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THE
REFLECTOR

JULY

SWHS. 1922.





— EX LIBRIS

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
WILLIAM RICKERT
HUNTINGTON, INDIANA

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The Reflector

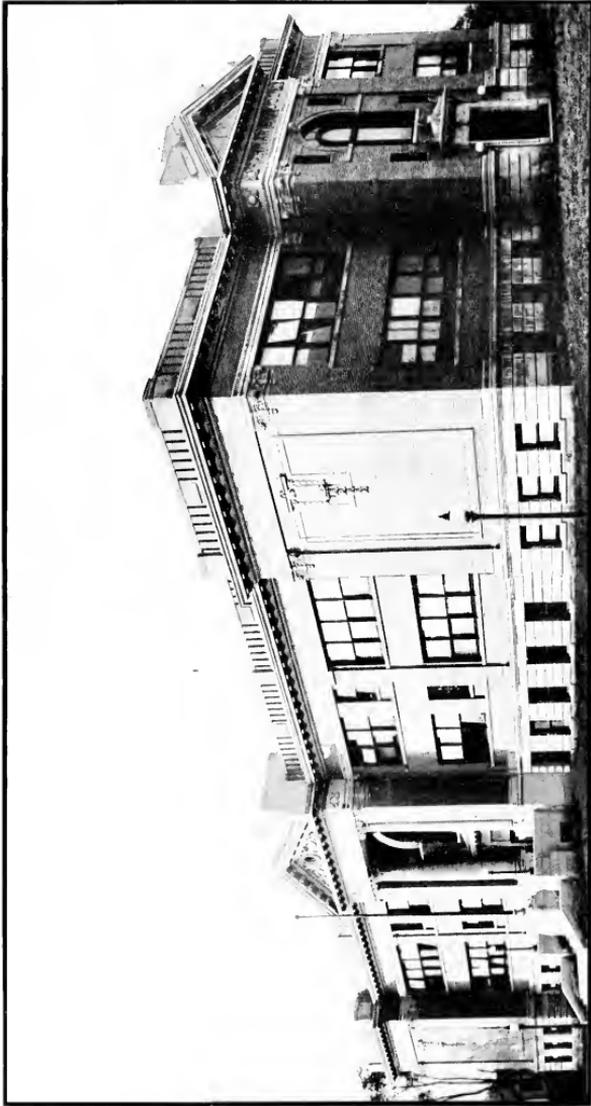
VOL. V

S. W. H. S.

1922



Published by
THE SENIOR CLASS
SOUTH WHITLEY HIGH SCHOOL



"OUR DREAM." Will it be a reality?



Foreword

We, the Class of '22, have endeavored to make this mirror of our school life worth while.

We hope that it will always bring pleasant reflections of our experience of the past and that our efforts may inspire others to higher ideals. If this volume of The Reflector accomplishes this purpose, our aim in publishing it will have been accomplished

The Staff.



SCHOOL BOARD

Otis Plattner, Mrs. Addie Bollinger, George Talbert

What the School Board Thinks *of Us*

With the opening of school, in the fall of 1921, a new interest in the school activities, as well as the cares and duties, came to the members of the School Board. The first thing done was the organizing of the Basket Ball Team. The team was looked after quite carefully by the men especially, they attending a number of the practices and noting the details, which mean much. The games were often attended by all three members of the Board. All their successes were ours, also all their losses were ours. How very proud was the School Board when our Basket Ball Team went even to the very last game in the Fort Wayne District Tournament and winning that game over Kendallville! So proud we were that we scarcely knew where we were or what we were doing. With the winning of that game meant they go to Purdue to the Sectional meet to battle with Atwood for a place on the State Tourney. Losing, but doing their best, we still are proud of the Basket Ball Team of 1921-1922. How elated we were when we saw almost the whole town patronize the games, then proud indeed when South Whitley turned out in mass to see our boys win in the last game in the District Tournament. The girls are to be complimented on the good ball they play. The School Board was intensely interested in the Christmas Cantata, also in the Senior play. We are especially interested in each department of the school work, from the Primary work to the Senior Class work.

ADDIE M. BOLLINGER.



Dedication

To Mr. Morris, for his unfailing efforts and
regard for our success in these happy
years, and to our parents, as a
token of our appreciation
of their sacrifices, we
dedicate this
Annual.

The Staff.



Annual Staff

- Editor-in-Chief—Mabel Mishler.
 Assistant Editor—Prudence White.
 Business Manager—Carroll Snyder.
 Assistant Business Manager—Firmer Hull.
 Jokes and Calendar Editor—Thomas Rody.
 Cartoonist—Minerva Colvin.
 Music Editor—Bayard Crow.
 Alumni Editor—Hilda Shorb.
 Advertising and Circulation Manager—Norman Miller.
 Athletic Editor—Robert Clapp.
 Faculty Adviser—Mr. Morris.
 Typist—Lavona Kinsey.
 Juniors—Pauline Fleek, Russell Austin.
 Sophomores—Marie Kaler, Eugene Beard.
 Freshmen—Ruth Gardner, Cleon Fleek.





ALVIN R. FLECK, A. B.

Superintendent.

"Teach us half the knowledge
That thy brain must know."



ARTHUR F. MORRIS, A. B.

Principal.

"A dignified man of vast knowledge is he."



OLIVE B. PERKINS, A. B.

English and French.

"She isn't very big, that's true,
But size doesn't count;
It's what she can do."



MARY E. PAYNE

English and Latin.

"When she has a thing to say,
She says it in a knowing way."



RHODA M. BARRON

Domestic Science.

"To meditate upon domestic arts is my
delight."



DENNIS WRIGHT

Manual Training.

"He drives a Ford, but has aspirations,
nevertheless."



MARGARET ORR

Music and Art.

"It is in learning music that many youthful hearts learn to love."



REV. CHARLES L. DAME

History.

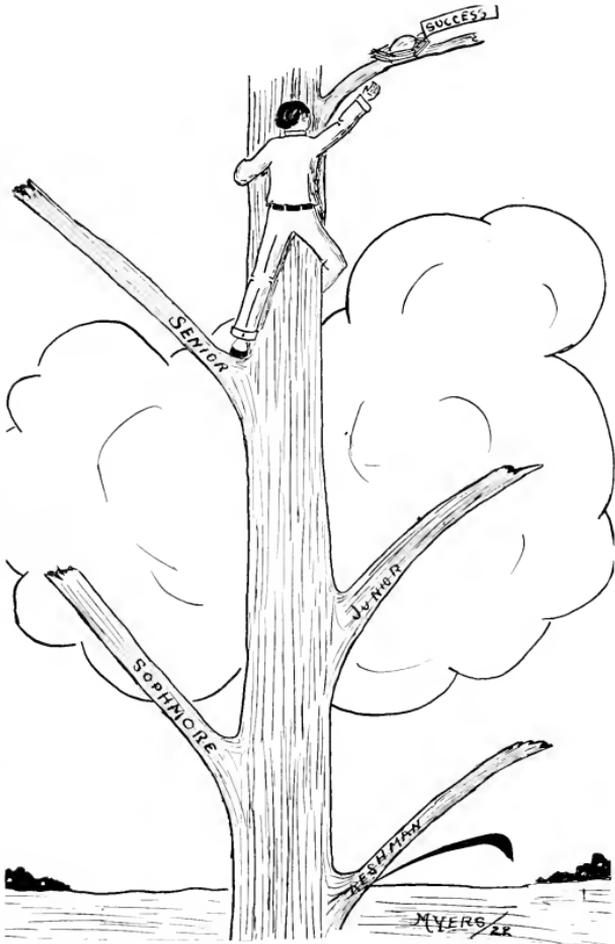
"A mind to conceive,
A heart to resolve,
And a hand to execute."



WILLIAM SIVITS

Janitor.

"Conscientious and hard-working, always doing his duty."





Senior Class Officers

WALTER GALBREATH, President.

CARROL SNYDER, Vice President.

THOMAS RODY, Secretary and Treasurer.

ARTHUR F. MORRIS, Class Adviser.

CLASS ROLL

Walter Galbreath	Robert Clapp
Gilbert Graf	Prudence White
Frances Ulrey	Minerva Colvin
Carrol Snyder	Walter Smith
Norman Miller	Firmer Hull
Hilda Shorb	Mabel Mishler
Tom Rody	Dorothy Ray
Ronald Graf	Bayard Crow
Forrest Myers	

CLASS COLORS

Purple and Gold

CLASS FLOWER

Sweet Pea.

CLASS POEM

South Whitley! O South Whitley! School days are nearly done,
Our class has passed through every test, the diploma sought is won,
The world is near, its din I hear, but the Seniors are exulting.

For O hear! hear! hear!

Hear the words I have to say;

Oh, we're a bunch of Seniors,

And we graduate today.

—Frances Ulrey, '22.

WALTER GALBREATH

“Pat.”

“Let joy be unconfined. On with the dance!”

Glee Club, '19, '20, '21, '22.

Orchestra, '19, '20, '21, '22.

“Windmills of Holland, Hans, '21.

“Safety First,” Jack Montgomery, '21

“For the Love of Johnny,” Dick Wayburn, '22.

Class President '22.

Athletic Board of Control '22.

HILDA SHORB

“Buns.”

“Nor bold, nor shy, nor short, nor tall,
But a new comingly of them all.”

Glee Club, '20, '21, '22.

“For the Love of Johnny,” Dorothy Banks, '22.

Alumni Editor of “Reflector,” '22.

GILBERT GRAF

“Gib.”

“Love seldom haunts the heart where
learning lies.”

Glee Club, '19, '21, '22.

“For the Love of Johnny,” Father Ryan, '22.





PRUDENCE WHITE

“Prudie.”

“She speaks, behaves, and acts just as she pleases.”

Class President '19.

Vice President '20.

Glee Club, '20, '21, '22.

Annual Staff '20.

“Safety First,” Mary Ann, '21.

Chorus of “Windmills of Holland,” '21.

“For the Love of Johnny,” Ethel Banks, '22.

Athletic Board of Control, '22.

Assistant Editor of “Reflector,” '22.

THOMAS RODY

“Mike.”

“Oh, how his grin does rebound from chin to chin.”

Glee Club, '18, '19, '20, '21, '22.

Chorus of “Princess Chrysanthemum,” '18.

Chorus of “Windmills of Holland,” '21.

Basket Ball, '21.

Track Team, '21.

Secretary and Treasurer, '21, '22.

“Safety First,” McNutt, '21.

“For the Love of Johnny,” Jerrymeyer Banks, '22.

Joke and Calendar Editor “Reflector,” '22.

MINERVA COLVIN

“Minnie.”

“A sweet girl whose main deeds are for others.”

“Safety First,” Virginia, '21.

Glee Club, '22.

Cartoonist of “Reflector,” '22.

MABEL MISHLER

"Jake."

"The good die young. My! I must take care of myself."

Representative of "Reflector," '21.
Editor-in-Chief of "Reflector," '22.

WALTER SMITH

"Doc."

"Fullness is always quiet.
Agitation will answer for empty ves-
sels only."

FRANCES ULERY

"Frankie."

"It is not always the person who makes the most noise that accomplishes most."

Glee Club, '22.
"For the Love of Johnny," Harriet Banks, '22.





FIRMER HULL

"Jerk."

"Friendship, not fame, is the counter-sign here."

Glee Club, '20, '22.

"Safety First," Abou-Ben-Mocha, '21.

Athletic Board of Control, '22.

Assistant Business Manager of "Reflector," '22.

ROBERT CLAPP

"Bob."

"He is much sought, even among the Sophomores."

Glee Club, '20, '21, '22.

Orchestra, '21, '22.

Basket Ball, '19, '20, '21, '22.

Captain of Basket Ball Team, '21, '22.

Track Team, '21, '22.

President of Class '20.

Athletic Editor of "Reflector," '22.

NORMAN MILLER

"Doug."

"I may not be smart, but I'm stubborn."

Track Team, '21, '22.

Basket Ball, '21, '22.

Glee Club, '22.

"For the Love of Johnny," Phil Osborn, '22.

Advertising and Circulation Manager of "Reflector," '22.



BAYARD CRAW

“Tack.”

“Come on, fellows, do your stuff.”

Glee Club, '19, '22.

Orchestra, '21, '22.

Music Editor of “Reflector,” '22.

DOROTHY RAY

“Dot.”

“I value silence, none can prize it more;
It gives ten thousand motives to
adore.”

Glee Club, '22.

CARROL SNYDER

“Snyd.”

“The force of his own merit makes his
way.”

Glee Club, '19.

Orchestra, '19, '20, '21, '22.

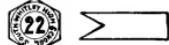
“Safety First,” Elmer Flannel, '21.

“For the Love of Johnny,” Johnny
Banks, '22.

Vice President of Senior Class '22.

Annual Staff Business Manager '22.





RONALD GRAF

“Frowsy.”

“My curly hair is my pride.”

Glee Club, '20, '21, '22.

“For the Love of Johnny.” John Turkeys, '22.

FOREST MYERS

“Stick.”

“Has a keen intellect, is well read, and always ready to speak.”

Orchestra, '19, '22.

Glee Club, '19, '22.



THE INSPIRATION

Vol. 1. SOUTH WHITLEY, IND., FEB. 2, 1936 No. 1

LADY SENATOR INFLUENCES THE HOUSE.

Miss Senator White Has Good Argumentative and Influential Ability.

Washington, D. C., Feb. 1.—A bill was introduced in the House of Representatives by Mr. Carrol Snyder yesterday proposing that the votes of women in Congress should count only one-third as much as the votes of men.

His argument was based on the fact that men should be at the head of the house by Biblical law and that women were not skilled and educated for government work as much as the men.

Miss Prudence White, a lady senator from Indiana, appeared before the House with a ready answer in the form of a debate. She declared that although men are said to be at the head of the house, it was meant only in domestic affairs, and moreover, if the Bible was to be taken as a standard, the women were to be consulted and given proper recognition.

Miss White further stated that the women of today are given as thorough education in the ways of government as men. She asserted that women are not as easily bribed as men into political schemes and vices. She mentioned several instances of such actions taken by men in our government.

When a vote was taken on this bill, it was killed.

Best Mechanic in State Injured.

Thomas Rody, general manager of the South Whitley Machine Works, was seriously injured today, when the flywheel on the most powerful steam engine in the United States burst into pieces while Mr. Rody was testing its speed. A portion of the wheel passed through his chest, utterly destroying his left lung.

Mr. Rody is one of the best mechanics in the state, and all possible aid is being given for his recovery.

Noted Missionaries to Speak.

Next Wednesday evening at the M. E. Church, Mr. and Mrs. Bayard Craw, two noted missionaries who have just returned from the Cannibal Islands, will give an illustrated lecture which will be highly entertaining as well as instructive.

Mrs. Craw, formerly Miss Dorothy Ray, is well known as a gifted missionary and has spoken in this section before. She was married ten years ago to Mr. Craw, an old classmate, after she had converted him.

Reverend Craw has had great success among the ferocious savages and has baptized two hundred and fifty of them during his work on the Cannibal Islands. The couple expect to leave in October for the Fiji Isles for further missionary work.

No admission will be charged, but a free will offering will be collected from those present for the benefit of the Islanders.

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THE INSPIRATION

Feb. 2, 1936

COURT NEWS.**Famous Divorce Case Settled—
Lawyer Especially
Interested.**

Indianapolis, Ind., Feb. 1.—Norman Miller, of Indianapolis, has in the last few years become a noted lawyer, his specialty seeming to be divorce cases. He has finally settled the interesting divorce case between Mrs. Oma Baker and Arthur Baker. Mr. Miller represented the former. He gave one of the most famous rebuttals ever recorded, and will probably rank with Patrick Henry, Clay and Calhoun.

It is rumored that Mr. Miller had strong personal reasons for speaking so ably. Mrs. Baker, or Miss Merrick, for she has been given her maiden name, was formerly a schoolmate of Lawyer Miller at the South Whitley high school.

**New Oil Wells Found Near
South Whitley.**

Oil wells are being found and established about three miles southeast of South Whitley on a farm owned by Gilbert Graf.

Mr. Graf first became interested when he noticed oil on a pond of water and later discovered oil in the water of his flowing wells. He made investigation and thought it might be worth his time to put down a well. He has one well working at present. It is producing a very good grade of petroleum in large quantities.

Mr. Graf refuses to lease his ground, but is building and es-

tablishing the wells himself. By spring he hopes to have a small refinery ready for business. This will be a great booster and cause a large increase in the population of South Whitley.

**Scientific Farmerette Makes a
Fortune.**

Frances Ulrey, a well-known poultry raiser, has been working on an experiment which has proven to be a success and will undoubtedly make her the most wealthy person in the United States.

She has discovered a new tonic which will make chickens grow large very rapidly. She experimented with a few of her chickens by giving them the tonic and in two weeks they weighed twenty-five pounds.

Miss Ulrey has always lived on a farm since her school days, and her interest in gardening and poultry raising seems to be steadily increasing. She now has a hen, "Fluffy Ruffles," which took the prize at the world's fair last summer. The results of her many experiments have at last won for her lasting fame and wealth.

SPORT SECTION.**National Basket Ball League An-
nounces Champion.**

The National Basket Ball League has announced Robert Clapp as their champion. He has led them to victory many times. The team recently played against England's well-known "Tigers" and won by a score of 58 to 20.



Feb. 2, 1936

THE INSPIRATION

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LOCAL MAN MAKES SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY.

Will Soon Be Known the World Over.

Dr. F. E. Hull, druggist of South Whitley, has at last completed a very strenuous laboratory experiment and has perfected a most effective rat poison.

Dr. Hull went to his laboratory last Tuesday and spent three days of very deep and concentrated study. He came forth this morning with his discovery. He refuses to tell the details of the work as yet.

Dr. Hull graduated from the South Whitley high school in 1922 and from the Ohio State School of Pharmacy in 1926. He has since been proprietor of the drug store formerly owned by Dr. D. C. Scott.

COMMENCEMENT ADDRESS.

To Be Delivered by a Former South Whitley Student.

The Senior Class of the South Whitley High School feels very much honored to have a former student of this school, in the person of Mabel Mishler, to deliver their commencement address.

Miss Mishler was a member of the Class of Twenty-two and graduated with high honors of scholarship. Today she is the President of the "Oxford College for Women." She has a reputation of being an excellent speaker. It is only through her loyalty and her love for her high school that they are able to obtain her services.

FROM SUNNY ITALY.

Noted Philosopher Writes Interesting Letter to Friends.

Florence, Italy.

Dear Friends: Here's finding me enjoying myself in Italy. The flowers are blooming, the birds are singing, the bees are humming, and I am in the midst of my longed-for popularity. The people of Italy are certainly charming entertainers.

I have met with Aristotle the third and Socrates the fourth in searching for material for my last book, "Logical Philosophy." Both are very keen listeners and are interested in my line of work.

But listen! That isn't what I want to tell you. This certainly is the life if you don't weaken. I have just accomplished a new snake dance of which I am the originator. You will hear more about it soon.

I am Most humbly,
FORREST J. MYERS.

SOCIETY.

Well-Known Couple Wed.

Miss Edith Pence, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Pence, and Ronald Graf, son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Graf, were united in marriage at the home of the bride, January 30, at 6 o'clock.

The bride is well known in the social set of the city and has won friends wherever she goes by her lovable personality.

Mr. Graf has been engaged in the dental business for some time in Detroit, Mich., and the couple will soon move there to their permanent home.

Page 1

THE INSPIRATION

Feb. 2, 1936

THEATRICALS.

At the Palace Tonight.

"School Days," starring Miss Minerva Colvin, the beautiful and talented actress who has been the heroine of so many successful dramas. If you want to "bring back those wonderful days" don't miss this, the best show of the season.

On Surveying Expedition.

Mr. Walter Smith has been employed by the United States government to survey some of the government's western lands. He is preparing an expedition and will be gone for some time.

Mr. Smith is an experienced man in this line and has done similar work for the government before.

It Pays to Advertise.

Wanted—A husband, any size or age, but he must be wealthy. I am a lonesome young lady thirty-four years of age. I have dark hair and deep brown eyes. I am capable of making a pleasant home for the most exacting. All applicants phone or call.

MISS HILDA SHORB.

SMASHING SALE.

Second Hand Jewelry.

Beautiful
New Diamonds
at Amazingly Low Prices.

At Galbreath's.
Go where the crowds go.

Don't go
elsewhere
to be cheated.

CARROL SNYDER

Candidate on the
Republican Ticket
for the House of
Representatives from
12th Indiana District

Your vote and influence will be
appreciated

Hull's Drug Store

When in need of
a good stimulant
call for our own
brand of

**GUARANTEED
RAT POISON**



Senior Class Will

In the name of the Unseen Power, we, the Seniors of the Class of '22 of the South Whitley High School, being of sound mind and free will, do hereby declare this document to be the last will and testament of the aforesaid class to be executed on our Commencement Day, May 8th, 1922:

ITEM 1.

To the School Board we bequeath our enthusiasm for a bigger and better place to educate the future citizens of South Whitley.

ITEM 2.

To the Juniors we will the responsibility of making 1922-1923 school term a success.

To the Sophomores we bequeath our unread notes and the privilege to play puzzle during school hours.

To the Freshmen we bequeath our Latin ponies and commercial arithmetic answers.

ITEM 3.

We bestow our appreciation for his interest and assistance shown to Mr. Fleek, our superintendent.

We have previously mentioned Mr. Morris, our principal, in the Dedication of this book.

To Miss Perkins, we bestow our lasting friendship.

To Miss Payne, we leave our smile and good humor.

To Miss Orr, we bequeath "The Little Red Fate Book."

To Mr. Wright, we bequeath our discomfort while in the assembly, under his watchful eyes.

With Mrs. Barron, we leave our appetites.

To Reverend Dame, we will the dictionary.

ITEM 4.—OUR INDIVIDUAL BEQUESTS.

I, Firmer Hull, do bequeath my salesmanship to Cecil Siberts.

I, Gilbert Graf, do bequeath my surplus avoirdupois to Leona Dreyer.

I, Frances Ulely, do bequeath my poetic ability upon Eugene Beard.

I, Norman Miller, do bequeath my ability to play basket ball to any of the underclassmen who will uphold the reputation of the South Whitley High School basket ball team.

I, Hilda Shorb, do will my innocence and bashfulness to Thelma Eiler.

I, Bayard Crow, do bequeath my mischievous inspiration to Kermit Tressler.

I, Mabel Mishler, do bequeath my propensity for whispering to all the underclassmen, hoping that being divided among so many, it will not give the teachers so much annoyance.

I, Thomas Rody, do bequeath the last seat in the Senior row to Von Cook, believing he will appreciate the heritage.



I, Robert Clapp, do leave my heart with a certain member of the Sophomore Class.

I, Carrol Snyder, do bequeath my ability to make speeches before large audiences, to Arthur Baker.

I, Prudence White, do bequeath my fat reducing methods to Genevieve Waugh.

I, Walter Smith, do bequeath my dignity to Lena Mollenhour.

I, Minerva Colvin, do leave my paint brushes and worn-out pens with Oma Merriek.

I, Ronald Graf, do bequeath my curling iron to Fern Rohn.

I, Dorothy Ray, do bequeath all the time I have spent before the mirror in the hall, to any of the underclassmen who will make good use of it.

I, Forrest Meyers, do bequeath my compliments and romantic sayings to any of the fair sex, who will promise not to throw books at me.

I, Walter Galbreath, have bestowed my ability as yell leader upon George Holloway.

Signed and sealed this 18th day of May, 1922.

SENIORS.







Class of '23

Marguerite Hauptmeyer, President

Charles Day, Vice President.

Merritt Bowers, Secretary and Treasurer.

Miss Perkins, Class Advisor.

CLASS COLORS

Maroon and Gold.

CLASS MOTTO

“Conquering and still to conquer.”

CLASS ROLL

Russell Austin	Opal Lancaster
Cleta Barr	Glen Lehman
Sarah Barron	Oma Merriek
Olga Beachler	Lena Mollenhour
Merritt Bowers	Laura Nicholson
Von Cook	Helen Oliver
Charles Day	Edith Pence
Leona Dryer	Helen Plattner
John Feagler	Freeman Smith
Pauline Fleek	Erna Trier
Marguerite Hauptmeyer	Kermit Tressler
George Holloway	Genevieve Waugh
Harry Kennedy	Della Weybright
Jeanette Lancaster	Annette Weiner
Ilele Lancaster	



JUNIOR CLASS CHARACTERISTICS

Russell Austin (Rusty).....	Innocents Abroad.
Cleta Barr	Rich in the graces of the heart.
Sarah Barron (Sadie)	"Any dude 'll do."
Olga Beachler	She's not to be sneezed at.
Merritt Bowers	Quiet and composed.
Von Cook (Peb).....	"Aw, go on, you sissy!"
Charles Day (Charlie).....	He's very fond of Herr.
Leona Dryer	A pleasant and modest lady.
John Feagler (Johnny).....	"What would Mamma say?"
Pauline Fleek (Polly).....	"What's better than to be merry?"
Marguerite Hauptmeyer (Mergie).....	A good mixer.
George Holloway (Jiggs).....	"I hain't nobody's darling."
Harry Kennedy (Ken).....	"I'd rather bake than roast." He's a baker.
Jeanette Lancaster (Jean).....	Wherefore those dim, dreamy looks of thine?
Iele Lancaster (Curly).....	"Oh! I say."
Opal Laneaster	I just laugh at nothing.
Glen Lehman (Cuney).....	Here's to a B. B. star so brave, but over his lessons he's not known to rave.
Oma Merriek	"Just because I'm little they all pick on me."
Lena Mollenhour	A blush is beautiful, but often inconvenient.
Helen Oliver	An open countenance and a closed speech.
Edith Pence (Ed).....	What she undertook to do, she did.
Helen Plattner (Hedy).....	"Oh! my old man," etc., etc.
Freeman Smith (Smithy).....	He goes on Sunday to the church.



Erna Trier (Erny)..... Another debater.
 Kermit Tressler (Spinx)..... A lion among ladies is a most dreadful thing.
 Genevieve Waugh (Jinny)..... Her voice was sweet and low.
 Della Weybright Thy hair is wonderfully and fearfully arranged.
 Annette Weiner (Net)..... "I chatter, chatter, as I go."
 Laura Nicholson "Isn't that lovely?"



WOULDN'T IT BE FUNNY?

If Glen Lehman, so long and lean,
 Upon the street some day were seen,
 With a body so short and fat
 That you couldn't tell whether he stood or sat,
 Wouldn't it be funny?

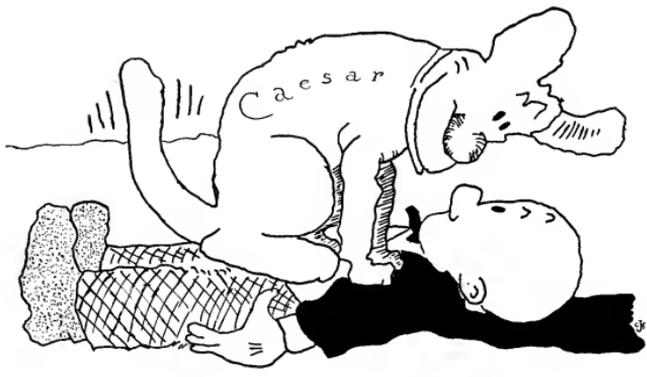
If Sarah Barron, so trim and coy,
 Should be seen walking without a boy,
 And she should appear contented
 And not in the least demented,
 Wouldn't it be funny?

Suppose sometime we were roaming
 About the park in the gloaming,
 And a corner we were turning,
 We'd see Kermit Tressler with girls a-flirting,
 Wouldn't it be funny?

Suppose the Juniors were of a kind
 To find themselves all of one mind,
 So that Miss Perkins wouldn't have to plea
 That they should on a plan agree,
 Wouldn't it be funny?

Pauline Fleck, '23.

SOPHOMORES





Class of '24

Stewart Smith, President.

Carrie Ray, Vice President.

Lavona Kinsey, Secretary and Treasurer.

Mr. Wright, Class Advisor.

CLASS COLORS

Red and White.

CLASS ROLL

Mary Arney	Lurabelle Martin
Arthur Baker	Alma Pook
Eugene Beard	Carrie Ray
Harold Bentz	Thelma Reekard
Edith Boyer	Olin Roberts
Foster Bollinger	Nina Smith
Mary Conners	Stewart Smith
Fred Fosler	Mark Snyder
Marie Kaler	Lois Spann
Paul Kendal	Elizabeth Talbert
Lavona Kinsey	Kenneth Wilson
Bernice Long	Conway Geist
James Matson	



SOPHOMORE CHARACTERISTICS

Mary Arney (Walker)	"Yes, I have all my lessons."
Arthur Baker (Do Little)	A peppy young fellow who falls in love with every girl he meets(??)
Edith Boyer (Edie)	Always studying.
Eugene Beard (Gene)	His faults are few.
Harold Bentz (Bentz)	He finds time to sleep in the assembly.
Foster Bollinger	"What's the use of living if you can't be mischievous?"
Mary Connors	Likes to bluff our history teacher.
Fred Fosler (Fritz)	Our poetical scholar.
Conway Geist	His motto is obedience(?)
Marie Kaler (Toots)	Always eating candy in the assembly.
Lavona Kinsey (Shorty)	Jolly, but industrious.
Lurabelle Martin (Slim)	Our basket ball star.
James Matson (Jim)	Wastes a tablet of paper every day writing to a Freshman girl.
Paul Kendal	Our latest arrival; likes to make "goo-goo" eyes at the girls during spare moments.
Alma Pook (Andy)	Her smiles all turn to giggles.
Carrie Ray (Sandy)	She's our history star.
Nina Smith (Smithy)	"My love has gone away."
Stewart Smith (Stew)	He is brim full of wisdom.
Lois Spann (Loeus)	Knows much, but says little.
Thelma Reckard	A promising musician.
Mark Snyder (Doc)	Class comedian.
Elizabeth Talbert (Lizzie)	She finds time to smile at a Freshman boy.
Kenneth Wilson (Woodrow)	Never has his lessons(?)
Bernice Long	"Why, I don't see what I have done that I should be made to go back to the assembly."



OUR PAST

Our class first met in September,
The day, we sure must remember;
Of course we were present first of all
In order to look all over the hall.
The Juniors and Seniors looked so proud,
And Sophs were mixed all through the crowd.
Soon Mr. Sivits rang the bell,
And from fright, our countenance fell.
Thelma, who joined us as leader here,
Was with us during all the year.
We busied ourselves in Geography,
Latin and Algebra and Botany.
It was indeed for us a great thing
When we were dismissed again in the spring.
In the fall of nineteen and twenty-one
We were back to have some real old fun.
However, before so very long
We were singing an entirely different song;
We soon found out that we couldn't do
As much as we had intended to.
We realized what we had to fight,
And we were forced to study at night;
With Stewart leading us this time,
We sure went over the hill just fine;
And we same industrious ones, I'm sure,
Will work together in '24.

EUGENE BEARD, '24.





Class of '25

Ayee Richard, President.

Delight North, Vice President.

Mary Kinsey, Secretary and Treasurer.

Miss Payne, Faculty Advisor.

CLASS COLORS

Purple and White.

CLASS MOTTO

"Rowing, not drifting."

CLASS FLOWER

Yellow Tea Rose.

THE FAME OF THE FRESHMEN

We, the Class of Twenty-five,
The largest witnessed yet,
With all our vim do daily strive
For the class more fame to get.

Proud we are of our great size,
But not of numbers do we boast;
In placing us among the wise,
We know that works do count the most.

We hope to do our duties well,
And all our honors gain,
That future writers all may tell
Of all our well-earned fame.

We'll face the future without fear,
And profit by our past;
With thoughts of duty ever near,
Till our goal is reached at last.

CLEON FLECK, '25.

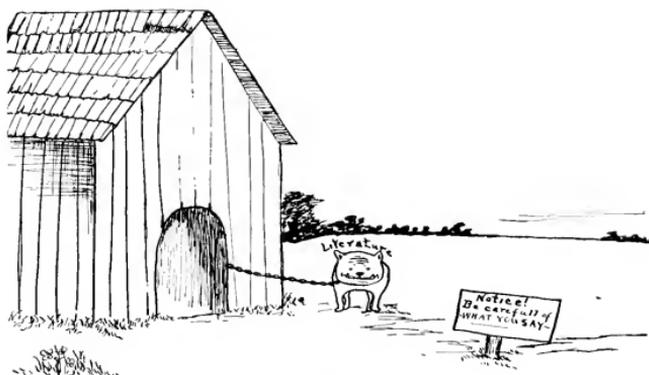
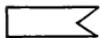


FRESHMAN CHARACTERISTICS

George Abbott	Our most silent member.
Norman Arney	Just naturally bright.
Edna Bentz	The cautious seldom err.
Carl Foust	He knows more than you think he does.
Dorothy Swanson	"I'm on the good side of every one."
Tural Urey (Turtle)	Our very bold(?) debater.
Pearl Oliver	A maiden never bold.
Pauline Herr (Peony)	She lives for a Day.
Albert Kreider (Nub)	A great mind in a small body.
Homer Mishler (Mish)	Crammed full of mischief.
Ayce Richard (Peggy)	Our pretty Class President.
LaMarr Miller (Moony)	Love changes its course.
Lueille Plattner	Moony's latest attraction.
Berl Hoerdts	Never speaks unless he is spoken to.
Vera Brieker	Her hair is like the sunset.
Ethel Iches	Imported from Chicago.
Theodore Essig (Ted)	Serious thoughts come seldom.
Thelma Eiler (Polly)	Has plenty to say.
Howard Workman (Skeeter)	Slow but sure.
Robert Trumbull (June Bug)	"There's one pretty Soph."
Bernice Snyder (Snyd)	A good all 'round student.
Rudolph Kyler (Duke)	Always punctual(?) Enjoys writing themes.
Dorothy Bauman	Pretty fair in everything.
Orin Austin	"I don't know."
Dorothy Heneline (Doc)	Noted for her curly hair.



George Keppler (Keppy)	“My kingdom for a girl.”
Faun Laneaster	Fern’s sister.
Fern Laneaster	One of our twin aerobats.
Signa Dimmick (Maggie)	An eye like Mars, to threaten and command.
Justus Walpole (Warp)	Our class humorist.
Delight North (Betty)	“Honest, I’ll wear my new hat tomorrow.”
Otis Dame	A peacher’s son. “Nuff sed.”
Lucille Ensley (Ceil)	Always where she shouldn’t be.
Eugene Weybright	Spends time with Delight.
Thelma Koontz	Just a pleasant girl.
Ruth Gardener	Quiet and industrious.
Ruth Arnett (Dimples)	An attractive country lass.
Esta Barr	Still water runs deep.
Lewis Beard (Cannonball)	An all ’round athlete.
Verlin Blaine	A smart little shrimp.
Glenn Bonebrake (Boney)	“Why so? I’m the biggest.”
Gerald Boyer (Buck)	Has energy to burn.
Edith Brower (Ed)	“I wish I had more nerve.”
Eli Casner	Causes us to laugh.
Alice Castator (Red)	“What is a note?” (See A. C.)
Von Chesterman (Ches)	“I have all but one.”
Ethel Colvin	A demure young lady.
Alice Day (Happy)	She is truly “Happy.”
Cleon Fleek (Matty)	“Surely, I will be an orator.
Garland Goff	“Gee, this lesson is too hard.”
Harold Fox (Foxy)	True to his nickname.
Earl Goff (Dump)	Our Basket Ball representative.
Hubert Kinsey (Hub)	What a nasty frown!
Osear Joy	A noticeable chap.
Mary Kinsey (Bobby)	Ahem! Our B. B. marvel.
Blanche Kreider	Wrongly understood.
Lynn Lausdown (Dick)	Beware of his eyes!
Dorothy McConnell (Dot)	A seeker after Joy.
Bertha Myers (Bert)	Ever smile? Sure she does!
Fern Rohn	“Is my hair fixed right, girls?”
Vera Shriver	The world delights in sunny people.
Kathryn Reed (Kate)	Talkative? Well, rather!
Cecil Siberts (Seek)	“Wish I was back in Collamer.”
Frank Smith (Frankie)	“I know everything about Latin.”
Edna Smith	“Oh, fiddlesticks!”
Edith Stafford	Her blush is beautiful.
Paul Waugh	“I don’t know for sure, but I think,” etc.
Hulda Kreider	Hard to learn to know.



ENGLISH

Truth McFarlan



NEARLY, the man was at bay. The crafty eyes set far too close together, and reminding one of nothing so much as the beady eyes of a black snake, shifted furtively from his captor to the road beyond, as though seeking some way of escape. One lock of the tangled, unkempt hair straggled unevenly across his forehead. A slouch hat, one time gray, but now filthy and much battered, covered the rest of his hair. His grimy, briar-torn fingers clutched nervously at the ragged, torn, sack coat. His faded shirt, reeking with mingled odors of stale tobacco and whisky, lay open at the throat, revealing an expanse of bare chest, upon which was tattooed a skull and cross bones. His whole attitude bespoke of misery and dejection.

Martyn Dane, the captor, was the first to speak. "Tiger McFarland," he said, "I've got you at last, and I've half a mind to kill you now and make sure you're out of the way."

Savagely he jerked his gun into position as though to make good his threat. The vision of a poster proclaiming a reward of five thousand dollars for the capture alive, of Wells McFarland, better known as "Tiger," stayed his action. Instead, he stepped forward, and taking from his pocket a pair of hand cuffs, made as if to fasten them on the man.

Suddenly, "Tiger" McFarlan came to life. With a savage snarl he flung himself headlong upon the deputy. So unexpectedly was the attack that Dane was taken completely off guard. McFarlan succeeded in knocking his gun from his hand. Tightly clenched, the two men rolled upon the ground, perilously near the edge of the canyon. Both were the same size, and at first seemed evenly matched. Soon, however, the long days and nights of cold and hunger that McFarlan had endured, began to tell on him. His breath came shorter and he could no longer see. At last he lost consciousness and Dane staggered to his feet. A stir from the unconscious man reminded him of duty. Deftly he fastened the cuffs on "Tiger." After picking up his gun, he sat down to wait for McFarlan to regain consciousness.

Sand Coulee, was indeed a lively town that night. Word that "Tiger" McFarlan, long the terror of the Montana hills, had been captured, spread as though by magic. Men and women came from miles around to celebrate the event. At last they need not fear the man; rather McFarlan should fear them, for he was now in the Sand Coulee jail, awaiting trial. Apparently, there was no need to worry lest he escape, for the jail was strong and well guarded.

There was, however, an unknown force with which they had not reckoned. That night, while Sand Coulee was merry-making, a little figure was making its way down the mountain toward the town. Word of her father's capture had reached Truth McFarlan. Though he was a murderer and a thief, to Truth he had always been a hero. Motherless, the girl worshipped her father; and in addition to her unbound love, it was not the way of the McFarlans to desert one another in times of need.

The old warden was surprised the next morning when a pale little girl presented herself at the jail.

"Sir," she said, "I'm Truth McFarlan."



"Well, by all that's holy," ejaculated the astounded jailer, "Who'da thunk that 'Tiger' could'a had such a pretty piece of baggage belongin' to him? Hungry, Gal?"

"No," she replied, raising to him her big eyes, that looked like violets with dew on them, "I'm not hungry, but please, mayn't I see daddy for just a minute?"

"It's against orders," he said, "but doggit all, I don't see what harm you could do."

"You'll let me go, then, won't you? Please, Oh, please," she begged, clasping and unclasping her hands. "Daddy's all the mother I've ever had and," her eyes flashing, "he isn't so bad as people say he is, I know. Why, Mr. Jail keeper, it was always daddy who tied up my cut fingers, and once when I was sick, he never had his clothes off for two whole weeks, and such a nurse—Please, Oh, you must let me see him."

As she talked, Truth's eyes filled with tears. It would have taken a heart much harder than that of the old jailer not to be touched by the pleading of the seriously sweet girl. Perhaps, too, the picture the girl made, with her mass of copper-colored hair, large, serious eyes, and drooping cupid's bow of a mouth, had something to do with his surrender. At any rate, he motioned for the girl to follow as he started away.

McFarlan was sitting on a bench in his cell. Humped over, his face buried in his hands, his one foot tapping on the floor, he did not look up as the two entered.

"Daddy," Truth breathed. Slipping past her escort, she ran towards him with arms outstretched.

At the sound of her voice, McFarlan wheeled around. The look of utter hopelessness and dejection fell from him like a mantle. Rising to his feet, he folded Truth in his embrace, murmuring tender words of endearment in her ear. "Tiger" McFarlan, the criminal, had vanished; Wells McFarlan, the father, reigned in his stead.

Both seemed oblivious of the old man's presence. Much as he hated to do it, he was forced to remind the girl that her ten minute visit was over.

With a farewell hug, Truth turned from her father. Her face was now radiant.

"It's all right, daddy," she cried in silvery tones of hope, "I won't let them hang you. They just shan't. They'll have to hang me too, if they do."

The two, warden and visitor, had not gone far when they heard a groan.

"Oh," cried Truth with horror. "That was Daddy. Come, let's go back, Hurry!"

Truth's instinct had not misled her. Lying on the floor of the cell, writhing in pain, lay her father. At sight of her, he tried to hide his suffering. Quickly she ran to him and put his head in her lap.

"Oh, Daddy, Daddy," she moaned, the radiance and joy all gone from her, "don't die and leave me alone."

"Its-all-right-Truth," he gasped haltingly, using her words of a few minutes before. "They'd have killed me and it's better to go this way. I'm happy, girl. Don't feel too badly, for I'll be better off. Look out for my girl, Warden," and his eyes sought those of the jailer as though to find an answer there.

The Warden cleared his throat and when he answered, his voice was husky with emotion.

"I'll take keer of her, McFarlan," he said and then that lump in his throat choked him and he left the cell.

Gradually, McFarlan's huge form grew quiet. His eyes opened and as they fell on Truth, he smiled.

"Good-bye, Truth," he whispered, "I'm goin' now." His eyes closed and "Tiger" McFarlan, notorious outlaw, was dead.

Truth rose, dry-eyed and wan. She started toward the door, and just as she reached it, she turned.

"Yes, Daddy," she murmured. "It's better and I'll be brave."

As the daughter of Wells McFarlan stood alone with her dead, a sudden ray of sunlight pierced the dull gloom of the cell, bringing with it a promise of brighter days.

MARY CONNERS, '24.

Themes—Any Kind



ELL, some people seem to be in a hurry this morning! Can't you see any one or do you need spees?"

Pat O'Connors glanced up quickly and her eyes encountered the mirthful glance of Jack Strong, who had fallen into step beside her in headlong flight across the campus. Pat was always late, and she had to rush to reach her class on time, although she had never been known to be tardy to class and was a very brilliant student.

"Why, Hello Jack, gee I didn't see you! You see, as usual, I'm late and I was in such a dreadful hurry and, forgive me, won't you?"

"Oh, yes, willingly," responded this very handsome young man.

"Say Pat," he resumed as they hurried along, "Have you written that crazy old English theme that is due tomorrow?"

"Why yes! Haven't you?"

"No, I should say I haven't. I simply can't, and you know I can't."

"Well, Jack Strong," and assuming a mock gravity which did not at all match her mirthful eyes, she said, "and just to think that I should ever live to see the day when you would admit that a mere girl could get ahead of you on anything, and—"

"Oh, cut it out, Pat, have a little merey won't you? All the fellows have been razzin' me till I'm nearly crazy now."

Here the girl interrupted him to enter a nearby building.

"I would be very glad to help you Jack, that is, if I could, and you wanted me to, but right now I have French as you know."

"Would you? Say, that's sporting of you! Meet me at Martin's for lunch and we'll talk it over. What say?"

The girl nodded and hurriedly entered the class-room, the last one to arrive. However, the "Prof" was mercifully late. She was greeted by a chorus of girlish voices calling, "Hello Pat," to which she responded in her most charming manner, which was very charming indeed.

Pat, properly speaking, Patricia, was well liked by all who knew her. Those who called themselves her personal friends were envied by all to whom that privilege was denied. Her Irish wit, her love of fun, and her daring had led her into many serious scrapes at school, but the same winning personality had as readily retrieved her.

Jack proceeded on his way to class, but his mind was far, far away from mathematics. He was greeted by a bunch of his "Frat" pals who yelled, "Welcome to our city old man. How's the theme writing today? Behold our budding journalist."



In desperation Jack hurled his books at them, and tried to escape the answering volley of books, ink bottles, and other miscellaneous articles hurled in his direction.

English was the bane of Jack's existence, and every one knew it. Of all his studies, he hated it the worst, and he was constantly the subject of much good natured ridicule. Assuming a very superior air he responded, "that's all right. Just you wait until you see my theme. It sure is a peach!"

"Oh! yes, we all know she's a peach," this from an exceedingly witty member of the bunch.

Blushing furiously, Jack replied, "Aw! You guys shut up, here comes Grand-dad," referring to the aged professor of mathematics who was then seen approaching the room. The old gentleman had been christened "Grandad," out of pure affection because he was the most beloved member of the whole faculty.

As recitation began, Jack and Pat in their respective class-rooms, became very serious and settled down to the hard grind before them with very determined expressions.

At noon Jack made a wild dash for Martin's and, arriving there, composed himself for a long wait. True to his anticipations, Pat was late, in fact she was very late.

Arriving smiling and breathless from her walk, she greeted him effusively and started talking at once.

"Oh, Jack! I've the dandiest plot all worked out for your theme," she cried, and stopped to see the effect of her hurried words.

"Have you? Good! What is it? Come on, tell a fellow," as Pat remained silent and tried to regain her composure. This was an exceedingly difficult feat for her to perform, for no matter how hard she tried she could never be very dignified. Just now, her wind-flushed cheeks, sparkling blue eyes, and her whole lovely face framed in crisp black curls, Jack thought he had never seen her look lovelier.

She then told him her plan and hastily sketched the plot for him on a piece of note paper. Finally after eagerly discussing everything in detail of the plot she explained, "Jack, I'm late for class, what will I do?"

"That's easy, as yours truly doesn't have any classes for two hours, let's go for a walk."

That evening Jack rushed into the Frat house and seemed very much pre-occupied. Hastily seating himself at a desk he started writing.

Some of the fellows who were gathered in groups around the room became extremely curious and accordingly wandered over to see what he was doing.

"Hey, Jack, got your theme yet?" from one of them.

An indistinct murmur was their only response. Jack went on busily writing.

"Oh, I say, old man———," but he got no further for Jack said, "Say, darn it! you fellows, clear out and let me alone and I'll soon have that wonderful theme you're raving about," as he jumped angrily to his feet.

He resumed his seat after this outburst, only to stare into space. After a long sigh he murmured, "Gee, she's a dear," and dreamily resumed his work.

A Letter



THE shining rays of the rising sun shone in through the shutters, playing hide and seek among the beautiful furnishings in the little blue room, which was Arbelle's.

Finally, the teasing sunbeams awoke her from sweet slumber. She looked around the room with satisfaction and great contentment. How comfortable was her dear home, and how kind every one was to her! Not a thing did she wish for that could not be her own merely for the asking.

Only two more days and it would again be Christmas, a time when Arbelle was showered with wonderful gifts, gifts that would please any girl.

While she was thinking of Christmas and what a wonderful time she was sure to have, she wondered how some of the children in the slums would spend Christmas. Before she arose she resolved that in some way she would make some family happy this Christmas; that without giving some joy her own Christmas could not be complete.

After breakfast she called for her car and started for the slum districts. Arbelle was an inexperienced girl of sixteen and visiting the slums was an entirely new thing for her, but her problem was to be solved by an easier method than she had hoped for.

When she had dismissed the chauffeur, telling him when and where to meet her, she started down the dirty, unkept street, not knowing just what to do or where to go. She had walked but a little way when she glanced down and saw a curious-looking envelope lying in the street. She stooped and picked it up. It was addressed to Mr. Santa Claus, North Pole. She immediately proceeded to open it, for she felt sure that she was the Santa Claus, although she did not live at the North Pole. This is what she read:

"Dear Santa: I've been a-waitin' and a-wishin' fer Christmas ter com' fer som' tin', an' an' as its jist 'bout tim' now, my ma she sed you would n't fin' us cause we's so pore. I ist tol' ma 'at mebbe she was mistaken. But I tho't I'd write ye an' thin mebbe ye'd know how I feel 'bout you. I never wnz seeh a bad boy, so my ma says, but I don't to boast any, cause ma says tain't rite. Well, Santa, there is five of us kids, an' my pa he's dead, an' my poor ma she jist works hard all the tim' a-washin' and scrubbin' fer our bread an' butter, so she says, an' I want to go to school, but I can't, cause we jist ain't got nuff money. My ma she tries to teach us kids, but thin she says that she don't know very much herself. Now, dear Santa, I'm jist a-hopin' 'at you'll bring us sompin' what might help ter keep us warm the rest of the winter, cause we've been so cold all the tim'. I tol' the other kids to pray, cause ma she said that wnz the way ter git things. Now, Santa, of course we want som' toys an' sompin' ter play wid but first we'd ask fer the rest. My pants they is 'bout wore out, my shoes in a similar shape, an' the other kids air 'bout the same. Las' nite it snowed here, an' it come in through the winder 'at's broked, an' I tell ye 'at we jist bout frizzed. An' say, I wish ye'd bring Alice, 'at's my baby sister, a dolly, cause she jist loves 'em so much. Now, please don't fergit sompin' ter eat, cause we's all nearly dead with hungry. I'll end my letter now, cause I gess you knows jist 'bout how we iss. Lots of love, SAMMY.

P. S.—I don' 'no if ye even know when we live er not, so I'll jist tell yer. We live four houses strate down the street from 'at little store on the corner of Water street. SAMMIE.

When Arbelle finished the letter, tears were running down her cheeks.

This letter, which was the outpouring of a poor child's heart, touched her very deeply. Arbelle's course lay plainly before her. She turned her footsteps toward the little corner store, and when she came in front of the little, mean-looking house, her heart nearly burst with pity. There were ragged curtains at the windows, but even though they were nearly worn out, one could tell that some one had tried to keep them clean.

By this time Arbelle's car appeared, and she immediately went home. On reaching home she found her mother and entrusted her with her new plans. After reading the letter she heartily agreed to everything and they immediately set to work. First, they prepared clothing for each of the family and then sent an order to the grocery.

Next was to get the toys for which Sammie had asked for so timidly. Arbelle would not leave this task to any one else, so the next morning she arose early and went shopping, coming home laden with all kinds of toys imaginable.

Everything was wrapped and in the baskets ready for Christmas eve. Arbelle was very happy and excited. It seemed a long time to wait—one more day.

Finally it was time to take the gifts to Sammie's house. Packing the baskets in the car, she started on her journey.

When she reached the little house, the snow was falling thick and fast, so she ordered the chauffeur to take everything in at once. When Arbelle knocked, a little worn lady opened the door. Arbelle called to the man to bring everything right in, but the little woman stopped her, saying that she surely must be at the wrong place. After assuring her and explaining the real meaning of what they were doing, the gifts were brought in and unwrapped.

Such a happy, wonderful time, in that little two-room, meanly-furnished house. Arbelle entirely forgot time or place in her great excitement and joy. It seemed to her that she had always known this loveable little woman and these beautiful, well-behaved children.

Finally she remembered that she must go home, and bidding the happy family good-bye, promised to visit them again soon.

THELMA RICKARD, '24.

THE FATE OF "DOUG."

"Doug" Miller on a rainy day
 Was called to the office for a great dismay;
 Called to the office to meet his doom,
 For being sent back to the assembly room.
 And to every teacher he was sent to see,
 To find, what his department would be;
 But he only found what he already knew,
 That his department was not far from "U."
 And the way he is going to raise it to "B"
 Surely will be a mystery.
 But the Seniors are going to help him through,
 Although his department is but "U."
 And the only way that we can see,
 Is to blame it all on the Faculty.
 And all bad words that have come me
 Couldn't express what it ought to be.

WALTER SMITH.



THE WONDERFUL GLEE CLUB.

Fast in speed, fast in speed,
 Fast in speed onward,
 All into Glee Club
 Strode the boy wonders.
 Towards the seats they made;
 "Charge on the books!" they cried,
 As into the Glee Club they strode
 To sing of "Old Hundred."

Open the books were laid,
 Was there a boy dismayed?
 Tho' not one of them knew
 The song of "Old Hundred,"
 There's not to be sob nor sigh
 There's not to question why,
 There's but to do or try,
 In Orr's Glee Club,
 Singing "Old Hundred."

Baritones to the right of them,
 Tenors to the left of them,
 Basses in front of them,
 Bellowed and thundered.
 Right through the tune they broke,
 Senior and Freshman.
 They sang some song, but not,
 Not "Old Hundred."

RUSSELL AUSTIN, '23.

The Outcast



T half past three o'clock, the bell for dismissal rang at Maywood High School.

Down the steps came jolly high school students, some slowly, some hurriedly; others unconcerned. Merry-faced maidens trooped down the streets by twos or threes, but there was one who was alone; no one seemed to care for her. Rather hurriedly she walked down West street with her eyes, as it seemed, glued in the direction in which she was walking.

Judging from her appearance, one could not find a reason for her being alone and without friends. She was of medium height and was neatly dressed, which showed that she was careful and tidy. Her usually lustrous brown eyes had a dull expression, and the curls that clustered around her shoulders did not seem to dance up and down as cheerfully as they had the morning before. A sad expression of loneliness and disappointment veiled her pretty face, but back of that sad look was a hopeful smile that showed a sunny disposition in spite of all the ill-treatment that she had received.

"Oh! there she goes, girls; our new junior. She says her name's Grace. I don't like her 'cause she thinks she's smart. Just look how she dresses," said one of the juniors.

"Yes, and don't you know," said another, "We had a class meeting last evening and the class matron forgot that we were to have it, and didn't come, so we planned a party and decided not to have a chaperon. I asked the new girl what she thought of it, and she had the nerve to tell me that her parents did not permit her to go to unchaperoned parties, and besides, she did not think it was right to deceive a teacher in that way. Now if she goes and spoils it, we'll have to have a pokey old party and the teachers won't let us dance."

"Aw, kid, quit talkin' about it. I got somethin' good to tell you, if you'll listen," said another girl. The other girls were anxious to hear it, so she began:

"I saw in the paper last night that the ex-governor of Massachusetts

and his family are going to move to Maywood. They were to move last month, but were delayed and now they are coming this very week!"

"Oh," broke in Marjorie.

"Well, now, wait till I finish. They've got a boy and a girl that are both going to school. Of course, the boy's in college, but the girl's only sixteen, and a junior I'll bet. Now, girls, won't that be great to be in a class with Governor Hendricks' daughter? I'll tell you we'll have to treat her like a wax doll, 'cause you know it will be worth something to have her as a friend. She'll be the most popular girl in school, I know."

"Yes, yes," said Eleanor, "speaking of making friends with her makes me think of something. This evening as I came past the office, the principal stopped me and told me to prepare a speech for a program tomorrow morning. What kind of a program, I couldn't imagine, so I asked him. He said that it was a secret, and wouldn't tell me anything except that I should speak on 'Being Friends to Our Classmates.' I'm almost scared to death, because I never could make speeches; especially on such a subject as that. I must stop at the library to get some speech material, so good-bye."

The girls walked on, laughing at Eleanor's unprepared speech, because she always pretended that it was so hard for her to face an audience, when she knew that she could do it without any embarrassment or fear.

The next morning the teachers seemed quite worried about the program. One could see by their actions that something was not going right.

When fifteen minutes had dragged by slowly, the principal stepped out upon the stage, followed by a middle-aged man and his wife, who took seats at the back of it; the new junior followed them and did likewise.

The students all laughed when they saw her join those on the back of the stage, but when the principal introduced the trio as Governor Hendricks, his wife, and daughter, a look of disappointment was seen on their faces, (the juniors especially) for they knew what Mr. and Mrs. Hendricks thought of them as a class.

When Eleanor's name was called, she could do nothing except ask Grace Hendricks' forgiveness, and that is what she did do.

The juniors showed their approval by loudly clapping their hands, and none did so as heartily as those who had rejected Grace Hendricks as a friend, just a few days before.

CARRIE A. RAY '24.

TOAST TO THE SENIORS.

Here's to the good old Seniors,

This Class of Twenty-two;

We have struggled hard for four long years

In the good old White and Blue.

We once were only Freshmen,

This Class of Twenty-two;

We studied most hard that English and

Math,—

And Latin was difficult, too.

Then Sophomores were we,

This Class of Twenty-two;

Caesar and all his armies and help

Couldn't stop us from going straight
through.

Then we were studious Juniors,

This Class of Twenty-two;

Solid-geometry, history and all,

But this, of course, we all knew.

And now at last we're Seniors,

In this year of twenty-two;

And the example we've set for these four
long years

Should be an example for you.

WALTER SMITH, '22.



“For the Love of Johnny”

An event of the year which attracted much attention was “For the Love of Johnny,” a comedy in three acts, given by the Senior Class, December 8th, 9th and 12th. It was directed by Burton Conkling and was a very great success.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Ethel Banks, the Niece	Prudence White
Harriet Banks, the Aunt	Frances Urey
Dorothy Banks, the Daughter	Hilda Shoro
Dick Wayburn, the Coward	Walter Galbreath
Jerrymyer Banks, the Uncle	Thomas Rody
Phil Osborn, the Soldier	Norman Miller
John Turkeylegs, the Indian	Ronald Graf
Father Ryan, the Priest	Gilbert Graf
Johnny Banks, the Nephew	Carrol Snyder
Mr. Woods, the Stranger in Disguise.....	Carrol Snyder

Scene—“The Traveler’s Rest Ranch,” in Northern New Mexico.

Act I.—Late afternoon in front of Ranch House.

Act II.—Living room in front of Ranch House the following afternoon and evening.

Act III—Same as the first act, six months later.

“A Strenuous Life”

A comedy in three acts, written by Richard Walton Tully and presented by the Junior Class, under the directorship of Miss Perkins and Mr. Morris.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

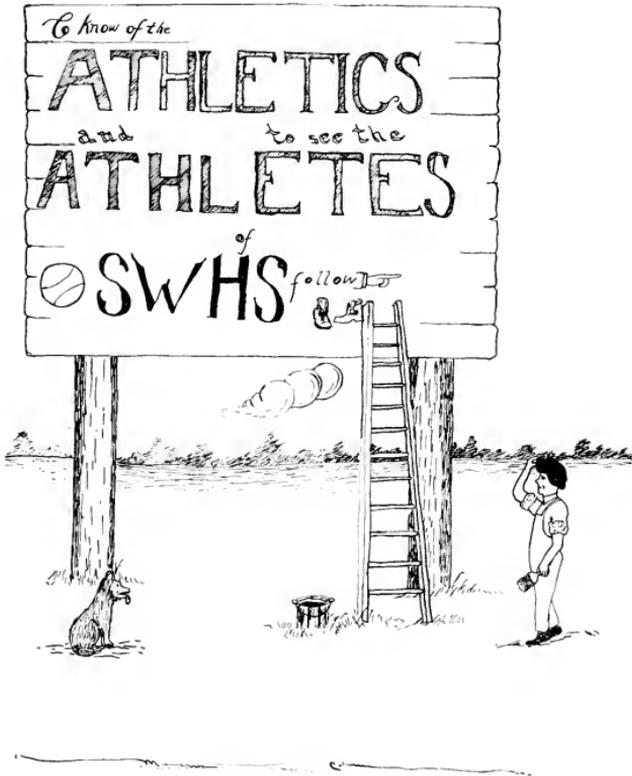
Tom Harrington	Glen Lehman
Reginald Black	Von Cook
Byron Harrington, father of Tom.....	Kernit Tressler
Dulcie Harrington, sister of Tom.....	Sarah Barron
James Roberts, a Freshman	John Feagler
William Everett James, a new professor.....	Merritt Bowers
Don Davenant, from the Hills	Russell Austin
Mariam Davenant, his daughter	Jeanette Lancaster
Professor Magee, director of “Gym,”	Freeman Smith
Neigata, a good, honest Japanese girl.....	Lea Mollenhour
Dawley, a collector	Charles Day
Mrs. Wiggington Wiggins	Annette Weimer
Miss Maguire, the widow	Della Weybright
Ruth Thornton	Lele Lancaster

Place—The college town of Berkeley, just across the bay from San Francisco.

Act I.—Reception room of Mrs. Wiggins’ boarding house, near the University of California. Morning.

Act II.—Same afternoon.

Act III.—Same evening.





Athletic Board of Control

Left to Right. Back Row—Mr. Fleck, Chairman; Mr. Morris, Manager and Treasurer; Mr. Conkling, Boys' Coach; Miss Perkins, Girls' Coach.
 Front Row—Firmen Hull; Lurabelle Martin, Captain of Girls' Team; Prudence White, Secretary; George Holloway, Yell Leader.

Board of Control

The Athletic Board of Control feels justly proud of this year's achievements, that is, the achievements of the basket ball team we have supported.

In the selection of the board members, Superintendent A. R. Fleck chose those who were deeply concerned in athletic enterprises and who fostered the improvement of all lines of athletic work.

The board was well organized early and backed the team in everything that was to their benefit in making this year a successful one.

Besides the basket ball work, the board has encouraged track work, and the participants have made a good showing in the County Track Meet.

Members of the Girls' and Boys' Basket Ball Squads and of the Track Team have been awarded something in the way of sweaters, letters and medals for the excellent work they have done.



Boys' Basket Ball Team

Von Cook, Forward; Charles Day, Guard; Glen Lehman, Guard; James Matson, Forward; Carrol Snyder, Sub; Norman Miller, Guard; Fred Fosler, Forward; Robert Clapp, Captain, Forward; Mr. Conkling, Coach.



BURTON CONKLING

Coach.

An excellent Basket Ball Coach. He believed he had material from which he could choose a team that would win the tournament. He has convinced us.



ROBERT CLAPP

Captain and Center.

Bob piloted our team this year with a never-say-die spirit. Although suffering from two sprained ankles during the term, he steered our team on to victory, and won for himself the honor of being pivot man on the first all-district team. As Captain and center, Bob has made the best record ever established by an athlete of S. W. H. S. His schoolmates and friends wish him success in his college athletics. He is a Senior.



GLEN LEHMAN

Forward.

Although he did not get into the game until the second semester, he showed what a good forward should do. He has made the best showing of a forward in his basket ball career that has been made in South Whitley High School. He is a Junior.

FRED FOSLER

Forward.

He did not get into the game until the second half, but he was a whirlwind. He was one of the main factors in winning the Tournament at Fort Wayne March 3rd and 4th. He is a Sophomore.



NORMAN MILLER

Guard.

Norman was one of the best back guards that South Whitley has ever produced, and he certainly showed us by his record at the Tournament what he could do. He saved the team from many defeats, and we wish him the best of luck in his college athletics. He is a Senior.



CHARLES DAY

Guard.

This is the first year he has played Basket Ball, but he has proven what a person can do in a single playing season. He had the bad luck of having his nose broken, but that did not discourage him. He is a Junior.





JAMES MATSON

Sub Forward.

He played a very good game of Basket Ball all the time this year, considering his size and lightness, but they can all tell you that he was right there. We hope to hear more of him next year. He is a Sophomore.



VON COOK

Sub Forward.

He is just a little fellow, but he certainly knows how to handle a Basket Ball. None were too big for him. We should hear much more from him in athletics next year. He is a Junior.



CARROL SNYDER

Sub Guard.

He did not get to show his ability in many games this year, but all can testify that he was an all 'round player. He is a Senior.

Basket Ball

The Basket Ball Team of 1921-1922 made the best showing of any team that South Whitley High School has ever produced. There were three players who reported from last year's team: Lehman, Miller and Clapp. The second team also turned out strong this year, but were very light, and did not give much opposition in practice.

Practice started the first week in October and on October 7th we had our first game with Washington Center. In this game we found out a large number of our faults, and as only two of the regulars from last year could play, we saw that every man on the team would have to do his best.

Mr. Conkling, our coach, told us and showed us everything possible about basket ball, but we did not seem to get along very well. There did not seem to be very much school spirit in the High School at this time. We played a heavy schedule during the first semester, but won very few of the games, consequently our spirits began to waver.

At the beginning of the second semester of the year, Lehman and Fosler were added to the team. We lost the first game after they returned, but this put the fighting spirit in us. We then won six games in succession, including the one with Columbia City, our old rival. At this time we began to have a larger attendance at our games and every one seemed to be satisfied with the team.

On March 3d and 4th we went to the District Tournament. The business men of the town paid our hotel bills, something that had never been done before. We did not have much hope of winning this tournament, but we all decided to fight as hard as we could, and that is the spirit with which we won the District Tournament, defeating Kendallville, who had claimed the championship for the five preceding years.

During the next week several of the members of the team were ill, but on Friday morning we started to Lafayette to the Regional, and here, having drawn a very fast team and being weak from sickness, we were defeated by Atwood by a score of 30-10.

Special emphasis must be placed upon the athletics of 1921-1922, and we hope that in the following years South Whitley High School will keep up the pace we have established this year.

ROBERT CLAPP, '22.

INDIVIDUAL RECORDS.

Player and Position.	Games	Field G.	Foul G.	P. Fouls	T. Fouls	Points
Clapp (Captain) Center	27	95	87	10	7	277
Lehman, Guard	13	27	2	2	3	56
Fosler, Forward	14	28	0	19	11	56
Miller, Guard	27	2	0	27	1	4
Day, Guard	18	2	0	15	2	4
Cook, Forward	15	20	0	8	11	40
Matson, Forward	25	46	0	19	20	92
Total						529

This does not include the records of the Tournament except in the number of games.



Basket Ball Schedule

October 7. South Whitley vs. Washington Center. Here 17-20.

This was the first game of the season. It was a very good game. Everybody played basket ball. This game pointed out the defects and prepared us for the games to come.

October 14. South Whitley vs. North Manchester. There 9-34.

There were only two regulars from last year in this game, and it being the first game of the season away from home, we were swamped. The game was rough and our players were light, so we had no chance.

October 22. South Whitley vs. Huntington. Here 14-33.

Our boys played a good game of basket ball, but the Huntington boys took a lead in the first half that we could not overcome. Our team work was developing fast, however, as the next game was to prove.

October 28. South Whitley vs. Akron. There 28-12.

One of the fastest games of the season was played at Akron. We started our team work in the first half, and our signals working fine, we were in no danger any of the time. Clapp started his old-time style in this game, making 20 out of the 28 points for his team.

November 2. South Whitley vs. Washington Center. Here 12-13.

This was the best game that was played on the home floor this year. Both teams displayed the best of team work and guarding. This was the first overtime game of the season. Everybody fought from the start of this game till the finish.

November 4. South Whitley vs. Churubuseo. There 12-36.

Due to the fact that most of the players were not feeling well for this game and having to ride more than twenty miles over muddy roads and having played one game already this week, we were badly defeated.

November 11. South Whitley vs. Harlan. There 20-30.

This was a good game and very well played, though rough at times. There were a number of fouls made on both sides, and the team thinks that they made a good showing, considering the weather, mud and snow.

November 19. South Whitley vs. Churubuseo. Here 41-19.

In this game the team learned a few new tactics and played up to their own form. Matson was high scorer with 18 points to his credit, while Clapp was second with 15 points. Miller also played a very good game.

November 25. South Whitley vs. Huntington. There 22-30.

In this game we stacked up against a very strong team, but most of the players played well, although it is said we had a floor walker.

December 2. South Whitley vs. Fort Wayne. There 18-27.

This game proved to us that we could play basket ball, and although we were defeated, it put new life into us. There were over fifty fouls called on both sides in this game, but it seemed as if Clapp could not make them. Matson and Cook played a very good game at forward, while Miller and Day put up a very strong defense.

December 10. South Whitley vs. Fort Wayne. Here 22-15.

This game proved to be our crowd gatherer this season. There was a very large crowd at the game, and since we won, it assured us a crowd for the rest of the season. Clapp was high-point maker for his team, making 10 points, while Matson and Cook tied for second with 6 points each.



December 16. South Whitley vs. Monroeville. There 20-21.

This was our second overtime game of the season. Both teams displayed splendid team work, and the first half ended 3 to 3, and the second half ended 15 to 15. During the overtime period Snyder played in place of Matson, who had his ankle sprained.

December 23. South Whitley vs. Akron. Here 23-12.

Akron was again defeated by a fairly large score. In this game our team developed a style of basket ball that stood them in good need the second half of the season and also at the tournament. Clapp was high scorer for his team, making 21 out of the 23 points.

January 6. South Whitley vs. North Manchester. Here 13-24.

This was the roughest and the most despised game of the season. North Manchester came to South Whitley to win at any cost, and during the entire first half roughed the game as much as they could. Our boys took it the first half without an effort to do the same, but when they did it the second half, we could not stand for it, and we did the same. It finally ended in a fight, the crowd gathering on the floor. There were still two minutes to play, and the referee called it a forfeit game.

January 13. South Whitley vs. Wolf Lake. There 16-20.

Lehman and Fosler were added to the team in this game and made a very good showing. Day received a broken nose and Matson was put at forward, while Lehman took Day's place at guard. It was a very fast and exciting game, considering the damp place in which we had to play and the dirt floor.

January 20. South Whitley vs. Columbia City. There 31-19.

In this game we kept up the saying that Columbia City could be beat. It was a very fast game and rough at times. Doyle was put out on personal fouls. Lehman was high scorer for the team, making 13 points, while Clapp was second with 12.

January 27. South Whitley vs. Harlan. Here 53-25.

This was a very one-sided game and ended disastrously for the visitors. They could not stop the team work and offensive of the locals. Clapp scored 21 points, Lehman 14 and Matson 12.

February 4. South Whitley vs. Hudson. Here 62-17.

This also proved a one-sided game. Hudson played Washington Center the night before and defeated them 19 to 16. Our team work was faultless and our scoring perfect. Clapp scored 26 points, Fosler second with 14, and Matson third with 10.

February 11. South Whitley vs. Bippus. Here 26-22.

Bippus was one of the strongest teams in this section this year. They had been beaten only once in twenty-four games, and expected to win. We upset the dope bucket and turned the tables on them. Every one played a good game. They made threats about getting us when we returned the game.

February 14. South Whitley vs. Washington Center. Here 25-10.

This proved the statement that Washington Center was a name. It was said before that we could not beat them under any circumstances, but we did. Clapp did not start the game, although before the first half was ended he resumed his position at center and Fosler went to forward. It was a fast game and nobody's game until after the first half, when our team displayed their lightning-like team work.

February 17. South Whitley vs. Columbia City. Here 32-12.

We put joy into the hearts of the basket ball fans by defeating Columbia City

for the third straight game. Everybody did their best. Foster was again put out of the game on account of personal fouls.

February 21. South Whitley vs. Bippus. There 4-54.

We sent our second team to Bippus because the parents of the regulars refused to let us go there to play on account of the threats made. Our second team did their best, but were too light.

February 24. South Whitley vs. Wolf Lake. Here 19-24.

This was the last game before going to the tournament at Fort Wayne, March 3d and 4th. It seemed as if almost all the players were dead on their feet. Foster played a star game, but he could not do it all without help, consequently we lost by a large score; but it must also be said that probably if we had won this game we might not have pulled through our first game at the tournament.

March 3. South Whitley vs. Monroeville at Fort Wayne, 19-16.

This was the hardest fought game in the whole tournament. It was a fight from start to finish. Clapp played in this game with two sprained ankles, but managed to get around. Lehman was chief scorer, making 10 points.

March 4. South Whitley vs. Wawaka at Fort Wayne (morning) 22-12.

This was a closely contested game in the first half. Foster was unable to play at all in this game, and Clapp had to be relieved on account of his sprained ankles.

March 4. South Whitley vs. Washington Center at Fort Wayne
(afternoon) 14-8.

This game was also a close one in the first half, but they could not break up our team work and scoring.

March 4. South Whitley vs. Kendallville. Finals 16-13.

The winning of this game was more than we had hoped for, but we went in it with a determination to fight the whole way through. Foster guarded Sawyer, Kendallville's star, so that he was able to make only two goals, while in the preceding games he made eleven goals. Lehman, Miller and Day also worked together in defensive games that Kendallville could not break through. Clapp played up the floor and did most of the scoring, making 12 out of 16 points.

March 11. South Whitley vs. Atwood, at Lafayette, 10-30.

Here we struck a team that must have had us outclassed, because they beat us. None of us were in any condition to play in this game on account of sickness.



Girls' Basket Ball Team

Miss Perkins, Coach; Mary Kinsey, Forward; Olga Beachler, Forward; Helen Plattner, Side Center; Pauline Fleck, Guard; Edith Pence, Guard; Erna Trier, Guard; Della Weybright, Forward; Lurabelle Martin, Center.

The Girls' Basket Ball

The year '21-'22 proved a successful year for the girls' team. A spirit of enthusiasm prevailed in the girls' athletics such as has never been manifested before. In the organization of the squad, Lurabelle Martin was chosen as captain, with Miss Perkins as coach. The excellent team work was due largely to their training, but it seemed that all the girls were naturally stars. Our first game was played with the Churubuseo girls at Churubuseo. This was a very close and interesting game, but on account of the very small floor, our girls were at disadvantage and lost by a close score. We lost our next game at Columbia City. The next game, which was with the Bippus girls was a decisive victory for our team. The return of the Bippus girls was a thrilling game, but the visitors were a little too quick for the home team and the final score stood 9-10 in favor of Bippus. The closing game of the season was played with the Columbia City girls at South Whitley. The Columbia City team had won most of her contests and so our girls thought that the odds were with the visitors. However, they entered the game with a positive determination and soon started scoring, and kept the lead throughout the game. The final score was 12-20. Winning over Columbia City was a great triumph and served as a grand climax for the season. No member of the team will graduate this year, so this leaves the girls' athletics in a promising state for the year 1922-1923.

PAULINE FLECK '23.



"ALL BY MYSELF"



ASSEMBLY-ROOM.



BOB AMONG THE MISSING.



PART OF THE "BLEE-GLUB."



"CUNEY."



"PEE."



ELEVATED ENGLISH.



"JEAN."



JUST MARY.



IS THIS RIGHT P



PAT ^{ALAN} DICK-WAYBURN.



YE-ED.

"DRINK TO ME ONLY WITH THINE EYES."



"YONK."



DELIGHT HAS A CALLER.



AMBITIOUS STUDENTS PIMP



MORE ASSEMBLY.



"TACKY."





Boys' Glee Club

Orin Austin, Russell Austin, Eugene Beard, Lewis Beard, Merritt Bowers, Von Chesterman, Robert Clapp, Bayard Craw, John Feagler, Gilbert Graf, Firmer Hall, Glen Lehman, James Matson, Norman Miller, Forrest Myers, Thomas Rody, Freeman Smith, Stewart Smith, Kermit Tressler, Robert Trumbull, Paul Waugh, Ronald Graf.

Girls' Glee Club

Ruth Arnett, Sarah Barron, Dorothy Bauman, Alice Castator, Minerva Colvin, Mary Conners, Alice Day, Signa Dinnick, Leona Dryer, Lucille Ensley, Pauline Fleck, Ruth Gardner, Marguerite Hauptmeyer, Dorothy Haneline, Pauline Herr, Ethel Ickes, Marie Kaler, Lavona Kinsey, Thelma Koontz, Fann Lancaster, Fern Lancaster, Jeanette Lancaster, Lurabelle Martin, Oma Merriek, Dorothy McConnell, Laura Nicholson, Delight North, Edith Pence, Helen Plattner, Lucile Plattner, Alma Pook, Carrie Ray, Dorothy Ray, Thelma Reekard, Hilda Shorb, Edna Smith, Bernice Snyder, Edith Stafford, Dorothy Swanson, Elizabeth Talbert, Frances Ulrey, Tural Ulrey, Genevieve Waugh, Annette Weiner, Della Weybright, Prudence White.



The Music Department

The Music Department of the High School progressed fairly well this year under the supervision of Miss Orr. This department consisted of Orchestra, Girls' Glee Club, Boys' Glee Club and Girls' Quartette.

The Orchestra was probably the most active of the musical organizations. The members performed extraordinarily well in several High School programs and also furnished music for a play given by the Civic League.

Neither section of the Glee Club appeared in public this year, but nevertheless, faithful practice has been continued throughout the term. Both the Girls' and Boys' Glee Club has unusually large membership.

The Girls' Quartette has proven its ability on several occasions. All of the girls will be in school next year and it is hoped that their good work will be continued. The members are Jeanette Lancaster, Pauline Fleck, Pauline Herr and Dorothy McConnell.

BAYARD CRAW, '22.

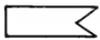
High School Orchestra

Back Row—Miss Orr, director, Robert Clapp, Bayard Craw, Foster Bollinger, Cleon Fleck.

Front Row—Annette Weiner, Harbert Tressler, Theodore Essig, LaMarr Miller, Forrest Myers, Carroll Snyder, Herman Weiner.







SEPTEMBER

- 6—School opens in the old historical building, to the joy of some and the sorrow of more.
- 7—Lots of money spent today. New books raised in price.
- 8—Our first recitation. It looks like we are going to be compelled to work this year.
- 9—It is found that the largest class that ever entered this school building is the present Freshman class—composed of 72 persons not yet ripe
- 12—Really it is amusing to see how little the Freshmen know—about school activities.
- 13—The old grind. The Freshmen are determined to fight like madmen to gain, they think, the good will of the teachers.
- 14—Worse and more of it.
- 15—First B. B. practice. Lots of candidates out.
- 16—It is learned that some who have the ability to play B. B. cannot do so on account of grades.
- 17—We can see that the teachers of this day and age are not afraid to call you down.
- 20—Every Tuesday we have school—and today is Tuesday.
- 21—George Holloway to Mary: “Gee, you look pretty enough to eat.”
Mary: “I do eat; where shall we go?”
- 22—Miss Perkins (reading from Emerson): “The acid test of true love is whether you enjoy kissing your best girl after she has been eating onions.”
- 23—Our scheduled time for the weekly review of H. S. politics, etc.
- 26—B. B. practice for boys. Selection of team.
- 27—Miss Payne: “Never write your translations in your book, although it is your duty to the next year students.”
- 28—Today we got a “calling” by Principal Morris on marching out. The first of its kind this year.
- 29—Miss Orr spent the total sum of fifteen cents to purchase a “Little Red Book” in which to write Carrol’s, Firmer’s and Tom’s names. She would spend her last penny for this noble cause.
- 30—Heard in Mary Conner’s sleep: “I can’t live without him.”

OCTOBER

- 3—Your imagination drawn: "Mabel Mishler spends the week-end in Fort Wayne, attending the Palace during her stay."
- 4—Why does Thelma spend so much time in the office? (It's no wonder we get low grades on our cards; she copies them.)
- 5—Today the sun rose in the east and set in the west.
- 6—Tom: "Say, Firmer, did you see me run that policeman out of town last night?" Firmer: "No." Tom: "I tell you it was all I could do to keep ahead of him."
- 7—Washington Center defeats us in our first practice game, 20-17.
- 10—Prudence White: "But, mother, I'm old enough to wear short skirts."
- 11—Mrs. Barron: "What kind of fruit does Campbell advertise?" Laura: "Tomato soup."
- 12—Today we celebrate the four hundred twenty-ninth anniversary of the discovery of America.
- 13—Norman removed from English class by request.
- 14—We are defeated in B. B. at North Manchester, 34-9. Their floor was far from regulation size—more like a stage. This probably accounts for the defeat.
- 17—Mr. Fleck informs Norman that if he were an eighth grader he would chastise him. (Probably Norman's size had something to do here.)
- 18—Dorothy S. in English 9 (reading): "The soldier was so badly wounded that he was carried from the field and patched up behind the lines."
- 19—The disturbance in the assembly is attended to by Mr. Morris.
- 20—The physics teacher informs us that our lessons will be much harder. (No doubt, no doubt.)
- 21—B. B. game with Huntington tomorrow night. We hope Huntington loses.
- 24—Lots of blues on the part of the student body. Mostly due to the fact that we lost at Huntington last Friday.
- 25—In Manual Training, 11 and 12, Firmer advanced the idea that for fifty cents you can purchase a wife like property in Japan. Mr. Wright: "Oh, well! a good wife is worth it."
- 26—A rumor passes around demanding that the school publish an annual this year.
- 27—Bayard Craw (looking at the hair brush, thinking it to be the mirror): "Gosh! but I need a shave!"
- 28—Our first victory today. Akron is the victim. They suffer a 28-12 defeat.
- 31—The business men of the town are given a great surprise. After hiring twelve men to watch the Hallowe'en pranks of the boys, every boy goes to bed at 8 o'clock.

 NOVEMBER

- 1—Carrol Snyder sure has an outlined system of bluffing in history class.
- 2—We lose to Washington Center, one point, in an overtime game. Second team also loses.
- 3—The only change today was the weather, and of course that was for the worse.
- 4—Girls and boys both lose to Churubusco in two very well-played and exciting games.
- 7—Juniors can't wake up today. What's the matter?
- 8—A stitch in time. Why didn't you gather your leaves early, Freshies? No time now to look for them.
- 9—Some Freshies think they can hear the tinkle-tinkle of Santa's sleigh-bells. Don't get excited; that's just an aeroplane passing over.
- 10—Sort of celebration today. We are complimented on our attitude toward music and other side subjects of the school.
- 11—The third anniversary of the end of the World War.
- 14—We wish the teacher in charge of the assembly room would not go to sleep the fourth period. She cut fifteen minutes from our meal period today.
- 15—Seniors finally decide to publish an Annual this year.
- 16—Staff for "Reflector" chosen today. Carrol Snyder is caught in his bluffing in History 12.
- 17—First meeting of Annual staff today. Not much decided upon, but enough to think about.
- 18—Must have been pay day for the Freshmen. Lots of money dropped on the floor.
- 21—South Whitley upset the dope bucket Saturday night by defeating Churubusco 41-18. Trio broke up when endeavoring to render some selections.
- 22—Two new students. Really, we can hardly find room for them, but—welcome.
- 23—Senior rings arrive. Worn today. Some spludge!
- 24—Thanksgiving greetings to all. Our first vacation.
- 25—Vacation still in session.
- 28—Huntington defeated us last Friday 30-22. Good game. Also rain.
- 29—More rain today, but not so much.
- 30—Another good month gone wrong. Russell Austin shows some sparks of wit in Latin class.



DECEMBER

- 1—Miss Payne awfully cross in the assembly. Why the unnecessary sadness?
- 2—Pep meeting for B. B. team. (They leave for Fort Wayne.) More and harder Senior play practice.
- 5—For once a nice Monday. Several pictures taken for the Annual. Words cannot express how we appreciate this noble cause.
- 6—Two interesting lectures were given today on the subject of "Work." One by Superintendent Fleek, the other by Principal Morris.
- 7—The day before the night after the Senior play.
- 8—First night of "For the Love of Johnny."
- 9—Another success of Senior play. Find it necessary to give it the third night.
- 12—South Whitley defeated Fort Wayne last Saturday, 22-15. Third night night of Senior play.
- 13—Miss Perkins informs Senior English class that they will write on Emerson tomorrow. Peculiar, isn't it?
- 14—We are all warned by Mr. Fleek not to snowball on the south campus. (Snowball all you want to on the north campus.)
- 15—Juniors please stay off the playground toys. They are for Freshies and other "kids."
- 16—All sorry; last day of school in this week.
- 19—Do your Xmas shopping early.
- 20—Girls' Glee Club putting in some extra time on Xmas program.
- 21—Only three more days till Xmas.
- 22—Slack in work today. Too close to the Xmas vacation.
- 23—A huge Xmas celebration given in the assembly today. Girls' Glee Club renders some fine selections. Some vocal solos are given by members of the faculty and Freshmen class. We are wished a Merry Xmas by the faculty and dismissed for a two weeks' vacation.
- 25—MERRY XMAS!



JANUARY

- 1—HAPPY NEW YEAR!
- 3—First day of school for some time. Not much work accomplished. Forgot all about the lessons.
- 4—Teachers all cross today. Result—!Hard lessons assigned.
- 5—Some Senior boys find they are some credits short of their allotment. They investigate.
- 6—Mr. Moe does not appear to give the lecture this morning.
- 9—Considerable commotion during fifth period.
- 10—It is announced and made clear that all the students will take the examinations this semester.
- 11—Examination schedule on board. We like to look at it. It tells us just when we will fail.
- 12—Examinations today. Aside from that there isn't any news.
- 13—And still we have exams, exams. We lose to Wolf Lake, 20-16.
- 16—First day of second semester. Harder work and more in sight.
- 17—Still no slash in work.
- 18—County nurse came today to examine students.
- 19—It is found that some will have to drink more milk, while the suggestion is given Marguerite Hauptmeyer to use fat reducer at once.
- 20—Tears came to Bayard Craw's eyes because he could not join the theatre party to Fort Wayne.
- 23—A proposition for geometry students. Given: School starts. Prove: That it is Monday.
- 24—Today Tom Rody was relieved of the responsibility of guiding Firmer Hull to strict obedience. (Firmer's seat was changed.)
- 25—We wish again the teacher in charge of the assembly would wake up in time to give us time to eat a square meal.
- 26—Something must be wrong with her. We all got a "jawing" for being late to dinner today.
- 27—Norman Miller: "Which night would it suit you best to go, Firmer?"
Firmer: "Friday night. I am full every other night."
- 30—Mr. Wright (in H. S. geography class): "What is succotash?"
Brilliant Freshman: "Succotash is a city in Mexico."
- 31—We hate to see this month go, because it shortens our struggle for knowledge just thirty-one days.



F E B R U A R Y

- 1—Annual staff starts work on Annual in earnest.
- 2—The outstanding event for today was the signing of the engraving contract.
- 3—The Huntington photographer is invited to take the pictures of the S. W. H. S. students. South Whitley defeats Columbia City 36-12.
- 6—It still remains a puzzle to the students what teachers mean by so much work.
- 7—At a skating party—A little Freshman,
A pair of skates,
A hole in the ice,
The Golden Gates (?)
- 8—Mr. Morris to Ronald Graf (who was seen in a dark corner at a party):
“Remember, Ronald, do unto others as would have them do unto you.” Ronald: “I am.”
- 9—To C. B. C.—Twinkle, twinkle, little hair,
How I wonder where you ere,
Up above my lip so brave,
I believe I'll have a shave.
- 10—An athletic assembly was held today. Special vocal and instrumental selections were given.
- 13—We advise all the students who walk thru the halls to open the classroom doors; it breaks the monotony of the recitations.
- 14—For the first time in five years South Whitley defeats Washington Center. Score 25-10.
- 15—New B. B. suits arrive today. The players and whole school are well pleased.
- 16—Today Tom removed from English class—by request.
- 17—In the memorial to Lincoln and Washington, Carrol Snyder was the silver-tongued orator. S. W. H. S. again defeats Columbia City H. S.
- 20—Hard on Senior minds today—judging Junior debates.
- 21—Debates are in full swing in every class—except Freshmen. But just wait; you will get enough of it—when you get a little older.
- 22—The one hundred ninetieth anniversary of the birth of George Washington was celebrated today.
- 23—From Freshman conversation: “Yes, sir, one hundred per cent of the debates were won by one side or the other.”
- 24—Double header B. B. game tonight. Last game for girls and last one for boys before the Tournament.
- 27—Boys lost in Friday night's game 34-19, but really the girls won 20-12. Olga Beachler made all the points for S. W.
- 28—Those who find it impossible to attend the B. B. games should be present at the Central Cafe, for there, after every game, Glenn Lehman will play the game all over for you, relating accurately the order of events.

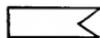
MARCH

- 1—We get the B. B. schedule for the Tournament. Our first opponent is Monroeville. The B. B. team gets new jerseys this evening; they were bought and presented by the School Board.
- 2—The B. B. team is given a high send-off for the Tournament. School is dismissed until Monday. Now we are convinced the faculty is boosting the team.
- 3—Hurrah! We win over Monroeville 16-13.
- 4—First we beat Wawaka 22-10; then Washington Center 14-6; and then—take the district championship by defeating Kendallville in the finals 19-16. More power to the team in the Regional meet.
- 6—The school and School Board gave the "District Champs" a good reception this morning. This is the first time in the history of S. W. that the H. S. B. B. team became champions of the district.
- 7—Only three teachers here today on account of sickness. Nevertheless they manage to meet all the classes.
- 8—Some boys are getting the track spirit. "It is so warm we can't resist it," said Lewis Beard.
- 9—Senior pictures arrive today.
- 10—B. B. team goes to Lafayette to be "all set" for the game with Atwood tomorrow.
- 13—Had it not been for the sickness of the players, we feel safe in saying that the game could have been won by S. W., but to this cause we lost, 30-10.
- 14—Some girls rush St. Patrick's Day by flashing some green hair ribbons.
- 15—Mr. Morris has been sick for several days. We all wish for his speedy recovery, for we can take his "medicine" when he returns.
- 16—Staff meeting. The only thing done was the work rushed by the editor. "Give us time, Mabel."
- 17—Many students forgot all about St. Patrick. But there are some who are in sympathy with him.
- 20—Senior invitations arrive; all satisfied.
- 21—A cold, dreary day, contrasted to that of a week ago, which was nearly hot. This cold weather encourages studying.
- 22—A magazine campaign is started by the students. One-third of the proceeds goes to the school.
- 23—Track team seems to attract some students.
- 24—Teachers advise us to omit our evening affairs and spend that time on lessons. Very well, faculty.
- 27—English classes have to write themes on immigration.
- 28—Forrest Myers had best theme, therefore he will represent us in the county discussion.
- 29—The bad weather sure has its reflection on the student body.
- 30—Forrest Myers won third place in the county discussion today.
- 31—Forrest is given honorable mention and good praise for his discussion at C. C. last night.



APRIL

- 3—Juniors finally decide they will give a play.
- 4—They start practice.
- 5—Cash prize offered by Mr. Fleck for the best orators in school.
- 6—The jumping pits are made and filled with sawdust, ready for track practice.
- 7—The English teacher uses the whole day in the noble cause of writing tests on the board, and we use the whole day answering them.
- 10—Juniors are increasing the intensity of the practice on their play.
- 11—Mr. Fleck asks us if we want diplomas. No, just a receipt is all that is necessary.
- 12—Senior girls decide on the style of dresses they will wear for commencement.
- 13—The tennis season opens. Lots of players survey the court.
- 14—Some ambitious students scrape the court and put it in shape for playing.
- 17—Date is set for Junior-Senior reception.
- 18—Student body suffers from Payne.
- 19—No work out of Juniors today. Too much concentration on play.
- 20—First day of Junior play.
- 21—Second success of Junior play. Another repetition of this play will be given Monday night.
- 24—Last night of Junior play.
- 25—Mr. Morris in physics class: "Well, where are you now?"
- 26—Some students are hard at work practicing speeches.
- 27—Since the play, the Juniors have tried to surpass the Seniors in dignity.
- 28—Miss Perkins: "Verlin, what is a peasant?" Verlin: "A bird."

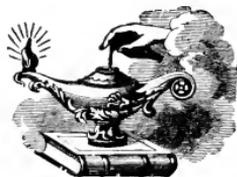


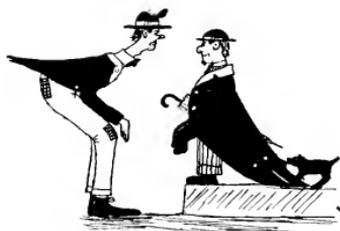
MAY



- 1—Why does the School Board give us a Payne?
- 2—Juniors say that in the near future they will entertain the Seniors.
- 3—Stronger talk for a H. S. base ball team.
- 4—Mr. Dame (in History 10): “Bernice, where is the Hellespont?”
Bernice: “At Collamer.”
- 5—The Seniors were promised not to have any more exams this semester.
We get tests that are worse.
- 8—Mr. Fleek (in History 12): “Now, Carrol, if you were to confiscate a keg of whiskey, how would you do it?” Carrol: “I would conceal it in my stomach.”
- 9—Seniors getting hard tests.
- 10—The Seniors are very busy this week, due to the fact that it is our last week.
- 11—Nearly all the Juniors out of school today. Oh, yes! getting the hall ready for the reception.
- 12—We certainly were entertained with a high-class reception. Last day of high school for Seniors.
- 15—The one cylinder that is missing in school is sure noticed.
- 16—The underclassmen get their examination schedule today. Good luck, we wish you.
- 17—Exams.
- 18—Exams.
- 19—The last day of a well-earned and successful school year.







J O K E S



The day was dark,
The cold wind blew,
When down the aisle
Mr. Morris flew;
And from his back
A paddle he drew,
And whipped seventy-two Freshmen
Through and through.

Teacher: "What are ditties, Robert?"

Robert Trumbull: "Oh! something good to eat."

Miss Perkins (in French): "Le Couteau is the kind of knife with which you eat."

Mr. Fleck (in teachers' meeting): "Does Helen Plattner talk in English?"

Mr. Conkling (while directing the Senior play): "Now, this is the way to shake hands with a woman."

Norman Miller (admiringly): "Where did you learn that, at Larwill?"

Doctor: "A man's success in life comes between the ages of thirty and forty-five."

Cuney Lehman (stretching out his arms and yawning): "Oh! I've got a while to loaf yet."

Miss Perkins: "What part of speech is kiss?"

Harry: "It is a conjunction."

Miss Perkins: "What makes you think so?"

Harry: "Because—well—er—it connects two parts of speech."

Isn't it peculiar that when Cupid hits the mark, he Mrs. it?

"It's a fine day today," said the carpenter when he hit his finger with the hammer.

Mr. Fleck: "Prudence, in what year was the war of 1812 fought?"

Bob Clapp (talking of Martin's bulldog): "Yes, sir, that dog chews everything he gets his hands on."

Question for debate in Freshman class: "Resolved, that more women than men were married last year."

Discussing Methods of Teaching in Faculty Meeting.

Miss Smith: "What would you do, if during the recitation, you should find that the students were not paying attention?"

Miss Payne: "Call them."

Lurabelle: "What shape is a kiss?"

Bob: "Give me one and I'll call it square."

Mr. Fleek (assigning history lesson): "Now, tomorrow we will go through a financial panic."

Mike: "That's nothing new."

Freshy (talking of how icy the streets were): "Yes, sir, Edna Bentz slipped and fell this morning right on her dinner bucket."

Bernice Long (whispering to a classmate): "Gee, I pity this test."

Miss Perkins: "How did Ophelia meet her death?"

Bayard Crow: "She crawled up in a tree to hang herself, but she fell in the river and was drowned."

Gilbert Graf: "I've got a colt in my head and I'm a little hoarse."

Old and Distinguished.

Miss Perkins (numbering the French students for a vocabulary review): "Hilda Shorb is twenty-six."

Mrs. Mishler: "What time did he leave last night, Mabel?"

Mabel: "Oh, about ten o'clock."

Homer: "Nope; 'twas one o'clock because I heard him say, 'Just one, Mabel.'"

Miss Perkins: "Did you ever read 'To a Mouse.'"

Student: "No, they don't stop long enough to listen."

Students laughing when Forrest Myers went out of the assembly.

Miss Payne: "I wish you students would stop laughing at nothing."

Mr. Fleek (in faculty meeting): "Well, Miss Orr, what do you have in your head?"

Miss Orr: "Nothing."

Laughter on the part of the other members of the faculty.

Miss Orr: "Well, you laugh like you thought I didn't have anything in my head."

Miss Perkins (in English 10): "Lurabelle, look up the definition of an angle."

Lurabelle (reading): "A divine messenger. Whoops! That's an angel."

Mr. Fleek (in Senior history): "Ronald, I believe you were to give a special report today. We will now listen to the Underground Railway class."

Mr. Fleek: "How many houses were there to be in the new Congress?"

Prudence: "Six."

A Resolution.

I stole a kiss the other night,
 My conscience hurt, alack!
 I guess I'll go again tonight
 And give the blamed thing baek.

Ode to Firmer Hull.

Beside the fountain's foaming glasses
 Scott's soda jerker stands;
 The jerker, a homely lad is he
 With small and flake-like hands.

His hair is soft and black and short,
 His face is "awful surl," (?)
 His brow is bright with happiness,
 And he loves most any girl.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
 He labors not a bit;
 You can hear him play his harp all day,
 And Charley near has a fit.

The kids a-coming home from school
 Look in at the open door;
 They hate to see him loafing there
 And hear his small harp "roar."

He goes on Sunday to the church,
 And sits among the girls;
 He doesn't hear the parson pray,
 He's tangled in some curls.

Sleeping, working, and harping,
 Onward through life he goes.
 Each morning he's more than a half hour late,
 Each evening he's earned his repose.

Thanks, thanks, to thee, O jerker,
 For this soda thou hast jerked;
 I've always seen you harp before,
 But now I know you've worked.

You can't belong to our union, Eezema, you're too much of a seab.

Miss Perkins: "What idea did Emerson have regarding a successful business man?"

Carrol: "Well—er—first he—a—must be born."

Things That Never Happen.

Dorothy Ray—Cutting up.
 Ronald Graf—Leaving the girls alone.
 Tom Rody—Letting a day pass without telling some jokes.
 Mabel Mishler—Not teasing some one.
 Prudence White—Cracking a frown.
 Bob Clapp—Without Lurabelle Martin.
 Gib Graf—With a girl.
 Walter Smith—Talking to some one.
 Frances Ulrey—In love.
 Minerva Colvin—Not busy.
 Jeanette Lancaster—With a shiny nose.
 Sarah Barron—Without an escort.
 Charles Day—Without Herr.

**A Page from a Junior Girl's Diary.**

Monday, March 13—New boy in history class. He sits next to me.

Is rather tall and has dark hair.

Tuesday, March 14—He waits for me outside the school house.

Wednesday, March 15—He and I are getting quite chummy.

Thursday, March 16—Asked me to let him kiss me. I refused.

Friday, March 17—Said if I didn't let him kiss me, he would blow up the school house.

Saturday, March 18—I saved the lives of three hundred forty students.

Miss Payne: "Orin, what is the infinitive of porto?"

Orin, who was not paying attention, asks seatmate.

Seatmate: "Darned if I know."

Orin: "Darnfino."

In English II. "What was the witehes' prophecy for Banquo?"

Junior: "They said that Banquo's ancestors would be kings."

Senior: "How many horse-power does that car have?"

Freshman: "I don't know; I can only locate four plugs."

Firmer Hull: "Say, I had a terrible dream last night."

Tom: "You did? What did you dream?"

Firmer: "I dreamed that I was eating shredded wheat, and when I awoke, half the mattress was gone."

Frances Ulrey (in English 12, telling the story of "Snowbound.")

"In the evening they all gathered around the fire and drank cider."

Forrest Myers: "Ah-h-h!" (Smaek!)

Freshie: "Why do leaves turn red in the fall?"

Senior: "They blush when they think how green they've been all summer."

Miss Perkins: "Carrol, were the martyrs hurt by persecution?"

Carrol: "Perey who?"

Miss Payne: "Give an example in which an excess is a defect."

Student: "Fat Myers."

Freshman: "Ba-aa-h!"

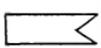
Sophomore: "Are you in pain?"

Freshman: "No; the pain's in me!"

Mr. Morris (in physics class): "Gilbert, what happens when one irresistible body meets another?"

Gilbert: "Why, er—er—they get married."

Rock a Freshman in the tree top,
As long as you study the cradle will rock,
When you stop studying the cradle will fall,
Down will come Freshman, credits and all.



Freshman: "I'm trying my best to get ahead."
Senior: "Heaven knows you need one."

What would be more sad than a man without a country?
A country without a man.

Porter (in a Pullman): "Do you want me to brush you off, suh?"
Glen L.: "No, thanks. I'll get off the usual way."

Senior: "Yes, I drank something awful."
Freshy (standing by): "Yeah, I tasted some of it."

Mr. Morris (in physics): "Bayard, where does the heat come from when water melts?"

Walter Galbreath—Recitation Entitled "Ragtime."

Rags make paper.
Paper makes money.
Money makes banks.
Banks make loans.
Loans make poverty.
Poverty makes rags.

Norman: "How do you like my new style standing collar?"
Prudence: "Oh, very well; it looks like a whitewashed fence around a lunatic asylum."

Bob Hull: "Gee, my ears are cold. Wish I had my side-curtains."

Pauline Herr (talking to a classmate): "Love may be a disease, but it's frequently of a rash nature."

Mrs. Barron: "What are the little ridges in the brain called?"
Bayard Crow: "They are called convulsions."

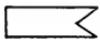
Mrs. Barron: "Cooked bananas are much better than raw ones."
Carrol Snyder: "Aw!"
Mrs. B.: "Why, Carrol, don't baked bananas sound good to you?"
Carrol: "Yes—about as good as baked watermelon."

Mr. Wright, while in charge of the assembly room, was disturbed by a loud, cracking, hollow sound. After investigating he found that Kenneth Wilson had been chewing gum.

"Read, That You May Remember."

We, the Senior Class of Nineteen Hundred Twenty-two, wish to embody herein some advice to be used by all underclassmen, especially the Freshmen:

- 1—Don't try to imitate a Senior by making your hands screech on the banisters. You can't get away with that stuff.
- 2—Always park your "Spear-mint" and "Blackjack" on the sole of your shoe before entering the school house.
- 3—Don't forget what the assistant business manager said about "writing lots of pictures" and parodies for the Annual.



- 4—Don't go to Latin class smiling; we will count you a hypocrite.
- 5—Don't carve your name on the desks; that privilege is granted to a few Seniors only.
- 6—Freshmen boys shall not smoke anything but cornsilk or coffee. You are far too young to smoke cigarettes.
- 7—Be true to your own nature. Never wash your neck or shine your shoes.
- 8—Don't try to argue with "Stiek Myers;" that's an impossibility.
- 9—Sophomore boys shall not try to coach the H. S. B. B. team. There is a teacher for this purpose.
- 10—Sophomores will please stay off the "ocean wave." That's for Freshmen and other "kids."
- 11—Don't try to sleep in the assembly room. That is a privilege of Carrol Snyder only.
- 12—Freshmen please remember that all children under the age of sixteen are expected to attend school.

A Small Dictionary.

Miracle—A girl who won't talk.

Exercise—Bodily exertion requiring a \$10,000 gymnasium, a ten-acre field and impossible raiment. Originally confined to the washtub and the woodpile.

Lie—A very poor substitute for the truth, but the only one discovered up to date.

Cannibal—A heathen hobo who never works, but lives on other people.

Echo—The only thing that can cheat a woman out of the last word.

Cauliflower—Cabbage with a college education.

Mosquito—A small insect designed to make us think more of the house fly.

Postscript—The only thing you can read on a girl's note.

Chump—Anyone whose opinion differs radically from ours.

Dance—A brisk physical exercise invented by St. Vitus.

Question—Does Miss Orr wear false hair?

Explosion—A good chance to begin at the bottom and work up.



Alumni



MRS. ZELTIA MILLER, President
South Whitley



MISS ANNA KRIEG, Sec.-Treas
South Whitley

ALUMNI NOTES.

The Alumni of the South Whitley High School have measured up to the standard of citizenship taught them by their Alma Mater.

The first members of the Alumni met in 1905. A large number was present and enjoyed a good time. These tri-annual meetings have been held regularly since that time. In recent years these meetings have increased in number.

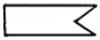
In 1920 the sixth tri-annual meeting of the Alumni Association was held at the school house and they elected new officers. Mrs. Earl Miller was elected President and Miss Anna Krieg, Secretary.

A parade, headed by the Alumni Band, then formed and all went to Fox's Grove for dinner.

Following the dinner a program was given. The evening was spent in speaking and music.

The Senior Class of '22 hopes to be present at the next Alumni meeting.

HILDA SHORB, '22.



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So when a brother on the hill encounters stormy weather
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I live to talk and talk to live. Let me talk for you.

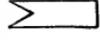
SOUTH WHITLEY, IND.

DIGNITY UPSET

Firmer Hall: How did you get that cut on your arm, Fritz?

Fritz Fosler: Oh, a big bully called me a low-down, good-for-nothing, worthless, bow-legged, cross-eyed loafer, and in the scrap I cut my arm.

Firmer: That wasn't right. Everybody knows you are not cross-eyed.



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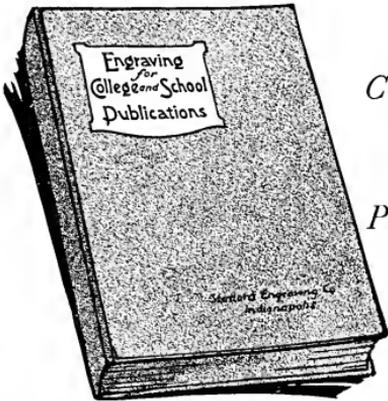


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