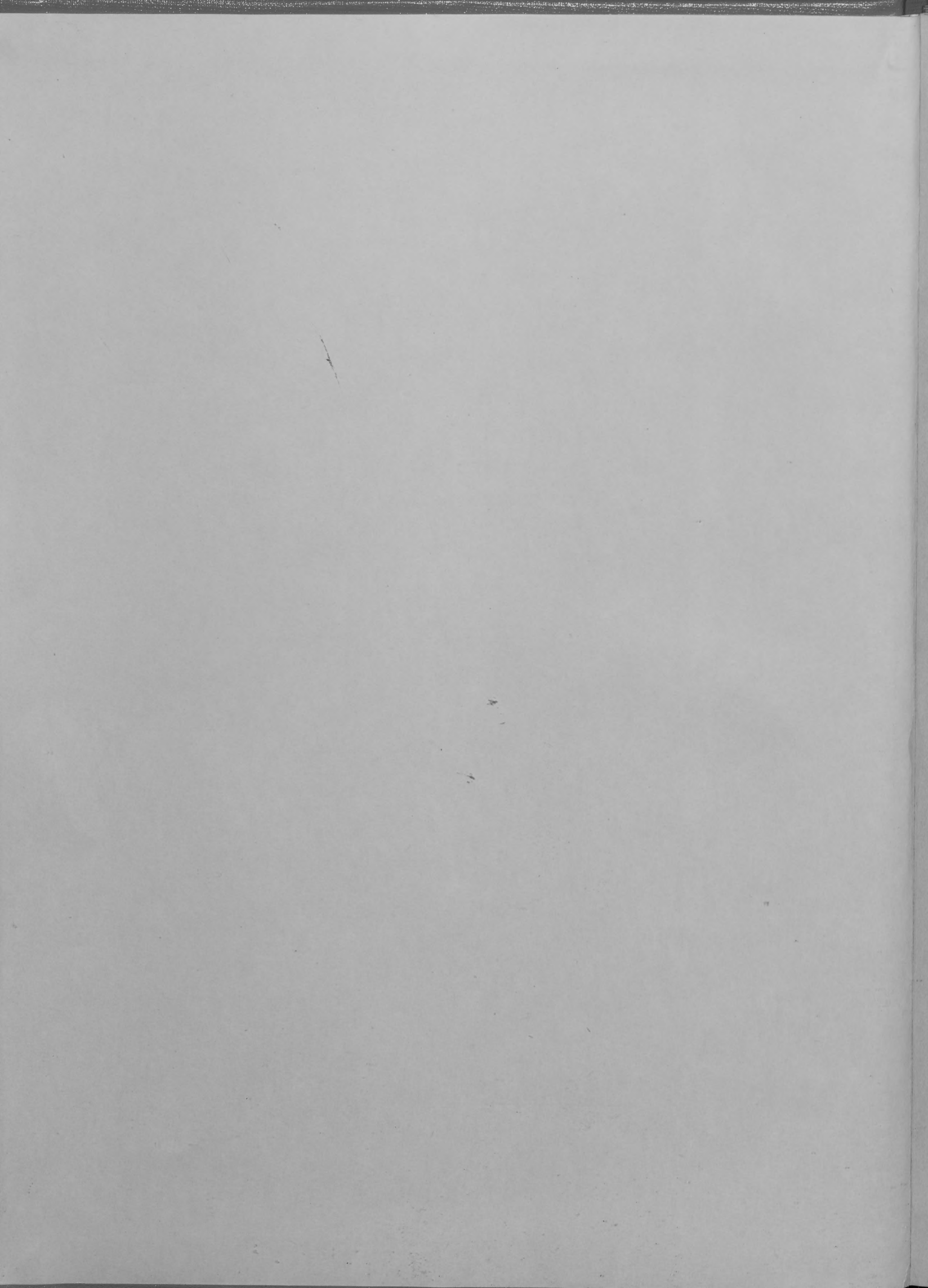


*The Bulletin*  
FOR '07.





THE THIRD YEAR BOOK  
OF GREENFIELD HIGH SCHOOL.

PUBLISHED BY  
THE JUNIOR CLASS OF 1907.

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## Dedication.

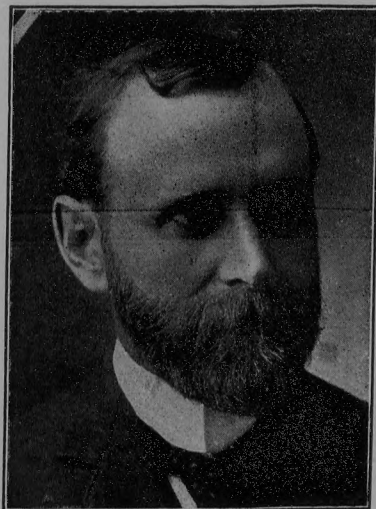
To

George Melcher, A. B., M. S.,

Architect and Builder of Gray Matter Edifices, Master Instructor of Youthful Ideas in the Gentle Art of Archery, Chief Medicine Maker of Dade County Pedagogos since the Mind of Man runneth not to the contrary, the Student's Strictest Task-Master and Firmest Friend, this little volume, souvenir of Greenfield High School's Most Successful Year, is,

*Affectionately and Gratefully Dedicated*

by The Bulletin Board of 1907.



GEORGE MELCHER, A. B., M. S.,  
Superintendent Greenfield High School.

GREENFIELD  
SCHOOL BOARD.

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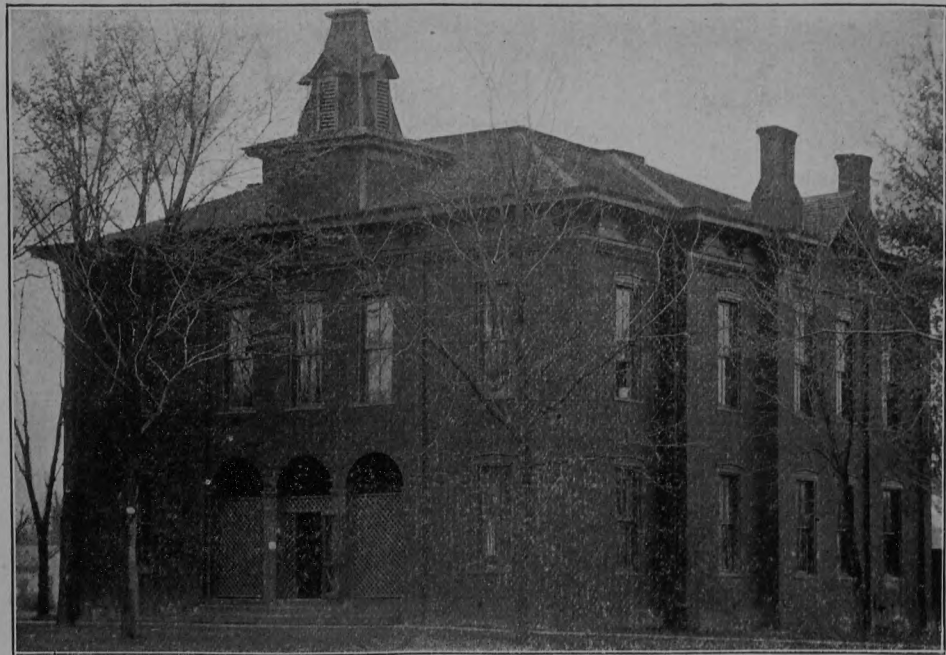
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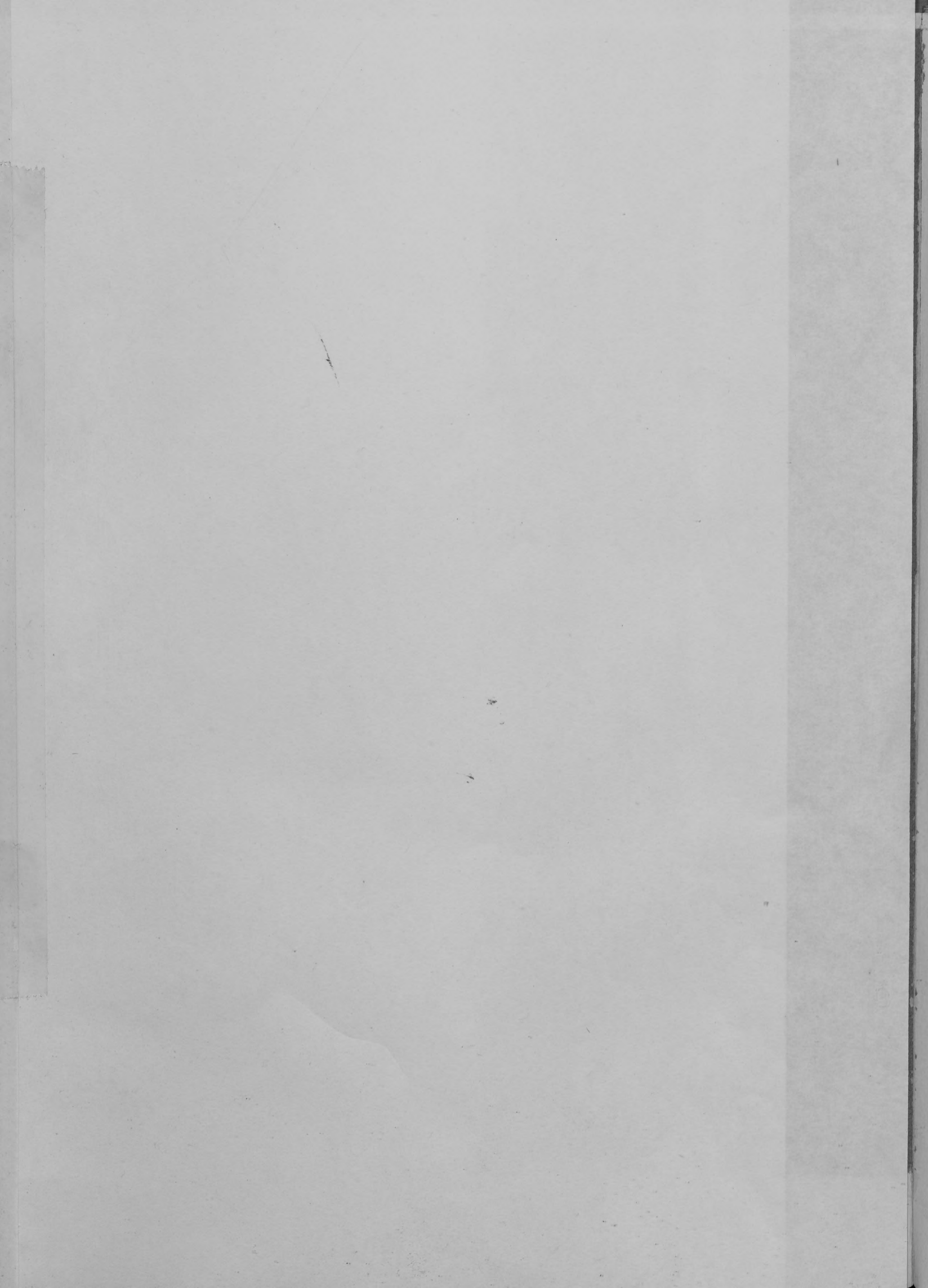


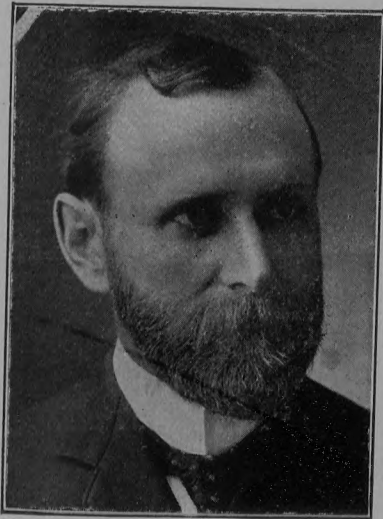
The  
Faculty.



High School.







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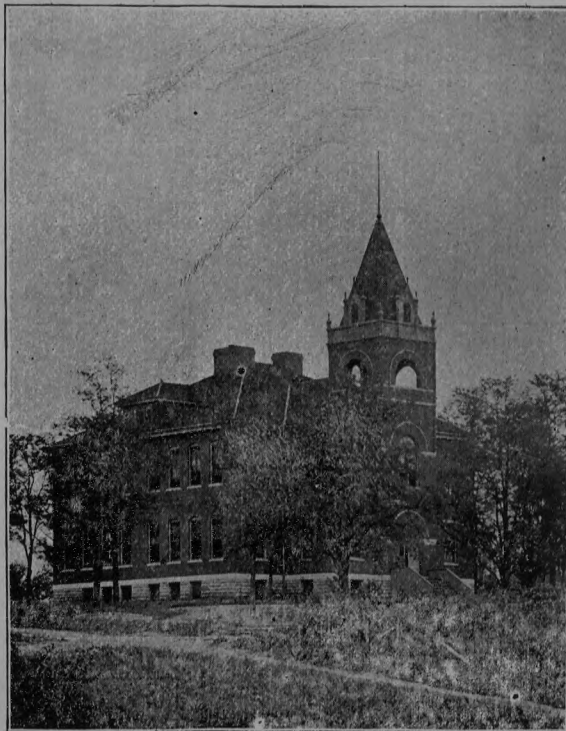
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JOSEPHINE MONTGOMERY, 2d Gr.

NEVA FARRAND, 1st Grade.

JAMES M. FULBRIGHT, Col. School.



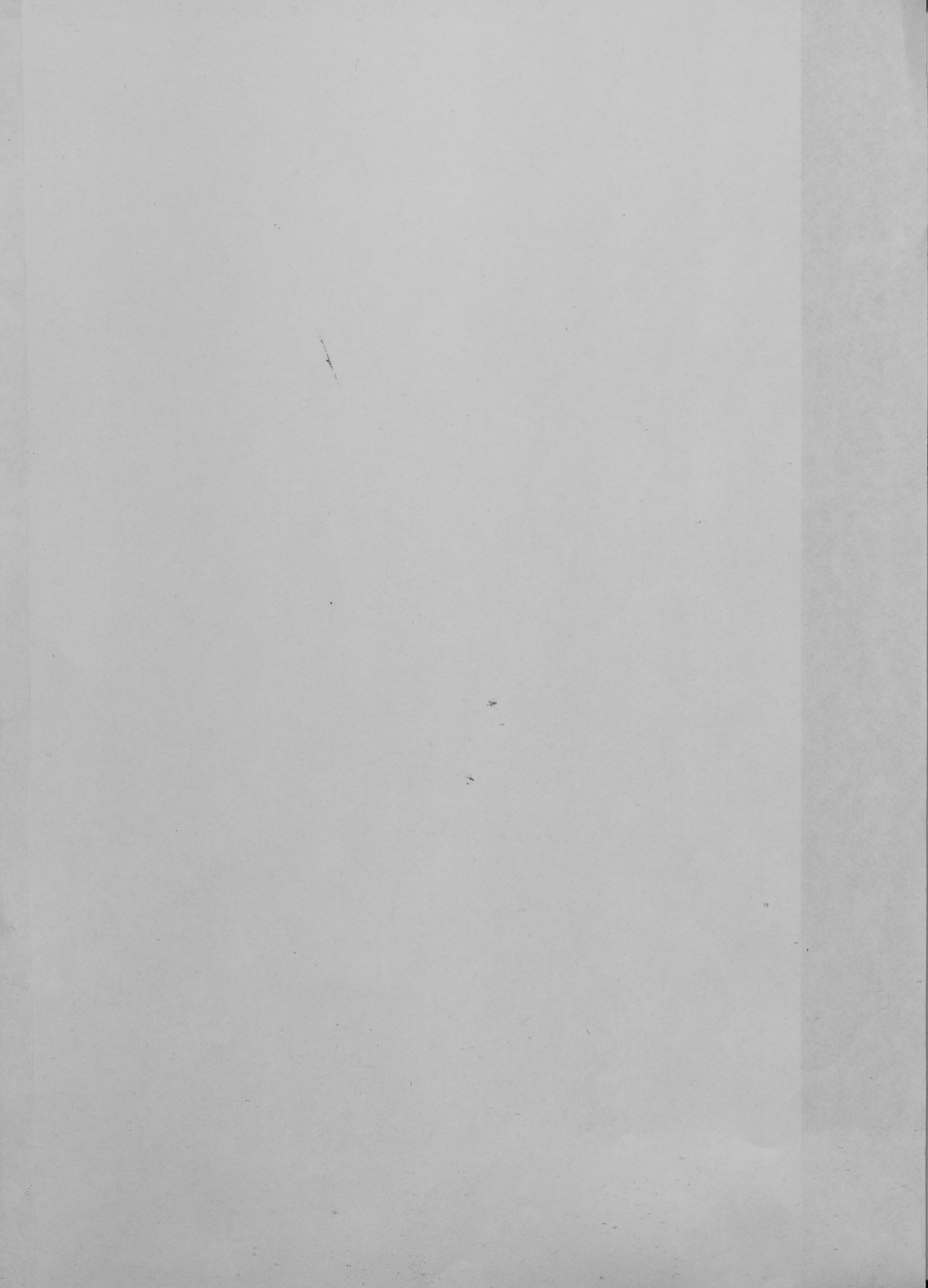


PUBLIC SCHOOL BUILDING.

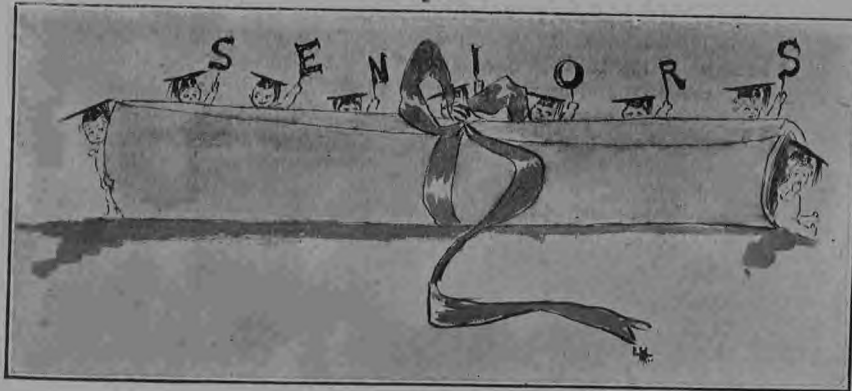
The  
Student  
Body.



Senior,  
Junior,  
Sophomore,  
Freshman  
and  
Eighth-Grade  
Classes of  
Greenfield  
High School.







EMMA MELCHER, President,  
 ROY TOWNLEY, Vice-President.  
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 ELMER COLLINS, Treasurer.  
 MARIE GREYHER, Historian.  
 HELEN HARRISON, Poet.  
 LONA DUNCAN, Prophet.  
 ROY TOWNLEY, Orator.

**I**T happened that in the year 1902, the wise men of the kingdom of Dade did gather themselves in the tabernacle of one wise man and did say among themselves: "Let us have a High School that shall be famed throughout the kingdom and beyond." A mighty building was obtained and the wise men discussed much as who should be the ruler of this great school. They did cast lots and the lots fell to George, Prince of the House of Melcher, who at that time reigned over Everton. And the first year did he rule well.

Now in the second year of the reign of Melcher, there was a mighty gathering to this school. Many did come from the four corners of Dade, to this house of learning, even from out of Jerico.

It did please the king to distribute them in the different tribes and of the youngest were there two score and ten, whom he called Freshmen. They were sent unto Freudenberger the Teuton, who spoke in strange tongues, and they did soon learn to make strange sounds; yea, they did speak Latin exceeding well.

Now it seemed best to the king to come before his subjects each morning and talk with them and they did humbly harken unto his voice, taking these things to heart and grieving in their souls that they were so. And it came to pass by reason of this hearkening that the subjects of Melcher at the close of the fourth year did have a better spirit of learning than was found elsewhere in the kingdom.

In the fifth month of the same year, a great plague of measles visited the kingdom of Dade. Many did fall victims to this pestilence, and the number in each tribe fell away. Wherefore, in the second year, the number in the tribe was eight and twenty. Now by reason of their knowledge, this tribe was called Sophomores.

On the eleventh day of the ninth month of the same year, the Sophomores had a great feast, celebrating their great deeds of the past year. Now, an evil spirit did enter the bosoms of the Senior tribe and they were possessed of seven devils. They did jump and run to the Carr-house, where the feast was being held. These unclean Seniors did slyly enter the peaceful house and load themselves with good things to eat. They betook themselves to a distance and feasted thereupon. And the next day were heard the voices of the Sophomores crying, "They have smitten us upon the cheek; verily, verily it is up to us to smite them back," and all did say "Amen" to this. Then the next night did they likewise, and the Seniors were sore afraid, their tongues clove to the roofs of their mouths. The Sophomores gathered in crowds and threatened the Seniors, and no one can tell what would have happened had not the damsel, Searey, who stood at the right hand of the king, boldly made her way

to the excited Sophomores and quited them with soothing words. The king was away from the kingdom at that time and when he returned he raged mightily, and the matter waxed warm. The king became weary in flesh and sore in spirit. His subjects seeing his worry would speak good words to him and he was pleased and all things went on as aforetime.

And the beginning and ending were of the second year.

In the third year the might of this tribe waxed strong and the other tribes of Melcher did grow green with envy. They did strive with one another for the first place. And the tribe of 1907 did give a great show concocted by one, the damsel, Harrison, who possessed much of both wit and wisdom. Yea, and many did come to hear and see, and went away filled with wonder at the music and words there displayed. Even so great was their astonishment that the multitude besought them to present it once more before them. And many and great were the offerings of silver and nickel.

Now as the year drew to a close, Melcher, the wise king, admonish'd them much and read to them from the Wise Book; for they were nearing the end of the third year. The last year must they live wisely and be in all things an example to the lesser tribes.

And the beginning and ending were of the third year.

Now in the fourth year was the tribe called Seniors, for their great wisdom, and because their years numbered more than the other tribes of Melcher. And of this tribe were there three and ten.

And the king did gather his subjects together and sayeth he unto them: "O! My children! Music hath charms to sooth the savage breast; therefore have I provided means wherewith ye may learn to sing." And lo! the waters ran up hill, the sun stopped in its course, the moon was eclipsed, because of the wondrous melody which arose.

But Melcher, the king, had no peace. Strife again arose. A certain heathen came from afar to the kingdom with many evil devices whereby man could go on wheels and with much speed. Many followed the heathen and forsook the king and his teachings. Yea, even must he call them unto himself and speak long with them, saying. "A rolling stone gathereth no moss, likewise he who goeth roller skating gathereth no knowledge." And they harkened unto him and believed.

Now the number of the tribe had been three and ten but in the sixth month one wise man, Alfred, of the House of Tennyson Holmes, joined himself to their ranks, and their number was fourteen. And great was their wisdom, beauty and love for all man and for themselves.

In the tenth month, the king called his three chief officers to him and said: "Go to; the time approacheth when we must send forth the tribe of 1907. Therefore, number ye unto me from among them such as have done honor unto us and to themselves. And the officers did make the numbering.

Of the members of the tribe mighty in wisdom were the youth Townley and the damsels, Grether, Duncan, Melcher and Harrison. And over all the tribe next to the king ruled the damsel, Melcher. Of the sweet singers were the damsels Carr, Headlee, Harrison and the youth, Collins.

And the numbering being over the king called the tribe together on the twenty-fourth day of the ninth month, and spoke unto them saying: "Go ye forth into all the lands and preach ye the gospel I have taught ye."





HELEN HARRISON -

"I can more easily teach twenty  
than be one of the twenty of  
my own teaching."



GRACE MARSHALL—

"Here files of pins extend their  
shining rows,  
Puffs, powders, patches, frills,  
and billet-doux."

MADGE CARR—

"I care for nobody, no not I,  
If nobody cares for me."



MARIE GREETHER—

"Whose little body lodged a great  
mind."



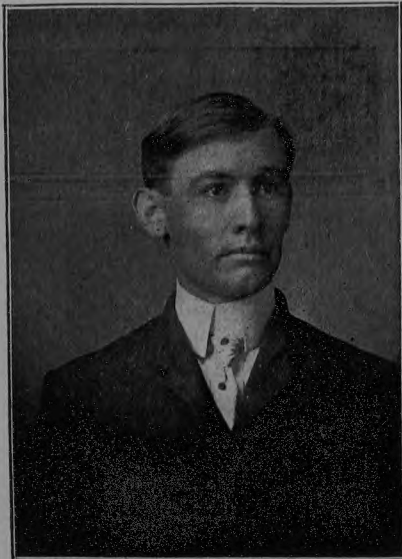


DENA CALFEE—  
“A still and quiet conscience.”



ELSIE RUSSELL—  
“Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are paths of peace.”

ROY TOWNLEY—  
“Ever true to his friends a gentleman indeed is he.”



EMMA MELCHER—  
“Virtue is like a rich stone, plain set.”





MARY HEADLEE—  
"I came, I saw, I conquered."

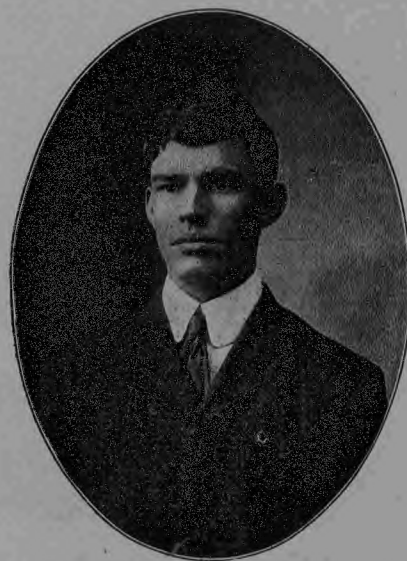


ELDER FINLEY—  
"Speech is silver,  
silence is golden."

LONA DUNCAN—  
"My designs, aspirations and labors  
are my only friends."



ALFRED HOLMES—  
"Lax in his gaiters, and laxer in  
his gait."





ORUS HOLMAN —  
“When I’m a man, a man I’ll be if  
I can, and I can.”



ELMER COLLINS —  
“It’s a great thing, I think, to be a  
man.”

---

BERTHA KING, '06,  
Literary Editor.



ANNA MONTGOMERY, '06,  
Alumni Editor.





GEO. RYAN, President.  
 ROY EVANS, Treasurer.  
 JESSIE OWENS, Historian.

Ala-Co-Rik! Ala-Co-Rik!  
 Zip! Boom! Vive-La-Rac!  
 Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Ree!  
 Juniors! Juniors! Yes-sir-ee!

A brief history telling of the strong foundation and of the happy, prosperous early days of the class of 1908, has been recorded in the previous volumes of "The Bulletin." With the present issue we shall further relate our simple story. We are glad of the privilege to do this; for in years to come we shall value these pages as a memento of our school days as the class of 1908, in the G. H. S.

At the opening of school in September, 1906, five and twenty joyous, eager-faced girls and boys joined the Junior ranks to march for another nine-months toward the goal of Senior graduation. The first morning we obeyed orders to pitch our tents in the south room below, with the Eighth Grade. Although we were rather curious concerning this unusual rule, prompted by our strong sense of obedience, we were soon encamped. And we are now glad to think that we have been instrumental for good, in the hands of the professor. For, by the influence of our association, the proverbial Eighth Grade conduct has been improved until this class is now prepared to assume their more dignified duties as high-school pupils.

At an early date we formed our organization, which has been supported throughout the year, by loyal class patriotism and co-operation. The dauntless, progressive spirit of our class seems to show each member to be guided by a motto similar to that of the Alpine lad, "Excelsior."

The Junior class is regarded as the executive body of the High School, since all matters which the students should carry out, are politely given to us for execution. And we, with a humble bow of thanks for the honor, begin to make things move.

We not only get the best each hour in school has to give, and bring our class plays special programs and the like, to the highest success, but are just as wide awake to the social enjoyments that come our way, and are always active in helping others to share our pleasures. The following dates from our holiday calander will particularly be remembered: Oct. 20, '06, when in company with the teachers and the Seniors, we tramped on a nutting excursion; Halloween Eve, when the lower classmen were entertained; Mar. 8, '07, our German evening with Miss Eitzen; and Mar. 29, the evening spent so pleasantly at the country home of Nina Depee and a five-mile hay ride by moonlight!

Our work in English this year has added much to our reputation as a class of unusual literary talent. On the authority of our teacher, we have done more through outside reading than any former class of Juniors.

In Latin we have followed with pleasure, Cicero in Pompey's Military Command, Archias, the four orations against Catiline, and through a collection of letters to which, for good measure, we added some Latin correspondence of our own.

Our professor is the limit when one attempts to satisfy him in mathematical work;

but listen—if questioned now, he will acknowledge that the Juniors of 1906-7 have learned enough Geometry for one year at least, and don't forget that enough isn't a thimble full.

German is the darling of our hearts. We nearly live in "Deutschland" during recitation and while reading German stories. One of the class has read a story book besides the one required.

As the sun departs each evening in a blaze of glory, so we, after completing the course of study for each year, have left a trail of light to guide and inspire others to follow us.

Now as our lease upon the title, "Jolly Juniors" expires, we are sad at the thought of separations which soon must come, and we feel more keenly the obligations we owe to our faithful teachers. Yet, the youthful hopes and ambitions of our future soon hide the sorrows that we can see. For, even now, looking beyond our graduation here and from some college or university, we see from our number, men and women, as guiding stars, leading and advancing with standards pointing to perfection, the religious, educational, social and political life of our country.



### A Junior's Sentiments.

In the pleasures of life,  
In the joys of strife,  
We hardly remember  
The days are December.  
The old year is going,  
The new one is coming,  
The old hopes are dying,  
The new ones are lying  
In the shades of the dawn.

Some days have been dreary  
And we have grown weary,  
But now gladdest pleasures,  
We seize as our treasures.  
In the dawn advancing  
We see them come dancing;  
They're free from all sadness  
We hail them with gladness,  
At the light of the dawn.

Our songs are the brightest  
Our hearts are the lightest  
That you ever have seen  
Darkness that's beyond us  
Will never surround us;  
We see our own measures  
Of life's coming pleasures  
In the light of the dawn.

R. R. E.

### Unconscious Benefactors.

The senior class they stood aroun'  
Runnin' everybody down.  
Used to stop their work to say  
Things about folks every day.  
Used to make us all so mad  
By this vexin way they had,  
That we lived in mortal fear  
Of their tongues—they're that severe.

Always did our level best  
Makin' grades to beat the rest,  
'Cause they said, with many a sneer,  
Wan't no class 'cept Seniors here.  
Tried the very best we knew  
Fur to make our Passes, too.  
Hustled day an' night, to show  
That those Seniors didn't know.

They kep' bossin' others so  
That they let their own work go.  
Now 'bout all that they have got  
Is grumblers; an' they're a lot.  
But us folks they criticised  
Prospered 'till you'd be surprised.  
They were irritatin'—yet,  
We're obliged to them, you bet!







CARRIE COLLIER—  
"She's happy when she's not sad  
and she's never sad."



CLARA BISHOP—  
"She's like a vision or a fairy,  
Gliding noiseless on her way."

HATTIE GRIGGS—  
"So gentle and so quiet, a perfect  
lady she seems."



ETHEL WINTER—  
"Virtue is a gem of greatest price."





GEO. RYAN—  
“In knowledge and powers, he has  
no superiors.”



JACK HUDSPETH—  
“A compound extract of good and  
bad; with naught of the good  
and much of the bad.”

ROY EVANS—  
“Success will be his lot; for he is  
faithful in all things.”



LETA EISERT--  
“Her countenance is often sad, but  
her heart is ever light.”





NINA DEPEE—  
“Her dreamy look is only a mask  
for deep thought.”



ALMA MOORE—  
“My but life is a flurry  
And study is just a worry.”

BESSIE TAYLOR—  
“A simple child of much power.”



LOUISA FARRAND—  
“Nothing to joke about, nothing to  
talk about, but plenty to think  
about.”





ANNA WILSON—  
“All life seems pleasant when she’s  
around.”

LILLIE MARSHALL—  
“I’m always willing to disagree in  
anything.”

JESSIE OWENS—  
“None know her but to love her,  
None name her but to praise.”



MARY HOWARD—  
“Why study and worry when life  
is so pleasant?”

RAY MONTGOMERY—  
“All I want in this creation is  
books, books; and a place to  
read them.”

VIDA McARTHUR—  
“Silent and slow,  
She was ever so.”





IVA SLOAN, President.  
 LUCY HOLLAND, Treasurer.  
 CRESSY SCOTT, Historian.

Sophomores! At the sound of that name all other classes become silent, for they realize that they are in the presence of the most talented students in school. Even when we were Freshmen, the other classes would gaze at us in wonder, and could be seen to shake their heads sadly, as much as to say: "Ah, me! If that class continues to grow in knowledge and power, our rule in the future will be somewhat limited!" And now that we are Sophomores our reign is supreme. No other class in school dares to contradict the words of a Sophomore.

In all movements, not a part of the regular school work, our class also takes the lead. We have some excellent basket ball players, and the team is much better fitted to win when some of our members play. For two successive quarters the secretary of the Emersonian Society has been from the Sophomore class, thus showing how much trust is placed in our ability.

In our daily school work no class employs more diligence than we. In all the history of the Greenfield High School, it has been recorded that no Sophomore class could read Caesar more fluently. Last year we were much puzzled over Caesar's Gallic Wars, and, although we found them rather difficult at first, we soon became accustomed to Caesar's method of writing, and his particular expressions, until, now, Latin is but little harder than English. Some of the class have been known to prepare a lesson of fifty lines in twenty-five minutes, a record that can scarcely be surpassed. In addition to Caesar we study Latin composition, and we have gained a thorough knowledge of translating English into Latin. So my readers may judge for themselves whether or not some splendid Latin students belong to our class.

We are very much interested in Botany and Zoology, and have many interesting discussions in class concerning the "Theory of Evolution." We consider it a very grave insult to be told that we are relatives of monkeys; although, with some people, we have no doubt that the relationship is very close, but this class of person is not found among the Sophomores.

Literature is one of our favorite studies (if, indeed, all are not our favorites) and it is really wonderful what rapid progress we have made in this branch of learning. The first quarter was spent in writing themes and stories, and in some instances we were required to write on the same topics as those of the highest class. In addition to the text we have read in class, George Eliot's "Silas Marner," Webster's and Lincoln's orations, Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice," Poe's poems and short stories, and Tennyson's "Princess." We are also required to read and outline some book or play each quarter.

By no means the least of our studies is Algebra. When choosing a book for the Sophomores of next year, the Professor said that he thought our book would be entirely too hard for them, because the problems were very difficult for the best of our class. Nevertheless, we have thus far unfolded all these problems, although it is nothing uncommon for a single problem to require an hour for its solution.

Our note books are to be bound and preserved as a record of our work in Biology.

SOPHOMORES.



CLASS OF 1909.

Top Row:— Mattie McArthur, Julia Curtis, James McArthur, Frank Means.

Middle Row:— Hugh Kirby, Ida Kirby, Maude Vaughn, Mina Newkirk, Iva Sloan, Blanche King, Lucy Holland, Lewis Means

Bottom Row:— Edith Eriscoe, Nola Hartfeld, Anna Woody, Cressy Scott, Ethel Kimzey, May Evans, Besse Hobbs, Clyde Morris.



ROGER HARRISON, President,  
JEWELL KING, Treasurer,  
NELL MONTGOMERY, Historian,

Boom! Boom! Boom!  
Boom! Boom! Boom!  
Freshies! Freshies!  
Give us Room!!!

As we are about thirty strong we think we deserve a "good, big" space in the High School Bulletin. We are always at the top in everything, not only because of quantity, but (chiefly) because of quality,

Last year when we were Eighth Graders, we were snubbed and cuffed about a great deal by Freshies, Sophs, Juniors and Seniors. This year, although we may be a little green about High School ways, any of our pedagogues will tell you that physically, morally and intellectually, we have taken our place with the best.

Our Eighth Grade class was so large (1905-06) that we lost a few of our members there and were unable to find them, but we shall have plenty of good material left for High School work as well as for achieving great success in Literary Societies.

Our basket ball team is certainly the finest in the school. In the game, G. H. S. vs. South Greenfield, the greater part of the G. H. S. mixed team were Freshmen, and a victory of 14 to 2 is not a record of which we should be ashamed.

At the beginning of the school term of 1906-07, we chose the following officers: President, Roger Harrison; vice-president, Ralph Furby; Secretary, Zella McLemore; treasurer, Jewell King; poet, Eva Coose; historian, Nell Montgomery.

We will say little more at this time, but will make our history brief, as we wish to be judged by what we do, not by what we say.

We certainly have no doubt that with such excellent officers to lead us along the usually rough and rugged path toward the Senior goal, our way shall be smoother and brighter than that of any class which has gone on before.

As we depart 'till another year,  
Perhaps not one of you sheds a tear;  
But we will study, both early and late  
That we may become both good and great.  
Then all our work at our return  
Will make all hearts with envy burn.  
Our future career no words can foretell  
So we'll bid you a kind and hearty "farewell."



**CLASS OF 1910.**

- 1st Row:—John Dicus, Lester McLemore, Nettie Turner, Harry Green, Bert Green, Cora Amos.  
 2nd Row:—Ralph Furby, Ruth Miller, Jewel King, Ethel Morgan, Nellie Montgomery, Chloe Baker, Clara Stephenson, Leslie Griggs, Isaac Preston.  
 3rd Row:—Pearl Brown, Lillian Lyngar, Lula Games, Hester Hembree, Myrtle Duffy, Vesta Montgomery, Clem Young, Arthur Tarr, Earl Kifer.  
 4th Row:—Belva Duncan, Eva Coose, Lola Butts, Forrest McLemore, Lera Marshall, Zetta McLemore, Nelle King, Roger Harrison, Kenton Underwood.





### "A" Section.

ORVILLE SLOAN, President.  
 FULTON VAUGHN, Historian.  
 RUTH SMALL, Poet.

"As shines a good deed in a naughty world, so shines the Eighth Grade in the Junior room." It has been customary for the pupils of the High School to regard the Eighth Grade as beneath their notice; therefore, we will try to convince them that we are of more importance than they have ever thought. We are the "Big things of the little things," as ran the subject of Prof. Rullkoetter's lecture to the Dade county teachers. That is, we are the graduates of the common school. Our class is great in quality though small in quantity.

On Sept. 3d, our happy boys and girls, with their books under their arms, came hesitatingly into the High School building. We did not know how easy it would be to become accustomed to our new place of work; but we soon found that things were not so changed as we expected. After we had been here a few days we were masters of the situation and felt as if we had always been here. Our work during the year is a record of which we are justly proud; we have vied with the higher classmen for good grades.

But this is not all of which we are proud. As is the case with most classes, we have some special feature of which we boast. In our class are found the greatest thing and the smallest thing in the five highest grades—Orville Sloan and Mary Wetzel.

Though our merits would admit a more extensive history, our modesty is so great that we will give no further account of our work, but to those who desire to learn more of our work, we will say:

"Next year we return,  
 Watch, wait, and learn."

### "B" Section.

ORA COLLINS, President.  
 INEZ WEBB, Treasurer,  
 FLOYD MCLEMORE, Historian.

"It's an ill wind that blows nobody good." There is something good in everything—even an Eighth Grade class. It has been said that this name was a synonym for all that's bad—but what's in a name? In years gone by, Eighth Graders have been looked upon as "no good," but now, people are beginning to see the many merits of the class. Proud Seniors, and you other high school students, we now demand our just dues.

Seven years ago, our mothers started us off with our dinner-pails and first-readers, with a goodly store of admonitions as to how to talk, and with warnings to take off our caps in the house. We were very merry and light-hearted but somewhat awe-stricken by the crowds of children who came swarming about us. We were overwhelmed with joy and excitement, for—oh!—this was our first day in school.

From the time our prattle was heard in the first grade and we began to get acquainted with each other, we began to realize that some day we would be like other big folks, and

made up our minds we would stand together and share each other's troubles; and since Benjamin Franklin said: "We must all hang together, else we'll all hang separately," we made this our motto.

In 1907, when our class was transferred from the Public school building, where we had been during the first eight months of the term, 1906-07, to the High School building, the pupils there began to realize, for the first time, that an Eighth Grade class was worthy of their attention. Even our teachers said that we were growing better every day instead of worse, as other Eighth Grade classes have done.

We have undergone a terrible attack; Arithmetic and Grammar have poured a deadly fire upon our ranks; and other subjects have caused us almost as much distress.

We have had some of the best Literary exercises that were ever heard. Some of the big folks (?) even deserted their own societies to visit ours; we consider their visits as a mark of high honor.

It sometimes happens in a class, that SOME need special mention. In our class, EACH one deserves special mention. For instance, we all sing! Some a little; some a little more. Then there is Ora. He can analyze sentences as fast as two women can gossip. Inez always has good lessons and writes good stories and dreams; Walter is a debater and a lover of Natural History; Aley is a music teacher and somewhat of a debater; Karl is as still as a mouse, can sketch you while you wait; Mary writes original stories, that read just like a book; Katie is capable of doing anything she undertakes; Lloyd is quiet and reserved, usually right in what he says (with proper exceptions); Blanch is very sentimental, good in Arith; Osa is capable of much, very good natured; Alice is little, musical, disistinguished in art.

Now you behold us as we are. We have "added" here a little, there a little, until now, we are prepared to enter the High School almost perfect! Verily, verily, proud Seniors, our class will bring to the name "Senior," honors never yet given to it by a Senior class.

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### The Eighth Grade of 1907.

This famous Eighth Grade of nineteen seven,  
Had many trials before they were given  
A place a little further on,  
To glory in a victory won.

They were nine in number this noted class,  
Nine boys and girls, all eager to pass.  
The road was not as easy you see  
As oftentime they have wished it to be.  
But they now are gone, those days of yore,  
The Eighth Grade answers that name no more,  
Instead, as Freshmen they now will be known  
Then soon into Sophomores will have grown.  
Then a place as Juniors, they soon will claim,  
But only as Seniors, will you know their fame.

And now let us leave them and hope for the best,  
We're sure the Eighth Grade will all stand the test.

### Limerick.

There was a professor named Melcher  
Who if mischief arose would soon squelch 'er.  
With a glance that went through,  
He would look straight at you;  
And your plans of mischief would melt sir.

Miss Little, Biology teacher,  
Is quite a dimitutive creature,  
With Bugs and worms,  
And Botanical terms,  
She brightens her pupils wise features.

EIGHTH GRADE.



THE EIGHTH GRADE.

"A" Section, Top Row—Nona Brown, Georgia Wilson, Fulton Vaughn, Orville Sloan, Lee Collier, Charles Curtis, Laney Withers, Ruth Small.

"B" Section, Middle Row—Clifford Pyle, Aley Jones, Blanche Payne, Inez Webb, Osa Davis, Katie Duffy, Anna Johnston.

"B" Section, Bottom Row—Ora Collins, Carl Bowles, Mary Wetzel, Alice Howard, Lloyd Finley, Floyd McLemore, Walter Hammond.



THE TENNIS COURT.



**Basket Ball Team--1906-07.**

Top Row—Vesta Montgomery, Belva Duncan, Eva Coose.

Bottom Row—Nelle Montgomery, Myrtle Duffy, Lona Duncan, Ethel Kinsey.



A VIEW OF THE CAMPUS.

# LITERARY SOCIETIES.

## Emersonian.

The Emersonian Literary Society, which took its name from the great essayist and poet, Ralph Waldo Emerson, was organized in 1898, with Jennie Potter as president, Eva List as secretary, and a number of progressive boys and girls of the Greenfield High School as members.

During the first year of the Society's history great advancement was made, and a firm foundation was established for future work. At the beginning of the second year several new members were added to its number; and through the remaining seven years of its history it has grown, both in number and in quality, until at the present time it is the largest society in school. There is now an enrollment of sixty-six bright, intelligent and gifted students.

Among our present members there are some who have especial talent in speaking, Cressy Scott, Emma Melcher, Lucy Holland and many others. We have, also, among our ranks some of the best musical talent in school.

The Emersonian Society has won many honors in the elocutionary contests of southwest Missouri. In 1902 Miss Gertrude Foster won first honor in the contest at Springfield, bringing home a watch and the Chaplain medal as trophies of her victory. In 1904 and also 1905, Miss Lela Daugherty represented the Greenfield High School in the contest, winning second honor each year. In 1906 Miss Emma Melcher received third honor in the contest at Nevada.

While the society is proud of its public success, the highest quality of its work is found in the weekly programs, in which each member does his part. A session of the society is held each Friday afternoon and a program consisting of music, recitations, essays, readings, debates and other attractive features, are given. The society is divided into three divisions, the members of each division giving a program every third week.

It is useless to say more of our work, for Emersonians are always known to be of the best literary standards, and the highest rank.

SOCIETY HISTORIAN.

## Arcadian.

On a bright autumnal day of 1898, as the sun, down the western sky was bending his unwearied course; while the trees were robing themselves in crimson and gold; while the birds were singing rapturously from the trees, as if announcing their joy over the event to sad and careworn men; there was being made in the G. H. S. an organization whose influence has ever since been, and will continue to be felt as long as our school shall endure. This was our dear old Arcadian Society.

Immediately after its organization our Arcadian forefathers began to give excellent programs, in which each member did his part not only willingly but eagerly. In all joint sessions, public programs and contests, our society has always taken an active and leading part, and its members conducted themselves in such a way as to show them to be students of more than ordinary ability. It is true that during the first few years there were many obstacles to be overcome, but with an undaunted spirit and an unconquerable determination, the faithful of our little band have ever kept their faces to the front and their eyes toward the goal—perfection. With our eyes upon such a goal, who can tell to what heights we may go?

In the quality and standard of our work this year, can be seen the result of our desire. During one quarter this year our work and conduct was so superior that it was mentioned in chapel by the Prof. We do not mention this in a boastful manner, but just to show our standing in the school. Our members were so eager to advance the standards of the Society that they did extra work and gave a special dialogue almost every Friday. The eagerness with which the Emersonians attended these programs shows the high opinion which they have of our work.

"Zip-a-zip-a-zip  
Zip-a-zip-a-zam  
Arcadians! Arcadians!  
Beat us if you can."

SOCIETY HISTORIAN.



**Arcadian Society Officers.**

Top Row - George Ryan, Elder Finley, Elmer Collins, Roy Townley.

Bottom Row - Marie Grether, Dena Calfee, Roy Evans, Mary Headlee, Gertrude Hobbs.





**Emersonian Society Officers.**

Top Row —Emma Melcher Helen Harrison, John O. Howard, Madge Carr, Julia Montgomery.  
Bottom Row—Bertha King, Elsie Russell, Besse Hobbs, Cressy Scott.



### REVIEW STUDENTS.

Top Row—Minnie Carroll, Maude Vaughn, Nettie Turner, Will Dodson.

2d Row—Ida Kirby, Veta Jacobs, Birdie Ray, Lemma Withers.

3d Row—Gertrude Hobbs, Mattie McArthur, Julia Montgomery, Leoti Holmes.

Bottom Row— Elmer Langford, Virgie Hudspeth, Sallie Ward, Vesta Hudspeth, Cora Amos.



### September

- 1st. At home. Grips packed. Vale. Au revoir.
- 2d. Who are those scared children yonder? Novi discipuli oppressi timore.
- 3d. Grind begins. Corner lots won by Freshies.
- 4th. Aaron D. States makes debut. Subject: "Does Education Pay."
- 5th. Help! A little Freshie lost. He is thought to have fallen asleep on the road to school.
- 7th. Earl Kifer goes home.
- 8th. Reception to students by church societies.
- 10th. Bro. Livingston visits the school and makes a splendid talk.
- 14th. Earl goes home again.
- 17th. Prof. Melcher's lectures begin where they left off last year. Whole number 10,132.
- 20th. Earl, "Oh, will Friday never come?"
- 21st. Earl goes home again. Wonder why Greenfield girls don't suit him?
- 23d. Elder States again. Subject: "Advancement of Civilization."
- 24th. Bro. Sam I. Smith visits the school and gives good advice.
- 27th. The Freshmen become more independent, no longer require escorts to take them home.
- 28th. Sighs of satisfaction from Freshmen. One month is finished.

### October.

- 1st. Lecture by Prof. Melcher, No. 10,133: "A New Month."
- 4th. Holidays for Street Fair.
- 5th. Greenfield beaten by South Town at basket ball.
- 8th. Earl Kifer and Hugh Kirby rode the merry-go-round until they act like Whirling Dervishes.
- 9th. Maud Vaughn gives David one of her winsome smiles. He is captured.
- 10th. Little Freshie boy slapped.
- 13th. It takes the girls to do anything. They beat South Town at basket ball.
- 14th. Day of general rejoicing over the basket ball game.
- 15th. Elder States at his post. Subject: "Deep Water Never Murmers."
- 17th. Lockwood fair begins.
- 19th. It rains hard. George Ryan goes to Lockwood to see Moorehouses.
- 22d. Maud gives David another smile.
- 25th. Who saw Mr States? Yes, there he is! Subject: "Snags."
- 26th. Second basket ball game, G. H. S. vs. Dadeville. Wake up Greenfield.
- 27th. General disbanding of basket ball team.
- 31st. Elmer doesn't want to go Halloweening unless accompanied by the fair sex.

## November.

- 1st. Cart found upstairs. Supposedly, for Prof. Melcher to ride on his trips from one building to the other.
- 2d. Two little boys lured away by City Marshal. They were thought to know something.
- 5th. Emma passes chicken house twice today.
- 7th. Prof. Melcher's third general lecture No. 10,134. "Lets Beautify the Campus."
- 8th. Simon Ely makes his debut. Primary part of his entertainment is singing.
- 9th. Rev. Livingston. Relieves us of some study time. Didn't talk long enough.
- 12th. Ben Ely's talk on hatology. Has been a student himself; knows how to prevent recitation of poor lessons. Campus cleaned off at last.
- 13th. Reward offered. Can anyone tell whether Maud Vaughn and David Coe were seen together yesterday?
- 15th. Bro. Ely's farewell talk. Springs a new poem, "Excelsior."
- 16th. Emersonians (fifteen minute) program.
- 17th. WANTED—To know why Maud and David raked leaves to the same pile Monday?
- 19th. Great day in Senior German. Miss Eitzen reports a good lesson.
- 20th. Miss Eitzen pats Lula gently on both sides of the face.
- 22d. Ash Davis, cartoonist. Biology pupils informed they must hand in note books.
- 23d. Cressy worked on her note book last night. Light burned all night. (She forgot to blow it out)
- 26th. Emma develops fondness for chickens.
- 27th. Miss Little's famous lecture to the English History class.
- 28th. Novelty dealers unpack left over Xmas goods of 1905.
- 29th. Thanksgiving. Teachers gone to Association at Nevada. Emma Melcher doesn't win gold watch, but third honors, better than none.
- 30th. Hugh Kirby, Earl Kifer and Lewis Means buy Xmas presents for their girls. They get choice. The early bird gets the worm.

## December.

- 1st. 1906 Xmas goods and novelties arrive. Hugh Kirby, Earl Kifer and Lewis Means look sad and dejected. "The Early worm got caught."
- 2d. Lona and Earl discover that it is a long lane that has no turn.
- 3d. General lecture No. 10,135 on "Ventilation."
- 5th. George Ryan didn't get his department cut for laughing.
- 7th. Miss Little announces that the Eighth Grade class is just recovering from a severe attack of brain fever.
- 10th. Bro. Hubbard of the Baptist church visits us.
- 11th. Miss Bishop's byword: "The Seniors are worse than the Freshmen."
- 12th. Mr. States turns up. Subject: "Anticipation."
- 13th. Anna and Alma loose out on their afternoon nap.
- 14th. Juniors have heated argument about "Shylock's Manhood."
- 17th. Professor visits the Methodist church to see if all the students were out. Bro. Taylor, Baptist Evangelist, gave a very interesting talk. "Get that forkibus and load that cartibus or I'll break your backibus."
- 18th. Teachers urgent that we shall make the Xmas tree a wonderful success.
- 19th. Told at last that we will have vacation until after "New Years."
- 20th. Professor Melcher strings popcorn.
- 21st. Our wonderful Xmas tree and the visitation by Santa. St. Nick leaves Professor tops, toy pistols and a monstrous cob pipe.
- 21st and 22d. All leave for home to spend this the jolliest and best time of the year; at the best and dearest place in the world, HOME.



## January.

- 1st. New resolutions. All resolve to start back to school tomorrow.
- 2d. Happy days that bring us back.
- 3rd. Prof. thinks it about time we were getting down to work.
- 4th. Some kind of combustible matter in George Ryan's cranium blows his hat off.
- 7th. Someone gets Elder States to promise to lecture for us tomorrow.
- 8th. Sure enough he comes. Subject: "Onward."
- 10th. Mary Howard informs the English History class that a person can love but once.
- 11th. Anna Wilson takes Mary Howard's place in the discussion of the preceding day.
- 14th. Something new. What is it? To see Earl Kifer and Hugh Kirby study. Just a week until examination.
- 15th. Elder States comes again. Subject: "What Vocation."
- 16th. Elmer seen wiping his eyes. Will Sunday never come?
- 17th and 18th. Second Exams. Teachers observe: "The quality of mercy is not strained," etc., etc.
- 22d. Seniors informed each must write a "Thesis."
- 23d. Salisbury Orchestra. Es war sehr gut.
- 25th. Mr. States speaks on, "Living at Home."
- 27th. Elmer: "Oh glory, Sunday has come."
- 28th. George passed Maud without smiling. Something's gone wrong.
- 29th. Anna Woody talks to Issac Preston.
- 31st. Prof. opines we have made no New Years Resolutions; if so they have been broken.

## February.

- 1st. Good beginning, Arcadians had fine program.
- 2d. What is the vanishing point of George Ryan's vision? Ethel K.
- 4th. Rev. McDowell of Carthage makes address; says many good things.
- 5th. Mr. States with us again. Subject: "Did You see Your Shadow?"
- 6th. Miss Eitzen in a short but pointed lecture on "Courtesy." Very appropriate, too.
- 7th. A new discovery; Leslie Griggs, finds "Rip Van Winkle" to be Epic poetry.
- 8th. Emersonians have good programs.
- 10th. The green house has one survivor. Elmer is a strong believer in the doctrine of "Survival of the Fittest."
- 11th. Let the women do the work. Lewis lets Lola ring the bell.
- 12th. Emma, Cressie, Nola and Carrie all visit the poultry house.
- 14th. Grant Hughes finds his old woman at the postoffice.
- 15th. Emma Exalted. Henry M. said she was the prettiest girl at the party. Vesta and Nellie Montgomery run a good race.
- 13th. A talk by another elder—Elder Watson.
- 19th. Followed by Aaron D. States. Subject: "Appreciation."
- 21st. Chicago Glee Club, best of the course.
- 22d. Rural school contest at opera house.
- 23d. George Ryan calls Mary H. "honey." Astonishing.
- 25th. What do you think? Miss Eitzen wears a pleasant smile all day.
- 27th. Oh, shame, where is thy blush? Junior German class may all stay after school.
- 29th. Miss Lyndall, new music teacher, arrives.



### March.

- 1st. Masquerade for library fund. "Great menagerie of the world," "Greenfield's wild animals."
- 2nd. Miss Parmenter departs for Michigan. Dame Rumor has it that she will not be Miss Parmenter long.
- 3rd. George and Maud singing—  
 Our love is like the little birds,  
 So still in cloudy weather,  
 But when the storm has rolled away,  
 It makes us sing the better.
- 4th. Mr. States gives his lecture: "Decision."
- 5th. Three new scholars. Glad to see them.
- 6th. Lola Butts gets scared. Took her first good look at Lewis' face.
- 7th. Junior German class engaged in gum chewing contest. Prizes awarded. Grades cut ten per cent.
- 8th. Prize offered for one good thought from the eighth grade. Fulton's thought—With a regular polygon I can make an engine.
- 9th. German classes spent an enjoyable hour talking German.
- 11th. Sunshiney Willets—Excellent.
- 12th. Declamatory contest, to select representative for County contest. Dorothy Stringfield first, Fulton Vaughn second.
- 13th. Mr. States at his best. "Swifter than a Weaver's Shuttle."
- 14th. Miss Bishop's lecture, "Physical Culture." They are taking it turn about, Prof. has already given three on "Spelling."
- 15th. Piano tuner at work. Geometry pupils demonstrate propositions to music.
- 18th. "Happy Dreams," a book by George Ryan. Treats of his dreams of love.
- 19th. Mattie Coe explores regions of dreamland during English recitation.
- 20th to 22d. Exams. Woe unto those who have not studied well.
- 23d. Business thriving. Miss Trimble buys her examination paper.
- 24th. In the meanwhile Prof. Melcher's lectures have reached No. 21,986.
- 25th. Professor's No. 21,987th lecture. "Bowling Alleys and Skating Rinks."
- 26th. No. 21,988. Prof. exhorting for the annual. The heads of 125 people better than the head of one.
- 27th. A political and commercial speech made applicable to cooperation of the pupils and teachers, by Miss Etta Little.
- 28th. Frank Means gets the benefit of one of Miss Eitzen's private lectures. He says they are worth the money.
- 29th. Cressy's dignity as secretary of the Emersonian Society adds two inches to her height.



MAR. 29th. FIVE MILE HAY RIDE.

## April.

- 1st. Fools Galore. Everyone finds himself in the list.
- 2d. Miss Parmenter married at Menominee, Ill., to Mr. Nohl.
- 3d. Issac Preston springs a new pair of shoes.
- 4th. Lola has a feeling way down in her heart for L. and doesn't care who knows it.
- 5th. Everyone wears a pleasant smile, for Mr. States is at his post. Subject: "How about that comet."
- 6th. Greenfield puts on mourning. Earl Kifer and Hugh Kirby leave for Kansas.
- 7th. "Oh dear!" Audible sighs from Lona as she gazed at the vacant chair.
- 8th. What is that continuous noise in the Eighth Grade section. Clifford sleeps on. Elder Anthony visits us. We await eagerly his promised return.
- 9th. Rev W. O. Turrentine's talk was fine and very much appreciated.
- 10th. Sophomore class meeting. A shortage of boys.
- 11th. Sophomores advertise for boys, "Just anyone who has a subject in the class."
- 12th. Night of famous party.
- 13th. George answers the advertisement for boys. Miss Kimsey his "subject."
- 14th. Ethel Kimsey may find out what a license is by asking George today.
- 15th. Bert Green says he is r better judge of girls than they think.
- 16th. Maud and Emma call on Mrs. Collins after school.
- 17th. WANTED—Some way of boxing girls that isn't injurious to hands and temper—Miss Eitzen.
- 18th. Emma goes to the greenhouse after school to get a drink at the well just back of the poultry house.
- 19th. Mr. States again. Subject: "Present Opportunities."
- 22d. Physics class makes a new discovery. Finds the sun to be triangular in shape.
- 23d. Miss Eitzen, Miss Bishop and Miss Little distribute invitations to Senior party.
- 24th. Eighth Graders transferred to high school building.
- 25th. They sue for conditions of peace, after fighting for a few minutes with the Juniors, their future room mates.
- 26th. My! but those Seniors did look swell sitting around the dining room table enjoying their refreshments. Elmer—"Oh, Alfred has my girl."
- 27th. A HEROIC DEED. George Ryan rescues a drowning girl whom he has tumbled out of a boat into a swift current on Turnback.
- 29th. George and Edith look as fresh as if they had just taken their ducking.
- 30th. The last day of fool month and we wish Mr. Winterman would quit fooling us about the weather.



### Little Locals.

I'd hate to be Miss Little's beau,  
I know my heart would sink,  
For no matter what you ask her,  
She says, "what do you think?"

Miss Eitzen—Lillian, give me the declension of the Latin word for dog.  
Lillian—Canis, canior, canissimus.

Miss Bishop—Belva, tell about "Philip's conquest."

Belva—Well he "jined" the two armies and—(interrupted by much laughing.)

Miss B.—Go on Belva.

Belva—Well he "jined 'em."

Roy—What's in fault with the Seniors?

George—For one thing—their tongues.

## May.

- 1st. Ethel Kimsey and Edith Briscoe, May basket dealers and fortune tellers.
- 2d. Floyd McLemore begins his Philippics against the Juniors.
- 3d. Miss Eitzen and Miss Bishop go to Columbia for "High School Day."
- 4th. Some one asks how a little man like Mr. Mitchell can do the work of two as he did Friday.
- 5th. Elmer Langford is subject to sinking spells, he has one at church and misses out on the walk home.
- 6th. Two sleepy teachers.
- 7th. George Ryan has the blues.
- 8th. Elmer masters the sinking spell this time and takes Maud home.
  - 9th. Marie Grether entertains the Seniors.
  - 10th. Junior entertainment.
  - 11th. Elmer demonstrates a new proposition. "The Theory of Life." Elsie figures an important part in demonstration.
  - 13th. Ralph Furby falls down steps. "Great was the fall thereof."
  - 15th. Ray Montgomery and Anna Wilson play a game of ball during study period.
  - 17th. Elder Anthony conducts devotional exercises and gives a fine talk.
  - 18th. Juniors decorate the church for Baccalaureate sermon.
  - 19th. Baccalaureate by Dr. John D. Bacon
  - 20th. Mr. States. His subject: "The Beginning and End."
  - 21st. Four days of exams begin.
  - 22d. Senior class day.
  - 23d. Reception by the teachers.
  - 24th. Commencement address by Dr. Stewart of Springfield.
  - 25th. Au Revoir



## Little Locals

Miss Little—Mary what Frenchman aided the Americans during the Revolution by coming over and leading troops?

Mary H.—Napoleon.

One day a Freshman boy got slapped. Eva laughed 'till she cried. Grant turned and said: "What are you cryin' about? She never slapped you."

Elsie Russell—Elmer, they are talking of having choir practice at the church on Friday nights.

Elmer C.—Well, I think it ought "to be did."

In Junior German class James Pyle suddenly stops and tries to remember the translation for "das ohr."

Miss Eitzen breaks the silence—Now, James, you know what that is. What have you on each side of your face?

James (gratefully)—Oh! yes, whiskers.

Student, student, in a nook,  
Melcher catch him with a look,  
Miss Eitzen roast him in an oven,  
Miss Bishop eye him "awful lovin'."

Roy—Aren't the Seniors bricks.

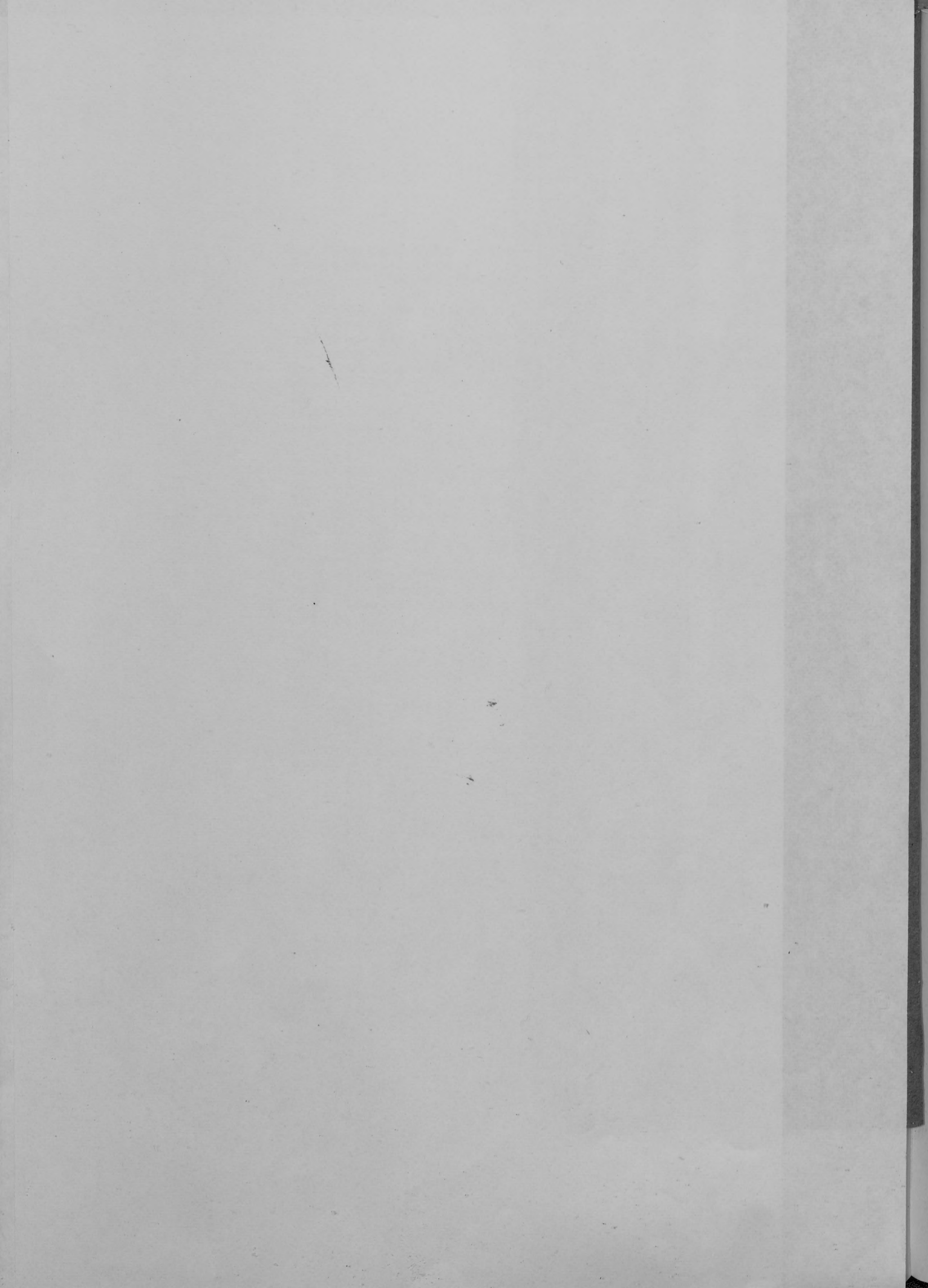
Jack—Yes, wooden ones.



Miscella  
neous.

✻







HIGH SCHOOL CHORUS.

# JUNIORISMS.

Who can tell the silliness of an Eighth Grader, or measure the depth of his ignorance?

Oh, German! Who is able to understand thy forms, and how are thy translations past making out?

A Senior thinketh himself wise—but alas! how great is his error.

Joy cometh before an examination, but sorrow and flunk follow it.

Oft doth Lewis turn his simpering face toward the moon, for which the Prof. doth continually condemn him, and give him naught on his grade card.

A Freshman thinketh to go his own way, but the rebuke of the Prof. restraineth him.

Instruct not a Soph; for he hath no ear for wisdom, and lacketh understanding.

A wise Senior seeth a beauty and courteth her; but a Junior passeth on and is lonely.

A Junior loveth knowledge; but a Senior despiseth instruction.

Punishments and flunks are the reward of an Eighth Grader; and indeed they are justly awarded.

A Senior girl loveth at all times; and many are the smiles which she bestows on her hoped-for.

Better to be a Freshman and walk on the sidewalks, than a Senior and cut across the campus; for long lectures are the portion of him who treadeth upon the grass.

As a Soph thinketh in his heart, so is he—not.

Through pleasure are the days passed quickly, but through study is the head made gray.

In vacation remove thy tedious books far from thee, and look not into their tedious pages.

There is a way that seemeth right to a young Junior, but the end thereof bringeth sadness.

Senior, boast not of thy morrow; for thou knowest not what a day may reveal.

He that teacheth a Junior is ever happy; but he that giveth instruction to a Sophomore hath a sad countenance.

Every word of the Prof. is true; and he will pass them who regard his sayings.

He that has'eneth to be wise doeth well; but he that seeketh pleasure doeth better.

There is a way which leadeth to wisdom; and many are they who avoid it.

A freshman girl yearneth for a sweetheart, but, alas! he doth never appear.

The way of lovers is in the moon-light; and little care they, where they go.

## Senior Class Song.

(AIR—*Maryland, My Maryland.*)

The year has come for which we've yearned,  
Nineteen hundred seven;  
And now we'll take the prize we've earned  
In nineteen hundred seven.

We've safely passed through all four years,  
Our zeal has conquered all our fears,  
At last 'tis sounded in our ears,  
Nineteen hundred seven!

Which was the best class in the school?  
The class of nineteen seven.  
Who was it never broke a rule?  
The class of nineteen seven.

Junior class, we leave to thee,  
Our standard of high excellency,  
Let your aim and model be  
The class of nineteen seven.

Although we hate to part from you,  
The class of nineteen seven,  
We hear the future calling to  
The class of nineteen seven.  
There are great things for us to do,  
Various callings to pursue,  
But don't forget, we beg of you;  
The class of nineteen seven.

## Alumni.

Daisy Bruggeman, '06, has been teaching near Everton this year.

Mae Goodspeed, '06, who has been living on a farm near Greenfield, expects soon to go with her parents to make her home in Louisiana.

Grace Haun, '06, is a student at the State University.

Mabel Hill, '06 was married last February to Mr Roy Hulston. They make their home at Hulston's Mill.

Odie Hill, '06 is teaching near Everton.

Kyle McGee, '06, teaching for six months went to the Springfield Normal School, where he will probably remain until he graduates. He intends later on to study medicine. Rumor has it that Kyle's devotion to books is equalled only by his devotion to the ladies.

Clarence McLemore, '06, is a Freshman at the State University.

Oscar Means, '06 is at Central College, Fayette, Mo.

Winburn Martin, '06, served as principal of the Jerico school and is now "on the road" for a wholesale house.

John Hayden, '93, is practicing law at Eldorado, Mo.

Chas. E. Bell, '94, has for several years been a teacher in the Greenfield Public Schools.

Isom Young, '07, is doing well in the hardware business at Arcola.

Anna Helphenstine, '97, is a teacher in the public schools of Kansas City.

Eva Allen, '99, is teaching this year in Tekoa, Wash.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph T. Finley, '99, are living in Columbia, Mo., where Ralph is practicing law. Mrs. Finley was Eleanor Kimber, '99.

Minis Lightner, '99, has been compelled to give up the practice of dentistry at Carthage and go to Southern Texas on account of his health. He was married shortly before he left.

Dr. and Mrs. Chas. F. Montgomery, '99 and '00, have been visiting recently in Greenfield. Their home is in Lake Arthur, New Mexico.

Clara McBride, '99, is teacher of expression in Greenfield high school.

Leroy Kimber, '00 is a furniture salesman in Kansas City.

David D. Scroggs, edits and publishes the Deepwater, Mo., World.

John S. Montgomery, '00, is bookkeeper for the Beckman, Walsh & Thompson Co., at Lodi, California.

Rolla Ballenger, '01, is employed by the Adams Express Co. at Fort Scott, Kan.

Ella Depee, '01, is teaching in Goldendale, Wash. She and her sister Lillie, '99, have taken up land in Washington and expect to make their home there.

Walter Kilgore has been elected superintendent of schools at Afton, I. T.

Gertrude Foster, '02, is attending a Normal school in Colorado.

Thomas Gilmore, '03, is enjoying life as much as ever on a farm near Carthage.

Clyde Montgomery, '03, is principal of schools at Concordia, Kan. He intends to return to Baker University next year to finish his course.

Vernon and Besse Frieze, '04, will each receive the degree of A. B. at the State University in June.

Ralph Duffy, '04, will in one more year complete the course in electrical engineering at the State University.

Lewis Wetzel, '05, finishes his college course in two more years. He will probably study law when he gets through the Varsity.

R. B. Griffith, '99, is editor and publisher of the Jasper, Mo., News.

## Ann.

Her full name was Constance Anita Flynn. This rather curious combination of names was the consequence of having a romantic mother and a remote Irish ancestor. Among her friends and acquaintances she was known as Annie, or Anita. Some had ventured to call her Ann, but they never dared risk it a second time. Anita resented this familiarity. To her childish soul the name Constance Anita was wonderful, something sacred to herself and to be respected by others. All her play-fellows had discovered this fact, some by being the victim of Anita's terrible temper, others by seeing the awful punishment meted out to others who had thus presumed. They truly had learned to respect her temper if not her name.

In spite of all this Anita was a favorite with everyone. It was a question whether this was caused more by her attractive, winning ways, or her beauty; for Anita was really beautiful. Her plump round body was active and graceful as a bird's; her features were glowing with joy and vigorous health; dark brown curls clustered around the shapely head; lashes of the same dark color shaded eyes of deepest blue; her nose slightly tilted upward giving a pert, piquant expression to her whole countenance. One feature especially noticeable, but in no way lessening her beauty, was the fact that Anita was hopelessly freckled; though this had been mentioned very few times in her presence during the ten short years of her life. Soon, however it gave her even more annoyance than her name had given her.

One day the report that a strange family was coming to the village, was circulated among the residents. This caused quite an excitement among the children, as there was a boy and girl of their own age in the family. They wished to see them come much more than the others. Their wish was gratified, when the new family moved into the village and they found there was two more to share their sports.

Robbie Green, who lived next door to the newcomers, was the first to make their acquaintance. He then told his friends all about them and concluded by saying:

"Yes, Jack teases everyone, but just wait 'till he sees Anita. Let's see if he teases her."

The chance to see if Jack would tease Anita soon came.

It was late autumn when the Reeves family moved to Centerville. Soon after they came Robbie organized a nutting party and Jack and Rosa Reeves were invited to go along. On the afternoon when they started Anita was detained for some time after the rest had gone but joined them at a certain tree where they stopped for nuts. When she joined the party all were so busily engaged that she was not noticed for a few minutes. Finally Jack raised up and caught a glimpse of her.

"Boys," he said, "who is that speckled girl over there?"

This question was asked in a rather loud tone and Anita's eyes flashed ominously.

"Constance Anita Flynn," was the reply.

"Wh-a-a-t?" gasped Jack.

The name was repeated.

"Why don't they call you Ann? It sounds better with Flynn," was Jack's next remark.

At this Anita grasped a basket which was near, and hurled it straight at Jack, who easily avoided it.

"I believe," he continued, "that Speckled Ann Flynn is better than that. But if I were you I'd change my name as soon as possible when I grew up. Ann, you must marry as soon as you get a chance."

This was too much for Anita, with a cry of rage she rushed toward Jack who was now sitting on a large rock. In a minute her small hands were buried in his curly black hair and then he received the worst punishment of his life. When Anita had shaken Jack until she was tired she suddenly let go and went flying towards home. Jack shouted after her derisively:

"Ann, Ann, get you a man!

Hurry and get him, soon as you can."

At this there were screams of laughter from the other children and Ann became almost frantic with rage and grief. The party now broke up and all returned home but all remembered what had happened. After this whenever Anita threatened to display her temper, the words: "Ann, Ann, can't get a man," would send her home immediately.

This state of affairs continued for some time. Jack teased Anita incessantly and she never missed an opportunity of expressing her hatred towards him. After nearly a year had passed Mr. Flynn decided to go to another state. Preparations for departure were soon made, and in a few days the family started on its journey. As the train pulled out of the station Anita looked out of the window and saw the well known figure of Jack Reeves, and heard the old teasing cry of:

“Ann, Ann, can’t get a man.  
Hurry and catch him, fast as you can.”

Anita clinched her hands together and thought angrily: “Jack Reeves, if I ever see you again, I will make you regret your words.”

\* \* \* \* \*

Prof. John Reeves, a young man of four and twenty years was elected president of Alton College. Though he was a member of one of the most famous classes of Yale, he still retained much of his boyish love for fun; but he had entirely forgotten the nutting expedition, which was made so long ago, and the part he had taken in it. He had been so entirely engrossed in his work at school that old names and places were dim in his memory.

One evening he attended a reception which was given at the home of one of his friends. He had become deeply absorbed in a conversation with a teacher from another town. Suddenly his attention was attracted by a figure on the opposite side of the room.

Where had he seen that face? Surely this must be some one he had known.

The tall slender figure had now passed through the room into the one beyond.

“Who is the young lady in white?” he asked his friend.

“Oh, the one who just went into the other room?” Said his friend following the direction of his eyes. “That is Miss Flynn, the niece of our hostess. She is said to be a very brilliant and talented young lady.”

“And one can see for himself that she is very beautiful,” thought Prof. Reeves, but he only said aloud: “Will you accompany me to our hostess? I wish to be presented to her niece.”

Miss Flynn and her aunt had now entered the room again. Anita, looking up, caught the puzzled expression with which Prof. Reeves was regarding her. She immediately recognized him and remembered the last time she saw him.

“Ah, here is my chance,” she thought. “I know you, Mr. Reeves, but you evidently have forgotten me. So much the better.”

She was now interrupted from her thoughts by the approach of Prof. Reeves and his friend. They were presented to her in a moment by her aunt.

“So I was not mistaken,” she thought, but she gave no sign that she had ever met him.

“I must be mistaken,” was the conclusion of Prof. Reeves. “If we had ever met before, she has also forgotten it.”

That night Prof. Reeves and Constance Anita Flynn were both troubled. Prof. Reeves’ slumbers were disturbed by visions of a tall slender figure in white; while Anita said over and over to herself: “Must I punish him? He certainly does not deserve it now. Should I do it?” At last she fell asleep undecided and dreamed of pulling some person’s hair; at first it was Jack Reeves whom she treated this way but gradually the person took on the appearance of Prof. John Reeves.

A few months later Prof. Reeves and Anita were standing together in the same room where they had met that night when they each had been so strangely affected by the sight of the other.

“You see,” Prof. Reeves was saying, I do not know your name, you have always been Miss Flynn to me. What must I call you?”

“You may call me Anita,” replied Miss Flynn roguishly; then looking up to him she continued: “But you used to be happiest when you called me Speckled Ann Flynn.”

Prof. Reeves stood amazed; floods of half forgotten memories crowded his brain; he saw once more the brown curls and flashing blue eyes of the child he had teased so unmercifully. He said imploringly: “Anita forgive me for my cruelty, then. Let me atone for it by a life a life long devotion to you.” Then half laughingly he continued:

“Ann, Ann, you’ve found the man,  
Hurry and take him, you certainly can.”

Anita forgave him.

### Prison Records.

On May 24th, 1907, fourteen inmates of this prison will be discharged. Others may be paroled or transferred but these are to be liberated unconditionally, their terms having expired. In some cases time is being allowed for good behavior. Others have served extra time for forfeiting paroles or taking part in mutinies. It is expected that each one of these, whose photographs appear elsewhere, may become a good citizen. We wish them good fortune but do not desire to represent them at other than their true worth. These extracts from the individual records on the prison blotter will convey some idea of their characteristics:

AMAZINGLY FRECKLED CARR, alias TOM—Awfully cute, height 5 ft. 1 in., weight 110, number 3 shoe, light curly hair, blue eyes, thin lips, pug nose, uncertain temperament, very accomplished. Quite at ease even in the presence of kings.

KNOWING HOLMES, alias ALFRED—Height 5 ft. 10½ inches, weight 175, number 13½ shoe, hair medium dark and curly, blue eyes, long nose, mouth large, a dozen or so freckles. A perfect marvel to Warden Little and the prisoners studying physics under her. Has escaped twice during his term but was captured each time.

LACES AND GRACES MARSHALL—One of the smallest, not the youngest; height 5 ft. 1 in., weight 109½ lbs, number 4 shoe, brown curly hair, eyes gray and brown, sharp nose, thin lips, long face. Has served six years on account the number of times she has escaped. Especially fond of pretty clothes and boys.

LADIES MAN COLLINS, alias DEACON—Height 5 ft. 11 inches, weight 165, shoe number 12, hair brown and curly, eyes gray, nose slightly turned up, lips always have a position as if he were about to say "prunes," walks with a slight twist. Is a perfect "Beau Brummel" and the ladies can't resist him. Has served three years here, being transferred from Everton.

QUAKER MEETING FINLEY alias TOOT—Height 5 ft. 11 in., weight 140, brown hair, brown eyes, long nose, number 11 shoe, never says much. Has a way of making the wardens think he's angelic, still he's always ready to do "stunts."

CARRIE NATION HEADLEE—Height 6 feet, weight two hundred minus fifty, number 6 shoe, curly hair, of demi-blond type, blue eyes, straight nose and a few freckles, quite a singer, tempetuous, a busy worker, does things up as quickly as possible.

CHICKEN CHOWDER MELCHER, alias AUNT EMMY—Height 5 ft. 6 inches, weight 130, number 4 shoe, light brown hair, blue eyes, thin lips, round face, perfect complexion, has served four years. Always knows what she wants to do and does it except in love affairs, where she seems to be unable to decide the all important question: "Which shall it be?"

WINTER LOVER TOWNLEY, alias PEACEFUL—Height 5 ft. 11 inches, weight 160 lbs, broad square shoulders, number 10 shoe, brown yellow hair, brown eyes, severely calm and dignified has done a four-year stretch, a splendid orator, speaks with a slight drawl. Girls all crazy about him but he has eyes for but one.

TICKLISH GREETHER, alias FUZZY—Height 5 ft. 3 inches, weight 120, number 4 shoe, curly light brown hair, blue eyes, pink cheeks, pretty teeth, turns toward athletics, champion tennis and basket ball player, high temper, keen intellect, rather eccentric. Received higher honors than any other prisoner.

EVER SMILING HOLMAN, alias RASTUS—Height 5 ft. 7 inches, weight 140, number 10 shoe, turn-up nose, lots of freckles, brown, slightly curly hair, mischievous gray eyes, always good natured and really quite a lovable young person, has served his entire sentence of four years.

BLUSHING CALFEE, alias D—Height 5 ft. 11 9-10 inches, weight 135, number 4 shoe, masses of shiny black hair, blue "goo-goo" eyes, peaches and cream complexion, long nose, broke out two years ago and was not recaptured for a year. Is madly in love, therefore everything is beautiful to her.

DECIDEDLY PUGNOSE HARRISON, alias HUCKLEBERRY, alias JOHN HENRY—Height 5 ft. 6 inches, weight one hundred and—. Has pale blue eyes that look lovingly in a Western direction, number 7 shoe, light hair, milky white complexion, small ears, loves everybody. Takes nothing seriously and in general: "When she's good she's very, very good, but when she's bad she's horrid."

MEEK AS MOSES RUSSELL—Four feet 11½ inches high, weight something less than the ordinary, No. 4 shoe, turned up nose, pale yellow complexion, is characterized by her sad sweet smile, loves only a few but those intently. Has served only three years; owing to good conduct pardon is granted.

WONT-STAY-FOR-CLASS-MEETING DUNCAN—Height 5 ft. 2 inches, weight 115, pug nose, blue eyes, freckles and a little bit of black hair, always has something to say and says it. Likes the boys fine, Earls especially. Served four years and came out second in the way of grades.



## Little Locals.

---

Miss Little—Name some phenomenon of nature similar to lightning.

Elmer C.—The rainbow.

Miss Eitzen—John you may read next.

John (who had not been paying attention and had lost the place)—How do you pronounce that first word?

Miss Bishop—Are people who work for nothing but money the happiest?

Clem Y.—No.

Miss B.—Who are?

Clem—The ones who don't work at all.

Miss Little—Alice, what are pensions?

Alice Howard—Pensions are sums of money that are paid to soldiers after they have been killed in the war.

Miss Bishop (in Sophomore English class)—John, what are some of the other lyrics besides patriotic and religious hymns?

John H. (turning red in the face)—Love letters.

Miss Eitzen—Lillian, what is the word for camp?

Lillian (quickly)—Campus.

Miss Bishop—Arthur, of what is a word composed?

Arthur—Letters.

Miss Bishop—Fulton, why did some of the Southern people go to Texas?

Fulton Vaughn (promptly)—To live.

Miss Bishop (in review history class)—Why was the resentment to British levying of taxes greater in the South than in the North, Jewel?

Jewel M. (whose time was otherwise engaged)—Why—er—well, they—Oh! I think it was—

Maude (whispering)—Tell her because—

Jewel (explosively)—Because.

(Same class later.)

Miss B.—Give an important event under Adams' administration.

Jewel (whispering)—Alien and Sedition laws.

Maude (wisely)—Why, the Alien Institution laws.

(Both questions were answered by Sally Ward, "Historical Bureau of Information.")

George Ryan (in game "Fruit Basket" at Sophomore class party)—Dates! dates! dates!

Lucy H.—George likes dates.

George (turning to Ethel) Well, that's all I can think of.

Miss Eitzen's eyes are blue

And her hair is red.

People of this complexion,

Have very high tempers "'tis said."

Miss Bishop is like unto a bird—

A wood-pecker in fact.

For when the least of sound is heard,

She at once begins to tap.

Miss Little—Did anyone look up about the "Suez Canal."

Elmer—Down to 597.

Helen—A. D. or B. C?

Bessie Hobbs went calling and as she entered a home exclaimed, "I know you're glad to see me. It's so seldom since I've been here."

Lives of Seniors all remind us,

We can make our life a pest,

And departing leave behind us,

Feelings of relief and rest.

Grace Marshall, when school is nearing a close, feels that she cannot say enough good things to her teachers. One day in talking to them she said: "I am indebted to you for all that I know." They all replied in chorus: "Don't mention such trifles."

---

## Sentiments of Teacher.

(Expressed by a Pupil.)

My Heart leaps up when I behold

My jolly Junior ranks;

They all so bright and gleeful are

My spirits then are lifted far

Above the grind and daily scold

O'er Freshman pranks.

The wise and good most blessed are,

With joy I teach my Junior class

And bless each Junior lad and lass.

I dreamed one night that I was old and gray.  
I thought I saw a man and heard him say,  
"Remember this and get it in your head,  
That when you die you'll be a long time dead."  
I turned my face and while there in my dream  
I looked and sobbed and then began to scream.  
The man came nigh and lifted up my head,  
Then to my weeping heart he kindly said:  
"Look up, lift up thine eyes and weep no more,  
For these you'll meet upon the golden shore."

## THE DREAM.

---

I looked upon the bright and shining scroll,  
And these are they he had upon his roll.  
The jolly Senior class of nineteen seven  
Was written down to meet me there in Heaven.  
First came Marie, the leader of our class  
Who's average none was able to surpass,  
But closely followed Lona Duncan's name  
Whose cheerful look has always been the same.  
Each name appeared as I glanced down the line  
The order now I do not bear in mind.

But Madge's and Helen's and Emma Melcher's too  
Were there with Dena's all written out in blue.  
Now Holmes and Orus, Elder, and our Grace  
Were also marked as having won the race,  
And Elsie's to, with Mary's and Roy's were there  
Some place; I know not now exactly where.  
And there also appeared, less bright, I deem,  
The name of one, the dreamer of this dream.  
To me it seemed I was in perfect ease,  
The names of those had now my mind released.

I raised my eyes at last from off the scroll  
And heard a bell begin to slowly toll.  
I asked the man if he could only tell  
The thing which caused the ringing of the bell,  
He then replied with smiles upon his face;  
"You're old, you know, and weary of life's race,  
The Lord to you your life has kindly spared  
And many are the trials in which you've shared,  
He now sees fit to take you by His grace  
Where you may meet your class mates face to face."

It seemed as if he lead me by the hand  
To what they call the holy promised land.  
I then came in upon the streets of gold  
Where moth and rust do not corrupt, we're told.  
And in the finest mansion of the place  
The foot prints of my class mates I could trace.  
I entered there with greetings from my class,  
Because I was the last from earth to pass.  
So kind, so good so beautiful they be  
That my poor heart gave way, nor could I see.

But my first grief was turned to greatest joys  
When like a maid my eyes fell on the boys  
I said to them: "You're happy here, I hope?"  
Then one of them for all the others spoke.  
Said he: "Long years we've waited here for thee  
The flesh was slow to set your spirit free.  
But now we'll praise the Savior of mankind  
And things of earth will enter not our mind."  
All seemed to cry, "Hosannah to the throne!"  
And "Blessed be the Maker of our home."  
The praises to the King, the silence broke,  
And from my dream, with grief to me, I woke.

## The Burglar's Story.

I'm not an ordinary burglar—in fact I was never known to crack anything smaller than a bank vault—but the other night I chanced onto an experience that was new to me. After the usual preliminaries I found myself in the vaults of the Greenfield Safety Deposit Company and the first thing that my eyes lit upon was a stack of money packages that even John D. Rockyfellow might be glad to add to his roll. Just then I heard Dad Owens round the corner in a suspicious manner and I hastily crammed the whole job lot into my sack, jumped through the back window, and hustled off to my cave, where, with visions of a bright and easy future, I dreamed dreams of contentment and peace the remainder of the night. In the bright light of the early dawn I opened my sack to count my newly acquired wealth. Say, what do you suppose I found there? No money at all but a lot of pesky "Wills" and "Last Testaments" and such punk, left by a lot of school kids—"Seniors," I think they called themselves—that was just completing their sentence in a high school. I spent the whole day reading the lay-out, but that's all I got out of my night's work. Just the same some of 'em was right original, and I'm handing you these few extracts just to show you how them folks was disposing of what they had to give:

Elmer Collins—To my friend, George Ryan, my great store of knowledge, on condition that he promise to faithfully follow in my footsteps when he shall have finished in G. H. S.

Mary Headlee—To my Sophomore friend, Pearl Brown, my pleasant smile; to Ethel Winter my office of legal adviser to the students of G. H. S.

Helen Hunt Harrison—To Anna Wilson one-half of my vanity, the other half to be retained to assist me through the State University.

Lona Duncan—To my sister, Belva, the art of grade making without study.

Emma Melcher—My only great possession, a keen sense of right and wrong (?) to my Freshman friend, Zetta McLemore, that she may take up where I leave off the work of reforming G. H. S.

Marie Grether—To my dear friend, Mary Howard, my love of mischief, and the art of escaping punishment therefor.

Grace Marshall—To Bessie Hobbs my sunny disposition and kindly feeling for my schoolmates; to my sister, Lillian, my love of music.

Orus Holman—To Jack Hudspeth my happy disposition; to Ray Montgomery my faculty for turning off skillful well-rounded English sentences when making translations.

Dena Calfee—My interest in the grocery business to my dear friend, Carrie Collier; to Mina Newkirk my great love for teachers and schoolmates, on condition that she constantly remind them that I once existed and should not be forgotten.

Madge M. Carr—To Mary Howard all claims I may have upon his majesty, the King; to Anna Wilson the art of tossing one's head gracefully; to Lillian Marshall my smiles and dimples; to Lillian Lyngar my musical ability and extensive knowledge.

Elder Finley—My unlimited stock of silence to Ora Collins; my dignity unconditionally to Roger Harrison.

Elsie Russell—My privilege of visiting at the parsonage to Hester Hembree; my ability to care for visitors to the greenhouse to my successor, Lola Butts; my quiet corner in the library to Carrie Collier.

Alfred Holmes—My deep knowledge of courtship to my friend, Lewis Means; my importance unconditionally to Charley Curtis; my great power and influence over girls to Roy Evans; my knowledge to the Eighth Graders, provided they do not already possess a greater stock.

Roy Townley—To Jack Hudspeth my sense of propriety; my good conduct to the Freshmen.



AARON D. STATES.

We dedicate this space in "The Bulletin" to Aaron D. States, who has done much for us. We are grateful to have in the vicinity of our school so able and willing a co-worker in the cause. Many of the beautiful ideas expressed in his lectures will follow us in future years. That he may be at his post in 1907-08, as in the past, is the sincere wish of the student body.

TO THE CLASS OF 1907:

Whatever vocation you may choose in this or in the after-day of life, learn to do your work well. You have been laying the foundation pillars for your future structure during these days of study and development. You will now begin the building of your own edifice according to your own architectural plans, drawn by your own hand, decided by your own mind. Who could teach the cardinal how to build her nest, the beaver how to erect his hut, or the spider to spin his web? Are you not greater than all these?

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**Closing Words.**

The members of "The Bulletin" Board for 1907 desire to thank those who have so willingly aided in its publication, and ask its readers to kindly overlook such defects as may appear. Credit for merits which the book may possess is due less to the editorial staff than to the pupils of the school who have contributed to its pages and at all times manifested a hearty, healthy interest in its success. To Mr. Griffith, our printer, who has worked untiringly, and at times under serious disadvantage, in the interest of our little souvenir publication, we also extend sincere thanks. It is with regret that we close our pleasant work in the publication of this edition of The Bulletin.

## Advertisements.



The annual issue of the Bulletin is made possible only by the liberality of its advertisers. Students, alumni and patrons who desire this little volume of High school history to issue from year to . . . year will remember them by an appreciative patronage.



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This is a strictly up-to-date style of 1907 young men's suit.

All of our clothing—all of the goods in this store—are always up to the times and of latest designs.

We will sell you a suit of clothes of strictly modern make and best material, now or at any time you may come to buy from us.

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Don't forget the Place.

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Groceries cheap for cash.

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DRY GOODS, DRESS GOODS, CLOTHING,  
SHOES, HATS, LADIES  
AND GENTS FURNISHINGS,  
CARPETS, RUGS, LACE CURTAINS, ETC.

---

WE SPECIALIZE EVERY DEPARTMENT.

TO PARENTS—We pay especial attention to the wants of pupils attending the Greenfield Schools.

# WE MUST ALL EAT.

It's one of the few failings we have that we are not directly responsible for, ourselves, but, inasmuch as it IS a real necessity, why not devote just a bit of attention to the question of PURE FOOD, and

**EAT THE BEST.**

**W**E'LL be glad to see you at our store at any time, and will take especial pleasure in showing you through and in explaining just why OUR goods ARE the best, and in elucidating the exact compliance with the pure food law of every article which goes from this pure-food grocery to a place on your table.

## There's a Difference in Groceries,

All right, all right—but there is no change in the infallible rule which we apply to all goods which we place upon our shelves—Every article is the best of its especial variety. That's why it is so easy to do your grocery shopping at this store, because you can rest assured that every item of your order will be filled with absolutely pure goods, and the best of their kind.

## There Are Other Reasons

Why we deserve your business. Infallible courtesy, prompt attention, speedy delivery, the satisfaction of trading in a clean, up-to-the-minute store, the fact that prices are always as low as good goods can be sold—and frequently lower than you can buy the same articles at other stores—are some of them. The others you will discover by following our advice to

**"Buy It Here."**

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# S. HOWARD WETZEL,

We Buy Butter and Eggs.

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YOU WILL FIND

THE FINEST ICE CREAM,

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Only Moderate Priced Hotel  
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Board by the Day or Week

A. M. Long stand, South of Southwest cor.

### LET ME SHARPEN THAT OLD DULL LAWN MOWER.

I've a new machine that does the work  
and does it right, too.

Shoe Repairing and all kinds  
of leather work.

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### REMEMBER THAT WILLIAM KELLEY, The Tree Man,

Sells all kinds of Budded and Whole Root  
Graft Trees cheaper than any one.

Quality Guaranteed.

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BOOKS, TABLETS and SCHOOL  
SUPPLIES of all kinds

Souvenir Post Cards—General line including  
local views.

### WASHINGTON HOTEL BARBER SHOP.

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Singing, Shampooing, Shaving,  
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Shop in Sanitary Condition. Running Water

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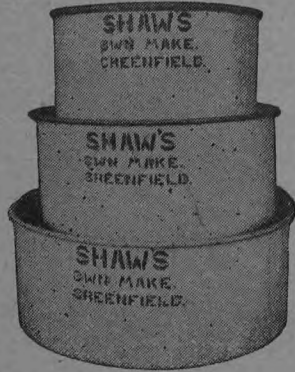
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