

The

ORIOLE



1927

THE ORIOLE

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The Oriole

of

1927



Published by

QUINCY PUBLIC SCHOOL

1927



Dedication

To the parents
whose love, encouragement and sympathy
have been the inspiration of our
High School Days
"The Oriole"
is affectionately dedicated.



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K68



Would you know the source of our nations strength,
Of her power that shall abide,
It is structures like this which dot our land
In town and country-side.

It is not her broad lands; her silver or gold
That holds her standards high,
Nor yet her armies so gallant and brave
Of earth and sea and sky.

'Tis her Public Schools with the power they wield,
The youth of our land to impress,
There are many more grand, but none so dear
As our own old Q. H. S.



SCHOOL BOARD



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ORIOLE STAFF



Back row, left to right—

Robert Hendrick, Asst. Advertising Manager

Mildred Lucas, Literary Manager

Cecile Ryan, Asst. for Jokes

Wallace Downer, Athletic Manager

Next row, left to right—

Lucile Greene, Music

Gladys Globensky, Art Worker

Helen Orcutt, Social Editor

Robert Stroupe, Art Worker

Constance Hodge, Asst. Literary Manager

Esther Duncan, Jokes

Della Spencer, Art Editor

Muriel Dexter, Asst. Art Editor

Front Row, left to right—

Arlene Gilbert, Asst. Business Manager

Oliver Gordon, Business Manager

Marian Oxenham, Editor-in-Chief

Ernest Knirk, Asst. Editor

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Autographs of "Oriole" Staff

Autographs.

Marian Oxenham - Editor in Chief.

Ernest K. Worp - Assistant Editor

Ray Krisey - Adv. Manager.

Oliver Gordon - Business Manager.

Orlene Gilbert - assistant Manager

Mildred Lucas - Literary Editor

Constance Hodge - Assistant Lit. Editor

Escher Duncan - Joke Editor

Cecile Ryan - Assistant Joke Editor.

Helen Spruitt - Society Editor.

Wallace Downer - Athletic Editor.

Lucille Greene - Music Editor.

Della Spencer - Art Editor.

OUR OPPORTUNITY

We frequently hear it said that America is the land of opportunity. Undoubtedly we young Americans take for granted much that should call forth our spoken thanks and our avowed gratitude. It is only occasionally that we stop in the mad whirl of these modern days to consider our opportunities or take stock of our abilities. All that our parents, our teachers, our community, our state are doing—have always been doing—we take as our just due. Small wonder that cynics say the motto of the younger generation is "Gimme".

On the threshold of a new life, the class of '27 would pause to look back and to look forward. In looking backward we find that we have indeed been fortunate because we have had the opportunity to attend so good a school as Quincy. We have had splendid teachers, and the chance to apply ourselves to our studies, thus laying a good foundation for further work in college or in the business world. That we have failed oft times to make the most of this opportunity is now a source of regret. We feel how true are the poet's words:

"It isn't the thing that you do, my dear,
But the thing that you leave undone,
Which gives you a bit of heartache
At the setting of the sun."

Our school work has served to develop our moral fibre, our integrity, and our honor. During the four years of our High School life we have had the opportunity of making friends among our classmates, and also among our instructors. These friendships have left their impression upon our lives. If we have chosen our friends wisely, we have been strengthened and helped by association with them. In school athletics, we have had the opportunity of developing our bodies quickening our preceptions, maturing our judgment, and gaining a sense of fair play. In the hard competitive world that we are about to enter, all of these qualities will be of great use to us. Indeed no one can hope to go far in these strenuous times without a strong healthy body, keen preception and a well developed sense of fair play.

But our High School days are behind us. "We have finished to begin again". Let us see what the future may hold for us. Never before in the history of the world have there been so many chances for young people. Looking ahead we see many doors bearing the magic word "Opportunity". There is room for everyone. But proper preparation must be made, for the magic door of our choice will not swing wide and admit us to the land of success unless we are fitted to enter. This is an age of specialized work. There is no place for a "Jack-of-all-Trades." The age of invention has only just begun. There is room for inventive geniuses and scientists. The professions are always in need of trained and willing workers—doctors, ministers, lawyers—either men or women. The farm is coming into its own at last. Its future is very bright. In short, one has only to make a choice of a life's job and then make the necessary preparation. This preparation, of course, not only requires time and money, but patience and determination to succeed. However, there are colleges and all kinds of schools with special courses open to all who are sufficiently in earnest to make the necessary effort.

We, the class of '27, would leave "the Oriole" as a reminder of our active participation in all forms of school activity; as a token of gratitude for all that has been done for us, and as a pledge that we will give the best that is in us to whatever task may lie just ahead.

Marian Oxenham,
Editor-in-Chief.

THE CYCLE

When Freshmen come in from the great open spaces,
 They're lacking in culture, deficient in graces.
 They're way back on learning and lacking in wit,
 But bone head assurance, lack never a bit.

As Sophomores they gain all the thrill of possession,
 Their program's rebellious and full of aggression,
 They ruin our standards, mock all our ideals,
 Then grin like the dickens and ask how it feels.

As Juniors they lose their belief in reforms,
 Believe that some standards won't do any harm,
 They're careful in conduct, and grave in demeanor,
 And scarcely can wait till they call themselves, "Seniors."

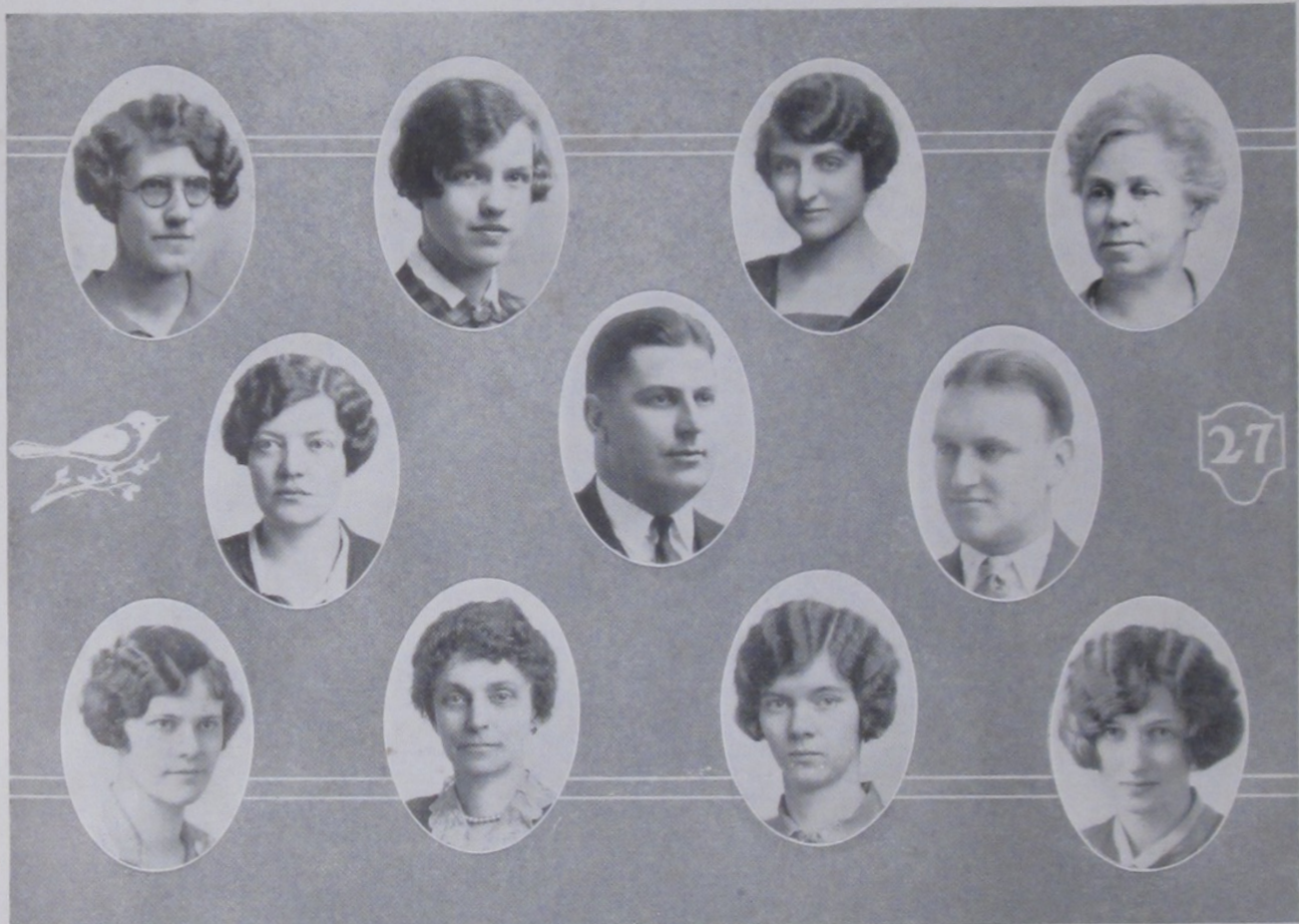
As Seniors, alas, they will suffer great pain,
 They can't help but wish they were Freshmen again,
 They'll think of commencement, then wipe out a tear
 And pray they'll be "Freshies," again the next year.

—Alton Dobson.



FACULTY

FACULTY



First Row

Nina A. Bond Principal-Mathematics
 Josephine Hendrick Third and Fourth Grades
 Ruth Heydon, A. B. English - Science
 Nettie Ball History - Civics

Second Row

Ada Walsh First and Second Grades
 Arthur H. Balfour, A. B. Superintendent
 Glessner C. Dage Coach - Commercial

Third Row

Elsie Parry Music - English
 Julia Dayton Seventh and Eighth Grades
 Vivian Powell Fifth and Sixth Grades
 Gladys Rath Latin - French



SENIORS



Rowland Green

SENIOR CLASS OFFICERS



Nina A. Bond	Advisor
Esther Duncan.....	Vice-President
Wilfred Myers.....	President
Alton Dobson	Class Editor
Marian Oxenham.....	Secretary
Lucille Greene.....	Treasurer

Class Colors—Blue and Gold
Class Motto—"Finished to Begin"

Dale Older

"Dale's a stalwart DeMolay
And baseball also likes to play."
Baseball
Track
Senior Play
Operetta '27
Chorus and Glee Club

Arlene Anthony

"Quiet, demure and meek today
And pleasant to all along the way."
Chorus and Glee Club

Clarence Braatz

"When unexpected thoughts abound
He's always sure to be around."
Football
Declamatory '24
Track
Chorus and Glee Club

Beatrice Bell
"Beatty"

"We all watch for Beatty's smile
For she's a good scout all the while."
Chorus and Glee Club
Operetta '27

Wallace Downer
"Jug"

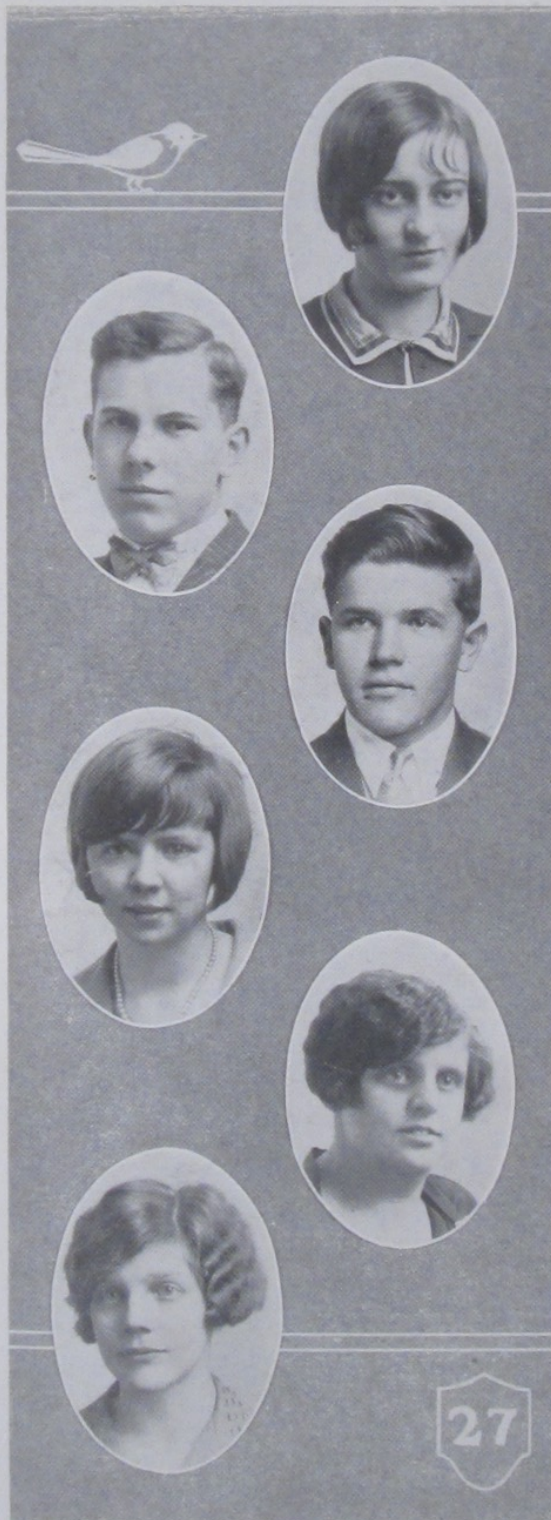
"He is always loyal and true
To his class and High School, too."
Baseball
Track Captain '25-'27
President Athletic Ass'n '27
Athletic Editor of "Oriole"
Senior Play

Esther Duncan

"Fond of books and children, too,
Teaching is the thing she'll do."
Vice President of Class '27
Journalist Latin Club '27
" French Club '27
School Editor '26-'27



THE ORIOLE



Lucille Greene "Cl"
 "When there's music in the case
 All but Ray takes second place."
 Sec. of Athletic Ass'n '26-27
 Class Treasurer '27
 French Club '27
 Cheer Leader '27
 "Oriole" Music Editor '27
 Senior Play
 Operetta '27
 Chorus and Glee Club
 Pianist

Laurence Goodman "Laurence joined our ranks this year
 But left his heart behind, we hear."
 Chorus and Glee Club
 Orchestra

Edward Hall "Ed"
 "Ed is always happy and gay
 Full of fun in every way."
 Track '26
 Baseball
 Football
 Captain Baseball '27
 Operetta '27
 Senior Play
 Class Secretary '26

Constance Hodge "Connie"
 "Connie's laughter trills the scale,
 When she's thinking about Yale."
 Declamatory '24
 Cheer Leader '25
 Asst. Lit. Editor "Oriole" '27
 Chorus and Glee Club
 Operetta '27
 Senior Play

Myrtle Kaiser
 "Myrtle, on her lessons works
 And her duties never shirks."
 French Club '27

Arlene Gilbert
 "Among all others she had one fad;
 We all know who, his name is
 Chad."
 Chorus and Glee Club
 French Club '27
 Asst. Business Mgr. of "Oriole"
 Senior Play



THE ORIOLE



Alton Dobson
"Al"

"Alton is clever, sure enough
But he'll find folks he cannot bluff."
Football
Manager of Track Team
Class Editor '27
Orchestra
Operetta '27
Senior Play '27

Elma Keeler

"Youngest maiden in our class,
She's always been a jolly lass."
Chorus and Glee Club
Sergeant-at-arms French Club

Chester Lampman
"Chet"

"Chet's old Ford is sure his pet,
It's good for many a long mile yet."
Football
Orchestra
Baseball

Mildred Lucas

"The only long haired girl in the class
Nevertheless, she's a likable lass."
Class Sec. '25
Chorus and Glee Club
Sec. French Club '27
Lit. Editor of "Oriole"
Senior Play
Valedictorian '27

Wilfred Myers
"Willie"

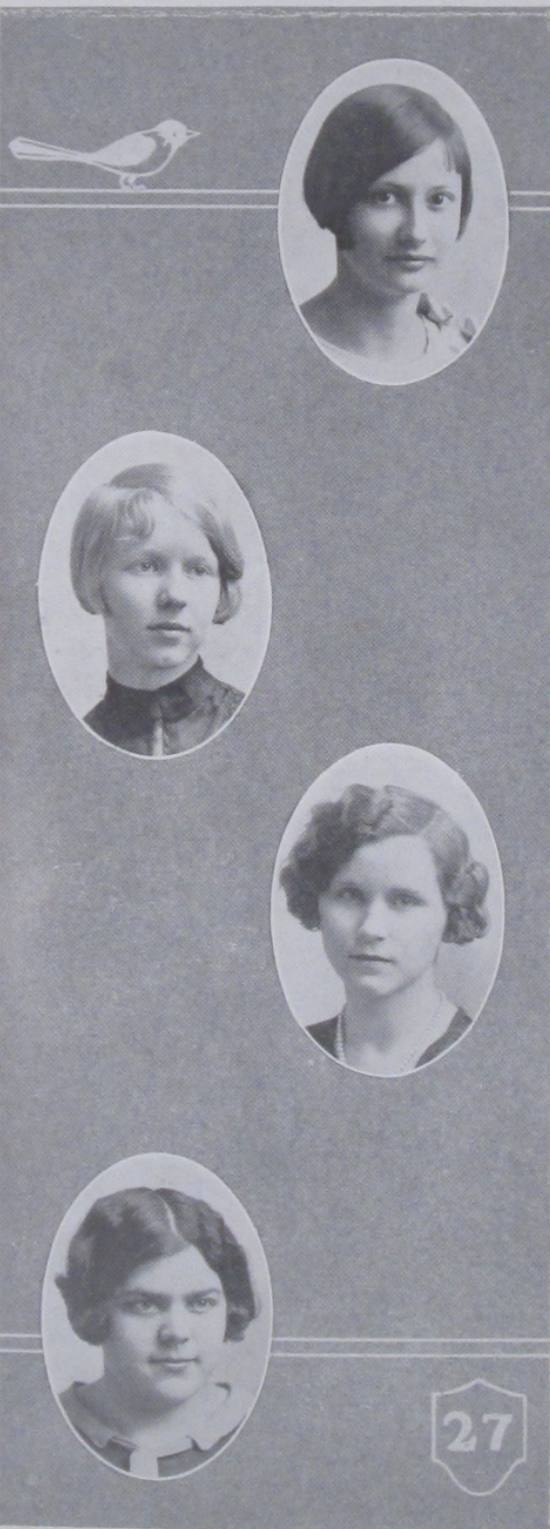
"Senior president is he
and as droll as droll can be."
Class Treasurer '26
Class President '27
Football Manager '27
Senior Play '27
Operetta '27
Orchestra
Chorus and Glee Club

Helen Orcutt

"Helen with her Titian hair
Has time to study and time to spare."
Class Editor '25
French Club '25
Society Editor of "Oriole"
Chorus and Glee Club
Senior Play
Salutatorian '27



THE ORIOLE



Marian Oxenham "Lively and cheerful and full of pep
 "Bob" And gayly moves with a forward step."
 Declamatory '24
 Track '26
 Class Vice President '26
 Class Secretary '27
 Editor-in-chief "Oriole" '27
 Senior Play
 Chorus and Glee

Cecile Ryan "Tall and slender, a maiden fair
 "Teetil" With bright blue eyes and golden hair."
 French Club '27
 Chorus and Glee Club
 Treasurer Athletic Ass'n '27
 Senior Play
 Asst. Joke Editor of "Oriole"

Della Spencer "Her voice was ever soft and low
 But when she spoke meant 'yes or 'no."
 Basketball '24-'26
 School Editor '26
 Pres. French Club
 Art Editor of "Oriole"

Nellie Smith "Blue her eyes and kind her way
 "Judy" She is always cheerful, happy and gay."
 Chorus and Glee Club



SALUTATORY

Dear parents, friends and visitors, one and all, the class of 1927 extends to you a most cordial greeting and welcomes you to this, the laying of the final milestone along the journey of High School. For four long years—yet speedy as we look back upon their passing—we have worked for and looked forward to these closing scenes in our career as pupils. We realize that if it were not for you, we would have been unable to achieve this peak of success, and therefore we owe you a very deep debt of gratitude for the privileges which we have enjoyed.

Have you ever stopped to think that Life is made up of doors? Doors of opportunity, Doors of Success and of Failure, and many others. Four years ago we as Freshmen knocked timidly at the doors of this institution. We were admitted, and took up our duties and pleasures as they came to us. Many times during these four years we have knocked at other doors. To some we have been admitted; to others we have not. Perhaps some of us have chosen the wrong door, or perhaps certain doors to which we greatly desired access, have failed to open in spite of persistent knocking.

There is, however, one door which we have all entered: this is the door marked "Education." We have each received a certain amount of education by studying our books. But these four years should indeed be counted a failure if we have not learned to put these lessons to practical use—we should now be able to take our part in a civic life and not vote merely as our great grandfathers did, but by free and unprejudiced thinking, promote the ideas and principles that will best benefit our Country. Our qualifications should now be such that we can join in a social life in which we may aid in improving conditions in our city, state and nation; we should know how to promote a pure home life, a clean church life, and countless activities for the betterment of the world which are behind many other doors to be opened only for the asking.

When we pass through this doorway of Life, we shall see stretching down the Hall of Opportunity many doors, each of which lead to some work in the world to be done. One leads to higher education at college, another to engineering or to teaching, and still there are many others. The privilege of entering one door belongs to each of us; but which shall it be? To some, their pathway of Life will be clearly designated, but to others, it will be dim with difficulties and hardships. In a few hours, this door will swing behind us, never to be opened again and we will be forced to depend upon our own resources, to choose our work in Life. We are passing out into your midst, we are joining you in a larger school of progress. We are entering your pleasures and pursuits, to become one of you in your social, business and home activities.

Parents and friends, we are grateful to each and every one of you for we know that without you we should have been unable to enter these doors. First we thank our parents without whose strong, never failing aid and encouragement, we should have been compelled to give up long ago. Next we thank the Board of Education for we have found you ever ready and eager to supply the equipment needed for our education. We thank the members of the Faculty for their readiness to help us over steep hills in the country of our lessons. And last, but not least, we thank our classmates for teaching us what a beautiful and glorious thing Friendship is. You have all helped us gain access to these doors and encouraged us to pass on unfalteringly from one to another. Soon this door which we are now facing will close forever and we shall no longer be members of Quincy High School. But nevertheless, we will always keep a special corner reserved in our hearts for those friends and scenes with which we have come in contact the last four years.

And now before closing I want to repeat the words of a few moments ago; Welcome, Welcome, Welcome one and all from the Class of 1927 of Quincy High School.

Helen Orcutt.

PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS

On a September day four short years ago, the class of 1927 entered High School with many hopes and eager anticipations of the life that awaited them. Today, a few more than a third of our former number have reached the goal of our childish ambition and are at the close of High School days. During these four years some of our youthful hopes have been realized, while some have been replaced by newer and broader ones. Many are, perhaps wondering what this course has done for us. It has not only given us a certain knowledge of subjects studied, but it has given us strength and ability resulting from the efforts put forth to obtain that knowledge. With this training and discipline some of us will pursue college courses, while others will be taught in the school of experience.

Members of the Junior Class: In behalf of the Seniors who are soon to pass to the ranks of Alumni, I have the honor of presenting to you this cane, may it endow you with industry and application, with charity and love for your fellow-students, making you generous and liberal in your sympathies and sparing in criticism. May it endow you with a spirit of fellowship, uniting you in bonds of harmony which admit no dissension or enmity, causing you each to be interested in the other's good. It is our hope that this cane may bring you a large portion of love for old Quincy High. Live up to its teachings of justice, morality, obedience, and integrity. Guard its good name and uphold its honor, that it may continue to send forth young men and women, inspired to play a noble part on the stage of Life. May our cane invest you with esteem and love for the instructors who labor so untiringly to develop you physically, morally, and mentally. Their training forms a large part of your equipment for life and we trust that your remaining year may be one of happy associations with them.

If as a class we have made a good record or achieved worthily we hope that our cane may bring you the same measure of success; yea, even as Elisha asked for a double portion of the spirit of Elijah, so would we bequeath to you, dear Juniors, a double portion of our pluck, pep, industry and other qualities which have aided us during the strenuous months of our Senior year. Take our cane, we pray, and pass on to the Goal of Success.

Wilfred Myers

RESPONSE BY JUNIOR PRESIDENT

We, the class of '28 accept with great pleasure and deep feeling this cane, which as you have just said, is an emblem of character, integrity, and intelligence to the members of Quincy High School. I can assure you that we will always regard it with the greatest of precautions, and shall never cease in our struggles to uphold the principles for which it stands.

Four hundred sons and daughters and even more, endowed by a bountiful providence and trained by a thoughtful foster mother, have gone forth from this High School into the world, to labor for their own and humanity's well being. As we glance over their records we find that a majority of them were endowed with the teachings of justice, morality, obedience, square-dealing, love and consideration for their fellow men. Probably some of these traits were brought home to them at this very ceremony as fully as they are to us, of the class of '28.

We thank you for the honor of accepting this emblem from so worthy a class as you have proved to be. May you all be as successful and happy in the school of life as you have been here in High School.

Next year we shall do all within our power at all times to be a proper and suitable example for all under classmates, thus enabling us to hand this cane on to our successors with even more pride than any who have done so before us.

Seniors, we thank you and do not say good-bye, but farewell until we meet again.

Gladys Globensky



CLASS HISTORY

Four years ago, a group of sixty-four students entered high school; some with faltering bewildered footsteps, some with a pretended jauntiness, some steadily determined to not mind the jeering calls of "Freshie," which constantly rang in their ears. Somehow or other, the first three days passed, with no fatal accidents, and the first freshman class meeting was called. We wondered how we were supposed to act, but it did not take us long to elect our officers. Marjorie Shepard was elected as President; Lloyd Van Patten as Vice Pres.; Wilfred Myers as Treasurer; and Rolene Taber as Secretary. Our class instructors were Miss Holland and Mrs. Coombs under whose supervision all of our class parties and other affairs were carried out.

At the beginning of the Sophomore year, there were only fifty-three of the class left. But we felt that we had made up in importance for all we had lost in numbers. We went to our first class meeting with the cocksure air of those who knew. We deliberated carefully upon our candidates for the class offices, and finally elected Rolene Taber as Pres.; Oliver Phelps as Vice. Pres; Marcine Smith as Treas; Mildred Lucas as Secretary. That year Miss Galley and Mr. Rice were appointed as class instructors. We had three class parties, one of them being a farewell party for a member of our class. Miss Galley resigned at the end of the first semester, and was replaced by Miss Hicks. In the spring came the annual teachers' reception, put on by the Sophomores. We made a great success of this social event, thanks to the supervision of Miss Hicks. We parted at vacation time, feeling that we were indeed wise, to have gone already through two years of high school, and looking forward to the next September.

When the next September came, the Junior class numbered forty-one. That year we chose Wallace Downer as our President, Marian Oxenham as Vice. Pres.; Wilfred Myers as Treasurer, and Edward Hall as Secretary. Our class advisor was Miss Bond.

We began to realize that after all we knew very little, and that we must choose our vocations, and think seriously of how to prepare for them. As our knowledge increased, so our social affairs increased. We had several merry parties. One party was the result of a contest between two sides, for the payment of class dues. The losing side treated the other side to a party. In June, the juniors financed a camping trip, for the seniors and themselves, at Coldwater Lake. This was the great event of the year, and was certainly worth the effort expended to make it a success. Then—vacation.

When we enrolled as Seniors, there were twenty-eight who had survived all three years, and won the name of seniors. We chose our officers carefully for this, our last year of high school. They are, Pres. Wilfred Myers, Vice. Pres. Esther Duncan, Treas. Lucille Greene, Sec. Marian Oxenham. This year we had the privilege of choosing our own advisor, and we chose Miss Bond, who had the year before proved her ability as instructor. Another lively contest resulted in a party given by the losing side in honor of the winners. Several other parties were held during the year, all of them successful.

Then came the great event, the Senior Play. A committee, appointed by the President, selected the play, with the assistance of Miss Bond. "The Empty House," was the one chosen, a three-act play, with fourteen characters, eight girls and six boys. The cast worked hard at their parts, and the rest of the class did their bit, the whole resulting in success.

Only twenty-three are left to graduate in the class of twenty-seven. Out of the sixty-four who began as Freshmen, this seems a small number, but these few have obtained, through hard work, a good start in life, and they realize that it is only a start, and that much more is still ahead.

Della Spencer
Cecile Ryan
Chester Lampman
(Committee)

CLASS ORATION

Classmates, schoolmates, faculty and friends. A few years ago several young men from this community started on a long road which led them thru training camps, across the Atlantic and into the hell of mud and blood that was France at that time. Some of them retraced that road and are again at home. Others are, now "In Flanders Field".

I have often wondered what impulse sent those boys there. Was it to save their country? No, any one of them would have told you that the United States was in no immediate danger. Sifted to the bottom, the reason for the most of those boys going across the sea was, *they believed in war*. Not in war to end war, but in war as an institution and a thing to be used in the settlement of all national differences. History teaches it, our best writers of classical literature advocate it, sociologists accept it as a necessity. Why should they believe in war?

Our histories have been from the very first, stone tablets down to our latest twentieth century edition, not a record of the advance and progress of civilization but the complete record of the war and its heroes. They do not show us the making of civilization, but the destruction of it. Our students who study history in the schools of today, are not taught a critical method of study which would show them the cause of a nation's strength or weakness. They are taught the history of war; to worship its victors; and to hold its losers in contempt.

We are not alone in this. Every school, in every country on earth has this same condition. Think of it! The horror and the pity of it. Boys and girls living in this age of enlightenment and free thinking, still receiving those old, old teachings, identical in theory and philosophy to those given four thousand years ago.

Ask any boy or girl to list the five men who seem to them to be the greatest. Will they name Shakespeare, our most famous playwright, Luther the founder and pioneer of all protestant religion, Bacon, forerunner of modern science? No! Such men have no place in the teachings given to our children at the time when they are choosing their ideals for life; their lists will contain only the names of men who were either leaders in war or were made famous by war occurring during their lives.

But let us look for a while on other classes of Americans, the classes who have come in direct contact with war. Here we find that public opinion is changing. Those who lived thru those trying days of nineteen sixteen to nineteen eighteen, when every mail brought news of the death of some loved one, can never again regain the belief that war is glorious and ennobling. Those few boys who came back suffering from gas, shellshock and the other horrors of modern warfare, did not tell us the stories of bravery and daring we read of in history and fiction. They told us of crouching in the mud and water miles behind the lines directing their fire pumping sharpnel and explosives at an unseen enemy miles away, by means of the mathematical precision of their observation and signal system. In the air service, common reports would have us believe that here at least was real knight errantry. We believed that the airmen set out every morning seeking his enemy; met him in a whirlwind combat in mid-air and either returned a victor, or fell flames, a hero. Contrary to this belief, the men who returned, tell us that when sent over the lines they were to engage another plane, only as a last resort, and instead were to observe operations, and wireless back their reports to the gunners far behind the lines. Or perhaps they were sent out on a night raid, gliding high over enemy territory, with muffled exhaust, dropping their terrible gas and high explosive bombs, dealing out a horrible death alike to men, women and children. Then for all the world like a boy who has broken a window pane they turned tail in a headlong flight for home.

Glorious battle? Heroism? Valor? No, a cold blooded contest between men of science as to who can invent the most horrible and efficient dispenser of indiscriminate death. **THAT IS MODERN WARFARE.**

But we would try to excuse ourselves by saying, "we are not to blame, the war was forced upon us". "The monarchs of central Europe were to blame, their greed is the true cause." True, but where did they get their country? They received it in early childhood, not from heredity but through **STUDYING HISTORY. YOUR CHILDREN ARE STUDYING IT IN THIS VERY SCHOOL.** Their ideas of autocracy and militarism were not given to them by calm thought after they had reached the age of reason, but implanted on their minds in indelible pictured by the vivid imagination of childhood, fed by stories of the glory and pomp of war.

It is rather a long step from the feudal castles of Europe to the humble dwellings of our village. But after all, is human nature any different when clothed in overalls than it is when wrapped in robes of velvet? Is the mind of a child going to see things differently because his parents are not millionaires or monarchs? No, nature will take it's course, a child who is led to believe in the glory of war will hold that impression for life.

This condition of affairs is worse because it is so totally unnecessary. How much better to tell the child of the men who founded our literature and language, than to drill him on the conquests of armies which, in razing a city, destroy more learning in one day than civilization can amass in centuries. Why not teach him to study the men who used the powers of science to lighten man's burden, instead of the demons who used science only to maim and destroy? Shouldn't we as citizens of today, pass on to be proud? Not the love of conquest, glory and splendor which has been the heritage of the thousand generations which have gone before; but a new freedom and independence of the great God of war, a new love of, "Peace on earth, good will towards men."

Alton Dobson.

CLASS PROPHECY

Good afternoon, folks! This is station W. F. T. B. broadcasting from the second floor of the Quincy High School building. Our call letters stand for our class motto, "We finish to begin." Esther Duncan announcing. We have a real treat in store for you this afternoon. Our program is somewhat out of the ordinary but we are sure that you will enjoy it. We're going to take a little glimpse into the future this afternoon, and now, audience, I must ask you to use your imagination a little. Just imagine that this is the year 1942. Are you all ready? Here we go! On the 15th day of June, 1927, just fifteen years ago, twenty-three Seniors journeyed forth from this very institution, seeking to make their way in the world to find what Providence had in store for them. A few days ago I came across a copy of the "Oriole" the Annual published by the class of '27, of which I am a member. As I looked through it I came upon the pictures of my classmates, and at once my mind traveled back to the good High School days when we were together both in work and in play. I thought first of the activities, the Field Days, the plays, the parties, the operettas, the various organizations and the like, and I took it upon myself to write to these old classmates and see how the world was using them, and as you will see, some of them have climbed to the highest pinnacles, and others are rapidly climbing toward the heights of success. I asked them to reply to this station so that we might have these letters to read at our opening program, as a kind of an anniversary celebration of the event which took place fifteen years ago. Then I thought of the Exams., and how dreadful they and our lessons did seem, and how unjust we thought our teachers were. I have a little rhyme which I committed to memory while I was in High School. Here it is:

"Here's to the teachers,
Long may they live,
Even as long as,
The lessons they give."

But then, our teachers weren't so bad after all, so I have written to them to find out if they still thought that readin' and 'ritin' and 'rithmetic were yet worthy of their time, or if they had given themselves over to other occupations. We have a large pile of letters to read, so I guess we'd better be on our way now. Here is the first one. This is a nice letter, bet it's from a girl. Nice pretty envelope. Let's see what they have to say. Well, there wasn't much to this. Just a show bill. Well for goodness sakes, listen to this! Cecile Ryan, noted actress, appears in the latest Broadway hit, "Miss Ivory's Reception". Well, we're not surprised at that, for we are sure you will all remember Cecile in the play, "The Pot Boilers" which the Dramatic Club put on in High School.

Here's one from Yale University.

Yale University,
June 10, 1942.

Dear classmate of '27:

I was quite surprised to receive a letter asking for the occupations of the class of '27, but if you can stand it I guess I can. Since leaving High School, I have entered somewhat into the field of science. As you will see by my stationery, I am one of the Professors of Yale University. I have just completed an experiment that has startled the entire scientific world. It took Michelson forty years to complete his experiment, but it only took me ten to finish mine. After liberating the power of the atom, I put this into practical use, and at the latest trial with this new discovery, we were able to drive the largest steamship in the world on the power of six teaspoonfuls of water. I am now working on an experiment whereby I can pump part of the air out of a room and obtain a partial vacuum so I may be able to study the effect of pressure on the boiling point. To make it more realistic, I am using CO₂ snow to fool myself into believing I am on Pike's Peak.

With best wishes to the Class of '27.

Prof. Wilfred Myers, LLd. PhD., etc.

P. S. Please don't read this over the radio.

Sorry Wilfred, it's too late, the deed is done. Here is one from Boston.

Boston, Mass.
June 12, 1942.

Dear classmate of '27:

I am now an author. I have just finished a book which promises to meet with the approval of all students all over the world. The name of it is, "How to Get Through School Without Studying." I would like very much to be with you on June 15th, but it is impossible. With best wishes to the Class of '27.

Alton Dobson.

We are sure that will be all right with the students but we aren't sure about the teachers. Well, if here isn't a letter clear from Hollywood. Wonder who's out there.

Hollywood, California,
June 11, 1942.

Dear friend:

Was very glad to learn that the class of '27 is going to broadcast on June 15th, and I will be sure to listen in. I suppose that you will be surprised to learn that I am the manager of one of the leading dancing studios in this city. A number of the leading motion picture stars come here for dancing lessons. I enjoy the work very much. With best wishes to everyone at station W. F. T. B.

Your old classmate,
Nellie Smith.

That's fine, Nellie, keep up the good work.

Here is a cablegram from far-off Africa. Why I wonder who's way out there.

Kimberley, Africa,
June 10, 1942.

Myrtle Kaiser and myself are busily engaged hunting orang-outangs for the American Zoological Research Society. Wish we could be at Quincy June 15th. With best wishes for your success.

Arlene Gilbert.

Well, that's a nice occupation. Isn't it?

Well, this writing certainly does resemble that which I used to find on my American Lit. papers when they came back to me at the end of the month. I'll bet anything it is from Mrs. Heydon. Sure enough.

Paris, France,
June 10, 1942.

Dear Class of '27:

I have just arrived at Paris, after spending some time in England, where I visited many famous places. I would certainly enjoy seeing the members of my English Literature class and telling them of some of the beautiful sights I saw. Shakespeare's home and Westminster Abbey, besides many others, but these were the ones which impressed me the most. I am looking forward with great pleasure to a visit to the Louvre Art Gallery soon.

Your former teacher,
Mrs. Ruth Heydon.

We are certainly glad that Mrs. Heydon's ambition has been accomplished.

Here's one from Los Angeles.

Los Angeles, Cal.,
June 10, 1942.

Dear Class of '27:

I must first tell you the glorious news. I only weigh 96 pounds now. I'm just preparing to reveal my secret to the world, for I know what it is to be fat. I think I will write a book, and call it, "How I Learned to Reduce." I'm sure you will all be glad to learn of this. I will sure listen in on June 15th. Please give my best regards to all the Class of '27.

Arthur H. Balfour.

Well, if here isn't our old friend, Myrtle Kaiser. Why, Myrtle, I thought you were in Africa. How are you anyway?

"Fine. I didn't expect to be here." Neither did I, I just arrived here from Paris today. Well People, I guess I'll turn the microphone over to Miss Kaiser now.

Well now I wonder what kind of work I'll make of this. This is new work for me, but nevertheless I'll do my best and glad of the privilege.

Well could you believe this. It's from our old friend Helen. Just listen to this—

Dear friends:—As you wrote me and asked me to reply telling of my occupation I will do so now.

After graduating from Quincy High School, I joined the Barnum & Bailey Circus for which I am running a sandwich stand. I sure wish I could be present at your Program June 15th. in honor of our Worthy Class. I shall never forget our good times together.

Your friend,
Helen Orcutt.

There sure is a surprise. I thought Helen would be a school teacher.

Now here is a letter from Des Moines, Iowa. I wonder who that's from.

Dear Classmates:—Goodness what a surprise to think that old Q. H. S. is to have a broadcasting station. That sure is a good idea.

No doubt I will surprise you some by telling you what I am doing. I am a noted Lecturer for the Red Path Bureau. My subject being "What Makes Water Wet", a very difficult subject to lecture on. I expect to

be sent to China soon to lecture to the Chinese on this same subject. My work is a pleasure to me and if I am ever back in Quincy again I surely would enjoy giving a short talk from your station.

Lawrence Goodman,
Class of '27.

Well, Lawrence, I wish you much success in your work and we sure would enjoy having you lecture from W. F. T. B.

Goodness gracious just listen to this.

Dear Classmates:—

So Quincy is planning to have a broadcasting station are they? Well that is just fine. It sure would be great to be back in Quincy for a few hours some time to look over the city once more.

My love for Athletics still grows stronger although I am getting rather old to participate in many such things. I think I am very fortunate in securing a position for the coming winter. I have signed a contract with a popular hotel in Palm Beach. You are by this time wondering what in the world it can be. Well, it is Fanning Society Ladies.

I don't believe that many athletics have such an opportunity at my age.

Well, Dear Classmates, I wish each and every-one of you the best of success in life.

I remain your friend,
Edward Hall.

Well, Ed, that sure is great. Hope you find some pretty ones to fan.

Well here is a letter from Geneva High School. Wonder who is situated there.

Dear Friends:—

It doesn't seem possible that 15 years ago we journeyed forth from Q. H. S. but I guess it is. I suppose that few classmates are left in Quincy. It doesn't take long for a class to scatter.

Arlene Anthony another of our classmates and myself are teaching here and have for the past three years. We are teaching subjects which we learned to like in our early life. Arlene is the instructor of a new course "The Cultivation of Dates". She has the largest class in the school. It seems as if every one is interested in the subject and she is a very successful teacher. As she is so rushed with work, I am writing for her.

I am teaching "Flapperism" another interesting subject. I have a class of about thirty and all very bright pupils.

We girls are planning on listening in on Station W. F. T. B. the 15th, to learn the whereabouts of our fellow students.

Your classmates,
Marian Oxenham.

Well, well, wonders never cease. Hope you girls are getting this program O. K., and wish you good luck teaching. Your subjects sound interesting.

Well, we have a letter from Pittsburg, Pennsylvania.

Dear Friends:—

I shall always keep in my heart a place for the class of '27. They were such a fine lot of young people and I enjoyed them very much, especially in Civics class.

I have given up teaching and at the present time I am known as the greatest and most renowned Palmist and Fortune Teller in the world. I have won great fame in India, Africa, and China. It sure would be an honor to me to foretell the future of the class of '27.

Your loving teacher,
Miss Ball.

Who would have thought that Miss Ball would of ever given up school teaching to tell fortunes.

Well, wonder what news this letter has to say. This is sure fun.

My Dear Classmates:—

Oh what happy remembrances were recalled by your letter. Those are times never to be forgotten.

I am soliciting for funds to establish a home for blind mice. People are so heartless and cold toward the little creatures, that I feel that anything that I can do, it is my duty to assist them.

Wonder how station W. F. T. B. would like to contribute something to this worthy cause? One little realizes the hardships the poor mice bear and every little thing certainly helps provide for them.

If you are ever in Norfolk, be sure to call at this institution, it will be well worth your time.

Your old friend,
Lucile Greene.

Yes, if I am ever in Norfolk, I sure will visit your institution. Didn't know Lucile, you had such tender affections for mice. Yes, I think we will contribute something.

Well, my gracious, here is another from one of our old teachers, Miss Bond.

Dear Friends:—

I am now on the list of retired teachers. I have at last settled in a home on Pollmander Walk near Shepherd. I have a beautiful home and well furnished. Among some of the articles that I cherish the most, are the broken chair and clock that won't run, which was presented to me before I left Quincy.

I am extending an invitation to the members of the class of '27 to visit me sometime.

Your old teacher,
Miss Bond.

Well, now I think I will turn the microphone over to Arlene Anthony and let her tell you of some of the letters she has received. Well, good-bye friends, I am certainly glad to have the opportunity to speak to my classmates in this manner.

Good afternoon folks. I am sure glad to be with you this afternoon, and sure hope you are enjoying the program being given from station W. F. T. B. I will now continue with the program.

Well, just listen to this. If here isn't a letter from our friend Constance Hodge. Well, can you imagine this? Just see what she has to say:

Dear Friends:—

Am having a wonderful time. I am warbling for the radio people from station W. C. X., Detroit. I sure wish I could be back with you and broadcast from station W. F. T. B. You see I went to college and was taught by a specialist at Yale to warble. That is why I am stationed here at Detroit as chief person on the programs. Now I think I have told you all about my occupation, so will close still remaining,

Your old classmate,
Constance Hodge.

Well, Connie, we are sure wishing you the best of luck, and sure would enjoy having you broadcast from our station.

Why, here is a letter from our old friend Wallace Downer. Let's see what he has to say.

Dear Friends:—

As to my occupation, I am running a market in the city of Lansing. I have a very large store and have a fine business.

Wishing you much success with your broadcasting station, I remain,

Your classmate,
Wallace Downer.

Well, Wallace, we are sure glad you are having success in your business, only you forgot to state just what kind of a market you were operating.

Well, if here isn't a letter from Texas, from our old classmate Della Spencer. Well, by the looks, Della is in Texas. We will just see what she has to say as to her occupation.

Dear Friends:—

Your letter has reached me here in Texas, and will try and tell you as to my occupation. I am living on a large ranch, and have a beautiful home. I have about a hundred men working for me, who take care of two thousand cattle and two hundred head of horses. Inviting you all to come and visit me, I will close.

Your classmate,
Della Spencer.

We sure would like to visit you in your lovely home and see your large ranch.

Well, for land sakes! If here isn't a letter from our old friend Dale. Why, I am surprised. He says:

Dear Friends:—

Your letter found me here in Zion City, Illinois, as a preacher of the First Methodist Church. I have been located here in this city for nearly thirteen years as preacher. People come for miles and miles to hear my sermons. Will close as I have to preach a sermon tonight.

Your old classmate,
Dale Older.

Well, Dale, we never thought you would be a preacher. We thought probably you would be a traffic cop. We are wishing you the best of luck.



Well, well, I never thought that our friend Mr. Dage would give up school teaching, but just listen to this:
Dear Friends:—

As going west was my greatest ambition, I started out in a 1914 Ford car. The roads being so rough and I being bumped around quite a bit, it gave me an inspiration. So when I arrived in the city of Spokane, Washington, I erected a factory for the purpose of making bed snaps for holding the bed clothes on the bed. I invented the snaps about ten years ago and am now hiring about 50,000 men. As the call is so great for them, I am planning on enlarging my factory within a year now. If you are ever wanting for a job, just come over and I will give you work.

Your old teacher,
Mr. Dage.

Well, Mr. Dage, I'm not quite so surprised at your occupation after all. I heard that you should have had some snaps on your bed while staying at Mrs. McDonalds.

Why, look at here, we have a letter from Clarence Braatz. Why, and here he comes walking in the studio door. Well, we will read his letter and see what he has to say anyway.

Dear Friends:—

As to my occupation, I am operating a dog and cat hospital over near Coldwater. I began my occupation about two years after graduating from Quincy High School. I have about one hundred dogs and fifty cats under my care at the present time. I am planning on enlarging my hospital in the near future, as my business is growing so rapidly. If you have any sick dogs or cats, bring them over.

Your classmate,
Clarence Braatz.

We wish you good luck, Clarence.

Well, as our friend Mr. Braatz is with us this afternoon, I will turn the microphone over to him as I think probably he would be delighted to talk from our station. Maybe he has some letters from some of our old classmates, so I will let him continue with our program this afternoon.

Well, friends, I am sure glad to have the privilege of speaking to you this afternoon, and I sure have some letters from our old classmates, which I will now read.

Here is one from Detroit, Michigan, dated June 9, 1942.

Dear classmates:—

I received your letter about a week ago and was sure glad to get it. I have gone into partnership with Henry Ford. He makes new Fords and I am a dealer in second hand cars. I sure hope you success in your new station.

Your old classmate,
Chester Lampman.

Well, Chet, we wish you good luck in the life you have chosen.

Well, friends, look what we have here, a letter from the Strongheart Dog Kennel, dated June 8, 1942.

Dear friends:—

In regard to your letter, I will try to answer your question, although I really have little time to write. You see, when I left school I bought a German Police Dog from Strongheart Kennel. I trained him so well that I was hired to train the dogs here for the movies. Enclosed find a picture of myself and Al. I named this dog in honor of Al because he is always up to his old tricks.

A classmate,
Mildred Lucas.

Well, Mildred, I sure wish you happiness. I don't think you have chosen such a bad life, I would not mind being in your place.

Here is another letter from Detroit, dated June 8, 1942. In the left hand corner it tells who it is from. It's from Chester Lampman and Co., Dealers in second hand cars. Detroit. Here goes.

Dear Clarence:—

We received your letter and was sure glad to get it. We thought we would answer together. You see when Chester Lampman went into business dealing in second hand cars, I was appointed his private stenographer and Beatrice Bell was appointed his private secretary. This life sure is great.

Your old classmates,
Alma Keeler.
Beatrice Bell



Well, you sure have a good job. I hope you like your job as well as your boss.

Well here is one from Esther Duncan.

Dear classmates:

You see when I was in high school I had so many classes that I really had to walk the floors, and you see now that I am out of high school, I have chosen floor walking in the department store at Paris. Hoping you have success with your station.

Your old friend,
Esther Duncan.

Well, Esther, I hope you enjoy your job. I am sure it will be a success.

Well, here is one from Chicago, dated June 9, 1942.

Dear friends:—

In regard to your letter, I can only say that for the past twelve years I have been leader for the Blue Jacket Orchestra.

Your old teacher,
Miss Parry.

Here is the last one, it is from the Reo Motor Car Co., Lansing Michigan.

Dear friends:—

I received your letter and will tell you that in the past ten years I have been connected with the Reo Motor car. I am now driving a sport model coupe. A Reo of course. Well, I must get to work.

Your old teacher of Q. H. S.,
Miss Rath.

Well, when you were in high school, I remember of hearing you tell what a wonderful concern the Reo Motor Car Co. I remember that you bought a Ford, but it must not have been a very good car, as you have gone back to the Reo.

This concludes our part of the program. We sign off and turn the remainder of the program over to the great orators.

Esther Duncan
Myrtle Kaiser
Arlene Anthony
Clarence Braatz

"OUR GRADUATION"

With bright June days, come the roses,
Songs of birds and smell of hay,
Nature brings all sorts of posies,
For our graduation day.

Happy hearts will beat with gladness,
Song we'll sing, and music play,
Let us harbor naught of sadness
On our graduation day.

The days we've spent here side by side,
We would not bid them stay;
Next June fourteenth, what ere betide,
Will be our graduation day.

—Marian Oxenham.

CLASS WILL

We the class of 1927 having sound minds and good memories do publish and declare this our last will and testament. As a class we direct the juniors to make good all our debts which we have bestowed upon the faculty for the past four years.

First of all we request that our memory as a brilliant class be ever kept green; that the good deeds we have performed be regularly retold that they may go down as shining examples to coming generations; that our bad or careless deeds may be carefully covered up and as quickly as possible forgotten so that the words of Shakespeare may be carried out to wit; "The good deeds of men live after them, while the evil are often buried with their bones."

Knowing that where there is a will, there will always be contestants trying by all means to prove the irresponsibility of the departed, we as a measure of protection for our loving heirs have each under gone the test under an expert who will swear in any language as to our perfect sanity.

However in every division there is sure to be dissatisfaction, we beg those fortunate individuals whom we deem worthy of becoming our heirs to accept their legacies in good spirit, knowing that we considered they justly deserved or needed.

We, the class of "27" will to the freshman class the privilege of being both seen and heard also any overlooked cuds of gum we may have left adhering to our desks which can stand some more chewing.

To the Sophomores we leave a place in the Junior class if they think they can behave as well as a junior.

To the Junior class we grant the privilege and honor of giving the Senior play. May they secure as much enjoyment as we did.

Giving up all hopes of ever otherwise getting rid of his charming tenor voice, Edward Hall, will relieve himself by bestowing it upon Mr. Balfour, to be used only when lecturing the Freshman.

We the class of 1927 will to Miss Bond the privilege of being class advisor to the senior class of "28".

We hereby leave to Miss Ball the right to lead the school in all songs sung here after in Chapel exercises.

To Miss Rath, I do hereby give, devise and bequeath my football sweater that she may not be chilly when riding in my Ford. Wilfred Myers.

Della Spencer does hereby give, devise and bequeath her musical voice to Miss Parry that she may be able to dissect it in the following years so that students with weak voices can have them remedied before they graduate.

Alton Dobson has a few select poems he wills to Mr. Dage to read in his spare moments, the rest he will give away cheap.

To Mrs. Heydon, as a class we will the ability to capture and tame, Michigan monkeys.

Chester Lampman wills his low speed band from his Ford to Miss Dayton, as it is quite evident that she will need it soon.

Wallace Downer leaves his ability to draw cartoons to Miss Walsh providing she doesn't practice same on the blackboard.

We the class of "27" will to Miss Hendrick all broken looking glasses and soiled powder puffs providing she doesn't use same in public places.

To Alice Culbert does Lucille Green bequeath Ray Kriser providing that at the end of next year she will return him safe and sound.

Nellie Smith wills her books on "How to Become Slender" to Pauline Lippert so that the said Pauline will in time be a perfect 36.

To Arlene Dunton, Constance Hodge wills her ability of dancing providing she doesn't hurt herself in taking too many new steps.

We will the lead pencil which has been so well worn by Clarence Hughey in writing notes to Della Spencer, to Dorothy Albright of the Sophomore class, as she may some time want to write a note to Rolland Ransom.

We, Laurence Goodman, and Beatrice Bell do hereby leave our report cards in Mr. Balfour's possession that he may be able to see what he has accomplished in Physics in 1927.

We the class of "27" will to Miss Powell, Nellie Smith's dancing costume.

We the class of "27" will to Rolland Ransom, enough money to buy a timer gear for his Chevrolet so he can get to school on time.

Marian Oxenham has a dozen carefully saved curls, "Homegrown," she is leaving them for Ida Mae Ingram to distribute (as her own) among the boys in case her own supply runs out.

Elma Keeler by request of a few members of the senior class bequeath the junior class the privilege of having a sleigh ride party to her country home next winter so that they can taste some real chicken prepared by an expert cook, providing they bring Bob along.

Wallace Downer leaves Kenneth Macey as temporary guardian over Gladys Marquart providing she be returned within 24 hours.

I, Beatrice Bell will leave my ability to chew gum to Muriel Dexter or anyone who wishes to practice in the presence of Miss Bond.

Cecile Ryan leaves to Helen Grove the red belt with which she caught Teddy.

Clarence Braatz and Dale Older, realizing that they are the bachelors of the senior class of 1927, do bequeath all their class books, which contain so many heart breaking poems, to Louis Stachel and Leroy Hickok, that they may realize their critical condition in due time.

From experience Arlene Anthony bequeaths to Audra Rose the formula for becoming a good student. Eat very light meals so that your brain may be always working. Burn "Midnight Oil" until 12:30 and concentrate your mind on your studies instead of on social pursuit.

To Robert Myers, I will a pair of hair clippers, providing he uses them.

Chester Lampman.

To Mrs. Heydon, I do hereby give and bequeath my ability to debate and to give bright speeches.

Alton Dobson.

To Sylvester Friend, Esther Duncan leaves her greatest accomplishment of being able to giggle upon all occasions.

Arlene Gilbert bestows her musical ability to Gwendolyn Safford on the condition that she uses it when no one is listening.

Laurence Goodman bestows his position as physics instructor of Q. H. S. to Ruth Wilson.

Chester Lampman wills his first class book on "How to Keep Quiet" to Muriel Dexter.

Elma Keeler wills to Bob Hendrick her curling irons.

To Bernice Sattler, we will, a copy of beauty secrets, providing she passes them on to Ruth Blackman.

Mildred Lucas leaves her fondness of studying to Harold Smith.

Myrtle Kaiser wills her several volumes known as "Lessons in Flirting" to Le Moyne Blackman.

To Francis Gallop, The Tiny, we bequeath a pair of stilts, to keep us from stepping on him.

To all future class presidents, Wilfred Myers gives the ability to convince the teachers that he is the best Pres. Q. H. S. ever produced.

Marian Oxenham bequeaths her mannerly conduct to Gladys Globensky.

Wallace Downer bestows his ability for athletics to Kenneth Frahm.

Dale Older leaves his charming baby stare to Audra Shoemaker, also several articles acquired upon football trips.

We the class of "27" will to the "Board of Education", all our power of seeing through a stone wall, that power which, in time past, has made our course in life so spectacular, and the lack of which has brought our career to an ignominious failure.

Our legacy to the Board of Education, the power of seeing through a stone wall is given in order to save the legatee from future serious disaster, and because it is evident that said legatee is expected by the community at large to possess this great gift.

To the "Parent Teachers Association," we will our ability to make public speeches and we hope that some of them may become rivals of Patrick Henry, in this art. We also will them a conscript in order to increase their members to the desired size.

To the Quincy Herald we will the power or privilege of printing all school notes with the surplus ink in the High School providing they agree to collect same themselves.

We, Laurence Goodman, Nellie Smith, Wallace Downer and Beatrice Bell, bestow our ability of making class wills to Earl Vannoy, Clara From, Oliver Gordon and Clarence Hildebrand.

Hereby, we appoint the faculty as executor of this will and stipulate that they shall not be required to furnish bond.

In witness whereof we have signed and published our last will and testament of the senior class of "1927".

(Signed)

Senior Class

Beatrice Bell

Nellie Smith

Wallace Downer

Laurence Goodman

VALEDICTORY

Ephriam N. Jones, known as "Dick" to his friends, ran a locomotive for fifty years, then retired to begin painting pictures. Imagine the surprise of his friends. Some laughed at it as an impossibility. Now, they are not laughing. In ten years, "Dick" Jones has painted over five hundred pictures, depicting scenes which he retained in his mind, from his railroad experiences. When he ran a locomotive the desire to be an artist was in him. It remained and now that wish is accomplished. Truly this is a striking, modern-day example of the motto which our class has chosen, "We finish to begin." Ephriam Jones finished his railroad career to begin painting.

Everywhere about us we may observe the carrying out of our motto. It is true in schooling, in science, in nature, and even in human existence.

Never can education be finished in one lifetime. We may believe at times that we have attained the goal, have completed some subject. But time disillusion us and we realize that it is only the foundation knowledge completed. This basic material must be mastered before we are capable of beginning the advanced knowledge offered us. For it is impossible to write a theme until we learn the elements of grammar and the rules of composition. Problems in simple arithmetic can not be worked until we learn the four fundamentals, addition, subtraction, multiplication, and division. History presents many examples of those who finished school only to begin. To my mind the thought of Abraham Lincoln speedily comes. Leaving school after a few months of inconsistent attendance, he knew as much as any frontier teacher. His schooling was finished. Yet he was not content, and continued his fascinated study of English grammar to become the greatest of our speakers. Eastern college professors followed Lincoln from place to place, taking notes on his speeches that they might bring to their students something of the genius of Lincoln. Like Lincoln all great men, whether they have much schooling or very little, finish school to begin studying, working and accomplishing new things.

One of the greatest fields in which this theory reigns is that of science. An invention is made, completed and then improved. In 1876 Alexander Graham Bell invented the telephone. At that time how awed people were to even talk to their nearby neighbors. Now this miracle has been improved to Trans-Atlantic conversations by means of telephone and wireless. Thus in all lines of science, one stage is completed only to begin another.

Nature, too, if we allow, will teach us this lesson. Even plant life finished only to begin again. The poppy, dying down in the fall, drops its seeds in the ground. The next spring a plant comes up and the flower blossoms again. Each year when the leaves fall, the trees seem to die, but the next spring their life begins anew with the bursting of their buds. We may take any example we wish; from the simple radish to the lovely rose; all finish to begin. Not only do plants complete one summer's existence to begin anew the next spring but the completed product by the aid of greater power begins a new phase of life. Luther Burbank produced from the finished lemon and orange the new grape fruit. Probably, if he had lived his dream of a seedless grape-fruit would have been attained. Thus all nature changes but lives on forever. In this way Nature teaches us the greatest truth. For we learn from the flowers that there is no death. We learn from Nature the law of eternal life.

For what is true of Nature is true of the human race. One generation finishes their work and the next generation begins. Each individual finishes one task to begin another. Likewise we finish this life to enter one of which we know little. Yet we are certain of its existence because of the teachings of Nature and of the Great Creator. To be truly prepared at the finish of our earthly existence, may we live such a life that we will not fear Death, realizing that it is only another phase of our motto, "We finish to begin". Keeping this in mind may we follow the words of Oliver Wendell Holmes:

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine out-grown shell by life's unresting sea!

Mildred Lucas.

CLASS POEM

FINISHED TO BEGIN AGAIN

It is finished! Blow the trumpets!
 Sound the cymbals, beat the gong!
 For we've run our race and won it!
 Tell our victory in song!

It is finished! We have triumphed!
 Four long years we've planned and worked,
 We have earned the right to glory.
 For we've faltered not, nor shirked.

It is finished now our labor!
 It's a thing that's in the past,
 We have done what was required,
 We have earned a rest at last!

It is finished! Now I wonder,
 Have we nothing more to do?
 Though great the effort of our school days,
 Will it last our whole life through?

It is finished! Hardly classmates,
 It is really just begun,
 We've long years of work before us,
 E'er life's race is truly won.

It's not finished! But our school days,
 For the future pave the way,
 We have still to keep on fighting,
 We must work, and we must pray.

It is finished! Just our school life!
 For the future we must plan,
 List the motto we have chosen,
 "Finished; to begin again".

---Marian Oxenham





THE ORIOLE



JUNIOR CLASS



TOP ROW, left to right

Robert Hendrick

Maxienne McMurray

Mr. Balfour, Advisor

Audra Rose

Oliver Gordon

Ray Kriser

SECOND ROW

Edward Ryan

Ernest Knirk

Evelyn Kesson

Ona Boone

Eloise Demorest

Ruth Wilson

Clara From

THIRD ROW

Clarence Hildebrand

Earl Vannoy

LeMoyne Blackman, Treasurer

Eva Gallop

Lena Chase

Genevieve Kesson

Maybelle Taylor

FOURTH ROW

Bernice Sattler, Sec'y,

Gwendolyn Safford

Gladys Marquart

Gladys Globensky, President

Violet Knisely



1927





Stophus



SOPHOMORE CLASS



First row (top) left to right

Mearl Kunkler, Orrie Tropp, Merle Parker, Donald Gould, Edson Blackman

Second row

Theodore Penoyar, Treasurer, Sylvester Friend, Robert Phelps, Rolland Ransom
Martin Bates, President, Kenneth Macey, Merritt Vannoy

Third row

Harold Smith, Leo Keller, Fay Sanderson, Miss Rath, Advisor, Mary Zurbrugg, Helen Grove

Fourth row

Muriel Dexter, Dorothy Albright, Florene McConnell, Pauline Lippert,
Nellie Donbrock, Gladys Braatz

Fifth row

Margaret Gordon, Audrey Shoemaker, Grace MacDonald, Editor, Myrtle Hall, Secretary
Leola Evard, Vice President, Marie Louise Gottschalk

Sixth row

Lena Knapp, Olga Gilbert, Pauline Zimmerman, Louise Lindsey, Ellis Hard
Arlene Dunton, Nora Knapp, Vivian Gilcrest





FRESHMAN CLASS



Ruth Blackman.....	President
Elwin Jones.....	Vice President
Dorothy Hickok	Secretary
Francis Gallop	Treasurer

First row--left to right

Floyd Lusk, LeRoy Hickok, Lena Zimmerman, Irene Dauber

Second row

Eddie Hodge, Robert Stroup, Hubert Wright, Louis Stachel, Velma Thompson
Ruth Crapo, Ida Mae Ingram

Third row

Donald Struble, Dalton Becker, Evelyn Herrick, Cecil Farwell, Kenneth Frahm
Robert Myers, Elwin Jones

Fourth row

Bertha Vannoy, Elsie Ramford, Le Moyne Van Patten, Doris Rasmussen, Rolene Masters
Wella Burke, Esther Sattler, Miss Parry

Fifth row

Ruth McConnell, Esther Blackman, Ruth Blackman, Vryna Taylor, Velma Quimby
Belle Culbert, Dorothy Hickok

Sixth row

Francis Gallop, Audrey Brandt, Doris Keeler, Jane Gottschalk, Beatrice Gottschalk
Genevieve VanAtta, Helen Houghtaling, Lucile Bennet



LITERARY



PRIZE ESSAY

WHAT ARMISTICE DAY MEANS TO ME

It seems to me the first thought that should come to the mind of every American man and woman at the mention of these words should be of the thousands of lives which were hanging in the balance across the water, which were saved by the compact signed on that day. What a relief it was to those who were waiting on this side, for the news of loved ones who were abroad, to hear that the daily slaughter had at last been ceased.

Guns which had not been cool for weeks, were stilled, the erstwhile crowded air was empty, save for the slow flight of crows; infantrymen rested and smoked in the sun where but yesterday the exposure of even a helmet was met with a sniper's bullet. Contrast this picture with the one you have in your own mind, of the battle in full sway, and "Armistice Day" will take on a new and deeper significance.

Still another picture comes to my mind while thinking of this day: It is of the tired, bloodstained, dough-boys as they hear the order to "Cease firing," and with wondering ears receive the glad news that the war is ended. See the tired faces brighten at the thought of the mother and sweetheart they never expected to see again. Even the wounded and dying try to smile on hearing that the cause they were dying for was won. They had not died in vain.

From this picture, I would turn to that of the peaceful farms and factories about me today. In some homes are old men and women with tears of happiness still glistening on the faded gray lashes at the sight of the son who was spared to care for them in their last years.

In other homes, a quiet sadness reigns. For their loved ones, Armistice Day came too late. They are thinking of a lonely soldier's grave, "In Flanders Field."

Can any human being look on all these pictures and still say that Armistice Day should not hold a place of importance in the history of the world? For my part were I writing the history of this nation, above the surrender at Appomatox, above the birth of Lincoln, high at the top, on the same line with July the fourth, seventeen seventy-six, I would place that glorious date in our history, November the eleventh, nineteen hundred and eighteen.

Alton Dobson.

TO THE LAURELS OF '27

We're a bright and smiling lot,
We're full of pep and on the spot,
We're not a bunch that God forgot,
Look us over!

Most of our girls are not so slow?
Many of them can catch a beau,
Ask Cecile or Della if that's not so,
Or Arlene Gilbert.

Our boys are athletes strong and true,
They've fought our battles not a few,
And five of them have earned a "Q",
All honor to them.

We have brains enough and some to spare,
If put to test, I'm sure we'd dare
To pit our Mildred's genius rare
Against the world.

Or if we've need of one to write
A poem, essay or theme so bright,
If we must get it over night,
Let Alton do it.

In music's realm we're strong I'll say,
Wilfred, Helen, and Alton play,
While Connie and Beatrice can warble a lay
To suit our taste.

Lucille can pound the ivories white,
She can play our music and do it right,
She can jazz for us till morning's light,
And never tire.

So here's to the laurels we have won,
Here's to our studies and here's to the fun,
Here's to each and every one
Of '27.

Marian Oxenham.

SHORT STORIES

THE LITTLE GENTLEMAN

First Award

"Ain't ya gona have no supper t'nite, Chick?" asked Red, his large brown eyes full of pity.

"Nope," answered Chick, trying so hard to be brave.

Red started down the street then paused.

"I'd like to take you home fer supper but ma's purty tired after doin' all them washings—and we ain't got much—and—Oh, Chick, I'm so sorry! I'm sorry ya ain't got no ma! I'm sorry ya ain't got no place to live."

He could say no more for his little heart was full of pity for this boy who had been his friend and comrade through thick and thin. He picked up his paper bag and soon was out of sight, leaving Chick alone.

And Chick was always to be alone, as far as he knew. His mother had died just two weeks before leaving him alone in the world with only her teachings to protect him. She had taught him always to protect weak things, to learn to chose the good things in life and to always be a little gentleman. It was truly remarkable how the mind of a ten year old boy had absorbed her teachings.

I do not know how he happened to be called "Chick" for his real name was James Mathew Drake. Perhaps it was because of the likeness his golden ringlets had to a little fluffy yellow chicken. His eyes were large, deep-set and blue, very expressive and fringed with long black lashes. The eye-brows were perfectly arched.

On this particular evening, Chick was tired. Where was going to sleep? It was very foggy and looked as if it might rain any minute. He picked up his empty paper bag and sat down in a door way. He sat there only a few minutes when he heard voices. He peeked around the corner of the door way and about five feet from him were two men. At first he could only hear a mumble—then the words came plainer. One by one he caught them and their meaning. "Mr. Wentworth, owner of a large factory—important papers—stop driver on road—" That was enough! He knew their plans and the danger that would come to the driver—and Oh! those papers! What could they mean! What could he do! Mr. Wentworth always bought a paper from him and gave it back to be sold again, always was kind to him. He would try to do something. He *would* do something.

He crept out of the door way slowly and very quietly, walked along the side of the building until he reached the corner. He couldn't be seen because of the dense fog and the dimly lighted street. When he reached the corner he began to run. How well he knew these streets that had been his only home for the last two weeks. He knew, too, where Mr. Wentworth lived because he had delivered papers there. It seemed that his feet could not go fast enough. Just suppose that he shouldn't get there in time—or suppose he had misunderstood them, would he be making a fool of himself. No! No! He had understood correctly and, on he ran.

Now he was coming to the wider streets, just one more block and he would be there. There were a great many cars passing. When would he be able to cross? He would try. He had to cross that street. He would wait for that one car—then across. The car passed and out he ran into the street. Another car that he had not noticed in his excitement was coming from the other direction. It struck him and threw him to the curb in front of Mr. Wentworth's home. The driver stopped and asked him if he was hurt. Little Chick said "no" and the car drove away. He got to his feet—everything went black before him but he wouldn't give up. He slowly crawled up the steps of the beautiful white house, reached the door and rang the bell. Oh! how his head ached! Would they never answer the bell! Just then the great door opened and a man of about fifty years stood in the door way. He asked what he wanted. How sweetly little Chick's face loomed out of the darkness of the night—the great eyes were eager and the golden hair seemed to make a halo around the white face.

"I wanta see Mr. Wentworth," said the little voice. "I wanta see—" and he sank unconscious at the feet of the man.

He was carried into the large hall and Mr. Wentworth was called. He was placed in a large upholstered chair and some water was forced between his lips. Presently the eyes opened and he spoke.

"Mr. Wentworth—those papers—they're gonna kill that driver—and get those —papers." A sound of anguish came from the parted lips and he was unconscious. He had delivered his message—he had done his duty.

When Chick opened his eyes again he thought he was dreaming. He was lying flat on his back in the softest, most beautiful bed he had ever seen. The bright morning sunshine was flooding through the window, and there in its bright rays stood Mr. Wentworth. In an instant it all came back to him—the fog—men's voices—the car striking him—the man's kind eyes—and Ch! those papers!

Mr. Wentworth was speaking now—he seemed to know the thoughts that were going through Chick's mind.

"It's all right," he said, "Those papers are safe and the ruffians caught—and all because of a little gentleman."

Tears came to Chick's eyes. "A gentleman—a little Gentleman." That's what his mother had wanted him to be.

"Chick, I want you to be my little boy," Mr. Wentworth continued. "I want you to come and live with me."

His little face lighted with joy—then sobered.

"Can I help Red and his mother?" he asked.

"You can" was the reply.

"Can I always be a little gentleman?" he asked again earnestly.

"You can."

And he was.

Lucille Greene

MASQUERADE

Second Award

A thick fog hung over the little town of Camsville, making buildings and people alike into shapeless objects. With a low muffled sound the breakers beat against the rocks off Dead Man's Point. Fog horns blew ceaselessly with their warning message of danger. Suddenly out of the mist and rain two shapes appeared which soon proved to be two young girls.

"Mary", said one of them. "Do you suppose we shall get there in time?"

"Oh, I'm sure we will, Peggy," the other replied. "The schoolhouse never closes until late."

"We must, for Miss Skinner will just about kill me if I don't have my Geometry tomorrow and I'll never have time to get it in the morning. I don't see what made me forget it anyway," sighed Peggy.

The door to the hallway was open and the girls entered, their footsteps, resounding with a hollow echo through the empty place.

"My, I feel spooky," giggled Peggy. "I don't think there's anything more ghostly than a deserted schoolhouse."

"It's not deserted," said Mary. "I'm sure I heard voices a minute ago."

The girls slipped silently down the hall and into the study room. There Peggy found the forgotten book and together they started for the door. It was now nearly dark and the rows of desks were like crouching phantoms in the faint light.

"I hear steps," whispered Mary.

It is probably the janitor," replied Peggy reassuringly.

Mary hurried to open the door but it would not move.

"What can be the matter!" she breathed. "It must be stuck."

They pulled again but the door held fast.

"Ladies, would you like to get out of here alive?" said a deep voice so near them that they both jumped back as if struck, and a man, his face covered with a mask, stepped out from the shadows.

"If so," he continued, "Go immediately to this address. Knock and you will be given a box to take to that deserted house at the end of Boulder Lane. Do exactly as I tell you if you value your life for your every step will be watched."

With a leer, he opened the door against which he had merely braced his foot and the girls found themselves free. For a moment they were too stunned to move or speak, then they started down the street running, for it was now very dark, the gloom pierced only dimly by the street lights.

"Oh Peggy, I'm frightened!" sobbed Mary, "We never can go to that horrid old house, and it will be so dark out there."

"We just won't go. We're silly to let a stranger scare us like that. We'll go home and forget about it," cried Peggy.

"Oh no you won't. You aren't rid of me yet," said a voice and the same man stepped out from behind a tree. "You see you really are watched" he added. "And I think you will find it wise to obey orders." he seemed to melt away into the gloom, and the girls silently started on.

The address they were to go to was on a well known street and they experienced no difficulty in finding the place. It was a large brilliantly lighted house. Evidently a party was in progress for there was much sound of music and laughter from within.

"Mary, I'm afraid to knock, we may be kidnapped or killed or most anything," whispered Peggy.

"So am I," she answered, "but I'm afraid to stay out."

So hand in hand they mounted the steps and knocked timidly. A jolly motherly woman came to the door.

"Oh yes, yes," she said, peering over her glasses. "Yes, you are the girls. "Wait a moment please."

As she turned, Mary's over strung nerves snapped. "Oh Madam," she cried, "We are in horrible trouble; can't you help us?"

"Well lets see, maybe I could," she said, and stepped aside. In her place the girls beheld the evil leering face of the man they had met at the schoolhouse.

"Suddenly he moved forward and said gruffly. "You girls go to that house or you'll be sorry. Minds you, don't tell anyone where you are going or why." Then holding their gaze with his own, he reached behind a door and brought out a box. The girls took it and found it very heavy. Then started again, trembling with fatigue and fear.

The way to the deserted house led through several lonely streets, inhabited by foreigners of all nationalities and descriptions. Happily, due to the disagreeable weather, few were abroad. Finally they came to the last glimmering street light and saw the first grotesque rocks, which gave the name Boulder Lane. They were now in complete darkness intensified by the thick fog. They stumbled along over uneven ground, too frightened and tired to speak. The mist was now falling more heavily, and the wind sighed through the trees with a dismal lonesome sound. It was pitch dark and the girls could only feel their way along the broken rough path. The way seemed endless and the box grew steadily heavier as by magic. At last the old house loomed up before them. A rift in the clouds came just then, and the moon peeped through, shedding a ghostly light over the forsaken place. The door sagging forlornly and the two windows on either side, wet with rain, gave the appearance of an aged sorrowful old crone. Mary the first to break the long silence.

"Peggy, let's just set the box down here and run as fast as we can, back home," she whispered.

"All right," replied Peggy.

They placed the box on the rickety porch and broke into a run.

"Oh, ho, not so fast," said the now familiar deep voice and in a trice the girls found themselves seized and borne away through the night, whither they knew not. For a minute Mary lay quite still, then she began to kick and squirm with all her might.

Peggy on the other hand was puzzled. Something seemed familiar in that voice and the carriage of the man who had spoken. Suddenly the girls found themselves before a lighted house into which they were carried. At first they were dazed, then as their eyes grew accustomed to the brilliant light, they found themselves gazing into a ring of their friends smiling face.

"Why?—How?—What?" gasped Peggy.

"What are you doing here and why did you bring us here in this awful fashion?" sobbed Mary.

"Oh please don't be mad with us," begged another girl.

Turning, Peggy saw a tall young man with the evil leering mask in his hand. "Oh, so it was you!" she cried, her eyes flashing angrily. "And I suppose you thought it was smart to scare us nearly to death and make us come clear out here on a wild goose chase. And what is in the box?"

"I'm sorry. It was a mean thing to do, but we didn't realize how much it would frighten you. We thought you might suspect it was a Hallowe'en joke. As for the box, here it is."

A real surprise party indeed! It was impossible to remain angry very long under the influence of so much fun and laughter and the girls soon forgot their terrible fright.

"But," laughed Peggy later. Don't ever try to surprise us so emphatically again. I could feel my hair turning gray every step I took!"

Helen Orcutt.

HOW BILLY SHOT THE BEAR

Third Award

It was a hot summer day and Billy was tired of playing horse with his sister and of swinging under the old apple tree. So he said, "I will take my gun and go hunting in the fields back of the barn. Perhaps I will go as far as the creek and I may see a bear."

So he shouldered his gun manfully and set out. How he wished that he could see something to shoot! To be sure there were the birds—robins, bluebirds, meadow larks and wrens. But they seemed so happy and sang so sweetly that it seemed a pity to shoot them. A rabbit scampered across his path with his little cotton tail bobbing at every jump and a red squirrel ran chattering up a big oak. "But," thought Billy, "anyone can shoot a rabbit or a squirrel. They are so common." Billy was after larger game. He would never waste powder on a rabbit or a squirrel. No, indeed.

The sun's rays were so scorching and Billy got so warm walking that, when he arrived at the creek, he thought he would lie down and rest a little while. How cool it was under the trees and how still it seemed. Not a sound was heard except the twittering of the birds in the trees, the babbling of the brook over the stones and the tinkling of the sheep bell in the neighboring pasture.

Billy thought if he lay very quiet perhaps a bear would come out of the woods. How he wished one would. Wouldn't he love to kill a bear!

Hark! What was that? A twig snapped and then another. Then Billy saw a brown head thrust through the bushes and two bright eyes looked around. Then a big body came lumbering into view.

It was a bear!

Billy's heart beat fast and he trembled so that he could hardly raise his gun to his shoulder. But he was not afraid. Oh, no! It was just the chance he was waiting for. He pulled the trigger and shot once—twice. But bruin only growled and stood on his hind legs. Another shot! Bang! The big beast was coming right toward him. He was almost upon him.

"Oh! Oh! Help! Help!" yelled Billy. And as he yelled he awoke with a start and sat up, for he had been asleep on the cool mossy bank. And there was no bear in sight. Only the sun was sinking in the west and it was time for him to go home to dinner.

So that was how Billy shot a bear and it could hardly have been otherwise for all the gun that Billy had was a toy gun which Uncle Jim had given him for Christmas.

Marian Oxenham.

COMMENCEMENT

To each and all of us come times
When Farewell seems the saddest word;
For old familiar friends and scenes
Will ne'er again be seen or heard.

And now we face this time of grief,
For we must each forsake these days;
We've reached a milestone in our lives,
It marks the parting of the ways.

But still this parting, dear classmates,
Will gilded be with bits of cheer;
In spite of all the joy we've had,
We would not tarry always here.

For there are other heights to climb
And other races to be run;
New obstacles in duties path,
And other work to be well done.

Prepared are we for higher things;
So let's go on with glad free hearts;
Resolved to do our very best;
In Life's great play, fulfill our parts.

—Helen Orcutt.



DIARY OF AN OLD FASHIONED GIRL

TUES. SEPT. 5—I believe I'm going to like our new teacher this year. She seems awful nice and she's a lot different than Miss Hawkins was last year. This morning Pa went to town with our new lumber wagon that he bought at Jonathan Oldstyle's auction the other day so I rode 'cause it isn't many mornings that I'll have a chance to ride and besides I wanted to ride in it before Mary did—she thinks she's so smart, just because she's my big sister.

I got to school rather early and hadn't seen the new teacher yet, but I thought I might as well go right on in and get acquainted, even if I was the first one there. She was looking through some books on the shelves and then she started talking to me.

She asked me what my name was and how old I was and what grade I was in. She seemed real surprised for some reason or other when I told her I was fifteen and in the sixth grade, but I think that's doing pretty good and the folks are real proud of me. I expect I did act kinda bashful, but Ma says I'm getting over it and thinks I'll be still better of it after awhile.

Well, when the other kids got there she asked them the same questions she did me and told us what books we had to have and then said we might go home for that day. I just got my new Physiology—guess that's what you call it and I'll bet it'll be awful hard and she'll probably be cross too. I'm going to use Phoebe's old Arithmetic 'cause Ma says us kids can't all have new books every year for money's too scarce for that these here days.

WED. SEPT. 6—We had our first classes today and teacher doesn't have us do anything like we did last year and I know whether I'm going to like that or not. She told Daniel Jenkins that he could dust the erasers and I don't think that's fair. I'm just as good as he is any old day and besides his father isn't on the school board and mine is. Well, Ma is hollering for me to wash my feet and get for bed. She says she aint going to let me go barefoot no more if I don't act better, so I'll have to go and get the milk pail and wash my feet I suppose 'cause it don't take half so long to get dressed in the morning if I don't have to lace up those pesky shoes.

THURS. SEPT. 7—Amy Decker and I saw a letter on teacher's desk this morning while she was gone out to teach the kids how to play "Pom-Pom-Pullaway," 'cause she's from Normal and they teach them all the new games. That letter had a man's hand writing on it and as near as we can figure out she must have a beau.

Pa was listenin' over the telephone last night and he heard her father has quite a lot of money and that he runs a laundry. And I don't wonder at it by all those pretty clothes she wears. Why, some of the prettiest gingham dresses and Ma says she ought to save them to wear to church.

FRI. SEPT. 8.—Well, I don't have to go to school tomorrow and I'm glad. Pa offered to take teacher back home tonight but she said no, she had a way, so when it came time some swell car drove up and it was her beau! Oh, well, Pa says he's going to send me to High School when I get big and probably I'll have some nice clothes and catch a beau too. Here's hopin'.

Cecile Ryan.

OUR FACULTY

Mr. Balfour is the first
And mighty fine is he;
Our Miss Bond is next in line
And of course the same is she.

And next Miss Ball who long has served,
Us faithfully and well;
We wish to say of her today
She treats us pretty swell.

Of Mrs. Heydon, I would say,
She is above reproach;
And Mr. Dage we like alway
He makes a splendid coach.

Miss Parry and Miss Rath conclude
Our faculty supreme;
This really puts my thoughts in words
It's not a so-called dream.

Arlene Anthony.

THE LITTLE CRIPPLE BOY

He was the most beautiful child I had ever seen. His eyes were large and dark, almost black brown. There was a pleading expression in them that cut one to the heart. His hair was also dark and curled in fluffy ringlets around his little white face. The distinctly arched brows and lashes, that rested on the pale cheeks when the eyes were closed, were jet black. The small mouth was curved and red—from fever and not from health exercise. For he was a little cripple boy whom I had found one day selling newspapers on the corner of the crowded street. His condition had suddenly grown worse and he was confined to his wheel chair. He never complained and showed his unselfishness by wanting to share the fruit I had brought him with his brothers and sisters.

As we sat looking out the window, a car came by driving at full rate of speed. A little dog ran in front of the car and was knocked to the side of the street senseless. A scream came from the boy's lips and tears streamed down his face. His deep sympathy was shown in noticing this accident that most people would have passed. Now it was time for me to go, I noticed his eyes were again filling with tears—this time in gratitude for my coming to see him.

Truly, this little body and mind contained those characteristics that make people most worth while—unselfishness, sympathy, and gratitude.

Lucille Greene.

AUNTIE SUE

I do not know whether she is considered handsome or not. I only know that to me and to all the neighborhood children, she is beautiful. Her full red lips parted frequently over strong white teeth in a smile which spread over her whole countenance and lighted her gray eyes with twinkling points of light. I remember the little crinkly lines which come around her eyes when she smiles. Her hands are large and strong. They are rough and reddened with much washing of clothes and dishes, with much baking, scrubbing, ironing and gardening. Much of this labor is labor of love, given gratuitously to neighbors for their pleasure. How many batches of cookies have those willing hands baked for hungry youngsters? None, except God, knows. Least of all she herself. How many bruised fingers have those hands tenderly wrapped? How many pairs of mittens or stockings has she given to needy little boys and girls?

With a heart big enough to hold a whole village of youngsters, yet she has been denied the great privilege of being a mother. She is only an old maid—"our dear Auntie Sue."

Marian Oxenham.

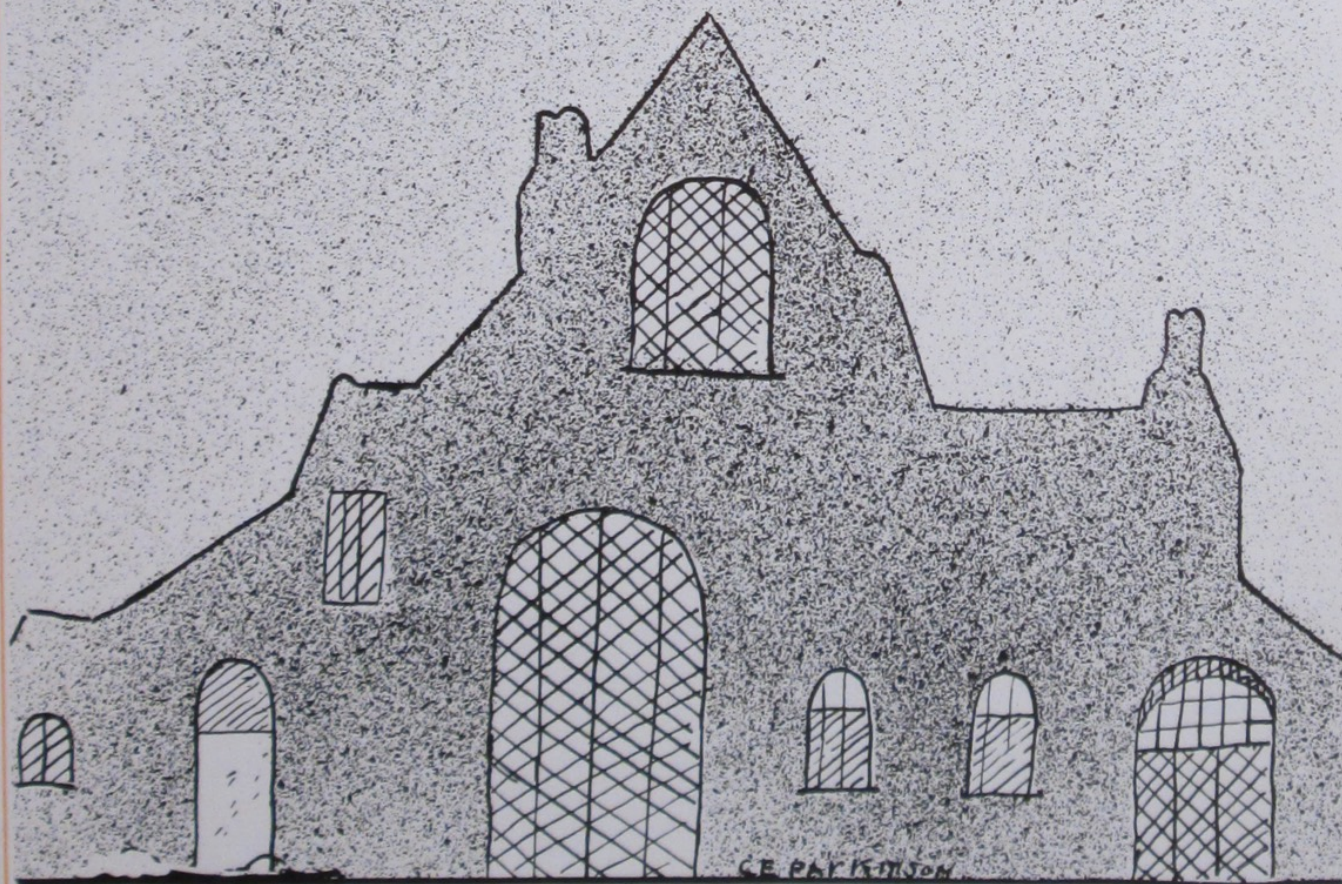
"TOAST"

Here's to the Freshmen
 Green as grass;
 Here's to the Sophomores
 Who show some class;
 Here's to the Juniors
 Bold and brave;
 Here's to the Seniors
 Grim and grave;
 Here's to the whole big bunch of them,
 In the struggle of life, may they always win.

—Myrtle Kaiser.



ORGANIZATION





SODALITAS LATINA



OFFICERS

President	Nellie Donbrock
Vice President	Genevieve VanAtta
Secretary	Audrey Shoemaker
Treasurer	Gladys Braatz
Journalist	Esther Duncan
Sergeant at Arms	Myrtle Hall

ACTIVE MEMBERS

First row, left to right

Nellie Donbrock, Gladys Braatz, Florene McConnell, Maybelle Taylor

Second row

Esther Duncan, Evalin Herrick, Miss Rath, (Advisor), Dorothy Hickok,
Audrey Shoemaker, Myrtle Hall

Third row

Francis Gallop, Ruth McConnell, Jane Gottschalk, Genevieve VanAtta
Helen Houghtaling, Louise Lindsey, Marie Louise Gottschalk





LATIN ACTIVITIES

At the beginning of the school year, a group of the members of the Latin II class decided that it would be nice to have a Latin Club. In this club they would study customs and many other interesting subjects concerning the ancient Greeks and Romans, because the class hour was devoted to a study of the Latin text only. So accordingly, they met and drew up a Constitution. At the first meeting the officers were elected and other business which a new organization would be likely to have was taken up. Early in the year a study was made of each of the great Greek and Roman gods and goddesses. This furnished a background from which to work. During the course of the school year, such topics as the following have been discussed:

"Roman Houses"
"Roman Amusements"
"Roman Christmas"
"Famous Men and Women"
"Famous Writers"
"Roman Architecture"
"Roman Sculpture and Painting"
"Drama and Music"

March 2nd, the club gave a play, "The Henpeck Holler Gossip." This was a clever one act comedy and was decidedly a success.

As this school year comes to a close, the Latin Club stands out as one of the liveliest and most popular organizations of the school. They have certainly lived up to their motto, "Fit via vi," or "Energy wins the way."

LATIN CONUNDRUMS

- 1—What do boys like to do while driving an auto? Res.
- 2—One thing you don't like to do is? Haec.
- 3—Whom do we see working on railroads? Hunc.
- 4—What does the other fellow do when we have to fight? Sit annus.
- 5—What do you do when you look? Si.
- 6—What do you do when you get angry? Cursus.
- 7—What do boys like at feeds? Vini.
- 8—What do you say when someone has hold of you? Legō.
- 9—What is a modern dance? Tango.
- 10—What is it when it isn't night? De.
- 11—What are parts of a circle? Arx.
- 12—What do you do when you want something? Capit.
- 13—What are you when entertaining a guest? Hostis.
- 14—What do you deal with in Algebra? Ex, plus.

MUSIC

Music, thy charms have thrilled and enthralled us,
Thy depths and intricacies too have appalled us.
We're startled by "triplets", "repeats" and strange blendings,
We needs must endure all thy strange forms of endings.
It seems that composers must drink deep of wine
For some of their product is surely divine.
We hear thee in church and we hear thee celestial,
But neighbors at mid-night would make thee seem bestial.
Its True false maligners have brought thee to shame,
Have ruined and sullied thy glorious name.
But *WE* would salute thee, oh, magical lute—
Man's noblest achievement, Heaven's high attribute.

FRENCH CLUB



Top row- left to right

Ernest Knirk, Robert Hendrick, Miss Rath, Esther Duncan, Arlene Gilbert
Ray Kriser

Next row

Myrtle Kaiser, Lena Chase, Elma Keeler, Lucille Greene, Helen Orcutt
Marian Oxenham, Mildred Lucas

Next row

Della Spencer, Cecile Ryan, Ona Boone, Bernice Sattler, Eva Gallop
Gladys Globensky, Violet Knisley



"Entre Nous" "Vouloir c'est pouvoir"

Flower—Fleur de lis

OFFICERS

President	Della Spencer
Vice President	Ernest Knirk
Secretary	Mildred Lucas
Treasurer	Bernice Sattler
Journalist	Esther Duncan
Sergeant-at-Arms	Elma Keeler
Ass't Sergeant-at-Arms	Robert Hendrick
Faculty Advisor	Miss Rath

ACTIVE MEMBERS

Ray Kriser	Myrtle Kaiser	Cecile Ryan	Mildred Lucas
Lucille Green	Bernice Sattler	Elma Keeler	Ernest Knirk
Arlene Gilbert	Lena Chase	Gladys Globensky	Della Spencer
Helen Orcutt	Ona Boone	Robert Hendrick	Violet Knisely
Marian Oxenham	Eva Gallap	Esther Duncan	

ACTIVITIES

One of the organizations of the High School which is well worthy of note, is the French Club. This was organized during the first part of the school year. At the first meeting, the officers were elected, the name, flower, and motto chosen. The motto "Vouloir c'est pouvoir" which means "Where there's a will, there's a way," has proved to be a very good one for the club.

All of the meetings have been very interesting, but the meeting at Christmas time seems to be one which should be mentioned, for it was very impressive. We had a miniature stable, wherein lay the baby Christ child in a tiny manger, with other dolls representing Mary, Joseph, and the three wise men assembled about it. This is called a creche. The room was lighted by burning tapers, and while one member played softly on the piano, the rest of the members formed in a procession singing a French Christmas song, "Il est ne," as they marched slowly around the room. Another member read a Christmas story, "Noel," and another sang a French song, and still another member gave a paper "Christmas in France." After the program, gifts were distributed from the little Christmas tree, which adorned the room.

During the year one meeting was devoted entirely to Joan of Arc, whose name stands throughout the world as that of one of the greatest heroines of history. The program was as follows:

Pictures of Joan of Arc	Esther Duncan
Early Childhood Life	Elma Keeler
Song "Joan of Arc"	Cecile Ryan, Della Spencer
Later Life and Career	Eva Gallap
Violin Solo	Helen Orcutt
Trial and Death	Mildred Lucas
Joan of Arc in Literature	Arlene Gilbert

The other meetings have been equally as interesting, and some of the subjects taken up were.

Geography of France	Customs of the French
Government of France	Literature
Art	Music
Drama	

Every individual deserves much credit for the success of the Club, because of their willingness to participate in the meetings, and other activities of the organization.



GIRLS GLEE CLUB



Alice Culbert Connie Hodge Helen Grove Maxeine McMurray Audra Rose
Ellis Hard Doris Keeler Beatrice Bell Florene McConnell Irene Dauber Lena Zimmerman
Mary Esther Trenary Arlene Gilbert Helen Orcutt Cecile Ryan Della Spencer Bernice Sattler
Grace McDonald Gladys Braatz
Mildred Lucas Ruth Wilson Jane Gottschalk Genevieve Van Atta Nora Knapp
Violet Knisely Vryna Rae Taylor
Gwendolyn Safford Elma Keeler Lena Chase Velma Quimby Maybelle Taylor
Clara From Esther Sattler Evelyn Kesson Vivian Gilchrest Ona Boone
Bertha Vaunoy Ruth McConnell Doris Rasmussen Eva Gallop Le Moyne Blackman Mary Zurbrugg
Lucile Bennet La Moyne Van Patten Audrey Schumaker Gladys Globensky
Esther Blackman Ruth Blackman Helen Houghtaling Miss Parry Audrey Brandt
Louise Lindsey Marie Louise Gottschalk



THE ORIOLE



BOYS GLEE CLUB



Top row

Alton Dobson, Edson Blackman, Chester Lampman

Next row

Rolland Ransom, Oliver Gordon, Wilfred Myers

Next row

Laurence Goodman, Dale Older, Robert Myers, Eddie Hodge, Clarence Hughey, Ray Kriser

Next row

Ernest Knirk, Theodore Penoyar, Clarence Hildebrand, Harold Smith
Martin Bates, Donald Gould

Next row

Miss Parry, Lucille Greene, Robert Stroupe, Hubert Wright, Dalton Becker
Cecil Farwell, Robert Hendrick

1927

ORCHESTRA



First Row--Left to Right

Gladys Braatz, Ray Kriser, Miss Parry, Wilfred Myers, Alton Dobson

Next Row

Robert Hendrick, Lucille Greene, Eddie Hodge, Richard Gallop,
Francis Gallop, Edson Blackman

THE ORCHESTRA

The orchestra has had a very successful year with Miss Parry as conductor.

Some of the places they have played are:

The Columbia Club
Union Church Fair
M. E. Church Convention
The Cooperative Banquet
The Latin Club Play
First School Board Meeting
The Senior Play
The May Festival



THE QUINCY HIGH SCHOOL CHORUS

PRESENTS

"The Belle of Barcelona"

By Charles Ross Chaney

ON

February 17th and 18th

Under Direction of

Miss Elsie Parry

"The Belle of Barcelona"

(CAST OF CHARACTERS)

Luis de Montero, a wealthy plantation owner
 Clarence Hildebrandt
 Gloria de Montero, his wife, an aristocrat
 Beatrice Bell
 Margarita, an accomplished daughter
 Connie Hodge
 Mercedes, her sister
 Lucille Green
 Francisco de la Vega, chief inspector at the Customs House, who claims to be a nobleman
 Wilfred Myers
 Pedro, manager of Montero's plantation
 Alton Dobson
 Emilio, a toreador, suitor of Mercedes
 Ray Kriser
 Martha Matilda Ayers, an English governess
 Alice Culbert
 Lieutenant Harold Wright, Customs Inspector from the United States
 Oliver Gordon
 Patrick (Pat) Malone, companion of Hal
 Ernest Knirk
 Captain Colton, of the Cruiser Montana
 Edward Hall
 Don Juan
 Dale Older
 Don Jose
 Donald Gould
 Student friends of Emilio
 Bernice Sattler
 Dona Marcela
 Jane Gottschalk
 Dona Anita
 Friends of Margarita

SCENE

All three acts take place in the Plaza del Rey, Barcelona, Spain

TIME—La Fiesta de los Toreros (Festival of the Toreadors)

ACT I—Afternoon

ACT II—Night of the same day

ACT III—Two weeks later

MUSICAL NUMBERS

MUSICAL NUMBERS

ACT I

1. OVERTURE Instrumental
2. CHORUS, "Gaily We Dance." Spanish Students

3. SOLO AND CHORUS, "We Greet Thee" Margarita and Students
- 3a. DANCE, "The Seguidilla" Margarita
4. DUET, "I've Found Her" Hal and Pat
5. CHORUS, "Sons of the U. S. A." Hal, Pat and Marines
6. SOLO, "A Woe-dejected Manager" Pedro
7. SOLO, "A Schemer Bold" Nobleman
8. DUET, "No! No! No!" Margarita and Noblemen
9. CHORUS, "Toreador Chorus" Emilio and Spanish students
10. SOLO, "I Will Not Yield" Margarita
11. DUET, "Sympathetic Moon" Hal and Margarita
12. SOLO, "O Hour of Fate" Hal
13. CHORUS AND FINALE, "Hail to the Brave" Entire Company

ACT II

1. CHORUS, "Serenade" Spanish Students
2. DUET, "Honey-Mooning" Emilio and Mercedes
3. SOLO, "Woman Divine" Pat
4. SOLO, "I'm in Love" Miss Ayres
5. QUARTET, "How Dare You Spy?" Miss Ayres, Pat, Hal and Margarita
6. DUET, "Faithful and True" Hal and Margarita
7. FINALE, "The Jota Dance" Hal, Margarita, Emilio, Mercedes, Spanish Students and Marines

ACT III

1. CHORUS, "Love Is a Garden" Chorus of Girls
2. CHORUS, "Happy Wedding Bells" Spanish Students
3. SOLO AND CHORUS, "Hold! I Bid Thee Hold" Hal, Margarita, Senor de Montero and Spanish Students
4. SOLO AND CHORUS, "Can This Be True?" Senor de Montero, Margarita and Senora de Montero, Noblemen and Spanish Students
5. FINALE Entire Company

SPANISH STUDENTS

Marian Oxenham
 Helen Houghtaling
 Audrey Brandt
 Helen Orcutt
 Mildred Lucas
 Audra Rose

Ruth Blackman
 Esther Blackman
 Gwendolyn Safford
 Clara From
 Leola Evard
 Mary Zurbrugg

Eva Gallop
 Violet Knisely
 Evelyn Kesson
 Maybelle Taylor
 Marie Gottschalk
 Ida May Ingram

Edson Blackman
 Martin Bates
 DANCERS
 LeMoyne Blackman
 Helen Grove
 Charles Parkinson
 Rolland Green, Jr.

MAY FESTIVAL

The music in the grade was brought to a climax by the "May Festival." In this Spring Concert were presented folk songs of different lands and many lovely Spring songs and other more classical selections. The two outstanding numbers were "The Lord Is My Shepherd" by Peter Lutkin, and "Serenade" by Schubert. Both were arranged in two parts for children's voices.

SOCIETY

Do we realize what an important part social activities play in our lives? They are as necessary to our development as our lessons. For it is at these functions that we meet and really learn to know our friends and classmates. Problems and studies are indeed essential, but we soon will forget the greater part which we have learned in books. In the future we will remember the friends and surroundings with which we came in contact at these social events; and the school spirit and loyalty which is instilled within us will remain in our hearts always.

During the year three important events are held for the entire High School: The "Q" Banquet, The Freshman Reception and the Faculty Reception.

The first of these, the Freshman Reception, was given by the Sophomores at the I. O. O. F. Hall. The Hall was very prettily decorated with streamers of blue and white. The motto, "Welcome Freshmen," greeted everyone as they came in; while the Sophomore motto, "Life is what you make it," adorned the platform. After an interesting program given by different members of the High School, dancing and light refreshments were enjoyed. At a late hour all departed voting the Sophomores ideal entertainers.

Next came the "Q" banquet, one of the most popular social events of the year. The rooms of the Odd-fellow's Hall were very tastefully decorated in the High School colors of orange and black. About one hundred thirty were present to enjoy the sumptuous banquet, and to listen to the program. After the presentation of the "Q's" by Mr. Dage, dancing occupied the time.

The Sophomores entertained again, this time at the Faculty Reception held in May. The I. O. O. F. Hall was prettily decorated in the Sophomore colors and everyone enjoyed the interesting program and dancing which occupied the evening.

The Junior-Senior Reception held in May is indeed worthy of mention. Toasts were responded to by different members of the Faculty and classes following the delightful dinner.

CLASS PARTIES

Seniors—The first party of the season was held at the home of Marian Oxenham early in October. Games and riddles occupied the first of the evening, after which a weenie roast furnished fun for all.

For their next class party, the Seniors met with Mary Esther Trenary. The great event of the evening was a mock wedding.

In January Elma Keeler entertained at a coasting party. Everyone left, hoping for another gathering soon.

Juniors—At Hallowe'en, a masquerade party was held at Eva Gallop's. Ghosts, clowns, witches, and other strange characters were present. Following the games, light refreshments were served.

The Blackman home was the place of the next party, where the time was pleasantly spent with games.

Sophomores—In October about thirty-six young people enjoyed a party at the home of Arlene Dunton; in December Olga Gilbert entertained the class at her house.

Freshmen—In November a crowd of self conscious but very happy Freshmen gathered at the home of Ruth Blackman for their first class party. Soon after, Ida Mae Inghram entertained at her home at Marble Lake.

Helen Orcutt.



THE ORIOLE

SNAPSHOTS



1927



GRADES



SEVENTH AND EIGHTH GRADES



Top Row--Left to Right

Miss Dayton, Catherine Jean Brokaw, Norma Turner, Billy Gottschalk,
Arlin Beckwith

Second Row

Opal Holmes, Leola Bennett, Vivian Brandt, Florence Thompson,
Frederick Dickensheets, Loyd Wright

Third Row

Charles Parkinsor, Roland Green, Clifford Ransom, Harry McConnell

Fourth Row

La Moyne Holden, Claud Bennett, Richard Taylor, Carl Mock, Preston Trenary,
Cleo Estherline, John Gordon

Fifth Row

Wanda Van Patten, Florence Shumaker, Viva Weatherwas, Louise Cascarelley,
Willeta George, Maxine Wilcox, Gula Yanch, Cora Turrell

Sixth Row

Sherman Mock, Lewis Taylor, Richard Gallop



FIFTH AND SIXTH GRADES



Top Row--Left to Right

Wayne Hermance, Virginia Lockwood, Beatrice Milliman, Miss Powell,
Jessie Mae King

Second Row

Earl Thompson, Marion Olney, Clara Grove, Margaret Houck, Burt Hickok,
Jimmy Cascarelli, Lloyd Lashway

Third Row

Sonia Far, Myrna Bayn, Margaret McKinstry, Leslie Wilcox, Leland Yanch,
Arden Palmateer, Robert DeWolfe

Fourth Row

Audrey Lindsay, Jenevieve Westfall, Ruth Lapham, Margaret O'Connor,
Floyd Lashway, Corlan Bovee, Audrey Givan

Fifth Row

Roberta Abbott, Marjorie Ford, Mary Hickok, Nora Twadell, Robert Case,
Dale Kriser, Lyle, Becker

Sixth Row

Queenie Hodge, Franky Cascarelli, Earl Wilkinson, Dorothy Blair,
Florence Salisbury, Eva Hermance, Carol Clinger, Audrey Palmateer

THIRD AND FOURTH GRADES



Top Row---Left to Right

Floyd Palmateer, Peggy Jessup, Max Houck, Max Olney, Grace Houtz,
Eldred Dobson, Josephine Hendrick

Second Row

Carol Beckwith, Marian Yoder, Nelson Rathburn, Junior Green, William Myers,
Leo Olney

Third Row

Ruth Twadell, Pearl Holden, Elsa McConnell, Rosa Shuman, Paul Bier,
Robert McConnell, Cleda Baker, Isabel Baker

Fourth Row

Cleo Crown, Virginia Gordon, Ruth Rose, Leroy Shoemaker, Herald Beckwith,
John Givan, Edith Culbert, Lyle Wilcox

Fifth Row

Greta Ford, Lena Cascarely, Anna Roots, Campbell Brokaw, Wells Brockway,
Ethel Kriser, Donna Mead, Marie Houck, Mary Jeanette Lockwood



PRIMARY GRADE



Top Row--Left to Right

Miss Walsh, Donald Far, Dorothy Baldwin, Kenneth McConnell, Edna Wilkinson, Lucile Culbert

Second Row

Mary Alice Givan, Marjorie Sheaman, Lawrence Bowerman, Jimmie Mock, Earl Foster

Third Row

Junior Mohn, Betty Arlington, Virginia Darr, Dorothy Palmateer

Fourth Row

Dorothy Yoder, Lillian Bowerman, Harry Myers, Nellie Harmon, Philip Rathburn, Phillis Phelps,
Frances Lippert, Mildred Shumway, Emmeline Cascarely

Fifth Row

Freddie Shuman, Rex Calligan, Cecil Palmateer, Dennis Sattler, Harold Thompson,
Opal Donbrock, Cecilia Harmon

Sixth Row

Gerald Lockwood, Freda Shuman, Clifford Darr, Mary Catherine Alt, Robert Rathburn,
Edna Thompson, Virginia Cascarely, Lewis Van Hoosear,
Dwine Burlingham



THE ORIOLE

SNAPSHOTS



1927



THE ORIOLE



ATHLETICS

1927

FOOTBALL TEAM



Top Row--Left to Right

Chester Lampman, Leroy Hickok, Marian Boley, Wilfred Myers,
Mearl Kunkler

Second Row

Alton Dobson, Theodore Penoyar, Oliver Gordon, Edward Ryan, Ray Kriser,
Clarence Braatz

Third Row

Mr. Dage, Ernest Knirk, Clarence Hildebrand, Clarence Hughey, Capt.,
Edward Hall, Eddie Hodge

FOOTBALL

The first night of practice for football did not look very good. There were only nine out. The next night a few more came out and prospects looked better. Only three of the players had any experience. Many nights there were not enough for one team, but Coach Dage gave them some good workouts and they did very good considering the weight and experience of the men.

The first game was with the Alumni. They beat us by a score of 12 and 0.

Our next game, September 24th, was with Homer. Lakefield was a small pond and it rained all through the game. The score was a tie, 0 and 0.

On October 18th we played with Jonesville. We won with a score of 12 to 0.

On October 15th Reading trounced us 24 to 0.

We lost the next game on the 22nd of October with Tekonsha. The score was 25 to 0.

The team is not coming up to expectations this year and it looks as if we were going to be a back number in the football games.

Our next game was on Armistice day at Reading. Two or three of our best men were unable to play. The score was 31 to 0, their favor.

The last game was with Union City. We lost with a score of 19 to 0.

Considering all but three of our players were without experience, they played a good game and built a foundation for next year when we look forward to a winning team.

SONG OF THE FOOTBALL PHANTOM

When two strong teams trot on the field
And face to face array,
From airy space above their heads
I hear a slow voice say:

"Beware men, take care men,
The kickoff's drawing near,
Be sure men, you're true men;
No weaklings enter here."

When scrimmage close throws up the dirt
And sidelines all are praying,
It seems above the battle lust
I hear the same voice saving:

"Take care now, beware now,
No time to whine or whimper,
Go slow now, your soul now
On trial for strength and temper."

When, "touchdown" echoes o'er the field
And crowds go wild with gladness,
The voice weaves o'er that mighty throng
The spell of an enchantress:

"I'm a rough game, a tough game,
My time is one great thrill,
I'm a lean game, a clean game,
There's fame in every spill."

The game is o'er, the crowds are gone,
But o'er the field presiding
The spirit of the game sings on
Beneath the goal posts hiding:

"I'm a wild game, no child's game,
I'm testing men each year,
Work not for fame, but play the game;
No cowards enter here."

—Alton Dobson.

THE FOOTBALL TEAM

Three cheers for Quincy's football boys,
For Quincy's team so clear and true,
We hail their strength and steady poise
Three cheers for all who gained a "Q."

To Dage the coach is credit due
He taught them craft and form and play,
He said, "Be calm, be brave, be true
Whether you win or lose the day."

Our team this year was young and light,
Three Freshman boys have lent their aid,
How Otto Luce and Hodge did fight!
And Hickok sure a fine "right" made.

Penoyar of the Sophomore class
To him we raise a hearty cheer;
And Kunkler's name we would not pass
They've made him captain for next year.

And Hildebrand and Ryan played;
A man both staunch and true was Ray;
Ernest and Oliver gave their aid;
Oh Boy; these Junior lads can play.

Four stalwart Seniors played Football
Hughey half back and Lampman end,
Wilfred as Manager, and quarterback Hall,
To Quincy's need their strength did lend.

To Q. H. S. three cheers we raise
Her worth we'll tell in song and story,
And her brave boys shall have our praise,
To them be victory, fame and glory.

—Marian Oxenham.



TRACK TEAM



Top Row--Left to Right

Robert Myers, Leroy Hickok, Sylvester Friend, Edward Hall, Cecil Farwell,
Martin Bates, Louis Stachel, Theodore Penoyar, Fay Sanderson,
Alton Dobson, Elwin Jones

Second Row

Mr. Dage, Clarence Hildebrand, Oliver Gordon, Clarence Hughey, Wallace Downer,
Dale Older, Clarence Braatz

TRACK

Our track team looks very good this year. Wallace Downer, the captain; Braatz, Older, Gordon, Penoyar, Hughey and some others are back to take part in the track meet.

We cannot give the results of the meet now but we expect to win the pennant for Quincy High.



THE ORIOLE



BASEBALL TEAM



Our prospects for baseball are fine. We have a good bunch of our veterans back from last year. Ed Hall, our captain, who has made himself famous on first base; Orrie Tropp, our pitcher; Older, Gordon and some others. We have enough going out to make two teams so we will have some good practice. Our schedule is not made yet but we expect to play Allen, Bronson, Union City, Tekonsha, Litchfield and Homer.

At the time this goes to press we are unable to give any definite results of the baseball games.

Top Row--Left to Right

Hubert Wright, Louis Stachel, Robert Stroupe, Elwin Jones, Fay Sanderson,
Clarence Hughey, Otto Luce, Edward Ryan

Second Row

Robert Hendrick, Cecil Farwell Theodore Penoyar, Oliver Gordon, Clarence Hildebrand,
Eddie Hodge, Martin Bates

Third Row

Dale Older, Mr. Dage, Alton Dobson, Wallace Downer, Ray Kriser

Fourth Row

Orrie Tropp, Sylvester Friend, Capt. Edward Hall, Chester Lampman, Harold Smith,
Mearl Kunkler

1927



THE ORIOLE



DRAMATICS



1927





"The Empty House"

Cast of Characters

Nora—Who first saw the lights	Arlene Gilbert
Larry Ferguson—Typically young American	Hubert Wright
Fredericka Ferguson—With an identity	Cecile Ryan
Tom Ferguson—A would-be playwright	Wilfred Myers
Barbara Ferguson—To whom it happened	Marian Oxenham
Retta Reeves—The mysterious visitor	Mildred Lucas
Ralph Overton—A young journalist	Dale Older
Peggy Palmer—Of witching ways	Lucille Greene
Anthony Allison—Who disappeared	Alton Dobson
Florine—With no curiosity whatever	Constance Hodge
Ned—A chauffeur	Edward Hall
Edith Allison—Who almost succeeded	Della Spencer
Constance—Who lived with fancies	Helen Orcutt
Judge Lennox—The family lawyer	Wallace Downer

Friday and Saturday evenings, March 25th and 26th, witnessed the performance of the Comedy-Drama in three acts, "The Empty House." This play, presented by the Senior Class under the direction of Miss Bond, proved a huge success.

"THE EMPTY HOUSE"

Story of the Play

The sight of unaccustomed lights in an empty house—the story of a mysterious disappearance—the suggestion of a younger sister to weave a romance about everyday home characters—all these give Tom Ferguson, a would-be playwright, the nucleus of a plot. It is Hallowe'en. Barbara Ferguson has been disappointed because her best friend has failed to appear, thus breaking a college vow that the two should always be together on this mystic day. Tom, anxious to outline the plot of his drama, gathers the family around him, and has just finished his first sentence, "Well, it begins like this—" when the doorbell rings and a mysterious visitor makes her appearance, with a story of a struggle with bandits at the entrance of the adjoining house. At the flashing of two lights outside she leaves abruptly. Later, a visit from Ralph Overton, a young journalist and former friend of Barbara, and the sensational entry of Peggy disguised as a Hallowe'en witch, lead up to the discussion of the disappearance of Anthony Allison, a wealthy young fellow whose home is in the city.

Ralph, always eager for a good story, advances the theory that Anthony's only relative, a step-mother who does not quite "belong," may have had something to do with the affair. He adds that he hoped, through a former member of his staff who had obtained the position of secretary with Mrs. Allison, to learn of any suspicious actions in the household, and regrets the necessary departure from the city of the secretary. Barbara, who has just lost her position, begs to be substituted for the secretary. Tom and Ralph object; but Peggy, who knows Mrs. Allison, volunteers to speak for Barbara, and eventually secures the place for her.

After her guests leave, Barbara has a queer experience. As she idly gazes into the mirror which the Hallowe'en witch has left, she sees the reflection of a gruesome figure crossing a plank which has been laid from the window of the opposite house to that of the Ferguson apartment. The figure proves to be a very weak and exhausted man who shows every evidence of a struggle, and who is, unquestionably, a gentleman. He rests for a moment, and when Barbara leaves the room he hastily scribbles a note, places it with a ring upon the table and staggers from the house. As Barbara, returning, stands bewildered, she glances at the newspaper. Immediately, it flashes upon her that the unknown visitor may be the missing Anthony Allison. The next day, in the exploration of the house next door, the stranger is found unconscious, and for two days Barbara and her younger brother and sister, Larry and Fredericka, care for him, finding that his memory is quite gone.

At this point Barbara, who has become Mrs. Allison's secretary, is met with the astonishing news that Anthony Allison has returned, having been at a hunting lodge, and confirming the suspicion that the stranger was Allison. Fredericka brings the news that the unknown patient has gone. The returned Anthony seems different in many ways. But not until Fredericka makes the discovery that he is not the man to whom they have given aid, is there a suspicion of an imposter. Complications follow. The mystery is solved by the exciting discovery that Mrs. Allison, the step-mother, whose first husband had been a twin brother of Anthony's father and whose son, also called Anthony, is an exact likeness of his cousin, is boldly attempting to substitute her own son for the heir and to effect the real Anthony's removal. On account of the likeness of the two, Mrs. Allison had never revealed the fact of her own son's existence, and the plan might have been successful had not the real Anthony escaped his captors, seized his substitute, asserted his rights and proved his identity before it was too late. The scheming step-mother, the son and his wife—who proves to be the mysterious visitor at the Ferguson apartment—quietly leave the city. And what began so excitedly on Hallowe'en ends happily and peacefully as Barbara, again gazing in the mirror, finds there Anthony's reflection.

And just as you think it is ended, back you go to the very point where Tom begins his story. And you know that it all is the plot of the play he hopes to write, acted out before your eyes!

THE POT BOILERS

(Dramatics)



Top row, left to right—

Dale Older, Miss Parry, Ernest Knirk, Clarence Hughey.

Next row—

Ray Kriser, Lucille Greene, Cecile Ryan, Robert Hendrick.

THE POT BOILERS

A short one-act play by Alice Gersenberg, was given in Chapel with great success by the Dramatic Club.

It is the story of the trials and tribulations of an author trying to direct his own play.



SCHOOL CALENDAR of 1926-27

- Sept. 7—School opened.
Sept. 8—School begins in earnest.
Sept. 9—Football suits handed out by Mr. Dage.
Sept. 10—Pupils seated—some disappointed.
Sept. 13—Senior class meeting.
Sept. 14—Sopohomore and Junior class meetings.
Sept. 17—Alumni played the High School at football.
Sept. 20—Our first assembly of the chorus.
Sept. 21—Our first meeting of the Boys Glee Club.
Sept. 22—Meeting of the Orchestra.
Sept. 23—First meeting of the Girls Glee Club.
Sept. 24—Game with Homer. O-O WOW! How it rained.
Sept. 27—First Orchestra practice.
Sept. 28—Tests, and it's the day before the Fair.
Sept. 29—Seniors excited about the party to be held at Marian Oxenham's.
Sept. 30—Out for the Fair.
Oct. 1—Out for the Fair.
Oct. 4—No one has lessons. Wonder why???
Oct. 5—Improving in lessons a trifle.
Oct. 6—Esther Duncan has a bad case of giggles.
Oct. 7—Fire drill. Wonder how the Freshies felt?
Oct. 8—Everybody out tonite for the football game. Jonesville 6 12 in our favor.
Oct. 11—First Chapel of the year. Dr. McLain spoke, "What is the Best Thing for Me to Know?"
Oct. 12—Miss Bond tells not to skip in marching out. Scream in Chemistry Lab. Why? Explosion!
Oct. 13—First meeting of annual staff. Let's get to work.
Oct. 14—Sopohomore class meeting.
Oct. 15—Ball game with Reading. Beaten 25-0.
Oct. 18—Everyone against the football players excepting Mr. Dage.
Oct. 19—Our first mathematic test. Wow! We didn't know anything.
Oct. 20—Junior class meeting. Setting time for first class party.
Oct. 21—Sopohomores ready for the party the next night.
Oct. 22—Ball game at Tekonsha. We were beaten with nice fat score of 25-0.
Oct. 25—Second chapel assembly led by Mrs. Heydon.
Oct. 26—The French 1 Class got a bawling out for being so late. Also they were very noisy while coming upstairs.
Oct. 27—Alton Dobson back to school after a vacation.
Oct. 28—Teachers quite cross. Each class had its turn to a bawling out for showing their ignorance.
Oct. 29—Juniors have a Hallowe'en class party at Eva Gallop's.
Nov. 1—Some sent home with chicken pox.
Nov. 8—Third chapel exercise led by Miss Bond.
Nov. 9—Second Alumni game 6-0. We lost.
Nov. 11—Game at Reading. 31-0. Their favor.
Nov. 12—Everyone is planning to attend the Freshman Reception.
Nov. 16—Juniors are selling candy bars.
Nov. 19—Football game at Union City. 19-0. As usual. Seniors have party at Mary Esther Trenary's. Freshmen also have party.
Nov. 24—Grades put on good program for Thanksgiving Chapel.
Nov. 25-26—Thanksgiving vacation.
Nov. 29—Went to the Opera House to Short Course Program.
Nov. 30—Everyone is being tagged by the Juniors.
Dec. 3—Sophomore Party.
Dec. 6—Fifth Chapel exercise.
Dec. 17—The "Q" Banquet was held at the I. O. O. F. We met at 7:00 P. M. The football, baseball and track fellows received their "Q."
Dec. 23—A Christmas program, conducted by Miss Parry, our music teacher, was given by the school. Many visitors were present. Among them was our old friend and teacher, Alfred Rice.
Dec. 23 to Jan. 3—Christmas vacation.
Jan. 3—Everyone came back to school with satisfied smiles on their faces.
Jan. 4—The upper classmen sat Eddie Hodge on water fountain.
Jan. 7—The Freshman class enjoyed a skating party at the lake.
Jan. 10—Chapel. Mr. Wynn spoke.
Jan. 13—Dr. Wade gave us the first of our health talks.
Jan. 19-21—"The air a solemn stillness holds." Why??? Semester Exams.
Jan. 21—Some pictures taken for the "Oriole."
Jan. 25—Dramatic Club gave a play for Chapel.
Feb. 8—Chapel celebrating Lincoln's Birthday. Second health talk.
Feb. 16-17-18—The High School Chorus is putting on "The Belle of Barcelona."
Feb. 21—Senior Class Meeting.
Practice for Senior Play begins soon.
Feb. 22—A talk over the radio from Washington D. C. by President Coolidge.
Feb. 23—The French Club had a candy sale.
Feb. 24—An unexpected fire alarm. FAKE! !!!
Mar. 3-4—Mr. Andrews surprised us by a visit.
Mar. 7—A health talk in the forenoon, and chapel in the afternoon.
Mr. Yauch presented us with a "moral code for the school children."
Mar. 8—The class of '26 presented the school a chair for the assembly room.
Mar. 10—Sophomore class meeting. Planned an-



SCHOOL CALENDAR (Continued)

other party.
 Mar. 11—Trophie case is now on the wall.
 Mar. 11—Latin club play here at school house.
 Mar. 18—Sopohomore party. Had fine time.
 Mar. 21—Chapel exercises.
 Mar. 25-26—Senior play, big crowd both nights.
 Mar. 25-April 4—VACATION!
 Apr. 4—Chapel exercises. Everyone is sorry that they were not here for April Fools Day.
 Apr. 11-15—Poor lessons. Everybody has spring fever.
 Apr. 18—Chapel exercises.
 Apr. 25-29—Mr. Balfour tells his Botany Class to keep their eyes open for flowers.
 May 2—Chapel exercises.
 May 13—Kunkler kept his eyes open. First one to

find flower.—(Botany) !!
 May 16—Chapel exercises.
 May 27—Junior and Senior Banquet.
 May 28—Field Meet. (HERE)
 May 30—Decoration Day. Program here and at the CITY park.
 June 3—Teachers reception put on by the Sophomores. Sorry to see them go.
 June 8-9-10—SEMESTER EXAMS! ! ! ! ?
 June 12—Baccalaureate Sunday.
 June 13—Class Day.
 June 14—Commencement.
 June 15—High School Picnic!

GOOD-BY GOOD OLD Q. H. S. UNTIL NEXT
 SEPTEMBER

WAR

Boom! Boom! Boom! What a dreadful thing war is.

Crack! Snap! Ping! The machine guns and rifles are firing and doing their destructive work.

Whir-r-r! You duck your head as you hear the large shell go by but they are far passed before you hear them. Silence reigns. The watches tick steadily on. Four o'clock comes. "Over the top!" The men go up and over amid the bursting shell and charge the enemies trench. They take it and capture the enemy, but what do they leave behind them?

A-a-a-a-h! What is that? It sounds like some wild animal. But no! It's a dying soldier. A young man wounded. His groaning and hysterical cries are terrible to hear. If some of the men who would start a war were Red Cross nurses on the battlefield for a while and could hear these pitiful sounds it is likely there would be no more wars.

Oh! Oh! Oh! What terrible pain they have to suffer. Many of them die when the greater part of their life should be before them and not blighted by the toll of war.

In the hospital all is quiet except an occasional groan from a wounded soldier or a shriek from one who has gone insane from pain. The nurses move noiselessly about in their white uniforms comforting and helping them to overcome their pain. E-r-i-n-g! Another soldier needs her attention and she leaves the one that she is tending and goes to another. She keeps this up day and night until she is so tired she would like to rest but she cannot neglect her duty.

In the meantime out on the field—Boom! Boom! Snap! Crack! Will it ever stop and let our boys come back to us? Toot! Toot! The bugle blares! In the hush that follows the word is passed along—"Cease firing". "The war is over."

Hurrah! Hurrah! Hear the boys shout with joy. But what of the mother or sweetheart who waits for her soldier boy's return, when he does not come. There is no joy in the end of the war for them. No joyous greetings. Only sorrow and disappointment in the heavy beating of their hearts. And all this because some man wants more power. Wants to rule the whole world. But he cannot do it. This world and the people in it were not made to be ruled over by one earthly power.

Will the world ever become civilized enough so that there will be no need for war?



PARENT-TEACHER'S ASSOCIATION

The Quincy Parent-Teacher's Association was organized November, 1926.

The following officers were elected:

President.....	Mrs. Robt. Brokaw
1st Vice President.....	Mrs. L. C. Wilcox
2nd Vice President.....	Mrs. Roy McConnell
3rd Vice President.....	Miss Ada Walsh
Secretary.....	Mrs. Leon DeWolfe
Treasurer.....	Miss Nettie Ball

CHAIRMEN OF COMMITTEES

Program.....	Mrs. Linus Heydon
Entertainment.....	Mrs. C. O. McDonald
Membership.....	Mrs. Harry Johnson
Press.....	Mrs. Chas. Myers

AIMS AND PURPOSES OF A PARENT-TEACHER'S ASSOCIATION

- To raise the standard of home life.
- To develop wiser, better trained parenthood.
- To increase the co-operation between home, school and community.
- To bring into closer relation the home and the school, that parents and teachers may co-operate intelligently in the education of the child.
- To surround the childhood of the whole world with that loving, wise care in the impressionable years of life that will develop good citizens.
- To use sympathetic earnest effort toward this end through the formation of Parent-Teacher's Associations in every public school and elsewhere, through the establishment of kindergartens and through the distribution of literature which will be helpful to the parents in the problems of home life.
- To secure adequate laws for the care of blameless and independent children.
- To arouse men and women to a sense of their responsibility to the children of the community, state and nation.
- To carry the parent's thoughts and parent's love into all that concerns childhood.

MEETINGS

The meetings of the local organization are held on the third Wednesday of every month at the High School. During the year, interesting and beneficial programs dealing with child and school problems have been given. The special features of the year were: A film, "Pots and Pans Peggy" and an educational reel, an address by Dr. Davis of the University of Michigan, a carnival held at the High School, and at the close of the year a picnic at Marble Lake.

THE KID THAT WINS

The kid who wins is an average child,
He's neither wild or very mild,
Not blessed with any peculiar luck;
Just steady and earnest and full of pluck.

And when this kid of Quincy High,
Completes his work with honor high
He finds it pays to know things well,
That he may these to others tell.

When asked a question he does not "guess"
He knows, and answers "No" or "Yes,"
When set a task the rest can't do,
He buckles down to put it through.

For the kid who wins is the kid who works,
Who neither labor nor trouble shirks,
Who uses his hands, his head, his eyes;
The kid who wins is the kid who tries.

—Mary Esther Trenary.

ALUMNI MEMBERSHIP

CLASS OF '76

A. V. R. Pond—Detroit, Michigan
 *Dr. W. C. Marsh.
 R. Upton Gay—Sacramento, California.

CLASS OF '80

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

CLASS OF '82

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

CLASS OF '83

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

CLASS OF '84

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

CLASS OF '85

Rena Barber-Larzelere
 Grace Markel-Daish—Washington, D. C.
 Orcelia Marshall
 Grace M. Lytle-Tucker—Hillsdale, Mich.
 Ada 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—Detroit, Mich.
 Charles L. Uau. Orsdale—Coldwater, Mich.

CLASS OF '87

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

CLASS OF '88

Lillian Bignell—Eaton Rapids, Mich.

CLASS OF '89

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-Crater—Quincy, Mich.
 Pearl Kinyon-Wilder—Albion, Mich.
 Lena Berry-Jones—Quincy, Mich.
 Ralph Turner—Council Bluffs, Iowa.
 Ed. Creore—Battle Creek, Mich.

*—denotes death.

CLASS OF '92

Jessie C. Mason-Strang—Quincy, Mich.
 *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, Mich.
 Charles L. Harpham—New York City.
 Arthur Bellis.
 James Bellis.
 J. M. Blackman (M. D.)—Quincy, Mich.
 Glen Cowell—Coldwater, Mich.

CLASS OF '95

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

CLASS OF '96

Mary E. Allen—Howell, Mich.
 Ward E. Allen—Battle Creek, Mich.
 Maude Babcock-Wellwood—Ransom-Chicago.
 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—Reading, Mich.
 Lotta Safford-Shoemaker—Quincy.
 Ira Trim—San Dimas, Calif.
 Lulu Wiser-Demorest—Quincy.
 Bertie Mason-Allen—Battle Creek, Mich.
 Ora Safford—Quincy.
 Eva Vaughn—Bronson, Mich.
 Mertie Strang-Shaffmaster—Bronson, Mich.



THE ORIOLE



Frank Berry—Los Angeles, Calif.
Anna Bell Orcutt-Boska—Plum Island.
Maude Thompson-Miller.
Arthur Berry—Fort Wayne, Ind.
Minnie and Jennie Oliver—Quincy.

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, Mich.
*Joseph Barker.
Cardotta Deau-Walters—Detroit, Mich.
Laura Eldred-Dobaon—Quincy.
Grace Harpham-Berry—Fort Wayne, Ind.
Everett E. Doris—Chicago, Ill.
Grace Bailey.

CLASS OF '99

Ruby Kinyon-Goudy—Quincy.
Grace Kinyon-Hammond—Hudson, N. Y.
Emma Barber-Lucknow—India.
W. Albert Eldred—Detroit, Mich.
Ines Herrick-Ransom—South Bend, Ind.
Edna Knapp Beach—Holland, Mich.
Otis Ransom—Chicago, Ill.
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.
W. John Burns—Quincy.
L. Walter Tailor—Kent, Washington.
Nellie Herenden-Parrish—Coldwater, Mich.
*Carl C. Sears.

CLASS OF 1901

Kittie Iles Jones—Independence, Kas.
George R. Oxenham—Quincy.
Leona Barber-Sylvester—Quincy.
Ida M. Walter—Milan, Mich.
Carl L. Gottschalk—Quincy.
Leora A. Walter-Brown—Quincy.
Harold C. Jonues—Detroit, Mich.
H. Lea Bengé—Coldwater, Mich.
Mable L. Etheridge—Detroit, Mich.
Ralph S. Andrus—Quincy.

CLASS OF 1902

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

CLASS OF 1903

Harry Farwell—Detroit, Mich.
Elva Gage-Perry—Detroit, Mich.
Lena Wilmarth—Quincy.
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 1904

Ralph McKenzie—Richmond, Mich.
Robert Sanderson—Orland, Mich.
Ross Poter—Chicago, Ill.
Clara Stafford—Quincy.
Monroe Etheridge—Coldwater, Mich.
*Myrta Crater.
Jessie Bowerman-Reynolds—Kalamazoo.
Jessie Robinson—Ludington, Mich.
Wilhelmina Walsh—Quincy.
Rae Horning—Chicago, Ill.
Louise Knirk—Cleveland, Ohio.
Dinah Wilmarth.

CLASS OF 1905

Edna Ransburg-Boley—South Bend, Ind.
Greta W. Forte—Lansing.
Mary Penoyer-Collins—Hillsdale.
Florence Dickerson—Union City, Mich.
Chas. H. Walters—Bowling Green, Ohio
Lulu B. Brott—Quincy.
Jessie Aldrich-Holt—Lansing, Mich.
Rena Tompkins—Flint, Mich.
Roy A. Boley—South Bend, Ind.
Nellie Larzelere—Perry, New York
Bernice Newberry—Tuttle, Mich.
Harry Robinson—Ludington, Mich.

CLASS OF 1906

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

CLASS OF 1907

Blanche Field-Solome—Ypsilanti, Mich.
Myrtie Johnson—Quincy.
Ada Walsh—Quincy.
Edna Cortright—Quincy.
Bessie Kanouse—Quincy.
John H. Walsh—Quincy.
Norman G. Kohl—Coldwater, Mich.
Hugh L. Joseph—Flint, Mich.
Roy Hagerman—Flint, Mich.
Virgil Bogue—M. A. C. Lansing, Mich.
Rae Harming.
Bessie Barnes-Thompson—Coldwater, Mich.
Jane Beath.
Allie Burlingame-Eto—Quincy.
Lena Hall-Houck—Quincy.

CLASS OF 1908

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

*—denotes death

THE ORIOLE

CLASS OF 1909

Hazel App—Wheaton
 Florence Campbell—Hastings, Mich.
 Meda Skinner.
 Harry Spaulding—Quincy.
 George Farwell—Detroit, Mich.
 Ruth Ransom—Ann Arbor, Mich.
 Flossie Swan—Quincy.
 Harry Van Orthwick—Quincy.

CLASS OF 1910

Mildred Dobson-May—Lansing, Mich.
 Hazel Forte—Detroit, Mich.
 Nora Hall-Houck—Quincy.
 Gladys Howald.
 Iela Henry Dumphy—Panama.
 Florence Kinyon-Stimpson—Ann Arbor, Mich.
 Edward Lampman.
 Blanche Marshall—Quincy.
 Rae Pease—Detroit, Mich.
 Roy Baker—Quincy.

CLASS OF 1911

Grace Marshall—Quincy.
 Arnet Cole—Rochester.
 Arlene Campbell—Hastings, Mich.
 Irene Short—Detroit, Mich.
 Floyd Knapp.
 Elfreda Cleveland—Quincy.
 Willie Sebring—Quincy.
 Fern Moore.
 Ivan Walbridge—Quincy.
 Clifford Ford—Youngstown, Ohio.
 Harvey Rawson.
 Vera Logan—Coldwater, Mich.

CLASS OF 1912

Clark VanOrthwick—Quincy.
 Vera Nichols-Crist—Coldwater, Mich.
 Mary Brott—Detroit, Mich.
 Susie App—Quincy.
 Charles Dumphrey—Army.
 Eileen McDonald-Conrad—Quincy.
 Marion Campbell—Hastings, Mich.
 Jessie Coffman—Detroit, Mich.
 Arah Farwell-Potts—Detroit, Mich.
 Truesdell Fillmore—Quincy.
 Alta Wilmarth-Rogers—Quincy.
 Edith Quimby.
 Allie Braun-Coombs—Charlotte, Mich.
 Marian Newberry—Gross Isle, Mich.

CLASS OF 1913

Carleton McKenzie—Quincy.
 Robert Donbrock—Chicago, Ill.
 Ewing Hettinger—Toledo, Ohio.
 Harold Spigelmeyre—Baltimore, Md.
 Cecil Corless—Chicago, Ill. *Spear*
 Marian Boley—*Spear*

CLASS OF 1914

Mary Allen-Stafford—Allen, Mich.
 Ruth Allen-Johnson—Jackson, Mich.
 Virgil Braun—Quincy.
 Edna Brennenman—Toledo, Ohio.
 Kenneth Bowerman—Quincy.
 Rama Cole—Rochester, Mich.
 Harold Conrad—Quincy.
 Marie Deiterman-Gaganas—Toledo, Ohio.
 Warren Dobson—Quincy.
 Hazel Horst—Hillsdale, Mich.
 Queenie Kinyon-Bowerman—Quincy.
 Marie Marquet—Detroit, Mich.
 Meta Palhamus-Otis—Coldwater, Mich.
 Marian Pryne—Quincy.
 Arthur Strang—Utah.
 Frank Sherman—Quincy.

Jessie Sebring—Quincy.
 Earl Stafford—Quincy.
 Ralph Wilkinson.
 Anna Watkins—Chicago, Ill.
 Marguerite Wagoner—Coldwater, Mich.

CLASS OF 1915

Lindsey Baker—Quincy.
 *Harriet Boone-Moore.
 Grace Burroughs.
 Wesley Clizbe—Los Angeles, Calif.
 Ruth Cole—Rochester, Mich. *Quincy*
 Leah Cole—Rochester, Mich. *Quincy*
 Marc Hagerman—Quincy.
 Virginia Hunt—Constantine, Mich.
 Thomas Johnson—Jackson, Mich.
 Harold Kinyon—Jackson, Mich.
 Rolene Lieving—Quincy.
 Cora Moore.
 Martha Penoyer-Marshall—Quincy.
 Charlie Potter—Quincy.
 Neal Potter—Quincy.
 Dana Ransom—Jackson.
 Elson Sanderson—Flint.
 Grace Shetterly.
 Harold Urick—Calif.
 *Harold Wagoner.
 Metha Wilbur—Quincy. *Deceased*
 Harold Wilbur—Quincy. *Deceased*

CLASS OF 1916

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

CLASS OF 1917

Mary Hunt-Clizbe—Los Angeles, Calif.
 Inez Burbank-Knickerbocker—Jackson, Mich.
 Ruth Cole-Fillmore—Quincy.
 Myrtle Dibble-Andrews.
 Effie Loomis—Battle Creek, Mich.
 Elvin Donbrock—Quincy.
 Wayne Kellicut—Tompson, Mich.
 Josephine Kellicut-Strang.

CLASS OF 1918

Dorothy Yakely-Copland—Grosse Pointe, Mich.
 Ford McLain.
 Donald Barringer—Toledo, Ohio.
 Earl Talant—Quincy.
 Harry Rogers—Quincy.
 Mildred Frye-Van Orthwick—Quincy.
 Kelly Brott—Detroit, Mich.
 Florence Loveberry-Talant—Quincy.

CLASS OF 1919

Jeana Avery—Detroit, Mich.
 Florine Ford-Gill—Chicago, Ill.
 Andrew Crater—Quincy.
 Pauline Brainard.
 Ora Richardson—Quincy.
 Elmer Dobson—Quincy.
 *Bessie Hillman-Wilmarth.
 Evelyn Mann-Shaffer—Quincy.
 Ethel Keyes.
 Viola Holmes.
 Donna Burbank—Jackson, Mich.
 Thomas Strauss—Quincy.
 Wayne Kaiser—Quincy.
 Ernest Hayes—Quincy.
 Robert Ellis—Quincy.

*—denotes death.



THE ORIOLE



CLASS OF 1920

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

CLASS OF 1921

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

CLASS OF 1922

Josephine Hendrick—Detroit, Mich.
Onnolee Power-Iford—Detroit, Mich.
John Garby—Jackson, Mich.
Florence Yakely—Manchester.
Illa Fickle—Fort Wayne, Ind.
Lulu Macey-Brown—Detroit, Mich.
Beatrice Corless.
Gerald Hughey—Portland, Oregon.
Vonnie Knisely—Quincy.
Maybelle Marshall—Allen, Mich.
Lillian Kohl—Quincy.
Erwin Phelps—Quincy.
Doris Goeltzenleutcher.
Vera Champion.
Wilbur Norris—Three Rivers, Mich.
Leona Wolf—Jackson, Mich.
Lucile Joseph—Quincy.
Pauline Crissman—Coldwater, Mich.
Elma Trenary-Tracy—Three Rivers, Mich.
Mable Holmes-Dexter—Albion, Mich.
Joyce Green-Baggerly—Coldwater, Mich.
Lois Dobson.
Alton Mickle—Chicago, Ill.
Clifford Dryer—Quincy.
Nellie McQuerk—Quincy.
Anna Boone—Quincy.
Merle Culbert—Battle Creek, Mich.
Vilas Bates—Quincy.
Arthur Oxenham—Quincy.

CLASS OF 1923

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

CLASS OF 1924

Mae Cook.
George Day—Quincy.
Bernice Dysinger-Stansel—Quincy.
Edna Eichler—Battle Creek, Mich.
Mildred Ford.
Francis George—Quincy.
Antronette Gowdy-Day—Quincy.
Howard Houghtaling—Detroit, Mich.
Candace Householder—Quincy.
Lorene Keeler—Detroit, Mich.
Alice Macey—Quincy.
Herschel Macey—South Bend, Ind.
Margery McDonald—New Hudson, Mich.
Dorothy Oxenham—Hillsdale, Mich.
Dorothy Rose—Jackson, Mich.
Faye Smith.
Marie Stockwell-Crater—Quincy.
Rovelle Struble—Allen, Mich.
Pauline Wheelér—Coldwater, Mich.
Geraldine Widner-Yost—Quincy.
Luella Wilmarth—Quincy.
Lucile Wilson—Quincy.
Helen Zeller-Baker—Quincy.

CLASS OF 1925

Charles Anthony—Quincy.
* George Boone—Quincy.
Hazel Braatz—Quincy.
Anna Chase—Quincy.
* Mark Culbert—Quincy.
* Carl Dalchow—Coldwater, Mich.
Marie Kriser—Quincy.
Margaret Miser—Quincy.
Blanche Martin—Quincy.
Helen Rawson—Quincy.
Iris Shipway—Quincy.
George Boley—Quincy.
Sylvia Bates—Quincy.
Allen Collett—Calif.
Glen Culbert—Quincy.
Leon Demerest—Quincy.
Hilda Gordon—Quincy.

*—deceased

Marcus Lippert—Quincy.
Genevieve Massey—Quincy.
Charles Phelps—Quincy.
Lucile Sebring—Quincy.
Esther Tasker—Quincy.
Alice Zurgrugg—Quincy.

CLASS OF 1926

Pearl Shoemaker—Quincy.
Wayne Globensky—Quincy.
Blanche VanAtta—Quincy.
Dora Ambrose—Quincy.
Alma Bower—Quincy.
Gladys Moore—Coldwater, Mich.
Wilbur Omo—Quincy, 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—Quincy.

THE LADDER OF FAME

On the first step of the ladder of Fame,
Stands the Freshmen boy and girl,
Ready for progress toward honor and fame,
Renowned throughout the world.

The Sophomore youth is next in line,
One step farther is he,
One step nearer our goal he stands,
With promise of manhood to be.

Three steps up this ladder of Fame,
Stands the Junior boy and girl,
About to enter the homeward stretch,
Of life with it's bustle and whirl.

On the highest step of this ladder of Fame,
A Senior group, we spy,
Ready to enter the School of Life,
With honor from Quincy High.

So through four long years of High School,
We shall ever strive to gain,
A place at the top of the ladder,
The top of the ladder of Fame.

Esther Duncan.



JOKES

Frosh: When I sing, the tears come to my eyes. What shall I do?

Senior: Put cotton in your ears.

Miss Bond: What are parallel lines?

Constance Hodge: Lines that never meet until they come together.

Mrs. Heydon: Who wrote the most, Dickens, Warren or Bulver?

Clarence Hughey: Well, Warren wrote "Now and Then", Bulver wrote "Night and Day" and Dickens wrote "All the year around".

Teacher: A transparent object is one you can see through.

Student: Oh yes, a doughnut!

Bright Student: I've a question to ask you.

Prof.: All right, go ahead.

Student: If a boy is a lad, and the lad has a step-father—

Prof. (Deeply interested)

Student: Does that make the boy a step-ladder?

Physics teacher: Has absolute zero ever been found yet?

Bob Hendrick: Yes, sir.

Teacher: Where? I have never heard of it.

Bob: On my report card.

Miss Bond: Where has my polygon?

Eva Gallop: Up the geometree.

Mrs. Heydon is my teacher, I shall not want another.

She maketh me to fatigue my poor brain; she leadeth me to her desk.

She restoreth my gum; she canneth me from American Literature class, for her namesake.

Yea, though I walk through the halls in silence, I fear her, for she watcheth me, her ideas and assignments terrifieth me.

I am prepared for bawling outs in the presence of my classmates.

I annointeth my books with study. My marks runneth down.

Surely, if she teacheth me all the days of my life, I shall dwell in the house of the feeble-minded forever.

Merle Kunkler: Prof. Balfour brings home things to me that I never saw before.

Oliver Gordon: That's nothing, so does my laundry-man.

Miss Bond: What invention has done the most to elevate the human race?

Edward Ryan: The elevator, I suppose.

Mr. Dage: What kind of atoms are common to all acids?

Helen Orcutt: Little bits o'ones.

The Creation of Exams.

1. And the Prof. said: Let there be sharks to delve in the briny deep and gather up knowledge and wisdom, and to devour the midnight oil and acquire dyspepsia.

2. And there were sharks, and they did delve in the briny deep, and they did asquire wisdom and dyspepsia.

3. And the evening and the morning were the first day.

4. And the Prof. said: Let there be Digs and Grinds and Pales scattered (thinly) over the face of the earth.

5. And the morning and the evening were the second day.

6. And the students said: Let there be Cuts and Bluffs. And there were huge cuts and bluffs upon the face of the earth until the Prof. regretted the existence of the Grinds and Digs.

7. And the evening and the morning were the third day.

8. And the Bluffers and Cutters said: Let there be ponies and horses to convey us up the steep bluffs and across the deep cuts.

9. And there were ponies and horses, and the Bluffers and Cutters made great stables for them that they might be an ever present help in time of trouble.

10. And the morning and evening were the fourth day.

11. And the Prof. said: Let there be Crams, and there were Crams.

JOKES

12. And the morning and the evening were the fifth day.
13. And the Prof. said. Let there be exams. And there were exams.
14. And the morning and the evening were the sixth day.
15. And the exams descended, and the flunks came and beat upon those Bluffers and upon those Cutters, and they fell, and great was the fall thereof.
16. And they were seen no more in the seats which had known them, for their knowledge was built upon shifting horses and ponies.

Seen on someone's Botany paper. "A perennial plant is a plant that never dies until its final death."

Dalton Becker: Did you know that automobiles were known and used during the time of the Trojan War?

Miss Rath: What nonsense!

Dalton: Well, here it says in the Iliad: "Now comes Achilles raging from the ford".

Hubert Wright: Do you like coming to school?

Earl Vannoy: That doesn't bother me any, the coming and going is all O. K. But it's the time between that bothers me.

Miss Ball: What was Alexander's purpose?

Merle Kunkler: To spread Greece all over the world.

The conduct of a pupil inversely as to the square of the distance from the teacher.

Miss Parry: For what was Abraham Lincoln noted?

Robert Stroupe: His memory.

Miss Parry: What makes you think that his memory was so great?

Robert: They erected a monument to it.

Dalton Becker: A man in Philadelphia has Ben Franklin's watch.

Francis Gallop: That's nothing, I know a man who has Adam's apple.

Hall: Say, Hughey, that's a beautiful mouth of yours, it ought to be on a girl's face.

Hughey: Well, I seldom miss an opportunity.

A father took his small son to visit the National Capitol. While there they visited the legislature. Arriving in the morning they found the Chaplain just closing his prayer. "Dead", said the small fellow, "Was the minister praying for those men?" "No, son," replied the cynical man, "He knows 'em too well. He was praying for the country."

Farmer: Can't you see that sign, No Fishing Allowed?

Young lad: I'm not fishing.

Farmer: ? ? ? ?

Lad: No, I'm just teaching the worms to swim.

To be buried in a furnace,

I hope it will be my fate,

So that my bones will mingle,

With the ashes of the great.

Miss Parry: "Tomorrow you may take page 71, and now you may all turn over."

Miss Ball: When was Abraham Lincoln born?

Donald Gould: I don't know, I was absent from class that day.

Miss Bond: What is the shape of the earth?

Cecil Farwell: Round.

Miss Bond: How do you know?

Cecil: Allright then, it's square. I don't want to start any argument.

Miss Rath: What is the Latin word for one?

Gladys Braatz: Uno.

Miss Rath: Maybe I do, but I want you to tell me.

Roland Ransom: Are all teachers bookworms?

Pete Ryan: All but Geometry teachers.

Roland: What are they?

Pete: Angle worms.



THE ORIOLE



JOKES

Otto Luce: What do you think of the system of grading by letters here at school?

Wallace Downer: Fine! It certainly has its advantages over the old system.

Otto: How so?

Wallace: Oh, the E's change to B's so easily.

Mr. Dage: What particular substance does H_2O_2 bleach?

Cecile Ryan: Hair.

Ray Kriser: What's the date, please?

Miss Bond: Never mind the date, the examination is more important.

Ray: Well, I wanted to have something right.

Mr. Dage: What is AS_2O_3 ?

Connie: I had it on the end of my tongue.

Mr. Dage: Then spit it out. It's arsenic.

Soph: I just read of two girls getting lost in the Alps in midwinter.

Fresh: Terrible! Were they frozen to death?

Soph: No, they warmed themselves on the mountain ranges.

Clarence Braatz: Why is a sheet of theme paper like a lazy dog?

Dalton Becker: I give up.

Clarence: Because a theme paper is an ink lined plane, and an inclined plane is a slope up, and a slow pup is a lazy dog.

Mr. Balfour: Sir, I think I heard you talking during my lecture on the atomic theory.

Clarence Hughey: You must be mistaken, sir, I never talk in my sleep.

Louis Stachel: I want the life of Caesar.

Librarian: Sorry, but Brutus beat you to it.

Mr. Balfour, in Physics class: Name three articles that contain starch.

Ray Kriser: Two cuffs and a collar.

Miss Rath: When did Caesar defeat the greatest number?

Wilfred Myers: I think on examination day.

Oliver Gordon: Have you seen Della anywhere?

Ernest Knirk: No, would you like to see her?

Oliver: No, but I would like to see Clarence.

Mr. Dage: Was O or CO_2 formed first on earth?

Chester Lampman: I don't know, I wasn't there.

Mrs. Heydon was giving a review of the life of John Milton. "His life influenced a great many poems", she told the class, "and Milton had a very unhappy life indeed. He and his first wife were very unhappy." She talked a few minutes and then asked. "Now what poem did this unhappy marriage cause him to write?" "Paradise Lost", answered Clarence Hildebrand.

Lawrence Goodman: How did Noah light the ark?

Ernest K: I give up.

Lawrence: Why, with ark lights, of course.

Mr. Dage: Chemically, what is a diamond?

Class: Carbon.

Mr. Dage: Yes, a diamond is carbon, but coal is also carbon.

Class: Yes, sir.

Mr. Dage: Now how can we account for the fact that coal and diamonds are so unlike?

Alton Dobson: Ask the price.

Mrs. Heydon: If Shakespeare were alive today, wouldn't he be considered a remarkable man?

Eva Gallop: Certainly, he would be three hundred years old.

Clarence Hughey: There is something preying on my mind.

Alton Dobson: Don't worry, it will soon starve.

Merle Kunkler: I wonder if they really meant anything by it.

Theodore Penoyer: By what?

Merle: Why, I bought a ticket to a lecture on "Fools", and it said admit one.

JOKES

Mr. Balfour: Miss Bell, what is space?

Beatrice: Oh, I can't define it, but I have it in my head.

An old woman had taken her son to school and explained to the principle that she wanted him to take Latin.

"But", said the principle, "Latin is a dead language."

"That's allright," she replied, "He's going to be an undertaker."

Leola Evard: I'll admit that you know more than I do.

Clara From (proudly): How so?

Leola: Well, you know me, and I know you.

Mr. Balfour: Now this plant belongs to the begonia family.

Visitor: Oh, yes, I see you are keeping it for them while they're away.

Willie was a little boy,

And now he is no more,

For what he thought was H_2O ,

Was $H_2 S O_4$.

Mr. Balfour: You remind me of Quebec.

Robert Phelps: Why?

Mr. Balfour: It's built on Bluffs.

Mr. Dage: Name a deadly poison.

Mildred Lucas: Aviation, one drop kills.

Arlene Gilbert: I went to a swell show last nite.

Marian: What was it?

Arlene: Louis the Cross-eye.

Marian: Louis the What?

Arlene: Here's the program, see for yourself.—Louis

A school teacher had found her class of boys reluctant in their writing of English compositions. At last she conceived a way to create their interest—to write an account of the ball game. It seemed that she was successful, with one exception, the boys threw themselves at the task, and envolved youthful masterpieces. The backward one chewed reluctantly at his pen and was then struck by a burst of Genius. When the teacher opened his paper, it read: "Rain—No Game."

Esther Duncan: Come and dine with me to-morrow evening, old top."

Della Spencer: Impossible, I'm going to see Hamlet.

Esther: Never mind, bring him with you.

Miss Ball: Ever had Economics?

Freshman: No, just measles and chickenpox.

Cecile Ryan: I'm studying the origin of blotting pap

Ruth Wilson: Rather an absorbing subject is it not?

Connie Hodge: Is Lemoyne a good Chem. student?

Alice Culbert: Why, I should say so, she's got the acid eating right off her hands.

Wilfred Myers: Why has a scotchman a sense of humor?

Dale Older: Because it's a gift.

Kenneth Frahm: What is a synonym?

Sylvester Friend: The word you write when you don't know how to spell the other.

Rolene Masters: Grace, that Ford of Chester's is a trick car.

Grace: How's that?

Holene: It balked in the most convenient place last nite.



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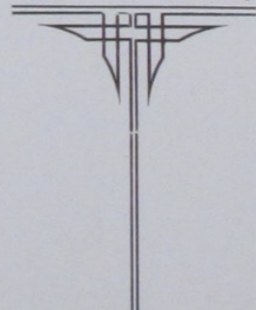
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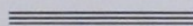
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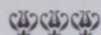
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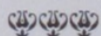
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