls.
He often gets so drunk he'll lurch
And break his sweetheart's pearls.

Thus onward through this life he goes
He does whoe'er he can.
This tale a moral has he knows
It makes him a proud man,
For it is this: “Your auto woes
Take to the garage man.”

Miss Andrews—“Use your heads, boys, don't throw balls near the building.”

A course of elective music was offered.
8A Boy—“Miss Barbour, may I take electric music?”

Mr. Glaze—“I don't want anyone to leave his seat without coming to the desk and getting permission.”

A PARABLE OF SAFED THE SAGE.

C. M. FISCHBACH, '23

Lo, and it came to pass in the days of high gas and electric bills, that Keturah, my wife, approached unto me, and spake thus, saying, "Sirrah, Christmas draweth nigh, and I must, in accordance with custom, hie me to the town to purchase presents." And she strove therewith to make a touch.

I spake, raising a feeble voice in protest, but she put her arms about me and cooed soft words into my ears; whereupon my heart and likewise my head grew soft, and I gave unto her silver shekels, many and bright, which I, of a truth, had determined to set aside for a new suit, my present one being already thread-bare and worn.

So she went. For many hours she tarried, while I, perforce, must get my own meals. At eve she returneth again and showeth me many purchases, both wise and foolish. And she took out of a gorgeous box a hat, which of a truth, would have made a devout man of the synagogue look twice. Then spake she and said, "I shall give this unto your aunt."

And I, being very much amazed, for my aunt is a most staid and sober woman reproached her saying, "Never think that my aunt would ever wear such a head-gear. For her years are the number sixty, and a hat for her should be of sober black."

And she, being amused, answered me saying, "Lo, if she can wear it not, then perchance she may give it to me, for it suits me well." Which of a truth it did, but wherefore is there any use to try to reason with a woman anyway.

And next she drew forth a necktie both loud and of many colors, and entirely unsuited to a guardian of the flock. The seven colors of the rainbow and many more besides were contained therein, and it spake with a loud voice. And she draped it about my neck and stood off a little ways to get the effect. And she clapped her hands in glee, saying, "Lo, my Lord, you look as young as when you first paid court to me," and she kissed me. And I, being flattered exceedingly put aside my misgivings as regarding the wearing of the tie and returned the courtesy. And I said to myself, "A wife is a pleasant if at times grasping necessity whom it is impossible to repress with sternness since she in all cases holds an insurmountable and unconquerable power over her man." And I, composing my dignity thereupon became once more a zealous guardian of the flock.

If there were a boy in High School
Of fair Toots Hyatt's size,
Who had Charles Keach's line of talk,
And Johnny Hauenschild's eyes,
If he dressed like Landis Cooper,
And had Frank Swain's nerve to try,
Should he borrow Hal Ahlbrand's auto
Do you think that he'd get by?

Bess McGannon—"I have a cold in my head."

The Teachers—"No wonder, a cold always settles in the weakest spot."

Miss Barbour—"I wish those cars would quit passing here with their mufflers open. They make so much noise."

Miss Vehslage—"Maurice, have you brought that picture of a steamboat on White River yet?"

Maurice Haper—"No, mam, I haven't taken it yet."

Mr. Due—"Lloyd, who is Mr. Green?"

Lloyd Bulger—"Why, I think he's the man who makes sausages in Cinn."

Miss McHenry (telling the pupils to pick up the paper on the floor)—"Sam, be sure and pick up your part of the floor."

M. J. (looking out the window)—"I wonder why the trees are so late leaving."

Miss Small—"Albert, locate Europe and Asia."

Albert Judd—"Well, Europe is west of Asia and Asia is east of Europe."

Mr. Mitchell—"Kerval, tell these boys another laying out tool."

Kerval Goodwin—"A billy-club."

Miss Geile—"Did any one help you with this map, Sam?"

Sam—"No, my brother did it by himself."

Lois Hall—"Do you know Lincoln's Gettysburg address?"

Swain—"No, did he live there?"

Miss Small—"Earl can you tell us what hemp is used for?"

Earl T—"For cigars and things."

JUST LIKE THE REST OF US

Little Tommy had a lesson
Which he couldn't get,
And as far as I can see,
He hasn't got it yet.

Teacher—"Why are you late, Johnny?"

Johnny—"I started late."

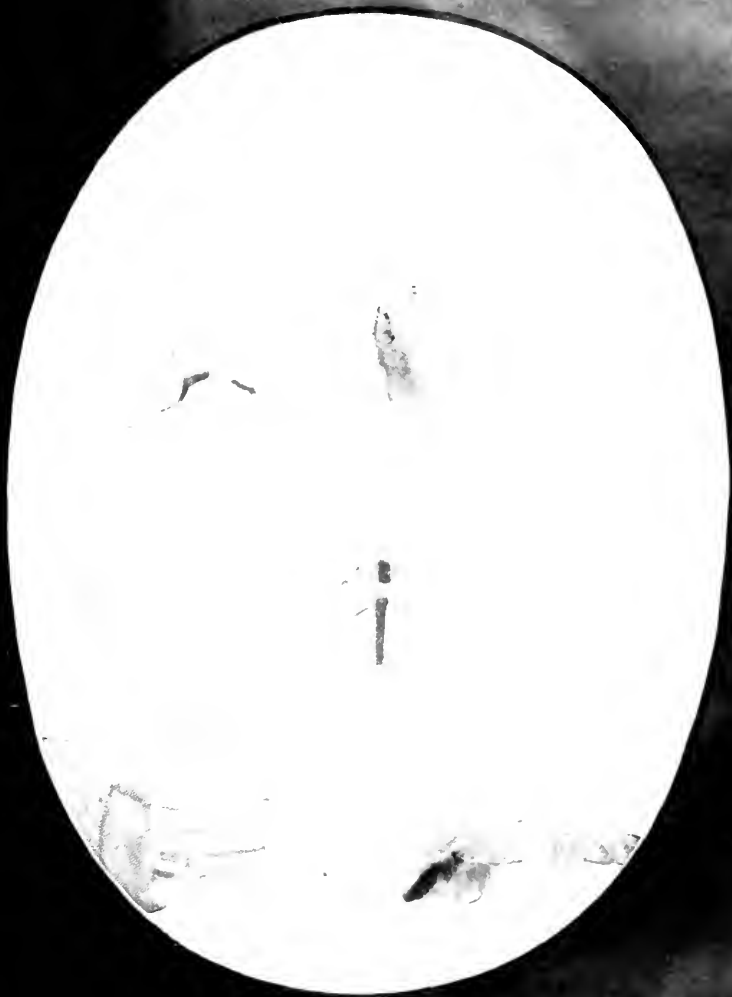
Teacher—"Why didn't you start early?"

Johnny—"It was too late to start early."

Miss Myers (explaining the Latin Slides)—"These are the horses of the infantry."

Glenn U.—"What made that bump on your head?"

Ray B.—"That's where a thought struck me."



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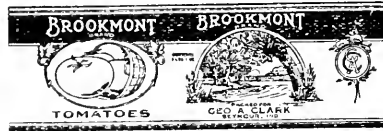
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