





# The Review

L. H. S.

*Published by*

*Senior Class of '17*

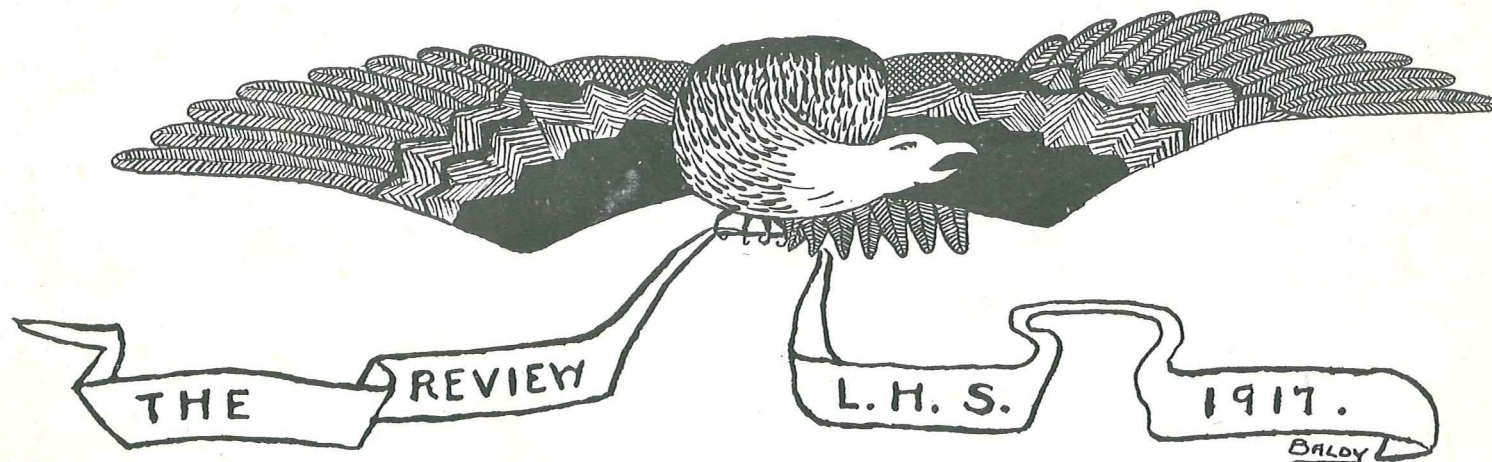
Editor:

LAMBERT BAKER

Bus. Mgr.

MILO MITCHELL





TO THE LINTON SCHOOL BOARD  
THE MEMBERS OF WHICH HAVE  
SO SUCCESSFULLY LABORED  
FOR THE CAUSE OF OUR  
INSTITUTION,  

---

---

  
THE SENIOR  
CLASS OF '17  
GRATEFULLY DEDICATES  
THIS, THE FOURTH ISSUE OF  
THE LINTON HIGH SCHOOL "REVIEW."



T. J. SCOTT  
(Secretary)

Q. J. MITCHELL  
(President)

HENRY KLINK  
(Treasurer)

## The Annual

Reader, lo! here a well meaning book ;  
Just read, you may find your own name ;  
Its value you'll see upon your first look,  
And its future of unexcelled fame.

With its pictures and stories,  
Current jokes and what not,  
You'll say that it's worth  
Every cent of that "one-spot."

Now, don't think that we're braggarts  
For what we are saying,  
But join us in its praise  
Without any delaying.

Nor that we're writing all of this  
For glory of the past ;  
Because this Annual will preserve  
The History of our Class.

MAE REID.



## The Review Staff

Editor—LAMBERT BAKER

Bus. Mgr.—MILO MITCHELL

### LITERARY

Theodosia Beasley  
Mary Hunter  
Mary Grounds  
Lillian Sponsler

### HUMOR

James Cravens  
James Goodman  
Richard Andrews  
Gladys Malicoat

### SOCIETY

Esther Motte  
Faye May  
Dorothy Freund  
Mary Hamilton

### SOCIAL

Gladys Courtney  
Charles Wolford  
Esther Motte  
Mary Hunter

### ART

James Goodman John Walker  
Arthur Lockard Doris Walker  
Cecil Walker

### ATHLETICS

Avery Murray  
Grace Scurwine  
Bert Marshall

## Foreword

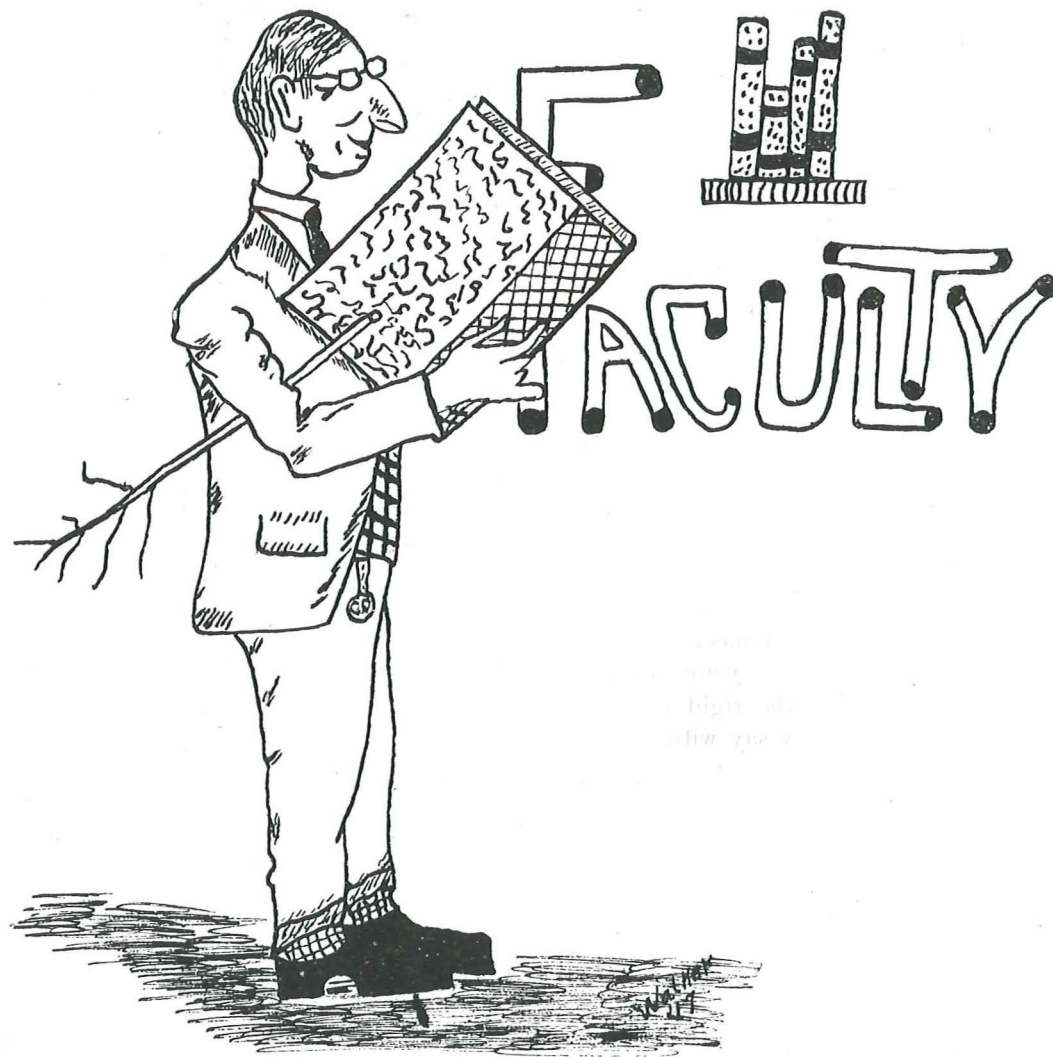
We do not deem it necessary to announce the completion of this edition; the product of our labor is obvious, without any explanation. It is your privilege to pronounce it complete or incomplete, a success or a failure. We sincerely hope that you will combine the two, and render your verdict: "A complete success."

If, however, this book does not measure up to your standard of perfection, do not attribute its defects to lack of time and work devoted to it. Our best efforts have been exerted; therefore, knowing that we have done our best, we do not apologize for any deficiency you may condemn, but simply hope that we shall profit by our own experience and do better the next time.

It has been our aim to include every phase of school activity in these pages, as a memory link of our days in L. H. S. We have, to the best of our ability, done full justice to the school, the faculty, and our classmates. To accomplish this, our whole power has been concentrated in that work, the result of which is hereby submitted for your inspection. Whether or not we have attained the success you have the right to expect of such a book, we fervently hope that you will generously say with the poet:

"O, sure I am, the wits of former days,  
To subjects worse have given admiring praise."

THE EDITOR.





PROF. DANIELSON: (Mathematics)

"Tho' the day of my destiny's over,  
And the star of my fate hath declined;  
My soft heart refused to discover  
The faults which so many could find."

## Our Principal

We are glad to announce that the efficient work of Professor Danielson, has resulted in a marked advance of our school activities, and a growth of our educational standard. In his own language, he has "weeded out" the school. (We are sorry to say that because of his rigorous policy, "many precious ones from us are gone," but we trust that they may return and "Behold, the 'weeds' shall have burst forth into blossoming vines".)

In criticism we may say only this: that the severe system

has resulted in a huge demand, and a small supply of "A's." Thus, with the general high cost of living, the price of these precious letters has gone sky-high, and but very few are to be found on the market. However, it is not to be doubted that Mr. Danielson knows what he is doing, so

"We'll put our trust in Providence,  
And take things as they come."

THE STUDENTS.



MISS OSBORN:  
(Latin)

"A woman of her  
gentle sex,  
The seeming par-  
agon."



MISS DELBRIDGE:  
(Music)

"Her every tone is  
music's own,  
Like that of morn-  
ing birds."



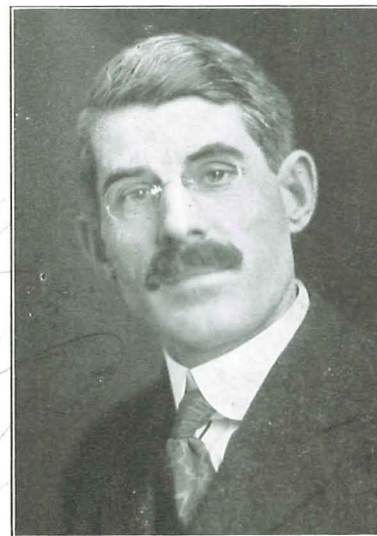
PROF. HOWARD:  
(Manual Arts)

"Almost to all  
things could he  
turn his hand."



PROF. HASEMAN:  
(Superintendent)

"Turn him to any  
course of policy,  
The Gordian knot  
of it he will un-  
loose."



PROF. GRASS:  
(Science)

"He hath com-  
mon sense in a way  
that is uncom-  
mon."



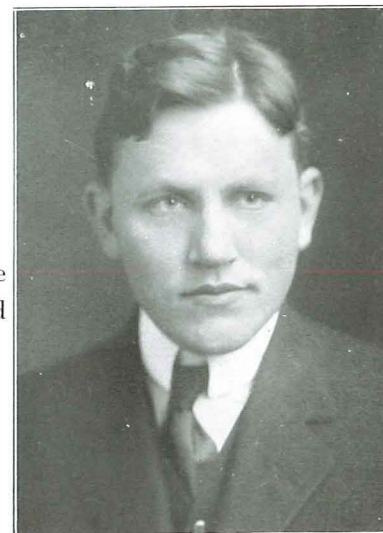
PROF. HANNA:  
(English)

"His ready speech  
flowed fair and  
free  
In phrase of gen-  
tlest courtesy."



PROF. BRANDON:  
(History)

"Here still is the  
smile that no cloud  
could o'ercast."



MISS SCHLOOT:  
(German)

"Something more  
than melody,  
Dwells ever in her  
words."



MISS HASEMAN:  
(Chemistry)

"But knowledge  
to her eyes, its  
ample page un-  
rolled."



MISS WOMELDORF:  
(Domestic  
Science)

"Nothing lovelier  
can be found  
In woman than to  
study household  
good."

## To The Alumni

Of L. H. S. this Class of '17 looks for inspiration and success during the Future. In so doing, we feel perfectly safe. We have a deep confidence in the ability of our predecessors, not merely because of any patriotic sentiment, but because the marks they have attained in Life, prove to us that they are capable of directing us.

We are not writing at random. You need only look at Hathaway of West Point, Oliphant of the Army, Pope of Indiana, to be convinced of power in the former students of our Alma Mater. Not only these, but scores of others, renowned in every phase of educational development, have left the old school to

occupy eminent positions in life—to lead their successors in the path of Success.

Do you wonder then, that we should place our destinies in the hands of such people; that we should thus honor those who “in other days have been tried and true?” Is it any wonder then that we should turn our faces to the high ideals which they have adopted and maintained for us? Earnestly do we hope that in the dark days of our Life struggle, we may receive a portion of that courage manifested by our Alumni, and be inspired to do as they before us have done—to rise, to conquer.

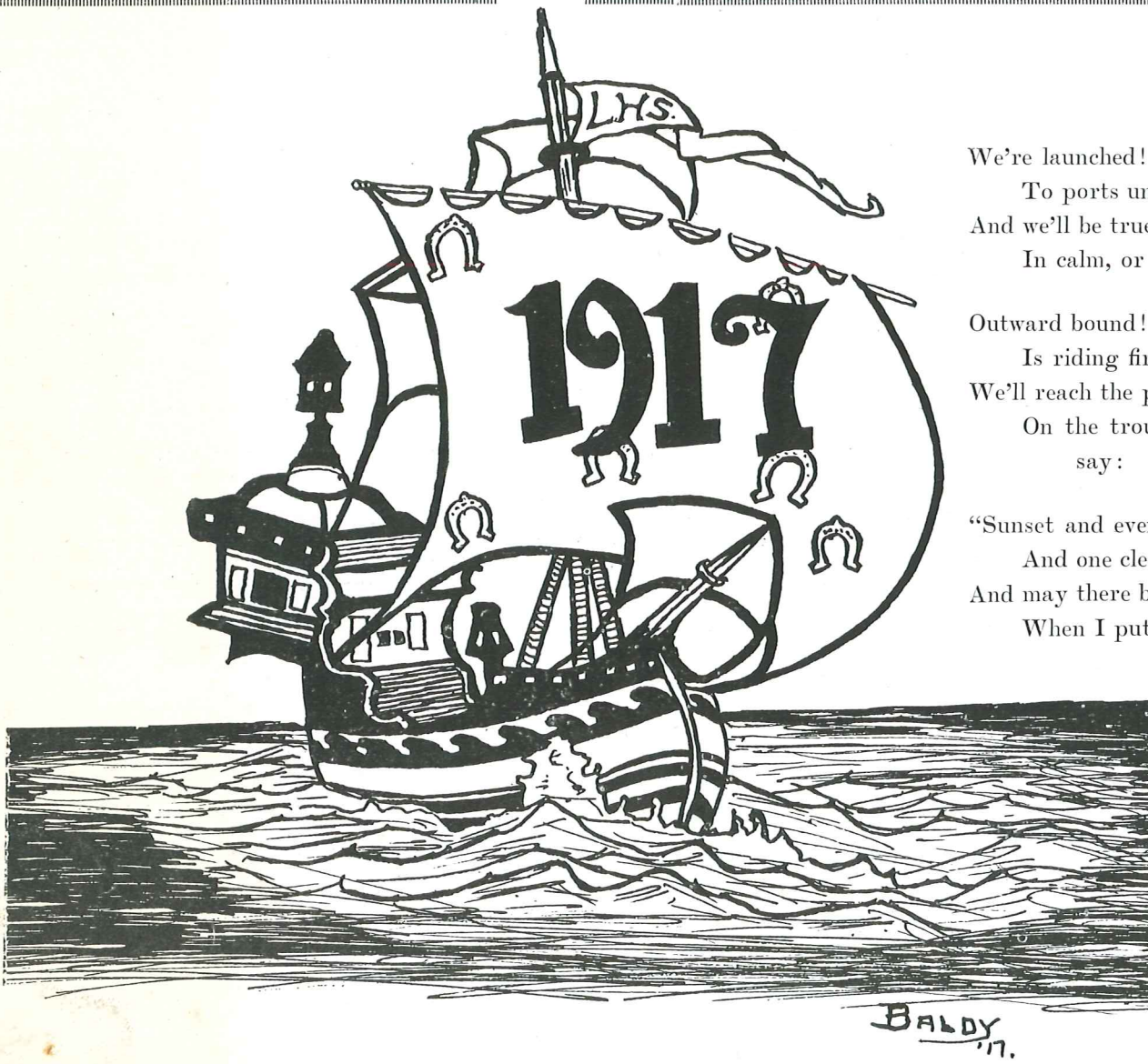
EDITOR.

## Seniors

We're launched! Out on the Sea of Life  
To ports unknown we sail;  
And we'll be true to Red and Blue,  
In calm, or stormy gale.

Outward bound! The Class of '17  
Is riding firmly o'er the billowy way.  
We'll reach the port, and then look back  
On the troubled Sea of Life, then each may  
say:

"Sunset and evening star,  
And one clear call for me;  
And may there be no moaning at the bar,  
When I put out to sea."



## Senior Class History

---

History, according to a noted writer, is a record of all that man has thought, all that man has hoped, and all that man has done. What a task it would be to attempt to give such a record, complete, of this class of 1917. While they say with the splendid aspiration of young manhood and young womanhood that they have in reality only just begun to realize the great tasks the world has set for them to do; that they have only had a glimpse of the real world of thought which so enriched the lives of those whom they have studied, and that only in a very limited way have their hopes been attained in their High School career, we have a peculiar interest and joy in the anticipation of the future of such a class.

Again, with the loud praise of their predecessors ringing on every side, as they have taken positions of honor in the higher fields of education, and especially in athletics, the class of '17 has measured up to that high standard demanded of them, which gives a school its lasting pride. They have only to keep their faces for-

ward, with the same consistent and persistent efforts which they have shown here to keep the "glad echoes" rising higher and higher. They know what it means to work; and by virtue of honest and consistent work, to win. One glance at the record of the last four years, on the field, the track, and the basket ball floor will give silent proof of this fact. It means something to win out in these contests of right living and they have not only won, but they have furnished "Stars" who have made possible that margin of success which gives especial promise in the years to come. How naturally we look "forward" when we think of the class of '17!

There is a "Character" about such a class, that cannot be expressed even in reviewing their splendid records as students and athletes. Time after time they have been called upon to do honor to their school in response to special kindnesses and favors by the patrons, and they have never failed. They have "Stood Together" for definite purposes and gained the respect and well-wishes of all.

(Continued)

## Senior Class History—Continued

As individual workers they have given inspiration to those with whom they were associated. Their departure will be attended with genuine regret, but since they are ready, we wish them godspeed on their way so well begun, for—

“They came with shouts of joy and hearts that beat  
High with hopes and longings unexpressed,  
To test their untried strength in ways where feet  
Had often trod before. They longed to try new ways  
To seek the source of power; to find complete  
The joys of life; add to their living length of days.

“They saw a web of pathways winding to and fro,  
Each with equal possibilities, yet hidden by

Their turnings. They chose as others have, to go  
Their own way; yet always led to try once more  
When they had failed as others had before.

“They Conquered what? Themselves; yet they loved gain;  
Content to count and hold those things as right  
That fit their fancies. Their fancies did they tame—  
Their wrong intents and aspirations. Let others see the light  
Where they have fought; take up their stand and fight.”

—J. Loren Hanna.



SENIOR CLASS FOUR YEARS AGO



*Mary Hunter.*

"Heck" is a popular brunette, whom everyone likes. She is a good student, but would rather practice the last act of the Class Play in the dark. Cast "Prof. Pepp." "Review" Staff, Basket-ball '15.



*Wm. A. Murray Jr.*

(Senior President)

Willyum, Willyum, aren't you ashamed to possess such rosy cheeks when so many girls need them. By the way, Avery, did you say you preferred I. U.? I wonder why? Track '14, '15, '16, '17. Football '16. Cast "Prof. Pepp." "Review" staff.

*Will Sharpe*

"Bill" is a delicate boy and very fond of the ladies, especially a certain brown-eyed Freshman. Go your best Bill; faint heart ne'er won fair lady. Cast "Prof. Pepp." Football '16.



*Zelia Fisher*

Zelia is a quiet little girl who has many friends, and, "Fair indeed is she, this maiden of seventeen summers." Cast "Prof. Pepp." Chorus '16. L. H. S. Quartet.





*Wayne Pope*

Better known as "Bonus Potter." Wayne is one of the lucky few who are eating home-made butter and enjoying "country peaches." Peace Conference. Half-year graduate.



*Violet Chinn*

By her role as Aunt Minerva in the Class Play, "Chinney" shows what an excellent talent she has for being an old maid. Cast "Prof. Pepp." Dom. Science '17.

*Blasie Courtney*

"Judy" is a jolly, quick-witted girl, who is very fond of dates, especially when "Baldy" is concerned. Cast "Prof. Pepp." "Review" staff. Chorus '16.

*Jas E Goodman.*

"Baldy" is a big fellow of L. H. S. who doesn't look natural unless he has a good-natured grin on his face. Cast "Prof. Pepp." "Review" Staff. Board of Control. Football '14, '15, '16.





*Arthur Lockard.*

"Tad" is a studious boy who does not readily respond to the "wiles of women." Perhaps this explains why he graduates in three years and a half. "Review" staff. Manual Training.



*Gladys.*

"Duff" is another good musician whose highest ambitions are to go to Franklin College and travel with evangelists Chorus '16. Peace Conference.

*Esther Motte.*

"Pat" needs no foreword. She is known at Akron, Ohio, as well as here at Linton. She is also a musician of some talent. "Review" staff. Cast "Prof. Pepp." Board of Control. Chorus '16.



*John Walker.*

"Pedler" doesn't need anybody back of him to say "Hustle." But don't inquire about his temper or he might give you an exhibition of it. Cast "Prof. Pepp." "Review" staff. Track '17.





*Bert Marshall*

"Bertie" is a good old scout, but they gave him the wrong name in the Class Play. "Noisy" is alright for some H. S. boys, but Bert is the quiet kind. Track '15, '16. Cast "Prof. Pepp." "Review" staff.

*Grace Sourwine*

Here's to one studious miss of L. H. S. who can easily recite the whole history (if her book is open before her.) But don't forget that she'll make good. "Review" staff. Reading contestant.

*Lillian H Russell.*

"My heart's in the highlands, my heart is not here." Yes, "Mousie," we understand. Congratulations! Dom. Science. Honor roll.

*Albert Kramer*

"Bert" has pretty dimples and a delightful smile, especially when he looks at a certain Junior named Violet. Manual Training. Peace Conference.



Lillian: "O, shoot!"



*Walter Stockrahm*

"Dock" is rather bashful with the girls but will make a good husband for any little country maid. Manual Training '16. Peace Conference.



*Fannie Clayton*

This rosy-cheeked German lassie was so smart that Linton couldn't hold her, so she has packed her trunk and gone to Bloomington. Good bye, Fannie! Peace Conference. Dom. Science '16.

*Faye Winters*

This fair haired country lass would certainly make a good wife for some industrious farmer. But boys, don't all apply at once! Chorus '16. Reading contestant.



*Fern Hall*

Fern is a studious girl and an A-1 student. She doesn't seem to care for the boys but don't worry Fern, your time's coming. Honor roll. German.





*Lillie Sharpe Mable Heitman*

A golden-haired country maiden, quiet and studious, who always has her lessons. We predict good things of her and for her in the future. Chorus '16. Domestic Science.

A 3½ year graduate, due to the fact that boys and such frivolities do not interest her. She always has her German lesson, and, nearly always a swollen jaw. Chorus '16.



*Theodosia Beasley*

"T. B." is always in demand, not only because she's an excellent musician, but also because she's a jolly good girl, who is liked by everyone. Chorus '16. "Review" staff. Cast "Prof. Pepp." Reader L. H. S. '17.



*Lillian Sponsler.*

"Midget" is always a busy body and is so good natured that she never gets ruffled if red hair is mentioned. Chorus '16. Cast "Prof. Pepp." "Review" staff.



Theodosia: "O, let me take his picture"



*Dorothy Freund*

"Dot" doesn't need any inducement to make her smile, for she can look pleasant at any time. (But do not think she is a flirt—she would not think of such a thing!) Cast "Prof. Pepp." "Review" staff.



*Gladys Malisoot*

"Curley's motto is "If you don't know what to do, don't do nothin'"—but she's a faithful student anyway, and *some* basketball player. "Review" staff. Reading contestant. Basketball '15.

*Milo Mitchell*

"Runt" possesses a rare intellect and a level head for business. His password thru life is not "Bumski," but efficiency. Bus. M'g'r. "Review." Board of Control. Cast "Prof. Pepp." Treasurer Senior Class.

*Lambert Baker*

Here's to "Shakespeare," the brains of '17. A good student, an excellent orator, but not interested in the sentimental "stuff." Editor "Review." Secretary Senior Class. Cast "Prof. Pepp." Orator L. H. S. '17.



## Class Prophecy



Grosse Point on Lake St. Clair was bathed in floods of crimson and wavering light as the sun sank behind the quietly rippling waters. Far to the westward, just as the sun slipped under the glistening waves, I could see a small, white sail bobbing up and down on the rolling swell. I sank down upon the green turf and watched my little dog, Pranks, as he frisked joyfully about trying, in vain, to induce me to join in the sport.

As I lay thus, dreaming of the past, there suddenly appeared before me, a radiant figure clad in flowing white. Held in front of her was a shining shield, upon which was engraved the name "Future."

No sound came from the beautiful lips, but with a slender golden spear, she stretched her arm to the westward. I looked, and there, rising against the rapidly darkening horizon, I saw a

great vessel bearing down upon us swiftly as an eagle. On the masthead bravely floated a red-and-blue pennant of L. H. S. Around the deck glistened the trophies won in '17. As the vessel drew nearer, I saw a beautiful creature standing on the deck with a jeweled cushion under her feet. On her head rested a golden crown with the letters F-A-M-E, sparkling among precious stones. She held a huge, silver cup in her uplifted hands, with A-M-B-I-T-I-O-N engraved upon it in letters of fire. Around her knelt the Seniors of '17 (Oh joy) with their hands stretched toward her in an imploring manner.

The vessel was almost upon us when, in a flash, the deck became a great assembly hall. Thousands of people crowded into the seats and galleries. My heart beat faster with joy as I recognized Lambert Baker, changed somewhat with cares of state, but

(Continued)

## Class Prophecy—Continued

still Lambert, speaking on the subject: "An Ideal Democracy." His speech rang true, and wave after wave of enthusiasm pealed thru the audience as he finished.

This picture of true Fame grew misty, and a pleasant home scene arose. In a cheerful dining room sat Wayne Pope and Grace Sourwine Pope at breakfast. Grace was just pouring the Arbuckle's coffee, and Wayne's morning paper still lay folded by his side. Their faces reflected perfect peace and contentment, and I was glad that my surmises had been true.

Gradually the picture became a wide hall with polished floors and rich silken hanging, and huge lamps which gave forth a dreamy softness of color. On a raised platform sat seven young ladies. An orchestra struck up and each of the ladies rendered a musical selection. The audience cheered. These seven were the musical buds of the season. Theodosia Beasley and Faye Winters were the most honored ones there: Faye as a singer and Theodosia as an unrivalled music expressionist.

Suddenly a roar of cannon smote upon my ears. A dreary battlefield near the Somme rose to view. Men were falling; horses rearing; and generals were shouting orders. The battle calmed, and then the gentle nurses came. The sweet face of Gladys Courtney was there to cheer the wounded. A noble task, which was a lesson taught to the world by our loyal '17 class.

The smoke of artillery obscured the picture and a noise of quarreling arose. Linton appeared before my startled eyes. It was election time. Suddenly the people on lower Main were thrust aside and a procession of ladies came marching towards the polls. Marching in front with a floating banner and unwieldy law book held aloft came Violet Chinn and Gladys Malicoat, both able exponents of "Women's Rights."

The noise ceased and the deep, solemn tones of a pipe-organ rolled upward. A beautiful church arose as if by magic. People, all in splendid dress, entered. Behind the council, robed in somber black, stood Albert Krammer. His face was ruddy and good-

(Continued)

## Class Prophecy—Continued

natured as of old, and his constant smile helped to keep his flock on the straight and narrow path.

The church became a stately bank. The huge door swung open and a prosperous looking young fellow walked toward the waiting electric. The winning face of Milo Mitchell could not be mistaken. A pride of the '17 class, who had risen to be the most successful banker in Trenton, N. Y.

The electric became a 1920 model Ford, in which sat Esther Motte and James Goodman. The scene was in Linton. Esther scattered handbills which advocated a sweeping reform of the old school town; while James, with his deep bass voice, proclaimed the same. Here were certainly loyals of '17 who had won fame in their own town.

The Ford rambled on, and the busy High School of Logansport took shape on the vessel. In his chair of Wisdom in the Mathematics Division, sat Bert Marshall expounding the essentials

of Commercial Arithmetic to a wondering and sheepish looking class.

A chorus of Rah! Rah! Rah! Purdue! arose, and Avery Murray with some college boys passed over the campus grounds on their way to the Junior Prom. Future explained that Avery had been undecided as to how he would stop being tardy and had taken up college work, where he was rapidly succeeding in jollyng the Profs and being the leader in all the college sports.

The scene shifted to another part of La Fayette and I saw Lillie Sharpe at work directing a school for Young Ladies. She went about her labor with the same calmness of manner which had so endeared her to the hearts of her classmates.

The pleasant scene changed; in an up-to-date insurance company's office sat Mary Hunter, cool, collected,—a business woman in every respect. She was private secretary to the president of the greatest insurance company in Detroit.

(Continued)

## Class Prophecy—Continued

The office developed into a large department store in New York. Here behind the tie counter, which was a wilderness of flashing green, red, and yellow, Will Sharpe reigned supreme. Well some are born *to be* great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them; and the first of these is Bill.

The deck of the vessel now became a brilliant movie theater, in the entrance of which stood this sign:

"Kingsten St. Claire, famous Vitagraph Star, in 'The Passing of the Stiff-necked Cavalier.'" When the picture flashed across the screen, the smiling face of John Walker looked mockingly toward us. Future success to the Movies!

What a change was now brought forth! The vessel became a field of nodding tulips, where Dorothy Mahan with her assistant, Fern Hall, held sway. I could scarcely believe my eyes when Future told me that the busy town which adjoined the gay tulip field was once the obscure Tulip, Ind. Even tulips can render good

service to mankind when under the supervision of the members of the '17 class.

A grunting and squealing arose. It was early morning on a large farm. Here by lantern light, I recognized Walter Stockrahm and Fannie Clayton working with their early farm duties. Mr. Stockrahm was famous for raising the prize-winning Berkshires of Thompson County, Miss. Success to the workers of the soil!

A large living room formed. At the table with a purring Angora cat by her side, sat Lillian Russel reading the Purdue Exponent, still hoping, still believing, still praying, that some day *His* college days would be over. The cat yawned, but Lillian read on.

A modest little cottage came to view. Inside, talking over their tea, sat Lillian Sponsler and Zelig Fisher. Both had, in spite of diligent labor, failed to secure a lord and master for their houses, but this deficiency was partially overcome as I soon found

(Continued)

## Class Prophecy—Continued

out. Miss Fisher walked to the window and thrusting her head outside, called sweetly to a gardener who was working industriously in the yard. As he straightened up to wipe the perspiration from his face, I recognized Arthur Lockard, who lifted the straw hat from his head and with a courtly bow to Miss Fisher, again bent over his work.

Suddenly I heard a happy giggling, and astonished, I looked up to see Dorothy Freund and Mable Heitman strolling happily along a quiet street. Any observer could see that time had not left its mark upon them, for they looked just as they had four years before in L. H. S. I was deeply thankful for that, for——.

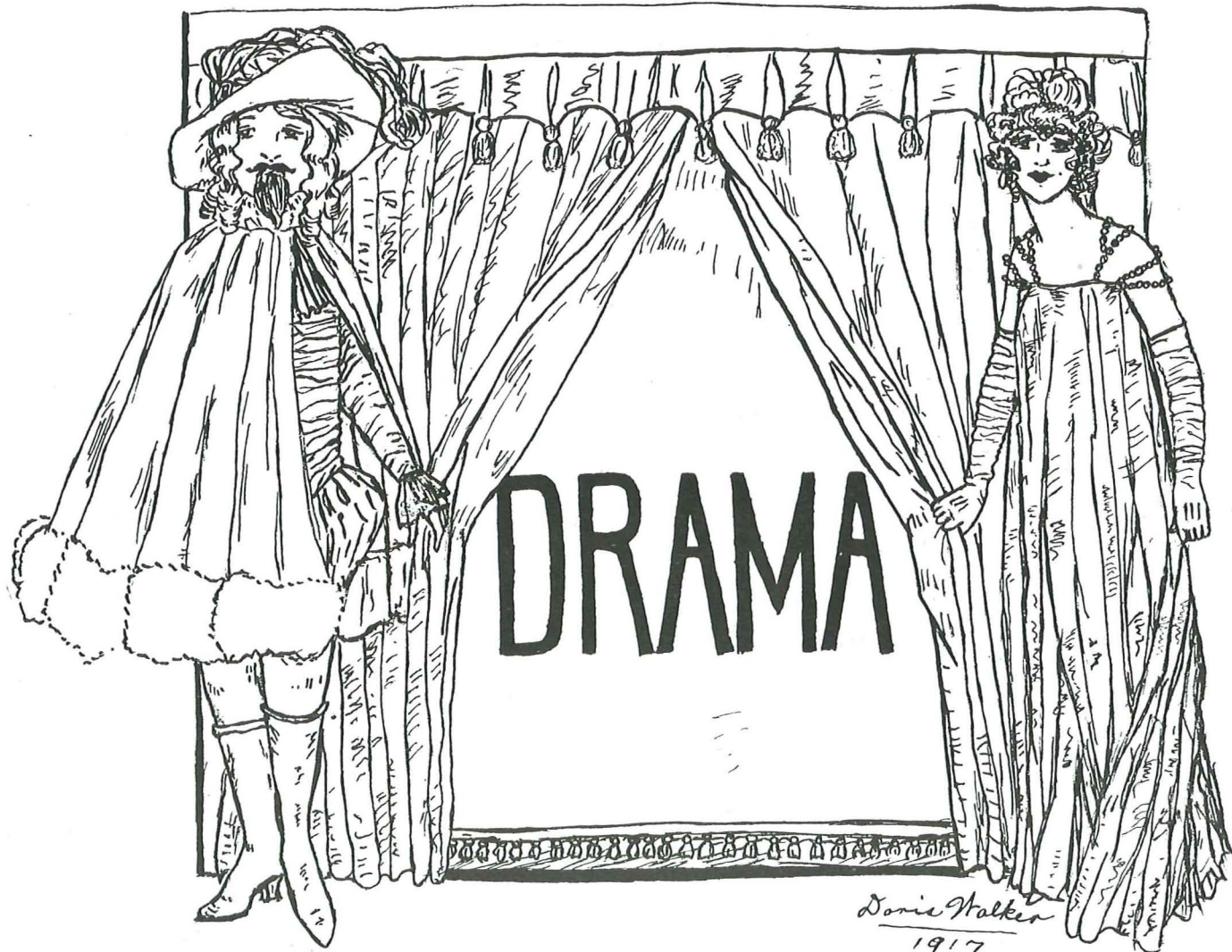
But the picture vanished. The vessel took shape again. The Seniors were still gathered about Fame, but they no longer plead

with her. Their faces showed happiness and contentment. As the noble vessel began to recede, I tried to call it back, but Future restrained me. Again I reached for the ship, when a sharp prick of the golden spear caused me to draw back with a cry.

I looked at my hand; the scar remained. When I looked up again, Future was gone. Pranks was tugging at my hand with all his might, he perhaps being the innocent cause of the spear prick! I rubbed my eyes. The light had faded, and far away the white sail glimmered obscurely. Hearing a voice calling me, I jumped up, then laughed as I realized my strange adventure with Future and Fame, and resolved to write to the Senior's Club right away. So here we are.

Elizabeth Schloot.







CAST OF "PROFESSOR PEPP."

# “Professor Pepp”



## *Cast of Characters.*

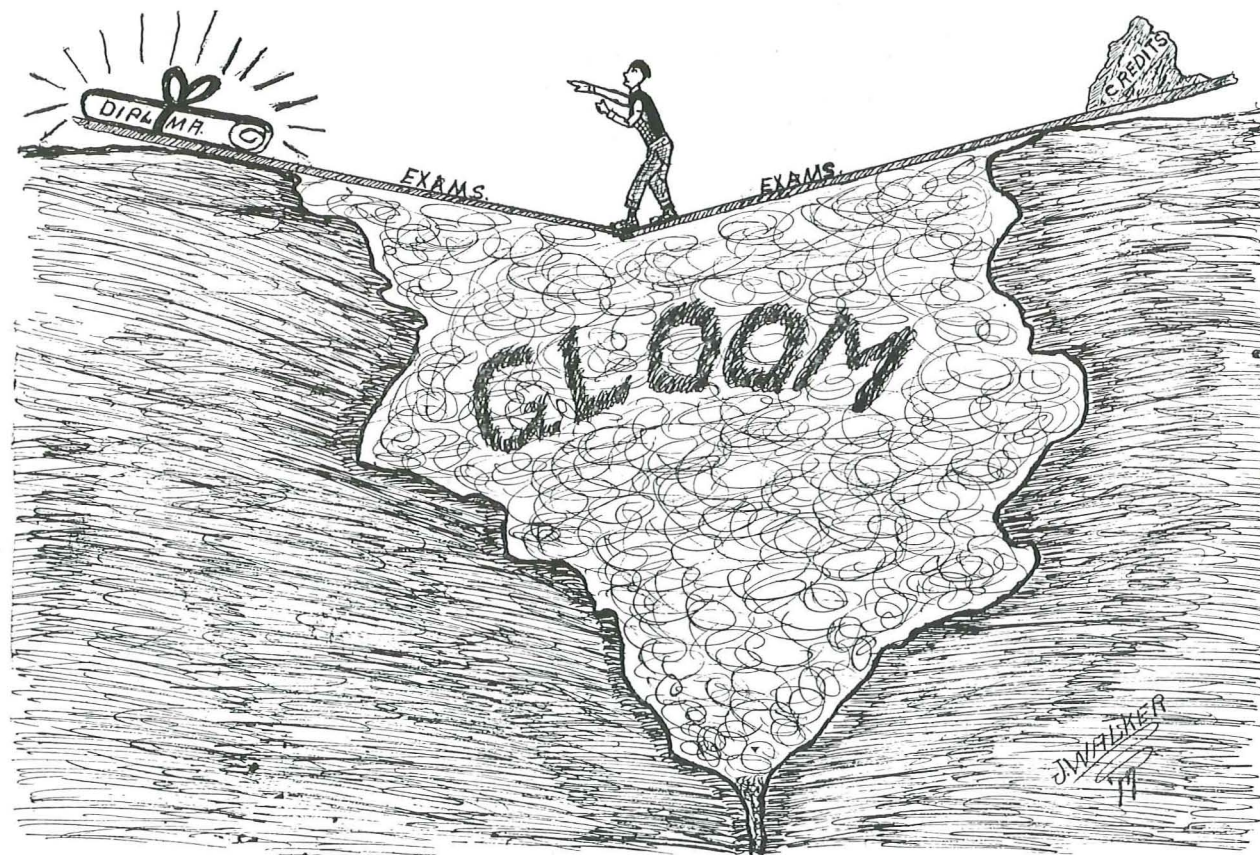
Professor Peterkin Pepp, a nervous wreck.....Milo Mitchell  
 Mr. C. B. Buttonbuster, a giddy butterfly of 48.....Avery Murray  
 Howard Green, his son, who had the court change  
     his name .....Lambert Baker  
 Sam Batty, the police force of a college town.....James Goodman  
 Peddler Benson, working his way through school.....John Walker  
 Noisy Fleming, just out of high school.....Bert Marshall  
 Pink Hatcher, an athletic sophomore.....Will Sharpe  
 Buster Brown, a vociferous junior.....James Cravens  
 Betty Gardner, the professor's ward.....Mary Hunter  
 Aunt Minerva Boulder, his housekeeper.....Violet Chinn  
 Petunia Muggins, the hired girl .....Gladys Courtney  
 Olga Stopski, the new teacher of folk dancing.....Esther Motte  
 Kitty Clover, a collector of souvenirs.....Theodosia Beasley

Vivian Drew, a college belle.....Zelie Fisher  
 Irene Van Hilt, a social leader.....Lillian Sponsler  
 Caroline Kay, the happy little freshman.....Dorothy Freund  
 Students, Co-eds, etc.

With thanks to the faculty and the student body for their staunch support, the Class of '17 is proud to report a great success of the annual play, “Professor Pepp.” Of course a few “boneheads were pulled,” but that was expected, so we have no cause to regret the occurrences. The Opera House was filled to its capacity and it was even necessary to sell standing room, so eager were our loyal patrons to support us in the work. It was a far greater financial success than any preceding play given by any class. We sincerely thank every one who supported us in any way, and extend our heartiest wishes to the present Junior Class for the success of next year's play.

The Senior Class '17.

# JUNIORS



## Junior Class History

In 1914, there entered the halls of L. H. S. a large body of Freshmen, who are now respected as the Junior Class of '18. During the two years (and more) of their High School life, they have lifted their standards to a very high degree, and the year '17 finds them still strong, united by class spirit.

The Juniors are essentially a philosophical bunch, and they think long and deeply. While they are exhibiting the strength of their grey matter, the insignificant under-classmen still continue their notorious scrapping and fresh maneuvers. Their wisdom is voiced in debate, and so well is it expressed, that they sel-

dom meet defeat. From their number are chosen the "star" football, track, and basketball men, who have this year proven their worth in every phase of athletics.

Not content with such meagre notoriety, they are expressing their surplus energy in a semi-monthly paper, "The Junior Reflector," which is by far the best school paper. (It may be remarked here that it is the only one.) After each edition of the "Reflector" the Juniors experience a brief enjoyment of the public gaze, then again turn their reveries to, "What the High School needs is an ideal Senior Class," and dream of the coming year.

—Harriet Faye May, a Junior.

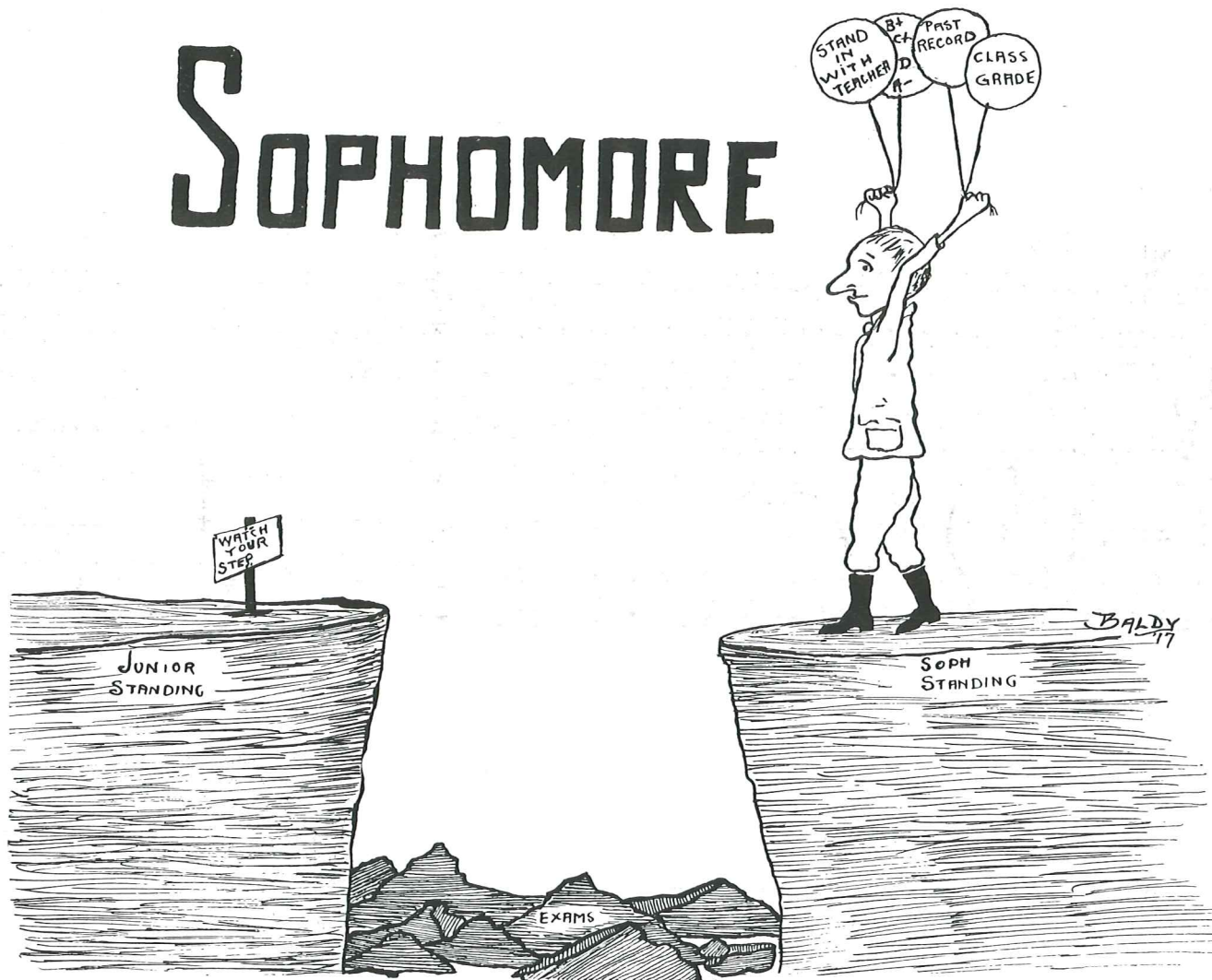


JUNIOR CLASS.

President—GILBERT JARVIS

Secretary-Treasurer—MARY GROUND

# SOPHOMORE



"Watch your step," Sophs!

## Sophomore Class History

1916 will doubtless be recorded in the history of Linton High School as a year of wonderful events. It was then that the most remarkable class of Freshmen entered the High School. They were young; they were wise; they were good to look upon. The Sophomores soon envied them, the Juniors patronized them, the Seniors sought them out openly as worthy companions; the faculty praised them inordinately.

It was soon evident that to these young demigods and goddesses life was the most simple proposition conceivable. Before their magic talent lessons unfolded their hidden meanings. Algebra, English, Latin, German, Science, alike, became endowed with rainbow colors. Deportment and application were greeted

as special dispensations of Providence to delight the Freshmen. In fact, they would not be daunted—those gallant Freshmen—they soared and soared.

The school year passed. Vacation came and went. School has again commenced. Those Freshmen are yet with us, but in a different guise. They have distinguished themselves in athletics. From their class was chosen the dux voce for the school. They still delight the hearts of their teachers. Although their lessons present more formidable fronts, their merry hearts are undaunted. They are—but you've guessed it already (their characteristics are unmistakable) our present Sophomores.

NINA TITUS—A Soph.



# SOPHOMORE CLASS.

President—MARY HAMILTON

Vice President—ELMER YEOMANS



*Doris Walker*  
1917

# FRESHMEN



## Freshmen Class History

At Christmas in 1915, about twenty-five pupils left the grades and came over to the square building on the corner to prove that they were able to take upon themselves the duties of, and enjoy the privileges of L. H. S. And like Caesar of old, "They came, they saw, they conquered," for they have developed into some of the best students in school.

In September of the following year, the number swelled to over one hundred, and a brilliant future is predicted for them in their three remaining years. They have heroically borne the trials and tribulations of Freshmen. They have climbed to the top of the great divide, and for them, the descent into that heavenly region called Sophomore's Land, will be paved with golden hopes of a happy future when they can look down upon the poor Freshmen, and wonder why they are still alive.

RICHARD ANDREWS, A Freshman.



# FRESHMAN CLASS.

President—REX WINTERS

Vice President—LEAVIGN ROBERTSON

Secretary—THOMAS MCQUADE

Treasurer—LILLIAN COLBERT



CAPT. MYERS  
(Football)



CAPT. MURRAY  
(Track)



COACH HOWARD  
(Athletics)



CAPT. JARVIS  
(Basketball)

# ATHLETICS.

BANDY  
'17



ATHLETIC BOARD OF CONTROL.

Treasurer—CHARLEY WOLFORD

Secretary—ESTHER MOTTE

President—MILO MITCHELL

## Linton Athletics

So far as victory is concerned, it would be false for us to maintain that athletics in Linton High School for the past year have measured up to the high standard of preceding years.

Despite the wonderful fighting spirit displayed in the Garfield-Linton football game, we must concede the point that this year, we lost two games in a schedule of five. Such a disastrous season as this cannot be found in the history of our athletics; yet, some may not think that strange. Perhaps not, for any school except Linton; but our Alumni have established a standard so far above all others, that the students must maintain its honor today, not only by winning, but by gaining our victories fairly. That is the decisive element which determines the successful career of athletics, in whatever form they may occur. To become a worthy football man, more than practice is necessary. Be clean in habit; clean, open in a game. To lose a game honestly means far more in the eyes of the public, than to win dishonestly.

Again, we must consider another phase of successful High School athletics. Even though the team does work constantly; even though it does possess grit and determination; even these elements cannot always win. Every student should be on the sideline during a game, rooting for Linton. An inexperienced per-

son little knows how much zeal it puts into the spirit of a player, to know that his school is watching him; that he, perhaps, will determine the result of the contest. I admire a patriotism which causes the student body to say, "We lost," and not, "The boys lost." Such a spirit denotes union among all, and that more than all else, will spell "success" for our school athletics.

As previously mentioned, we should not laud the victories of this season, but we must praise the determination and courage such as that which every man showed, as he battled against the heavy odds the Garfield team presented. Any youth should be proud of the fact that he was a member of the '16 football team of Linton High School.

Let us not, however, lament our past defeats, but view them as a Godsend which shall effect a revival of our old athletic spirit. In the squad of '17, we expect to see a line of men heavier than our school has seen for years in the football ranks. Train, sacrifice, work; preserve the honor of the Red and Blue at all hazards. The school expects it; ten thousand patriotic Lintonians will be behind you urging you on to victory for yourselves, your school, and Linton. Will you do it, team of '17?

L. Baker.



MEREDITH JONES.

"Casey" played at center and was the "pep" of the team. He has gone from us now, but he will always be remembered as one of the "heady" men on the L. H. S. football team of '16.



AVERY MURRAY.

The "star" of the Wiley game. Avery is a new football man but nevertheless a good one. Some sprinter and a drop kicker, but the girls get his goat. But seriously, Avery is an all-around athlete.



ARTHUR LYNCH.

"Art" came all the way from Greencastle to enjoy being a *Linton* football man, and he proved to be quite a Lintonite, by his spirit on the gridiron. Made all-state team and is reputed to be one of the best men Linton ever produced.

CHARLEY WOLFORD.

"Sid" is "Pat's" lesser  $\frac{3}{8}$  and a real football player. He could hold a steam roller or smash through a stone wall if L. H. S. demanded it. It might be added that he is almost as good a painter as an athlete.

WM. SHARPE.

"Bill" is one of our husky farmer boys who never realizes when he has had enough; (or his opponents either for that matter). If Bill had another year he'd change from one of the best to the best; but we expect to hear from him and his winning way at College.

WAYNE TRINKLE.

Is a star of no small worth and played an excellent game during the past season. He is a reliable halfback and his merit is proven by the fact that he was selected as next year's captain.





#### ROScoe JOHNSON.

Roscoe is Nola's brother and you would call them twins, as to scrap and sand. Roscoe is quite small, but could make a hole in anything short of a brick building. A gain is always sure when he gets the ball.

#### ROY TURNER.

Roy is sure a smashing end, not only in football but with the ladies as well. He is one of the regulars and a football expert, made to order for L. H. S. He plays as long as he is able to stand, and few and far between, are the plays that get by him.

#### JAMES GOODMAN.

"Baldy" was so anxious to vote for Wilson that he was compelled to give up football. Jim is a veteran and also a "lady's man." We'll always remember "Baldy" (and his mouth and feet.)

#### HERSCHELL SCOTT.

"Slugger" is about seven feet long, one foot wide and six inches thick. He is a "tough oyster" and showed some speed at Wiley. He is only a Soph., so he has an excellent chance to become a star before his football career is over.

#### HUGH EVANS.

"Hughie" is a nice docile boy; but nevertheless is also a football player of some merit. Experience and hard work always show in time. Hughie uses both to a great advantage. If he doesn't get too rough with his opponents, and the referee lets him play two or three minutes, nothing can hold him next season.

#### ARTHUR PERKINS.

"Perkie" is a scrappy fellow, strong as an ox and not afraid to hit the line. He played a splendid game on the '16 team and we have hopes that he will be in his old position next year.





NOLA JOHNSON.

Nola is some scrapper and naturally he was one of the best men on the team. He played at guard all year and it is rumored that Fat DePeugh thinks he plays "naughty" football. He has several years of football yet and indications are such that we'll surely hear from him later.

DONALD HARRIS.

"Tough" does not lack the qualifications that his name "hints at." One of the hardest scrappers on the squad. He can be depended on as a sure man for next season's team.

CLYDE PAYTON.

Clyde is a new addition to L. H. S., but he has the spirit, nerve, and sand of a born L. H. S. patriot. He plays a hard game and when he tackles—Oh! how they fall. We expect big things from him next year.

ELLET MOODY.

Moody is a good man any place you put him. The only regular Freshman on the team. Played a hard game all year and is expected to be one of the fastest men next year.



Garfield-Linton



Game

## Track Athletics



MARSHALL

Since the days of Olliphant, Gill, Brantley and Haseman, Linton seems to have declined in track athletics. This is due primarily, to the fact that the Linton athletes of today are not willing to make the sacrifice necessary to bring themselves to a high standard in this line of work.

There is a vast difference in track work and football. Almost any youth who is physically large enough and possesses a little courage, even though he does not train, and does not put his very best into the work, may make and be a part of a successful football team. The same is not true of a successful track athlete and team. In the first place the youth must have a certain amount of natural ability along the line of work in which he is going to engage. However, this natural ability alone cannot be depended upon to win track honors. This is one of our great mistakes at the present time. In order to win the



TAYLOR

athlete must first build up his body through a systematical gymnastic training. The State has set a standard too high to enable us to win without a careful development of the body. The course of training which a youth must undergo, means the exercising of the greatest care in regard to diet; the courage to refrain from the use of tobacco in any form; the *will* to refuse candy, or any element which might injure the digestive system; the discontinuance of late hours and evenings out.

"Is it worth while?" you may ask. Perhaps for the honor alone, no; but for the valuable training received which prepares the athlete for the time when he will be thrown upon the world and his own resources, yes.

Linton point winners at the South Central Track Meet, '16, were Taylor, Marshall, and Murray.

WM. HOWARD, Coach.

T  
r  
a  
c  
k



T  
e  
a  
m

Howard (Coach), Johnson, Trinkle, Scott, Taylor,  
Johnson, Doidge, Jarvis, Murray (Capt.)

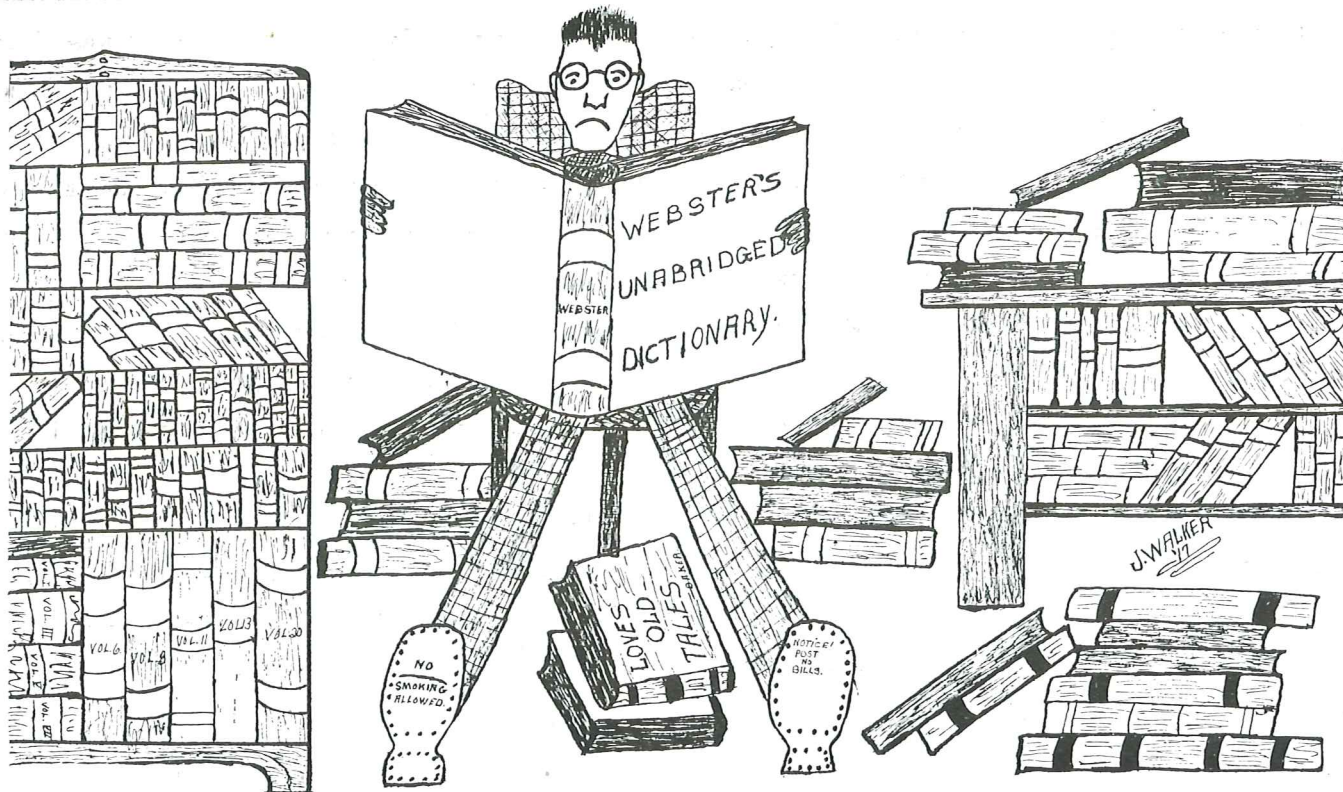
B  
a  
s  
k  
e  
t  
b  
a  
l  
l



T  
e  
a  
m

Mitchell (Mgr.), Franklin, Moy, Gill,  
Johnson, Jarvis (Capt.), Taylor.

# LITERATURE



# Eureka

By ARTHUR B. KRAMER.

Bud Ralston was happy. Moreover, he had reason to be happy. In Bud's estimation Uncle Abraham Lincoln Barclay was the best man in the world. A fellow could bear such a name as Abraham Lincoln Barclay Ralston when it meant as much to him as it did to Bud. Abraham Lincoln was the greatest man of the past, Uncle Abe of the present. He always visited his sister's family at least twice a year, once in winter and once in summer.

On this, his winter visit, he had brought his customary present for Bud. Never did the American eagle spread his wings more gloriously, never did the Goddess of Liberty look more beautiful, than they did to Bud on that shining silver dollar which Uncle Abe had given him. He was going to town with a dollar in his pocket, more than had ever been in his possession except once when he took eggs to town.

Bud went jubilantly down Main street, entered Blair's Confectionery, seated himself at the largest table, and with the air of a millionaire ordered a "Panama Canal." He was no "cheap-skate" now. When a fellow has money, why not spend a little?

As he ate, he gazed out of the window and his eyes fell on a sign, "Get Your Valentines Here," hanging in front of a drug store, across the street. What an idea. Today was—What was it? As he looked at the calendar he saw that it was the twelfth of February,—Lincoln's birthday. No wonder he was so happy. But as his eyes again struck the sign, his thoughts went back to Valentine's Day. Only two days distant and he had forgotten all about it.

After much selecting in the drug store, Bud found a valentine suited to his tastes, for which he paid ten cents. As he went home he thought of how Bessie would enjoy that valentine and how Bobby Hale would be "mad."

Two days later Bud sat two seats behind Bessie Mix as the valentines were passed out. When Bessie received the one Bud had sent he watched her read, "From your friend, Barclay Ralston."

Then came one to him, "From your Friend, Bessie Mix." It was only a penny one but that was better than none, thought Bud.

(Continued)

## Eureka—Continued

Bessie, however, received the last one of all. It was a large, beautiful valentine, the best Bud had ever seen. "From your sweet-heart, Robert Hale." Bud thought he might as well give up. He began to decide that his father was right when he said the Ralstons always had bad luck.

As the pupils went home from school, Bessie Mix hurried on ahead. Bud Ralston, however, hung back. He was sad for all but one thing. Robert Hale lived the *opposite*, and he, himself, the same direction from school in which Miss Mix lived. As he walked on he wondered how the spell which held the Ralstons' good luck could be broken. He soon became aware of the presence of Bessie Mix. When he came within a few feet of her, she called, "Hurry up, Bud, I'm waiting to tell you how I like your

valentine. It's the best one I ever got. Just read what it says."

As she pointed, Bud read, with great hopes:

"My lady fair, I'm yours, believe;

I'd wear your colors on my sleeve,

Your giants kill, your dragons fight,

For I'm your true and loyal knight."

"Bobby Hale sent me a bunch of gilt with twenty-five cents marked on the back. He's tryin' to show how much he spent. I like yours lots the best."

Eureka! The Ralston luck had returned! St. Valentine had broken the spell. St. Valentine would also go into Bud's Hall of Fame with Lincoln and Uncle Abe. February was undoubtedly the best month in all the year.

---

P. S.—As you read this, think of the days when you did the same; when you welcomed Valentine's Day; when you hoped, de-

sponded, and hoped again. It might help some now.

—The Author.



## "The Youth"



### I.

The light of eve was growing dim  
As the youth, with visage pale and grim,  
    Slowly did stride  
    Through the portals wide,  
Into the still and quiet class room.

### II.

With the faltering step and pace, so slow,  
His eyes were furtive and his head was low,  
    For he did desire  
    And he did require  
A permit to save him from his doom.

### III.

But the principal's voice was sharp and thin  
And he angrily asked, "Where have you been?"  
    And the youth did fear  
    That the end was near  
And that harm was intended.

### IV.

So he fearfully and meekly did reply:  
"I been to the funeral of Grandfather Cy"  
    But the principal was no fool  
    Therefore from three days of school  
Was he finally suspended.

Bennie Rancy.

# The Black Sheep



RUTH MATTOX.

"Jakey!, Jakey Page, you stop that!" The shrill authoritative voice rang out with a sharp note of exasperation, and all eyes were turned toward a very plump, black, curly haired little boy at the end of the fourth grade line.

"Sto-op wha-at, Miss Page?"

"You know what! Stop rolling your eyes that way and *do* keep in line!"

As the fourth grade line marched into the school room, one of the big boys whispered kindly (for Jakey was the favorite of the entire school) to him, "Don't let her run over you, Jake."

Jakey made no reply to this, but as if by natural instinct, pulled a long yellow curl of the little girl in front of him.

Not long after the pupils were seated, Jakey was again startled by the sharp voice of Miss Page!

"Jakey, don't let me see you rolling your eyes again!"

"Dey, jus' roll deyselves," said Jakey, innocently.

"That will do, Jakey. Now boys and girls, we shall have our drill," and she began counting as usual.

"One, two, three, four; one, two, th—"

Miss Page left the children standing on their tip-toes and hastened down the aisle to Jakey who stood with his arms as badly rounded as his fat little bow-legs, and his eyes rolling hopelessly. She shook him thoroughly; round and round he spun, up, over and down, and at last he was pushed to his seat with a resounding "plump!" She then passed through the door out to the water faucet and washed her hands.

Jakey pressed back the tears with a chubby little fist.

(Continued)

## The Black Sheep—Continued

"O you coon!" laughed one little boy.

"Mabe the black's rubbin' off," suggested another.

Jakey stood these taunts until recess, but then ran off into a woods nearby to await noon. "I'm nevah going back the'e again," said Jakey at noon to his mother.

"Now, hunny, you listen to yer mammy. Youse gwine back theah just as fast as yer legs can carry you theah!"

He did go back, and endured the various slights three more long days. On the morning of the fourth day he was greeted by this pleasing news:

"O! Jakey, Miss Page has got married and we have a new teacher. Aren't you glad?"

The new teacher spoke pleasantly to her pupils as they marched in and Jakey decided at once that he would like her.

The children had told the new teacher how Miss Page had treated Jakey; how she had washed her hands after shaking Jakey and would never let him dust the erasers or carry out the

waste-basket for her. Therefore she did not scold him for his mischievous pranks.

While Miss Forbes was busy hearing a class recite, Jakey was preoccupied in plunging his fingers into his ink-well. When he had plunged each of his chubby little fingers into the ink, which was scarcely visible, he put both hands on the back of the boy in front.

When Miss Forbes saw the ten inky finger prints on Tommy's freshly laundered new blouse, she said to him, "Jakey, *how* did this happen?"

"I dunno, miss, I guess it's jus' the black a rubbin' off," replied Jakey.

That afternoon as she was dismissing her school, Miss Forbes smilingly asked Jakey to remain a few moments.

After writing for a long time, or at least it seemed a long time to Jakey, Miss Forbes came back to his seat.

(Continued)

## The Black Sheep—Continued

"Dear, would you like to dust the erasers for me?" she asked kindly.

"No'am," was the stubborn reply.

"Would you like to carry out the waste-paper basket, then?"

"No'am."

At this response, Miss Forbes left him, and did these jobs herself. Jakey noticed that she sat in the wrong window while

dusting the erasers, and the wind blew the chalk dust back on her fluffy brown hair.

When she had completed her tasks she called Jakey to her.

"You may go now, dear. Good bye," and she kissed him.

At this Jakey threw his arms around her neck and sobbed,

"Oh, teachah, I'll dust the erasahs foah you, I'll carry out the waste-papeh-basket foah you, Oh, I'll do anything foah you, afte'this!" And the kindness of the new teacher showed to the school that Jakey's heart was as true as his skin was black.

## L. H. S.

I'm sorta glad the rope's a-swingin'  
As it sets the bell to ringin';  
An' the birds are always singin'  
of L. H. S.

Hain't no other place existin'  
Where the vines climb up a-twistin'  
On the walls. Don't try resistin'  
L. H. S.

There the atmosphere is livin'  
For the sun is always givin'

Heat and love. They came from heaven  
To L. H. S.

'Tain't no use for the sun to be a-shinin'  
Here in Dixie. When I'm reclinin'  
In th' sun, I'm always pinin'  
For L. H. S.

So I'm goin' to quit my rovin';  
An' my school to keep on lovin';  
An' today I start to movin'  
Back to L. H. S.

L. Baker.

## Garden of L. H. S.

Among the tender vines we spy  
The little bud named "By-and-By."

Around this small vine we plant  
The little twig known as "I can't."

"No use in trying" we also have here,  
Which thrivingly grows thruout the year.

Among the plants in this small lot  
Creeps in the young vine "I forgot."

A little weed is hidden there  
Among other vines, named "I don't care."

These buds have grown firm, year to year  
And now they bloom with this hearty cheer:

The first little flower has learned to say,  
"Now I'll get that right away."

Then fast as ever hunter ran  
The next little bud is now "I can."

With fibre strong and stature high  
Our third little plant is now "I'll try."

For the fourth little vine, we hunt again and again  
Till we find him now as: "I-will-not-forget-again."

From the last little plant, as an untrue motto  
We turn our tho'ts to a bright tomorrow.

What good you may get from these few lines,  
Just take it, pass it on, and forget they were vines.

T. Beasley and G. Malicoat.

## Arapaho Camp-Fire Girls

In October, 1916, six girls under the guardianship of Miss Verna Small, received a charter for which they were entitled to become members of one of the best movements for girls in the United States. This camp was named Arapaho, after a tribe of Indians who were inhabitants of Indiana. The Camp-fire is doing the same thing for girls that the Boy Scout movement is doing for boys. It teaches them the deeper meaning—

The right to join the circle's sisterhood,  
Their hearts to beat in touch and tune with theirs;  
The right to kindle at their flaming fire  
Their own, and see within its glow  
The Spirit-flame of work love—ordered;  
To feel strong pulsing through each day and year  
The sweet, full surge of glowing health  
The right to live the exultant life  
That grows akin to nature's throbbing heart;  
The right to dream, and dreaming,  
Know the deep primal things,

The soul of beauty and the heart of truth;  
All these are theirs,  
Yet only if they take and make them so.  
The law of the Camp-Fire is to to:  
Seek beauty,  
Give service,  
Pursue knowledge,  
Be trustworthy,  
Hold on to health,  
Glorify work,  
Be happy.

Charter Members—Helen Bland, Ruth Wessell, Audrey Mahan, Helen Bach, Leavign Robertson, Gladys Mitchell.

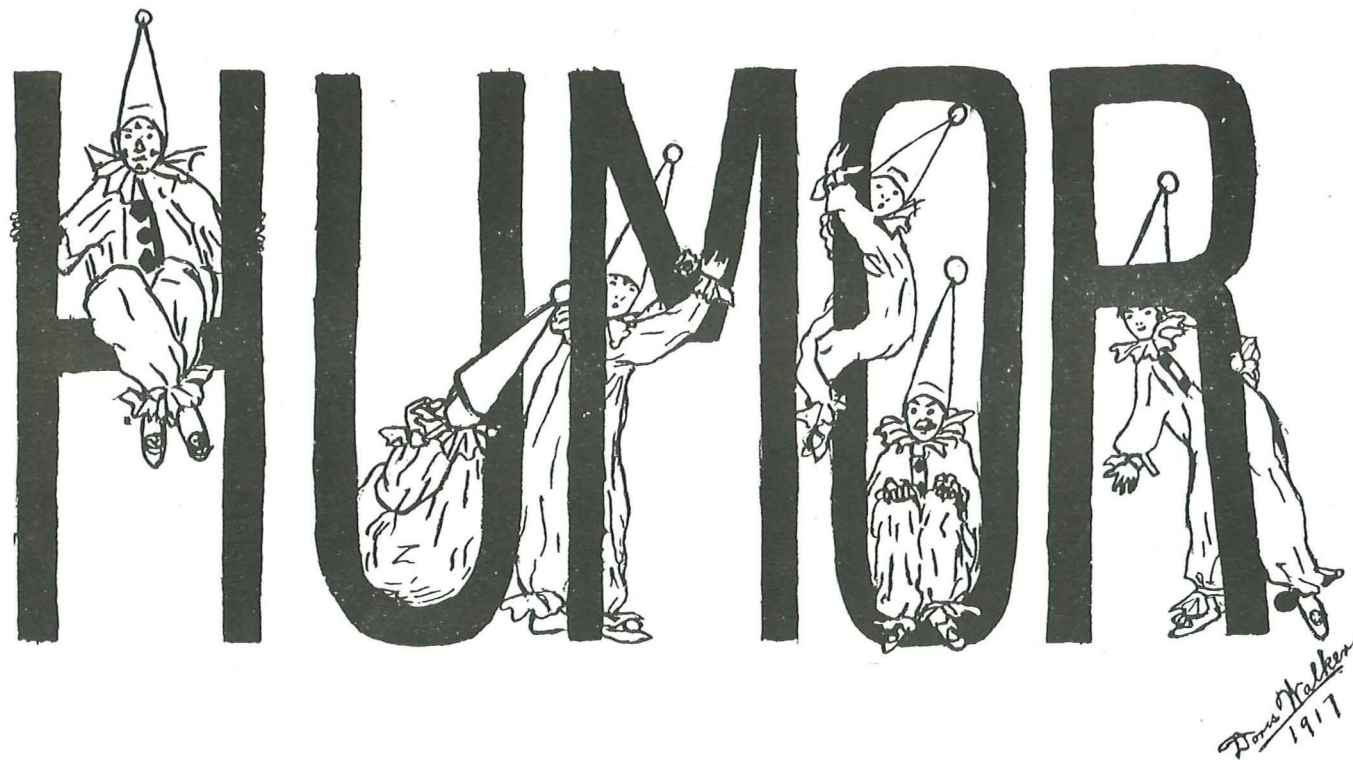
Elective Members—Harriet Faye May, Mae Reid, Mary Hamilton.

Present Guardian—Miss Leanore Robertson.

Harriett Faye May.



ARAPAHO CAMP-FIRE GIRLS.



## A New Year's Ball

The little episode of which I tell,  
Was held in Fern's Hall,  
Lillian arrived with a Russell,  
To dance at Hellen Woodrow's ball.  
Then, although it was Raney,  
Bennie came dressed in a frock,  
Next appeared Jessie all in Brown,  
With his partner Hellen Bach.  
And upon this Winter's night came Faye,  
All the way from the farm,  
But Mary came along to Warner,  
And keep her out of harm.  
One of the couple that next arrived,  
Was a girl with a troubled face,  
T'was Hellen who was subject to Payne,  
Since John was trying to Walker a race.  
A multitude of others came,  
Edythe bringing Moore  
And when eight o'clock came around,  
Percy Meyers closed the door.  
The merriment was then begun,  
Jim was chosen Goodman,  
And when he asks someone to sing,  
Sadie says that Shea can.  
But then the absence of Esther Motte,  
Was noticed during the fun,  
And Mary was sent to Hunter,  
With the aid of Danielson.  
Next upon the programme,  
Mae was asked to Reid,  
And after Maude was requested to Bray,  
Charles Wolford brought in the feed.  
Lillian with a platter of Lam,  
And Bill with a Sharpe knife,

Soon had Baldy satisfied,  
Yet each one received a slice.  
Then with those rolls of warm bread,  
Of which Lambert was the Baker,  
There came a dish of baked beans,  
And Faye May have been the maker.  
Mary came in with boiling coffee,  
Which she had freed from Grounds,  
So helped by Dorothy and her Freund,  
They soon made all the rounds.  
Those refusing to take coffee,  
Were provided for in due time,  
For Grace appeared with some glasses,  
And served them with Sourwine.  
For hours the wine flowed freely,  
All present partook of some,  
And in less time than it takes to tell it,  
Vernal was as Titus a drum.  
About this time he struck at Fred,  
Who had to Doidge to escape him,  
Then all at once his arm flew up,  
Hitting Violet under the Chinn.  
All was then in confusion,  
Nearly as bad as a fight,  
When all at once there was darkness,  
Save for Gertrude's Ponelight.  
Bert was sent for the Marshall,  
Who quieted things in a hurry,  
And all of the crowd went home to bed,  
Even down to Avery Murray.  
Thus ended the night of the banquet and fight,  
That was held very near,  
THE FIRST OF THE YEAR.

Milo Mitchell.



Review  
Photographer.



"Dreaming"



Lat. Exercise.



"She"



Editor.



"Brain" Factories.



?????



Guess Who?



"Fatty"



"- And + " of L. H. S.



"Freshman"

# Jokes

## L. H. S. GEMS.

Freshman ..... Emerald  
 Sophomores ..... Bloodstones  
 Juniors ..... Moonstone  
 Seniors ..... Grindstone  
 Post-Graduates ..... Tombstone



A "HOB0?"

*John Robert Ecker*:—Mr. Hanna, if you will stop frowning I think I can take a much better picture of you."

*Mr. Hanna*:—"Oh, this will be all right because I look so much more intellectual this way."

(Continued)

*Speck K.*:—"Percy Myers and I have a corn on the same toe."

*Mr. Danielson*:—(After a bad recitation in algebra)) "In Germany they put those who are too lazy to work in the army, and in battle they are put in the front row so that they may be killed first." Several members of the class laughed as if they didn't believe it.

*Mr. Danielson*:—"Well I know, I have been there."

Gladys Mitchell made the statement in Physical Geography Class, that water ran faster up hill than down hill and the class agreed.

*Jim Cravens*:—(During music period). "Say, Baldy, your bass makes my bass sound like tenor."

Speaking of mistakes—O well, we are all liable to make them. Baldy was giving an English report and came to Robert Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," which he wrote on the board. Lillian Lam's name was on the board and when Baldy turned to the class we were all dismayed to see this sentence: "Anatomy of Melancholy Lillian."

*Lillie Sharpe*:—"She was a long, black-haired woman."

*Faye Winters*:—"There were many dead corpses lying on the field."

On February 22, Mr. Hanna entertained five members of the Senior English Class by falling through a chair. It was very exciting,—for Mr. Hanna at least.

## Jokes—Continued

### AS THICK AS BEES IN A CLOVER FIELD.

Mae Reid's curls.  
Mary Ground's dimples.  
Fred Doidge's freckles.  
Paper wads in the assembly.  
Mr. Danielson's beard.  
Marian Bennet's notes.

---

Translation in 9B German class. "Wir sind frisch und nicht muede."—We are fresh but not green.

---

*Lillian R.*:—(Criticizing John Walker's speech). "He moved his hands from his sides to his pockets, and his feet too."

---

In solving an algebra problem Maude Bray gave the father's age as 10 and the son's age as 5. Mr. Danielson said it was impossible.

*Mr. B.*:—"Percy, what was the Ostend manifesto?"

*Percy Myers*:—"Well, it was to decide—to decide—Well, I don't know what it was to decide, but some one wanted to do something that some one else didn't want to do."

---

*Miss Haseman*:—(In German class.) "What is the meaning of 'umarmen'?"

*L. Baker*:—"Hug."

*Miss H.*:—"Two girls wouldn't hug, they would embrace."

*L. Baker*:—"What does hug mean?"

*Miss H.*:—"You're too young to know. Maybe I'll tell you later."

---

Why does Bennie Raney spell his name B. Raney?

---

*Milo M.*:—(Soliciting "ads" for annual.) "We intend, of course, to excell all annuals which have been edited in the future."

(Continued)

### AS RARE AS WATERMELON AT XMAS.

"Casey" with a shave.  
Monzell studying.  
Mae Reid alone.  
Miss Osborne's smile.  
Homely girls in L. H. S.  
Mary G., without her lessons.  
Tom McQuade out of mischief.

---

*Mr. Danielson*:—(In algebra class.) "For tomorrow, Meridith Jones, otherwise "Casey," assisted by Charlie Wolford and Jim Cravens, will solve problem thirteen."

---

*Jas. Charles*:—(In book report.) "Then a very extinguishing visitor of importance came to Crawford. He was a very imitate friend of mine."

---

Even some of the girls are a little bit crooked. Ask Madge Melton.

Mr. Howard: "The only "crooked" teacher in school.

## Jokes—Continued

*John Walker*:—"His name was Perry something. I don't remember."

*Avery Murray*:—"Who has been reading 'German Warfare'. 'Maybe it was periscope.'"

—  
If perchance you do get sore,  
Please remember we have mentioned many  
more.

—  
Some one has said that married men  
were not interested in the young girls.  
Ask Mr. Brandon and Mr. Howard  
about the Freshmen.

—  
*Mae*:—"Say, Hellen, are you in love  
with Baker?"

*Hellen*:—"In love? I despise him."

*Mae*:—"But I saw you kiss him good-  
night."

*Hellen*:—"Oh! I couldn't be rude."

*Mr. Danielson*:—"I'm wiser than any of  
you because you think you know some-  
thing and I know I know nothing."



"Kelly"

—  
James Goodman still insists that if  
sodium hydroxide had been poured on  
Chas. Wolford's head, ivory soap would  
have been produced.

(Continued)

*Bill Sharpe*:—"History class.) 'Well  
as far as that's concerned if a man gets on  
the good side of a woman she will do any-  
thing for him.'"

*Mr. Brandon*:—"We'll have to concede  
the point, class; Bill knows by experience."

—  
*Mary Hunter*:—"English class.) 'The  
girls can't write a story on 'How to Catch  
Fish.'"

*A. Murray*:—"They ought to, all they  
do is catch fish."

—  
*Mr. Danielson*:—"What is the line of  
least resistance?"

*Baldy*:—"Between High School and the  
pool room."

—  
*Miss H.*:—"What is the atmosphere?"

*Lois Hanna*:—"It's some gases and  
things that make up the hemisphere."

## Jokes—Continued

*Mr. Brandon:*—"What was the condition of the South after the Civil War?"

*John Walker:*—"It was all shot to pieces."

---

Everybody listen when you go through the "pearly gates" to hear Mr. Danielson sing: "One o'clock means one o'clock."

Bill Sharpe spells "ninety"—nighty—is he dreaming?

---

One girl in a "Ford" is worth three in a Packard. Ask James Cravens.

---

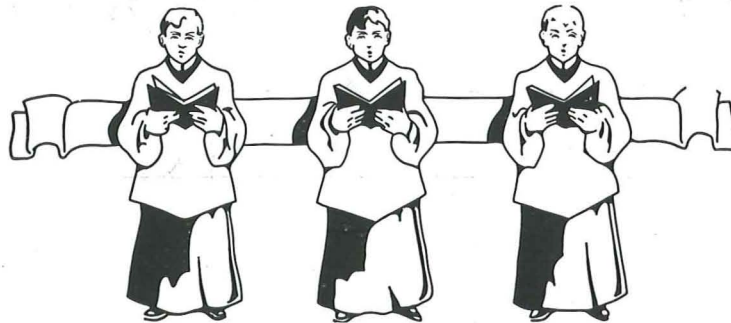
Whose L. H. S. '17 class-ring does Mr. Hanna wear?"

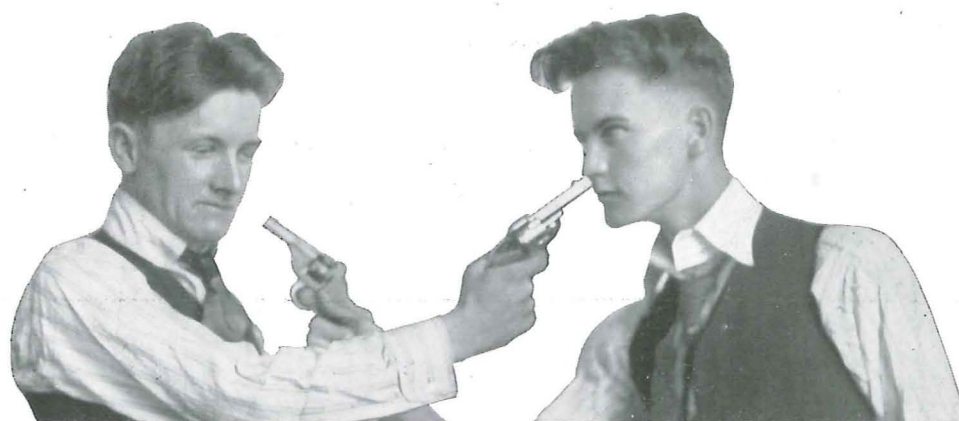
*Mr. Hanna:*—"William, have you your composition for today?"

*Bill Sharpe:*—"Yes, Mam."

---

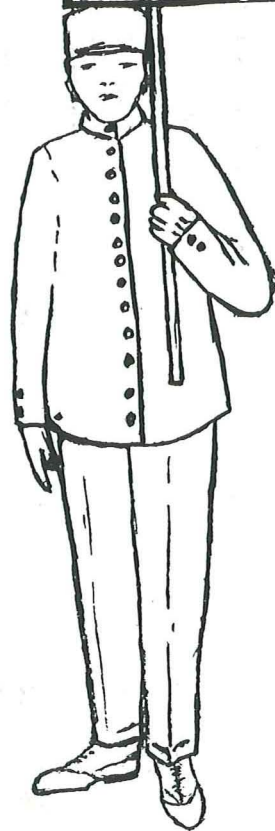
For information regarding the art of graceful walking on the stage see Mr. Haseman.





**THE END.**

# ADVERTISEMENTS



POPE'S  
MARKET

# Linton Trust Company

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS

**\$61,000.00**

ONE DOLLAR WILL START AN  
ACCOUNT ON WHICH WE WILL  
PAY 3 PER CENT INTEREST.

**GENERAL BANKING**

# ALLEN A. WILKINSON

**LUMBER CO.**

(Formerly Greer Wilkinson)

UNDER

SAME

MANAGEMENT

EVERYTHING TO BE FOUND IN  
A FIRST CLASS DRUG STORE

—AT—

# HAMILTON'S

## CUSHING'S

FOR MILLINERY, CLOAKS AND SUITS

## CUSHING'S

# Greek Candy Store

FOR HOME MADE CANDIES, ICE CREAM  
HOT AND COLD DRINKS

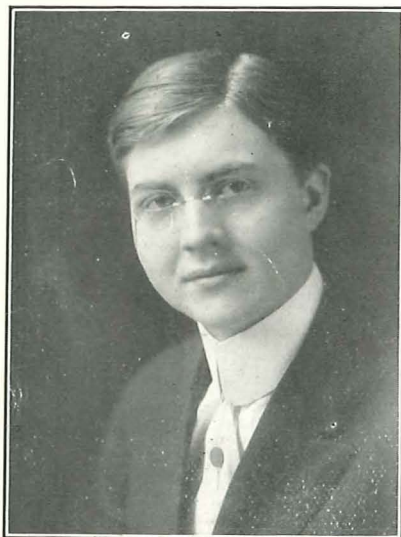
## Humphreys Schloot & Co.

FURNITURE, RUGS, CARPETS, SEWING  
MACHINES. A COMPLETE LINE OF  
HOUSEHOLD FURNISHINGS, BUGGIES  
AND SURREYS IN LATEST STYLES. :

**Harry Welch**  
**FUNERAL DIRECTOR**

Office Phones  
Mutual 26; New Home 176

Residence Phones  
Mutual 113; New Home 48



**OFFICIAL "REVIEW"  
PHOTOGRAPHER**

DUPLICATES CAN BE  
ORDERED FROM ANY  
PICTURE IN THIS BOOK

**JOHN ROBERT  
ECKER**

(The Photographer in Your  
Town.)

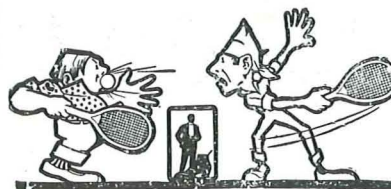
LINTON'S IDEAL  
AMUSEMENT PLACE

**Nicklo Theatre**

BEAUTIFUL

THE HOUSE OF REEL  
FEATURES

A VISIT WILL CONVINCE  
YOU.



**BOYS AND GIRLS WANTED!**

TO FILL POSITIONS IN  
THESE SHOES



**Harris Shoe Store**

**OPERA  
HOUSE  
RESTAURANT**

—FOR—  
**BEST MEALS**

**Open Day and Night**

There is one real watch maker in Linton. If you don't  
think so, just try him on your next watch repair job.

**CALVIN BARNES**

Watch inspector for the Illinois Central.

TRADE WITH

**The Union Hardware Co.**

"PRICE AND QUALITY"  
The Best of Everything in the  
Way of

**HARDWARE**

At Prices Consistent to a  
Successful Business.

FROM  
**A FRIEND**

# **BEN BACH**

LINTON, INDIANA

THE HOME OF

**SOCIETY BRAND AND KUPPENHEIMER'S CLOTHING, THE FLORSHEIM SHOE AND STETSON HAT**

PRICES AND QUALITY ABSOLUTELY  
GUARANTEED.

## **BEN BACH**

THE VERY BEST IN CLOTHING

## **LINTON IRON & METAL CO.**

**WE PAY CASH FOR JUNK OF ALL KINDS**

CALL US AND WE WILL HAVE OUR WAGON CALL TO ANY  
PART OF THE CITY AND CLEAN WHATEVER YOU HAVE.

Cor. First and A. Sts., S. W.

Phone 63

## **LA MODE CLOAK & SUIT CO.**

**WHERE FASHION REIGNS**

**LADIES' WEARING APPAREL**



## **PHOTOS**

Also artistic framing  
and expert kodak fin-  
ishing. Enlargements  
a specialty.

**Linton Photo Studio**

HARRY BON KAUNG  
Photographer

59½ North Main Street

Phone 266

WE KEEP FOLKS IN FLOUR. PROVIDE RATIONS  
FOR DUMB ANIMALS AND FEED THE CHICKENS

## **Linton Mill Co.**

## **Bunch's Feed Store**

—DEALER IN—

ALL KINDS OF FEED FOR STOCK AND POULTRY  
ALSO THE BEST BRANDS OF FLOUR AND MEAL

Mutual No. 7

Bell No. 190

QUALITY

SATISFACTION

# J. W. WOLFORD & SONS

## DEPARTMENT STORE

LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S READY TO WEAR

MEN'S AND YOUNG MEN'S CLOTHING

MEN'S AND WOMEN'S FURNISHINGS

TRUNKS, SUIT CASES, TRAVELING BAGS

CARPETS, RUGS AND DRAPERIES

CUT GLASS AND CHINA

GROCERIES

SHOES AND MILLINERY

### We Solicit Your Patronage

CIGARS, TOBACCO AND  
CANDY

(Wholesale and Retail)

GRAFONOLAS AND  
RECORDS

## Gilbreath Bros.

403 E. Vincennes St.

Linton Co-Operative Store Co

—FOR—

DRY GOODS  
GROCERIES

—AND—

MINERS' SUPPLIES

Beasley & Smurdon  
POCKET BILLIARD  
ROOM

CANDIES, SOFT DRINKS  
AND CIGARS

Cam Smith

Manager

## The Electric Shoe Shop

59 West Vincennes St.

SICK SOLES DOCTORED WHILE YOU WAIT

Rubber Heels

Repairs of all kinds

## ROBERTSON BROS. COAL CO.

WE GUARANTEE ALL WEIGHTS

Office Phone 63

New Phone 227

# Duncan's Pharmacy

19 N. Main St.

Phone 80

THE PROSPEROUS DRUG STORE IN A PROSPEROUS CITY

Call on us for your Drug and Fountain wants

## Dreamland Theatre

THE HOME OF FIRST  
CLASS PHOTOPLAYS

Triangle Program every  
Tuesday and Thursday

COMEDY

DRAMA

## The Greek Billiard Hall

FANCY CANDIES  
CIGARS  
AND  
TOBACCO

90 East Vincennes Street

## T. P. LAM

CONFECTIONER

FRESH ROASTED PEANUTS AND BUTTERED  
POP-CORN

SOONER OR LATER

THE THRIFTY YOUNG MAN OR WOMAN  
WILL HAVE A BANK ACCOUNT.

First National Bank

THERE IS NOTHING SO CONVENIENT AS  
A TELEPHONE

FOR INFORMATION REGARDING RATES  
CALL MAIN 1

New Home Telephone Co.

# SCOTT'S

THE RELIABLE DRY GOODS STORE

DRESS MATERIAL FOR GRADUATION AND  
RECEPTION DRESSES

COMPLETE LINE OF LACES AND TRIMMINGS

## D. R. SCOTT & CO.

## PURITY BAKERY CO.

FOR ALL KINDS OF FLOUR AND FEED

Bell Phone 31

Mutual 109

## LINTON HARNESS CO.

HARNESS

BUGGIES

WAGONS

AUTOMOBILES

DRUGS

ATHLETIC GOODS

# Elk Horn Pharmacy

THE REXALL STORE

STATIONERY

SCHOOL SUPPLIES

For Accurate

Optical Work

## Henry J. Dale

Consult a Licensed

and Registered

OPTOMETRIST

## Dr. Todd

DENTIST

LINTON - INDIANA



OFFICE IN

BEASLEY BLOCK

## NEW UNION LUMBER CO.

—DEALERS IN—

ALL KINDS OF BUILDING MATERIAL

New Home 102—PHONES—Mutual 4

## RHODENBECK BROS.

CLOTHIERS

LINTON, IND.

Phone No. 5

—TRADE AT—

## The St. Louis Store

LEADERS IN LOW PRICES ON

CLOTHING, SHOES, LADIES' AND GENT'S  
FURNISHINGS, ETC.

55 NORTH MAIN ST.

LINTON, IND.

## Haseman Drug Co.

STANDS FOR QUALITY

DRUGS, PAINTS AND JEWELRY

## E. V. Bull

D. D. S.

DENTIST

Office Hours. 8 to 8

Sunday: 8 to 12 only

Office Over Postoffice

302—PHONES—336

## FORST 5 & 10c STORE

CALL ON US  
FOR FLOWERS

SICK?

SEE

**SCHOLL**  
THE CHIROPRACTOR

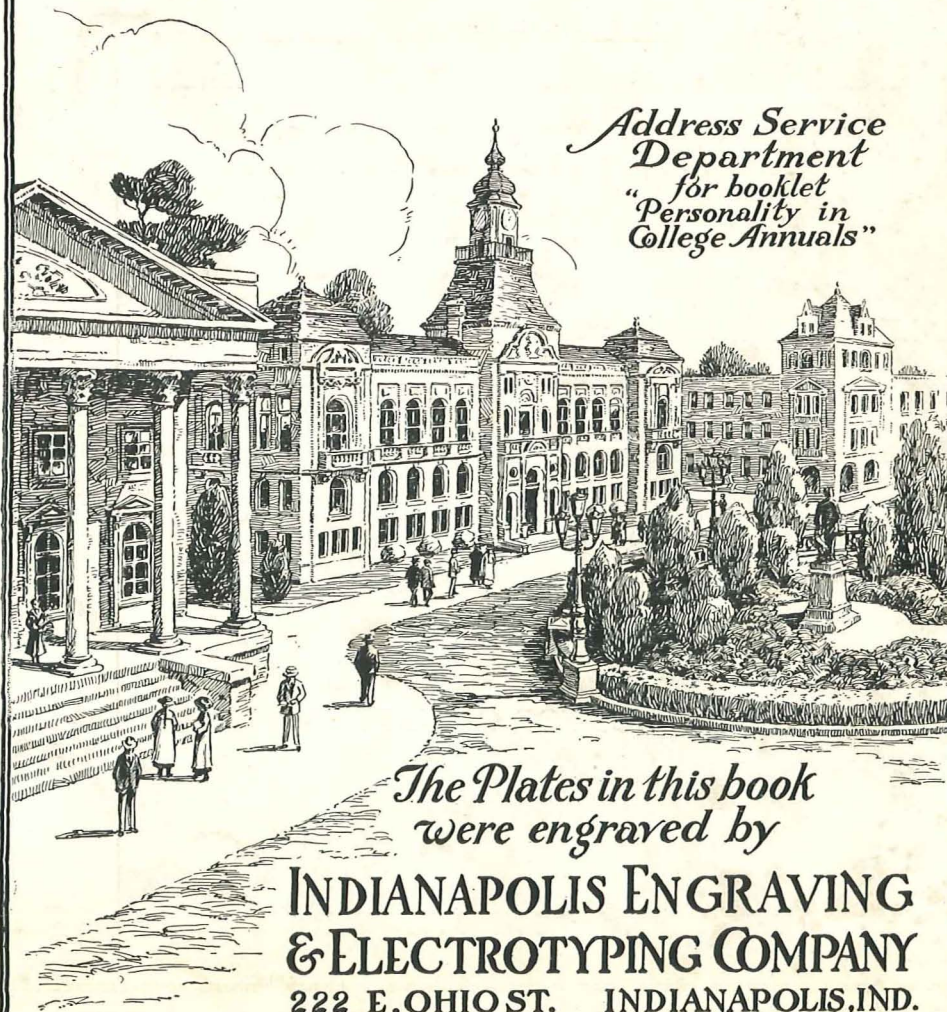
Phone 28

THIS ANNUAL  
Printed by  
**Terre Haute Printing Co.**  
25 South Fifth St.  
TERRE HAUTE, INDIANA

Page Seventy-eight

*Express the Personality  
of your School*

*Address Service  
Department  
for booklet  
"Personality in  
College Annuals"*



*The Plates in this book  
were engraved by*

**INDIANAPOLIS ENGRAVING  
& ELECTROTYPING COMPANY**  
222 E. OHIO ST. INDIANAPOLIS, IND.