

The Homeric

Nineteen Hundred Twenty-One

THE HOMERIAN

VOLUME IX

PUBLISHED BY THE

SENIOR CLASS

OF THE

HOMER HIGH SCHOOL

HOMER, ILLINOIS

1921

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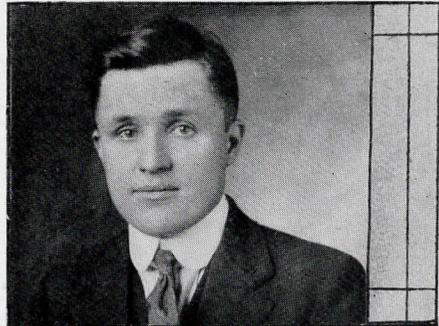
How do you like our new form? Owing to financial circumstances we decided that it was not possible to publish an annual. This spring as our finances improved we decided that we could publish a small *Homerian*, so here we are.

As next year marks the beginning of the Homer Community High School, this will be the last publication issued by Homer High School. We extend our best wishes to the class of 1922.

In this small publication we have tried to portray the events of this school year in the best possible manner.

THE EDITOR.

C. G. VERNON, Supt.
Hanover College B.S.
Mathematics
Basket Ball



D. L. TOON, Prin.
Indiana University
Central Normal College
Manual Training, History, Track



MRS. C. G. VERNON
Hanover College
U. of I.
Home Economics, Latin, English



ZOLA KENNEY
I. S. N. U.
Science





FLOYD R. ELLIOTT
 Class President
 Homerian Business Manager
 "Claim Allowed" '18
 "Arizona Cowboy" '19
 "Real Thing After All" '20
 Darktown Follies '21
 "Mary's Millions" '21
 Basket Ball
 President Tennis Association
 Track Meet '21

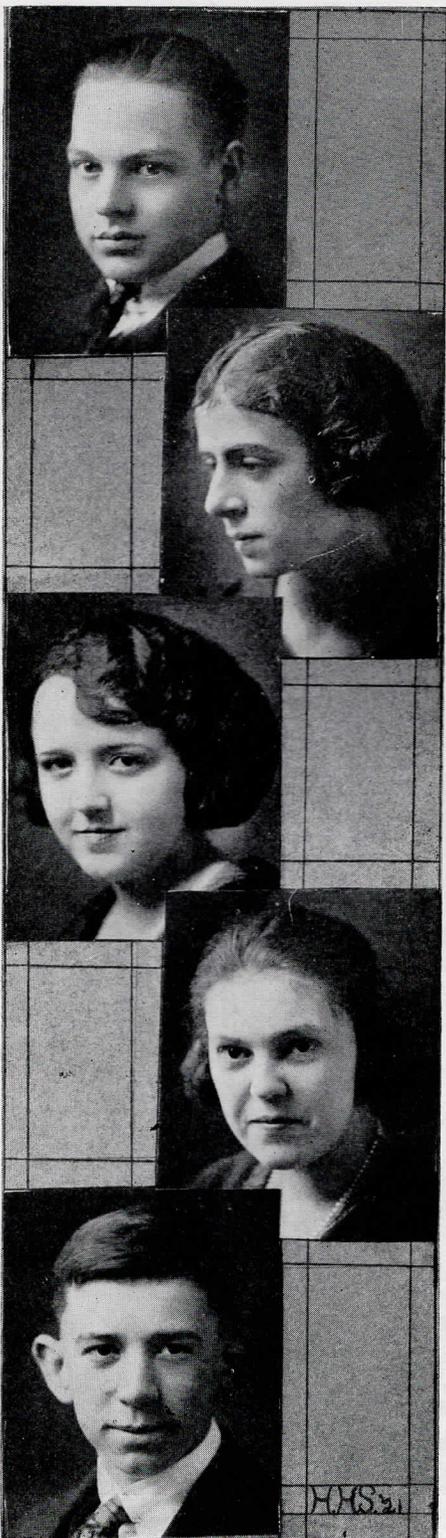
DOROTHY MAE ROLOFF
 Secretary and Treasurer
 Homerian Staff
 H. S. Vaudeville '20
 "Real Thing After All" '20
 Darktown Follies '21
 "Mary's Millions" '21
 Tennis Association

EFFIE IRENE WALLACE
 Homerian Staff
 "The Real Thing After All" '20
 Vaudeville '20
 Darktown Follies '21
 "Mary's Millions" '21
 Tennis Association

PAULINE L. YOUNT
 Homerian Staff
 Vaudeville '20
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 Tennis Association

WALTER LYNNE AKERS
 Homerian Staff
 "Arizona Cowboy" '19
 "Real Thing After All" '20
 Darktown Follies '21
 "Mary's Millions" '21
 Basket Ball

Irene Wallace—"I live in hope."



RALPH S. BOWEN

Editor-in-Chief
"The Real Thing After All" '19
Darktown Follies '21
"Mary's Millions" '21
Athletic Association

HELEN CATHERINE HUFF

Homerian Staff
Vaudeville '20
"Real Thing After All" '20
"Mary's Millions" '21
Tennis Association

CATHERINE ELIZABETH
SMOOT

Valedictorian
Joke Editor
"Claim Allowed" '18
Vaudeville '20
"Real Thing After All" '20
Dark Town Follies '21
"Mary's Millions" '21
Tennis Association

ZELDA OLIVE ELLIS

Homerian Staff
"Real Thing After All" '20
Darktown Follies '21
"Mary's Millions" '21

R. RAYMOND HAYS

Salutatorian
Joke Editor
"Mary's Millions" '21
"Real Thing After All" '20

Ray Hayes—"Can't I go home?"

Class History

In the year of our Lord Nineteen Hundred and Seventeen, there came to H. H. S. a band of the tribe of Freshman. Beholding them the upper classmen communicated thus among themselves: "Surely these are not of that tribe called Freshman; they have not that greenish tinge common to Freshman. Notice their methodical note-passing, their systematic whispering, and their improved ways of giggling. Ah! they are fit to be numbered among our own." So saying they spoke among themselves and the Freshman were made welcome in the land of H. H. S.

Nine long months they toiled, during which several of the tribe learned to address their "heart's desire" with such a phrase as "*Amo te.*" Then because of their wisdom and virtue they passed over the rough roads and stormy hills of the Freshman land into that swampy plain called Sophomore.

Their traveling in this plain was uneventful with the exception of a few of the tribe almost succumbing in the swamps of Caesar and Geometry, but always the tribe's noble efforts saved them.

At last they rose to the height that they were on a great slope of a hill called the Junior. Here several had difficulty to keep from slipping, but always the tribe's "stick-to-it-iveness" came to the rescue.

Upward they strode until one beautiful morning in May, 1920, they found they were at the top of the hill and they marched into the land of the Seniors. Here in this land of paradise they stayed nine months.

Then—one day, in fact four years from the time they entered H. H. S., they marched in a body triumphantly out of the kingdom of H. H. S. into the wide world, each member of the tribe capable and ready to take his place in life.

DOROTHY ROLOFF.

Class Will

Knowing that our career in this realm is fast ebbing away, we, the Seniors of '21, being in all respects sane and "sanitary," do hereby give and bequeath our earthly possessions to the following persons, to-wit:

To Miss Zola Kenney, our class adviser, we give and bequeath our continual praise for her untiring efforts taken in our behalf as well as her interest in all school activities.

We, the Seniors, bequeath our dignity to the Juniors, which we have upheld this entire year with great reverence.

I, Floyd Elliott, do bequeath to Warner Broadbent the privilege of escorting Ruth home after school.

I, Pauline Yount, bequeath my giggles and mischievousness to Dollie Hixenbaugh of the Freshman class.

I, Dorothy Roloff, do bequeath my "gift of gab" to Paul Satterfield. It has gotten me out of several scrapes and if Paul starts going with the feminine sex he will surely need it; also, my voice modulation to Madge Schmink.

I, Irene Wallace, bequeath my Romeo and Juliet love affairs to Herman Rohl and Roxie Brown and hope they will have as good a luck as I have had.

I, Catherine Smoot, bequeath my dancing ability to Pauline Ellis in hope that she will enjoy as many dances as I have.

I, Lynne Akers, bequeath my good seat by the window, which can be used for a bed, also the large supply of chewing gum on it, to Ralph McElroy.

I, Zelda Ellis, do bequeath my intensive correspondence to Zerita O'Neil and hope she receives as many letters in the next year.

I, Ralph Bowen, bequeath my position as Editor-in-Chief on the staff to Jewel Moore if he is willing to suffer for the cause.

I, Helen Huff, hereby bequeath my weight of 102 pounds to Julia Umbanhowar and Gale Meyers in hope that they will weigh the same next year.

Duly sworn and subscribed this 26th day of May, 1921.

HELEN HUFF,
Class Attorney.

Witnesses:

KERNEL COOTIE
WINNIE WINKLE

Magic Mirror Revelations

One evening as I floated idly over the Venetian canals, in a beautiful gondola—the gift of my husband, for I had changed my mind after all and married an Italian Count, a fairy slipped into the vacant seat beside me and handed me a magic mirror. She immediately vanished and I turned to behold through the mirror a panoramo portraying the present activities of my class-mates who graduated years ago in 1921 from H. H. S.

I seemed to be looking into a hospital. Among the nurses alleviating pain and soothing patients, one seemed very familiar. All the years had not changed her, she was still the same happy Zelda, fulfilling the intentions known perhaps only to a few in the first year of her college life.

The vision faded. I saw a large and brilliantly lighted hall filled with an appreciative audience. The speaker held them as in a spell. Now they wept, then laughed. He turned them at his will. Who was he, do you ask? It was Raymond Hays, as I live.

Again the scene changed. I saw a book store. A school-girl asked for a copy of.....essays. The clerk said he had sold the last copy, but would get a supply. I heard the clerk say to a gentleman: "Schools are studying modern essayists instead of the older ones. Miss Smoot is one of the best recent writers." Not until then did I know that Catherine had met with such marked success.

Again the scene changed. In a quiet study I saw Pauline, who had entered upon her public career as poet. She had written several volumes and was preparing others.

Next I saw a room in which sat Helen talking to herself. I heard her say: "Yes, I suppose I am fond of hobbies; I taught school, traveled and now I am governess." She was happily situated in a wealthy broker's mansion in New York City.

Then came a doctor's office. Whom should I see but Dorothy. Don't misunderstand me. I do not mean that she was a doctor, but a doctor had conquered her fear so completely that she was no longer known as Miss.

Next in a store window was a large placard announcing a demonstration of a safety hat-retainer. In the store was Ralph Bowen, inventor of the patent hat-retainer, by means of which men were sure to find their hats where they left them.

A group of large and attractive buildings next caught my attention. It was Leland Stanford University and there surrounded by a group of ardent track fans was our former athletic star, Floyd Elliott, now their enthusiastic coach.

Following this, the view shifted to my old home town where Lynne Akers, contractor, had just finished paving the outskirts of Homer.

As the last picture faded the magic mirror slipped from my grasp and I awakened to find the clock striking one.

IRENE WALLACE.

Floyd Elliott—"Of all my father's family I love myself the best."

Bum-Bardment

For what is so rare as a day in June?
 When Julia Umbanhowar gets in tune.
 There's nothing left for the rest to do—
 But sit around till she gets thru.

* * * * *

Her father's president of the National Bank,
 But still she looks so lean and lank;

If we guess right,
 'Twill be good-night,

When she goes to meet her loving Hank.

* * * * *

Beauty's but skin deep, they say,
 So I'll will Hazel or bust;
 She hasn't very much beneath,—
 But gee! I like her crust.

—Alex Wrisk.

* * * * *

Our "Pekin" is as crazy's a loon,
 When out of the sight of Dewey Toon;

Then over comes Lynne

And then they begin

To work on a crazy old cartoon.

* * * * *

Ralph Bowen's sure a lazy cuss,
 Always trying to raise a fuss.

* * * * *

There was a girl named Irene,
 She wore crepe-de-chine;
 You could see more Irene,
 Than you could crepe-de-chine.

* * * * *

The boys may come and boys may go,
 But I go on forever.

—Millie.

* * * * *

There was a young lady from Michigan,
 To meet her we never would wish again,

She would eat of ice cream

'Til with pain she would scream,

And then order another big dish again.

* * * * *

Epitaph of a Young Lady.

Last week, Tuesday, Gentle Jane,

Met a passing railroad train.

"Ah! Good afternoon," she said,

But—the train just cut her dead.

Junior Class



BOTTOM ROW—Mary Lindley, Zerita O'Neil, Ruth Havard, Pauline Ellis, Anna Louise Steele.

SECOND ROW—Eula Graves, Sylvia Perry, Dolly Peters, Luella Davidson.

THIRD ROW—John Junkins, Ralph McElroy, Warner Broadbent, Alex Wrisk, Raymond Rogers, Jewell Moore.

President - - - - MARY LINDLEY

Vice-President - - - - ZERITA O'NEIL

Secretary-Treasurer - - - PAULINE ELLIS

Flower - Yellow rose

Colors - Light blue and gold

Helen Huff—Yes, she is to be a teacher.

“Juniorites”

Perfectly qualified for the dignified realm of Seniorhood is the present Junior class.

ANNA LOUISE—The baby of our bunch is also a prize essayist. St. Joseph is her favorite town.

WARNER—Class comedian—basketball center who keeps even with players by stepping on their feet.

LUELLA—Due to an illness and loss of appetite, was unable to continue her entire course.

RALPH—Basketball guard, has but one error to his credit (or discredit), he made dates with a Freshman femininity.

ALEX—Professor Pepp was indeed a dramatic star; ask Dr. Wilson just how far his light will shine in Pharmacy.

RUTH AND ZERITA—Connecting links in a human chain; never separated except on the basketball floor.

EULA—She scarcely ever smiles but, “keeps the noiseless tenor of her way.”

PAULINE—The Paderewski of our class is an agreeable mixture of: goodness, gossip and giggle.

SYLVIA—She writes well but talks little.

JEWEL—The subject of unquestionable habits and the object of material care.

JOHN AND RAYMOND—The scientifically inclined members of our group. They are noted for collecting tractor advertisements as well as for exemptions.

DOLLIE—Noted for Chicago correspondence, flashy stationery and fondness for her pet poodle.

MARY—Our President and basketball center; fond of a country pedagogue.

Sophomore Class



FIRST ROW—Thelma Heselden, Alice Bradford, Hazel Jurgensmeyer, Beulah Hall.

SECOND ROW—Roxie Brown, Georgia Elliott, Wilma Zeigler, Cecil Potter, Margaret Barton.

THIRD ROW—Karl Lee, Julia Umbanhowar, Harry Lee, Helen Canaday, Gordon Roloff, Charles Hodgson.

FOURTH ROW—Joseph Parrish, Mildred Haynes, Paul Elliott, Ruth Miller, Howard Hays.

President - - - - - KARL LEE

Vice-President - - - - - WILMA ZEIGLER

Secretary and Treasurer - MARGARET BARTON

Flower - Violet

Colors - Lavender and white

Pauline Yount—Young and giddy.

Sophomores

We're now the Sophomores of twenty-one,
With all our toils and all our fun;
We hope in the future we shall be
The dignified Seniors of twenty-three.

KARL LEE—"You tempt me with your laughing eyes."

WILMA ZEIGLER—"She will lie to no one with her flamed lip."

ALICE BRADFORD—"She forgets her own soul for others."

MARGARET BARTON—"She laughs as softly as if she sighed."

MILDRED HAYNES—A daughter of the Gods, divinely tall, and most divinely fair."

HARRY LEE—His soul in love with beauty, his senses all aswoon."

HAZEL JURGENSMEYER—"Dimples in her cheeks do dwell."

JOSEPH PARRISH—"A handsome lad is he. A B. B. star to be."

ROXIE BROWN—"O to abide in the desert with thee."

GEORGIA ELLIOTT—"Her world is love and him."

CHARLES HODGSON—"His eyes they brightly sparkle at the pretty things he views."

RUTH MILLER—"Her life is earnest work not play."

THELMA HESELDEN—"Fame, love and beauty on my footsteps wait."

HELEN CANADAY—"Fair and learned and good is she."

PAUL ELLIOTT—"Never idle a moment with success as his object."

JULIA UMBANHOWAR—"Her modest lips are sweet with song."

GORDON ROLOFF—"He loves all beauty without fear of harm."

HOWARD HAYS—"I hear some say, "This man is not in love."

BEULAH HALL—"She is gentle that does gentle deeds."

CECIL POTTER—"She wears her robes like the daintiest of queens."

Freshman Class



First Row—Lawrence Havard, Horace Brown, Owen Lindley, Willard Maxwell, Harry Smith.

Second Row—Dollie Hixenbaugh, Edith Huff, Julia Maxwell, Millie Lowell, Vida Boise.

Third Row—Roosevelt Danner, Madge Schmink, Pearl White, Nola Morgan, Joseph Thompson.

Fourth Row—Joe Perry, Paul Satterfield, Ralph Miller, Herman Rohl, Glenn Ellis, Howard Lacey.

<i>President</i>	- - - -	OWEN LINDLEY
<i>Vice-President</i>	- - - -	HOWARD LACEY
<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>	- -	HERMAN ROHL

Flower - Red rose

Colors - Gold and white

Motto - "Keep a-going"

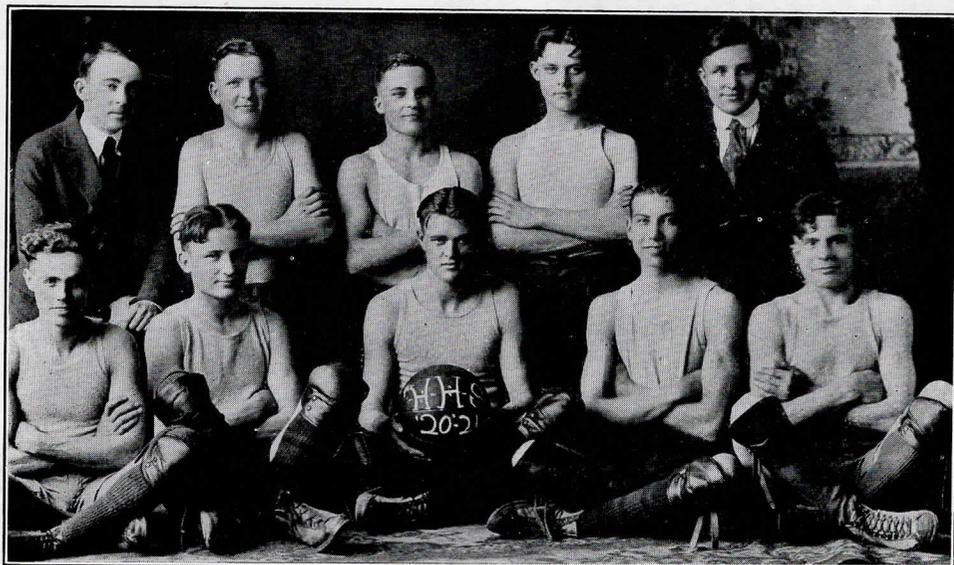
Catherine Smoot—She is the top-notch.

Statistics of Freshman Class

Chosen by Vote of Class

Baby of Class.....	Gale Meyers	Telephone operator.....	Nola Morgan
Future ambition of girls.....	Heart breaker.....	Herman Rohl
.....	Getting married	Big feet (girl).....	Pearl White
Future ambition of boys.....	Farmers	Big feet (boy).....	Ralph Miller
Most popular girl.....	Edith Huff	Most romantic girl.....	Pearl White
Most popular boy.....	Herman Rohl	Novelist.....	Paul Satterfield
Prettiest girl.....	Edith Huff	Biggest tease.....	Lawrence Havard
Most handsome boy.....	Herman Rohl	Class primer.....	Millie Lowell
Girl athlete.....	Millie Lowell	Slow poke.....	Ralph Miller
Boy athlete.....	Roosevelt Danner	Artist.....	Joe Thompson
Old maid.....	Dollie Hixenbaugh	Most sentimental girl.....
Bachelor.....	Paul Satterfield	Madge Schminck
Farmer.....	Joe Perry	Girl with prettiest hair.....	Edith Huff
Class peach.....	Millie Lowell	Musician.....	Horace Brown
Biggest gad.....	Harry Smith	Soprano singer.....	Edith Huff
Tom boy.....	Pearl White	Most brilliant girl.....	Vida Boise
Favorite loafing place.....	Assembly	Most brilliant boy.....	Ralph Miller
Class comedian.....	Lawrence Havard	Romeo of class.....	Herman Rohl
Typical freshman.....	Willard Maxwell	Mechanic.....	Gale Meyers
Printer.....	Harry Smith	Class grind.....	Vida Boise
Carpenter.....	Roosevelt Danner	Preacher.....	Paul Satterfield

Basket Ball



FIRST ROW—F. Elliott, L. Akers, R. McElroy, W. Broadbent, R. Danner.
SECOND ROW—D. Toon, H. Rohl, C. Hodgson, R. Miller, C. G. Vernon.

The Athletic Association was formed at the beginning of the school year. Officers elected as follows:

President	-	-	-	-	Floyd Elliott
Secretary and Treasurer	-	-	-	-	Paul Elliott
Coach	-	-	-	-	C. G. Vernon
Manager	-	-	-	-	D. L. Toon

Most of the boys were new at the game but by hard practice we succeeded in winning four games. There is material for a good team next year.

GAMES WERE:

Nov. 5—Philo at Homer	Feb. 4—Catlin at Homer
Nov. 19—Longview at Homer	Feb. 25—Catlin at Catlin
Nov. 26—Sidney at Homer	Jan. 21—Oakwood at Homer
Dec. 3—Longview at Longview	Jan. 28—Sidell at Sidell
Dec. 10—Sidney at Sidney	Feb. 18—Oakwood at Oakwood
Jan. 7—Philo at Homer	March 4—Ogden at Homer
Jan. 14—St. Joe at Homer	March 5—Sidell at Homer

Mrs. Vernon—Is she talking again or yet?

Track Talk

The east side of the playground was marked off for track and field and from all indications it looks as if this part of athletic interest is to be one hundred per cent. The necessary equipment for the work was built in the shop.

The boys show good spirit and lots of pep and are out to be THE winners at the Fisher field meet. Under Mr. Toon's supervision, most any day Wrisk, Rogers, and Havard may be seen sprinting around the oval at Paddock speed. McElroy is the big boy with the shot while Elliott, Perry and Junkens show good form at hurdling, vaulting and jumping.

ENTRANTS AT FISHER ARE :

50-Yard Dash.....	Howard, Rogers
100-Yard Dash.....	Danner, Brown
220-Yard Dash.....	Wrisk, Ellis
440-Yard Dash.....	Brown, Danner
One-half Mile.....	Rogers, Brown
220 Hurdles.....	McElroy, Wrisk
One-mile Run.....	Perry, Wrisk
Running Broad.....	Perry, Elliott
Standing Broad.....	Broadbent, Rogers
Running High.....	Perry, McElroy
Pole Vault.....	Elliott, Junkens
Running Hop-step-and-jump.....	Elliott, Hayes
Shot-put.....	McElroy, Miller
Relay.....	Rogers, Howard, Elliott, McElroy

Social Activities

As a class we have been devoted to entertainment. Our opening event was in the nature of the usual, yet entirely unusual, Freshman initiation. After the wiener roast at Second Sandy, in which there was the usual scramble for wieners and pickles, we wandered over to the park, where the amusement was furnished by three dignified Senior girls—Dot, Min and Patsy. They endeavored to teach Freshmen boys the latest dancing steps.

“Sufficient unto the day was the evil thereof;” wherein the solemn Seniors, after due consideration and planning, purposely absented themselves from the Hall of Learning on Thursday afternoon, November 11. The afternoon was industriously consumed together with a huge quantity of fudge and reckless initiation into the “Truth Society” of a hitherto blameless Freshman. (Sequel: 45 minutes exams, following dismissal in austere presence of faculty.)

Our big money-making scheme for the year was in the nature of a fair, held at L. V. J. Hall in October. From five to six o'clock a cafeteria supper was served. One of the prettiest scenes was the Japanese Tea Room, decorated in cherry blossoms, fans and parasols. A large quantity of home-made candy and popcorn was sold. Excitement came from the twelve booths in which were the side-shows.

The Hallowe'en party was unusually ghostly and followed by various stages of dyspepsia, due to the heavy menu. The examination of the clammy fingers, bulging eyes and veins of a departed ghost proved too much for the timid females who rushed shrieking from the darkened hall.

The Seniors were barely recognizable on February 11, with their blackened faces, when they stepped out in “Darktown Follies.” Nearly every attic in town was ransacked, and the colonial Louis XIV and other old time costumes that were worn were very effective.

The spring high school party was held at the opera house Friday night, April 8. Each person was to represent some advertisement and many and varied were the costumes. The evening was spent in games and dancing. Refreshments were served by the committee. Everyone seemed to have an enjoyable time.

April 22—Magazine taken to press.

May 12—Junior-Senior Banquet at home of Pauline Ellis.

May 20—Senior play, “Mary’s Millions.”

May 22—Baccalaureate sermon at Presbyterian church by Rev. Robertson.

May 27—Commencement at opera house.

“PATSY” L. YOUNT.

Alumni

Since the initial class was graduated in 1885, 236 students have gone forth in various activities. This year marks the close of the Homer High School and the beginning of the Community High School.

Out of this number only fifteen have died, thus leaving 221 members of the alumni. Of this number 26 are teachers, 1 mechanical engineer, 1 real estate, 2 dentists, 2 mail clerks, 1 janitor, 5 lawyers, 1 contractor, 1 music teacher, 1 barber, 2 bankers, 2 civil engineers, 10 farmers, 1 lumberman, 2 druggists, 6 mechanics, 6 sales ladies, 10 bookkeepers, 1 minister, 1 chauffeur, 1 cook, 1 Y. M. C. A, 1 doctor, 1 lieutenant, 1 nurse, 2 chemists, 12 students, 87 who have the responsibilities of homes, 15 business men and 5 traveling salesmen.

Sometime in the future an Alumni Association might be formed to promote school interests in this community as well as to renew old friendships.

ZELDA ELLIS.

In Memoriam



VERNON RAY CURRENT

Born at Homer, Illinois, September 11, 1901

Died at Homer, Illinois, March 24, 1916



Sophomore Class—Just at the "giggly" stage.

What Fools We Mortals Be

Mr. Vernon (in Economics): "Now for example, what good would manual training be to a doctor?"

Lynne: "If he hadn't taken manual training what in the dickens would he do when he had to make a wooden leg?"

Warner: "Pass me the butter."

Mrs. Broadbent (reproachfully): "If what—"

Warner: "If you can reach it."

Mrs. Vernon: "You think only of yourself. What have you ever done to save other men from misery?"

Mr. Vernon: "Didn't I marry you?"

Paul Satterfield: "Gee, I envy Floyd Elliott."

Joe Parrish: "Why?"

Paul: "Just look at him now—new suit, new girl and everything."

Joe: "Aw, that's nothing but his old suit pressed over and his old girl repainted."

Alex: "Sorry, but I can give you only half as much castor oil for a dime as I used to."

Joe: "I'm not kicking—it's for me."

Dorothy: "Ralph, why don't you say something smart like other folks?"

Ralph: "Well, I could say smart things, too, if I could think of them."

Gale: "Gee, I got zero in algebra."

Joe T.: "That's nothing."

Gale: "What's nothing?"

Joe T.: "Zero."

Julia (in sewing class): "I can't find a pin; where do they all go to, anyway?"

Pauline E.: "It's hard to tell because they are pointed in one direction and headed in another."



Physics Class—Land of dreams—and then sad realities.

What Fools We Mortals Be

Herman (walking by graveyard): "Wouldn't it be ghastly if all the dead people here came to life again?"

Roxie (yawning): "No, indeed, I wish one of them would."

Mrs. V.: "What do you think of Oliver Goldsmith?"

Pauline Y.: "Oh, I like Oliver all right."

Jewell: "I dreamt I died last night."

Floyd: "What woke you up?"

Jewell: "The heat."

SOMETHING FOR THE GIRLS

We knew you would be inquisitive enough to read this. A boy wouldn't.

WARNER'S VERSION OF MACBETH

"Double, double, toil and trouble,

All that boils is sure to bubble."

Karl: "All the dead branches were killed."

FAMOUS UNIONS

— suits

Janitors' —

Western —

Andy and Min

Man is like a kerosene lamp—he is not overly bright; he often gets turned down; generally smokes; and frequently goes out at night.

Ray H.: "A fool used to blow out the gas."

Ralph B.: "And now?"

Ray: "He steps on it."

Alex: "Do you know that fellow over there?"

Mary: "Yes, that's Ralph McElroy. He sleeps next to me in M. and M. History while Toon raves about the kings getting their power by Gosh."

Our Aim—Success
Our Hope—To win
