


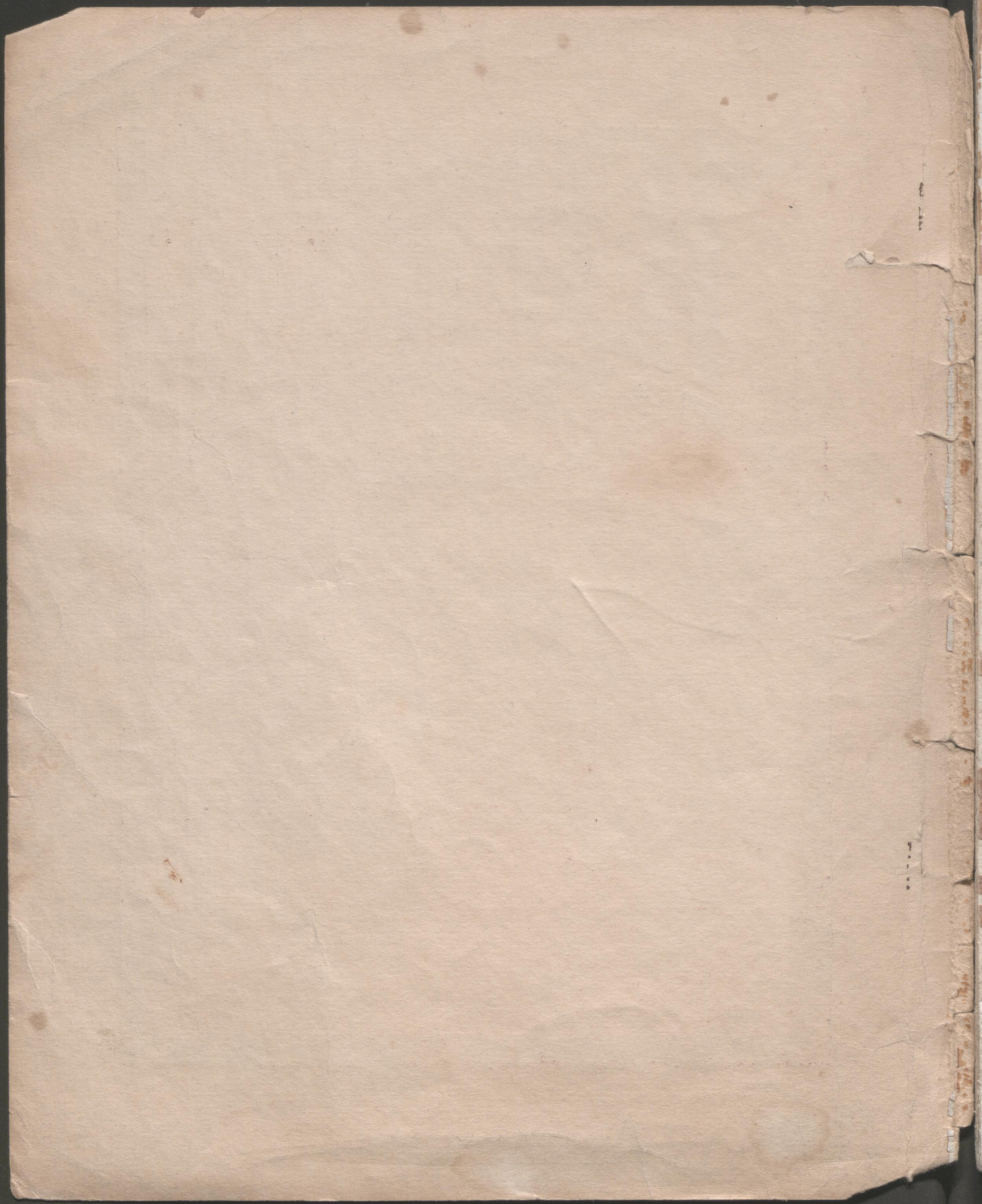
Virginia Bruce Boyd

# MOHIAN

1920









# THE MOHIAN '20



Published by The Students  
Of The  
Kentucky State Model High School



## REINCARNATION

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To S. S. N.

It may be that we lived and loved in ages long ago,  
And grazed our flocks together where Sicilian waters flow;

Or watched the shepherd clouds and dreamed of pastures in the sky,  
Or played upon the magic reed for lovers passing by.

I may have been a Norman knight and you a Saxon queen  
Who held the castle of my heart as part of your demesne.

Who knows but I was Romeo and you the Capulet  
That hated every Montague, my stainless Juliet?

Or maybe I was Abelard and you were Eloise;  
Perhaps we fled for life and love across the stormy seas.

I do not know, I do not care, but this I ask of fate  
That I may never live again where you are not my mate.

I could not see the glint of gold upon another's hair,  
I could not know the joy of life unless I found you there;

I would not have another's head to rest upon my breast,  
I could not let another touch the lips that you have pressed.

Reincarnation here on earth without your hair, your eyes?  
I could not know a second love beyond the shining skies.

—Cotton Noe.





*To professor J. T. C. Noe, whose influence has been greatly felt and sincerely appreciated by those connected with The Model High School, this the first issue of The Mohian is dedicated.*



*Be thou the rainbow to the storms of life:  
The evening beam that smiles the clouds away,  
And tints tomorrow with prophetic ray.*

—LORD BYRON.



## The Faculty.

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**PROFESSOR J. T. C. NOE, A. M.; Litt. D.**

Head, Department of Education

University of Kentucky

Franklin College

University of Chicago

Columbia University

Cornell University

**PROFESSOR E. R. WOOD, A. B.; B. S.; A. M.**

Principal

Ohio State Normal

Ohio University

Clarke University

**MISS MYRTLE R. SMITH, A. B.**

Mathematics

University of Kentucky

**MISS MABEL RENNER, A. B.**

Foreign Languages

Randolph Macon Woman's College

Harvard University

**MISS VIOLA C. LEWIS, A. B.; Ph. B.**

English

University of Kentucky

University of Chicago

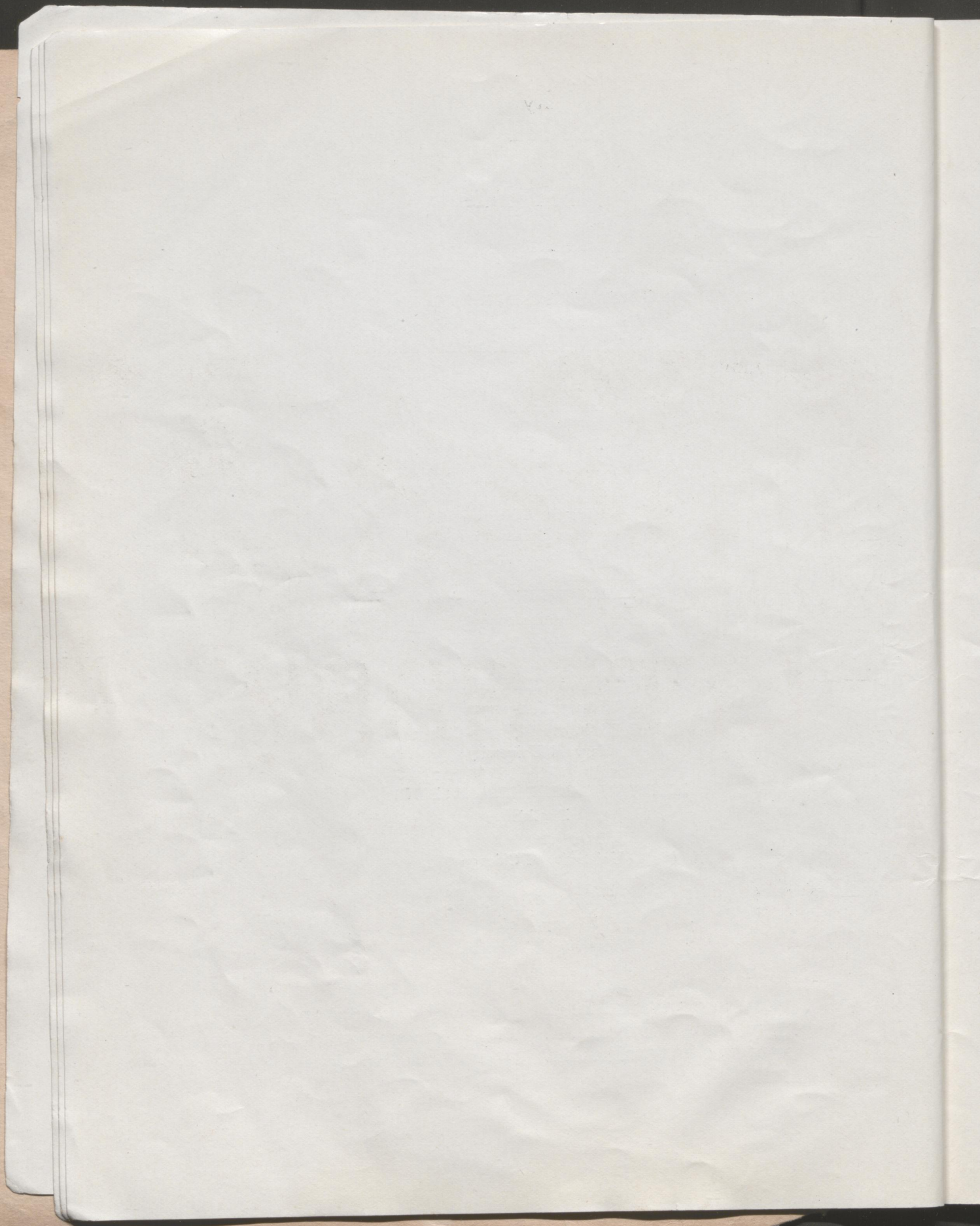
**MISS MARY FRIERSON, A. B.**

History, Civics

University of Tennessee

PROF. CARL LAMPERT.....	Music Director
PROF. M. C. JAMES.....	Dept. of Agriculture
MISS BELLE BATES.....	Art Department
MISS EVA BORTERF.....	Home Economics









VERSATILE

PROSE :: ::

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## Mohians.

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We make our bow, the MOHI bunch,  
Fresh from the daily doughnut lunch;  
Some wreathed in smiles, and some in smears  
Of jelly reaching to the ears.  
What B. V. D. has spent on buns,  
Had croaked almost a thousand Huns;  
And Bony's et enough doughnuts  
To buy the Model High a Stutz.  
Our Uncle Charley would retire  
If Jimmy, Red, and Red-as-Fire  
And Rose and Judy, Soph cadets,  
Would only cut out cigarettes.  
But we can't waste our space on Sophs,  
No more than Model High School Profs.  
In athletics they have done well,  
In pretty girls, they are some swell.  
And we admit they are a power  
At the most awful seventh hour.  
But there are Al Ginocchio  
And Sara Weil and Rippy Noe,  
And Tollie Hop and Luie Dunk,  
And many others just as punk.  
Some day this class may Juniors be,  
Perhaps by eighteen-twenty-three.

We can't waste time to introduce  
The little Freshies, so obtuse  
And insignificant are they.  
But still we must take space to say  
That there is one called Hardboiled Jack,  
The leader of the Freshman pack;  
One, Santy Claus, and little Jeff,  
And one a horse-fly Gnat, himself;  
Tom Sawyer and our Big Boy Hunt,  
**Haec ornamenta nostra sunt.**



The Senior Class now numbers four  
(We wish that there were twenty more).  
Alhambra got her big sheep skin  
And flew the coop to enter in  
The second term old U. of K.,  
The goal of all, we hope, some day.  
The senior boys now munch their buns  
And talk and dream of Idol Munns,  
But only dream; they dassent spark,  
Though seniors—Cupid, Shrimp, and Shark.

The Junior Class of Model High  
Protests that it's the real GUY.  
Athletes are scarce, we do admit,  
And eke females, it must be writ,  
But what we have, oh! boy, the grit,  
And beauty, chivalry, and wit!

When captain Squatty's on his job  
    And Babe Mac camel walks,  
And Easy jazzes on the keys  
    And Mich's old fiddle talks;  
When bookworm Specs gets down to biz,  
    And Thomas Vamp likewise;  
Then Ninety-Four gets out her puff  
    And powders both her eyes.  
When Rural Helen dresses up  
    Grab Michler sits and dreams;  
When Boozie Baker's not in school  
    Sis Rouse almost blasphemes;  
When John Webb drives his Lizzy up,  
    And Mussie pulls a yell;  
Then Katty does the Turkey Trot,  
    And works a magic spell!  
And Ma gets out his saxophone  
    And plays the Graveyard Blues;  
When this whole bunch is on the job,  
    They simply beat the Jews!



When Renner Jargons **parlezvous**  
Then Woody eases up;  
Miss Smith explains that x y z  
Will win the silver cup;

When Frierson goes back to Greece  
To check these modern dreams,  
Miss Lewis spills that fatal smile  
And says, "Now write your themes."

May Model High, Oh, never die!  
Nor fail, but still advance.  
Some day a class may have the brass  
To get a Model dance.





At Model High.

---

All things go wrong sometimes  
At Model High,  
As we all commit small crimes  
At Model High;  
When we slip a chocolate bun,  
Or just try to have some fun,  
Before our lessons are quite done,  
At Model High.

Then the teachers all get cross  
At Model High,  
And each calls in the boss  
Of Model High;  
Then we settle down to work,  
And each, just like a Turk  
Has to dig instead of shirk,  
At Model High,

When things are going right  
At Model High,  
And the rules are not so tight  
At Model High,  
Then Model High is fine,  
As it is most all the time  
And Model High is prime;  
Dear Model High.



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If you want to have some fun  
    At Model High,  
Just fly home and backward run  
    To Model High ;  
For you do not need much punch,  
When you know that there's a bunch  
At noon, that's eating lunch,  
    At Model High.

There's always a girl at noon  
    At Model High,  
That can play a jazzy tune  
    At Model High ;  
So's to make us wildly prance  
Since we are not allowed to dance  
And you never get a chance,  
    At Model High.

Then let's not forget the team  
    Of Model High,  
It makes us fairly beam  
    At Model High ;  
For no matter whom they meet,  
They are very hard to beat,  
And they seldom know defeat,  
    At Model High.

If you want to find a friend  
    Seek Model High,  
For friendship's without end  
    At Model High ;  
And no matter where you go,  
You are always sure to know,  
That true friendship we bestow,  
    At Model High.

—By Frances Lee.



Shocking Manners of Crowned Heads.

---

King George V, he is so neat,  
'Cause Mary makes him wash his feet,  
Cleanse his teeth and change his smock,  
Before his tea at five o'clock.

The Chinese Emperor thinks it's nice  
To stuff his cheeks with sugared mice,  
Then lay back and roles his eyes,  
In vain attempt to fletcherize.

Alfonzo he's the boy for mine,  
He drinks crude oil and turpentine,  
Then he sucks a licorice stick  
To make his gublet nice and slick.

The sacred Lama of Tibet,  
Smokes coffee thru his cigarette,  
Then masticates a roasted boar,  
Turns around and yells for more.

King Emanuel is the best,  
He dribbles oat meal down his vest;  
Then wipes it off, and sometimes hums,  
While whirling spaghetti on his thumbs.

—The Owl.



## The Grab-Bag.

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Of course we all know what a GRAB-BAG is, and most of us have had experience with them. Let us imagine one that has grown and grown until it is as large a one as you can possibly picture, and call it the Junior Class of Model High. Now that we are all settled, I will close my eyes and draw out the first prize package.

Well, well, our first package contains a beautiful framed picture. Such a handsome face within! I believe it is Wally Reid. But no, it's Frank McVey. He has changed since he goes to Geary so frequently, but I've heard that he is getting rather Fuller than otherwise lately, and I certainly hope it is not true for her sake.

Where on earth did this date pudding come from? Ah! Excuse me, it is George Michler. This was a very natural mistake for two reasons; first, it is as hard to get a date from him as it is to get one from a date pudding; second, they are both sweet when they get started, but it takes a lot to start them.

What is this I see? It appears to be a poppy, but it is Margaret Smith. They both like the Southern States, and that I suppose misled me. Soon after Model High emerged from mid-year examinations "94" developed an unaccountable (?) and uncontrollable love for the Navy. I presume it agrees with her and I know that she Sims to be very successful in her Naval Conquests each Sunday night.

It certainly is a wonder that this delicate violet hasn't been crushed. Oh, dear me! Why my mistake! Tom Warren, why are you so reserved? And why also do you like Looney people so well? Although you drive an Essex, I've heard that you like certain Allens very much indeed. Well I suppose you are a hopeless case; I will give you up as you would never do for a **Joke**.

"By Construction," our tailors model comes next. I've heard that George's hair has turned gray over geometry. Is it true?



Ah! Here's a peach! No, it's Louise but sometimes in her we are handed a lemon. However, a certain little senior says that a lemon is the sweetest of fruits when properly sugared. Louise is always warning others to go "Slow and Easy"—she has a right to the latter and as to the first, well there's no use adding troubles to the world; still when she trips the light fantastic every Tuesday evening, it gives food for thought.

Hark! Do I hear a melody? Yes, it's a music box playing, "Oh What a Pal Was Mary." But wait—I believe it's Herman, the "lamp-chimney" king, singing, "I Used to Call Her Baby, But Now She's a Mother To Me!"

Um, this package looks interesting, I wonder what it contains? Upon investigation I find it's our president, and while Burbank has developed many interesting varieties of Berries, I believe that the Junior Class has developed in its Tom Berry the rarest of them all.

What is this crawling up the side of the bag, trying always to be seen above the rest?—The dangerous (?) spider Johnnie weaving a Webb to entangle some poor butterfly.

Way down in the depths we hear an echo from the Wells of Model High School. Why not? Spring is here and a girl's heart turns to hunting Berries, especially the variety of Tom.

But behold! A slender, graceful orchid is Tom Fennell, whose iridescent thatch of brown locks wave o'er his blushing forehead. Of course it is needless to say that Tom's favorite color was Brown.

Such a noisy package as our last one is. I believe it's an alarm clock. Turn it off—(Thanks Jeff). I might have known it was Tom Rouse, always going off without a moment's notice. You know Tom's highest ambition is to become a Baker, but I don't see how he can as—, but that brings on more talk and one never knows, does one?

In conclusion I would say that the Juniors are by far the best beloved and most studious class at Model High. The feminine section is "Vampy" and the masculine part addicted to bad habits, but otherwise every one profits by coming in contact with it.

—Curtis Buehler.



## Fresh Paint.

---

High School girls out on the street  
Used to look so fresh and neat,  
Now they look like what they aint,—  
Ought to wear the sign,

“Fresh Paint.”

Once they used to be real girls,  
Dress modest, hair and curls.  
Now their clothes are scant and quaint  
And their cheeks are thick with paint,

“Fresh Paint.”

Girls in High School used to be  
Full of fun and fancy free.  
Now the jazz has left its taint  
On their faces clad in paint,

“Fresh Paint.”

E're the barbarous ages went  
Indians on the war path bent  
Hoped to make their foemen faint,  
So they decked their faces with paint,

“Fresh Paint.”

Now-a-days our ladies too,  
As the savage used to do,  
Suffered with the same complaint,  
Decked with feathers, rings and paint,

“Fresh Paint.”

—The Owl.

I kissed her tempting ruby lips,  
An act quite diabolic;  
For since I stole those honeyed sips,  
I've had the painter's colic.



Velutinous Vernal Verse.

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QUIT—QUIT—QUIT!

Two or three dears and two or three sweets;  
Two or three dances, and two or three treats;  
Two or three songs, in a high tenor voice;  
Two or three 'OHS' to the girl of your choice;  
Two or three notes in school sent one day;  
Two or three times led almost astray;  
Two or three speeches made by the way;  
Two or three tickets for two or three times;  
Two or three love letters written in rhymes;  
Two or three months keeping strictly these rules;  
Can never fail making a couple of fools.

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PARK—ARC—LIGHT—DARK.

(Dedicated with special apologies to Jeff Sims.)

'Twas midnight by his dollar watch,  
Not a street car was in sight,  
She turned to him with dreamy eyes,  
And said, "Put out the light."

Then with a groan of joyous pain,  
He rose up from their narrow chair,  
And with unreluctant steps,  
He went he knew not where.

A handsome stone he found and threw,  
Oh,—O—what a wondrous sight,  
Four eyes of bliss 'n everything,  
For he put out the light.

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### The Mohian Staff.



Standing, (left to right):—Jimmy Christian, Athletic Editor; Wm. Shelby, Advertising Manager; Dan Bowmar, Circulation Manager; Tom Finnell, Art Editor; George Michler, Class Editor; Jeff Sims, Editor, "Staff O' Life."  
Lower:—George K. Graves, Jr., Business Manager; Viola Lewis, Literary Adviser; Tom Rouse, Editor-in-Chief; Margaret Smith, Associator Editor; Herman Michler, Assistant Business Manager.



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THE MOHIAN STAFF

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Editor-in-Chief.....Tom Rouse.  
Associate Editor.....Margaret Smith.  
Athletics.....J. Christian.                      Paragraphs..... G. Michler  
Art.....Tom Fennell.                              Staff O'Life.....B. Sims.  
Business Manager.....George K. Graves, Jr.  
Assistant Business Manager.....H. T. Michler.  
Circulation Department.....Dan Bowmar  
Advertising Department.....Wm. Shelby  
Literary Adviser.....Viola Lewis.

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Editorial Comment.

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—8:10—

Verily we say unto the faculty our day is spoilt. How cruel were they who robbed us of our beauty sleep and how cruel were they who summoned us to 8:10 classes, only we shall ever know. To still the turmoil of our over-worked brains we silently threaten, but to no avail. The arm of the school is long and far reaching; when once within its grasp life-hope-everything near and dear to our hearts is given us. In that deep cavern of impenetrable darkness we wear the better part of our lives away, forever seeking that which we never find; continually and incessantly striving for a diploma in spite of the high cost of sheep and the despotism of the teachers. This cruel world should cringe and plead under our gaze, but it smiles and mocks the minutes of our lives as we near that realm of uncertainty. But we will find time. Then woe to those who decreed the 8:10 schedule, for they shall see their mistake when it is too late to repent.



**EDUCATION.**

Real education is the development and training of the mind. Almost anyone can be inoculated with an education, but inoculations do not always take. To train the mind requires patient and independent thinking and hard work. The acquiring and retaining of a group of facts without effort is not education. The so-called education of this sort is no training at all.

The man who knows his goal and is willing to pay the price, is the man who succeeds. Nothing really worth while is acquired without hard work. This is especially true of education. Many people go through school on a "get by" grade, but in after life they find the knowledge they need is theirs to "get"—"by"—and only by hard work and independent thinking of their own.

Every time a man makes good, every time he overcomes an obstacle, he strengthens his character and becomes a better man. The character of a man who goes through school without effort or work is no more developed at the end of his school life than at the beginning.

When a man leaves school with his character strengthened and developed, and with a broadened and sympathetic outlook on life, he has acquired the fundamentals that the school strives to give even though he does not have at his finger tips every fact and figure that he has learned. To give a greater appreciation and understanding of the world's thought and feeling, and to produce in one a liberal frame of mind, this is the final aim of the school. If a man has these when he starts out on his career in life, he has been repaid for all the trouble, time, and effort that he has spent in their attainment.

Knowledge acquired with no labor, and without any effort to understand or use might just as well remain in the book from which it was taken. Knowledge acquired in this fashion is like a raw weed; it in no way nourishes the mind, but deposited there is as raw and undigested as when swallowed.

After all, education is not the mere acquiring and retaining of facts and theories past and present. A man may be a convenient repository for other men's thoughts; he may have sufficient capacity for holding them, but to call such a man educated is a misuse of terms.

—Emmett Bradley.



THE FORKED ROAD.

On the edge of that wonderful mysterious something known to us as the world, there is a garden surrounded by a hedge which is always green. The sky above has no clouds to throw dark shadows on the space enclosed by this hedge, because—simply because, this is the Garden of Youth. Here the Average American had lived for some time, lived for only that which he could find within the garden. He had not been able to see above the hedge and he had not cared what was beyond it. But one day, when he was near the gate, a voice whispered to him in words that made him wonder, "Something beyond the Garden of Youth, something for you to do in the world outside!"

Then the Average American left the green hedge and the blue sky on the edge of the world and started up the Road of Ambition.

He met his European Brothers to whom he had given no notice in the garden. Some stopped to rest here and there, but many kept near the Average American, who rushed on with eyes open wide to the wonders of the Road.

It was in the early morning of a fine day that he came to a point where the Road divided. On his left, was a smooth winding path. As far as he could see there were shade trees where he could rest and bubbling springs where he might quench his thirst. The voice of Temptation whispered, "Is not that a delightful path? There you will find great things; a mansion where Pleasure is your chief servant, and luxuries that your neighbor will envy. Why not take this, the Path of Extravagance?"

Just then someone from the right called, "O Man! You should never have left the Garden of Youth if you refuse to listen to Reason."

But Temptation pulled him away. The Average American looked again. What was that coming down the Path of Extravagance? Could it be human? An ancient man with snowy hair and feverish, restless eyes in his ashy countenance, was tottering toward them. His step was feeble, but as he neared the beginning of the Path he seemed to gain a little strength, and said, "Do not look at me, Temptation. Your day with me is over."

The hand of the Average American detained the old man. "What did you find on that path? Tell me."



"My very hours are numbered and I am now hastening to the Path of Economy," answered the old man. "But listen! I ran a mad race to the Mansion of Wealth, and there Pleasure gave me the champagne glass of Frivolity, false friends gathered around me, money came to me, and I spent it, thinking that Happiness would surely come too. Look at me now. My health is gone, my wealth is gone, and still I seek Happiness, the greatest of all, and with that he leaned on Reason's arm for support.

The Average American followed to look at the Path on the Right. It was straight and narrow, in places rough, but he saw the end. There was a cottage with a flower garden. The last rays of the setting sun carressed the petals of the roses, touched the curls of a little girls who stood waiting by the side of the gate. Here was something to work for and something to gain, and he knew that the voice at the gate of the Garden of Youth had spoken of this. He was not sure but he thought that he saw the vision of true Happiness.

Which Path will you, the Average American, take?

—Margaret Smith.







PARAGRAPHS

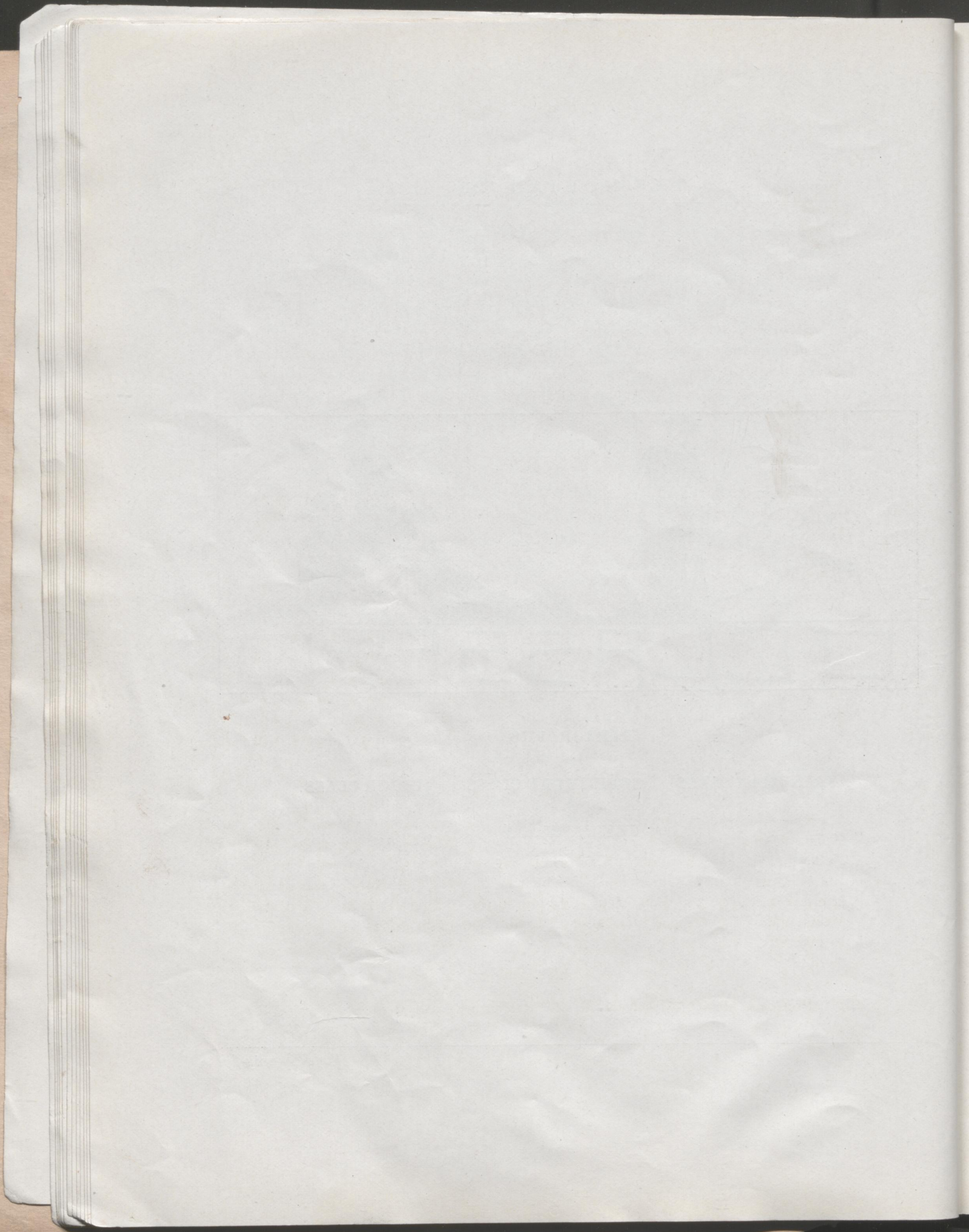
FRESHMAN CLASS

SOPHOMORE CLASS

JUNIOR CLASS

SENIOR CLASS







## Paragraphs.

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The chapel exercises for the past year have been a constant source of pleasure to the student body. A number of men prominent in the business and educational world have talked to us. We have had several visits from Dean Noe, the founder of the school, during one of which he entertained the students with some of his very interesting poems. Several times he gave the boys instructive chapel lectures.

—Mohian '20—

Dr. Tigert of the University of Kentucky gave us a talk on his experience while "Over There" with the Y. M. C. A. His talk was very much appreciated. As he had traveled much in Europe before the great war, he is in a position to speak authoritatively on the subject of the effects of the war on the inhabitants of the various countries.

—Mohian '20—

Prof. Baker, also of the University, addressed the pupils in chapel on the subject of "The Idealist." His talk gave a better understanding of why men are able to do things. As he says it is not the man who builds for the present, but the man who has courage to look ahead through the pears and prepare for the future, that succeeds. His idea of a great man is one who does just that; he firmly believes that the League of Nations, like Columbus' dream, will some day come true.

—Mohian '20—

One of the most interesting programs of the year was rendered by Mr. Nolan, a great social worker, and Jerry Walker, a little Irish Town boy. Mr. Nolan gave us an exhibition of his work among the soldiers in the Great United States Army Camps. The manner in which he played "The Rosary" was absolutely perfect. He had the student body join in the singing of "Katy," "Till We Meet Again," "There's a Long, Long, Trail," and other songs too numerous to mention.

—Mohian '20—

President McVey, of the University of Kentucky talked to us early in the



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fall term of 1919, and so much impressed his audience that he has been asked to return sometime in the future to give us another of his interesting addresses.

—Mohian '20—

The Orchestra, composed of Herman Michler, Easy Foster, and George Graves gave us selections several times during the year. To those unfamiliar with their history, it might be interesting to add that this little band of "Musicians" began their organization early in 1918, continuing through 1919 school year with a weekly practice at the homes of its various members.

—Mohian '20—

Prof. Lampert and his family also entertained the school one Tuesday mornings not long ago. His talk on the various composers was very interesting and their music was very pleasing.

—Mohian '20—

The Juniors of the school were very much surprised several times during the year. The first shock came when Margaret Kerswell disappeared during the mid-year examinations. The next we heard of Peggy she had gotten married.

—Mohian '20—

Josephine Montague, one of the most popular girls in school, found the lure of her returned soldier boy too strong to resist; so one morning "Jo" failed to come to class. A rigid investigation following this wholesale cutting of classes resulted in our gaining the information that "Jo" would be with her classmates no more.

—Mohian '20—

Several weeks ago Prof. Wood gave the student body an illustrated lecture on the effect of study on the brain and with the aid of certain electrical devices made it very clear and interesting.

—Mohian '20—

A saxophone trio composed of Louise Foster, Jimmie Christian, and Richard Hawkins of Junior High gave us a musical programme in chapel a while back, and the main feature of it was jaz, "Some One-Steps."

—Mohian '20—

Charles Merchant, a member of the Sophomore class also gave us a big



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surprise when he left the balmy atmosphere of Model High to enjoy the joys of married life with Miss Catherine Spencer, a young member of Senior High.

—Mohian '20—

The arguments for and against the opening of school at 8:10 in the morning waxed very bitter a month or so ago. Several of the members of the first hour classes began to miss class, grades began to drop, and one day Miss Smith, one of the teachers, was trying to get a recitation on a lesson assigned three days before. It was impossible; consequently, when Miss Smith and Prof. Wood next day had a talk she complained of that wonderful recitation. As a result of their little chat a large number of students were informed that it would be necessary for them to prepare some extra work to again enter the class. All kinds of remarks were heard; some even threatened to go to another school, but the greater portion saw their mistake and prepared to begin work afresh.

—Mohian '20—

A large percent of the school attended all the Basket-ball games of the season and while we did not always bring home the bacon, we at least had the satisfaction of knowing that we had made our opponents earn their victory.

—Mohian '20—

There is another little group of pleasure seekers in this school who originated the novel idea of having a dance while the orchestra mentioned in other places of the Mohian practiced. Each of those attending at one time or another entertained the crowd, among whom were Thomas Warren, Margaret Baker, George Graves, Miss Myrtle Smith, Herman Michler, Jane McKenna, Margaret Smith, Louise Foster, and Josephine Montague.

—Mohian '20—

Mary Looney, one of the members of the Junior Class left after the mid-year exams and it was rumored that Mary had a heart attack over a lamp chimney which was the cause of her leaving.

—Mohian '20—

An Athletic Association was formed early in 1920 for the purpose of boosting athletic activities and furnishing funds with which to equip the Model Teams. George Graves, the President, immediately took charge of the work, and pushed things along in great shape.



## Freshman Class.

---

President ..... Marcia Lampert.  
Vice-President ..... Wilbert Blackburn.  
Secretary and Treasurer ..... Ruth Goddard.

### CLASS LIST.

Charles Baker (No-it-all)	Claude Miller (Little Doc)
Wilbert Blackburn (Book Worm)	Anne Sawyer (Tom)
Virginia Boyd (Ginnie)	William Scott (Billy)
Laura Cook (Cookie)	Llewelyn Sharp (Seven-'leven)
Ruth Goddard (Vamp)	Benham Sims (Jeff)
Milton Hager (Milt)	Armintia Smith (Mint)
Nathaniel Hall (Gnat)	Elizabeth Smith (Liza)
Minnie Havely (Angel)	Jouett Stevenson (Noisy)
Wilson Hunt (Big-boy)	John Treacy (Junk)
Marcia Lampert (Major)	Mary Vaught (Alhambra II)
George Leach (Brownie)	William Watkins (Bill)
Theodore McDonald (Ted)	Howard Wiles (Wild and Wooly)
Janet McVey (Janny)	

This is the youngest class of the "Family" of Model High, but believe us, they are little, but loud. If noise was an alley, the Freshmen class would be a boulevard. May their faults be forgiven, their features overlooked, their shortcomings disregarded and their future guided by the hand of the Juniors. By 1923 we expect to look back on these little Freshmen and admire the achievements and progress made by them at Model High. We also hope by that time their dramatic and business ability will be as developed as that of the Juniors and Seniors of this year.



## Sophomore Class.

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President ..... John Judy.  
Vice-President ..... Talbert Hopkins  
Secretary and Treasurer ..... Elizabeth Dale.

### CLASS LIST.

Margaret Baker (Boo)	Martha M. Matthews (Mitchy)
Leonard Bowman (Red)	Lucille Kautz (Tid-Bits)
Joe Bradley (Red)	Jeanette Lampert (Long-Boy)
Louie Brown (Dunk)	Rowena Noe (Rippy)
Curtis Buehler (Chev)	Josephine Sharp (Josie)
James Christian (Jimmie)	Harold Steele (Hal)
Elizabeth Dale (Betty)	Alexander Rose Alex)
Nancy Featherstone (Middy)	Ernest Reynolds (Bernie)
Alfonso Ginocchio (Al)	Hamilton Rice (Ham)
Talbert Hopkins (Tally)	John Sutton (Sut)
John Judy (Dope Fiend)	S. B. Triplett (Bony)
Frances Lee (Pokey)	Sarah Weil (Weid)

This Class is one of the largest in the school and as Prof. Wood says, it is one of the worst. It is as a whole a rather studious class, but nevertheless a great many of the pupils are on time at that awful seventh hour period because of being late.

There are a good many good-looking girls among this class and as for the boys they need not be written about. These two facts together with the fact that there is some good athletic ability and spirit among the pupils of this class has caused them to be quite stuck up about something which no other class or person has been able to find out about.

As Jim says, "he has an awful job watching the 'youths' of this class to keep them from plying their favorite profession and pastime 'African Golf.'" He also says that if it keeps up he will have to ask for a raise in salary as it is very hard on his nerves. And as for minor love affairs they are not lacking. Ask any of 'em.



## Junior Class.

---

President ..... Tom Berry.  
Vice-President ..... George Graves.  
Secretary and Treasurer ..... Louise Foster.  
Class Adviser ..... Prof. Wood.

### CLASS LIST.

Tom Berry (Squatty)	George Michler (Grab)
Emmett Bradley (Specs)	Idolyn Munns (Idol)
Thomas Fennell (Mussie)	Thomas Rouse (Sis)
Louise Foster (Easy)	Margaret Smith (94)
Katherine Fuller (Kitty)	Thomas Warren (Vamp)
George Graves (Ma)	Helen Wells (Rural)
Frank McVey (Mc)	John Webb (Elizabeth)
Herman Michler (Mick)	

This class is the life of the school and all of the little Freshmen and Sophomores look up to it as their **Model**. The Annual was worked out by this class this year, as the number of Seniors was so small that it would have been impossible for them to have gotten it out. However, the Seniors gave us all the help that they could thru William Shelby and Dan Bowmar, who are Managers of Departments.

The Junior Class at the beginning of the year met and elected Prof. Wood as class adviser, and we thru the Mohian wish to thank him for his services rendered the class during the term. One Saturday night during the first part of the year Prof. had the class over to his house where we held our first meeting, refreshments were served and every one had a delightful time.



## Senior Class.

---

President ..... William Shelby.  
Secretary and Treasurer ..... Dan Bowmar.  
Class Adviser ..... Miss Viola C. Lewis.

### CLASS LIST.

Dan Bowmar (Cupid)	William Shelby (Bill)
Rolin Curtis (Shrimp)	Elizabeth Vaught (Alhambra)

The Senior Class this year is the smallest in the school, but by no means the least important. Elizabeth Vaught, the only mid-year graduate, is now attending the University of Kentucky. William Shelby and Dan Bowmar will graduate this coming June (?), and we are proud to turn these boys over to the State University.

Dan Bowmar came to us from Versailles, where he attended the public school. Dan is sometimes quite smart, but nevertheless is liked by all those who know him.

Rollin Curtis is the only Senior B this year and came to Model from Parkersburg, West Virginia. He is one of the youngest pupils in the school and is giving us great help in our athletics.

William Shelby came to Model from Senior High, and we know that when Prof. Skinner lost Bill he lost a wonder. Bill originally came from Little Rock, Arkansas, but has been here for several years. He joined Uncle Sam's Merchant Marine during the War and had some very thrilling experiences on the high seas.

Elizabeth Vaught the first graduate of Model High came to us from Richmond, Ky., where she graduated from the city schools. Elizabeth has a sweet disposition and all that know her have a friend.



Seniors '20.

---

WILLIAM TAGGERT SHELBY, Jr.,

Mohian '20 Advertising Manager

Baseball '20 Manager

*But all be that, he was a philosophre.*

ROLLIN LYSANDER CURTIS

Baseball '20

*He was a veray parfit gentil knight.*

DANIEL MAYES BOWMAR

Mohian '20 Circulation Manager

*Nowher so busy a man as he ther n' as*

*And yet he semed besier than he was.*

ELIZABETH WALTON VAUGHT

*The gentle minde by gentil dees is knowne.*



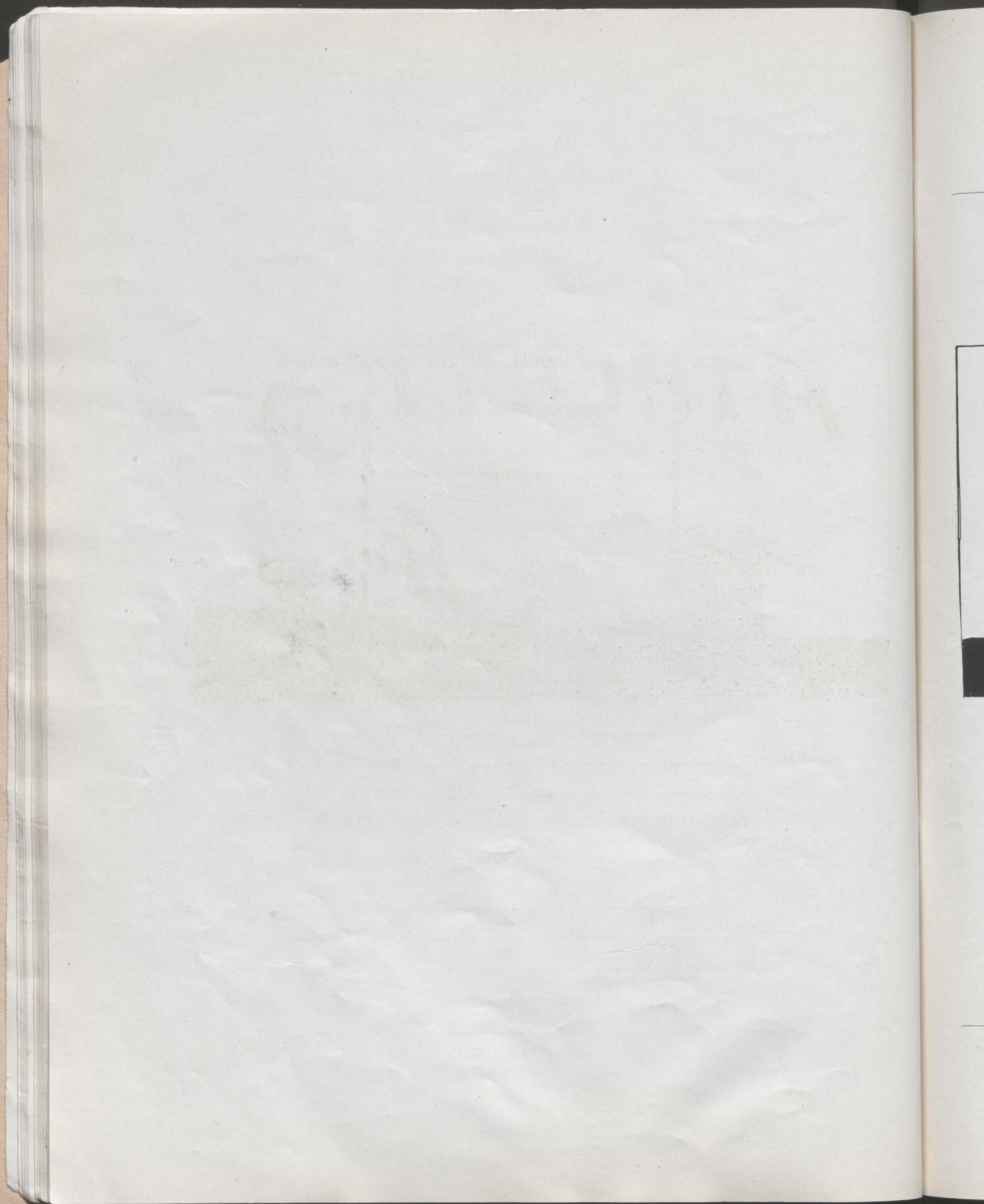
THE MOHIAN '20

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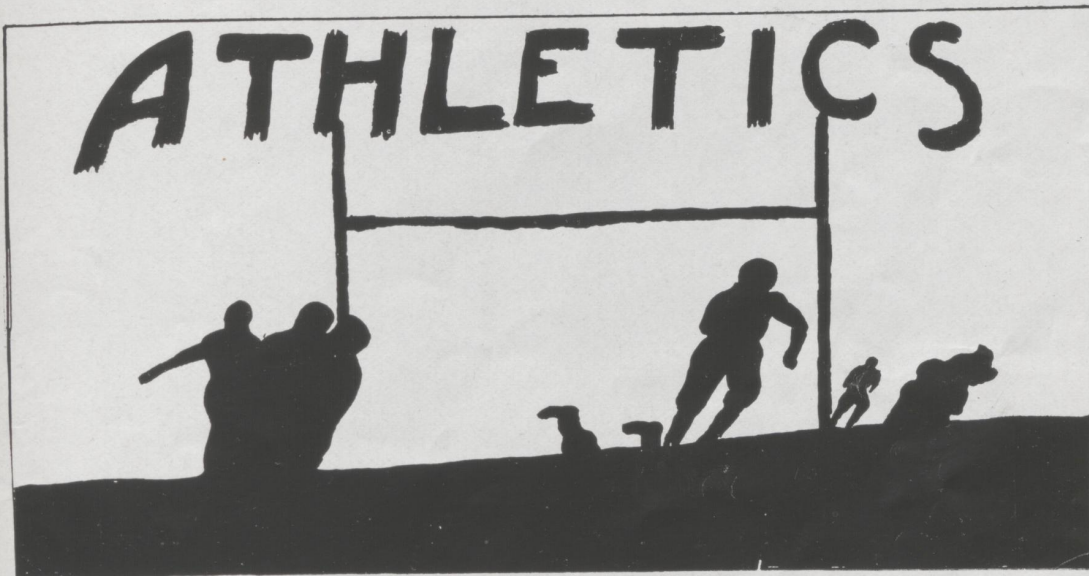
The Model High players presented the following programme on May 14, 1920, at the "Little Theatre," University of Kentucky. The proceeds went to The Mohian.

- I. Rosalie .....Mark Maurey  
Monsieur Bol .....George Michler  
Madame Bol .....Lucile Kantz  
Rosalie .....Louie Duncan Brown
- II. High School Trio:  
Jimmie Christian, Tom Rouse, Jeff Sims
- III. Model High Orchestra.....Professor Lampert, Conductor  
1. March—"Our Students"  
2. Humoreske  
3. Barcarolle, "Tales of Hofman"  
4. March—Cadets' Drill.
- IV. Animated Poem—The Ballad of the Oysterman:  
Fisherman .....William Scott  
Daughter .....Anne Sawyer  
Oysterman .....George Leach  
Mermaids.....Ruth Goddard, Elizabeth Smith, Mary Hardin Vaught
- V. Community Singing.....Professor Lampert, Conductor
- VI. Modesty .....Paul Hervieu  
Henriette .....Louise Foster  
Jacques .....Tom Fennell  
Albert .....Thomas Warren









FOOT BALL

BASKET BALL

BASE BALL

THE MODEL TEAM

GIRLS' BASKET BALL



Foot Ball '19



Standing, (left to right):—Hopkins, right end; Dillon, right guard; Webb, center; Hunt, left guard; Berry, sub; McVey, left end.

Middle:—Sutton, sub; Ginnochio, Manager; Triplett, full back; Christian, quarterback; Capt. Bradley, left half; Rice, right half.

Lower:—Reynolds, right tackle; Graves, left tackle.



## Football '19.

---

The 1919 foot ball team of the Model High School organized when about thirty of the boys met and elected Jimmy Christian captain of the eleven and Al Ginocchio manager of the squad of '19. Coach Buchiet, a former University of Illinois gridiron star, was elected to train the team.

After several weeks of hard practice the Model Eleven went to Winchester to play the Clark County boys. With the score 6-0 against Model High and only three minutes to play 'Red' Bradley carried the ball over Clark County's goal, ending the game with the score 6-6.

The next game was also a hard battle for our boys. The contest was fought with the Versailles High School and the final score of this game showed a victory for Model by the score of 6-0. The touchdown was made by Rice.

The third contest took the smile away from Morton Junior High. The Model boys took them down to the tune of 21 to 0. The touchdowns were made by Rice, Triplet and Christian.

After a week's rest the squad went to Jessamine County, where they succeeded in defeating the Nicholasville Eleven by the score of 7-6, the touchdown being made by Rice.

The hardest fought victory of the Model High Team came on October 24, when our boys went to Carlisle and bucked up against a much heavier team, which tipped the scales with an average of 158 pounds. But weight could not overpower our undefeated team and the final count gave us the big end of the score 12-6. Touchdowns were made by Triplett and Hopkins.

The following week our boys went to Mt. Sterling and fought the Mt. Sterling Eleven and "dilly-dallied" with the officials. This game registered an-



other victory for our team. The score was 6-0, the touchdown being made by Bradley.

Our boys met their first defeat in Boyle County, where the fast Danville High Team defeated Model by the score 24-14. Touchdowns were made by Triplett and Christian. After the game our boys were entertained by members of the Danville Eleven.

The second defeat came on November 21, when Georgetown swamped our crippled delegation on Hinton Field by the score of 47-0. Long and Forwood starred for Georgetown, and without Schular and Bradley their aggressiveness was keenly felt.

The schedule included ten games, two being forfeited to us. Of the remaining eight, six resulted in victories and two in defeats. This is a remarkable record for a newly organized high school.

Model High School has good prospects for next season and every hope is entertained for the success of the 1920 team.





## Base Ball.

---

The Model High School team has been organized and as they have only played two games we are unable to publish much information.

Soon after the Basket Ball season closed, the boys of the school met and elected Wilson Hunt, captain, and William Shelby manager of the 1920 squad.

After practicing several days without a coach, the team went to Winchester where the Model team was defeated by a score of 15 to 3.

The team then practiced for a week under the instruction of Coach Coleman and then met Picadome on Stoll eld, where we came out ahead with a score of 9 to 6.

The line-up follows :

Sutton .....	C .....	Hunt
McDonald .....	P .....	Steele..
Finnell .....	1st B .....	McVey
Christian .....	2nd B .....	Bradley
Hopkins .....	.S.S. ....	Rose
Triplett .....	3rd B .....	Reynolds
Curtis .....	L F .....	Reynolds
Hunt .....	C F .....	Triplett
Bradley .....	R F .....	McVey





Basket Ball '20



Standing, (left to right) :—Sutton, sub ; Hopkins, sub ; Christian, sub ; Graves, Manager.

Lower :—Triplett, guard ; Reynolds, forward ; McVey, center ; Berry, forward ; Capt. Rice, guard.



## Basket Ball.

---

The boys' basket ball team was organized shortly after Thanksgiving, after football had ceased to be popular. A basket ball meeting was held at which Squatty Berry, last year's star, was elected captain, and George Graves manager of the 1920 quintette. Shortly after this meeting the team-to-be started practice which continued until the Christmas holidays. When school opened again the boys underwent a more intensive practice for two weeks before their first game was played on the sixteenth of January.

During the first few games our men seemed lost on the floor, as this is the first year they have played together, but with the help of Coach Gill they soon found themselves and showed a very marked improvement in the later games. Our men are small, but they have developed some good material. Everything now points to an even more successful season next year.

The original schedule of the Model School consisted of seventeen games; but as the faculty requested that no games be played during the week we were compelled to cancel some very important engagements.

We had intended entering the High School Tournament held at the University of Kentucky March 12 and 13. When the drawing for places took place, Model drew Highland Park. This school failed to show up and Model was eliminated.

This year the Model High men met some of the best teams in the state, the games and results were as follows:

The Model team went to Frankfort, where the first game of the season was held, resulting in a defeat for the Model School. The Frankfort men were large and as they have played several other games, they easily placed the score at 33 to 6.

Our second game turned out more successfully for the Model boys, as they defeated the Sophomore team of Lexington Senior High by the score of 22-15.

Our team then visited Danville, where Kentucky's fastest squad defeated the Model team with a score of 44 to 11.

On visiting Nicholasville our team met another defeat while playing off a tie game. The Jessamine County five won with the score of 18 to 14.



Clark County High came to Lexington for our next contest, and after playing our fastest game the Model boys led at the close with a score of 21 to 19. A game was to be played in Winchester, but as certain unlooked for conditions arose the game was canceled.

Junior High tackled our team next with a determination to win at any cost, but they proved unsuccessful as we came out in the lead by the score of 17 to 16.

After winning two games our boys went to Richmond where they added another victory to our credit. The score was 25 to 15. Berry and Triplett showed up well in this game.

Danville paid Lexington a visit and walked off with another game, the score being 38 to 6.

The large Cynthiana quintette defeated the Model team only after a hard-fought game. At the end of the second half the score was tied 14 to 14. The extra five minutes were played and the Cynthiana team was lucky enough to throw two goals while our boys got only one. The Cynthiana team is the largest team in Kentucky.

Frankfort came here the same week with a large delegation to win, and much to our disappointment they went away pleased. The game was a much harder fought contest this time, however, as the score was only 17 to 10.

The next game we played was with Junior High, on their floor, where they revenged their defeat in a previous game. Our boys were slow during the first half, but during the second the Junior High quintette was swept off their feet and if we had had several minutes more we would have won. The final score was Junior High 26—Model 21.

Our next game was with Nicholasville at the University of Kentucky. After a hard fought game the score was tie, but during the next five minutes we obtained the large end of the score by two points. The score was 26 for the Jessamine boys and 28 for Model.

Our final game was played in Cynthiana, where the gigantic Cynthiana five administered us another defeat. The score, after a hard fought game, was 25 to 36 in their favor.



## The Model Team.

---

The Model Team—it is a theme  
Much, much better than doth seem,  
Then too, I am a youthful bard  
And shun all tasks so long and hard,  
But still I'll gladly undertake it,  
My team's "rep"—hereby I stake it.

Easy Foster the line doth head,  
With "gentle-firmness" so 'tis said,  
With winning ways and eyes that beam,  
She's **some** Captain for our team.

The forward, who doth make the most,  
'Tis her proud though modest boast,  
Is Helen; and though it may seem funny,  
Her one idea is making money.

In order that I won't create  
Hard feelings, I hereby state  
That next is she who wields this pen,  
I think you'll understand it then.

Louie Brown, best guard in town,  
Keeps Model High from falling down,  
And with her dear, uncertain ways,  
Prolongs the agony of our days.

Rowena Noe, a great old girl  
Keeps our team in one mad whirl.  
And with the magic of her touch  
Can put the ball in—no—not much.



THE MOHIAN '20

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Josie Sharpe is one great guard,  
Can jump a mile or throw a yard,  
And while Josie is no saint,  
She can make things look like what they ain't.

Ruth Goddard, strange it may seem,  
Is now the champion of our team,  
In the last game, so I am told  
Ruth succeeded in landing a goal.

—CURTIS BUEHLER.



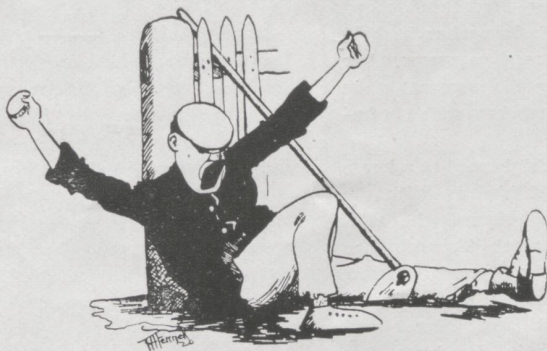


## Agricultural Department.

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To those wishing to obtain a better knowledge of the fundamentals of agriculture we dedicate this department.

First your ground you must prepare,  
We care not when, nor how, nor where;  
Then you little seeds must sow,  
Placed in hills, row on row,  
Then you harrow, disc, and drag,  
Shade from the sun with the "Russian Rag."  
Hibernate with a four flushed fake,  
And cultivate with a garden rake.  
Proceed to do a little hoeing,  
For beneath your feet a plant is growing,  
And when the thing its leaves has spread,  
You get the idea in your head,  
That a farmer you must be,  
Full of true integrity,  
But as a poet you are rotten,  
So you took to raising woolen cotton.



Heap Much Work!



# THE STAFF O' LIFE

Published Weakley

Serial No. CIXXX.

Policy Purely Puritanical

Four Pages To-Day

## ROMAN SENATE DOWNS LEAGUE OF NATIONS.

(Via Weeja Bored Cable Line:)

Our special staff correspondent Neb-becunezzah sends the following report from overseas:

This morning Miss Smith took her Botany class out on the campus to study the language of the flowers. One could look across the vast green panorama and picture the children in a listening attitude so as not to miss a single syllable of the language but as there is always someone to throw happiness over gloom the boys entertained a deeper thought. They had in mind the little birds of Spring, and one could look again and see the children in pairs. They had forgotten the purpose of their visit to the campus and I fear that the language of the flowers was neglected. Miss Smith, by no means was a wall flower as everyone knows she is loved by all the boys on account of her gentle and sweet disposition. To show you how daring people can be in the Spring—Red Bradley had the nerve of a mountain lion when he held on to a certain fair damsel to prevent her from being lost among the flowers, while A. Rose stood by the window with gleaming eyes of jealousy.

The children became frightened at a horse when John Sutton held him up with the pistle of a flower and turned the wild beast into flight at which Frances Lee complimented the gallant young Sutton. The children then wandered to the top of the hill where they all found Myrtle and Spring Beauty bathing in the damp dew of the morning. I for one want to compliment the children and in behalf of the

school for their bravery they displayed on this beautiful spring day for they were exposed to the danger all the time they were out because the flowers have pistles and the grass has blades and the bull rushes out often.

—(o)—

When we hear a woman say that all men are alike we wonder how she found it out.

—(o)—

She may be a moonshiner's daughter, but I love her 'still!

—(o)—

Don't give up the ship until either the undertaker or a "raspberry" comes around.

—(o)—

## AN ANCIENT WALKOVER

### THOUSANDS WITNESS THE GREAT CONTEST

#### UNIVERSITY OF ATHENS GOES DOWN IN DEFEAT.

(Via Weeja Bored Cable Line:)

The game started promptly after a delay of two hours and fifteen minutes, caused by the Egyptian Limited's being late en-route.

The Roman Varsity, although outweighed nearly a hundred and twenty pounds to the man, took the field prepared to fight to the last ditch amid thunderous applauses from the East side of the Colliseum. Then they went through a snappy signal practice.

They were followed almost immediately by the ponderous aggregation of Athenians who also received a tremendous ovation



from the Western side of the Stadium. There practice showed them somewhat slow and lacking in pep and in fact most of them seemed slightly over trained. However their greater size and strength instilled confidence in their supporters. King Midas was heard offering five to one on Athens. This was promptly taken up by Titus and Agrippa though it seemed that most of the Athenian money went begging.

To open the game Julius Caesar kicked off to Achilles who took the ball on his seventy yard line and returned it twelve yards when he was downed by Remus who tackled him by the heel. Athens took time out and Achilles was finally forced to be removed from the game amid cries of foul play from the Athenian stand. At this point Rome was penalized ten yards for rough play and Coach Diogenes ordered Ajax to replace Achilles at quarter.

Demosthenes made three yards through center; Ajax made two yards on a lightning dash around left end; Pericles was thrown for a ten yard loss by Brutus; so Pericles punted from his twelve yard line, Cicero took the ball and returned two yards when his shoe strings tripped him and he fell on the ball. Rome gained thirty yards on a forward pass from Brutus to Caesar, and immediately Nero went over for a touchdown. Nero fiddled around and missed the goal. Score: Rome 6; Athens, 0. The quarter ended with the teams in mid field.

During the intermission, Coach Diogenes was seen madly pacing up and down the side lines and the Athenian team seemed rather down in the mouth, and were fighting mad. Coach Cassius of Rome seemed well pleased.

To start the second half Caesar kicked off to Philip who returned the ball thirty yards, but was finally downed by Cataline, in a beautiful tackle. Athens then tried a trick play; Ulysses hid the ball under his

jersey and started around left end, Antony was awake, however, and threw him for a loss. In this play Antony had his hair mussed up and the game was interrupted by Miss Cleopatra, a popular young woman from Egypt who refused to let him continue in the game. Both sides and the Referee finally convinced her that he was in no danger and play was resumed. Alexander tried to take the ball through left tackle, but Cicero tore his pants off him by a fierce tackle. Another halt was called while a new pair was obtained. During this time Coach Diogenes made loud protestations that the Romans were playing dirty ball. Referee Homer, however, said that as he was blind he could see nothing to that effect; so the claim was not allowed. Athens then tried a drop kick which was blocked by Augustus, Pompey falling on the ball. Pompey refused to get up, claiming that he was tired and Coach Cassius had an epileptic fit on the side lines. Finally Pompey got up after being assured that he need not get into the mix-up again. Cato took a forward pass from Brutus in the next play and went over for a touchdown, and Nero again missed the goal. Cicero claimed that Cataline and Nero had conspired to keep Rome from making more than twenty points and some hot remarks were passed. However, peace was again restored and the quarter ended with the ball in Rome's possession.

During the intermission odds of even money went begging. Midas seemed sick.

The notes for the fourth quarter were stolen from the reporter by an Athenian Freshman. In this quarter Rome made twelve goals and two drop kicks, Caesar and Augustus carrying the ball over at the same time for twin touchdowns. At the beginning of the quarter Coach Cassius sent in Horatius to replace Nero. Hora-

(Continued on Page 51)



THE STAFF O' LIFE.

THE OFFICIAL PAPER OF KENTUCKY

Circelishion Departments

Box Car No. 1101179—(C. & O.)

REPATORIAL DEPARTMENT.

JEFF SIMS.....SUPPORTING EDITOR
T. ROUSE.....LITERARY ADVISOR
CLEOPATRA.....CENSORESS

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

The Editors of the Staff O' Life feel it their duty to duly apolige for the depleted appearance of the Mohian, however, strange as it may seem, our financhal resources were limited and we must give to our kind and generous advertisres our heartfelt appreciation for their help and sincerely extend to them best wishes for prosperity in many years to come, for the advertisers by publishing their literature in the annual shall receive their full compensation from our solicited trade and we hereby wish to state to our disappointed readers that whatever is lacking in the Mohian you will find in the Staff O' Life.

OBJECT LESSON NO. 231-7492.

Tommy Warren, the bally gink,
Ain't got brains enough to think.
He axed a girl to ride one day,
Said he meant it just in play.
She took a ride and that aint all,
Now Tommy has a beer and pall.

(o)

ATTENTION!

Miss Smith: 'Now class watch the board very carefully and I will go thru it.'

BEATRICE FAIRFAX
Advisory Bored.

It is healthy for a girl to breathe thru her mouth for she can't talk then.

(o)

When in love try not to say foolish things. If you succeed you are not in love.

(o)

Free advice from the teachers is worth just what it costs.

(o)

If zero be added to zero, the subject is dropped.

(o)

Thoughts of the judge added to ones own thoughts cancel.

(o)

Thoughts of the teachers added to one's own thoughts equal one's own thoughts plus zero.

(o)

Little beams of moonlight,
Little hugs and kisses,
Makes the little maiden,
Change her name to Mrs.

(o)

T. Berry is making fine progress in foreign languages. He gargles exceedingly well in French.

(o)

A Jolly young chemistry tough,
Was mixing a compounded stuff,
He dropped a match in the phial,
And after a while,
They found a gold tooth and a cuff.

(o)

I kissed my girl the other night,
The color left her cheek.
But it showed upon my coat,
For just about a week.



## THE MOHIAN '20

(Continued from Page 49)

tius caught Hector by the nose and held the bridge until it broke. Rome was penalized for holding on this account. Brutus of Rome broke up all the Athenian plays from the back while Mark Antony spilled the interference. After the game Coach Diogenes said the best team lost, but that Athens would show 'em how next year. He claimed that he would protest the game to the Oracle at Delphi on the grounds that Referee Homer was bought off. He said that he had never found an honest man, but Homer was most dishonest.

Coach Cassius said that the boys won because they followed his instructions, "where does the big stiff get that noise."

Miss Cleopatra led the snake dance around the field leaning on Mark Antony's arm. When last seen Titus and Agrippa were looking for Midas who had not been located up until the time this paper went to press.

### CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING INCLUSIVE RATES.

WANTED—A bar of cast steel soap. T Hopkins, Room 202.

FOR RENT—SomeE Chewing Gum HIGH CLASS ELASTIC qUality CaLL at The CounTie Jale DurIn VisTiN HouRS. StuB beRRiE.

STRAYED—A cow, owned by a woman with short horns.

WANTED—Capable nurse for a baby not over forty years of age.

### THE PEANUT SLOT.

E. Dale:—"Did anybody ever comment on how you drive?"

Arose:—"One man said fifty dollars and costs."

I kissed her on the gangplank.

—(o)—

Your hair fell wild about me,  
Your lashes swept my cheek.  
Your lips find mine in silence,  
There is no need to speak.

—(o)—

Sing a song of near beer,  
Country's awful dry;  
All aboard for Canada,  
Where there's lots of rye.

—(o)—

If the doughboys in France hesitated like the Senators in Congress, limberger cheese would have been the national flower of the United States by this time.

—(o)—

Sufferer:—I have a terrible headache and I want something to cure it.

Friend:—Now, you don't need any medicine. I had a headache only yesterday, and I went home, and my loving wife kissed me and so consoled me that the pain soon passed away. Why don't you try that trick?

Sufferer:—I think it will. Is your wife at home?

—(o)—

Here's to you  
Glad to meet you  
If I hadn't met you  
I wouldn't know you  
But now that I know you  
I ought'nt to  
Lechu.

So don't let hubby ketchu.

—(o)—

They say that prohibition has brought sunshine into many a man's heart and moonshine into many a man's soul.

—(o)—

The Congressmen who moves that meetings be adjourned should receive the first prize.



Does the moon affect the tide?  
No. But how about the untied?

—(o)—

Speaking of bathing in famous springs,  
Powhatan bathed in the Spring of 1576.

—(o)—

Joe Bradley:—"I'm out of luck."  
She:—"That's nothing. I'm out of  
breath."

—(o)—

bbeW nhoJ—"You've got your stocking  
on wrong side out.

nosevetS tteuoJ—"I know it. I have a  
hole on the other side.

—(o)—

A Teacher:—"Pay strict attention to  
Wilson Hunt's outline.

—(o)—

Miss Lewis:—"Thomas you were not  
present yesterday. Were you detained at  
home in consequence of the inclemency of  
the elements?"

Warren:—"Naw. It rained."

—(o)—

Miss Frierson:—"What happened on  
July 4th, 1776?"

M. M. Mathews:—"I don't know. I'm  
only fourteen."

—(o)—

Reynolds:—"Frank you had better be  
good today."

McVey:—"Why?"

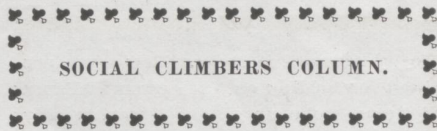
Reynolds:—"I just heard Dr. Beetum tell  
Prof. Wood to take more exercise."

—(o)—

A distant satellite in geometry:—"A  
quadrilateral figure is a four sided triangle."

—(o)—

Miss Lewis:—"We will now turn to  
where Jaffery Pyncheon kissed Phoebe on  
page sixty."



SOCIAL CLIMBERS COLUMN.

—(o)—

SOUND ADVICE FOR  
SWORD SWALLOWERS

NEVER eat pie with a knife. It is  
alright to eat cheese with pie but knives  
should be eaten alone.

—(o)—

LEAP YEAR CALENDAR.

Miss Ima J. Bird gave a roost party at  
the Ada Meade the other night. The chief  
mourners were the Messrs. Pluto Crat,  
Felix Hausted, Jack Pott, Hardaz Cole, G.  
Howette Hurtz, Buck Private, and Daniel  
Bowmar.

The lady guests of Miss Bird were the  
Misses, Iona Lott, Ubetcha Boots, Gebuti  
Knowital, Uneeda Painter, Billie Quitit,  
Itole Dusoe, and three members of the  
triple V's who requested that their names  
be withheld from publication.

The lady teachers from the Model High  
School chaperoned. Fess Wood was heard  
to say he had a most enjoyable time.

—(o)—

WHAT A BUG SAW.

The editor from his escritoire, pouring  
over the essays from which he derives the  
essentials of his estimable esoteric, per-  
ceived an esoterist of an empty esophagus  
wondering whether he should take a stroll  
over the esplanade near the esculant es-  
parto or crank his lizzie and take a drive.



## THE MOHIAN '20

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**IN MEMORIAM**  
**A. DEAN SCHULAR.**  
Gone; but not forgotten  
May he rest in peace.

### READING NOTICES.

---

The semi-ecliptic meeting of the African Glop Club will be held at the new Sausage Links just below that big weed between those two stumps some day next Tuesday between sunset and sunset.

We regret that lack of space prevents the omission of considerable news matter in the MOHIAN. However, these items will appear in the Staff O' Life.

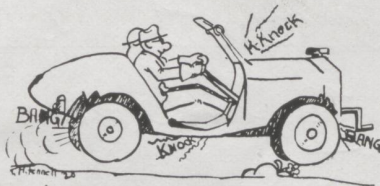
—(o)—

In two days the subscriptions to the Staff O' Life increased from three thousand to fourteen hundred and eighty seven copies.

—(o)—

Red Bowman fell from a bicycle once. He was injured by a broken collar bone.

Best of luck to our under-classmen.



**SENIORS.**



Autographs

1. Elizabeth Kennard Smith (1300)
2. Sarah Louise Weil (Sally) (23)
3. Idolynn Munns (Zick)
4. Minnie Havelly (Bill)
5. Frances Lee (1922)
6. Mary Hardin Vaught (1923)
7. Nancy Peacock Stone
8. Marcia Laupers '23
9. Arminita Smith '23 ..
10. Margaret Smith "21"
11. Curtis Buckler
12. Eva Boterf
13. Viola Cosby Lewis
14. ~~Wendy Love Betty Dale~~
15. Lonnie Dunc. Best @ luck + given h-11

Ruth Goddard '23

Martha Matthews (Mittie)

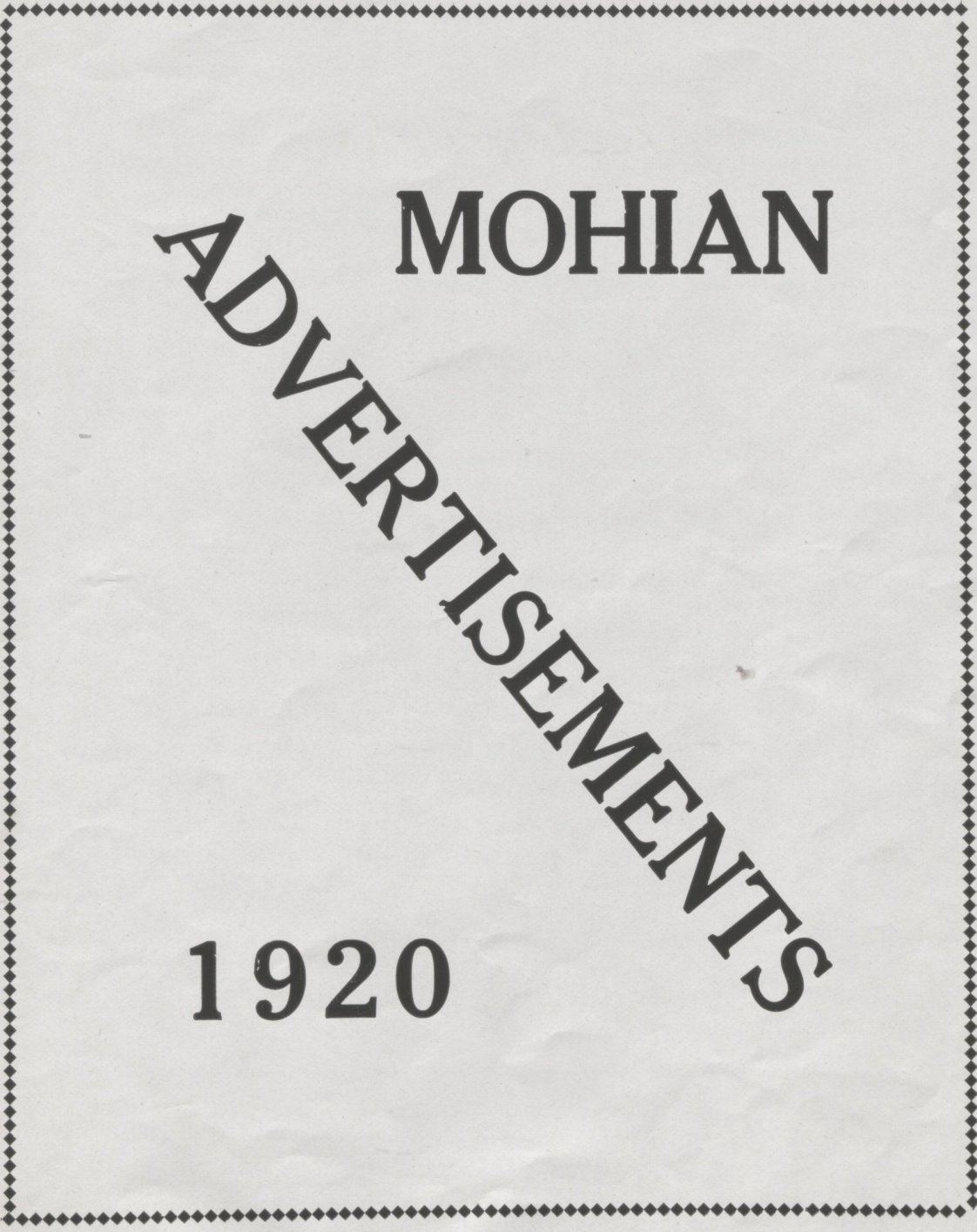
Rippy Noel

Katherine Fuller

Jean Laupers '23



34

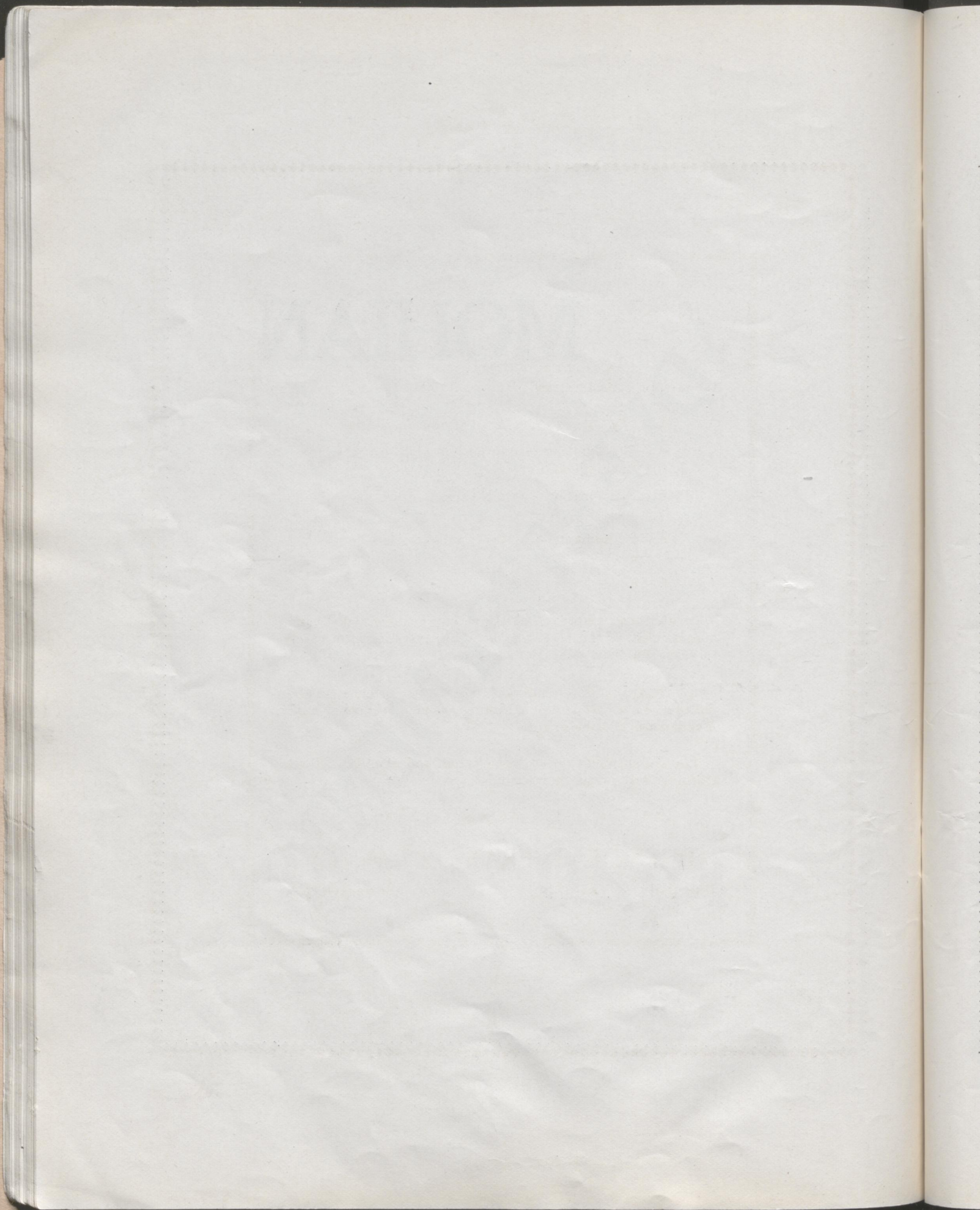


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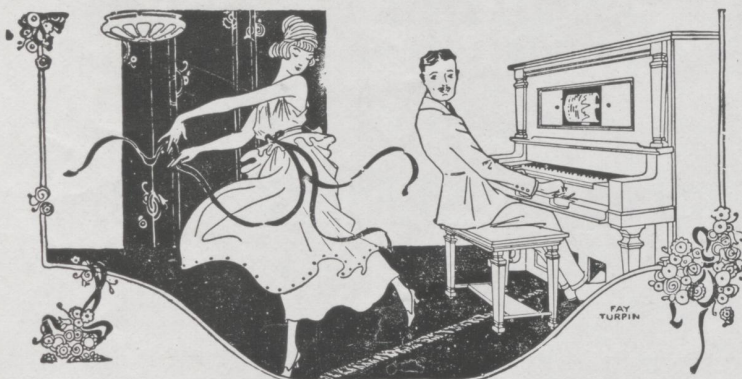
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[MOHIAN '20]



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She will tell you which they are. They have  
a charm of flavor all their own. Every  
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be sure its Huyler's*

C. D.  
**CALLAWAY  
& CO.**

Headquarters for Base  
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## "A Little in Front o' the Next"

And they asked me how I did it,  
And I gave 'em the Scripture text,  
"You keep your light so shining  
A little in front o' the next."  
They copied all they could follow,  
But they couldn't copy my mind,  
And I left 'em sweating and stealing  
A year and a half behind."

—Kipling.

The secret of the Mutual Benefit's success—if it is a secret—is summed up in the above verses by Kipling. For seventy-ve years the company has been in the van. During that long time the Mutual Benefit has been the leader in granting to the policyholders what belonged in equity and justice to them. It has always kept its light shining "a little in front o' the next."

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