



	Eelva Myles	Evelyn Bell	William Nilson
Joseph Evans	Mildred Veach	Wayne Fox	Agnes Shoemaker
Sara Cantrell	Michael Ryan	Georgia Boyll	Harry Harrington
Bert McDonnall	Hattie Harrington	Cecil Nichols	Mae Menning
Imogene Smith	Hubert Arvin	Mildred Leach	Forrest Beall

Should auld acquaintance be forgot.

Junior Class History

THREE years ago thirty-one green, noisy freshmen entered Maryland High School. This entrance was one of the big events of their lives. Many of the boys wore long trousers to school for the first time. Those freshmen thought they were going to lead an easy life when the principal told them that they were to take only four subjects. One of the most marvelous things that happened to those freshmen was that they took a liking to Shakespeare and gave a forty-minute version of "As You Like It." Their remarkable success pleased their English teacher, Miss Furry, very much. They ended their freshman career with a picnic, proud that they were "freshies" no longer.

When this class began their sophomore year in the new building, their number had diminished to twenty-four. They envied the juniors and worshiped the seniors. Finally, after writing hundreds of themes and reading bushels of books, their kind and noble teachers told them, in a very compassionate voice, that they could take a little vacation, and when they came back to school they would be juniors.

The next September only twenty-one came back to drink at the fountain of knowledge. A prouder group of boys and girls could not have been found. Later in the year they were much grieved to lose two of their members, one by death and one by moving away.

Now this class looked on sophomores with contempt and would hardly speak to freshmen. The seniors however put one sour drop in their bucket by showing them that they were not so smart. But the juniors, looking forward to the time when they will be seniors, have made very good grades and have been well represented in every school activity.

JUNIOR STALLS

I didn't have time.
 I didn't get the assignment.
 I was absent yesterday.
 I don't remember.
 I forgot that part.
 I studied the wrong chapter.
 I lost my book.
 I know, but I can't explain it.
 I didn't get your question.
 I can't write because of my sore finger.
 Someone stole my book.
 The lesson was too long.
 Can't talk; got a sore throat.

JUNIORS' WISH

Star Light, star bright,
 First star I see tonight;
 I wish I may, I wish I might,
 Get through tomorrow without study tonight.

Youth is nimble, age is lame.

Class of '28

Herewith we present to you,
 In poetry form, punk but true,
 A story of the jolly juniors serene,
 The number of which is fully nineteen.
 Evelyn Bell is the head of the class,
 In other words the president, if you should ask.
 Joseph Evans is jolly and gay,
 And also an athlete in every way.
 Belva Myles is always afraid
 That her pretty red hair has the wrong shade.
 Georgia Boyll, noted for her themes,
 Makes them from anything, even sunbeams.
 Hubert Arvin is long, lean, and not very fast,
 But always has his trigonometry in time for class.
 William Nilson, who is taking Latin II,
 Sure will be glad when Caesar we're through.
 Agnes Shoemaker, a bright little lass,
 Is always powdering her face in class.
 Mildred Veach is a Sheba of fame,
 But she studies her history and French just the same.
 Bert McDonnall is a bashful chap.
 But on reading books he sure is a cat.
 May Menning, known as "Liz" in our class play,
 Is going to "Noo Yawk to study Grand Opree" some day.
 Harry Wilkinson is a sleepy-headed fellow,
 And when we wake him, you ought to hear him bellow.
 Sara Cantrell weighs two hundred pounds, more or less,
 But with knowledge and strength she is wonderfully blest.
 Cecil Nichols is our class cartoonist,
 He draws pictures of everything from bugs to balloonists.
 Michael Ryan is saucy and sleek,
 But when the teachers come round he is very meek.
 Forrest Beall is always combing his hair,
 But in Latin and English he sure is right there.
 Hattie Harrington is a quiet lass
 Is she dumb? No! We couldn't say that.
 Wayne Fox is Miss Beckwith's special pest,
 And by the girls likes to be caressed.
 Imogene Smith is not in the Hall of Fame,
 But wait until Justin changes her name.
 Mildred Leach travels at a very fast rate,
 All she thinks about is getting a date.
 This poem is not so good we fear,
 So a better one we'll write in our senior year.

William Nilson

Scatter my words among mankind.

A Junior's Dream

William Nilson and I were in the North Woods of Canada enjoying the fishing trip which we had planned long ago while attending Honey Creek High School. We were fishing on the lake one morning and had caught several fine ones. I noticed a bottle bobbing along and picked it up. It was corked tightly, and there was a paper in it. We opened the bottle, took out the paper, and together read these words:

"To the person who picks this up: I, Wayne Fox, a graduate of H. C. H. S., shipwrecked on a small island, despair of ever seeing my dear wife, formerly Mildred Veach, and write this in hope that one of my old classmates will pick it up. I know that Hubert Arvin was sent to the Home for Retired Flute-players after he had played with Paul Whiteman's Orchestra. Joseph Evans is playing third base with the New York Yankees, but that does not furnish enough money to satisfy the demands of his wife, Belva Myles Evans. Evelyn Bell admired Harry Wilkinson, but was crowded out by Hattie Harrington. Evelyn then became a confirmed man-hater. Bert McDonnal married Georgia Boyll, and is a successful farmer in Honey Creek Township. Imogene Smith and Mae Menning have a beauty shop in Terre Haute. Mildred Leach became a successful violinist, and married Michael Ryan after he had tried for five years to win her favor. Sara Cantrell became a chorus girl in the "Broadway Follies," and Agnes Shoemaker is her dressing maid. Bill Nilson and Forrest Beall disappeared, but they will turn up some day as tramps or presidents, no telling which. Cecil Nichols became a clown in Barnum, Bailey, and Ringling Brothers' combined circus—"

Here Bill laughed so violently that he overturned the boat, and—smack! Something descended on my classical brow like a ton of bricks, and I awoke to find Miss Beckwith glowering at me with a ruler in her hand, while the rest of the history class roared at my discomfiture.

Forest K. Beall

IN MEMORIAM

of

Dorothy McPheeters,

member of the junior class, who died

February 5, 1927.



Lest we forget.