

The Mirror

1928



# The Mirror

VOLUME TWO



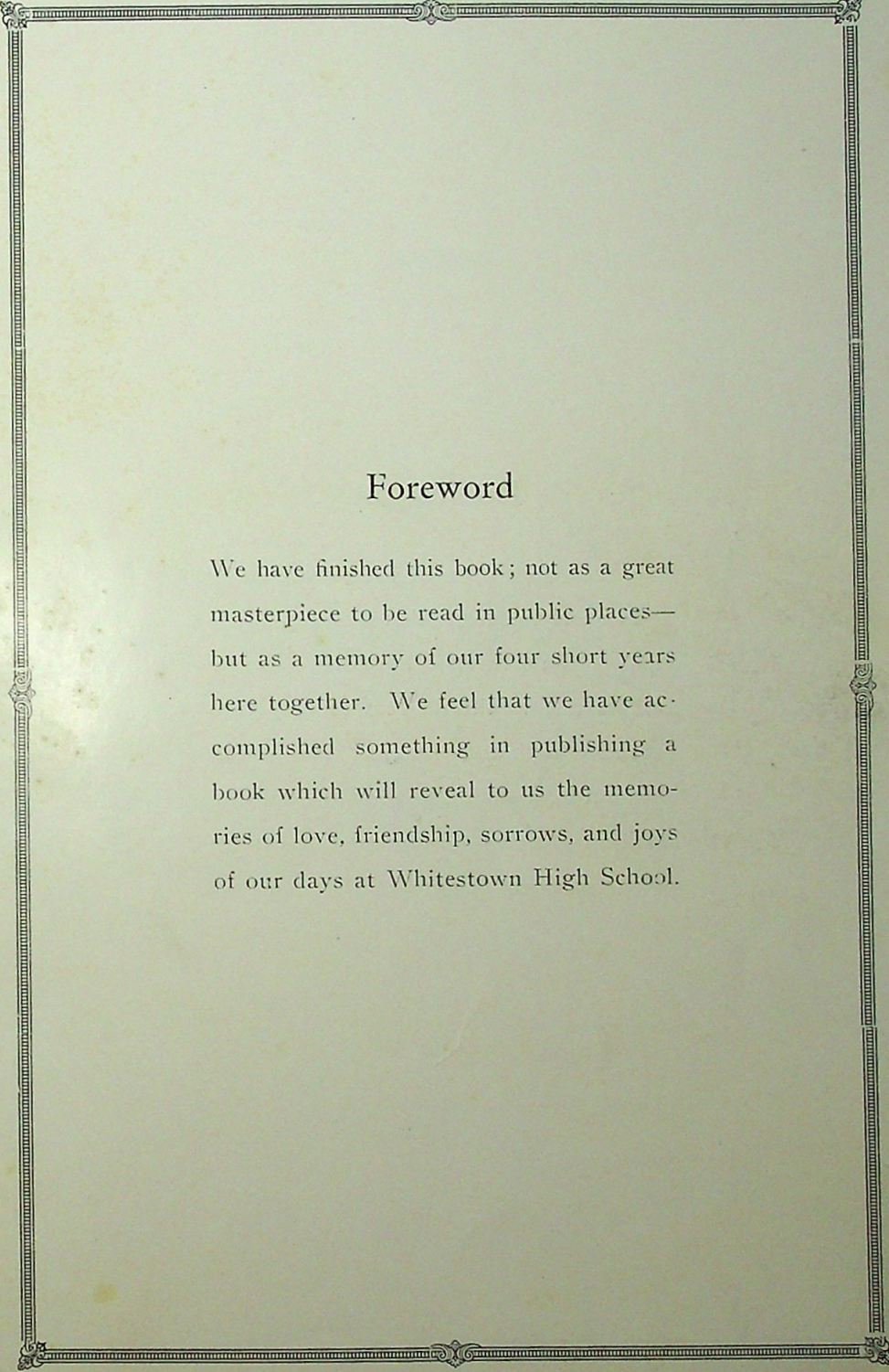
Published by  
THE SENIOR CLASS  
of 1928  
WHITESTOWN HIGH SCHOOL





OUR ALMA MATER



A decorative rectangular border with ornate corner pieces and a repeating pattern along the sides, enclosing the text.

## Foreword

We have finished this book ; not as a great masterpiece to be read in public places— but as a memory of our four short years here together. We feel that we have accomplished something in publishing a book which will reveal to us the memories of love, friendship, sorrows, and joys of our days at Whitestown High School.





## Dedication

We, the senior class of 1928, do lovingly and honorly, dedicate this second publication of the Whitestown Mirror to our fathers and mothers. It was they who sacrificed time and money that we might gain our education, and thereby publish a book in memory of our association together in Whitestown High School.





# Faculty







VIRGIL BAILEY, Supt.

"A jolly good fellow is he."  
He teaches Mathematics.

WILBUR CASEY, Prin.

"Do unto him as he would do unto you."  
He teaches Manual Training, Civics and  
History.

OTIS G. KELLEY

"Hello, everybody, this is me."  
He teaches Biology.

SAMUEL J. WEST

"He is always ready to do his part."





MISS RLOU GOCHENHOUR

"Woe unto him who does not work."  
She is our English teacher.



MISS STELLA GILLIAT

"Better walk straight around me."  
She teaches Commercial Work.



MISS CAROLYN LUBBE

"She is as good as they make 'em."  
She teaches Latin and History.



MISS MARY MARTHA LEWIS

"She has a voice as soft as an angel."  
She teaches Music and Domestic Science.





## Mirror Staff

Editor-in-chief ..... Sherman Essex  
Business Manager..... John D. Dulin  
Sports Editor..... Frederick Shoemaker  
Faculty Manager..... W. A. Casey  
Snapshots..... Lula Belle Artman  
Jokes ..... Florence Moran  
Society ..... Ilo Bohannon

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## Class Officers

President ..... Ruth Hine  
Vice-President..... John D. Dulin  
Secretary-Treasurer ..... Florence Moran

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Class Motto..... Sunrise Not Sunset  
Class Colors..... Nile Green and Silver  
Class Flower..... Sweet Pea



# Seniors







SHERMAN ESSEX, "Sherm"

"He is a worker, there is no doubt.  
In studies and activities, he never gives out."  
President of class '25, '26. President of Athenian Club '26, '27, '28. Chorus '25, '26, '27, '28. Class Plays '26, '27, '28. Boys' Quartet '28. Baseball '25, '26, '27, '28. Basket Ball '26, '27, '28. Editor-in-Chief of Mirror '28. Operetta '27, '28. Oratorical Contest '25, '26. Track '26, '27.

VIVIAN DODSON, "Specs"

"Whitestown High School has a Rep"  
And here is she who furnishes the pep."  
Sunshine Society '25, '28. Athenian Club '26, '27, '28. Vice-president of Sunshine Society '28. Girls' Glee Club '27, '28. Class Play '27. Operetta '28. Yell leader '27, '28. Chorus '25, '26, '27, '28.

RUTH E. HINE

"She gets good grades on every test  
And it's because she does her best."  
Athenian Club '26, '27, '28. Class plays '26, '28. Sunshine Society '25, '28. President of class '28. Operetta '26.

FLORENCE M. MORAN, "Chauncey"

"Every cloud has a silver lining  
Where she is, there is no pining."  
Sunshine Society '25, '28. Class plays '26, '28. Vice-president '25, '27. Secretary-Treasurer of class '28. President of Sunshine Society '28. Chorus '25, '26, '27, '28. Athenian Club '26, '27, '28.



JOHN D. DULIN, "Johnny"

"He has girls in many states  
But too far away to have any dates."  
Basket Ball '26, '27, '28. Track '26. Baseball '26,  
'27, '28. Class Plays '26, '27, '28. Athenian Club '26,  
'27, '28. Class Vice-President '28. Operetta '28.



MARY OPAL ESSEX

"She knows there is only one 'L'."  
Sunshine Society '25, '28. Class Play '26. Operetta  
'27. Chorus '27, '28. Athenian Club '26, '27, '28.



ILO BOHANNON, "Si"

"Beauty is the treasure of life."  
Sunshine Society '25, '28. Class Play '26. Athenian  
Club '26, '27, '28. Operetta '27. Girls' B. B.  
Team '26.



WILLODEAN T. NEASE, "Bill"

"Her temper co-operates with her red hair."  
Oratorical '25, '26. Sunshine Society '25, '28.  
Athenian Society '26, '27, '28. Operetta '27, '28.  
Girls' Glee Club '28. Class Play '28.







KENNETH A. ARTMAN, "Red"

"Early to rise and early to bed  
Don't bother him—his hair is red."  
Lebanon '24, '25. Athenian Club '26, '27, '28.  
Class Plays '27, '28.

MARY E. GARDNER, "Curly"

"Lessons are my sparetime work."  
New Richmond '25. Wilmore, Ky., '26. Athenian  
Club '27, '28. Operetta '27, '28. Sunshine Society  
'28.

DORTHEA MAE CULLEY, "Dot"

"Paint always preserves the surface."  
Noblesville '25. Zionsville '26. Sunshine Society  
'28. Athenian Club '27, '28. Operetta '27, '28.

RUTH HULL, "Bob"

"Her mind dwells at Martinsville."  
Chorus '25, '26, '27, '28. Sunshine Society '25, '28.  
Operetta '27. Class Play '28. Athenian Club '26,  
'27, '28.





FREDERICK SHOEMAKER, "Shorty"

"Always was a thoughtful lad,  
Never too good and never too bad."  
Class Plays '26, '27, '28. Operetta '27, '28. Secretary-Treasurer of Class '27. Athenian Club '26, '27, '28.



LULA BELLE ARTMAN, "Lulu"

"Here she is, a little lass,  
But one who no one can surpass."  
Sunshine Society '25, '28. Athenian Club '26, '27, '28. Girls' Glee Club '25, '26. Class Editor '25, '26. Class Plays '26, '27, '28.



MABLE HAWKINS, "Babs"

"Talking about looks, she's right there;  
She has long, black curly hair."  
Sheridan (Girls' Glee Club '25, '26. Operetta '25). Whitestown, Operetta '27. Sunshine Society '28. Class Play '28.



Gael Fern Edwards, "Em"

"She's little but mighty."  
Lebanon '25. Athenian Club '26, '27, '28. Operetta '27. Sunshine Society '28. Class Play '28.







ISABELLE WEST, "Peggy"

"Always ready for a good time,"  
 Sunshine Society '25, '28. Secretary-Treasurer of  
 Class '26. Operetta '27. Chorus '25, '26, '27, '28.  
 Class Plays '27, '28. President of Class '27. Secretary-  
 Treasurer of Sunshine Society '28. Athenian Club '26,  
 '27, '28. Pianist '26, '27. Glee Club '28.

OLIVE JONES, "Gate Post"

"For everyone I have a smile,  
 To help one out I'd walk a mile."  
 Sheridan '25, '26, '27. Athenian Club '28. Sunshine  
 Society '28.

BONNIE L. CRAGUN, "Pat"

"In look and size, she's like her 'Sis,'  
 She's always jolly, no time for bliss."  
 Sunshine Society '25, '28. Chorus '25, '26, '27, '28.  
 Operetta '27. Athenian Club '26, '27, '28.

DONNIE A. CRAGUN, "Polly"

"Quiet but Sociable."  
 Athenian Club '26, '27, '28. Sunshine Society '25,  
 '28. Operetta '27. Chorus '25, '26, '27, '28.



ESTHER B. CASEY, "Bec"

"She could not do without her hand."  
 Sunshine Society '25, '28. Glee Club '26. Athenian  
 Club '26, '27, '28. Class Play '27.



RUBY HAMM, "Pig"

"Shorthand is her idol."  
 Sunshine Society '25, '28. Chorus '25, '26, '27, '28.  
 Class Play '28. Athenian Club '26, '27, '28. Op-  
 eretta '27.



EVELINE STEELE, "Toad"

"Not a worry have I."  
 Westfield '25, '26. Girls' Glee Club '26, '27, '28.  
 Mixed Chorus '26, '27. Girls' B. B. Team '26.  
 Cantata '26, '27. Sunshine Society '28. Athenian  
 Club '28.





## History

In the year of our Lord nineteen hundred and twenty-four the following green freshmen entered our dear old W. H. S.:

Lula Belle Artman	Edna Hine
Ilo Bohannon	Ruth Hine
Esther Casey	Ruth Hull
Ray Cochran	Mildred Marvel
Bonnie Cragun	Florence Moran
Donnie Cragun	Willodean Nease
John Dulin	Estle Padgett
Mary Opal Essex	Arthur Sallee
Sherman Essex	Claude Shelburne
Marshall Good	Frederick Shoemaker
Ruby Hamm	Isabelle Wilson
Earl Bohannon	Bonsal Witt

Geneva Wright

Before the end of the first semester we had lost Mildred Marvel, and thus only twenty-four were left to finish the year.

Our first class party was held at Willodean Nease's, and everyone seemed to enjoy themselves immensely, especially the uninvited who came to entertain us.

Miss Sparkle Moore, our English and Home Economics teacher, decided to try a new experiment, so on Easter Sunday she was united in marriage to Mr. C. C. Furnas. With the school year drawing so near to a close, she thought it best to remain with us the rest of the term.

The following April we left W. H. S. with the expectation of again joining our classmates soon.

During the summer we were made both sad and joyful by the selection of Mr. Caplinger, our dear old friend and superintendent, as County Superintendent. Although we knew he would still visit us we felt that the school had lost much with him.

At the beginning of our Sophomore year we received one more jolly member, Gael Edwards, into our midst. Mr. Jackson, who was soon called "dad" by most of the boys, was our new superintendent, and from the very first he seemed to take well with the students.

Our studies, at this time, were rather difficult, so we worked with a will to draw this year to a successful close.

At the beginning of our Junior year, 1926, we came back to school expecting to see all of our classmates again, but to our surprise four had sought other friends and occupation. They were:

Geneva Wright Adams	Claude Shelburne
Edna Hine	Marshall Good



With the loss of four classmates we also received one student, Mable Hawkins, from Sheridan, whom we heartily welcomed into our midst.

After two weeks of school we were very glad to know that we would have another classmate, Mary Gardner.

We strived with our lessons as all juniors should, but a few weeks before Christmas we lost Arthur Sallee, but our studies went on the same as before.

At last the time came when we were rewarded with a week's vacation for Christmas.

When we came back to school we were very much surprised to hear that Estle Padgett had found her life partner and would no more be with us.

We had lost another friend as a classmate, but Dorothy Mae Culley soon filled the vacant place, for she entered our class the first of the second semester.

We were looking forward to entertaining the seniors at a banquet, so we gave a play entitled "The Poor Married Man," the proceeds of which we used for our expenses.

The banquet was held in the High School building, April 16, 1927. The seniors seemed to have enjoyed themselves very much.

At the close of the junior year we were very unhappy to hear that Mr. Jackson would not be with us next year and that we would have another principal. Nevertheless we departed from W. H. S. wondering who our new principal would be, and expecting to meet again in September.

When we came back to school in 1927 as seniors we found that Mr. Bailey had come to wait upon us. We had also received three new classmates, Evelyn Steele, Kenneth Artman and Olive Jones, making our class the largest senior class known in W. H. S.

In November we were very much surprised to hear that Isabella Wilson had married, but we were also very happy to know that she was intending to finish school with us.

As our freshman, sophomore, and junior years are far behind, we will now let you read the results of our senior year and the work we have accomplished.

—RUTH HINE.



## Class Poem

*While visiting at your fireside,  
As visions before you pass,  
If in mem'ry you should ponder,  
Will you think of our Senior Class?*

*I'm sure you'll remember "Lulu"  
For her jollity and fun,  
And to find a better sport than "Sv"  
I know it never could be done.*

*Then there's Bonnie and Donnie, the Cragun twins,  
They look alike you know,  
And Dorothea, who in beauty  
Would not be considered slow.*

*And won't you recall about Dodson,  
Pep leader at the game,  
And Dulin, who loosened two of his teeth  
While trying to win great fame.*

*I know you'll not forget Edwards,  
Her cheery smile and all,  
And Essex, who never would stop to  
Converse with you in the hall.*

*There's Sherman, another great player  
On the team of W. H. S.,  
And Mary, a mischievous person,  
I'm sure you will have to confess.*

*And Ruby, a star in shorthand,  
I know you'll never regret  
To think of her, and Mable  
The most cheerful persons you've met.*

*Then Ruth Hine, you could not neglect her  
As those visions before you pass,  
For she is a much honored person,  
The president of our class.*





*There's Olive, an excellent student,  
Always finding some task to do,  
And Florence, who has her troubles,  
But always comes smiling through.*

*Then we have some very bright scholars,  
Among them Casey and Nease,  
Who frighten us so when reciting,  
For it seems they never will cease.*

*There's Kenneth, a jolly good fellow,  
Who's just as good as gold,  
And to remember Frederick,  
I'm sure you won't have to be told.*

*And Ruth Hull, won't you please think of how  
She was always able to cheer?  
And Isabella, who got married  
But stayed to finish the year.*

*And last of all, but not least,  
Won't you please remember Miss Steele?  
Now if you do all I have asked you,  
I'm sure you will better feel.*

*While sitting at your fireside,  
As visions before you pass,  
If in mem'ry you should ponder,  
Don't forget our Senior Class.*

—MARY E. GARDNER.



## Class Prophecy

The last hues of the setting sun were intermingling into one. I was sitting on a stump, my writing materials strewn about me. All afternoon I had been writing and now I watched the beautiful sunset and became rested.

It was September. I was staying longer than usual at my cabin in the woods to which I sought refuge from the social world when I wished to write.

I had chosen a lovely spot for my cabin. A tiny stream rippled at one side and all around the cabin for acres and acres there were trees. It was ideal. When I grew tired of my work I found rest strolling about the beautiful place.

This evening, however, I was sad. I did not know why, for I had all that I could desire, I had made a success in the literary world and was acknowledged both at home and abroad, yet I was sad and lonely. I thought of my old home, my classmates and with that came a longing desire to see them.

Corrine, my maid, came at that moment, and while she gathered my work together I went into the cabin.

Going into my room I thought of an old book which I should like to read. Thinking that perhaps it was in my cedar chest I began hunting for it.

As I fumbled about among the articles in the chest I found a tiny pin. My class pin! It seemed years since I had last seen that pin. I remembered that there were as many pearls in it as there were Seniors of '28.

Sitting on the floor and fingering my class pin took me back to the scenes of my high school days.

It was dusk; there was no light; I fell into a reverie.

My forefinger touched one pearl. I thought, "This is for Olive Jones. What has become of her?—She is a professor of English at Danville. 'Tis queer, but Olive always wanted to become a teacher and now she is one of the great teachers."

I absent-mindedly fingered the next pearl. All my thoughts were of my classmates; of my present surroundings I had not a thought.

"This pearl is for Eveline Steele. She, too, has become a great woman. Eveline, the unconcerned, has concerned herself about something at last and has invented a frictionless machine. I read in the papers that Eveline had been talking to her physics Professor, Wilbur Casey, one day about frictionless machines. He said something which set her to thinking, and as a result she is the wealthiest woman in the world. Poor Mr. Casey, I am told, is spending the remainder of his days trying to think what it was so brilliant he said to Eveline."

My finger touched the third pearl. It was for Ruby Hamm.



"Ruby is in Washington, D. C., acting as the President's private secretary. How well I remember sitting by Ruby in shorthand class and envying her knowledge. To top it all off, Miss Gilliat is Ruby's stenographer."

As I fingered the next pearl my thoughts turned to Mary Opal. She had fallen heir to the Essex automobile industry fortune and was now living a secluded and haughty life in the East, having no thoughts or pity for her old classmates.

Suddenly I stuck my thumb on the pin and the shock brought me out of my reverie.

"Why did I have to come to life? I feel as if I had seen these people. Oh! I'm so homesick."

I laid my head in my arms and as I did so I formed a plan as my longing desire to see my classmates grew stronger.

"I shall go home," I thought.

Thus, the next week found me at Whitestown.

I was walking past the hardware store when I noticed a sign which said, "Head office of Paul Hand, manager of Hardware chain stores."

"My goodness!" I said to myself. "He is here at Whitestown. Well, so must be Esther."

Entering the store I walked up to the office, and there, as loving as ever, stood Paul and Esther. She was his head stenographer and upon asking her why, she said she could never permit anyone else so near Paul.

We had quite a long chat during which time I learned that of all the class, Esther was the only one living at Whitestown. I thought that if I wanted to see my classmates this was no place for me.

After a few days' visit with my parents and other friends I decided to travel. I had traveled much before, but always for material for my books so this time I planned to make it a pleasure trip.

I went to Indianapolis and remembering that here was a great teachers' convention, I thought perhaps it would be well worth my time to attend this a day or two.

Always interested in the subject, I visited the Home Economics division. Will you imagine my surprise when I learned who the chairman was? When she called the session to order I thought her voice sounded familiar, but decided it was just the acoustics. However, I asked someone who she was and they said she was Lula Belle Artman, successor to Miss Matthews, head of the Home Economics department at Purdue.

I was indeed surprised and could hardly wait until the session was over so that I could talk to Lula Belle. She was very busy so she told me to come to lunch with her.

From the Home Economics division I visited the Math session. Being rather late, I entered the room just as a speech was being delivered.



"It is the mathematics professor at Indiana University talking," some one told me.

When she had finished speaking there was so much applause and comment, that I was curious to know who she was.

"It is Professor Ruth E. Hine and——," a man told me.

"It is!" I exclaimed and left him still talking to me.

I rushed up to Ruth. She, too, invited me to lunch, so we decided to meet Lula Belle and we three lunch together.

As we entered the lunch room we saw Rlou Gochenour, our English teacher at W. H. S., and Olive Jones at a table. They motioned for us to join them, which of course, we did. We, therefore, had a real party.

I learned that Miss Gochenour was chairman of the English department and that Olive was one of the leading speakers for the afternoon.

During our lunch we discussed politics.

"It is rumored that in order to readjust our corrupt politics they are trying to have the state officers all women," Ruth said.

"Say, Willodean, guess who's running for Secretary of State," Lula Belle said mysteriously.

"Couldn't do it." We had relapsed into our old High School language.

"Vivian Dodson," she replied laconically.

We had to hurry through lunch. I attended the convention the rest of that day and the next, then started for New York.

I stopped at Cincinnati and called on Eveline Steele. When I told her where I was going nothing would do her, but that I must permit her to take me to New York in one of her frictionless machines.

As we went down Fifth Avenue she called my attention to a very aristocratic home.

"That is where Mary Opal lives," she told me.

Eveline left me at the Astor Hotel. I was to leave New York the next day.

The following morning I arrived at the aeroplane field early and as it was close to the docks I went over there thinking that perhaps I might see someone I knew.

There was a great crowd. A group of people standing to one side waved at me and I walked nearer to see who they were. Guess who. Isabella and Wheeler West with some of their friends.

I was so happy to see them. Isabella said they were going to the Hawaiian Islands to give concerts. Since she graduated from W. H. S. she had learned to play the Hawaiian guitar and she and Wheeler were traveling giving concerts.

Isabella tried to persuade me to go with them and go to Japan first, but as I greatly preferred the air to water I did not think of going with her.

Just as we were chatting most seriously they had to go on board their ship so I went back to the aeroplane field.



I could not find the plane in which I was to travel. Going to headquarters I was told to wait until someone would come to take me to the plane.

I was reading when someone said, "Why hello, Red."

I jumped like I was shot. It had been ages since anyone had ever called me "Red." I looked up and saw it was Fred Shoemaker. I was not going to let him get ahead of me so I exclaimed, "Shorty!"

He took me to my plane. While we were going to it, I learned that he was pilot of a mail airship. We got to my plane just in time, for we had talked so much that the time just flew.

I hurriedly told Fred good-bye, climbed into the plane and was soon flying high above the Atlantic just as Lindy did so many years ago.

We landed at London, but soon growing disgusted with the fog I went to Binningham and made that my home while on the British Isles.

One afternoon as I was out driving, we passed a country club. As we did so a large man dressed in golf togs stepped from his automobile. I glanced at him and then I looked again. I could not tell why, but something about him seemed familiar. I asked my companion if he knew him, and he said it was Sir Bonsal Witt. I lost my dignity.

"Fatty Witt!" I exclaimed. "Oh, do stop."

We stopped and I sent the chauffeur for Bonsal.

"But where did you get that 'Sir'?" I asked him after we had exchanged greetings.

"Oh, I married Lady Madred. She brought me here and before I knew it I had a sir attached to my name."

Bonsal took me to his home where I met Lady Madred. We became good friends and many times while in England I visited Bonsal and his Lady.

Having seen most of the wonders of the British Isles, I went to Paris.

While there so many of the society women were talking about Madame Sis Shoppe. They talked of her pleasing personality, her charming smiles. Naturally I was curious to see this Madame, whoever she was.

One day I went into the shoppe. There were many charming girls in uniform busily transforming Ugly Ducklings to beauties. They were all busy and as I was in a hurry one girl said perhaps Madame, herself, would wait on me.

She came back with a rather short woman, stylishly dressed and all smiles. Before she came to me she slipped on a uniform and coming up to me she gave a delighted squeal and to my surprise giggled. Upon seeing me she had thrown aside her French manners and become wholly American. I was astonished.

"Why, Willodean Nease, aren't you ever going to recognize me?"

I again lost my dignity.

"Ilo Bohannon!" I screamed.



We were so glad to see each other and were causing so much confusion that we went to Ilo's suite of rooms. We forget everything, but each other. Of all our conversation, we enjoyed most recalling high school days.

"Remember how you and Mable broke the thermometer?" I asked.

Then we divested ourselves in high school girl giggles.

I stayed with Ilo a few weeks.

One day I was tuning in on her radio and got station XYZ at Berlin, Germany. The announcer had American accents. He was announcing the great American prima dona, Mary Gardner, and her great accompanist, Gael Edwards.

Just before they performed he added, "And by the way they were my high school classmates."

Of course I was excited.

"Well, I must be his classmate too, then."

Mary sang beautifully. The announcer said they would be in Berlin for the season, so I decided to go to see them.

After bidding Ido goodbye, I went to Germany and made my temporary home at Berlin.

The first thing I did was to go to the opera where I saw and heard Mary and Gael.

Having sent them my card, I was admitted to their rooms while Mary was resting.

We talked and talked. Gael said, "But you haven't seen Mary's manager."

At that instant Kenneth Artman came into the room.

"There he is!" Mary exclaimed.

Right then I knew he was also the radio station XYZ announcer. We had quite a reunion and during my stay at Berlin I saw them many times.

From Germany I traveled in many countries finally landing in Egypt.

While I was there I learned that they were rebuilding the pyramids. Everyone was talking about the wonderful engineer for this.

"His name is Essex," I was told.

"How familiar," I thought.

I was walking around the Cheops when I nearly collided with a man, seemingly important, who was singing in a deep voice, "Whitestown, oh—dear old Whitestown, You are my safest shelter——"

I knew by the voice that it was Sherman Essex.

"That is my job," he said, pointing to where the men were at work on the pyramids.

"I am going home now," he said and asked me to go with him.

When we arrived at his apartments, Marie met us at the door. She was lonely, indeed, there in Egypt.

Laughingly I told her about Sherman singing our school song.



"Yes, and I have come to believe that Whitestown is his safest shelter." Then she told me of how the men had been plotting to kill Sherman. Twice he had been wounded by bullets and once she had saved him from being poisoned by powders in his coffee. She said he was afraid to say anything because it might cause another world war like that of 1914.

I stayed with them for a day or two, then went to South America and stayed at Buenos Aires about a month.

While at this place, one afternoon as I was idling about my apartments someone called. The name on the card was Minnie Hull. I could not think who she was, nevertheless, I said I'd see her.

When she came in, I was overcome with astonishment for it was Ruth Hull. She had heard I was in the city and thought it would be fun to call and just put Minnie on her card. She had come to South America as a traveler and was now engaged to a Brazilian millionaire. She said she was to be married soon and would live at Para, Brazil, where her fiancee had a rubber plantation. She invited me to her wedding which would be at Whitestown.

I soon grew tired of South America and decided that if I finished my trip before Ruth's wedding I had better start homeward.

I went through Mexico and up to the southern part of California to Hollywood. Here while seeing a picture made I met the star, Dorothy Mae Culley. She made a million a week and was growing tired of the movies. Dot wondered if I needed an illustrator and as I did she signed a contract to become illustrator of my books and stories.

She took me to a tea room. She said it was known on the Continent as the daintiest and loveliest tea room in America.

When we entered the room, two charming ladies, both dressed alike and looking alike acted as our hostesses.

Dorothy asked, "Don't you know them?"

Then I fairly hugged her, for they were Donnie and Bonnie Cragun, the twins of the Senior Class of '28!

We talked to them, then left. Dorothy packed her things and we started home.

We went to Washington, D. C. Everyone there was raving about a Miss Moran who had made quite a debut. Dot and I wondered about her.

One evening at a ball, which one of the ambassadors was giving, we met this Miss Moran and to our surprise it was Florence.

We went to see Ruby and found her preparing to go to Ruth's wedding. All four of us then started home.

When we arrived at Indianapolis, I took them out to my home, where they stayed until Ruth's wedding.

One day I decided to pay my respects to the new governor.

There had been a state election while I was gone so I wanted to meet the new officers.



A Mrs. Padgett was governor. When I called, I had the greatest surprise ever, for it was Mable Hawkins.

She talked to me quite a while, then the Secretary of State came in and to my joy it was Vivian Dodson.

I saw right then that Indiana would go straight for four years at least. Mable asked us home to dinner.

"Edmund will have it ready for us. He always does," she said.

"Edmund?" I said.

"Yes, he does all the housework now. He is a fine housekeeper, too," she added.

So. The World Had Come To This!

Edmund did have a lovely dinner and I enjoyed it so much.

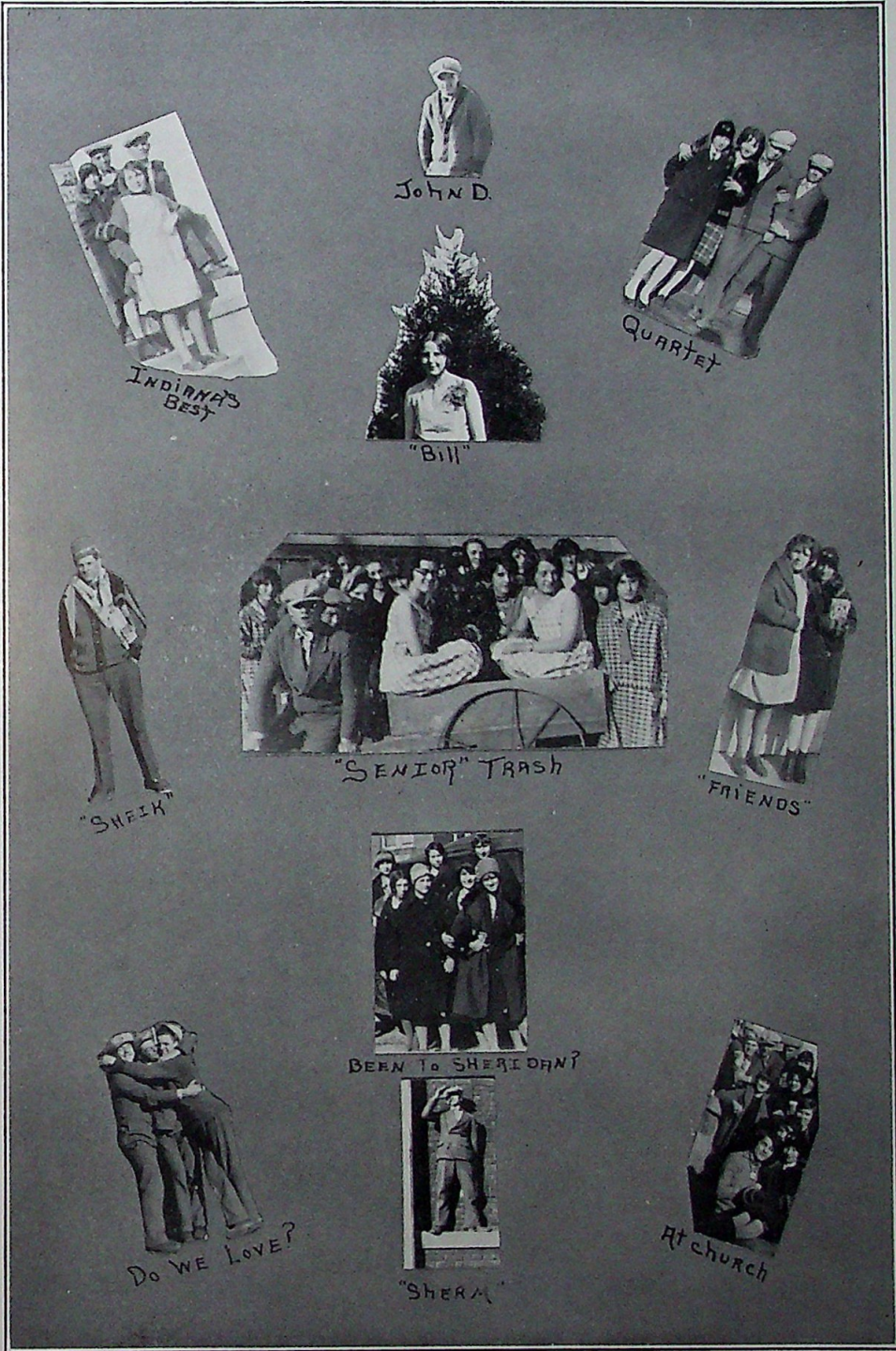
One night while the girls were givisting at my home, Mable, Vivian and I attended a lecture on "Indiana's Greatest Man." This man was John D. Dulin, who, while at Purdue, had discovered a method for destroying the corn borer. He was internationally known as the world's greatest agriculturist. We were very proud of him.

The morning after the lecture we attended Ruth's wedding and there found in attendance the class of '28 and all of the faculty of W. H. S. in '28.

Such a reunion was never held before. All were noble men and women and as a due thanks they gave sums of money to the Whitestown schools which made it first in Indiana.

—Willodean Nease.







## Can You Imagine

Lula Belle Artman.....without Harold?  
 Ilo Bohannon.....not going to town at noon?  
 The Cragun Twins.....being bawled out?  
 Mary Opal Essex.....with light curly hair?  
 Isabella West.....without "Skip?"  
 Ruth Hine and Olive Jones.....without perfect lessons?  
 Mable Hawkins.....with bobbed hair?  
 Florence Moran.....without a smile?  
 Esther Casey.....not seeing Paul at noon?  
 Ruby Hamm.....not having her Shorthand lesson?  
 Willodean Nease.....without Roy?  
 Ruth Hull.....not talking about Martinsville?  
 Vivian Dodson.....unable to lead yells?  
 Eveline Steel.....not eating peanuts in class?  
 Dorothy Mae Culley.....a grouchy old maid?  
 Mary Gardner.....with straight black hair?  
 Gael Edwards.....as a little lady?  
 Sherman Essex.....out of tune?  
 Frederick Shoemaker.....as an old bachelor  
 Kenneth Artman.....with a date?  
 John D. Dulin.....not going to Zionsville?  
 Miss Gochenour.....a flapper?  
 Miss Lubbe.....an acrobat?  
 Miss Gilliatt.....singing a solo?  
 Miss Lewis.....not wanting to see boy's quartet?  
 Mr. Kelley.....as a big fat man?  
 Mr. Bailey.....not criticizing?  
 Mr. Casey.....unable to blush?

## An Ideal Senior Boy

One with

A voice and grades like.....Sherman Essex  
 Pep like.....John D. Dulin  
 Hair like.....Frederick Shoemaker  
 Feet like.....Kenneth Artman

### THE GENERAL OCCUPANTS OF THE ASSEMBLY AT NOON HOUR

Buren Ottinger	and	Leona Pipes
Thomas West	and	Julia Marlow
Harold Essex	and	Marguerite Padgett
Roy Dulin	and	Willodean Nease



## The Pleasure Drive

On a hot day in September, my Nease and I went for a drive in our new Essex car. As neither of us knew how to drive very well, we struck a Culley at the side of the road and punctured one of the tires. This added another burden to our many, but, nevertheless, we went to work. We were both scared and very nervous for fear we had ruined something. Looking down the road we saw a Gardner watching us like a Hawk(ing), but seeing that we were in trouble, he came Steele(ing) down the road to ask what was the trouble. But as mending tires was not in his line of work, he could not assist us, so we worked on with a will. We were about to give up when Bohannon, the Artman, came along, and put a new Casey(ing) in the tire for us. In my hurry to get in the machine I stepped on a Hull and tore my shoe so I had to take it to the Shoemaker. We then discovered that we were be(Hine) time, because it was an hour past dinner time, so we had to (Moran) pretty fast to make up for lost time. As the machines were so thick we had to Dodson to keep out of their way. We then lost our way and could not find out where we were until we drove past Dulin's woods. Discovering that we were no longer lost, we turned West at the next road where we stopped by a Crag(un) to eat our Hamm sandwiches. After eating our lunch we started for home which we reached that evening without any more trouble.

—Gael Edwards, '28.





### Why I Am Leaving W. H. S.:

Isabella West.....	To live with "Skip"
Dorothy M. Culley.....	To find more excitement
Mary Gardner.....	To go to Florida
Mary Opal Essex.....	To spend more time with "Bill"
Kenneth Artman.....	To gain popularity
John D. Dulin.....	To let my hair grow out
Gael Edwards.....	To have time to reduce
Sherman Essex.....	So I can sleep at night
Ruth Hine.....	To teach Algebra
Olive Jones.....	To go to Danville
Mable Hawkins.....	To be a stenographer
Ruth Hull.....	To go to Martinsville
Willodean Nease.....	To be a novel critic
Vivian Dodson.....	To have more time to yell
Eveline Steele.....	Give dancing lessons
Esther Casey.....	More time with Paul
Frederick Shoemaker.....	To get a modern girl
Florence Moran.....	To give smiling lessons
Bonnie and Donnie Cragun.....	More time to grow
Ruby Hamm.....	Teach Shorthand
Lula Belle Artman.....	Nothin' to stay for
Ilo Bohannon.....	To enter Beauty Contests

### An Ideal Senior Girl

One with:

Eyes like.....	Dorothy Mae Culley
Hair like.....	Mary Gardner
Smile like.....	Olive Jones
Grades like.....	Ruth Hine
Pep like.....	Vivian Dodson
Airs like.....	Willodean Nease
Disposition like.....	Florence Moran
Lips like.....	Eveline Steele
Quietness like.....	The Cragun Twins
Complexion like.....	Gael Edwards
Walk like.....	Lula Belle Artman
Legs like.....	Ilo Bohannon
Feet like.....	Esther Casey
Husband like.....	Isabella West
Dignity like.....	Ruth Hull
Curls like.....	Mable Hawkins
Shorthand notes like.....	Ruby Hamm
Temper like.....	Mary Opal Essex



## Class Will

The Senior Class has felt for some time its demise is near; we have felt that school was beginning to disagree with us, and that the members of the faculty had conspired to accomplish the death of the most brilliant class the walls of Whitestown High School ever frowned upon. Therefore, being about to pass from these scenes of educational activity, we would publish to you the last will and testament of the Senior Class of 1928.

To the members of our beloved Faculty, who look upon our departure as a success, we leave a large amount of sympathy for their depressing attempts to put knowledge into our heads.

To the Junior class, as our rightful and worthy successors, we leave our desks and our honored position as models for the school.

To the Sophomore class we leave our strongly entrenched places in the hearts of the Faculty; comfort them in their loss, but don't imagine you can mangle their hearts as we have done.

To the Freshman class we leave our manner of holding class meetings according to faculty rule.

The Senior girls as a whole bequeath to the Junior girls their undisputed privilege of flirtation.

The following valuable bequests freely and fully given should be treasured as continual reminders of the abundant and overwhelming generosity of the class and the individual thereof.

To Martha Cragun, Willodean Nease's activity in class discussion and to Jimmy Hughbanks her pronunciation and ease in using long and impressive words.

To Adrian Cline we leave John Dulin's popularity and athletic ability. Gael Edwards wills her school girl complexion to Mildred Burns.

Kenneth Artman and Willodean Nease both with the generosity of the class of 1928 will their amber locks to Harold Essex.

Ilo Bohannon wills a few of her prize Lebanon dates to Doris Williams.

Lula Belle Artman wills some of her height to Marjorie DeHart.

To Carrie Pipes we will Ruby Hamm's shorthand ability and her quiet manners to Elzora Myers.

Mabel Hawkins wills her curls to Ruth Hillock.

To Chester Pierce we give Fred Shoemaker's brilliantine.

Sherman Essex wills his voice and position in the Boy's Chorus to Hiram Cragun.

Isabelle West gives her position as pianist to Virginia Hull and right to get married during senior year to Helena King.

Mary Gardner wills a few of her boy friends to Alberta Stevenson.

Ruth Hine's love for study we will to Earl Bohannon.

Eveline Steel wills her curly locks to Marguerite Padgett.



Esther Casey has nothing to leave; Paul graduated before her.

Florence Moran wills her position as president of the Sunshine Society to Zella Mae Huckleberry.

Olive Jones' smile to Ruth Marvel.

Donnie and Bonnie Cragun will their twinship to Helena King and Bernetta Mabrey.

Mary Opal Essex wills her love for Physic Laboratory work to Emma Stephenson.

Dorothy Mae Cully wills her dancing ability to Julia Marlowe, and her art of talking to her neighbor during classes to Martha Brandenburg.

Any broken pens, stubs of pencils, cast off books or mounds of gum we were compelled to stick hastily out of sight to prevent faculty detection we bestow freely upon the finder.

We also will our few simple rules in etiquette to the entire school knowing how difficult it is to find appropriate ones we now give you a few of ours which have proved so successful to our perfect class order.

1. Upon arrival immediately find something to do which will annoy someone else. One never feels happy unless tormenting others.

2. Always climb the stairs in a large and noisy group; it shows you are a friendly sort of a person.

3. If possible always talk in the halls; it gives a busy air to the place.

4. Arrive in the class room as soon as possible. The sooner you arrive the more talking you will be able to do.

5. Always hand in typing test that you know are full of errors; it will keep the teacher busy by giving her something to do.

6. Talk to your friends as long as possible in the classroom. It shows you want others to know as much as you do.

7. Don't hesitate to write notes in assembly; it is good practice for the teachers. It keeps their eyes open.

8. Eat and be as noisy as possible during noon hour as this plainly shows you appreciate your mother's efforts.

9. Throw as much paper as possible upon the floor; this proclaims to the world your good community spirit and that you really want the janitor to earn his salary.

Last but not least show your individuality by doing just the opposite from what you are told.

With our last parting breath, we do hereby constitute and appoint the president of the present Junior class as sole executor of this our last will and testament in witness whereof, we attach the signature of the class of 1928.

Ruth Hull  
Ruth Hine  
Florence Moran  
Vivian Dodson.



## The Lone Print

I hardly know of anything that has caused so much excitement since I can remember. Of course I only remember the details of this incident as they were told to me, for the affair took place during the time of my great-grandfather.

Everyone in and near the little village of South Forks was drawn into the mystery, one by one, until even the bravest were afraid to step outside their houses after the evening twilight began to fall. Little groups of men gathered around grocery-store stoves to apply their minds to the solving of the affair; mothers watched their children continually, and the youngsters, even the very smallest ones, seemed to catch the feeling of horror, dread, and fear that pervaded the countryside.

This was all that I had ever heard about the South Fork mystery, but I had always had a desire to learn about it, so one day I asked my grandfather for the story. I will now try to give it to you as he did to me.

"Wal one night," he began, as he filled his old corn-cob pipe and settled back in his easy chair, "old Bill True, that's Mary Ellen's great uncle on her mother's side, was down in his back forty waterin' a bunch of cattle he had, and had just started to the house. Now he had one of the spookiest places anyway, with old stake and rider fences and briars growin' along 'em. On this particular night, Bill was walkin' down a little lane between two of them fence rows with a thicket to his right and a cornfield to his left, when all to onct he heerd a little noise off to one side. The next thing he knew something jumped up on the top rail, clawed for a foothold and then fell back into the woods where it had come from. Of course Bill was a right smart of a talker so he hurried right down to Hopkin's store to tell the news. 'Yes, it had eyes as big as saucers and as bright as live coals,' he told the boys that was a settin' there a whittlin' and a listenin', 'and it set right there in the woods and looked at me through the fence after it had fell off. Say, I run to the house as fast as I could and all the time I was just alookin' for that critter to jump out of a fence corner at me.'

Wal they all set quiet awhile and then Jed Thomas said as how he didn't believe Bill had seen half as much as he had imagined. Of course this het Bill up considerably so he just said right off for 'em to come down to his house and see.

Next morning Jed and me hiked out purty early and together with Bill started down that lane. Wal Bill had been so scared he couldn't tell where he'd seen that animal, but after while we found a big gash cut in the rail and a queer lookin' foot print down in the soft earth. You bet this set us thinkin'.

Wal things went on peaceable for a couple er three days, and then the parson was run in after he'd been down to see old Uncle Abner Willis. This time he said he heard a growl and lookin' around he saw something jump



into the bushes just back of Jenkin's barn. He couldn't tell what it was but he said they was a man along anyway, for he saw him.

The next day the same kind of a footprint was found, but they never was but one foot seemed to touch the ground.

After this critter had been seen or heerd by about a dozen of us, we decided to watch in groups and find out what it was. Every night about three or four of us with our old flint locks would watch around the places where the animal had been seen. For more than a week we watched but never saw a thing. South Forks had just about decided that its visitor had gone when me, Jed Thomas, and Ezera Jenkins happened to have some luck.

We had set behind Ezera's barn in a cold drizzle and wus just about half froze, when about twelve-thirty we heerd a twig crack and we all grabbed for our guns. Just about that time, we caught sight of two balls that looked like fire starin' right out of the woods. Purty soon they disappeared and we heerd steps agoin' off towards the crick. We got up an' follered kinda slow like until the noise stopped. Then we held a caucus and decided that whatever we had just been trailin' had surely gone into that old haunted shack, just at the edge of the thicket. Satisfied with our discovery, we startéd home.

Next morning about half of the people of South Forks follered us back to the shack. After we wus sure nothin' couldn't get away, we went and knocked on the door. Nobody answered so we just knocked the door in. There in one corner, on an old stump, sat a little dark man and by his side wus a panther. Everybody started runnin' and the women was screamin', but neither of the two in the hut moved unless it wus to draw back away from us. At first the man wouldn't talk, but after awhile he told us how he'd took his pet and wandered from a circus, and then he promised to go away and leave us alone."

—Ruth Hine.





Picnicin'



WE'RE IN THE AIR NOW



Slidin'  
HERE WE ARE.



VELL  
LEADER



POSING



"RLOU"



Post  
No  
"Bills"



A PENNY, A RIDE, PLEASE.



"LULU"



Who?



Pals



"CROONIES"



"FRESHIES"



"MARY"



"Julia"

What is to be  
will be



"Tom"



THE GLAD  
SHEPHERD



## Calendar

- Oct. 28—Stunt Night.
- Nov. 10—Mr. Donaldson from Lebanon here to speak.
- Nov. 11—B. B. Game with Zionsville there.
- Nov. 15—Girls are called to organize a Sunshine Society. James Bohanon and Carl Neese start to go.
- Nov. 16—B. B. Game with Ladoga here.
- Nov. 18—Mr. Arnoldson spoke to the boys about the meeting of Hi Y Boys at Lafayette. Upon asking how many would like to go, one girl held up her hand.
- Nov. 23—B. B. Game with Thorntown here. Mr. Marshall spoke to us.
- Dec. 1—Literary Society Committee met.
- Dec. 2—B. B. Game with Perry Central there. Yea! Rah! W. H. S. Ask Mable Hawkins and Ilo Bohannon about the experiment on Thermometry. We wonder why they couldn't finish the experiment.
- Dec. 7—Rev. Gardner and Mr. Hargrave spoke to us during Chapel Period.
- Dec. 8—One of Miss Gilliatt's "Free For All Speeches." The Sunshine Society was initiated by Lebanon Girls.
- Dec. 10—B. B. Game with Ladoga. What happened?
- Dec. 12—Sunshine Society Meeting at Chapel Period.
- Dec. 13—Mr. Bailey announcing the Tourney at Zionsville for Saturday night said, "our team will be there, but since last Saturday night I'm not saying what they are going to do." Mr. Gochenour has to remind us that the twelve-thirty bell has rung and it is time to begin studying. Miss Gilliatt's "Free For All Speeches" are becoming quite popular.
- Dec. 15—Senior play. "Cranberry Corners." Big Success.
- Dec. 17—B. B. Tourney at Zionsville—who won? Ask Zionsville.
- Dec. 19—Mr. Bailey tells us that High School Students should be more dignified than to ask him for a Christmas Tree.
- Dec. 23—Athenian Literary Society Program. Everyone seems to be happy. No wonder, next week is Christmas vacation.
- Jan. 2—We were all tired of studying so Mr. Bailey gave us a speech at Chapel Period.
- Jan. 13—After the fifteen minute bell rang at noon, Mr. Bailey told the Seniors to settle down and to pass their name cards some other time.
- Jan. 4—Junior Play. "The Valley Farm."
- Jan. 10—Miss Gochenour decided that Miss Gilliatt's "Free For All Speeches" were very popular so she started some of her own in Senior English Class.
- Jan. 12—All the lady teachers were initiated into the Sunshine Society at noon.
- Jan. 13—B. B. Game with New Ross.



- Jan. 20—Everything went along very well Friday, we had no school. The teachers attended the Institute at Lebanon.
- Jan. 21—B. B. Tourney at Brownsburg. Did we win? Ask the boys.
- Jan. 24—A new Literary Program Committee was appointed. The next program will be given February the tenth. We will be favored with a debate.
- Jan. 27—The State Sunshine Dean was here and spoke to the Sunshine Society. We had a B. B. Game with Alamo.
- Jan. 28—The B. B. Boys are doing some better, they got beat only two points at Jamestown playing New Ross.
- Feb. 1—Mary K. Harting played two piano solos for us at Chapel.
- Feb. 3—Interclass B. B. Game. The Juniors and Seniors playing the final. The Juniors leading with a score of 16 to 14.
- Feb. 8—The Junior Class gave a program at Chapel Period.
- Feb. 10—Literary Program at two-thirty. The boys or affirmative won the debate. Some of the Seniors got so happy in Physics class that Mr. Casey had to call them down.
- Feb. 15—Rev. Cowley from the Baptist Church at Lebanon gave a very interesting talk to us this morning at Chapel.
- Feb. 16—B. B. Game with the Alumni.
- Feb. 18—B. B. Game at New Augusta.
- Feb. 24—B. B. Game at Perry Central.
- Feb. 25—B. B. Game at Alamo.
- Feb. 29—Operetta. "Toreadors."
- Mar. 2 and 3—B. B. Sectional at Lebanon. Yea team.

It is now time for the Mirror to go to press, and here are our activities thus far. However, we are, some time before school is out, going to give another Senior play, looking for receptions from the Juniors and Alumni, and last but not least, our commencement, which will be held about April 21 or 23.

—Mary Opal Essex.







# Juniors



Class President.....Thomas West

Vice-President .....Earl Bohannon

Secretary-Treasurer.....Helen Glendenning





Bottom row, left to right: Julia Marlow, Buren Ottinger, Lois Bannon, Mr. Bailey, Principal, Marjorie Parke, Harold Essex, Jewell Neese.

Second row: Alma Batz, Marion Cline, Gertrude Steele, Bonsal Witt, Goldie Scott, Roy Dulin, Lucile Allen.

Third row: Thomas West, Helen Glendenning, William Groover, Catherine Etter, Edward Jackson, Carrie Pipes.

Top row: Paul Groover, Helena King, Robert Bower, Berneta Mabrey, Earl Bohannon.



## Value of Time and Knowledge

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Let me call your attention to the importance of improving your time. The infinitive value of time is not realized. It is the most precious thing in all the world; "the only thing of which it is a virtue to be covetous, and yet the only thing of which all men are prodigal."

In the first place, then, reading is a most interesting and pleasant method of occupying your leisure hours. All young people have, or may have, time enough to read. The difficulty is, they are not careful to improve it.

Their hours of leisure are either idled away or talked away, or spent in some other way equally vain and useless; then they complain, that they have no time for the cultivation of their minds and hearts.

Time is so precious, that there is never but one moment in the world at once, and that is always taken away, before another is given. Only take care to gather up the fragment of time, and you will never want leisure for the reading of useful books. And in what way can you spend your unoccupied hours more pleasantly, than in holding converse with the wise and the good, through the medium of their writings? To a mind not altogether devoid of curiosity, books form an exhaustible source of enjoyment.

A taste for useful reading is an effectual preservation from vice. Next to the fear of God, implanted in the heart, nothing is a better safeguard to character, than the love of good books.

The high value of mental cultivation, is another weighty motive for giving attendance to reading. What is it that mainly distinguishes a man from a brute? Knowledge. What forms the principal difference between men, as they appear in the same society? Knowledge.

Knowledge is power. It is the philosopher's stone, the true secret, that turns everything it touches into gold. It is the scepter, that gives us our dominion over nature; the key that unlocks the store-house of creation, and opens to us the treasures of the universe.

The circumstances in which you are placed, as a member of a free and intelligent community, demands of you a careful improvement of the means of knowledge you enjoy. You live in an age of great mental excitement. The public mind is awake, and society in general is fast rising in the scale of improvement. At the same time, the means of knowledge are most abundant.

Added to this, every man is here a freeman. He has a voice in the election of rulers, in making and executing the laws, and may be called to fill important places of honor and trust, in the community of which he is a member. What then is the duty of persons in these circumstances? Are



they not called to cultivate their minds, to improve their talents, and to acquire the knowledge which is necessary to enable them to act with honor and usefulness, the part assigned them on the stage of life?

A diligent use of the means of knowledge, accords well with your nature as rational and immortal beings. God hath given you minds which are capable of indefinite improvement; he has placed you in circumstances peculiarly favorable for making such improvement; and to inspire you with diligence in mounting up the shining course before you, he points you to the prospect of an endless existence beyond the grave.

—Catherine Etter.

Sherman Essex  
Gael Edwards  
Mary Gardner  
Bonnie Cragun  
Donnie Cragun  
Ruth Hull  
Isabella West

Evelina Steele  
Kenneth Artman  
John Dulin  
Ilo Bohannon  
Olive Jones  
Frederick Shoemaker  
Mabel Hawkins

Ruth Hine  
Florence Artman  
Ruby Hamm  
Lula B. Moran

Willodean Nease  
Esther Casey

Vivian Dodson  
Mary Opal Essex  
Dorothy M. Cully







# Sophomores



Class President.....James Hughbanks

Vice-president .....Lou David Jackson

Secretary-Treasurer .....Ruth Hillock





Bottom row, left to right: Martha Cragun, Martha Brandenburg, Byron Harting, Miss Lewis, Lou David Jackson, Doris Williams, Leona Pipes, Edith Kouns.

Second row: Vonda Mae Beaty, Zella Huckleberry, Ruth Hillock, Elgora Myers, Ruth Marvel, James Hughbanks.

Third row: Robert Allen, Emma Stephenson, Ruth Smiley, Gareth Scott, Rozella Engledow, Mary Groover, Chester Pierce.

Top row: Marquerite Padget, James Bohannon, Albert Stevenson, Carl Neese, Marjorie DeHart, Christopher Bogan, Juanita Martin.



## Bob White, the Scout

Bob White, the only child of Mr. and Mrs. James White, was a very fine young lad of twelve years of age. He was a boy always looking for something to do to help other people.

He decided about a month after his birthday to become a scout. This work was just what he liked so he worked very earnestly. When he became a first class scout, he was thirteen years old. He was then ready to work on merit Badges.

One day Bob's father came from work and told him and his mother they were going to move, as he could make more money if they would move near his work.

After deciding to move to a city about one hundred and forty miles away, they went to look for a house. They saw many homes which they liked, but the house that seemed to be like the old home where Bob had always lived, was selected. It was located near the edge of the city. Across the street from his new home was an aviation field. After finding out when they could move in, the price, and several other minor things, they left for their old home.

Ten days later they were ready to leave for the new home. All of the boys in town were at Bob's home to bid him farewell. Some of the boys even shed tears when Bob started away in their fine Buick car with his parents. Bob hated very much to go but he could see no way out of going, so bade the boys a farewell.

A week later, Bob and his parents were in their new home. Bob had taken two or three walks around the city but did not know anyone yet. He had been enjoying himself very much by watching the aeroplanes go and come to the field across the street from his home.

On the tenth day at his new home, he ventured over to the aviation field. Here were several men who were working on all kinds of planes. He watched the men and spoke to those who spoke to him. He enjoyed looking at the planes and watching the men take them apart for he had never been close to a plane. He learned from hearing the men talk several of the difference parts of an aeroplane.

There was a building out near the edge of the field which Bob had never seen. This building, for some reason or another, was drawing much of his attention; so when he saw one of the men near the front door of the hangar he asked, "Will you please tell me what kind of a building that is near the edge of the field?"

"Sure!" replied the man, "That is a Scout hall of a troop called the Cloud Patrol. There are eight boys, Scout master, and assistant Scout master. They have five Scout planes which are red, white, and blue."



At this, Bob wished to see in more than ever, but thought he had better stay away. He talked to the man for about two hours. The man said the plane was ready to fly again, and asked Bob to come over to the office with him where he was going to put on his flying suit and try the plane, "Although," he said, "I know the plane is all right.

Bob did not know the man's name but figured he would be a good man for a pal. He told Bob of his five year old son, and said he was waiting very eagerly for the time when his son would be large enough to go with him anywhere he wanted to take him.

All at once the man stepped back into the room where Bob was waiting. He did not have on his flying suit but had his things under one arm and another flying suit which was leather under his other arm. This aroused Bob's curiosity and he was much pleased when he was asked to take a little ride. The suit which was made of leather was made in one piece and it was a wonderful fit. Bob felt that he had it on all his old friends, as he looked in the glass at himself in this garb.

They went out and got into the plane. Another man started the motor, and the plane started across the field and soon began to rise in the air. This was a funny feeling for Bob, as he had never ridden in a plane before. They rode over the city and to a little town about ten miles away. They circled over the little town and then headed back for the aviation field.

After they were back and out of the plane, Bob asked the man his name.

"John Smith," was the reply, "And what is your last name?"

"White," said Bob, "I live over in that new house. I think I will come over quite often and talk with you, but I expect I had better get your consent first."

"Yes," said John, "Come over every day if you do not have to work, because I like to have some one to talk to."

After this they turned from the plane and went to the office. Here they removed their flying suits. After Bob had folded it as neatly as possible, he reached to give it to John.

John let him hold it and after a few seconds asked, "Didn't you say you were coming over every day that you can?"

"I sure am," was the reply.

"As a present," said John, "take the suit so you can go on trips with me."

Bob thanked him and, knowing it was about time for him to be at home, told John he would be back the next day. Bob reached home a few minutes later and showed his mother what had been given to him. He told her of his ride and how much he liked John Smith, the mechanic. Bob was so excited he hardly knew what to do, but after a second thought he ran for his room. A little later he returned in his flying outfit. While telling and



showing his mother about his new things, his father came home. He then told his father of all the things that had happened. About nine o'clock he retired. When he fell to sleep, he was still thinking of the day that had passed. His first thoughts upon awakening were of his previous day's experience.

After working around home for about two hours, Bob found a very good book which he intended to read. He read in it for a while but soon his mind wandered away and he could not get interested again. He sat in a large chair with his book in his hands, and looked out into the sky where he had sailed the day before in a large aeroplane. This seemed like a dream to Bob but suddenly his thoughts turned to wondering what he would do next.

He went to his bedroom and dressed in his scout suit. He then went for the aviation field. The men did not recognize him at first, but after they took a good look at him they knew him. Jack Jones, the boss of the station, told Bob to come over to his office as he wanted to see him.

A half hour later Bob went to the office. As he entered he spoke very kindly and tipped his hat. At this Mr. Jones asked him to have a seat.

"Are you a scout?" asked Mr. Jones.

"Yes," replied Bob, "and proud of it."

"You are the kind of a boy I am looking for, and from now on you have a right to anything here," said Mr. Jones.

At this Bob was very much surprised and asked, "What am I to do?"

"You are to run errands, and from now on you must call me Jack," was Mr. Jones' reply.

The next month found Bob very busy. When he started he thought he had an easy job, but he found out different. He was taught to fly a plane, and had one at the station which he flew in every day. As he had to keep several records of different planes, it was necessary for him to fly to other stations and get a record of what they had about the planes. He had made two trips to a town about sixty miles on the other side of his old home town. Each time, he stopped at his old home town in a large field near the edge of the town and got some of his old boy friends to go with him.

One day John, the man whom Bob thought was half of the hangar, came in the office and told him that the scouts were over at their hall, and he would take him over if he would hurry and get his work finished. Bob was not long getting ready to go and found John awaiting him.

On their arrival at the hall, they were welcomed in and after talking, Bob said something which told he was a scout. The scout master then asked:

"Did you say you were a scout?"



"Yes," Bob replied, "I have been a scout almost a year and a half."

"What rank?" asked the scout master.

"First class," was the answer.

They then went and took a look at the scout planes. Bob looked at them from top to bottom and made the remark that he would like to belong to the troop. They left after they had seen most of the things, and went for the hangar.

When they arrived, John told Bob to put on his flying suit and take another ride. They went several feet in the air and took a nose dive. This made Bob very weak, and when they came down he could hardly walk. John told Bob that he thought he could get him in the scout troop because one of the boys had moved away. He said they were wondering who they could get to take his place in scout work. This made him feel much better, but he was still weak when he went to bed.

A month later he had joined the cloud Patrol and was going big. He still had his position at the hangar and was saving his money. He had made many friends which recalled to his mind his boy friends back home.

One day he asked Jack Jones if he could have the next day off, and have the plane that he used all the time to go see his old friends. Jack at once gave his consent and started doing some of Bob's work so he could go. He worked out a plan so Bob could have the large passenger plane. Bob told him he was going to try to get the little red scout plane, but if he couldn't he would take the large plane.

Next morning Bob was at the field at six o'clock. He had his choice of the two planes and took the little red scout plane. He was off from the field at six forty-five. Two hours later, he landed in the large field at the edge of the old home town. Many of the boys of the town saw the plane land and was at the field a few minutes later. He took all the scouts of the town for a ride in his plane that afternoon. Many others got to take a ride with him, which did not cost them a cent. Bob was having a great time with every one and the time for him to leave soon came. After seeing that everything was all right, he took off for his home.

The people of the town talked about him for two days after that. They thought it was great that the lad did move, because he had the opportunity to do many more things.

Bob had a great experience going home that evening. As he was flying not over a thousand feet above the New York flier railroad tracks out near a large canyon, he heard a large report which sounded like thunder during a bad storm. He looked over the side of his plane and saw that some one had blown up the railroad tracks. Bob knew the train would come from the east but did not know whether he had time to get to the railroad station before the train arrived.



He finally coasted his plane down and landed near the tracks. He then wondered how he could stop the train. He knew he would have to hurry because the train would soon be there and he would not be prepared. Looking around he saw a house. He jumped out of his plane and started for the house as fast as he could go. As he neared the front yard, he heard the train blowing for a crossing, a distance from the blown rail, of about a mile. He began to look for something red to flag the train with. All at once he saw a shawl of bright red color hanging on the clothes line drying. Knowing he should lose no time, he took the shawl and ran for the tracks. As he arrived there, he could see the train about a half mile away. Bob, running as fast as he could, went down the tracks several feet, and stood in the middle of the tracks and waved his red signal. By this time the train was getting very near. The whistle blew several times, but Bob stood still. When the train was in a few feet of him he stepped off the tracks. The engineer then realized something was wrong and put on all the brakes. He could now see the tracks ahead. The sudden stop threw most of the people out of their seats, and the train was stopped about four feet from the end of the track.

The engineer, fireman, and many other people, who were on the train seeing Bob had saved their lives, ran to him and picked him up, for he had sat down on the ground as he was afraid the train would not stop. The rest of the people that were on the train were now coming out where Bob was and asked many questions. Bob told the people what he had done and then went to the pullman car of the train with them. More questions were asked and he answered them to the best of his ability. One man asked Bob how he came to see how the tracks were broken.

Bob then told of his little red scout plane, and hearing a loud report of a gun or something, he looked over his plane in time to see the track torn up.

The people made up a purse of ten thousand dollars and gave him. He did not want to take it at first, but seeing he had done a great deed he took the money. From hearing the men talk, Bob knew they would never miss what money they had given him. He was told by the engineer to report at the Big Four railroad office in the city where he lived.

Bob seeing that it was almost dark and that he had a good ride before getting home, told the people he had better go home. They went with him to return the shawl. He gave the lady a hundred dollars for the use of it. The people then went to see him off in his plane.

It was dark and Bob was still several miles from the field. He was very happy because of the lives he had saved. In the distance he saw a search light in the sky, which was a signal from the men at the flying field that they were searching for him; he had told them he would be home before dark. He soon crossed over the search light and this served as a signal for them to light the field.

When he stopped his plane and got out there were several people at the field. His mother and father were there because they thought some-



thing had happened to him. Bob told his story and showed them the money. They were very proud of him for the lives he had saved.

The next day he went to the Big Four office where several of the people that were on the train the day before greeted him. After telling his story to the Big Four men, he was presented with twenty five thousand dollars and a pass which would take his father, mother and himself anywhere on the Big Four lines.

Bob put his money in the bank, continuing to work and live with his parents until he was twenty-one. He was then married to a very nice young lady and lived in happiness all his life. He worked until he was fifty years of age at the aviation field, then retired to live on what he had made as a boy.

—Byron Harting.

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### Does This Sound Familiar?

---

Mr. Bailey: "Get settled down in here."

Mr. Casey: "Let's clear the halls now."

Mr. Kelley: "Good Morning. How are ye?"

Miss Gilliatt: "Don't anyone move this period."

Miss Gochenour: "Get to work back there."

Miss Lubbe: "There's no need for talking."

Miss Lewis: "Please move the piano."



## Grit Your Teeth

*Though you go to school all day,  
When your heart is not at play,  
Then in union you may say,  
Grit your teeth.*

*When you're striving for the right,  
When you'll have both love and might,  
For an honor you will fight,  
Grit your teeth.*

*When the way seems hard with wear,  
But it seems you do not care,  
When you want to pull your hair,  
Grit your teeth.*

*Life is just a constant grind,  
Hardships everywhere you'll find,  
It's easy if you'll use your mind,  
And grit your teeth.*

—JAMES BOHANNON.

\* \* \* \* \*

Bonsal Witt: "Then it is settled, we are to elope at midnight?"

Dorthea Mae: "Yes, darling."

Bonsal: "Are you sure you can get your trunk packed in time?"

Dorthea Mae: "Oh, yes, papa has promised to help me."

\* \* \* \* \*

Mr. Marlowe: "Young man, why do I find you kissing my daughter?"

Thomas West: "I guess, Sir, it's because you wear rubber heels."

\* \* \* \* \*

Insurance Agent: "Now that you are married I suppose you will take out an insurance policy."

Isabella West: "Oh, no! I don't think he is going to be dangerous."

\* \* \* \* \*

Roy Dulin (1:00 A. M.): "Yes, I know how it is, but I feel thoroughly wound up tonight."

Willodean Nease (yawning): "How strange! And yet you don't seem to go."



# Freshmen



Class President.....Kenneth West

Vice-President .....Katie Dulin

Secretary-Treasurer .....Irvin Beatty





Bottom row, left to right: Albert Smiley, Ervine Beaty, Lillian Isenhour, George Hauser, Gracie Jones, Robert Risk, Morris Padgett.

Second row: Fern Hine, Meredith Harlan, Doris Cleaver, Robert Hauser, Miss Gochenour, Louise Laughner, Robert Hancock, Martha Caldwell, Kenneth Kouns.

Third row: Wendell Livengood, Mary Naomi Hine, Fred Cragun, Stella Cochran, Charles Hine, Mildred Burns, Francis Moran, Wilma June Goodwin, Sibylla Atkins, Kenneth DeHart, Mary Shirley.

Fourth row: Ruth Shoemaker, Edith Wilson, Doris Clinger, Vernon Hawkins, Doris Marvel, Mody Shirling, Esther Allen, Kenneth West, Mary Katherine Fulwider, Mary Katie Dulin, Dorothy Ottinger, Ada Essex.

Top row: Woodrow Gullion, Virginia Hull, Marshall Etter, Helen Isenhour, Hiram Cragun, Julia Alice Neal, Wendell Hull, Lena Smith, Everett Kouns, Adrian Cline.



## A Lover Once; A Lover Always

Ruth Moorehead had been an orphan girl ever since she was six months old, having been taken there as an unknown child.

It happened that there was a boy, David Jameson, who had been brought to the orphanage at a very young age. As they were the youngest they always played together and became the best of friends.

One day Mr. and Mrs. George Munce, a very rich middle-aged couple, came to the orphanage in search of a little child who would be willing to come and live with them as their own child. When they came to Ruth they instantly knew that she was the one they wanted.

Now Ruth wanted to go and she did not want to, she hated to leave David, and he hated to have her leave him. After a little begging and coaxing she gave her consent to go on one condition, that they would bring her to see David once a month. Of course they consented they would, so Ruth got her things ready and told David and the other children good-bye and left the only home she had known for five years to go to a very beautiful and strange home where she would have a father and mother and everything she would desire to play with, everything but a companion like David. No, she would never get to play with him again, just see him once a month.

The first four weeks passed very fast for Ruth as everything was so new and nice that her head was in a whirl and she just could not imagine what they would get next for her. Then came the day she was going to see David. My how happy she was when she was ready to start with her prettiest dress on and her sweetest smile on her face, but the smile left and a frown took its place when she heard her new mother tell her chauffeur not to let her stay more than half an hour.

When David saw her he could not believe that it was the Ruth he had known, for she was so much prettier and seemed so much nicer than he was, just then, although she did not see it that way, for the minute she saw him she ran up and threw her little arms around his neck and kissed him on the cheek.

She stayed the full half hour, and when she was gone David said to himself, "My, but she's a peach, I thought maybe those rich folks would change her, and they did on the outside, but she is still the same little Ruth that I used to know on the inside."

As days and months passed Ruth grew happier and became accustomed to rich people's ways, but never did she miss her visits to David, although each time she grew more and more tired and sometimes wished she had not have gone, at last she decided she would not go any more. David did not mean anything to her, why had she been going to see him? She did not know, so she wrote a note to him saying she would not be to see him any more.



Ruth had always had a private teacher in her school work until she was ready to go to High School, and by her wish she was sent to the Public High School. While attending this school she won many honors and became a very popular girl.

As soon as she was through school she took a music course in Chicago and soon became a very fine pipe organ player. Of course this brought her a great deal of fame, and away over in New York, David read in the papers of her work and fame and at the same time he had become leader of the orchestra at the National Theatre in New York.

One year passed and one day when David learned that the pipe organist they had at the theatre was going to resign. He wished very much to have Ruth come but of course he had no right to put his word in so he just waited. A week later the girl came and at first glance David knew that it was not Ruth, for this girl had a face that had been very beautiful but it had lost its beauty from the sorrow that had befallen her.

After she had been there several weeks David was talking to her one day and she said, "Mr. Jameson, I was a very happy girl till about a year ago and then everything went away from me and left me a very sad girl."

"How sad, your life must be a wonderful story, tell me the rest won't you," he asked, "or maybe you don't like to tell about it."

"No, I don't mind," she said and then continued with the story. "I was an orphan for several years and then I was adopted by rich people who loved and adored me and made it possible for my music career. Then as I was in the height of my glory those old people took a very bad disease and died and I was left alone. I thought I would get their estate, but the lawyer said Mr. Munce had left his money to someone whom I know not. It seemed I could not get work and things kept getting worse all the time. I saw in the paper about this place here and thought I would try never expecting to get the place, but I did and I am here doing my best."

"And your name? I don't believe I have ever heard it," David asked.

"Ruth Moorehead Munce," Ruth replied.

David caught a long breath as he started towards her whispering "Ruth, Ruth," then when he came to her he started to take her into his arms but she dodged and screamed, "What do you mean, man?"

"Please be quiet," he said, "I know you don't understand, but don't you remember David? Ruth, David the boy you used to play with at the orphanage."

"But you are not David are you?" she asked eagerly.

"Yes, I am David and you are Ruth," he replied as he advanced and took her in his arms and kissed her. "I am David and you are Ruth," he repeated. "We have met again, never to part."

*Julia Alice Neal*





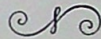
SEVENTH AND EIGHTH GRADES

- First row, left to right: Donald Hine, Lester Allen, Robert Parke, Howard Schooler, Wendell Linville, Ora Irvin Cladwell.
- Second row: Mary Alice Wulner, Evelyn Kelley, William Davis, Mardelle Laughner, Otis G. Kelley, Maneta Laughner, Frank B. Laughner, Eleanor Glendenning.
- Third row: Marie Shirley, Evelyn Miller, Ivan Eugene Harmon, Mary Alice Ege, Russell Peters, Lois Vivian Nease, Adelbert Neese, Martha Burns.
- Fourth row: Edward Wilson, Etta Smith, Ammon Davis, Bessie Cragun, Ren Scott, Lula Mae Portteus, James Cragun, Anna Groover, Perry Nance.
- Fifth row: Mildred Sortor, Mildred Bliss Harting, Keith Scott, Mary Good, Leon Dodson, Jeane Hine, Dora Dulin, Meldra Edna Markland, Donald Hamm.



# Alumni

“ALUMNI” we are always glad to hear anyone speak the word. It brings memories as to how the Alumni have built up our school, and as to how they have helped make it what it is now.



## Class of 1913

Name and Occupation.	Address.
Ruby Scott Cook, Housekeeper.....	Greenfield, Ind.
Diantha Wyncoop Byrnett, Housekeeper.....	Whitestown, Ind.
Jennie Elmore, School Teacher.....	St. Louis, Mo.

## Class of 1914

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

## Class of 1915

Ernest Harshbarger, Deceased.



Class of 1916

Name and Occupation.	Address.
Alfred Harmon, School Teacher.....	Zionsville, Ind.
Newton Hine, Accountant .....	Dayton, Ind.
Glen Markland, Lawyer .....	Washington, D. C.
Opal Witt Etter, Housekeeper.....	Whitestown, Ind.
Joyce Pitzer, Deceased.	
Ethel Byrkett Reynolds, Housekeeper.....	Lebanon, Ind.
Clarence Hand, Farmer .....	Jamestown, Ind.

Class of 1917

Harold Harshbarger, Mechanic .....	Zionsville, Ind.
Chester Abston, Salesman .....	Columbus, Ohio
Gertrude Cline Sicks, Deceased.	
Amelia Gardner.	
Arletta Harmon Adams, Housekeeper.....	Lebanon, Ind.
Ulis Hine, Doctor .....	Indianapolis, Ind.
Ruth Laughner Shoemaker, Housekeeper.....	Zionsville, Ind.
Glen Miller, Electrician .....	Whitestown, Ind.
John Moran, Farmer .....	Whitestown, Ind.
Marie Moran, Nurse .....	Indianapolis, Ind.
Hazel Owen Edwards, 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 Byrkett, Section Hand.....	Whitestown, Ind.
Mayme Carey Clingler, Housekeeper.....	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 Beck, School Teacher.....	Lebanon, Ind.
Elva Hine Dulin, Housekeeper.....	Whitestown, Ind.
George Pollard, Electrician .....	Whitestown, Ind.
Daniel McKinney, The Philip Carey Co.....	Cincinnati, Ohio



Class of 1920

Name and Occupation.	Address.
Jessie Cline Bowers, Housekeeper.....	Lebanon, Ind.
Eva Caldwell Fall, Housekeeper.....	Indianapolis, Ind.
Edith Byrkett Turley, Housekeeper.....	Indianapolis, Ind.
Lawrence Turley, Civil Service.....	Indianapolis, Ind.
Orpha Shaw, School Teacher.....	Misenheimer, N. C.
Patrick Hardesty, Mail Carrier.....	Indianapolis, Ind.
Fairy Pope Wilkins, Housekeeper.....	Whitestown, Ind.

Class of 1921

Irene Sanders, School Teacher.....	Zionsville, Ind.
Russell Schooler, Fence Builder.....	Whitestown, Ind.
Myrtle Hawkins Keeley, Housekeeper.....	Whitestown, Ind.
James Walters, Trucker .....	Lebanon, Ind.
Arthur Smith, Farmer .....	Whitestown, Ind.
Alice Baird Bailey, School Teacher.....	Hammond, Ind.
Mary Lee West Johnson, Housekeeper.....	Gaston, Ind.
Ralph Burress, Wilson Condensery.....	Lebanon, Ind.
Nora Carey, Stenographer .....	Indianapolis, Ind.

Class of 1922

Eleanor McMakin Riley, Housekeeper.....	Laporte, Ind.
Burl Buckner.	
Katherine Baker Groover, Housekeeper.....	Whitestown, Ind.
Esther Laughner Dulin, Housekeeper.....	Whitestown, Ind.
Dorothy Laughner Schooler, Housekeeper .....	Whitestown, Ind.
Arvilla Schooler Kincaid, Housekeeper.....	Zionsville, Ind.
Charles Carey, Livestock Salesman.....	Indianapolis, Ind.
Bessie Sortor Bohannon, Housekeeper.....	Whitestown, Ind.
Roger Cook, Grain and Feed Business.....	Whitestown, Ind.
Ellen Dulin Sanders, Housekeeper.....	Brownsburg, Ind.
Phillip Neidlinger, Teacher .....	Indianapolis, Ind.
LeAnnah Baber Livengood, School Teacher.....	Grand Rapids, Mich.
Elizabeth Neal, School Teacher.....	Lincolntown, Ind.
Opal Sanders Reynolds, Housekeeper.....	New Augusta, Ind.
Doris Bohannon Sallee, Housekeeper.....	Indianapolis, Ind.



Class of 1923

Name and Occupation.	Address.
Robert McMakin, Linotype Operator.....	Whitestown, Ind.
Bessie Harshbarger Shelburne, Housekeeper.....	Zionsville, Ind.
Lillian Walters, Bookkeeper.....	Lebanon, Ind.
Clarel Cross, School Teacher.....	Conneaut, Ohio
Lella Pollard Dodson, Housekeeper.....	Whitestown, Ind.
Wayne Dodson, Section Hand .....	Whitestown, Ind.
Genevieve Shaw, Nurse .....	Indianapolis, Ind.
Mary Wyncoop Schooler, Housekeeper.....	Whitestown, Ind.
Velva Cline, Stenographer .....	Indianapolis, Ind.
Ray West, Franklin College.....	Franklin, Ind.

Class of 1924

Samuel Parke, Purdue University.....	Lafayette, Ind.
Agnes Fulwider Hagaman, Housekeeper.....	Lebanon, Ind.
Lores Hine, Section Hand.....	Indianapolis, Ind.
Thyrza Peters, Stenographer .....	Whitestown, Ind.
Alice Dulin Covall, Stenographer.....	Whitestown, Ind.
Charles Harshbarger, Waiter .....	Lebanon, Ind.
Charles Smiley, Attendance Officer.....	Whitestown, Ind.
Vye Neal, Stenographer .....	Whitestown, Ind.
Majorie Markland Peabody, Housekeeper.....	Lebanon, Ind.
Fayne Ottinger, Pharmacist .....	Indianapolis, Ind.
Edith Smith DeLong, Housekeeper.....	Indianapolis, Ind.
Leonard Livengood, Bank Cashier.....	Whitestown, Ind.
Morris Kendall.	
George Yates, Truck Driver.....	Lebanon, Ind.
Wheeler West, Truck Driver.....	Whitestown, Ind.
Myrtle Hull Batz, Housekeeper.....	Brownsburg, Ind.
Oscar Winters, Electrician .....	Indianapolis, Ind.
Flora Scott Swift, Housekeeper.....	Whitestown, Ind.
Rozella Richie.	
Donald Bell, Salesman .....	Whitestown, Ind.
Easol Etter, Housekeeper .....	Indianapolis, Ind.
Mary Glendenning Livengood, Housekeeper.....	Whitestown, Ind.



**Class of 1925**

Name and Occupation.	Address.
Paul Parke, Salesman .....	Indianapolis, Ind.
Lois Markland, Blaker's College.....	Indianapolis, Ind.
William Hand, Sales Clerk.....	California
Elizabeth Livengood Sedwick, Housekeeper.....	Whitestown, Ind.
David Berry, Section Hand.....	Indianapolis, Ind.
Bonetta Essex Hamilton, Housekeeper.....	Brownsburg, Ind.
Irene King, Stenographer .....	Indianapolis, Ind.
Beulah Hager, Stenographer .....	Indianapolis, Ind.
Mae Miller Quick, Office Girl.....	Indianapolis, Ind.
Esther Wright Brown, Housekeeper.....	Whitestown, Ind.
Mary Neese, Nurse.....	Louisville, Ky.
Ruth Fulwider Reynolds, Housekeeper.....	Lafayette, Ind.
Lester Carney, Baker .....	Indianapolis, Ind.
Fairy Livengood, Housekeeper .....	Whitestown, Ind.
Ralph Dodson, Fletchers Bank.....	Indianapolis, Ind.
Rhoda Dulin, Housekeeper .....	Whitestown, Ind.

**Class of 1926**

Dwight Neal, DePauw University.....	Greencastle, Ind.
Harry Sortor, Salesman .....	Whitestown, Ind.
Harry Miller, Trucker .....	Whitestown, Ind.
Lottie Bohannon Havens, Housekeeper.....	Lebanon, Ind.
Ruth Fulenwider Rader, Housekeeper.....	Whitestown, Ind.
Martha Neese DeVol, Housekeeper.....	Anderson, Ind.
Royal Rader, Farmer .....	Whitestown, Ind.
Frank Turley, Pharmacist .....	Indianapolis, Ind.
Paul Hand, Sales Clerk.....	Whitestown, Ind.
Agnes Moran, Deceased.	
Geraldine McKinney Zenor, School Teacher.....	Whitestown, Ind.
Vada Allen, Nurse .....	Indianapolis, Ind.

**Class of 1927**

John K. Dulin, State Normal.....	Danville, Ind.
Mary Blanche Winters, Housekeeper.....	Whitestown, Ind.
Agnes Smith, Real Silk.....	Indianapolis, Ind.
Fairy Essex Strawmeyer, Housekeeper.....	Fayette, Ind.
Eugene Williams, Stenographer .....	Indianapolis, Ind.
Devota Scott, Housekeeper .....	Whitestown, Ind.
Forest Neese, Musician .....	Chicago, Ill.
Virgil Cragun, Fletchers Bank.....	Indianapolis, Ind.
Mary Kathryn Harting, Housekeeper.....	Whitestown, Ind.
Morris Kellam, Farmer .....	Zionsville, Ind.



## Alma Mater

*Whitestown High School days are over,  
Yet they dwell within my heart,  
While the many lessons gained there  
Never from me shall depart!*

*In the world we're sometimes tempted,  
Lessons seem both bleak and gray,  
Then there comes so gently stealing  
Lessons from another day.*

*Truth was then thine only girdle,  
Honor was thy armor bright,  
And the motto, Whitestown taught us,  
"Go and always do the right—"*

*"Be my soldiers brave, alumni,  
It is all through you I live,  
Though the world has much to offer,  
Do not be afraid to give—"*

*"For through giving comes receiving,  
Make the world far better be"—  
"Whitestown High School, Alma Mater,  
Much it is, we owe to thee."*

—MRS. GRACE McNAMORA.

## Just Youth

*The night wind is calling  
From over the lea,  
Telling of roses  
For you and for me—  
Just Roses.*

*The night wind is sighing  
From over the sea,  
Bringing the kisses  
From you back to me—  
Just Kisses.*

*But kisses and roses  
Shall bloom and shall fade,  
They're dreams of the fairies  
By mystic hands made—  
Just Visions.*

(Continued on page 65)



## Looking Back

It is not necessarily true that all who look backward will suffer the same punishment that was meted out to Lot's wife; and true it is that, generally speaking, we should spend our time looking into the future instead of the past. Nevertheless, this season of the year, marked as it always is by the prospective release of another group of young people from their four years of labor in our high school, affords a good time for thought on the part of those of us who have gone before.

The year 1917 was a very eventful one in at least two respects; first, the United States declared war on Germany; second, the class of 1917, which in most respects is the best that we have ever seen, was graduated from Whites-town High School. Quite likely we are somewhat biased in our opinion but we do not believe that there has been any class since that in every respect which has been as nearly perfect as was the class of '17. This, however, is not intended to be a eulogy of the class of '17, fitting as that might be, for we are broad minded enough to recognize that the members of other classes may have the same opinion of their respective groups.

The classes of '16, '17, and '18 hold a position which from a chronological standpoint is rather unique. They were close enough to the beginning of things (the world began for W. H. S. in 1913 when the first class was graduated) to feel that they can be classed as founders and yet not so far removed from the present to feel like old fogies.

We distinctly remember that first class—the class of '13. It grinds us to admit it, but impossible as it may seem, our sex was not represented on that class. It was composed of four girls who, we suppose, were the pride of their respective families. Without getting too personal, I wonder how many of us can remember that group. Let's name them: Stark, Wyncoop, Scott, and Elmore. We wonder just what recollections, fond or otherwise, the mere mention of those names will cause. Yes, we had our Junior High in those days but at that time "junior" meant that the whole high school was too small to require a building of its own—a very special meaning, if you please.

It would be impractical in an article of this length to mention by name each graduate between 1913 and 1927 inclusive. The responsibility for this summary was placed squarely on the shoulders of the writer however and if the picture which he has tried to produce is a distorted one, from your standpoint, just remember that this is his own personal picture. You paint your own.

The class of 1914 was somewhat improved—not in quality or in quantity so much, perhaps—but, well—it had some men in it! And after all, alumnae, isn't that what adds the necessary color? We are mindful of the fact that this is not the time nor the place (if, indeed, there be such) for a discussion of the relative merits of male and female alumni. On the other hand, we wonder if some of the members of the class of '13 are not ready to admit that



their class would have been improved by the addition of, say, one man. In this connection, need it be mentioned that one of the '13 group became somewhat interested in a male member of the class of '14. We hope she still is!

We pass painfully on past the class of '15. It was unique in many ways. It had only one member and he gave his life in the service of his country. Earnest Harshbarger will always live in the hearts of the older alumni as a man without an enemy!

The class of '16 was so close to '17 with the argumentative relationship which usually exists between two adjacent classes that if we did not pride ourselves on our open mindedness we would pass '16 up without comment—just out of sheer perverseness. From most standpoints, Glen Markland has probably the most colorful career of any member of the '16 class. From active participation in the World War he returned to the study of law and was graduated from the Indiana Law School. He then was sent to Washington as private secretary to Representative Updike where he is now serving still. Markland would have a very close rival if she could be said to be an alumnus of Whitestown in Fact as well as in spirit. Juanita Ragsdale who finished her high school work in the State of New Mexico is now serving as a foreign missionary field in the Mission fields of India. '16 was a very remarkable class from the standpoint of the diversity of talent within it and it is our regret that lack of space will not permit some reference to every member of that class.

We should like to elaborate upon the merits of the '17 class but ethically, it is impossible. Suffice it to say that at the time of our graduation we were the largest and, we presume, the best class yet graduated! We were a happy group—earnest workers for the most part. We are now somewhat scattered but the spirit of '17 was a united one and will continue on down the years as such.

The class of '18 stands out in our mind if for no other reason—and there are others—that one of its outstanding members was that Prince of Devils—Tom Neidlinger. We know, of course, that Tom, if he ever sees this, will take that characterization as it is intended—not as it sounds! The '18 class was like the '17 crowd in that it was sent out into the world during the stress of wartime. No doubt the history of the class as a whole is marked rather deeply by those conditions.

The '19 class—well—words fail us. We imagine that W. H. S. suffered more than a sagging spirit when that class departed than at the departure of any other class up to that time. Whatever else could be said of it, this is true—that it was one of the grandest collections of jolly good fellows that we have ever seen. Its members, we note, are somewhat widely scattered, geographically. May the spirit of '19 also continue its merry way down through the years.

There really is no valid reason why we should not make like mention of '20, '21, '22, '23, '24, '25, '26, and '27. These were all great classes; but with



the turning of '20 a new decade was ushered in—a new generation, if you please. We of the former decade feel that there is a distinct line of demarcation tending to set apart those of '13 to '19 from those who have come since. Is this apparent? We suppose not, to many. In “looking back” we have, more or less arbitrarily, closed the books in '19.

However, we are all a united group, from '13 to '27 and our only desire for the new class of 1928 is that they may individually and collectively “carry on.”

We welcome you '28.

—G. L. Miller, '17.

---

(Continued from page 62)

*Tho' transient remain to us  
Symbols of cheer,  
Making us better  
For having been here—  
Just tokens.*

*That help us to rise,  
And pass under the rod,  
They're born of the world,  
But are tokens of God—  
Roses and Love.*

—SAME.

---

## Fall Time

*Fall the dream day of the year,  
A season drenched with love that flies,  
Like swishing streams of rainbow gold,  
Lulling Nature's lullabies.*

*Down to earth the bright leaves fall,  
Above them long, cool shadows rise,  
And join with man to celebrate  
The wedding of the Earth and Skies.*

—SAME, Poet of 1914 Class.





IT WUZ BUT IT AINT  
ANY MORE.



MARRIED LIFE



Ah! NOW.



LITTLE, BUT  
OH! MY!



"WHEN LONG DRESSES WUZ  
STYLE."



"FRAMED"



WHO'S FORD,  
WILLODEAN?



MAN'S RUIN



"STAR"



"Peggy"



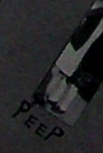
OUR "DINKIE" BOY.



Where "yu" AT?



TRUE!

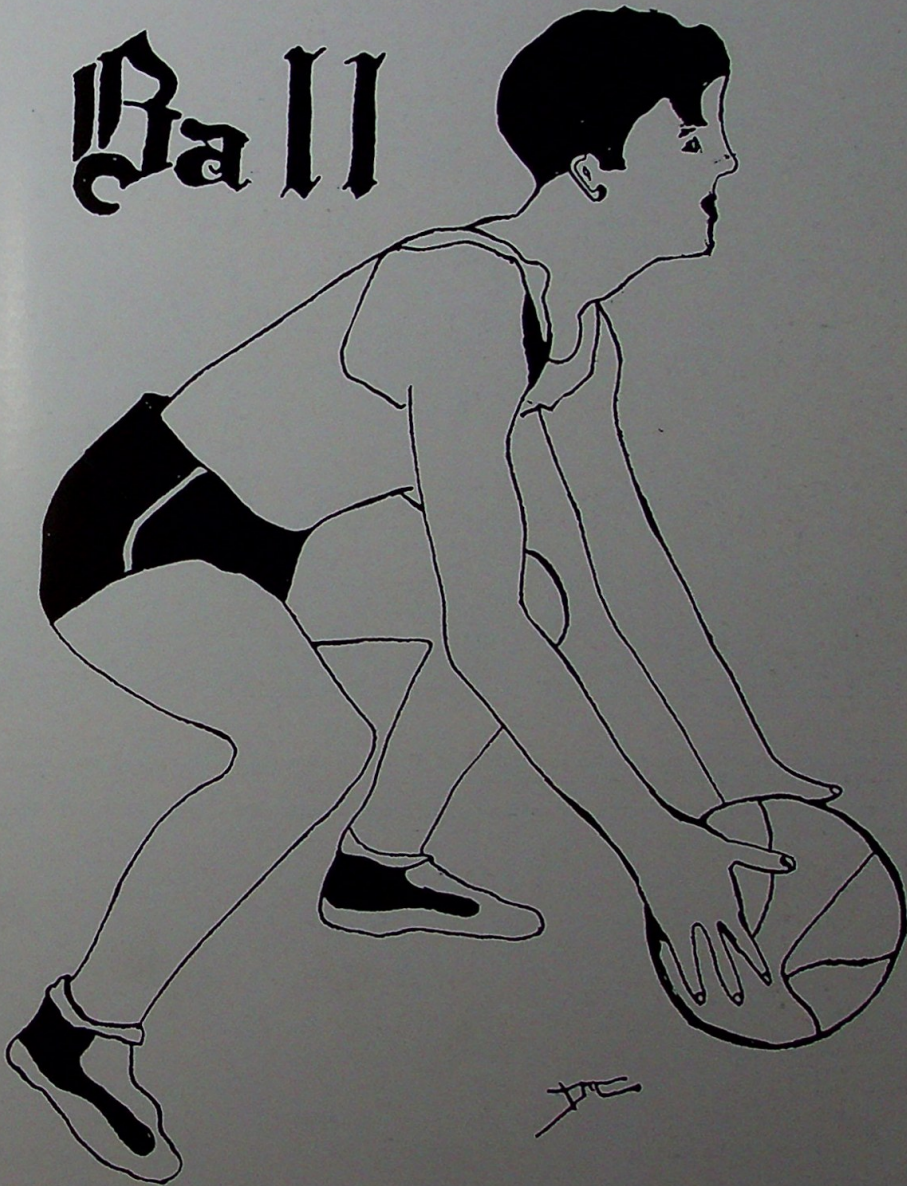


PEEP



# Basket

# Ball







Back row, left to right: Hiram Cragun, Robert Hauser, Earl Bonannon (center), Chester Pierce, Sherman Essex (back guard), Paul Groover (forward).

Front row: Coach Clarence Hyman, James Bonannon, Byron Harting, John Dulin (forward), Everett Kouns (floor guard).



## Yea, Team

The first report for basket ball there were seventeen men came out in Blue and White. They showed very much improvement due to the fact that cold weather came and the players were not allowed to come in to practice every night in the week. But with all the hardships that they had to suffer, we the Seniors are very proud of them.

Our first game was with Zionsville. We lost this game but anyway played better ball than we had for two years. Then came the strong Thorn-town quint who led two points when the final gun sounded. Was it a fast game? Oh Boy! Exciting? You tell 'em! In most of our games we have trailed a few points at the end. We have played some *real* games. When we went to Perry Central, we won a double-header from them. Our seconds won over their seconds two points in a double over-time. Our varsity winning from Central by a ten point advantage. This is the first time we have beat Central for two years. They are coming here February 24 and we are going to try to beat them again. Yea, Team! Yea! Yea!

From the first of the season the following men have dropped from the squad: Thomas West, Roy Dulin, John Dulin, and Byron Harting. One member, Sherman Essex, backguard, who always makes going tough for opponents under the basket and also anywhere else on the floor when he gets the ball, will be lost by graduation this year. He has played faithfully on the varsity for three years.

We have a new Coach who has done his best for the welfare of the team. His name is Clarence Hyman. He is a star from Young America, and knows his "stuff."

We play in the sectional March 2 and 3. We are planning to win it this time and think the chances are good. If you don't think so, ask Hyman.



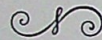
The Inter Class Tourney was held in the Community Building February 3, 1928. There were four good games. The Juniors and Sophomores played at 7:45, the Juniors won by a score of 23 to 13 at 8:45. The Seniors and Freshmen had a very good game the Seniors won by a score of 23 to 3. Yea! Freshmen. The two losing teams played and the Sophomores won by a score of 12 to 6. Due to the fact that the Freshmen boys were worn out. We, the Seniors, want to thank the Freshmen for their good sportsmanship that they showed through the two games. The final game was played at 10:00.



This was the most exciting game in the tourney, first the Seniors were in the lead then the Juniors. At the half the score was tied 6 and 6. The Seniors then making a field goal, then the Juniors; the score was tide at twelve and only 30 seconds to go when Earl, wanting the Juniors to win made a field goal. When the game was over the scores were 14 to 12 in favor of the Juniors.

The Seniors have showed very good sportsmanship for the last three years. When they were Sophomores they won over the Juniors by a score of 6 to 8 and then lost in the final with a score of 6 to 10. The Seniors were victorious. Last year they won over the Sophomores with a score of 5 to 6 which was the most exciting game of the tourney, and then when they played the Seniors they lost with a final score of 12 to 15. Some people say the third time is charm, but it did not prove to be with them for they lost to the Juniors with a very good game to their honor.

—Fred Shoemaker.



## How True!!

Teams trot into court . . . . cheers from spectators . . . .  
whistle blows . . . . more cheers, signifying nothing . . . . shrill  
voice proudly announces that's her son, the boy with the short  
pants . . . . the whistle blows . . . . more cheers . . . . supposed  
to inoculate the team, with courage . . . . players dash hither  
and thither, wondering what it's all about . . . . feminine voice  
cries . . . . "Good for you, Angel darling" . . . . loyal rooters  
shouting lustily . . . . other loyal rooters leave by side door  
. . . . whistle blows . . . . players leave court. . . . Intermission  
during which the audience carefully looks itself over . . . .  
chatter . . . . whistle blows. . . . Players assume their posi-  
tions, looking fearfully determined . . . . cheers . . . . more  
cheers . . . . still more cheers . . . . whistle blows . . . . specta-  
tors seize the opportunity of lull in play to tell the teams just  
what to do . . . . cheers . . . . final whistle . . . . home team van-  
quished by solitary point . . . . disgruntled supporters file  
away, muttering, "IF THEY had done this and done that,  
WE'D have won. . . ."



# Takes





Sing a song of grade cards.  
 A pocket full of rye.  
 Seventy-five the lowest grade,  
 Will get a student by.

✦ ✦ ✦ ✦ ✦

Mr. Casey—(In Agriculture Class) "Esther, does your father rotate his crops?"

Esther Casey—"No sir, I believe not lately. In fact, I think he has broken the tongue out of his rotator.

✦ ✦ ✦ ✦ ✦

Frederick Shoemaker—(reporting on his problems) "I only worked the last four, forgot all about the others; but them four are all right, except a little mistake in all but one of them."

✦ ✦ ✦ ✦ ✦

Vivian—(reading Shorthand notes) "I don't know what this is unless it's smack?"

Miss Gilliatt—"Well, what's the next thing to smack?"

✦ ✦ ✦ ✦ ✦

John Dulin—"Come on, James, and I'll show you how to milk a cow."

James B.—"Please, sir, I'd rather begin on a calf."

✦ ✦ ✦ ✦ ✦

First Senior Girl: Let's all get graduating dresses of the same material.

Second Senior Girl: (very dignified) No, no, I don't want people to think I'm an orphan.

✦ ✦ ✦ ✦ ✦

Father—"No, John, you can not have any more. You are a regular pig. You know what a pig is, don't you?"

Johnny—"Yes, sir—a hog's little boy."



Mr. Casey (in Physics class): "What is the formula for water?"

John D.: "HIJKLMNO."

Mr. Casey; "Where did you get that?"

John D.: "Well, you said H<sub>2</sub>O."



Rock-a-bye Senior in the tree tops,  
As long as you study the cradle will rock.  
But if you stop digging the cradle will fall.  
And down will come Senior, diploma and all.



Elzora Myers—"What study will we take next term?"

Mr. Bailey—"Geometry."

Elzora M.—"Oh, My."

Mr. Bailey—"Why, that's a fine subject. It makes wrinkles grow in your head."

Elzora M.—"That's just it. I've got enough in my brain and I'm afraid they will go to my face."



James Hubanks—"Here comes Buren."

Leona—"I don't care."

James H.—"I know you don't care when he comes it's when he leaves that you care."



Mr. Kelley—"What can an animal do with its eyes that it cannot do with any other organ of its body?"

Lou David—"See."



Byron Harting—"What do you think about having chapel so often?"

Buren O.—"I like it. It gives a fellow time to catch up with his sleep."

+ + + + +

Mr. Marlowe—"How do you know that Julia and Thomas haven't made up their quarrel yet?"

Mrs. Marlowe—"Because the lights have been on all evening."

+ + + + +

Doris Williams, after waiting in restaurant for about ten minutes, grew grossly impatient at the lack of service. Finally she rapped on the counter sharply, "Here, young man, who waits on the nuts."

+ + + + +

Mutt—"Generally speaking, Women are."

Jeff—"Yes, they are."

Mutt—"Are what?"

Jeff—"Generally speaking."

+ + + + +

Mr. Bailey—"Mary, you are late again and why?"

Mary Gardner—"Well, I know, but that bell rang again before I could get here."

+ + + + +

### Couldn't Outdo Him.

The scene is a quarter of a century ago in a backwoods section. A broken down motorist was trying to make conversation with the farmer across the fence who was having trouble with his mowing machine.

"What kind of a machine is that?" asked the farmer.

"That is an automobile," replied the tourist. "And what do you call that machine of yours?"

"Oh," replied the farmer disgustedly, "that's an automowhay but it won't."



**Analyzing The Farmer's Job.**

I was thinking today of the numberless things that a farmer must know how to do, if he aims to succeed at his job here on earth and have anything left when he's through! He must know how to handle a tractor or mule, a hired man, a plane or a plow; he must know how to doctor a calf or a toe, a neighbor, a hen or a cow. He must have a fair knowledge of contracts and deeds, of checks, and divorces and notes, of abstracts, of mortgages, duebills and geese, of hired girls and barley and shoats. Then he must be a butcher to kill his own beef, and a builder to build his own shed; he must also be able to make his own will, his porridge, or even his bed. He must class as a painter to paint his own barn, and a cobbler to patch his own boots, and then be a nurse to help care for the kids when they're from corn tassel cheroots. He must act as a plumber to repair his own drains, and to plumb up his credit and pipes; then he must be a judge, of the weather, at least, and of cattle of various types. He must be a fair grafter to care for his trees and to hold his own place with the men, and be a good shingler to patch up his roofs, and to cut his kids hair now and then. He must serve as a tinner, a blacksmith and cook, be shepherd to pigeon and cat, be a gardener, tailor, well-digger and groom, and a farmer on top of all that.

+ + + + +

**Their Size.**

Fond Father-in-law: "How would you like a cow for a wedding present?"

Mrs. Bailey: "Oh, a cow would give more milk than two would need. A calf would be about right."

+ + + + +

**Time to Explain.**

Sambo: "Every time ah kiss my wife she shuts her eyes and hollers."

Rastus: "Ah say she do."

Sambo: "What's that, niggah?"

Rastus: "Ah say, do she."

+ + + + +

**Smile a While.**

Mr. West: "Son, when George Washington was your age he was a surveyor."

Kenneth: "Yes, and when he was your age he was President."



**Growing Pains.**

Thomas: "Did you hear about Earl Bohannon swallowing some nitrate fertilizer in Agriculture class?"

Roy: "Yeh, he's complaining of growing pains."

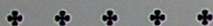


**Retaliation.**

Mr. Bailey: "My wife got me a box of cigars for a Christmas present. But I'll get even with her yet."

Mr. Casey: "What will you do?"

Mr. Bailey: "I'm going to select her next hat."



**Some Excitement.**

"Here, old man, buy a ticket for the fight. You'll see more excitement for \$2 than you ever did in your life."

"Is that so—\$2 is all I paid for my marriage license."



**A Problem.**

Miss Gilliatt: "Ah, good mornin', Mrs. Kelley, an' how is everything?"

Mrs. Kelley: "Sure an' I'm having one grand time betwixt me husband an' the furnace. If I keep my eye on one, the other is sure to go out."



**General Overhaul.**

A dentist says that he had a absent-minded motorist in his chair the other day. "Will you take gas?" he asked.

"Yeah," replied the absent-minded patient, "And you'd better look at the oil, too."



**Her Come-Back**

A very stout woman got in the trolley car and plumped herself down beside a very small man. Her massive form completely obliterated him, and, except for the crown of his hat, he was hidden from view. "They ought to charge by weight," he remarked in a smothered voice.

"Weight, indeed," snapped the stout lady; "if they did it would hardly be worth while stopping to pick up a featherweight like you."



**Force of Habit.**

"May I take your picture?" said a photographer to the telephone operator who was out horseback-riding. "Yes," said the voice with the smile, while she tried to wheel her steed into line. "But hold the line a minute while I adjust the plug."

✦ ✦ ✦ ✦ ✦

Short-sighted Lady (in grocery)—Is that the head cheese over there?  
Majorie Parke—No, ma'am, that's one of his assistants.

✦ ✦ ✦ ✦ ✦

To kiss a lively Freshman is  
Faith.  
To kiss a lovely Junior is  
Hope.  
But to kiss one of your dear school ma'am's is  
Charity.

✦ ✦ ✦ ✦ ✦

Harold Essex had just returned from Chicago and began to feel sick. He went to the local doctor for advice.

Harold—"Say, Doc, I think I've got a bad case of lead poisoning."  
Doctor—"Humph, been fooling around those Chicago gunmen?"

✦ ✦ ✦ ✦ ✦

Chester Pierce—"Have I the most pleasant expression that you can get?"

Photographer—"Yes, look that way now."  
Chester—"Well," hurry up, it hurts my face."

✦ ✦ ✦ ✦ ✦

James H.—"Has any one remarked how you handle your car?"  
Buren O.—"Yes, one man said, 'ten dollars and costs'."

✦ ✦ ✦ ✦ ✦

Mary G.—"How do you care for your finger nails? Do you file them?"  
Dorotha M.—"File 'em. No, I cut them off and throw them away."

✦ ✦ ✦ ✦ ✦

James B.—"What is an air pocket, Dad?"  
Mr. B.—"Mine, after my wife has gone through them."



**Correct?**

Mr. Casey (in Physics class) "What is a four letter word meaning elongated metal?"

Frederick Shoemaker: "Why—er—"

Mr. Casey: "Correct, thanks."

\* \* \* \* \*

**Notice to Miss Gilliatt.**

An onion a day keeps the beaux away.

\* \* \* \* \*

**He Registered 'Very Dry'**

A doctor left a thermometer with the wife of a patient, and told her to take her husband's temperature every hour and to call him if he got any worse. When he returned to the house in the morning, the patient was missing and the doctor asked what had happened.

"I broke the thermometer," said the woman, "so I used the barometer. It registered 'very dry', so I gave him about a pint of corn liquor and I swear he got up and went out and went to plowing in the back field."

\* \* \* \* \*

**Nothing Perhaps.**

"Are you laughing at me?" demanded Mr. Bailey in his Geometry class.

"No," came the answer in chorus.

"Well," insisted Mr. Bailey, "what else is there in the room to laugh at?"

\* \* \* \* \*

**Protecting Hubby!**

Downstairs a board creaked, a foot scraped over a chair, and there was a tinkle of silver! Mrs. Casey suddenly sat up in bed and pulled vigorously at her sleeping husband's arm.

"Whassa matt—," he began.

"Shh!" she whispered. "Burglar downstairs; take your gun and go down and get him, at once.

Mr. Casey trembled and the hair rose on his head, but he was a quick thinker.

"Sure," he said, "I'll go right down. It's probably the girl burglar who has been robbing houses around here—a sweet-looking little thing who always kisses her way out of trouble when she gets caught. I'll go right down."

"Wilbur! Your place is with me... You stay RIGHT HERE!"

\* \* \* \* \*

Miss Gochenour (In Junior English) "We will take the life of Milton to-morrow. Come prepared."



# Advertising

A lady in a city department store was looking at stockings, had a pair in her hands. She saw something else that interested her and moved on, the stockings still in her hand. "Do you want to pay for those stockings?" a floorwalker inquired. Surprised she looked down at the stockings in her hands. "Of course," she said,—“I forgot I had them.”

She went back to the stocking counter. "You can't pay for them here," said the girl. "You will have to go to the office." A man stood at the shopper's elbow. "You are under arrest."

The woman was shocked, stunned. They refused to believe her or to listen to her. A lifetime of scrupulous honesty, of good works, of kind deeds for others, and now to be accused of stealing! She was all alone in the city, embarrassed, confused, distracted—willing to do anything to get out of this horrible difficulty. They dragged her to the police station. A professional bondsman appeared as if by magic, and a lawyer, of the ambulance chasing variety. By this time the poor woman, nervous to begin with, was not in a condition to use any kind of judgment.

The lawyer advised her to sign papers. "The easiest way out," he said. "No fuss, no trouble, nothing in the papers at all; you'll just pay a fine and that will be the end of it." So she signed—a plea of guilty.

Of course, it was in the papers anyway, and her friends in the suburban village read it with shocked unbelief. But what can you do about it? Take it up with the department store? There is the plea of guilty and the fine. Take it to court and demand justice? It was in court once, and neither judge nor lawyer was interested in justice—only in experience.

This is a true story. Moral—do your shopping in your own community where you are known and a lifetime of good character will count for something. Moral number two—don't believe everything you see in the papers.

Patronize the merchants whose ads appear in this Annual. We know they are fair and will give the best of service and quality goods at lowest prices.



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**Zionsville Motor Sales**

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Phone 214





## REMINISCENCE

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

—LONGFELLOW

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

Thus, this memory book will serve you and prove the source of real future pleasure. For Stafford combines these elements with the artistry, the quality and the workmanship which entitle it to bear the phrase ...

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INDIANA

W. H. Green

DENTIST

First National Bank Bldg.

Lebanon,

Ind.

Earl B.—“Say, that was a nice party you held at your house last night, wasn't it?”

Fred S.—“I'll say she was.”

Miss Lubbe—“Can I say Agri-colae properant?”

James B.—“I guess so. You said it anyway.”

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Noisette

Moonlight

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<p><b>Taylor's Restaurant</b> Dinners, Lunches, etc. Ice Cream, Cigars, Candies Whitestown, Ind.</p>	<p>Blot out your troubles Then bring your HARDWARE problems to <b>H. E. Hill Hardware</b> Zionsville,              Ind.</p>
<p><b>Mills &amp; Cropper</b> Oldest Furniture House In Boone County FULL STOCK and BEST PRICES Zionsville,              Ind.</p>	<p><b>C. W. Hine &amp; Son</b> Quality Grocery To serve is our aim. Whitestown,              Ind.</p>



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# R E M Y ' S

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Proff. Bailey—"How much can you lift?"

Everett Kouns—"About 200 pounds."

Proff. Bailey—"Suppose there was a drowning woman that weighed 400 pounds. What would you do?"

Everett—"I'd make two trips."

James H.—"Do you want to pet?"

Doris C.—"Yes, I always did like animals."



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---

Mr. Casey—"Who is this jolly old gent who comes around and gives good cheer at Christmas?"

Harold E.—"The bootlegger."

---

Lena Smith—"Have you heard the latest Ford joke?"

William G.—"Heard it, why I just bought one."

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Mrs. West—"Tommy, have you got your shoes on yet?"

Tommy—"Yes, Ma. All but one."

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Mr. Kelley—"What are the five senses?"

James B.—"Sneezing, sobbing, crying, yawning, and coughing. Some people have the sixth sense—snoring."

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Florence—"I can't go to that dance tonight. I haven't a thing to wear."

Earl B.—"Aw shucks, cumon! You don't need much."



