

The Centralia

1926







The Centralia

Volume Two



Published by
The Class of 1926
Perry Central High School
Boone County, Indiana







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Dedication

To Mr. H. L. Hollenbach, who has led our school for the last five years, from a four year commisioned high school through the many avenues that lead to a Junior High, to a six, three, three, system; who has been our constant adviser as to the ways of life, a friend ever ready to listen to our joys, sorrows, hopes and ambitions; who inspires us to hold new faith in mankind and furnishes us with high ideals; who has guided students numbered by the score as he has guided us; and whom we will ever cherish in our memory, we dedicate this volume as a token of our heartfelt thankfulness to him.

DORIS EVERETT.

Foreword

We have now come to the stage at which every high school graduate must arrive; we stand on the precipice. Behind us lie four years of high school life in good old P. C. H. S.; a life of pleasure mingled with hard work that has all been worth while. Before us we see the outside world in which we hope to apply the truths we have learned here. Before we go, we wish to leave something by which, in after years, we can recall the memories of these happy days. When old age hangs over us, we will think of P. C. H. S., and we do not want time to rob us of the romance and youth in which we now thrive.

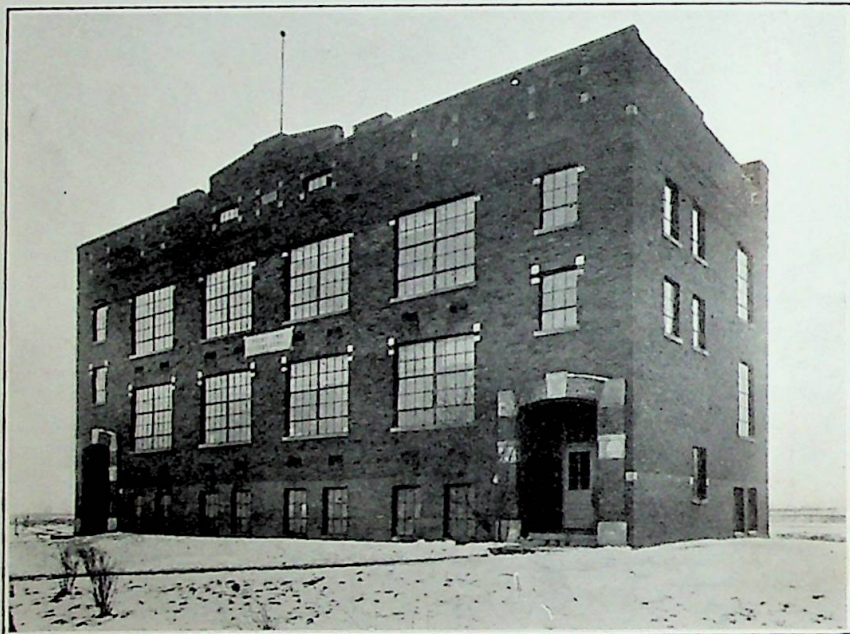
In submitting this volume to the community, we hope it will bring youth and gladness to others who have left their school days behind, and we request that it be read for a deeper understanding of us girls and boys who are trying to find what life really is.

We recognize publicly our debt of gratitude to our parents and teachers, who have been so kind, patient, and sympathetic with us and who have ever been ready to give us sound advice.

This volume is the product of our best efforts in summarizing the happenings of our most important years thus far in life. If it becomes a comrade to someone, if it brings to someone a happy thought, or if it makes its readers rejoice with us in the blessings that come to the youth of today, it will have served its purpose and our efforts will be well rewarded.

“If no one cared just a little for you,
And no one cared for me;
And we were alone in this battle of life,
What a dreary old world it would be!”

Rachel Dickerson, Editor.



*Oh! Here's to Central High School—the best in any land!
Oh! Hail to Central High School—by her we'll always stand.*

Faculty

MARTHA STAFFORD

"There's nothing more kingly than kindness,
Nothing more royal than truth."

MRS. H. L. HOLLENBACH

"From morn till night, sincere and true,
She strives in all her best to do."

MRS. FRANK McCORMICK

"Her step is music, and her voice is song."

B. W. SMITH

He looks up, not down;
He looks out, not in;
He looks forward, and lends a hand.

BUREN SULLIVAN

"Common souls pay with what they do,
Nobler souls with that which they are."

*"I am one; but only one.
I cannot do everything; but I can do some things.
I can do what I ought to do and by the grace of
God I will do it."*



WM. S. EVERETT

"If one looks upon the bright side,
It is sure to be the right side,
At least that's how I've found it as
I've journeyed through each day.
And it's queer how shadows vanish,
And how easy 'tis to banish,
From a bright side sort of nature
Every doleful thing away."

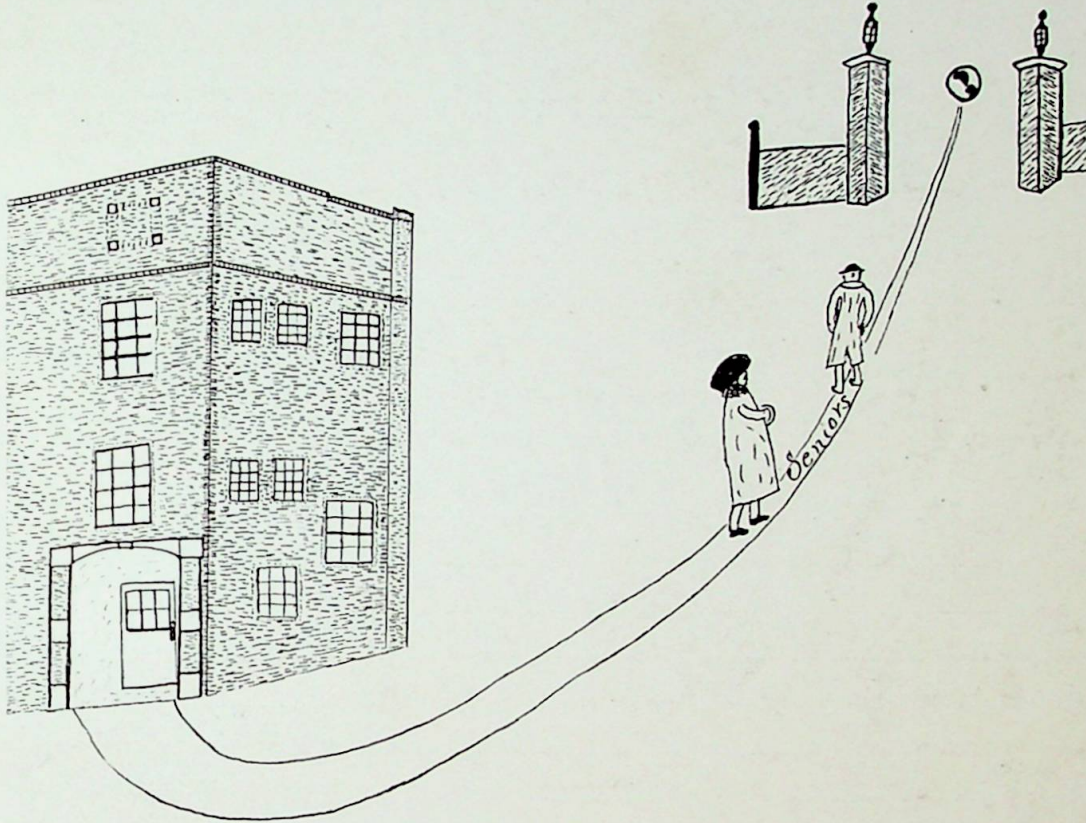
H. L. HOLLENBACH

"I believe in the present and its opportunities;
in the future and its promises; and in the
divine joy of living."









Seniors

CLASS OFFICERS

President—Clay Dickerson

Vice-President—Margaret Turpin

Secretary—Evelyn Sullivan

STAFF OFFICERS

Editor-in-Chief Rachel Dickerson
Business Manager..... Cecil Smith
Faculty Manager..... H. L. Hollenbach
Athletics..... Herbert Hopkins
Advertising..... The Boys
Snaps..... Mary Warren
Jokes Doris Everett
Faculty Advisor..... Mrs. H. L. Hollenbach

1. Mr. Hollenbach, our principal, gracious and fair,
2. Mr. Sullivan, the favorite, has brown eyes and black hair,
3. Mrs. Hollenbach, the patient, the kind, and the true,
4. Miss Stafford, who never does favor the few,
5. Mrs. McCormick, whose spirit and pep are her might,
6. Mr. Smith, of the Junior department, works day and night.
Six reasons why old Perry Central High
Has a standard which none can dispute nor deny.



CLAY DICKERSON—"Runt"

"He comprehends his trust, and to the same keeps faithful with a singleness of aim."

Credits 33; Class Play 1, 3; Basketball 2, 3, 4; Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4; Chorus 1, 2, 3, 4; Boosters' Club; Class President 4; Centralia Staff.

RACHEL DICKERSON—"Rae"

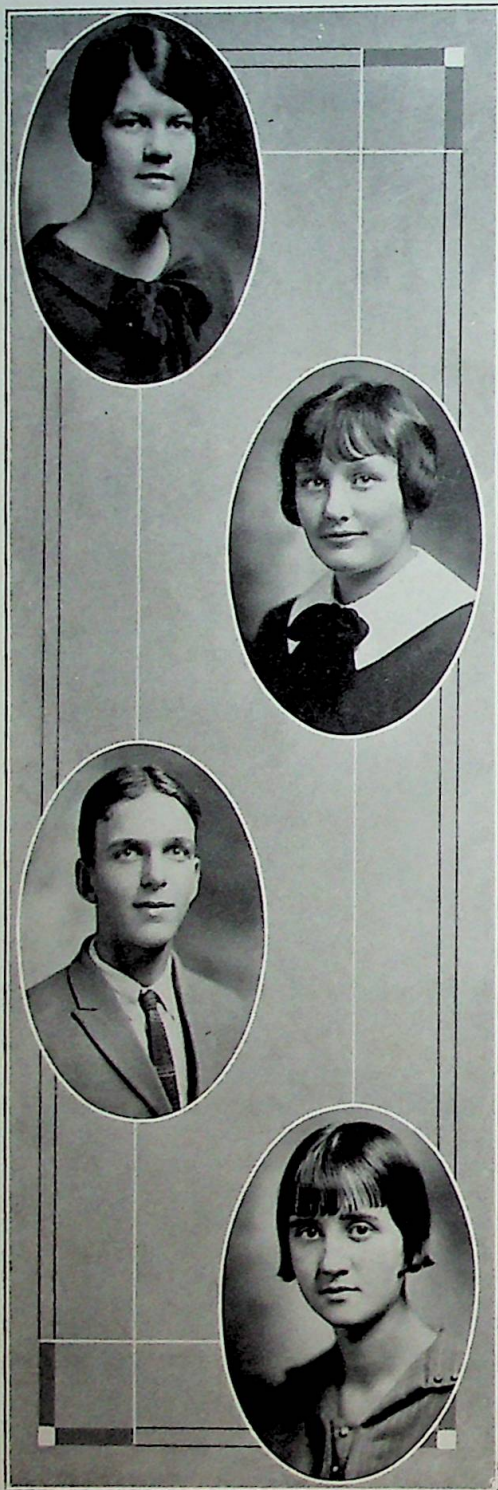
"Solomon in all his wisdom couldn't hold a candle to her."

Credits $36\frac{1}{4}$; Class Play 1, 2, 3; Chorus 1, 2, 3, 4; Glee Club 1, 2, 3; Euterpe Club; Boosters' Club; Editor-in-Chief of The Centralia.

CECIL SMITH—"Sikie"

"The sort of a square-deal fellow that one likes to have about."

Credits $36\frac{1}{2}$; Class Play 1; Chorus 1, 2, 3, 4; Orchestra 4; Boosters' Club; Baseball 1, 2, 3; Class President 2, 3; Business Manager of Centralia.



DORIS EVERETT—"Dor"

"Happy am I and from care I'm free,
Why aren't they all content like me?"

Credits 33; Class Play 1, 2, 3; Chorus 1, 2, 3, 4; Glee Club 1, 2, 3; Euterpe Club; President of Boosters' Club; Centralia Staff.

MARGARET TURPIN—"Marg"

"The world is sweeter for her living."

Credits 35 $\frac{1}{4}$; Class Play 1, 2, 3; Chorus 1, 2, 3, 4; Glee Club 1, 2, 3; Secretary of Boosters' Club; Euterpe Club; Centralia Staff.

HERBERT HOPKINS—"Herb"

"One who talks little, but thinks a great deal."

Credits 33 $\frac{1}{4}$; New Augusta 1; Class Play 3; Chorus 2, 3, 4; Basketball 4; Boosters' Club; Centralia Staff.

BONETHA SMITH—"Bona"

"None knew her but to love her,
None knew her but to praise her."

Credits 35 $\frac{3}{8}$; Class Play 3; Chorus 1, 2, 3, 4; Glee Club 1, 2; Euterpe Club; Boosters' Club; Centralia Staff.



MARIE BELT—"Rie"

"A glad heart doeth good like a medicine."

Credits 33; Class Play 1, 2, 3; Chorus 1, 2, 3, 4; Oratorical 1, 2; Glee Club 1, 2, 3; Euterpe Club; Vice-President of Boosters' Club; Centralia Staff.

MAUDE WING—"Midge"

"She never votes 'nay' when a good time is in question."

Credits 33; Class Play 2, 3; Chorus 1, 2, 3, 4; Glee Club 1, 2, 3; Boosters' Club; Euterpe Club; Centralia Staff.

LENORA BOYD—"Nora"

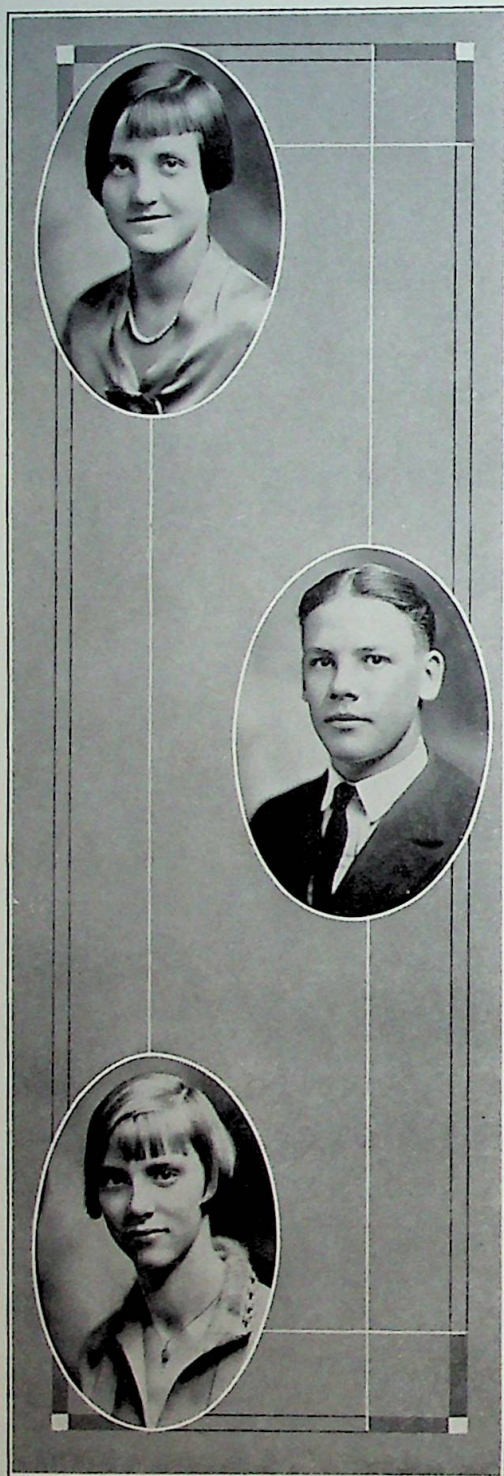
"The way to have a friend is to be one."

Credits 35½; Class Play; Chorus 1, 2, 3; Glee Club 1, 2, 3; Euterpe Club; Boosters' Club; Centralia Staff.

MARY WARREN—"Warney"

"Gentle, modest, unassuming; content to do her share of work unrecognized."

Credits 33; Class Play 3; Chorus 1, 2, 3, 4; Glee Club 1, 2, 3; Euterpe Club; Boosters' Club; Centralia Staff.



EVELYN SULLIVAN—"Sully"

"A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance."

Credits $35\frac{1}{4}$; Class Play 1, 2, 3; Chorus 1, 2, 3, 4; Glee Club 1, 2, 3; Oratorical 1, 4; Euterpe Club; Boosters' Club; Centralia Staff.

PAUL FUNKHOUSER—"Funkie"

"I dare do all that becomes a man,
Who dares do more is none."

Credits 33; Class Play 1, 2, 3; Chorus 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4; Boosters' Club; Centralia Staff.

DORTHEA BECK—"Dot"

"When you know her you know some one worth while."

Credits $34\frac{1}{2}$; Class Play 1, 2, 3; Chorus 1, 2, 3, 4; Oratorical 2, 3, 4; Glee Club 1, 2, 3; Euterpe Club; Treasurer of Boosters' Club; Centralia Staff.

History

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KOMMOS I

The class of '26 entered Perry Central High School in the fall of 1922, twenty-nine in number. They were: Orville Abston, Lailon Cunningham, Julius Barrackman, Rachel Dickerson, Clay Dickerson, Dorthea Beck, Marie Belt, Merle Dye, Doris Everett, Lenora Boyd, Paul Funkhouser, Edith Caldwell, Leroy Haley, Emma Lazzell, Agnes Moran, Goldie Sandlin, Lena Shirley, Mary Smith, Cecil Smith, Bonetha Smith, Evelyn Sullivan, Orville Strawmyer, Margaret Turpin, Ivan Smith, Mary Warren, Maude Wing, Robert Glendenning, Laurence Riner, and Sylvester Sandusky.

We were as green as the greenest and as timid as the timidest. Soon after school opened we were told to call a class meeting and elect officers. Mary Smith was elected president; Cecil Smith, vice-president, and Margaret Turpin, secretary and treasurer.

We were initiated by the rest of the high school at the home of Eva and Florence Lane. A wiener roast was one event of the evening. We all had a very fine time.

The faculty consisted of Mr. H. L. Hollenbach, Miss Josephine Lapham, Mr. B. W. Smith, Mr. E. E. Smith, and Mrs. H. L. Hollenbach.

Laurence Riner had already gone to Lebanon and "flunked," so he came out to P. C. H. S. for us to put him on his feet again. We were glad to have Laurence, for he graduated from Central's elementary grades.

Ivan Smith decided he didn't have to know algebra to be a farmer and quit at the end of the first week.

Sylvester Sandusky, very timid, followed suit. He quit at the end of the second week.

We had three class parties this year, given by Margaret Turpin, Marie Belt, and Maude Wing. We stayed until after 10:30 at Maude's party and were not permitted to have any more parties this year.

The class gave a play entitled, "Mother Mine." It was coached by Miss Lapham with much success.

At the end of the second semester Goldie Sandlin fell for a "Trolley" and rode away.

We took an active part in all athletic activities. Paul and Julius made the basketball team. Mr. Hollenbach was coach. Julius entered the track meet.

KOMMOS II

We returned to school in the fall of 1923 full-fledged Sophomores and very proud of the fact. This year Julius Barrackman was so busy hauling crushed stone for the new road that he didn't come back to school. Leroy Haley grew tired of country life and moved to the city. Robert Glendenning went to Lebanon to work. Orville Strawmyer ("Abe") decided to retire as a farmer.

One new addition came to us this year from New Augusta, Herbert Hopkins.

For this year we elected Cecil Smith, president; Clay Dickerson, vice-president, and Bonetha Smith, secretary and treasurer. We also selected our class flower, "Lily of the Valley;" colors, "purple and white," and motto, "Do Right." We attended the annual wiener roast at the home of Clay Dickerson and took a very active part in giving the Freshmen a good initiation.

Our class play, entitled "The Winning Widow," was coached by Miss Hungate.

At the end of the second semester Mary Smith decided it was too cold in Indiana and moved to Alabama, "where it's summer all the time." Merle Dye reached his sixteenth birthday and we never saw Merle back at old P. C. H. S.

The faculty consisted of Mr. H. L. Hollenbach, Miss Hungate, Mr. B. W. Smith, Mrs. H. L. Hollenbach, and Mr. Buren Sullivan.

Being full-fledged members of the high school we took even a greater part in the activities of the school. We were loyal supporters of the basketball team; Paul, Laurence, Orville and Clay were able to be on the team.

KOMMOS III

We returned to school this year as "Jolly Juniors." We received two recruits, Ora Dale, from Thorntown, and John Ross, from Lebanon, but we lost three members—Agnes Moran went to Whitestown High School, Lena Shirley, to Lebanon High School, while Orville Abston quit school.

We re-elected Cecil Smith for president and elected Dortha Beck, vice-president; Laurence Riner, secretary and treasurer, and Paul Funkhouser, joker.

The faculty consisted of Mr. H. L. Hollenbach, Miss Martha Stafford, Mr. B. W. Smith, Mrs. H. L. Hollenbach and Mr. Buren Sullivan.

We only had one party. It was held at the high school September 25. We entertained the teachers, high school and alumni. The evening was spent in contests and games.

Another event of the year was a corn roast given by the Parent-Teachers' Association in the school yard.

Our play, entitled "Deacon Dubbs," was coached by Mrs. Hollenbach.

The Junior-Senior reception was different from all heretofore, and, of course, it would be if we planned it. Many told us it was the "best ever."

Dortha Beck and John Ross entered the Oratorical Contest; John represented us at Lebanon and won third honors.

Paul and Clay made great strides in the basketball field of glory. Mr. Sullivan was coach.

We hate to think that next year will be our last one.

KOMMOS IV

We took the rank of Seniorhood this fall with grace and ease. We had no new members, but were very sorry to lose four of our classmates. Lailon Cunningham finished at Lebanon, Edith Caldwell was employed at the canning factory, Lawrence Riner sold automobile insurance, and John Ross also finished at Lebanon.

We elected Clay Dickerson, president; Margaret Turpin, vice-president, and Evelyn Sullivan, secretary-treasurer.

The faculty members are Mr. H. L. Hollenbach, Miss Stafford, Mrs. H. L. Hollenbach, Mr. Brian W. Smith, Mr. Buren Sullivan and Mrs. Frank McCormick.

Again we have taken part in all activities and have added one more to the number—the publication of The Centralia, Volume II.

The annual wiener roast was held at the home of Doris Everett for the initiation of the Freshman class.

We have organized a "Booster Club," and five of the seniors were charter members; Doris, Marie, Evelyn, Margaret and Dortha, with Mrs. Hollenbach the faculty adviser.

Another great event of the term happened on one bright Saturday morning, when thirteen seniors, three teachers and Mr. Beck left for Madison in the Reo truck. We ate lunch at Clifty Falls. Next we went to Madison and crossed the Ohio on the ferry into Kentucky. The complete story of the journey will be found in the Literary section.

On Saturday night, November 28, we had a chili supper at Margaret's, sponsored by the Faculty. Each senior invited a guest. The evening was spent in games. Everyone had an enjoyable time.

Senior day was a different day from any heretofore. We called this day "Old Clothes Day." The second period in the afternoon a noise was heard coming up the stairs, and this was made by the Seniors of '26, dressed in grandmothers' and grandfathers' clothes. We sang our songs upstairs and downstairs, carrying the pennant of the P. C. H. S. of '26. We took some picture, which you will see in looking through the snapshots. We "played teacher" for one period and put the teachers, excepting Mr. Hollenbach, to writing an essay.

We were very glad to have our music and art teacher, Mrs. McCormick, and we can never thank her enough for starting our high school orchestra. Dortha and Cecil represented the Senior class in this orchestra.

The basketball boys went to the Cincinnati Tri-State Tourney, February 11 to 13. We wished we could have gone with Paul, Clay, and Herbert.

Every Senior takes with him the memory of the closing days of high school. These last days are called Senior week and the seniors both entertain and are entertained by others. The following was our Senior week program:

Saturday, February 27—Faculty reception.

Sunday, April 18—Baccalaureate sermon.

Tuesday, April 20—Class night.

Wednesday, April 21—Junior-Senior reception.

Thursday, April 22—Class play.

Friday, April 23—Commencement.

Saturday, April 24—Alumni reception.

CLASS PROPHECY

Seated in a sunny school room was my former schoolmate, Lenora Boyd. She was dressed in a neat tailored suit, and seemed to be enjoying her life of single blessedness. She had acquired great skill as a history teacher.

Gradually the school room vanished and in its stead appeared a hospital ward. By the bedside stood a nurse in uniform. I recognized her as another pal of Central High, Doris Everett. Her dream of the future had come true. Her bright and cheery presence seemed to bring new life and vigor to the patient. When he spoke I recognized the well-known voice of Clay Dickerson. He had been badly injured in a railroad accident. He was the engineer. The nurse was assuring him that he would be able to take up his work again soon.

The scene changed to a busy dry goods store; behind the counter stood another pal of '26, Maude Wing, busily chewing gum and waiting on customers.

I next saw a studio in the busy city of New York, and Cecil Smith was seated before an easel painting a picture. The picture was almost completed and as I closely observed it, I saw the features of Rachel Dickerson, his sweetheart of '26. I wondered why they had never married, but I soon formed a probable conclusion, for the studio vanished and before me stood a mission

in South Africa. Standing under a large palm was Rachel, teaching the natives who stood near. Her stern sense of duty had compelled her to cross the ocean.

Next before my eyes appeared a stage at a theater. I saw a beautifully dressed actress whom I recognized as Evelyn Sullivan, another pal from Central High. She had become a popular actress, for the people cheered and greatly admired her.

The stage vanished and before my eyes was a pleasant country scene. Lying under a large maple tree sleeping, while his horses stood by, was the familiar form of Herbert Hopkins. The fences were down in places and by the looks of the farm it seemed to be sadly in need of repairs. I suppose I should overlook this, for he was living a bachelor's life.

As this scene changed, a pleasant odor filled the air and I saw before me a busy restaurant. I heard a familiar voice behind the counter and soon afterwards saw the figure of Marie Belt flitting back and forth busily waiting on people. I remembered this was her favorite occupation in '26.

Next I saw a quaint little beauty shop. Seated in a chair was my old pal, Dorthea Beck, dressed very fashionably. Another school pal, Mary Warren, was marcelling her hair. Dorthea had married a wealthy man and was now a lady of society. Mary had acquired great skill in the art of making women more beautiful.

Now appeared a modern home in the country. Several children were playing in the yard. Seated in the swing on the veranda was Mrs. Schenck, whom we formerly knew as Margaret Turpin.

The last scene was in a large hall and there I observed a prize fight. At a second glance I noticed that one of the pugilists was Paul Funkhouser. He had become the world champion prize fighter and Jack Dempsey had no show now.

I awoke with a start and found that I had been dreaming. There was great confusion in the next room. Olga was having trouble while feeding our canaries (we had almost 200 ready for sale). Joe, our big Collie, had lunged against a cage, upsetting it and letting a bunch of birds loose.

I could not help Olga as I should, for I still beheld the visions of my dream and was homesick for these pals of '26.

—Bonetha Smith.

WILL

We, the senior class of P. C. H. S., Boone County, Indiana, being of sound mind and disposing memory, desiring to make such disposition of our estate as seems best to us, do make, publish and declare this our last will and testament previously made.

To the student body as a whole we bequeath our ability to do things successfully and diplomatically, and our ability to put "pep" and "vim" in our efforts.

To the juniors we bequeath our ability to get our lessons and become the teachers' pets, the privilege of being seniors, providing they make the required grades and a deportment grade not below 95, and the wardens of the "Illustrious Key."

To the sophomores we bequeath our good looks and good behavior, and our ability to sharpen the wits by friendly argument.

To the freshmen we bequeath our dignified ways, and our love and knowledge, in the hope that some day they, too, may become a senior class of P. C. H. S.

To Mr. Hollenbach we bequeath our love; to Mr. Sullivan we bequeath a new deportment book; to Mr. B. W. we bequeath our pencils, ink bottles,

note books, compass, art gum and rulers for his next year's solid geometry class; to Miss Stafford we will a new waste basket large enough for her pupils to spit their chewing gum in, and to Mrs. Hollenbach we bequeath a new talking machine.

To our teachers we extend an earnest appreciation of their labors, and desire that our younger brethren reap greater profits therefrom.

Each of the below named persons wills and bequeaths the following property:

Herbert Hopkins, to Chester Batz, his quiet disposition; Chet needs it, and to Delbert Giles his ability of playing backguard on the basketball team.

Clay Dickerson, to Chink Beck, his interest in Eva Brown. Beware of "Ikey," Chink, and don't get your dates mixed; to Ovid Herring his popularity with the girls, and to Ora Shanklin his curtains and the top of his Ford.

Doris Everett, to Ruby Abston, her "smiles," and to Gladys Dickerson her presidency chair of Boosters' Club.

Mary Warren, to John K. Edwards, her comb, and to Frances Thomas her back seat in the assembly room.

Margaret Turpin, to Mary Marsh, her self confidence. Don't run it down, Mary.

Bonetha Smith, to Velma Bramblett, her good nature.

Cecil Smith, to Alva Scott, his knowledge; to Carl Witt his scientific knowledge; to Verlin Abston his knowledge about spark plugs and his patent for prevention of grease coming out of Ford wheels; to Ed Green his musical talent, and to Chester Coombs his ability to keep out of mischief.

Maude Wing, to Robert Acton, her ability to sit on the front seat. You will have to be a good boy, Bob.

Rachel Dickerson, to Lucile Nicholson, her love for P. C. H. S., and to Velma Bramblett, Rosalind Glendenning, Moscelyn Smith and Ruth Haley a "love book."

Lenora Boyd, to Helen Robertson, her ability to sing, and her quiet disposition to Ada Batz.

Marie Belt, to Mildred Boyd, her position as librarian, and to Gladys Dickerson her bottle of ink.

Evelyn Sullivan, to Thelma Eaton, a boy called "Chink." Take good care of him, Thelma; and to Curtis Dickerson her ability to argue in geometry class.

Paul Funkhouser, to any freshman, Rosalind Glendenning; providing they take good care of her; to Chink Beck, his captain degree in athletics, and to Miss Stafford his chewing gum.

Dorthea Beck, to Mary King, her ability of talking, and to Eva Brown all of her friends in P. C. H. S.

We, the seniors, hereby appoint Mr. Hollenbach executor of this, our last will and testament. Done this twenty-third day of April, 1926, at P. C. H. S., Boone County, Indiana.

(Signed) Clay Dickerson,
Margaret Turpin,
Cecil Smith,
Rachel Dickerson,
Marie Belt,
Herbert Hopkins,
Bonetha Smith,

Maude Wing,
Paul Funkhouser,
Evelyn Sullivan,
Doris Everett
Mary Warren,
Lenora Boyd,
Dorthea Beck.

Drawn up by Dorthea S. Beck.
Witness: Evelyn Sullivan.

CLASS POEM

I will tell you about the class of '26
Having fourteen members (all are bricks),
They always have striven to do their best
Whenever subjected to a test.

Now you have heard of Clay Dickerson
And know he is always alert for fun,
And even if he is a little runt
To him basketball is just a stunt.

Cute little Maude Wing, the wit of '26,
Has gotten her deportment into many a fix;
While Rachel, who never played a prank,
Always leads the fourteen in class rank.

Doris Everett, a laughing blue-eyed lass,
Has been a joy to the senior class;
Bonetha Smith, quiet and kind of heart,
Is ready to help and do her part.

Paul Funkhouser is a big, big tease,
Everyone he knows he tries to please;
He makes friends with the teachers and the kids,
And at being a sport he takes all the bids.

Marie says, "A happy girl am I
For sometime in the sweet by and by
Ed will lead me with the 'halter'
Up the church aisle to the altar."

Of Central's beauties there is a host,
But we have one of which we boast
And that is Dot, a good little kid,
Who thinks the Charleston's easily did.

Cecil was never known to shirk
And thinks it fun to be at work,
If only Rae is somewhere near
To explain and make the lesson clear.

Sully is Evelyn's pet nickname,
And she is very eager for fame;
But to the class she is quite dear,
And as a student she has no peer.

Margaret is bright, cheerful and gay,
And scatters sunshine along the way.
Herbert is rather quiet and shy,
But he'll overcome that by and by.

Then there is my "old pal," Mary;
I have never known her to be contrary
Always willing to share her joys
And especially nice to all the boys.

Faithful and loyal to our own school,
Always obeying every rule.
These four years we've all enjoyed;
We'll write—FINIS. Lenora Boyd.



JUNIOR CLASS HISTORY

On September 7, 1923, twenty-one green freshies gathered at P. C. H. S. to begin their high school career. They seemed to think that it wasn't necessary to come to school to learn, but that they were needed to teach others.

This year Eugene Williams was elected president; Martha Kern, vice-president; Curtis Dickerson, secretary-treasurer; Eva Brown, historian; John Edwards, joker, and Buren Sullivan, our class sponsor. Those were chosen to lead Ruby Abston, Verlin Abston, Ona Barrickman, Morris Beck, Orval Berry, Mildred Boyd, Gladys Dickerson, Earl Dickerson, Ed Green, Maurice Johnson, Mary King, Lucile Nicholson, Helen Robertson, Irene Giles and Carl Witt. We chose blue and white for our class colors; the American Beauty rose for our class flower, and for our motto, "We're not at the top, but we're on our way."

The sophomore, junior and senior classes initiated us one night at the home of Catharine Dickerson. By this time we discovered that we did not know one-half as much as we thought we did and Miss Hungate, our English teacher, would not even consider trusting us with a play, so we did not have the opportunity to go on the stage.

In our second year, 1924 and '25, we were much more experienced and not so timid and slow. Our officers were: Gladys Dickerson, president; Curtis Dickerson, vice-president; Earl Dickerson, secretary-treasurer; Eva Brown, historian; Carl Witt, joker, and, again, Buren Sullivan, our class sponsor.

Two of our members were missing this year: Eugene Williams went to Whitestown High School and Martha Kern went to Lebanon High.

We gave our first play, a comedy drama, "Welcome Home, Jimmy," coached by Mrs. H. L. Hollenbach.

The year 1925 and '26, we elected Curtis Dickerson, president; Carl Witt, vice-president; Earl Dickerson, secretary-treasurer; Eva Brown, historian, and Mrs. H. L. Hollenbach, our class sponsor.

We joined the other classes of our high school to initiate the freshies at Doris Everett's home. In October the junior class entertained the high school and alumni at Helen Robertson's home. The girls of the junior class, who were members of the Euterpe Club, joined in with the other Euterpe girls and with a friend enjoyed themselves at a watch party on New Year's eve at Maude Wing's home.

Our oratorical contestants this year were Gladys Dickerson and Eva Brown.

Our annual play, a comedy-drama entitled, "Josiah's Courtship," was another function of the year. A minstrel was also given by the high school boys, in which the junior boys took a part. These two functions were coached by Mrs. H. L. Hollenbach.

The year 1925 and '26 brings in with it the birth of an orchestra, which is progressing rapidly. Our class furnishes two cornets, played by Verlin Abston and Carl Witt, and two violins, played by Gladys and Curtis Dickerson. Mrs. F. McCormick, our music teacher, who organized this orchestra, will always be remembered, for we have wished for an orchestra in our school for some time.

We have Morris Beck, Carl Witt, Curtis Dickerson, Verlin Abston, Ed Green, Earl Dickerson and John K. Edwards taking part in athletics this year.

The class as a whole is progressing in the best way and we are expecting to occupy the seniors' seats next year.

—Eva Brown.



Front Row: Helen Robertson, Earl Dickerson, Ruby Abston, Curtis Dickerson, Gladys Dickerson, Morris Beck, Eva Brown.
 Back Row: Ona Barrickman, John K. Edwards, Mary King, Ed Green, Mildred Boyd, Verlin Abston, Lucile Nicholson, Carl Witt.

Officers

President.....Curtis Dickerson
 Vice-President.....Carl Witt
 SecretaryEarl Dickerson

Flower—American Beauty
 Color—Blue and White

Motto—

*“We are not at the top,
 But we are on our way.”*

IN THE SPRING

When the days are warm and fair,
 And there's springtime in the air,
 And a fellow sorta feels a little blue;
 And the schoolroom's hot and stuffy,
 And the teachers get so "huffy,"
 That you just can't think of anything to do—
 Remember that we're coming here
 Five whole days a week this year,
 And in just a few weeks longer we'll be thru.

HISTORY OF SOPHOMORE CLASS

In the year of 1924 a group of healthy looking pupils entered Perry Central High School. You could tell they were freshmen as they walked down the hall, for they "knew it all." When the roll was taken the next morning, the following pupils were found to be in the class: Mary Beck, Mary Marsh, Philip Dickerson, Chester Combs, Lee Lane, Ovid Herring, Ovid Caldwell, Lorie Sandusky, Eunice Woodard, Walter Slater, Leo Smith, Lenore Ross, John Cunningham, Opal Strawmeyer, Ora Shanklin, Delbert Giles, Chester Batz, William Stotts, Virgil Hunter, Kenneth Herring, Floyd Boram, Cecil Johnson, Velma Bramblett, and Marie Giles.

The entire class started fine, but there is always some drawback. It was sometimes very difficult to get Leo Smith to tell what he knew. He always had to lay off a day once in a while to let the teachers catch up. One day Walter Slater and William Stotts had a fistic combat. Mr. Sullivan saw them and called "time out." This led to a heated talk with Mr. Hollenbach.

Shortly afterward we were initiated by the seniors, juniors and sophomores into high school proper. All went well after that until Chester Batz and Floyd Boram laid off to go fishing. For this they had to apologize.

In February Walter and William, being sixteen, quit school for good. Leo travelled the same road in April. Our class play, "Rube and His Ma," was given during the second semester of our freshman year. The characters in this play were: Eunice Woodard, as "Ma"; John Cunningham, as "Harry"; Ovid Herring, as "Rube"; Chester Batz, as "Hiram Warden"; Mary Beck, as "Helen"; Lenore Ross, as "Lucinda Perkins"; Philip Dickerson, as "John Blackburn"; Lee Lane, as "Zeke"; Velma Bramblett, as "Daisy," and Cecil Johnson, as "Si Perkins." This play was well and equally enjoyed by all. As freshmen we took the following subjects: Algebra under B. W. Smith; English under Miss Stafford; botany under Mr. Hollenbach, and geography under Mrs. Hollenbach. The most of us passed into the sophomore year and everyone was well pleased.

The next September found only fifteen of the former freshmen back at Perry Central. They were: Chester Batz, Mary Beck, Mary Marsh, Chester Combs, Lee Lane, Ovid Herring, Ovid Caldwell, Opal Strawmeyer, Velma Bramblett, Delbert Giles, Ora Shanklin, Eunice Woodard, Lorie Sandusky, and Virgil Hunter.

Those who did not return were: John Cunningham, Marie Giles, Lenore Ross, Cecil Johnson, Floyd Boram and Kenneth Herring.

We started in this year with the same spirit as we had done the first year. We do our best and are now taking geometry under Mr. Smith, history under Mr. Sullivan, English under Miss Stafford, and dairying for the boys under Mr. Hollenbach; also home economics for the girls under Mrs. Hollenbach. There are two exceptions to this, Mary Marsh and Philip Dickerson are taking Latin instead of history. These two also take arithmetic with the juniors. Mary makes high grades in all her studies and ranks one in her class.

The sophomores who are in the orchestra are: Lorie Sandusky, who plays the cornet; Chester Combs, who handles the trombone nicely; Philip Dickerson, who plays the drums; Eunice Woodard, who has proved to us that she can tactfully play the violin, and Mary Beck, who shows her skill at the piano.

Ovid Caldwell moved to Lebanon at Christmas and Lee Lane was elected historian of the class.

The class party for the high school was held at Eunice Woodard's home. Everybody had a good time. Our class play, entitled, "Our Jim," was given March the twelfth.

—Lee Lane.



Front Row: Ora Shanklin, Mary Marsh, Lee Lane, Mary Beck, Chester Combs, Eunice Woodard, Ovid Herring.
 Back Row: Lorie Sandusky, Philip Dickerson, Velma Bramblett, Chester Batz, Opal Strawmeyer, Ovid Caldwell, Delbert Giles, Virgil Hunter.

Officers

President.....Philip Dickerson
 Vice-President.....Delbert Giles
 Secretary.....Chester Combs

Flower—Carnation
 Color—Black and Gold
 Motto—“*It can be done.*”

CLASS POEM

From the freshman rank we have passed;
 All year we've been known as the sophomore class.
 The boys in agriculture learn nature's clues;
 The girls in their cooking had boils and stews.

Our history class was a pretty bad mess,
 For some days we studied and some days we guessed.
 Geometry seemed like a terrible crime,
 And often in English we had a hard time.

They say we are slow and not any too bright,
 But after we're started we get there all right.
 We soon will be juniors by study inspired
 To fill the high place under classmen admired.

FRESHMAN HISTORY

On September 7, 1925, twenty-six green freshmen entered Perry Central High School hoping to complete the four-year course.

Of this number fourteen pupils were transferred from Harrison Township. This is the largest freshman class ever to enter Central.

During the first week of school a class meeting was held and the following officers were elected: Rosalind Glendenning, president; Eugene Smith, vice-president; Thelma Eaton, secretary-treasurer, and Mable Everett, joke editor. B. W. Smith was chosen to sponsor us through our trials.

The faculty and senior high gave the class of '29 the annual initiation party at the home of Mr. William Everett. The first thing on the program was an Indian tramp led by John K. Edwards, who knew all the dangerous Indian trails through which to lead his subjects, the freshmen. Some fell by the wayside, others gave up in despair, and some were gritty enough to follow all the way. Refreshments of wieners, watermelon and mushmelon were very much enjoyed by all. A storm arose which caused the guests to finish their party in Mr. Everett's home. Here many pranks and tricks were worked on the "greenies," who took it in good humor.

Oral Percy and Mr. Hollenbach played "I'm Bobbed," with the former receiving all the "bobbing." Oral was blindfolded, and he understood that Mr. Hollenbach was to be also. The latter was not all unknown to "Shorty." Both knelt, Mr. Hollenbach holding a bundle of rolled newspapers; the freshmen then formed a circle and marched round and round Oral and Mr. Hollenbach. Quite often the latter would hit Oral on the head with the papers. Oral cried, "Brother, I'm Bobbed!" Mr. Hollenbach answered, "Who bobbed you?" Oral would then guess some member of his class. In good faith he was "bobbed" time and again. Finally it was suggested that someone take Oral's place. To his surprise, he found that he had been the victim of a good joke all the while.

Ada Batz consented to have her eyes tested. Doris Everett did the work. Ada's eyes were closed for awhile and Doris carefully blacked each one under the pretense of examination (Ada being ignorant of what was happening). She was invited to look in the mirror and, to her astonishment, she had two perfectly black eyes.

These two stunts are only examples of the fun which lasted throughout the evening.

The freshman class of '29 shall always remember and appreciate their reception into the Perry Central High School.

Our program consists of mathematics, biology, English and a choice between geography and Latin. Our respective teachers are Mr. B. W. Smith, Mr. H. L. Hollenbach, Miss Martha Stafford and Mrs. H. L. Hollenbach.

We hope to pass on with all honors.

Historian, ROBERT TURPIN.

God intends no man to live in this world without working, but he intends every man to be happy in his work.—Ruskin.



Front Row: Rosalind Glendenning, Oral Percy, Irene Smith, Raymond Abbitt, Mary Sullivan, Lawrence Smith, Dorothy Giles, Leland McCurdy, Moscelyn Smith, Loyd Black, Helen Brownlee, Robert Turpin.
 Back Row: Beulah Shirley, Alva Scott, Thelma Eaton, Kenneth Sullivan, Lousie Smith, Morris Green, Other Rieber, Robert Acton, Wayne Robertson, Ada Batz, Eugene Smith, Ruth Haley, Wendall Smith, Mabel Everett.

Officers

President.....Rosalind Glendenning
 Vice-President.....Eugene Smith
 SecretaryThelma Eaton

Flower—Sweet Peas
 Color—Red and White

Motto—*“Climb! Though the rocks be rugged!”*





Front Row: Earl Brown, Ruth Abston, Loris Johnson, Clarence Boyd, Juanita Sandlin, Roger Isenhour.
Back Row: Edwin Beck, Dorothy Belt, Vera Brunes, Donald McPeake, Cecelia King.



Front Row: Evelyn Weber, Gordon Giles, Ruby Slagle, Carl Shirley, Iva Taylor, Clayson Smock, Nellie Berry.
Back Row: Oren Wing, Edna Johnson, Cecil Abbott, Ben Edwards, Vaughn Belt, Nellie Belt, George Everett.

Alumni

Class of 1920

Gideon Funkhouser	Clermont, Ind.
Lusa Sullivan	Frankfort, Ind.
Effie Sullivan	Danville, Ind.
Paul Sullivan	Chester, Penn.
Vincent Farrell	Indianapolis, Ind.
Edna Smith	Indianapolis, Ind.

Class of 1921

Frank Bramblett	Lebanon, Ind.
Violet Doyle	Lebanon, Ind.
E. Serelda Smith	Lebanon, Ind.

Class of 1922

Arthur Bramblett	Lebanon, Ind.
Russell Gillespie	Chicago, Ill.
Estle Smith Funkhouser	Clermont, Ind.
Martha Dickerson	Lebanon, Ind.
Floyd Sullivan	Lebanon, Ind.
Lloyd Sullivan	Lebanon, Ind.
Cecil Tharp	Lebanon, Ind.

Class of 1923

Howard Williams	Whitestown, Ind.
Hazel Brown Tharp	Lebanon, Ind.
John Turpin	Brownsburg, Ind.

Class of 1924

Doris Beck	Indianapolis, Ind.
Frank Herring	Lebanon, Ind.
Wayne Shirley	Zionsville, Ind.
Frances Haley	Indianapolis, Ind.
Guy Beck	Lakeworth, Fla.
Catherine Dickerson	Indianapolis, Ind.
Orville Leap	Lebanon, Ind.
Mozelle Faulkner	Lebanon, Ind.
Harold Warren	Brownsburg, Ind.
Bernice Funkhouser	Lebanon, Ind.
Wayne Black	Hall, Ind.
Eunice Williams	Whitestown, Ind.
Calvin Dickerson	Lebanon, Ind.

Class of 1925

Verlin Brown	Lebanon, Ind.
Eva Lane	Lebanon, Ind.
Florence Lane	Lebanon, Ind.
Jeanette Smith	Oxford, Ohio
Velma Proffitt	Lebanon, Ind.
Lillian Moran	Lebanon, Ind.
Ray Reynolds	Indianapolis, Ind.
Ruth Smith	Indianapolis, Ind.
Relda Smith	Lebanon, Ind.
Ross Dickerson	Crawfordsville, Ind.
Olga Smith	Lebanon, Ind.

The Senior Class of '26 have endeavored to learn the whereabouts of all ex-graduates of Perry Central. If we omit anything it is because we could not obtain the data.

Mr. and Mrs. Gideon Funkhouser, nee Estle Smith, are living in Clermont, where they have lived since their marriage in the fall of 1922. Gideon is employed by the Prest-O-Lite Company, of Indianapolis.

Lusa Sullivan is teaching school in Frankfort. She has held this position for three years.

Effie Sullivan attended Danville College this fall and winter. Two years previous to this she taught in her alma mater, grades three and four.

Paul Sullivan married Elinore Tonge, a Pennsylvania girl, in the fall of 1925. He is employed in a newspaper office in Chester, Penn.

Vincent Farrell is employed by the Real Silk Hosiery Co., of Indianapolis.

Edna Smith is secretary to a dentist in Indianapolis.

Frank Bramblett was married to Fay Hicks, of Avon, in the fall of 1924. Lois Iolene was born to them December 11, 1925. Frank is teaching the fifth and sixth grades of Perry Central.

Violet Doyle is teaching music. She is assisting Mr. Huckstep by giving violin lessons to a part of our orchestra.

Serelda Smith is living with Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Shirley. Previous to this year she taught school in southern Indiana.

Arthur Bramblett is teaching the Brown School in Hendricks county. He held the same position last year.

Russell Gillespie married Laura Taylor, of Thorntown, in the fall of 1924. Russell is now attending an architectural college in Chicago.

Martha Dickerson is employed as bookkeeper by the Citizens Loan and Trust Company, of Lebanon.

Floyd Sullivan married Ruby Sallee in the fall of 1925. They are living near Lebanon.

Lloyd Sullivan is in the employ of King, bridge contractor, of Albion, Ind.

Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Tharp, nee Hazel Brown, are living in Fayette. Cecil teaches the Gadsen school, Boone county, and Mrs. Tharp is teaching the primary room here.

Howard Williams is employed by the Prest-O-Lite Co. He is living with his parents near Whitestown.

John Turpin is living with his parents near Fayette. He is farming and (sh-h) we believe he is planning to get married. Best wishes, John.

Doris Beck is a graduate from Greenfield, Ohio, Business College. At present she is in the employ of Fairbanks & Morse, of Indianapolis.

Frank Herring is in the employ of the Prest-O-Lite Co. He is living with his parents in Fayette.

Wayne Shirley is working on his father's farm near Zionsville.

Frances Haley is working as bookkeeper in Indianapolis.

Guy Beck is in Lakewater, Fla. He is a tile layer and we hear he is making good. Luck to you, "Cotton."

Catharine Dickerson is attending Madam Blaker's College in Indianapolis.

Orville Leap is working in a garage for Dan Shepherd.

Mozelle Faulkner is raising chickens on her father's farm.

Harold Warren is driving a milk truck for Wilbur Templin.

Bernice Funkhouser has made good and is teaching the third and fourth grades here. Wayne Black is teaching school near Hall, Ind. He married Bessie Miller in the spring of 1925, and they are now living near Hall.

Eunice Williams is in the employ of Wray & Ward Ice Cream Co., of Lebanon.

Calvin Dickerson is employed at the cabinet factory at Lebanon.

Verlin Brown is driving one of the school trucks.

Eva and Florence Lane are at home on the farm.

Jeanette Smith is attending Oxford College in Ohio. We hope you pull through, Jeanette.

Velma Proffitt is still at home. Have you decided to die an old maid, Velma?

Lillian Moran is employed by Isadore Eichman, of Lebanon.

Ray Reynolds is employed by the Prest-O-Lite Co.

Ruth Smith is inspector at the Real Silk Hosiery Mills in Indianapolis.

Relda Smith is in the employ of Adler & Co., of Lebanon.

Ross Dickerson is attending Wabash College.

Olga Smith is keeping house for her father while Bonetha attends school.

"A sacred burden is this life ye bear;
Look on it, lift it, bear it solemnly,
Stand up and walk beneath it steadfastly,
Fail not for sorrow, falter not for sin,
But onward, upward, till the goal ye win."

—Kemble.

OUR JANITOR



MR. ROBERT SMITH

Mr. Smith, our janitor, is a favorite with all. He is never too tired or exhausted to smile and chat with one who happens along. He is very sociable with everyone and in return no one fails to greet him on first arriving at the school building. It seems that he makes his work easy by making it pleasurable. His cleanliness shows through the entire building. He understands children and is willing to sweep the house more than once on muddy days in order that no dirt may be found on the floors. However, the older boys and girls respect him and, for the most of the time, carry as little mud as possible into the house. He enjoys being among the children as they enjoy having him around. The smaller children, especially, watch for the "janitor man" each noon that they may swing on his arms, and he seems never to grow tired of the little ones hanging on them.

The faculty appreciates Mr. Smith as well as do the children. He does all that he can to make their working conditions as pleasant as possible and they in return take many things from his shoulders. Daily, he makes several trips upstairs to the various rooms, emptying waste baskets and doing many other things for the benefit of the faculty.

The school is Mr. Smith's place of work, and he never shirks his duty. For seven years he has found his work here at this school.

Now, since I have told you all these things, is it any wonder that we all like him so well? His efficiency at keeping the school clean and healthful as possible, his sociability and his willingness to do all he can to help others, certainly make him a good "janitor man."

Whoever you are, be noble;
 Whatever you do, do well;
 Whenever you speak, speak kindly,
 Give joy wherever you dwell.

Rachel E. Dickerson.

Calendar

- Sept. 7—First day of school—95 pupils—one new teacher.
 Sept. 8—Senior class meeting. The Centralia started.
 Sept. 9—Dismissed for the State Fair.
 Sept. 10—Scheduled a game with Avon for Friday, Sept. 11.
 Sept. 11—Initiated the freshmen at the home of Doris Everett.
 Sept. 12—Ross and Catherine Dickerson and Walter Ross visited school.
 Sept. 14—Senior class elected the Centralia staff.
 Sept. 15—Seniors planned their southern trip.
 Sept. 16—Mr. Marshall read "A Letter" to assembly.
 Sept. 19—Southern trip of the senior class.
 Sept. 20—Second day of southern trip.
 Sept. 22—"Rae" ate one-half gallon of pickles.
 Sept. 23—"Rae" returned to school.
 Sept. 24—See-saws were repaired. Visitors—Eva and Florence Lane and Lillian Moran.
 Sept. 29—Junior class averaged 73 in arithmetic test.
 Sept. 30—Mr. Marshall read the "Hoosier Schoolmaster." Visitors—Ray Reynolds and Olga Smith.
 Oct. 6—Paul, Clay, Ed and Morris pumped up four new basketballs.
 Oct. 7—Paul was elected captain of the basketball squad. Hurrah for the seniors!
 Oct. 9—Pep session today. Junior class party at Helen Robertson's.
 Oct. 13—The sophomore boys and Mr. Hollenbach judged cows.
 Oct. 14—Canvassed for advertising for "The Centralia." Dairy show at Indianapolis.
 Oct. 15—Report of Indianapolis trip. Euterpe initiation.
 Oct. 16—Pep session. Basketball schedules planned.
 Oct. 17—Measured our strength against New Winchester.
 Oct. 19—Celebrated Saturday night's game with yells. Whoopee!!
 Oct. 21—Convocation by Rev. Horne and his evangelists.
 Oct. 26—The senior boys secured more advertising today.
 Oct. 27—Mrs. McCormick gave a musical program.
 Oct. 28—Mrs. Hollenbach frightened Mr. Sullivan from the senior assembly.
 Oct. 30—"Our bacon," 42-26.
 Nov. 2—Senior class pictures made for "The Centralia."
 Nov. 3—Rest of senior class had pictures taken. Gladys Dickerson carried her nose in a sling. A family party of 200 came to P.-T. A.
 Nov. 4—A good motto put on the board: "Help me to need no aid from men, that I may help such men as need."
 Nov. 6—Visitors: Rev. Horne and his evangelists, and Edith Caldwell. Group pictures made for "The Centralia."
 Nov. 7—Perry Central at Whitestown, score 58-14. We were the 58.
 Nov. 9—Had our first Boosters' meeting, taking 47 members into the organization.
 Nov. 10—The majority of the class received the proofs of their pictures. Oh, how we were flattered!
 Nov. 12—Euterpes had a tea party. Eva Brown came to school wrong side out.
 Nov. 13—Pep session last period. Seniors missed American government.
 Nov. 14—The teachers gave a play called "Peleg and Peter."
 Nov. 16—Educational week. Talk, "The Beginning of the Constitution," by Mrs. Hollenbach. Receipts of play, \$61.10.

- Nov. 17—Talk, "Patriotism," by Miss Stafford.
 Nov. 18—Talk, "School and Teachers," by B. W. Smith.
 Nov. 19—Talk, "Conservation and Thrift," by Mr. Sullivan. Mr. Sullivan, while playing black man at the noon hour, was knocked down by a senior! Doris Everett!?!
 Nov. 20—Talk, "Progress in Indiana's Education," by Mr. Hollenbach.
 Nov. 24—Much talk about Margaret's senior party.
 Nov. 25—Thanksgiving program by Rooms I, II and III.
 Nov. 26—No school. Thanksgiving day, indeed!
 Nov. 27—Everyone back as happy as ever, especially the seniors! (?) Visitors—Catherine Thompson, Martha Kern, Ross Dickerson and Ruby Woodard.
 Nov. 28—This is foot day. Ask Doris and Maude to explain!!
 Dec. 1—P.-T. A. had an oyster period. Doris, Clay and Dorothea were on program.
 Dec. 4—Florence and Eva Lane and Velma Proffitt visited school.
 Dec. 7—Verlin Brown and Kenneth Herring visited school.
 Dec. 8—The seniors decided upon Kid day and presentation of class pennant.
 Dec. 11—Everybody planning to see the boys get the trophy at tourney.
 Dec. 12—Tourney day. Blue! But somebody had to lose.
 Dec. 16—Our "negroes" are preparing for Friday night.
 Dec. 19—Minstrel was fine. Receipts, \$23.
 Dec. 21—Visitors: Velma Proffitt, Janette Smith and a "screech owl."
 Dec. 24—Boosters' Club celebrates. "Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to All."
 Jan. 4—Miss Frances Thomas, from New Palestine, started to P. C. H. S. this semester.
 Jan. 9—Played New Winchester and won by a score of 37-17.
 Jan. 22—Old Clothes day parade and presentation of pennant and sweaters.
 Jan. 28—Boys collected advertisements.
 Feb. 3—Juniors gave a play entitled "Josiah's Courtship."
 Feb. 6—Dorothea entertained the seniors and teachers with 6 o'clock dinner.
 Feb. 11—The basketball boys left about 8:45 for Cincinnati.
 Feb. 12—Celebrated Lincoln's birthday. Yelled across to Cincinnati.
 Feb. 13—On Marie Belt's left hand the "diamond" shines.
 Feb. 22—Celebrated Washington's birthday.
 Feb. 25—Mr. Bramblett's Ford was dehorned today.
 Feb. 27—Faculty-Senior reception.
 March 6—District tourney.
 April 2—Big Fool party in gym.
 April 6—School Exhibit day. Operetta by Room I.
 April 9—Freshmen gave play entitled "The Valley Farm."
 April 10—Baseball tourney.
 April 17—Baseball game with I. S. S. for Deaf (here).
 April 18—Baccalaureate.
 April 20—Class day exercises.
 April 21—Junior-Senior reception.
 April 22—Senior class play, "Go Slow, Mary."
 April 23—Commencement.
 April 24—Last day of school. Senior week closes with an alumni reception.
 May 8—Baseball game with I. S. S. for Deaf (there).

By work, and pluck, and rub, and tare,
 We'll get there by and by;
 We only do our brain work now. 'Tis then—
 We'll honor our old high!

—Maud Wing.



Literary

OUR TRIP TO MADISON



One bright day in September, when everyone was feeling fine and full of pep, the Senior Class of 1926 had a class meeting to elect their officers. Mr. H. L. Hollenbach suggested that we go on a pleasure trip and take pictures. He told of being in several different places in the state, but no place appealed to the class as much as the town of Madison and its surroundings. We decided to go there within the next few weeks.

When the time came for us to go, we found ourselves without a way. Dorthea Beck determined to find a way; hunted up her father and got him to promise to take the class as a whole.

On the nineteenth of September the old school bus rolled out of Shepherdsville, picking up the class as it went. The last station was Fayette.

We reached Indianapolis about eight o'clock. As we were going down West Washington street, Clay Dickerson said, "Hello, there!" to two young ladies in a passing Ford. They quickly replied, "Hello, there, Farmers!" Now, how did they know that we were farmers? Of course, this was a joke on Clay before we had left our home city.

We stopped in Columbus for a few minutes and we boys went to hear what the old Indian showman had to say. As we were going back to the bus we had to pass a street musician, who was playing "The Old Mule" on his violin. On looking up, we saw the bus starting, so we ran for it with all our might.

The motor ran fine until we were south of North Vernon, when it began to backfire and finally stalled. Mr. Beck soon got this trouble mended and we started on. We passed through Vernon and then Scipio, where Mr. Beck borrowed a pump to blow out his gas line. We had now gone far enough south to see some changes in the state's scenery.

Mr. Hollenbach suggested that we eat dinner at Clifty Falls, a state park a few miles northwest of Madison. It was getting near noon by this time and everyone was wanting to reach that place. When we saw a sign that read, "Five miles to Clifty Falls," we certainly rejoiced. Finally, we arrived at the gate to the park. Mr. Hollenbach had already taken up a collection of ten cents from each one to pay our admittance into the park. The gatekeeper stopped us and, when Mr. Hollenbach started to hand him the money, he said, "You are supposed to have all dimes," and before anything could be said, he pulled out his wallet, exchanged the money for dimes, and then had Mr. Hollenbach feed them into his register, which was like eating soup with a fork, putting one dime in at a time and then waiting for it to click. When we arrived at the cooking camp, we parked the bus and almost everyone had a job. Of course, some had to venture out into the woods and down to the falls as soon as we stopped, but most of us stayed and prepared dinner. There were campfire stoves, tables and plenty of water near by. Some built the fires and kept them going, while others sliced and fried the meat and prepared other things for dinner.

While we were getting dinner ready, Mr. Beck discovered that a short in his wiring was what had caused all his trouble.

We all enjoyed our lunch and immediately after dinner started for the falls. We followed the posted paths through the woods down to the falls. They were about three hundred feet from where we had eaten dinner, but we had to go a roundabout path, which was twice as far. This path was something like a mountain railroad, winding back and forth, so that you were walking just above your companions at times, and at other times would

almost meet yourself coming back. When we came near the falls the path forked. Some went one way, others the other way. Four of us went down the stream, which we later found to be just the opposite direction from the falls. There was a sign that read, "One thousand feet to the old mill pond." Of course, while we were here we wanted to see this, and started on up the stream. It seemed as though we had walked two miles up the stream and still no "mill pond," so we decided to return to the rest of the group. When we got back to the place where we had separated we met the others. What fun we had missed! One of their number had quite a "big fall," and, of course, that was the first thing for them to tell us. While they were on the falls taking pictures, Margaret Turpin stepped on a slippery rock and down came Margaret, camera and all, right in a pool of water. She quickly got up and looked about to see who had seen her fall. Mrs. Hollenbach cut this conversation short, telling us if we intended to see the falls we would have to hurry on and get back to the bus. Later we learned that Margaret had been wading and was "cutting up tricks" when she "sot" down.

The road we took from the falls to Madison went by the side of the state park for a mile or two. We were on one of the great cliffs all the way to Madison. You can imagine the beautiful scenery we saw in this park—a stream of sky blue water between two tree-covered cliffs, winding its way over the white rocks to the mighty Ohio river. The state park would be a great place for lovers of nature or for anyone who only wanted to visit a place for pleasure's sake.

Mr. Beck had to use his brakes the most of the way from the park to the Ohio river. I will not describe the city of Madison at present, for the river caught and held my eye at this time. The bus was stopped within a short distance of the river.

We decided to cross the Ohio on the ferry boat to Milton, Ky. The boat had just anchored, and when the passengers got off, we boarded her for Kentucky.

Margaret Turpin had to "sun herself," so Mrs. Hollenbach and Miss Stafford stayed with her while we went across.

The boat seemed to be standing still with the water speeding by; this, of course, was impossible, and we soon reached the other shore. The captain said that it would be ten minutes before the boat would go back, so we got off and went up to the town pump to get a drink of Kentucky water.

On our return trip a lady was crossing with her horse and buggy. The lady, horse and buggy were all to match and some picture they were, too. Mrs. Hollenbach was not with us, so Mr. Hollenbach talked freely with this "highland lassie" all the while we were coming across.

Marie and Evelyn had to flirt with two young lads from—no one knows where. The rest of us were content "to watch."

About four o'clock Mr. Beck said, "We had better be going if we reach Hope tonight." We had to climb a long, steep hill to get up to the level again. On one turn there was a large, overhanging rock, over which water was falling to the opposite side of the road.

Mr. Hollenbach suggested that we go through the asylum grounds and again view Madison before we left the southern part of the state. To me, this view of Madison excelled all the others. We stood on a high cliff to the northwest of Madison; looking down we could see hundreds of buildings partly hidden by beautiful shade trees. Just beyond was the Ohio river, flowing gently along at the foot of the green Kentucky hills. All about us were the beautiful and well-kept asylum grounds.

It was getting late in the day, so we had to leave this spot if we were to reach Hope by night.

We ate our lunch in the bus to save time and had just finished eating when we began to smell something burning. Within a few feet the old bus came to a standstill.

Mr. Beck soon found the trouble and he, Miss Stafford and Evelyn got into a passing automobile and went to Vernon to get repairs and to call Miss Stafford's folks and tell them of our dilemma.

Miss Stafford's two brothers, William and Robert, came to our rescue. Picking up Evelyn and Miss Stafford in Vernon, they came on to the "for-saken bus," where the members of the class were enjoying themselves.

The girls went to Hope, which was thirty-three miles away, in these two cars, while Mr. Hollenbach and we boys spent the night in the bus.

About four o'clock in the morning we heard something come tearing down the road and what was it but Beck's old flivver with the repairs for the bus.

We were soon on our way to Hope, reaching there about seven o'clock, and, best of all, we were in time for a good warm breakfast at the home of Miss Stafford. We certainly did enjoy our meal and envied the girls their supper and slumber party. After breakfast we took some pictures in Hope and then decided to go to Nashville.

The sky had become gray and before we reached Nashville the rain began to fall. We visited the old jail in the county seat of Brown county, but on account of the rain we could not take pictures. We visited the Moravian cemetery on our return.

It was about one o'clock before we got back to Hope. Mrs. Stafford had prepared dinner, so we ate and then started for Boone county. I am sure we all certainly did appreciate the kindness and hospitality shown us by Miss Stafford and her parents, and we pronounced her brothers and sisters a "yard square and true blue."

We enjoyed our trip very much, but when we arrived in Fayette late in the evening of September 20th we were very tired indeed.

"I should shay sho!"

—Cecil Smith.

SENIOR DAY

Class meetings and whispers—these were the chief forms of pastime for the members of the Class of '26 the morning of January 21, 1926. The climax of all the mystery came in the afternoon when a band of old and decrepit creatures hobbled up the steps of Perry Central bravely carrying their banner. It was a banner that tried to prove to all that it was borne by the so-called wise and educated seniors.

But such a class! Attics, or rather rag bags, had certainly been ransacked, for old clothes was the order of the day. Leading the procession was an old man, the counterpart of Clay Dickerson, in a suit resembling the garb of a deacon of the olden times. As he puffed away on his corncob pipe, he gallantly and unselfishly helped the feeble Margaret Turpin up the stairs and into the various rooms. Following their leaders came the other seniors grown suddenly infirm. All, by their attire, gave one more proof that modern styles are more practical than those of long ago.

After these persons had visited the scenes of their school days, they met in the assembly room. As fitting for the occasion, they sang "Auld Lang Syne," but not before the high school students had given several yells for their distinguished callers.

Roll call disclosed to those present that such memorable persons as Hepzibah, Sophia, Rufus, Katy-did and Uncle Wash had come. Several of

the venerable gave advice that only those that have had many experiences in life can give. Juniors, sophomores and freshmen all were touched by the truth and value of the advice and will certainly profit by it.

Soon the class sang "We Are Jolly Seniors," and presented a beautiful purple and white pennant to the school. Mr. Hollenbach, after accepting the pennant for the school, presented sweaters to Paul Funkhouser and Clay Dickerson, who for four and three years respectively had been faithful, loyal members of the P. C. H. S. basketball team.

Of course, pictures had to be taken of these old men and women, and that came next. But, alas! the films were gone. The juniors were accused of the theft, but plead not guilty and escaped punishment. Cecil Smith came to the rescue with some films and saved the day for the seniors.

School was more efficiently managed for the rest of that day than it had been for some time (according to the seniors). They were very particular that all pupils were busy all the time and went from room to room to supervise the work. They not only directed but also taught some of the classes. This help was fully appreciated by both teachers and pupils.

All too soon the dismissal bell rang and another senior event was over. But in the memory of every member of the Class of '26, that event will be marked as one of the important happenings of school days in Perry Central High School.
—Martha Stafford.

THE MYSTERY

Bill, when a very small boy, wanted to be a hunter, and was always wanting a gun to hunt with. At the age of sixteen his father got him a gun to use.

Bill was a nery boy; he was afraid of nothing. His father bought a farm in Alaska. Bill was very glad his father had done this, for he would have good hunting. Their farm was near Holleyville, a town of about fifteen hundred inhabitants.

For years there had been a mystery about the town. The town was situated on a large river, and it became very foggy there at times. Whenever it became foggy people would be missing the next day. This had been going on for some years, but no one could solve the mystery; in fact, they were all afraid to investigate it very thoroughly.

When Bill had lived near this town long enough to learn its story he began to study and think what it could be that caused the excitement.

One dark and foggy night, Bill was walking along the river in town and a girl was walking in front of him. All at once a man grabbed her and they both disappeared. Bill ran to the spot where the girl had disappeared, but could see nothing of her or the man.

The next day he saw in the paper that a girl was missing and he thought of what he had seen the night before. After that when it got foggy and dark he would go down along the river to see if he could find out what or who was getting the people of the city.

One dark, foggy night he went down the river in his hunting canoe and along the edge of town he saw a dim light. He began to row the boat toward the light and when he was but a short distance from it he saw a man get out of a boat and run up the bank and get someone, then get into the boat and row away. Bill was frightened for a second, but he soon thought of what he had seen in the paper and then began to follow the boat.

They rowed down the stream for about an hour, when all at once the boat that had the captive stopped. Bill rowed his canoe to shore and tied it

to a bush. Then he walked down toward the other boat to get a better view of what was going on. He saw a man take a girl out of the boat and run back into the forest. Bill followed the man to a small dugout into which the man disappeared.

Bill stopped and wondered for a while. The more he thought the more angry he became. He walked to the dugout and tried to get in, but it was locked at top and bottom. Soon Bill got a small log and ran it against the door and broke in. He followed the tunnel into a large room that was lighted with torches. Bill stopped before he entered the light and saw lots of people whom he had seen about the town but did not know. He walked up to one of these captives and asked for his story. He said that the man that captured him had him and the other captives working down there for him. He said, "We are making liquor for him and he is peddling it out to people of the town."

Bill turned just in time to see the villain getting ready to hit him with a wooden maul that they used to crush the corn to make the liquor. Bill dodged the blow and grabbed a club, hit the man and knocked him down. Bill told one of the captives to get a rope and they would tie the villain. After they had tied the man Bill and two men that were there carried him out of the cave and then they let the rest of them out to go home.

Bill and the men loaded the villain into the boat and took him to police headquarters at town. There he was tried and sentenced to die the next morning at sunrise.

—Clay Dickerson.

"If we separate ourselves so much from the interests of those around us that we do not sympathize with them in their sufferings, we shut ourselves out from sharing their happiness, and lose far more than we gain. If we avoid sympathy and wrap ourselves round in a cold chain armour of selfishness, we exclude ourselves from many of the greatest and purest joys of life. To render ourselves insensible to pain we must forfeit also the possibility of happiness."



A PRIZE

"Are you going to try for the essay prize again this year?" questioned Alice.

"Certainly," answered Mary Ann.

"I heard Virginia tell Miss Davis that she would write an essay also, but I do hope you get it this year."

Every year the English classes were asked to write an essay, and the one who had the best received twenty-five dollars in gold. Virginia and Mary Ann always led the class. The year before Virginia had taken the prize, but undaunted, Mary Ann was going to try again this year.

Both girls were popular. Their families were old and prominent residents of Forest and had always been the social leaders of the town. Virginia and Mary Ann always stood at the head of their classes and were the social leaders also. The school divided into two factions, one hoping that Mary Ann would receive the prize and the other wanting Virginia to win it again. There were many good-natured arguments between the two groups, but the girls pretended to be indifferent as to which received the reward.

The essays had been finished and the day had come for the presenting of the prize to the winner. It was to be given at chapel that morning. All were eagerly waiting for Miss Davis to announce who the winner was and, to the surprise of everyone, Betty Harris, a quiet, little freshman, had won the prize. This was the first time that any student other than a junior or senior had attempted writing for the essay prize.

Virginia and Mary Ann would not have cared if either of them had taken the prize, but they were chagrined after all that had been said of them by the student body to see the prize go to a freshman.

Betty's mother was dead. She and her father had lived in Forest only a year. The people of the town thought they were unfriendly and did not care to associate with them. Betty had come to school nearly a year without making any friends.

Virginia and Mary Ann accused Betty of receiving help from her father, who had been a college professor before he came to Forest. They also told that Mr. Harris had mistreated his wife, who was an invalid, and that she had died after several years of unhappy married life. It was not long until everyone in Forest had heard the story. This report made Betty very unhappy, and Mr. Harris stayed at home all the time.

Miss Davis now became interested in Betty. One day she found the girl crying and she asked, "What is the matter, Betty? You seem so unhappy."

"I am unhappy, Miss Davis. They are telling false things about my father."

Miss Davis comforted Betty as best she could and finally had Betty telling her the story of her life.

"I have been so lonely since we came to Forest. We were living happily and had many friends. One evening we were going to a party at the home of one of our friends when our car collided with a huge truck. My mother was thrown from the car and very seriously injured. After her death we came to Forest to live. We were very unhappy and people thought us queer and unfriendly."

Miss Davis told the true story of Betty's life to the students. The inhabitants of Forest were sorry to think they had treated them in such a manner. They invited Betty and her father to their homes and found them quiet and entertaining.

Virginia and Mary Ann told Betty that they were very sorry for having told the falsehood about her and her father.

"I was so angry to think that a freshman had written a better essay than I could that I didn't care what I told the people just so they did not get it fairly," confessed Virginia.

"It was mean in us, but I do hope you will forgive us and let us be friends," begged Mary Ann.

"My composition has indeed brought me more than twenty-five dollars," smiled Betty happily.

—Lenora Boyd.

THE GIRL THAT MEN FORGET

"I am lost; could you direct me to the home of Lawyer Dunham?" asked Annabell Dunham of a policeman.

"Do you mean the father of the beautiful Susanne Dunham?" asked the policeman.

"Yes, sir," replied Annabell.

The policeman then directed Annabell to the home of her Uncle Herschel Dunham.

"There's someone at the door, ma'am; shall I answer?" asked Mary, the maid.

"If you please, but if it is that niece of Herschel's bring her in through the back door," replied Mrs. Dunham.

Mr. and Mrs. Herschel Dunham and daughter Susanne were considered the wealthiest people of Hoopstown. Their daughter was known as the beautiful Susanne and she was very popular among the younger set of the town.

Herschel was a very considerate man and tried to be friends with everybody. But his wife and daughter held their heads high and tried to live above their means. The beautiful Susanne enjoyed drinking parties, but everyone did not know that she attended them. When her mother would try to convince her not to attend them, she would only laugh and say, "What everyone did not know would not hurt them."

When Annabell was young her mother had died and she had stayed on the farm and kept house for her father. But her father had just died and Herschel had written for her to come and live with them in Hoopstown. His wife and daughter did not want her to come to live with them and, after talking the matter over, decided that she would have to be Susanne's maid.

When Annabell was shown to her room, she found, much to her surprise, that she was to share her room with a servant girl. She was very disappointed because she had looked forward to the meeting of her cousin and hoped they would become close friends. She knew that she was not wanted by her and she hid her disappointment with a smile and went to dinner. There she met her uncle and she asked him to come to her room after dinner because she wanted to talk to him of her father.

Annabell was an attractive young girl. She was very poor, but stylish, and had very cultured manners. She and her uncle became very close friends and he at once ordered her to be given the best bedroom and the privileges of his own daughter.

On Saturday was Annabell's birthday and all of the younger set were invited to Susanne's home to meet her new cousin. Susanne bought herself a new outfit because she wanted to be the queen of the party.

Robert Loyd, the banker's son, was in love with Susanne and he was only one of her many admirers. Somehow he had never accompanied Susanne

to her drinking parties and it was said that Robert was ignorant of her character and thought her to be true to him. Robert was a very cultured young man and when the parties were in progress he was not invited because he did not smoke and drink. Therefore, he thought his friends to be the same as he.

Susanne looked very nice the night of the party, but when Annabell came down to receive an introduction to the guests she held them spellbound. She was not beautiful, but her dress and actions made all eager to become her friend.

Her first and last dance were soon given to Robert Loyd. This aroused Susanne's jealousy.

Several weeks later a very sad incident happened—Mr. and Mrs. Dunham were accidentally killed. Susanne was very unhappy and she soon found that she had been left almost penniless. Her smoking and drinking had become a habit and she could not resist the temptation of vice. She now entered into society life greater than before, but in a lower class.

Robert soon found out that it was not Susanne that he loved, but it was Annabell. He told her of his love and they were soon married. They were on the train, ready to start on their wedding tour, when she learned that her Grandfather Marshall had died leaving her his wealth. Annabell was a first-class homemaker and their home life was very happy.

The beautiful Susanne soon found that she was alone in the lower social world, her lover had married the girl she hated and she soon found out that she was the *kind of a girl that men forget*:
—Doris Everett.

NEW FRIENDS

The classrooms were being filled rapidly on the first day of the new school year. The bell rang and a moment later a shabbily dressed girl entered and inquired the way to the room of the junior class. The teacher walked with her a few steps until they reached the door of that room. Looking in, Ruth noticed that the English class was being called to order by a sour-faced professor. But the most discouraging thing she noticed was that there was no empty seat except near a girl by whom she was despised. The year before she had done everything in her power to be kind to this girl, Maria, but found it to be very difficult when every advancement she made was met with disdain. But, nevertheless, she stepped up the aisle and took the vacant place.

"What did you come to this desk for? Don't you know that you will make people think that I am no higher in society than you are?" Maria said.

"I am sorry," Ruth made answer, "but I will change at noon if it is possible."

A loud rap on the desk. The two girls looking up encountered the dark and scowling gaze of the professor frowning at them over the top of his spectacles. "I must have attention," he said.

Ruth blushed painfully, but Maria only sniffed and turned her head to say, "My, don't he think he's smart!"

The rest of the week passed uneventfully except that Maria persisted in taking room enough for two by throwing her books and papers on Ruth's desk. The second day they became adjusted to their classes and then work began in earnest.

The third period, the time to study math., the two girls labored, Ruth on a difficult problem and Maria on the curl of her hair. When the clock passed the forty-minute mark Maria said, "Say, Ruth, did you get that first problem?"

I've been working on it and it just won't come out right. If you have it give it to me." Her speech ended in a sharp command.

"Yes," replied Ruth and handed her the problem she had worked on all the period.

Things moved on in this manner for three months, for Ruth was not allowed to exchange desks with anyone. And then a great disappointment came to Ruth. She had just finished a theme that was due the last of the month and was sitting there resting when she was summoned to the superintendent's office by a professor, who said curtly, "Will you please come to the office?"

"Yes, certainly," she faltered and, as she walked toward the office she became frightened, for what, she did not know.

The silence was broken at last by the kind superintendent, who said, "I am sorry, Ruth, but I am afraid that there is a painful interview before us." Before he finished he began nervously fingering the papers on his desk. "You have been accused of thievery."

"I!" and the cry tore his heart because he was interested in her and did not believe that she would commit such a crime. "But I never did steal anything."

Forgetting her next class, Ruth stumbled home and started to tell her mother about it.

"Mother, I didn't take anything from anyone over there, yet I don't see how that——." Then she remembered that she didn't know what had been taken, so she started on a run back to the building. On and on she ran, forgetful to look for passing automobiles and just as she was crossing one of the main streets she was thrown down and knocked senseless by a high-powered car. She was taken to the hospital and was in a semi-conscious condition for many weeks. Gradually she regained her health.

Maria had been in the car that knocked Ruth down, but instead of stopping went on, only faster than before. But finally her conscience began to hurt her when she heard of Ruth's serious condition, so she went to the superintendent and admitted that she had put her watch in Ruth's desk because she hated her and did not want her to be her seat mate.

The superintendent told her that the best thing she could do was to go to the hospital and confess her guilt and her punishment would be left to Ruth.

Maria never hated to do anything any worse in her life, but when she told Ruth how it happened and why she did it, Ruth only took her in her arms and forgave her, saying that she had always wanted to be her friend and would not punish her in the least.

Maria was so surprised, and she soon realized that it was Ruth whom she had always wanted for a pal, and the two girls were soon close friends.

Everyone at school was glad to see Ruth back and the only thing that puzzled them was that Maria was always with Ruth. Some tried to find out how it happened, but the secret was never told.

—Margaret Turpin.

"Ye voices, that arose
 After the evening's close,
 And whispered to my restless heart repose!
 Go, breathe it in the ear
 Of all who doubt and fear,
 And say to them, 'Be of good cheer!'"
 On eagles' wings immortal scandals fly,
 While virtuous actions are but born and die.

THE VALENTINE

○○○○○

Aunt Mary Thomas was sitting in front of the fireplace when suddenly she heard a very loud cry near the front door. She arose very quickly and went to the door and found a little girl about six years old had fallen down near the steps and was nearly frozen. She picked her up and took her back in the house near the fireplace. She prepared her a cup of hot milk to drink. When the child was able to talk she told Miss Thomas her name was Rosalind Carr.

"Where do you live?" asked Aunt Mary.

"I— I— don't know," said the little girl. "My mother is dead and I have no father."

Aunt Mary pulled her upon her lap and held her close to her and it wasn't very long until she had fallen fast asleep.

The next morning Miss Thomas didn't awaken Rosalind, but went on doing her morning work. While she was very busy working the door flew open and in rushed a girl about 20 years old.

"How do you like my new party dress?" asked Dorothea, a neighbor girl, and very beautiful.

"Oh, you look perfectly lovely; where are you going?" asked Aunt Mary.

"I am going to a party with Bud," she said.

"What! Where is Don?" she asked.

Don was the young man that Dorothea was engaged to.

"Oh," he got sore because I went to a dance with another fellow and I have not seen him since. But I should worry," sighed Dorothea.

She did not like to talk about it, for Don was the one she cared for, but she was too proud to let anyone know it. She tried to change the subject and looked around the room. Her eyes fell on a valentine. She went to the table to look at it. In each corner of the valentine was a verse; below the verse was a bow of ribbon. In one corner, where the pink ribbon was, it said:

"If of me you often think,
Send to me this bow of pink."

In another corner was a blue ribbon and a verse that read:

"If you think that I am true,
Send to me this bow of blue."

In the other corner the ribbon was missing, but she read:

"If you never wish me back,
Send to me this bow of black."

Dorothea looked up at Aunt Mary and saw that she was crying. She ran to her and threw her arms around her.

"What on earth is the trouble?" asked Dorothea.

And then Aunt Mary began to tell her story. She told her that at one time in her life she loved a man very much, but she lost her temper over a small thing that amounted to very little. It was near Valentine day and on that day he sent her this valentine with the ribbons and verses on it. She said she wasn't over her angry spell yet, so sent him back the ribbon that she saw was missing. Many times since she had tried to find him, but had never succeeded.

Dorothea dropped the subject immediately and was talking when Rosalind came in.

"Well, where did you get your little visitor?" asked Dorothea.

Aunt Mary then told her how she came to be there.

All at once Dorothea noticed a little black ribbon on her dress of the same quality that was on the valentine. She didn't pay very much attention to it, but went to the table to get her handkerchief and glanced at the valentine and noticed that the ribbon on Rosalind's dress was tied like the ones on the valentine.

Dorothea went over to the little girl and asked her her name.

"Rosalind Carr," she replied. "What's your name?"

"Dorothea Scott," she said.

Dorothea started home and just outside of Miss Thomas' gate she found an envelope. She was in such a hurry she did not stop to examine it. When she got home she noticed that it was addressed to Miss Thomas. She did not have time to take it back just then.

Aunt Mary and Rosalind spent the day very enjoyably. In the middle of the afternoon Rosalind began searching in all of her pockets and then began to cry.

Miss Thomas did not know what was the matter, for all that Rosalind would say was, "The paper." Of course, Aunt Mary did not know what she meant.

The next morning Dorothea came over to bring the letter she had found. She gave it to Aunt Mary and Rosalind recognized the envelope.

"That's it!" cried Rosalind.

Miss Thomas tore open the envelope and soon learned that it was from Roland Carr, the young man she had been in love with when she was young and had sent the black ribbon back to. He was writing to tell her that he was having a party at his mansion and asking her to come and give him her hand in marriage. He said that the little girl was his adopted daughter and that he wanted her to bring the invitation to her. The party was to be given on the 14th of January and this was the 16th. Tears of joy came to her eyes.

As she looked up at Rosalind she noticed the black ribbon on her dress. She tore it off and hid it from her own eyes. She finished reading the letter and at the end of it said:

"If you want me to come back to you,
Send to me a ribbon blue."

Dorothea thought at once it must be from Roland and was very eager to know what was said. When Aunt Mary told Dorothea what the letter said she was very glad, for she knew that Aunt Mary had spent many lonesome hours alone.

The next morning the blue bow was sent to the mansion of Roland Carr by special delivery. A note explained that Rosalind was with Miss Thomas.

That evening at dusk a noise was heard on the doorstep by Rosalind and Miss Thomas. It sounded like some person, maybe a man, cleaning the snow from his shoes.

Miss Thomas went to the door and as soon as she saw the person her eyes filled with tears, for it was Roland Carr's face she was looking into, the one face she had longed to see for years.

Mr. Carr and Miss Thomas sat down to talk of the unhappy past they had spent alone. Mr. Carr told Miss Thomas that he had sent his chauffeur with Rosalind, but when he was within about two miles of there he was forced to stop by some robbers. They had brought Rosalind close to the house and let her out.

Early the next day Don and Dorothea came over to see Miss Thomas and Rosalind. The next week invitations were issued for a banquet at Rosalind's home. At the banquet the engagements of these two couples were announced. Later they had a double wedding. All is well that ends well. —Marie Belt.

"THE LUCKY MAN"

There was a beautiful girl who lived in New York. She had light hair, blue eyes and was tall and slender. Mr. Brooks and Miss Brown were very dear friends. They wrote to each other, but her folks did not want her to marry him. They destroyed the letters that she got from him. Later Miss Brown married a young man by the name of Jones. They had not been married long when a child was born. The boy was only six years old when they were in a train wreck and the father and mother were both killed. Then James went to live with his Grandmother Brown. His grandmother started him to school. James was a very bright lad. At nineteen he had completed his high school career, but he did not have the money to go to college.

One day James got word to come to a farmhouse just west of town. James immediately started out to find the old farmhouse. After he had walked about two miles west of town he saw an old two-story but well-kept house. Flowers surrounded the house. As he went up the path he saw an old man sitting by a bee hive. The old man got up and came tottering towards him. He was a small man in neat clothes. He was as nice as his clothes. He said very little; his eyes were serious, and he had the security of bearing—it couldn't be mistaken—of a very successful man.

The old man told James that the doctor said yesterday that he had a bad heart and was liable to drop dead any time, and he wanted him to have what he had. The boy asked the old man why he wanted him to have his land and money, that he never did anything for him. The old man explained to the boy that he loved his mother, but her parents did not want her to marry him.

The next day James heard that old Mr. Brooks was dead. James went to the old man's house immediately. There he found all of Mr. Brooks' nieces and nephews. They wondered who James was and what he acted so important around there for. They did not know that all of the old man's wealth went to this young man.

After Mr. Brooks was buried the nieces and nephews wanted the estate settled. When they found out they did not get anything, that this young man now owned the Brooks farm, it made them very angry. One of the nephews, whose name was John, set the house on fire and said he would see that James did not have any success. James had money enough to build another house. They did many things to make James lose his wealth. After James got this money he graduated from college.

James was seriously injured one day—the doctor said that he could never get well. James made his will in favor of the Brooks nephews before he died. The two Brooks bachelors lived there happily from then on.

—Mary Warren.

WHEN A PANTHER PROVED A FRIEND



"Mother, I am very unhappy here in this wretched place," spoke Edith one beautiful spring day when she and her mother were sewing.

"I'm sorry, dear," said Mrs. Adams, wishing that she could buy Edith one of the finest homes in California, but she knew she could not.

Mrs. Adams and Edith had lived in this old home in California for seven years. One day a neighbor came and told them that he would be willing to remodel their home for them. They gave him their consent to do it.

After the house was remodeled, Edith was at least charmed with the romantic place.

Mother and daughter now lived very happily in their cozy home and they did not have many hardships until Mrs. Adams became ill and Edith had to work very hard to provide a living.

Her mother soon recovered and the physician advised them to go to their mountain home in Colorado.

Edith strolled alone in her garden many hours studying whether they should go back to the mountains or not. She thought first of her father, who had died there five years before. To have to go back there and live seemed almost impossible. But again, she thought how much it meant to her to keep her mother living.

"Mother, dear, do you want to move back to our mountain home?" asked Edith as she entered the house.

"Oh, daughter! I can hardly wait until the time comes for us to board the train for Colorado. To think moving there will perhaps save my life for a few more years," answered Mrs. Adams in a delighted tone.

Edith listened to her mother's answer in blank amazement, but she decided not to persuade her mother to stay at home.

Early one beautiful spring morning, mother and daughter boarded a train for their journey in the mountains. Up, up they climbed, now doubling back in a double bow knot, now getting a glimpse of an inn at the top and then looking thousands of feet down a dizzy precipice. They lunched at the inn, but they soon boarded another train for the mountains.

When they arrived at the mountains they had a guide to direct them to their home.

It was a tired but happy couple that arrived at the forlorn old gate at dusk. Edith unlocked the door, switched on the lights and then stood still on the threshold of the bedroom.

"What is it, dear?" Mrs. Adams peered over her daughter's shoulder. At the first glance she, too, became statue-like in amazement.

Everything in the room had been turned about. There was not a chair that had not been moved, and not a dresser that had not been ransacked. They both stood in astonishment for several minutes wondering who had been in their home.

They began searching the house for burglars, but they failed to find them.

Mrs. Adams and Edith were very tired when night came, so they went to bed very early, but they seemed somewhat afraid that night. They thought the ransackers might come back to their cabin.

The old clock had just boomed two when Edith heard someone going pitapat over the house, and heard heavy breathing, now close, now farther away, now seeming to cease, only to start up in some new place.

"Mother! are you awake?" asked Edith in a terrified tone.

"Yes, dear," answered her mother, not knowing the trouble.

"Listen! They are coming closer and closer. Oh—h," screamed Edith.

She dashed out of bed and turned on the lights very quickly. But she failed to see anyone. She searched the house, but did not see anyone. By this time her mother had realized the trouble and she had fainted and was very nervous.

By degrees Mrs. Adams recovered, but nothing could induce her to go to bed. So Edith kindled a fire in the library grate and gradually Mrs. Adams fell asleep.

It was about half-past four in the morning when Edith crossed to the window and pulled up the shade. Already the sky was crimsoning and the birds were singing. She soon began to get breakfast.

Edith went out the back door to get a pail of water and never returned.

When Mrs. Adams awoke and called for her daughter, no answer was heard. Mrs. Adams searched for her, but not any trace of her could be found. She had the guides in the mountains to search for her, but still they could not find the girl.

Mrs. Adams did not stay in the mountains any longer, but she moved to her home in California. Edith's friends were very sorry to hear of her disappearance. She was loved by everyone that knew her and the whole town was in mourning.

On the morning that Edith went out to get the pail of water two big, robust Indians were standing in the back yard ready to kidnap her when she went out.

"Don't you scream," said one of the Indians in a very serious tone.

"I should say not; if you do, no telling where we will take you," spoke the other one.

They took Edith to their huts and kept her there for several months. She begged them to let her go back to her dear old mother, but they would not consider such a thing.

One morning they began packing and mumbling to themselves. Edith could not distinctly understand them, but it seemed that someone was on their trail after her and they were preparing to move. They ordered her to prepare a pack for herself and get ready to move. She then knew something was wrong, but she obeyed them.

They traveled through the mountains for several days without anything to eat. Edith began to get very tired of doing this and she begged them to leave her and for them to go on, but they did not take her advice.

They took heavy ropes and tied her to a tree and remarked in very harsh words, "Miss, if you offer to move while we are gone, death will be too good for you." So the Indians continued their journey to find provisions and to see if they could kidnap anyone else, for this had been their trade for a number of years.

When they left Edith prayed to die, for she thought she could not stand this cruel treatment any longer. She began to scream and moan for someone to rescue her, but her calls were in vain. She stayed tied to the tree until night, when the Indians returned.

They thought her very honest in not trying to escape. The next day the Indians told her they were going hunting and they thought she was honest enough to leave her untied.

They started on their journey, but one said to the other, "That lady-bug will run away if we don't tie her."

The other spoke a few unintelligible sentences, and they mumbled to themselves so that Edith could not hear them, and started back toward their hut to tie poor Edith.

"What did you forget?" asked Edith in a very pleasant tone.

They did not speak to her as kindly as she did to them. One pulled the heavy ropes off a nail and they took her out to the large tree and proceeded to tie her in a very cruel way.

"Oh— h— h— h—, please don't," persuaded Edith, now crying like any child. But the cruel barbarians tied her amid all her screams and then started on their journey.

Edith was very sad and was studying about her dear mother, for now she had been away from her eighteen months.

While she was tied she saw an animal coming over the mountains. She had never seen very many wild animals. This was a very big and cross-looking creature. It walked very proudly and haughtily toward her. It had got close enough to her that she could tell it was a panther, for she had seen one once before. She now thought she was at death's door, for she knew the panther was a very mean animal, but again she thought she might as well be dead and be taken care of by God as staying there and being treated so cruelly by the Indians, but still she longed to see her mother.

The animal approached nearer to her. It came very close and seemed it wanted to speak to her, for it seemed as lonesome as Edith.

"Hello, old pal," said Edith in a pleasant manner.

The animal made no sound, but lay down at Edith's feet very pathetically.

After a few minutes the panther seemed to realize that Edith was in misery, for he began gnawing the ropes. He broke enough of them so that Edith could untie the rest. She began to think here was her chance to escape. She and the panther started on their journey through the mountains.

They had not gone any farther than about three miles before they met the Indians. They had been dodging behind trees so that the Indians could not see them if they would happen to near them, but at last they met face to face.

"Where are you going?" asked the Indians.

"Oh, I'm just taking a walk over the mountains," answered Edith.

The Indians grabbed Edith and began choking her. The panther began to growl, but the Indians picked up a large club and hit him. No sooner had they done this than the panther bit one Indian and killed the other one. But still the living Indian continued to choke Edith and the panther leaped upon him and bit his jugular vein which soon caused death.

Edith and the panther were now very good friends and it was a good protector for her. They wandered in the mountains for several days. Finally, they came to Edith's home in the mountains.

The girl pushed open the larger door to her home and called, "Mother, mother," but no voice answered her.

She left her partner in the mountains and started over the country to try to find work to get enough money to go back to her home state. She asked for work several places, but was refused. Finally she got work in Colorado and she received enough money within two months to go back to California.

When she arrived in her home town she forgot where her home was. She inquired at several places about her mother, but could find out nothing.

One day she was walking along the street and she met an invalid lady being pushed by an elderly lady. Edith did not pay much attention to the ladies whom she met until after she had passed them and she looked back and recognized the invalid lady.

"Mother!" cried Edith, in astonishment, running toward the invalid and throwing her arms around her.

Mrs. Adams recognized her daughter immediately and it was two very happy ladies that went home to their cabin that afternoon.

—Dorothea Beck.

SPORTSMANSHIP



Sportsmanship is one of the most important features in a man's character. Without it he is despised by all; with it he is beloved by all. In everything he does he shows his sportsmanship or his lack of it. If he plays the game and plays it fairly it should not matter whether he wins or loses. If he does win, so much the better; if he loses the idea is to try harder next time.

I have attended quite a few basketball games and I have noticed that the teams that play fairly and are real sports are much better thought of by the other teams and by outsiders and consequently it is easier for those teams to schedule games. But the team that shows no sportsmanship usually loses the game as well as the respect and co-operation of the "fans." This makes it very hard to obtain contracts for games. This is true, also, of baseball, football; in fact, any game that high schools engage in.

Sportsmanship is not an inherited trait. It is developed by careful study and patient practice. Anyone who cares to can develop this trait to a high degree of efficiency. Everyone likes to have another say of him, "He's a sport," and no one likes to hear the opposite adjective applied to him. If it is anything that is despicable, it is the one who, when he sees he is beaten, quits and thus spoils the game for the others. He is a quitter, but if he had been taught to be a sport or had tried to develop this trait he would not have been the quitter he was, nor have been despised by men as he unquestionably was.

Sportsmanship lies entirely in the frame of mind. If one makes up his mind that he can not be beaten it is not probable that he will take a defeat very gracefully. If he goes into the game for the sake of the game, desiring that the victory go to the best man, defeat will not harm him; he will be strengthened by it.

A real sport desires that his opponents get a square deal as well as himself. Many of us show our nonsportsmanship by kicking on an unfair referee or judge if he favors the opposing side, but praise him if he favors our own team. To illustrate, there are a few referees that will favor Perry Central. Some people think it to be fair to hire such men, but I do not agree. It is just as unjust to hire one who will favor us as it is to hire one who will favor the opposing team.

I think it is the duty of all who desire to make successes of their lives to learn to be a sport. One must learn to play the game squarely and to take defeat with a smile or he will not get very far in his upward way toward success. After all, it is not who wins the game that matters, but the real question is, How did he win it? If he has won by fair play, he will be praised and he will have a clear conscience. But if he has not won by fair play, he will be a little bit ashamed of his victory and will not discuss it.

Sportsmanship is a wonderful thing to possess and one should begin to practice it as soon as he has the mentality to realize that he needs it, or, better still, the mother should teach it to her child from the very beginning.

—Evelyn Sullivan.

A HIGH SCHOOL LAD MISREPRESENTS

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The Springfield High School, noted as a great basketball center and for holding the Ohio State Championship, had lost only two men from last year's team. The team consisted of Smith, Dale and Ford, as forwards; Keith and Nolan, centers, and Way, Murphy and Hill, as guards.

Smith, Dale and Keith were seniors and had played on the team for four years. The rest of the team had played three and two years, respectively. The team had played twenty games during the season and had been undefeated. They had scored seven hundred and sixty points to their opponents' four hundred and seventy-four. The three seniors scored most of the points. Smith scored three hundred and ten points; Dale, one hundred and ninety, and Keith, one hundred and sixty.

Their last game before the tournament was exciting throughout. It was played with the Columbus Senators in the Columbus gymnasium. The Senators led throughout most of the game by a one or two-point margin, and were leading 30 to 29 with two minutes to play. It was during the last two minutes that Smith dribbled under the basket and fell as he scored to give the Springfield team a one-point lead. He was cheered, but the cheering soon stopped when it was seen that he was hurt. The ligaments had been torn loose, and this was the best man on the team. The talk was, "What would Springfield do in the tournament?" Worst of all, their first game was with the Cleveland five, another team undefeated in twenty games.

During the week the Springfield team worked hard in their practice sessions, but Smith could only look on. On Tuesday evening he rode home from school with a young man named Kreuger, of Cleveland. Although he had only a mile to go, Smith felt that he knew Kreuger very well.

The first thing he did when he went to his room was to look at the sports section in the newspaper. A picture on this page seemed to puzzle him. It looked similar to the man that had let him ride. Under the picture it read: "Russell Kreuger, captain and star forward of the Cleveland High School basketball team, is working hard to defeat the Springfield five next Saturday." He thought and he thought. It looked suspicious. He thought he could see why Kreuger had happened to be along at the time he was. He saw that the Cleveland lad had been to Springfield to get information on the plays and tricks of the team.

The next morning he went to the coach and reported the events of the evening before, but he received no encouragement because the coach said it was too late in the week to learn any new plays. The Springfield lads felt downhearted and thought defeat was sure to come because their best man, Smith, would not play and because the Cleveland squad knew too many of their plays and tricks.

Saturday came and the entire gymnasium at Springfield was crowded with fans from various schools. When the Springfield and Cleveland teams appeared before a crowd of eight thousand fans, they were heartily cheered. The whistle blew and the game started. Smith saw that the Cleveland boys on the bleachers were somewhat confused, and this was a puzzle to him when he knew that they knew the Springfield plays. The game was exciting throughout. The first half ended 17 all. The second half ended 38, and in the overtime Springfield won, 48-40.

After the game Smith saw Kreuger and he thought that the color of his hair was somewhat darker than that of the lad he rode with on the Tuesday before. He knew there was a resemblance in the two and thought he might

at least be a brother. He went to young Kreuger and said, "Say, Kreuger, have you a brother?"

"Yes," the lad replied, "I have a brother named William, who works over at Springfield in an automobile factory."

"I rode home with him the other day and I thought he was you. I went the next day to the coach and accused you of spying around to learn the plays of our team. I want to apologize to you, the student body and the teachers of my school for misrepresenting your name. I also want you to go with me and hear me." This speech was made by a nervous boy, for he regretted that he had misrepresented things as he had. Of course, he knew when he told it that he did not know for sure and now he saw that he had better have said nothing.

He was interrupted about this time by the other lad. "That is all right," said the kind-hearted boy, "you have already apologized more than it was worth, but, talking of my brother, I doubt if he would know a basketball game if he would see one."

"Well, if you are satisfied with it, I am, too. It will teach me one lesson, and that is this: I will never tell anything again unless I know for sure what I am talking about." The two boys became friends and later were partners in a great storage house in New York. —Herbert Hopkins.

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JUNIORS OF '26

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Once there was a Junior Class,
Out at old P. C. H. S.
In numbers they were fifteen;
The brightest "kids" you've ever seen.

Number one is Eddie Green,
He's a guard on the B. B. team.
And then come Chink and Curt,
Who never study, but always flirt.

And next in line is Eva Brown,
With always a smile, and never a frown.
Helen is small and very neat,
And in looks she can't be beat.

Now comes Carl, known as Sprad,
He's called that for a Frankfort lad.
Then there is Earl, whose chief delight
Is to go to see Mary on Saturday night.

And there is Mildred and Ruby too,
Who will always stand for the white and blue.
And there is Mary, a King, not a Queen,
Who's always heard and never seen.

Next is Gladys, cute and sweet,
She in flirting can't be beat.
Now Lucile—she sure is green,
She always roots for Lebanon's team.

And there is Verlin, better known as Jim,
And Frances, too, who's tall and slim.
And I guess that's all but little me,
And my initials are J. K. E.

So this is the end of a perfect year,
Of the wonderful class you'll always hear.
This I'll say to the end, you bet,
C. H. S. is the best school yet.

—John K. Edwards.

THE REVEALING OF ETHEL



In one of the many modern homes in Indianapolis lived the Greyland family. This family was one of the few that had just recently moved into this section. It was noted for the twin sisters, Ethel and Estle, who were exact likenesses of each other. It was very hard for a distant acquaintance to tell the two young ladies apart, but when one got better acquainted he could distinguish Estle, the flapper, from her more quiet sister. Estle was gay and frivolous, having never a serious thought. Ethel was quiet and serene and little interested in the new styles of bathing suits or afternoon dresses. However, Ethel's clothes were always in style because they were selected by Estle.

One beautiful winter afternoon Ethel was seated before the fireplace in a big arm chair, deeply interested in the latest novel. The telephone rang. Mechanically, Ethel answered.

"Hello."

"Estle? This is Jack. Say, old girl, I'm in an awful hurry, so will make this brief. I only wanted to tell you I'd be over this evening to take you to the Elks' dance. I spoke of it once before, I think. It's rather late to be phoning you, but—well, I'll explain when I see you. So—about 7:30, then? A' right. G'bye."

Ethel sat holding the telephone—too dazed to speak or to think. What was she to do? She had allowed Jack—that is, Elmer Gordon—to make a date with her thinking she was Estle. What could she do? Oh, yes; she'd phone Jack; but no, she didn't know where to phone. She had only met him a few days before. Oh, what would she do? Estle—oh, that was it—Estle would go ahead and go with Jack and never tell him that he had not talked to her. Having settled this matter in her mind, Ethel again became absorbed in her book.

Half an hour passed. Ethel was still undisturbed when the library door burst open and Estle came in.

"Oh, here you are. My goodness, Ethel, I've looked everywhere for you. I'm going out to Tommy's place with a gang of this smart set around here to a skating party. Listen, old girl, if Jack calls tell him I've gone. I expected him to call and tell me he'd take me to the dance, but when I got this invitation to the skating party I thought I couldn't wait forever on Jack. I—"

"But, sis, Jack did call about half an hour ago and said he'd be over. You've got to go, Estle. He thought he was talking to you. I can't go. You've got to."

"Oh, pish! I can't go. I'm all ready for skating. Oh, say, sis, don't you think it would be fun to fool Jack? You know he's just a new acquaintance, and I'll fix you up so he'll never know but that you are Estle. Come on."

The next half hour was spent in dressing Ethel.

"But, Estle, I can't dance. I don't know any of the latest steps."

"Don't lose confidence, old girl. Come here."

With that Estle whirled her sister into one of the newest dances and found that she fell into step easily.

"Don't you worry. Just forget your bashfulness and you'll be all set. I must fly. Do your stuff, old girl, and we'll fool Jack a trip."

Ethel was putting the finishing touch on her well-waved black hair when she heard the doorbell ring and Edna's voice talking to Jack. She gave her nose a last dab with the puff and tripped downstairs.

Jack met her with an extended hand smiling face.

"How lovely you are, Estle—or should I say Miss Greyland? You don't look like the Estle Greyland I know. Somebody must have stolen your cigarettes, you look so blue."

"Oh, no; certainly not. I guess I'm getting bashful or quiet or something. Maybe, I'll be like the flapper in that new novel—I can't recall the title just now—that changed from a flapper to a staid and serious young woman and was happy. Did you read the book?"

"Yes, indeed. Wasn't it lovely?"

And so the conversation ran. Ethel had found, at last, one young man she could talk with about her books. As for Jack, he was puzzled. This didn't seem like the old Estle at all. Maybe she was pretending. Anyway, he loved to talk with her, and before the evening was over he found that he loved to dance with her, too.

That evening was the turning point in Ethel's life. Heretofore, she had had no interest in styles of evening dresses or in the latest steps—or in anything. But now she found she was having a very good time. She danced six dances with Jack—she just wouldn't give up any of them—and one with each of seven or eight other fellows. She was surprised at the ease with which she danced and with which she conversed with everyone. Indeed, when at one o'clock the orchestra struck up "Home, Sweet Home," she was loathe to go.

"Estle, you certainly are a dear. You have changed considerably. Everyone says so."

A smile played on Ethel's face.

"Jack, I believe I had better explain to you. I am not Estle—I am Ethel. When you phoned this evening you did not give me time to tell you who I was. After we talked I wondered what to do. Finally, I decided that I would tell Estle and she would go and never tell you that you were talking to me. When she came I found that she couldn't go—so it was up to me to fill the date. I'm sorry that this is such a disappointment to you."

"But it's not, dear Ethel. For years I have been looking for a girl who could talk to me about the latest literature, but none of the flappers were interested in books, so I had to be satisfied without my ideal. Now, I have found her and I don't want to lose her."

We will draw the curtain here. It is not fair to listen to the rest of this conversation—but I must tell you that Jack called many times after this. Now Jack and Ethel are living in their own little home and they often sit before the fire and talk about the evening when Ethel tried to play the part of her twin, Estle.

—Evelyn Sullivan.

S is for students in our high school,
 P is for pep which makes us go,
 I is for the industry we cannot cool,
 R is for the radiant smiles we sow.
 I is for the inclinations—all good.
 T is for the trials we all go thru.
 Put them all together, they spell "Spirit,"
 The word that means the life of school.

SENIOR CLASS PLAY

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The play in two parts was presented by the senior class Thursday evening, April 22, 1926. Part I—"Mary Ann," a comedy in one act. Domestic sketch in Yankee dialect, the leading role being played by Mary Ann, maid of all work.

Cast of Characters

Mrs. Whitman, a widow.....	Mary Warren
Margaret, her daughter.....	Lenora Boyd
Mrs. Larkin, who wants to find out.....	Marie Belt
Estelle, Mrs. Larkin's daughter.....	Maude Wing
Mary Ann Barrowby, Mrs. Whitman's maid.....	Evelyn Sullivan
Jabe Dewberry, who did not appear, but was nevertheless important.	

Part II—"Go Slow, Mary," a farce comedy in three acts. "Yaw, marriage he is like a ship. It comes into a storm; den you got to have good sea legs; aind't it?"

Cast of Characters

Billy Abbey, a young husband out of a job.....	Paul Funkhouser
May Abbey, his discontented wife.....	Doris Everett
Mrs. Berdon, Mary's mother.....	Rachel Dickerson
Sally Carter, Mary's bosom friend.....	Dorthea Beck
Harry Stevens, Sally's sweetheart.....	Clay Dickerson
Burt Childs, Billy's friend.....	Cecil Smith
Bobby Berdon, Mary's young nephew, a holy terror.....	Oral Piercy
Dolly Berdon, Mary's niece, another holy terror.....	Fern Everett
Katie, the Abbeyes' maid.....	Margaret Turpin
Danny Grubb, an iceman, suitor to Katie.....	Herbert Hopkins
Murphy, a policeman, Danny's rival.....	Verlin Abston

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LOOKING UP

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A girl can lift her eyes so high
 She will not see temptation,
 She never will be mean, or sly,
 Or stoop beneath her station.

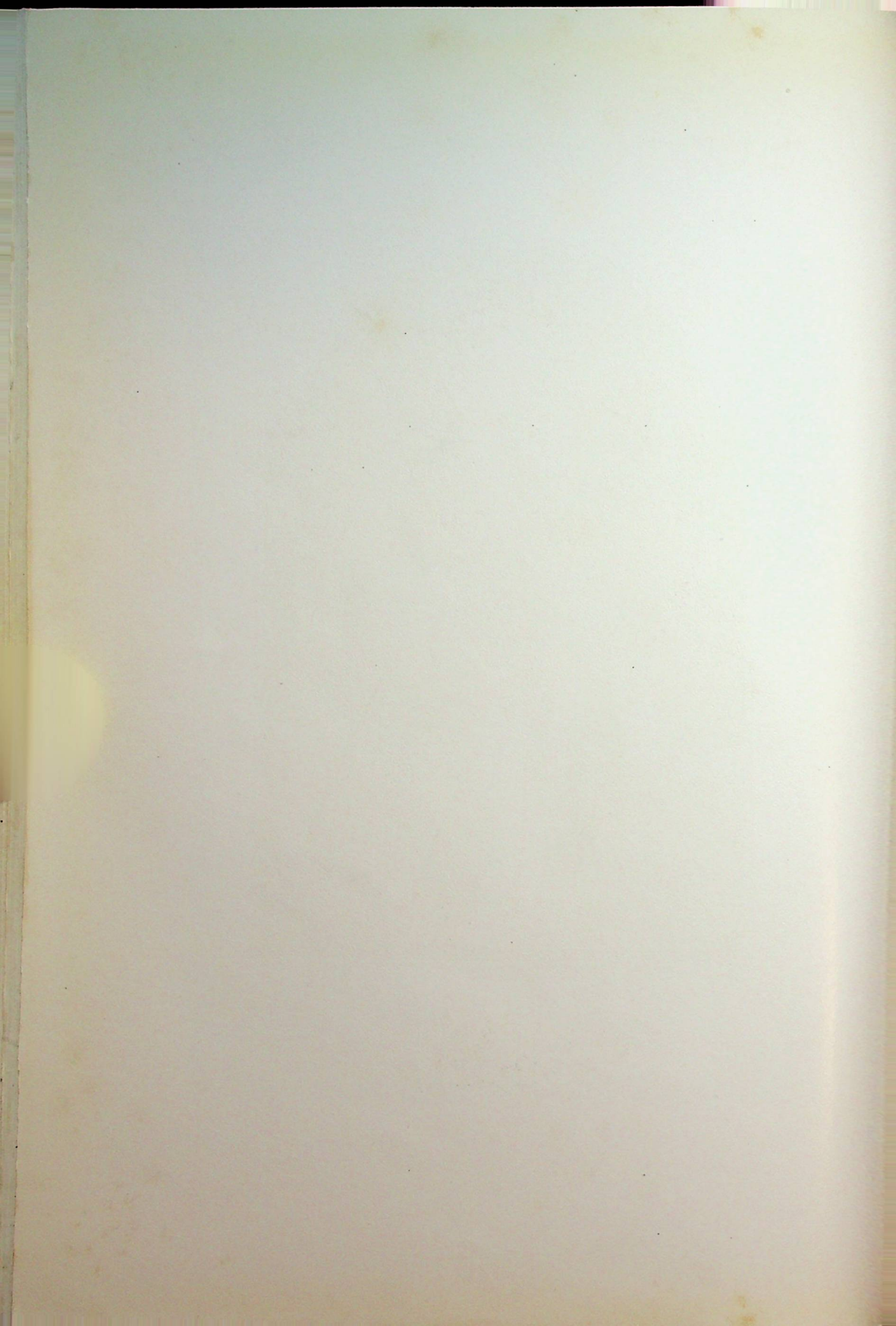
Her thoughts can dwell on holy things
 Until her face will show them,
 And tongue and lips will give them wings
 So other folks shall know them.

Her heart can leave the world behind;
 So seek the things above her,
 That she will be most pure and kind,
 And make the whole world love her.





Society



Oh, Boy!
I'm going
to join





Front Row: Virgil Hunter, Ovid Herring, Delbert Giles, Lorie Sandusky, Herbert Hopkins, Ovid Caldwell, Lee Lane, Chester Combs.
 Second Row: Mr. B. W. Smith, Mr. Buren Sullivan, Paul Funkhouser, Marie Belt, Margaret Turpin, Doris Everett, Dorthea Beck, Evelyn Sullivan, Morris Beck, Clay Dickerson, Curtis Dickerson.
 Third Row: Eunice Woodard, Maude Wing, Ruby Abston, Gladys Dickerson, Lucile Nicholson, Mary Beck, Opal Strawmeyer, Helen Robertson, Bonetha Smith, Cecil Smith, Chester Batz, Mary Marsh.
 Fourth Row: Mr. H. L. Hollenbach, Mary King, Mildred Boyd, Earl Dickerson, Carl Witt, John K. Edwards, Edd Green, Rachel Dickerson, Lenora Boyd, Mary Warren, Miss Martha Stafford, Mrs. H. L. Hollenbach.

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PERRY CENTRAL BOOSTER CLUB

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Officers

Doris EverettPresident
 Marie BeltVice-President
 Margaret TurpinSecretary
 Dorthea BeckTreasurer

Everybody at Perry Central is known for his ability to boost. This year we organized a Boosters' Club. The seniors were given a questionnaire and those that answered the questions were known as charter members. These charter members were Dorthea Beck, Evelyn Sullivan, Doris Everett, Margaret Turpin and Marie Belt. These members, with the advice of Mrs. Hollenbach, drafted the constitution which governed the club.

The Boosters' Club has made a great success. We boosted the Junior Red Cross and our school was the first in the county to go over the top one hundred per cent. All of the school co-operates with us and aids us in putting on such programs as for Christmas, Lincoln's and Washington's birthday celebration, etc.

Our motto is:

Boost and the world boosts with you;
 Knock and you're soon on a shelf,
 For the world grows sick of the man who kicks
 And wishes he would kick himself.

—Doris Everett.

ORCHESTRA

Mrs. Frank McCormack, our new music teacher, has not only reorganized the vocal music of the school, but has started the school's first orchestra.

The student body was intensely interested from the first and fifteen boys and girls enrolled in the first class. This meant that these pupils had to purchase instruments and take private lessons on same.

The orchestra is composed of nine violins, played by Curtis Dickerson, Gladys Dickerson, Dortha Beck, Virgil Aiken (first), Robert Atkins, Wayne Robertson (second), Eunice Woodard and Mrs. Hollenbach (third); three cornets, played by Virlen Abston, Carl Witt and Lorie Sandusky; two trombones, played by Chester Combs and Cecil Smith; Lloyd Black played the clarinet, Philip Dickerson the drums and Mary Beck the piano.

Mrs. McCormack rehearsed the orchestra twice each week besides the time they accompanied the assembly singing or played for morning convocation period.



PARENT-TEACHER ASSOCIATION

The P.-T. A. met on the first Tuesday evening of each month and the pupils were permitted to attend these meetings.

The programs were discussions of school and home problems and were always very interesting. Unless the weather prohibited, good crowds attended.

The club gave three family parties. Twice the refreshments were sandwiches and pie, but the oyster supper was more enjoyed by all.

Two excellent speakers were brought out from Lebanon, Supt. C. O. Caplinger and Rev. Cowley, of the Baptist church.

The club aids the school in every way. The project they have planned adds equipment to the school playground.

The present officers are: Mrs. B. W. Smith, president; Mrs. William Everett, vice-president; Mrs. Cecil Tharp, secretary, and Bernice Funkhouser, treasurer.



JUNIOR RED CROSS

The call came out from the office of County Superintendent C. O. Caplinger to organize a Junior Red Cross chapter at all schools in the county. He appointed Mrs. Hollenbach chairman of Perry township. She was ably assisted by each teacher and in two days Perry Central was enrolled one hundred per cent.

The purpose of this organization is to promulgate peace throughout the world, to bring to the school good literature that the students may understand the problems of the many nations and help them rather than to criticize them or fight them. It teaches, "Brothers we must be, instead of enemies."

The dues are one cent per year and a collection was taken to pay for the magazines, calendars, etc. These magazines have been used every month in connection with history, geography and English lessons.

Before a member is entitled to a Red Cross button he must give some service at home or abroad.

This organization decided to send a box of clothing to the Armenian children. Five large boxes of good clothing were collected and taken to Mrs. Riley, county chairman of Red Cross work. Rachel Dickerson had charge of this work and she made it a real joy to help her.



First Row: Maude Wing, Dorthea Beck, Marie Belt, Margaret Turpin, Rachel Dickerson, Mary Warren, Lenora Boyd, Doris Everett, Evelyn Sullivan, Bonetha Smith,
Second Row: Gladys Dickerson, Helen Robertson, Ruby Abston, Mary Marsh, Mary Beck, Eunice Woodard, Lucile Nicholson, Mrs. Hollenbach, Ona Barackman.
Third Row: Mary King, Opal Strawmeyer, Velma Bramblett, Mildred Boyd.

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EUTERPE SOCIETY

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The year '25-'26 was the busiest and the happiest year of this organization, which is five years old.

The club initiated five new members, Mary Luella Beck, Mary Marsh, Opal Strawmeyer, Velma Bramblett and Eunice Woodard, and these girls have been a helpful addition to the society.

On the second Tuesday of each month the girls met in the west room during the lunch hour. Beginning with the seniors, each class in turn sponsored a meeting. Each program provided for discussions that dealt with girls' problems of today. A book entitled, "The Charm of Fine Manners," by Mrs. Helen Ekin Starrett, was used as the basis of study. Dainty refreshments were served during each program.

Frances Thomas enrolled in our school in January and made a helpful worker with the junior girls.

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THE EUTERPE CLUB

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We smile to the happy, we smile to the sad,
We smile to the good and we smile to the bad,
We smile when the sun shines, we smile when it rains,
We smile and we smile till we smile away pains.

Our mission in life is to bring cheer to all,
To drive away sadness, and joy to install,
To give aid to the weary, the sick and the lone,
And by bright'ning their lives, to bring joy to our own.

As Euterpes loyal, unselfish and true,
We have promised these things to faithfully do,
We have promised to comfort, to aid and befriend,
And we've found it's ourselves who are blessed in the end.

YELPING CUBS!

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Pep Song

On, oh Central! On, oh Central!
Get that ball each time:
Run the ball clean round old —————
A goal make sure each time.

On, oh Central! On, oh Central!
Fight on for her fame;
Fight, fellows! Fight!
And we will win this game.

School Song

Central High! Oh, Central High! Central High, we're all for you.
We will fight for the *Purple* and *Gold*, for the glory of our old school.
Never daunted, we can not falter, in the battle we're tried and true,
Central High! Oh, Central High! Central High, we're all for you.
This song ends with the following yell:

Zickety-boom! Rah, rah! Zickety-boom! Rah, rah!
Who, rah! Who, rah! Central High, rah, rah!
Zickety-boom! Rah, rah! Zickety-boom! Rah, rah!
Who, rah! Who, rah! Central High, rah, rah!
Rah, rah, rah, rah! Central High! Central High!
Rah, rah, rah, rah! Central High! Central High!
Sis-s s-s-s! Boom-mm-m-m! Bah!

(Whistle)

Central High!

Yea, Central! Yea, Central! Yea, yea, yea!

Baby in a high chair;
Who put her up there?
Ma! Pa! Sis! Boom, bah!
Central High School! Rah, rah, rah!

Boom-a-lack-a! Boom-a-lack-a! Bow-wow-wow!
Chick-a-lack-a! Chick-a-lack-a! Chow-chow-chow!
Boom-a-lack-a! Chick-a-lack-a! Rah, who, rah!
Central High School! Rah, rah, rah!

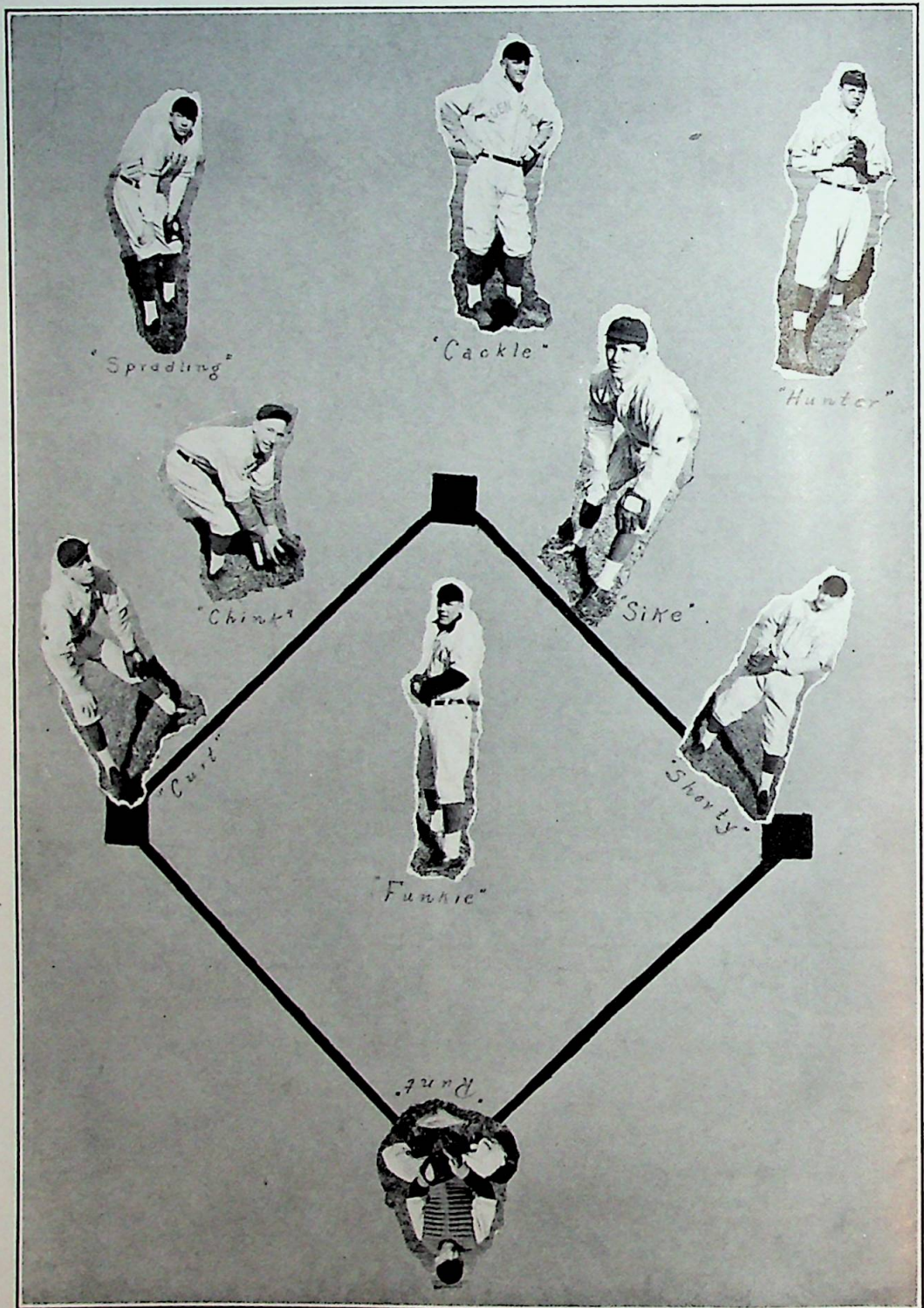
Horn and hoof! Horn and hoof!
Hold the floor and raise the roof.
Rippety, rippety, zippety, zip;
Central High School! Let her rip!

When you're up—you're up,
When you're down—you're down,
When you're up against Central,
You're upside down.

Rub-a-dub-dub! Rub a-dub-dub!
We've got ————— in our tub!
Wash 'em out, wring 'em out, hang 'em on the line,
We can beat ————— any old time.







BASEBALL

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The baseball boys had great success in 1924-25, losing only one game out of seven. The first was played at Whitestown with our ancient rivals and the score ended in our favor, 14-7.

The next game was played at Fayette with New Augusta. This was another victory for Central. New Augusta's defeat was to the tune of 13-4.

On April 11, 1925, a four-cornered baseball tournament was held at Fayette between Zionsville, Whitestown, New Augusta and Perry Central. At 9 o'clock a drawing was made by the principals of each school. In the first game New Augusta defeated Whitestown, 19-10. Having drawn Zionsville for the second game, Central defeated her, 26-17. The final was played at 3 o'clock between Perry Central and New Augusta. The Red and White led in the seventh inning, 11-10, but Central came from behind to win in the ninth, 23-13. The Perry Township Parent-Teachers' Association presented the winning team with a silver trophy. The school presented a rectangular pennant, also in the colors of the winning school. This tournament will be conducted until a competing school wins three years in succession and then the trophy becomes a permanent possession of that school.

After this we went to Zionsville, where we met our first defeat of the season, 10-9. However, we forgot all about our defeat and won our last game of the season from the Indiana State School for the Deaf at that school, 23-11.

At the beginning of the 1925-26 season we defeated Avon, 14-1.

The second annual baseball tourney will be held in April, 1926, at the Fayette baseball park. The high schools of the 1925 tourney will compete again, viz.: Whitestown, Zionsville, New Augusta and, of course, Perry Central.
—Herbert Hopkins.

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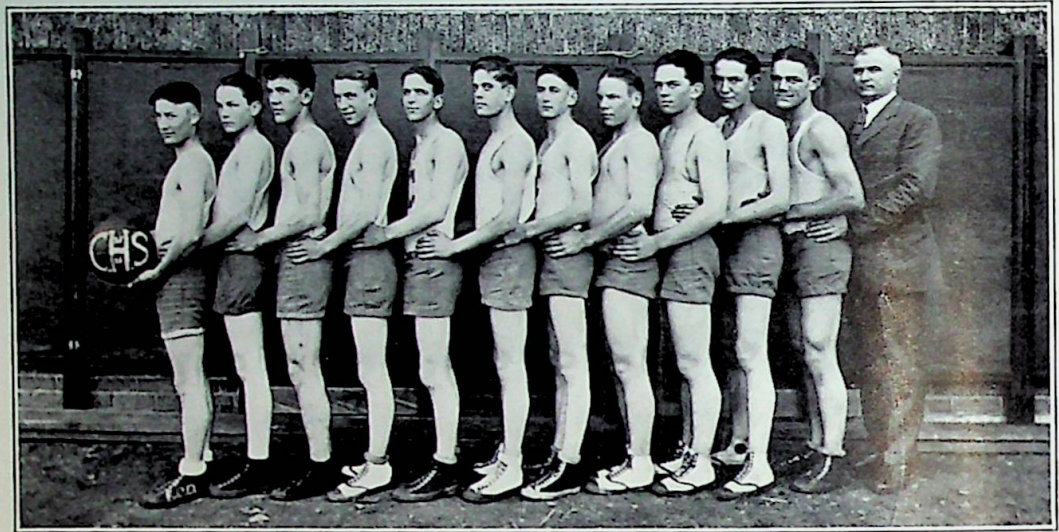
PERRY CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL BASKETBALL SCHEDULE

1925-1926

ooooo

Date, Team and Official	Place	P. C. H. S.	Opp.
10-16—New Winchester	T	32	17
10-22—Avon	T	34	17
10-30—Zionsville	T	26	42
11- 6—Whitestown	T	58	14
11-13—New Augusta	T	21	42
11-20—Zionsville, Devol	H	25	24
11-21—Lizton, Devol	H	26	28
11-25—Frankfort Seconds	T	18	33
11-27—Avon, Tucker	H	32	18
12-19—Lebanon Seconds	T	24	22
1- 8—New Winchester, Devol.....	H	35	16
1-16—Indiana State School for Deaf.....	T	43	22
1-29—New Augusta, Devol.....	H	24	21
2- 5—Alumni, Devol	H	22	26
2-19—Whitestown, Tucker	H	42	6
2-26—Lizton	T	29	53
		491	401

H, here; T, there.



The Squad (left to right): Dickerson, Combs, Green, Beck, Hopkins, Curtis Dickerson, Earl Dickerson, Capt. Funkhouser, Edwards, Abston, Ed Green, Coach Hollenbach.

P. C. H. S. BASKETBALL SCHEDULE
1926-1927

ooooo

Home	Abroad
Oct. 29—Zionsville	Oct. 22—Avon
Nov. 5—Pittsboro	Nov. 12—New Winchester
Nov. 26—Avon	Nov. 19—Frankfort (Seconds)
Dec. 3—Whitestown	Dec. 13—Tourney (Zionsville)
Dec. 31—Alumni	Dec. 17—New Augusta
Jan. 7—New Winchester	Jan. 15—I. S. S. for Deaf
Jan. 28—New Augusta	Jan. 22—Tourney (Whitestown)
Feb. 18—Open	Feb. 4—Zionsville
	Feb. 11—Pittsboro
	Feb. 25—Whitestown

PERSONNEL OF THE TEAM

ooooo

Captain Paul Funkhouser, "Funkie"—Center

At the beginning of this season the basketball fans thought "Funkie" would be too short for a center, but he soon proved to them that he could jump. As the time passed "Funkie" guided his team through a successful year. He has played four years for his high school and has made himself popular through many sections of the state.

Morris Beck, "Chink"—Forward

"Chink" has borrowed his basketball shooting eye from his brother Guy, for he puts the ball through the net just as the other Becks have done before him. Great things will be heard from him in the future for he is only a junior.

Curtis Dickerson, "Curt"—Forward

"Curt," another one of "Funkie's" squad, is a clever little man and plays a good, clean, sportlike type of ball. He is a junior; watch him next year.

Clay Dickerson, "Runt"—Floor Guard

"Runt" is a little short, but a fast guard and is always after the ball. He is a senior and will be greatly missed in the future.

Ed Green, "Polly"—Back Guard

"Polly" plays the type of ball that thrills the people who watch him. He has one more year to serve his school. Go to it, "Polly," the fans are for you.

Verlin Abston, "Jim"—Floor Guard

In the few games that "Jim" has played this year he has shown the fans that he would be a good, hard working player in the future. "Jim" has one more year to play. We expect him to be the leader.

Carl Witt, "Sprad"—Center

"Sprad" is our sub center. Although he started playing with the boys late in his school life, he will probably do great things for his team next year.

Earl Dickerson, "Cutie"—Forward

"Cutie," another hard working player, showed his ability in the Whitestown game when he helped win the game from our blue and white rivals. "Cutie" is a Junior and has one more year to prove his worth.

Chester Combs, "Combsy"—Forward

"Combsy" is a little short for the older boys, but judging from the way he handles the ball, he will be stepping out in another year. "Combsy" has two more years to serve the Purple and Gold. Keep your eye on him.

Herbert Hopkins, "Herbie"—Guard

"Herbie" has played only this year on the team and didn't get to show his ability as strong as some of the rest. This is "Herbie's" last year.

Morris Green, "Stutzson"—Guard

"Stutzson" is another sub. Indications are strong for him in the future for he has three more years to show his ability. He will prove as popular as his brother, Ed.

WHY OUR BOYS SHINE



Of all the teams, of all the land,
The very best is right here at hand;
Do you ask me why they shine?
Then let me tell you in this line.

Paul is the best man we have got,
For when he shoots he hits the spot.
Then there is Chink, a very good shot,
Don't anyone say that he is not

And Clay we know is a mighty good guard
Because, for a wonder, he never gets tired.
Curtis plays forward and surely is swell,
But about his shooting you never can tell.

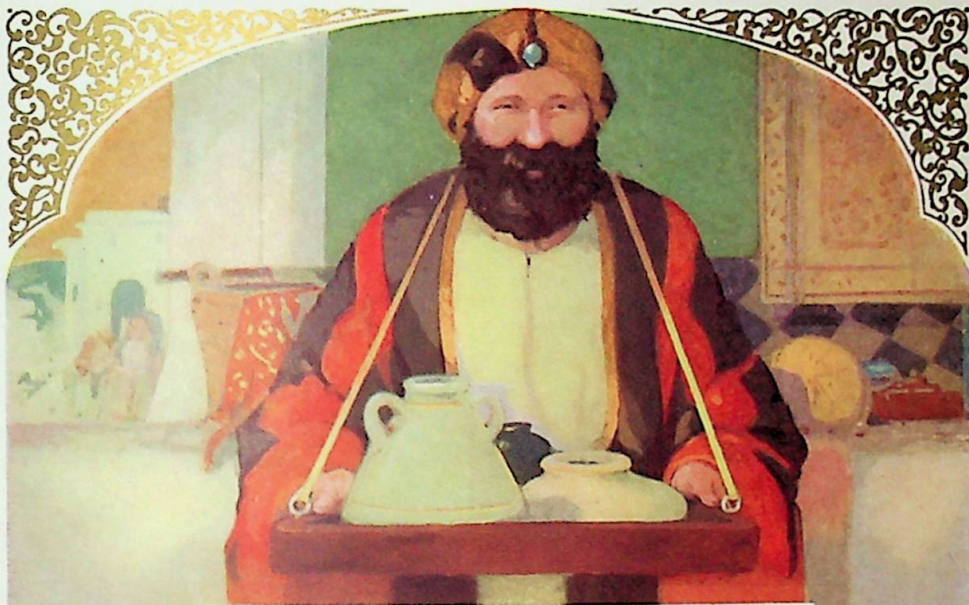
There is a person known as Ed Green,
Who's the best back guard you've ever seen.
We've some good subs of whom I shall tell
And then you shall think that all is well.

First comes Earl, who, you all know,
Could play very well, but for his toe.
Then there is Carl, so tall and slim,
With lots of pep and plenty of vim.

And Herbert is tough and never gets hurt,
But, beware of him, he's an awful flirt.
And last of all, you must make way,
For here comes the man known as John K.

Do you wonder why they shine up?
Could they help it with such a line-up?
And can't you very plainly guess,
Why every one knows of P. C. H. S.?

By VERLIN ABSTON.



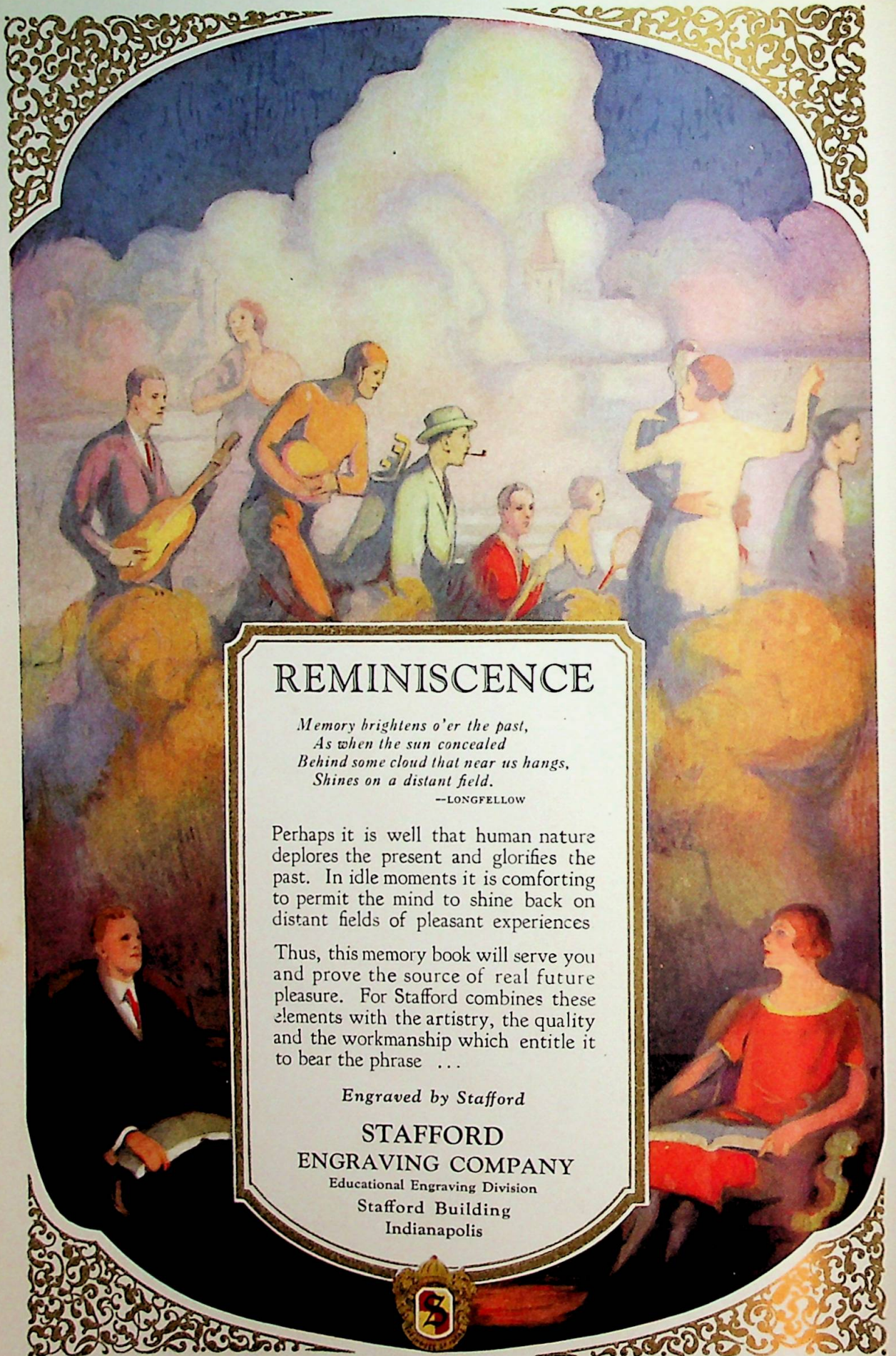
IN BABYLON^{aaa}

The "Street Crier" was in his element in historic Babylon three thousand years ago. Written matter was of no avail on the illiterate masses; wherefore traders "hawked" their wares unto a purchasing public.

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This insert is printed on
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*Memory brightens o'er the past,
As when the sun concealed
Behind some cloud that near us hangs,
Shines on a distant field.*

—LONGFELLOW

Perhaps it is well that human nature deplores the present and glorifies the past. In idle moments it is comforting to permit the mind to shine back on distant fields of pleasant experiences

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We wish to emphasize just two words: "Congratulation and Appreciation." We wish to congratulate the Senior class in their completion of the high school course and the other classes who are working toward the same goal, and we also congratulate all the pupils for their splendid principal and teachers. We appreciate the friendship and pleasant social relationship and business from the Seniors and teachers. All the photographs of the Seniors, teachers and groups used in this Centralia were taken and finished by our Studio, of which we are very proud.

MEADE PHOTO STUDIO, Lebanon, Ind.

Ed—B. W. says he has had his car for three years and hasn't been in a wreck.

Earl—He means he has been in that wreck for three years and hasn't had a car.

Earl—Those pants you bought for me are too tight.

His Mother—Oh, no, they aren't.

Earl—Yes, they are. They are tighter than my own skin.

Mother—Now, Earl, you know that isn't so.

Earl—It is, too. I can sit down in my skin, but I can't with these pants on.

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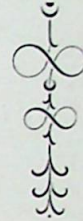
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Carl—Darling, I love you. Time is short. I leave tonight. Is my suit worth pressing?

Mary B.—I don't know. Your trousers are a bit baggy at the knees, but your coat seems possible.

Paul (in Government class)—How can you remember all of those dates?

Buren—Oh, dates were never hard for me to remember.

Miss S.—John K., define a smile.

John K.—It's the longest line between two ears.

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LEBANON OVERLAND COMPANY

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Phone 54

Mr. S.—A fool can ask more questions than wise men can answer.
Clay—Yes, that is why I flunked in my last physic exam.

Doris (in physics lab.)—Mr. Sullivan, did you get some new equipment?

Mr. S.—I got me a new pair of shoestrings the other day.

Mrs. H. (in physiology class)—We have both harmful and beneficial bacteria in the body. How can we destroy the harmful bacteria?
Margaret Turpin—Cook 'em!

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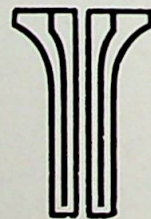
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Mrs. Mc.—We have a new radio at our house.
Doris—Is it a boy or girl?

Mrs. H.—What is the product of Greece.
Ada—Lard.

Miss Stafford—What is the answer I get to most of my questions?
John K.—I don't know.
Miss Stafford—Correct.

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THE CITY DRUG STORE

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Lebanon, Ind.

Mr. S. (in history)—What was striking in Lincoln's address?
Earl—The clock, I guess.

Miss Stafford—Verlin, what is meant by presidential timber?
Verlin—It is what the President uses to make his cabinet.

Morris—I'm getting absent minded. I sat up until morning trying
to think what I wanted to do.

Evelyn—Did you remember?

Morris—Yes. I wanted to go to bed early.

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---	--

Dorthea (seated in park)—Come on, Jim, let's run. I just felt raindrops.

Verlin—Rain, nothing! Can't you see we are under a weeping willow.

Marie—What a fine evening, Mr. Allen.

Ed—Why, er, er; why don't you call me by my first name.

Marie—Because your last name is good enough for me.

Carl—Helen, have you read "Freckles?"

Helen—No, thank goodness, mine are light brown.

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Cecil—I can read your thoughts, Rachel.
Rachel—Then what makes you sit so far away?

Morris Beck—I can't live without your daughter.
Mr. Sullivan—All right, I'll pay for the funeral.

Lee Lane—I'm almost certain that I must have run across your face some time or other.

Lorie Sandusky—No, sir; it's always been like this.

Herbert—How far do you get on a gallon?

Verlin—All depends upon what it is.

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Ed—There is something dove-like about you.

Dot—No; really?

Ed—Yes, you are pigeon-toed.

Mr. H.—Waiter, are those sandwiches fresh?

Waiter—I don't know, sir, I've only been here two weeks.

Herbert—Say, Cecil, why is H. L.'s beard so much grayer than his hair?

Cecil—Because he used his jaw so much more than his head.

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Ovid H.—How did the monkey happen to bite you?
Philip D.—Because I did not spring from the monkey.

Rosalind—Can you tell me what a postoffice is?
Moscelyn—It is a place where B. W. fills his fountain pen.

B. W.—Say, Mr. H., your head is wet.
Mr. H.—Yes, my roof leaks, I guess.

Miss Stafford (in English class)—Paul, spit out that gum.
Paul—I don't want to because it is the last cake I have got.

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Miss Stafford—Clay, what is a synonym?
Clay—It's a word you use in the place of another one when you can't spell it.

Mr. S.—Do you want to sell that horse?
Mr. Smith—Sure; \$100, please.
Mr. S.—But you only gave \$98.
Mr. Smith—But I gave him his dinner and that goes with the horse.

Mrs. H.—I am almost tempted to give this class a test.
Eva—Yield not to temptation.

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TINSHOP AND SHEET METAL WORK

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Mr. Dickerson—Why is it, Clay, that you are at the bottom of your class.

Clay—That don't make any difference, dad, they teach the same at both ends.

B. W. S.—Alva, you haven't even read your lesson. What have you read?

Alva—I have red hair.

Mr. H.—Does your wife always pick your suits for you?

B. W.—No. Just the pockets.

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Doctor—Put your tongue out—all of it.
Marie—I can't, it's fastened on the other end.

Mr. H. (in biology class)—Where do bugs go in winter?
Oral (absent minded)—Search me.

Mr. Brown—I have just kicked Mr. Dodson into the middle of next week.

Eva—Oh, how careless of you, daddy. We had arranged to get married on Monday.

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Miss Stafford—Do you know what kind of people lived in the Middle Ages?

Ada—No.

Miss Stafford—Why?

Ada—I wasn't there.

Philip—There is a question I have been wanting to ask you for weeks.

Mary Marsh—Hurry up and ask me, I have had my answer ready for months.

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Artist—Do you want your portrait done in oil?

Margaret—What do you think I am, a sardine?

Carl—I think this weather is terrible.

Mary—You should worry. If it wasn't for the weather you would not have anything to talk about.

John—I asked your father over the phone for his consent.

Maude—What did he say?

John—First he said, "Sure," and then asked me who I was.

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PRESSING, CLEANING AND REPAIRING

We produce in every garment the natural body shape. Our pressing method is a sanitary one.

RICHEY, Lebanon, Ind.

Phone 56

Dorthea—I want you to understand I am not two-faced.
Doris—Certainly not, dear, if you were you would not wear that one.

Evelyn (in government class)—I remember when you got married.
Buren—So do I.

Miss Stafford—Ovid, can you tell me how matches are made?
Ovid H.—No, but I don't blame you for wanting to find out.
Miss Stafford—Why, what do you mean?
Ovid H.—Mother says you have been trying to make one for years.

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we sell is satisfied.

COAL

MILLWORK

Bonetha—But I don't think I deserve an absolute zero.

Mr. H.—Neither do I, but it is the lowest mark I am allowed to give.

Mrs. H.—Frances, what is your favorite pet among animals?

Frances—Paul.

Officer—Can you catch fish here with permission?

Herbert—I don't know, sir. I am doing pretty well with worms.

Lucile (to clerk)—I want a dress to put on around the house.

Clerk—How large is your house?

“You Can’t Be Optimistic and Have Misty Optics”

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GEO. L. FRANK

JEWELER

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West Side Square

Lebanon, Ind.

Marie—So Ikey proposed last night.

Eva—Yes.

Marie—And did you accept him?

Eva—I was so excited I don’t know whether I did or not. If he comes back I did, and if he doesn’t, I didn’t.

Opal—In all my life I’ve only told one lie.

Velma—And the one you just told me makes two.

Eva—You don’t mind my singing, do you?

Herbert—Oh no, I am used to a saw mill.

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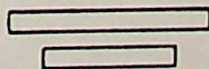
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LEBANON,
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316 W. South St.

Mr. Sullivan (to Clay in physics class)—Now, what promise does the rainbow remind us?

Clay—In ain't gonna rain no more."

Mr. H. (in geography)—Oral, how can you tell the approach of winter?

Oral P.—It begins to get later earlier.

Mr. Sullivan (in history)—Ora, how were the Roman roads built?

Ora S.—With pains.

Mr. Sullivan—What kind—physical?

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Implements
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Whitestown, Indiana

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GRAIN, FEED AND COAL
WOLFRAM GRAIN CO.

B. W.—You see, children, it is night now in Australia.
Bob T.—Is it last night or tomorrow night, Mr. Smith?

Mr. Sullivan (in the assembly trying to explain a physics experiment to Clay)—Clay, where is pi?
Clay—I ate it for dinner.

Clay—Last night I dreamed I was married to the most beautiful girl in all the world.
Frances—Oh, Clay! Were we happy?

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Gladys—Earl, see that beautiful yellow dish? It is hand painted.
Earl—Shoot, that's nothing, so is our chicken house.

Morris (to manager of large firm)—Have you an opening for a
smart young man?

Manager—Yes. Will you please close it as you go out?

Mr. S.—Dorthea, can you tell me the difference between electricity
and lightning?

Dorthea—Yes. We do not have to pay for lightning.

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Waitress—Do you know how many waffles you have eaten?
Paul—Yes, ma'm. This makes my twenty-sixth. It made me so
mad I left.

Chester—Why does a stork stand on one foot?

Mable—I don't know. Why?

Chester—If he would raise the foot he would fall.

The Butler—Sir, your car waits without.

Mr. H.—Send it back to the garage. I will not use a car that is
without anything.

B. W. S.—My, my; these aeroplanes are getting more dangerous every day.

Buren—Someone hurt?

B. W. S.—No, but a fellow was married in one the other day.

B. W.—Verlin, what is a judgment note?

Verlin—One due on the Judgment day.

Mr. S. (in physics)—Rachel, can you tell me what thought passed through Sir Isaac Newton's head when the apple fell on it?

Rachel—He was glad it wasn't a brick.

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“Is this milk pasteurized?”

“I guess so. I bought the cow from a preacher.”

Stricken One—I tell you, Martha, I simply can not live without you.
Miss Stafford—Oh, I don't know. All of the rest are pretty healthy.

Carl—How do you tell the age of a turkey?

Curtis—By the teeth.

Carl—Turkeys have no teeth.

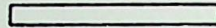
Curtis—But I have.

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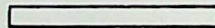
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Brownsburg, Ind., R. F. D.

Delbert G.—Do you like indoor sports?

Mary K.—Yes, if they go home early.

B. W.—Mary, where is your decimal point?

Mary Warren—Still on the chalk.

B. W.—Robert Acton, take your seat.

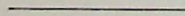
Robert—I can't, it's screwed to the floor.

Mrs. Batz—Why, Chester, are you teaching the parrot to swear?

Chester—No, mother, I'm just telling him what he must not say.

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Chester B.—Say, Ed, when you were telling her good night, did it ever dawn on you?

Ed—No, I never stayed out that late.

Paul (to Clay)—So you graduated from a barber college, did you? What is your yell?

Clay—

Cut his lip, cut his jaw;

Leave his face

Raw, raw, raw!

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SUCCESS

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What is the most wonderful thing about us? I think it is this—that we can be what we choose to be. We can be happy, we can be fearful, we can be bold, we can be truthful, we can be false, simply by saying “we will.”

So when we see the word be we must understand that it does not stand for anything impossible. If we turn our thoughts to courage and daring we will grow stronger. But if we turn our thoughts to fear we grow weaker every moment. This power to be is certainly wonderful!

There is one great reason why this power is important. It is because fear is so deeply fixed in our nature that it is, as a rule, the first thing to operate. We are afraid to stand up and speak for ourselves. It takes courage if we have it in our minds to succeed. Courage is the overcoming of fear, and those who succeed are often those who, fearing most, yet conquer their fears. Everyone can succeed—that is the point to keep in our minds.

There are two kinds of courage. Some of it is cheap and easy—the other kind is pure and true. It may not cost much courage to face an enemy if we have a weapon in our hand. But it is a far finer courage if we have no weapon at all. This is why the stories of missionary heroes are better than those of many other adventures. Let us put all fear out of our hearts and “put a cheerful courage in” and we can succeed in our own lives. We can succeed by helping others face their problems fairly and squarely.

Nothing inspires us like success. It is hard work to attain ambition enough to carry us on through our daily routine, but as soon as we have done one thing splendidly it is not nearly so hard to succeed in the next task given us. What we need to do is to form the habit of succeeding and make our work easy by making it good.

But we must not let ourselves become confused with success. There are two types of success. We can gain all the material things of life, but we will not yet be happy and content. To understand clearly this other type of success we might take a close interview of the life of Paul. In Paul's early life he was a miserable failure. His mind was taken up with ungodly thoughts. He did everything he could to retard the growth of the Christian religion and its teachings. Then when he had seen the real vision his life was entirely different. He was a man of God and his thoughts were no longer ungodly. He worked as hard to promote Christianity as he had before worked to prevent its growth. He was the one who said, “And now abideth faith, hope and charity, these three; and the greatest of these is charity.” Charity and love work side by side. They count a great deal in determining a successful life. Without love for our fellowmen we can never be a real success.

Another good slogan that leads us to success is “keep plugging.” Did you ever know of a successful man who stopped trying just because he had a “good excuse”? When others are discouraged the successful man keeps his confidence. When others fall back in the face of troubles and difficulties the successful man puts on his armor of courage and fights on.

Anyone can succeed—for a while—when times are favorable. Anyone can advance with others. But to stand by the guns when others have fled, to go forward when others have retreated, takes the stuff of which heroes—and successes—are made. Don't quit, don't waver. Keep plugging!

RACHEL E. DICKERSON, Editor-in-Chief.

Autographs



