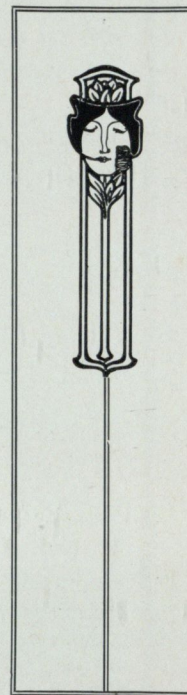
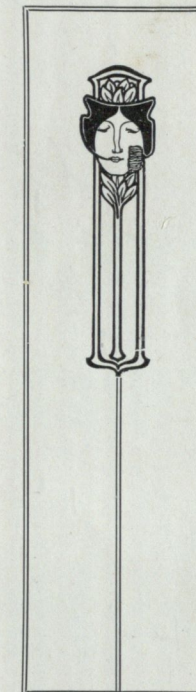


Gray & Crimmon
1916

"The Gray and Crimson"



1916



PUBLISHED BY

Students of Danville High School



D. T. CUSHMAN

To

D. T. Cushman

Principal of Danville High School, in regard for his
never ceasing energy and enthusiasm for
D. H. S. this book is affectionately
dedicated.



D. H. S. BUILDING

Danville High School Song

1
Come and join in the song together
Shout with might and main;
Our beloved Danville High School,
Shout her praise again.

2
Honor to the Gray and Crimson,
Banner that we love;
She will lead us in our conflict
And our triumph prove.

3
Senior, Junior, Soph, and Freshmen
Strive to do her will;
Sound the chorus loud and glorious,
Shout for old Danville.

4
Here's to her whose name we'll cherish
Ever as our own;
Honor, love and true devotion
All to her belong.

CHORUS

Give to her your love and bounty,
Here's to her success;
She's the pride of Hendricks County,
Hail to D. H. S.



THE STAFF

STANDING—Undrell Hubble, Harry Burke, Mary Conn, Ralph Day, Raoul Ayers, Lucile Nichols, Raymond Quilleon.
SITTING—Noble Landis, Beulah Campbell, Shields White, Leota Marshall, Lawrence Kurtz.

Staff Organization

EDITOR

Shields White..... Editor-in-Chief
Beulah Campbell..... Assistant Editor

BUSINESS

Raoul Ayers..... Business Manager

ATHLETIC

Undrell Hubble..... Athletic Editor

MUSIC

Mary Conn..... Music Editor

LITERARY

Noble Landis..... Literary Editor

JOKES

Leota Marshall..... Joke Editor
Lucile Nichols..... Assistant
Ralph Day..... Assistant
Harry Burke..... Assistant

ALUMNI

Max Peyton..... Alumni Editor

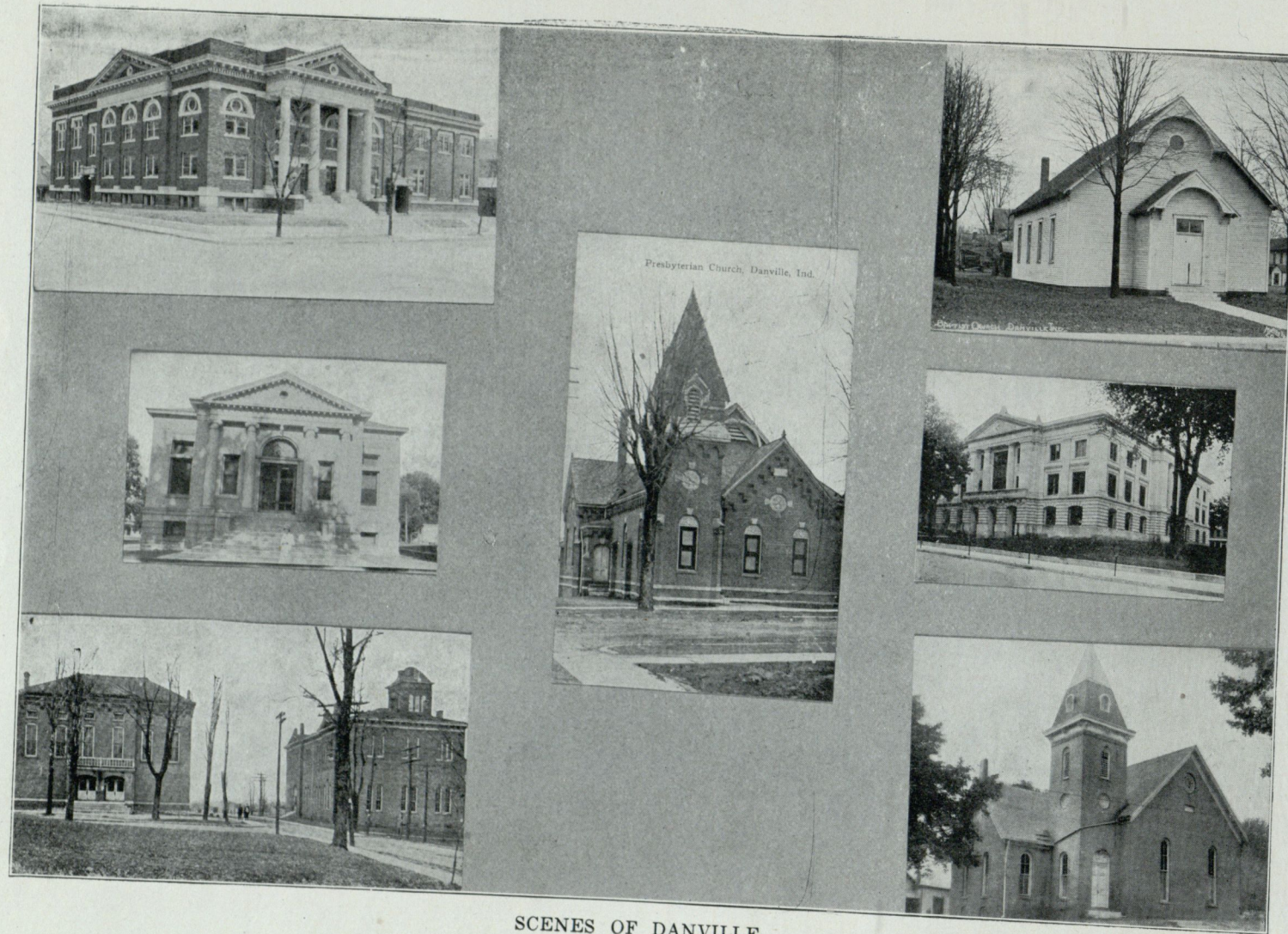
ART

Raymond Quilleon..... Art
Lawrence Kurtz..... Art

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

Senior..... Clyde Frazier, Beula Jones
Junior..... Robert Hollowell, Helen Ader
Sophomore..... Donald Hogate, Irene Thompson
Freshman..... Roger Easley, Fred Pierson





SCENES OF DANVILLE

FOREWORD

This is the first thing that in any way resembles an annual that has been published at Danville High School since 1911. While this book is much better than the ones heretofore published here, it is not perfect. Each of our members has put forth all available effort toward its make up. We have had many dark and trying, as well as bright and jolly times in our faithful work on this book. If you see half as much in this as we have tried to put into it, we shall feel that we have been successful. So, dear reader, we leave this, our annual for 1915-16, to your tender mercies.

—THE STAFF.

D. H. S. Faculty

Old D. H. S. walls have echoed strange calls,
But the commonest one they have sung
Is the well known call of Mr. Cushman in the hall,
"Don't you know that the last bell's rung?"

In the office so blary, so mysterious and scary
Where the "green carpet" lies on the floor,
Mr. Mahan has been, since our class started in,
Our superintendent with duties galore.

Just look in Room C, there Mrs. Keeney will be,
Our dear English teacher so small;
Many lessons she has taught us, and if possible would have wrought us,
Noble men and women, one and all.

In Room G upstairs, before long rows of chairs,
Sits Miss Nichols who has taught us Math;
How to prove propositions, with all sorts of conditions,
While we traveled that well worn path.

We have but two more instructors in our faculty corps,
Miss Barker, and Miss Hendricks are they;
The latter teaches art, of which we've learned a part,
And the former teaches music every day.

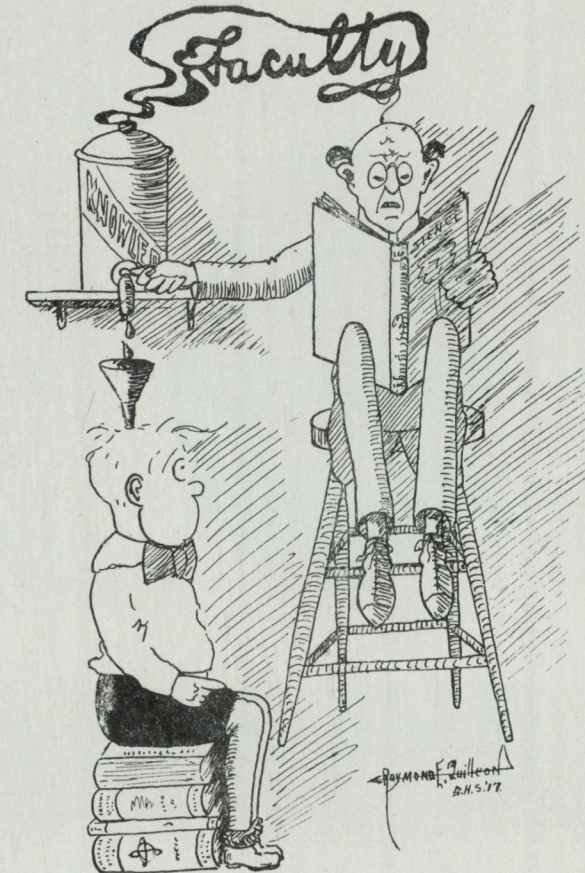
Beulah Jones.

Mr. Smith knows the joys of teaching a class of boys
The art of cultivation of the soil;
And now they know how to plant, reap and plow
By a scientific method of toil.

Miss Brown taught us History, unraveled the mystery
Of all ages, though far in the past;
Of the ancient, the mediaeval, and the modern upheaval,
Which we have accomplished at last.

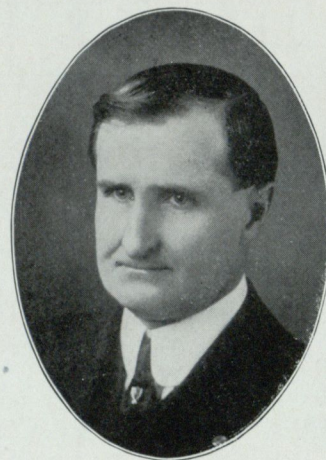
In Room F, or E, Miss Tilson will be,
She taught us to cook and to sew;
Also to economize, which is always very wise,
And many other things a girl should know.

Mr. Louie, who teaches "Dutch," Physiology, Chemistry, and such,
Has charge of Room D, upstairs;
He's a jolly good man, when we're still as we can,
But he's angry when we drag our chairs.





MARION S. MAHAN
Superintendent of Schools
A. B., Indiana University



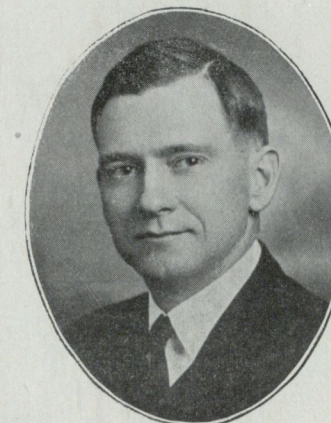
D. T. CUSHMAN
Latin
A. B., College Course; Indiana State Normal, 1913; Graduate work at Columbia University, two summer terms, 1914-1915.



MRS. MATTIE A. KEENEY
English
Carlisle Collegiate University
Young Ladies Seminary, of Laport,
Valparaiso College.



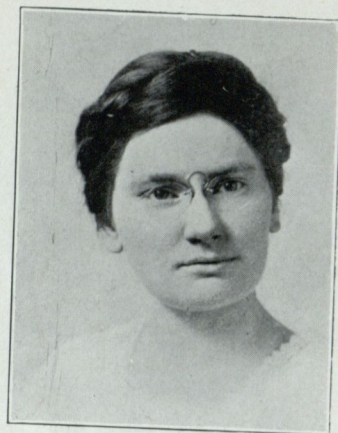
LOIS LILLIAN BROWN
History, Economics
A. B., Earlham, 1912. Graduate work Wisconsin University.



WALTER D. SMITH
Manual Training and Agriculture
Indiana University, A. B., 1912;
Ohio State University, 1911.



NONA LEIGH NICHOLS
Mathematics
Central Normal College B. S., 1909.
Colorado College, 1910-1911. Indiana University, A. B., 1913.



AGNES TILSON

Domestic Science

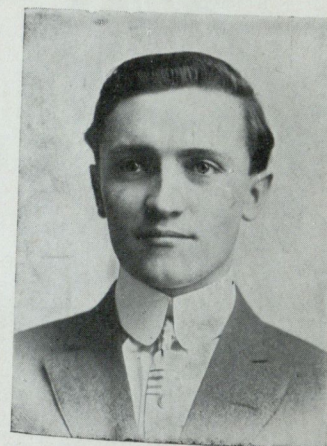
A. B., Butler College, 1910. University of Chicago, 1911. M. S., Purdue University, 1914.



CATHERINE BARKER

Music

Cincinnati College of Music. Indianapolis Conservatory of Music. Piano at Central Normal College.

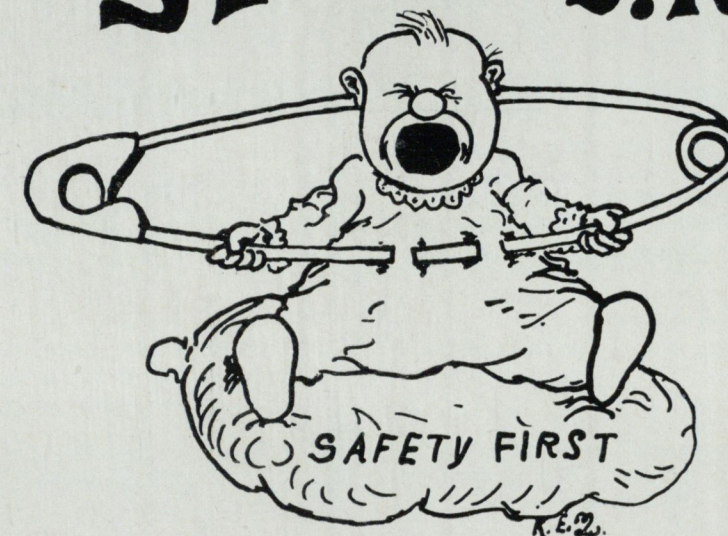


LOUIS C. WINTERHEIMER

German and Science

A. B., Central Normal College, Danville, Indiana.

SENIORS '16





RICHARD PRENTICE.—Class President. Basket Ball Team.

"Dick" stands every foot of 6 feet 4, and is about a head taller than Mr. Cushman. He has been the best president we ever had, and has pulled the class successfully through the complications of the Senior year.

BERNICE GROOMS.—Class Sec. Treas. D. K. T. Club.

Our pretty "Bun." She is one of the shining stars of the class. You never see her but that you are inspired by that pretty little smile.

SHIELDS WHITE.—Editor-in-Chief, Annual.

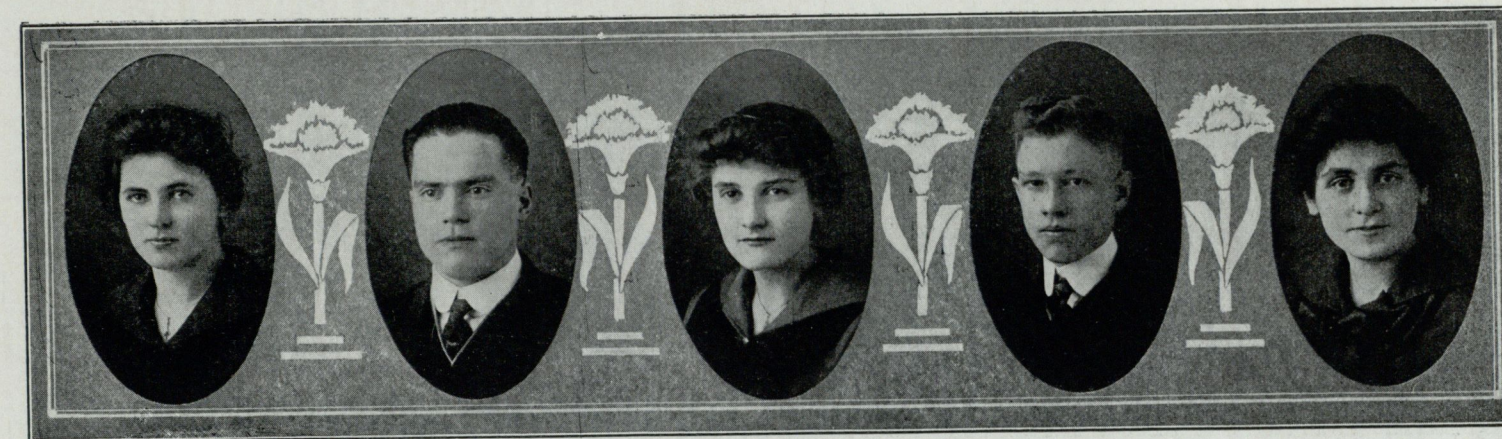
"Jake" never amounted to much until this year. He came rapidly to the front in his hard work for this book. It's success is largely due to his effort.

EDITH BARKER.—D. K. T. Club.

"Edie" has heretofore been thought of as being very bashful and unfriendly to boys, but we have found out that she is not as reports say. She comes very near being a member of the "red-headed" society. She is good in all her studies and graduates with high honors.

NOBLE LANDIS.—Literary Editor, Annual.

We get Noble from the Juniors. He was able to get out in three years. He is a cheery, kind-hearted, bright lad and we are glad to have him call.



ESTHER McARTHUR.—D. K. T. Club.

We picked up "Mac" just this year. She was first discovered by "Kurtzie," but he lost her, and she wandered, whither we know not. Esther is right there when it comes to class work—only that she smiles a little.

RAOUL AYERS.—Business Manager of the Annual.

Raoul, alias "Barm," is an accomplished musician, (note, pronounce—as "musikan," thank you. "Barm" is a good student, and is especially fond of asking Miss Brown foolish questions.

BEULA JONES.—Executive Committee, Annual. D. K. T. Club.

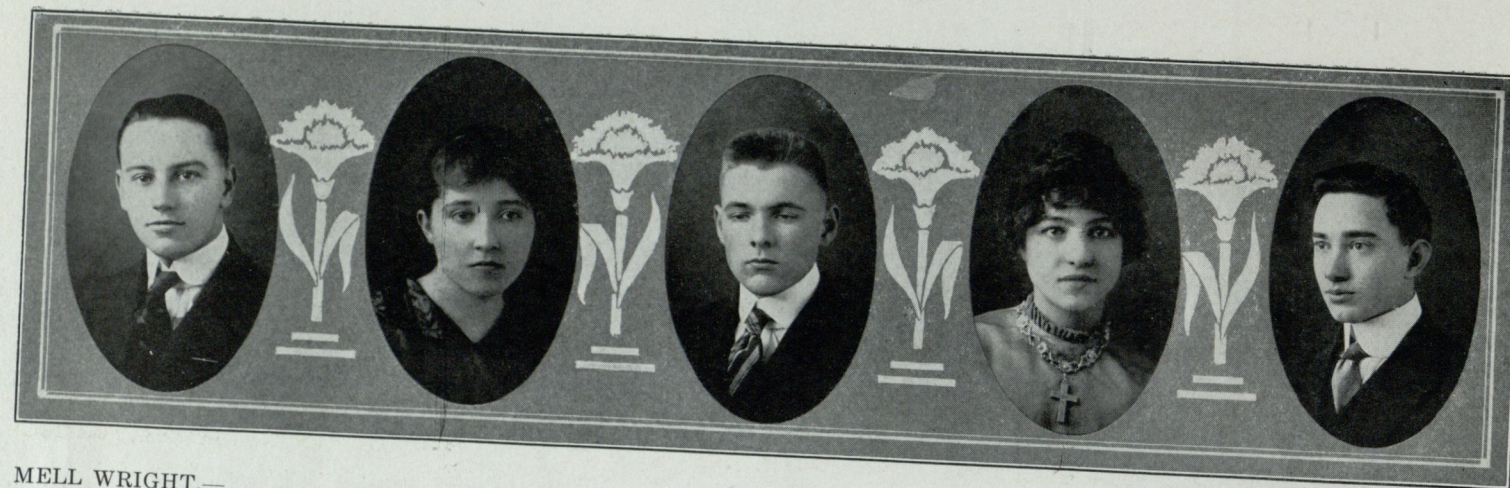
We all know "Bube" is all "Wright"—if she has enough powder to last her. She comes to us from Hardscrabble vicinity, and has always been a studious member of D. H. S.

HERSCHAL HOLTZCLAW.—Basket Ball Team.

We call him "Mut" for short (or for his length. He is as tall, if not taller than "Dick" and makes a good Center in the Basket Ball.

RUTH MOSIER.—D. K. T. Club.

"Mose," our pretty classmate, is a queen of Avon. She is a star on catching fellows, and now has a certain 15'er on her hands. Outside of using too much powder, Ruth is all right.



MELL WRIGHT.—

Mell was willed to us from last year. Between girls and trucks he hap a hard time to get to school. He is a friend of everyone and always takes a load to out-of-town games.

CLAIRE KIRK.—

"Ted" is noted for her crimson cheeks. She is a very good stenographer and does most of the school typewriting.

HORACE MILLIKIN.—Yell Leader.

"Everybody Yell." The foregoing is quoted from "Mike." He used to play on the basket-ball team, but this year he lost out. He is a favorite among the girls, and a good dancer.

MARY LOU HAMILTON.—D. K. T. Club

Miss Hamilton has the honor of being the oldest member of the class. "Ham" is a southerner, and has more than once caused ripples of mirth by her pronunciation of some words.

JEWELL LEAK.—

Our married brother! No, he is not married yet, but he's engaged. He has decided to be a school teacher and will begin next year. About Xmas he plans another big day, (maybe) when he gets tied up.



LEOTA MARSHALL.—Joke Editor, Annual. D. K. T. Club.

"Tote" is an all around, bright, cheery, studious, serious, frivolous, nice, helpful, friendly, girl! Any thing you want in the help line, just go to her. She is also to be a teacher.

CLYDE FRAZIER.—Executive Committee, Annual; Captain of the Basket Ball team.

Clyde has always been absent in just two particulars, a nick-name and a girl. We simply can't find a suitable nick-name for him, and he will not take up with a girl. Outside of these defects, he seems O. K.

BEULAH CAMPBELL.—Assistant Editor of the Annual. D.K.T.Club

The only bright one in the class. She beat us all out. She gets out in three and a half years without a bit of outside work "Kamel" is a very pretty little lass, as you can see, and we all like her.

LAWRENCE KURTZ.—Annual Artist.

"Kurtzie" is a very popular, red-headed little chap. The girls all like him, and he keeps his "Maxwell" going night and day. He longs to be president of a large automobile concern; but we think that if you would drop into a small garage you would find him under a "4d" looking for the back seat.

VERNA CLARK.—D. K. T. Club.

Ever since Verna has been a Senior she has, more or less, been "daffy" over Freshman boys. But that fact doesn't spoil "Vern;" she is a nice girl, anyway. She is also a good dancer.



GOLDIE HENDERSON.—

Our sure enough red-head, she has it. Goldie, or Golduh, is a very smart little lady and makes good grades; she hopes to be a teacher some day, and we wish her success.

MABLE SHEETS.

"Mable" is the tiniest one we have. She stands only about four feet. She wears a solemn little face and hails from the meadows.

MARY FRAZIER.—

Mary is our country maid. She had a habit of coming in on time—occasionally. But when she does get there, she is here. She is a good poet, and has a special liking for that kind of dope.

Senior Class Poem

There are many honors won, since that bright old winter's sun
Saw the class of '16 start
In the long and difficult trails, that have their deep mysterious tales
Which lead to educational art.

Noble's our speaker, a diligent seeker
Of knowledge we all desire;
And the time will be, when we shall see
Him crowned with honors much higher.

Leota in splendor, is quite tall and slender
She dances with men galore.
If luck will but reach her, she'll be a Latin teacher
That the pupils will surely adore.

Now Mike isn't a reader, but just our yell leader,
He sings in wonderful tones.
The prophecies say, that he probably some day
Will travel thru many zones.

Edith is a little girl with an elegant auburn curl
She is modest and quite demure;
It is probable that she, will sail o'er life's sea
A dear little "maid" for sure.

Bernice another, who now has no lover
Also is as dear as can be;
But for her we prophesy, in the sweet by and by
Will come a man as lovable as she.

Shields, I tell you what, is "Johnny on the spot"
He is talented along an editorial line,
Some day, I discern he'll run a printing concern,
He'll do the work and do it fine.

Now Clyde is a dove, that all the girls love
And a captain of the basket-ball team;
It is hoped that he'll be, while sailing life's sea
Always held with great esteem.

There's Miss Mary Lou who's a dear girl too,
She is tall and wonderfully fair,
The blue in her eyes, is the same as the skies
And in dark brown curls is her hair.

Another little lass, whom we have in our class,
Is Claire, whom we all call "Ted",
She gives you a smile, when she meets you all the while
With a nod of her prim little head.

Dick, I 'most forgot to say is our class president today,
Who towers six foot and four inches,
He takes things as they come though they do seem rather "bum",
And from hardships he never flinches.

And there's Mabel so small you can't find her at all,
But she always gets called on in classes,
How do the teachers know, she's on the front row?
Guess they use magnifying glasses.

Mary, Oh Mary, she's not near so contrary
As the old rhyme says she is;
She has a sweet disposition in every condition
And there's a man who will soon call her his.

Raoul is the sport, we call Barmy for short,
And short he surely must be,
He plays on cornets and flirts with brunetts,
And Oh! how popular he is.

Esther, since September, has been a class member,
Her home is in a state far west.
When school's out she'll leave us and of course it will grieve us
But she has the good will of the rest.

Now there's Goldie we've all seen, and it isn't Goldie Bean,
But our Goldie is a happy little lass,
Who, altho she has, she travels life's hard road,
Always has a smile for those who pass.

And there's also Jewel Leak who's timid and weak
We call him our "married man";
He's going to teach school and lay down a rule,
For the pupils to follow if they can.

Also there's a Miss Ruth and to tell the truth,
She's the queen of old Avon,
It isn't so far but she's come on the car
Every school day and sometimes anon.

Now Karl I've heard, thinks the "Crane" a nice bird
And visits her home frequently,
But Sally's all right, he tries with his might
And sticks to his work patiently.

Beulah Campbell's a blonde of whom we are fond,
She's the "Soloman" of our class;
She is gifted with joys and likes most all boys,
We know she's a dear little lass.

There is our Mell and no one can tell
What the future may bring to him,
The prophecy said, if you remember, that he'd be a cabinet member,
With a salary that's not very slim.

Now Beula J. will teach school some day,
And at last she herself is deciding,
She must wait patiently for long it may be,
Before her "plumed knight" comes riding.

Herschel who is tall, on our team plays basket-ball,
In German he's a regular star,
From Commercial course at college, he's gained a lot of knowledge
And now he knows what calculations are.

Now there is Lawrence Kurtz, we know he never flirts,
"Kurtzie" is a happy little man,
He tries in every way to have time for work and play,
But when he works, he does the best he can.

Verna I've not passed tho her I've chanced to mention last,
I've named none in any order of degree,
For in our class each little lass,
And lad are equal, as you can see.

I'm sure there are no more, for we number twenty-four,
Our class is probably least but not the worst,
Our colors, green and white, gleam so very bright,
And our motto which we sing is "Safety First".

Beulah Jones '16.

Senior Class History

Although the seventeenth of September 1912 was not a calendar red-letter day, it was one for the Danville High School; for on that day the class of '16 took its abode in the two rows of seats in the south side of the Assembly Hall. We were greeted with giggles and murmurs about the "Freshies" and the greenness thereof. Then Mr. Nay and Mr. Mahan delivered to us the names of the rooms, and instructed us how to reach said rooms—all of which we very readily conceived. A class meeting was held, Prof. Nay presiding. We elected Herschel Holtzelaw, President; Ione Gentry, Secretary and Treasurer. The class colors decided upon were green and white; and the flower, white rose. During our first year we held several social functions which we all enjoyed fully.

We organized as Sophomores with Leota Marshall, President. The most memorial occurrence of the year was the hay-ride to Cartersburg, Mr. Menke and Miss Cornelia Luscomb acting as chaperons for the party.

For '14-15 we had a year of many presidents. At the first class meeting, Herbert Owens was elected President with Claire Kirk as Secretary. Due to Herbert's leaving school we were obliged to elect another president, this time Vernard Burke; but owing to Burke's dislike for public office,

he resigned, and left us to find a new leader. Marshall Fulton became chief executive and remained so through the rest of the year. The principal event of our Junior year was the Junior-Senior Reception. Because the School Board limited us as to the amount for the party, we were unable to give one as elaborate as some of the former classes had done, yet we endeavored to treat the 15's as well as possible. As Juniors, we got into several scraps over class colors but "all's well that ends well" and at the close of the year we were on friendly terms with the other classes.

Then we assumed Senior dignities. Richard Prentice was elected President at the first class meeting, with Bernice Grooms, Secretary. "Safety First" was decided on as our motto. Our most successful party was the "Kid Party" at the home of Richard Prentice. The costuming and games were the most striking features of the party. The class play decided upon was "What Happened to Jones" which we gave on April 25th. Soon our work at Danville High School will be completed, and our earnest desire is to prove ourselves worthy to compete in solving the harder problems of life.

Beulah Campbell.

Class Prophecy

"The Class of 1916
in the Year 1930"

After finishing a hard day's work at the conservatory where I teach the cornet, my wife and I decided to go to Keith's theater to see their vaudeville and the Keith movies for which they are famous. We called our car and were soon at the theater listening to the strains of the orchestra. Before the show began, programs were distributed amid the yelling of the "pop-corn, chewing-gum, and cracker-jack" boys. On the program were given the vaudeville numbers as they would appear and the movies with scenes of the current events of the week. My wife then called my attention to the name of the printer and there it was in great big letters "Shields White." Our neighbor in the next seat then spoke up, "Yes, Mr. White is one of our leading printers in the city now. He is editor of the 'Indianapolis Star' and does job-printing only as a side line."

The first number on the program was a vaudeville troop of six, three boys and three girls, in a number entitled "A Musical Sketch." Imagine our surprise when there marched onto the stage—Beulah Campbell, Clyde Frazier, Leota Marshall, Horace Millikin, Claire Kirk, and Noble Landis. They gave their share of the program most excellently. They gave dancing, singing, saxophone playing and other musical acts which were fine.

The next number on the program was a company of three comedians, there was only one in this group which attracted out attention and in him we recognized Jewell Leak. Their wit was very keen, they soon had every one in the house laughing and kept this up until the end of their act.

The next act was given by an artist of wide repute, a Mr. Kurtz with whom we are all acquainted. He did caricature drawing and sketches of his characters in "What Happened to Dad," which runs in the Star. He also did some other work which was admired very much.

The Keith movies were shown. These pictures dealt with the happenings of the people of the whole world. The first scene took us to a farm during thrashing time. Showing us the different stages of that work from eating dinner to placing the straw in the mow. Among the ladies getting dinner we noticed Mary Frazier, Mabel Sheets, and Beulah Jones. Of the men, we noticed only one familiar face, Herschel's.

The next scene shifted to a parade of suffragettes in our own city of Indianapolis. They had bands and were having the time of their life. (Just a word reader, I had to feed my wife lots of taffy to keep her out of that parade.) Among them we noticed Goldie Henderson, Mary Lou Hamilton, and Ruth Mosier. This reel was soon ended to my great joy.

The next reel showed us the city schools with their modern improvements and it surely is marvelous what modern thought and action has done in our schools. The teachers are much better than formerly because of the rigid examinations which they are required to pass. The only successful ones from our class, that we noticed there, were Edith Barker, Verna Clark and Bernice Grooms.

At the close of that reel, one containing scenes of our

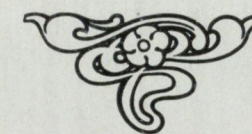
army was next shown. Of all our class there are only two in the service of their country Richard Prentice, formerly our class president, and Karl Sallust. This reel gave us the condition of our army and statistics in regard to our standing with other countries and I am glad to say, we are prepared to meet any foe.

The last reel took us to the state of Washington to view the great floral parade held in the city of Seattle. There was some of the most beautiful designs and flowers which one could imagine. Upon the approach of the Queen of the parade, we were very much surprised to see that she was none

other than Esther McArthur. We then remembered that she lived in Washington and that she was very beautiful, and so we soon recovered from the shock of our first surprise.

This ended the show, and we were delighted to have struck a night when so many of our class-mates were either on the stage or shown in pictures. So we found out, as we did the time of the Senior play that our class really has actors in it. We spent an enjoyable evening and soon made our way home.

Raoul Ayres, '16.



Class Will

We, the Class of 1916, of the Danville High School, in the state of Indiana, do make this will and testament:

ITEM I. We give and bequeath as a Class:

1. Our sins and short-comings to our devoted Faculty.
2. Our notebooks, themes, and ponies to the Juniors.
3. All our corrected experiments in Physics and Physiology, we donate to the aforementioned Juniors.
4. Our ability to sit quietly, with hands folded and lips closed, during a long speech in the assembly, to the entire student body.
5. Our brilliancy, good looks, and privileges, to all members of the Junior Class.
6. The office to all love-sick couples, provided they do not cause Mr. Cushman annoyance.
7. We respectfully donate to our beloved and patient Faculty, our appreciation of their mindful deeds and attentive aid in guiding us through the years which we have spent in this honored high school.

ITEM II. We, as individuals, having valuable personal possessions, do give and distribute as follows:

"Dick" Prentice's height and gracefulness to Undrel Hubble.

Noble Landis' seat by Miss Browns' desk to some member of History 12 class, providing they are as brilliant as Noble, and can fill the position with dignity.

Bernice Groom's dimple to Helen Ader.

"Tote" Marshall's graceful dancing to Olevia McCoun, providing it does not effect her mentally.

Lawrence Kurtz's hair to whosoever is willing to take it.
"Mike" Millikan's ability to yell to the next yell leader.
"Ted" Kirk's rosy cheeks to Josephine Kreigh.

"Barley" Ayer's foolish questions to Julian Simmons.
Goldie Henderson's voice to Mary Agnes Showalter, provided she does not use it too often.

Mabel Sheets' shortness to Helen Hadley.
Edith Barker's shyness and tender modesty to Helen Parker to be used.

"Mutt" Holtzclaw's excessive height to Aquilla Dawson.
"Sally" Sallust's big feet to the High School Trophy case.
Mary Frazier's striking personality to some sweet girl.
Beulah Jones' studious nature to Ruth Newman.

Clyde Frazier's good looks and popularity with ladies to John Moran.

Beulah Campbell's brilliancy to any Junior who is not so fortunately gifted.

Jewell Leak's willingness to work to Orrion Shutts if he wants it.

Verna Clark's sweet disposition to Mildred Cummings providing she will use it.

Mell Wright's knack for "getting in bad" with faculty members to Myrle Vogel.

"Jake" White's printing ability to the next Senior lithographer.

Mary Lou Hamilton's witty talk and sunny disposition to someone who needs them.

Esther McArthur's weight to Jeanette Schwartz.

Esther McArthur '16

"US"

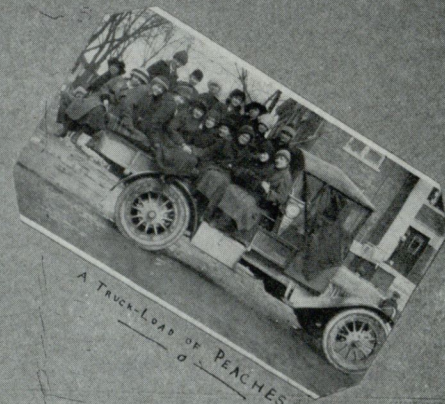
NAME	LABEL	NOTED FOR	FOUND	DESIRE	EXPRESSION	FUTURE
Raoul Ayers.....	Barm.....	Cornet.....	Ditto.....	Ditto.....	Shucks.....	Kryl, 2.....
Edith Barker.....	Edie.....	Good Grades.....	Home.....	Teach.....	Fiddle.....	Teacher.....
Beulah Campbell.....	Kamel.....	Beauty.....	Royal.....	Class "A".....	Awful purdy.....	Mrs. ———.....
Verna Clark.....	Vern.....	Chewing.....	D. H. S.....	Teach.....	Dearie.....	Married.....
Clyde Frazier.....	Frag.....	B. B. Capt.....	Track.....	Win.....	Gee Whiz.....	Coach.....
Mary Frazier.....	C. and G.....	Engaged.....	South.....	Alva.....	Oh Dear.....	Wifey.....
Bernice Grooms.....	Bun.....	Smiles.....	Home.....	Teacher.....	Goodness.....	Missionary.....
Mary L. Hamilton.....	Ham.....	Typewriter.....	At Machine.....	Domestic Science.....	Thunder.....	Old Maid.....
Goldie Henderson.....	Golduh.....	Red Dome.....	Working.....	Teach.....	O My.....	Actress.....
Beulah Jones.....	Bule.....	Flirting.....	On Car.....	Marry.....	Woop-ee-do.....	Married.....
Claire Kirk.....	Ted.....	Blushes.....	Home.....	Stenographer.....	O My Soul.....	Stenographer.....
Lawrence Kurtz.....	Kurtzie.....	Cartoons.....	Anywhere.....	Drawer.....	My Wife.....	Motorist.....
Noble Landis.....	Noble.....	Wisdom.....	Studying.....	Electrician.....	(any big one).....	Pres. U. S.....
Jewell Leak.....	Prof.....	Married.....	North End.....	Preacher.....	Bugs.....	Actor.....
Leota Marshall.....	Tote.....	Latin.....	Walking.....	De Pauw.....	Hoot-in-anny.....	Mrs. Castle, 2....
Esther McArthur.....	Em.....	Weight.....	West.....	Seattle.....	Well.....	Dean.....
Horace Milikin.....	Mike.....	Yelling.....	Barber Shop.....	Sing.....	Key of G.....	Sing Sing.....
Ruth Mosier.....	Babee.....	Power.....	Avon.....	Mrs. D.....	Thot I'd die.....	See "Desire".....
Richard Prentice.....	Dick.....	Heighth.....	Burke's.....	Debator.....	Oh You!.....	Senator.....
Mable Sheets.....	Mabie.....	Non Height.....	Home.....	To Grow.....	Why.....	Farmer.....
Shields White.....	Jake.....	Ed-in-chief.....	Gazette.....	I. U.....	Shoot.....	Adv. Man.....
Mell Wright.....	Mel Rite.....	Moustache.....	Everywhere.....	Girls.....	ST-st-stu—.....	Nutz.....
Herschel Holtzclaw.....	Mutt.....	Loafing.....	Hadley's.....	Get Thru.....	Huh!.....	None.....



CAMP FIRES.



BIRDS IN THE TREES.



A TRUCK-LOAD OF PEACHES.



DANIAL BOONE
—JRS.—



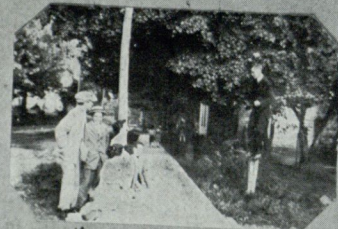
—NUTZ KIB—



CHICKENS.



ON THE BRIDGE AT
MIDNIGHT.



"VOTES FOR WOMEN."



SOME — BUNCH.





JUNIORS

Junior Class Roll

Helen Ader

Hermoine Ayers

Vernard Burke

Mary Conn

Mildred Cummings

Henry Dawson

Bruce De Macrus

Otis Gilkerson

Dortha Hieatte

Robert Hollowell

Undrell Hubble

Mary Holtzclaw

Donald Helton

Zelma Hardwood

Helen Hadley

Edna Hawley

Charles Martin

Olevia McCoun

Ruth Newman

Lucile Nichols

Frances Orr

Pauline Orr

Clark Powers

Helen Parker

Raymond Quilleon

Muriel Reid

Glyndon Searce

De Vere Shirley

Orrion Shutts

Julian Simmons

Freedia Tinder

Unity Thomas

Myrle Vogel

Gladys White

Mary White

Mabel McClain

OFFICERS

Bruce De Marcus.....President

Raymond Quilleon.....Secretary and Treasurer

Colors: Maroon and White.

Junior Class Poem

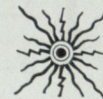
Why is the Senior Class so blue?
 Why are the Sophomores mad clear through?
 Why do the Freshies cry out loud?
 Because they're beaten by our Junior crowd.

We're the "big class, we're the bright class,"
 And we number forty-two.
 History, Geometry, Latin, English,
 Are what we have to do.

We Juniors are working hard this year,
 Especially when Mrs. Keeney is near.
 We never play and we're never behind,
 For when we're in school we dig and grind.

Now there's one boy, a Senior grand
 Who madly sues for a Sophomore's hand;
 And another young man, who from High School soon passes,
 Is madly in love with one of our Freshman lasses.

But the sensible Juniors, with their heads and hearts cool,
 Will safely uphold the reputation of the school,
 They will always be true to the school and their work—
 For the Junior class is the best on earth.





SOPHOMORES

Sophomore Class Roll

Clarence Miles
Eugene Garrison
Clifford Rodney
Paul Pierson

La Rue Symons
Donald Hogate
John Moran

Myrle Cooper
Samuel Kirk

Frank Carter
Ruth Daugherty
Lelah Comer

Mary Edwards
Josephine Hornaday
Mary Agnes Showalter

Mildred Harrison
Ralph Day

Beula Brady
Nettie Grenard

Ruth Barker
Nancy Baird

Fyrn Frazier
Jessie Arnold

Ressa Clark

Jeanette Swartz

Hazel Ver Douw

Ruth Osborn

Irene Thompson

Frances Prentice

Katherine Martin

OFFICERS

Frank Carter.....President

Irene Thompson.....Secretary and Treasurer

Colors: Old Gold and Blue.

Sophomore Class Poem

Above all of those in D. H. S.
The Sophomores stand we mean,
For such another bunch of kids,
Is nowhere to be seen.

Now there are Carter and Day,
Who in the same old way
Their Caesar lesson do get;
Of questions, five hundred
They'll ask each day
And out of the exams be let.

Here's LaRue and Paul
Although they are tall
They're very fine boys you see;
If time treats them well,
You can easily tell
They'll very fine pedagogues be.

Then there's John and Eugene,
Although they are seen
Not very often together;
To Mike they will go
If there is a show
To ask about the weather.

There's Frances and Josephine
(Which rhymes well with bean)
Although they are fair as a lily
To tell the truth,
With Mary Agnes and Ruth,
They are driving some boys quite silly.

Now there's Donald Hogate
Who sometimes is late,
And Clarence and Myrle (how funny)
They'll work all day
Without rest and play
And still be cheerful and sunny.

And now Beulah and Katherine,
Next step on the scene
With Lelah and Ruth so gay.
They'll have a fine time
But never you mind
Exams are coming some day.

There's Nancy and Ruth
I would in truth
Have left them far behind,
Had not some kind friend
Willingly a moment to spend
Recalled them to my mind.

But we must not forget
There is also Jeanette,
And Nettie, Sam, Hazel, and Fern
With Ressa and Mary and Mildred too.
(Its hard to tell when we do get through.)

Thirty you'll find,
If you'll read every line,
And now we'll bid you adieu.





FRESHMEN

Freshmen Class Roll

Lorene Brill

Nancy Baird

Harry Burke

Mabel Clark

Aquilla Dawson

Bratcher De Marcus

Roger Easley

Helen Frazier

Maggie Frazier

Robert Garrison

Estie Hunt

Marjorie Hessler

Harvey Higgins

Elma Jackson

Josephine Kreigh

Maurice Kirk

Jeanette Martin

Albert Marsh

Hattie McClain

Grace Marting

Martha Osborn

Anne Martha Osborne

Nina Owens

Fred Pierson

Sarah Roach

Lee Shirley

Elma Simmons

Fred Stewart

Netah Slavens

Lucile Smith

Kathleen Stanley

Darwin Thomas

Oscar Ver Douw

Kenneth Willoughby

Louise Wagner

Melvin Westerfield

John Collier

OFFICERS

Bratcher De Marcus.....President.

Kenneth Willoughby.....Secretary and Treasurer

Colors: Black and White.

Freshmen Prophecy

I found a marvelous book
On a bright and glorious day,
It told in moving pictures
Of my classmates on their way.

And first of all, Lorene,
A movie star is she
With Maurice at her side
In, "Life in forty- three".

'Oh! here come here! come in"
Is the cry of Oscar V.
As he presents the clowns
Our Albert, Fred and Lee.

And Melvin's next in line,
He's a man of note
With a placard on his back
"For women now we vote."

And close upon his heels
Are Elma J. and Mable C.
When Melvin tries to talk,
They cry out, "Vote for me".

I hear a sound of music,
As Bratcher next I see,
Directing with great ease
The "Danville Symphony."

Out side a lawyer's window
This sign comes to my view
'Tis "Garrison and Burke
Will settle things for you."

And Grace so famous now
Is writing poetry,
While Martha, a captain's wife
Is sailing o'er the sea.

At home in old Danville
In a haberdashery—
Most properous business men—
Are Floyd, John and Darwin T.

At the head of the "Daily Globe,"
Is Kenneth Willoughby.
And justice is metted out
By Judge R. Easley.

Hunt and Higgins both
Authorities at Purdue,
Are teaching Agriculture
As few men can do,

Aquilla D. and Harry H.
As artists of much renown,
Are having great sucess
In almost every town.

And next I see Fred Stewart
A scholarly man is he,
Of all the Latin in the land
He's master of first degree,

Maggie, Helen and Jeanette,
All Freshies of sixteen
Are filling fashion plates
With styles of high esteem.

Then Marjorie and Lucile,
Great girls for "home" you know,
Are making husbands happy
By keeping house just so.

Anne Martha, so stately,
As Earlham's Dean presides,
While Netah violinist,
At Holyoke resides.

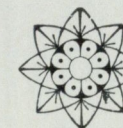
Kathleen and Nina too,
Fair maids of tender heart,
Have crossed the seas to Europe
To take a nurse's part.

And Elma S. with Hattie M.
Those maids I knew of yore
Are having great success.
In their millinery store.

And here is Sarah Avis,
A German teacher noted,
Whose many witty sayings
Are very often quoted.

And as my book is closed,
I breathe a heavy sigh,
That I never can live o'er
The happy days gone by.

Louise Wagner '19.



Signatures



ATHLETICS

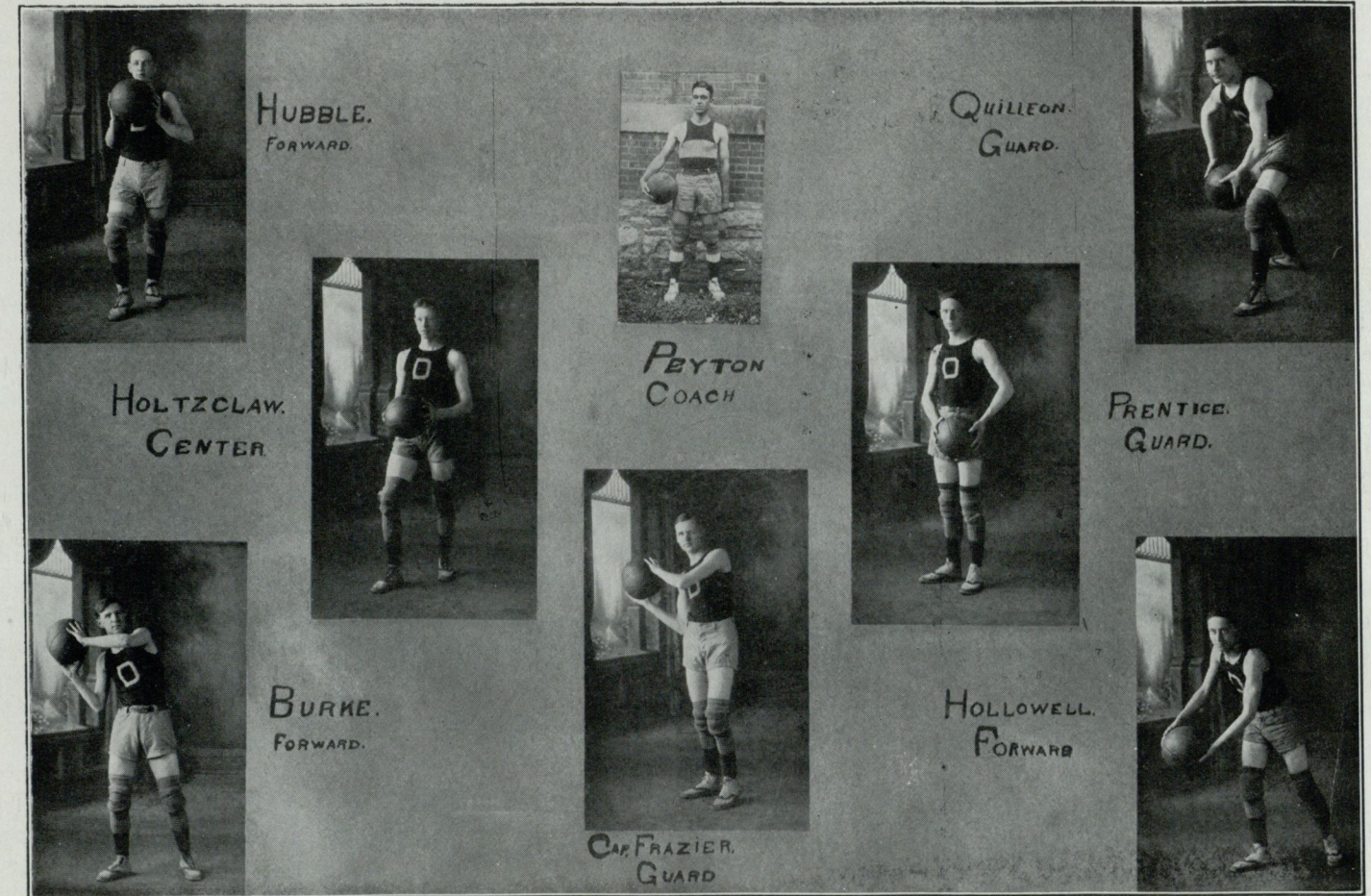
Gymnasium Class

The school board, under great measures to give those pupils of the Danville High School an opportunity to develop themselves physically as well as mentally and morally, rented the Christian Church Gymnasium for a taxed amount of money and agreed to give the Church board one third of the proceeds of each game. The church agreed to employ a director who would have charge of the Gymnasium work.

The Director, after organizing the classes made the training very interesting. The members of the classes were not allowed to miss more than two classes in succession. This element in the work made the members more interested and made a more regular attendance. The hour being from

four to five, it was necessary for the members to go as quickly as possible to the Gymn. from school.

Mostly games were played under Director Peyton, while some very interesting Calisthenics were performed. The members were very much disappointed when the news came to them that a new director had been employed by the church board. The new director, Albert Johnson took interest in the members from the first and it is the judgment of many individuals that on account of his interest in the members and their interest in him, that he will turn out a remarkably good Gymnasium class.



BASKET BALL

Basket Ball

Practice did not begin until the last days of September nineteen hundred fifteen, when the services of Max Peyton were secured. With a pretty good bunch of players Captain Frazier and Coach Peyton began to whip a team into shape that would battle for honors.

On October twenty seventh the lights were turned on so that the quintet from Clayton could see the baskets, Clayton having had a stronger and more efficient team at that time won the game from the D. H. S. five by a score of thirty-two to twenty-five. The first game on the road went to Amo, with the score resulting as a loss for D. H. S. thirty-five to twenty-one. The team braced after the Amo defeat and won the next six games; two being away from home.

The game that had been expected to be the most interesting of the season was a perfect failure on the part of the D. H. S. quintet to do their duty, and was next to the worst game that the D. H. S. players put up in all the season's games. The score was forty to seventeen, although it was a defeat for D. H. S. the boys did not lose confidence in themselves, since they had won seven games out of twelve up to and including the Amo game.

In the following two weeks three games were played and two games of these were won. From this time until the close of the season four games were played the D. H. S. quintet winning three of the four. These last four games made the prospects look better for the D. H. S. five in the County Tournament.

The girl's basket-ball team was very good. Edna

Hawley was elected captain. A strong team was developed and it is thought that if they could have entered the Tournament they would have carried away a medal, since they had but very few games scheduled and they won the games that were played.

The Hendricks County Basket Ball Tournament took place in the Amo Gymnasium, March 4, 1916.

The arrangement by the Superintendents of the different schools provided for seven games, three in the morning, three in the afternoon, and one at night. The schedule was arranged by silent ballot, as follows:-

Time.	Game	Score
9:00 A. M.	Amo vs. New Winchester	84-5
10:00 A. M.	Danville vs. Plainfield	22-23
11:00 A. M.	Lizton vs. Brownsburg	8-29
1:15 P. M.	Amo Girls vs. Central Acd. Girls	16-7
2:15 P. M.	North Salem vs. Brownsburg	5-39
3:15 P. M.	Amo vs. Plainfield	42-16
7:45 P. M.	Brownsburg vs. Amo	13-24

All the games were interesting considering the advantages of the different teams. A large crowd was present and Amo profited from the Tournament.

The district Tournament at Lebanon drew a crowd that packed the floor of the Armory. Danville and Frankfort staged the first game of the first day's tournament. Danville started out in the lead and finished the first half five points to the good.

Burke made the first field goal for Danville, one minute after the opening. Frankfort tried several long shots before Wise landed a clean one from the center of the floor. Danville showed some classy passing, but Hubble missed the throw. Bunker and Frazier each committed fouls and each threw the goal. Burke came back right after the tipoff for a field goal which was closely followed by one by Harlan. A foul was called on Harlan and Frazier threw the goal. Bunker and Frazier each committed fouls; Bunker missed his throw and Frazier landed the ball in the net. Hubble landed a clean field goal after some clever passing following the tip off and came back in half-minute with another.

Wise, Frankfort's center made a field goal after a good run down the floor. Pryor fouls Frazier who pitched foul goal. Harlan, Frankfort's speedy forward, makes two field goals in short order. Pryor and Hubble committ double fouls, Frazier and Bunker each score the free throw. A personal foul was called on Bunker and Frazier makes the throw. After time out for Frankfort, Burke made a pretty field goal from the west side lines.

Running the ball from their own territory Danville did some clever passing and Burke put two field goal in before the Clinton County lads could get their breath. Bunker made a sensational field goal from the center of the floor ending the first half 19 to 14 favor of Danville.

Frankfort started out the last half with an exceptionally bad streak in hitting the basket. After five minutes Bunker landed a field goal and followed with a foul goal the foul being on Hubble. This he followed up with another field goal Spencer fouled a Danville player and Frazier threw the goal. Holtzclaw committed a foul, but Bunker missed the throw. Holtzclaw made a second foul and then one lands clean for Bunker. After some fast work from one end of the

floor to the other Bunker lands a field goal for Frankfort, followed closely by one for Danville by Burke, tying the score, 22 to 22.

Time out was taken for Holtzclaw. After taking the ball out of their own territory, Hubble shaped by Spencer for a field goal. Score, Danville 24, Frankfort 22, Hubble took part in some fast passing and gets past Frankfort for another field goal. Pryor committs a foul and Fraizier makes the throw. Bunker and Pryor make two field goals for Frankfort in quick succession. Bunker came back right after the tipoff with another field goal.

After considerable mixing up in the center of the floor, Harlan for Frankfort made a clean basket from the side of center. Bunker fouls Hubble by tripping and Frazier threw the goal. Burke scored a field goal. The second half ended with the game a tie 30 to 30. Five minutes play is to decide the game.

In the over time period Burke landed a field goal after some fast work down the floor, but Bunker landed one a few seconds later, tying the score, 32 to 32.

Pryor committed his fourth personal and is put out of the game. Frazier missed the throw. Bunker scores for Frankfort on a long shot. Hubble tied the score again with a shot from the side line.

Prentice committed a foul in a mixup, in which Hubble was laid out, Bunker made the throw, winning for Frankfort, 35 to 34.

DANVILLE (34)

Burke.....	F.....	Harlan
Hubble.....	F.....	Bunker
Holtzclaw.....	C.....	Wise
Frazier.....	G.....	Pryor, Nesse
Prentice.....	G.....	Spencer

Field Goals—Harlan, 4; Bunker, 8; Wise, 2; Pryor, 5; Burke, 8; Hubble, 5.

Foul Goals—Bunker, 5 out of 9; Fraizer, 8 out of 11.

FRANKFORT (35)

That Basket Ball Team of Ours

First comes Captain Frazier with hair that is light,
When on the floor for D. H. S. he does fight,
Whether at guard or at center he's always in it
Playing his hardest up to the last minute.

Burkie, Burkie, little star,
How they wonder who you are,
When upon the floor you glide
Shooting baskets from every side.

So funny looking is our Jid
That where ever he goes the audience do kid
But when it comes to playing he's hard to beat,
He has such large hands and such big feet.

When they see our little Hubble,
They think he's nothing but a small air bubble.
But after the whistle, they begin to root
For shooting baskets is his long suit.

Then comes Marsh with that red hair
The audience laughs as if this were rare,
The opponents soon his goat do seek,
For when covering the floor he goes like a streak,

Then out comes Bobbie, there's not much there,
Except when he starts playing they open their eyes,
They don't expect so much from one of his size.

Then comes Noble with a frown on his face
He starts out playing at a very fast pace
Before the games' half over the team is nearly dead,
For he hits every man like a ton of lead.

Then there is Quilleen with black hair and red nose,
But that dosen't hinder him as far as playing goes,
He covers the floor and is so fleet
That he plays his opponents clear off their feet.

SUMMARY OF SEASON, 1915-16

D. H. S.	32 New Winchester	24	D. H. S.	28 Brownsburg	15
D. H. S.	14 New Winchester	16	D. H. S.	17 Amo	40
D. H. S.	25 Clayton	2	D. H. S.	17 Plainfield	47
D. H. S.	2 Plainfield Academy	22	D. H. S.	25 Jamestown	32
D. H. S.	31 Plainfield Academy	14	D. H. S.	49 North Salem	11
D. H. S.	47 New Winc ester	17	D. H. S.	24 Sheridan	35
D. H. S.	21 Amo	35	D. H. S.	37 Plainfield	33
D. H. S.	37 Sheridan	15	D. H. S.	49 Brownsburg	8
D. H. S.	57 Jamestown	25	D. H. S.	32 Roachdale	24
D. H. S.	30 North Salem	33	Total: D. H. S.	574	Opponents 465





A Page of Scattered Philosophy



You are never so right as when you admit you are wrong
A man who is wrong and won't grant it is capable of doing wrong and hiding.

You can lead a fool to opportunity but you can't make him think.

Don't lord yourself. Your grand-daughter may marry the grand-son of your boot-black, and ride to church in his twin-six, while you walk.

Wit and grit are keys to which all locks submit.

Scum vanishes from swift waters.

I am a lineal descendant of Adam—How old are you?

The prospector of Death Valley did not lack for companionship after he had discovered gold in its waste.

Every dogged worker has his day. Who can predict what lies ahead—or in your head?

Mountains of doubt are higher than the Himalayas.

Aim at your ambition where you please—there's not a private target in the Republic

Don't bluff. In every game the deuce spot always meets an ace.

The formula which solves every problem: Thought plus Work minus Doubt.

When money is the latchkey, insincerity is the host.

Thine own reproach alone do fear.

Health is necessary to continued, and effective work.

Boost, don't roost: work, don't shirk.

Be sure you put your feet in the right place, and then stand firm.

When you can't remove an obstacle, plow around it.
A little less haste sometimes means more speed with a conservation of energy.

A well balanced mental and physical status is more to be desired than a super-accumulation of either.

Debts expand as they are contracted.

An educated man can not expect to lose his perspective of the world in general. Sometime he may want to teach the world something, and he must know the people, to do so.

It is enough for a man to understand his own business and not mind other people's.

Professing themselves to be wise, they become fools.

The hardest thing we know is a man's brain—he can cut diamonds and run tunnels with it.

Progress can not dig the undisclosed thoughts from your mind fast enough to exhaust the reserve stock.

Four rules concerning truth:

(1) Truth requires a clear and distinct conception of its object excluding all doubts.

(2) The objects of knowledge naturely fall into series or groups.

(3) In these groups, investigation must begin with a simple and indecomposable element, and pass from it to the more complex and relative elements.

(4) And an exhaustive and immeditate grasp of the relations and interconnections of these elements is necessary for knowledge in the fullest sense of the word.



Two Little Taylors



In the small town of Chester, Indiana everyone knew everyone else. When, during the second week after the Randalls moved into the "neighborhood," Mrs. Willis was the first to call, no one was surprised. And, least of all was Mrs. Willis surprised, when during the conversation, Mrs. Randall spoke of the "sweet little Taylor boys." "Yes" said Mrs. Willis "There certainly are no more like them in Chester." And she meant it. She lived right next door to the Taylors.

But Mrs. Randall had yet to meet the real "imps" and and the latter, loth to postpone the meeting, decided to go over that very evening. They sallied forth (by way of the kitchen door) as soon as the coast was clear. Mrs. Randall rested comfortably in a large wicker chair, on the front porch; her husband, smoking a thick murderous looking cigar, was seated on the steps at her feet.

"Good evening" said the taller of the two boys, scanning the faces of the two on the porch seriously. Mr. Randall shook the ashes from the end of his cigar, and echoed his wife's pleasant greeting. He also smiled somewhat to himself; the two hours which he had spent each day on the suburban trains for the past week had not been wasted.

The boys, upon being invited to do so, climbed into the porch swing, started the motion, and then looked up, ready to fire first if necessary.

It wasn't long till Mrs. Randall spoke again. "Are you the two little boys who live next door to us?" she queried.

"Yep—that's us" replied the taller of the two, briefly.

"And you're the oldest, arn't you?" continued the lady kindly.

"Yep."

"What is your name?"

The imp addressed was silent as though studying whether he should give out, at random, such facts about himself. But the smaller, so far silent spoke up in a shrill voice. "Maxy's eight years old: I'm only six and a half."

My name's not Maxy, "denied that youth somewhat heatedly. "It's Robert Earl Taylor, Jr."

"Yes—an' mine's Philip Howard Taylor." put in the younger, while Mrs. Randall made a mental note of each fact.

Meanwhile, Maxy determined, things having gone too far already, to take the questioning into his own hands. Folding these latter members carefully in his lap, he gazed earnestly at Mrs. Randall and commenced. "Where are your boys?"

"We don't have any, dear" she answered.

"Um—" commented her cross-examiner meditatively.

"What did you do with them?"

"We never had any to do anything with" said the lady gently.

"Say, that's nice," broke in the other silent youngster, Howard. "Now we can come over lots. You know lots of times when we want to play in the kitchen, Norah tells us to "Beytake youirsilves into another vacinity," say, what does that mean anyhow?"

Mr. Randall stared at his wife in perplexed silence

for several moments, rolling the phrase, as spoken by Master Howard over and over his tongue, but finally light dawned. A considerable space of time elapsed before he was sufficiently recovered to respond gravely, "Why it means take yourself hence, go hither, depart from this place. So Norah says to "Beytake yuirsilves into anither vacinity" does she? Well, and what do you do then?"

"Oh—lots of things," replied the older vaguely

They sat in silence a moment, then Robert spoke again. "I suppose you do your baking on Wednesdays and Saturdays?"

Mrs. Randall took time for a brief glance at her husband before she answered. "No, I do none of the baking. However I believe cook does make her cakes and such things on the days you mentioned."

"I like good cookies" remarked the elder of the two boys to the porch vines (seemingly,) and seeing his brother about to begin another and probably longer discourse on the subject, said, "Well—good night" and taking Howard's hand, disappeared before the Randalls had finished their amused response.

The boys did not appear the following day. Mr. Randall, when he came home to dinner, remarked that they should probably have another call that evening. However at ten o'clock when the boys had not made an appearance he attempted to reassure his wife with, "Well you should not worry, Helen, this is only Thursday night" and went off to bed whistling.

The following day the children appeared at intervals on the front porch of their paternal residence—they went no farther. Mr. Randall, at dinner that night, rather wore his wife's patience by his never-ending chatter on their behalf. However he reminded her that on the following day she would "get enough of those boys to pay for the cookies."

Saturday dawned bright, clear and hot. Mrs. Randall's cook, generally the most cheerful descendant of the nation of Cork, had about lost her temper. Mrs. Randall, with tact born of long experience, confined her presence to portions of the house other than the kitchen. She had many small duties to attend to and the morning passed quickly, until about ten o'clock she went out on the front porch and sat down to await the arrival of her brother, a business man from a distant city, who was coming to spend his vacation with them.

Lawrence Morton was twenty-four, not bad-looking, and eminently successful in his line of business. While a few years younger than his sister they had always been greatly attached; and since her marriage his fortnight's vacation had always been spent with her. This morning, as he stepped from the train to the station platform of Chester, he wondered "what kind of a town Bert had landed in now."

It was at this precise moment that he noticed the young lady who had been sitting just across the aisle from him all morning and Lawrence stopped thinking. But one must take care of trunks, they will not do it themselves; when he again stepped out on the platform, it was nearly deserted, he started out in the direction of his brother-in-law's home.

Mrs. Randall's greeting was all that any brother could wish, he had a cool room at the front of the house, and the odors that came from the kitchen were positively heavenly. But for some reason Lawrence was not satisfied. This very indefinite annoyance was not forgotten until he went down to luncheon some sixty minutes later and found his sister seated at the table with two very innocent looking youths, of whose ages he had no idea. They evidently found Law-

rence rather a curio, and after a brief glance at them his countenance fixed itself in a grin which he felt would remain indefinitely.

Mrs. Randall introduced her brother to the boys, who gravely assured him that they were charmed. At first no one had anything to say, until Howard asked rather suddenly if Mrs. Randall had not been surprised to see them.

"Why, yes," she confessed, "I was rather surprised."

"I thot so," remarked the young man. "They generally are at first."

He did not condescend to explain this statement, and after these few brief remarks, concentrated himself wholly upon the food before him. Mrs. Randall and her brother discussed other matters and tried not to be aware of the boy's presence, but when shortly after the last course had been served, the imps picked up their caps and started for the door, Lawrence could not control himself. They turned around to gaze at him, and when they had made sure that the attack was not serious, the elder of the two boys assured Mrs. Randall that they had enjoyed the cookies—and the boys were gone.

Lawrence demanded an explanation, and he got one ending with, "But their mother came home this morning, so maybe it won't be quite so bad now."

The brother and sister spent the afternoon conversing of old times and friends, and it was not until Mr. Randall came home to dinner that his wife remembered that they were to go to the concert that night. "And," she told Lawrence, "you're going along." In spite of his objections his sister ruled, and he went.

It was a bore, he told himself, getting dragged off to a concert the first night of a fellow's only vacation in a year. After this he wouldn't stand it; he wasn't going to be hauled

around just because he had a sister that wanted to show him off.

"Lawrence." said that lady suddenly, "do you remember my telling you that Mrs. Taylor, the mother of those boys, came home this morning? There she is—down in front with the tall dark man, don't you see the one who looks so distinguished? Why Lawrence—what is the matter with you for pity's sake, close your mouth, at least partly, and don't stare so. Do you know her?"

"Yes—Yes, that is, no—not at all—er um—I've seen her before, I think" and Lawrence strove to look natural.

So she was married—lived right next door to his sister—had two awful children like those two "imps". Well you never could tell—

The next morning at breakfast Mrs. Randall was enthusiastic. She had never heard such a charming simple concert. "Lawrence" she said, "this coffee is positively heavenly. Did you ever hear the Second Symphony given so well?"

Lawrence answered vaguely, "Er—no. It was fine, wasn't it?"

"Fine? well I should say it was. I believe you don't really appreciate classical music, Lawrence. You're not a bit enthusiastic about it."

"No? Well—the fact is, Helen, I'm about all in—too tired to appreciate real music, you know. Yes I do have hard work—just a lot of cranky old bank presidents to talk to, awful hotels, late trains, and all that sort of stuff. It soon wears on a fellow's nerves."

Helen had forgotten the concert, "You poor boy. And here I've been talking Beethoven to you. What you need to do is to go right to bed and let me draw down the blinds and bring you some chicken broth. Two or three days of that will make you a—"

Mr. Randall made no comment, but a thought flashed suddenly thru Lawrence's mind which made him ask, "Did she have the boys with her?"

"Why yes she did" replied his sister. "And you know they behaved like little angels. But why? I didn't know you were so interested in those boys."

"He's not," chuckled his brother-in-law, but he got no farther with that speech, there was a dangerous look in the young man's eye.

The next day Lawrence spent mostly in the porch swing with a novel, although this was not one of his habits. Mrs. Taylor also seemed to favor the porch views, as quite a little of her time was idled away there. The boys came and went, but did not pay the Randalls a visit. That evening, shortly after the train was due, the Taylor runabout drove up and Mr. Taylor and a lady got out and went into the house. Mrs. Randall decided that this was the boys' aunt, whom she had heard so much about.

The third day of his visit Lawrence spent with his brother-in-law at the latter's office—and elsewhere. The fourth day he did likewise. Lawrence had been having a pretty fair time, but, as he told his sister, he was more used to city life and at first the country rather bored him.

The fifth day he remained at home. He spent the morning in bed, just to show that he could if he wanted to. But Lawrence was thinking it over—in this way. Each of the previous evenings he and his brother had come out on the train with Mr. Taylor, and each of these evenings the latter had been met with the runabout, driven by his wife. Now Lawrence was puzzled. The girl who drove that car was evidently very devoted to her husband, anybody could see that, but she was so much younger than he was—of course, he wasn't an old man—and—Oh! hang it, what's the use?—

And then, too she didn't seem to have anything to say to those boys—just laughed at them, and let 'em have their own way. Oh well he guessed he'd get up.

This he did and soon went down stairs to be greeted with "Well, it certainly is a good thing you're all ready, we've got to go in just about thirty-five minutes."

At this request, Mrs. Randall explained that they had been invited to attend a private tennis tournament that afternoon, and that everyone would be there, and that he must "shine brilliantly," Lawrence said he understood.

They were surrounded all afternoon by people his sister knew, and people who wanted to know her. Lawrence wisely guessed that his sister was not the only attraction in their neighborhood, but he watched the game as closely as he could without seeming a bore. When the game ended there was a general movement toward the summer house, and Lawrence found himself walking with one of his new acquaintances. As they approached the tea table she inquired, "Wouldn't you like to meet Mrs. Taylor? She lives next door to your sister, you know, and has those two little boys, but she's awfully sweet. Oh maybe you know her. No? Well then, do come and let me introduce you." And in spite of his protest his friend led the way.

Then Lawrence heard his own name spoken and Mrs. Taylor's, and found himself bowing to a kindly looking woman who had long before passed the age of twenties. She spoke first, "I am certainly charmed, Mr. Morton. (where had he heard those words spoken in the same drawling fashion?) You are staying with your sister, Mrs. Randall? I think so much of her. Oh, by the way, I want you to meet my sister-in-law, Miss Taylor." Lawrence was shaking hands with the young goddess of whom he had dreamed the last four nights, and his brain, though numb, prompted him to

ask "Haven't we met before? Come and let's find a bench, and I'll get you some tea. We have so much to talk about."

"Gee—e" said a familiar voice, "I'm all out of breath. we had a mos' awful time to find you Mama."

"Yes, and here's Aunt Celie," broke in a second in as injured tone. "You two never left even word where you was goin'."

Miss Taylor was biting her lips, and Lawrence, turning, beheld the two little Taylors. "Well, I never did," he said softly.

"Robert" demanded the mother of the imps, "why did you boys come here?"

"Why to find you of course," declared that youth indignantly.

"And to get some of the 'freshments," added Howard. "Now you just 'fess up, Buddy, you know that's what you said."

The people nearby were amused, especially at Howard's last remark, and Mrs. Taylor saw that she must do something

She motioned for a maid and ordered her car, and then, turning to the boys, she looked sternly at first one, then the other. The boys were not ashamed nor angry, merely curious "Now what are you going to do?" they asked.

"We're going home," she replied briefly. "We're going to have a tournament all by ourselves."

The boys were delighted and began to dance up and down, until suddenly Howard stopped with the inquiry, "Where are we going to get the rackets, Mama?" At which, Mrs. Taylor smiled rather grimly, but said nothing.

It was just at this point that Mrs. Randall suggested that Miss Taylor remain and return home with them, which suggestion Mrs. Taylor warmly seconded, however, her sister-in-law was doubtful about it until Mrs. Taylor assured her that she could be of no assistance at home.

So Miss Taylor looked at Mr. Morton, and accepted.

Then the car rolled up, and—"Won't you all come over to dinner?" said Mrs. Taylor, "We'd be delighted I know, especially the two little Taylors."





How Finnigan Buncoed Boggsville



The Boggsville Anti-Labor Union, in full session at the regular meeting place, Si Hopkin's grocery, was freely discussing the proposed public well, when an interruption in the form of a new arrival, was made. This peculiar piece of humanity, was at first sight, a hobo; but on second was a charter member of the aforementioned society. His good natured face, decorated by a red nose and fringe of crimson hair, was characteristic of his entire person. Likewise, his dilapidated derby, surmounting his red hair, was in unison with the remainder of his makeup. This consisted of a blue flannel shirt, tucked inside a pair of ragged overalls, from the legs of which protruded a pair of unmated shoes, sizes eleven and ten respectively.

"Howdy, stranger," ventured Si Hopkins.

"Mornin' gintlemin, some weather we're havin'."

"Yes-sir-ree-bob, as Patrick O'Dugan ud say, its hot enough ter crack the hide on a skeeter's back."

"Water's gittin scarce, too, ain't seen the like on it since the summer of '89," said Eli Pumpkinblossom.

"Tain't so bad other places as 'tis here at Boggsville. Now over at Elmhill, where they's got the public water-works, folks ain't a sufferin' none." spoke up Joshua Corn-tassel.

"Wal, twouldn't be so bad here, ef someon'd take up the offer o' the town-board's." responded Si.

"What wuz that?" asked the stranger.

"Wal you see, it wuz this away," offered Eli, "Now being harvest time and everybody busy, the town board offered

fifty dollars in order to find a man at 'ud dig 'em a forty foot well. An' there ain't been nobody took 'em up yit."

"Faith an' begorra," exclaimed the Irishman, "Tim Flannigan, ye lucky sonuvagun. Why gintlemin, Oi'm a born well-digger, meself; we an' me faither, and his faither, an' as fer back as one kin remember, we wuz all well diggers."

"Zat so."

"Do tell."

"Wall ef that ain't luck."

"Yes, an wud yu be so kind as ter tell me, where this town board hang out?"

"I'm the town board myself, with these other two," spoke up Si Hopkins, indicating Corn-tassel and Pumpkin-blossom.

"We kin talk bizzness then." said Tim.

"So you'll do er fer fifty dollars, eh?"

"Fifty dollars, wal Oi shud say not. Gintlemin, Oi'am rail well-digger, Oi naid the money, ye naid the well. Oi kin dig the well, and you can't, so, Oi'll do it fer one hundred twenty-five dollars."

"What."

"Whew".

"Wall I swan. One hundred twenty-five dollars."

"Wal thin we'll make it one hundred. That's the least Oi kin do fer ye, Oi'll finish 'er in foin shape, too, by six days".

"Now stranger that there's a heap of money, but then

we need the well, and seein' its gotta be dug. I guess its your job."

Finnigan immediately telegraphed Elmhill for one hundred six thousand feet of six inch lumber, and forty feet of two inch pipe in five foot lengths, having the bill charged to Boggsville. This arriving on the noon freight, he began at once to set up a circular paddock, twenty four feet in diameter and seven feet high. In the center of this he erected a pole and over the whole stretched a couple of tarpaulins, this making a shelter against the inquisitive gaze of all passers-by. Inside of this, he then placed all the tools and materials necessary to complete his labors.

Having completed this work, Finnigan engaged the services of Napoleon Bonaparte, an old horse, which in the days of the towns prosperity had been a high stepper, but was now used by an old darky to gather his pig feed. Napoleon's new duties were to help gather up necessary materials, and to run his new master's improvised pile-driver. This was composed of an old anvil and sledge hammer and a discarded windlass from one of the local wells. As the old horse slowly ambled 'round and 'round, the hammer would fall on the anvil at intervals of about thirty seconds duration, thus giving the hearers the impression of a real pile driver.

These preparations occupied the greater part of the first two days, after which time Finnigan was not seen again in the town for three days. Never-the-less, he was there, for there was ever present that continual grinding of the horse 'round and 'round, and the incessant clang, clang of the anvil. In the meantime, Finnigan took his time about digging a hole about five feet deep and of the same diameter.

At the close of the fifth day, he had practically completed his work. Before him lay a circular pit, by the side of which could be seen the bent sections of eight five foot pieces of iron

pipe, a battered sledge hammer, an old anvil and Napoleon, wistfully searching the inside of the shelter for imaginary tufts of grass. Finnigan strolled up town about supper time and told the president of the town board that he would be ready to show the board only, the well that night, and that it would be open to the public use next morning.

That evening after having gone to the shelter, and having drunk several cups apiece of the water, which they passed on as of most excellent quality the board members returned home, full of praises of the new well, and of Finnigan.

"Melindy, ain't I allus said Boggsville had water, if they only had somun't git it?" asked Si Flannigan.

"Now, I tell you, Sally, that feller Finnigan is a blamed smart chap." said Pumpkinblossom.

"I allus knowed all Boggsville needed to git water wuz some feller like this here Finnigan, a real well digger," acknowledged Josh Corn-tassel.

That night, after the closing of the village store, Finnigan paid a secret visit to the rear room and extracted therefrom a great hogshead. With the help of Napoleon, he took this to his shelter, and by means of his windless and chains, let it down into the yet unfilled hole, then discovered there was some little dirt in the bottom of it, and proceeded to clean this out. While engaged in this operation, he was amazed to find a fairly good sized bank-roll, after counting through its eighty-five dollars, he appropriated the entire with the philosophy, "Finder's keeper, loser's weeper." After taking a drink from the pail which he had removed from the hole prior to dropping the hogshead, he proceeded to drop eight pieces of five foot pipe into the hole, in the space surrounding the hogshead, the remainder of the night was spent in making innumerable visits to wells of the neighborhood. Thus, he collected a goodly amount of water, for his next

day's supply, then reinstalling his pump, he placed the head on the barrel, and filled the well. By four o'clock the next morning, his work was completed, and he retired to bed, or rather, to a pile of hay in one corner of his shelter.

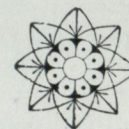
In the morning the people awoke to find that nothing but sand and a little water rewarded their efforts at their pumps, hence, there was a concentrated rush on the new town well. During this jamming and cramming at the well, word spread like fire through the crowd that Si Hopkins had been robbed of a large sum of money the previous night. It seemed that he was unwilling to trust the Elmhill bank and had consequently kept his money in the bottom of an old hogshead in the rear of his store. When cashing a check that morning he had been dumbfounded to find that a thief had visited him and even removed the hiding place of his money. Excitement reigned supreme and the crowd gradually drifted to the scene of the robbery.

In the midst of the excitement, Finnigan entered as in-

nocently as a child, and casually asked for his money. On learning of the grocer's loss, he was apparently much surprised and concerned. The town board, not being able to find an excuse for not paying him, reluctantly handed over one hundred dollars in small change. After talking awhile in the crowd and buying some sandwiches, Finnigan boarded the side-door-pullman of the freight.

By one o'clock the water had begun to pump out with a lot of air, in a few minutes it failed completely. As no more had run in by three o'clock, the people began to get suspicious, until someone suggested a poor connection. Immediately, they set to work with pickaxe and spade. When they had dug to a depth of about a foot, they unearthed the upper end of some much battered pipe, a moment later seven other similar pieces came into view. Suddenly, someone plunged his spade through the top of a hogshead, whose damp sides revealed to them—how Finnigan had buncoed Boggsville.

RAYMOND QUILLEON.



"What Happened to Jones"

SENIOR
CLASS
PLAY

After a week of strenuous practicing the Senior Class gave their class play "What Happened to Jones" before a large audience in the College Chapel. There was much enthusiasm over the play and the praise given the actors was justly due them for their excellent performance. The cast of characters are as follows:—

Jones.....	Jewell Leak
Ebenezer Goodly, a Prof. of anatomy.....	Richard Prentice.
Richard Heatherly.....	Clyde Frazier
Bishop, brother of Ebenezer.....	Shields White.
Thomas Holder, a policeman.....	Raoul Ayers.
Bigbee, a lunatic.....	Noble Landis.
Fuller, supt. of sanatorium.....	Lawrence Kurtz.
Mrs. Goodly.....	Beula Jones.
Minerva, Mrs. Goodly's daughter.....	Ruth Mosier.
Marjorie, Mrs. Goodly's daughter.....	Beulah Campbell.
Cissy, Ebenezer's ward.....	Goldie Henderson.
Alvina Starlight.....	Mary Lou Hamilton.
Helma, a servant girl.....	Leota Marshall.

A brief synopsis of the play is as follows:

ACT I.

Home of Professor Ebenezer Goodly. His brother is expected at any time. Preparations for his visit are predominant. Richard persuades Ebenezer to go to a "glove contest." They get in trouble and Ebenezer gets a black eye. A man named Jones follows them home. Bishop's new suit arrives and Jones appropriates it. He is now suspected as the Bishop. The plot thickens.

ACT II.

Ebenezer's eye gets worse. Jones tries to cure it. He and Mrs. Goodly have hard time in getting Ebenezer quiet. Jones tells lie after lie. Real Bishop arrives. Richard introduced as his valet by Jones now the Dean of Oskaloosa. The Bishop's clothes are hid in the piano. The family get news of escaped lunatic dressed as an Indian. Bishop appears in a blanket looking for Francois. Bigbee, the inmate, mistakes him for an Indian. All household, in the finale are frightened by the innocent Bishop.

ACT III.

Trouble with Ebenezer's eye and with the servant girl. Jones and the family have hard times. Policeman enters upon scene and arrests the Bishop. Final recognition of Bishop by Alvina and Ebenezer. Ends well for everyone but policeman.

The High School Orchestra furnished music between acts assisted by a chorus of the remaining members of the Senior Class. The soloists for the different numbers were Ruth Mosier, Horace Millikin, Clyde Frazier and Beulah Campbell. The hit of the evening was the song "Show Me How to do the Fox-trot." In this act, Horace Millikin represented the dancing teacher and taught the different girls who came to him how to do the Fox-trot. The boys came in on the chorus dressed as girls and finished the act in real burlesque style. The other numbers sung were "I'm Simply Crazy Over You," "Hold Me In Your Loving Arms," and the class song. Followed by class yells.

The Dual Alliance

It was a pretty morning in April, 1919. "My gracious, Roger" said Mrs. Bean, "aren't you going to eat any breakfast?" Roger had already eaten eleven biscuits and drunk four cups of coffee at four o'clock, so answered in the negative. There was certainly something on his mind, however, presently he got up and sauntered slowly out into the back-yard. Here, he spied Fritz, a dog belonging to Golduh, and he immediately walked up behind Fritz and kicked him over into Jones' back-yard. Thus he relieved his mind, for he was greatly worried. To be explicit, Mr. Bean was worried over the problem of getting an exhaust pipe large enough for his ninety-horse power 4d. roadster, which he was remodeling into a splendid racing machine. Having relieved his mind some more by chewing up a box of cigars, he entered his garage and locked the door behind him.

In the meantime, Mrs. Bean and Golduh were holding an earnest conversation in the house. "I don't see why Roger never ate any breakfast," said Mrs. Bean.

"Don't you worry about Mister Bean. He's jist been foolin aroun' with that ole ottergobil till he cain't think uv nuttin else," replied Golduh. "Why I wuz out there yister-day mornin' lookin in a hole in the side uv the gorosh an, he seen me, and wude yu believe it, if he didn't slam a bucket of ole dirty warter thru that hole, an hit me in the face, I wuz plum mad, and if he hadn't had the door locked I'd went in and learned im sum manners, I cud have done it any way, but I sez to myself, I might presult Missus Beans, so I thot I'd leave 'im alone."

"Why Golduh I don't understand why in the world he should have done this I'll give Roger a talking to about this" replied Mrs. Bean.

While this animated conversation had been going on, Roger had settled the exhaust-pipe question, by securing a piece of ten inch water main, which he attached to the 4d. and which he was sure would give very satisfactory results. When he had finished this work he hurried over to his friend Jones's after he had locked the garage door with eleven padlocks and chains. When he arrived at Jones's front door he was met by that worthy gentleman himself and ushered into the library. Here the two friends held an animated conversation for an hour, during which time they decided that Mr. Jones should be the mechanic for the 4d. for the speedway race to be held the last of May, and that win or lose, Jones was to be presented with fifteen boxes of cigars, and a new 4d.

From here, Roger went to town to the office of the Indianapolis Star where he had the editor print a two column story about "Mr. Roger Bean's Plans for the Race," and his chance of winning. Returning home he secured as soon as possible a proof copy of the paper, and turning to the sport page, slammed it down on Mrs. Beans' dressing table. With out waiting to see what the consequences would be he bolted upstairs to spend a little more time reading his book on auto-driving, chapter ten, "How to Drive Fast."

Mrs. Bean soon entered her room, picked up the paper and saw the account. She was so frightened that she called

to Golduh to bring her smelling-salts. When Golduh had entered after searching a long time for these, Mrs. Bean cried, "Oh Golduh, Roger is going to enter an old automoblie race, and I just know he will be killed. I don't know what to do."

"O shucks" replied Golduh "don't you worry about Mister Beaans, he'll take care'n humself. Wy, when he tuk me to thu train thuh other day, I ast 'im how fast we wuz goin' and he said thirteen miles un 'our. Jist think uv that Them ole Frenchees and Germuns cain't beat 'im. He knows all about a mershine. He cain't git kilt."

"Well I'm simply shocked awfully," said Mrs. Bean, "and I'm going to try to persuade him not to be in it."

Unfortunately, the two leading French drivers, M. Chandlay and M. Porteau also learned of Roger's excellent chances of carrying off the honors. They immediately set to work to devise some plan whereby they could prevent Mr. Bean from entering. After sitting up two nights and drinking much champagne, they decided on what they considered a fine plan. This plan was to go the night before the race to the garage at which Roger kept his car and disable it. However M. Porteau, having drunk too much champagne, gave the plan away to one of Roger's friends who immediately told it to Roger.

Mr. Bean was now in sore straits. The night planned for action was very near, but he could think of no one in whom he could place enough trust to guard his car. Finally though, he had an inspiration, and hurried to town and to the police-station where he procured the aid of Clarence McGannis and William O'Moore, two policemen with whom he was well acquainted, to watch over his 4d. Clarence McGannis was especially anxious to aid Mr. Bean because of the close relationship between himself and Golduh. These two were

to be married as soon as Clarence had finished paying his alimony to his past wives.

In some way, Golduh learned of the planned destruction and not trusting the two policemen, went into the garage when Roger was not looking and hid behind a gasoline tank "Jis let 'em come," she said to herself. Golduh was missed by the family at the meal hour, but they thought she was at some of the neighbors, and did not search for her.

At sunfall, the two policemen arrived and, Roger stationed them in front of the garage, where they talked and smoked to keep awake. However, by eleven o'clock both were sound asleep. In the meantime, Golduh was awake and tightly grasping an automobile wrench in one hand, while the other lay ready and close by the side of an extra tire, some worn out batteries, and several other articles which were piled handy, for she believed in preparedness.

About a quarter of twelve, the two Frenchmen arrived and were greatly pleased to find Bill and Clarence asleep, but to safe-gaurd against any mishap they gagged and tied them. They next proceeded to unlock the door by means of a skeleton key. "At last bon ami" Exclaimed M. Porteau who entered first "We shall put ze miserable American's car out of ze commission. Sappolio". The words were no sooner out of his mouth than Golduh prepared for action. Swinging the wrench over her head, she let it straight at M. Porteau. It missed him fortunately, and bursting thru the garage wall continued on its way, the next day it was found in Danville, Ind. Before they could recover from their surprise, she planted a battery in M. Chandlay's chest with such force and precision that he fell over and did not recover his breath for two hours, Golduh then proceeded to lay out M. Porteau, by grabbing up an empty gasoline tank, and using it on him like a collar. As both were now unconscious,

Golduh was satisfied for the time being and going outside, untied the two policemen who, strange to say had not been awakened by all the excitement. When they heard from her the circumstances Bill and Clarence called the patrol wagon and took the two unconscious men to the police-station. Golduh however, would not leave the garage, but sat inside tightly clutching an extra crankshaft with both hands, for she felt that others would come to molest. However no one did and the day of the race soon dawned bright and fair.

The contest between Roger and the Germans was watched with breathless interest by everyone, especially Golduh. Very frequently on the turns the German would give Roger's 4d. what is known in the racing game as the Hassen Hug; that is get one of the 4d's front wheels between the front and rear wheels of the Mercedes, in an attempt to frighten Mr. Bean or else run him off the track. However, these close skirmishes did not worry Roger in the least; he only bit his cigar the harder and gave his engine more gas. Not so with Golduh though. Once she was heard to say by the surround-

ing spectators, much to their surprise, "If that danged ole Germen rens his mersshine into Mr. Beaans and hurts hum O'll cling down there and wipe up creation with both uv them furiners." Roger however, kept steadily gaining on the Mercedes, and at the end of the fifty second lap was fifteen laps ahead of it. The great feature of the rest of the race was the sensational driving of Roger. Every minute the crowd was on its feet cheering themselves mad for him. Roger completed the race of one-hundred-fifteen laps with an average speed thruout the race of one-hundred-fifteen miles per hour, not having had a bit of tire trouble, or having had to lay up at the pits a single time. As he crossed the tape the cheering could be heard from Indianapolis by nearly every village and hamlet within thirty miles, but above all could be heard the shrill voice of Golduh shouting, "Hoo-ray fur you, Mister Beans. Clarunz wun enuff money on a bet tu pay off all uv his alimony and we're gontu git married 'soons you git presimentuble fur a weddin!"

PAUL PIERSON.



Music in D. H. S.

"The Man who has no Music in his Soul,
And is not moved by concord of sweet sounds
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils."

Shakespeare.

If the present interest is maintained there is no danger of music ever becoming a lost art in the Danville High School. The increasing number of musicians since last year is surprising, especially those playing stringed instruments. We are proud of our orchestra which plays for many entertainments, such as the Senior play, Commencement, Parent-Teachers meetings etc. They are progressing very fast in their struggle for the best.

Other features of music of which we are proud are the special History and Appreciation classes. These were introduced this year and have proven a great success as well as a very beneficial course. The History deals with the important from ancient to modern times, the different schools, and the instruments are discussed. The Appreciation class deals with the most famous selections from the worlds best known musicians of vocal as well as instrumental talent; folk songs and national hymns of the different nations are made familiar to our minds.

"The Jolly Crowd," as the quintet of Junior girls is called, help keep up the life of the school. These girls sing at opening exercises, and different school functions such as parties etc. Their especial aim is to arouse the spirit of the High School for a basket-ball game. They write their words

for their songs which are very "snappy" and full of life.

The musical talent of D. H. S. out let in the County contest which was pulled off on April 7th. Danville had three representatives in this, one for each of the contests, piano, vocal, and other instruments; the representatives were Mary Conn, Horace Millikin and Raoul Ayers, respectively. The contestants worked hard for the contest and succeeded in winning two seconds.

At the first of the year Miss Barker organized a girls' glee club which sang for us several mornings at opening exercises. Their music was good and was enjoyed by all. They have studied some of the best music and have rendered it well.

The High School is much elated over the coming musicale with Greencastle and Terre-Haute. The chances are very bright for Danville in this contest and so all are giving their support to the contestants in the hope of seeing their school make a name with these other schools. There will be held a primary for this contest, and it is looked forward to with pleasure; because all the contestants are anxious to win. We are planning for a big time not only on that occasion, but also for the contest at Greencastle.

The few boys of the school have organized themselves into an orchestra known as the "Boy's Orchestra." This group of lively boys gave a program for opening exercise one morning and were well received. Since then they have played for several entertainments and always have come off with cheers.

"Oske-Wow-Wow" Song

Old Brownsburg yell her "Tiger"
North Salem her 1-2-3-
And they give the same old Rah, Rah, Rah,
At each school in this county;
But the yell that always thrills us
And the one we all love best
Is the good old Oske-wow-wow,
That they yell at D. H. S.

Mr. Cush-is our leader
And his name you'll often hear
Every one of us holds dear
We think with pride of Danville
For her we'll loyal stay
Oske-wow-wow for the wearers.
For the Crimson and the Gray.

Oske-wow-wow-D. H. S.
For you we'll yell each day
Oske-wow-wow D. H. S.
Wave your Crimson and your Gray. Rah, Rah,
When the team trots out before you
Every one stand up and yell!
Back the team and give to the others
Oske-wow-wow D. H. S.

Words by Horace Millikin.





MARY CONN.

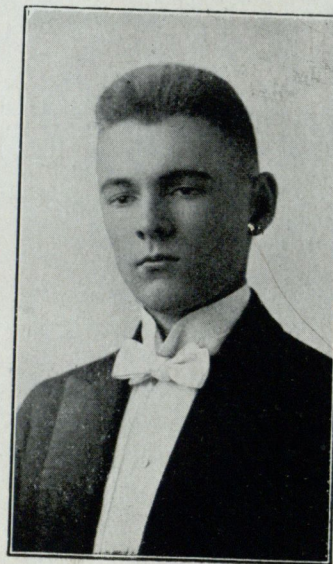
As the representative of D. H. S. on the piano in the Hendricks County High School Contest, Mary brought honor to her school by pulling down second place and honor to herself in the shape of a medal of which she is justly proud. She has studied piano for several years and in participating in the primary last year succeeded in winning second against a field of five contestants. In the Primary this year she came off with flying colors, went into the County contest for D.H.S. and succeeded as we have stated before, against seven competitors.

Besides being a good pianist, Mary is a member of the Junior Girls Quartette in which she sings tenor. She has a very strong, pretty voice which is very delightful to her hearers.

HORACE MILLIKIN.

Mike is our singer and he's some singer! It does one good to hear his deep bass voice rolling out those tones. He sang his solo splendidly but the judges couldn't see it that way. It was only recently that Mike discovered that he could sing and since then he's been singing for nearly all entertainments. He was hindered before the contest by a very sore throat, but it didn't seem to trouble him that night.

Mike is also a good trap-drummer. He plays for entertainments as well as in the High School orchertra.



RAOUL AYERS.

In April Raoul Ayers appeared before the public with an exceedingly wonderful number. His duty as well as his will was to represent D. H. S. in the County Contest as cornetist which he did with great honors. "Barley as we all call him, made every one open their ears and even their eyes when he began his piece which showed the great talent of the young man. He brought great honor to the school by second prize, and he recieved a fine bronze medal as a result of his work. Raoul has studied music for several years and has surely shown himself a wonderful musician. He carried great honors in the year '15 by first prize of which we are all very proud.

He is also a member of the D. H. S. orchestra and also plays in other entertainments. He belongs to the Danville band in which he is solo Cornetist.

ELMA JACKSON.

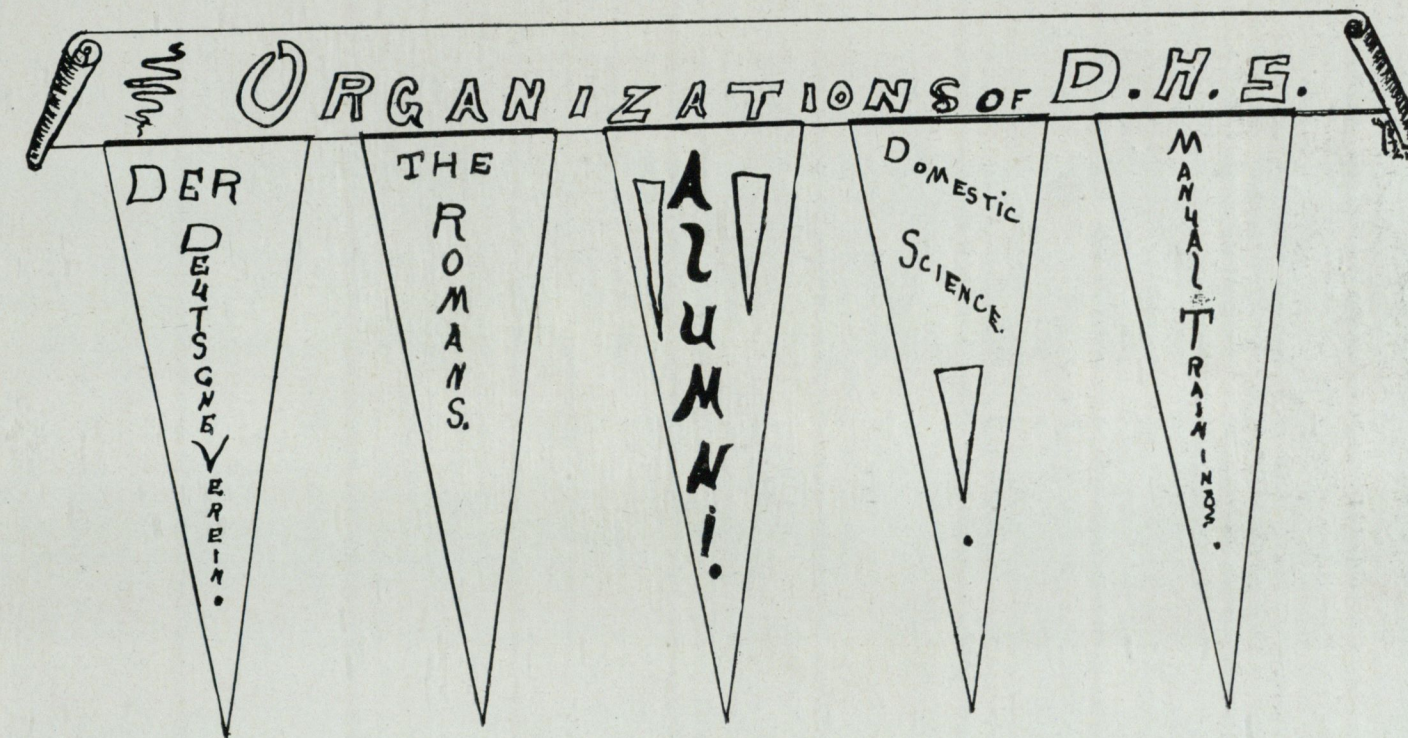
In the primary this year Elma ran a close second and if she had won would have represented D. H. S. in the County musical contest. As it is, Elma will represented the High School in the contest with Greencastle and Terre Haute, to be held May 6th. Here's hoping you win, Elma!

Elma is a good violinist and she is a Freshie stands a good chance of making a name for herself in her remaining three years.





ORCHESTRA D. H. S.





GERMAN CLUB

German Class

L. C. WINTERNHEIMER—Teacher

MEMBERS

Hermoine Ayers
Edith Barker
Otis Gilkeson
Bernice Grooms
Mary Lou Hamilton
Edna Hawley
Goldie Henderson
Herschel Holtzclaw
Claire Kirk

Clarence Miles
John Moran
Jeanette Schwartz
Lucile Nichols
DeVere Shirley
LaRue Symons
Harry Burke
Mabel Clark
John Collier

Ruth Mosier
Noble Landis
Frances Orr
Raymond Quilleon
Muriel Reid
Glyndon Scarce
Myrle Vogel
Ruth Barker
Beulah Brady

Mary Conn
Helen Frazier
Maggie Frazier
Marjorie Hessler
Undrell Hubble
Estie Hunt
Harvey Higgins
Maurice Kirk
Russel Kinder

Ressa Clark
Myrle Cooper
Charles Doty
Mary Frazier
Wilbur Gentry
Samuel Kirk
Katherine Martin
Lee Shirley
Kathleen Stanley

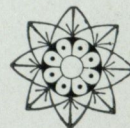
Albert Marsh
Jeanette Martin
Hattie McLain
Mabel McLain
Fred Pierson
Sarah Roach
Elma Simmons
Melvin Westerfield
Louise Wagner

In the beginning, the civilized world knew no Germans. As commerce and exploration spread, however, there came to be known a distinctive nation of people of tribal descent. Early in its growth, the mighty Roman Empire came into contact with and subjugated these people, who became rest-

less subjects. Gradually, through contact with the civilization this distinctive nationality assimilated knowledge and began a steady advance. Slowly it grew at first, and very insignificant, indeed, it appeared compared with the great Roman civilization, which extended at the time over the

whole world. But with the freedom gained thru the fall of Rome, the advance was made in bounds. Not until after the Renaissance could the German nationality be said to have advanced to a great extent. Then, when the Latin language, as the Latin Empire, began to fall into disuse, there sprang up the beautiful, practical, and also classical German.

Since the Renaissance, there has been developed a German literature equal to any, the better and simpler books of which are studied now in American high-school course.



Just as the Latin Empire decayed, so we predict the decay of the Latin literature. This same can be seen in our own school. Once, Latin only was taught, but after its admission to the curriculum, German has gradually prevailed, until Germans and Latins are now in the ratio of 54:48. In a degree, Latin will remain, as it is a basis of the present day English language, but it appears that just as the German national motto is "Deutschland uber Alles", so the motto of the German language, now, in our schools, is "Die deutsche Sprache Musz Uberhand Nehmen."



LATIN CLASS

Latin Class

Motto—"Ad astra per ardua."

D. T. CUSHMAN, Teacher.

MEMBERS

Helen Parker
 Unity Thomas
 Helen Ader
 Ruth Newman
 Lucile Nichols
 Gladys White
 Leota Marshall
 Orrion Sheets
 Ralph Day
 Donald Hogate
 Paul Pierson

Clifford Rodney
 Julian Simmons
 Hermoine Ayers
 Irene Thompson
 Frances Prentice
 Mary Holtzelaw
 Frank Carter
 Fern Frazier
 Jessie Arnold
 Freedia Tinder
 Pauline Orr

Eugene Garrison
 Mary Edwards
 Josephine Hornaday
 Mary Agnes Showalter
 Mildred Harrison
 Ruth Daugherty
 Lelah Comer
 Hazel Ver Douw
 Netah Slavens
 Nina Owens
 Lucile Smith

Martha Osborn
 Grace Marting
 Lorene Brill
 Anna Martha Osborn
 Elma Jackson
 Aquilla Dawson
 Roger Easley
 Darwin Thomas
 Oscar Ver Douw
 Robert Garrison



MANUAL TRAINING



DOMESTIC SCIENCE

Alumni

Those marked (*) are deceased.

1880.

Belle Kennedy Hale.

1881.

Nellie Kennedy Beale
Elsie Stewart Pierce

1882.

Harry D. Wishard
Maud Donaldson Downard
Emma Reid Davidson
Jennie Hill King
Fannie Bryant Dobson
India Dill Gaines
Delia Phillips Cooper
Dora Martin
Laura McCurdy Carter
*Vangie Brewer

1883.

Horace Ogden
Agnes Haynes Sisson
Hattie Hart Moore
Harry C. Searce
Alex Green
Anna C. Green
Effie Parker Baber
Sallie Green Jewett
Kate B. Hadley Buchanan

1884.

*Agnes Courtney Rigdon
*Wesley Ayers
Agnes Kennedy Means
Jennie Darnell Calvert
Helen Bell Ahnman
Eustace Homan
Julian Hogate
Chas. S. Hall
*Josephine Searce Dungan
Ida Stutesman Millikin

1885.

*Minnie B. Green
Agnes Cox Armstrong
Joseph Bowen
Carrie Calvert Brandon
Jennie Dooley Baker
Will Weaver
Lulu Huron
Edmonia Miles Dawson
*Minnie Lawson Moon
*Nellie M. Hall
Kate Harlan Searce
*Emma Mitchell Owens

1886.

Glennie Roach Sears
*Eva Dooley Baker
Julia Long Williams
Lannis McPhetridge
*Maurice Judy
Joe U. Greene
Retta Hampton Adams
Morrell Tomlin
Emma Tomlin Benson
Sadie Cook
Ella McPheters
Mattie McAdams Zoercher

1887.

Julia Thompson Warner
Lecca Chase Murphy
Ed. Hall
*Nannie Green
Minnie Green Engleken
Edwin Searce
Mable Curtis Hill
Ward Williams
Frank Reichard
*Kate Nave Murphy
Chas. Z. Cook
Albert Brewer
Nannie Harris Thompson

1888.

Fred A. Thomas
Hugh H. Hadley
Nona Kendall Tyndall
John C. Brewer
James M. Ogden
Carrie Reichard Leaman
Hattie Osborn Carey
Edith Huron Prentice

1889.

Fred Soper
Will S. Guthrie
Della Ogden Duvall
Charlotte Mesler Yauger
Florence Cofer Dougan

1890.

Ben Lingenfelter
Mattie Searce
Frank Crawford
Clara McCoy McColgin
Walter Thomas
Will D. Trueblood
Marion Pike White
Rose Cavett Tomlinson

1891.

Walter Douglas
*Etta Howell
Lora Hendricks
Lucius Teeter
Neva McCoun Douglas

Ella Tout Pulliam

1892.

Katherine Barker
Murray Hadley
Albert Hall
Clyde Warner
Alice Wishard Williams
Grace Searce Cook
Evan B. Davis
Harley Hall
Walter Hadley
Martha Lawrence Stephenson

1893

*Bessie Lee
*Anna Hoadley Lingenfelter
Frank Thomas
Grace Huron Robinson
Allie Garshwiler
Jessie Hogate
Gertrude Osborn Stanton
Mary Grave Kittle
Pearl Davidson Hadley
Grace Neiger White
Daisy Pike Winn

1894

Katherine Cofer Barker
Ed. Hadley
*Guy Ensminger
Ethel McCoun Ridpath
Edward Courtney
*Horace Smock

Gertrude Roberts Manning
Nellie Pence Cavilidge

1895

Frank V. Hawkins
Morton Pike

1896

Alva Snyder
Daisy Estep Reichard
Mary S. Hill
Bruce Foley
Leonnis Humston
Will G. Bennet
Ralph Huron
Lillian Kelleher Wilson
Aquilla Miles

1897

Nellie McClure Martin
Anna Landon Powers
Minnie Cook Starkweather
Mayme Nichols
*Homer Hall
Eunice Barker
Bertha Welshans Slaymaker
Harry Dooley
Jessie Steel Thomas
Geraldine White Blessing
Julian Ensminger
Grace Welshans
Kelly Roberts

1898

*Herbert Kivett

Fannie Downard Estep
Thomas Bence
Pearl Pierson Lamy
Geo. Wheeler
*Nellie Farabee Lancaster

1900

Effie Leachman Klinger
Lawrence Vanice
Arthur Hadley
Clarence Clark
Pearl Adams
Bertha Searce
Grace Carter Means
*Sylvia Geager
Morris Hostetter
Harlan Hostetter

1901

*Ethel Pounds Hadley
Ina Conn Sears
Frank McCurdy
Mary Wilson
Edith Peyton
Helen Dickey
Paul Searce
Dee Sherril Trotter
Bessie Darnell Klien

1902

Mehrle Hostetter
Mellie Green
Lulu Abbott Blair
Eva Cox Humston

Harriet Barker

1903

Fanna Hunt
Lanta Sears
Evangeline Trotter Ragan
Marie Little
Adaline Barnett
Kate Hargrave Smith
Milton Marshall
*Basil Potts
Lora Kelleher Roberts
Mary Clark Parker
Charlotte Ensminger Rudd
Campbell Adams
Roy Dickey
Chesley Ensminger
Pearl Little Burris

1904

Walter Whyte
Viola Harvey Van Vleit
Karl Hawley
Ora Spillman
J. Hal. Wilson
*Ora Holley
Fred Ensminger

1905

John Millikin
Nannie Wilson
Grace Haynes
Mabelle Seller
Ethel Scott

Alma Yeager
Lucile Little
Marion Pattison Hawley
Lora Moore Foote
Ruby Peyton
Lydia Sims Ray
Chester Hayworth
*Dewey Foote

1906

Ruth King
Rachil King McConnell
Warren Danley
Donald Adams
Clifton Martin
Martin Mitchell
Bertha Stevenson
Tressie Ader
Pearl Noble
Ralph Cope
Lester Hayworth
Marion Knetzer

1907

Lucile Carter
Kate Depew
Beulah Conn Mohr
Ray Whyte
Eunice Whyte Bolinger
Mary Hammond Job
James Seller
Harry Hadley
Frank Lee
Theresa Bowen

Dana Enloe

1908

Orville Nichols
Patti Nichols
Mary Arnold Flynn
Margaret Baughman Leavee
Mabel Christie Thompson
Raymond Hays
Terry Holey
Rosa McKamy
Ethel Morrison
Ora Porter
Earl Reynolds
Retha Cline
Iva Sears Walls
Wm. Slaughter
Dee Smith
Lelah Soper
Renal Walls
Earl West
Paul Wilson
Myrtle Hadley
Leona Stewart

1909

Geo. Harvey
Drenan Harvey
Herber Grow
Halford Patton
Sarah King Harvey
Ona R. Hunt
Ruth Farquar Johnson

Mary Bergdol
Nellie C. Millikin
Ruth Jordan
Flossie Noble
Georgia Haynes Craig
Fern W. Jackson

1910

Elsie Blaydes
Elva Blaydes
Gaven Stewart
Alice Nelson Carter
Louetta Tinder Waltz
*Maude Holtzclaw McConnaha
Edgar Hampton
John Lee
Hazel Wilson
Jacob Ader
Emma Walls

1911

Nona Keeter
Ruth Kendall Harvey
Fred McCurdy
Stanley Barnett
Hadley Conn
Shirley Ader
Chester Adams
Chester Little
Marie McCormick
Ernest Owens
Emmett Sears
Kathryn Tinder
Etta Spicklimire
Mary Strickler

Robert King
May Thompson Lowrey
Zay McClain
Winifred Wilson
Sarah McClain
Ruby Crane Mahan
Effie Thomspson
Max Peyton
Jennie Holtzclaw

1912

Frank Haynes
Fern Holtzclaw Conn
Lester McClain
Frank Jordan
Arthur Jordan
Elizabeth Luscomb
Julius Marsh
Ruth Hamrick
Albert Pattison
Claude Crane
Ralph Hawley
Gertrude Brill Bain
John Baldwin
Ethel Barker
Emerson Barker
*Vestal Hollingsworth
Jewell Kesler
Elsie Leak
Willis Merritt
Hershal Cline

1913

Homer Hargrave

Clifford Warner
Hubert Wier
Evert Smith
Harry Schwartz
Harry Baughman
Chas. Walls
Paul Bennett
*Josephine Depew
Martha Harvey
May Masten
Pearl White Nelson
Edith Stewart
Bernice Sears Hadley
Mae Hunt Bennett

1914

Marion Moore
Mary Grooms
Robert Meek
Sara Leak
Lelia Ratliffe
Helen Sears

Helen Hornaday Buchanan
Kenneth Hogate
Edna Logston
Hadley Harvey
Emmet Wheeler
Mabel Searce Stewart
Bennie Harrison
Mae Comer
Irvin Arnold
Ruth White
Marie Mitchell
Elsie McLane
Kate Lawson
Lewis Hubble
Dorothy Hamrick

1915

Houston Wood
Ethel Clark
Pearl Tout
Ione Gentry
Merrill Shaw

Ina Shaw
Ralph Gentry
Otis Dawson
Pauline Edwards
Mary Kirk
Mary Crane
Ruth Pattison
Ruth Hadley
Anna Stevens
Kenneth Easley
Bernice Eicher
Jamie Eicher
Milburn Easley
Effie Long
Majel White
Howard Hornaday
Glendon Towles
Ellice Prentice
Vivian Tansel
Ruth Leak
Bernice Thompson
Sherrill Long

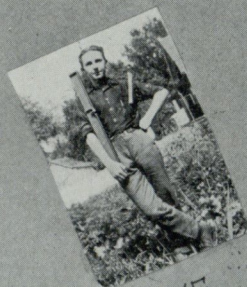




MIKE



PRO AND CONN.



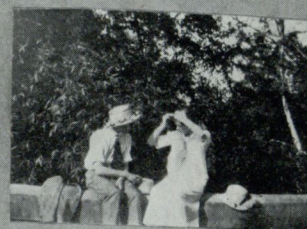
JAKE



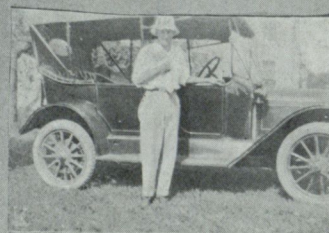
ANYBODY MISSING?



KIKKUX-KLAN.



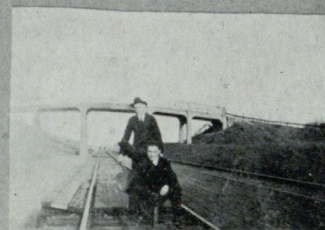
GEE! IT'S HOT.



REDDY



TWO PAIRS



WESTERN LIMITED

SNAP SHOTS



It was raining out of doors,
It was raining, you bet,
The train pulled in the station,
The bell was ringing wet.

Miss Tilson: "Will you please wash the celery?"

Mable McClain: "Certainly, where do you keep the soap?"

Fred Pierson-(Speaking very softly) "Hasn't it ever occurred to you that I love you?"

Jeanette Martin- "Certainly, haven't you ever noticed me laughing to myself?"

"Louie"-What kind of worm is it that places its front feet down first and draws the rest of the body to them?"

Beulah Campbell-(Trying to think of a measuring worm) "why it's a Tape worm."

Battie-"I don't see why I get so nervous when I get up to play before people, I get as limp as a rag."

Henry Dawson-"O, all great people get that way, I do."

Mrs. Keeney-"Otis, what is a straight?"

Otie G.-"O that is when you hold four or five aces."

Mike-(To Ruth M.) "May I have the pleasure of escorting you to the car?"

Ruth-"But aren't you the trap drummer?"

Mike-"Yes."

Ruth-"Then beat it."

Louie-"Clyde, what is steam?"

Clyde-"Water that has gone crazy with the heat."

Julian Simmons-(In Latin II) "Catiline is gone"-
(Putting his hand on his head) "Gee, there is something wrong here."

Miss B. (In U. S. History)-"Can any one tell me where the Declaration of Independence was signed?"

Mary Frazier-(promptly) "At the bottom."

Harry Hardin-"Burkie, loan me a nickle for a minute."
Burkie-"Wait a minute and you won't need it."

Margaret Mahan-"Papa, what's a genius?"

Mr. Mahan-"Ask your Mother, she married one."

Margaret-"Why I didn't know she had been married twice."

D. T. C. -"What is the future of the verb 'to love'?"

Fredia Tinder-(promptly) "To get married."

Frank Carter-"May I come down to-Nite?"

Josephine H.-"No Percy Moon will be here to-night, but he won't be here to-morrow nighty."

A fool can ask questions which a wise man cannot answer.
I suppose that is the reason so many of us flunk.

Smith-"We will have a test to-morrow."

La Rue S.-"Will it be from memory?"

Ruth Newman-"Mary what is the German word for 'sofa'?"

Mary Conn-"Der Spoonholder."

A kiss is like gossip-it goes from mouth to mouth.

Miss Nichols-(After spending a very long time, making a Freshman understand a simple Algebra problem, to relieve her mind, said) "If it was'nt for me, you would be the biggest dunce in D. H. S."

Verna C.-"What is in this pudding anyway?"

Hermoine -"Sawdust, I guess."

Verna-"Gee, that is the nearest I have gotten to real board, yet."

D. T. C.-"Is that your mother's signature, Otis?"

Otis G.-"Yes sir, as near as I could make it."

Helen Frazier-"Have you changed the water in the fish bowl this morning?"

Maggie F.-"No, they haven't drunk all the water I put in last week."

AS HEARD OVER THE PHONE.

Mr Mahan-"Yes, this is the High School."

Voice-"O, I beg your pardon, I thought you were only a part of it."

(Fred Stewart and Jessie Arnold coming home in the dark)

Fred-"Hark, I hear a hollow sound."

Jessie-"Well who rapped you on the skull?"

Olivia McCoun- (In Domestic Science) "Don't fuss about the butter, you may get old some day."

Miss B. (After Noble had given one of his daily orations) "Is that noise necessary there by the door?"

Shields (Sleepily) "I have nothing more to add."

Miss Nichols-"O, pupils can't you get that little problem? Where is your Algebra?"

John Collier-"Down stairs."

Ruth Barker-(at the basket ball game)-Why is this chicken wire up here?

Clark P.-"To keep the fouls out."

A man was on a steeple,
And from the steeple fell;
Some one told the Sexton,
And the Sexton tolled the bell.

Miss Barker (in music class)-"Now all come in on the down beat."

Bob. H.-"What would you do if you were in a town which was composed of three people, one chicken and a Post Office?"

Dick P.-"Chase the Chicken."

Edith Barker(Looking thru a catalogue of Electric light fixtures)-"Adams Electric Lamps"- "I didn't know that Adam had electric lights."

Bernice Grooms-"O, yes, he turned them on every Eve."

"Alas, moaned the leopard, I can't sneak out of recitations any more; I am always spotted."

Sallie—"I can study better if I get my feet higher than my head."

Hubble—"Well, Sallie, that allows your brain to get together."

Miss B.—"The French and Italian people are of love and romance."

Helen Ader (aside)—"Lowell must be French, then."

Jewell—"How much radium could I get for a nickel?"

Shields—"Oh, a piece about the size of your brain."

With much petting Mel's mustache grows rapidly.

Mrs. K. (In Bible Class)—"Can you tell me who lived in the garden of Eden, Wilbur?"

Wilbur—"O, yes, it was the Adamses."

D. T. C. (To Horace who was shaving him)—"I believe you have a hack in your razor."

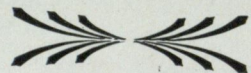
"Mike"—"What did you expect to find, a Ford?"

Kathryn M.—"What effect does the moon have upon the tide?"

Darwin Thomas—"None, it only effects the untied."

Helen Hadley (Reading)—"And the angry waves beat high." "Say why were the waves angry?"

Mrs. K. "Because the Ocean has been crossed so often."



CALENDAR

Mon. Sept. 13—Big noise starts—Mr. Cushman kindly directs Freshman to the proper places in the building.

Tues. Sept.—Seats assigned—"Cocky" Dawson says he prefers the assembly room.

Wed. Sept.—Program changed—Cheer up Freshies, school is just one darned thing after another.

Thur. Sept.—Rainy weather gives Freshman a chance to explore the building.

Fri.—John Moran figures that we only have 167 more days of school.

Mon. Sept.—Classes elect officers—Crookedness rules supreme in the Freshman election.

Tues. Sept.—Eighth grades try to drink out of the new fountain, but Mr. Cushman explained (finally) "where all the difficulty lies."

Wed. Sept.—Coach Peyton issues first call for basket ball candidates.

Thur. Sept.—Mrs. Keeney asks Mell Wright to explain significance of Cupid.

Fri. Sept.—Freshman reception—Harry Burke sings "When These Hard Times are Over, Mother."

Mon. Sept.—Mell Wright again attends school.

Tues. Sept.—Miss Nichols tells 10th. year Algebra class that one day she worked three days on a geometry proposition. Cotton says it was an eight hour shift.

Wed.—Barley Ayers says we all believe in ghost stories no matter how big we are.

Thur.—First accident of the year, Jewell loses Ruth. We clean New Winchester 32—27.

Mon. Oct. 4.—Kurtzie breaks all sleeping records for Monday morning.

Tues. Oct.—Julian Simmons organizes a D. H. S. Moustache Club.

Wed. Oct.—Club disbands because of ineligibility of applicants.

Thur. Oct.—Opening exercises to celebrate Riley Day Jewell walks home alone.

Fri. Oct.—Examinations spoil many good times but faculty continues persecution,

Mon. Oct.—Mr. Cushman firmly condemns the practice of running across the lawn.

Tues. Oct.—Gym. contract signed and real basket ball practice starts.

Thur. Oct.—First report cards given out and grading system explained.

Fri. Oct.—New Winchester had luck and beats us 16—15 at basket ball.

Mon. Oct.—Ruth loses Jewell and the clock stood still one brief moment.

Tues. Oct.—Mr. Cushman in Caesar class "In ancient times, Caesar used the ford." But why not give a more modern example?

Wed. Oct.—John Moran falls down stairs.

Thur. Oct.—Caesar class reaches indirect discourse—Second hand ponies bring high prices.

Fri. Oct.—Miss B. loses her pocket book—No there wasn't any money in it.

Mon. Oct.—Unusual amount of Monday morning pep in evidence.

Tues. Oct. 25—Burkie goes to sleep in German class.

Wed. Oct. 26—Faculty hikes out to visit schools—No more school until Monday.

Mon. Nov. 1—The last week of the second month starts off.

Tues. Nov. 2—Mr. Cushman had occasion to help Ruth Newman with some Latin.

Wed. Nov. 3—Orchestra plays in room B. No plastering falls.

Thur. Nov. 4—Paper falls off in the Assembly room Orchestra blamed.

Fri. Nov. 5—Basket-ball D. H. S. vs Plainfield Academy. A few more dates, when the admission goes down to 20 cents.

Mon. Nov. 8—Mell Wright gets thru a recitation without stuttering.

Tues. Nov. 9—President Laird of C. N. C. talks on "Birds" in opening exercises.

Wed. Nov. 10—Social for Thursday evening announced—A few applaud.

Thur. Nov. 11—Social given. Clark Powers kidnaps the Simese twins from a side show.

Fri. Nov. 12—D. H. S. whollops New Winchester 47-17.

Mon. Nov. 15—Mr. Winternhiemer ushers stray cat out of assembly room.

Tues. Nov. 16—Opening Exercises to arouse some pep for the Amo game.

Wed. Nov. 17—First snow of the year but Ruth still continues to wear Jewell on her arm.

Thur. Nov. 18—Miss Brown in History Class. "Bernice, will you run along the Atlantic coast and select some good harbors?"

Fri. Nov. 19—Amo beats D. H. S. 35-21.

Mon. Nov. 29—Many fails to smile at Burkie.

Tues. Nov. 30—Second team orders suits.

Wed. Dec. 1—Dick Prentice asks for a larger shoe for his sore foot. Mrs. Keeney gives a lecture on "Impossibility, and when to admit it."

Thur. Dec.—Mell Wright celebrates his return to school by stepping on a match.

Fri. Dec. 3—Juniors and Seniors pull off a banquet. Freshies and Sophs jam windows.

Mon. Dec. 6—Prof. Driver. "Ladies and Gentlemen as I look into your beaming countenances etc."

Tues. Dec. 7—Veteran of Boer War tells of his experiences, and morning periods again shrink.

Wed. Dec. 8—Eugene Garrison returns to school, after recovering from the effects of a hair cut.

Thur. Dec. 9—Cotton's eyebrows turn black, when report cards are given out.

Fri. Dec. 10—Windy weather, Mr. Cushman chases his hat four blocks.

Mon. Dec. 13—Fire signals are explained and everybody is requested to remain awake as much as possible.

Tues. Dec. 14—Mut stays awake in German class and gives his monthly recitation.

Wed. Dec. 15—Mr. Cushman: "Paul, from what does 'sewey' come?" Paul, "Hog-Latin".

Thur. Dec. 16—Jewell goes home alone (Ruth was sick).

Fri. Dec. 17—D. H. S. second team defeated 15-17 by Hazelwood.

Mon. Dec. 20—D. H. S. annual assured by a sweeping majority in opening exercises.

Tues. Dec. 21—Everybody goes to "Royal" to free afternoon show. John Moran takes a dictionary.

Wed. Dec. 22—Shields White elected Editor-in-Chief of the Annual.

Thur. Dec. 23—Xmas program given at High School. A week of much earned rest.

1916.—Christmas Jewelry rules supreme in the class rooms.

Tues. Jan. 7—Debating Senate was organized with 19 members.

Wed. Jan. 5—Harry Burke goes to dictionary accompanied by a clatter of shoes.

Thurs. Jan. 6—Bruce De Marcus forgets to change his tie and years yesterdays.

Fri. Jan. 7—D. H. S. beats North Salem 30-23.

Mon. Jan. 10 Burkie smiles at Mary and Cotton at Edna. All on this A. M.

Tues. Jan. 11—Sally manages to stay awake most of the morning.

Wed. Jan. 12—Collars, collars, "Beat Amo," Mr. Cushman takes the first period to explain where the difficulty lies.

Thur. Jan. 13—Examinations begin Jewell is exempt and Ruth goes home alone.

Fri. Jan. 14—D. H. S. Beats Brownsburg 28-15.

Mon. Jan. 17—Meeting held at the H. S. to store up some pep for the Amo game.

Tues. Jan. 18—Mr. Cushman had occasion to help Ruth Newman with Cicero.

Wed. Jan. 19—Sophomores succeed in getting to the geometry class with out sticking anybody with compasses.

Thur. Jan. 20—Report Cards given out. Nuff said.

Fri. Jan. 21—Amo whollops D. H. S. 40-17.

Mon. Jan. 24—Drawing class organized.

Tues. Jan. 25—Photographer puts 6 iron bands around camera and takes a group picture of assembly room.

Wed. Jan. 26—Barley told Economics class, flour was made of corn.

Thurs. Jan. 27—John Moran falls down stairs and compiles a postulate: "A fall is the shortest path between two points."

Fri. Jan. 28—D. H. S. swamped at Plainfield 45-17.

Mon. Jan. 31—Mr. Collins breaks all records and talks an hour and a half on the "Panama Canal."

Tues. Feb. 1—Cotton sits in the chewing gum exchange chair in room D.

Wed. Feb. 2—Eugene Garrison risks another hair cut.

Thurs. Feb. 3—Everybody looks at the eclipse of the sun through a smoked glass.

Fri. Feb. 4—Mr. Cushman asks that all the money for class pictures be paid at once.

Mon. Feb. 5 Book-keeping and 3:30 walk conflict for Jewell Leak.

Tues. Feb. 8—Tests begin. Roger Easley comes to school with a bandaged right hand caused by a serious injury?

Wed. Feb. 9—Orchestra unsuccessful in attempt to jar down more plastering.

Thurs. Feb. 10—Mr. Winternhiemer surrenders after being bombarded with snow-balls.

Fri. Feb. 11 —D.H. S. 24-33.

Mon. Feb. 14—Valentine day celebrated by a layer of tests.

Tues. Feb. 15—Seniors are requested to get "shot" for the Annual, as quickly as possible.

Wed. Feb. 16—Everbody is asked to stay awake and listen for the firebell.

Thur. Feb. 17—Reports handed out amidst grins and groans.

Fri. Feb. 18—D. H. S. gets revenge on Plainfield by beating them 37-33.

Mon. Feb. 21—Harry Hardin re-enters school for the fourth time.

Tues. Feb. 22—Rev. Martin talks in Opening Exercises.

Wed. Feb. 23—Bruce De Marcus wears the same tie the second time.

Thurs. Feb. 24—Aforesaid tie worn the third time.

Fri. Feb. 25—Myrle Vogel has a date.

Mon. Feb. 28—37 Students disappointed when there are no opening exercises.

Tues. Feb. 29—Paul Pierson receives bids for another haircut.

Wed. Mar. 1—D. H. S. beats Brownburg 49-8 in the last game of the season.

Thurs. Mar. 2—Dorothy Hiatte crippled and comes to school with a cane.

Fri. Mar. 3—Burkie gets a "5" in German.

Mar. 7—Installment Plan adopted to pay for the annual Everybody asked to pay 25 cents.

Wed. Mar. 8—Miss Brown drops three cubic yards of books during monitor period.

Thur. Mar. 9—Domestic Science class "snapped" for the annual.

Fri. 10—D. H. S. beaten by one point by Frankfort in the district Tournament.

Mon. 11— Photographer risks a good camera and takes picture of the Freshies.

Tues. 12—Sally sleeps all morning (at home).

Wed. 13—Mrs. Keeney in English Ten. "Now take plenty of time with these words and go as far as Massachusetts."

Thur. 14—Report Cards are welcome with grins and groans.

Fri. 15—Dr. Leazenby speaks in opening exercises the second period on "Nobility of Service." Everybody gets ready to go to Mexico. "Calendarers strike."



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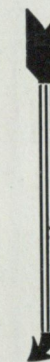
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