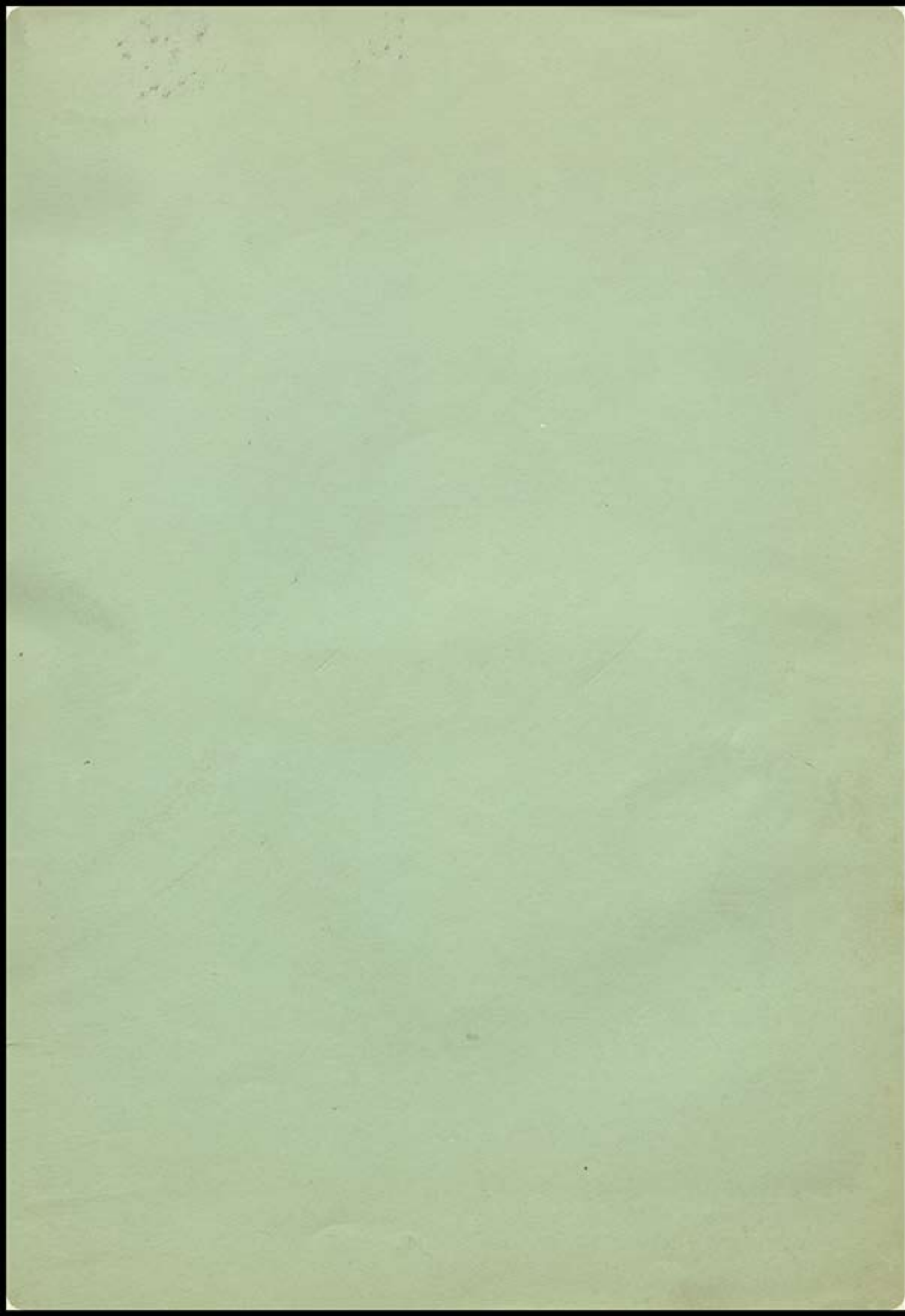
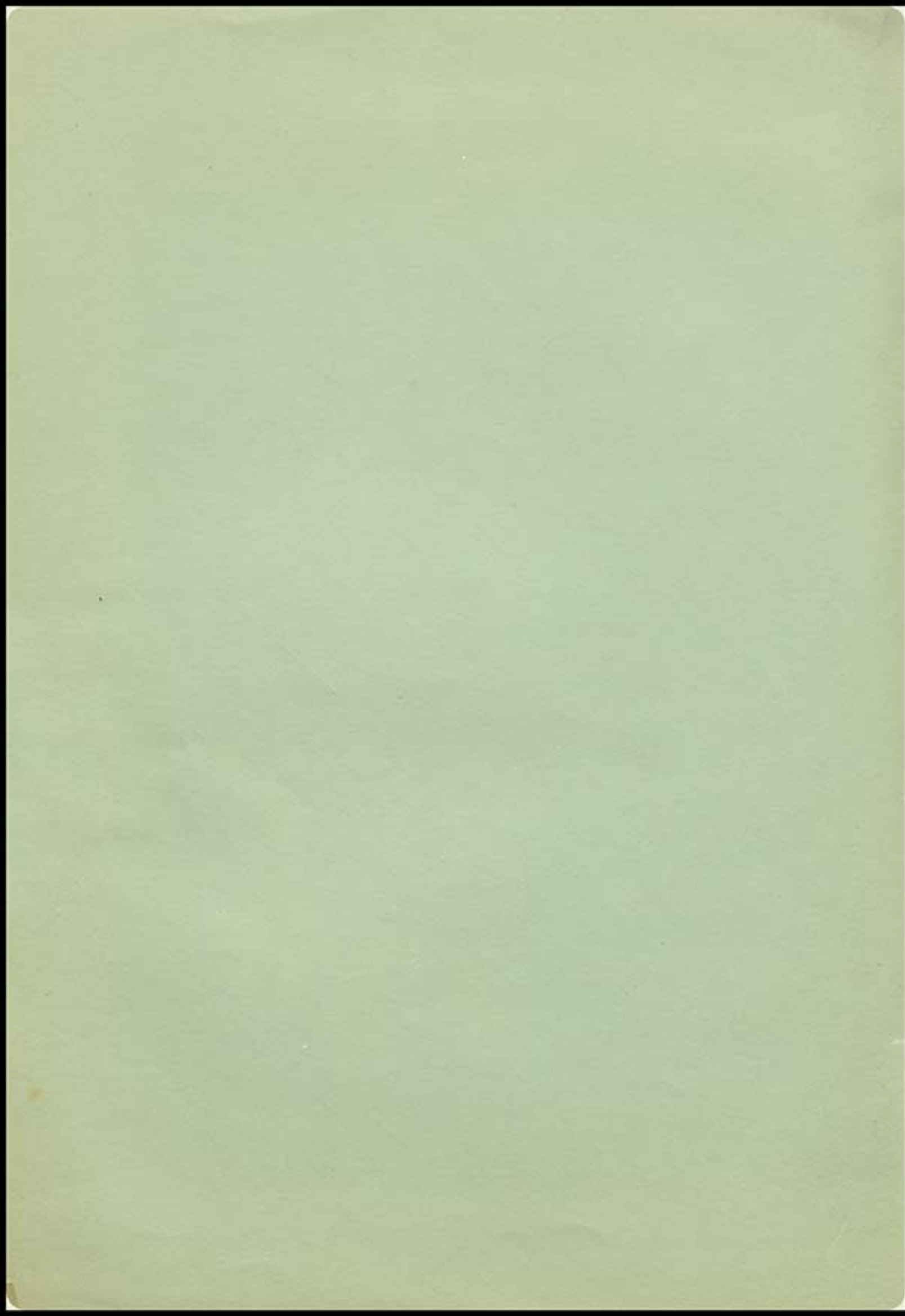


POW-WOW

1926







POW-WOW

NINETEEN HUNDRED TWENTY-SIX

VOLUME V

EDITED BY

SENIOR CLASS

WINDSOR COMMUNITY HIGH SCHOOL

FOREWORD

The class of '26 take pleasure in offering you this fifth volume of Pow Wow. How well we have succeeded in our determined efforts to make this the best annual of the five must be decided by you. May this book serve to give you many a happy moment of reminiscence.

STAFF

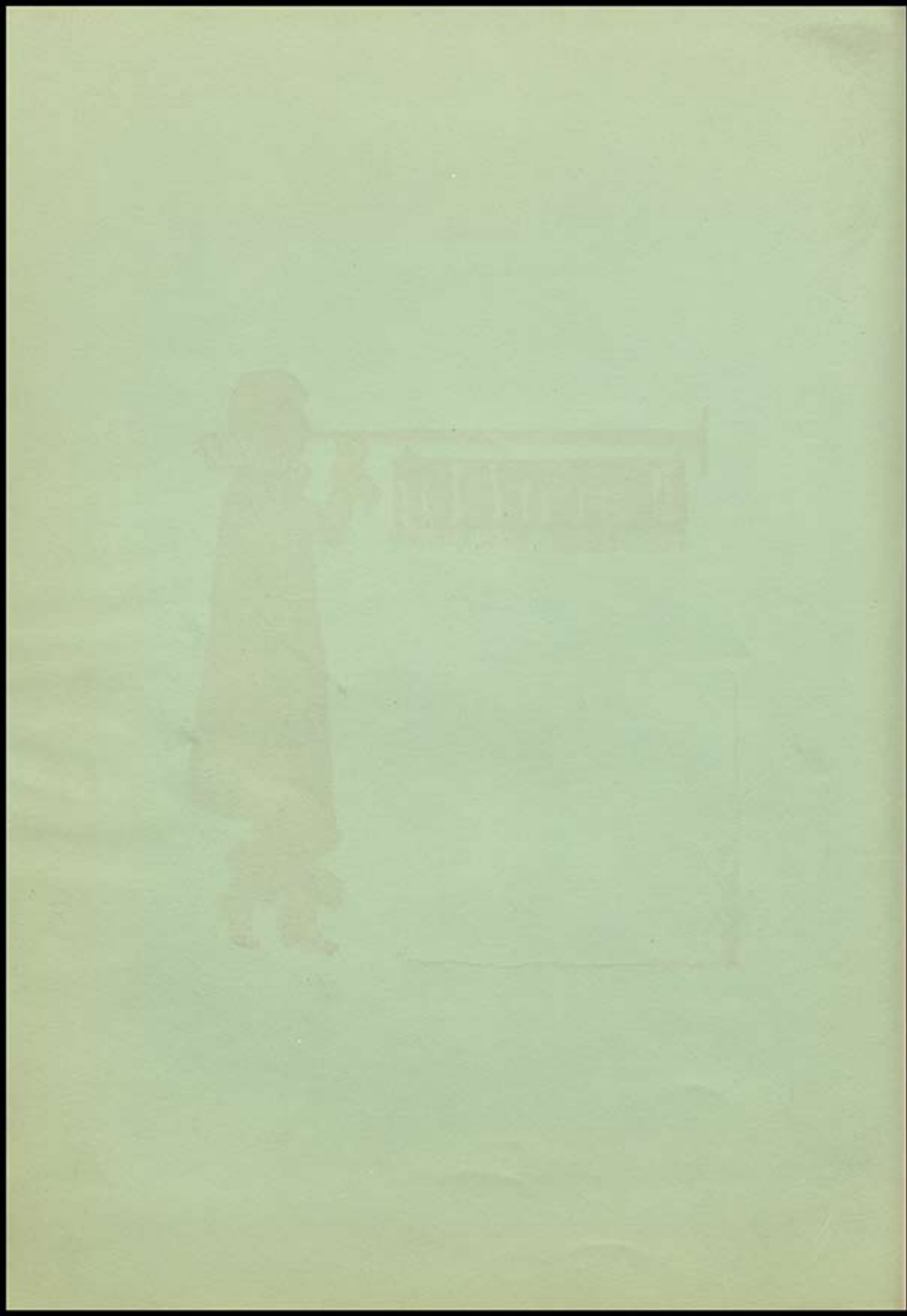
PAUL BRIDGES	Editor
MAURINE SPENCER	Assistant
HAROLD NICHOLS	Business Manager
EVELYN JANES	Assistant
RUTH RANKIN	Joke Editor
MARY ELIZABETH GILBERT	Calendar Editor
BEULAH GORDON	Literary Editor
VIVIAN EDWARDS	Art Editor
RALPH NEAL	Circulation Manager
RAYMOND ROBERTSON	Class President
MISS GUSTAFSON—MR. DUNSCOMB	Advisors



DEDICATION

Feeling that we, as a class, should bestow honor upon our team and feeling that such honor as we might give them is greatly deserved, we, the Senior class, take pride in dedicating this, the Fifth Volume of Pow Wow, to our District Champions.





WINDSOR COMMUNITY HIGH SCHOOL FACULTY, 1925-26



Taylor



Alexander



Stevenson



Dunscomb



Jordan



Hartman



Ready



Gustafson



Garvin



Bund

MR. ALEXANDER—A. B., A. M.

University of Illinois.

Here's to Mr. Alexander, may he long live to enjoy health, happiness, and prosperity.

We, the class of '26, hope that the choicest of blessings be his, for we owe him a great debt of gratitude. He has helped us through four years of trials and tribulations, has pardoned our faults, and praised our virtues. He has displayed patience and tact, but above all, wisdom, not only wisdom in books, but wisdom in human nature and the little things of life—a wisdom possessed by few.

We, the class of '26, hope that we may justify his faith in us and do credit to his teachings. We hope that, before his successful career has terminated, he will have one brilliant Physics class, just one; for we feel that it would be the last touch of perfection, the crowning jewel of his many achievements.

So now we bid him our last good-bye. We shall miss him greatly and always think of him with affection. We hope that in the years to come he will have just cause to remember with pride the class of '26.

—B. G. '26.

MISS TAYLOR, A. B.

University of Illinois.

We, the class of '26, feel that Miss Taylor deserves not a little praise for her more than heroic efforts in teaching the Freshies that x plus y doesn't equal z , and that positive and negative numbers are altogether different. She also deserves much praise for teaching the Sophs the difference between a chinchbug and a spider, and how to distinguish a dandelion from a violet.

She is the kind of teacher that is liked by everyone, and has won a friendly place in the hearts of us all.

—M. H. '26.

MR. DUNSCOMB, B. S.

Washington University.

He is coach and teacher of Commercial subjects in W. C. H. S. His appearance is one that appeals to everyone—even the ladies. He never has a harsh word for anyone, yet his word is law. He is one of the best liked instructors, a good friend, and in fact, an all around good fellow—that's Jobey.

—G. R. '26.

MR. READY, B. S.

Indiana State Normal.

We, the class of '26, deem it our duty, before leaving W. C. H. S., to give our able History and Civics teacher his due praise.

Sometimes we think he is harsh with us, but what would we do if we were he? He is always willing and never too busy to explain anything we ask. He always gives us an opportunity to ask questions every day before class.

We hope that sometime before he closes his teaching career, he will succeed in finding an ideal History and Civics class.

—R. S. '26.

MISS HARTMAN

Indiana Normal.

The Senior class of '26 would like to say a word for Miss Hartman. We feel that her teachings have not been in vain. We think that the members of the Sewing class have been convinced that fishworms and silkworms are not quite the same thing; and as for the members of the Cooking class, we believe that they will now be able to win their husbands through their culinary art.

Miss Hartman was our Freshman and Sophomore class advisor, and we wish to thank her for the help she has given us during that time.

It is being whispered that the Junior class is expecting to give the Senior class of '26 a banquet and Miss Hartman is to be the manager of it. We certainly wish her the best of success.

—I. S. '26.

MRS. DUNN, B. A.

University of Illinois.

Miss Katherine Burd came to us this term as a member of the faculty. Everyone fell in love with her. As a teacher, she is a good friend of the W. C. H. S. members. Boys and girls are at her door morning and noon, for they love her smile and sunny disposition.

Miss Burd gave us quite a shock when she returned after the Christmas vacation as Mrs. Allen Dunn, but the storm soon blew over.

To the Sophomores, Mrs. Dunn teaches Modern History. She is preparing the Seniors to become business managers by teaching them Shorthand and Typewriting. Public Speaking is also a subject taught, and I hear the Public Speaking class has achieved great wonders. Probably some day, in her old age, she may hear her students give great orations. Mrs. Dunn is a prominent member of the Orchestra.

We, the Seniors of '26, heartily wish her happiness and success in the future.

—L. R. '26.

MISS GUSTAFSON, A. B.

University of Illinois.

"Really and truly, now, don't you think that the Mathematics teacher is the most popular teacher that we ever had?"

This question was asked me by a very influential and unmarried business man. My answer was prompt and affirmative.

The class of '26 declare that she is their favorite. (Probably a few girls would make exceptions to this declaration.) The reason is obvious.

She was our Freshmen class advisor and at all times was very considerate of our shortcomings. Ever since then, she has been the Senior class advisor—no doubt because the Seniors get first choice.

We, the class of '26, leave the dear old school forever, but we take with us many pleasant memories, and the most prominent of these is the memory of that girlish figure which brightened the stern and grim Monster—The Faculty.

—H. C. '26.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE SIXTEEN)



Seniors



1890



G. PAUL BRIDGES

Editor of Pow-Wow, Glee Club (1-2-3-4), "Love Pirates of Hawaii" (1) "Pioneer's Papoose" (2) "Gypsy Rover" (3) "Polished Pebbles" (4) "All a Mistake" (3) "Good Evening, Clarice" (4) Orchestra (1-2-3-4) Basket Ball (3-4).

"Jack"

VIVIAN LOUISE EDWARDS

Art Editor of Pow-Wow, "Love Pirates of Hawaii" (1), "Pioneer's Papoose" (2), "Gypsy Rover" (3), "Polished Pebbles" (4), "All a Mistake" (3), "Good Evening, Clarice" (4), Glee Club (1-2-3-4), Girls' Basket Ball (1-2-3-4).

MAURINE SPENCER

Assistant Editor of Pow-Wow '26, Glee Club (1-2-3), "Love Pirates of Hawaii" (1) "Pioneer's Papoose" (2), "The Gypsy Rover" (3).

KENNETH YORK

Entered from Strasburg High School, Junior Secretary, Senior Vice-President, "Yimmy Johnson's Yob" (2), "Home Acres" (3) Basket Ball (2-3-4).

"Kennie"

RAYMOND ELLIS ROBERTSON "Big Cackles"
Freshman President, Senior President, Glee Club (3), Orchestra (4), "Gypsy Rover" (3) Track (1-2), Basket Ball (1-2).

MARY ELIZABETH GILBERT "Liz"
Calendar Editor (4), Vice-President (3), "Love Pirates of Hawaii" (1), "The Gypsy Rover" (3), "Polished Pebbles" (4), "All a Mistake" (3), "Good Evening, Clarice" (4), Glee Club (1-3-4), Basket Ball (4).

EVELYN O. JONES

Assistant Business Manager Pow-Wow, Glee Club (1-2-3-4), "Love Pirates of Hawaii" (1), "Pioneer's Papoose" (2), "Gypsy Rover" (3), "Polished Pebbles" (4), "All a Mistake" (3), Basket Ball (1-2).

"Evangeline"

ARLAND NIHISER

Basket Ball (2-3-4), "All a Mistake" (3), "Good Evening, Clarice" (4), Track (3-4).

"Bus"

HAROLD NICHOLS

Business Manager Pow-Wow, Sophomore president, Junior president, "All a Mistake" (3), Glee Club (1), Basket Ball (3-4), Track (4).

"Jitney"

RUTH VIRGINIA RANKIN

"Love Pirates of Hawaii", "Polished Pebbles" Glee Club (1-4), Art Club, Joke Editor, Basket Ball, Secretary-Treasurer (2).

"Buttercup"





INEZ STORM

"Love Pirates of Hawaii" (1), "Pioneer's Papoose" (2), "The Gypsy Rover" (3), "Polished Pebbles" (4), Glee Club (1-2-3-4).

"Shorty"

HOWARD KEARNEY

Entered from Strasburg High School '25, President (3), "Home Acres" (3), Basket Ball (2-3-4), Captain (5).

"Irish"

BERTHA HAZEL SMITH

"Pioneer's Papoose", Glee Club (1-2-3)

"Shugs"

ELIZABETH ROSE JACKSON

"Pioneer's Papoose" (2), Glee Club (2).

"Liz"

RALPH NEAL

Circulation Manager Pow-Wow, "Love Pirates of Hawaii" (1), "Pioneer's Papoose" (2), "Gypsy Rover" (3), "Polished Pebbles" (4), Glee Club (1-2-3-4).

"Bobby"

GERALD T. ROSE

Basket Ball (4), Track (1-2-3).

"Bo"

STELLA MAUD JONES

"Love Pirates of Hawaii" (1), "Gypsy Rover" (3), "Polished Pebbles" (4), Glee Club (1-2-3-4), Basket Ball (1-3-4).

"Stelly"

LETHA L. LINDER

Entered from Sullivan '23, "Pioneer's Papoose" (2), "Gypsy Rover" (3), "Polished Pebbles" (4), Glee Club (1-2-3-4), Chorus (1), Girls' Basket Ball, Aeolian Society (1).

"Bill"

VIVIAN ELIZABETH HARRMANN

"Love Pirates of Hawaii", "Polished Pebbles", Glee Club (1-2-4), Art Club, Girls' Basket Ball.

"Viv"

AUBREY WALDEN

Basket Ball (4).

"Aub"





PAUL BENTON MOBERLEY

"All a Mistake" (3), Cheer Leader (4).

"Sod"

NEVA ETHYL BENCE

Hawaii" (1), "Gypsy Rover" (3), "Polished Pebbles" (1), Glee Club (1-3).

"Bency"

DEANA ILENE SWINFORD

"Love Pirates of Hawaii" (1), "Pioneer's Papples" (4), Glee Club (1-2-3-4), "Good Evening, Clarice" (4), Orchestra (1-2-3-4).

"Deanie"

FRED EDMONDS

Entered from Gays '25, Junior President at Gays, Basket Ball (3).

NORMAN F. SHERWOOD

Entered from Lakewood '25, Treasurer (1-2), "Hurry, Hurry, Hurry" (3), "Polished Pebbles" (4), Glee Club (4).

"Shortie"

ELIZABETH MAYE STORM

"Betty"

OPAL RUTH SEXSON

Glee Club (1), Girls' Basket Ball (1-2).

"Miss"

DONALD ROZENE

Entered from Stewardson '24, Basket Ball (1-2-3-4), Base Ball (2).

"Rosy"

ROY E. RENSHAW

Entered from Strasburg '25, "Home Acres" (3), Basket Ball (3-4).

GRACE SHELTON (GOETZ)

Left school in December.





FLORENCE JUHNKE

RALPH ROBERTSON "Cackles"
Basket Ball (1-2-3-4), Captain (4), Track (1-3-4),
"Good Evening, Clarice" (4).

CLIFFORD HARDER

"Caesar" BEULAH GORDON
Literary Editor Pow-Wow, "All a Mistake" (3).

LETHA CORDELIA RAWLINGS
Glee Club (1).

"Lee" GILBERT CLEM "Gib"
"Love Pirates of Hawaii" (1), "Pioneer's Papoose"
(2), "Gypsy Rover" (3), "Polished Pebbles"
(4), Glee Club (1-2-3-4).

HUGH RAY TULL

"Razor" MARY ELIZABETH FREELAND "Skinney"
"Love Pirates of Hawaii" (1), "Pioneer's
Papoose" (2), "Gypsy Rover" (3), "Polished
Pebbles" (4), Glee Club (1-2-3-4).

ROSE GODDARD

JAMES OTTO TIETZE "Abbie"
Basket Ball (3), "Never Touched Me" (3).





DORIS JUANITA HARTSELL
Art Club (1).

NELLIE SIMMONS
Entered from Gays High School '25.

OLIN PHIPPS
Entered from Gays '24.

"Mike" FRED ERWIN WALKER
Basket Ball (2-3-4).

"Junior"

MILDRED JANE BELL
Entered from Gays High School '26, "Ruth in a
Rush" (1), Glee Club (3).

"Dumbell" MARY HART

HERBERT AUSTIN CLAWSON

"Curly" B. CLIFFORD STILAEOWER
Entered from Strasburg '25, "Home Acres" (3),
Basket Ball (2-3-4).

MARGARETTE ELIZABETH TULL
"Love Pirates of Hawaii" (1), "Gypsy Rover" (3),
Glee Club (1-2-3), Basket Ball (1).

DAISY PAULINE SWINFORD
"Love Pirates of Hawaii" (1), "Gypsy Rover" (3),
"Polished Pebbles" (4), Art Club (1), Glee
Club (1-3-4).





DOROTHY HELEN NICHOLS
W. C. H. S., 23, Postgraduate.

JOHN F. WALL
Basket Ball (1), Track (1-4).

"Pad" OLIVE FERGUSON
Special student.

FACULTY

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE EIGHT)

MISS JORDAN, B. A. Monmouth College.

We, the Seniors, wish to introduce to you Miss Jordan, the lady with the well developed voice for speaking above the mumbling and outbursts of titters from the well behaved Senior English class. She also has a very winning way about her most frequent outbursts of anger. At times, she becomes very furious with her most brilliant Seniors and starts out to give us a severe scolding, but before she gets through with her speech, our sweet and innocent faces convince her that we are not at all deserving of such, so she ends with a sweet forgiving little smile.

Everything has gone smoothly in English this year, and most of the mysteries have been cleared up; however there still remains the old ten with her disturbing little cackle which the students on the back row insist is in the ventilator. We hope we will succeed in getting her out before next year.

—J. B. '26.

MISS STEVENSON, A. B. University of Illinois.

One day a representative from the State Department was visiting Windsor Schools. He had been talking to members of the Freshmen Class, and upon seeing Miss Stevenson studying the Freshmen Latin lesson said, "Little girl, what grade were you in last year?"

Miss Stevenson said nothing but gently bowed her head and walked away.

We feel that the smallest member of the faculty deserves a great deal of praise for teaching the Freshmen that Alexander the Great did not live during the twentieth century. She does not deserve a little praise for teaching the Sophomores that each new sentence should begin with a capital letter and end with a period.

—L. L. '26.

MISS GARVIN. University of Illinois.

We feel that Miss Garvin, who has been a member of the faculty at W. C. H. S. for several years, deserves a great deal of praise for teaching her Music classes that f sharp and b flat are not the same note.

Each year the public looks forward to the Operetta that is given by Miss Garvin's Music classes.

About eight-thirty on every Wednesday morning, members of the Senior class inquire if anyone has seen Miss Garvin. Everyone lays aside his book when she enters the Assembly with her pleasant smile.

Now we, the Senior class of '26 bid her our last farewell.

—M. S. '26.

CLASS HISTORY

It was in the early fall of the year 1922 that we, the Seniors class of '26, entered upon the threshold of our dear old high.

How confusing everything was then! The rooms seemed so large and everything was so strange to us, poor little innocents!

But after a few weeks of search we found our class rooms and got settled in the daily routine of school life. A few of us were at our grades, but outside of that everything was as we expected.

The Sophomores, the class of '25, did not initiate us. I guess it was because they were afraid to.

We had a few parties that year. The games were: Run for Your Supper, Cat and Mouse, and a few other interesting games. (Post Office was prohibited). There was a chicken fry that year and the light hardship of washing and drying the dishes fell to the lot of the Freshmen. But we went through it with grace. All during the year, a few members of our class dropped out occasionally, but still there was a large number of us left. Then came the closing of our first year of high school, which caused much sorrow.

Our vacation was soon over and we started into school again in September. Outside of a few parties, our Sophomore year proved uneventful.

During our Junior year, we initiated the Seniors of '25. They were very much afraid of us, but I guess they lived over it.

Then comes our Senior year. My! how dignified we all look. The W. C. H. S. looks up to the Seniors as privileged characters. We never get "F" on our grade cards, and our reputation for intelligence is always being held up before the underclasses. But there is one thing that makes our class rank highly—many famous basket ball players are in it. They are "Cackle", "Bus", "Irish", "Bo", and "Jitney". These members of the Senior class in the W. C. H. S. team are known all over Central Illinois. I wonder if the underclassmen will be as good players? We wish them the best of luck, and we will leave this school for the Juniors to run next year. We sincerely hope they will be as successful in doing it as we, the class of '26, have been.

—Ruth Rankin.

CLASS PROPHECY

"Mary Liz, we sure are glad to have you with us for dinner this evening. It has been a long time since we used to run around hunting for ways to go to the basket ball games."

"I'll say! But gee, Neva, you and Ralph sure have a keen little home here in Nashville. I 'spect I'll drop in on you quite often since my Home Welfare work keeps me in this part of the country."

"Let's see! Why! Why! Now—it's been eight years since I was captain of that good old basket ball team. Say, Neva, where's my old annual? Let's get it out while Mary is here and look over some of the good times we had at school."

"It's in the bottom of your trunk in the attic. I'll get it." Neva brings the book and they turn to the pictures of the Seniors.

"Say, Ralph, I have not heard of Raymond. His picture reminds me to ask if he was ever president of anything but the Senior Class?"

"He is in Washington, D. C., with the government, working in the treasury department."

"Oh say! Mary, did you know that Harold Nicho's was designing evening gowns for a clothing firm in New York?"

"No? I can tell a better one than that. Vivian Harrmann and 'Shorty' Finley were on their way to be married when they had a flat tire. It made Vivian mad and she was married to Clifford Stilabower the next week."

"Neva got a letter the other day from Letha Linder, telling us where some of the gang are. She is in North Dakota teaching a country school.

She said that Bertha Smith was teaching school in Iowa."

"Did she mention Rose Goddard?"

"Yes, Rose is still at home."

"Ralph, what became of all the lucky five on the team? I know that 'Bus' is president of a Bachelor's Club in Chicago. I had lunch with him at the Drake last winter."

"Let's see—that's most of them except 'Rosie' and Kearney. 'Rosie' is running a hash house in Mattoon and Kearney is street and alley cleaner in Strasburg. He married Elizabeth Freeland about four years ago."

"Bo Rose, where is he?"

"He is somewhere in New Mexico. Can't say what he is doing."

"Oh, Neva, did you know that Maude Jones had gone to Europe to make a collection of famous paintings?"

"Say, she's no millionaire. Where is she going to get her dough?"

"Didn't you know that she and Kenneth York are married and they struck oil in Oklahoma?"

"No. Guess you knew Doris Hartsell was strutting her stuff with Zeigfield's now?"

"No."

"Fred Edmonds is a traveling salesman for the Standard Oil Co. now. He was up to the garage the other day."

"Oh, Ralph, you didn't tell me that. Did he know anything about the rest of the kids from Gays?"

"Not much. He said he had married that

girl over at Gays. Nellie Simmons is teaching history in Gays. Olin Phipps is midshipman. Let's see, what did he say about Jane Bell? Oh yes, I believe it is Michigan where she is living."

"There is Grace Shelton's picture. Where did she and her husband go?"

"They are still living over by Bethany."

"Well, if there isn't Gilbert Clem. What became of him?"

"He is chorister in Brookland. He and Ray Tull are working together in a church there. Ray is a minister and doing great work."

"There is Elizabeth Jackson's picture. I had almost forgotten her."

"She is with her brother in California."

"Say, Neva, did you know that Florence Juhnke and John Wall were married last month?"

"No. Have you read the September issue of the American? Did you see the long article about Beulah Gordon's wonderful writings? She is a great success."

"Inez Storm! Where is she anyway?"

"Ralph, didn't you say you heard she and Clifford Harder were to be married soon?"

"Yes, and I told you that Daisy Swinford's diamond from Corn was good, didn't I?"

"Where is Deana?"

"Deana is nursing in an Old Folks' Home. She and Letha Rawlings went through training together."

"There is old Margarette. I saw her not long ago. She is chief cook in a cozy little flat in Dayton, for some fellow from Shelbyville. I don't know his name."

"There is Herbert Clawson. Did you know, Mary, that he is manufacturing frolicking cars that don't have to be steered?"

"That is about as shocking as Maurina Spencer being a radio announcer."

"Yes, or Paul Moberley being a successful yell leader the last four years at the U. of I."

"Suppose you read 'Polly's' Troubles in the funnies now that Vivian Edwards has made so popular?"

"Did you know that Roy Renshaw was coach in the Sexson Corner high now?"

"No. But, Ralph, did you know that Aubrey Walden is Ford dealer in Middlesworth?"

"Yes, he and Ruth Rankin have lived there ever since they were married."

"Well, if there isn't Mary Hart's picture. Three guesses, Mary, where she is."

"Oh, I already know. She is tucked away in a nice little bungalow in Shelbyville."

"This is about all of them, isn't it?"

"No, we have another page yet."

"Everyone knows what a great success Ralph Neal has made on the stage."

"On the stage?"

"Yes. He is a world famous impersonator. Got his start mocking R. L. Don't you remember?"

"There is old Evelyn's picture. Wonder if she is making a success with her blush proof powder she is making?"

"Goodness, just look at the time. We must be going to bed if I have to leave so early in the morning."

"No, Mary, not until we finish with these last two pictures. I don't know where they are."

"Let's see. Oh, Elizabeth Storm and Ruth Sexson. I happen to know where they are. Ruth is telephone operator in Neoga, and Elizabeth is selling insurance around Sullivan."

—Jane Bell

CLASS WILL

We, the class of 1926 of W. C. H. S., being of sound mind and memory do hereby make and declare this to be our last will and testament, on the twenty-third day of February in the year of our Lord one thousand, nine hundred and twenty-six.

To the Freshmen we bequeath the right of always having a good time in English.

To the Sophomores we bequeath a little more wisdom.

To the Juniors we leave our Senior rights and knowledge.

To the faculty as a whole we leave our sympathy for losing such a brilliant and good looking class.

Individually we bequeath to the faculty as follows:

To Mr. Alexander, a Physics class that will always remember that one cubic centimeter of pure water is numerically equivalent to one gram of water.

To Mr. Dunscomb, a basket ball team that will be able to defeat Lovington three times.

To Miss Gustafson, a sleek, black haired sheik.

To Miss Hartman, a Cooking class where at least two members can make biscuits without looking at a cook book.

To Mr. Ready, a class of Senior girls who will always be lady like and never run after the boys.

To Miss Jordan, a search warrant so she may be able to find the old hen the Senior boys tell her is in the ventilator in the back of the room.

To Miss Stevenson, a man by the name of George from Arthur.

To Mrs. Dunn, as much happiness in her married life as we have had in the last four years.

To Miss Taylor, a paddle, so that she may keep Kenneth quiet in the Assembly.

To Miss Garvin, the art of making the Assembly pupils sing on Wednesday morning.

Now in order to show our love for the Juniors we bequeath the following to them individually:

To Marguerite Barnhart, the right to be in the Senior class play next year.

To Wayne Shelton, Gerald Rose leaves his height.

To Della Chaney Vivian Edwards leaves her mischievous eyes.

To Gansel Bennett, Bus leaves his right to go frolicking six nights out of a week.

To Mildred Lovins, a boy friend to visit her during the three minute period.

To Merle Kirk, Neva Bence leaves her curly hair.

To Duane Ripley, the right to talk to Della Chaney if he so desires.

To Katherine Tull, a Stewardson sheik about the size of Bob Neal.

To Ruby Bartley, we leave a promise from Harold that he'll wait one more year.

To Margie Rose, Nellie Simmons leaves one half her weight.

To Earl Davidson, we bequeath Elizabeth to cook his meals.

To Bryan Smith, a Lemon that is always sweet and never sour.

To Wilda Grider, Mag Tull leaves her ability to capture a basket ball man.

To George Goldard, we bestow Lura.

To Clyde Robb, Harold Nichols leaves his

ability to play basket ball and look at the girls at the same time.

To Eva Holsapple, Mary Elizabeth leaves her right to scuffle in the hall.

To Cecil Harrmann, we leave Fred Edmonds's art of telling bright tales in English class.

To Paul Davidson, Howard Kearney leaves his position on the basket ball team.

To Paul Herron, we grant the privilege to be important.

To Maudene Janes, some one to take Aubrey's place.

To John Robert Bruce, iron bones, so he will have no arms broken the coming season.

To Willis Rawlings, plenty of candy to eat during school hours.

We hereby seal, on this twenty-third day of February in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and twenty-six, our last will and testament.

(signed) SENIORS.

Witnesses—Willis Walker, J. A. Alexander.

OUR SWAN SONG

Windsor High we soon shall leave you,
For we're Seniors nearly through;
Soon we'll pass from out your portals,
Different scenes and tasks to view.

Four years of our journey's ended,
Soon we'll pass to higher things;
Now we gaily face the future,
Ready for what e'er it brings.

And yet we leave behind us,
Joys we never more shall know;
Joys beneath which Seniors only
Have a right to bask and glow.

We leave behind our dignity,
Our special row of seats;
Our rights as privileged characters,
But most of all our feats—

Of bluffing through in History class,
Of throwing paper wads;
And escaping Ready's notice,
By the mercy of the Gods.

Of studying our Physics,
Till without a doubt we know;
One cubic centimeter equals,
One gram of H₂O

Of playing such a major part,
In study, sport and play;

That I don't know what this school will do,
When we have gone away.

Of making A's in English,
Though we create much commotion;
(I never thought we laughed too much,
But that's Miss Jordan's notion).

Maybe sometimes we are boisterous,
But we all must have our fun;
And the time for play and laughter,
Is the time when you are young.

Oh we're Seniors! Happy Seniors,
And we've got the best there is;
Got the nerve and got the brain power,
And we've got the pep and whiz.

Now we're leaving you, old High School,
Never, never, to return;
Others soon shall take our places,
Learn the things that we have learned.

So now we sing our swan song,
And our clear young voices rise;
In an anthem of rejoicing,
Though the tears stand in our eyes.

So with gladness, yet with sorrow,
We shall bid our last good-bye;
With the hope we'll all do credit,
To our dear old Windsor High.

—Beulah.

THE TIME, THE PLACE,—THE BLOW-OUT

It was just such a night as this when everybody was wishing everybody else good luck. The

girls were blushing, the boys nervous, the older men in one corner spinning yarns of their former

boyhood days, and the women in another exchanging recipes of hoeecake, flapjacks, corn bread, and vinegar pie.

Everyone was there, for there wasn't a single person you could think of who wasn't. Even old Sumantha Stoopintakit, who hadn't been out for almost a year, and old Breeze Ezzy, who had had three strokes of paralysis and always grunting about either the weather, or how short the women were wearing their skirts.

"Yes, sir, boys," old Breeze would say, "things are gittin' purty bad when ye cin see their shoetops."

At about seven-thirty you could begin to hear the fiddles strike up some kind of an airy tune

like, "Turkey in the Straw" or something.

The hall was crowded.

"Go to the left and cast off four."

"Oh how'll you swap or how'll you trade your pretty girl for my old maid," the caller would chime in every once in awhile.

In one corner of the reception hall was a big fan of crackerjack for the youngsters, candy for the women, and cigars for the men. A large five-gallon jar, which served as a punch bowl, was standing on a table in the center of the room, full of fresh cider.

An era of good feeling prevailed for this was the night of the Shuckville Blowout.

—Mary Elizabeth Gilbert.

WHEN A MAN'S A MAN IN AMERICAN LITERATURE CLASS

Once there was a fellow who took American Literature. He was very quiet, attentive and honest. When the teacher would explain the next lesson, he would sit very still and listen. If there was any question he silently raised his hand to ask about it. When she passed out the papers, which were graded, he passed them on without looking at the grade on any but his own. If, by chance, he had failed to read his lesson, he listened quietly and got the most he could out of it. This he did at times, because he said that was what he was in school for. When some "Smart Alec" threw a piece of chalk at him, he never flinched, but sat in the same quiet way.

One day the teacher sent him out of class for beating time with his foot to the music downstairs, though it wasn't he who was guilty. Nevertheless he went out without arguing the matter. When asked why he didn't tell the

teacher that it wasn't he, he said, "Oh, I didn't wish to start anything in class." The fellow who was guilty, said "why not? That's what I did it for—to cause some fun and get out of a little work." The perfect man said, "Yes, we all know what you are. The class would be better off without you." Then the fellow, who loved calamity, began to knock him and before long he was without a friend, except the teacher. Then he was called "Teacher's Pet." He stood up under the strain of being called names and playing a lone hand though he became white and thin.

When school was out in the spring, he left town to find a job, since he had no friends in his home town, all because he did what he thought was expected of him, regardless of what happened. When he was last heard of he was trying to make new friends.

—Olin Phipps.

TOMORROW—AS I SHOULD LIKE TO SPEND IT

I shall arise at seven o'clock.

I shall have no cows to milk and no tires to patch before coming to school.

I shall have my chauffeur drive me to school and arrive at five to nine.

After the bell has rung, we shall sing in a body for two hours, none of us being hoarse or in ill humor.

I shall send my secretary to History while I read the daily paper. Perhaps I shall drop into class for a few minutes and give a talk.

During this period my Literature secretary will be writing my writer work for the day.

I shall have an overstuffed rocker in the back row, and some small boy to hold my book and rock my chair. I may have him pass around some of my candy at intervals of ten minutes, and set a few tacks for the amazement of the people at large.

Miss Jordan would probably tolerate anything on this day of "Dreams Come True."

The two periods following I shall devote to reading and sleeping. I would not come the next two periods, but be represented by my Physics expert.

At Manual Training time, I will be attended by a full force of liveried secret service men and a few refreshment boys.

After seating myself at my automatic drafting table, I shall proceed to set all of the triggers and print my drawing on the paper without a mistake, after which I shall send it to my printer to be carefully lettered in.

When Mr. Ready had put his O. K. on it, I shall spend the rest of the time in consultation with the faculty on the betterment of working conditions in W. C. H. S.

—Fred Edmonds.

SENIOR CHARACTERISTICS

Name	Known By	Favorite Expression	Greatest Ambition	Besetting Sin
Class of '26	Size	We're It	Get By	Egotism
Paul Bridges	Grin	Gee Whiz	To be a great Editor	Smoking
Herbert Clawson	Curls	Dern It	To graduate	Bossing
Vivian Edwards	Artistic Ability	Oh Shoot	Marry Rudolph Valentino	Vanity
Mary E. Gilbert	Circumference	Oh Gosh	Get a man	Quietness
Beulah Gordon	Her Poems	My Land	To be an Orator	Discussing
Clifford Harder	Stubbornness	I'll Say So	Sit in northwest corner of assembly	Constant Talking
Mary Hart	Walk	My Goodness	Graduate and get married.	Perpetual smiling
Doris Hartsell	A's in Deportment	My Soul	Poetess	Fear of Men
Elizabeth Jackson	Missing Tooth	I Must Study	To teach Earl's English class	Professors
Olin Phipps	Locks that go astray	Gee Whiz	To be a Comedian	Jealousy
Ruth Sexson	A's in History	My Heavens	To be a good cook	Talking in class
Ruth Rankin	Sweet disposition	Oh Heavens	Become a Doctor	Over working
Gerald Rose	Height	I'll be darned	Have the world come up to his standing	Primping
Nellie Simmons	Long Hair	Otto leave me alone	To be a living model	Stubbornness
Maurine Spencer	Ability	Oh My	Put out a good annual	Abusing Otto
Elizabeth Storm	Soft Voice	Oh My John	School teaching	Hasn't Any
Inez Storm	Shortness	Golly	To Grow Tall	Timidity
Otto Tietze	His Absence	Oh you make me tired	Manufacture Fords	Pride
Aubrey Walden	Bashfulness	Oh Heck	To raise Poland Chinass	Sleeping
Fred Walker, Jr.	Silence	I don't know	To be a Sheikh	Laziness
John Wall	Glasses	My Gosh	Get a certificate	I Can't
Raymond Robertson	His Walk	Oh Gee	To be a great Banjo player	Laughing
Ralph Robertson	Cackle	My Gosh	Win Wilda	Teasing
Neva Bence	Hair	My Goodness	Go to Florida	Speeding
Jane Bell	Bow on her Hair	Oh Boy	To be older next year	Stuttering
Gilbert Clem	Size	Dawgonit	Something or another	Gadding About
Fred Edmonds	Actions	My land, Boy	To be Henry Ford's son-in-law.	Smiles
Elizabeth Freeland	Fair Complexion	Hasn't Any	A winsome maid	Silliness
Rose Goddard	Sweet Disposition	Huh-Huh	Matchmaker	Working
Evelyn Jones	Stage Acting '25	Dern It	To go to California	Aloofness
Maude Jones	Black Eyes	Oh Shut Up	To be a member of the Follies	Dancing
Howard Kearney	Childish Grin	Don't You Dare	Beat "Bus" shooting baskets	Never gets impatient
Letha Linder	Ability to Bluff	Gosh I don't know	A country school Marm	Flirting
Paul Moberley	Wit	Won't do it	To be a doctor	Trying to hear all
Harold Nichols	Big Feet	I suppose so	To be a prize fighter	Stubbornness
Arland Nihiser	Stutter	I'm hot, ain't I?	Be a basket ball coach	Falling over his feet
Letha Rawlings	Sweet Voice	For Pat's sake	A society belle	Deportment
Ray Renshaw	Perpetual Smile	Oh Heck	To be noticed	Stylishness
Donald Rozene	Rosy Cheeks	Yes, Mom	To loaf	Hurrying
Bertha Smith	Brown Eyes	I knew better	To be a joy forever	Laughing
Clifford Stilabower	Resemblance to Alva Patterson	Crazy	To be a joke	Independence
Daisy Swinford	Her Music	Forevermore	To be Mrs. Corn	Chasing About
Deana Swinford	Soprano Voice	For Pat's sake	Opera Singer	Promptness
Kenneth York	Laugh	O' Crazy	President of U. S. A.	Ostentation
Ray Tull	Perseverance	Awawaw get out	To be everything	Accommodations
Vivian Harrmann	Her like for curly hair.	God Bless Our Happy Home	To be an Alumnus	Making classmates wonder
Ralph Neal	Shortness	Geemently	To be six feet	Chewing gum
Norman Sherwood	Politeness	Hasn't Any	To be a professor	Bluffing
Margarette Tull	Raven black hair	Oh Heavens	Make A in Physics	Ability
Grace Shelton	Zelma	Oh My Cow	To be and is now Mrs. Goetz	Temper
				Punctuality

ALUMNI

CLASS OF '22

Orvyl Bundy Windsor
 Ralph Edwards student, E. I.
 Maye Baugher stenographer, Decatur
 Edith Clem teacher, Ash Grove, Windsor
 Leeds Moberley student, U. of I.
 Clyde Richman teacher Mayflower, Windsor
 Vera Hamilton teacher, Cowden
 Ruby Walker (Mrs. Bernard Bence) Urbana
 Lois Grider teacher, Walden, Windsor
 Rose-Marie Danscomb (Mrs. C. A. Beatty)
 student, U. of I.
 Montelle Cox bank clerk, Chicago
 Lloyd Jackson Oakland, California
 Vera Gaddis (Mrs. Roy Barnhart) Windsor
 Inez Clem teacher, Gaskill, Windsor
 Elmina Edwards (Mrs. Clifford Houser) Decatur
 Margaret Edwards teacher, Eureka, Windsor
 Doris Finley teacher, Mahoney, Findlay
 Bertha Gray Windsor
 Irvin Jones manager hotel, Assumption
 Ruth Rose (Mrs. George Davis) teacher, Sullivan
 Martha Smith nurse, St. Louis
 Ruby Templeton Windsor

CLASS OF '23

Helen Nichols P. G., W. C. H. S.
 Garvin Grider bank clerk, Decatur
 Opal Jones bookkeeper, Decatur
 Ralph Cox Holiday Bumper Co., Decatur
 Henry Riney student, E. I.
 Myron Tremaine student, U. of I.
 Ruth Bolan teacher, Gays
 Beulah Storm Champaign
 Leslie Jones bank clerk, Chicago
 Nina Bence (Mrs. Hal Hennigh) Windsor
 Dee Brady student, Illinois Wesleyan
 Beatrice Hunt (Mrs. Roscoe Hamilton), Windsor
 William Klepzig Chicago
 John Ellington student, E. I.
 Ira Jones Shelbyville
 Leon Lugar student, Illinois Normal

CLASS OF '24

Theodore Hartsell student, U. of I.
 Clarence Robo student, U. of I.
 Virginia Richardson teacher, Walker, Windsor
 Corwin Hamiltan student, E. I.
 Neva Rankin teacher, Cowden
 Ruth Walker (Mrs. Wilbur Bence) Decatur
 Kenneth Baker student, E. I.
 Opal Walker Windsor
 Robert Luga Stewardson
 Ruth Augenstein Stewardson
 Kenneth Boling Danville, Indiana
 Genevieve Edwards student nurse, St. Louis
 Russell Boling student, Sparks B. C.
 Juanita Rose teacher, Rose, Windsor
 Gaylord Ripley mail clerk, Chicago
 Ruth Wilson student, E. I.

Eugene Jackson Oakland, California
 Maurine Wallace student, E. I.
 Velma Rentfrow student, E. I.
 Wilbur Bence Decatur
 Lucille Jones Shelbyville
 Maude Storm student, Utterback's B. C.
 Oma Finley Windsor
 Ora Fritz teacher, Union, Stewardson
 Hazel Marie Clawson, student, Millikin
 Omaha Barnett Stewardson
 Barton Lovins Windsor
 Alva Patterson Carnation, Washington
 Lottie Elliott (Mrs. Elie Vititoe) Windsor
 Ivadean Krummel (Mrs. Luther Bence), Windsor
 John Edwards Windsor
 Ruth Cecil Decatur
 Cecil Jones Windsor
 Bertha Conrad Windsor
 Frances Hood Mattoon
 Clark Storm student, U. of I.
 Thelma Ross teacher, Water Oak, Neoga
 John Clawson student, U. of I.
 Marcia Varner Decatur
 Marie Storm student, Millikin
 Robert Neighbor student, Utterback's B. C.
 Opal Quigle teacher, Washington, Stewardson
 Lauren Elam Decatur
 Clara Robison Windsor
 Viola Munson Stewardson
 Clara Smith student nurse, Decatur
 Nita Reynolds (Mrs. Lester Goddard), Windsor

CLASS OF '25

Raymond Hall Windsor
 Glen Armantrout Gays
 Lawrence Gray Windsor
 Edward Webb Windsor
 Don Walden Windsor
 Wesley Scheef Chicago
 Alice Shadow Windsor
 Daisy Rankin Windsor
 Glenn Bennett student, E. I.
 Mabel Rawlings Windsor
 Mabel Jones Windsor
 Ola Elliott teacher, Dalton City
 Roy Finley Windsor
 Mildred Clem Decatur
 Lawrence Juhnke Windsor
 Fred Bundy Sullivan
 Ada Kirk student, E. I.
 Olta Reynolds Windsor
 John Montague, student, Hedding College,
 Abbingdon.
 Helen Smith student nurse, Springfield
 Paul Duncan clerk, Decatur
 Earl Mitchell student, E. I.
 Agnes Shaffer Strasburg
 Opal Jackson student, E. I.
 Harold Falk Leader Iron Works, Decatur
 Carl Linder bank clerk, Sullivan



Juniors



PLATE I



BOTTOM ROW—Merle Kirk, Margarette Barnhart, Eva Holsapple, Wilda Grider, Inez Richards.
SECOND ROW—Willis Rawlings, Maudene Janes, Gansel Bennett, Katherine Tull, Paul Davidson, Margie Rose, Bryan Smith, Ruby Bartley, Paul Herron, Della Chaney, George Goddard, Mildred Lovins, Wayne Shelton.
BACK ROW—John Robert Bruce, Dwane Ripley, Clyde Robb, Cecil Harrmann, Earl Davidson.

President Wilda Grider
Vice-President Gansel Bennett
Secretary and Treasurer Maudene Janes
Historian Margie Rose
Advisors Miss Hartman and Mrs. Dunn
Class Colors, Lavendar and Yellow
Motto: "Hitch Your Wagon To a Star."

CLASS HISTORY

As you all know the record of the Juniors to date,
Just a few extra facts is all I'll relate.
We have studied hard, our credits to earn,
Our teachers are proud of us, we're so quick to learn.

There's only twenty-two of us, now in our class,
And we'll all be here next year, for I know we'll all pass.
Now I'll give you a hint if you'll listen to reason,
Paul and Earl will be the cage stars of next season.

We gave a great play, Penrod was the name,
It made us some cash and a great deal of fame.
Mrs. Dunn and Miss Hartman both merit some praise,
For they stayed with us faithfully 'til the curtain did raise.

This cash we will use, a banquet to serve
To the Seniors, and I'm sure they deserve
The swellest feed that money can buy,
For we're losing those Seniors I note with a sigh (most of them).

—Margie Rose, '27.

MY TRIP TO MARS

On a bright June morning, the Right Reverend Burns and I set sail from the summit of Mt. Arat for the planet of Mars. We went as missionaries from the First Methodist church of Gays.

Our biplane, one of the best equipped in existence for a long journey, went soaring away into space at the rate of one thousand miles an hour.

This was some faster than either the Reverend or I was accustomed to riding, but after we were well started, we enjoyed the rate immensely.

We had fuel enough to carry us to Jupiter, where we stopped for a short time to get a fresh supply of gas and oil, also one of the wings was in need of slight repair. You may talk about your

mechanics in Windsor, but they cannot be compared with the ones who did the work for us on that stop. It would have been three days' work for those workmen, but they did it in three minutes. By this swift work, we were delayed only five minutes.

As we traveled on, we passed many small planets, and we were near enough to the moon that I waved at the man in it. He seemed pleased to see us, as he waved his hat at us as long as we could see him.

We knew now that we were nearing the end of our journey as we could see smoke from many tall buildings, so we began to look for a parking place. It was not hard to find, for one of the most beautiful countries we had ever seen lay before us. The trees were of an enormous size and were covered with beautiful blossoms, some of which would have measured ten feet across. The leaves were used by the natives to make roofs of their houses. Two of these leaves would cover the

largest house in Mars. There were also many bright colored flowers, some of which were fifteen to twenty feet in height, with some of the most beautiful colored blossoms I had ever seen. We saw several birds flying about. The smallest ones were as large as an ostrich and we learned they were song birds.

In a nearby house we found a broadcasting station to which we went at once, and the Reverend Burns sent word back to our many friends that we had arrived safely and would start on our duties as missionaries, at once.

But alas for our good attentions! We were attacked by a dozen or more of the natives, who liked the taste of missionaries. We learned that the smoke from the tall chimneys was where they were cooking the unfortunate ones.

We left our work unfinished and fled for our airplane and made the trip home in time for supper.

—Margie Rose, '27.

OUR TEAM

Coach "Jobey" and our captain,
They, who led our boys to fame,
Worked with faithful loyalty,
With the highest goal their aim.

Then "Bus," our wonder player—
He was known the whole state o'er;
Folks watched him with amazement
When his plays rolled up the score.

Then Kearney, small but mighty,
With his plays so swift and keen—
We're glad he was a member
Of our famous Windsor team.

And "Bo," our long armed center,
Always ready on the floor
To do his bit in helping
Windsor's team run up the score.

"Jit" kept our opponents down,
Under his stern control,
And broke up tricky passes
When they tried to make a goal.

We as a school do thank you
For the honors you have brought,
And always will remember
The hard battles that you fought

To keep our colors waving,
And to win for us a name
To rank with those of others
Who have worked their way to fame.

How well you have succeeded!
How well your work was done!
And now your fight is over,
And oh, team, coach "Jobey," You've won!
—Wilda Grider, '27.

CLASS PLAY

ACT I—Because the villain is introduced as a nice young man, Penrod decides to be a detective.

ACT II—Mr. Dade visits the Schofield home frequently.

The "detectuffs" annoy Dade.

ACT III—All the Schofield family, except Penrod, spend the evening away. A gun is accidentally discharged by Penrod and Sam. They fear someone has been killed, so they hide.

ACT IV—The Schofields return home, but they can't find Penrod. Later Sam is found and questioned. Penrod returns, and in the end he is named the hero.

CHARACTERS

Tim Paul Herron
Della, the Schofield cook, Margie Rose

Mary Schofield, Penrod's mother .. Wilda Grider
Mr. Jones, Marjorie's father Elbert Neill
Jarge Dwane Ripley
Robert Williams Earl Davidson
Mrs. Bassett Della Chaney
Henry Schofield, Penrod's father, Willis Rawlings
Margaret Schofield, Penrod's sister, Ruby Bartley
Herbert Hamilton Dade Cecil Harrmann
Penrod Schofield George Goddard
Sam Williams Wayne Shelton
Marjorie Jones Maudene Janes
Georgie Bassett Gansel Bennett
Rev. Lester Kinoshing Bryan Smith
Herman Paul Davidson
Verman John Robert Bruce
Mr. Coombes, chief of police Clyde Robb



Sophomores



CHROMOLITH



FRONT ROW—J. D. Hartsell, Bessie Andrews, Ralph Neill, Jamaine Armstrong, Lois Houser, Vivian Storm, Anna Edwards, Jean Walden, Katherine Luce, Glen Goddard.

SECOND ROW—Hettie Steele, Dale Boldt, Eva Phipps, Evelyn Hart, Juanita Richards, Vera Bridges, Dorothy Luce, Florence Juhnke, Edna Neill, Lura Sherwood, Hazel Harris, David Rose.

THIRD ROW—Kenneth Stephens, Melvin Rentrrow, Robert Ross, Hazel Anderson, Irene Her-

ren, Incz Fling, Leora Bennett, Edward Freeland, Gerald Olson, Mary Smith.

FOURTH ROW—Clinton Wall, Charles Albert Walker, Ruth Mae Bartley, Reta Walker, Bessie Neighbor, Gwendolyn York, Ruth Peterson, Ellen Cole, Glen Ferrell, Bruce Wall, Irene Wallace.

BACK ROW—Elbert Neill, Fred Krile, Wilbert Nichols, Edith Rankin, Herbert Baldrige, Verne Spencer.

President Wilbert Nichols
Vice-President Jean Walden
Secretary and Treasurer Juanita Richards
Historian Herbert Baldrige
Advisors Misses Taylor and Jordan
Class Colors, Lavendar and White.
Flower, Lilac
Motto, Loyalty

CLASS HISTORY

Being the historian of the splendid Sophomore class, I shall relate briefly the main events of this year. Many of us are skilled in mathematics, theme writing, art, music and domestic science.

Soon after school had begun we initiated the Freshies and due to the supervision of Misses Jordan and Taylor (class advisors) we put it over successfully. Instead of entertaining them they had the honor of entertaining us with speeches, songs and stunts. We showed our appreciation by giving them a bountiful feed.

One of our brilliant organizations is our class basket ball team, the envy of all the other classes. Such players as Fred Krile, Bruce Wall, Clinton

Wall, Glenn Goddard, Jean Walden, Elbert Neill, and the writer had the honor of composing the team. Some of the girls were also skilled in this gentle art, they being Ellen Cole, Mary Smith, and Anna Edwards.

We have several pairs of ardent lovers such as Glen Ferrell and Irene Wallace, Glenn Goddard and Ruth Bartley, Robert Ross and Rita Walker, and Jean Walden is occasionally seen with a Freshman, Pauline Jones. We are rather short on boys as the girls outnumber us two to one. In our midst are several fair looking girls who help to spread our fame at home and abroad.

—W. Herbert Baldrige, Jr., Historian.

THE NEED OF A NEW GYMNASIUM

This subject is not a new one for my consideration, as I have felt for some time the growing need of a larger and better athletic room. There is much truth spoken in jests when our opponents call our gym a "cracker box" or "chicken coop."

As people take more and more interest in athletics and as our crowds increase, the gymnasium, which was small in the beginning, must

be enlarged to accommodate the crowds. Then again, I feel that it must be a handicap to practice on a small floor and go out to other towns where teams are met on much larger ones. In considering the splendid record our boys have made this year I am inclined to believe we should build them a splendid new gymnasium, one in which we shall all be proud.

—Glen Ferrell, '28.

Our Own Movie

Our Hero Raymond Robertson
Our Heroine Mary Elizabeth Gilbert
Our Villain Paul Moberley
Our Villainess Wilda Grider

First Reel—The Beginning

One night when the moon failed to rise, Our Hero was on his way to call on Our Heroine. As his magnificent Ford rounded the curve on Hotsy-Totsy Hill, Our Hero perceived the body of a beautiful woman in his path. Although he was going one hundred and eighty-five miles per hour, his wonderful agility permitted him to stop within one-sixteenth of an inch from her. He quickly descended from his car and went to her. As he stooped to pick her up, he received a terrific blow on the crown of his lovely auburn hair. The suddenness of the blow thoroughly surprised him.

Second Reel—Four Hours Later.

When Our Hero glanced about him, he was leisurely riding alone in the spacious back seat of his own car. As he became accustomed to the darkness, he saw a veiled woman and a heavy, thick-necked, ruddy complexioned man in the front seat. Our Hero sat perfectly quiet for a few seconds and then quickly opened the door and leaped upon a passing freight train. Our Villain immediately sensed that the plot was thickening and "stepped on the gas." The race was on—Our Hero on the flying freight and Our Villain in the six-cylinder Ford.

Third Reel—The Plot Thickens.

On and on went the race, until the freight stopped at Charlestanturrl. Our Hero thickened the plot by walking calmly before the on-rushing Ford. But Our Villain evidently wanted him alive for he did not run him down. He stopped ten miles down the road and when Our Hero came up, he tapped him on his Auburn crown and bound him, leg and limb.

Fourth Reel—Eater Our Heroine

Our Heroine by this time, was getting quite uneasy about the non-arrival of Our Hero. She sat by the window wondering whether he was untrue or was detained. Then suddenly she perceived Our Hero's car coming at a terrific speed down the highway. Something seemed to tell Our Heroine that Our Hero was not at the wheel so she ran down to the road. On and on came the big car, and she waited. As it was about to pass her, Our Heroine leaped onto the spare tire at the rear.

Fifth Reel—More Thickening in the Plot.

On and on fled Our Villain and Our Villainess with Our Hero dying in the back seat and Our Heroine more and more faint and about to loosen her hold and die a more tragic death than Our Hero, who, at least, had a soft seat.

Sixth Reel—The Climax.

Bang! Our Villain stopped the car. On seeing a flat tire he went to the rear of the car for the spare tire and there he saw Our Heroine.

Our Villainess, becoming anxious when Our Villain did not return to the car after an elapse of an hour, went to the rear of the car and saw Our Villain and Our Heroine embracing. She went back into the car and freed her reel husband and Our Hero.

Seventh Reel—The End.

Our Hero and Our Villainess attend the beautiful wedding of Our Heroine and Our Villain.

Bits of Conversation I've Overheard

1

George Goddard—Haven't you missed me?

Miss Gustafson—Well, no, George, I haven't, since you are neither in any of my classes, nor in my assembly. Have you been ill?

George—I'd say. Was in bed all last night. (George has spell of coughing)

Miss G.—Be careful there, George, or you'll have to be in bed all right tonight, too.

2

Arland—Get out of my way, Mary. Don't try to block me cause I can move 170 pounds.

Mary Lix—Yes, but you can't move 270.

3

Mr. Curry—(the day before the District tournament)—What's our first game in the district tournament at Charleston?

Mr. Dunscomb—Mattoon. And our second game will probably be with Strasburg.

Mr. Curry—Oh, there is to be a second game?

4

Vivian Edwards—Say, did you see "The Merry Widow"?

Helen Nichols—No, was it good?

Vivian—I'll say.

Helen—What was it about?

Vivian—Oh, a king, two princes and a woman.

5

Ralph Neill (Just before Modern History class commenced on March 6)—Where did Miss Burd go?

Freddie Krile—Mrs. Burd Dunn done went to see her man.

6

Bus (eye sparkling and a broad grin on his face)—Oh, Jobie, d-do you know what I saw a-at the t-top of the stairs this morning?

Jobie—No, what?

Bus—K-Katherine! (Katherine Head from Charleston of course).

Notice, Please—

Me Paul Moberley
My curls Jamaine Armstrong
My girl Donald Rozene
My new dress Maud Jones
My marcel Mrs. Dunn



Freshmen



W. G. B. 1894



FRONT ROW—Margaret Walden, Katherine Mahan, Violet Kercheval, Margaret Lemons, Pauline Jones, Ruth Minor, Margaret Clawson, Eva Miner, Lula Walker.

SECOND ROW—Wayne Maxedon, Ralph Hyland, Opal Wade, Thomas Dale Hennigh, Hazel Rankin, Boyd Lemons, Vera Herros, Harold Turner, Wendell Hartsell.

THIRD ROW—Ruby Hilsabeck, Helen Edwards, Lelia Clawson, Joseph Turner, Herman Edwards, Margaret Linvill, Lena Holsapple, Hazel Shewmake.

BACK ROW—Edith Williamson, Stacey Matthews, Jean Jones, Jane Moberley, Margaret Baker, Kenneth Davidson, Burton Richardson, Winnie Ripley.

PresidentHarold Turner
Vice-PresidentThomas D. Hennigh
SecretaryRalph Hyland
HistorianRuth Minor
AdvisorsMiss Stevenson and Mr. Ready
Motto: "United We Stand, Divided We Fall."

THE HISTORY OF THE FRESHMAN CLASS

August the thirty-first was a red-letter day at Windsor Community High School. The most important event, in my opinion as historian, was the arrival, on foot, horseback, or by flivver, of the Freshmen Class. We numbered thirty-five boys and girls.

One evening a meeting was called by our class advisors, Miss Stevenson and Mr. Ready, for the purpose of organizing in a more definite manner. The following officers were elected:

Harold TurnerPresident
Thomas Dale HennighVice-President
Ralph HylandSecretary
Ruth MinorHistorian

On the first Friday in November, an invitation to a party was given us by our friends, the Sophomores. Although some suspected an initiation ceremony, few absences were noticed.

To our surprise we were treated much better than expected. Grand speeches were made, some of the boys showed us how to drink "pop," some sang a song entitled "Oh What a Goo Siam," and still others showed their appreciation of pepper by pushing pennies across the floor with their toes.

Everyone said that the Sophomores certainly knew how to entertain and we hope that next year's Freshman class will be treated as nicely.

—Ruth Minor.

THE MEANEST THING I EVER DID

One day in Spring I went out doors to play with my pups and kittens. As I ran around the house with them I noticed a wooly worm crawling along the foundation of the house. I watched it a little while and then picked it up. It was so soft and fuzzy that I liked to play with it. I let it crawl on my hand. As I looked at it I noticed that it wrinkled its back up. I looked at it and said, "you little worm I wonder what you'd do if I burned all your pretty fuzz off?"

I was anxious to see so I ran into the house with the worm in my pocket. Mother was very busy so I slipped into the pantry and got a

match. I went back in the yard and took the worm out of my pocket. I held it up with one hand and struck the match with the other. The wind blew it out every time. I went back for more matches but they all went out too. I went in once more and this time mother became suspicious. I ran out the door and I heard her say to my sister, "I wonder what she's up to now." Mother came around the corner just in time to see me strike another match. She gave me something I shall never forget and it wasn't the right to burn the hair off a wooly worm either.

—Hazel Shewmake.





Athletics



1891



FRONT ROW—Harrmann, Kearney, Robertson, Nihiser, Rozene.
SECOND ROW—Clawson, Herron, E. Davidson, York, Wall, P. Davidson.
THIRD ROW—Bridges, Walden, Renshaw, Rose, Nichols, Stillabower, Coach Dunscomb.

BASKET BALL

Season's Record

Windsor	56	Strasburg	65	Windsor	20	Arthur	22
Windsor	22	Charleston	12	Windsor	32	Mattoon	25
Windsor	20	Cowden	11	Windsor	41	Arcola	66
Windsor	22	Lovington	20	Windsor	23	Toledo	15
Windsor	29	Charleston	18	Windsor	24	Stewardson	21
Windsor	19	Stewardson	10	Windsor	30	Champaign	14
Windsor	24	Cowden	16	Windsor	25	Athens	33
Windsor	18	Arthur	19				
Windsor	20	Alumni	15	Windsor 2nds	12	Arthur 2nds	12
Windsor	17	Pana	69	Windsor 2nds	11	Alumni 2nds	69
Windsor	15	Findlay	19	Windsor 3rds	25	Tower Hill 2nds	67
Windsor	17	Shelbyville	13	Windsor 2nds	18	Tower Hill	10
Windsor	36	Sullivan	12	Windsor 2nds	11	Shelby 2nds	67
Windsor	21	Stewardson	14	Windsor 2nds	13	Sullivan 2nds	68
Windsor	19	Pana	15	Windsor 2nds	16	Stewardson 2nds	10
Windsor	13	Arthur	17	Windsor 3rds	27	Strasburg	65
Windsor	17	Lovington	16	Windsor 2nds	69	Pana 2nds	67
Windsor	37	Tower Hill	67	Windsor 2nds	17	Sullivan 2nds	11
Windsor	11	Findlay	12	Windsor 2nds	69	Arthur 2nds	10
Windsor	21	Shelbyville	14	Windsor 2nds	33	Shelby 2nds	14
Windsor	47	Findlay	11	Windsor 2nds	68	Sullivan 2nds	10
Windsor	37	Shelbyville	23	Windsor 3rds	22	Tower Hill 2nds	14
Windsor	27	Sullivan	12	Windsor 2nds	31	Tower Hill	19
Windsor	25	Lovington	26				

Table of Points Scored

	NIHISER		ROBERTSON		KEARNEY		ROZENE		ROSE		NICHOLS	
GAME	FG.	FT.	FG.	FT.	FG.	FT.	FG.	FT.	FG.	FT.	FG.	FT.
STRASBURG	11	0	4	0	2		2	1	1			
CHARLESTON	4	4	4	1	4							
COWDEN	4	2	4	0	1							
LOVINGTON	3	3	5	0	1			1				
CHARLESTON	3	2	2	0	2		1	1				1
STEWARTSON	7	1	0	0	2							
COWDEN	5	2	3		3							
ARTHUR	4	2	3		0	0			1			
ALUMNI	3	1	3	1	0	0	1	2	1			
PANA	5	0	1	0	7	1			1			
FINDLAY	2	2	2	0	2	1						
SHELBYVILLE	4	0	1	1	2	0			1			
SULLIVAN	9	5	1	3	1	1	2			1		
STEWARTSON	3	1	3	2	2		1		2			
PANA	3	1	2	1	1		2		1			
ARTHUR	4	3	1	0		1			2			
LOVINGTON	1	4	1	0	2	1		2	1			
TOWER HILL	9	1	2	1	1	0	2	3	2			
FINDLAY	3	2	0	1	2	0		1				
SHELBYVILLE	4	0	3	2	2	1						
FINDLAY	9	2	2	2	7	2			1			
SHELBYVILLE	10	0	3	0	5	1						
SULLIVAN	3	2	4	1	3	1			1			1
LOVINGTON	9	0	3	1	0	0						
ARTHUR	3	2	3	1	0		1			2		1
MATTOON	3	3	2	1	2							2
TOLEDO	6	2	5	2	2							
ATLANTA	7	0	1		1				2	1	1	
STEWARTSON	5	5	1		2	2						1
CHAMPAIGN	6	2	3		3	1			1			1
ATHENS	5	3	5		1	0						1
TOTAL	156	57	77	21	64	13	12	11	17	4	1	8

Account of Games

A District Championship! As a fitting climax to Windsor's most successful basket ball season came the winning of the Charleston tournament. With a team of new men—outside of Robertson and Nihiser—critics prophesied we should be lucky to win half our games. The first game with Strasburg foretold little as they were woefully weak and Windsor had only to drop the baskets in.

Then the team surprised everyone by winning from Charleston 29-12 on the opponent's floor. Perhaps after all, the team would win half the games. This was the first time in history we had won from Charleston. Jinx number 1 broken!

Next came Cowden, fresh from an overwhelming victory over Vandalia and with a spotless record. They returned to their little village with a 20-11 defeat.

Lovington opened her season with us—coming with a team of veterans and a five-man offense. The game was a thriller from the start and once more Windsor fans went home rejoicing.

Two nights later, December 12, Charleston

played a return game and fans again held their breath as Windsor won out 20-18.

Our sixth game in previous years had always brought defeat. Stewartson, undefeated, came with one purpose in mind. Before the game was twelve minutes old we had a 15-point lead. Jinx Number 2 broken and another team with its first defeat at our hands!

Our next game was at Cowden—a team which had never lost on its home floor. After a long ride over rough roads and considerable delay over the arrival of a referee, we broke Jinx Number 3. Arthur was next and in the last few minutes that game was pulled out of the fire. By now we were getting into the columns of the surrounding newspapers as one of the few teams to remain undefeated. Nor were we to be stopped yet. Christmas week the Alumni gathered together such famous old stars as Webb, Duncan, Linder, Finley, Edwards, Jones, and others fully convinced that they could do what no other team had done. They made a great stand and due largely to the work of Webb, scored 15 points against us. We played

without Kearney and managed to have 20 points at the final gun.

On Tuesday after the Christmas holidays we journeyed to Pana and for the first time things looked bad. Not a point in the whole first half! So this was that undefeated team! But that last half—the old comebacks—and 200 loyal fans returned happy.

Next we went to Findlay—a team up to then defeated but once. When we left the once was changed to twice. The next week Shelbyville came over with blood in their eyes and in spite of the fact that we weren't hitting managed to pull through with a 4-point margin. At Sullivan a few days later Nihiser scored 23 points of the 36 we amassed and Sullivan rung up 12.

And next came the Stewardson game there. 21 to 14 tells the story—our winning streak still intact. It looked as though it wouldn't be at the half way mark of the Pana game here. Way behind at the half people were all set to take the first defeat when the team displayed its wonderful comeback and again in a last quarter rally kept our record clean.

MOULTRIE TOURNEY

We were invited to take part in the Moultrie county tournament this year after one year's absence. We drew Arthur for our first opponent and again with a last period rally won by a hair. Lovington disposed of Sullivan so that meant we should meet Lovington in the finals. The Sullivan gym was packed to see a great battle and the crowd saw one. We trailed all the way until the last minute when we tied the count. With 20 seconds remaining Rorene was fouled. As "Rosey" stepped up to the foul line you could have heard a pin drop. Old steady Don was never more completely in control of himself than then and with all the calmness in the world he dropped the ball through. That little point meant the silver basket ball would come south on route 32 for the final gun sounded before the ball could be tossed up at center.

SHELBY COUNTY TOURNEY

And now, people, comes the saddest part of the story. Having defeated practically all the teams in Shelby county we took for granted we could do it again. Tower Hill was easy and Findlay was not considered hard. And right there is where we got our first upset. Twelve to 11—just one little point but it cost us the tournament. Stewardson defeated Shelbyville in the semi-finals and defeated Findlay in the championship game while we took our revenge out on Shelby in the consolation game. Two years ago we broke Findlay's winning streak of 17 games by a 12-11 score and this year they stopped us after 18 wins by the same score.

Revenge is sweet—and the 47-11 whipping we gave Findlay was soothing to say the least. It looked as though the defeat had done us a world of good for the next week we walloped Shelby on their own floor 37-23.

The next two games were heart breakers. Backed by 250 rooters the team went to Lovington. In the first quarter Lovington made six straight baskets from the center of the floor and had a

15-2 score on us before we hardly knew what had happened. Stendly however we climbed up on them and with 40 seconds remaining to be played we were leading by three points. During those 40 seconds Lovington scored two field goals and won 26-25. The same week Arthur slipped up on us and went home 22-20 victors.

DISTRICT TOURNAMENT

Our boys came back with lots of fight after the two defeats and Mattoon fell by the wayside 32-25. Arcola defeated Hindsboro 30-14 and appeared strong. The boys figured on a hard battle and went in to fight. The half ended 29-1 and then the seconds got a chance. The final count was 41-6—Arcola failing to score a field goal. This put us in the semi-finals against Toledo while Stewardson and Charleston had won out in the other bracket. Toledo was considered easy and due to that fact we had a hard time winning. Stewardson in the next game defeated Charleston, thus putting them against us for the championship. Never before this year had the team been keyed up to such a pitch. Like caged animals they paced the floor of the dressing room before game time. And then followed 32 minutes of thrilling basket ball. Because of the height of the Stewardson boys they secured an early lead and throughout the game things looked bad for us. Windsor fans kept telling themselves that the old comeback—that reserve power—that superior endurance coupled with the ability to take advantage of any opportunity—would assert itself—and that faith in those things and in the team was not misplaced for in those last four minutes, trailing by four points we displayed our best basket ball and scored 10 points. Nihiser collapsed when the final gun sounded as did also one of the Stewardson boys. Real sportsmanship prevailed throughout the tournament, and the Teachers' College proved fine hosts. An account of the last game appears elsewhere.

Next in line was the sectional and when it became known that Champaign was our first opponent many of the townspeople were ready to go down in defeat then. Champaign had won the title in the Big 12 conference, had lost but two games, and had won their district title from a formidable group. Our boys were on edge for the battle and when the smoke cleared away we were on the long end of a 30-14 score. It was a hard loss for the Maroon and as a Champaign paper put it "the red fought until their tongues were hanging out but what could they do against a team of giants?" It was the first time we had been called giants and we have wondered what the paper would have called Athens had Champaign met them. The mention of Athens reminds us that they were the ones who eliminated us. Big boys they were and basket ball players too. We out scored them the last half but it was the first half where we failed. In the consolation game Jobey chose to dress only his second team since it was not a championship game and the game was soon turned into a farce. Referees Rotz and Eyer took turns shooting goals and the crowd was in an uproar all the time. The official score was 40-26 in favor of Casey. Athens won the sectional, win-



CAPTAIN ROBERTSON

NIHISER

KEARNEY

ring from Nokomis. Thus ended our most successful season—27 victories out of 32 games—two championships—a run of 18 consecutive victories—yards and yards of newspaper publicity—a man on the Central Illinois All-Star team—a second team with 10 victories and the unstinted support of a large group of loyal fans.

NOTES OF THE SEASON

The Senior B team won the class tournament, defeating the Senior A's for the title. The 19 members of the squad were ruled out.

In the sectional our team had a shooting percentage of .172. That ranked us fourth.

In the Lovington game there we had 89 shots to their 37. Nihiser alone had 33 and sank nine of them.

The squad was taken to Champaign to see the state tournament.

Nihiser was high scorer at the Shelby tourna-

ment, at the district tournament and fourth at the sectional.

Many humorous things occur during practices. One evening our back guard was all ready to leave the building when someone reminded him that he had not put his trousers on.

During the first half of the season 17 men were taken on the trips. Later the number was reduced to 10.

Mary E. Gilbert saw every game that was played.

Jan Moberley, our little cheer leader, was always on the job and it was common to hear visitors or opponents speak of her grace.

Here's how big our "big" boys were: Robertson, five seven, 150 pounds; Nihiser, five eleven, 175 pounds; Rose, six two, 170 pounds; Nichols, five eleven, 170 pounds; Kearney, five seven, 134 pounds.

The Team

J. H. DUNSCOMB

The success of his teams this year and in the past speaks for him as a coach. Each year a better team seems to be his motto and we hope his teams continue to get better.

CAPTAIN ROBERTSON

In "Cackles" we had a forward who could always be relied upon for all that was in him. His thought was always "the team first." He is characterized by one well known official as "the headiest captain in central Illinois." His consistent playing has been a great factor in the success of the past season.

ARLAND NIHISER

It is doubtful if any player in state high school basket ball got more publicity than "Bus." As an offensive player he had few equals and the fact that he was selected on the first all-star team in every tournament and that he was selected by

The Review as the most valuable man in Central Illinois, speaks for itself.

HOWARD KEARNEY

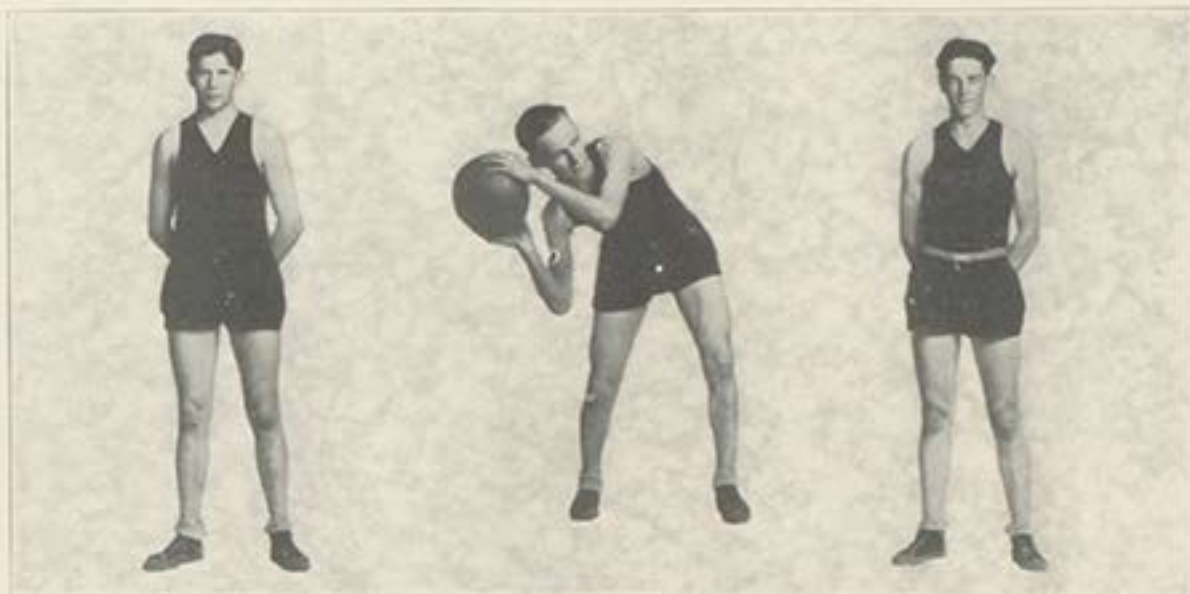
This "overgrown kid" as the Champaign paper called him, developed into a speedy forward. When Kearney was "hot" he was "hot" as was evidenced in the Mattoon game. His work the last of the season was especially commendable. He was chosen as all-star forward in the district tournament.

HAROLD NICHOLS

"Jitney" was one of the causes for the low total of our opponents' field goals. His guarding in the Champaign game was especially good. He has been called one of the best back guards in Windsor's history.

GERALD ROSE

Big Bo jumped center and how that boy can jump! After the tip-off he engaged in the gentle



NICHOLS

ROZENE

ROSE

art of keeping the opponents from scoring and of slipping down the floor for an occasional shot. He made the second team at the district tournament.

DONALD ROZENE

As a utility man "Rosey" has few equals. He played every position on the team and made the newspaper headlines when "Don Rozene's free throw wins Moultrie title."

EARL DAVIDSON, Forward

Earl is small but every pound of him spells fight. He's a hard worker, a good shot and especially strong on offense.

PAUL DAVIDSON, Forward

Paul is like Earl when it comes to fight and hard work and there is little doubt that these two boys will bear the burden of next year's offense.

ROY RENSHAW, Guard

Big Renshaw was a mighty good guard—dependable and conscientious. It's too bad he won't be back next year.

AUBREY WALDEN

"Aub" proved to be a valuable substitute. The team had perfect confidence in his guarding and many times he was called on to fill the back guard's position.

Newspaper Clippings

WINDSOR CRASHES THROUGH WITH TITLE AT CHARLESTON

Nihiser in Star Role As Dunscomb Preps Turn Back Stewardson in Last Four Minutes by 24 to 21

Charleston, March 7.—Windsor High school, lead by one of the greatest, if not the greatest, individual stars ever to appear on a prep floor in Charleston, won an uphill battle from Stewardson in the finals Saturday and clinched a 24-21 victory by a stirring rally in the last four minutes. In that rally Nihiser, who had kept his team in the running the first three quarters, was the big punch.

Stewardson's game fighters led nearly all of the way, but were never out far enough in front so that they could resort to the stalling game to protect their precious lead, and, after the third quarter ended 13-12 for Stewardson, the big fireworks of the tourney was sprung.

Nihiser and Kearney

D. Voris and Bruns had given Stewardson the lead, 18-16, with just four minutes left to play

when Nihiser followed in a long shot by a teammate, leaped into the air and tipped the ball back in the basket to tie the score at 18-18. Stewardson then took time out, but immediately upon the re-starting of play Kearney slipped through the loose defense to sink a field goal, making it 20-18 for Windsor. Dappert of Stewardson made a free throw, but Kearney was fouled a moment later and came right back with two of them, making the count 22-19.

D. Voris brought Stewardson within one point of a tie with a long field goal after the tip-off, 22-21, when Nihiser pulled his most brilliant play of the game by intercepting a Stewardson pass and dribbling over half the length of the floor through the entire team to sink a pretty shot directly underneath the basket. That field goal clinched the game, for the gun cracked soon after.

Nihiser Leading Scorer

Nihiser, who was unanimous choice for all-star center and for honors as the best player in the tournament, was the big punch in the Windsor attack from the first game of the tournament. In the championship game he made five field goals

and five free throws for 15 points, bringing his total for the tournament up to 50 and giving him high scoring honors.

Kearney was also brilliant and was picked on the all-star team, while both Stewardson guards, Bruns and Frieze, were chosen.

Windsor entered the championship round by defeating Toledo, 23-15, after Stewardson had beaten Charleston High, 23 to 10.

No consolation game for third place was played.

Windsor, Stewardson Win

In the semi-final round in the afternoon Windsor was given an unexpected battle by Toledo, finally winning out 23 to 15 while Stewardson outplayed Charleston high all the way and won out 22 to 16.

The plucky Toledo team came back after being blanked 4 to 0 at the first quarter and trailing 12 to 5 at the half, and managed to go into the lead at 13-12 by the end of the third quarter. Here Windsor braced, and although Robertson and Nichols, two of the regulars, had been out on personals, some sharpshooting by "Bus" Nihiser and Rose, who sank two long ones from past center, put the favorites ahead.

Nihiser Heavy Scorer

Nihiser counted seven field goals, for 14 points, while Light was the shining example for Toledo. Rose also put up an excellent game from his guard position—Decatur Herald.

CHAMPIONSHIP

WINDSOR	FG	FT	TP
ROBERTSON, F	1	0	2
KEARNEY, F	2	2	6
NIHISER, C	5	5	15
ROSE, G	0	0	0
NICHOLS, G	0	1	1
WALDEN, G	0	0	0
TOTALS	8	8	24
STEWARDSON	FG	FT	TP
C. VORIS, F	1	0	2
DAPPERT, F	1	3	5
D. VORIS, C	4	1	9
BRUNS, G	2	1	5
FRIEZE, G	0	0	0
PETERS, G	0	0	0
TOTALS	8	5	21

SEMI-FINALS

WINDSOR	FG	FT	TP
ROBERTSON, F	0	0	0
ROZENE, F	0	0	0
KEARNEY, F	1	0	2
NIHISER, C	7	0	14
ROSE, G	2	1	5
NICHOLS, G	1	0	2
WALDEN, G	0	0	0
TOTALS	11	1	23
TOLEDO	FG	FT	TP
LIGHT, F	2	3	7
RHODES, F	1	1	3
WILLIS, F	0	0	0
KERRY, C	2	0	4
KELLAR, G	0	1	1

SMITH, G	0	0	0
TOTALS	5	5	15
STEWARDSON	FG	FT	TP
DAPPERT, F	3	1	7
C. VORIS, F	3	1	7
SCHULYER, F	0	0	0
D. VORIS, C	2	1	5
BRUNS, G	1	0	2
FRIEZE, G	0	1	1

TOTALS	9	4	22
CHARLESTON	FG	FT	TP
SUMMERS, F	3	0	6
TORPP, F	1	0	2
STORY, C	1	0	2
CALLAHAN, C	1	2	4
BRADLEY, G	1	0	2
HANLEY, G	0	0	0

TOTALS	7	2	16
Referee—Webb.	Umpire—Young.		

CHAMPAIGN PUT OUT

BY WINDSOR QUINTET

Silencing all doubts as to their ability and strength, Windsor defeated Champaign 30 to 14 in the first game Friday afternoon. To say that the game was a surprise or an upset would be putting it mildly. Champaign, Big Twelve conference champions and defeated only twice during the season, had been picked to win the game with comparative ease and was a favorite to cop the sectional title. Windsor, clearly demonstrating that their wonderful record for the season was proof of their ability as a team, stopped Champaign at every turn and played a superior game throughout.

Windsor's success lay in their incessant speed and following of ball everywhere it went. They were able to keep possession of the ball most of the time and with snappy, clever passing were able to get long shots, short shots and open tries. Robertson, Kearney and Nihiser followed all shots and gained several of their goals by neat plays around the basket.

Lead Shooting

Windsor was far ahead of Champaign in number of shots. The Shelby county lads made eighty-nine tries to their opponents' forty-seven. In the first half it was Kearney and Robertson who were more successful. In the second half it was Nihiser. Rose and Nichols were as good on defense as the other three were on offense. Champaign had few pot shots or follows during the whole game. Rose's height and success in tipping the ball kept it in Windsor's hands a great amount of the time.

For Champaign Captain Ray Fisher was outstanding. He was the key of the Moyer offense and the only one who was really consistent and good on defense. Carson and Derment displayed their cleverness in pivoting and play in advancing the ball but lacked in shooting accuracy. They were at times able to get under the goal, but either the speed or the work of the Windsor guards spoiled their close shots. Potter and Wiley were

injected to stay the Windsor rush or to add life to the Champaign attack, but to no avail, so Carson and Williams were sent back to finish the game. Fisher was put out on personals in the fourth quarter and Hagerman took his position.

Steady Play

The play of both teams was steady all through the game. Windsor went up steadily without spurting and so did Champaign. With an offense that successfully evaded all but Fisher, Windsor got their points and the amount of time that Windsor had the ball and a successful defense did not permit Champaign to make a higher score.

Score by quarters	1	2	3	4—39
WINDSOR	6	6	11	7—39
CHAMPAIGN	2	4	4	4—14

Officials—Eyer and Rotz.—Decatur Review.

"BUS" IS TEAM BY HIMSELF.

SAY WINDSOR FOES

When any high school team steps on the floor against Windsor's unbeaten crew it is going up against two good teams at once. One is made up of four very capable basket tossers, Captain Robertson, Kearney, Rose and Nichols, while the other is Arland "Bus" Nihiser, center and player extraordinary, who will have to be taken into account by anyone attempting to pick an all-star team this season.

"Bus" is a senior, 16 years old, five feet ten inches tall, weighs 175 pounds, and is playing his third year of high school basket ball. His best showing was against Sullivan, when he looped nine from the field and five from the foul line for 23 points, although he had previously scored 22 in the opener against Strasburg.—Decatur Herald.

ROBERTSON DRAWS PRAISE

Regardless of who won the sectional tournament or who is going to win the state meet next Friday and Saturday, Central Illinois basket ball was officially made a success when Windsor dropped Champaign in the first half of the Friday session. When the drawings were announced and Jobe Dunscomb's boys had drawn the second best team in the state in 1924-1925, and which had lost but two games during the present season, few would have cared to predict the sort of drubbing which Windsor actually handed out to last year's runner up.

No excuses are made for their later defeat by Athens and no excuses are needed for the fact that they went down before a better team, but a good bit of credit is due to Captain Robertson,

"Bus" Nihiser, Kearney, Rose and Nichols for giving Windsor and Central Illinois one of the best teams in Central Illinois during the past season.

While a good bit of the spotlight directed at Windsor has fallen on Nihiser, and deservedly so, it must be remembered that one man can not make a team, and that he has been aided a good bit by the rest of the team. Captain Robertson, who has led the team from his forward's position, has been a steady worker throughout the season, and deserves his share of the credit. In the Pana sectional he was especially active in both games, scoring six points in the victory over Champaign, and five field goals for 10 points against Athens. Like Nihiser, Robertson is a senior and will be lost to the team next year.—Decatur Herald.

WINDSOR WINS, SIR

The basket ball game here Tuesday night between the old rivals, Windsor and Shelbyville, was won by Windsor, 37 to 23. It is no disgrace to be defeated by a team like Windsor sports, for The Democrat believes there is not a nicer, cleaner lot of boys in the state than those composing that fine basket ball team. Of course, the Shelbyville boys are nice fellows, too, but as basket ball players, they are far outclassed by the Windsor lads. Rotz of Decatur handled the job of referee, and did a good job of it as usual. Shelbyville has no alibi to offer for its defeat—and is willing to pass the honor to the Windsor lads, who have been so consistent winners all through the past basket ball season.

Of course, in the County Tourney, Windsor lost to Findlay, but since then the Windsor lads took the Findlay team to a 47 to 11 cleaning, showing that tourney game was more or less a lucky one for Findlay. Windsor will make some team in its district tourney "step high, wide and handsome" to win over them.—Shelbyville Democrat.

SAYS WINDSOR SHOWS SPORTSMANSHIP

Findlay folks were quite happy on Saturday afternoon when the word came that Coach Driver's men had defeated the strong Windsor quintet and winners of the Moultrie county championship. After the final score was announced business was suspended and folks did little but "talk basket ball." We might add that Coach Dunscomb's men, although disappointed in not being victor, showed their usual true sportsmanship and congratulated the Findlay boys. We are sincerely proud of the showing the Findlay team made, and congratulate the Stewardson team.—Findlay Enterprise.

There is a Senior named Mary,
Who had lots of fat to carry

But for her own sake, she quit eating cake
And now she's so thin that she's scary.

There's Aub, a youth lank and lean,
Who loves a maid named Maudene.

They went in Bo's car, but didn't go far
For mud—well, that's too big a theme.



An Arizona Cowboy



The Huntsmen



Back in 19--



Gypsies



All a Mistake



Hands
Up!





Music



1844/51



JUNIOR-SENIOR GLEE CLUB

FRONT ROW—Elizabeth Freeland, Inez Storm, Ruth Rankin, Vivien Harrmann, Evelyn Jones, Maud Jones.

SECOND ROW—Vivian Edwards, Neva Bence, Norman Sherwood, Letha Linder, Gilbert Clem, Wilda Grider, Ralph Neal.

THIRD ROW—Paul Bridges, Mary Elizabeth Gilbert, Daisy Swinford, Merle Kirk, Bryan Smith, Deana Swinford, Grace Shelton.

BACK ROW—Maudene Jones, Margie Rose, Earl Davilsen, Inez Richards, Mildred Lovins.

GLEE CLUBS AND ORCHESTRA

The Glee Clubs have labored hard to make this activity a success, and we will all agree that their time wasn't spent in vain. Miss Garvin, our faithful instructor, has been very persevering and the results of her work have become visible in the public appearances of the clubs in chorus work and operettas.

The orchestra started out with eleven members. They have had a successful year of playing. It is probably the best orchestra which has been put out by W. C. H. S. They played for the Masonic Banquet, where they were praised. They have played at all of the important entertainments. The success of this orchestra is due, to a large extent, to the leader, Mr. Ready.



SOPHOMORE GLEE CLUB

FRONT ROW—Reta Walker, Jamaine Armstrong, Bessie Andrews, Anna Edwards, Vivian Storm, Lois Houser.

SECOND ROW—Hazel Anderson, Evelyn Hart, Irene Herron, Juanita Richards, Mary Smith, Ellen Cole, Irene Wallace.

BACK ROW—Dorothy Luce, Ruth Peterson, Gwendolyn York, Inez Fling, Leora Bennett, Katherine Luce.



FRESHMAN GLEE CLUB

FRONT ROW—Margaret Walden, Margarette Lemons, Jane Moberley, Pauline Janes, Margarette Linvill, Ruth Miner, Lula Walker, Margaret Baker.

SECOND ROW—Katherine Mahan, Hazel Shewmake, Burton Richardson, Thomas D. Hennigh, Boyd Lemons, Harold Turner, Wendell Hartsell.

BACK ROW—Ruby Hilsabeck, Violet Kercheval, Margaret Clawson, Lena Holsapple, Hazel Rankin, Eva Miner.

Operetta, "Polished Pebbles"

CHARACTERS

Uncle Bob—disguised as negro in Act 1—Paul Bridges.

Mrs. Obrian—widow, Uncle Bob's sister—Neva Bence.

Rosalie—their niece—Deana Swinford.

Winifred—daughter of Mrs. Obrian—Vivian Edwards.

Millicent—daughter of Mrs. Obrian—Elizabeth Freeland.

Mrs. Gabble—town gossip—Mary E. Gilbert.

Mr. Gabble—local character—Norman Sherwood.

Martha—Country girl—Letha Linder.

Nick—country boy—Gilbert Clem.

Chorus of Sunbonnet girls and Overall boys.

Story

Uncle Bob gives his sister money to take her daughters and Rosalie abroad to finish their school. Mrs. Obrian takes only her two daughters. While abroad, she spends the money for jewels and clothes. At the end of five months, she writes Uncle Bob for more money. He tells her to meet him at the farm.

During Mrs. Obrian's absence, Rosalie runs the farm, with Uncle Joe's assistance—an old negro. When she returned she tells Uncle Joe to leave. Mrs. Obrian's jewels are stolen and she suspects him. Her brother comes, and matters are investigated. The clothes of the old negro were found. Uncle Bob's name was in the hat. Uncle Bob tells her his purpose in disguising himself. He doesn't like the way his sister has treated Rosalie. In the end, everyone is forgiven.



ORCHESTRA R. L. Ready, George Goddard, Paul Bridges, Deana Swinford, J. H. Dunscomb, Raymond Robertson, Mildred Lovins, Mrs. Katherine Dunn, and Miss Edna Gustafson.



Society



21072

Business Men's Banquet

On the evening of March 30, the W. C. H. S. basket ball squad and coach were given a banquet by the business men of Windsor. It was served at the Christian Church. The dining room was decorated in blue and gold, the school colors. A group of high school girls acted as waitresses. The menu consisted of fruit cocktail, baked chicken with dressing, noodles, scalloped potatoes, peas, dill pickles, hot rolls, butterfly salad, blue and gold brick ice cream, angel food cake, and coffee.

Toasts and speeches were given after the banquet.

—M. S. '26

Junior-Senior Banquet, 1925

On May 26, 1925, the Junior Class entertained the Seniors and faculty at the annual Junior-Senior Banquet.

The gymnasium was beautifully decorated with silver and pink crepe paper, the Senior Colors.

MENU

Cocktail

Potatoes	Chicken a la King
Creamed Peas	Dressing
Rolls	Butter
	Radishes
Fruit Salad	Wafers
Ice Cream	Cake

A short program and toasts were given between courses. Music was furnished by a Mat-ton Orchestra.

Box Supper

On October 16, a box supper was given under the auspices of the Senior Class for the benefit of the Pow-Wow.

Freshman Initiation

In November, the sophisticated Sophomores extended an invitation to the Freshmen to be present at the gymnasium at seven o'clock on the evening of November 6.

A little before seven, the innocent Freshmen had gathered before the gym waiting to be admitted. When the doors were opened, they entered by ones and twos. Half afraid, they faltered, but their courage would not let them turn back.

After the Sophomores had had the pleasure of seeing them tortured for some time, the Freshmen were fed and sent home. A good time was proclaimed by all present.

High School Party

In November, it was decided to divide the school into four divisions for the purpose of selling Season Basket-ball tickets. The division selling the

largest number of tickets was to be given a party by the other divisions.

Raymond Robertson's division sold the largest number of tickets. On the evening of December 21, the party was given in the gymnasium.

Games were played, and Christmas gifts were exchanged. Sandwiches, potato chips, oranges and candy were served as refreshments.

Basket Ball Parties

The first basket-ball party was given to the squad and coach at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Robertson, on December 21. At six o'clock a splendid chicken dinner was served by Mrs. Robertson. After dinner, the boys and coach returned to Windsor to attend a party at the gym.

On February 2, the squad and coach were again entertained at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Roxene. A splendid dinner was served, and the evening was spent listening to the Radio.

After the Shelby County Tournament, Mrs. Pinnell gave the boys and Coach Dunscomb an invitation to dinner at her cafe. One of the chief features of the dinner was the dessert, which was ice cream served in the shape of a basket-ball.

After the Windsor-Findlay game on Friday evening, February 12, Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Hoke entertained the boys at a sumptuous feed at their cafe. This was in keeping with the Valentino season. Valentines were used for place cards.

On Wednesday evening, February 17, the boys were entertained at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Walden. A bountiful dinner was served. The waitresses were attired in blue and gold dresses. After dinner, dancing was the diversion of the evening.

On Wednesday evening before the Windsor-Arthur game, Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Rose entertained the basket-ball boys at a six o'clock chicken dinner at their home. The house was beautifully decorated with blue and gold crepe paper. After dinner the remainder of the evening was spent in playing cards and dancing.

Mr. and Mrs. W. O. Nichols gave a 6:30 o'clock chicken dinner to the basket-ball squad and Coach Dunscomb on Thursday evening, March 18. The St. Patrick's day idea was carried out in decorations and menu. Place cards were hand drawn pictures of bride and groom, with a booklet containing a poem announcing the engagement of Miss Basketball to Mr. Squad. The evening was spent in an enjoyable social way.

Miss Burd Returns as Mrs. Dunn

Miss Katherine Burd, one of the instructors in W. C. H. S., went away for the Christmas holidays as Miss Burd, but she returned to Windsor resuming her school work on Monday, January 4, as Mrs. Allen Dunn.

The wedding took place on New Year's day in the Christian parsonage at Keithsburg by the Reverend A. O. Hargis. Mr. Dunn, who is employed by the Keystone Company, is a Keithsburg

young man. Mrs. Dunn's home town is Perry. After school closes, Mr. and Mrs. Dunn will go to housekeeping in Rock Island.

Faculty Entertainments

September 26—Faculty entertained by Miss Row.

November 14—Faculty entertained at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Alexander.

December 18—Faculty was given a luncheon by the Cooking Class.

March 26—Faculty was entertained by Mrs. Wilbur Rose.

May 1—Faculty entertained by Misses Katherine and Leota Garvin.

Junior-Senior Banquet, 1926

Sometime in April, we know not when, the Juniors are going to give the Senior Class of 1926 a banquet. They are striving to make it a better one than the one of 1925.

The Class of '26 wishes them success.

—M. S.

Commencement Activities

May 6—Junior Senior Banquet.

May 22—Senior Play, "ONLY ME".

May 23—Baccalaureate Sermon, Rev. D. A. Shuck.

May 26—Junior-Senior Picnic.

May 28—Commencement. Address by Dr. M. E. Penney, Pres. James Millikin University.

Cast of "Only Me"

Sheila Thayer—Vivian Edwards.

Evelyn Thayer—Evelyn Janes.

Grandma Thayer—Deana Swinford.

Lynn DeLorme—Letha Linder.

Miss Finnerty—Beulah Gordon.

Sancho De Garcia—Ray Tull.

Dr. De Lorme—Norman Sherwood.

Billie Bainbridge—Paul Bridges.

Nathan Lansing—Aubrey Walden.

What They Said When They Got Their Proofs

Mary Liz—My Gosh, look at that grin!

Neva—Jobe said mine looks like a magazine cover.

Harold—I could look at mine all the time.

Sod—Boy! I sure look like a real man.

Olin—Gee, I didn't know I was so good looking before.

Jack B.—I'm better looking than that!

Ruth S.—My glasses improve mine, I think.

Nellie S.—I never can take a decent picture.

Kearney—Some smile, I'll say.

Bus—Mine aren't so worse.

Stilly—I'm going to have mine taken over.

Fred E.—I sure do look funny.

Ralph—Look at my hair—now isn't that perfect for you?

Mag Tull—Gosh, I won't show mine to anyone!

Letha L.—And I wanted mine to flatter me!

Aub—That's a picture of a real sheik.

Rosy—Do you think I look love-sick?

LIMERICKS

There is a young fellow named Bus,
Who is quite a mean little cuss,

But I will not fuss, for Bus is just Bus,
No matter what way him we discuss.

We have a fair teacher—Miss Gussie,
Who wants to get fat and pussy.

She ate lots, we're told, but when you behold
Her—she looks like the same fussy Gussie.

Sod is a lad who's quite crazy
But his mind isn't awfully hazy,

Though one day in class, before he could pass,
He had to write, thrice, "I am lazy."

There's Don with the rosy complexion,
Who gives Mildred all his attention.

Just two months ago, she had Freddie in tow.
How long will Don last is the question.

There's George, our red-headed drummer,
Who in January thought it was summer,

For in his sport car, he went near and far
With Lara, who thinks he's a hummer.

And then there's our shorthand teacher,
Who is a quite charming creature.

She went away in December, and we all remember
Was made Mrs. Dunn by a preacher.

Our cheer leader, Jane, is a prize,
She has the cutest blue eyes.

And everyone fell for the way she did yell,
To be like her each leader tries.

Calendar

Aug 31—Whew! The thermometer is just at the boiling point, and The Freshies are wandering around like lost geese.

Sept 2—Miss Stevenson is surely starting out rough because Verne Spencer was seen coming out of class with a bloody nose.

3—Gee whiz! can you imagine a Senior girl marching out with the boys?

4—Mr. Dunscomb is taking Miss Smith's place at the head of the row. Oh No! Not in size but position. Strut Your Garlic, Joble.

5—Senior meeting. Mr. Dunscomb and Miss Gustafson are the two that received the honor of being chief cook and bottle washer of the Senior Class.

8—"Variety is the spice of life," so the saying goes, and Mr. Alexander must believe it. We have a change of program every day.

9—The "flyin' Dutchman" thinks better late than never—first day for him.

10—Senior meeting, and what do you think—41 out of 52 voted for the same ring.

11—Oh Emmie! It's gettin' hotter and hotter.

12—Wait a minute, my heart missed a beat—Mr. Ready suggested going swimming.

15—Election of Staff—Vivian Storm tickled the ivories and gave us a little jazz at dismissal.

16—We sho' know school has begun, now we've had our annual dog visit. Miss Taylor didn't approve and had the dear little cur thrown out by the neck.

17—My Cow! Who has all the money. We had our pictures taken today and saw the birdie.

18—Miss Hartman doesn't seem to know that this isn't leap year. She politely asked Bus to come down and see her at 4:00 o'clock.

19—Fire! Fire! some landed on their feet and some didn't. Thank goodness that's over.

20—Miss Smith is back on reform duty—Rules or more rules.

22—If you want to know what happened ask Ruth Rankin.

23—Heard in the assembly: "Well, did you break off a big frolic last nite?"

24—Jitney, Sod and Roy Renshaw raced to see which one will get to typewriting first. Is it their lessons or is it the teacher? ? ? ?

25—Assembly singing, both nasal and throaty, in abundance.

26—Oh, death, where is thy sting! we've had three tests in physics already and some talk of another soon.

27—Seniors picked out invitations. Look out Pocketbook!

28—Smash! Bang! Wilda, Cackle, Mildred L. and (?) had a big tear up on the slab last nite—Ruth Bartley got a bump of knowledge on the new book-keeping desks.

30—Back and at the same old grind, after one day at the fair. Freddie was carrying a balloon yesterday at Shelbyville—It's Uncle Joseph this morning.

October 1—K-Choo! K-Choo! Buddie, it certainly takes a lot of energy for you to sneeze.

2—Evelyn received a banjo-uke from Gene—Now for a hot week-end.

3—The first group are going over to have their pictures taken tonight. Wonder what they'll look like.

4—Still some in the agony of having their pictures taken.

5—"Freddie, cut out that rough stuff. Your'e no cave-man."

—Oh, shoot. You dirty Senior boys ought to be rained on for running over our nice lady teachers—No school to-morrow.

—Miss Gussie starts to the front to ring the bell as Bryan and Squeek discover to their sorrow they have a class next period. A wild race ensues; but they're too late. That's all-right, boys, you can go tomorrow.

11—We got our proofs today. Sod, that's not nice for you to brag on your own. Aubrey, what makes your neck so long?

12—Mr. Ready tells us the difference between city and country life. Talks like he has had experience.

13—Now! Now! This isn't a wrestling contest. This is English Class. Nellie, don't hit Leonard again—he might not be able to shoot off some of his bright remarks.

14—Everyone bring a box, and come to the box supper—Lavone Clem visits classes today.

17—Did Mr. Dunscomb get hungry? Well, anyway he went home before noon. Tongue twisters in public speaking today. We almost decided we didn't know how to talk.

18—Eddie! Mr. Ready praised us for having such a quiet assembly this morning—Why all the rush to the dictionary? Did someone leave a note?

19—This is worse than Noah's Ark. Scat out of here! And down the fire-escape she slid.

20—Evelyn, can't you wait till supper? Why, the idea of eating apples in study hall.

21—Just one of those D-arling History tests like you read about—Looks like old times to see Chick hangin' around.

23—Gussie, Burd, and Taylor are real pleased over The Home Coming Saturday, Sweet Cats! I'll bet they cut up awful when they got in Champaign.

24—Lost, by Marg. Tull, a Shelbyville Ever-sharp, put out by the famous Love manufacturers, who are now stationed in the Adams Music House.

25—Oh Deah! Tietze has a mustache, and it's three and a half days old.

26—The same old grind performed each day. Read, recite, copy, and pray (we won't flunk).

27—We're all hands today. My! but the rings are classy. Just look who they're for.

November 2—Mr. Dunscomb sho' does aim for us to do a lot of fussin' around beforehand. The following sign appeared on the board, "Group pictures for the Pow-Wow will be taken next Xmas."

3—It's honestly worse than a western round-up trying to get those insignificant Freshies down to get their pictures taken.

4—Look out, Tietze, or Nellie will put a cherry on your nose for crowding her out of the aisles.

5—Mr. Ready's famous jazz orchestra helped out with assembly singing this morning. We thank you.

6—Exams today, we only got two periods to find out what we don't know. "Lawd he'p us."

7—Flutter! Flutter! Grace is sporting a diamond on her left hand.

8—Fred and Mildred sit in Miss Gussie's north window constantly. If anyone has any suggestion as to how it could be stopped, please tell us.

9—Want to buy a basket-ball ticket? That's what's in the air now.

10—Paul Bridges says he wants a tinted brunette for a wife. Out of the gutter, Jackie.

Friday the thirteenth—If you ever got caught Whisperin, Copyin, or Chawin' wax it'll be today.

15—Sod goes blushing forward as our next 1926 yell leader.

16—Our first pep-meeting seems as if that's all we is of.

17—What is it I smell? Oh, it's pop-corn balls for the game tonight. Mr. Ready, Miss Garvin, and Mr. Alexander came down to cooking to sample them.

18—Off at 2:30 today and all day tomorrow. Betty Walker, one of Shelby's dashing brunettes, is visiting here today.

19—Miss Jordan consulted one of the Seniors about how to keep order in her English classes. Wouldn't that frost you?

20—It's whispered around that a certain Senior girl is running competition against Mary Linville, in trying to vamp Kenneth Davidson.

21—Look out, tummy, tomorrow is when we have the turkey.

26—We're still getting religion in physics. Mr. Alexander has given up hopes of ever converting us.

27—Nothing at all only Joe Turner was talking to Pauline Janes about something very interesting.

28—We had Peat and Re-Peat in the Assembly today. Tietze would toot his nose, then Bud F. would join in on the chorus.

29—No use to grieve. You can't make it stop raining. The weather man is more stubborn than Gerald Rose in French class.

30—We won from Cowden in a hard fought battle.

October 1—Daisy Swinford has a new ring. You all can guess what that means.

3—Elbert Neal has been casting eyes at Miss Stevenson the whole period.

4—Miss Jordan is wearing a bulldog on the front of her dress. Wonder if that's to keep Aubrey Walden and Herbert Clawson still in English.

5—Helen Nichols, our post graduate, holds the draft clerk's position at the bank during holidays. Really, she opens and shuts the windows.

6—Another victory for the Gold and Blue, only two points. This time it happened to be Lovington.

7—Harold Turner gave one of his famous orations today. Oh Well! No use to tell you about it because every one heard it all over the assembly.

9—Scandal! Bus asked Mr. Alexander if he

could take "The Girl of the Limberlost" out over the week end.

10—Kenneth York is still favorably inclined toward Jamaine.

11—A shower for Peachy, our new bride.

12—Bus, Cackle, and Miss Burd made some stirring speeches and presented us with the picture of our 1924-25 E. B. team.

13—Tonight we play the six-footers from Stewardson. Jane M. will be sure and be there to see Poky.

15—Ya, Windsor! Your'e getting good—two more victories, Cowden and Stewardson.

16—You can't fool me, cause I know there is a Santa Claus. Herman E. told me there was one.

17—Everyone is flashing bobbed combs—all colors of the rainbow.

18—Miss Kern brought back fond memories when she sent a Merry Xmas and a Happy New Year to the class of '26.

January 4—Quite a number seem to have forgotten vacation is over, at least they aren't back.

5—Miss Burd has sure gone and "Dunn" it. Got married! The last thing on earth I thought a woman like her would do. Mr. Ready has blowed himself and had his glasses mended.

6—Jamaine slipped and did the Charleston. Why, child, you awkward thing.

7—Old Mother Goose sure is shakin' her feather bed—Now for sleigh ride.

8—Absolutely! as Mr. Ready says, everyone is going to Findlay tonight.

11—Hey! Stilabower, where's your keys? We're not going to let you go to Shelby again if that's the way you act.

12—Poor "Squeek"—he's just kicked about something awful. This morning he came a bouncing out of English, and this afternoon for some reason(???) he went home in a sort of a hurry.

13—Donald would have been on time if he hadn't been having his regular three minute tete-a-tete with Mildred.

14—Several pleasing talks this morning, and some good advice from Mr. Alexander.

15—Nice day, isn't it? I do hope it will be this nice tomorrow.

18—Several look rather gloomy this morning. Do you suppose the party would have anything to do with it?

19—We're all going to Sullivan, win or bust. All probabilities we won't bust.

20—It is now ten minutes and thirty nine seconds after eleven and Aubrey is just dragging in.

21—Exams.

22—More Exams.

24—Our Morale is considerably lower after receiving our grades.

25—Lulu Walker and Harold Turner are having a hotly contested argument over who can talk the longest. I'm bettin' on the winner.

26—Mr. Ready did some close figuring and pulled the B. B. boys over the fence in History. Gee Whiz! wish I was lucky.

27—Here's to the Moultrie County Tournament.

28—No School. Time out, Mr. Alexander.

31—We sure had bacon for breakfast. Has every one seen our Silver basket ball?

February 1—Ruth Rankin celebrated, and has a mannish hair cut. More work for the barber.

2—Oh, well, Miss Hartman, you had just as well laugh it off if you don't like the new hair cuts. Girls will be girls, but it does seem as if they're trying to run competition against the boys.

3—Show your ears, it's still the style. Several more new hair cuts.

4-5—Dear old tournament days at Shelbyville.

8—Miss Hartman has her hair bobbed. Looks awful nice—so girlish like.

9—We've almost got spring fever, it's such a lovely afternoon.

10—Herbert Clawson told us a story of an old man who lived on a mountain side about halfway up.

11—Presentation of the Silver B. B. Seniors claim the honor as all the team are Seniors.

12—We've only got one thing to be thankful for and that is that tomorrow's Saturday.

15—Miss Jordan just can't seem to realize that we seniors can't get along without our gum. Why, honest! it's just like taking candy away from a baby.

16—I suppose every one will enter in the Charleston contest. I've heard you can Charleston better if you're bowlogged, and I came to the conclusion that Neva Bence ought to be An A Student.

18—If Brains were dynamite, Fred Walker honestly couldn't blow his hat off in Civics.

19—Squeek, You had just as well stay out of English as to waste all that energy going back and forth.

21—I sure wish I had some of that education medicine that Earl Davidson wrote a Theme on. I think it would help a lot on Monday morning.

22—It's sure storming today—So's the faculty. Something must have happened.

23—The house is in an uproar. Nellie has made three trips to Mr. Duncomb's room this morning.

24—Nothing much happened today only Vivian Storm and Joe Turner had a collision in assembly hall.

25—Kearney, Jitney, Marg Tull, and Paul Heron were all requested to stay out of English.

27—Some one must have knocked the chip off of Bus' shoulder Friday night—First, last and only defeat on our home floor.

28—Another woman gone wrong, Marg Tull is engaged—who to(???)

March 2—In spring they say a young man's fancy turns to love. We heard Herbert Clawson making love to Nellie last night.

4—All's jake for the tournament.

5—No school this P. M. on account of tourney.

8—We brought the bacon home from the district tournament. Yes Siree!

12—York's clothing store must have put in a line of cosmetics from the way Kenneth was painted at Charleston.

13—George Goddard received a special invitation to attend orchestra practice.

15—Jitney is giving the boys a big feed tonight. Eat, drink, and be happy.

16—What could be more trying? Seven physics experiments to get in and a 1250 word short story to write.

18—Aubrey is back for the first time since Friday. Spring fever?

19—Fred Walker has one of his new hair cuts that occur every change of the moon.

20—From the disgusted look on Miss Garvin's face, she doesn't seem to be in love with the Charleston.

21—Miss Hartman keeps urging that Howard and Aubrey shouldn't talk in the assembly, but they still persist.

23—Harold Francis lies (in English) and then Paul Benton swears to it.

25—Does Jean approve of Pauline's mannish bob? It's off now, so what can he do?

26—It seems as if Bus has had a bump on his nose. He probably stumped his toe and fell.

28—"Kentucky wonders" for dinner today.

29—"Good Evening Clarice" is to be given by remarkably brilliant cast, if I do say it myself.

30—Miss Jordan kicked Paul Herron out of English. That's old. Wonder why she doesn't crack something new.

31—Wish someone would ring that bell, and there it goes.

—M. E. G. '26

How=Ulow

AUTOGRAPHS

1926

Fifty-Six

Jokes

Jokes

READ THESE AND WEEP

Sh-h-h!

Katherine Luce: "Say, I wonder how old Miss Stevenson is?"

Herman Edwards: "I don't know, but they say she taught Caesar."

Miss Garvin: Paul, can you sing a solo Friday night?

Paul B: I can't duet.

Paul Moberley says:—

"It's Just Like a Woman!"

The snow was falling very fast,
The wind was getting colder,
Her ankles froze, and so she drew,
Her coat about her shoulder.

John Wall: Why are you smiling?

Vivian S: I just came from the dentist's.

John: Is that anything to smile about?

Vivian: Yes, he wasn't at home.

Believe It or Not

Mr. Ready: "What is the quickest way to produce sawdust, Verne?"

Verne Spencer: "Why-er—"

Mr. Ready: "Come, come, use your head."

Olin Phipps: "I put my whole mind into this poem."

Fred Edmunds: "Yeah, I see it's blank verse."

Harold Turner: Who is the smallest man in history?

Gene Jones: I give up.

Harold: Why, the Roman soldier who fell asleep on his watch.

OH U!

Joe Turner: Say!

Ralph Hyland: Uh-huh.

Joe: Where was the fire department when Rome burned?

At school luncheon Gerald reaches far across the table and helps himself to the cake.

Margy: What did you do that for—haven't you a tongue?"

Gerald: Yes, but it isn't as long as my arm.

Sod: If you borrow money, borrow from a pessimist.

Mr. Ready: Why a pessimist?

Sod: Because he never expects to get it back.

Miss Jordon: When did Milton write "Paradise Lost?"

Ralph Neal: When his wife returned from her summer vacation.

Do You Suppose?

Diplomacy is all right—if it gets the diploma.

Gwendolyn Y: I see you have a stiff finger. What seems to be wrong with it?

Inez Fling: I can't bend it.

Green Fresh (to Senior who is leaving the room): May I come too?

Senior: "You'll never come to, unconscious."

Vivian E: Night after night he gazes up at the stars. It is his very work, his life interest.

Maud J.: I know a boy like that. He plays the piano in a movie.

Paul Herron: Watch out, Yap! Don't strike a match on the gas tank.

Wayne M: "It's all right. This is a safety match."

Alphabetical Telephone Conversation by J. D. Hartsell and Helen Edwards.

Lo, that you, L. N?

E. S.: it's I

How R U?

O I M. O. K. J. D.

G that's good.

Y do U ask?

I thought U and I could take a ride.

O, I M delighted.

C U at seven.

I L B ready.

Raymond Robertson: I got 50 in my intelligence test.

Olin Phipps: That makes you a half-wit.

A Hot One

Mary Eg: D'ya hear about the big explosion down at the postoffice?

Ralph R: No; Which was how?

Mary: A sack of letters went off.

Mr. Ready: The next person that says "huh" will be sent out of class.

Chorus: Huh?

Take Your Pick.

"Hello! How are you?"

"Oh, I'm just as good as your are."

"Hello, how are you?"

"Pretty good."

"Oh. You just think you are."

Mr. Dunscomb: Is there anything at all you're sure of?

John Wall: I'm sure I don't know.

Aha!

Farmer: Where be ye goin'?

Harold N: To a neckin party.

Farmer: Sounds like something fowl.

Herbert Clawson: How did you get that bump on your head?

Joe T: Aw, that's where a thought struck me.

A FOUL PLAY

In One Reel and Two Jigs

Characters

Mary Eg. (a girl who brought more men to their knees than a broken axle on a Ford).

— A member of W. C. H. S.'s B. B. team.

Scene—Very obscene.

He—Darling (he swallowed his Adam's apple many times his neck felt like an orchard), darling I-er want to ask you something. All the times I've been outta town playing games and tournaments I would think of the time I could ask you this—ah—vital question and I must have your answer to-night.

Mary Eg: Oh my dear, you know I've admired you ever since you first started playing basket ball—What question, honey?

He, Did they ever find Sally?

They remove the remains with a vacuum cleaner.

Curtain

Mary Eg: Ruth, did you know I can Charleston?

"No, can you?"

Mary: "Yah, one side of me."

Miss Gustafson: What is the meaning of the word zinc?

Vivian Harrmann: That is the French pronunciation of think.

Skinny Freeland: Oh! I have a tooth-ache.

Vivian Storm: Crown it.

Jack Bridges: I should have more credit on this question. I wrote eight pages.

Mr. Dunscomb: We don't weigh the papers.

Ralph Robertson in a restaurant. Waitress: Order, please!

Ralph: Whazzamatter—I aint makin' any noise.

Jane Moberley: The police-dog isn't the only one that came from Germany to America.

Miss Taylor: How so?

Jane: Well, there's the hot dog, y'know.

Big Cackle: Who is that light headed Freshman?

H. Kearney: They are all light headed. Why don't you know they had brain fever last year and almost died cause it had nothing to work on.

Irene W: No, Glen, I don't want to go for a ride.

Glen F: But you must, Irene, or I'll never speak to you again. Aw! come on, just once—don't be afraid.

Irene: For the last time I say no. You know how those rides affect me. So Glenn jumped on the Merry-go-round and rode by himself.

David Rose: I didn't make as high a grade as I expected, but I didn't think I would.

Serious Accident

Two cars driven by high school boys crashed into each other the other day at noon, on West Main. Several of the boys were badly hurt. The eyebrow of Jean Walden's which was dislocated, was found almost without injury resting (supposedly) on his upper lip.

Miss Stevenson (in Latin class): Translate this sentence: Caesar sic di cat cur ages si lictum. Stub Lovins: Caesar sicked the cat on the cur, I guess he licked him.

Miss Jordan: Margarette, name as many kinds of poetry as you can.

Mag T: Lyric, dramatic and epidemic.

Miss Jordan: (during one of her lectures): A boy in one of my other classes had the nerve to eat peanuts and throw the hulls on the floor.

Olin P: What did you expect him to do, eat the hulls?

Nellie Simmons: Oh, do you know! Sometimes in physic lab. I weigh as small as a millimeter.

Bus: I flunked that exam cold.

Jit: I thought that was easy.

Bus, It was, but I had vaseline on my hair and my mind slipped.

Mr. Alexander: What kind of a tube would you put in this jug?

Inez Storm: One with a hole in it.

Anna E: Who put that big hickey on your neck?

Wilda G: "I haven't had a date for so long I don't know what a hickey is!"

Dorothy L: "I hear Freddie Krile was kicked out of class for cheating."

Katie L: Yes, he got caught with a flower in his button hole during a botany test."

Maurine S: Have you seen the "Thief of Bagdad"?

Beulah G: No. Is something missing?

Miss Stevenson (in Latin 2 Class): How far have we gone in Latin?

Jamaine: "Far enough."

Ruth Sexson: "Harold Nichols is awfully polite, isn't he?"

Jane Bell: Painfully so. When he was learning to skate he apologized for sitting down while I remained standing.

Lois Houser—Wilda, why don't you sue Ralph for breach of promise?

Wilda Grider—I would if I had a decent picture for the newspapers.

Elbert Neal: Get off my feet.

Ruby Bartley: All right. How far?

Hotsy Totsy!

Gene Walden: I wish I could revise the alphabet.

Pauline J: Why, what would you do?
Gene: I'd put U and I close together.

Miss Stevenson: Have you done your outside reading for English?

Jamaine: No, ma'am, it's been too cold.

Doesn't Play Fair

Roy Renshaw: Dad, I ain't going to take short hand any more.

Father: Eh, Why?

Roy: It's no good—I can't learn the words. The teacher keeps changing them all the time.

Miss Jordon: The next person who talks without permission will remain an hour after school.

Olin Phipps: Oh give me liberty or give me death!

Miss J: Who said that!!

Olin: Patrick Henry.

Miss Taylor's first Sunday at church (to Miss Gustafson as collection plate nears) "Put that money back in your pocket; this is on me!"

Jane Bell: What kind of leather makes the best shoe leather?

Earle D: I don't know what makes the best shoe leather, but banana peelings make the best slippers.

Miss Jordon, reading a story to her English Class: "And as she stepped into the car a hundred pairs of eyes were upon her."

Squeaky S: "M'boy. She must be some potato!"

TO THE SOPHS

School is but a merry treat,
And all of life a jest,
Until English flunks a bunch,
And Geometry takes the rest.

Mr. Ready: Fred, tell me what you know about the Age of Elizabeth.

Fred W: (sleepy) She'll be nineteen next week.

Thomas Dale: My girl's birthday is next Monday and I want to surprise her. What would you suggest?

Herman E: Say, boo!

Miss Jordon: I asked the English I class who wrote the 'Merchant of Venice' and Kenneth said—"please Mam, it wasn't me."

Fred E: Ha! Ha! I suppose the little rascal had written it all the time.

Margaret Baker: Gee, I couldn't answer the third question in Geography about What makes it rain.

Lula Walker: I couldn't either, so I put down, "the big dipper sprung a leak."

This is the Life!

It was a wonderful night for driving and she was just the girl to be with (Maudine). He (Aub), couldn't desist and she wouldn't resist—so by this time he was driving with one arm. She didn't mind but said, "Don't you think you'd better use two arms?"

"Sorry" came the mournful reply, "but I'm afraid I can't drive with my knees."

Freshmen are the greens that think marsh mallows grow in the swamp.

Cecil H: How did you catch such a cold?

Gansel B: Somebody played the Star Spangled Banner when I was taking a bath.

Miss Hartman: Juanita, where do we get silk?

Juanita: From the fish worm.

Fred. K: Why do rabbits have shiny noses?

Kenneth Stevens: I dunno, why?

Fred: Because the powder puff's on the other end.

Mr. Alex: What is the height of your ambition?

Bo R: About six feet two inches.

Sod (to girl cheering section)—Let's go, girls. Show 'em your Gold and Blue supporters.

Boys will be boys, beamed the doting mother as her five year old son dropped his father with an ax.

Freshman: But I don't think I deserve an absolute zero.

Miss Taylor: Neither do I, but that's the lowest mark I'm allowed to give.

Jobs We'd Like to Get When We Graduate

Floor walker in a telephone booth.
Loafer in a bakery.
Window cleaner in a coal mine.
Dress maker for the Follies.
Bum on a tramp steamer.
Curtain puller in an amphitheatre.

Another One

Vivian and Bo were separating when Bo said: "Au revoir!"

"What's that?" asked Vivian,

"That's goodbye in French."

"Well", said Vivian, "carbolic acid."

"What's that?" said Bo.

"That's goodbye in any language."

Mr. Ready: I am tempted to give you a quiz.

Mag Tull: Yield not to temptation.

Neva B: I tore my expensive handkerchief yesterday.

Maud J: That must have been an awful blow.

Mr. Alex: "Lost! a fountain pen by a freshman with a cracked top."

SNAP SHOTS OF THE AVERAGE W. C. H. S.
STUDENT'S MIND

"I know there aint no use tryin to keep my mind on this lesson....."

"Page four ninety-eight, sounds like a bargain price on something....."

"Whoa! Test next Thursday. Wonder if the teacher will give us any information for it?...."

"Well, lukit Olin bitin his finger! Wonder if he's manicuring his teeth or his nails....."

"Gosh, they ought to allow fellows that sit by the window to smoke....."

"Gosh, I cound 'a made a hit there if I had laughed at the teacher's joke cuz nobody else sparked....."

"Ge, I wish I knew how much longer I gotta endure this....."

"Just my luck to forget my watch...."

"Gee, there's a test next Thursday....."

"Guess maybe I ought to take some notes.."

"My Gosh, there's the bell....."

"Well this period has passed kinda quick. Just because I was so busy thinking about some of my own affairs for once...."

"There's nothing like exercising the old bean once in a while....."

Mary E. G.(night of operetta) Miss Garvin, I didn't get my sunbonnet made like the others.

Miss G (examining bonnet) You doubled the pattern the wrong way.

Mary E. G. (putting on bonnet and turning around) Bill Armstrong told me the back of my head looked like the covered wagon.

Mr. Alexander—Nellie, what is velocity?

Nellie Simmons—Velocity is what a fellow lets go of a bee with.

Mr. Alexander (just before Stewardson-Windsor game at tournament) Well, what do you say now, Mr. O'Brian?

Mr. O'Brian: Well, Mr. Alexander, I'm going to yell just as loud when Windsor makes a basket as when Stewardson does. (moment hesitation) Only I'm not going to say the same thing.

HOW'S THIS

Miss Stevenson: What figure of speech is, 'I adore my teacher?'

Web N: Sarcasm.

Of Course

Harold N: Skinny, bring me a ham sandwich.

Mary Liz: With pleasure.

Harold: No, with catsup.

Miss Jordan: Arland, why did you put quotation marks at the first and last of your papers?

Bus: I was quoting the guy in front of me.

Mr. Alexander: Can anyone tell me how a stove pipe is made?

Clifford S: First you take a big long hole and then you wrap some tin around it.

Miss Gussie—I'm taking great pleasure in giving you 80 in geometry.

Jackie B.—Oh! Make it 100 and enjoy yourself.

Kenneth Y—There's something dovelike about you.

Jamaine A.—Oh you flatterer.

Kenneth—Yes, you're pigeon-toed.

It's Killing To Be in Love

Kenneth D.—Hey, Mike, what have you got there?

Olin P (sighing and slowly reading a handful of notes) Notes.

Kenneth—From Marguerite?

Olin (slowly nodding his head) Yes, and they are all that keeps me alive these days.

Ruth R.—Tell me something about the May-flower compact quick.

Mary Liz.—I don't know anything about it. I always use Three Flowers.

Miss Hartman—What's the difference between whipped cream and butter?

Margie Rose—One's whipped, and the other's paddled.

THE WINDSOR GAZETTE

MAY 28, 1946

EGO QUARTETTE A SUCCESS

We were favored last week by one of the most pleasing concerts ever given at W. C. H. S. The concert was held in the auditorium and it was at first thought the vast crowd could not be accommodated.

The following program was rendered, by artists, former students of W. C. H. S.

1

- a. Darling I—White.
- b. I Love—Brown.
- c. Je M' Aime—Green.

The Ego Quartette: Paul Herron, first tenor; George Goddard, second tenor; Herbert Clawson, baritone; Clifford Stillabower, bass; Verne Spencer, at the piano.

2

Station KRAZ broadcasting.
Bring er down, Bus!.....Ruth R.
Come on, Kearney! Mag T.
Fight em, Cackle! Neva B.
Yeah, Bo! Vivian S.
Atta Boy, Jit! MEG.

In the second part of the program the artists were of course not in our presence but their selections made us think of the good old days.

LOCAL POET WINS FAME

Last month's Poetry contained the following poem of Miss Beulah Gordon and had this comment. "Miss Gordon's poem is ultra modern and is a perfect example of this year's verse. It has a certain tenderness which only the noblest inspiration could bring forth."

Here's the poem:

Has her went, is her gone?
Shall her left I all alone?
Us can never come to she,
Her can never go to I,
It must was.

SOCIETY

Mrs. D. Rozene, formerly Miss Mildred Lovins, entertained the members of the Sewing club at her home Wednesday afternoon of this week, the occasion being her fifteenth wedding anniversary. An enjoyable time was had by all.

Miss Mary Elizabeth Gilbert, who spent the winter on the Riviera, is visiting her old time friends in Windsor and vicinity. She was the guest of honor at a 6:00 o'clock dinner at the G. T. Rose home Tuesday. Mrs. Rose (Mary Tull) had prepared a delicious dinner which was followed by a delightful social hour.

COMING ATTRACTIONS

Paul Moberley and Arland Nihiser have for some 20 years been looking for a car that would guide itself. They have now made what they call the "Frolikin Flivver." It will be demonstrated all next week at Smith's garage. Come and see the marvel.

LOCAL ITEMS

Mr. and Mrs. Aubrey Walden and family visited Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. John McCord of Bethany. Mrs. Walden, formerly Maudene Janes, and Mrs. McCord, who was Lois Houser, were school girls together.

Mr. Earl Davidson and daughter, Earline and June, motored to Mattoon yesterday to meet Mrs. Davidson, formerly Elizabeth Jackson, who has been shopping in New York.

Miss Nellie Simmons, matron of a large orphan's home in Kentucky, is renewing acquaintances at WCHS during commencement week.

Roy Renshaw and family airplaned to Windsor Friday evening to watch the B. B. game, Strasburg vs Windsor. Junior is playing on the Strasburg team.

Buy your airplane fixtures of Dwane Ripley. Adv.

Don't forget the minstrel next week. The proceeds will be given to the Parent-Teacher Association. Everybody come. Admission 25c and 30c. Adv.

Don Walden exhibited his large goose at Chicago last week.

Wanted—Old iron, rubber, paper or rags. Highest market price paid.—Ready Junk Yard. Adv.

A PECULIAR CASE

Yesterday morning a very old appearing man was found wandering in the railroad yards. He was unable to tell his name and apparently he did not know where he was. B. C. Stillabower, wealthy Richland farmer, said he believed the man was Kenneth York but would not positively identify him. York, he said, had married a widow with 10 children, and the last time he had seen him—10 years ago—he seemed much older and different.

Since the above was put in type it has been ascertained that York is prospering in a small western town. Five of his boys are married and it's grandpa York. The editors were glad to know the old man was not "Kennic" of our high school days.

SOME MORE BASKET BALL GOSSIP

Even though the season is over the people still talk about our state champions. Coach David Rose says young Nihiser with three more years to play will far surpass his famous father. Lots of credit must be given his father for when the lad was three days old "Bus" had him shooting baskets in the back yard. His record of 1000 free goals without a miss has never been approached. We should boost Windsor for the site for the state tournament next year for with our new gym we can accommodate 10,000 spectators easily.

PRIZE LOVE LETTERS

We will pay \$5 cash for old love letters. Below is the first one accepted. No names will appear in the signatures.

New York, Jan. 12, 1930

Sweetheart:

As I sit here in lonely New York awaiting the time for my departure to South America, all my thoughts are back home with the dearest one in the whole wide world. And as I think of our wonderful times together I remember distinctly the time we drove off the pavement coming from the Sullivan game. That was four long years ago. The old Packard just wouldn't stay on the slab that night. And then later the night I drove the old roadster of Bo. Rose's. Do you remember? And then the night we went to Shelbyville with Aub and Maudene! Those were the happy days, but not so happy as we have yet in store for us, for upon my return from the South I shall be the happiest man in the whole world, for then with you to help me fight my battles, work will be a pleasure.

May this next six months go fast is my prayer.

Love to my very own

X. Y. Z.

WEDDINGS

Robertson-Finley

Clarence Nevo Robertson, a son of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Robertson of Bloomington, former residents of this community, and Miss Irene Vivian Finley, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Roy Finley of Windsor, were married at the Methodist parsonage Wednesday evening, the Rev. Kenneth Davidson receiving the vows. Both are splendid young people. They will go to housekeeping in Bloomington where the groom is engaged in business with his father.

Letters from an Old Timer to the Publisher

Salt Lake City,

April 5, 1946

Dear Krile and Rozene:

I have been very much interested in your "Years Ago" column. I hope you will not forget that twenty years ago last March 6, Windsor won their first District Tournament. It was not all luck, either, for everyone admitted that we had the best team ever.

The weather out here is the oyster's ear muffs. Remember how many silly expressions we used? It has been so nice all week that Marguerite and I have decided to pack up the kids, etc., and come back for a visit. Expect us any day.

Your Old Classmate,

Olin Phipps

ROBBERS UNSUCCESSFUL

President Nichols Frustrates Attempted Robbery

The town was in a wild state of excitement last night. H. Nichols, president of our local bank, returned to the bank at midnight to get some papers. As he entered the bank he was commanded to 'stick 'em up' but instead of doing so Mr. Nichols gave the would-be robbers one stern look from his steel blue eyes and they fled leaving \$50,000 in cash which they had in their bag. Mr. Nichols pursued but in vain for they reached their airplane and were out of sight before our local police could get their machine started.

COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES

Eighty seniors, dressed in caps and gowns, will receive their degrees tonight at the high school auditorium. Sixty will receive B. E.s. while the others will receive M. E.s. The program promises to be very impressive—reminding some of the one of '26. It will be as follows:

Invocation—Rev. Fred Edwards, Missionary of China.

Musical—"Standing on the Brink"—Seniors.

Address to class—Mr. J. A. Alexander, President U. of I.

Presentation of Diplomas, Raymond Robertson, State Supt. of Public Instruction.

Prayer—Rev. Ralph Neal of Whitfield church.

School Song—Audience.

WINDSOR WINS, SIR!

Again Windsor Wins! Bryan Smith this time brought glory to Windsor when he knocked out Jack Hanks and thereby won the world's heavyweight title. 'Pug' Smith weighed in at 202 pounds and finished his victim in the 27th round. The town band will welcome him when he returns and all the stores will close to honor him on that day.

SUES FOR DIVORCE

John R. Bruce has filed suit for divorce from his wife, Katherine Luce Bruce. Mr. Bruce claims he brings her all the washings she can handle and in return she gives him 10 cents a week allowance. Cruelty is the charge.

ADS

Wanted—Washing, for my wife—Call Paul Moberley.

Lost—Family heirloom hairpin. Finder will receive the proper reward by returning the same to Nellie Simmons.

Wanted—For the minstrels next week, a man who can do the old time "Charleston". Ye Old Time Club—Maud Jones, President.

Lost—My High School Diary. Finder please return unmolested to Jane Bell Blythe.

TWENTY YEARS AGO

We still bumped, and skidded down main, the girls wore May Murray bobs, Gloria Swanson hats, Irene Castle dresses, Pola Negri shoes and Mary Pickford smiles.

W. C. H. S. had a Burd that was Dunn.

Aeroplanes were mainly to be looked at and read about.

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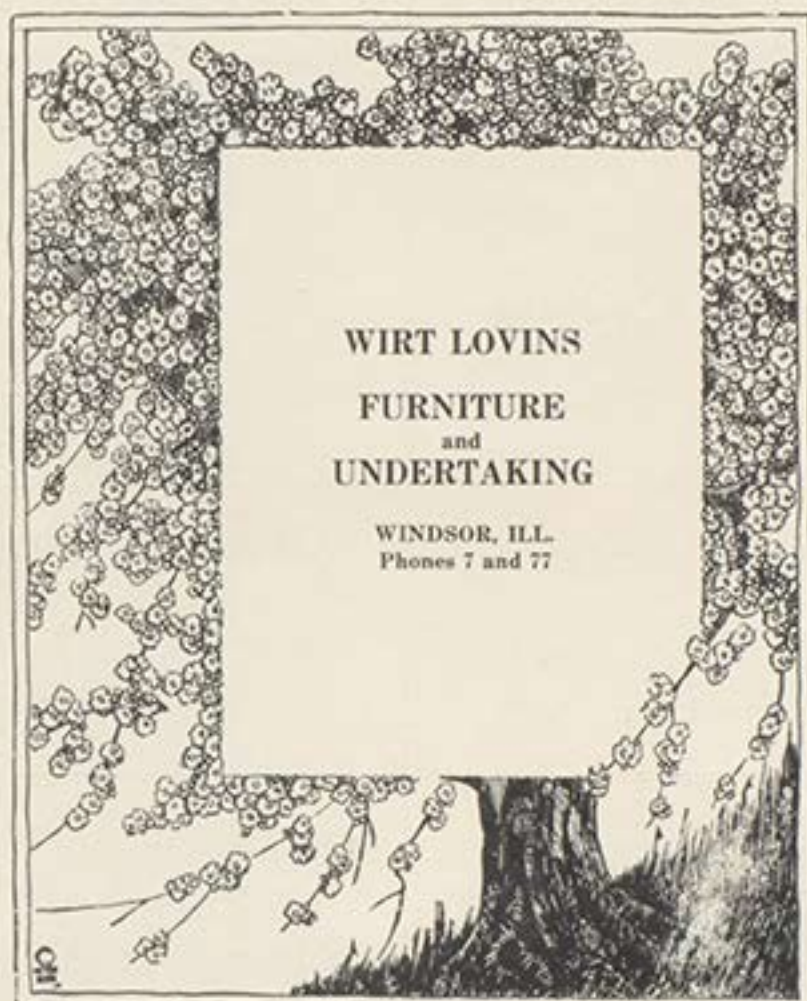
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