

Senior Class Will

By MARY VIVIAN ZILIAK

We, the Senior Class of 1920, being sound in mind and body, do hereby make our last will and testament:

To the Junior class, we bequeath our exact and beloved teacher, Miss Tichenor.

Harold Laib wills his gift of oratory to Bob Parrett.

Homer Kister leaves to Mr. Hammond his bashfulness with the ladies.

To Blanche Ballard, Catherine Harter leaves her lady-like ways.

Beatrice Bruce leaves her vampire stare to Mildred Brown.

Mary Eleanor Ewing leaves her taste for classic dancing to Grace Strickland.

To Helen Hussey, Helen Davison leaves her affections for Harold Laib.

To Bill Stewart, Fred Kerr wills his perseverance.

Luther Mayhugh bequeaths his mustache to Robert Cushman.

Ruskin Swan leaves his dry wit to Miss Saupert.

To Charles Scull, Raymond Dill wills his football reputation.

Lowell Taylor leaves his gentle voice to Kathleen Allen.

Mae Lamb and Walter Williams bequeath their winning smiles to Mary Lois Taylor.

Charles Ballard wills his deportment grades to Floyd Baker.

Floyd Yochum leaves his diffident manner to Charles Swan.

To Dorothy Parrett, Rosa Morton leaves her jovial disposition.

Margaret Noble leaves to Mary Benson her love of domineering.

Mabel Daugherty leaves her assembly stride to Frances Ryan.

To Miss Bates, Donald Shewmaker wills his illustrious red mop.

Herbert Graetz leaves his poem on Miss Harsha to Miss Hancock.

To Miss Saupert, Irene Cockriel leaves her giggle.

Helen Carithers wills her harem to Eunice Miller.

Mildred Panchaud wills one of her soulful sighs to Robert Woods.

Katherine Ashmead leaves to Miss O'Brian one of her grunts to add to her collection.

Carl Schafer leaves his views on woman's suffrage to Etolia Skelton.

To Radie Kolb, Beatrice Skelton leaves her Japanese fans.

Shirley Ryan leaves her mirthful squawk to Harry Alexander.

To Carl Lautenslager, Bertha Morgan leaves her triplet curls.

Elizabeth Milburn leaves her wondering stare to John Skeavington.

John Hilliard wills his sonorous snort to Leonora Welborn.

Dorothy Wolfe bequeaths her blase manner to George Funk.

Grace Watson leaves her red sweaterette to Joe Cushman.

Paul Brumfield wills his wicked wink to Carl Ford.

To Luther Small, Mary Mauck wills her poetic license.

Janice Jopling wills her affection for Mr. Hammond to Miss O'Brian.

Marie Weist leaves her chewing gum to Miss Mossman.

Maurice Wilkinson leaves a mother's guidance to some of the Sophomore boys who need it.

Mildred Davis bequeaths her studious appearance to Raymond Shine.

Bertha Stormont leaves her domestic accomplishments to Frances Byrne.

Mary Vivian Ziliak leaves her sincere gratitude to the faculty.

And so farewell, and fair be all thy hopes
And prosperous thy life.
God be wi' you; fare you well.

—Shakespeare.

Senior Class Prophecy

By DONALD SHEWMAKER

In the summer of the year 19....., I was riding across the great Arabian Desert. My mount was that thirsty beast, the camel. I was in this particular corner of the world partly to satisfy my natural desire for traveling and partly because this was the only country in the whole world which had escaped the arid effects of the prohibition epidemic.

It was noon, precisely, therefore the temperature was somewhat above normal. For this reason the perspiration was streaming in torrents off my noble steed. I was beginning to fear that his water supply would soon evaporate when I saw to the left of me, what appeared to be an oasis, a mere green speck in the vast expanse of sandy desert which encircled it. Upon closer inspection I found it to be no, kind reader, not an optical illusion, but a real oasis.

Riding up closer I saw that the place was inhabited. Sitting with his back against a gigantic palm tree was an aged man, to all appearances antedating the flood. He seemed to be in a dead faint as he paid no attention to my camel, which I caught just in time to prevent his making an inroad upon the venerable man's beard. I seated the old man upon my charger in order to take him to the neighboring city. My guest recovered somewhat, but as he was still too weak to talk our conversation was somewhat limited. When we entered the town he pointed to a small white building, evidently his home.

Installed in his home, he said to me, "Stranger, thou hast saved my life. By Mahomet's beard, thou shalt be rewarded. I suppose thou art in need of food and drink."

As his supposition met with my enthusiastic approval he struck a gong. It was answered by an intensely black servant. Our repast consisted of a pudding, in form and substance not entirely dissimilar to a cannon ball and a sort of home brewed liquor of unrecognizable species.

As a last course he offered me a spoonful of some insalubrious concoction, wholly unknown to me.

"This is Lashush. It is the reward," the old man explained. In a few minutes he arose, took a small key from his pocket and unlocked a door in the side of the room. A gentleman stepped out and my host said, "Allow me to introduce His Majesty, the king of the underworld." My knees smote together with one accord, when I heard the name. His Majesty, however, shook my trembling hand as if I had been an old friend and said, "Let us be off, for we have a long journey before us. I will reveal to you what is happening in all parts of the world; but cease your aguish performance and prepare for a change of climate."

This was no sooner said than we were wandering among icebergs and eternal snows. Then a most curious spectacle presented itself for I beheld my old friend, Lowell Taylor, ascending the North Pole at a terrific rate of speed, far out-stripping any of his track records. He was followed immediately by a polar bear of a very unfriendly disposition; and herbivorous appetite.

I questioned him, but he was too excited to reply. My amiable guide answered for him, "He was trying to prove that the North Pole didn't exist, but now he is entirely cured of that mistaken idea; but let us seek a warmer climate."

Just out of San Francisco the buzzing of wires aroused us to the fact that there was a wireless station in the near vicinity. Soon we came upon a mammoth station controlled by the government and—Katherine Harter, the chief operator.