

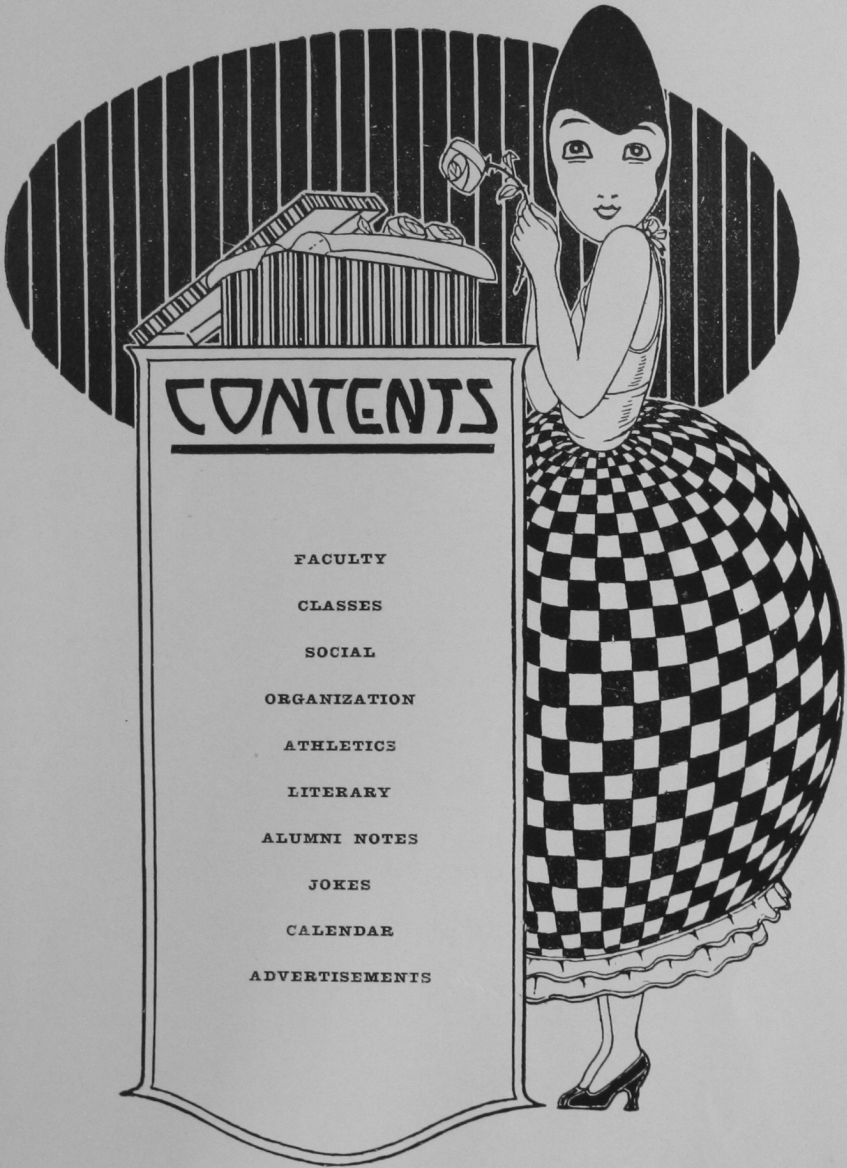
The Rudder

D. T. H. S.

The RUDDER



Published by the
Senior Class of
D. T. H. S.
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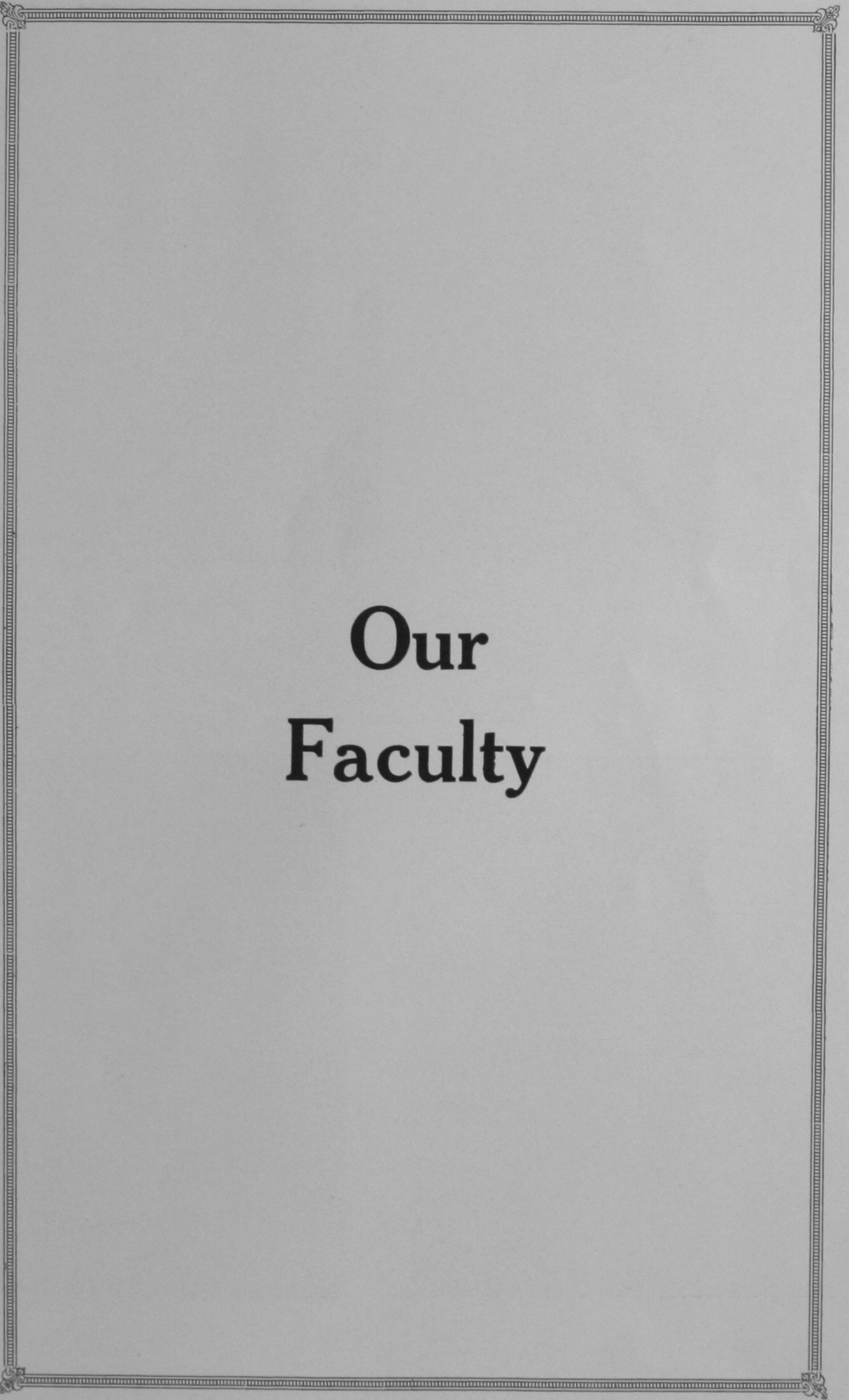
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DEDICATION

To Miss Margery Prestley, who has been our sponsor and guide through the past three busy years of our High School career, we do hereby dedicate this, our year book, as a slight token of our appreciation and respect.

A decorative border consisting of a double-line pattern with small repeating motifs, enclosing the page. The corners are decorated with ornate scrollwork.

Our Faculty



C. A. BROTHERS
Superintendent



MISS MARGARET HUBBARD
Principal—Mathematics



MARIE BISSEL
English



HELEN TORRENCE
English



MARGERY PRESTLEY
Science—Mathematics



H. C. EADS
History



COLLA START
Languages



MARY G. BROCK
Science



RUTH LATHROP
Commercial



VERA N. KERSHAW
Music—Art



EULAH LYNN
Domestic Science



A. R. WETZEL
Coach—Manual Training—Business Arith.





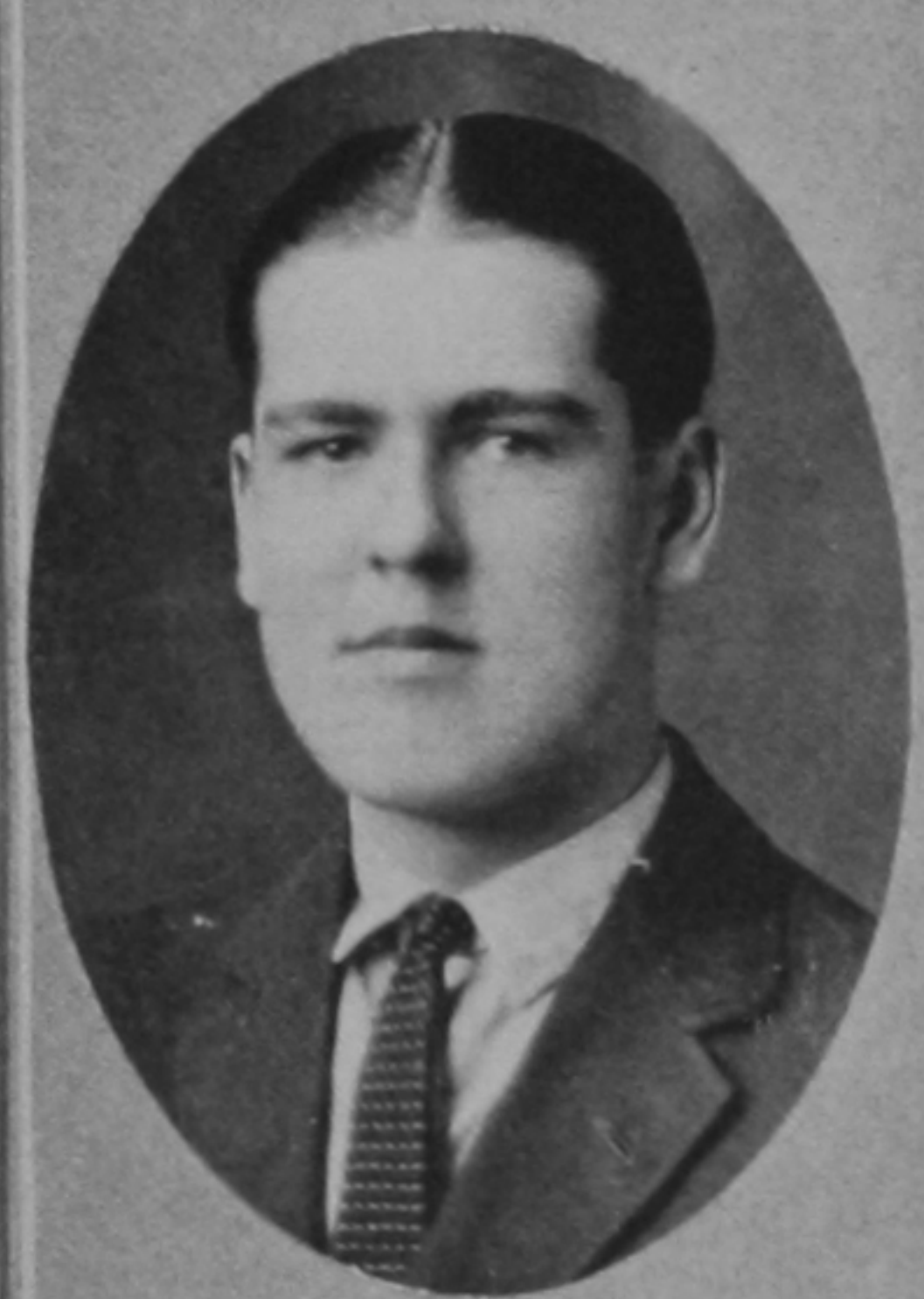
FRANCIS J. WEST

Senior President—Local Editor—Junior Play—Senior Play—Debating Society—General Course.



HARRY NELSON

Editor-in-Chief "Rudder"—Junior Play—Senior Play—Operetta—Boys' Glee Club—General Course.



CLARENCE W. GRAHAM

Business Manager "Rudder"—Orchestra—French Club—High Credit Senior—Junior Play—Senior Play—General Course.



LOUISE L. TOCK

Business Manager "Rudder"—Junior President—Hiking Club—President Screaming Widows—Junior Play—Senior Play—General Course.



FRED AMBLER

Art Editor—Foot Ball—Basket Ball—Track—General Course.



ZOLA E. GOOD

Treasurer of Class—Hiking Club—Screaming Widows—Junior Play—General Course.



MAURICE T. NELSON

Joke Editor "Rudder"—Orchestra—Glee Club—General Course.



GENEVA BEATTY

Senior Secretary—Screaming Widows—French Club—General Course.



LILLIE M. NELSON

Social Editor—Screaming Widows—Hiking Club President—French Club—General Course.



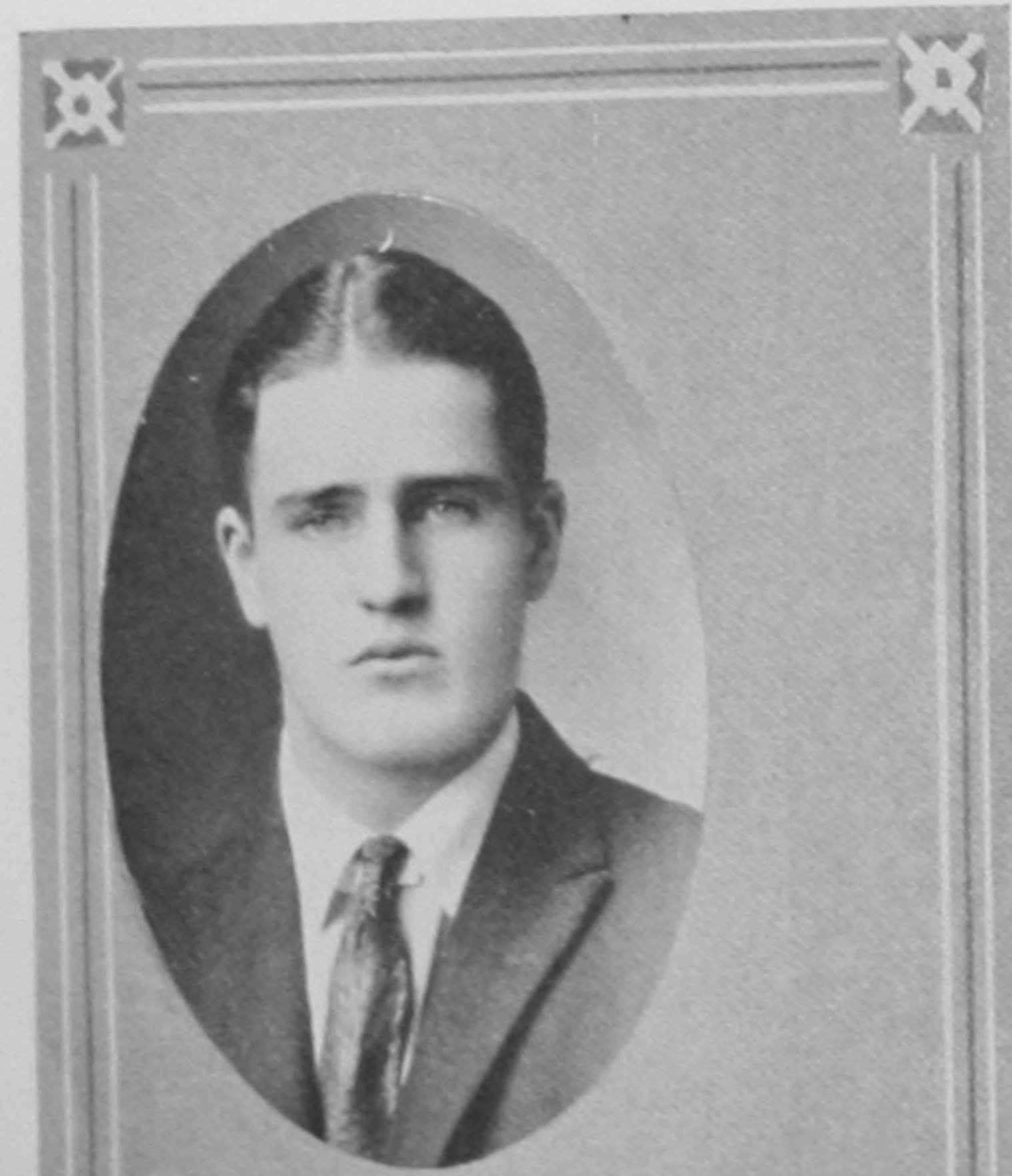
RALPH BROWN

Junior Play—Senior Play—Operetta—Commercial Course.



LILLIAN I. PAASKE

Junior Play—"Melody Club"—Hiking Club—Screaming Widows—Commercial Course.



BASIL AMBLER

Foot Ball Captain 1923 —
Basket Ball — Track—General
Course.



AUDREY L. TAMBLING

Calendar Editor — Junior
Play — Vice President — 1923
Hiking Club—Screaming Wid-
ows—General Course.



WILLIAM LOUIS RABE

Foot Ball — Basket Ball —
Track — Junior Play — Orches-
tra—General Course.



MARY LINTON

Screaming Widows—General
Course.



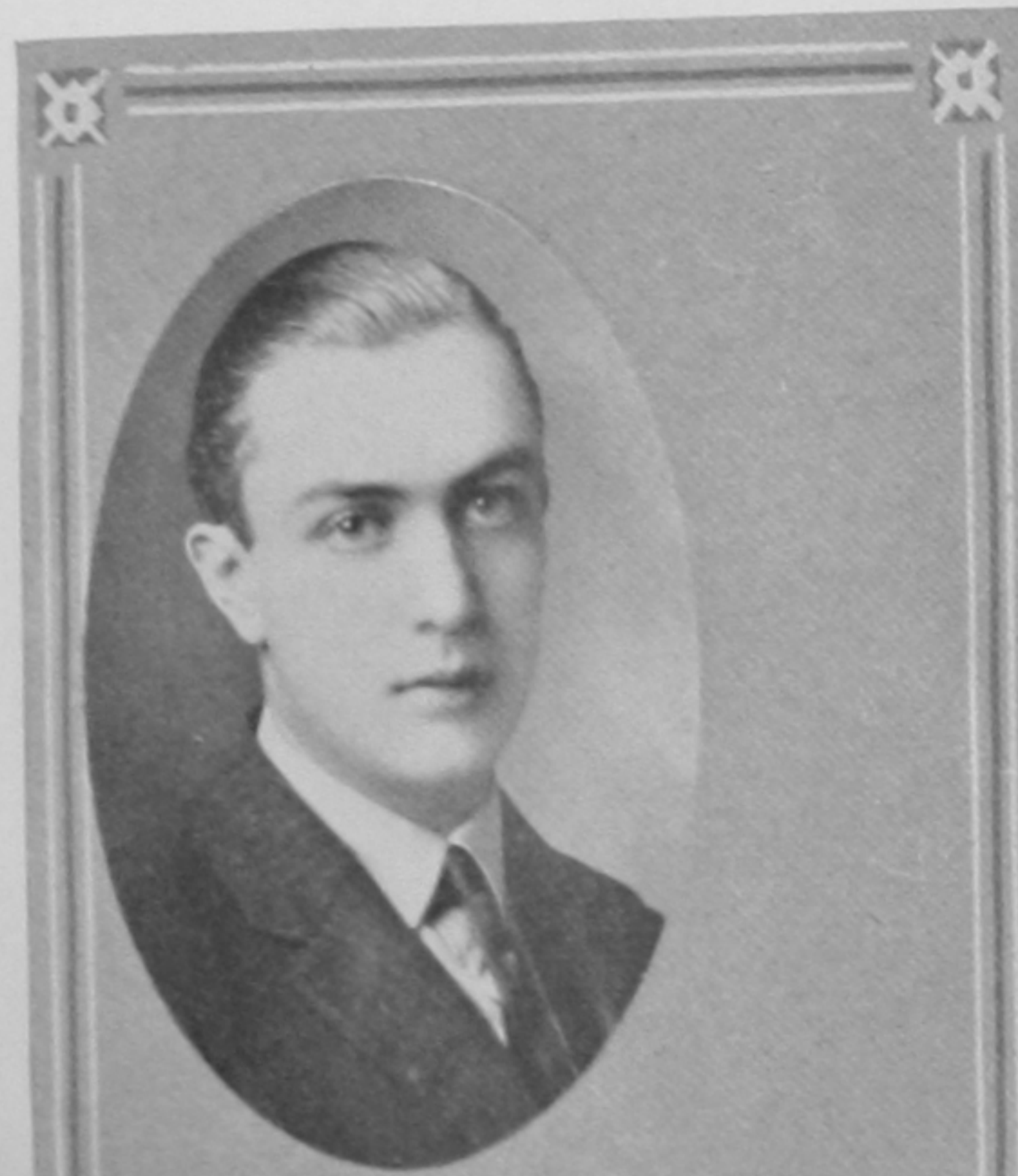
WM. O'NEILL

Commercial Course.



MABEL M. MILHAHN

Hiking Club — Screaming
Widows — Winner Popularity
Contest — Junior Play — Gen-
eral Course.



ARDEN PERSCHNICK

Foot Ball—Basket Ball—
Junior Play—Boys' Glee Club
—Orchestra—Operetta — Gen-
eral Course.



LAURETTA O'NEILL

Hiking Club — Screaming
Widows—Junior Play—General
Course.



HELEN L. WORBY

Junior Play—Hiking Club—
Screaming Widows — Commer-
cial Course.



JAMES COSTELLO

Boys' Glee Club — Orchestra
—Operetta—General Course.



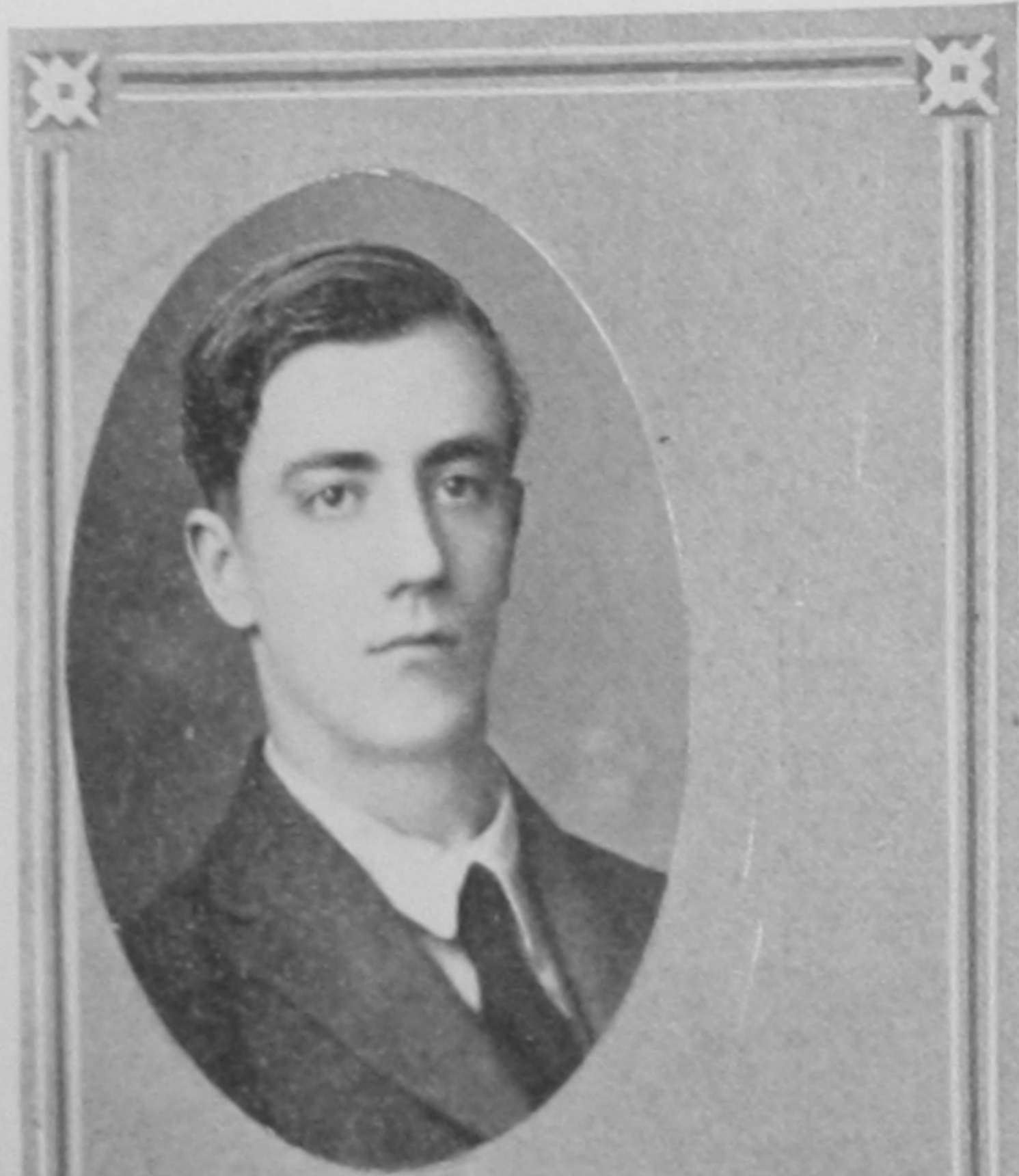
THELMA GRUSH

Hiking Club — Screaming
Widows—General Course.



CECIL JEFFRIES

General Course.



JOHN E. TUFFS

Junior Play — Operetta —
Boys' Glee Club — General
Course.



SELICIA CORRIGAN

Junior Play—Hiking Club—
Screaming Widows—Commer-
cial Course.



EJNAR ANDERSON

Foot Ball — Basket Ball —
Track—General Course.



CECELIA FOSTER

Junior Play—Hiking Club—
Screaming Widows — Commer-
cial Course.



DANIEL COSTELLO

General Course.



ANNA GILLETTE

Junior Play—Hiking Club—
Screaming Widows — General
Course.

HISTORY OF CLASS OF '24

Four years ago last September fifty-one proud but green looking Freshmen entered the assembly. The upper classmen greeted them with grins and warnings. Everything was going fine until the schedule was made out. Then some of the Freshmen wanted to take as many studies as there were periods, against the warnings that had been given them. After the smaller part of the High School, smaller at least in number, had arranged their programs, they left, leaving the Freshmen all alone. After about two hours of hard work especially on the teachers' part, each Freshman had his program complete.

The next day when the bell sounded for classes the Freshmen were completely confused. Some tried to find their respective classrooms, failing to do so in most cases while others so affected by the surroundings (?) remained in the assembly. It was not long, however, that the Freshies furnished the upper classes with entertainment.

After several weeks of school had passed a class meeting was called by the sponsors, Miss Hatfield and Mr. Wetzel, to elect officers: Ruth Hildreth, President; James Bannon, Vice President; Florence Anderson, Secretary, and Harry Nelson, Treasurer.

The Freshmen were well represented in all activities of the school: Glee Club 12, Orchestra 6, Foot Ball subs 3, Basket Ball subs 2, Track 4.

SOPHOMORES 1921-1922.

In September, 1921, most of the same peppy bunch of girls and boys returned, not as Freshman, but as Sophomores. After a short time a class meeting was called by the sponsor, Miss Prestley, to elect officers: President, Clarence W. Graham; Vice President, Louise L. Tock; Secretary, Meta H. Paulsen and Francis West; Treasurer, Audrey L. Tambling. The iris was chosen for the class flower and purple and gold for class colors. The motto chosen was "Carpe diem"—Horace, or "Seize the Opportunity."

In October the Sophomores held a class party, a few of the teachers being guests. The upper classmen tried to "swipe" the lunch, but failed. Some games were played, but most of the time was spent in dancing. The party came to a close promptly at ten o'clock.

The class was again well represented in athletics: Foot Ball, Basil Ambler, Arthur Neth, Rabe, Bell, Holbrook, H. Nelson. Basket Ball, Basil Ambler, D. Holbrook, Rabe, Bell.

The girls were given credit for starting a Girl's Basket Ball Team: Milhahn, Worby, Corrigan, Hildreth, Tock.

Thus ended the Sophomore year, the year during High School with the least happening in most classes, but full of spirit and enthusiasm in this Sophomore Class.

JUNIORS 1922-1923.

The class was greatly surprised when they arrived at school and found that they were to sit in the second assembly with the Seniors. They were now upper classmen! The Juniors, being a peppy bunch, called a class meeting soon after school started. Miss Prestley was the sponsor. The officers elected were: President, Louise L. Tock; Vice President, Audrey L. Tambling; Secretary, Lillian M. Nelson; Treasurer, Clarence W. Graham.

All foolishness had by this time been eliminated, and effort was put forth to obtain more knowledge and to accomplish great undertakings and also to show the Seniors what the Juniors could really do.

As money is always a question for both Juniors and Seniors several plans for raising money were adopted. During the year the class sponsored several movies: Richard Barthelmess in "The Seventh Day," Harold Lloyd in "Grandma's Boy" and Marion Davies in "When Knighthood Was in Flower." The dues of the class were raised to twenty-five cents per six weeks. The talent of the class was manifested in several plays: "Two Crooks and a Lady," "Converting Bruce," and "The Arrival of Reuben." The plays were coached by Miss Eggleston. By this time the bank account had accumulated to a considerable amount. The next important thing to be done was to make plans for the most important event of the year, the Junior-Senior Reception.

Clever invitations were sent out to the Seniors and faculty. The color scheme of the invitations was red and white, the Senior Class colors. And to the surprise of most everyone the banquet was not to be given at home, but at the Illinois Hotel, Bloomington!

ton! Did the Seniors feel proud? You can readily see that they did. When at last the long-hoped-for day arrived all the guests and Juniors met at the school house from which place they left in automobiles for the Illinois Hotel. After a sumptuous dinner was served, toasts were given: Toastmistress, Louise L. Tock; The Studio, Mr. Brothers; Welcome to the Lot, Francis West; Hello Hollywood, Charles Mahannah; Our Films, Harry Nelson, Ralph Eyer, Zena Scoville and Clarence W. Graham. Then the Class History of 1923 by Clarence W. Graham; The Class Prophecy by Harry Nelson, and the Faculty Will by Helen L. Worby were read. The program was based on

"The whole world's a movie
Each man in his time
Is cast for many parts."—Shakespeare.

During the evening a special orchestra from Bloomington played many classic selections. After the dinner the chief pastime was dancing, Mrs. Electa Connors at the piano. Promptly at nine o'clock everyone started for Dwight.

The Junior Class was represented in all affairs: B. Ambler, F. Ambler, D. Holbrook, E. Anderson, A. Perschnick and L. Rabe in Foot Ball; Holbrook, Ambler in Basket Ball; Milhahn, Worby, Corrigan, Grush, Tock and Foster in Girl's Basket Ball; Rabe, Anderson, Holbrook, Ambler in Track; Nelson, Graham, Perschnick in Glee Club; Grush, Paaske, Milhahn in Glee Club; Graham, Rabe, Perschnick in Orchestra and many people in Hiking Club and Camera and French Club.

SENIORS 1923-1924.

In September, 1923, several new members were added to the class and under Miss Prestley, our sponsor, and Mr. Brother's advice, the officers and the Annual Staff were elected. President, Francis West; Vice President, Anna Gillette; Secretary, Geneva Beatty, and Treasurer, Zola E. Good. Staff Officers: Annual Editor, Harry Nelson; Business Managers, Clarence W. Graham and Louise L. Tock; Art Editor, Fred Ambler; Calendar Editor, Audrey L. Tambling; Joke Editor, Maurice Nelson; Athletics, Basil Ambler; Literary, Lillian M. Nelson; Class Poets, Clarence Graham, Louis Rabe; Epitaphs, Anna Gillette and Selicia Corrigan; Class History, Louise L. Tock; Class Will, Ralph Brown; Prophecy, Lillian I. Paaske.

The next great excitement occurred when the Senior's rings and pins arrived, the class colors, purple and gold, being carried out.

LOUISE L. TOCK, '24.
RALPH BROWN.

Miss Torrence: "What happened in America in 1809 that influenced English Literature?"

Harry Nelson: "Abraham Lincoln was born."

I heard that Miss Kershaw, desiring a shampoo, went into O'Malley & Stitzer's and asked for some mystified cocoanut oil.

Mr. Eads (In M. & M.): "What are the principal cities in England?"

Alvera Walsh: "China and India."

The other day Mr. Wetzel went into the drug store and asked for some "Dean's Mutilated" Cough Drops.

One day in English IV, we had oral themes, the subject being on Student Control in the High School. John Tuffs said he thought it would be a very excellent idea, especially to help the fresh students.

Miss Torrence (In English III): "What happened to Grendel after Beowulf cut his head off?"

Cyrus S.: "He died."

CLASS PROPHECY

One rainy night in November, 1949, as I sat in my shop in Paris where I am a modiste, I chanced to pick up an old kodak album. Here I saw some familiar faces whom I called to mind as my former classmates in Dwight High School. I then called to mind what each member had done after graduation in 1924. I will now relate as I remember each individual.

1. Ejnar Anderson is now editor of the Weekly Astonisher (the Astonisher was formerly the Dwight Star and Herald).
2. Fred Ambler upon leaving High School, set forth on foot for a round-the-world trip. The last we heard he was in a foreign country.
3. Selicia Corrigan is now married. She and her husband have a nice bakery out "West." Business is fine we hear.
4. After graduating, our old friend Tubby is seen on the gridiron (?) of the University in Borneo instructing the natives in the art of Mah Jongg.
5. James Costello is now first drummer in Sorenson's famous band of Woodland Inn.
6. Dan Costello accepted a position as fourth assistant professional golf player at the Odell Country Club.
7. We find our old friend Butch, first barber in Diefenbach & Mickelson's Shop.
8. Clarence Graham after years of study abroad is also with Sorenson's Band, playing the mouth organ.
9. Lillie Nelson has finally attained the position of French correspondent for the Leslie E. Keeley Company of this city.
10. Cecil Jeffries, after many years of college work, is now Superintendent of Old D. T. H. S.
11. Mable Milhahn, after being elected as the most beautiful girl in Illinois, has gone to Hollywood. There she is making life miserable for Mary Pickford.
12. Geneva Beatty is employed by the Star Automobile Company. Her line is demonstrating the strength of the tops and the unbreakable glass.
13. Mary Linton is now in South Wilmington teaching the miners ballet dancing.
14. Maurice Nelson is now the chief "jag" master at the Keeley Company. He delivers moral lectures to the patients, twice a week.
15. Thelma Grush, upon leaving D. T. H. S., went to New York where she joined Flo. Ziegfield Follies of 1925.
16. Loretta O'Neill is at present the only woman in the Senate. Illinois certainly must be proud of her.
17. Francis J. West is instructor of Music Appreciation in the primary department of this school.
18. Louise Tock and Audrey Tambling decided after leaving High School, that they could not part from each other after so many years of friendship. The last we heard they were in Nome, Alaska, teaching table manners to the Eskimos.
19. Ambitious to the nth degree Ralph Brown set forth upon the 1st of July, 1924, for Texas, where he opened up the largest oil well in existence. He and his family have an immense summer home just on the outskirts of Dwight.
20. Anne Gillette has accepted a position as teacher of English, Chemistry, History, etc., in the new Sunbury High School.
21. Cecelia Foster has for many years run the Paris Shoppe. They say her creations are positively stunning.
22. Helen Worby was quietly married soon after graduation. She now feeds chickens, cows, etc., just a mile and a half south of Dwight.
23. Zola, we hear, has left for the wilds of Africa, as a missionary. They say she is very partial to the French speaking natives.
24. Harry Nelson after years of faithful service as janitor of the Congregational Church, has now become the veterinary surgeon at Blitstein's Livery Stable.
25. We now find our classmates, Louis and Arden, the prosperous proprietors of the Arcadia Skating Rink, located in the Kepplinger Block.
26. Last but by far not least is our old friend, John Tuffs. We should speak his name with awe for several years after his graduation he succeeded in abolishing all the crime in Crimea. His great work, it is said, will be a large part of the history to come.

27. As a whole we find that our old class of '24 has prospered and thrived, despite the terrible storm of life's battle. Much of our ability to this was acquired, no doubt, in the good Old D. T. H. S.

LILLIAN PAASKE, '24.

—*—

CLASS WILL

We, the Seniors of 1924, of the Dwight Township High School, most of us being sound in mind, memory and understanding, declare the following:

1. That all former wills made by us are hereby revoked.
2. That this is our last will and testament.

First: To the entire faculty we gratefully give many thanks for their helpfulness and cheerfulness throughout our four high school years.

To the Junior Class: Our pep, left to us from the Seniors of '23.

To the Sophomores: Our sophisticated and dignified attitude.

To the Freshies: Our sympathy.

Second: The various members do bequeath the following:

Basil Ambler does bequeath to John Reynolds his athletic ability and about 40 lbs. of simon-pure lard.

Fred Ambler bequeaths his ever-enduring smile to Dick Steichen.

Geneva Beatty bequeaths to Ralph Laubhan her ability to manage Stars.

Ralph Brown bequeaths his romantic characteristics to Elmer Davis.

Selicia Corrigan bequeaths to Elizabeth Graves her animated spirit.

To Paul Landers we do bequeath Maurice Nelson's popularity among the girls.

John Tuffs bequeaths his oratorical ability to Francis Brumbach.

Ejnar Anderson bequeaths to Merlle Jeffries his animated laugh.

Dan Costello bequeaths to George Flagler his golf ability.

Cecelia Foster to Katherine Bannon doth bequeath some of her curls.

Anna Gillette bequeaths to Paul Geis an ever-ready answer to any question that may be asked in class.

Zola Good bequeaths to Helen Brown her red rosy cheeks. May Helen's expense account be lessened.

Thelma Grush bequeaths her docile manner to Edward Halloran.

To La Verne Mamer we do bequeath Clarence Graham's scholastic ability, especially in the various sciences.

Louis Rabe bequeaths to Leonard Roeder at least one-half of his stacomb and face powder supply.

Mable Milhahn bequeaths to Margaret Koehnlein her popularity won in the famous **111 or Coltest.**

Cecil Jeffries bequeaths his permanent hair curl to Josephine Kelch.

Mary Linton bequeaths her theme writing ability to Hazel Grush.

Lillie Nelson bequeaths to Ethel Gibbons her 478 M. M. wave length voice.

Jim Costello bequeaths the well known alarm clock to Wayne Martin.

Bill O'Neill bequeaths to Mr. Wm. Cahill his ability to drive Oldsmobiles.

Francis J. West leaves to Echart Anderson his bashfulness.

Arden Perschnick bequeaths to the Junior Class as a whole his jovial constitution.

Audrey Tambling and Louise Tock bequeath the tie that has held them together for four years to Dorothy Walton and Ethel Gibbons.

Loretta O'Neill bequeaths to Helen Diefenbach a lot of "sisterly" love.

Harry Nelson bequeaths to Bob Flagler his permanent welcome in the library.

Helen Worby bequeaths her speed on the typewriter to Raymond Sterns.

Lillian Paaske bequeaths her winning smile and happy ways to the entire Junior Class. May they be ever as free from care and trouble as Pat.

—*—

Edward H. (Telephoning to Miss Kershaw): "Miss Kershaw, is there orchestra practice tonight?"

Miss Kershaw: "Yes, get your violin and come right up."

Ed.: "Aw! I don't want to. I want to go out and play."

CLASS POEM

We are the class of '24
Perhaps you've heard of us before,
And now if you will take the time,
Below you'll find us all in rhyme.

First the officers you'll see,
Who've run our class efficiently,
And then each member will appear
We hope our rhymes don't sound too queer.

FRANCIS WEST

A pharmacist is Francis West
The country o'er, he is the best
He'll have a real degree some day
But now it's simply "Ph. A."

ANNA GILLETTE

A student of French is Anna Lorraine
But that has never made her vain
Anna has lately joined a lodge
She also works in a garage.

GENEVA BEATTY

Here's a girl who's a chemistry shark,
She always has the highest mark
Geneva's motto has been thus far
"Don't hitch your wagon to a star."

ZOLA GOOD

We chose for our treasurer Zola Good
(We asked her and she said she would)
You won't find Zola at the bench,
Especially since she took up "French."

HARRY NELSON

Harry's a speaker unexcelled,
One of the best our class has beheld;
In political offices he will partake
And there without doubt, he'll take the cake.

LOUISE TOCK

Susie from Sioux City was Louise
I don't know nothin', if you please
She was a business manager too
A lot for one little girl to do.

CLARENCE GRAHAM

Clarence—an expert in music is he
Since he follows the path of Paderewski
In some future year we'll read his name
When he rises to prominence and fame.

LILLIAN PAASKE

Pat is dramatically inclined
As an actress in plays she'll always be signed
She is always smiling and always gay
As happy as the month of May.

LAURETTA O'NEILL

A very talented poetess
Lauretta O'Neill, of course you'd guess
She's sometimes seen with Anna Gillette
And someone else—but we'll not spill it.

MAURICE NELSON

Emerson's theory was no doubt wise
In this the success of the Senior lies,
Maurie surely agrees with the fact
But to tell him about it—you must use tact.

AUDREY TAMBLING

Audrey is one of our Senior maids
We hope her brightness never fades
A successful teacher we know she'll make
A first class prize she'll surely take.

BASIL AMBLER

Tubbie Ambler, so they say
Went out to play football one day,
But on the way he was delayed
And now a butcher is by trade.

LILLIE NELSON

Lillie is fair as the name implies
Tall and stately and worldly wise
As a public speaker she'd be a success
But what she *will* be—we'll let you guess.

EJNAR ANDERSON

Ejnar's athletic, without deceit
Whenever he plays he's sure to beat,
In basket ball and foot ball too,
He grits his teeth and goes right through

THELMA GRUSH

Thelma's quiet, shy and reserved,
Qualities we hope that she'll preserve,
She believes silence (like the birds)
To be more eloquent than words.

DAN COSTELLO

To be a golf "champ" is Dan's ambition,
Although sometimes he'd rather go fishin'
When on the dance floor he does step
All marvel and say "Oh! Gosh! What pep!"

MABEL MILHAHN

And here is one whom we can't overlook
Being a great scholar of music and book
And too, the most popular girl in the school,
She's the exception and not the rule.

CECELIA FOSTER

Cecelia drives an Oldsmobile car,
She drives it near and drives it far,
But when the wheel goes down in the mire
We wonder who will change the tire.

WILLIAM O'NEILL

Butch is the boy who doesn't care
What happens just so Helen's there,
A good bookkeeper we've been told
Perhaps the family purse he'll hold.

JOHN TUFFS

John is the boy who knows his stuff
In all his studies, he's up to snuff,
In Public Speaking he's the best
His speeches excel all the rest.

MARY LINTON

Mary came to school one day
Way from Ransom far away
We fear a little lamb she lacks,
We've found no traces of his tracks.

HELEN WORBY

The fame of Helen Worby rests
On her splendid typing of the best,
An office job she'll surely fill,
For few surpass her in her skill.

ARDEN PERSCHNICK

Arden's our center, a hefty sheik
Who hits his opponent on the beak,
And when our foot ball stars come out
This boy is sure to be about.

FRED AMBLER

Fred is our artist, happy and gay
Who smiles throughout the live long day
And out upon the athletic field
A wicked shot-put he does wield.

CECIL JEFFRIES

Although the smallest in our bunch
(Just let us give you one small hunch)
Cecil is just as smart as the rest,
Perhaps 'tis due to his spirit and zest.

JAMES COSTELLO

And now we present the famous Jim
Full of vigor, pep and vim
As a singer he is hard to surpass
We're glad he belongs to the Senior Class.

LOUIS RABE

A first-class athlete is Louis Rabe
Stalwart, handsome, strong and brave,
He was the villian in the play,
The greatest actor in his day.

SELICIA CORRIGAN

"Selish" is a bashful little girl,
She always wears her hair in a curl
But if you put her to the test,
You'll always find that "West is Best."

RALPH BROWN

Ralph is a boy with wonderful hair,
His perfect marcelle makes all the girls stare
And if it's muddy or the Ford does balk,
A little girl to school must walk.

CLARENCE GRAHAM
LAURETTA O'NEILL
HARRY NELSON

Miss Torrence: "James, did you ever hear anything bad about me?"
James C.: "No."

Miss Torrence: "Suppose he hadn't said no."
Harry Nelson: "It would have been a lie."

"Paul, were you ever at a zoo?"
"No-o-o-o-o!"

"You ought to go. You would enjoy seeing the turtles whizz past you."

Miss Torrence: "Ruskin just had a feeling inside him that he couldn't scratch, and it was love."

"Here waiter, bring me a spoon for my coffee."
Waiter: "Sorry sir, but we don't serve them—the music is so stirring."

Mr. Eads (In Ancient History): "How long did King Nebuchadmezar rule?"
Mary Ella Blaine: "One thousand years."

I think the best joke of the year is on several teachers, who motored to Joliet one day, and were pinched for parking their flivver too long.

EPITAPHS

LOUISE LUCY TOCK

Here lies the body of that studious Louise
She took every study and still wasn't pleased
And that is why as you all know
She, from this world, did quickly go.

AUDREY LOUISE TAMBLING

Under this little green grassy mound
The body of Audrey can be found
Of books and lessons she was very fond
But now she has passed to that "great beyond."

BASIL AMBLER

Here lies Tubby, who is known near and far
For his wonderful fame as a basket-ball star
'Twas on the field that he met his fate
So here we've inscribed his name and the date.

LOUIS RABE

Louis Rabe has from this world departed
Leaving his friends very sad-hearted
He, too, won his fame as a basket-ball star
There never was a player like this "young Lochinvar."

HELEN LOUISE WORBY

Here lies Helen who never was bored
And rode to school quite oft in a Ford
A smile on her face could always be seen,
And when talking of "Andy" she would beam.

WILLIAM O'NEILL

This is the grave that will not be forgot
For around it was centered a very sad plot.
He married a girl by the name of Helen
And after that Butch was always "yellin'."

RALPH BROWN

Here lies one well versed in singing
For Ralph we know all bells are ringing
He never forgot that supreme marcelle
But that's a secret, don't ever tell.

THELMA ELIZABETH GRUSH

Let us view this mound for just a while
As with Thelma, our thoughts we reconcile
For here rests one so gentle and fair
If heaven can be attained she surely is there.

LAURETTA JOSEPHINE O'NEILL

Laurette was blythe, happy and gay
A friend to every one that came her way.
But now she has gone to that beautiful shore
Where B. A. and Physics are no more.

ZOLA ELENORE GOOD

Upon this stone so cold and gray
'Tis Zola's name we carve today
A professional teacher with such great renown
Her name is known through every town.

LILLIAN NELSON

Beneath this stone lies our friend Lil
She always liked those pickles, dill
Supremely tall, divinely fair
She won good friendship everywhere.

ANNA LORRAINE GILLET

Here lies Anna who always did study
She came over roads that were sometimes muddy
A High School teacher of some renown
Her name is read in many a town.

FRED AMBLER

We wonder if Fred reached heaven before
The last bell had sounded; we couldn't hope more
Perhaps he is standing at the golden gate
Counting the number that came there late.

MARY CLEESTE LINTON

Here lies Mary, beneath this sod
Where often her weary feet had trod
She leaves no one to mourn her loss
For she was always her own "boss."

HARRY NORMAN NELSON

On this grassy mound just let us tarry
For here lies the remains of our friend, Harry
The world's famous orator and statesman you know
Just back in the 30's not long ago.

MAURICE TAYLOR NELSON

Here rests the body of the well known Maury
He met his fate, just the same old story
In the last presidential election he ran
But despite all this he was a "ladies man."

MABLE MARIE MILHAHN

The most popular girl of High School lies here
Upon her grave we have all shed a tear
While driving her Buick with passengers, seven
She ran into a bridge and now is in heaven.

GENEVA LUCIAL BEATTY

Geneva's been called, we're sorry to say
This sunbeam of our school has lost its ray.
So gentle, sweet-tempered, and with her fate,
We hope she has danced to the golden gate.

FRANCIS JOSEPH WEST

Here lies our president our beloved sovereign
He certainly did have talent to govern
We hope that he holds some office up high
He has our best wishes as the years go by.

LILLIAN IRENE PAASKE

Here lies the body of our beloved "Pat"
She wasn't such a bad scout at that.
From her wonderful oratorical speeches, eleven ?
We hope she succeeds with speeches in heaven.

CLARENCE WILLIAM GRAHAM

Percy lies under this stone so engraved
He always was one of the few, well behaved.
At playing the piano he was so sharp
We suppose that in heaven he plays on the harp.

SELICIA LAURETTA CORRIGAN

Here lies one whom you will recall
Always did like to be at a dance hall
Selicia was full of fun and zest
Yet she always did like the direction of "West."

CECELIA MARGARET FOSTER

As an excellent writer in all shorthand
Cecelia's been praised throughout the land
We hope she is working quite at ease
Typing steadily on golden keys.

JOHN ELLIS TUFFS

Here lies John the orator
His speeches were heard the world o'er
Patrick Henry and Otis he did excel
But death has rung its parting knell.

ARDEN PERSCHNICK

Arden is here among the rest
As a mechanical genius he ranked as the best
You remember years back not so far
He always did love to be running a car.

JAMES COSTELLO

Here lies Jim, our drummer late
He played music at the golden gate
We know he is one of heaven's best
So we shall wish him a peaceful rest.

DANIEL JOSEPH COSTELLO

Here lies the champion player at golf
Even Gene Sarazen at him could not scoff
He persevered until he reached the goal
But now he is gone beyond the shoal.

EJNAR HOLVAR ANDERSON

Here lies the basket-ball player of old
Who ranked first in the D. T. H. S. fold
While playing the game in later life
He ended all of the struggle and strife.

CECIL JEFFRIES

Here lies the wee mite of our class
But in his studies he was not to be surpassed
He came from the country but nevertheless
He was always considered as one of our best.

ANNA LORRAINE GILLET.

—*—

THE SCREAMING WIDOWS

Full of pep, full of fun,
That's the girl of Dwight High School,
They put old man gloom on the run,
A Screaming Widow is a jewel.

Miss Torrence named the little club
To stand behind the B. B. Team
Coach, guards, forwards and subs,
Each praised their pep and steam.

The yells they gave were surely great
They cheered and cheered and cheered,
The boys renewed their fight with fate,
And won the battle they had feared.

At each game these girls came out,
And put real fight in every man,
With yell and scream and lusty shout.
They passed the buck to every fan.

The Screaming Widows are a scream
They're with you, for you, every time,
An honor, sure, to any team
If they disband, 'twill be a crime.
—Lillie Marie Nelson.

Miss Prestley: "Zola, what did Torricelli do?"
Zola Good: "He invented the vacuum in a barometer."

Frances Horton, on giving an oral theme in English II one day, started the following way:

"My dear Mistress Post master and Gentlemens."

Miss Bissell: "What is it a sign of when a person is a heavy sleeper."
Ruth Blitstein: "Dead to the world."



The Rudder

PUBLISHED BY THE 1924 SENIOR CLASS, D. T. H. S.

Editor-in-Chief—Harry Nelson

Business Manager.....	Louise Tock	Joke Editor.....	Maurice Nelson
Business Manager.....	C. W. Graham	Local Editor.....	Francis West
Art Editor.....	Fred Ambler	Calendar	Audrey Tambling
Literary Editor.....	Lillie Nelson	Athletic Editor.....	Basil Ambler

We, the members of the Rudder Staff of 1924, have to the limits of our ability put forth sincere efforts to make this, the book of memories of our school life, the crowning success of our career as a class.

On September 16, the Senior Class called a special meeting for the selection of its officers and Rudder Staff. Almost everyone was present and it seemed that we really were going to do something important by the way the president pro-tem called order. After the officers of the class were elected the Rudder Staff was now on the program. After much consideration the officers as they appear above were elected. Of course everyone who was elected to an office of any kind was proud of it and thought it quite an honor. However, before the year was up it was unanimously decided that such an office was not merely an honor but a real big full-grown job. But a little work did not damper the spirits of any of the members and each did his or her work without complaint.

Four girls were going to class, through the basement, and as they passed the cooking room door, the following conversation took place:

Marge L.: "Hey, Dorothy, how do you like the combination? Dish water and chocolate?"

Dorothy W.: "Oh!!"

Alella N.: "That's what I'd call slop."

Dorothy: "That's a good definition for it."



JUNIOR NOTES

In September, 1921, we entered the D. T. H. S. eighty strong, resolved to be the "peppiest" class in the school. The Freshmen were seated around the edges of the room. This according to some people added a little touch of color, bright green, to the room.

A meeting was called almost the first week of school for the purpose of electing officers and creating class spirit. Joe Blitstein, who has since left school, made a very fine and helpful speech about class spirit. The officers elected were: Candace Robinson President; Margaret J. Koehnlein, Vice President; Elmer Davis, Secretary, and Dorothy Walton, Treasurer.

We were represented during this year in orchestra, glee club and athletics.

September, 1922, found us again at the D. T. H. S. though only fifty in number now. Some of our friends had left school and others had "flunked." As soon as the news was spread about that Miss Hatfield was to be our sponsor, we were extremely anxious to have a meeting and make plans for a party. We decided to have a picnic at Jorgenson's grove. About thirty of our members appeared in the car line that evening and were taken to the grove. The Freshmen were our guests.

The officers of this, our Sophomore year, were George Flagler, President; Ethel Gibbons, Vice President; Margaret J. Koehnlein, Secretary, and Esther Erickson, Treasurer.

On November 8th we again began plans for a party. This party was even better than our picnic because the committee with Miss Hatfield's assistance gave a shadow play. Bunco and dancing were also diversions of the evening. Several of our friends, (?) of the Junior and Senior Class, knew we were to have lovely refreshments so they waited outside until Miss Hatfield, out of the kindness of her heart and ours, too, passed them the sandwiches and cookies. They departed peacefully, saying "thank you" to the Sophomores and Miss Hatfield.

We had another party which was a success as far as entertainment was concerned but—lo! and behold! where, oh, where did our cookies go? But it's no matter for Dame Rumor said Mr. Brothers made it rather warm for the culprits later.

September, 1923, found us at the threshold of the Junior year of our school career. We have fallen by the wayside until we only number thirty now.

The Junior play, "The Arrival of Kitty," was given April 4th and was a success. The Junior Class realizing the sum of thirty-two dollars. From different sources we have learned that the practices for the play were very enjoyable affairs. The cast of the play presented Miss Torrence with a lovely bouquet of roses as a token of their appreciation of her coaching.

Plans were completed for the Junior-Senior Banquet which we think was the "best ever."

We were represented this year by the boys in basket ball, foot ball, track and Glee Club; by the girls in the literary meets at Bloomington and Pontiac, in operetta and Girl's Glee Club.

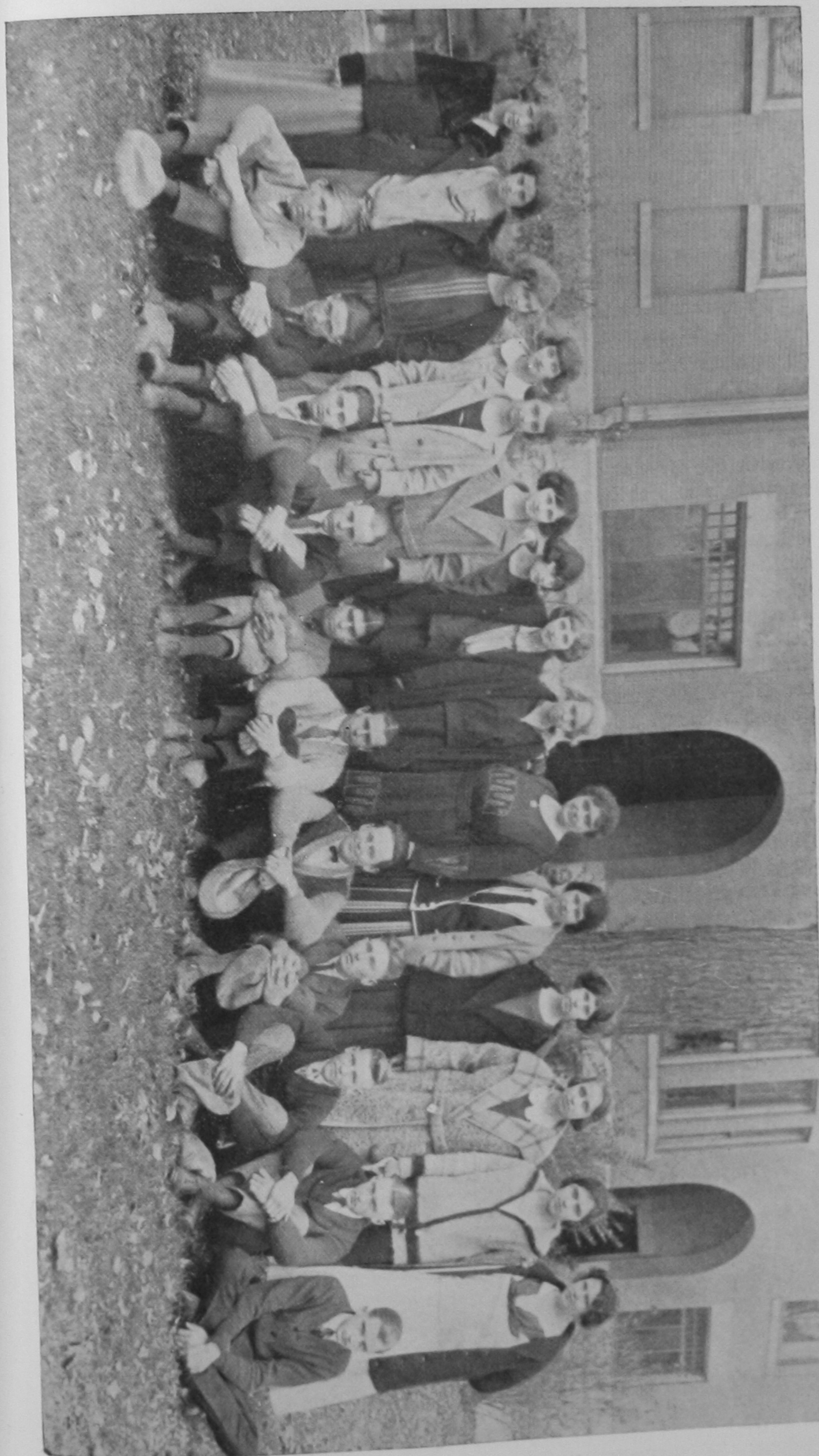
M. J. KOEHNLEIN.

JUNIOR MEMBERS

- Candace Robinson
- Helen Brown
- Hazel Grush
- Alvera Walsh
- Ethel Gibbons
- Josephine Kelch
- Dorothy Foersterling
- Dorothy Walton
- Catherine Steger
- Helen Diefenbach
- Elizabeth Graves
- Anna Slattery
- Margaret Koehnlein

- Richard Steichen
- Elmer Davis
- Ludwig Kern
- LaVerne Mamer
- Bruce Rearick
- Leonard Roeder
- Francis Brumbach
- Cyrus Schrotberger
- Echart Anderson
- Geo. Flagler
- Harold Wilson
- Esther Ericson

- Robert Flagler
- Merle Jeffries
- Paul Landers
- Helen Long
- Wayne Martin
- Luella Miller
- Rosella Miller
- Marcella Mulligan
- Arthur Nelson
- Aleila Neth
- Clement Steichen
- Josephine Kelch



JUNIOR PLAY

"THE ARRIVAL OF KITTY"

CAST.

William Winkler La Verne Mamer
 Aunt Jane, his sister Esther Erickson
 Suzette, her maid Josephine Kelch
 Jane, Winkler's niece Dorothy Walton
 Bobbie Baxter Elmer Davis
 Benjamin More Leonard Roeder
 Ting, a bell boy George Flagler
 Sam, a colored porter Francis Brumbach
 Kitty, an actress Anna Slattery

Miss Helen Torrence, the sponsor of the Junior Class, together with Mr. Brothers, chose a splendid play for the Juniors. After much consideration they succeeded in selecting a perfect cast for the play.

The practice was begun in the early part of February. The nine characters together with the director, Miss Torrence, met two and three times each week, putting all their efforts into their work.

"The Arrival of Kitty" is a three act comedy and takes place in the Halcyon House in the Catskill Mountains.

Act I.—Ting and Sam left in charge. Jane arrives to train for stage and to escape Bobby. Aunt Jane has an aversion to the stage. A man is ordered from the matrimonial agency for Aunt Jane.

Act II.—Time, immediately after Act I. The man from the matrimonial agency arrives. "Kitty arrives." Bobby drowns himself. More becomes engaged.

Act III.—Time, immediately after Act. II. Halcyon house tranquility disturbed. More becomes unengaged and re-engaged. Aunt Jane loses ten thousand dollars. The end.

After each character knew his part, bills were printed and circulated about the town. No trouble was found in selling the tickets which were reserved at O'Malley & Stitzer's Drug Store for 35 cents. Many more called for tickets after all were sold.

The play was presented Friday evening, April 4, at the Blackstone before a crowded theatre of four hundred. Music was presented by the High School Orchestra in charge of Miss Vera Kershaw.

The play was a great success and the talk of the town. Miss Torrence, the director of the Junior play, was presented with a large bouquet of flowers by the cast of characters, at the close of the play. Much credit is to be given Miss Torrence for her excellent work, and also to those who took part in the play, sacrificing many hours of their evening's enjoyment for the benefit of their class.

Credit is also due to the various committees, which had charge of the ushers, wardrobe girls, advertising, tickets and the stage hands.

As for expenses and profits, the following is briefly stated:

Gate receipts	\$139.85
Expenses	58.56
Junior Class to High School.....	50.00
Total clearance by the Junior Class.....	40.20

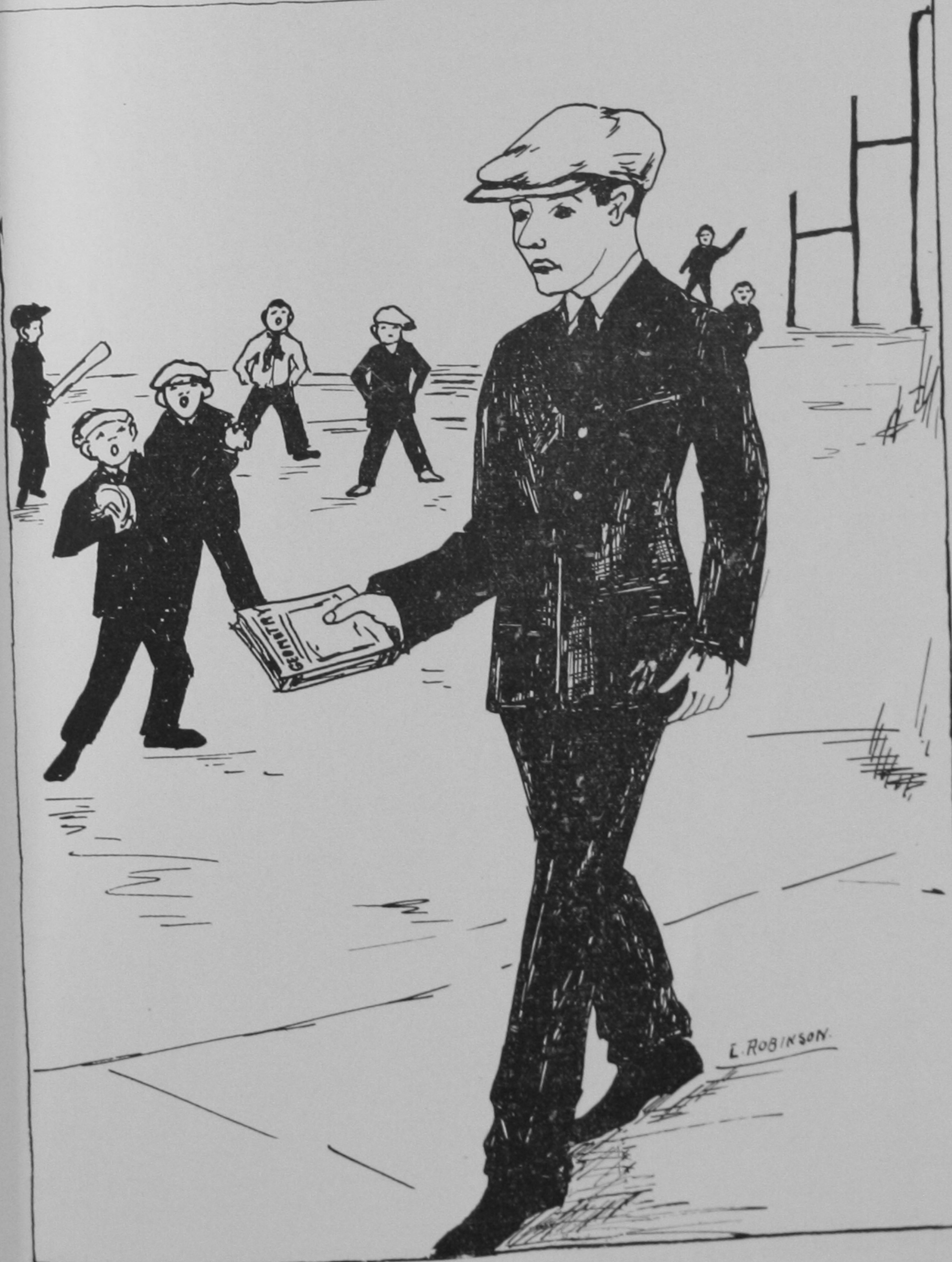
The Junior Class of the Dwight High School will long remember the play "The Arrival of Kitty."

L. M. ROEDER.

A CASE IN THE SHORT CIRCUIT COURT.

A chap was arrested for assault and battery, and brought before the judge.
 Judge (to prisoner): "What is your name, your occupation and what are you charged with?"
 Prisoner: "My name is Sparks, I am an electrician, and I am charged with battery."
 Judge: "Put this guy in a dry cell, Officer."

SOPHOMORES



SOPHOMORE NOTES

MEMBERS

Raymond Anderson
Opal Armstrong
Catherine Bannon
Mary Ella Blaine
Ruth Blitstein
Ella M. Butz
William Cahill
Marie Christenson
Esther Davidson
Lenora Devereaux
Paul Geis
Lee Hildreth
Lillian Beier
Clara Hobbs

Edith Hoffman
Francis Horton
Ella Jeffries
Rudolph Kepplinger
Helen Kight
Edna Landers
Betty Lester
Evelyn McConnell
Lester McConnell
Anna Metz
Ellen Metz
Joe Erbland
Walter Milhahn
Rose Mulligan

Catherine Nelson
Cyrus Schrotberger
Vera Stahl
Ella Welch
Iola Williamson
Harold Wilkinson
Alvin Simantel
Harold Orr
Charles Weirman
Grace Kime
Raymond Christopher
Leona French
Marjorie Laubhan
Lucile Pfeifer

September, 1922, found more Freshies added to the enrollment of the D. T. H. S. Yes, it was we who now can say that it was worth while to be "green" for one year so that we might be Sophomores this year.

Knowing that in order to have a well-organized class we should have officers, our sponsor, Miss Start, called a meeting for that purpose. Many were nominated for the various officers but the following persons were elected: President, Mary Ella Blaine; Secretary, Clara Hobbs; Treasurer, Alvin Simantel.

A second meeting was held to decide upon class colors and to make plans for a picnic. Orange and white were the colors chosen by the class.

Tuesday, October 2, we all went in cars to "Gleaner's Grove" where a "real picnic" was held. A huge bonfire was made, weenies and marshmallows were roasted, songs were sung and stories told. Altogether this was an event we Sophomores won't forget.

Another memorable event was our party, Saturday, February 16, which was held in the High School. Even though it was a cold icy night everyone who came enjoyed the dancing and games. Later in the evening refreshments consisting of brick ice cream and cakes were served.

The semester promotions gave to our class the following members:

C. J. Ahern	Logan Roeder	Barbara Boston
Betty Smith	Lyle Dixon	Juanita Snyder
Louise Lower	Ralph Sodini	Marthellos Nelson
Victor Sondergaard	Dorothy Oughton	Mary Jane Thompson
Phillip Rearick	John Steichen	John Reynolds

Our class feels very proud to claim five of the eight representatives who took part so well in the debate held March 6, 1924.

We feel, too, that Lee Hildreth and Harold Orr deserve to be mentioned for their splendid work in the athletic events.

MARY ELLA BLAINE.

HEARD IN ECONOMICS CLASS.

Mr. Eads: "Are Ford cars elastic or inelastic goods?"
Class, with one shout: "Inelastic, especially on rough roads."

Teacher (speaking of kindness): "Why shouldn't we be courteous?"
Richard: "Because the merchant needs the customer's money more than his courtesy."

Mr. Eads (explaining the assembly of the Nobles and Clergy in France): "They fell on each other's necks and had a royal good time, and probably went home in the morning for a few hours sleep. Now don't let this recall any vivid recollections."





SOPHOMORE B

'Twas an eventful day, that January 29, 1923, when there entered the D. T. H. S. just a jolly bunch of Freshmen (15 in number) bearing the distinction of being the first mid-year class. I must confess we were somewhat confused by the bustling crowd of students everywhere in the halls. But we didn't make ourselves unduly conspicuous.

After we had been high school students for a short time, we were invited to attend a party on February 17, given by the more advanced Freshies. Of course we had a most enjoyable time as the party was a huge success.

We did not organize a class of our own, but joined the regular Freshman class.

The following fall all fifteen of us were back and were much at home in the big assembly. In spite of the fact that our verdant hue was beginning to fade we still attended class meetings with the newest of the Freshmen. We had a party February 11, the last social affair as Freshmen, for the second semester found us Sophomores.

Considering the short time we have been in High School, our class is well represented in the various activities. Three of our members sing in the Girls Glee Club, one of the boys was a "sub" on the foot ball team while all of the six girls and most of the boys play basket ball.

DOROTHY OUGHTON, '26.

Mabel M.: "I've bought a book on etiquette. I'm pretty well up on it now."

Dorothy F.: "Then I'd like to ask you a question. Is it polite for us to smoke when men are present?"

All Doped-Man (in a drug store): "I want some consecrated lye."

Druggist: "You mean concentrated lye."

"It does not make any difference. That's what I camphor. What does it sulphur?"

"Fifteen cents. I never cinnamon with so much wit."

"Well, I should myrrh-myrrf! Yet, I ammonia novice at it."

The other day in French I, Miss Start asked what the initials R. S. V. P. meant. Helen Smith said it meant to "rush in, shake hands, and vanish pleasantly."



FRESHMAN

FRESHMAN NOTES

The Freshmen held their first meeting on September 24, 1924, in room 13. About sixty were present. The meeting was called to order by Miss Brock, our sponsor. The following officers were elected: Charles Steichen, President; Geraldine Edmunds, Vice President; Virginia Haynes, Secretary and Treasurer. Dues were fixed at ten cents a month. The class colors selected were red and white and the rose was chosen as our flower.

Alva Anderson was the only Freshman making the first foot ball team but Leland and Stanton Mamer played as subs. In the class tournament the Freshmen showed up much better, having the Sophomores on the run until the final whistle was blown. The Sophs won by a score of 16 to 12.

One of the most interesting events was the Freshman party which was held February 18, 1924, at the Dwight High School. About fifty were present. The evening was spent very pleasantly playing games and dancing until 9:30 when the refreshments consisting of ice cream and cake were served. About ten o'clock all went home tired and happy.

At the end of the first semester twenty pupils came into high school from the eighth grade, while fifteen passed on to their Sophomore year.

Our class was saddened by the death of one of our members, Laurence Cretty, who died in March from an attack of pneumonia.

VIRGINIA HAYNES.

FRESHMAN MEMBERS

Elska Juhler
Lillie Clausen
Mary Ella Thompson
Irene Nelson
Miss Brock
Henrietta Neisen
Elizabeth Frederisy
Hazel Hanson
Irene Baker
Martha Nelson
Mabel Casey
Mildred Finley
Virginia Haynes
Thomas McGuire
Gertrude Rhode
Ruth Reimer
Ada Anderson
Izetta Grush
Genevieve Christiansen
Mabel Strufe
Edith Tuffs
Elizabeth Weart
Geraldine Edmunds
Lucile Spandet
Leland Mamer
Herman Ohlendorf
Harold Grush
George Wick
Clarence Roeder

Stanton Mamer
Charles Steichen
Robert Perschnick
Lawrence Cretty
William Rademaker
LaVerne Brownsey
Renel Hoffman
Walter Morris
Alva Anderson
William Blaine
Louis Blocker
Edna Burkhardt
Cyril Burns
Elmer Christopher
Frank Clausen
Carroll Dawson
Sylvester Doran
Ralph Duffy
William Gregory
Richard Heinen
Donald Hoffman
Lillian Jensen
Margaret Kelch
Budd Landers
Ralph Laubhan
Rose Nelson
Henry O'Neill
Helen Smith
Otto Stallman

Raymond Stearns
Gladys Telford
Mary Vermilye
Mary Hagerty
Edward Halloran
Cyril Hanlon
Ruth Zingrebe
Howard Christopher
Margaret Aaberg
Hazel Corn
Joseph Cosgrove
Theresa Costello
Edwin Fieldman
Virginia Geis
Howard Groll
Paul Johnston
Virginia Kern
Katherine Lewis
Dale Mahannah
Glenn Martin
Helen Morgan
Charles Nelson
Raymond Nelson
James Norris
Paul O'Brien
Ralph Pratt
Margaret Rabe
Harold Von Qualen

Miss Torrence: "I can almost believe now that the South was in the right at the time of the Civil War."
M. T. N.: "Treason! Treason!"



In Memory of
Lawrence M. Cretty

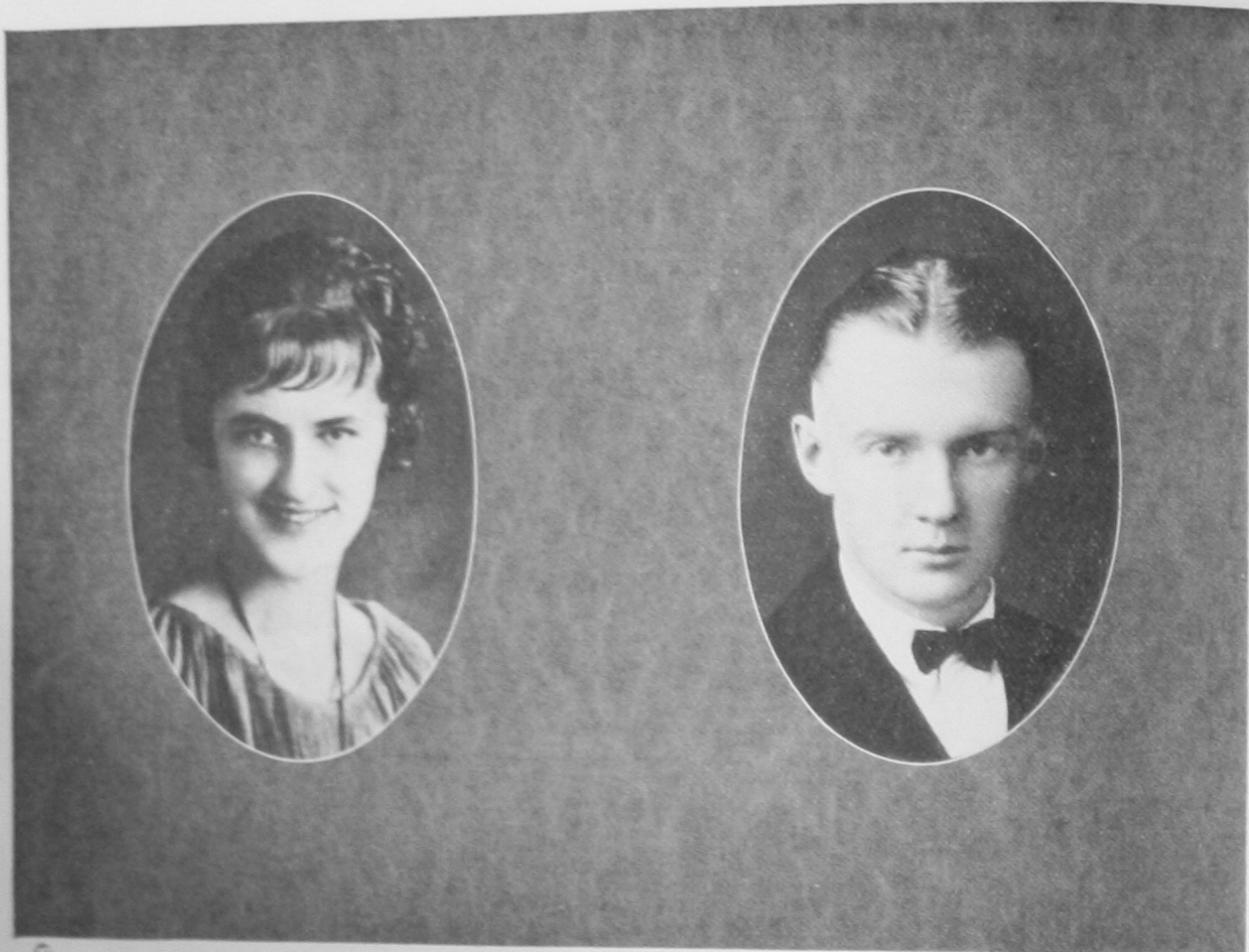
Aug. 13, 1908 Feb. 24, 1924

Member of Freshman Class

1923 - 1924



-- D. WALTON --



POPULARITY CONTEST

The third week in January was set aside by the Rudder staff for a popularity contest. The student body was carefully instructed by members of the faculty and staff in the rules of the contest. The most popular boy and the most popular girl were to be chosen from all the classes in High School. Any student could vote as often as he wished provided he paid one cent for each vote cast. On Friday afternoon at 4 o'clock the results of the contest were announced.

GIRLS

First—Mabel Milhahn	635
Second—Lillian Paaske	625
Third—Juanita Snyder	538

BOYS

First—George Flagler	401
Second—Wayne Martin	246
Third—Basil Ambler	87

The same week a contest was conducted in each of the grade rooms to chose the most popular girl and the most popular boy. This was done by allowing each child in the room to cast one vote for some girl and one vote for some boy. No fee was charged for this voting. The results were as follows:

Virginia Orr, George Rosendall.....	First Grade
Selma Drew, Bobbie Brumbach.....	Second Grade
Barbara Baker, Frank Jepsen.....	Third Grade
Rose Marie Orr, Jimmie Baker.....	Fourth Grade
Julia Laubhan, John Smith.....	Fifth Grade
Margaret Ahern, Robert Boston.....	Sixth Grade
Helen Short, Junior Baker.....	Seventh Grade
Kathryn Lewis, Howard Christopher....	Eighth Grade

When Jas. C. and Candace R. blew up a hydrogen set-up in Chemistry, Candace fainted. After she had come to, Miss Hubbard asked her if she was in the habit of fainting.

POPULARITY

FIRST

SECOND

THIRD CONTEST

FOURTH

SIXTH GRADES 19-24

SEVENTH

PATRON'S DAY

Thursday and Friday, February 21 and 22, the Twelfth Annual Patron's Days were held at the Dwight Public Schools. Thursday afternoon the West Side School was open to visitors all afternoon and Friday the East Side was open.

The work on display this year has been more artistic and interesting than any in the history of the school. The program offered was unique and very well given.

At two o'clock promptly the High School Orchestra, under the direction of Miss Kershaw, played some very fine selections before a crowded auditorium. This opened the program for the East Side School.

"The March of the Wooden Soldiers" followed under the leadership of their able Captain, Robert Brumbach. After the soldiers had come to a halt the dolls came forward and danced in a most dainty manner. They were certainly "real" dolls too. The chorus furnished charming music for both groups. It was a very clever number.

The Boys' Chorus then entertained the audience with two lovely selections. The boys sang exceedingly well and much credit is due to Miss Kershaw who is getting such worthwhile results from this chorus.

"Father Time's Workshop" was a very pleasant and unique performance. All sorts of clocks from a cuckoo clock to a Baby Ben were excellently represented. The family of clocks is surely a busy one.

Hazel Grush read "Aunt Abbie's Courtship" and had the audience laughing till they almost cried. Miss Grush put herself into the part unusually well and told how she went to the "Fair" with a man who sang to her. Then she fell out of the buggy while he went on singing "The Girl I Left Behind Me." Things finally straightened out to meet everyone's approval. The reading was very well given.

The Girl's Glee Club presented two beautiful selections for the approval of the audience. The Glee Club has certainly been doing creditable work this year due to the untiring efforts of Miss Kershaw.

Lillian Paaske entertained the audience with a reading, "Bobby Shaftoe," the story of a bad little boy who finally promised to behave in school. Then came the flood and through Bobby's efforts the teacher was saved but Bobby was swept on down with the flood. He was finally recovered and the teacher nursed the last spark of life in the small boy and he promised to come back to his teacher and he did.

The Boy Scout drill given by the Seventh and Eighth Grade boys was an interesting, patriotic performance showing some very attractive formations.

Eulalie Melhop in "The Spanish Dance" proved herself to be a young lady of remarkable talents. She was assisted in the dance by the Fifth and Sixth Grade girls. Mrs. Melhop accompanied her daughter on the piano.

This concluded the program for the afternoon. The same program was given at night with a Latin play, "Medicus," added. This was given by High School pupils and was a scene in Rome showing the costumes and houses of the old Romans. The entire play was given in Latin and was well presented.

Harry Haynes: "Yes, my wife is laid up, a victim of basket ball."
"I didn't know she played basket ball."

H. H.: "She doesn't. She sprained her larynx at the game last Friday night."

ADVANCEMENT.

"Today, I have been in your services twenty-five years, sir."
"Yes, and look how you have risen. You began at 100 marks a month, and now you are getting 1,000,000."

Insurance Agent: "One moment, please. What make car do you drive?"
Client: "None, I hate 'em."
Agent: "Sorry sir, but our company no longer insures pedestrians."

One day, Mr. Wetzel and Miss "Hutch" were talking in the hall. Later, Mr. Wetzel started down stairs, two and three at a time. Immediately, Miss "Hutch" called to him, telling him to take one step at a time.

SENIOR PLAY

"A FULL HOUSE"

A comedy in three acts presented by the Senior Class of D. T. H. S., 1924, at the Blackstone Theatre, May 23, 1924.

During the last days of April one was able to see Miss Torrence hustling and hurrying about the school and conversing confidentially with some of the Seniors. The secret finally came out that she was selecting a cast for the Senior Play, and that the name of the comedy was "A Full House." With plenty of mystery, of course everyone wanted to be in it but there were too many Seniors for characters and some were disappointed. The cast was finally picked and is as follows:

Parkes, an English servant.....	Harry Nelson
Susie, from Sioux City, a maid.....	Louise Tock
Otilly Howell, a bride.....	Lillian Paaske
Mrs. Winnecker, her aunt.....	Anna Gillette
Daphne Charters, Otilly's sister.....	Audrey Tambling
Nicholas King, a stranger.....	Louis Rabe
Ned Pembroke, Jr., an only son.....	Francis West
George Howell, a bridegroom.....	Clarence Graham
Daugherty, a police sergeant.....	Arden Perschnick
Jim Mooney, a policeman.....	Basil Ambler
Clancy, another.....	Fred Ambler
Mrs. Fleming, who owns the apartment.....	Mable Milhahn
Vera Vernon, a show girl.....	Selicia Corrigan
Mrs. Pembroke, from Boston.....	Zola Good

We practiced faithfully for three weeks and finally presented it at the Blackstone on Friday, May 23, before a large appreciative audience. It was considered a great success and those who participated can remember it as their last and best public performance. Much credit is due Miss Torrence for her very good, lively coaching and her ability to get us all to practice every night.

MOVIES AND PEOPLE THEY SUGGEST.

Lovebound—Helen and Butch.
Law of the Lawless—Ralph Duffy.
Enemies of Women—Louie and Tubby.
Children of Jazz—Geneva and Dot J.
The Bad Man—Bob Flagler.
Country Kid—Frances Horton.
Eternal 3—Tubby, Arden and Louie.
Penrod and Sam—Billy and Lud.
Pleasure Mad—Harriet Blocker.
Rouged Lips—Mary Vermillye.
Salomy Jane—Mary Jane Thompson.
Silent Partner—Margaret Bower.
Woman Proof—John Tuffs.
The Wild Party—Junior-Senior Reception.

Held to Answer—Marge L.
Big Brother—Wayne Martin.
The Devil's Partner—Ed. Halloran.
The Love Bandit—John Reynolds.
The Humming Bird—George Flagler.
Innocence—Cecelia Foster.
Her Gilded Cage—Louise Lower.

Why Men Leave Home—Helen Worby.
One Exciting Night—Ray Stearns.
In Search of a Thrill—Rose Mulligan.
The Dare Devil—Maurice Nelson.
The Meanest Man in the World—Editor of the Annual.
Covered Wagon—Mabel Milhahn.
The Confidence Man—C. W. Graham.
Painted People—Rose Nelson and Helen Brown.
Gallop in' Fish—Paul Landers.
Flaming Youth—Ellen Metz.
Lilies of the Field—Nelson, Jensen and Paaske.
Topsy and Eva—Louise and Audrey.
Perfect Flapper—Selicia Corrigan.
Fightin' Blade—Paul Geis.
Don't Call It Love—Dick Steichen.
French Doll—Rose Clausen.
The Dangerous Maid—Dorothy Foersterling.

Lee Hildreth, going past Catherine Bannon's desk, moved some of her papers. Catherine said, "My god, Lee!"
Lee said: "I'm not your God."



-OUR-



-STUDENTS-

LIVINGSTON COUNTY TRACK AND LITERARY MEET

The annual Livingston County Track and Literary Meet was held at Fairbury, Friday, May 9. Many of the Dwight students journeyed to Fairbury even if the weather wasn't very favorable.

Louis Rabe, alias "Louie," showed up well in the field events by winning second place in the 100-yard dash. He also hurled the discus 109 feet and 11 1/2 inches, thereby making a new county record.

Basil Ambler, better known as "Tubby" showed up well by winning the discus after "Louie" had been disqualified, and he also took second place in the shot-put.

Dwight placed in more events this year than ever before in a County meet and it is to the credit of Coach Wetzel and "the boys" that they were able to put up a good fight.

In the Literary contest, Dwight came home with flying colors, having won two first places and one third in the events. Pontiac tied with Dwight for first place, each winning eleven points.

The results of the Literary meet in Livingston county were as follows:

Table with 2 columns: School Name and Points. Dwight: 11, Pontiac: 11, Odell: 8, Chatsworth: 8, Flanagan: 6, Saunemin: 4, Forrest: 3, Fairbury: 1, Cornell: 0.

The Girls Glee Club took first place in chorus singing, choosing as their song "The Gypsy Trail." The following girls composed the team: Dorothy Walton, Mary Ella Blaine, Marjorie Laubhan, Lillian Paaske, Margaret Koehnlein, Thelma Grush, Gladys Telford, Ethel Gibbons, Ella Jeffries, Mabel Milhahn, Clara Hobbs and Hazel Grush.

Only twelve voices were allowed in the chorus. This honor was the result of the splendid training of Miss Kershaw, who had been training the girls and we are all sorry that she will not be with us next year.

Lillian Paaske won third place in serious declamation by giving her reading, "Bobby Shafto." Pat has given this reading at a number of programs and has won the favor of all the people who have heard her, especially the smaller children who like to hear about the naughty little "Bobby who went to sea, with silver buckles on his knee."

Clara Hobbs won five points for the Green and White by taking first place in oration. She worked under the supervision of Mrs. C. A. Brothers.

Hazel Grush gave as her reading "Aunt Abbie's Escort" which was very well given. The audience indicated their favor by their laughter at the "girl he left behind him." Everyone returned home at a late (?) hour with light hearts, to think that Dwight had won so many points.

MARJORIE LAUBHAN.

JUNIOR-SENIOR RECEPTION

We, the Juniors of the Dwight Township High School, having given the matter due thought and consideration issued to the Seniors of the D. T. H. S., this proclamation:

"Know ye all, whereas, twenty-nine students of the D. T. H. S., having received sixteen credits and reached four years of discretion in said school, seek admission to the Senior-Junior Banquet.

We hereby proclaim you candidates for such admission on May twenty-ninth, 1924, at the Odd Fellows' Hall at seven o'clock.

Written under our order and seal on this eighteenth day of May, 1924.

THE JUNIOR CLASS."

Having duly received our guests in a hall festooned with purple and gold, Senior Colors, and having beheld the tables, resplendent in purple and gold, with a profusion of purple irises and purple lilacs, supplemented by iris nut-cups, iris place-cards and gold candles with purple shades, we, the class of 1925 did serve to the class of 1924, a banquet. The repast was most enjoyable, being fruit cocktail, wafers, creamed chicken in pattie-shells, creamed peas, new potatoes, hot rolls, pickles and salad, ice cream, angel food cake and coffee.

Mr. Brothers, acting as Toastmaster, made a few appropriate remarks, and then introduced the speakers of the evening:

- "Welcome" Leonard Roeder, President of the Junior Class
"Response" Francis West, President of the Senior Class
"Advice to the Seniors" Dorothy Walton
"What Next?" Miss Marie Bissell
"To My Classes of 'Twenty-four and five" Mr. Brothers

After giving the aforesaid due appreciation the guests listened, with interest to the program prepared under the direction of Dorothy Foersterling.

- Reading Helen Brown
Piano Solo Ludwig Kern
"Seniors as Juniors See Them" Catherine Steger
Vocal Solo Alvera Walsh
"Seniors as They Are" Esther Erickson
Response Louise Tock
Cornet Solo Wayne Martin
"Ten Years Hence" Anonymous

And, furthermore, having partaken of this beautiful repast and listened to the excellent program, the aforementioned guests journeyed to Larsen's Hall, where dancing, to music furnished by Gordan's orchestra, was enjoyed for the remainder of the evening.

Dated this twentieth day of May, one thousand, nine hundred and twenty-four, A. D., at the Dwight Township High School under my hand and seal. MARGARET J. KOEHNLEIN.

"Which weeds are the easiest to kill?" asked the city chap of the farmer. "Widows' weeds," replied the farmer; "you have only to say 'wilt thou' and they wilt."—The Lyre.

Life Insurance Agent: "One moment, sir, before I fill in your application. What make of car do you drive?" Client: "I don't drive any. I hate them!"

Insurance Agent: "Sorry, sir, but our company no longer insures pedestrians!"—Passing Show (London).

"Do you and your wife think the same about things?" "Some things. When I'm out late she keeps on thinking what she'll say when I get home, and so do I."

“PATRICIA”

A musical comedy in three acts presented by the Glee Clubs of the Dwight High School at the Blackstone Theatre, Wednesday, May 7.

About April 15th, Miss Kershaw began to “round up” volunteers from the Glee Clubs for the second annual musical comedy. The prompt and enthusiastic response must have been encouraging to her for she got the books almost immediately and called for the first practice. A great time was had at that first practice selecting the leading lady, villain, leading man, etc., but it was finally accomplished and we started practicing.

The day of the dress rehearsal finally came and much excitement was had by all. We were at last to find out how it was going to look; and really it did look good; if we do say it ourselves.

Needless to say the operetta was a huge success, the crowd occupying even standing room. Evidently the play was enjoyed by the audience, judging from the applause received.

Between the acts the audience was entertained by a trumpet solo by Wayne Martin, “Dwight’s Own,” and a few selections by a girls’ chorus, composed of members of the Girls’ Glee Club.

The cast is as follows:

- Patricia (Miss Incognito)Margaret Koehnlein
- Jimmy Lovitt James Costello
- Margaret Winthrop, Jimmy’s fianceDorothy Walton
- Dick Franklin Raymond Sterns
- Fanny Warrington Ella Jeffries
- Nancy Lee, Fanny’s guestMary Ella Blaine
- Bobby Neal, in love with FannyRalph Brown
- Percy Chesterton, the poetLaVerne Mamer
- Warren Miles, the farmerWayne Martin
- Mrs. Montgomery, the chaperonAlvera Walsh
- Reginald, her son Harry Nelson
- Cy Simpkins, a nativeFrancis Brumbach
- Chiqueta, Gypsy fortune teller Lillie Jensen
- Roxane, Gypsy fortune teller Gladyce Telford
- Members of the Chorus—Ella Welch, Betty Smith, Anna Slattery, Mabel Milhahn.
- Boys—Carroll Dawson, Clement Steichen, Arden Perschnick, Maurice Nelson.

WHAT WOULD HAPPEN—

- If Ralph didn’t go after Dorothy?
- If Paul Landers moved fast?
- If Ralph Duffy and Elizabeth Weart didn’t go down in deportment?
- If LaVerne and George missed the girls at noon?
- If we really had fire drill?
- If Butch forgot to wait for Helen?
- If Mr. Wetzel forgot to take off on deportment?
- Clem Steichen got to school on time?
- If Dan Costello didn’t get here just before the bell rang?
- If all the teachers had bobbed hair?
- If Miss Brock forgot to say “No talking in the halls?”
- Francis Brumbach was on time two days straight?
- If Louie and Tubby didn’t talk athletics?
- If Clarence Graham didn’t have a grin?

- If Edward H. and Raymond A. weren’t fighting in the assembly?
- To Elmer Davis if they removed the front railing?

OUR OWN MOVIE STARS.

- Carrol Dawson—Buster Keaton.
- Mabel Milhahn—Mary Pickford.
- Harold Wilson—Percy Marmont.
- William Cahill—Jacky Coogan.
- Dorothy Walton—Dorothy Dalton.
- Thomas Maguire—Walter Heirs.
- Ralph Duffy—Bill Hart.
- Harold Orr—Hoot Gibson.
- Edward Halloran—Wesley Barry.
- Margaret Koehnlein—Baby Peggy.

I WONDER

- Where Ralph Brown was last night?
- If Bub West couldn’t blush?

ORGANIZATIONS



THE VALUE OF ORGANIZATIONS IN THE SCHOOL

In order to get anywhere in this old world a group of people need one essential element. Pep is a rather undefinable word but almost everyone needs no explanation as to its meaning or value. There is one way to obtain this spirit and that is through good live organizations such as we have in our school today.

Organizations as the Hiking Club, Screaming Widows, Glee Clubs, French and Camera Club, Athletic Squads and Debating Societies are the reasons for our pep. Were it not for outside activities in the school what would it amount to? Practically nothing but a big brick building where one must go and overwork himself on studies.

No memory but one of contempt would exist in the minds of the alumni and the young pretty Senior girls as they made the rounds with the graduation books would know that they were acting a falsehood when they pasted pictures in their “Golden Treasury.”

Outside organizations are without a doubt as important to a school as the actual studies themselves. They are great inducement to new comers who are debating whether or not to enter school. They hold the student by an attraction that over shadows the drugery of studies and create a spirit of joy and pep that is invaluable.

It is our most sincere hope that all the various peppy organizations which have existed and done themselves proud in the school year 1923-24 will never die out in the old D. T. H. S. and that she may always be as lively and up to the minute as she has been in the past.

H. NELSON.

SONGS AND NAMES THEY SUGGEST

- Last Night on the Back Porch—Dorothy Foersterling.
- Linger Awhile—Elmer Davis.
- It Ain’t Gonna Rain No More—Arden Perschnick.
- Mr. Radio Man—Leonard Roeder.
- She Wouldn’t Do—Maurice Nelson.
- Dream Daddy—Miss Kershaw.
- First, Last and Always—Dorothy and Ralph.
- Home in Pasadena—Alex McWilliams.
- California, Here I Come—Misses Bissell, Prestley and Brock.
- A Smile Will Go a Long, Long Way—Mabel Milhahn.
- Wonderful One—Mabel Casey (to Harold)
- Oh Gee, Oh Gosh, Oh Golly—John Tuffs.
- Lovey, Came Back—Dot (the Stenog.)

- Nine O’Clock Sal—Peg Koehnlein.
- Marcheta—Juanita Snyder.
- Oh, Harold—Mabel Casey.
- The One I Love Belongs to Somebody Else—Iola Williamson.
- So I Took the \$50,000—Clarence Graham.
- Comfortin’ Gal—Mary Linton.

You can lead a horse to water, but you can’t make him drink.
 You can lead a Freshie to class, but you can’t make him think.—Exchange.
 Miss Prestley: “It’s the law of gravity that keeps us on the earth.”
 John Tuffs: “How did we stick before the law was passed?”

The cooking class were chopping dates when Vera Stahl said, “Oh, I just love dates, I mean this kind.”



MELODY CLUB

- | | | |
|--------------------|------------------|------------------|
| Juanita Snyder | Catherine Nelson | Mary Ella Blaine |
| Margaret Koehnlein | Josephine Kelch | Lillie Jensen |
| Lillian Paaske | Mabel Milhahn | Marjorie Laubhan |
| Hazel Grush | Ella Welch | Dorothy Walton |
| Clara Hobbs | Alvera Walsh | Thelma Grush |
| Vera Stahl | Anna Slattery | Edith Hoffman |
| Gladyce Telford | Betty Smith | Elizabeth Weart |
| Helen Smith | Ruth Blitstein | Ethel Gibbons |

Although quite a number of girls signed up for the Glee Club "try-out" this year, a few were disappointed in not gaining a place in the club. A group of twenty members and five alternates were chosen.

The first practice was held the second week of school at which time it was decided that the club would meet every Tuesday after school.

The next few practices were spent in learning the song—"The Waters of Minnetonka."

At a meeting held for the purpose of electing an officer and choosing a name, Mary Ella Blaine was chosen president and "Melody Club" was selected as a name for the society. Small silver pins in keeping with the name were purchased.

Among the songs which were learned during the year are: "Croon, Croon, Underneath the Moon;" "The Waters of Minnetonka;" "The Gypsy Trail;" "Dreaming;" "Wake, Miss Lindy;" "Orpheus With His Lute;" "Bells of the Sea."

Practice was started the third week of April on the operetta "Patricia" which was given May 7, 1924.

The time spent at "Melody Club" was most delightful and enjoyable and the credit for whatever was accomplished is due to Miss Vera Kershaw who so ably directed us.

WHO IS THIS JOKE ON?

One morning, Miss Peabody stopped one of the High School girls in the upper hall, to tell her something.

Miss Brock, who was on hall duty, called to them and said: "No talking in the hall girls, go on into the assembly."

When she discovered it was Miss Peabody she was talking, to, she said: "Oh! pardon me, I didn't know it was you, I thought it was one of the High School girls."



BOYS' GLEE CLUB

Early in October Miss Kershaw, our instructor, called for a meeting of all the boys of the school interested in a Glee Club. A good number responded and some of our old favorite songs were sung the first night; among these were, "The Night Wind," "Johnnie Jumpup" and a few popular "hits" of the day. We decided to meet Thursday nights after school, practicing for about forty minutes each week. Miss Kershaw, prompted by our lively enthusiasm, ordered some new and very beautiful numbers from a prominent house in Chicago. These were, "Maid of the West," "Bring Me a Rose," "Sing Along," and "In the Garden of To-morrow." All of these proved to be good, peppy, tuneful numbers and were sung by the boys with much enthusiasm.

- | | | |
|------------------|-----------------|----------------|
| BASS | BARITONE | TENOR |
| Arden Perschnick | Wayne Martin | James Costello |
| Ralph Brown | Maurice Nelson | Raymond Sterns |
| Francis Brumbach | Clem Steichen | LaVerne Mamer |
| Harry Nelson | Carrol Dawson | |

Our first appearance in public was before the High School Assembly. On Monday morning, Feb. 17, we sang one of our numbers and 'tis said that the halls resounded with beautiful harmony.

Our final appearance was at the U. S. Veterans Hospital where we again rendered one of our beautiful little songs, "In the Garden of Tomorrow." The orchestra furnished music at this entertainment and Miss Lillian Paaske gave a reading. One of the soldiers told me (secretly) however that our part was the best.

The practice and experience of the Glee Club aided the boys in their work for the operetta. Miss Kershaw picked all the boys in the musical comedy, "Patricia," from our lively organization.

A great deal of credit is due Miss Kershaw for her ability in directing us and in selecting music for us. We sincerely hope that in the years to come the "Boys' Glee Club" will continue, and will have as able a director as had we.

HARRY NELSON.

HE KNEW ONLY TWO SIZES.

The doctor on his second round of golf was coming up to the third tee with his small negro caddie, when the boy opened the conversation thus:

"Doctor, ain't you got some shoes up yonder in your locker you don't want? I need some bad."

"Maybe so," said the doctor. "What size do you wear?"

"I dunno, sah, 'cause I ain't never bought none dat-er-way. I either kin git in 'em, or I cain't."



ORCHESTRA

- | | |
|---|-------------------------------------|
| Miss Vera Kershaw—Pianist and Director. | Charles Nelson—Cornet. |
| Mrs. Ruth Johnson—Violin. | Harold McKune—Cornet. |
| Irene McKune—Violin. | Maurice Nelson—C. Melody Saxophone. |
| Arden Perschnick—Violin. | Francis Brumbach—E.b Saxophone. |
| Edward Halloran—Violin. | Clarence Graham—Trombone. |
| Wayne Martin—Cornet. | James Costello—Drums. |

This was the orchestra's second year under Miss Kershaw's able direction. Mrs. Johnson was our only new member this year. We practiced every Thursday evening, and during the year learned the following numbers:

Priest's March from "Athalie"—Mendelssohn; Barcarolle, "Tales of Hoffman"—Offenbach; Cuid Chorus, "Il Trovatore"—Verdi; Preparedness March—Deiro; Spring Blossoms—Castilo; Tannhauser March—Wagner; Intermezzo, "Cavallera Rustcana"—Mascagni.

And the popular songs: Marcheta; My Dream Moon; The One I Love Belongs to Somebody Else.

We played for the Junior Play, Senior Play, Patron's Day and at the Government Hospital.

C. W. GRAHAM, '24.

HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE—

- As gallant as Sylvester Doran?
- As big as Walter Morris?
- As skinny as Thomas Maguire?
- As serious as Ralph Duffy or Edward Halloran?
- Bashful as Bub West?
- Handsome as Fat Johnston?
- Dignified and sophisticated as Lillie Nelson.
- Sheiky like Tubby Ambler?
- As graceful as Louie Rabe?

TRAGEDY RECEIPT.

Take one reckless, natural born fool,
A fast running motor car.
Two or three big drinks of bad liquor.
Soak the fool well in the liquor, place in the car and let him go. After due time remove from the wreckage, place in black satin box and garnish with flowers.—Exchange.



HIKING CLUB

The first meeting of the Hiking Club for the year 1923 and '24 was held on Wednesday, September 17. Officers were elected as follows: President, Louise L. Tock; Vice President, Margaret Koehnlein; Secretary, Audrey L. Tambling, and Treasurer, Helen L. Worby.

On Thursday, October 1, a meeting was held for the purpose of initiating new members, who were led blindfolded, out to Idlehour Park. After many stunts and trials the members proved themselves eligible.

A benefit movie, "Law of the Lawless," was given in October, from which \$29.60 was realized.

It was decided that this year "D's" were to be awarded to those girls who faithfully went on hikes and who played basket ball.

The girls earned more money by having a candy sale at the D. T. H. S. at the Gardner-Dwight game and by sponsoring a Winter Lyceum Course.

HIKING CLUB BASKET BALL GAME.

On Monday evening, April 7, occurred the annual basket ball game between the Hiking Club Desperadoes and the Lucky Five and Rainbow Teams. Most of the fighting went on near the Desperadoes basket, but because of the heavy guarding, they were unable to shoot many baskets. The Rainbow team showed good fighting spirit and team work even though they were defeated. The baskets were made by Telford (1), Rainbow; L. Tock (4), Milhahn (2), Desperadoes.

BANQUET.

Very original "April Fool" invitations to the annual dinner were given to all the basket ball and foot ball boys and part of the faculty, March 24. The whole affair was centered around April Fool, March 29. All the guests assembled at the Blackstone at seven-thirty where they enjoyed Mae Marsh in "Paddy-the-Next-Best-Thing." The remainder of the evening was spent at the school house. After the crowd managed to "down" (?) the appetizing first course, more delicate courses followed which nearly ruined some of the boys' palates. After the "eats" several speeches were given. The rest of the evening was spent in dancing.

In Physiology class, Miss Brock asked Edna Burkhart what cambric tea was. In answer, Edna said, "I don't know exactly, but I imagine it looks something like a brick."

(Cambric tea is a solution of heated water, milk and sugar).

ON A STORMY NIGHT

The flakes that danced like fairies
In the early afternoon;
Tonight have turned to demons
With a piercing icy tongue;
And the wind so soft and gentle,
Is a monster great and strong,
That shrieks and whistles wildly
In a weird and awful song.

As I sit before the fireplace
So comfortable and warm,
My mind and heart deep wandering
To the furious, raging storm.
In one street I see a beggar
Who is staggering here and there
No one seems to notice him
And no one seems to care.

Again I see a wanderer
Who has no place to go
His home must be the lonely street,
His bed the heaping snow.
Somewhere a child is crying
In a voice so weak and low.
His limbs are numb with cold
As he fights the flying snow.

Oh, children of the storm!
Oh, you who ever roam!
When I think of you I realize
The blessings of my home.
—Clara Hobbs.

A farmer was telling about how fast his horse could eat corn. "Why," he said, "The other night, I gave the horse a bushel of corn, and in fifteen minutes the horse had his cornet."

One day in Geometry, Miss Hubbard had some angles drawn on the board. The angles were numbered 1, 2, 3, etc. She said: "What are 3 and 4?"

Ruth B. and Helen Brown: "Seven."

Miss Prestley told Clem. Steichen in Chemistry, that she wished he would learn to spell procedure and conclusion. He was spelling conclusion, "conclusion."

SOME DISTORTED ENGLISH.

Know won kneads weight two bee tolled thee weigh too dew sew.

A rite suite little buoy, the sun of a grate kernel with a rough around his neck, flue up the rode as quick as a dear. After a thyme, he stopped at a blew house and wrung the belle. His tow hurt hymn and he kneaded wrest. He was two tired to raze his fare, pail face. A feint mown rows from his lips.

The made who herd the belle, was about two pair a pare, butt she through it down and ran with awl her mite for fear her guessed wood not weight. Butt, when she saw the little won tiers stood in her ayes at the site.

"Ewe poor deer! Why dew yew lye hear? Are you dyeing?"

"Know," he said, "I am feint."

She boar hymn in her arms, and hurried two a rheum where he mite bee quiet, gave him bred and meet, held a cent bottle under his knows, untide his neck scarf, rapped hymn up warm and gave hymn a suite drachm.

One evening, while Mr. Brothers sat in his apartment in New York, the telephone rang. Mr. Brothers took down the receiver, and in an ordinary tone, said, "Hello."

No response came, so then in a little louder tone, he said, "Hello!"

No response came so then he yelled, "Hello!!!"

Central then said, "Well, there was a party here, but you scared them away."



FOOT BALL D. T. H. S. 1923-24

Although the D. T. H. S. eleven won but one game they were given credit by all their opponents and rooters as being very hard tacklers and hard fighters. The coaching received from Mr. Wetzel, and the hard practicing and training by the team were the reasons for this ability. The fact that the team was losing did not dampen the

Fullback—Captain Basil Ambler. "Tubby, the Human Tank," was always a star and his line plunges and management of the team gained many yards for Dwight.

Right Halfback—Louis Rabe. Louie was always good for a ten yard gain around end when he got away with one of his end runs. His most sensational run was against Forrest.

Left Halfback—Ejnar Anderson. Ejnie was a good defense man and few players ever got through one of his stiff tackles. His work in interference was very valuable.

Quarterback—George Flagler. "Flick" piloted the team with great ability and always called the right signal. His work as safety was very commendable and few got by him.

Left End—Elmer Davis. Elmer was the hardest tackler on the team and many a play was broken up by his fast work.

Right End—LaVerne Mamer. This boy played his first foot ball this year and certainly showed up well. His work against Forrest alone would qualify him.

Left Tackle—Alva Anderson. Although a Freshman, Alva showed up true blue and played his position with much ability.

Left Guard—Lee Hildreth. Lee was an invaluable man in defense especially in line bucks. But few ever got by him.

Right Guard—Harold Wilson. This was Percy's first year of actual playing and showed his spirit by playing out a game even though injured.

Right Tackle—Bruce Rearick. Bruce was often able to get through the opponent's line and break up the opponent's play. He held his important position with the ease of a veteran.

Center—Arden Perschnick. The pivot man of the team was well played by Arden and the ball was always placed to the right man at the right time by our hefty center.

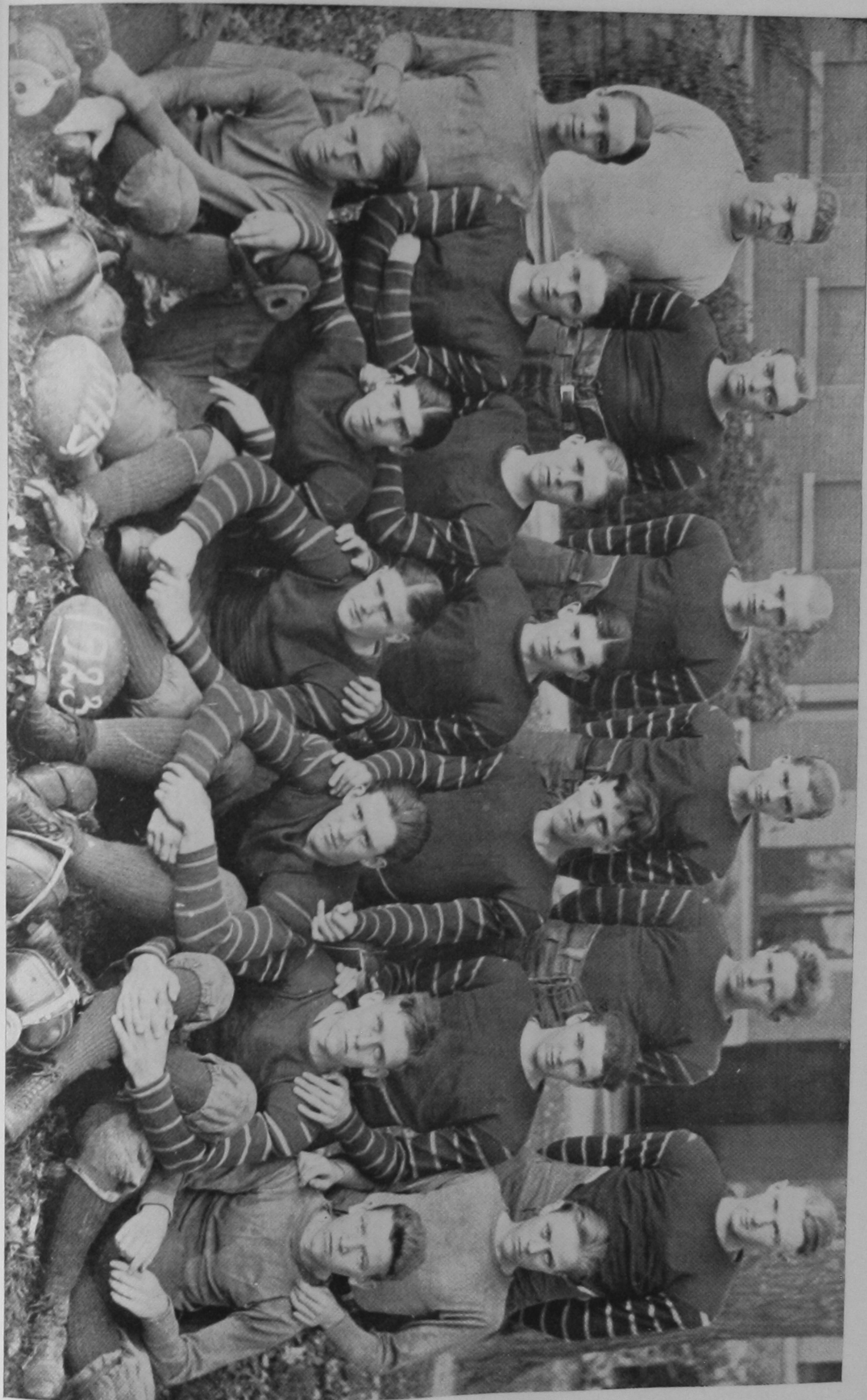
SAUNEMIN HIGH vs. DWIGHT HIGH.
The first game of the season was with Saunemin which resulted in a scoreless tie. The game should have easily been Dwight's but due to inexperienced and green line the opponents were able to make many long gains which hampered the letter men in the backfield. The line however learned a lot from this game and in practice the following nights showed much improvement.

EL PASO HIGH vs. DWIGHT HIGH.
This game was also lost by Dwight, the El Paso team being much heavier and faster than Dwight. The score was 39 to 0. The best tackling during this game was done by Capt. Ambler and Davis, while Rabe made several long runs.

CHENOA HIGH vs. DWIGHT HIGH.
Dwight lost the game to Chenoa with the final score, 26 to 7. There was hard fighting throughout the game, but the opponent's team was able to make large gains through Dwight because their eleven had a shift that puzzled the Dwight line. The bright spots on our team in this game were Davis and Mamer, while Jontry starred for Chenoa.

FORREST HIGH vs. DWIGHT HIGH.
This was the only game won by Dwight with the score 9 to 7. This being the one game Dwight wanted most, the men fought much harder and were more determined to win. The game was full of excitement for both sides, especially Dwight. The outstanding players being Rabe and Ambler, Rabe making some long end runs. Capt. Ambler won the game by making a field goal from the 43rd yard line.

PONTIAC HIGH vs. DWIGHT HIGH.
This game was the greatest game of the season, although it was won by Pontiac with a score 37 to 14.
The Dwight team outplayed and outfought the Pontiac team for three quarters when the coach from Pontiac put in nearly a fresh team, which Dwight lacked, and Pontiac scored three touchdowns in the last quarter.





BASKET BALL

Our team was almost a completely new team, with but one veteran. Although with "our sacks" in the minority we were never completely defeated. Our battles were real; none of our opponents walked over us without a hard fight. The following were the opposing teams that we played:

Dec. 14, Friday—Odell—There.

Jan. 11, Friday—Gardner—There.

Jan. 16, Wednesday—Odell—Here.

Jan. 18, Friday—Lexington—There.

Jan. 23, Wednesday—Cornell—Here.

Jan. 25, Friday—El Paso—There.

Jan. 30, Wednesday—Forrest—There.

Feb. 1, Friday—Cornell—There.

Feb. 6, Wednesday—El Paso—There.

Feb. 8, Friday—Gardner—There.

Feb. 15, Friday—Mazon—There.

Feb. 22, Friday—Forrest—Here.

Feb. 27, Wednesday—Lexington—There.

From the above schedule it seems that our team was under heavy firing lines all during the season. It seemed that, because our team was young the pupils forgot, until it was almost too late, to stand back of it. Why this was I do not know because it seemed that it was then that they needed it. But at the end of the season something happened to the "pep" and it came out in full force. This showed up at one game and caused a victory. The following made our team this year and the first seven will receive their "D" as a reward for their hard work.

Ambler—Captain and Guard.

Rabe—Center.

Flagler—Forward.

Mamer—Forward.

Art Nelson—Guard.

Elmer Davis—Guard.

Raymond Christopher—Forward.

Eckhardt Anderson—Forward.

Arden Perschnick—Guard.

As always some of the team goes and as a rule the best half. But then if they did not go it would not give the others a chance to make for themselves a name.

Here's to the next team, "Let them who follow in the footsteps of these lead on to victory for D. T. H. S."

LITERARY

THOUGHTS ON GETTING IN LATE AT NIGHT

Clickety-clack, clickety-clack, clickety-clack! That's just about the way my shoes sounded on the cement sidewalk. I couldn't help how much noise I made—I had to get in before twelve o'clock noise or no noise.

The night was very dark and I was rather frightened. (Running the streets on a dark, spooky night wasn't exactly to my liking.) The last block was the worst. There I had to pass a dismal looking house, which was said to be haunted. Oh! I thought I'd rather be shot than pass that place, but I knew I had to get home so I made up my mind I would pass the place—haunted or not.

I was getting near the dreaded place now. Bushes and trees grew in profusion. The place was very illy kept thus making it more dreary looking. I got by the house with no mishap—but suddenly I stopped in my tracks. Something white was coming toward me from the garden. I waited to see no more. Horror-stricken I ran down the street at full gallop and didn't stop until I had reached our porch. My heart was beating like a trip-hammer and I was puffing like a steam engine. I tried the door—it was locked! Right then and there I felt my heart sinking. What would I do? I couldn't ring the door bell for everyone in the house would wake up. I'd have to do something because I was expecting that horrid white thing to jump on me any moment. At last I received an inspiration—"try the back door."

Quick as a flash I ran around the side of the house—next bangety! clash! bang! I had come around the house so quickly that I had not noticed a coaster wagon sitting on the sidewalk. You know the result. I fell headlong and landed somewhere on the other side of it. I hit my head on the cement walk, tore my dress, stuck my hands in some mud, skinned my elbows and last but not least I roused my temper. Tears of anger filled my eyes. If I only could give that wagon a good kick I'd be satisfied. However by some strange, unknown reason I controlled my temper and so refrained from doing the naughty deed.

It was cold sitting on the sidewalk so I finally summed up enough strength to "try" the back door. Luckily it was open. I entered the house, locked the door behind me and slowly started up the stairs. I had sense enough to avoid the seventh and tenth ones for they never failed to creak and groan when I stepped on them.

At last I got to my room but then I couldn't find the electric light button. I passed my muddy hands all over the light wall paper and at last I found it. But the wall! Big black hands adorned it now.

I looked at the clock half expecting to find it about twelve-thirty—but, no, it was only eleven-thirty. Here I had been "breaking my neck" trying to get in before twelve and it was only eleven-thirty.

ESTHER ERICKSON.

COMPLAINTS OF A FOUNTAIN PEN

I suppose you think I am a very unfaithful fountain pen to complain yet I wish to say I certainly am mistreated. How would you feel if you spent just weeks in an old box where you nearly died of thirst? Really, I am a lovely pen, pale green in color and very expensive. Well, as I was saying, I spent some time boxed up and wrapped with instructions. Finally as the Christmas season approached I was taken off the shelf, put in a window display where I may say, I was a great hit. One day I was taken from the window, given a drink of cool green ink and sold to a prosperous looking gentleman.

Although I missed the window from which I was able to see many things, I was no longer dry. I was laid away in a desk drawer for a week or so and then presented, as a Christmas gift, to the daughter of my purchaser. This young lady certainly made a fuss over me and my beauty (she can't be blamed). For about three weeks I was nearly killed. Letters! letters! cards! acknowledgments! one right after another.

Then I was misplaced for about two weeks which proved a good thing as I needed the rest. When I was found I was carried about in an old coat pocket till finally, I was sat on, yes, sat on. Can you imagine it? My! and you just better know that it hurt. As the people were very considerate I was immediately taken to the store from

which I had come and was repaired. After a week's absence I was returned to my mistress. I felt a little ashamed of this patch on my side but it was really not my fault. For several days now I have been going to school. It certainly is "some" peace. Today I was left alone on the desk for several hours. Let's hope this will never happen again as there is a great possibility of my being stolen. It has happened. I've been stolen! If my owner only knew where I was she would rescue me, I know. This horrid person neither gives me a drink nor uses me because he is afraid I shall be recognized.

I believe his conscience has been troubling him today for he replaced me on the desk of my former owner. When she came in and noticed me she certainly was overjoyed. She evidently has decided that she will be careful after this.

This week is examination week and "exams" are just as hard on fountain pens as on pupils. I tell you, folks, it's a gay, gay life.

DOROTHY OUGHTON.

HAVING MY PICTURE TAKEN

It was my sixth birthday and I felt as if I were the most important person in the family. I received a new dress and a hair ribbon for a gift. After my birthday dinner, my mother said to me, "I am going to take you to the photographer's to have your picture taken." You can guess, now, why I thought I was "It." And was I glad? Well, I should say so. What could be more thrilling than to have your picture taken in your new dress, on your sixth birthday 'n everything!

Needless to say, I could hardly wait until I was permitted to get ready for the one big event in my life. But I was soon ready to go. I went over to the large mirror (only natural for a girl to do) and stood there, many minutes, looking at myself. My hair was quite long and thick so I wore it parted in the middle and in two long braids on the sides. These braids were done into knots just above my ears and tied with a large bow. My new flowered hair-ribbon and my plaid dress were a sight to behold. On my dress was a large square collar in the front of which was pinned a large red tie. The sleeves were so full that they puffed way up on the shoulders. I wore white stockings and black patent leather shoes that had about eight straps across the front, and at the top was a band of red patent leather with a small red tassel dangling around.

I thought to myself as I stood there before that mirror "Now, wouldn't I be sweet—if it wasn't for my face?"

Soon we were off for the photographer's in my grandfather's new auto. To see that machine now, one would think it was the first contraption that ran on four wheels.

At last we arrived. As we stepped in the door, I looked around with amazement. Where in the world were we? Surely not in a farm yard. No, it was only the scenery. It was soon changed, however, and in no time I found myself sitting in the woods in a large chair with red velvet upholsterings.

Why in the world was that man putting his head under that black cloth? Was he playing hide-and-go-seek? I put my handkerchief up in front of my face. A gentle (?) voice soon reminded me that my mother was in the room.

"Put down that handkerchief and sit still!" she yelled, "Can't you see Mr. Smith is trying to take your picture?"

I was silent for the next two or three minutes.

"Smile," said Mr. Smith, gently.

How could I smile after those loud, harsh words from my mother? They were ringing in my ears yet, but I managed to smile a little.

The camera went click! I jumped about a foot, or so it seemed to me, and my mother sighed.

"Can't you sit still for even a second?" she asked.

"Ye—e—s," I replied, slowly.

Again he started to play peek-a-boo, but I had sense enough to sit still this time. The camera was about to "shoot" again, when my mother came up to me. She wanted to fix my hair-ribbon. Then the photographer wanted to fix my chair a little different. Weren't they ever going to get through? You see I was to be taken from all sides. This

part of my experience reminds me of a picture I saw of a young man who was running for the office of clerk in the courthouse. To advertise himself he had his picture put in his home town paper. The picture was taken when he was about twelve or thirteen years old. Four views were taken, both sides, front and back. Underneath was written, "Campaigning from all sides."

Well, anyway, I was to have my picture from all "sides" and there was one side, yet, to be taken. Mr. Smith told me to turn my chair so that I would be facing the woods, meaning, of course, the scenery. No sooner said than done, but alas! I lost my balance on this chair and I landed on the hard floor. I saw stars, I know, and lightning, too, but the lightning was only the flash from the camera. But I'm certain the stars were real.

I was soon on the chair again and told not to be so awkward. I didn't know exactly what they meant, but from the tone of voice I thought it might mean be more careful, or maybe sit still.

Again the camera clicked and I sat as if I were made of stone. Soon all was over and I was glad.

But then, who doesn't go through the same experience as this one I had, especially if one is having their picture taken?

MARJORIE LAUBHAN.

MR. SPECTATOR COMES TO TOWN

(By Clara Hobbs)

Yes, I just arrived in town last month, straight from the Sir Roger De Coverly Papers. At present I am staying with the Joneses and would be very pleased if any of the members of the Classic Club would care to call on me. I can't say just how long I intend to remain. When I came I only expected to stop for a few days but really, I'm enjoying myself so immensely that I can't say with certainty that I shall ever return to the Sir Roger De Coverly Papers. This is the first moment I've had to write since I've been here, I've been so busy adjusting myself to this Twentieth Century life.

You'd be surprised how greatly the styles have changed in the past two hundred years. Why, I declare, I felt perfectly ridiculous in my powdered wig and velvet suit, which, I assure you, were of the very latest style in my time. I modeled that suit from the one Sir Roger wore when he courted the widow.

The first thing I did when I arrived was to remove my wig and get what they call a "sheik hair-cut" and, would you believe me, I think its perfectly stunning now that I have become somewhat accustomed to it.

I'll admit I rather hated to give up my pretty, lace frilled, velvet suit but the Joneses all laughed at me so that I finally purchased new garments. I rather like them now and, in fact, I don't think I shall ever wear a tight suit again.

The styles of the women have changed considerably, too. To be frank with you, I quite like them, especially the bobbed hair. It gives a woman such a useful look. That is, it gives her head the appearance of either a feather duster or a mop. It is really a more fitting way to arrange "woman's crowning glory" than was the style when I wrote the Spectator Papers.

I just discovered today what is in those little gold boxes the ladies carry around. I think they are the "bees knees." (Isn't that an expressive phrase? I adopted it after hearing a modern young lady so elegantly express herself.)

If I had time I should like to tell you about some of my experiences with these queer things which enable you to talk to someone you can't see and with these lights that work with a button, and several other contrivances which were never heard of in Sir Roger's time. I might say that Mr. Jones has persuaded me to go for a ride tomorrow in his self-moving carriage. It makes me rather shaky when I think about it but then, I suppose they're safe enough.

Mary just asked me if I had seen her curling iron and as I have never seen an iron curl before I mustn't miss the sight. The reader will therefore pardon the abrupt close of this letter.

MR. SPECTATOR.

AT THE CARNIVAL

It is almost five o'clock and that dreadful task still remained undone. Reader, I don't know whether you are past this dreadful stage of life or not, but I hope you are. Here it is only two and one-half hours until time to go and I don't know anything yet. Beg your pardon, I am so excited I forgot to tell you what ails me. Well here's my great trouble. Oswald (that's a boy friend of mine) asked me to go to the carnival with him. Of course only being seventeen years old I knew I would have to ask my pa and ma. You don't need to think I let him know it though. I just thanked him politely for the invitation and told him to telephone me at six-thirty, for by that time I would have decided whether I cared to go or not. Now you understand why I am in such a sweat.

I asked ma and she said, "Don't come to me, ask your pa, he's boss, or at least thinks he is." Well pa has been home for two hours and I've been doing everything I can for him. You know little favors such as shining his shoes, brushing his suit, darn-ing his socks, etc., but alas, alack, my courage has failed me. I looked at the clock and it was six-fifteen; I made up my mind I would ask him. I approached him and was just going to ask him when he looked up and said, "Well, don't sit around all night, go and get ready for I am going to take all of you to the carnival tonight." "Y-y-yes, I'll go get ready," I replied. I started upstairs, the tears blinding my eyes until I couldn't see the steps, so I sat down for a while to think it over. What would I tell Oswald? I couldn't say, "I didn't care to go for he'd see me there." "Oh heck!" thought I, "what's the use of being afraid?" So down I went to pops and said (before I had time to get frightened, "P-pa, can I go tonight with that Oswald Green fellow?" "Well heavens on earth," replied pa, "what's this world coming to? The size of you asking such a thing. No, you can't go, you'll march right along with ma and the rest of the kids." Ma came on the scene and took my part, so it was finally decided that I could go, if I took Topsey, my younger sister, along. So we went.

As soon as we got there Topsey loudly exclaimed that she wanted a kewpie doll. She said it so lovely that everyone turned around to look at us. "Mortified, mercy yes, beyond words." Oswald gave her a dime but she wasn't lucky. She started to ask for another one, but I pinched her (as a sign to shut up). The little sap couldn't even take the hint although I gave it to her hard enough. She yelled out, "Say, you big nut, even if you have got a green eyed beau you don't need to think you're big enough to pinch me. You couldn't have come if I didn't come along with you. Didn't you hear pa tell you that?" Oh, if we were just alone then I would have shaken her so hard she'd forgot how to talk.

Oswald took Sis on the merry-go-round. While I was standing there waiting, some man with carrot hair and mustache to match, baby blue eyes, which were shaded by one large eyebrow and one small one, came up to me and said, "C'non dear, let's go for a spin in my Lizzie while the rest of the family is on for a ride." I looked up at him and told him to beat it and leave me alone. He was standing there arguing when Oswald and Sis came back.

CATHERINE STEGER.

A MYSTERIOUS VISITOR

Harry was sitting in front of the big fireplace in the McDonald's spacious sitting room. He was alone in the house except for the two servants, James and Mary. As it was rather late, Harry was tired but, like a good many boys of ten, was too stubborn to go to bed when he should. His father and mother had left no directions as to the time he should be in bed so he supposed they didn't care.

As he sat in the big overstuffed chair warming his feet, he lost interest in his book. He heard a queer rapping sound at the window. At first it was hardly noticeable, but it sounded again, louder, and a third time it startled him.

A period of about ten minutes elapsed then he heard the handle of the front door slowly turn. He thought it was strange he had not heard anyone on the porch yet it was probably his father and mother returning from a movie.

Just then slowly and silently a figure came drifting into the room. It was very tall and slender, dressed in a white, flowing robe. Harry was amazed as well as frightened when the figure came toward him and slowly drew a chair to the fireplace. Harry felt very uncomfortable as the stranger sat down. He wished his father would hurry home.

Then the stranger spoke in a deep, drawling voice, "My, this fire feels good after the brisk weather I have come through." Harry said nothing. He didn't wish to encourage the intruder to stay although that seemed to be the latter's plan. Silence prevailed in the room. The stranger happened to glance into the dining room where there was a bowl of large rosy apples on the table.

He turned to the frightened boy beside him—"Harry." Harry wondered where the stranger learned his name.

"Harry," repeated the stranger in the same drawl, "I hardly expected to find any boys at home tonight, but when I looked in your window and saw you, I thought this would be a good place to stop." Here he paused, then glancing at the bowl of apples he continued, "Tonight is Hallowe'en, as I suppose you know." Harry looked startled, "No, I had forgotten it," he said.

"I would like very much to have one of those apples in there, as they are very appropriate for Hallowe'en." Saying this he helped himself to the desired fruit and munched the apples in silence.

After he had finished he said, "On Hallowe'en a group of people such as I, go out looking for boys who are in their homes. We believe in mischief and we try to instil some form of mischief in the minds of small boys. Now my purpose in coming here was to take you out—." Here the stranger arose and reached for Harry. In his effort to escape Harry knocked over a chair causing him to fall. He picked himself up and looked around. The stranger had disappeared. Just then the front door closed and Harry's mother and father came into the room.

"Why! what is the matter, Harry?" exclaimed his mother.

"Oh!" said Harry, "A ghost nearly took me away! I just escaped!"

Harry's father laughed.

"Mother," he said, "Look at Harry's eyes. He has been asleep."

"No," said Harry, "I really saw a ghost and he ate an apple, and—"

"Now see here," said his father, "You have been asleep and we know it."

"Yes," said his mother, "Come with me." She took Harry upstairs and put him where the ghost's couldn't walk away with him.

"Mother," said Harry as she was turning out the light, "Aren't there really any ghosts?"

BARBARA BOSTON.

THE TWILIGHT HUSH

When shadows of the twilight time
Paint their pictures on the sun,
There comes a peace, sweet and sublime,
That whispers, "Day is done."

Then all the toilers cease their work,
The plowmen, too, are free
The lowing cattle seem to lurk,
Where naught but peace might be.

The whip-poor-will sounds out his tale
From the purpled woods on the hill,
And far below, the nightingale
Sounds out her soft, sweet trill.

The pause that comes in the daily rush
In the hurry and the scurry
Is known to man as the twilight hush
When he's free from care and worry.

When shadows of the twilight time
Paint their pictures on the sun,
There comes a peace, sweet and sublime,
That whispers, "Day is done."—Ella Jeffries.

HEARD FROM THE HALL

"Between four and four-thirty
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupation,
That is known as detention hour.

But I hear from the Gym above me,
The sound of many feet,
The sound of a whistle that's blowing,
And a voice that's low and sweet.

From the hall I see in the dim light
Descending the broad hall stair,
A team of tired fellows
Seeking water and fresh air.

Again I hear from above me
A sweet harmonious sound,
A volume too large for the classroom,
When the sax and the drum resound.

They burst on the ear of the listener
And tell of the work in the art,
It's the orchestra under Miss Kershaw,
Where many are taking part.

But again I hear from the hallway
A ta ta ta ta ta ta ta ta,
And again it comes from above me,
A ta ta ta ta ta ta ta.

I really believe it's some typists,
A ticking and ticking away,
It seems they're behind in their lessons,
That's the reason they must stay."
—John Reynolds.

Miss Brock: "What is the heaviest part
of your body?"

George Wick: "My head."

One day in Ancient History, Ruth Blitz
asked Mr. Eads if he believed we were an-
cestors of apes.

Mr. Eads: "What kind of a tax was
that?"

Bruce R.: "Carpet tacks."

Edward: "How do the teachers know
what wages they are getting?"

Bruce: "By their checks."

Student (talking about Government af-
fairs): "I tell you the President takes in
the most money."

2nd Student: "He doesn't."

1st Student: "Who does then."

2nd Student: "The treasurer."

Miss Torrence: "James, what is your
opinion of Ophelia?"

James C.: "She's just man-crazy, like
all the girls."

"Yes, sir, Lloyd George saved England
just as Joan of Arc saved France."

Edward H.: "When are they going to
burn him?"

Miss Torrence (In English IV): "God
gave Ophelia one face and Hamlet said
she made another for herself."

James C.: "She was right up to style."

Miss Kershaw was showing one of her
latest paintings to a group of teachers.

Upon looking, they saw only an expanse
of bare canvas. They asked her what it
represented.

She replied, "That? Why, that shows
the Israelites passing through the Red
Sea."

"Yes," they said, "but where is the sea?"

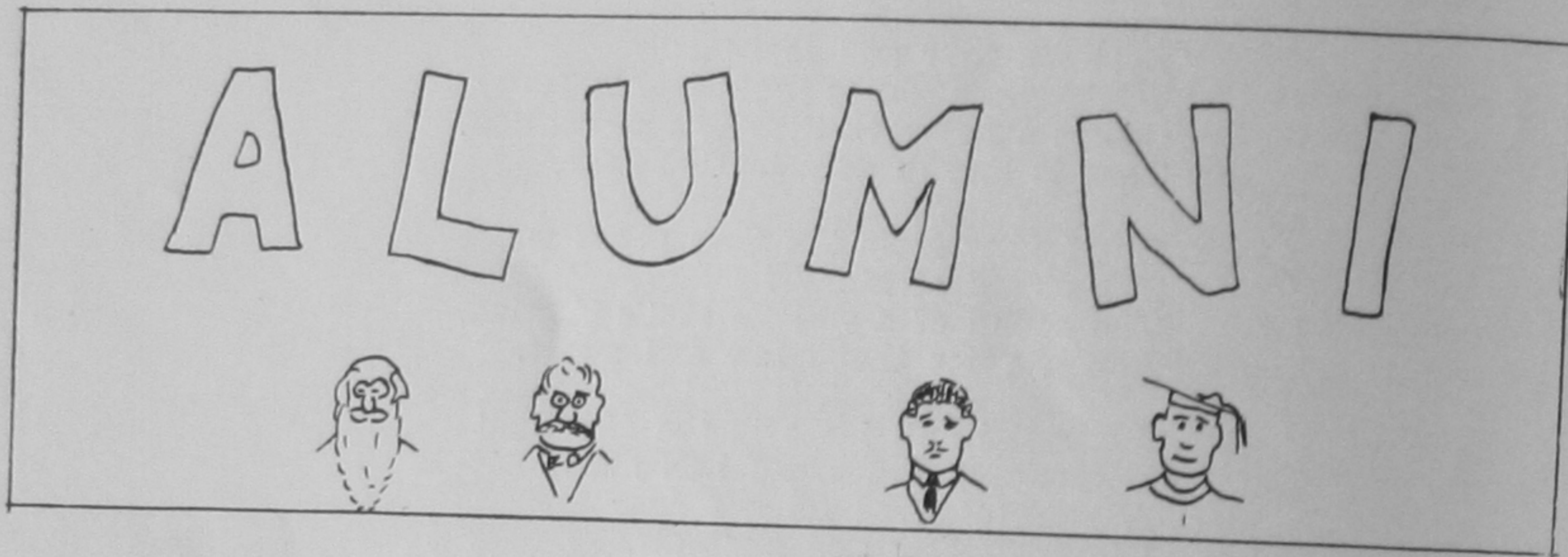
"It has just been driven back."

"Where are the Israelites?"

"They have just crossed over."

"And the Egyptians?"

"They will be here directly. That's the
sort of painting I like, simple and unpre-
tentious."



CLASS OF 1920

- Margaret Welsh—Working at U. S. P. H. Hospital.
 Lisle Barnum—
 Anna Hatting—Working at U. S. P. H. Hospital.
 Edythe Deutsch—Mrs. Trumbo of Chicago.
 Emma Beiswanger—Mrs. Geo. Kepplinger of Harvey.
 Walter Moloney—Working in Kankakee.
 Thelma Drew—Teaching in country.
 Clyde Schrotberger—Attending school in Milwaukee.
 Alma Eyer—Teaching in Dwight Public Schools.
 Walter Small—At home.
 Ruth Lydigsen—At home.
 Roger Holbrook—University of Colorado.
 Orlena Seidentop—Mrs. Herbert McKinney '21.
 Russel Cook—Working in Union Hill.
 Louise Steger—Teaching in country.
 Iva Lee—Mrs. Samuel White.
 Martha Roeder—At school in Chicago.
 Viggo Korsgaard—Working in Dwight.

CLASS OF 1921

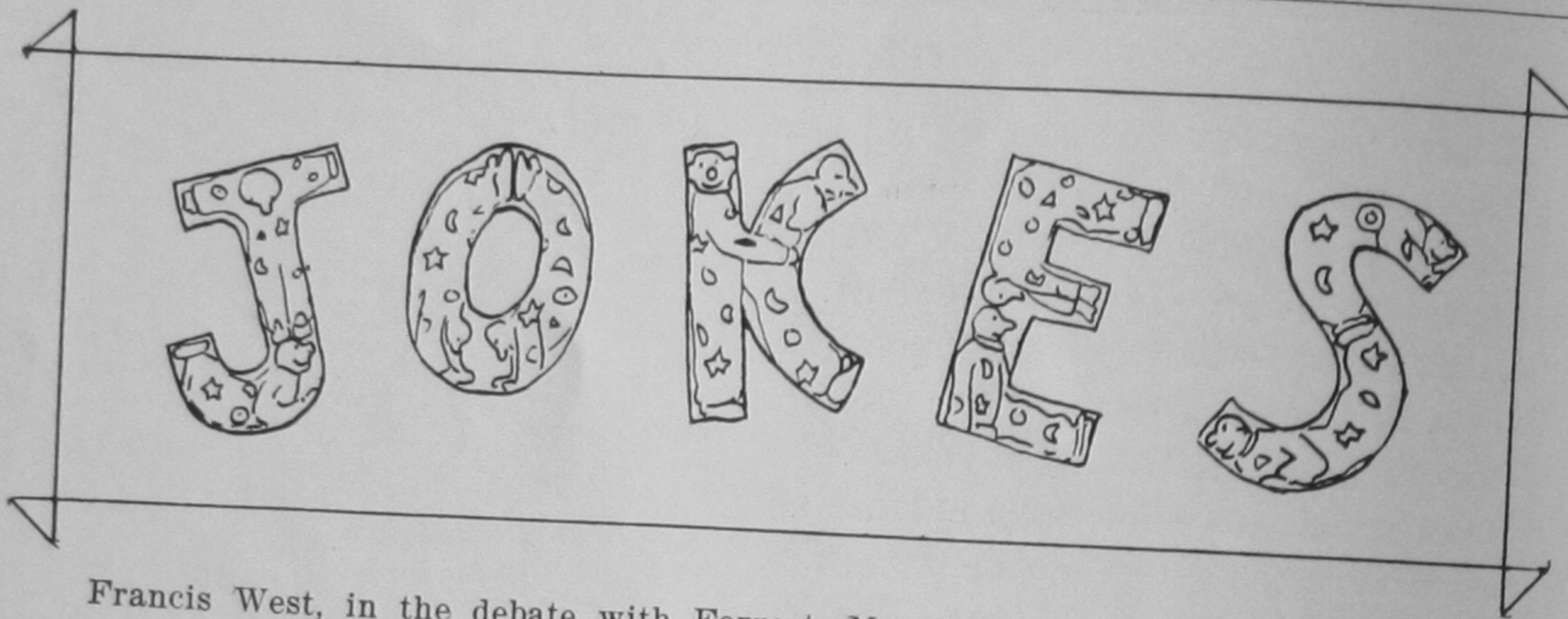
- Margaret Brown—University of Illinois.
 Florence Strufe—At home.
 Wm. Anderson—Working at Thos. Thompson's Grocery.
 Herbert McKinney—Working with railroad.
 Irene Bannon—Working in Chicago.
 Allan Zingrebe—Working in Chicago.
 Anna Drew—Attending school at Normal.
 Anna Pool—Mrs. Thos. Hughes.
 Mildred Hornberger—Mrs. Clarence Weber.
 Eleanore Swanson—Great Lakes Naval Training Station.
 Edith Gallup—Mrs. Harold Todd.
 Andrew Burkhardt—At home.
 Leona Sodini—Mrs. Geno Pavoggi.
 Marjorie Steichen—Teaching school.
 Charlotte Thorpe—Teaching school.
 Helen Duffy—Mrs. Call.

CLASS OF 1922

- Lenore Thompson—Reporter Dwight Star and Herald.
 Lucile Smith—U. S. P. H. Hospital.
 Esther Sondergaard—U. S. P. H. Hospital.
 Andrew Peterson—Local Mail Carrier.
 Edna Seabert—University of Illinois.
 Lola Pickles—University of Illinois.
 Ray Zingrebe—University of Illinois.
 Chester Colstock—University of Illinois.
 Clymenia Bartholic—Working in Chicago.
 Florence Bergman—Teaching in country.
 Elva Landers—Stenographer at Dwight Star and Herald.
 Harriet Haise—Attending school in Philadelphia, Pa.
 Grace Short—Lake Forrest University.
 Edna Kime—Teaching in country.
 Henry Klusman—At home.
 Harold Hanlon—Working in Chicago.
 Edna Jepsen—Carson Pirie Scott & Co., Chicago.
 Mary Christman—Rosemary College.
 Grayce Barnum—Working at Great Lakes.
 Dorothy Jenkins—Stenographer at D. T. H. S. office.
 Paul Korsgaard—Working in Dwight.
 Minnie Zable—Teaching in country.

CLASS OF 1923

- Wilhelmina Flagler—Working at Ferguson's garage.
 Zena Scoville—Working at C. & M. garage.
 Ruth Brown—At home.
 Vera Tambling—Teaching in country.
 Grace Walton—Teaching in country.
 Chas. Mahannah—Working for his father on farm.
 Leslie Aye—Working in Chicago.
 Inez Butz—At home.
 Mildred Constantine—Post Graduate Course in D. T. H. S.
 Harriet Blocker—Post Graduate Course in D. T. H. S.
 Margaret Bowers—Post Graduate Course in D. T. H. S.
 Pearl Rhode—Post Graduate Course in D. T. H. S.
 Arthur Bauerle—Working at C. & M. garage.
 Ethel Hoffman—At home.
 Ralph Eyer—Attending school in Kansas City.
 Orville Brown—U. S. Mail Service.
 Margaret Finnegan—Normal School.
 Florence McConnell—Studying nursing in Chicago.
 Ernest Rearick—University of Illinois.
 Mildred Pool—At home.
 Lyda Price—Van Eman & Sondergaard.
 Alma Walkup—Working in Kentucky.
 Bernice Welch—Working in Chicago.
 Gladys Wood—Working at U. S. P. H. Hospital.
 Clifford Steichen—At home.



Francis West, in the debate with Forrest, March 12th, stated that the American school boy would not take such jobs as "Dig-ditching."

He: "Have you read 'To a Field Mouse?'"
 She: "No, how do you make 'em listen?"

No wonder the attendance is so good,
 the Supt. has left.

WHILE TAKING JUNIOR PICTURE.
 Junior: "Hurry up, or I'll be a Senior
 by the time they snap this picture."

The definition of space: Space is the
 portion between the two ears, that is not
 there.

1st Person: "Consider what 50,000 cases
 of malaria in one year means."
 2nd Person: "It means well for the
 physician."

Mr. Eads: "How and when was Julius
 Caesar killed?"
 Student: "He was stabbed in the Ides
 of March."

Fellow talking to Clarence Graham, 70
 years hence: "What is your occupation?"
 Clarence: "I used to be an organist."
 "And why did you give it up?"
 "The monkey died."

Miss Hubbard: "Can't you see that?"
 Francis B.: "No."
 Miss H.: "Oh, yes you can. Look at it."

BIG BLOW OUT.
 James Costello and Candace Robinson
 blew up a hydrogen set-up. A good time
 was had by all those present.

"I want some paper," the small boy
 said to the storekeeper.
 "What kind of paper?"
 "Better make it fly paper, I'm going to
 make a kite."—Exchange.

Miss Torrence: "What did Julia Ward
 Howe write?"
 Francis W.: "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

When asked to sit up in front, by the
 desk, in English IV, Josephine Kelch said
 it hurt her eyes.

Pupil: "Is the annual a weekly paper?"
 When you want something bright, use
 George Wick.

Miss Lathrop: "What is a round num-
 ber?"
 Rosella: "A cipher."

Teacher (in Zoology): "If you were
 looking for ants, what would you look
 for?"
 Betty S.: "For relatives."

To Mr. Wetzel: "Did any of your family
 ever have a brilliant marriage?"
 Mr. Wetzel: "Only my wife."

Miss Start: "Do you promise not to whis-
 per?"

ALL ARRANGED.
 Helen D.: "Oh, I wish the Lord had
 made me a man."

Pupil: "Sure, but that won't stop me
 from talking, will it?"

Bill O'Niell (bashfully): "He did—I'm a
 man."

A certain writer tells us that dogs fill
 an empty space in a man's life. This is
 especially true of hot dogs—at football
 games.

To all persons who have been troubled
 by the orthography of the English lan-
 guage, we recommend these "Meditations
 by a Teacher of English."

"When sugar was dissolved in H₂O, it
 made it sweat."—Physiology.

Deer reed errs awl, eye mussed add mit
 As ewe star tin too rede,
 Yule beak white prone tooth ink this tough
 Is bawled err dash inn deed!

Paul Landers went to the drug store one
 day and asked for some "Castoria" Hair
 Oil.

Butt tiff yule purse sea veer, an on
 Your led tomb edit eight
 On how withal pro pry yet tea
 Hours peach eye mew till late.

Edward H. trying to sell Miss Bissell an
 insurance policy: "If you should die in
 five years, your husband would live peace-
 fully."

Yule knead two reed buy era lot,
 With grate sell heir writ tea,
 Four inn these sill a bulls you I
 Know cents at awl will sea.

Miss Prestley (in Physics): "No Fran-
 cis, if that was the case, we wouldn't need
 any guns, we could just throw the bullets."

Joust two addict shun airy go,
 Ream ark how men knee thymes
 Thee wrong were din thee write one's
 plaice
 Still fits thee scents and rimes.

IN CHEMISTRY.

Geneva B.: "I thought horizontal meant
 perpendicular."

Then ell oak went lea, eyes us pecked,
 Wood yew fill ah sew fies,
 About thee lamb men table weigh
 That true thin falls hood lyes.

Said the shoe to the stocking,
 "I'll wear a hole in you."
 Said the stocking to the shoe,
 "I'll be darned if you do."
 —By Lee Hildreth.

Owes train gin deed, weir well a wear,
 Hour mother tongue mussed bee,
 Butt ten knee weigh, weal of it well,
 Despite it's odd it tea!

"Say, Mr. Eads, I've got a good joke on
 you."

—Ivy Kellerman Reed—(Exchange).

Mr. Eads: "How come?"
 "You want to pull down your shades
 after this. I saw you kissing your wife
 last night."

Mr. Eads: "In that case, the joke is on
 you. I wasn't home last night."

Once a fellow died, falling beside the
 sewer. At the coroner's inquest, they
 called is "sewer side."

Mable M.: "We don't draw anything
 from this experiment do we?"
 John Ellis Tuffs: "Yes, the conclusion."

TAKEN FROM A NEARBY NEWSPAPER.
 JAMES COSTELLO IS LAID TO REST.

CALENDAR

Tuesday, Sept. 4, 1923—The first day of school was as usual a busy one for Mr. Brothers, trying to arrange the program to suit everybody. At last, in despair, he offered a quarter to any student who could arrange it satisfactorily.

Wednesday, Sept. 5, 1923—The teachers were kept busy today directing "green freshies" to the various classrooms where they belonged.

Thursday, Sept. 6, 1923—Several of last year's Seniors have returned this year to take up a commercial course.

Friday, Sept. 7, 1923—Senior Assembly was started today with Miss Prestley in charge.

Monday, Sept. 10, 1923—At last the program is arranged and the old D. T. H. S. is in its usual good working order.

Tuesday, Sept. 11, 1923—A "freshie" forgot to go to class today, so was gently reminded of the fact by Miss Hubbard.

Wednesday, Sept. 12, 1923—The first Hiking Club meeting was held tonight and officers were elected. Miss Bissell is again the sponsor.

Thursday, Sept. 13, 1923—The French Classes organized a French Club today. Miss Start is their sponsor.

Friday, Sept. 14, 1923—Mr. Brothers gave a lecture today on "How to Study." From now on everybody will have better lessons (?).

Monday, Sept. 17, 1923—Horrors!!!! the school has been robbed over the week end.

Tuesday, Sept. 18, 1923—Senior nominations.

Wednesday, Sept. 19, 1923—Senior election of class officers and Annual staff.

Thursday, Sept. 20, 1923—We understand that a Senior girl was told today that she must not forget that there are some vacant front seats. I wonder who it was? Hiking Club girls went on their first hike today.

Friday, Sept. 21, 1923—Today is Mr. Brothers last day at school for a few months. I wonder how D. T. H. S. will get along without him.

Monday, Sept. 24, 1923—The first day of Mr. Brothers' absence and "All is well." Oral talks in English IV today. We hear that they were quite (?) exciting.

Tuesday, Sept. 25, 1923—School was dismissed at 9:40 this morning so that we could all see the demonstration at the New York Central Depot. The exhibition train was called the Service Progress Special and one of the most interesting things was the De Witt Clinton train of 1831—the New York Central's first train.

Wednesday, Sept. 26, 1923—All the Seniors are boasting about their "classy" rings.

Thursday, Sept. 27, 1923—"Bob" Flagler and Ralph Duffy were selected as cheer leaders this morning. Foot ball skirmish between "town team" and the D. T. H. S. team tonight after school.

Friday, Sept. 28, 1923—It rained today at noon and of course very few had their umbrellas with them so some of the students had to go without dinner.

Monday, Oct. 1, 1923—Helen Brown came into the assembly carrying a "Primer." We wondered if she was going to start over again.

Tuesday, Oct. 2, 1923—An enthusiastic speech was made by Mr. Wetzel to arouse the school spirit. We were dismissed to see the balloon this afternoon, but it didn't appear.

Wednesday, Oct. 3, 1923—Mable Milhahn was singing "Yes, We Have No Bananas, Today." Pep meeting this morning.

Thursday, Oct. 4, 1923—Bob F. dared Lillian N. to throw his cap out of the window. Out went Bob's cap followed by Lillian's book. Another pep meeting.

Friday, Oct. 5, 1923—Miss Torrence gave a talk this morning concerning the coming game with Saunemin. She has a "hunch" and that means D. T. H. S. is going to win.

Monday, Oct. 8, 1923—One of our Junior girls combed her hair three times in one period today.

Tuesday, Oct. 9, 1923—Jim Costello tried to burn down the school house this morning during Chemistry Class.

Wednesday, Oct. 10, 1923—Some of the "little" Junior and Sophomore boys amused themselves with balloons until Miss Hubbard objected.

Thursday, Oct. 11, 1923—A bumble-bee visited the sixth period Modern History Class causing several people to duck with all speed and alacrity.

Friday, Oct. 12, 1923—It is Columbus Day so we get a vacation. (Thank you, Columbus).

Monday, Oct. 15, 1923—A very interesting talk was given by Raymond Bell about his travels and experiences. Our "green and white" boys went to Chenoa today to play a game of foot ball. Hope they win! "Dot" our office girl is back after an attack of tonsilitis.

Tuesday, Oct. 16, 1923—The girls of the Hiking Club are busy selling tickets for their benefit "movie," "Law of the Lawless."

Wednesday, Oct. 17, 1923—Hiking Club girls had their pictures taken for the Annual.

Thursday, Oct. 18, 1923—Exams.

Friday, Oct. 19, 1923—Some more exams.

Monday, Oct. 22—No

Tuesday, Oct. 23— school,

Wednesday, Oct. 24— because of

Thursday, Oct. 25— Teacher's

Friday, Oct. 26— Institute.

Monday, Oct. 29, 1923—Tickets on sale for El Paso-Dwight game Friday.

Tuesday, Oct. 30, 1923—Explosion in the laboratory. High School all passes down east stairway.

Wednesday, Oct. 31, 1923—"Dot" J. was absent this A. M. Pep meeting in large assembly.

Thursday, Nov. 1, 1923—Committee appointed by Mr. Wetzel to sell tickets down town.

Friday, Nov. 2, 1923—School started at 8 a. m. on account of the foot ball game.

Monday, Nov. 5, 1923—Junior Class meeting this noon.

Tuesday, Nov. 6, 1923—Girls Glee Club.

Wednesday, Nov. 7, 1923—Boys Glee Club.

Thursday, Nov. 8, 1923—Girls of the Hiking Club hiked after school tonight.

Orchestra tonight.

Friday, Nov. 9, 1923—The Girls Glee Club gave a selection before the assembly this morning. They sang "Bells of the Sea." Pep meeting this morning. Some new yells were learned.

Monday, Nov. 12, 1923—Rev. Watson talked to the high school this morning on "School Spirit and What It Means." Miss Hubbard is policing the halls for better order.

Tuesday, Nov. 13, 1923—Big posters were to be seen about the building today. They read "BEAT PONTIAC."

Wednesday, Nov. 14, 1923—Mr. Wetzel wants more boys to come out to foot ball practice, so that they may have two complete teams. Katherine Steger called a meeting of all the high school girls tonight to plan for a parade the day of the Pontiac vs. Dwight game.

Thursday, Nov. 15, 1923—Candace Robinson was admitted to the Hiking Club today. Mabel Milhahn wondered what mercury would do to her ring. She tried it and found out.

Friday, Nov. 16, 1923—Helen W.: "What is guerrilla warfare?" Margaret Bower: "Why guerrillas are apes."

Monday, Nov. 19, 1923—Dorothy Jenkins went to the hospital to have her tonsils removed.

Tuesday, Nov. 20, 1923—Mr. Thelin of Alaska gave a talk this morning concerning that country. School was dismissed at 3:30 so that all pupils could attend the movie "Alaska."

Wednesday, Nov. 21, 1923—We had a "pep" meeting this morning to impress the idea that everyone is expected to be out to the big game, Friday.

Thursday, Nov. 22, 1923—Mr. Clyde Thompson talked to the school this morning on "School Pep."

Friday, Nov. 23, 1923—No school this afternoon, on account of the big game, Pontiac vs. Dwight.

Monday, Nov. 26, 1923—"Dot" our "stenog" is back after a week's absence.

Tuesday, Nov. 27, 1923—The school is being canvassed for the Red Cross Fund.

Wednesday, Nov. 28, 1923—Everybody restless. Thinking about the "big eats" for tomorrow, I suppose.

Thursday, Nov. 29, 1923—Thanksgiving.

Friday, Nov. 30, 1923—Vacation.

Monday, Dec. 3—Nothing

Tuesday, Dec. 4— but

Wednesday, Dec. 5— rain

Thursday, Dec. 6— and

Friday, Dec. 7— "Exams."

Monday, Dec. 10, 1923—Exams. grades were returned today. I wonder if that's why everyone looks so gloomy!!!

Tuesday, Dec. 11, 1923—Large detention class as a result of talking in the halls.

Wednesday, Dec. 12, 1923—The chemistry students prepared chlorine today. No casualties resulted but a disagreeable odor did.

Thursday, Dec. 13, 1923—Pep meeting in preparation for big Odell-Dwight basket ball game.

Friday, Dec. 14, 1923—The McCord entertainers gave a short program in the assembly this afternoon. Their full program was given Friday night at the Blackstone Theatre.

Monday, Dec. 17, 1923—Miss Torrence has selected the cast for the Junior Play.

Tuesday, Dec. 18, 1923—It is rumored that we are to have two whole weeks vacation.

Wednesday, Dec. 19, 1923—Miss Bissell and her English II class were invited to a program given by the Public Speaking class.

Thursday, Dec. 20, 1923—Rain and umbrellas are on display today.

Friday, Dec. 21, 1923—Mr. Wetzel awarded the foot ball "D's" today.

CHRISTMAS VACATION.

Monday, Jan. 7, 1924—The Chemistry students went around with discolored hands caused by silver nitrate.

Tuesday, Jan. 8, 1924—Glee Club as usual.

Wednesday, Jan. 9, 1924—Freshman and Sophomore girls played basket ball today.

Thursday, Jan. 10, 1924—Basket ball boys are working hard.

Friday, Jan. 11, 1924—Hiking Club basket ball practice.

Monday, Jan. 14, 1924—First day of the Big Popularity Contest.

Tuesday, Jan. 15, 1924—Contest going strong.

Wednesday, Jan. 16, 1924—Juanita Snyder and "Tubby" Ambler head the list.

Thursday, Jan. 17, 1924—Votes are pouring in.

Friday, Jan. 18, 1924—The contest is over. Mabel Milhahn and George Flagler are the winners.

Monday, Jan. 21, 1924—Vera Stahl was caught in the painted weeds in Miss Bissell's room.

Tuesday, Jan. 22, 1924—Debates in English II.

Wednesday, Jan. 23, 1924—Pep meeting.

Thursday, Jan. 24, 1924—Nothing unusual happened.

Friday, Jan. 25, 1924—Play El Paso tonight.

Monday, Jan. 28, 1924—Mr. Brothers has returned from New York.

Tuesday, Jan. 29, 1924—Mr. Kelly has been visiting the school the past two days.

Wednesday, Jan. 30, 1924—Dorothy Walton says she can't play basket ball because she has a weak heart???

Thursday, Jan. 31, 1924—All the classes are reviewing for the semester examinations.

Friday, Feb. 1, 1924—The Seniors are planning a sandwich sale at the basket ball game tonight.

Monday, Feb. 4, 1924—The first day of the annual week of horror.

Tuesday, Feb. 5, 1924—Everybody is studying hard.

Wednesday, Feb. 6, 1924—Exemptions were read today, and everybody listened interestedly, hoping they might hear their name at least once.

Thursday, Feb. 7, 1924—Semester.

Friday, Feb. 8, 1924—Examinations.

Monday, Feb. 11, 1924—Several green little "freshies" are to be seen about the assembly today.

Tuesday, Feb. 12, 1924—Lincoln's birthday. No school.

Wednesday, Feb. 13, 1924—Report cards were given out today. Many "sorrowful faces" were to be seen.

Thursday, Feb. 14, 1924—Several lost Freshies were found wandering about in the building.

Friday, Feb. 15, 1924—Miss Prestley was absent from school today.

Monday, Feb. 18, 1924—Several students were late today, perhaps their progress was hindered by the icy sidewalks.

Tuesday, Feb. 19, 1924—Nothing unusual today.

Wednesday, Feb. 20, 1924—Dwight won game with Mazon. Success due to the "Screaming Widows."

Thursday, Feb. 21, 1924—The teachers are busy putting up display for Patron's Day.

Friday, Feb. 22, 1924—Patron's Day. No school.

Monday, Feb. 25, 1924—Announcement of Laurence Cretty's death.

Tuesday, Feb. 26, 1924—Miss Torrence changed the seats of the English IV class.

Wednesday, Feb. 27, 1924—Game with Lexington. "Screaming Widows" again yelling.

Thursday, Feb. 28, 1924—The debators are working hard. Preliminary contest tomorrow.

Friday, Feb. 29, 1924—Last number of Hiking Club Lyceum Course—the Clifford Foote Trio.

Monday, March 3, 1924—Real March weather with lots of wind.

Tuesday, March 4, 1924—Everybody was full of life the seventh period.

Wednesday, March 5, 1924—Mr. Wetzel made his usual round of collecting books and magazines the third period.

Thursday, March 6, 1924—A few 2's and 5's were taken off today. We mention no names.

Friday, March 7, 1924—Musical program in assembly.

Monday, March 10, 1924—It is reported that the Hiking Club is planning a banquet.

Tuesday, March 11, 1924—Nothing of importance.

Wednesday, March 12, 1924—Debate with Forrest tonight.

Thursday, March 13, 1924—A dog visited Mr. Eads Modern History Class.

Friday, March 14, 1924—Ten of the girls went to Pontiac to take the Teacher's Exams. The Seniors won the Inter-Class Basket Ball Tournament.

Monday, March 17, 1924—No matter where you look your eyes are confronted with "green" and then some more "green."

Tuesday, March 18, 1924—"Exams."

Wednesday, March 19, 1924—Ditto.

Thursday, March 20, 1924—Teacher's Convention at Peoria.

Friday, March 21, 1924—

Monday, March 24, 1924—Singing in large assembly.

Tuesday, March 25, 1924—Usual proceedings.

Wednesday, March 26, 1924—Report cards were returned. Everybody happy??

Thursday, March 27, 1924—The Physics class is studying sound. Very harmonious noises issued from the Lab. the 6th and 7th periods.

Friday, March 28, 1924—Mrs. Reynolds gave a most interesting talk on "Commercial Art," this afternoon. The posters and advertisements displayed were also of much interest.

Monday, March 31, 1924—We hear that in spite of the weather the Hiking Club banquet was quite a success.

Tuesday, April 1, 1924—Everyone studying hard today, not on lessons, but on ways to April Fool someone.

Wednesday, April 2, 1924—The Seniors are very proud to see the purple and gold displayed as champion for the Basket Ball Tournament of 1924.

Thursday, April 3, 1924—Miss Kershaw lectured to the Physics class on "Symphony Orchestra."

Friday, April 4, 1924—Junior Play.

Monday, April 7, 1924—Big basket ball game tonight between the two rival high school teams, the Rainbows and Desperadoes. The game ended with the score 12-2 in the Desperadoes' favor.

Tuesday, April 8, 1924—The Glee Clubs selected the operetta "Patricia" to be given in May.

Wednesday, April 9, 1924—The "girl graduate" books have begun their annual season of circulation among the students and teachers.

Thursday, April 10, 1924—No exciting events occurred today.

Friday, April 11, 1924—Well, another week gone. "Tempus fugit."

Monday, April 14, 1924—More bobbed heads appear! Style doesn't seem to be losing any of its popularity. The Juniors held a long meeting after school. Now what's up???

Tuesday, April 15, 1924—Everyone seems to be afflicted with spring fever today. No wonder, 78 degrees.

Wednesday, April 16, 1924—The Shorthand and Typing students are busy taking tests so as to prepare for the contest in Bloomington, April 26.

Thursday, April 17, 1924—The Inter-Class track meet was postponed because of the weather.

Friday, April 18, 1924—School dismissed at two o'clock because of Good Friday services in the churches.

Monday, April 21, 1924—The Seniors have started practice on their play, "A Full House."

Tuesday, April 22, 1924—With the return of spring the rails in front of the building are again weighed down morning, noon and night.

Wednesday, April 23, 1924—Big track meet between Cabery and Dwight. Who won? Why Dwight of course.

Thursday, April 24, 1924—Dick Steichen has returned to school after a week's absence.

Friday, April 25, 1924—Everybody excited over the contest at Bloomington tomorrow.

Monday, April 28, 1924—Our boys attended the track meet at Gridley.

Tuesday, April 29, 1924—"It Ain't Gona Rain No More." Well, we hope so, 'cause almost all of us forgot our umbrellas today.

Wednesday, April 30, 1924—Mr. McCulloch visited the school today.

Thursday, May 1, 1924—Operetta and Senior play people are working hard.

Friday, May 2, 1924—Mrs. Rodman is teaching English for Miss Bissell this week.

Monday, May 5, 1924—Track meet between Odell and Dwight.

Tuesday, May 6, 1924—Tomorrow is "Bundle Day." It is for the purpose of aiding the children of the "Near East."

Wednesday, May 7, 1924—Operetta tonight.

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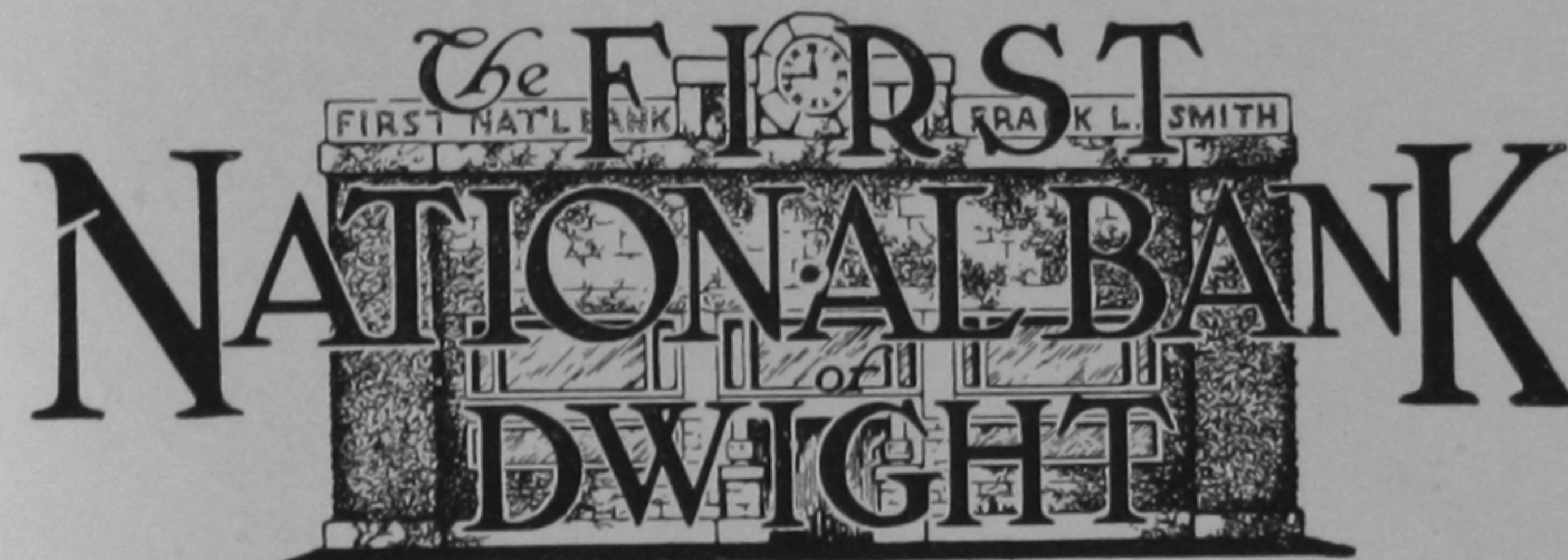
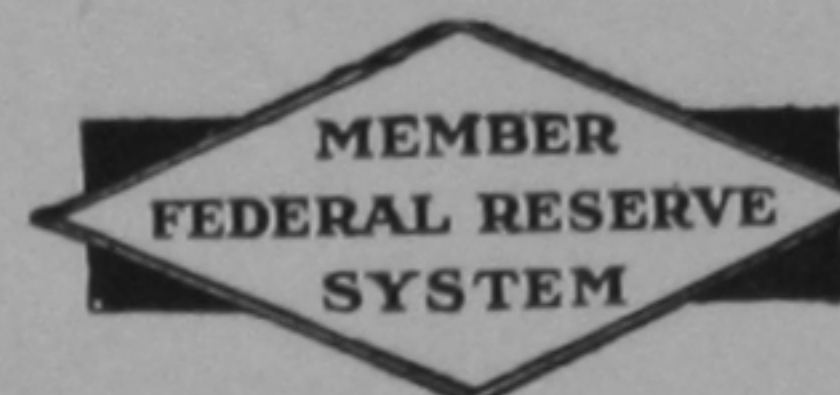
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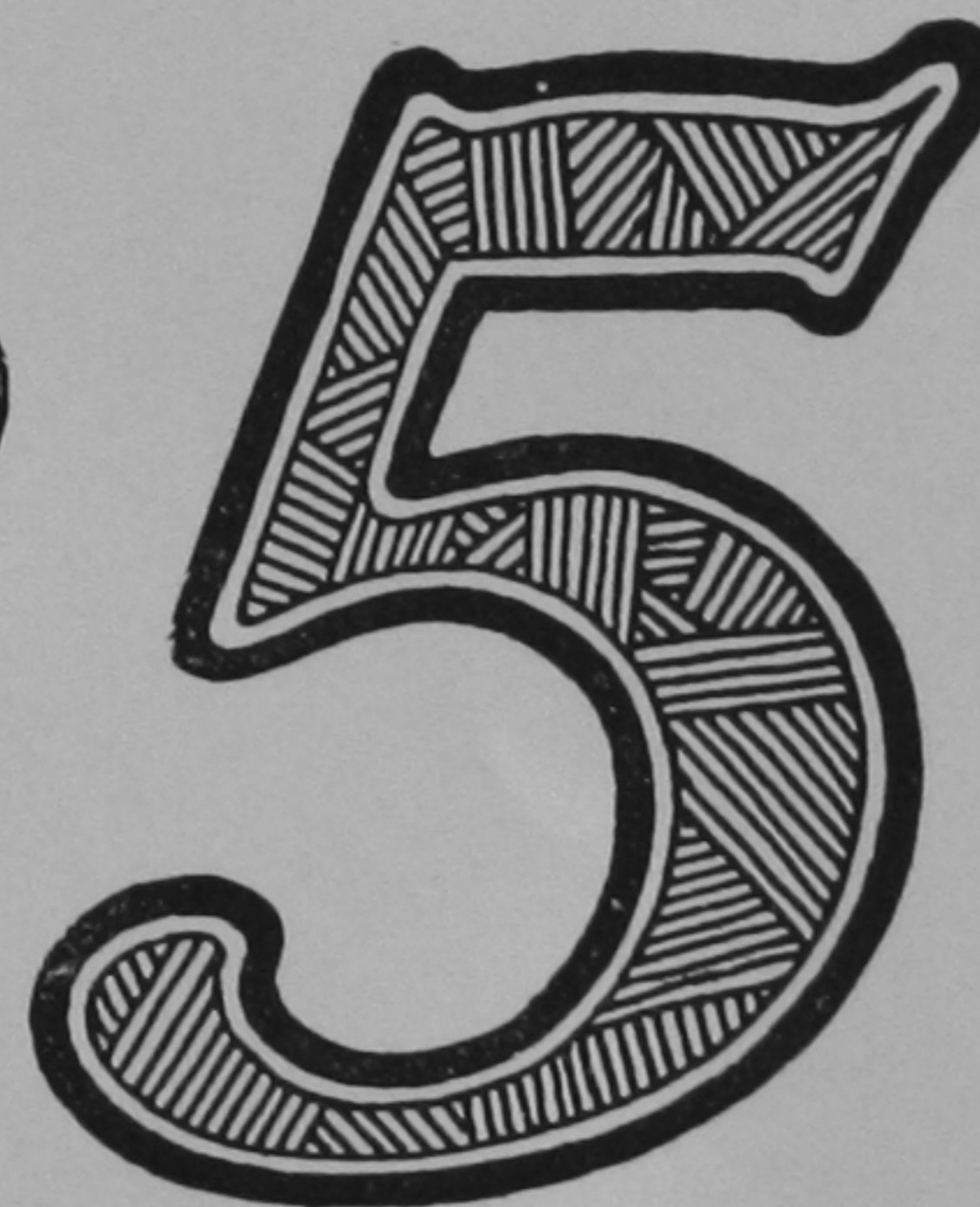
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