

POW-WOW

NINETEEN HUNDRED AND TWENTY-TWO

VOL. 1



EDITED BY
SENIOR CLASS
W. C. H. S.

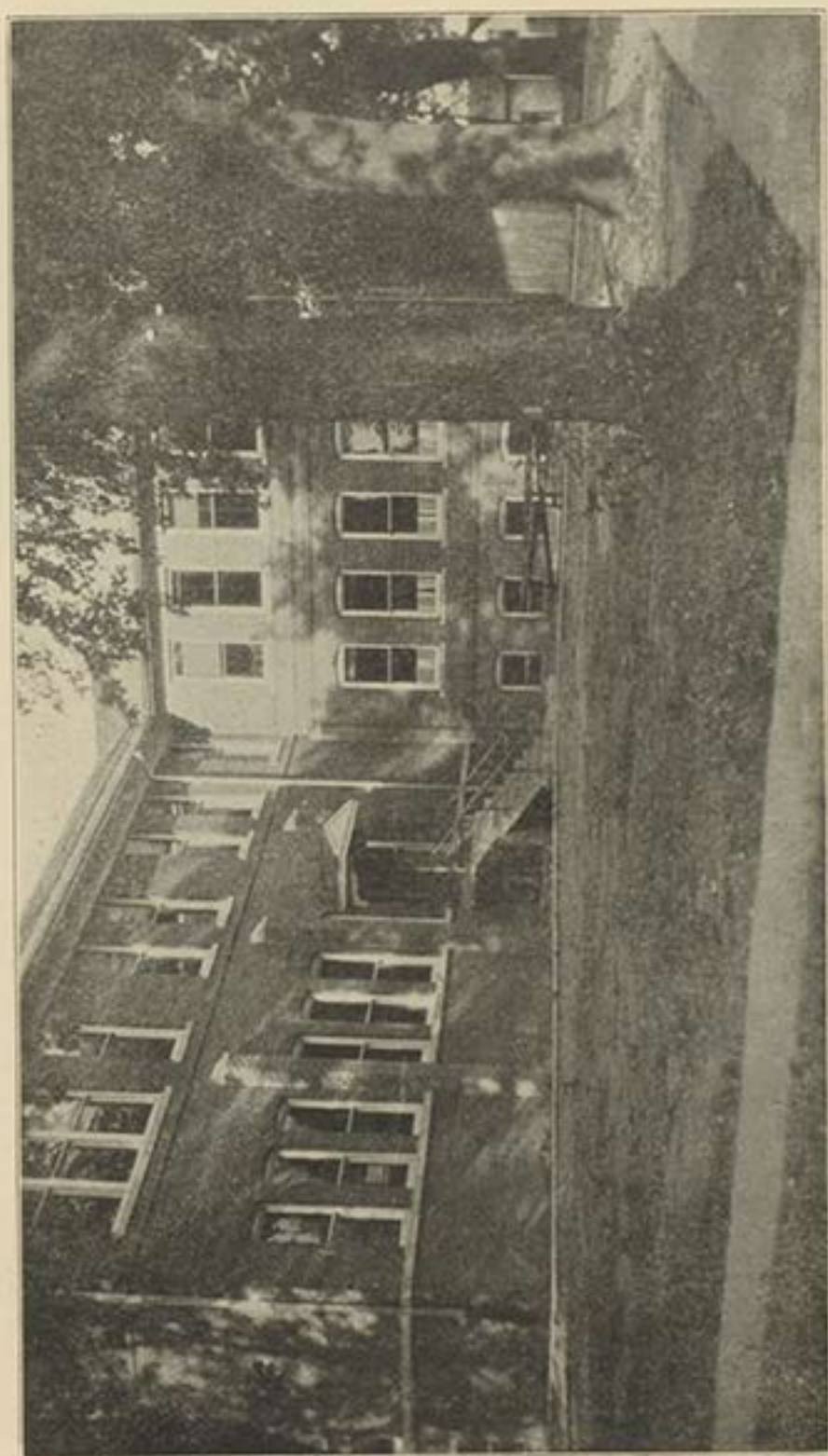
WINDSOR

ILLINOIS

The Foreword

WE, the Senior Class of 1922, sadly see our four years' journey through High School drawing to a close. In seeking a way to make the Class of '22 a long remembrance to Windsor Community High, we leave this book as our last work. To former students we try to recall incidents of days gone by; to patrons of the school, we strive to arouse their interest; to the underclassmen we leave our four years' record.

THE STAFF.



Dedication

THIS VOLUME IS
RESPECTFUL-
LY DEDICAT-
ED TO THE TEACH-
ERS, PATRONS, AND
UNDERCLASSMEN,
WHO WERE SO HELP-
FUL TO US IN THE
PRODUCTION OF THIS
BOOK.

The Board of Education

J. F. Clawson, President
C. A. Curry, Clerk
E. C. Peadro
W. O. Nichols
J. O. Finley

Now - Now



MR. J. A. ALEXANDER

Whiteland High School
(Indiana)

Indiana State Normal
School, Terre Haute,
Indiana

University of Illinois
A. B. and A. M.

Physics, History, and
Mathematics

F
A
C
U
L
T
Y



Now - Now



Miss Smith

Miss Greenman

Mr. Dunscomb

Miss Scheffer

Miss Garvin

MISS MYRTLE SMITH

Eastern Illinois State Teachers'
College, Charleston, Illinois.
Biology.

MISS WILHELMINA SCHEFFER

Atwood High School.
University of Illinois, A.B.
French and Mathematics.

MISS RUTH GREENMAN

Pana Township High School.
University of Illinois, A.B.
English and Latin.

MISS KATHERINE GARVIN

American Institute of Normal
Methods, Northwestern Uni-
versity.
Eureka College.
Music.

MR. JOSEPH HARMON DUNSCOMB

Windsor High School.
Sullivan High School.
Illinois College, Jacksonville.
Washington University, St. Louis,
Missouri, B.S.
Commercial Subjects and English.

Now - Now



SENIORS

CLASS OFFICERS

President, Montelle Cox

Vice President, Lloyd Jackson

Secretary-Treasurer, Vera Gaddis

Class Editor, Orvyll Bundy

Now-Mow



ORVYLL BUNDY "Ches" "Nut"
 "Our Very Best."
 Basket Ball '20, '21, '22. Track '21,
 '22. Orchestra. Senior Class Ed-
 itor.

RALPH EDWARDS "Dick"
 "For every inch that is not beauty
 is wisdom."
 "Some Class" '20. "Mr. Bob" '21.
 Vice President '20-'21. Basket Ball
 '19-'20, '20-'21, '21-'22. Track '21,
 '22. Captain of Basket Ball Team
 '21-'22. Business Manager. Pres-
 ident of Athletic Association.

MAYE BAUGHER "Patty"
 "She has a voice of gladness and a
 smile."
 "The Rivals" '21. "Mr. Bob" '21.
 "The Japanese Girl" '22. Glee
 Club '20-'21. Girls' Basket Ball.
 Assistant Editor.

EDITH CLEM
 "None knew thee but to love thee,
 Nor named thee but to praise."
 Entered from Mattoon High School
 '19. "The Wild Rose" '20. "The
 Rivals" '21. "Japanese Girl" '22.
 Girls' Basket Ball. Orchestra.

LEEDS MOBERLEY "Wal" "Nut"
 "Better to be with the dead
 Than not to be able to speak."
 "Mary's Millions" '21. Orchestra.
 Art Editor.

CLYDE P. RICHMAN "Jay"
 "The yawning youth, scarce half
 awake, essays
 His lazy limbs and dozy head to
 raise."
 Basket Ball '19-'20, '20-'21, '21-'22.
 Track '21, '22. Athletic Editor.

Now - Now



VERA HAMILTON "Babe"
"No magic shall sever thy music
from thee."

Glee Club '19-'20, '20-'21, '21-'22.
"The Rivals" '21. "The Japanese Girl" '22. Orchestra.

RUBY FAITH WALKER "Walker"
"Gentlest in mein and mind
of gentle womankind."
Class Historian '22.

LOIS ELIZABETH GRIDER "Shorty"
For love is all delight and sweetness.
Lois believes in having a good time.
Girl's Basket Ball. "Mr. Bob" '21.
"Japanese Girl" '22. Cheer Leader '20-'21. Joke Editor.

ROSA MARIE DUNSCOMB "Billy"
"She is the blue-eyed pet of a blue-eyed lover."
Vice President '18-'19. President '19-'20. "The Wild Rose" '20. "The Rivals" '21. "The Japanese Girl" '22. Glee Club '18, '19, '20, '21, '22. Girls' Basket Ball. Orchestra. Literary Editor.

FLOYD MONTELLE COX "Tuck"
"Give us the lad whose happy life
Is one perpetual smile."
President '18-'19, '21-'22. "Mr. Bob" '21. Mary's Millions" '21. Cheer Leader '21-'22.

L. G. JACKSON "Jack"
"Never was owl more blind than a lover."
Track '19-'20, '20-'21, '21-'22. Basket Ball '18-'19-'20-'21-'22. Vice President '20-'21, '21-'22.

Now - Now



VERA ELIZABETH GADDIS

"Dude"

"And all who meet her like her."

Entered from Mattoon High School
1919. Glee Club '20-'21-'22. "Wild
Rose" '20. "The Rivals" '21.
"The Japanese Girl" '22. "Mr.
Bob" '21. Girls' Basket Ball. Or-
chestra. Class Secretary and
Treasurer '21-'22.

MABEL INEZ CLEM

"She speaks, behaves and acts just
as she ought."

Entered from Mattoon High School
1919. President '20-'21. Glee Club
'20-'21-'22. "The Wild Rose" '20.
"The Rivals" '21. "The Japanese
Girl" '22. "Mr. Bob" '21. Orches-
tra.

ELMINA EDNA EDWARDS

"Podgey"

"Found peace in love's unselfish-
ness."

MARGARET GRACE EDWARDS

"Peggy"

"She is jes' the quiet kind
Whose nature never varies."

DORIS MARIE FINLEY "Dodo"

"Silence sweeter is than speech."

Glee Club '20-'21. "The Rivals" '21.
"The Japanese Girl" '22. Girls'
Basket Ball.

BERTHA GRACE GRAY "Curly"

"Eyes glad with smiles, and brow of
pearl

Shadowed by many a careless curl."
Glee club '18-'19-'20-'21-'22. "The
Wild Rose" '20. "The Rivals" '21.
"The Japanese Girl" '22.

Now - Then



IRVIN DALE JONES "I" Jones
 "Man delights me not; no, nor
 women either."
 Basket Ball '21-'22. Track '20-'21.
 '21-'22.

GRIFFITH LONG "Coop"
 "He has more learning than
 appears."
 Basket Ball '20-'21, '21-'22. Track
 '20-'21, '21-'22.

GEORGIA RUTH ROSE "Rufus"
 "She smiles and smiles and will not
 sigh."
 Glee Club '18-'19-'20-'21-'22. "The
 Wild Rose" '20. "The Rivals" '21.
 "The Japanese Girl" '22.

MARTHA ALICE SMITH "Smity"
 "All the beauty of the place
 Is in thy heart or on thy face."
 Girls' Basket Ball.

RUBY JANE TEMPLETON
 "Blondy"
 "Oh, fairest of the rural maids."
 "The Wild Rose" '20. "The Rivals"
 '21. Glee Club '18-'19-'20-'21.

Pow-Wow

The Editorial Staff

Pow-Wow

Orvyll Bundy, Editor in Chief

Ralph Edwards, Business Manager

Maye Baugher, Assistant Editor

Edith Clem, Assistant Business Manager

Leeds Moberley, Art Editor

Clyde Richman, Athletic Editor

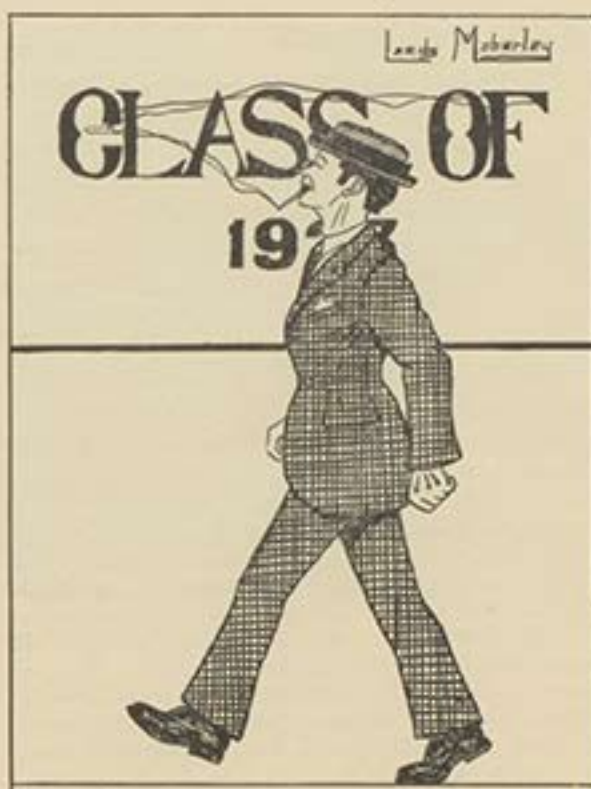
Vera Hamilton, Calendar Editor

Ruby Walker, Historian

Lois Grider, Joke Editor

Rose-Marie Dunscomb, Literary Editor

Now - Now



J U N I O R S

CLASS OFFICERS

President, Myron Tremaine

Vice President, Garvin Grider

Secretary, Helen Nichols

Treasurer, Nina Bence

Class Editor, Ruth Bolan

Now - Now

Junior Class History

AH, it came to pass that we entered upon this wonderful field of knowledge in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred nineteen, as Freshmen; hopeful, expectant—but verdant. It happened that some of us survived the trials and hardships of the Freshmen and passed safely into the realms of wisdom and philosophy. Some, as it were, since ceasing to grow, had passed successfully the green stage; others, we fear, will be evergreens.

Lo! It happened that we, twenty-eight human beings of extraordinary intelligence and the greatest mentality, set out on that well beaten path of learning that eventually leads to education or destruction. Yea, verily we climbed those steep stairs of wisdom and at the end of nine months of torment and hard labor we received the keys of the Sophomore class to the road of learning, paved with more gladness and more sunshine, but with less hard labor.

Yea, and it came to pass that unhappily some of our number became discouraged and fell by the wayside, but the remaining seventeen struggled manfully on. Lo, and we deemed it most fitting and proper to initiate those unfortunate beings, who, like us a year previous, were now beginning a struggle for wisdom. They suffered, probably, but like most children of their innocence and youth withstood our cruel treatment.

Ah, but there were bitter tears to fall into our cup, now overflowing with gladness. One of our number, Drayton Gant, a noted and prominent Sophomore, made his departure from our midst; and lo, it happened that our grief was so great that we assembled together in the High School gymnasium to spend our last hours together.

The months sped on and we found ourselves on the third great step of a High School career. Now feeling our way secure we entered industriously and diligently into the great field of learning which lay before us, only to find our deepest grief and despair that another of our number, Edna Smith, must leave us on account of ill health.

Yea, it came to pass that we elected Myron as the one to lead us safely over the rocks and the perilous places during our Junior year, and then Ruth Bolan found herself class editor. Yea verily we did choose a motto, "Success Comes In Cans," by which we might build up our lives more intelligently, suitable only to those of our superior prominence, and be the example of those who follow in our footsteps. Lo, as we proclaimed our yell—Chingaling la, we're Juniors, Rah! Rah!—the people did stop up their ears and flee in horror, and the hair did rise on the backs of the cats, as they hid themselves in obscure corners.

Now there are left these twelve: Bobbie, the one with the hot temper; Banty, who casts those pretty smiles; June Bug, famous basketball player; Purty, known by her powder-puff and rouge; Ira Jones, our latin scholar; Garvin, the class jester; Henry Riney, the dancer; Leslie, the poet; Snooks, one who is popular with the girls; Frankie, the lucky winner; and Opal Walker, the worker of our midst.

Now, after all these things we find ourselves ready for the last leap in our High School life, but ah,—not being prophets we will leave this last to the writers of modern history.

RUTH BOLAN

How-Mow



Names and Nicknames of the Juniors

Beulah Storm	"June Bug"	Leslie Jones	"Les"
Edna Smith	"Smiles"	Myron Tremaine	"Spigaro"
Frank Kerns	"Track Animal"	Nina Bence	"Purty"
Garvin Grider	"Specks"	Opal Walker	"Industrious"
Helen Nichols	"Banty"	Opal Jones	"Bobbie"
Henry Riney	"Hank"	Ruth Bolan	"Rufus"
Ira Jones	"Copper"	Ralph Cox	"Snooks"

Motto---Success Comes In Cans

Flower---Forget-Me-Not

Colors---Orange and Black

Yell---Ching-a-ling, la! We're Juniors, Rah! Rah!

How - How

Autographs

How-Now



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CLASS OFFICERS

President, Clarence Robb

Vice President, Corwin Hamilton

Secretary, Dallas Swinford

Treasurer, Helen Huntington

Class Editor, Neva Rankin

Sophomore Class History

IN the year of 1920 about fifty Freshmen started out on a four year trip through Book Land. The upper-classmen called us "little green freshies" because we went to the wrong classes or got in the way of some Senior. The kindhearted Sophomores could not endure to see our innocence longer abused, so they initiated us. The initiation party was given in the gymnasium. We all wore green caps and bibs that the Sophomores had made for our special use. We were given a free aeroplane ride besides many other thrilling adventures, and towards the end of the evening our pictures were taken. Refreshments were served and every one had a scrumptious time.

The first year came to a close with a survival of the fittest; some being too weak physically, others mentally.

After a long summer rest and when the leaves had begun to turn golden, we started on our second course, as Sophomores. So far it has been an enjoyable journey, although many have been burdened with five subjects; but nevertheless, if we keep up the proper spirit, we will all arrive in the Land of Knowledge at the same time.

NEVA D. RANKIN.

Now - Now



Names of the Sophomores

Bertha Conrad
 • Barton Lovins
 Chester Richman
 Clark Storm
 Cecil Jones
 • Corwin Hamilton
 Clarence Robb
 Clara Robison
 Clara Smith
 • Dallas Swinford
 Estel McPherson
 Eugene Jackson
 Elvena Walden
 Esther Webb
 Ernest Jones
 Fred Bundy
 Frances Hood

Genevieve Edwards
 Gaylord Ripley
 Helen Huntington
 • Hazel Clawson
 Ina Gaither
 Ivadean Krummel
 John Clawson
 Juanita Rose
 John Edwards
 Lola Williamson
 Lottie Elliot
 Lucile Jones
 Maurine Wallace
 • Marie Storm
 Myra Houser
 Maude Storm
 Marcia Varner

Neta Reynolds
 Neva Rankin
 Oma Finley
 Olta Reynolds
 • Opal Craycraft
 Ruth Walker
 Ruth Cecil
 Ruby Smith
 • Russel Boling
 Ruth Wilson
 Thelma Ferguson
 Thelma Ross
 Theodore Hartsell
 Maurice Spurlin
 Velma Rentfro
 Virginia Richardson
 Wilbur Bence

Flower---Lily

Colors---Purple and White

Motto---Nothing is too high to be reached, or too good to be true.

Yell---Rick-a-chicka, Rick-a-chicka, Rick-a-chicka choo!
 We are the Sophomores of 1922.

Now - Now

Autographs

How-Mow



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CLASS OFFICERS


President, Ada Kirk

Vice President, Edward Webb

Secretary-Treasurer, Ola Elliott

Class Editor, Dorothy Wallace

Freshmen Class History

 ON the fifth day of September, 1921, thirty-five Freshmen started on the long journey through High School.

Tuesday, September sixth, we met the giants named Algebra, English, Latin, History, and Physiography. For the first week or two we had a hard time finding our way to the right classes. Every time a bell would ring, several voices could be heard saying: "Where do we go now?" or something similar, but we soon overcame that difficulty, and everything has gone smoothly, regardless of the many sneers from the higher classes.

Four boys and one girl became discouraged and left school, but the remaining thirty fought on. Next year we hope to become Sophomores and overcome Latin II, History II, Geometry, and the sciences as well as we have our studies this year. We will keep on working our way up the ladder until we have reached the highest rung and obtained the title of Seniors.

DOROTHY ELIZABETH WALLACE.

Pow-Wow



Names of the Freshmen

Alice Shadow
Ada Kirk
Arthur Brill
Bertha Griffin
Daisy Rankin
Dorothy Wallace
Don Walden
Deane Thompson
Edward Webb
Geneva Storm
Glen Bennett
Glen Hart
Helen Smith
Harry Farrar
Lucille Anderson

Lawrence Gray
Lawrence Juhnke
Mabel Peadro
Mildred Grant
Mabel Rawlings
Mildred Clem
Mabel Jones
Opal Jackson
Ola Elliott
Otto Tietze
Paul Clem
Ruby Johnson
Roy Finley
Ray Hall
Thelma Lee

Flower---Pink Rose

Colors---Pink and Blue

Motto---The Elevator To Success Is Not Running, Take The Stairs.

Yell---Sis! Boom! Bah! Freshmen, Rah! Rah!

How-Mow

Autographs

How - How



M U S I C

Now - Mom



Sophomore-Freshmen Glee Club



Boys' Glee Club

How - How

Sophomore-Freshmen Glee Club

Daisy Rankin
Iva Dean Krummel
Mabel Peadro
Maude Storm
Ada Kirk
Maurine Wallace
Marie Storm
Alice Shadows
Virginia Richardson
Lottie Elliott
Mabel Jones

Bertha Conrad
Esther Webb
Lucile Jones
Dorothy Wallace
Genevieve Edwards
Ruth Wilson
Hazel Marie Clawson
Helen Smith
Neva Rankin
Mildred Grant
Ina Gaither

Juanita Rose
Frances Hood
Thelma Lee
Ola Elliott
Opal Jackson
Ruth Cecil
Thelma Ferguson
Helen Huntington
Myra Houser
Mildred Clem
Ruby Johnson



Boys' Glee Club

Maurice Spurlin
Cecil Jones

Russel Boling
John Edwards
Chester Richman

Dallas Swinford
Clark Storm

THE Boys' Glee Club has grown up in the midst of many discouragements. Last year only four boys felt they had sufficient talent to undertake the work in glee club. But from the many encouraging remarks from the patrons of the school, this year they felt they were ready for real work. Their first appearance being in a Thanksgiving concert, where they won laurels for themselves. When the time came for the annual operetta it seemed only proper the boys should have an important part and those who were present know where the honors lie. They have done excellent work and though few in number they form a nucleus for bigger and better things in the future.

How - How



Junior-Senior Glee Club



Orchestra

Now - Now

Junior-Senior Glee Club

Doris Finley
Maye Baugher
Vera Hamilton
Bertha Gray
Ruth Rose
Inez Clem
Vera Gaddis

Lois Grider
Edith Clem
Opal Jones
Rosa Marie Dunscomb
Nina Bence
Helen Nichols
Beulah Storm



The Orchestra

Marie Storm
Hazel Clawson
Neva Rankin
Edith Clem
Beulah Storm
Inez Clem
Vera Gaddis

Oryll Bundy
Leeds Moberley
Rosa Marie Dunscomb
Paul Clem
Eugene Jackson
Glen Bennett
Vera Hamilton

THIS is the first year the High School has had an orchestra and it was only by the encouragement of Mr. Alexander and the faithful work of the Seniors of '22 that the orchestra was organized. There were many things to discourage as well as encourage the organization. Because of financial difficulties they were unable to employ an instructor. The first part of the year Howard Jackson was leader and after he left to teach school Mr. Radabaugh assisted them for awhile. Edith Clem is leader now and they are practicing for the annual events which are to take place such as Commencement, Patrons' Day, and the Senior Play. We feel that the orchestra has been a success this year and it is a sincere wish of the "class of '22" that the orchestra will hold an important place in the school life of W. C. H. S. in the future.

Now - Now

Music



THE various High School musical organizations gave a pleasing musical program Wednesday evening, November 23, in the school auditorium.

"The Windmills of Holland"

Members of the Sophomore, Freshmen, and Boys' Glee Clubs presented "The Windmills of Holland" at the school auditorium Friday night, February 24.

Story of the operetta: An American salesman visiting Holland introduces himself as a drummer. He is misunderstood by the rich farmer as a drummer of music. When he attempts to install some modern machinery the family and work hands object so seriously that Mynheer lets the old mill stand. The young folks have a few quarrels among themselves over the new stranger but most of them return to their first love in the end.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Mynheer Hertogenbosch, rich Holland farmer. Dallas Swinford
Vrouw Hertogenbosch, his wife Mabel Peadro
Wilhelmina and Hilda, their daughters Neva Rankin and Mabel Jones
Bob Yankee, American salesman Chester Richman
Hans, student of music, in love with Wilhelmina Russel Boling
Franz, rich farmer's son, in love with Hilda Maurice Spurlin
Katrina, rich farmer's daughter Hazel Clawson

Two Choruses

Accompanist, Helen Huntington

"The Japanese Girl"

Members of the Senior-Junior Glee Club very effectively rendered the operetta "The Japanese Girl" at the School Auditorium Friday night, March 10.

O Hanu San, a young Japanese beauty, is about to celebrate her eighteenth birthday. Two American girls, touring Japan with their governess, enter the garden through curiosity. The Japanese girls resent the intrusion and awaken the governess who has fallen asleep at her easel, and pretend not to understand her explanations. O Hanu San comes to the rescue and invites them to attend the ceremonies.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

O Hanu San Inez Clem
O Kitu San (Sweet Chrysanthemum) Vera Gaddis
O Kayo San Bertha Gray
Chayo (Servant) Beulah Storm
Nora and Dora Twinn (Americans) Rose-Marie Dunscomb and Nina Bence
Miss Knowall (their governess) Edith Clem
Chorus Lois Grider, Helen Nichols, Maye Baugher, Doris Finley, Opal Jones, Ruth Rose

Accompanist, Vera Hamilton

Now - Now



ATHLETICS

Now - Now



Basket Ball

ROLL

Top row, left to right: Clyde Richman, Myron Tremaine, Corwin Hamilton, Leslie Jones, Garvin Grider, Wilbur Bence, Clarence Robb, Mr. Dunscomb, Coach.

Bottom row: Irvin Jones, Ernest Jones, Ralph Edwards, Lloyd Jackson, Griffith Long.

Now - Now

The Coach

THIS was "Jobey's" first year as a coach but he has had a great deal of experience in athletics, having won his letters in football, basketball, and track at Illinois College and played on his fraternity basketball and football team at Washington University.

He has done a great deal to develop athletics here and being well liked by all the boys has caused more to become interested. He has had a very successful season in basketball, considering the handicaps he has been under. He hopes to develop a strong track team and at present the prospects are good.

We think and hope he will have a better season next year, because he has had a chance to develop the new material.

Season Average

Strasburg 7	Windsor 21, here	Pana 3	Windsor 24, here
Neoga 9	Windsor 12, here	Bement 44	Windsor 23, there
Charleston 21	Windsor 12, here	Lovington 11	Windsor 14, there
Chrisman 27	Windsor 15, there	Bethany 24	Windsor 20, here
Sullivan 22	Windsor 8, there	Altamont 18	Windsor 25, here
Findlay 16	Windsor 15, here	Stewardson 10	Windsor 36, here
Sullivan 21	Windsor 10, here	Strasburg 12	Windsor 39, here
Strasburg 6	Windsor 5, there	Shelbyville 31	Windsor 14, there
Neoga 16	Windsor 10, there	Pana 12	Windsor 23, there
Bement 12	Windsor 9, here	E. I. S. T.	
Shelbyville 29	Windsor 8, here	C. H. S. 15	Windsor 22, here
Alumni 6	W. C. H. S. 38 here	Lovington 6	Windsor 24, here
Bethany 22	Windsor 17, there	Charleston 27	Windsor 11, tournament
Total		Opponents 429	Windsor 456

Season Record

The basketball team played twenty-five games. Of these they lost fourteen and won eleven games. In the twenty-five games they made a total of four hundred and fifty-six points, while the opponents a total of only four hundred and twenty-nine points. When one considers the class of opponents they went up against it will be seen that they made a splendid showing. Each game was as follows:

21 Strasburg 7

The season was opened with a three to one win. The Richlanders being unable to penetrate the air-tight defense for but one field goal. Scoring, Edwards and L. Jones 3 field goals; I. Jones 2 field goals; L. Jones 5 free throws; Jackson 0; E. Jones 0; Richman 0. Long was ineligible on account of scholastic difficulties.

Now - Now

12 NEOGA 9

It was Windsor's game from the start but at no time were they out of danger. The Neoga players were fast and did some good passing. Coach Dunscomb's men showed a decided improvement. Scoring, Long and L. Jones 1 field goal; Edwards 3 field goals; Long 3 free throws; Jackson 0; E. Jones 0.

12 CHARLESTON 21

The score tells the result but does not tell the story of the game. Windsor's floor work was magnificent but they seemed to lose out on hitting the basket. Charleston had four of her last year's championship team, two of them being all-stars. Our husky back guard, E. Jones, went out by mistake of the referee. The score the first half was 8 to 3 in favor of Windsor, but Charleston put in four new men and came back strong the last half.

Scoring, L. Jones 1 field goal; Edwards 3 field goals; Long 4 free throws; Jackson 0; E. Jones 0; L. Jones 0.

15 CHRISMAN 27

Windsor met its first defeat of the season when they were unable to stop the strong Chrisman offensive, which was featured by their fast passing.

Scoring, Long 1 field goal, 3 free throws; L. Jones 1 field goal; Edwards 2 field goals; L. Jones 2 field goals; Jackson 0; E. Jones 0; Richman 0.

8 SULLIVAN 22

Windsor were unable to hit their stride after the hard trip to Sullivan and were also greatly handicapped by the large floor. Scoring, Long 1 field goal and 2 free throws; Edwards 2 field goals; E. Jones 0; Jackson 0; L. Jones 0; Tremaine 0.

15 FINDLAY 16

Sixteen to 15 was the score chalked up in favor of Findlay. It was a neck and neck game all of the time but Findlay got a good gain and kept it. Captain Edwards had been sick all week and did not play with his usual vigor. Long was on the bench with plasters over one shoulder but was allowed in the game the last quarter. The passing was good but many long shots were tried and missed.

Scoring, L. Jones 4 free throws; L. Jones 3 field goals; Edwards 1 field goal; Long 1 field goal, 1 free throw; Jackson 0; E. Jones 0.

10 SULLIVAN 21

We were not surprised to see the gold and blue fall before Sullivan but did expect them to make a better showing. The Moultrie County bunch took the lead and maintained it until the end. After the first half their floor work was good but their opponents had too much of a lead. Our boys lacked confidence which had something to do with the drubbing.

Scoring, Edwards 2 field goals and 1 free throw; Jackson 1 field goal; Long 3 free throws; E. Jones 0; L. Jones 0.

Now-Now

6 STRASBURG 7

Windsor thinking of an easy victory put in the second team. The Strasburg floor was small which was an advantage to them but a disadvantage to Windsor. At the end of the first quarter Strasburg led 6 to 1. Members of the first team were put in but were unable to overcome the lead.

10 NEOGA 16

Windsor met defeat at Neoga but to get the victory required six players, a referee and a few spectators. Without one spectator, who grabbed a Windsor player, and the referee, the apple pickers would have been snowed under. Some Neogans had no defense for the referee who knew little of the game and cared less.

Scoring, I. Jones 1 field goal; L. Jones 1 free throw; Edwards 1 field goal and 5 free throws; Long 0; E. Jones 0; Jackson 0.

9 BEMENT 12

This was the eighth defeat but it was not a bad defeat and bears no ill will. It was the prettiest game ever played on the local floor. The Bement team's lightest man weighed 10 lbs. more than Windsor's heaviest. Windsor fought desperately but they could not hit the basket. They made two baskets that were not counted.

Scoring, I. Jones 1 field goal; Long 1 field goal and 1 free throw; Edwards 2 field goals; Jackson 0; E. Jones 0; L. Jones 0.

8 SHELBYVILLE 29

No explanation can be given only that Windsor lost confidence and were swept off their feet. Scoring, Long 1 field goal, 4 free throws; Jackson 1 field goal; Edwards 0; E. Jones 0; I. Jones 0.

38 ALUMNI 6

The old Gold and Blue redeemed itself when it won a decisive victory from a team composed of former W. H. S. Stars. The line-up was "Red" Clawson 4 free throws, "Itch" Davies 1 field goal. "Shorty" Rose, "Bill" Haverstock, and Glenn Wilson.

W. C. H. S. Scoring, I. Jones 3 field goals, 3 free throws; Long 6 field goals, 4 free throws; L. Jones 5 field goals; Jackson 3 field goals; E. Jones 0; Tremaine 0.

17 BETHANY 22

Windsor did not win from Bethany at Bethany but gave a good account of themselves. At the end of the first half Windsor led 10-8. Windsor made 8 field goals to Bethany's 7. E. Jones and Jackson went out on personals.

Scoring, Long 2 field goals, 1 free throw; I. Jones 2 field goals; Edwards 2 field goals; Jackson 2 field goals; E. Jones 0; L. Jones 0; Tremaine 0.

24 PANA 3

Windsor broke their long list of defeats by overwhelmingly defeating Pana, allowing them only three free throws. They were large and a nice

Now - Now

bunch but could not hit the hoop. Scoring, Long 2 field goals, 1 free throw; I. Jones 3 field goals; Edwards 6 field goals; L. Jones 0; E. Jones 0; Kerns 0; Bundy 0; Tremaine 0.

23 BEMENT 41

The defeat was not as bad as it looks but Bement found the basket too often which was the cause of our defeat. Ernie Jones our "Husky" back guard made his first basket of the season. Scoring, I. Jones 2 field goals; Long 3 field goals, 5 free throws; Edwards 1 field goal; Jackson 2 field goals; E. Jones 1 field goal; L. Jones 0.

14 LOVINGTON 11

In a warmly contested game Windsor defeated Lovington. The first half ended 10-3 in favor of Windsor. E. Jones went out on four personals.

Scoring, Long 1 field goal; L. Jones 1 field goal; Edwards 2 field goals; Jackson 1 field goal; I. Jones 1 field goal; E. Jones 0.

20 BETHANY 24

Bethany managed to pull herself together for a win but it was hard to turn the trick. Windsor led in every quarter but the last. It was the best attended game of the season and the crowd expected a win but it was not a bad defeat, as Bethany had not lost but one game. Bethany used nine men and Windsor only five.

Scoring, Long 1 field goal; I. Jones 1 field goal; Edwards 3 field goals; Jackson 3 field goals; E. Jones 0.

25 ALTAMONT 22

Altamont met defeat here before a throng of enthusiastic fans. The game was fast and furious from the start but the Windsor team held the lead only at the end of game when the score was tied 21-21. In the overtime Windsor made 4 points.

Scoring, field goals, Long 3, I. Jones 4, Edwards 2, L. Jones 1, Jackson 0, E. Jones ineligible.

36 STEWARDSON 10

The Gold and Blue five easily defeated Stewardson making 24 points the last quarter. The Stewardson boys were a nice bunch and played a clean game. Windsor used three second string men the third quarter.

Scoring, field goals, Long 2, I. Jones 6, Edwards 5, L. Jones 3, Jackson 1, Robb 0, Bence 0, Richman 0.

39 STRASBURG 12

Windsor added another victory to their list by defeating Strasburg. Strasburg has good material but is handicapped by playing quarters. They showed much improvement in their playing since they were here the first of the season.

Scoring, field goals, Long 2, L. Jones 2, I. Jones 4, Edwards 6, Jackson 4, E. Jones 0, Bence 0, Grider 0, Richman 0, Robb 0.

Pow-Wow

14 SHELBYVILLE 31

A large bunch of rooters accompanied the team to Shelbyville in hopes that they would bring home a win, but they were unable to hold their lanky center, but did hold the colored boy down. Scoring, I. Jones 1 field goal; Edwards 2 field goals; Long 8 free throws; Jackson 0; E. Jones 0.

23 PANA 12

They put up a good game at Pana and came home with a win but it looked like Pana's game at the half with the score 9 to 6 in Pana's favor. The boys rallied the second half making 17 points to Pana's 3.

Scoring, I. Jones 2 field goals; Long 1 field goal; Jackson 1 field goal; Edwards 3 field goals; E. Jones 0; Bence 0; L. Jones 0.

22 E. I. T. C. 15

"Our rough team" as E. I. called it, defeated the Coles County teachers in a hotly contested game, it being on even terms. Bence substituted for Jackson when he went out on personals. Scoring, Long 2 field goals; I. Jones 3 field goals; L. Jones 4 field goals; Jackson 1 field goal; E. Jones 0.

24 LOVINGTON 6

Windsor ended a series of ten victories for Lovington when they played rings around them and only allowed them one field goal. Scoring, I. Jones 3 field goals; Long 2 field goals, 4 free throws; L. Jones 3 free throws; Jackson 1 field goal; E. Jones 1 field goal; Tremaine 0; Bence 0.

AT THE TOURNAMENT

Windsor was eliminated in its first game by the Charleston High School five, who placed second in the tournament. The score was 27 to 11. Charleston was completely outplayed three-fourths of the game but managed to get enough breaks to win. Ernie Jones our "Husky" guard brought the crowd to its feet many times by his superb guarding. The tall, lanky guard stopped the much vaunted offense of the Charleston High a number of times.

Scoring, I. Jones 0; Long 1 field goal; Edwards 2 field goals and 5 free throws; Jackson 0; E. Jones 0; L. Jones 0.

Our Yell Leaders

The winning of some games was due to the continuous work of our yell leaders, Montelle Cox and Neva Rankin. They were usually both present at games here and were present at several games out of town. Credit is due them for the great amount of enthusiasm and support shown by the pupils and it is hoped that next year the boys will show as much enthusiasm as the girls in the support of our teams.

Now - Now



Track Team

ROLL

Top row, left to right: Mr. Dunscomb, Coach; Lloyd Jackson, Corwin Hamilton, Ralph Edwards, Leslie Jones, Ernest Jones, Ira Jones, Clyde Richman.

Bottom row: Griffith Long, Irvin Jones, Garyin Grider, Captain; Wilbur Bence, Orvyll Bundy.

Now - Now

Track



THE Track Team of 1921 was greatly handicapped because of but little coaching, and entered but one meet.

The team, consisting of but five men, Grider and Hamilton, Class B, and Edwards, Bundy, and Richman, Class A, went to the Shelby County meet and made 25 points. The places were:

Class B: Grider 2nd in 100 yard dash and shot put; Hamilton 3rd in standing broad jump.

Class A: Edwards 2nd in 220 low hurdles, 3rd in 440 yard run, 2nd in running broad jump, 2nd in running high jump, and 3rd in shot put; Richman 2nd in 50 yard dash and 2nd in 220 yard dash; Bundy 2nd in running hop step jump.

Class Meet

Seniors 49.

Sophomores 36.

Juniors 33.

Freshmen 3.

The Senior Class was victorious in the interclass meet, held on September 30, scoring 49 points. The Sophomores were second with 36 points and also furnished the individual star of the meet, Corwin Hamilton, who scored 24 points. The Juniors took third with 33 points, and also furnished a high scorer, Grider, who made 22 points. Edwards was high scorer for the Seniors with 15 points.

The results were as follows:

50 yard dash: Hamilton 1st; Edwards 2nd; Bence 3rd; Richman 4th. Time, 5 4-5.

100 yard dash: Hamilton 1st; Bence 2nd; Grider 3rd; L. Jones 4th. Time, 12.

220 yard dash: Richman 1st; Grider 2nd; Smith 3rd; L. Jones 4th. Time, 26 1-5.

440 yard run: Grider 1st; Richman 2nd; Edwards 3rd; Bence 4th. Time, 1:06 2-3.

Half mile: Grider 1st; L. Jones 2nd; Bundy 3rd; Farrar 4th. Time, 2:38 1-5.

Mile: Grider 1st; L. Jones 2nd; Ira Jones 3rd; Kerns 4th. Time, 5:55 3-5.

Relay: Juniors 1st; Seniors 2nd; Freshmen 3rd; Sophomores 4th. Not counted for points.

Broad jump: Cox 1st; Hamilton 2nd; E. Jones 3rd; H. Jackson 4th. Distance, 8 feet 8 1/2 inches.

Running broad jump: Edwards 1st; Long 2nd; Bence 3rd; Hamilton 4th. Distance, 17 feet 9 inches.

Pom-Mow

Running hop, step and jump: Hamilton 1st; Long 2nd; Edwards 3rd; E. Jones 4th. Distance, 36 feet, 4 inches.

High jump: Hamilton 1st; H. Jackson 2nd; Bundy 3d; Bence 4th. Height, 4 feet, 10 1-2 inches.

Shot put: L. Jackson 1st; Edwards 2nd; Grider 3rd; Ira Jones 4th. Distance, 32 feet, 4 inches.

Track '22

The prospects are good for a strong team this spring, and a team composed of Grider, Hamilton, Edwards, Richman, Bence, Ira Jones, Bundy and Ralph Cox in Class A and Farrar, Webb, Hall and Abel in Class B is expected to give a good account of itself at the Shelby County meet.

A team composed of five or six of Class A men will be sent to the Millikin Interscholastic. A relay team will probably also be sent.



Now - Now



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Pow-Mow

Jokes and Near-Jokes

The World is old, yet likes to laugh;
New jokes are hard to find,
A whole new editorial staff
Can't tickle all the time;
So if you meet some ancient joke,
Perked up in modern guise,
Don't frown and call the thing a joke,
Just laugh—Don't be too wise.

Mr. Dunscomb—"Irvin, tell us what you just read."
Irvin J.—"Blank verse."

Neva Rankin (when offered chair)—"Thank you very much, but I've been skating all afternoon and I'm tired sitting down."

Teacher—"What does Blackstone remind you of?"
Helen Nichols—"An Irish vegetable."
Teacher—"Why?"
Helen—"He was a commentator."

Mr. Dunscomb—"Vera, give the parts of the verb 'burst.'"
Vera G.—"Burst, Burst, Busted."

Rose-Marie—"What beautiful flowers! Why, isn't there still a little dew on them?"
Lloyd (blushing furiously)—"Yes, but I'll pay it before long."

Chic Webb—"Harry, look at your nose and see what time it is."
Harry F.—"Look at your own. Mine isn't running."

Father—"Weren't you out after eleven last night?"
Leeds—"No, not nearly that bad, I was only after one."

Garvin—"Myron, have you read 'Freckles'?"
Myron—"No, mine are light brown like yours, can't you see?"

Miss Greenman—"Don't throw burning matches, remember the Chicago fire. Now who can state a similar axiom?"

Dallas S.—"Don't spit on the floor, remember the great flood."

Marie S. (translating)—"Rex fugit—The king flees."

Miss Greenman—"Now 'fugit' is the same form in both present and perfect; so to distinguish, we use 'has' with the perfect."

Marie—"Well, then—'The king has flees.'"

Fortune teller—"You have a wonderful talent for painting."

Nina Bence—"Oh! How can you tell?"

Fortune teller—"I can see it in your face."

Naturally

Mr. Alexander (explaining levers)—"Now there is a one-hundred pound girl on one end of the board, two feet from the fulcrum. If a seventy pound girl wants to balance her, where must she sit?"

Griffith—"On the other end."

How - Now

Our Teacher's Fault

He prepareth a test before me in view of my ignorance; he stuffeth my cranium with anecdotes; my head runneth over; surely brain fever shall follow me all the days of my life, and I shall dwell in the insane asylum forever.

Too Bad

Dorothy W.—"I wish we didn't have to take Geometry. I don't care anything about the stars."

Little Early?

Mr. Alexander—"Clyde, what important act was passed in 1765?"
Clyde R.—"Volstead act."

Intelligence!

Miss Smith—"What is a tutor?"
Ray Hall—"It's a feller that plays in the band."

Think So?

Lucille Anderson—"I have an idea."
Daisy R.—"Be good to it, it's in a strange place."

Quick Work

From a Senior's theme—"He began to dwindle swiftly away."

Juniors' Prayer

Our teachers who art on earth; Hallowed be their deeds;
When History is done, Physics must come,
On test days as it is on others. Give us this
Day an easy test, and forgive us for our zeroes,
As we forgive those who make hundreds.
Lead us not in copying, but deliver us from failing,
For thine is the power to tell us before beginning,
Answers to all questions—Amen!

True

Prof.—"Where was the 'Declaration of Independence' signed?"
Lloyd—"At the bottom."

Opal—"When you tell a boy anything it goes in one ear and out another."

Henry R.—"Yes, and when you tell a girl anything, it goes in both ears and out her mouth."

Before exams:

Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet
Lest we forget, lest we forget.

After exams:

Lord God of Hosts, be with us not,
For we forgot, for we forgot.

Now - Now

Senior Characteristics

Name	Known By	Favorite Expression	Greatest Ambition	Besetting Sin
Class of '22	Initiative	We're it	Get By	Egotism
Orryll Bundy	His glasses	What is it?	To go to college	Sullenness
Montelle Cox	His office	Hasn't any	To be a real president	Deportment
Lloyd Jackson	Late hours	Gee Frost!	Win Rose-Marie	Stuttering
Edith Clem	Sweet Disposition	"I must study"	A student in Eureka	Blahs
Clyde Richman	His absence	Golly!	To get a teacher's certificate	Sleeping
Vera Hamilton	Her music	Criminy John!	Make "A" in Physics	Temper
Inez Clem	Her hair	Oh Pete!	To please	Conceit
Martha Smith	Beauty	Good Heavens!	Become a nurse	Self-reclusion
Rose-Marie Dunscomb	Bobbed hair	My Gosh!	Be a dancer	Primping
Irvlin Jones	Silence	Gee!	Be a bachelor	Speeding
Maye Baugher	Wh	Shoot a monkey!	To be an actress	Procrastination
Doris Finley	Black hair	My land!	Teach Don's English class	Aloofness
Leeds Moberley	Artistic ability	Hevings!	To stay with Orryll	Sarcasm
Ralph Edwards	His dignity	Dern it!	To be a doctor	Cramming
Ruby Walker	Fair Complexion	Shut my mouth	To decide	Stubbornness
Elmina Edwards	Missing tooth	My soul!	To be a "Houser"	Leaving Assembly
Margaret Edwards	Resemblance to Elmina	For the love of mud	Keep ahead of Elmina	Pouting
Lois Grider	Her eyes	Geememently!	To grow tall	Pride
Ruby Templeton	Being a blonde	My Goodness!	To be a stenographer	Bouncing
Vera Gaddis	Her walk	Gee Whiz!	To get a man	Talking
Griffith Long	His limp	Howdy Boy!	To be a basketball coach	Smoking
Ruth Rose	Telephone calls	Oh Heck!	School teaching	Talking to George
Bertha Gray	Her curls	Oh My!	To be an opera singer	Affection

Now - Now



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When a Feller Needs a Friend

Jack was worried. The mail had just been delivered and still no letter. Dad had never sent his allowance later than the fifteenth before and this was the sixteenth and Jack had a date with that new girl to take her to the theatre and he was broke.

He could call it off but then that sissy of a Will Horton would get to take her to the "Frat" dance and then he wouldn't have a ghost of a show. He paced back and forth across the room. If Dad had only not been so forgetful.

There was Bob, his roommate, but Jack knew that he was short of cash too because just that morning Bob had said he was going to have to go slow or he would be broke before time for the "Governor's" check. Dad had always advised against borrowing but darn it! Why didn't he send that money? He might know he was broke.

The telephone rang insistently. Jack paid no attention to it at first (it was for Bob anyway he knew) but it kept up a continuous ringing until he snatched up the receiver and snapped out "Hello"—"Yes"—"This is Jack Maxwell talking."

"Mr. Lake?" a smile appeared on the gloomy face.

"Coming out? Oh, all right I'll be here."—"In an hour you say? Sure, come ahead, I'll be here."

He slammed the receiver. The smile broadened to a grin. Mr. Lake, his father's old friend, was coming out to see him. Oh boy! maybe he would loan him enough money to last until the check came.

Jack remembered the liberal treats he had received from him when he was just a kid. He wondered if he had changed.

He picked up a copy of a magazine from the table and stretched himself across the bed to read. He was aroused by the jingle of the door bell. Surely it had not been an hour. He listened and heard heavy steps on the stairs and then a knock at his door.

He opened the door and an elderly gentleman entered. After exchanging greetings, they sat down and talked of the home folks, Jack's school work and foot ball. Jack was surprised to find Mr. Lake knew so much about the game, but Jack was surprised at several things about Mr. Lake. He wasn't like Dad at all. He seemed more like a boy but perhaps this was because Mr. Lake had never married and could more easily keep up with such things.

They had both forgotten how swiftly the time was passing until Mr. Lake looked at his watch and sprang up.

"I've just three-quarters of an hour to go from here to my hotel to get my bags and catch my train. I must be going."

Jack's heart sank. He had not had a single opportunity to mention that loan. As Mr. Lake started to leave the room, he turned and said:

"Well, Jack, I suppose you have all the money you need. The fathers of today are a great deal more generous than they were when I was a boy. Why, I used to be broke all the time."

Jack blushed and stammered, "Well—er—Dad is pretty generous—I guess."

Mr. Lake laughed. "Oh yes, I see, generous, but not enough so—eh? Here, take this and think of me when you spend it." He reached in his pocket and handed Jack a folded bill.

Jack's face flushed a still more radiant hue and he said, "Oh—er—thank you but—you—I—," he stopped, almost afraid he would go on for fear he would make some kind of a blunder.

Mr. Lake laughed again. "Forget it, I was young once and I liked to have a good time myself. Do yet, as far as that is concerned. Well, so long." And he slammed the door behind him.

Jack looked at the bill and saw an X in the corner. "Say, now that's what I

Now - Now

call a regular guy! And say, I guess that boob of a Will Horton won't take Betty to the 'Prat' dance now," as he picked up his hat and left the room, banging the door behind him.

Ruth Rose '22

But After Sunday Comes Monday

Betty's brown eyes opened in amazement. Could this be Bob talking to her? He must be crazy. Why, she and Bob had never quarrelled before and now here he was as angry as he could be and raving about Paul Jones calling on her the night before. Could Bob be jealous? Suddenly her eyes flashed for she, like Bob, had a temper. "Bob," she said coldly, as she pointed to the door, "This nonsense of yours makes me tired." Then with a haughty and bored air, "Will you please leave until you have cooled off?"

Bob, flushed and angry, grabbed his cap, rushed out of the room, flew down the steps and jumped into his car. Starting his car he tore down the drive into the highway. It was a warm Sunday afternoon and the highway was crowded with "joy-riders." Disregarding all speed limits and family cars, Bob, slouched down in his seat, pushed down on the accelerator and flew like a demon down the smooth, white road. He didn't care if he did run into a speed cop. He'd show the old boy a merry chase. Maybe Betty thought she was the only girl in the world, but, by George, she wasn't. After this, Paul Jones could call on her. Here was one guy that wouldn't.

Slowing up as he drove through the business section, he glanced at the boys in front of the poolroom. Why, there was Wilbur Ross. He hadn't seen Wilbur for a coon's age. Pulling into the curb, he stopped.

"Hey, Will, old man," he called, "come on; take a ride."

"In a minute, wait'll I get some Camels."

Wilbur dashed into the neighboring confectionery and out again with his Camels in his hand.

"Have a smoke," Wilbur extended the package of cigarettes.

"Thanks, don't care if I do." With a pang Bob remembered he had promised Betty he wouldn't smoke, but then—well, Betty wasn't going to boss him anymore. He did sort of pity Paul Jones cause he'd have to quit smoking if he went with Betty. But, hang it all! why couldn't he forget Betty?

Wilbur climbed into the car and they drove off. "Where's Betty?" queried Wilbur.

Always Betty. Wilbur's mouth drew into a straight line. "Oh!" he muttered through clinched teeth, "I'm offa those Janes for life."

Wilbur laughed, "Uh—huh—until tomorrow. Come on let's go to a movie."

But even in the show everything seemed to be Betty. That leading lady surely did look like Betty. For once in his life Bob sat silent. Wilbur gave him a nudge, "Say Bo, you're sure cheerful company. Still got Betty on the brain? Aw—forget it. Tomorrow's Monday."

At ten o'clock that night Bob entered his own home. As he passed the living room door his mother called, "Is that you Bob, didn't you go down to Betty's tonight?"

Still Betty. Why did everybody have to remind him of Betty when he was trying to forget. He wearily climbed upstairs to his room but not to sleep peacefully. In his dreams he could see Betty but there was always a fellow with her but it was not he, Bob, it was always that confounded Paul Jones.

The next morning he awoke and examined his face in the mirror. He wondered how long would it be before he began to look thin and pale. He looked pretty haggard now.

About eight o'clock he strolled down town and met—Paul Jones.

Now - Now

"Say, Bob," Paul called, "why weren't you down to Betty's last night? Hazel (Hazel was Paul's old girl) is back from Canada and we went down to Betty's to get you two to go out to the lake, but Betty was there by herself."

A great load seemed to be lifted from Bob's heart. Well, Paul Jones wouldn't be going down to Betty's now that Hazel was back.

Bob went home and was just on the point of calling Betty up when the telephone rang. He answered it.

"Oh! is that you Bob? This is Betty talking. I just wanted to tell you that I'm sorry I sent you away yesterday. You know Paul just came down to tell me about Hazel coming home and you didn't understand."

"That's all right, Betty," stammered Bob, "and say,—how about a little ride this afternoon? All right, I'll be around at four."

With a smile Bob hung up the receiver. Betty was some girl. By George! there wasn't another girl like her in the whole world, and say—wasn't it a good thing that Monday came after Sunday?

Rose-Marie Dunscomb '22

Originality

"Why didn't you go skatin'?" was the first thing Tommy Jones said when he met his chum Bill. This was exactly what had been worrying Bill ever since his mother had restricted him from ice skating. What could he tell the boys? Of course he couldn't say, "Ma wouldn't let me," no siree. He wasn't going to have them calling him "Mamma's angel child;" so when Tommy's long hoped for opportunity came he lost no time in trying to find out why Bill was absent from the skating party, two days before. Bill was ready for the question and immediately responded, "Ye Gods! Man, ask the undertaker why I wasn't there, he was half way down to our house—he knows. Oh Min! maybe you think I didn't visit the Garden of the Gods, why, man all I remember is:—when the doctor came he stuck a long glass tube clean down in me stomach and said, 'thirty-six below;' then he felt of my pulse and in an I-don't-care manner said, 'water on the brain.' That's all I recollect, only just before I shut my eyes he sharpened a big long knife to-to-er—well I don't know what, I never heard ma say what he did do with that knife, but anyway they gave me twelve bottles of medicine and wore out four pulmotors on me. Finally I got better, but today is the first day I've been up. Dad said I just about sure enough kicked the bucket, so you see it was really impossible for me to go skatin'."

Maye Baugher '22.

If I Had Three Wishes

I had been reading "Treasure Island" all day, and as I lay in my bed that night thinking of what I had read, I longed for the life pictured in the book.

"Gee," I said half-aloud, "if I could wish, I'd sure wish—"

"All right," said a voice, "you may have just three wishes," and looking up I beheld a sight that made my heart jump. There at the foot of my bed stood the personage I will now attempt to describe.

He was of medium height and build, swarthy complexioned, with black hair, piercing black eyes, and long drooping black mustache. His face was scarred and weather-beaten, and of a villainous aspect withal. He wore a slouch hat pulled low over his eyes, which made his countenance appear still more sinister. He wore a heavy coat striking him about half above the knees, knee breeches, and boots of

Pow-Mow

the swashbuckler type. He wore a wide leather belt about his waist, in which were stuck two or three pistols. He also carried a cutlass.

"Well," said I, "I wish I were a pirate captain."

Quick as a flash I found myself upon the rolling sea, on board a ship flying the "Jolly Roger." We were bearing down on a merchant ship which had just been sighted, and the crew (a bunch of cut-throats) were at the rail armed to the teeth, ready to lower the boats, while I stood by calmly twirling my mustache. (I really had quite a heavy mustache.)

By this time, the merchant ship having refused to surrender, we were close enough for our purpose so we lowered the boats, and were soon aboard our intended victim.

The merchant's crew met us with great valor, and my men went down like weeds before a scythe, until, finally, I found myself, with my back to the cabin, facing the entire crew (of the merchant ship.)

I swung my trusty blade right and left. Those who had the courage to venture within this semi-circle suffered the humiliation of seeing their heads fall off and go rolling about on the deck, but being, as I said before, a valorous crew, the deck was literally covered with human heads.

"I wish some of the boys could see me now," I thought and straightway saw a crowd of them standing aside and watching me in awestruck wonder. This goaded me on and the heads fell thick and fast, and the deck was literally flooded with gore. My sabre was so bloody that suddenly my grip slipped, and the weapon shot out of my hand and pinned one poor devil to the mainmast.

I was now defenseless, and I expected to die, but they took me prisoner instead. They took me up into the crow's nest and tied one end of a rope around my neck and the other end to a spar. They then informed me that I had just two minutes in which to execute a graceful dive into the foaming brine below. The shortness of the rope convinced me that I would never hit the water, and I grew sick as I thought of the result. The cold sweat stood out upon my forehead as I shut my eyes and prepared to jump.

"I wish I was at home in bed," I groaned and jumped. I hit the deck with a jar. Had the rope broken? I opened my eyes. I was on the floor in my own bedroom.

Finally the truth dawned upon me. I had jumped or fallen out of bed.

Leeds Moberley '22

A Teacher's Dream

He went quickly to the front of the assembly, rang the bell and restlessly paced back and forth along the south aisle for two minutes, stepped lightly to the front of the room and rang the bell the second time. He then gathered up an arm-load of books and followed twenty-three dignified Seniors passing sedately to a class room at the end of the hall. Not one glanced to the right or to the left, but looked straight ahead, marching along with bodies erect and spoke not a word to anyone.

The class had formed the good habit of doing just as they were told, and all the four years they had been known in high school by their eagerness to obey the kind and gentle wishes of their affectionate teachers.

The members of the class took their places in the class room and quietly waited for the assignment for the next day.

Their hearts leaped with joy when the assignment was finished and they were so eager to study their lesson—the lesson for the following day of course, the teacher had to ask them to close their books until after class.

Many nice questions were asked and each student was ready, with uplifted hand,

Now - Now

to give the correct answer. It seemed like the class had only been in session a few minutes when the bell rang at the close of the period, and they were dismissed.

They arose in a business-like way and returned to their places in the assembly to study hard the next forty minutes, as sedately as they left, neither glancing to the right or to the left, but with their bodies erect they marched straight ahead and spoke not.

Mr. Dunscomb raised his head which had been resting on a stack of English themes to be graded, rubbed his tired eyes and said, "I have surely been dreaming."

Elmina Edwards '22

Why I Sit on the Front Seat

In the assembly room I sit on the side of the room by the radiator which is a blessing this winter but I have the honor of filling a front seat in two of my classes. I don't mean that I really fill the seats because there is plenty of space between me and the arms of the seat and which I think might accommodate another person if she—er—he were not too large in volume.

The reason for my having to occupy a private box in the front gallery in English is beyond my comprehension. If the teacher were a woman I might become a little vain but he isn't; so I have to content myself with the excuse the teacher gave, "I'm going to seat you in alphabetical order."

In Civics I also have the honor of a private, immovable, straight-backed chair in the front row and on the back of which you are liable to hook your shoulder blades if you slide down in your seat. I was put in this cushion-less chair for no other reason than when I got in the room there was nowhere else to sit.

In church I always walk sedately to the front and sit down. I go there for several reasons: first, to keep out of mischief; second, so people can see me; third, so that I will not have to break my neck to see the minister and the choir; fourth, if I want to see who is at church all I have to do is turn around and look, and fifth, when I get tired of hearing the sermon I can go to sleep without causing the people in the rear to raise a disturbance by turning around to look at me.

Ralph Edwards '22

The Faculty

We, the Class of '22

Wish to show our thanks to our teachers so true.

Mr. Alexander, the head of the school,

Sees that everyone toes the mark to his rule;

We thought he was fierce, stern and rude,

But soon found out it was for our own good.

For we found this out in the history class,

Where he is jolly and makes us all laugh.

Miss Smith, another, we must not forget,

Of whose kind help, we could never regret;

She too, is one who makes us mind

And they have no fun, who sit behind.

Next comes Miss Greenman, with raven black hair

You can just bet that she will be there;

For those blue eyes, piercing and keen

Are sure to see everything there is to be seen.

Pow-Mow

Next comes Miss Scheffer, the one very small
Who has so much trouble in the Assembly Hall;
She has charge of the geometry class,
Where only a few can possibly pass.
Then there's Mr. Dunscomb, stately and tall,
Who's very popular with us all;
He is liked by the boys, admired by the girls,
Especially the ones with golden curls.

Ruby Walker '22

Senior Class Will

We, the Senior Class of Windsor Community High School, being of sound mind, do make this our last will and testament on the ninth day of February, in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred twenty-two. We give, devise, and bequeath our estate and property, real and personal as follows, that is to say:—

To the Juniors we leave our pep, our seats in the assembly, our reputation for not liking work, our quarrels, our good physics grades and our dignity.

To the Sophomores we leave our ability to sing and part of our intelligence.

To the Freshmen we leave all chewing gum which adheres to our desks, the exclusive right to the dictionaries and a solution absolutely guaranteed to remove green.

To the faculty as a whole, we leave a class that they can all like and one that will study.

Individually we bequeath to Mr. Alexander an oyster stew and an intelligent U. S. History class.

To Miss Smith, three square meals a day and a trip to the Garden of Gods.

To Miss Greenman, a Senior class that she won't be glad to get rid of.

To Miss Scheffer, the right to lose her temper and a seat by Leeds Moberley.

To Mr. Dunscomb, a bottle of Hair Oil and a bottle of Gardenia perfume.

To Miss Garvin, a Japanese Dance and a position with the Metropolitan Opera Company.

In order to show with what love and esteem we hold the Juniors we bequeath the following articles to them as individuals:

To Myron Jewel Tremaine, a position as garbage collector so he may sing at his work without disturbing any one.

To Garvin Grider, a corner of Henry Sexson's davenport.

To Nina Bence, a Buick roadster.

To Opal Jones, Andrew Jackson's temper and a box of Armand's Cold Cream powder.

To Frank Kerns, Clyde Richman's brilliant answers in American History.

To Ruth Bolan, a hat that won't muss her hair.

To Henry Riney, Maye Baugher to dance with.

To Ralph Cox, Orvyll's ability to please the ladies so that he may grow more and more in Opal Jackson's favor each day.

To Helen Nichols, Howard Jackson's pony and buggy.

To Beulah Storm, a smile from Corwin.

To Ira Jones, a girl.

To Leslie Jones, a pair of spectacles so he can distinguish Lloyd Jackson from Tom Mix.

To Opal Walker, a position as a dress designer in Paris.

To the underclassmen, we desire to leave some of our most treasured belongings with the request that they guard them most faithfully.

To Clarence Robb, Ralph Edwards's girl.

Now - Now

To Myra Houser, the knowledge that Jerusalem is in Palestine and that Palestine is not in Jerusalem.

To Dorothy Wallace, Leeds Moberley's curly hair.

To Ruth Cecil, Irvin Jones.

To Maurine Wallace, a giggle reducer.

To Ruth Walker, a permanent seat in the window with Wibur Bence.

To John Edwards, a white collar to play basketball in.

To Ernie Jones, the privilege of sitting by Vera Gaddis the third period in the morning.

In witness whereof, we affix our seal this, the ninth day of February in the year nineteen hundred and twenty-two.

(Seal)

Class of Nineteen Hundred Twenty-Two.

The above testament was on the day of the date thereof signed, sealed, published and declared by the same Senior Class as and for their last will and testament, and we believing said class to be of sound mind and disposing memory have hereunto signed our names and affixed our seals as witness there.

(Seal)

The Staff

Senior Class History

September 1918 we entered High School as a class of forty verdant "Freshies" and assumed an indifferent attitude toward our superiors, who were forever making us feel very far beneath them. Our sense of pride was wounded, but we accepted these taunts only as well bred people should, and began our work in a diligent manner.

Those who came with this class were not compelled to stay and could voluntarily withdraw, but we are thankful to say that only a few did so, some on the account of illness, others becoming discouraged too soon.

There is one thing that makes us sad to say and that is we have never been favorites of our teachers during our four years in High School. Perhaps they have called us mean, but we were only mischievous, wanting to have our studying and joys come together. They didn't believe we worked, although we are glad to say that they were mistaken. Also the other classes have one black mark against us, since we gave them an April Fool party. These two things combined with many others, were enough to make us downhearted and sad, but it was our self-will and ambitious spirit that pushed us forward with few failures and much success.

During our Sophomore year we did not take the leadership in the school activities, but we spent our time in preparing to do so.

Our Junior year was when we reached the highest point in our career. It was then we could boast of possessing some of the best students and athletes in the school. Our class play, "Mr. Bob," was a great success and our Junior-Senior banquet was likewise one of the most successful affairs in the history of our school.

Now we are dignified Seniors, working hard each day, not merely to obtain a piece of paper called a diploma, but we realize our grave responsibilities and must master our work in order that we may obtain the many opportunities which the school has for us.

We have worked faithfully during these short years and now our work is almost ended. We hope to make our class one that shall never be forgotten.

We have been a strong and loyal class during these four years of High School and no class can appreciate these years of happiness until it is time to leave them. We may add that we owe a part of this happiness, our brilliancy, and our many successes to our dear teachers.

And now when we receive our diplomas, our young men and women are prepared to go out into the world and fight the battles of life with a firm determination to win.

Ruby Faith Walker

Now-Mow

Senior Class Play: "Dodging an Heiress"

Cast

Mr. Harvey Phillington, Father of Ed—Portly, easy, inclined to "let the boy" alone.....	Ralph Edwards
Mr. Edward Phillington, Son—Adverse to marrying on a conditional basis	Leeds Moberley
Mr. Dickey Lovejoy, always ready to wait on the ladies.....	Montelle Cox
Butler	Clyde Richman
Officer	Lloyd Jackson
Mrs. Harvey Phillington, mother of Ed—sweet, matronly, liberal in her views	Martha Smith
Mrs. William Parker Sinclair, mother of Victoria, very austere.....	Inez Clem
Miss Victoria Sinclair (Miss Houston in Act II) daughter, beautiful and brilliant proposed fiancée of Ed Phillington's but upon conditional basis.....	Maye Baugher
Mrs. Paulson, widow—much distracted over death of Phipps, and, incidentally, Paulson.....	Lois Grider
Miss Kitty Armstrong, Social secretary for Mrs. Sinclair—trim, business-like, but quite well acquainted with the art of coquetry.....	Edith Clem
Cecile (Miss Houston's sister in Act II) Victoria Sinclair's maid.....	Vera Gaddis
Betty Brinks, millhand at stocking factory—rankly jealous of Victoria.....	Doris Finley

Synopsis

Ed Phillington, just out of college, has inherited a million dollars provided he marry the girl of his uncle's choice. Ed has his own ideas regarding marriage and is indisposed in spite of his mother's wish that he do his best to love the girl who has been chosen. Ed, who realizes the haughty mother of the girl would look with disfavor upon the marriage of her daughter with a man who worked with his hands, goes to work in the mill. When the time comes for the meeting, he appears in his work clothes. The effect is as he anticipated—except the fact that Victoria sees through his scheme and loves him for it. She decides to win his love and consequently gets work in the mill. They meet and the inevitable happens—they fall in love.

Humor is apparent in the characters of Mrs. Paulson, widow, who is distracted over the death of her pet canary and incidentally her husband, and in Dickey Lovejoy who is always ready to wait on the ladies.

Junior Class Play 1920-21: "Mr. Bob"

Philip Royson.....	Montelle Cox
Robert Brown, clerk of Benson & Benson	Howard Jackson
Jenkins, Miss Rebecca's butler.....	Ralph Edwards
Rebecca Luke, a maiden lady.....	Inez Clem
Katherine Rodgers, her niece.....	Lois Grider
Marion Bryant, Katherine's friend.....	Vera Gaddis
Patty, Miss Rebecca's maid.....	Maye Baugher

Miss Rebecca Luke wishes to build an asylum for cats but wants it to be kept a secret from her niece and nephew, Katherine and Philip. She sends for an architect and instructs Jenkins and Patty to keep his coming a secret. Katherine expects her friend Marion Bryant whom she calls Bob, on a visit and as Philip thinks Bob is a man she does not tell otherwise. Mr. Brown, a lawyer from Benson & Benson's law firm, comes down with the missing codicil from the will. He is mistaken for Mr. Brown, the architect, Mr. Bob, and Mr. Saunders, Philip's friend. There are several amusing mix-ups. In the end Mr. Brown's real identity is shown and Philip learns that Mr. Bob is Marion, whom he has met before and whom he has fallen in love with.

Now - Then

Social Events

High School Party

At the beginning of the Basket-Ball season it was decided that the high school should have a contest to increase the sales of season tickets. The High School was divided into four sections. No. 1 under the leadership of Miss Smith and Dorothy Wallace, No. 2, Miss Scheffer and Neva Rankin, No. 3, Miss Greenman and Helen Nichols, No. 4, Mr. Dunscomb and Howard Jackson. The winning section was to be entertained by the losers. Section No. 1 won and they were given a party in the auditorium December twelfth. Games and music furnished the entertainment and later in the evening nice refreshments were served, the menu consisting of:

Sandwiches

Nut Salad

Cocoa and Wafers

Weiner Roasts

The high school had two weiner roasts in the fall, one at Lithia Springs and the other one at Jackson's. The usual good times were enjoyed.

St. Patrick's Day Party

Three hundred people attended the St. Patrick's day party, held in the school gym Friday night by the Parent-Teacher Association. The gym was decorated by imitation shamrocks, and white and green garlands. Imitation shamrocks were given as favors. There was a great program by a burlesque orchestra, the high school boys' glee club, the high school girls' glee club, Windsor women's quartette, Miss Amy Kennedy and her concert accordeon, W. H. Merkle in an exceedingly clever impersonation of Patrick O'Mally and his wife Molly, eighth grade girls in a humorous dialogue, Vivian Storm and Marguerite Tull in songs. This program was followed by an indoor track meet, the loving cup being awarded to the contestants from "The White College." Pop corn, home made candy, sandwiches and coffee were on sale in the refreshment booth.

Patrons' Day

Friday, April 21, was Patron's Day in the Windsor schools. A great many patrons of the school came and brought with them full baskets of delicious things to eat. The regular classes were held as usual in the forenoon and work of the pupils done this year was on exhibition. Patron's Day is one of the great annual events which is eagerly looked forward to by both pupils and patrons. In the afternoon the following program was rendered:

1. SelectionOrchestra
2. (a) Calling the Violet
- (b) Daisy and Buttercup.....First Grade
3. (a) Scissors Grinder
- (b) I See You.....Second Grade
4. The Burdock, reading.....Lydia Morris
- Queer Moving, reading.....Sarah Faith Mooberry
- Pussy Willow.....Third Grade
5. Fishin', reading.....Jamaine Armstrong
- What I Would Do, reading.....Jane Moberley
- The Black Bird.....Fifth Grade
- Meadow, a Battlefield.....Sixth Grade
6. French Play.....Juniors

How - Wow

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|----------------------------------|-----------------|
| 7. Selection | Orchestra |
| 8. Puer ex Jersey, reading..... | Myra Houser |
| 9. Reading | Lucile Jones |
| 10. Stars of a Summer Night..... | Boys' Glee Club |
| Harlem Goat..... | Boys' Glee Club |
| 11. Selection | Orchestra |

Banquet

The Annual Junior-Senior Banquet will be held in the school gymnasium May 16.

Initiation

It happened that in the year of 1920 the Sophomores mustered up courage enough to initiate into the mysteries and hardships of our life, those who were just starting out on that long toilsome journey. Several days we worked, making little green bibs and caps for the children to wear when we fed them. Some of the Freshmen, thinking that we might employ too much cruel treatment, thought it would be best to remain at home, but the others bravely came and submitted to our harsh treatment. We played several games, some of which frightened the poor little lambs so, that we really thought they would run home to mamma. When we took the children up in the aeroplane, they trembled and shrieked so, that we had to hold them lest they should fall and break their noses. After we had revealed to them the secrets of our life, we gave them something to eat and sent them home to bed.

What sad occasion compelled us to meet again in that memorable gymnasium? This time it was to pay our respects to our dear classmate and friend—Drayton Gant. Upon learning that Drayton was to leave for the "Sunny South," we agreed it would be most fitting and proper to have a farewell party for him. Accordingly we, the Sophomores, assisted by Miss Slavens and Miss Currie, prepared a program for the occasion. Soul thrilling games, for example, rook and five hundred, were played. Oh, of course, that wasn't all. Refreshments were delicious. (Brick ice cream and all kinds of cake.)

From all appearances I think we either had a good time or were wonderful actors.

The Juniors

Class Prophecy: Tales of a Traveler

The doctor finished speaking, and I found myself outside his office door. What had he said? Soon the realization of his orders came to me. He had ordered me to spend the summer in the Adirondacks, then travel for a year or so. "Bad nerves" was the way he diagnosed the case.

Two days later I found myself sailing up that grand majestic river, the Hudson. But I was not interested in the beautiful scenery—I was weary of the world. My valet tried to arouse me from this apathy, but in vain. Even that first month in camp—those lazy July days, I felt as one walking in a trance. But by and by I began to feel more like a camper. It was my custom to take a short walk before breakfast, read till lunch, walk again in the afternoon until dusk. One lazy day I slept until late in the afternoon, and started for a walk at early dusk.

I walked slowly up the foot of the mountain. Was ever a world more beautiful? I looked all around me. Not another cabin within six miles! How peaceful, this solitude! How—suddenly a bright yellow bird darted past me. It looked like a canary, so I, curious, followed it. It flew up the mountain, keeping a few feet above the ground. Now, if this were a mountain bird, thought I, it would fly high; so I followed it, scrambling over bushes. We had gone for perhaps a mile, when I was suddenly arrested by the faint sound of music. I listened eagerly. The far away, yet distinct

Now - Now

sound of a human voice—a beautiful, wonderfully sweet, girlish voice—came to me upon the quiet air of the evening. It was accompanied by a deeper tone, an instrument I did not at first recognize. But my bird had heard it, too! It flew on toward the music, and I gladly followed. In a few minutes we were standing before a tiny cabin. A slender young woman was seated on the doorstep, a 'cello beside her. She was whispering to the bird which had nestled to her.

"Dicky-bird, now listen while I sing to you." Unseen, I listened. She placed the 'cello in position, and bent her brown head over it as she played the opening strain, then her voice, a lovely soprano, took up the song and filled the woods with such rapturous music that the birds, who were now in their nests, envied this human who had been so favored by their Maker. Soon the song ended, and a tall young man appeared in the doorway.

"Sing it again, Inez! It is wonderful!"

"Not tonight, Jack, the damp air is hard on my throat. Come out here with me!" He joined her, and they began to watch the antics of the Dicky-bird. Soon this being of the air fluttered toward me, and I was discovered by the pair. I introduced myself, and apologized for intruding, but they would not let me leave at once. They introduced themselves as Mr. and Mrs. Crockett of St. Louis, Mo., spending their honeymoon in the Adirondacks.

I visited them again and again in their mountain resort. Mrs. Crockett told me of her past life, that of a country girl who had become famous because of her unique 'cello and vocal recitals, and shyly asked me if I had ever heard of Inez Clem.

"Inez Clem," I exclaimed, "Why, I have heard her often in the cities."

"I am she," she replied modestly.

But all happiness must end. This couple went back to St. Louis and I found myself starting back to old New York. Here I spent a week before starting on my rambles over the continent. The night before my departure my Junior partner asked me to go to the theatre with him, and I consented, although I knew I should have rested.

The play, Maeterlinck's "Bluebird," was especially delightful because of its star, Maye Baugher. This actress captivated me by her charming manners, as well as her lovely face. My enthusiasm pleased my partner, who said that he had an engagement with Miss Baugher that evening. He insisted that I accompany them to the Hippodrome. Everyone turned to gaze at this lovely and noted actress, and I felt quite happy to be in her company.

Soon the dancers entered. All these girls were dressed to represent Spring, and under the spotlight, they were strikingly pretty. As they passed our table, they all smiled at Miss Baugher, who smiled and nodded to only one of them, a little dark-haired girl. When their dance was ended and the solo dancers entered, this little girl came over to our table and kissed Miss Baugher very affectionately, and was introduced to us as a "Miss Dunscomb." She remained chatting gayly with us awhile, when I noticed that Miss Baugher called her "Bill." When she left I asked Miss Baugher if this were anything like her real name, but she laughed and said, "No—quite the opposite—her name is Rose-Marie, but everybody calls her 'Bill.'" She and I went to school together, graduated in the same class."

The next day I said goodbye to New York. My train seemed to rock a great deal, but we got along without any accident until we came to the prairies of Illinois. We had passed through the suburbs of a large city, Windsor, I am sure, when the engine was struck by a falling airplane, and, as it was thought that he purposely caused the wreck, the aviator was to be given a preliminary trial before the Justice of the Peace.

My head had been severely cut by a piece of glass from the coach window, but a good lady in the coach had bandaged it so skillfully that it gave me very little pain. I saw that she liked to talk so I asked her name. She said that she was Mrs. Martha Doehring of Strasburg, and that she had graduated from the nurse's training school at Battle Creek, Michigan.

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I had to wait on my train, so I decided to walk through the business section of the city. I had gone perhaps a few blocks when I came to the City Hall, and saw a crowd gathered around it. I went in to find that the aviator was now being tried. He gave his name as Clyde Richman, occupation, instructor in the school of aviation at Rantoul, Ill. The justice of the peace looked so young that I inquired about his name and occupation.

"Oh, that is Irvin Jones, Esquire. Young looking, yes, but if you were President of the Commercial State Bank, owned the largest grain elevator in the state, besides several sections of the best farming land around and a few hundred thousand dollars of stock in the Standard Oil Co., your locks wouldn't be gray either. Lucky Jones, we call him, but he says it's pluck and not luck that gets you there, and I guess he's right, he usually is.

The aviator pleaded that he had gone to sleep in the air, and the justice of the peace acquitted the aviator because, as he laughingly said, "He used to go to sleep everyday in book keeping class."

Just then the whistle blew and I had to run for my train.

The next morning I bought a newspaper, and settled down to read, when I saw a cartoon on the first page, "The Jay Bird with the Broken Pinion." I didn't understand it. It showed a train wreck, and a large bird was trying to help the wounded passengers to their feet, but could not because of a broken wing. The note below said that the cartoonist, Moberley, of Chicago, had drawn it as soon as he had heard of the wreck of the Big Four at Windsor, Ill. I changed the plan of my journey and went to Chicago, where I interviewed this interesting young cartoonist, and he told me the joke to his cartoon. I laughed until I cried.

The next morning I took a stroll in the park and met an old college chum, Van Burton, whom I had not seen for ten years. When he learned that I was traveling for pleasure he said pleadingly:

"I say, old man, help me out this evening. My daughter-in-law insists that I shall help her give a reception to all the swells of Chicago. You come and stand by me through it all, and I'll forgive you for the way you used to scold me."

I gladly consented to go, and arrived at his beautiful home before any of the other guests. I found my hostess to be a sweet little girl, with regular features, dark eyes and brown hair, dressed in a simple frock of blue taffeta. She seemed quite fond of her pretty home, her tall, handsome husband, and her father-in-law, who insisted on calling her "honey-child" before everyone. When he and I were finally seated alone in one corner of the room, I asked him to tell me all about her. He said, "You know what a sticker I am for public institutions of learning. Well, I sent my son to Champaign when he graduated from high school. Well, sir, he came home for Thanksgiving that year and he was so wild about school, he talked of it continually. I noticed him using phrases like 'Lois said,' or 'Lois did' so much that I finally lost my patience and said, 'Lois be hanged! Who is she anyway?' 'Why Dad, she's just Lois! Lois Grider is her name. She is from a little town south and west of here—and, Dad, she's got the prettiest face—.' Well you know the rest—engaged in their Junior year, married after their commencement the following year, and they've lived here, perfectly happy, ever since. She's his idol, and I don't know that I blame him."

I went to the Van Burton's the next evening to hear some musician friends of Mrs. Van Burton's. First on the program appeared a curly-haired little girl, who skipped across to the piano. She was followed by a tall young man who seated himself before a 'cello. The opening measures played by the pianist showed that she had extraordinary ability. Then the deep, sweet tones of the 'cello filled the room, charming that vast audience of the best musicians anywhere. Mrs. Van Burton was enraptured, and during the intermission told me something about these musicians. She said that her brother had been engaged to this pianist, Vera Hamilton, but had broken the engagement because he was jealous of the 'cellist, Howard Jackson.

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After the recital, these musicians went to the Van Burton's, and Miss Hamilton surprised and delighted Mrs. Van Burton by telling her that she and Mr. Grider were to be married the next month, and would reside on a farm near Windsor. Mr. Jackson stated his intention of going to Europe soon to search for valuable masterpieces of old German Masters that he believed to be hidden in the castles of the Rhine.

The next morning, being Sunday, Mrs. Van Burton and Miss Hamilton insisted on me accompanying them to church. The church was very beautiful, and the music of the choir was wonderful. Then a young man, with very dark hair and hazel eyes, began to preach. I was charmed with that sermon, as were all of that vast assemblage. Not a sound could be heard through the whole church. After the services were over, and we were on our way back to the Van Burton home, I asked who the preacher was. "Oh," Mrs. Van Burton informed me, "his name is Lloyd Jackson. He graduated from high school in the same class with Miss Hamilton."

The next day I decided to visit the flour mills in Minneapolis. The foreman of the mills was very talkative, and told me about everything connected with the mills. He said that he was Orvyl Bundy, and insisted that I go to his home for dinner. His wife, a tall and slender girl whom he called Ruth, proved to be a very good hostess. Mr. Bundy told me that one of the most prosperous and progressive of the wheat fields was in the northern part of the state, and advised me to visit it. The manager of this farm, Mr. Williams, might have been a good farmer, but I don't see how. I was there a whole day, and I do believe that he never got time to farm. His wife was tall, slender, and had curly black hair. He was always tagging around at her heels, and he called her "Bertha Gray" continually.

"Why the name Gray?" I asked.

"Why, her name was Gray before she married me, and I've been afraid that she would feel so proud of herself for capturing me that she'd forget that she ever had that name."

I was satisfied with my visit to the farms, so decided I would like a taste of the wild and woolly West. I decided to stop at Helena, Montana, and tour the country around that city first. The only car I could get for this purpose was a four cylinder 1916 model of the best known car in the world, which was driven by a funny looking old man. The engine chugged happily when we got out on the country roads. We were about twenty miles out of the city limits, I should judge, when, as we rambled around a curve, our car was thrown in the ditch by a large roadster. The ditch was not very deep, but my arm was broken near the wrist, caused, I presume, by my falling on it. A tall, dark-haired young man jumped from the roadster and ran to my assistance. He swiftly examined me, and, on seeing the broken arm, called to the young lady in the car, "Bring the case, Ruth, I'll have to put this arm in splints right away." Soon my arm was set, and they next turned their attention to the car and the driver, but the driver was uninjured, and the car he said had run its last mile, so they, the doctor and his assistant, said they would take me with them. The doctor said that he would take me to the city in the afternoon, but must ask me to lunch with him. Soon we came to a little village, and drew up at a white house, with the words "Ralph Edwards, M. D." on the sign above the door. I was shown into the waiting room while Miss Rose, the assistant, went over to her boarding house for lunch.

"Nice assistant you have there," I remarked casually to the doctor.

"Glad you think so," he replied blushing.

"Why?" I asked, surprised at his blush.

"Why, because—er—she is going to be my—that is, I value your opinion very highly."

The weather was now so disagreeable that I decided to go south. At San Francisco I met a young man who was interested in athletics, in fact, he was so interested that he scarcely thought of anything else. He said to me, "Say, sir, did you see the fight that California put up against Ohio last night! Illinois is going to make them hum

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tomorrow. Better come! I know some of the Illinois men, and, say, they're real!"

The next day I went to Berkeley to witness the scrap. Illinois won by a large score, and that certainly was a team for you! Good clean baskets those fellows made from way out on the floor, and their teamwork was perfect. An Illinois booster was sitting next to me, so I got a few hints that were interesting. He told me that the Illinois coach, Griffith Long, was splendid, that he had won all honors in basketball when he was a student at the University.

"Say," he cried suddenly, "do you see that short fellow down there? That is Long," and I recognized the young man I had met in San Francisco.

One day early in April, I was strolling along the coast, the desire to see Japan came to me. Japan—the land of flowers! I most of all wanted to see it when the cherry trees were in bloom.

I secured a passport on the steamer "Vermont," and found myself aboard it four days later. On board this vessel were the ambassador to Japan and his wife. She dearly loved the ocean, she said, but had always lived inland. She asked if I knew of a town, or city rather, named Windsor, in the prairie of Illinois. I told her I had been through there, and smiled ruefully as I thought of the unsightly scar on my face. She said that this was her home town. I remembered the people I had met that had been connected with Windsor, and told her about them.

"Why, they were all my class-mates," she exclaimed, "I am Vera Gaddis. Those others were all in my class when I was a Senior." Then she gave me the names and addresses of all the other members of her class. One of them, Ruby Templeton, was a missionary with headquarters in Peking, China. The Ambassador's wife insisted that I go to see her on my return trip. I found her a saintly lady with high ideals for the conversion of the heathen, devoted to her life's work, and forgetful of her frivolous past.

I next went to Honolulu to look up another member of the class of '22, Edith Clem. I found her in a girl's boarding school, instructor in athletics. One of these Hawaiian girls told me that a certain young American millionaire had been giving such large donations to the school since Miss Clem came that the trustees hated to lose her, but she and the millionaire were going to leave soon for their honeymoon trip to the South Pole.

I decided to look up the rest of the members of the Class of '22. I returned to Windsor, Illinois, and found that Ruby Walker was now Mrs. Bernard Bence and that she spent her leisure hours caring for the poor in the settlement districts of Windsor.

Margaret and Elmina Edwards, the twins, I found to be the heads of the largest department store in the city. I also saw them roll up to the Grand Opera House one evening in a limousine, with a liveried footman and chauffeur.

To find the other girl of this famous class of '22 it was necessary for me to drive out in the country west of the city. Stopping at a modern farm, I inquired if Miss Doris Finley lived there? The young man replied "No, but Mrs. Don Walden does, and I guess she's the one you want."

I was now feeling fine—I felt like a freshman in the spring, and realized that it was because I had had such an interesting year of travel. I returned to New York and my chauffeur met me at the station. How good New York seemed to me! How homesick I was for my dear old office, so I told the chauffeur to drive down Wall street. In the most aristocratic block I saw a new sign—"Montelle Cox, Broker."

Cox—the name was familiar, but where had I heard it before?

Oh! yes—that class of '22. He was the one last found but at last my list was complete. Twenty-three interesting strangers but they all seemed like old acquaintances to me, just as people we dream about seem real.

Then up Fifth Avenue, and I saw the lights of my beautiful residence, and my old housekeeper waiting to welcome me home.

Ethel Clawson '21

How-Mow

Calendar

SEPTEMBER

3. Registration.
6. Freshmen can't seem to remember to go to class.
9. Seniors organize and elect the staff for annual.
14. Miss Scheffer asks Bertha and Montelle to stop talking.
15. Prof. is thinking seriously of having American History club-meetings daily at 4:00 P. M.
18. Enjoyed Freshman concert as per usual.
19. Orchestra organizes.
21. Short Grider sent out of Latin II class.
22. Salted peanuts! Salt or Salts?
23. Community High School chicken fry.
30. Seniors win interclass-track meet.

OCTOBER

3. Senior English class given to Mr. Dunscomb.
4. Otto Tietze has taken front seat in assembly hall.
- 6-7. Inter-class basket ball tournament. Seniors won.
10. Brilliant Physics class this year. Grades average F—.
11. Some noise! Orchestra practice. Oh!
13. H₂SO₄ brings back memories of "poor Willie."
- 17-21. Teachers' Institute.
24. Two new students enroll, Clem and Riney.
25. Fred Bundy has returned from St. Louis.
26. Splinters lost his balance. Finder please return.
31. Note writing is absolutely prohibited.

NOVEMBER

2. Prof. let History class out on time.
3. Most of Seniors go to Shelbyville to write on teachers' examinations.
- 9-10. Examinations!
15. Contest starts for sale of season basket ball tickets.
18. Institute.
19. Garvin shot a rabbit in a watermelon patch north of town.
23. Big concert. Orchestra made quite a hit.
28. Howard J. is teaching at Lakewood.

DECEMBER

1. New school song comes out to tune of Peggy O'Neil.
2. Maud collides with History maps.
5. Radabaugh is leading the orchestra with his Sax.
6. Leeds finds it necessary to sit near Miss Scheffer.
7. Orchestra plays basket ball.
10. Barton Lovins is sporting long trousers.
13. High school party. Myron spilled his hot chocolate.
22. Some people were disappointed because it rained and Shelby is to play here tonight.
23. Community Xmas tree.
- 26-31. Xmas vacation.

JANUARY

2. Everyone back alive.
5. "Bug Poison" and "Fatty Arbuckle" tell us of the crime of tobacco using.
6. By their request V. G. and N. B. were accompanied home by C. R. and R. B.
14. Seniors and faculty went to Shelbyville to have pictures taken for annual. Bertha Gray was hostess at a six o'clock dinner to some of her Senior friends.
17. Skating party last night. Neva only fell down fourteen times.

Now - Now

19-20. Examinations.

24. Some Sophs, Juniors and a few unaccountable Seniors had a skating party, with the thermometers reading -4F, other Seniors had a bobsled ride and party afterwards at Lois G's.

31. Inez and Edith, two Veras and Ralph are teaching in W. C. H. S. today.

FEBRUARY

3. Girls first B. B. game. Seniors vs. Underclassmen. Seniors won.

13. Boiler bursted. School smoked out at 3:20 P. M.

14-15. No school.

17. Gang went to Shelby to see game.

22. Rose-Marie had her hair bobbed.

24. Sophomore-Freshman Operetta.

27. Last B. B. game of season. Big crowd. Good game.

28. Dick is back to school.

MARCH

1. Snow.

2-3-4. Tournament at Charleston.

7. Leeds is getting quite brilliant. So Miss Smith tells him.

8. Having pictures taken for annual.

13. Mr. Dunscomb asks "Ruthus" to recite.

16-17. Seniors try again to get teachers' certificates.

21. Lawrence Gray left Algebra class early today presumably by the request of Miss Scheffer.

22. Mr. Dunscomb gave banquet to basket ball boys.

24. Miss Smith gave Leeds a front seat.

30. Mystery?

31. A very bad day.

Once Upon a Time

Ernest Jones wore little white kid shoes.

Griffith Long knew his Physics lesson.

Maurine Wallace didn't giggle.

Ruth and Wilbur let someone else have their hall window.

Miss Scheffer had order in the assembly.

Clyde Richman didn't strut.

Vera Hamilton and Garvin didn't read the dictionaries.

Maude Storm sat with Edith Clem.

Now - Now

Some Gossip to Be Overheard

Maurine Wallace who will surely be a famous star in the movies.

Clarence Robb who enjoys the cold, is running a sled taxi in Canada, I'm told.

Ruth Cecil is married they say, to Leeds Moberley, the artist, who hopes to be famous some day.

Corwin Hamilton, I presume, is selling Beulah Storm's bottled perfume.

Oma Finley gives a massage and Olta Reynolds, her husband, runs a garage.

Ernest Jones, (I don't remember who told me so) is a clown in Bailey's circus show.

Genevieve Edwards is to be, the wife of some dude in New Y-a-w-k society.

Ruth Wilson is to be the wife of Fred Bundy who is in the ministry.

Ruth Walker, a popular Windsor fan, is married to Wilbur Bence, a farmer man.

Clark Storm, who is very little, is in the manufacture of the dill pickle.

I have been told that Lucile Jones is an operator of the telephone.

It has been whispered, and no doubt to thee, that Russell Boling is trying for U. S. Presidency.

Gaylord Ripley, who was always true, is a robber at Gays and Kirk station too.

Helen Huntington, who is very witty, is now composing a wonderful ditty.

John Clawson, who was never a crook, but since his old age he has been playing rook.

Estel McPherson was rich, but now he is poor and begging at each one's kitchen door.

Eugene Jackson, we are proud to say, is the biggest millionaire in the world today.

Hazel Clawson was always very sober and in her singing, she is famed the world over.

Chester Richman, it has not been told, since his visit to Holland has struck a vein of gold.

Nothing much was ever heard of Maude Storm, but some one said she was composing a song.

Lottie Elliott, while she was away, played a flute in a large orchestra.

Maurice Spurlin is widely known, by his latest invention of the Dictaphone.

Of Myra Houser it is hard to tell, but the last we heard she was doing well.

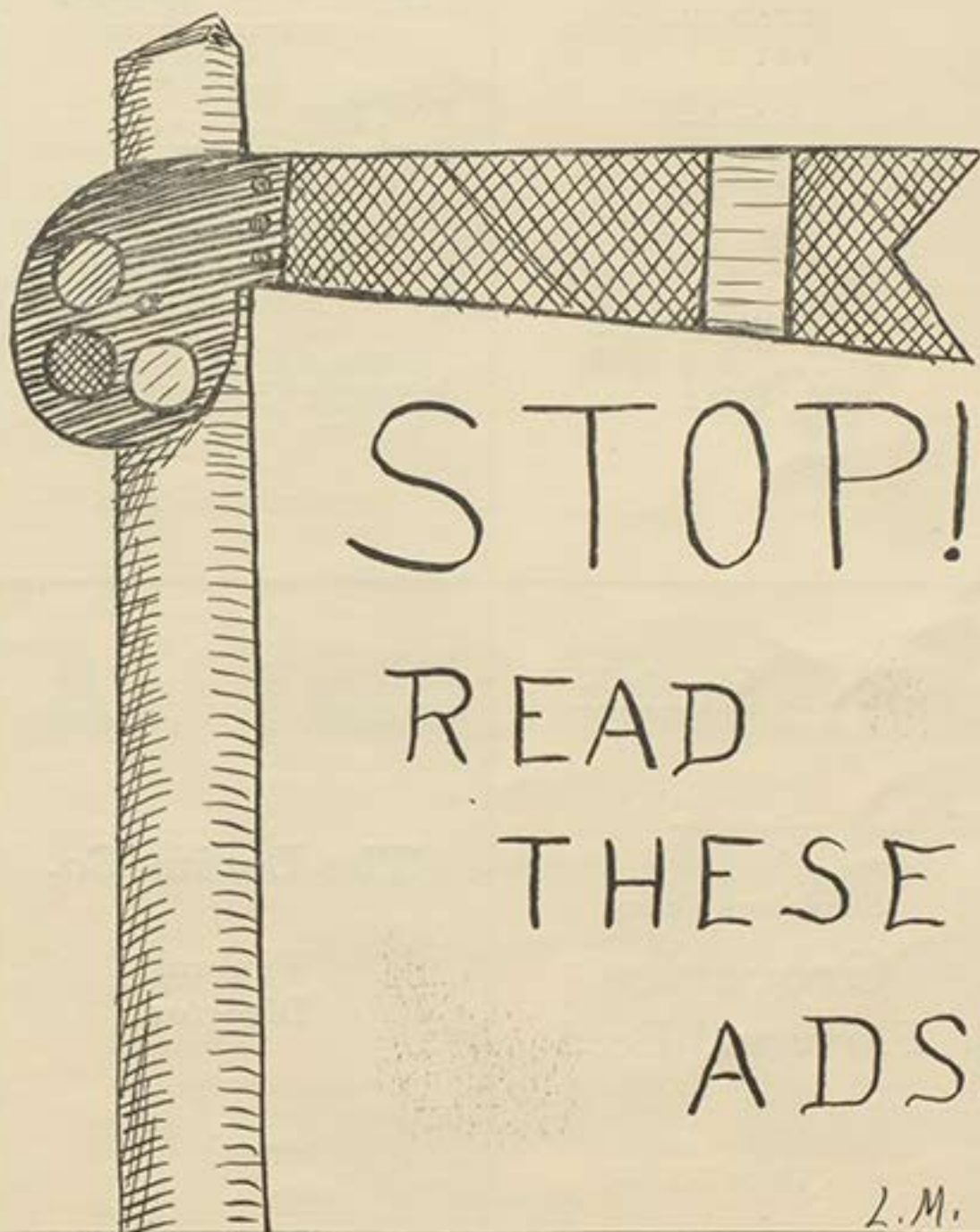
We have good news of Marcia Varner, she has married a rich Strasburg farmer.

Now the ones that have been left out,

Are trying to make themselves useful, no doubt;

But we'll all keep on trying, and then try some more,

And hear people say, "Why that's the class of '24."



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