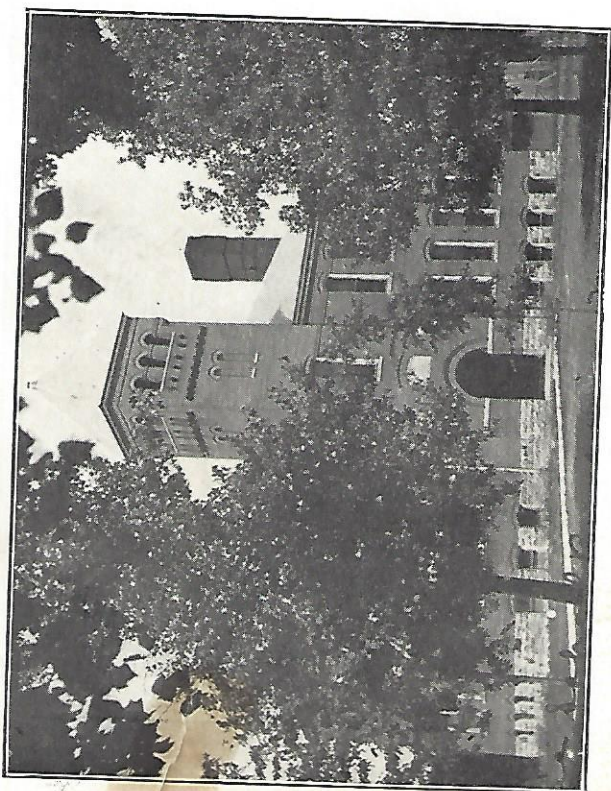
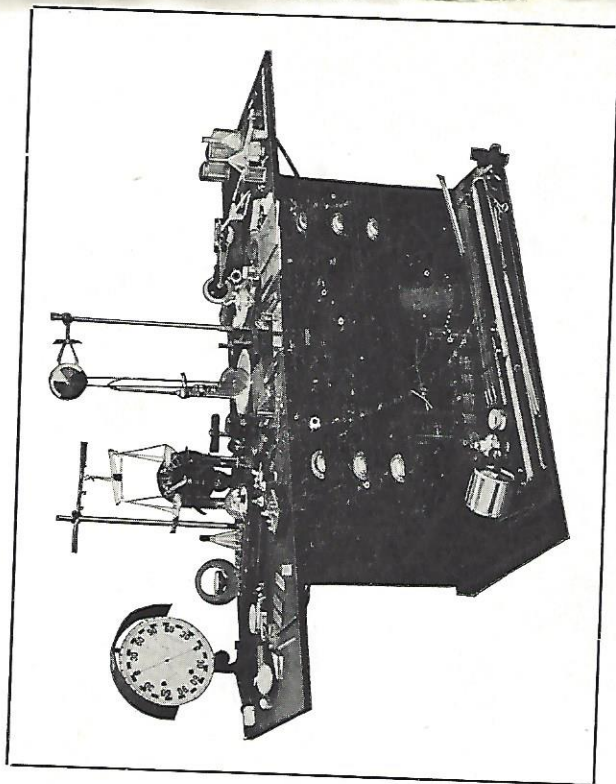


LAF-VAL PHAGG

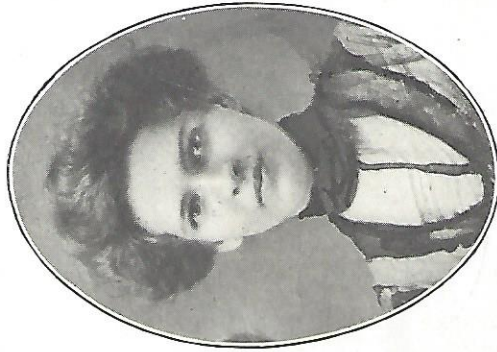
1912

Laf=val Phagg 1912 Annual

Edited by Seniors of
Montone High School
Montone, Indiana



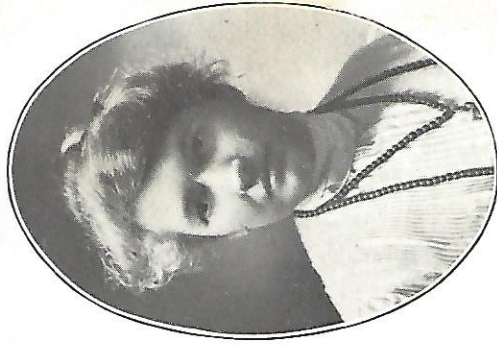
FACULTY



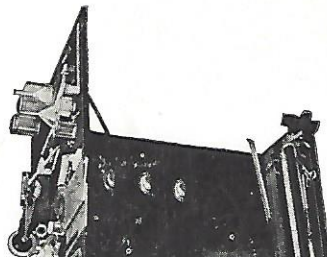
ADELINE BOGGESS, Prin.
English and Latin.



I. A. MEREDITH, Supt.
History and Mathematics.



DEBORAH STRONG
Music and Drawing.



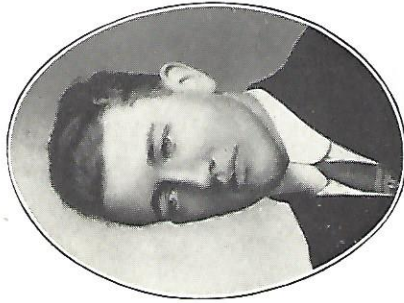
SENIORS



MERVEL SMITH
 President Class '12
 Basket Ball Center '09, '10, '11, '12
 Base Ball, '10, '11
 Captain Basket Ball Team '12



HELEN EDDINGER
 Secretary Class '12

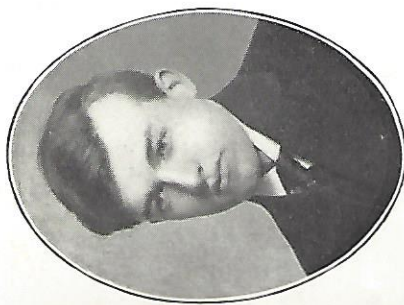


DON JENKINS
 Class Treasurer
 Base Ball '11
 Basket Ball Forward '10, '11, '12



ERMA MEREDITH
 Class Historian
 Captain Girls' Basket Ball Team
 '10, '11, '12

SENIORS



REA WARD
Member Joke Committee



ZOLAH HORN
Member Joke Committee



LESLIE LAIRD
Class Biographer



OCIE SWICK
Writer Class Will



MEREDITH
Historian
Basket Ball Team
0, '11, '12

SENIORS



NELLIE TUCKER
Class Poetess



EVA DILLE
Editor
Basket Ball '11, '12



VELVA LEAVITT
Class Prophetess
Basket Ball '12

BIOGRAPHIES OF SENIORS

Names.	Appearance.	How Spent Childhood.	What they love best.	By-Word.
Erma Meredith	Hard to tell	Delivering papers	Playing basket ball	Ye gods and little ^{fishes}
Don Jenkins	Classy	Combing his hair	Girls	[class Judas Priest]
Eva Dille	Thru glasses	Primping	Teaching a Sunday school	O, joy
Velva Leavitt	Neat	Making "sorghum"	Dancing	O, hen
Mervel Smith	Almost out of sight	Fishing at Tippecanoe	Drawing (air) castles	Fiddlesticks
Zolah Horn	Tall	Always made on time	Rea	O, gee
Rea Ward	Sweet	Day dreaming	Talking	By heck
Nellie Tucker	"Feverish"	Down on the farm	The "Blues"	Hasn't any
Helen Eddinger	Ever the same	Spending pennies	Studying	Glory Bill
Leslie Laird		Playing marbles for "keeps"	Watermelon	Heaven's sake

Names.	Nickname.	Favorite Song.	How Gained Fame.	Destiny in Life.
Erma Meredith	Lengthy	No Wedding Bells for Me	Director Senior orchestra	Great musician
Don Jenkins	Bruno	Grizzly Bear	Flirting	Henpecked husband
Eva Dille	Dill	Hello Central, Give Me Heaven		"Hello" girl
Velva Leavitt	Pet	Please Don't Take Me Home		Actress
Mervel Smith	Hank	"Casey Jones" and variations	President Senior class	Professor of Latin
Zolah Horn	Happle	Where Is My Highland Laddie	Playing the guitar	Farmer's wife
Rea Ward	Grandpa	Who's Kissing Her Now	Born with it	Farmer
Nellie Tucker	Ned	All I Ask Is Love	Never acquired any*	Poetess
Ocie Swick	Puss	I Want to Be An Angel	Painting	Old maid
Helen Eddinger	Snips		Never acquired any*	Artist
Leslie Laird	Shorty		Never acquired any*	Bachelor

*But means to soon

PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS TO CLASS OF 1912

Mr. Superintendent, Madam Principal and School
Mates—

We have long been together toiling and struggling to make our school a success and gain for ourselves the treasures which an education affords us. We have come to the time when we must part. As we look back o'er the happy school days we see them in their greatest grandeur, and as we advance into the future they will continue to grow brighter. It is indeed hard to say good-bye to those with whom we have labored these happy years; it is hard to bid farewell to those happy days which we have so long enjoyed. But there is a time in each of our lives when we must give our

service to a more noble task than the betterment of our own welfare. We are about to be launched into the great sea of life, which is in readiness to carry us to the sands of failure or the isle of success. No longer will we have our faithful teachers to guide us, but we ourselves must be at the helm with a steady hand of self-reliance to guide, and an upright character to light us thru this mighty sea. Let us not then say good-bye with sad hearts, but rather with a determination to make our lives a success and be a blessing to those about us; go forth upon our journey hoping to meet in the future with something done.

—Mervel H. Smith.

HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF '12

A dozen years ago, on a bright morning early in September, twenty-nine shining faces of twenty-nine small boys and girls, ages ranging from five to seven years found their way with tablet and pencil and perhaps a lock-box to the divine oracle of the primary department, Miss R. C. Grecher, who has performed the duty of starting nineteen such classes on their upward way to Seniorism.

Some of those that made the start in 1900 are now sailing on the high seas of matrimonial bliss, and have children who in a few years will act out the same old story over again. Others are out fighting the battles of the world or staying at home with mother. One is making up a part of the Class of '12 of a California High School, and some a part of the Class of '13 of a certain Indiana High School. Three of them are dead, Lena Rynearson and Susie Blue passing away as a result of an attack of dropsy, and Bernard Manier, who was president of the Class of '12 at Warsaw, Ind., drowning in the early fall of 1911. Only four girls, Helen Eddinger, Velva Leavitt, Eva Dille and Erma Meredith, have come up through the twelve years of their school life together.

During the remarkable career of the class it has had but twelve different teachers, all but three of whom were women. Perhaps to this fact is due the meek

and gentle spirit of the class—on compulsory occasions

On another September morning in 1908, almost exactly eight years after the September morning first mentioned, eleven Freshmen, without the legendary look of "shrinkage and dropsy" on their faces, but showing a gleam of resolution, perseverance and school spirit, stood with folded arms in a semi-circle around the foot of a long, narrow, steep stairway. On the front of each step was engraved in dark, shadowy letters or shining gold ones, (depending upon the person by whom they were seen) inscriptions which brought little meaning to the future Class of '12. As they let their eyes soar upward over the list, a part of which were Caesar, Algebra, English, Rhetoric, Cicero, Geometry, Ancient History, Mediaeval History, U. S. History, Commercial Arithmetic, Physics, Music, Drawing, Physical Geography and Civics, they at last rested their eyes upon a diploma standing at the summit in a blaze of resplendent glory.

As Freshmen the year passed peacefully and prosperously, perhaps too peacefully for some, for the other classes held not independence as their standard but rather conservatism, and permitted the Freshies to "go upon their way rejoicing." The star subject during '08-'09 was Physical Geography, not only stor-

ing up in the hardening craniums of the class memories of long lost rivers and newly formed lakes, but furnishing brilliant inspirations to the pupils to write satires, the most biting of which might now be found in the backs or fronts of the texts then used, some of which might be unearthed from an age long past.

In 1909-'10, in response to an invitation from the Akron High School, nearly all the Sophomores, accompanied by other members of the High School, attended a lecture given by a minister of that town, for the benefit of the surrounding High Schools who attended. At this time the "ten braves" flashed the Old Rose and Green, which has recently given place to the more desirable Navy Blue and White.

As it is usually in any history, when nothing of importance happens, it is then that things are going most peacefully; so it was in the Junior year of the class, when nothing of sufficient importance to be recorded in these annals took place.

Their career as Seniors was especially brilliant, owing to the predominance of their musical talent. The mock orchestra, organized in the early fall, took the High School by storm, and about five months later figured prominently in the entertainment at an Eastern Star banquet.

The morals of the class have been especially good, no one using any profane language except the president, who frequently gave vent to his feelings in Medieval History class in such expressions as, "At that time the people thought that divine right was given to the king by God." Notwithstanding this, he is a total abstainer, this characteristic being shown in his love for the song "Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes."

The genius of the class who outshines all others is Don Jenkins, who carries out his line of high kicking very forcibly when it is possible to obtain a floor oiled to the right degree of slipperiness. In the mock trial given by the class during the term, the oratorical ability of Rea Ward was shown to a good advantage, and although his modesty equals his ability, his eloquence and power of expression swayed the opinions of the listeners and jury to his side.

Although there may be a few blots on their past record, the class is not ashamed of their career as students, and have unanimously agreed that:

Of all sad thoughts that pass through their brow,
The saddest is this: "It is all over now."

—Erma G. Meredith.

SENIOR CLASS YELL

Zickety-boom-Rah! Rah!
Zickety-boom-Rah! Rah!
What's the yell? Nineteen twelve.
Hoorah! Hoorah!

What, all right? Blue and white.
Wah-hoo-Wah!
Seniors-Rah!

CLASS PROPHECY '12

Act I, Scene I.

A Scene from the Drama of Life.

A street; Mervel Smith and Rea Ward meet.

Mr. Smith—Well, well, old boy, where did you come from? Where have you been for the last twelve years, anyway?

Mr. Ward—Well, who would ever have thought of seeing you here? I just came last evening from California, where I have been for the last five years.

Mervel—Well, I am certainly delighted in seeing you here, but what are you doing now?

Rea—Well, just at present am planning a honeymoon, but I—

Mervel—Really?

Rea—Yes, I cannot deny it, but that is just a side issue. For the last three years I have busily engaged in trying the great Bryan case.

Mervel—Am certainly glad to hear of your success, but speaking of your honeymoon, who is the victim? Why are you back here in Indiana?

Rea—Really, I don't see why you can't see the reason I am here. Don't you remember those eyes of jet?

Mervel—Oh, yes! "Over the Garden Wall."

Rea—Mervel, you haven't yet told me of your past twelve years of life.

Mervel—No, but perhaps you know something of

them. I have been senator for the last two years and was instrumental in securing woman's suffrage in Indiana. Am at present contemplating running for president and would certainly appreciate your help in any form.

Rea—I can congratulate you on your great success and will do all I can in helping you. But why should you alone share all the glories of president?

Mervel—Oh, I have a partner. I presume you remember Ruth.

Rea—Oh, yes, but have you any plan in view for securing votes?

Mervel—No. Can you suggest any?

Rea—An indoor picnic would be advisable. Here is the alumni list. I'll read a few of the names of the best politicians:

Don A. Jenkins, Prof. Civil Engineering, N. W. U.

Leslie Leard, Minister, Terre Haute, Ind.

Helen Eddinger, Prof. of Art, Florence, Italy.

Erma Meredith, Music Teacher, Dresden, Germany.

Eva Dille, Stenographer, Chicago, Ill.

Nellie Tucker, Red Cross Nurse (specially treating the blues), Indianapolis, Ind.

Ocie Swick, Teacher of English, Winona, Ind.

Zolah Horn, Teacher of History, LaPorte, Ind.

I'll read no more. We have there enough material.

been especially good, language except the vent to his feelings in expressions as, "At hat divine right was withstanding this, he characteristic being shown Me Only With Thine

atshines all others is line of high kicking o obtain a floor oiled s. In the mock trial term, the oratorical o a good advantage, his ability, his elo- swayed the opinions e.

blots on their past their career as stu- ed that:

urrought their brow, over now."

ma G. Meredith.

and white.

We'll have them here for the picnic.

Mervel—Good! We'll have it Sept. 6. Come, go home with me.

Scene II.

Room chosen for the picnic. Erma and Nellie.

Nellie—Won't it be lovely for all of us to be together again? And I'm so glad they chose you and me to do the decorating.

Erma—Oh, yes. But say! What will we do first?

Nellie—Let's decorate the room in dark blue and pure white and have lilies of the valley on the mantle and—

Erma—Oh, those horrid colors! I won't have them. Why, they are as old as the hills. Here are Ocie and Zolah now. Let's ask them.

(Enter Ocie and Zolah.)

Erma—Say, girls, do you want to decorate the room in blue and white and have—

Zolah—Well, I guess not. I always just hated those old colors.

Ocie (In her pacifying manner)—Now listen, girls; we should not quarrel over such a small thing. Just think what those colors mean to us. Really, I think we should have them even if they aren't pretty.

Erma—Well, I suppose we'll have to put up with them.

Zolah—I suppose so.

Nellie—Say, what kind of a program is there to be?

Erma—Oh, our old M. H. S. orchestra will play, and Rea will sing a solo and it's swell—but I'll not tell you all.

Nellie, Ocie, Zolah—Oh, please do!

Erma—Well, Helen Eddinger will play a piano solo; Nellie and Ocie will sing a duet; Eva Dille will give some readings; Zolah will play a piano solo; I guess I'll play a violin solo; and, oh yes! Don Jenkins will render a bluff.

Scene III.

The picnic. Orchestra, "School Days."

Don Jenkins—This is a day for which we have been eagerly waiting; a day which should be the merriest of the whole campaign. You all know the purpose of this gathering. It is needless for me to introduce to you one of the most highly esteemed men of our country, and one of whom we, as a class, are justly proud. No one is more worthy of being called the President of the U. S. than our highly honored Mr. Mervel Hank Smith, the ditcher.

All—Long live our next President!

Mervel—Classmates and fellow citizens: It gives me great pleasure to stand before you this afternoon as the chosen one of our great party. I am glad to see your happy faces once more, glad because it brings back the four happy years we spent together. Friends, you all know me. Among you I have lived from youth. Among you the most sacred ties of earth were formed. To you, dear classmates, I owe all that I am now. There is but one thing which is my sole aim, and that is, to preserve and to protect our country. Heretofore I have been weak and frail in power, yet great in mind. I am glad to see the end so near at hand. I hope that my work has not been and will not be fruitless.

do!
play a piano solo;
Eva Dille will give
tano solo; I guess
Don Jenkins will
(Exuent all.)

"I Days,"
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ned men of our
class, are justly
being called the
hly honored Mr.

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because it brings
gether. Friends,
ved from youth.
th were formed.
that I am now.
le aim, and that
try. Heretofore
t great in mind.
nd, I hope that
fruitless.

All—Long live our school mate!
At lunch.

Leslie (Returning thanks)—
Bless all the taters,
Bless all the meat;
All that are hungry
Sit down and eat.

Ferna—Just look at Rea Ward eat pickles.
Don (aside to Zolah)—Say, Zolah, if you don't want
all your cake I'll eat it.

Rea—Well, say, Mervel, have you any vague idea

how old a man must be to be President?
Mervel—Oh, about thirty-five years, I guess.
Don—Well, I think you'll wait a few years.
Leslie—Isn't he old enough?
Don—I think he lacks about two years.
Rea—He can be President anyway. Why, why not?
He won't be any wiser in two years than he is now,
and no one can tell by looking at him but what he is
old enough.

—Velva Leavitt.

GOD'S LOVE

It was God who once made this old world,
Made it full of its sorrows and joys;
But it's love that is ever unful'd,
And it's shown in peace, not in noise.

And our God loves us all just the same,
'Tho' sometimes it does seem very odd,
When he gives life to crippled and lame,
And he takes those we love 'neath the sod.

But the lesson he wants us to get,
Is that we, thru our love, symathize,
That we cheer those who cry and who fret,
That we help him who works and who tries.

In return for this duty, he'll give
Us, beyond this cruel world and the grave,
Life eternal with him; we will live
With the One who is willing to save.

—Helen Eddinger.

CLASS POEM

The colors are pure white and blue,
In this small class of 'leven;
The motto is one that is true,
And all are boys but seven.

Some days were dark, while others gay,
And some were filled with cares;
The twelve short years have passed away
And future only dares.

So swiftly they have come and passed
That dark ones seem but few;
Those school days tho' shall ever cast
A brightness in our view.

There's not a day in all these years
But what some lesson new
Was learned, and now eyes fill with tears
To think school-days are thru.

Each one shall take a different lane,
And each shall ever meet
The joys of life, and e'er the same
Will school day memories keep.

Farewell, dear classmates, one and all,
And happy ever be;
May each one pass thru life's long hall
And meet in eternity.

—Nellie Tucker.

GOING TO A FIRE

Look at the smoke at the top of the tower;
'Tis unusual for bells to ring so;
It's taking the shape of a beautiful flower;
Oh, look at the blaze just below.

The tower is a-fire and the noise is increasing;
Here comes a wagon and buckets and men;

The town is astir and the smoke is decreasing;
Run get the buckets and we'll be off then.

And then I awoke—it was only a dream;
The tower was the same as before;
A lesson was learned, tho' queer it may seem,
For the tower was a life just next door.

—Nellie Tucker.

THE CLASS WILL

We, the undersigned and haughty Class of Nineteen Hundred and Twelve, do declare this to be our last will and testament:

Article I.

To Mentone High School—Another large, enthusiastic, hardworking, dignified and well behaved graduating class.

Article II.

To the Faculty in General—The right to flunk any member of the next year's Senior Class, and to enforce all the rules and regulations which you are unable to enforce upon us.

Article III.

To Board of Control—A rest from the petitions of Nineteen Hundred Twelve, and restful nights and peaceful dreams.

Article IV. (Special.)

To Dale Morrison—Rea wishes to give his number ten shoes.

To Mabel Hudson—Velva gives her giggler.

To Marguerite—Mervel delivers his Latin pony.

To Miss Boggess—A diligent and enthusiastic Physics class next year, and all the worn out laboratory apparatus.

To Miriam—Eva's right of taking afternoon walks.

To any Freshman—The right to put in two hours study on History.

To Frank Bidelman—Leslie's good temper.

To Dale Doran—The right to go buggy-riding with any girl he has a chance.

To Firl Blue—Nellie's poetic license.

To Mary—Don's best wishes.

To John—Erma's right to play in K flat.

To Ruth Hollands—Helen's artistic talent.

To Faye Jones—The right to go automobiling next March.

To Ruth Kizer—Rea's Latin translation.

To James—The permission to play hockey from school next Thanksgiving.

To Mr. Zentz—A rest from closing the door after the dignified 'Twelves.

To Snowden—Zolah temporarily gives up her position as most charming pupil of Miss Boggess.

To Mars—Ocie's sole right to chew gum in class during vacation.

To Henry Bruehl—All the girls of Nineteen Twelve bequeath their superfluous affections.

To Ethel Gill—The sole right to remain at home on a "Dewey" morning.

To Harry—The right to stand in the corner to prepare his Latin.

years

with tears

lane,

name

deep.

and all,

long hall

—Nellie Tucker.

is decreasing;
be off then.

dream;

fore;

it may seem,
ext door.

—Nellie Tucker.

To Forrest—Don's reserved right to forget to prepare his lessons.

Article V.

(To the Classes.)

To the Freshman Class—The following advice, accepting which will lead them to glory: Copy the Class of Nineteen Hundred and Twelve; learn to work if not to win; development comes sooner through bearing failures than successes—it isn't fun, but still look at Nineteen Twelve and be encouraged.

To the Sophomore Class—All the wealth of love and

blessings they may desire, and the right to study a little harder that some day they may be able to reach the dignified position of a Senior.

To the Juniors—We bequeath the Class of 1913 the privilege (which we did not have) to converse and laugh during school hours. Also other Senior privileges. Then last of all, the dignity and glory which a Senior experiences.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto subscribed my name and affixed my seal.

Ocie G. Swick.

JUST IMAGINE:

Leslie Laird in love.

Mervel Smith without Ruth.

Helen Eddinger playing basket-ball.

Erma Meredith without Kelley.

Ocie Swick with a pompadour.

Eva Dille with curly hair.

Don Jenkins not trying to make a hit.

Rea Ward in knickerbockers.

Zolah Horn with light hair.

Nellie Tucker without the "Blues."

Velva Leavitt without three handkerchiefs.

JONQUILS

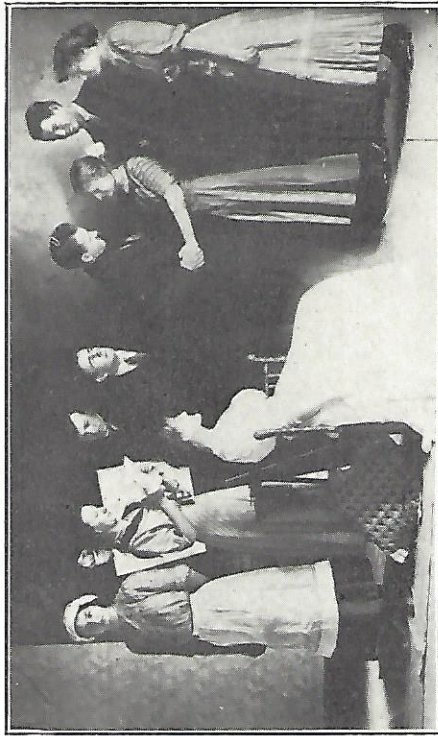
If Mr. Meredith can do a sum in arithmetic, can Miss Boggess Adeline?

If all the girls left town would John Lackey sweet-heart?

If Don Jenkins joined the army would it make Girl Blue?

If someone kidnaped Erma Meredith is it any sign Mars Tucker?

If all the candles went out would they borrow Ocie Swick?



CLASS PLAY "Esmeralda"

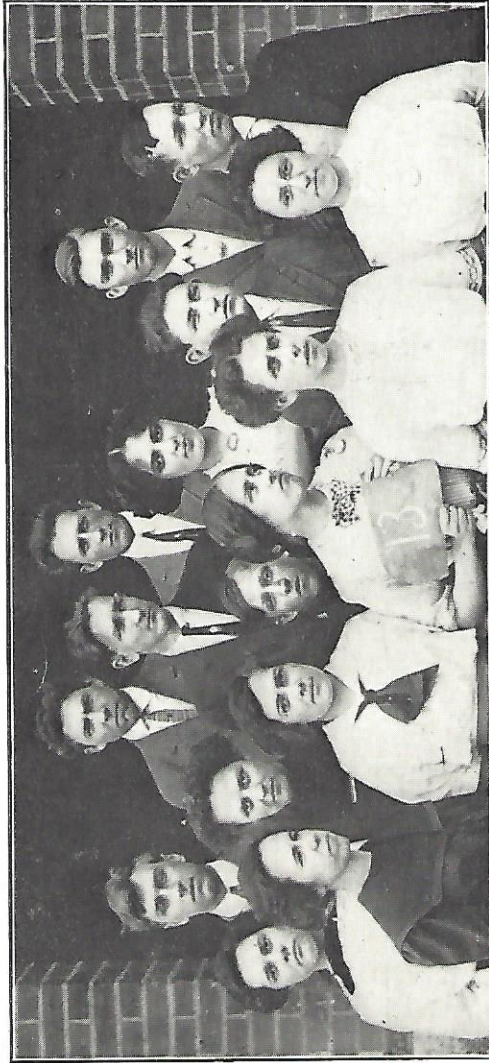
ROLE OF CHARACTERS

Mr. Elbert Rogers..... Mervel Smith
Mrs. Lydia Ann Rogers.....Erma Meredith
Esmeralda Rogers.....Nellie Tucker



Dave Hardy..... Don Jenkins
Mr. Estabrook..... Leslie Laird
Jack Desmond..... }
George Drew..... } Rea Ward
Miss Nora Desmond..... Eva Dille
Miss Kate Desmond..... Helen Eddinger
Marquis De Montessin..... Don Jenkins
Sophie..... Zolah Horn

CLASS OF 1913



Mars Tucker	Dale Doran	Frank Bidelman	Dale Morrison	Don Ernsberger
Mary Long	James Smith	Marguerite Dunlap	John Lackey	
Miriam Boggess	Kenneth Mollenhour	Ruth Keitzer	Ruth Hollands	Snowden Kessler
	Faye Jones			

CLASS OF 1915



Henry
Bruehl

Jessie
Gill

Harry
Smith

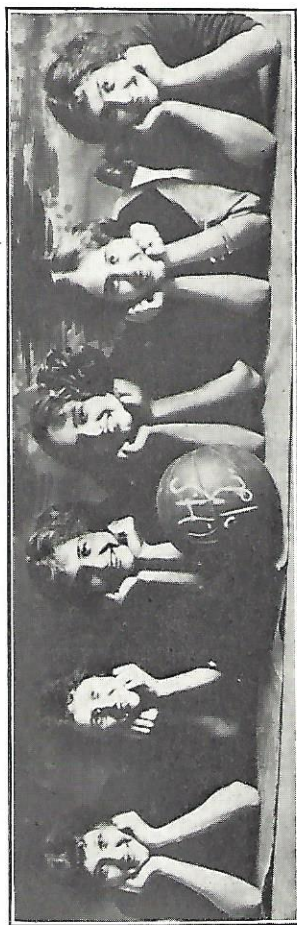
Mary
Nellans

CLASS OF 1914



Ethel Gill Claude Bayne Opal Beeson Fred Sheely Hazel Hudson
Irene Lyon Forest Kessler Madge Wissler Marie Milbern

ATHLETICS



GIRLS' BASKET BALL TEAM

