Pow-Wow

Nineteen Twenty-Four

POW-WOW

NINETEEN HUNDRED TWENTY-FOUR

VOLUME III

EDITED BY

SENIOR CLASS

WINDSOR COMMUNITY HIGH SCHOOL

FOREWORD

The Indians always left a record of their great accomplishments and battles upon tables of stone and parchment. Likewise we published this third volume of the Pow-Wow, which portrays the school life and records the events of the year that in the future will be one of the gateways to the past.

We have meant no offense with our humorous sketches and jokes and hope you will overlook our mistakes, because in making this book we have done our best.

STAFF

CLARENCE ROBB, ...Editor.
CORWIN HAMILTON, ...Business Manager.
VIRGINIA RICHARDSON, ...Assistant Editor.
NEVA RANKIN, ...Assistant Business Manager.
LAUREN ELAM, ...Art Editor.
VIOLA MUNSON, ...Joke Editor.
WILBER BENCE, ...Athletic Editor.
HAZEL CLAWSON, ...Calendar Editor.
GENEVIEVE EDWARDS, ...Literary Editor.
JUANITA ROSE, ...Social Editor.

DEDICATION

As was the custom of the Indians to dedicate their lives to the unseen forces that helped them to be successful in their battles, we, the Class of 1924, do affectionately dedicate this third volume of The Pow-Wow to a visible force, our beloved friend and Principal, Mr. Alexander, who has been the means of bringing our four years of battling to a victory.

FACULTY

Smith
Alexander
Garvin
Gustafson
Dunscomb
Bake
Hartman
Ready
Flachsmeier

THE COMMUNITY HIGH SCHOOL

VERY nearly all communities in this country have high schools. Most of them have four year high schools. That is well. It means that every boy and girl can add to native ability to do things well that training which broadens the outlook on life, which tends to make better citizens, which helps to prepare better for life work, and which raises the individual standards of living. A high school that is really a great asset to the community is one that is growing. It may and usually does grow in numbers; growth in numbers is not an essential characteristic of growth. The school must grow in its efficiency and the facilities offered its pupils. In order to grow the high school must have the backing of the community and the pupils must show good school spirit.

The community must believe in the school. This faith is exhibited in a number of ways. The school has the enthusiastic backing of the community in all of its extra class activities. Patrons give hearty support to the teachers in their efforts to maintain a high standard of scholarship and proper conduct on the part of the pupils in school. The community expects the Board of Education to pay sufficient salaries to secure and retain a corps of teachers who know their work, who like their profession, who are loyal to the school, who cooperate with each other, with the Board of Education and the community, and who believe thoroughly in promoting good spirit among the pupils. The Board of Education is supported in its efforts to provide proper equipment in order that the work of the school may be highly efficient. Such a school has a high rank with other high schools and a high standing with higher institutions of learning. The community backing such a school likes to know that it has a wide-awake Board of Education, that its school has a reputation for efficient work, for an efficient faculty, for efficient equipment. The community is proud of the attainments of its pupils in extra class activities. But such a community is never satisfied with present attainments. Improvement is demanded.

If a high school deserves the full support of the community the pupils must show good school spirit. Good school spirit calls for loyalty to the school in all of its extra class activities such as athletics, music, art, plays, and school annuals. Good school spirit means a desire and a willingness to work to get the most out of the opportunities offered in the class room; it means a willingness to boost for the school at all times and places; willingness to protect the character and reputation of the school both in and outside the community; a willingness to promote a feeling of good comradeship among all the pupils; a willingness to make adjustment in conduct and attitude so that the school may be of the utmost help to all; a willingness to assume the responsibility of helping raise the standard of the school in conduct and scholarship. School spirit is helped by a body of loyal and helpful alumni. A good school in time will have such alumni.

Is Windsor Community High School a real asset to this community? If not let us strive to make it so. If it is, let us strive to keep it so.

—J. A. Alexander.

THE FACULTY—J. A. Alexander, A. B., A. M., University of Illinois. Myrtle V. Smith, Eastern Illinois Teachers College. Helen M. Hartman, Indiana State Normal. R. L. Ready, B. S., Indiana State Normal. J. H. Dunscomb, B. S., Washington University. Katherine Garvin, University of Illinois. Edna M. Gustafson, A. B., University of Illinois. Rosa Bake, A. B., University of Illinois. Dorothy Flachtemeier, A. B., Milwaukee—Downer, Wis.

SENIORS

THEODORE D. HARTSELL

President Senior Class. Art Club (3). "All On Account of Polly" (3). "Who Kissed Barbara" (4).

"Stood erect and called the nations, called the tribes of men together."

CLARENCE ROBB

Editor Pow-Wow. Sophomore President. Junior Treasurer. Basket Ball (2). Track (2, 3). "All On Account of Polly" (3). "Minstrel" (4).

"And he had scarcely a minute for play."

REBECCA VIRGINIA RICHARDSON "Richie"

Assistant Editor of Pow-Wow. "All On Account of Polly" (3). "Windmills of Holland" (2). "Who Kissed Barbara" (4).

"Grew up like the prairie lilies;
Grew a tall and slender maiden."

CORWIN HAMILTON "Splinters"

Business Manager Pow-Wow. Sophomore President. Basket Ball (1, 2, 3, 4). Track (1, 2, 3, 4). "All On Account of Polly" (3). "Who Kissed Barbara" (4).

"All great men are dying. I don't feel well myself."

NEVA D. RANKIN "Det"

Entered from Shelbyville High School '21. Assistant Business Manager Pow-Wow. Yell Leader (2, 3, 4). Glee Club (1, 2, 4). Orchestra (1, 2, 4). "Windmills of Holland" (2). "Minstrel" (3, 4). "The Pioneer's Papoose" (4).

"Divinely tall and most divinely fair."

RUTH WALKER "Red"

Senior Secretary and Treasurer. "All On Account of Polly" (3). "Minstrel" (4).

"Well, doggone it; I can't help liking Will."

KENNETH BAKER "Red"

Entered from Stewardson. Vice-president (4). "All a Mistake" (3). "Who Kissed Barbara" (4). "Isle of Chance" (3).

"Here is quite a lot of learning combined with a zeal for flirting."

OPAL WALKER

**"Neat and tidy like a lady should be,
Yet a cheerful and quiet girl is she."**

COBERT LUGAR "Shorty"

Entered from Stewardson. Basket Ball (2, 3). Base Ball (2).

"I don't care for the Senior girls, but oh, those Freshmen."

RUTH E. AUGENSTEIN "Ruthie"

Entered from Stewardson 1923. Sophomore President. Junior Treasurer. "The Isle of Chance" (2). "Polished Pebbles" (3).

"Her voice ever soft, gentle and low—an excellent thing in woman."

KENNETH BOLING

Entered from Strasburg High School 1923. Basket Ball (1, 2, 3, 4). "The Early Bird" (Strasburg). "Minstrel" (Windsor).

"We wish he'd let us know him, for he looks like a dandy chap."

MARY GENEVIEVE EDWARDS "Gen"

Literary Editor of Pow-Wow. Junior Class Historian. Glee Club (2, 4). "Windmills of Holland" (3). "Who Kissed Barbara?" (4).

"Wicked eyes and a spirit that dares."

RUSSELL BOLING "Coz"

Junior President. Track (2, 3). Boys' Glee Club (1, 2, 3, 4). "Windmills of Holland" (2). "Love Pirates of Hawaii" (3). "The Pioneer's Papoose" (4). "Minstrel" (4).

"He would stop at St. Peter's roll call to ask a question."

JUANITA ROSE "Nita"

Society Editor Pow-Wow. Glee Club (2, 4). "Windmills of Holland" (2). "Minstrel Show" (4).

"She who sows courtesy reaps friendship."

GAYLORD D. RIPLEY "Gay-lord"

"A youth there was of quiet ways."

RUTH WILSON "Rufus"

Junior Secretary. Glee Club (1, 2, 4). "All On Account of Polly" (3). "The Rivals" (1). "The Pioneer's Papoose" (4). "Minstrel Show" (4).

"Fresh as the flowers of May."

EUGENE JACKSON "Gene"

Orchestra (2, 3). "All On Account of Polly" (3).

"A good jest forever."

ERNEST H. JONES "Peanut"

Basket Ball (1, 2, 3, 4). "Minstrel" (4).

"I scund my barbaric laugh over the roofs of the world."

MAURINE WALLACE "Babe"

"The Rivals" (1). Glee Club (1, 2).

"Her hair is black, her eyes are too, and does she use them—I'll say she do."

VELMA L. RENTFROW

"A modest blush she wore—
Not formed by art."

WILBER L. BENCE "Will"

Athletic Editor Pow-Wow. Basket Ball (2, 3). Track (2, 3).

"No man can either live piously or die righteously without a wife."

AMANDA LUCILE JONES

Basket Ball (3, 4). Glee Club (2, 3, 4). Art Club (3). "Windmills of Holland" (2). "Love Pirates of Hawaii" (3). "The Pioneer's Papoose" (4). "Minstrel" (4). "All On Account of Polly" (3).

"She is quite a little poet, although many don't know it."

MAUDE STORM

Glee Club (2, 4). Art Club (3, 4). "Windmills of Holland" (2). "Pioneer's Papoose" (4).

"On her face a cheerful look; seemed determined there to stay."

OMA DENA FINLEY

"A happy girl with smiles, and a brow of pearl, shadowed by many a careless curl."

ORA FRITZ

Entered from Stewardson High School 1923. Music. Operetta "The Tale of Chance" (1). Pianist (1, 2).

"Good natured with sympathetic mind, with a voice that's very sweet and kind."

HAZEL MARIE CLAWSON

Calendar Editor Pow-Wow. Glee Club (1, 2, 3, 4). Orchestra (2, 3, 4). "The Rivals" (1). "Windmills of Holland" (2). "Love Pirates of Hawaii" (3). "The Pioneer's Papoose" (4). "Minstrel" (4). Winner County Vocal Contest (3).

"There's music in her heart and voice, and laughter in her eyes."

BARTON LOVINS

Basket Ball (4). Orchestra (3).

"Come what may, you may do as you wish, but I am going to take life easy."

OMAH MARIE BARNETT "Tiny"

Entered from Stewardson 1923. "Am I Intruding?" (3). Glee Club (1, 2).

"Blown in from other fields to get her final polish."

ALVA PATTERSON "Pat"

Entered from Stewardson High School 1923. Basket Ball (1, 2, 3, 4). Moultrie County All-Star.

"He's quite a talkative young man."

LOTTIE ELLIOTT

Glee Clubs (2, 4). "Windmills of Holland" (2). "The Pioneer's Papoose" (4).

"Every girlie has a giggle all her own."

IVADEAN KRUMMEL

Glee Club (2, 4). Operetta "Windmills of Holland" (2).

"The mildest manners and a most gentle heart."

JOHN T. EDWARDS

Entered from Sullivan High School 1921. Boys' Glee Club (1, 2).

"Little heeded he their jesting;
Little cared he for their insults,
For the women and the maidens."

RUTH EVELYN CECIL "Ruthie"

Glee Club (1, 2, 4). "The Rivals" (1). "Windmills of Holland" (2). "All On Account of Polly" (3). "The Pioneer's Papoose" (4). "Minstrel" (4).

"These lovely soft, sweet eyes so brown,
They always smile and never seem to frown."

CECIL E. JONES "Cec"

Glee Club (2, 3, 4). "Windmills of Holland" (2). "Love Pirates of Hawaii" (3). "Minstrels" (4).

"He bluffeth, my word how he bluffeth."

BERTHA CONRAD "Shorty"

"The Rivals" (1). "The Windmills of Holland" (2). Glee Club (1, 2). "Minstrel" (4). "All On Account of Polly" (3).

"I show more mirth than I am mistress of."

FRANCES HOOD "Frank"

Basket Ball (2, 3), captain. Glee Club Sophomore. Operetta, "Windmills of Holland." (3). "The Minstrel." (4).

"A bloomin' good sport."

CLARK EMERSON STORM

Track (3). Basket Ball (4). Boys' Glee Club (2). "Windmills of Holland" (2). "Love Pirates of Hawaii" (3). "All On Account of Polly" (3).

"I never brag, never bluster, never blush."

THELMA THEOLA ROSS "Homie"

Entered from Strasburg High School 1922. "All On Account of Polly" (3).

"A quiet girl and serves God and all humanity first."

JOHN CLAWSON

Basket Ball (4). Track (4).

"Silent, except when he was alone."

MARCIA VAUGHN VARNER

Glee Club (3, 4). "The Pioneer's Papoose" (4).

"For she's just the quiet kind whose nature never varies."

VERA MARIE STORM

Orchestra (2, 3, 4). Glee Club (1, 2, 3, 4). "The Rivals" (1). "Windmills of Holland" (2). "Hawaiian Love Pirates" (3). "Pioneer's Papoose" (4). "All On Account of Polly" (3).

"Very quiet, tranquil and nice, yet she is not too precise."

ROBERT NEIGHBOR

Entered from Neoga High School 1922.

"Pa, gimme a nickel! I wanta be tough."

FRANCES OPAL QUIGLE

Entered from Stewardson High School 1923. "The Isle of Chance" (2).

"Honor lies in honest toil."

LAUREN D. ELAM "Turk"

Entered from Stewardson 1923. Art Editor of Pow-Wow. "Am I Intruding?" (3).

"A jelly good fellow is he."

CLARA E. ROBISON "Buster"

**"A delightful companion, and sensible, too,
When she's around you never feel blue."**

VIOLA ALERTA MUNSON

Entered from Stewardson High School 1923. Joke Editor Pow-Wow. "Am I Intruding?" (3).

"You may try to forget her voice if you will,
But the sound of her laugh is with you still."

GEORGE APPELT

Entered from Stewardson 1923. Left school.

"Do well the duty that lies before you."

CLARA JANE SMITH

Glee Club (4). "All On Account of Polly" (3). "The Pioneer's Papoose" (4).

"Thou, the wild flower of the forest!
Thou, the wild bird of the prairie!
Thou, with eyes so soft and fawn like!"

NITA REYNOLDS

Left school.

"For her life has had both joys and sorrow, and she has borne them with grace."

LLOYD STEVENS "Red"

Entered from Stewardson 1923. Left school.

"The funny things he didn't say weren't worth saying anyway."

IN MEMORIAM

DALLAS GLOYD SWINFORD

February 15, 1906—July 25, 1923

God called our loved ones, but we lose
not wholly
What he hath given;
They live on earth, in thought and
deed, as truly
As in His heaven.

—Whittier.

SENIOR CLASS HISTORY

IN September, 1920, fifty-nine pupils were added to the roll of Windsor Community High School. We were initiated into the good fellowship of the school, with the due pomp and ceremony, and, as with all Freshmen classes, we soon learned to enjoy our enviable position. During that year we distinguished ourselves in the class rooms.

While we were Sophomores, we became famous in athletics and in music. For this reason, and the fact that we were the largest class enrolled in W. C. H. S., we became very important in the school activities.

Our Junior year was a great success. Our athletic prowess and musical ability was greatly augmented, and our dramatical attainments reached the limelight. We entertained our companions, the Seniors, with a banquet that was said to be the greatest in the history of W. C. H. S.

As our Senior year comes to an end, our hearts are heavy, for we cannot bear to think that we shall no longer share the joys and cares, the victories and defeats, the achievements, the anticipations, and the glory of our old school. But, when we look back over our record, we feel cheered to think of the good we have wrought, and we sincerely hope that it may serve as a lodestone for the future under-classmen who may have the honor of serving our beloved W. C. H. S.

Now, with the permission of my readers, I should feel relieved if I may be allowed to unburden myself of some secrets that have been bothering me for many weary months. I hope no one will bother to ask how I have been able to keep the following quotations of my classmates secret, for I could not assure you of an answer.

"I do hope I won't forget the opening and closing sentences of my speech this morning. They sound so intellectual."—Corwin Hamilton.

"I'd like to know why Clarence R. talks to me the way he does. He's so hard to fathom, that I can't tell when he's flattering and making fun of me."—Omah Barnett.

"I can't decide whether I'll study for grand opera, attempt play-writing, or get married."—Hazel Clawson.

"I wonder where my compact has gone? My nose is shining right in my eyes."—Lottie Elliott.

"The boys here aren't half as attentive as they are at Stewardson. That's why I don't like Windsor as well as my home town."—Opal Quigle.

"I don't know whether I care anything for the boys or not. I used to think I knew all about them, but I'm not so sure."—Genevieve Edwards.

"I don't think dark-haired boys are half as attractive as the blondes."—Iva Dean Krummel.

"Dark, though it may seem,
To me, life's one great dream."—Frances Hood.

"I wonder where that boy is that said I was so charming? I must find him."—Virginia Richardson.

"I don't know whether to let one girl run my life or not. Yesterday I thought not, but today I feel as if I might."—Wilbur Bence.

"Maudine's all right,
But Evelyn's better."—Eugene Jackson.

"I am certainly in a terrible mixup. A boy just asked me to go to the show with him, and I accepted his invitation. Now, I've forgotten who it was."—Ruth Wilson.

"I could, but I won't,
I would, but I don't;
I can, if I would. Shakespeare." —Ernest Jones.

"I wish Harold B. came to high school. Then I'd never feel lonesome, as I do now."—Oma Finley.

"I like to study,
I love to play;
I am most happy
At schoo - ool? Nay!"—Ruth Cecil.

"If it ever comes to choosing between my radio and my girls—goodbye radio!"—Clarence Robb.

"I don't think the Juniors are half as bad as the Seniors make them out to be. The Junior boys are real nice anyway, I know that."—Maurine Wallace.

"I'd like to know what girl it was that said I had a frank nose."—John Clawson.

"I wonder if I can think of an excuse to get away from school this afternoon?"—Barton Lovins.

"I'm not quite as popular with the girls as I used to be. I wonder what's wrong?" —John Edwards.

"I was wondering this morning, why a canal couldn't be built across the Sahara, and thus make a fertile valley out of it."—Theodore Hartsell.

"The life of an artist is beset with many difficulties and disappointments, as my own experience proves."—Lauren Elam.

"I suppose Opal Q. had her hair bobbed just because I did."—Viola Munson.

"I wonder if anyone has noticed my marcelle?"—Clara Robison.

"Why isn't Wilbur B. here this morning? He never told me he was going to miss school."—Ruth Walker.

"If some of these girls only knew how entertaining I am, I shouldn't find it necessary to go alone."—Gaylord Ripley.

"If solid geometry gets any solider, it's going to get solid enough to soften solider heads than mine."—Clark Storm.

"I can't seem to think of a thing to pull in English class anymore."—Robert Neighbor.

"Alva P. wouldn't be such a bad kid if he didn't talk to Freshmen girls."—Bertha Conrad.

"I must have kept 'Abie' up too late last night; he isn't here this morning."—Juanita Rose.

"Experiments in Physics are still experiments to me."—Clara Smith.

"I wonder if Mr. Ready will notice that I am at school on time this morning, and not mark me absent from Civics class?"—Marcia Varner.

"I think it would be such a thrilling experience to write poetry."—Thelma Ross.

"I don't see what makes people think I talk too much."—Cobert Lugar.

"I believe I'd like school better if I were a Sophomore this year."—Kenneth Baker.

"I think W. C. H. S. has as nice girls as Strasburg High School."—Kenneth Boling.

"I heard a girl say that I looked like a sheik. I wonder if I do?"—Cecil Jones.

"It's great to be a ladies' man. The Freshmen kids even fall for me."—Alva Patterson.

"I can't find Cecil J., and I have something to tell him."—Maude Storm.

"I don't see why people tease Ernest J. about a grocery store."—Neva Rankin.

"I wonder why I can't talk as much to boys as I can to Miss Bake?"—Ruth Augenstein.

"I don't see why people always laugh at me when I say anything. I don't think I am so funny."—Ora Fritz.

"People must think I consider my personal letters very highly, since that letter of mine was posted on the bulletin board."—Marie Storm.

"I'd like to know why Miss Bake lets me whisper so much in English class. This is the first year I ever got by that easy."—Lucille Jones.

"My, I can't even rest; I am simply rushed to death. I have just simply got to get these Physics Experiments in before the Quarter ends."—Opal Walker.

"I certainly will be glad when school's out, and I won't have to come back here anymore. Maybe the boys will be more attractive where I will go next year."—Velma Rentfrow.

—Russel Boling, '24.

SENIOR CLASS WILL

WE, the Senior Class of 1924, of Windsor Community High School, in the State of Illinois, County of Shelby, being of sound mind, and memory, and knowing the extent, and value of our property, and the relation those bear to us, who are entitled to our bounty, do hereby make and declare this to be our last will, and testament, on the twelfth day of March, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and twenty-four.

To the Junior Class, we bequeath our row of seats next to the North Windows, and it is our desire that the ink wells be unmolested.

To the Sophomore Class, we bequeath enough of our ability to enable them to line up to their Class Motto.

To the Freshman Class, we bequeath Miss Smith as their little (?) Botany teacher.

To the Faculty as a whole, a class that will obey their weekly rules as well as the class of 1924.

Individually we bequeath to Mr. Alexander a Physics Class, which can prove that a closed pipe is one-fourth of a wave length.

To Miss Smith, the power to keep all of the boys and girls at arm's length.

To Mr. Dunscomb, another lady teacher to be his associate in the assembly.

To Mr. Ready, a wheelbarrow for hauling kindling and note books home; also a book on "How to Operate a Radio."

To Miss Gustafson, a voice that she can't lose during basket ball tournaments.

To Miss Hartman, a janitor whom she can depend on keeping the sewing room door closed during her absence.

To Miss Flachtemeier, a Freshman class that will have enough patience in class to permit only one to talk at a time.

To Miss Bake, a revised edition of Ward's Sentence and Theme; also the privilege to give F's in English.

To Miss Garvin, a Glee Club that will keep quiet only when singing.

In order to show our love and appreciation for the Juniors, we bequeath the following articles to them as individuals:

To Fred Bundy: A special train to take him away from Windsor, silently.

To Daisy Rankin: Hazel Clawson leaves her singing career.

To Glenn Bennett: The right to go frolicking.
To Helen Smith: Viola Munson bestows her independence.
To Ola Elliott: Theodore Hartsell leaves his superior knowledge.
To Otto Tietze: A Windsor girl so he may save many trips to neighboring towns.
To Opal Jackson: "To Have and to Hold"—a man.
To Geneva Storm: Oma Finley leaves her pretty hair.
To Mabel Jones: Kenneth Baker bequeaths his vocabulary, with instructions how it should be used.
To Don Walden: A brunette school teacher.
To Chick Webb: The honor of being basket ball captain of 1924 and 1925.
To Glenn Hart: We bestow Ernie Jones' graceful walk.
To Lawrence Gray: John Edwards leaves his quiet manner.
To Ray Hall: The privilege of talking to Bertha Griffin.
To Mildred Clem: A basket ball captain.
To Ada Kirk: The ability to make high grades in her Senior year as she has in her former years.
To Casey Duncan: We bequeath Mildred—bacon and eggs.
To Mildred Grant: The honored position of being pianist for the Glee Club.
To Bertha Griffin: Virginia Richardson's fairy-like complexion and sweet disposition.
To Lawrence Juhnke: A little more dignity so he may be classed with a "sweet girl" graduate.
To Mabel Rawlings: Ruth Rankin's length.
To Roy Finley: The ability to persuade Vivian to always part her hair in the middle.
To Carl Linder: A new Ford.
To Esther Webb: A diploma.
To Alice Shadows: Genevieve Edwards leaves her mischievous ways.
To the under-classmen we desire to devise and bequeath the following:
To Arland Nihiser: The privilege to be chief cook and bottle washer in Richards' Cafe; also a back seat in the Electric Theatre.
To Mildred Lovins: Ruth Walker's everlasting vampish look at Jobie.
To Earl Davidson: A seat in the Junior row so he may sit close to Elizabeth.
To Thomas Richardson: An extra session each day in order for him to devote more time to the girls.
To Vivian Harmann: Roy's consent to talk to Ralph Robertson.
To Wilda Grider: The nine hundred thirteen wads of gum chewed by Vivian Harmann.
To Ruth Linvill: Clara Smith leaves her indifference to masculine society.
To Wayne Shelton: The janitor's voice.
To Mary Elizabeth Gilbert: The right to slap every one who crosses her path.
Therefore, we declare this to be our last will and testament.

SIGNED: The Senior Class.
WITNESSES: The Faculty.

—Ruth Cecil, '24.

PROPHECY

Time: Ten years hence.
Place: Victoria Hotel, New York City.

Cast:
Corwin Hamilton.
Russell Boling.
Virginia Richardson.
Frances Hood.
Genevieve Edwards.
Scene:
A secluded corner in the reception room of Victoria Hotel, New York City.

(CURTAIN)

Corwin—"Well, here is part of our little party. Wonder why Russell isn't here?"
Virginia—"Oh, give him time. Perhaps he is composing another song."
Frances—"Have you heard his latest song?"
Virginia—"No, what is it?"
Frances—"'I'm Forever Dreaming of You.' It's a dreamy song just like he used to sing when he went to high school."
(Russell enters.)
Russell—"Hello, folks! Am I late?"
Corwin—"No, not very."
Russell—"I was so busy, I didn't know it was so late. It certainly seems good to be with some of my old classmates once more."
Genevieve—"It sure does; but we'll excuse you this time for being late, as this is the first time we have been together for so long."
Frances—"Oh, have you heard the latest?"
All—"No."
Frances—"Why, Theodore Hartsell has been nominated for governor of Illinois. They say he has a good chance of being elected."
Virginia—"I'm not at all surprised, are you? Viola Munson is running for U. S. Senate."
Corwin—"Yes, and Cecil Jones is a lawyer. His office is in Cairo.
Genevieve—"And do you know that Kenneth Baker has become a doctor? He is in a mining town in Southern Indiana. They say he wears out two Fords a year."
Frances—"I'm certainly glad to hear that. To become a doctor was always his greatest ambition."
Russell—"I was talking to Hazel Clawson and Marie Storm the other day in Buffalo, New York."
Frances—"Hazel is singing, I suppose."
Russell—"Oh, yes, she was going to give a concert there that night. Marie is her accompanist. She also plays the violin."
Virginia—"Where is Lauren Elam now?"
Corwin—"Oh, he is a cartoonist in Chicago."
Genevieve—"Yes, I've seen several of his cartoons in The Chicago Tribune."
Russell—"Didn't Bertha Conrad and Juanita Rose go to a nurses' training school?"
Frances—"Yes, Juanita is head nurse in Washington Square Hospital."
Russell—"Where is Bertha?"
Frances—"I was just going to tell about her. She was nursing an old man, and he fell in love with her. Just before he died, she married him and he willed her all his wealth."
Corwin—"I suppose she's spending it?"
Frances—"Oh, yes, she travels most of the time."

Genevieve—"Speaking of traveling makes me think. Do you know that Ruth Cecil is married?"

Virginia—"Why, no. Did she marry a Windsor boy?"

Genevieve—"Oh, no. You remember she moved to Decatur right after she graduated. Well, she married a musician, whose name is Robert Vancover. They went to Hawaii on their honeymoon."

Russell—"I suppose she is happy now, if she can sing at her heart's content."

Frances—"Talking about Ruth Cecil made me think. What became of the other red-headed Ruth in the Senior class? Ruth Walker, you know."

Genevieve—"Oh, she and Wilbur were married right after they graduated. Wilbur is an architect."

Virginia—"Oh, say, do you know that John Clawson is married? He was appointed ambassador to Spain and fell in love with a little Spanish maiden and married her."

Corwin—"I'll give John my best wishes."

Genevieve—"I'm really surprised. John never did seem to care for the girls when he went to high school."

Frances—"Didn't any of the Class of '24 become a teacher but me?"

Russell—"Oh, yes. I got a letter from Clarence Robb the other day. He is the principal of old W. C. H. S."

Corwin—"Good for Clarence! I suppose he is teaching Physics?"

Russell—"Yes, and he said that Ruth Augenstein is teaching English there too."

Genevieve—"Is Coach Dunscomb still in Windsor?"

Russell—"Oh, no. He stayed there until about two years ago, then Ernie Jones took his place. Ernest's team won the state tournament last year."

Frances—"Velma Rentfrow is teaching Home Economics in Richmond, Virginia."

Genevieve—"Thelma Ross is dean of a girl's college in Colorado. She has been there for three years."

Virginia—"What are all the Stewardson people, that came to Windsor to take their senior year, doing now?"

Corwin—"Alva Patterson is the proprietor of a hotel in Washington, D. C."

Frances—"Ora Fritz graduated from the U. of I. and intended to teach mathematics, but she married a farmer down by Stewardson and lives on a farm."

Genevieve—"Oma Barnett is head bookkeeper in Chicago for Marshall Field Co."

Corwin—"Opal Quigle has been teaching school, but I heard she quit teaching and is to be married soon."

Russell—"By the way, do you know that Cobert Lugar and Barton Lovins have been to Africa?"

Virginia—"Goodness no. Are they missionaries?"

Russell—"Oh, no. Far from that. They captured a lot of wild animals and started an animal show. They are traveling in the west now."

Corwin—"Have you heard about John Edwards? Well, he invented a new kind of burglar alarm to be used on banks. They say it made him a cool million."

Frances—"Speaking of banks made me think. Kenneth Boling is the president of the First National Bank in Springfield, Illinois, and owns two sections of good land near there."

Genevieve—"Yes, and Maude Storm lives in Springfield. She runs a department store."

Virginia—"Do you know that Lottie Elliott and Opal Walker are dress designers? They have a shop of their own in Savannah, Georgia."

Frances—"Say, have you read Clara McCowell's latest book? It certainly is interesting. The title of it is, 'How to Hold a Husband'."

Genevieve—"Well, who is Clara McCowell?"

Frances—"Oh, why, don't you know that Clara Robison is married. She married a college profcssor. Clara writes books, and gives lectures most of the time."

Russell—"Do you know that Lucille Jones is home on a furlough?"

Corwin—"On a furlough? Where has she been?"

Russell—"Why, she's a missionary in China. She has been there about five years and this is the first time she has been home."

Genevieve—"Is Robert Neighbor home from Europe yet?"

Virginia—"Europe? Why, has Robert been to Europe?"

Genevieve—"Yes, didn't you know it? He has been going to school over there. After he graduated from W. C. H. S., he went to the U. of I., and graduated from there, then he graduated from Yale. He's been studying in Europe for three years. I think he's intending to teach Mathematics in college."

Virginia—"Maurine Wallace is in England."

Frances—"Is she going to school, too?"

Virginia—"Oh, no. She went over there to take music. She wasn't over there very long until she captured a duke and married him."

Genevieve—"Oh, say, do you know that Neva Rankin is in the movies? She was the leading lady in 'Two Loves.' I saw it, and it was fine."

Russell—"I saw in the paper the other day, that Marcia Varner was in Alabama on a lecture tour. She has gone into politics and is traveling all over the United States making speeches."

Corwin—"Where is Clara Smith? Clara and Marcia used to be together so much, you know."

Frances—"Why, Clara is the State Superintendent of Schools in Nevada."

Virginia—"Doesn't any of the Class of '24 live around Windsor?"

Genevieve—"Oh, yes. Gaylord Ripley is mayor of Windsor."

Frances—"And IvaDean Krummel and Oma Finley married the two Bence brothers. They live on adjoining farms south of Windsor."

Russell—"Clark Storm lives in Shelbyville and is farm adviser of Shelby county."

Virginia—"Where is Eugene Jackson?"

Corwin—"He lives north of Windsor and raises Poland China hogs."

Virginia—"Is he married?"

Corwin—"Oh, yes. Eugene and Evelyn were married soon after Beulah and I were married."

Frances—"What is Ruth Wilson doing?"

Virginia—"Why, she lives on the old homestead south-east of Windsor."

Genevieve—"Well, I guess that is about all of the Class of '24. I certainly have enjoyed this evening, and I shall expect all of you to take dinner with Jack and me tomorrow evening at six. We live on 1189 North Washington Street, you know. And Virginia, I will expect you to bring your friend, Mr. Baxton."

Russell—"We will certainly be there."

(CURTAIN)

—Ruth Wilson, '24.

Two requirements for graduation:—

1. The faculty of working. 2. Working the faculty.

BE CAREFUL WHAT YOU TAKE

AS Neil sat in the watch tower scanning the distant horizon for a possible forest fire, he wondered what the future might have in store for him, but not being able to arrive at any definite conclusion, he reverted to a review of his past life. His mother had passed to the great beyond when he was a mere lad at the age of ten. The many, many days following this sad event were the loneliest and dreariest he had ever known. Not more than three weeks after his graduation at the age of eighteen, his father passed on to his reward. Next his childhood home was snatched away to pay the mortgage on the farm; thus being left homeless and penniless, he sought employment in vain; finally he had been fortunate enough to get the job as forest fire scout after several weeks' persuading on his part.

Suddenly he saw what he thought was a cloud of smoke rise out of the forest directly west of the tower. As he was unable to ascertain correctly, he pushed the light aeroplane out upon the platform there above the treetops, and was soon speeding through the hot, sultry air.

The sky for many previous days had been as clear as a crystal. Not a single cloud ventured out of its path to navigate the blue fields above. The tyrannical sun had reigned supreme over this illimitable expanse. His very tyranny took away the much needed moisture from the roots of the fairest of plants upon mother earth, and left them to wilt and perish at his mercy. How happy the little plants would have been if some cloud had only chanced to shade their withered stems for a few fleeting seconds.

There had been no breeze to carry away the heat, but a faint, whispering current of air rustled the dry leaves of the dying trees. A number of ponderous airships, looking like mere specks, began to dot the southern horizon.

As the young officer drew nearer he could see flames leaping from tree to tree like a band of fleeing monkeys. He landed at a reasonable distance from the fire, and helped the other men move the power-driven saws, which were used to fell the trees in a circular path, described at about a distance of a quarter of a mile from the flames around them.

For a while it looked as if the fire would be kept confined within the inclosed area, but the sky had suddenly been overcast by clouds, accompanied by a strong gale, which, when it struck, carried burning leaves across the gap where numerous other fires immediately sprang up.

Neil stood gazing at this devasting spectacle for several precious minutes; not his precious minutes, but the precious minutes of another, which might spell her fate. "What if someone is in danger," he thought. He rushed to his plane, and was soon racing with the howling wind and the roaring fire, which he soon out-distanced. Just a short distance ahead of the fire ran a person who could not be seen on account of the foliage of the trees. The person disappeared and didn't reappear. The nose of the plane was pointed toward the ground where a hasty but safe landing was made. From there Neil could see the limp form of a girl lying under a tree, which had obstructed his sight. He hurried to her side, picked her up, and started to carry her to safety, but he happened to find a rippling little stream winding its way through a course no one knows how long. Here he washed with cool, refreshing water.

As he stooped over her, watching for the least sign of returning consciousness, the gasoline tank of his machine exploded. He looked up in time to see the remnants of the machine go flying through the air and leaving streaks of burning sparks

behind them. His attention was diverted to the threatening clouds overhead, the black, boiling clouds which seemed to rumble with every move.

A touch on his arm caused him to look down. He was never so surprised in all his life, for instead of finding a helpless form, he found her standing by his side, and watching the same terrible scene.

"Have you any relatives who might be in danger?" he asked.

"No," she responded, feebly at first, but with apparently increasing strength. "I live alone, about half a mile north of here. My nearest neighbor lives about a mile farther on."

"You stay here while I go up there. I might possibly keep your home from burning. As you can easily see there are a number of fires across the stream now."

"Oh, no, no. What's an old shack worth compared to a human life? My parents lost their lives in an attempt to save the barn. They had practically succeeded when a bolt of lightning took away their lives."

"But I will take every precaution to ——,"

A streak of lightning splintered a nearby tree. The following thunder made his last words inaudible. A stiff gale that up-rooted many trees was followed by torrents of rain, which gradually turned into a cold, chilly drizzle as the sky grew lighter. The fire was completely quenched.

"I'll go up your way to be sure that you are safe and to see if you still have a home, but if you object, I'll hurry back to my watch tower."

"If you don't mind, you can come up and have a lunch before going back. Besides traveling through this rain would not be pleasant."

The young people walked side by side along the path which was generally wide enough for one. The intense silence invited Neil to get better acquainted with this beautiful nymph. He would steal sidelong glances at her, noting especially her blonde hair, rosy cheeks, and playful mouth. He wanted to see her eyes but dared not watch too long for fear she might catch him in the act, and while he was looking in some other direction, she would note his features. As it happened neither had taken the privilege at the same time. The passion to see her eyes had kept Neil's attention too long or else his companion had looked too soon, but in either case or both, their glances collided. A beautiful blush stole swiftly over her charming face as she read the question in his eyes. Their fate was sealed.

—T. D. H., '24.

LANG SU'S DREAMS

IT tasted so deceiving. One didn't like to but yet,—yet one craved just a little more. My critical eye wandered speculatively about the room—my Chinese laundryman's turret at the top of the tower room. Why did my husband watch Lang Su so closely? Oh, well! perhaps it was just because he was a doctor. A doctor seems to always take a psycological view of a person. Ugh! What a stuffy little room. It is no wonder Lang Su is so drowsy and stupid so much. I do believe the foul air affects his brain instead of the perfectly horrid opium to which the doctor alludes as a likely cause of his incompetency. What a queer little round container I held in my hand, and its contents so salve-like, so odorless and tasteless. Ah! I had always heard that Chinese dens were cloaked in mystery.

I feel as if I were breathing incense and just floating dreamily into space. No, No.

I must have been lost in reverie just for a moment for here I am now in Chinese town. There I see a den and it looks so warm and cozy. I wonder if one could leave these sordid earthly things and soar to heights unknown only in visions in those delightfully cheery corners of a snug Chinese den. Just to have two or three lynx-eyed Chinamen moving stealthily about, drawing richly decorated velvet curtains and serving delicious hot tea in cunning china cups all piping hot.

What a tiny little door. Shall I knock? No. The door opens. Yes, Yes. It is all as I imagined. The very slight tea tables, such soft luxurious chairs. It is getting quite late. I should go home, but I feel powerless. I believe I should be unable to resist any force. But there was no need. "Sleepee a bedee," murmured a soft, purring voice. Instantly one side wall was rolled up and simultaneously a velvet couch glided imperceptibly into the room, from whose hands I knew not for I saw no one.

I had a perfect night for I slept divinely but morning is here. Where am I? In this queer little Chinese retreat. But the walls! They had been turned and were four large mirrors. As I sprang from my bed I experienced my direst agony. My once beautiful face was now rendered most hideous by tattooed figures. I now realized my position—a slave. Years, dreadful years have passed. My once golden hair is now white and shaggy. I am now an old hag, despised by all and an opium fiend. They are taking me away. Why? They tell me I am deranged. Here I am at an asylum. The warden is ascending the broad stairs. I rushed to meet him, but the sheriff tried to catch me. However, I resisted so they tied me. Why?

I have been here a long time. Sometimes it seems incredible that I should have a little daughter Alice at home. Sometimes I believe it's all a terrible dream. Is it possible that I just visioned my husband a doctor and my daughter just two years old?

A girl came into the asylum, passing out Bibles. She gave me one and after she was gone I opened it and on the flyleaf found these words, "Alice Franklin From Your Dear Father, H. H. Franklin."

Great sobs took possession of me when I realized how I really had a daughter and my grief was so great that I fell in a dead faint. When I returned to consciousness, the doctor and nurse were standing over me applying restoratives. Gradually I became better, but was then left alone. Happening to see the daily paper that some one had accidentally left I began to read under the heading: Twenty years ago was this paragraph printed:

"Mrs. H. H. Franklin's mysterious absence has been connected with the idea suicide, since her furs and purse were found on the wharf late yesterday evening."

"I believe she is awakening," I heard a voice exclaim. I awoke and stiffly tried to move. Over me were my husband, my little daughter Alice, and Lang Su.

"Is oo' wake mama?" cried little Alice. "We iss wait and wait."

"Yes, my darling," said my husband, "we have waited many hours, since Lang Su found you this morning."

"Oh, my horrid dream," I shivered.

"Forget it," he answered, thrusting a certain little container in the fire place. "If you feel better we will go down. Dinner is at six and Professor Holf, and the Opera Singer, Swane, are to dine with us. It is now five."

When at last I managed to get to my room, and as my husband left me, he whispered, "Better stay away from Lang Su's dreams."

"Yes," I answered wanly, "I lived through twenty years of torture, but—" I addressed weakly, "even that is not worth all the agonies of dreams of an opium eater."

—Virginia Richardson, '24.

A THANK YOU FROM THE SENIORS

Yes, we're Seniors, happy Seniors,
And yet we don't forget
That we have much more work to do
Than we have ever done yet.
For this is a beginning,
And it is not an end;
For most of us have years to live,
To work and serve in friend.
We do not get all the praise
For this distinction you see.
Others helped us a great deal,
A good true Senior to be.
Parents dear, we thank thee
For keeping us in school,
And for teaching us the value
Of the good old golden rule.
Teachers, we do not forget
How you did your part,
By teaching us and helping us;
We thank thee from our hearts.
Thanks to friends and classmates
For loving word and deed
That you gave so freely
When we were in need.
Too, we wish to thank you all,
For helping us to stand
With this jolly bunch of Seniors
To all be members of this band.

—T. R., '24.

CLASS OFFICERS

Theodore Hartsell, President.
Kenneth Baker, Vice-President.
Ruth Walker, Secretary-Treasurer.

Flower—Violet. Colors—Purple and White. Motto—Backbone, Not Wishbone.

THE LOYALTY OF OUR ALUMNI

IT is not our purpose to flatter our honored alumni, but rather to praise those who firstly deserve it. Our graduates are unusual in many ways. Generosity, kindness, progressiveness stand out as a pre-eminent characteristic in their make-up. But, perhaps the most noticeable trait of all is their loyalty. Where ever you may be, you can always tell a Windsor Community High School graduate, for whenever the High School is mentioned, he is a booster. In remembrance of these

past deeds, we wish to dedicate the following pages to their names and to arouse happy memories of their school days in Windsor Community High School.

Alumni of Windsor Community High School since made a Windsor Community High School in 1921.

CLASS OF 1922

Orvyll Bundy ..... Windsor, Ill.
Maye Baugher ..... Windsor, Ill.
Edith Clem ..... Student at U. of I.
Inez Clem ..... Student at U. of I.
Montell Cox ..... Student at Sparks Business College
Rose-Marie Dunscomb ..... Student at U. of I.
Elmina Edwards ..... Teacher at Vernon School
Margaret Edwards ..... Teacher at Eureka School
Ralph Edwards ..... Student at E. I. S. N.
Doris Finlay ..... Teacher at Boling School
Vera Gaddis ..... Teacher at Stewardson School
Lois Grider ..... Teacher at Walden School
Bertha Gray ..... Decatur, Ill.
Vera Hamilton ..... Bookkeeper, Windsor, Ill.
Lloyd Jackson ..... Windsor, Ill.
Irvin Jones ..... Student at Sparks Business College
Leeds Moberley ..... Student at U. of I.
Ruth Rose (Mrs. George Davis) ..... Bethany, Ill.
Clyde Richman ..... Student at E. I. S. N.
Martha Smith ..... Student at St. Louis City Hospital
Ruby Templeton ..... Windsor, Ill.
Ruby Walker (Mrs. Bernard Bence) ..... Champaign, Ill.

CLASS OF 1923

Helen Nichols ..... Student at E. I. S. N.
Garvin Grider ..... Student at Sparks Business College
Opal Jones ..... Student at Sparks Business College
Ralph Cox ..... Student at Sparks Business College
Henry Riney ..... Windsor, Ill.
Myron Tremaine ..... Student at U. of I.
Ruth Bolan ..... Student at E. I. S. N.
Beulah Storm ..... Champaign, Ill.
Leslie Jones ..... Student at Sparks Business College
Nina Bence (Mrs. Hal Hennigh) ..... Windsor, Ill.
Dee Brady ..... Student at Sparks Business College
Beatrice Hunt ..... Windsor, Ill.
William Klopzig ..... Student at Sparks Business College
John Ellington ..... Student at Millikin
Ira Jones ..... Chicago, Ill.
Leon Lugar ..... Teacher at Keystone

—Maurine W., '24.

AUTOGRAPHS

JUNIORS

JUNIORS (PICTURE ON PRECEDING PAGE)

FIRST ROW—Edward Webb, Mildred Clem.
SECOND ROW—Glenn Bennett, Mabel Jones, Paul Duncan, Dorothy Wallace, Don Walden.
THIRD ROW—Ada Kirk, Roy Finley, Mabel Rawlings, Otto Tietze, Alice Shadow.
FOURTH ROW—Lawrence Gray, Mildred Grant, Fred Bundy, Esther Webb, Paul Clem.
FIFTH ROW—Geneva Storm, Ray Hall, Ola Elliott, Lawrence Juhnke, Opal Jackson.
SIXTH ROW—Helen Smith, Carl Linder, Bertha Griffin, Glenn Hart, Daisy Rankin.

President—Edward Webb.
Vice-President—Mildred Clem.
Secretary—Mabel Jones.
Treasurer—Glenn Bennett.
Historian—Ola Elliott.

Flower—White Rose. Colors—Blue and Silver.

Motto—"Whole hearted in all that we do."

JUNIOR CLASS HISTORY

WHOLE-HEARTED in all that we do. Yes, that is our motto, which we can live up to now that we are dignified Juniors. We started our fame when "Casey," our now famous basket-ball star, bade farewell to Effingham and came to live with us. "Chick," who had always been so inconspicuous now became prominent in the basket ball field. He and "Casey" were both named all-stars at the Moultrie County Tournament, as well as at the district tournament.

After the first few months of Junior preeminence Paul Clem decided he liked the farm best so accordingly he left our none-too-large number. We also have another gap in our ranks formed by the absence of our good-natured, lively little entertainer, Dorothy Wallace, who left us in January to brighten the corners in Rantoul. We give her our good wishes and hope she may get a sweet smile every day from all the boys she meets.

Some of the boys played "hooky" last fall and went to St. Louis, which is a long way from home for such young boys. We Juniors really mean well if all the others don't see it, especially Miss Smith who thinks we certainly live up to our motto when we all start talking at once.

Milton (Don) has won fame and renown, as speaker before the assembly, assistant yell leader and as Mrs. Coolidge in the "Womanless Wedding." There is no question but that his fame is as great to us as that of Milton, the poet.

Mildred and Casey are as affectionate as ever. We do not doubt but that one reason for our good luck during our basket ball season was due to Mildred, for as long as Casey knew Mildred was there he could roll up the score. Chick always played a good game when we went to Sullivan, which caused some to wonder, but not those who were wise, he had to show the Sullivan girls what he really could do, but now that the season is over he cares for nothing except one sweet smile from a little brown-eyed Senior each day.

"Music hath its charms" for Glenn since he has become leader of Mr. Tremaine's jazz orchestra and all the girls are wanting to join, but one thinks she can win more

fame by singing "Oui Je u' ai pas de bananes" for the Parent-Teachers. Oh, yes, I just heard that Glenn and Carl were going west this summer as chief and doctor respectively of the Tomahawk Tribe of Indians. We hope they become famous and keep their scalps. As we have always been very ambitious Ola and Ada took charge of selling candy at the basket ball games. As the saying goes "The more you eat the more you want" but the Juniors failed to respond to the cry for more and the candy was all sold before half were supplied. Of course the Seniors thought the idea so brilliant and they accordingly replenished the stock at the next game.

Oh, yes! I just heard why Pete was not invited to the Senior Party. They were having light refreshments and were afraid of his ravenous appetite. Mabel Jones and Opal Jackson contributed to the success of our musical concert at Xmas time by singing special numbers. Alas! I thought we had been trying in vain but at last I see a very faint glimmer of hope in cheering Otto's lagging spirit. Being so little he didn't have much opportunity to show his ability as a basket ball player until Casey was unable to go to Sullivan and then he showed he was anything but "little." And such a disappointment as he had at the district tournament, poor little fellow, he made a beautiful long shot and the pistol cracked upon the air before the ball slipped gracefully through the basket.

Now that Maurine has her hair bobbed she can surely teach Lawrence how to use the marcelle waver to more advantage. My poetic brain just will not allow me to leave out these few short lines about Casey and Mildred, they are so poetically affectionate:

They met upon the highway,
They met upon the byway,
And when they didn't meet
They were together there upon the seat.

But an endless string of words going on and on will not express what we want to say, but here is a little rhyme which was composed especially for us Juniors and which will tell all:

In every day in every way
We grow smarter, smarter, smarter.

Class Historian—Ola Elliott.
Assistant—Daisy Rankin.

CLASS PLAY, "NEVER TOUCHED ME"

Given the latter part of April in the Gym of the High School with the following cast:

Doctor Digby, a young physician ..... Paul Duncan
John Cullen, a broker ..... Edward Webb
Professor Barrett, an experimental chemist ..... Ray Hall
Vanderberg, a broker who is broke ..... Don Walden
Bill the Butch, a burglar ..... Otto Tietze
Joyce Barrett, the Professor's daughter ..... Opal Jackson
Millie, Joyce's friend ..... Ada Kirk
Clancy, a cop ..... Lawrence Gray

SYNOPSIS

Edward Vanderberg, a wealthy son of a wealthy father, imagined that he was born to be a Napoleon of finance. His ambition in life was to startle Wall Street. He

lost his entire fortune, however, through a cunning scheme of his partner, John Cullen.

When the play opens Vanderberg is penniless, in debt, and in danger of arrest for sending fraudulent matter through the mail.

Bill the Butch appears just in time to offer Vanderberg a solution to the whole affair. Bill promises faithfully to "croak" Vanderberg in less than a year for the measly sum of one thousand dollars, to be taken out of his $10,000 life insurance policy.

Vanderberg meets Joyce Barrett and decides he will live for love and clear himself of debt without dying. Matters are much complicated as he must dodge Bill the Butch and the police, earn enough money to pay his debts and marry Joyce, all within twelve months.

Vanderberg, disguised as a stevedore, works at the docks and boards at Professor Barrett's. Cullen visits the Professor concerning an invention and discovers Vanderberg. Apparently Vanderberg is lost, as Cullen soon has a policeman at every door; but Joyce comes to the rescue.

Of course Vanderberg proves himself not guilty as charged, makes a couple million, pays back the money to Professor Barrett, marries Joyce, and everything.

A. B. C.'s

A. stands for Alexander, at the head of our school.
B. is for basket ball. "To win" was our rule.
C. stands for "cram," which we all do at nites.
D. stands for "don'ts," our teachers' delight.
E. is for energy, which all Seniors possess.
F. means you'll flunk. Who? Well, you can guess.
G. is for grammar; at getting we're keen.
H. for our hall, where great sights are seen.
I. means you're idle; of the same no one is guilty.
J. stands for Justice, but oh, what a pity.
K. for our Katie, whose voice is so charming.
L. for love making; which to Miss Smith is alarming.
M. stands for mercy; but do our teachers know?
N. for "no-nothing;" which hits us all so.
O. stands for "Over," we wish all exams were.
P. stands for pluck, so never listen for a slur.
Q. is for quiet; in our assembly it reigns.
R. is for rules, which by 3 minutes freedom we gain.
S. means we're sorry to leave all behind.
T. for our teachers, who have all been so kind.
U. says we're useful, which we all hope to be.
V. for our vanity; please, be sure and see me.
W. for good, old Windsor High, which we all hate to tell "farewell."
X. is for "X-cuses," which all the teachers think so swell.
Y. for our yells to help our team thru.
Z. is for zip; the speed of Old Gold and Blue.

SOPHOMORES

FIRST ROW—Iva Rentfro, Doris Hartsell, Herbert Clawson, Ralph Neal, Bertha Smith, Elizabeth Storm, Margurite Tull, Gilbert Clem, Paul Moberley, Letha Rawlings, Daisy Swinford.

SECOND ROW—Ruth Sexson, Beulah Gordon, Marie Whitlatch, Inez Storm, Ruth Harper, Maude Jones, Evelyn Janes, Mildred Steele, Vivian Harrmann, Neva Bence, Ruth Rankin, Elizabeth Freeland.

THIRD ROW—Vivian Edwards, Ray Tull, Martha Harkless, Letha Linder, Flossie Johnson, Elizabeth Jackson, Dena Swinford, Fleta Blythe, Grace Shelton, Rose Goddard, Mary Hart, Florence Juhnke, Gladys Richards, Mary Gilbert, Maurine Spencer, Fred Walker.

FOURTH ROW—Raymond Robertson, Leonard Neighbor, Gerald Rose, Thomas Richardson, Rolla Bayless, John Wall, Arland Nihiser, Aubrey Walden, Arthur Morford. Clifford Harder, Clyde Abel, Paul Bridges, Harold Nichols, Ralph Robertson.

SOPHOMORE CLASS OFFICERS

Harold Nichols—President. Vivian Edwards—Vice-President.

Ruth Rankin—Secretary-Treasurer.

Class colors—Yellow and White. Class flower—Tea Rose. Class motto—Pep.

Class Yell—Go to it, Sophomores, Let 'er rip. Cheer Leader—Ruth Rankin.

SOPHOMORE HISTORY

SINCE I was again elected Historian of our class, I will now endeavor to write (with the assistance of my trusty aid, Ralph Robertson) the second installment of our eventful history. Out of about 69 last year we have about 53 left in our gang. Some of us are talented in art, theme writing, mathematics, and music. Some came for an education, some for fun.

We initiated the Freshies soon after school started. It was through the kindness of Miss Hartman (our class advisor) there wasn't a badly crippled bunch of Freshies. In the initiation we blindfolded them, led them around, upstairs, and down; on gently pricking the victims with them. Then enjoyed an aeroplane ride, and Margurite Barnhart was scared so badly that all the enamel was knocked off her teeth.

After that we played several games, told fortunes, then the eats were brought forth. We were divided into families, such as Irish Potato, Cucumber, Onion, Sweet Potato, Turnip. Some drew the parts of Mother, Father. Bob Neal drew mother, which made us split our sides laughing at him. After the eats several of the Sophs gave a good program. Then we sent the Freshies home to bed.

In the last semester we had another party. This was a Valentine party and was strictly for the Sophs. We had a good time, even if there was a shortage of boys. The decorations were simply scrumptuous and we had a better time at this party than at the Freshy initiation.

We had a lively time, and were surprised in that respect, for the boys had been lectured before the party, and thus thought it would be a funeral. At this lecture we were given a mild (?) talking to concerning our manners—to tip our hats to the ladies, not to say "How-er-ye, Bill" to grown people, or to say "Hello, Bill" to an old man. Our wings began to grow immediately.

The next evening the girls had a meeting. The day after that there was a dim dark rumor going around to the effect that the girls had been told not to have Rodolf Valentino for their ideal, etc. (But perhaps this meeting was only to decide on the refreshments?)

This year we did a little better in athletics. "Bus" made the regular team, and helped bring some hard-fought victories home. Ralph Robertson, Raymond Robertson, and Clyde Abel also made the squad. We also have a Sophomore first team, a second team, and a "Midget" team. In the class tournament the Sophomores took second and fourth places.

To be continued next year.

Paul Moberley, Historian.
Ralph Robertson, Assistant.

HOW JIMMY TOOK HIS MEDICINE

"Aw maw," said the small boy, "I don't wanna take any castor oil."

"Now honey," said his long suffering mother, "Don't you want to take some medicine and be great big and strong? Maybe if you take this, when you grow up you'll be a basket ball player."

"Will I be strong like Bus?"

"Yes honey, take your medicine."

"Ma, I don't wanna be like Bus."

"Why not dear?"

"Cause I wanna be like Casey."

"Why?"

"Cause I heard Casey say w'n he got sick he had Mildred kiss him and then he got better."

"Now listen, you take your medicine and I'll give you some peaches to take the taste out."

"Ma, Bus likes peaches cause I heard him say, 'Dad Bum if I don't like Peachy.'"

"He meant his sweet-heart dear."

"Oh, if I take my medicine will I have a sweet-heart?"

"Yes, Jimmy, you will."

"Then I don't believe I take it."

"Now Jimmy, you just wait till daddy comes, and he'll make you. Besides don't you want to be like Chick and Patterson?"

"I'd rather be like Corwin, ma. I like his hair. I heard Genevieve say she liked it too. I heard Mabel Jones say she thought Chick was a regular Sheik. What'd she mean?"

"That she thought he was nice."

"Mom, Frances Hood thinks he's nice too. I heard her say so, and ma, I heard something else too. I heard Fleeta say Patterson was tall, but she liked tall men. Do you like tall men, ma?"

"Now stop that foolishness and take your medicine."

"Did Bus take it?"

"Yes, he did."

"Did Patterson?"

"Yes, if you take it you'll be strong just like them, and be on the all-star team in the tournament."

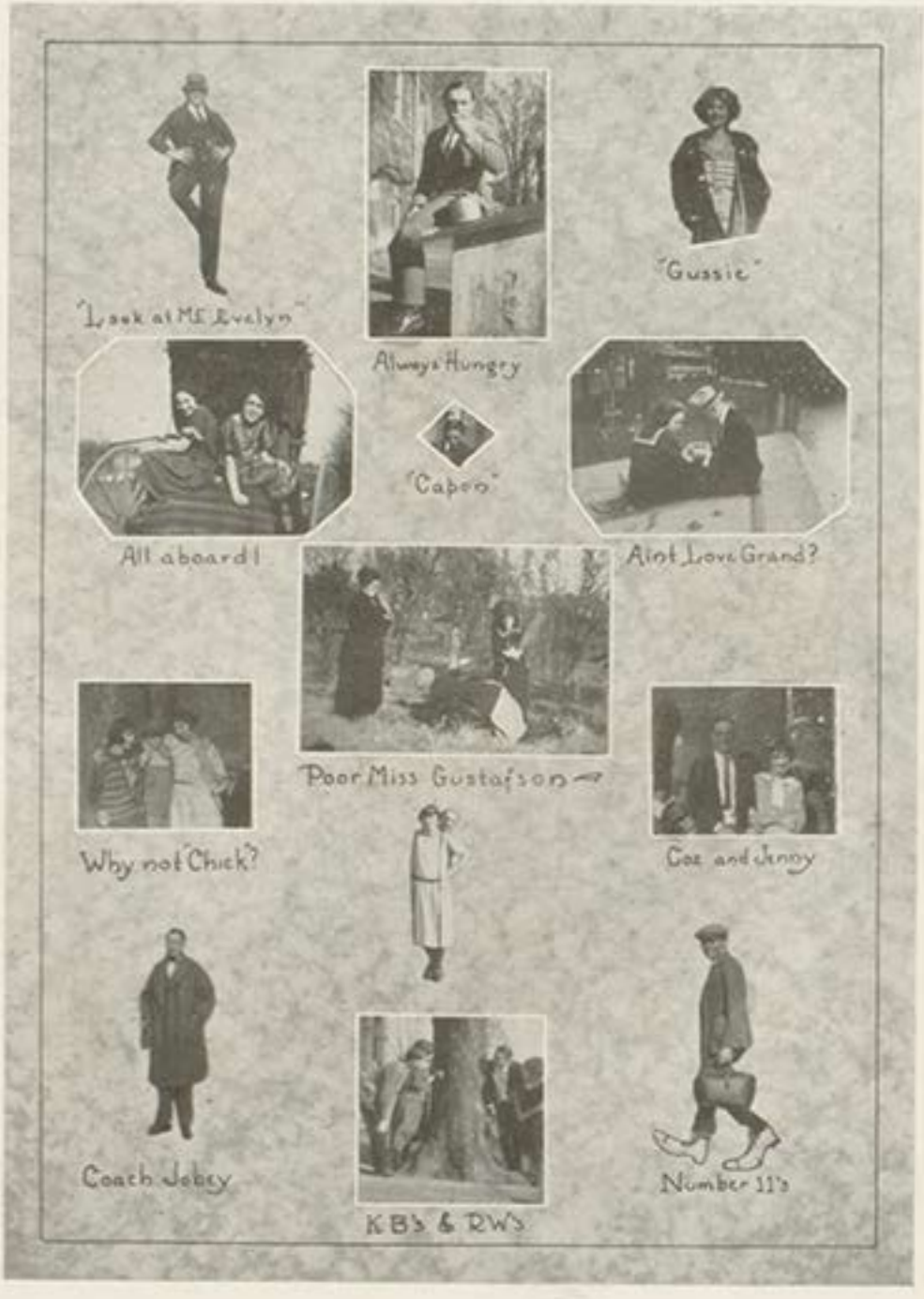
"Honest, ma?"

"Honest."

"Well, hurry up; I guess I'll take it."

—B. G., '26.

Should Marie Storm would Rosa Bake?
Does Fred Walk-er Kenneth Bak-er Clarence Robb?
Is Lawrence Gray?
Is Genevieve Edwards ('s) (Webb)?
Is Clifford Harder than John Wall?
If Alice Shadows what does Oma Barnett?
Are Leonard and Robert Neighbors?
Does Aileen Turn-er IvaDean Krummel?
What class did Neva Rankin?
Is Elizabeth Free-land?
Is Hazel Welch?
If Juanita Rose would Ralph Neal?
Did Mildred Grant Harold Nichols?


"Look at Me Evelyn"
Always Hungry
"Gussie"
"Capers"
All aboard!
Ain't Love Grand?
Poor Miss Gustafson
Why not Chick?
Coz and Jenny
Coach Jobey
KB's & RW's
Number 11's

FRESHMEN

FIRST ROW—George Goddard, Maudine Janes, Margurite Barnhart, Paul Herron, Wayne Shelton, Bryan Smith, Mildred Lovins, Della Chancy.
SECOND ROW—Ganzel Bennett, Merle Kirk, Margie Rose, Inez Richards, Lucille Anderson, Julia Welch, Lois Davison, Helen Smith, Wilda Grider.
THIRD ROW—Willis Rawlings, Clyde Robb, Cecil Harrmann, Ruby Bartley, Paul Davidson, Elbert Neal, Fletcher Bence.
FOURTH ROW—Wayne Ripley, Harold Helton, Ruth Linvill, John Herron, Vernon Spencer.
FIFTH ROW—Sherman Gilbert, John Robert Bruce, Glenn Price, Carlyle Simmons, Earl Davidson.

President, Earl Davidson. Vice-President, Carlyle Simmons.
Treasurer and Secretary, Paul Duncan. Historian, Wilda Grider.

Class Color, Orchid and Pale Green. Flower, Lilac.

Motto: "Truth Our Light, Conscience Our Guide."

FRESHMAN CLASS HISTORY

We started out with many
We have left now, just a few,
But just you think of the wonderful things
This Freshman class can do.
We're privileged characters in this high school,
The teachers all love us so,
That every little thing we do,
Right out of class we go.

In October the Sophs gave a party
To us Freshmen, whom they thought green,
And we provided such amusements,
That it made them laugh? No, scream!
We were about the noisiest bunch
That ever hit the gym,
And when you spoke you couldn't hear
Above our merry din.
We have some really wonderful folks
In this noted Freshman class,
There's Wayne and Carlyle and others
That you can't expect to surpass.
Now Carlyle is more fun than a monkey;
Most people call him "Goof,"
And when he begins to play his pranks,
We nearly raise the roof.
And Wayne has a voice like Lincoln's,
We heard the professor say.
Perhaps he'll be a great statesman
On account of his voice, someday.
Our class, too, has a basket ball team,
And they can do their stuff.
They bring home the bacon every time,
If the other team does play rough.
Miss Smith must not be forgotten;
She's the favorite o. us all.
Next to Mr. Alexander
She's boss of Assembly Hall.
We must remember our class adviser,
Miss Flachtemeier, by name,
And wouldn't it certainly surprise her
If she didn't get all the blame.
The subjects we study in high school
Are English, History, and Algebra, too,
Physiology, Geography and Latin;
They give us enough to do.
Now we're waiting for the spring-time
When all our tests are o'er,
When we'll lay aside our books,
And study them no more.
'Till next fall when we enter high school
We will be in the second year
Of cramming our heads with knowledge
To help in our future career.

—W. G., '27.

Miss Gustafson—"Take your seat."
Lucile—"Where to?"

Deep wisdom—Swelled head—
Brain fever—He's dead.

THE SILENT WATCH

Far away in the silent north
A prince of the Pawnee waits;
Waits for the girl that he cannot wed,
For the color of tribes separates.
She is of the pale face;
He of the silent red host;
And he loves this pale, fair daughter
Of the king of the trading post.
But his love was spurned by her father;
He scorned those of his race,
And he said, "Be gone, dark warrior;
Come not again to this place."
Then he sent his fair, young daughter
To a far and distant mount
Where not even an Indian's cunning
Could ever seek her out.
The girl from her lofty dwelling
Waits ever for him to come;
But she knows that it is useless
At the setting of every sun.
And there in the unbroken silence,
In the land of ice and snow,
He is hopelessly watching and waiting;
Dreaming of days long ago.

—W. G., '27.

AND PETE PAID THE BILL

"Do you know what I seen took place down at Hugh Rose's th' other day? No? Well, lissen, Jake. Ya know those three bob haired teachers? Yes, those three and the team with the Coach were down there at Hugh Rose's.

"Yep, it was the night of the Neoga game 'bout quarter ta five an' I guess they were gettin' somethin' ta eat before they went to Neoga—the teachers I mean. Well, one of 'em—the one with the bobbed hair—I mean the black hair—that is the straight haired one with the Mona Lisa eyes—she gets up an' passes up ol' Hugh like a princess would a toad. When she gits ta the door she hollers back, "Pay my bill fer me, will ya?" Right then and there a fight begun about who was she atalkin' to.

"The fight sifted down to a regular one between 'Pete' and 'Jobie'. I don't know eggsactly how it did happen but Hugh takes 'Pete's' two-bits, and boy, ya ought ta seen his grin.

"You've saw that face of his'n at a Thanksgiven' dinner? Well, this grin beat that.

"Well, s'long Jake. Huh! It do beat all but I do believe that guy Jobie would a liked ta paid the two-bits hisself."

Our President

Just Four of Us

Three Bobbed Heads

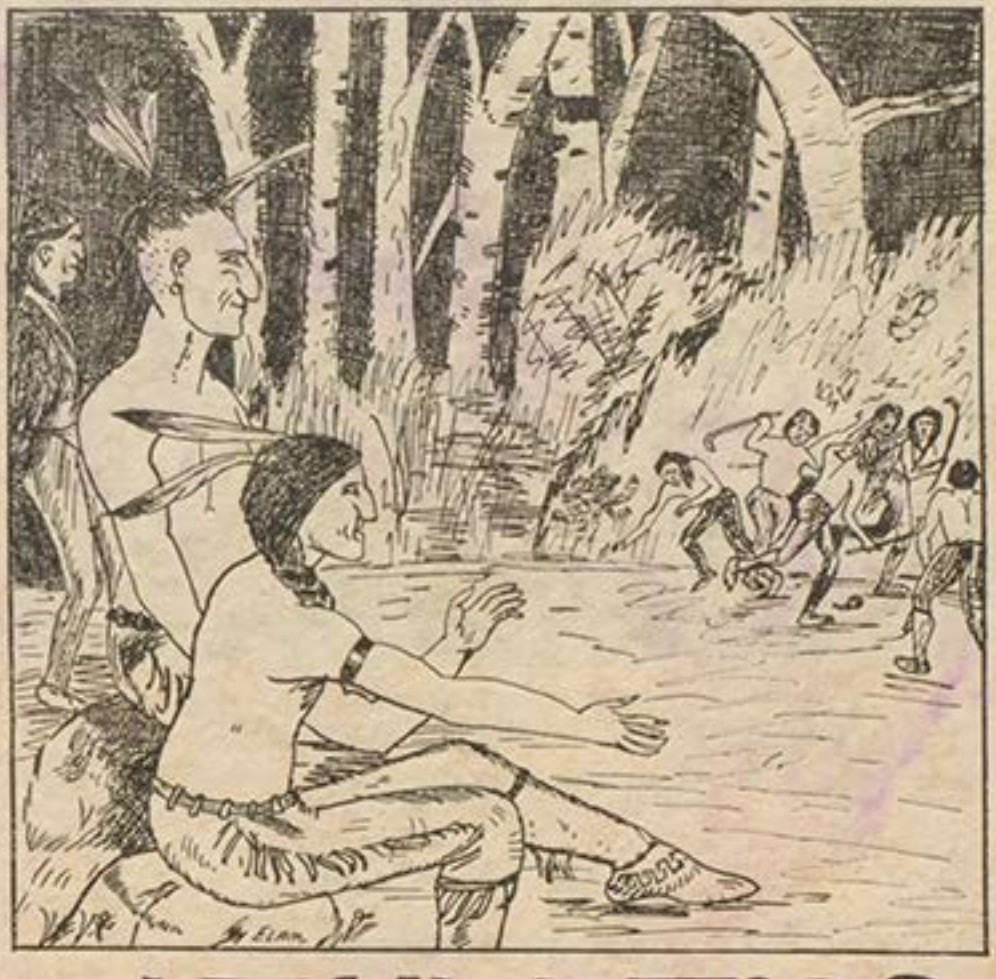
Our Yell Leader

Juniors and Seniors Eight Years Ago—

Garland his Girls

Pow Wow Executive Staff

At Arm's Length(?)



ATHLETICS

FIRST ROW—Clark Storm, Otto Tietze, Kenneth Boling.
SECOND ROW—Arland Nihiser, Alva Patterson, Paul Duncan, Corwin Hamilton, Edward Webb.
THIRD ROW—Clyde Abel, Raymond Robertson, Lawrence Gray, Mr. Dunscomb, Ernest Jones, Ralph Robertson.

BASKET BALL

SEASON'S RECORD

Windsor	33,	Strasburg	4.
Windsor	36,	Stewardson	16.
Windsor	17,	Sullivan	4.
Windsor	32,	Neoga	6.
Windsor	10,	Stewardson	5.
Windsor	15,	Altamont	18.
Windsor	24,	Effingham	6.
Windsor	21,	Chrisman	7.
Windsor	27,	Alumni	8.
Windsor	15,	Sullivan	7.

Windsor	16,	Findlay	17.
Windsor	34,	Pana	13.
Windsor	14,	Neoga	9.
Windsor	26,	Sullivan	15.
Windsor	31,	Lovington	7.
Windsor	12,	Findlay	11.
Windsor	29,	Effingham	12.
Windsor	28,	Bethany	18.
Windsor	29,	Altamont	23.
Windsor	16,	Pana	17.
Windsor	17,	Assumption	13.
Windsor	32,	Bethany	16.
Windsor	29,	Assumption	10.
Windsor	20,	Taylorville	11.
Windsor	13,	Pana	10.
Windsor	16,	Morrisonville	23.
Windsor	10,	Findlay	21.

Total points: Windsor 602, Opponents 325.

Average score: Windsor 22, Opponents 12.

INDIVIDUAL RECORDS

No. Games Played	Field Goals	Free Throws	Total
Duncan (26)	108	44	260
Webb (27)	74	19	167
Nihiser (26)	67	22	156
Patterson (26)	3	3	9
Hamilton (26)	0	4	4
Tietze (4)	2	0	4
Robertson (4)	1	0	2
			602

ACCOUNTS OF GAMES

The basket ball season opened with a great many contestants out battling for a place on the squad. The team played twenty-seven games this season, winning twenty-two, with a total of six hundred and two points to their opponents' three hundred twenty-five, an average score of twenty-two to twelve. This season has been a record breaker for the Windsor quintet, defeating every team they met with the exception of Morrisonville. The games were as follows:

33 STRASBURG 4

The season was opened with an easy victory of thirty-three to four. This was rather unexpected for the first game, because Strasburg had held the Neoga five to an over-time game the week before. Webb grabbed the honor of making the goal of the season. Scoring: Duncan, f, 15 points; Nihiser, f, 4; Webb, c, 11; Patterson, g, 0; Hamilton, g, 0.

36 STEWARDSON 16

The Windsor lads went into this game a little over-confident, but after they saw what they were against they began to play ball and from then until the game was ours. Scoring: Duncan, f, 14; Nihiser, f, 8; Webb, c, 14; Patterson, g, 0; Hamilton g, 0.

17 SULLIVAN 4

Sullivan was an easy mark for Coach Dunscomb's boys even if the Strasburg stars do play with the visitors. They were only able to cage the ball two times during the game. These being long shots by Hamm. The good friendship between Sullivan and Windsor is still maintained. Scoring: Duncan, f, 8; Nihiser, f, 2; Webb, c, 7; Patterson, g, 0; Hamilton, g, 0; Robertson, 0.

32 NEOGA 6

W. C. H. S. copped off another victory from the Neoga five. The visitors had beautiful floor work but when they came up to the Windsor defence it all faded away. The locals only allowed the visitors to get one field goal, leaving Windsor with a safe lead. Scoring: Duncan, f, 9; Nihiser, f, 12; Webb, c, 11; Patterson, g,0; Hamilton, g, 0; Robertson, f, 0.

10 STEWARDSON 5

Oh, what a surprise! You could hear all kinds of exclamations from the Windsor fans as they entered the door of the great arena at Stewardson. Windsor played her five largest men so as to give the substitutes plenty of room on the sidelines. This was a lucky win for the Windsor five, considering everything. Scoring: Duncan, f, 5; Patterson, c, 4; Webb, f, 1; Jones, g, 0; Hamilton, g, 0.

15 ALTAMONT 18

The W. C. H. S. cagers met their first defeat when they went to Altamont. This was no dishonor because Altamont has never lost a game on her own floor. Scoring: Duncan, f,8; Nihiser, f, 5; Webb, c, 2; Patterson, g, 0; Hamilton, g, 0.

24 EFFINGHAM 6

Another feather in our hat! The Windsor five journeyed to Effingham and handed them a nice defeat of 24 to 6. Nihiser showed his stuff by coming through with six field goals. Scoring: Duncan, f, 9; Nihiser, f, 15; Webb, c, 0; Hamilton, g, 0; Patterson, g, 0.

21 CHRISMAN 7

This was quite a shock to the fast Chrisman five when they received their first defeat by Windsor. The Chrisman boys went into the game a little over-confident. The game was close until the half, then the Windsor lads started their clock work and left Chrisman with the short end of the score. Scoring: Duncan, f, 13; Nihiser, f, 3; Webb, c, 2; Patterson, g, 3; Hamilton, g, 0.

27 ALUMNI 8

This game was rather amusing because the old stars really thought they could hold the regular five down. The first quarter was close but after that the Alumni began to show their many weak points. Duncan hurt his knee in this game and was replaced by Boling. Scoring: Duncan, f, 11; Nihiser, f, 9; Webb, c, 6; Patterson, g, 0; E. Jones, g, 0; Boling, f, 0.

15 SULLIVAN 7

Sullivan was not equal to the Windsor lads even if Duncan, our right hand man, was out on account of his crippled knee. Tietze took Casey's place and did well. Hamilton received a blow in the warming-up practice which fractured his cheek bone. He played the entire game, however. Scoring: Nihiser 7, Webb 5, Tietze 3, Hamilton 0, Patterson 0.

16 FINDLAY 17

The Windsor five received their second defeat of the season at Findlay. Duncan was in poor shape because of his knee and Hamilton was out because of his fractured

cheek bone. Jones played a nice game at guard. Scoring: Duncan 5, Nihiser 7, Webb 4, Jones 0, Patterson 0.

34 PANA 13

Pana was an easy mark for Windsor. They were considerably handicapped by our small floor. Johnson of Pana showed lots of skill and was the main man of the team. At that he was far below Duncan when it came to caging the ball. Scoring: Duncan 19, Nihiser 7, Webb 8, Patterson 0, Hamilton 0.

14 NEOGA 9

The ever-dangerous Duncan played this game. He had the honor of making the 14 points. The opponents tried to slow him by running new men in but failed. The Neoga boys fought hard all the way through with visions of victory before them. Scoring: Duncan 14, Webb 0, Nihiser 0, Patterson 0, Hamilton 0.

MOULTRIE COUNTY TOURNAMENT

Windsor was again invited to the Moultrie County Tournament. The drawings placed Windsor against Sullivan in the second game of the evening on Jan. 25. The team was transported over muddy roads but showed no effects of the bad trip when they appeared on the floor. There were a number of faithful fans who accompanied the team and they made lots of noise. Lovington and Arthur played the first game of the evening but Windsor and Sullivan furnished the fire-works for the large number of fans. The Gold and Blue defeated Sullivan by a score of 26 to 15. Lovington won their game, thus putting them against Windsor in the championship battle.

The Windsor-Lovington game was not very interesting because the Lovington team was beaten before they came on the floor. Windsor won 31-7 and thus brought home the shield. Sullivan took third place by beating Arthur.

This makes the second time in as many years that Windsor has brought home the honors. Paul Duncan was chosen as forward, Edward Webb as center and Alva Patterson as guard on the all-county team. Duncan also had the honor of being high scorer of the tournament.

Scoring in the Sullivan-Windsor game: Duncan 15, Nihiser 5, Webb 6, Hamilton 0, Patterson 0.

Windsor-Lovington game: Duncan 11, Nihiser 11, Webb 8, Patterson 1, Hamilton 0.

12 FINDLAY 11

This was a scream! The gym was packed to capacity. The game was fast and close and largely defensive. Windsor started off with a 4-1 lead but Findlay soon caught up. The last three minutes seemed a century and it was a happy Windsor crowd when the pistol cracked. Scoring: Duncan 2, Webb 5, Nihiser 5, Patterson 0, Hamilton 0.

29 EFFINGHAM 12

This game was easy compared with the one the night before with Findlay. Scoring: Duncan 18, Nihiser 5, Webb 4, Patterson 0, Hamilton 0, Jones 0, Tietze 1.

28 BETHANY 18

Coach Dunscomb's boys had little trouble in defeating the Decatur district champions on their own floor. Scoring: Duncan 10, Webb 10, Nihiser 8, Hamilton 0, Patterson 0.

29 ALTAMONT 23

We turned the table. Altamont had beaten Windsor there but they lost here Aderman of Altamont was the mainstay of their team. He and Duncan both looked good. Scoring: Duncan 16, Nihiser 5, Webb 8, Hamilton 0, Patterson 0.

16 PANA 17

This was a sad scene for the 100 fans who journeyed to Pana. This was Windsor's

20th game and only two had been lost before it. Scoring: Duncan 6, Webb 6, Nihiser 4, Patterson 0, Hamilton 0.

17 ASSUMPTION 13

This looked like another defeat until the last four minutes when Webb broke loose and scored four baskets. Scoring: Duncan 4, Nihiser 3, Webb 10, Patterson 0, Hamilton 0.

32 BETHANY 16

This game started out close due to over-confidence on Windsor's part. Windsor soon took the bit in their teeth and chalked up enough points to put the game on ice so the remainder of the contest was easy. Scoring: Duncan 15, Nihiser 4, Webb 13, Jones 0, Hamilton 0.

29 ASSUMPTION 10

The Gold and Blue were not playing in good form in this game but they were far superior to Assumption at that. Scoring: Duncan 9, Webb 11, Nihiser 9, Patterson 0, Hamilton 0, Jones 0.

Second Team Games

The W. C. H. S. Seconds also had a successful season. Many of the boys give promise for next year.

17 STRASBURG 7

This was easy. Strasburg was handicapped by lack of a practice floor. Scoring: Tietze 8, Robertson 4, Ray Robertson 0, Boling 5, Clawson 0, Linder 0, Jones 0, Gray 0.

23 STEWARDSON 13

The South-downers could not come up with the reserves. This game was played on Saturday afternoon. Most of the reserves had had a good workout in Pana that morning when they scrimmaged the first team. Scoring: Tietze 4, Robertson 10, Boling 4, Linder 4, Storm 0, Clawson 0, Jones 0, Ray Robertson 1.

District Tournament

The first game for Windsor in the Tournament at Pana was with Taylorville on Thursday, March 6. Our team had never met this team during the season, so they did not know what to expect.

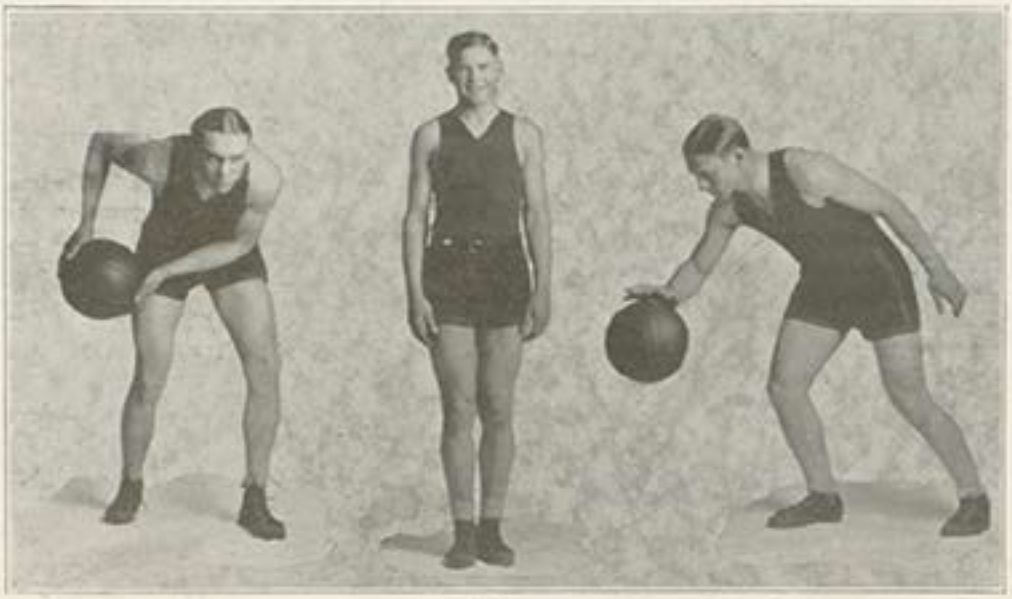
Webb did well in holding Goff of Taylorville, who was the man they depended on in their contests.

This game was won by Windsor by a score of 20 to 11. Scoring: Duncan 9, Webb 6, Nihiser 5, Patterson 0, Hamilton 0.

Windsor showed her colors again Friday night in the first game of the evening session. This game was with Pana, who had beaten Windsor in the regular schedule game on their floor, so it was doubtful who would be the victors of the contest in the tournament. Windsor came out with long end of a 13 to 10 score. Scoring: Duncan 3, Webb 1, Nihiser 9, Hamilton 0, Patterson 0.

The defeating of Pana put Windsor in the semi-finals. The rest of the tournament was well attended by Windsor fans. Windsor met Morrisonville on Saturday afternoon. This was a heart smasher. Morrisonville defeated Windsor by a count of 23 to 16. Scoring: Duncan 8, Nihiser 5, Webb 2, Patterson 0, Hamilton 1.

Windsor shone again Saturday night but not half so bright. Windsor and Findlay met in first game for third and fourth places. Windsor was defeated, taking fourth place. Scoring: Duncan 4, Webb 6, Nihiser 0, Patterson 0, Hamilton 0, Jones 0, Tietze 0, Boling 0.



Hamilton Webb Duncan

THE COACH

The most of the success and honor accorded our team is due to our coach, Mr. Dunscomb. This was his third year in the Windsor school, where he has put out a stronger team each year. We hope he will be with you again next year and help to gain even greater honors for Windsor Community High School.

PAUL DUNCAN, '25, Forward, Captain.

The showing made by Duncan last year gained him the honor of being Captain this year. He has filled his position well, and has brought his team through with greater honors than any Windsor team has gained in the past. He was selected on the all-county team both years he played; also as second all-star in Shelbyville Tournament and chosen on the all-star team at Pana this year. He proved himself one of the most valuable men on the team.

EDWARD WEBB, '25, Center, Captain Elect.

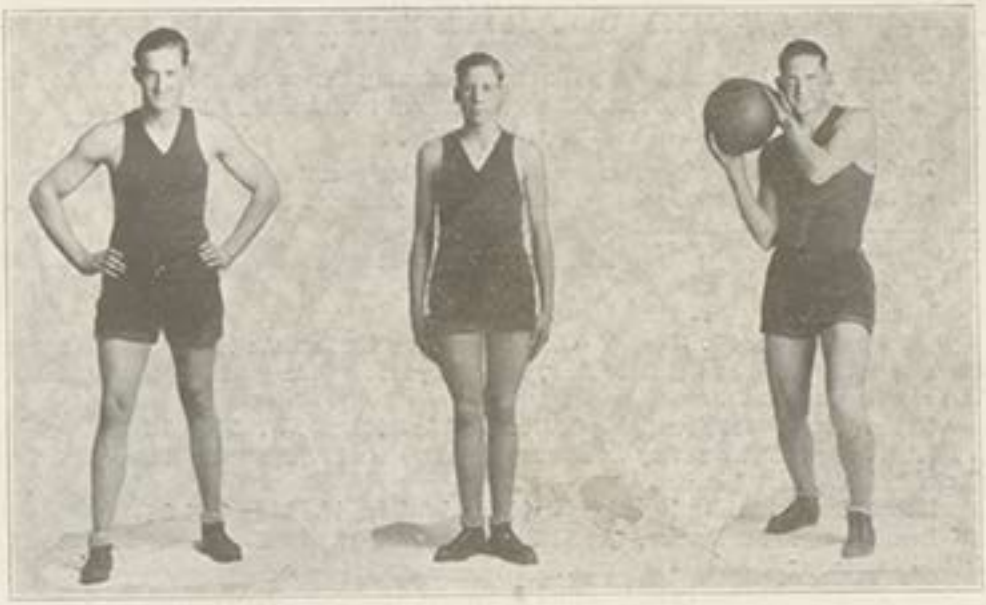
Chick proved very valuable last year in the games, and has proven even more so this season. He has been selected as all-star for every position on the team, as forward, center, guard. He has been elected captain of the team for next year. Great work is expected of him.

ARLAND NIHISER, '26, Forward.

This was Buster's first year. He is young and did not hold up under the strain as did the other boys, but he did exceptionally well in all the games he played. He has good scoring ability, and covers the floor well. He also has a knack for getting sleepers under the basket. Much is expected of Arland in his next two years.

CORWIN HAMILTON, '24, Guard.

Corwin has been very faithful to the team in the preceding years as a substitute.



Jones Nihiser Patterson

But this year he gained a place as one of the regular five. He was a good defense man, he had ability to cover his share of the floor and to get rid of the ball in short time. He made very few fouls which is unusual for a guard in his position. This is Corwin's last year and we regret that he can't be with us next year.

ALVA PATTERSON, '24, Guard.

This was Alva's first year on the Windsor team; he had played with Stewardson in the years before. Alva was big and had ability to cover the floor and could handle the ball well. He was selected on the all-county team in the Moultrie County Tournament. This being his last year his successor will have a good record to maintain.

ERNEST JONES, '24, Guard.

Ernie played in hard luck the first of the season but he soon recovered and became a valuable reserve. He was reliable and conscientious, two prime requisites for a good player. His work in the Findlay game was especially commendable.

THE OTHERS

Otto Tietze, Kenneth Boling, Raymond Robertson, Clark Storm, Ralph Robertson and Lawrence Gray had a great deal to do with the building of the team. Boling, Storm and Ray Robertson will not be available next year but much is expected of the remaining three.

OUR YELL LEADERS

The Windsor high school showed good judgment in the selection of the yell leaders this year when Neva Rankin, with Carlyle Simmons as assistant, was chosen. They, assisted by many faithful rooters, gave the team strong support. Neva is a Senior and her place will be hard to fill.

TRACK AND FIELD

In 1923 we had a successful track season, winning the county meet and losing to Neoga in a dual meet by 7 points. Duncan garnered two medals at Charleston.

PROSPECTS

Early practice is hindered on account of the bad weather but it is thought that around Duncan, Robertson and Hamilton a strong team can be developed. As yet no dual meets have been scheduled.

NEOGA MEET, 1923

Neoga 62.
Windsor 55.

Windsor won first in the field, while Neoga won first on the track. Windsor was handicapped by the illness of Robertson, who always came in in good time in the dashes. The results were as follows:

50 Yard Dash: 1st Powell, N.; 2d Duncan, W.; 3d Bence, W. Time 5 3-5.

High Jump: Duncan, Ray Robertson, Hamilton, and Abel all of Windsor tied for first. Height 5 feet 4 inches.

Half Mile: 1st White, N.; 2d Grider, W.; 3d Seidler, N. Time 2:21 3-5.

Broad Jump: 1st Duncan, W.; 2d Ray Robertson, W.; 3d Storm, N. Distance 18 feet 11 inches.

220 Yard Dash: 1st Powell, N.; 2d Conlinson, N.; 3d Jones, W. Time 26 3-5.

Shot: 1st Duncan, W.; 2d Bigler, N.; 3d Grider, W. Distance 35 feet, 8 inches.

440 Yard Dash: 1st Conlinson, N.; 2d Bigler, N.; 3d Grider, W. Time 57 3-5.

Discus: 1st Schneiderjohn, N.; 2d Bigler, N.; 3d Grider, W. Distance 85 feet, 3 inches.

100 Yard Dash: 1st Powell, N.; 2d Conlinson, N.; 3d Bence, W. Time 11 3-5.

Javelin: 1st Grider, W.; 2d Schneiderjohn, N.; 3d Bigler, N. Distance 120 feet, 6 inches.

Pole Vault: 1st Duncan, W.; Ray Robertson, W., and Powell, N., tied for second. Height 9 feet, 6 inches.

Mile: 1st White, N.; 2d Rose, W.; 3d Ralph Robertson, W. Time 5 minutes, 11 seconds.

Hurdles: 1st Ira Jones, W.; 2d Storm, N.; 3d Bigler, N. Time 31 seconds.

Four Windsor men tied for first in high jump at 5 feet, 4 inches.

Paul Duncan scored 3 firsts, a tie for first in the high jump, and one second, for a total of 20¼ points.

THE SHELBY COUNTY MEET, 1923.

Windsor 39.
Shelbyville 26.
Findlay 20.
Cowden 5.

In May our track team went to Shelbyville to take part in the county meet. Windsor won first the year before and of course wished to keep up her record.

With Duncan, Hamilton and Robertson striving very hard, Windsor came out on top with a score of 39. Thus being permitted to keep the cup offered by H. D. Sparks the year before.

50 Yard Dash: Archie, Shelbyville, 1st; Perkins, Cowden, 2d; Hamilton, Windsor, 3d. 5 4-5 seconds.

100 Yard Dash: Archie, Shelbyville, 1st; Mauzey, Findlay, 2d; Perkins, Cowden, 3d. 10 4-5 seconds.

220 Yard Hurdles: Mauzey, Findlay, 1st; Prosser, Shelbyville, 2d; Barnes, Findlay, 3d. 31 seconds.

220 Yard Dash: Archie, Shelbyville, 1st; Snyder, Moweaqua, 2d; Perkins, Cowden, 3d. 23 1-5 seconds.

440 Yard Run: Grider, Windsor, 1st; Abel, Windsor, 2d; Martz, Shelbyville, 3d. 51 4-5 seconds.

880 Yard Run: Grider, Windsor, 1st; Mauzey, Findlay, 2d; Martz, Shelbyville, 3d. 2 minutes, 13 seconds.

Shot Put: Duncan, Windsor, 1st; Robertson, Herrick, 2d; Hannaman, Shelbyville, 3d. 36 feet, 7½ inches.

Standing Broad Jump: Rogers, Shelbyville, 1st; Hamilton, Windsor, 2d; Cannon, Tower Hill, 3d. 9 feet, 6½ inches.

Pole Vault: Duncan, Windsor, 1st; Robertson, Windsor, Snider, Moweaqua, tie for 2d, Robertson getting 2d medal and Snyder 3d. 9 feet, 10 inches.

Running Broad Jump: Mauzey, Findlay, 1st; Duncan, Windsor, 2d; Robertson, Windsor, 3d. 19 feet, 4½ inches.

Running High Jump: Duncan, Windsor, 1st; Mauzey, Findlay, 2d; Hamilton, Windsor, 3d. 5 feet, 4½ inches.

THE U. OF I. INTERSCHOLASTIC

A team was taken to the state meet but no points were won.

CHARLESTON MEET, 1923

Duncan was the only Windsor man to bring back any medals. He tied for third in the high jump and got fourth in the pole vault.

THE FALL OF THE MIGHTY

Time—In the evening.

Place—Miss Smith's room.

Characters:—

The heroine—Miss Smith.

The villain—Miss Gustafson.

Other female members of the high school faculty.

(A quarrel has arisen over the athletic prowess of the ladies. Miss Gustafson is so boastful of her ability.)

Miss Gustafson—"I just wish I had been born a man, I bet I would have made a great wrestler. Why I even believe I could conquer some men."

Miss Smith—"Oh, how you must hate yourself. But you are wrong. You can't even throw me, despite my handicap of short windedness."

Miss G.—"Oh, go on. If I couldn't throw you with one hand, I'd go jump in the furnace."

Miss S.—"Come on then, Skinney, come forward to your fate."

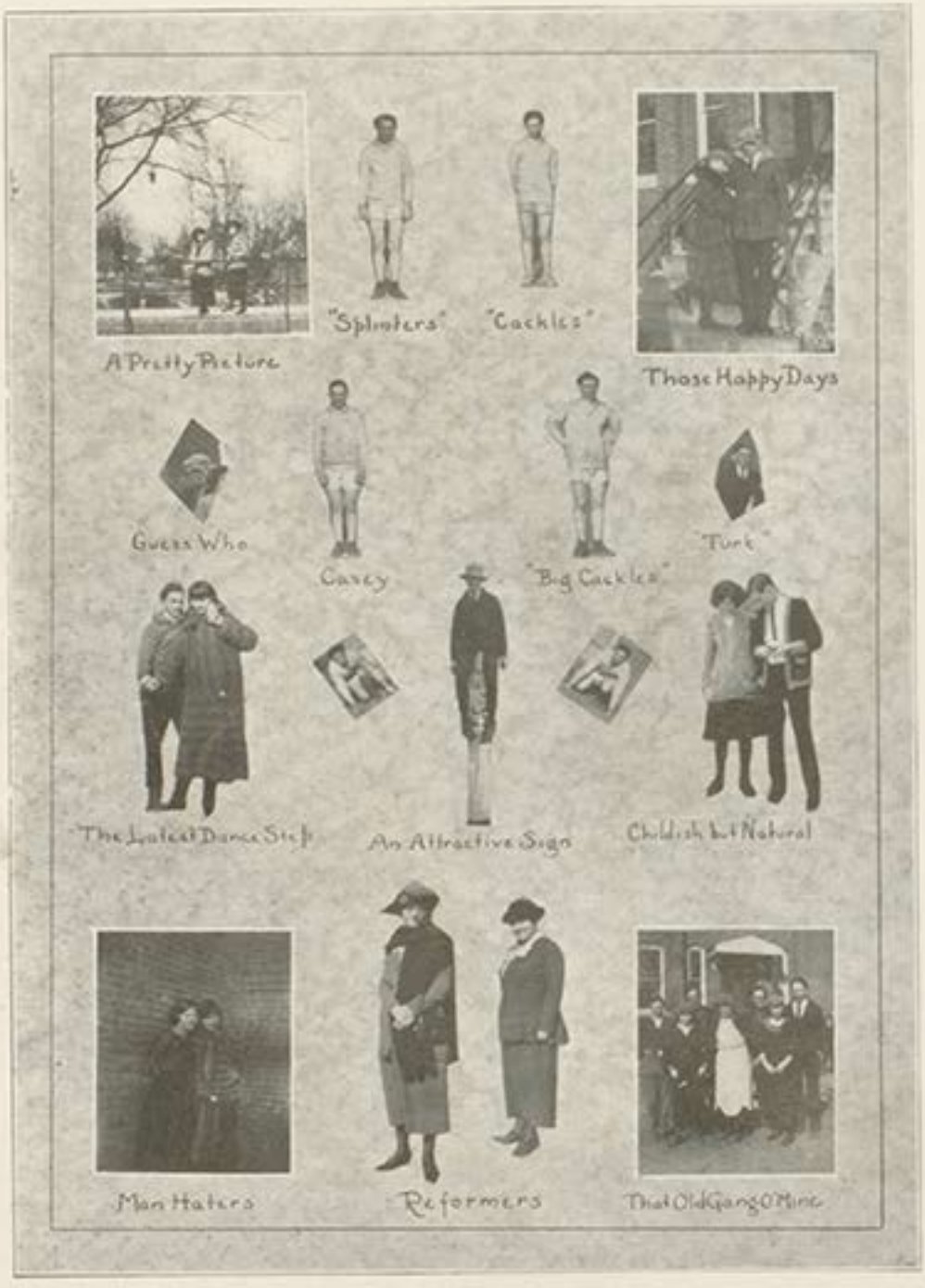
Miss G.—(leaping forward) "Defend yourself then."

(They struggle and Miss Smith is thrown.)

Miss S.—(wailing) "Oh, if I had not only stumbled." (An excuse.)

Miss G.—(with one foot placed on Miss Smith's chest.) "This to the tyrant autocrat, and to celebrate the fall of the mighty."

CURTAIN.


A Pretty Picture
"Splinters"
"Cackles"
Those Happy Days
Guess Who
Casey
"Big Cackles"
"Turk"
The Latest Dance Step
An Attractive Sign
Childish but Natural
Man Haters
Reformers
That Old Gang O' Mine

MUSIC

FIRST ROW—Paul Clem, Fred Bundy, Hazel Clawson, Marie Storm, Deana Swinford.
SECOND ROW—Glenn Bennett, Paul Bridges, Mildred Steele, Neva Rankin, Mr. Ready.

ORCHESTRA

And again our high school orchestra was a decided success under the able direction of Mr. Ready. It has added to the pleasure of many occasions in the old gym. Its music never failed to bring forth lots of applause from the audience. It is hoped that next year more students will find time to devote to this organization.

Gaylord—"How can I keep my toes from going to sleep?"
Clark—"Don't let them turn in."

* * * *

Omah B.—"I just love tomatoes."
Cobert—"I'm glad I'm not a tomato."

* * * *

Thelma—"But the women didn't take those intelligent tests you were speaking about."
Mr. Ready—"The average would have been lower if they had."

Righto

Miss Flachtemeier—"Can you tell me who succeeded Edward VI?"
Barton Lovins—"Mary."
Miss Flachtemeier—"And who followed Mary?"
Barton—"Her little lamb."

* * * *

Miss Flachtemeier—"What is the definition for mutual?"
Paul Herron—"Pertaining to one who is mute."

JUNIOR AND SENIOR GLEE CLUB

FIRST ROW—Juanita Rose, IvaDean Krummel, Esther Webb, Lottie Elliott, Neva Rankin, Ruth Cecil, Clara Smith.
SECOND ROW—Marie Storm, Daisy Rankin, Ola Elliott, Lucille Jones, Helen Smith, Opal Jackson, Genevieve Edwards.
THIRD ROW—Marcia Varner, Hazel Clawson, Ruth Wilson, Maude Storm, Mildred Clem, Mabel Jones, Ada Kirk, Alice Shadow.

BOYS' GLEE CLUB

FIRST ROW—Carlyle Simmons, Lawrence Gray, Carl Linder, Russell Boling.
SECOND ROW—Gilbert Clem, Paul Bridges, Rolla Bayless, Paul Herron, Ralph Neal.

GLEE CLUBS

Every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at almost any hour of the day, the ears of the students in the assembly are smitten with the sounds of sweet melody that come wafting their way up the stairs, through the windows and through any sizable crack in the floor. These same strains are coming from the throats of some of our own little "playmates;" for on these days Miss Garvin and her music classes take their vocal gymnastics.

There are three different Glee Clubs, but that's all right. You know variety is the spice of life.

The youngest Glee Club is the Freshmen-Sophomore girls. Their quaveringly sweet, young voices are beginning to steady themselves a little, and their future promises to be as great as the Junior-Senior girls have been this year.

These aforementioned Junior-Senior girls, after their three and four respective years of training (which was quite strenuous at times, judging from the sound) are almost all prospective prima donnas.

Last, but not least, comes Miss Garvin's pride and joy, the Boys' Glee Club. There is quite a collection of tenors, baritones, and basses in their bunch.

The combined clubs gave one concert and on April third gave The Pioneer's Papoose, an Indian operetta. The cast was:

Pioneer ..... Lawrence Gray
Prince Whiteface ..... Russell Boling
Chief Tomahawk ..... Glenn Bennett
Layemout ..... Carl Linder
Lightfoot ..... Paul Herron
Messenger ..... Rolla Bayless
Waltzie ..... Hazel Clawson
Bowbright ..... Daisy Rankin
Starshine ..... Opal Jackson
Moonfair ..... Ruth Cecil
Lillamush ..... Mildred Clem
Chorus of Braves ..... Boys' Glee Club
Chorus of Indian Maidens ..... Girl's Glee Club

WANTED

Wanted: A brilliant grammar class.—Miss Bake.
Wanted: A good excuse to visit Jobie's room each morning.—Genevieve E.
Wanted: A satisfactory "Cheer Leader."—Mr. Alexander.
Wanted: A quiet spot and most any girl.—Kenneth Boling.
Wanted: Alcohol that will not explode when a match is held over it.—Wilber Bence.
Wanted: The right to correct Miss Bake's grammar.—Cecil Jones.
Wanted: A way to get through school without studying.—Ernest Jones.
Wanted: Some one to help me chew my gum.—Vivian Harrmann.
Wanted: A wife just like Ruth Walker.—Jobie.
Wanted: A letter from Champaign every morning.—Corwin.
Wanted: A school of modest girls.—Miss Hartman.
Wanted: Free Lyceum tickets.—Miss Smith and Miss Flachtemeier.

FORTY MINUTES IN ENGLISH

Cast: Afternoon section of English IV.

Time of playing: Forty minutes.

Scene: Class room; seniors in their respective seats; jabbering by all; bell rings; seniors quiet down and Miss Bake begins discussion of "House of Seven Gables."

Miss B. (leaning comfortably back in her chair.)—"Hazel, what can you tell of Hepzibah's finances?"

Hazel (taken unawares)—"Why 'ere she was poor—a man offered to take her and —" (trails off out of reach of auditory nerves.)

Miss B.: "All right! Robert, what about the chickens?"

Robert: "Well, there was an old man—er, that's the way the author described it—and he had two wives—" (stops. Giggles from class.)

Russel waves hands nervously in air.

Miss Bake: "What is it Russel?"

Russel: "I don't like the book. The print is so fine that when I go to read it of a night I get so sleepy that I have to go to bed." (Class nods heads in agreement.)

Miss Bake: "Maybe you could find a book with larger—"

Lottie and Frances: "The House of Seven Gables and Scarlet Letter are awful." (Both bob heads furiously to give meaning to words.)

Thelma and Lucille (rising angrily from their seats like Indian warriors going forth to battle): "All of Hawthorne's works are so fine." (Especial emphasis on fine.)

Miss Bake: "I read the book ten years ago when I was as old as you."

Russel: "How old do you think we are? If a person read very many books like this they sure would be old."

Thelma: "I read this book when I was nine years old and I don't know as I am any older over it."

Russel (looking back at her): "Humph! Bet you didn't get any sense out of it."

Thelma (rather low): "Oh, I guess I did."

Robert: "I can get about as much sense out of this by reading it backwards." (Restrained laughter becomes uncontrolable.)

Bell rings.

Miss Bake: "You'd better study your lesson for tomorrow."

—B. M., '24.

Fresh From the Orient

Neva—"We have a dandy High School yell now."

Maurine—"What is it?

Neva—"We give the names of four Japanese battleships, a siss-boom-ah; and then two Chinese Generals."

* * * *

Mr. Dunscomb—"Do any of the girls want the initial on their rings changed to their last initial?"

Ruth Walker—"No. We might want to change our last name some time."

A Freshman's head is full of air,
Of air so hot and breezy;
A Sophomore's head is full of naught,
Of naught but take life easy;
A Junior's head is full of love,
Of love you get at High school;
A Senior's head is full of brains,
A greater amount of knowledge.

* * * *

Joke Ed to publisher—"I suppose you're familiar with my Jokes?"

Publisher—"Oh, yes. I was familiar with them before you were born."

SOCIAL

FRESHMAN INITIATION

The first of the social activities in the W. C. H. S. was the initiating of the Freshmen into the ways of this wicked world, by the sophisticated Sophomores.

The poor innocents came to the gymnasium on Friday night, September 17th. But be it said to their credit that they were nearly all here, proving that they were all blessed with dauntless courage.

After an evening of torments and tortures they were quite ready to go home.

That is, they went home after the Sophomores had

"Fed them some broth without any bread,
And spanked them all soundly,
And sent them to bed."

WIENER ROAST

Some of the enterprising young men of the W. C. H. S. planned a wiener roast to be in Lovins' pasture. They showed their gencrosity by inviting the whole school. The school showed their generosity by going and taking wieners, marshmallows and buns.

The "eats" didn't last very long so the crowd didn't either. Everyone left rather early and came back to town to go to the show or anyplace else they happened to think of that was within the radius of fifteen miles. It was at this gathering that Miss Bake was taken snipe hunting.

BASKET BALL CONTEST PARTY

The winning side of the basket-ball-ticket-contest, led by Vivian Edwards and Corwin Hamilton, was given a party in November in the gymnasium.

All sorts of "kid" games and a few others were played. The winning side however was treated with great respect and given a place all to themselves.

The refreshments were sandwiches, cake and cocoa.

JUNIOR CLASS PARTY

The Juniors, having grown tired of the hum-drum life of school, had a little party all their own on the night of January 9th.

Miss Gustafson and Mr. Dunscomb "chsperoned" the bunch.

It was said to be an unusually successful party and every one had an unusually good time. But isn't it only natural that a bunch of Juniors could have a good time? Especially when they could eat fruit salad, sandwiches and cake to their heart's content.

JUNIOR-SENIOR BANQUET, 1923

The Junior-Senior banquet given on May 6th, 1923, to the "sober Seniors" and "faultless Faculty" was one of the most sumptuous affairs of the season.

The decorations were lovely. The idea of a Japanese garden was carried out through the evening, in the menu, programme 'never'thing.

The Seniors said it was the best banquet the Juniors had ever given them.

SENIOR LEAP YEAR PARTY

We Senior girls decided to show the Senior boys how real courting is done in leap year, so we invited them to a party on Feb. 6th. Nearly everyone accepted, although several seemed to think they knew all about the question at hand and stayed peacefully at home.

We took a chance and drew names for partners to escort to the school house. After we had drawn names we marched bravely into Rose's Restaurant and rushed the wild-eyed young men to the school house. In spite of Miss Bake's frequent admonition to them to at least act like ladies, they frequently forgot themselves.

To make a long story shorter, after we had arrived at the school house safely, we arranged ourselves in a circle in the middle of the floor. We talked over with all of the boys such questions as "Who should get breakfast every morning, you or me?" and "How often would you expect your relation to come and visit you?" and "How many nights a week would you expect to be away from home." No serious disputes arose and this went off peaceably.

After they were given a lesson in "spooning" while eating pink ice cream hearts and cake, they were each given a diploma. These diplomas certified that the boys had been given a degree in "necking" from the "Petting School."

We hope the boys profited by the lessons given.

SOPHOMORE VALENTINE PARTY

On the Saturday night after Saint Valentine's Day, the Sophomores had a little party all their own.

Miss Hartman had planned the games and the feed. And, oh! That feed. They said they had more fun at eating than at anything else, but none of them could quite remember what they did have to eat.

There was quite a shortage of boys so it made the contests (such as The Heart Hunt) more thrilling. However they all were proud of themselves for having such a party, as well they might be.

BASKET BALL PARTIES

—1—

The Basket Ball boys were "fed up" on oyster soup at Mr. and Mrs. Dean Garrett's on Tuesday night after the Findlay game. Ernie Jones showed inclinations of turning to an oyster before the evening was over. Everyone enjoyed themselves, however.

—2—

After the glorious victory in the Moultrie County Tournament, Mrs. Garrett again entertained the boys by giving them a chicken supper. From all appearances this was the most entertaining thing that could be done.

—3—

Although a former Pana-ite, Rusty Neal showed his appreciation of Windsor's superior team by giving them a banquet at Rose's Restaurant a few days after the Pana victory.

—4—

Mrs. Roy Bowen invited the team to a waffle supper at their home on March 12th. This change of diet was duly appreciated, as was plainly shown by the score they ran up—of waffles. They used the best team work of all the season. After supper they played cards and had some music.

COACH'S BANQUET

Joseph Dunscomb, the proud coach of the noted Windsor basket ball team, invited them and the yell leader, Neva Rankin, to a banquet at his home on March 29th. Eleven of the squad were there but the twelfth, "Big Cackle" Robertson, was entirely too much "puffed up" with mumps, to associate with the others.

Mrs. Dunscomb, with the help of two of the Senior girls, viz. Genevieve Edwards and Ruth Walker, served an excellent three course dinner.

After dinner they spent the rest of the evening in talking, playing games and maybe gossiping a little. You never can tell.

DINNER DANCE

To quote Casey, the captain of the team, "It was honestly just like the movies." The "it" he referred to was the dinner dance given in Munson's hall by some of the

business men's wives on April Fool's night. Casey was right. Although I think they all enjoyed the real thing more than if they had only seen it in the movies. Even Patterson and Jones were induced to "trip the light fantastic" from 7:00 o'clock until 12:00.

The dancers all had to wear paper dunce caps of blue and gold. The decorations were of blue and gold also.

BUSINESS MEN'S BANQUET

Not to be out-done by the fairer and weaker sex, the business men got up a banquet for the basket ball boys, the coach and the yell leader, Neva Rankin. This was given at the M. E. church. The Methodist ladies were given the honor of displaying their culinary achievements, and about one hundred and ten of the population of Windsor were given the honor of devouring these said achievements.

The girls of the Anti-Can't and Booster classes did the serving.

THEATRE PARTIES

The boys were several times the guests of W. B. Richards at the Electric Theatre. The "little boy" has been more often the guest, however, than the other eleven.

JUNIOR-SENIOR BANQUET, 1924

Some time in May, I know not when (but speed the day!) the Juniors are going to give the graduating class of '24 a banquet which they are striving to make a more pronounced success than the one in '23.

Success to them! They will deserve it.

—H. J. R.

FRESHMAN PARTY

Sufficient unto themselves, the Freshmen, under chaperonage of Miss Flachtemeier, Miss Smith and Miss Hartman, had a party in the gymnasium.

They played games awhile, had a wonderful time, and ate ice cream and cake.

'Nuff sed.

CALENDAR

SEPTEMBER

1. Registration day.
4. First classes. Freshies green as ever.
5. Viola Munson got lost on the streets.
6. Boom bang! Orchestra practice.
11. Fire! Fire! Hurry! Hurry! Hold tight. First fire drill.
12. Lost hair! Marcia Varner and Ora Fritz.
13. Visitors from Stewardson.
14. French class played fruit basket turnover.
15. Whack! Whack! Miss Flachtemeier's hair.
19. Corwin lonesome. Beulah visiting in Champaign.
20. Orchestra practice. Each played according to his own sweet will.
21. Community chicken fry.
26. Shelbyville fair. Did you have your picture taken?
27. Miss Bake says the English IV class has great imagination.
28. The Freshmen English class was kept until 5:40 by Miss Flachtemeier.

OCTOBER

2. Marie Storm brought her empty violin case to practice in the orchestra.
3. Maude S. informs Mr. Ready that she wouldn't believe him if he told her she made excellent grades in American History.
4. Pop! Whack! Miss Flachtemeier be careful of that paddle. Poor boy!
8. Hooky five return from air races at St. Louis.
10. Miss Hartman and Arthur Morford have a collision in the Assembly hall.
12. Holiday. Teachers' institute.
17, 18, 19. Seniors have pictures taken. Did you ever see such beauties?
22. Rumors are that Miss Smith is looking for a house.
23. Physics test. Easy as usual.
24. Speeches. Clarence Robb told of the joke bottle and Genevieve Edwards told the boys that the girls were going to take boxes for them at the box supper.
25. The French classes gave an entertainment in the assembly.
26. Box supper. Miss Bake was voted on for being the most popular young lady. She lost.
30. Barton Lovins dropped a note at Ruth Linvill's feet as he passed. Probably accidental.
31. Contest. The school is divided into four groups to see which one can sell the most Basket Ball tickets. Each group seems to be going to win.

NOVEMBER

5. American History test. Two questions.
6. Mr. Ready is fixing the radio. We hope it gives as much service as it did last year.
7. B. B. contest ends. Two groups tie, one having the most money and the other selling the most tickets.
8, 9. Quarterly exams. Each student seemed to know everything.
9. The Seniors decide to give a Lyceum course.
12. Speech. Mr. Ready tells us the meaning of Armistice Day.
13. The town is canvassed by the Seniors to obtain pledges for the Lyceum course.
14. Pictures were taken of all the classes, glee clubs, B. B. boys, etc.
17. The two groups which lost in the sale of B. B. tickets entertained the winners at a party.
23. No school. Teachers' meeting at Champaign.
23. Kodak Week ends. The pictures are to be put in the Annual.
28. School dismissed at the end of the second period. No school the rest of the week.
29. Flowers were sent to Alta Reynolds, who was operated on for appendicitis.
30. Miss Gustafson's birthday. She was put under the bed by Miss Smith, Miss Bake, Miss Flachtemeier and Miss Edwards.

DECEMBER

4. First number of Lyceum course. Mr. Weaver, the chalk artist, was here.
6. Fountain pen found. Owner may have the same by paying the proper reward.
11. Thomas R. failed to wait until he was dismissed to visit with Ruth L. Miss Smith shortens the visit.
12. History IV class had a perfect lesson. All right, so much for that.
13. B. B. girls of W. C. H. S. are defeated by the Prairie girls.
18. Miss Smith's birthday. She was a recipient of a pair of ear rings and a pair of pearl beads all from the 10-cent store.
19. Neva Rankin and Don Walden give accounts of their enjoyable trips to Effingham.
20. High School Concert by members of the Glee Clubs.

21. Arrival of part of the Senior rings.
22. Girls decide to send rings back.
24. Seniors present Mr. Dunscomb and Miss Bake Christmas presents.
24-31. No school.
31. School work resumed.

JANUARY

7. Ruth Augenstine forgot to go to History class.
9. Mr. Ready had such a lot of History IV notebooks that he had to bring them in Mary Ellen's little wagon. It needs a little oil.
10. Juniors had a party in the gym.
11. New set of rules installed. They go rather hard with some.
12. Neva Rankin had booklets containing the school songs and yells published and all ball fans are purchasing them.
15, 16. Exams. Everyone down hearted.
19. Everyone relieved.
20. More rules. No one is safe if they even stand up.
30. Ernie's mustache is 5 da. old today.
31. A visitor at school. Mr. Alexander gave it a royal welcome by picking it up by the neck and carrying it down stairs.

FEBRUARY

1. Pep meeting in the gym.
3. John Edwards missed the seat in Physics.
4. Mr. Ready left for the Hospital at Jefferson Barracks. Mrs. Ready teaches Civics and Clarence Robb teaches Manual Training.
5. Senior girls entertain the Senior boys at a leap year and Valentine party.
6. Killsm, the Indian, visited here.
7. Seniors choose their invitations.
12. Mr. Alexander gave a talk before the Assembly concerning Lincoln.
20. Mr. Ready is back on duty.
21. Notice: Ernie's mustache is dead.
22. Paul Duncan, '27, is ordered to leave the class room by Miss Flatchtemeier. Miss Smith hears it, meets him at the door and jerks him by the collar all the way to his seat.
25. Civics test. Show the Seniors are exceptionally smart.
26. Seniors give a minstrel and play.
27. Paul Moberley learns to do what Miss Smith tells him to.
29. Sewing club organized.

MARCH

11. Opal Quigle bobs her hair.
14, 15. Several of the Seniors take the teachers' examination at Shelbyville and Sullivan.
17. Mr. Alexander (went to sleep?) and was about fifteen minutes late to Physics class.
18. Orchestra practice. First in six months.
20. The Basket Ball squad elected Chick Webb captain for next year.
20, 21. Exams. Teachers shocked that we knew so much. Just ask Ready.
21. The B. B. team went to Champaign to attend the state tournament.
22. Last number of the Lyceum course. The Marimba Players entertained.
24. Mr. Alexander was absent in the forenoon on account of sickness.
25. Civics exam returns. Grades average F.

SENIOR CLASS PLAY "ASSISTED BY SADIE"

HARRIET Carley, a young society girl, has fallen in to the clutches of a Spanish adventurer and his wife, and to aid them claims to have lost a valuable pearl necklace in hope of realizing the insurance on them.

Alonzo Dow, a young millionaire, is suspected of the theft, but Sadie Brady, a stenographer, is the one who clears up this baffling mystery and thus wins the heart of Dow.

CHARACTERS

Alonzo Dow, the mystery ..... Clarence Robb
Michael Cameron, the detective ..... Corwin Hamilton
Colonel Jenniver, the manager ..... Kenneth Boling
Reginald Null, the millionaire ..... Russel Boling
Doctor Beedle, the professor ..... Theodore Hartsell
Bunch, the bellboy ..... Kenneth Baker
Sadie Brady, the stenographer ..... Genevieve Edwards
Mrs. C. Christopher, the dowager ..... Opal Quigle
Harriet Carley, the stepdaughter ..... Ruth Wilson
Senora Gonzalis, the adventuress ..... Frances Hood
Vicky Vaughn, the debutante ..... Juanita Rose
Mrs. Quinn, the maid ..... Thelma Ross

COMMENCEMENT WEEK PROGRAM

May 22. Junior-Senior Banquet.
May 25. Baccalaureate sermon by Rev. E. U. Smith at M. E. Church.
May 27. Senior Class Play, "Assisted by Sadie."
May 29. Commencement. Address by Dr. Lyman, University of Chicago.

What Did You See?

One of the high school teachers saw a Sophomore boy and a Freshman girl, who were very much in love, enjoying an innocent kiss, at the foot of the stairs.

Immediately after the lecture on reforms Eugene Jackson and Evelyn Janes were seen sitting within arm's length.

J. G. saw two men arrive on a western bound freight train. The men were affectionately received by a feminine member of the high school faculty.

Everyone saw the notice on the bulletin board which read: "Harold Nichols, dealer in hugs and kisses; one trial is convincing."

Immediately after the measurement for caps and gowns, someone saw Maude Storm come in and look up Omah Barnett's measurements.

* * * *

Minister—"My mission is to save men."

Viola Munson—"Then save one for me, won't you?"

JOKES

At Dawn

Theodore—"I worked on that problem until 3 this morning."

Opal Q—"And did you get it then?"

Theodore—"It began to dawn on me."

* * * *

A Recitation consists of rising slowly, leisurely removing a large piece of chewing gum from the mouth, put hands in the pockets, then say in a low, clear and confident tone: "I don't know."

* * * *

Recitation is the science of bluffing.

* * * *

A teacher is a many sided polygon and equal to anything.

* * * *

Zero plus Zero equals Flunk.

* * * *

Deep wisdom—Swelled Head—
Brain fever—He's dead.
A Senior.
False fair one—Hope fled—
Heart busted—He's dead.
A Junior.
Went skating; 'tis said—
Floor bumped him—He's dead.
A Sophomore.
Milk famine—Unfed—
Starvation—He's dead.
A Freshman.

* * * *

Miss Bake—"Tomorrow we shall take the life of Hawthorne."

Cecil Jones—"How? Gas, electricity or gallows?"

* * * *

Mrs. Ready—"When do you usually have your Literary Digest assignment for Friday's lesson?"

Lottie—"Mr. Ready never assigned us topics until the Literary Digests come."

* * * *

A Centurion?

Mr. Dunscomb—"What do you know about the present system of plantations?"

Otto Tietze—"I don't know about plantations now, but I was reading before the Civil War about them."

Leap Year

Marcia (at meeting of Senior girls before the leap year party—"Miss Bake, how are we supposed to ask the boys to go with us?"

* * * *

Phenomenon

Mr. Alexander—"What is the effect of lead on water?"

Clara R.—"It sinks."

* * * *

Eyes

Kenneth B—"Why are you always looking at the stars?"

Wilber—"Didn't you ever notice how they resemble Ruth Walker's eyes?"

* * * *

Mr. Dunscomb (discussing methods of communication)—"Can you think of any other method of communication?"

Edward Webb—"Eyes."

* * * *

Mr. Ready (in Civics)—"The judges of the supreme court hold office for life or what?"

Ernest Jones—"Or as long as they live."

* * * *

Harold Nichols—"Can a person be punished for anything they haven't done?"

Miss Gustafson—"No."

Harold—"Well, I haven't done my Geometry."

* * * *

Miss Bake—"What is a charnal house?"

Paul Duncan—"A burying place."

Miss Bake—"What kind of people are buried there?"

Paul—"Dead ones."

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Mr. Alexander—"It is the law of gravity that keeps us on this earth."

John Clawson—"How did we stick on before that law was passed?"

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Senior—"Where do Freshmen spend their week ends?"

Wiser—"Under their caps."

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Wiser—"Under their caps."

Don't Doctor The Ink!

Senior—"Who made this fancy ink well?"

Freshie—"Search me. I didn't even know it was sick."

* * * *

Blissful Ignorance

Mr. Ready (listening over radio)—"We would get better service if the batteries weren't run down."

Miss Bake—"Oh, my, but can't you wind them up?"

* * * *

Wilda Grider, telling about the life of Stephenson, stammered on date of birth.

Miss Flachtemeier—"Never mind your dates; I don't care anything about them."

* * * *

Margaret Tull—"My initials are exactly like my pocket book."

Peachie Richards—"How's that?"

Margaret—"Always M. T."

* * * *

Principal looks out of window;
Sees dog.
Editor looks out of window;
Dog gone.

* * * *

Coach, to B. B. players—"Did you take a shower bath?"

A Sophomore—"No. Is one missing?"

* * * *

Miss Smith—"You're charged with grinning and winking."

Kenneth Baker (in a flight of oratory)—"Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn. I am not so debased as Poe; so profligate as Byron; so ungrateful as Keats; so intemperate as Burns; so timid as Tennyson; so——."

Miss Smith—"That will do. You shall be excused from your first class. I'll take those names down and round them up. They're almost as bad as you."

* * * *

Ear Marks

Daisy—"The latest hair cut is straight back, and then the girls wear ear rings so's to tell the girls from the boys."

Why of Course

Ruth Wilson—"If those boys win that tournament, I'll kiss every one of them."

Jobe Dunscomb—"Will that include the coach?"

* * * *

When Dad Comes in Door—

Lauren—"Do you believe love ever flies out the window?"

Ruth A.—"I know it. Sunday Virgil stayed too late and Dad didn't take the trouble to open the door."

* * * *

Birth Stones

Freshman—Emerald.
Sophomore—Blarney Stone.
Junior—Grind Stone.
Senior—Tomb Stone.

* * * *

S. O. S. for Jacksonville

Miss Flachtemeier (in History)—"You can use your notes this time, but I want you to learn to talk out of your heads as soon as possible."

* * * *

Marie—"IvaDean has such a pretty ring."

Bertha—"Yes, she has. You can get two of those rings for a quarter and still have a nickel left."

* * * *

Alva Patterson—"What set are you on in Bookkeeping, Milton?"

Don Walden—"I'm on set still."

* * * *

Those Poor Men!

Frances—"What is your opinion of these women who imitate men?"

Robert—"They're idiots."

Frances—"Well, then the imitation is a success."

* * * *

Before Exams

Lord God of Hosts was with us not;
Lest we forget, lest we forget!

* * * *

After Exams

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

Inquisitiveness

Miss Smith—"Don't ask so many questions, Carlyle. Curiosity killed a cat."

Carlyle—"What did the cat want to know?"

* * * *

Eugene (John E. had just fallen off a chair)—"Did you fall, John?"

John—"No. I just leaned over to pick a strawberry."

* * * *

Cobert—"Do you know what I can do to make these shoes sqit squeaking?"

Ruth C.—"Sure. Take them off."

* * * *

Personal

Hazel—"I'm going to sue Miss Bake for libel."

Clara S.—"What for? What has she done?"

Hazel—"She wrote on my English theme, 'You have bad relatives and antecedents.'"

* * * *

Corwin (starting on a new chapter)—"What does LXX stand for?"

Genevieve—"Love and kisses, of course."

* * * *

Mr. Ready—"That was a good recitation, Lucile. Has anybody anything to add on the life of Clay?"

Russell Boling—"Yes. He died."

* * * *

Opal Walker—"What made the tower of Pisa lean?"

Maud Storm—"I don't know. If I did I'd take some myself."

* * * *

Miss Smith (with Bryan Smith by the collar)—"I believe Satan himself has got a hold of you."

Bryan—"I believe so myself."

* * * *

Opal Jackson—I am continually breaking into a song."

Edward Webb—"If you'd ever get the key, you wouldn't have to break in."

Doris Hartsell—"Yesterday was Longfellow's birthday and another long fellow's birthday."

Beulah Gordon—"Is Theodore's name Longfellow?"

Doris—"No, but he is a long fellow."

* * * *

Miss Hartman—"Translate this: boni legas Caesaris."

Velma—"The bony legs of Caesar."

* * * *

IvaDean—"I heard a woman singing, 'I would I were a bird.' A man in the audience said, 'I would you were a box of axle grease.'"

Omah F.—"What did the man mean by saying a box of axle grease?"

Juanita—"Well, you know axle grease stops screeching."

* * * *

The Verbalist

Alva saw a girl walking down the street. She was of course feminine. As she was singular he became nominative. He walked across to her. As she was not objective they became plural. They walked home together. Her mother was accusative, and he became imperative. Her brother was an indefinite article. Her sister was demonstrative. He began talking of the future and she changed the subject. He kissed her and she became objective. Her father was present and Alva became a past participle.

* * * *

Mr. Dunscomb—"Which is the most attractive, a ten-cent store window display or a display of ladies ready-to-wear garments?"

Casey Duncan—"I never stop to look at a ten-cent store window."

* * * *

Virginia (picking up lemon squeezer)—"Where does this squeezer go?"

Ora—"In the parlor."

* * * *

Miss Bake—"What kind of a word is measles?"

Clarence—"Contagious."

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