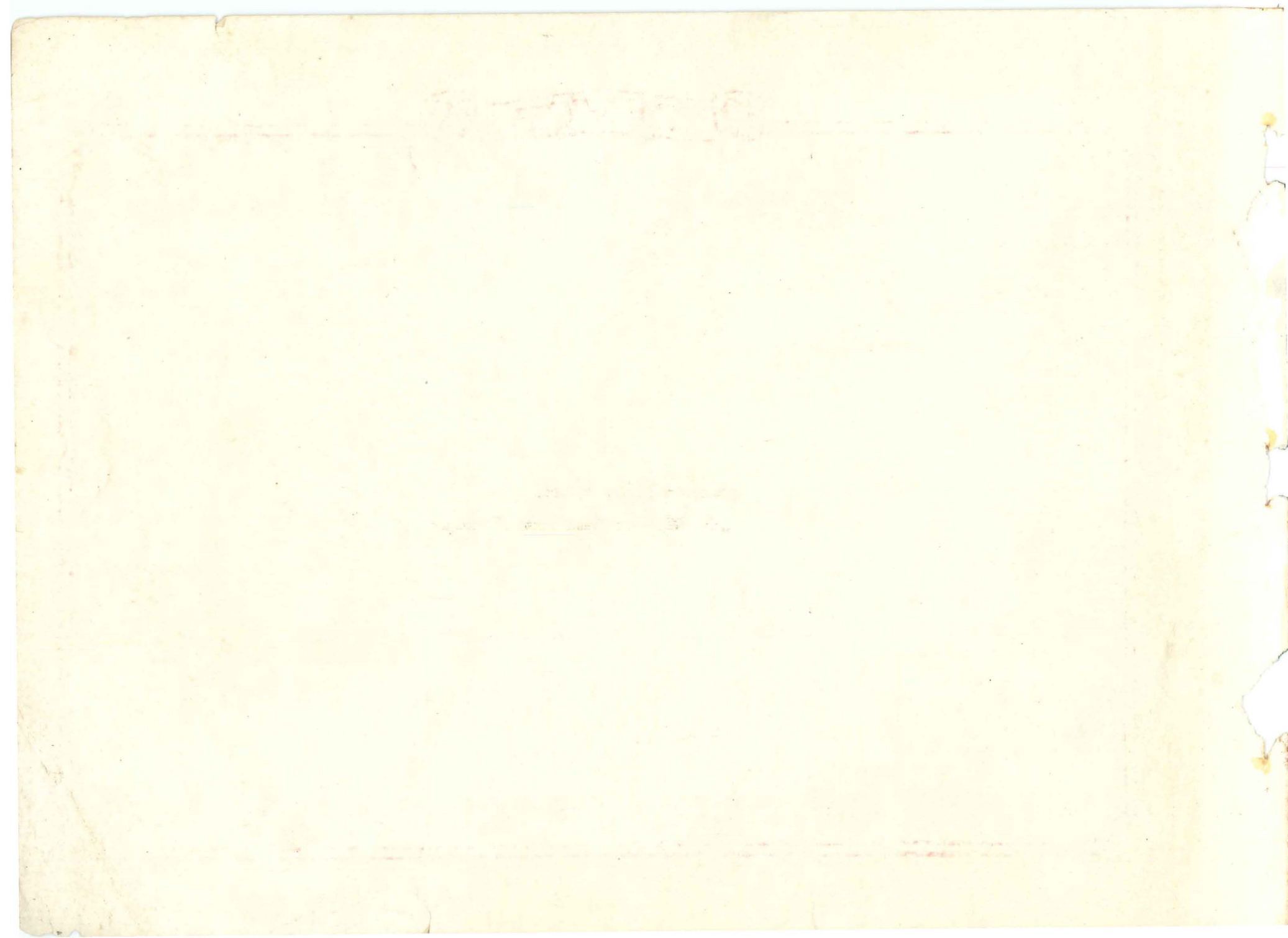




Esta J. McDonald 1922

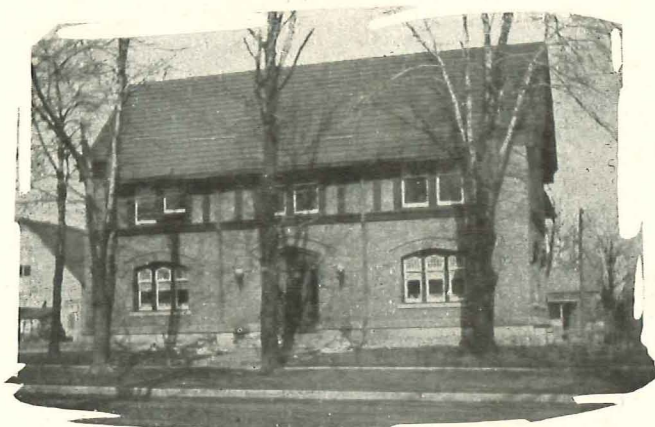
Ralph Witty 1920



19 REVUE 20

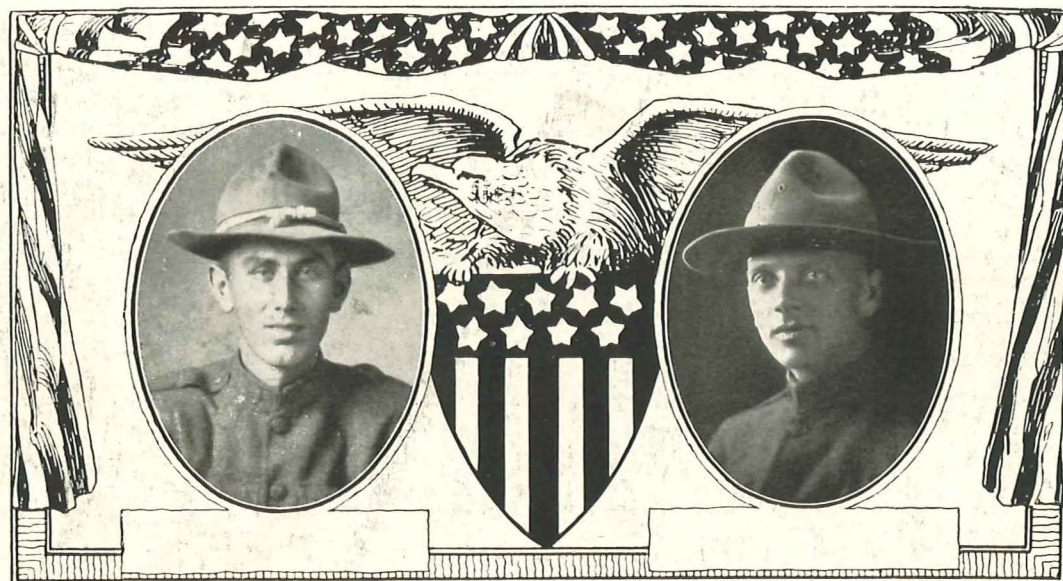
Kern Beasley, Editor

Rex Winters, Business Manager



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Published by the Senior Class
Linton High School
Linton, Indiana



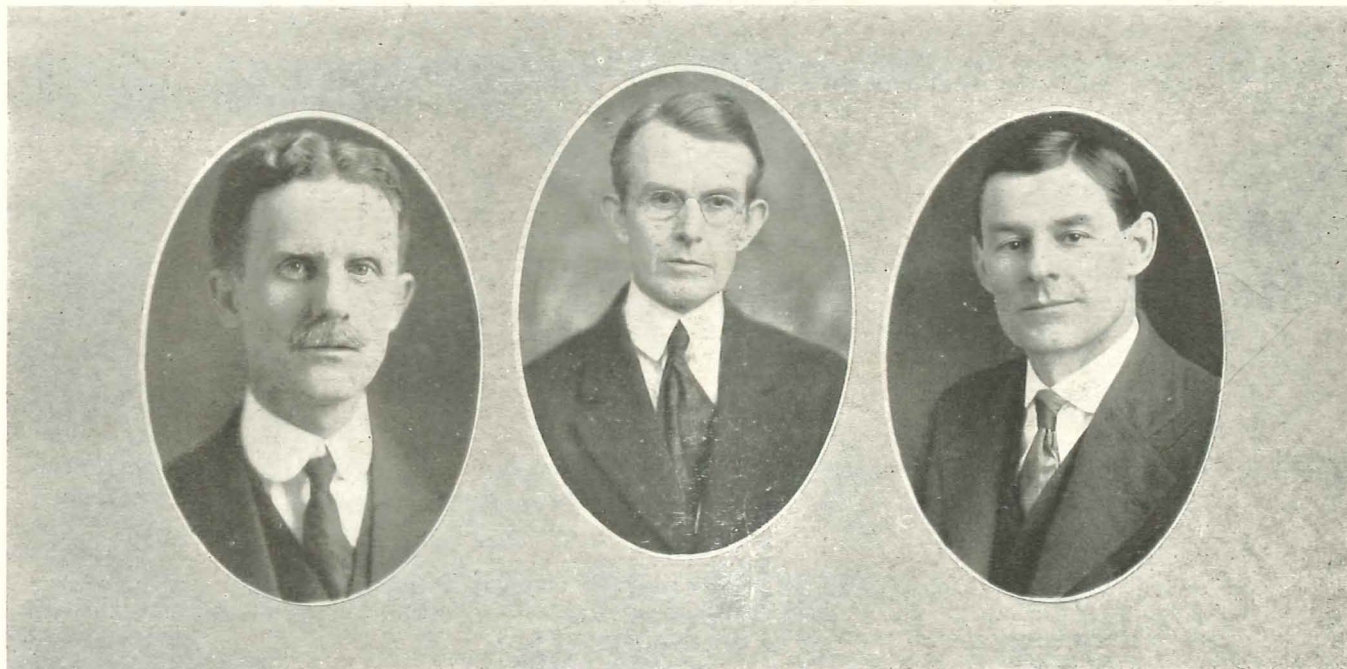
FRANK COURTNEY,
(Class '17), was killed in France
July 23, 1918.

CLINTON G. BEASLEY,
(Class '15), was killed in Argonne
battle Sept. 29, 1918.

DEDICATION.

"To Our Fallen Heroes Over There;

We, the Senior Class of Nineteen Hundred and Twenty hereby gratefully dedicate
This fifth publication of the REVUE."

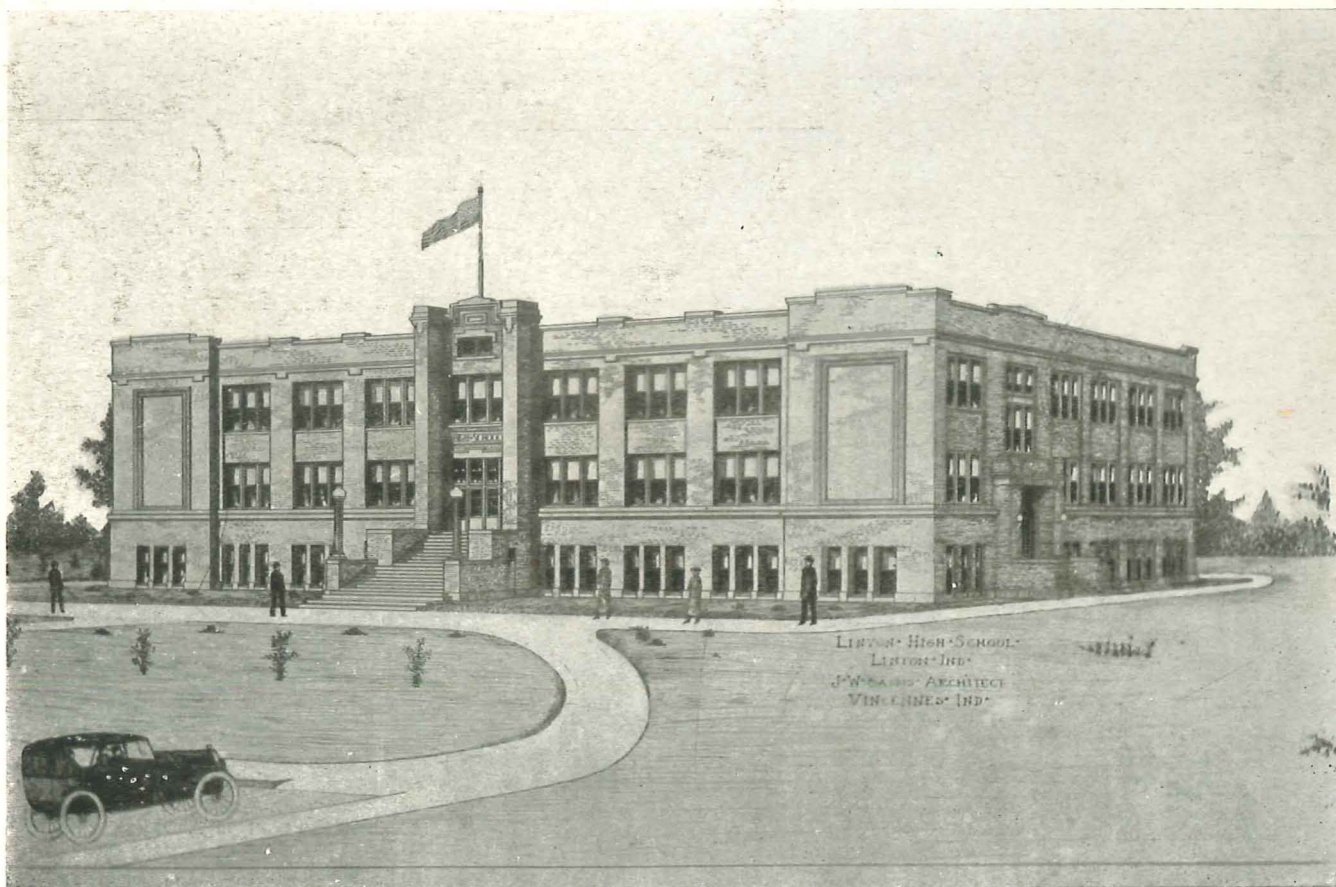


QUINCY J. MITCHELL

SAMUEL BAXLEY

HENRY KLINK

These are the men who are working so hard that we may have the building pictured on the next page.



OUR PROPOSED NEW HIGH SCHOOL.

19 REVUE 20



EDITOR IN CHIEF—KERN BEASLEY.

BUSINESS

Rex Winters (Manager.)
Dan Talbott
John Wormeldorf

LITERARY

Madge Melton
Vinta Newman
Winnie Baker
Orval Strong
Irene Taylor

HUMOR

Clarence Morgan
Venza Anderson
Christina Wilson
Odis Moy

ART

Ralph Witty
Harry Hewitt
Fred Wright
Walter Kramer
Wendell Hanna

PROPHETS

Nelle Ecker
Elizabeth McChr'stie
Leona Todd

CIRCULATION

William Sahn
Ward Letsinger

SOCIETY.

Gladys Mitchell
Fred Cravens
Virtue Lukenbill

ATHLETICS

Claude Booher
Wendell Hanna
Catherine Carroll

CLASS EDITORS

Junior—Truman Bennie
Sophomore—Beulah La Foon
Freshman—Nora McKahn

INTRODUCTION

This, The 1920 Revue, is the fifth annual to issue from the portals of Linton High School.

It represents what the school has accomplished this year and especially what the Senior class has accomplished. It contains a record of the happenings in this school for the past year. It was our intention to make this book a larger one, but, owing to conditions, financial and otherwise, we were forced to publish a book of practically the same size as those preceding it. On account of lack of space a great part of the material sent in was rejected, and only that which was considered most fitting for a school publication has been used.

If this REVUE OF 1920 does not come up to the standard of the publications it will not be because of a lack of work expended upon it, but because either lack of finance or of brains. (WE WILL NOT SAY WHICH.)

It is now ready for your inspection, and it is our desire that your final decision will be "A SUCCESS".

—THE EDITOR.



THE FACULTY

Widdy /20



SUPT SLATER BARTLOW, JR. (History).

"Our Supt. will not put Linton above Washington in anything, but he does condescend once in a great while to put them in the same class." Booster for our New High School.



FLORENCE OVERMAN
(Public Speaking).

"Although she is small in stature, nevertheless the small people always do the great things." Revue proof-reader.

PROF. V. R. GUNN,
Principal (Mathematics).

"The one man in a hundred, who, when deeply chagrined, will not tolerate the act on the part of seniors of defying their authorities."

HELEN SHLOOT,
(French).

"Silence is golden." One who has learned this maxim to be of some value and has profited by its use.



G. C. ACHCRAFT,
who is not in the H. S. Building. He
has the best-trained classes. He
sure is popular (among the ladies).

NELLE DUNCAN,
(Latin).
"Absolutely happy though unmar-
ried." A Goldust Twin.

O. L. ALLEN,
(Manual Arts).
"O. L. Allen is well balanced
throughout. His speech and his
frames are long drawn-out."



MARIE ALEXANDER,
(Domestic Arts).

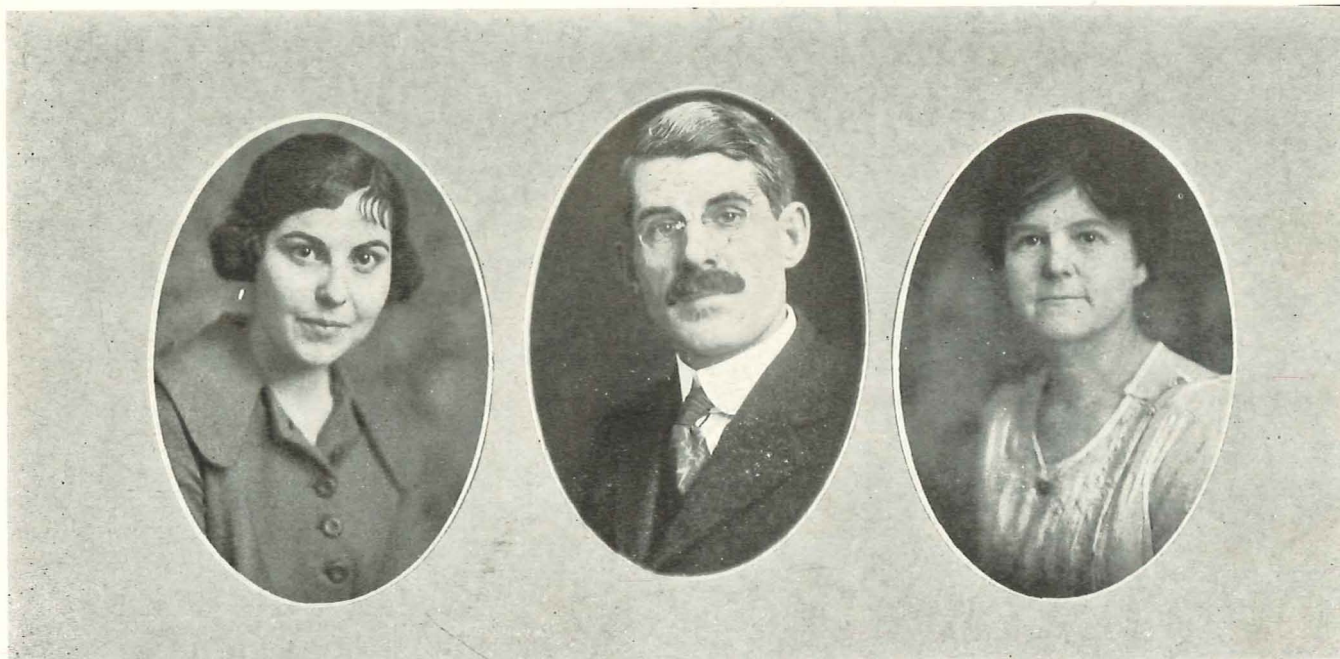
"We often wonder how many 'A's' she would have awarded 'Maria Parloa' for her merits."

R. G. HATHAWAY,
(Physical Culture).

"The only member of the faculty who insists upon having dates with High School students."

LOUISE GRIEPENSTROH,
(History).

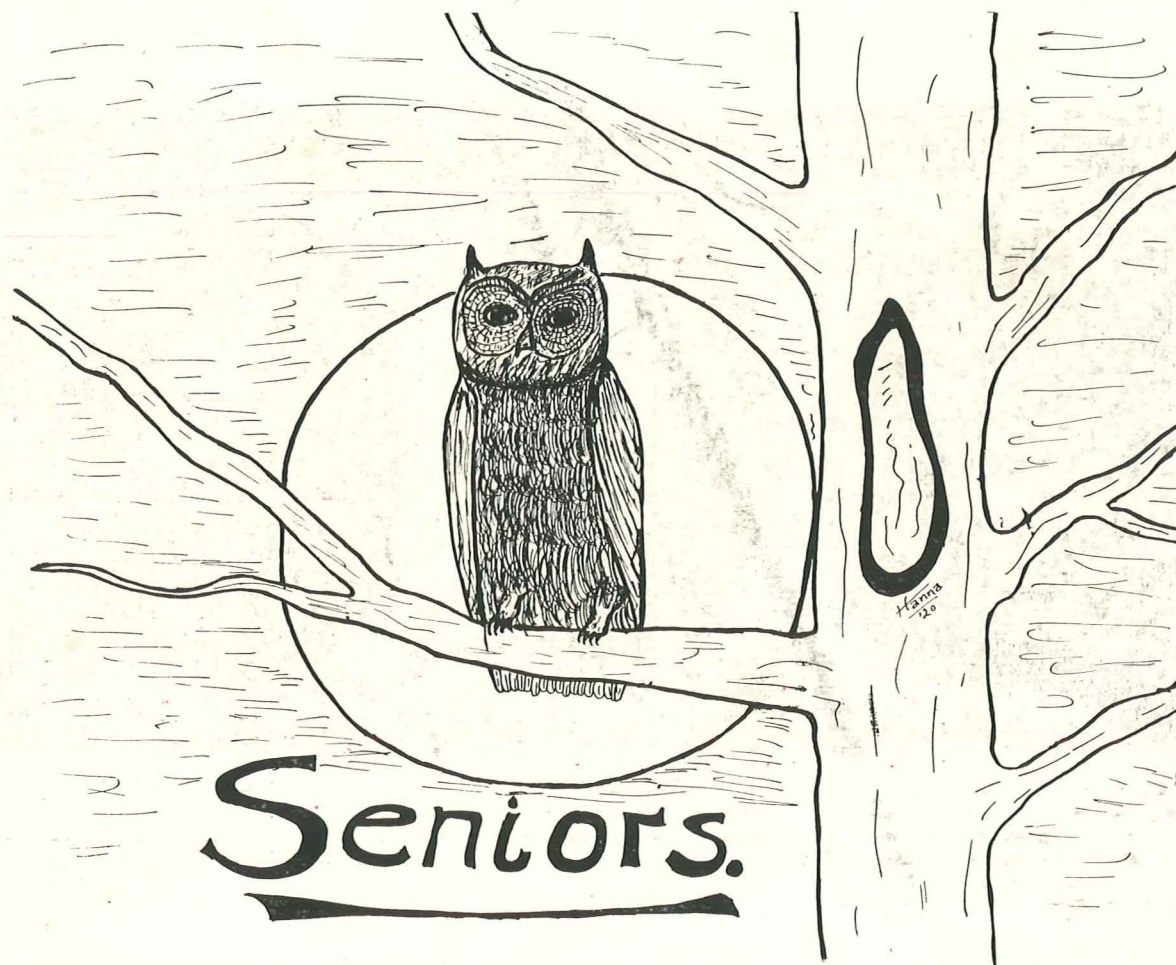
"The only baby member of the faculty, but who, nevertheless, possesses a great deal of the knowledge of History." "One of the Goldust Twins."



HATTIE COREY (English).
 "One member of the faculty who was greatly disappointed to find us so civilized when she came to Linton to instruct us in the art of how to speak good English."

PROF. A. M. GRASS,
 Assistant Principal (Science).
 "A man of few words, but many actions."

MABEL L. MUNSON,
 (Music and Art.)
 "She has made music a success in Linton High."





WHEN THE SENIORS WERE FRESHIES

SENIOR CLASS HISTORY

History in general is that branch of knowledge which deals with the past events. As men and women have made history so can young manhood and young womanhood make history.

To make a great success as the class of '20 has done, it takes the mighty will power of every member of the class. It takes a strong determination to put energy into work in order to obtain a success in life, and only what one puts in life will they receive.

We entered L. H. S., innocent freshmen; proud that we were then high school students. Our knowledge of what a high school education is, was little, but we have fought the fight

valiantly. Our class has not only produced "Stars" in the required elements of school but in athletics and social affairs as well. We need only to remember the deeds of Winters, Hanna, Witty and Moy to realize this fact. A glance over the records of the four years passed will show the talent of this class that has been brought forth from every phase of education.

We know what it means to work and to win. How natural everyone will look to the class of '20 with anticipation. We hear the commendations of the ones who have gone before us resounding on every side, that our class has measured up to the equality of any class of L. H. S. The

characteristics of such a class cannot be fully expressed.

We have met defeats and we have valiantly won victories. Our motto has been "Cling Together" and every one has absolutely done their part in being loyal to this saying. We have many inspirations in life but education is the highest point from which these inspirations flow which prepare us for the tasks which the world has set for us to do.

We are leaving L. H. S. as students of worth, who have well spent our time, hoping we have gained the praises and respect of all. Proud and happy we may leave, saying, "We came, we saw and we conquered."

Ruth O'Brien, '20.

CLASS POEM

All the short sweet days that have passed,
Since we entered the Freshmen class,
Have been spent very earnestly,
Faithfully and laboriously
For L. H. S.

At first as freshmen we were green,
The most reproachful sight e'er seen,
But we daily worked, did not rest,
And always did our very best,
For L. H. S.

This first milestone was left behind,
With pride we started down the line,
But were often checked by those exams,
Six weeks tests and the teacher's slams,
At L. H. S.

At last the race was three-fourths run,
We felt that we were all but done,
As Freshmen, Sophomores and Juniors
We won the best standard of years
At L. H. S.

But the Senior class of '20
We did boast, would do a plenty
We would show the school alumni
We would outshine them or would die
For L. H. S.

We will be best in Athletic sports,
Scholarly knowledge, of all sorts,
Our Annual will be biggest yet,
One that all could never forget
At L. H. S.

All know we did not boast in vain,
For all our records do proclaim,
That our class of 1920,
Certainly did their boastful plenty,
For L. H. S.

—BY A LONGFELLOW,
Orvil Strong (Deacon).



Catherine Carroll—
"K", has many love affairs. She says the diamond is just for fun, but we are from Missouri. Staff; H. S. D. C.

Wendell Hanna—Hanna is another good chap and is quite stuck on a certain grey-eyed "soph." Football, '19; Private Secretary.

Irene Taylor—
Irene has a few affairs with Dan Cupid, but of course this is a secret. Has great ability as a singer. H. S. D. C.; Staff; S. O. S.

Harold Kauble—
Admiral Ginger, whose pass word is "Don't get excited." He is certainly fond of the faculty. H. S. D. C. Fanny and the Servant Problem.

Tillie Butler—A sweet little girl who came all the way from Cass to graduate from Linton High School. L. H. S. Dramatic Club.

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Pansy Baughman
—"Billie" does not seem to care for the boys, but from where do all those pink envelopes come? L. H. S. D. C., Glee Club.

Lloyd Taylor—
Lloyd is the happy possessor of the ability to attend to his own business, consequently we know little of him except that he "gets there" with "good form." H. S. D. C., Fleur-de-lis, Football '19.

Helen Spice—
"Spicy" is a good sport and never worries even if she doesn't have her lessons. Glee Club, L. H. S. D. C.

Clarence Morgan
—"Bigguns", Small, but mighty. One Senior whose highest ambition is to graduate in long trousers. S. O. S., L. H. S., D. C., Revue Staff, Vice-President Seniors.

Bernice Mitchell
—"Bernie" is a very studious young lady, even if she is the only girl in the Physics class. S. O. S., L. H. S. D. C.



Alma Lynch—Alma is a nice, quiet girl who never says much, but be careful little girl your time is coming. Dramatic Club.

Howard Lynn — "Rocks." He may grow to a quantity equal to his ambition, but he is good natured at that. H. S. D. C., Private Secretary.

Christinia Wilson — "Chris" is worth her weight in gold. She is the life of the crowd and will surely shine in elocution. Staff, Private Secretary. Fanny and the Servant Problem, H. S. D. C.

Thomas McQuade — "Micky." One of those kind that the girls are crazy about, but as usual he is a woman hater. Staff, L. H. S. D. C., Football '19.

Blanch Centers— Another industrious young lady whose chief ambition is to go to Franklin. H. S. D. C.



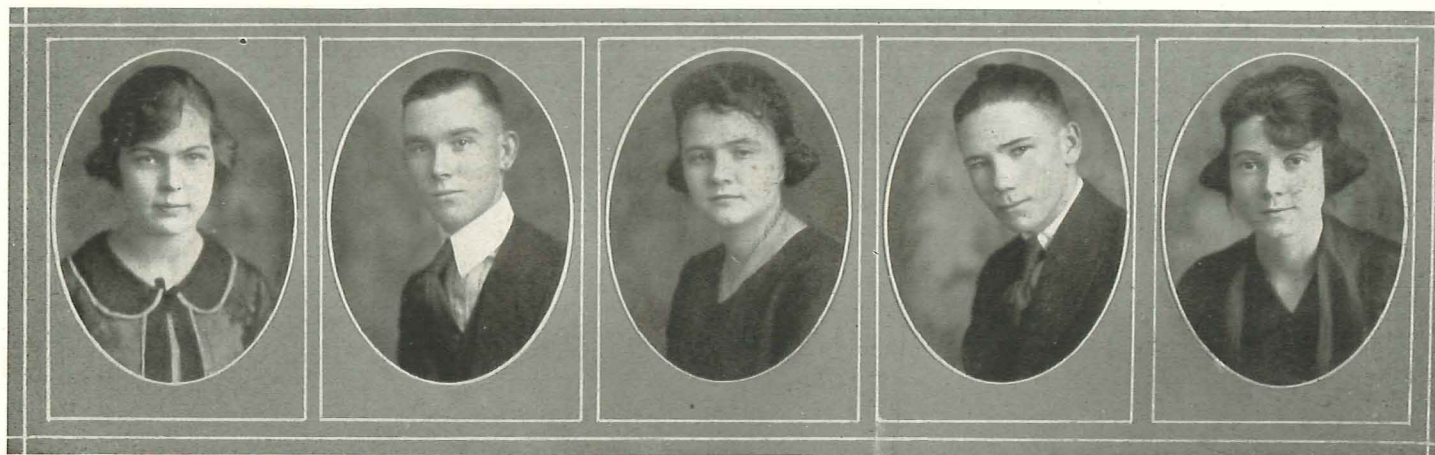
Venezuela Anderson
—"Venza" is a very
sweet girl, who always
has a cheery smile for
every one. S. O. S., L.
H. S. Dramatic Club,
Private Secretary, Staff,
Glee Club, Sylvia.

Ward Letsinger—
Ward is one of the
quiet boys of L. H. S.
But, "oh boy," he can
play football, and he
hits like a whirlwind.
Football '18, '19, Glee
Club, Staff.

Bernice Bovenschen
—"Bernie." Very quiet
and modest indeed is
this little Senior. Cares
nothing for the oppo-
site sex, therefore is an
"A-1" student. H. S. D.
C.

Orvall Strong—"Dea-
con" belongs to the
type of larger folks,
but that does not mean
that his actions are
any the smaller for it.
H. S. D. C., Staff, S. O.
S., Glee Club.

Lillian Lamb—"Bob."
Beware of her temper,
but she is good natured
otherwise. H. S. D. C.,
Sylvia.



Vinta Newman—
"Vint," she is an
"A" student and is
good at anything.
H. S. D. C.; Staff;
S. O. S.

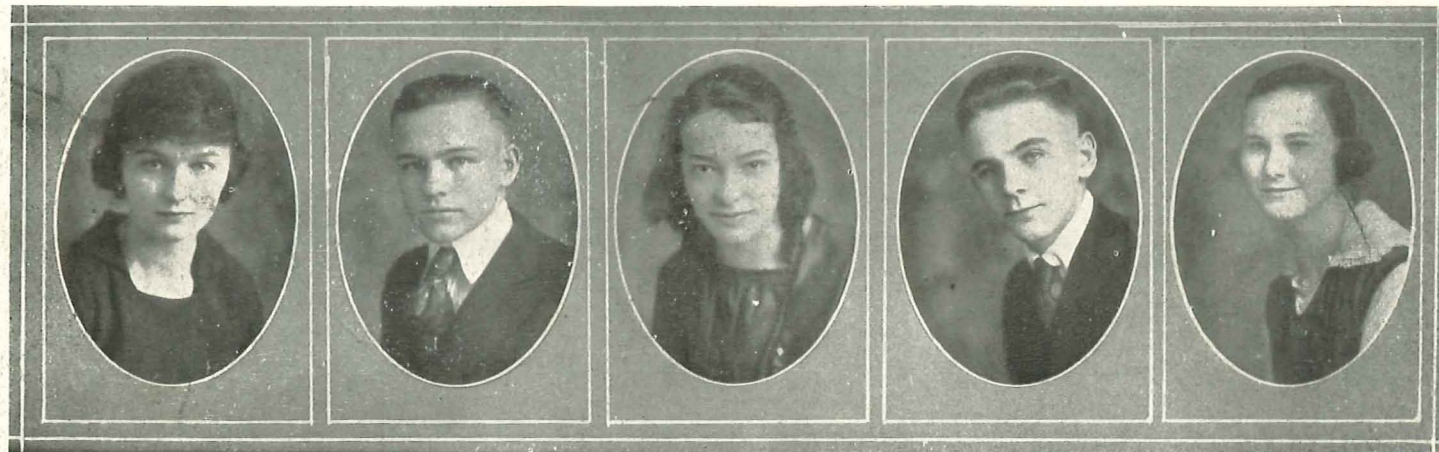
Odis Moy—Chink.
Of course you are
innocent, Odis, and
we can't blame you
for just "smilin'"
when you are hap-
py. Glee Club;
Private Secretary;
Football '19; Track,
'19.

Lena Brawand—A
rather quiet young
lady, whose head
has been turned by
one of the past.
Glee Club; L. H.
S. Dramatic Club;
Staff; Sylvia.

Harry Hewitt—
"Fuzzy" is a good
student and an all
round good fellow
whose pass word is
"suffering cats." H.
S. D. C.; Staff;
Football, '19.

Mary Shepherd—
Mary is classed
among the short
species. She fills
little space with the
figure that is char-
acteristic of short
folks. H. S. D. C.;
Glee Club.

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Mabel Hunt—We all wonder if we would be attracted by her beaming countenance if those green envelopes from Sullivan ceased to flow into her possession daily. H. S. D. C.

Walter Kramer — A lad who never says much, but means a great deal. He gets there just the same. H. S. D. C., Staff, Fleu-de-lis.

Henrietta Bordenet— "Henri." A wee lassie whose motto is "Never do today what can be put off until tomorrow." S. O. S., Dramatic Club, Staff.

Lawrence Warner— "Lawry" is of the elongated type, lady shy and always comes thru with his own initiative. H. S. D. C., Staff.

Winnie Baker— "Smily" is another one of those, A students and always has a cheery word for everybody. Staff, H. S. D. C. Aroused at last.



Ilene Haussin—
"Frenchie," a little
country lass whom
everyone likes—just
full of fun. L. H. S.
D. C., Glee Club.

Fred Cravens—
He's not much on
astronomy, but he is
always at the stage
door when the stars
come out. Staff, Glee
Club.

Ruth O'Brien—
"Curley." Oh, yes,
Curley, we know
you would rather
play your saxophone
than go to school
and we would rather
listen to you than
go. Orchestra, Glee
Club, Staff, Sylvia,
H. S. D. C.

John Wormeldorf
—"Wormy" is sure
good looking when
he is dressed up.
Glee Club, Senior
Press Agent, Track
'20, Staff.

Madge Melton—
"Midget." Even if
she is small, she
tells it to 'em, we
will have to admit.
Staff, H. S. D. C.,
Fanny and the Ser-
vant Problem. Pri-
vate Secretary.

19 REVUE 20



Gladys Mitchell—
"Blondy," a good natured lassie, but don't have much to do with the boys. Staff.

Ralph Witty—
Ralph is a rough and ready chap, but of course we all know what he means. His chief ambition is to be a doctor. Glee Club, H. S. D. C., Private Secretary, Football '17, '18, '19, Staff.

Flora Abrams—
"Vamp." What would happen if Flora was seen coming to school unescorted? L. H. S. D. C.

Fred Wright—
"Ducky" is pretty good natured and takes things as they come and go without a comment. His sole occupation is entertaining a certain Senior lassie. Orchestra, S. O. S., L. H. S. D. C., Football '19, Track '20, Staff.

Elizabeth McChristy—"Lizzie," a good natured lassie who always has her lessons. H. S. D. C., Staff, S. O. S.

19 REVUE 20



Leona Todd—"Toddy" is a very studious girl and although she can play the part of an old maid in a play, she is not exactly fitted for that kind of a type. Ask a member of the faculty. Private Secretary, Fanny and the Servant Problem, Staff, S. O. S., H. S. D. C.

Rex Winters—Captain football and track in his Senior year, also very fond of the ladies. Glee Club, Staff, Football '18, '19, Track '20, S. O. S., H. S. D. C., Fanny and the Servant Problem, Private Secretary, Business Manager Revue.

Nelle Ecker—"Patsy" is a very lovable girl who is especially interested in the football captain. Staff, Glee Club.

Kern Beasley—"K. G." Good student and one of the busiest boys in school. President L. H. S. Dramatic Club, President Senior Class, Editor of the Revue, Private Secretary, S. O. S., Fanny and the Servant Problem, Glee Club, Track '20.

Virne Lukenbill—"Lukie" is a good musician, but she could not study if it were not for the fact that a certain Senior were near. Staff, S. O. S., L. H. S. D. C. Glee Club, Orchestra.



Claude Booher—"Ruben" is a good fellow and has a habit of saying "F'r instance." Fanny and the Servant Problem, Private Secretary, Staff, Glee Club, Football '17, '19, Track '18.

Helen Bach—"Bachie" is a nice, quiet little girl who is glad that "some one" thinks so much of her. Staff, Glee Club.

CLASS PROPHECY

It was a typical autumn day—just the very kind of a day that makes one dream of “long ago.” I had been thinking of my old classmates and wondering what fate they had been destined to meet along their pathway of life.

Still musing, I started out on a lone walk—and walked until—I know not how far—I came upon a wide, open field. The tall grass, bowing before the wind seemed to beckon me mysteriously; and impulsively, I climbed the old barbed-wire fence. Scarcely had I completed this wonderful feat, when I heard a strange buzzing and whirring from above, and suddenly sweeping toward me was a huge white aeroplane, on the wings

of which was painted in red and blue “1920.”

The next instant a tall figure came toward me, clothed in a white suit of mail, and in his hand was a queerly shaped object, resembling field glasses.

Instinctively, I knew he was coming toward me and I was not at all alarmed when a clear voice said, “I am the good knight of the class of 1920.” He said nothing more, but giving me the field glasses resumed his seat in the plane. Meekly, almost reverently I followed, taking my place beside him.

Soon we were up among the white, fleecy clouds that had been so far away only a few moments before;

and upon adjusting the grotesque glasses, queer happenings immediately began to take place.

As the aeroplane went sailing along through the clouds, the sweet strains of music floated toward me. I saw before me a large audience listening breathlessly to an American tenor, who was making his debut. Looking toward the stage I saw that the singer was my old classmate, Orville Strong. In looking to ascertain his accompanist, I recognized Vinta Newman. Alas! She wore a wedding ring and so I judged that they were husband and wife. I wondered if this forthcoming tenor would ever become as renowned as the once famous Caruso.

Going on we soon came to the cloud of "mirth." Here, I witnessed the opening night of the H. A. Hewitt Minstrel Show. On looking over the members of the Company, I saw that two of my old friends held the most important parts, that of end men. They were Clarence Morgan and Harry Hewitt, who were just as big "cut-ups" as ever. Seated in an upper box, listening enraptured, were two Society Belles who greatly resembled Tillie Butler and Winnie Baker. Evidently, they were still waiting and hoping that some day those two loved ones behind the footlights might find heart to ask the fatal question.

Farther in the cloud of "mirth," a one-act vaudeville play was being staged—presenting the popular Hettibelle and Mickey in "A Night in a Parlor," and to my surprise I recognized the leading characters as Venezuela Anderson and Thomas Mc-

Quade. Bright prospects for all future amateurs!

We left the clouds of "mirth" behind, and sailing along I saw through the grotesque glasses, a town, in the distance. Going toward it, a great signboard bore the legend, "New Linton." Approaching the business section of the town I saw a large store, the name of which looked rather familiar. Imagine my surprise when the name "W. Letsinger's Five and Ten Cent Store, Inc.," appeared before my eyes. Just at that moment the owner and his wife came out of the store and leaning affectionately upon her husband's arm was Illine Haus-sin.

The next thing that attracted my attention in the business section was a huge sign on which the words "Wm. Sahm, Druggist," were inscribed. The establishment was very prosperous looking and I supposed "Bill" had been treated kindly by Fate.

My eyes were then directed toward the street, where, befitting the great dignity of his profession, Ralph Witty, M. D., drove slowly along in his electric. He stopped at the corner long enough to receive a stately looking young lady muffled in furs, into his car. As she turned her face toward me, the familiar countenance of Flora Abrams, the "vamp," met my eyes!

Hearing some confusion farther down the street, a suffragette parade strutted proudly along led by Lillian Lam and Helen Spice. Lillian carried a huge banner with the words, "Down With Men." Helen carried one also, which read, "Mable Hunt for Chief of Police."

With the aid of the glasses, I followed the procession to the palatial home of the mayor of the city, who, with his wife was going out to the magnificent car which stood at the curbing. I thought they both looked

familiar and as they turned, I saw the faces of Kern Beasley and Henrietta Bordinet!

Leaving my suffragette classmates to present their pleas to their mayor; the plane carried me on to the suburbs of the city. My attention was instantly drawn to a section of the city where, it seemed to me, a wedding march was being played. I saw, here, a small assembly who was witnessing the union in Holy Bonds of Matrimony, surprising though it seemed—of Mary Shepherd and Howard Lynn. The ceremony was being performed by another of my old classmates, the Rev. Walter Kramer. He had finally reformed!

I left this happy gathering and turned my eyes toward a beautiful cottage which had attracted my attention. Here, on the vine-covered porch sat two spinsters, who seemed to be patiently waiting. I wondered what could be causing them so much

anxiety; but as they turned their faces, my curiosity was at once satisfied, for I recognized Madge Melton and Catherine Carroll, who were evidently still waiting for a certain course to be finished at Purdue, so that their loved ones might come home at last. Oh! The cruel wrong of Fate that juggled their nuptials so!

Just then I heard a voice cry out: "Oh, here comes Daddy." The speaker was a little girl, standing by the gate with her mother. Rev. Kramer came up at the moment and the three started toward the house, laughing and talking happily. As they neared the door, the mother stooped to pick up the child and I recognized her as Bernice Bovenschein.

The sound of an arguing voice drifted towards my ears and I saw a young gentleman, an agent I presume, trying to persuade the lady of the house to subscribe for a current

magazine. The owner of the arguing voice was Odis Moy and the lady whom he was trying to persuade was formerly Lena Brawand, but as I at once concluded, now happily married.

As we neared the outskirts of the suburbs, a huge canvas tent arose before me, in which a chatauqua was holding its opening performance. The strains of a beautiful melody were wafted towards me, and looking upon the raised platform, I saw Mademoiselle Helen Bach, famous as a pianist. She left the platform amid a storm of applause, and the next number was called. This, to my astonishment, proved to be the Original Saxophone Sextette, of which Ruth O'Brien was renowned as the bass player. The last number was called—a reader came forth and the sound of her voice reminded me of my high school days, when this same beloved classmate read before the Assembly—Christiana Wilson.

At the conclusion of the reading the crowd began to disband; and we resumed our flight. As we flew along over a low rambling farm house, I saw a Dairy Wagon, drawn by an old white horse. The driver, Lloyd Taylor, turned to wave a fond farewell to his wife, standing upon the little porch. It proved to be Elizabeth McChristy! The unexpected always happens.

The progress of the dairy-man was suddenly hindered by the rapid approach of rattling red car of the ancient Ford variety. The driver, Lawrence Warner, gave a friendly salute to his neighbor and then drew up in front of the little house. He and his companion alighted from the car, and as they went up the gravel walk, I saw that his wife was Pansy Bughman.

The aeroplane then went sailing along leaving "New Linton" far behind. When we had gone, seeming-

ly, hundreds of miles, I saw a large group of buildings, which I recognized as Purdue University. On the campus were two familiar figures, who were strolling along the shady walk, with huge books under their arms; and evidently engrossed in earnest conversation, as they approached one of the buildings, I thought they greatly resembled two of my old classmates, Rex Winter and Wendell Hanna. I surmised that they were still drudging along, waiting patiently to begin their brilliant business careers.

The college was soon lost from view and before me lay a small, picturesque country village; a few small dwellings and business houses grouped about the one Main street. Over the door of a thrifty looking office appeared these words, "Dr. Fred S. Wright"—"Walk In." A neat bungalow adjoining the office, I presumed was his own home, for work-

ing energetically in a small bed of flowers which lay upon the grassy lawn, was Virtue Lukenbill.

She raised her head and called to her neighbors in the next yard, who were busily engaged in their garden plot. As the workers looked up in answer to her query, I gasped in astonishment, for I beheld the faces of Alma Lynch and Harold Kauble!

I had scarcely recovered from this surprise, when the stately portals of Franklin College loomed before me. A group of girls were making their way into the "Hall of Science" and I sought eagerly for a familiar face among them. My efforts were finally rewarded, for, there, walking sedately at the head of the double files were two of my former classmates who had been noted for their brilliance and knowledge and now appeared to be instructors in this advanced institution of learning, Blanche Centers and Bernice Mitchell.

After an interminable length of time, we neared a large city, and then I knew that my hopes were realized, for at last I was to see Washington, D. C. For some peculiar reason, my attention was instantly drawn to one of the leading firms which professed to have the latest Parisian fashions. A floor walker was lolling indolently against a counter with an air of bored indifference. However, his face brightened visibly as two fashionably attired young ladies entered the store. As they swept haughtily down the aisle, I recognized Gladys Mitchell and Leona Todd. The floor walker, approaching them with a smile of utmost respect looked familiar also; and as he turned to direct his customers I saw the familiar countenance of Claude Booher. The ladies entered the designing department, where they were eagerly met by the world-famous designer of fashionable gowns, Fred Cravens.

In the next square was a magnificent building, over the entrance of which was printed in gilt letters, "Editor of the Daily Times." Seated before a small desk, was the stenographer, pounding merrily upon the keys of a typewriter. Just at that moment, a buzzer sounded and the girl arose in answer to the summons of the editor's ring. As she gathered up her notebooks and pencils and started toward the door, I saw that she was my old classmate, Nelle Ecker. She went into the room and began writing hurriedly, as the dignified gentleman dictated. He turned in his swivel chair to give further directions and I recognized—John Womeldurf. The door opened and to my surprise, the newcomer was Irene Taylor.

As I became aware of the resumed motion of the plane I realized with a start that I had seen all my former classmates. I was dimly conscious of a mysterious feeling of awe—decidedly unlike any other feeling I had

ever experienced. The speed of the plane increased—it became terrific! A deafening roar came from the engine—I became confused—everything was becoming unreal. The "good knight" beside me became a grotesque figure with a hideous look upon his face, the plane jumped—swerved. "The knight" suddenly assumed gigantic proportions, the seat became too small! My terror increased simultaneously with the amount of cold sweat upon my forehead!

Suddenly—and yet—with a strange and gradual slowness everything began to float away into thin air and—I had a last slimming glance of a tiny plane named "Fancy," which was slowly and crazily disappearing toward earth.

That whiskey I had carefully kept hidden away since the year I had graduated was of unlimited power—much to my benefit. (Amen.)

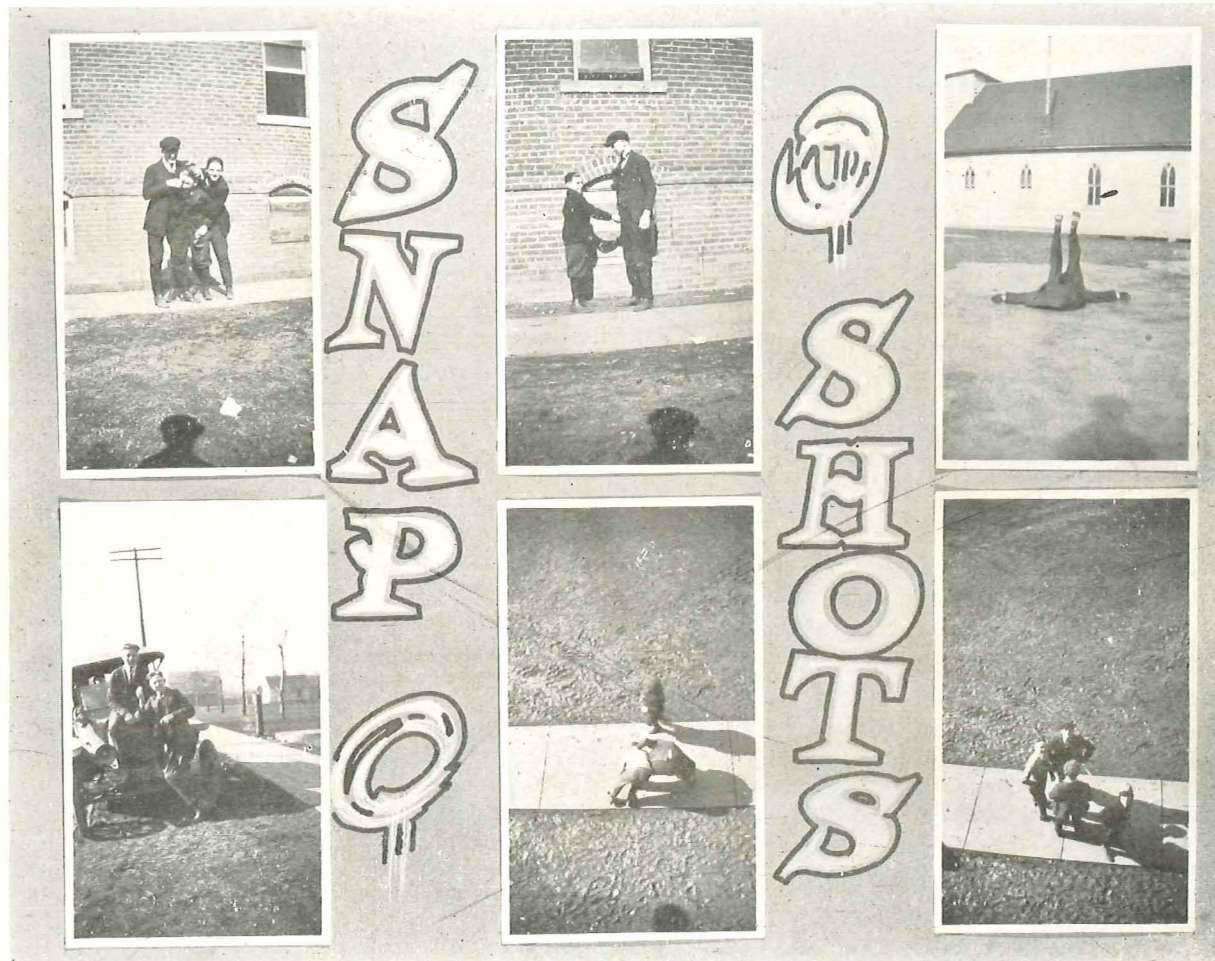
Nelle Ecker,

Leona Todd,

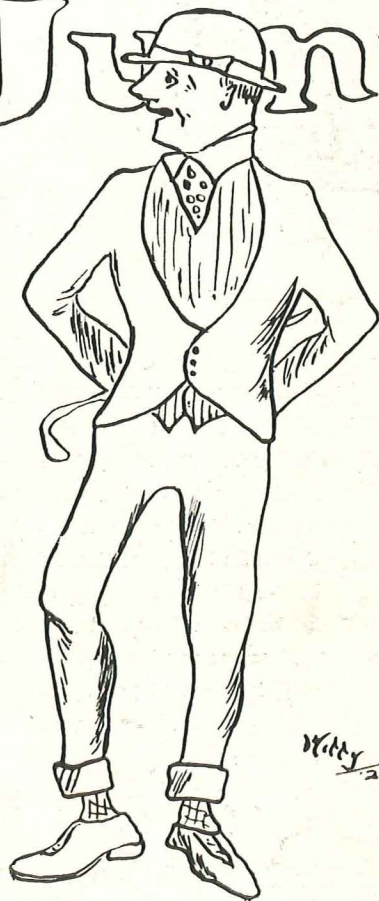
Elizabeth McChristy,

Prophets.

19 REVUE 20



Junior

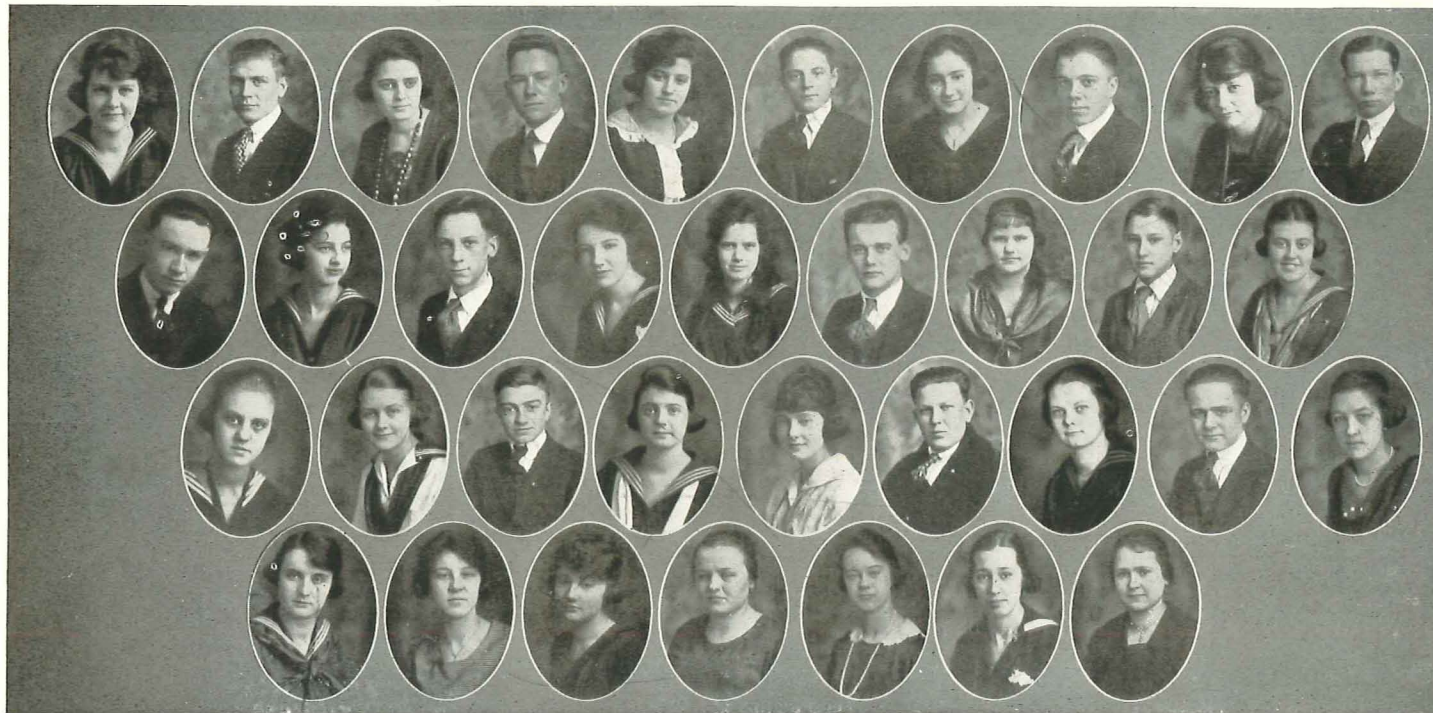


JUNIOR CLASS HISTORY

The Junior class of 1921 entered Linton High School on September 22, 1917, with 50 students who are struggling along the rugged pathway of knowledge (?).

In the Sophomore year activities were practically extinct as the result of the influenza epidemic. However, in this, our third year, we have made a splendid record and have hopes of going higher.

Having gained fame on the field of honor — football — five Junior men merged from the conflict with "L" sweaters. The two yell-leaders, Floye Rooke and Louise Surmont, were Juniors. We have one member on the Dramatic Board of Control, one officer in the Fleur de Lis, several members in the Latin Club and Glee Clubs. Several amateur players and the football captain for next year.



CLASS OF 1921

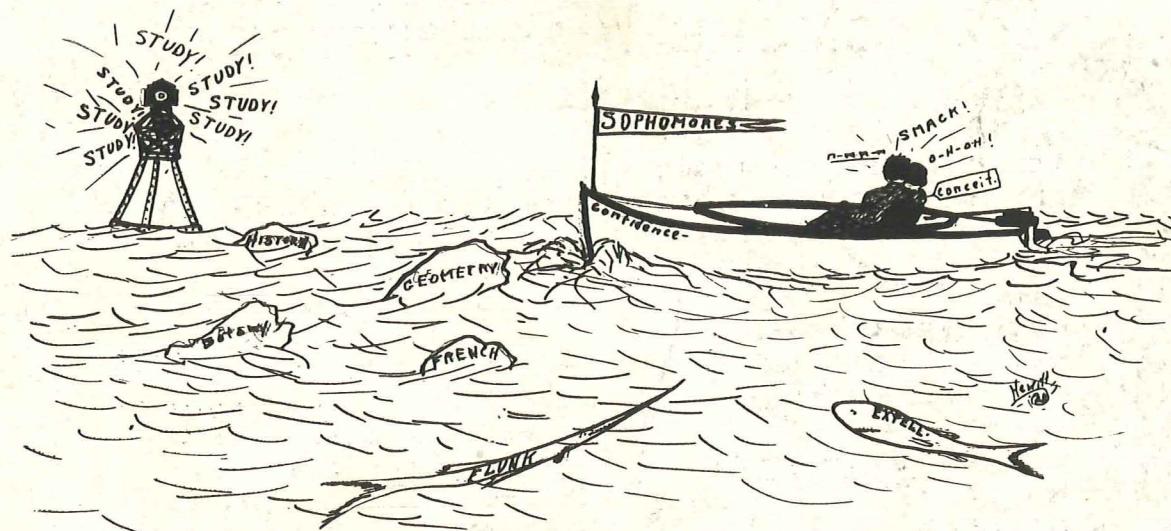
DAN TALBOTT, President

LOUISE SURMONT, Vice-President

TRUMAN BENNIE, Press Agent

19 REVUE 20





SOPHOMORE CLASS HISTORY

The class of 1922 entered Linton High School on September 7, 1918. It was composed of 75 members, all struggling along on the path of knowledge (?).

This year they have shown that they are boosting for L. H. S. and are pushing everything for the betterment of their school.

They had three L men on the football squad and have a large number out for track.

In academic lines they have shone above all others, having at least 20 per cent of the members making grades in the A's.

When this class has reached their goal, that of being Seniors, you may be sure that L. H. S. will have produced something that is worth while. Watch our class and see it advance.

The present officers of the class are:
President -----Carl Winters
Vice-President -----Hubert Burris

19 REVUE 20



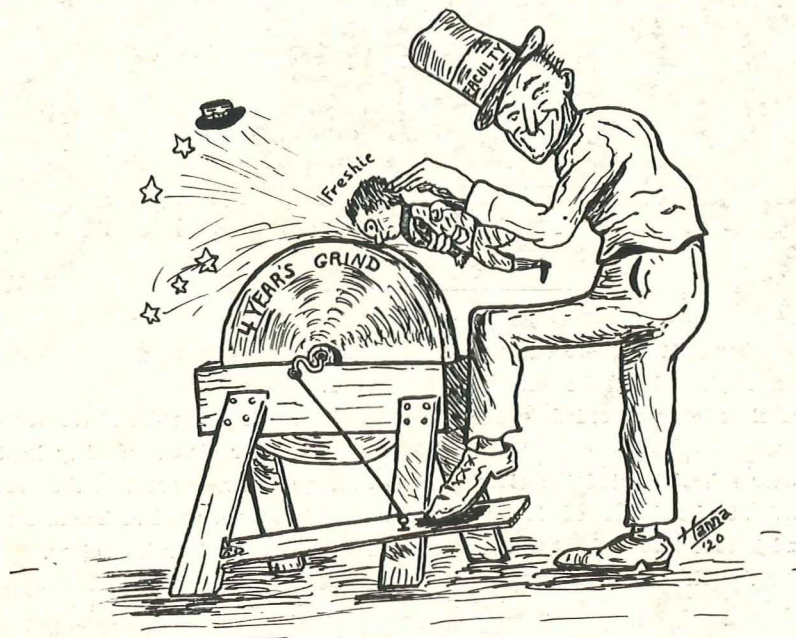
CLASS OF 1922

CARL WINTERS, President

HUBERT BURRISS, Vice-President

19 REVUE 20





Freshies.

FRESHMAN CLASS HISTORY

On September 8, 1919, there entered the Linton High School the largest Freshman class ever recorded in its history.

Soon after school started the class entertained at the home of Misses Elinor and Esther Shaw of West Linton. Later the class was entertained

at the country home of Miss Helen Winters.

Although being teased and tormented by the upper classmen, they kept up courage and now some of the best students in school are Freshmen. The faculty is proud of such a class.

Watch the Freshmen advance.



CLASS OF 1923

GEORGE SURMONT, President

MAURICE CRAVENS, Vice-President

NGRA McCANN, Press Agent

EDITORIAL PAGE

Though this book has come out later than we expected, it looks as though it is a success, at least from a financial standpoint.

Clarence Morgan won the county oratorical contest this year. This is the first time Linton has won in several years. He is some orator.

We recommend our advertisers; read their ads—that's what they are for.

The spirit of the High School has been much better this year than ever before, along academic lines as well as athletic.

During the football season the enthusiasm of the school was so great that it was communicated to the whole town, and all the games were attended by the biggest crowds ever known to be at a ball game in Linton.

This year for the first time Linton High School has supported a Lecture Course. This has been a success so far as the literary value was concerned, all numbers being given in an excellent manner. It was not supported by the High School students as it should have been, therefore the financial part was not quite so successful.

Other events showing the spirit of the school is the organizing of "The Latin and French Clubs" for aids in the work in Latin and French. Also a Dramatic Club was organized whose purpose is to develop the dramatic ability of the students. This altogether is proof enough that this school believes in the motto "Move Forward."

Plans are under way for Linton to be the proud possessors of the finest High School building in the state of Indiana. Then we shall have more room to expand and gain statewide fame, both in athletic and scholastic circles.

It seems as though the "cases" in L. H. S. are mostly Bevo.

Well everything is right now.

Really!

Prof. Gunn: "Every boy has to be a boy sometime, anyhow I was."

Squirrel Food!

Miss Schloot (French) translating Xmas poem: "He lay in the fresh straw with only the breath of the donkeys and camels to keep him warm—"

Student (interrupting): "Some stove!"

Where Did He Board?

The lesson in Physics dealt with the laws of pulleys. Fred Wright attempted to give a graphic illustration of the law of a system of six pulleys by making the statement that a man weighing 150 pounds would be able to lift a man six times his weight with their aid.

Kern Beasley (in Physics): "——— that single fixed pulley, the pulley don't move, does it?"

Great Thought!

Prof. Gunn (Physics): "Why-er-ah you know that none of us will look like we do now in 10,000 years."

A Matter of Course.

Miss Grilpenstroh (History): "What caused the firing upon Ft. Sumter?"
Student (in whisper): "Cannons."

Feminine Attraction.

Ephraim Bach (in French translation): "He likes her because she laughs through her nose."

Mr. Gunn (at the boarding house): "I hear the soldiers are going to get a bonus from the government."

Miss Overman: "Well, what will you do with yours?"

Mr. Gunn (thinking of the Librarian): "Well—er—ah—I think I'll build a bungalow right here in Linton."



Athletics

ATHLETIC BOARD OF CONTROL



VIRGIL GUNN

SLATER BARTLOW, Jr.

RUSSELL HATHAWAY

WARD LETSINGER

LINTON HIGH SCHOOL 1919 FOOTBALL SEASON

After four weeks of hard practice, the first game of the 1919 football season was played on October 4th. Jasonville was our opponent and as the game was played on a very muddy field, neither team was able to score. Jasonville had a very heavy and strong team, but was outplayed in every stage of the game by the L. H. S. eleven.

The next game was placed with Wiley on October 11th, and the weather man was again ungrateful to L. H. S., as it rained before and during the game. Linton completely outplayed Wiley, but was unable to score but once owing to weather conditions. In the following week Hathaway put the team through strenuous practice so as to develop a machine which could avenge the team beat by Worthington in 1918. The game was played at Worthington on October 18th, in which Linton brought home the bacon. Our next game was with Paris, played in our city on October 25th. Paris had a good team and played a hard clean game, but again the Red and Blue was victorious.

The next game, with Robinson, Ill., on November 8th, was the greatest game of the season, as neither team



View of the Wiley game



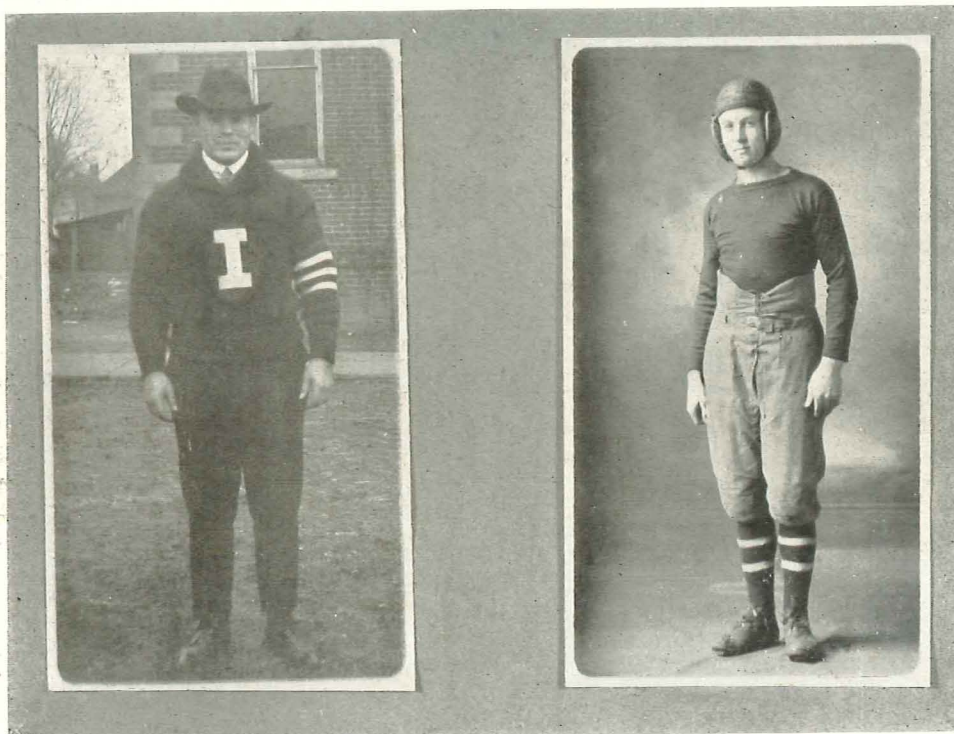
Robinson game

had been defeated and probably the Wabash Valley championship depended, up to that time on the outcome of the game. Such athletic spirit was never shown before in Linton. All stores were closed on the day of the game, and the uptown district was decorated with the colors of both schools. The game was witnessed by the largest crowd ever present at a football game in Linton, and rooters from both schools were accompanied by a band, which added to the spirit of the occasion. The Robinson team was considered invincible, and although Robinson defeated Linton, she was held to the closest score in several games.

The following week the team accompanied by a large number of rooters went to Bicknell. Owing to the crippled condition of Linton team, after the Robinson game, Linton was defeated by the heavy Bicknell team by a rather large score.

The last game of the season was played on Thanksgiving with our old rival Bloomfield. Although the team played a hard game, L. H. S. was defeated by the fast Bloomfield team by a small score. This ended our football season, having won three games, lost three, and tied one.

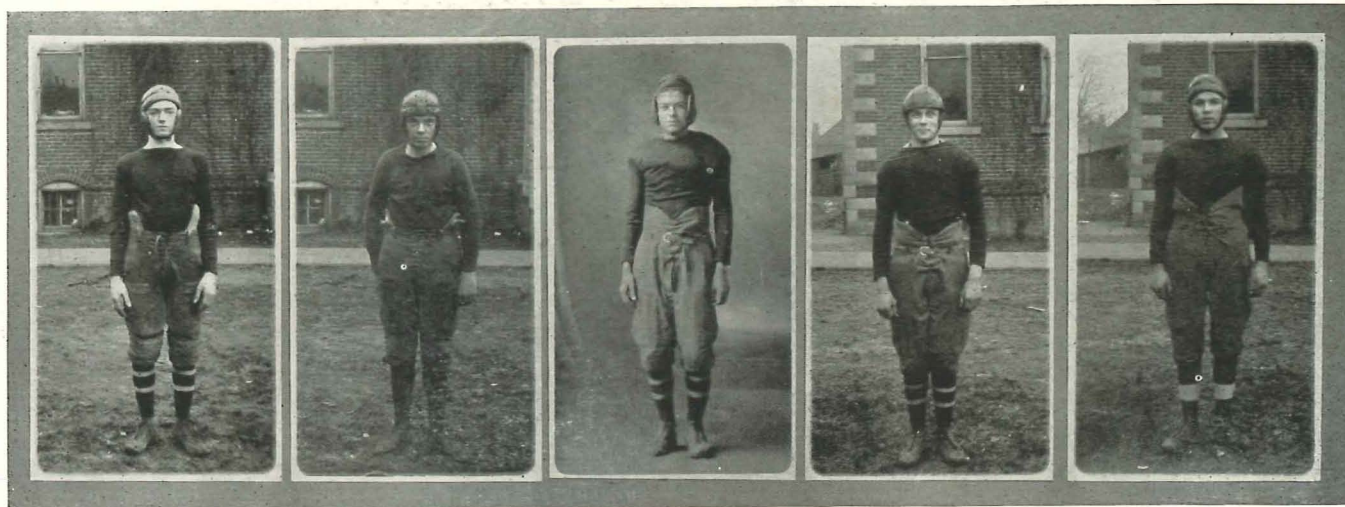
19 REVUE 20



Hathaway—His skill and ability to get the best efforts out of every man is to be admired. He sure turned out some team.

Capt. Winters—A good capable man playing real football all year. Will be a heavy loss to next year's team.

Because of a mistake the picture of Odis Moy was left out, but he was on the team and was some player.



Thomas McQuade —“Mickey” is a lightweight and a typical Irishman (when it comes to fighting). We won't forget his playing at Bloomfield and against Robinson.

Clayton—A good man who will next year do his share for L. H. S. Will play on next years team as a guard.

Bordenet (Chevrolet)—A constant worker who has three more years, and will undoubtedly make good.

Ward Letsinger—Ward hits like a cyclone and sure is hard to stop. Made All-State team and will undoubtedly be heard from at college next year.

Carl Winters—Fully as good in the line as his brother was in the backfield. Tackles low and seldom misses his man.

19 REVUE 20



F. S. Wright—
"Ducky." A small
man who can do
large things. Played
at center and was a
good man.

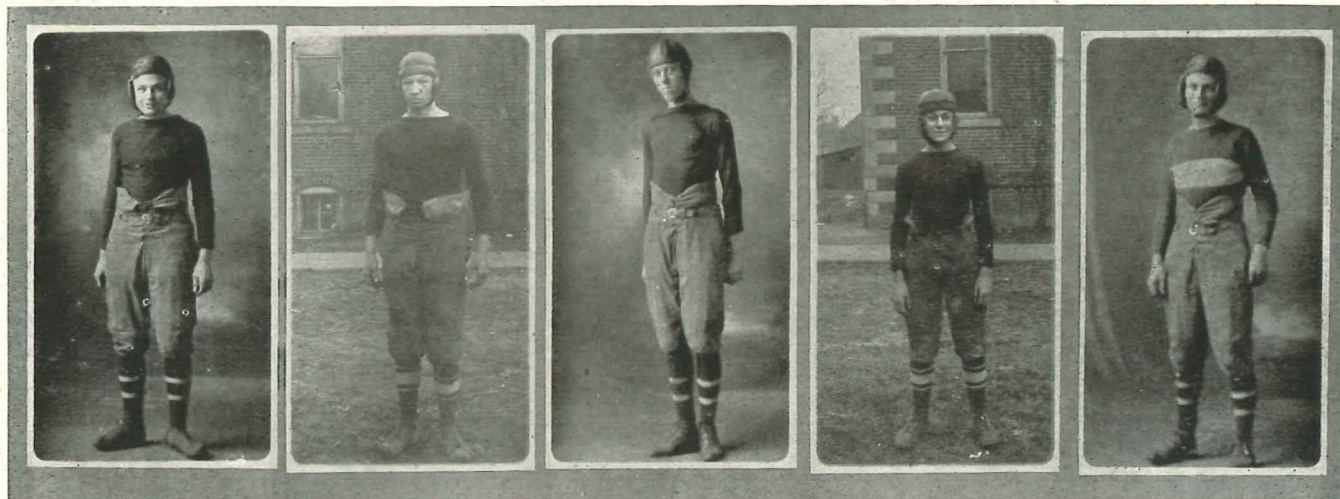
Wadsworth —
A next year's star.
His career was
wrecked this year,
due to R. Ill.

Bennie (Rooky)—
Another one of our
ever useful ends.
Was a sure tackler.
Will play great foot-
ball next year.

Wendell Hanna—
our midget half-back
and end. With a lit-
tle more weight the
wall of China couldn't
stop him.

Hewitt — "Fuzzy."
A hard worker and
good football man.

19 REVUE 20



Kramer — A reliable man at any place on team. We know his football career is not over, as we are going to hear about his success.

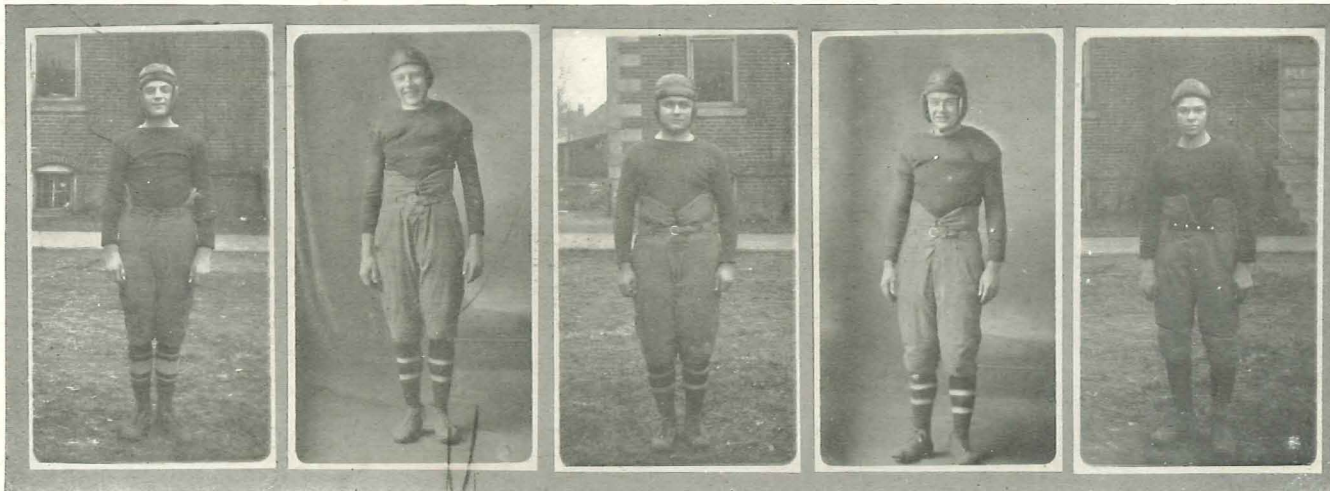
Harry Phillips — "Slats" is about 7 feet tall (more or less) and has three more years of football ahead of him. Harry plays a hard game, but don't like to be called a Freshie when out of town.

Strong — "Deacon." Was good man at guard and will be missed from 1920 team.

Courtney — "Coop-rider." Smallest man on squad. According to ability he is as big as Fatty Arbuckle. Has two more years and will make good.

Nola Johnson — A smashing end and all around man who made all-Wabash-Valley team. His merit is shown by being made next years captain.

19 REVUE 20



Talbott — Player great football and was as good at end as Pershing was at war. Has another year, and we feel sure of his success.

Ralph Witty—Was a strong factor in the line while playing tackle. Witty can also play a good game at half back. He is going to I. U. and we will hear of him on the team there.

Claude Booher—A n exceptionally fast man at end. A sure tackler. Claude hits hard and can catch forward passes with his eyes shut.

Usery—Our farmer guard played good football and surely ought to be heard from next year.

Taylor—A good man, even if he is small.

THE TEAM



VARSITY	POSITION	SUBSTITUTE
R. Winters	Quarter Back	McQuade
Johnson	Left Half Back	Wadsworth
Talbott	Right Half Back	Hanna
Letsinger	Full Back	Kramer
Booher	Right End	Courtney
Hanna	Left End	Talbott
Witty	Right Tackle	Hewitt
Moy	Left Tackle	Clayton
C. Winters	Left Guard	Bordinet
Usrey	Right Guard	Strong
Phillips	Center	Wright

TRACK ATHLETICS

Track athletics for the past few years in L. H. S. have not been up to the standard set by Linton's former stars, Moss, Oliphant and Gill. This is due to several things: First, lack of a competent coach; second, no athletic field; third, lack of material with which to work.

But now that we have a coach who knows track work and such stars as Wadsworth, Winters and Usrey, it looks as though Linton would again be placed on the map as "Little Sparta."

Those who expect to be Linton's stars this year are:

Half Mile—Bordenet, Johnson, Winters, Steele.

Mile—Usury, Wormuldurf, Clayton.

Hurdles—Winters, Wright.

Dashes—Tucker, Booker, Wadsworth.

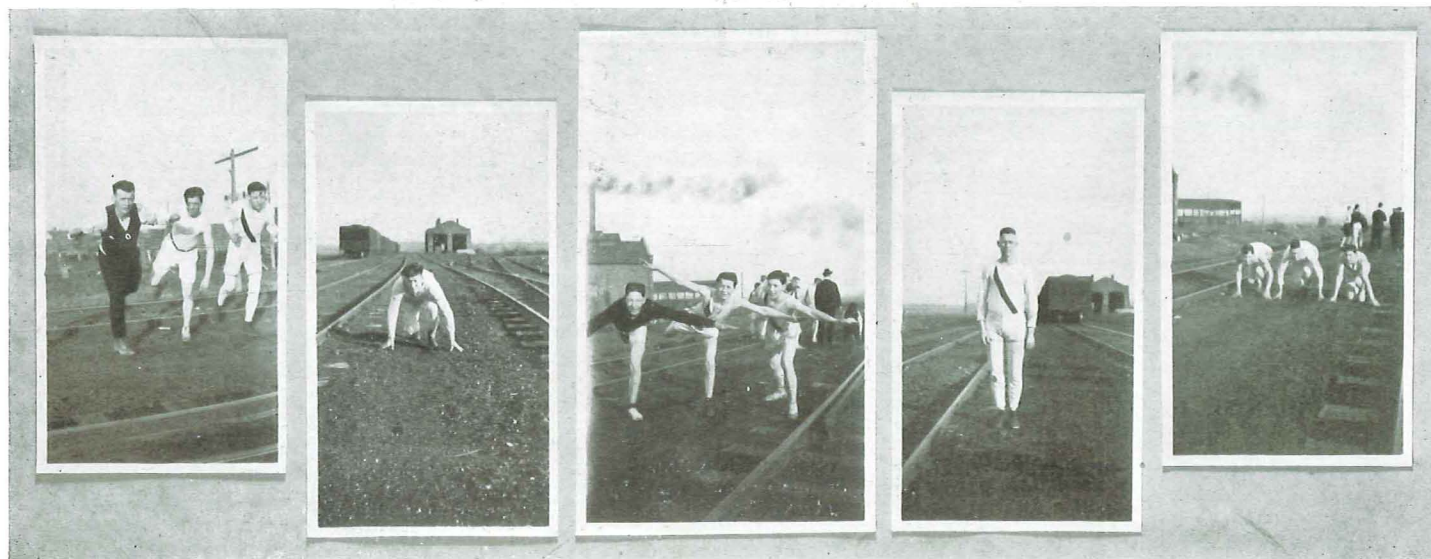
Quarter Mile—Wadsworth, Johnson, Winters, Bordenet.

1919 TRACK TEAM



DONALD HARRIS, Captain

REX WINTERS, Captain Elect



TRACK SNAP SHOTS

DRAMATICS AND MUSIC



LINTON HIGH SCHOOL DRAMATIC CLUB



KERN BEASLEY, President

LEONA TODD, Vice President

FANNY AND THE SERVANT PROBLEM

On Friday, February 27th, 1920, the L. H. S. Dramatic Club gave a play—"Fannie and the Servant Problem" for the benefit of the Annual.

The plot was, Fannie, an actress, who had run away from home when a girl, married an English Lord.

On arriving at her future home after the honeymoon, Fannie found that the servants were all relatives of hers. When they saw Fannie and recognized her as the runaway they refused to obey her, threatening if she objected, to tell her husband all of her past history. The cast is as follows:

Lord Bantock.....	Rex Winters
Fanny.....	Madge Melton
Bennett, the Butler.....	Claud Booher
Mrs. Bennett, his wife.....	Christina Wilson
Jane, Her Lady's maid.....	Henrietta Bordinet
Honoria, maid.....	Doris Eddy
Earnest.....	Carl Winters
Dr. Freemantle, family physician.....	Harold Knable
Miss Edith Wetherell, Lord Bantock's aunt.....	Leona Todd
Miss Alice Wetherell, Lord Bantock's aunt.....	Dora Pennington
George Newte, Fanny's Business Manager.....	Kern Beasley

Fanny's Show Friends—Harriet Pearl Schloot, Audrey Reintjes, Thyra Grey Berns, Mary Coopridger, Helen Wilson, Nora McCann, Venza Anderson, Lucile Ellis, Catherine Carroll, Virute Lukenbill, Ruth O'Brien, Henrietta Poe.

Sextette

Copyright by Samuel French.

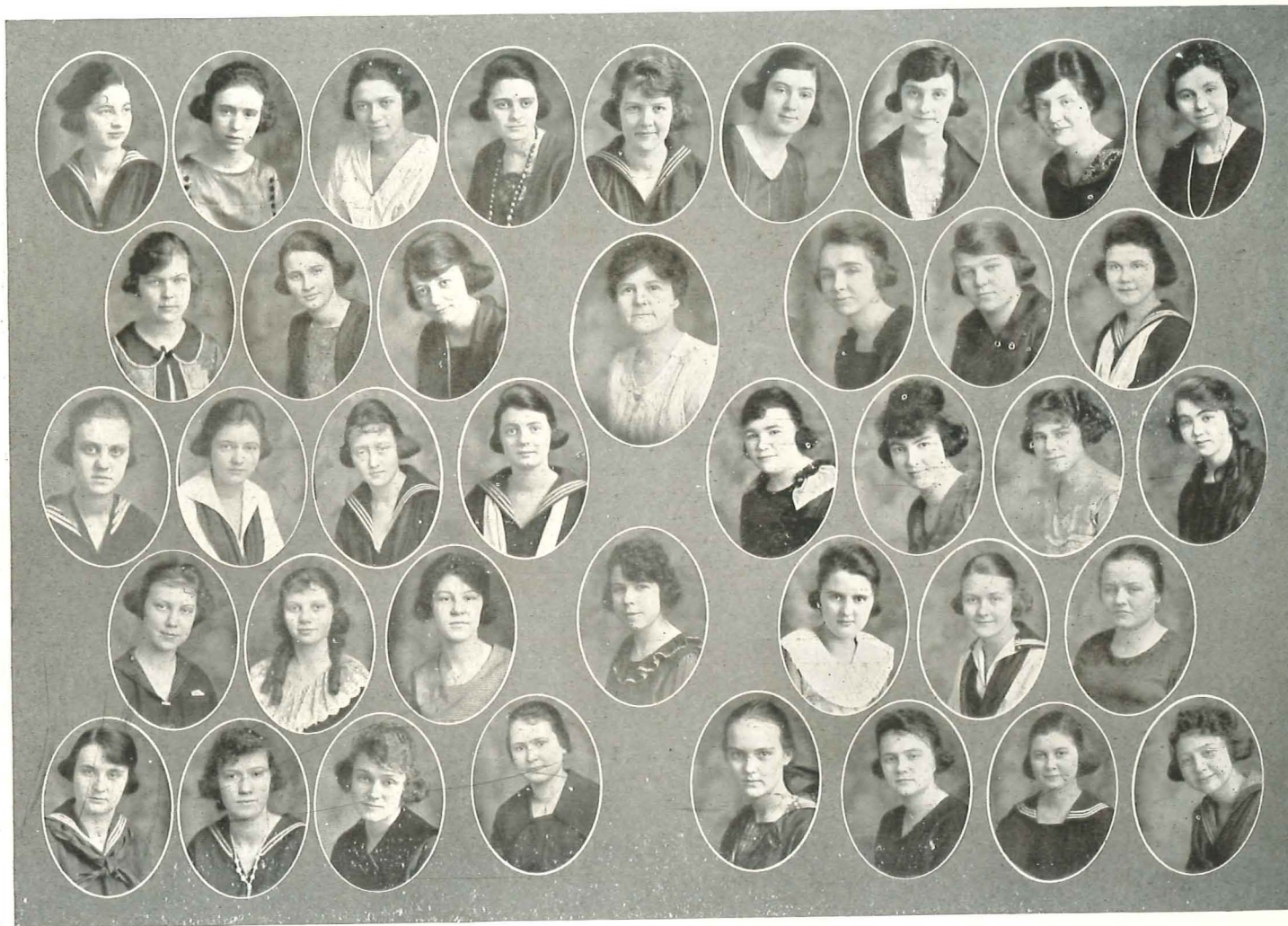
Comic

LINTON HIGH SCHOOL BOYS' GLEE CLUB



DIRECTED BY MISS MUNSON.

LINTON HIGH SCHOOL GIRL'S GLEE CLUB



MISS MUNSON, DIRECTOR.

THE OPERETTA "SYLVIA"

The Treble Clef Music Club and Boys' Glee Club presented an operetta, "Sylvia," on March 20, at the Grand Opera House under the direction of Mable L. Munson, supervisor of music. This pretty operetta was certainly a huge success.

ARGUMENT OF SYLVIA.

Sylvia, tired of her betrothed wanders into a hayfield where she overhears Betty bemoaning her fate and wishing she were engaged to marry a nobleman instead of honest William. Both girls decide to exchange sweethearts for a day by the use of a magic flower. Betty successfully fools De Lacy, and Sylvia as successfully fools William. De Lacy and Betty set forth to stroll through the woods and William drags Sylvia off to help him weed in the potato patch.

Toward the close of the afternoon, Sylvia, worn out, returns to the hayfield, and Betty rushes in, having run away from De Lacy and a bull. They decide that their

lovers are just ideal, and they will never be displeased with them again.

CAST:

Sir Bertram, De Lacy	Nola Johnson
Prince Tobbytum	Dan Talbott
William	Ralph Witty
Robin	Clifford Courtney
Sylvia	Floye Rooke
Betty	Harriette Pearl Schlott
Arabella	Venza Anderson
Araminta	Christina Wilson
Polly	Louise Surmount
Molly	Mary Coopridier
Dolly	Ruby Anderson
Chorus—Farm lads, farmer's daughters and haymakers.	

Music by High School Orchestra.

On account of bad films it was impossible to get pictures of either play.

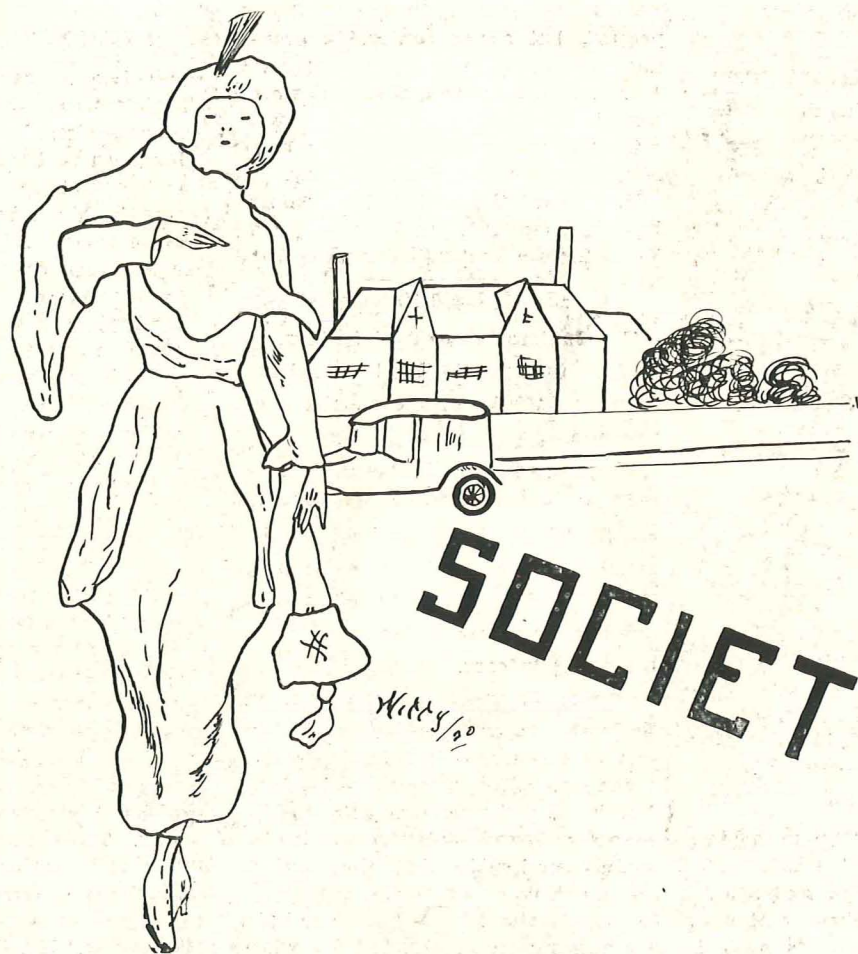
LINTON HIGH SCHOOL ORCHESTRA



Organized and directed by Miss Munson.
This is the first time L. H. S. has had an orchestra for about five years. But this
one is sure musical.

19 REVUE 20





FOOTBALL BANQUET.

On Tuesday, November 30, 1919, the mothers of our football heroes gave them a banquet and dance. The banquet room was decorated in the school colors, red and blue.

The menu was as follows:

Baked Chicken
Parkerhouse Rolls and Dressing
Mashed Potatoes Waldorf Salad
Celery Pickles
Brick Ice Cream and Angel Food Cake
Mints

After the banquet all proceeded to the dance hall in the center of which was a shield bearing the names of all the football men.

After dancing until 12 o'clock all departed, voting it the most enjoyable occasion of the year. The toastmaster was Mr. Bert Phillips.

Talks were given by Mr. Moy, Mrs. Witty, Mr. Cravens and Mr. Bordenet.

SENIOR SOCIETY.

In October, 1919, the Seniors held their first and only social event. It was in the form of a party and was held at the home of Kern Beasley. Only about 30 of the Seniors were

present, but a very enjoyable evening was spent, playing games and dancing. Later refreshments were served.

The chaperones were Miss Duncan, Miss Overman and Mr. Hathaway.

This is all the society the Seniors have had (so far), but we have great hopes for the Junior-Senior reception.

JUNIOR SOCIETY.

The Juniors have certainly been in Society this year! Nay! We have been too studious to even think of pleasure.

The one event of 1919 was in September, and in the form of a wiener roast. This affair was held at the country home of Truman Bennie. Those desiring to go met at the school building at seven o'clock and were taken out in cars.

It was supposed to have been an exclusive Junior party, but resulted in one of those so-called Junior-Senior receptions. You remember the Juniors brought the refreshments, and by glancing around (half starved) it was plainly noticeable that the Seniors were enjoying themselves.

Miss Overman, Miss Duncan and Mr. Hathaway were admirable "chaps".

SOPHOMORE CLASS SOCIETY.

Owing to several conditions the Sophomores have not been able to have much society, but what they have had has been real society. They were entertained at the home of Mr. Carl Winters in November, and it sure was some party. After all the class had either recited or showed their talent in some other manner, Mr. Hathaway (Tubby) capped the climax by giving some recitations and well—doing everything else imaginable.

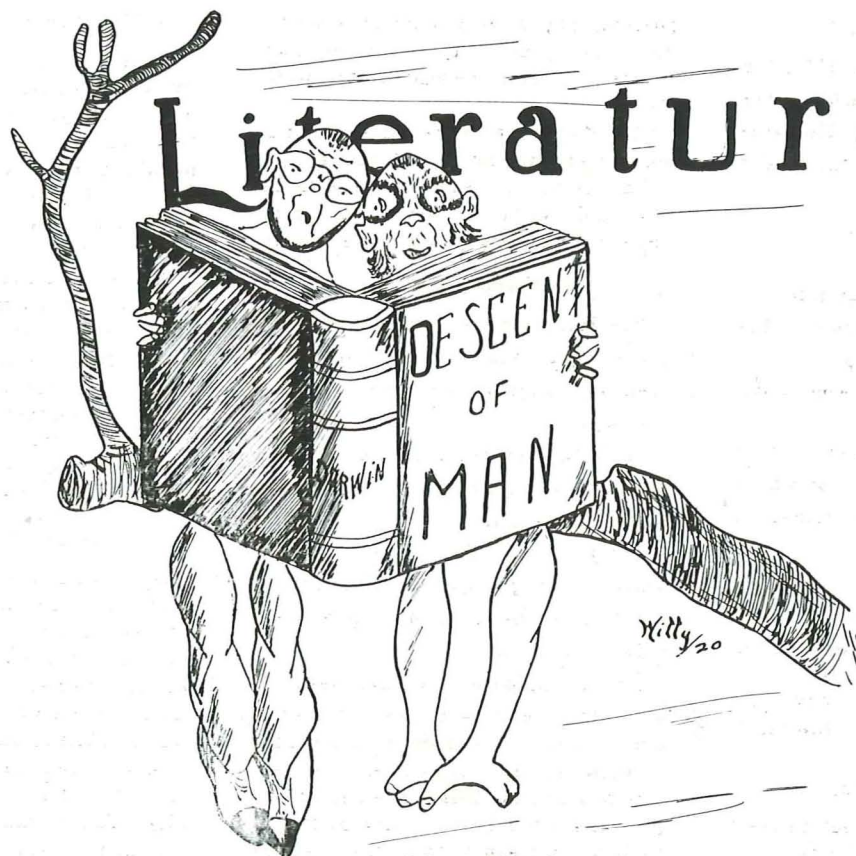
After this refreshments were served and all departed after voting it the best party they ever attended.

The chaperons were Miss Duncan and Mr. Hathaway.

SOCIETY FRESHMAN.

Soon after school started the Freshman class entertained at the home of Misses Elinor and Esther Shaw. The evening was spent in dancing and playing games after which a marshmallow roast was enjoyed. Mr. Hathaway and Miss Schlott were chaperones.

Miss Helen Winters entertained the class at her country home east of the city. The evening was spent in dancing and playing games. Dainty refreshments were served later. The chaperones were Miss Duncan, Miss Corey and Mr. Gunn.



19 REVUE 20



The Latin Club is an organization composed of students taking three years of Latin or more. The club was organized November, 1918. The work done is to stimulate the interest in Latin by the study of Roman life, customs and literature. Teacher, Miss Nelle Duncan; president, Leona Todd; vice president, Dora Pennington; secretary, Elizabeth McChristie; treasurer, Clarence Morgan.



FLEUR-DE-LIS.

The Fleur-de-Lis is an organization composed of students taking a second year course in French. The Club was organized March, 1920. The work which the Fleur-de-Lis is taking up is a stimulation of interest in the French language.

Officers—Odis Moy, president; Floye Rooke, secretary; Christinia Wilson, treasurer.

THE OF FATE THE H-11

On the morning of March 23, 1917, the H-11, with which I was assigned as Junior electrician, and four other submarines were lying in the harbor of Felixstow awaiting signals to sail. At last, about the time of morning deck watch relief, the shore signal was received and we started down the harbor in squadron order, we being the second in file.

Before long we reached the open sea which was very choppy and made it rough and slow. It was my first trip and I tried to be very exact in my reports of the batteries which were to be given to the captain every six hours. There was also a very great interest shown by the crew as to where we were to be stationed, it

was known that we were to be on patrol duty. Now the great question was where?

After about twelve hours of zigzagging we reached a point in the North Sea, where we dropped out of the squadron and after taking down the spray screens we slowly submerged to begin our long vigil for enemy subs.

This period is very trying on the nerves of the men as no noise must be made. My own duties allowed me nothing to do but make out my reports, sleep and read. Occasionally we would rise to the top to renew the air supply and to charge the batteries, but by the end of the fifth day we were a cross and surly crew, ready to risk anything for a little action.

At 10:27 on the morning of the fifth day the gong "to quarters" sounded. After we quickly reached our positions we heard distinctly in the quiet that followed the throb of the propeller of an approaching enemy sub.

The next question was, how were we to attack? Were we going to rise to the top and use the deck guns for shelling or were we going to risk a pedo in that close quarters? We were not long in doubt. First we felt the squaring around of the ship to bring the forward tubes to bear with out rising to the surface and we felt the two recoils of the ship in succession as the torpedoes were fired. Then came a period of stillness, of waiting to hear the success of the torpedoes. Then came the great roar of an ex-

plosion, the whole ship reeled and then darkness.

The next thing I heard was a voice saying: "Yes, he will be alright in a little while. Tho I myself envy the captain and the rest of the crew." I tried to raise myself but found I could not. Then as I could see nothing, I tried opening and shutting my eyes, then came the thought—blind. No that could not be. Slowly I raised my hand to my face and felt something warm and sticky. It could be nothing but blood and I unconsciously moaned.

"What, so soon," said the same voice, and then a light flared up and I recognized the face of my friend, the chief electrician, and the shapes of two men in the shadows behind him. I also recognized the small room which we were in as the forward torpedo room. Then the match, for such it was, flickered and went out. I waited a minute before I spoke, letting these strange conditions bear on my thoughts.

When I asked of the chief electrician, whom I shall from now on refer to as Johnson, how we come here he

said, "Some one made a miscalculation and when the torpedo struck the enemy we were so close that the force of the explosion burst the battery cells and stunned all the crew except these two men and myself. We were able to rescue none but you before the fumes of the sulphuric acid filled all the ship except this small room. The condition we are in you can imagine for yourself." And well I could for we were held prisoners in this small room fifty feet below the surface, with a limited supply of air, no light and no known way of escape. Indeed our hours could be said to be numbered. Thinking of all this, I lay quiet waiting for death.

Of course my first thoughts during this time were of home and my young wife, Pauline, to whom I had bidden goodbye the fall before when I enlisted. Then came the thought of never seeing her again, and I almost moaned again. I thought of the day when we received the news of father's death in France and I wondered what Pauline and mother would do now that we were both gone. For was I to

be criticized for considering myself dead and as you could say buried?

We soon began to tell our life stories to each other to pass away time, the thing which was the most valuable to us. The two men were mechanics from Glasgow. One seemed so overcome when he realized our situation that he remained silent until the last. The other, as Johnson and I could hear was beginning to weaken, of this he himself said nothing, but we could hear him shuffling his feet, rubbing his hands together and occasionally moaning.

This was my greatest fear, the fear of death now that I knew death was certain was never so great. But oh God! how afraid I was that I would show it. How I feared to move lest I give some sign to the men of my weakening. When it came my time to tell my story I mentioned nothing of home and wife, the things dearest to me, for fear I would break down before I could finish. It was only when Johnson began to speak through the darkness that I braced up.

Johnson! What a man he was! How

I admired a character such as his. I knew little of him before the fight, but how well I came to know him during those few hours spent in that wrecked sub. He had little to tell of his life except the last ten years which he had spent in the navy. He told of his many experiences while with the Russians during the Russian-Japan-war. But towards the last he began to talk of something which interested us all—ways of escape. He would devise plans and then discard them before our minds could fully grasp the greatness and originality of them. While he and the other men were discussing these I felt a creeping drowsiness stealing over me. Unable to resist I fell back nearly overcome by the increasing foulness of the air.

The next thing I realized was that some one was shaking me violently causing my head to hit against the steel wall beside which I was lying. I soon awakened enough to recognize Johnson and at his direction I crawled headfirst into one of the torpedo tubes which was just large enough to admit my body. It was while this was go-

ing on that I began to understand Johnson's plan. He was going to try shooting me to the surface through the tube, the same as a torpedo. I felt something pushed into the tube behind me; it was a life preserver. I fastened the strap of it to my belt, put my fingers to my ears to relieve the pressure which was to come and waited. First I heard the door clang and then the sizzling of the compressed air escaping into the tube; then I began to feel the pressure of it.

Just when it seemed as though I was to be crushed the mouth of the tube opened and I was propelled forward as swiftly as if fired from a gun.

Upon my first striking the icy water I began to whirl round and round though still traveling on a horizontal level caused by the force of the discharge. When this force had expended itself, I began to rise to the surface struggling, though I expect my struggles impeded my progress toward the surface as much as they helped.

I could not possibly describe the way I felt during these few minutes, though it seemed an eternity to me to

reach the surface. There was a roaring sound in my head, my lungs seemed about to burst, bright lights played before my eyes and I could also feel the chill of the icy water.

Then with a bound and a gasp I reached the top. The cold air seemed to sear my lungs as I, by deep breathing, tried to stop the pounding in my head. Then I fastened on the life-saver. After a while my arms seemed to become numb and motionless and then I forgot everything till now.

The rest of my story as the captain of H. M. Reliance tells me is as follows: I was discovered and picked up unconscious by a destroyer, which had noticed and was investigating the wreckage caused by the destruction of the German sub. As soon as I was able to tell my story they sent down divers, but were too late to save Johnson and the mechanics. I am now honorably discharged and pensioned by the government, as the captain tells me. And I am very anxious to reach home and be with my people, but can they, will they, understand?

—TRUMAN BENNIE.

HIGH SCHOOL CALENDAR FOR 1919-1920

- Sept. 8—First day. Many girls are happy as well as lady teachers to see some young men on the teaching force.
- Sept. 9—New and old teachers, new and old students get acquainted.
- Sept. 10—Miss Griepenstroh tells us to pronounce her name, but we can't do it yet.
- Sept. 11—Rex Winters along with some Freshmen gets lost and stumbles into a Senior Latin class.
- Sept. 12—We greatly appreciate our new (?) seats. They have really lasted one week.
- Sept. 15—Regular Monday morning exercises. All teachers go to their posts—the windows
- Sept. 16—The newness of school is wearing off now.
- Sept. 17—Herbert B. answers the roll-call for Hubert, and Hubert answers for Herbert. Miss M. Schlott can't tell the difference, can you?
- Sept. 18—Some new cases are beginning to be noticed.
- Sept. 19—Nelle E. and Fred W. seem very lonesome. There is no one for them to talk to during intermissions.



- Sept. 22—The Seniors organize and are beginning to show their importance. Kern Beasley elected president.

- Sept. 23—At last we have learned to pronounce Miss Griepenstroh's name.
- Sept. 24—The Sophomores have a party at Morgans.
- Sept. 25—We like the looks of our Freshmen now, especially some of the girls.
- Sept. 26—The Freshmen have a party at Shaw's. They believe in Freshmen's rights.
- Sept. 29—Nelle E. is beginning to smile once more. Rex W. is taking charge of Vilas's three girls of the same name.
- Sept. 30—Miss Duncan puts Philip M. on the front seat and he is very indignant.
- Oct. 1—Dora walks to school with Herbert.
- Oct. 2—Today Dora came with Clyde.
- Oct. 3—Again it is Herbert. Which one will it be next week?
- Oct. 4—First game of season with Jasonville. Score, 0-0.
- Oct. 6—The new cases are progressing splendidly, especially one.

- Oct. 7—Mr. Hathaway hasn't learned the names of his students so he has to designate by the kind of clothes they are wearing, for instance the girl with the white skirt and pink middy.
- Oct. 8—The Juniors had a party at Truman Bennies' home. Ask them what kind of chaperones they had.
- Oct. 9—When they picked up the pieces, they found it was Miss Griepenstroh that had fallen down stairs.
- Oct. 10—Miss Griepenstroh is still alive.
- Oct. 11—Wiley game. Score 6-0, in favor of Linton. Burlesque by a sophomore.
- Oct. 13—Nothing happens since it is just Monday.
- Oct. 14—Our new English teacher arrives and she doesn't find any cow-boys.
- Oct. 15—The teachers have their first meeting to make out application and conduct grades. Being a little mouse would be acceptable now.
- Oct. 16—The teachers are in secret session again. They couldn't get through last night.

- Oct. 17—The freshies experience their first exams.
- Oct. 18—Worthington game. Score 17-7, in our favor, of course.
- Oct. 20—Everybody happy? Well, I guess. Lots of time given for talks.
- Oct. 21—We get our cards and some are almost afraid to take them home.



- Oct. 22—Senior party at Beasleys. Tubby seemed to enjoy himself, especially the ride home.
- Oct. 23—Some lost love notes cause the teachers amusement.
- Oct. 24—Ralph spent a whole period figuring up his credits.
- Oct. 25—Linton beats Paris, 19-0.
- Oct. 27—Everybody happy again, but Mr. Gunn wouldn't give us much time for a jollification.
- Oct. 28—Miss G. was "awfully" cross today. Was she out late last night?
- Oct. 29—Claude B. awakens by dropping his feet in the Assembly room.
- Oct. 30-31—Hurrah! No school. The teachers are in Indianapolis.

NOVEMBER.

- Nov. 3—The third number of the lecture course program was given.
- Nov. 4—Paul Bradshaw breaks down a chair in Room 2.
- Nov. 5—With hair flying, and breath almost exhausted, Venza rushing in the assembly and the bell rings.
- Nov. 6—Venza has lots of time today before the bell rings.

*When you get through High School and
and get married don't forget that we have
oodles of everything in the grocery and the
meat line.*

HALDON BEASLEY

Phone 223

Northwest Third St.

- Nov. 7—Junior Hebb is beginning to be attentive to all the lady teachers.
- Nov. 8—We were beaten for the first time this season by Robinson.
- Nov. 10—Some more talks about games were given.
- Nov. 11—Armistice day celebrated by big banquet and dance. Our mothers sure know how to treat us.
- Nov. 12—Everybody sleepy on account of night before. "Oh, Oh, Cindy" given by Camp fire girls.
- Nov. 13—"Oh, Oh, Cindy" repeated, Harry makes a real girl.
- Nov. 14—Maurice Cravens is seen alone. Where have Junior and Harold gone?
- Nov. 15—Bicknell game.
- Nov. 17—Everyone is feeling blue.
- Nov. 18—Miss Overman has the blues. Her red-haired friend left last night.
- Nov. 18—A little mouse plays around in Room 2, all afternoon. Venzuela kept her feet up in a chair.
- Nov. 20—The freshmen still envy the seniors on account of their dignity.

- Nov. 21—The freshmen give a party at Helen Winters. The sophomores give one at the school building.
- Nov. 24—What's going to happen? Joe King was here on time. He had to come from Terre Haute though to do it.
- Nov. 25—It only rained.
- Nov. 26—The Girls' Glee Club gave a program.
- Nov. 27—Turkey day. Bloomfield beat us.
- Nov. 28—Another program was given. Harry Philips and Dan Talbott were the main speakers.



GIRLS GLEE CLUB.

DECEMBER.

- Dec. 1—Tubby is served refreshments in a dishpan at a Latin Club party out at the Winter's home. Did they think he would eat so much?
- Dec. 2—Only 23 more days until Xmas, and then a vacation.
- Dec. 3—Mr. Gunn accidentally drops a cigar stub in class. Looks rather suspicious, doesn't it?
- Dec. 4—Miss Overman's senior class gives a play in the Assembly room.
- Dec. 5—The Latin Club gives a party and dance for the Latin students and teachers.
- Dec. 8—Mr. Bartlow and Mr. Gunn tell the juniors and seniors what they think of them.
- Dec. 9—Miss Overman receives her usual letter from R. S.
- Dec. 10—Mr. Allen makes a speech.
- Dec. 11—The teachers have a party. They say that Mr. Gunn was very much afraid of the Ghost.
- Dec. 12—The teachers give a party and dance for the football boys and friends. All the lady teachers were happy. Each had a beau.

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Dec. 13—Ruby Anderson becomes hypnotized at Latin Club meeting. She is some singer.

Dec. 16—Mr. Gunn wears a broad grin. His long-looked-for letter arrives.

Dec. 17—Every one is good today. The world is to come to an end.

Dec. 18—The world is still here and everyone is bad again.

Dec. 19—Dan Talbott has learned to sing a song? "I Hate to Lose You." He really sings it like he meant it.

Dec. 22—The teachers have a Xmas tree at the boarding house. The gifts they received were beautiful if not so useful.

Dec. 23—Xmas is almost here—vacation begins.

JANUARY.

Jan. 5—Back again. Miss Overman is wearing a new lavalier. Query: Where did she get it?

Jan. 6—Orvel Strong in Cicero class wakes up just in time to hear Miss Duncan say, "He should be punished by death." Orvel decides never to go to sleep again while Cicero is being read.

Jan. 7—Ralph W. falls into the Assembly room.

Jan. 8—Query: Is it Clifford or Dan that Mary C. likes?



Jan. 9—Miss Overman has her fortune told and as a result gets to go to a movie.

Jan. 12—Some of the girls are taking pictures, especially of the teachers.

Jan. 13—The seniors think they are all of it. They have their pins and rings.

Jan. 14—The assembly is very much astonished Fred Wright comes in on time.

Jan. 15—Frank R. takes a nap to break the monotony.

Jan. 16—The Students' Dance. Some of the lady teachers sure did step out.

Jan. 19—Examination Day. Are you all happy? No.

Jan. 20—Our finals begin and some of the teachers are terribly hard-boiled.

Jan. 21—Some more exams, but a short vacation begins.

Jan. 26—Enrollment Day for a new term. Twenty-seven new freshmen come to live with us.

Jan. 27—The teachers have a meeting and make some terrible rules.

Jan. 28—We have to come on time now or no exemptions.

Jan. 29—Mr. Beasley gives us a talk at our New Chapel period at 10:00.

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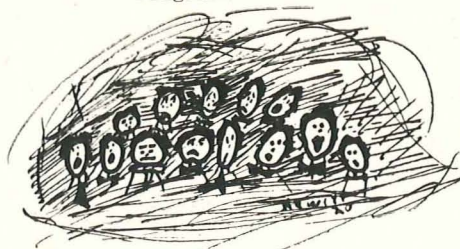
Jan. 29—The sewing girls are all dressed up in their new middies. Some display.

FEBRUARY.

- Feb. 2—Ground Hog Day and he sees his shadow, so keep your overcoats.
- Feb. 3—Miss Duncan receives some candy for her birthday.
- Feb. 4—Mr. Allen, the preacher, talks to us.
- Feb. 5—Elzo Love tries to usurp Miss Griepenstroh's place as history teacher.
- Feb. 6—The Freshies have a party at Anna Greenwood's.
- Feb. 9—This is regular blue Monday. No one has a good lesson and the teachers are all cross.
- Feb. 10—The boys get their sweaters the 8th period. Hurrv up, girls and wear one of them.
- Feb. 11—We believe that one of our seniors has lost his heart again. Who's it going to be next, Fred?
- Feb. 12—All the girls are quite excited over the leap year dance. They do hate to ask a fellow.
- Feb. 13—Friday the 13th. Our treatment hasn't been bad.
- Feb. 16—The Southeastern train froze up, so some of the

teachers were late. They couldn't help it, Mr. Bartlow.

- Feb. 17—Miss G. has a date, so the Gold Dust Twins are separated.
- Feb. 18—Miss D. goes to Terre Haute and separates the Twins again. Unusual.
- Feb. 19—Another day when nothing happens that is unusual.
- Feb. 20—The Latin students give a party, which "hain't no swell dress affaire."
- Feb. 23—Ruby A. falls out of her seat and there was no one there to pick her up.
- Feb. 24—We have been wondering why Mr. Gunn studies so much at the library. Now we know, since he came out to the Lyceum Program.



BOYS GLEE CLUB.

- Feb. 25—Paul Bradshaw keeps up his work of breaking chairs in Room 2.
- Feb. 26—Some of the students are happy since they get out for practice. Wish we all were actors.
- Feb. 27—"Fanny and the Servant Problem" was given by the Dramatic Club.

MARCH.

- Mar. 1—Mr. Gunn still hangs around the Library.
- Mar. 2—Miss Alexander and Miss Duncan both have the "flu."
- Mar. 3—Is Fred Wright supposed to sit with Virtue? He sits there most of the time.
- Mar. 4—A French Club has been organized called the "Fleur-de-lis."
- Mar. 5—Dan has quit singing the song, "I Hate to Lose You." Now it is Clifford.
- Mar. 8—The Juniors Latin Club has been organized.
- Mar. 9—Four of our girls visit a teachers' meeting. They have decided they don't like them.
- Mar. 10—The cards are given out once more and Oh, the grades.
- Mar. 11—Virtue has her usual talk with Fred.



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- Mar. 12—Who is going to take care of Henrietta next year?
- Mar. 15—Paul B. didn't get a vacation? That he thought he was to get and is very much disapointed.
- Mar. 16—Miss Munson is getting ready for her operetta.
- Mar. 17—The girls give another dance. You know this is leap year.
- Mar. 18—Things are more quiet. Marshall is gone.
- Mar. 19—Spring has come. The cases are all revived.
- Mar. 22—Hubert and Dora have made up and are friends again.
- Mar. 23—Harold K. didn't get mad at any of his teachers. What's going to happen?
- Mar. 24—The song, "Oh, What a Pal Was MARY," seems to be a favorite with some.
- Mar. 25—Second sign of spring. Cora puts on her straw hat.
- Mar. 26—Part of the students are out, practicing for "Sylvia."
- Mar. 29—The students are out again. Easy for some.
- Mar. 30—"Sylvia" is given, by the Glee Club.
- Mar. 31—This must go to print, so farewell.



JOKES.

Miss Griepenstroh: "Who were the leaders of the Third Crusade?"

Maurice Witty: "Frederick Barbarosau and Richard the Lion-Hearted."

Miss Griepenstroh: "Where have we heard of these men before?"

Maurice W.: "In Ivanhoe."

Miss Griepenstroh: "Maurice, was the second Crusade a success?"

Maurice W.: "No."

Miss Griepenstroh: "Why not?"

Maurice W.: "Because it failed."

Lora Clayton had just finished reading a theme about an incident which had occurred in Geom. Class beginning, "Mr. Gunn told us."

Miss Corey: "Did she rouse your interest and suspense in the first paragraph?"

Ione Cross: "Yes, just as soon as she said Mr. Gunn— I was in suspense until she finished it."

Fred Cravens and Ralph Witty attempt a love scene in 12A English and received a little vacation as a reward.

Miss Alexander has decided to change her tastes some what. She now prefers a Bill to a Coffin.

Mr. Grass: "Odis, what is the interest on \$.64 at 6% for four years?"

Odis: "Oh! about 15 cents."

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SENIOR CLASS WILL

We, the Seniors of Linton High School, do hereby give forth our last will and testament as members of the L. H. S.

We bequeath to the Juniors our wonderful ability as students and hand over to them the joys and sorrows of Seniorhood with gladness mingled with regret. Also to the Juniors the duty of looking after all under classmen with the magnanimity which the the present class has done.

To the faculty we leave our excellent records of fame and honor to be held before all other classes as an example:

I, Rex Winters, bequeath my ability as football captain to Nola Johnson, and my popularity with the fair sex to Dan Talbott.

I, Claude Booher, bequeath to Harry Phillips all my troubles with The

Gunn. Also my best pipe to Marshall Robertson.

I, Ralph Witty, do hereby bequeath my wonderful studious habits and my love for Pall Mall to Norman Warner.

I, Virtue Lukenbill, and I, Fred Wright, bequeath our love for each other to Mary Coopridner and Clifford Courtney.

I, William Sahm, bequeath my state-ly and dignified bearing and natural shyness to Clyde Booher.

I, Gladys Mitchell, hand over to Mabel Bray the title of Blondy. My popularity to Ruby Anderson.

I, Venza Anderson, bequeath of vociferous habit of talking to Anna Greenwood and Doris Eddy.

I, Leona Todd, hand over my ability of capturing the "faculty" to Vivian Newman. All my A's to Ione Cross.

I, Clarence Morgan, bequeath my

large stature physically and mentally to Clarence Beal.

I, Catherine Carrol, bequeath my rosy cheeks, quiet and timid nature and my ambition to become a movie actress to Ruth Wilson.

I, Nelle Ecker, bequeath my popularity with football captains and my love for Purdue to Buelah Lafoon.

I, Ruth O'Brien, bequeath my beloved saxophone to Junior Hebb, also my curly hair to Geneva Harris.

I, John Womeldorf, bequeath my ability of sitting still to Bert Barnes, also my stand in with the faculty to Dihone Cohen.

I, Christina Wilson, bequeath my success on the stage to Nellie Saywer.

I, Heneritta Bordenet, bequeath my Mary Pickford curls to Bessie Jenkins.

I, Thomas McQuade, bequeath my

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ability to chalk throwing to Herbert Burris, also my witty remarks to Maurice Witty.

I, Odis Moy, hand over my success as "head butler" to Ellis Dunn, also my modest way of talking to George Wall.

I, Pansy Baughman, give over to Mildred Cardwell my modest, demure ways. My love for pink envelopes to Floella Donham.

I, Bernice Bovenschen, hand over all my studious habits to Mildred Hamilton.

I, Tillie Butler, bequeath my flaxon curls and beautiful complexion and the art of using my eyes to Ione Cross.

I, Flora Abrams, bequeath my fame as the H. S. "Vamp" to Anna Booher.

I, Harry Hewitt, leave my success of "Winning Winnie" to Frank Robertson.

I, Harold Kauble, bequeath my title of admiral and my moustache to Joe King.

I, Wendall Hanna, bequeath my musical ability to Ellis Dunn and my love for Henrietta to Paul Bradshaw.

I, Lillian Lam, bequeath my desire for greatness to Pearl Beach.

I, Kern Beasley, bequeath my self-confidence and my "D" on conduct to anybody that can use them.

I, Winnie Baker, bequeath my oratorical ability and "note writing ability" to Vivian Newman.

I, Lena Brawand, bequeath my "hubby-getting" facilities to Henrietta Poe.

I, Fred Cravens, bequeath my convenient "slumber habits" and admiration of Flora Abrams to Frank Robertson.

I, Blanche Centers, bequeath my studious habits and "man-shyness" to Ruth Wilson.

I, Illine Haussin, bequeath my marvelous "reserve and application" to Helen Wilson.

I, Mabel Hunt, bequeath my "suffragetic" ideas to Beulah Laffoon.

I, Walter Kramer, bequeath my "perfect" conduct and "assimilative powers" to his rising brother, Rudolph.

I, Howard Lynn, bequeath my "secret" of "surprising growth" to Harold Wilson.

I, Ward Letsinger, bequeath my ability as a "back fidler" to "Red" Jenkins, and my "personal reserve" to any needy Freshman.

I, Virtue Lukenbill, bequeath my "Wright ideas" to Doris Eddy and my "musical talent" to Esther Shaw.

I, Alma Lynch, bequeath my "lunch" to Ola Johnson, and my "smiles" to Lorah Clayton.

I, Bernice Mitchell, bequeath my prominence as a phycist to Anna Booher.

I, Elizabeth McChristy, bequeath my "History Star" cognomen to Flora Johnson.

I, Vynta Newman, bequeath my "affable manners and likability" to Catherine Halton.

I, Orval Strong, bequeath my "elongated frame and marvelous brain" to Harry Phillips.

I, Helen Spice, bequeath my "murderous vamping abilities" to Rosabil Utterback.

I, Mary Shepherd, bequeath my "blighted love" and "thinking ability" to Helen Strong.

I, Lloyd Taylor, bequeath my "energy" and his "symmetrical walking" to Paul Bradshaw and Lester Secret, respectively.

I, Irene Taylor, bequeath my "stutter" to Mabel Bray, and "singing talent" to Nellie Sawyer.

I, Lawrence Warner, bequeath my "fastness" with the ladies to Elis Dunn, and my "energetic habits of study" to George Tolson.

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HOUSE OF THE WHISPERING PINES

I had been in town only a while when dark clouds began to gather in the north. As I had to cross quite a bit of low land before I got home, it seemed that I must start home at once. The clouds gathered and became blacker and blacker, lightning flashed, thunder began in a low growl far away and ended near in a roar that deafened me.

The farther I went the worse the storm became. It seemed that I could go no farther. The lights from my car couldn't pierce the darkness. When it lightened I could see my way only a short distance. The road was long and lonely. At last I gave up. I had lost all count of distance. I ran the car over to what I judged to be the edge of the road and stopped the engine. I waited.

The rain continued to pour in torrents. There was a clap of thunder

and a blinding flash of lightning. I looked around and found that I was in front of a house which set back in a grove of pine trees.

I jumped out of the machine and gradually crawled, walked and ran toward the house. Another flash enabled me to find the door. I knocked several times but received no answer.

As it was madness to stand there in the downpour, I threw my weight against the door. To my surprise it swung back on rusty hinges.

I stepped inside and slammed the door. I lighted a match. This enabled me to find the door which opened, out of the hall in which I found myself, into another room.

Up to this time I had forgotten my search light. Now it came into full use. I threw its light around over the room and found that a large swinging lamp was suspended from

the ceiling in the center of the room. I lighted the lamp. Its rays showed me that I was in a long, low ceilinged, well furnished room. It looked as if some one had lived in it just recently. As I looked more and more around me I discovered that there was something familiar about this room.

It came to me like a flash. This was the old Davis place that everyone said was haunted. Mrs. Davis had died there about three years ago and it was said that since she died such an unnatural death, she haunted the place each night, or at least had for the last few months.

Other things had been seen also, but no one seemed to know what they were, as they were only whispered reports.

It did not worry me as people in this section of the country were afraid of their own shadow.

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The storm had calmed by now, but I knew that the creek was up so high that it was useless for me to try to get home, so I decided to stay all night. The moon had come out and the sky was clear.

I took the coal bucket and went to the coal house to get coal and wood. I came back built a fire in the grate and settled myself to read awhile.

I had read only a few minutes when I heard a strange sound in the next room. It sounded like the opening and closing of doors. This did not worry me as I supposed some one had been caught in the storm and had come here to spend the night. I waited for ten or fifteen minutes to see who the intruder might be. No one came in so I concluded that perhaps I was mistaken.

Nothing happened for a few minutes. Then came a hollow knocking sound on the window.

I rushed to the window and saw two balls of fire were floating just about a foot and a half from the ground, and just in front of the window. I turned from the window deter-

mined to go out and investigate this matter. But how? At that moment a figure dressed in long flowing white robes appeared between me and the door. And worst of all it had no head.

What was I to do? Things grew worse and worse. The figure retreated and advanced every time I tried to get out, it cut off all means of escape by coming in between me and the door or window.

I looked everywhere for some way to escape, and in so doing discovered that perhaps in traveling in circles around the table that I might get in front of the figure.

It was no use. Everything was against me. The figure disappeared. But a pair of eyes appeared in every dark corner. They seemed to scorn me in my terror. Cold sweat broke out on my forehead and I was trembling from head to feet.

I determined to make a final effort to escape. How I was to do this I did not know.

The eyes disappeared. Now was my chance. I started to the door which was in the farthest and darkest corner of the room. I had almost gained the door when I ran against something which held me back like an iron bar. I looked but saw nothing. I took my search light from my pocket and saw what held me back was a piece

of clothes line which had been stretched tightly across one end of the room.

This lead me to believe trickery was a foot. Then too remembered that Mr. James was trying to buy the house from Mr. Davis who refused to sell it under any consideration whatsoever. Now I had the key to it all.

I went to the next room and there as I slipped in very softly, found Mr. James and his son busily manipulating a moving picture machine. I found that the balls of fire were the lights of my machine which they had run up close to the window and left the lights on unintentionally. The hollow tapping was them tapping on the window with a bottle tied to a string.

We went back the next day and found that their plates that they were using on the machine were used to make the figures and the eyes.

The plate with the figure on it was one of Lot's wife with the background and head covered over with black paint. The one with eyes was one of Ruphert Julian when acting the part of the Kaiser. It had been treated in the same way as the other plate.

When Mr. James was called to account for his actions he said that he was trying to induce Mr. Davis to sell his house to him at a low price, as no one else would want it.

—AUDREY REINTJES.

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Miss Corey: "Claude, will you take the 60th chapter?"

Claude B: "Where."

Miss Overman: "Ralph, what is the greatest address Washington ever delivered?"

Ralph W: "The Gettysburg address."

Miss Duncan: "Beatrice Stewart may read the first sentence."

Beatrice S.: "On that bridge was a river."

When the Latin Club took in new members, Clarence Morgan asked Elso Love, "How do you spell your name?"

Elso: "Just like the ordinary 'love.'"

In the senior English, while studying Irving, Miss Overman stated there was as much reality in Santa Claus as in Detrick Knickerbocker.

Claude B. replied: "Why don't you know there are people in this class who do not know that yet?"

Upon entering the library the other day, Miss Duncan said to the Librarian, "Please give me 'The Life of Caesar.'"

"I am very sorry," replied the Librarian, "but Brutus just took it."

1. Clarence Morgan in Physics Class: "Now the mobecules in the

water will be illustrated by little round squares—

2. There is something at the Public Library besides books that interests Mr. Gunn. What is it? A well-known secret.

3. The local football squad was delightfully entertained on the football field one evening by a five-minute burlesque comedy under the supervision and expense of Ephraim Bach.

4. We have a great hero in our class unless Tubby made a mistake when, during physical training, he called Lawrence Warner, Stonewall Jackson.

5. A freshman coming out of French class meets another. Second freshie: "Do you take French now?" First Freshie: "Yep, boy." Second Frieshie: "Is it easy?" First Freshie: "No, but awful funny."

6. In Tubby's assembly a pupil threw a note on the floor: Pupil: "Please get that note for me." Tubby (fiercely): "I'll get it for myself." But upon opening it he realized the joke was on him when it read STUNG.

7. During the basket ball game between the seniors and faculty a large member of the faculty hurt the feel-

ings of a senior player by throwing him on the cinders and tearing his trousers. After repeated attempts to get revenge the senior had to be satisfied by saying: "You (censored) big fat stiff."

8. When so much talk was being heard about the world ending Dec. 17th, one pupil was heard to say: "I'll bet any one \$10 to \$1 that the world doesn't come to an end." When asked why he made such a bet he said: "Why, because, if I would lose I wouldn't have to pay it." He was a Jew, so that accounts for it.

9. Two students were playing a friendly game at the so-called "West Library," during which one said: "If I lose this game I'll have to swipe another tablet."

10. The discussion in Physics class one morning was on this law: "For every action there is an equal and opposite reaction," and Mr. Gunn remarked: "In that case the man who shoots a gun is ——— as hard as the object at which he shot."

11. The favorite dish at the boarding house is GRAVY. If you don't believe it ask Miss Alexander.

12. Heard in 12A Public Speaking: Claude B., "Miss Overman make Ralph W. put on his shoes, he's disturbing the public."

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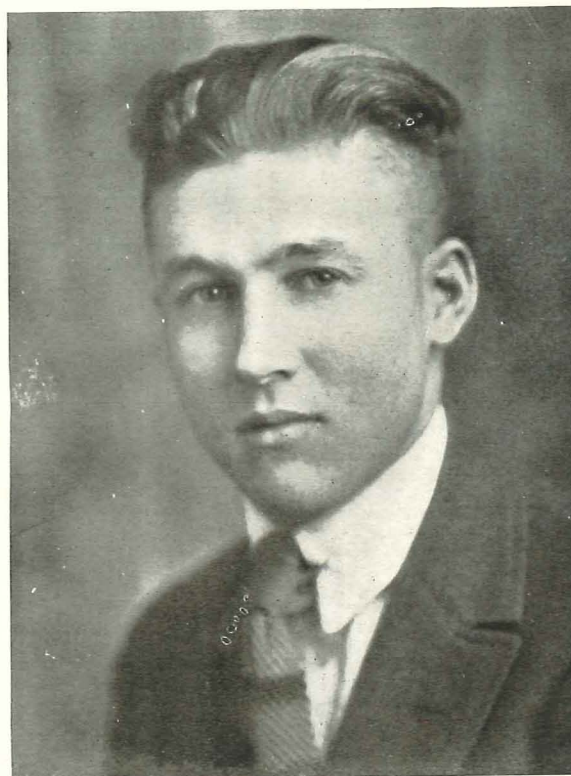
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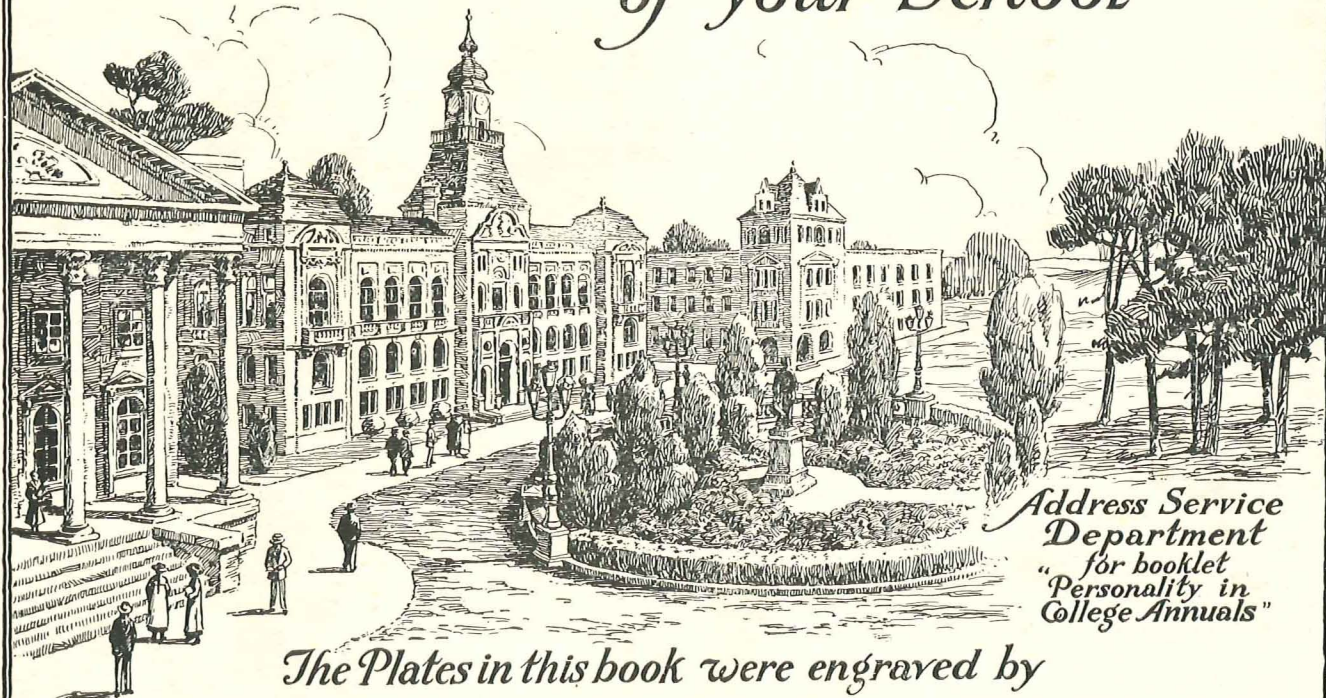
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