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Kane Kan

["18"]

VOLUME IV



Caney Valley Historical Society

The 1918 Kane Kan

Published by

The Senior Class

Of the

Caney High School

Caney, Kansas





In appreciation of the great sacrifice that they are making, that we who remain at home may continue to enjoy unmolested the untrammelled freedom which is and has been the boon of every good citizen of this country to enjoy since the day of his birth, we, the members of the class of '18, respectfully dedicate this volume of KANE KAN to those of the class who are now serving the colors.

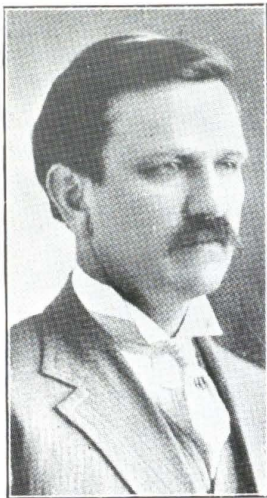
S. D. II.



Foreword

It has not been the aim of the publishers of this volume of the KANE KAN to trouble their friends with many lengthy essays and explanations of the High School curriculum. They have endeavored to portray as much of the life of the school as possible by means of the kodak. Where written articles have been deemed necessary, however, they have been gotten up with much care and precision by the most competent students who could be found. It is the desire of the publishers that this volume should be the means of creating a greater feeling of fellowship between the students, and a greater willingness of all to support the school in all its different activities. If they shall have succeeded in accomplishing these two ends they will feel fully repaid for the labor which this edition has cost them.

S. D. H.



CKLA.
PIUS B. HUMPHREY
Missouri Normal School
Superintendent



K.U.
HENRY A. SHINN
Kansas University
Principal



G.A.R.
T. M. ROBERDS
Pittsburg Manual Training Normal
Commercial



ELLEN BRUNNER
Kansas University
Foreign Languages



ELLEN COX
Kansas State Normal
English

Wellsville, Mo.



ELNORA CONRAD
Kansas State Normal
Expression

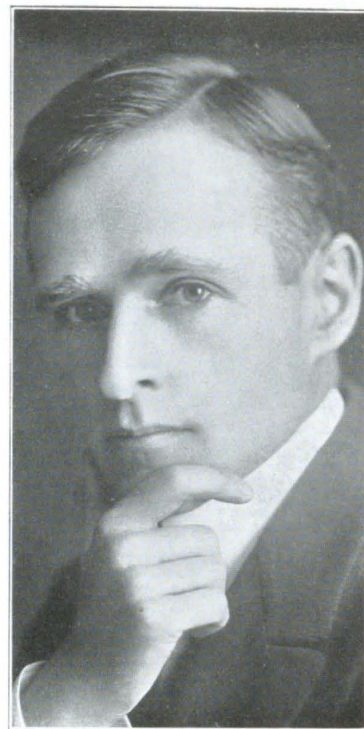
Conrad



ELSIE SMITH
Pittsburg Normal
Normal Training



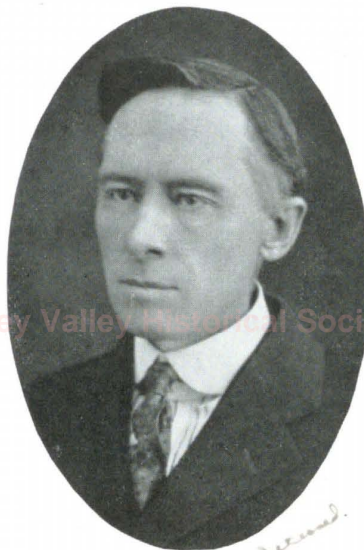
HELEN DONAHEY
Pittsburg Normal
Domestic Art and Science



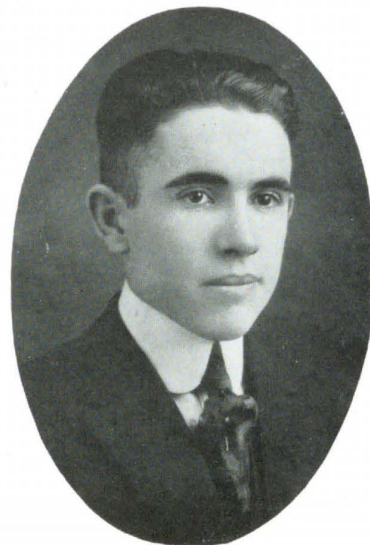
Denver
HERMAN L. MORTON
Bonn University, Germany
Music



EVA JARVIS
Librarian



ARTHUR FULTON
Union College, Nebraska
Science



ERNEST MCFARLAND
Caney High School
Manual Training

CALENDAR

SEPTEMBER

3. School opened with the coming of the Freshmen.
12. The new members of the Faculty passed inspection in Chapel Wednesday morning.
26. The soldier boys left for Fort Sill.

OCTOBER

2. Pep meeting held at the race track for the purpose of electing a yell leader.
5. Football game with Sedan.
12. Football game with Neodesha.
19. Football game with Cherryvale.
20. Freshman girls had an all-day picnic at the Roper farm.
29. Freshmen gave a Hallowe'en party at the Washington building. Several uninvited guests attended.
30. Sophomore Hallowe'en party given at the home of Edith Wills. Ask the boys about apples.
30. Junior-Senior Hallowe'en party.

NOVEMBER

2. Football game at Dewey.
9. Football game with Neodesha.
16. Football game with Cherryvale.
23. Football game with Dewey.
26. Donald McConnel left the C. H. S. to become a "Jackie."
28. First Literary program.
29. Thanksgiving vacation.
29. Thanksgiving football game at Coffeyville.

DECEMBER

10. Basketball practice began.
18. Special Chapel—Miss Cathey.
19. Literary program.
20. Debate with Parsons and Arkansas City.
21. Out for the Christmas vacation.

CALENDAR

JANUARY

2. The Vawter Company entertained in Chapel.
11. Basketball game with Collinsville.
18. Basketball game with Dewey.
25. Literary program.

FEBRUARY

1. Basketball game at Collinsville and Cedarvale.
2. Basketball game with Cherryvale.
8. Basketball game with Romona.
13. A very interesting talk was made by Dean Mitchell.
15. Literary program.
16. Basketball game with Sedan.
21. Two days' vacation.
22. Basketball game at Copan.

MARCH

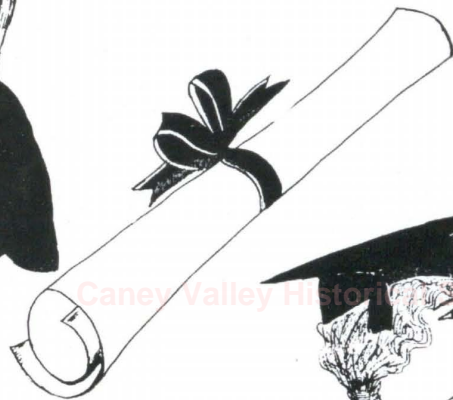
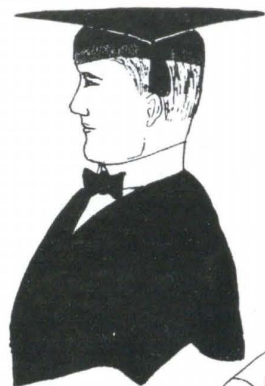
1. Basketball game at Dewey.
2. Basketball game at Sedan.
12. Basketball game with Coffeyville.
15. Basketball tournament at Pittsburg.
18. Basketball game at Bartlesville.
22. Literary program.

APRIL

6. Program for the Liberty Loan.
6. Annual goes to press.
20. Track meet at Bartlesville.

MAY

- Senior Play.
12. Baccalaureate Sermon.
13. Senior Class Day.
14. Commencement Exercises.
17. ??????????



Launched
But Not
Anchored
(motto)

SENIORS

E. Mabel Rowley

SENIOR CLASS

CLASS OFFICERS

HOMER MINNICK.....President
EVANGELINE ROBERDS.....Vice-President
THURLOW WEST.....Secretary-Treasurer
EVANGELINE ROBERDS.....Prophet
MARIA BYRAM.....Poet
MABEL ROWLEY.....Historian

CLASS COLORS

Alice blue and gold

CLASS FLOWER

White rose

CLASS MOTTO

“Launched but not anchored”

CLASS ROLL

Wilma McCall	Dot McGrew
Myree Clark	Beitrice Truskett
Beulah Smith	Gladys Patterson
Bernice Waters	Lillie Howell
May Rowley	Velva Striegel
Mabel Rowley	Evangeline Roberds
Maria Byram	Cecil Henderson
Marie Palmore	Launa Russell
Marie Shelton	Homer Minnick
Schubert Henry	Thurlow West



"I came, I saw, I conquered"
EVANGELINE ROBERDS
College Course

"I envy no mortal, tho ever so
great."
WILMA McCALL
Normal Training Course

"What is life without love?"
BEATRICE TRUSKETT *1919*
General Course

"Love is a form of insanity."
BERNICE WATERS
General Course



"On with the dance, let joy be
unconfined."

MARIA BYRAM
Commercial Course

"If you told her of Jacob's lad-
der she would ask you how
many steps it had."

MABEL ROWLEY
Normal Training Course

"Loves me: loves me not.
What's that to me?"

GLADYS PATTERSON
Normal Training Course

"Pleasant smiles make many
friends."

MYREE CLARK
Normal Training Course



"Soft as the dew from heaven
descends.

Her gentle accents fall."

VELVA STRIEGEL

Normal Training Course

"It is the quiet people who do
the work."

MAY ROWLEY

Normal Training Course

"When pleasure interferes
with work cut out the
work."

MARIE PALMORE

College Course

"A glad heart maketh a cheer-
ful countenance."

DOT MCGREW

College Course



*"He who falls in love with himself will
have no rivals."*

THURLOW WEST
College Course



*"He sighed to many, though he loved
but one."*

HOMER MINNICK
College Course



*"A worthy woman—who can find?
For her price is far above rubies."*

SCHUBERT HENRY
College Course



Teacher
Still waters run deep"
 CECIL HENDERSON
 Normal Training Course

Works in that school.
The king himself has followed her when she has walked before."
 MARIE SHELTON
 College Course

is engaged in other.
"Her heart is not in her work! It is somewhere else."
 BEULAH SMITH
 Commercial Course

Teacher
"Quality, not quantity."
 LILLIE HOWELL
 Normal Training Course

SENIOR HISTORY

The function of history is to accurately relate the events of the past. The purpose of history is two-fold: First, reading it for pleasure and for finding out what one can about the past, and second, the value received, such as finding out how to solve the present problems by studying the good and bad features of the solutions of past problems. But the history of the Senior Class, which is to be recorded, is principally for one purpose—recording of the principal events relative to the Senior Class so that those who read it will find out what they can of the past and so that the Seniors may relive the events, along with others not mentioned.

The events of this history will begin with the graduation from the Eighth Grade—but the fact that just two of the Seniors have attended the Caney schools all their school career must be mentioned. These two who have been together the twelve, thirteen or fourteen years of school are May and Beatrice. The rest of the Seniors have attended other cities' schools at the beginning of their school career or some time during it.

In the month of May, 1914, thirty-six Eighth Grade students graduated from the Grammar School. On entering the Freshman Class of High School in the

fall of 1914 the number increased to fifty-two. This "verdant" Freshman bunch organized themselves with Morrill Edmundson as president. Although the class had some problems to solve, it went through the year 1914-15 successfully. The principal social event was a Hallowe'en party. Very few of the Freshmen were initiated—because they were not considered so green by the other classmen, who had probably been greener when they were Freshies. This year passed rather slowly, as all Freshman years do.

Where, oh where, are the "verdant" Freshmen then? Safe in the Sophomore class, of course. The Sophomore Class of 1915-16, fewer in number, organized themselves with Thurlow West as president. These gay young Sophomores, then, had a chance to initiate some Freshies like other Sophs had done—bad example, wasn't it? This year was not as prominent a one as the others, so it passed away more rapidly.

Where, oh where, were the "gay young" Sophomores, then? Safe in the Junior Class. This year saw an increase in the number of class members, at first, and later became of a moderate size. The "Jolly Juniors" met and selected their officers for the ensuing

year, "Ted" Bowen being elected president. Each one in the class was now becoming more honored because the class was now progressing along the path of the four-year course and developing in all respects. Of course the Juniors were getting older, but two thought they were getting to be "old maids" already, so they "got married" about this time. The greatest event of the year was the Junior banquet, given in honor of the Seniors and the Faculty, as had been the custom for years gone by. Of course, the Juniors had a "swell" Hallowe'en party for the Seniors and the Faculty, but it was not very important considering the other one. Nineteen sixteen-seventeen passed quickly also, and now where were the "Jolly Juniors"? Safe in the Senior Class.

In September the small bunch of Seniors realized that this was their last year and prepared to take what subjects were needed for graduation. Each found out

several weeks later how many hours he would have and whether he was a "full" Senior or not. The class was sorry to lose two members in favor of the Junior Class, because the three previous years had not been fully attended. The class was also sorry, yet glad in one respect, because it was represented in the army by a number of its classmen. Because of this there were only three boys left in the Senior Class with sixteen girls. The Annual Staff was elected later on with Schubert Henry as editor-in-chief. All three boys were listed among the athletes—uncommon for all of the boys of a Senior Class to be so. The Senior Class will always look back on its school days as does the elderly man upon his boyhood days. This class will yield up its abode for the springing up of another to occupy it. Where, oh where, are the "grand old" Seniors now? Safe in the wide, wide world.

MABEL R.

SENIOR PROPHECY

About a fortnight ago, while stopping at the Hotel "Woodlawn" in San Francisco, as a reader on a lyceum bureau, I glanced over the advertisements in the lobby and my eyes fell on one which read, "Mlle. Ce la Palmore, Clairvoyant. Rooms on second floor." This name brought to my mind a girl I had known in the Caney High School. Seeking immediately, I found her to be the old classmate, known to us as "Greenie."

After a chat of our old C. H. S. days, she revealed her crystal, and presently we beheld an interior view of the Metropolitan, on the stage of which Maria Byram, a renowned contralto, was singing.

On shifting the position of the crystal, we gazed upon a wonderful oil painting, bearing the signature of Mabel Rowley. Thus another member of our class had succeeded in her high aspirations.

The next revolution of the crystal opened the doors to a comfortable home kept by Gladys Patterson and her own. On close observation the young woman assisting her in the kitchen was found to be Wilma McCall, whose ability as a cook was made evident by the tempting meal she was arranging on the table.

As this picture faded from our view, a hospital scene in France took form and a kind nurse, known to us as Cecil Henderson, was tenderly caring for the long-suffering patients, who were in a serious condition as a result of the war.

As it grew near noon, I was obliged to leave the apartments of my friend, the clairvoyant, and go to lunch. The waitress, on coming to my table, smiled in a friendly manner, as if she had met me. And indeed, she had. She was Lillie Howell, the quiet but cheerful Senior of old '18.

While waiting for my order to be filled, I cast a glance toward the table next mine. The gentleman seated at the table had a small leather bag. Presently he turned so that I could distinguish his features as those of Schubert Henry, our old basketball star. He had succeeded in his work as a physician, but his romance had failed.

While in the lobby of the hotel, a small, neatly dressed man stepped hurriedly past me and in doing so knocked my pocketbook to the floor. He turned, politely picked up the pocketbook and had started to give it to me when suddenly he stopped, looking me in the face. He was Homer Minnick, engaged in traveling over the United States, lecturing in his political campaign for president on the Supercivilized ticket.

Although I had but little time left in which to make my train, I preferred walking to taking a taxi, so I started to the Union depot. Passing along the street I noticed a poster in front of a picture show which read, "See the famous movie star, Beulah Smith, in the new feature film, 'The Girl on the Dollar.'"

While pausing to admire the charming poses of Miss Smith, I caught sight of a signboard near me which bore the inscription "Myree Clark," beauty specialist and manicurist." Although I felt sadly in need of her services, my time was limited, so I only stepped to the door of her shop, to recognize our own Myree. The young woman assisting her was Miss May Rowley, of whom we had expected wonders in the artistic world.

Having lost several minutes, I set out on a fast walk for the depot. On turning a corner I met a big fat policeman, face to face. I recognized this "cop" to be Thurlow West. Through conversation with him I learned that he had been united in marriage only one month before to Velva Striegal, another member of the famous class of '18.

As I was about to enter the depot I was approached by a small, trim little person, who from the first glance showed to be a journalist. She stopped me. Thus two more old schoolmates met—Bee Truskett and I.

I hurried into the depot to buy a ticket straight to Caney. A small woman who was sitting with her

back to the window, had heard me mention Caney, and had turned around to see who it was. This stenographer was our Marie Shelton, whom we called "Shorty." We had a good visit, since my train was an hour late.

I saw not a member of our class from the time I left San Francisco until I descended the steps of the train in the city of Caney. The first person my eyes fell upon was Dot McGrew. She was teaching Chemistry in the C. H. S. and at that time was starting to Topeka to attend the State Teachers' Meeting. She told me that Bernice Waters was the only member of our class besides herself who still resided in Caney.

I called on Bernice, who is still living with her mother, and she told me all of her school life, while in Chicago studying music, and at last I learned that she is employed by the Strand Theatre to play for the picture shows.

I must spend the remainder of my time in Caney in making new acquaintances, for I knew the whereabouts of each and every member of the Class of old '18, who have proven true to the Gold and Blue.

EVANGELINE ROBERDS, '18.

A SENIOR'S LAMENT

Oh, the days of the ferrule are over,
And the days of real learning begun;
Our happy school days are over,
With their school scraps, pranks and fun.

We cast fond glances backward
To the days that are gone by;
A feeling of old age comes o'er us,
And a picture comes to our eye.

We are in the "C" class again,
Small and careless and free,
Singing "Good-Morning, Merry Sunshine,"
Or reciting the A, B, C's!

Then we cast our eye along
Till the eighth grade we see in the vision;
We have mastered the troublesome history,
And ratio, proportion and division.

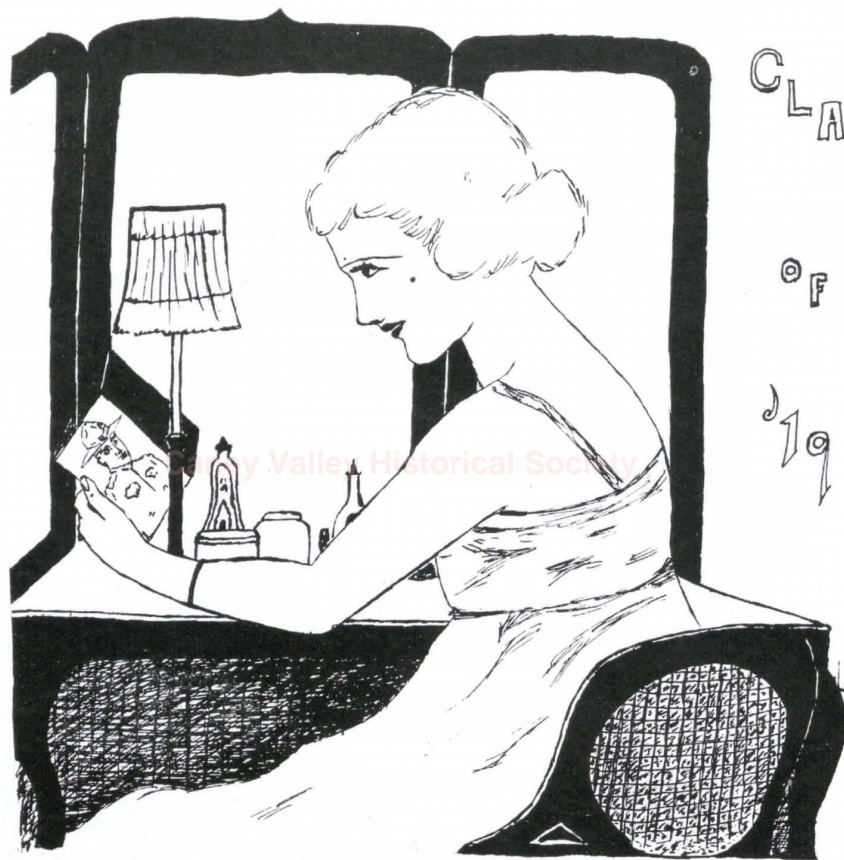
Then, to our fanciful eye
Comes the picture of a Freshman day,
When we were conceited, foolish and giggling,
And flunked in our algebra.

But we stuck to it for four long years,
Tho' we tho't it was costing us dear,
Till we reached our crowning glory,
Till we reached our Senior year.

Oh, this world is big and wide,
We have ambitions to rise—not fall;
We certainly have a chance of succeeding,
There is room enough for us all.

But we can't help regretting with sorrow,
Since we're now young women and men,
Our school days are gone forever,
Never to come back again.

MARIA BYRAM, '18.



CLASSES

OF

19

HENRY

Aug. 14, 1920

JUNIOR CLASS

CLASS OFFICERS

CARL HINKLE.....	President
HELEN BROWN.....	Secretary
BEULAH WINKLER.....	Treasurer
ISABELLA GRANT.....	Prophet
BEULAH WINKLER.....	Poet
MARGUERITE ATWOOD.....	Historian

CLASS COLORS

Purple and White

CLASS FLOWER

Red Rose

CLASS MOTTO

"Actions, not words"

CLASS ROLL

Marguerite Atwood - K. U.	Myra Killion - none. office work.
Gladys Bolinger - married	Homer Lipsey
Helen Brown - Emp. in Idaho	Mary Mattix - married.
Lelia Bryant - none.	Russel McFarland - senior '20.
Glenn Bunce	Leo Norris - working
Mayme Byram - married. married	Ben Olsen
Lloyd Cameron	Bonnie Parker - married
Jessie Daughtery - married	Faye Parker
Marie Doye - wife. office.	Ellis Patterson - working
Madge Earnheart - teacher	Ida Rowley - teacher
Marguerite Fisher - K. U.	Dean Stallard
Dennis Foote - married	Parolee Troxel - married. June, 1919
Alice Garr	Grace Thomas - "
Isabella Grant - B. U.	Cleta Waters - "
Trannie Hackney - senior	Beulah Winkler.
Carl Hinkle - senior '20	Alexandria Greer. "
Beulah Hughes - none	Losson Winkler
Ethel Ikerd - married	Ernest McClure
Beatrice Johnson - "	Clarence Shelton
Wilbur Neipling	Wallace Ward
Phillip Feist	



JUNIOR CLASS

JUNIOR CLASS HISTORY

History is said to repeat itself, but alas! not always to the one who is striving to write it.

The organization now known as the "Junior Class" had its origin from sixty-seven green "Freshies" who landed on the "stern and rock-bound coast" of Caney High School on September 5, 1915.

During our Freshman year we were kept busy adopting the customs of our upper classmen, so that in our Sophomore year, after having rested and recuperated in strength and mind and body, we once more entered the classroom, not as frightened "Freshies," but as those who have drank deep at the fountain of knowledge, and are well learned in the art of chewing gum, making love, and going to class unprepared.

In the beginning of our Sophomore year, when our class met to reorganize, we found that many of our old classmates were absent, although there were new ones to take their places.

During our Sophomore year our interest in the High School enterprises and High School spirit began

to show a marked increase because the members who took part in the High School contests of Debate, Declamation, Music and Athletics succeeded in winning high honors both for themselves and their class.

The Junior Class still retains a large portion of those who entered as Freshmen, and we all hope to graduate from Caney High School next year.

Although there is no doubt that other classes have surpassed our Junior Class in numbers or quantity, we refuse to submit to the idea that they have surpassed us in quality.

We want the people of the Caney High School to remember that Junior Class of Nineteen Eighteen by our singular mettle and physical properties: Mind, Ambition, Nobleness, Strength, Temper, Boldness, Swifttness, Beauty, Love, Humor and CHARACTER.

This is a short synopsis of the events of this class up to this time, so I will have to stop and leave the future to the Class Prophet.

M. Atwood.

JUNIOR PROPHECY

As I, the prophet of the "Witch of Endor," am to foretell the future of the Junior Class of '18, bring to me, Grimalkin, the old broken lantern and light it for me. But, alas! the rays which it sends do not tell of young and merry people, but of old miserly men and women. So away with it, my darling, and bring to me my kettle of tea leaves. Ah! here I see before me a crowd of laughing young people, but it seems as though their futures are very unlike and therefore cannot be told as a whole. Now pour in some water upon the leaves, my dear, to moisten and separate them; now the vision is much clearer. But the girls in this kettle, what are their dooms? Ah, yes, it is that of old maids; and their names—but then, of course, I shall not tell, as they may not like their future revealed to all. Yet among these I can see two teachers; one is principal of a high school, the other a history teacher of some university. And still another who, it seemed, in her younger days, was a lover of books, is now the world's most popular story writer. The leaves are getting dry and there seems to be only a little spark of life left in them. But behold! I see one of these girls dancing; surely this cannot be—but ah! it comes to me, she is traveling with a vaudeville troupe. Now, my little helper, pour some more water into the kettle, as the vision is very misty and I can hardly see it. But alas!

There are no more to be seen and now I must resort to something else. What shall it be?

But, wait; it comes to me; I shall read the palms of some, but there are perhaps many who already belong to the "Hand Holders' Union," and they no doubt will object to this. The first palm that I now see shows a very long and prosperous life of a young man, and he perhaps will be a farmer, but this next palm shows a short and miserable life of a girl, and it seems as if she has spent most of her time working in an office. However, as the palms to read are not many, and only the future of a few have been told, pray tell me what shall I do to foretell the fate of the rest?

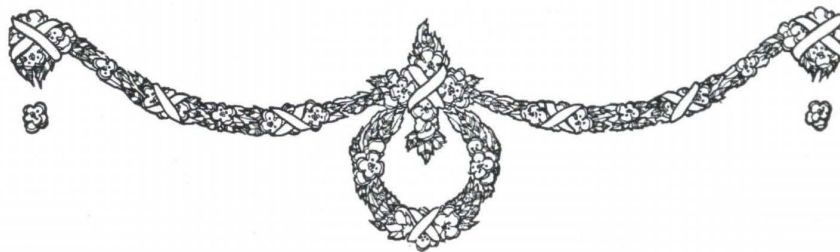
Behold, it comes to me! I shall go into a trance. So prepare for me, Grimalkin, my couch that I may rest. My! The vision is so dim, the veil does not unfold, but patience—it is being revealed and I see something round. Pray, what can it be? It revolves and appears to be soap bubbles, but surely not; suddenly the mist around them is vanishing; they are being transformed and changed. Behold! They are no longer soap bubbles, but basketballs with victory written above them. This, no doubt, foretells that the boys in this class who play basketball are to be star players in some large university—Harvard and Yale are ringing in my ears. What are the many shelves which I see? Behold! But who could he be? Oh!

it is Dean, yes, the Dean of the Library. The veil is lowering and everything is absolute darkness—not yet! for still there are others seeking for their fates. Aha! now I see a stick of wood; what can it be? It seems to be divided with white marks into parts; let me see, there seem to be twelve parts denoting a foot. Ah! Yes, a Foote. And now I see a large opera house. What is its name? Metropolitan—the music, how wonderful! There I see the Orchestra, but who can the leader be? Behold! it is a little Swede. And now I see, as the vision changes, some very large birds flying about in

the air. No, not so. Instead they are aeroplanes, and in them appear to be both men, women and children. Ah! yes, out for a little spin. But now they are flying away until they can scarcely be seen. Alas! they are completely out of my sight and my vision is once more a complete blank. And now my duty is at an end, and I pray that the lives of the members of this Junior class of '18 may be as prosperous and successful in the future as they have been in the past and present.

ISABELLA GRANT.

Caney Valley Historical Society



Junior Poem

Perhaps you've heard of us before,
But as Freshies and Soph'mores never more;
For now we are Juniors, so big and grand,
In everything important we're in demand.

Along the musical line some excel,
While in their studies others do quite well;
And of all the debaters in C. H. S.,
The one from our class is certainly best.

We are the champions in basketball,
And in track meets we surpass all;
In football the Juniors aren't slow,
But this fact, of course, you all must know.

We are always thoughtful, obliging, true,
Ever ready to serve and do;
The end of our Junior year is here,
And we'll be Seniors in one more year.

B. W.





SOPHOMORE HISTORY

The Freshman Class which entered Caney High School the first of September, 1916, was one of the best that has ever started on a High School career, although some of the upper classmen refused to give us credit for it at the time. They even insisted upon initiating us, but we submitted very graciously, as we knew that we would get a chance at another class in the future. Although we had some good times during our first year, we did some very good work, and before school closed had the reputation of being the brightest class in High School.

We came back as Sophomores this year, slightly reduced in numbers, but not in spirits. We helped initiate the Freshies into the ways of the school, and have often wondered if we were ever as childish-looking as they.

Shortly after the beginning of school we met and elected our officers for the year. Gladys Todd was chosen as president, Lyndon Rader as vice-president and Charles Bebee as secretary. We have worked

harder than ever before this year, but still we have found time for some fun. We had a Hallowe'en party at the home of Edith Wills and everyone had a good time.

We have also been active along other lines. Besides being well represented in the three societies, we hold an important place in the chorus and Girls' Glee Club. Also, two of our number, Hazel and Rose, are on the debate team. And did you ever really stop to think what would become of our school athletics were it not for the Sophomore boys? We have Rader, Jenkins, Bebee, Stradley, McFarland and others who are prominent in either football, basketball or track, and some even in all three.

We expect to go out from Caney High School in 1920 as the most renowned class she has ever sent forth, both for our ability as students and for our activity in social and athletic fields.

CLARA HUTSON.

SOPHOMORE PROPHECY

Hark, ye, and listen! As I was walking down a mysterious street I saw a ball which seemed to be a moving mass of all different threads, and once a glimpse of gold showed up. I grasped the ball and took it home, where I tried to untangle it, but the more I worked with it the worse it became. The golden thread again loomed up and I grasped it. Lo! The golden thread instantly untangled from the rest and flew across the room and fell upon the floor. I tried to pick it up, but it remained fixed to the floor. Then I noticed that it lay as though an unknown hand had written it.

A blue thread which had heretofore lain unnoticed now formed itself into these words: "Haste make ye! Speak unto thy classmates what the golden thread will reveal." And I hereby make known what I knew to be the future of the Sophomore Class of the Caney High School.

Thus read the words: "One year from now this mighty class of Sophomores shall become the glorious Juniors. In this year the young classmates of the class shall be tempted by many follies, but their will power being so strong in character, they will resist the temptations. Then the Good shall knock upon the hearts of the classmen and their hearts shall be open unto Good. This class this year shall succeed because of their willingness to let Good enter into their hearts, and because of their power to throw off evil. They will be champions in athletics, debate and all other social functions.

"Now, having moved upward step by step and

leaving a road for others to follow, your class will reach the last step, by name Seniors. During this year some of the boys may be called upon to answer the call of our country to defend the red, white and blue. At the first part of the Senior year there will only be a small light left as a legacy from the Seniors of the previous year for your classmen to stumble towards, but as they draw nearer the light will grow lighter and larger, caused by the fuel added by the culture and good deeds of your class in this year. Among you will dwell the mighty men, who will lead this nation onward to the summit of civilization. This class also will set the following motto for all other classes to follow: 'God helps those who help themselves.'

"At the end of the Senior year this class shall go forth to take upon themselves the responsibilities of life. They shall come to a crossing where the colors blue and gold will loom up once more, and they shall see two signboards of attraction. These direct to two different roads, the blue one indicating to go forth as they are for life's work, always standing for loyalty and truthfulness. The second one, of a golden color, instructing you to follow farther, and soon a magnificent building, a college, will spring forth, which will give you a greater power for carrying out the golden ideals in life. By the choice of these roads your classmates will stand for loyalty, truthfulness and the higher ideals of life."

Thus, my classmen, have I made known to you this prophecy. Shall we strive always to be faithful to the blue and gold?

LAURA JOHNSON, '20.

Sophomore Poem

We are the class of 1920,
Sturdy and staunch and true;
Of good-will and grit, we have a good bit.
And all of our members true-blue.

"We can because we think we can,"
This is our motto so clear.
And we will hold up, and never give up
Our motto, to us so dear.

Our own class colors are excellent,
The beautiful red and white;
To these we're as true as to the red and the blue.
And we love them with all of our might.

Some members excel in language,
Others in mathematics do well;
And all of the while they wear a bright smile,
And rush to their classes pell-mell.

In athletics, music, dramatics,
No one can excel us, I'm sure;
And all the hard work we never will shirk,
But are always willing to do more.

H. J.



DRIVE SLOW.



It's ever thus with Soph's



Solid ivory.



A FAYMEX



White.



AT EASE



Going up.



A Bunch of Nuts.



John



DOYA.



THREE OF A KIND.



SLEEPY.



FRESHMAN CLASS

CLASS OFFICERS

EDGAR WILSON.....President
 BLANCHE ELLIOTT.....Vice-President
 LEOTIS JOHNSON.....Secretary-Treasurer
 LEOTIS JOHNSON.....Prophet
 SARDIS McCrory.....Poet
 REUBEN DAVISON.....Historian

CLASS COLORS
 Purple and Gold

CLASS FLOWER
 Yellow Rose

CLASS ROLL

Frank Winkler	Zela Whitnell
Leroy Austin -	Otis Henderson
Ralph Adams -	Leroy Henry -
✓ Charles Alford	✓ Alta Howell
✓ Junior Brown	Leotis Johnson
✓ Charles Buckley	✓ Lillie Jesson
Arthur Buergey	Carl Killion
✓ Paul Buergey	✓ Lorenza Lambillotte
✓ Veva Callahan	✓ Treva Mattix
✓ Keith Carinder	✓ Sardis McCrory
✓ Reuben Davison	Ted Muir
Pearl Drake	✓ Maggie McKee
✓ Blanche Elliott	Julia Moran
Ada Feist	Laura Mull
✓ Alcie Garr	Milton Peyatt
Claude Greer	Virgie Reynolds
Walter Greer	Ida Mae Roper
Maude Henderson	✓ Jzzetta Russell
✓ Velma Hemphill	✓ Helen Sheridan
Robert Sloan	Paul Shobe
Bonnie Smith	Chinquila Walton
Gordon Stevens	Madge Walton
Dale Striegel	Edgar Wilson
Miles Vance	Paul Wilson
Charles St. John	Lura Gard



FRESHMAN HISTORY

On Monday, September 3, 1917, we who were to be the Freshmen of '17-'18 walked up to the what we thought stern and austere building which was to contain for a period of four years the source of most of our joys and sorrows and affections. There was the usual talk of initiation among the upper classmen, but the (what they promised it to be) horrible ordeal has not yet occurred. Ascending the stairs, we soon assembled in the study hall with the other classes, and Professor Shinn, whom we at first thought looked very stern and forbidding, but later found to be "all right," laid down the laws to us and explained the arrangement of studies, grading, rooms, etc., which, of course, we promptly forgot until later experience or questioning of the teachers established them in our minds. We visited the rooms in the order of our periods and identified our teachers.

Weeks passed; weeks spent in changing programs to suit ourselves and becoming accustomed to the routine. We elected class officers and later in the year chose our representatives to the Student Council. We found the teachers to be very good; in fact, most of us agreed that they were the best we had ever had.

We found that there were many pleasures to be enjoyed in High School; the many laughable incidents and other interesting events that make up the daily life

of the school. A special event was our Hallowe'en party, which was a complete success and enjoyed by all.

In the fields of sport and society we have not been inactive. Because so many of our larger members stopped school, we have not made as good a showing as we might have done, but the efficiency of those who have been active in this field has nearly overshadowed the deficiency in numbers. In the programs of the literary societies we did much to help our side win.

During the first quarter and in the examinations very few of us failed, but in the second quarter a greater number failed than had ever been the case in our former terms. However, our fears that we were becoming incapable of work proved to be groundless, for we found that we were no exception to the other classes, and soon we were in turn making such good grades that our averages have been steadily growing higher.

Our hopes for passing at the end of the term are high and well founded, and if the reader would like an example of our confidence in our future success, and a reason for it, he should turn to the page containing the FRESHMAN PROPHECY.

REUBEN DAVISON, '21.

FRESHMAN PROPHECY

Lo, and behold! As I sat dreaming the wall before me lighted up and a Black Hand was seen gliding over the wall. Sentence after sentence issued from this Hand. Then, lo! a spirit stood before me dressed in shimmering and shining clothes. And spake he, "Go! Thou must go and tell unto thy classmates what thou hast seen." I read the writing, utterly bewildered, but at the instant it disappeared, leaving only the Hand and the writing, "Do your duty," and hereby I make known what was given to me by the Hand telling the future of the Freshman Class of 1918.

And lo! thus read the writing on the wall: "One year hence those struggling and trampled Freshmen shall become the mighty Sophomores. They shall be the main cog in the mighty machine of the Caney High School. An empty cup will be waiting to be filled with the noble doings in society, athletics and social functions and it shall come to pass that the cup will be overflowing at the end of the Sophomore year. Honor, oh glorious Honor, shall deal Her part of Honor to them.

"In its Junior year this class shall furnish the Caney High School with a large cup won by the six powerful debaters of the Junior Class. A book will be kept by a spirit unknown to you, but all the pages will shine a pure white light caused by the noble deeds

of this class. Among you will dwell the mighty men and women of the morrow.

"Then lo! In its Senior year there will be a ladder left to climb. At the bottom will be failure and at the top a roll with a golden seal with a value that cannot be estimated; but it seems impossible to climb that ladder, but start thou must and at the end of that task you will look back and say: 'Oh, but that was a glorious climb; it made me feel strong enough to face the world.' In that year this class shall major in athletics and all society functions.

"At the end of this year thou wilt be sent into the world with untried wings to carry you. Some will succeed. Yes, by far the most shall succeed. At the end of this year this small and struggling body, now under the name of Freshmen, shall come out of the Caney High School mill a polished, refined and united body. 'He that soweth shall reap fourfold,' and so with this class. After sowing four years they shall reap their benefit fourfold. This body shall go forth united to do only one great and common cause or task, and that task is to take this mighty and powerful nation to the highest point possible, but still remembering the highest and mightiest of all things, our Lord, God.

M. LEOTIS J.

Freshman Poem

In Nineteen Hundred and Ten, plus eight,
On the lowest rung of the High School gate
We Freshmen stand, earnest faces aglow,
In the effort to learn what we do not know.
Though fresh from the grades and somewhat green,
We're as fine a class as was ever seen.
The Sophomores told us what studies were hard,
But nothing can ever our progress retard;
For the class as a whole is full of grit,
And in sport and society we've done our bit.
We'll start at the bottom, each year climb a rung,
And our glory and fame will remain not unsung.
And if you'll but listen, you're sure to hear
Of the mighty Sophs in the coming year.

S. M. AND R. D.



OUR GANG.



Baby-doll.



1st + R10



2nd. + R10



Long + short.



SWEETHEARTS?



Ruff-neks.



Sedan BOUND.



CHUCK Whas A Rabbit?



HELP!!



AM IT.



Pearly's private car.



SNOW-BIRDS.

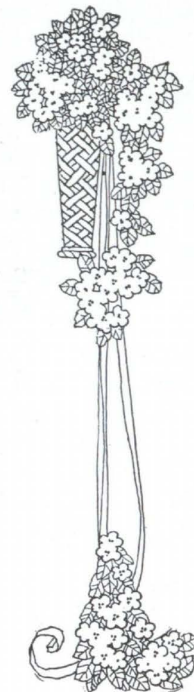
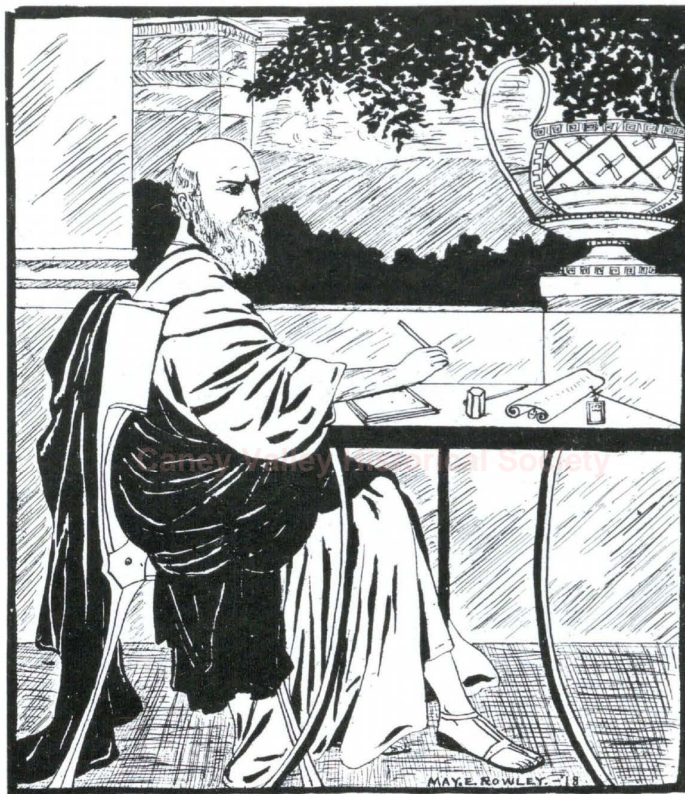
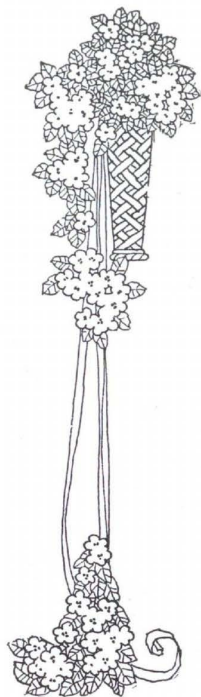


STUDENT COUNCIL

The work of this organization has been in the past far too little appreciated because of the credit it should have received being misapplied. It has been their duty to counsel with the faculty on all

questions of any real moment to the student body and to represent the students when there have been difficult questions to settle. How well they have served us, fellow students, I leave to you to judge.

S. D. H.



PHILOMATHIAN.

PHILOMATHIAN OFFICERS

SCHUBERT HENRY.....President
 PHILLIP FEIST.....Vice-President
 MYREE CLARK.....Secretary-Treasurer
 RUSSEL MCFARLAND.....Athletic Manager

ROSE VINCENT.....Yell Leader
 DALE STRIEGEL.....Sergeant-at-Arms
 EVANGELINE ROBERDS }
 PAROLEE TROXEL }.....Curators

PHILOMATHIAN ROLL

Parolee Troxel
 Evangeline Roberds
 Rose Vincent
 Era Donaldson
 Ada Feist
 Mabel Rowley
 Wilma McCall
 Fern Meyer
 Flavia Elliot
 Clare Hafel
 Frank Stradley

Hazel Johnson
 Izzetta Russell
 Treva Mattix
 Laura Mull
 Mary Mattix
 Grace Harris
 Ethyl Boggs
 Launa Russell
 Lorenza Lambillotte
 Paul Buergey
 Walter Greer

Vivian Esson
 Alta Howell
 Madge Walton
 Maggie McKee
 Chinquilla Walton
 Pearl Drake
 Virgie Reynolds
 Schubert Henry
 Russel McFarland
 Carl Hinkle
 Edgar Wilson

Dale Striegel
 Lawmence Burns
 Paul Wilson
 Le Roi Henry
 Ted Muir
 Leo Norris
 Bonnie Smith
 Zela Whitnell
 Frank Winkler
 Phillip Feist
 George Lambillotte



PHILOMATHIAN HISTORY

The Philomathian Literary Society was first organized on October 17, 1911. It was composed of one-half of the entire student body. The first president was Adrian Todd; he resigned at Christmas time and Irvin Wemmer was elected to fill the unexpired term.

In September, 1912, Irvin Wemmer was again elected president, and a Board of Curators was also elected. Literary programs were given regularly throughout the year and were enjoyed by everyone. During the year 1913 the Philos put on a play, "The Private Secretary," and this was a grand success. In the same year, which seemed a successful one for the Philos, the society voted ten dollars to the fund with which new encyclopaedias were purchased. Also two basketball games were played with the Aeolians, in which the society made a good showing.

At the beginning of the school year 1915-1916 the Philomathians were reorganized. It was then com-

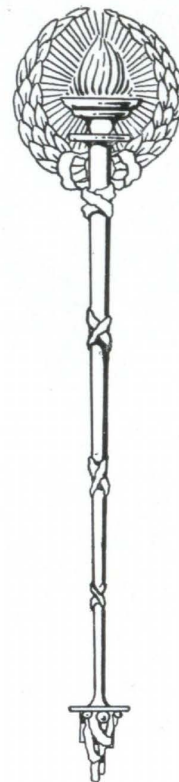
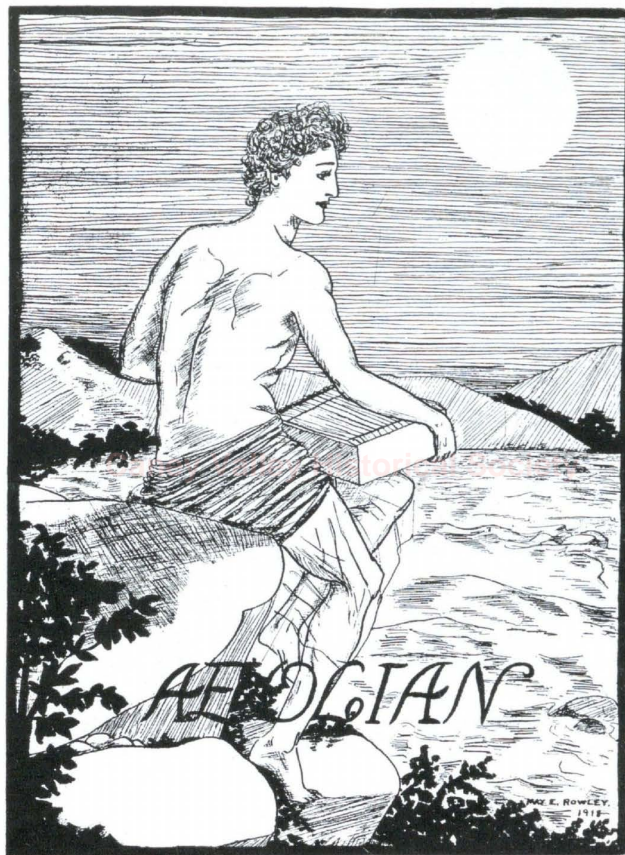
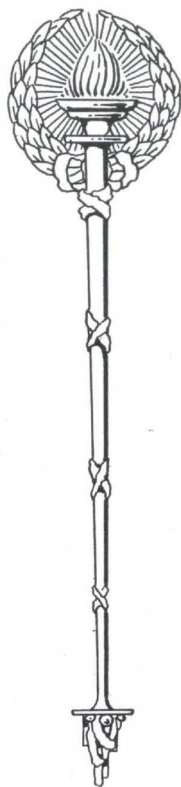
posed of one-third of the student body. This year proved a very successful one for the society, and some of the best programs of the season were given.

The beginning of the school term 1916-17 again found the Philomathian Society being reorganized, and the usual good programs were much enjoyed. By the results attained by both the Boys' and Girls' Basketball Teams, it was shown that they could still play.

The Philomathian Society is still going towards its zenith. In the school term 1917-18 the society was reorganized and the officers elected were: Schubert Henry, President; Phillip Feist, Vice-President; Myree Clark, Secretary and Treasurer, and Evangeline Roberds and Parolee Troxal, Curators. Programs are given every two weeks by the combined societies and are enjoyed by all.

A grand future can be seen for this noble, industrious literary society.

P. A. T.



AEOLIAN OFFICERS

BEULAH SMITH.....President	JOHN CARINDER.....Yell Leader
JUNIOR BROWN.....Vice-President	BEULAH WINKLER }
GLADYS PATTERSON.....Secretary-Treasurer	FAYE PARKER {.....Curators

AEOLIAN ROLL

Paul Shobe
 Charles Alford
 Reuben Davison
 Earl Shelton
 John Carinder
 Thurlow West
 Homer Minnick
 Velma Hemphill
 Tempa Esson
 Iva Stoy
 Ethel Ikerd
 Ada Mitchell

Carl Mull
 Gordon Stevens
 Charles Buckley
 Sardis McCrory
 Maria Byram
 Milton Peyatt
 Le Roy Austin
 Junior Brown
 Leotis Johnson
 May Rowley
 Mary McKee
 Veva Callahan

Beulah Smith
 Losson Winkler
 Lloyd Jenkins
 Ellis Patterson
 Gladys Todd
 Cecil Henderson
 Gladys Patterson
 Harold White
 Edith Wills
 Dot McGrew
 Marie Shelton
 Bonnie Parker

Beulah Winkler
 Marie Doye
 Helen Sheridan
 Ida Roper
 Alice Garr
 Grace Dorrance
 Blanche Elliott
 Lelia Bryant
 Faye Parker
 Ida Rowley
 Lillie Jesson



AEOLIAN HISTORY

It was not realized by members of C. H. S. until October, 1911, that something should be done to cultivate the literary genius which was beginning to stand out so extensively in the school. This gave rise to the Aeolian Literary Society, which was composed of one-half of the entire student body.

Owing to its infancy, the society spent most of the first year in becoming familiar with the work and acquiring a firm foundation upon which it might build its future.

During the second year the society, by its numerous activities, foretold the prosperity which was to ensue in the following years. The most important event of this year was the production of "The Merchant of Venice Up-to-Date."

The third year ensued with different plans in view. In addition to literary activities the Aeolians won praise and admiration in the athletic realm. By this they aroused the Philos, who began "to sit up and take notice."

The fourth year is merely a repetition of the preceding years in that the society is constantly advancing in the literary world.

The season of 1915-16 gave the Aeolians greater determination to succeed in all their undertakings. The various programs and athletic activities, as a whole, were very successful.

A new plan was introduced and used in 1916-17, which provided for contests between the societies. Ten points were awarded the winning side and five points to the second place. This marked the beginning of a "new era" in the literary societies of C. H. S.

In 1917-18 the same plan is used, in which everyone is deeply interested. In two of the programs this year the Aeolians have won highest place and have prospects of winning several more before the term expires.

Although many of the talented members depart from C. H. S. this year, the new material is quite promising for advancing still farther with the Aeolian banner, which is "Success." G. P., '18.



ATHENIAN OFFICERS

BEATRICE TRUSKETT.....President
 MADGE EARNHEART.....Secretary-Treasurer
 CHARLES BEBEE.....Athletic Manager

BEATRICE TRUSKETT.....Yell Leader
 MARGUERITE FISHER)
 MAYME BYRAMCurators

ATHENIAN ROLL

Beatrice Johnson
 Marguerite Atwood
 Lillie Howell
 Velva Striegel
 Minnie McKee
 Grace Thomas
 Dean Stallard
 Lloyd Cameron
 Homer Lipsey
 Dennis Foote
 Lyndon Rader
 Clara Hutson
 Jessie Daughtery

Glen Bunce
 Dora Peterson
 Elsie Wheeler
 Maude Henderson
 Helen Bates
 Alexandria Greer
 Keith Carinder
 Gladys Bolinger
 Cleta Waters
 Bernice Waters
 Otto Meyer
 Ben Olsen
 Helen Brown

Laura Johnson
 Frank McFarland
 Emma Dearing
 Myra Killion
 Carl Killion
 Beulah Hughes
 Isabella Grant
 John Grant
 Beatrice Truskett
 Charles St. John
 Marguerite Fisher
 Ralph Adams
 Arthur Buergey

Robert Sloan
 Miles Vance
 Walter Vance
 Otis Henderson
 Sarah Patterson
 Madge Earnheart
 Wilbur Neipling
 Charles Beebe
 Trannie Hackney
 Mayme Byram



ATHENIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

ATHENIAN HISTORY

History tells us that the Athenian Literary Society was organized October 5, 1916, owing to the increase in High School attendance. During our first year, under the excellent leadership of our President, Armond LeFebere, the society came to the top. Throughout this year there were three programs given by this society and each was a success.

The next year the programs were planned differently, being joint ones, in contest form, all three societies participating. Although our society failed to score as high in these contests as our sister societies, we do not feel that we were the losers, for, by being shown our weak points, we have been able to concentrate our efforts and to make amends for loss of points. To show that we took defeat cheerfully, we entertained our "society" friends at a little reception, at which all had forgotten the enthusiasm and excitement that pervaded the auditorium during the program periods: here we had met as opponents, now we met as a unit,

and the all-school spirit prevailed. We remember our faithful Curators, Marjorie Truskett and Helen Brown, and our helpful President, Norvell Edwards.

This year the programs were given jointly, as they were last year, and the Athenians have made an excellent showing, winning first place in the first four programs, and, as the season is not quite over, we expect to win many more honors. We owe our honors not only to those who took part in the programs, but to the good and diligent work of our Curators, Marguerite Fisher and Mayme Byram.

This society is not as old as the other two, having been organized only three years, nevertheless we are rapidly advancing toward our zenith and the results of our efforts will be shown in the future, for as knowledge, strength and power are acquired by patience, faithfulness and loyalty, so we must hope to win by these same requirements.

I. G., '18.



EVANGELINE ROBERDS, MARGUERITE FISHER, BEULAH WINKLER
PAROLÉE TROXEL, MAYME BYRAM, FAYE PARKER

INTER-SOCIETY BOARD OF CURATORS

Although being a member of this Board of Curators seems to be no laudable position, the duties of these people are so numerous and so much responsibility is placed upon them by the society which they represent, that we must express our great appreciation which is due to them in making the literary work of the High School a success.

Each society looks toward its two Curators for the quality of the numbers which are presented on the programs; their duty being to select, procure and see that the individual numbers are sufficiently well prepared. In general, the programs given this year have been very good and we give our Curators credit for being able to sift out the talent from their societies and present it in the best possible way.

E. R., '18.





ROSE VINCENT

MARGUERITE ATWOOD

EVANGELINE ROBERDS

MARIE PALMORE

BEE TRUSKETT

HAZEL JOHNSON

DEBATE

It is no longer a question every year whether we shall enter the Kansas State Debating League or not, for debate has become a permanent feature in the Caney High School. It is just as important as football, basketball or any other school activity, and is being so recognized by the townspeople and the student body.

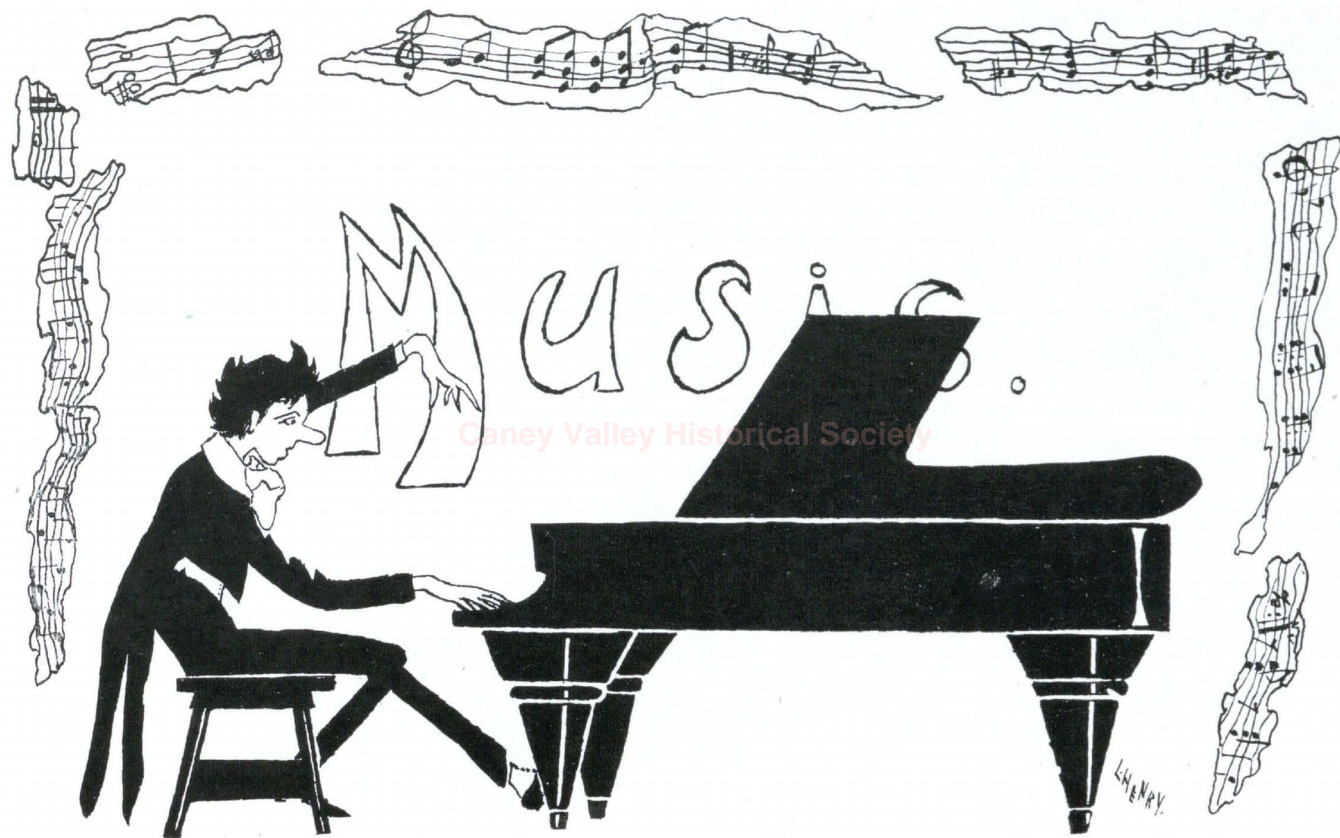
Debate started this year with four veterans: Bee Truskett, Marguerite Atwood, Evangeline Roberds and Hazel Johnson. There were only three new recruits from which to select the two needed, and Rose Vincent and Marie Palmore were chosen.

The contest for the championship of the third district was between Parsons, Arkansas City and Caney, and on the evening of December 28th a triangular debate was held. The question was: "Resolved, That the United States should establish a more extensive system

of shipping subsidy." Caney won a unanimous decision over both Parsons and Arkansas City. It was a wonderful victory. This decided the championship of the Third Congressional District in favor of Caney for the fifth successive year.

Marguerite Atwood, Evangeline Roberds and Bee Truskett represented Caney in the debate with the fourth district, which was held at Burlington. This was one of the strongest teams that ever represented the Caney High School, and everyone expected them to win over all other districts and become champions of the state as well as the district. This has long been the aim of the Caney High School. The three girls put up a stiff fight against the three boys at Burlington, but were defeated unanimously. However, we have high hopes for Caney to some day become champion of the state.

M. P.





CHORUS

C. H. S. MIXED CHORUS

It has been my pleasure for the past year to have known you and been placed as your chorus leader; to have been allowed to jest or scowl, lead or pull and often hush you into silence; not that scowling was a pleasure in itself, but as the song that came into a joy because of the same. Maybe it is a true pleasure to have treated you thus, for within my heart I am rewarded, because I often hear you in those moments of song and know your heart is still singing.

Do you remember "Suwanee River," and how Dvorak's "Humoresque" were combined to make the

conflicting melody? Can you hear the "Soldier's Chorus" or "Land of Freedom"? Which would you choose now, "June" or "Winter"?

Whatever song you have placed in your heart, your chosen melody, your ideal of harmony, let some of it be a token of my share of best wishes, congratulations, condolences or sympathies as the milestones of your life are passed, and when the snows of my yesterdays are gone may the song in your life keep green your heart and soul.

DR. H. L. MORTON.



GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

Caney Hills GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

We may forget our algebra, our Latin, even our personal engravings of modest invention as left by us upon the seats in the halls of learning, but in years to come shall we ever fail to thrill when we hear Nevin's "Rosary" and think of the Girls' Glee Club, with its altos coming up from a depth that seemed miles away from the sopranos, telling of hours counted, not as a string of pearls, but rather as meetings with one who makes his life work one long hour of music for toils and pleasure?

Oh, yes; we had to work, but we did have our fun, too. You ask how? Oh, pshaw! It would not

be fair to tell; sometimes we had to pay for it, but in paying we take with us such memories as "O Italia," "Sweet and Low," "Forget-Me-Not" and "The Legend of the Chimes."

Maybe in turning these leaves when its cover has faded, these sweet-scented memories will arise and for a brief moment cause us to live again—a glee member in white middies and black silk ties, waiting the fall of Dr. Merton's baton to begin and swell on notes and "phrase." Ah! today those songs are fuller, richer and sweeter. What is life without its music and memories?

DR. H. L. MORTON.

ATHLETICS

Canby Valley Historical Society



HENRY.



BOYS' BASKETBALL

WARD—Captain, Forward. He is a man to be depended upon and plays all the time. He is a very good man in a tight place and when he shoots the results are usually recorded. We hope that he will be with us another year.

HINKLE—Forward. He is a very fast man and a good floor worker. He did some work that placed him on the score-book and usually at the most difficult angles and positions was where he came into the game, making a score. As he is a Junior, great things are expected of him next year.

RADER—Forward. He is a man who has the nickname of "Sure Shot," and everyone who knows him will agree that this is a name he well deserves, as he has made points when the game was at stake.

RUSSELL McFARLAND—Guard. Although this is his first season of basketball, he has made good as a guard and we are glad he is going to be with us again next year.

BROWN—Center. He is an excellent hand at passing the ball, and when it comes to goal-shooting, he is a very dependable man and his opponents fear him.

HENRY—Guard. He is a man who is always "there" and has the pep and snap which won for him the title of "All State Guard" for '16-'17. He is in the game from start to finish and shoots when it is necessary. We all regret that he is a Senior.

BEBEE—Guard. Although he is a light man, he is hard to beat at basketball, either in floor work or at his favorite position as guard.

BOYS' BASKETBALL

The past season has been a success in a financial way as well as winning the largest number of games that have been won by any team for several years.

Out of the ten games C. H. S. played in the Santa Fe Basketball League, we have won nine games. This is better than ten per cent, the best record made, and gives to Caney the large cup offered by the league.

BOYS' BASKETBALL SCORES

DATE	TEAMS	CANEY	OPPONENTS
December 28.....	C. H. S. Alumni.....At Caney.....	34	27
January 11.....	CollinsvilleAt Caney.....	37	11
January 18.....	DeweyAt Caney.....	23	16
January 19.....	CopanAt Copen.....	43	23
January 25.....	BartlesvilleAt Caney.....	36	17
February 1.....	CollinsvilleAt Collinsville...	28	25
February 2.....	CherryvaleAt Caney.....	49	16
February 8.....	RamonaAt Caney.....	2	0
February 16.....	SedanAt Caney.....	33	17
February 22.....	CopanAt Caney.....	35	27
March 1.....	DeweyAt Dewey.....	25	45
March 8.....	SedanAt Sedan.....	16	19
March 12.....	CoffeyvilleAt Caney.....	69	21
March 15.....	ErieAt Pittsburg....	30	29
March 15.....	ChanuteAt Pittsburg....	18	24
March 18.....	BartlesvilleAt Bartlesville...	28	27
Total Scores.....		506	344



FOOTBALL TEAM

FOOTBALL

Football in the Caney High School was not as prominent in athletic affairs as during the several preceding years. This was doubtless due to the fact that Caney High was represented by a lighter and less experienced team. Only two members of the team had had experience in this line of athletics. From the "green material" Coach McConnel, through his excellent work, formed a team which held together during the entire season, although they received several hard knocks.

The team played ten games during the season, nine of which were against high school teams, the other against the city team. Without considering

the two Dewey and Coffeyville games, the team scored ninety-three points to their opponents' ninety-one points. The high score at Dewey was due mainly to the fact that three good men were absent from the lineup. Dewey, upon coming here, found victory more difficult.

"Kicking goal" was a difficult matter for the team, for only a few goals were kicked during the season. Because of this, the team failed to tie the score in several games.

Following is a list of the players, their positions and the number of years each has yet to serve on the team:

PLAYER	NUMBER YEARS	POSITION
Schubert Henry (Captain).....	Last year.....	Fullback
Thurlow West.....	Last year.....	Center
Homer Minnick.....	Last year.....	Guard and tackle
Phillip Feist.....	Last year.....	End and tackle
Losson Winkler.....	One year.....	Tackle
Russel McFarland.....	One year.....	Right halfback
Lloyd Jenkins.....	Two years.....	Right end
Charles Beebe.....	Two years.....	Left end and halfback
Frank Stradley.....	Two years.....	Left halfback
Frank McFarland.....	Two years.....	Guard and tackle
Harold White.....	Two years.....	Tackle
John Carinder.....	Two years.....	Guard
Lyndon Rader.....	Two years.....	Quarterback
LeRoy Henry.....	Three years.....	Guard
Charles Alford.....	Three years.....	Guard
Junior Brown.....	Three years.....	End and guard
Dale Striegel.....	Three years.....	Guard



GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

Did you ever hear that our girls have a basketball team? That is—they did have one—but it's ancient history now.

The girls played only three games, but they did good work and had a couple of nice little trips

out of town. While in Cedarvale and Nowata they were entertained by the high school girls and enjoyed themselves immensely.

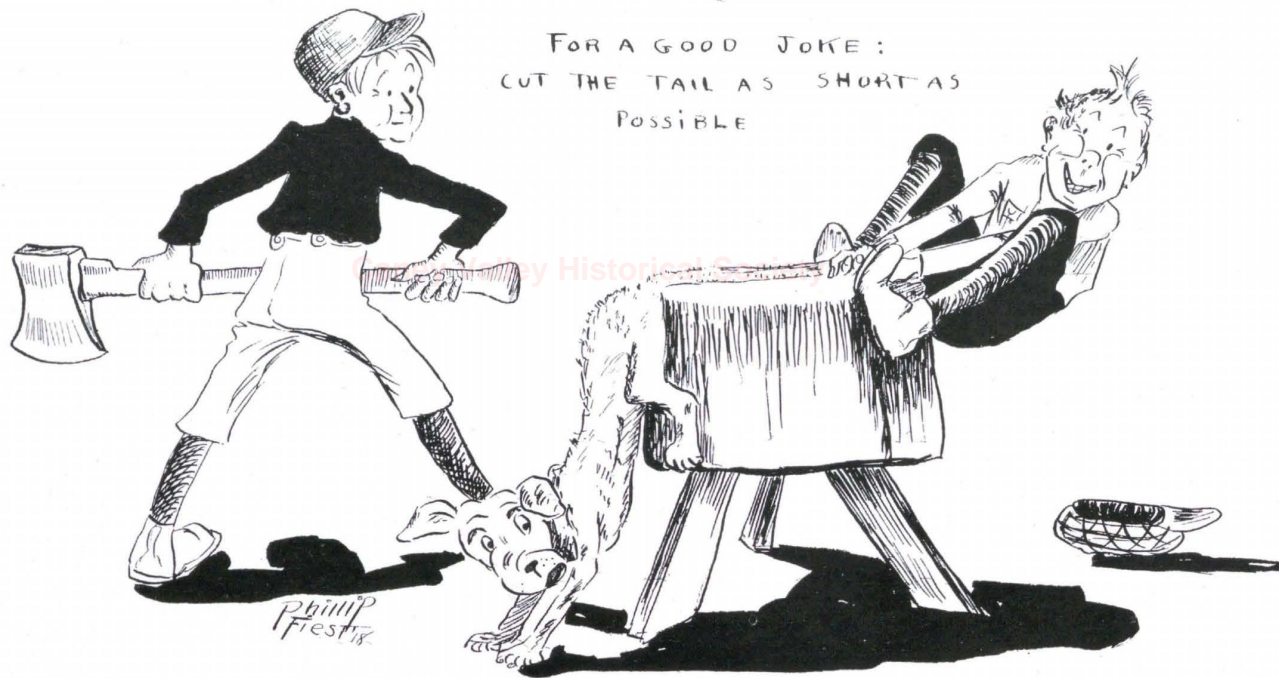
Let's give them three cheers: 'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah!

THE TEAM'S LINEUP

Bernice Waters (Captain).....	Forward
Myra Killion.....	Forward
Trannie Hackney.....	First center
Bonnie Parker.....	Second center
Cleta Waters.....	Guard
Marie Palmore.....	Guard
Alexandria Greer.....	Guard
Mayme Byram.....	Guard
Treva Mattix.....	Guard

JOKES

FOR A GOOD JOKE :
CUT THE TAIL AS SHORT AS
POSSIBLE



JOKES

READ BETWEEN THE LINES

(By reading every other word.)

Roses line are line red line
And line violets line are line blue line,
This line verse line is line curious line
And line so line are line you line.

* * *

Dennis—I couldn't stand it to see a lady stand while I was sitting.

Rose V.—So you gave her your seat?

Dennis—No; I closed my eyes and pretended I was asleep.

* * *

As We See Them

Preco-city—Bartlesville.
Viva-city—Independence.
Feli-city—Neodesha.
Auda-city—Cherryvale.
Publi-city—Collinsville.
Velo-city—Dewey.
Capa-city—Caney.
Pugna-city—Coffeyville.
Loqua-city—Sedan.

* * *

John Grant—Are you Hungary?

McCrory—Yes, Siam.

Grant—Then I'll Fiji.

Gladys—Did you ever have anyone to ask you to marry him?

Dora—Yes; over the phone once; but he had the wrong number.

* * *

Lloyd Cameron, when passing through the cemetery, saw this inscription on a tombstone: "I Still Live."

He scratched his head a minute, then said: "Well, if I were dead, I'd own up to it!"

* * *

Beatrice—Caesar stationed guards on the wall.

Miss Brunner—Tense?

Beatrice—Well, then Caesar stationed *tents* on the wall.

* * *

Miss Conrad (holding up the play of Julius Caesar)—Who wrote this, and who is the principal character?

Blanche Elliott—Julius Shakespeare wrote it, and William Caesar is the principal character.

* * *

A couple of Caney girls went to visit at Camp Doniphan, and asked to see Sergeant _____. The matron of the Y. M. C. A. asked: "Are you related in any way to Sergeant _____?"

"Yes," answered one of the girls; "I am his sister."

"I'm very glad to meet you," smiled the matron pleasantly; "I am his mother."



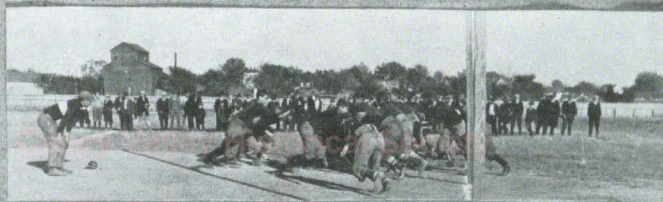
Bunch of Dignity.

ALMA MATER.

Who said Eats?



SLEEPING BEAUTY.



Putting it Over.



Miss. COX.



EXTREMES MEET.



Medium, Little, Big



CHUMS.



FIRST DAY.

A hen lays, a man lies,
A flea flees, a fly flies,
A hen sets, a girl sits,
A cat fights and has fits.

* * *

Mr. Shinn (in History class)—What is the most important canal in the world?

Marguerite Fisher (who has been studying Physiology)—The alimentary canal.

* * *

Mr. Shinn (in American History class)—Now, who can tell me why Lee's supporters failed him in the South?

* * *

A tiny bit of powder,
A tiny little rat,
A monstrous bunch of feathers,
Sometimes called a hat;
A pair of high-heeled booties,
A tiny little curl,
Makes the sweetest thing on earth—
A modern High School Girl!

An imitation mustache,
A ten-cent diamond pin,
A head that's crammed with knowledge,
A purse that's always thin;
A pair of latest trousers,
A football for a toy,
Well mixed, and you have finished
A modern High School Boy!

Veva—Did you ever take chloroform?

Pearly—No; who teaches it?

* * *

On a Debate Trip

Conductor—Your fare, Miss.

Evangeline—Oh, do you really think so?

* * *

Mr. Fulton—What tree will always hold a place in history?

Greenie—The date.

* * *

Said the "skeeter" to his victim,
As on his nose he lit,
"You will pardon my intrusion,
But I'm here to do my bit."

* * *

If the Northern soldier lived on beans, what was it the Confederate ate?

* * *

Little Willie was taken to see his first football game. The extent to which he was impressed did not become evident until that night as he said his prayers, when, to the horror of his parents, he prayed:

God bless Mama,
God bless Papa,
God bless Willie,
Boom! Rah! Rah!

Can You Imagine—

Isabella Grant without her powder puff?
Carl Hinkle in a white collar?
Mr. Fulton doing the Charlie Chaplin?
Schubert Henry with a Caney girl?
Edgar Wilson wide awake?
Mabel Rowley without her lesson?
Phillip Feist with a girl?
Myree Clark bluffing her teachers?
Mr. Shinn with a pompadour?
Dennis Foote with curly hair?
An empty library?
Margaret Atwood without her sarcastic smile?
What the Juniors will do without the Seniors?

* * *

The English class had been reading "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow," and had reached the dramatic line, "A splashy tramp caught the sensitive ear of Ichabod"—

"Put it into your own words," said Miss Cox.

"Why," replied Toad Stradley, "The dirty tramp got hold of his sore ear."

* * *

Dago—I called on you last night, didn't I?

Helen—Why, of course. What a foolish question!

Dago—W-w-w-well, I just wanted to say that if I proposed to you, I was drunk.

Helen—Well, to ease your mind, I will say that if I accepted you I was crazy.

The month of February is short;
I like it, don't you see,
Because it seems to have a sort
Of sympathy for—Bee.

* * *

Want Ads

Wanted—Someone to play second fiddle in my orchestra. Beulah Smith.

Wanted—Someone to love. Russel McFarland.

For Sale—A nice mattress by an old lady full of feathers.

Lost—A girl; if found, return to LeRoi Henry.

Wanted—A job carving wood; chairs preferred.
John Grant.

Wanted—A muzzle. Keith Carinder.

Wanted—A man. Miss Elsie Smith.

* * *

Russel—I think there's something dovelike about you.

Mary M. (sweetly)—O, do you?

Russel—Yes; you're pigeon-toed.

* * *

Phil—Poor Hinkle! He lost a lot of money on a wildcat mining scheme.

Dot—Well, I didn't know you had to mine for wildcats!

* * *

Mr. Fulton (in Physics class)—Homer, what is the difference between lightning and electricity?

Minnick—You don't have to pay for the lightning.



Mr. Fulton (in Chemistry class)—You young people do not use your faculties of observation. For instance (he picked up a jar of chemicals of vile odor and stuck his finger into it and then into his mouth).

"Taste it," he said to the class.

After each member of the class had felt angry through his soul, Mr. Fulton said:

"I told you so! If you had noticed you would have seen that the finger I stuck into my mouth was not the one I stuck into the jar."

* * *

Hinkle, coming to school with his gun, was asked by Mr. Shinn why he had it.

Hinkle—I had to kill my dog this morning.

Mr. Shinn—Was he mad?

Hinkle—Well, he didn't seem any too well pleased about it.

* * *

Mayme—Arthur blundered into the library last night just as Perry kissed me.

Dora—Horrible! What did he say?

Mayme—He pretended to look for a book, and when I asked him what he wanted he answered that he was looking for "A Study of Scarlet," but he didn't know we had three copies.

Shorty Wilson (on arriving at the hospital in Independence)—And you really think, Doctor, that it is necessary to operate today?

Doctor—Yes, sir, it is necessary, for there may be no need to operate tomorrow.

* * *

An intelligent Frenchman was studying the English language. "When I discovered that if I was quick I was fast, and that if I was tied I was fast, if I spent too freely I was fast, and that not to eat was fast, I was discouraged," he said. "But when I came across this sentence, 'the first one won one guinea prize,' I was tempted to give up trying."

Now if it was that hard to learn for an intelligent Frenchman, what on earth can Miss Conrad expect of the poor ignorant Freshies?

* * *

When Miss Cox went to have her monthly check cashed at the bank, the clerk apologized for the filthy condition of the paper money.

Clerk—I hope you're not afraid of microbes?

Miss Cox—Not a bit of it; I'm sure no microbe could live on my salary.

Mr. Henry—How's your son getting along in his studies at school?

Mr. Beebe—Fine! He's halfback on the football team, and all the way back in his studies.

* * *

Miss Cox (speaking of the Burlington debate)—How were the acoustic qualities of the auditorium?

Evangeline—Fierce! Our voices carried finely out to the audience, but we could barely hear the applause.

* * *

First Soldier—Flag of truce, General.

General—What do the Germans want?

Soldier—They want to exchange a couple of Majors for a can of condensed milk.

* * *

Helen—Did you kill the moths with the mothballs I told you to get?

Isabelle—No, sir; I sat up all night and didn't hit one.

A match has a head but no face,
A watch has a face but no head.
A river has a mouth but no tongue,
A wagon has a tongue but no mouth.
An umbrella has ribs but no trunk,
A tree has a trunk but no ribs.
A clock has hands but no arms,
A sea has arms but no hands.
A rooster has a comb but no hair,
A rabbit has hair but no comb.
Odd, isn't it?

* * *

John Grant—My father and I know everything in the world.

Mr. Roberds—Where's Asia?

John (thoughtfully)—That's one of the things my father knows.

C. H. S. LIBRARY

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"The Man Higher Up".....	Mr. Humphry
"Bleak House".....	The Study Hall
"Freckles".....	Beulah Hughes
"The Madcap".....	Gladys Bolinger
"Happy-Go-Lucky".....	Marie Palmore
"The Flirt".....	Cleta Waters
"Judgment House".....	The Office
"In Search of a Husband".....	Miss Smith
"The Penalty".....	Getting Expelled
"The Heavenly Twins".....	Beulah Winkler and Marie Doye
"The Lion and the Mouse".....	Mr. Shinn and John Grant
"The Baby".....	Isabella Grant
"Miss Innocence".....	Miss Conrad
"The Wonder Woman".....	Miss Cox
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