

HAPPY

Thoughts

of our

JUNIOR

YEAR

JUNIORS

Motto.

We row, not drift.

Colors.

Salmon and Green

Ye !!

Eyes like a wild cat,
Teeth like a saw;
Juniors, Juniors,
Rah! Rah! Rah!

Officers.

President

Ruth Edmondson.

Vice-President

Aves Rushton

Sec'y. Treasurer

Claude Howson.

Lawyer

Yale Stratford

Poet

Sewell Litzman.

ॐ नमो भगवते वासुदेवाय



ॐ





Miss Riedner.

Dear Miss Riedner, we hate to see you go;
However now we know that it is so.
Already too soon our school life is over.
And we can look on your kind face no more.
Our class appreciates what you have done:
You have taught us the use of phrase and pun.
We feel Cupid has played his part
And wound his shaft around your heart.
It is well though, for you do need the rest,
We Juniors pray your life is one of happiness.
With great reluctance we bid you farewell;
The friends you have left you can never tell.
We envy those whose homes you may make bright,
As you nobly stand and strive for the right.
Whatever position in life that you may fill,
We, Juniors, do wish you the best of good will.

- Sewell H. Leitzman.

March 9 1911





Mrs. C. C. Cauble - Supt.
History, Latin.



Mrs. Orval Bennett.



Miss Christine Rüdner
English - German.



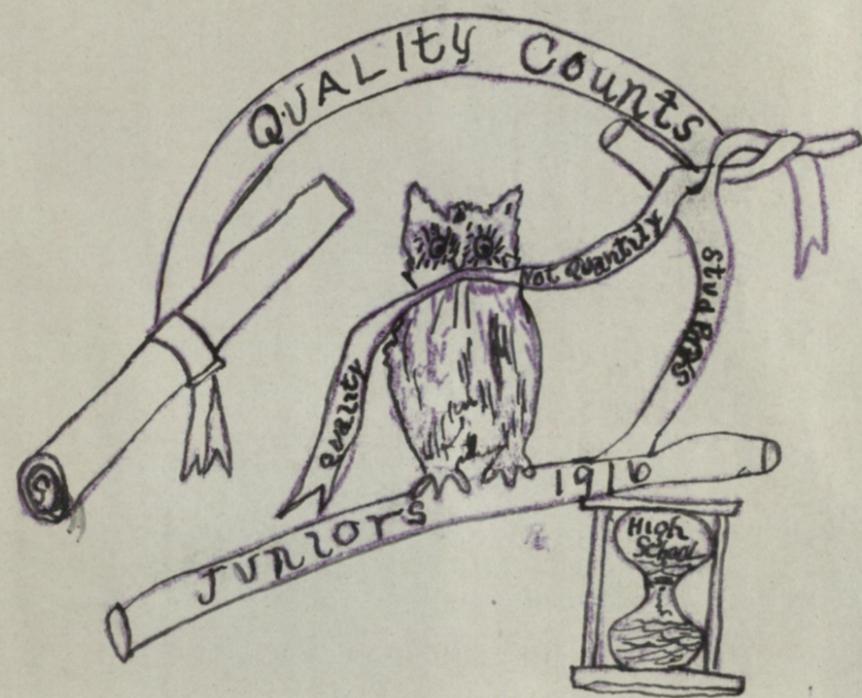
Miss Dorothy Hamrick.
Domestic Economy.



Mrs. Meville McHaffie.
Agriculture - Gen. Science.



Mrs. Mellie Sharpe.
Music - Art.





Hubert Brocke
"We are blest in
this man, as I say
even blest."—
Winter's Tale.

"Div."



Ruth Edmondson.
"She's pretty to
walk with, and
pleasant to think
upon."

"Eddie"

Lillie Brooks
"So blessed a
disposition."—
Athello.



"Possum"

Nellie Fry.
"Free of speck,
sings, plays and
dances well."—
Athello.



"Fly"



Merrill Givan.
 "Comb down his
 hair; Look! Look!
 It stands up-
 right." —
 Henry VI.

"Dick."



Sewall Litzman
 "A good heart's
 worth gold." —
 Henry IV.

"Piggy"

Claude Howson.
 "He must, he is,
 he can not but be
 wise." —
 Troilus and
 Cressida.



"Squire."

Letha McCormack.
 "Her voice was
 ever soft, gentle and
 low." —
 King Lear.



"Billie"



Cora Peede.

"You walk softly,
and look sweetly
and say nothing." —
"Winter's Tale".



Herbert Rhoades.

"He will speak
now in a minute
than he will stand
to in a month." —
Juliet and
Romeo.

"Punkin"

Ruth Pruitt.

"And the lady
shall say her mind
freely." —
Hamlet.



Helen Routh.

"As quiet as a
lamb." —
King John.





Aris Rushton.

"The hand that
hath made you
fair hath made
you good." —
Measure for Measure

"Topsy".



Yale Strafford.

"He doth indeed
show some
sparks that are
like wit." —
Much Ado About
Nothing.

Marie Scott.

"A most excel-
lent accomplished
lady." —
Twelfth
Night.



Opal West.

"Of excellent
discourse pretty
and witty." —
Comedy of Errors.



"Cotton".



Fara Woodward

Her eyes are stars
of twilight fair;
Like twilight's too,
her dusky hair.



Mayme York.
"No bigger than
an agate stone"
Romeo and Juliet.

"Midget."

Morris Gilbert.
"A gentleman
who loves to hear
himself talk."



"Midge"

Midge Sharpe.

Eyes for any Cat
Teeth like a saw
Midge! Midge!
Rah! Rah! Rah!



"Midge"
C.H.S. Mascot.

CLASS HISTORY.

And behold, the graduates of the common school were scattered throughout the township of liberty. And it came to pass that the chief ruler, who was Christopher of the house of Cauble, spake unto them saying, Arise, take up thy books and enter into that high school which awaits you at that place called Clayton, that ye may be benefitted thereby.

And it came to pass that on the fifteenth day of the ninth month, which is September, in the year of our lord, nineteen hundred and thirteen, that there gathered together at Clayton high school, students from all parts of the township, and amongst them were those to the number of twenty four souls who called themselves with one accord, the class of 1917.

And behold it came to pass, that on the following day they did gather themselves together in the east class room and they spoke altogether saying, "We do appoint as ruler over us, Letha, daughter of M. C. Cormack. Opal, daughter of West, shall record

our wages, and Fara, daughter of Woodward, shall have charge of our moneys.

But alas, Christopher of the house of Cauble, was a very cruel ruler and he did oppress them much with many hard labors in the form of Latin verbs and gerunds, while Arville, son of Wells, did force them into long walks over hot, dusty roads in search of specimens. Moreover this was not all, for did Clara, daughter of Corns, cruelly lash them with Algebra and Literature.

And it came to pass that after many days, Arville, of the house of Wells and lover of specimens, called unto him the class of 1917, and spake unto them saying, ye have labored long and faithfully and it doth pain me much to part from ye, but I am called and now must go. Behold my successor, Ed, of the house of Stain. And thus saying he left the classroom to return no more.

And it came to pass that after many months, Christopher, of the house of Cauble, spake unto them. "Ye have persevered and are weary. I do now give unto you a period of

recreation. Eat drink and be merry while ye may for I command that ye shall again on the fifteenth day of the ninth month which is September, gather yourselves together at this place and once more take up thy labors.

And so it came to pass that on the fifteenth day of September, after a long vacation the students once more assembled themselves at the Clayton school house. And behold many strangers were seen, who banded themselves together and called themselves the class of 1919. And Christopher of the house of Cumble, spake unto them saying; "I charge ye to study long and incessantly and perhaps with much labor, that ye may be able to follow in the footsteps of the class of 1917. Ye ask why I say the class of 1917? Because they have accomplished their labors more perfectly than either the juniors or the seniors who have gone before them.

I is that not enough to entitle them to a place of honor?"

And behold the class of 1917 still prospered now under the leadership of Fern, daughter of Rogers and under that of Ruth, daughter of Edmonson. And they spake with one accord saying, "Claude, son of Howson, thou hast served us faithfully in the past and we do appoint thee to again record our minutes.

And it was as they said and is this day:

Ruth, daughter of Edmonson.

Claude, son of Howson.

Mayme daughter of York.

Fara, daughter of Woodward.

Opal, daughter of West.

Jak, son of Stafford.

Hubert, son of Brock.

Avis, daughter of Kishston.

Cora, daughter of Peedy.

Nellie, daughter of Fry.

Helen, daughter of Routh.

Marie, daughter of Scatter.

Setha, daughter of McCormack.

Sewell, son of Litzman.

CLASS PROPHECY

By the glow from the cheerful grate fire in the home of our music director, Mrs. Sharpe, were seen five other teachers of C. H. S., who were discussing the splendid reception given the seniors by the Juniors of 1915-'16. These teachers were Mr. Cault, Mr. Bennett, Miss Riedner, Miss Hamrick and Mr. McHaffie. While they were praising the Juniors Miss Riedner remarked, "I wonder what they will be doing twenty years from now!" No one seemed to have heard her, so in a few minutes, she slipped away to her room with the question still on her mind.

She sat down in a chair and tried to solve the lot of each one herself, not realizing that only Fate could do that, until Fate himself stood before her grinning at her futile attempts. Then, seeing she needed his help, she exclaimed, "O, Fate, can you show me what I wish to know?"

"I'm afraid not," he answered, "for I can only sow the seeds and of destinies, and Time moulds them into life or

leaves only the empty shell. But Time and I together can perhaps satisfy your desire."

Time now appeared before her, beckoning. She drew on her coat and with Fate on one side and Time on the other they glided out into the night.

On and on they sped, until they came in sight of the still unchanged town of Bellville. There, at the outskirts, stands a lonely looking little cottage; and within, sitting by the fire is a gray haired, bent, and an apparently old lady, surrounded by three dogs and twelve cats. By her broad smile Miss Riedner recognizes Ruth Pruitt.

Her guides now direct her flight over what she soon learns is the metropolis of Peubberneck, to its Fair Grounds which is so brilliantly lighted that the signs maybe read distinctly. One of the first signs to attract Miss Riedner's attention is the one over a beautifully decorated booth which reads, "U-meda-biscuit," and Morris Gilbert is busily engaged selling them to a host of

people, quite unconscious of the one on the other side which reads: "U-need-a-biscuit but you need a W-ener-Wurst." Yale Stratford does not intend to let "Doc" get ahead of him.

The first rays of morning are peeping over the horizon as her guides wend their flight over the edge of a dense forest, like which none are found outside of Brown County, Indiana. As they pass over a barn lot, our English teacher sees Nellie Fry Beasley seated on a three legged stool, milking a boney black cow; while her husband, Hilbary is industriously calling the hogs near by.

Miss Piedner is now guided to a small kitchen in a neat little cottage. A man, with a baby in his arms, stands at the stove patiently stirring some white sauce; when the shrill voice from the next room cries, "Claude Howson, isn't breakfast ready yet?"

"Ha! Ha!" laughs Miss Piedner, "So this is what Claude's Domestic Science got him into! I must see who the fortunate one is." She glances into the other room and

starts back in surprise, for in there sits Helen Routh taking life easy.

As the trio are nearing a well known city the screeching of a train attracts their attention. Peering down they see that a terrible wreck has just occurred, and in the midst of the tumult Miss Piedner recognizes Fern Rogers Shaw and her three sons, Abraham, Isaac and Jacob.

The enormous number of injured can not readily be cared for at the city hospital, so they are taken to a nearby insane asylum where they can temporarily be cared for by the kind matron Lillie Brooks.

The crowded streets of a city are soon reached. Beside a taxi cab stands a lady calling for passengers, and as the three approach she is seen to be Letha McCormack. Miss Piedner is just starting toward Letha, when a lady dressed in black and heavily veiled steps into the cab and as she is borne away, her veil is blown aside by

the wind revealing the identity of Opal West. Miss Riedner, curious to learn more about her, starts to follow and is surprised to see her enter the courtroom and lay a complaint before the judge, against her husband, Virgil Tudor. She says, "My husband has assaulted me by throwing hard biscuits at me."

"Who baked the biscuits?" asks the judge.

"I did," she replies.

"Then how could he hurt you with them?"

"By throwing them at me, I told you."

"Make them softer next time," replies the judge as he dismisses the court.

As they leave the courthouse a band is passing and the big fat leader attracts our teacher's attention and as he turned his head, she is very amused to recognize her old pupil Merrill Givan.

Passing down the street Miss Riedner noticed a flaring sign which read: "Mr. Woodward, fat reducer. Flesh removed without pain. Fees in advance." Within she saw Fava herself, no longer "fleshy," but tall and

slender as a result of her own experience.

"Fate and Time," she began, "you are queer tailors of distimils. What other surprises have you for me."

But even as she spoke, she was one of the great audience in a theatre. Her attention is instantly drawn by the music on the stage. So! There stands Cora Peede bringing the ripple of many waters and the singing of birds to the mass of people with her violin.

Noting the absence of electric lights, she turns to see by what means the theatre is lighted and notices that the mellow light was cast from the brilliant colored hair of a man seated in the orchestra pit and she immediately knows him to be Herbert Rhoades.

Miss Riedner's attention is now attracted by the confusion in one of the boxes and she beholds her pupil of former days, Ruth Edmondson. She then sees an old, wrinkled, grey-haired man who wears large black rimmed glasses,

sitting by her side. She would not have known the old gentleman had he not been with Ruth; however, as it was she figured out it was Fred Marlette.

The guides hurry their sight-
saver along. They seem to have something which they wish her not to miss. She soon finds that it is an aeroplane ascension; and as she loves adventure, the guides are forsaken as Miss Riedner enters the big bird and is borne away. Once seated she glances at her driver and finds her life entrusted to the care of Avis Rushton. As the bird speeds upwards she becomes dizzy and seeking some diversion, picks up a newspaper which is lying at her feet and glancing down its

columns, she saw that C.H.S. had just begun a new semester. She was curious to see who the English teacher was, and reading farther, she found it none other than Sewell Leitzman, a former student of C.H.S. She also noticed that Hubert Brock, the Latin teacher, requested that all Latin ponies be destroyed, or else not sold by book agents to high school pupils. "Well it's Hubert Brock of old C.H.S. all right. A Professor! Ha! Ha! I wonder if he has forgotten the pony he used when he was a Sophomore. No, he never used one, so that's the reason he wants them destroyed."

The next thing that met her eyes was the flaring lines on the advertisement page; Wanted: A husband with plenty of money, brains and flesh. A man who can be good to a wife, wash dishes and make beds. Write, Mayme York, Clayton, Ind. Glancing down the society column, she noticed the announcement of the wedding of Marie Scotton of Clayton to Don Rushton of Monrovia.

Oh! something cracks and suddenly the big bird turns, she is falling down, down, down. She closes her eyes until she feels a fall and then finds it all was a dream.

Sing a song of Juniors
Were quite a healthy band
The Seniors were way behind
But we've got a different mind.

There's several in the Senior year,
For fame their souls do thirst,
and if we're not mistaken
their heads will surely burst.

Here's to the steady Juniors!
A large rejoicing squad:
All joined with ties of union,
Like seventeen peas in a pod.

As one who sits at eventide and ponders all alone,
O'er the things that used to be and the friends that he has known;
I sit by my lowly fireside and live in happiness divine,
While my idle thoughts are wandering with those old classmates of
mine.

The firelight seems to glimmer and to flicker with surprise
As it dances and frolics before my dreaming eyes;
I think again of the many hours of work,
Which we did with smiling faces, for we did not dare to shirk.

Then, I hear beneath my window, as the sound of
fluttering wings,
The voices of my class mates, singing as they used to sing;
I look out into the darkness, and, as if fancy did design,
I see the smiling faces of those old schoolmates of mine.

It is a happy remembrance, for the many thoughts that leap,
Into my mind are like the happiness so clear and bright and
deep;
Upon the faces of my friends as they sing with love divine,
As was always natural with those old classmates of mine.

I turn back to my fireside and silently ponder o'er
The many things that are passed and shall be no more;
I have no thought of sadness as I see these things sublime,
And see again the faces of those old classmates of mine.

But oh, my happy dream is broken by some unearthly sound,
The door is quickly opened, and — my joy knows no bound;
And with gladness, yet with silence, all my fancies I resign,
For these in my doorway stand those old classmates of mine.

We, the Junior class of C.H.S., being in good health and of sound mind, do hereby make this our last will and testament:—

To Supt. Cauble, whom we appoint as executor of this will, we leave one dollar. He needs nothing more to make him happy, for God, has blessed him with wisdom and a wife. — The Class.

To John Hartup, I leave my Caesar pony, for without it he can never become a Junior! — Hubert Brock.

To Sterling Stringer, the smiles of the fair sex. He will need them when Mary is gone. — Avis Rushton.

To Finley Henderson, my beautiful blue eyes. — Letha McCormack.

To Helen Rogers, my glasses as a keepsake of the many happy days of our youth. — Herbert Rhoades.

To Clyde Mason, my hurdle medal. (you know howelladone made to order at the tin shop.) — Morris Gilbert.

To Charles Edmoutson, a half dozen bed slats in remembrance of

some of our basket-ball trips. —
Swell Litzman.

To my bachelor, my domestic economy training. — Claude Howson.

To Burke Miller, my long used basket ball suit. — Gale Strafford.

To Harold Routh, one term of dancing lessons. — Ruth Pruitt.

To a certain Freshman, (Reba Chamness) all my former affections for a certain Senior. — Fara Woodward.

To Miss Hamrick, Mr. Bennett's station by the electric bell. — Opal West.

To Fred Marlette, Morris Gilbert's knowledge in the poultry line.

— Hubert Brock.

To Elot Picken's, Claude Howson's Sunday evenings. — Helen Routh.

To Virgil Tudor, Opal West's heart. — Lillie Brooks.

To Hugh Jackson, a laugh like Morris Gilbert's. — Cora Pude.

To Leo Wilson, my tin sword and toy cannon. — Merrill Givan.

To Sophia Weesner, some of my
quiet disposition. - Marie Scotten.

To Clarence Scotten, some of my
heights. - Mayme York.

To Dwa Weesner, all the ties I
have which belong to Ray Scotten,
except the green ones.

- Ruth Edmondson.

To Ray Scotten, some of Punkin's
pleasant disposition. - Nellie Fry.

We, the Junior class as a body,
do unite in leaving:

To the Senior class, our best
wishes and good luck tokens.

To Miss Friedner, our very
best wishes for a happy future.

To Letha McCormack, an
extra strong parlor chair.

We, the undersigned, do declare
that this is our last will and
testament, drawn up during our
Junior year in the Clayton

High School. We do hope that those
remembered here will be bene-
fited by our generosity.

In testimony whereof, we do
hereby set our hand and seal
on this the sixth day of March
1916.

Signed,
The Class.

I, the undersigned, do hereby
state that the above will was
signed and acknowledged by
said Junior class as its last
will and testament in my
presence on this sixth day of
March 1916.

Signed,
Yale C. Stafford,
Class Attorney.

One day while walking through a ravine, my attention was drawn to a load of rubbish which had been dumped into this place to keep the land from washing any more. An old shoe lay on top of this rubbish. Upon examining it I found its history as well as if it had told me. This is the way it ran.

I am an old shoe. I was once a part of an old cow but after she died with heart trouble, I was taken to a tanning factory. Here I was tanned, or rather my jacket was, until I was in good enough condition to go to the shoe factory. Here I was shaped and fashioned into a number three shoe, I mean into a young lady's shoe. Then my skin was blackened and I was put into a box with another shoe. We were taken into a fine shoe store and put upon the highest

shelf. After a few days of waiting, a young lady came for a pair of shoes. The clerk looked among the boxes and finally picked out my chum and me.

The young lady thought we were beautiful so she bought us, and we were wrapped up and taken to her home. She at once put us on her feet, and I wished I was back at the store. After six or seven weeks of hard work my partner lost his heel and was taken to --- I don't know where; but when he came back, he had a new heel.

We then worked along together, first my partner taking a step, then I. At last I got tired; I lost my religion and at once lost my sole. The young lady looked at us and after finding that we were not still new, she threw us away. My partner was washed away by the last flood and now I remain by myself, waiting and watching for the judgement day.

Class Poem.

Hear Juniors you have given me a task that is hard to fill,
But any anything pertaining to my school I will do to the best of my will.
I will let my memory run in its feeble way,
I will try my skill as a poet to display.

When we think of our school, with every trial and every rule
It impresses us with a feeling deep, one will never be able to lose by all.
We can see our dear old building in the grove; the dear old walks where
often we were want to rove
It was here the Juniors learned the need carefully many booklets read.
Here they learned their German and French, felt the pain of a hard wood bench.
It was here that Cupid showed what he could do, he would pierce the heart of
some Juniors through
He would cause this Juniors, he or she, to come up without his lessons,
you see!
All of these things you will never forget if you will always keep this
dear booklet.

In after life you may use the knowledge you have obtained
you may be a teacher to cultivate some other's brain
But you will never forget your old school so dear
When we were all gathered as Juniors here.
When Father Time has sadly changed you to dispare, or weary waiting
changed the color of your hair,
Just wipe away a tear, read what I've written here.

It will call back dear old school days, teachers and their peculiar ways.
'Tis then your memory will fly back to the Clayton High,
Every face then you can see exactly where it used to be,
You can see your dear teacher's brainy head and you think of the good
things he has said.

Oho, Juniors, much would I give to know the life that each will live.
Some may, perhaps dwell in the foreign lands and live by the sweat
of their honest hands;

Others be leaders brave, marching where banners wave.
But much would you give in some later years to be once more the
humble Juniors.

But Fate will surely set her path for you makes no difference what
tasks you may do.

Oho, Juniors, I'll close my foolish rhymes, and talking of our happy future
times,

With just a word or two that may some day be true:
Keep this dear book and every day through it look, it will cheer you on
your sad way
and brighten every lonesome day then you'll think of you High School
foys,

When you were Junior girls and boys.

Trusting that Fate will guide each aright,
Dear Juniors, I say, Good night!

C. H. S. MOVIES.

Imagine how funny it would be if the incidents of our day in the assembly were thrown on the screen in a moving picture show.

Eight o'clock in the morning. Few of the scholars come straggling in, two, three or four at a time, some with smiling faces full of fun, others with heavy frowns. All is fun and chatter until about two minutes before eight thirty. Here comes Mr. Bennett through the hall, watch open and takes his stand at the electric bell. At eight thirty prompt the bell is sounded. Every one takes his seat and the teachers one by one file in to try their skill in keeping order.

Nine o'clock. The classes pass and only the Juniors and a few Seniors remain. Now and then you see a bit of paper travelling up the aisle or a whisper buzzing round. Nine forty the next classes pass, after which following a rest period of ten minutes. Every one enjoys this now that the weather is nice. The last class of the morning passes at ten thirty and at eleven fifteen. Then the noon

period comes. The teachers are in front ready to give the orders. After the line of town pupils has marched briskly up to the square corner and down the stairs, the assembly is vacated for a while.

After a hurried dinner, the assembly is again a gathering place. A musician at the piano, the girls and boys sing and on the sly, by a few fancy steps. At twelve thirty Mr. Bennett is at the bell. The classes are passed and everything is quiet until the classes return and pass again.

At three o'clock work is over. At the corner stands Mr. Bennett, straight as a soldier to make every one turn a square corner in marching out. They march with hurried steps as they leave the room and every thing is quiet once more in the assembly.

"Twas on a bright sunshiny day,
That I heard some seniors say,
"O, what fine doughnuts we did bake
And all for our dear teacher's sake."

When upon entering the laboratory,
There reposed the subjects of their story;
And to my hungry eyes,
They looked lots better than the pies.

Immediately the chance came
Which was to show that I was game;
For stealing the Senior's baking
Was a very serious undertaking.

Then with the skill of a sly cook
I, one of the big doughnuts took,
Then over in one dark corner,
I felt like little Jack Horner.

and then the first (also last) bite,
My! It certainly was a fright;
For the bite was mostly pepper
And made me feel like a leper.

Holding the bite just as long as I can,
I find a new friend in the garbage
can.

This is just my luck, can't you see,
But, seniors, you don't know me.

You bet the Juniors are O. K.!
They have been all right from their Freshman day.
It seems so awful funny that a Senior's always kickin'
And wantin' to give a Junior a real sound lickin'.
We kinda; way up in our hats, give a little chuckle,
When we see the Senior class tryin' to "cut a buckle."
But when the Juniors set their heads,
We make their big class knuckle;
Even if we haven't all their numbers,
There are not so many of us to make blunders.
It seems to me as if I heard, long time ago,
A little sayin' that maybe you already do know;
It was somethin' 'bout quantity
Could not compare with quality.
In case you haven't caught the drift,
I think it has this kind of rift:
The Senior class may have the quantity
But bank on the Juniors for the quality.
Wal now, considerin' all, the Senior class aint half bad,
And many a good time with them wive had;
And now if they will only come half way
We'll shake our hands and say
"Good-day."



*County Paper of
July 23rd - 1959
Funeral was 10 AM
July 23*

Page Ten.

Deaths

Harry Mitchell

Harry Mitchell died, Friday evening in the West 10th Street Veterans Hospital, Indianapolis, where he had been a patient for the past month.

He was born in Danville, Oct. 20, 1875, and later moved to Indianapolis to make his home. He was a veteran of World War I and a charter member of the Emerson Post 262 of The American Legion.

Services were Monday afternoon in the Baker Funeral Home with the Rev. Robert Hayden officiating. Burial was in the South Cemetery.

Survivors include the widow, Catherine, of Indianapolis; one daughter, Mrs. Lottie Mitchell; one son, Wyatt Mitchell; two brothers, John Mitchell and E. M. Mitchell, all of Danville. He has one brother, Glenn Mitchell, deceased.

Florence Hutchison

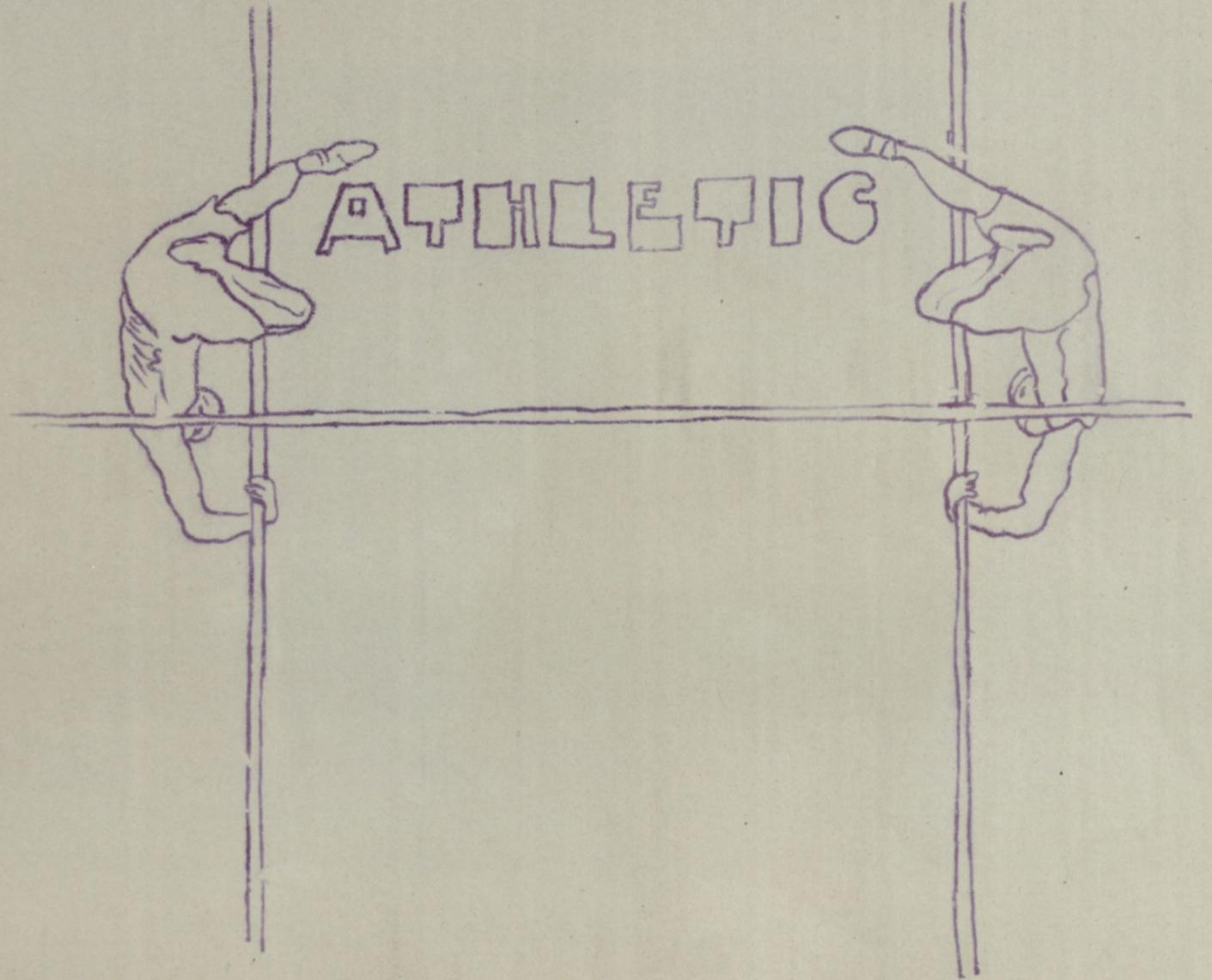
Florence McCormack Hutchison, a former Clayton resident, was buried in the cemetery, there, following services in the chapel of the Flanner & Buchanan Hall Mortuary. She died in General Hospital, Indianapolis, Sunday, at the age of 80.

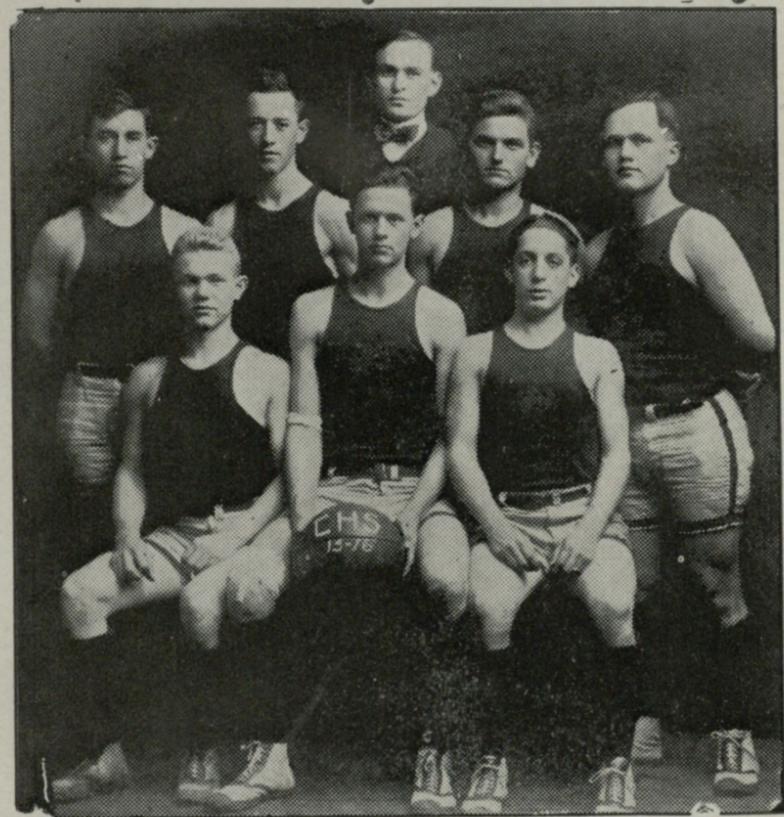
She was born in Mt. Vernon, Ky., and later moved to Clayton where her former husband, the

late William McCormack, was a funeral director. She was a registered nurse and formerly was the superintendent of the Masonic Home in Franklin from 1943 to 1950.

Survivors include the husband, James Hutchison; two sons, Urban Sage, of Los Angeles, Calif., and Robert Sage, of Indianapolis, and two brothers.

*July 19
1959*





BASKETBALL CLAYTON HIGH SCHOOL SEASON OF 1915-16

Soon after the beginning of school in September the High School boys met and decided to organize an athletic association. Such organization was to form a basketball team and later a track team, each to be put out of the school after a try-out. At their meeting, after little discussion, a manager was elected, who, under the supervision of Supt. Cauble, was to have control of such organization and to do as he saw fit in raising the standard of athletics at C. H. S.

Immediately a call was made for basketball candidates and some fifteen men reported for the try-out. After one night's work some little trouble was experienced in obtaining the hall, but we decided to practice at Hazlewood gym. One trip was enough, and an agreement was reached whereby we were able to get the hall three nights a week. Then real work was begun and various teams were gotten in touch with in order to fill our schedule.

About this time Stilesville decided, because they had some idea they could lay it on us, C. H. S., to ask us for the first game of the season, which was given them—Oct. 8, 1915. They appeared strong, but were easily handled, as the score of 33 to 12 will indicate. Up to this time no one seemed to know who would make the varsity squad, but seven men, composed of Edmonson, Wilson, Weesner, Lietzman, Stringer, Gilbert and Raber were immediately selected and put to work for the second game, which was to be played with Amo. We worked hard, obtained new suits, but lost the game by a score of 43 to 21, which can be laid to nothing but over-confidence and self-conceit. However, our second team succeeded in cleaning Amo's seconds to the tune of 14 to 9.

After a week's rest we took on Danville, at Danville, and defeated not only Danville, but the referee, two subs and the crowd to the tune of 33 to 23. The following Friday Fillmore was seen on the local floor and when the time-out whistle blew the score board read, Clayton 66, Visitors 16.

The next game was Nov. 5 with North Salem, at North Salem. The seven men of the squad made the trip and all seven had a finger in the pie, final score being 59 to 16. The return trip was a pleasant one for night owls and after three bad auto tires we arrived back in dear old Clayton. The team was all hurried to bed, for Amo was to be played the following night. On Saturday evening we journeyed to Amo all feeling prime, and after some preliminary practice we played Amo to a standstill on their home floor 30 to 24, and thereby causing more sorrow and weeping in Amo than has been for several moons, as it was the first time in three years that Amo had been beaten by a Hendricks county team.

Our next game was with Mooresville on the local floor. They had a strong team, and with much time taken out by their manager, in order to obtain wind, C. H. S. won by a score of 30 to 24. The following week the Valley Mills team tried to show C. H. S. how and where to play the game, but when the smoke of the 42-centimeter center had cleared the score read, Clayton 58, Visitors 23.

The next game was the night before Thanksgiving, and we journeyed to Plainfield to play a scientific game in a manhole of a sewer system, and as we could not overcome the rough stuff put over on us, we lost the game 60 to 18. Many of the team still carry scars given them that night, which could have been avoided had the Plainfield management acted square.

After this decisive defeat we started anew and went to work with a vim and vigor to win and win with honorable means. The following games were played with the scores as noted: North Salem 20, C. H. S. 59; Central Academy 22, C. H. S. 30; Roachdale 27, C. H. S. 44. This last game was noted from the fact that the manager, referee and two of the team waited for a train four and one-half hours on the Monon.

During vacation Sheridan was defeated by the large score of 66 to 35, and then the Alumni fell at our mercy, 20 to 18. New Year's found Plainfield on the local floor with a State referee and we proved to many citizens we could defeat our hated opponents, which we did to the 32 to 16 style.

The first game of the New Year was played with Mooresville on their floor and it proved to be the hardest contested game the locals had during the year. It was a double extra game and we brought home the score to Weesner, who was out with a broken leg, the score being 29 to 27. About this time Paul Little joined the squad because Wilson had made himself ineligible by having played independent ball. The following two games were on the local floor and were easy ones for C. H. S., they being Central Academy, where Stringer got 17 field goals, and Pete Givan played center against a young giant and showed him how C. H. S. did things. Roachdale also was defeated 38 to 20.

After a week's rest the team drove to New Winchester and defeated them by a score of 30 to 26. From this game Doc developed a slight attack of blood poisoning and did not get to go to Staunton with us. Weesner was back, after a period of six week's idleness, on this trip as sub, but during preliminary practice Raber collided with the coal miner glide and broke his nose. Weesner was sent into the game with Leakey as a forward, Edmonson as center, with Curley and Pig in the trenches. Cotton proved the star the first half, caging six fields and causing two men a great deal of trouble the second half. But with such a handicap C. H. S. again won, 25 to 19.

The following week, with Raber out, we went to Brazil and with a very close game throughout, we lost by three points, final score being 30 to 27. The excuses we have are that we were unlucky in hitting fouls and Brazil was death on them. Capt. Kidd had the time of his life holding Doc, and Stringer played Morgan to a standstill. Of this game Brazil papers stated that Gilbert was the fastest forward seen on the Brazil floor, barring none.

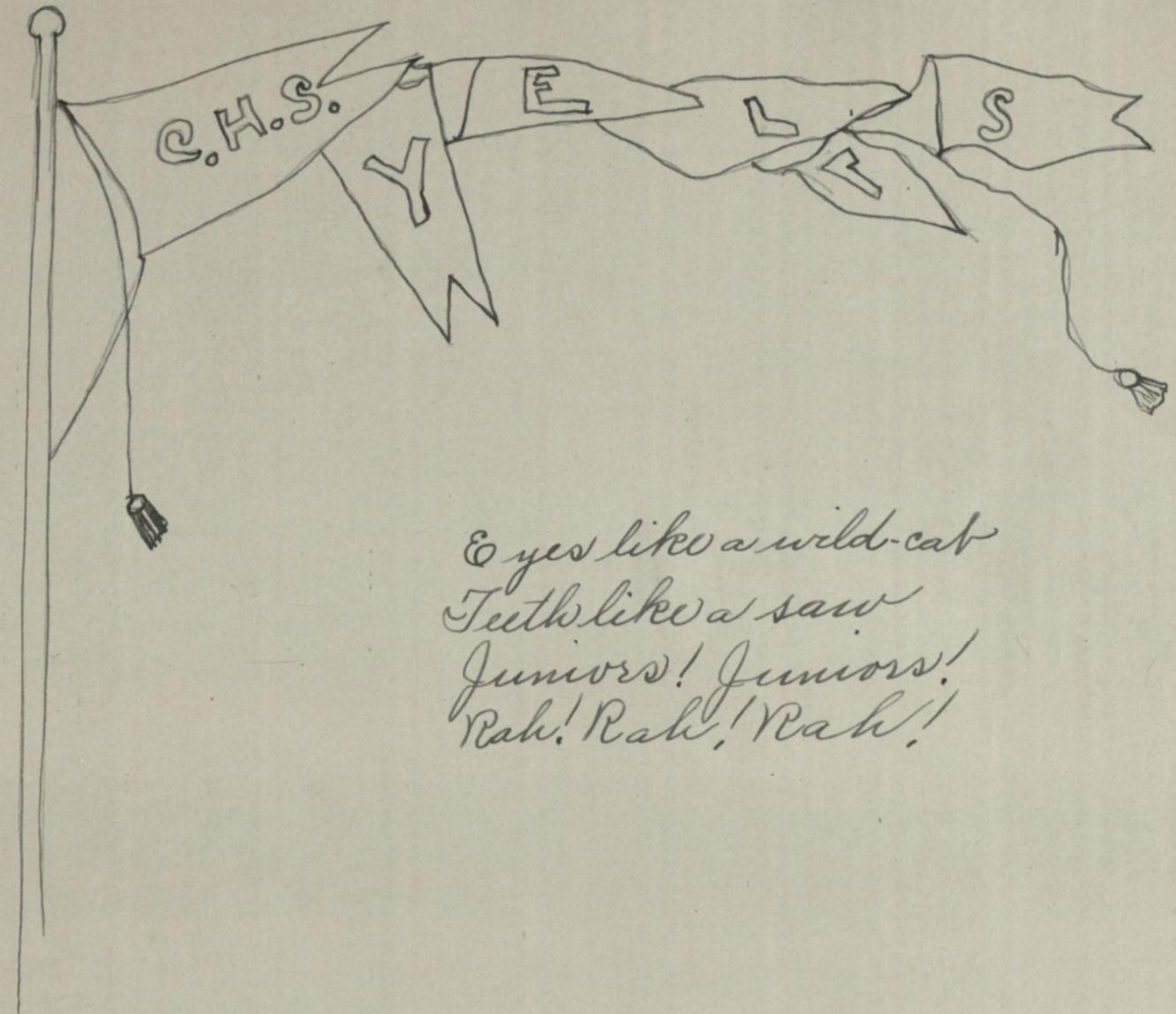
The village of Carmel appeared next on the program and they were taken down the line to a 47 to 24 score. Our next game was with Sheridan and we got into an open field to play with football tactics and were beaten by a score of 40 to 21. The next game was with New Winchester, but due to their entering of the Amo benefit, cancelled their game. But we practiced and had class series which ended in favor of the Juniors who had three men from the common school departments.

The district tourney date arrived in due time and the State Board of Control had the authority to place us against our old friend (?) Amo. After two weeks' hard practice and diligent training we arrived in Lebanon on the 10th for our game. The game started at 3 o'clock and was a good one, score being 12 each at the end of the first half. The second half proved a bad one for the locals and when the pistol was fired score was, Amo 26, C. H. S. 19. This defeat to wind up our season can be laid to nothing more than over-strain of nerves and lightness of our players.

This closes our basketball season and the boys at once broke training. After the effects of defeat passed over and we again regained our senses we came to the conclusion that C. H. S. had had a very successful season, 20 victories and 4 defeats, and one forfeit. Only three men are lost by graduation, Charles, Paul and Rollie. They will be missed greatly, but the season of '16 and '17 should be a great season and one that will do honor to C. H. S. and to those closely associated with the team, the teacher, coach and manager. May the high standard that basketball has been placed remain and go to that higher plane that some day C. H. S. shall be State Champion.



When we get back from sea;
A happy bunch will be:
We've won the game you see,
A happy bunch are we.
All we can think of to-night
Is a basket ball so white
Whistles blowin', rooters crowin',
All the game seems bright.
Now the big game is o'er,
And we love Mellie more;
We see our teachers too
And friends we always knew:
Oh! they'll be right glad to meet us,
Just imagine how they'll greet us,
When we get back.
When we get back,
To our home in C. H. S.



o yes like a wild-cat
Teeth like a saw
Juniors! Juniors!
Rah! Rah! Rah!

1, 2, 3, 4, 3, 2, 1, 4.
Who for? What for?
Who you going to root for?
Yea Clayton! yea Clayton!
Yea! Yea! Yea!

Bottle of pop and a big banana,
We're from Danville Indians,
That's a lie, that's a bluff,
We're from Clayton, —
That's the stuff.

Chue! Chue! Chue! hee! hee!
Chaw! Chaw! Chaw! haw! haw!
What a what, what a what,
What a walk-a-way;
Who's on top? We're on top;
We're on top to stay.
Just because, just because,
We're got a walk-away.

Horn and hoof, Horn and hoof;
Hold the floor and raise the
woof;
Razzle dazzle, zizzle zip,
Go it Clayton, let'er rip.

Rah, rah, rah, rah, C.H.S., C.H.S.
(yell.) Whee!

Razzle dazzle never frazzle
Not a thread but wool
Altogether, altogether
That's the way we pull.

Rickw! Rickw! Rah!

Rickw! Rickw! Rah!

C.H.S. Rah! Rah! Rah!

Clayton High School is a head

Give nine Raahs for Black and Red

Rah! Rah! Rah!

Rah! Rah! Rah!

Rah! Rah! Rah!

Who (leader)

Clayton

Who (leader)

Clayton

Who (leader)

Clayton, Clayton, Clayton.

¶

Clayton High School shines on

Victory, Victory is our cry

We will make old Brownsburg

We will win or we will die.

¶

Beat! Beat!

Beat! Beat! Beat!

Beat! Beat!

Beat! Beat! Beat!

Who? (leader)

Wanville.

¶

Give 'em the axe, the axe, the axe,

Give 'em the axe.

Give 'em the axe

Give 'em the axe

Where!

Right 'n' the neck, the neck, the neck.

Right 'n' the neck,

Right 'n' the neck,

Right 'n' the neck,

There!

¶

JOKES



Jokes.

Ruth Pruitt (in history class) — "The two Pickaninnies" —
Mr. Cault — "I am afraid you mispronounced the word. Didn't you mean Pickney?"

Ruth Edmonson — "Yes Father, but he is worth several thousand."
Father — "Dollars or cigar coupons?"

While walking on Main Street yesterday a bill board fellow yale Stafford. He says that several board bills have fallen on him but never before a bill board.

There was a young girl named Marie,
Who, some new sights, wished to see.
But when she left Clayton,
She met up with Satan,
And had to climb up a sycamore tree.

Mr. Mc Haffie — "Virgil, if a box of assorted jewels was placed before you, which jewel would you choose?"
Virgil, absent-mindedly — "Opal."

Hubert Brock to Cora Reed — "I'll give you a dollar to trade seats with me."

There was a young girl named Lillie,
Also another named Billie;
They went for a walk
And every one did mock
Until they were thought to be very silly.

It is a very common thing to see a certain sophomore creeping up to a seat opposite Avis Rushton during intermissions.

Now In a Walks.

Hubert — "What was the result of your interview with Avis Rushton's Father last night?"

Burke — "It was a regular walk over for me."

Hubert — "Indeed! Then I suppose it is up to me to congratulate you, eh?"

Burke — "Not necessarily. You see, the old man simply walked all over me."

Avis Rushton disliked.
Claude Howson short and fat.
Cora Peede walking a rope.
Fara Woodward tall and slender.
Hubert Brock dancing.
Herbert Rhoades with black hair.
Helen Routh cake walking.
Lillie Brookes on the faculty.
Letha McCormack matching pennies.
Mayme York wearing number six shoes.
Marie Scotten in the discussion contest.
Merrill Givan as vocal soloist.
Morris Gilbert when he didn't know it all.

Nellie Fry quiet fifteen minutes.
Opal West without a smile.
Ruth Pruitt making an "and"-less speech.
Ruth Edmondson without Fred Marlette.
Sewell Leitzman leading Christian Endeavor.
Yale Stratford flirting in public.
Bennet quietly keeping the assembly.
Cable dismissing class early.
Miss Hamick hating C.N.C.
McHaffie out of humor.
Miss Piedner without daily letter.
Senior's Book equal to this one.

To wed or not to wed;— that is the
question:
Whether 'tis nobler in man to suffer
The stings and sorrows of that blind
young archer:
Or fly to arms against a host of troubles
And at the altar end them. To woo—
to wed—
No more; and by this step to say we
end
The heartache, and the thousand
hopes and fears
The single suffer. 'Tis a consumma-
-tion
Devoutly to be wished. To woo—to wed;—
To wed— perchance repent!— ay, there's
the rub:
For in that wedded state, what
woes may come
When we have launched upon that
untried sea
Must give us pause. There's the
respect
That makes selibacy of so long life;
For who would bear the quips
and jeers of friends,
The husband's pity, the coquette's
scorn,

The vacant heart, the solitary cell,
The unshared sorrow and the void
within.
When he himself might his redemption
gain
With a fair damsel. Who would beauty
shun
To toil and plod over a barren heath;
But that the dread of something yet
beyond—
The undiscovered country, from
whose bourn
No bachelor returns— puzzles the will,
And makes us bear those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not
of!
Thus forethought does make cowards of
us all,
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of
-thought,
And memberless flirtations, long
pursued,
With this regard, their current turn
away
And lose the name of marriage.

Ideas Co-ed

Such a maid would throw the very graces in the shade:

Eyes like Fara

Hair like Nellie

Forehead like Ruth Edmondson.

Mouth like Ruth Pruitt.

Nose like Lillie.

Eyelashes like Letha.

Smile like Marie.

Feet like Mayme.

Walk like Opal

Complexion like Avis.

Height like Helen.

Disposition like Cora.



Latest Song Hits.

"On the Old Front Porch." -
Ruth Edmondson

"Dreams of Childhood Days." -
Ruth Pruitt.

"Silver Threads Among the Gold." -
Herbert Rhoads.

"My Little Girl" -
Mayme York.

"They Always Pick On Me." -
Yale Stratford.

"I Was Seeing Nellie Home." -
Morris Gilbert.

"You Made Me Love You." -
Merrill Swan.

"Everybody Loves My Girl." -
Hubert Brock.

"Dreamy Eyes." -
Marie Scottow.

"Get Out and Get Under." -
Sewell Leitzman

"When You Return, Jack." -
Lillie Brooks.

"I'm a Do-right Woman Looking for
a Do-right Man." -
Letha McCormack.

"Miller Boy." -
Avis Rushtow.

"You Can't Expect Kisses From Me." -
Cora Reed.

"Sit Down Your Rocking the Boat." -
Fara Woodward.

"Good-bye, Boys." -
Helen Pouth.

"When You're a Long, Long Way
From Home" -
Claude Howson.

"I Just Can't Help From a
Lovin' That Man" -
Opal West.

"Because I'm Married Now."
- Fern Rogers Shaw.

"O, You Beautiful Doll."
- Nellie Fry.

"My Wife's Gone to the Country."
- Mr. Cables.

"Home, Sweet Home."
- Mr. Bennett.

"Just a-waryin' For You."
- Miss Riedner.

"Where did you get that Girl."
- Mrs. M. Haffie.

You've Gotta Stop Kickin'
"My Dog Around."
- Mrs. Sharpe.

"Boby Boy."
- Miss Hamrick.

- I. Thou shalt not steal books and pencils from thy classmates.
- II. Thou shalt not take the teacher's name in vain.
- III. Thou shalt not kill rats or mice.
- IV. Thou shalt not covet thy classmates' grades.
- V. Thou shalt not bow down thyself unto ponies nor serve them while studying Latin.
- VI. Thou shalt not make thee any series or any likeness of anything that is in the text books to use during a test.
- VII. Five days thou shalt learn thy lessons.
- VIII. Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy classmates.
- IX. Honor thy teachers and thy fellow students as thy parents have commanded thee.
- X. And remember that thou art a scholar in the Clayton High School and that thy teachers brought thee thence with mighty hands and brave hearts.

Sing a song of Juniors,
We're quite a healthy band;
The Seniors think we're way behind
But we've got a different stand.

There's several in the Senior year,
For fame their souls do thirst;
And if we are not mistaken,
Their heads will surely burst.

Heres to the steady Juniors!
A large and rejoicing squad;
All joined with ties of union
Like seventeen peas in a pod.



