

Ralph Stanley



Property of Ralph Stanley
Class of 1932.

The Centralian

Published by the Senior Class

Central Normal College

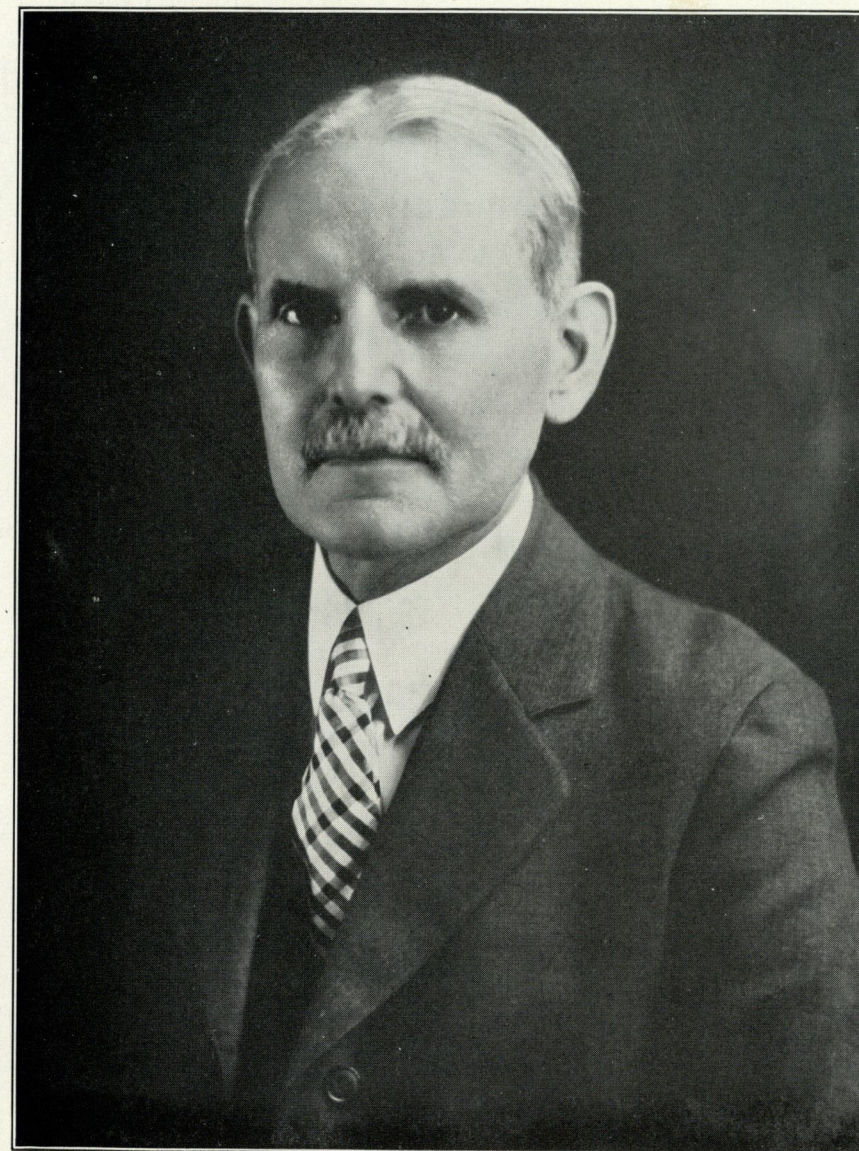
Danville, Indiana

1929

Dedication

To him, Professor Reibold, whose kindly smile, whose patient labor has safely guided us through four long years of toil, o'er reefs of trouble, o'er sand bars, where without his skilful aid, our ships, the Man, the Woman, might have stopped to go no further; through the treacherous channels, the swirling waters of our youth, to leave us with fair breezes blowing full into our sails and carry us through the seas of life to our goal.

Our pilot we leave behind. He has prepared us to sail our ship into that "City of Success", upon the continent "Happiness". To him, with love, veneration, and deepest respect we dedicate this book.



Prof. George H. Reibold

*Your friend
George H. Reibold*

Foreword

It is my endeavor to picture to you, dear reader, C.N.C. as it has been during the past year. Take care of me and keep me. Overlook my many defects and consider me only as my makers have made me. In after-years, when Father Time has wrought his many changes in my family circles, I promise to return to you, memories of your youth, your heyday of life.

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The School

Classes

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Organizations

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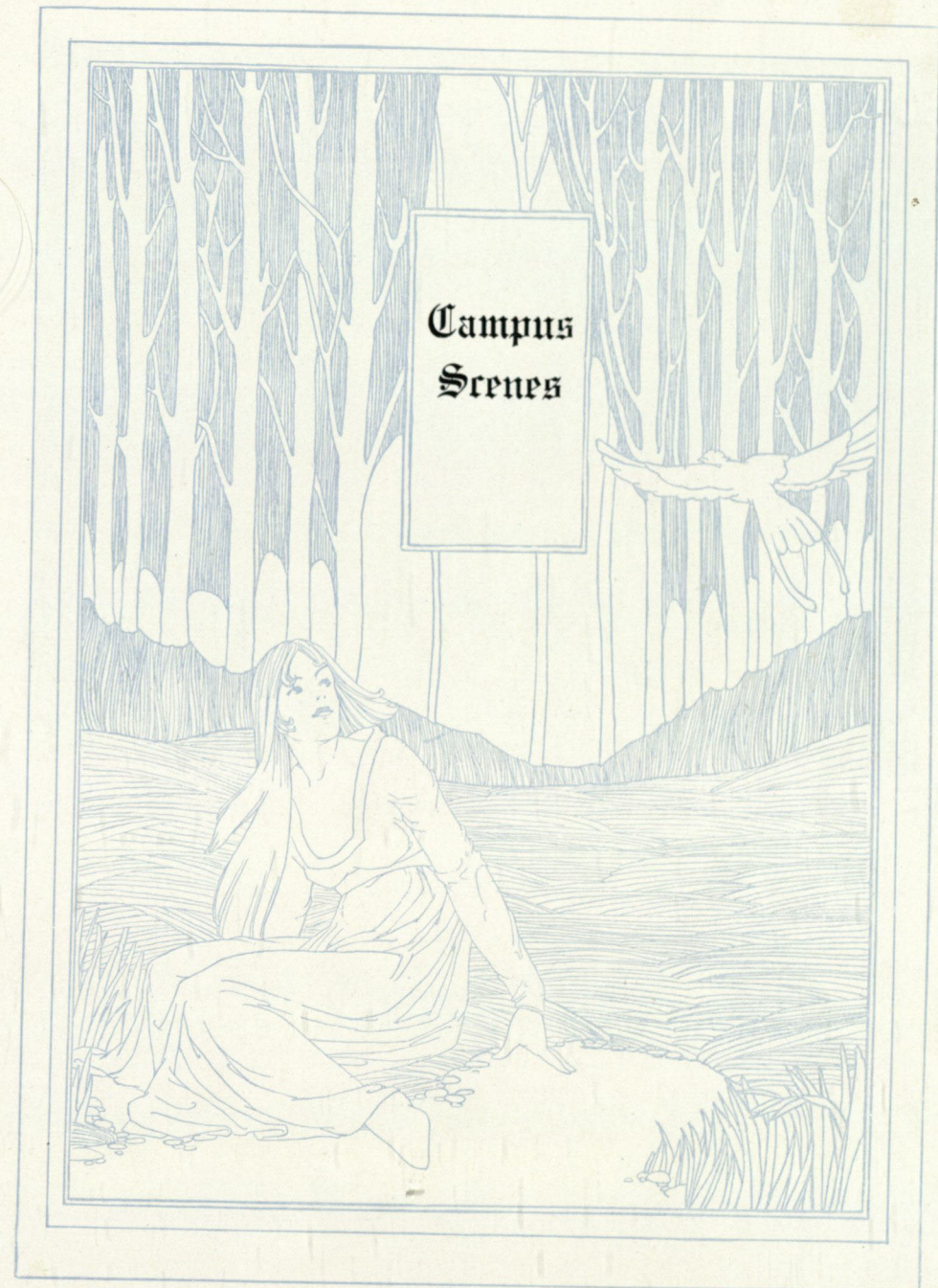
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ELLIS PRESNALL
Assistant Business Manager

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Editor-in-Chief

Mary Phillips





Chapel Hall



Recitation Hall



Science Hall



Well House



Gymnasium

Education

*"Every person is responsible for
all the good within the scope of his
abilities, and for no more, and none
can tell whose sphere is the largest."*





Jonathan Rigdon Ph. D.

The President's Message

My message, which can be only a word, must not be directive, but merely suggestive -- a message to college students who have the wisdom to enact the laws they are to obey and the courage to obey the laws they enact.

The advent of man and the appearance of intelligence were simultaneous events. Indeed, they were identical events. Intelligence was forced upon man by necessity. It came to counteract the handicap his forebears were under without it. This should be suggestive. It means that if man is to endure it must be by intelligence. It means that when intelligence is gone man is gone. It means that if intelligence degenerates man is doomed first to mediocrity and ultimately to extinction.

Now, there are in the world only two forces that can in any way touch or modify intelligence. One is Eugenics and the other is Education. Education always has to do with the present generation and Eugenics with original endowment.

Much foolishness has been written about Eugenics, but this must not be permitted to blind us to the truth there is in it. It can have no message except to students. This much I think is certain and safe: Every one has a right to get for himself the maximum of life that the world contains for him; and at the same time every thoughtful person must consider himself under obligation to give some consideration to the oncoming generations. This consideration, whatever it may be, is his contribution to Eugenics. Whether this consideration shall be little or much, it seems to me, is an individual question that each must answer for himself; and except where the welfare of society is at stake, individual freedom must be the guiding principle.

The other force controlling intelligence is Education. It concerns ourselves here and now. While it is powerless to increase our original capacity for intelligence, it is the only means of making the most of the intelligence our heredity gave us. Without Education the gift of intelligence was misplaced. If Education is inferior, the gift is thrown away. The sole purpose of Education is to develop the intelligence we were born with. In a way we may say that Education is everything, for without Education no one is prepared to solve his own Eugenics problem. Is it, then, too much to say that wrong Education means Man's extinction, and that right Education will build a civilization that will endure to the end of time? Education then is our supreme problem. For the most part it is in the hands of students. The right things in Education you are to conserve; the wrong ones you are to eliminate. Others of us can only suggest.

All right education is through self-activity. All individual development is through the performance of self-imposed tasks. One grows, not from the decisions that are made for him, but from the decisions he himself makes. The only purpose of teachers and schools is to suggest the experiences that students are to have, to define the tasks they are to take upon themselves, to raise the questions they are to answer, to propose the problems they are to solve.

There are plenty of problems. What most of us are short on is the will to solve them. It is not always easy to know when we have the right point of view. To the optimist civilization is to put within our reach every advantage imagination can picture. The pessimist defines civilization as a disease, for which man's first duty is to find the cure. Either view may be right. Either is about as likely to be right as the other. It all depends upon the values we set, the problems we propose, the questions we raise, the experiences we choose. The entire problem is too big for the best of us, but even the least of us can make his contribution. We must take it in its parts. Here and there any of us can see things that are wrong. Here and there some of us can suggest changes that should be made. We must have the courage to propose them. Any teacher, any student, any school officer assumes a tremendous responsibility when he knowingly and voluntarily stands in the way of real educational progress. The chief blame is with the teacher and the school officer, but most of the penalty is paid by the student. Education is a momentous problem. It must be solved or we are lost. If one can add to the solution a single equation, the contribution will be well worth while.

Wrong evaluations are at the bottom of our biggest blunders. In staring at the trees we miss the woods. We are living in an age of speed. One must run or be run over. And yet it should not be difficult to see that life is to be measured more by its volume than by its speed. Occasionally, if we can find a safe place to stand, it might be well to stop long enough to think where we are going, and at least to raise the question as to what we expect to get when and if we arrive.

The world is bigger. It is moving faster. Competition is keener, problems are harder. It looks as if one's chances to win are smaller. It is easier to become discouraged. Recognition is in the distance, or entirely out of view. And yet the big, bustling world is always eager to step aside for the free man who sets himself a worthwhile task and works persistently and intelligently at its accomplishment.

Pupils change but problems are perennial. As age lays down its tasks, youth picks them up and accepts the challenge they imply. Youth chafes under all restrictions, even at all direction. It demands to be free. All this, it seems to me, is well, for all growth comes through free activity; but we must remember that we cannot have the new freedom without the old responsibility. Flaming youth is good if the flame gives clearer vision; it is bad if the flame puts out our eyes. Every inch of freedom one attains means added responsibility. Emerson's law of compensation has not been repealed.

All things may be good in their places; but they are not equally good, and no one of them is good out of its place. The world-old question, what thing is good, is with us yet. We cannot be sure that we will not lose our way. We are always in danger of assigning right things to wrong places. We can hardly keep from assigning wrong values. We are always tempted to place an emphasis where it does not belong. Sanity, or its opposite, can be determined in every case by one's scale of values. When either an individual or an age is indifferent in the face of things momentous and goes into spasms of ecstasy in the presence of things that really do not matter, an alienist should be called.

JONATHAN RIGDON.

Faculty

WALDO WOOD, A.M.

University of Wisconsin;
Vice-President and Dean;
Professor of Education.

Waldo Wood

LAURA C. NISWANDER, LL.B.

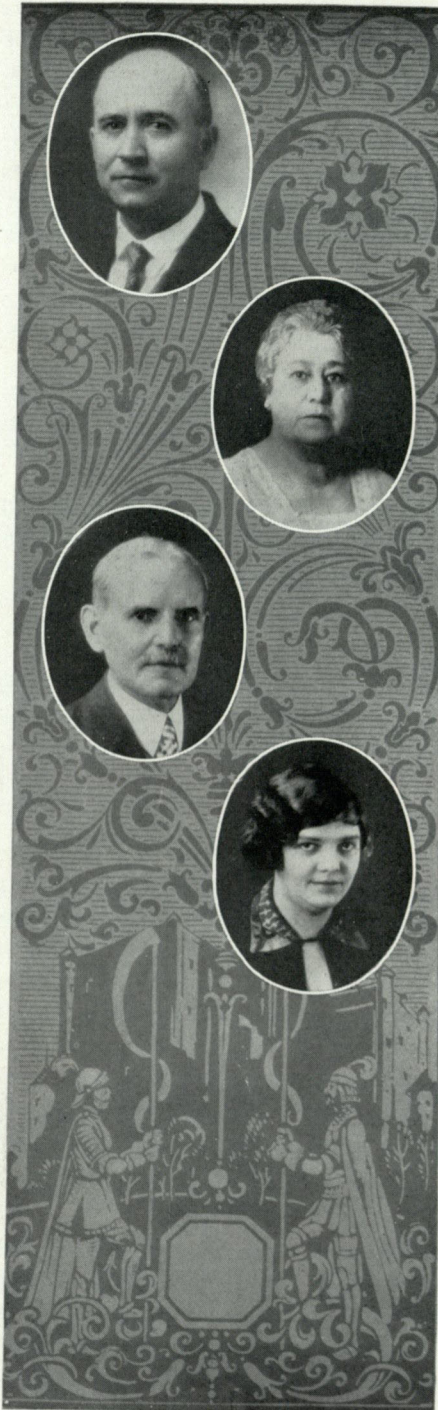
Central Normal College;
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DePauw University;
Professor of Biological Sciences.



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Warrensburg, Missouri

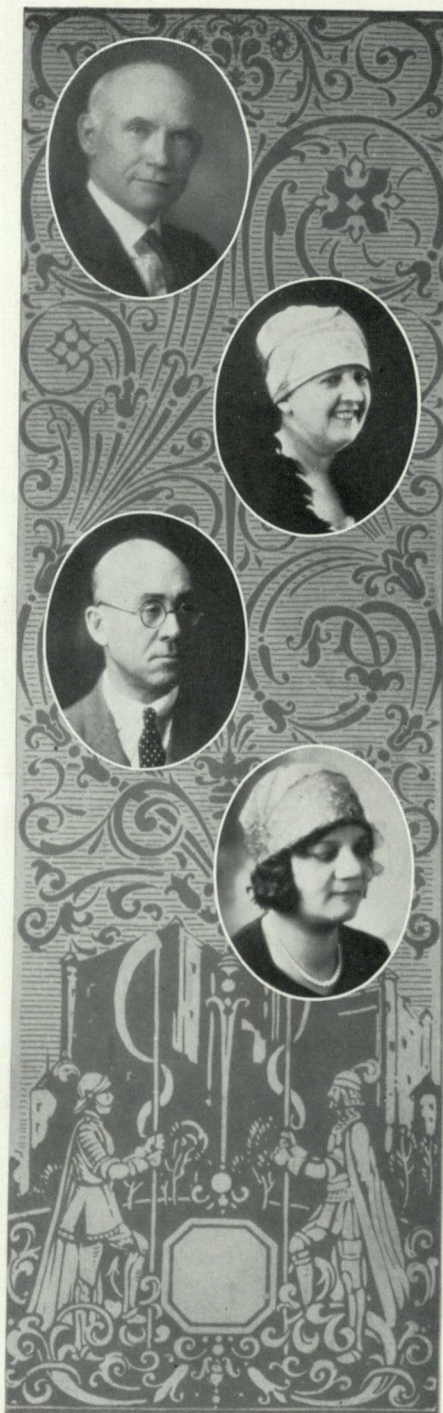
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Hanover College;
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American Conservatory, Chicago;
Penati Nalvezzi, Royal Conservatory,
Milan, Italy;
Instructor of Voice and
Public School Music.

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Indiana University;
Professor of Physics and Chemistry.

F. S. Robertson.

MILDRED A. OWEN

Professor of Piano.

Faculty

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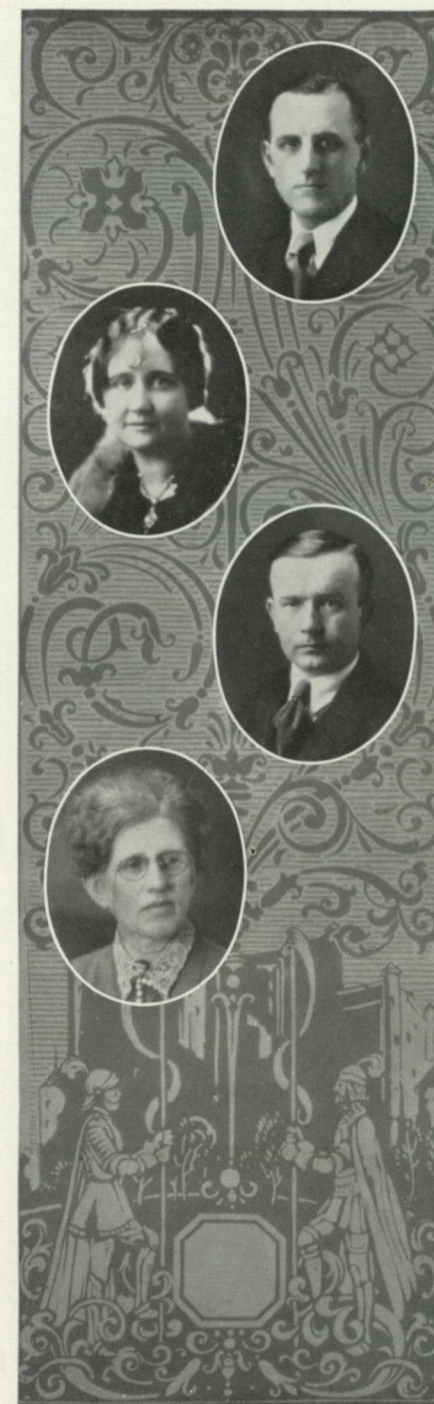
DePauw University;
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Instructor of Physical Education
for Women;
Dean of Women.

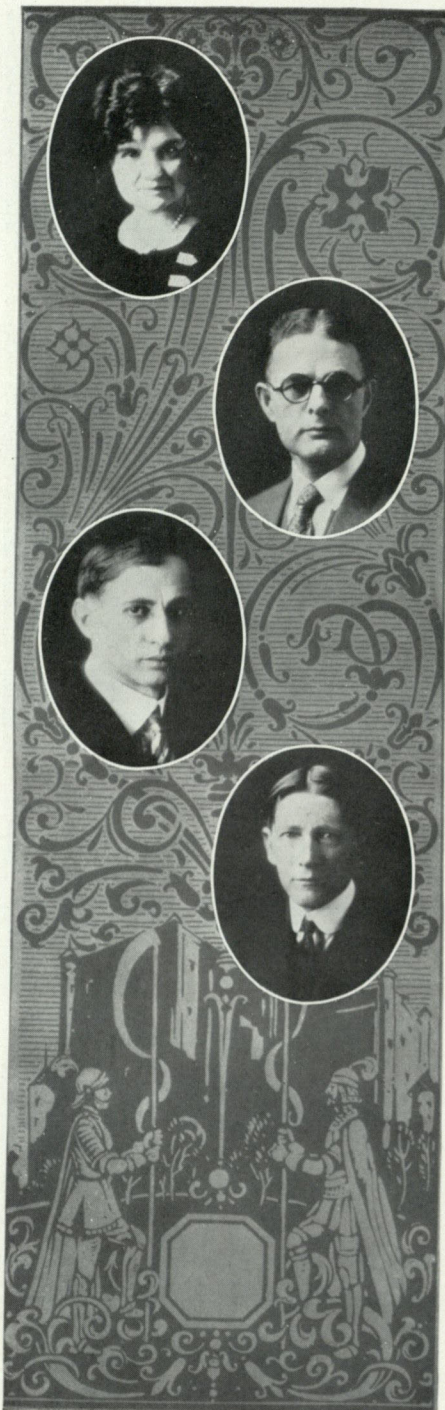
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University of Nebraska;
M. Julian Academy, Paris, France;
Professor of Art.





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Indiana University;
Instructor in History and English.

H. M. TOWELL

Professor of Advanced Shorthand.

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Indiana University;
Phi Beta Kappa;
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H. H. PLEASANT, A.M.

Indiana University;
Dean of Elementary Education;
Professor of Elementary Education.



Nancy Baird

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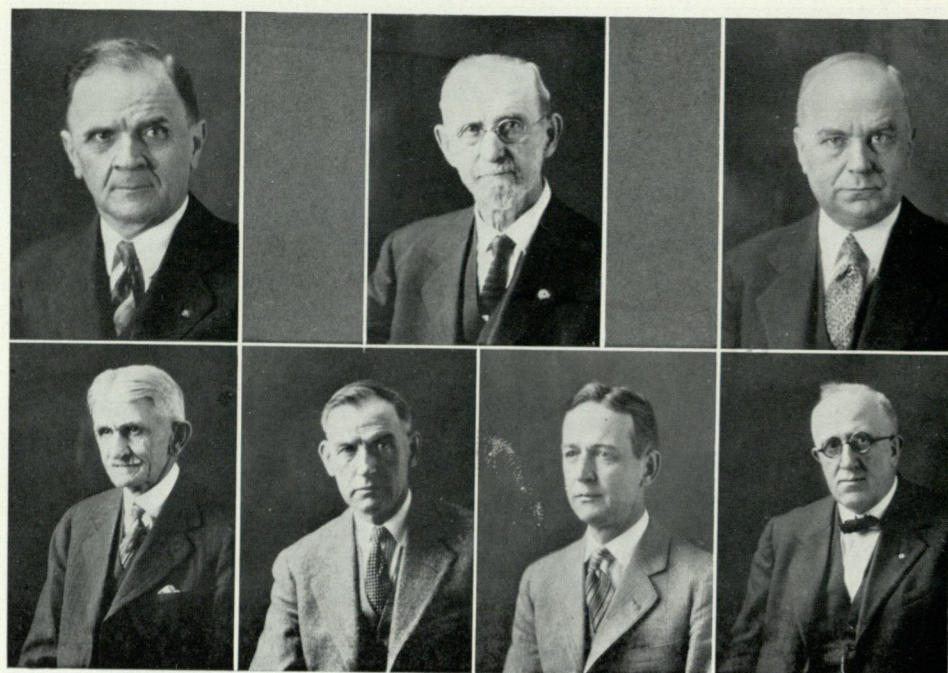
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Secretary and Treasurer of College
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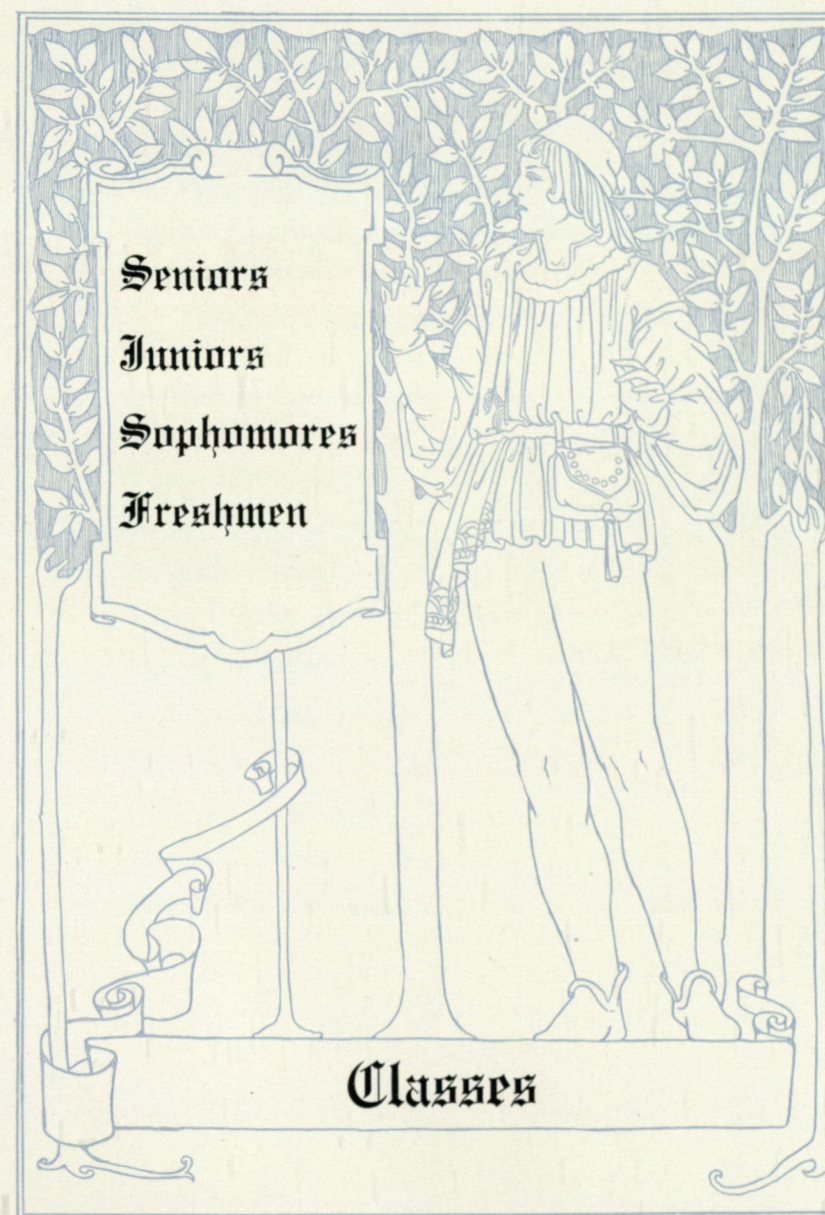
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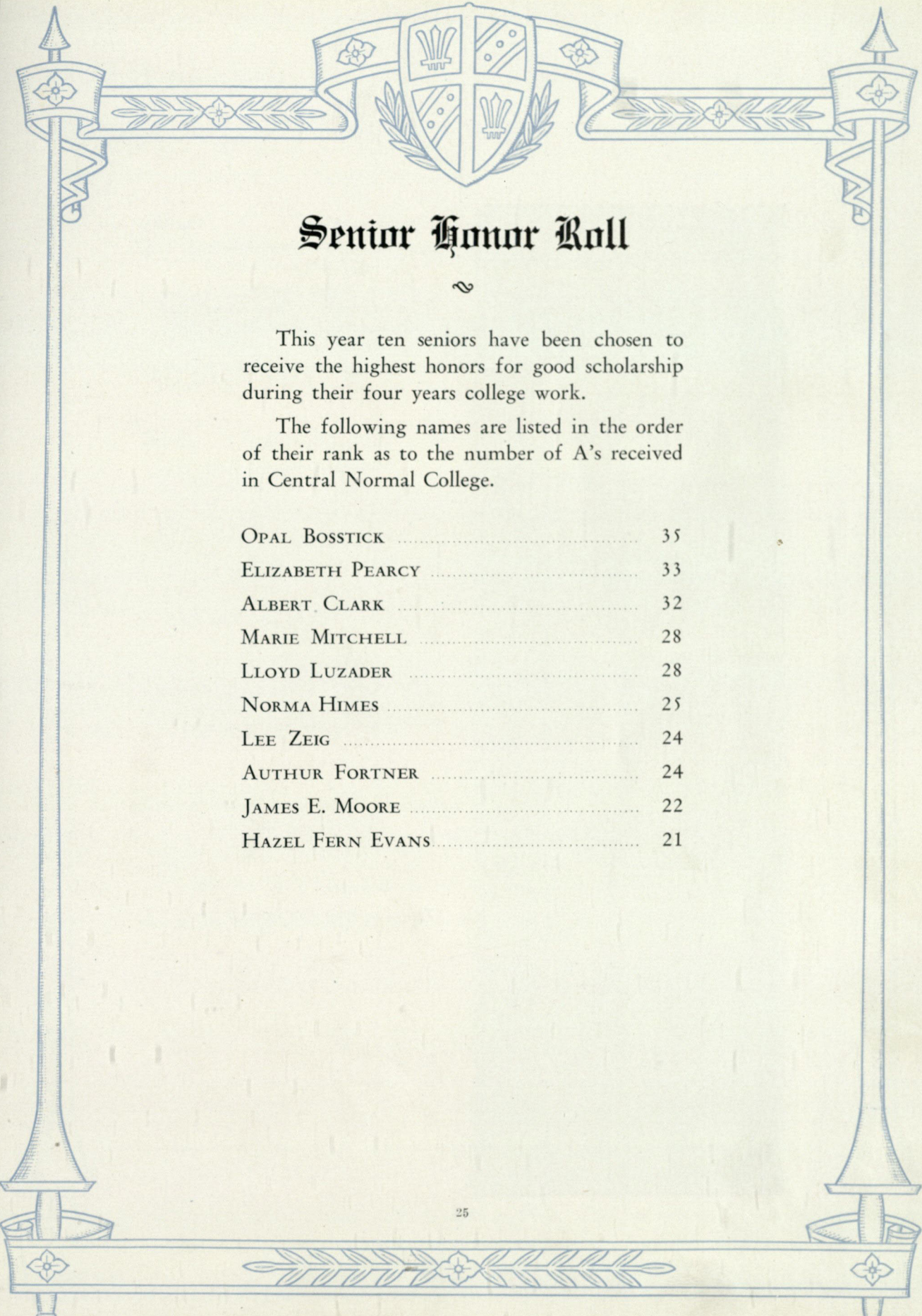
ALLEN J. WILSON

JOHN C. TAYLOR

FRANK ROBERTS

J. D. HOGATE
Vice-President





Senior Honor Roll



This year ten seniors have been chosen to receive the highest honors for good scholarship during their four years college work.

The following names are listed in the order of their rank as to the number of A's received in Central Normal College.

OPAL BOSSTICK	35
ELIZABETH PEARCY	33
ALBERT CLARK	32
MARIE MITCHELL	28
LLOYD LUZADER	28
NORMA HIMES	25
LEE ZEIG	24
AUTHUR FORTNER	24
JAMES E. MOORE	22
HAZEL FERN EVANS.....	21



RUEL JONES AMY Corydon
Mathematics, Science, Athletics.

Class President;
Assistant Athletic Director;
Coaching School of Notre Dame;
Coaching School of Culver;
Baseball 1924

His knowledge of fertilizer and how to mix water with milk helps him through Chemistry.



MARIE MINTER MITCHELL Danville
Commerce, English, History

Class Secretary;
Phi Delta Sigma.

Never too busy to help her friends.



JAMES ESTLE MOORE New Palestine
Mathematics, English.

Class Vice-President;
Student Council (4);

"No matter what happens he always comes through and knows just what he ought to do."



NORMA L. HIMES Crawfordsville
Science, English, Mathematics.

Class Treasurer;
Y. W. C. A.;
Phi Delta Sigma.

Trusted with the class treasury.



MARY M. PHILLIPS Amo
Mathematics, English, Art.

Editor-in-Chief of Centralian;
Earlham '25-'26;
Student Council (4);
Psi Chi Omega.

A quiet unassuming person; a friend of everyone and everyone's friend.



BERYL BOSSTICK Danville
Commerce, English

Business Manager of Centralian;
Student Council (4);
Orchestra (1) (2) (3) (5);
Yell-Leader (1) (2) (3) (4);
Theta Delta Xi;
President of Theta Delta Xi 1928.

A friend to everyone.



FRANCES ELLICE PRESNALL Charlottesville
Home Economics, Art, English.

Assistant Editor;
Psi Chi Omega;
President of Psi Chi Omega 1929;
Madam Blakers.

She possesses a woman's crowning glory.



RUTH LEANNA MASTEN Amo
Commerce, Science.

Assistant Business Manager;
Maids;
Treasurer of Maids, 1929.

*"A trifle stubborn, but only in play,
For she likes the game of having her way."*



LAWRENCE C. COX Plainfield
History, English, Education.

Ciceronian's;
Basketball, 1922-23;
Indiana State Normal.

His pleasant personality and good humor are indications of his good character.



OPAL MARIE BOSSTICK Danville
Commerce, English, History.

Psi Chi Omega;
Bowling Green Business University.

Poise and grace.



HORACE FULPS Danville
History, English, Social Science.

Theta Delta Xi;
R. & S.;
Football (1);
Track (1) (2);
Basketball (1) (2) (3).

No man is wise enough by himself.



MARY BLYTHE OSBORN Amo
Music, English.

Orchestra;
Glee Club;
Psi Chi Omega.

*From the great open spaces where children are six feet tall
Dances, sings, plays, and waits for Christmas vacation.*



FLOYD J. CROCKER Osgood
English, History.

Asbury College, 1928; Y.M.C.A.; Bachelors;
Pres. Mu Lambda Sigma; Orchestra (4); Mu
Lambda Sigma, Vice-Pres. Y.M.C.A. '25-'26;
Secretary of Bachelors, 1929.

*He likes to argue with a saw,
And tinker with a file;
But he doesn't care a single straw
For a ton of feminine smile.*



ISALEEN MAGDALENE MCGUIRK Pekin
History, Mathematics.

Phi Delta Sigma;
Glee Club;
Girls Basketball, '24.

*"A bit too shrinking and quiet,
Ever to start a riot."*



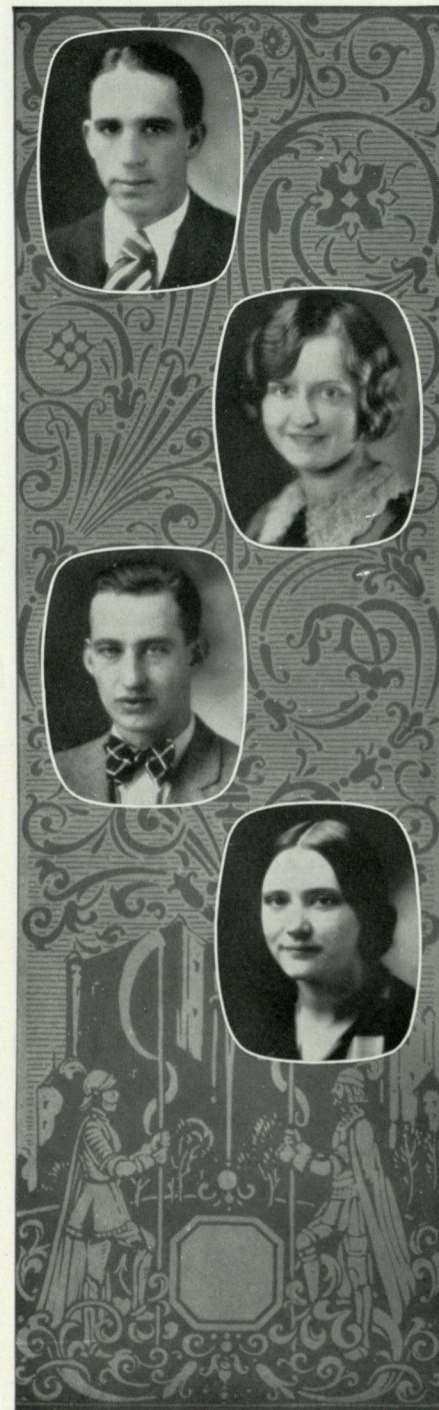
JOSEPH M. LEAP Sheridan, R. 4
History, Science.
Y. M. C. A.

*Always in a hurry. Probably would make a
good race driver if his speed and energy were
expended in that direction.*



GRACE COX Danville
Commerce, English.
Psi Chi Omega.

*"Always chic, and spic and span,
She does whatever she possibly can."*



THERON LESTER OGLE Westfield
History, English, Social Science

Football, '25, '27, '28.

*Happy am I, from care I'm free,
Why can't they all be contented like me?*



VIVA McCORD BOSSTICK Danville
Commerce, Mathematics, English.

Maids.

*Her eyes are fair and very fair,
Her beauty makes me glad.*



RAYMOND EARL PATCHETT Frankfort
Science, English.

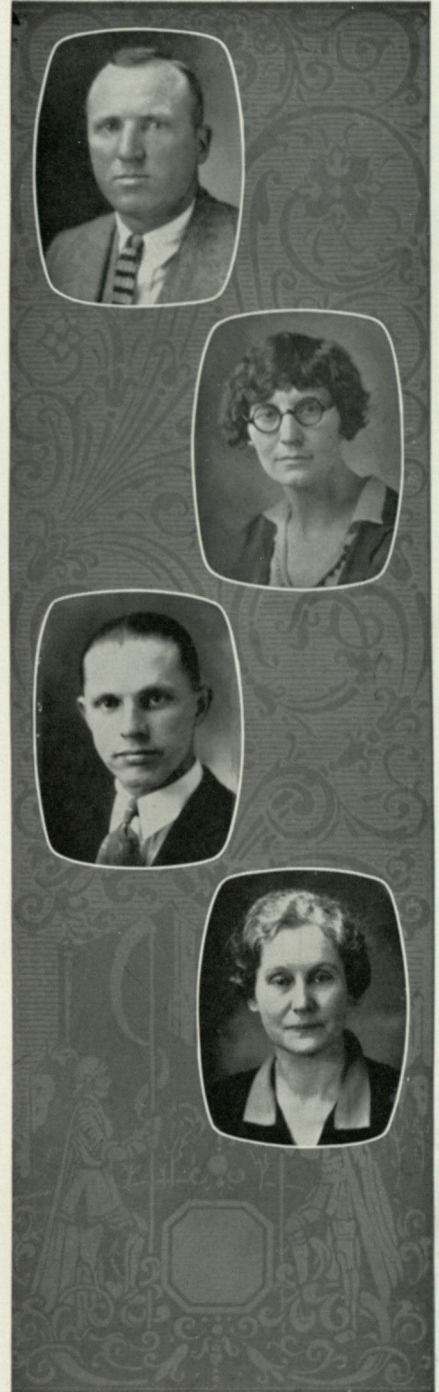
Football, '25, '26, '28.

*Fresh from the Matrimonial Sea. We hope his
new voyage will be a happy one.*



VIOLET BROWN Mooresville
Commerce, English

An active mind, but not for study.



VERNIE BERNES EGGERS North Salem
Mathematics, Physical and Social Sciences.

Bachelors;

R. & S.

Basketball (1) (2) (3);

Football (2);

Track (2) (3).

Steadfastly loyal.



HULDA MAE SHEPHERD Brownsburg
English, Commerce.

I. S. Normal;

Muncie Normal;

Indiana University.

*"An air in life is the only fortune worth
finding."*



VIRGIL A. FREEMAN French Lick
Mathematics, History.

Oakland City College.

*"He isn't afraid of work that's hard
And from highest places he cannot be barred."*



ADALINE BRISTOW WOOD Danville
History, English.

Student Council (4);

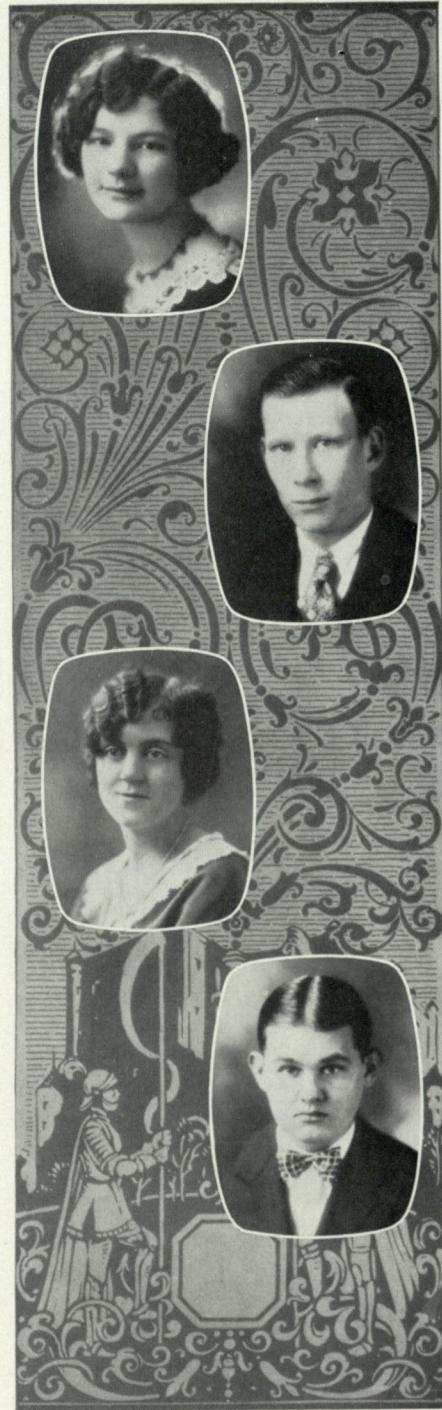
Graduate of State Normal School,

Valparaiso University;

Marion Normal;

Psi Chi Omega.

*"Her cheer is such as will always shine
On cloudy days the same as fine."*



MARY MARTHA PENNINGTON Danville
English, History.

University of Chicago.
Always the same.

JOHN COOPER Pine Village
History and Law.
To err is human.

LOUISA ELIZABETH PEARCY Frankfort
English, History.

Sagirlais;
Y. W. C. A.
*"Always modest and humble, never putting
on airs,
She does her work as she sees it and attends
to her own affairs."*

WILLIAM PAUL PURCELL Vincennes
History, Mathematics.
Vincennes University;
Vincennes U. Football letterman '25, '26;
Vincennes U. Basketball. '26, '27.

*A good book is the best friend—the same to-
day and forever.*



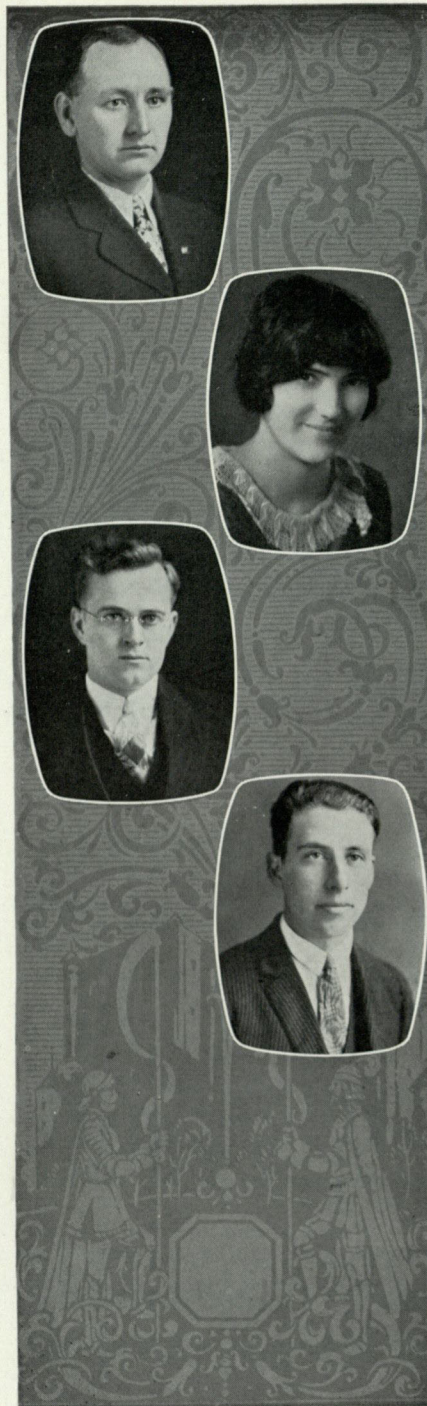
LAWRENCE PIERCE Olick
English, History

MARY ELIZABETH SHEARER Michigantown
Commerce

*"When she gets through the thing is done and
what she gets is fairly won."*

JOSEPH S. HAINES Star City
History, Biology, Education
Earlham College;
Varsity Baseball Pitcher, '22-'23-'25;
Varsity Track, '25;
Varsity Basketball, '24-'25;
Y. M. C. A.;
Ionian Literary Society;
Glee Club.

MABEL R. JOSEPH North Salem
English
Star and Compass;
Phi Delta Sigma.



ARTHUR FORTNER Huron
English, History

HAZEL FERN EVANS Bedford
English, History
Phi Delta Sigma;
Y. W. C. A.;
President Y.W.C.A., '26-'28.

VENNIS O. ISOM Mitchell
English, History

CARL ELVIN NAUGLE Pekin
English, Mathematics, Education
Indiana University.

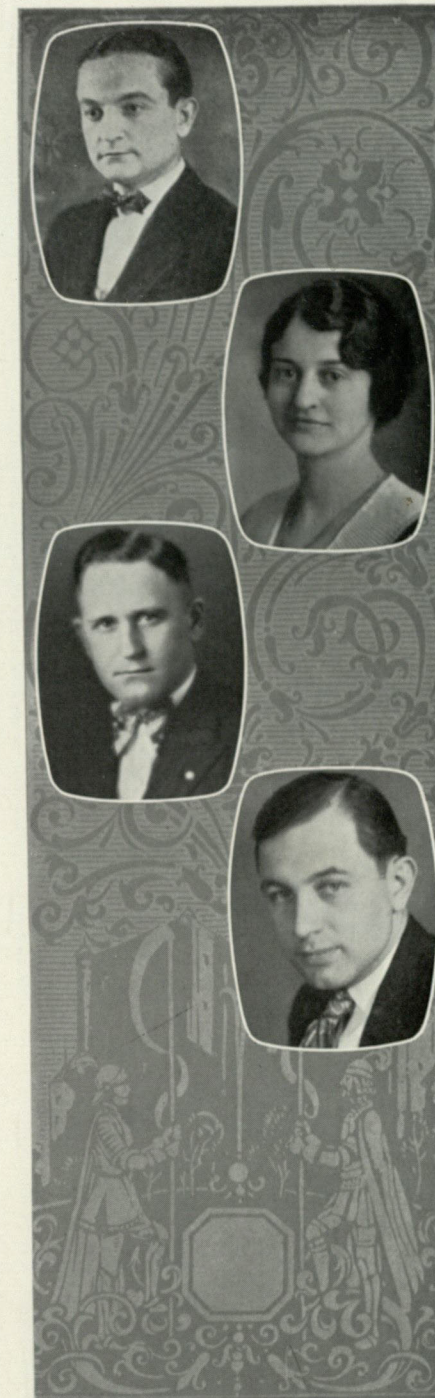
LESTER WILLIAMS Young America
Mathematics, History, Education

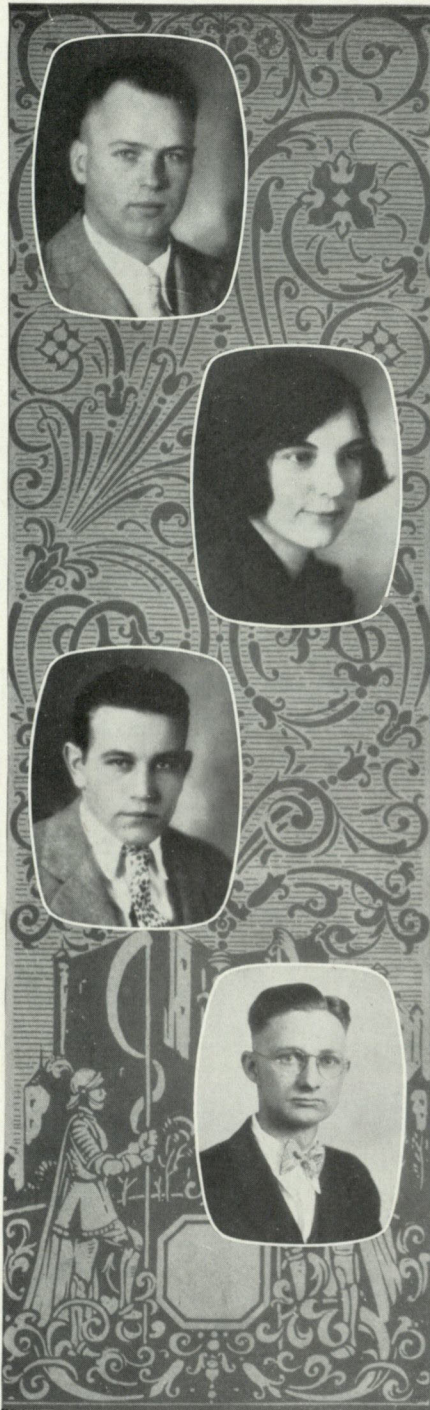
LENA ZEHRING Bennett's Switch
English, History
Psi Chi Omega.

HARRY P. HATTON Idaville
Mathematics, History
Franklin College;
Indiana State Normal;
Basketball Franklin, '17-'19;
Phi Delta Theta, Franklin.

LEE OLE ZIEG 400 W. Kyger St.,
Frankfort
Music, English
Baseball, '19-'20-'21-'22;
Ciceronian.

A fellow who is well liked by many besides his fellow students.



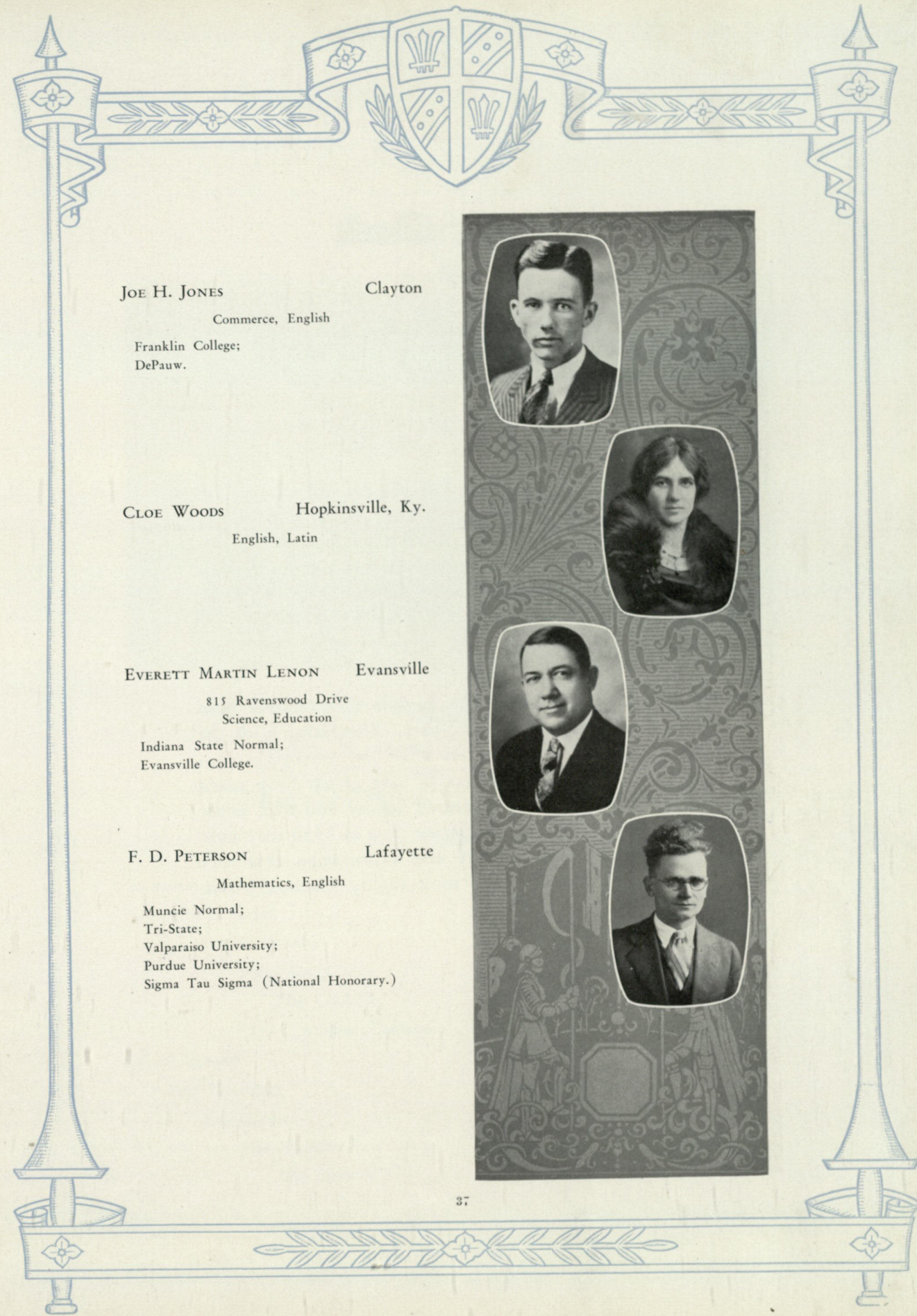


ERCEL C. KOHLERMAN Milan
Commerce, English
Bachelor;
Mu Lambda Sigma.

ELVA MEADE HARVEY Camden
Commerce, English

CHARLES CHILTON New Salisbury
Mathematics, History

ALBERT WALTER CLARK Hammond
554 Drackert St.
English, History
Bachelor.



JOE H. JONES Clayton
Commerce, English
Franklin College;
DePauw.

CLOE WOODS Hopkinsville, Ky.
English, Latin

EVERETT MARTIN LENON Evansville
815 Ravenswood Drive
Science, Education
Indiana State Normal;
Evansville College.

F. D. PETERSON Lafayette
Mathematics, English
Muncie Normal;
Tri-State;
Valparaiso University;
Purdue University;
Sigma Tau Sigma (National Honorary.)

Junior Class



Three years ago the members of the Junior Class met on the Campus of C. N. C. and underwent the usual routine of "jeers" and "sneers" of the upperclassmen. Now having passed through the first two years of our College career, many things may be said in favor of the Class.

Working for the interest of the school as well as for the Class, the Juniors have been active and influential, and during their three years, the Juniors have taken their share of honors, having many of its members holding prominent offices on the campus and in athletics. In scholastic standing and ability they do not claim a monopoly of the genius, but they have students of first rank in the various departments of the College curriculum.

Working as a class, the Juniors have always been willing and ready to do their part, cooperating with the other classes and organizations when any school function was launched. The members of this group have made many friends who they treasured fondly and shall never forget. So in becoming the Senior class of 1930 they look to the future with pleasure and expectation that will make C. N. C. truly their most highly esteemed Alma Mater.

Junior Class



OFFICERS

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ELIZABETH SWISHER,
KENNETH HUNT,

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Vice-President
Sec'y-Treas.

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Alberta Berry

Russell Bratton

Pansy Baker

Paul Cockrill

Edward Cushman

Harry Darnell

Fred Flemming

Eva Gastino

John Hazelett

John Spencer

Kenneth Hunt

Hurst Livengood

Mabel Magner

Marion Maybaugh

Marie Merritt

Carlos Mackey

Amy Nichols

Pauline Richardson

John Spears

Mary Elizabeth Swisher

Loren Warner

Sophomore Class



In looking over our two years at C. N. C., since we entered in 1927, it seems that many things have depended upon us. Yet perhaps when they are all duly written down, it will not appear to others that the Sophomore class has accomplished a great deal. Their loyalty and support are their greatest contributions and what are more essential than these?

To protect their interests and lead them to greater achievements their first meeting was for the purpose of organizing their class.

The Sophomores have had a successful year. Their diligence has been shown in the various musical activities as Glee Club, Orchestra and Quartet. Others hold responsible offices, as members of prominent committees, presidents and other officers of the many organizations.

The class is very proud of the results in foot-ball and especially basketball, since many of its members played an important part in winning the many victories of the season. They not only brought honors to the class, but to Central Normal as well.

Rebellions of small importance arose over occasional faculty rulings and murmurings were heard because of the heavy tax imposed on their minds by the length of lessons, but they were settled by peaceful arbitration. We have discovered, "There is no royal road to learning, and no elevation to success, you must climb by the old ladder, Hard Work."

If the same spirit of enthusiasm, activity and loyalty continues throughout the next two years the Class of '32 should be one of the most outstanding that has ever graduated from Central Normal. They have faith in themselves and believe that they will eventually win many more victories for their class and C. N. C.

Sophomore Class

*Lowell Fancher
Sheridan*



Norah Pruitt

OFFICERS

Ed. Dean

REEDS ANDREWS,
BERTHA HERTZ,
LEMMO DELL,
ELSIE MOON,

President
Vice-President
Secretary
Treasurer



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Reeds Andrews
Ethel Busenbark
Geraldine Beason
Esther Brooks
Clavis Crutchfield
Virginia Cushman
Edward Dean
Lemmo Dell
Lowell Fancher
Alberta Harness
Justine Huron
Bertha Hertz
Ralph Johnson
Helen Kennedy

Aubrey Miles
Maurice McNeely
Elsie Moon
Ivan Miller
Maxine Osborn
Alberta Pennington
Geraldine Roberts
Harold Pruitt
Floyd Reeves
Billie Reeves
Donel Smith
James Stephenson
Allen Wood
Ernest Walker
George Whitmore

Freshman Class



October 2, 1928, marked the descent of many green and awkward-looking freshmen on Central Normal College. They were immediately taken to task by the upper classmen who gave them a warm reception. They were distinguished further from their more fortunate brothers by a heretofore unknown affliction, "Freshy Hats," which they persisted in wearing during chapel, much to the horror of the faculty.

They were finally, after weeks of hazing, accepted into full membership. This transition being marked by a reception sponsored by the Senior class.

The manner and spirit in which the class as a whole entered into the curricular and athletic activities can not be praised too highly. And the class has every indication of being one of the finest in the history of the institution.

Jeanette Scott C.N.C. 1928+'29
Ernestine Aikman ΨΧΩ, 1928+'29. Dana, Ind.
Marie Merritt C.N.C. 1928+'29, Danville, Ind.

Freshman Class



OFFICERS

ALDEN ALLISON,
MARY BLADES,

President
Sec'y. and Treas.



Alden Allison	Claud Hughes	John Niswander
Marjorie Brewer	J. C. Harger	Miriam Osborne
Regena Brandon	Erma Hartman	Wayne Plew
Mary Blaydes	Harold Hadley	Lula Pettet
W. G. Berry	Leonard Hawley	Hubert Phillips
Kenneth Baily	Wayne Hicks	Richard Phillips
Mary J. Church	Joe Harmon	Eleanor Parker
Earl Cox	Roger Irvin	Fay Ray
Lloyd Edrington	Robert Johnson	Kenneth Sigler
Beryl Cardiff	Edwin Johnson	Reginald Shultz
Clifford Fields	Verna Lyon	Perry Smith
Lloyd Fielding	George Lamb	Edward Richardson
Dale Freeland	Don Lambert	Doris Sheets
Martin Geeding	Chester Martin	Jewel Shields
Tiber Gardner	Dorothea McDonald	Ralph Stanley
John Goodpasture	Elsie Miles	Oliver Salsman
Richard Hankins	Thomas Noggle	Herbert Sears
Jeanette Scott	Doris E. Towell	Goethe Tharpe
Genevieve Zimmerman	Charles Williams	Edith Wooldridge

Excelsior -- Longfellow



The shades of night were falling fast,
As through an Alpine village passed
A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,
A banner with the strange device,
Excelsior!

His brow was sad: his eye beneath
Flashed like a falchion from its sheath,
And like a silver clarion rung
The accents of that unknown tongue,
Excelsior!

In happy homes he saw the light
Of household fires gleam warm and bright;
Above, the spectral glaciers shone,
And from his lips escaped a groan,
Excelsior!

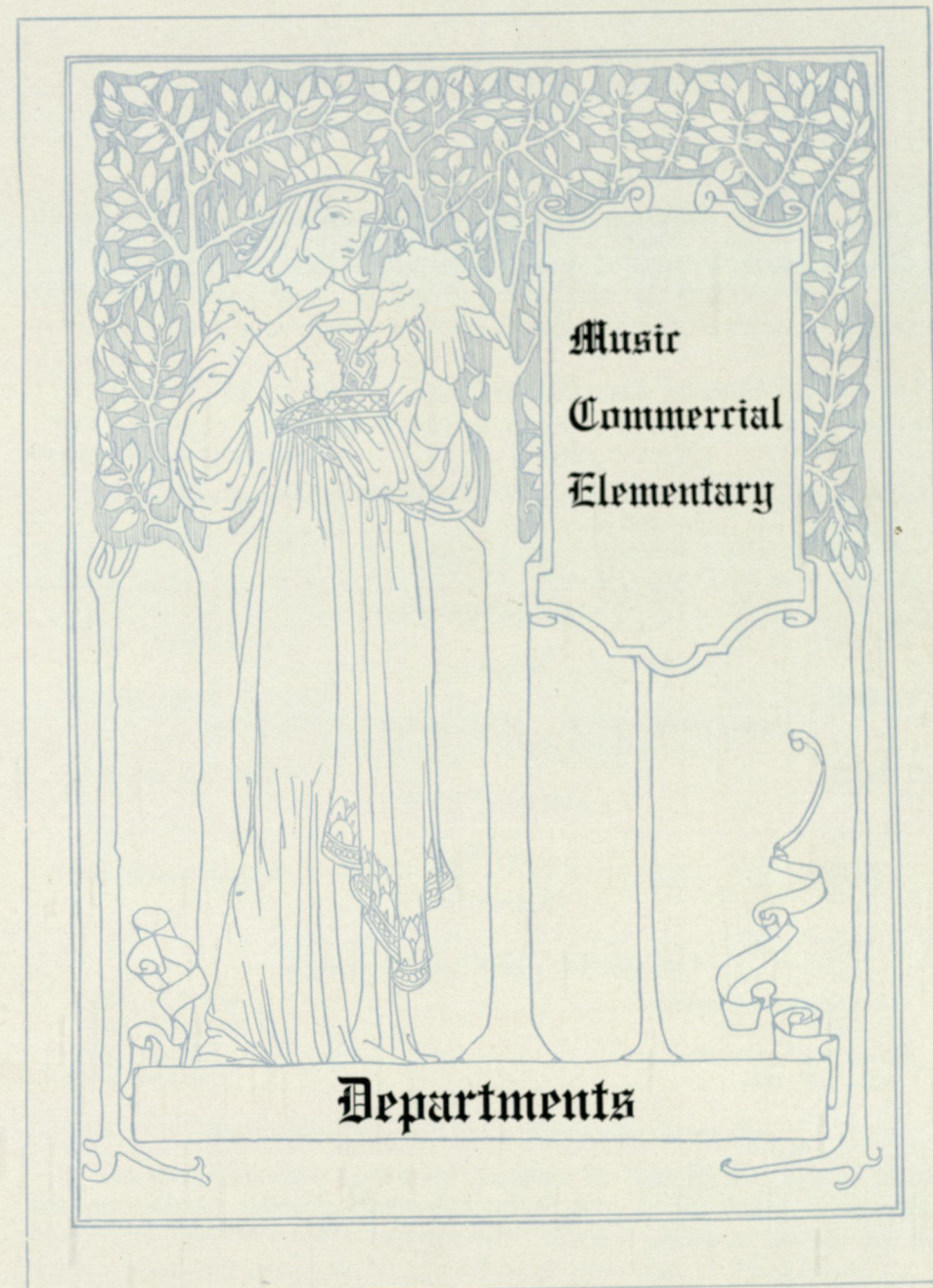
"Try not the Pass!" the old man said;
"Dark lowers the tempest overhead,
The roaring torrent is deep and wide!"
And loud that clarion voice replied,
Excelsior!

"O stay," the maiden said, "and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast!"
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
But still he answered, with a sigh,
Excelsior!

At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monks of Saint Bernard
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
A voice cried throughout the startled air,
Excelsior!

A traveler, by the faithful hound,
Half-buried in the snow was found,
Still grasping in his hand of ice
That banner with the strange device,
Excelsior!

There in the twilight cold and gray,
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay,
And from the sky, serene and far,
A voice fell, like a falling star—
Excelsior!



Public School Music



Head, ELLA READING HURD, B.M.

The Public School Music department at Central Normal College is developed along lines required by the State of Indiana and a fully accredited four-year course is offered leading to an A.B., with music as a major.

Most of the pupils are voice students and members of the Glee Club, and are required to appear in a public recital, of which the following is an example.

Cantata, Mother Goose Arabesque	Glee Club (in costume)
"Lift Up Thine Eyes"	Logan
.....	Blythe Osborn
"My Star"	Spross
.....	William Rodebeck
Trio, "Come Spring"	Pitcher
.....	Misses Kennedy, Pennington Mr. Millikin
"Life's Merry Morning"	Bailey
.....	Jusine Huron Esther Brooks Alberta Pennington
.....	Bertha Hertz Helen Kennedy
"Within the Garden"	Albert
.....	Alberta Pennington
"Lovely Spring"	Coenen
.....	Chorus
"If Winter Comes"	Torance
.....	Amy Nichols

OPERETTA, "THE HUSBAND'S MISTAKE"

MISS YOUNG	ALBERTA PENNINGTON
MRS. BROWN	BLYTHE OSBORN
MR. GRANT	WILLIAM RODEBECK
MR. BROWN	MR. MILLIKIN

MUSICAL TREAT UNDER COLLEGE AUSPICES

The entertainment given by students of The Public School Music Department of Central Normal College was a delightful treat. The charming, homelike stage arrangement made a pleasing setting for the various numbers given under the efficient direction of Miss Hurd.

The Cantata, Mother Goose by the Glee Club, in costume, presented the favorites of the Mother Goose rhymes. The operetta, "The Husband's Mistake," was exceedingly well done and furnished a happy touch of humor.

Music Students



Edna Ade	Roger Ervin	Helen Kennedy
Mildred Albion	Ruth Fields	Evelyn Kernodle
Marjorie Brewer	Fred Flemming	Gertrude Keith
Ethel Busenbark	Ita Greenwood	Kenneth Keller
Esther Brooks	Mary Heath	George Lamb
Dorothy Byers	Nellie Henry	Beulah Moore
George Barnes	William Houpt	Walter McMannas
Harold Brinegar	Eva Hart	Alberta Pennington
Alberta Berry	Neva Hart	William Rodebeck
Elizabeth Browning	Nancy Hildum	Geraldine Roberts
Lawrence Bannon	Justine Huron	Carol Stuart
Dorothy Cain	Loren Hardsaw	Doris Sheets
Mary Church	Bertha Hertz	Emery Smith
Frank Cage	Harlan Hurst	Millard Vaughn
Gould Coonrod	Lula Mae Johnson	Elsie Wolfe
Roberta Chism	Fern Jordan	Elsie Wilson
	Katherine Watson	

College Orchestra



Director -- HAROLD OWEN

VIOLINS

MARJORIE BREWER
DORIS TOWELL
MARION MAYBAUGH
MAURICE McNEELY
FLOYD CROCKER

BASS VIOL
GEORGE LAUB

DRUMS
BERYL BOSSTICK

ORCHESTRA BELLS
ROGER IRVIN

PIANO
AMY NICHOLS

SAXOPHONES

RUSSEL COOK
BLYTHE OSBORN
EMERY SMITH

CLARINETS

ELSIE FAY WILSON
ERNESTINE AIKMAN

CORNET

WILLIAM RODEBECK

TROMBONE

LLOYD EDRINGTON

Commercial Department



The first catalog issued by the College was published at Ladoga in the summer of 1877. In this catalog is noted a Commercial Department with courses in bookkeeping and penmanship. Whether these courses were given during the year 1876 or not, the writer has found no one able to say, but at any rate the Commercial Department is one of the oldest of the school. These courses were taught for nearly twenty years to which then was added a course in shorthand.

In the beginning the personnel of the Department was masculine, but gradually as the women began to extend their fields of activity they came into the commercial work and at the present time there are more girls than boys enrolled.

Long ago the Commercial Department was "the department of misfits." If a student failed to make license after several attempts he was switched onto the commercial track. Sometimes a father and mother decided that they did not want their son or daughter to work as hard as they; so they brought him to school where he was started in a commercial course, and then felt that their son was well on the way to join the "White Collar Brigade."

Gradually people all over the world have awakened to the fact that commercial work is serious and practical. From this realization came a demand for specially equipped departments in the high schools of the land with well trained teachers to head these departments. Central Normal College was one of the first to found a special department for the training of commercial teachers. In March, 1921, this Department of C.N.C. was accredited by the State Board of Education for the training of commercial teachers.

From this time there has been a steady increase in the number graduating from the commercial course. Students of this department will be found in every state of the Union.

Many men and women have contributed their share to the upbuilding of the Commercial Department and all share a common hope that it will not only round out another half century, but like Tennyson's brook, "Go on forever."

Commercial



Mrs. Niswander	Grace Cox
Russell Bratton	Jeanette Scott
Geraldine Roberts	Verna Lyon
Elizabeth Swisher	Regena Brandon
Aubrey Miles	Miriam Osborne
Beryl Bosstick	Genevieve Zimmerman
Eva Gastino	Elsie Miles
Elsie Moon	Kenneth Hunt
Pauline Richardson	Edith Woolridge
Reeds Andrews	Pearl Day
Hulda Shepherd	Lawrence Bannon
Violet Brown	Reginald Shultz
Marie Mitchell	Luther Bailey
Mary Blaydes	Ercel Kohlerman
Doris Sheets	Clifford Fields
Marie Merritt	Robert Lanum
Ernestine Aikman	Oliver Salsman
Pansy Baker	Horace Millikan
Ethel Busenbark	Lowell Fancher
Harry Darnell	Paul Cockrill
Richard Hankins	

TWO YEAR ELEMENTARY GRADUATES

KATHERINE LYCAN
WATSON
Danville, Illinois
Primary Course;
Phi Delta Sigma
President of Class '29.



RALPH ALEXANDER
Greensburg
Intermediate Course;
Vice-President of
Class, '29.



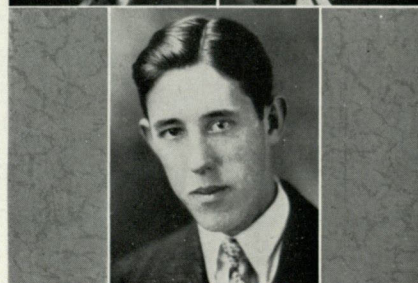
MARY ELIZABETH WERTZ
Edinburgh
Primary Course;
Muncie Normal (1).



EMERY SMITH
Mitchell
Intermediate Course.



WALTER McMANNUS
Lebanon
Intermediate.



M. ELIZABETH
BROWNING
Greenwood
Intermediate Course;
Psi Chi Omega;
Secretary of Class '29;
Battle Creek College,
Mich., (1).

ELSIE FAY WILSON
Courtland
Intermediate-
Grammar;
Treasurer of Class '29.

MILLARD VAUGHN
Cloverdale
Intermediate Course.

EVELYN JEANETTA
KERNODLE
Jamestown
Intermediate Course;
Psi Chi Omega.

MILDRED ALBION
Carthage
Intermediate-
Grammar.



EVA HART
Gosport
Primary Course.



CAROL STUART
Danville
Primary Course;
Phi Delta Sigma.



RUTH A. FINK
New Augusta
Intermediate-
Grammar.



(Supper)



DOROTHY CAIN
805 E. 7th St.,
Jeffersonville
Intermediate-
Grammar.

ITA GREENWOOD
Jasonville
Intermediate-
Grammar;
Y.W.C.A.

MARY HEATH
Dupont
Intermediate Course;
Y.W.C.A.

LULA RUTHERFORD
Scottsburg
Intermediate Course.

HARLAN HURST
Fillmore
Intermediate Course.

First Year Elementary

Last autumn, with chattering teeth and knocking knees, a group of First Year Elementary students 150 strong, entered what seemed to us the wierd and monstrous castle of C.N.C., determined, in spite of doubts and fears, to wrest from this fortress all the treasures of knowledge that it held for us. With this determination came courage, and soon we were battering away at the fortress, conquering Math, History and Psychology like experienced grenadiers.

We stepped lively to the command of that super-human whom we now call Professor Wood; and soon the intelligent countenances of our little army were a feast to the eyes of all who beheld us.

Sh-h! We will tell you a secret, if you won't tell anyone. We are, by far, the best class that ever stormed the C.N.C. fortress of knowledge. "Ever-ready" has been our watchword, our aim being constantly to uphold the standards of C.N.C., and to fight gallantly for her honor and for her fame. Loyal comradeships have been formed within our ranks, and these we hope will continue through the years.

As the close of the summer brings us promotion to higher ranks, we trust we shall go on with renewed zeal, gaining in numbers, winning greater battles against ignorance, and upholding, more, and more, the honor of C.N.C.

First Year Elementary



OFFICERS

FRANK CAGE
JOSEPH PITMAN
RUTH FIELDS
NELLIE HENRY

President
Vice-President
Sec'y. and Treas.
Chr. of Social Com.

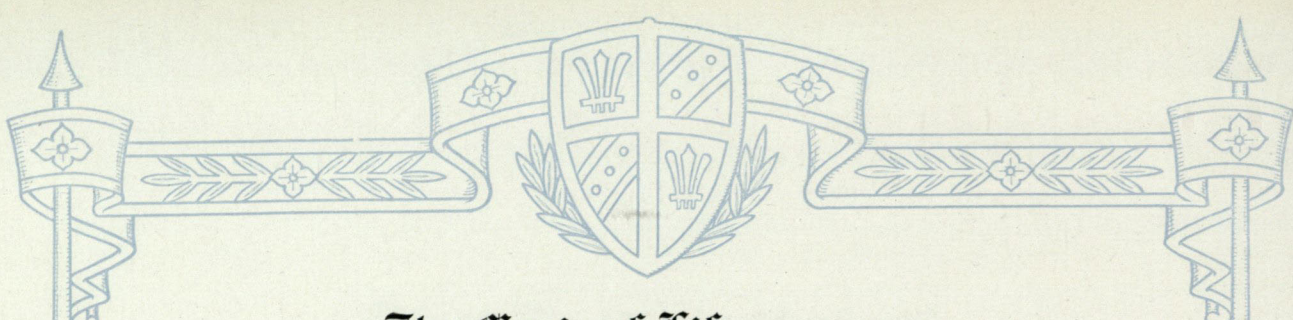
Lois Aders
Edna Ade
George Barnes
Harold Bringer
Dorothy Byers
Chester Combs
Frank Cage
Roberta Chesim

Bernard Cooksie
Robert Deckard
Donald Dawson
Mabel Dohleman
Helen Elrod
Dixie Ewing
Margaret Fike
Fern Fleetwood

Ruth Hanna Feilds
Dengil Fowler
Ezra Gesall
Morris R. Graves
Lillian Hurt
Clavis Hinshaw
Neva Hart
William Houpt

Loren Hardsaw
Wilber Hayes
Freeda Haines
Lula Mae Johnson
Kenneth Keller
Gertrude Keith
Ted Sowders
Warren Lauham
Gertrude Terrell
Cletic Terrell

Gertrude Mineman
Mabel Mattar
Beulah Moore
John McCamack
Oyice Mann
Virginia Naile
Hazel Powell
Estel Patton
Joseph Pitman
Ruby Rooksby
Dorothy Rogers
Ruth Riggs
Vivian Sackett
Albert Stewart
Lola Sandall
Brunhilda Switzer

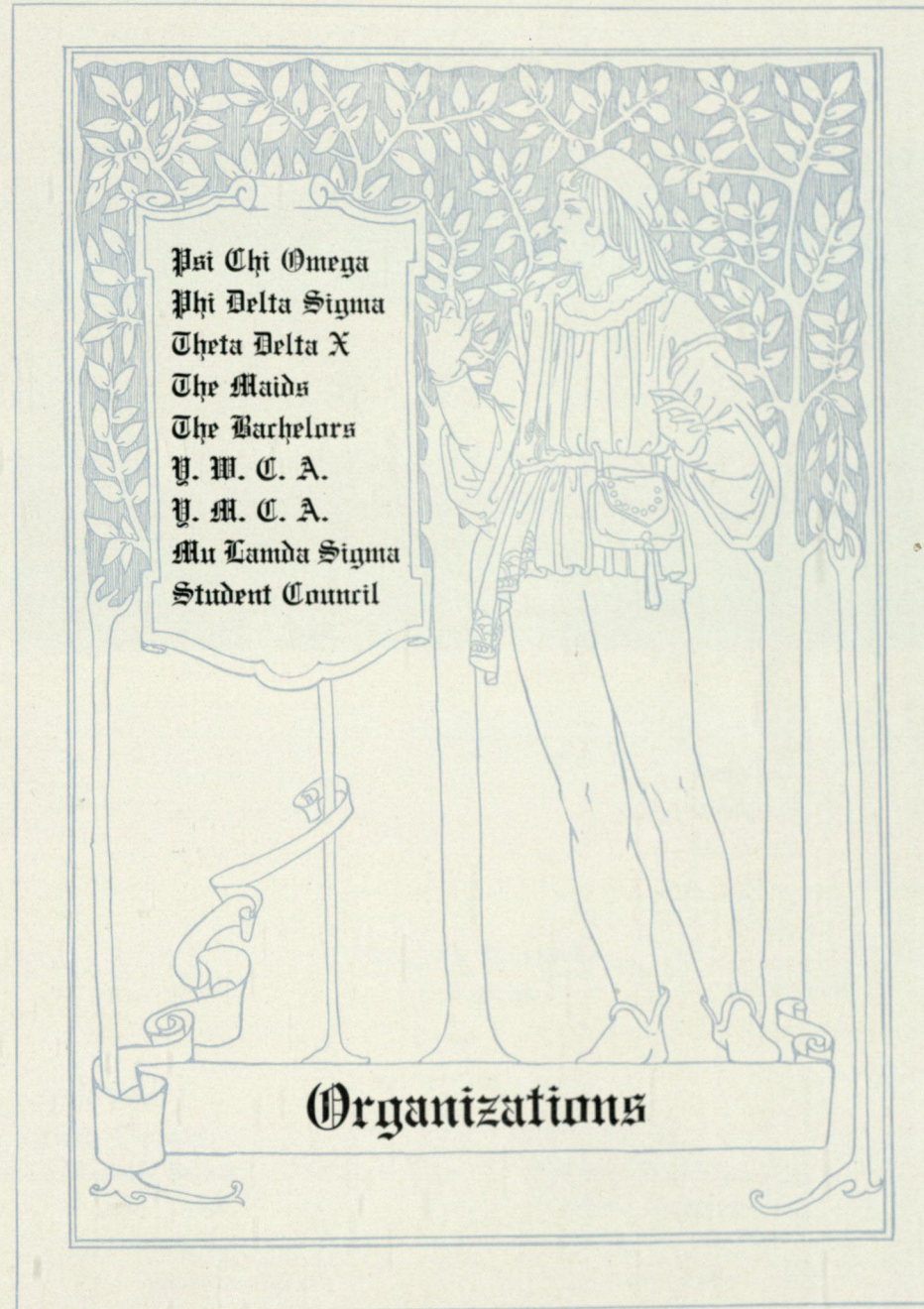


The Music of Life

*Music 'round the world is ringing,
Sweeter ne'er is heard by man;
Music angel hosts were singing,
Err the morning stars began;
Sweeter 'tis than dreams of music,
Music one awakes to hear
Trailing on a train of echoes
O'er a mild and moonlit meer;
More it moves than martial marches,
More than gleams of long-lost hope,
More than suns to glory lifting
Dew they draw from plain and slope;
Music 'tis that thrills us only
In the art that hearts control,
When the breath of ardor holy
Softly stils a sighing soul.*

*Music in the breast is bringing
Every soul it's own reward,
Like the lute's that tunes to singing
Only tones that with it chord.
Let the heart devoid of pleasure
Throb as throbs its rhythmic beat,
Soon will joys that none can measure
Round it and within it meet,--
Joys without in those about it,
Joys within that pulsing come,
Firm of tread as warriors marching
Where before them rolls the drum;
Known by inward senses only,
Only known like bliss above,
Life of life and order holy,
Sounds the music soft of love.*

—RAYMOND.



Psi Chi Omega
Phi Delta Sigma
Theta Delta X
The Maids
The Bachelors
Y. M. C. A.
Y. M. C. A.
Mu Lambda Sigma
Student Council

Organizations

Psi Chi Omega



OFFICERS

ELLICE PRESNALL
ALBERTA HARNESS
MAXINE OSBORN

President
Vice-President
Secretary

FACULTY MEMBERS

MISS WATTS

MRS. COOK

MISS GRAY

Adaline Wood

Helen Kennedy

Marjorie Brewer

Doris Towell

Pauline Richardson

Ernestine Aikman

Nellie Henry

Miriam Osborne

Genevieve Zimmerman

Ruth Fields

Fern Jordan

Evelyn Kernodle

Elizabeth Browning

Alberta Pennington

Virginia Cushman

Pansy Baker

Blythe Osborn

Mary Phillips

Amy Nicholas

Grace Cox

Phi Delta Sigma

Organized June, 1925



Colors -- Blue and Gold

Flower -- Lotus

FACULTY MEMBER

Miss Harriet Day

OFFICERS

ESTHER BROOKS
ELSIE LEOTTA MOON
BERTHA HERTZ
NORMA HIMES

President
Vice-President
Secretary
Treasurer

MEMBERS IN COLLEGE

Estel Patton

Roberta Chism

Mabel Magner

Edith Woolridge

Katherine Watson

Marie Mitchell

Isaleen McGuirk

Regena Brandon

Carol Stuart

Hazel Powell

Ruby Rooksby

Theta Delta Xi



FACULTY MEMBERS

Mr. Winfrey

Mr. Cook

Mr. Robertson

Mr. Pinkerton

STUDENT MEMBERS

Beryl Bosstick

Horace Fulps

Charles Chilton

Marion Maybaugh

James Stevenson

The Maids



OFFICERS

MARY JOHNSON	Presdient
GERALDINE ROBERTS	Vice-President
EVA GASTINO	Secretary
RUTH MASTEN	Treasurer

FACULTY MEMBERS

EMILY LEWIS	LENA COLE
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MEMBERS IN COLLEGE

MARY JOHNSON	GERALDINE ROBERTS
EVA GASTINO	RUTH MASTEN

The Bachelors



OFFICERS

LAWRENCE BANNIM	President
FLOYD CROCKER	Secretary
REEDS ANDREWS	Treasurer

Lawrence Bannim

Reeds Andrews

Floyd Crocker

Fred Flemming

William Houpt

Wilber Hayes

Emery Smith

Bernis Eggers

Ercel Kolherman

Y. M. C. A.



OFFICERS

ESTHER BROOKS	President
NORMA HIMES	Vice-President
ALBERTA HARNESS	Secretary
MARY HEATH	Treasurer
BERTHA HERTZ	Pianist

Esther Brooks	Gertrude Kieth
Bertha Hertz	Mary J. Church
Ida Greenwood	Mabel Dolhleman
Mildred Albion	Elsie Leotta Moon
Ethel Busenbark	Mary Heath
Ruth Fields	Justine Huorn
Edna Ade	Amy Nichols
Hazel Powell	Mary Elizabeth Swisher
Gertrude Mineman	Isaleen McGuirk
Norma Himes	

Y. M. C. A.



OFFICERS

LAWRENCE BANNON	President
FLOYD J. CROCKER	Vice-President

John McCammack	Joseph Pitman
George Barnes	O'Neil York
Fred Flemming	Kenneth Sigler
Loren Warner	Hurst Livengood
Walter McMannis	Frank Cage
Ercel Kolherman	Ralph Stanley
James Moore	Frank Parker

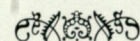
Mu Lambda Sigma

On April 10, a literary club was organized which will be known from now on as Mu Lambda Sigma (Minerva Literary Society.) This Society has as its aim the study of classical literature and primarily a study of forensics.

The officers of the Mu Lambda Sigma are: Floyd Crocker, president; Kenneth Stevens, vice-president; and Perry C. Smith, secretary-treasurer.

Charter members are: Ercel Kohlerman, Fred Flemming, Roger Ervin, John McCommock, Wilbur Hayes, Kenneth Stevens, Walter McManus, John Niswander, Floyd Crocker, Perry C. Smith, John Goodpasture, Grant Walls, and Herbert Sears.

After the Spring Term begins there will be a debating class organized, separate from the Society.



Student Council

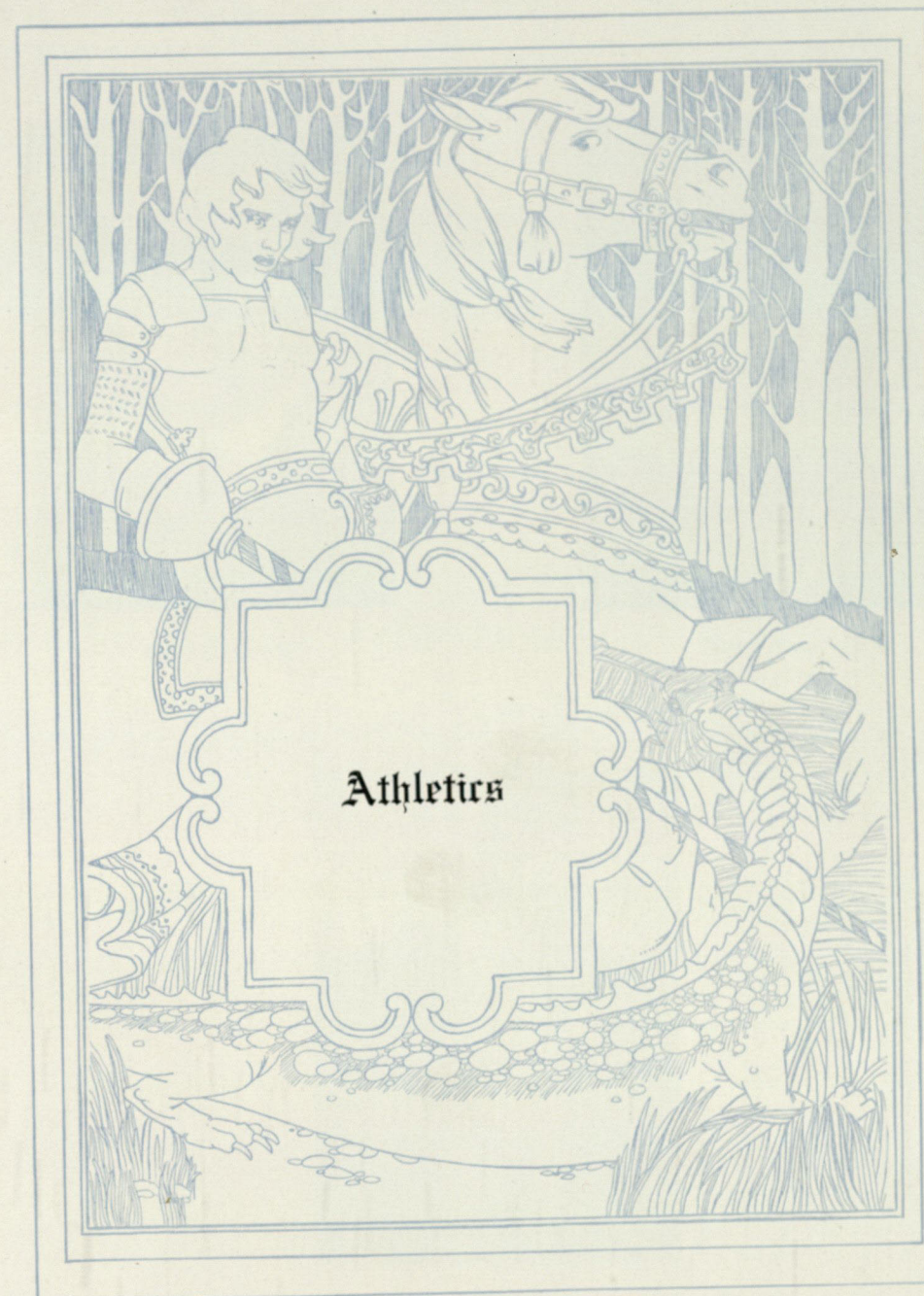
Student Government being a recognized aid in the handling of student affairs within various colleges and universities throughout the country, the students of Central Normal requested the President and faculty to permit them to elect a council of seven members to act as an executive body on student affairs. Permission was readily granted by Dr. Rigdon and the faculty.

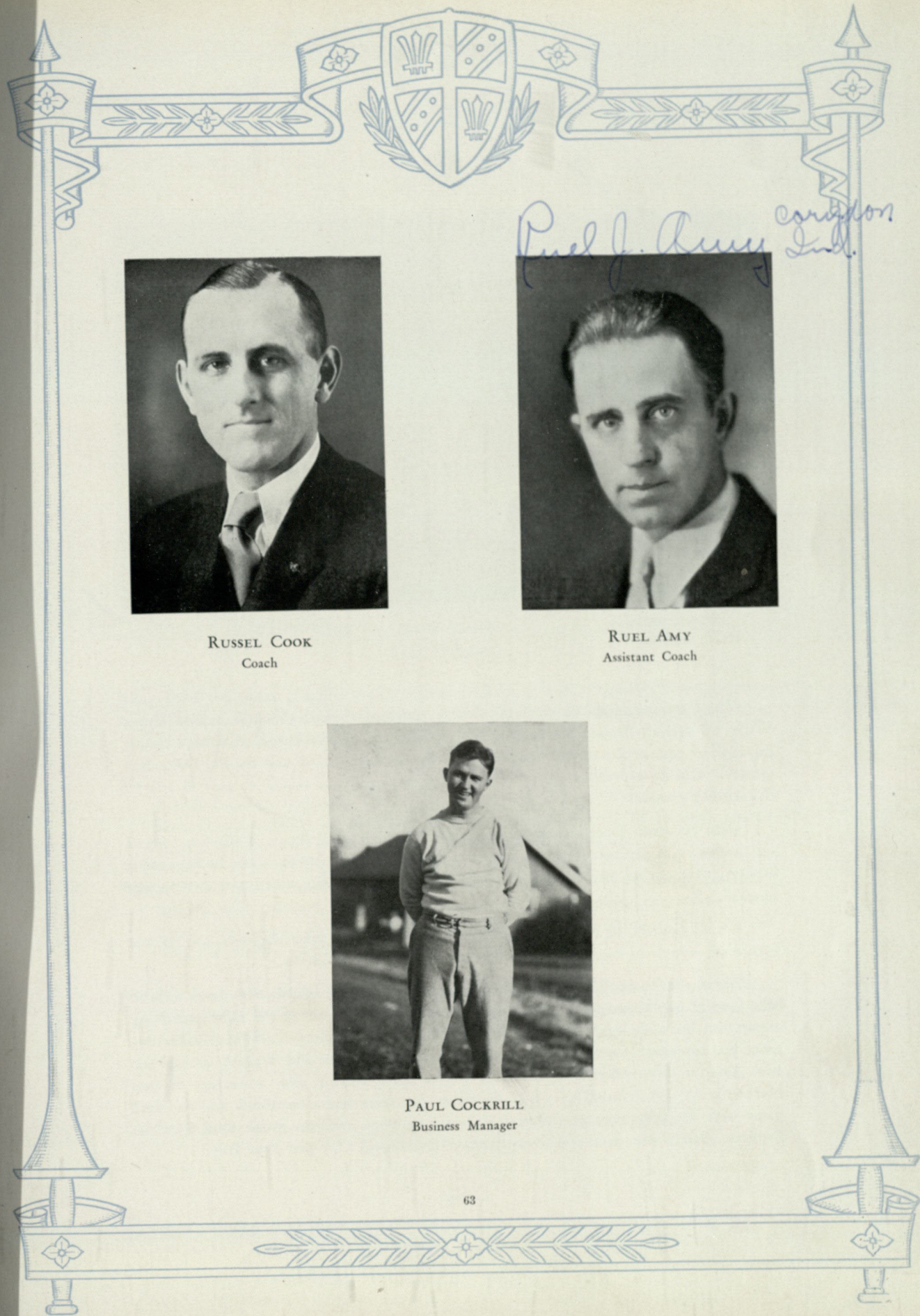
The council's business is to primarily do constructive work. To take student problems, investigate them, pass on plans to be submitted to the student body for new movements, new activities, etc. After having referred them to the student body for approval, the council then present them to the President and faculty for approval.

The finest cooperation has existed during all concerned.

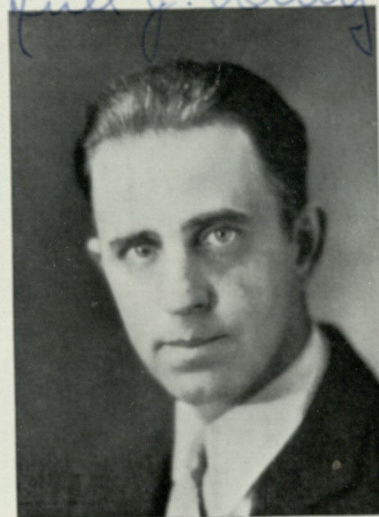
Mr. John Goodpasture, president; Mary Phillips, Secretary; Mrs. Waldo Wood and Messrs. Rodebeck, Bosstick, Moore and Millikin are members of the council.

May the council continue to live.





RUSSEL COOK
Coach

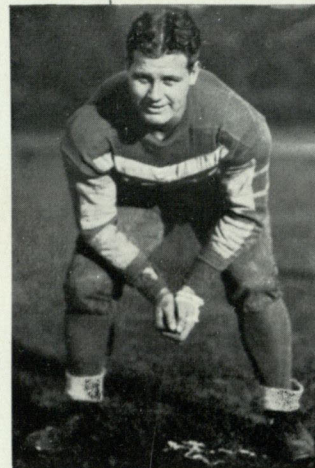


RUEL AMY
Assistant Coach



PAUL COCKRILL
Business Manager

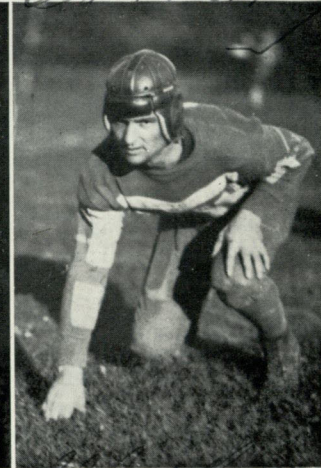
Football



RUSSEL BRATTON
Fullback



GRANT WALLS
End



JOHN HAZELETT
Tackle

The Captains of the football team were very unfortunate the past season. Grant Walls, of Sharon, Penna., starting on his second year of varsity football, was chosen captain last year at the annual banquet given by the Lion's Club and the Phi Delta fraternity. During a practice game Grant was injured and was unable to play in any of the season's games.

John Hazelett, from Eminence, was elected captain after Grant Walls was injured and he held this position until he, too, was forced to quit playing when he received a broken ankle during the C.N.C. - Butler game. John has one more year for varsity football.

Russell Bratton, of New Richmond, was chosen captain after Hazelett, and he was fortunate enough to keep this position until the end of the season.

Playing the most difficult schedule ever arranged for the Warriors we were able to win four of our seven games. The opening of practice presented the most promising season, but the early injury of Capt. Walls, followed by Hazelett's and Hankins' retirement was too much for the Warriors. After defeats by Butler and Wabash we lost our first game in three years to a secondary school when Muncie took advantage of two blocked kicks and defeated us, 12-7. However, the team had a comeback and the final game with Franklin they presented a powerful machine and ran rough shod over the Baptists. Games were won also from Evansville, Oakland City and Rose Poly.



THE SQUAD

FIRST ROW -- Chester Martin, tackle; Robert Gardner, sub.; Donald Dawson, sub.; Billie Reeves, end; Clavis Crutchfield, guard; Doyle Bailiff, halfback; Wayne Plew, quarterback; Dale Freeland, halfback.

SECOND ROW -- Richard Hankins, halfback; Ed Dean, end; Robert Akers, fullback; Lowell Fancher, halfback; Charles Chilton, guard; John Hazelett, tackle; Harry Darnell, quarterback; Harold Pruitt, center; Lemmo Dell, end; Ed Johnson, guard; Russell Bratton, fullback; and Paul Cockrill, business manager.

THIRD ROW -- Russell Cook, coach; Ed Cushman, tackle; Martin Geeding, halfback; Beryl Cardiff, halfback; John Argenson, halfback; Kenneth Sigler, end; Allen Wood, end; Floyd Reeves, guard; John Spencer, quarterback; Joe Harmon, fullback; and Reginald Shultz, end.

FOURTH ROW -- Raymond Patchett, halfback; Bernard Cooksie, sub.; Herbert Phillips, sub.; Reeds Andrews, sub.; Ruel Amy, assistant coach; Wayne Hicks, guard; and Clifford Fields.



HARRY DARNELL Quarterback
Sheridan

Harry has been on the varsity team three years.

THEREON OGLE Center
Westfield

Ogle graduates this year.

ROBERT AKERS Fullback
Jeffersonville

This is Bob's second year on the team.

BERYL CARDIFF Halfback
Hoopston, Ill.

Cardiff has three more years to play football.

JOHN SPENCER Quarterback
Thorntown

This is Johnnie's third year.

RICHARD HANKINS Halfback
Thorntown

Dick is another Freshman who made the team.



ED DEAN End
Brazil

This is Ed's third year.

EDWIN JOHNSON Guard
Stilesville

This is Ed's second year of college.

CHARLES CHILTON Guard
New Salisbury

Charlie has played his last game of football for C. N. C.

LOWELL FANCHER Halfback
Sheridan

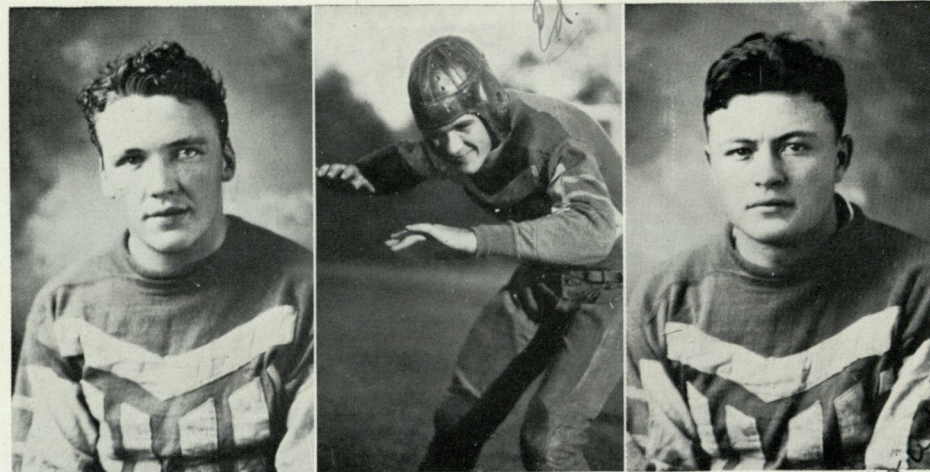
A three-year man.

LEMMO DELL End
Sheridan

Dell is a sophomore this year.

HAROLD PRUITT Center
Kirklin

Another sophomore.



MARTIN GEEDING
Halfback

Attica

Another Freshman of which we are proud.

EDWARD CUSHMAN
Tackle

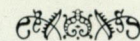
Carlyle

Ed has another year for football.

CLAVIS CRUTCHFIELD
Guard

Kirklin

Crutchfield has two more years to play football.



SEASON'S RECORD

C.N.C.....	26;	Oakland College	0
C.N.C.....	0;	Wabash College	38
C.N.C.....	26;	Rose Poly	0
C.N.C.....	0;	Butler	40
C.N.C.....	7;	Muncie Normal	12
C.N.C.....	12;	Evansville College	0
C.N.C.....	26;	Franklin College	6

Basketball

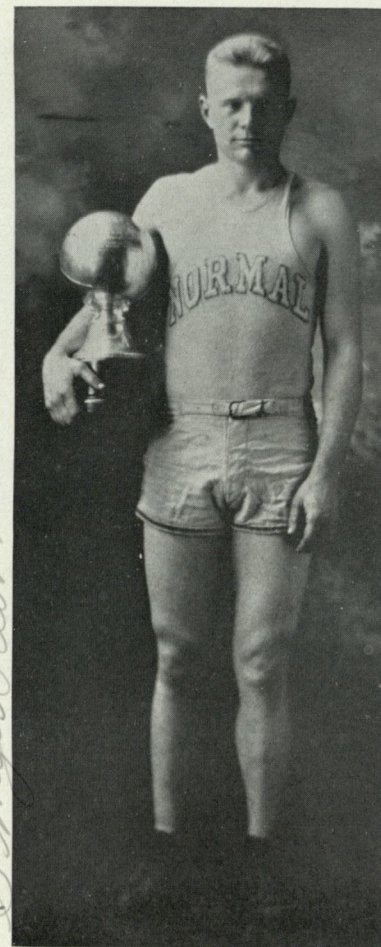


"BUD" BOSSTICK
Yell Leader

Varsity Song

*Varsity we're right behind you,
Fight on, team, we'll all be true;
Varsity, we must remind you,
That we're for you thru and thru.
Proud our colors we are flaunting,
Hail to Purple and Old Gray;
Varsity, we're right behind you,
Yes, we're all for C. N. C.*

-- PROF. N. E. WINFREY



"Ginger" Reeves All-State Center

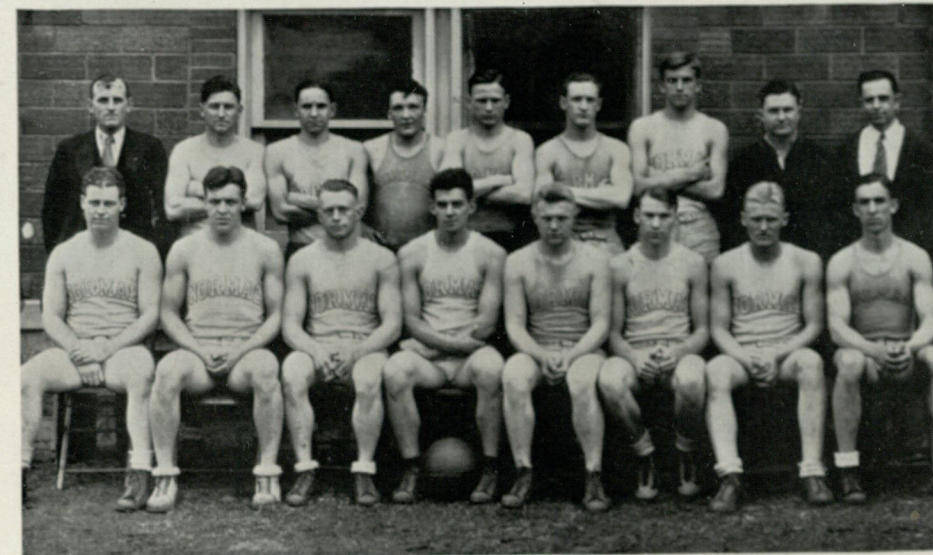
Blaine Patton in his selection of all-State college basketball material remembered our tow-headed flash and "Ginger" Reeves was awarded the position of all-State center. In addition to being the high scorer of the state, Ginger has been a wonderful floor man and his defensive ability has been outstanding all year.

Beautiful silver basketballs mounted as a trophy were awarded to the eight all-State men after the Butler-Wabash game at Indianapolis, one of which was received by Reeves.

While Ginger has received this honor and we are all proud of him, we have not lost sight of the men that aided in making him an all-State man. While Franklin was placed on the third team and Johnson received honorable mention, Schultz and Billie Reeves along with Bratton and Wood all helped in receiving this honor and their efforts and talent were greatly appreciated.

Season's Record

C.N.C., 27; Vincennes University.....26	C.N.C., 32; Valparaiso University 19
C.N.C., 62; Oakland City College...23	C.N.C., 50; Rose Poly19
C.N.C., 28; Manchester College25	C.N.C., 26; Muncie Normal24
C.N.C., 22; Butler35	C.N.C., 31; Franklin College 22
C.N.C., 32; Muncie Normal29	C.N.C., 39; Evansville College 27
C.N.C., 41; Evansville College 24	C.N.C., 37; Oakland City College ... 22
C.N.C., 52; Valparaiso University.....26	C.N.C., 48; Vincennes University18
C.N.C., 66; Concordia20	C.N.C., 21; Wabash23
C.N.C., 43; Manchester34	C.N.C., 27; Franklin32



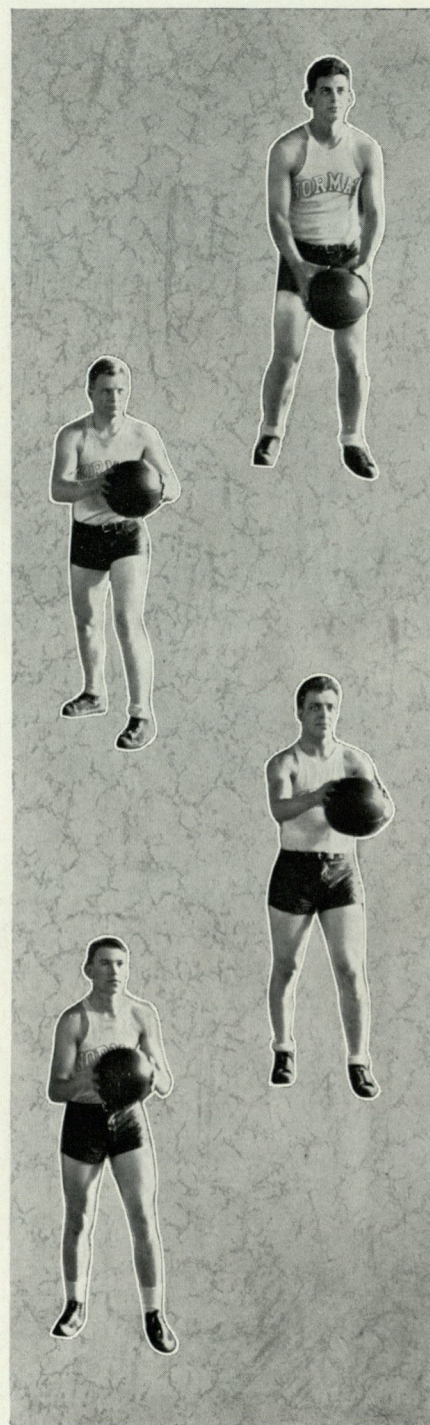
THE SQUAD

FIRST ROW (Left to Right): Russel Bratton, forward; Paul Franklin, center; Billie Reeves, forward; Edwin Johnson, captain, back guard; Floyd Reeves, floor guard; Reginald Shultz, forward; Allen Wood, forward; Ed Dean, center.

SECOND ROW (Left to Right): Russel Cook, coach; Chester Martin, forward; Perry Smith, guard; Martin Geeding, forward; Derrel Steele, forward; Richard Hankins, guard; Leonard Hawley, center; Paul Cockrill, business manager; Ruel Amy, assistant coach.

The 1928-'29 basketball season proved the most successful in the history of Central Normal College athletics. The team was composed of one senior, three sophomores and one freshman and accounts for the depression of last year and should forecast good news for at least two more seasons.

Much speculation was heard at the beginning of the year as to the strength of the team and the December games revealed we would be strong, but the team did not show its real strength until January and the first three weeks of February when we were defeated by Wabash and Franklin. The February schedule was simply too heavy for the material on hands.



EDWIN JOHNSON *Captain*
Stilesville

Ed lead his teammates through a very successful season. Due to an injury, Ed was unable to play at the end of the season. He has two more years with us. We think he is one of the best backguards in the state.

FLOYD ("GIN") REEVES *Floor Guard*
West Point

"Gin" has received a lot of notoriety this season, but he is just the same as if his name had never been printed in the papers. He has two more years to play.

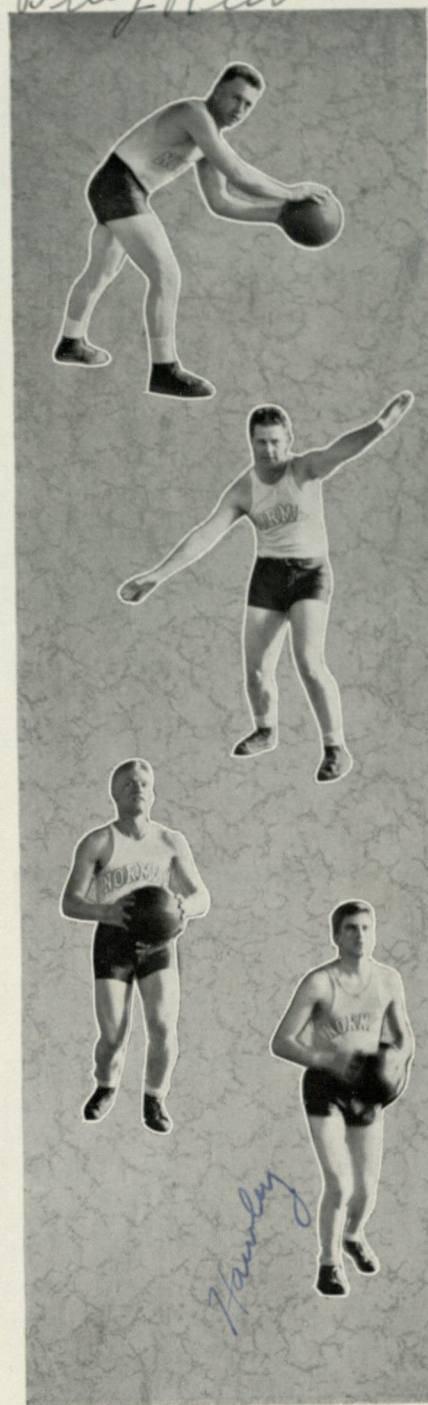
PAUL ("SAP") FRANKLIN *Center*
Plainfield

"Sap" is the only man we lose by graduation. His position will be hard to fill.

Babe Shultz
REGINALD ("BABE") SHULTZ *Forward*
Charlottesville

"Babe" was the only freshman who played regular and we are certainly proud of him.

Billy Reeves



ORVILLE ("BILLIE") REEVES *Forward*
West Point

"Billie", our Captain-elect for next year, is a sophomore. Although he didn't make as many points as did his brother, "Gin", he was very instrumental in assisting him.

RUSSELL ("HERB") BRATTON *Guard*
New Richmond

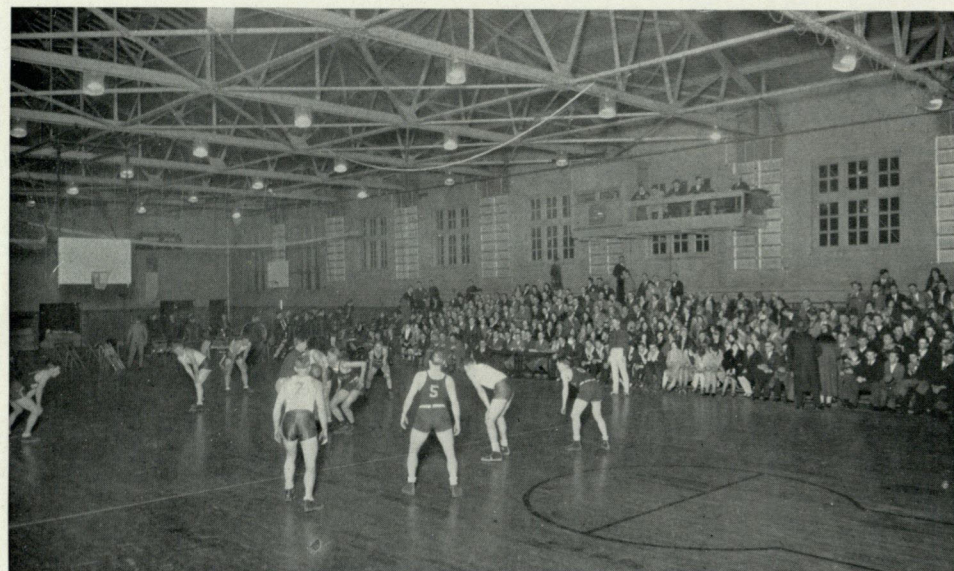
"Herb" was the only junior on our team. He was a strong substitute and was called on several times.

ALLEN ("COTTON") WOOD *Forward*
Hillsboro

"Cotton" is one of our boys who could play most any position and do a respectable job of it. He is another sophomore.

LEONARD HAWLEY *Center*
Paragon

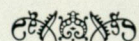
Hawley was called on as a substitute many times during the season. He has three more years with us.



MUNCIE GAME

MUNCIE TOURNEY

Central Normal easily won the invitational Inercollegiate tourney at Muncie this year. We met and defeated Concordia, 25-12; and Hanover, 27-14, to reach the finals where Indiana Central were our opponents. The team from University Heights offered little opposition, and the Warriors romped off with this game in easy fashion, 44-26.



KANSAS CITY TOURNEY

Due to its splendid record in Indiana, Central Normal was invited to send its team to the National Tourney at Kansas City this spring. The Warriors' first opponent was the quintet from Maryville Teachers College of Missouri, champions of the State. The Warriors won this game, 32-28, and faced the Oklahoma Teachers College, champions of the state in the second game and our boys won by one point. The results of the second game placed us in the quarter finals, eight teams remaining in the tourney; four college teams, three industrial and one club team. The Warriors drew the Cook Painters of Kansas City, national champions, and lost to them, 40-19.

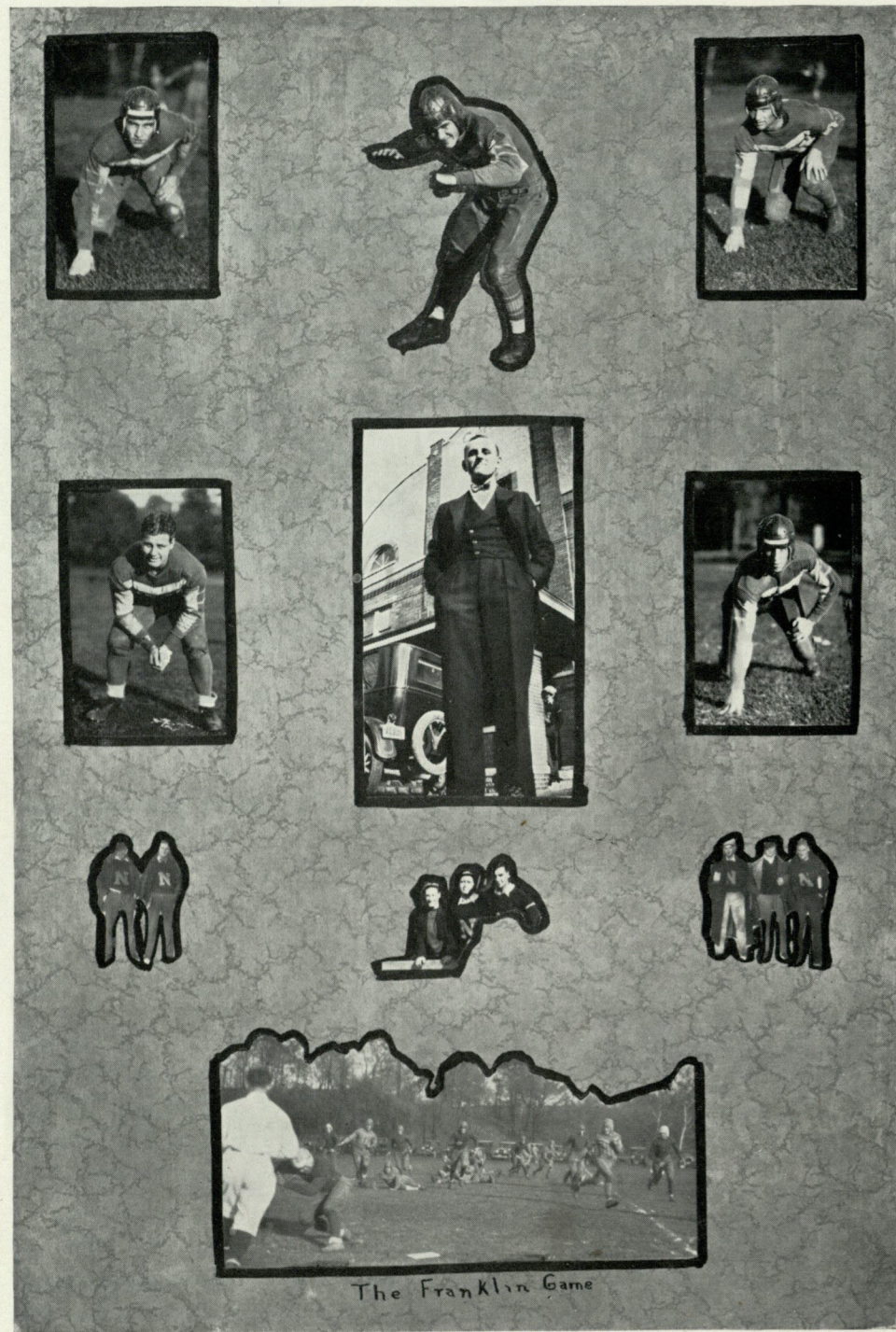


First Row—Russel Bratton, catcher; Hurst Livengood, utility man; Darell Steele, fielder; Ed Lyskowinski, shortstop; Fay Ray, catcher.

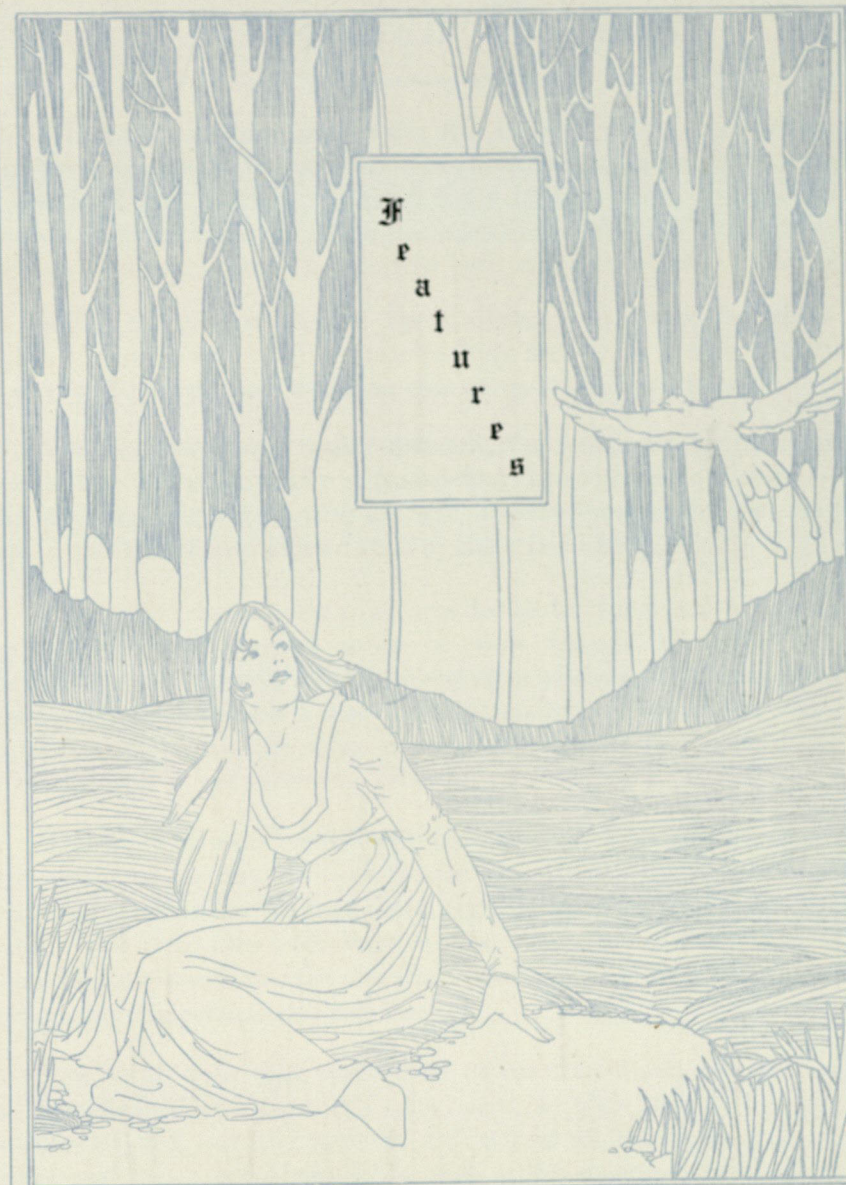
Second Row—Robert Akers, captain, pitcher; Floyd Reeves, first baseman; John Spencer, shortstop; Ed Dean, pitcher; and Kenneth Sigler, second baseman.

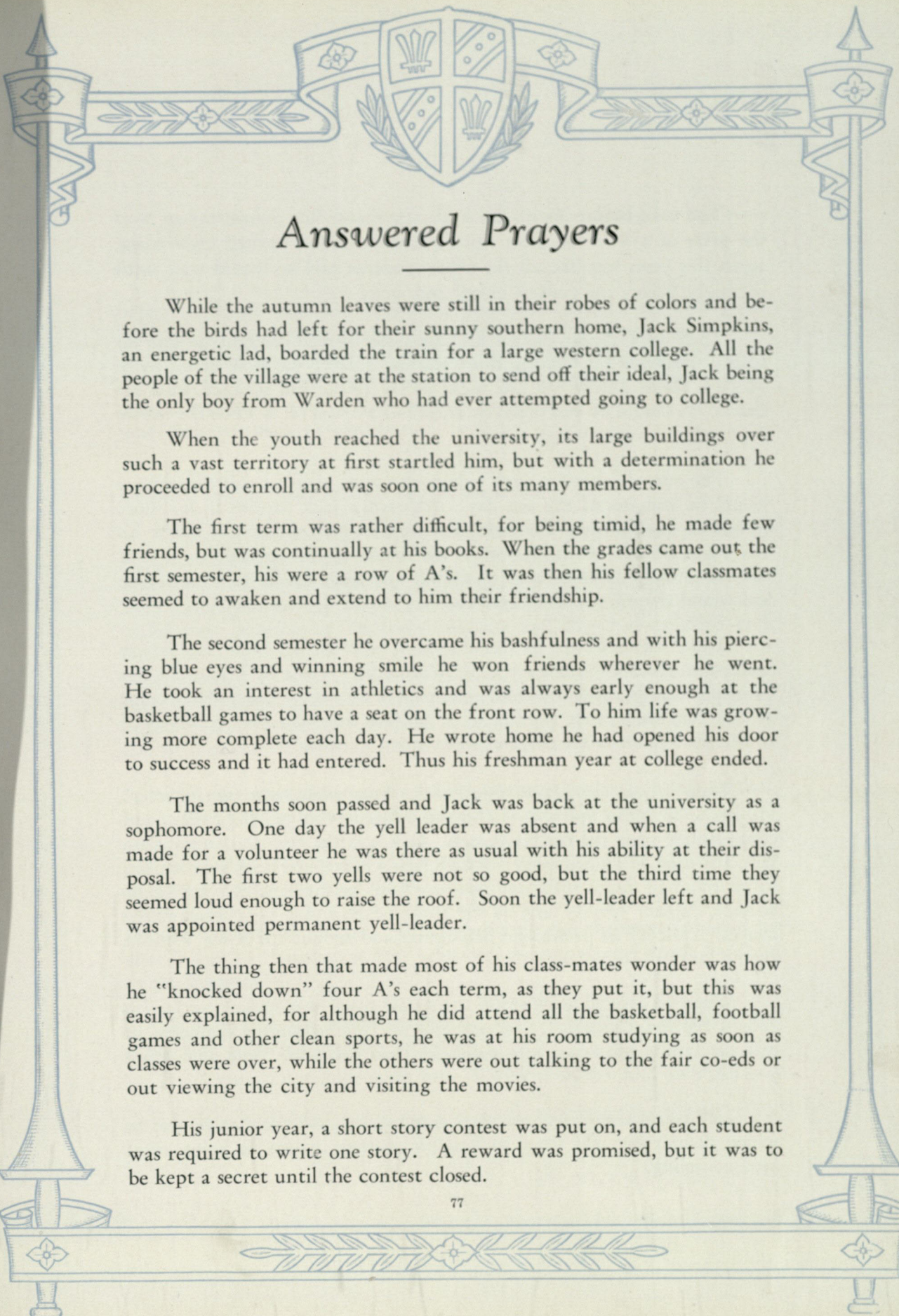
Other members of the team not in the picture: Wayne Plew, catcher; Paul Cockerill, third baseman; Ralph Johnson, third baseman; Harold Pruitt, fielder; Sackett, pitcher; Billie Reeves, second baseman; Ruel Amy, pitcher; Bernes Eggers, utility man; Prof. Winfrey, faculty manager.

After four years' intermission we have baseball with us again and while the strength of the team is unknown, the team is expected to cause some disturbance among the college baseball teams of the state. Games have been arranged with Butler, Wabash, Muncie, A.G.U. and Manchester. Baseball is more or less of an experiment this spring and as there is interest and demand for the spring sport we will make it a permanent fixture on our athletic program. The material on hand shows some marked ability and with development the team should be able to meet the teams on its schedule and win a majority of the games.



The Franklin Game





Answered Prayers

While the autumn leaves were still in their robes of colors and before the birds had left for their sunny southern home, Jack Simpkins, an energetic lad, boarded the train for a large western college. All the people of the village were at the station to send off their ideal, Jack being the only boy from Warden who had ever attempted going to college.

When the youth reached the university, its large buildings over such a vast territory at first startled him, but with a determination he proceeded to enroll and was soon one of its many members.

The first term was rather difficult, for being timid, he made few friends, but was continually at his books. When the grades came out the first semester, his were a row of A's. It was then his fellow classmates seemed to awaken and extend to him their friendship.

The second semester he overcame his bashfulness and with his piercing blue eyes and winning smile he won friends wherever he went. He took an interest in athletics and was always early enough at the basketball games to have a seat on the front row. To him life was growing more complete each day. He wrote home he had opened his door to success and it had entered. Thus his freshman year at college ended.

The months soon passed and Jack was back at the university as a sophomore. One day the yell leader was absent and when a call was made for a volunteer he was there as usual with his ability at their disposal. The first two yells were not so good, but the third time they seemed loud enough to raise the roof. Soon the yell-leader left and Jack was appointed permanent yell-leader.

The thing then that made most of his class-mates wonder was how he "knocked down" four A's each term, as they put it, but this was easily explained, for although he did attend all the basketball, football games and other clean sports, he was at his room studying as soon as classes were over, while the others were out talking to the fair co-eds or out viewing the city and visiting the movies.

His junior year, a short story contest was put on, and each student was required to write one story. A reward was promised, but it was to be kept a secret until the contest closed.

The year before Jack's pal and roommate, Ben Johnson, had won the prize of \$50 in the short story contest and had boasted of winning again this year, but like all the other students said he would wait until the night before the contest closed and write it.

Then Jack almost envied his classmates for he thought he had no ability whatever for writing short stories. Secretly he stole to his room between classes and wrote. At night he lay awake and planned what his characters should do and often he arose and worked on it while the others slept, when an inspiration came.

The contest closed a week before the term was out and the winner would be announced the last day. Akwardly Jack handed in his short story the day before. The next morning his pals asked him about his story and he told them his was in the hands of the principal, a cry of surprise arose, but he refused to answer any questions as to what it was about and they dropped the matter.

There was a silence in the chapel. The principal arose and slowly walked to the front of the room. With a firm voice he began, "After carefully reading, and re-reading the papers we twelve judges have come to the conclusion that a prize of a semester's tuition will be awarded to Mr. Ben Johnson for the best short story written.

Then it was that Jack felt weak, but what was the matter? He knew he could not win. Thus he thought you can be a man, and congratulate your pal for his success. Jack was the first to congratulate Ben, and then he slipped away. With a heavy heart, but briskly he walked to his room to find a telegram awaiting him, asking him to come home at once. What? Should he miss the Shakespearian play next week at the chapel? Quickly he packed his belongings and set out for home without even a farewell to his pals.

When he arrived at Warden the whole town was mourning for his father, the town minister, was seriously ill. As he entered his home he met the family physician who shook his head and said, "Son, I'm afraid you can't see him, for he is very ill, and there seems no chance."

Jack could almost feel the tears coming, but like the man he was he wiped them away and went to find his mother, whom he knew must need consoling.

At his next visit the doctor shook his head and said he was some better, but there was little chance yet.

Within a week there seemed to be a change and the minister grew better and could soon talk to his son. A specialist from New York came and said he was getting better, but would never be strong again.

It seemed one sadness followed another, when checking their bank account, it was found there was just enough funds to support them awhile yet, but much to their sorrow found they would be unable to send their son back to school.

It seemed to Jack almost unbearable, but he tried to console himself with the fact that his dear father was better.

The days dragged into weeks, until Jack one day listlessly picked up a paper and found his picture on the front page. No, there was no mistake, but what could it mean. Reading, he learned his short story had been misplaced and the judges had not even read it. The president had called them together at the board meeting and they had awarded Jack Simpkins his tuition for one semester, and also a semester's tuition for being the best all-around student, making his tuition free for his senior year, and also asking him to write stories for the school paper. The paper stated his address had been lost and if anyone by chance saw it to notify him of the fact. It proclaimed him a genius at story writing.

Not having mentioned his failure at the short story to his mother, his parents now were two of the happiest that could have been.

The next week a party was planned to honor him and give him another big send-off, but only his parents saw him leave as he left a day ahead of time. He was on the train and going toward his city of dreams for another year of success. Although his joy did not exceed that of his dear father and mother as they watched the smoke curl from the train in the distance.

It was then Mr. Simpkins laid his arm on his wife's shoulders and said, "Our prayers have been answered."

—GENEVIEVE ZIMMERMAN

Genevieve Zimmerman
Gene



Starting to the office?

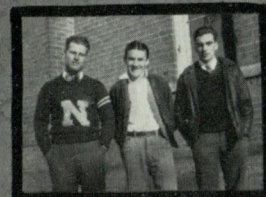


The picture man

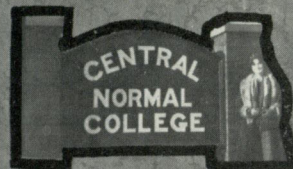


Snow-birds

Jerry Jordan



Commerical Sharks



Such Studious Girls???



Ed.



Children at play



What's funny

So



?



Ready for the Doctor



Earl



Jitney Driver



Larking
The Fools



Green Toe Chaps



What Mann



Waiting



Clifford



Lonesome



Dr. Rigdon



Xmas Shopping



A Thorne between two Roses



Honor Students

Was it a Failure or a Success?

"I think that drink is enough for you, little flower, you might drown."

The words came from an old man standing by a window, a can of water in his right hand, poised over a little potted plant. The old man was known to the dwellers on Manhattan street as "Doc." Where he had come from, no one knew nor cared. Unnoticed, he had moved into the little attic room with its lone window, had added the flower and continued to spend a solitary existence.

The few furnishings did not relieve the feeling of bareness in the cold little room. But there were books, many books, on the table, under the bed, and stacked in the corners on the floor. The atmosphere was musty, everything bespoke age.

"Doc" himself presented a queer picture as he stood at the window. His old frame could no longer straighten out to its once youthful erectness. The stooped shoulders, the gray hair, pale thin cheeks spoke in loud tones of many long years of toil. His gaze was now following a group of street urchins in the yard far below playing in the first fallen snow. Raising his window slightly he shouted in a shrill, cracking voice, a greeting to the boys. They stopped, looked up at the kindly old face as it shone through the window pane and then waved a friendly response. A strange warmth came to the old man's heart as he moved away for he loved those boys, they were a part of his life. They were the sons of Leon, the Russian, who worked in the steel mill from the dark of mornings till night. His wife was a rather stout, jolly woman, who often brought generous samples of her cooking to the old man.

"Doc" glanced at the noisy alarm clock on the table and decided it must be time for the mailman. He pulled on his frayed thin old coat and slouch hat. With slow steps he descended the long, squeaking stairs, holding tightly to the rails lest in the darkness he should lose his balance. As he reached the street, the sharp wind caused him to shudder and he drew his coat tighter about him in a vain effort to shut out the cold. He walked down the street toward the river for from that direction the mailman would come. Picking his way along the narrow sidewalk he thought he had never known it to be quite so cold. But Christmas was

coming and what would Christmas be without a cold day and a big snowfall? The thought of Christmas caused his memory to wander to previous Christmas times. Running a cold shaking hand into his pocket he drew forth his entire fortune -- sixty-three cents! That would last about a week and what then? Well, maybe one of that last bunch of stories would be accepted. He would hear from one today. His thought was interrupted by a cheery greeting from a gray-clad figure approaching.

"A little mail for you," as he handed "Doc" a rather heavy envelope and passed on.

"Doc's" heart dropped, he didn't want those heavy envelopes for he knew only too well what that meant. Returned again! He wondered what was wrong with this one. Sadly he turned back towards his cheerless room. As he arrived at the foot of the long stairs he was met by Tommy, the youngest son of Leon, who came rushing and clasped "Doc's" hand.

"I've been looking all over for you."

The boy's laughing eyes seemed to strengthen the old man. He patted the curly black head and smiled. A wonderful friendship had sprung up between the two. They were companions on those evenings when the preacher came to the little mission down the alley. Hand in hand each evening they would walk to the services. There Tommy's curly head and "Doc's" tired old face were bowed together in humble prayer. "Doc" had told Tommy the old, old story many times. Now as Christmas was approaching "Doc" had promised Tommy that they would journey together to the big cathedral in the center of town and hear the beautiful music on Christmas morning. Now the two mounted the stairs together, Tommy babbling away while "Doc" was occupied with his thoughts. Into the little room they went.

"Gee, its cold in here," Tommy exclaimed.

As an answer the old man shook the little stove and put in a stick of wood. Then followed one of their daily fellowship hours. Doc forgot his troubles for the time being. Sitting in an old rickety chair he lifted Tommy on his lap and plunged deep into marvelous stories of adventure that kept Tommy enthralled. The frown faded from Doc's brow, a slight smile spread over his face as he talked. He was well paid for his efforts by the light of love and interest in Tommy's eyes. Their happy companionship was interrupted all too soon by Tommy's mother calling for him.

After he had gone, the old man sank into the chair, slowly tearing open the envelope he had just received. His eyes read at a glance the editor's comment. Not true to life! How often he had read it.

The next day was a repetition of the former. Another story came back with a similar notation. The weeks passed and finally his last composition had been returned -- refused. His little fortune now gone, he depended on the offerings of Leon's wife for his daily bread. Too proud to tell the kind woman of his plight, her visits and offerings were all too far apart. Philosophically he decided he had been eating too much anyway.

With the return of his last story came a grim determination. They wanted a true story, -- did they? One that was true to life! Well, they should have one if it cost him his last bit of strength. Then he began a tortuous ordeal. The pangs of hunger and the cold slowed his numb fingers as he wrote through the long hours of the nights. He told the story of his life, for it was a great drama. The tears came as he recorded the sweet scenes of his childhood and the picture of his mother as she bade him goodbye at his leaving. Then his jaw grew firmer, the tears dried as he wrote of later years, how he had written, and had been acclaimed! His stories well favored, success, honor and riches all were his. Then his face softening again, as he wrote of his marriage to his old childhood sweetheart, the only girl in the world. He told of her as a pale sweet flower that came into his life as in the spring and blossomed and he had enjoyed the fragrance of the summer time for a season and then, heart-breaking, he watched that flower as it faded and wasted away a victim to a terrible scourge. Here began sorrow. The light of his life fading, he grew sad, his stories lost their old power. He was not spared the humiliation of having them returned rejected. The editors shook their heads sadly and mailed them back again and again. His means spent in a vain effort to check the dreadful disease that was taking the best out of his life all seemed useless now. Then came the blow that would seem to crush his very soul. The passing of that fair companion into the sweet bye and bye of which she had so often sung.

The old man's frame shook as he sobbed, his hand trembled as he wrote. He had not thought the pain would be so terrible. The story was written in his life's blood. The words blurred before his eyes, the tears coursed down the pale cheeks, and fell unheeded on the writing.

But with a grim resolve that knows no defeat he wrote on. The greater part had now been written. The rest was only a continual story of hunger, cold and disappointment. At last, it was finished. With a saddened heart there came a memory of a vague scripture he had heard long ago that said something about casting one's pearls before swine. He wondered if this could not be what the Master meant.

He carried the precious package to the mail box mentally calculating that there was just time enough for a return by Christmas day.

How the old man lived during those following days no one knew. Nobody knew of the terrible pangs of hunger as they tortured him.

A thick blanket of snow was covering the city, seemingly trying to hide from the sight the ugliness of it all. The stillness of the world outside was a strange contrast to the world inside. Supreme happiness reigned in the humble home of Leon, the steel-worker. Tommy was not nearly so interested in his simple toys left for him as he was in the fact that this was the day that he and "Doc" were going to the big cathedral together.

The mailman came with his only Christmas delivery. Shouting a "Merry Christmas" to everyone he handed Tommy a long, thin envelope with the command to deliver it to "Doc." The mailman had been let in on this little tragedy of life and was happy for he knew that this letter meant a check and a happy Christmas for the old man.

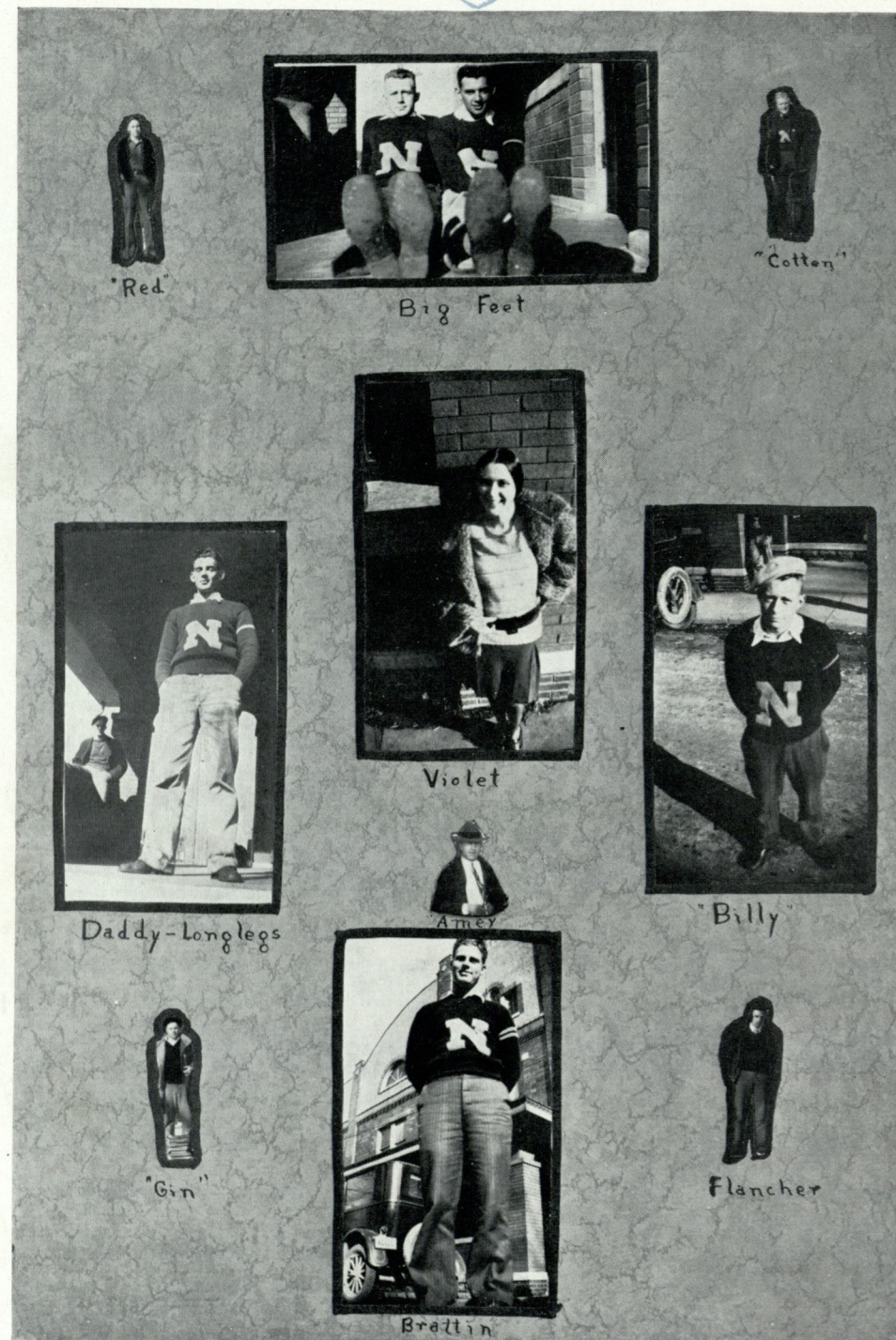
Tommy dashed up the stairs with his letter and also an invitation from his mother for "Doc's" presence at their Christmas dinner. As he ran he heard the chimes beginning to ring in the cathedral far away. Reaching the top of the stairs breathless, he shouted:

"Merry Christmas." His voice only returned a blank echo.

Pushing open the door he stepped into the room. He thought "Doc" must be asleep.

He was right. "Doc's" story was now ended and handed to the Great Author for acceptance.

—JOHN GOODPASTURE.



MY TRIP TO OUR SOUTHERN POSSESSIONS

"Mr. Millikin reporting, sir," I addressed a man whose back was turned to me.

"Umph," came a grunt; a pair of heavy feet fell from the table upon which they had been resting and landed on the floor with a thud; a swivel chair turned and a pair of keen, steel gray eyes focused upon me. The port captain bent over a cuspidor and discharged a quid of tobacco and motioned me to a seat; then he spoke to me.

"You are to take the Mau out on the Australian run; sails Thursday. Report to Meehan today. That's all there is to the orders except my usual bit of advice; keep your head inside your cap, your pants pinned to your vest, your eyes open and your nose clean; be good, be game, and remember your name, and you'll go far in' the' affairs of the world. He arose after this figurative speech on morals. There is some mighty good advice there. We shook hands, and I left him to report.

I reported to Mr. Meehan and started into the work of preparing the necessary papers to clear the ship on Thursday, and there was much to be done. He also informed me that in addition to our regular duties and troubles we were to hold a funeral service on the ship in port, and at sea in commemoration of the fliers who had lost their lives in the Dole America-Hawaii Air Race.

The great Dole America-to-Hawaii race by air had been run and as the world knows today some of the entrants never finished. Hope of finding those who came down at sea had been abandoned. America, in fact the world, was in mourning. Newspapers had made fortunes in extra editions. The search for the missing Government and Merchant ships had cost more than a comfortable fortune. Dole and his Pineapple Products received more advertising than he ever had dreamed of. Of course, it is said he was distracted, but, well, business is business.

On sailing day at eleven in the morning, flowers began coming aboard. They were piled forward on the main deck. An altar was erected, a Catholic chaplain came aboard and arranged the necessary articles for a Requiem Mass. Crowds began to gather. Newspaper and news reel photographers took their stations.

They celebrated the mass. The news was flashed to the world. The Pathe films rushed east by planes. Prayers and a sermon were said for the repose of the lost fliers. Two hundred and fifty thousand dollar's worth of floral offerings were stowed in the ice boxes. Matson Navigation Company received more advertisement from the funeral than the year's budget called for in expenditures for that purpose.

The ship sailed. Three days out at sea the ship stopped. A protestant minister came forth to preach another sermon for the repose of the souls of the lost fliers. He preached a beautiful sermon. Two hundred fifty thousand dollars' worth of flowers were thrown into the sea. A steward, O'Malley, formerly known in Europe as a concert singer, sang Kipling's Recessional. It was wonderful. He could still sing. He received fifty dollars for his song. It seems that all were benefited who had anything to do with the funeral. Even the dead for they had found what they had sought -- Fame. Even the ladies benefited for the reason of having an excuse to weep for those poor dead heroes, and the heroine.

THE SECOND OCCASION

Wally Trabbold was growing old; he was a steward. He had always been a steward. He gave good and faithful service to countless people for over forty years -- in making life comfortable for them. He did not aspire to fly, he did not seek fame; all he asked were the three "B's" of the steamshipman's life, -- Board, Bunk, and Booze. His hours were long, his work hard. His service was expert and it was not always appreciated; yet he never complained. His purpose in life was to be expert in service.

He died at sea.

They informed me he had died. It was my business to see that he was buried. We were in the tropics. Bodies don't keep long there. He must be buried at once. I notified the captain and wrote his death in the log. I ordered the bos'n to make a canvas shroud, the carpenter to hunt a board long enough and wide enough to hold a body. The bos'n soon came with the canvas, the rope, the iron -- three hundred pounds of it. Wally was wrapped and tied to the canvas, the iron tied to his feet. He was placed on the board; the board on the rail of the deck at the stern. The ship stopped.

No music was played, no hymn sung. The Captain removed his hat. He pulled a Bible from his pocket. He may or may not have read from it; at any rate, in a terse, sharp drawl, he spoke these words:

"'And Moses struck the rock and the water gushed thence forth and the people stood and were amazed.'"

"Let us pray. For what this man has received in his life, thank God. For what he receives hereafter, please God. A man of service has passed beyond. I now commit thy body to the deep."

The board was lifted at one end, the body slid into the sea. The ship sailed on. I have often wondered who had the better chance of flying in the hereafter -- the man of forty years' faithful service or the fame-seeker. Perhaps they are talking it over down on the ocean floor. They know.

Having buried our dead we will see what lies on the other side of the world. We were about to cross the equator.


We crossed that great curve of the earth, the equator. From then on we went "down hill." Old King Neptune came aboard. Woe betide the land lubbers. One must have a bath before crossing the line and the land lubbers received one. On this trip I was exempt. I had been initiated before.

We came to the Island of Tutuila, America's only possession below the line. It is a veritable Eden. Its great mountain is "Rain Maker," so named because it does that very thing -- it makes rain. It is the only mountain I have ever seen that resembles what my primary teacher made on her black-board and labeled a mountain. Its ever-present cloud, with its conical top protruding, reminds one of a theorem in Geometry. The island is more than beautiful -- it is heavenly.

We sailed into Pago Pago (Pango Pango) harbor. We were in a great emerald bowl whose sides were two thousand feet high. The bottom of this bowl -- a topaz blue -- was the water of the harbor.

There were few natives present at the dock. The day was a holy day -- a day of Thanksgiving. They were to celebrate the ceremony of the Pallola and shark. The Pallola is a marine worm that lives in the interstices of the coral reefs and comes to the top yearly. The natives boil it and eat it; it is a delicacy. It is a part of the feast of thanksgiving. Thereby hangs a tale.

A huge Samoan was waiting for me on the dock. His ancestors were the men who had sailed to Hawaii and other islands in the Pacific in their



giant war canoes, navigating by the use of a gourd as a sextant. These ancestors had populated these other islands and sailed the Pacific before white men knew of it.

They knew two stars and by getting these in line through holes in the guord, knew when to turn west to Hawaii. Maitland and Hagenbacker, our two army fliers, used this same method, substituting a sextant instead of a gourd, as neither could navigate. This son of a venturesome race of people was chief of police in Pango.

Shoes he did not wear, nor trousers, but a huge breech cloth, with red stripes on the bottom and a sergeant's chevron on this substitute for pants. I had brought this man, the native, some shirts.

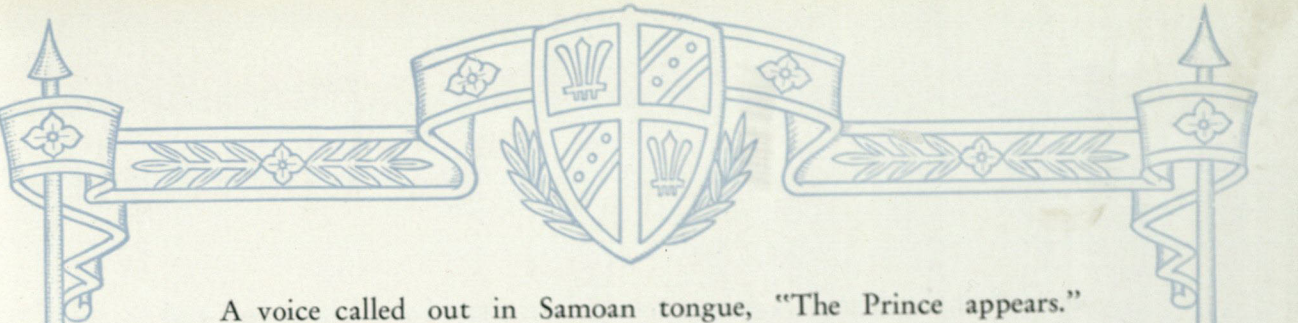
We exchanged greetings. He had promised to take me to climb Rainmaker, the mountain. I asked for his guidance. He refused by merely saying, "You go with me." I had followed him. We passed a native village. Its huts reminded one of a Hoosier strawstack whose top had been cut off and set on posts. The floor was of earth. The bed was a pile of palm mats. The plumbing as in places in America, was in the great outdoors. There were no walls.

We passed this village and climbed the hill. We came out upon a clearing, overlooking the sea.

The men were seated. I was asked to sit with my friend's friends. They took no notice of me. They were eating the Pallola. Not caring for worms, I nevertheless accepted some, but slyly disposed of them. The men arose from their repast. The women and children then partook of the Pallola. In Samoa the woman is taboo at the meal. Men are kings there.

A great booming sound caused all the men to arise. The men were preparing for a ceremony. There was no talking. The women soon arose from their repast. Music on the native instruments was heard. The native women were dancing the Siva, a dance somewhat like the Hawaiian Hula. The music stopped. The men then began dancing the tribal dances.

This booming noise interrupted the dancing. I looked about and noticed the noise came from a hollow tree trunk that lay upon the ground and that it was caused by the men with large clubs who tapped the inside of the hollow tree trunk with these clubs.



A voice called out in Samoan tongue, "The Prince appears." Silence reigned once more. Everyone flocked to the precipice over the sea. Below a giant shark could be seen cutting the water.

The people raised their arms heavenward, looking up into the sky. An old man started a supplication to their God. I knew not what he said, but even in a barbarous tongue the prayer was full of music and poetry. He ceased to pray. A native hymn arose from the lips of all these people, a chorus of over two thousand voices. The hymn finished the ceremony. They started for the village below.

"Why do you have this ceremony?" I asked the man who had been kind enough to take me to his native ceremony of thanksgiving.

"Long, long time ago," he answered, "before the white man came, the world got very sick. The world trembled and shook. Great fires came from the world below. The ashes fell upon the flowers, the trees, the waters. The world got very sick and broke and fell out into the sea, and the waters came in then upon the fires."

"All people were afraid. Their boats had gone into the sea. The palm, the breadfruit trees all died. The fish had left our shores. No food was there for men to eat. No boats came from our brothers over in Apia. We were afraid that all would starve. Our people were hungry. They went and asked help from our old chief, who like the rest could not then help himself. "Have patience, my people;" he counseled, 'and help shall come.'

"No food came, no help came. Again the people sought the counsel of their chief. The chief was very sad; he was in misery to see his people in dire trouble. He was going then to turn them from his door that they might not see their chief shed tears of grief.

"His daughter, the princess of our people, spoke to him, saying, 'Father, the Gods are angry. Perhaps if I would sacrifice myself it would appease his wrath.'

"What?" cried the chief; though beautiful you are, our God's wrath would not be appeased by sacrificing you." 'Father,' spoke the chief's young son, 'I, too, will sacrifice myself.'

"No! No! No!" cried the chief, but to no avail. The people went up on the cliff, bearing the prince and princess dressed in finest raiment,

upon their shoulders. A prayer was said for them by all the people and all the people sang our native hymn. Then with hands out-stretched and prayer upon their lips the prince and princess leaped backwards into the sea.

"The people sadly turned and went below unto the sea and found Pallola. The shark came in close to the shore. The God had turned the prince into the shark. Ever after there has been food in abundance."

"Are you a Christian?" I asked.

"Yes," he replied, "every day in the year except the day of Pallola and the Shark. I'm a graduate of the University of Hawaii and I can't see that there is much difference in the Pallola and Shark and Communion.. They are both in token of a sacrifice."

—HORACE MILLIKIN



MEMORY

*My mind lets go a thousand things,
Like dates of wars and deaths of kings,
And yet recalls the very hour --
'Twas noon by yonder village tower,
And on the last blue moon in May --
The wind came briskly up this way,
Crisping the brook beside the road.
Then, pausing here, set down its load
Of pine-scents, and shook listlessly
Two petals from that wild rose tree.*

—THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

Calendar

THE OPENING DAY AT C.N.C.

OCTOBER



WELCOME FRESHMEN AND
HELLO FRIENDS

Monday 1. Opening day of Fall Term. Many new faces are seen about the campus.

—::—

Tuesday 2. Classes in session. The Freshmen add much to the interest of the new term by their mistakes and by their enthusiasm.

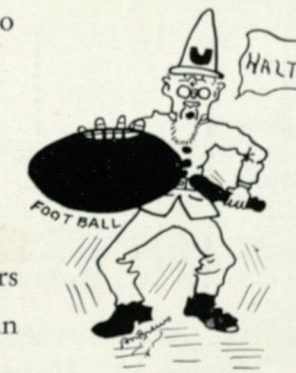
—::—

Friday 5. Seniors hold their first class meeting. Horace Fulps resigns from his position as Editor-in-Chief of the Centralian. His assistant editor, Mary Phillips, is given the position.

Ruth Masten is chosen assistant Business Manager to take the place of Bud Bosstick, who rises to the position of Business Manager.

—::—

Monday 8. Senior Class officers chosen. Oh, my, Wabash beat us in football Saturday, 38-0.



Monday 15. Freshmen boys are wearing green caps. We are certainly proud of our Freshmen, they show more school spirit than do the upper Classmen. We hope they keep up their fine spirit throughout the four years they are here in C. N. C.

Hurrah for Normal! -- Rose Poly was beaten last Friday by our football team, 26-0.



HOW THE FRESHMEN FELT IN THEIR NEW HATS, THE FIRST DAY.

Thursday 18. Psi Chi Omega luncheon at the Columbia Club.

Friday 19. Vacation -- State Teacher's Association.

Tuesday 23. Seniors entertain the Freshmen. Everyone there ready for a good time.

Thursday 25. Watch for the bird-animal picture taken today.

The boys play Muncie Normal Saturday. Pep session in chapel. We haven't lost our pep.

Friday 26. Annual work on the move.

Monday 30. Hallowe'en parties all the rage.

NOVEMBER

Wednesday 7. Hurrah for Hoover! Students are back. Vacation on Monday and Tuesday. Freshmen are called down for wearing their green caps in Chapel.

Thursday 8. Students are going around saying, "Is this Saturday or Friday?" They may sound crazy, but Saturday is really Friday as far as recitation is concerned, on account of the vacation for election.

Friday 9. The windows of the business houses are decorated for the C. N. C. - Franklin game tomorrow.

Saturday 10. Homecoming Day! Lots of old students back. A parade up town after Chapel and Dick Phillips read the Complete edition of "The History of Franklin College." Our boys beat Franklin, 26-6. This was the last game for Charles Chilton and Theron Ogle.

Monday 12. Psi Chi Omega party tonight.

Wednesday 14. Mid-term exams. Many sit up late nights.

Thursday 20. Burr! Snow! Get out your winter coats and gloves. Franz Shubert Day. Violin quartette played. Miss Hurd sang and Miss Owen give a piano selection.

Saturday 24. School today to make up for next Thanksgiving Day.

Wednesday 28. Classes out early. Students go home for Thanksgiving vacation.



NOON ON NOVEMBER 23, 1928.
THANKSGIVING DAY.

DECEMBER

Monday 3. Back from vacation. Students ate too much turkey.

Wednesday 5. Starting campaign for selling Annuals. Everyone get your money ready. A campaign starts to raise money for the redecoration of Chapel Hall, sponsored by the Bachelors.

Thursday 6. Pictures of Sophomores, Juniors, and First Year Elementary were taken for the Annual at Chapel hour.

Monday 10. The "flu" is having its round among the students. Some in bed and others coughing.

Tuesday 11. First Year Elementary party tonight.

Wednesday 12. Game with Oakland City, 62-23. Good work, boys, keep it going. Recital in Chapel Hall given by music students.

Thursday 13. Our boys were scheduled to play Wabash there tonight, but was cancelled on account of "flu" epidemic at Wabash.

Tuesday 18. Lots of cramming tonight for exams.

Wednesday 19. Final exams. Everyone is getting ready to go home for Christmas vacation.



Thursday 28. Back from vacation. Classes began at 1:00. Manchester defeated in basketball, 28-25.

Friday 29. C. N. C. lost to Butler, 22-35.

Monday 30. Classes met today to make up for Christmas vacation. No chapel. Too much paint.

JANUARY

Tuesday 1. New Year is ushered in with snow. Make your resolutions now for a good term of hard study.

Friday 4. C. N. C. defeated Evansville. Come on, Normal.

Monday 7. Practice Teachers made their first trip to the new school building for observation. Seniors to have regular meetings on Monday nights.

Tuesday 8. Chapel Hall looks very different and new.

Wednesday 9. The boys went to Muncie and "Brought home the Bacon." 29-23. Very good game.

Monday 13. C. N. C. had a week-end of more victories by defeating Valparaiso and Concordia.

Tuesday 14. Psi Chi Omega pledge meeting. Many girls carrying their Sister's books around and lots of shiny faces.

Wednesday 15. Phi Delta and Maids' sorority pictures taken today. Beat Manchester and Valparaiso.



A SPECIAL CALL TO ALL. BUY
YOUR CENTRALIAN NOW.

Monday 20. Every one is coming to chapel. There is a reason. Those who are absent have their names read.

—::—

Tuesday 21. Rose Poly swamped completely by our boys.

—::—

Wednesday 22. Phi Delta initiation. Watch the eggs, girls.

—::—

Thursday 23. Second Year Elementary have a hard-times party. Looks like a hobo party.

—::—

Monday 27. Six weeks exams -- many will be up late tonight.

—::—

Thursday 30. Practice teachers are out of a job today. The water is off and heat is unavailable.

*Life is real, life is earnest,
Let us strive to do our best,
And, departing, leave behind us --
Notebooks that will help the rest.*

—::—

Friday 31. Annuals for sale. Please buy now. The Seniors need your money and you need the Annual. Buy now and you save fifty cents.

FEBRUARY

Monday 4. Rather cold in the Lab. this morning, have to wear overcoats.

—::—

Tuesday 5. C. N. C. defeated Franklin here. Hurrah!

—::—

Wednesday 6. Y. M. C. A. meeting. Prof. Winfrey spoke.

—::—

Tuesday 12. C. N. C. Cyclone paper came out today for the first time.

—::—

Thursday 14. Now be sure and send your girl a Valentine before someone else gets her.

—::—

Monday 18. A close and fast game with Wabash, in which we lost.

—::—

Wednesday 20. Senior Carnival! Big time by all. A lot of people were arrested. Parking too long in one place.

—::—

Thursday 21. Dr. Rigdon started contributions for the carnival of the teachers and students. He suggested that all who did not attend the Carnival pay twenty-five cents.

—::—

Saturday 23. The boys won the Muncie Tourney and the prize of a large silver cup.

—::—

Tuesday 26. Hurrah for Ginger! The Indianapolis Star's sport editor chose him as one of the members of the all-State basketball team. Johnson and Franklin receive honorable mention.



BASKETBALL ENDS

iana. Coach Cook has accepted. C. N. C. is small, but mighty.

MARCH

Monday 4. Prof. Reibald is on the sick list again. The students miss him.

Tuesday 5 The basketball team received an invitation to attend the National tournament at Kansas City as the representative of Indiana.

Wednesday 6. Student chapel with rousing talk for dismissing chapel on Mondays and Fridays.

Thursday 7. "Second Childhood," a play given for the purpose of raising money for redecoration of Chapel Hall will be given again tonight.

Friday 8. Phi Delta Sigma party tonight at the home of the president, Esther Brooks.

Monday 11. The boys played their first game in the Kansas City tourney today. Nominations for members of Student Council.

Tuesday 12. Still marching on in the Kansas City tourney -- one point lead over Oklahoma.

Wednesday 13. Final Exams.

Thursday 14. Final Exams.

APRIL

Wednesday 3. Student Council took charge of chapel. The faculty were not present.

Monday 8. The last picture for the Annual sent to the engraver. Hurrah, no more pictures to bother about.

Friday 19. The written material for the Annual goes to the printer tomorrow. The editor is now entitled to a vacation.

Monday 29. Mid-Spring term starts. The halls are very crowded. The teachers are now in school.

MAY

Monday 20. First rehearsal of the Senior play.

Thursday 23. Garden Party at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Rigdon.

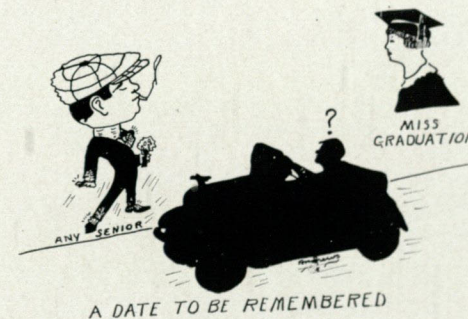
JUNE

Thursday 6. Spring Term ends. It is "Goodbye" for many.

Monday 10. Summer Term starts. Many new faces are seen about the campus. Commencement week is almost here.

Monday 17. Class Play.

Friday 21. The last chapel for the Seniors. Boo! hoo!





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Just Friends



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The Village Smithy Up-to-date

*Under a costly canopy
The village blacksmith sits;
Before him is a touring car
Broken to little bits,
And the owner, and the chauffeur, too
Have almost lost their wits.*

*The village blacksmith smiles with glee
As he lights his fat cigar,
He tells his helpers what to do
To straighten up the car,
And the owner and the chauffeur, too,
Stand humbly where they are.*

*The village blacksmith puffs his weed
And smiles a smile of cheer
The while his helpers pump the tires
And monkey with the gear --
And the owner, and the chauffeur, too,
Stand reverently near.*


*The children going home from school
Look in at the open door;
They like to see him make his bills
And hear the owners roar,
And the chauffeurs weep as they declare
They ne'er paid that before.*

*He goes each morning to the bank
And puts away his cash;
A healthy balance and big Rolls-Royce
Help him to cut a dash --
But the owner, and the chauffeur, too,
Their teeth all vainly gnash.*

*The chestnut tree long since has died,
The smith does not repine;
His humble shop has grown into
A building big and fine,
And it bears "Garage" above the door
On a huge electric sign.*

Jokes

Advertisements



Senior Class '29



Mirabile dictu! -- the day of recompense approaches Graduation, from school life to life's school.

Already the flood gates of felicitation stand ajar and your diploma will mean more than acknowledgment of credit this and credit that.

Approaching another lap you are among forces that are strangely unsympathetic, nothing will supplement, nothing can sustain the contact you have enjoyed with your fellow-students and the contact with the citizens of Danville as we look forward to you "to carry on" the ideals and to help by "good-will" to enrich the community in which you will reside and help perpetuate a greater C. N. C.

*Brewer Hadley
of the House of Hradley*



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out loud."

Mr. Purcell: "I'm not adding; I'm
subtracting."

Ginger Reeves: "Gee, I think of the
seven dollars and a half I lost the other
night, when I look at these pants of
mine."

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JONATHAN RIGDON
President

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A man with powder in his gun
Went forth to hunt a deer.*

*But now the times have changed
Along a different plant.
A dear with powder on her nose,
Goes forth to hunt a man.*



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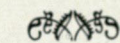
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Marion Maybaugh: "I can draw very well. I drew the picture of a hen and threw it into the waste basket and it layed there."

Mr. Amy asked if it was too late to advertise in the Annual, and when he was informed that it was not, he said: "I want to advertise for a school then."

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