

The Mirror



1926



YEARBOOK DONATED TO WHITESTOWN ALUMNI
BY CORENA BENNINGTON IN MEMORY OF
CECIL & RLOU BENNINGTON



The Mirror

Volume One



Published by

The Senior Class of 1926

Whitestown High School

Whitestown, Indiana

THE MIRROR

DEDICATION.

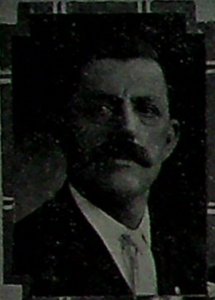
We, the class of 1926, do lovingly dedicate this first volume of The Mirror to our fathers and mothers whose sacrifices have made our high school education possible.

THE MIRROR

FACULTY



W.H.S



MR. A. O. DULIN, Trustee.
"My hands are full of business."



MR. G. K. JACKSON, Superintendent.
Social Science, History.
"He seemed a smiling cherub who had
Lost his way and wandered hither."



MR. WILBUR CASEY, Princlpal.
Physics, Manual Training, Agriculture,
and Athletic Coach.
"Enough, I am married."



MISS ATTA VANDIVER.
Latin, English, and Mathematics.
"When joy and duty clash,
Then let duty go to smash."

1926



MISS STELLA GILLIATT.

Commercial Department.

"Don't worry me with men."

MISS DOROTHY GESSNER.

Domestic Science, English.

"The greatest pleasure of life is love."

MR. OTIS KELLEY.

Zoology.

"He does nothing but he
Does that nothing well."

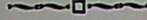
MRS. FRANK McCORMICK.

Music and Art

"Music hath charms."

THE MIRROR

THE FACULTY



All hail to the teachers of '26,
The greatest you ever have seen
They're not noted for beauty
But they've done their duty,
Let's cheer for the teachers of '26.

Great praise to the teachers extend,
For their work so noble and grand.
Mr. Jackson's a treasure,
His worth you can't measure.
Let's cheer for the teachers of '26.

To Mr. Casey, too, we give thanks,
He has kept us right in the ranks
But we sure had to work.
Not a task could we shirk,
Let's cheer for the teachers of '26.

Give praise to our dear Miss Vandiver,
She kept us moving on.
We all think she's it,
For she teaches us "Lit."
Let's cheer for the teachers of '26.

And thanks again to Miss Gilliat,
In school work she is no coward,
Tho' sometimes we were dumb,
Our lessons had to come.
Let's cheer for the teachers of '26.

Mrs. McCormick, too, we revere,
But her rules sometimes were severe,
But when she got us to singing,
The music was ringing.
Let's cheer for the teachers of '26.

Miss Gessner, too, we respect,
Tho' she's forced sometimes to collect,
But she's versed in cooking,
And some says she's good looking.
So let's cheer for the teachers of '26.

Tho' last and least is Kelley,
But smart and mighty, O, Say!
He is small only in size,
For he taught us the "Whys."
Hurrah! for the teachers of '26.

THE MIRROR

SENIORS



THE MIRROR

SENIOR CLASS

—□—

CLASS OFFICERS

President..... Harry Miller
Vice-President..... Paul Hand
Secretary..... Vada Allen

—

Class Motto..... Don't Dodge Difficulties
Class Colors..... Pink and Nile Green
Class Flower..... Sweet Peas

—□—

STAFF OFFICERS

Editor-in-Chief..... Ruth Fullenwider
Business Manager..... Dwight Neal
Faculty Manager..... G. K. Jackson
Athletics..... Harry Miller
Advertising..... Agnes Moran
Snaps..... Martha Neese
Jokes..... Lottie Bohannon
Faculty Advisor..... G. K. Jackson



DWIGHT NEAL, "Neal"

"His voice for orations uses,
And a good time he ne'er refuses."

Boy's Glee Club '23, '24, Class President '24; B. B. Team '24, '25, '26; Junior and Senior Plays; School Play, '25, '26; Oratorical '26; Track '24, '25; Baseball '25; Athenian Club '26.

HARRY SORTOR, "Bill"

"He sleeps easily because he can not study."

Boys Glee Club '23, '25; Junior and Senior Plays; Athenian Club '26.

HARRY MILLER, "Miller"

"Happy go-lucky, fair and free,
Nothing there is that worries me."

Boys Glee Club '23, '24; B. B. Team '22, '23, '24, '25; Track '22, '23, '24; Track '23, '24, '25; Baseball '24 '25; Junior and Senior Plays; Class President '26; Athenian Club '26.



LOTTIE BOHANNON, "Chubby"

"Small in stature, but large in disposition."

Operetta '23; Girls Glee Club '23, '24; Sunshine Society '24, '25; Junior and Senior Plays; School Play '26; Athenian Club '26.

RUTH FULLENWIDER, "Peg"

"The blushing beauties of a modest maid,

Whose heart at Royal's feet has laid."

Girls Glee Club '23, '24; Treasurer Sunshine Society, '25; Class President '25; Junior and Senior Plays; Athenian Club '26.

MARTHA NEESE, "Chubby"

"Her hair is not more sunny than her heart."

Operetta '23; Girls Glee Club '23, '24; Sunshine Society '24, '25; Junior and Senior Plays; School Play '26; Athenian Club '26; Song leader '26.

THE MIRROR



ROYAL RADER, "Tater"

"He's a good fellow and 'twill all be well."

Track '23; Operetta '23; Class President '23; Boys Glee Club '23, '24; Junior and Senior Plays; School Play '26; Athenian Club '26.

FRANK TURLEY, "Turley"

"Bait the hook well; the fish will bite."

Boys Glee Club '23, '24; Track '23, '24; B. B. Team '24, '25; Junior and Senior Plays; Secretary Athenian Club '26.

PAUL HAND, "Handie"

"Lovers' hours are long though seemingly short."

Boys Glee Club '23, '24; B. B. Team '25; Class Secretary '24, '25; Junior and Senior Plays; Athenian Club '26; Class Vice-President '26.



AGNES MORAN, "Gen"

"On with the dance let joy be unconfined."

Perry Central '23, '24; Junior and Senior Plays; Sunshine Society '25; Athenian Club '26.

GERALDINE McKINNEY, "Jerry"

"Three things doth shine, the sun, the moon, and my hair."

Operetta '23; Girls Glee Club '23, '24; Sunshine Society '24, '25; School Play '25, '26; Junior and Senior Plays; Oratorical '26; School Pianist '26; Athenian Club '26.

VADA ALLEN, "Red"

"She hath an altogether genial disposition."

Sunshine Society '24, '25; Junior and Senior Plays; Secretary of Class '26; Athenian Club '26; Glee Club '23, '24.

THE MIRROR

IN MEMORIAM

ORAL SMITH

A member of Class of '26
Died May 16, 1923.

MRS. QUINCEY FORD

The Janitor's wife
Died January 9, 1926.

THE MIRROR

CLASS HISTORY

In the year of our Lord nineteen hundred twenty-two the following students entered W. H. S. as Green Freshmen:

Vada Allen	Dwight Neal
Lottie Bohannon	Royal Rader
Lawrence Bannon	Irvin Reynolds
Bessie Mae Engledow	Edith Scott--Shelburne
Bonzil Engledow	Harry Sortor
Paul Hand	Gladys Sortor
Cleo Hillock	Velma Smith
Gordon Lucas	Oral Smith
Geraldine McKinney	Thelma Proffitt--Seaton
Martha Neese	Frank Turley

Harold Wright

In the second semester we received one more to our midst. This was Miss Ruth Fullenwider of Crawfordsville. This making twenty one of us.

Miss Lulla Wiggins, our freshman Latin teacher, wanting a new experience was united in Holy Bonds of marriage with Wilbur Lynn. Her successor Rev. Laughbaum who taught us for a month and then Miss Rosile Baker finished the term.

Mr. Connor finding a better position in Kirklint left us in care of Mr. Ross of Indianapolis.

Our class party was held at Harold Wright's. This was a weiner and marshmellow roast and every one enjoyed themselves immensely.

At last, in April, we left the halls of W. H. S. and our reputation for being green forever.

It is doubtful if we got as much out of our Freshman year as we should have because we had too many teachers.

In May following our Freshman year our class was saddened by the news of the death of Oral Smith, one of our best students. Oral had been with us from the seventh grade and we had always depended upon him for all class activities. Thus we felt his loss keenly as a class and realizing the grief of his parents and feeling that we should do all we could for them we offered our services as a class. The boys were asked to be pall-bearers and the girls flower girls.

At the beginning of the school term of the year of '24 the following members left our school for other walks of life:

Bessie Mae Engledow	Cleo Hillock
Gordon Lucas	Edith Scott
Gladys Sortor	Thelma Proffitt

While the rest of us still held to our highest ambition of becoming a High School Graduate.

Miss Fletcher, our Latin teacher put one over on us by announcing her marriage to Mr. Thomas. This was a surprise to all of us and was followed by another one of our Faculty, Miss Alice Baird to Mr. Bailey, which she found to be her life mate.

This year came to a close after a hard struggle with our studies. We parted for the summer, looking forward to meet every one next year.

The year of '25 came forth with all its splendor for we were looking to the day that we were to entertain the Honorable Seniors. But much to our disappointment the following classmates left us:

Lawrence Bannon	Bonzil Engledow
Velma Smith	Harold Wright

With our loss of four classmates, we received one welcome student to our midst,

THE MIRROR

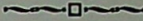
which was Agnes Moran from Perry Central. This student was welcomed by all the class

The marriages never seem to come to a close in our faculty. This year one of our dear teachers surprised us by getting married on Easter. This was our English teacher Miss Sparkle Moore to Clifford Furnace. We did not regret the marriage as she was the same to us as she was before.

This was a very busy year for we knew what was expected of us in the spring, so we strived to give our class play "Ruth In a Bush." The proceeds from this play were to put on our banquet for the Seniors. This Banquet was held at the Methodist Church, April 24. The Seniors of '25 seemed to have enjoyed themselves to the highest degree. At the close of this year we were given the key to success, which was presented to us by the class of '25. This key was to unlock the door of our Senior year. You have now seen the results of the key to success.

—By Royal Rader.

CLASS WILL



We the class of 1926, being of sound mind and disposing memory, do here by make, declare and publish this, our last will and testament in order that we, upon departing from our High School life in W. H. S. may justly describe our treasures and interests among our successors and friends.

To the High School Building, which for four years, has been our class home and kindly shelter, we bequeath our undivided interest in our accumulations of sweet memories and pleasant associations.

To the Faculty, we leave our interest we took in all their classes, also we leave them our tears and smiles.

To the Jolly Juniors we give our many hours of toil, so they may gain our wonderful intellect and knowledge.

To the haughty Sophomores we give them the privilege of becoming Juniors.

To the Freshman, the homeless creatures, we give to them the opportunity of fulfilling Whitestown High Schools brightest hope. We also leave them our ability to do the right thing at the right time. We believe that they need this.

Harry Miller, my love for the ladies to Buren Ottinger.

Dwight Neal, my method of making love to Paul Groover.

Lottie Bohannon, my typewriter to Fairy Essex.

Martha Neese, my sweet disposition to Jewel Neese.

Ruth Fullenwider, my love for W. H. S. to Claude Shelburne.

Vada Allen, my knowledge to Marshall Good.

Royal Rader, my intelligence to all that need it.

Geraldine McKinney, my Drug Store complexion to Bessie Sallee.

Agnes Moran, my cute walk to Agnes Smith.

Paul Hand, my shiekish looks to Ray Cockran.

Ruth Fullenwider, my formula for staying slender to Gale Edwards.

Harry Miller, my excellent attendance in school to Perry Padgett.

Martha Neese, some of my extra weight to Doris Kelley.

Geraldine McKinney, my appreciation of red hair to Kenneth Artman.

Harry Sortor, my seat in the assembly to Alma Batz.

Lottie Bohannon, my shortness to Vivian Dodson.

Geraldine McKinney, my voice to Donnie Cragun.

Agnes Moran, my Latin knowledge to Earl Bohannon.

Dwight Neal, my ability to lead yells to John K. Dulin.

Harry Miller, my dreaminess to Harold Essex.

Vada Allen, my part in Senior activities to Agnes Smith.

Royal Rader, my cigarette habit to Bonsil Witt.

THE MIRROR

Geraldine McKinney, my dancing ability to Helena King.

Ruth Fullenwider, my quiet disposition to Fairy Essex.

Martha Neese, my dignity to Marjorie Parke.

Paul Hand, my theories of evolution to John K. Dulin.

Frank Turley, my blushes to Joyce Burgin.

Dwight Neal, my importance to Ray Cochran.

Harry Sortor, my love for Mr. Casey to Alma Batz.

Lottie Bohannon, some of my dates to Ruth Hull.

Frank Turley, some of my girls to Ira Engledow.

Geraldine McKinney, art of using notes on exams to Ruth Hine.

In witness there of we have here unto set our hand and seal this, 20th day of April,
1926 A. D.

Witness:—

Frank Turley.

Harry Miller.

Vada Allen.

Agnes Moran.

Class of 1926.

Ruth FullenWider

Martha NEese

Vada Allen

HarRy Miller

GEraldine McKinney

AgneS Moran

Dwight NEal

Paul HaNd

Lottle Bohannon

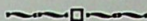
ROYal Rader

FRank Turley

Harry Sortor

THE MIRROR

SOMETIME



When you've missed us many years
When you've shed for us some tears,
Then you'll say, come back you dears
Back to Whitestown, dear old Whitestown.

When we're out in this big world,
When fate from us we have hurled,
Then you'll say, with flags unfurled,
Back to Whitestown, dear old Whitestown.

When we've reached our brightest day
When the world for us is gay,
Then, with outstretched arms you'll say,
Back to Whitestown, dear old Whitestown.

When at last our work is done,
When we've conquered earth and sun
Then again, with shouts begun
You'll say, Back to Whitestown, dear old Whitestown.

Now we'll say to you good-by,
Though it bringeth forth a sigh,
And start upon our task of work undone;
But some day our eyes will turn,
And our hearts will sorely yearn
To hear those wonderous words so sweet and clear,
Then we'll answer to that call
And come back for once and all,
Back to Whitestown, dear old Whitestown.

—By Dwight Neal.

THE MIRROR

CLASS PROPHECY

—□—

It was five years after my graduation from Dear Alma Mater that I inherited ten million dollars from my great Uncle in New Orleans. After studying this over, as to what I should do with it, I finally decided to take a trip around the world. After making different arrangements I was ready to leave on my wonderful trip.

I left Indianapolis about 6:30 P. M. and as the train pulled out of the station headed for New York, the largest city in the world, I was thrilled to the highest degree. As I looked out the window at the heavens above and the beautiful rays of the setting sun in the west I could think of nothing but the future of what a thrilling adventurous time I was going to have.

I was soon awakened from my day dreaming by the conductor coming through calling "Tickets, Tickets." When the conductor came to my seat, I was getting ready to hand him my ticket without looking up but some way or other his voice sounded so familiar; but still I could not remember exactly who's voice it sounded like until I looked into the face of Irvin Reynolds one of my old class mates who dropped out of school at the close of his Junior year. He told me that he had been running on this train for two years, and that he was married to Ruth and had the most adorable little boy by the name of Irvin Jr. After a few more words he departed for the next pullman car.

During the time on the train, I was very excited, for I could hardly wait until I arrived in New York for I knew there would be where my adventures would really begin.

Finally the train pulled in to Albany and from there I would have to take an electric engine into New York, for Albany is just the distance of one hundred miles from New York City. At last I was ready to leave Albany.

I was not troubled as to where I would stay for I had made arrangements a week before, to stay at the Martha Washington Hotel. When I got off at the Grand Central station my porter was there to meet me. I immediately went to the hotel. After resting a few hours and dressing for lunch, I thought I would take a short walk up Broadway. As I walked along I saw a huge building across the street and I inquired as to what it was. I was told it was the Woolworth building, the tallest building in the world. As I crossed the street still gazing around and not looking where I was going, all of a sudden everything got black to me, and when I woke I was in the Fair-view hospital.

There was the sweetest young nurse at my bedside. I looked into her smiling face and I could not believe my own eyes for who should it be but Vada Allen. I was in the hospital for two weeks and during that time Vada and I had talked of our old school days and she told me that she had been working in hospitals ever since she graduated from high school.

When I left the hospital I went back to my room and made arrangements to leave the following day on the ship "Levathon" for London, England.

The next day dawned bright and cherry. The ship Levathon would not leave until 6:45. I waited patiently for the final hour to come. At last I was on deck. With my steamer rug around me I went to the back of the ship, for there I was told I could see a sight to behold. My eyes met the beautiful rays of the sun on the Statue of Liberty and harmonious colors on the ocean. All the while I was bidding adieu to my native country.

After being on the ship for several days it steamed into the English Channel from where I saw the towers of London.

On arriving I immediately went to my room at the hotel where I had sent a cablegram from New York to save me a room. On one of my sight seeing trips I went to Oxford College. I was admitted into the office to meet the president and then

THE MIRROR

was taken and introduced to one of the professors. This was Professor Neal, one of my old classmates of W. H. S.

I soon left for Paris. On viewing the city I saw a large electric sign with the word Dietionist. I looked into the window as I passed by and then thinking that I once had a schoolmate who wanted to do this kind of work and I had heard that she was now working in Paris. Knowing it would do no harm to go into the shop to see if they knew this person, I entered the dainty looking shop. I was met at the door by a young looking lady dressed in a white uniform and who could it be but Martha Neese. After a few greetings we made arrangements to go out to dinner that evening. I left her shop and went to my room and stayed until she called for me at 7:30 p. m. We went down Paris avenue and saw the happy French people dining in the cozy French Cafes. At last we stopped at a beautifully lighted cafe and here we talked of all the things we had done in our H. S. days. In a few days I said good-bye to Martha and Paris and went to visit many other cities of interest.

In about three weeks I sailed for China. There I bought several antiques which I wanted for remembrance. One evening I saw where an American missionary was lecturing. Thinking this would be interesting I went to hear it. When I looked at the speaker of the evening who should it be but Harry Sortor. After the services I stayed over to speak with him. Harry told me he had been in this field of service ever since he graduated and he was now doing excellent work.

Again I was on my way to Egypt. This was where King Tut's tomb was and I had always wanted to see it. While out viewing some of the tombs who should I meet but one of my old classmates, Frank Turley. He told me had took up this work in exploring these tombs as there was good money in it and it was also very interesting. I gave Frank my best wishes and left for South America.

When I arrived in Rio De Janerio, Brazil, I went to one of the large sugar cane factories. As I entered the door I looked into the sweet face of Lottie Bohannon. She was bookkeeper in this factory. She was the main bookkeeper and over seen the other bookkeepers of this concern. I spent a little while talking with her.

I left Rio De Janerio for Panama. On going through the different places of interest I saw a sign of Hand's bakers. Remembering the name, I went in to see if it was any one who I might know. On entering who should I see but Paul and Esther. They told me that they owned this bakery and that business was prosperous. I told them all about my trip and that I was now going back to the United States.

At last I was headed for California, for it is this place that I had always wanted to go. I went and visited California University. When I came to the University I heard yells of old C. U. On looking at the coach I found it to be Harry Milier. After the game I ran out on the field to see him. I was so excited that I could hardly say a word to him. We stood looking at each other as if Silence, were Golden. I inquired to his work as coach. He told me that he had gone very good at Wabash College, back in Indiana and from graduating there, he had worked his way up of being coach of this well known University. He invited me over to his fraternity which is the Sigma Nu, to talk to him. There we reviewed the happenings, which we could remember of our "Old Alma Mater". I inquired as to the whereabouts of Mary Katheryn Harting. He immediately told me that they were still corresponding and that she was the music supervisor in the Jamestown High School back in old Indiana. Looking at my watch, I noticed that I had just a few minutes left to talk to my dear friend for my train would leave for Hollywood, where I was to meet a friend from my Hoosier State. Harry insisted on taking me to the train. Bidding adieu the train pulled out for Hollywood.

Arriving here I immediately went to my Hotel where I made preparations for an engagement to go out to dinner with this friend of mine. Promptly at the hour set, I went down to the Grill room where I found my friend waiting. We then went out to his awaiting car and drove through the brilliantly lighted streets. It was just a short enjoyable ride to the Peacock Inn. Entering here things seemed to be

THE MIRROR

different, in other words a merry-making whirl, which was Hollywood's style. Seated at our reserved table we were served the first course. While waiting for the second, we were admiring the different couples as to their different ways of dancing. One couple especially were towering above the other dancers for they seemed to be in perfect rhythm. As they danced by our table I thought the girl's face looked familiar but still in doubt as to whether I knew her or not. Then it came to me that the smiling face was Agnes Moran. I hurriedly told my friend that I knew that girl dressed in red. He sent the waiter and gave him my card to give to the described person. Agnes came at once and we began telling of our experiences and adventures. She told me that she had been with the Ziegfeld Follies and from there had come to Hollywood where she had the leading role in one of the greatest pictures being made. She insisted that I spend a few days with her but as this was impossible, I left within a few days for my old home at Whitestown.

A few days of travel I arrived in Dear Old Whitestown. It seemed that every thing had changed. On inquiring as to where my other two classmates were that were left of the class of '26. I was told that Ruth and Royal were married and living near Gadsden. I was so glad to know that they were living near my home, for I wanted to tell some one of my adventures that would be interested in them and I hurried to the telephone and called Ruth. I told her where I was and that I was coming out to see her. I did not know where they lived in Gadsden. I inquired at the one ideal store and soon located the place. I drove up on the front of a marvelous country home. Beautiful flowers, shrubs and vines covered the different buildings around. Ruth ran out to meet me. Such clammer of talk you never heard. Royal came in from feeding and greeted me. That evening we sat on the cozy veranda watching the sun setting in the west. We had one grand and glorious time.

GERALDINE MCKINNEY.

CALENDAR

- Sept. 7—Once again the Hall of Fame of W. H. S. were open to students of Whitestown.
- Sept. 10—One the verge of getting real studios.
- Sept. 14—Classes organized.
- Sept. 18—Great Tug of War! Won by Freshies.
- Sept. 23—Fire Drill. No one hurt!
- Sept. 28—Test days once again. Sad expression on student body.
- Oct. 5—One month gone, on with the next.
- Oct. 9—Distribution of report cards.
- Oct. 12—Rules? No! We have plenty. Thanks to the Faculty.
- Oct. 13—First Class Party. "Yea Seniors!"
- Oct. 15—Literary Society organized.
- Oct. 16—Every one take a deep breath for the new music books have just arrived.
- Oct. 19—Snow! Snow! All the Freshmen started to run home for their sleds, thinking it was going to snow but was detained by one of our Dear Faculty Advisors to wait until later and not go to so much trouble.
- Oct. 22—No school for two days. Hurrah! Vacation.
- Oct. 27—Blue Monday. Back to school.
- Oct. 30—Another fire bell! All safe.
- Nov. 1—Literary Program. Called later A Great Success.
- Nov. 2—Pep meeting. Mr. Jackson calls for more pep to win the game Friday night with Central. B. B. season tickets now on sale. Buy early, avoid the rush!
- Nov. 6—Big Game tonight—All going to Perry Central.
- Nov. 11—Literary program. Visitors invited again.
- Nov. 13—Game with Jamestown. Defeated—but—why worry?

THE MIRROR

- Nov. 14—Defeated again. Game with New Winchester.
Nov. 16—No Senior rings or pins. Nothing like looking into the future. Senior program. Success through and through.
Nov. 18—Are we going to have an orchestra? Well I guess. Did you see all of the tryouts.
Nov. 24—Junior program. Enjoyed by all.
Nov. 25—Preparing for Holidays.
Nov. 26—Leave for "Home Sweet Home."
Nov. 30—Back to school.
Dec. 1—Drew names for Christmas, plenty of time for student's to decide about gifts.
Dec. 7—Pep meeting! Yea! Team!
Dec. 11—Game lost! Surprising?
Dec. 14—Be quiet, students. EXAMS are staring us in our faces.
Dec. 16—Exams!
Dec. 17—More Exams!
Dec. 23—Christmas Tree Decorated. Yea! Yea! Seniors.
Dec. 24—Christmas Program.
Jan. 4—Hello! Back again I see. Wonder why?
Jan. 6—Literary committee appointed.
Jan. 11—Preliminary Oratorical Contest.
Jan. 16—Boone County Oratorical Contest. Have we orators? Well, I guess. Yea! Neal! Yea! Jerry!
Jan. 22—Literary Program. Dismissal of Seniors.
Jan. 23—Invitational Tourney. Won by Jamestown.
Jan. 25—Talk about surprises. Miss Gilliatt had her picture taken.
Feb. 9—Senior Pitch-in supper. Talk about eats? Ask boys.
Feb. 12—Lincoln Birthday, Literary Program.
Feb. 15—Seniors start to their goal—"Aaron Slick from Punkin Crick."
Yea! W. H. S. Did we win a game? Yes, Yes, Poor Kirklin.
Feb. 22—Washington's Birthday.
March 4 & 5—Tourney. Whitestown defeated by the team that won.
Mar. 10—Boxing contest. Who were the contestants? Guess who?
Mar. 13—Senior play. A success? I'll say.
Mar 17—Annual goes to press. Good—bye.

THE MIRROR



"Buggies"



"The Gang"



"Interested"



"As high as they'll ever get."



Bums!



WHOA!



"HANDLE"



"Climb AX"



Some Feet!!



Near



TAXI??



"Kids Once More"



Prof:

THE MIRROR

CLASS POEM

—□—

School days are drawing to a close;
They soon will reach the end;
No more will these stately walls of ours
Look down on the class of '26.

We've loved our teachers as ourselves
As teaches the Golden Rule;
We've learned more than is taught in books
In our four years of school.

We've learned that might does not make right,
That labor conquers bluff,
That all that glistens is not gold,
And all that sort of stuff.

Our heads are crammed so full of facts,
It seems that they will burst,
But how we shall apply it,
Of all questions is the worst.

But we must brave the sorrow of farewells
And the sadness of good byes;
There's more regret than can be shown
In words, or tears, or sighs.

But you may rest assured that in future years,
For your sake, we'll do our best,
And where'er throughout the wide world we may be,
We'll remember old W. H. S.

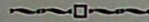
HARD THINGS TO DO

—□—

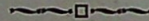
To apologize
To begin over
To admit error
To be unselfish
To take advice
To be charitable
To be considerate
To keep on trying
To think and then act
To forgive and forget
To shoulder a deserved blame
But it always pays.

THE MIRROR

JUNIOR CLASS



Class President..... Eugene Williams
Vice-President..... Kenneth Artman
Secretary..... Devota Scott



Class Flower..... Carnation
Class Colors..... Rose and Silver

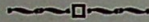


JUNIOR CLASS

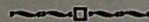
From right to left. Bottom row--John K. Dulin, Mary Blanche Winters, Agnes Smith, Doris Kelley, Fairy Essex, Eugene Williams. Second Row--Devota Scott, Forest Neese, Virgil Cragun, Kenneth Artman, Mary Katheryn Harting, Morris Kellam.

THE MIRROR

SOPHOMORE CLASS



Class President..... Sherman Essex
Vice President..... Estle Padgett
Secretary..... Isabella Wilson



Class Flower..... Carnation
Class Colors..... Blue and Gold

THE MIRROR



SOPHOMORE CLASS

From right to left. Bottom Row—Ilo Bohannon, Fredrick Shoemaker, Ruth Hine, Sherman Essex, Edna Hine, John Dulin, Claude Shelburne.
Second Row—Willodean Nease, Bonsil Witt, Ruth Hull, Ray Cockran, Vivian Dodson, Arthur Sallee.
Third Row—Lula Belle Artman, Isabella Wilson, Estle Padgett, Florence Moran, Bonnie Cragun, Donnie Cragun, Ruby Hamm.
Top Row—Earl Bohannon, Marshall Good, Gayle Edwards, Geneva Wright, Mary Opal Essex, Esther Casey.

THE MIRROR

FRESHMAN CLASS

~~~~~□~~~~~  
Class President ..... Thomas West  
Vice President ..... Paul Groover  
Secretary ..... Carrie Pipes

~~~~~□~~~~~  
Class Flower Sweet Pea
Class Color Crimson and Cream



FRESHMAN CLASS

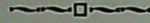
From right to left. Bottom row—Marion Cline, Erma Wullner, Harold Essex, Jewell Neese, Buren Ottinger, Joyce Burgin, Frank Padgett, Bessie Sallee.

Second Row - Clifford Lambert, Carrie Pipes, William Groover, Thomas West, Dorothy Gessner, Helena King, Edward Jackson, Alma Batz, Marjorie Parke.

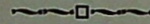
Top Row—Lyle Mitchell, Ira Engledow, Paul Groover, Roy Dulin, Katherine Etter, Perry Padgett, Goldie Scott, Ruth Maddox.

THE MIRROR

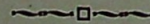
EIGHTH GRADE



Class President Leon Glendenning
Vice-President Ruth Hillock
Secretary Martha Brandenburg
Class Flower... Moss Rose
Class Colors... Green and Silver



SEVENTH GRADE



Class President Kenneth West
Vice-President Doris Clingler
Secretary Mary Katie Dulin
Class Flower American Beauty Rose
Class Colors Crimson and Silver

THE MIRROR



EIGHTH GRADE

Right to left.

Bottom row—Fred Sharp, Lou David Jackson, James Bohannon, Gareth Scott, Robert Allen, Byron Harting, Lynn Allen.

Second Row—Elsie Wright, Blanch Ford, Mary Groover, Doris Williams, Ruth Hillock, Jaunita Martin, Leona Pipes, Martha Brandenburg.

Top row—Mr. Kelley, Donna Mae Mitchell; Leon Glendenning, Kenneth McCoy, Martha Cragun, Roger Scott, Mr. Jackson, Mr. E. E. Smith.



SEVENTH GRADE

From Right to left

Bottom row—Adrian Cline, Wendell Livengood, Kenneth West, Hiram Cragun, Robert Hauser, Wendell Hull, George Hauser.

Second row—Verna McClay, Dorthy Singleton, Charles Hine, Virginia Hull, Martha Caldwell, Mary Dulin, Morris Padgett, Sybilla Atkins, Julia Alice Neal.

Third row—June Rose Burgin, Fern Hine, Leota Mitchell, Mary Shirley, Wilma June Goodwin, Edith Wilson, Doris Clingler, Doris Cleaver, Mary Naomi Hine.

Top row—Francis Moran, Mary Laughnor, Marshall Etter, Esther Allen, Dorothy Ottinger, Mary Catherine Fulwider, Fred Cragun.

THE MIRROR

THE ATHENIAN CLUB

One of the important features of our school this year has been the Athenian club. This was first suggested by Mr. Jackson. After due consultation the students decided to agree to this plan.

The society was organized. A committee was appointed to draw up a constitution and by laws. When this committee was ready to report the constitution was read before the assembly.

The president and secretary were elected. Sherman Essex was elected president and Frank Turley secretary-treasurer.

The president appointed a committee to select a name for the society. This committee decided to call it "The Athenian Club."

A program committee was appointed for the first semester consisting of Ruth Fullenwider, Buren Ottinger, Mary Katheryn Harting, Arthur Sallee. These people arranged the programs which were given every two weeks. The programs consisted of plays, stunts, music and readings which are enjoyed by all. The committee for the second semester was Dwight Neal, Ilo Bohannon, Carrie Pipes and Virgil Cragun.

We feel that we have benefitted very much by this society and hope it will be continued next year.

Constitution and By Laws

The name of this organization shall be the "Athenian Club." The purpose of this organization is to provide culture, skill and entertainment.

Duties of President: To preside at all meetings and to appoint all committees.

Duties of Secretary and Treasurer: Keep a record of all meetings and keep account of all money received.

President, Sherman Essex
Secretary-Treasurer Frank Turley

This society shall meet every two weeks.

Every Whitestown High School student shall be a member.

Duties of members:

They are to serve when put on a program.

Term of office shall be one year.

The program committee shall be one member of each class and a teacher.

Any member failing to serve on a program which he or she is placed on shall be fined Fiftycents (50c) in cost.

The program committee shall be appointed to serve one semester.

WHITESTOWN MAKES CLEAM SWEEP BOONE COUNTY ORATORICAL CONTEST

An honor without parallel in the annals of the schools of Boone County was won by Whitestown this year when her boy and girl representative each won first place in the Boone County Oratorical Contest. Miss Geraldine McKinney was winner in the girls' contest and Mr. Dwight Neal in the boys. Geraldine gave "Engineer Conner's Son" in a manner that well befitted her unusual talent in reading. The judges certainly made no mistake in awarding her first place at Lebanon.

Dwight gave an original production, "The Brotherhood of Man" in a very forceful and dramatic manner to win first place. Both of these people were Seniors and the Senior class and the entire high school are very proud of them.

On Monday morning following the contest at Lebanon, the entire school and several hundred visitors met at the Community Building to honor the two victors. All the students marched through the streets to the Community Building, where they lustily sang the old "W. H. S." songs and cheered the two contestants who had seats of honor on the platform. Mr. Neal and Miss McKinney then repeated their orations for the benefit of those who had not heard them.

The students of W. H. S. should uphold this high example in the future years.

A copy of the "Brotherhood of Man" written by Dwight Neal will follow:

THE BROTHERHOOD OF MAN

A short time ago there appeared in one of our popular magazines an essay on the subject "Be good and you will be alone." The author deplored the lack of fraternal spirit amongst mankind today and greatly lauded the brotherhood manifested by heroes of old. "The modern trend of thought," says the writer, "is upon one object alone; and that object, is the almighty dollar. For wealth men sacrifice honor, friendship and religion." He said that we today are living for the present alone, and seem to be adopting that old time slogan of "Eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow ye may die!"

Now, the thought here that I particularly want to challenge is the one wherein he upholds the brotherhood of man centuries ago, and says that we today are losing all respect and regard for our fellowmen. I wish to contend that the brotherhood of man exists as unwaveringly and outstanding by today as it did centuries ago. It is true that the brotherhood of man today is not what it should be. We do think too much of ourselves, and do things beneficial to ourselves, regardless of whether they are injurious to other people or not. This is exceedingly true in our standards of friendship. Too often we become the friend of a person just because we believe he will be beneficial to us. Too often we drive a friend from our door because he has crossed us in some little petty wish of ours. Not being infallible ourselves, we are too quick to blame others. Is this true friendship? No, I answer that it is not. If we can not have enough faith and assurance in a person to trust him, we cannot hope to be his friend, and do not deserve to be.

Now that I have pictured the sinful side of our characters let me turn and reveal the bright or good side. What happens when a flood or tornado destroys a town and thousands of lives are lost and many are injured, or a fire sweeps over a village, leaving death and destruction in its wake, and thousands of people cold, hungry and homeless. Do we hesitate? No, we go to them at once and do all we can do to bind up their wounds and give them food and shelter.

Again think of the way in which the people in this broad land of ours respond to the call of organizations of mercy, such as the Red Cross. This is perhaps the strongest and goes to all corners of the world and ministers to friend and enemy, pagan and christian, rich and poor, sick and helpless, homeless and whoever they may help carry the burdens of life.

But to get back to my original question, is the brotherhood of man today as sound as it was centuries ago? Let us go back to the old Roman Empire and observe how they treated their fellow creatures. Shakespeare is said to depict human nature in its truest form and I will now quote from his play "Julius Caesar," Marcellus' speech to the citizens when he found them waiting in the streets to witness the victorious return of their great general, Caesar:

"Wherefore rejoice! What conquest brings he home? What tributaries follow him to Rome? To grace in captive bonds his chariot wheels! You blocks! You stones! You worse than senseless things! Oh, you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome! Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft you have climbed up to walls and battlements, to towers and windows yea, to chimney tops! Your infants in your arms; and there have sat the livelong day in patient expectation to see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome. And when you saw his chariot but appear, have you not made a universal shout that Tiber trembled underneath her banks to hear the replication of your sounds made in her concave shores. And do you now put on your best attire? And do you now cull out a holiday? And do you now strew flowers in his way? That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood! Begone! Run to your houses, fall upon your knees and pray to the Gods to intermit the plague that needs must light on this ingratitude!

Here we have one of the officers upbraiding the people for the pure joy of doing it, when they wanted to witness the victorious return of their great general Caesar.

THE MIRROR

Now permit me to quote "Spartacus to the Gladiators at Capua," by Kellog: "Ye call me chief, and ye do well to call him chief who for twelve long years has met upon the arena every shape of man or beast, the broad Empire of Rome could furnish and who never yet lowered his arm. If there be one amongst you, who can say that ever in public fight, or private brawl, my actions did belie my tongue, let him stand forth and say it. If there be three in all your company dare face me on the bloody sands let them come on. And yet, I was not always thus, a hired butcher, a savage chief of still more savage men. My ancestors came from old Sparta and settled among the vine clad rocks and citron groves of Syrasella. My early youth ran as quiet as the brooks by which I sported. And when, at noon, I gathered the sheep beneath the shade, and played upon the shepherds flute, there was a friend, the son of a neighbor, to join me in the pastime. Today I killed a man in the arena, and when I broke his helmet clasp, behold, he was my friend. He knew me, smiled faintly, gasped, and died. The same sweet smile upon his lips that I had marked, when, in adventurous boyhood we scaled the lofty cliffs, to pluck the first ripe grapes and bear them home in childish triumph. I told the praetor that the dead man had been my friend, generous and brave, and begged that I might bear away the body, to burn on a funeral pile and mourn over its ashes. Yea, upon my knees, amid the dust and blood of the arena, I begged that poor boon, while all the assembled maids and matrons and the holy virgins they call vestals, and the rable, shouted in derision, deeming it rare sport, forsooth, to see Rome's fiercest gladiator tremble and turn pale at sight of that piece of bleeding clay. And the praetor drew back as if I were pollution, and sternly said, "Let the carrion rot! There are no noble men but Romans." And so, fellow gladiators, must you and so must I die like dogs! Oh, Rome, Rome, thou has been a tender nurse to me. Aye, thou has given that poor, gentle, timid shepherd lad, who never knew a harsher tone than a flute's note, muscles of iron and a heart of flint. Taught him to drive the sword through plates of mail and links of rugged brass, and warm it in the marrow of his foe. To gaze into the glaring eyeballs of the fierce Numidian lion, even as a boy upon a laughing girl. And he shall pay thee back until the yellow Tiber is red as frothing wine and in its deepest ooze thy life blood lies curdled.

Ye stand here now like giants, as ye are; the strength of brass is in your toughened sinews; but tomorrow some Roman Adonis, breathing sweet perfume from his curly locks, shall, with his lily fingers, pat your red brawn, and bet his sesterces upon your blood! Hark! hear ye fon lion roaring in his den? 'Tis three days since he tasted of flesh, but tomorrow he shall break his fast upon yours, and a dainty meal for him ye will be. If ye are beast, then stand here like fat oxen, waiting the butchers knife. If ye are men, follow me! Strike down your guard, gain the mountain passes and there do bloody work as did your sires at old Thermopolae. Is Sparta dead? Is the old Grecian spirit frozen in your veins, that you do crouch and cower like a be-labored hound beneath his master's lash? Oh, comrades, warriors, Thracians, if we must fight, let us fight for ourselves; if we must slaughter, let us slaughter our oppressors; if we must die, let it be under a clear sky, by the bright waters, in noble, honorable, battle."

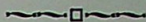
Here Spartacus beseeches his comrades to follow him, fight their way through the Romans, and gain their freedom. But, do they go? No, they would rather remain and die like dogs! Brotherhood? No, my friends, because those men preferred to fight one another, rather than to fight for one another. And the brotherhood of man today is certainly as fine, and loyal, and true as it was then. Oh yes, poets may laud the chivalry of the middle ages; but were not the knights arrayed in armour and coats of mail, and did they not shed blood for the sheer love of doing it, and were not the castles veritable fortifications?

Christianity is the clear light of understanding that has penetrated the darkness of hatred and mistrust, and is now uniting race and creed before one holy shrine. The blanched bones of missionaries on blood stained sands of Africa; the valient messengers of Christian faith in benighted Turkey, moselem Arabia, break-

THE MIRROR

ing the spell of Pagan temple bells in far off mystic India, all are striving for the world uniting of men as brothers; that today, as truly as on that night when shepherds watched, there may be on earth, peace, good will towards men.

DWIGHT NEAL.



THE SCHOOL ORCHESTRA

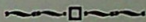
The Whitestown School is very proud that they can boast an orchestra this year. Within the last few years the organizing and sponsoring of school orchestras has been one of the greatest developments along musical lines. This development not only gives an opportunity for an extensive experience to our boys and girls, but spreads the influence of good music throughout the community. The school orchestra serves a valuable social and moral purpose. Energy that might otherwise be expended to no purpose is concentrated on a constructive program, and many a boy has been led to the profitable use of spare hours as well as perhaps the serious study of music, by being given the opportunity to play a horn at school.

The Whitestown School orchestra has made a good beginning this year with twelve members: Mary Katheryn Harting (pianist); Willodean Nease (violin); Bon-sil Witt (violin); Ruth Hine (violin); Fred Sharp (violin); Lois Vivian Nease (violin); Joyce Burgin (violin); Byron Harting (clarinet); Marjorie Parke (clarinet); Forest Nease (cornet); Frank B. Laughner (drums).

These boys and girls have progressed within the last semester at a pace hardly conceivable for beginners, both in class instruction and ensemble.

The Whitestown Schools have much musical talent and this talent deserves all of the interest and assistance that the patrons and friends of the school can give.

JAUNITA, McCORMICK, Director.



YEA! W. H. S.

Whitestown schools again come to the front when the state inspector, who visited us in March, ranked our school first among all of the township schools in the county. We deem this a very special honor and are very proud of it. With this comes a continuous commission which also adds to the schools credit. Zionsville High School ranked second, and also received a continuous commission. As Seniors we feel that our work has been done towards the accomplishment of this honor. However to the on-coming classes, we would add that to them is entrusted the special care of maintaining and upholding this honor. Let their spirit, attitude and work always be of such nature that the Whitestown Schools will never fail to rank first. Then will they make for themselves a better school, a better community and a better nation.



BASKET BALL TEAM

Bottom Row (Left to Right)—John K. Dulin; John D. Dulin; Arthur Sallee; Morris Kellam; Virgil Cragun; Lyle Mitchell.

The less said about our Basket Ball Team the better. They were a young and inexperienced group who did not know any of the tricks and knocks of the game. They did their best though and always fought to a finish.

Although not so good this year we expect them to accomplish much before they are out of High School. Only one of the players, Neal, graduated this year. He has helped the team very much this year.

The class tourney will be held March 17, 1926. There will be some good games and not one knows for sure who will win. There will be lots of fun any how.

In the Sectional Tourney we were defeated by Noblesville the winner by only 14 points.

Well, here's hoping for a good basket ball team next year and a good track and base ball team also.

THE INTER-CLASS TOURNEY

The interclass tourney was held this year on March 18. The Seniors were victorious, defeating the Sophomores in the final game 17-9. In the first game the Sophomores won from the Juniors by a score of 16-11. The Senior easily took the next game from the Freshies 6-13. The final game was rather unusual in that two of the Senior players were forced to leave the game during the last half on personal fouls. Thus only three players were left on the Sophomores and soon had the game on ice. The first half was fast and furious, the Sophomores jumping into the lead with a field goal and then a foul. But the Seniors soon got started and the score was tied at 6-6 at the first half. During the first part of the second half Neal was forced out of the game because of four personals, after having placed his team out in front with two field goals. A few minutes later Turley was forced out for the same reason. This left only Miller, Rader and Hand. These three stalwart players held the Sophomores to one field goal and one foul during the rest of the game and Miller in the meantime scored three fields and one foul to insure victory for the Seniors.

This is the first time the class of '26 has won this event. For the past two years they have been defeated in the finals each time. This also adds another item to the list of accomplishments of the Class of '26.

THE MIRROR

GREETINGS FROM THE ALUMNI

God bless the Seniors of '26. They leave this page for the Alumni to fill. We thank them just the same as if we appreciated it.

Now, these aforesaid Seniors feel, that by dedicating this wee section to us—the illustrious Alumni—they are paying homage to us. But we don't think so. We would a lot rather read their rubbish.

We, the Alumni of Whitestown are proud of ourselves. In fact we are so proud that we go strutting along in front of the Seniors in a manner which seems to say, "Well take a look at me, just take a look at me. I ain't got a thing to doodle-re-doo!"

Whenever we look into the laughing faces of the innocent youngsters (commonly called Seniors) we are reminded of our own High School days. We say to one another "Them was the good ole days."

We enjoyed ourselves immensely when we were in High School. We were always happy. Do you know why? Simply because "Ignorance is Bliss".

That's the very reason the Seniors are having a good time now.

Our most effective way of showing the Seniors what we really think of them is the Alumni Reception.

You see, it is at this most noble gathering that the Seniors break ranks, and in rout order are welcomed into our glorious throng.

Now in order for them to get a first taste of the cruel world and what's in it, we have served the most undigestable of cakes and salads, meat so tough that if it were fixed that way you couldn't stick a fork in the gravy, and then too, the ice cream always seems a little better than the rest and holds itself aloof—it's so cool.

In spite of the fact that we know we will be sick the next day, we manage to enjoy ourselves at the Alumni Reception.

Last year we had an entertainer wearing the handle "Big Rich". He said, "Smile, gol durn ye, toot yer horn!"

Well, we did. And I'll have you to know, he really supposed we were in earnest!

One of the W. H. S. Alumni is in Washington. And did I say we're proud of him?—Oh, Reuben, that isn't half of it; Proud? Oh, gracious, if only proud could spell it! Why we are so proud that if we were turkeys you would see nothing but a great line of tail feathers!

But wait. The sheik of the town comes forth. Harken! he speaks. "You say he is in Washington? Listen, pard, I began Washing-a-ton of dirt off my neck and ears when I was a Freshman!"

All true enough, my lad, but at the present we are speaking of the other fellow—not you.

I could say but one thing to the sheik. This is it: "And Judas went and hanged himself. Go, ye, into the world and do ye likewise."

Every year, the Alumni elects a new president and Secretary-treasurer of the Association. It is an understood fact that one year is long enough to trust anyone. In doing this, we notice that the elder members of the Association take it upon themselves to push these offices of President and Secretary-treasurer, upon the shoulders of the younger, inexperienced innocents. And these, as soon as they find the true nature of their duties, do break down and weep.

It is said of one of the W. H. S. Alumni presidents, that he, upon finding himself in this predicament, did sware vengeance on the world at large. Complications arose, and as a result The World War!

In spite of these troubles the Alumni has a real spirit, not spirits. Also, a huge sense of humor. This accounts for the fact that we're welcoming the Seniors of '26 with outstretched arms!

Always, heretofore, the High School B. B. team has completely walloped the Alumni team in their annual game. This year we haven't clashed as yet, but we'd

THE MIRROR

almost be willing to bet that the Alumni team could hold 'em to a fairly low score.

What do you say folks? Let's forget what we've just read; let's get together with the old spirit and with a hearty handshake, welcome to our throng, this lively bunch of Seniors and compliment them on the publication of this splendid annual.

CHARLES SMILEY, '24.

ALUMNI

Alumni! What thoughts come into our minds when that word is mentioned! This word brings kind thoughts to every student in W. H. S. for we realize that it is the Alumni who made dear old W. H. S. what it is today.

The first graduating class contained only four members but as the wheels of time turned the number of Alumni increased.

In 1917 the Alumni, out of love for their school organized the Alumni Association. Every Alumnus is a member of this organization.

Every year the Alumni give a reception for the Graduating Class. They are welcomed into the association.

We have tried to find a complete list of the Alumni and their whereabouts. We hope this is correct and if it is not that you will forgive us.

CLASS OF 1913

| Name | Occupation | Address |
|-------------------------|----------------|-------------------|
| Ruby Scott Cook | Housekeeper, | Spring Lake, Ind. |
| Diantha Wyncoop Byrkett | Housekeeper | Whitestown, Ind. |
| Jennie Elmore | School Teacher | |
| Pauline Stark Smith | Housekeeper | Whitestown, Ind. |

CLASS OF 1914

| | | |
|---------------------|--------------|--------------------|
| May Moorman | | |
| Orestis Cragun | Mail Carrier | Whitestown, Ind. |
| Rush Smith | Farmer | Whitestown, Ind. |
| Fay Cline | Stenographer | Indianapolis, Ind. |
| Fern Cline | Stenographer | Indianapolis, Ind. |
| Carl Livengood | Farmer | Whitestown, Ind. |
| Grace Owens | | |
| Audra Laughner Hull | Housekeeper | Zionsville, Ind. |

CLASS OF 1915

Ernest Harshbarger Deceased.

CLASS OF 1916

| | | |
|------------------------|----------------|--------------------|
| Alfred Harmon | School Teacher | Zionsville, Ind.. |
| Newton Hine | Accountant | Indianapolis, Ind. |
| Glen Markland | Lawyer | Washington, D. C. |
| Opal Witt Etter | Housekeeper, | Indianapolis, Ind. |
| Joyce Pitzer | Deceased | |
| Clarence Hand | Farmer | Whitestown, Ind. |
| Ethel Byrkett Reynolds | Housekeeper | Lafayette, Ind. |

CLASS OF 1917

| | | |
|-------------------------|-------------|--------------------|
| Harold Harshbarger | Mechanic | Whitestown, Ind |
| Chester Abston | Farmer | Fayette, Ind. |
| Gertrude Cline Sicks | Deceased | |
| Amelia Gardner | | |
| Arletta Harmon Adams | Housekeeper | New Brunswick, Ind |
| Ulis Hine | Doctor | Indianapolis, Ind. |
| Ruth Laughner Shoemaker | Housekeeper | Whitestown, Ind. |
| Glen Miller | Electrician | Whitestown, Ind. |

THE MIRROR

| Name | Occupation | Address |
|--------------------------|----------------------|--------------------|
| John Moran | Farmer | Whitestown, Ind. |
| Marie Moran | Nurse | Indianapolis, Ind. |
| Hazel Owen | School Teacher | Brownsburg, Ind. |
| Myrtle Rader Cline | Housekeeper | Whitestown, Ind. |
| Ruth Schooler | School Teacher | Muncie, Ind. |
| William Smith | | |

CLASS OF 1918

| | | |
|-----------------------------|----------------------|--------------------|
| Marie Schooler Howard | Housekeeper | Whitestown, Ind. |
| Thomas Neidlinger | Salesman | Indianapolis, Ind. |
| Alice Hand Yates | Housekeeper | Whitestown, Ind. |
| Ollie Byrnett | Section Hand | Whitestown, Ind. |
| Mayme Carey Clingler | School Teacher | Lebanon, Ind. |

CLASS OF 1919

| | | |
|-------------------------------|----------------------|---------------------|
| Fred Taylor | Salesman | Indianapolis, Ind. |
| Susie Good Leivenguth | Housekeeper | Frankfort, Ind. |
| Geraldine Good Shepherd | Housekeeper | Lebanon, Ind. |
| George Groover | Farmer | Whitestown, Ind. |
| Naomi Hine | School Teacher | Lebanon, Ind. |
| Daniel McKinney | | |
| Elva Hine Dulin | Housekeeper | Whitestown, Ind. |
| George Pollard | Electrician | Bloomingsdale, Ind. |

CLASS OF 1920

| | | |
|----------------------------|---------------------|--------------------|
| Jessie Cline Bowers | Housekeeper | Lebanon, Ind. |
| Eva Caldwell Fall | Housekeeper | Lebanon, Ind. |
| Edith Byrnett Turley | Housekeeper | Indianapolis, Ind. |
| Lawrence Turley | Civil Service | Indianapolis, Ind. |
| Orpha Shaw | School Teacher | |
| Patrick Hardesty | Mail Carrier | Indianapolis, Ind. |
| Fairy Pope Jenkins | Housekeeper | Whitestown, Ind. |

CLASS OF 1921

| | | |
|-----------------------------|-------------------------|--------------------|
| Irene Sanders | School Teacher | Whitestown, Ind. |
| Russell Schooler | Truck Driver | Whitestown, Ind. |
| Myrtle Hawkins Keeley | Housekeeper | Lebanon Ind. |
| James Walters | | Lebanon, Ind. |
| Arthur Smith | Farmer | Whitestown, Ind. |
| Alice Baird Bailey | School Teacher | Gary, Ind. |
| Mary Lee West Johnson | Housekeeper | Gaston, Ind. |
| Ralph Burress | Wilson Condensery | Lebanon, Ind. |
| Nora Carey | Stenographer | Indianapolis, Ind. |

CLASS OF 1922

| | | |
|---------------------------------|--------------------------|----------------------|
| Eleanor McMakin | School Teacher | Whitestown, Ind. |
| Burl Buckner | Franklin College | Franklin, Ind. |
| Katherine Baker Groover | Housekeeper | Whitestown, Ind. |
| Esther Laughner Dulin | Housekeeper | Whitestown, Ind. |
| Dorothy Laughner Schooler | Housekeeper | Whitestown, Ind. |
| Arvilla Schooler Kincaid | Housekeeper | Whitestown, Ind. |
| Charles Carey | Stock Salesman | Indianapolis, Ind. |
| Bessie Sortor Bohannon | Housekeeper | Whitestown, Ind. |
| Roger Cook | Grain & Feed Business .. | Whitestown, Ind. |
| Ellen Dulin | School Teacher | Whitestown, Ind. |
| Phillip Neidlinger | Wabash College | Crawfordsville, Ind. |
| LeAnnah Baber Livengood | School Teacher | Whitestown, Ind. |
| Elizabeth Neal | Butler College | Indianapolis, Ind. |
| Opal Sanders | School Teacher | Royalton, Ind. |
| Doris Bohannon Sallee | Housekeeper | Indianapolis, Ind. |

THE MIRROR

| Name | Occupation | Address |
|------------------------------|-------------------|--------------------|
| CLASS OF 1923 | | |
| Robert McMakin | Linotype Operator | |
| Bessie Harshbarger Shelburne | Housekeeper | Whitestown, Ind. |
| Lillian Walters | Bookkeeper | Lebanon, Ind. |
| Clarel Cross | DePauw University | Greencastle, Ind. |
| Lella Pollard Dodson | Housekeeper | Whitestown, Ind. |
| Wayne Dodson | Section Hand | Whitestown, Ind. |
| Genevieve Shaw | Nurse's Training | Indianapolis, Ind. |
| Mary Wyncoop Schooler | Housekeeper | Whitestown, Ind. |
| Velva Cline | Housekeeper | Whitestown, Ind. |
| Ray West | Franklin College | Franklin, Ind. |

| | | |
|---------------------|--------------------|--------------------|
| CLASS OF 1924 | | |
| Samuel Parke | Sales Clerk | Whitestown, Ind. |
| Agnes Fulwider | Sales Clerk | Whitestown, Ind. |
| Lores Hine | Interurban Station | Whitestown, Ind. |
| Thyrza Peters | Stenographer | Whitestown, Ind. |
| Alice Dulin | Stenographer | Whitestown, Ind. |
| Charles Harshbarger | Sales Clerk | Whitestown, Ind. |
| Charles Smiley | Attendance Officer | Whitestown, Ind. |
| Vye Neal | Stenographer | Whitestown, Ind. |
| Marjorie Markland | Stenographer | Indianapolis, Ind. |
| Fayne Ottinger | Pharmacy School | Indianapolis, Ind. |
| Edith Smith DeLong | Housekeeper | Clearview, Ind. |
| Leonard Livengood | Bank Cashier | Whitestown, Ind. |
| Morris Kendall | Purdue University | Lafayette, Ind. |
| Gearge Yates | Farmer | Lebanon, Ind. |
| Wheeler West | Truck Driver | Whitestown, Ind. |
| Myrtle Hull Batz | Housekeeper | Royalton, Ind. |
| Oscar Winters | Farmer | Whitestown, Ind. |
| Flora Scott Swift | Bookkeeper | Whitestown, Ind. |
| Rozella Richie | | |
| Donald Bell | Butler College | Indianapolis, Ind. |
| Easol Etter | Housekeeper | Whitestown, Ind. |
| Mary Glendenning | Franklin College | Franklin, Ind. |

| | | |
|-----------------------------|------------------|--------------------|
| CLASS OF 1925 | | |
| Paul Parke | Sales Clerk | Whitestown, Ind. |
| Lois Markland | Stenographer | Indianapolis, Ind. |
| William Hand | Sales Clerk | Indianapolis, Ind. |
| Elizabeth Livengood Sedwick | Housekeeper | Whitestown, Ind. |
| David Berry | Van Camps | Whitestown, Ind. |
| Bonetta Essex | Stenographer | Whitestown, Ind. |
| Irene King | Stenographer | Indianapolis, Ind. |
| Beulah Hager | Stenographer | Indianapolis, Ind. |
| Mae Miller | Office Girl | Indianapolis, Ind. |
| Esther Wright | Office Girl | Whitestown, Ind. |
| Mary Neese | Nurses' Training | Indianapolis, Ind. |
| Ruth Fulwider | Sales Clerk | Whitestown, Ind. |
| Lester Carney | Baker | Indianapolis, Ind. |
| Fairy Livengood | Sales Clerk | Whitestown, Ind. |
| Ralph Dodson | Dredge Worker | Whitestown, Ind. |
| Rhoda Dulin | Housekeeper | Whitestown, Ind. |

THE MIRROR

THE JANITOR

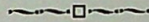
There is a man in our school house
Who's neither cross nor gay;
A man who never does a thing
But works and loafes all day.

The Janitor, I'm speaking of,
Whose name is Mr. Ford;
He sweeps, he dusts and then he rests.
And all with much endeavor.

'Tis true he does not always suit,
We sometimes suffocate,
And also chill and sometimes freeze;
But this must be our fate.

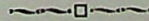
Now Mr. Ford is all right,
He is not great or grand,
But just the same to all of us;
The janitor is a man.

He's just a jolly fellow,
This janitor of ours;
And this jolly fellow
Has worked for us for hours.



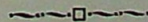
Senior Prayer

Ring out, O bell,
For I am next,
And I fear that I
Know not my text.



This Spells Flunk

F-ierce lessons,
L-azy head,
U-topian dreams,
N-umerous dates,
K-nocker.



Freshman—Patrick Henry got married and then said, "Give me liberty or give me death."

THE MIRROR

CAN YOU IMAGINE

Mr. Jackson—without any announcements.
Faculty—going on a strike.
Seniors—with their lessons.
Harry Miller—still when, even asleep.
Royal Rader—in a basket-ball suit.
Dwight Neal—having a case.
Lottie Bohannon—not talking.
Geraldine—and Mary Katheryn not together.
Harry Sortor—up in typewriting with his lessons.
Paul Hand—without Esther.
Martha Neese—not going to Crawfordsville.
Vada Allen—without her lessons.
Agnes Moran—frowning.
Frank Turley—without his dimples.
Ruth Fullenwider—not serious.
Miss Gilliet—not bawling the Seniors out.
Mr. Casey—not ringing the bell.
Miss Gessener—without dates.
Miss Vandiver—being cross.
Mrs. McCormick—without her hair curled.

Ain't It the Truth

Later to bed,
Later to rise,
Makes the flunks swarm
Thicker than flies.

Ten Commandments for H. S. Students

- I—Thou shalt not talk passing to and from classes.
- II—Thou shalt not use Latin ponies.
- III—Thou shalt not say "I don't know."
- IV—Thou shalt not talk in the assembly room.
- V—Thou shalt take at least four books home each night to study. (Take them away whether thou studies or not, just for the studious appearance they give thee.)
- VI—Thou shalt go to no dances, movies or any other frivolous things when thou shouldst be preparing thy lessons.
- VII—Thou shalt honor thy teachers and fellow students from now on to the end of time.
- VIII—Thou shalt not giggle.
- IX—Thou shalt not stand in awe of all thy teachers. (Under class-men shall also apply this to the high and lofty body, "The Seniors.")
- X—Thou shalt strive to follow these commandments faithfully all the days of thy H. S. career and if thou doest this thou shalt shine before men as that impossible thing: "A Perfect High School Student."

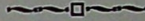
THE MIRROR

PUBLIC SALE

Having completed the required number of years in the Whitestown High School we offer for sale at the W. H. S. building the following at 10 o'clock:

Presidency of Senior ClassHarry Miller
My weightMartha Neese
My booksHarry Sortor
Dictionary of my long words Vada Allen
Place on Honor RollRuth Fullenwider
My Shorthand bookGeraldine McKinney
Secretary of Literary clubFrank Turley
1 Remington typewriterRoyal Rader
Latin book and pony Lottie Bohannoñ
My Shorthand gradesAgnes Moran
Instructions in play workDwight Neal
My noon talks with EstherPaul Hand

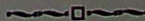
TERMS: Cash for all under 25c. Reduction of 10% if property is instantly removed. Wonderful bargains.



A mighty pretty girl is she
But soon I'll put yon wise,
She may look like a peach
And be a lemon in disguise.

A little bit of Ceasar,
A bit of Cicero,
Help to populate the places
Where crazy people go.

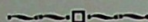
'Tis sweet to love,
But oh, how bitter
To love a girl
And then to get her.



Mr. Jackson, gently: "School work seems to be interfering with your work, class."

WHY I AM LEAVING W. H. S.

- Agnes Moran—can't get a "case."
- Dwight Neal—to small a place for me.
- Lottie Bohannon—so I'll have time to grow.
- Harry Sortor—no inducement to stay.
- Geraldine McKinney—to give Miss Gilliet a chance to bawl some one else out.
- Vada Allen—to be a nurse.
- Frank Turley—they are putting me out.
- Ruth Fullenwider—to drive Royal's ford.
- Royal Rader—to go with Ruth.
- Harry Miller—won't have to make speeches.
- Paul Hand—more time to work.
- Martha Neese—to enter Purdue.



Ideal Senior Girl

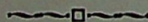
One with—

- Eyes likeLottie Bohannon
- Hair likeGeraldine McKinney
- Form likeRuth Fullenwider
- Grades likeVada Allen
- Smile likeAgnes Moran
- Full of pep likeMartha Neese

Ideal Senior Boy

One with—

- Hair likePaul Hand
- Blushes likeFrank Turley
- Feet likeRoyal Rader
- Grades likeDwight Neal
- Disposition likeHarry Sortor
- Full of pep likeHarry Miller



What Is the Matter with Parents

What is the matter with parents? This question seems to be a great problem among people of today. Some parents are too busy with clubs, lodges, business, and charity work to take an interest in their boys and girls. They seem to think that their duty ends when they have properly fed and clothed their children. Many mothers and fathers do not make pals of the young people.

Parents are not aware of the facts that they are wrong in the raising of their children, because we very often hear some mother or father pausing over their work to remark that it is terrible how wild the young people are getting.

The members of many families are each interested in a different subject like trees in a forest when the branches are first far enough apart that they do not touch.

When a busy father was once asked to attend a basket ball game with his son, he merely threw him a handful of coins. It continued this way the father thinking he had done his duty to his son. After the boy had grown to be a young man, the father was called one day to the hospital where his son lay after being in a drunken fight. When the father saw his mistake he became a real companion to this boy whom he had almost lost.

—MARY B. WINTERS, Junior

THE MIRROR



"Nature)"



"Here we Are"



"Sisters"



"A-Bella"



"Here"



"Sophys"



"Peek-A-Boo!"



"Stepping Out"



"Where's Paul?"



"HELENA"



"Smiles"



"Pals"



"Whoa Babe!"



"Don't Fall!"



"ALONE"



"We, Us, and Co."



"Lovers"



"QUARTET"



"SLIDING"

THE MIRROR

"WONDER WHAT A PENNY THINKS ABOUT"

The idea! Right in the middle of a puddle of mud! Well I never. And that guy didn't even have enough respect for me to take the trouble to pick me up. Humph, I reckon I could get him a handful of peanuts or tell him his correct weight or show him some very pretty pictures. But I reckon I'm done for now, lost, discarded and forgotten, and in the mud too. Might just as well begin to copperate off and get out of my misery.

Oh joy! I've been picked up by a boy and he's carrying papers reckon he must be a paper boy. Now I'll be put to some practical use. Maybe he'll put me in a saving's bank. Horrors! If I have to lay around in one of those things—I've been in three already. No, he's giving me to a kind looking gentleman for change. Whow! What a lot of fellow coppers, nickels, dimes, quarters and halves. This guy must be rich. Well, those nickels needn't be so anxious to jump out of my way, I won't hurt 'em. They forget that they've got the picture of a buffalo on one side of them while I've got the picture of Abe Lincoln on me. Quite a contrast, eh?

Say, if this gentleman is rich I'm in luck. Won't it be grand to be carried by a real for sure millionaire! Maybe he'll put me in a great big box with a whole lot of those big silver dollars. Gee! won't that be some experience though? And don't think I won't feel dignified, either. Ah, maybe it won't be so grand after all. If he's got so much money he's liable to drop me and not take the trouble to pick me up. And I'll be sure to fall into that old dirty, stinkin' mud again. Oh well, I'm not in it yet; shouldn't wonder if—now what's he goin' to do with me? In a tincup—What tha—oh, a beggar. Must be a blind man the way he fumbles me around. Now I know I'll get lost in the mud. Yep, he dropped me, and here I go rollin along the sidewalk. Wonder if I'll—Right towards the mud, too. Thanks, mister, you stepped on me just in time to keep me from falling down into that mud. But even now I'm liable to get accidently kicked off into it.

That's a good boy, you got good eyes. But you look like the sort of chap who is afraid that I'll burn a hole through his pocket if he don't get rid of me. Now what's the big idea? Gosh, my land of love, is he going to leave me here and let a train run over me? I'll bet he wants to find out how flat a train will squash me. Oh, you horrible, horrible, bad, bad boy; you wicked cruel and heartless thing. Don't you know that I'll be smashed flatter than a pancake. But, you should worry. Here comes the train now. Heavens—how can I stand it, oh! I can't! I can't! Oh he must pick me up! He must! He must! He must! In another minute I'll be smashed; it will soon be all over but the shouting. Goodbye.

Hot dog! I jarred off and right into the mud; oh you blessed, blessed mud, I could fall in love with you if necessary.

—DWIGHT NEAL, Senior.

A CHILD'S INTERPRETATION OF WORK

Ever since I can remember, mother has been so ill that I have always had to wash and dry the dishes. Somehow I have always dreaded to do that because there are so many in the family, which means a pile of dishes. I remember how I used to dread for any company to come for I knew that I would have to "do the dishes." Although they never failed to ask to help, of course, mother knew they only asked because they wished to be polite, as she would not let them.

Last year mother decided that Bess and Mae, my two sisters next in age to me, were old enough to help me, but oh how they fretted and cried because they had to help with those "old dishes." They even suggested the absurd (mother says that means the not to be thought of) idea of using the same plates, knives, forks and spoons at each meal without washing them. Well, I told them "no" right then;

THE MIRROR

nevertheless I had to finish the dishes which made me angry. I went to the orchard and sat down to think. I thought and thought until I at last conceived a brilliant idea.

The next morning after breakfast I brought out a nice clean tea towel, and giving it to Bess, directed Mae to pile the dishes nicely while I prepared a sudsy water, putting the rinsing pan and the water beside it.

I then said, "Now, Bess and Mae, do you see that waiting room over there?" Of course they looked dumbfounded. (I forgot to tell you that because I am taking elocution lessons I am learning to use big words, so if you don't understand what I mean you may look them up in Webster's Dictionary). As I was saying they looked dumbfounded and said "Where?"

Mae gasped, "People?"

I said, "Oh, the tables where all of those people are standing and sitting."

"Yes, they are all waiting for a bath. Didn't you know that you were in a public bath house and that we are the people who attend to the customers? Mae assisted them to their present positions." Then I continued, "I will introduce them to you if you will wait very patiently, but first, Mae, please get your aeroplane to put them into when they are bathed, so that you may take them home.

"My aeroplane?" Mae asked.

"Yes, get the large tray," I calmly answered.

Mae obeyed as in a dream.

"Now, I shall introduce the glass pitcher and his children the tumblers. They are the first to be bathed because they are of a polished race." I proceeded to wash them. "Now you will notice that the water is so sudsy that they will require some clear hot water to scald them." Bess, at last conceived what I was doing and soon was delightedly rinsing the glasses, polishing them and handing them to Mae who put them safely in their aeroplane, sailing them over to the cupboard which was their apartment.

I next introduced the silverware family who demanded the next attentions. The knives were often rather sharp, in their ways and their wives, the forks, were rather pointed, but you had to become accustomed to them and treat them just so. I told Bess to hold the knives by the handles, drying them with the sharp edge up because they would not cut her. Bess, managed the forks very nicely also the spoons who were the children. The table spoons were grownup daughters, and the butter knives were young men. While Mae piloted them home I gave the cups and their faithful friends, the saucers, their baths while Bess rinsed them.

At last when we had washed the big, deep dishes, the old maids, we brought in the father meat platter and his many wives, the plates. Then the fun began. Mae declared that surely he was a Mormon to have so many wives, and Bess said, "They seem to be of different nationalities for here is a lady from England." Then we kept looking to see if we couldn't find other nationalities. There were some from Russia, Germany, and of course, America. Others hailed from Bavaria, China and many others from far away countries. Mae said that she hoped they would insist upon being taken to their native homes, but the cross old meat platter said "No, they are mine now."

One old lady was cracked and Bess said that another one wasn't all there. Can't you imagine what fun we had? One plate was nicked and Mae said that the old platter had become just a bit too rough. The poor old soap dish was so wrinkled we just couldn't make her look nice; nevertheless she said she was still useful.

We got clean water and washed and dried the pots, pans and skillets. They were soldiers and the skillets were brave generals for always these people were put where the fire was the hottest. They were so much fun that he had finished before we knew it.

When we had finished I put away the bath tubs and wash-towels which were

THE MIRROR

really the dish pans and tea towels. Mae cleaned the waiting room and stove while Bess removed the crumbs from the tablecloth and swept the floor.

Bess and Mae declared that they had such a good time they would try it again. Very soon I had not a dish to wash because while I helped mother with something else they washed every dish. However I assure you I would almost enjoy dishwashing after our morning of work and play combined.

—WILLODEAN NEASE, Sophomore.

A FIRESIDE DREAM

When visiting my cousin in the southern part of Indiana, I went out walking after a light snow had fallen, leaving the air clear and calm. I followed the creek through the woods until I came to a cabin nestled between two hills. Here old Uncle Hiram lived. I knocked at the door, and he bade me enter with a hearty welcome.

After we had chatted by the old-fashioned fire-place, the fire slowly died into embers. He told me he would relight the magic wand, in order that I might read my future life or fortune in the renewed fire.

As he placed the newly cut log on to the coals, I thought of the tree and compared it to one's life. I saw the tree as a little sprout growing year after year by the aid of the sunshine and rain. I pictured the pleasure it gave to others by the many years of shade until at last used by us for comfort.

As I sat dreaming into the fire, I saw my own life as a little child, guided by my parents, my Sunday School and school teachers.

As the log burst into flames, I saw life at its brightest if one has used all the golden opportunities offered along the way.

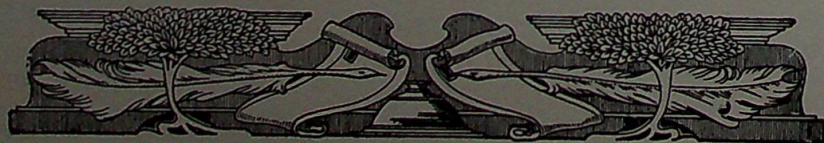
When the fire flickered and gradually grew dimmer, I saw youth changing into old age, and through it, how beautiful it must be if one has lived throwing out light, helping others along the pathway of life as this tree of the forest has done.

I arose, thanking Uncle Hiram for the beautiful dream I saw by the fireside, and hoping I might also give forth many sparkles of kindness unto others.

—Joyce Burgin, Freshman.

THE END

This is the end.
We hope you've enjoyed
This dear little book
With which you're annoyed.
But remember, 'twas hard,
We worked 'most a year,
And spent lots of good money,
And shed many a tear.





THE MIRROR

LET

Crooks & Jones

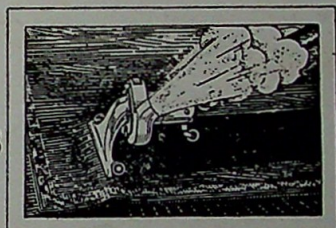
CLOTHE YOU WITH

SATISFACTION

South Side Square

Lebanon, Indiana

The Grand Prize
EUREKA
VACUUM CLEANER
"IT GETS THE DIRT"



**IT GETS
THE
DIRT
NOT THE CARPET**

Interstate Public Service Co.

Lebanon, Indiana

Fairview Gardens

Nine Hundred and Twenty-one
West Royal Street

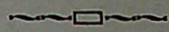
James H. Hoy

Phone 375

Lebanon

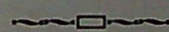
Indiana

I like these jokes because
Their morals are so high,
For just like a prohibitionist
They, all of them are dry.

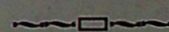


Barber---"Do you want a hair cut?"
Harry Sortor---"No, I want them
all cut."

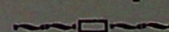
Barber---"Any particular way?"
Harry---"Yes, off."



Little words of wisdom
Great big words of bluff
Makes the teachers tell us
"Sit down, That's enough."



It was midnight in the parlor
'Twas darkness everywhere,
The silence was unbroken for,
There was nobody there.



High school days have their de-
lights
But they don't compare with
HIGH SCHOOL NIGHTS.

SMITH-HASSLER-STURM CO.

A Real Sporting Goods Store

219-221 Mass. Ave.

116 East Ohio

Indianapolis, Indiana

Geraldine—He gave me an army and navy kiss last night.

Mary K.—What kind is that?

Geraldine—Oh, that's rapid fire, about 60 per minute.

Mr. Moran—Didn't I see you sitting on that young man's lap last night?

Agnes—Well, you told me if he tried to get sentimental I must sit on him.

Mrs. Neese—Delbert has named the clock after Martha's beau because he can never get it to go.

When thinking of

Rugs or Draperies

Think of

REMY'S

We have just opened up our new room devoted exclusively to Rugs and Draperies.

Come in

Lebanon, Indiana

GUERNSEY

Milk & Ice Cream Company

Buy It

Try It

and be convinced

Made in Lebanon, Indiana

Phone 1097

THE MIRROR

THE HOME STORE

ZIONSVILLE, INDIANA

PHONE

4

CRUSE & MILLS

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, SHOES

Footwear for the Baby, the Kids, big Brother, Sis, Mother and Dad

Percalé, Gingham, Fasheen Cloth and Summer Dress Goods
for the girls and mother

Overalls, Shirts, Boots for the Boys and Dad

For everyone Hats, Caps, Socks and Underwear

DOES THIS SOUND NATURAL?

Mr. Casey—"Observe the bells. Now let's quiet down in here. There are some people who want to study." (We have always wondered who they were.)

Miss Vandever—"We will have a written theme tomorrow."

Mr. Jackson—"I have a few announcements to make."

Miss Gilliat—"I don't mean maybe."

--Paint this on your Ford--

"Not Lazy - - - Just Shiftless"

then buy a Gear-Shift Car

You'll Like the Difference

LEBANON OVERLAND COMPANY

Ben Ferrell, Manager

Phone 54

Lebanon, Indiana

THE MIRROR

You're sure to get it at

Hammon & Mitchell
Druggists

Phone 3

Lebanon, Ind.

Royal Garment Cleaners

"The Royal Way is a Better Way"

TRY IT

Opposite Interurban Station

Phone 93

Lebanon

Indiana

Dr. R. D. Garrison
DENTIST

Farmers State Bank Building

Lebanon, Indiana

Res. Phone
418

Office Phone
845-K

Lebanon

Indiana

E. S. HARVEY

PHOTOGRAPHER

Phone 262

Lottie Bohannon—"I'm so happy I could kiss a Dutchman."
Frank Turley—"I wish I was a Dutchman."

Don't kill your wife—Let electricity do the dirty work.

Buren Ottinger to Vivian Dodson—"I'll give you a penny for a kiss."

Vivian—"I get more than that for taking castor oil."

FAMOUS LAST WORDS.

Mr. Casey—"A hair in the head is worth two in the brush."

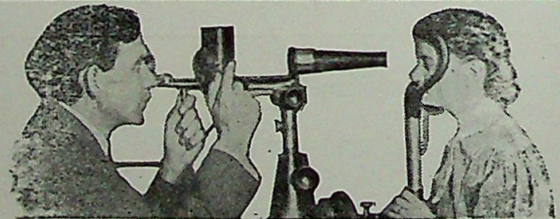
GRANDISON & BARR

5 and 10c Store

South Side of Square

Lebanon

Indiana



EXAMINATION BY APPOINTMENT

H. A. McDaniel, Optometrist

Lebanon, Indiana

Phone 800

I take pride in the service I render.

Walker Battery Service

C. L. Walker, Manager

Exide

The Long Life Battery

**Radios and
Radio Supplies**

206 South Lebanon Street

Phone 45

Lebanon, Ind.

Complete Financial Service

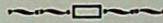
Including general banking and trust business, insurance, mortgage, loans and real estate facilities.

ALL IN ONE PLACE

Citizen Loan and Trust Company
Lebanon, Indiana

VILLAGE SMITHY.

Under the spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy sweats;
For all the coin he hammers out
His daughter comes and gets.



Earl Bohannon—"Cat, why do you howl so much?"

Cat—"Boy, if you were as full of violin strings as I am you'd howl too?"

Whitaker and Sterling

Jewelers and Optometrists

"Visit Our Gift Shop"

High Grade Watch Repairing a Specialty

Phone 230

The Store for Good Watches

Lebanon, Indiana

Conrad and Silver
Fancy and Staple Groceries

Highest Cash Prices Paid for Poultry and Eggs

Specials Every Saturday

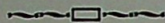
Zionsville

Phone 41

TIME ENOUGH

Miss Gilliat—I don't intend to be married until I am thirty.

Miss Gessner—I don't intend to be thirty until I am married.



PROUD OF IT

Carrie—I didn't know Paul had any idea of marrying you.

Mary Blanche—He didn't, it was entirely my own idea.

THE PEOPLES STATE BANK

Capital Stock \$25,000.00

The Peoples State Bank is your home bank

**Back Your Home Town
and
Home Institutions**

Interest paid on time deposits.

Whitestown, Ind.

Dr. F. G. Brush

Dentist Phone 168

Zionsville, Ind.

Dr. E. M. Hurst---Phone 28-3R

Dr. P. R. Ferguson

Phone 7-4R

Dental Office---34

Zionsville, Ind.

Footwear

For Every Occasion

Latest Styles

Best Quality

Correctly Fitted

WILL C. DAVIS

(Foot Specialist)

HEADQUARTERS

Most for Money

Exclusive Agents for Thoro-
Bread Flour

Rising Sun and Good

Sanitarium Food

Lewis & Storm Grocery

Phone 42

Lebanon, Ind.

Vada Allen—"That young man that you are going with is a bad egg."
Ruth Fullenwider—"I know he is that's why I'm afraid to drop him."

Marshall Good—"How did you lose your tooth?"
Claude Shelburne—"Shifting gears on an all day sucker"

Frank Turley—"What would you do if you were in my shoes?"
Doris Kelley—"Get a pair about four sizes smaller."

BRATTON BROTHERS

Undertakers and Ambulance Service

"A Service of Distinction"

LEBANON IND.

Office
Phone 36

Residence
Phones 395 & 439

Citizens Brokerage Company, Inc.

Whitestown, Indiana

Real Estate

Farm and City Property Sold
Exchanged

Insurance

Fire, Tornado and Automobile Insurance

Mortgage Loans at lowest prevailing
rates

Riley Hauser, Sec-Treas.

Office Phone 159
Residence Phone 9519

COMPLIMENTS

of

Spidel's Monument Works

Sheridan, Indiana

29 Black and 329 Black

Florence Moran and Ilo Bohannon went into VanHorn's Restaurant and purchased two chocolate nut sundaes, then said charge it.

Mr. VanHorn—On what account?

Florence and Ilo—On account of being broke.

When Mother is in the parlor
We sit like this,
When she goes up stairs
Wesitlikethis
When all the lights are out
Wesit
Likethis.

Agnes M.—Where did you get those pretty eyes?

Lottie B.—Oh! they came with my face.

Harry Miller—Why is your head so bald?

Mr. Casey—Did you ever see grass grow on a busy street?

Harry—Oh! I see, it can't come through the cement.

GREETINGS—Students of W. H. S. and Their Supporters

Elbert Perkins Co.

The Home of Better Clothes for Men or Boys

Frank Turley—"May I hold your hand?"

Alma Batz—"Of course not, this isn't Palm Sunday."

Frank—"It isn't Independence Day either."

Traffic Cop—"Say there, use both hands."

Harry Miller—(Whose arm was around Mary Katherine) "Can't! I have to use one hand to drive with"

The Best Hosiery Values

Real Silk

Full Fashioned Chiffon

\$1.00 per pair

Rose Blonde

Noisette

Moonlight

Atmosphere

Adler & Co.

Do you still send her Flowers?

A GIFT OF FLOWERS is a little thing, but one of those little things loom so big in the quest for happiness. Flowers are food for the soul. Do you still send her flowers?

Say it With Flowers

Paul O. Tauer, Florist

501 East Noble Street

Phone 367

Lebanon, Ind.

THE MIRROR

Exactly As We Hold Our Old Customers,
Morgan Wins New Ones---
ON QUALITY ALONE
MORGAN SHOE CO.

(Builders of Good Will)

Lebanon

Indiana

EGGS

POULTRY

EGGS

Eggs and Poultry bought on a quality basis.
It will pay to find out what is meant by No. 1 and No. 2
Eggs. It is up to the producer to improve the quality
of all produce and to take care of the ever-increasing
demand for good stuff.
American people want the best and are willing to pay a
fair price for it.

THE E. R. JAQUES CO.

Thorntown, Lebanon, Pittsboro, Whitestown, Shannondale, Advance, Colfax.

**Baldwin Grand, Upright and Player
PIANOS**

Brunswick Phonographs and Records
We are exclusive dealers for Fresh-
man Masterpiece Radio. The
world's greatest receiving set.

Baldwin Music Shoppe

Dewey Akers, Prop.

Lebanon
Indiana

J. A. Hogshire
Building

DISTINCTION

THIS MEANS YOU.

If your clothes are nicely
cleaned, pressed and repaired,
you'll always look distinguished
and feel better.

Try Us—We'll Suit You.

HARRY RICHEY

Phone 56

Lebanon, Ind.

A Boy,
A Match,
A Strong Cigar;
A Period of Bliss—
Then Gloom.
A Doctor,
A Nurse,
A Coffin,
A Hearse;
A Grave,
And Then—
A Tomb.

MILLS & CROPPER

Want to get better acquainted with the Class of 1926 and will GIVE FREE to any member who gets married within Two years from the date of graduation, one Mills & Cropper Special Carpet Sweeper, provided it is called for within one week after marriage, and only one sweeper to a family.

Zionsville

Mills & Cropper, Furniture Dealers

Indiana

"Son, where have you been?" queried the anxious mother as her boy slouched into the house at one A. M.

"I've been out on a date," was the answer.

"With that dirty shirt?"

"Naw, with a girl."

Miss Vandiver—We women are always misunderstood.

Miss Gilliatt—Well, no woman ever tries to make herself plain does she?

Thomas West—I read your daughter like a book.

Mr. Pitzer—So that's why you hold her in your lap?

THE GUS HABICH CO.

For 39 Years

THE SPORTSMAN'S STORE

136 East Washington Street

Indianapolis, Indiana

American, Racine and Hood Tires

with our personal guarantee

Hodfast Radiator Best for your Ford

LENOX BROTHERS

Cut Price Tire Dealers

Phone 15

LEBANON, INDIANA

Residence 892

BUSINESS IS CALLING

The demands of business are many and constant. When your general education is completed, add to it a definite, specific business—college training, if you desire to enter upon a business career. Such a course will span the space between your present situation and a desirable, promising business position.

For Budget of Information and full particulars, see or write

CENTRAL BUSINESS COLLEGE

FRED W. CASE, Principal,

Pennsylvania & Vermont Sts.

Indianapolis, Indiana.

Kenneth Artman—Do you know "That Redhead Gal" or "My Best Girl," or—Oh, surely you know "Hard Hearted Hannah?"

Morris Kellam—To tell the truth, I'm not acquainted with many of the girls around here.

A house-to-house canvasser was met at the door by a woman of masculine build and severe countenance.

"Is the boss in?" asked the canvasser timidly.

"Yes," she snapped, "I'm him!"

Esther Casey—Did you say you were coming out tonight?

Paul Hand—No, my arm's too sore.

Wooley & Edwards

Good Clothes

Good Shoes

"The Shoes of no Regrets"

Phone 174

112 S. Lebanon

Lebanon, Indiana



WHEELERS LUNCH

124 South Lebanon Street

Lebanon, Indiana

THE MIRROR

W. H. Green

Dentist

First National Bank Building
Lebanon, Indiana

James Henry Black M. D.

Afternoon by appointment

Phone 777
Lebanon, Indiana

Drs. Coons & Coons

First National Bank Building
Lebanon, Indiana

E. C. Gallion

Lawyer

307 Farmers State Bank Bldg.
Lebanon, Indiana

Lebanon Laundry

The Soft Water Laundry
Lebanon, Indiana

C. W. Hine & Son

Groceries and Confections
Fresh Fruits and Groceries

Phone 36223
Whitestown, Indiana

The filmy, delicate garments you
hate to discard as worn out are
renewed by our cleaning.

Paris Cleaners

Phone 48, Lebanon, Indiana

G. M. Melvin

Druggist

125 S. Lebanon St.
Lebanon, Indiana

THE MIRROR

AUTOGRAPHS

