

LES
MÉMOIRES

UNION CITY HIGH SCHOOL — 1926

ALOGY
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LES MÉMOIRES

Volume II

Published by the Senior Class of
Union City High School to com-
memorate their graduation in nine-
teen hundred and twenty-six.

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U. C. HIGH SCHOOL



GEORGE S. FOSTER, A. B.

Dedication

To Ima J. Sheldon, as a true and loyal friend, a faithful encouraging teacher, a most helpful advisor whose inspiring examples and kindly sympathy have won for her a place of enduring respect and devotion in the hearts of U. C. H. S. students, we dedicate this issue of "Les Memoires." As we speed on our missions, let us remember her efforts and hope to be remembered by her.



IMA J. SHELDON

Foreword

In presenting to you this second volume of Les Memoires, we desire to thank the business men and merchants who generously aided us in the publication of this book.

We feel that our time spent on this book has been well invested and in years to come we shall be repaid a hundred fold.

It is with this thought that we launch our ship hoping in the future to anchor again in this harbor, to renew again those glorious days and to visit U. C. H. S. as a greater, better and more powerful institution.



J. Travis

C. S. Bartlett

J. L. Moore

J. E. Corbin

G. G. Gray

Board of Education

Union City has for many years been noted for the excellence of its educational system which had its beginning soon after the organization of the township in 1837.

The first school-house was built in 1837. It was a frame structure, painted red and stood on the corner of Ellen and Ann Streets east of the present M. E. church. This building housed the youngsters of the little hamlet on week days and there on Sundays they went with their parents to church, the building being used by the Methodist and Congregational societies on alternate Sundays for their religious meetings.

The next temple of learning, a two story frame building, was built in the 50's. It occupied the site of the present building, and, with the increase of the school population, was added to until as a former teacher facetiously remarked, "It had four stories, three of them on the ground."

In 1877 the present brick building was built at a cost of \$25,000. It was considered a model of elegance and utility in those days but is fast becoming inadequate to present day demands.

However, the school has always been fortunate in having for officers representative citizens of intelligence and progressiveness who have seen to it that the school has never been hampered in its work by lack of equipment or an adequate teaching force. It has been on the approved list of the University of Michigan for more than forty years.

The present Board of Education consists of John L. Moore, President; Janette E. Corbin, Secretary; George G. Gray, Treasurer; and C. S. Bartlett and John Travis, Trustees.



Verona Butzer, A. B.

Albion
English

"Successful and thorough in all
her work,
Never a duty does she shirk."

Myron McCamley

Ypsilanti
Science

"To him nothing is impossible."

Leda Cross

Olivet
Languages

"Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle and low; an excellent
thing in women."

Georgia Schlappi

Ypsilanti
Commercial

"True blue, dependable is she,
The kind we all would like to
be."

Marion Nelthorpe, A. B.

Olivet
Music and Art

"Always unselfish,
Always glad,
To keep another from
Being sad."

Eleanor Steele, A. B.

Ann Arbor
History

"Always good-natured; O!
would there were more
Who of this virtue possessed
such a store."

SENIORS





WILLARD ADOLPH

Glee Club (4).
Giftatorian.
Annual Staff.

*"Thus I sail my ship, and sail on even keel
and gentle gale."*



MARGUERITE BURKHER

*"As quiet as a mouse is she, and yet no trap
has caught her."*



GERALD DAVISON

President (3), (4).
Debating (4).
Track (3), (4).
Annual Staff.

*"His conduct still right with his argument
wrong."*



IRENE DAVISON

Junior Play.

*"For if she will, she will, you may depend
on it,
And if she won't, she won't, so there's an end
on it."*



EVERETT DOLBEE

Junior Play.
Football (4).
Glee Club (4).

"Much study is a weariness of the flesh."



MARION DOVEY

Glee Club (4).
Junior Play.
Orchestra (3), (4).
Honor Roll.
Salutatorian.

*"So unaffected, so composed in mind;
So firm, so soft; so strong yet so refined."*

LEO ESCH

Glee Club (4).
Junior Play.

"I am not in the role of common men."

WILBUR FISK

Glee Club (4).

*"O love, love, love, love is like a dizziness;
It winna let a fellow get about his bizziness."*

GEORGE GAW

Class Prophecy.
Junior Play.
Glee Club (4).
Annual Staff.
Football (4).
Track (3), (4).
President (1).

*"The man worth while is the man that can
smile
When everything goes dead wrong."*

GEORGE GOURLEY

Track (4).

*"Happy am I; from care I'm free!
Why aren't they all contented like me?"*



ELVETTA GRAY

Annual Staff.
Secretary (2), (4).
Treasurer (2).
Class Song.
Honor Roll.

*"To those who know thee not, no words can
paint,
And those who know thee, know all words are
faint."*



ARTHUR HAGERMAN

Glee Club (4).
Orchestra (2), (3), (4).
Track (3), (4).
Class Song.
Junior Play.

*"Backward, turn backward,
O time in your flight;
Bring her back to me
But for a night."*



MARJORIE HAMP

Honor Roll.
Junior Play.
Class Will.

*"A very little thing is a very little thing,
But faithfulness in little things is a very
great thing."*



LILLIAN KING

Class Poet.
Annual Staff.
Junior Play.

*"Curly hair, sparkling eyes,
Vivacious smiles, and yet no ties."*



HELEN MATHEWS

Debating (4).
Annual Staff.
Junior Play.
Honor Roll.
Class Historian.

*"Has decided opinions of her own, but a
jolly good girl."*



VIRGINIA MILLER

Junior Play.

"Oh, fie upon this single life, forego it!"

ZENA MILLER

Debating (4).

Junior Play.

"A life that moves to worthy ends."

RUTH MOORE

Annual Staff.

Vice-President (1).

Glee Club (4).

Treasurer (3).

Junior Play.

Debating (3).

Honor Roll.

Class Orator.

"She is bright and charming in more than one way."

MARIE O'DELL

*"Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No winter in thy year."*

LAWRENCE OLMSTEAD

Junior Play.

Vice-President (3).

Treasurer (4).

Baseball (2).

Glee Club (4).

Annual Staff.

*"In every deed of mischief,
A mind to contrive, heart to resolve, and a
hand to execute."*

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VESTA MAE OMO

"By diligence she wins her way."



WAYNE RALSTON

Honor Roll.
Football (4).

Class Prophecy.

"A sure head makes a still tongue."



OMAR RENSHAW

*'Tis better to have loved and lost than never
to have loved at all."*



MAUDE SHELLENBERGER

Junior Play.

*"She is constant as the stars that never vary
and more pure than they."*



FRED SMITH

Junior Play.
Football (3), (4).

*"I'm satisfied with myself so why should I
worry?"*



OTTO SMITH

Football (4).
Annual Staff.
Junior Play.

*"I hold my peace, sir?
No; no; I will speak as liberal as the air."*



GULA SNOOK

Honor Roll.
Vice-President (4).
Secretary (3).
Junior Play.
Valedictorian.

*"Charm strikes the sight,
But merit wins the soul."*



EUNICE STAFFORD

Junior Play.

"To judge her right, you well must know her."



REX TYLER

Junior Play.

*"Where pleasure and duty clash,
Let duty go to smash."*



KATHERINE YOEMANS

Junior Play.
Honor Roll.
Aumni Banquet Response.

*"In argument with woman, a man ever
Goes by the worse, whatever be his cause."*



TOP ROW—Moore, Olmsted, Smith, Gaw, King.
 BOTTOM ROW—Mathews, Davison, Miss Sheldon, Adolph, Gray.

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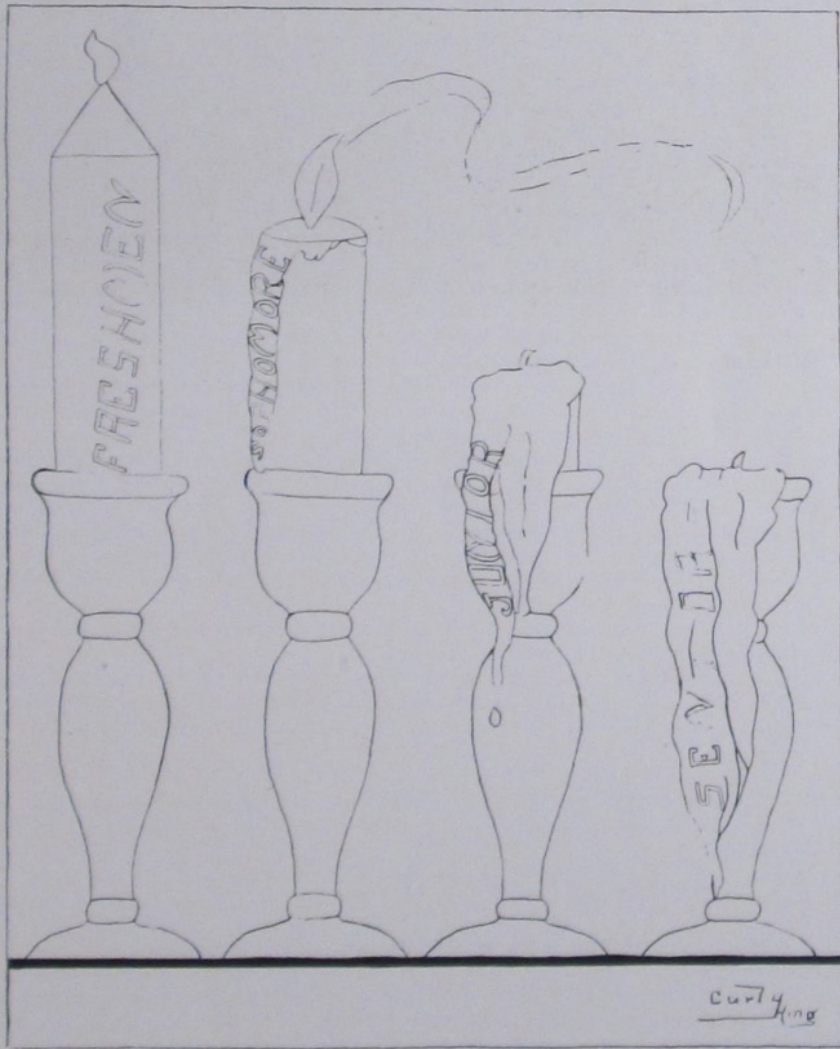
Joke Editor
 LAWRENCE OLMSTEAD

Editorial

When the year of graduation approached, the class of '25 decided to reproduce the efforts that for years had been absent in U. C. H. S. and publish an Annual. It was their desire to do this and leave something besides the memory of those days. It was looked upon as the duty of the Senior class to do this in an appropriate manner to all that were vitally interested in this school of ours. They stepped to the task and the result was the annual known by the title "Les Memoires" (Vol. No. 1).

This book was a success in every way and so greatly was it appreciated by the students that the class of '26 decided to put forth their ability and help to make the publishing of annuals an established tradition at Un'on City High School. It is only fitting that the classes do this for as years come and go, dearer are those days of preparation, and farther away to seek their goal are the acquaintances that were so dear and were so cherished in those four short years that meant so much to us.

School days can not last forever so we set sail, soon as students to be forgotten, but we leave on this day (June 10, 1926) with untold sorrow that can be witnessed only by those that have passed before us.



Une Pensee Pour Demain

(With apologies to Lincoln)

By

HORACE CRANDALL

Two score and seven years ago our predecessors brought forth in this school a new order known as Freshmen and dedicated to the search for Eternal Knowledge. We are now engaged in a great strife for that Knowledge; testing whether that class or any other class, so conceived, and so dedicated, can long endure. We have come to dedicate a portion of our lives as the final step toward the achievement of that knowledge.

It is all together fitting and proper that we should do this; but in a larger sense we can not dedicate, we can not concentrate, we can not absorb that knowledge. Our brave predecessors living and dead have encompassed it far above our poor power to add or detract.

This school will little note, nor long remember what I say here; but it will never forget what they did here. It is for us now as Juniors, to dedicate the remaining portion of our school life to the great task remaining before us.

But before we take up this great undertaking, let us pause for a moment and recall some of the more pleasing of our experiences of the past two and one half years since we entered this school as Freshmen.

CANTO FIRST

It was on a balmy May morning about the fourth day of September in the year of our Lord 1923, that about thirty pupils entered these portals and were thereby declared Freshmen. Thereafter for four long years to be put to work at hard mental labor, on a diet of History, Algebra, and English, with either Latin or General Science as a dessert. At least there were the orders we received to be carried out the first year.

I will not try here to describe the trials and troubles of that year but will endeavor to bring to light the more pleasing incidents.

Sometime about the twentieth of that same September, as I remember, a class meeting was called and the class officers were elected. They were: President, Richard Gaw; Vice-President, Walter Philo; Secretary and Treasurer, Eula Kahler.

Having this off our minds we decided to indulge in a few revelries in the form of class parties. We therefore appointed the following as victims of our choice: La Vendee Adolph, Marjorie Cline, Lucille Hanna, and Mable Brown. Parties were accordingly held at the respective homes of these pupils and some very good and well-to-be-remembered times ensued.

In athletics, as in many Freshmen classes, not much was accomplished. One or two of the fellows succeeded in making the scrub teams but in general there was not much enacted in this time.

There were few pupils who dropped out of the class during the Freshmen year which indicated the high average of the class as a whole.

So ended our Freshmen year with nearly the same thirty pupils that the preceding fall had ushered into old U. C. H. S., now graduating into full fledged Sophomores when next fall they would again enter the wide portals of the Birthplace of Knowledge.

CANTO SECOND

This time it was a wintry December day about the second of September, that in the near vicinity of thirty pupils again marched up the great stone steps which lead to the door of Eternal Knowledge.

This year as before we gathered together to select the leaders for the term. They were: President, Kenneth Lee; Vice-President, Marjorie Brooks; Secretary and Treasurer, Gertrude Ely.

Having had such good luck with the festivities of the preceding year, we planned an equally active time for this year. Accordingly, parties of a very enjoyable nature were held at the homes of the following: Rena Belle Yunt, Harriet Howard, LaVendee Adolph, Gertrude Ely, and Kenneth Lee; also a school party at the Nye Grange Hall sponsored by Juniors. Another special was the debate between the two English classes. Question: "Resolved that country life is more pleasant and profitable than city life." The affirmative side carried off the honors. Refreshments were afterwards served and a jolly time enjoyed by all.

Several pupils were forced for various reasons to leave school during the year, and although they were greatly missed by their classmates, the class was kept moving along smoothly towards its destination.

Athletics began to pick up this year. In football, letters were won by Hooker, Crandall, Kenyon, and Dolbee and in baseball by Hooker, Crandall, Kenyon, Dolbee, Philo, and Lee.

With the closing of the baseball season came the much-looked forward-to vacation. Nearly the same "bunch" as the fall before had entered as Sophomores, was now "turned loose" to be "gathered in" the next fall as real honest-to-goodness Juniors.

(Continued on Page 61)



JUNIORS

President Horace Crandall
Secretary Eula Kahler
Treasurer Wilma Olmsted

CLASS ROLL

Edward Adolph	Richard Gaw
LaVendee Adolph	Grant Hackett
Victor Allwardt	Lucille Hannah
Doris Badger	Eli Hooker
Howard Bard	Lulu Loomis
Majorie Brooks	Harriet Howard
Mable Brown	Eula Kahler
Katherine Brushart	Weed Kenyon
Majorie Cline	Kenneth Lee
Horace Crandall	Katherine Neubauer
Kenneth Dolbee	Wilma Olmsted
Gertrude Ely	Walter Philo
John Flewelling	Grace Wallis
Albertina Gauss	Rena Belle Yunt

Marion Whiting

Fords to Florida

By
ROWENE DENNISON

On September second, 1924, a caravan of fifty Fords gathered at Union City for the first lap of a four-year tour to Florida. At nine o'clock the drivers cranked their Fords and rattled out of town with Miss Cross as guide. We were all greenhorns, unused to the ways of road and camp, but despite this most of us enjoyed the trip.

One night when the drivers were gathered about the campfire we chose our officers: Lynn Long alias Shorty, was elected camp president; Dale Swain, vice-president; Gerald Worden, secretary and treasurer.

Every month the Fords were given the once over by the mechanics we brought with us. Sometimes they proved sound; sometimes they did not.

One night we halted at the Community Grange Hall and enjoyed a Hallowe'en party, our guide and mechanic, Miss Butzer, attending. Cider and doughnuts were served as refreshments.

One day Glen Baylis mired his Ford so deep in the mud that we were forced to go on without him.

November 18th, after halting for the night, Eva Robinson hailed the other drivers and by the flames of her crackling campfire had our second party, with a picnic supper. Miss Butzer and Miss Sheldon dropped their tools long enough to come also.

Next came Christmas and the severe semi-final engine test for the Fords. When we rallied at the call of our guide to continue our journey we discovered that a new Ford driven by Mabel Smith had joined us.

Two weeks later the Fords of Letha Maurer and Neuma Rensch collided on a mountain pass. We pitched the wreckage over the cliff and left it there.

The 14th of February Mabel Smith invited her fellow travelers into her camp for a Valentine party. Refreshments were jello and wafers. All the mechanics were cleaning spark plugs and could not come.

Carl Washburn's car was lost in quicksand one day when we attempted to ford a river.

In the first of March we pulled with another party on the second lap of a Florida journey long enough to give a mock wedding at the Methodist church. Lucille Hannah, a stranger, was picked to be groom and Irma Brunson, one of our own drivers, as bride, while our guide tied the knot.

Then came the catastrophe of David and Lucille Moore. Bandits held them up, ran off with their Fords and forced them to go home broke.

Next, Gerald Worden drove his car over an embankment and fell into the river.

On April 5th we came to an old farm house which we recognized as an ideal place for another party. Refreshments were popcorn and candy. Miss Sheldon, Miss Butzer, and Miss Steele, all mechanics attended to frighten the ghosts away.

In May a track meet was held near us and we entered two athletes, Margaret Smith and Rowene Dennison.

Last came the final engine test for the Fords after which we were given a rest of three months. We spent the time in the same camp on the banks of the River of Life.

September 8th we filled tank and radiator and stood ready for the second lap of our journey. Miss Butzer, former mechanic, was chosen as road guide this time. Our new officers were: Richard Weeks, president; Margaret Glew, vice-president; Arthur Fuller, secretary and treasurer.

There were but thirty-six of us now. Looking around us we saw that six Fords were missing whose owners were Thomas Clark, Maurice Crandall, Winnifred Bell, Violet Salisbury, Lewis Katz, and Lola Dibble. Our old treasurer, Gerald Worden, was back again. Rumor said that someone had fished him out of the river with a hook and sent him on the road again.

Over Rosie Renshaw's quiet campfire we had a second Hallowe'en party. Our merry guide added to the fun.

The Ford engine tests did not prove to be as discouraging this year.

With the aid of our guide we picked two casts of characters and presented two acts of "The Merchant of Venice." The best cast was given a party at the Community Grange Hall. Refreshments proved to be rather scarce—a few sandwiches and a can of beans.

The Ford driven by Lois James suffered a punctured tire and we left her by the road trying to fix it.

With this incident the second lap of our journey is over and we are looking forward to the third, our hearts singing the song of the road to the tune of mosquitos in the Everglades.



SOPHOMORES

<i>President</i>	Richard Weeks
<i>Vice-President</i>	Margaret Glew
<i>Secretary</i>	Arthur Fuller
<i>Treasurer</i>	Arthur Fuller

CLASS ROLL

Nora Blowers	Arthur Fuller	Eva Robinson
Wilfred Boes	Margaret Glew	Genevieve Smith
Ina Brenner	Ethel Gould	Mabel Smith
Donald Bronson	Majorie Gould	Margaret Smith
Irma Brunson	Gwendolyn Hackett	Otis Smith
Mable Burleigh	Bernard Larkin	Dale Swain
Leona Chard	Lynn Long	Gertrude Warren
Lyle Chard	Edna Lott	Margaret Warren
Gertrude Coon	Ray Maurer	Pearl Warsop
Rowene Dennison	Nihl Putnam	Gladys Washburn
Mable Dolbee	Lee Renshaw	Reuben Warsop
Velma Dolbee	Rosie Renshaw	Richard Weeks

Freshmen History

*On the eighth of September we, forty-one pupils,
Began our Freshman year,
With zeal and ambition we started our work
Without one might of fear.*

*On the fourteenth of September we called a meeting
To organize our class.
For leader we chose Miss Steele, a good and lively teacher,
And for our president gay, Arthur Arbogast.*

*For our vice-president we chose Philo Ashley,
"Bill" Hollinger, our secretary;
Then we made Lewis Katz our treasurer, and decided
Soon to have a party merry.*

*Of three happy parties can we, Freshmen, boast.
For good games and lots to eat
Along with a jolly crowd like we Freshmen are
Make one's happiness complete.*

*Many interesting events happened during the year.
And one we'll always remember.
That one was the Freshmen-Senior football game,
Which happened in November.*

*The Seniors told for weeks how they would win the game,
While the Freshmen just prepared,
But when the game was half-over and we were far ahead,
They saw just how they fared.*

*When the fight was ended the score was twenty-six to nothing
In favor of our boys,
And those Seniors were so blue and mad
That they could hardly keep their poise.*

*We were sorry when seven of our classmates left us,
But we couldn't make them stay,
So glad we were when three others came to cheer us,
And here's hopin' they don't go away.*

*Among those who left us was friendly "Bill," our secretary.
Now who should take his place?
That was a new problem as hard to solve as Algebra
Which we pupils had to face.*

*Then a meeting was held to choose his successor.
'Twould be a boy all knew,
For who else has the ambition to do all the work,
And the mental ability too?*

*So, sure enough, when the votes were counted 'twas he,
Ross Pendill by name
Who accepted the office with all that hard work.
Don't you think he was insane?*

*As that's about the last thing that has happened
There's nothing more to tell
Only that we've had a fine time despite the work
And we hope all Freshmen will do as well.*

—Reda Smith.

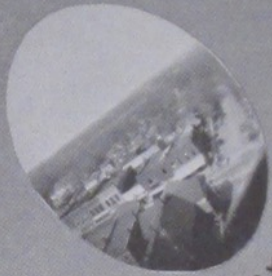


FRESHMEN

President Arthur Arbogast
Vice-President Philo Ashley
Secretary Wilbur Hollinger
Treasurer Lewis Katz

CLASS ROLL

Arthur Arbogast	Lawrence Miller
Frances Ashdown	Marlin Mack
Philo Ashley	George Mathews
Marie Belote	Matthew Mergl
Mable Bolster	Enid Moore
Henry Bullock	Joe Neubauer
Marion Burleigh	Joe Offenbecker
Meda Conkhite	Katherine Parsons
Lola Dibble	Ross Pendill
Dema Drake	Elenor Pullman
Faye Eggleston	Reda Smith
Walter Ely	Dortha Squier
Pansy Engle	Viola Taylor
Marie Esch	Charlotte Wallis
Helen Fuller	Lyle Warsop
Lloyd Kester	Ward Wessel
Charlotte Long	Byron Orton
Hazel Worthington	



ALPINE VIEW



A BEAUTIFUL OUTLOOK



AS WE LEAVE OUR SCHOOL BEHIND



CATCHER NAMED HASKER



CENTER OF ATTRACTION



BUTTERFLY



HIGH SCHOOL TRIO



ACTIVITIES





FIRST ROW—G. Gaw, R. G.; E. Dolbee, R. G.; F. Smith, R. T.; Coach McCamly; Supt. G. S. Foster; K. Dolbee, C.; N. Offienbecker, R. H.
 SECOND ROW—R. Weeks, R. E.; W. Kenyon, R. G.; W. Wessel, L. H.; H. Crandall, Capt., F. B.; M. Mergl, C.; O. Smith, R. G.; K. Lee, L. E.

Football

Union City started the football season with the loss of eight men who had been the main-spring of a winning team in previous years. The backfield was new and there were accidents and difficulties that caused the loss of Joe Offienbecker and Eli Hooker.

Just ten days after the enrollment, we journeyed to Athens to battle that ancient rival in the spirit that will always be a distinguished one. It was a losing battle but fought with a vim that has ever been, and is hoped always will be, a characteristic of U. C. H.S.

It is needless to say that all games were played in a like manner, and though we can not claim as many victories as we would jolly well like to, we are looking ahead to a prosperous season with the loss of but two linemen.

We wish to thank our many sideline friends who were loyal to our efforts, and put up with many a fluke and folly. But winning in football involves winning the respect and confidence of the public, and a victory over one's self that he may profit by the lessons taught on the field where it takes men of pluck and spirit to fight with unity and losing game.

"Such is the glory of winning, for even the winner in any walk of life has troubles." But the lesson in football is an important one for all who wish to profit by it. Winning is not everything, and it is better to have played the game squarely and lost than to have won at the sacrifice of honor.



TOP ROW—Supt. G. S. Foster; Coach McCamley.
 MIDDLE ROW—A. Arbogast, S. B.; K. Lee, L. F.; W. Philo, R. F.; L. Chard, T. B.; W. Kenyon, F. B.
 BOTTOM ROW—J. Offenbecker, S. S.; W. Wessel, P.; E. Hooker, Capt., C.; H. Crandall, C. F.; R. Weeks, L. F.

Baseball

The baseball team of this year started with a group of inexperienced fellows to occupy the positions left by our veterans.

Among these fellows were our fielders and baseman, Arthur Arbogast, Richard Weeks, Joe Offenbecker, Weed Kenyon and Matthew Mergl. Weed Kenyon proved to the team that they surely needed a tall fellow on first base while Joe Offenbecker, Arthur Arbogast, Walter Philo, and Matthew Mergl changed off on positions in the early part of the year. They soon settled down and played brilliant parts all the season.

Among our veterans were Captain Hooker, Ward Wessel, Lyle Chard, Horace Crandall, and Walter Philo all of whom the team relied on a greater part of the season.

This year, as in the past years, Union City High School played for the championship on Field Day. Our teams have been eliminated only once from participating on Field Day since the Branch County Athletic Association was organized.

This same group of fellows are looking forward for a championship team next year.

SCHEDULE

U. C. H. S.	25	Sherwood	10	at Sherwood
U. C. H. S.	8	Quincy	7	at Union City
U. C. H. S.	5	Sherwood	3	at Union City
U. C. H. S.	1	Bronson	17	at Bronson
U. C. H. S.	6	Quincy	7	at Quincy
U. C. H. S.	17	Bronson	3	at Union City
U. C. H. S.	2	Quincy	8	Field Day



TOP ROW—Hagerman, Bronson; Gaw, Capt.; Supt. G. S. Foster; Coach McCamly; Gourly; Crandall.
 MIDDLE ROW—Smith; Dennison; Warsop.
 BOTTOM ROW—Davison; Dolbee; Wessel; Lee.

Track

The Branch County Athletic Association was formed in 1921 and the first field meet was held at Quincy with the result of Union City taking all pennants and over two thirds of the medals. Pio of U. C. winning the all around medal.

In 1922 again showed U. C. an easy winner in field events with Pio again the all around hero. The annual event came around for the third time and was held at Bronson; Union City was unable to bring home any pennants, the all around going to Stettler of Quincy. The next meet was held at Quincy and again U. C. won the track and relay pennants and Ely of U. C. won the all around. The fifth meet was held in U. C. and while U. C. failed by three points to win the much coveted prize track pennant, Davison of U. C. won the prize medal. This year the events were played off at Bronson and U. C. won the track pennant and Davison, who proved to be above the average high school distance runner, easily stored away the all around medal.

Summing up, out of the eighteen pennants for which Union City competed, eight now decorate our assembly and the all around medal has been placed in U. C. every year but one.

To prove that athletes who have gone on before us are of the highest rank; we find Ralph Foster (class '21), high point winner for Ypsilanti track team in '25 and track captain in '26; also Lee Bartlett (class '25), while only a Freshman at Albion College, holding the state record for the javelin throw with a heave of 186 feet, 6 inches, breaking the state record by over twenty-five feet.

Result of Field Meet

Held at Bronson

Boys' 50-Yard Dash

Won by Collins, 6½
Wessel
Hughey

Girls' 50-Yard Dash

Won by Dennison, 9
Smith
Bates

Running High Jump, 5' 4"

Won by Hanchett
Luce
Braatz

Discus Throw, 95' 3"

Won by Kosmerick
Bronson
Lampman

Boys' 100 Yard-Dash, 10"

Won by Davison
Collins
Kosmerick

Girls' 100-Yard Dash, 13¾"

Won by Dennison
Bates
Martin

440-Yard Run, 58¾"

Won by Davison
Penoyer
Russel

Pole Vault

Won by Luce, 9' 7"
Older
Arbogast

12 lb. Shot Put, 41' 7"

Won by Lampman
Kosmerick
Hughey

880-Yard Run, 2' 17"

Won by Davison
Williams
Lee

220-Yard Dash, 27¾"

Won by Collins
Davison
Haughey

Running Broad Jump, 18' 7⅝"

Won by Russel
Davison
Wessel

Girls' Basketball Throw

Won by Badger, 8
Ely

Standing Broad Jump, 9' ⅝"

Won by Gourley
Gaw
Spencer

Javelin Throw, 147' 8½"

Won by Lampman
Crandell
Globensky

Half-Mile Relay

Won by Quincy



TOP ROW—Supt. G. S. Foster; Coach Marion Nelthorpe.
 BOTTOM ROW—G. Davison; H. Mathews; Z. Miller; J. Mathews.

Debating

Interest in debate and oratory in the schools of Michigan increases year by year as is shown by the increasing number of schools taking part and also the larger attendance at the final debate at Ann Arbor. In some of the smaller places which succeeded in entering the semi-finals, spirit ran high and teams were accompanied to distant forums by enthusiastic supporters. This is a healthy symptom; as, in the writer's opinion, no other extra-curricular activity yields greater dividends to the participant.

Union City was somewhat handicapped in debating this year due to keen competition and the fact that new teams had to be developed from inexperienced members. As a result, our teams were not quite as successful as in former years, although they were better trained, thanks to Miss Nelthorpe. Our debate schedule follows:

U. C. H. S.	0	Bronson	4	at Bronson
U. C. H. S.	1	Reading	3	at Union City
U. C. H. S.	1	Colon	3	at Colon
U. C. H. S.	3	Bronson	1	at Union City



TOP ROW—R. Pendill, D. Swain, B. Larkin, R. Gaw, A. Hagerman.
 BOTTOM ROW—J. Flewelling, M. Dovey, K. Neubauer, G. Hackett; Instructor Marion Nelthorpe.

Orchestra

Piano—

Richard Gaw

Violins—

Arthur Hagerman
 Marion Dovey
 Dale Swain
 Katherine Neubauer

Banjo Uke—

Gwendolyn Hackett

Cornet—

John Flewelling

Clarinet—

Ross Pendill

Drums

Bernard Larkin

The High School Orchestra of '25-'26 started in as a continuation of the organization from the previous year. However, orchestrations were new to the people. A great interest was shown in the orchestra by the willingness of the members to always have extra practice. So much credit is due to the organization for the spirit that was shown. By November 11, they were ready to appear in public and did so at the Armistice Day program. After that they played at a number of places—thee included: Burlington Community Club; Sherwood, Fathers and Sons Banquet; Nye Grange Hall; Masonic Hall; Woodman Hall; and several entertainments.

On May 13, the orchestra entered the State Contest at Kalamazoo, where they competed with nine counties. The set piece was "Marche Militaire" by Shubert, a rather difficult number for such small instrumentation. But the orchestra was placed third, which we considered very good in comparison with the forty and fifty piece orchestras of other schools with which they competed.



Girls' Glee Club

The Girls' Glee Club was organized the third week of school when the following officers were elected: President, Ruth Moore; Secretary and Treasurer, Genevieve Smith. Three part work was started immediately, and the girls made their first appearance at an Armistice Day entertainment in the Congregational church. Other occasions at which they sang during the year were Women's Tuesday Club, Debate, Nye Grange, and at the Colonial Entertainment.

On May thirteenth, twelve of the Glee Club girls were selected to enter the state music contest at Kalamazoo, where they placed second, competing with thirteen counties. The fourth of June the entire Glee Club formed the chorus for the operetta, "Windmills of Holland."

PERSONNEL

First Sop.—

Genevieve Smith
Irma Brunson
Gwendolyn Hackett
Enid Moore
Charlotte Wallis

Eleanor Pullman
Edna Lott
Rena Belle Yunt
La Vendee Adolph
Pearl Warsop
Gertrude Coon
Meda Cronkhite
Eva Robinson

Second Sop.—

Lola Dibble
Marion Whiting

Alto—

Nora Blowers
Lucille Hanna
Goldine Kingston
Ruth Moore

Pianist Marion Dovey



Boys' Glee Club

Last fall seventeen of the high school boys organized a Boys' Glee Club under the direction of Miss Marion Nelthorpe, Supervisor of Music. None of the boys had done part work so it was necessary to start in at the very beginning. After the interest in music had been aroused by unison songs such as "Tinkers Song" from Robin Hood and "Soldiers' Chorus" from Faust, the boys started on two part work learning "The Sea" by Handel. Later they did two three part numbers; "The Open Road" by Fearis, and "Songs We Love" by Fearis.

Much interest was shown by the boys considering the conflict due to athletics after school at night when it was necessary to have our practice. Although a great number of the boys are Seniors, and it will be a loss to the Club, it is hoped that four-part work can be done next year.

PERSONNEL OF THE CLUB

Willard Adolph
 Philo Ashley
 Everett Dolbee
 Leo Esch
 Arthur Fuller
 Richard Gaw
 George Gaw
 Wilbur Fisk

Arthur Hagerman
 Eli Hooker
 Lewis Katz
 Lloyd Kester
 Lynn Long
 Lawrence Olmsted
 Dale Swain
 Ward Wessel

Bernard Larkin

SOCIAL CALENDAR

SEPTEMBER

- September 8.—School opens with usual conflicts. Coach McCamley issues first call for football candidates.
- September 9.—Senior colors go up. Twenty-two men out for football practice.
- September 10.—Senior class meeting. Gerald Davison re-elected president.
- September 11.—Coach "Doke" tries to ripen a green team in time to play Athens.
- September 16.—Senior class meeting; Miss Sheldon is elected class advisor.
- September 17.—Football hopes are high. Tomorrow the team will battle their most ardent rival, Athens.
- September 18.—School let out one hour early for Union City-Athens game. We won by a forfeit.
- September 29.—Numerous county fairs bring with them a faint hope of an eleventh hour compromise—to leave school just for a day.

OCTOBER

- October 2.—Homer wins the football game by one touchdown; final score being 6 to 0.
- October 5.—Another Senior party.
- October 9.—Eli Hooker knows it all so leaves school to take up the ministry. Tekonsha plays U. C. here. History repeats itself.
- October 21.—Freshmen start preparing for Senior-Freshmen football game.
- October 23.—Union City plays Tekonsha there.
- October 26.—Plans are being made for an interesting party Hallowe'en night. All that is lacking now is a leader.
- October 31.—By acclamation no special one is chosen leader so a Stag Hallowe'en party is held one mile north of town. A good time is reported by all who attended, also slight damages.

NOVEMBER

- November 4.—Edward Kindig quits to go to work.
- November 5.—Quincy plays U. C. here.
- November 10.—Virginia Miller after buying several bottles of perfume to kill the scent of a certain fur-bearing animal, gives up the attempt and quietly goes home.
- November 20.—After very little preparation, we debated Bronson and consequently lost. We play Quincy here.
- November 25.—Miss Steele is absent; a vacation for some.
- November 26.—Athens game here. Same old thing.

DECEMBER

- December 2.—Sheriff Doc. Hill visits school to call to court the offenders, namely Otto Smith, Rex Tyler, Arthur Fuller, and Lawrence Olmsted, to atone for damages done by their Hallowe'en pranks.
- December 3.—Everyone has paid up except one young gentleman who is still having trouble with the Sheriff over the sum of \$5.50 and a receipt.

December 4.—All paid up, even the young gentleman.

December 11.—Reading-Union City debates here. Score 2 to 1.

December 22.—The Sophomores entertain the high school by dramatizing selection from "Merchant of Venice."

December 23.—School lets out for vacation. Something unusual—Christmas comes on the 25th this year and lasts all day.

JANUARY

January 1—"Rip" Hagerman takes a strange girls to a dance.

January 10.—The annual banquet for the football boys is given by the Senior girls.

January 15.—"Rip" Hagerman has a few very serious outside family troubles.

January 20, 21, 22.—Semester Exams. Seniors have sleepless nights.

January 24.—The Chard and Renshaw engagement is broken by a few harsh words, but we hope the cloud will pass over in time.

January 26.—Pastor Eli Hooker decides he is not quite fit educationally to be a leader of wayward people so re-enters school.

January 27.—Seniors have visions of a party.

FEBRUARY

February 1.—Football monograms were awarded to those who deserved them.

February 3.—Juniors start the annual "pow-wow" over their play.

February 9.—The girls in the Glee Club buy pins.

February 11.—Mr. McCamly goes before the Woman's Club and gives a chemical demonstration.

February 12.—Miss Butzer wonders why the flags are out.

Union City Debating Team takes Bronson into camp with a score of 2 to 1 in favor of Union City.

February 17.—When it comes to gathering in advertising, Willard Adolph and Gerald Davison remain supreme.

February 18.—Horace Crandall tells Marion Whiting that when in Chemistry Lab. if she wishes a thing well done, do it herself.

February 20.—Mr. McCamley saw a good looking lady coming down the street in a car, and there was no possible way to stop her except by backing into her.

MARCH

March 5.—A party of young people motored to Tekonsha to hear a debate which was held the night before.

March 6. (Friday 4:00 P. M.)—That weekly visitor from Albion is being entertained in room "B—."

March 13.—The teachers are worn out chaperoning Senior parties.

March 17.—St. Patrick's Day—Some very beautiful costumes were displayed.

March 24.—"Rip" Hagerman reports that his horse ran away owing to the fact that it became frightened over a little thing like a road grader, but we believe that "Rip" himself was excited after passing Elvetta Gray.

March 25-26.—The Junior Play, "When the Clock Strikes Twelve," a howling success.

March 26-April 5.—Spring vacation.

APRIL

- April 5.—Everyone present again, even to Miss Sheldon.
April 6.—Mr. McCamly announces that May 5 there will be a Field Meet between Freshmen and Juniors, and Sophomores and Seniors.
April 8.—Irene Davison demonstrates the Charleston today.
April 14.—Doke still has baseball practice but they have to use gloves, because it is so cold.
April 15.—Marian Whiting experimenting in Chemistry, measures atmospheric pressure in Centigrade degrees.
April 16.—Sherwood-Union City. We won the battle 25 to 10.
April 23.—Quincy here. We won 8 to 7.
April 30.—Bronson there. We lost 17 to 1.

MAY

- May 3.—Juniors and Freshmen compete against Seniors and Sophomores in a field meet.
May 4.—Field meet still rages on.
May 5.—Scores of the field meet announced. Seniors and Sophomores won.
May 7.—Sherwood here. We won 5 to 3.
May 11.—Everybody on the job practicing for track and baseball.
May 14.—Quincy there. We lost, 7 to 6 in twelfth inning.
May 17.—Still practicing.
May 21.—Bronson here. Union City makes another victory, 17 to 3. We can win.
May 26.—Everybody working hard for Field Day.
May 28.—Friday Mr. McCamly warns the boys not to stay out late.
May 29.—Field Day.

JUNE

- June 1-3.—Everybody working hard on review.
June 4.—Operetta.
June 5.—Junior Reception.
June 7, 8, 9.—Some very sad faces appear owing to the Exam.
June 10.—Commencement.
June 11.—Last day of school. Alumni High School baseball game.

FOOTBALL BANQUET

At the close of the football season the team was entertained by the Senior girls in a most fitting and appropriate manner with a banquet held in the basement of the Methodist church. It was here that the downcast spirits were kindled to a new temperature, stimulated with new energy and vim which it is hoped, will carry the team on to a success in future engagements of life's long fight.

The program, which proved to be a very interesting one, on the popular subject, "Radio," was as follows:

<i>Toastmistress</i>	Miss Ima Sheldon
<i>Broadcasting</i>	Supt. G. S. Foster
<i>Tuning In</i>	Coach M. W. McCamly
<i>Static</i>	Capt. H. Crandall
<i>Station U. C. H. S.</i>	Ruth Moore
<i>Receiving</i>	Kenneth Dolbee
<i>Signing Off</i>	Gula Snook

SENIOR ROSTER

Names	Nick Names	Pet Expression	Favorite Occupation	Favorite Song
Willard Adolph	Willie	Well, Bah Jove	Ringin a bell	Pal of My Cradle Days
Marguerite Burker	Mag	Oh, dear	Studying	Roll 'em, girls
Gerald Davison	Rev.	Good grief	Writing to Betty	I'm sitting on top of the world
Irene Davison	Aunt Abigail	My goodness	Discussing Evolution	All alone
Everett Dolbee	Ev.	I know but I can't think	Running themes	Show me the way to go home
Marion Dovey	Dolly	Oh, hin	Writing themes	Keep your shirts down, Mary Ann
Leo Esch	Israel	Oh?	Arguing	Knee deep in daisies
Wilbur Fisk	Frisky	Oh, my sakes!	Getting stuck in the mud	Say, mister!
George Gaw	Gawky	Eek!	Translating French	I wonder where my baby is
George Gourley	Gorlic	Ain't that aggravatin'	Giggling	Don't bring Lulu
Elveta Gray	Betty	Peachy Corky	Answering the telephone	Thanks for the buggy ride
Arthur Hagerman	Emery	Four double-o-three	Having dates	That certain party
Marjorie Hamp	Fudge	Jimmy Crickets	Transcribing Shorthand	Follow the swallow
Lillian King	Curly	Hot Dog	Talking to newsboys	Then I'll be happy
Helen Mathews	Helena	My word	Riding in an Overland Six	Who
Virginia Miller	Ginny	Oh, boy	Hair-dressing	Let me call you sweetheart
Zena Miller	Zam	Cotton Flannel	Sputtering	Dearie, please don't be angry
Ruth Moore	Moss	Lawsy	Acting as an arbitrator	Hi diddle diddle
Marie O'Dell	Speedy	For Gosh Sakes	Talking	Who'll take care
Laurence Olmsted	Umpy	Hot Ziggity	Working	Blue Danube Waltz
Vesta Mae Oms	Besty	Good night	Stealing window seats	Sweet man
Wayne Ralston	Shorty	Hey	Answering questions	Don't wake me up
Omar Renshaw	Thumpy	Aw	Robbing the cradle	I love my baby
Maud Shellenberger	Maudie	For Pete's sake	Writing notes	Prisoners' song
Fred Smith	Fritz	My gosh	Throwing paper wads	After I say I'm sorry
Otto Smith	Ot	Damfino	Talking with Miss Butzer	Five foot two, eyes of blue
Gula Snook	Snookie	Pety Dink	Puckering her lips	Sweet child
Eunice Stafford	Frenchie	You don't say	Keeping late hours	Sleepy time, gal
Rex Tyler	Rexall	Pretty good, eh baw?	Making over Fords	Will ya, huh?
Katherine Yoemans	Smiles	It says so in the book	Talking in Physics class	There's Yes Yes in your eyes

Dedicated to the memory of

John Bishop

Member of the Class of '84
Union City High School

Who, from his graduation until his death, December 21, 1925, was a loyal member of the Alumni Association, present, when possible, at its reunions, a booster for its interests and a loyal guardian of its friendships. "A fellow of infinite jest." He will be missed when we gather about the banquet table or clasp hands in friendly greeting.

The Alumni Association

The Alumni Association of the Union City High School had its beginning at a reception given by the class of 1884 at the home of Janette E. Corbin. The first official record carries a date of 1887 at which time a constitution and by-laws were adopted. The first meeting was held at the high school building, but subsequent meetings outgrew this building and meetings have been held elsewhere since the early '90's. The class of 1926 will bring the Association membership to nearly 700.

The present officers of the Association are as follows:

PresidentErta Kimball '00
Vice-PresidentCarle Smith Gaw '97
SecretaryFannie Bailey Ashdown '92
TreasurerProsper W. Johnson '20
ToastmasterOra L. Smith '00
Executive Committee ...Grace Gaw Miller '98, Jessie R. Morrill '99, Ralph Day '18

ALUMNI FIELD

Realizing the needs of more adequate facilities for the promotion of athletics in the school, the Alumni Association last year purchased the old "Davis Field", raising the funds by voluntary subscription among the members. The field was purchased and turned over to the local school for a permanent athletic field and renamed "Alumni Field."

The present plans call for another fund by which the field will gradually be equipped, to make it a most modern athletic field. And future graduating classes will no doubt leave suitable memorials in the shape of equipment and other items for the field or fund.

"Speeditis"

(Toast given by Hubert E. Bell, Class of 1894 at the Alumni reunion held June 20, 1924.)

"Speeditis" is what ails the "DEAR GENERAL PUBLIC" when the D. G. P. doesn't know WHAT ails it. It is the disease that causes the public to rush madly from the place where it IS to the place where it AIN'T, in search of that which it thinks it wants, but which it soon wishes to blaze it didn't have. It is that which explains why the Dear General Public went courting day before yesterday, got married yesterday, and got a divorce today. In short, Speeditis is the BIG UNREST which has attacked our "body politic", and which finds expression in symptoms which are many and various.

In the treatment of this disease, numerous remedies have been tried; but—as the learned Doctors would say—"the speeditis bug has not been definitely isolated as yet, and the treatment of this obscure malady is still in the experimental stage."

A few years ago the dentists and M. D.'s called a council of Doctors. They examined the patient, took an X-ray photograph, and ordered that the Public's teeth should be pulled. One kind old lady who had not yet heard this decision, went to her family doctor for advice. After the preliminaries were over, the doctor said: "Well, Auntie, your symptoms are very pronounced; the FIRST thing to be done is to remove all your teeth." "Very well, Doctor," replied Auntie, handing him both upper and lower plates, "here they be; now what's NEXT?"

Soon events proved that not all the ills to which human flesh is heir were due to infected tooth sockets and diseased tonsils. In the course of time, a full-fledged epidemic of appendicitis appeared, and now the aforesaid General Public rushed with all speed to the operating table to have its appendix removed. Soon thereafter, the ladies of our Sewing Circles and Wednesday Clubs were bringing their "appendices" to the club meetings in bottles for the purposes of comparison and differentiation.

But still, the abnormal symptoms persisted; the Public's pulse was still rapid; so other remedies must be tried out. And so it came to pass that our vertebrae were yanked into place, and our spinal columns stiffened up a bit; the fat were taught to "reduce to music", the lean were taught to "fletcherize," and our yeast factories were forced to work overtime to supply the demand for vitamins.

But alas, alas, the Psycho-analysts began to work on the problem. They soon made it plain (to themselves) that what ailed the General Public was not organic disease. The trouble was in our "think tanks." What we needed was amusement, diversion, recreation, and a continual series of new sensations and thrills. So our dance halls were put on the 24-hour schedule, our vaudevilles, theatres and movies were pressed into the service; and thrills were handed to the Patient until he yelled for shock absorbers.

Then when nerves were on the ragged edge, and lines of dissipation began to appear, the BEAUTY DOCTORS undertook to save our women folk. "What you need," said they, "is dress reform and some skillful camouflage. Discard your corsets, shorten your skirts, remove the sleeves from your gowns, build your blouses with a BACK exposure; paint up ('Save the surface, and you save all'); take that schoolgirl complexion with you wherever you go, and whenever you chance to be in a public place, dab your nose, and rouge up. Cut off your hair, and pull out your eyebrows; buy yourselves some cigarettes, connect with some trustworthy bootlegger, grab a walking stick, and—by all means—learn to spit through your teeth."

But—by the SHADES IMMORTAL—it seems that the BEAUTY DOCTOR overdid it. Mere man is beginning to wonder "WHAT NEXT"? It may be necessary to call upon the present Congress to "INVESTIGATE" this situation. A thorough "PROBE" by that august body might result in the isolation of the speeditis bug. And then—if President Coolidge shouldn't veto it—it would be up to the World Court to take action on it.

Commencement

STRAND OPERA HOUSE

June 10, 1923

<i>Class March</i>	Marion Dovey
<i>Invocation</i>	Rev. A. A. Allington
<i>Salutatory</i>	Marion Dovey
<i>History</i>	Helen Mathews Irene Davison
<i>Violin Solo</i>	Arthur Hagerman
<i>Class Poem</i>	Lillian King
<i>Prophecy</i>	George Gaw Wayne Ralston
<i>Oration</i>	Ruth Moore
<i>Music</i>	Quartet
<i>Class Will</i>	Marjorie Hamp
<i>President's Address</i>	Gerald Davison
<i>Junior Response</i>	Horace Crandall
<i>Music</i>	Richard Gaw
<i>Giftatory</i>	Willard Adolph
<i>Valedictory</i>	Gula Snook
<i>Class Song</i>	Arthur Hagerman Elvetta Gray
<i>Presentation of Diplomas</i>	Supt. G. S. Foster
<i>Benediction</i>	Rev. A. A. Allington

Class History of 1926

Helen Mathews and Irene Davison

Enter, Helen dressed in gingham, having rake and basket of seeds.

Planting some seeds.

Enter Irene dressed in same: Good morning.

Helen: Good morning.

Irene: What are you doing?

Helen: I'm working in my garden of memories. I'm planting a flower for each member of our class of '26. You belong to our class, why don't you help me?

Irene: Surely, I was just wishing I had something to do, but what have you planted?

Helen: Here are For-get-me-nots and this Rose, they are for Marion and Ruth, who started in the first grade in this school together.

Irene: Marion was so wistful, and Ruth was always so jolly wasn't she? Do you remember how Mr. McCamly could hardly put up with you two? Oh that reminds me, Ruth was Vice-President of our Freshmen class, Secretary and Treasurer of our Sophomore class, and Treasurer the third year.

Helen: This Daisy is for Eunice who entered in the sixth grade. Otto and Fred Smith joined us next, so I have planted a bittersweet for Otto and a Dandelion for Fred, as I thought it suited them best.

Irene: I believe Otto was Editor-in-Chief of our Les Memoires wasn't he? We had lots of trouble publishing that Annual didn't we? But it was fine when completed. Didn't Maude and Marguerite come to us just after that?

Helen: Yes, and I have planted a violet and Lily-of-the-Valley for them. These two flowers are so shy and sweet. Don't you remember that sales campaign and party at Marguerite's?

Irene: Yes, didn't we have a wonderful time? Zena was next, you must have planted a Tiger Lily for her, you know it would be such a pretty match for her hair, and—

Helen: Yes, that is exactly what I planted. (Sigh.) Now here we are to our Freshman year, there were several of us entered at that time. I'm going to make one big garden for that year. Who shall we begin with?

Irene: Oh, let's begin with Gula, she was Valedictorian of our class, because of that we ought to plant a Star of Bethlehem for her. She was always one of the kind that you could not flatter. She was Vice-President of our Senior year and Secretary of our Junior year also.

Helen: I know what we'll do, we'll plant a Tulip for Arthur and Elvetta. My! that romance grew up very suddenly in our Senior year. They were a fine pair, weren't they? And we always thought so much of them, too.

Irene: Yes, and if Elvetta wanted him to, he would take the whole school to social affairs. Take for instance the ball game at Quincy. (think.) Suppose we plant a Blue-Bell for Willard Adolph in honor of Rena Belle, we'll plant it right here beside Arthur and Elvetta. There, that's fine.

Helen: Then Gerald who was President of our Junior and Senior years. He was the all around Athlete of the county in both his Junior and Senior years. Let me see! Didn't he have a nickname?

Irene: Yes, Rev.

Helen: Then why not plant a Jack-in-the-Pulpit for him? Virginia Miller entered that year too, didn't she?

Irene: Yes, and I believe a Lady Slipper would be appropriate for her. I wonder if she is a stage dancer by this time? You know that was her ambition. (Sigh.) As I was walking through the fields the other day I saw a Lily which reminded me of Lillian, why not plant that for her?

Helen: Yes! and wasn't she one of George Gaw's specials? I had decided to plant a Rattle-Box flower for him and Rex. They always did their bit toward entertaining their neighbors.

Irene: Do you remember how reserved Vesta Mae used to be? But we all liked her. We will plant an Aster for her. Omar was sort of sedate too, he put in my memory book that his utmost desire was to be a minister, so I think that an Elder Berry would be best.

Helen: Wilbur, the "sheik" of our class, was the one who took Rowene Dennison from Omar. (Sigh.) He was much noted for his ability along such lines. We'll plant Honeysuckle for him, they're so sweet you know. Everett and Wayne were the last but not least to enter with us in the Freshmen year. The only thing I can think of that would be suitable is a Bachelor Button.

Irene (Wandering over to the bench and sitting down): Where did we have our first party? Wasn't it at Everett's? (Thinking.) No, it was at U. S. Robinson's and we all had a good time, as far as I can remember, and then the next one was a sleigh ride party, I believe.

Helen: Yes, and there was one at the Methodist church. George Gaw was President that year, and Ruth was Vice-President, then LaMoin was Secretary and Treasurer, but she dropped into Matrimony. John Wedel and Louise O'Dell entered with us, and they rushed on ahead, so graduated with the class of '25.

Irene: Now we come to the Sophomore year, but I don't think that we had any additions or subtractions. Do you? I believe Louise was President and Vivian Vice-President. Louise had a party, but I don't know much about it because I wasn't there, neither do I remember about LaMoin's. (Think.) It was in the year 1924 that Vivian left us wasn't it? Then she went to Battle Creek Business College.

Helen: Oh, yes! and at the end of the year we had a picnic at Maddison Lake. It was a very cold day but we had a nice time. I'm sure that they were all the interesting events of our Sophomore year. Then our Junior year was most eventful. But say, (getting up), we had better get to work. You know we have not planted flowers for the people that united with us then. Seems to me Katherine came from Missouri to us. What about a Wake Robin for her, she was always so cheerful.

Irene: Then George Gourley came from Indiana, we'll plant a Cowslip for him because we knew he would turn into a prosperous farmer and dairyman. Now comes the Burlington couple. I believe Marjorie was one of them, I think a Wind Flower would be best suited to her. She was Valedictorian of her class at Burlington, and why not a Bachelor's Button for Leo, he had good prospects.

Helen (both sitting down): Don't you remember the good times we had in our Junior year? We had a good time at your party didn't we? But we had the best time of all practicing our Junior play. It was hard work practicing night after night but I believe we all had some very enjoyable evenings. Wasn't that a wonderful play, the name of it was "Engaged by Wednesday." I believe the best character in it was Martin Henry, Lawrence Olmstead, the laziest man in the country.

Irene: Yes, yes, it was all very nice but we must hasten, as we have Marie and Nina yet to plant.

Helen: Oh! that's right.

Irene: I see just one place to put them, and that's right over in the corner. We'll add clover. They were so unobtrusive. Now our Senior year is finished. There! that's settled, and the garden is all planted. Arthur had a party didn't he? And Elvetta acted as hostess. We all had a very good time though, in spite of the rainy weather. Well! I must be going, it is getting late, and must be almost dinner time too.

Helen: Well! I am so glad you came in to help me, or I don't know when I would have got the flowers planted.

Irene: I hope the garden grows nicely. Good bye.

Helen: Yes, I must go in the house. Good bye.

Finis

Class Prophecy

(George Gaw and Wayne Ralston)

Time—2:00 A. M.—1933.

Scene—Anybody's house.

Two burglars W. R. and G. G. enter the house. They back up cautiously and bump into each other.

W. R.: "Hands up!"

G. G.: "Just try that yourself bo, and see that they're good and up."

W. R.: "Just for that you're a goner."

G. G.: "So're you."

W. R.: "Wow!"

G. G.: "Me, too!"

(Turn around with backs to each other.)

W. R.: "Oh! The blood is runnin' all over me face."

G. G.: "Aw shut up! You hain't half as dead as I am."

W. R.: "Oh! I'm dying!—Come and help me."

G. G.: "I suppose I'll have to—Say your voice sounds familiar."

W. R.: "Aw go on and quit your fooling. I tell you I'm dying."

G. G.: "Say! You aren't even hurt. Ain't you Wayne Ralston?"

W. R.: "Sure I am—but what is that to you?"

G. G.: "Well I'm George Gaw that graduated in '26 from U. C. H. S. with you."

W. R.: "Don't bother me—I'm dying."

G. G.: "Oh stop that line—All the matter with you is that you're all wet."

W. R.: "Well! Didn't you shoot me?"

G. G.: "Yes, but just with water."

W. R.: "I ain't dying then?"

G. G.: "No, you Sap—Be yourself and tell me what you know about the rest of the class."

W. R.: "So I'm not dying—If it really was water maybe I can talk—What was it you asked me?"

G. XG.: "What do you know about Fisk or Esch, or any of the old class of '26?"

W. R.: "Haven't you seen Wilbur in the movies?—Why he's the sheik of Hollywood and gets married and divorced once about every three months. And the last I heard of Esch was that he had started a dancing school where he bars the wearing of stiff collars and he was showing Maude Shellenberger how to get a kick out of music."

G. G.: "So Maude really learned to dance—Say the other night I tried to rob a swell apartment down here on the Avenue and got into a room and there sat Rip and Elvetta on the davenport looking up the price of butter and eggs in Chicago."

W. R.: "Chicago—That reminds me that Katherine Yeomans is broadcasting from station B. V. D. tonight at 11:00 and Marie O'Dell is accompanying her."

G. G.: "When I hear Marie's name it always reminds me of Nina Post. Did you know that she sells tickets for Ringling Bros. and Omar Renshaw, the best lion tamer of the world, is with the circus too. He started in the first of his Senior year when he was rushing one of those Sophomore girls."

W. R.: "I wonder what became of Gourley?"

G. G.: "Why! I read in the paper the other day that Mrs. George Gourley, formerly Irene Davison, was giving a very swell house party at their country estate in Hoboken. Africa and Helen Mathews one of Princeton's Mathematicians, Vesta Mae Omo a ballet dancer, Marion Dovey who poses for Luck Tiger hair tonic, and Ruth Moore an English teacher in Paris, were to be her guests for the summer."

W. R.: "Yes, I saw that too, and did you know that her chauffeur was Rex Tyler?"

G. G. (Coughs): "Where are my cough drops?—Oh here they are. Did you ever take these? They are made by the Smith Bros. of Union City and guaranteed to cure everything from mumps to bunions."

W. R.: "Yeah—The last time that I was in Union City I went to see Otto and Fred and when I got to the office I found Gerald Davison as office boy and Zena Miller and Marguerite Burkher were stenographers for the firm."

G. G.: "When were you there?"

W. R.: "Oh—In the fall."

G. G.: "I went to Union City in the summer and saw Willard Adolph the speed cop of the city stop a Marmon which Lillian King the great artist, was driving and she had Gula Snook, the Mayor of the City; Eunice Stafford, her chief assistant; and Virginia Miller, her maid, along for the ride. They were fined \$500 and all had to spend the night in jail."

W. R.: "Say, that's where we will be unless we get a move on."

(Two cops seize them from behind and drag them out.)

Class Will

(*Marjorie Hamp*)

In behalf of my client, the Class of 1926 of Union City High School, I have called you together upon this solemn occasion to listen to her last will and testament, and to receive from her dying hand the few gifts that she has to bestow in her last moments. As a result of this announcement, a wild scene took place amidst most frantic pleading among her friends for this or that so long coveted glory; but she has tried to be just, as well as generous and impartial, and distribute wisely unto those who will make the best use of such gifts as she has in her power to bestow. Owing to the flighty condition of her brain and unusual disturbance in its gray matter, she begs me to state for her that she may quite possibly have been mistaken in her inventory; but such things as she thinks she has, she hereby gives into your possession, praying that you will accept them as a sacred trust from one who has gone before. Listen, then, one and all, while I read the document as duly drawn up and sworn to:

"We, the Class of 1926 of Union City High School, of the city of Union, county of Branch, State of Michigan, being about to pass out of this sphere of education in full possession of sound mind and memory and considering the UNCERTAINTY of this FRAIL and transitory life, do therefore make, ordain, publish and declare this our last will and testament; hereby revoking and making void all former wills or promises by us at any time heretofore made or mayhap carelessly spoken one to the other as the thoughtless wish of an idle hour.

"First: We constitute and direct that our Executrix, hereinafter named, pay all our just debts and funeral expenses as soon after our decease as conveniently may be.

"Second: We direct the full settlement of our just debts to the faculty by all under-graduates.

"Third: After payment of such funeral expenses and debts, we give, devise, and bequeath to the faculty a free hand in every known method and the long, tedious hours of questions and answers which will be necessary to make Seniors out of the Juniors.

"We also realize that many things we have imparted were entirely new to them as well as the rest of mankind. If this information could be spread to the uttermost parts of the earth it might transform many benighted souls; so we hereby authorize the faculty to spread this information wherever it will accomplish the greatest good to the greatest number.

"Fourth: We wish to display our generosity of heart by the following bestowal to our successors, the Juniors.

"To Horace Crandall, a supply of Arthur Hagerman's brilliant ties and Leo Esch's stiff collars.

"To Katherine Brushart, Lillian King's discarded compacts.

"To Doris Badger, Katherine Yoeman's seat in Literature class.

"To LaVendee Adolph, Virginia Miller's switches to assist in letting her hair grow out.

"To Marion Whiting, Ruth Moore's interest in French class.

"To Kenneth Lee, Gerald Davison's arguments.

- "To Mable Brown, Vesta Mae Omo's avoirdupois.
- "To Rena Belle Yunt, the sweet smiles of Willard Adolph.
- "To John Flewelling, Marguerite Burkher's art of tranquility, sedateness and composure, that his future teachers may be spared the trouble of speaking to him.
- "To Richard Gaw, Elvetta Gray's pet word 'idiosyncrasies.'
- "To Marjorie Brooks, Irene Davison's giggle, if it isn't already worn out.
- "To Kenneth Dolbee, George Gourley's red hair, his voice and temper thrown in free.
- "To Walter Philo, a pillow from Eunice Stafford to make his naps in class more comfortable.
- "To Weed Kenyon, Wayne Ralston's height, or rather the lack of same.
- "To Edward Adolph, the popularity with the Sophomore girls, formerly possessed by Wilbur Fisk and Omar Renshaw.
- "To Grace Wallis, Otto Smith's overwork.
- "To Eli Hooker, Nina Post's will power, that he may abstain from such arguments as might prove harmful 'and sech as 'at 'ere.'
- "To Lula Loomis, Helen Mathew's modesty.
- "To Wilma Olmstead, Gula Snook's sunny disposition.
- "To Katherine Newbauer, Maude Shellenberger's perfect attendance.
- "To Howard Bard, Marie O'Dell's speed.
- "To Eula Kahler, Rex Tyler's lack of work.
- "To Lucile Hanna and Albertina Gauss, that great knowledge possessed only by the Seniors of Shorthand class.
- "To Gertrude Ely, Marion Dovey's curls.
- "To Marjorie Cline, Fred Smith's discounted marks in bookkeeping.
- "To Harriet Howard, the extra length of Zena Miller's dresses.
- "To John Mathews, George Gaw's choice of words, expressions, enumerated as follows: smash, squash, and feed 'em a lotta air.
- "To Grant Hackett, Everett Dolbee's extra flowers for use in Botany class.

"Fifth: To the Sophomores and Freshmen we give, devise, and bequeath the absolute necessity of hard work; of burning m'dnight oil; of remaining home from shows; of giving up moonlight strolls; of forgetting wiener roasts and play parties; of casting aside pretty and winome girls; and of having the ability to answer all questions asked them in class, if they are to realize in due time the high and exalted position of Seniors.

"Sixth: To our beloved Superintendent we give, devise, and bequeath our deepest reverence, our sincere affections and our heartiest gratitude. During the years we have spent in this school he has taken the keenest interest in our welfare as individuals and as a class; so as a partial payment of the debt of gratitude we owe him, we give him a first mortgage on the glittering reputations and stupendous achievements which the great mysterious future has in store for us. May he watch with satisfaction every step of our journey, each victory, each success and honor that we may win, but may his eyes be turned the other way when we make failures or fall from the high standards he has set for us.

"Lastly, we do nominate and appoint our principal, Miss Sheldon, as Executrix of this our last Will and Testament.

"In Witness Whereof, We have set our hand and seal this tenth day of June, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and twenty-six."

(Signed) THE SENIORS.

Witnesses:

Frank Chaffee.

James (Doc) Hill.

Valedictory

(By Gula Snook)

Education is a process to which mankind is submitted consciously or unconsciously all his life. It begins in the cradle and death finds it still unfinished. We are prone to think of institutions of learning as some sort of canneries to which students are sent, and with but little effort on their part are automatically filled and sealed for future usefulness. It is of far more importance to cultivate the mind, than store the memory. To educate means to bring out, or to develop the intellectual, moral, and religious faculties of the soul. An education, therefore, is not something that is done formally with the aid of books and instructions, but it is rather the result of one's own reaction to his environment. The educated man or woman is the person who sails with observing eyes down life's seas. No matter in what course he may travel, if he sees, and gives deep thought to the things about him, he is an educated person.

But would we call the man whose mind is only a storehouse of unsystematized facts gathered from the fields of books a truly educated man? Surely, he is only a parasite living from the fruits of other people's plantings.

To such a man our radio would have seemed ten years ago as a childish fancy. Through the observers and thinkers, that dream has been realized, and through education many other of our modern dreams will materialize. Without our foreseeing, broadminded men, men who were so determined in their ambitions that they turned deaf ears to the voice of critics, what stage of civilization would we be living in today? May we use our eyes and minds, which our school has taught us to develop, to learn some of nature's secrets which are so old yet so new.

As we launch tonight into life's luring seas, our hearts are beating at more than normal rate, for who can be calm when he hears the enchanting call of those Sirens of the sea? Whose eyes will not glow with fire at the thought of entering an entirely new experience? An experience so filled with surprises that you cannot determine your path a short way ahead?

But along with these exciting thoughts come graver questions, questions which only time can answer. Through which waters will we be sailing ten years from now? What fogs, and storms will we have to encounter? Will any lives be shipwrecked? Shall we be strong enough to meet with unyielding strength? Tonight we launch, where shall we anchor? To these perplexing questions seems to come a solution when we remember Mardsen's line, "Live, live today; tomorrow never yet on any human being arose or set." Dryden also tells us,

*"Happy the man, and happy he alone
He who can call today his own
He who secure within can say
Tomorrow, do thy worst, for I have lived today."*

We wish to thank the Board of Education for all their efforts which have helped to make ours the capable school that it is. We realize that it is their silent forces at work that made it possible for us to graduate tonight.

To the members of the faculty, we wish to say that you have been to us as parents, leading us in calm seas, correcting our errors, sympathizing with us in our sorrows, and forgiving us in our waywardness. We know that at many times we have caused you anxiety and concern by our carelessness. We appreciate the personal interest you have taken in us. You have worked more faithfully for our welfare than we ourselves have. The ideals and examples you have set before us will continue with us on our journey. But "Farewell; a word that must be and hath been—A sound which makes us linger; yet—farewell."

At this time we want to express to our parents our gratitude. But for their uncomplaining sacrifice we would not have been given the privilege of being here tonight. They have taught and cared for us with a love that never dies from the cradle to the grave. The great debt we owe you, dear mothers and fathers, can never be repaid, but we hope by lives of purity and merit we may bring you a little compensation.

Classmates—tomorrow evening we shall all meet again for the last time. In the past four years we have come to know and understand each other. We have formed many strong ties during our happy days. Our paths now branch in different directions, but one joy that comes to my mind is that if we live true to the ideals taught us by our parents and teachers, our ships will some time in the future anchor safely in the same port. So we can say with Tennyson,

*Sunset, and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea,*

*But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.*

*Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark;*

*For though from out bourne of time and place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.*

Giftatory

(By Willard Adolph)

Ladies, Gentlemen and Fellow Students:

In this treasure chest we have collected an assortment of hopes which the Class of 1926 so cheerfully bestows upon each of its members. I, as their representative, take great pleasure in presenting these gifts, "With malice toward none and charity for all." Now as I call your name, will you please step forward:

Marguerite Burkher—You have long desired to become a nurse. Here is a poor maimed "dolly" to practice your art upon.

Gerald Davison—Our beloved Rev.—A clerical coat for your first pastorate.

Irene Davison—A little jack-knife to keep your wits and arguments ever sharp.

Everett Dolbec—An assortment of flowers for your Botany note book.

Marion Dovey—You are so musically inclined you may now have your own little band. (Rubber band.)

Leo Esch—A bottle of laughing gas to administer during your most serious moments.

Wilbur Fisk—In memory of your late hours we present you with this Fisk, "Time to Retire."

George Gaw—If you have any further aspirations as a baseball player, here's a little pitcher.

George Gourley—A muffler to subdue that chuckling effervescence.

Elvetta Gray—It is with pleasure that I have been called upon to notify you that HIS father has now given him permission to drive this Dodge car. And to

Arthur Hagerman—We furnish this tank of gasoline to keep that little Dodge car "agoing."

Marjorie Hamp—Your quiet meditative manner has caused me to recommend this; directions reading as follows: "Take the Pep out of Pepper."

Lillian King—Authority states, "Save the Surface and You Save All," "A thing of Beauty is a joy forever."

Helen Mathews—We should like you to remember the entire class with a lock from your long tresses so take this little pair of scissors.

Virginia Miller—Your stature requires a great deal of wear and tear on your neck so we hit upon these little stilts.

To Zena Miller—The Seniors beloved sputterbox we give you this. Can it.

Ruth Moore—We wish you God speed in a career. This particular brand of bird seed is especially recommended.

Marie O'Dell—Due to the fact that officials have been so strictly enforcing the speed laws, we present you with this pedometer.

Vesta Mae Omo—Old Dobbin and the buggy have merited a rest, here is a hammer and nails for driving.

Nina Post—This little kitchen utensil is guaranteed to be absolutely accurate in weighing your matrimonial indecisions.

Omar Renshaw—We hesitated in our choice for you. Knowing your fondness for poetry and your claim as a History Shark, we decided to give you this popular song, "I Love Me."

To Wayne Ralston—A bean shooter warranted to be unerring in its aim.

Maude Shellenberger—We have often remarked about your calm, even disposition, take this and ruffle it.

Fred Smith—You need neither work nor worry about your support, here is a pair of garters.

Otto Smith—Prepositions are especially bothersome to you. If you ever need light on the subject—here is a feather—it's light enough for anyone.

Gula Snook—With compliments and best wishes of the class, Gula, these shoemaker's tacks.

Eunice Stafford—I present you with this package so that you may always have Rex on hand. (Rex washing powder.)

Rex Tyler—You resemble Abraham Lincoln in your especial aptitude for "swapping" so here is a saw horse as a souvenir.

Kathrine Yoemans—They tell me you intend to be a stenographer, here is a package of Teaberry which positively insures success.

Salutatory

(By Marion Dovey)

I have the opportunity tonight of bringing to you the greetings of the class of 1926, and it is with pleasure that I welcome you. You are drawn here tonight for various reasons. It may be only a common occurrence in your life and will be fleeting in its influence. It is perhaps just a pleasant place in which to amuse yourselves for an hour or more. Some of you are drawn here that you may revive your thoughts and emotions of similar occasions. Some have a personal interest in the boys and girls whom you have seen grow up from childhood. However, most of you are here because of the pride that centers around your own boy or girl.

We, too, take pride in being here. It is not merely a holiday that comes to us every year—it can come only once. It is the first important step in the path which we are taking. It will be a day which we will cherish for years to come.

Tonight we linger on the threshold of our happy schooldays; tomorrow we will set forth on life's highway. We shall not all take the same path, but each will be a worthy one, for each has some service to render.

All the possibilities of our future have lain dormant. No effort has been made to vitalize these possibilities which were wont to express themselves, but now they will be set free. The question is "What will we do with them?" We can either cultivate and strengthen them or let them struggle on alone, finally to be choked out—worthless.

It is now that a pound of pluck is worth a ton of luck. It is indeed gratifying to carry on a worthy cause in the face of some difficulty and win out. The first step is always the hardest. Therefore, if we succeed with the first, those following will be easier.

In these first steps luck does very little toward the production of any great result in life. Perhaps by some bold venture we can make a "happy hit", but the safest way is by painstaking effort and self application.

Great men have risen to distinction not by luck or accident, but by hard work. Some may have achieved wealth, yet this was never their ruling motive. No mere love of money could sustain their efforts for distinction. The pleasure of the pursuit has been its own reward; the wealth which followed but an accident.

Therefore, if we wish for the accomplishment of a worthy cause we must buckle on our spurs and plunge into the fight if we expect to win. But after all, is not any success which we achieve worth the fight if it is worth having at all?

We shall certainly do our best to make this a worthwhile evening, and we sincerely hope that you will find that your time has been well spent. We are indeed grateful to you for the interest which you have shown by coming here tonight, and we wish to extend to you our most true and hearty welcome.

Oration

The Hyphenated Citizen

(By Ruth Moore)

There is in America a national impulse called Americanization but it acquired a generalization before it had become specific. It was subjected to organization and committed to the achievement of results before it was a branch of knowledge fairly evolved and reduced to practice. It has been the duty of these Americans to find a way by which all races living on one soil, under one form of government with no territorial lines, can be assimilated and become a part of her integral national life. This was thought simple at first for if all could talk a common language unity was assured and if all were citizens under one flag no force could separate them. But when the war came we found alien enemies in spirit among the American born, we also found old stirrings in the hearts of men to take part in the struggle; not as true Americans but as Hyphenated-citizens that were a detriment to the welfare of any nation.

This was found more than true when a naturalized citizen was lamenting the fact that should Italy join the war it would be necessary for him to leave, for he declared that "Italy never gives up her children." Through investigation it was discovered that natives of Italy were subject to military service between the ages of eighteen and thirty-nine and naturalization in a foreign country without the formal consent of the Italian government DOES NOT interfere with the necessity of service and neither does it end their Italian citizenship.

An Italian-born naturalized citizen is not alone in having two allegiances with the one to his native country holding first. There is no treaty on the subject of naturalization between the United States and Greece, Rumania, Poland, Netherlands or France, but the French immigration is too small to be of much importance.

Neither is there any naturalization treaty between the United States and Switzerland. A Swiss who becomes an American citizen, but whose renunciation of his native country has not been accepted leaves to his descendants unto the third and fourth generation a Swiss citizenship which holds precedence over the American citizenship acquired by birth. There is no treaty between the United States and Russia; in fact, Secretary Hughes declared no

treaty is possible with that country so long as it sends us propagandists whose avowed object is the overthrow of the American form of government; and yet we continue to naturalize Russians. No treaty exists between our country and Germany. Under the Treaty of Versailles, Germany undertakes to recognize any new nationality which has been or may be acquired by her nationals and to regard such persons as having severed their allegiance to their native country but the United States was not one of the signatory powers.

In all notices to citizens of foreign birth returning to the country of their nativity the State Department tacitly admits that the American Government is powerless to protect such citizens from punishment in the countries they have formerly renounced.

Thus it is that a naturalized citizen born in a country with which we have no naturalization treaty is not a citizen.

Why does the United States then, as a nation, insist or coerce the immigrants to accept a citizenship which cannot protect them?

Large employers in Pennsylvania and other states as well, specify in their advertisements for workmen that no unnaturalized citizens need apply.

Politicians who want ignorant and cheap votes, round up the unnaturalized citizens and rush them through the naturalization courts so as to obtain their votes with no thought of American citizenship. Thus have our hyphenated-citizens been made with no thought of welfare to the country but what the country can give them in mere dollars.

The American melting pot, if there was one, has become a saturated solution full of insoluble lumps. In large cities, there are Polish settlements which have their own schools, conduct church services in their own tongue and live quite apart from American thought and happenings. One Polish lump made this statement. "Poles we are and Poles this generation will remain. You cannot Americanize the first generation of immigrants. They cannot forget their traditions nor change their language. The second generation has no country, boys grow up lawless, despising their ignorant parents but with no more conception of what America really stands for than their parents have. From this class comes the majority of our youthful bandits and desperados. The third generation may produce good citizens through the agency of the public school but much depends upon the intelligence of the grandparents and the environment of the grandson."

Another effect of the de-Americanizing process at work in this country is visible in our changing form of government. We were a representative democracy. We are becoming a pure democracy.

The aspirations of the men of 1776 were satisfied with the assurance of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. It was left to later generations to discover that happiness can be pursued only through the ballot box.

A radical restriction of immigrants is the first part of the curative prescription but the restoration of the body politic to health requires in addition, the drastic remedy of a greatly restricted naturalization. No immigrants from a country with whom we have no treaty should be permitted to become a voting citizen and every immigrant from any country should be required to show wherein he has been of actual service to this country before being granted the boon of citizenship.

No other country coerces alien residents to become citizens. Thousands of Americans spend their lives in England, France, Italy, China, Japan, and no attempt is made to divert their allegiance from the United States. A man who desires to be a British subject must show very good and sufficient reasons for his desire to renounce his native country.

The man who is not able to write nor read his own ballot is found to depend upon the honor of the watcher at the polls who gives assistance. By requiring an educational qualification for the franchise will no doubt help the matter.

There is but one real way to Americanize and that is for every American to understand the ideals of America and be able to interpret them in every act of his daily life. In the future American ideals have to be both more exalted and more practical than in the past. When all Americans both born and naturalized begin to live up to common ideals, then and then only, will the hyphenated citizen of America cease to exist.

President's Address

(Gerald Davison)

As we step out into the world tonight to take our places and to make our future a success we must pause a moment and consider the benefits derived from a good school and efficient instructors. Let us pause so that we may come to a full realization of the amount of appreciation due our parents and friends who are in a large measure responsible for our being here tonight. It has been our parents more than anybody else who have given us the opportunity of securing an education and obtained for us many advantages they themselves did not have. We are truly thankful and indebted to you for our chance to make good and we hope that as we graduate we may be an honor to each home we represent.

To you, dear teachers, we give our heartfelt thanks for your patience and your careful guidance of our untutored minds in the pathways of knowledge. We shall be ever mindful of the years spent in high school and we hope that in the future you may feel that the time spent on this class, individually and collectively, has been worth while.

Classmates, we may never meet in one body after tonight, but why be sad? This is but the commencement of greater things in larger fields of endeavor. It will give us an opportunity to show our individuality and to express ourselves. Thus far we have come in a beaten course, now we must diverge and make our own paths on the trackless sea of life. As our motto expresses it: Tonight we launch, where shall we anchor? It is a question most vital to each one of us and each must answer for himself. Are we going to anchor safely at last in the port of success, or are we going to be cast about by every wind and wave of destiny? Are we going to be a John Paul Jones and stick to our guns through thick and thin until we win the victory or are we going to hoist the white flag as soon as the battle is begun? Success is not to be had for the asking, but to those who are willing to work with determination it is bound to come sooner or later. To a large extent we ourselves can determine what we are going to be. We can chart our course by compass and sextant. Our conscience will always point us to the right, and the sextant of knowledge will aid us much. But beware! life's sea has many storms and adverse winds. We may be swept off our course due to our lack of skill as a pilot. There is no use wrecking a good ship just because we think ourselves capable of steering. Why not take on board the one great Pilot, and be assured of a safe, although perhaps a somewhat rough, voyage? Is it not worth thinking about?

Friends of the Undergraduate Class, tonight you will step into the high and honored position of Seniors. High because it is as far as one can go in our school and honored, because it represents years of painstaking effort and unflagging zeal, on your part, to attain this enviable position.

We would that you could profit by our mistakes, for they have been many. If you could but realize that each moment foolishly spent may mean an embarrassing situation in the future then we are sure that you would take every opportunity of improving your education and knowledge of life and its oft-times perplexing problems. If the example set by us has been or will be of any aid to you in avoiding the pitfalls which so easily beset youth, then we shall feel that we have accomplished some good towards others along with our acquirements of knowledge, for,

*"Sow a thought reap an action;
Sow an action reap a habit;
Sow a habit reap a character;
Sow a character reap a destiny!"*

And now in behalf of the Seniors, I give to you, the President of the Junior class this emblem of authority hoping that you may be deserving of the name Senior and that you will carry on the traditions and spirit of Union City High School.

Class Poem

(By Lillian King)

*We are sorry to leave old U. C. H. S.
Four years we have strived to do our best.
Now to greet our friends and meet the foe
The class of '26 will go.*

*Here's Willard Adolph to start our poem,
With one girl only does he roam.
Next in line is Nina Post,
Of her the class is proud to boast.*

*Virginia is taking a Business Course,
We're sure she'll work in an office force.
A tall lad is Arthur, and say!
We know his favorite color to be "Gray"*

*Irene will carry a Missionary book,
And within keep a snap of her and "Hook".
Omar Renshaw drives a big car,
And that draws the girls from afar.*

*About Wilbur Fisk we shall speak next,
We see he is interested in the opposite sex.
Gerald and Gaw are runners in the relay.
We hope them famous for this some day.*

*Then there is Zena a very sweet miss,
We wish for her a world of bliss.
Otto is interested in an art career,
But after tonight disaster we fear.*

*There's Helen and Marion with the long curls,
And Gula is one of the nicest of girls.
A very jolly girl is Vesta Mae.
Eunice is always light-hearted and gay.*

*Leo Esch is a most likeable boy,
He's friendly to all and a shedder of joy.
Here's Katherine, a girl of pep and fun.
Who has a ready smile for everyone.*

*Wayne Ralston, one of our studious boys,
Doesn't talk much or make much noise.
Ruth is going to college, more knowledge to gain,
May she be successful in winning her aim.*

*Maude is always lively as can be,
And one of the nicest girls you'll ever see.
George Gourly blushes so nice
Whenever a girl looks at him twice.*

*Although Marguerite seems bashful and rather quiet,
She's a mighty fine lass, we cannot deny it.
Fred seems to be a good old scout,
And has many friends, without a doubt.*

*Marjorie Hamp with her ready smile
Keeps us happy all the while
Everett is a fellow that everybody knows
As a fine chap from his head to his toes.*

*Rex didn't go with any high school girl
'Till Eunice spoiled for him a bachelor's world.
Marie O'Dell a clever little miss,
Is the last one to appear on the list.*

*To Beecher we dedicate this bit of free verse,
I'm sure it could be better, but couldn't be worse.*

Our Pledge

We, the Senior Class of '26, are proud to devote this page to symbolize that, though memories may in years fade, they never can leave the hearth of devotion which we owe to our faithful encouraging leaders.

Let years pass and number into generations and when we have sought our mark, let us pause, direct our thoughts back to High School days and in a moment of silent prayer thank Almighty God that our foundations were not built upon sinking sands.



MRS FORD



MISS DAYTON



MRS GARDNER-George



MISS MCGUFFIE



MRS WRIGHT



MISS BOLIA



MRS CLARK RATHBURN



SHAW



ACTON NISPE



JANITOR

Peerless Portland Cement Co.

Union City, Michigan

Highest Grade Cement Only

PEERLESS
PORTLAND

For 25 Years a Leader Among Portland Cements

PEERLESS
SUPER

Essential Where Extra Density, Strength and Waterproof Qualities
Are Required.

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Miss Sheldon had to inform some of the students to be quiet so she might see their hands.

Katherine Yoemans (in Geometry): "Given: A. B. C. donating the angles." (She means denoting.)

Mr. McCamley in Chemistry: "When is water the heaviest?"
Doris Bager: "When it is cold."

Miss Sheldon (in Botany): "Wilbur, what are aerial Bulblets?"

Wilbur: "I den't know."

Miss Sheldon: "What are bulblets?"

Wilbur: "Small bu'bs."

Miss Sheldon: "What does aerial mean?"

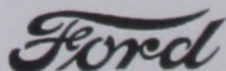
Wilbur: "Up in the air."

Miss Sheldon: "Now put it together."

Wilbur: "Small bulbs up in the air."

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Marion Whiting (in Chemistry): "Heat of fusion is the calories of water required to change one gram of heat through one degree of the C. scale."

Miss Butzer (in English Lit.): "Light and Truth are the same thing."
Richard Gaw: "Turn on the Truth."

Teacher: "When is an inane person bound by a contract?"
Student: "When he is in his right mind."

Teacher: "Why did you poke Willie in the ribs?"
Student: "Because he is ticklish."

Teacher: "What is a fictitious person?"
Student: "It's a person what ain't"
(Meaning that there is not any person by that name.)

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CANTO THIRD

And now once more on a nice fall day about the third of September some thirty odd pupils presented themselves to be welcomed into the Chamber of Eternal Knowledge.

To start the year off right a full staff of officers were elected. They were: President, Eli Hooker; Vice-President, Horace Crandall; Secretary, Eula Kahler; Treasurer, Wilma Olmstead. Sorry to say our genial President was forced to drop school a few weeks after his election and the Vice-President was left in charge. Although he later returned to school he did not claim his Royal Office.

Through some mistake of the officers in charge of the Social Calendar for the year, very few parties have been held. There has been only one to date, and that at Marjorie Cline's on the same night of the fire at Athens when the school house was partly demolished.

Although the parties have been scarce a very busy time was reported by all the Juniors. The Junior play, "When the Clock Strikes Twelve," was given March 25-26 with only three weeks of practice. And I for one, will vouch for the business of those weeks.

As yet only two Juniors have dropped school and by good luck they have been permitted to return.

In athletics this year the Juniors played their part very creditably indeed. In football, Crandall, Hooker, Dolbee, Lee, and Kenyon received their letters and in baseball, Crandall, Hooker, Lee, Kenyon, and Philo have promised to "pluck" theirs again.

Although it is getting harder to keep up with all the activities of a peppy Junior class like ours, most of the class is making the grade very well. If they continue the remainder of the year as they are doing now they will make a fine showing for a Senior class next year.

CANTO FOURTH

Canto fourth of this History of the class of twenty-seven will not be presented in this issue of Les Memoires, but will have to wait until another year has passed, in which we hope to prove our ability to cop successfully with the dangers that are constantly threatening the life of a Senior.

In closing we wish to express our appreciation of the work which the Senior class of twenty-six has so successfully executed in the preparation of another volume of Les Memoires, and that this issue of Les Memoires will "go across" as successfully as the preceding one did.

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Carburetor	Gerald Davison
Transmission	Miss Schlappi
Clutch	Otto Smith
Chassis	Ruth Moore
Radiator	Marion Dovey
Cylinder Head	Gula Snook
4 (tired) Wheels	Rex Tyler, Fred Smith, Lawrence Olmsted, Everett Dolbee
Fly Wheel	Katherine Yeomans
Running Board	Elvetta Gray
Speedometer	Miss Butzer
Crank	Irene Davison
Tail Light	Everett Dolbee
Exhaust	Arthur Hagerman
Muffler	Vesta Mae Omo
Brake	Mr. Foster
Self-Starter	Zena Miller
Springs (easy going)	Marguerite Burkher
Spark Plugs	Marjorie Hamp, Wilbur Fisk, Helen Mathews, Willard Adolph
Horn	George Gaw
Extra Tire	Virginia Miller



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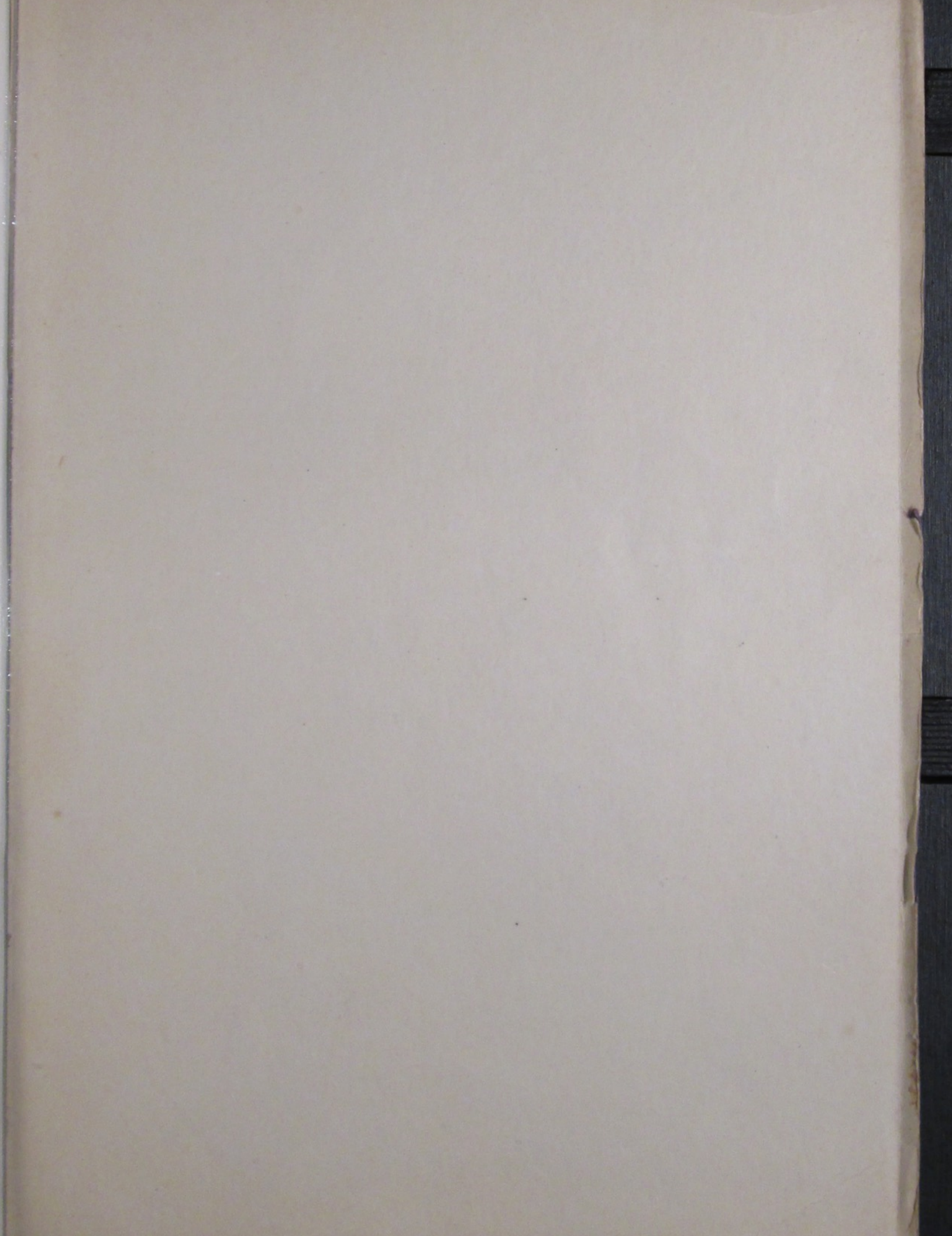


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We hope that the co-operation we have given in the publication of this book will give us first consideration by the Annual Staff of 1927.

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