



To the Sammies and Jackies of E. H. S:—

Wherever they may be, who are wearing suits of service, proudly upholding the integrity of the nation, fighting the battles of democracy, making safe the homes of men and women the world over, protecting the aged and infirm, and the virtue of women and girls, clearing the earth of its ravaging hordes, this issue of "The Crescent" is cheerfully dedicated.





## E. H. S. ROLL OF HONOR

LUCIAN BROWN  
CEDRIC DeHORITY  
RAYMOND LEWIS  
WAYNE DRAKE  
DONALD COOK  
FRED COIL  
EDISON SMITH

REX COOPER  
MARLSTON MILLER  
RALPH PLOUGH  
HOWARD BAKER  
LEWIS BRUCE  
SHERIDAN CLYDE  
PAUL RECORDS  
ALVA JACKLEY

PAUL BILLHEIMER  
REX REYNOLDS  
ARTHUR FAGIN  
BYRON CASTER  
EARL HUFFMAN  
PAUL MAHONEY  
CLARENCE McCONLEY



If we may, we shall take this opportunity to express our thanks and appreciation to the faculty and student body for the support and confidence given us in publishing this volume. We have gladly and willingly labored long and hard to put forth our very best and give to this school something of which it may be proud in later years. And as the years glide away this toil and labor of the past will remain only as a pleasant memory.

At this time we are engaged in a great strife which has called away many of our numbers and will probably call a great many more, and, as those who have already gone have felt it a duty to go, we ourselves feel that it is right and also a duty to give them honorable mention in this volume.

We, as Seniors, take great pride in being able to graduate and bearing away with us honors from the Elwood High School. May this school ever be in as high standing as it is at present, "and when the silver cord is broken and the chains that bind are severed," may our minds live on the pleasant days spent in the E. H. S.

We beg to be, as ever, your faithful servants.

Yours in the interest of E. H. S.,

MERRILL P. HIATT, Editor

**S**

**t a r t**







MERRILL HIATT,  
Editor.



ROBERT DeHORITY,  
Business Manager.



CHARLOTTE SNEED,  
Advertising Manager.



EDNA PARSONS,  
Secretary-Treasurer.



CHARLES HARRIS,  
Assistant Editor.



PAUL STEWART,  
Assistant Business Manager.



HOWARD CROUSE  
Assistant Advertising Manager.



MAURICE ZERFACE,  
Athletic Editor.





LENORD SAUER  
Cartoonist.



HAZEL BROWN.  
Literary Editor.



MARY STOKES,  
Music Editor.



ADA BROADBENT,  
Art Editor.



CHARLES DICK,  
Assistant Cartoonist.



BARBARA BEESON.  
Assistant Literary Editor.



ELIZABETH BROYLES,  
Social Calender.



RUTH HOBBS,  
Joke Editor.



**ARTHUR K. KONOLD, Superintendent.**

Born November 12, 1877, at Branchville, Perry county, Indiana. Graduated from common schools in his native county. Began teaching in October, 1896. Taught three years district school. Entered Central Normal College at Danville, Ind., April, 1898. Graduated from Classic Course in 1901. In Government service from 1902 to 1908. Taught in Greenfield, Indiana High School 1908 to 1910. Graduated from Winona College 1911 with degree of A. B. Teacher of history and psychology in Winona College, and Dean of the College from 1911 to 1916. Superintendent of schools, Elwood, Indiana, 1916-1918. Graduate student University of Chicago, summer of 1917.

**EDGAR M. EDWARDS, Principal**

Edgar M. Edwards was born and reared in Lawrence county, Indiana. He graduated from the High School at Mitchell, Ind. He took his A. B. degree from Franklin College and he has done Graduate work in Indiana university and in Wisconsin university. He has been a teacher in the Elwood High School since the fall of 1912.





Faculty.







RAY S. COCHRAN  
Wabash 1912 Botany A. B.  
Teacher of Mathematics.



MARY E. COX  
Indiana 1895 A. B. Social Economy.  
Teacher of History.



GWYNETH HARRY  
Butler 1914 A. B. Latin  
Teacher of History and Latin.



MARY MARGARET HARVEY  
De Pauw 1914 A. B. English  
Teacher of English



RUTH DICKEY  
Indiana, 1920, Chemistry  
Teacher Chemistry and English



LOLA REICHELDERFER  
American Institute of Normal Methods,  
Northwestern University 1912  
Director of Music



EVA RUMMEL  
Thomas Normal Training School, Detroit,  
Mich., 1913, Domestic Science.  
Teacher of Domestic Science.



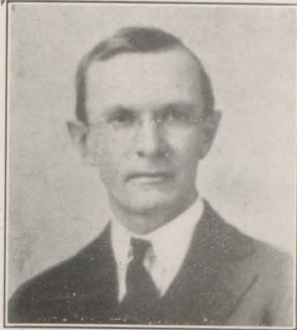
GERTRUDE GALVIN  
Art League, Leavenworth, Kansas  
The Cummings Art School, Des Moines, Ia.  
Art Institute, Chicago.



EARL R. HUFFMAN  
Wabash 1916 Botany A. B.  
Teacher of English and Commercial  
Arithmetic

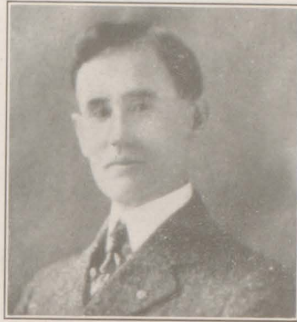


DONNELL J. GOOD  
Wabash 1919 Zoology and Physics  
Teacher of Physics



LEO FRANCES

Indiana State Normal 12— Education A. B.  
Teacher of Mechanical Drawing



JAMES A. JONES

Perdue A. B. Mechanical Engineering  
Teacher of Manual Training



AURELIA ST. CLAIR

Des Moines 1906, A. B. Latin  
University of Chicago 1908 A. M.  
Teacher of Latin



REGINA GROSSWEGE

Indiana 1911 A. B. German  
Teacher of German



BOYD COCHRAN

Wabash 1915, A. B. Botany  
Teacher of Botany



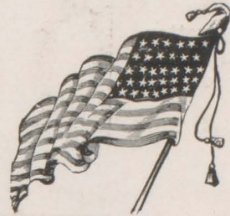
# Seniors



E



## Seniors "With The Colors"



### HOWARD BAKER

Our once care-free "Stuffy" has chosen to be one of Uncle Sammie's khaki-clad boys. Just recently our school was overshadowed by his severe attack of pneumonia. He is fast recovering and we hope will soon be able for duty again.

### LEWIS BRUCE

"Lew," another of our boys who exchanged serge and pinch-backs for a suit of khaki. He is now in one of the training camps training with an ambulance corps. If you wish to know more about him just ask "Madelon."

### RAY LEWIS

If Ray goes "Over the Top" with the vim and determination with which he "punches the line" in football, the Huns will have reason to fear. He heard the call of his country for men and enlisted last fall.



PAUL ARMSTRONG

We would never have gotten through English if it hadn't been for Paul's serious study of the Allegory.



ELIZABETH BROYLES

Our dark-eyed little Betty is a country lass and is very quiet and demure until you know her.

BARBARA BEESON

"Bobby" is one of the nicest girls in E. H. S. She is never met but what she greets you with a smile. She is now unsettled as to what to do, whether to become a housewife or go on to college.



CLIFFTON BERRY

"Bud" is considered an infallible authority on the ladies. Perhaps that is one reason why he shows such a decided aversion to leaving high school.





ADAH BROADBENT

"Broady" is a jolly sort of a girl, as shown by her gushing flow of conversation, which goes to show that she will probably be a prominent lawyer before long.



LAWRENCE BULL

Though you wouldn't think it, Lawrence is the boy that can make 'em laugh. He is also another one of our Physic stars.

HAZEL BROWN

"Brownie" tried several different high schools but has now selected our dear old E. H. S. from which to receive her diploma. We expect to soon see her name among the leading literary genius of the day. Her ready smile and friendly manner makes her a favorite among us.

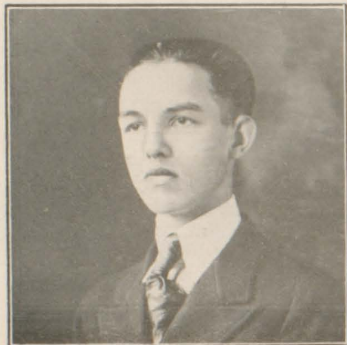


ED CHAPMAN

"Ed" sure made a good yell master and the only fellow in the class who could successfully argue Physic.







JAY CLARKE

Jay is noted for his ties, good-looking car and sly ways, which are the objects of many E. H. S. girls' gaze.



SHERIDAN CLYDE

"Shurdy" left a good reputation behind him when he left E. H. S. at the end of the first semester. He was one of the most efficient members of the basket ball team and at the reception his name was among those who had pledged to help Uncle Sam.

VIOLET CLOSZ

We will ever have Violet in our thoughts as one who could look sober, as a judge, and very studious when caught whispering. A little person but lots of brains.



EMILE COTTON

Emile is one of our most excellent students. He is especially noted for his ability to untangle knotty problems in Physics and Solid Geometry.







ROBERT DeHORITY

"Bob" is our business like Business Manager of the Annual. Not much sentiment there, but he excels in practical things—Arithmetic, for example.



BLANCH DIGEL

Here is one of our best known Senior girls. Her winning smile and cheerful countenance have endeared her to the hearts of all.

JOHN WHITKAMPER

Just ask John a question on any book except his text book and he will tell you instantly. If all literary knowledge he has stored up, ever begins to flow forth he will startle the world as a second "Demosthenes."



GLADYS DOWNS

If we can judge by her former works, Gladys intends to become a lawyer. At least it was she who drew up the will for her class which left E. H. S. in January. Let us hope that her remarks will always be to the point as they were in this will.





WALDO DOWNS

"Tubby" always furnished the class with plenty of laughter and the girls with all kinds of candies especially "kisses."



RUBY EPLEY

Ruby is always in for a good time and time does not lag when she is around. She is also an excellent student—a shining Latin star.

WALTER EDMONDS

"Slop's" special pastime and amusement is kidding our teachers of the fairer sex. He was on both the football and basket ball squads in his Junior and Senior years.



LEONA FATH

Leona is a very serious girl, who seems to have lots of trouble of her own.





FLORENCE FERGUSON

"Kate," as she is known to her intimate friends, is one of our most diligent classmates. She is one of the few who seldom get called in the assembly for having too much fun during study periods.



LENA FRYE

Lena deceives her quiet looks as most of the teachers can testify, yet her good nature compels the admiration of all. She made a very pretty little peasant girl in the class play.

WEBSTER FERGUSON

"Webb" has lived on a farm all his life but since entering high school he has taken up with the drug business and we think perhaps he will soon be connected with Sneed's.



LILLIAN WEIDNER

Truly she has a sarcastic tongue and many have felt the effects of it. Just the same we appreciate Lillian's shrewd speeches and her ready wit.







MAUDE HANCOCK

Although she will not admit it we all know Maude likes the male sex pretty well. Also she is a wonder at working difficult physics problems.



GARLAND HARBIT

One of those numerous students who believe that where "ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise." At any rate he would rather think up a good joke than study any day.

ORPHA HANCOCK

Orpha is interested in soldier boys, especially those who wear kilties.



CHARLES HARRIS

"Chug," the noted boy of E. H. S. He was captain of our basket ball team and also starred in the class play. We are worried about him because he says that he has a serious question to ask one certain person and he hasn't the heart, and it is impossible for any of us to ask the question.

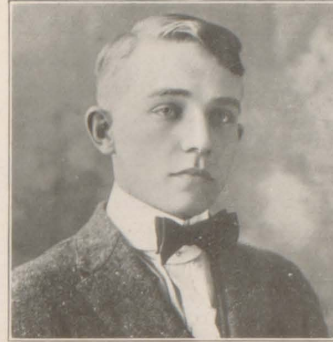






HOWARD HERSHEY

"Hershey" is one of our town farmers. He has taken a full course in agriculture and now can't remember how to harness a team.

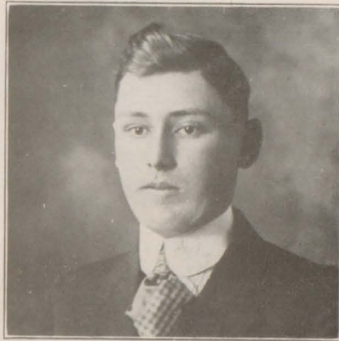


MERRILL HIATT

"Mike" is our efficient President of the Ecclesia." He has also served in that capacity for the class. From all indications he will be a politician or a lawyer. But we have his word for it that next winter he intends to teach school. We wish this experience to be a successful one.

KENNETH GORDON.

"Dutch" is not a German, despite his name. If you have any doubt as to this fact, just come up to Assembly Four and see his popularity among the Senior girls.



RUTHE HINKLE

Not "one vast smile," but all smile nevertheless, and very winning, especially with country boys. We think she intended to teach at first, but that someone has persuaded her otherwise.





BEULAH HOBBS

"Slim" is another country girl and her good nature is in direct proportion to her size.



MABEL HOPP

"Hoppy" (usually) is all smiles and full of life. Alas! What has caused her smile to fade? Listen! Sheridan has left to become a blue-jacket. That's the reason.

RUTH HOBBS

"Ruthie" will always be remembered by her classmates as a jolly girl always ready for a good time. However her life was saddened some time ago when "Dutch" moved to Indianapolis, but, never mind Ruth, he'll come back some of these days.



CORA HOUTZ

She is another of our class who left E. H. S. at the end of the first semester. Her cheerfulness and good nature have won a place for her in the hearts of all the students.





DORIS HURD

"Dods" is both the joy and despair of all the teachers. Without her original expression in French, it would sure be a dull old class.



DAISY JONES

Poets sing of the modest daisy. Our Daisy is just as modest and unassuming. Just ask her the definition of "Deil."

LILLIAN JOHN

Lillian is noted for her curls and large, towering hair ribbons.



EDYTH KARCH

Edyth is another of those who would rather be seen than heard. However, we are told that in "Virgil" she seemed more willing to talk than elsewhere.







OTTO KEITH

Most noted for his shell-tex spectacles and his soldierly walk. Although a lively fellow we have little hopes of him being married soon.



ARNOLD KURTZ

Kurtz hails from Perkinsville but you would never know it from the classy clothes he wears.

HELEN KESLER

Helen is one of our Senior girls who is taking Domestic Science. Just what this implies we do not know. Perhaps this accounts for her being undecided as to the future.



BYRON LANE

"Fat" was one of the best natured "guys" in high school and when he left our numbers in January he was greatly missed.







BONNIE LEGG.

Bonnie, you charmed us all with your acting as the Merry Cricket in the play. We see your future as a movie star.



NORA LEVITT

She is one of our Seniors who joined our numbers last fall. She is a quiet country lass and as usual very timid and bashful.

SIDNEY LEWIS

"Fat" or "Sid" is the third in the line of the Lewis football stars. He has upheld the honor of the name, being our last captain and a member of the all state team.



GERTRUDE LYST

Gertrude is probably one of the quietest girls in E. H. S. Although she is greatly missed as a student, we believe that she will make one of the best Latin teachers in the state within a short time.





EDNA McCAREL

We have our suspicions that Edna intends to become either a movie actress or a hair dresser. We think this is why she tries to fix her hair like that of the girls on magazine covers, with those coquettish little rings in front.



BLANCHE MALEY

Blanche is one of the busiest girls in high school, at least, she seems to be busy. She always has a smile for everyone and is a promising kindergarden teacher.

HOWARD McCLURE

"Mack," as Miss Cox said, is the petted son of a wealthy farmer. He is very popular with the girls, probably because of his Buick roadster.



PAUL MILLER

"Pug" is a wonder at expounding historical events, making them dignified and impressive with words of unusually excessive length.





MADGE MINOR

Madge is a little girl but is capable of making scores of friends. She has left our high school, but we still have many thoughts of her.



WILBUR MORGAN

A glance at Wilbur's neat clothes calls for a second look at his attractive appearance. Although many inviting glances are bestowed upon him, his affections are for Laura alone.

CLARICE MOORE

The "pretty Madelon" of our class play. Her charming ways and lovable nature makes her a favorite among her classmates.



ETIDORPHA NEWKIRK

"Dorph" is always ready for a good time. We do not wonder at her popularity among our society Senior boys.

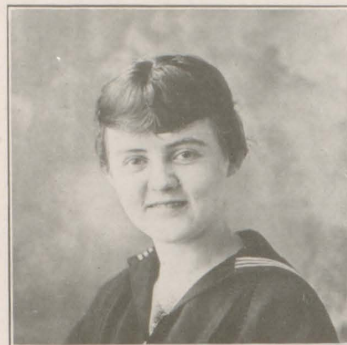






SARAH NIVISON

Sarah is from the south, just arriving last fall and it is real amusing and entertaining to sit and listen to her interesting story of the South.



EDNA PARSONS

“Ted” is known to all of us and liked very much. Her jolly good nature has gained for her the honor of being one of the most popular girls in the class. The best wishes of the class go with her when she leaves E. H. S.

ELSIE NORRIS

We are told that Elsie does not believe in the charms of single blessedness. Perhaps that accounts for her having dates with so many different fellows—to see which she likes the best.



GLADYS PHILLIPS

Gladys is a little girl but size doesn't always count. As for speed, you should see her in Arithmetic.





IVA PRAIM

Iva, the girl who handled the money and secretary's affairs of the fall class of '18. She also gave the staff of the "Crescent" much assistance.



EVELYN RICHARDS

A very pretty and pious girl is Evelyn. She was the pride of the English class and is liked very much by her classmates and teachers.

NITA REIGEL

A rustic lass; and therefore a very efficient housekeeper. Although you are efficient in more than one thing, let us warn you, Nita, that Picketts are easy to get "hung" on.



GOLDIE SEARCY

A very quiet girl indeed but very studious. She has spent four years with us and has made many friends during this time.





LEONARD SAUER

"Doc" is our good natured cartoonist. We are all expecting to see his fancy signature on the cartoons of a leading newspaper in a short time.



CHARLOTTE SNEED

Of course, we wouldn't want her to look that way all the time but she certainly made a good "witch" in the Senior class play. She also won the school contest in the Discussion League this spring.

MIRL SLICK

"And still the wonder grew, that one small head could carry all she knew." She knows music, can write poetry, novels or essays, one of the best in Physics and no limit to her knowledge of History, German, Latin or French. She is an artist, knows the dictionary by heart, and expects to know most of the Bible by the time school is out.



VIVIAN STARR

Vivian is one of our two Senior "Starrs," and just as her name implies she is rather silent, only occasionally permitting us to get a glimpse of the talkative side of her nature.







DOROTHY STARR

"Dorothy" is a new addition to our class, having come just this winter. But she is easy to get acquainted with and has made many friends already.



PAUL STEWART

A regular ladies' man and although he has not yet succeeded in winning the little country girl on which his affections seems to be centered, we are sure he will be victorious before many months have passed.

VAL STEIGLITZ

"Buck" is a shining star of our class. Besides being president of our class, captain of the football team and member of last year's basket ball team, he starred as the "Old Man" in Esmeralda and as "Landry" in the "Cricket." He is one of our most popular boys—especially among the girls.



MARY STOKES

Mary is our never failing standby when we sing popular music in the auditorium. Just what use she intends to make of her musical talent is not known but we would not be surprised to hear of her as a future artist along this line.





MARY SWAIN

One of the demurest little girls in school but nevertheless charming, which proves that "silence is more eloquent than words."



MARTHA WILSON

We do not know whether Martha intends to become a dressmaker or an ambulance driver. However, just at present she seems to be experimenting in "high collars" and "mannish" attire, so you see she is undecided as to the future.

MARGARET THEANDERS

"Peggy" is noted for her dignified walk and her ability to teach an art class. We wonder if she is also studying home economics. If the latter is true, one can easily imagine the result.



MAURICE ZERFACE

"Ben," "Barney," "Bo," "Zerfie," or anything else you want to call him. He is our good-looking class president and athletic editor.



## HELEN WALLACE

Helen is a very popular girl among the E. H. S. students. She also shows some signs of becoming an actress.



## LOWELL WAYMIRE

Lowell is a living example of the saying, "Still waters run deep." But what he says is usually worth hearing. At present he is a shoe clerk and we wish to see him prosper in this business if that should be his chosen vocation.



## PEARL TRANBARGER

We will always remember Pearl for her antiqueness. She is the girl who always said "fust." She is a good girl and well liked, however.



## FRANK WARNER

"Frank" is a wonder, when he was a Freshie we never expected to see him a Senior because we thought he would soon enter married life, but now it seems as though he has changed his mind and is going to remain single.





MARGARET WILLIAMS

Margaret belongs to that bunch of students who have to rid themselves of superfluous energy in some way, so she plays basket ball. Also we believe that she could write quite an interesting pamphlet on "The Art of Missing Trains."



THELMA WEBB

"Dobby" as her friends all call her, is somewhat of a Tomboy and can imitate anything when she tries.

AMY WILLIAMS

"Amy," your cheerful disposition and hearty laugh which often rings through the corridors will long be remembered by your old friends in E. H. S.



## History of Mid-Year Class of '18

IN February, 1914, the illustrious 4A mid-year class of 1918, entered high school. After the manner of all Freshmen they eventually became capable of finding their way about the building and soon settled down to their work.

In September, when they became 1A's, they were given seats in the big assembly room, which was used for seating all pupils in the old building, and they considered themselves quite grown-up and dignified.

Soon after the new term started in February, 1915, a meeting was held and the class was organized. The officers elected were; President, Val Steiglitz; Vice-President, Howard Baker; Secretary and Treasurer, Clarice Moore. The colors, old rose and silver, were selected as class-colors. Soon after this the first class party was given at the home of Goldie Searcey.

In September, 1915, they entered the new building as 2A's. At a meeting held during this term, Val Steiglitz was re-elected President, Helen Steele was elected Vice-President and Cora Houtz, secretary and treasurer. In November a class party was given at the home of Byrness Jones. This affair was so well attended that the hostess was forced to admit that she was sorry she couldn't entertain the whole high school.

In the first part of the third year, activities of the class as a whole were not very

numerous, although each member felt the necessary dignity which devolved upon him as a Junior.

During the 3A term, officers elected were: President, Val Steiglitz; Vice President, Leone Fath; Secretary-Treasurer, Iva Prain. In January, Ruby Epley entertained the class at a party, which was chaperoned by Miss Willkie.

Soon after the 4B term started, preparations were begun for the Spring Reception, which seemed, of course, the Big Event in each one's high school life. Officers for this semester were the same as for the preceding one.

During the first part of the 4A term, class affairs were not very frequent—each member being too busy trying to pull through—to trouble himself with frivolities. On January 11 high school life ended for all those not intending to take post-graduate work, not including those poor unfortunates whose attendance was required during Senior week. On January 17, the last party of this congenial class was given in the high school gymnasium, chaperoned by Miss Harvey and Hiss Harry.

Wouldn't life be worth living if all E. H. S. girls were:

Attractive like Margaret Williams?  
Bright like Mirl Slick?  
Captivating like Edna Parsons?

Diligent like Mary Swain?  
Fair like Barbara Beeson?  
Gay like Florence Ferguson?  
Helpful like Elizabeth Broyles?  
Interesting like Margaret Theanders?  
Jolly like Thelma Webb?  
Kind like Leona Fath?  
Little like Bonnie Legg?  
Loving like Elsie Norris?  
Modest like Lillian Weidner?  
Neat like Lena Frye?  
Optimistic like Blanche Digel?  
Pretty like Clarice Moore?  
Romantic like Ruth Hobbs?  
Sensible like Charlotte Sneed?  
Talented like Hazel Brown?  
Unattacked like Mable Hopp?  
Vivacious like Doris Hurd?  
Winning like Ruth Hinkle?  
Youthful like all Senior girls?  
Zealous like Gladys Phillips?

And if E. H. S. boys were only:

Amiable like Charles Harris?  
Bold like Edward Chapman?  
Courteous like Paul Armstrong?  
Dignified like Arnold Kurtz?  
Earnest like Paul Stewart?  
Frank like Maurice Zerface?  
Gifted like Webster Ferguson?  
Handsome like Robert DeHority?  
Industrious like Sidney Lewis?  
Jolly like Waldo Downs?  
Keen like Val Stieglitz?  
Loyal like Ray Lewis, Sherry Clyde, Lewis Bruce and Howard Baker?  
Manly like Leonard Sauer?  
Neat like Clifton Berry?  
Obliging like Wilbur Morgan?  
Persistent like Merrill Hiatt?  
Quiet like Kenneth Gordon?  
Youthful like John Garrigus?

—L. C.



## Last Will and Testament of Spring Class of '18

Being in unsettled state of mind,  
 Not knowing when death we shall find,  
 We write with purpose, firm intent,  
 This, our last will and testament.  
 I, Tubby Downs, bequeath my curls  
 To all the pretty 4B girls.  
 I, Doris Hurd, to Webster Bill,  
 Give our dear Charlotte, with a will.  
 I, Barney Zerface, wish to leave,  
 Along with Cliff, my worthy friends  
 To Mr. Good, who will not grieve,  
 All surplus Physics we have gained.  
 I, Merrill Hiatt, with my Ford  
 So precious that I must shed tears  
 At parting, to my Cousin Bill,  
 To last him all the coming years.  
 We, Edna Mac and Lillian John,  
 Both so fair to look upon,  
 Do leave to all who care to take,  
 Our lovely hair; 'tis not a fake.  
 We, Bob DeHority, Mac McClure,  
 Edward Chapman and Doc Sauer,  
 Bequeath our fascinating ways,  
 To Byron Faust, who merits (?) praise.  
 We, Adah Broadbent, Hazel Brown,  
 And Lena Fyre, our eyes cast down,  
 Upon our heiress in her room,  
 Where strong she sits and holds our doom,  
 So that no knowledge may escape  
 That we've put there thru much red tape,  
 We leave three large strong double locks,  
 To our Miss Mary Elizabeth Cox.  
 I, Martha Wilson, do dispose  
 Of all my late-worn mannish clothes  
 To my sole heiress, Opal Stech  
 To give her power to "make a mash."  
 I, Wilbur Morgan, will my brains  
 To all the Juniors and Pinky Maines.  
 I, Paul Miller, a Senior A  
 Do will my unassuming way  
 To Howard Crouse and Miss St. Clair,

An appreciate and worthy pair.  
 I, Jay Clarke, remembering now  
 The damage done to my green bow,  
 In my first year, one day in March,  
 That nearly took my collar's starch,  
 Do leave to all the Freshmen gay  
 All of the future St. Patrick's Days.  
 I, Elizabeth Broyles, do grieve  
 Having nothing of my own to leave,  
 So I leave Miss Harry, a winsome lass  
 To the tender care of her Latin class.  
 We, Barbara Beeson, Nita Riegel,  
 Lillian Weidner and Blanch Digel,  
 Return with pleasure and permission,  
 To Boyd, all his famed evolution  
 Which we found scattered thru the halls  
 And even stuck up on the walls.  
 We, Margaret Williams and Charlotte Sneed,  
 No longer desiring our many E's  
 Do leave the same to Cecil Guy,  
 And also a bunch of pink sweetpeas.  
 I, Gladys Phillips, leave my care  
 To Claudine R., my long brown hair.  
 I, Mabel Hopp, who am so wise  
 Bequeath Fred Williams in my will,  
 The sparkle in my pretty eyes,  
 I hope that this will keep him still.  
 I, Mary Swaim, regret the need  
 To pay to my will any heed,  
 But since I must, bestow my good  
 Sweet way and my blessing on Esmond Wood.  
 I, Ruth S. Hinkle, to Miss Grosswege  
 Leave my quiet manner in the hall,  
 My sweet and captivating smile  
 And trouble to last until next fall.  
 I, Kenneth Gordon, to the Sophomores  
 Leave my thirst for knowledge and nothing more.  
 We, of stars the very fairest,  
 Webster Ferguson and Chug Harris,  
 To Earl R. Huffman, champion tall,  
 Will and revise one basket ball.

I, Otto Kieth, bequeath my goggles  
 To Donnell Good and Theresa Noggles.  
 We, Mary Stokes and Edna Parsons,  
 Do will and leave to Florence Larson  
 Our talent in dancing and our consent  
 To ride in Fords to her heart's content.  
 We, Paul Stewart and Elsie Norris,  
 Leave our "case" to William Norris  
 To share with who so he shall please,  
 Note: This will set his heart at ease.  
 We, Sara Nivison, Thelma Webb,  
 And John Wittkamper, nearly dead  
 From hearing the special chorus sing,  
 Bequeath a very precious thing;  
 Some really good singers to stop the fright,  
 And charm Miss Reichelderfer's sight.  
 I, Florence Ferguson, leave my beauty  
 To Leo Francis, 'tis my duty.  
 We, Amy Williams and Howard Hershey,  
 Will the quality of mercy  
 To Pop, to be used with the utmost care;  
 When punishing truants found here and there.  
 I, Frank Warner, feel much better,  
 To dispose of my useful, good, green sweater  
 To Gertrude Galvin, teacher of art,  
 It's beauty she'll be sure to mark.  
 I, Daisy Jones, leave one toy ball,  
 And my loud talking in the hall,  
 To Bertha Ingram, on one condition;  
 That they be used without permission.  
 We, Nora Leavitt, Kenneth Turner,  
 Beulah Hobbs and Helen Kestler,  
 Bequeath the following priceless treasures,  
 One powder puff, three liter measures,  
 One looking-glass, all covered with dust,  
 And one small comb, to be held in trust  
 By Mrs. N. S. Sichterman,  
 Until next autumn, if she can.  
 I, Ruthe Hobbs, as to age I come,  
 Settle one stick of chewing gum,  
 Guaranteed never to wear out,  
 On Marjorie Murphy, without a doubt.  
 We, two Starrs, quite shining and bright,  
 Dorothy and Vivian, leave the light



That served us to study our lessons before,  
 On the right-out-side of assembly four door.  
 I. Lawrence Bull, will one brass pinn,  
 My sweetly Miss-directed grin,  
 One round trip ticket to the basket ball game,  
 To Irwin Matchett, who needs the same.  
 I, Paul Armstrong, reluctantly part  
 With my most cherished treasures; my hand and  
 my heart,

To the girl who some day in future will come  
 And make me abandon old-bachelordom.  
 I, Mirl Slick, with a few particles  
 Of deep regret, leave the following articles,  
 To serve as ornaments for the offices,  
 My two-inch pencil, and French note book,  
 To Gladys Poland and Herman Boone,  
 My eternal smile, and innocent look,  
 My giggle in Physics to Helen Starr  
 Who's wondering yet if the "chances are."  
 I, Blanche Maley, bestow my walk,  
 A few old useless worn-out keys,  
 And all the Senior's frivolous talk,  
 To Ellen Poland and DeWitt Trees.  
 I, Arnold Kurtz, to Charles Dick,  
 Give a lollipop and a walking stick.  
 I, Orpha Hancock to Ruth Nebele  
 Leave my length of skirt and height of heel,  
 To Maurine Slick, with my sympathy,  
 My lectures from Miss Cox in History.  
 I, Margaret Theander, a shining beam  
 Of Senior light, will a basket ball team  
 To Coach Ray Cochran; train them well,  
 And they'll make Elwood's victories tell.  
 Lastly we, the entire class,  
 To Miss Ruth Dickey, leave our love,  
 To Margaret Harvey all our hearts,  
 This our sincere regard to prove  
 To the faculty, each and every one,  
 We leave our own fair E. H. S.  
 Of all the schools we've ever known,  
 Our Elwood High's the very best.  
 Witnesseth, this 20th day of March, 1918, the  
 4A Class.  
 Witnesses: John G. Lewis, Chas. F. Wiley,  
 Joe Fields.

## 4A Class History

Why, one day, 'way a long, long time ago,  
 When all of us were very young, you know,  
 Ourselves a motley crowd of Freshmen came  
 To go to high school, and perchance, win fame.  
 Full green we were, and our mistakes not few,  
 And many a roasting fell to our lot too.  
 But never once did we complain or fret (?)  
 Models of goodness we were (?) as we are yet (?)  
 Both boys and girls played hookey and chewed  
 gum,  
 Ate candy, talked in school, wrote notes for fun,  
 Disturbed the teachers' precious peace of mind;  
 And then for other naughty pranks we pined.  
 So time sped on till last of May was near,  
 And in high glee we closed our Freshman year.

And then, when we could Freshmen be no more  
 We stepped into the joy of Sophomore.  
 We organized and got a president,  
 And then on having parties we were bent.  
 Elizabeth Broyles entertained us first,  
 But Waldo doesn't care; he did it worst.  
 For on the night of that long-looked-for stroll  
 The rain and mud brought sorrow to our soul;  
 And only a few boys went, unafraid  
 Right on thru mud, and until midnight stayed.  
 The picnic came on the last day of school,  
 O! What a time we had!! We played the fool  
 To everyone's content, and parted there  
 To take a rest and meet again next year.

'A Junior!' Ah, the very sound inspires!  
 "An upper classman!" We were climbing higher.  
 —Merrill, president, gave up his place  
 To Chug, the former vice; our Charlotte too  
 Let Barbara take the secretary's place  
 And Florence our vice president we chose.  
 A party then we had near Hallowe'en  
 That ghostly time when elves and sprites are seen

Cosette, our hostess, called for the password  
 And "Spitzerinkum" whisperings were heard.  
 A little later came our first hay ride,  
 To Ovid Smith's; he lived just south of town  
 About two miles, and all who took the slide  
 Said Ovid sure did everything up brown.  
 In late March, 3A party at the home  
 Of one of our classmates, Miss Byroness Jones,  
 A royal good time, some games, a bowl of punch,  
 And what was best, a very jolly bunch.  
 On April 20th, we had a stroll  
 North down the pike, and when we reached our  
 goal,  
 John W. proceeded to show us once for all  
 That he could entertain both short and tall.  
 The second annual picnic then came up  
 With the last day of school, and an auto truck.  
 We piled in and went 'leven miles away  
 And gave our tired selves up to the glorious day.

Our Junior year over, we Seniors became  
 We all tried our best to live up to the name.  
 Our president, Barney, and Charlotte our vice,  
 With Bet for our secretary. Oh! how nice!  
 We had a fine hayride to Bab's, six miles south,  
 Those pickles; those weenie! our puckered-up  
 mouths  
 When we ate them, we surely will never forget.  
 And the ride there and back; we can think of it  
 yet.  
 Then the Senior reception, that terrible night  
 When we froze ears and nose, and the wind was  
 a fright.  
 But we nearly all went; and we nearly all said,  
 When we went to go home "Oh, if I were in bed."  
 But it was a good time, and we're all living still  
 And of working and study are getting our fill.  
 In March, one Friday at eventide  
 Ruthe Hinkle of Elwood's near countryside  
 Had the 4A's out for a frolic and fun,  
 And the desired result was obtained when begun.  
 We've had four years together, this wonderful  
 class,  
 And now we are thinking "Now just who will  
 pass?"

## Prophecy of Mid-Year Class of '18

Elwood, Ind., May 25, 1927.

My Dear Bonnie Legg:

You will doubtless be surprised to hear from me after so long a time, but I happened to realize the other day that it has been just ten years since the class of 1918 of Elwood high school was making frantic preparations for the Senior reception, so I decided to take it upon myself to find out as nearly as possible, what each member of our class has been doing during these ten years. I was very fortunate in my quest, because I happened to meet Sidney Lewis, who, in his many travels, has seen nearly every member of the class and was able to tell me something about each one.

Of course, I suppose you know what Sidney is doing, because Lowell Waymire and he have become very famous in their travels through the country as advertisements of "Before and After Taking," for Val Steiglitz's patent medicine, called "Cures All." I could never have imagined Val doing anything in that line, but he certainly has made a success of it and is now one of the really rich men of the class.

Another one whom I suppose you already know about is Ruby Epley, who could never be instructed on any point whatsoever. Now, she is conducting a bureau of "What is What and Why," which was especially designed for and is of invaluable aid to teach-

ers in doubt. But this is only a secondary source of fame to Ruby, since at present she is one of the most talked-of women in America, because of her renowned bedate in congress with Edyth Karch, who is the representative from our district.

But Emile Cotton is assuredly the most eminent member of our class—not only in the United States, but throughout the whole world. Because you know it was he, who invented the submarine destroyer by means of which Germany was conquered and the world war brought to a close. Great honors have been heaped upon him by all nations and he has finally accepted an honorary chair in one of the largest universities of France.

Several of our old classmates are still in Elwood. There is Gertrude Lyst, who is supervisor of music in the new high school, and Leone Fath, who is the Domestic Science teacher. Pearl Tranbarger is teaching Latin and Cora Houtz teaches English.

Oh yes, Etidorpha Newkirk visited Elwood a short time ago. You know her ambition was always to be a popular motion picture actress and she has certainly attained her desire, because it is said that no other 'movie' actress, unless it is Mary Pickford, has ever had so many admirers. She told me that the only reason she has remained Miss Newkirk is because she has been unable

to find a man who answers all of her requirements, which are the same as in high school days, namely: that he be tall and handsome, and that he possess a large machine, a pinch-back and lots of money.

Garland Harbit is the well-known comedian with the Lane-Searey-Harbit Vaudeville Troupe. Goldie plays the piano and Byron does fancy dancing.

Of course you know that Ray Lewis won the world championship in the International automobile races for 1926, and now he can truly be called a speed king. Howard Hershey, his mechanic, who deserves quite a share of his glory, was also a member of our class.

Lewis Bruce is a great surgeon and although it is said by other members of his profession that a great number of his fair patients go to his hospital, not so much on account of any ailment, but rather because of the attraction. Lewis really cannot help it because he has been blessed with such a rosy complexion.

Maude Hancock, Iva Praim and Evelyn Richards are teaching school in Montana. They are in the high school of which Mr. Bruner is principal.

Let me see—who is next? Oh, yes, Clifton Berry won quite a great deal of fame for himself a few years ago, when he invented a perpetual motion machine. Now, in partnership with Mr. Boyd Cochran, he is using the proceeds in research work pertaining to Evolution.

Although I always thought she had a



good voice, it still seems strange to hear of Clarice Moore as a famous prima donna. I was so glad to hear of your success as her pianist. Perhaps you can tell me whether or not there is any truth in the rumor that she is now Mrs. Lewis Bruce. Of course everybody has long been expecting this announcement, but as yet the rumor has not been confirmed.

You probably remember what beautiful crocheting Violet Cloz used to do when we were in high school. Well, now the Cloz crochet patterns are known far and wide and Violet has built up quite a reputation for herself.

Helen Wallace is one of America's most noted artists of the piano, having played before all the courts of Europe. The sovereign appreciation of her talent has been shown by the numerous medals which have been presented to her.

Walter Edmonds is a great athlete, at present playing on the Giant's team. He says that he owes a great deal of his success to his training in high school athletics.

Amy Williams is a candidate for governor of Indiana on the "Women's Independent Ticket" and Jay Clarke is her campaign manager. Amy places great confidence in Jay and she told me that she expected to be elected by a large majority, because of Jay's excellent stump speeches in her behalf.

Sheridan Clyde is a prominent lawyer in Chicago, and Etidorpha, who sees him quite often, told me when she was home that he is as much of a lady fusser as ever.

Well, I believe that is all I know and anyway you are probably tired of reading this lengthy epistle; besides, I see George coming down the street, so I must hurry to get dinner for him. Can you imagine me a plumber's wife? I can scarcely realize it myself sometimes.

Sincerely yours,  
GLADYS DOWNS HAINS.

#### OUR HIGH.

Elwood High School  
Is the best in the state,  
Elwood Cafeteria  
Where you heap up your plate;  
Elwood foot ball  
The best of their line,  
Elwood basket ball  
Oh how they do shine;  
Elwood teachers  
Will nearly hypnotize;  
Elwood base ball  
Gone to Hooverize.

—William Morris.

#### A PROPHESED REFLECTION.

A youth looks forward down the path of time  
And sees a straight road to the life sublime.  
When grown to age that youth looks back  
Over a crooked and winding track.

In years to come when we look back,  
Over this crooked and winding track  
Among the things that we shall see  
Stamped plainest on our memory  
Will be the ups and downs and ways  
Through which we passed in high school days.  
—Paul Armstrong.

#### HYMNS FOR E. H. S.

- "I Shall Be Ready"—Beulah Hobbs.  
"He Lifted Me"—Mabel Hopp. (The night of the reception.)  
"Alone"—Lena Frye.  
"Help the One Next to You" (on exam)—Lillian Weidner and Charlotte Sneed.  
"Awake! Arise!"—Mr. Huffman (the 6th period).  
"Who'll Be the Next" (to flunk)—E. M. E.  
"Why Not Now"—Ed Chapman.  
"Still Undecided"—Elsie Norris.  
"Holy, Holy, Holy"—Paul Armstrong.  
"Oh, for a Thousand Tongues"—Mirl Slick.  
"Revive Us Again"—Students (day their receive report cards).  
"Always With Us"—Misses Cox and Gross-wege.  
"Working, Watching, Praying"—Seniors (before graduation).  
"O Happy Day"—Seniors (commencement day).  
"Saved"—Seniors (after graduation).  
"I Need Thee Every Hour"—Latin Students (to ponies).  
"If I Could But Tell It All"—Ruth Hobbs.  
"Sail On"—Juniors.  
"Be Ready When He comes"—Girls.  
"They'll Thank Us By and By"—Faculty.  
"When at Last We Say Good Bye"—Seniors.

#### MOTTOES OF E. H. S.

Freshies—"Little but mighty."

Sophomores (thinking of Freshies) "They, poor, I rich; they beg, I give; they lack, I leave; they pine, I live."

Juniors—"Our journey is almost ended."

Seniors—"Eat drink and be merry for tomorrow we may—flunk."



## Prophecy of the Spring Class of 1918

One day I said to my husband, that I guessed he and the children could keep house and keep the dog and cat from quarreling, and I believed I'd make a tour and visit the members of the old class of '18. It had been twenty years since we graduated and I wondered what they were all doing.

He said very well, go on, and it would do me good and keep my imagination from running away with my tongue, or my tongue with my imagination, I don't know which.

So I got ready to go, and since I didn't want to go alone I went to see my friend, Mrs. Sheridan Clyde, Jr., and ask her to go too. Mable consented, and I was glad to start with another member of our class. I told Mabel not to forget her case of chewing gum. We went in my automobile and the first place we stopped was at a comfortable farm house, owned by Elwood's most prosperous farmer, Waldo Downs. He talked about the corn crop and spring plowing, till Mabel's gum, keeping time, nearly choked her, and we made our departure.

We called on John Wittkamper, who also laid claim to the honor of being Elwood's most prosperous farmer, and later on Merrill Hiatt, a prominent citizen of the city of

Leisure, with whom we talked shop. He was the proud owner of a new 1938 model Ford, whose good qualities he was never tired of describing. Mabel and I both grew tired of Ford talk and traveled on.

Our next stop was at Kokomo. We went into a fine cafe and the waiter who served our dinner we recognized as Lawrence Bull. He told us he had once decided to be a blacksmith, but a friend told him of the money to be made "slinging hash," so he tried that and liked it so well that he's been there ever since.

After dinner we went on a shopping tour. In one of the book stores we noticed a volume of poems entitled "Love Lyrics and Other Poems," by the popular author, Paul Armstrong. This was the latest work of our one-time classmate, so we bought a copy.

The wind blew my hat off, so we visited Williams' millinery. Margaret was glad to see us and supplied my need quickly. She was an experienced modiste and said she enjoyed this kind of life because of her love of dress.

We drove slowly on through town, and discovered conspicuous signs all about us: "Big Prize Fight Tomorrow, John Garrigus vs. Kenneth Gorden. Don't Miss This." Two of our classmates had attained great pop-

ularity and at the same time had reached their ambition. They were sure "sports."

We ran on to Indianapolis and arrived late in the afternoon. We took supper with one of Mabel's friends and later went to town accompanied by the sixteen-year-old daughter of the family, Adele. We went to a movie and saw Mary Stokes, a second Mary Pickford, and Ben Zerface, greater even than Douglas Fairbanks. They had been movie stars for twelve years, and nobody knew that either was over thirty.

Looking over the audience, Adele called my attention to a tall man wearing a sort of goggles for spectacles and said "That is my Physics Professor, Otto W. Keith. He wrote the text book we study and is dreadfully stuck up, but he has a weakness for theatre going that he can't overcome."

That fellow over there. She pointed in another direction. "Is Professor Edward Chapman, head of the English department at Shortridge. His English is perfect, and they say he used to talk slang when he was a boy."

We spent the night in Indianapolis, and the next morning prepared to go farther. We had a collision with an auto running at a speed at least slightly above the limit, and the occupants of both machines were taken to court. When we got out of our car we

discovered those in the other to be our old friends, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence McConley. We went into the court but the judge, Frank Warner, let us all go, out of friendship, and since the McConley car was damaged, Clarence and Ruthie climbed into ours and laughing, we went on our journey. We were all going to Chicago, where he arrived mid-afternoon. Ruth took us by force of argument to her friends, and when we reached the said friend's, it proved to be Mrs. Paul Mahoney, nee Edna Parson, Chicago's greatest society leader, who was very hospitable and entertained us in great style. We were guests of honor at a pretty little party which goes to prove that when "Ted" entertains—well, you know the rest.

Mabel and I took a walk through town the next afternoon after our arrival, being resolved that we would go to no more courts about automobiles. We viewed the city hall and all its wondrous sights. This sign caught my eye and I pointed it out to my companion "O. Simmons, Barber." I had heard that he had tried literary work but it proved a failure, so he became a barber. He had massed a small fortune, and accordingly wore a large diamond tie-pin the size of a hickory nut. Another sign was of interest: "Mme. Doris Hurd Fairfax Rubenstine, Matrimonial Bureau." We went in and talked with Mme. Rubenstine a long time. She said she had been married seven times and divorced as many, but she only used the most becoming of the seven names. She found husbands hard to manage as a

rule, but never hard to secure a new one, so she changed them often. She said she was attaining publicity and that was her supreme hope when she was young.

After leaving here we bought an evening paper, and Mabel, looking over society news (trust her for that) discovered this item: "Wedding This Afternoon, at four o'clock at the office of the justice of the peace, occurred the marriage of Miss Beulah Blanche Helen Hazel Brown, a school teacher here for several years, to Francis Edward Algenon Bacon, a popular young Chicago salesman. The young people will make Chicago their future home." We wished Hazel joy, and examined the paper further. The cartoon was the work of Leonard Sauer, who always signed himself Doc. He often made the editors angry because of the roast about them which were inserted in the cartoons. But he had never been fired, due to the cause that the editor-in-chief feared the enormous rims on Doc's glasses.

In another column was published the latest speech of America's most famous Congresswoman, Miss Adah Broadbent. She had great talent as an orator and took a prominent part in all discussions in congress.

We left Chicago the next morning. We passed the orphans' home and being thirsty we stopped for a drink. We were welcomed by the matron, Miss Helen Kestler, who said she was very happy in this work. She took us over to the poor house next door, where we found the keeper to be Mr. and Mrs. Paul Miller. This small group of E. H.

S. '18ers lived in peace and quiet in their country home.

We made good time the rest of the morning, and stopped for dinner in a small country town. We hadn't meant to do this but our gasoline ran out, so we stopped at the one small garage the village possessed. In the owner we recognized Wilbur Morgan, and he directed us to the small restaurant where we ate lunch. The proprietress proved to be Miss Barbara Beeson, and she told us a spinster's life satisfied her utmost longing. She informed us as to the whereabouts of a good hotel where we might spend the night. We went on and found the town of good size. We put up at the hotel and decided promptly to stay here all next day to attend Ringling's Circus. This circus was of considerable size, having bought out the old Wallace-Hagenbeck and Barnum and Bailey.

Among the people in the hotel was a swell-chested man, undoubtedly a banker, as we afterward ascertained. What was my surprise when Mabel started a conversation such as she might to an old friend. Then, as I said, I did not yet understand, she introduced me to Arnold Kurtz. Arnold said that two others of our classmates also resided in this town, Paul Stewart, a successful green-grocer, whose trade well became him, and Nora Leavitt Ebert a suffragette so strong that even though allowed to vote, she couldn't quit talking about it.

We went to the circus the next day, and encountered in clown's makeup none other



than Webster Ferguson and Chug Harris evidently enjoying themselves. They said ever since they first saw a circus they had wanted to be clowns, and now they had their wish. A pretty little circus girl came up after the performance and introduced herself as Gladys Phillips, though in the sawdust ring she was known as Clementina Angelina Cynthia Cunningham. When we got back to the hotel we were tired out and sat down to rest.

A young lady came up to a pretty woman and addressing her as "mamma" sat down beside her. A moment more and I knew the older woman to be Florence Ferguson. She was on her way back to her home in Seattle, Wash., where she had lived since her marriage to a handsome young Seattle millionaire. She had visited with some of her classmates, among them Elsie Norris, still a spinster, though that was not the fault of scores of admirers. Elsie had always sighed for popularity, and she had been constantly engaged to be married to not less than seven fellows at a time for the last sixteen years, and at present found herself engaged to eleven. But she never married for she said the height of a girl's popularity was when she was engaged. Florence said she saw Mary Swain too, and she lived in Mudsock and was popular there in high society. She was able to tell me of Edna McCarel and Lillian John who had become actresses and were now traveling with a large stock company. Lillian always played the vampire parts while Edna was the

gentle one, so they got along well together. We parted much enlightened as to affairs of our different classmates.

The next day Mabel and I drove to St. Louis, and it being Saturday evening we visited the Union Market for a Sunday luncheon. We wanted a good eel and the clerk who obligingly showed us some, said "Hello Mabel," and she said "Hello, Blanche Mabel." Blanche was hard at work and happy. We secured our eel and bought some vegetables and cakes at other stalls. Passing up the street on our way to our hotel we met two dandies swinging their canes, and drawing the attention of the younger feminine portion of the crowd. There was a strong resemblance to Bob DeHority's walk about one of them, and sure enough when they were closer we saw it was Bob, and Howard McClure for a good time.

We went straight to our rooms and rang for the maid. She came in the person of Daisy Jones, and almost forgot what we told her to do, so busy were we all in talking over old times.

We slept late on Sunday morning, but arose early enough to attend church at the Grace Methodist. We had been told of the excellent pastor of the church, and when he stepped out to begin his sermon, it seemed strange that it should be so, but it was Jay Clarke, the celebrated clergyman, known in all his state for he had "shown Missouri."

We spent the day in Forest Park. In the afternoon we spied a gay party of women, and on closer approach could hear the well-

known laugh of Ruthe Hinkle. We reacquainted ourselves with Sedalia and the other four picnickers whom we used to know as Beulah Hobbs, Madge Minor, Nita Riegel and Orpha Hancock. These busy housewives had left their cares for one day and were laughing and talking and glad to see us.

On our return to the hotel we found a telegram from Sheridan, with whom Mabel had communicated earlier in the day, saying for goodness sake to come back, that he couldn't manage business, children and dog all three without her. We concluded that we had found out about most of the Honorable Sixty, so we pointed our Nottford homeward. This time we crossed Southern Illinois and landed in Olney for Monday night. We both decided we would buy a new dress, so we entered a department store. The floor manager approached us and instead of asking our need said: "Well girls! where did you drop from?" On second glance we found her to be Thelma Webb. We asked how she had come to live in Olney, and she said she had lived several places. Pittsburg was the place just before the present one, but some way she couldn't get along with the smoke. She corresponded with Margaret Theander, a noted artist, famed in Europe also, but now a resident of New York. Her pictures sold far and wide. Elizabeth Broyles, Thelma said, was the idol of the Cleveland kindergarten. She was superintendent of this department all over the city, and the children liked nothing better than



to welcome Miss Elizabeth to their rooms. Lena Frye resided in Dallas, Texas, and was president of the Women's Club there, where she argued "women's rights," right and left. Tommy herself sold us our dresses and we went away content.

Lillian Weidner we heard was an unsuccessful old maid. She liked her lot well enough but several others of the opposite sex preferred to differ with her. Not to their benefit, however, for her heart not one of them could win.

By Tuesday evening we had reached Indianapolis again, and went to announce the fact to Mr. and Mrs. McConley, who had returned home from Chicago. They had two other guests to dinner, Miss Wilson, editor of the Indianapolis News, prominent indeed at all doings of the elite, and Gen. Howard Baker, a veteran of the great world war of 1914.

We started bright and early Wednesday for Elwood. We passed a machine that was somewhat damaged from having recently come in contact with the fence. Sara Nivison had been experimenting with it and this had been the result. But Sara was not worried. We invited her to ride back to her town with us and she agreed. We mentioned towing her machine, but she said "Oh, never mind, it's only a Ford and I can get another one tomorrow." We dropped Sara at her home and traveled on. At Anderson we wanted a place to eat dinner, and more romantic than a restaurant we decided to examine the city directory for some one we

knew. It yielded no satisfaction, however, so we purposely ran out of gasoline in front of a promising looking house. We knocked, but no answer. We went to the back porch beat on adventure and we surely found it. There was a bottle of cream and a refrigerator on the spacious porch, and we ate a cold lunch on the steps. The back door opened in the midst of our glee, and our friend, once Charlotte Sneed, confronted us. We looked abashed, but I finally recovered myself and explained. Charlotte laughed and called it a good joke and kept us till three o'clock, when we started again.

Going through town we were stopped by a "cop" who informed us that we were exceeding the speed limit. We didn't know what to do and thought it was court for us, till I saw the man in uniform was Clifton Berry, and we coaxed him out of it. He enjoyed arresting people, and hated to give us up, but since it was us, he gave in, and with a sigh of regret let us pass on.

As we rode through the country where the wheat was just beginning to turn from green to gold, where the dust lay thick on the road and the sun was beating down on us, we passed a figure wearing a sunbonnet and swinging a tin pail in her hand. We stopped and asked her to ride, and Vivian Starr answered us. As we rode along she told us of her life. She was a farmer's wife and liked it fine. She thought the character well became her and we didn't dare to differ with her. We asked her of Blanche Digel and she said Blanche was a weather prophet

in a Philadelphia drug store. She always knew just what the weather would be without government bulletins, and she might also serve as drug clerk, so the proprietor considered her a bargain and had kept her seven years.

Vivian left us at her home and we traveled on. Mabel said, "Mirl, we haven't found out a thing about any of our old teachers. We ought." We thought it over and finally decided that we were too near home to go back and look them up. But Mabel suggested that we remember them as they used to be, or used to seem to us. So just as we came into Elwood again I recited this jingle:

Mr. Konold, superintendent,  
With his spizerintum smile.  
Mr. Jones' manual training, where they saw  
boards by the mile,  
Miss Harvey is so very cute,  
E. Huffman is so slim,  
Ray Cochran's mathematics  
'Most get the best of him.  
Miss Galvin and her wonderous art  
Do things incredulous.  
Mr. Francis' class in drawing,  
Oh, do they ever fuss?  
Miss Dickey is so quiet  
Miss Grosswege is so loud.  
If Jonesy took them up the street  
They sure would draw the crowd.  
Miss St. Clair's beloved Latin  
Makes everybody sick,  
Miss Cox's brilliant History class  
About exams they kick.  
Pap Edward is so little  
Miss Rummel is so big,  
Beyd Cochran's evolution  
Would make anybody dig.

## 4-B Class History

THE members of the present 4B class will never forget the memorable cold January day when they entered High School for the first time, curious as Freshmen always are and afraid to move for fear those dignified Seniors would make sport of them. Of course they were not immune to all these pranks, but they did fairly well as Freshmen, committing only a few of the many mistakes but they were truly glad when they became Sophomores and could help in playing pranks on the Freshmen.

In May, 1916 they organized and Opal Haiselup was elected president and Irene Wertzberger secretary and treasurer. Since the term was so nearly ended no active work was pursued but after a three-months' vacation they returned to schools as 2A's full of energy and life. Since the old officers had seen no active service, they were reinstated. The first class party was given on Hallowe'en, 1916, at the home of Opal Haiselup, on South K street. The house was decorated with branches, cornshocks, jack o'lanterns, black cats, witches and the usual Hallowe'en colors. The house, dimly lighted gave a weird appearance as the class members arrived, dressed in their unique and clever costumes. They were each challenged at the gate by ghost sentinels, and were required to give the password. After encountering

several of these grim spectres, they were allowed to enter the house, where Hallowe'en pastimes occupied the evening. This first class party will always live in the memory of the class members. As 3B's Fred Ar-

end was elected president and Irene Wertzberger was re-elected secretary and treasurer. They had two very enjoyable parties, one at the home of Helen Starr and the other at the home of Cecil Guy. They were both well attended and everyone reported a good time. In September, 1917, Gladys Foland was elected president and Opal Haiselup secretary and treasurer.

In January, 1918 of all the pleasant things in high school they became those much adored, dignified Seniors. They reorganized and elected Charles Dick president, Irene Wertzberger vice president and Fred Arend secretary and treasurer. A Thrift Club was also organized and Irene Mott and Irvin Matchett were appointed on the Thrift committee. They have also had two pleasant parties this term, the first at the home of Charles Dick and the other at the home of Helen Starr. They were both well attended and the evening was spent in party pastimes. The next important social event will be the Senior reception to be given May 17th in the gymnasium. The class members have long anticipated this event and hope to make it a grand success. But the one thing that they regret most is that they have but one more semester to spend in the dear old E. H. S., which has meant so much to all of them.



Class Colors—Black and White.

Class Motto:

Learning Without Thought Is Labor Lost.

Class Flower—Sweet Pea.

President ----- Charles Dick  
 Vice President ----- Irene Wertzberger  
 Secretary and Treasurer ----- Fred Arend

### CLASS YELL

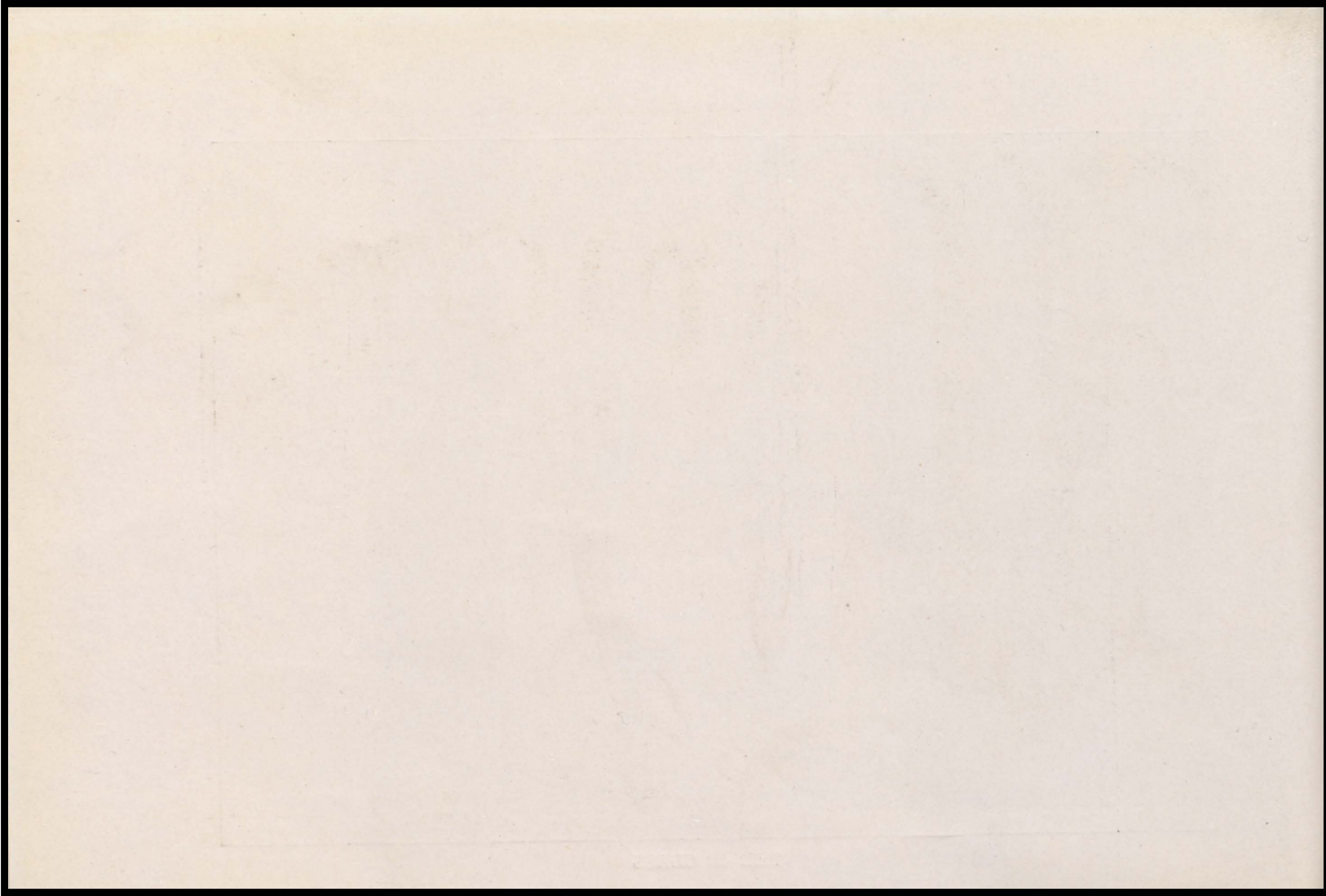
We entered in 1915  
 Then up with a cheer,  
 For we'll all be here  
 And graduate in 1919.





THE 4B CLASS





# Junior's



10



3A and 3B CLASS



## History of the 3-A Class

ON the twentieth of September, 1915, the progressive class of '19 entered E. H. S., having the honor of being the first Freshie class to enter the splendid new high school building.

At first the new high school method of study seemed very strange to them, but the class soon adjusted itself to the new method and began to enjoy their work.

After a three-months' vacation, which seemed very short to them, they began their Sophomore year by electing the class officers as follows: President, Howard Crouse; Vice President, Nancy Cox; Secretary and Treasurer, Mary Darrow.

In October, Hazel Sidwell entertained the class at her home, which was followed by a "weenie" roast at the home of Morris DeHority and during Christmas vacation they had a bob-sled ride to the home of Ellen Feland. The best entertainment of the year was given by the mothers of the 2A boys, which was a Valentine party given in the Gym. Jeannette Lewis and Lowell Cochran in turn also entertained the class in their homes.

The Sophomore basket ball team was very strong, defeating many good teams, and was practically the E. H. S. second team.

At the beginning of the Junior year the following class officers were elected: President, Ray Gray; Vice President, Wm. Hiatt; Secretary and Treasurer, Nancy Cox.

The first Junior class party was given at Janet Courtney's home, which was followed by one at the home of Ann Lewis. In March another party was given at the home of Esther Yarling.

Early in the year the class proved its patriotism by subscribing for two \$50 Liberty Bonds instead of planning an expensive spread for the reception to be given the 4B's, and so far has been the only class to do so. They also immediately took the lead in buying Thrift Stamps when the stamps began to be sold.

The Juniors had a strong basket ball team, defeating all the other class teams, and so winning the school championship, which they now hold in both basket ball and base ball, having won their championship in base ball during their Freshie year. The class was also well represented on the foot ball team.

### What the Faculty Think of the 3A Class.

R. Cochran—"Hard to tell."

B. Cochran—"Words cannot express it."

Miss Harry—"In order to know the 3A's, one should be in charge of their assembly."

Mr. Huffman—"I don't know."

Miss Diekey—"The class with pep."

Miss St. Clair—"Mirabile Dictu."

Miss Cox—"The class that has done things all through school. Crackerjacks."

Miss Grosswege—"So good we did not

print it for fear we could not live up to it."

Mr. Francis—"The best 3A class in E. H. S. at the present time!"

Mr. Edwards—"A smouldering volcano. Erupts frequently."

Mr. Goode—"They have some basket ball team. They beat the faculty."

Miss Riechelderfer—"Have some very fine musicians."

Miss Rummel—"The 3A class is the clearest class in E. H. S., forgetting the opinion of the faculty."

Miss Galvin—"Noted for its artists."

Miss Harvey—"I belong to it. 'Nuff sed."

Mr. Jones—"Hard to beat."

Mrs. Sichterman—"I wish more classes were as good as the 3A's."

President -----Ray Gray  
Vice President -----William Hiatt  
Secretary and Treasurer-----Nancy Cox

### Class Motto.

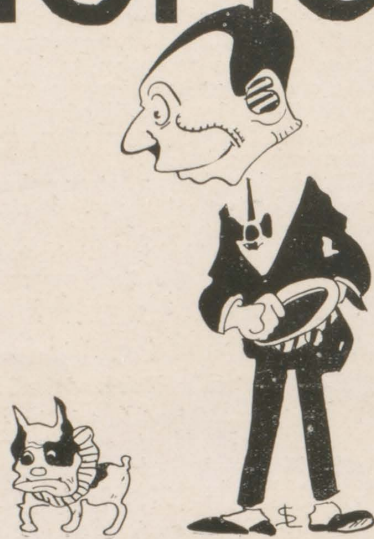
Remingare non fluitare. Rowing,  
Not Drifting.

Colors—Blue and Gold.  
Flower—Double Daffodil.  
Class Candy—Butterscotch.

### Class Yell.

Ric Rac!  
Whick whine,  
1919.  
Hurrah for the Blue  
Hurrah for the Gold,  
Those are the colors,  
We'll always hold.

# SOPHOMORES







2A AND 2B CLASSES



## History of the 2-A Class

ONE bright, warm Monday morning, in the Fall of 1916, a group of boys and girls from Elwood and all the surrounding country, trooped up the front walk to the Elwood High School, along with the Sophomores, Juniors and Seniors. These youngsters were very curious and excited when they entered the building in which they were to spend a large part of the following four years of their lives, where they were to have the best of times and the worst of times, the time of wisdom and the time of foolishness, where roses and thorns grow together for every one of the pupils.

During this first year many of the class proved to be studious, many otherwise, some won the good-will of the teachers, others their ill-will. Of course it went very hard with this bunch to be called Freshies, to be laughed at for their mistakes and reprimanded by our "darling Charlie" for chewing gum. However, they soon overcame their fear of making mistakes and being laughed at and settled down to work, some reaching the Honor Roll, others making grades worthy of mention and others, as in all classes, "flunked."

The big event of the Freshman year was pulled off on June 1, when a large crowd of the class, chaperoned by Miss Galvin, piled onto a large truck and went down near Perkinsville to spend the day. When they start-

ed, the sun was hidden by some heavy clouds but soon shone out in all its glory and everyone reported a most glorious time. Miss Galvin spent her time fishing, the boys went swimming and the girls enjoyed themselves with numerous pranks, such as all girls love.

On September 13, 1917, this same happy group again entered E. H. S. to spend their Sophomore year, another year of roses and thorns, with our "darling Charlie" gone and our old English teacher, as principal. Everyone was busy with his studies and getting settled in his new quarters, so no step was taken toward organization until September 18, when Mr. Edwards acted as chairman and the class elected Donald (more commonly known as Don or Fat) Massey, President; Marcella Koons, Vice President and Gladys Daniels, Secretary and Treasurer for the Sophomore year. At this meeting a Social Committee, Motto Committee, and Color Committee was elected and all the class was highly elated at the prospects for good times and good work to be done by the newly organized class.

Then, of all the grand announcements which ever appeared on the board in Assembly Room II, this was the most exciting and pleasing to the Sophomores "All 2B's going to the class party to be held at the home of Marcella Koons, Friday night, Oc-

tober 5, pay Marian Campbell before Thursday evening." Everyone in the class was excited and all plans were on foot for a fine time at the party. Thursday morning all High School pupils were called to the auditorium. Supt. Konold made the announcement that one of the High School pupils had been quarantined for smallpox, everyone in the High School had to be vaccinated and all class parties had to be postponed indefinitely. We discovered that Lester Helms, a member of our class was the victim of smallpox and the person who caused us all to be vaccinated. The Sophomores had their share of sore arms and finally the scare was sufficiently over for the party. We held a Hallowe'en party on November 1 and had a fine time, even though the beans were stolen and the lights went out. The class held other parties at the homes of Beulah Pugh, Helen Ferguson and Velma Griffin. Also several class meetings were held for different purposes, such as selecting our class colors, which are old rose and black; boosting the Sophomore Savings Society and the Annual. Among other memorable things which this class did this winter was to send a large and beautiful floral tribute to the Palmer home, to show sympathy for their beloved classmate, Dean Palmer, in his hours of sorrow.

The Sophomores are looking forward to the time when they will have the honor of being called Juniors, with great hopes that that year will be more successful in every way than the two preceding years.



Doc Jones  
1960, DICK '63





CLASS OF '21





# LITERARY



## The Fairy's Party

It was the eighteenth birthday of the Princess Happiness. Her mother, Beauty, and her father, Strength, had decided to give a party in her honor. Great preparations were being made, all the fairies had been invited and the already lovely garden was made lovelier than ever for Summer had touched the flowers with her golden Wand and they had sprung into full bloom.

Beauty and Strength were talking one day of the coming event and Beauty gave voice to a thought which had long been on her mind but of which she had never spoken before.

"Strength, do you realize that Happiness is almost eighteen and yet has no thought of marriage? You know that we were married when I was but sixteen. I have never spoken of the matter to her for she would probably laugh at me because she never takes things seriously. Why not

choose some one for her and make a public announcement of it at the party?"

"Beauty, that subject has been uppermost in my mind, also, for some time. I have tested all our courtiers and can find no one more fit to be her husband than Wealth."

When this conversation was taking place Happiness was roaming through the woods, as she was wont to do. She danced from one pretty flower to another, and at last came to a laughing brook. On the bank sat a young man with his back to her. He had curly black hair and a slim boyish figure. Happiness was so surprised that she uttered a gentle cry. Instantly the lad sprang to his feet and she found herself gazing into a pair of beautiful brown eyes. The color rose to her face and she stammered an apology but he was so confused and spell-bound by the beautiful figure before him that he could say nothing. Ah, he did not know that he was gazing at a fairy or he would have had the grace to lower his eyes.

"I-I'm sorry I disturbed you," Happiness said, rather indignant that anyone

should look at her so boldly, but his stare was frank and open, therefore she could not take much offense at it. "But I am not accustomed to meeting anyone here and I was startled. I am sure I have never seen you at father's court, have I?"

"I do not know just which court you mean," he replied, thinking of the land from which he had just strayed.

"What! Do not know whether you have been at father's court?"

"Oh, I beg your pardon, I don't suppose I have."

"What is your name?" she asked.

"Why, my name is Youth, what is yours?"

"My name is Happiness," she answered.

Thus went on the conversation and at last Happiness came and sat down on the bank by his side and he found himself telling her his story while she sat motionless, listening to the music of his voice. She stayed much longer than she had intended because when Youth meets Happiness they are very reluctant to part.

"I have lived in a country far different

from this. The very air seemed different. Here everything seems restful and peaceful and I am happy. But where I came from no one was really happy. Everyone was trying to wring something from some one else and they all seemed turned against me. Everywhere I went I was trampled upon, Youth was not wanted. They tried to crush me, they were jealous of me. At last I was driven away entirely. But I am glad I was since I wandered here and met you."

When his story was finished Happiness sat in reverie for a while thinking of what he had said. It dawned upon her that he had come from the land of men, so she decided it would be better not to tell him that she was a fairy. At length she arose to go but not before she had promised to return the next day.

As Happiness returned to the palace of her father she felt sad that she had not known of the lack of happiness on earth but still in her heart was a feeling of such joy that she felt she had never before realized what her name signified. At that moment she looked up and saw her aunt, Love, coming toward her and then she knew that—but she pushed back the thought, for what right had her aunt to bring love to her heart without the consent of her father, the king, and she felt sure that he would never allow her to marry a mortal.

When Happiness arrived at the palace her mother told her the plan of marrying her to Wealth, and then the smile that was on

Happiness' face and the joy that was in her heart left her and sorrow for the first time was brought into the Land of the Fairies. But she made no objection, for Beauty was queen and her word was law.

Love had not yet heard of this plan but when she did she raised her hands in horror, for she had already waved her wand over the hearts of Happiness and Youth and she knew that what was done could not be undone, therefore she told Beauty of her deed. Beauty was of a gentle disposition, so she wept bitterly that her beautiful daughter should be lost on a common mortal, but all her lamentations could do no good, for the charm could not be broken.

Every day Happiness and Youth talked and danced in the woods. Only then was Happiness her real self again. At the palace it was whispered that her name should be changed to "Gloom."

One day Happiness grew bold enough to invite Youth to her party. He gladly accepted not knowing that it was at the palace of a king and that king the King of the Fairies.

The evening of the party arrived. Happiness was resplendent in a gown of soft flowing material the color of forget-me-nots, with lilies of the valley entwined in her golden hair. At one moment Happiness' heart beat fast with the hope of what might happen, then it would grow cold for fear that her father would be angry upon seeing Youth.

Beauty had not told Strength of her daughter's love but had said that perhaps they had better defer mention of the marriage to Wealth until later and Strength had at last agreed.

As Happiness entered one end of the great hall, Youth entered the other. She in her joy forgot all ceremony and ran across the hall with outstretched arms and led Youth to the feet of her father.

"Youth, this is my father, tell him your story." He, of course, under the spell of her loveliness, did as he was bidden.

Love was seated on the left of the king and Beauty was on the right. When Youth had finished, Strength turned to Love and said:

"Ah, my fair sister, I see that you have had a part in this. I need but to glance at their young faces to see that. And if it has been your will I have no power against it." Then to Youth he said:

"You have strayed into the Land of the Fairies. This, my beautiful daughter, is the fairy Happiness. Long have I known that I should part with her and send her to bring joy to men, but I did not know that it was as bad as you have said. But now take her, Youth, I know of no better keeper."

So together they went to the land of men, Happiness taking with her love, a gift from her aunt: Strength, a gift from her father, and beauty, a gift from her mother, and Youth and Happiness have been constant companions ever since.



## The Lost Bill

A small boy of about twelve years was slowly walking down the street, stopping now and then to look into a shop window with eager eyes. He was poorly clad and this with the pale face and wistful eyes told better than words that he was from that part of the city inhabited by the poorer class of people. Now, as he turned from one of the windows, the eagerness faded from his eyes and gave place to a despondent expression as he realized, perhaps, that he could never possess any of the bright attractions of the shop windows. He continued down the street.

Today something new had attracted his attention to the shops. It was a brass image of a goat, but the queerest goat he had ever seen. It's body was more like that of a lion with its tail curled around its forelegs. The whole figure from the tips of the horns to the base measured about eight inches. Although it would have been of no use to the boy, it was something new and he longed to possess it. When he realized that this was impossible, he had turned away with despondent expression.

The air had become chilly with the setting of the sun and now he quickened his steps. It was time for him to find a sleeping place for the night. Finally he came to an alley where he discovered several large

empty boxes. Crawling into one of these he prepared to sleep. For a while he sat watching the passers-by through an opening in the box.

On the street a man hurried past the alley. As he did so he took his handkerchief from his pocket. Something fluttered to the pavement. The boy, seeing it fall, quickly secured it and found it to be a one dollar bill. Looking down the street he could see nothing of the man who had dropped it. What should he do? Suddenly he thought of the queer brass animal in the shop window. Why could he not have it now? He reasoned that since the owner of the bill could not be found, it belonged to the finder. He hurried back to the shop and entering, exchanged the bill for the goat. He fondly put it under his coat and hurried out of the shop and down the street.

Reaching the alley, he turned toward the boxes. Suddenly something was thrown over his head and he was lifted bodily into a waiting cab. An order was given to the driver and the cab moved on. Half dazed he tried to think. Why should anyone wish to kidnap him—him, a ragged street urchin? He still held the goat tightly in his arms. Finally the cab stopped and he felt himself being carried up stone steps and through a door which clanged shut after them. Now he heard voices. He was suddenly dropped mercilessly upon a hard stone floor. His head seemed to be whirling, then he dropped into unconsciousness.

He came to with a start. Distinctly he could hear voices coming apparently from an adjoining room. Although he could scarcely comprehend what was being said, he made one great discovery. His abductors were after his goat!

Having made this discovery he determined they should never get it. Hearing footsteps approaching he looked hastily around for a place to hide it. At one end of the room he discovered a small opening in the stone wall covered by draperies. Into this he hastily thrust the goat. He had just assumed his old position on the floor when a key grated in the lock and a large man with tangled black whiskers stepped in. He glanced at the boy for a moment then looked around the room, seemingly for the goat. Not finding it, he turned angrily to the boy and demanded to know where it was. The boy, too frightened to answer received a kick and again dropped into unconsciousness.

When he came to he was alone. His first thought was of the goat. Arising painfully, he went to the hole in the wall. Pushing the draperies aside he peered in. The goat was gone!

Had the man found his hiding place?

The mouth of the hole was about eighteen inches square. He could see but a short distance into the hole and it was possible that in his haste he had thrown the goat farther back than he had supposed.

Continued on Page 82.



# MUSIC.

THE music department has been making decided progress this year under the competent direction of the instructor, Miss Reachelderfer. Most of our work has been in accordance with the present time, that of patriotism.

Something out of the ordinary is the Tuesday morning special chorus as formed. In this chorus the lives of the composers are studied. There being about thirty boys and girls in it. This chorus sang for the Third Liberty Loan and received much praise for this work and special training for these songs.

Every Thursday evening about eighteen girls meet for the Girls' chorus. They have practiced hard for their special songs, which they sang in the May Festival.

The boys gave two excellent pieces in the May Festival, which shows that Elwood boys can sing. The girls had a hard race to keep up with the boys during practice for the May Festival.

Of course the Orchestra must come in for its full amount of praise. They have been doing splendid work and practicing hard in order to help make the May Festival, which was held Friday, May 10, a decided success. The Orchestra and Quartette made a good showing at the Ecclesia meetings. The Orchestra is also to play at the graduation exercises on May 23, and at the semi-annual reception on May 17.

The entire chorus meets every Monday, Wednesday and Friday for fifteen minutes but within two weeks prior to the May Festival extra meetings were held for practice.

## MAY FESTIVAL PROGRAM.

### Part I.

Star Spangled Banner .....	Audience
Twilight Senenade .....	Gardner
High School Chorus.	
Blow Soft Wind .....	Vincent
In Our Boat .....	Cowen
Girls' Chorus.	
Grand March .....	Isenman
Spanish Dance .....	Mozkowski
High School Orchestra.	
Flutes of Autumn .....	Rolfsen
Italia .....	Franz von Suppe
High School Chorus.	
Hats Off My Boys .....	W. Rhys-Herbert
The Pirate King (from Pirates of Penzance).....	Sullivan
Boys' Chorus.	
Marche Militaire .....	Schubert
Songs Without Words .....	Tschaikowsky
High School Orchestra.	

### Part II.

Columbia Our Motherland .....	Ries
High School Chorus.	
Selection from Princess Pat .....	Victor Herbert
High School Orchestra.	
Sweet Genevieve .....	Tucker
Lovely June .....	Ardite
Special Chorus.	
The Call of Summer .....	Forman
Pend Lillies .....	Forman
Girls' Chorus.	
Musical Dream .....	Isenman
The Flower of Night .....	Leigh
High School Orchestra.	
North Wind .....	Haendel
Flower Song .....	Davies
High School Chorus.	

# ART



THE Domestic Science Class while almost a new department has already proven itself indispensable thru the efficient management of Miss Eva Rummel, who with her corps of helpers delights both the eye and palate by the tempting menus prepared and served each day at the noon hour to teachers and pupils. Surely this is the most popular place in the building—at the noon hour.

THE Art Department of the Elwood High School is one of the greatest organizations, supervised by Miss Gertrude Galvin, who is untiring in her efforts to develop the talents of each pupil in the particular line they are best adapted. There are the classes in water color and oil painting, enamel work, china painting, sewing, basketry, knitting, etc. The annual exhibit of the classes together with the work done by the pupils of the grades is one of the most interesting features of the school year.



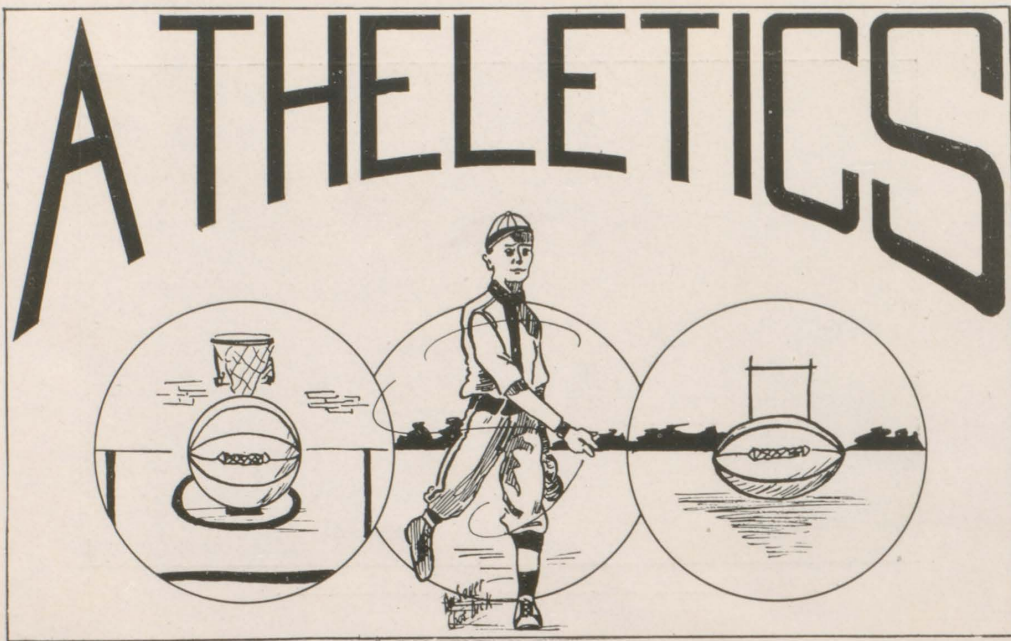


SCENE I—"FANCHON AND THE CRICKET."





SCENE II—"FANCHON AND THE CRICKET."



## E. H. S. Football Team

**R**EADY. Elwood! Ready, Noblesville! Tr-r-r. The whistle blew and the game was on. This was our first game of the 1917 season, and although we had several new men in the line-up, we won the game 13-0. This game was fairly rough and in the second half Ray Gray was knocked out and had to be taken off the field.

October 14, we played New Castle. This game was soft for us, nothing exciting until Elwood took the ball over and a negro on the New Castle team shouts, "De ball, de ball, get de ball, bye." Ray Lewis, lying at the bottom, calmly spoke: "Don't worry I've got the ball all right." We made 3 touchdowns and were satisfied with a 48-0 score.

After a hard week's practice, we met Logansport and won a hard-earned battle, the final score being 7-0. After the Logansport game the whole school looked forward to the Wabash game. Every one remembers our game at Wabash in '16, it being our only defeat, but this time it was different. Saturday, October 28, was a rainy day and the field was in bad condition. At the first of the game Wabash started going, but we stopped them. Val Steiglitz made our first touchdown and we played in dead earnest. In the second quarter Val got away with a long run and made a touchdown, but was

laid out. In the second half we started the game with Berry and Steiglitz out of the game and things looked bad but by hard playing we held them; and Barney Zerface punched two more touchdowns for us, making our score 24-0. So we were revenged on Wabash.

Two weeks later, November 10, we met defeat at the hands of Sheridan. Elwood played a great game of football and really outplayed Sheridan, but in the second half the break came. Elwood fumbled and Sheridan made a touch down. In the third quarter Elwood buckled down and Barney Zerface made a 45-yard run and placed the ball on Sheridan's 15-yard line, but we failed to get it over. Williams, Sheridan's main player punched the ball over our line for one more touchdown and kicked goal, the score being 13-0 in Sheridan's favor.

November 17th the team went to Peru. Here we were shown a good time. In the first quarter Peru made two touchdowns, one on criss-cross end run and one on an open center play, both of which we should have stopped. We settle down the second quarter and held Peru, and in the third quarter the slaughter began. Buck Stieglitz made a touchdown, Zerface kicked goal and Peru having failed to kick goal, the score stood 12-7 at the end of the third quarter. Hart of Wabash refereed the game and was

determined that Peru should win by stalling and bad decisions. He worked us out of another touchdown. We had been hammering Peru; they were all in and were on their own 2-yard line. They attempted to punt the ball, went straight up and back of the goal out of bounds and Sherdy Clyde caught it. Therefore the ball was ours where it went out and we should have had another touchdown but the referee did not see fit to give it to us, the game ending 12-7, in Peru's favor. After the game, the spectators came upon the field and the fight ensued. The chief centers being around Mose, Duke, Kitzmiller and Zerface. Not being satisfied with the game, Coach Cochran put the facts before the State Board and we were awarded the game 13-12.

### SCHEDULE

October 7—Noblesville.  
 October 14—New Castle.  
 October 21—Logansport.  
 October 28—Wabash.  
 November 10—Sheridan.  
 November 17—Peru.

### LINE-UP

Ray Lewis, center; Byron Lane, right guard; Robert Kitzmiller, left guard; Lewis Bruce, left tackle; Howard Mosiman, right tackle; Sheridan Clyde, left end; Maurice Zerface, right end; Clifton Berry, quarter back; Val Stieglitz, left halfback; Charles Dick, right halfback; Cloyd Hershey, full back. Substitutes: Mitchell, Gray, DeHority, Edmunds.





E. H. S. BASKET BALL TEAM.

## E. H. S. Basket Ball

**A**LTHOUGH having lost several players by graduation, Elwood managed to put out a good basket ball team this year, and it was given fine support by Elwood people, and above all the students themselves took unusual interest and all turned out to see the games, and on several instances there were so many they could not be accomodated.

The team was going along nicely until Christmas when Sheridan Clyde and Walter Edmunds graduated, thus losing two of the team's best players, but two new men were put in their places.

Elwood played and defeated: Sharpsville, Noblesville, Middletown and Alexandria, scoring 420 points against the opponents' 335.

Although by losing Sherdy, our most dependable "point getter," we were considerably weakened but Mitchell and Cloyd Hershey proved themselves worthy as forwards, by their team work and efficient handling of the ball. Chug Harris still remained the point man, as usual, everywhere at once, pushing up plays and was ably helped by Duke Kitzmiller, and later Clyde States, and Howard Mosiman playing center played the defensive game for us. Webster Ferguson, who early in the season received

an injured arm, was not able to play in several of the games but the ones he did play in he showed the people that he knew where the goal was.

E. H. S. had a splendid second team, which kkept the first team going in good shape. After playing the season and all expecting a good time at the tournament they were disappointed at the last moment, on account of delay in the mails, we were not able to get our team registered and did not get to play.

## Girls' Basket Ball Team

**O**NE of the most interesting features of ing which the girls made in their E. H. S. for '17 and '18 was the show-basket ball work. This is practically a new addition to the school activities, for although in previous years the girls of our H. S. have had this training to a certain extent, yet never before has such interest been shown, or a team been organized.

The training has been such this year that we are positive that E. H. S. can boost a splendid team for the next few years at least. The way which the girls have gone

### Line Up—First Team.

Forwards—Clyde, Mitchell and Hershey.  
Center—Mosiman and Ferguson.  
Floor Guard—Harris.  
Back Guard—Kitzmiller, Edmunds and States.

### Line Up—Second Team.

Forward—DeHority, Austil.  
Center—H. Hershey.  
Floor Guard—Gray.  
Back Guard—States and Miller.

There will be no base ball this year, but Spring foot ball practice will be held, although last year we put out a good base ball team and received great satisfaction in defeating Tipton.

into this work is very encouraging and many of the players promise to become excellent ones. We also trust that some of the colleges may include some of the E. H. S. girls in their team next winter.

The girls were rather slow in getting started this year, but when they once began they made things lively. It was almost Christmas before the practice began, but under the excellent coaching of Miss Margaret Harvey they were soon playing the preliminaries for the boys' games. The most important

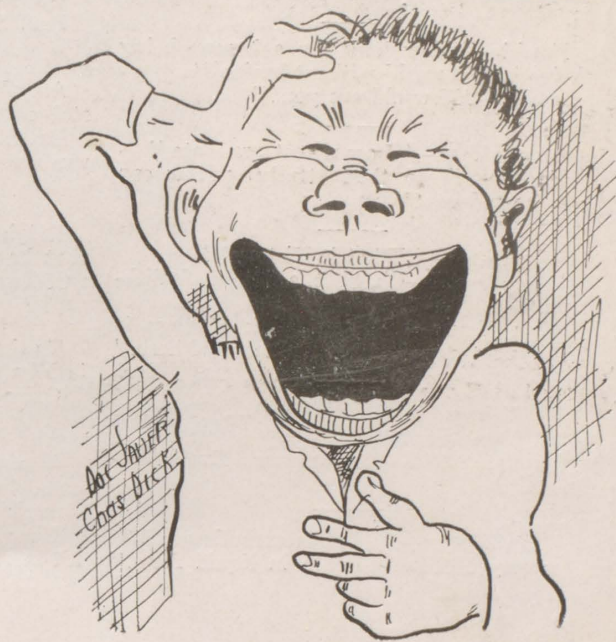
(Continued on Page 34)



GIRLS' BASKET BALL TEAM.



# J.E.H.S. JOKES



Fat Lewis—"Say, Val, do you know Adam and Eve's phone number?"

Val—"Why, sure, 281 apple."

Jones, in Physics—"Has absolute zero been found yet?"

Howard Crouse—"Yes."

Jones—"Where? I haven't heard of it yet?"

Howard C.—"On my test paper."

Kenneth Gorgan—"Say, Morgan, what is the difference between an elephant and a mosquito?"

Morgan—"The shape I suppose."

Barney Zerface—"I ruined my new shot gun the other day."

Bob DeHority—"How did you do it?"

Barney—"I shot at a bird and he was so far away I strained my gun."

Clarice Moore—"How did you lose your hair, Bonnie?"

Bonnie Legg—"Worrying."

Clarice—"What did you worry about?"

Bonnie—"About losing my hair."

Howard McClure—"Would you like to take a nice walk, away from this place?"

E. Newkirk—"I would be delighted to."

Howard—"well, don't let me detain you."

Barbara Beeson—"Say, Helen, why don't your brother get his hair cut?"

Helen Whitkamper—"Shear fright, I guess."

Miss Harry—"Why did Hannibal cross the Alps?"

Joe Carpenter—"For the same reason that the chicken crossed the street—You can't fool me on any of those puzzles."

Freshie—"How long can a human being thrive in this world without brains?"

Senior—"How old are you?"

Bonnie Legg—"I am a post graduate."

Freshie—(Very thoughtfully) "How can a post graduate?"

Miss Harry—"What is History?"

Wm. Austill—Oh, just a lot of foolishness."

Miss Harry—"If you think History is foolishness, you just get right out of here."

R. Dickey (In Chem. class)—"Kenneth, what is an atom?"

Kenneth Zahn—"Adam was Eve's husband."

Ruth Dickey—"What is carbolie acid?"

Shorty McCan—"Death in liquid form."

Hazel Brown—"How do you pronounce the word oleomargarine?"

Doris Hurd—"I pronounce it butter, or I'd lose my job."

Paul S.—On going into Mabel Hopp's home saw her using a book as a Ukelele and singing at the top of her voice, said: "Say do you know what keeps you off the stage?"

Mabel—"Why, no, who?"

Paul S.—"The manager."

Amy Williams—"Oh, officer, some one has stolen my plugs."

Mr. Hughes—(very thoughtfully)—"Are you sure you had 'em when you left home?"

Ralph Snelson, of the Junior class, claims that he has an aunt who can boil eggs in "Coldwater" (Ohio).

To the Ouija Board—"Oh, Ouija, how old is Miss Cox?"

Ouija—"Thirty-nine."

Miss Cox—"If a man would lay an egg on a chunk of ice how could he fry it with electricity?"

Maurice Zerface (sleepily)—"Why, I didn't know a man could lay an egg."



(B. B. team leaving for Marion) Roy Mitchell—"Miss Harvey are you going with us?"

Miss Harvey—"No, I'd like to, but I have no one to go with."

Mr. Boyd C. (very eagerly)—"Why, I'm going."

Miss Cox—"Charles, what is 1900 so noted for?"

Charles Dick—"Why, that was when I was born."

Sid Lewis (in an up-town restaurant, was eating mush and milk).

What's the matter?" inquired Val.

Sid—"Got dyspepsia."

Val—"Don't you enjoy your meals?"

"Enjoy my meals?" snorted Sid. "My meals are merely guide posts to take medicine before or after."

Mrs. E. Huffman—"Now, my dear, we must face this problem together. Shall we settle down in the suburbs or the city?"

Mr. Huffman—"You mean live, darling. Don't forget that on my present salary we can't settle any where."

James O. Seeley—"I want what I want when I want it. If I don't get it, I'll cry."

Bill A.—Say, Chug, did you take Cicero?"

Charles H.—"No, they took us by two points."

Miss Dickey (in assembly room, noticing one of her charges idle, said)—"Young man don't you know that silent hands are always open for the devil's work? Come, let me give you something to do."

Ted Parsons—"I told you not to make me take a bath, mamma, just look how plain that hole in my stocking shows."

Miss Wilkie (in French class)—"Translate that sentence beginning, 'Dans notre salon,'"

Marcia Sneed—"In our saloon."

Miss Harvey—"What characterized the reign of Tiberius?"

Vergil A.—"Dampness I suppose."

Miss Harry—"Ray, tell us something about Queen Elizabeth."

Ray Gray—"Well, she was an old maid."

Miss Dickey—"What is hard water?"

Orland Simmons—"Why, I guess it must be ice."

James O. Seeley—"The world knows nothing of its greatest men."

In 4A Eng. class one day they were studying Burns' poetry. The question was asked which was the better, "Ae Fond Kiss" or "Highland Mary?"

Miss Harvey replied that, "Ae Fond Kiss" was far better.

Merrill Hiatt (in 4A Hist.)—"Wasn't Christ a Christian?"

Miss Cox—"No, my dear."

Merrill blushed (maybe Mildred doesn't express it in words.)

### Miss Harry in Modern Eden.

We went into the garden  
 We wandered o'er the land,  
 The moon was shining brightly  
 As I held Gwyn's little ——— shawl,  
 Yes, I held her little shawl.  
 How fast the evening flew!  
 We spoke in tones of love  
 As I gazed into Gwyn's ——— lunch basket,  
 Yes, I gazed into her lunch basket.  
 There sat my little darling  
 My arm around her ——— umbrella,  
 Yes, my arm around her umbrella.  
 The charming little Miss;  
 Her eyes were full of mischief  
 As I stole a great big ——— sandwich.



Daddy Stokes (upstairs)—“What time is it down there?”

Mary (down in the parlor)—“Just ten by the clock, daddy.”

Daddy—“All right! Don't forget to start the clock again when Ed leaves.”

R. Dickey (in chemistry class—“What is bi-chloride of gold?”

Paul S. (frantically waving his hand)—“The Keeley cure.”

Mr. Goode—“Here's a splendid conundrum, Miss Harvey, Why am I like a goat?”

Miss Harvey (conscientiously)—“I suppose because you can't help it.”

———“Hey! where's my bottle?”

Jay Clark—“For goodness sake, put him over on the Freshman side!”

Huffman—“Has your sister got ‘The Last of the Mohicans?’”

Paul Miller—“Why, I don't know. She's been sick but I didn't know that was her ailment.”

Val—“Gladys, what kind of leather makes the best shoes?”

Gladys Wann—“I don't know but banana skins make fine slippers.”

Miss Cox—“Now all you little Freshies must learn to keep your thumbs out of your mouths, so you can learn to talk.”

She—“What are you going to do this summer, Waldo?”

Tubby—“Oh-h, I don't know, do my dad, I suppose.”

Howard McC. (in working experiments in electricity)—“You don't have to use cat's fur in working this experiment.”

Goode—“What can you use?”

H. Mc.—“Why, you can use your own hair.”

Howard Hershey (out in the country)—“May I have a drink of buttermilk?”

Bobbie B.—“Oh, certainly, we always feed it to the pigs any way.”

Boyd C. (in Bot.)—“Inside the cell is the cell nucleus around which is the cell wall which is composed of what, Sherman?”

Sherman C. (desperately)—“Celluloid.”

Ben—“I want to buy a belt for my best girl.”

Clerk—“What size, please?”

Ben—“Why, I don't know. Oh, here, just measure my arm.”

Bud Berry—“I don't care a blamed thing about the girls, except to be with them.”

Ed. C.—“May I kiss your hand?”

Ma, (taking off her veil)—“No, I have my gloves on.”

Goods (in Physics) “Why is it lightning never strikes in the same place, Frank?”

Frank Warner—“Because the place ain't there when it strikes the second time.”

### How the Average Student Reads His Annual.

#### First Five Minutes.

Looks for himself in his class group and finds his name wherever he is on the committee. This is the most enjoyable period of inspection.

#### Second Five Minutes.

Does the same with his girl's name and picture.

#### Third Five Minutes.

Hunts up every roast on his “case” or himself.

#### Last Five Minutes.

Makes sure of all these things, then shuts the book forever. After this he takes pains to say that the annual isn't as good as it should be.

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is in no small measure due to the

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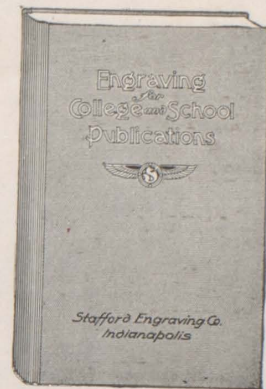
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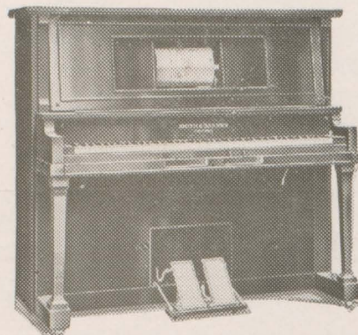
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—“Suppose I should turn you down.” No  
reply. Finally—“Well, didn't you hear  
what I said?”

Arnold—“Oh, I thought you were talk-  
ing to the gas.”

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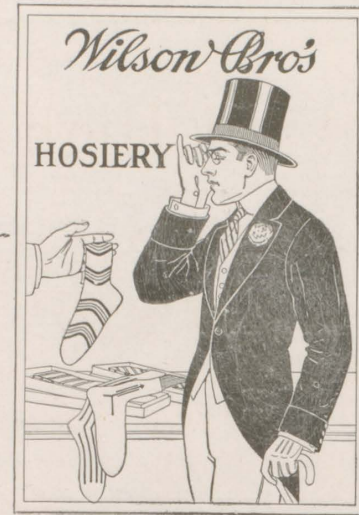
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## What Would Happen

If John Wittkamper would get his hair cut?

If "Stop" Edmunds would wash his feet?

If "Fat" Lewis would lose his equilibrium?

If Marion Campbell would stop giggling?

If Miss Cox would give an easy examination?

If Glen Bruce's father would catch him smoking cigarettes?

If Mabel should lose "Sherdie."

If Paul Miller could read for himself?

If Jonsie's wife knew how he flirted with the Senior girls?

If Ruth Dickey should fall in love with all the Physics teachers?

If the 4B class would dance at the reception?

If Mr. Jones was as good a teacher as Ray Cochran?

If we would be deprived of seeing Boyd Cochran's smiling face?

If "Boonie" should lose his gray sweater?

If Lillian Johns would whistle in Lab. again?

If Lawrence Bull should ask a question in Physics class?

If "Bob" DeHority would quit stalling?

If Roy Mitchell's head should get any larger?

If Mr. Huffman would demonstrate the love scenes in English

If Lowell Waymire, Freddie Williams and Charles Dick should get any smaller?

If all the Seniors should flunk the last six weeks?

If Doris Hurd would forget to go to the dictionary in the assembly room?

If Frank Warner would forget to say "that there" and "this here?"

If Trula Sidwell would quit turning and walking around in the assembly room to attract attention?

If Edna McCarel wouldn't get her seat moved in all her classes?

If Leona Fath forgot to be worried?

If Paul Armstrong would fail to bring a good supply of allegories to English class?

If Maurice Zerface would fail to imitate his favorite animal in class?

To the 4B class, if there wouldn't be any G. G. girls to run it?

If Miss Cox would forget to remind her pupils they were from the country?

If Howard McClure would forget to argue in Physic class?

Mable Hopp (coming up to a knot of Seniors collected in 4A Physics Lab.)—"What's all this fuss?"

Mirl Slick (glancing up from electrical machine.)—"Why, we were sparking and some of the kids got shocked."

Notice—Anyone who is searching for a mouth that stretches from ear to ear, apply to "Doc" Sauers.

Notice—Mr. Edward's skating rink will soon open because the flies are beginning to come.

Notice—New Physics Law—The department of a pupil varies inversely as the square of the distance from his teacher.

Miss Harry—"Sonny, I don't like to see you copying."

Bill Austill—"Then turn your head, I'll be through in a minute."

Mr. Goode—"Howard, can you explain a limelight?"

Howard C.—"Why, its a case of popularity, I guess."

Given—A Freshman.

To prove—That a Freshman is an affliction.

Proof—A Freshman is new

New means not old

Not old means not stale

Not stale means fresh

Fresh means smart

Smart is a pain

Pain is an affliction.

Therefore—A Freshman is an affliction.

—Q. E. D.



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## "Shoes of Course"

## The Lost Bill

(Continued from Page 57)

Acting upon this possibility, he squeezed into the hole and began to crawl into the darkness. Suddenly he felt himself slipping. He tried vainly to stop himself but the walls of the narrow passage were as smooth as glass. Then for the third time he lost consciousness.

When he came to his senses, he was lying in a heap in a large room. The first thing that met his sight was the goat, but now it seemed larger—nearly life-size, and to the boy's amazement it seemed to be grinning. Then a strange thing happened. The grinning goat actually beckoned to him and walked toward the narrow door through which the boy supposed he had entered. He slowly arose and following, soon found himself in a large room very different from any he had ever seen. The walls were made of shining gold and in the center of the floor the amazed boy gazed upon a heap of jewels of all sorts such as he had never supposed the whole world contained. For fully two minutes he seemed riveted to the floor, then he seemed to be slipping again. The golden room faded from his sight and he seemed to be falling—falling into oblivion.

Suddenly the boy awoke with a start to see the sun streaming into the opening of the box. The dollar bill, his abduction, the grinning goat, and the golden room, then, had only been a dream. A faint laugh escaped his lips as he crawled from the box. He walked briskly down the street. This morning he was happy. He had learned that his happiness was not in the shop windows.

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### GIRLS' BASKET BALL TEAM

(Continued from Page 65)

games were played with Middletown. Although the E. H. S. team was defeated both times they made a good fight and caused the other team much anxiety before the game was over. This did not discourage our girls because considering their lack of time for training, they did fine.

The line up of the team was as follows:

Forwards—Doris Hurd, Beulah Pugh and Mary Broadbent.

Center—Emily McCarty.

Guards—Margaret Williams, Ethel Snodgrass.



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Wanted—A girl or two. Must be good looking and able to dance well. Must have a machine. I haven't a machine but I have a Ford. I am wearing long trousers now. Try to be the one to get me. Apply James O. Seeley.

Wanted—Three good looking fellows. Must be able to furnish good times for the girls and have machines and wear long trousers. Apply, Mrs. Newkirk.

### Things That Can't Be Parted.

Joe Carpenter and his talk.  
Fat Lewis and his walk.  
Mr. Huffman and his chin.  
Doc Sauers and his grin.  
Elizabeth Myers and her good feelings.  
Ione Whitehead and her rouge.  
Miss Cox and her rheumatism.  
Miss St. Clair and her glasses.  
Roy Mitchell and Hazel Sidwell.  
Mr. Goode and his great amount of superiority.

Ruth Hinkle and her giggle.

Twixt optimist and pessimist,  
The difference is quite droll.  
The optimist sees the doughnut,  
While the pessimist the hole.

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Let me tell you she's a fox.  
She can make you do the work  
Everytime.

She knows how to give exams,  
How to flatter and to slam,  
How to never let you shirk,  
Everytime.

On these maps, now she's a wonder,  
Never gives you time to squander;  
If you hope to get them done  
Everytime.

But the dates are best of all,  
New ones, old ones, large and small,  
Calls for every single one,  
Everytime.

Still we love the dear old "prof"  
Even if she treats us "rough"  
She's so ready with her wit  
Everytime.

—Florence Ferguson.

Some boys delight to play and fight,  
And some stay in their homes,  
But all that I can find to do  
Is to write funny poems.  
I write and write from morn till night  
And never rest a bit,  
Except it be a moment when my rhymes refuse  
to fit.  
In every corner of the house you'll find some of  
my work,  
I have all kinds of funny rhymes, which mother  
says is dirt.  
And when at last I write a poem,  
Which all kings would desire,  
My mother calls it "dirt" and puts it in the fire.

## The First Thing You Should Consider Is Health

Without health there is no enjoyment in life. There are thousands of dollars spent to save our country from ruin, which is our patriotic duty. And now I have spent fifteen thousand dollars in our city to give to you health thron the use of pastuerized milk. The pure food authorities say that raw milk is not safe for use. I am fixed to give you that which is guaranteed to be safe, and when you go to the store and ask for a bottle of milk and they give you a bottle of milk without my name on the cap you are taking a chance of getting some kind of disease which may be the cause of your death. There were four hundred and twenty deaths in New York from the use of raw milk from one raw milk dealer. So you can't take a chance on the raw milk.

Yours for safety,

**Charles Knick**

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## ON THE SENIOR GLORY.

O years that pass! And in your passing raise  
The gawky Freshman from his lowly plane;  
Wherein he sits and wonders weary days,  
What 'tis to be a Senior, and to gain  
The special privileges that seem to be  
A part of the exalted Senior stage,  
Be kind to him, who plucks from off the tree  
The golden fruit of knowledge, and assuage  
The grief that surely must become his lot.  
For to be Seniors and become so famed  
Is not so easy as we once have thought.  
He'll find that all the glory is attained  
By fears and trials, which endured so long,  
At last will bring him into Seniordom.

—F. K. F.

## CAN YOU IMAGINE

Miss Willkie without her grin?  
Miss Harvey with a grouch?  
Mr. Huffman as a trapeze performer?  
Paul Miller with a soft low voice?  
Beulah Hobbs tangoing?  
Sid Lewis in a dress suit?  
Ruth Hobbs as a chorus girl?  
August Cotton talking slowly?  
Thelma-Newkirk in a hurry?  
Francis Kayser reciting without blushing?  
Val Stieglitz with red hair?  
"Shurdy" Clyde as a heavy weight?  
Ben Zerface preaching?  
Mary Swain flirting?  
Elsie Norris, not flirting?  
Webster Ferguson with John Wittkamper's  
walk?  
Waldo Downs tall and slender?  
Daisy Jones, loud and boisterous?  
Arnold Kurtz in Clifton Berry's clothes?

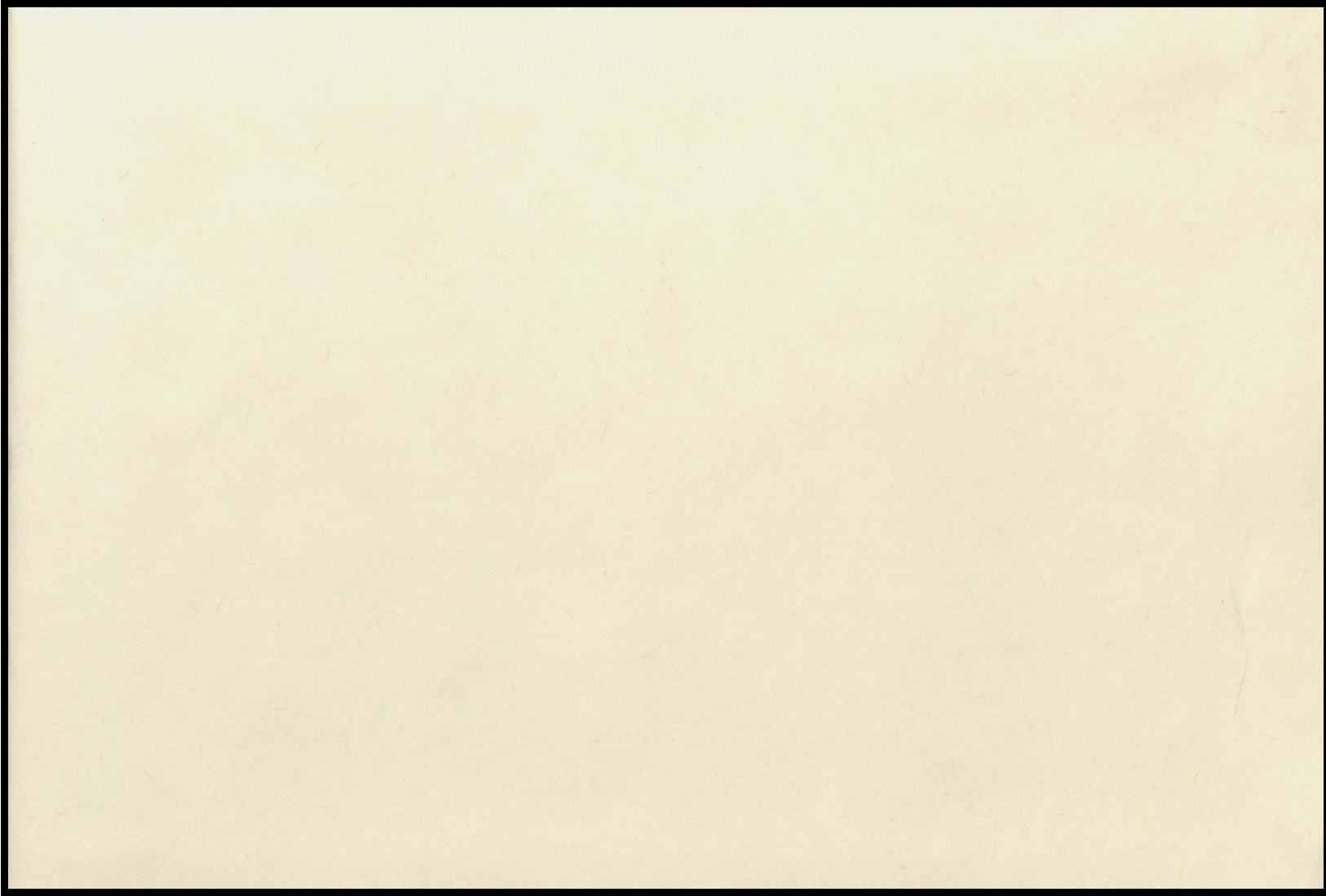


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THE END





THE END

