



SENIORRETISS

WE THE CLASS OF 1912  
DEDICATE THIS ANNUAL TO  
THE FACULTY  
OF  
ARGOS HIGH SCHOOL



ARGOS PUBLIC SCHOOL BUILDING—HIGH SCHOOL IN THE FOREGROUND



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*Athletics*



HAROLD MEEK  
*Athletics*



NEIL THOMPSON  
*Artist*

## *Argos High School*



CRAVEN LYNN HOTTEL, PH. D.,  
SUPERINENDENT

Argos High School was commissioned in 1904 by the State Board of Education. Its course of study and the quality of the work done by its teachers have been approved by the State School Inspectors. Two hundred forty-six students have been graduated by the school since its organization. Many more who have been unable for different reasons to complete its course of study, have, nevertheless, received from the school an education that has fitted them fairly well for the ordinary duties of life. In Argos, High School scholarship is deemed important, but character is placed above everything else. Without boasting, it may be said that the school is proud of its alumni. It presents a record in this respect that is not surpassed by any and equaled by but few.

"Excelsior" is inscribed on its banner.





GRACE LLOYD  
*Mathematics*



JULIA ANN DILLMAN  
*English and History*



RALPH R. W. KOONTZ  
PRINCIPAL  
*Science*



MARY C. MITCHELL  
*English and History*



VELMA TYRONE FOOR  
*Music*



MABEL VORIES  
(Deceased)

## In Memoriam

Although many days have passed since Mabel Vories was taken from our number, we still remember, with kindness and appreciation, the genial and devoted member of our class whose career was so early terminated by the "fell destroyer."

Her example and influence are yet with us for good; and though the members of the Class of 1912 may be separated to far distant points in the days that are to come, there will always be a loving memory thought of Mabel with every one.

She lives within our mem'ries yet,  
Who sought to bless our day;  
Nor can our classmates e'er forget  
Her kind and helpful way.

Beneath the sod the body lies;  
Full sore the stroke we bore.  
May we unite where friend ne'er dies  
And parting is no more.





JOE BUCHER

*Octette Club  
Business Manager Argosal*

Known as "Jacques." Holds the world's record for a broad grin. In school he is very studious and may be seen every morning and evening with his newspapers. He pulled the Argosal through many financial vicissitudes.



ALONZO CORMICAN

Alonzo is our unknown quantity and could not be called a very social being by his best friends, for he is seldom seen at any Senior functions, preferring to use his talkative energy in the school-room.



FLORENCE DICKEY

*Class Orator, '11*

"Flossie" is a speaker of some ability and has some tendencies toward writing poetry. With her shy manner she makes many friends. She is possessed of a very soft voice and believes in the maxim that little girls should be seen and not heard.



LELA DIMMITT

*Girls' Glee Club  
Dramatic Club  
Ass't Business Mgr. Seniorettis  
Salutarian, E. K. K.*

Senior wildfire. She can argue with any one who has time to listen. She has a very brilliant sparkler which she wears on the fourth finger of her left hand. We wish her all the success and happiness in her future.



FERN GOOD

*Girls' Glee Club  
Dramatic Club  
E. K. K.*

Fern sits down and thinks everything out calmly—a deliberative genius. She has no enemies. She slipped in softly when no one was looking and has been here ever since. Her greatest danger is too much work.



DALE HUFF

*Basket Ball, '11-'12  
Dramatic Club  
Bus. Mgr. Senioretis*

Huff is an all around athlete. He is noted for his expansive smile and extreme modesty. Dale is a very good talker, getting very excited in staff meeting and expressing his opinion freely.



ZOLA HUFF

*Pres. Girls' Glee Club  
E. K. K.*

Such a winning smile and blush. Has a very modest and quiet disposition. The only fault that we have found with her is that, acting as president of the Girls' Glee Club, she asked that the officers be re-elected. Her appearance is contentment.



CARRIE KELLER

Carrie has never been known to attend to anybody's business but her own and on account of this seclusiveness not many know of her superiority in many lines of work. The only time she balked was when she refused to debate.





ERMA KLECKNER

*Octette Club*

Erma sits far back in the assembly and entertains every one around by talking. She is always willing to do what is right and believes in the saying, "Treat others as they treat you." She doesn't believe in teachers' pets and refuses to be one.



HAROLD MEEK

*Captain B. B. Team '11-'12  
Octette, Quartette  
Senioretis Staff  
Dramatic Club*

"Doc" has been with us for two years and during that time he has cut up quite a lot and is noted for his original sayings. He has had the misfortune — as other Seniors have — to have fallen in — with a Junior. He's the Senior's fair athlete and has a deep bass voice. He makes a hit as an actor and was the only one capable of playing the "Ananias" in the Senior play.



CHARLES MCCREARY

Here we have a cousin from "dear ould Ireland" Charles was just an ordinary boy when he came to Argos but he has squirmed into about as good a specimen of man as A. H. S. can boast. He says that he intends setting poles for wireless telegraphy after graduation.



EARL MCGRIFF

*Orator '09 and '12  
Adv. Manager Seniorettis and  
Argosal*

We have the distinction of having a modern Shakespeare in our class — Earl McGriff, alias "Slough-foot." Shakespeare is a very interesting person, well versed in classical and historical matter. He, however, showed his weakness when he cried 'cause his "Ma" wouldn't let him take his girl home.





GWENDOLYN NAFE

*Assistant Editor Senioretis  
Octette Club, Girls' Glee Club  
Dramatic Club, E. K. K.  
Class Pianist*

Oh! Fluff! The only specimen of her kind on the continent. What a blessing. She is much interested in astronomy, especially in that bright body called "Moon." She is vanity personified.



DEAN NELLANS

Wait a minute!! Here comes Nellans; one, two, three — now, right foot, left foot, right — pshaw! he's out of tune. Dean is rather short — not in spirit, mind you, but in build. He wanders around aimlessly and is a lady-fusser right.



WENDELL PICKERT

*Athletic Editor Argosial and  
Senioretis  
Octette Club, Dramatic Club  
Basket Ball '10-'11-'12  
President Senior Class  
Class Orator '11-'12*

"Pick" is noted for his "privileges." He doesn't need to attend school unless he thinks he might need it. If ever what "he really is" catches up with what "he thinks he is" he will be a great man some day. He has been class orator through his High school course and will be remembered as the "Ladies' man."



ROY PEABODY

Roy has a chronic case of affection. He is the Seniors' great mathematician and scientist. He looks like a deep thinker, but he only ponders and meditates and never worries.



FERN ROOSE

*Girls' Glee Club  
Class Orator '09*

Proud because she is the tallest and slimmest maiden in the Senior class. Devotes all her time to the shortest and heaviest Senior boy to show her slenderness. She has a loving disposition and pretty eyes. She believes in getting an education in a quiet way and not by blowing.



LURA REED

It can't be helped if you don't know Lura, but she really exists and is one of our illustrious Seniors. Although she is not noisy she is pointed out to her over-worked(?) classmates as a guiding star.



RUSSEL SNYDER

*Staff Joker*

Ladies and Gentlemen! The modern Ichabod Crane! Rastus thinks he'd ought to study. Perhaps he should not be criticised, for he is sincere and conscientious in his delusion. His greatest ambition in life is to get away from the farm in the spring.



ESTHER STEFFEY

*Editor-in-Chief of Argosial and  
Senioretis  
Girls' Glee Club  
Dramatic Club  
Treasurer Class '10-'11-'12  
Valedictorian  
E. K. K.*

"Ma" has won High school fame and everything is done "all in a minute." Her hobby is extracting dues, running down the editors, and playing Baby in the Senior play. This little (?) Senior is noted for two things—her sunny disposition and her dimple.



LOIS TAYLOR

*Octette Club, Quartette  
Girls' Glee Club  
Vice-President of Class  
E. K. K.*

"Taylor" is a vocalist and pianist. She seems to think it is her duty to make every one sick laughing at her. She has an original laugh and can make the soberest laugh with her funny sayings. She has always loved her cats but this may all change in the end.



NEIL THOMPSON

*Octette Club, Quartette  
Class Artist  
Ass't Mgr. A. H. S. Ath. A.  
Captain Track Team  
Dramatic Club*

"Cody" is one of those notorious fellows who has a future. He is a theatrical favorite, society whirlwind, and has won fame with his baritone solos. Just at present he is trying out for track. He does everything at certain "bells" and you always know when to expect him and his pipe. When he appeared in the Freshman class he was called "Squeal" but after he grew more popular he won the name "Cody."



EARNEST WISELEY

Earnest is the "Tom Thumb" of the Senior class. Earnest has a very becoming way of saying "I dunno" which does not seem to impress the teachers very favorably. He walks like a cadet and is our noted high-brow.





NELLIE WARTENBE

*Girls' Glee Club*  
*E. K. K.*

"Nell" began life while yet quite young, then she came to Argos. She is the smallest primper in the Senior bunch, with a love for a good time. She continually wants to know "if her hair is all right and her collar becoming."



BLANCHE ZINK

Blanche is the original chipmunk. If there is any geometric figure that she can't figure out, it has never been discovered. She studies most of her time and she may teach if nothing better is offered her.



SENIOR GIRLS  
SENIOR BOYS

SPRING FEVER  
E. L. D.



JUNIOR CLASS



## Prophecy of the Juniors

JESSIE TABER, '13



It was a pleasant day in July, nineteen hundred thirty-two, when I, with my two old classmates, Lucy Warner and Pearl Wartenbe, were aboard the Lusitania, where the two girls were giving a concert to raise money for the poor. I was listening to a very pretty selection given by my friends when I felt someone touch me on the shoulder. I turned around and the captain stood before me. I was bewildered. What could the captain want of me? He saw my amazement and smiled. Then I recognized him as Elmer Welters, better known in the old days as "Hungry Hally," whose whereabouts had not been known in Argos since he left High school. I asked him what he had done since he was graduated; he told me that he had been a professional basket-ball player, traveled with a circus, and in fact had engaged in almost every known occupation.

I then went back to New York, and as I sat in my room my thoughts wandered back to A. H. S. and there I lived over many happy school days. My reverie was interrupted by the entrance of a prim little maid who handed me a letter. It was from Mrs. Elmer Irvin, who invited me to spend the week-end with her at her home. The name sounded familiar but I could not place it at first; however, after a little thinking I remembered that Mattie Jones had married a very prosperous man by the name of Irvin. I gladly accepted the invitation and immediately set about making preparations for my visit.

The next day I decided that I needed the service of a hair-dresser, so I asked the bell-boy to send up the best one that the hotel afforded. I was much surprised when Trella

Thompson came in response to my call; but I remembered that she always did have a knack at dressing hair.

Sunday morning I changed my schedule and went to the Fifth avenue Christian church and was astonished to see Lowell Corey occupying the pulpit.

A few days later I took the train for Boston, for a further visit with friends. Early in the afternoon an old umbrella mender boarded the train and took the seat opposite me. As soon as he got settled in his seat he drew a copy of "Burke's Speech on Conciliation" from his pocket and began reading. I thought it queer that a man of his station in life should read a book of that sort and I looked at him rather closely. He saw that I was watching him, and turning, said: "Madam, if you want to read a real good book, read this one. It's the most complete book ever printed; I don't except any book—not even the Bible." Then I saw that he was Charles Daniels, who even in his school days was fond of reading that book.

Charles showed me an account of a ball-game between the New York Giants and Chicago Cubs, of which Harry Rohrer was manager.

When I arrived in Boston a great crowd of people gathered near the station, clapping their hands and hurraing as though they were very much excited. When I asked the cause of it, they said, "Oh, it's all over; Silvers is elected!" I then remembered that it was campaign year, and my old schoolmate, Ordo Silvers, was elected President.

When I returned to my room, I consulted my class-roll and found that I had either seen or heard of all my classmates, and was much pleased with my trip.



SOPHOMORE CLASS



## Prophecy of the Sophomores

HELEN BOGGS, '14

IT was just a Sophomore picnic,  
But the Sophs were jolly and gay  
And were in for fun and frolic  
In every possible way.

The day was swiftly closing  
But little of their fun was spent  
When in the woods they suddenly met  
A gypsy woman, old and bent.

She asked to tell their fortunes;  
Her hut was not far away;  
And when the boys pled empty pockets  
Said "all right!" since it was picnic day.

So they agreed and followed her,  
But one at a time she would allow;  
So they chose lots to see who should be first  
And Mary didn't dare raise a row.

Mary came out slightly surprised;  
"It's certainly great," said she;  
"I'm to be an aviator  
Rivaling those of whom I read."

One by one the remaining went in,  
One by one they all came out  
Each telling their fortunes,  
Never one in the slightest doubt.

"Just what I expected,"  
Murray's voice rang out.  
"I always thought I'd be a preacher,  
She sure knows what she's about."

Franc raised his hands in mock dismay;  
"A farmer I shall be,  
But I thank my stars;  
When I'm rich you'll envy me."

Eunice, Elma and Hazel sang  
"Teachers three shall we be;  
We'll win success and fame  
And be ever funny, cross and free."

"I'm favored, indeed," declared Avis;  
"I'm going to be married, just think,  
To a wonderful, wonderful stranger  
Whom I caught by giving a wink."

Hazel Simons studied: "I'll wear a pretty cap  
And a dainty apron, too,  
When I'm waitess in a big hotel,  
So I guess I won't feel blue."

"Hurrah!" cried Norene, Deane and Esther;  
"To the West we're going to go  
And take up claims away out there  
And maybe we'll get married."

"Rub-a-dub-dub!" shrieked Russel,  
"I'll lead a big brass band, you see,  
And the children and rats will follow me  
And climb about my knee."

"Just think!" ejaculated Jake;  
A prize fighter, champion of the state;  
Who ever would have thought  
That that would be my fate."

"That's nothing," declared Buck in disgust;  
"Anyone can play basket-ball,  
I wanted to do *something big*,  
And I'm not going to at all."

"A lawyer!" cried the delighted Pansie;  
Isn't that just grand?  
But I never really thought  
At that I'd try my hand."

Blithe came out and soberly said,  
"In Australia I'll be an exile,  
For I became so popular with the girls  
I had to escape for a little while.

"Blithe," roared Don,  
"From you I'll ne'er part;  
I'll be with you in far Australia,  
For you alone own my heart."

Inez giggled. "Girls," she cried,  
"A stenographer I'll be,  
And my employer, a real live man,  
Shall fall in love with me."

"The stump is mine," cried Ora;  
"As a politician I'll begin  
By giving you a stump speech  
Concerning this terrible world of sin."

Games grinned; "A chauffeur  
Accomplished and daring Oh! golly!  
Who'll elope with his employer's daughter;  
Now isn't that right jolly."

"Yes, I'll teach a kindergarten,"  
Said Gladys with a smile,  
"I know that I shall like it  
And 'twould really be worth while."

"I'd like to be a noisy man,"  
Said Carl with a sigh,  
"But Fate has decreed me to be  
A book-keeper until I die."

"Good," said Hattie, "that's the stuff;  
The best business-woman alive,  
A great musician,  
And an old maid at forty-five."

When the last came out  
And all talking at once they were discussing  
That strange old gypsy woman,  
Some exclaimed who had been fussing:

"Where's Helen? she hasn't been here at all!  
Do you suppose that we've been a mark  
For some of her terrible pranks?"  
Then they groaned, "We've been in the dark."

Their sudden disclosure proved to be true,  
And alas for her mischievous, terrible prank  
The mirth left the disheartened Sophs  
And into oblivion their fortunes sank.





FRESHMEN CLASS

## Prophecy of the Freshmen

ESTHER WICKIZER, '15



HE woods were dense and a cool breeze was blowing. I had escaped from a party of girls and found an ideal place to rest. Leaning back against a stump, I began thinking of the coming vacation.

Suddenly I heard a rustle among the leaves. Looking up I saw an old man, with long white hair and beard, standing before me. He carried three books which he gave to me, saying: "I am Father Time. You may read something in one of them, but make haste, for I am in a hurry."

I looked at the first; it was large and old and was bound in black leather, and across the face was written, "Past." The next was small and thin, with a white cover; it was called "Present." The last was a huge volume, bound in a changeable color, which was sometimes light, often black, and was labeled "Future."

I chose Future, and realizing the short time I had to read, I turned at once to the page entitled "The Argos High School—Class of 1915," and read:

"The Class of 1915 will be a prosperous one. Their work will be good and a large number of students will be added to their class. The Class of 1915 will be one of the finest that leaves Argos High School.

### "INDIVIDUALLY

"Marjorie Turner will be an honor to her class, because with her great talent for music she will gain fame.

"Ralph Morrow will be an agriculture and Botany student and will make discoveries—one, a way for Freshies to get their Botany lessons, will prove very useful.

"Deloris Dunlap will be a hair dresser and make her millions in that work.

"Charles Gunder, being too small for any better use, will travel with a circus as Tom Thumb.

"Mary Heisler and Clair Nellans will live on a farm near Argos. Their neighbors will be Pearl Brewer and 'that Sophomore boy.'

"Lela Kaley and Verl Cobler will be teachers of English and Botany in a fine new school at Bass Lake.

"Ralph Mowizer will join a company of actors and play the part of Rip Van Winkle. The audience will be surprised at the real way in which he sleeps.

"Toilie Whisman will be a teacher and will gain the love of her pupils as she did her classmates.

"Ellen Wilfred and Effie Hooker will be proprietresses of a new hotel for A. H. S. students.

"Everett Beigh will be an athlete and win much honor.

"Edith Hisey will be an authoress and write articles on 'Women's Rights,' etc.

"Fredus Vanlue will become an inventor and invent a radiator that does not leak or make a noise; then he will begin school again to study undisturbed.

"Martha Harrell and Scelestia Badgely will become clerks in a large department store and tell the future graduates what to buy.

"Mary Cox will be a Latin teacher in A. H. S.

"Cleo Kleckner will be a stenographer and work for the governor and other famous men.

"Flo Morgan will be secretary to the President, and thus the class will get the national news.

"Ruth Nichols will be a milliner and make a new style of hats for men.

"Walter Lipps will live out of doors until he grows two inches; then he will become editor of a newspaper.

"Esther Wickizer will——"

Then the words faded away as did also Father Time, and I ran to tell the class their future.



## History of Class of 1912

LOIS TAYLOR, '12



WHEN in the course of human events it behooved the Class of '12 to dedicate a record of its past life to the posterity of A. H. S., I was chosen to chronicle this history.

Notwithstanding the fact that we did not all start our school career together, so strong is the bond of unity that the friendships and loving ties we have formed during the past years will never be broken, and we know that the reminiscences of the past will always be pleasant.

While members of the eighth grade we regarded the High School students as those accorded many privileges, and it was with a feeling of longing that we looked forward.

On the morning of September first, nineteen hundred eight, it was a large class, numbering forty-two in all, which entered Room VII as Freshmen. We were given a reception the same night in order to bring us in close relation with the teachers and acquaint us with the crowd of old students.

Professor Hottel, Miss Simmons, Miss Wingert and Mrs. Houghten were our first instructors and under their care we progressed rapidly in our studies. As the weeks and months flew by we became entangled in the conjugations of Latin, the equations of Algebra, the life histories of Botany, and

every Wednesday evening found us pondering over a theme subject for the next day.

For various reasons ten of our members dropped out and Miller Uline moved to his former home at Nappanee.

We took an active interest in the oratorical contests from the first, and Fern Roose and Earl McGriff represented us. The latter took second place.

The following September we again marched into Room VII. This time with heads held high. For were we not what are usually termed haughty Sophomores.

Miss Simmons having resigned, Miss Soupart became our new assistant principal. This year, but for a few exceptions, was destined to be more interesting than the previous one had been. Then we not only became participants in athletics, dramatics and social clubs, but also became better acquainted with each other and our surroundings.

One of our members stopped school the second month. Orville Moon moved to Rochester and Earl McGriff to Montpelier. Our ranks were broken the latter part of the year by the death of our esteemed classmate, Mabel Vories.

Owing to the death of her sister, Miss Soupart resigned and Mrs. Slayter taught during the remainder of the term.

The removal from Room VI to the new assembly hall



marked the beginning of our Junior year. It again fell to our lot to become acquainted with another new assistant principal, Miss Mitchell, and Miss Bergen as Music and Art instructor.

There were now twenty-eight enrolled, two having withdrawn and Earl returned to graduate with the class. We applied ourselves studiously to our tasks and while revelling in the midst of Geometry exercises and Translations of Virgil we enjoyed many bob-rides, class parties and other social functions.

This time we were represented at the Oratorical contest by Florence Dickey and Wendell. Again we took second place.

On the last day of school we gave the Seniors a glorious reception, and a play entitled "The Senior" was presented, displaying to the fullest extent our musical and dramatic talent.

September fifth, nineteen hundred eleven, we entered the assembly room, a class of twenty-seven, one of our previous members having deserted our ranks. We had finally reached that epoch in our school life when the mysteries of the Laboratory and "hidden sparks" of the dark room were about to be revealed and we have since explored them to the fullest extent.

On the evening of the first day of school we began our

career by giving a reception for the Freshmen. Again we noted a decided change in the faculty. Mr. Koontz, a very energetic and extremely accommodating man, was made principal (Miss Wingert having resigned to accept a position in the Ft. Wayne school). Miss Mitchell was with us as first assistant principal and Miss Lloyd as second assistant. Miss Foor was the one selected to acquaint us with the hidden elements of Music. Under her direction a High School Girls' Glee Club was organized, also a mixed octette, all Seniors with one exception. At the close of the first semester Miss Mitchell resigned and for a while we were without an English instructor until Miss Dillman came to pilot us over the troubled waters.

We have continued the publication of *The Argosy* and have spared neither time nor expense to make the annual "Senioretis" a success.

Besides great literary talent our class can boast of musicians, cartoonists, and business men, and none have as yet fallen by the arrows of "Dan Cupid."

And now the time has come when we must say farewell to each other, to our teachers, to our Professor, and our Alma Mater; and let us resolve to profit by the years spent here, and to be true to our school, our colors, and our motto: "*Non confectus, sed initus.*"

## Class Will



WE, the Class of 1912, of Argos, in the County of Marshall, and State of Indiana, being of sound mind, memory and understanding, do make, declare and publish this our Last Will and Testament, in the form following, to wit:

ITEM I. Unto the High school we bequeath our formula for governing the faculty, inspirations for theme writing, and patents on all our inventions which we have completed in the last four years.

ITEM II. Unto the Superintendent, Craven Lynn Hottel, we bequeath our best wishes, and our sincere thanks for his patience and kindness, and the interest he has taken in us.

ITEM III. Unto the Principal, Ralph Royce Waldo Koontz, we bequeath our knowledge of Physics and a life-size portrait of each of his "bone-heads."

ITEM IV. Unto Grace Lloyd we bequeath our love for good grades, also our amiable dispositions and strict discipline.

ITEM V. Unto Julia Ann Dillman we bequeath the results of our overworked brains together with our permission to promulgate the same; also a new pair of boxing gloves and a complete list of up-to-date and popular slang phrases.

ITEM VI. Unto our Music Teacher, Miss Velma Foor, we bequeath our high notes and musical talent; also our much valued music note-books, hoping she will take the trouble to panegyrize them as models.

ITEM VII. Unto the Janitor, Mr. Seatter, we bequeath our pop-corn popper and direct that he preserve all our notes which he may find.

ITEM VIII. Unto the Class of 1913 we bequeath our Physics note books, the said property to be locked in the laboratory where

it will be safe from the faculty, and to be referred to when writing any difficult experiments. The laboratory key shall be left in the hands of the class president.

ITEM IX. Unto the Class of 1914 we bequeath our good deportment grades, hoping they will appreciate them as much as we have; they shall also fall heir to all the pencils, erasers and chewing gum found in our desks.

ITEM X. Unto the Class of 1915 we bequeath our permission to giggle, whisper, write notes and walk down stairs three steps at a time.

ITEM XI. Unto the future Freshman class we bequeath all candy, apples, popcorn and other eatables which the janitor may find in the Lab.

ITEM XII. I, Earl McGriff, bequeath to Ralph Mowiser my great power of speech and the Democratic Platform; my tender heart shall be given to Helen Boggs.

ITEM XIII. I, Esther Steffy, bequeath my sunny disposition to Hazel Simons, my dimples to Murray Rannie, and my position as Editor-in-Chief and my nickname "Ma" shall descend to the one most worthy.

ITEM XIV. I, Earnest Wiseley, bequeath my bow-and-arrow to Effie Hooker and my grammatical phrase "You don't say so" to Games Slayter.

ITEM XV. We, Gwendolyn Nafe and Fern Good, bequeath our "see-saw" in the furnace-room to Ruth Nichols and Jessie Taber, if they believe in cutting classes to have a good time.

ITEM XVI. I, Wendell Pickerl, bequeath my Civics book to Ordo Silvers and my string of charmed hearts to Harry Rohrer.

ITEM XVII. I, Lois Taylor, bequeath my hair rat to Edith Hisey and my cats, thirteen in number, to Marjorie Turner.



ITEM XVIII. I, Alonzo Cormican, bequeath my Leap Year proposal to the girls of the 1916 Class and do direct that it be used as a model.

ITEM XIX. I, Florence Dickey, bequeath to my beloved sister Hazel, she being my nearest relative, all my oratorical and poetical ability.

ITEM XX. I, Dale Huff, bequeath my Latin note book to "Hungry Hally;" also all the goods and chattels, consisting of a bird-cage, bath-bun and a bottle of milk, bequeathed me by Amzi Puterbaugh in Item XI of the 1911 Seniorets.

ITEM XXI. We, Zola Huff and Roy Peabody, bequeath our case and moonlight walks to Lloyd McGriff and Mary Pickerl.

ITEM XXII. I, Russel Snyder, bequeath my mustache to Charles Gunder and my good times to Mr. Koontz. I direct that my power to become invisible when sent to the office be given Games Slayter.

ITEM XXIII. I, Blanche Zink, bequeath my curly hair to Freedus Vanlue and my good Geometry grades to my brother Don.

ITEM XXIV. I, Charles McCreary, bequeath the patent on my wireless telegraphy to Lowell Corey.

ITEM XXV. I, Carrie Keller, bequeath my tardy marks to Mattie Jones and my old shoes to Elmer Welters.

ITEM XXVI. We, Lura Herrin and Erma Kleckner, do direct that Harold Meek be given to Lucy Warner; Dale Huff to Jessie Taber; Clarence Kerr to Avis Grossman; and Earnest Wisely to the E. L. D. girls.

ITEM XXVII. I, Joe Bucher, bequeath my place in the mixed octette to Ora Railsback and my favorite expression, "Aw, shut up," to Freedus Vanlue.

ITEM XXVIII. I, Lela Dimmitt, bequeath my power of speech and ability to argue to Ellen Wilfert, and my false hair to Scelesta Badgely. My renowned fame as an actress shall be given to Verl Cobler.

ITEM XXIX. I, Harold Meek, bequeath my glorious athletic record to my successor, Lloyd McGriff, and my place in the octette and quartette to Everett Beigh.

ITEM XXX. We, Fern Roose and Dean Nellans, bequeath our private note book to the High school students; the said property to be chained to the second shelf in the school library and to be used only as a reference book by the most sentimental students when the faculty are elsewhere busily engaged.

ITEM XXXI. I, Clarence Kerr, bequeath my little red necktie, it being my choicest treasure, to Miss Dillman.

ITEM XXXII. I, Neil Thompson, bequeath my artistic talent to Lowell Corey, he being the nearest relative of my dearest friend "Mutt," and do direct that my ability to break the record in swift running and high jumping be given to Franc Brewer.

*In testimony thereof*, I, Nellie Wartenbe, Notary Public, do set my seal this twelfth day of April, in the year of our Lord one thousand, nine hundred twelve.

NELLIE WARTENBE,

Notary Public.

[SEAL]

Signed, sealed, declared and published by the said Seniors, Class of 1912, as and for their Last Will and Testament, in the presence of us, who, at their request, and in their presence, and in the presence of each other, have subscribed our names as witnesses hereto.

GLADYS BOUSE }  
WALTER LIPPS } *Witnesses.*



## Prophecy of Class of 1912

ERMA KLECKNER, '12



FIFTEEN years have elapsed since my last year in A. H. S. As I am sitting in my studio thinking of my former schoolmates, I recall them to mind, one by one, in the light of past associations and present conditions, and find them about as I had prophesied when we severed our school relations in 1912.

A glance at several pictures on the wall brought to my mind the former class artist, Neil Thompson. One of these sketches is a famous cartoon, another a beautiful painting. After having completed his preparations he became a noted artist—in painting, sketching, music, politics, and many other things.

Dale Huff, former High school athlete and clown, is now a famous motor-cyclist. With a chug-chug-chug and a thug-thug-thug the manly Huff comes in sight. The "Infernal Machine" never stops for man or beast and the proper thing to do when caught in a pinch is to get off the earth in a hurry.

My memory closely associates with him his sister, Miss Zola. How well I remember her lovely face and sweet ways. I have scarcely seen her since then, but I can easily imagine the fulfillment of that old, old story, begun in the school room. I heard the other day that Roy Peabody, after having completed a course in a standard business college, had opened a bank and gaining success had made Miss Huff his wife. "Such is life."

And there was Ether Steffey, who has long been an opera star in New York. I received a letter from her the other day, in which she jokingly spoke of "settling down." I had my suspicions, however, which were verified, when I saw the announcement of her wedding with Caruso, Jr., with whom she had been studying for a long time. I heard, too, of their honeymoon trip to the South Pole. She was indeed a most lovable girl.

Of course it was as we all knew it would be with Miss Lela Dimmitt. She was very soon married to a perfectly adorable

"little" Argos boy. I visited them lately; Mr. — happened to be out that night, without his supper, until ten o'clock. When he got home his supper was cold, but I will tell you, in confidence, Lela made "it" hot for him in a hurry. You see she doesn't change much as the years roll on.

A short time ago I was told that after Lois Taylor had completed a college course at Paris, France, she proceeded to Omaha, Nebraska, where for ten years she studied astronomy. She likes it because she can flirt with the man in the moon, whom she thinks so much resembles Wendell Pickerl.

By the way, it seems he is still waiting for her, but she is stubborn, because he won't allow her to have a special nursery for all stray cats. He is a well known soloist and wishes her help, but she still gazes in silence at the "man in the moon."

I was informed that Fern Roose left Argos several years ago and has never been heard of since. The mysterious disappearance of Dean Nellans at about this time aroused suspicions of kidnapping and an elopement. Blood hounds followed the trail as far as a marriage license office in St. Joe, Michigan, where all traces were lost.

One day I accidentally happened upon Harold Meek. Having felt badly for several days I consulted a friend, who referred me to a noted physician, Dr. Meek, Jr. There at his office, perched upon the arm of his chair in a playful attitude, was a 1913 graduate, but now Mrs. Dr. Meek, Jr.

Turning around, I beheld Gwendolin Nafe, gazing fondly at the "Moon," now her husband. I thought she must have relinquished her exalted hopes of becoming a suffragist leader, but instead, by her winning ways, she had won many more devotees to her cause.

My mind slowly wanders back to the time when Clarence Kerr was content to be merely a little "bow-wow." Now he is a great scientist—great and widely known. He is wise

and learned; nevertheless he is still a slave of that "imp"—Cupid. He has long since been married to Nellie Wartenbe, who, at the last moment, decided that she'd rather marry a "dog" than a "preacher," and is very happy, as the Kerr is as devoted as he was during the honeymoon.

Speaking of marriage and bliss and fame! As I was going down the street the other day I met Alonzo Cormican, Esq. He informed me that he was now a Professor in Princeton University and invited me home with him. Accepting his invitation, we were met at the door by a smiling matron, who was no other than the former Miss Carrie Keller, of dear old A. H. S. Their home life was perfect and social life complete.

The last time I talked to "Rastus" Snyder was in 1922, when he told me that he had long been traveling salesman for the National Teddy Bear and Hobby Horse Company. Successful, he took a trip to Valparaiso, Indiana, where he met Miss Susia Beerbottle. He said he fell madly in love and was soon married. They now reside in "Joliet" and are supremely happy.

The Misses Fern Good and Blanche Zink are superintendent and principal in the University of Chicago. They are about to publish a volume of poems against the doctrine of equal suffrage. Truly I consider these girls working in a good cause.

Well do I remember the Joe Bucher of A. H. S. He was always small, but now he is mighty. He is editor of the "London Times." Gradually did he build up his character until he became famous. I met him at the palace of the king in the year of 1924, the occasion being a grand ball. It being Leap Year I tried to persuade him to get married, but he po-

lately informed me that he was a hopeless bachelor; nevertheless I shall try again.

A friend of mine being very ill there, I went to the hospital to visit her. Whom do you suppose I met?—Miss Florence Dickey. Well could the Class of 1912 afford to be proud of her. She is a nurse, devoted to the sick, rich and poor alike.

Earnest Wiseley, the "little tease," is married now and settled on a poultry farm, known everywhere for its high-bred "fowls."

Charles McCreary is his joint partner, and as full of politics and other kinds of "ticks" as ever.

Famous in her home is the former Miss Lura Herrin. She is married and lives on a farm. After several years of teaching other children she now wields the "rod of education" over her own rising generation.

Is there not another? Ah! yes; how could I have forgotten that most wonderful "Slough-foot" McGriff? I have many reports of his great "doings." He was for several years a director in a beauty culture parlor on graceful pigeon-toed walking, until that went out of style. Then he took up politics, and some day will undoubtedly become president of the Chinese Empire.

Then slowly my eye wandered back to the book which I had been reading, and this little poem met my gaze:

As the years roll by what changes are wrought:  
Some of us teachers, others are taught.  
But let us remember always to do  
As God and our mothers would have us to do:  
Ever faithful, kind and true—  
Attributes old, yet in each one is new.



## Literary

### AN ACCOUNT OF THE PLYMOUTH WRECK

LELA DIMMITT, '12



EVER before in my life did I believe so implicitly in mental telepathy as after that wreck which occurred Friday, March the twenty-second, nineteen hundred twelve, about two miles south of Plymouth, near a swamp or pond known as "Muckshaw." I had been in Plymouth on a visit, and noticing that the ground was thawing considerably I decided to come home. I dreaded to ride on a train during thaws and, more than that, I had always hated to pass "Muckshaw." You know how I felt about it—had a sort of presentiment of danger concerning the place.

So I boarded that ill-fated passenger train for Argos about five twenty-five. It had gone about two miles, when it began to slow down and of course I supposed the engineer was just a little bit afraid of "Muckshaw" himself; but I had no sooner thought this than I lunged forward against a seat, sadly demolishing the affair, I learned afterward. The first impression I got was that I had swallowed my false teeth, but just then back I went and they flew to the floor. It was then I fully realized the truth of the famous Physics law of Isaac Newton's: that to every action there is an equal and opposite reaction.

I got up from my seat on the floor after some hesitation and encountered a traveling man; he stared at me and I stared at him. Finally I regained my senses enough to ask him if he was hurt, whereupon he replied that he felt as if his side was caved in, and I sympathetically added, "Why' that's too bad." Seeing a woman across the aisle suffering we both lent our assistance to alleviate her pain; but while I was administering to her in stepped Mr. Frank Hoffman. Imagine my surprise

when he informed me that our train and a freight had collided. This completely unnerved me, for I had been under the impression that our train was derailed on account of a defective track.

I noticed two men laughing and I thought what a little bit of gumption they must have, when I observed that B. C. Bowell had thought of the very same thing. It's mental telepathy, I'll tell you; I was convinced that it exists and was giving them a "calling." I meditated a few minutes upon what an awful disaster it might have been, when curiosity led me out to view the destruction.

Apparently the two engines hadn't met on very friendly terms, for their "heads" were badly bruised. The freight was a double header and the second engine had run under the rear of the first one. All three boilers were so damaged that the hot water was pouring out of them at the rate of a hundred barrels per second, I should judge, until they were completely drained. I heard afterwards that for miles around people had heard the steam burst forth. Next I viewed the derailed freight cars. In my survey I noticed a car of corn, one of lumber, and another of hogs in the ditch. I concluded right then that those hogs wouldn't have to go hungry until they reached Chicago.

Russell Bowell, a friend of mine, then explained to me why nobody was killed. He said that when the engineer on the passenger train saw the approaching freight train he turned on the reverse and yelled to the fireman to jump for his life. The employees on the other train had done likewise and consequently no lives were lost, but the passenger fireman was seriously hurt.



Such a crowd as there was there assembled by this time; and I guess all the doctors in Plymouth came out after they learned that nobody was injured very much.

It was getting rather dark, so I started back to my brother's and when I got there I discovered that I had my ticket grasped in my hand. I guess that's absent-mindedness—a little different from mental telepathy.

The day I came home via the Vandalia to Hibbard, thence to Argos. I thought I never would ride on that Lake Erie again, but it's cheaper that way, and then the L. E. & W. claim agent sweetened me up a little bit. I sustained a very

few slight injuries from the jolt, such as a cut lip and a lame shoulder, also a few scratches here and there. But when the claim agent called I was hurt seriously—had even been to the doctor to see if I was injured internally. He compromised with me for settlement of fifty dollars; so when he left you will not be surprised that I felt much better.

I have tried to make this terrible catastrophe clear to you, but if I have failed and you desire a more detailed description I would cite you to the next best account, given in the Argos Reflector.

## ELAINE

PEARL WARTENBE, '13

**E**LAINÉ, the lily maid of Astolat, lived with her father and two brothers away from everyone else. Being the only girl in the family, she was naturally very wilful. Besides being wilful she was lovable.

When Lancelot stopped at the castle of Astolat, Elaine was so charmed by his courtesy that she immediately fell in love with him. When Lancelot left his shield with Elaine she made a silken cover for it and had a little story of her own for each device on it. This shows how much she thought of him.

Elaine took Lancelot's compliments too seriously and loved him more after each compliment he gave her.

She is not backward in telling of her love for this knight, and openly tells Gawain when he makes love to her. She doesn't turn away from Lancelot even after she hears of his love for the queen but instead goes to the hermit's hut and takes care of him.

Elaine had very little self-control, for when Lancelot told her that he could not marry her she swooned and ten days later died.

Her death had a very good effect on Lancelot, for after knowing how pure she was and how devotedly she loved him, he began to see himself in a different light and realized how sinful it was for him to love the queen.

## THE CRUNCHERS

*A Character Sketch from Dickens' "A Tale of Two Cities"*

MARY PICKERL, '14

THE Cruncher family was composed of three members: Jerry Cruncher, Mrs. Cruncher, and Little Jerry.

Jerry Cruncher, Sr., was, during the day, an odd-job man at Tellson's bank. One very noticeable feature about him was his rusty fingers. Another strange fact concerning Jerry was that although his boots were clean at night they were always muddy in the morning.

Mrs. Cruncher seemed to be a very religious woman (at any rate her husband was constantly grumbling because she "flopped" so much). She hated Jerry's night trade but was so much in fear of him that she scarcely ever ventured to say anything displeasing to him.

Little Jerry, a lad of twelve, was unusually quick to surmise all persons and things. He noticed the rust on his father's fingers and wondered from where it came. Again he had a great curiosity to learn about the mysterious fishing trips that

his father made at night. Spades and bags were peculiar fishing tackle! No fish were ever brought home! These two facts made Little Jerry so curious that he followed his father one night as that "honest tradesman" started out to fish. The boy watched his father and saw him go into the graveyard and start to dig up a grave. But he was so badly scared he ran home before he saw the rest of the proceedings.

Jerry seems to have failed at his night work, for the next morning he grumbled at his wife more than ever. Mrs. Cruncher takes these scoldings as simply a matter of fact. Little Jerry appears unusually bright this morning. He teases his mother all he possibly can by running to tell Jerry that she is going to "flop."

The Cruncher family is certainly an odd one; Jerry—a man who digs graves; Mrs. Cruncher—a very religious woman; and Little Jerry—the wonderful wise son.

## OUT TO OLD AUNT MARY'S

ESTHER WICKIZER, '15

"Wasn't it pleasant, O brother mine,  
In those old days of lost sunshine  
Of youth,—when the Saturday's  
Chores were through  
And the Sunday's wood in the kitchen, too,  
And we went visiting, me and you,  
Out to old Aunt Mary's."

RUBY finished the stanza laughing, and Robert opened the gate leading to the fine old Huston homestead.

"I wish we could come here every Saturday, just as the boys did in the poem, for it seems otherwise it was written for us," said Robert. "There's Aunt Mary in the door now;

it's too bad there aren't any gourds growing up the sides and o'er the clapboard roof."

"Yes," answered Ruby; and she always makes the best things, just as Aunt Mary did in the poem."

"And we're going back to the city this afternoon, and won't see the pond, meadow, or anything beautiful for a long time," groaned Robert, and Ruby smiled sadly.

At two o'clock that afternoon Ruby and Robert looked back for the last time until next summer and saw Aunt Mary standing in the door looking after them. Tears came to Ruby's eyes and she said softly,

"And all is well  
Out to old Aunt Mary's."



## FIRELIGHT FANCIES

ESTHER STEFFEY, '12

"THESE exams are fierce," I thought, as I dropped into the Morris chair by the fireplace. For two days I had been studying for the semester exams. They were now over and at last I could sit down without a book.

As I sat there gazing into the fire I felt a sudden change come over me. The fire-place seemed to enlarge and looked like a room flooded with sunshine. Upon a closer inspection I saw a counter and several tables and chairs, and who was sitting there but Madame Defarge—knitting.

"Well," thought I, "this must be Defarge's wine-shop in Paris."

Scarcely had I taken in my surroundings when three men entered wearing tri-colored caps. At first I thought they were peasants but after listening to their conversation I recognized them as Brian de Bois Guilbert, Phillip Malvoisen, and Reginald Front de Beouf.

They were discussing a combat which from their talk I inferred had taken place the day before. They seemed to be planning revenge on one Arcite who had been the victor.

But their plotting was broken up by the entrance of a richly dressed Jew carrying a pail. Madame Defarge filled it with wine and then addressed him as Shylock. Of course I recognized him at once. He then entered into conversation with the three knights, who began trying to borrow money from him.

Next I heard quite a din outside, and presently four men entered, talking loudly and gesticulating wildly. Hamlet was trying to convince Wamba that he had seen the ghost of his father. There was Mr. Pascal trying to prove to George Washington that by some scientific law it was impossible to see a ghost without the use of an alcohol lamp to set the molecules of ether in motion. I grew disgusted and in my desire for something more logical I picked up a book, which said, "Solid Geometry, or Essays on Boneheads." I opened it and the first line that met my eye was, "Washington Crossing the Rubicon, 1861."

What was the matter? Everything was turned around.

My attention was then drawn toward the other side of the room, where a crowd was talking and drinking: Several new ones had entered and they seemed to be discussing some weighty subject.

Then Monsieur Defarge came forward and announced that the great singers, Melba and Schumann-Heinke, would sing for a reward. While selecting the judges for the great contest one of the men noticed me and coming over slapped me on the shoulder and said, "Isaac."

But just then I awoke and there was my mother saying, "Well, aren't you going to bed?"





BASKET-BALL TEAM

## *Basket Ball '11-'12*

THE Basket-Ball season for the A. H. S. team opened with the brightest prospects for a winning team that we have known for several years.

Three of last year's regulars were in school and several of the '10-'11 subs turned out and started in to make the team. Meek, Pickerl and McGriff of last year's regulars took charge of their old positions and immediately demonstrated that they were still good.

Harold Meek, last year's forward, was elected captain and a schedule was prepared which at the start looked to be a very stiff one; and so it was. The opposing teams were very good but nevertheless our boys held their own exceedingly well considering the strength of their opponents.

As the beginning of the second semester the positions were changed and the lineup was as follows: McGriff and Pickerl, forwards; Meek, center; Welters, Huff, Silvers and Corey, guards, throughout the season.

The team representing A. H. S. for the season '11-'12, taken as a whole, was probably one of the best, if not the best, ever turned out of the school. It has individual stars who were equaled by none in the country. Its team work, though not of the showiest, was nevertheless effective. Winning six games out of thirteen and tying one was a record that will stand long before a team will dim its glory by a better man.

Our second team was a wonder and through its good work and rough tactics we were always ready to fight anything that came our way. Several stars were developed on the second team this year who will surely make good for next season.

The team of '11-'12 wish to thank Prof. Koontz for his effort in coaching and keeping out of many bad scrapes, and his untiring energies expended in financing the project.





SCENE FROM CLASS PLAY

## *Dramatic Club*

OLD BILL, the Bard of Avon, was right when he said: "All the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players. Each man in his time plays many parts." But some men are better actors than others and the Class of 1912 has been exceptionally fortunate in being blessed with a goodly number of embryonic stars. The growth of dramatic interest has been fully shown by the number of plays presented during the four years of High School life. Success has been ours by striving to place the best talent on the stage and the marvels of the make-up box.

### THE MODERN ANANIAS.

LYSANDER LYONS, M. D. (vivid imagination)	. . . . .	HAROLD MEEK
COL. LYON (forgiving disposition)	. . . . .	NEIL THOMPSON
DERBY DASHWOOD (picadilly accent)	. . . . .	EVERETT BEIGH
DON FRANCISCO (elastic conscience)	. . . . .	DALE HUFF
BABY (soubriquet of "little tootsey wootsey")	. . . . .	ESTHER STEFFEY
NELLIE GOLDENGATE (California heiress)	. . . . .	LELA DIMMITT
PRUDIE MAYFLOWER (with New England girl's notions)	. . . . .	GWENDOLYN NAFF
KITTY (so much a month and board)	. . . . .	FERN GOOD





GLEE CLUB

## Music

### ORCHESTRA

Miss Foor, *Director*. *Pianist*, Marjorie Turner.  
*1st Violin*, Lawrence Fink. *Trombone*, Harold Meek.  
*2d Violin*, Earl McGriff. *Bass Vio.*, Don Zink.  
*Cornet*, Don Wickizer. *Alto*, Games Slayter.  
*Clarionet*, Wendell Pickerl. *Drums*, Russel Krouse.  
 Everett Beigh.

### GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

*Director*, Miss Foor. *Pianist*, Marjorie Turner.  
*President*, Zola Huff.  
*Vice President*, Lela Dimmitt.  
*Secretary and Treasurer*, Gwendolyn Nafe.

The Girls' Glee Club was organized the first of the year and have led the music during the ensuing year. They have been working with the best selections attainable. The Club gave,—

November 1—Agriculture Exhibit:

Lovely Night, O tender night, . . . . . *Offenbach*  
 (From Tales of Hoffman)

January 21—M. E. Church:

Lost Chord, . . . . . *Arthur Sullivan*

January 23—Vaudette:

Serenade, . . . . . *Shubert*  
 Kitty Clover, . . . . . *Encore Song*

Other selections are,—

The Lord is My Shepherd, . . . . . *Warhurst*  
 The Rose Gatherers, . . . . . *Weber*  
 Lullaby, . . . . . *Schwarz*  
 Last Rose of Summer, . . . . . *Moore*  
 (Arranged in a fugue)

### OCTETTE CLUB

*Soprano*, . . . . . Lois Taylor  
 Gwendolyn Nafe  
*Alto*, . . . . . Erma Kleckner  
 Jessie Taber  
*Tenor*, . . . . . Neil Thompson  
 Joe Bucher  
*Bass*, . . . . . Harold Meek  
 Wendell Pickerl

Wandering, . . . . . *Roeder*  
 Revel of the Leaves, . . . . . *Veazie*  
 Praise Ye the Father, . . . . . *Gounod*  
 A Day on the Water, . . . . . *Veazie*  
 In Vienna Woods (Cantata) . . . . . *Strauss*  
 The Wandering Students, . . . . . *L. Roques*

First Annual Concert was held in the Argos Opera House, the evening of March 29th. The grades of the Public school each took part and several selections were given from the High school.

High School Orchestra:

Broun's Triumphant March, . . . . . *Broun*  
 Botina Waltz, . . . . . *Hofman*  
 Sambo's Birthday, . . . . . *Hazel*  
 King Lear March, . . . . . *Hazel*

Vocal Trio: "Ebb and Flow," . . . . . *King*

Gwendolyn Nafe, Lois Taylor, Jessie Taber

"Blow Soft Winds," . . . . . *Vincent*

High School Girls' Glee Club

Cantata: "In Vienna Woods," . . . . . *Strauss*

Octette Club



## Jokes

### PLAY JOKES



EIL to Gwendolyn — Don't forget that game of cabbage (cribbage) you promised me.

Harold Meek—Every newess in Heirport (every heiress in Newport).

Neil, weeping over Dale's shoulder — Weep some more, Dale, till I find the place.

Harold—I was struck over the head with a pove hoker (stove poker).

Koontz reading stage directions—Turns up center. Does that mean turns up her nose?

Doc, trying to say: I must write her a letter and lay my heart at her feet, said—I must write her a letter and lay my feet at her heart.

Neil to Harold—I say you are a remarkably superior woman.

Pick—Ah! Miss Goldengate, I hope you feel no dissipation from last night's effects (no ill effects from last night's dissipation).

Doc—The only wife I have has been done (dead) for months and I helped to plant her.

Neil—You won't stick to her.

Doc—I will, like ceiling wax (mucilage).

Dale, while practicing in the gym, fell against a hot water pipe—Say, did you smell that scorch?

Cody at dress rehearsal when Dale forgot his lines—Audience accept my sincere apologies. Mr. Koontz has lost the place.

### JOKES

Miss D—Poe made a great hit with his Ms. found in a bottle.

Mr. Hottel—What one thing in the universe could be rubbed out and we would be least affected—we could get along without the stars and moon, couldn't we, Gwendolyn? Gwendolyn looked doubtful.

Miss Foor (in Soph. room)—Miss D., do you know where the piano stool is?

Miss D.—Some one from the other room swiped—I mean some one took it away.

The Seniors have begun to think that many of the great poets were closely connected with the stage. First, Miss D. said that Goldsmith, because of his love for bright colors in his dress, was a regular "vaudeville show." Then Neil told us that Poe's parents were "theatrical shows."

Russel S., in debate on direct vote for U. S. Senators—Honorable Judges, wouldn't you like to vote for a Senator direct when you get old enough? Then, recalling that five of them were girls—I hear that they are going to have woman suffrage soon.

Charles McCreary—I'm going to put up the poles for wireless telegraphy when I get out of school.

Esther S.—I've got the headache, the earache, and—the toothache—but I feel all right, though.

Don W., at the close of Literary club meeting—We'll now have the secretary's report.

Miss Foor—What other kinds of qudruple time are there? Fern G.—Four over six.

Russel S.—How much are the Commencement invitations?  
Esther S.—\$9.50 for the first hundred and \$3.75 for additional.

Charles M.—I'll take mine out of additional hundreds.

Prof. H., in Virgil recitation—Harry, translate the next few lines.

Harry remains mum.

Prof. H.—Speak a little louder, Harry; I can't hear you.

Koontz—Harold, come here and take this chair.

Harold, walking up in front and taking chair—Where d'y' want me to take it?

Earl M., during sloppy March weather—I hope this weather continues. Maybe my pa 'll buy me a new pair shoes.

Joe B.—Maybe he 'll buy you a pair rubbers.

Lela D., interrupting Esther, who was telling something about a Mr. Granger—Who is he?

Clarence K., butting in—He's my uncle.

Esther S.—He's a negro.

Clarence—Then he's no relation of mine.

Mr. K., assigning Freshman Agriculture lesson on chapter "The Horse"—Tomorrow we'll all start on the horse.

Miss D., talking of Bryant's Poems—He wrote "Waiting at the Gate" something like "Thanatopsis" "Crossing the Bar."

Prof. Hottel—How high would a lowland have to be to be a highland?

Esther S.—Well, if some one is going to sit with me, I'm going to get a chair.

Mr. Koontz, in Physics class—Now this has got to stop. You can't come to class without your lessons after this.

Harold—Aw, quit your kiddin' us.

Koontz—What does the County Clerk do?

Charles M.—Record marriage licenses.

K.—What else.

Charles—Divorce cases.

Koontz, after G. N. had been discussing the educational value of the New England town meeting—What else, Lela?

Lela—I didn't hear what Gwendolyn said.

K.—She didn't say anything.



## Calendar

- Sept. 4—Freshman Reception.  
 5—Band Concert.  
 6—Carrie falls down stairs.  
 7—Everything looks bright in the front of the room (Prof. K's red tie).  
 8—First Literary Program.  
 11—Sleepy Monday. Seniors typical examples.  
 12—Nellie gets the First Epistle from Amzi.  
 13—Everybody drowsy.  
 14—Prof. Koontz announces that in the hereafter he will take grades.  
 15—Koontz accidentally gets his arm around Verle.  
 18—New Senior.  
 19—Miss Foor organizes a Girls' Glee Club.  
 20—Miss Lloyd smiles for the first time.  
 21—"Battle of Chalk" fought by "A" and "B" sections in Freshman room.  
 22—Plymouth Home Coming attracts many students.  
 25—Miss Mitchell cross.  
 26—Russell K. gives false fire alarm. Miss M. screams.  
 27—Rain, rain, go away.  
     Come again some other day,  
     Little Harold wants fo play.  
 28—Mr. Wortman entertains in A. H. S. chapel.  
 29—Tests. Terrible agony.
- Oct. 2—Seniors receive First Arithmetic Test Papers. Oh, my!  
 3—Looking forward to the last Band Concert.  
 4—Bourbon teachers visit school.  
 5—Bourbon Fair.  
 6—Ditto.  
 9—Mr. Koontz reads the "School-boys' Revolution" (Resolutions).



- Oct. 10—Mrs. Towne entertains at morning exercise.  
 11—Mr. Brandenburg renders fine instrumental solo.  
 12—Miss Lloyd makes a Soph. cry. Cruel, cruel.  
 13—Miss Lloyd smiles. Seniors have Arithmetic test.  
 16—Clarence Kerr's class party. Did it rain?  
 17—Poor "Sophie" sings, "I've lost my gal."  
 18—Everybody sleepy and stubborn.  
 19—Wendell hands a theme in on time.  
 20—Plymouth Basket-Ball game.  
 23—Rev. Rockwell gives excellent address in chapel.  
 24—Everett presents Prof. Hottel with a pinching bug.  
 25—Imagine Koontz with a mop stick!  
 26—Laboratory work seems interesting to Section III.  
 27—The Senior rejoiceth! No Physics.  
 30—Argosals appear. Hallowe'en issue.  
 31—Hallowe'en night. Lots of fun.
- Nov. 1—Agriculture Exhibit.  
 2—First snow. Everything white.  
 3—Laboratory sections changed again. Wonder why?  
 6—A favorite expression of the teachers: "Go to the office."  
 7—Gwendolyn gets canned from Physics recitation.  
 8—Yell practice.  
 9—Prof. K. works or "solves" the Seniors.  
 10—Games enforces Parliamentary laws in L. C.  
 13—Mr. Hottel puts a veto to trips to the Library without the necessary slips.  
 14—First meeting of the A. H. S. Orchestra.  
 15—Snow very deep. Meditate sleighing.  
 16—The new song books here at last.  
 17—Red Letter Day. Capt. Jack Crawford speaks and recites. Zola and Harold sent from Physics recitation. Rev. Hayes lectures on "Value of Reality" in Literary program.

Nov. 20—Koontz very, very sleepy and cross. Oh! my.

21—"If you want to go home—just talk."

22—Senior girls have good time at Gwendolyn's.

23—Rainy and dismal.

24—See Freshmen look wise. Miss Mitchell announces "No themes" this week.

27—All report good time at Earl McGriff's party.

28—Mr. Koontz reads a Sophomore's note.

29—All happy; contemplating vacation.

Dec. 4—Miss Mitchell says she doesn't like to start in being cross immediately but she can't help it.

5—Fonta Brown recites in chapel.

6—Dr. Dyer, the Armenian, lectures on Oriental schools.

7—"Moving in the Assembly Room." "Married."

8—Argos Basket-Ball game with South Whitley. Won.

11—Blue Monday. Miss Foor's sister visits A. H. S.

12—Miss Foor almost angry. How funny.

13—"What is it? What is it?"

14—Neil missed from school.

15—Argos B.-B. Team get their dates mixed.

18—"Wasn't it glorious about the Val'p'o game?"

19—"It's only a matter of time until we all fall in."

Neil, "Fall in where?" K., "In the sun."

20—Hazel S. and Murray R. have good social time in the Library.

21—Musical concert in the Assembly room before dinner.

21—Love feast in the Laboratory. We bid Miss Mitchell farewell.

Jan. 2—A new teacher—Miss Dillman. We start the year right. Vacation over.

3—Lab. section: "Oh! here's that pop-corn we left before Christmas."

4—Games S. gets his nose frozen.

5—Prof. Hottel attends pop-con party in Lab.

8—Dreading exams.



Jan. 9—"A muchee chilliness in all rooms." School dismissed early for noon.

10—Exams.

11—Exams. right. No time for anything else.

12—Still there's more to follow. Mentone game here.

15—Miss Lloyd refreshes us by showing us our Arithmetic papers. "Does red ink show how much the teacher loves you?"

16—Mr. K. gets cold feet when Dale wants him to go to the bank.

17—Clair is afraid the hot sun will spoil his complexion.

18—Mortal combat between Miss D. and Charles Daniels.

19—Walter is practicing how to propose.

22—Frank Pickerl gives interesting and instructive talk in the chapel.

23—Clarence gives true prediction in the Laboratory. The cork gives way. Imagine K. with a mop.

24—Miss D. shows great love for the boys.

25—Lela her own boss. Miss Dillman flatters the Seniors on their ability at theme writing.

26—Unusual occurrence in Room VII. Everett gets called down.

29—Doc Meek has a party, which is greatly enjoyed by all.

30—Everybody sleepy. Wonder why?

31—Fifteen minutes Civics recitation.

Feb. 1—Earl McGriff falls as he goes down stairs. The crash is heard in the Laboratory.

2—Mr. Ohler and Mr. Bowell visit L. C.

5—Mrs. G. F. Sheely entertains in chapel.

6—Miss Tally gives excellent address to A. H. S.

7—Rev. Kevan talks on "Work Out Your Own Salvation."

8—Civics lesson of especial interest to politicians. Seniors find out where the Socialists of the city live.

9—Spelling match. Helen B. wins.

12—Lincoln's birthday. See the flag.

13—Russell S. is one of the five Holy Virgins in the Lab.

14—Senioretis staff elected.



Feb. 15—Prof. Hottel explains the natural phenomenon of a geyser. The bottom of the bottle breaks.

16—Freshie's have class party at Mary Heisler's.

19—"Doc" with a broom poses as "Washington Crossing the Delaware" (in a basket).

20—Pearl asks Alonzo to go to Richland Center in the Leap Year load.

21—Play cast practice in the basement. Little Seniors play "teeter-totter." Oh! the snow!

22—Fifth Room pupils sing in H. S. Mr. Koontz tells a lie before noon; and Washington's birthday, too.

23—Esther S. tries the shower bath.

26—"Much Ado About a Modern Ananias."

27—Girls try loafing in the restaurant, the boys' favorite place.

28—Esther S. says she's a foot-five tall. Wonder if it makes a difference when you measure in the Lab.

29—Senior play, "A Modern Ananias." Hoop! la; but it was some dope."

Mar. 1—The same old program in the same old way.

4—Mr. K. cross. Wonder why? He even insults the Sophs.

5—Walter breaks up housekeeping. Begins on Freadus' seat.

6—Seniors decide on style of Commencement invitations.

7—Freshies think the Library an interesting place.

8—Good program in L. C. L. Visitors.

11—Speech on Woman's Rights, by Miss Grossman.

12—Another mortal combat. This time in the Sophomore room.

13—It's just the same old story: Dreading to-morrow's theme.



14—Debate in Senior Civics: Resolved, That the U. S. Sentors should be elected by popular vote.

15—Reading Circle class. Knox game.

18—Mr. K. patriotic. Wears red, white and blue.

19—A Freshie caught reading "Thrilling Adventures of Nick Carter" (10 cents a copy).

20—Juniors capture Freshie class yells. Look out for trouble.

21—Fifth room shows us how to sing.

22—Debate in Literary club: Resolved, That the highest interests of the people require the enactment of the referendum and recall. Affirmative wins.

25—Juniors have lots of class meetings.

26—Senioretis upheavals.

27—Miss Lloyd absent on account of sickness. Mrs. Slayter takes her place.

28—Miss Lloyd back. Everybody happy.

29—The Musical at the opera house.

April 1—April fool's day. Neil flourishes a five dollar bill and a new fountain pen. No wonder: it's his birthday.

2—Soph's still fighting with Seniors.

3—Miss Dillman makes things jolly for the Soph's.

4—Pansie makes her debut into the society of the fashionable Sophs.

5—Seniors are tempted by the warm sunshine. Mr. Koontz and the janitor also play hokey.

8—Esther is her own boss. Neil wishes he had another birthday.

9—Last lessons in Civics.

10—Spring fever picture.

11—Mr. K. pursues Lowell. Comes back alone.

12—Base-Ball game prevented by rain.

15—Fish stories in Physical Geography recitation. How did the whale swallow Jonah?

16—Staff enjoys an ice cream social at the drug store.

17—Senioretis goes to print.

18—Seniors write their last themes. Glory!

19—Preliminary Oratorical contest.

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