

QUINCY PUBLIC LIBRARY

*The*  
**ORIOLE**

1928







~ The Oriole of 1928 ~



Published by  
QUINCY PUBLIC SCHOOL

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1928





DEDICATION

TO THE FACULTY  
of 1927-1928  
"The Oriole"  
is respectfully and  
sincerely dedicated.





It is not so grand as Harvard  
Nor as fine and costly as Yale  
But the same great purpose inspires them all  
The same ideals prevail.

To teach young minds how noble it is  
To work with head and with hands  
And become just the sort of citizen  
A progressive nation demands.

Universities, Colleges, Common Schools  
Whatever their size or name  
All are Beacon-Lights along the road  
That leads to the heights of Fame.

We are doing our part in this line to-day  
And as the years go by  
Let no one say, "The light has failed  
In Dear Old Quincy High".



# School Board



G. B. Houghtaling.....	President
Mrs. M. R. Hendrick.....	Trustee
L. O. DeWolfe.....	Treasurer
L. C. Wilcox.....	Trustee
R. J. Brokaw.....	Secretary



## Oriole Staff



Front row, left to right:  
 Margaret Smith, Asst. Literary Editor  
 Maybelle Taylor, Asst. Joke Editor  
 Clara From, Asst. Athletic Editor  
 Eva Gallop, Music Editor  
 Bernice Sattler, Asst. Editor  
 Gladys Globensky, Advertising Manager  
 Miss Abbott, Asst. Art Editor

Second row:  
 Oliver Gordon, Business Manager  
 LeMoyne Blackman, Joke Editor  
 Lena Chase, Asst. Art Editor  
 Emalene Barlow, Asst. Advertising Manager  
 Genevieve Kesson, Asst. Joke Editor  
 Donald Gould, Asst. Business Manager  
 Wayne Knirk, Ass't Art Editor  
 Clarence Hildebrand, Athletic Editor

Third row:  
 Ernest Knirk, Editor  
 Evelyn Kesson, Literary Editor  
 Nellie Donbrock, Asst. Society Editor  
 Roland Greene, Asst. Art Editor  
 Robert Hendrick, Asst. Music Editor



## Superintendent's Address

To all who are made of the right kind of stuff, "Go to School" is a good advice. The right stuff implies that you must have something within you that wants to motivate. "Education is action. Learning is an active not a passive affair." You cannot sit still and without any exertion on your part learn anything. You must work.

The college is one of the best helps to you providing you use it rightly. It cannot do everything for you but it can help you wonderfully. Here are some of the advantages gained by a well spent college life: It will give you a broader outlook on life. You come in contact with the big men of history. You learn of things they have done, their trials, experiences, the obstacles they have had to overcome, and the courage of conviction they have had to possess in order to become great. By so doing their thoughts become your thoughts and you are not limited by the narrow gossip of today or the little realm of one who does not try to grow or develop.

The college life will inspire. You will come in contact with persons whose presence alone is an inspiration. The good ones will be "always pointing the way upward."

Then there are the associations formed with one's fellow-students. The majority of students are there for a purpose. That purpose is to make something of themselves. That attitude is like a contagious disease, you cannot help but be influenced and have your character molded by it. Many a college man will tell you that he values the friendships formed in college more than anything else.

The college develops confidence and individuality in a man. Each one has within him latent possibilities which need developing. Delving into the problems and unknown truths put before him gives him the necessary stimulus to develop these before mentioned latent possibilities.

A higher institution of learning will tend to mold a sympathy for all classes of people. It will tend to make you a more useful citizen. It will tend to make you of more service to the community.

The college aims to make a man a well rounded one. A sound body is the first requisite, as a foundation is necessary for any house to exist. Organizations exist to teach higher moral planes and the every day work enlarges the mental side.

There is also the discipline gained through the work necessary to obtain the education. If you have to work your way through college, so much the better since life itself is a struggle and you are then that much better prepared for it. Anyone may secure a college education if he has sufficient ambition, willingness, and the will power to work for it.

Then, this is the day of specialists and one may secure the training for which he thinks he is best adapted. In former years all studied the classics no matter what vocation he intended to follow. It is different now, as courses of study are offered to meet the different needs and one may enter this special training course at once.

Perhaps best of all is that feeling that comes to one who is always ready to extend a helping hand to those who have not had his advantages and the respect that will be accorded him and to feel the satisfaction in living that he never could have felt if his mind had not been well trained.

Arthur H. Balfour



## Editorial

### THE SCHOOL AND THE COMMUNITY

It has been wisely said that an army of school boys is more powerful than a large standing army. Many more wars have been won by one man than by a whole army of destructive murderers, for that is what soldiers are. Henry Clay prevented two wars and prolonged the Civil War until it was beyond human power to stop, by treaties, compromises, or documents of that kind, that miserable institution, which for so many years held men, women, and children in shackles. While even to-day, as much as ever, we can see a few learned men preventing wars, riots, and unfriendliness among countries in Europe.

If it has been thus in the past, is this way in the present, it surely shall be the same in the future. The day shall NOT come when one man shall climb stone steps up to a platform and say who shall do this and who shall do that. Why is it not coming? Because there will be too many learned men and women. Our descendants shall be no less powerful with education and knowledge than our ancestors have been with powder and ball.

The school-boy of to-day is being taught the mistakes and blunders of yesterday. He is learning WHAT was wrong with this way of settling disputes, and WHY it was wrong. He is learning how to make correct treaties of his own. He is learning how to conduct public meetings, and how to manipulate this large machine which baffles so many—our government—so that he may settle any dispute that may arise with intelligence.

What would the communities be were it not for the schools? Would there be cement roads, cement side-walks, beautiful boulevards, and electric lights in towns, and large beautiful productive farms around these towns? I think not. It is because of the schools that we have these things. Were it not for our schools of the United States we would be in a similar state to the black man of Africa. There would not be as many people in this part of the country, and those would be only savages.

Parents and friends, the boys and girls who are in the schools of to-day will make better citizens than you are, or ever dare try to be. The communities in which these boys and girls go will be free from riots, wars, and unfriendliness which the world is struggling with to-day, because they are learning the correct way to manage these things.

Editor-in-Chief.

The purpose of the publication of this volume of "The Oriole," is to give the students something by which to remember their school days as well as their teachers and classmates. We have put forth every effort to make this undertaking a success. Notwithstanding the handicaps and mishaps, we are sure you will enjoy this little book which we know will grow dearer to you as the years pass by.

We wish to thank all who have contributed in any way in the publication of this annual.

The book is presented to you by the Senior Class of 1928.

Editor.



### TOAST TO OUR SCHOOL

Here's to the student body  
Of the grades and Q. H. S.  
They have worked splendid together  
Their reward has been success.

Here's to the friendly Teachers  
Who have worked and with a smile  
They have helped every scholar  
Over many a rough steep mile.

And here's to our noble Parents  
They too have been right there  
And in every way and every day  
Have more than did their share.

Three cheers for good old Quincy!  
They haven't beat it yet.  
Tho' town and school are small  
We sure have got the Pep.





# FACULTY





# Faculty



TOP ROW, left to right

Alma C. Graf .....	Commercial
Gladys B. Rath .....	French and Latin
Winifred E. Kibbe .....	Music and History
Ruby E. Keene .....	Fifth and Sixth

MIDDLE ROW, left to right

Nettie M. Ball .....	History and Economics
Arthur H. Balfour, A. B. ....	Superintendent
Glessner C. Dage .....	Principal
Ada A. Walsh .....	Primary

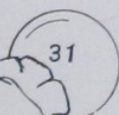
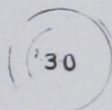
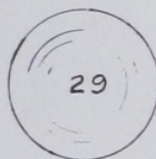
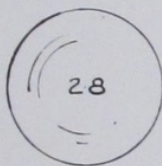
BOTTOM ROW, left to right

Dorothy L. Sutton, A. B. ....	English
Esther Rogers .....	Primary
Harriette E. Abbott .....	Third and Fourth
Blanche V. Sanderson .....	Seventh and Eighth





# CLASSES





# THE ORIOLE

## Senior Class Officers

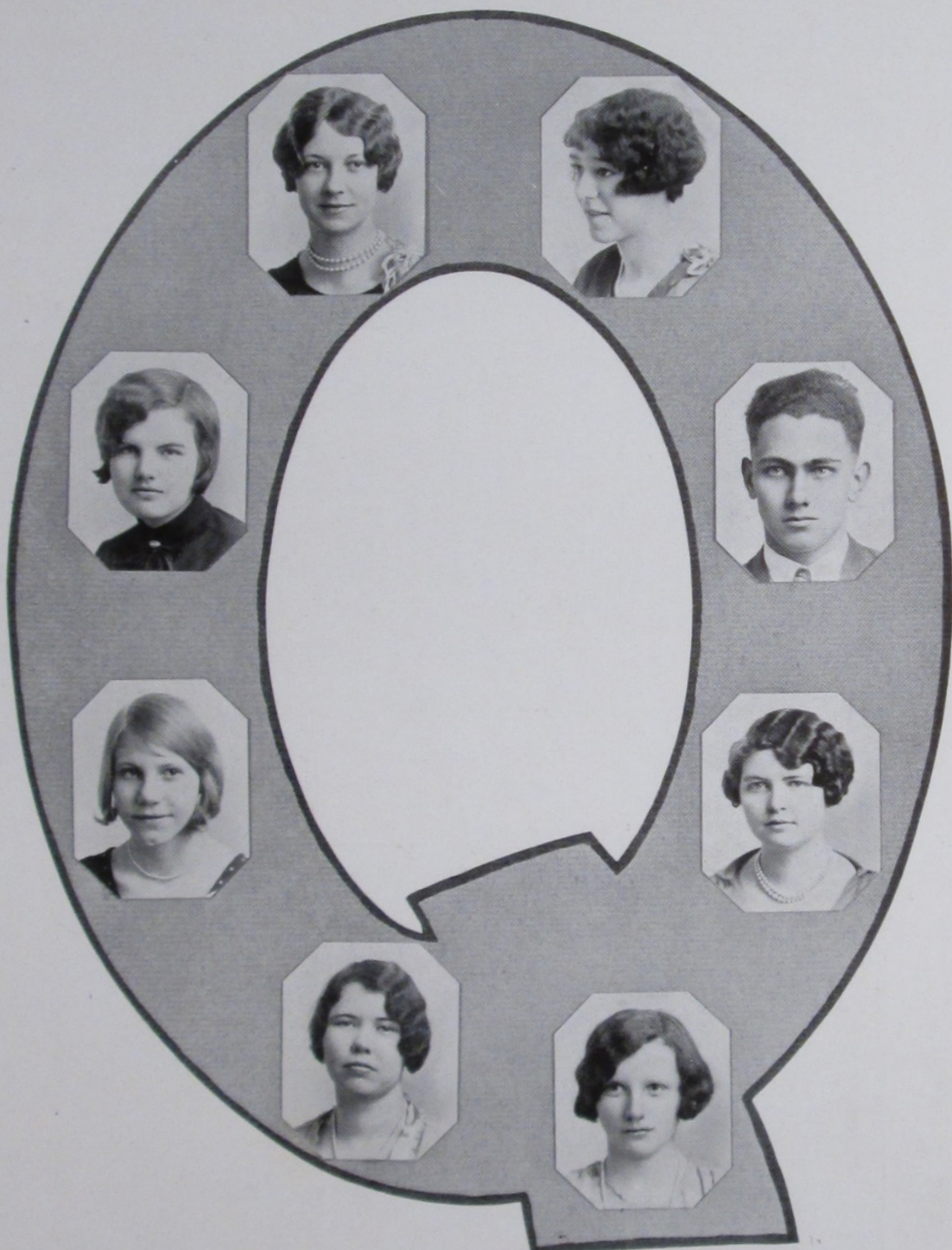


Beginning top row, left to right:

Mr. Balfour .....	Advisor
Mr. Dage .....	Advisor
Bernice Sattler .....	President
Ernest Knirk .....	Vice-President
Evelyn Kesson .....	Treasurer
Donald Gould .....	Secretary
Gladys Globensky .....	Editor

1928





Beginning top row, left to right:

LeMoyne Blackman "Moyné Jane" Vice-President '25 Chorus and Glee Club Operetta '27-'28 Joke Ed. Oriole '28 Treasurer '28 Athletic Ass'n '28	Emalene Barlow "Poke" Ass't. Adv. Mgr. of Oriole '28 Track '25-'27-'28 Chorus and Glee Club	Ona Boone "Onnie" Chorus and Glee Club Ass't. Joke Ed. '28	Oliver Gordon "Curly" President '26 Athletics '26-'27-'28 Operetta '25-'26-'27 Business Manager of Oriole '27-'28 Declamatory '26	Lena Chase "Blondie" Chorus and Glee Club French Club '27-'28 Ass't. Art Editor of Oriole '28	Clara From "Bashful" French Club '28 Chorus and Glee Club Operetta '27 Ass't. Athletic Ed. of Oriole '28	Alice Culbert "Dimples" Society Editor of Oriole '28 Pres. of Girls Glee Club '28 Chorus and Glee Club Operetta '27	Eloise Demarest "Schoolmarm" Chorus and Glee Club French Club '28
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# THE ORIOLE



Beginning top row, left to right:

Eva Gallop  
"Eeber"  
Treasurer '27  
Music Ed.  
of Oriole '28  
Librarian '27-'28  
Chorus and  
Glee Club  
French Club '27-'28  
Operetta '27-'28

Clarence Hildebrand  
"Jim"  
Athletic Editor '28  
Athletics  
'26-'27-'28  
Chorus and  
Glee Club  
Operetta '27-'28

Donald Gould  
"Don"  
Ass't. Manager  
of Oriole '28  
Chorus and  
Glee Club  
Operetta '27-'28  
Class Sec. '28  
Track Mgr. '27

Robert Hendrick  
"Bob"  
French Club '27-'28  
Ass't. Music Ed.  
Cheer Leader  
'27-'28  
Orchestra  
Chorus and  
Glee Club  
Football '28

Genevieve Kesson  
"Jennie"  
Ass't. Joke Ed. '28  
Chorus and  
Glee Club

Gladys Globensky  
"Elise"  
President '27  
Adv. Manager  
of Oriole '28  
Sec. of Athletic  
Ass'n. '28  
Cheer Leader  
'26-'27-'28  
Chorus and  
Glee Club  
Operetta '28  
French Club '27

Ernest Knirk  
"Red"  
Vice-Pres. '27-'28  
Ass't. Oriole  
Editor '27  
Oriole Editor '28  
Baseball Mgr. '28  
Football and Track  
Declamatory '26-'28  
Chorus and  
Glee Club  
Operetta '26-'27

1928





# THE ORIOLE



Beginning top row, left to right:

Gwendolyn Safford "Kina"  
French Club '28  
Chorus and Glee Club  
Operetta '28

Gladys Marquart "Gladie"  
Athletics '27-'28  
Chorus and Glee Club

Evelyn Kesson "Bubbles"  
Treasurer '28  
Chorus and Glee Club  
Operetta '27  
French Club  
Literary Editor of Oriole '28

Bernice Sattler "Sally"  
President '28  
Secretary '27  
Ass't. Editor of Oriole '28  
High School Editor '28  
Pres. French Club '28  
Operetta '27  
Chorus and Glee Club

Maybelle Taylor "Emte"  
Ass't. Joke Ed. of Oriole '28  
Latin Club '27-'28  
Chorus and Glee Club  
Operetta '27

Ruth Wilson "Toots"  
Vice-Pres. of Glee Club '28  
Chorus and Glee Club

Harry Van Nasdale "Tim"  
Operetta '28  
Class Harmonicist

Mary Esther Trenary "Polly"  
Chorus and Glee Club  
Operetta '26

## 1928



## President's Address

In behalf of the class of 1928 it becomes my duty to bestow upon the Juniors this token of honor; the cane to success, prosperity, and happiness. It is with the greatest pleasure that I accept this duty to which due justice can hardly be given. For one year we have cherished this token without which our struggles would have been in vain.

The difficult task which it lightened for us and the numerous ideas which it revealed to us we shall never hope to recall. As time is fleeting we can but here call attention to the untold abundance of brightness with which it has filled our Senior year.

We bid you Juniors to consult it in time of doubt or difficulty. Learn to trust its unerring reply which is for your own welfare and that of your fellowmen.

Make it your personal duty to apply this talisman to all your unconquerable difficulties and unbearable burdens and you have our assurance that, this done on your part, the solution, clear and simple, shall lie exposed to view.

Not far hence is the time when you shall take our place and not until then shall you see, more clearly than words can express, how this friend never failing shall play a part in your future career. But when this time will have come we trust that you will fill the vacancy made by us in such a manner that no fault or flaw can ever be detected.

We have set a standard, Juniors, that is not easily attained. Yet we know that you have the ability to reach this standard both morally and intellectually and urge you to exert yourselves to the utmost of your ability and to take every possible advantage and assure you that the results will be none but satisfactory.

It is with the greatest sorrow that we part with this token; the lone star which has guided us through difficulties inconceivable, the assistant which has lightened our burdens unbearable, but dear Juniors, we think not first of ourselves and our own welfare but of you and yours. In accordance therewith take this cane and—

In years to come, when memory leads  
To bygone days, heroic deeds,  
Your souls turn back with thought of yore  
To bliss once yours, but nevermore;  
Then, ah, then may you plainly see  
How useless the struggles of life would be  
Without this leader, this guide and friend,  
With always a helping hand to lend.  
May it awaken the spirit which within you lies,  
And help you to the topmost round to arise,  
Guide your footsteps, soothe your fears,  
Lengthen life's journey, lesson life's tears.  
May you at awakening on the morrow know no evil pain or sorrow,  
But rejoice to find your name a permanent place in the Hall of Fame.

Bernice Sattler

## RESPONSE BY JUNIOR PRESIDENT

In behalf of the Class of 1929, we accept with great pleasure this cane, which as you have just said is an emblem of success, prosperity and happiness, to the members of Q. H. S. I can assure you that we will regard it with the greatest of care and shall never cease in our struggle to uphold the principle for which it stands.

Many hundred pupils, backed by a strong hand and guided by a thoughtful mother have passed from this High School out into the broad world, having learned how to work for their own and others' advantages. As we glance over the records we find that they were endowed with the teaching of success, prosperity and happiness. Probably some of the more important topics were brought home to them at this ceremony as they were to us, the Class of "29." We thank you for the honor of accepting this emblem from so worthy a class as you have proven to be.

May you all be as successful in the problems of life as you have been in High School. Next year we shall do all within our power to set a suitable example for all under-classmates. Thus enabling us to hand this untarnished cane on to our successors with even more pride than you have done so.

Again we thank you and we shall prove to you that your trust bestowed in us is well founded.

Mearl Kunkler





## Salutatory

The Class of 1928 extends a most cordial greeting to the parents, friends and visitors here to-night who have aided us in successfully completing with honor and triumph, four short years at Quincy High School. We realize that without your help it would have been impossible for us to have reached the crossing of the roads where we now stand.

When we meditate upon various events of our lives, there is not one among us to whom the mere mention of the words, "New Year's Eve," does not recall some vision of a most treasured or loathed memory. Moreover, perhaps no two of us would picture the same things. It is then that meetings and partings, sorrow and gladness, past and future, loom before us. Then some of us think of the Past Years, others think of the opening of the New Year, and still others of the New Years to come.

But friends and classmates, did you ever stop to compare the Evening of the Old Year with the Evening of High School life? Those of you have, have some idea of the Dawn of New Era in the lives of those who on this Commencement night cheerfully turn toward whatever future Fate has in store for them. Allow me to picture for you the contrast between the Evening of the Old Year and the Dawn of the New Year.

We are standing on the crossroads of life. Numerous roads extend in every direction to attract the youth of to-day. Some lead over hills and rocks of hard work, trials and discouragement to the place called Success. Other roads—Laziness, selfishness, etc., lead us to the place called Failure.

The road which has led us through Q. H. S. has not always been smooth. There have been times when it has been almost impossible to make the grade; times when it seemed as though we were going backwards instead of forward. Sometimes we have been tempted to take a detour to the road—Carelessness, only to find that it led us into the valley of discouragement.

We now stand at the forks in the road. Few of us will take the same roads. They extend on and on to the place called Success or Failure. The lessons and experiences which we have learned and experienced during our four years at Q. H. S. will serve as a map to guide us straight e'en though the road be sometimes steep.

"They say life is a highway  
And it's milestones are the years;  
With here and there a toll gate,  
Where we pay our way with tears.  
It's a rough road and a steep road  
And it stretches broad and far,  
But it leads at last to a Golden Town  
Where Golden Houses are."

Evelyn Kesson



## Class History

In the year 1924, early in September, there set sail over the Sea of Knowledge a magnificent fleet proudly bearing aloft floating banners of green and white. This fleet was headed for a far distant land called the Land of Graduation, which could be reached only after a long voyage of four years over this much-traveled, but to them unknown sea. There were four isles—Freshmen, Sophomore, Junior and Senior—to be thoroughly explored before reaching this promised land. This fleet was composed of fifty voyagers.

The first port reached was Freshmen Isle, there we organized as a class. Our officers were: President, Harold Parkinson; Vice President, Lemoyne Blackman; Treasurer, Ruth Miser; Secretary, Marjorie Taylor; Editor, Oliver Gordon; Class Advisor, Miss Ball.

Upon this Isle we met with strange kinds of people called Sophomores, Juniors, and Seniors with whom we had to become acquainted. We enjoyed several parties and school functions here. After an enjoyable year we Freshmen took our departure for the Sophomore Isle, although some were left behind to be picked up by some other passing fleet.

Upon landing, we found that we were no longer Freshmen but Sophomores. Everything was quite different from the Freshmen Isle. After a few days we reorganized and the following officers were chosen: President, Oliver Gordon; Vice President, Violet Knisely; Treasurer, Eva Gallop; Secretary, Robert Taylor; Editor, Ray Kriser; Class Advisor, Mrs. Heydon. Here we enjoyed our receptions and several parties. Soon we left for the Junior Isle again leaving some unfortunates behind.

At last the Junior Isle was reached, and all of the voyagers now landed and spent a very pleasant year. This time our officers were: President, Gladys Globensky; Vice President, Ernest Knirk; Treasurer, Lemoyne Blackman; Secretary, Bernice Sattler; Editor, Oliver Gordon; Class Advisor, Mr. Balfour. In spite of all the hard work and temptations many pleasures and enjoyments were to be found there. The Juniors gave a Junior-Senior banquet for the Seniors which was enjoyed by both classes.

The last and most important isle of all was the Senior Isle which was safely reached by twenty-three of us. This year we chose our officers with unusual care. They were: President, Bernice Sattler; Vice President, Ernest Knirk; Treasurer, Evelyn Kesson; Secretary, Donald Gould; Editor, Gladys Globensky; Class Advisor, Mr. Balfour. Several parties were held, all of them successful. In December the great event came; we gave a very successful play, called "The Charm School," under the direction of Mr. Balfour and Mr. Dage. At the end of the fourth year, a long roll, very creditable to the Seniors, was made out, telling who had absorbed the most knowledge during the voyage, and at the end of this same year we found that Senior Isle was also the stepping-off place into the vast territory of Promised Land. The stepping-off place was named Graduation, and a great concourse of people met to watch us take this short journey.

And now the four long years have passed; the Freshmen of 1924 are the Seniors of 1928. We have had many experiences during our voyage, of which the enjoyable ones far outweigh the unpleasant ones. As we Seniors scan the horizon from the stepping-stone of Graduation, we see many conquests to be made, and we believe that in the future, as in the past, we will show ourselves ready for any test that may be put to us.

Gladys Marquart  
Ruth Wilson  
Eloise Demarest  
Lena Chase



## Class Oration

Casting no reflections on the statistics brought to light by the Class Prophecy, Class History, and Class Will I feel there are several other items of interest that should be exposed to the general public. Therefore, by a system of my own I have succeeded in collecting these items together to put on record for future reference. For Class so illustrious as this Class of 1928 cannot fail to be an example of intelligence, industry and general good behavior to those following. Through our Secret Service in general this report was prepared. Therefore I am not responsible for any thrilling facts disclosed.

The Class enrollment 23. It is not necessary to read the names of the members as none of them have forgotten that, not even their middle name. Average age is 18½ years. Average height is 5 feet 6 inches. Average weight 135 pounds.

Now in order to understand the unusual brilliancy of this Class mention must be made of our ancestors. As a Class we recognize Adam and Eve as our very very great-grand parents. Among the most noted ancestors are Lincoln, Cicero, Napoleon, John Paul Jones, Washington, Robinson Crusoe, Noah, Alexander the Great, St. Patrick, Virginia Dare and the Emperor of Germany. Sir Robert Hendrick commonly called "Bob," claims Virgil as one of his remote grandfathers, which no doubt accounts for his skill in translating that relatives masterpiece "The Aeneid," and for his endeavor to be as much like the pious Aenas as possible. Some trace their ancestry to Ireland, some to the Teutonic, others to Ionia. Eva having lost track of her family tree can trace her ancestry only to Hodunk and Ona to Southeast Butler. All realize however if the missing links were supplied our ancestry would date back to the Ionian race of the jungles. No marriages are reported, and, so far only one engagement. This does not include broken engagements. However we all are living in hope, except Harry VanNasdale who regards a mother-in-law a dangerous personage.

Every girl of the Class is honorary member of "The Royal Order of Do Nothing" and the boys are charter members of the "United Brotherhood of Loafers." Gwendolyn Safford belongs to the "Knockers Club" and Harry VanNasdale is president of the "Hayseed Union."

Taking the Class as a whole we are well represented in the field of Athletics. The girls in particular delight in preparing lunch for the boys on Field Day as its a good chance to show their ability or disability to cook. Most of the boys favor cards but Clarence's Dad won't let him play anything except Flinch and I agree there are other things more profitable. Ernest's favorite pastime is "Holding Hands" that is not his own hands. Eloise's is talking while I enjoy thinking just thinking. LeMoynes might be dish washing, Donald's studying, and Gladys Globensky likes best of all EATING. The theater would be the most popular form of amusement if it were not for one serious objection,—the price.

The members of the class had several reasons for attending Q. H. S. Some of the more important were, to get out of work at home, to have a good time, to study geometry and Latin, through parental persuasion and for the benefit of the school, sad to say, there are a few in the Class who don't know yet why they attended High School. Most of our loved ones expect to go on to school. Ruth expects to continue her education at the Kindergarten next winter. Gladys Marquart will take a post-graduate course in domestic science in her Mother's kitchen. Alice was too modest to give a good opinion of herself which is but one of her personal weaknesses. Lena's weakness is study although few people know it and Mary Esther does like to sleep, it just can't be helped. Bernice wants to marry a Millionaire or be a Prima Donna, it makes no difference which. We expect to find Clara teaching in the Red-Mud District or some other favorite. Genevieve and Maybelle want to be Latin teachers, we extend sympathy to their pupils. Evelyn is expected to do housework in a family of two. While Emalene's highest aim is to starve and as she is going to be a "kitchen mechanic" of course she will succeed. Limited time prevents me from giving you any more facts regarding this Class. Considering our many sterling qualities our success is quite assured, and each one bids fair to carve for himself a splendid future.

And when our history has become a milestone in the history of Quincy High School may the future classes follow our example and leave behind as good a record.

Oliver Gordon



## Class Prophecy

What's the date today? By George, just ten years ago tonight I graduated from Quincy High School. I wonder what the rest of the gang are doing tonight. Didn't I see something in the paper about one of the graduates of Q. H. S. had just announced his candidacy for president. By George! Here it is: "Quincy Herald, June 10, 1938:

Donald W. Gould of Detroit, Michigan, after a successful career in Broadway theatres, has been persuaded to turn his good personality that he won on the stage into politics." Well if that isn't a miracle for you. I never expected to see Donald Gould as a politician. Speak of the angels and they're sure to appear. Hello President, how is the elephant coming?

Oh, fair, but I am worried as to whom to get for a campaign committee.

Say, I have it. The old Q. H. S. gang of '28 ought to be interested enough in one of its old classmates running for president to turn in and help a little hadn't it?

That's a cracking good idea, they're scattered enough throughout the world. By the way do you know where Arthur Balfour is now?

Yes. He's the great Lion Tamer in Ringling Brothers Circus, stranded in the city of Colombo on the Island of Ceylon off the coast of India. And in the meantime playing golf.

Have you been reading the "Detroit Free Pants Press" lately?

Yes, what's wrong with it?

Did you see that article about Ruth Wilson writing one of the world's best volume of the "Elevation of the Soul" and do you remember how she hated to write essays or themes back in American Literature class?

Elevation of the Soul, huh! I wonder whose soul she is elevating now?

Say, you haven't heard anything about Eva Gallop lately, have you?

Eva Gallop? Where have you been all these years anyway? Why she is in St. Louis at the head of the firm that manufactures the Gallopin' Good Ginger Snaps, and boy, she sure is raking in the money, now let me tell you.

Ginger Snaps puts me in mind of how hungry I was at a ball game in New York last summer. I almost forgot to tell you about Gladys Marquart. She plays on the New York Giants. She is the first woman to invade Professional baseball. She plays first base and she is a cracking good one, too.

By the way, received a letter from that jolly little Miss Graf, of whom the commercial class all were fond. That little rhyme we fellows dedicated to her still runs through my mind something like this:

Alma Graf a nurse shall be,  
A famous nurse now you shall see  
She'll fight her way through this old world  
With head held high and flag unfurled,  
And probably save near all our lives  
With nurse's tools and surgeon's knives  
And so to Alma let us sing,  
Who to us, long lives will bring.

Yes, I remember that, and what do you know, this prophecy came true as she is at the head of the nurses' staff in a Red Cross Hospital at Petrograd, Russia.

Have you seen the head lines in this paper?

No, is it something serious?

Serious? Boy, that's no name for it. You remember Clarence Hildebrand, don't you? I suppose you also know he is a multi-millionaire now. Just look at this—Clarence Hildebrand, Wall Street, New York, has been sued by his sixth wife for \$150,000 alimony, and Jim used to be so bashful.

My goodness it's a good thing he is wealthy, but who is his wife?

LeMoyne Blackman, can you feature that. I wonder if she married him for money or if she's one of those old gold diggers?

Did you know that LeMoyne went to Hollywood? She's taking Greta Garbo's place in the movies and has been the rage. I heard that Clarence was her fourth or fifth husband, so divorces aren't new to either of them.

Hello! Look at the old college paper.

Ann Arbor, Michigan, June 10, 1938: The University of Michigan has just acquired its best qualified, most efficient, and the wittiest professor of Chemistry the world has ever known. The Professor graduated from Quincy High School in the well known class of '28, and has attended many colleges since. Professor Bernice Sattler has won the good-will of the University's pocket-book as well as the hearts of the men connected with the institution.

Ho! Ho! Professor Bernice Sattler, Ho! Ho! Professor of Chemistry, winning men's hearts, and University pocket-books, who would have thought it.

Well, listen to this, here is something about Eloise Demarest. Eloise Demarest taking the leading part in the great stage attraction in Chicago. The play ran for 13 months on Broadway in New York City, where she became famous as a stage actress.

Well by hemlock! I never thought that she would be a stage actress.

That sure is a surprise.





Have you heard of Harry VanNasdale lately?

Yes its too bad about Harry.

Why, what's the matter?

Well, you know he used to be crazy about aviation.

Yes.

He finally got a plane of his own and as he was flying over Detroit, something went wrong with it and he came right down on the sidewalk from about 2,000 feet.

Gosh, I should think it would have killed him.

It probably would have only the sidewalk kind of broke his fall. And now, he is a dealer in second hand airplanes and would you believe it Evelyn Kesson is his stenographer. I hadn't heard where she was until I talked with Harry. He says she is a cracking good one, too.

That reminds me when I was in New York, I was driving my car through the heavy traffic and whom do you suppose I saw directing the traffic?

I give up.

Ernest Knirk.

He a cop? Ha! Ha! Well, I never expected that of him.

Mr. Dage is almost as bad off.

Why, what's the matter?

Mr. Dage is the end man in Al Jolson's Minstrel, located on Lindbergh Aerodrome, 1,000 miles out in the Atlantic. The Minstrel affords entertainment for waiting passengers.

Miss Kibbe is head pilot on a Trans-Atlantic plane which makes regular stops at Lindbergh Aerodrome to give passengers privilege of hearing Al Jolson's Minstrel.

Do you remember that swell Cadillac Gwendolyn Safford was sporting around in during the last year of high school?

Yes, does she still have it?

I don't know about that but she is one of New York's wealthiest society leaders, and she has just awarded Ona Boone a Scholarship from one of New York's most fashionable boarding schools. And Ona has also won a beauty contest and is going abroad for further study in college and on her face.

Talk about good lessons, Lena Chase is giving lessons on "How to Reduce."

Well we certainly know she didn't need anything like that when she was in Quincy High School.

Good luck to you Lena, you're a good type for the work.

Where's our old butter and egg man we used to have in high school?

Who do you mean?

What, have you forgotten Oliver Gordon, the fellow that used to work for Roy Baker?

Oh, yes, I remember, I just received a letter from him last week. He said he was down in the jungles of Africa.

What's he doing down there?

It seems that when he went into that country all the apes in the jungles took a liking for him and at once became his best friends. He taught some of his brightest friends to box and he has staged a contest down there and the winners he will bring to this country to fight Gene Tunney. He says that he can prove evolution to the world by this experiment. And say, who do you suppose he has for his first assistant?

I don't know, who is it?

Mary Esther Trenary. Oliver says she is a wonderful help in the business, he says that she knows as much about his boxers as he does.

Say, you remember Maybelle Taylor and what a busy kid she always was in high school. Well, guess she's still busy as I have heard.

What keeps her so busy?

Giving talks on "How to keep her husband."

I saw an advertisement the other day, it read something like this: The world's most famous solo dancer, Robert Hendrick, will introduce to-night at the Broadway Palace his latest production, "The Moon Dance."

I seem to remember something about that Moon Dance. Oh, I know when Chief Blue Sky visited Q. H. S. he showed to us a dance similar to that.

Well, good for old Bob, I always knew he'd do the unexpected.

Speaking of the unexpected, you remember that "sparkler" Miss Rath used to flash in our French class? It meant something after all. Here's a clipping from the "Lansing Blizzard"—read it yourself.

Miss Rath, 'tis a shame—

One that could have won such fame,

Will settle down and pay the price;

But after all, that's sort of nice—

A cozy little Bungalow,

A Garden where the roses grow;

Some laughing children round about,

A help-mate kindly and devout.

That's right, this summer is when another man goes wrong.





By the way, do you know where Genevieve Kesson is and what she is doing now?  
No, what's that bashful little girl doing?  
Bashful? Bah! I guess she has changed some from what I have heard. Now she is in Chicago giving lessons to the younger generation on "Successful Flirting." They say you can't teach without experience, wonder where she got hers?

I have a letter here in my pocket from New York, maybe it will tell us something of our lost classmates. Why, listen to this:

I just learned where you were and thought you might like to know how I am using my high school education. I am working for Clara From, who owns a beauty shop here, and our specialty is face-lifting. I would like to hear from you.

Your classmate,

Gladys Globensky.

Ha! Ha! Did you notice that she didn't mention whether it was men's faces or women's faces she was lifting.

I heard a great lecture over the radio the other night from India. It was on "Missionary Work in India." You can't imagine who it was by. Alice Culbert, one of our old classmates of '28. I thought that, of all things, would be the last thing on earth she would take up.

I have just returned home from Paris. Our ship landed at Ellis Island because it was in quarantine for a case of "Poliomyelitis." Passing in line down the gangplank and up in front of the inspectors' office, where yards and yards of Red Tape were being used, one of the fellow passengers, some little distance ahead, got into an argument with the inspection officer who was trying to send the fellow to the pest house. As the discussion became more heated, there seemed something so familiar in the voice of the inspector that I listened attentively. I could not mistake it, as it was none other than Miss Ball of dear old Quincy High School. You well remember our class discussions on the immigration question, in Miss Ball's civics class.

Wonder where Emeline Barlow is now.

Don't you know?

No, where is she?

Why, she is down in Texas working in an infantry.

She in the army? Ha! Ha! Ha! Who ever heard of that. Tell another one.

Who said anything about the army?

Well, you said she was in the infantry.

I know I did.

What would you call it then?

Why she has charge of the hospital for babies.

Do you know where Miss Sutton is now?

No, where is she?

She is at the head of the largest "class of critics" that the world has ever known. This great institution is located at Hodunk, Michigan.

She always was pretty snappy in her criticism in her English class back in Quincy.

Robert Hendrick.

Ernest Knirk.

LeMoyne Blackman.

Donald Gould.



## Class Will

We, the class of Nineteen Hundred Twenty-eight, of Quincy High School, Branch County, in the State of Michigan, being of sound mind and memory, do hereby make before witnesses, publish and declare the following to be our will and last testament, disposing of our property as follows:

First we request that our good name always be upheld, the record of our good deeds be remembered from year to year, and that everyone shall profit by our mistakes.

To the faculty our good will and respect, our thanks for their kindness and leniency toward us in this our last year of high school life, also all our amazing and startling information that we have furnished them from time to time on our various examination papers.

To the school, our noisiest yells that have been composed and made use of on condition, they should be kept in constant usage.

To Mr. Dage, all the new facts furnished by the Physics class to be used in an advanced course in physics.

Our fondness of studying to Robert Myers and all others who need it.

Clarence Hildebrand, a few select poems to the teachers, for them to read during spare time.

To Mearl Kunkler, several books from the Bible, especially the book of Ruth.

To Earl Vannoy, Ona Boone wills her wrist watch, that he may get to school on time.

To Helen Grove, a part of Clara From's bashfulness.

Lena Chase her books on "How to Gain Weight" to Nellie Donbrock, that she may always have her plump figure.

LeMoyne Blackman all of her lies of kinship to Audrey Brandt.

Oliver Gordon his books on "How to Make Love," to Arthur Donbrock.

Ernest Knirk, his beautiful bass voice to Claud Bennet.

To Willeta George, Evelyn Kesson wills her common sense.

Maybelle Taylor and Genevieve Kesson, their wireless to Cleo Esterline and Grace McDonald that they may become better acquainted.

Bernice Sattler, her ability as an actress to Mildred Moore, that she may become as popular as Bernice.

To Louis Stachel, Gladys Globensky wills her permanent.

To Elwin Jones, Gwendolyn Safford wills her complexion cream.

To Harold Smith, Emaline Barlow her high standards and good marks.

To Helen Grove, Alice Culbert, her book on "How to Keep Quiet."

Donald Gould, his ability of getting on in the world to Fay Sanderson, that he may be something someday. Also to Fay we leave a pair of clippers.

Eva Gallop, her place at the piano during chorus to Helen Houghtaling.

Robert Hendrick, his popularity among the girls to Melvin Jones.

Eloise Demarest, her freckles to Louise Lindsey.

Ruth Wilson, her giggles to Louise Cascarelly.

Gladys Marquart, her quiet disposition to Keith Gardner.

Ona Boone, several volumes known as "Lessons in Flirting," to Elizabeth Tift.

Lena Chase, her curling iron to Louis Stachel.

Maybelle Taylor and Genevieve Kesson, their fondness of Latin to Edison Blackman and Clark Boley.

Gladys Globensky, her fondness for dancing to Arlene Dunton.

Ruth Wilson, her pink party dress to Harry McConnel, to wear to the next Hallowe'en Masquerade.

Clara From, her innocent baby stare to Mildred Streeter.

Oliver Gordon, his methods as an ideal debater to Kenneth Frahm.

All the sophomore girls in care of Emil Sweet.

All the pennies left in the treasury to be used in purchasing high-chairs for Claude Bennet and Dessie Knisely.

Robert Stroup and Lawrence Stout, the right to act as traffic cop to keep some from exceeding the speed limit in coming to school or going to classes.

To the most verdent Freshman, our ability and perseverance in getting and reciting "ideal lessons."

Genevieve Kesson, her giggles to Miss Sutton.

Harry Van Nasdale, his bashfulness to Miss Ball.

Eloise Demarest, her ability to comb red hair to Miss Sanderson.

Robert Hendrick, his school girl complexion to Miss Kibbe.

The oriental rug and other antiques in Mr. Balfour's office to Miss Keen, for her new home.

To Mrs. Rogers, LeMoyne Blackman wills her ability to play bridge.

Robert Hendrick, his choicest minuet entitled "Harmony in A Flat," to Mary Zurbrugg.

Oliver Gordon, his roller skates to George Houghtaling.

Gwendolyn Safford, her clumsiness to Miss Abbot.

Bernice Sattler, all her chewed gum to Miss Walsh.

Evelyn Kesson and Eva Gallop leave their friendship to Louise Lindsey and Ellis Hard.

To Miss Rath, Mary Esther wills her surplus fat.

To Miss Graf, the Tiny, a pair of stilts so that she will not be stepped on when she enters a crowd.

To the school board, all empty chalk boxes and broken window panes.

To the Freshman, the privilege of chewing all the Black Jack gum found under the desks in the assembly room.

To the Sophomores, the place as Juniors, providing they behave better than the Juniors did this year.

To the Juniors, our enjoyment of being Seniors.

Signed, sealed, published and declared by the Class of Nineteen Hundred Twenty-eight to be their will and last testament.

Attestations:

Ona Boone.

Maybelle Taylor.

Genevieve Kesson.



## Valedictory

Dear friends, my classmates have conferred upon me the great honor of speaking the words that shall bid you welcome here tonight. It is with light hearted feelings that we, as a class, stand to-night at the meeting between a happy past and an unknown future.

To-night marks a milestone in our lives. For four years we have been anchored safely in the harbor, protected by our parents, teachers and friends from the strong, sharp gale that blows from the sea of life. In a few short days, we will pull up our anchor and set sail in the boat, which we have built day by day in high school. Not as a body shall we journey the rest of our lives, as we have for the past years each sharing the others successes and failures. We are now separated by fate's hand. She guides one to the sea of art; one to music, each piloting his own ship. Though the journey may be long and difficult with the swift winds ready to dash our boat on the rocks of failures, we shall head the bow of the ship toward success.

But before we decide let us for a moment briefly review some of the lives of our former graduates. Are they all satisfied with the route they have chosen? Some have gone home to remain until something may call them away; some have taken up a business course and have entered the business world; others have gone back to the farm; and others are going on with their education. Which of these patterns for life seems to be the best and happiest to us?

Happiness lies in progressing—in developing a greater character; it is the joy of overcoming; it is the delight of an expanding consciousness; it is the cry of the eagle mounting upward; it is found in our work not outside of our work. If we cannot find happiness, we have the wrong work. Let us strive to find the work that fits our talent and stop watching the clock and planning vacations. If you do not like your chosen work of course you will be carrying a terrible burden and will sooner or later collapse.

Many people fret away their lives and accomplish nothing because they are not able to reach a definite decision about their life work and then stick to it. Many who have a case already in mind can never be certain what their opinion is, because they seem to be evenly divided and as a result do not count on either side of the issues which confront every one.

Midway on the journey is the Island of the Sirens. Be not persuaded by these sirens to anchor your ship here but tie yourself to the mast as Ulysses did and speed your ship past them. "Is our goal so far away? Let us dream our dreams to-day."

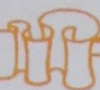
In years to come we will always remember with happiness our days, friends and teachers of Q. H. S. When we have obtained success may we renew our high school friendships. Schoolmates! think not of this class as one that came and went but as one that is always near, wishing you happiness of life.

As Tennyson says:

"'Tis not too late to seek a newer world,  
Push off, and setting in order smite  
The sounding furrow; for my purpose holds  
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths  
Of all the western skies, until I die.  
It may be that the gulfs will wash us down;  
It may be that we shall touch the Happy Isle,  
And see the great Achilles whom we know,  
Tho' much is taken, much abides; and tho'  
We have not now that strength which in old days  
Moved earth and heaven, that which we are, we are—  
One equal temper of heroic hearts,  
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will  
To strive, to seek, to find and not to yield."

Emalene Barlow.





## Class Poem

### OUT OF THE HARBOR, INTO THE SEA

Out of the Harbor and into the Sea,  
To fight our own battles, both you and me.  
To live, to honor, to love and obey  
And strive to do right from day to day.

Each one of you, my classmates dear  
Seem now to me so very dear  
But as the days and years go by  
We'll drift apart, both you and I.

We'll never forget the days spent here  
In Q. H. S. to us so dear.  
The memories to us forever will cling  
And often a tear to our eye will bring.

We'll set our sail upon the sea  
And start life's battles 'ere it may be.  
We'll guide the boat thro' storms and strife  
To that great goal we seek in life.

When we've reached the other side  
And anchored safely and with pride  
To the parents and teachers of Q. H. S.  
We owe to you our own success.

Clarence Hildebrand.







## Junior Class



Front row, left to right

Gladys Braatz, Margaret Smith, Advisor Miss Graf, Vivian Gilcrest, Louise Lindsey, Ellis Hard, Edson Blackman

Second row

Nellie Donbrock, Pauline Lippert, Marie Louise Gottschalk, Mary Zurbrugg, Audrey Shoemaker, Myrtle Hall, Harold Smith

Third row

Grace MacDonald, Florence McConnell, Helen Grove, Advisor Miss Rath, Dorothy Albright, Olga Gilbert, Arlene Dunton, Nora Knapp, Leo Keller

Back row

Martin Bates, Earl Vannoy, Mearl Kunkler, Merritt Vannoy, Fay Sanderson



## History of the Junior Class

In 1924 we were a class of forty-four. The second day of school a class meeting was held to elect officers and our class advisors. President, Louise Lindsey; Vice President, Ellis Hard; Secretary, Donald Gould; Treasurer, Mearl Kunkler; Class Advisors, Miss Ball and Miss Hicks. In October the Sophomores gave a reception in our honor, after which we were not so bashful. During the year several class parties were held, at the homes of Marie Louise Gottschalk, Marion Boley, Arlene Dunton, and Florence McConnell.

The next year we were Sophomores, at the beginning of the year there were forty-two in our class. We elected officers, President, Martin Bates; Vice President, Leola Evard; Secretary, Myrtle Hall; Treasurer Theodore Penoyer; Journalist, Grace MacDonald; Class Advisor, Miss Rath. Later another meeting was called at which we chose the class motto "Life is what you make it," class colors, blue and white; class flower, lily. Early in the year we gave the Freshman a reception at the I. O. O. F. Hall. Not long after this we held a meeting to decide on what kind of rings we wanted. We selected green gold rings trimmed in white gold, and a cup was presented to the class which was to be given to the Honor student on graduation. About this time we had a sandwich sale, a baked goods sale, and did other things to earn money. Class parties held this year were at the homes of Arlene Dunton, Harold Smith, Theodore Penoyer and Olga Gilbert. In the spring we gave a reception for the teachers. At the end of this year we left with thirty-nine in our class.

Now we are Juniors. Our class officers are: President, Mearl Kunkler; Vice President, Earl Vannoy; Secretary, Grace MacDonald; Treasurer, Margaret Smith; Journalist, Martin Bates; Class Advisors, Miss Graf and Miss Rath. Arlene Dunton and Mary Zurbrugg entertained the Juniors this year. Before Christmas vacation the rings came and were gladly received. Early in the spring school was closed a week because of the mumps. After we came back we had a sandwich sale, sold pompoms, had a baked goods sale, put on a moving picture show and held a dance at Quincy Grange Hall to get money to give the Seniors a banquet. The banquet was given the latter part of May and was a success. We all enjoyed ourselves very much at the Juniors and Seniors picnic. School closed in June. Everyone welcomed the vacation.



## Sophomore Class



Front row, left to right

Helen Houghtaling, Audrey Brandt, Esther Blackman, Ruth Blackman, Genevieve Van Atta,  
Dorris Keeler, Beatrice Gottschalk, Lucille Bennett

Second row

Elizabeth Tift, Bertha Vannoy, Edith Sellon, Esther Sattler, LeMoyne Van Patten, Ida May Ingram,  
Dorris Rasmussen

Third row

Evelyn Herrick, Ruth McConnell, Velma Thompson, Jane Gottschalk, Ruth Crapo, Belle Culbert

Fourth row

Elsie Ransford, Dorothy Hickok, Advisor Miss Sutton, Nenah Annin, Robert Myers

Fifth row

Elwin Jones, Otto Luce, Eddie Hodge, Robert Stroup, Hubert Wright, Merle Parker

Back row

Louis Stachel, Cecil Farwell, Keith Gardner, Advisor Miss Ball, Kenneth Frahm, Donald Struble



## Sophomore Class History

After eight years of minor education, we entered the first stage of our High School career. There is an old saying to the effect that, "The first hundred years is the hardest," with which we all agree.

Although we were shy, we managed to call a class meeting and choose our class advisor and class officers, which were as follows: Advisor, Miss Parry; President, Ruth Blackman; Vice President, Elvin Jones; Secretary, Dorothy Hickok; Treasurer, Esther Blackman.

The first few days as Freshman left a rather hazy idea of what was to be done and how. And with all the confusion in going back and forth to classes, we were entirely at a loss. But everything gradually became clear and we began to realize what it was all about.

Then we found out the other classes were having parties so we followed the style and had a party at the home of our president, Ruth Blackman.

We were given a reception by the Sophomores at the I. O. O. F. hall. Here we became better acquainted and tried to feel as important as our fellow students.

Soon we became aware of the fact that if we had any intentions of passing we had better settle down to work. So we strove hard to gain the marks that would meet with the approval of teachers and parents.

After Christmas vacation, we were all in high spirits and to continue our good times we immediately had another party at the home of Ida May Ingram, at Marble Lake. Almost everyone intended to skate but due to the weather conditions, we entertained ourselves indoors.

By this time we had lost all traces of being green or shy, but the Sophomores, being one step ahead in our journey, still considered themselves superior to us.

Another party was planned and held at the home of Helen Houghtaling. A large crowd attended, including a few prying Seniors and Sophomores who insisted upon bothering us.

About this time the Teachers' Reception or Spring Party was given at I. O. O. F. hall. We did not like to think of seeing our beloved teachers depart though some left us for good, others came back to see us through another year of High School.

We were immensely elated when we discovered that our class was to celebrate their first class picnic. Wishing to make it as important as possible, the nearby picnic grounds would never do, so we went to Lake James, Indiana. The picnic went off great and we returned home satisfied. This capped the climax of our Freshman career, and we were good and ready for our summer vacation.

When we entered school the following September we were no longer frivolous Freshmen, but industrious Sophomores, as some say.

We once more chose our advisor and officers, who are: Advisor, Miss Sutton; President, Eddie Hodge; Vice President, Helen Houghtaling; Secretary, Otto Luce; Treasurer, Esther Blackman.

This year we have been more faithful to our studies, because we know work and study only can produce satisfactory standings. But that does not necessarily mean we did not have festivities, because we most certainly started enjoying ourselves in spite of hard work.

We first gave the Freshmen a reception. The High School and Faculty were invited. This party proved to be a big success as was reported by those who attended. Other parties of the year were held at the homes of Ruth Blackman and Jane Gottschalk. Also, the Juniors invited us to a party held at the home of Arlene Dunton. This compliment was returned by inviting them to the home of Donald Struble.

All the members of the Sophomore Class have done their bit in making this a year to be remembered at Quincy High. And we are pleased to think we have made so much progress.

Our second year of High School finished, we are eagerly looking forward to the summer vacation, and our honored position as Juniors the coming September.



## Freshman Class



Front row, left to right

Harry McConnell, Dessie Knisely, Dorothy Stockwell, Willeta George, Maxine Wilcox, Viva Weatherwax,  
Edith Shumway, Louise Cascarely

Second row

Harley Groesbeck, Florence Shumaker, Cora Turrell, Pauline Gottschalk, Flossie Smith,  
Loraine Quigley, Claud Bennett

Third row

Preston Trenary, Advisor Miss Ball, Charles Parkinson, Mildred Streeter, Mildred Moore,  
Francis Gallup, Melvin Hillman

Back row

Arthur Donbrock, Tom Robinson, R. D. Shore, Rolland Greene, Bernice Kesson, Doris Dexter,  
Lawrence Stout, Emil Sweet, Carman McNitt, Clark Boley, Cleo Esterline



## Freshman Class History

President .....	Charles Parkinson
Vice President .....	Maxine Wilcox
Secretary .....	Harry McConnell
Treasurer .....	Viva Weatherwax

What made the United States great? Natural wealth? Undoubtedly a great factor, but the real reason can be expressed in one word—PEOPLE.

The people of the United States represent the best of all the world. The American spirit has taken the best qualities from each division and united them into one great class of people, the American citizen, and nowhere in this great country are there persons of greater possibilities than those manifest in the Freshman Classes.

True, we are called "Freshies, Green," and other endearing names, but that is only natural, for as yet we have done little to distinguish ourselves or our school. But just wait! We've a long stretch ahead of us, and by keeping our eyes and ears open and profiting by the mistakes of the upper classes, we hope to avoid many of the pitfalls that preceding classes have blundered into.





# LITERARY





## Literary

### A SUMMER DAY

The sun peeps over the horizon,  
And beams on the dewey flowers;  
The birds awake from their slumbers,  
And sing in the morning hours.

The summer breeze is blowing,  
Gently thru' the trees;  
The purple violets are blooming,  
And nodding in the breeze.

The golden sun is shining,  
On the rippling stream;  
The little fishes gather,  
In its warm bright gleam.

The sun fades o'er the hilltops,  
Its daily work is thru'  
The flowers bow down their weary heads,  
As if to say—"Adieu."

Dorris Keeler.

### GEOMETRY

I think that I shall never see  
A thing as hateful as geometry.

With chords and arcs all day I wrangle  
Until at night I'm in a tangle.

Angles bisected, chords inscribed,  
Til my ruler and compass are sorely tried.

Finding the values of X or of B,  
Is all we do in geometry.

Upon whose head a curse is lain  
By students, ofter and again.

But I'm not the first nor last to be  
A nervous wreck over geometry.

### A MOONLIGHT SCENE

The moon in its half circle and the clear sky-line down upon the lake with its silent waves. The smiling face of the moon leaves upon the laughing water a silver ray. The water seems to extend so far that there is no shore on the opposite side. On each side of this silver ray are blue waters which now and then make a lapping sound upon the shore.

Dorothy Hickok.



## THE SNOW STORM

The large feathery flakes of snow came floating saunteringly down to pay a visit to mother earth. Gradually they began to come down swifter and swifter until the earth was dressed in the sparkling beauty of mid-winter snow.

The beaming sun in all its glory shone of the dazzling white and caused it to glisten like many little polished diamonds. On and on came the flying flakes to give the earth fresh beauty. But suddenly like magic there was a great calm and peacefulness; it had stopped snowing as if to give the people a chance to inspect its works of wonder on the glorified earth.

Helen Houghtaling.

## SUNSET IN THE MOUNTAIN

The glorious sunset in the mountains is one of the most beautiful sights one could ever see. The red sun makes the white snow glisten on the mountain top and sends long shadows of the trees across the mountain stream. The shadow of the mountain in the valley looks like a huge cloud as the sun sets lower and lower behind the great hill.

The sky is red above the sun and streaks of blue that seem like a great flight of stairs leading from the mountain to the white clouds. The dazzling sun gives the mountains and the valley a reddish hue, and the radiant rays of the crimson sun become dimmer and dimmer as the dusk falls.

Lucile Bennett.

## A FOUR LEAF CLOVER

If you want me, you'll have to seek me,  
I do not come uncought;  
Like faith and hope and devotion,  
I am neither sold nor bought.  
I am called the emblem of fortune,  
Or else good luck by some;  
So work with a will and find me,  
I am waiting for you—come!

Ida May Ingram.

## EVENING

The shrill cry of a whippoor-will  
Could be heard from a distant hill.  
The babbling brook sang its joyous song,  
As the weary farmer walked along.  
The stars tripped out across the sky,  
To guide the way of a passer-by.  
The graceful moon shone clear and bright,  
And clothed the world in celestial light.

Helen Houghtaling.

## THE BROOK

The days may be short,  
The days may be long,  
But still I go onward  
Singing a song.

The years may be many,  
The years may be few,  
But still I go onward  
Singing for you.

Many centuries have passed,  
And still I am here,  
Singing as ever, for  
No man I fear.

Clarence Hildebrand.



## AWAKE

"What in the world are you going to do this afternoon?" asked Mary, as she and Louise came into the sitting room of the cottage in which they were spending the summer.

"Oh, I don't know," replied Louise, "Seeing that we have the cottage fixed the way we want it, I feel content to just sit and finish reading this book."

"Yes, I know that's just like you, but I'm different. Everyone says that I am the greatest person to talk and ask questions he ever saw, and my conversation is so jumpy he can't get any connection half of the time. It's a good thing I'm satisfied with myself because if I tried to reform I'd have an awful big job."

"Oh, boy! but didn't we have a terrible time making that carpenter seal in these walls and the idea of his telling us we ought to have lived about one hundred years ago because we wanted it to smell all piney and have bear skins for rugs; but then it's all done and the cretonne curtains look quite good if I did fix them," said Mary.

Louise made no reply and the silence was broken only by the chirping of the canary.

Mary at last looked up from her magazine and said in a disgusted tone.

"Well, if that isn't just like some authors."

"Now what's the matter?" asked Louise looking up from her book.

"Oh, this Miss White wrote a story about two girls that were staying at a cottage by a lake in the mountains. Marie liked to sit and day dream while Joyce was full of pep. Marie wrote a story unknown to Joyce. It was published in a magazine and of course Joyce read it but did not know who the true author was as Marie had used a pen name. In this particular magazine there was a page containing pictures of the authors. Of course this gave Marie away as Joyce instantly recognized her friend's picture. It ends up with Joyce calling her a genius. Now a story like that couldn't be possible."

"Let's go for a walk. The sun is setting and the water will be real pretty," said Louise, changing the subject.

"Oh, all right," agreed Mary. One day about two weeks later as Mary come in from a fishing trip she found a piece of paper on the floor which she picked up and began to read. Just then Louise entered from the kitchen where she had been preparing supper. When she saw what Mary was reading she gave a cry of horror. Mary dropped the paper saying.

"Now I know why you'll never go fishing with me. By-the-way have any of your stories been accepted? It's a good thing Miss White didn't hear what I said about her story a while ago. I guess there isn't anything that isn't possible."

"What would you say if I told you that Miss White did hear exactly what you said?" replied Louise.

"Well, I guess I have been asleep. Why, come to think of it, you even had me in your story and I never recognized myself," answered Mary.

Elsie Ransford.

## SAVING THE FACTORY PLANS

It was an ideal night for a murder. The moon was partly hidden behind the heavy rain clouds, the trees, casting their weird shadows across the path whistled as the wind blew, and the fog settled down heavier as time crept on.

As Ted Martin walked rapidly along the path, he was thinking how relieved he would be when he reached home, for the movie he had just seen, in town, was a mystery show, "The Bloody Hat," had begun to work on his nerves.

Crack! Ted stopped. His heart was beating fast with fear, but on looking around he saw that a limb had fallen from a tree back of him. Walking on, he started to whistle, but immediately stopped, for he thought he heard someone mocking him.

Soon the darkness began to pound in his ears, his legs seemed to refuse to move. "Oh," he thought, "If I had only stayed with Bob," but it was too late now, for he had said he preferred to walk the two miles to his home in the country.

What was that dark object ahead? Ted halted. His heart leaped, but the Thing ahead did not move. He took a step ahead, two steps. Suddenly the dark object turned and ran in the opposite direction and a startled moo—came from it. Farmer Boon had again forgotten to put his cow in.

After looking all about him, Ted started on. At last he saw his home a few yards distant. Ted started on a run, and on reaching the gate jumped over it. Home! what a relief. Once inside he hurried to his room. Seeing a note on his dresser, he read it. "Dear Ted, father and I are staying with Old Mrs. Maynard tonight. Mother."

Ted, almost in tears, jumped onto the bed, clothes and all, and try as he would he could not forget the picture show.

The clock struck twelve, and with his hands clutching the bed clothes, he heard the front door slowly open. Foot steps were heard on the bare floor. The steps passed his door, paused, went in the direction of his father's den, and Ted suddenly realized that the intruders were after the new factory plans of which his father was the owner. At the thoughts of the hard work spent on the plans, his courage rose, his mind went back to the show, and how the young boy had tried to save the bank money. Quietly he slipped out of bed.

If he could get through the next room he would be able to reach the safe first. He slipped out of the door and across the hall, but the footsteps were returning and he was unable to move. A light was flashed into his face and a loud voice exclaimed, "Why, son, what in the world are you doing here? Your Mother stayed with Mrs. Maynard, but I thought I ought not to leave you here alone with the plans. I heard you cross the hall and so I came back, what—" but he stopped for Ted had quietly slipped to the floor in a faint.

Louise Lindsey.



## TRANSCENDENTALISM

Here we are in this swiftly advancing world, hurrying and scurrying from place to place, doing or supposed to be doing our own business. Each person has some particular place to go, with some particular task to perform. This is what keeps the most of us from thinking, or trying to think of anything excepting our daily tasks. We do not have time to think of the more important things of life, as to whether we should live as our own mind leads us or to live or to do as others have lived and done for ages and taught us.

Children do the things they are told and think nothing of it, because, in fact, they do not think at all. But must we all be classed with children? Cannot we do something by ourselves, without being stoned, ridiculed, or even put to death, to make living for the future generations better?

Is it that we are all so narrow minded that we cannot see the successes and the failures of others? Is it that we are going to make the same failures and blunders that others have made for ages without trying to correct them, and only have the few unimportant, worn-out, puny successes which mean hardly anything? Are we to be satisfied with doing these things and thinking of nothing else? That is what China has done up until the last few years, and look at the result; she is perhaps the most backward country in the world.

Or are we going to be so narrow minded in the other extreme that we will not believe what others tell us or what they have said or tried to do. Must we think that because someone else has said or done something that we must be shown that it is the truth? Are we going to be so foolish ourselves that we will call a man a FOOL, who is SMART enough to come out and show us that if a certain thing is true that something else must be true, which may seem impossible to us at the present?

If we were to be either of these extremes I think we should be better off if we were in sympathy with the first. For in this case there is ignorance and as Shakespere said, "Action is eloquence, and the eyes of the ignorant more learned."

But why be either of these extremes at all? Is the road between these extremes so narrow that it cannot be trod by anyone? If it is then let's step carefully and try to change the width and length. If it is not, then let's look a little to each side and stick to the path with the help of the experiences of others and the thoughts of our own mind.

Ernest Knirk.

## THE GAME SHOULDER

In the fall of 1925 Jack London of Weston High had been the football sensation of the middle west. A great future had been predicted for him by many noted sport writers and some had even gone so far as to say that 1929 would find him on the All-American team.

But during the vacation of 1926 he had the misfortune to run his roadster into a tree and break his left collar-bone. This accident to use his own words was a "mighty tough break" that would probably keep him from playing football.

After the injured shoulder had healed he unconsciously favored it and this reflected greatly upon his football playing. In the first game of the season he was a dismal failure. He would start up the line with his old time speed but the minute he hit the line he would begin to squirm around so that he might fall on his right shoulder.

He played the first quarter and lost more ground than he gained and then as he limped from the field there came cries of "Yellow" and "Slacker" from the stands that used to cheer him to an echo.

He watched the next quarter from the bench where he sat with his head in his hands and tears in his eyes. At the beginning of the second half he could stand it no longer. He grasped the coach by the arm and begged to be put in the game. "You've lost enough for one game," snapped the coach. And so he sat through the third quarter and he slowly began to leave the field, but Coach Berry gripped him by the arm and shouted "Look! Tomkin just caught a long pass and we're on their six yard line with two minutes to play! Can you put it across?" "Sure," shouted Jack as he raced across the field, took his place in the line-up, received the pass from center and smashed the line like an army tank. He had reached the one yard line when Borrelli, two hundred and fifty pound tackle of the opposing team hit him like a torpedo, but even that did not stop him! He twisted from his grasp and fell over the line, on his shoulder with about half of both teams atop him.

That evening at the Bridgewell hospital there lay in a white cot a very battered but never-the-less very happy Jack London football toter De Luxe!

Charles Parkinson.

## MARCH WIND

Let the March winds roar  
And the dark clouds soar.  
We will shut the door,  
Until the sun shines more.

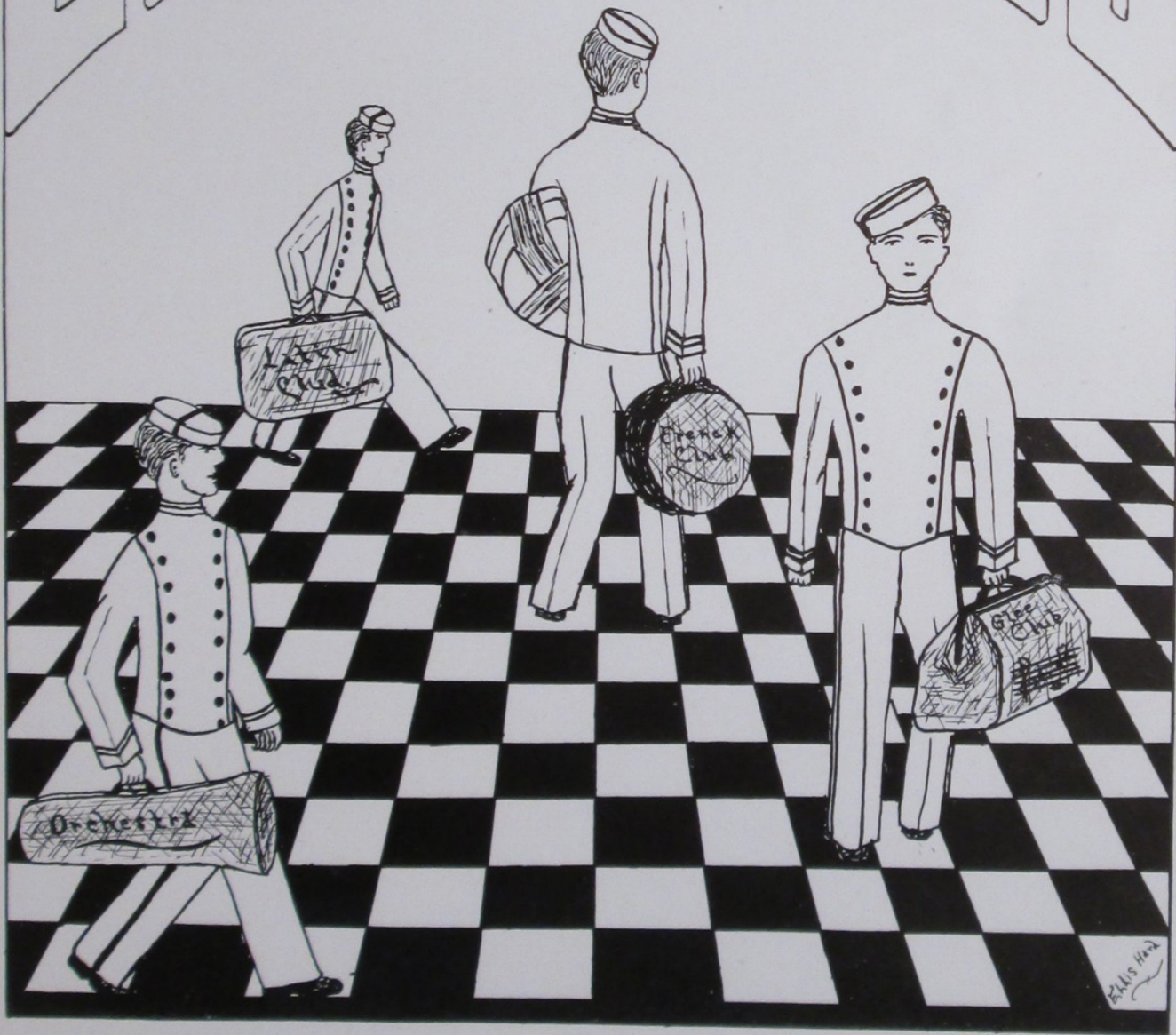
Pop the pop corn well done!  
Then we will start the fun.  
Let the radio go  
And we'll see who cares  
If the wind does blow.

LeMoyne Van Patten.





# SOCIETIES







## Latin Club



Front row, left to right

Margaret Smith, Helen Houghtaling, Mildred Moore, Florence Shumaker, Maxine Wilcox,  
Viva Weatherwax

Back row

Genevieve Van Atta, Louise Cascarelly, Ruth McConnell, Jane Gottschalk, Miss Rath,  
Dorothy Hickok, Maybelle Taylor





## OFFICERS

President .....	Helen Houghtaling
Vice President .....	Maxine Wilcox
Secretary .....	Margaret Smith
Treasurer .....	Viva Weatherwax
Journalist .....	Genevieve Van Atta
Sergeant-at-Arms .....	Mildred Moore

The first initiation was held October 19, 1927, at the home of Helen Houghtaling. The regular members and alumnae came dressed as Roman senators and matrons, while the initiates were clad as slaves. After a short business meeting each initiate demonstrated her abilities proving whether or not she was worthy of becoming a member.

Margaret Smith gave a Roman dance. A song "Integer Vitae" was sung by Mildred Moore, Louise Coscarelly and Florence Shumaker. A dialogue was given in Latin by Maxine Wilcox, Viva Weatherwax and Vyrna Rae Taylor.

Each initiate was given a favor emblematic of the organization.

After the delightful program the initiates were received and united together as members of the club.

Another interesting meeting was held April 26, 1928, at Mildred Moore's home. We went after school. After reaching there we played a few games and then ate our potluck supper. We had much fun while eating.

A business meeting was held after which we had a program as follows:

Caesar's personal appearance, given by Florence Shumaker, which was interesting. Maybelle Taylor compared our modern warfare with the ancient. We found out that our warfare is quite ancient. The poem, "The Roman of Old," was spoken by Jane Gottschalk. She also did very well. Helen Houghtaling and Genevieve Van Atta debated on the subject of Caesar in Gaul. It was resolved that Caesar was justified in subduing the Gauls. Genevieve took the affirmative side and Helen the negative. This was the first debate we have ever had in Latin Club so it made it very interesting. Our teacher, Miss Rath, told us about our English forefathers the way Caesar described them. This was quite a long subject and it takes knowledge to be able to do it. Viva Weatherwax, Maxine Wilcox and Mildred Moore gave a dialogue on the death of Caesar. Like the debate the dialogue was the first we have ever had.

For entertainment we had a game where the pupils guessed advertisements pertaining to Latin. We all voted it a very good time.

## SODALITAS LATINA

S tudents are we, always sincere,  
O f Quincy High School,  
D ear old school we revere.  
A ll of us study our  
L atin each day.  
I n troubles and trials  
T o our teacher we go;  
A lways so patient—  
S he never says, "No!"

L et us each climb the ladder;  
A ppreciation we'll show  
T o our teachers who labor  
I n ways we don't know.  
N ow work and fun we will combine—  
A t Sodalitas Latina, the club of all time.

Genevieve Van Atta.

Our Latin teacher is Miss Rath,  
But wrath she never uses.  
She reads to us of Gods and wars,  
At any time she chooses.

Our Latin lessons are so long,  
And difficult at times,  
But now I think I'd better stop,  
For I just can't make rhymes.

Helen Houghtaling.



## THE DAY OF REPORT CARDS

'Twas the day for report cards  
 When all through the school,  
 Not a pupil was smiling,  
 Not one of the whole.  
 The Freshmen were noisier than ever that day,  
 While the Sophomores stopped giggling for once since last May.  
 The Juniors' faces were as long as rails  
 And the Seniors' looked harder than spikes,—or nails.

To be dismissed, we sat erect in our seats.  
 It was twelve o'clock, so for home and eats,  
 But, all at once, it popped into my mind,  
 I must get my report card before I could dine.  
 While waiting for a friend, I shivered and shook,  
 But, if I'd had my card, I'd have been afraid to look.  
 My mind was in such a terrible state,  
 That I finally resigned myself to my fate.

As we linked arms, I got her one brief glance,  
 As the word "Latin" stabbed us both like a lance.  
 When in room eight there arose such a clatter,  
 We hurried real fast to see what was the matter.  
 Crowded around the desk the Freshmen stood,  
 Each one talking as hard as he possibly could.  
 Waiting to find the effect of his last appeal  
 Which was "By all that is great, give me a square deal."

One by one the cards were passed,  
 And one by one the fears were dashed.  
 As my friend and I wandered out of the room,  
 She said "Why, this day wasn't really meant for my doom."  
 And we recalled what we had heard in language sublime,  
 How we would glory our school life in some future time.  
 And our teacher said, as we passed out the door,  
 "Good-bye to all, but come back for more."

Florence Shumaker.

## A TOAST TO THE LATIN X CLASS

Here's to Genevieve who never seems blue,  
 Here's to Helen, both good and true,  
 Here's to Lewie our only boy,  
 Here's to Maybelle a girl full of joy,  
 Here's to Genevieve Kesson who will do her bit,  
 Here's to Jane everlasting in wit,  
 Here's to Ruth a trifle shy,  
 Here's to Margaret who gives many a sigh,  
 Here's to Dorothy a lovable lass,  
 Here's to our faithful teacher Miss Rath,  
 Here's to the whole class happy and gay;  
 May they always be just this way.

Beatrice Gottschalk.

## A TOAST TO THE LATIN IX CLASS

Here's to Mac, both playful and wise,  
 Here's to Florence, who rolls her eyes,  
 Here's to Mildred, both prim and sedate,  
 Here's to Loraine, who hates to be late,  
 Here's to Louise, a little bit shy,  
 Here's to Edson, who's sure to ask why.  
 Here's to Clark, not bashful nor blue,  
 Here's to Miss Rath, faithful and true.  
 May their path to success be steady and clear,  
 And honor and truth shine through each year.

Viva Weatherwax.





## CONUNDRUMS

1. Who was Charles the Bold? Duc.
2. What is the objective case of I? Mi.
3. What title is given to a married woman? Missus.
4. What does one do to a cat? Petit.
5. What is a large body of water called? Si.
6. What does a farmer do to the hay after it is cut? Rex.
7. What is the adverb meaning good? Vel.
8. What is the contraction for "we are"? Vir.
9. What must one do to transfer a picture from one paper to another? Tres.
10. By what is Michigan bounded? Lex.
11. What is the uppermost room of a house called? Gerit.
12. What must one do to solve a conundrum? Gessit.
13. What does one do with the eye? Vincit.
14. After a problem is worked what is the result called? Anser.
15. What name is given to one who entertains? Hostis.
16. A girl's nickname—Dat.
17. In what condition does one hate to see his garden? Vidi.
18. A synonym for queer. Ad.
19. A common American slang expression. Galli.
20. How does a pupil feel after semester exams? Viri.

## LATIN

Latin is a splendid thing  
That is, if you're bright;  
But sometimes I really think  
That I would rather fight.  
There are always about two,  
In our class each day,  
Who always make you wish that you,  
Were just as bright as they.  
These two girls I'll tell you yet,  
But you know now I believe,  
They never have to frown or fret,  
They are Beatrice and Genevieve.  
Sometimes our good teacher is cross  
That's all because of me,  
So come sometime and see my loss  
For all I know is glee.  
For rarely do I know at all,  
Then she will up and say  
"Jane, why do I have to scold  
You every single day?"  
She says that I don't know a thing  
And I haven't an A yet;  
But I'd rather get my bawling out  
Than to be her little pet.  
Oh! Latin is so very hard,  
And if you want something easier,  
You can hunt and hunt some more  
But it surely won't be Caesar.  
But everyone does always say  
Oh! That is good for you  
So try it for yourself some day,  
And see what you can do.  
And if you'd really like to know  
Why in Latin class I'm held,  
I will tell you in these few words  
I was obligingly compelled  
For if my Dad would so kindly  
Have left the task to me  
I would without the slightest doubt  
Have chosen Botany.  
But now I'm glad I took it  
Tho' some say that it's dead  
I do get so discouraged  
And it goes up to my head.

Jane Gottschalk.



# THE ORIOLE

## French Club



Front row, left to right

Arlene Dunton, Ellis Hard, Vivian Gilchrest, Eva Gallop, Bernice Sattler, Clara From

Second row

Dorothy Albright, Olga Gilbert, Miss Rath, Gwendolyn Safford, Lena Chase

Third row

Robert Hendrick, Eloise Demarest, Evelyn Kesson, Audrey Shoemaker, Ernest Knirk



## OFFICERS

President .....	Bernice Sattler
Vice President .....	Evelyn Kesson
Secretary .....	Audrey Shoemaker
Treasurer .....	Vivian Gilchrest
Sergeant-of-Arms .....	Lena Chase
Asst. Sergeant-of-Arms .....	Eloise Demarest
Journalist .....	Eva Gallop

The first annual initiation of the Entre Nous Club was held Oct. 24, 1927, at Quincy High School. The initiates demonstrated their various talents in giving the following program:

Song—"La Bergere" .....	Olga Gilbert
	Arlene Dunton
	Dorothy Albright
Poem—"Le Rat de Ville et le Rat des champs" .....	Eloise Demarest
Song and Dance—"Sur le pont d'Avignon" .....	Ellis Hard
	Clara From
	Vivian Gilchrest
	Gwendolyn Safford
A Playlet—"Pan Pan" .....	Evelyn Kesson
	Audrey Shoemaker

The initiates were then received into the club and light refreshments were served. Several members of the alumni were present.

## FRENCH LITERATURE AND LANGUAGE

French is one of the eight Romance languages of Europe—beautiful, harmonious, elegant and refined, yet expressive and clear. No man enters diplomatic service without a knowledge of it. Only few girls of England or America are allowed to graduate from a finishing school without French. It is the native language of France as well as being spoken in Canada, Belgium and Switzerland.

When Caesar conquered Gaul he found people who spoke a rude Celtic tongue—each tribe using a different dialect. Then vulgar Latin was introduced. The Celts and Teutons refined it. The last invaders of France, the Franks, from whom the country and language derived their names, divided France into two parts, north and south according to dialect. In the twelfth century the Northern dialect used at Paris was accepted as the universal tongue of France. By the end of the seventeenth century the French language was nearly staple, almost the same as to-day.

French literature is among the greatest productions of the world. It prevailed and dominated Europe for centuries. It is of the epic and tragic type. First stages of French poetry called, "Chansons de geste," "Songs of Deeds" were folk epics which treated on great national heroes. Arthur and Charlemagne are two such heroes.

From eleven hundred to fourteen hundred A. D. Troubadours prevailed in southern France while Trouveres dominated the north. But little prose had been written, as most of the literature of France thus far was poetry, history in particular.

Much was done in the sixteenth century. Rabelais was the life of the Renaissance, Calvin of the Reformation, and Montaigne represented skepticism. The Seventeenth century is known as the "Golden Age." Moliere, Corneille, Racine were important writers of that period. Lafontaine is noted for his matchless fables greatest since the time of Aesop. Madame de Sevigne set up a high standard for letter-writing. Charles Perrault's Mother Goose stories among which are Cinderella, The Sleeping Beauty, Puss in Boots and Tom Thumb, are read and admired throughout the world.

The literature of the eighteenth century was far inferior to that of the Golden Age, the seventeenth century. Voltaire, the representative of that century produced works which were more destructive than constructive. One author states that he was instrumental in bringing on the French Revolution. Other important writers of the century were Rousseau, Montesquieu, Le Sage and Beaumarchais. Writers of the nineteenth century were Chateaubriand and Victor Hugo, Saint Beuve, Gantier, Lowarline, Musset, George Sand, Dumas, Balzac, Daudet, Zola and Maupassant. Victor Hugo was greatest of all of the century's authors. Those of the twentieth century are Sardan, Rostand; Anatole wrote plays, while Renan and Laine wrote histories.

Arlene Dunton.



## HISTORY OF FRANCE

When Rome was the center of the civilized world, Gaul, as France was then called, was a notable part of her empire. At the dawn of recorded history most of France was inhabited by the Gauls, a people of Celtic blood. In the southeast lived the Ligurians, and in the southwest the Iberians. Phoenician merchants settled on the Mediterranean coast and about 600 B. C. Greek traders founded the colony Massilia, modern Marseilles.

In the succeeding centuries Gaul became thoroughly Romanized. Christianity spread from Rome to Gaul and was widely accepted as early as the fourth century.

With the decline of the Roman empire, German invaders entered Gaul. Chief among these were the Franks, who established Frankish rule over most of the land. The greatest ruler of the Merovingian dynasty was Charlemagne. After Charlemagne's death his empire fell into three parts. The western part became the kingdom of France. Some progress was made under Philip Augustus, Louis IX, and Philip IV, but France was in disorganized state in the fourteenth century, when the Hundred Years war broke out with England.

A French girl, Joan of Arc, became the national heroine by turning the tide against the English, who were finally driven from the soil of France.

From this time on, to the eighteenth century, as a whole the nation prospered. In 1763 the Treaty at Paris marked the loss by France both of her great dominions in America and in India.

In the World war of 1914-18, France gave proof that a democratic government could be efficient. In the Peace of Versailles, France recovered Alsace Lorraine, and was given the products of rich coal in the Saar valley, as compensation for her own destroyed mines. She was left the dominant power on the continent.

Audrey Shoemaker.

## FRENCH CLUB PROPHECY OF 1927-1928

While on a trip from Quincy, Michigan, to Salt Lake City I stopped at Batavia. I heard people talking of the famous dancing instructor in that town. On inquiring I found it to be my old friend of the French Club, Arlene Dunton.

At Elkhart I found that Ellis Hard was operating a hair dressing shop.

When I reached Three Rivers I decided to attend a show. To my great surprise I found that one of the acrobats in the Vaudeville was Dorothy Albright.

While waiting for my train in Niles I strolled through the park. Sitting on a bench was a nurse maid entertaining two small children. After looking at her again I recognized her to be no other than Audrey Shoemaker.

As I passed a shop in South Bend there was a sign on the window saying, "Home Made Garments." As there were many beautiful things in the window I entered and found the shop to be owned by Olga Gilbert.

While in Chicago I attended an opera that had been recommended to me because the leading characters were so good. I was very much surprised when I saw that they were Ernest Knirk and Bernice Sattler, members of the French Club in Quincy.

I stopped at a hotel in Peoria. A very neat young lady came to take me to my rooms. It was Gwendolyn Safford. On entering the dining room I found that the waitress was no other than Eloise Demarest.

On stopping at Kansas City I was surprised to find that my old friend Eva Gallop played the pipe organ in the State Theatre, and that Evelyn Kesson was a French teacher in one of the schools there.

At Topeka I entered a "Ready to wear" store. The two models that were sent to show me their dresses proved to be Lena Chase and Clara From.

When I reached Colorado Springs there was a large fair in town which I attended. As I passed a side show a man in front said, "Come in and see the famous heavy weight." I entered and goodness gracious it was Bob Hendricks.

At Denver I went to an art gallery. There was a very beautiful painting and I soon found that it was painted by Gladys Globensky, who lived in that town.

My conclusion was that we had certainly had a brilliant French Class.

Vivian Gilchrest.



## FRENCH JOKES AND FACTS

A well known woman is a famous Mrs. Malaprop as regards her speech.

"And what in France," asked a friend, "did you enjoy the most, Mrs. ———?"

"Well, I think," said the lady, "it was the French Pheasants singing the Mayounaise."

French Fisherman—"Any luck today?"

Second Fisherman—"Nope, all I caught in my nets was two channel swimmers.

Mose and Sam were digging a trench over in France. Although not in an especially safe spot, for a time they were unconscious of their danger. Then a shell flew over their heads and exploded just beyond. Others followed. At the fifth explosion Mose asked:

"Sam, don' yo all think it's about time we all done got religion?"

"Chuff!" retorted Sam scornfully; "Mose, you sutenly is tho'ly shiftless, boy. Me, I done got religion when de fust bomb bust."

Marian—That new French maid of the Alden's is the nicest creature. So obliging, so very obliging.

Estelle—Yes? How so?

Marian—This morning I saw her out with Mrs. Alden's dog, and tonight I saw her out with Mrs. Alden's husband.

## ENTRE NOUS

E is for energie, desired by all  
N is for noblesse, preventing many a fall.  
T is for travail, work, which we all have to do  
R is for raison, right, lasting and true.  
E is for efforts, bringing success  
And that everyone knows will sure stand the test.

N is for notabilite, we all strive to gain  
O is for obligeance, kindness never causing a pain.  
U is for unite, we have thoroughly achieved  
S is for sincerite, which is always believed.

Eva Gallop.

## A TOAST TO THE FRENCH XII CLASS

Here's to Ernest, so faithful and wise  
Here's to Bernice, with her bright flashy eyes,  
Here's to Bob, with his laughter and fun,  
Here's to Eva, who's always on the run,  
Here's to Clara, with her greetings for all  
Here's to Lena, with her statue for all,  
Here's to Eloise, with her curls so rare,  
Here's to Gladys, with her bright golden hair,  
Here's to Gwendolyn, who's travelled many a mile,  
Here's to Evelyn, who greets all with a smile,  
Here's to Miss Rath, so patient and true,  
Striving for success that is to her due,  
Here's to our French Class, may they always succeed  
And be heralded everywhere for their true noble deeds.

Evelyn Kesson.

## ENTRE NOUS

E is for eager to make French a success.  
N is for nous, who will do our best.  
T is for trying, and we sure do.  
R is for Rath, our instructor true.  
E is for ended school days when we will part.

N is for neatness, the rule we must obey.  
O is for opening the bright, new day.  
U is for useful, our French will be.  
S is for sure that straight we see.

Eloise Demarist.



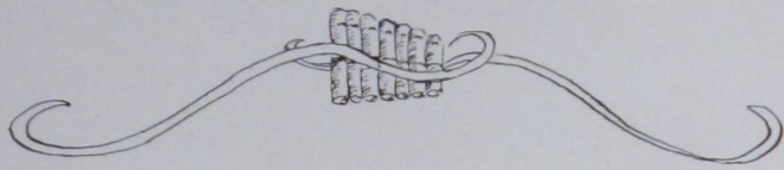


# THE ORIOLE



1928





To Music

To music we owe a tribute;  
 To music a language so rare,  
 Piano, cornet, harp or flute,  
 No other joy can compare.  
 Don't sigh and ask me "Why?"  
 'Tis a thing to treasure as a pleasure.  
 And joy to fullest measure.  
 Music of the ball  
 Or music that shows more leisure  
 Anywhere music satisfies the call.  
 Music with all its laughter,  
 Music with all its tears,  
 Music with all its rapture  
 Still following down the years.





# Girls Glee Club



Front row, left to right

Margaret Smith, Helen Houghtaling, Maxine Wilcox, Viva Weatherwax, Marie Louise Gottschalk,  
Mildred Moore, Esther Blackman, Maybelle Taylor

Second row

LeMoyne Blackman, Lena Chase, Ruth Wilson, Clara From, Nora Knapp, Gladys Globensky,  
Willeta George, Gwendolyn Safford, Doris Dexter

Third row

Olga Gilbert, Gladys Braatz, Grace MacDonald, Ruth Blackman, Doris Keeler, Ellis Hard,  
Louise Lindsey, Doris Rasmussen, Vivian Gilchrest, Audrey Brandt

Fourth row

Dessie Knisely, Dorothy Albright, Pauline Lippert, Genevieve Van Atta, Ruth McConnell,  
Dorothy Stockwell

Fifth row

Flossie Smith, Ona Boone, Esther Sattler, Helen Grove, Jane Gottschalk

Back row

Edith Sullen, Florence McConnell, Audrey Shoemaker, Evelyn Kesson, Cora Turrell,  
Mildred Streeter, Miss Kibbe, Elizabeth Tift, Eloise Demarest,  
Mary Zurbrugg



## Boys Glee Club



Front row, left to right

Ernest Knirk, Elwin Jones, Eddie Hodge, Edson Blackman, Oliver Gordon

Second row

Preston Trenary, Louis Stachel, Eva Gallop, pianist, Miss Kibbe, teacher,  
Harry Van Nasdale, Harold Smith

Third row

Earl Vannoy, Charles Parkinson, Donald Gould, Martin Bates, Robert Hendrick, Kenneth Frahm

Back row

Cecil Farwell, Roland Greene, Clarence Hildebrand, Harry McConnell, Donald Struble



## Operetta



### "IN OLD VIENNA"

Presented by  
**Quincy High School Glee Clubs**  
**Quincy Opera House**

FRIDAY AND SATURDAY EVENINGS, MARCH 30-31

#### THE CAST OF CHARACTERS

(In order of their appearance)

Hans Maier, Proprietor of the Inn. Robert Hendrick  
 Louisa, a waitress. Gladys Braatz  
 Capt. Kinski, Chief of Police. Martin Bates  
 Rumski, Kinski's Sleuth. Donald Gould  
 Bumski, Kinski's Sleuth. Harry Van Nasdale  
 J. Jennison Jones, and Advertising Expert. Louis Stachel  
 Jigo, a Hungarian Gypsy. Charles Parkinson  
 Ilona, a Gypsy Girl. Helen Houghtaling  
 Arthur Crefont, an Artist. Clarence Hildebrand  
 June Pennington, an American Heiress. Margaret Smith  
 Jonas Pennington, a wealthy American. Eddie Hodge  
 Lady Vivian Delancy, a charming Widow. LeMoyne Blackman  
 Florence Salisbury. Gypsy Dancer

#### MUSICAL NUMBERS

ACT I.—Wurtzelpraeter Inn, Vienna.

1. The Duty of the Cop. Rumski and Bumski
2. Pickles. Jones
3. My Gypsy Queen. Ilona and Jones
4. Dreamy, Schemy Widow. Pennington and Lady Vivian
5. Fortune Telling. Ilona

ACT II.—The Gypsy Camp, that Evening.

6. The Romany Trail.
7. Mystical Pool. Ilona
8. Pictures by Moonlight. June and Crefont
9. A Vision. Lady Vivian and Ilona

ACT III.—The Inn at Carnival Time.

10. The Time to Say Goodbye. Crefont and June
11. Valse du Carnival.

The Chorus, consisting of Tourists, Burgers,  
 Viennese Maidens, Gypsies

Dorothy Albright  
 Ruth Blackman  
 Esther Blackman  
 Edson Blackman  
 Audrey Brandt  
 Vivian Brandt  
 Catherine Jean Brokaw  
 Doris Dexter  
 Sonia Far  
 Eva Gallop

Vivian Gilchrest  
 Gladys Globensky  
 Marie Louise Gottschalk  
 Jane Gottschalk  
 Rolland Greene  
 Helen Grove  
 Ellis Hard  
 Doris Keeler  
 Nona Knapp  
 Otto Luce

Florence McConnell  
 Beatrice Milliman  
 Merle Parker  
 Bernadine Poirier  
 Norma Turner  
 Viva Weatherwax  
 Wilma Wilber  
 Maxine Wilcox  
 Herbert Wright  
 Mary Zurbrugg



## General Assembly Programs

Sept. 14: Rev. Van Kirk, who is making his third tour around the world spoke to the assembly on "World Peace."

Sept. 19: Rev. Smith gave a very pleasing talk this A. M. He discussed the evaluations of our neighbors.

Nov. 11: Armistice Day Program

Song by High School.....	"America The Beautiful"
What Armistice Day Means to Soldiers.....	Claud Paul
Playlet .....	Lyle Wilcox
Recitation: "In Flanders Field".....	
In Answer .....	Queene Hodge
Recitation: "America For Me".....	Bernadine Poirier

Play (One Act)  
"They Just Won't Talk"

Joe Ellis .....	Martin Bates
Mable—his wife .....	Esther Blackman
Bobbie—their son .....	Campbell Brokaw
Miss Spindler .....	Margaret Smith
Mrs. Corey .....	Helen Houghtaling
George—Mable's brother .....	Fay Sanderson
Song .....	Peace Hymn of Republic

Oct. 21: Freshmen give fine program

Dec. 23: Christmas Program

Song "Hark the Herald Angles Sing".....	All
Welcome .....	Mary Jane Gordon
Things We Want .....	Chart Class
Song "Santa Claus".....	Barbara Jean Conrad
Christmas Wish .....	Lillian Bowerman
Christmas in the Heart .....	Mildred Shumway
Christmas Dolls .....	Joanna Anderson
	Arla Rae Houtz
Playlet: "The Christmas Rabbit".....	
	Francis Lippert
	Dorothy Rootes
	Harry Rasmussen
	Bernard Craun

Priscilla Prinks Stocking, Fifth and Sixth Grades.

Danger of Christmas Dinner.....	Harry Myers
	Billy Johnson
	Robert Waterbury
Song—"O Little Town of Bethelam".....	Double Mixed Quartet
The Twenty-Sixth .....	Campbell Brokaw
Just Pretend .....	Anna Rootes

Play—"The Old Woman and the Shoe"—Third and Fourth Grades

Recitation .....	Everett Brandt
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Play—"A Christmas Want Supplied"—Seventh and Eighth Grades

Santa's Soliloquy .....	Emil Sweet
Song—"Adeste Fideles" .....	Latin Classes
Story—"The Other Wise Man" .....	Charles Parkinson
Reading—"A Christmas Carol" .....	Esther Blackman
Song—"Il est ne" .....	French Classes
Reading—"Christmas Eve" .....	Jane Gottschalk
Song—"Silent Night, Holy Night".....	Double Mixed Quartet
What Does Christmas Really Mean?.....	Rev. Smith
Song—"It Came Upon the Midnight Clear".....	All

February 10: Lincoln Program

"America" .....	School
Lincoln .....	Third Grade
Lincoln's Yarns and Jokes .....	Donald Gould and
	Harry Van Nasdale
February Drums .....	Kindergarten



Play—"Honest Abe"—Seventh and Eighth Grades

A Patriotic Girl .....	Lucille Culbert
Child Lincoln .....	Gerald Lockwood
Blue and Gray .....	La Ronda Lindsey
Lincoln Essay—"First Prize" .....	Leola Bennett
Wreath Drill .....	Fifth and Sixth Grades
"Gettysburg Address" .....	Ernest Knirk
"Star Spangled Banner" .....	School

During the program Mr. Balfour presented Leola Bennett The Lincoln Medal for the best Lincoln Essay.

Alice Culbert.  
Nellie Donbrock.

## Class Parties

September

The Juniors held a class party at the home of Mary Zurbrugg. It was a hard time party. Everybody gave Mary the credit of being a splendid hostess.

October 7, 1927

The Sophomores held a class party at the home of Ruth Blackman. Every one reported a fine time.

### FRESHMAN RECEPTION

The Sophomores put on the Freshman Reception which was held at the I. O. O. F. hall October 21. The hall was very prettily decorated with their class colors. After a very interesting program the rest of the evening was spent in dancing. Punch and wafers were served throughout the evening as refreshments.

November 4, 1927

Miss Alice Culbert acted as hostess to a Senior class party held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Brokaw on Friday night. A number of the members of the faculty were present besides a number of outside guests. Games were played and later delightful refreshments were served. Each one present gave Alice the credit of an ideal hostess.

November 4, 1927

The Juniors held a class party at the home of Arlene Dunton on a Friday night. They invited the Sophomores as their guests. Everyone reported a splendid time.

February

Saturday evening the Juniors and their class advisors were very pleasantly entertained at the home of Miss Arlene Dunton. The evening was spent in playing cards and games. Dainty refreshments were served by the hostess, assisted by the teachers.

Spring Party—The Spring Party presented by the Sophomores as a reception for the teachers of Q. H. S. will be held the 19th of May at the I. O. O. F. Hall. The hall will be decorated in a combination of the sophomore colors of blue and gold and the High School colors of black and orange. The first part of the evening will be spent in listening to a fine program which has been prepared. Those who will take part in the program will be Eddie Hodge, Sophomore president, Mr. Dage, Esther Blackman, Helen Houghtaling and Norma Turner. The latter part of the evening will be spent in dancing.

Junior-Senior Banquet—The annual Junior-Senior Banquet will be held the last of May at the Union Church. The rooms will be prettily decorated in green and white, the Senior class colors. After the splendid banquet Martin Bates as toastmaster will very cleverly introduce the members of the program. Those who will take part in the program will be a Welcome by the Junior president, Mearl Kunkler, response by Senior president, Bernice Sattler, solo by Miss Kibbe and a giftatory by Margaret Smith.

Latin and French Club Banquets—Plans are being made for a Latin Club Banquet and a French Club Banquet under the direction of Miss Rath. These two separate banquets will be held at the Fillmore Hotel the last of May or the first of June. The Latin Club Banquet will probably be carried out in Roman style while the French Club plan to have a formal banquet.

Senior Party—Friday evening, April 20, the Seniors of '28 were entertained at the home of Mary Esther Trenary. The evening was spent in playing rook. There were three tables in play. Clarence Hildebrand and Oliver Gordon tied for the first prize, which was a box of candy. At the close of the evening warm maple sugar and rolls were served by the hostess. All departed at a late hour hoping that in the years to come they might again meet together.



# GRADES







## Seventh and Eighth Grades



First row, left to right

Clifford Ransom, Louis Taylor, Leslie Wilcox, Richard Taylor, Beatrice Milliman, Dorothy Becker,  
Margaret McKinstry, Norma Turner

Second row

Sherman Mock, Glen Barlow, Wayne Knirk, DeWitt Rumpfelt, Burt Hickok, Sonia Far,  
Virginia Lockwood

Third row

Richard Gallop, Jimmy Cascarely, Loyd Wright, Jessie May King, Wallace Houck, Dorothy Struble,  
Billy Gottschalk, Florence Thompson

Fourth row

Earl Thompson, Ruth Lapham, Wanda VanPatten, Everett Brandt, Erma Kidder, Jenevieve Westfall,  
Lulu Kidder, Myrna Bayn

Fifth row

Roberta Abbott, Vivian Brandt, Wilma Wilbur, Eileen Walters

Sixth row

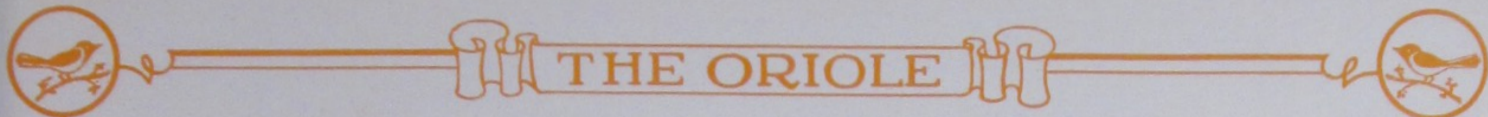
Marian Olney, Blanche Sanderson, Leola Bennet, Catherine Jean Brokaw, Opal Holmes

Absentee names

Corlan Bovee, Robert DeWolfe, Margerie Ford, Clara Grove, Wayne Hermance, Bernadine Poirier







## SEVENTH AND EIGHTH GRADE POEM

We are pupils in Miss Sanderson's room;  
In grades seven and eight are we.  
We began our studies very soon  
And worked very hard, you see.

We always try to do our best;  
We really like our work.  
And when we have to write a test  
It never pays to shirk.

But work is not the only thing,  
We have our good times too.  
We like to play, we like to sing,  
Have parties? Of course we do.

Our boys are handy with saw and plane;  
They made boxes for all our flowers.  
And now our windows are full of bloom  
That brighten our study hours.

There was a blizzard at Christmas time,  
The air was filled with snow.  
And though the room might be ninety-nine  
It still hung in a row.

We gave a program for the P. T. A.  
And everyone did his best.  
There were drills, speaking, music, and a play,  
We enjoyed it as much as the rest.

A little bug which causes mumps  
Came hanging around our room.  
Around our ears we found some lumps  
Which swelled out like a balloon.

On February twelfth we gave a play,  
Wayne was Honest Abe.  
Leola wrote the best essay  
Although many attempts were made.

We had a Valentine party one afternoon,  
There was pop corn and candy galore.  
Our teacher gave us each an ice cream cone  
We ate till we could eat no more.

And now the year is almost over,  
Vacation is nearly here.  
We are glad that it is coming,  
For we have worked very hard this year.

Written by the pupils of grades 7 and 8.



## Fifth and Sixth Grades



Front row, left to right

Cleda Baker, Paul Bier, Alberta Mahaffey, Richard Piper, William Myers, Betty Parish,  
Robert McConnell, Eldred Dobson

Second row

Isabel Baker, Grace Houtz, Edith Culbert, Max Houck, Junior Greene, Carl Ward, Elsie McConnell

Third row

Dorothy Burlingham, Margaret O'Connor, Audrey Givan, Lyle Wilcox, Robert Case, Roy Kidder

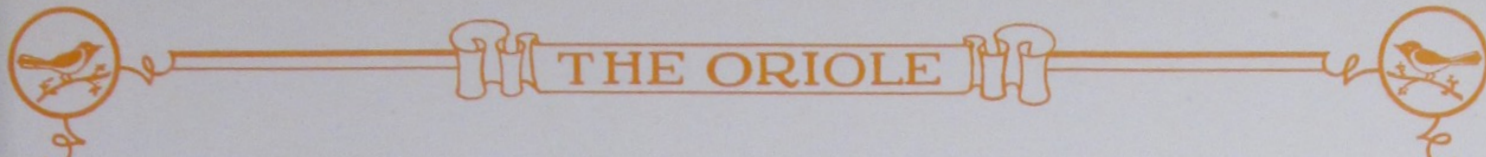
Fourth row

Franky Cascarely, Eva Hermance, Mable Mock, Florence Salisbury, Lafonda Lindsey, Mary Hickock

Back row

Teacher Miss Keene, Queenie Hodge, Audrey Lindsey





## FIFTH AND SIXTH GRADES

### September

School opened September 6 with thirty-four children in the fifth and sixth grades. During the first two weeks of school we had very warm weather. During this warm weather, the fifth grade children were all invited to attend Isabel Baker's birthday party. Everyone had a very nice time.

### October

Everyone worked hard during October, but at the end of the month each child felt rewarded. First, we had a two-day vacation while all the teachers attended M. E. A. Convention in Kalamazoo. On Friday before Hallowe'en, we had a party at school.

### November

Everyone made an intensive study of Armistice Day and its significance to us. Our room was very much interested in football at this time. Then came another two-day vacation for Thanksgiving.

### December

The Christmas spirit filled the entire month of December. The boys from both grades went for a tree. Everyone was looking forward to the holiday vacation.

### January

All the boys and girls came back in the very best moods after the vacation. Semester examinations came in January.

### February

The entire school participated in a Lincoln's birthday program. Our classes gave a wreath drill called "The Blue and the Gray." During the week-end following, twenty-five of us became ill with the mumps. We had a Valentine Party but there were only seven present. School closed for a week or until a few people recovered.

### March

Earl Wilkinson had the mumps after all the rest of the people had returned. Every day now we hear of a new baseball star or the return of some bird to its northern home. Spring surely is on the way.

### April

"April showers bring May flowers" is all too true of April this year. We are expecting the flowers soon. We all had a pleasant Easter even though it did snow. We didn't have any Spring vacation because of the time we missed with the mumps.

### May-June

It doesn't seem possible they will be here so soon. We wish to congratulate each boy and girl on each success, sympathize with them in each failure, and wish them well in coming years.



# Third and Fourth Grades



First row, left to right

Phyllis Phelps, Betty Nye, Evelyn Kidder, Dwine Burlingham, Harold Thompson, Leona Lindsey, Anna Rootes

Second row

Alan Eichler, Caroline Piper, Cleo Craun, Donna Mead, Robert Bracebridge, Ruth Bracebridge, Opal Donbrock

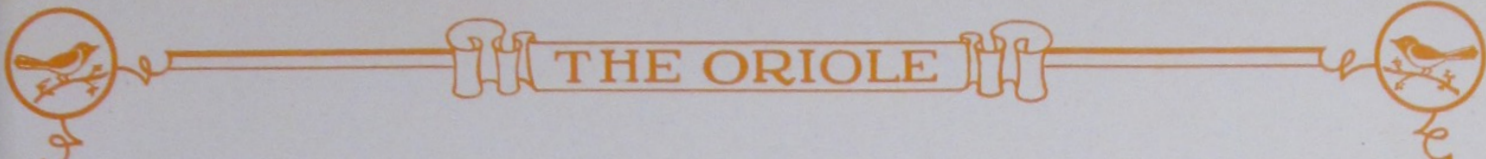
Third row

Virginia Gordon, Mary Jenette Lockwood, Edna Thompson, Harold Beckwith, Dennis Sattler, Campbell Brokaw, Kenneth McConnell

Fourth row

Lena Cascarelly, Aletha Turrell, Miss Abbott, Arnet Shoemaker, George Lindsey





## HISTORY OF THIRD AND FOURTH GRADES

### Chapter I

It happened on the sixth day of September nineteen twenty-seven that we heard the school bell ringing. We knew what that meant, so we obeyed its summons. We had a new teacher. Everything was confusing at first. But soon we began to get used to school life again. We remembered a lot of things we thought we had forgotten during the summer.

We found it fun to make our room look cheerful with plants and flowers. The reading table was interesting to us. We had never studied Geography as older folks have, so we found out about peoples and countries that were new to us. "Sticking things" on our product map was especially interesting.

We had great fun getting ready for Hallowe'en, Thanksgiving and Christmas. Oh, that was best of all, because we went up stairs and played the "Old Woman in the Shoe." Then came Christmas vacation.

### Chapter II

It was nineteen twenty-eight when we came back to school again. Once more we worked hard to gain badges for good spelling, to have our colored maps placed upon the wall for exhibition, and good writing papers, to say nothing of all kinds of posters. Our sand table was remodeled several times. We even edited a newspaper for a time, until we became too busy with other work. For instance we sold Health Stamps and won a First-Aid-Kit.

Then came the mumps! That made many of us stay out of school for a long time. At last we were all back together again to finish our happy year.

How much wiser we are now. Words mean more to us. We can read them, see through them, divide them, use them and spell them. And how much more we know about numbers too. We can even write well with pen and ink.

We have laughed, played and worked together all year. Now we must part and move on. We wonder what is in store for us the coming year.

Thus ends our history of 1928.





## Primary Grades



First row, left to right

Dale Kidder, Jean Johnson, Marjorie Rumpfelt, Mary Jane Gordon, Howard McConnell,  
Bobby VanHoosear, William Tuttle, Billy Fillmore, Donald Kidder

Second row

Zella Jenkins, Bernard Craun, Robert Waterbury, Loyal Wiser, Johann Anderson, Dorothy Tootes,  
Retha Piper, Nellie Harmon

Third row

Miss Walsh, Maxine Nye, Marian Smith, Opal Barlow, Arla Rae Houtz, Geraldine Simonds,  
Roland Calligan, Robert Simonds, Spencer Martin, Mrs. Rogers

Fourth row

Cecilia Harmon, Billy Johnson, Richard Simonds, Harry Rasmussen, Mildred Bracebridge,  
Leland Wilmarth, Rex Calligan

Fifth row

Edna Wilkinson, Marjory Sherman, Harry Myers, Jimmy Mock, Gerald Lockwood, Junior Mohn

Sixth row

Lucile Culbert, Mildred Shumway, Edna Kidder, Frances Lippert





## PRIMARY GRADES

School opened this year with a record attendance of fifty pupils in the First Primary room, thirty of whom were enrolled in the First Grade. To secure better results under these crowded conditions a Chart Class was started which accommodated the beginners under six years of age. Mrs. Harry Rogers, who had had training and experience in primary work, was secured to teach them. Under her guidance, this class has proved a decided success and bids fair to become the nucleus of a splendid First Grade next year. Besides spending many happy forenoons together, the children have made good progress in "Beacon Gate To Reading," a new book for beginners. "My Pages," which accompanies the above book, has proved very instructive as seatwork material. By the end of the year, each child will have a reading book made entirely by himself, and will write his own name thereon.

With an enrollment of twenty pupils in both remaining grades, it was necessary to divide both grades into A and B sections, for some of the work. This made the work progress somewhat more slowly, but more attention could be given each child.

A great deal of stress has been laid upon "phonics" around which the Beacon System of Reading is built. This makes for a good foundation in both reading and spelling. The result is especially noticeable in Second Grade Spelling, the pupils becoming quite proficient in this all important subject.

In both grades, good sets of supplementary readers have been available for use in silent reading, also a large quantity of instructive seatwork material, has been enjoyed by the pupils of the second grade, and used each day, form a record of their ability to follow directions of the printed page.

Aside from counting number work is postponed till the second grade, where an introduction to formal numbers is given.

Both grades unite in Language work, which includes stories, poems, and games for the use of correct expressions in English.

Health records have been kept by the pupils since school began, and will be put into book-form, these booklets to become the pupils property at the close of school.

Holidays have been observed through the study of appropriate pictures, stories, and by programs. On Armistice Day, the children caught something of the spirit of the day, by helping form the parade. A Thanksgiving program was given by the pupils in their own room. Numbers were furnished for Christmas, Lincoln Day, and P. T. A. programs in the High School. Each child is asked to take part on some program during the school year.

A number of good books have been added to our Library this year, and they have been greatly enjoyed by the children. Outside reading is encouraged, and pupils are asked to choose, prepare and read appropriate stories, for the pleasure of others in the room.





# THE ORIOLE



1928



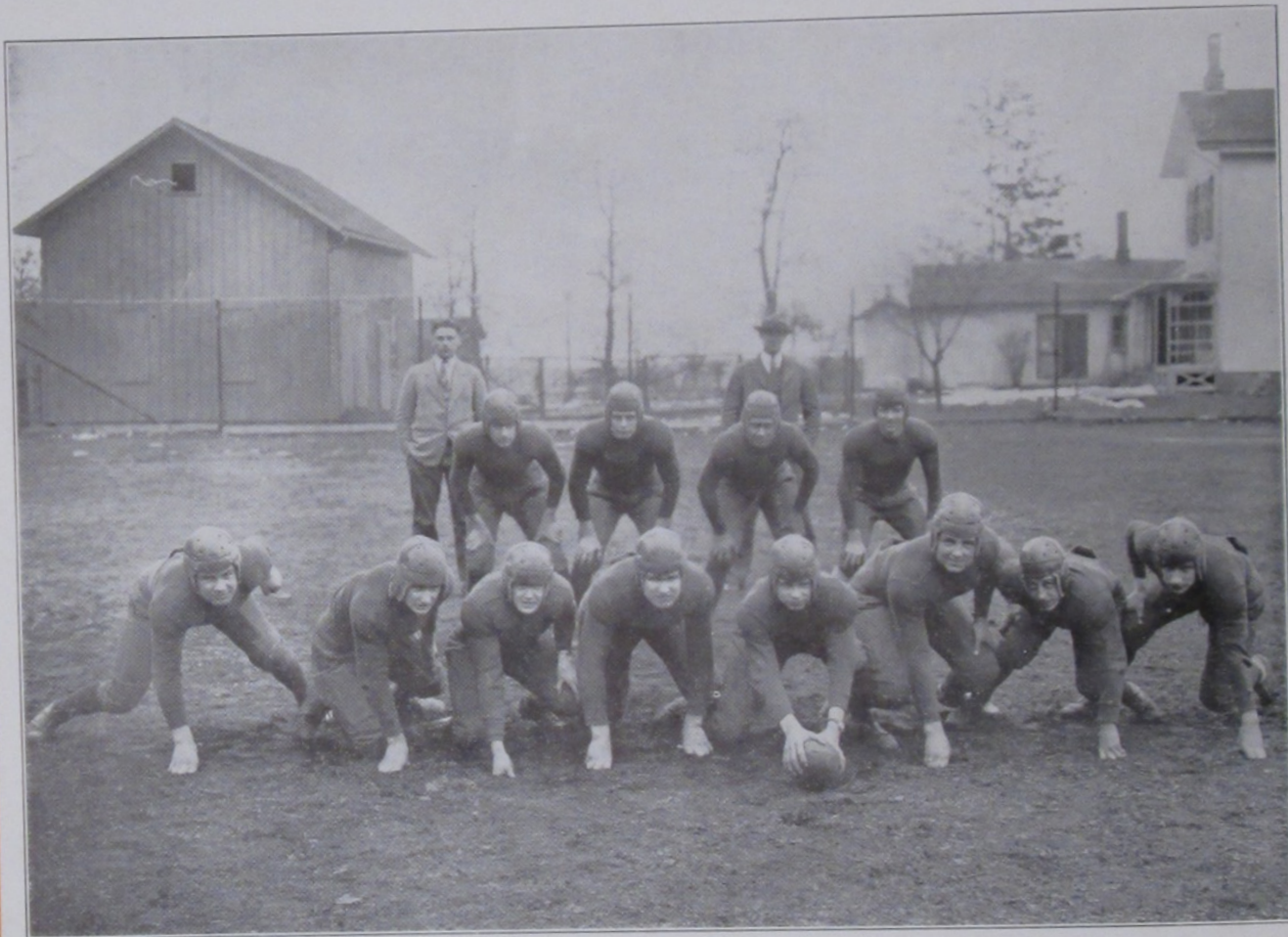


# SPORTS





## Football Team



Front row, left to right

Mearl Kunkler, Clark Boley, Charles Parkinson, Robert Hendrick, Louis Stachel,  
Clarence Hildebrand, Merritt Vannoy, Preston Trenary

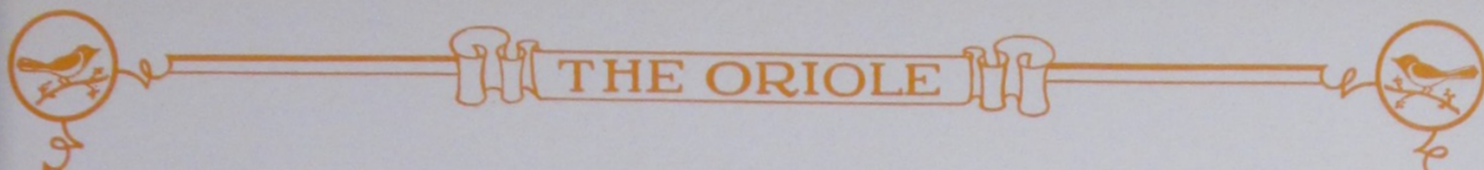
Second row

Otto Luce, Ernest Knirk, Oliver Gordon, Eddie Hodge

Back row

Manager Elwin Jones, Coach Dage





## FOOTBALL

One week of school, and the call for Football candidates was heard from our Coach Mr. Dage. The first night of practice there were only fourteen boys who reported, this did not look very encouraging, so the Athletic Association decided to purchase twelve new suits. This made the boys come out to practice and work harder, and also brought new members on to the team to get experience for next year.

Much credit will have to be given to our Coach Mr. Dage, considering the material he had to work with. The line was considerably light compared with the other teams, and the backfield men were not very often able to find the weak spots in our opponents team. The football team next year will be minus Knirk, Gordon, and Hildebrand, due to graduation, but we hope we can develop the material we have and make a winning team for Q. H. S.

Our first game was played at Homer, Sept. 23, which resulted in a severe trouncing for Q. H. S. Homer 33, Q. H. S. 0.

The next game was with Reading, who also proved to be fatal for the Quincy boys. Oct. 7, Reading 26, Q. H. S. 0.

On Oct. 14, Jonesville journeyed to Quincy, both teams fought hard, but Quincy again came out on the small end. Jonesville 12, Q. H. S. 0.

The next game Union City journeyed to Quincy and the game resulted in a tie. Union City 6, Q. H. S. 6. At this point the Quincy boys meant business, the next game was with Homer, who had once defeated Quincy 33 to 0, but on Nov. 4, we turned the tides with them, which was the first victory for Quincy. Homer 0, Q. H. S. 6.

Our next game was at Union City on Armistice Day, which resulted in their favor. Union City 38, Q. H. S. 0.

The last game of the season we went to Reading returning home beaten. Reading 19, Q. H. S. 0.

Clarence Hildebrand.



# THE ORIOLE

## Baseball Team



Front row, left to right

Otto Luce, Clarence Hildebrand, Eddie Hodge, Oliver Gordon, Mearl Kunkler, Elwin Jones

Second row

Coach Dage, Roland Greene, Martin Bates, Keith Gardner, Louis Stachel, Manager Ernest Knirk

Third row

Charles Parkinson, Fay Sanderson, Kenneth Frahm, Harry McConnell

Back row

Cecil Farwell, Harley Grosbeck, Preston Trenary, Arthur Donbrock



## BASEBALL

Our prospects for baseball this year are good. We have had a meeting of the baseball candidates and there were twenty-six boys who reported, which is enough to make two teams and plenty of substitutes ready to fill positions.

For the past two years the baseball cup has been claimed by Quincy, and if we can win the cup one more year the cup will remain in Quincy's possession.

We have some of our veterans of last year's squad, they are: Elwin Jones who is Captain and who will probably remain at shortstop, Oliver Gordon who has played second base for two years will take up the duty there, Mearl Kunkler will probably take care of third base, and Otto Luce first base, while Clarence Hildebrand will be left to take care of the mound work. We will have to develop an entirely new outfield, for we lost our three outfield men by graduation.

We are not able to give the results of our baseball season, but we expect to win the baseball cup for Q. H. S.

Our schedule has not yet been made out, but we expect to play Union City, Bronson, Sherwood, Allen, Homer, and Tekonsha.

## OUR BASEBALL TEAM

When "Eddie" gets ready, "Jim" winds up  
And sends her right over the plate.  
The batter gets nervous and grips on the bat  
And wonders what will be his fate.

Strike after strike, the Umpire calls out.  
You're down Mr. Batter; that's three.  
The side lines cheer for Q. H. S.  
Hurrah! for our pitcher "Jimmie."

Bang! there goes the ball,  
A fly; right up in the air.  
Bates, Kunkler and Gardner  
Do your best to get it out there.

Rah! Rah! for you our fielders  
You sure can stop them all.  
With Gordon and Louie at their base  
You bet we can all play ball.

With one on second and two out  
Their time is drawing nigh.  
Come on "Casey" get that ball  
And send it to "Luce" on high.

Quincy your turn! Quincy your bat!  
Our boys now get in line.  
Three cheers for Dage, our faithful coach  
He's right there all the time.

Come on boys, do your best,  
The school is backing you.  
We have that cup, let's keep it  
Then we can start anew.

Emalene Barlow.





## Track Team



Front row, left to right

Eddie Hodge, Keith Gardner, Louis Stachel, Martin Bates, Oliver Gordon, Ernest Knirk

Second row

Olga Gilbert, Cecil Farwell, Dessie Knisely, Harry McConnell

Third row

Evelyn Herrick, Dorothy Albright, Dorris Dexter, Emalene Barlow, Vivian Gilcrest,  
Grace MacDonald, Marie Louise Gottschalk, Coach Dage

Our track team does not look as strong as it did last year for we lost four high point men of last year's squad by graduation. We have several veterans returning this year but most of the team will be first year material which will undoubtedly lack of experience.

We are going to try hard to win the track pennant for Quincy again this year. We cannot give the results as the annual Field Meet will be held at Union City.

!!!! LET'S ALL GO AND YELL FOR QUINCY !!!!

### TRACK

Dage is working hard with the team,  
To fit them for the 26th of May.  
We want to bring home the pennant  
And see what Quincy will say.

We want Quincy to be proud  
Of our track team and all  
We want them to know  
We're as good as the team of baseball.

To Union City this year we go  
With our best on relay and dash.  
With fast ones and some strong  
The records we're going to mash.

But don't forget Schoolmates,  
It's your backing we need  
To help us when we are behind  
And cheer when we're in the lead.

Emalene Barlow.





# ACTIVITIES



Ellis Hard



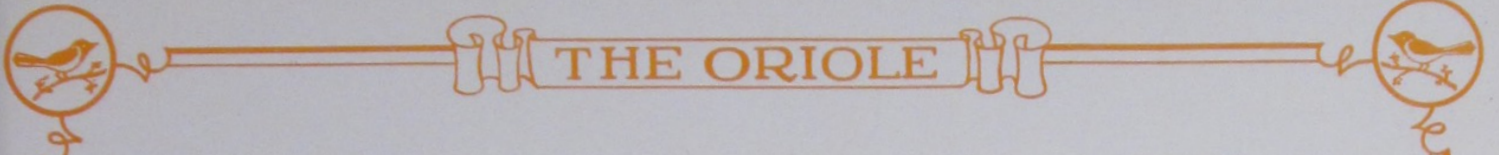
## Senior Play



Standing, left to right:—Clarence Hildebrand, Genevieve Kesson, Ona Boone, Ruth Wilson, Eva Gallop, Maybelle Taylor, Eloise Demarest, Gladys Marquart, Emalene Barlow, Lena Chase, Evelyn Kesson, Clara From, Gwendolyn Safford, Alice Culbert.

Seated, left to right:—Donald Gould, Bernice Sattler, Harry Van Nasdale, Oliver Gordon, Gladys Globensky, Ernest Knirk, Le Moyne Blackman, Robert Hendrick





## **"The Charm School"**

### **STORY OF THE PLAY**

"The Charm School" was the play chosen by the class of '28 for the Senior Class play. Mr. Balfour and Mr. Dage were the sponsors of the play. Their efforts were clearly shown in the smoothness of detail with which the play was finally presented.

The plot of the "Charm School," a three act comedy written by Alice Duer Miller and Robert Milton, is based on the inheritance of a girls' school by a young automobile salesman and his subsequent attempt to run it his own way, teaching the girls charm with the aid of four other attractive young men. Although having promised to the contrary, Austin Beavens, the heir, was unable to keep the most charming of the young ladies, Elise Benedotti, from falling in love with him, and as a consequence he was obliged to withdraw from his educational venture. Their parts Austin and Elise were capably played by Ernest Knirk and Gladys Globensky.

Bernice Sattler, as Sally Boyd, was particularly successful in her role of an impulsive, matter-of-fact girl, the real leader of the others in all undertakings.

George Boyd, Sally's brother, the young accountant, who had spent his recent years in being in love with Elise, succeeded in producing lots of spirit into his part. (Oliver Gordon.)

David McKenzie, the part taken by Robert Hendrick, took his part well and pleased the audience.

Miss Curtis, the part played by LeMoyné Blackman, and Miss Hayes, the part taken by Alice Culbert, were very capably played.

Homer Johns, Clarence Hildebrand, was very successful in his character in trying to regain the affection of his divorced wife, Miss Hayes.

The pupils of the school were the other members of the Senior Class. The entire Senior Class took part in this play.

The Senior Class made a good profit from the proceeds of the play.

Robert Hendrick.



# Parent Teachers Association



## PARENT-TEACHERS ASSOCIATION OFFICERS—

President .....	Mrs. Roy S. Baker
First Vice President.....	Mrs. Carl Gottschalk
Second Vice President.....	Miss Ada Walsh
Third Vice President.....	Roy McConnell
Secretary .....	Mrs. L. L. Wilcox
Treasurer .....	Miss Nettie Ball
Program Committee .....	Mrs. Harold Conrad, Miss Ada Walsh
Membership Committee .....	Mrs. Harry Johnson



## PARENT-TEACHERS ASSOCIATION

Parent-Teacher Associations are groups of parents and teachers banded together to bring into closer relationship the two most important factors in community life—the home and the school—they are organizations bringing to the school the moral support of the home; they enable the school and the home to come into closer mutual understanding that they may co-operate more effectively in their common work for children.

They offer opportunities for the parents, through programs on home training, child training, current topics of civic and community interest, etc., they broaden the teacher's viewpoint and benefit the children through the co-operation which is here developed between teachers and parents.

"Parents ought to know the teacher, the teacher ought to know the parents. The children ought to feel that they are all in sympathy with his problems."

Our local Parent-Teachers' Association was organized November, 1926, and already there is a more friendly feeling between parents and teachers than has ever before existed in Quincy. Our meetings are largely attended, our programs are the finest along educational lines and child training.

It is the aim and desire of the Parent-Teacher Association to create such an interest in the community whereby every person, who is interested in the welfare of his children, or his neighbors' children, will join the association and help in this great educational work.

Our Meetings are held on the third Wednesday of each month at the high school building. Our motto: "Pulling Together Always."

Alta Baker, President.

## PARENTS, KNOW YOUR JOB

Thrilled and happy as you may be at the advent of a baby  
 (And who wouldn't be exuberant with joy?)  
 You will presently discover that a lot of problems hover  
 Round the rearing of a girl or of a boy.  
 Love can't be your SOLE reliance—it should aid, not hamper, science  
 And, although your heart with ecstasy may throb,  
 Sense and wisdom too are needed. Here's the motto to be heeded:  
 KNOW YOUR JOB!

Building bodies strong and ruddy is a task for toil and study.  
 KNOW YOUR JOB!

All your store of deep affection won't achieve a clear complexion  
 If the diet of your little ones is wrong.  
 Ignorance, however tender, seldom brings about the splendor  
 Of a childhood that is gloriously strong.  
 Health, both bodily and mental, isn't something accidental  
 And the child that stands out clearly from the mob  
 Is a prize the world is gaining from a wise parental training.  
 KNOW YOUR JOB!

Nothing hit or miss about it. Knowledge wins—don't ever doubt it!  
 KNOW YOUR JOB!

Here's a mind and soul you've given to the busy world we live in,  
 Here's a body that is yours to mold and train.  
 Building bone and mind and sinew calls for all the best that's in you,  
 For the finest of your spirit and your brain.  
 If you'd raise a child that's splendid—vigor, joy and beauty blended,  
 Blithe and gallant—neither vulgar nor a snob—  
 Give yourself the preparation for your children's education,  
 KNOW YOUR JOB!

Give your skill and knowledge to it; love will make you glad to do it.  
 KNOW YOUR JOB!



## Calendar Notes

- Sept. 6—School opened with a number of new teachers. No. of rooms changed. Freshmen as green as ever.
- Sept. 7—Classes seated in groups in the assembly.
- Sept. 8—Senior class meeting elected officers.
- Sept. 9—Sophomores and Junior class meetings and they elect officers.
- Sept. 12—First chorus meet.
- Sept. 13—Boys' Glee club and chorus meet.
- Sept. 14—Rev. Van Kirk made a very interesting talk on "World Peace" in the assembly this morning.
- Sept. 15—Study, Study, Study and so hot we could all pass out.
- Sept. 16—Freshmen and Senior class meetings. Freshmen elect officers.
- Sept. 19—Rev. Smith talked in the assembly for the first time.
- Sept. 20—Mearl Kunkler and Theodore Penoyer punished for skipping school.
- Sept. 21—Seniors meet and select new motto and invitations.
- Sept. 22—First pep meeting.
- Sept. 23—Football game with Homer. Score 33-0. Favor of Homer.
- Sept. 25—Mearl Kunkler went to sleep in history class.
- Sept. 26—First study in chorus.
- Sept. 27—Mr. Dage and Mr. Balfour are suffering with bad colds.
- Sept. 28—Mr. Dage absent from school ill with a cold.
- Sept. 29—Rainy Oh! my.
- Sept. 30—Out for the fair.
- Oct. 3—Everybody tired and lazy. Wonder why?
- Oct. 4—Senior class meeting plans for party. Oriole staff selected.
- Oct. 5—Sandwich sale—Girls' glee Club.
- Oct. 6—Rainy, everybody tired.
- Oct. 7—Game with Reading. Score 32-0. Favor of Reading.
- Oct. 10—Everybody is wearing their coats and sweaters in school. Mrs. Craig absent.
- Oct. 11—Lecture on gum-chewing by Principal Dage.
- Oct. 12—First meeting of oriole staff.
- Oct. 13—Senior class meeting.
- Oct. 14—Football with Jonesville. Score 12-0. Favor of Jonesville.
- Oct. 17—Everybody out for football practice. "We need it."
- Oct. 18—First meeting of parent and Teachers' association.
- Oct. 19—Orchestra practice.
- Oct. 20—Every one making great plans for Freshman reception.
- Oct. 21—FRESHMAN RECEPTION first event of the year. Football with Union City. Score 6-6.
- Oct. 24—Miss Schytcher advertised the "Evening Star Festival" in the High School.
- Oct. 25—Monthly tests.
- Oct. 26—Earl Vannoy to school on time.
- Oct. 27-28—Teachers institute school closed.
- Oct. 28—Game with Jonesville. Score 6-0. Favor of Jonesville.
- Oct. 31—The grades have their Hallowe'en parties. Mothers invited.
- Nov. 1—Senior class meeting selected their play. "The Charm School."
- Nov. 2—Report cards handed out. Lecture from Mr. Balfour on number of E's. No more class parties until made up, etc.
- Nov. 3—Fire drill. But no fire.
- Nov. 4—Game with Homer. Score 6-0. Favor of QUINCY. Senior party. Junior party.
- Nov. 7—Senior play books arrive. Miss Sander-son sick. Alice Culbert and Bernice Sattler substitute.
- Nov. 8—Start Senior play practice directed by Mr. Balfour.
- Nov. 9—Seniors place Posters in hall as their dedication to the High School.
- Nov. 10—Pupils are all lazy. Rainy.
- Nov. 11—ARMISTICE DAY—A fine program given in the High School in the A. M. Pupils march up town. No school in the P. M. Junior rings and Senior pins arrive. Ball game with Union City. Score 38-0.
- Nov. 14—Mrs. Craig resigned, due to ill health and nervous breakdown.
- Nov. 15—Senior Class meeting. EVERYBODY OUT TO PLAY PRACTICE.
- Nov. 16—Our first snow-fall.
- Nov. 17—Mr. Swagler blinded the keys of the typewriters.
- Nov. 18—Football game with Reading. Score 19-0.
- Nov. 21—A fine program was given by the Freshman. Mrs. Smith, sister of Mr. Balfour, was a visitor in the High School.
- Nov. 22—TESTS.
- Nov. 23—Thanksgiving Vacation. We are thankful we don't have to come back until Nov. 28.
- Nov. 28—Rain.—Nice time to sleep in school. Blue Monday.
- Nov. 29—Entertained by the pupils of the State Public School of Coldwater.
- Nov. 30—Seniors working hard on their play.
- Dec. 1—Eddie goes to sleep in school. "Too late nights Eddie."
- Dec. 2—FIRE DRILL—"FAKE."
- Dec. 5—Come on Mr. Janitor and give us some heat.
- Dec. 6—Romances are beginning to begin. Look on the stairs.
- Dec. 7—Seniors canvass town with tickets for play.
- Dec. 8—Seniors practice at Opera House all day.
- Dec. 9—SENIOR PLAY.
- Dec. 12—Senior class meeting figure proceeds for play. The play a great success.
- Dec. 13—Speed Tests—Not much speed.
- Dec. 14—High School signed contracts for annual purchase.
- Dec. 15—Notice. "Lost—My girl, if found please return to Bob Hendricks."
- Dec. 16—"Laugh and the world laughs with you." The Freshies got the giggles.
- Dec. 19—Getting ready for the Christmas program.
- Dec. 20—Drew names for Christmas.
- Dec. 21—Christmas tree brought to the assembly.
- Dec. 23—Christmas program.



## CALENDAR NOTES

- Jan. 3—Back to school "Oh, the vacation was so short.
- Jan. 4—Dr. Griffith spoke on "Diphtheria." First health lecture.
- Jan. 5—Miss Kibbe took chorus for the first time.
- Jan. 6—Helen Grove sent out of class as usual.
- Jan. 9—Teachers' meeting. Oh Boy, Now what is the matter?
- Jan. 10—Bad news—Eddie Hodge has the mumps.
- Jan. 11—Freshmen getting scared when they talk about Semester Exams. So are the rest of us.
- Jan. 13—Friday 13—Lucky day for us we hope.
- Jan. 16—Senior class meeting. Go to "Coldwater Saturday to get pictures taken."
- Jan. 17—Last day of Grace.
- Jan. 18-19-20—SEMESTER EXAMINATIONS!
- Jan. 23—Second semester starts with a grand mix-up. Seats all changed.
- Jan. 24—We start on the new schedule. Freshmen—and some others—got lost.
- Jan. 25—All settled down for work—the teachers hope.
- Jan. 27—Some of us are feeling pretty proud. Mr. Dage gave out the Q's.
- Jan. 30—Some more bad news. Martin Bates and Rolland Green have the mumps.
- Feb. 1—Our second health talk by Dr. Schultz on "Fresh Air."
- Feb. 2—Ground hog day. Did he see his shadow? We hope not.
- Feb. 3—Juniors didn't have their Geometry—as usual.
- Feb. 6—Juniors had a class meeting. Talking of another party.
- Feb. 7—Posters for "In Old Vienna" due. Some very clever ones.
- Feb. 8—Senior class meeting. Invited to a class party at Mr. Balfours'.
- Feb. 9—Miss Kibbe presented prizes to Florence Shumaker, Margaret Smith, and Ellis Hard for the cleverest posters.
- Feb. 10—Lincoln program.
- Feb. 13—This is terrible. More pupils coming down with the mumps.
- Feb. 14—Valentines day. We are all on our good behavior because the State Inspector was here.
- Feb. 15—School closed. WHY? MUMPS!
- Feb. 27—School re-opened after a seige of the mumps. Several seats vacant yet.
- Feb. 28—A few more coming back from the mumps.
- Feb. 29—Mr. Balfour informed us that we would have a chapel program Friday.
- Mar. 1—A representative from Ferris Institute gave an interesting lecture to the Seniors.
- Mar. 2—Chief Blue Sky gave a very interesting entertainment in assembly the P. M.
- Mar. 6—We had a declamation contest. Ernest Knirk won first place.
- Mar. 7—Stung! A man from the U. of M. was to give a health lecture but he failed to appear.
- Mar. 12—Helen Grove came back to school after entertaining the mumps for two weeks.
- Mar. 13—Listen! Hear 'em crying? Freshmen have to stay after school.
- Mar. 14—Teachers' week off. Mr. Dage and Miss Graf both sick.
- Mar. 15—Dr. John Washburn of Bolivia, South America gave a very interesting talk in assembly on "Fair Play and Sportsmanship."
- Mar. 16—Juniors had a new Geometry teacher.
- Mar. 19—Baseball meeting.
- Mar. 20—First day of spring. Baseball practice started.
- Mar. 21—Mr. Dage made the Chemistry class stay after school. Wonder what's wrong?
- Mar. 22—Every one seems to be preparing for tomorrow—Monthly Exams.
- Mar. 23—Every one looking glum. Why? Monthly Exams.
- Mar. 26—Spring fever all gone—turns terribly cold.
- Mar. 27—Pictures taken for the Oriole.
- Mar. 28—We all feel so blue. This is the week we should have had spring vacation.
- Mar. 29—Had a reunion. Several of the Seniors of '27 were back visiting.
- Mar. 30—Characters in the Operetta get the afternoon off.
- Apr. 2—Dr. McLain gave a very interesting talk about Senator Ferris and a lecture on "Sunlight and Health."
- Apr. 3—Practice game with Allen. We won—of course.
- Apr. 5—Baseball practice going full swing. Looking good, too.
- Apr. 6—Professor Sangren from Western State talked to the Seniors. Had an old-fashioned Spelling Contest in Junior U. S. History. Gladys Braatz was the victorious one.
- Apr. 9—Mr. Dage placed the baseball schedule on the board. First schedule game Friday. Miss Rath and Miss Kibbe taking vacation. Both absent.
- Apr. 10—Freshmen had a class meeting. Plans being made for a party.
- Apr. 11—We are all sorry to hear that Miss Rath is very ill.
- Apr. 12—Juniors are making Pom-Poms to sell at the baseball games.
- Apr. 13—First game with Bronson at Bronson. Score 6 to 4 in our favor.
- Apr. 16—Had the remainder of the pictures taken for the Oriole.
- Apr. 17—Junior class meeting. We were all glad to see Miss Rath back this morning.
- Apr. 18—Ball game with Homer here. We won. Score 28-6.
- Apr. 19—Everyone is working hard on the Oriole.
- Apr. 20—Game with Sherwood. Score —.
- Apr. 27—Oroile goes to print. Ball game with Union City.
- May 1—Ball game with Homer there.
- May 3—Baseball game with Bronson here.
- May 11—Return game with Sherwood at Sherwood.
- May 18—Game with Union City here. We hope to beat them.
- May 19—Spring party. We all look for a swell time.
- May 24—Last plans being made for Junior-Senior banquet.
- May 26—Field day at Union City. Our hopes are high.
- May 30—Memorial Day program.
- June 10—Baccalaureate Sunday.
- June 11—Class Night.
- June 12—Commencement Day.



## Alumni Membership

### CLASS OF '76

- A. V. R. Pond—Detroit, Mich.  
 \*Dr. W. C. Marsh.  
 \*R. Upton Gay.

### CLASS OF '80

- Carrie Clark Pifer—Deer Trail, Colo.  
 Cora Clizbe Newberry—Quincy.  
 \*Linonia Rogers-Bowerman.  
 May Wilson Field—Quincy.  
 May Collins—Chicago, Ill.  
 \*Adda Culver Bishop.

### CLASS OF '82

- \*Maude Joseph Barnes.  
 Dr. Gertrude Dobson—Quincy.  
 Jessie E. Cook Lattin—Lodi, Calif.  
 Howard J. Hill—Lincoln, Neb.

### CLASS OF '83

- \*Joie Golden.  
 Elsie Babcock Mellen—Quincy.  
 \*Adda Archer.  
 Cora E. Brown Cole—Detroit.  
 Hubert Joseph—Milwaukee, Wis.

### CLASS OF '84

- \*Blanche Daggett Gier.  
 Samuel J. Gier—Hillsdale, Mich.  
 \*John B. Daish.  
 Claude Larzelere—Mt. Pleasant.

### CLASS OF '85

- Rena Barber Larzelere—Mt. Pleasant.  
 Grace Markel Daish—Washington, D. C.  
 \*Orcelia Marshall.  
 Grace M. Lytle Tucker—Hillsdale, Mich.  
 \*Ida M. Wilcox Lewis.  
 \*Ella D. Sweeney Robinson.  
 Ida A. Macklem—Springfield, Ill.  
 Francis M. Macklem—Easton, Pa.

### CLASS OF '86

- \*Rena Wright McIntosh.  
 Minnie Rathburn Jones—Hayden, Col.  
 Minnie Myers Lyke—New York.  
 \*Charles L. Van Orsdale.

### CLASS OF '87

- Gertrude Blackman Leonard—Warsaw, Ind.  
 Florence Manee—Hillsdale, Mich.  
 Hattie Swan Kent—Owosso, Mich.  
 Alberta Hoffman Stundorf—Steindorf, Ill.  
 Vieve Wilcox Stevens—Los Angeles, Calif.  
 Auta Pratt Nichols—Berkley, Calif.  
 Estella Sanderson Van Hoosear—Quincy.  
 Orlo L. Dobson—Quincy.

### CLASS OF '88

- Lillian Bignell—Eaton Rapids, Mich.  
 \*J. Harry Nickols.  
 J. Whitney Watkins—Allen, Mich.  
 \*Charles L. Wood.  
 Justus Grant Lamson—Berrien Springs, Mich.

### CLASS OF '91

- Matie Decker Brand—Detroit, Mich.  
 Phi Berry Crator—Quincy.  
 Pearl Kinyon Wilder—Albion, Mich.  
 Lena Berry Jones—Coldwater, Mich.

- Ralph Turner—Council Bluffs, Iowa.  
 Ed. Creore—Battle Creek, Mich.

### CLASS OF '92

- Jessie C. Mason Strang—Quincy.  
 \*Alice C. Etheridge.  
 Allen J. Talant—Quincy.  
 Azalia M. Drake Hunt—Quincy.  
 Nettie M. Ball—Quincy.  
 Percy Freeman Lawton—Quincy.

### CLASS OF '93

- \*Ethel Noble Beach.  
 F. Howard Hyslop—Ovid, Mich.  
 Blanche Baker Turner—Council Bluffs, Iowa.  
 Georgia Turner Holdridge—Hillsdale, Mich.  
 Fred J. Rathburn—Chicago, Ill.  
 Cora Blackman Burdick—Coldwater, Mich.  
 \*Hattie Denham Williams.  
 Charles W. Morey—Chicago, Ill.

### CLASS OF '94

- Allie Day McLennon—Calif.  
 Genevieve Allen—Seattle, Wash.  
 Fern Haysmer—Fenwick, Mich.  
 \*Edith Haight Taylor.  
 Dora Bowerman—Quincy.  
 Charles L. Harpham—New York City.  
 Arthur Bellis—Cheyenne, Wyo.  
 James Bellis—Seattle, Wash.  
 Dr. J. M. Blackman—Quincy.  
 Glen Cowell—Coldwater, Mich.

### CLASS OF '95

- Will Moore—Quincy.  
 Fred Wilber—Three Rivers, Mich.  
 Charles A. D. Young—Sault Ste. Marie.  
 Bert Herrick—South Bend, Ind.  
 Lewis Powell—Ypsilanti, Mich.  
 Arthur Noble—Los Angeles, Calif.  
 Ambrose Bailey—Washington.  
 Pearl Herendeen Mickle—Quincy.  
 Rena Bowers Campbell—Grand Rapids.  
 Minnie Bailey Louie—Grandville, Ohio.  
 \*Georgia Marks Culbert.  
 Myrtie Sanderson Wilber—Three Rivers.  
 \*Louie Kenyon.

### CLASS OF '96

- Mary Allen—Howell, Mich.  
 Ward Allen—Battle Creek, Mich.  
 Maude Babcock Wellwood—Homewood, Ill.  
 Clifford A. Bishop—Quincy.  
 Erma M. Bogue Warren—Sturgis, Mich.  
 Orrin M. Bowen—Florida.  
 Cora Briggs Tracy—Quincy.  
 Lillian Culver Duncan—Burr Oak.  
 Julia Harpham Hard—Coldwater.  
 Lula Knapp Hungerford—Paw Paw, Mich.  
 Ella Lashuay Brandt—Quincy.  
 \*Mable Noble Southworth.  
 Arthur E. Rogers—Quincy.  
 Fannie Spaulding Brown—Moline, Ill.  
 Lucinda Spaulding Bowen—Florida.

### CLASS OF '97

- Mable Luse Goodman—Quincy.  
 Lotta Safford Shoemaker—Quincy.

\* Denotes death.



## ALUMNI MEMBERSHIP

Ira Trim—San Dimas, Calif.  
Lulu Wiser Demorest—Quincy.  
Bertie Mason Allen—Battle Creek, Mich.  
Ora Safford—Quincy.  
Eva Vaughn—Bronson, Mich.  
Mertie Sirang Shaffmaster—Bronson, Mich.  
Frank Berry—Los Angeles, Calif.  
Anna Bell Orcutt Boska—Plum Island.  
\*Maude Thompson Miller.  
Arthur Berry—Fort Wayne, Ind.  
Minnie Oliver Wood.  
Jennie Oliver.

### CLASS OF '98

\*Alice Houghtaling Bishop.  
Angeline Haynes Graumenz—Chicago, Ill.  
Henry W. Austin—Quincy.  
\*Mable Belote Houe.  
\*James W. Burns.  
Sally Spaulding Pellet—Coldwater.  
\*Joseph Barker.  
Cardotta Deau Walters—Detroit, Mich.  
Laura Eldred Dobson—Quincy.  
Grace Harpham Berry—Fort Wayne, Ind.  
Everett E. Doris—Chicago, Ill.  
Grace Bailey.

### CLASS OF '99

Ruby Kinyon Gowdy—Quincy.  
Grace Kinyon Hammond—Buffalo, N. Y.  
Emma Barber Lucknow—India.  
W. Albert Eldred—Detroit.  
Edna Knapp Beach—Holland, Mich.  
Ines Herrick Ransom—South Bend, Ind.  
\*Otis Ransom.  
Essie Sharp Slightom—Fertile, Minn.  
Vera Thompson Morrison—S. Lancaster, Minn.  
Eliza Warner—Spartenburg, S. C.  
Orson Warner—Washington, D. C.

### CLASS OF 1900

Millie Barnes—Grand Rapids, Mich.  
Joel M. Barnes—Boston, Mass.  
Marie Bradow Ostrander—Detroit.  
John Burns—Quincy.  
L. Walter Taylor—Kent, Washington.  
Nellie Herendeen Parrish—Coldwater.  
\*Dr. Carl C. Sears.

### CLASS OF '01

Kittie Iles Jones—Detroit.  
George R. Oxenham—Quincy.  
Leona Barber Sylvester—Quincy.  
Ida M. Walter—Milan, Mich.  
Carl L. Gottschalk—Quincy.  
Leora A. Walter Brown—Battle Creek.  
H. Lea Bengé Hoisington—Ann Arbor.  
Mable L. Etheridge Switzer—Harrison Valley, Pa.  
Ralph Andrus—Quincy.

### CLASS OF '02

Grace Walsh Houghtaling—Quincy.  
Carrie M. Sheldon—Union City, Mich.  
Anna Oxenham Mickle—Homer, Mich.  
George Houghtaling—Quincy.  
Everett Bengé—Quincy.  
Burdette Rawson—Detroit.  
Dr. Ray Whitmore—Trimountain, Mich.

\* Denotes death.

### CLASS OF '03

Harry Farwell—Detroit.  
Elva Gage Perry—Detroit.  
Lena Wilvarth—Helena, Mont.  
Deythe Walter.  
Sarah Safford Gleason—Albion, Mich.  
Louis Hoxie—Trenton, Mich.  
Edith Walter Barber—Sears, Mich.  
Edith Green—Pittsford, Mich.  
Fred Boley—Quincy.  
Ralph Keeler—Quincy.  
\*Glenn Ransom.

### CLASS OF '04

Ralph McKenzie—Janesville, Wis.  
Robert Sanderson—Orland, Ind.  
Ross Pater—Chicago, Ill.  
\*Clara Stafford.  
Monroe Etheridge—Coldwater, Mich.  
\*Myrta Crater.  
Jessie Bowerman Reynolds—Kalamazoo.  
Jessie Robinson—Ludington, Mich.  
Wilhelmina Walsh Carol—Quincy.  
Rae Harming—Chicago, Ill.  
Louise Knirk—Cleveland, Ohio.

### CLASS OF '05

Edna Ransburg Boley—Indianapolis, Ind.  
Greta W. Forte—Lansing.  
Mary Penoyer Collins—Hillsdale.  
Florence Dickerson—Highland Park, Mich.  
Chas. H. Walters—Bowling Green, Ohio.  
Lulu Brott—Tekonsha, Mich.  
Jessie Aldrich Holt—Lansing, Mich.  
Rena Tompkins—Flint, Mich.  
Roy A. Boley—Indianapolis, Ind.  
Nellie Larzelere—Perry, New York.  
\*Bernice Newberry Tuttle.  
Harry Robinson—Ludington, Mich.

### CLASS OF '06

Nina Bond—Allen, Mich.  
Metha Lockerby Horton—Rochester, N. Y.  
Ethie Burlingame McConnell—Quincy.  
Hazel Bowerman Gilchrest—Quincy.  
Leora G. Field—Oklahoma City.  
Don K. Jones—Chicago, Ill.  
Osa L. Baker Clingan—Quincy.  
Teresa Bennet-Hubbell—Allen, Mich.  
Clarendon Thompson—Washington, D. C.  
Austa Whitmore Cox—Ann Arbor, Mich.  
Ivan G. Clizbe—Detroit, Mich.  
Earl Amsden—Loraine, Ohio.  
Theo. Rawson—Quincy.  
Edith Eles Miller—Allen, Mich.  
Gladys Rounds Gimbert—Three Rivers.  
Harry Clizbe—Detroit.

### CLASS OF '07

Blanche Fields Sloan—Centerville, Mich.  
Myrtie Johnson Page—Lansing.  
Ada Walsh—Quincy.  
Dena Cortright—Vallejo, Calif.  
Bessie Kanouse—Ann Arbor.  
John Walsh—Quincy.  
Norman Kohl—Coldwater, Mich.  
Hugh Joseph—Flint, Mich.  
LeRoy Hagerman—Flint, Mich.  
Virgil Bogue—Genoa, Ohio.



## ALUMNI MEMBERSHIP

### CLASS OF '08

Mable Penoyer Van Hoosear—Allen, Mich.  
Bessie Cole Johnson—Detroit, Mich.  
\*Louisa Swan.  
Ione Brott—Detroit.  
Hazel Babcock—Muskegon, Mich.  
Harry J. Van Orthwick—Quincy.  
Ray Bowerman—Coldwater.  
Illa Belle Owen—Toledo, Ohio.  
Pearl Harbaugh Rawson—Quincy.  
Lola Brownell—Detroit, Mich.  
Ray L. Perry—Detroit.  
Lena Hall Houck—Quincy, Mich.

### CLASS OF '09

Hazel App Wheaton—Hillsdale, Mich.  
Florence Campbell—Hastings, Mich.  
Meda Skinner.  
Harry Spaulding—Quincy.  
George Farwell—Detroit.  
Ruth Ransom Stevenson—Ponca City, Okla.  
Flossie Swan—Quincy.  
Harry Van Orthwick—Quincy.

### CLASS OF '10

Mildred Dobson Way—Lansing, Mich.  
Hazel Forte—Detroit.  
Nora Hall Houck—Quincy.  
Gladys Howald—Normal, Ill.  
Clela Hemry Dumphy—Panama.  
Florence Kinyon Stimpson—Ann Arbor.  
Edward Lampman—Quincy.  
Blanche Marshall Van Orthwick—Quincy.  
Rae Pease—Detroit.  
Roy Baker—Quincy.  
Viva Craddock Quimby—Quincy.  
Ada Brownell.  
Irene Buckley.

### CLASS OF '11

Grace Marshall—Allen, Mich.  
Arnet Cole—Rochester, Mich.  
Arlene Campbell—Hastings, Mich.  
Irene Short—Detroit.  
Floyd Knapp—Detroit.  
Elfreda Cleveland—Quincy.  
Willie Sebring—Quincy.  
Fern Moore—White Hall, Mich.  
Ivan Walbridge—Quincy.  
Clifford Ford—Clarín, Pa.  
Harvey Ransome.  
Vera Logan Brown—Coldwater.

### CLASS OF '12

Clark Van Orthwick—Quincy.  
Vera Nichols Crist—Coldwater.  
Mary Brott—Detroit.  
Susie App—Greenwich, Conn.  
Charles Dumphy—Panama.  
Eileen McDonald Conrad—Quincy.  
Marion Campbell Goodyear—Hastings.  
Jessie Coffman Miller—Detroit.  
Arah Farwell Potts—Detroit.  
Tuesdell Fillmore—Quincy.  
Alta Wilmarth Rogers—Quincy.  
Edith Quimby Camrke—Coldwater.  
Allie Braun-Coombs—Charlotte, Mich.  
Marian Newberry Normandin—Gross Isle.

### CLASS OF '13

Carleton McKenzie—Quincy.  
Robert Donbrock—Chicago, Ill.

Ewing Hettinger—Toledo, Ohio.  
Harold Spigelmeyre—Baltimore, Md.  
Cecil Corless Spear—Chicago, Ill.  
Marian Boley Graf—Quincy.

### CLASS OF '14

Mary Allen Stafford—Allen, Mich.  
Ruth Allen Johnson—Jackson, Mich.  
Virgil Braun—Owosso.  
Edna Brenneman Minnick—Toledo, Ohio.  
Kenneth Bowerman—Quincy.  
Rama Cole—Rochester, Mich.  
Harold Conrad—Quincy.  
Marie Deiterman Gaganas—Toledo, Ohio.  
Warren Dobson—Quincy.  
Hazel Horst Cooper—Hillsdale.  
Queenie Kinyon Bowerman—Quincy.  
Marie Marquet—Detroit.  
Neta Palhamus Otis—Coldwater.  
Marian Pryne—Quincy.  
Arthur Strang—Oasis, Utah.  
Frank Sherman—Quincy.  
Jessie Sebring Smith—Quincy.  
Earl Stafford—Allen.  
Ralph Wilkinson—Albion.  
Anna Watkins—Chicago, Ill.  
Marguerite Wagoner—Coldwater.

### CLASS OF '15

Lindsey Baker—Quincy.  
\*Harriet Boone Moore.  
Grace Burroughs—Hillsdale.  
Wesley Clizbe—Los Angeles, Calif.  
Ruth Cole Upton—Rochester, Mich.  
Leah Cole Bucher—Sturgis, Mich.  
Marc Hagerman—Quincy.  
Virginia Hunt-Tice—Three Rivers.  
Thomas Johnson—Jackson, Mich.  
Harold Kinyon—Jackson.  
Rlene Lieving—Quincy.  
Cora Moore Gordon—Sand Lake.  
Martha Penoyer Marshall—Quincy.  
Charlie Potter—Quincy.  
Neal Potter—Quincy.  
Dana Ransom—Jackson.  
Eldon Sanderson—Flint, Mich.  
Grace Shetterly—Addison.  
Harold Urick—Calif.  
Harold Wagoner—Racine, Wis.  
Metha Wilbur Kebbon—Chicago, Ill.  
\*Harold Wilbur.

### CLASS OF '16

Clifford Bowerman—Quincy.  
Mattie Boley—South Bend.  
Abbie Boone Potter—Quincy.  
Wilmer Moore—Detroit.  
Vera McDonald—Battle Creek.  
Alexander Simpson.  
Ella Speer Rice—Quincy.  
\*Harry Watkins.  
Josephine Walsh Reich—Detroit.

### CLASS OF '17

Mary Hunt Clizbe—Los Angeles, Calif.  
Inez Burbank Knickerbocker—Detroit.  
Ruth Cole Fillmore—Quincy.  
Myrtle Dibble Andrews—Hillsdale.  
Effie Loomis—Battle Creek.  
Elvin Donbrock—Quincy.  
Gladys Kellicut Thompson—Litchfield, Mich.

\* Denotes death.





## ALUMNI MEMBERSHIP

Josephine Kellicut Strang—Quincy.

### CLASS OF '18

Dorothy Yakeley Copland—Grosse Point, Mich.  
Ford McLain.  
Donald Barringer—Lakewood, Ohio.  
Earl Talant—Quincy.  
Harry Rogers—Quincy.  
Mildred Frye Van Orthwick—Quincy.  
Kelly Brott—Detroit.  
Florence Loveberry Talant—Quincy.

### CLASS OF '19

Jeane Avery Teeter—Detroit.  
Florine Ford Gill—Chicago, Ill.  
Andrew Crater—Royal Oak.  
Pauline Brainard—Coldwater.  
Ora Richardson—Quincy.  
Elmer Dobson—Quincy.  
\*Bessie Hillman Wilmarth.  
Evelyn Mann Shaffer—Quincy.  
Ethel Keyes.  
Viola Holmes—Albion.  
Donna Burbank—Detroit, Mich.  
Thomas Strauss—Quincy.  
Wayne Kaiser—Quincy.  
Ernest Hayes—Coldwater.  
Robert Ellis—Quincy.  
Ira Braun—Quincy.

### CLASS OF '20

Linus Heydon—Albion.  
George Pierce—Detroit.  
Geraldine Lampman Gallop—Detroit.  
Robert Speer—Chicago.  
Leo Southworth—Battle Creek.  
Floyd Weatherwax—Three Rivers.  
Zella Crist Sherman—Quincy.  
George Mellon—Detroit.  
Corrine Joseph—Detroit.  
Clyde Hoffman—Quincy.  
Marie Hyman Speaker—Coldwater.  
Wendell Phelps—South Bend, Ind.  
Helen Hyman Talant—Big Rapids.  
Neva Moore Donell—Quincy.  
Clifford Loveberry—Quincy.  
Luella Ransom Bates—Coldwater.  
Mabel Myers—Coldwater.  
Blanche Sanderson—Quincy.  
Gilbert Winchell—Quincy.  
Carol Youngs—Detroit.  
Donald Yakeley—Chicago.  
Agnes Eichler Franks—Battle Creek.  
Vera Greenwalt—Bronson.  
Mary Boone Kaiser—Quincy.

### CLASS OF '21

Ethel Brandon Diedrick—Tecumseh, Mich.  
Dale Corless Joseph—Quincy.  
Iola Shipman—Quincy.  
Glenn Barringer—Hillsdale.  
Herbert Diedrick—Ft. Wayne, Ind.  
Francis Demorest—Quincy.  
Clara Crissman McConnell—Three Rivers.  
Grace Dieterman—Chicago.  
Donald Diedrich—Tecumseh, Mich.  
Arlene Hayes—Jackson.  
Ruth Kellicut Du Bois—Detroit.  
Clarence Koons—Jackson.  
Chester McConnell—Three Rivers.  
Mellon Rose—Quincy.

### CLASS OF '22

Josephine Hendrick—Guatemala.  
Onnole Power Iford—Detroit.  
John Garby—Jackson, Mich.  
Florence Yakeley—Manchester.  
Illa Fickle—Fort Wayne, Ind.  
Lulu Macey Brown—Detroit.  
Gerald Hughey—Portland, Oregon.  
Beatrice Corless Mohrhart—Coldwater.  
Vonnice Knisely—Ypsilanti.  
Maybelle Marshall—Allen, Mich.  
Lillian Kohl Good—Jackson.  
Erwin Phelps—Quincy.  
Doris Goeltzenleutcher Tift.  
Verna Champion—Coldwater.  
Wilbur Norris—Three Rivers.  
Leona Wolf Notestine—Grand Rapids.  
Lucile Joseph—Battle Creek.  
Pauline Crissman—Coldwater.  
Elma Trenary Tracy—Three Rivers.  
Mable Holmes-Dexter—Albion.  
Joyce Green Baggerly—Coldwater.  
Lois Dobson Sparling—Flint.  
Alton Mickle—Quincy.  
Clifford Dryer—Quincy.  
Nellie McGurk—Quincy.  
Anna Boone—Quincy.  
Merle Culbert.  
Vilas Bates—Ypsilanti.  
Arthur Oxenham—Quincy.

### CLASS OF '23

Milan Whaley—Three Rivers, Mich.  
Reo Martin—Auburn, Ind.  
Leo Sanderson—Kalamazoo, Mich.  
Chad Peebles—Quincy.  
Coral Stetler—Quincy.  
Mildred Martin Kulow—Hillsdale.  
Rolene Southworth Walsh—Quincy.  
Lela Hillman Wilmarth—Quincy.  
Iris Bower—Lansing, Mich.  
Clifford Myers—Coldwater, Mich.  
Arlene Hildebrand—Jackson, Mich.  
Arlene Keller Sherman—Grand Rapids.  
Lucile Parker Polhamus—Quincy.  
Opal Marsh—Ft. Wayne, Ind.  
Myrtelle Chase Vroman—Hillsdale.  
Helen French—Kalamazoo, Mich.  
Eltheen Diedrich—Fort Wayne, Ind.  
Dorothy Dean.  
Ila Odell—Quincy.  
Gladys Hughey—Mishawaka.  
Vera Winters—Quincy.  
Grace Smith Boyer—Quincy.  
Raymond Hyman—Big Rapids, Mich.  
Dale Green—Chicago.  
Margaret Ellis—Quincy.  
Martelle Ellis—Quincy.  
Juanita From—Ray, Ind.  
Mildred Albro Webb—Coldwater, Mich.

### CLASS OF '24

Mae Cook—Hinsdale, Ill.  
George Day—South Bend, Ind.  
Bernice Dysinger Stansel—Quincy.  
Edna Eichler—Battle Creek, Mich.  
Mildred Ford—Youngstown, Ohio.  
Francis George—Quincy.  
Antronette Gowdy Day—South Bend, Ind.

\* Denotes death.



## ALUMNI MEMBERSHIP

Howard Houghtaling—Quincy.  
 Candace Householder Thomas—Quincy.  
 Lorene Keeler—Chicago.  
 Alice Macey-Kipfer—Battle Creek.  
 Herschel Macey—Quincy.  
 Margery McDonald—Bangor, Mich.  
 Dorothy Oxenham—Hillsdale, Mich.  
 Dorothy Rose Schumaker—Jackson, Mich.  
 Faye Smith Evers—Lyons, Ohio.  
 Marie Stockwell Crater—Royal Oak.  
 Rovel Struble—Allen, Mich.  
 Pauline Wheeler—Coldwater, Mich.  
 Geraldine Widner Yost—Quincy.  
 Luella Wilmarth.  
 Lucile Wilson—Quincy.  
 Helen Zeller Baker—Quincy.

### CLASS OF '25

Charles Anthony—Quincy.  
 George Boone—Quincy.  
 Hazel Braatz Phelps—Quincy.  
 Anna Chase—Quincy.  
 Mark Culbert—Quincy.  
 Carl Dalchow—Coldwater, Mich.  
 Marie Krise—Coldwater, Mich.  
 Margaret Miser Dayhuff—Angola, Ind.  
 Blanche Martin—Jackson, Mich.  
 Helen Rawson Elliot—Toledo, Ohio.  
 Iris Shipway—Kalamazoo, Mich.  
 George Boley—Quincy.  
 Sylvia Bates—Quincy.  
 Allen Collett—Modesto, Calif.  
 Glen Culbert—Battle Creek.  
 Leon Demerest—Quincy.  
 Hilda Gordon Ewers—Quincy.  
 Marcus Lippert—Quincy.  
 Genevieve Massey—Quincy.  
 Charles Phelps—Three Rivers, Mich.  
 Lucile Sebring—Quincy.  
 Esther Tasker—Quincy.  
 Alice Zurbrugg—Quincy.

### CLASS OF '26

Pearl Shoemaker—Quincy.  
 Wayne Globensky—Quincy.

Blanche Van Atta—Quincy.  
 Dora Ambrose—Quincy.  
 Alma Bower—Quincy.  
 Gladys Moore—Coldwater, Mich.  
 Wilbur Omo—Reading, Mich.  
 Edna Ransford—Quincy.  
 Alva Lampman—Quincy.  
 Letha Bates—Toledo, Ohio.  
 Ronald Widner—Quincy.  
 Ted Spencer—Quincy.  
 Mildred Baker—Quincy.  
 Mildred Mann—Quincy.  
 Olean Clingan—Battle Creek, Mich.  
 Kenneth M. Collins—Hillsdale, Mich.  
 Marie Knisely—Ypsilanti, Mich.  
 Dolores Lucas—Coldwater, Mich.  
 Donald Lucas—Coldwater, Mich.  
 Ione Phelps—Quincy.  
 Vera Smith—Coldwater, Mich.  
 Eva Switzer—Quincy.  
 Olita Tift Merrinan—Montgomery, Mich.

### CLASS OF '27

Dale Older—Okemos, Mich.  
 Arlene Anthony—Coldwater, Mich.  
 Clarence Braatz—Quincy.  
 Beatrice Bell—Detroit, Mich.  
 Wallace Downer—Angola, Ind.  
 Esther Duncan—Quincy.  
 Lucile Greene Krise—Lansing, Mich.  
 Laurence Goodman—Quincy.  
 Edward Hall—Fort Wayne, Ind.  
 Constance Hodge McCort—Coldwater, Mich.  
 Myrtle Kaiser—Quincy.  
 Arlene Gilbert—Quincy.  
 Alton Dobson—Quincy.  
 Elma Keeler—Quincy.  
 Chester Lampman—Quincy.  
 Mildred Lucas—Quincy.  
 Wilfred Myers—Quincy.  
 Helen Orcutt—Quincy.  
 Marian Oxenham—Quincy.  
 Cecile Ryan—Ypsilanti, Mich.  
 Della Spencer—Three Rivers, Mich.  
 Nellie Smith—Coldwater, Mich.







## Jokes

Stranger—"Have you a man here with one leg named Smith?"

Gordon Bowers—"What's the other leg named?"

Mother—"I saw the milk man kiss you this morning, I'll take the milk myself after this."

Willetia George—"It won't do you any good mother, he promised to kiss nobody except me."

Mearl Kunkler—"Do you know I have an uncle who has addressed half the people in the United States?"

Theodore Penoyer—"Gee Whiz! He must be a wonderful orator."

Mearl—"Oh no, he mails catalogs for Sears & Roebuck."

Soph—"I have a suit for every day in the week."

Frosh—"Yes?"

Soph—"This is it."

Robert Hendrick—"Say, Ed., do you believe in clubs for women?"

Ed. Hodge—"Sure, if kindness fails."

Esther Blackman—"I suppose that's the hired man?"

Clarence Hildebrand—"No, that's the first vice president in charge of the cows."

Mr. Blackman—"A car? Of course you can't have a car! Why you would be absolutely helpless if you found yourself with a flat tire."

LeMoyne—"Oh, no, I wouldn't, daddy. I've given flat tires the air before this."

Rowland Green—"Allow me to present my girl to you."

Clark Boley—"Many thanks, but I have one."

It appears that while a young lady was enroute to Frisco on shipboard, that she approached one of the deck-hands and inquired: "Could I see the Captain, please?" "He's forward, Miss," replied the deck-hand. "That's all right I'm not afraid. I've been out with college boys."

A woman advertised that she could fast three weeks out of each month. One day later she received two hundred and twelve proposals from Scotchmen.

Judge—"Well, John, I can give you this divorce, but it will cost you three dollars."

John—"Three dollars, boss?"

Judge—"That's the fee."

John—"Well, boss, I jes' tell you I don't b'lieve I wants no divorce. There ain't three dollars difference 'tween dem two wimmen."

Diner—"Trying to eat his steak?"—"Say waiter, how was this steak cooked?"

Waiter—"Smothered in onions, sir."

Diner—"Well, it sure died hard."

A Scotchman paid a visit to New York and caused his friends grave concern by his disappearing. Police were set on the trail and the city was scoured. Finally after three days, the missing Scot was found on a pay-as-you-leave trolley.

Lawyer—"So you want a divorce from your wife? Aren't your relations pleasant?"

Client—"Mine are, but her's are the most unpleasant I ever saw."

Hubert Wright—"I got a Wonder Watch."

Little Hefty—"Wonder Watch. I never heard of that kind before."

Hubert—"Well, you see it's this way. Every time I look at it I wonder what time it is."

Miss Kibbe asked her History class to write a few words about George Washington. This is what Helen Grove wrote: George Washington was the father of our country, who fought for freedom all his life and then went and got married.

Jane Gottschalk—"Helen, I think you are going with a fine looking fellow."

Helen Houghtaling—"Yes, but you should have seen the one that got away."

Otto Luce—"My girl has run away with another fellow in my car."

Dalton Becker—"Gee, not your new car?"

Ruth Blackman—"Why don't you ask your Dad about this matter, Esther?"

Esther Blackman—"I intend to as soon as I decide what I'M going to do."

A stout woman drove up to a filling station:

I want two quarts of oil, she said.

"What kind, heavy?"

"Say, young man, don't get fresh with me," was the indignant response.

Emil Sweet—"Say, mother, you know that old vase you said had been handed down from generation to generation?"

Mrs. Sweet—"Yes," anxiously.

Emil—"Well, this generation has dropped it."

Ed. Hodge—"To Ruth Blackman"—"What's the difference between a man that's been to Niagara Falls and one who hasn't and a ham sandwich?"

Ruth—"Oh, I don't know."

Ed—"Well the fellow that's been to Niagara Falls has seen a sight and the one who hasn't has missed a sight."

Ruth—"But what about the ham sandwich?"

Ed—"Oh, that's what you bite on."

Donald Gould—"That isn't the way to hold your compass, Gwendolyn."

Gwendolyn Safford—"What's the difference, it's always pointing east and west."

Hobo—"Lady, I don't know where my next meal is coming from."

Woman of House—"Well, this is no information bureau."





Mr. Stroup—"When I was a little boy your age I didn't tell lies."

Bob S—"How old were you when you started, pop?"

Mr. Balfour—"Kunkler, what do we mean when we say a whole is greater than any of it's parts?"

Mearl—"One of my mother's doughnuts."

Mr. Myers—"Bob every time you are bad I get another gray hair."

Bob Myers—"Well you must have been a corker. Look at Grandpa."

Which was Scotch?

"Long waiter, but I've only just enough to pay the bill and nothing left for a tip."

Waiter—"Let me have another look at that bill, will you?"

Hubert Wright—"What kind of a dog is that, Bob?"

Bob Stroup—"Police Dog."

Hubert—"Awgwan."

Bob—"Yeah, secret police, he's in disguise."

Miss Kibbe found this on one of her history papers: "Lincoln wrote the Gettysburg Address while riding from Washington to Gettysburg on an envelope."

Keith Gardner—"Say, mother, can you sign your name with your eyes shut?"

Mrs. Gardner—"Certainly."

Keith—"Well, shut your eyes and sign my report card."

Mr. Dage—"What is an octopus?"

Francis Gallop—"An eight sided cat."

Gladys Globensky (shopping)—"What kind of meat have you today?"

Clerk—"Mutton and venison."

Gladys—"Is your mutton dear?"

Clerk—"No, the mutton is sheep and the venison is deer."

The Freshman is grassy and grows

The Sophomore is sassy and blows.

The Juniors are brassy and doze.

The Seniors are classy and knows.

"What's the hardest thing about ice skating when you are learning?" asked Clara From.

Elwin Jones—"The ice."

Mary Zurbrugg—"Don't you love driving?"

Bob Hendrick—"Yes, but we're in town yet."

Miss Sutton—"Can you give me a more elegant rendering of the sentence 'The Sap raises.'"

Dalton Becker—"The boob get's out of bed."

Mr. Balfour—"Why should we endeavor to rise by our own efforts?"

Harry Van Nasdale—"Because there's no knowing when the alarm clock may go wrong."

Audrey Brandt—"Do you think a girl should be true to her first love?"

Esther Blackman—"If she can remember who he is."

Dorothy Albright—"Don't you speak to Donald any more?"

Olga Gilbert—"No, whenever I pass him I give him the geology survey."

Dorothy—"Geology survey."

Olga—"Yes, that's it, commonly known as the stony stare."

A young lawyer pleading his first case, had been retained by a farmer to sue a railroad company for killing 24 hogs. He wanted to impress the jury with the magnitude of the injury. Twenty-four hogs, gentlemen, twenty-four hogs, twice the number there are in the jury box.

Tuffy—"Why did you break your engagement with that school teacher?"

Jim—"Because she wanted a written excuse from my mother for any night I didn't call on her."

Father—"Ellis, who was in the parlor with you last night?"

Ellis Hard—"Why, only—only Louise, Father."

Father—"Well, when you see Louise tell her she left her pipe on the piano."

Donald Gould—"Does that smile mean that you forgive me?"

Belle Culbert—"I'll say not. I was just smiling to rest my face."

Miss Abbott—"Spell banana."

Wells Brockway—"B-a-n-a-n-a-na."

Miss Abbott—"Don't you know how to spell banana?"

Wells—"Oh, yes, but I don't know when to stop."

Dessie Knisely—"Why don't you play foot-ball?"

Kenneth Frahm—"I would only I'm left-handed."

Margaret Smith—"Why do you prefer to have us cheer when you first go on the field?"

Charles Parkinson—"Because I'm afraid I can't hear you when I come off."

Doris Keeler—"Aren't you afraid the other team will learn your signals?"

Hefty Vannoy—"Naw, they're so complicated we can't understand them ourselves."

Crowd—"Hey, set down in front."

Claud Bennett—"Quit your kidding, I don't bend that way."

Donald Struble—"I fell in a trough of lime yesterday."

Clark Boley—"Were you hurt?"

Donald—"No, but I was never so mortified in my life."

"Early to bed,

Early to rise,

And your girl goes out

With other guys."



Freshie—"Do you keep stationery?" (Stationary).

Man—"No, I'm the floor walker."

Genevieve Van Atta—"Why don't he pick up the ball and run with it?"

Pete Penoyer—"Can't, it's dead."

Genevieve—"No wonder the way they've been treating it."

Bob DeWolfe—"A lady at the book store tried to sell me some fairy tales."

Mrs. DeWolfe—"Well, that's nice."

Bob—"I just laughed and laughed, 'cause I know that fairies ain't got no tales (tails)."

Louis Statchel—"I wonder why they don't make foot-balls out of muleskin instead of pigskin?"

Jim Hildebrand—"I guess you've never tried kicking a mule."

A test we'd all like to write:

1. What famous general was buried in Grant's tomb?
2. Who painted Raphael's "Madonna?"
3. What general was beaten at Braddock's defeat?
4. What is the name of the English Channel?
5. How long did the Seven Years' War last?
6. Where was the battle of Vicksburg fought?
7. Where did Napoleon meet his Waterloo?
8. What famous river flows in the valley of Mississippi?
9. At what time of the year did Washington spend his winter at Valley Forge?
10. Who wrote Webster's Dictionary?
11. When was the War of 1812?
12. In what state is Detroit?

Mr. Balfour—(In Algebra Class before Spring Vacation)—"Now I hope you won't forget all you know about Algebra during vacation."

Rowland Green—"Same to you, Mr. Balfour."

Do you play bridge, she asked as they stopped before a swollen brook.

"That sure takes the cake," said Donald Gould as he admired his right hand.

Keith Gardner—(At the restaurant)—"Please bring me some prunes."

Waitress—"Stewed, sir?"

Keith—"None of your darned business."

Miss Kibbe—"What is the reason history is so hard?"

Helen Grove—"Well, we've had the stone age, a bronze age, and an iron age, and now we're in a hard-boiled age."

Edson Blackman—"Did you ever hear about those cruel policemen?"

Martin Bates—"What did they do?"

Edson—"Cut off a burglar's retreat."

Elwin Jones—"Can you name anything that is both rough and smooth at the same time?"

Otto Luce—"My gosh! Do you know her, too?"

Vivian Gilchrest—"Oh, yes, we can trace our ancestors back to—to—well, I don't know exactly who, but we've been descending for centuries."

"How do you feel?" asked the physician who had been called to attend the seamstress.

"Oh, sew, sew, but I seam worse today and have stitches in my side."

The doctor hemmed and told her she would mend soon.

Lady—"Horrors! I've never heard so much swearing since the day I was born."

Tough Kid—"Why, lady, did they cuss so much when you were born?"

Teacher—"Surely you know what the word 'mirror' means, Everett. After you've washed what do you look at to see if your face is clean?"

Everett Brandt—"The towel."

Customer—"Are those doughnuts fresh?"

Clerk—"I don't know, madam, I've only been here a week."

Oliver Gordon—"London is the foggiest place in the world."

Jim Hildebrandt—"Oh, no, it's not. I've been in a place foggier than London."

Oliver—"Where was it?"

Jim—"I don't know where it was, it was so foggy."

Neighbor—"How many controls are there on your radio set?"

Bob Brokaw—"Three, my mother-in-law, my wife, and my daughter."

Gruffy Father (to his son)—"Why don't you get out and find a job? When I was your age I was working for \$3 a week in a store, and at the end of five years I owned the store."

Son—"You can't do that nowadays, they have Cash Registers."

Gwendolyn Safford just returned from California after a very delightful trip. While in Hollywood she saw Douglas Fairbanks, Claud Bennet, and Bob Stroupe.

Lyle Becker—"Say, Pa, the teacher asked me to find the great common divisor."

Father—"Great Heavens, is that thing still lost, the teacher had me hunting for it when I was a kid."

Freshie—"How old is Balfour?"

Junior—"I don't know, but I heard everyone was overcome by the heat from the candles on his last birthday cake."

We hear that Ed. Hodge is making wonderful progress on a piano. We have it from good authorities, that there's only one thing that keeps him out of Paul Whiteman's Orchestra—and that is—Paul Whiteman.

Bob Hendrick—"Say, Eva, do you know you look like Helen Brown?"

Eva—"Yes, but I look worse in white."

A Scotchman took his son out of college because he had to pay attention.



"Judge, your honor," cried the prisoner at the bar, "have I got to be tried by a lady jury?"  
 Be still, whispered his attorney.  
 "I won't be still, judge, I can't even fool my own wife, let alone twelve strange women, I'm guilty."  
 Shopper—"What color have you in window blinds?"  
 Clerk—"Window blinds are all shades, madam."  
 Scientists say that certain musical notes can prevent sleep, so can certain promissory notes.  
 It takes about 1,500 nuts to hold an automobile together, but it takes only one to scatter it all over the landscape.  
 He (part low)—"My fair one, you reign supreme in my heart, without you all would be dark and dreary. When the clouds gather and the snow and hail beat upon me, then I think of you. Then come the warm southern winds—the storm breaks, and through the dying showers I see your love shining bright and clear. My rain bow."  
 She (factory girl)—"Hey is this a weather report or a proposal."  
 He—"Do you suppose you could care for a chap like me?"  
 She—"Well, if he wasn't too much like you."  
 Viva Weatherwax—"Did you know my uncle played with the Tigers?"  
 Maxiene Wilcox—"What is he? An animal trainer?"  
 Mr. Dage—"Now, boys, if I stood on my head and blood run down into it, I should turn red in the face."  
 Casey Jones—"Yes, sir."  
 Mr. Dage—"How is it when I am standing upright the blood doesn't run into my feet?"  
 Casey—"Because your feet ain't empty, sir."  
 "Daddy why is that man running up and down the smoking car with his mouth open?"  
 Father—"That's a Scotchman getting a free smoke."  
 Mr. Balfour—"There are an awful lot of girls who don't want to get married."  
 Mr. Dage—"How do you know?"  
 Mr. Balfour—"I've asked them."  
 A little boy had just witnessed one of our exciting foot-ball games and when he knelt to say his prayers, he yelled:  
 God bless Pa,  
 God bless Ma,  
 God bless Sister,  
 Rah! Rah! Rah!  
 Figure out this one.  
 A contributor to the Chicago Tribune is puzzled over the following. Having deposited \$50 in the bank he withdrew:

First,	\$20, leaving a balance of .....	\$30
Second,	15, leaving a balance of .....	15
Third,	9, leaving a balance of .....	6
Fourth,	6, leaving a balance of .....	0
	\$50	\$51

He wants the extra dollar, which he says is still there to his credit.  
 She—"Do you file your finger nails?"  
 He—"No, I throw them away after I cut them off."  
 Bernice Sattler—"Why do they always refer to a sailing vessel as 'She'?"  
 Ernest Knirk—"It may be because her rigging is so experience, but I think it is because she makes her best showing in the wind."  
 Otto Luce (telling about a hunting trip).  
 "Well, my shotgun let out a roar and there lay a dead wolf ahead of us."  
 Tom Robinson—"How long had it been dead?"  
 Advice is the hardest medicine to take and the easiest to give.  
 Ed. Hodge—"Money is my chief worry."  
 Bob Stroup—"I didn't know you had any."  
 Ed—"I haven't."  
 Donald Gould—"I know a man who is so economical that he covers up his ink well between dips."  
 Otto Luce—"A fellow I know stops his clock every night to save wear and tear on the works."  
 Bob Hendrick—"Huh! I know a man who is so tight he gave up reading the newspaper at the library in order to save his eye glasses."  
 Mr. Donbrock—"This steak tastes queer."  
 Nellie—"I can't understand it, father, I did burn it a little but I rubbed vaseline on it right away."  
 No matter how much or how little good looks you are endowed with, you are better looking when you smile.  
 Sophomore—"How did you get that bump?"  
 Freshie—"That's where a thought struck me."  
 Ellis Hard—"Why does your father call your sweetheart Mat? Isn't his name Charlie?"  
 Vivian Gilchrest—"Oh, father calls him that because he always trips over him at our front gate."  
 Mr. Balfour—"I was reading where the funeral of the late Emperor of Japan cost \$2,000,000."  
 Carman McNitt—"Gee whiz! No wonder the people shout—'Long live the Emperor.'"  
 Grace McDonald—"I was reading that healthy babies should be a delicate pink."  
 Dorothy Hickok—"That's funny, my baby brother is a robust yeller."  
 Found on a Sophomore's English paper. "One of Shakespeare's famous plays is Jamlet."



Miss Sanderson—"A person is just as young as he feels—I feel like a two year old, today."  
 Bob DeWolfe—"Horse or egg?"  
 Bertha Vannoy—"Do you know the thing that counts most in the world?"  
 Preston Trenary—"No, what?"  
 Bertha—"An adding machine."  
 Donald Struble—"What has four legs and flies?"  
 Earl Vannoy—"I give up."  
 Donald—"Our kitchen table."  
 Mr. Dage—"What is a blotter?"  
 Leo Keller—"A blotter is something your looking for while the ink is drying."  
 Gladys Marquart—"I wonder what causes the flight of time."  
 Eloise Demarest—"Probably urged on by the spurr of the moment."  
 Miss Graf—"A biped is something that goes on two feet. Is there anybody that can give me an example?"  
 Amos English—"A pair of shoes."  
 Traffic Cop—"Use your noodle, lady, use your noodle."  
 Miss Rath—"My goodness, where is it? I've pushed and pulled everything in the car."  
 Hubert Wright—"It takes me about twenty minutes to dress in the morning."  
 Harold Smith—"I can dress in ten."  
 Hubert—"Yes, but I wash."  
 Cop—"You were going forty-five."  
 Charles Parkinson—"Impossible, I still have my fenders."  
 "If you try your hand at something and fail, try using both hands: If that doesn't get you anywhere, try using your head."  
 Teacher—"Use 'statue' in a sentence."  
 Abie—"Ven I came in last night mine papa says Statue Abie?"  
 Miss Sutton—"Name a collective noun."  
 Merle Parker—"A vacuum cleaner."  
 Bob Hendrick—"Dearest, I must marry you."  
 Mary Zurbrugg—"Have you seen my father?"  
 Bob—"Often honey, but I love you just the same."  
 Mary had a little lamb  
 With green peas on the side,  
 The check for it was three-fifteen,  
 Her boy friend nearly died.  
 Mr. Balfour—"Who made the first cotton gin?"  
 Loraine Quigley—"Heavens! Are they making it from that, too."  
 "Say Pop, what is an echo?"  
 "An echo, my son, is the only thing that keeps a woman from having the last word."  
 He—"Do you think I'll recognize my loved ones in heaven?"  
 She—"Not at the distance you'll have to look at them from."  
 A peach came walking down the street, she was more than passing fair,  
 A smile, a nod, a half-closed eye and the peach became a pair.  
 Carpenter—"Didn't I tell you to notice when the glue boiled over?"  
 Assistant—"I did, it was a quarter past ten."  
 Son—"I think there is company down stairs."  
 Daughter—"Why?"  
 Son—"I just heard mama laugh at one of papa's jokes."  
 A student failed in all the five subjects he took. He telegraphed to a brother. "Failed in all five. Prepare papa."  
 The brother telegraphed back: "Papa prepared; prepare yourself."  
 "Sir, I would like to marry your daughter."  
 "What's your occupation?"  
 "Radio announcer."  
 "Take her. You're the first man who ever said good night and meant it."  
 There was a timid knock on the door.  
 "If you please, kind lady," said the beggar, "I've lost my right leg."  
 "Well, it ain't here, retorted the woman of the house, as she slammed the door."  
 Mr. Dage—"What is the meaning of horse-sense?"  
 Oliver Gordon—"It's the ability to say 'nay.'"  
 Donald Gould and Harry Van Nasdale—"Look ,we're not going on just after the monkeys act."  
 Miss Kibbe—"Well, perhaps you're right. They might think you were an encore."  
 First Flea—"Where will you send little Gerald when he grows up?"  
 Second Flea—"Oh I suppose he will go to the dogs, like his father."  
 Donald Gould—"I'll give you a nickle for a kiss."  
 Marie Louise Gottschalk—"No, thank you, I can make more money taking castor oil."  
 Louis Stachel fell and injured his hand. A week later when he was getting better, he asked the doctor anxiously:  
 "When this hand of mine gets well shall I be able to play the banjo?"  
 "Certainly you will," said the doctor.  
 "Thanks, you're a wonder," said Louis, "I never could before, but I've always wanted to."





Fay Sanderson—"I know how you got through that test, you had a pony."

Merle Parker—"I did not, it was a full grown horse."

Mr. Dage offers this one: Why chemistry teachers get gray?

From an exam paper: Lime water is made by squeezing limes in water."

Mr. Balfour—"Red is considered warm color because we connect it with fire, and white is considered cool because it is the color of snow."

Donald Gould—"Why is black considered a warm color?"

Bob Hendrick—"Because love making is usually done in the dark."

A Sophomore is a person who waits for a freshman to come along and push the revolving door. (Example, Keith Gardner.)

"What's the trouble with the young Scotch student?"

"Oh, he just got a shine and then remembered they were his schoolmates shoes."

"I feel sorry for that fellow over there."

"Why so?"

"He ate his salad with his spoon, and now he has to eat his soup with his fork."

Stranger—"What are you taking up in school?"

Merle Parker—"Space."

Famous people in our High School:

Dr. I. M. Anutt	Bob Stroup
Ben Turpin	Emil Sweet
Sherlock Holmes	Otto Luce
Little Lord Flauntleroy	Charles Parkinson
Bobby Jones	Keith Gardner
Thomas Edison	Ernest Knirk
Henry Ford	Oliver Gordon
Von Hindenburg	Mearl Kunkler
Julius Caesar	Clarence Hildebrand
Greta Garbo	Helen Houghtaling
Cleopatra	Esther Blackman
Joan of Arc	Jane Gottschalk
Florence Nightingale	Margaret Smith
Ima Zoog	Claud Bennet

	Boy	Girl
Most popular	Mearl Kunkler	Le Moyne Blackman
Most bashful	Earl Vannoy	Viva Weatherwax
Best natured	Bob Stroup	Gladys Globensky
Biggest bluffer	Bob Phelps	Florence McConnell
Biggest giggler	Harley Groesbeck	Dessie Knisely
Biggest feet	Ernest Knirk	Evelyn Kesson
Laziest	Bob Myers	Helen Grove
Most thorough	Charles Parkinson	Myrtle Hall
Best athlete	Clarence Hildebrand	Margaret Smith
Noisiest	Ed. Hodge	Marie Louise Gottschalk
Best gum chewer	Dalton Becker	Dorothy Albright
Biggest flirt	Otto Luce	Vivian Gilchrest
Biggest primp	Oliver Gordon	Ellis Hard
Most likely to succeed in married life	Bob Hendrick	Gladys Marquart

	Teachers
Best looking	Miss Graf
Easiest to bluff	Miss Kibbe
Most dignified	Miss Ball
Best detective	Miss Sutton
Favorite teacher	Mr. Dage
First to be married	Miss Rath
Most likely to succeed in the movies and best gum chewer	Mr. Balfour

Mr. Dage—"Elsie, why isn't Ida May here this afternoon?"

Elsie—"I don't know, but she had a pain in her history period this morning."

He met her in the shadows,  
When the sun was nearly set.  
They walked together homeward  
And he lovingly called her "Pet."  
She lowered her brown eyes tenderly  
As he stroked her silken hair.  
He treasured her very highly  
And she was wondrous fair.  
She responded not to his advances.  
In fact she knew not how.  
For he was just "our Mr. Dage,"  
And she—a Jersey cow.

Of all sad words of tongue or pen,  
The saddest are: "Exams again."

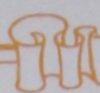
Deep wisdom—Swelled head,  
Brain fever—He's dead.  
A Senior.  
False fair one—Hope fled,  
Heart busted—He's dead.  
A Junior.  
Went skating 'tis said,  
Floor bumped him—He's dead.  
A Sophomore.  
Milk famine—Unfed,  
Starvation—He's dead.  
A Freshman.

## AN ODE TO LATIN

They all are dead who wrote it,  
They all are dead who spoke it,  
They all must die who learn it,  
Oh happy death, they earn it.







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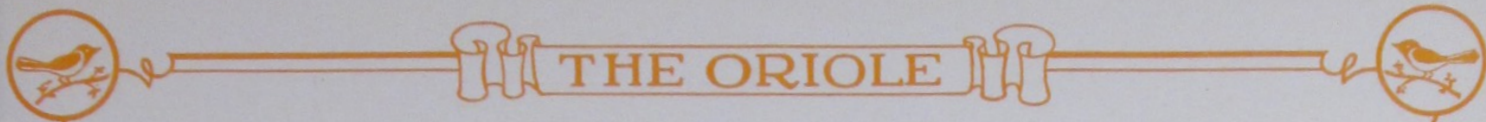
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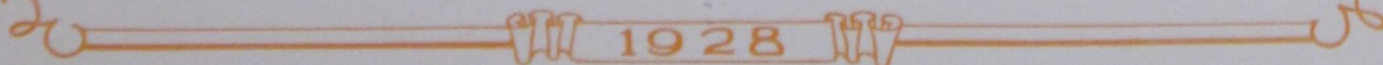
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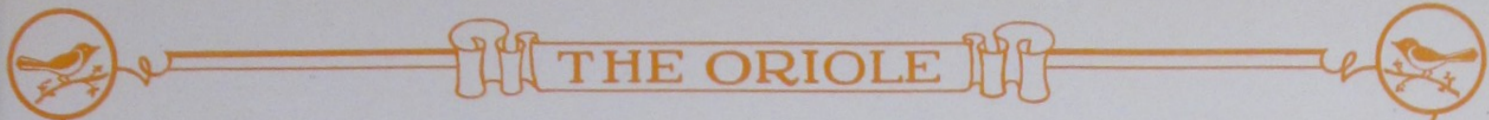
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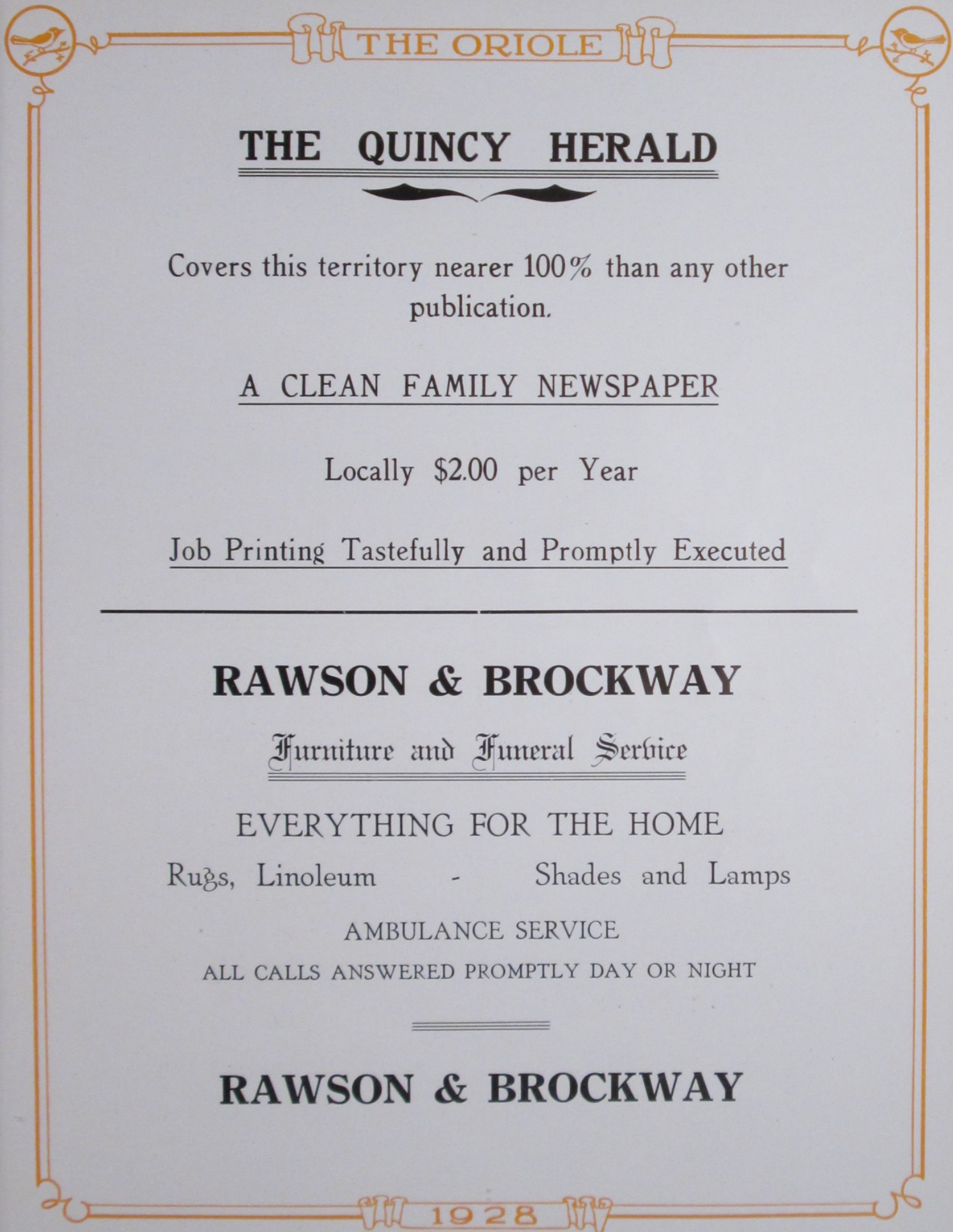
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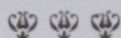
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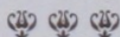




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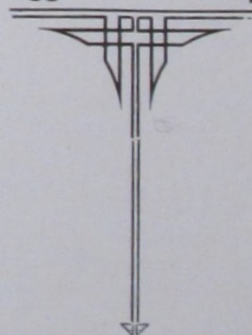
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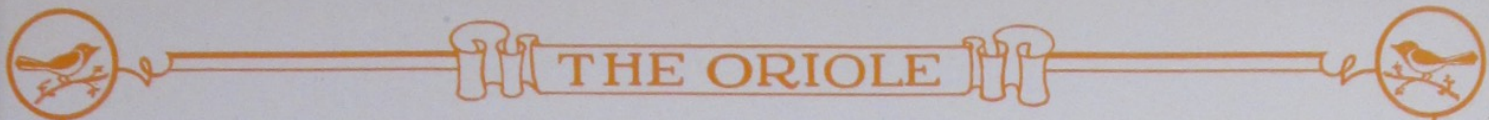
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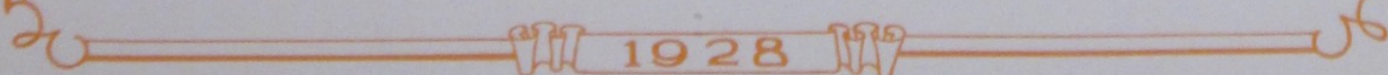
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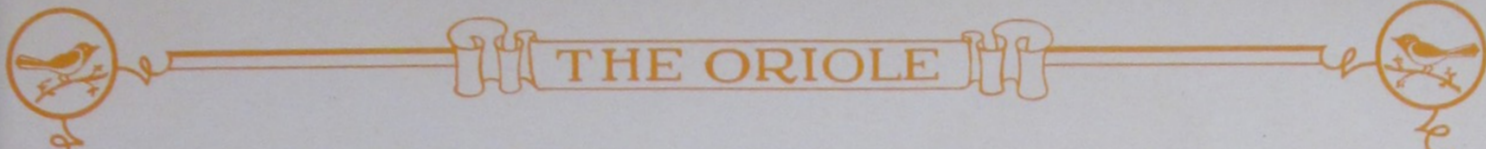
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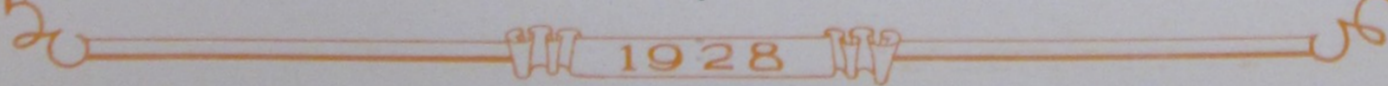
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