



The Rambler 



The Beginning



Dedication

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To Mary Esther Pickerl

Our class advisor in our Junior and Senior years, we, the Seniors of 1919, do dedicate this annual. We hope in this way to express a small part of our gratitude for the interest Miss Pickerl has shown in our class, and the assistance she has given us both in our school work and social events.

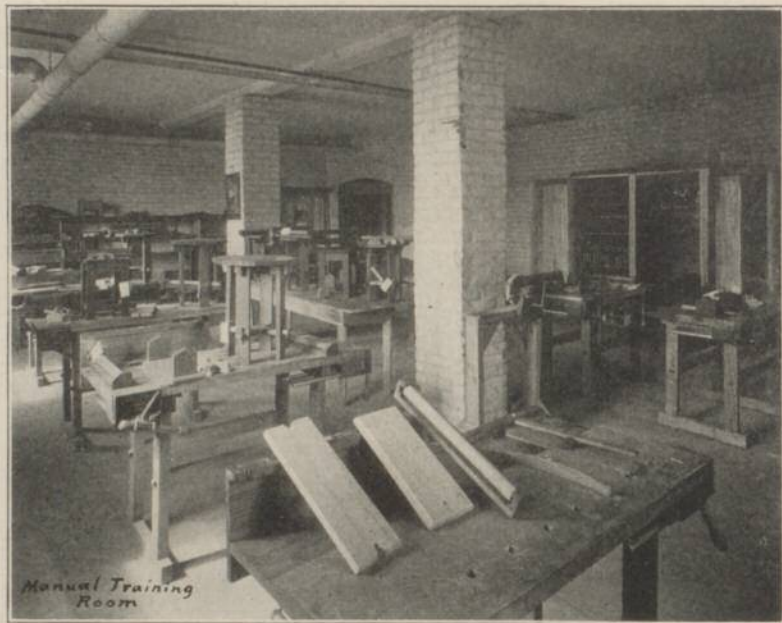


MARY ESTHER PICKLERL



HIGH SCHOOL BLDG., ARGOS, IND.





The School Board

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ROY KANOUS, Secretary



C. A. SCHOONOVER, President



Dr. E. E. WILLSEY: Treas.

STUDENT



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M. E. PICKERL, Music and Art



C. A. Hoffman, Principal



ZOLA J. HUFF



MARGARET I. ROBERTSON



GLADYS C. HALL

Staff Personnel

MARY SARBER ----- Editor-In-Chief
MARSHALL RALSTON ----- Assistant Editor
ALLEN WHISMAN ----- Business Manager
VELMA RITTER ----- Literary Editor
ELEANOR KUHN ----- Asst. Literary Editor
KENNETH BERLIN ----- Joke Editor
MARIE HISEY ----- Asst. Joke Editor
CARLOS FEIKERT ----- Athletics
ANNA CATHERINE VAN VACTOR ----- Artist
FRANCES WICKIZER ----- Advertising Manager



Seniors



Class Motto—Deeds; not words.

Class Colors—Green and White.

Class Flower—White rose bud.

Class Yell—We have no yell
We want no yell
But when we yell
We yell like ——
1—2—3—4
3—2—1—4
Who for, what for
Who you going to yell for—
S—E—N—I—O—R—S



1. ALLEN WHISMAN ("Windy").

President of Class '15, '18, '19.—Business Manager of "The Rambler."—Basket Ball, 1st Team '16, '17, '18, '19.—Orator at County Contest '18.—Track, '16, '17, '19.—Orchestra '17, '18, '19.—Operetta, "Miss Cherry Blossom", '19.—Senior Play, "Green Stockings", '19.—Entertainment Committee '17.

"The time I've lost in wooing,
In watching and pursuing;
The light that lies in women's eyes
Has been my heart's undoing."

2. MARY MARTHA SARBER ("Teddy").

Editor-in-chief of "The Rambler",—President of the Class '16.—Vice President '15, '18.—Secretary '17.—Girls' Glee Club '17, '18, '19.—Operetta, "Miss Cherry Blossom", '19.—Senior Play, "Green Stockings", '19.—Entertainment Committee '17, '19.—Programme Committee for Junior-Senior Banquet and Freshman Reception.—Basket Ball '15, '16.

"Her love was sought I do aver,
By six and twenty beaux or more."

3. ANNA CATHERINE VAN VACTOR ("Annie").

Artist of "The Rambler",—Treasurer of Class '18.—Programme Com. for Junior-Senior Banquet and Freshman Reception.—Entertainment Committee '18.—A. H. S. Girls' Quartette '19.—Glee Club '17, '18, '19.—Basket Ball '15, '16, '17, '18.—Operetta, "Miss Cherry Blossom", '19.—Senior Play, "Green Stockings", '19.

"We're bound to have a devil of a time anyway so
we may as well begin and have it over."

4. KENNETH BERLIN ("Bill").

Vice-President of Class '19.—President of Class '17, '18.—Joke Editor of "The Rambler".—Orchestra '15, '16.—Track '16, '17.—Operetta, "Miss Cherry Blossom", '19.—Programme Committee for Junior-Senior Banquet '18.

"And when he talks—Ye Gods!
How he does spread it."



5. CARLOS FEIKERT ("Opie").

Athletic Editor of "The Rambler".

Basket Ball '16, '17. First Team '18, '19.

"A pound of pluck is worth a ton of luck."

6. VELMA RITTER ("Telmy").

Literary Editor of "The Rambler".

Treasurer of Class '17.

Entertainment Committee '18.

Invitation Committee for Junior-Senior Banquet.

Menu Committee for Freshman Reception.

Glee Club '17, '18.

Operetta—"Miss Cherry Blossom", '19.

Senior Play—"Green Stockings."

"Velma is mischievous and industrious too
She's never a minute without something to do."

7. FRANCES WICKIZER ("Wick").

President of Class '18.

Secretary '15, '16.

Vice-President '16, '17.

Advertising Manager of "The Rambler".

Entertainment Committee '18, '19.

Basket Ball '16, '18.

Programme Committee for Junior-Senior Banquet.

Menu Committee for Freshman Reception.

Glee Club '16, '17.

Operetta, "Miss Cherry Blossom."

Senior Play—"Green Stockings."

"Your heart's desire be with you."

8. MARSHALL RALSTON ("Fuzzy").

Entered as a Junior from Monterey, Indiana in 1917.

Assistant Editor-in-chief of "The Rambler".

Basket Ball—First Team '18, '19.

Track '18, '19.

Orchestra '18, '19.

Senior Play—"Green Stockings."

"So wise so young they say do never live long."



9. HENRY PARSONS ("Hank")
 Entered as a Senior in 1918 from Frankfort, Indiana.
 Secretary and Treasurer '19.
 Basket Ball '18, '19.
 Senior Play, "Green Stockings."
 "Among my books, what joy is there."
10. ELEANOR KUHN ("Eyner").
 Assistant Literary Editor of "The Rambler".
 Treasurer of Class '15.
 Entertainment Committee '17, '19.
 Menu Committee for Junior-Senior Banquet and Freshman Reception.
 Basket Ball '15, '16, '17, '18.
 Orchestra '16, '17, '18, '19.
 Glee Club '17, '18, '19.
 Operetta—"Miss Cherry Blossom", '19.
 Senior Play, "Green Stockings."
 "Full of frolic and play like the rest of 'em"

11. ESTHER COOL ("Chilly").
 Secretary of Class '16.
 Treasurer of Class '18.
 Invitation Committee for Junior Banquet.
 A. H. S. Girls' Quartette '18.
 Glee Club '17, '18.
 Operetta—"Miss Cherry Blossom", '19.
 Basket Ball '15, '16, '17, '18.
 " 'Tis good in every case you know
 To have two strings onto your beau."
12. CECIL UMBAUGH ("Cec").
 Vice-President of Class '18.
 Basket Ball '17, '18. First Team '18, '19.
 "Alas, this love of women! it is known
 To be a lovely and a fearful thing."



13. REATHEL REDDINGER.

Glee Club '17, '18.

Basket Ball '17, '18.

"From the crown of her head to the soles of her feet
she is all mirth."

14. MARIE HISEY ("Peggy").

Secretary of Class '18.

Entertainment Committee '17, '18.

Invitation Committee for Junior-Senior Banquet.

Programme Committee for Freshman Reception.

Assistant Joke Editor of "The Rambler".

A. H. S. Girls Quartette '19.

Orator at County Contest '16, '17, '19.

Glee Club '17, '18.

Operetta—"Miss Cherry Blossom", '19.

Senior Play, "Green Stockings."

"Happy am I, from care I am free
Why aren't they all contented like me?"

15. DORIS BOUSE.

Basket Ball '15, '16, '18.

Glee Club '17, '18.

Operetta—"Miss Cherry Blossom", '19.

"Of the many boys of heroic mold
There's none to compare with her soldier bold."

16. NORA SWIHART ("Norie").

"Tho e'er so silent she may be
She's just Nora to you and to me."



Lorene Stair.



Katherine McClure



Hugh Pickerl.



Nellie Whittaker.

17. LORENE STAIR ("Hank").

Lorene entered H. S. with the rest of the class and remained with us, taking part in all our Class events, until Christmas 1918. Then, having all her credits, she left H. S. to attend South Bend Bend Business College.

"A good temper, like a sunny day
Sheds brightness over everything."

18. KATHERINE McCLURE ("Katy").

Entered High School in 1916. She has made the required credits in three years and graduates with a high standard of school work.

"As good to be out of the world as out of fashion."

19. HUGH PICKERL ("Billy").

Billy entered High school in 1916 with two credits received by taking German I while still in the Eighth Grade. He completed the required High School course in three years, thus graduating with the Class of '19.

"Lord, I wonder what fool it was that first invented kissing."

20. CARL MORGAN ("Morgie").

"Life is a jest and all things show it
I tho't so once and now I know it."

21. LEONARD MINER ("John").

Basket Ball '18, '19.

"Leonard went fishing
And he fished all night
He never got a nibble
Or a dog-goned bite."

22. NELLIE WHITTAKER.

Nellie, one of our country pupils, has always been able to stand up and take her own part. She entered H. S. in 1916 and graduates this year, another three-year "man."

"I'll not budge an inch!"

Class Poem

ELEANOR KUHN

Ages ago a class began,
To climb the heights of fame;
The way was long and often hard,
But upward still we came.

We met and conquered many tasks,
That loomed like mountains stern;
Cheered on by teachers sometimes cross,
But always kind and firm.

Our a-b-abs, and b-a-bas,
Soon changed to harder tasks;
But we grew stronger heart and hand,
We were a dandy class.

A fond farewell to all we say,
To all our childhood near;
Our fondest thoughts will linger still,
With Argos High School dear.

Our girls were always sweet and true,
Our boys were brave and bold;
We carry off our High School flag,
Our own loved Black and Gold.

As upward still we strive to climb,
This lesson oft is told;
The brave and true, success can win,
'Tis their's to have and hold.

And so we face the Future,
With hearts and hands so bold;
We'll grapple hard each task we meet,
Honor and gold we'll hold.

Seniors

Personnel

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Corene Hagenbush.
Wayne Heisler.
Mary Lipps.
Katherine McClure.
Edna Myers.
Burford Ohler.



Hugh Pickerl.
Mildred E. Quivey.
Bertha Rannie.
Arthur Tate.
Rosamond Turner.
Nellie Whittaker.

Rosamond Turner,
Class Pres.



Sophomores

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Personnel

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Phyllis Bender.
LeRoy Coplen.
Elizabeth Drake.
Thelma Drake.
Pearl Dunlap.
Dorothy Grossman.
Ivo Hagenbush.
Glen Hooker.
Enid Kamp.
Mary Jane Kuhn.
Eve Long.
Ray McClure.
Walter Meloy.

Henry Neff.
Gertrude Ralston.
Harley Redinger.
Letha Rockhill.
Myrtle Rule.
Helene Schoonover.
Florence South.
Madison Stevenson.
William Taber.
George Tate.
Lloyd Thompson.
Evelyn Van Vactor.
Wayne Walker.

Earle Welter.



Freshmen

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Personnel

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Mojeska Anderson.
Violet Archambeault.
Mary Biddinger.
Anna Bragunier.
Clarence Claxton.
Edna Claxton.
Charles Cook.
Florence DeMont.
Lloyd Gunder.
Inez Hagenbush.
Hazel Iler.
Gussie McCullogh.
Roy McMillen.
Irene Meloy.

Reathel Middleton.
Alma Peabody.
Albert Quivey.
Edith Rannie.
Louis Reed.
Ethel Rhoads.
Clayton Robinson.
Louise Schafer.
Lucille Shivers.
Dorothy Sheets.
Ethel Stevenson.
Cyrus Stonehill.
Milo Swihart.
Wayne Van Der Weele.

Welland Zehner.



Literary

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Class History

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By ESTHER COOL and FRANCES WICKIZER.

So long ago, that scarcely any of us can remember very distinctly a very small band of wee travelers started out on the long trail to the Land of Knowledge. Of the present class of '19 there are but six who have traversed this path together.

The eight years in the grammar grades passed swiftly by and at last, with a prize-winning float, we drifted into our much anticipated High School career, with a crew of thirty jolly lads and lasses. The Seniors gave us a reception the first week, in order to acquaint us with the teachers and the higher classmen.

Copying after the classes preceding us, within three weeks we had elected our first class president, Allen Whisman. Our class colors were chosen, these being green and white and we have remained

loyal to them throughout our High School career. While yet in our infant year we selected a motto which we thought could be applied to our class, although it was not adopted. This motto was "Work like Helen B. Happy."

Even though we were not just exactly acquainted with all athletics, we proved we could out-win the Juniors in basket ball. This of course increased our pride and self-confidence. It was through the skill of LeRoy Mattix and Allen Whisman that brought us honors in our Freshman year.

It was also in this year that Miss Pauley resigned and Miss Emerson took her place as English and History teacher.

The days passed quickly by, and soon, almost before we realized it, we found that we had passed forever out of the land of Freshmen and emerged quietly into the land of the Sophomores. Strange as it may seem, we found that the inhabitants of this land were called "wise fools," a name which seemed neither a proper nor a fitting one.

It was in our second stage of the old A. H. S. that Arthur Tate, our class president at that time, was left behind our class on account of illness. Kenneth Berlyn was chosen president for the remainder of the year.

This was the first year in the history of A. H. S. that any girls had manual training in their course of study. There were only two from the class of '19, Anna Catherine Van Vactor and Eleanor Kuhn. During the year '16 and '17 Marie Hisey, from our class, represented Argos in the oratorical contest at Plymouth and won the honors of second.

This year, but for a few exceptions, was destined to be more interesting than the previous one had been. Miss Emerson certainly made the "Deserted Village" interesting for some in our class who had made themselves very well acquainted with the library.

And then bright and happy dawned our Junior year, the second half of the great game that fits us for the world. We started with a "Salamagundi Festival" in October, of course with no other thought in mind than the Junior-Senior Reception. We also had several candy stands, for without them the Junior class fun would be incomplete.

Still holding up our fame in basket ball, we put three first-team men in the field. Girls' basket ball also played a rather important part in this year, our class having four first-team girls.

The goal of this year was reached April 25, '18, at the giving of the Junior-Senior banquet.

Finally came the Senior year, the culmination of these other years of preparation. With this year the finishing touches are added with results of the other three years.

Our rings and pins were ordered at the beginning of the year, so that we might, as a class, enjoy them together.

Our class spirit has certainly been shown by our support of athletics. During this year we had four men on the basket ball team.

For the fourth time the A. H. S. was represented at Plymouth in the oratorical contest by a '19 class member. Marie Hisey for the second time won second place. The track and field meet was postponed until May the sixth; Argos kept up the old record and all the men did splendid work.

The last three weeks of school were spent in hard work on our class play, which, by common consent, was very successful.

And now ends our career. In some ways we are sorry—sorry that our school days are over; in others, we are glad and proud that we shall graduate, such a promising class.

In these four years we have learned to know and value one another, we have formed the unrivaled friendships of "High School Days," we have shared our pleasures and our sorrows, and together we have journeyed the long trail through the "Land of Knowledge" by the help and guidance of our teachers.

So now, the class of nineteen hundred and nineteen bids farewell to our High School Days, and we hope to always be remembered as one of the classes ever ready to keep Argos High at its highest standard.



Class Prophecy

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VELMA RITTER.

We have now reached the time when "old men shall dream dreams and the young men shall see visions and the sons and daughters shall prophesy."

While visiting a Physics Laboratory the other day my attention was called to the marvelous, yet simple piece of apparatus known as the kaleidoscope. The sun shone through the window, striking the face of the kaleidoscope at an angle which revealed something strangely new to me. I could not resist examining the instrument more closely.

As I gazed at it, the disc began slowly to turn and the geometric figure which heretofore had been visible upon it was replaced by a panoramic view. I looked closer. It was the picture of the Argos High School Building. While I was marvelling at this, I heard a small voice say, "Be calm." A great and rare favor is about to be bestowed upon you. The veil will be drawn and you will be permitted to look into the future."

Knowing then that I was being guided by some unknown power and hoping that I might learn something of the future of each of my classmates I again turned to the instrument. This time I noticed that the school grounds had been extended and a new and magnificent High School Building had been erected.

The disc turned further and the Office of the new building came into sight. A Teacher's Meeting was in session. I recognized two familiar faces among those of the faculty, that of Henry Parsons, now a famous scientist and Superintendent of the High School and the other, that of Eleanor Kuhn who was their teacher of Manual Training and Domestic Science. These two were explaining to the rest how remarkably well the Class of '19 had conducted themselves

and that they couldn't understand why they should have so much trouble with their present Senior Class.

The particles of glass on the disc now began to resolve themselves into a much different scene. A large farmhouse with well-kept surroundings appeared. There were many other buildings near and many laborers were at work in the fields. This beautiful place belonged to Carlos Feikert, our former Basket Ball Captain, who after taking the agricultural course at Purdue was now conducting one of the largest Experiment Stations in the United States. Success to you, Carlos.

Suddenly I found myself looking into one of the rooms of a large Book Publishing Company. At one of the linotypes sat Frances Wickizer who was recognized as being the most efficient linotype operator employed by this firm.

The disc again turned, this time with a harsh grating sound as if it were going to portray something very unexpected and strange. When the picture had assumed definite shape it appeared to be the grounds of some private institution and beneath a tree in the foreground I recognized Kenneth Berlin. He was absorbed in a book. Looking closer I made out the title on the front page. Ah yes, it was his old standby, "Emerson's Essays." Bill had been greatly disappointed in love and had established and was now managing an institution in which young men were taught the folly of putting their trust in women and were warned against falling in love.

A gentle touch removed this picture which was immediately followed by another, no less interesting. This was a scene in the Far West. It was evening and children played about the steps of a neat little cottage in the center of the most fertile and productive ranch

in Montana. On the porch sat a man and woman, resting and talking of the good times they had together back in the Argos High School. Sure, it was our own classmates, Cecil Umbaugh and Esther Cool, his wife. Just then a quiet and patient lady came out of the house and joined them. I immediately recognized the teacher of their neighborhood school, Nora Swihart.

How natural it is for our minds to be diverted. From this scene of peace and beauty I was transported to the center of a tremendous amphitheatre. Two men were in the ring. Round after round was being fought. Then the victor was handed the belt, which signified that he was the nation's greatest pugilist. It was none other than Marshall Ralston.

At the next turn of the disc I found myself in a foreign land. Ah, it was Belgium. A never-tiring young lady journeyed from village to village telling the unfortunate women of that country the American way of keeping homes and always lending a helping hand to those in need. I recognized the face of Dorris Bouse.

Slowly this scene changed, and gazing on endless drifts of snow and ice I saw one lonely hut in the distance. As the hut became more distinct in outline I noticed through the window, two men seated at a table, busily studying and turning over many maps lying before them. Ah, it was Carl Morgan and Leonard Miner who had become world famous explorers of the unknown Anartic Regions.

Another picture burst upon my vision. I was again back in the United States gazing down the beach of a popular summer resort. My attention was attracted to a particular pier where a swimming teacher was just ready to give an exhibition in diving and swimming for the benefit of her hundreds of pupils as well as the admiring public. As she was poised at the end of the spring-board some twenty-five feet above the water, I recognized our once demure classmate, Lorene Stair.

The scene which next appeared was magnificent to behold. At first I thought it must be a royal palace in some foreign country but on closer observation, I saw the Senate Chamber of the United

States. A great problem, a problem upon which depended the destiny of our nation, was being debated. The figure which stood before the Speaker was trembling with emotion. His very soul seemed to shine forth from his handsome dark eyes. It was Allen Whisman making his maiden speech on whether or not Ground Hog Day should be a national holiday.

At the next turn of the disc there was presented to my eyes at first a scene of chaos, but as the bits of glass settled, I looked upon a beautiful picture. It was the interior of a church and standing before the altar was a slender girlish figure robed in white. By her side stood a young man as handsome as Apollo. A clergyman stood before them. Then I knew that I was witnessing a wedding ceremony. As the bride and groom turned to leave the church, I recognized the young lady to be Mary Sarber. I did not know the handsome young man but surmised that he must be a wealthy movie-actor whom Mary had met on her trip to California.

Wonders never cease! A chautauqua tent flashed before my eyes. The special attraction for that afternoon, as I learned from the bill-board, was "Lieut. F, a well-known military leader and his young wife, Mademoiselle Marie, a most charming reader and vocalist." I was most interested in the wife for I guessed immediately that she was our old classmate, Peggy Hisey.

Once again the scene changed. I found myself looking down the long corridor of a hospital. Outside one of the doors opening into this hall stood a doctor and a nurse in earnest consultation. The nurse I recognized to be Reathel Redinger.

The disc turned a little further. A beautiful room presented itself before my view. The walls were lined with marvelous works of art. I thought it surely must be the opening exhibition of some new but popular artist. Just then I noticed a small young lady, in one corner of the room, surrounded by a large group of admirers and suitors. "Who from our class," I thought, "could be equally skilled in art and coquetry, but Anna Catherine Van Vactor who was always the most popular with the boys back in the old days of '19?"

A mist hovered over the disc. I could not see. But again I heard the small voice, and this time it said, "Thou hast seen things unlawful to be looked upon. These scenes are really faithful pictures of what the future holds in store for each of your classmates. But since you have been permitted to draw aside the veil a moment and gaze into the future, some punishment shall be inflicted upon

you. You have dared to look into the kaleidoscope where future events have been martialling themselves and so you shall not be believed when you tell your friends what you have seen. You will be speaking the truth but it will be as mockery to those who hear."

The voice died away. The machine ceased to work.

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The Senior Estate

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MARY SARBER.

We, the members of the Senior Class of 1919 of the City of Argos, County of Marshall, and State of Indiana, being of sound mind, do hereby draw up and present this, our last will and testament for the approval of the faculty and underclassmates:

Unto the High School we bequeath our power of gaining the love of our teachers, our especial capability of note writing and our good will.

Unto the Superintendent, O. N. Horner, we bequeath our best wishes and our sincere thanks for the interest he has taken in us.

Unto the Principal, C. A. Hoffman, we bequeath our original ideas of Physics and our bravery in performing electrical experiments.

Unto Miss Huff we bequeath all of our "Emerson's Essays" for her remembrance of the brilliant class of '19.

Unto Miss Hall we bequeath all the gum wrappers, candy boxes and erasers she is so familiar with.

Unto Miss Robertson we bequeath a small footstool so she may talk to her tall pupils more easily.

Unto Miss Pickerl we bequeath our gratitude for the work she has done for us in our social functions. Also we wish for her to copy-right her favorite phrase, "Let's Go to Work," for our future use.

Unto the Juniors we bequeath our ability to all talk at once and our power to do things.

Unto the Sophomores we bequeath our old notebooks and classics hoping they will be of benefit to them.

Unto the Freshmen we bequeath one of our mottoes:

"When joy and duty clash,
Let duty go to smash."

The individuals of the class after long deliberation and consideration have finally consented to part with some of their most treasured belongings:

I, Allen Whisman, do hereby bequeath my important offices and my famous collection of pencils to George Tate and my mustache to Madison Stevenson.

Unto Albert Quivey, I, Carl Morgan, do bequeath a quantity of my height along with my ability to look peeved.

I, Frances Wickizer, bequeath some of my hair to Rosamond Turner, hoping a good match, and unto Arthur Tate I bestow my sedateness and modesty.

I, Marie Hisey, bequeath my power of speech to Ivo Hagenbush and my popularity to Florence DeMont.

Unto Burford Ohler, I, Carlos Feikert, bequeath my office on the basket ball team and my loyalty to the Democratic Platform.

We, Esther Cool and Cecil Umbaugh, bequeath our case and moonlight walks to Lloyd Gunder and Mary Kuhn.

Unto Dorothy Sheets, I, Dorris Bouse, bequeath my position as saleslady and unto Katherine McClure, my kid-curlers and switch.

I, Kenneth Berlin, bequeath my renowned fame as an actor to Billy Pickerl and most favored yellow shirt to Casey Meloy.

I, Eleanor Kuhn, bequeath my curly hair to Eve Long and my ability in driving a car to Edna Claxton.

Unto Earl Welter, I Marshall Ralston, bequeath my discoveries on how to be popular with the ladies and my argumentative power to Ray McClure.

I, Reathel Redinger, bequeath all my goods and chattels, consisting of a looking glass, powder puff, band box, umbrella, bird cage, hairpins, and suit case to Dorothy Grossman.

I, Leonard Miner, bequeath my perfectly good, green sweater to Clayton Robinson and my well trained pompadour to any "Freshie" who really needs it.

I, Anna Catherine Van Vactor, leave and bequeath, my most precious property "Casey" to Phyllis to jaw, pesticate or molest in any way she sees fit, also my ability for practical note writing to Elizabeth Drake.

I, Henry Parsons, bequeath all my knowledge in Physics to the future classes and my claim on Nellie Whittaker to Glenn Hooker.

Unto Wayne VanDerweele, I, Velma Ritter, bequeath all my good grades and my numerous car rides and dates to Corenne Hagenbush.

I, Nora Swihart, bequeath my ability of being quiet to Charles Cook.

I, Lorene Stair, bequeath a portion of my weight to Henry Neff, with hopes that it will help him along in obtaining his ideal size.

I, Mary Sarber, bequeath my Merry Widow hat to Inez Hagenbush and my love for cats to Gertrude Ralston.

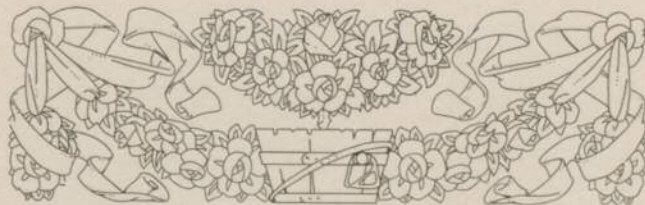
In testimony thereof we, Letha Rockhill and Harley Redinger do set our seal this thirteenth day of April, in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred nineteen.

LETHA ROCKHILL,
HARLEY REDINGER,

Notary Public.

Signed, Sealed, Declared, Published and Printed by the aforesaid Seniors, Class of 1919, 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:

Witnesses:
IRENE MELOY,
WAYNE WALKER.



Five Long Rings

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MARY LIPPS, '20.

In the city the telephone is used for business purposes or for a short talk with one's friend. Not so in the country. As Mrs. Smith calls up Mrs. Brown the preliminary move is to seat herself comfortably, then she needs not bother central but gives the three short rings herself. Before Mrs. Brown has time to answer the phone the other five receivers are down to hear all of the news.

It was one afternoon in June that the telephone rang five long rings. Everybody was amazed as there was not such a ring on their line. Therefore the five other receivers went down and this is what was heard:

"Hello," came a feminine voice.

"Polly?" asked the masculine voice.

"Yes."

"Friend Husband around?"

"Out in the fields, but you had better be careful; maybe somebody is listening."

"They won't know anyway," answered the masculine voice.

"Yes, but they will do a good job guessing."

"Well, they will know in a week anyway."

"That soon?"

"Yes, I can have everything fixed up by then and we can—
But here comes my wife. Will call you again tomorrow at three."

The people were all dismayed. Who could this be? The time was long until three the next afternoon.

But in the meantime there was a meeting of several of the neighbors who were on this line, and the blame of this guilt was laid upon a great many shoulders.

That afternoon at three, as the five long rings were heard, all the receivers went down and listened to the conversation, but as

soon as it was finished each wife went to the door and her eyes searched the surrounding country until she saw her husband busily at work in the fields.

The next day was Sunday and every family had an excuse to stay at home so as not to miss the call if there were any. In the afternoon the six families were collected in three homes, and at half past four the long awaited call came.

"Hello."

"Polly?"

"Yes."

"Everything safe?"

"Yes."

"I won't risk calling you tomorrow, but Wednesday you will serve at the Church social, won't you?"

"Yes."

"After the program is over and all are busy, your departure won't be noticed so you come to the east end of the Church and I will be there waiting for you and we will leave on the 10:15 train."

Indeed the time was long from four-thirty Sunday afternoon until Wednesday evening. There were many calls among the neighbors trying to decide upon whom to lay the blame of this scandal, but the five long rings were not heard again.

At last the time for the social came and everyone enjoyed himself until it was time for the grand march. After everyone was seated ready for the refreshments, they waited and waited, half an hour passed and nothing was served. At last some one went to the kitchen to see what was the matter and there they found plenty to be served but only two women to serve it.

Mr. and Mrs. Jones, who had just moved into that vicinity, were the prominent people of the evening, she being one of the two waitresses. Everyone wondered why he had brought a lantern that night and was so very careful with it. But when they left it was explained for they went to the east end of the Church and found

there the missing waitresses and their husbands watching for the guilty couple. As Mr. and Mrs. Jones rode home they laughed at the excitement they had caused, for they were the guilty parties. They had stood on the opposite sides of the telephone and after giving the five long rings had talked alternately into the transmitter.

□ □ □

The Future of "1921"

□ □ □

MADISON STEVENSON, '21.

Buffalo Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., June 10, 1939.

My dear wife:

I arrived here "O. K." and found everything in fine shape for the work. I have a fine place to stay and good boarding, so you need not worry about me.

My men will commence working on the bridge as soon as the rest of the machinery for constructing arrives. A new bridge is surely needed, for one span of the old one is about to fall in.

On my way over I stopped at our old home town, Argos, Ind., the place where we graduated. It is much larger and has made many improvements over the time when we spent so many hours there, preparing for our future. I saw several people who were in the good old class of '21. That class has produced some of the most prominent people Argos possesses.

Some of the things that have made Argos the most attractive town in northern Indiana are its fine public schools, factories, street car and railroad service, its banks, the stand it takes in religious work, the care it takes to provide for its orphans and other persons in distress, its fire control system, the strict order which is kept by its large police force, and its position as an agricultural center. I really believe that if you passed through the place you would not

recognize it as Argos, unless you saw some sign that told you its name.

The place sure has some police force now, and I'll bet you my dollar to your cent that you can't guess who is the chief—Harley Reddinger. He took up the position about three years ago. I guess he had enough of the farm in his younger days.

Henry Neff is the fire chief. He has done very well since we last saw him, for he has a wife—Florence South—and four children.

Casey (Walter) Meloy is doing a thriving business in the elevator his dad used to own. The elevator has been rebuilt and moved to a different part of the city. Casey has finally "mated up" with the oldest Van Vactor girl. His wife says that he is nothing like he used to be for she has to coax him to get him to go some place besides home.

"Gerty" Ralston and Eva Long have a fine millinery and dress making establishment. I think, dear, had you been along they could have fitted you out quite well with clothes for the eastern trip.

Do you remember that time in Agriculture class, when Mary Kuhn said she would never be the wife of a farmer? I think she did not know what she was talking of. She—now Mrs. G. Hooker—and Glen, are now running a large dairy in competition with Letha

Rockhill Coplen and her husband Leroy, who also owns a fine, large, up-to-date dairy near Argos.

Enid Kamp, with Pearl Dunlap as her assistant, has charge of the "Marshall County Orphan's Home," which is now situated just north of Argos. The children sure have a fine place to stay, for the "Home" is equipped with all the things that go to make a child's life a pleasure.

By the way, do you remember the girl I used to go with before I "fell for you?" Well, if you do not recall her name, I will tell you—Elizabeth Drake. She always said she was going to be a school teacher and I guess she has stuck to her promise, for she is now principal of the high school there. So far she has not made the mistake of marrying young, for she is now thirty-five and without a "mate."

William Taber married that girl at Rochester and is the head of a large hospital there. No doubt he remembers the physical trouble he had in his younger days and is trying to make life more comfortable for those who must share a fate like his. I think you will remember how unlucky he was whenever any kind of sickness broke out—he was always among the first to get it.

Several factories have grown up to help make the town popular, since we left, too. One of them a large rubber concern is now in its third year of business—something I never expected Argos to acquire. R. H. McClure seems to be the chief stockholder.

While in the town I had the privilege of meeting one of the greatest writers the world possesses—Ivo Hagenbush, by name. We had a good chat together; from him I received most of this news I am sending you. He let me read part of the new story he is writing and it is a thriller. I believe the world will be as glad to receive this one as it has his others. His permanent position is president of the "Bachelor's Club."

While in the city I attended the wedding of G. C. Tate and Miss Dorothy Grossman; it was some affair. He is president of the "Argos Street-Car Company."

Thelma Drake was "picked off" by a chap from Chicago—O. Fiddlesticks, I think is his name. The next time you go into Chicago, you might hunt them up, for you and Thelma were always good friends.

Phyllis Bender was united with Yale—a fellow from the South—in the Holy Bonds of Wedlock, or padlock, I forget which.

The old town has also become quite religious; several missionaries have been sent from there, to foreign lands. Among them were Helen Schoonover Cook and her husband Charles. They went to Africa to teach the uncivilized Blacks the value of Christianity.

W. Walker, as you know, did not succeed in getting E. E. Van Vactor, for the chautauqua stage now holds her as one of its most valued possessions. She insists upon remaining an unmarried lady. Walker is one of the agents at the Union R. R. Station which has recently been built.

E. Welter is cashier of one of the large banking houses, for Argos now has many new, successful banks.

Well, dear, I thought you would like to know something of your old classmates and the town of old times; this is why I wrote so much about them. I will be home for a few days as soon as the work is well under way; on account of the distance I may not get to come so often. I believe, though, that old Springfield can entertain you in my absence. Take good care of yourself and the boy, and be sure to write me soon, for I am anxious to know how John came out with his grades. Well, dear, I must close, for I have a little business to attend to this evening before I retire. Kindly remember me with the love of old,

YOUR HUBBY.

A Story of Treasure Island

□ □ □

LOUISE SCHAFFER, '22.

Come, Bobbie dear, put away your toys and turn out the light. Sit close to me by the bright fire and I'll tell you a story I've read, of a brave young lad and a wonderful treasure, which was so great that men committed bloody crimes and risked their lives to find the place where it had been buried for years.

Jim Hawkin's home was a grog shop on the coast of England. Here he lived quietly with his parents until a stranger came to the door one day. He was a rough, wild looking seaman, and brought with him in a hand barrow, a sea chest. He decided to remain with Jim's father so he had the chest carried into his room. He seemed very uneasy and anxiously awaited the coming of some one. He paid Jim to tell him if a one-legged man ever came to the house.

Finally, after much drinking and carousing, a day arrived when a blind man came and handed the seaman a paper which proved to be the "blackspot," a warning to prepare for death. He was saved a tragic death by dying from a stroke of apoplexy the next day after Jim's father died. Jim found the key to the mysterious chest on the dead man's neck, and his mother opened the chest to find the money he owed her.

As they were thus engaged, they heard the seaman's enemies returning and Jim seized a packet wrapped in oil skin.

After much hiding and many difficulties, he reached the home of Squire Trelawney and placed the packet in the hands of his best friend, Dr. Livesey. When opened, they found it contained directions for finding a wonderful buried treasure on an island far out in the sea. These good friends decided to man a ship and they started at once on the voyage, taking Jim along as cabin boy.

One evening when they were nearing the island, Jim had climbed into an apple barrel, in search of an apple. Before he could get out,

the barrel was surrounded by men of the ship's crew. To Jim's horror, he learned that these men, with John Silver as leader, were plotting the death of all his friends, intending to gain possession of the treasure. He succeeded in quietly warning his friends.

When the ship was anchored, John Silver and some of his men rowed ashore, with Jim concealed in the boat. As soon as they reached the shore, Jim separated from them and wandered aimlessly about. He finally discovered an inhabitant of the island, a man, Ben Gunn, who had been marooned here a long time before by this same band of pirates. When Jim's friends came ashore there was a battle and they were victorious, but Jim slipped away in the night and found a boat which had been made by Ben Gunn. He rowed out to the ship, cut its anchor, and by the help of the only man left alive on it, guided it to a safe harbor on the other side of the island. Here he was compelled to shoot the man in self defense.

In the meantime, Dr. Livesey had discovered Gunn from directions given to him by Jim, and with his companions had gone to live in Ben Gunn's cave.

In the lonely days, when Ben had spent hours searching for food, he had discovered the treasure and carried it away to the cave.

When Jim returned to the island after securing the ship, he stumbled in the dark into the very midst of his enemies. John Silver, at the risk of his own life, defended the boy, thus saving his own life, for when they went in search of the treasure, Dr. Livesey and Ben Gunn came to their rescue, frightening the others away and guiding them to the cave.

John Silver was pardoned, because of his services to Jim. The treasure was carried to the ship, this taking several days. Part of

the provisions and gifts of tobacco and ammunition were left for the enemies on the island.

At the first harbor, John Silver stole three or four hundred guineas and escaped in a shore boat. Only five men, who had sailed on the "Hespaniola" returned, but each of them had his rightful share of

the treasure and used it wisely or foolishly according to his nature.

Jim had no further desire for treasure seeking and so my story ends.

So go to sleep now, Bobby dear,
Of robbers and pirates have no fear.



Honor Roll



Vernon I. Swihart, '03.
Russell Hand, '07.
Ray Grossman, '07.
Roscoe Hoffman, '07.
Clare Cook, '08.
John Hutzleman, '09.
Lawrence Corey, '10.
Lewis Patterson, '11.
Joseph Bucher, '12.
Earnest Wisely, '12.
Harold Meek, '12.
Lowell Corey, '13.

Charles Daniels, '13.
Elmer Welter, '13.
Donald Shafer, '13.
Franc Brewer, '14.
Games Slayter, '14.
Donald Wickizer, '14.
Ora Railsback, '14.
Archie Smith, '14.
Lloyd McGriff, '14.
Walter Lipps, '15.
Everett Beigh, '15.
Ralph Morrow, '15.

Byron Jackson, '16.
Charles Caple, '16.
Clinton Dawson, '16.
Ralph Mowizer, '16.
Wendell Kinsey, '16.
William Middleton, '17.
Russell Wickizer, '17.
Howard Rannie, '17.
Basil Harris, '18.
Rudolph Swihart, '18.
Carl Welter, '18.
Floyd Swihart, '18.
William Rhoads, '20.



In Memoriam

JAMES LOWELL COREY, of the Class of '13, was killed in action in the battle of Chateau-Thierry, July 19, 1918.

He went with song to the battle, he was young,
Straight of limb, true of eye, steady and aglow,
He was staunch to the end against odds uncounted,
He fell with his face to the foe.

He shall grow not old, as we that are left grow old,
Age shall not weary him, nor the years condemn,
At the going down of the sun and in the morning,
We will remember him.

Social News



The Freshman Reception was held in the School Building, September 5. After enjoying the initiation given by the upper classmen to the little Freshie lads, all the High School assembled in the lower hall where a short programme was given by the Seniors. After playing games the customary "Grand March" took place. Then we assembled again in the lower hall where refreshments were served. We sent the Freshies home at a rather late hour for "beginners" but we think they are used to as late hours now as the mighty Seniors.

* * *

On February 14, the Seniors held a Box Social in the Armory. Although it rained, a large crowd was present and as we had hoped, seemed to be willing to spend their money freely on all the side attractions, consisting of cake-walks, kissing-booth, and contests of different kinds. The boxes sold well and in every way, especially financially, the Social was a success.

* * *

All the grade and High School teachers assembled at the School House on the evening of February 20 for a six o'clock dinner followed by a social evening. They were dressed in colonial costumes and we can imagine how they looked but why?—didn't they ask us too? Everyone reported a good time and we think the report must have been true from the looks of the school-house next day.

After playing and winning one of the hard games of the season—in other words, beating Plymouth, on February 22, the Basket Ball Team was served an oyster supper at the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Hoffman. The girls weren't invited so how do we know whether they had a good time or not. However, we imagine they did.

* * *

The Juniors in order that they might give the Seniors a Banquet worthy of their high and exalted station, devised a means of making money by a Spring Festival combined with a pie social given Friday evening, April 11, in the School Building. It was a success both socially and financially.

* * *

Programme for Commencement Week.

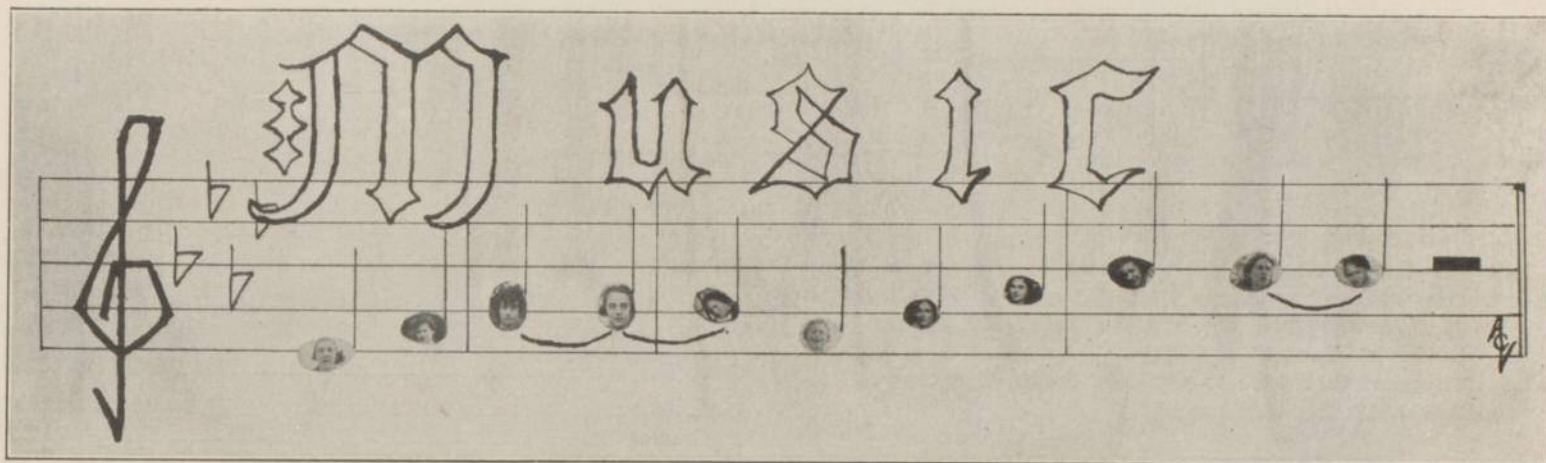
Wednesday, May 21—Senior Play—"Green Stockings."

Opera House.

Friday, May 23—Junior-Senior Banquet.

Sunday, May 25—Baccalaureate Sermon, M. E. Church.

Tuesday, May 27—Commencement Exercises, Opera House.



QUARTETTE.

Anna Catherine Van Vactor, Louise Schafer, Marie Hisey and Evelyn Van Vactor are the girls who represented us in music at Plymouth. They sang "Wooing of the Rose," by Strauss, and have entertained at many school affairs here.

GIRLS' GLEE CLUB.

1st—Helent Schoonover, Elizabeth Drake, Mary Sarber, Eleanor Kuhn, Bertha Rannie. 2nd—Gertrude Ralston, Eva Long, Florence Demont, Louise Schafer, Ethel Rhoads, Violet Archambeault. 3rd—Dorothy Sheets, Phyllis Bender, Edith Rannie, Anna Catherine Van Vactor, Evelyn Van Vactor and Mary Kuhn. Director—Mary E. Pickerl.

The Glee Club girls have been doing good singing and good "pushing." They worked for the success of our "Community Sing," the first one held in Argos, and also for "Miss Cherry Blossom."

THE ORCHESTRA.

1st—Arthur Tate, George Tate, Madison Stephenson, Carlos Fiekert, Burford Ohler, Marshall Ralston. 2nd—Joseph Carter, Herbert Bang, Evelyn Van Vactor, Welland Zehner, Allen Whisman, Louise Schafer, Glen Van Vactor, Mojeska Anderson and Eleanor Kuhn. Director C. E. Beigh.

Not many High schools can boast of an orchestra as good as ours. Organized eight years ago, it has become an established "band," popular with its members, and with the student body.

"Green Stockings"

□ □ □

Celia Faraday, an English girl has twice worn green stockings at her younger sisters' weddings. She is now twenty-nine, and seemingly "hopeless". Realizing how the family resents her position, she decides to "invent" a lover—and to name him Colonel Smith. It happens that there is a Colonel Smith; that they fall in love; and that everything ends happily.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Admiral Grice (retired), a testy old gentleman of about 65, with a manner of an old sea dog, of ruddy complexion, with white hair and whiskers -----MARSHALL RALSTON

William Faraday, a well preserved man of about 65. Fashionable, superficial and thoroughly selfish-----WILLIAM TABER

Colonel Smith, a dignified, dryly humorous man of military bearing, about 40 years old -----ALLAN WHISMAN

Robert Tarver, an empty headed young swell-----HUGH PICKERL

Henry Steele and James Raleigh, two young men of about 30 and 35, respectively, WAYNE VAN DeWEDE and HENRY PARSONS

Jane, the maid -----FRANCES WICKIZER

Celia Faraday, an unaffected woman of 29, with a sense of humor -----MARY SARBER

Madge (Mrs. Rockingham) and Evelyn (Lady Trenchard), handsome, well dressed, fashionable women of 25 and 27, respectively -----ELEANOR KUHN and VELMA RITTER

Phyllis, the younger sister, a charming and pretty, but thoughtlessly, selfish girl of 20 -----ANNA CATHERINE VAN VACTOR

Mrs. Chisolm Faraday, of Chicago (Aunt Ida), a florid, quick-tempered, warm-hearted woman of 50 or thereabouts

-----MARIE HISEY



QUARTETTE



GLEE CLUB



ORCHESTRA

"Miss Cherryblossom"

□ □ □

On April 25th the High School gave "Miss Cherryblossom" a musical comedy. It was a decided financial success (standing room being sold, and many turned away), and even more of a dramatic success. The ensembles were good, and each character seemed to exactly fit "his" or "her" place.

□

PLOT

Miss Evelyn Barnes, an American girl, born in Japan, and whose parents died of fever, is brought up as a Japanese maiden. Her father's secretary uses her property for his own ends. When Evelyn, who is known as Cherry blossom, is about eighteen, Worthington (the Secretary) returns to Japan on his yacht with a party of American friends. One of them, John Henry Smith, falls in love with Cherry and wishes to marry her, but Kokemo, who has brought her up as his own daughter, wants her to marry Togo, a rich politician. The action of the piece centers around Jack's efforts to outwit Kokemo and Togo. Eventually Cherry learns her true identity, comes into her own property, marries Jack, and all ends happily.

□

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Cherry blossom, brought up as the daughter of Kokemo, in reality Evelyn Barnes of New York, U. S. A.—Anna Catherine Van Vactor.

Kokemo, a proprietor of a Tea Garden in Tokyo, Japan—Kenneth Berlyn.

John Henry Smith, a New Yorker, on a visit to Japan as a guest of Mr. Worthington—Allen Whisman.

Henry Foster Jones, Jack's pal, in love with Jessica—Hugh Pickerl.

Horace Worthington, a New York stock broker who is entertaining a party of friends with a trip to Japan on his private yacht—William Taber.

James Young, Worthington's private secretary—Wayne VanDerWeele.

Jessica Vanderpool, Worthington's niece—Evelyn Van Vactor.

Togo, a Japanese politician of high rank—Arthur Tate.

Geishas—

Violet Archambeault; Mojeska Anderson; Florence DeMont; Elizabeth Drake; Eleanor Kuhn; Mary Kuhn; Eva Long; Irene Meloy; Gertrude Ralston; Ethel Rhoads; Mary Sarber; Louise Schafer; Dorothy Sheets; Helen Schoonover.

American Girls—

Dorris Bouse; Esther Cool; Thelma Drake; Dorothy Grossman; Marie Hisey; Mary Lipps; Katherine McClure; Gussie McColough; Alma Peabody; Bertha Rannie; Edith Rannie; Velma Ritter; Myrtle Rule; Frances Wickizer.

American Men—

Lloyd Gunder; Henry Parsons; Hugh Pickerl; Albert Quivey; Clayton Robinson; Madison Stevenson; Cyrus Stonehill; William Taber; Cecil Umbaugh; Wayne VanDerWeele; Allen Whisman.



Don't
that
a
Pretty
Picture



If I
felt
Rock
I'd

Need Blasting



Dignity "Impudence Down Lovers Lane"



Togo



Jessica



Kokemo



"I've dreamed of such a place as this" ^{From}



"Love is like a Dainty Flower"



Americans



Kokemo's Lament



"I am a Little Geisha"



"We salaam you low"

Athletics



Basket Ball

CARLOS FEIKERT.

After a few class games on the outdoor court the boys assembled a few nights of each week in the H. S. gym, where Coach Hoffman put them through a hard try-out for the first team. At the end of two weeks this team was decided upon to represent the A. H. S. in the many games which were already scheduled with other high schools.

Left Guard	Cecil Umbaugh
Right Guard	Marshall Ralston
Center	Walter Meloy
Left Forward	Carlos Feikert
Right Forward	Allen Whisman
Subs—Arthur Tate, Burford Ohler and Hugh Pickerl.	

Just when everything was started nicely, the flu broke out and school was closed. This stopped basket ball for a month. When school re-opened the first game was with Rochester. This game nevertheless proved to be one of the best games of the season, though there had been lack of practice beforehand.

The team was developing into a fast quintette when Umbaugh hurt his hand and was disabled for further play. This looked discouraging to the team, but his place was filled by a new recruit, Wayne Walker, who proved to be a fast guard.

The citizens of Argos and the school children took especial interest in the games and the gym was packed at nearly every game. Many also accompanied the boys on out-of-town trips and their rooting was highly appreciated.

Argos	Place	Opponents
Argos 21	Argos	Rochester 22
Argos 19	Wakarusa	Wakarusa 26
Argos 44	Argos	Bourbon 11
Argos 25	Argos	Nappanee 26
Argos 13	Plymouth	Plymouth 16
Argos 33	Akron	Akron 31
Argos 41	Argos	Wakarusa 9
Alumni 14		Argos 31
Argos 20	Valparaiso	Valparaiso 39
Argos 7	Rochester	Rochester 49
Argos 32	Bourbon	Bourbon 11
Argos 65	Argos	Akron 13



Walter O. Meloy—"Casey"

Argos 20
 Argos 43
 Argos 21
 Argos 74
 Argos 37
 Argos 17
 Argos 18

Etna Green
 Argos
 Nappanee
 Argos
 Argos
 Rochester
 Culver

Etna Green 23
 Culver 20
 Nappanee 48
 Etna Green 17
 Plymouth 26
 Rochester 33
 Culver 33

On March 7th and 8th the team went to the District Basket Ball Tournament held at Rochester, where the boys showed their speed and accurate basket tossing to many high schools who were not acquainted with them. The best game in the tournament in which the A. H. S. boys played was the one on Saturday afternoon with the fast Pierceton team. In the game Walker showed his ability as a back guard by preventing the little lads from making many shots from his territory, most of their fields being made by long shots. Ralston played a good floor guard game. Feikert played fast, running forward while Meloy and Whisman starred on basket shooting. Meloy won the place of all-district forward.

Tournament Scores.

Argos 22	Kewanna 15
Argos 16	Atwood 12
Argos 19	Pierceton 11
Argos 10	Rochester 62

TRACK AND FIELD

After a few weeks of rest from basket ball, the track and field men started working with Mr. Rouch as coach.

Berlin, George Tate, Stevenson, Meloy and Whisman are showing up good on dashes.

Parsons, Reed, Hooker and Walker are training hard on distances.

Walker, Arthur Tate, Meloy and Ralston are doing good work in high jump and pole vault.

Coplen, Hooker and Stevenson are practicing for the hurdles.

All these men will probably represent Argos in the County Meet at Plymouth, May 3rd, and possibly in the District Meet at South Bend.



Carlos P. Feikert—"Opie"



Allen Whisman—*“Windy”*



Marshall P. Ralston—*“Fuzzy”*



Wayne D. Walker—*“Jimmy”*





Not is pk
if you can keep
Cool.



Esther

Nora



Feet Art



Rachel



Us



Some ride.



Long long ago



Seeing Nellie
Home



Bo.



Sophomores



Sixth Graders



Naughty
Naughty

D
W
n



D
A
R
E
S



They
have
work-
ed!



"Don't we forget."





Rosiebud

A Junior with us.

Who?

Just Cubs.

Just feelin' fine! Sight-seeing

Mt Zion

One of Many Good Times

The First Triumvirate



Genios



Japanese Coons (Kuhns)





Louise



An acute angle



Shorty



It was a good game



Charles



All - but one.



Just



Buster and Alf.



Posing



My! Its good.



Eighty Gradens.

Calendar



September 2—School opens. Big marshmallow roast at Sarber cottage. Four car loads. One grand time.

September 3—Getting down to business. Mighty hard for some. Band concert.

September 4—Getting things ready for Freshman Reception.

September 5—Freshman reception. One wonderful night.

September 6—Flower exhibit. Few entries. Mr. Horner gave us a lecture.

September 9—Monday. Everybody sleepy. Freshmen getting acquainted. Very few lost lately.

September 10—Some boys swore off on going with Senior girls. Band concert. Juniors have fish pond in Turner's yard. Big success.

September 11—Getting down to work and we all feel perfectly natural as Seniors, but not dignified in the least.

September 12—Small Cub Theatre Party. Mary's birthday. Perfectly wonderful time.

September 13—Boys plan marshmallow roast—and sorry to say it was impossible for several of the girls to go, so the fellows all went to Plymouth and had eats on 21c—all they could stuff.

September 16—Rainy Monday. Makes everybody all the more sleepy.

September 17—Band concert. All of A. H. S. girls have formed crowds of their own.

September 18—Rochester band concert. Quite an attraction for the boys, consequently the girls try their luck.

September 19—Junior-Senior basketball game. Naturally the Seniors won.

September 20—The girls all went to Culver to academy dance, but they didn't. Had a stag party up to Edna Helen's. Great sport—for one night.

September 23—Monday—a peachy day. None sleepy. Wonder why?

September 24—Band concert. Lots of folks in town. Everybody has dates.

September 25—Everyone studying hard. Not much excitement

September 26—School out at three o'clock to see "Over the Top." It was mighty good.

September 27—Excused for free picture show. They've sure got the picture show habit bad.

September 30—Mighty cold. New teachers are a lot of fun.

October 1—Freshmen entertained in chapel. Mrs. Franc Brewer gave a piano solo.

October 2—Lyceum course.

October 3—Bourbon Fair. Mr. Horner would not excuse us. Everybody cross. Revival meetings at Christian Church.

October 4—About half of school out on account of flu.

October 7—No school. The flu too bad. Everybody is sick.

November 4—Back to school. Nothing doing. Everybody feeling better but no pep.

November 5—Awfully hard to work. No excitement.

November 6—Everybody lazy.

November 7—No pep. A drizzly rain.

November 8—Fire prevention day. A short program. First and second basket ball teams had a game and first won, of course.

November 11—Blue Monday. Armistice was signed. Big day and big celebration.

November 12—"Lion and Lion" talk at Christian Church.

November 13—A real jollification. Everybody happy. Also a dance in armory.

November 14—Everyone looks happy. Report cards given out today.

November 15—Nothing doing.

November 18—Cold and rainy.

November 19—Getting worse every day. All looking forward to vacation.

November 20—Yell practice. Played Rochester and they won by a score of 22-21.

November 21—Genevieve Gahagan spoke for the Sophomores in chapel this a. m.

November 22—Still waiting.

November 25—Some sleepy bunch; out late last night.

November 26—Girls' basket ball practice after supper.

November 27—Thanksgiving vacation begins tomorrow. No more school till Monday. Hurrah!

December 2—Back to School. Miss Emerson visits us.
December 3—Heavy snow, but sad to say, Mr. Horner announced there would be no snow balling.
December 4—Everyone quite mischievous.
December 5—Getting warmer. Wonder if spring is coming.
December 6—Quite a lively bunch today.
December 9—As usual—rainy Monday and we all got the blues—the Dallas blues.
December 10—Nothing stirring. We only wish for some excitement.
December 11—In animal husbandry—Miss Hall: "Where should chickens' nests be placed?" Jimmy W.: "Under the hens, of course."
December 12—Interesting spell down.
December 13—Nappanee and Argos play basket ball. Our visitors won—26 to 25.
December 16—Bright Monday. Feeling fine for coming week's work. Senior and Sophomore girls have basket ball game. Seniors won 5 to 0.
December 17—Junior and Freshmen play basket ball, Juniors winning. Girls score of 9 to 19, by the Senior forward making 11 points out of 19.
December 18—Boys basket ball practice per usual.
December 19—The same old grind.
December 20—Went to Plymouth and we were defeated in basket ball, 16 to 13. Too bad, but always another game coming.
December 23—Hoping for Christmas vacation.
December 24—Short Christmas program. School out till Monday. Twenty-two of us girls have invitations to take six o'clock dinner with the Van sisters, while the twenty-two fellows couldn't come till eight.
December 30—Feeling fine after such a long vacation. Junior and Sophomore girls play basket ball. Juniors win 14 to 8.
December 31—Wakarusa and Argos played basket ball. We won 31 to 12.
January 1—New Years Day. Seniors and faculty girls teams have basket ball game. Seniors win. A. H. S. basket ball played Allumni. Won 31 to 14.
January 2—Dry, too quiet to be comfortable.
January 3—Argos played basket ball at Valparaiso. Got beat. Ask Bo about the weather and effect on his ears.
January 4—School on Saturday. What a bore!

January 6—Since we just had one day for rest we're exceptionally tired to start a new week.
January 7—Juniors have H. S. newspaper. Cute idea! Frank's closed. His departure is sure noticed.
January 8—Argos plays basket ball at Rochester. We lost—17 to 33.
January 9—School per usual.
January 10—Play Bourbon. Won with score 30-11.
January 13—Snowy Monday. Oodles of fun.
January 14—Senior class meeting. Committees appointed for new semester.
January 15—Winding up the semester's work.
January 16—Work is the A. H. S. bunch's middle name.
January 17—Play Akron. Beat them all to smash—65 to 13.
January 20—Party at Edna Helen's. Good time.
January 21—Dull as ever. Wild for excitement.
January 22—Exemptions given out to but a few.
January 23—Examinations. Hard! that don't spell it. Mr. Hoffman is very cruel to us Seniors.
January 24—Exams in morning. Out all afternoon. We painted the town red.
January 27—Exams over. Oh! what a relief. No one knows what subjects to take. Mr. Horner gives us a talk and we have a Senior class meeting.
January 28—A Senior programme. Marie speaks. Made a big hit. Reports given out at noon. A few faces that were bright before looked rather downcast.
January 29—Miss Hall invited Spike to sit on a front seat for rest of year.
January 30—Teachers all cross. About everybody received a bawling out.
January 31—Played Culver here. A big game. We beat 43-20. Everybody happy.
February 1—Saturday school. Oh! such a bore. Teachers all cross. But of course they might be worse.
February 2—Sunday. Cubs went to Rochester. Took lots of pictures. All exceptionally cute.
February 3—Back at the old grind. The new teacher, Mr. Rouch, begins. Miss Tally has left us.
February 4—Physics class begin the study of electricity. Rather hard. They sure have to study.

February 5—Big dancing class. Lady teachers all smiling at Mr. Rouch. And he smiles back. Is that what you call flirting?

February 6—Mr. Hoffman insists there are no privileged characters in the A. H. S., but we doubt it. Cubs at Dorris Bouse's.

February 7—Lots went to Etna Green. We got beat. Must have been a bum game. Dorris has a party.

February 8—No school.

February 9—Sunday. Everybody out of town.

February 10—Bills out for Box Social. Seniors awfully busy.

February 11—Seniors still running around like a bunch of chickens with their heads off. Everybody busy making boxes.

February 12—Decorated after school and after supper in armory.

February 13—Mr. Hoffman promised to visit kissing booth at Box Social. We sorta doubt his word though.

February 14—No one could study much. So many other things to think of.

February 15—Beat Etna Green great. Had a wonderful time. Box Social coming along fine. Sophomore bunch at Florence Demont's.

February 16—'Twas sure a success last night. Made lots of money. Everybody had plenty to eat and had a big dance afterwards. 'Twas all a success.

February 17—Monday morning. Everyone sleepy. Teachers cross. Must have been out late last night.

February 18—Rosamond Turner better. All scarlet fever patients better. Harley is expected to be up in a few days and William is improving fast.

February 19—Mr. Horner publishes schedule for annual pictures to be taken.

February 20—Everybody having annual pictures taken. Community sing tonight.

February 21—Community sing was one big success. Monstrous crowd. C. A. Hoffman and wife have invited basket ball boys over to big oyster supper after game tonight.

February 22—We beat Plymouth 37-26. Republican gave us quite a write-up.

February 24—Monday. Another sleepy crowd. Snowing. Juniors have class picture taken.

February 25—Sick folks all better.

February 26—Got beaten at Rochester 33-17.

February 27—Prof. Horner sick with flu since Tuesday. Pretty bad. Carl was out sparkin' last night.

February 28—All the old maid school teachers in Marshall County gave a dinner-dance last night. It was a big success. Think of it—out till 1:00 a. m.

March 1—Saturday. Nothing doing.

March 2—'Tis thought Wick and Fuzzy are getting a serious case.

March 3—A wonderful show 'You Can't Believe Everything.' Hoffman receives notice of tournament at Rochester instead of South Bend.

March 4—Juniors were disappointed in program. C. A. Hoffman says he will have no more vaudeville performances in morning exercises. We learned in English today that transcendentalism means "Plain living and high thinking." But we like it better this way "High living and plain thinking."

March 5—Miss Huff told Carl that English class was no place to tie knots. Uncle Opie thinks he is getting the blummin' flu.

March 6—Physics and geography tests. Both medium hard. Mrs. C. A. Hoffman sure is a fine teacher. Last day of school before tournament. Mr. Ora Railsback visited school.

March 7—About everyone gone to tournament. Only 31 left in old A. H. S. Out at 2:10. We have skinned everyone we have met yet.

March 8—Played in final but lost. They boys certainly played fine.

March 9—Everybody home from tournament feeling fine.

March 10—Terribly quiet. Girls can't talk out loud. Everything was written lessons. Received reports. Very, very few happy faces.

March 11—Leonard sat down on a balloon this morning and Miss Hall was real out of fix. Jimmy canned from three classes today. So he surely must be spoiled. Wayne Heisler insists the three spheres of the world are east and west hemispheres and the atmosphere.

March 12—Miss Robertson real sick. Mr. Hoffman teaches Latin. No geography class.

March 13—Annie tells Hoffman to her notion he is death on questions.

March 14—Everybody mean. Five boys received five detentions, each for missing school. We don't know whether 'twas necessary or not.

March 17—St. Patrick's day. Miss Robertson still ill. Mrs. Slayter teaching. Bloomington won state tournament.

March 18—Teachers gave another dinner-dance.

March 19—Revival meetings. Small dance at the hotel.

March 20—Getting ready for party in armory tomorrow night. No teachers allowed.

March 21—Everybody excited.

March 24—Everyone had good time Friday night. Home at 1:30 a. m. Saturday.

March 25—About 75 went in a body to revival services last night. Very interesting. Mr. Loess entertained in assembly this a. m.

March 26—School grows duller every day.

March 27—Had spelling this a. m. Bo has the mumps.

March 28—Everybody going to South Bend. Guess they all think they need new clothes.

March 31—Back to school. New time in effect. Everybody sleepy. Carl, Mary, Jimmy and Anna Catherine were called to office for sitting together.

April 1—April Fool. Bertha gave her oration. 'Twas good. Senior class meeting.

April 2—Same old drudgery.

April 3—Young peoples night at church. Spelling today.

April 4—Miss Huff gave test on Lord Clive. 'Twasn't hard.

April 7—Everybody sleepy because last night was Sunday night. Boys start practice on "Miss Cherryblossom."

April 8—No physics class. Allen gave oration in chapel.

April 9—Marie and Enid orated in chapel. Miss Pickerl awfully busy training folks for "Miss Cherryblossom."

April 10—Ethel Rhoads and Edna Myers gave orations in chapel. No spelling.

April 11—Interclass track meet after school. Sophs won first, Seniors second, Juniors third. Junior pie social. Wonderful rope swing in gym.

April 14—Seniors had secret yell practice at Kuhns. Lots of fun. Some pies still left.

April 15—Freshmen entertain in chapel. Girls Glee Club after school. Too rainy for track or field practice.

April 16—Seniors decorated opera house for oratorical contest. Peggy won first for us. Also we won first in yells. Mr. Horner blew us up nearly to the sky. Some class to our class.

April 17—Besides winning first place last night, Marie won a five dollar gold piece, given by the faculty of A. H. S.

April 18—Miss Hall has measles. Mrs. Slayter substituting. Everyone especially good.

April 21—Last year's seniors, or Class of 1916, had reunion Saturday night. Everyone had a fine time. Miss Hall improving. Reports given out. Many gloomy faces.

April 22—Everyone practising for "Miss Cherryblossom." Not much excitement otherwise.

April 23—Track meet at Rochester. A goodly number went. We won 22 points—Rochester 77. Windy knocked clean out.

April 24—Thursday. Miss Hall better. Mary S. fell upstairs today.

April 25—No practice today. Dress rehearsal last night.

April 28—"Miss Cherryblossom" was a big success. Opera house was too small to hold the crowd.

April 29—Juniors decorated assembly for Seniors. It sure looks great.

April 30—Jackie band was in Plymouth yesterday. A few went.

May 1—After much pleading the faculty consented to Seniors having a play "Green Stockings."

May 2—Invitations are ordered. Of course everyone in the class didn't get the ones they wanted.

May 3—Saturday. Big track meet at Plymouth. We had ten entries.

May 5—Teachers all insist if Seniors don't work harder there will be no play.

May 6—You never saw such hard workers in your life as the Seniors.

May 7—Play books arrived.

May 8—Tryout for caste. Very interesting.

May 9—No excitement whatever.

May 12—Everyone always looks sleepy on Monday morning, but it is worse than ever today. I wonder why?

May 13—Everybody getting orations in.

May 14—Had terribly hard Physic test. Anna Catherine was so used to using slang after being in plays, she said, "Why, Mr. Hoffman, you son of a gun." 'Twas just a slip of the tongue. The best part of it was he was willing to consider it so.

May 15—Real practice on "Green Stockings."

May 16—Everyone about rushed to death.

May 19—Monday. Everyone sleepy but you can't be in the play and sleepy too, so the Seniors are wide awake.

May 20—Dress rehearsal.

May 21—Play. One grand success. Very few exemptions announced.

May 22—Everybody talks about play last night. Big exams begin.

May 23—Junior banquet. They surely are good to us Seniors. But exams are hard.

May 25—Sunday. Baccalaureate sermon at Methodist Church, Rev. Dunlavey officiating.

May 26—Finish exams. They surely are long.

May 27—Commencement. Prof. T. F. Merran delivered the address. A peachy big crowd.

Senior Characteristics

□ □ □

	Aims To Be	Affection For	Favorite Amusement
Bill Berlin	Electrician	A fawn	Going to Burr Oak
Dorris Bouse	Loved	Southerner	Having dates
Esther Cool	Old Maid (?)	Pickles (why?)	Car riding
Carlos Feikert	Farmer	A certain blonde	Basket Ball
Marie Hisey	Elocutionist	Sailor	Flirting
Eleanor Kuhn	Chauffeur	Traveling	Driving (what?)
Henry Parsons	Scientist	Electricity	Sparking
Reathel Reddinger	Nurse	Soldiers	Giggling
Velma Ritter	Teacher (of what?)	Pa	Dates (and figs)
Mary Sarber	College Girl	Art and cats	Dancing
Nora Swihart	Teacher	Books	Crocheting
Cecil Umbaugh	Farmer	The Cool Place	Buggy riding
Anna Catherine	Artist	Elevator Man	Night walking
Allan Whisman	Drummer	Rochester	Hikes
Frances Wickizer	Linotypist	Ma	Going to Picture Show
Marshall Ralston	Peddler	Pretty Girls	Smoking
Carl Morgan	Desperado	Dogs	Killing cats
Leonard Miner	Hack Driver	School Teacher	Missing School



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You'd never think the last bell was ringing.



Nice Doggie.



"Visiting or just
need to be."



Fenced!!!



What
a
Loving
Time.





The A.M.
after the
night
before →



"We're naughty — "Some Bunch!" — I say — but we're nice"

Jokes

□ □ □

A drowning man rarely hollers for more water.

* * *

The reason so many students quit school: Waiting for the faculty to "catsup."

* * *

Miss Huff suggests studying "Webster's Orations" as a whole (hole). That is the way most Seniors English students study all of their subjects.

* * *

Miss Robertson in explaining the following sentence in Spanish class, stopped abruptly: "Could someone explain why—I was looking for a man?"

* * *

In Domestic Science class: "Did you wash those fish before you fried them?"

Pupil: "No; what's the use when they've lived in water all their lives?"

* * *

Bertha Rannie knows that she must get permission of Mr. Hoffman when she can laugh. I wonder how she found out?

* * *

Carl M: "Miss Hall, wouldn't you like to be small again and go to school with us little kids?"

Bill Berlyn: "Little Kids? Gee, I'd hate to meet that guy on the street when he grows up."

* * *

If it takes 787 yards of calico to make a shirt waist for an elephant, how long would it take a grasshopper with a wooden leg to kick a lobster's ear full of crab-apples.

Speaking of gossipers, Katy McClure says: "An old gossip is a young flirt gone to seed."

I say that's pretty good Katy.

* * *

Success comes in cans,
Failure in can'ts.

* * *

Miss Huff: "Why is 'unsanitary' not found in the dictionary?"
Leonard M. "Because it is 'unsanitary'."

* * *

Ten minutes on a street corner would not be a very dry past time (on a rainy day).

* * *

When joy and duty clash,
Let duty go to smash.

—Anna Catherine Van.

* * *

Mr. Hoffman (in Physical Geography class): "To what family does the buckwheat belong?"

Carlos (in a whisper): "To the pan cake."

* * *

'Twas in a restaurant they met,
This Romeo and Juliet,
And here they first run into debt,
For Rom—eo what Juli—et.

* * *

In General Science class, talking of the chlorophyll (or green substance) in plants, Reathel Redinger: "Do you think there is an chlorophyll in me? I don't."

* * *

Miss Robertson will admit that she has to look up to William Taber.

* * *

Miss Hall (in Junior History class): "Arthur, stop talking or leave the room!"

Arthur: "All right. If my cultural knowledge and intellectual ability are not sufficient to preserve my antiquity, I will go at once."

* * *

Miss Pickerl: "Don't talk back to me!!! Let's all get to work before I have to repeat what I said yesterday."

* * *

Mr. Hoffman announced that Argos had fifty tickets for the oratorical contest at Plymouth. Carlos says: "I'll take two." (One for his mother we suppose, or maybe he wants plenty of room.)

* * *

By putting green goggles on a cow, you can feed her excelsior and she will think it is grass.—Cecil Umbaugh.

* * *

If at first you don't succeed, quit, quit at once."—Henry Neff.

* * *

To the boys: "Our folks told us we couldn't go with town boys because they were too fast."—Mary Biddinger and Hazel Iler.

* * *

Miss Hall (in Civics class): "What is the difference between a minister and an ambassador?"

Burford: "Two cents."

* * *

Miss Hall: "How many girls are in the assembly who should be in Sewing class?"

Several boys held up their hands.

Miss Hall: "I said girls, not 'sissies'."

* * *

Albert Quivey (while talking about the staff having picture taken): "Well, say, what is the staff anyway?"

Mr. Hoffman: "Why that's what you write music on."

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Fellow: "Hell! no; it didn't last long enough.

Let's have another."

Girl: "Delighted!"

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Picture—Casey at school early.

Picture—Art studying.

Picture—Cyrus dancing.

Picture—Miss Hall sober.

Picture—Cecil without Esther.

Picture—Esther without Cecil.

Picture—Wick as an artist.

Picture—Anna not talking.

Picture—Allan not whistling.

Picture—Bill not blowing.

Picture—Velma with black hair.

Picture—Art blushing.

Picture—Clarence C. with a girl.

Picture—A. H. S. beating R. H. S.

Picture—Eleanor with white hair.

Picture—Opie with another girl.

* * *

We have heard that Mr. Rouch, the eighth grade teacher, has an immense liking for lake scenery.

* * *

Mr. Hoffman: "Where is the wheel barrel used most?"

Carlos: "By Lee Yeazel."

* * *

Miss Robertson (in Ancient History class): "Art originated in Greece and music."

Ray McClure: "I beg your pardon, Miss Robertson, but Art (Tate) originated right here in Argos, and was never in Greece."

* * *

Cecil Umbaugh took his essay into Miss Huff and said: "Oh, I forgot to bring that Bible-biography." (Meaning bibliography).

* * *

Mr. Horner: "Please tell me what angle BVD equals, Glenn?"

Glenn (in a whisper): "Underwear."

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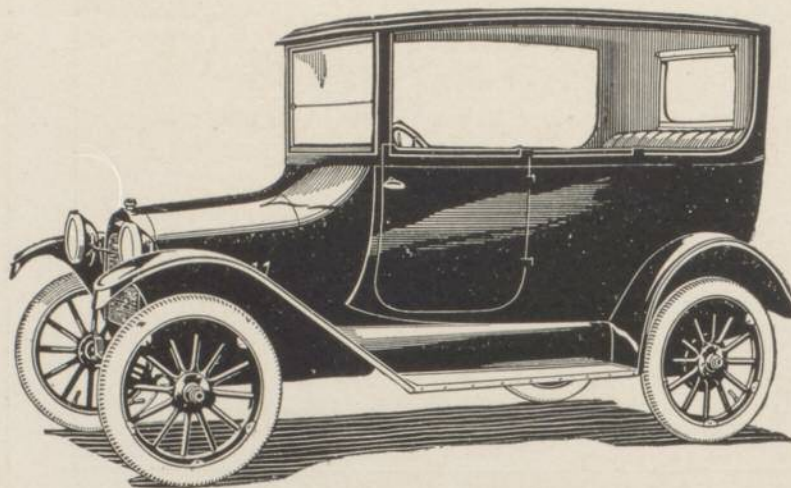
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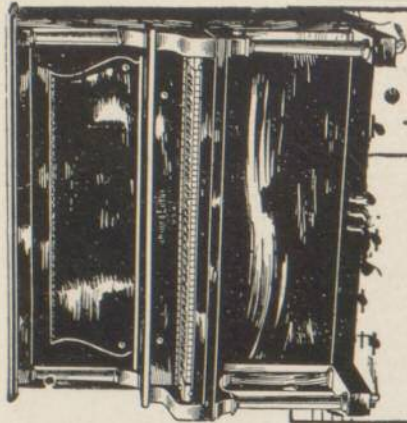
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**President,
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Angola, Ind.**

Seniors—Small things we may seem but great we are.

Seniors are like diamonds,
Precious and rare,
Freshmen like autumn leaves,
Found everywhere.

* * *

In Junior literature class. Hugh Pickerl—"The reason Satan is so bad is because he has to work so hard to take care of all the wicked people."

Bertha R.—"Yes, he has to 'Keep the Home Fires Burning.'"

* * *

It may be all true that, man sprang from monkeys, but if so women sprang father than men.

* * *

Mary Kuhn—"How far from the floor should I make my kimona?"

Miss Robertson—"Just a little above two feet."

* * *

The naughtiest breezes,
What plays in the treeses,
And blows women's dresses
Clean up to their kneeses.

* * *

What is so rare as a day in June? Walter Meloy with his Spanish lesson.

* * *

To Alma Peabody (as cure for love)—I advise hard work together with a judicious use of cucumber melons, lettuce, rice and water lilies.

* * *

"Small but mighty"—Miss Robertson and Albert Quivey.

* * *

Little puffs of powder,
Little dabs of paint,
Makes Miss Gladys Hall,
Look like what she ain't.

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**The
Argos Reflector**

J. D.—“Did your watch stop when it hit the sidewalk?”

Bill B.—“Sure; did you think it would go through?”

* * *

Carl Morgan still sticks to his candid opinion that a man's wife is the best friend he has, but Bill Berlyn emphatically disagrees with him, remarking by way of explanation that a man's trousers is his best friend.

* * *

When asked to explain his most potent idea he said: “A man can go one the street anytime without his wife.”

* * *

Miss Huff in Senior English—“Allen, give the events.”

Allan (in haste)—“I can't.”

Miss Huff thinks it is a wonder she can talk at all. Will some concerned party be kind enough to explain to her?

* * *

Katy McClure to Clarence Claxon:

“Our eyes have met,

Our lips not yet,

But oh! you kid!

I'll get you yet!”

* * *

A mule makes no progress while he is kicking, neither does a man.

* * *

A grand April Fool the A. H. S. had this year.

What was it?

Kenneth Berlyn and Allen Whisman had their mustache shaved off.

* * *

Carl and Bo sitting together in Assembly.

Miss Hall: “Burford, take your seat.”

Carl: “Suppose Bo wants to kiss me.”

Miss Hall: “I admire his taste.”

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