





To
Miss Orsini V. Swift
In appreciation of her effective service
as Principal of
The Centerville High School
The Class of 1909 respectfully
Dedicate this volume



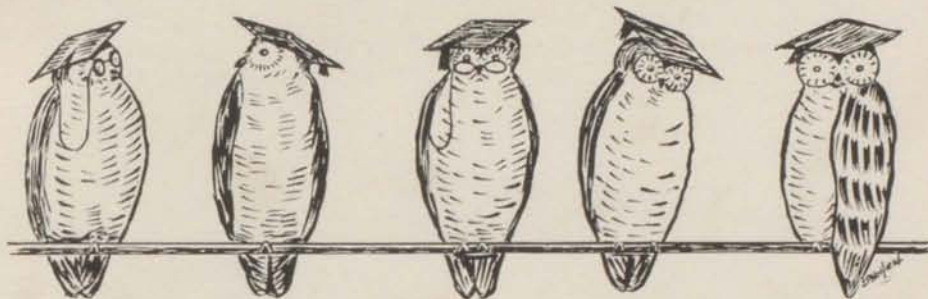
Foreword

The Class of 1909 present Volume I of the Black Diamond as its contribution to the High School literature. The editors have put forth earnest efforts in the collection of material which they hope will make it a representative annual. They have tried to tell of their high school life, in word and picture, as it appears to them, and if in the following pages they shall have properly recorded that life, they shall feel fully compensated for their time and effort.

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Superintendent E. N. Gibson

A school cannot attain its highest standard without a good superintendent. Such a person the Centerville schools have in Superintendent Gibson.

Superintendent E. N. Gibson has been with the Centerville schools for five years, and his success during that time testifies to his ability. This success has been due partly to his persistence in raising the standard of work required, and partly to his ability to sympathize with the students in their studies and in their sports. No superintendent can claim success to its fullest extent without the support of the students. This support Superintendent Gibson has received. Particularly is this true in the High School where the students are brought more in contact with the superintendent.

Too much credit cannot be given Superintendent Gibson for the assistance he has rendered in the publication of the Black Diamond. Without it the annual could not have been the success that it is. But if it had not been a success it would not have been due to any fault of his, for he has always stood ready to give his advice or to render the Board any assistance needed, financially or otherwise. He has spent hours in its service, for which the Annual Board, and the school in general, are truly grateful.



MISS ORSINI V. SWIFT

Mathematics

MISS ORSINI V. SWIFT, High School Principal
MISS JANET WILSON
MISS GRACE DENOON

In time of service in the Centerville High School, Miss Swift is the Senior member of the faculty, as this is her thirteenth year here. During this time many of the present Senior class have passed from the primary grade, through the High School and are now ready to enter college.

Being acquainted with many of the pupils before they reach the high school she has been placed in a position to better understand their needs, and to better direct their high school work. With her untiring devotion to duty she has won the admiration and esteem of the pupils as few are able to do. Tireless in her efforts to comply with the wishes of the Superintendent, and desirous of obtaining the best things for the high school pupils she has played a very important part in bringing the high school up to its present high standing.



MISS JANET WILSON

From the time the child first entered the public schools he has had mathematics in some form thrust before him. Now that he has reached the High School this work must be continued, a strong foundation must be constructed, using what knowledge he has gained, with what he can gain in this department, that he may be sufficiently equipped to meet the problems of life, or to get creditable standing in the University. Algebra confronts him, but here he falls into good hands, whether it be his lot to do the work in the class of Miss Swift, Miss Wilson, or Miss DeNoon. Plane geometry is a revelation to him; now he sees as he never saw before; now every statement is challenged with, Why? and he soon learns to have a positive answer for the challenge. In order that he may have still broader views of the fundamental concepts of Geometry, and to give training in independent thinking, Solid Geometry is next presented to him.

In the Geometry work the pupils will be guided aright under the control of Miss Wilson, one of the most honored and respected members of the faculty. Thorough in her work she commands the attention and admiration of her pupils. Ever guarding the best interests of her pupils she is aiding them in building a foundation on which an extensive collegiate education may be safely built.



MISS GRACE DE NOON

Miss DeNoon, for several years one of the eighth grade teachers, is now doing her first year's work in the high school. Aware of her ability as an English instructor some English work was assigned to her, in addition to her special work in Mathematics. Patient and tactful, she appreciates every effort on the part of the members of her classes, and is ever ready with an encouraging word for the one with the problem he cannot master. Her motto seems to be, "Everlastingly keeping at it brings success," a motto we all must let control our actions before positive success is assured. In this department great success has been attained and is being attained at the present time. The pupils become independent thinkers, have the ability to plan their work and continue it to a successful finish. With the same perseverance in their future work, victory will mark their efforts at every turn.



Department of History and Civics

MISS FLORENCE VAN DYKE

The two and one-half years' course in history gives to the pupil that clear conception of events from ancient time to the present, that is so essential for the future happiness of the child should he take no advanced work after leaving the high school; or should he do college work, gives him that foundation that assures him success not only in this line of work, but along other lines that require those good qualities developed in the study of History. The work aims, first of all, at the acquisition of a knowledge of the subject for its own sake and for the sake of the accompanying broadening of view and discipline of memory, imagination, judgment and sympathy; secondly to serve as a preparation for the generalization of certain other social studies, as the science of Political Economy and Sociology, and thirdly to properly equip such students as expect to become teachers.

The course in Civics is closely related to the history work, dealing, however, more particularly with the governmental affairs of the United States, and of Iowa. The aim of this work is the cultivation of breadth of view and sound thinking on governmental and political questions, the promotion of good citizenship and a training which shall be helpful in the direction of honorable and useful service on the part of those who may subsequently enter public life.

Miss VanDike entered the high school work with the 1909 class, so naturally she belongs to the Seniors. Her keenness of intellect has made our work pleasant and has guided us over many a stony path; through desolate countries, both of ancient and modern time. Her never failing interest in the welfare of her pupils has endeared her to every member of the class, and put this department of work on a high standard of efficiency of which all may be proud.



MISS ARAVILLA TAYLOR

Science Department

MISS ARAVILLA TAYLOR

MR. GLENWOOD HENRY

Particularly in this department do we realize the need of more room for our high school work. But by careful planning the work Miss Taylor has so arranged the laboratory schedule that each pupil has the required time to spend in the laboratory. Class work supplements work in the laboratory. In order to get the most out of the experiments there must be careful thought. Skill of manipulation is not the only result of work in the laboratory. On the other hand, bad observation leads to erroneous conclusions. By a proper combination of class work and laboratory, an attempt is made to give the student skill in making observations, a proper degree of confidence in those observations, and their weight in forming conclusions, as well as knowledge of the observations, conclusions and classifications of others.

The present class now enjoy the use of several new pieces of apparatus and do hereby will to the succeeding class all the material the present class may have spoiled.

At her station in the laboratory, from early morning until late in the evening, Miss Taylor may be found. Her constant persistent efforts make it possible for those who desire to do special work in this department to do so.



GLENWOOD HENRY

Because of the increase of work in this department, it has been necessary to divide the work of the science department. Mr. Henry now has charge of the Natural Science work; this is his first term with us, but by his enthusiastic, determined efforts he is rapidly winning the confidence of all. Not the least important of the high school work is the work of Physical Geography and Botany. Here the pupil learns to see the beauty as nature unfolds it to him. Here he sees on every hand the grandeur that no artist can reproduce, that no pen can describe. Thus leading him to see through nature all those things that tend to make man upright, noble, pure and good.



Latin Department

MISS LULU BRYAN

This is the department where the sterling qualities of the pupil are shown. Here is where his stick-to-itiveness and pull-alongitiveness counts for much. Here all his previous English training is brought to a test and here that same English, is strengthened and clarified and polished. Here those synonyms are more accurately understood and more positively applied. The high school pupil who for four years has mastered a Latin lesson each day and has faithfully performed the work required in this department has a mental training that will safely guide him through many a stormy battle of life.

Many a pupil has made the serious mistake of doing no Latin work simply because he was looking for an easier course, and doubtless will spend the greater portion of his life working hard trying to find some easy way to success, while his more thoughtful classmate works along some line that continually brings success. Miss Bryan, one of our energetic and enthusiastic teachers, has charge of this department and by her careful work is gaining excellent results.



Commercial Department

MR. E. L. HOLLIS

The purpose of the work in the Commercial Department is to give to the pupil an understanding of general terms and practices, in a common business transaction. While many of these students may never make direct use of this knowledge in gaining their livelihood, all will make stronger men and women because of the information gained in this work. Already several of the pupils have completed this course, then taken a few months' work in Shorthand and Typewriting, then accepted lucrative positions in which they have made good.

With the three terms' work in bookkeeping; the term's work in Commercial Law, and similar branches the student gains information that must be of lasting benefit to him regardless of what his future work may be. This course is now a four-years' course and prepares the student for college entrance.

With Mr. Hollis at the head of this department there can be no question as to the efficiency of the work. Ever thoughtful of the welfare of the pupils, he so lays his plans that the greatest amount of work may be accomplished in the given time.



MISS FLORENCE DILLOW

German Department

Much interest is taken in the German Department, as is shown by the number of pupils who elect German for the Junior and Senior years. It may be caused by the fact that the work is done under some of the best light of the school, as the German room is lighted through the skylights, or it may be that the winning ways of their instructor draws them to this higher plane. Be that as it may, those of the Seniors who have had two years' work in German will never regret one hour of the time spent with the same, as with the earnest, careful guidance of Miss Dillow, pleasing results reward us for our efforts.

In her work with the class, Miss Dillow seems to know just how to secure the best work from each individual and at the same time keep the interest of all at a high pitch.

By natural talent, by efficient study, and by careful application, Miss Dillow is abundantly qualified for the German Department.



MISS MILDRED GRABILL

English Department

MISS MILDRED GRABILL
MISS CECILIA GREENLEAF

In our English Department, new faces are seen this year. Miss Grabill comes to us for the first time, as she now takes the place, for several years filled by Miss G. Eunice Meers. Miss Grabill's disposition is such that she won our confidence at once. Even the Seniors who thought that they could take their English work under no other than Miss Meers, assert that the new instructor surely knows how to teach English. The work done under her instruction is excellent. She has the interests and welfare of the students at heart, and is anxious that they make the most of their opportunities.

Here the pupil's work in English Literature and American Literature is such that they can more readily and keenly appreciate master productions. Much time is spent on literary interpretation, afforded by the study of modern essays, orations, fiction and classics. In this way the English Department is endeavoring to interpret Literature as a power, rather than a mere ornament of life.



MISS CECILIA GREENLEAF

Miss Greenleaf, one of the younger members of the faculty, is respected and admired by all who know her, both among the faculty and students. Her personal interest in the students is only one of her many virtues. Another virtue is her ability to extract labor from her classes, in which art she is very proficient. To her room the pupil goes for Freshman English, or Sophomore Rhetoric. Here he gets the foundation for his college work; that foundation the college president is constantly telling us must be so carefully constructed. Here if his English grammar is weak, it must be strengthened. If his vocabulary is short, it must be lengthened. In fact, if he is not a symmetrical student at this point of his school life, he must be called to a halt until these defects are made right, for much of his future work depends on his ability as an English student.



MISS MARY HUFFMAN

Music

Some one has said, "That in the life of every child there are volumes of music, and if the lives of his associates are attuned to the same, this music will pour forth as the sweet note of the skylark as he wings his upward flight, and will continue through his lifetime to make the world happier and better." If this can be said of the music of a single individual, how very important must be the work of the Music Supervisor.

During this year Miss Huffman has had charge of the high school music, and with careful, well laid plans has been able to bring about excellent results, besides the regular chorus work which has been fully up to standard. The Girls' Glee Club has done excellent work and is a credit to Miss Huffman, the Club and the High School.



Penmanship and Drawing

MISS NELLIE BARRETT

Before the child reaches the high school he is supposed to have his physical powers well under control. But what a material change can be made in this respect after he enters the high school can only be imagined by one who has made a careful study of the penmanship and the drawings made by such pupils.

The pupil that heretofore has been shiftless and careless with his penmanship, now sees beauty in every curve, and in his long-hand sees suggestions that before meant nothing to him, or in his rough drawings sees beauty, where before he saw lines. In his water-color work he learns to see in nature the great artist of artists.

Not of the least importance is the work in penmanship and in drawing conducted by Miss Barrett. By her careful direction and continuous efforts this work has been done in such a way that the classes receive benefits that will be of life-long value to them.



Adieu

There was clamor in the High School
Of that dear old Hawkeye Town,
And the halls were filled with pupils,
Hearts and faces were cast down.

Students gathering in the Chapel
With their thoughts too full for speech,
And their hearts were filled with sadness,
For she's almost out of reach.

Will she do it? Dare she do it?
Who has said it? Oh! who knows?
For in the heart of every Senior
There'll be sorrow when she goes.

Through the four long years of High School
She has been our friend indeed,
Been our guide in every trial
Ever kind in time of need.

As she told her farewell story
Many eyes were dimmed with tears,
How the Chapel walls resounded
With the cheering for Miss Meers.

When our dear old friend has left us,
Greater honors now to gain,
May her work in Des Moines High School
Cause her merit ne'er to wane.

In her noble field of labor
May she ever happy be
And in the years to come returning,
Fill our hearts with joy and glee.

Mary Hall.

SENIORS





JUANITA McCOY.

"Giggles"—"Teeter."

"And if I laugh at any mortal thing 'tis
that I may not weep."

IRA LONG.

"Shorty."

"Woman wants but little here below
but wants that little Long."

EMMA McEWAN.

"Sally."

"Shalt show us how divine a thing a
woman can be made."

SYBIL McKEE.

"Simple."

"Her gentleness hath made her great."
Specialty, football games.



LUCILE PATTERSON.

"Beany."

"A merry heart that laughs at care."

ELEANOR PEEK.

"How bright, how beaming.

How like sunrise seeming."

DILLON MOORE.

"Dutch."

Ignorant Thereof. "Let Hercules himself do what he may, the cat will mew and the dog will have his day." Specialty, perpetual motion.

EDITH PACKARD.

"Is she not a modest young lady? She's not as meek as she looks."



BLANCHE LENNINGTON.

"Samantha."

"She taketh most delight in music instrument, and poetry." Specialty, dreaming.



VERA LOFTON LEE.

Asst. Business Mgr. Black Diamond.

"What is life when wanting love." Specialty, "laughing."



RICHARD HAMM.

"Bacon."

Sec'y and Treas. Aristotelean Society.

"Here is something out of the ordinary." Specialty, pipe dreams.



EDITH LA RUE HUMPHREY.

"Hump," "Dido," "Roughrider."

"Of all sad words from tongue or pen, the saddest are these—can't do without men." Specialty, "ponies."



FRANCIS BARLOW.

"Peaceful, studious and silent."

CHARLES NEIL BROWN.

"Pieface."

Assistant Editor Black Diamond.

"His face looks like a cry for help."
Specialty, candy.

MABELLE BARTLE.

"Blest be they who say nothing, for
they cannot be quoted."

WALTER BATEMAN.

Business Manager Black Diamond, Vice-
President Senior Class.

"A⁴ baron spirited fellow—one who
feeds on test tubes, acids and oleomargar-
ine. Specialty, dates, either kind."



LESTER PHILLIPS.

"Hayo."

"Nearly killed once by a train of thot, passing thru his mind." Specialty, traveling.



MAY SANDERS.

"Smiles."

Debate 1907. Secretary and Treasurer Senior Class.

"Then she will talk, good gods; how she will talk. Specialty, having a good time.



ALBERT W. RANDLE.

"Boots."

President of Aristotelian Society.

"And still the wonder grew that one small head could carry all he knew." Specialty, girls.



MADGE SEVERS.

"Biscuit."

"Her voice as ever soft, gentle and low, an excellent thing in woman." Specialty, men.



FERNE WINTER.

"Her modest looks a cottage might
adorn, sweet as the primrose peeps be-
neath the thorn."

BERNARD WILSON.

"Taters."

"I hardly yet have learned to insinuate
flatter, bow and bend the knee."

MABEL WHITE.

"Down on your knees and thank Heav-
en lasting, for a good man's love." Spe-
cialty, Moulton Mo(o)re Moulton.

ELSIE WINTER.

Secretary Philomathean Society.

"She's always complaining from morn-
ing till night." Specialty, disease.



GERTRUDE HICKS.

"Good things should be praised. She was meant for an angel." Specialty, Geometry.



EVA GREENE.

"A very gentle, modest and demure little maid."



MARY HALL.

"Mamie."

"She does the little things that most of us leave undone."



CHARLES D. FORMAN.

"Chike de la Brick"—Capt. Football, '08.

"He's a cork that can't be kept under many minutes at a time." Specialty, "Front Seat."



BERT FENTON.

"Buster"—"Loony, Moony and Spoony."

"Better to have loafed and flunked than never to have loafed at all."

EVA EFAW.

"Little Eva"—"Evangeline."

"Men may come and men may go, but I go on forever." Specialty, school teachers.

BERRYLL ELLIS.

"Lengthy."

"He is not short but is quite tall.
He is the boy that courts them all."

CARRIE EDDY.

"All is not gold that glisters."



EDWARD SHUTTS.

Editor in Chief Black Diamond. President Senior Class.

"I never felt the kiss of love nor maiden's hand in mine." Specialty, reception dates.

CHARLOTTE TIETEL. ..

"Shylock."

"What sweet delight a quiet life affords."

DELL STUCKEY.

"It matters not what men assume to be, or good or bad, they are but what they are."

ALFRED TREMBLY.

"Foody"—"Pie Shark."

"How fools rush in where angels fear to tread." Specialty, electricity.

Class History

It was in September of 1905 that the present illustrious Senior Class entered the Centerville High School.

Determined from the first not to be outdone in either brain or brawn, we matched our physical strength in a class rush, against the Sophomores, in which our numbers gave us the advantage and the victory. From that time on we have spent the greater part of our school life in an earnest search after knowledge.

As an eye-opener to other classes we began our Sophomore year, by one of our number, Ruth Bradley, winning first place in the local declamatory contest.

Ever loyal to her class and ready to encourage that loyalty in others, Edith Packard entertained the class at her home, "Sunnyside," one bright evening in January when the snow was about six inches deep, sleighing fine, and everyone happy to be free from school for a few hours. This trip was one of the pleasantest events in our Sophomore year.

"In every class must some rain fall,
Some weeks be dark and dreary."

So was our Sophomore year after Matt O'Leary moved to Omaha to attend Creighton University, for he was the humor of the class. Ed. Smith, too, deserted us that year, and as punishment for his actions was soon entangled in the bonds of matrimony.

During our Junior year, the athletic spirit pushed us into the field again, where the Seniors went down to us in a game of baseball and again lost to our squad on the football field; thus we stood champion of the school in the athletic line. Sad to relate, however, while we were engaged in obtaining physical strength and athletic glories we thoughtlessly allowed our grades to decline and met frequently with the Principal and teachers in extra session.

Our lives were brightened somewhat when the humor that had departed with Matt O'Leary, returned in the person with pretty dimples and dancing eyes—Dick Hamm.

For many years the graduates of the Unionville High School have found the Centerville High School a very pleasant place to do advanced high school work; while at the same time, Centerville has found that an excellent class of pupils come from Unionville; and now our class is proud of the fact that during our Junior year our number was increased by that energetic little spirit, Gertrude Hicks.

Even some of our own pupils find that the Centerville High School is not to be passed up for other high schools. For after going East and West, Edith Humphrey came back to Centerville and is now one of the bright Latin students of our class.

Our Junior year was a glorious one, for still another student of whom we have ever been proud, entered our class; this time it was Emma McEwan.

In the beginning of our Senior year one of the boys who had been with us from the first, decided that a year's work in a military school was just what he needed before he began his college course, so, packing his books, he went to St. John's Military Academy, where Robert Wooden is still at his old tricks of running off with the highest class grades.

As Seniors we settled down to the realization that some honors must be gained through hard study. When we were fairly started on our way to success we were disheartened by the departure of Miss Meers, our mother teacher, who had been with us ever since we began our high school course.

At times we thought she was too harsh with us, but as we neared the completion of our course we found that it was largely due to her determination to have us succeed, that we owed much of our success. It was with much regret on our part that we saw her leave us, yet we rejoiced that she had the opportunity of going into a larger field, where more students might receive inspiration from her many excellent qualities both as a lady and a teacher.

We soon regained our downcast spirits under the guidance of Miss Grabill and now are endeavoring to make our teachers happy at the thought that their hard labor and inspiring instructions have not been in vain, and to prove to them that we appreciated their instructions, two of our number, Albert Randle and Juanita McCoy, set forth with determination and won for us the class debate.

As the time comes when most of us will be ushered into different fields of labor, we pause to take one backward look at our high school life, and indeed it has been a pleasant four years that we have spent here. We stop to consider the various acts of kindness that we have received from our instructors and regret that we did not sooner awake to the fact, that those private talks and admonitions were for our benefit, far more than we ever dreamed at that time.

All praise to those worthy instructors who have been our staunch friends from the time we entered the High School to our graduation.

Beryl Ellis.



Class Poem

When oft' I sit in blissful reverie
And ponder over days, now past and gone,
My mind is wafted backward in its flight
To History's class, the Class of 1909.

Wide open is sweet Memory's folio
And tender Love doth turn each crumpled page;
Enchantress Thought doth then disclose to view
The purple curtains, bound with cords of gold.

Ah now, the royal mantle brushed aside!
Behold! the gates of Wisdom opened wide,
And eke I see 'midst walls of deepest green
The class who enter'th dear old C. H. S.

'Mid struggles grim, and happy triumphs, whence
Doth issue forth the little coterie:
But now disclosed to view a happier scene
For Time hast wrought the roysterous Sophomore.

Athletics captivates the Soph'more heart;
So, ardent, he desires the class's fame,
Also literary triumphs he achieves
'Till Fate doth then the joyous Junior crown.

View now,—alack!—the festive Junior bold,
In gladsome colors, smiles, and looks askance.
He joins the games, but seeks mind-culture, too,
With chances many for the bird of love.

But now,—ah now—the scene once more has changed
At last perceive the full-fledged Senior throng.
The cap and gown right well do they adorn,
Well knoweth they their duty to perform!

Although they seem quite grave and so sedate
Because of grander thought and elder years
Mayhap they realize stern Duty's call
To struggle for the class they hold so dear.

Behold! I see the parting of the ways.
Kind Knowledge gives to each a silver key,
To each a golden portal doth give way,
Then pass they out upon Life's rugged trails.

Closed now each page of Memory's volume old,
But visions of the Future enshroud my sight.
Seen foremost in activity and strife,
Our time-honored class, the Class of 1909.

Neil Brown.

Class Prophecy

New York City, N. Y., June 28, 1930.

Miss Lucile Patterson,

Des Moines, Iowa.

My Dear Friend Lucile: When arriving here the first of the month was greatly surprised and pleased to find your letter awaiting me. Was also greatly pleased to find that you had been so successful in the line of work you have chosen. But was surprised nevertheless, not knowing that you were interested in the study of criminology. You asked me how I liked my work. You knew my address by the papers. I have been very successful, and have just returned from my third annual tour of the world as an actress. My success has been greater than I had even dared to hope. My work is hard, a few more years of it and I think I shall retire. You have asked me to give you an account of the work and success of our school chums, of the class of nineteen hundred nine. I will try my best to tell you of the class as I have endeavored to keep informed regarding them since we graduated.

I will begin with Albert Randle. His life so far has been quite romantic, but I know nothing about it except by newspaper accounts. It seems that a fortune was left to him by a wealthy uncle who lived here in New York. Albert started on a trip seeking pleasure and adventure, but it happened that by some lucky chance he succeeded in saving the life of a young princess of some province, Roumania I believe. The young people of course fell in love. He married the princess and was placed on the throne. Isn't that romantic?

While in Paris I met an artist of great fame, Vera Lee, whose greatest masterpiece hangs in the Louvre in Paris. I saw the painting and the subject is "An Unforgotten Friendship," which portrays herself and an old school chum. You no doubt will recognize the chum, as he has red hair.

Juanita McCoy married a very influential man, an attorney in Philadelphia, and she now lives near the water.

Of course you know of Edward Shutts being elected in the year 1924 to the office of president of the United States, the youngest president our nation has ever had.

Charles Forman is the Prime Minister of England.

Another well remembered school mate, Neil Brown, is a United States Senator.

Walter Bateman has won an immense fortune by discovering a successful method of making artificial diamonds, one of the greatest discoveries of modern times. It seems that he has married an old school chum, formerly Miss Eleanor Peek, who has aided him greatly in his discoveries.

It seems that Alfred Trembly is one of the greatest orators on the American platform, he is called a second Bryan, and is talking of running for the presidency of the United States on the democratic ticket at the next election.

Miss Carry Eddy has started a second Hull house in New York and is spending her fortune lavishly in an effort to uplift fallen humanity.

Lester Phillips made a fortune by inventing a new moisture-proof pasteboard box for the preservation of cereals.

Gertrude Hicks is a great sculptor and her work of art is on exhibition all over Europe and America.

Elsie Winter has won great fame as a concert singer, and her voice has been pronounced by critics the sweetest and clearest on the American stage. She has sung before most of the crowned heads of Europe.

Beryl Ellis is at present engaged in doing some of the greatest construction work the world has ever seen.

Bert Fenton having sought, found, and married an heiress is now resting on his laurels.

Dillon Moore's name stands out pre-eminent in Wall Street.

Charlotte Tietel is a German professor in Berlin University.

Eva Efaw married the president of the C., B. & Q. railroad, who is a self-made man, having worked up from the position of night foreman at the depot in Centerville.

Francis Barlow is practicing law in one of the large western cities.

Emma McEwan is head nurse in one of the large divisions of the Red Cross and has won great distinction by her bravery and unceasing energy during the late Japanese-American war.

Mabel White is a society leader in Washington, D. C., having married an English ambassador.

Ira Long has world-wide renown as a poet, having the patronage of the Mikado of Japan, to whom he dedicated his latest book of poems.

Bernard Wilson just completed an airship, which for practical use is the best one ever made, and it is thought that by this great invention, people instead of riding on slow moving cars will fly in the air.

Mary Hall is a socialist leader in Germany.

Mabel Bartle is a missionary in China.

Dell Stuckey has one of the largest plantations in the South.

Sybil McKee is another Carrie Nation. She is certainly working hard on the question of temperance.

Edith Humphrey is a great writer of fiction and has amassed quite a fortune by her works.

Madge Severs is a musical director and has great talent in that direction. They say that she can play any instrument known.

Dick Hamm is secretary of state, this being his second term in that office.

Blanche Lennington married a Rockefeller.

Trusting that this is the information you desired, I remain,

Your sincere friend,

May Sanders.





Sydney Smith.—“There is a young lady of excellent pith; fate tried to conceal her by naming her Smith.”

Lucile Riggs.—“Things are not what they seem.”

Waneta Smith.—“There is much music, excellent voice, in this little organ.”

Helen Schenk.—“To doubt her fairness were to want an eye; to doubt her pureness were to want a heart.”

Nina Swank.—“Came into town to be educated.”



Louise Porter.—“Among them, but not of them.”

Bertha Stuckey.—“The mildest manners and the gentlest heart.”

Ruth Phillips.—“Always happy if there's a man around.”

Lelah Silknetter.—“The more we study her, the more we discover our ignorance.”

Lucile Sherrard.—“Serenely pleasant, comely, fair; soft fell her words as blew the air.”



Edith King.—“A little spark may do much good.”

Neal Martin.—“We know a bird by its song, and a man by his words.”

Lucile Landers.—“A young man's vision and an old man's dream.”

Rea Marple.—“I remember a mass of things, but none distinctly.”

Beulah Kirby.—“Knowledge is no burden.”



Hardie McCracken.—“Every man has his devilish moments.”

Fred Patterson.—“The prince of knockers is he.”

Florence Moore.—“A little learning is a dangerous thing.”

Carl Osborn.—“Greater men than I may have lived but I doubt it.”

Lloyd Myers.—“A youth there was of quiet ways?”



Edith Vought.—“A friendly heart with many friends.”

Lois Wright.—“Youth is the opportunity to do something, to become somebody.”

Hazel Underwood.—“Wit is the lightning of the mind.”

Eva Wilson.—“Blessed is she who has relation with the faculty.”—Treasurer Philomathean Society.

Marjory Wilson.—“The happiest women, like the happiest nations, have no history.”

SOPHOMORES





Frederick Strickler, Abijah Winter, Cornelia Smith, Glenn Silknitter, Marvin Wilson,
 James Varner, Frederick Sandahl, Claude Ware, Rex Moore, Claude Veach, Louie Ritchel, Guy McCannon, Rex Wells, Erma Stier, Einer Nelson,
 Gertrude Rodstrom, Winnie Ward, Ollie Secor, Irene Sedgley, Lucile Spooner, Lydia Wilson, Kate McQuiston,
 Dow Stuckey, Robert Staley, Paul Staley, Alma Mahaffey, Luella Phillips, Joseph Wilson; Leona Phillips, Margaret Moss, Laura Newcum,
 Luther Monroe, Creta Stuckey, Anna Ritchel, Ray Myers, William Walker, Ray Payton, Harold Nelson, Carl Swan, Birdie Ramsey.



Ruth Kleinhans, Gladys Kirkpatrick, Flora Goulson, Lazarus Chapman, Edwin Harrington, William Easton, Frank Kirchgraber, Ouida Green,
 Max Ashley, Bernice Allen, Vernah Hamilton, Gladys Cashman, Clay Harbold, Ray Dengeman, Elmer Husted, Edna Axtell,
 Richard Griffin, Glen Guernsey, Thaddeus Jones, Anna Beth Kimber, Hugh Guernsey, Dora Lehrman, Pearl Archibald,
 Hinda Cohn, Flossie Baker, Zelma Dukes, Ruth Hatfield, Leslie Loomis, Merrell De Noon, Mary Landers, Dan Harrington, Helge Arvidson,
 Eddie Davidson, Nina Hamilton, Edna Lindahl, Glenn Davis, Clara Folker, Irene Baker, Gertrude Davis, Harry Herschberg, Bert King.

FRESHMEN



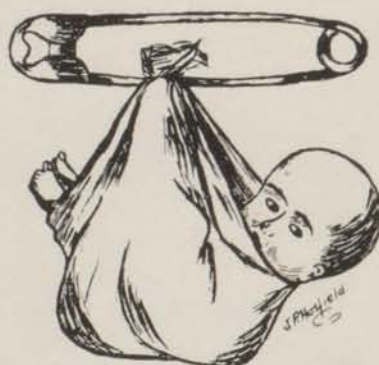


Louise McKee, Adrian Buckles, Paul Cushman, Ruth Lane, John Wooden, Samuel Meers, Mary Tallbot.
 Jesse Lepper, Sherley Ellis, Everett Knapp, Mary Campbell, Benjamin Friedlander, Amy Jones.
 Bernice Gilbert, Lonnie Ellis, Lawrence Knowles, Nellie Eddy, Donna Kirby, Grace Mackey, Sigfried Elfstrom, Marguerite Kemp.
 Arthur Swanson, Mable Clark, Vera Peavey, Mildred Barnett, Robert Baker, Lenore Wilson, Ernest Widmer, Jessie Hall.



William Bell, Opal Steele, Clarence Porter, Bessie Hendrickson, James Ward, May Massman,
Bernice Lee, Bliss Easton, Mary Moss, Ralph Hileman, Marguerite Griffith, Jean Wilson,
Bessie Kleinhans, Cora Whitsell, Bertha Livingood, Beulah Axtell, Bessie Veach, Mildred Martin, Helen Henderson, Hannah Elfstrom,
Harold Wiseman, Olah Martin, Cecile Buckles, Jenifer Sherrard, Carl Moss, Mary Kahn, Selma Johnson.

EIGHTH GRADE





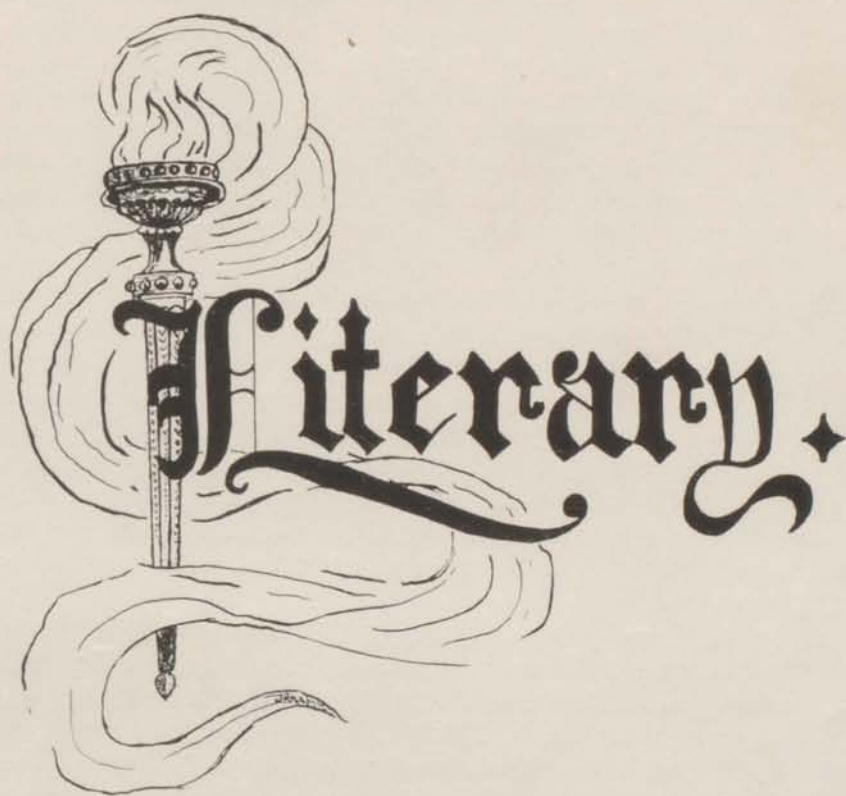
Class Roll

Goldie Brunow
Bessie Bever
Lucile Bryant
Charles Climie
Jessie Galloway
Earl Albright
Hazel Ellis
Lura Griffith
Fay Brooks
Floyd Climie
Glenn Adams
Walter Johnson
Inez Adamson
William Larson
Edith Lofgreen
Hazel Humphrey
May Chapman
Myrtle Davison
Alta Ellis
Margaret Green
Gertie Fuger
Clell Fritz
Rena Almquist
Glen Griffin
Forest Griffith
Gail Davis
Paul Kirchgraber
Henry Dukes
Louise Kearwiller
Xenia Flint
Bertha Hinzman
Ellsworth Bateman
Earl Kerby
Oliver Gree
Hazel Folker
Sylvester Barnett
Alfhild Anderson
Floy Denoon
Esther Elfstrom
Leslie Anders
Nina Ellis
Emma Irvin
Edith Brown
Raymond Hinkle
Lee Horner
Zell Deahl
Floyd Bessie
Madge Dale
Fay Brooks
Lura Griffith
Hazel Ellis
Earl Albright
Jessie Galloway
Charles Climie
Lucile Bryant
Bessie Bever
Goldie Brunow



Class Roll

Edith Smith
Delia Stewart
Rudolph Magnuson
Herbert Olson
Blain McCreary
Charles Lord
Nellie Soots
John Veach
Teddie Taylor
Rilla McGann
Grace Felkner
Fay Allen
Clyde Rhea
Ruth Martin
Okla Smith
Earl Rice
Rose O'Hair
Harold Seabloom
Eva Rhodes
Lena O'Hair
Ray Thompson
Stewart Trigg
Robert Phelps
Gertrude Morris
Grace Martin
Anna Nelson
Willie Packard
Byron Osborn
Gladys Vought
Bessy Lynn
Harry Marple
Lazelle Sawyers
Ogda Larson
Christena Moffatt
Raymond Robb
Velma Vought
Isal Moore
Elizabeth Rinckel
Elloise Polson
Edna Stenberg
Mildred McKee
Clifford Terrell
Bertha Scritchfield
Frances Miller
Albert Veach
Cecil Yant
Agnes McEwan
Lola Packard



The High School—The People's College

In these busy days of progress when the "higher education" has become so essential for our fast multiplying professions, there is a tendency among us it seems to look too much to the importance of college and university, and to overlook, almost ignore, that great intermediate institution of learning, the high school. Even the boys and girls who are members of its ranks tend largely to the opinion of people about them, and do not consider the influence of the organization of which they are a part.

Yes—high schools are, you inappreciative student, common things to be sure. One can see the well known buildings, most of them ordinary structures made of red brick, in every town and village. The daily routine is about the same old tiresome grind every place you go, and sometimes it is monotonous from day to day and from week to week; your parents sort of seem to send you to high school, much the same as they promoted you from bootees to shoes, just because it was the natural thing to do. There isn't any commotion about any of the proceedings, (except perhaps a little at the finish) and so four years of high school is accepted as a natural consequence of being a boy or girl; sometimes it is funny, sometimes interesting, sometimes you are conscious of its uplifting influence; sometimes it is lovely, sometimes it is hateful, but withal it is a matter of course.

Yet to stop a moment in our busy mercenary progress, and to consider seriously this institution which claims so many of our youth; to lay aside our modern indifference and look at this matter with the eyes of those who saw with reverence and pride the first high school in this land; to do this would be to admit that our high school of today is the most important of all educational systems. If high schools are so common that they have ceased to interest us, then they are so common that they should command our attention for the appalling extent of their influence.

The high school is unique as an institution of learning because of the variety of elements which go to make up its organization: practically every home where there are children of the high school age, is represented. People do not keep their children away from the high school because they are poor, because their social standing is not good, nor do the wealthy refuse their children education by the side of those less fortunate. Rich and poverty-stricken, industrious and idle, pious and impious, good, bad and indifferent, they all flock to the high school. Whether their coming is the result of painstaking deliberation on the part of their parents, or whether they are sent simply because such a procedure is the way of the world, it makes no difference, they are all there just the same, subject to the same discipline, studying the same lessons, and liable to the same benefits. The doors of this all-embracing institution stand ever open, an institution which neither solicits nor refuses, which receives willingly and impartially, and with a consciousness that the need of every individual can be satisfied.

Surely the high school is the ideal home of democracy. Boys and girls representing an infinite variety of social classes, perform their tasks here upon an equal social basis. They learn from the first that there is a standard of excellence over which wealth or poverty has no influence whatever, that each indi-

vidual is regarded for what he is and for what he does. The fostering of this spirit of equality in the high school has done as much to make the pupil content with his surroundings, respectful for mankind, ambitious for his own future development, as any other influence in his life.

The high school carries on its relations with the members of the human family, at a period of development where influences are most distinctly felt, and most lastingly impressed. The youth comes under this foster jurisdiction while illusions are still bright and before ugly material worries have come to him. He is just beginning to think for himself, to feel the glory of the world in which he lives, and it is the business, the duty, the privilege of the high school to begin a sort of character building, the influence of which is less only than that of the home itself. From the bits of instruction gained in the class room, from companionship with fellow students, from the influence of teachers, and of books, from all the varied experiences of high school life, the firstlings of a human destiny are formed.

Among the schools for higher education, there are provisions made for almost every bent of mind, the mechanic, the artist, the scientist, the journalist, each is treated according to his peculiar need. But the high school with its liberal course of study has first furnished the specialist with a most necessary foundation of general knowledge. The high school must provide also for the welfare of those hundreds whose immediate training ends with these four years. Someone has said that instruction ends in the school room, but education only with life. The high school trains the students in those common, those old, those beautiful elements of learning, and whenever he passes on to a higher institution or out into a busy world, the instruction of this college of the people—should it not be called?—has made possible for him a process of life-long education.



Philomathean Literary Society



Theda Duckworth, Ruth Phillips, Fanny Dwyer, Beulah Kirby, Juanita McCoy, Elsie Winter.
Mable Harris, Bernice Lee, Eva Wilson, Lucile Landers, Frances Barlow, Eva Efaw.
Jean Wilson, Nina Hamilton, Lydia Wilson, Mary Kahn, Lenore Wilson, Jessie Hall, Gertrude Davis.

The Experience in the Mill

A few years ago several young men, including myself and a colored cook, were making our way to the south, in a covered wagon.

It was about 8:00 o'clock in the evening; we were driving along a country road about a mile and a half to the west of Centerville, Iowa, when we saw in the west, a dark cloud which we supposed to be an electrical storm from its dark aspect; and we were not mistaken, for in a short time the thunder was rolling and the keen lightning flashing on all sides of us. We were soon compelled to seek shelter, for the rain was coming down in torrents; this we found in an old mill situated on a creek about a mile from Centerville, which, from its appearance had not been used for several years. It was overgrown by ivy and the wheels were rusted and worn. We were all thankful for the shelter it afforded with one exception—the colored cook absolutely refused to enter the old mill on the grounds that it was haunted. "No sah, yo' ain't a gwine to git me in dat ole mill; no sah, der's no us' coaxin', fo' I's not gwine to sleep in dat mill, fo' it's literly alive m'd ghosts. I have head it fo' now dat de ghost appears ebery night."

"What's the use standing out there in the rain; there's no ghosts in here that I can see."

"Corse der ain't no ghosts dat yo' can see, fo' yo' can't see no tings in de dark, but jes' yo' wait an' yo'll see ghosts dat'll make yo' eyes bug out."

"You black fool, haven't you any sense at all? The lightning will strike that tree and kill you."

Cook, as the colored man was called, had gone over to a tree a few rods away and perched himself up against its body to keep out of the rain.

"Better be killed m'd lightnin' than to be scared to death wid a ghost, fo' yo' hab a reason fo' dyin' if you's struck wid lightnin'."

"All right, stay there then, for we are going to sleep."

"Neber mind Cook," said the colored man, "he'll tak' care o' hisself."

I had scarcely settled myself on the pallets of blankets when I heard the screech of a hoot-owl and almost at the same instant the cry of Cook, "B-b-bo-boys, wh-what was d-d-dat?"

The last part of it was said as he clambered into the high door of the mill. "Dat sounded jes' like an ole houn' I shot wunce."

The boys began to laugh at this, "So that is the reason you are afraid of ghosts. You killed a hound and it has haunted you?"

"He 'zerved to be killed, 'cose he sucked eggs."

"I suspect that you had better come in and lie down and quit thinking about the ghosts and they won't bother you."

Acting under such advice, Cook came and lay down by me and was soon snoring loud enough to scare any ordinary ghost. I finally got to sleep by dropping sawdust into Cook's mouth so he would shut it and cease snoring. I hadn't been asleep long, before I was awakened by the sharp crowbar-like elbow of Cook, who was beating away at my ribs like an electric hammer.

"What's the matter, Cook?" said I.

"Do yo' heah dat?"

"What?"

"Dat low moanin' soun'." "No," (but I did).

It grew louder and louder till it became a shriek that would almost deafen you. By this time Cook was shaking 'till he could hardly talk and crawled closer to me.

"Now, yo' heah it, don't yo'?" said Cook.

"Yes, it must be a stray dog."

"Stray dog, nuffin. Yo' can't fool dis niggah. It's a stra' spirit an' it's after my old black hide."

By this time, Ed and George were awake. They declared that they could hear it ascending the old creaky ladder from the basement. Yes, it was coming! The moaning had almost died away, when the sound of feet on the ladder could be plainly heard. The head of some ghostly being, clothed in white, with eyes like balls of fire and tusks like those of a dog, peered from the scuttle hole and gave a screech that would make one's blood run cold. That was enough for Cook. He gave a screech equally terrifying and made for the door, at least, where he supposed it was; but he was mistaken, for he found himself in a granary in the corner of the mill.

The ghostly creature now ascended to the floor. I felt the cold chills go down my back as he fixed those fiery eyes on me. With a low moaning and grinding of teeth, he slowly crept toward me as a panther would its prey.

By this time we were all ready to make for the door, as Cook had thought he was doing. We not only thought, but acted accordingly, for the ghost continued to creep stealthily toward us. We dashed through the door all at once, leaving poor Cook in the granary at the end of the mill. We were not very much better off than we had been, for we had run into an unknown room and were totally lost. All kinds of sounds could be heard and the air in the room was very close. Clambering around, as luck would have it, George found a door leading to the open air; when we were outside, Cook's prayer could be plainly heard, "O deah Lord, I's ben mighty wicked, an' I ain't ready yet; it ain't like yo' mercy; it ain't like yo' pity; it ain't like yo' long-sufferin', lovin' kindness not to deliber me from dese ghosts."

The sounds of Cook's words had hardly ceased echoing through the empty room when he came dashing through a window into the creek which flowed by the granary. His eyes were as large as saucers, his breath came quick and hot. "I done told yo' der was ghosts in dat mill."

We agreed with him and were not long in getting away from it.

It was discovered later that money was counterfeited in the basement of the old ivy-covered mill.

James Ward.



Autobiography of a Penny

One day as I was lying in a tin can on the shelf of a poor widow's pantry, I could hear voices and sounds as if someone was coming toward me. It was the widow talking to her little daughter. I heard her say:

"Jane, I wish you would get that penny from the pantry shelf and then don your cloak so you may go to the village with me to buy some coal oil. All we have is in the lamp."

Jane came with a chair which she stepped upon and took me from my place and carried me to her mother. She, poor widow, took me, and taking her handkerchief from her pocket, proceeded to tie me up in the corner.

Then she got the coal oil can and we started for the village which was a mile away. Upon entering the grocery store, the widow asked the man if she could get a very little coal oil. He said she could and took the can to fill it.

While he was gone, the widow began to untie me from my close quarters, but she had tied me up so tight that I was almost suffocated before I was released. I was then handed to the grocer who put me in a drawer under the counter. I did not stay there long, however, until I heard a small voice say, "Three all-day suckers, please," and handed the grocer a nickel which he exchanged for me and another of my race. The little boy put us in his pocket and started for his home where we were deposited in a small animal bank with many other coins.

The next day the little boy was counting us when he decided to trade us to the banker for a bright, shining nickel, which he said was prettier than we. This hurt my feelings, but there was no time to worry.

We were soon in the cash drawer of The First National Bank, where we rested peacefully until the next day when about noon someone came in and I heard him say he wanted to cash a check. The banker took the check and came to get the money.

I was trying to think who wanted so much money when I was handed out. Lo and behold! whom did I see but John D. Rockefeller.

Sunday morning dawned bright and clear. A while after breakfast I heard a great deal of talking and I was changed from one pocket to the other. The next thing I knew I was in an auto going to church.

The pastor preached a stirring sermon on benevolences. The heart of Mr. Rockefeller was touched and pretty soon he put his hand in his pocket and I felt myself being squeezed to death. When I thought my life was nearly gone, Mr. Rockefeller dropped me in the contribution box. The next I knew we were all dumped unceremoniously upon a table in the study of the church, and the secretary was counting us. There were many more of my fellow coins and the secretary, who was an owner of a down-town department store and who daily used thousands of us wee fellows, placed us in a coin sack and took us home with him. Then we were placed in a small safe until the next morning when he took us to a bank, but only deposited a like amount to the order of the church, keeping us for his own use. We were almost overwhelmed with joy, for now we were to see a great city and meet many interesting people. We were very loth to part company, but we have found from experience that, "What can't be cured must be

endured," so after wishing my brothers and sisters a happy and interesting time, I found myself dropped with a thud in a cash register.

After a few hours spent with fretting and fuming over the fact that I seemed doomed to be the last to leave the drawer, to my surprise! I was given out to a pretty little miss of fourteen years, who accompanied by her indulgent father, had been making purchases for a trip to southern Italy, where they were to spend the winter.

When I was dropped into the pretty pink palm, the girl gave a little musical laugh, saying, "Oh papa, here is a coin that is just as old as myself and I am going to keep it as a mascot."

The father answered, "Why, my dear child, what a foolish idea, but if it pleases you, why, alright." After being dropped into a little jeweled coin purse, I was taken to her beautiful home to lie forgotten upon the secretary in her room, until I was discovered upon the eve of their departure by her maid.

My owner seemed very glad to see me again and promised to take better care of me in the future.

The next few weeks were crowded full of adventure. After being whirled to the wharf, I was hustled aboard. Then began my first ocean voyage. The first few days I spent in getting used to the motion of the vessel, and I think I wasn't alone in this respect, for many strange things occurred.

After the fifth day out, a great storm arose which threatened to land us all in a watery grave. However, we sailed calmly and majestically in to the harbor in due time.

My mistress was as eager as myself to view the wonders of the Old World, so early the next morning she took me with her for a walk, when she had the misfortune to lose me in front of a curio shop, where I lay for only a few moments, for the owner seeing me picked me up and placed me in a case with many other coins which were strange to me, and here I have lain for many months and have taken this method of whiling the long, dreary hours by writing the history thus far of my life.

May Massman.



Bradley Contestants 1909



John Wooden, Ernest Widmer, Juanita McGoy, Albert Randle,
Jessie Hall, Winnie Ward, Florence Moore, Alfred Trembly,
Ralph Hileman, Mary Landers, Mary Hall, Lois Wright.

For several years Mr. D. C. Bradley has taken much interest in the development of the Centerville schools. And in order that he might encourage public speaking among the pupils of the high school has awarded the following prizes each year, to the winners in contests along the various lines: Essay, \$10; oration, \$10; debate team, \$10; declamation, \$5. Above you will find the picture of all of the various teams of these contests, for the year 1909.

There can be no question as to the value of these contests. Many pupils who have shown no ability along any of these lines, when once they do enter these contests make such development that it is without question one of the greatest helps that they receive during their high school work. There is no field of work that our pupils will enter in which they cannot use the power, gained in this work, to great advantage.

The people of Centerville, as well as the high school pupils, appreciate the generosity of Mr. Bradley in so encouraging this important line of high school work. Many of the pupils who have won prizes in these contests have later filled positions that it would have been impossible for them to assume if it had not been for the training they received in these contests.

To further encourage the Declamatory work, the winner of the declamatory contest represents the Centerville High School in the South-eastern Iowa Declamatory Association where for several years Centerville has been able to win her just share of the honors.

In debate our teams have done excellent work and shown themselves able to cope successfully with many of the live questions of the day. While in the oratorical work they have been no less efficient, and have produced oratory of which any high school might be justly proud.

Local Declamatory Contestants



Bertha Brough, Eleanor Peek, Ethel Ellis, Florence Moore,
Bert King, Gertrude Davis, Lucile Landers, Sydney Smith, Robert Baker



LUCILE LANDERS.

Winner of first prize Dramatic Class in Iowa State Declamatory Contest, Osceola,
March 26, 1909.

In our local contest Lucile Landers won first honors, and received the five-dollar gold piece, awarded by D. C. Bradley. March 16th, the Southeastern Iowa Declamatory Association met at Moulton. Here again Miss Landers carried off first honors, cheered on by her school mates, two hundred strong. But the greatest test was yet to come in the state contest at Osceola. By careful and determined work Miss Landers again succeeded in convincing the judges that she deserved first place, and was awarded a handsome gold medal.

Aristotelian Literary Society



Carl Osborn, Paul Staley, Harold Wiseman, Elmer Husted, Clay Harbold, John Wooden,
Lloyd Myers, Lester Phillips, Max Ashby, Rea Marple, Benjamin Friedlander, Thaddeus Jones,
Ira Long, Leslie Loomis, Albert Randle, Alfred Trembly, Fred Patterson, Ernest Widmer, Marvin Wilson,
Charles Forman, James Ward, Berryl Ellis, Neil Brown, Paul Hatfield, Bert Fenton, Robert Baker,
Ray Payton, Eddie Davidson, Harry Herschberg, Richard Griffin, Carl Swan, Luther Monroe, Bert King

ALUMNI



To the Alumni

To the Alumni, we, who are about to join your ranks, bring greetings.

For four long years we have admired and envied you from afar; looking forward with longing and eagerness to the vague distant time when we could be classed in your number.

Both consciously and unconsciously have you influenced our school life. Consciously, by the interest and support you have given to every line of advancement which we could bring forward, and by the beautiful gifts which you have left us as year by year you have gone out from our midst. For these we wish to give you our heartiest thanks.

Unconsciously, by the successes you have made in life; these have been constantly held up before us—especially in our Tuesday chapels. Over and over we have been exhorted to emulate "the boys and girls who left us in former years to go on to greater things."

Frequently we have been reminded that

"The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night."

And you were pointed out to us as examples illustrative of the truth, until conscious of a lack of any great amount of painful nightly toil on our own part, we wonder whether in the great busy world we will be recognized as Alumni of the same school as you. Will we worthily uphold the honor of the school to the high plane which you have wrought for it?

Hopefully we wait that time may give the answer; and humbly, yet earnestly, wish that we may prove to the classes which follow, in the years to come, as great an inspiration as you have been to us, giving them as freely and loyally of our support in all worthy school interests; and may the Centerville High School, always so proud of her Alumni, be no less proud of the class of 1909.

To the Class of 1909

When you bid farewell to High School halls
For College life, or the greater world,
Will you do your best in the wider field
And never to greed or temptation yield?
Do this for yourselves and those you love
And the God who watches from above.

The world has need for such as you
With courage strong and purpose fine.
In humble paths and in halls of fame
Has need of noble, unswerving aim.
Go forth! Wherever your mission may be
And build well, for time and eternity.

Then here's to the class of nineteen nine,
Hearts aglow with youth's warm pride.
From this cup of cheer we drink to you,
In your higher life we'll think of you,
In your honest efforts stand by you,
Though you wander far and wide.

Jessie Guernsey, '05.

ATHLETICS



Athletics

At the present time much attention is being given to public play grounds for the children of the lower grades. This condition should not stop even at the high school. The high school boy or girl that is inclined to take regular exercise, whether this be in such games as football, basket ball, or base ball, has a wonderful advantage over his less athletic class mate. It may be that his recitation grades will not be any higher than those of the boy that does not give special attention to his physical exercise, but the probability is that when he does finish his high school work, and there is no excuse for him not finishing the course with just as many honors as the less athletic boy, he will have a physique that will permit him to use his mental training to the best advantage, while his less fortunate classmate may have exhausted his physical strength and may not be in a condition to do the work that he is mentally ready to do.

On the accompanying pages will be found the pictures of the various athletic organizations of the Centerville high school. The purpose of these organizations is not, as is so often the case, solely for competitive work with other school teams. It is true that we have met teams from other schools, but our chief purpose is that the student body of our own school may organize for the various lines of athletic work and gain all the physical as well as mental development from the same by inter class games, and general practice work. The high school student that has the ability to manage a football squad, or a base ball nine has a power that many men in later life do not have, a power that if properly developed, will be of untold value in his future work.

We believe that the girls of the high schools should have more outdoor exercise than they have. In order that this may be accomplished the girls have organized several basket ball teams, and have in many cases become very efficient in the game. The time is past when delicacy is considered a charm. The strong, healthhy physique with the strong, active mind are the greatest charms looked for in the young man and the young woman of today.

Foot Ball Team



Dillon Moore, Frank Kirchgraber, Albert Randle, Carl Osborn,
Frederick Strickler, Bert Brietenbucher, Hardie McCracken, Charles Climie, Lonnie Ellis,
Paul Staley, Supt. E. N. Gibson, Charles Forman, Fred Patterson.

Basket Ball Team



Vera Peavy, Miss Dillow, Jean Wilson
Edith Humphrey, Eva Wilson, Florence Moore, Eleanor Peek, Lucile Landers, Sydney Smith

BASE BALL TEAM



Earl Albright, Dillon Moore, Lonnie Ellis, Fred Smith.
Charles Forman, Frank Stromberg, Supt. Gibson, Hardie McCracken, Carl Moss.
Bernard Wilson, Frank Kirchgraber, Claude Harvey.

GEOMETRY MADE EASY FOR BEGINNERS

If two angles of a triangle are equal, the sides opposite are equal - that is, the triangle is isosceles.



Edith's Example

Given - in the triangle abc , the angle $b = c$.
To prove - the side $ac =$ side ab .

Proof - If ac and ab were unequal, angle b and c would be unequal. (If two sides of a triangle are unequal, the opposite angles are unequal etc.) But this contradicts the hypothesis that angle $b =$ angle c .
Hence the side $ac =$ side ab Q.E.D.



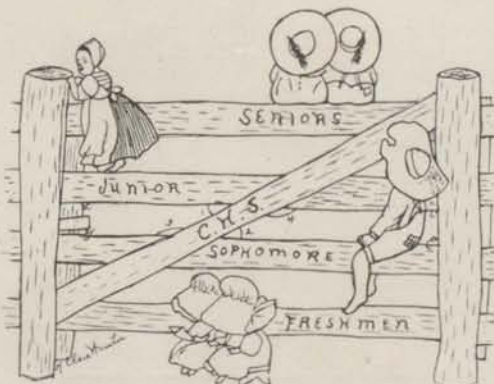
PROPOSITION.

In the same circle or equal circles, equal angles at the centre intercept equal arcs.

GIVEN: equal circles and equal angles at their centres, O and O' .

TO PROVE: arc $AB =$ arc $A'B'$

PROOF: Apply the circles making the angle O coincide with angle O' . A will coincide with A' , & B with B' . Then arc AB coincides with arc $A'B'$, & is equal to it. Q.E.D.



If two or more straight lines are cut by a third straight line, making the alternate interior angles equal, the lines are parallel.

Given: $AB \parallel CD$
To prove: $AC \parallel BD$
Proof: $\angle 1 + \angle 2 = 2$ right angles (being an angle)
Substitute for $\angle 1$ its equal $\angle 3$
 $\angle 3 + \angle 2 = 2$ right angles
 AC is parallel to BD
(Having $\angle 3 + \angle 2$, which is made of nothing but, equal to two right angles) Q.E.D.



If two straight lines intersect, the opposite (or vertical) angles are equal.

GIVEN: two intersecting straight lines AB and CD forming the opposite angles a and b .

TO PROVE: $a = b$

Proof -

$$a + x = 2 \text{ rt } \angle \text{ s } 522$$

$$b + x = 2 \text{ rt } \angle \text{ s } 522$$

Therefore, $a + x = b + x$ 521

Subtracting x ,

$$a = b \quad \text{ax 3}$$

Q.E.D.

Edith's Example



CHEMICAL LABORATORY

PHYSICAL LABORATORY

HIGH SCHOOL ASSEMBLY ROOM

ENGINE ROOM

SUPERINTENDENT'S OFFICE

JOKES



J.P. Hatfield '40

Miss Grabill.—“Does anyone know how ‘Keats’ came to die in Italy?”
Hamm.—“He didn’t come to die, he was just traveling through there.”

“Shall I brain him?” asked the hazer,
And the victim’s courage fled.
“You can’t, he’s a Freshman,
Just hit him on the head.”

—Selected.

Miss Huffman.—“Does Albert Randle sing bass?”
Bright Student.—“No, basely—”

“Lives of great men all remind us
We can strive to do our best
And departing, leave behind us
Note books that will help the rest.”

OUR TRIP TO MOULTON.

3:00 p. m. We are dismissed from school, and not following our usual custom, we hasten home, where with nervous fingers and quivering hearts we dress up in our best.

4:00. Everybody sitting in the parlor fearing to spoil their finery. Randle is walking around the square, parading the colors.

5:00. Supper. It gets as far as our necks where it is stopped by our heart.

5:30. A great crowd of high schoolites collected at the depot.

6:00. “Toot! toot! ding! ding!” The train starts and with tears dripping from his noble Roman nose “Dutch” turns his back upon Old Centerville and with a borrowed pipe sends his troubles up in smoke.

6:01. “Why is Vera so popular?” An investigation follows. She has a box of candy. “The surest way to a man’s heart is through his stomach,” says Ruth.

6:02. After learning that Ruth has purchased her admission ticket and a round trip fare, it’s “Boots” for her.

6:03. “Mugs” wins sixty cents, matching pennies, from Juanita McCoy. He is searched and his sleeve is full of matches. The money is therefore confiscated to the state, or Ira Long, who buys a package of “Dukes.”

6:04. The conductor comes through, and while punching tickets, makes the remark that this must be a “hen party.” After he has passed through the boys come in off the roof.

6:05. “Dutch” skins his nose on a telegraph pole. We told him not to look out the window.

6:06. Chorus is formed to sing “We’re going to Moulton, don’t you know.” Dido Humphrey refuses to sing in the chorus; she’s a leading lady. “Boots” is “with her.”

6:07. The “Candy Kid Club” is formed. Buster Brown is elected president. “Heavy lies the head under the skull cap.”

6:15. Sedan. The engine and Ellis stop to get a drink. Ellis treats the girls to “pop.” Sybil don’t drink, but Lucile kills four bottles.

6:20. A committee is chosen to inform “Foody” to keep his feet outside. Bernard kicks; because he can’t stay outside with those two stumps.

6:30. Moulton! A crowd at the depot. "Yells! whistle! boom! Landers!"
7:00. A pie factory is hunted up, where we eat bad eggs on leatherettes.
7:15. "Hail! hail! The gang's all here!" is the popular song of Moulton. The gang is broken up when it spies the Centerville girls, everyone of the girls cops a "beau."

7:30. The only two girls who have the heart to "turn them down" are Vera and Ruth.

7:45. Do not think, dear reader, that the time goes as fast as the events are recorded; only the happenings are written down.

8:00. The church! More yells. The Moulton students are not very complimentary to us.

8:55. Fred Little gets the oration. He's all by his lonesome.

8:55 to 11:00 is taken up by the contestants putting forth all their efforts and style to win the admiration of the populace and the vote of the judges.

11:05. The decision of the judges; all is excitement; howling accompanied by tin pans; pennants and colors are torn down and trampled in the dust.

11:10. At last the judges have agreed among themselves. The seconds are read off first; they slowly receive their medals and take their places.

11:15. The church is still as death. Then the winners are announced. "Miss Lucile Landers, of Center— "Hurrah! Hurrah! Zip! Boom!"

11:20. Amid volleys of cheers we retire from the church "Foody" leading his glorious band of rooters triumphant from the scene.

11:25. Where did "Emma" get that Moulton pennant?

11:30. Slowly we wend our way toward the depot where the "iron-horse" puffs forth his "steamy" breath waiting for us.

11:40. Again we find ourselves speeding on a train, but this time toward home. Another chorus is formed with Madge Severs and Frances Barlow on the front row. The chorus is drowned out by "Every car's a smoker when the smoker's heart is true," sung by a gang of rough-necks on the rear platform. Soon the party becomes drowsy and one by one, with visions of what awaits them at home, they drop off to sleep.

12:00 We are at Centerville again and without noise or confusion each and every one returns home.

12:30. Home

12:40. Bed.

12:50. Sleep.

Richard Hamm.

Freshman (humbly).—O, say, sir; I'll bet you don't know who was the smallest man in the world, sir.

Randle (patronizing air).—Well, youngster, I can't say as I do. Who was? Freshman.—"Why the Roman soldier who slept on his watch, sir."

Glen Silknitter.—"Chivalry is a form of false battle."

MEDIAEVAL AND MODERN HISTORY.

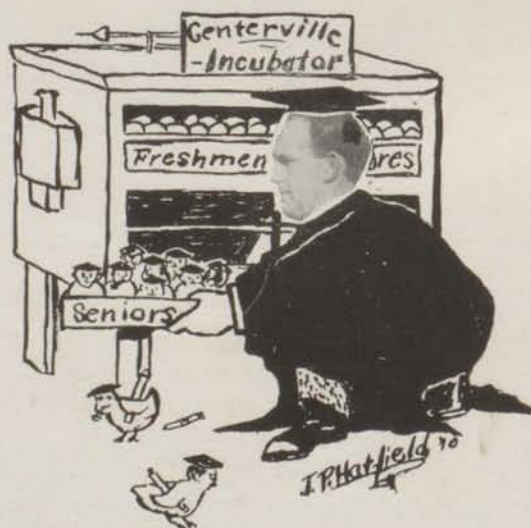
John Wooden.—"Who is the Jonah of Arc, anyway?"

CIVICS.

Robt. Baker.—"The two parties to a suit are the defendart and affidavit."



BUSTER BROWN AT WORK ON PHYSICS
NOTE BOOK, 5 P.M. FRIDAY.—



Another Hatching

There's room on top,
The Senior said,
As he placed his hand
On the Freshie's head.

IN ENGLISH LITERATURE CLASS.

Miss Grabill (explaining "Paradise Lost"). "Then Satan was thrown out of heaven and fell down here to hell." (?)

The football team while driving across the prairie towards Moulton, comes to a farm house where a small boy has a stick in his hand and is leisurely scratching the back of a hog of the "razor back" variety.

"Apple" Clemie.—"Ay, kiddie, what you doing?"

Kiddie.—"Aw, shut up, I'm tryin' to make her 'rais'er back."

"Why are teachers like carpenters?"

"They are working on blockheads."

"Why are instructors like dressmakers?"

"They are working on dummies."

"He failed in Latin, flunked in Chem.

They heard him softly hiss:

"I'd like to find the man that said,

That ignorance is bliss."

THE PREPS, OR EIGHTH GRADERS

These little boys and girls are Preps.

They are good little children.

They are innocent children.

They will grow older and wiser.

The Preps will learn to study and to work.

The Preps are timid.

The Preps will not always be timid.

Are the Preps green?

No, the Preps are not green like the Freshmen.

The Preps will be green like the Freshmen some time.

The Preps are too young to be green yet.

The Preps are like tiny cucumber vines.

Why are the Preps like cucumber vines?

The Preps are like tiny cucumber vines because they are just sprouting.

Let us be kind to the Preps, so that they will grow and become green.

—Selected.

FORTUNATE LAD.

A Freshman stood on the burning deck,

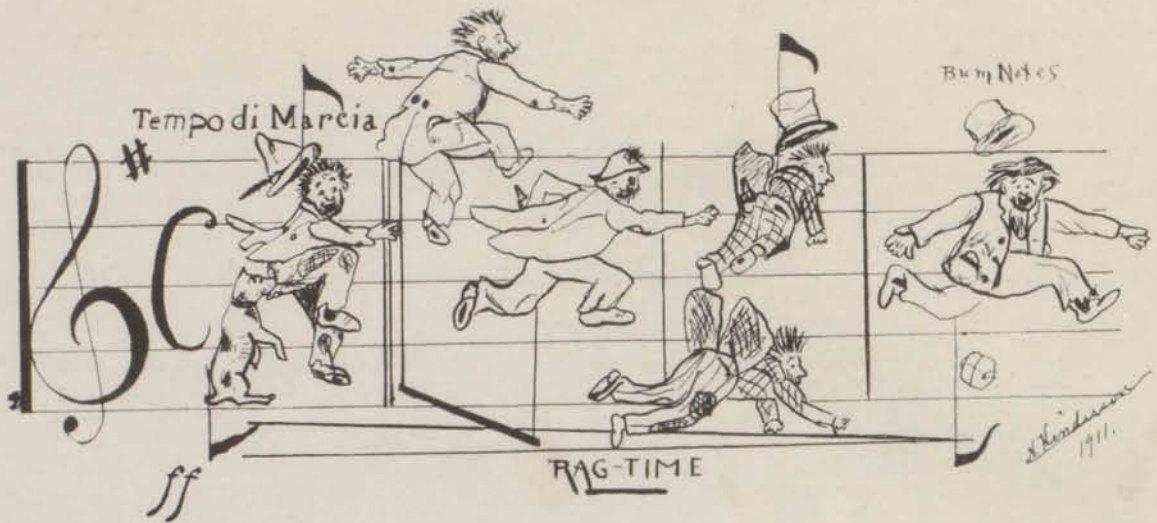
And as far as he could discern.

He stood in perfect safety, for

He was too green to burn.

—Selected.

(At the Senior Banquet, Randle passes Brown the "Brown Stone Front" cake.)
Brown.—"No, thank you. I don't care for any gingerbread."



Miss Taylor: An exposition of the Metamorphosis and Karyokmesis of the Protoplasta.

Mr. Eckerman (to Chas. Forman).—"Please close your mouth, we want a picture of your face."

Grabill.—"How would you punctuate the sentence: 'I saw a pretty girl going down the street'."

Shutts.—"I would make a dash after the girl."

"There is no humor or pathos in 'Paradise Lost' but in Lycidas he uses a few."
—Gertrude Hicks.

"It would have been nice to know Milton and hear the words of wisdom fall from those lips that had been so eagerly grasped all over the continent." Richard Hamm.

Miss Bryan.—"Beryl, can you tell how long Aeneas was at Dido's palace?"

Ellis.—"Well, I don't know, but I judge about as long as I am."

Hamm (as Brown extracts a fragment of tablecloth from his pocket instead of a handkerchief).—"I think he brought it by mistake."

Miss Grabill (as she notices Phillips eating a box of Hayo).—"Why, Lester, haven't you had your dinner?"

Phillips.—"Yes, ma'am, but it pays to advertise."

3:00 p. m. Lines forming for dismissal.

3:05. Miss Swift makes emphatic motion which Sam interprets in the accustomed manner.

3:25. Miss Swift appears in the office door with a visitor.

"Samuel, you may retire to your division room."

3:26. Samuel retires.

4:00. "Samuel, you will have to wait a minute. I am busy now."

5:00. "Now, what is it, Samuel?"

"Why, Miss Swift, I don't know. Didn't you motion for me to come to the office?"

"Oh, no. I wished you to step over into the other line."

Teacher.—"Do you believe in taxing saloons?"

Student.—"I do. To their fullest capacity."

Miss Taylor (in physics).—"Ira, what's a vacuum?"

Ira.—"I can't think now, but I have it in my head."

May Sanders (in literature).—"He committed suicide and was educated in Cambridge."

Paul Hatfield (in literature).—"Great men usually have ancestry."

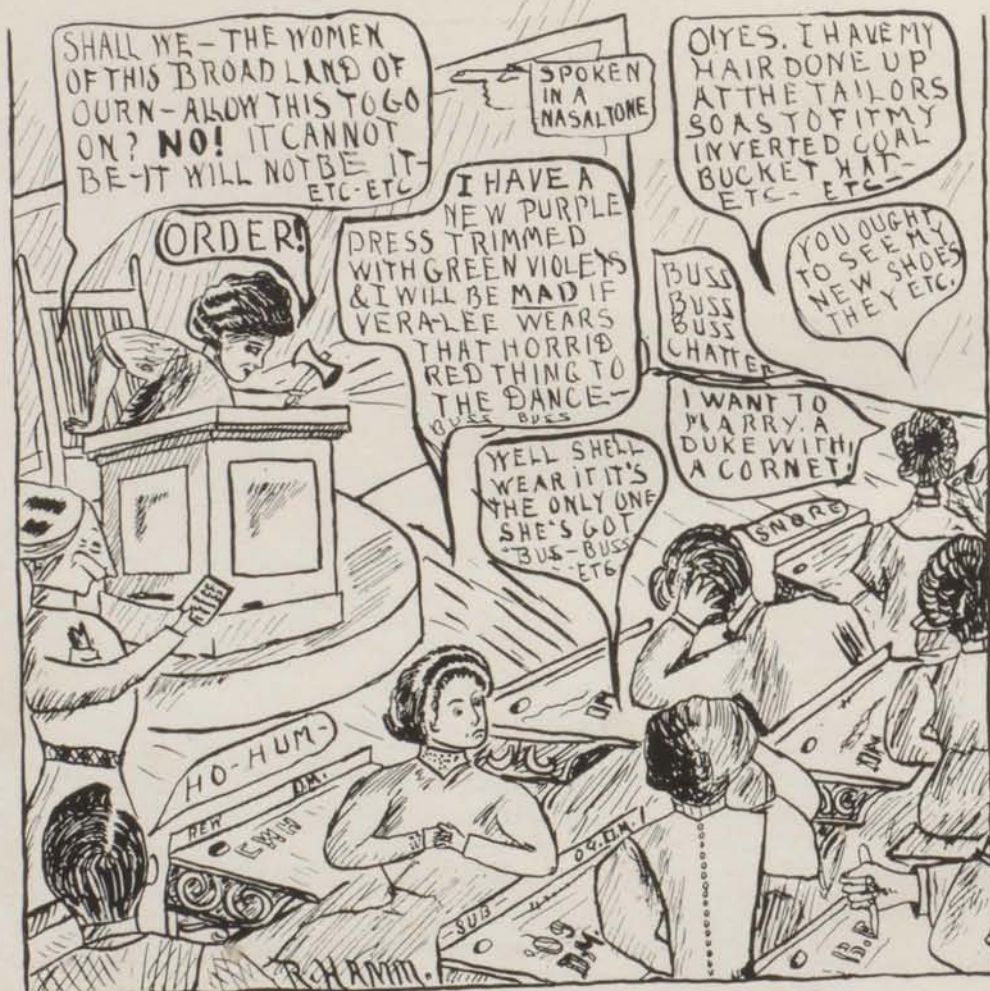
Marjory Wilson.—"A fat kitten makes a lean will."

Senior (reading Virgil).—"Three times I strove to cast my arms around her neck. That's as far as I got, teacher."

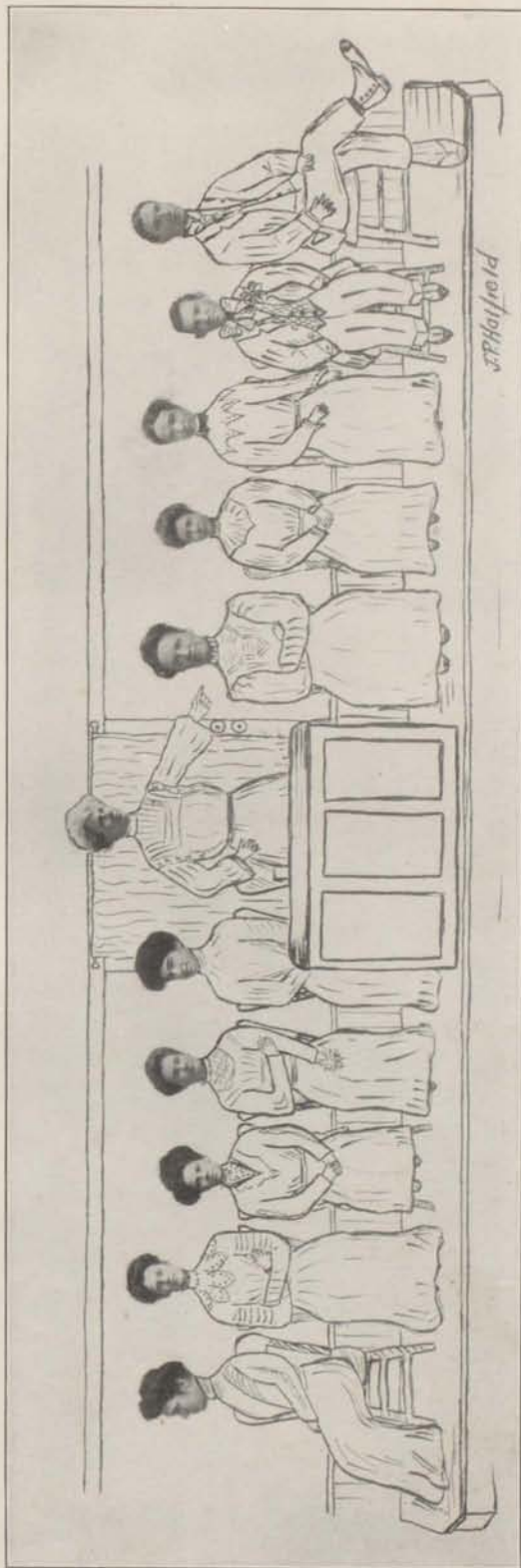
Miss Bryan.—"Well, Neil, I think that was far enough."

"Silently, one by one, in the little red books of the teachers.
Blossom, the neat little zeroes, the forget-me-nots of the Seniors."

Walter (translating German).—"I am proud to be the daughter of an iceberg."



JOINT SESSION OF LITERARY SOCIETIES



THE FACULTY AS THEY APPEAR AT TUESDAY MORNING CHAPEL.

A Little Dog

Bessie had a little dog;
Its stripes were in a row,
And everywhere that Bessie went
That dog was sure to go.

It followed her to school one day
Which was against the rule;
It made the children laugh and play
To see a dog in school.

Miss Swift then got a little stick
And raced it round the hall;
The children in amazement looked,
Expecting her to fall.

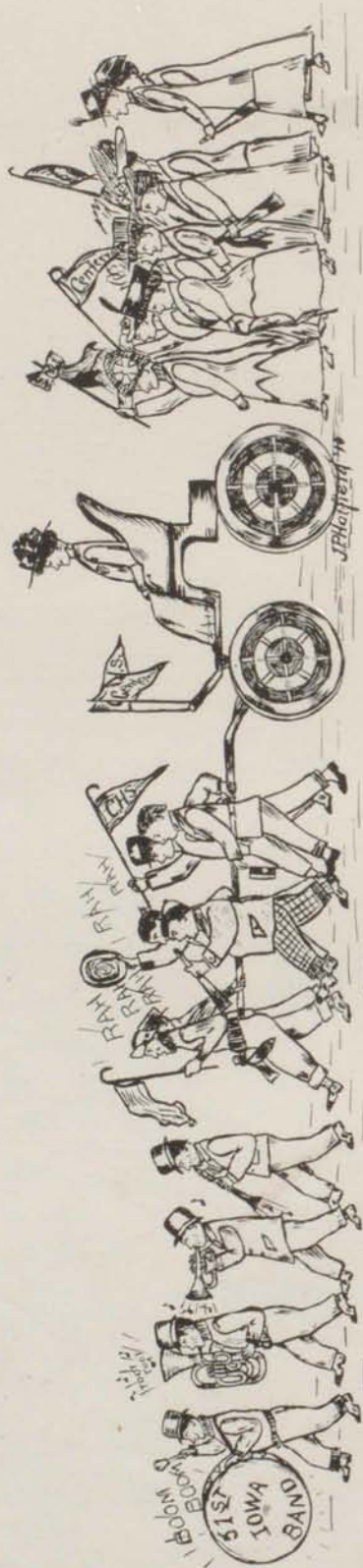
They gamboled down the hallways,
And Miss Swift beneath her breath
Was saying, if I catch you, dog,
I'll sure beat you to death.



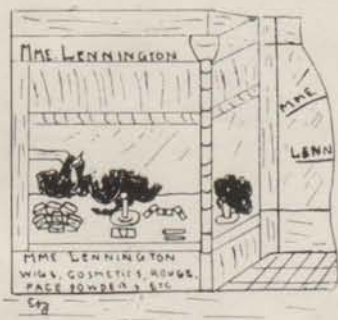
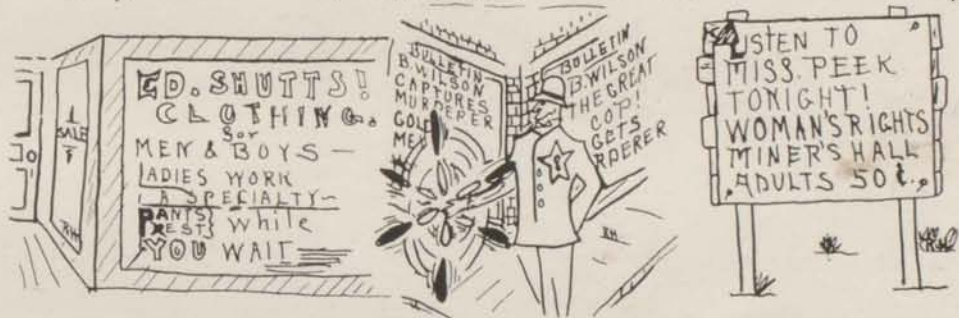
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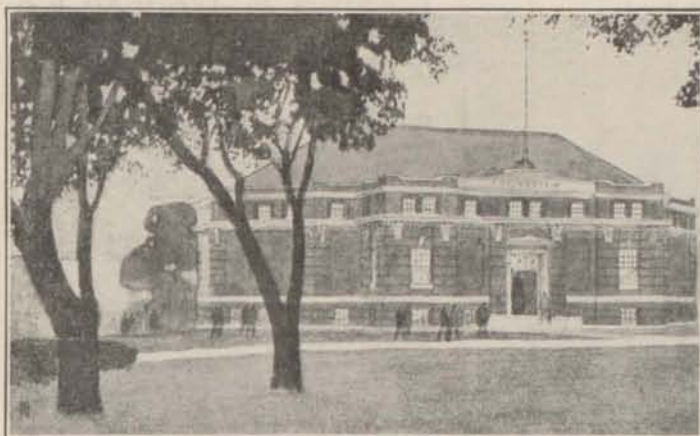
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