

## Class History

ON a bright September day, 1923, twenty-two freshmen started their high school career at the Maryland School. My, but we were a lively bunch! We made life miserable for the teachers! In a few months seven more were added to our number, but three of them left before the completion of the term. We all worked hard, as freshies ought to work. (Except in algebra!) At the end of the year, with the wise lofty-minded sophomores, we enjoyed a picnic southeast of Maryland, on Honey Creek. It was cold, but we enjoyed ourselves, and the ice-cream too! On the night following the last day of school we gave a short program, with the help of the sophomores.

When we came back next fall, we found that the juniors had left us a hard row to hoe. Somewhere along this row was geometry. Some of the members of our class were missing. We worked with a will, and it was during this enthusiastic, happy, busy year that Wayne Gormong wrote an unusual account of his life when a serf in France. This year we lost our clown, George Griffin, and our ball player, Paul Markley. Mr. Klatte was so pleased with our "pep" that he took us to visit Turkey Run and the Tuberculosis Sanitarium at Rockville.

As juniors we began our work in the new Honey Creek High School. This year under the direction of our sponsor, Mr. Klatte, we gave a play, "Brother Josiah," which made people realize that we had great ability. We also had the honor of giving the first reception to the first graduating class of the township.

As seniors we started with fifteen members, among whom was Martha Anthony, a new student from Farmersburg, and were glad later to welcome Charles Parr, who came from Shortridge High School, Indianapolis. In December we gave a play, "Eyes of Love." We are the first graduates who have completed the four years' work within the township.

We have seen this school grow from a school of forty members to one of one hundred sixty. We have moved from the old building to the new. We have seen this school progress both in school spirit and in ideals. We have grown inches taller, added great stores of knowledge, and lost many of the traits that make freshmen, sophomores, and juniors so trying to their teachers. We have tried to help the school raise its ideals, and to leave a name that will stand for sincerity and honor to future students.

*Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul.*

## Class Will

WE, the members of this dignified, yet very grateful class of 1927, nearing the end of a successful journey through the wilderness of education in the land of Honey Creek High School, and thinking that there are possessions which we cannot take with us into the land of the Future, do hereby make our last will and testament.

To the juniors we bequeath our seats in Miss Beckwith's room, provided there are enough.

To the sophomores we bequeath all our old fountain pens, books, note-books, powder puffs, combs, themes, and whatever else they may need in their trying junior year.

To the freshmen we bequeath our pep, all the A's we have ever made, and the right to flirt.

To the eighth grade we bequeath all our extra knowledge, if they can find it.

To the seventh grade we bequeath all our quiet natures and good habits.

We bequeath to Mr. McMilliams, all money not used by us, for the purpose of buying supplies for the school.

To Miss Furry, our sponsor, our cheerful absence.

To Mr. Klatte, a permanent position as junior sponsor.

To Miss Barbee, the management of the lower hall.

To Miss Beckwith, our permission to get married.

To Mr. Keever, all our old mathematics texts, that he may hand them on to the next students and keep a good thing going.

To Mr. Dowell, several dates for next summer with a girl from this senior class.

To Miss Altekruise, our wish for a continued success in turning out Latin contest winners.

To Mr. Price, a more abundant crop of rat tails next winter.

To Mr. Tucker, a room in this building for his classes.

I, Walter Evans, will to Miss Barbee the right to be the undisputed "flaming youth" of Honey Creek High School.

I, Gail Beall, will to any peppy freshman my place in Mr. Klatte's geography class (gladly).

I, Wayne Gormong, will my carefully acquired, constantly growing, general knowledge of nothing to anyone who needs it.

I, Charles Parr, will my place as sheik of the school to Wayne Fox.

I, Lottie Tyler, will to Agnes Shoemaker my place in society in Honey Creek High School.

I, Victor Lemaire, will my economics book to Evelyn Bell.

I, William Austin, will my place of basketball captain to Joe Evans.

I, Malcolm Anders, will my seat in the senior class to any junior who thinks he is bright enough to sit there.

I, Emma Long, will my Cicero (It has a complete translation) to anyone bold enough to attempt third year Latin.

I, Mildred Boyll, will my ability to take six subjects to any Junior willing to undertake the job.

I, Carl Brown, will to Marion Beckwith all my books for her kindness in keeping them gathered up for me during the past year.

I, Allen Grooms, will my rare gift of gab to William Nilson, who has the wind to use it.

I, Inez Gormong, will my knowledge of Latin, such as it is, to anyone needing it.

I, Paul Bailey, will my position as chief cook and bottle-washer in the cafeteria to Mildred Veach.

I, Martha Anthony, will my self-possession in sewing class to Edris Pugh.

I, Harvey Kesler, will to Martha Snyder the undisputed right to play first trombone in the celebrated Honey Creek High School Orchestra. (She needs something to take care of her superfluous supply of wind).

We, the aforesaid class will to the class of '28 our brilliance of mind, our purity of conduct, our extraordinary dramatic ability, our unexcelled capacity for pleasing the teachers with the least expenditure of energy, our unsurpassed athletic ability, and our grand and otherwise unattainable magnanimity, which said magnanimity has thus far marked the illustrious path of the

Class of '27.

*Hope springs eternal in the human breast.*