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The Oriole year book: Evansville Junior College. 1920

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THE ARKLE



EVANSVILLE JUNIOR COLLEGE



The
Oriole
Year Book
Evansville Junior
College



- Z. Webb -



Dedication

To the many loyal friends of
our Alma Mater—to those who
have shown such a sincere and
vital interest in her welfare::
to those who, in the unselfish
spirit of true sacrifice have
given so generously of their
time and of their wealth: we
gratefully dedicate this book.



THE TRIOLE



ALMA MATER

(Air—Cornell Alma Mater)

On Wisconsin's southern borders,
'Midst her maple groves,
Stands our cherished Alma Mater
Whom her sons all love.

Chorus.

Lift the chorus, speed it onward
Over vale and hill;
Hail to thee, our Alma Mater!
Hail, old Evansville!

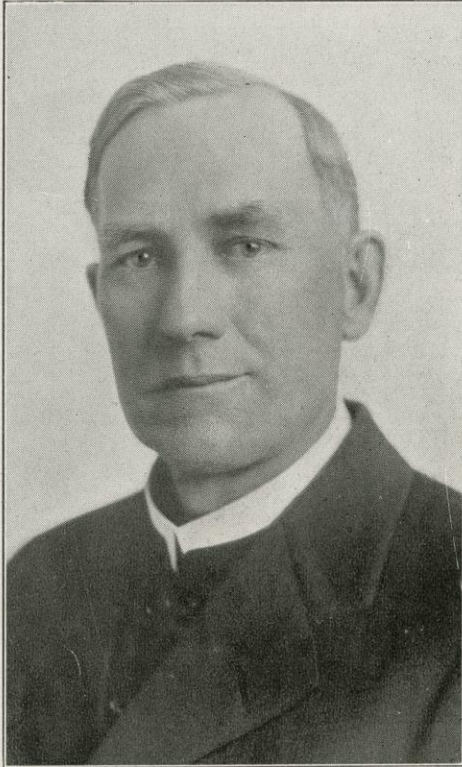
From the north and south we gather
With each opening year,
And her classic halls re-echo,
With the hearty cheer. Cho:

Fame has writ her name in honor
In the days gone by,
And we'll strive in grand endeavor
Still to keep it high. Cho:

We may wander from her portals,—
Feet may rove—but still
Hearts are ever true and loyal
To old Evansville. Cho:

Caroline Hill Williams.

Religious Life at the School

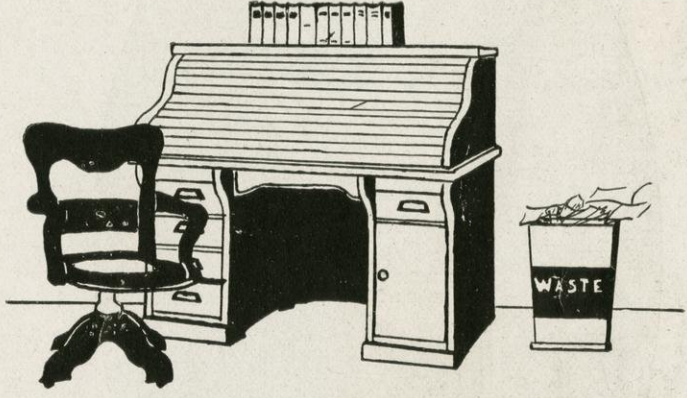


REV. H. O. HUBBARD

The development of the spiritual life of the students is continually kept in view. Every Tuesday evening a prayer meeting is held exclusively for those attending the school. These meetings are seasons of refreshment and uplift. The missionary interests are well cared for by the College Missionary Society. This Society is supported by the whole school, but gives special opportunity for activity to those who expect to make missions their life work. Splendid programmes are presented at regular public meetings held throughout the year. Evangelistic services are arranged for during the year which are a vital part of the religious life of the school. Evansville is most fortunate in having as its pastor Rev. H. O. Hubbard, of the Illinois conference, whose pious life and spiritual ministry are highly appreciated.

Long experience in the history of education has conclusively demonstrated that learning of itself does not produce virtue. There is no more destructive force among men than knowledge when turned into wrong channels. The educated derelict is by far the most dangerous delinquent in the social order. Expanding life must be taught the principles of right living, the same as the principles of mathematics. Cicero grasped this when he said, "It should not be claimed that there is no art or science of training to virtue. How absurd it is to believe that even the most trifling employment has its rules and methods, and that the highest of all departments of human efforts—virtue—can be mastered without instruction and practice."

The founders of Evansville Junior College sought to establish an institution in which sterling Christian character should be built up. Its motto is, "Study to show thyself approved unto God." Its aim is not only to maintain a high standard of scholarship, but also to create an atmosphere which shall stimulate religious life and shall be conducive to daily growth in the way of righteousness.



FACULTY

FACULTY



RICHARD R. BLEWS, Ph. D., President
Latin and Greek
A. B. in 1904, Post Graduate Student
of Columbia University, University
of Berlin, Germany, Ph. D. Cornell
University



MRS. IVA ORSTRANDER BLEWS

Public Speaking—Expression—Preceptress
Jamestown School of Expression,
Graduate Kumnock School of Oratory of Northwestern University

ERNEST GREENWOOD, B. S.
Commerce and Mathematics
University of Wisconsin



THE TRIOLE



RALPH LORENZO WARNER

Instrumental Music

Graduate Chicago Music College

CLARA A. SHAWVAN

Vocal Music

Pupil of J. S. Taylor and Madame
Linee





BERTHA A. TOWNSEND

Stenography
Hunt's Business College, Eau Claire,
Wisconsin

VIVIAN A. GILLINGHAM, B. C. S.

Intermediate Department
Graduate of Richland County Normal,
B. C. S. Evansville Junior College



THE TRIOLE



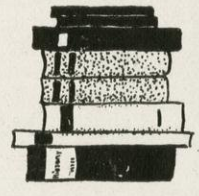
RAMONA EWBank, A. B.

English
DePauw University



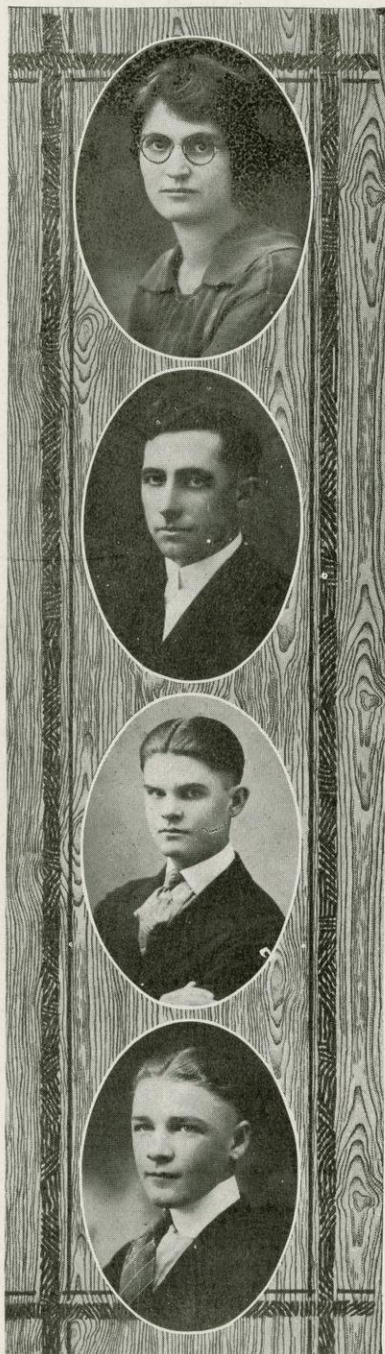
BESSIE G. TOURTELOTTE, A. M.

German and French
A. B. in 1908, A. M. University of
Iowa



CLASSES

MRS



CRYSTAL ENDICOTT—Prep.
Phoenix Secretary
"Tottingham"
Virtue—Shyness
Weakness—English
A social, genial nature with domestic tastes

JOSEPH GRIFFIN—Prep.
"Joe"
Virtue—Personality
Weakness—Sincerity
Dependable, loyal and always ready to help a friend

PAUL JAMES
Basket ball captain '19-'20
"Jacques"
Virtue—Himself
Weakness—Girls
For he is a jolly good fellow

PAUL LING
Basket ball '19-'20
"Lingie"
Virtue—Study
Weakness—Teasing
Work never hurt him



HORACE MAC DONALD

Phoenix President First Semester
"Mac"

Virtue—Soberness

Weakness—Smiles

His witty line of conversation makes
him well liked among his fellow
students

CHARLES NICHOLS

President of Senior Class
"Chuck"

Virtue—Pep

Weakness—Study

A Latin shark

CLARA HAZELTINE

2nd prize Girls' Declamatory Contest
Commercial Department

"Hazel"

Virtue—A little red automobile

Weakness—Cheerfulness

A sunny disposition—What a blessing



Academic Seniors

Honorary Member..Miss Ramona Ewbank
 PresidentCharles Nichols
 Vice President.....Joseph Griffin
 SecretaryCrystal Endicott
 TreasurerClara Hazeltine
 Class Motto—Rowing, Not Drifting.
 Class Colors—Purple and White.
 Class Flowers—Pansies.
 Mascot—“Dick.”

“GEMS OF EXPRESSION FROM GREAT MINDS.”

Clara Hazeltine—“Very Goot! Very Goot!”

Paul James—“Aw! Keep still.”

Horace MacDonald—“And to think they killed Lincoln.”

Charles Nichols—“Hey! You dummy!”

Paul Ling—“Tickled to spasms.”

Joseph Griffin—“Such is life.”

Crystal Endicott—“My land.”

The Senior's Soliloquy.

"Distance lends beauty to the object," is a saying as true as it is old.

Last year, we, the Honorable Juniors of 1919, looked forward with longing hearts to the time when we could be styled the "Unsquenchable" Seniors of air castles for the future, which is now the present. We had been planning on the time when we could come out on graduation day with flying colors. At last, our dreams have been realized. Usually we have held "our own" but occasionally have been "sat down on" so forcibly as to well nigh crush us.

Alas! Occasionally we have realized our air castles as only humble dwellings. As Juniors we did not realize the full meaning of parting, but now since we are Seniors, we can only express our deep regrets at the thought of being compelled to break away from the old associations of E. J. C. We will be missed perhaps more than they now appreciate. Time alone will reveal it to them. At present we can not help but think of the exalted positions that the underclassmen will, in their turn, take. Will they inherit our ability and our dignity which have prepared us for this new sphere? No doubt they have felt many good influences through their associations with us. We realize the responsible position which they are about to assume.

In each year of school life it is natural that each class look to that one immediately above it for example. Now, underclassmen, shall we offer a few suggestions as to how you may attain such marked success? Of course that which was successful for us might not be so for you, therefore there are many points which you must not copy from the class of 1920.

For instance, we have powerful bluffing ability, collectively and singly. I must mention no names, but of course you are acquainted with us. Now, here's what we wish to advise you: If you have talent in this line, do not let it grow. You may think you are good at the art but remember you cannot bluff your teachers because they have had too much bluffing already, in coming in contact with us. Of course an old hand may do it without being caught but please do not display yours—at least until you are confident that you have an advantage. If perchance you have this ability, save every bit of it for your last year. You will need all you can muster up. That, combined with your natural adaptation to study, will bring you through without failure in the end. Trials will come to you, but remember the honor at the goal for which you are striving. Strive toward perfection. With best wishes for your success, we bid you fond adieu.

SENIORS.

Juniors

Honorary Member	Miss Tourtelotte
President	Ruth M. Endicott
Vice President	Frank Tait
Secretary	Irma Nelson
Treasurer	Florence Maves
Colors	Green and White
Flower	Lily of the Valley
Motto	"Efficiency"

Like the maiden of poetic fame, we are standing "with reluctant feet where the brooks and river meet." The gaucherie of the Freshmen, the fatuous snoffery of the Sophomore—these we have cast aside throughout our journey as so many ill-fitting garments and we view only "darkly" as through a glass that magnificent finish, the Senior.

Now there's Flossie Maves—A daughter of the gods, divinely tall and fair. It's not often in this prosaic age that we find a lady with such musical talent, a "star" indeed in the light of whose brightness the glory of Shuman-Heink fades into oblivion—and, too, there are myriads of brave young gallants who have been in a languishing condition for months on account of her.

And to each perishing cry
Her only reply,
"Music, give me music."

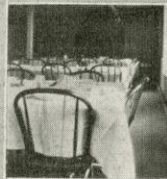
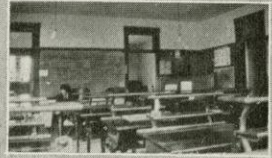
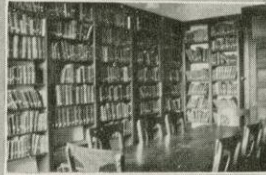
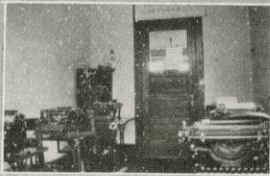
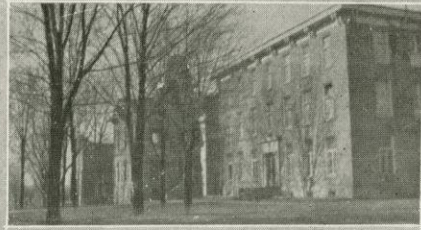
And Frank Tait—Sir Francis Tait, the gay, gallant, swashbuckling, young would-be-prince. How heavily the hand of civilization must rest upon you. But you shall be tamed. Already you have halted in your wild career to bathe in the soft glow of a "Woman's dark and rolling eye."

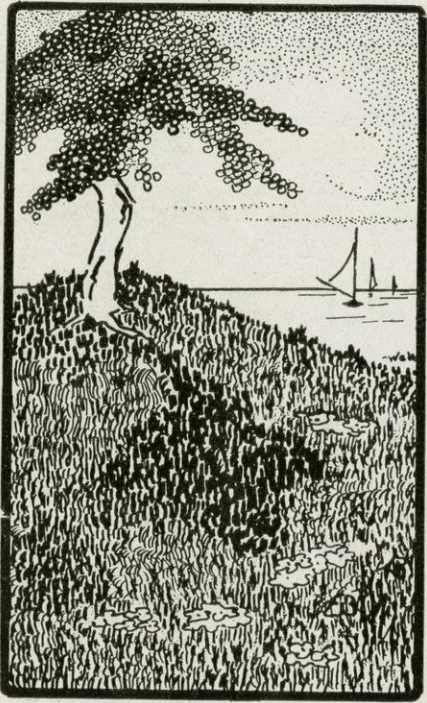
Irma Nelson—The high brow, headed straight for your Ph. D. Do you know that George Eliot turned over in her grave when you made your appearance. And the ghost of George Sands cried out in anguish when she beheld from her ethereal dwelling place your intellectual physiognomy? Bud, have a heart.

Then there's Rufus Endicott—A true blond, decisive of manner, brief of speech. Her ambitions change from year to year. Careers are elusive wraiths that beckon her, in ever changing shapes, from the crest of each new year. Now it is white clad, soft voiced nurse, with cool hands soothing the brow of pain; now it's a successful school ma'am, dignified of carriage, grave of mien; now it's an efficient business woman conducting the affairs of a huge concern. Now it is a precise orderly housewife, one who understands balanced rations, and whose housekeeping has reached precision of clock-work-visions, dreams, specters all! What will the reality be?

THE TRIOLE

LET THERE BE LIGHT





The Sophomore Class

- Honorary MemberRalph Warner
- PresidentMelvin Stirdivant
- Vice President.....Raymond Jipson
- Secretary-Treasurer.....Genevra Parker

Class Motto—
 Class Colors—Blue and White.
 Class Flower—Forget-me-not.

TO OUR MASCOT.

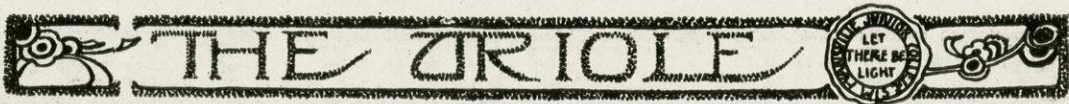
As mascot of this class,
 To help each lad and lass
 And fortune to promote,
 We've gotten Doctor's goat.

BY THEIR SAYINGS SHALL YE KNOW THEM.

- “Jip”—“Hot Dog!”
- Guernsey—“Good! Pardon you!”
- “Sturdy”—“Make it snappy!”
- “Merry”—“Fiddlesticks!”
- “Oh, Min”—“Aw heck!”
- “Deller”—“My stars and——!”
- “Genie”—“For Heaven's sake!”

A moment, please! Don't pass us by
 With that mere fleeting glance!
 Concerning all our talents, why
 You're lost in ignorance.

Say, are we great? Well we should smile!
 We're very bright, you see.
 Just look us over for a while—
 You cannot but agree.



There's Jipson, the modern Michelangelo; in Jipson we possess one of the future's greatest artists and humorists.

There is Guernsey, the orator, who is destined for a political career not less brilliant than that of the President of the United States.

We have Stirdivant, the school's athletic champion, who has a voice like Caruso. His chief ambition is to pitch for the White Sox. We'll back him to do it.

Marian Hardesty is noted for her oratorical and dramatic abilities. She will probably choose the stage as her profession, and will prove a dangerous rival for Sarah Bernhardt.

Minnie Hess is noted for her good disposition and pleasant ways. Her domesticity is very apparent. Take it from us—she's going to make a swell little house-keeper.

Della Poole is the little lady who never says much, but who thinks a good deal. She is always to be found reading or studying while the rest of us are star-gazing. We all like Della.

Johnson, steady and cheerful, left us before the year was out. The Sophomore bunch keenly felt the change when he had departed. Now Duane is on a farm in Illinois.

Genevra Parker is also noted for her ability in declamation. Some day when woman suffrage has become a national institution, she will probably be holding a political office.

There is another interesting person in connection with our class:

A thundering sound is heard above
The students' noisy clatter;
A sound we all have learned to love,
It stops the busy clatter.
And then adown the keyboard, chase
A lot of ripples trilly.
Musical fireworks run a race
And leave us feeling chilly.

The uninitiated groans,
"Our week-end peace, alack"!
But we exclaim in joyous tones,
"Why, Mr. Warner's back"!
Yes, Mr. Warner—it is he,
Whom no one can surpass.
We've chosen him the Honorary
Member of our class.

And there you are. Look us over! Have you ever seen a class with a more brilliant, a more promising future?
We challenge you!



Freshman

Honorary Member.. Vivian A. Gillingham
 President Myron Sharp
 Vice President..... Willard Gillingham
 Secretary Muriel Keys
 Treasurer Mary Jett

Class Motto—B-Square.
 Class Flower—Pink Carnation.
 Class Colors—Purple-Gold.
 Mascot—Joe Griffin.

Nickname

Favorite Saying.

W. James	Wessie.....	"Get the lead out."
W. Watson	Windy.....	"Four shots were fired."
M. Jett	Posy.....	"Oh! you horrid thing."
M. Keys	Fatty.....	"Oh! fudge."
R. Johnson	Smiles.....	"Wait a minute."
W. Kendall	Bishop.....	"Where's Ruth?"
M. Sharp	Sparpie.....	"How do you get that way?"
M. Dalrymple	Dally.....	"Hello Tait, how's the girl?"
W. Gillingham	Gillie.....	

Preamble

We hold these truths to be self evident; that all students are created equal. That they are endowed by their great Creator with certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. That whenever any Senior, Junior or Sophomore becomes destructive of these rights, it is the duty of the Freshmen to abolish him.

We're Freshmen, yes, we know it. We have been reminded often enough to know it, but what of that, they were all Freshmen once. And remember it takes a Freshman to make a Senior.

But let us talk of the more pleasant things. Our Vice President was in the Oratorical Contest, of which fact we are justly proud. Then, too, the Freshmen were the first class in school to organize.

In Athletics we came to the front, in Basket Ball we furnished two men for the First Team.

Yes, and we have had parties, sleighrides and other amusements, and no one who participated will soon forget.

Neither is our motto to be despised, "B-Square." No ordinary class would have taken such a standard, but the Purple and Gold in noble endeavor, has steadily maintained itself—and long may she waver—the Freshmen yesterday, today, but not forever.

Ne'er was more grand and august scene,
When first they met on the Campus green.
Their ardent zest could never dwindle
For among them is, Sir Walter Kendall.
And here is Ruthies at his side
Forever, her wandering feet he guides.
Well who is this? Our lady Jett,
And Sharpie who left us, "she loves him yet."
Here's Watson whose voice we hear so much,
And Dalrymple, we miss to beat the Dutch.
Last but not least of this violent band,
Gillie and Wessie the noblemen stand.
Now just you take a tip from me
They're alright, these Freshies of E. J. C.

THE TRIOLE



MAUDE ELLIS—Stenography
"Miss Ellis"
Virtue—Talkativeness
Weakness—Pluck
Quiet, peaceful and steady

VIVIAN GILLINGHAM—Bookkeeping
Missionary Treasurer
"Gillingcott"
Virtue—Six o'clock classes
Weakness—Coolness
Personification of dignity

LAURA JOHNSON—Bookkeeping
Missionary President
"Big Stiff"
Virtue—Quietness
Weakness—Shorthand
An earnest, deep, thorough nature

RUTH JOHNSON—Stenography
"Rufus"
Virtue—Cheerfulness
Weakness—Correctness
She is willing to fight her own battles



ESTHER KEYS—Bookkeeping
“Keys”

Virtue—Candy
Weakness—Promptness
Studious and practical, a credit to
our department

ALYS LORING—Stenography
“Jack”

Virtue—Reticence
Weakness—Boys
Pleasant as the morning

FLORENCE MAVES
“Flossie”

Virtue—Fussing
Weakness—Speed
“Flossie,” some day we expect to see
you a shining light in musical
circles

VEDA NOYES—Bookkeeping
“Noise”

Virtue—Independence
Weakness—Attentiveness
Always ready to help



MELVIN STIRDIVANT—Bookkeeping
President Phoenix Literary Society
“Sturdy”
Virtue—Pessimism
Weakness—Exactness
A gentleman

EVA SHARP—Stenography
“Sharpy”
Virtue—Dates
Weakness—Promptness
Pleasant and social with a mind of
her own

LLOYD WOLCOTT—Bookkeeping
“Wolcott”
Virtue—Her
Weakness—Brains
A manly man

FLORENCE WOLCOTT—Bookkeeping
Missionary Secretary
“Flossie”
Virtue—Hesitancy
Weakness—Decision
Trustworthy and every whit a lady

Commercial Seniors

CLASS OFFICERS.

President	V. A. Gillingham
Vice President	M. Stirdivant
Secretary and Treasurer.....	Laura Johnson
Honorary Member	Miss Townsend

As the human race progresses its needs increase, and as needs increase barter increases. Therefore trade, or commerce, is actually a criterion of the intellectual status of the people. Show me the nation that excels in art, in literature, in scholarship, and I will show you a people that has a sound commercial basis.

Trade is the initial step in civilization. As man begins to exchange products, he begins to exchange ideas, and thought multiplies by contact with thought.

There has been a decided tendency on the part of our so-called devotees of art that commerce is vulgar, and the pursuit of "low brows." Scarcely a "rhymester," or a "free verser," or a "cubic artist," but his particular muse impels him into a tirade against trade. These "poets" forget that but for this same despised commerce, they would have no paper on which to wreak their fine frenzies, nor royalties to buy sustenance while they do the wreaking.

Keen business ability is as truly intellectual in its own domain as are the researches of scientists, or the compilations of the scholar in his. Therefore schools can very properly admit business training into their curriculum.

A DREAM.

I climbed into my hammock to let Sunday afternoon quiet hour pass, and lo, I dreamed a dream. I was in a great theater. From the boxes I caught the gleam of many a diamond. The balcony was crowded with an expectant throng. An intense hush was upon the audience. The curtain rose. All eyes were fastened on a solitary figure in the center of the stage. He was tall, dark of hair and eyes, rosy of cheek, and handsome of face and figure. A sort of breathless sigh passed through the audience, and I felt, rather than saw, that he was the cynosure of hundreds of admiring feminine eyes. Somewhere in the depth of my dream-consciousness there lurked an elusive remembrance of the actor. Somewhere, some place I had seen this man.

Suddenly a gleam appeared in his eyes and a smile quirked about his mouth. As though magnetized, the audience began to laugh. The great comedian had begun his performance. I shall not attempt to describe this. Never have I seen human beings (in or out of dreams) laugh as did that audience. With one accord they rose to their feet as the act closed; men shouted themselves hoarse; women pelted him with flowers. The vast theater shook with laughter and applause. I, too, sprang to my feet, snatched up my opera-glasses, and raised them to my eyes. They fell to the floor and shivered to pieces.

"Lloyd! Lloyd!" I gasped weakly, "Lloyd Wolcott!!"

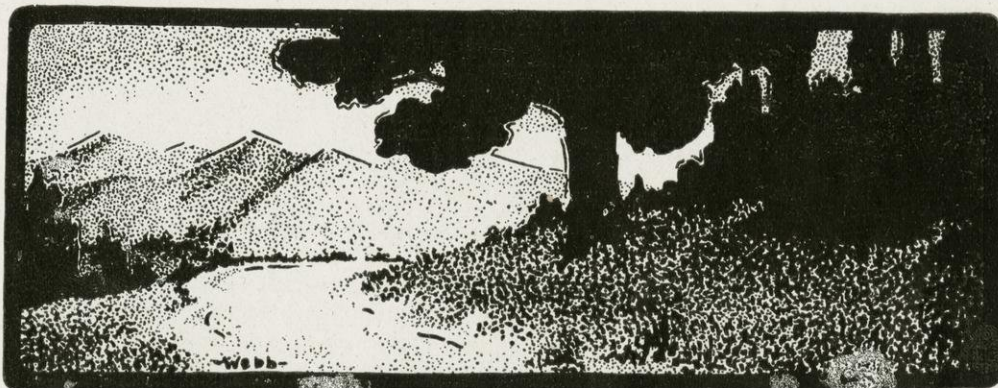
I passed out with the throng and wandered into the suburbs of the town, and along one of the most interesting streets I think I ever saw. At its end was a beautiful cemetery. As I strolled listlessly along, stopping here and there to read an epitaph, my eyes fell on a new marble slab, on which I beheld the name of Maud Ellis. A little farther on, and near the border of the cemetery, a newly made grave attracted my attention. I approached it. On a wooden marker, slightly disfigured by the recent inclement weather, I read: "Name unknown. Body was found near here beneath the debris of a little red car." I removed my hat and bowed my head in silence, for well I remembered her.

Suddenly I heard a vigorous tapping, as of a woodpecker drumming on a tree. But I had seen no trees there. Raising my head to discover the source of the sound, I beheld a large assembly chamber. The members were being called to order by a lady I at once recognized as Florence Wolcott. I let my eyes drift over the audience, upon which a stonelike stillness had fallen. There I saw no one I recognized, but looking again toward the forum I beheld, pen poised as though ready for three hundred per, no other than Ruth Johnson.

A bill was handed to the clerk to read. Its author's name was given as E. Keyes, and its purport was the extension of the income tax to unmarried women the same as to unmarried men. An objection was then raised by Laura Johnson, on the grounds that this would be unfair unless women were given the right to propose. After half an hour of discussion the bill was lost. The discussion that followed did not interest me.

My next recollection was of something tugging to my ankle. Looking down I saw a long chain. It had a large weight in the middle of it. One end was tied to my foot and the other to Sturdy's. Before us was a huge pile of rock. While I sat there wondering what it all meant, the gate opened, and through it I could see a little mission band led by Misses Loring and Sharp. They were closed from view by a police-woman entering the gate, with a culprit in each hand. Who should it be but Veda Noyes! "Why, Veda!" I exclaimed. Something struck my head. Consciousness found me in a hospital. At a short distance from me stood a nurse. Her back was turned to me, but I thought I recognized Florence Maves. But I'm not sure for I was carried away again into unconsciousness. My next awakening was with a terrible thud. I had fallen from my hammock. Near me stood two or three boys laughing harder than was good for them. I failed to see the point.

Music Department



The music department of Evansville Junior College has made striding progress this last year through the unflinching efforts of her teachers and the increasing interest shown by the students.

This department has been extremely fortunate this year in its selection of teachers of the piano, Miss Dorothy Beecher, and Professor Ralph Lorenzo Warner. Miss Beecher, a woman of artistic talent and cheerful spirit, unfortunately had to leave in the early part of the school year and it was then that Professor Warner was secured.

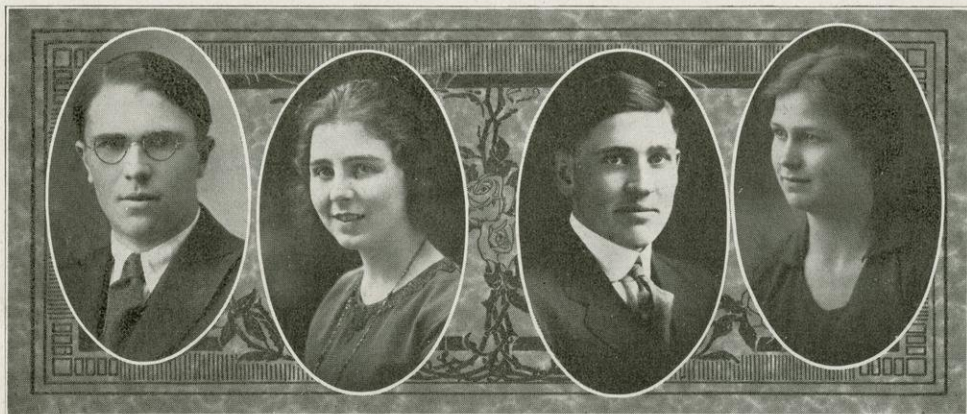
It was soon discovered by music students and laymen alike that the school had procured a remarkable genius when it had secured the Professor. It may be said to his credit that the school, although thus far favored in her selection of musical faculty, have never secured a director whose artistic talents have excelled those of Professor Warner.

In like manner the choral department has vastly improved under the excellent tutelage of Miss Shawvan, a woman of fine expression and extraordinary ability.

Many of the programs this year have been filled with excellent selections from students of this department. Instrumental solos, piano duets, vocal solos, duets and quartets have added immensely to the occasion and given credit to their respective teachers. The appreciation which the public has shown these programs has amply repaid them for their work.

In conclusion we must say that the musical department has had an exceptionally prosperous school year and her outlook for the future is even more cheerful.

The Prize Winners



Guernsey,

Parker,

Wolcott,

Hazeltine,

PROGRAM.

The Spirit of Lincoln.....Lloyd Wolcott
First Place.

When the Tide TurnedDonald Guernsey
Second Place.

Touissant L'OvertureWillard Gillingham

A Treaty of Peace.....Frank Tait
Music.

PART II.

The Dumwaiter BabyGenevra Parker
First Place.

The Snapdragon SonataClara Hazeltine
Second Place.

The Revolt of Mother.....Florence Wolcott

Joint Owners in Spain.....Eva Sharp
Music.

Awarding of Prizes.

H. W. Marsh Oratorical Contest

In past years Oratorical and Literary work has not had the place in school curriculum that it should have had. The real value of training on lines of public speaking has been very much underestimated by people in general and even by the students who have the opportunity to reap the benefits of such training. Ability along the lines of literary work and public speaking is of inestimable value to any citizen as well as to the statesman, lawyer, and minister.

The fundamental principles taught in this department are the basis of all convincing conversation. An idea, in order to be effectually conveyed to others, must be expressed in such a way that it not only is clear, but that it has the power to stir the feelings of individuals and bring about action. Thus literary, conversational, and oratorical success is based upon certain psychological principles.

The aim of our public speaking department is to train the students to speak, not only with words properly arranged, but to convey those words with the full sense of their meaning, and backed with the feeling and sentiment of the idea. The voice is cultivated, making it clear, strong, flexible, and melodious. The body is trained into harmony of motion that renders the position of the speaker at once graceful, natural, and impressive. The student's vocabulary is increased and self-confidence is developed. He is thus enabled to picture vividly the idea to be conveyed and the mastery of those basic principles is attained. He is thereby better fitted for life's duties as they bring him in contact with men.

This department of Evansville Junior College under the direction of Mrs. Iva O. Blews has, during the past year, done a good work and has accomplished its aim. Much interest has been taken in this line of work. It was brought to a glorious finish in the Annual Occasions consisting of the Haven Marsh Oratorical Contest, open to the boys, and the Girls' Declamatory contest. These were events of great interest to the whole school and city, and times of much innocent rivalry among the contestants.

The final contest which was held on the evening of April second was an exceptionally high class entertainment, equaling or excelling those of previous years. It was greatly appreciated by a large audience whose pleasure was evidenced by the tense excitement prevailing and expressed by loud applause when the judges' decisions were rendered and the prizes awarded.

These annual contests, aside from their educational value and beneficial experience to the participants, add much to the spirit and life of the school regime. It is to be hoped that this good work will be kept up and extended until it shall have been strengthened and raised to a standard never excelled by any department or school.

W. L. W.

Grade Department

"For who hath despised the day of small things?" This question re-echoes across the waste of many centuries and the reply is that they who scorn these little beginnings are legion. Mankind has ever forgotten that before the mighty oak lifts its grace and strength in the air there is the humble, burrowing root; for "great oaks from little acorns grow."

Therefore let us not forget, even in the effulgence of those polished, finished gems, the Seniors, the diamonds in the rough,—the Grade Class.

HOW WOULD IT SEEM?

Roy without a novel?
Genevieve and Dorcas separated?
May at school every day?
Harold in a Hurry?
Eddie losing his voice?
Billie having his lesson?
Joe playing "Hookey"?

THROUGH THE TELESCOPE.

On June 1, 1930, the Grade Class held a reunion in the gymnasium which they had played in ten years before. The girls say they had a banquet, but the boys, especially H. H. and W. M. say they had only fruit salad and not enough of that.

In the toasts that followed each one present told in his own way what he was doing, or not doing.

Genevieve is director of calisthenics at the University of Wisconsin and is specializing in music.

Eddie says he is just "blowing in time," but we think if he were to tell that at Mandel Bros. office, his duties as janitor might be increased.

Dorcas is teaching domestic science in the same school with Genevieve. They are still inseparable.

Harold is now in a hurry to return to his duties as traffic cop on the corner of State and Madison Streets, Chicago.

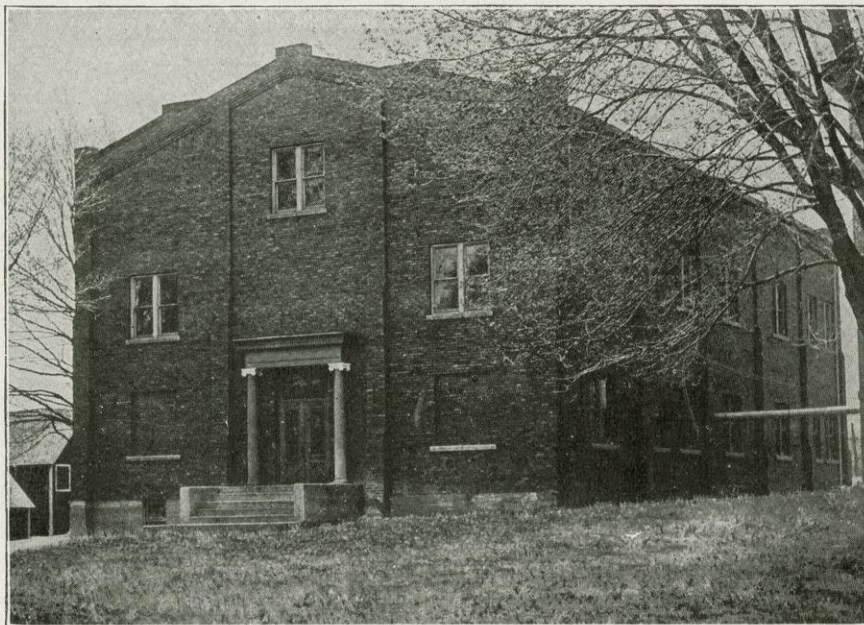
Mae is happy on a large dairy farm in Northern Wisconsin.

Murphy is teaching a district school and "preaching what he never practiced."

Roy is chief of the Forest Rangers in Montana.

Joe has just returned from a trip to his home in Italy, bringing with him one as fair as can be found within our own borders. He now has a prominent position in the Baker Mfg. Co.

Athletics

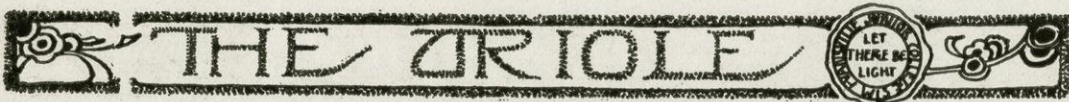


OUR NEW GYMNASIUM

All of our readers have probably heard the old saying or motto, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." Dull boys or girls either are very scarce around the Seminary. Basketball, baseball, tennis and hiking have been the most common form of athletics participated in.

During the early part of the season basket-ball interest ran very high due to the efforts of Coach Davis and Captain P. James, but as the season progressed, practice grew harder and no schedule was arranged; interest dropped and it required untiring efforts on the part of our noble captain to get the teams out for practice. Finally the Literary Society generously offered to let the Athletic Association hold a pep program one Friday evening. Enthusiastic speeches were made by all the players, a yell leader was appointed, yells practiced and the good old pep was again reinstated, and as a result we developed a team worthy of any school three or four times our size.

THE TRIOLE



The girls gave a banquet in honor of our first team and it sure was a real party. The tables were arranged as one long table in the dining room and we were pleasantly surprised by the beautiful decorations in orange and black winding in and around the lights, pillars, windows and even tables of the dining room. After the banquet speeches were orated by some of the notables of the school, followed by songs and games of the entire school. All present at the memorable affair voted it THE affair of the year. Too much credit cannot be given to the Freshmen-Sophomores teams and the splendid work they did. The basket-ball bug seemed to grow under the skin of every student in the institution. A girls' team was organized, but did not arrange any schedule as they found no worthy competitors. Even the grade boys were inspired and arranged a series of games with the city grades, easily winning all the games they played.

The base-ball schedule has been terribly hampered by the weather but it is hoped by the fans that old Thor will let up a while on his punishing the earth and let the fellows play.

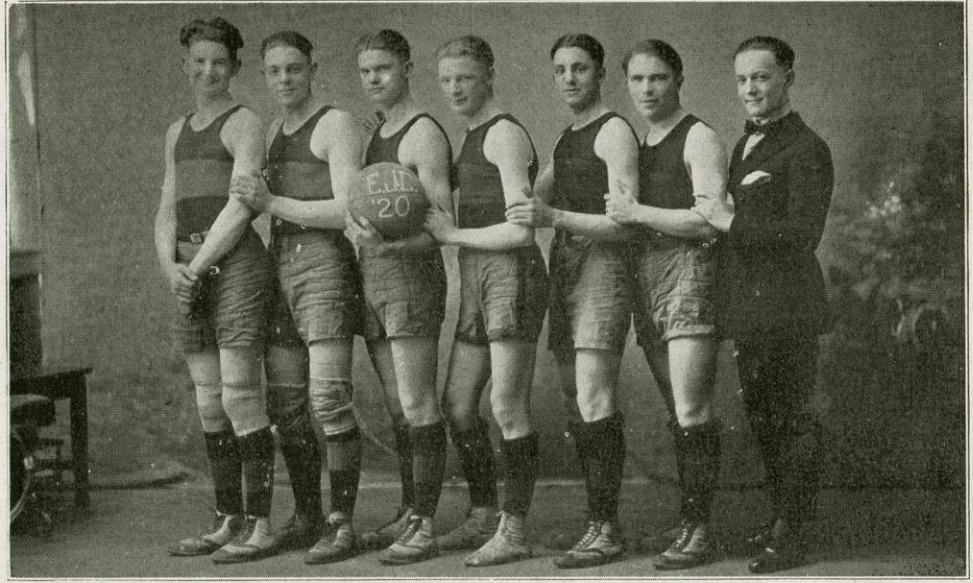
Tennis is one of the minor sports but if every athlete went at it with the spirit of E. J. C. it would be the main major sport. At the time we go to press a big tournament is being arranged in which the entire tennis club is to take part.

Hiking is indulged in by the entire student body including teachers as well. Manny supper picnics are planned and all day hikes on Saturday are quite the rage. We are informed that a few of the girls have been rising very early in the morning and taking long hikes before breakfast. If that is true the reason for the enormous eating capacity of the girls is duly explained and we also see the most healthful species of girlhood roaming in and around our campus and buildings.

Some of our fellows grew quite enthused over the prospect of a tract team, even going so far as to buy track suits and running around the fair ground track several times a day, but the weatherman soon spoiled this.

The Athletic Association has always been of great value to the students of the school in the past and especially so this year. Basket balls, volley balls, baskets, tennis nets, tennis balls and many other articles have been purchased by the board with the view of bettering athletics and athletes in our school. Everyone interested in athletics at the Seminary sincerely hopes that another year will find teams just as good and if possible better than this year. However, we feel that they can't be better because everyone has done his best all year and that is all that could be expected of anyone. We believe that our teams are on an equal standard with Madison, Janesville, Beloit and many other schools which are several times our size and which therefore have far greater material to pick their teams from. Our chief purpose is to furnish physical culture and recreation for all students.

Basket Ball Club



Kendall (G) Sturdivant (C), James (F) Ling (F), Jipson (F), Guernsey (G), McDonald (G),

ORANGE AND BLACK

(Air—Orange and Black)

'Midst the prairies stretching eastward,
'Midst the prairies stretching west,
With the eagle watching o'er her,
Pillowed on Wisconsin's breast,
Stands our cherished Alma Mater,
With love for her we thrill,
While with joy we join the chorus,
Oh, we love thee, Evansville.

Yes, we love thy shady campus,
We love thy stately halls,
From the east and west we gather
Gladly here within thy walls.
We have long upheld thy standard,
And we'll raise it higher still,
S-minary, Junior College,
Oh, we love thee, Evansville.

We must leave thy halls of learning,
We must bid a fond adieu,
Thou hast taught us noble lessons,
To each one we will be true;
As the years fly swiftly o'er us,
Fond thoughts shall linger still,
As we hear the chorus echo,
Oh, we love thee, Evansville.

Ethel Paul Emery.

Oriole Staff



Stirdivant
Ewbank

Guernsey,

McDonald.

James,

Hazeltine.
Wolcott,



THE TRIOLE

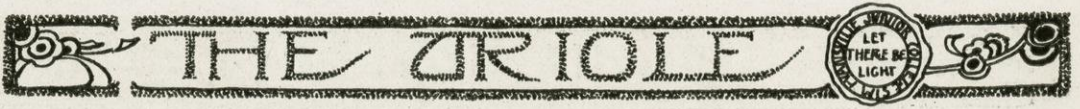


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Phoenix Literary Society





Phoenix Literary Society

The Phoenix Literary Society is a historic institution in our school, and its great value has long been proved. The aim of this club is to train our students to appear in public, to give them some practical knowledge outside of school books, and to provide them pleasant evenings of valuable entertainment.

All members of the school enter heartily and willingly into the work of the society. The programs consist of musical numbers, papers on current topics, readings, and various other selections of a literary character. The programs are always well balanced, giving enough light material to make them attractive and enough heavier material to make them beneficial and uplifting. Thus the student comes to recognize his ability along certain lines and to appreciate that of his fellow students.

Some very fine programs have been presented by the society this year, and, on looking back over the year's work, we pronounce it very successful indeed. One way we may account for this success is through the active interest and enthusiasm of each and every member. We trust that the future of the Phoenix Literary Society may be as brilliant as her past.

OFFICERS.

First Semester

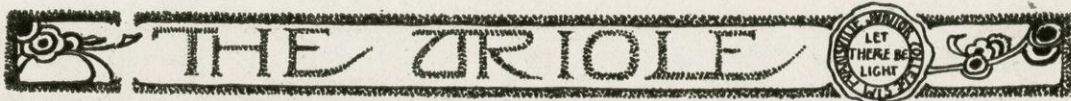
Second Semester

President—Horace McDonald.....	Melvin Sturdivant
Vice President—Howard Updike.....	Walter Kendall
Secretary—Irma Nelson.....	Crystal Endicott
Treasurer—Florence Maves	
Chajlain—Lloyd Wolcott	Charles Nichols

THE TRIOLE

LET THERE BE LIGHT





"The Real Oriole"

FORWARD.

We now merge into the section of our little book, shrewdly styled by some wit "The Real Oriole."

This little comment on human nature having been placed under the title "Literary" is not so located because it has any literary excellence, neither because it has any connection to literature, but for the sole reason that we had no other place sufficiently dignified to contain it.

This is neither an apology nor an explanation, nor might it be called an introduction. The answer is a question that must be solved personally. So, forming no excuses, making no promises and assuming no responsibilities we leave you to your further perusal.

THE EDITORS.

PROVERBS.

Ignorance makes all things difficult;
Bluffing all things easy.

Count that day lost whose low descending sun hears from thy lips one foolish Freshman pun.

'Tis Warner we'll tell you about
Whose name, the first part we've left out;
In music he's fine
For that's just his line
And sure he's a mighty good scout.

Doc. (looking over Watson's shoulder)—Your spelling is perfectly terrible.
Watson—That isn't a spellin' lesson. It's a composition.

Murphy and Wollcott are two youngsters pugilistically inclined. The other day the following conversation took place between them:

Wollcott—"Aw, you're afraid to fight. That's what it is."

Murphy—"Naw I ain't, but if I fight my ma will find it out and lick me."

W.—"How'll she find it out?"

M.—"She'll see the doctor goin' t' your house."

Langemack (the shopkeeper, to McDonald)—When you've finished sweeping the

shop and putting things straight, don't hang about wasting your time. You can be catching flies and putting them into our new patent fly-trap, so that it will be ready to put in the window.

Doc—"What are you doing, Jip?"

Jip—"I'm counting. You told me when I got mad to count to a hundred."

Doc—"Yes, so I did."

Jip—"Well' I've counted to two hundred and thirty-seven and I'm madder than when I started."

A suburban housewife relates overhearing this conversation between her maid and the cook next door:

"How are you Hilda?"

"I'm well, I like my job. We got cremated cellar, cemetary plumbing, elastic lights and a hoosit."

"What's a 'hoosit' Hilda?"

"Oh, a bell rings, you put a thing to your ear and say 'Hello' and someone says 'Hello' and you say 'Hoosit.'"

One day last summer Guernesy was walking along a country road. A young lady approached him. "Young man," said she, "can you tell me if I can get through this gate to the pike?"

"Yes ma'm. I think so. A load of hay went through about five minutes ago."

Miss Ewbank (Eng. IV)—"Who is meant by the evil one?"

Bud—"I think it means woman."

MUST BE DICK BLEWS.

"Who is the greatest of home rulers?"

Answer—The baby.

Bud Nelson (tennis game)—"What's the score, Charles?"

Charles—"It's 30—LOVE."

Five students file into the breakfast room ten minutes late. The Doctor speaks:

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead

Who never to himself hath said,

I'll have one minute more in bed?"

Theme required,

Freshie tired.

Theme suspected,

Fresh detected.

Theme due,

Fresh blue.

Theme cribbed

Fresh fibbed.

Theme refused

Fresh excused.

Doc (Physics)—We will have a quiz on Monday morning. But we probably won't have it.

Watson—"Oh, Miss Jensen, I have an idea in my head."

Miss Jensen—"Treat it kindly, it's in a strange place."

"And now," said Dr. Blews to Griffin in Bible class, "I want you to tell the class who was most concerned when Absolom got hung by the daif?"

Joe—"Abs'lom!"

Miss Ewbank (Eng. IV)—"Mr. James, do you think Portia was a young girl?"

Paul—"No ma'am, I think she was about your age."

Guernesy (Geom.)—The product of the consequences equals the product of the extremities.

THE TRIOLE



"Where you going old man?"

"Going down to Combs' Studio to get shot."

"You look dressed up to kill."

SCHOOL CALENDAR OF 1919 AND 1920.

Sept. 15—Grand rush from depot to Dorm. Unpacking of trunks. Brown-eyed Susans as well as jolly lads gather from North, South, East and West.

Sept. 16—Same bell rings and calls all the students together in the assembly room. Registration. Purchase of books.

Sept. 19—First basket-ball game, followed by a merry time in the gym. Mr. Griffin introduces Mr. Jersey (Mr. Guernsey) to Miss Racket (Miss Noyes).

Sept. 20—Reception given where all students become acquainted. That evening Mae Smith prefers the Kendall (candle) to the electric lights. Willard Gillingham is the nearest to Sharpe (Eva) he ever was. Two of John-sons (Duane and Ruth) are campused.

Sept. 21—Crystal Endi-cot (caught) Vivian Gillingham. Both are sorry that day and night are equal.

Oct. 10—First number of Lecture Course given by Dr. Alice Williams, a psychologist, from Chicago.

Oct. 18—First party of the season at Noyes home. All are filled with pep. A Noyes beside the Pool. Duains finds a Key (Muriel) and has not lost her yet. Several Seminary matches are maid and at least five remain.

Oct. 19—An auto load of students take a trip to Edgerton. Lights go out, due to lack of gas (in car). Next day four of Dorm. students are campused but two are lucky and escape the penalty.

Oct. 27—Take a grand hike over the hills. Most of the crowd get home two minutes before the supper bell rings.

Nov. 1—Halloween party in Dorm. Dining room is decorated in yellow and black. Witches, pumpkins, cornstalks in all corners, and all guests, dressed as ghosts make the night more weird.

Nov. 11, 3:30 A. M.—Seminary bell is rung by boys, in commemoration of World War Peace. Dr. Blews gives an interesting address concerning Peace Treaty.

Nov. 12—Seminary boys go apple hunting. Guns are fired but boys escape with apples enough to treat the girls, on their return.

Nov. 14—Dr. Montezuma, an Indian speaker, gives a talk on "Famous Authority on American Indians."

Nov. 22—Party at Keys' which we all enjoy immensely. Francis Taite gets "stuck" on Wol-cot.

Nov. 27—Elaborate three-course Thanksgiving dinner is served at the Dorm. Some of the students spend the day at their homes. First snow storm.

Dec. 2—Move chapel from main hall to gymnasium, on account of scarcity of coal.

Dec. 6—Girls show boys how to play a good game of basket-ball.

Dec. 8—Three sleigh loads enjoy a long ride, followed by a party at the Paul Mable home. Music, games and refreshments fill the time.

Dec. 12—Young people enjoy the sleigh ride after the literary program is given.

Dec. 19—Restrictions raised for the day. Packing of trunks. What a happy crowd.

Dec. 20—Vacation begins. Depot crowded. Did Laura and Joe get tickets for the same place?

Dec. 25—Everybody eating turkey and mince pie around home firesides.

Dec. 31—Many watch the old year out and the new year in.

Jan. 2—All Sem. students, spending vacation in Evansville, take a nice long sleigh ride. That evening Clara Hazeltine has a Bill and the Bill has not been settled yet.

Jan. 7—Some excitement when the friends meet again after the two weeks vacation. New student, Jack Loring.

Jan. 8—School starts. New supply of teachers.

Jan. 11—Bud and Jack appear with new spring hats. Heaviest storm of season.

Jan. 12—Bud and Jack campussed.

Jan. 19—Lecture given by Jane Adams. Jack and Bud's penalty raised.

Jan. 26, 27, 28—Students worn out. Did they have the flu? No, it's the first semester's exams. Each night basket-ball game at the gym. Last time our boys gave the High School team a game. Girls give the boys of the different E. J. C. teams a spread, and show them a good time.

Jan. 26—Myran Sharp is called home due to his father's sickness.

Jan. 29—Freshman party at the gym. Learn the A, B, C.

Jan. 30—Sleigh ride party. One load gets "stuck" in snow bank. Altho thermometer says twenty-six below zero, all feel like two in the shade. Jack and Bud campussed.

Feb. 8—Vern Wolcott visits friends.—M. J. D.

Feb. 14—Farewell party given for Duane Johnson.

Feb. 18—Professor Efig gives a splendid lecture on "Birds of Wisconsin."

March 10—Basket-ball game with E. H. S. Score is 9 to 19 in our favor. Lots of cheering and excitement.

March 17—Senior are more green than Freshies as it is St. Patrick's.

March 27—Ruth Endicott and Horace MacDonald are separated for a week. Both think it worse than being campussed.

April 2—Frank Johnson begins attending Literary. Clara Hazeltine featured on program.

April 3—Ruth Holub comes to spend Easter with Seminary friends.

April 4—Appropriate Easter sermon and exercises are given at the church. Cold, damp, windy day for new Easter bonnets.

April 5—Oriole Board elected. Everyone is ready to take hold and help.

April 9—Declamation contest. Geneva Parker and Lloyd Wolcott receive first prizes; Clara Hazeltine and Donald Guernsey receive second.

April 14—Campus cleaned. Have our first spring picnic. Marshmallow and wiener roast. Bud and Jack campussed.

April 21—Start playing tennis. Mae Smith takes Guernsey to stone quarry.

April 23—Several couple went out to "House Next Door." Nobody home.

April 28—Sturdie and Florence Maves are campussed. Four of the business students go to Janesville to apply for positions.

May 1—Business students give a class party at Noyes home. Each one brings a guest. When door bell rings, don't know whether it's a May basket or some coming for the evening.

May 2—Total eclipse of moon.

May 14—Guy Guernsey L. L. B. gives an interesting speech.

May 20—Annual picnic at Albany. All students have the time of their lives and wish the time did not fly so fast.

May 21—First musicale given. Impressive music played.

May 28—Second musicale. Church crowded.

May 30—E. J. C. and High School join in union and hear the Baccalaureate sermon conducted by Rev. Misdall.

May 31—Phoenix Literary program, given by graduates.

June 1, 2:30 P. M.—Commencement exercises.

June 1, 7:30 P. M.—Alumni reception.

VEDA NOYES.

Jokes

Gillingham—"What little boy can tell me where the home of the swallow is?"

Humphrey—"Is it the stummick?"

"Why, Mabel," said a mother to her four year old daughter, "you've got one of your stockings on wrong side out."

"I put it on that way," explained the little Miss, "cause ther's a hole on the other side."

Gillingham—"Who can make a sentence with the word 'gruesome' in it?"

Murphy—"I can! The man stopped shaving and gruesome whiskers!"

Sunday School Superintendent—"Who led the children of Israel into Canaan?? Will one of the smaller boys answer?"

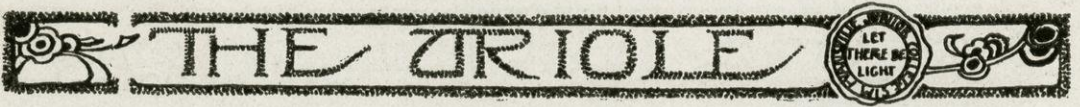
No reply.

Superintendent (somewhat sternly)—"Can no one tell? Little boy on that seat next to the aisle, who led the children of Israel into Canaan?"

Eddie Kurz (badly frightened)—"It wasn't me, I—I just moved yere last week from Chicago."

Shorty Davis was trying to explain the meaning of the word "conceited which had occurred in the course of a lesson. "Now boys," he said, "suppose that I was always boasting of my learning—that I knew a great deal of bookkeeping, for instance, or that my personal appearance was that I was very good-looking you know—what would you say I was?"

Sturdy—"Sure, sir, I'd say you were a liar."



"Well, well," said absent-minded Prof. Warner, as he stood knee-deep in the bath tub, "what did I get in here for?"

A prisoner was brought before a police magistrate. He looked around and discovered that his clerk was absent. "Here, officer," he said, "what's this man charged with?"

"Bigotry, your honor," replied the policeman, "he's got three wives."
The magistrate looked at the officer as though astounded at such ignorance. "Why, officer," he said, "that's not bigotry—that's trigonometry."

James—"Oh, don't touch me! You'll get lint on me."

Miss Ewbank (Eng. IV)—"We will take the life of Johnson tomorrow. Everyone come prepared."

"LATIN 1"

We're a bunch of wise ones
Called the "Baby Latin."
All the "ere's" and the "ire's"
We can neatly flatten.
If your knowledge is sorta low
And there's something you want to know,
Ask the Baby Latin.

Right this way for the "Baby Latin,"
Life to us is as soft as satin.
There's nothing we don't know
From a hymn book to a show
So that is why we're called
"The Baby Latin."

Now, When Dr. Blews turns up his nose
And sniffs the air where'er he goes,
Think not, 'tis pride. He sniffs the air
To see if smell of smoke be there.

The jokes in this book are meant
To entertain you for a while;
There's nothing in them to prevent
You from indulging in a smile.
They'll help you sharpen up your wits,
They'll keep you out of mischief too,
And you will find that there are bits
Of wholesome wisdom scattered through.



HONOR ROLL

William Zimmerman

*Frank Griffith

Max Phillips

Joseph Paulson

Sherman Cushman

Leonard Finn

Martin Colony

Marion Jones

Wesley Langemak

George Emerton

Benjamin Green

*Squire Willard

Manly Sharp

Willard Preussell

Adelbert Bardell

Thomas Johnson

Cecil James

Walter Churchill

Stanley Brink

Lyle Porter

Arley Parkin

Clyde Marsh

William Carson

Malvin Fursett

Victor Scalf

John Hogen

Clarence Gillette

*William Russell

Vivian Gillingham

Glen Devine

Orlie Devine

Theodore Klein

*Paul Caniff

Frank Ling

Ernest Ling

Harold Hansen

Charles Jorgenson

Wesley Cereny

*Floyd Holub
Paul Mable
Albert Winn
Clarence Hughes
Paul Jones
Brooks Gabriel
Charles Adler
Henry Adler
William Brooke
Lauren Knapp
Walter Knapp
David Finch
Paul Dietzman
Ivan Fay
Charles Simpson
†Mary Hart
Robert Hart
Edward Butts
Fred Graham

Douglas Webb
Eldon Hatfield
Joseph Davendorf
Joseph Mead
*Jay C. Frost
Eugene Marion
Elmer Ward
P. M. Murphy
Lloyd Wilder
Paul Chase
Robert Antes
Merwin Noble
Ross Noble
Eustace Parker
§Quincy Ames
§Charles Stoll
Fletcher Turgeson
Charles Day
Benjamin Duncan

*Gave their life in the service.

†Served in the Red Cross.

§Served in the Y. M. C. A.

Those Who Made the Supreme Sacrifice

While twenty-six names appear on our Honor Roll, there were but six who did not return when the days of sacrifice were over. The seventy-six in spirit gave their lives to protect America and the principles of civilization, but the supreme sacrifice was not required of all; therefore of these five I speak in particular.

Unfortunately we were not able to secure, at this time, accurate information regarding Corp. Paul Caniff and Squire Willard, except that they died in action.

Jay C. Frost, who finished the Preparatory Department in 1910 and the Sophomore College Course in 1914, was a member of Co. B of the 1st U. S. Engineers. He went overseas with Pershing's first army, and saw nearly a year of service at the

front. After his death his Corporal wrote of him as follows: "Jay was killed July 21, 1918, in the American counter-drive at Soissons, France. It was the hard fighting there that turned the tide of German advance. I did not see him at the moment he was killed, but just a few moments later. He did not suffer any. As a soldier Jay was quiet and reserved, always ready to do his duty. He died as a soldier, with face to the front advancing in one of the hardest fought battles of the war. Before his death he rendered great aid to wounded comrades, never delaying a moment in the face of terrible shell fire. The Testament you ask about he carried at all times, and I believe it was buried with him on the battle field of honor."

Sgt. Floyd C. Holub was a member of the Field Hospital, Co. 126 of the 32nd Div. Being a member of the National Guards he was in the game early and was sent overseas in February, 1918. They were very soon sent to the front where he worked almost constantly until his death on Oct. 19, 1918. His work was to give first aid to the boys on the field and also assist the surgeons. He had passed through Chateau Thierry and many of the hardest battles without receiving the slightest injury until the moment of his death. A comrade wrote of him: "I had the pleasure of first meeting the Sergeant at Camp Douglas and then during the time we served at Camp McArthur, Texas. Had learned to respect him, not only in his military capacity, but also as a man who carried those high Christian ideal about him that one could not help but look up to him as an example to all us men. The Sergeant's death meant the loss of a brother in the army to me, for we were more like brothers than friends. His memory shall always inspire me to attain those principles he so sacredly treasured. It would be well for you to know that he endured no pain; he was called from his labors to his reward as if awakened from a sleep. The company did everything possible to relieve him after the shell-shock, but life was gone.

William Russell enlisted in the Navy Reserve June 3rd, 1918, at Burlington, Iowa. He spent some time in training at Great Lakes and was then transferred to Norfolk, Virginia. During his active service he was on the Battleship Vermont. When stricken with flu he was transferred to the Hospital ship Solace, where he died Oct. 6th, 1918.

Frank Griffith entered the service in October, 1917. He was transferred from Camp Grant to Camp White, Ark., and there became a member of the 58th Infantry. In April, 1918 he went overseas and soon went to the front where he faced America's foes until Aug. 6th, when he was killed by a shell near Fimbes, France.

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FLORSHEIM SHOES

MONARCH AND ARROW SHIRTS

FRIED HATS

WILD CAT UNION UNDERWEAR

Klosed Krotch

BLACK CAT HOSIERY

If in Need

OF A HAIR CUT, SHAVE, SHAMPOO, ELECTRIC MASSAGE,
SINGE, OR ANYTHING ELSE IN OUR LINE, YOU WILL
FIND

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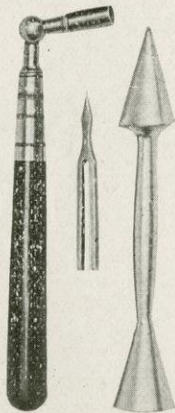
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