

Year Book of

ELDON HIGH SCHOOL
ELDON, MISSOURI

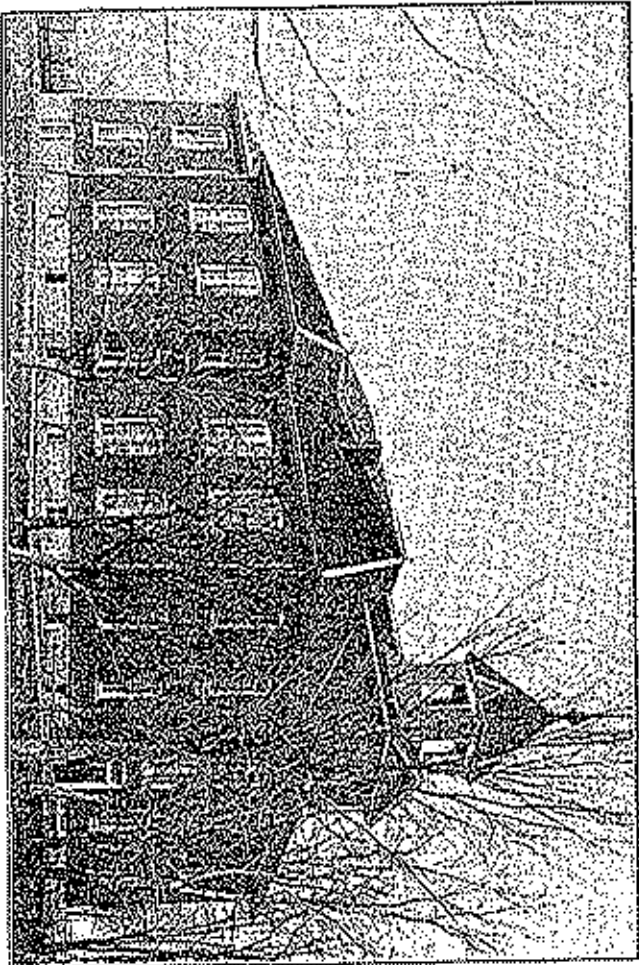
6th Year
1912-13

An Open Door to Rare Educational Advantages!
Your Opportunity!

Printed by The Eldon Advertiser, Eldon, Mo.

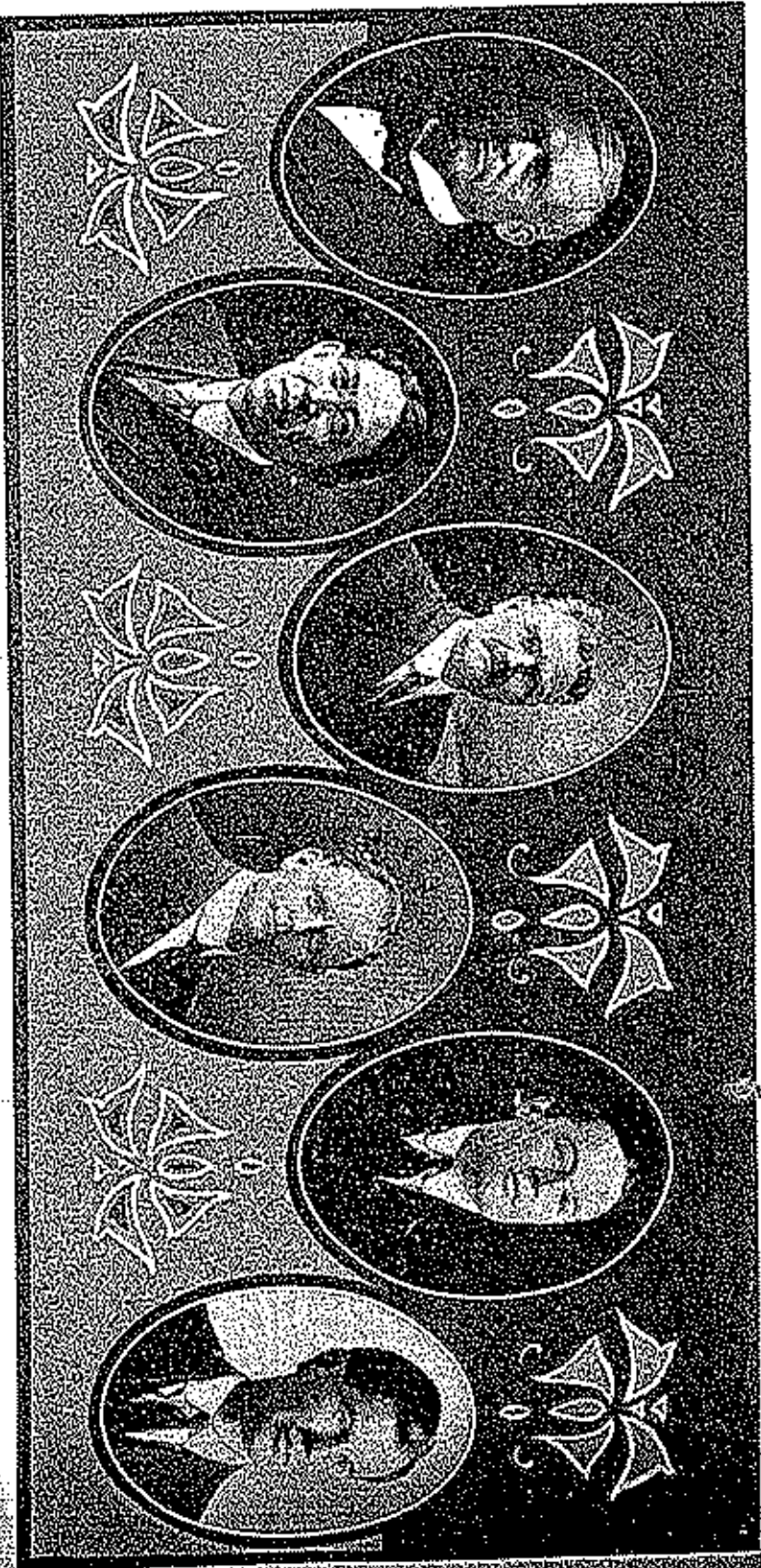
TO MISS VIOLA MAGEE

We respectfully dedicate the nineteen thirteen Year Book. May her future
be as bright and successful as her past has been useful and full of service



The Kison High School, under the supervision of Mr. T. E. Vaughan, has gained a prominent position among the secondary schools of the State. It is now on the University of Missouri's list of fully accredited schools and is recognized as a first class high school by the State Department of Education.

BOARD OF EDUCATION



R. S. HARVEY, Treasurer

J. A. TAYLOR, Vice-President

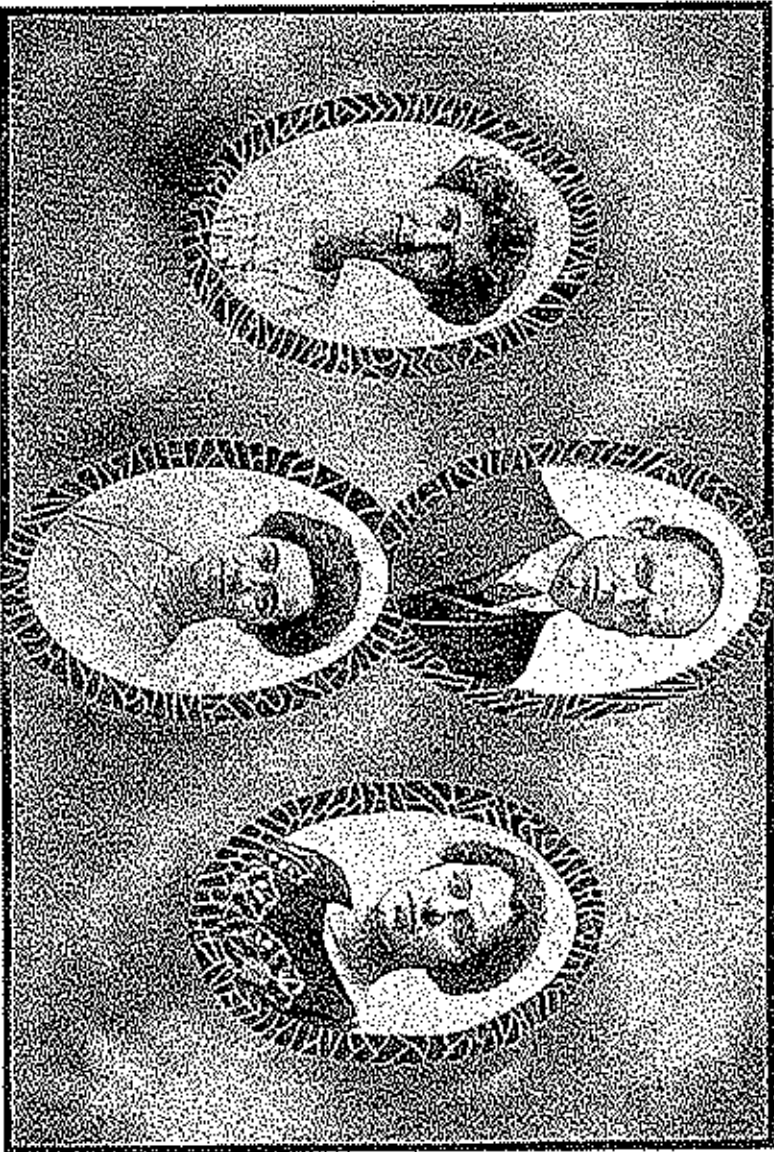
H. W. HASE, President

H. D. VOWEL, Secretary

A. P. BEAZLEY

F. W. AUSTIN

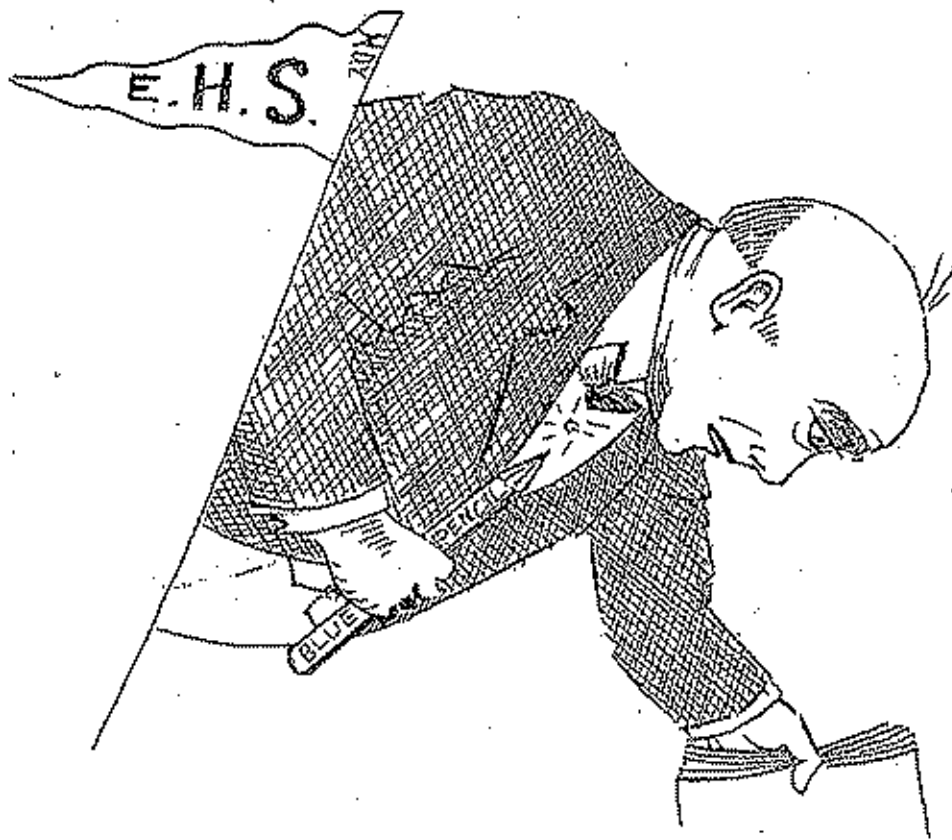
FACULTY . .



MISS ELINOR GODDARD
History and Domestic Science

MR. T. E. VAUGHAN, Superintendent
MISS VIOLA MAGGE, Principal
English and Latin

MISS RUBY C. FISHER
Science and German



Editorial Staff

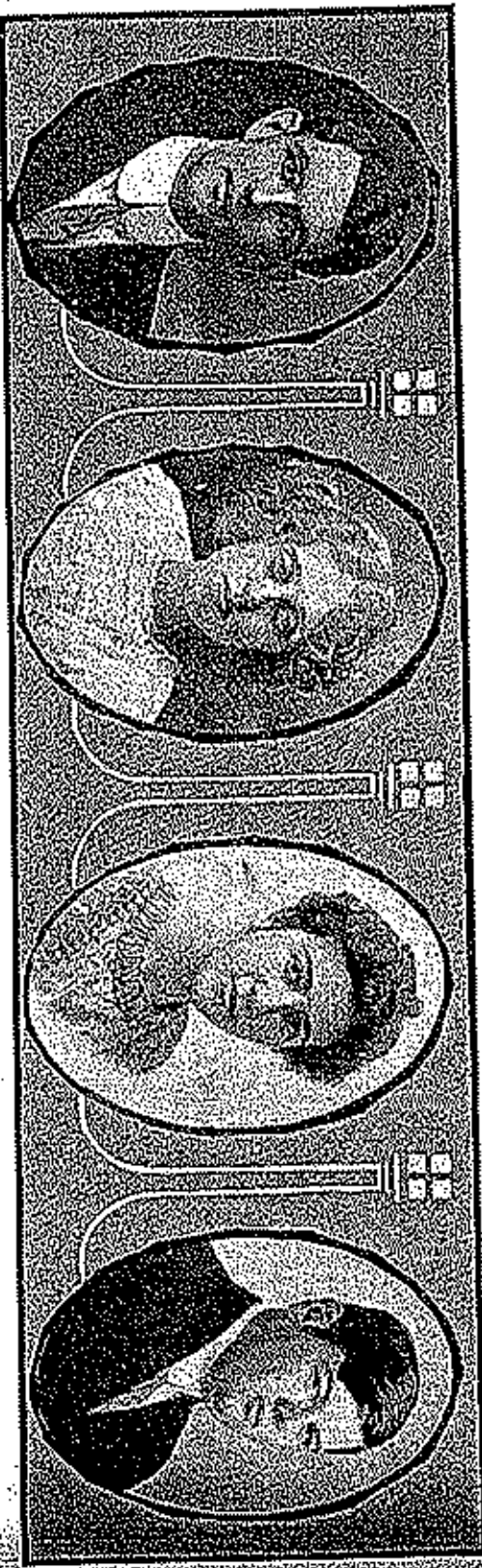
EDITOR IN CHIEF—L. Graham Haswell
ASSISTANT—Oryelda Franklin
BUSINESS MANAGER—William H. Brockman
INTERIARY EDITOR—Helen M. Combs
ASSISTANT—Elsie M. Lumpkin
ART EDITOR—Myrtle Walker
ASSISTANT—Bertha Walker

SENIORS

W. H. BROOKMAN, President
GRAHAM HASWELL, Vice President
CIRREDDA FRANKLIN, Secretary
VICTOR CARPENTER, Treasurer

Class Motto: It is worth while.
Class Colors: Red and white.
Class Flower: White carnation.





WILL H. BROCKMAN

GRAHAM HASWELL

CIRREDA FRANKLIN

VICTOR CARPENTER



MYRTLE WALKER

HELEN CONIBS

HARRY KAY

ELSIE JUMPERIN

BERTHA WALKER

SENIOR SONG

Tune: Holdelsberg

Here's to the school we love the best,
Here's to the colors she flies—
Here's to the teachers, the best on earth,
In our good, their interest lies;
Here's to the hearts that beat for us,
True as the stars above;
Here's to the school in Eldon-town,
Whose memory we'll love.

CHORUS:

O! Eldon High, dear Eldon High,
This class can never forget
The happy hours of student days,
And friends that we have met.
Those days of yore will come no more,
But turn our future years,
The best of you so good—so true—
Will fill our eyes with tears.
Here's to the Juniors and Freshies too—
Our foes in the days that are past,
But now we have buried the hatchet—love—
Our good wishes for them will last.
Our friends, the Sophs, have been true to us,
Turn Stripes and feud galore—
Here's to that class—"May their cup run o'er,"
Is the wish of the Senior class.

GRAHAM HASWELL

CLASS HISTORY

Tennyson's ideal knight was a valiant hero who went boldly forth to battle, winning fame and honor with his trusty sword. But the ideal knight of today is a far different one. He is not the giant who can wield his sword and destroy his enemies, by physical force; but the strongest man of this age is he who can control others by the strength of his mind. Mental power, and not physical force, is the watchword of this age. As the knight of yesterday practiced long and earnestly with his arms of war, so the knight of today enters into training, his weapon, mental power; his battleground, the school house; his reward, the diploma.

It was in the year of 1909, that twenty-five young knights of us entered the Eldon High School. With shuffling footsteps, we took our places as Freshmen. In trembling awe, we listened to the words of wisdom from Mr. Vaughan. In hushed voices we conjured our first Latin verb. Each of us, shy and diffident in his strength, realized something must be done against the common enemy, "Unity is strength." We organized. By common consent William Henry Broerman was chosen president. Surely no person could have been better to his fellowmen than Billy was to us, and surely no assistant could have been better than Graham Haswell. Victor Carpenter was elected treasurer, and Cirrelda Franklin secretary. It stands to the credit of those elected that in all these four years no change has been made in our executive staff.

With our organization perfected, we became courageous and more confident in our own ability. At last the year was ended, and our first struggle was over.

Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
Into the Sophomore class,
Rode our six hundred.
Ours was the stand and quail,
Ours bugle to learn or fall,
Into the Sophomore class rode our six hundred.

With the spirit of struggle strong within us, we began our second year. Like lusty knights eager for conquest, we looked about us for a fight,—and we found it.

Enemies of our senior allies and friends—namely the Juniors—in defiance tried to draw down our colors, the glorious red and white, from their high place in the belfry. Could such boldness go unpunished? With one accord we answered that it could not.

Vigorously we waged our battle, proudly we conquered, altho not without days of turmoil and nights of watching. As victors we made peace, and in harmony we buried the batches of war. After a daily battle with Cicero, and a hard tussle with American history, we were led thru the labyrinth of geometry. Visibly we grew, grew in mental strength and in dignity, and as Seniors these qualities have ever been our aim.

This year we have realized more fully the significance of our battle with our daily tasks. We have found that our training does not consist merely in learning facts from books, but that it consists as well in developing the now important traits, co-operation, perseverance, and concentration. As we go out into the world to fight life's battles, may these qualities be our strongest weapons. In our school life, we have been trained to be worthy and honorable knights. In life's school, may we reap the benefits of our training. May we say this to our fellow students: "It is worth while."

CIRREIDA FRANKLIN.

CLASS PROPHECY

When the final record of human progress shall have been written, it will be found that the class of 1913 of the Elders High School produced its full share of the world's celebrities. Even in high school days they showed unmistakable signs of future greatness. Behold the result! It is now the year of 1928. Superintendent Vaughan, always interested in the progress of his pupils, one day unfolded his evening paper and read in bold headlines:

PNEUMATIC TUBE DEVELOPED TO THE LIMIT!

No More Seasickness Crossing the Atlantic in Staky Steamers or
Dizzy Aeroplanes. Time and Distance Eliminated

Harry Kay has perfected his inventions so that he can shoot around the world so
quickly that he can breakfast at home in New York, take luncheon
in London, and dine at 6 P. M. in the Philippines

Mr. Vaughan immediately wrote a letter of congratulation to Harry, but Harry had no time for letters. In reply, on the next day, he stepped from his pneumatic tube right into Mr. Vaughan's front door. What a joyful meeting! Harry's seeing Mr. Vaughan brought recollections of by-gone days, and he inquired about his classmates. He learned that Cirrelda Franklin was president of the American Society for Psychological Research. She had always been a close observer of the man in the moon, but had never found a satisfactory explanation for the many wrinkles in his face. But years of study in India of the influence of mind waves upon matter led her to the conclusion that since lovers for ages had looked to the moon for consolation, their thoughts had been written on the old man's face. This was a marvelous revelation to the world and at once made Cirrelda famous. What lover could refuse now to know the exact thoughts of his beloved, when from her chamber, she gazes upon the orb of night?

Harry had never married, but it was not his fault, and he could not rest until he found Cirrelda, hoping she might reveal to him the thoughts of his lady love. Where do you suppose he found her? She was in Paris buying an Easter bonnet from Bill Bryckman. Bill had always had a tender feeling for the song birds, and had used his influence to try to induce ladies to discard feathers from their hats. He had given several lectures on the subject, but

invariably the ladies had said, "Show us how to produce stylish head gear without feathers, and we will dispense with them." So he had brought about a great reform by becoming the world-famous designer of ladies' hats.

Cirrada reached her home in Boston by rapid pneumatic transit, with which she was so pleased that she gladly gave Harry the information he desired. "But," she said, "I dislike to see you suffer so much, Harry. Didn't you know that Elsie Lumpkin had found a sure cure for cupid's dart? I assure you it is perfectly harmless and painless, for I have tried it myself."

This was a boon to poor Harry, and on short notice he shot off to Oklahoma where Elsie had established a sanitarium for broken hearts. What wonderful cures, and what a useful woman! While lingering in the sanitarium, Harry noticed that all the servants in attendance were Indians, some of them not any too cleanly. This did not seem to disturb Elsie.

"No disease can infect this building," she said, "Even the doorknobs are perfectly free from microbes. Do you see this little tube hanging on this door? Notice the initials, M. W. You remember Myrtle Walker. She has become immensely wealthy by this invention, which keeps doorknobs automatically disinfected. By the way, I think I have a surprise for you. Did you ever see a human sky rocket?"

"No, indeed," said Harry.

"Come out on the campus at three o'clock this afternoon," said Elsie.

At the appointed hour, Harry appeared amid a large crowd of spectators, most of whom were Indians of the surrounding neighborhood. In the center of the field was a scaffold with a tube-like projection in which about fifty pounds of powder had been placed. When this was fired, a man shot five thousand feet into the air, and then, with an open parachute, came slowly and gracefully sailing down amid the cheering crowd. But the loudest cheers were from Harry and Elsie, when they recognized in the human rocket their old classmate, Victor Carpenter.

The three talked of old times. "Don't you think it was a splendid thing?" said Elsie, "that Bertha Walker remained in Eldon to live a natural, contented life, amid the old scenes? For ten years she has been an inspiration to the high school pupils, such as only a member of the class of 1918 could be?"

Harry took Victor on a trip, but in the middle of the Pacific, something went wrong, and they both thought they would be drowned. But no such dire fate could befall a member of this class, and, instead, they landed on the most beautiful island in the tropics. Here were flowers and shrubbery of rare designs, laid out in the most wonderful gardens. Victor strolled along till he came to a dainty little bungalow. Graham Haswell stood in the doorway. "Why, Vic Carpenter, how did you get here?" she asked.

"Got shot. But what are you doing here?" he replied.
"Why, this is where Helen Combs lives. You know she is a landscape gardener and spends her winters here, and I'm here resting."

At this Helen herself appeared, just as Harry sauntered up to the house. "Here are four of us, where are the rest?" asked Helen.

"The 1918's you mean?" said Victor. "Say, Harry, if that machine of yours is fixed up, suppose you go to the four corners of the globe and bring the other 1918's here."

"Yes," said Graham, "and Helen and I will prepare a banquet second only to the one the Juniors gave us ten years ago."

Away sped Harry, and on the following day there was a class reunion. Not a one was missing. Graham had gained renown by reducing the high cost of living through her new method of cooking. There were air biscuits; there was air roast; the most tender the class had ever eaten; there was rarest coffee; there were air cakes that melted in your mouth; and there was the most delicate air compute. There was scolloped air, raffia air, and air soup. All ate heartily, and no distressing dyspepsia followed. They decided to have an annual reunion in that same place as long as life should last.

HELEN COMBS

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT

We, the E. H. S. Seniors of '13 of Eldon in the County of Miller, State of Missouri, being of sound mind and disposing nature, and considering the uncertainty of this frail and transitory life and knowing the certainty of gradation, do therefore make, ordain, publish, sanction and declare this purg of hot air to be our last Will and Testament, hereby revoking all former wills and upsetting all former prophecies made by bum prophets.

First—We, the members of the class of '13, do direct, with the permission of Sir Silvers Carpenter, given during his brief period of sanity, that his excess of weight shall be given to Eulah Franklin.

Second—We, the members of the class of '13, do direct, according to the wishes of Chubby Walker, made known at a time previous to her brain storm, that her brains shall be grated into the noodle of Eunice Jones.

Third—We, the members of the class of '13 do bequeath, in accordance with the desires of Sir Happy Kay, before he lost his heart and head, his soul to doleful Beulah Hogsett.

Fourth—We, the members of the class of '13, do bequeath, by the direction of Sylvester Von Broekmann, before he passed away, his reading ability to grinning Stella Harris.

Fifth—We, the members of the class of '13, do direct, with the consent of Lady Prizetopped Franklin, that her vocal powers be transferred to their final resting place, the swan-like throat of winsome Pearl Anderson.

Sixth—We, the members of the class of '13, do bequeath, by the command of Bertha Walker, her school-matam face to modest Lois White.

Seventh—We, the members of the class of '13, do joyfully give, by the direction of scarlet-topped Elsie Lumpkin, her red hair to Bessie Kaufman; and, as requested in Red's last will and testament, we bestow her office as "commander-in-chief of the army" and "protector of firearms" to Zoe Harris.

Eighth—We, the members of the class of '13, do, to the best of our ability, carry out the provision of the last will and testament of Lady Titanic Haewell. Titanic says that her Testament says, "It is more blessed to give than to receive," and since she is a Senior believing in the give-and-receive quotation, we present Titanic's wit tip Cecil Haines.

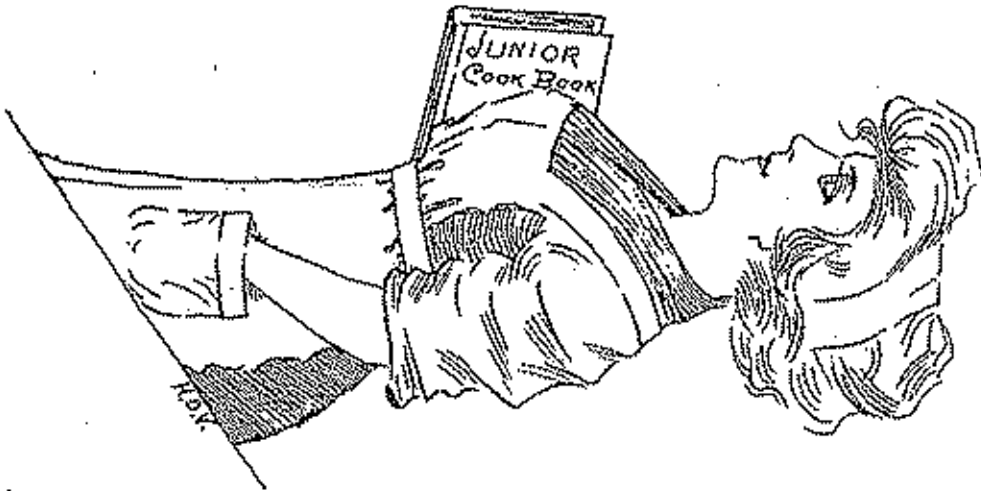
Ninth—We, the members of the Senior Class of '13, do direct that the domestic science knowledge of comely Helen Combs be used to fill the vacuum in Henry Weeks's head.

Tenth—We, the members of the Senior class of '13, do bequeath the dignity of schoolmatam Bertha Walker, who, by the way, narrowly escaped being a "Taylor," to Marie Stone.

JUNIORS

Lois White, President
Suzie Harris, Vice-President
Henry Wicks, Secretary and Treasurer

Class Motto: Mind not the breakers, but straight ahead.
Class Colors: Old gold and black.
Class Flower: Light pink carnation.





EOLAH FRANKLIN

Eolah is tall and slender,
 And rather quick of speech;
 But, when it comes to history,
 She surely is a "punch."

HENRY WEEKS

He is noted for debating.
 By geometry, 'tis said,
 He can persuade new hair to grow
 On Professor Vaughan's bald head.

ZOE HARRIS

In agriculture Zoe's so bright
 Some think a farmer's wife she'll be;
 But Zoe, when asked, gives quick reply,
 "Alas! no farmer's wife for me."

SPRILLA FARRIS

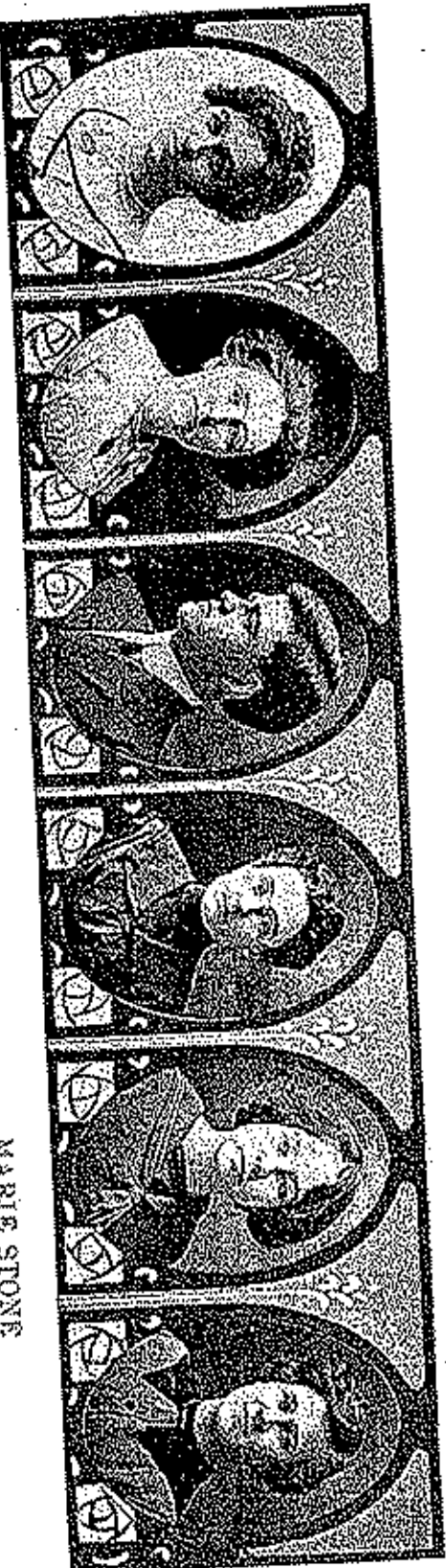
Her cheeks are like the roses red,
 Her eyes are chestnut brown.
 And in dramatics, it is said,
 She has won great renown.

FANNIE EYLER

This curly headed country girl,
 So charming and so sweet,
 Though rather shy and bashful,
 Is rather hard to beat.

LOIS WHITE

She fills one's heart with rapture,
 This charming grey-eyed lass,
 She's strong in mathematics,
 And the idol of her class.



EUNICE JONES

Great Caesar she detests,
But not the picture show;
For every night she may be seen,
Somewhere near the front row.

CECIL HAINES

In agriculture he's a "gun",
In drawing, all the rage;
But when he's out of school,
He's like a bird out of a cage.

MARIE STONE

Marie, as The Rev. Theophilus Shiggs,
Is known all over the town,
We hope she'll win the same great praise,
In "That Fascinating Fanny Brown."

BESSIE KAUFMAN

Bessie, who's been teaching school,
Came in late to the Junior class;
Hence, we know not much to say
Of this modest, red-haired lass.

BEULAH HOGSETT

She is noted for her meekness
And her manner most serene,
As a blushing country school ma'am,
She hopes to reign supreme.

PEARL ANDERSON

We wonder why Pearl looks so shy,
When we talk about a "Dell";
But, when we ask the reason why,
She says, "Oh dear, I mustn't tell."

JUNIOR DURBAR

The annual fair given by the Junior class this year was more than a success, both socially and financially. Although the weather was very disagreeable, a large crowd attended, and, it is believed, enjoyed a very pleasant evening.

The features of the "Durbar" were novel and entertaining. The "Grand Opera" given by the united talent of Juniors and Freshies, was crowded at every performance, and many did not get to enter it at all. The "Slide-Kelly-Slide" was the chief attraction for the youngsters. As a climax to the fun, a short play, entitled "Handicapped," was given.

The Juniors are indebted to the Freshies and to Miss Ruby C. Fisher for the aid which they rendered. The Freshmen proved themselves loyal friends of the Junior class, and deserve praise for the manner in which they performed their parts. Miss Fisher is to be congratulated upon her ability as a stage manager, and as for the make-ups which she devised, well, those who saw Tom, the Gypsy girl, the Dutch girl, and the Reverend Theophilus Stiggs can best testify as to her skill along that line.

IN MEMORIAM

"De mortuis est vis brevis." This is good advice, and, in this case, easily followed, for our recollections of Willie McArthur Green are all pleasant and helpful. His death in St. Louis, Dec. 28, 1912, came as a great shock to the Junior class, of which he was a member. He was fifteen years old, a good student, and a genial companion.

"So live that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan which moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an untalented trust, approach thy grave,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

SOPHOMORES

HARRY HARVEY, President

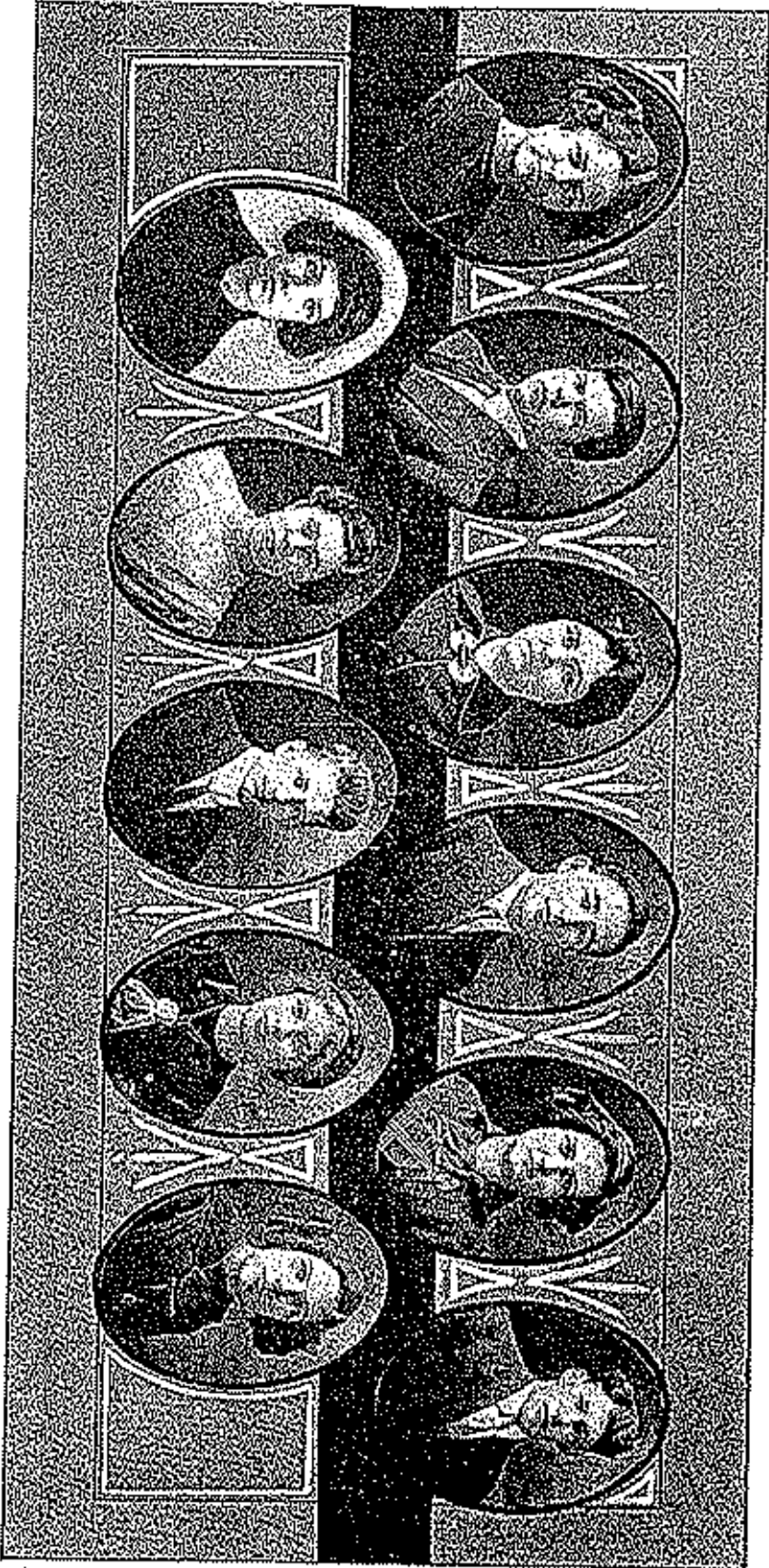
ANN HASEWELL, Vice-President

VIOLIE VOWTEL, Secretary

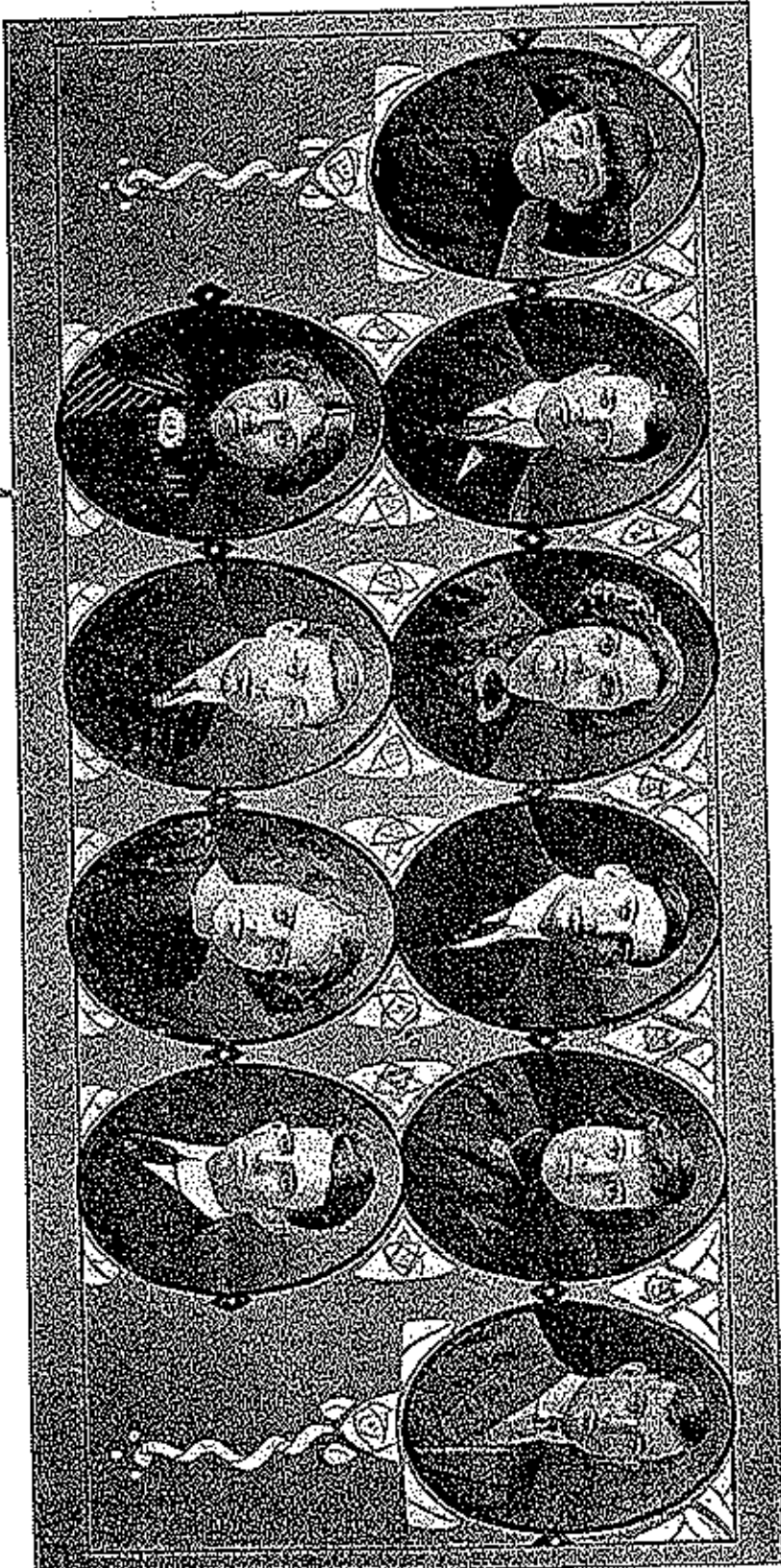
CLASS MOTTO: Sail if we can; row if we must.

CLASS COLORS: Purple and white.

CLASS FLOWER: Red rose.



VIOLET YOUNG	LYNNE RUSSELL	ANNA BARON	LOGAN WYRICK	NESTER KELLEY	THEO STAMMEL
DOLORE RUSSELL	MINNIE RANDELTT	HAROLD ROSE	FRANCIS HAUT	ELLA PHILLIPS	



ESTELLA HICKOK

FRANK WEAVER
ORA AUSTIN

GRACE MILLER
WILLIE PRANKLIN

GEORGE SMITH
ANN HASWELL

EDDA BAKER
HARRY HARVEY

WILLARD SALZER

ECHOES FROM THE SOPHS

It is recounted:

That Wilhard Salters imagines he's a debater;
That Louis Russell is an athlete;
That Willie Franklin is Miss Goddard's pet;
That Gentry Smith is too much to be a Soph;
That Theo Stamble is studious;
That Ann Haswell imagines she is a soloist;
That Minnie Bartlett is a cute trick
That Ora Austin is very fair;
That Violet Vowiel is an artist;
That Ferna Rakes is a conversationalist;

Frank Weaver is piffy;
Harry Harvey is "hep big";
Harold Rose is a heart-smasher;
Logan Wyrick is the E. H. S. push ball;
Esther Kelsay is a musician;
Anna Barton is a model girl;
Grace Miller is an humorist;
Stella Hickox is to be an (H)elm;
Dollie Russell is an independent danseuse;
Julia Phillips is piffie;
Frances Hart will be an old maid school teacher.

On Seeing a Soph Fall When His Seat Broke

O, what a fall was there, my schoolmates!
Then Harold, the seat, and all his books fell down,
Whist' biting giggles sounded round the room.
Oh, now you laugh; and I perceive you feel
No dint of pity: this was a graceful drop.
But you only laughed right on,
When you did know his chin was rounted.

The Current Event topics were apparently exhausted, and it was becoming necessary for History to be mentioned as an incentive. In a fit of desperation the Sophomore question box said, "Has anyone told about the stand-and Oil Mon-o-pol-y?"

The Sophs were studying Burke's Conciliation when one morning, while talking of Soph discipline, Miss Goddard said, "I have tried Burke's plan, and it doesn't work. It may be necessary to try the other one." Harry Harvey answered, "Y's, but the colonies whipped Great Britain."

FRESHMEN

HARLEY HEWINS, President

MARY CAMPBELL, Vice-President

FRED BLOSSER, Secretary

FREDA TAYLOR, Treasurer

Class Motto: We climb though the rocks be rugged.

Class Colors: Old gold and purple.

Class Flower: Cream rose.

Gilbert Grunwald
 Pascoe Daniels
 Victor Kennedy

Hans Roberts
 Sophie Rosehand

Freda Weiser
 Mary Zmar

Vera Kay
 Harry Carpenter

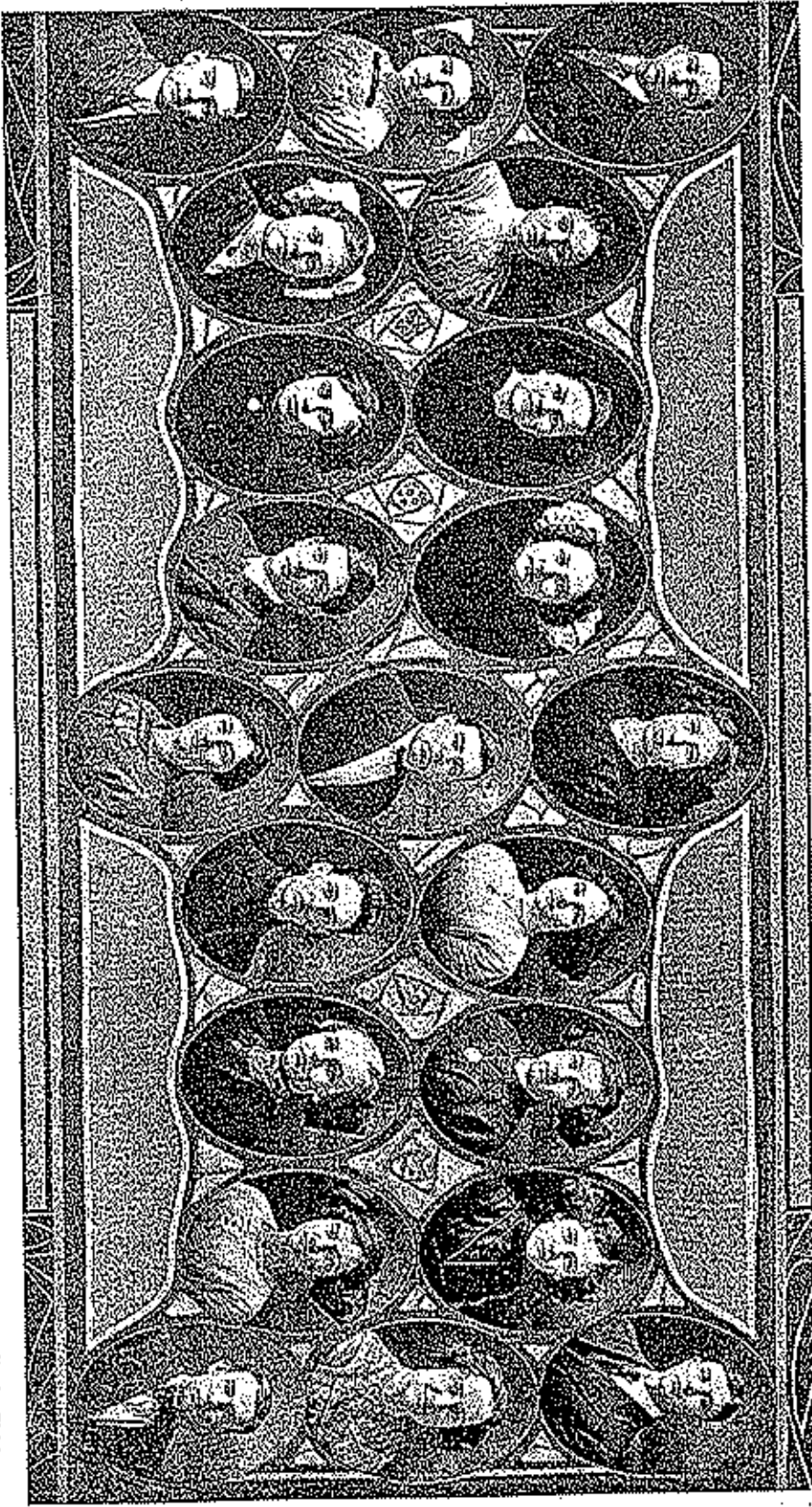
Dora Jones
 Myra Foster
 Mathe Fanning

Myrtle Evans
 Thomas Hoedlin

Emma Akin
 Edna Goble

Gladys Hense
 Gladys Hensley

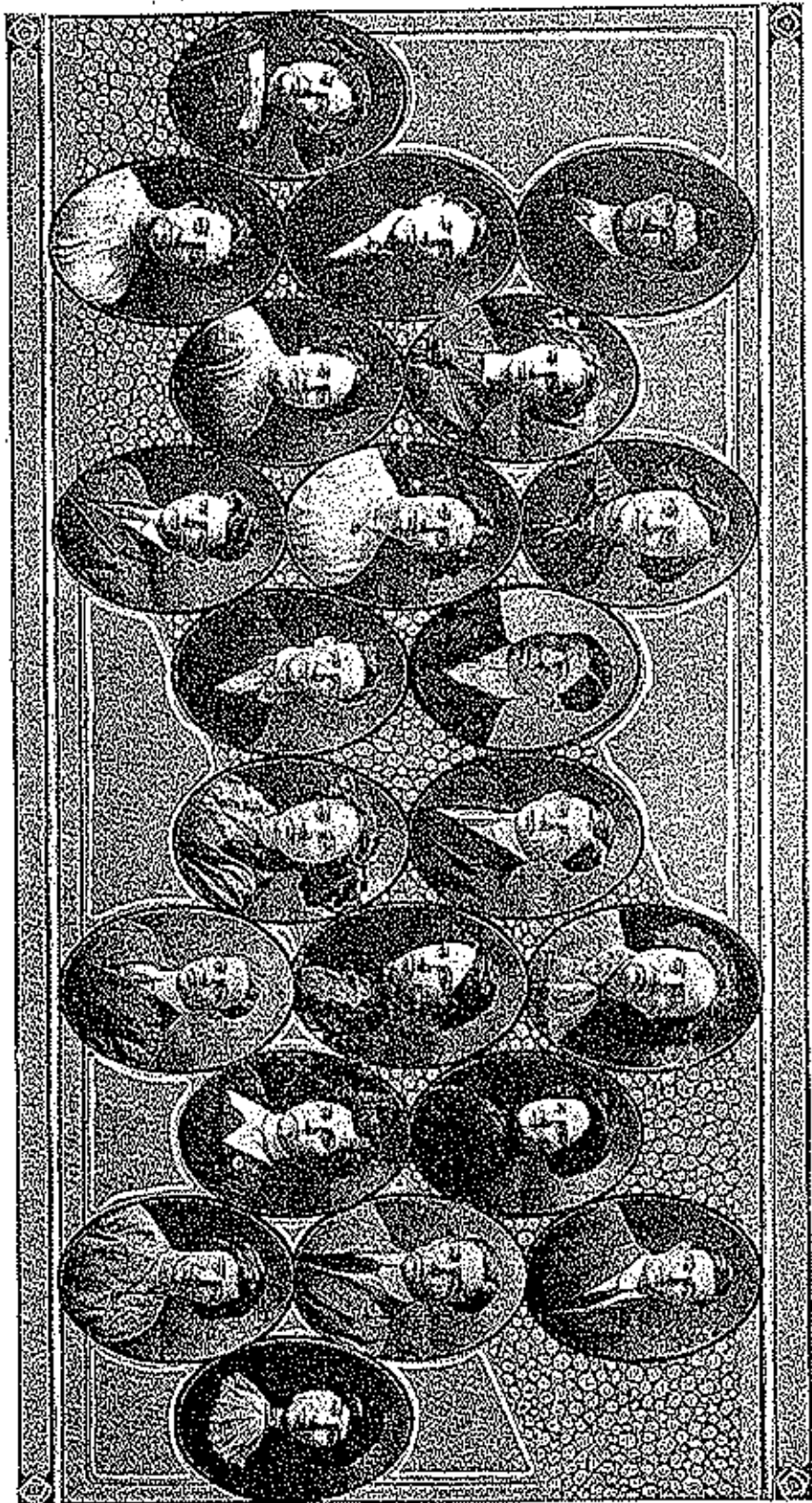
Corbna Williams
 Dorothy Brubaker
 Fred Blosser



FRESHMEN DIRECTORY

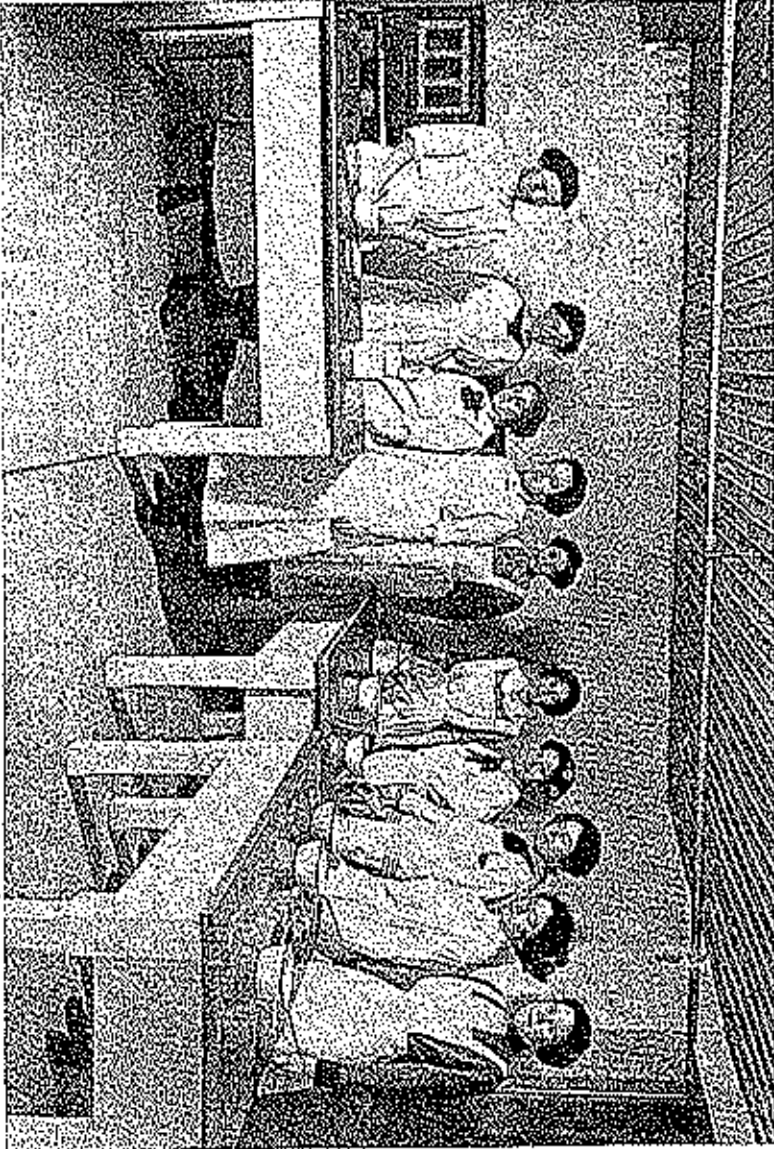
Name	Nickname	Hobby	Probably will be
Clifford Grandstaff	Grindie	Studying Agriculture	A farmer
Rheobe Dunlap	Pickles	Dreaming	A millionaire's wife
Victor Kennedy	Captain	Giggling	Democratic Nominee for President
Maud Roberts	Mud	Walking	Photographer's wife
Sophia Freedland	Jolly	Laughing	A _____
Freda Walker	Skeeter	Dig hats	A suffragette
Mary Tracy	Never-had	Posing	A milk maid
Vera Kay	Wearry	New dresses	Dress maker
Harry Carpenter	Patty Jr.	Anything but work	A geologist
Opal Jones	Pal	Growing tall	A milker
Fred Foster	Hippo	"I don't know"	No telling
Mattie Ewing	Lollipop	Whispering	Parisian hair dresser
Myrtle Evans	Midget	Powdering	Chorus girl
Thomas Hoskins	Ponny	Chopping wood	A descom
Emma Artz	Pai	Wearing red	Writer of short stories
Etha Gable	Treatise Baby	Studying Gems	A German teacher
Gladys Haase	Baby	Chafne dish parties	A good cook
Gladys Henley	Susan	Going to Sunday School	A minister's wife
Clapha Welshons	1 Sophie	Arguing	Philosopher
Dorothy Brittingham	2 Dordle	Dancing	A trained nurse
Fred Blosser	Jersey	Being independent	Proprietor of Palace Theater

Mary Campbell Raymond Allen Edna Phillips Beulah Harvey Elmer Austin Walter South Linnae Taylor Marjorie Herrick Charles Fisher Beulah Wilson
 Harry Hobbs Grace Bayless Freda Taylor Ernest Arnsperg Odessa Moore Rosalie Morris Ethel Stephens Bertram McLoughlin
 Fawcett Stanton Orla Brockman



FRESHMEN DIRECTORY

Name	Nickname	Hobby	Probably will be
Mary Campbell	Cutie	Primping	Wife of Sedalia business man
Raymond Allen	R. E. A.	Haven't any	An electrician
Harley Helms	Preacher	Trying to make dates	A well-to-do farmer
Fannie Stayton	Jimmie	Bossing	School teacher
Edna Phillips	Ed	Riding bicycle	A music teacher
Grace Miller	Patty grub	Writing notes	A tooth paste agent
Berlie Harvey	Milly	Studying	A musician
Freda Taylor	Tots	Going to church	School merrid
Otis Brockman	Brockmeyer	Talking to girls	A fisherman
Elmer Austin	Austin	Talking to Mary	A merchant
Barney Russell	Bashful B.	Blushing	Weather profit
Walker Roush	Monk	Making mischief	Comedian
Ophelia Moore	Bilbe	Drawing	An artist
Livnie Taylor	Lynn	Being dignified	A contented housewife
Bonnie Morris	Bun	Being slim	An old maid
Harold Moore	Heek	Whistling	An aviator
Marzile Hart	May	Reading letters	Society belle
Ethel Shekney	Nancy	Swilling	Farmer's wife
Charles Saker	Chas.	Rochet hair	Bachelor
Bertram McLaughlin	Mae	Teasing the girls	A steeple jack
Ina Catheart	Giggles	Inventing new styles	"Hello" girl
Beulah Wilson	Toots	Taking trips to city	A great singer



DOMESTIC SCIENCE CLASS

LITERARY SOCIETY

The Ciceroian Literary Society of the R. H. S. was organized in the fall of 1911, and was a success from the start.

It has been very beneficial to the students of the high school. After attending the meetings of the Society, and taking part in its affairs, the pupil is able to throw off the embarrassment, and "stage fright," which usually accompanies the young speaker. Also as a result of the pupil's training in the society, he will reap great rewards in the future, when as a debater, as a statesman, or as a renowned public speaker, he finds his name placed in the hall of fame, or statue standing in the public squares, placed there by the fond and loving public.

Another important service of the society is that it brings all the students together at the beginning of school, and thus they become acquainted with each other. In bringing them together it causes them to have more interest in each other, in their work, and in their school; thus it helps to make the school stronger.

CHORUS

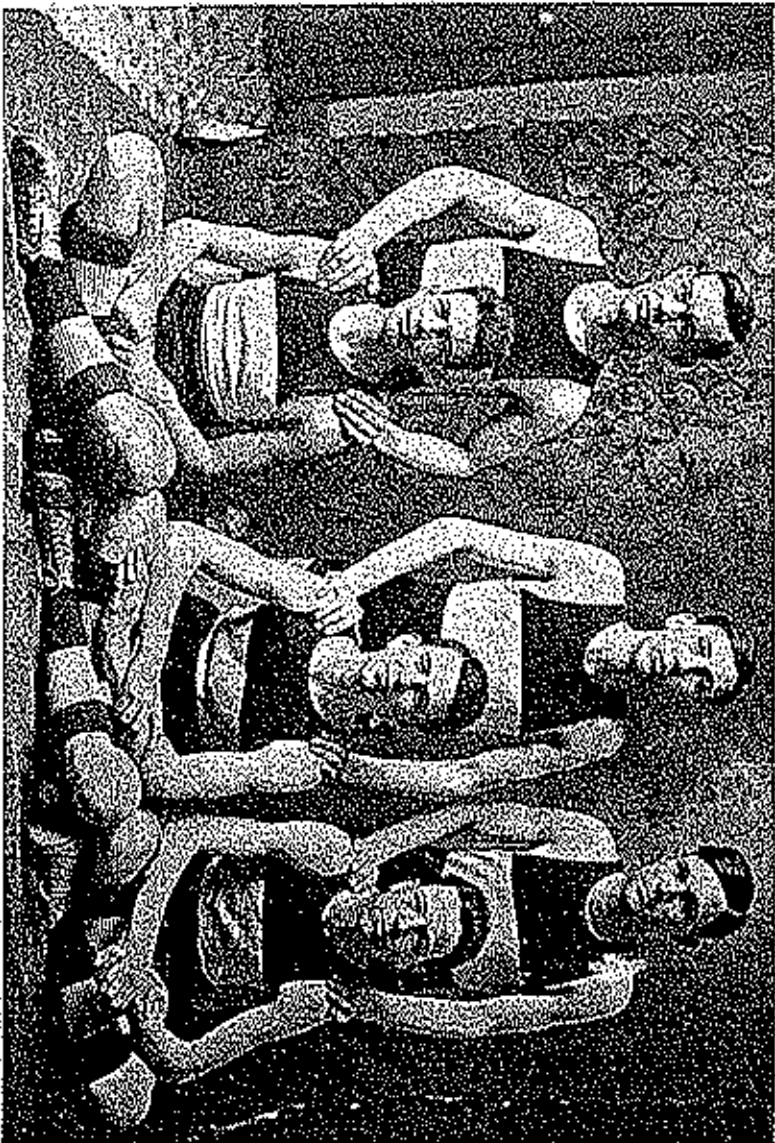
The work of the Girls' Chorus, which has been so much appreciated by those who attend the exercises of Commencement week was begun in 1910, under the leadership of Miss Vaunie Gumphey.

Since 1911, Miss Eva Fisher has had charge of the Chorus. The girls have been greatly benefited by this training and they thoroughly enjoy their work.

This year, the boys of the High School have taken up the work and the selections to be rendered will consist of solos, duets, double quartets, work, and chorus work.

B. W.

BOYS' BASKET BALL TEAM



WILLARD SAUTER, Guard
HAROLD ROSE, Center

GERTY SMITH, Guard
HARRY HARRY, Forward

CHARLES SMITH, Forward
HARRY PAUL, Forward

ATHLETICS

"What is a school without athletics?" It is the same as a country without patriotism. This has been the motto of the 1913 High School students in their efforts to be patriots to their school. The success of 1912-13 has exceeded that of any preceding year, for, although efforts have been made each year to encourage athletics, there has been no marked success.

The main feature of the 1912-13 athletics was basket ball. The girls organized a team under the supervision of Miss Ruby Fisher, and played two games, each resulting in defeat. Though the team met defeat they set an example for the future girls of Eldon. The boys' team played four games, three of which resulted in defeat. They played some teams who have played for several years, but they interested them, and showed them that E. H. S. "was in the ring." The games were as follows:

GIRLS

- Eldon 8..... Tusculumbia 9
- Eldon 5..... Tusculumbia 8

BOYS

- Eldon 15..... Versailles 21
- Eldon 17..... Versailles 35
- Eldon 17..... Tusculumbia 9
- Eldon 10..... Jefferson City 38

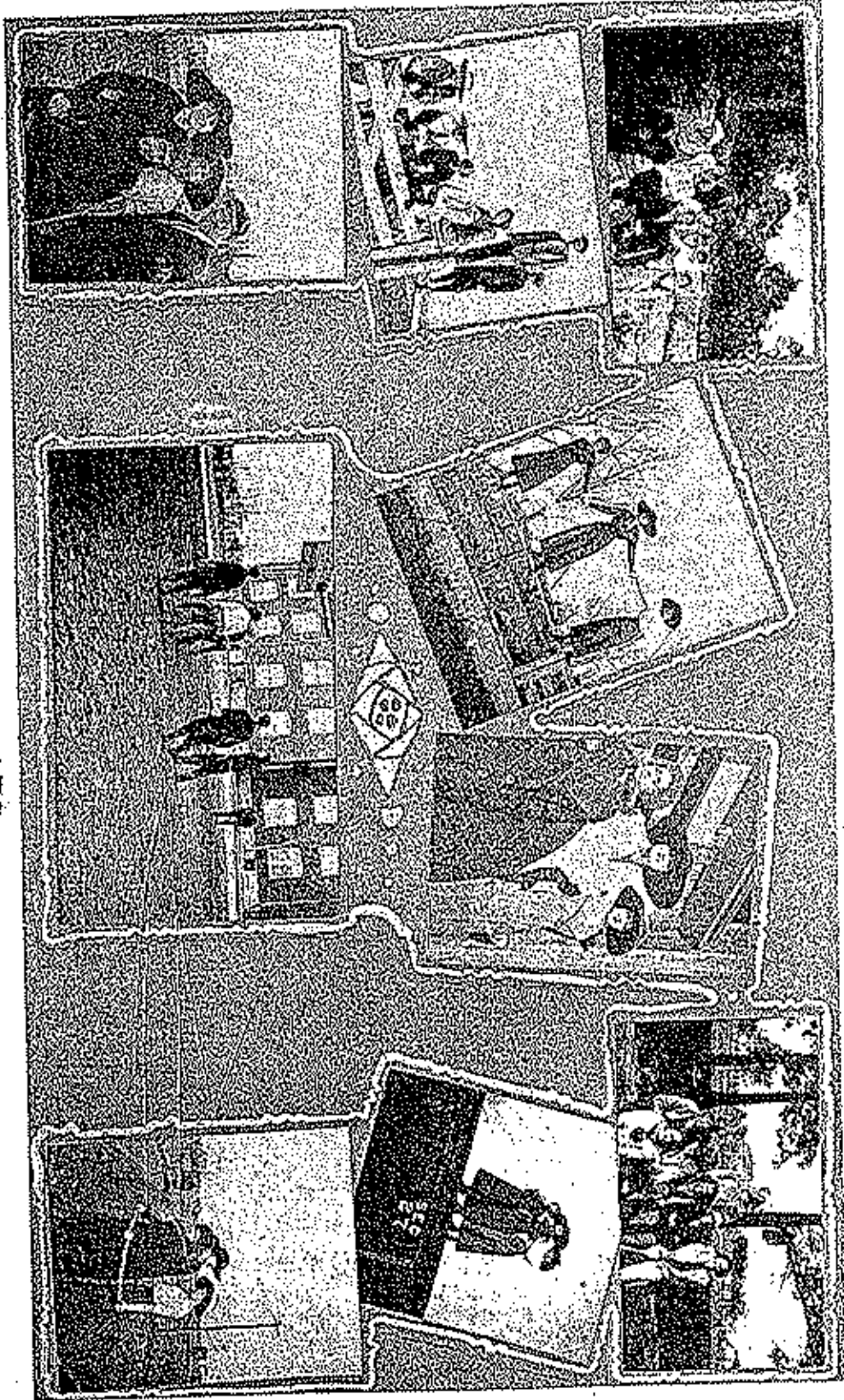
In addition to basket ball there was progress made along other lines. High jumping was one feature, Harold Ross being the champion. Gentry Smith won the championship for running broad jump, and for the standing-broad jump. Cecil Haines held the championship for the shot-put, and Victor Carpenter for the discus throw.

We hope that in the future the High School students will raise the standard of athletics, and that they will place Eldon at the head of other schools.

SNAP SHOTS

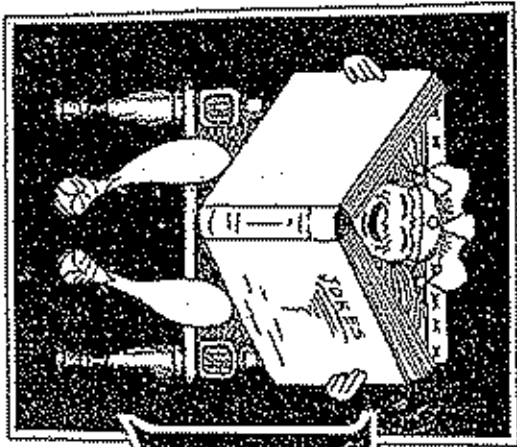


SNAP SHOTS . . .



SNAP SHOTS





ITOODSTAYS

Miss Goddard: "What is a philippic?"

Myrtle: "He was an ancient philopopher."

Our Willie passed away today,

His face we'll see no more

What Willie took for H, & O,

Proved H, & S O's.

Mr. Vaughan, in plane Geometry: "Harold, which had you rather have a tract of land 2 miles square or one of 2 square miles?"

Harold: "Why I'd take the one with the most land in it."

ALUMNI

CLASS 1910

Earl Collins, Eldon, Mo.
Griffith Carpenter, Eldon, Mo.
Prue Hellreich, Eldon, Mo.

CLASS 1911

Ethel Gumphrey, Eldon, Mo.
Mabel McClure, Kansas City, Mo.
Ethel Rose, Eldon, Mo.
Will Wells, Jefferson City, Mo.

CLASS 1912

Bessie Austin, Eldon, Mo.
Marie Brown, Eldon, Mo.
Vivian Collins, Eldon, Mo.
Forrest Eiter, Mt. Pleasant, Mo.
Janev Gunter, Eldon, Mo.
Ethel Phillips, Springfield, Mo.
Ivy Russell, Eldon, Mo.
Susie Schott, Calhoun, Mo.
Ruth Prover, Speed, Kan.
Curtis Weeks, Eldon, Mo.