

# THE JUNIOR CHATTER

VOLUME II.

WHITESTOWN, INDIANA. APRIL 3, 1928.

NO. 2.

## COMMENCEMENT

Dr. H. E. Jensen, college professor, lecturer, and author will deliver the commencement address for this year's graduating class. At present Mr. Jensen is head of the Sociology Department, Butler University. He received his A. B. and M. A. degrees from the University of Kansas; and B. D. and Ph. D. from the University of Chicago. He was director of Latin American Survey, Interchurch World Movement from 1919-20. He became a professor of Sociology at Butler in 1920.

With the above facts for recommendation the senior class can well expect not only an interesting address but an instructive one. Any man with qualifications such as Prof. Jensen has will appear before the senior class on commencement day prepared not only to entertain, but to impart some fundamental facts on whatever subject he chooses to take.

The commencement exercises will be held Saturday, April 21, at 8 p. m., at the Community Building.

The Baccalaureate sermon will be held Sunday, April 15, 8:00 p. m., at St. Mark's Lutheran church. Rev. H. Grady Davis will deliver the sermon.

The following students are members of the 1928 class:

Artman, Kenneth  
Artman, Lula Belle  
Bohannon, Lula Ilo  
Casey, Esther B.  
Cragun, Bonnie Louise  
Cragun, Donnie Adrena  
Culley, Dorothea Mae  
Dodson, Martha Vivian  
Dulin, John D.  
Edwards, Gael Fern  
Essex, Mary Opal  
Essex, Sherman E.  
Gardner, Mary Elizabeth  
Hamm, Ruby  
Hawkins, Mabel Esther  
Hine, Ruth Eleanor  
Hull, M. Ruth  
Jones, Matilda Olive  
Moran, Florence Marie  
Nease, Willodean  
Shoemaker, Frederick G.  
Steele, Evaline  
West, Isabelle

## SCHOOL CALENDAR

School Festival.....April 3  
Junior and Faculty Reception, Apr. 7  
Senior Class Play.....April 11  
Grade Music Festival.....April 13  
Alumni Reception.....April 14  
Baccalaureate.....April 15  
Commencement.....April 21  
Class Day Exercises.....April 21

## SUNSHINE SOCIETY NEWS

The State Convention will be held at Shelbyville, Indiana on Friday and Saturday, April 27th and 28th. We have chosen two delegates, Martha Brandenburg and Marjorie Parke, to represent this school.

Professor Lillian Gay Berry of Indiana University has been secured as the principal speaker for Friday afternoon. Another address will be delivered by Mr. Albert Stump, an enterprising young attorney of Indianapolis and candidate for the United States Senatorship from Indiana.

## HI-Y

Several of the boys from here attended the Older Boy's Conference at Lebanon, Friday, March 23.

At 2:30 p. m. the boys assembled in the Presbyterian church. The opening exercise was a few numbers from the Crawfordsville Gospel team, which was very interesting.

Then the boys had the privilege of listening to a very inspirational talk given by Dr. Allison. His subject was "I Dare to make my Way." His talk held great attention at all times. He told the boys plain facts about life encounters, temptations and hard obstacles to overcome all through life. He encouraged the boys that to be happy and successful men they must think clearly, talk cleanly and act cleanly.

After his talk the boys divided into four different groups to discuss the following terms: "How a boy should entertain his high school girl friend," "When is a man religious and when not," "How am I going to choose my life's work," and "Who is considered a good sport."

Space here does not allow me to tell the points brought out in these different groups, but they were all very good—so good that we didn't get away from the church until after six o'clock and the girls were waiting

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## SENIOR CLASS PLAY

### "A Prairie Rose"

Given by Senior Class, April 11, 1928.

### CHARACTERS

Silas Wilder—A deaf old ranchman  
.....Paul Groover  
Dr. Robert Raymond—A young Chicago Physician.....Sherman Essex  
Philip Bryant—A wealthy Chicago Lawyer.....John Dulin  
Archie Featherhead—A young Chicago dude.....Byron Harting  
Bill Briggs—A Kansas Cowboy....  
.....Earl Bohannon  
Mose—Philip Bryant's Servant....  
.....James Hughbanks  
Ralph Wilder—Younger Brother of Silas.....Fred Shoemaker  
Lizy Jane Slocum—Silas' Housekeeper, later his wife, Lula Belle Artman  
Dorothy Deane—Phil's Sweetheart, later his wife.....Willodean Nease  
Agnes Raymond—Robert's divorced wife.....Vivian Dodson  
Rose Wilder—"A Prairie Rose" daughter of Ralph.....Florence Moran  
Scene—The Prairies of Kansas, and Chicago.

Time—The Present Day.

### Synopsis For Program

ACT. I—Archie has an adventure and tells of his love for Rose. A "guaranteed proposal." Robert makes a confession. Silas tells the story of his life. Mose gets a bad scare, and Rose gets better acquainted with her old "pal," Bill. Archie tries to defend himself. Mose makes a mistake. The doctor defines love. "Come on and take it then!"

ACT. II—Archie tries "This beautiful sunshine," and gets to the point at last. "O Lordy!" Rose in love. "Cheer up, Rosie! I ain't a kickin'!" Rose is afraid. "I jest think you've got the purtiest eyes!" Uncle Silas is willing. "It be all right, Doc!" Silas proposes—to have some ice

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## THANKS

We, the Junior Class wish to thank all who have assisted us in any way in publishing our paper. Especially do we thank those who have given us advertisements and also our faculty advisor, Miss Gochenour, who has so earnestly endeavored to make our paper a success. She has labored long and hard with us and has ever been ready to advise us when in "deep waters." Thanks to all.

The Juniors.

## THE JUNIOR CHATTER STAFF

Editor-in-chief.....Paul Groover  
 Associate Editor.....Buren Ottinger  
 Sport Editor.....Bonsal Witt  
 Humor Editor.....Marion Cline  
 Society Editor.....Goldie Scott  
 Literary Editor.....Marjorie Parke  
 Class Editor.....Carrie Pipes  
 Alumni Editor.....Julia Marlowe  
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 Steele, Jewell Neese, Helena King,  
 Catherine Etter, Robert Bowers.  
 Business Manager.....Thomas West  
 Advertising....Earl Bohannon, Helen  
 Glendenning, Harold Essex, William  
 Groover, Alma Batz, Lucille Allen,  
 and Roy Dulin.  
 Faculty Sponsor....Rlou Gochenour

## CHAPEL PROGRAMS

A short time after Christmas Mr. Bailey planned a number of chapel programs, which were to be given on each Wednesday morning. The following programs and talks have been given:

January 25.—The seniors promised to give a program, but it was postponed until January 27. When that date came, they again had an excuse, and finally they refused to appear before us at all. (Not a very good reputation for the senior class).

February 1.—Mr. Casey had charge of the program. Miss Mary Katherine Harting gave a few musical numbers which were enjoyed very much by the faculty and the members of the high school.

February 8.—The members of the Junior Class gave a very interesting program, consisting of readings and musical numbers.

February 10—Lincoln Program. The Athenian Literary Society gave a program Feb. 10, and the program was enjoyed by visitors as well as the students.

February 15.—Miss Lewis had charge of the program. Rev. Martin of Lebanon gave a very interesting talk.

February 22.—The boys' quartet entertained us by singing a number of songs. Their program was enjoyed very much by all.

February 27.—The Sunshine Society had charge of the program. Rev. Cowley, pastor of the First Baptist church of Lebanon gave a very interesting talk.

March 7.—The sophomores had charge of the program. The students and faculty sang a number of "Just for Fun" songs.

Mar. 9—Mr. Meril, ar representative of the Curtis Publishing Co., proposed a plan for making money. By this plan the students of the high school

were divided into two groups, and the side which obtained the greatest number of subscriptions for the Country Gentlemen, Saturday Evening Post, and Ladies Home Journal won in the contest. The dividends was divided evenly between the Sunshine Society and the Basket Ball Association.

March 14.—Mr. Kelley had charge of the program. Rev. Davis of the Lutheran Church, gave a very interesting talk.

March 21—The freshmen class presented a one act play entitled "When Father goes on a Diet." The play was very comical and enjoyed by the students, faculty, and several visitors.

The remaining programs will be sponsored by the following people:

March 28.—Miss Lubbe.

April 4.—Miss Gilliat.

April 11.—Miss Gochenour.

April 18.—School.

## THE ANNUAL

The second volume of the Mirror put out by the Seniors of W. H. S. will be for sale about the middle of April. See any Senior for one.

The Seniors have been working industriously on this and a good annual is expected.

## APRIL FOOL

What do you think is wrong today?  
 For if my back's turned people say  
 Things to each other very low,  
 Things that I'm not supposed to know.  
 They laugh and giggle to my face,  
 I'm sure there is something out of  
 place.

There comes my friend. I'll see if she  
 Can tell me what is wrong with me.  
 She's taking somethink off my back,  
 And saying, "Here, just look at that."  
 It is a sign all white and black  
 That says to all, "Give me a smack."

Oh, horrors, who could have pinned it  
 there?

Don't let me catch him any where.

And now I know what was wrong at  
 school

It's April first, called April Fool.

Helen Glendenning.

## Proud Possessions of Famous People

Mary Katie D. and Everett K.—Our  
 case.

Berneta Mabrey—My anklet.

Gael Edwards—My many dates.

John Dulin—My blushes.

Willodean Nease—My blonde hair.

Bob Bowers and Gock Cragun—  
 dwarfs.

James Bohannon — Cheese a n d  
 Crackers.

## DETERMINATION

One day as I chanced to be walking along the beach, enjoying the cool breezes from the ocean, I noticed two small boys playing in the sand. I sat down under a large beach umbrella near by, watched them, and I soon found they were building large castles and miniature cities from the damp sand.

I was so very much amused as well as interested that I failed to notice a very dark cloud in the west which meant rain. I hurried back to my cottage and reached it just in time to escape the down pour of rain which came.

While waiting for the rain to pass over I was thinking of the castles which I had seen the boys building, and I knew when they should return their cities would lay in ruins.

However the storm did not last long, and I could not stay in my sultry cottage, when the air was so refreshed outside, so I started once again along the beach and was soon to the same place where I had seen the boys playing. You may imagine my astonishment when I saw one of the boys very busily engaged in rebuilding the ruined city.

The other child soon appeared, but did not attempt to make any of his structures over as he said it was foolish because they would not last long, and watched his little friend.

In the evening as I sat before the fire place in my cottage watching the flames leap up the chimney, as the rain had left the air damp and cool, a fire felt good. I fell to thinking about the youngsters I had watched that day, and compared them to our lives.

We, must build our castles of hopes and ambitions, but there is always something, or someone ready to wreck our plans and make us fail, just as the rain had spoiled the boys structures in the sand.

We must always be like the one little boy; when destruction comes to spoil our plans, don't give up, but rebuild all your plans and start again, then in the end the success of your greatest desires or ambitions will be your reward.

By Marjorie Parke,  
 Junior.

**ATHLETICS**

The first game that was played in the annual interclass was played by the Seniors and Freshmen. It was a very good game on the part of the Freshmen who bore their defeat very good. The next game was played between the Juniors and Sophomores, the Juniors winning by a good score. Then a game of the losers was played and the Sophomores won. Then came the finals—between the Juniors and Seniors. The game was very exciting and each class supported their teams very well. The Juniors winning. The Juniors are very anxiously awaiting the banner that was promised them.

**The Sectional**

The sectional tourney was played in the High School gymnasium at Lebanon. Whitestown played Goldsmith in a very exciting game and Whitestown was ahead until the last five minutes of the game. Then Goldsmith gained upon us. The final score being 28 to 26 in favor of the opponents.

Sherman Essex one of our Seniors was the star man in the game, making 21 points out of the 26. We shall miss Sherman next year on our team.

J. B. WITT Sport Editor.

**County Superintendent Visits Schools**

On March 22, our county superintendent, Mr. C. O. Caplinger, came to visit the schools for a short time. With him was C. F. Rutledge who gave a very interesting talk on the life of Abraham Lincoln.

**Wise Statements**

A stump is a tombstone of a tree that once stood there.

When it rains, let it rain.

A grouchy teacher can expect no more of her class.

One teacher in the room is worth two out in the hall.

A wondering mind is never found with the lesson.

The famous woman question: "Now isn't this a pretty time of night for you to get home??"

**SOPHOMORE CLASS**

The Geometry class who are taught by Mr. Bailey are making ink drawings for the Exhibit.

The Sophomore class held their class party at the home of Chester Pierce March 17th. The evening was spent in games.

**JUNIOR CLASS RECEPTION**

The Junior class of '28 will give their reception for the Seniors on Saturday night, April 7th, in the basement of the Methodist church, in Whitestown. An entertainment will be given, followed by a three-course supper served by the Ladies Aid of this church.

The toastmasters for the Junior and Senior classes are Buren Ottinger and Sherman Essex, respectively. The teachers will have no toastmaster as they will all be expected to make a speech, so be prepared.

**A MESSAGE TO THE ALUMNI**

On reading past sketches written by members of the alumni we find that they do not fancy the high school students. We wish them to remember they were once young, green, and uneducated as we are but have they gained anything since they left us? The majority have taken to housekeeping and farming. What furtherance of education is gained by these young men and women? None. They esteem themselves above us, but nevertheless, we feel that our good days are our high school days, and not keeping house. To tell the truth they were really happier then than now, but still hate to acknowledge the fact before the world. They care for Whitestown High School or they would not care to cooperate with us and give the seniors a reception each year. It cannot be merely because they must, but rather because they enjoy it.

**MUSIC MEMORY CONTEST**

The music memory contest was held March 20 for the county at Lebanon. Contestants were entered from each school. Those who represented Whitestown from the high school were Mary Katie Dulin, Virginia Hull, Ruthie Shoemaker, alternate Fern Hine and Mary Ada Essex. The grade team was composed of Bennie Woodruff, Thelma Engledow, Eugenia Smith, alternate Esther Sortor and Margaret Land.

Mary Martha Lewis, supervisor of music assisted at the contest.

The recent snow may not have been as durable as some others, but it undoubtedly provided the best scenic effects of the winter.

\* \* \*

Politics is warming up a good deal faster than the weather.

\* \* \*

The prince of Wales only uses two fingers when writing on a typewriter, which may be an indication of or a reason for something or other, but we can't think just what.

**"ONWARD"**

Again we welcome the Spring, so dear,  
The brightest season of all the year;  
The time when life again renews  
And faces far some greater views.

The gentle rains, the bubbling streams,  
Brings forth the realms of brightest gleams;

And all alike awaits God's command  
To make the beauties of Spring so grand.

Tho' to me, howe'er strange may seem,  
The brightest rays of Spring that beam

Can e'er to me, Bring to my sight,  
The Beauties that gay autumn brings to light.

For true is the passion which autumn brings.

From the hopes and fears of Spring it springs;

And hurs its fashion through the summer time

Till age has proven the result of its kind.

'Ere time speeds on, and lives are spent,

It much reminds me, of the season lent;

It is 'ere the way we spend our spring  
The joy to our souls will later ring.

This day is mine to mar or make,  
Let me wisely choose and this partake;  
To be used by me, for that great light  
In which I factor my later life.

Then let me always keep in mind  
To do the most to all mankind;  
To be a friend in every need  
O! then let me be a friend indeed.

I wander through a lonely life,  
A life of sorrow, of joy, of strife;  
To love to give, and naught to take  
Of wordly things that love can't make.

Melancholy, to me did pleasures give,  
And with thee did I choose to live,  
Till I arrived at Life's river too;—  
And shouted the last, great, Adieu.

By MARION A. CLINE.

**FRESHMAN CLASS**

The Freshman class held the Chapel Exercise Wednesday morning, March 21. A one act play was given, "When Father Goes On A Diet." Those who took part in this play were: Adrian Cline, George Hauser, Mary Katie Dulin, Mary Catherine Fulwider, Mary Naomi Hine, Kenneth West and June Goodwin. The Freshmen let the Seniors know that they were not so green after all.

## THE MYSTERY REVEALED

At times, in fact quite often of late, I have sat up preparing my lessons or reading after mother and dad had retired.

One night last week I had an unusually large amount of work to prepare. Dad was tired so he and mother retired early leaving me alone.

It was a dark night; not a star was shining, but it was exceedingly quiet. For some time I worked on a notebook. I thought of nothing save my work. The notebook must be finished that night so you may well imagine my intentness.

Once I paused and looked at my watch. "Five 'till nine," I thought to myself, "But I must not think of time tonight."

I worked for a few minutes and then suddenly I became paralyzed with fear. A low weird sound came from the west and as I listened it seemed to come closer and grow louder. My pen was poised in the air. I remained transfixed.

"I am not afraid," I told myself determinedly. "I must finish this." I could not, however, for I could not even move the hand which held the pen.

Suddenly the sound ceased as quickly as it began. I went into the living room which is close to my parent's bedroom. It had really taken only an instant to get to the door of their room but to my terrorized mind I thought my feet were dragging one after the other and that I should never get there. Oh, you have all had that feeling one time or another and if you have not you can have little sympathy for me.

The living room was dark and as I stood listening for I knew not what I could see out of the window plainly. I saw nothing unusual and gradually I became reconciled. With the more tranquil feeling I thought of my unfinished notebook and my other lessons to prepare. Alas, they were in the room I had so recently left. How should I ever find the courage to go and get them?

Debating upon this subject I finally nerved myself and going into the room I composedly gathered together my work which was strewn all over the table. I took this into the living room and returned for the light. I quickly closed the door and pulled down the shades and assembling my work about me at the desk I began writing in my notebook.

Every little bit I paused to think over my fright. I could not describe that noise, yet I had the sense of

feeling I had been frightened by something weird.

I completed my preparations for the morrow's lessons and sat thinking about the above incident.

I would have thought little about it had it been the first time I had ever heard this sound. But several nights when I had been up alone, the same sound, quite as terrorizing, had occurred at the same time each night. Promptly at nine o'clock.

The next day every one laughed at me when I related my experience.

"Perhaps it was the curfew bell," they would state sarcastically, or, "Just the wind."

Secretly I determined to find out if it really was my imagination as they stoutly maintained it was.

That night I made mother and dad go to bed early. I turned out the light and raising the window of the living room I stationed myself where I could see and hear plainly, yet could not be seen. I had in my possession a reliable flashlight and revolver.

"All set," I said to myself as I kept my vigil.

The clock struck eight. Eight thirty;—the rays of the moon shone on the face of the clock. I watched the hands move. Fifteen minutes until the hour, ten—five—!!

Suddenly my hair rose on end. The sound had begun. It was getting closer. My hand tightened on the revolver. I reached my head forward to listen better. Yes, it was coming. Now or never. Was I to lose my nerve? I shrank back, but as my will power became stronger I leaned intently forward.

As I looked a long lithe body came across the barnyard. It went under the gate onto the lawn.

I hurriedly shot my revolver and my aim was true. The thing, whatever it was, dropped lifeless on the ground.

Hearing the shot my father and mother came running to see what was the matter. Dad and I rushed out to see what I had killed.

I was exasperated for I had killed the loveliest animal I had ever seen. In fact I was lamenting it when my father recalled a paragraph he had read in the paper. A wolf had escaped from its cage and as it was very vicious a reward was offered for its return dead or alive.

"Do you suppose this is it?" I asked.

"Surely," dad replied. "You are not accustomed to seeing wolves around here are you?"

"But why should it howl every

night at the same time when I was up alone?" I asked.

You probably didn't notice it except when you were alone. As for the time it howled I cannot say about that," Dad replied.

We took the animal to the barn and left it for the night.

I was so excited I could hardly sleep and you may be sure I was up early the next morning.

There had been a light snow on the ground and I noticed tracks the wolf had made. I followed them across the barnyard, a field or two, into the wood where I came to a thicket which was apparently the wolf's temporary home. I felt sad to think that it would be no more and that I was the cause.

I went back to the house and telephoned the Mr. Dupe' who had offered the reward. He came out almost immediately and identified the wolf as his.

"The howling at nine?" I persistently inquired of him for to me that was most important.

Mr. Dupe' laughed, "Why the keeper of the wolves always locked up at nine o'clock and the wolves were separated from their mates and as a result they always howled for each other, perhaps 'good night' in wolf language. Just customary for it I guess." He explained.

"The reward is yours." He said looking at me.

"Mine? Why I don't want any reward!" I cried.

"If you had not killed the wolf think of all the lives that would be endangered yet for he would have gotten hungry now that winter has come. Think of the sheep, everything that means a lot to the people. Oh you earned your reward. If for nothing else than because the wolf solved your mystery." He added with a twinkle in his eye.

He gave me the money. I felt dazed for a time and then dawned the realization that this meant a real university education with luxuries, all that I could ever desire.

Willodean Tracy Nease.

## ENGLISH V

## "A Jolly Chap"

The March wind is a jolly chap  
Who likes to snatch away our hats  
And make us run a lively race,  
Till we are rosy in the face;  
It's somewhat rough but I am game,  
And like the March wind just the same.

Julia Marlowe.

JUNIOR CLASS WILL

We the Junior Class of 1927 and 1928, being of sound mind and disposing memory, do hereby make, declare, and publish this our will and testament in order that we, upon entering the Senior Class next year may have others that can justly fill the vacancies which we are leaving.

To the faculty, we leave our love for all our classes and hope to again be with them next year.

To the Sophomores, our seats in the assembly, for we are moving to higher grounds.

To the freshmen, some of our knowledge and our method of merry-making (God-Bless them, they need it!).

To the seniors, nothing—they are so proud and anxious to leave, so why should we worry about them.

Thomas West, my quietness in class to James Hughbanks.

Jewell Neese, my laziness to Elzora Myers.

Paul Groover, my intelligence to Mr. Bailey's Geometry class.

Julia Marlowe, my curly hair to Chester Pierce.

William Groover, my good grades to Jaunita Martin.

Goldie Scott, my disorderly conduct in the assembly to James Bohannon.

Roy Dulin, my dignity to Alberta Stevenson.

Marjorie Parke, my love for Miss Gilliatt to Doris Williams.

Earl Bohannon, my knowledge of history to Martha Cragun.

Lois Bannon, my height to Byron Harting.

Robert Bowers, my method of making love to Emma Stevenson.

Catherine Etter, my formula for being tall to Robert Allen.

Harold Essex, my excellent attendance to Ruth Hillock.

Gertrude Steele, my love for book-keeping to Mary Groover.

Bonsal Witt, my love for school to Lou David Jackson.

Lucille Allen, my "giggles" to Leona Pipes.

Marion Cline, my ability as a yell leader to Zella Huckleberry.

Helen Glendenning, some of my extra weight to Donald Romine.

Helena King, my dancing ability to Gareth Scott.

Carrie Pipes, my knowledge of men to Rozella Engledow.

Bernetta Mabrey, my importance to Ruth Marvel.

Alma Batz, my smile to Ruth Smiley.

Harold Essex, my cigarette habit to Christopher Bogan.

Buren Ottinger, my blushes to

Vonda Beaty.

Paul Groover, some of my dates to Martha Brandenburg.

In witness there of we have here unto set our hand and seal this 20th day of March 1928 A. D.

Witnesses: Carrie Pipes,  
Julia Marlowe.

JUNIORS 1928.

WHAT WOULD HAPPEN

If Lula Belle Artman's hair wasn't curled.

If the Cragun twins weren't dressed alike.

If all the teachers had a grouch on, the same day.

If Ruth Hine or Paul Groover wasn't on the honor roll.

If we could stay in the school building at the noon hour.

If James Hughbanks was quiet.

If James Bohannon wasn't laughing.

If there wasn't any lessons to get.

If the Freshmen threw no paper on the floor.

If no one wrote notes.

If W. H. S. students resolved not to have any more dates, and spend more time on study.

If there was no Sunshine Society.

If Harold Essex couldn't play on a guitar.

If Buren Ottinger couldn't sleep third period assembly.

If William Groover and Lena Smith didn't sit in the back of the assembly during the noon hour.

If Berneta Mabrey forgot to wear that school girl complexion.

If Lois Bannon forgot to giggle.

If Elzora Myres didn't talk a lot yet say nothing.

If W. H. S. Would Catch On Fire

Mary Gardner would fix her hair.

Julia M. would rush to Tom.

Mr. Bailey would have a few announcements.

Marjorie Parke would borrow Catherine Etter's compact.

Miss Lewis would say, "Boys and girls, where are you going?"

Miss Lubbe would say, "Now I don't want to be cross about this thing."

Florence Moran would say, "Oh! how inconvenient."

Mr. Casey would say, "Don't all speak at once."

Vernon Hawkins would grab his Stay Comb.

Miss Gochenour would make all those chewing gum stop and write a theme before leaving the room.

AFTER NEXT YEAR:

Harold Essex will be in dreamland. Marjorie Parke will be a house-keeper for Glenn.

Jewell Neese will be also married. Paul Groover will be in college at Purdue.

Goldie Scott will be traveling in Asia.

Catherine Etter will be a missionary in India.

Alma Batz will be a movie actress. Helena King will be a dancing instructor at New York.

Carrie Pipes will be a stenographer at the Stutz Motor Co.

William Groover will be an artist of great respect.

Julia Marlowe will be Tom's wife.

Thomas West will be Julia's husband.

Marion Cline will be a talented musician.

Roy Dulin will be a great orator at Washington, D. C.

Buren Ottinger will be a United States Senator.

Robert Bowers will be a surveyor at the north pole.

Lois Bannon will be living in luxury in the western states.

Lucille Allen will be a hard-boiled school teacher.

Gertrude Steele will be president of the United States.

Helen Glendenning will be the president's advisor.

Earl Bohannon will be a foreman on the Big Four.

Bernetta Mabrey will be a style model in Paris.

Bonsal Witt will be in Ireland digging potatoes.

—JOKES—

Buren Ottinger—Do you want to marry a one-eyed man?

Leona Pipes—No, why?

Buren—Then let me carry your umbrella.

\* \* \*

Lou David Jackson—I see that knee-length skirts have reduced street-car accidents 50 per cent.

Dorotha Ottinger—Wouldn't it be fine if accidents could be prevented entirely?

\* \* \*

Alma Batz—That English test was a song.

Helen Glendenning—Yes, I saw you using notes.

\* \* \*

Mr. Bailey—(calling the roll on Monday morning)—Sherman Essex. Sherman—Present.

Mr. Bailey, (in astonishment)—Let me see what you look like on Monday morning.

## THE LONE WOLF-DOG

Just at sunset at Clifty Valley, a wolf-dog, called Dick, might have been seen on a distant ridge, slowly and silently making his way along its summit.

The valley was, in itself, very full of wild life but on the edge of this wilderness was a settlement of cattlemen and their ranches.

Dick had long been a dreaded menace to these men and there was a reward of one hundred dollars offered for him.

He was an extra large mixed wolf, his mother having been a ranchers' prize collie, who had run off with a pack of gray wolves. His father had been once, the leader of this pack but, in a night raid on this group of cattlemen's young calves, had been caught in a trap and killed.

Dick had only one dangerous enemy and he was an old trapper who was called Uncle Jim. Dick had just recently escaped one of Uncle Jim's neatly hidden traps with the result that he lost his left hind foot.

Uncle Jim saw Dick as he was crossing the ridge and muttered something to himself about getting him sooner or later.

It was a full moon that night but Dick didn't set down and howl because he hadn't had a bit of food for four days.

His stub had almost healed and he was now running easily. He had started toward the cattlemen's settlement where he was sure he could get a square meal of nice young heifer or calf.

On a hill side near a ranch-house, lay a heifer and her first calf, unaware of Dick's silent approach toward her, for Dick got the scent long before he could see her.

Suddenly a gray and brown form shot through the air and the heifer's throat was in the powerful jaws of Dick and his sharp teeth soon found their mark. She gave one bellow of fear, pain, and rage, then gave up the ghost and sank to the ground; dead.

Bang! Bang! Bang! The cowboys had heard the fight and now were shooting toward the place where the noise of it came from. Dick heard the calf groan and knew a lead missile had found a mark. He had eaten just about half enough to satisfy his hunger when the cowboys drew near, so seizing the dead calf by a leg, he began to drag it with him to a hidden place, here to finish his meal.

In about an hour a cowboy found the heifer and shouted, "Here is the

heifer, the confounded pest took the calf with him."

They immediately started to follow the trail that the wolf-dog had left because the calf had been dragged. The men finally gave up the hunt and returned home.

Now Dick had heard them following but he ate his fill and escaped by going to the foot of a cliff where a creek ran. He had dived in and swam about a mile and then landed. He had cunningly outwitted the cowboys, which had caused them to return home unsuccessful.

Two days later he was again seen at sunset crossing the same ridge, but this time he was running very swiftly and this reason soon became known because along the same ridge came a pack of wolves, that a hunter had brought to the valley to try to get Dick and were very close on his heels.

Dick was nearing the end of the ridge when suddenly two desperate looking men appeared and quickly disappeared to the left. Dick swerved to the right and disappeared in the forest of the valley. He didn't slack his rate of speed until he had crossed, recrossed, and circled his trail many times. He then slowly made his way toward his den.

Dick lay down very tired from his run but also very contented. He would start out in search of food just as soon as darkness came. With this in his mind he went to sleep.

It had been dark an hour before he awoke, stretched himself and started out on his lonely hunt. A rabbit bounced out of a clump of brush and ahead of him for about one-hundred feet and disappeared into a briar patch but Dick paid no attention to him because he wanted another young heifer.

A large fire greeted his eyes and smoke filled his nostrils as he came around a curve and immediately he saw that the forest, which he loved so dearly, was afire. He also noticed that it was going toward the cattlemen's dwellings.

The dog part of him now commanded his following aim and by fear for the people in the valley. With this fear he started toward their dwellings at full speed.

In almost five minutes he reached the first dwelling and this was the home of Uncle Jim and his cowboys. Dick began barking and Uncle Jim, thinking that his dog had scented the killer, grabbed a gun and started out.

There sat the killer himself. Uncle Jim was almost frightened to death but when Dick advanced toward him in a friendly manner, he knew some-

thing terrible was the trouble and then he saw what it was.

The sky had become like the rising sun but he knew it was a forest fire as it was in the west. With a yell he awoke all of his tired cowboys and they went rushing along, Dick by the side of Uncle Jim, awakening everyone. A messenger was sent to the nearest settlement, which was twenty miles away for aid in fighting the fire.

Eight days it took to kill the fire and by this time every fire fighter had heard of Dick and had even seen him and petted him.

Everyone was talking about him and how he had saved them, when one man the owner of Dick's missing mother, again related the story of her disappearance with the wolf-pack.

Dick's nose tapered like that of a collie, causing the man to tell about the missing dog and he even said that surely this was her offspring, and everyone agreed.

The question that arose shortly after the ending of the fire was how the fire had started. It was finally decided to try to find out so Uncle Jim and Dick, who had grown to be inseparable friends, started to find the solution.

A group of picked cowboys, with Uncle Jim and Dick leading started out. The first evening found them at the starting place of the fire. No investigating was done until the next morning, when, as they were looking around, they found the charred remains of a large man. He had evidently been murdered and set afire by the murderer leaving the fire burning, causing the forest fire.

At noon the next day Dick and Uncle Jim were back at the settlement with Dick pulling a rude sled bearing the dead man's body. The cowboys had stayed to look around and wait the return of Uncle Jim and Dick.

The following morning they had rejoined the party and with the news that the dead man was James Oliver Johns who had been missing for some days.

Dick had several pieces of clothes of the murderer placed before him and made to understand that he was to track the owners and immediately they started out.

Dick never went fast as he was chained and held back by Uncle Jim. It was easy for Dick to follow the trail with his keen nose even though the tracks were a week and half old.

They trailed for four days, stopping only for meals and to camp over night.

(Continued to Page 9)

“Meeting My Old Friends

I had lost trace of most of my classmates except Maneta Laughner, Jean Hine, and Donald Hamm. Donald is a carpenter of Whitestown and Jean the Whitestown first grade teacher. Maneta and I have a position playing in an orchestra at Indianapolis. I decided to take a vacation and take a trip.

I started the following week. My first main stop being at Washington D. C. The first thing I visited was the White House, as I was going through the picture gallery, I discovered two familiar figures in front of me. They soon turned my direction and I recognized their faces as being Keith and Ren Scott. I had a brief talk with them and found that Keith was a humorist writer and Ren an artist.

Upon leaving the White House I decided to go to a theater. To my surprise they introduced Mary Moyer as their dancer. I made a special effort to meet her afterwards and she entertained me the remainder of the evening.

I started to leave Washington the next morning on a train but as I stepped closer to the train I recognized the engineer as Lester Allen. I was very glad to ride to New York with Lester.

I was taking a ride close to the landing fields for aeroplanes in New York, and saw an aeroplane land close by. I went closer to meet the aviator as I saw it was a woman, but who should walk up to me but Evelyn Miller, known as one of the most important of women aviators. I returned with Evelyn to her home. She suggested going to a basket ball game that night. I, being very much pleased, consented. Evelyn said she had a surprise for me. I started to the game wondering what it could be. While entering the gymnasium, I saw it was a girls' team to play. After the game was over, Evelyn said she would like to introduce me to the coach. The surprise Evelyn had, was that the coach was Meldra Edna Markland.

I left the girls to go to Concord. When I arrived at Concord I stepped off the train and saw a crowd gathering around a woman who had been in an automobile wreck. I stood and watched the nurse in a white uniform. Her skillfulness as a nurse was amazing. I was determined to see this nurse closer. I went closer and was astonished to find that she was one of my old school friends, Mildred Bliss

Harting. Later she took me to the hospital where she was a nurse and said she would give me another surprise. She took me to the sun parlor and told me to wait. She then brought a well-known physician, Perry Nance. I soon left them to explore the city. While I was on the street I saw James Cragun overseeing his workmen. I talked with him a while and found he was employed as a street contractor.

The next morning was Sunday. I decided to go to church. The closest and largest being a Baptist church. The mischievousness at school does not tell the tale. Can you feature this, Preston Smith was the minister of that church.

I then decided to go South. I was in Tennessee, so I thought it would be nice to visit some of the colleges. I was very much surprised to find Eugene Harmon president of University of Tennessee and Martha Burns, head of the English Department.

I went from Tennessee to Florida. People were very excited there over the automobile race. I decided to go. I found that Leon Dodson was the winner and Dora Dulin had invented the car in which Leon drove. They took me to see Adelbert Neese who is captain of a submarine boat.

This class has been very helpful in this world after all. I had much to tell Maneta when I returned to Indianapolis.

Lois Vivian Neese.

—JOKES—

Smile a While

Mr. Kouns—Son, when George Washington was your age he was a surveyor.

Kenneth—Yes, and when he was your age he was President.

\* \* \*

Roses are red,  
Violets are blue,  
Seniors are leaving  
Boo-Hoo-Hoo.

\* \* \*

Mrs. Casey: (at supper table)—Polly wants a cracker.

Mr. Casey: (paying no attention.)

Mrs. Casey—I say Pally wants a cracker.

Mr. Casey—Oh! What did you say? I thought that was the parrot talking.

\* \* \*

How's This For One

The other night I had a dream. It was something like this: Mr. Bailey went to Heaven. On his way he came to a ladder. At the foot of the ladder was standing a little elf who happened to be James Hughbanks, holding a box

of chalk. He gave Mr. Bailey a handful and told him to write one of his sins on each round of the ladder. Well Mr. Bailey was going just fine, when of a sudden he heard a noise far above him. He looked up and saw someone coming down the ladder. And who do you think it was. It was Mr. Kelley. “Where are you going,” asked Mr. Bailey. “O, I run out of chalk, and I am going down after more,” was Mr. Kelley's reply

M. C.

\* \* \*

Miss Gilliatt (in Bookkeeping class)—An apple a day will keep the doctor away and a lesson a day will keep failure away.

Marion C.—Yes, and an onion a day will keep everyone away.

\* \* \*

Thomas West (teaching Julia to drive)—In case of emergency, the first thing you want to do is to put on the brake.

Julia M.—Why, I thought it came with the car.

\* \* \*

Doctor—Have you any organic trouble?

Robert Bowers—No, Doc, I can't even carry a tune.

\* \* \*

Buren O.—Do you know the difference between a parlor and a bathtub?

William G.—No.

Buren—Then I won't invite you to visit at my house.

CAN YOU IMAGINE?

Thomas West, not groaning or without Julia.

Paul Groover, without his lessons.

Marjorie Parke, taking bookkeeping.

Buren Ottinger, without Leona.

William Groover, being “Fat.”

Julia Marlowe, without Tom.

Alma Batz, not writing notes.

Goldie Scott, without a smile.

Lucille Allen, not gazing around.

Carrie Pipes, not talking over the telephone.

Jewell Neese, with straight hair.

Gertrude Steele, being late at

school.

Harold Essex, without a cigarette.

Roy Dulin, not standing erect.

Earl Bohannon, not talking to the girls.

Lois Bannon, being still.

Robert Bowers, “Wide Awake.”

Catherine Etter, not reading.

Bonsal Witt, with his English lesson.

Marion Cline, not making everyone laugh.

Helen Glendenning, being slender.

Helena King, being short.

Bernetta Mabrey, without rouge.

## MEMORIES

Just eighteen more days of school. Not many days, and O, how soon they will pass into tomorrows gone forever. Much can be sought and won in these few, short, remaining days.

The days pass swiftly onward, from mornings to noons, noons to nights, and nights to the next mornings. Where have they gone. Each has added an extra day to the ages of the past.

And O, these days we are now living now with great ease with no thought towards the future, will be highly praised some day—somewhere. What would we give some day to just live the eighteen days once more. Whole fortunes would be given for just one day we are now living for nothing— and gaining naught. Then friends, let us grasp all the joys and rich rewards within our reach to-day. Because remember some day, evening will dawn upon our life, and shut off the light of day. Keep this in mind:

Remember when your life is fading

And your fortunes have been sought,  
Take heed to that immortal yawning

Of the days so cheaply brought;—  
And remember these great days  
The days when life so greatly pays,  
Of the fortunes we would give  
IF we had but this day to live.

## —JOKES—

Buster Harting—I think I will go out for track work.

Coach Hyman—Want to run the dashes?

Buster—No, I want to grease the rails.

\* \* \*

Helena King—Why do you wear those gloves?

Earl Bohannon—To keep my hands soft.

Helena—Is that why you wear a hat?

\* \* \*

Miss Gochenour—What is a geyser?

Francis Moran—A waterfall going up.

\* \* \*

Vivian D. (to Isabella West)—You are killing your husband with kindness.

Isabella—I told him that and he remarked that as it is a pleasant, lingering death he has no objection.

\* \* \*

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

Bride, just from the city—"Oh, a cow would give more milk than two would need. A calf would be about right."

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We serve a world of hands, but it is the home-making hands that we strive most earnestly to please—hands that must cook dinner, smooth childish bumps and coax smartness into a made-over frock.

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THE LONE WOLF-DOG

(Continued from Page Six.)

They got food by killing game when it was necessary. At noon of the fifth day they knew they were within radius of, at the most, ten miles of the murderer as Uncle Jim, Dick and one cowboy went on, the rest to follow after the man was located.

Uncle Jim now went slower and more careful and Dick, sensing danger, didn't make any noise that could be avoided. They had only gone about four and a half miles when Dick stopped all of a sudden, the hairs bristling along his neck.

Uncle Jim peered through some under brush that was just ahead and there he saw two men sitting around a camp fire, as it was getting dusk.

"You go back and lead the other fellows here," whispered Uncle Jim to his companion.

"Be careful and don't let them shoot you," was the reply of the other as he turned to go.

In about two hours the rest came upon Uncle Jim and Dick. Both had been careful and hadn't been discovered. The rest was easy and both prisoners were taken back to the settlement where they admitted their guilt after severe grilling and they were hung.

Dick was thereafter famous and loved by all. He no longer killed heifers or calves for he was furnished all the food he could eat and in addition he was no longer The Lone Wolf-Dog.

Robert V. Hauser,  
Freshman.

OPERETTA "THE TOREADORS"

The light opera, "The Toreadors," which was presented by the High School at the Community building, Wednesday evening, February 29th, was a decided success and was enjoyed by the audience.

Does This Sound Natural?

"Now let's get to work, and stop gazing around." (Mr. Bailey).

"Hmm! Clear the hall, the bell has rung." (Mr. Casey).

"I will not give a bit more than you deserve and I don't mean maybe," (Miss Gilliatt).

"Now I want the talking stopped." (Miss Lubbe).

"We will have a written test for a change." (Miss Gochenour).

"You may go talk to Mr. Bailey about this." (Miss Lewis).

"Now do you see the point?" (Mr. Kelley).

A PRAIRIE ROSE

(Continue from Page One.)

cream. Mose to the rescue. Rose learns the truth. Bill to the defense. "No ye won't, Bill!"

ACT. III—Scene I: Bill on track of the "right steer" at last. "Rose loved me fust, an' she'll have me now!" "Curse ye! I'm square with ye now!" Just an accident! For --- Rose's --- sake!"

Scene II: Phil and Dorothy come to an understanding. Rose is still "powerful sot in her ideas!" Silas springs a new sensation and incidentally a new and not altogether welcome "Dad." A reconciliation and a parting. "My poor little girl!"

ACT IV—Afternoon tea. Bill finds hothouse flowers too fragrant for his nose. "I didn't mean to come afore ye got your clo'es on!" A little domestic tiff that blows over satisfactorily. The guaranteed proposal fails. Silas is very much married. An old friend unexpectedly turns up. "Merciful heaven! It is Rose!" Back to the prairie!" "This" "Louder, please!"

HI-Y—Continued from Page 1.

supper at the high school domestic science room.

While the domestic science girls were getting supper on the tables, different groups of boys sang old-time songs. The supper was fine and the girls proved to be good cooks.

After supper numbers were given by Byron Harting, duet from Lebanon, and the final address "I Dare to play the Game," by Dr. Allison. He brought out the points that, in life's work, men must play together as in a basketball game, that each player, so to speak, must give everything he can, to his team mates in his life's work and keep fit to play up to standard at all times. This talk was also very interesting.

The boys consisted of groups from Boone and Hamilton county schools, and some from Crawfordsville. After the final talk the boys gave a rising vote of thanks to the Lebanon Hi-Y boys and Domestic Science girls for their kind hospitality.

The conference was a big success as it brought the boys to realize the seriousness of the conditions of their life and the lives of their fellowmen. There were about two hundred sixty boys there.

SHERMAN ESSEX.

Could you imagine anyone throwing pins in History class.

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### ABOUT PRESIDENTIAL PREFERENCES

Results of the nation-wide presidential preference poll taken in American colleges and universities show that to all appearances the mind of the undergraduates in the whole country run in about the same channels and that in all the schools the choices were substantially the same.

Some doubt as to the real importance of the choice of the college man and woman for the next president now is cast by The New Student, which points out that the student vote is closely restricted by laws in 42 states which disfranchise 150,000 college students because they can not register unless they return to their homes. The department of history and politics at Colgate recently spent some time in research on this matter and discloses that of a total collegiate population of 1,037,347, only about 36 per cent., or 373,445, are eligible to vote.

The research brought out the fact that if he is registered the student may vote by mail under the regulations of 41 states. It is pointed out, however, that the average student is not interested enough to leave classes in order to register. And only six states permit registration as well as voting by mail.

Another point of importance which the research fails to bring out is that many students who vote in the straw ballot are under age and can not vote either in primaries or the presidential election. This fact would further decrease the ranks of those who might vote.

The value of the straw vote, however, lies not so much in the importance of the bearing of college votes in the elections, for college students are too few to have a great effect on the ultimate total. The value lies in showing which way the attitude of the college man tends to veer and the fact that over the whole country the collegiate mind tends toward the same choices.

If one desired to conduct a straw vote through educational institutions which would be a closer reflection of the choice of the public it would be far better to have the polls taken in the high schools and grade schools of the country. The resulting votes would not indicate the choice of the pupil, while it is supposed that the vote of the college man does indicate his own choice. The high school or grade school pupil's choice would represent, on the other hand, the preference of his family. It would come

as a result of table talk at home and would show what his parents preferred, since few pupils of that age have choices based on any thing other than what the folks think. Such a vote would come far nearer representing the preference of the rank and file of voters.

### SCRAPS

Most ancient glass is "soft" due to an excessive alkali content.

\* \* \*

The Great Lakes cover one-third of the world's fresh water area.

\* \* \*

Miss Charlotte Sass, of McGregor, Ia. and Herman Appel, of Monona, Ia., were married at Cedar Rapids.

\* \* \*

Mexico has about twenty radio stations.

\* \* \*

About nine-tenths of the corn produced is used on farms.

\* \* \*

The rattlesnake adds a new rattle each time it sheds its skin, usually about three times a year.

The weather man surely has shown a disposition recently to cure spring fever in a hurry.

\* \* \*

They may make a motor run without fuel, but we've never seen a furnace act that way.

Robert Allen—How can you make a tall man short?

Robert Bower—Borrow \$10 from him.

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THE SUNFLOWER IN THE ROW

Do you see Aunt Sarah hoeing down  
the row?  
(She is bent and feeble, very old and  
slow)  
She is softly humming as she hoes  
the row along.  
An old medieval melody, a gently  
crooning song.

She once was young and cheerful, not  
so old and grey,  
But even though she's aged, she's  
happy all the day;  
There has always been some sickness,  
hovering near  
All through the years, but still her  
song we hear.

"Why, Aunt Sarah, do you always  
sing so gay  
Hoeing in your garden all the live-  
long day?"  
"You know, child," she answers, "I  
love the plants that grow,  
Don't you see the sunflower I have  
planted in the row?"

"Always in my garden, every little  
while  
I plant a little flower to sorta give  
it style,  
Then when I get tired workin', most  
too tired to go,  
I behold the sunflower which I planted  
in the row."

Most everyone have troubles all  
along life's way  
And eventually like Sarah, will grow  
old and gray;  
We will be more cheerful as through  
life we go  
If we will only plant a sunflower in  
the row.

CARRIE PIPES  
Junior '28.

Byron Harting—You won't catch  
me working for Hine's again in a  
hurry.  
Florence Moran—Why not?  
Byron H. On account of a remark he  
made.  
Florence M. A remark?  
Byron H. Yeah! He says to me,  
"Byron you're fired."

—JOKES—

Mr. Casey—Do you talk in your  
sleep?  
Mr. Bailey—No, my wife says I'm  
perfectly exasperating—I only smile.  
\* \* \*

Roy D.—What is an air pocket,  
Dad?  
Father—Mine, after your mother  
has gone through them.  
\* \* \*

Nurse—Well, James, do you want  
to see the new brother the stork  
brought?  
James H.—Naw! I wanna see the  
stork.  
\* \* \*

Fond Mother—You know, Tommy,  
I hate to hear of my boy being at the  
foot of his class.  
Thomas W.—It isn't my fault. The  
boy who is always at the foot is home  
sick.  
\* \* \*

Miss Lubbe (in history class—  
"Harold if you cannot behave your-  
self, I shall have to take your name."  
Outside class Harold told John  
Dulin this: "Miss Lubbe threatened  
to marry me, if I don't look out."  
\* \* \*

"Now Kenneth," said Mr. Bailey,  
"if your father can do a piece of work  
in one hour and your mother can do  
it in one hour, how long would it take  
both of them to do it?"  
"Three hours," answered Kenneth,  
"counting the time they would waste  
in arguing."  
\* \* \*

Professor—When you examine a  
patient's lungs with a microscope  
what do you see?  
Bonsil Witt—The seat of his pants.  
\* \* \*

Adrian Cline—Where was Moses  
when the lights went out?  
Ruth M.—Yes that is just what I  
would like to know; just where was  
he.  
\* \* \*

"A good excuse is better than  
none."  
You bet; just ask Mr. Kelley about  
the time one of his violin strings  
mysteriously broke or disappeared  
the time he was to play on a school  
program.  
\* \* \*

James B.—Where did you get the  
bumps on your head?  
James H.—Had Appendicitis.  
James B.—Appendicitis?  
James H.—Yeah, the doctor ran out  
of ether.  
\* \* \*

Mr. Casey—Kenneth, give me an  
example of wasted energy.  
Kenneth K. Telling a hair raising  
tale to a bald-headed man.

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**COUNTY SPELLING CONTEST**

The county spelling contest was held March 29 at Lebanon High School. Two contestants from each township were entered. The representatives from Worth Township were Evelyn Miller and Eugenia Smith. The contest was won by George Cash, Marion Township. He was presented a trophy by the Local Loyalty League of Lebanon.

Preceding the spelling contest a declamation contest was held. The two contestants were George Kimmel and Kenneth Caplinger. Both speakers spoke on the Constitution.

Mr. Kimmel was presented a medal by the Bar Association of Lebanon, for delivering the best speech.

—JOKES—

**Like Returns**

Harold Essex—What are you doing now Edward?

Edw. J.—Running a tractor for Harry Romine.

Harold E.—What does he pay you?

Edward J.—\$28 a month.

Harold E.—Pretty poor pay.

Edw. J.—Well, I'm doing pretty poor plowing.

\* \* \*

**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 is an automowhay, but it won't."

\* \* \*

William G. (after quarrel)—I think our lips are parallel, don't you?

Lena S.—I don't know. Why?

William—Because they never meet.

\* \* \*

Judge—You say it was an accident that you shot your wife? How did it happen?

Prisoner—She got in front of my mother-in-law just as I pulled the trigger.

\* \* \*

It doesn't pay to be crooked. For instance?

Well, just look at what happened to all the corkscrews and hairpins.

\* \* \*

William Groover, in English class—Shakespeare was born in 1616 and died in 1564.

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