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LOCAL
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THE PALLADIUM

of

Nineteen Hundred Twenty-Seven



VOLUME SEVEN

Published by

NORTHVILLE HIGH SCHOOL



Dedication

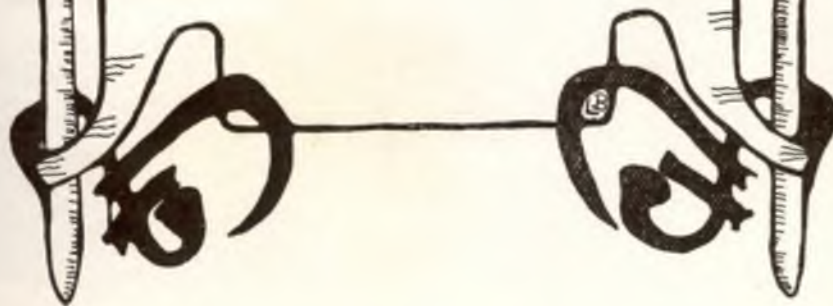
To Miss Evelyn Harr, who has sympathetically entered into the solution of our problems, who has unsparingly served our interests, and who has constantly helped us to attain the ideal of self-control, we appreciatively dedicate this volume of the Annual.



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Foreword

The Palladium Staff of nineteen hundred and twenty seven presents this, the seventh volume of the Northville High School Annual, with sincere wishes that it will revive the scenes and memories of this year's activities for many years to come.

We here wish to express our appreciation to all who have in any way helped make our Annual a success.





Board of Education

“Life”

Let him who would achieve success in life
remember that:—

“Heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by single flight,
But they, while their companions slept
Were toiling upward in the night.”

Also that:—

“He most lives, who thinks most, feels
the noblest and acts the best.”

“Inheritance”

Your greatest inheritance is a purpose in
pursuit of which you will find employment,
for—

“The busy world shoves angrily aside,
The man who stands with arms akimbo
set,
And he, who waits to have his task
marked out,
Shall die, and leave his errand unful-
filled.”

“Pax Vobiscum”

“Life is before you,
From its fated road you cannot turn.
Then take ye up the load,
Not yours to dread, nor leave the unknown
way
Ye must go o'er it, meet ye what ye may.
Gird up your soul within you to the deed.
Angels and fellow spirits bid you speed.”

“Builders”

Isn't it strange that Princes and Kings
And Clowns that caper in sawdust rings,
And common Folks like you and me,
Are builders for Eternity?
To each is given a set of tools,
A shapeless mass and a book of rules;
And each must build, ere life has flown,
A stumbling block or a stepping-stone.

FACULTY



Evelyn Harr



W.H. Gordon
Supt.



Mrs. Zenaida Darbins
Prin.



Glenn Brainard



E. Byle Moore



Ethel Bathers



Kemp Smith



Euneta Oldaker



Margaret Draper



George Walker

FACULTY



Dorothy Dubuar



Fay Christ



Susan Marsden



Hazel Parmalea



Orpha Bird



Elizabeth Wapham



Mable Miller



Ruth Butts



Irene Hoag



Billian Byke



Elsie Hughes



A. Boob-Bert A. down and Ullman



Gingie & wife.



Zip, the gas man.



"Smiles"



Ernie and Blanche



Golf, baseball and track expert



Seamus and her little brother



Recollections of "The J-Shop"



Junior High

Senior High

College

SENIORS

L.B.



TOM WOODBURY

*"A great man in the making, perhaps
a comedian,
A banker, or again a president."*
Class President (4)
Class Vice-President (3)
Palladium Staff (3) (4)
Junior Play (3)
Grand Rapids Central High (1) (2)

IRENE MARIE GOTTS

*"Let me live in a house by the side
of a road
And be a friend to man."*
Class President (1) (2)
Vice President (4)
Junior Play (3)
Salutatory

NORMAN GEORGE S. COPLAND

*"Exceptional financial talent mixed
with golf ability could only make
such a man."*
Student Council Treasurer (3) (4)
Basketball (3)
Class Secretary and Treasurer (4)
K. E. G. Secretary and Treasurer (4)
Golf (3) (4)

CARLYLE CARPENTER LOVEWELL

*"If silence is golden, he must be
bankrupt."*
Class President (3)
Student Council (3) (4)
Palladium Staff (3)
Debate (3) (4)
Junior Play (3)
Football (1) (2) (3)
Basketball (2) (3) (4)
Golf (3)
Track (3) (4)
President T. M. B. (4)
Pasadena, California H. S. (1)

ORSON S. ATCHINSON

*"When Fame's as sick as failure is
He snores on desk in quiet bliss."*
Football (1) (2) (3) (4)
Baseball (2) (3) (4)
Track (3) (4)
Basketball (3)

LAWRENCE HENRY LeFEVRE

*"I am heir of all the ages,
In the foremost ranks of time."*
Football (1) (2) (3) (4)
Baseball (1) (2) (3) (4)
Basketball (2) (3) (4)
Track (3)
Junior Play (3)
Class Secretary (2)

RUTH MARY FOREMAN

*"Here graceful ease and sweetness
void of pride
Might hide her faults, if belles had
faults to hide."*
Junior Play (3)
Glee Club (4)
High School Chorus (4)
Salem H. S. (1) (2)

ALEXANDER FARQUHAR MILNE

*"As an actor, confessed without rival
to shine;
As a wit, if not first, in the very first
line."*
Palladium Editor (4)
Student Council (4)
Junior Play '25
T. M. B. Secretary and Treasurer (4)
Baseball (2) (3)
Track (2) (3)
Football (2) (3) (4)
Dramatic Club

ARTHUR THEODORE CARLSON

*"The man of life upright whose guilt-
less heart is free
From all dishonest deeds or thoughts
of vanity."*
Basketball (3)
Glee Club (4)
Poughkeepsie N. Y. High S. (1) (2)

WARREN BANFIELD

*"My kingdom for a pony, a rope, and
a gun."*
Football (3) (4)
Baseball (3) (4)
Track (4)





RICHARD THEODORE SMITH

*"For him light labor spread her
wholesome store,
Just gave what life required, but gave
no more."*

- Student Council (3)
- Glee Club (4)
- High School Chorus (4)
- Football (1) (2) (3) (4)
- Track (2) (3)
- Basketball (1) (2) (3) (4)
- Golf (3)

MARGUERITE WARNER

*"A perfect woman nobly planned
To war, to comfort, to command."*

- Palladium Staff (4)
- Junior Play (3)
- Operetta (3)
- Vice President T. M. B.
- Glee Club (4)
- Class History

ERWIN HENRY SIBLEY

*"Let us agree to differ but resolve to
love."*

- Valedictory
- President Student Council (4)
- Palladium Staff (3)

VENA EULA AUSTIN

*"Give me the glamour of lights,
The thunder and dazzle of things
alive."*

- Glee Club (4)
- High School Chorus (3)
- Basketball (1) (2) (3) (4)
- Track (2) (3)

EDWARD SIDNEY HORTON

*"The trouble is—the trouble he is al-
ways in."*

- K. E. G. President (4)
- Glee Club (1) (2) (3)
- Class Secretary and Treasurer (1)
- Captain Cheer Leaders (4)
- Giftatory
- Baseball (2) (4)
- Track (3) (4)
- Football (2)

MILDRED LOUISE PLANT

*"Quiet, reserved, and shy, but she'll
make a place in the sands of time."*

High School Chorus
J-Hop Committee (3)
Senior Prom Committee (4)

KENNETH WILLIAM JOHN MARTIN

*"Tis better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all."*

Football (4)
Glee Club (4)
High School Chorus (4)
Ionia High School (1) (2) (3)

VIVIAN ARLENE TAYLOR

*"If love be blind, it cannot hit the
mark."*

Junior Play (3)
Basketball (1) (2) (4)
Glee Club (1)
High School Chorus (1)
Track (1) (2)
Operetta (1) (3)
Class Secretary and Treasurer (3)
Vice-President (1)

HARCCURT VOR HALVORSEN

*"In the Spring a young man's fancy
Lightly turns to thoughts of love."*

Palladium Staff (4)
Glee Club (4)
Yoncalla High School, Oregon (1)

GEORGE EMERY OGILVIE

*"Distance lends enehantment to the
dream."*

Athletic Custodian (4)
Class Prophecy
Batavia High School, N. Y. (1) (2)
Malvern Ave. Collegiate Institute, To-
ronto, Canada (3)



Class History

Looking in retrospect over this vast panorama called High School days, Fancy seems to depict it as a high mountain towards whose summit we have these four years been climbing. Today we have achieved our first success. We have reached "Point Graduation," the first of a mighty series of peaks and pinnacles that tower about us on this uphill journey through life.

When we entered High School, in '23, we numbered thirty-seven, but as various trials and adversities beset our little group, we discovered that some were out of step, some were lagging behind, and others were far back in the distance, sitting by the roadside to rest. Gradually our group was diminished as we hurried on past the milestone examinations, and ere long it became evident to all that this journey was to be another example of the age old law of life—"The survival of the fittest." Sometimes at the crossroads we would find waiting for us stragglers from other upward bound parties, and in this way we added six to our sadly decreasing number.

During our first year of experience we chose as our officers, Irene Gotts, President; Vivian Taylor, Secretary; and Edward Horton, Treasurer. For our class advisor and leader for the starting-off year, we chose Miss Moore. She led us well and advised us wisely. But one big question which bothered us "Freshies" a great deal was, that none of the upperclassmen recognized us as members of their high school or even considered us as climbing companions. Long ago when Francis Bacon was living he wrote, "A man is what he knoweth"—so maybe that is why they didn't pay much attention to us. But nevertheless, we had a good time by ourselves. We were a jolly and carefree crowd and along our way we had several successful get-togethers and parties. As Freshmen we could easily be identified for we were compelled by our upperclassmen to array ourselves in vivid blue and green caps, much to their amusement and our distaste.

There were a few ragged and several seemingly unsurmountable obstacles that had to be smoothed off, such as Algebra, History, English, and Latin, but with the various well-known, and dependable Faculty skid chains, we at last overcame all obstacles and reached our first resting place—"Sophomore Valley."

Another school year rolled around, and with renewed vigor we started off on our second year, thirty-three strong. As Sophomores we looked upon the Freshmen with disdain. We organized immediately under the supervision of Mr. Wilbur and chose as our class officers, Irene Gotts, President; Lawrence LeFevre, Secretary, and Francis Hall, Treasurer. Our first public appearance as a class was at a bakesale, the proceeds of which were to help us enjoy ourselves along our way; then, we intended to realize our plans for a trip to Washington. Our first get-together was a party at Waterford, which turned out to be one of those ever-to-be-remembered "Hot-dog" roasts that only foolish Sophomores can enjoy; but we must not forget that Mr. Wilbur, Miss Hoag and Miss Moore were along, and who could have anything but a good time with them as chaperons? That year again instead of our numbers increasing there was a decided decrease, for ten left us and only five new students came in; thus there were only twenty-eight when we finally paused to rest on "Junior Heights."

Again seeking further enlightenment along the line of education, twenty-four sturdy climbers enrolled as Juniors the following September. We organized as quickly as before, but this time under Miss Francis Yerkes, who proved not only wise but one of the best class advisors that could ever be found. She was exceedingly patient with us as she helped us through our daily struggles and piloted us

over some of the jagged edges. Our officers this year were Carlyle Lovewell, President; Tom Woodbury, Vice-President; and Vivian Taylor, Secretary and Treasurer. Our class has always been famed for its parties and our Junior year was no exception. Thus we started off our year with a magazine selling contest in which the Seniors were our great rivals. In this way a few more dollars were added to our treasury. Many other means of earning money were tried, all of which succeeded wonderfully well. The first real honest-to-goodness big thing that our class did was to give a J-Hop on the twenty-second of April. The gymnasium was prettily decorated in yellow and white and Patterson's Orchestra furnished such tantalizing music that even the stubbornest and most tired feet could not resist. The next big event was the giving of our Junior Play, "Mr. Bob." Hidden talent in the class was uncovered and our play was the crowning event of the year and also put a goodly sum into the treasury. Much to our sorrow we found our numbers still decreasing in the Junior year, for only one had come to us and four had turned back, so we were left with only nineteen when we at last reached "Senior Pinnacle."

And then—September had arrived again and for the fourth and last time, summoned us to the dear old Northville High. Wonderful indeed will ever be the reminiscences of these years of work and play. Many have been our joys within the walls of this High School, yet we have not been without our disappointments.

Our officers for this year were: Tom Woodbury, President; Irene Gotts, Vice-President; and Norman Copland, Treasurer. The Seniors chose Mrs. Larkins for their class advisor; and a wise choice it was for she did all in her power to help us. It was through her untiring efforts and those of our President, which made our last year one that we will always hold in our memory as one of our best years in High School. The crowning event of this year was our Senior Prom, which was given January 12, 1927. It was a great success and the class of '27 did justice to their reputation for delightful entertainment.

Our sincere hope for the following classes is that they will enjoy this school as we have and may the realization of their dreams of high school days be as great as their anticipations. So let us all keep in mind what Cullard says:

*The easy roads are crowded,
And the level roads are jammed,
The pleasant little rivers
With the drifting folks are crammed.*

*That off yonder where its rocky,
Where you get a better view,
The ranks are always thinning,
And travelers are few.*

*Where the going's smooth and pleasant,
You will always find the throng,
For the many—more's the pity,
Seems to like to drift along.*

*But the steep's that call for courage,
And the task that's hard to do,
In the end results in glory
For the never wavering few.*

—Marguerite Warner '27.

Class Will

"Where there is a will there is a way." Realizing that there are many valuable articles and traits that can not be taken with us when we leave high school and that it would be selfish to take them when they can be left to a much better cause, in the place of their origination, we of the class of '27, translate the phrase into this: "Where there is a will there is opportunity to give away the things that we can not take with us."

Now with our will, as with all wills, it was hard to get started; no one wanted to be first, for it nearly broke everyone's heart to sign, because it made them feel so old and near the end. But it happened like this: Orson Atchinson, a studious young farmer of our class, drove to school with his horse and buggy exceptionally early one morning, and when he pulled up to the school, the children became quite boisterous; upon alighting from his buggy he saw, much to his surprise, two of his father's best chickens perched upon the buggy top. The humiliation was too much for Orson, so he immediately knocked them in the head and took them to Jim Wood, who mounted them for him. It is Orson's wish that they be willed to Chuck Ely, with the understanding that they shall be mounted on the top of his Ford.

Mildred Plant followed in Orson's steps and stated that she would like to do something useful in her will. Now isn't that Mildred all over again! She handed me these lines: "Through years of practice I have obtained the ability to be pleasant at all times, and at this time I am pleased to will a portion of this ability to Miss Lyke, with my best wishes for her success."

I had just written that in the will when a light voice asked me if any one had signed the will yet. On looking up, I saw there Lawrence LeFevre, an apparently unimpressionable, non-absorbing chap, with a yellow paper in his hand. I explained that two had, and he said, "You know what I'm goin'a will? You don't do you? Well, you know I've been thinking of Mr. Smith, and seeing as how I am going to marry a woman who can cook, and that I know how myself, I am going to will him my book of Cooking Instructions For Bachelors."

Just then Marguerite Warner came up to ask Lawrence something about his brother and I took advantage of the opportunity and asked her to make out her will. She replied, "Oh, Lilly, I don't know what to will unless its that pair of Real Silk hose I bought of you." But I objected to that and she finally made up her mind to leave her ability to write themes for others to Hazel Hacking.

I talked to the Editor of the Student News, Vor Halvorsen, and he was rushed with business as usual, but he wished it stated that if a truck should accidently run over him or an idiot pull his head off, or some murderer take a fancy to him, even if he drowned or something horrid happened, he was leaving the copyright of the story to Mr. Eaton, the Editor of the Record. While I was there to see Vor, I thought it wise to interview Irene Gotts, his stenographer. Luckily she was in a big hearted mood and would have given the pound of flesh for Antonio, if it had been in Shakespeare's time, but it wasn't, and she willingly left her position and ability as a baseball player on the girls' team to the good old High School, done up in lots of spirit.

Just as I was leaving Vor's office Emery Ogilvie burst in with a package in his hand, which he placed on the desk with these words: "There's your cards. Vor; sorry that they are late but the Owl Printing Company has been rushed to death getting out personal blotters for various students." While Vor was writing out a check for the cards, I approached Emery on the subject of his donation to the class

will. Quickly he grasped the check that Vor pushed forth on the desk and buttoned up his coat another notch. I could see the Scotch blood rise in his veins, but he took on a deep meditating look, similar to that of a Philosopher, and shortly, to my surprise, gave the ability he had for keeping tab on athletic equipment, to George Walker, accompanied with his best tactics at detective work.

Emery accompanied me as far as Miss Lister's room, where he said he had to see her about something concerning her sister. With Emery signed up, the space was ready for the next one, who happened to be Vena Austin, the girl who was born to blush unseen—on account of the abundance of powder she uses. Her will was ready and she wished to leave her ability to have car trouble to Russell Atchison, saying that he might find it very handy when out driving with Geraldine Huff.

With Vena's offering, it seemed as though no one else had made up his mind, and I was getting rather restless for something to add to the will when Warner Neal ran up to me with a special delivery letter. I signed for it and looked at the post mark, which was Mio, Michigan. I was indeed perplexed at receiving such a letter from way up there and immediately tore it open and to satisfy my curiosity I turned the page to read the signature first. It was an added surprise to read the names of Edward Horton and Norman Copland. The letter read something like this: "Here we are stranded up in the sticks, where men are men and women are mere trifles. Our hopes of ever reaching civilization again are about shattered in somewhat the same manner as our Ford. We have become quite at home here, and Norman looks like a back woodsman with his rustic beard, and I can spit tobacco juice three feet. In spite of our habitual changes we have not forgotten the class of '27, and wish to send our donation to the will which is as follows: I, Norman Copland, hereby will my ability as a financier and economist, to Duane Dunbar of N. H. S. And, I, Edward Horton, here will my conscientiousness for the betterment of N. H. S. to Terry Thompson."

Ruth Foreman came up to me with a sympathetic look in her eyes and said that she wanted to will something that would enlighten the difficulties of Mr. Gordon. So she has willed her highly perfected touch as a typist to our Superintendent. With such generous gifts offered, I was encouraged, and then approached Warren Banfield for his donation. It was a hard task, for Warren likes to be coaxed, but he finally consented, and willed his large collection of Western Story Magazines to Louis Tiffin, saying that he would make a fine cowboy because he was so bowlegged.

It certainly is great to think how thoughtful and generous the members of the class are. Just after Warren parted with his fine collection of Western life, Vivian Taylor came along and said that she wished to will her seat in the assembly, which happens to be by the window, to Madeline Cole, so that after Kenneth Martin graduates, Madeline can watch him go by the window. It seems that Vivian has used it to good advantage on most days, watching for the Pontiac six to drive up in front of the school.

Life wouldn't be what it is if there weren't some efforts in vain, and this, we must take into consideration at this moment, for no sooner had Vivian signed the will, than Kenneth Martin, himself, came up to me and said that he wanted to make out his will. His will is this: "I hereby will Madeline Cole to a funnier man than I, Lynn Partridge." Now just why Ken. should be so selfish with himself, is more than I can understand, but I will take his part and say that it is a little exaggerated and that Ken. takes the prize that he offered Partridge.

The next one I approached was Arthur Carlson. He was engaged in day dreaming, about airplanes and clouds, I suppose, but I soon aroused him and brought him back to earth. Then I popped the question as to his will. Art actually jumped

up from his seat with a revengeful smile on his face and I had a hunch as to what was coming. Then in his slow words, he put it this way, "I'd like to leave my boxing gloves and books on lighting to Alfred Smith." I asked Art, just why such a will as that. He said, "Well heck, don't you see I want Alf. to be able to knock the deuce out of his brother Dick when he gets sore at him."

It was very plain to see that there is a feud between Art and Dick, so I thought the best thing to do was consult Dick on his share in the will and put the two side by side for comparison. I asked Dick just what it was that had come between him and Art, and Dick was very frank in saying that Art had been in the act of dusting off his coat and he had misunderstood Art's intentions and had lost control of his right hand. Dick's will did not come up to my expectations, for he wished it stated that he was leaving all his knowledge of Basketball to Coach Walker.

It is the policy of some to have the best first, but with us it is the good old way to have the best last and for that reason the here-called Rustic Three, are now placing their will. Good things are done up in small packages and taking the smallest of the Rustic Three, we have Tom Woodbury. It seems that Cal. Coolidge has agreed with Tom to the fact that no parents should bring their boys up to be Vice-Presidents, and that no matter how great an authority may be one should always doubt him. Now with this little introduction of the Mussolinic likeness, we precede with his will which reads, "With no intent to exaggerate, I, usher forth these sincere words to my school compatriots—May you use my ability as a football player at a profitable advantage in the coming season."

The next of the Rustics is Erwin Sibley, the man that was born to tell the world just why it is, what it was in the beginning, and shall be afterward. Zip, as he has been christened, wills his exceptional poker face to Jim Ely.

Last in line and the most rustic of the three is Alexander Farquhar Milne. No need to attempt involving his ironic character with his will, but here are his words; "With my mind alert to the opportunity of doing a bit of good for the remaining students, I now sketch my will to the Class of '28, saying that I willingly bequeath to them my knowledge of the beautiful city of Washington D. C., the marvelously decorated government buildings, and great comfort of sleeping in an upper berth on the Baltimore & Ohio R. R.'s. This I leave with my best wishes for your departure to the sunny South in '28."

The best "I" can do is will this pronunciamento to the clerk of next year's Student Union.

—C. "Lillums" Lovewell.

Class Prophecy

During the past thirty years the spirit of the class of '27 has not been diminished, for at the thirtieth annual reunion held at Carlyle Lovewell's Pasadena Ranch, every member was present and every one was in a jovial disposition. We were transported to our destination in Arthur Carlson's gigantic Sedan plane. Art flew to several states and into Canada to pick up the members. Carly explained that, it being so hard to find a place to park, he parks on a cloud and descends to the ground by means of a rope ladder.

Marguerite Warner, famous jazz and classical song composer, received an inspiration on the way and composed a new song entitled, "Cloud Sparking." Peggy's songs are the favorites the world over.

To reach Warren Banfield we had to make a northern trip to the Pole. Cowboy owns and operates the only stand for selling Western Story Magazines and other Wild West Stories at the Pole.

While up there we also stopped for Santa Claus, Alec Milne, who made fame by giving the children at Christmas time popcorn and all day suckers. Santa is also employed as the Pole's Free Press poet.

Reverend Kenneth Martin with his pleasing personality and his splendid gift of reading, was an honorable member. He obliged us by reading some of Sinclair Lewis's stories.

Senorita Vena Austin came by train from Mexico City to St. Louis where we picked her up. Her husband is the only President of that ill-fated country to live a day as President. He has been there two and is still living. The Senorita has been the wife of five of these Presidents.

Old Doctor Erwin Sibley with years of dignity and learning behind him was appointed Chief Lecturer for the evening. After he had talked two hours, the class woke up and the festival continued. Doctor said that he spoke on evolution, meaning that evolution would be desirable for some poeple to give them human aspects. He mentioned no names, but Emery Ogilvie and Carlyle Lovewell fidgeted around considerably.

The automobile magnate from Liverpool, E. Sidney Horton, was on a tour of the United States, so he was picked up at Salt Lake City. E. Sidney explained that his chief hobbies were stamp collecting and cheer leading.

Somehow the years have changed our dainty Irene. She weighs one hundred pounds and is a noted metropolitan beauty. In spite of her forty odd years she still retains the vigor and beauty of her youth.

The financial genius, N. George S. Copland, was appointed by the President as Secretary of the Treasury on the Prohibition ticket. We trust that he will remember the needy. Norman is also a famous golfer, noted for his long putts.

Vor Halvorson noted for his creation of feminine styles declared that his company must close on account of women wearing less and less clothing.

Vivian Taylor, fashionable lady living on Fifth Avenue, objected to the vulgarity of some of the class. Mike has written several well known books of etiquette.

Ex-Ambassador to Japan, Orson Atchinson gave an address on the high cost of living in Tokio. Orson was Ambassador to that country ten years but was accused

of going to movies on Sunday by the emperor. He was acquitted but was forced by public opinion to resign.

Tom Woodbury, explorer and scientist, gave an interesting illustrated lecture on the traffic congestion in the Philippine Islands. He explained the nature of his visit to the South Pole and showed several pieces of ice manufactured by the South Pole Ice Company.

Of course, in a class like ours there would be cinema stars. We are fortunate in having two such persons. Richard Smith and Mildred Plant, who co-star, are experience and wonderful masters of their art. A few grey hairs have appeared on Dick's head but he continues to hold his popularity as the world's best love actor. Millie too, in spite of her years, is exceedingly popular. Their latest picture is the emotion stirring drama, "The Pitfalls of Sin."

Ruth Foreman, our distinguished charity worker, gave us facts and statements concerning the death rate by alcoholism in New York. Ruth also knows how to sell radio sets and candy, the proceeds of which, of course, goes to charity.

Lawrence Henry Le Fevre, eminent pharmacist, has for years been trying to find the unknown chemical element. Lawrence has been moved around and scarred visibly by the untimely combustion of some of his chemical mixtures.

Perhaps the truth is painful but as for G. E. Ogilvie there is practically no hope. But he might grow up at sixty. It is too bad to have to write this but he is still a boy (funny yet).

Lily made an excellent host, giving us access to his million dollar estate. It is a well-known fact that Lily made his financial status by raising bulls for Mexican bull fights.

We all ended our reunion by handshaking and vowed to be present next season. It was voted to meet at Dick's palatial Florida home; and we flew to our respective homes full of cheer and good heartedness.

—G. Emery Ogilvie, '27.

CLASSÉS



L.B.



JUNIORS

THIRD ROW—H. Dixon, D. Ware, S. Stalter, H. Sedan, E. Roberts, R. Atchison, L. Partridge, H. Goodale.
 SECOND ROW—W. Foreman, D. Dunbar, D. Munro, H. Schultz, Miss Harr, M. Safford, R. Van Atta, J. Ely, A. Hotaling.
 FIRST ROW—C. Ely, M. Schoof, V. Ludwig, E. Lockman, G. Huff, R. Sessions, F. Bolton, G. Biery, E. Sutton, C. Murdock.



SOPHOMORES

THIRD ROW—A. Smith, R. Kerr, J. Leavenworth, D. Herrick, J. Harlan, H. Wolfrom, M. Guntzville, T. Watts, R. McCardle, F. Bowers, C. Thomaszewski, F. Knight.
 SECOND ROW—L. Ogilvie, G. Calkins, H. Guntzville, D. Kiiken, H. Hacking, M. Cole, Miss Oldaker, L. Brookman, M. Johnson, A. Beard, R. Strachan, N. Atchinson.
 FIRST ROW—K. Litzenger, I. Bennett, M. Adams, J. Austin, M. Cousins, J. Vradenburg, B. Chargo, H. Hacking, G. Ludwig, D. Vogt, R. Root, E. Sterner.



FRESHMEN

FOURTH ROW—J. Huff, J. Modos, G. Rankin, A. Lyke, Miss Hoag, S. Westphall, H. Foreman, C. Morgan, K. Buers, I. Ely, C. LeFevre.

THIRD ROW—F. Van Atta, M. Hamilton, M. Schoultz, E. Wolfe, E. Martens, N. Dickerson, E. Liverance, H. Chrysler, R. Melow, M. Stanley, G. Carter, H. Dickerson.

SECOND ROW—E. Alger, G. Angell, F. Budd, M. Bartrum, V. Bulman, M. Clark, M. Fleischman, M. Jordan, L. Moiffitt, H. Whipple, O. Markham, A. Richards, R. Roberts.

FIRST ROW—K. Wilcox, J. Boyd, R. Sonnenberg, M. Campbell, A. Miller, A. Sessions, M. Rorabacher, P. Steencken, B. Turner, A. Sibley.



EIGHTH GRADE



SEVENTH GRADE



SIXTH AND SEVENTH GRADES



SIXTH GRADE



FIFTH GRADE



FOURTH AND FIFTH GRADES



FOURTH GRADE



THIRD GRADE



SECOND GRADE



SECOND AND THIRD GRADES



FIRST GRADE



KINDERGARTEN



PLAYGROUND

SENIOR DIRECTORY

<i>Name</i>	<i>Nickname</i>	<i>Pastimes</i>	<i>Failings</i>	<i>Who's What in 1950</i>
Orson Atchinson	"Orsona"	Reading Hamilton's History	Sleeping	Enjoying the benefits of an American Citizen
Vena Austin	"The Iron Woman"	Cranking the Dodge	Westward Ho	Physical Ed. teacher
Warren Banfield	"Cowboy"	Reading Western Stories	Chewing gum	Farmer
Arthur Carlson	"Dizzy"	Studying	Too little play	Architect
Norman Copland	"Cephus"	Golf	"Figures"	Accountant for Hudson Co.
Ruth Foreman	"Salem"	Typing	Giggles	Private Secretary to Alec Milne
Irene Gotts	"Rener"	Daily Dozen	Few	Teacher in N. H. S.
Vor Halvorsen	"Posy"	Mending	Woman Hater	Ambassador to France
Edward Horton	"Ed"	Justifying his absence	Enough	President of the Rexall Co.
Lawrence LeFevre	"Lorney"	Making sodas	Women	Yost's Chief Assistant
Carlyle Lovewell	"Lillums"	Entertaining classes	Bluffing	Darrow the Second
Kenneth Martin	"Ernie"	Portraying character	Curls	Millionaire Artist
Alec Milne	"Farquhar"	Writing poetry	Scotch	Andrew Mellon's Successor
Emery Ogilvie	"Ogglevee"	Printing	Talking	Tammany Boss
Mildred Plant	"Milly"	Being occupied	You tell us	Private Secretary to Erwin
Erwin Sibley	"Zip"	Selling Pennsylvania	To succeed in selling Pennsylvania	Building a bridge between N. Y. and London
Richard Smith	"Brick"	Dancing	Eating candy in school	Athletic Coach of U. of D.
Vivian Taylor	"Mike"	Driving Chief Pontiac	Boxers	No longer a "Taylor"
Marguerite Warner	"Peggy"	Worrying	?	Tutoring Vor in French
Tom Woodbury	"Teaberry"	Making something happen	Bothering Marguerite	Washington, I am here.

SOCIETY AND ORGANIZATION



LB



PALLADIUM STAFF



Manual Arts

The Manual Training Department is the latest department to be added to the fast growing Northville High School. It was organized and equipped in the fall of 1925, and has proven to be one of the most popular as well as one of the most educational departments in the High School.

Project work is now offered to all the grades above the fifth, and some very pretty as well as practical problems have been constructed and designed by the boys.

The tools and machinery are of the latest and best, and every opportunity is afforded the boys to do the best possible work. The machines are equipped with every safety device possible to insure safe operation and freedom from accidents. Each machine has an individual motor attached.

The machinery consists of three wood turning lathes, a hand saw, tool grinder, saw bench, and electric planer.

The boys have constructed cedar chests, telephone tables and chairs, end tables, library tables, hall trees, floor and table lamps, bird houses, tool boxes, automobile parts, book cases, magazine racks, pedestals, foot stools, necktie racks, and many other smaller projects.



The Student Council

At the beginning of the school year of 1926, seven students were elected by a popular vote to serve on the Student Council, an organization that represents the Student Union of which every one in the High School is a member.

The officers of the Student Council are: mayor, clerk, treasurer, and an alderman from each of the four upper classes. There is also a Police Board, composed of a chief and one deputy from each ward. Erwin Sibley served as mayor; Geraldine Huff, as clerk; Norman Copland, as treasurer; and Alec Milne, Russell Achison, Harvey Guntzville, and Charles LeFevre as aldermen. The Police Force consisted of Carlyle Lovewell, chief; Emery Ogilvie, Duane Dunbar, Allen Beard and Louis Tiffin, deputies.

The purpose of this organization is four-fold. First, it shall endeavor to create greater efficiency in all student activities; second, it shall strive to raise the standards of scholarship, of morals and of athletics; third, it shall seek to secure a greater co-operation between students and faculty; and last, it shall endeavor to create a spirit of greater loyalty to the school.

The Student Council drafted a Constitution which was adopted by the Student Union; the council handled finances, bought athletic equipment, held sale of tickets for various games, put on Assembly programs, held fire drills, arranged for trimming of show cases for cups, held election of cheer leaders and appointed the Palladium Staff for the year.

The Student Council labored faithfully in the face of many obstacles to obtain their goal, and are to be congratulated for starting self-government in the school.



Debate

The debate season of 1926-27 may be considered one of the most successful in the history of N. H. S. The team composed of Russell Atchison, Margaret Safford, and Carlyle Lovewell brought four unanimous decisions to the credit of the school. Northville opened the preliminary series of debates with Milford, defeating them by a 3-0 decision. The next debate was held with New Hudson. Northville again upheld the affirmative side of the question and defeated them with a 3-0 score. The third debate was to be held with Holly, but they forfeited the debate, thus giving another 3-0 score. The fourth and last debate of the preliminary series ended in a victory for Northville when they defeated Howell High School at Howell by a 3-0 decision. Northville then entered the elimination series of debates, and like Napoleon, met their "Waterloo" when they debated Oakridge High School of Royal Oak. However, the 2-1 decision helped assuage the sting of the defeat which put to an end our 1927 debate season.

This year, through graduation Northville loses a brilliant debater, Carlyle Lovewell, who, leaving a successful high school career behind him, steps out into college life. However, Northville retains for one more year the other two debaters, Russell Atchison and Margaret Safford, who are sure to put forth their very best efforts toward making the debate season of 1927-28 a creditable one.

SCHEDULE

Preliminary					
November 26	Milford	0	Northville 3		Affirmative
December 10	New Hudson	0	Northville 3		Affirmative
January 14	Holly	0	Northville 3		Negative
February 4	Howell	0	Northville 3		Negative
Eliminating					
March 4	Oakridge	2	Northville 1		Affirmative

PALLADIUM SALES TEAMS



Camp Fire Girls

March 23, 1927, the girls of the seventh and eighth grades organized a Camp Fire Group. The first thing to be done was to elect officers. We elected the following ones March 2, 1927: President, Margaret Norton; Vice-President, Lillian Cassie; Secretary, Violet Sheppard; Treasurer, Esther Parmenter; Scribe, Catherine Stalter; Song Leader, Bernice Clark.

We chose Miss Oldaker to be our guardian, who has proved herself very capable.

On April 6, we were initiated by our guardian, assisted by Mary Jordon. After we were initiated, we started work in earnest; such as, choosing our Indian names, making our beaded headbands, and trying to pick out a suitable group name. We at last decided to go by the name of Nonisimaha, meaning Northville Comrades.

May 9, we gave a party in honor of our mothers. We planned a program consisting of— Reading, by Bernice Clark; Dances by Lillian Cassie; Poem by Violet Sheppard; One Act Play, "Pat's Matrimonial Venture." Characters: Mrs. Fielding, Catherine Stalter; Pat McGinnis, Margaret Norton; Molly, Esther Parmenter.

After the program which was in the assembly room, we went down to the lunch room where we had prepared refreshments. All the girls made their mothers gifts and these gifts served as place cards.

We all earned an honor by doing this and received an honor bead which we receive for each honor we win.

The Camp Fire Girls are: Margaret Norton, Lillian Cassie, Catherine Stalter, Bernice Clark, Esther Parmenter, Mildred Spencer, Margaret Mahoney, Margaret Bartrum, Inga Stamen, Ruby Lawrence, Isadore Keeney, Violet Sheppard, Velma Blake, Dorothy Flaherty, Violet Copland, Lottie Damn.

SOCIETY

Freak Day

This year Freak Day was the best ever! We had clowns, old fashioned girls and men of the patent leather pumps and silver kneebuckle period. There were robbers, athletes, and children from the cradle up. Happy Hooligan himself was there, with many other droll and laughable characters. During the whole day strange and weird beings came and went in their masked and strained aloofness. A demand for the "Freshies" caused them to accede to the orders of the upperclassmen and one by one they marched around the assembly hall, creating merriment and laughter for the whole high school, except the Seniors who looked on with benign countenances.

Junior-Sophomore Weenie Roast

The Juniors and Sophomores, feeling badly in need of excitement, decided to have a weenie roast at Phoenix Park. The night was slightly chilly but this failed to chill our spirits; instead it exhilarated them. All arrived on the scene by eight o'clock and Phoenix Park was filled with pep. At ten the "crowd" returned to Northville having spent an enjoyable evening.

Freshmen Hallowe'en Party

The Freshmen Hallowe'en Party was held October 27, 1926, and was voted a success by all.

Four prizes were offered for various stunts, one of which was sculpturing with Wrigley's Spearmint chewing gum.

A prize was also offered for the one in the best disguise.

The delicious pot-luck supper added to the pleasure of the affair.

Sophomore Hallowe'en Party

During the first part of last Semester the Sophomores staged a party that "knocked 'em all cold."

It was a masquerade (though needless to say most of us needed no masks.) All the little children who attended joined in a rousing game of "run for your supper" while Chief-Clown Oldaker superintended things.

About ten o'clock the "bread line" was formed and all the merry maskers trouped into help Lois and Bob consume our cider and doughnuts.

By that time all the children were yawning and Lornie, Leo and Del were decidedly sleepy, so Chief Oldaker sent us all home to sleep off the effects of our first grown-up party.

Sophomore Party

The Sophomores held their second party of the year in the High School Gymnasium on April 27, 1927. The little Sophs, and a few bold Freshies and adventuresome Juniors, had a wonderful time playing leap frog and ring-around-a-rosie to the accompaniment of their own melodious voices. Miss Moore and Miss Oldaker presided and led the "grand rush" to the kitchen where hot dogs, rolls, dill pickles, and cake were washed down with a generous supply of hot cocoa. Of course, everyone was pleased when they were told that since they used the dishes they could wash 'em. So everyone went home with a grouch, vowing that they would never come again.

“The Vagabond King”

“Oh, wasn't it simply marvelous?” “Girls, that hero was stunning! Such eyes.” “You, Juniors, can't imagine what you've missed. Just wait until you are Seniors and can have a theatre party in Detroit.” These remarks coupled with,

*“Sons of shame and sorrow, will you serve tomorrow
And bow down to Burgundy?”*

hummed over and over again with slight variations in tune, were the partial aftermath of the one and only Senior theatre party,—the occasion of which, as any reader may guess, was “The Vagabond King” at the Cass Theatre.

The Seniors and their guests met at the school at six o'clock on November 16, 1926. Soon a special bus—not just one of the common or garden variety, but an extra special Oriole with real leather upholstering and nice “squishy” seats arrived and conveyed to their destination the haughty Seniors who so far forgot their dignity as to enjoy a hilarious good time. (By the way, it is rumored that Tom Woodbury delayed resuming his customary dignified behavior until the repeated reproachful glances of the ushers at the theatre compelled him to put an untimely end to his projected slide down the bannister).

The Vagabond King itself was indescribable. The thrills of sheer delight which crept down the spine of the unemotional seniors, the gasps of horror, the hushes which preceded the deafening applause at the fall of the curtain, told of the hearty approval of the entire audience as well as of the Northville critics.

All too soon, the final curtain broke the spell of the performance, and the Seniors made their way to the bus, declaring that they had seen “the greatest show on earth.”

Sophomores-Juniors

Hear! Hear! Free entertainment! Free eats! Who's going to come? Don't everyone speak at once. Come early and avoid the rush. Dress accordingly to your age (rompers and socks for all of you). And that's the whole story except that we had a “ripping” good time playing Ring Around A Rosie in the gym; and there is three cheers for Euneta Oldaker and Evelyn Harr, givers of peppy parties, and may they live long enough to give another. Requests from the boys—Please have some more lollipops and cream puffs.

Senior Party

Tuesday evening, February 6th, nineteen hundred and twenty-six, the Senior class held a class party for Seniors only. It took place in the lunch room where supper was served with Tom Woodbury acting as toastmaster. The party was a thoroughly enjoyable affair and was held in true Senior style.

The J-Hop

Twilight came slowly on as each member of the Junior class ended his busy day by shedding his work-a-day clothes for finer togs. There was no need of buttoning the last three buttons or tying the newly bought tie on the way down stairs, for plenty of time was allowed for every preparation. Everything had to be perfect.

Finally the clock's hands pointed to nine. It was time for the party to begin. As the couples entered the gym, they noticed a little garden which enclosed Jean Goldkette's "Nightingales," a peppy five piece orchestra. The whole gym was like a garden. Blue and gold streamers drooped from the center decoration, upon the sides of which appeared large "J's," while myriads of blue and gold butterflies fluttered above the crowd. Two cozy corners with softly shaded lights and comfortable chairs gave a homey atmosphere to the scene.

At ten-thirty Sam Stalter and Marjorie Johnson were seen coming down one side of the gym to head the Grand March. Other couples joined them as they circled the hall, and the final "J" brought a burst of applause from the spectators. Just before the intermission, parti-colored balloons floated through the streamers and it sounded like the Fourth of July until finally the last balloon was broken. During the latter part of the evening the orchestra played a number that will never be forgotten, "School Days." The couples swayed in perfect harmony to the old familiar waltz. Of course, no dance is complete without a robber's fox trot, so Mr. C. R. Ely called while the rest kept their eyes open for good-looking partners.

Delicious punch was served with appetizing wafers, while out in the lunch room the Sophomores had an ice cream parlor where sundaes and ginger ale high-balls could be procured.

It was one o'clock when the strains of the final waltz died away and all went their way with smiles on their faces and memories long to be cherished.

Senior Prom

The Senior Prom, the event of the year which always stands out above all others, was held at an early date, January 12th. The Seniors departed from an old custom in holding it so early.

This event took place in the gym, which was decorated with red and white hanging streamers, running crosswise of the gym and blending together in a symphony of beauty and splendor and thus producing an atmosphere in perfect accordance with the occasion.

The music was furnished by Sinclair's Orchestra and in the absence of the President, Tom Woodbury, the Grand March was lead by Carlyle Lovewell and his partner, Miss Evelyn Rander, of Detroit.

This affair proved to be one of pleasure and gaiety and lived up to the expectations of the most optimistic.



Our little Chucky.



Boys.



Yeah! Team!



Not well over tall.



Just pals.

Take a guess



M.S. Star Forward



Bob



"Reverie"





Football Schedule For 1927 Season

Sept. 28	(Fair Day)	Plymouth	(Here)
Oct. 1		Det. Eastern	(There)
Oct. 7		Wayne	(There)
Oct. 14		Belleville	(Here)
Oct. 21		Dearborn	(There)
Oct. 28		Roosevelt	(There)
Nov. 4		Plymouth	(There)
Nov. 11		Farmington	(Here)

Watch For These Games!

Football

G. W. Walker (Coach)

T. Watts (Capt.)

Football candidates were called on Sept. 7, by Coach Walker, and the grind started. Although the season of '25 had been unsuccessful, the fellows turned out, showed enthusiasm, and proved their ability before the season ended.

The season opened during the Fair, when Northville defeated Plymouth, their traditional rivals. The game was 0-0 at the end of the half. Northville went back in the third quarter with fighting spirit and alert for all breaks. During the last half Northville received a break when Plymouth fumbled on their own 40-yard line. Chuck LeFevre picked up the ball and raced through for a touchdown. Ted Watts also added another touchdown to our credit before the final whistle blew. For this victory Northville was awarded a cup by the Fair Association. N.-13—P.-0.

At Grosse Pointe another victory was awarded Northville. Louis Tiffin, the star of the day, received a punt and reversing the field, ran 30 yards for a touchdown. N. 6—G. P.-2.

In playing Wayne here, Northville met with its first defeat. N.-0—W.-18.

We next went to Belleville and were greatly disappointed by losing a hard fought game, Northville coming out in the small end of the 20 to 6 score. We received some consolation, however, from the fact that ours was the only team to score on Belleville in the past two seasons.

Dearborn came to Northville with high hopes of winning, but our team with its strong aerial attack brought the victory to N. H. S.

Our next game was with Roosevelt at home and was one of the hardest and most thrilling games. The score was 0-0 at the third quarter, but fate was with us when E. Wood kicked a field goal which ended the game. Northville 3, Roosevelt 0.

The last league game was played at Farmington. Our boys took a victory which tied Wayne and Northville for the championship. Northville 13,—Farmington 0.

The championship game was played at Ypsi. Mud was the main topic of the day. Our team waded into the final struggle and put up a good clean game. Although Northville lost in the final game for the championship, our team is to be congratulated for the splendid sportsmanship shown throughout the season.

Line-up:

I. LeFevre	L. End—Captain
H. Goodale	L. Tackle
D. Smith	Fullback
D. Herrick	R. Guard
C. LeFevre	Center
R. Atchison	L. Guard
D. Ware	R. Tackle
C. Murdock	R. End
T. Watts	R. Halfback
O. Atchinson	Fullback
T. Thompson	L. Halfback
L. Tiffin	Fullback
E. Wood	Quarterback

Substitutes—R. McCradle, Tackle; J. Leavenworth, End; W. Banfield, Guard.



Basketball

Line-up:

FIRST TEAM

Ted Watts (Ted) Capt. *Forward*
 Robert McCardle (Bob) *Center*
 Richard Smith (Dick) *R. Guard*
 Lawrence LeFevre (Lorney) *Forward*
 Donald Ware (Beaner) *Guard*
 Howard Goodale (Oats) *Guard*

SECOND TEAM

Charles LeFevre (Chuck) *Forward*
 Horace Dickerson (Archie) *Forward*
 James Huff (Jim) *Forward*
 Arthur Lyke (Art) *Guard*
 Harley Wolfrom (Velma) *Guard*
 Lynn Partridge (Pheasant) *Center*
 Lewis Tiffin (Tiffy) *Guard*
 James Ely (Kitty) *Forward*

Basketball

After the two weeks of well earned rest which followed the close of the football season, our athletes again appeared, this time to uphold N. H. S.'s reputation in the indoor sport.

Opening this season was a game with the Alumni, who, of course, always delight in teaching the youngsters a little about the game, and who succeeded in their instruction by a 12-11 score. Profiting by this excellent experience, we went through the season, winning seven games and losing three. After the close of the regular league season, our team entered the regional tournament at Ypsilanti, attaining the position of runner-up only to lose to our old acquaintance, Roosevelt High, N. H. S., playing trailer in a 22-17 score.

The following week Northville entered the District tournament, winning their first game and then losing once more (much to our chargin) to Roosevelt and spoiling our chance for the cup.

Capt. Ted Watts, a new first team man, teamed well with our veteran and mainstay "Lorney" LeFevre. Aiding this incomparable pair was "Bob" McCardle at center, who nearly always got the tip-off.

Supporting this trio of "basket sharks" and keeping the opponent's score down, we had Dick Smith and Don Ware, who made an excellent pair of guards.

In case of injury to one of our quintet Coach Walker had no qualms, for he had two men who were competent to fill any position on the team, Fighting Goodale and Chuck LeFevre.

The showing of our team during the season just passed was altogether praiseworthy, and since graduation takes only one member of the team, we are hoping for an even more fruitful season next year.

Varsity Schedule

Alumni	12	Varsity	11
Plymouth	20	"	11
Farmington	12	"	13
Roosevelt	10	"	17
Dearborn	10	"	25
Wayne	6	"	28
Plymouth	13	"	8
Farmington	14	"	25
Wayne	13	"	36
Roosevelt	15	"	22
Dearborn	18	"	11

2nd Team Schedule

Plymouth	3	Reserves	24
Farmington	6	"	16
Roosevelt	10	"	13
Wayne	11	"	24
Plymouth	11	"	27
Farmington	17	"	10
Wayne	19	"	19
Roosevelt	20	"	16
Total	77		149

REGIONAL TOURNAMENT

Manchester	19	"	23
Belleville	14	"	19
Roosevelt	22	"	17

DISTRICT TOURNAMENT

E. Lansing	8	"	14
Roosevelt	17	"	15
Total	228		290



Baseball

G. Brainard (Coach)

Orson A. Aachinson (Captain)

On March 23, all candidates for baseball reported for spring training. With six letter men back from last year it looks like a promising season for Northville. The first league game was played at home, resulting in a victory over Plymouth.

Line-up:

Orson Aachinson (Capt.)	Catcher
Kenneth Martin	Pitcher—3rd
Ted Watts	Pitcher—3rd
Donald Herrick	1st Base
Lawrence LeFever	2nd Base
Howard Goodale	Shortstop
Ford Brainard	Field
John Leavenworth	Field
Warren Banfield	Field
Harley Wolfrom	Field
Clausen Murdock	Field
Edward Wood	Shortstop

Schedule:

April 19—(here)	Monroe
April 22—(here)	Plymouth
April 27—(here)	Wayne
May 3—(there)	Farmington
May 6—(there)	Roosevelt
May 11—(there)	Dearborn
May 13—(here)	Farmington
May 18—(there)	Plymouth
May 20—(there)	Wayne
May 25—(here)	Roosevelt
May 27—(here)	Dearborn



Golf

The Northville High School Golf team is something new. It is a branch of Athletics that very few schools of Northville's size are able to boast of. Last year we played several matches, defeating Dearborn twice and Farmington and Northwestern of Detroit once. We were defeated once by Redford and once by Farmington. By losing our game to Farmington we lost a beautiful cup. The team entered in the State Championship tournament last year and even with the handicap of being the smallest school entered, we took seventh place out of forty schools entered.

This year the boys have organized another team. They have played two games so far, one with Redford in which they were defeated 8-4, and the other with Dearborn where they were again defeated, this time by a single point $6\frac{1}{2}$ - $5\frac{1}{2}$. The boys have one more game with Redford and two with Dearborn. The other schools with whom they have scheduled games are: Farmington, Northwestern, Pontiac and Ann Arbor. They are entered in the Regional Tournament at Ann Arbor and from this they expect to go to the State Tournament. Here is the lineup for this year:

- 1st.—Norman Copland.
- 2nd.—Allen Beard.
- 3rd.—Alfred Smith.
- 4th.—Robert McCardle.
- 5th.—Richard Kerr.
- 6th.—Lawrence LeFevre.

Track Notes

Track season started off with an inter-class meet in which the Juniors and Sophomores were most prominent. The Juniors amassed a total of fifty-five and a sixth points, as compared to the nearest rivals, the Sophomores, whose total number of points was thirty-one and two thirds. The field events were the outstanding features although some of the track events were bitterly contested.

The summary is as follows:

<p style="text-align: center;"><i>100 Yard Dash</i></p> <p>1. Leavenworth (Sophomore) 2. Thompson (Junior) 3. McCardle (Sophomore)</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>Mile</i></p> <p>1. Partridge (Junior) 2. Munro (Junior) 3. O. Atchison (Junior)</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>220 Yard Dash</i></p> <p>1. R. Atchison (Junior) 2. Thompson (Junior) 3. McCardle (Sophomore)</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>Half Mile</i></p> <p>2. Martin (Senior) 3. McCardle (Sophomore)</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>440 Yard Dash</i></p> <p>1. R. Atchison (Junior) 2. Herrick (Sophomore) 3. Munro (Junior)</p>	<p style="text-align: center;"><i>Pole Vault (8 ft. 6 inches)</i></p> <p>1. Thompson (Junior) { Fly (Junior) 3. { McCardle (Sophomore) { Watts (Sophomore)</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>Running Broad Jump</i></p> <p>1. McCardle (Sophomore) 2. Fly (Junior) 3. Thompson (Junior)</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>Discus (91 feet.)</i></p> <p>1. L. LeFevre (Senior) 2. R. Atchison (Junior) 3. Watts (Sophomore)</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>Shot (35 feet 3 inches)</i></p> <p>1. Herrick (Sophomore) 2. Watts (Sophomore) 3. R. Atchison (Junior)</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>Javelin (124 feet, 2 inches)</i></p> <p>1. Fd. Wood (Junior) 2. L. LeFevre (Senior) 3. Fly (Junior)</p>
<p><i>High Jump (5 feet, 2 inches)</i></p> <p>1. McCardle (Sophomore) 2. Thompson (Junior)</p> <p>3. { Leavenworth { C. LeFevre { Watts { Beard { Partridge { Herrick</p>	

The first interscholastic meet is a triangular meet at Plymouth between Roosevelt High, Northville, and Plymouth. There is, of course, the usual meet at Ypsilanti for the Suburban League Championship and several other possible meets, the dates of which are as yet unknown.



Girls' Basketball Schedule

		N. H. S.	Opponents
Jan. 7	Royal Oak (Here)	33	30
Jan. 14	Ferndale (Here)	35	19
Jan. 21	Hazel Park (Here)	2	0 Forfeit
Jan. 28	Rochester (There)	22	8
Jan. 18	Farmington (There)	27	31
Jan. 22	Birmingham (Here)	32	23
Jan. 25	Oak Ridge (Here)	47	33
Mar. 4	Walled Lake (There)	43	20
Mar. 15	Royal Oak (There)	34	34
		<hr/> 273	<hr/> 198

Girls' Basketball

(1926-1927)

It was about the latter part of October when the basketball season was formally opened by a general call for volunteers.

Of course, some of the last year's enthusiasts had been patiently waiting for just this very call and their names had been inscribed to allow for a fair selection. Geraldine, Ruth and Vena, devotees of the previous year had all had their turns in the battles between ourselves and our neighboring adversaries and were now impatient for the shrill blast of the referee's whistle that would again put them into action and even up those memorable old scores.

Geraldine Huff "Jerry" was chosen captain by an almost unanimous vote and why not—Jerry the loyal and dependable, the one who could not be surpassed in her splendid team work and who could inspire her colleagues with hope, courage, and the determination to do or die.

Another one of our indispensable team members was Ruth Sessions, "Boots," who played forward and a ball in her hand was worth one in the basket anytime.

Vena Austin "Shorty", who played guard was noted for her speed, and seemed always in the ideal spot at the opportune time.

Ernestine Wolfe, "Ernie," our opposite guard, especially noted for her accuracy, made a very good partner for Vena.

Helen Hacking "Red," our jumping center could beat a tattoo with a dribbling ball in the very path of her adversary.

Jessie Austin, "Stub," played running center and was another one of our dependable team mates.

Our substitutes Mary Jordan, "Flip," Vivian Taylor, "Mike," Edna Martens, "Eddie," and Madeline Cole, "Curly," were always ready to do their utmost.

All the teams we played this year were of strong caliber and were very efficient teams. Next year we will lose some of our most able players, Vena Austin and Vivian Taylor, (both guards) but nevertheless we still hope to have a winning team.

Much credit is due to all the players for their splendid sportsmanship throughout the entire year, and especially do we wish to express our sincere appreciation and thanks to our coach, Miss Oldaker, who always had a smile when it was most needed and who did her best to lead us on to victory.



Girls' Baseball and Track

Much was said in favor of a girls' baseball team and at the beginning of the second semester a team was organized. The season started out with lots of pep, vim, and vigor but as time went on interest seemed to wane, and it was at last given up as a "bad job."

Exit, girls' baseball team!

As yet there has been no track practice, although there probably will be soon. We cannot determine positively who the candidates for the different events will be, but it is probable that this will be the line-up:

High Jump—Hacking, Cole, Jordan, Wolfe.
Broad Jump—Huff, Hacking, Wolfe, Jordan.
100 yd. Dash—Cole, Jordan, Austin, Wolfe.
50 yd. Dash—Cole, Jordan, Austin, Dickerson.
Shot Put—Austin, Huff, Wolfe, Vradenburg.
Hurdles—Jordan, Cole, Wolfe, Hacking.
Baseball Throw—Wolfe, Austin, Huff.
Relay—Austin, Jordan, Cole, Dickerson.

There is plenty of good material here, and this list includes most of the best athletic ability of N. H. S. Barring accidents and unexpected happenings, there is no reason why they should not bring home "the cup."



Smith Brothers



How Jessie!



Bea and Ted.



Gone but not forgotten



Two of our brilliant students.



Boys!



Ouch, it's good!



Mynt Loves Grand!



The Stream

*As I'm lingering here in the spring of the year
In the woods by the side of the stream,
I fancy I'm dreaming and life's only seeming
For here life reposes, extreme.*

*The brooks eddying laughter, in woods, is the master
For it summons the birds, beast and prey;
I love its smooth way as it flows on in play
And stops not by night nor by day.*

*Thus we cherish the continual flourish
And move on in the same ceaseless way,
And tarrying naught as we know that we ought
But windingly go as we may.*

*Our life's living dream, which is quite like the stream,
Flows on, but is never the same;
Our air castles, too, are all lost by the way
So swiftly the course to pursue our life's aim.*

—Carlyle Lovewell.

The Legend of the Loon

*Mournfully rising and waning,
Far through the moon-silvered land,
Wails a weird voice of complaining
Over the thorns and the sand,
Out of the blue silence, eerily,
Out to the black mountains wearily,
Till the dim desert is crossed,
Wanders the cry and is lost.*

It was one evening at the close of the month of June that I was out following an old Indian trail up the side of Mt. Ebenheart. I had been out in my cabin, taking a rest from the whirl and rush of my city home when an inquisitive backwoods native came "ter git acquainted" and told me of the old Indian encampment "up tother side of Loon Lake." I was told that they were real "sure 'nuff" Indians, not just tourists models. So I set out to find Loon Lake and the Indians.

I was on the second stage of my journey, having tramped all the day before. There were two trails which led to the canyon in which Loon Lake was situated, the one running along the rim of the canyon ending in a dangerous descent, the other entering it by a narrow pass that followed the course of Forlorn River which flowed thru the valley, and which had formed Loon Lake. As I was in no hurry to reach my destination, I followed the upper trail (which was somewhat longer) and proceeded on my way in a leisurely manner. I had plenty of supplies and was enjoying my adventure immensely. The weather was fine and clear, neither too hot nor too cold for comfort. I tramped steadily that day and as night drew on began to hunt for a place to camp. So when I came upon a small grove of fir trees near the edge of a rocky descent, I decided to camp there. I had about concluded that this was the entrance to the canyon and when I spied, far below me, the flickering, faltering light of a fire, I knew that I was near my goal.

The moon shone like a great silver ball in the sky, and it made the blackness below me seem all the more dense. At my back the gaunt, fearsome, shadows of the trees stood out like horrible specters against the glory of the night. The night itself was not sleep inspiring; so wrapping my blanket about me, I walked to the edge of the cliff and sat down. The moon's broad silver path fell on the lake far below me and gave back a shimmering glow which I could faintly discern. Two long, beautiful hours I spent there listening to the various night sounds and watching the fire-light across the lake till it died away to a mere heap of embers. There was no wind; the night was breathless, hushed, then from somewhere on the lake below rang out a cry; an eery, ghost-like cry which shattered the severe silence of the night completely. It seemed hours before my paralyzed limbs would allow me to rise and flee back to camp where I crept between my blankets with a muttered prayer. For hours I lay awake, trembling with fear and cold, but at last near dawn I fell asleep.

When I awoke, the sun was high in the heavens, and the birds were singing their noon-day concert. I ate a hasty breakfast and then began my descent into the canyon. After two hours of nerve racking travel, I at last stood on a slight rise of ground overlooking the Indian encampment. There were perhaps thirty or forty tepees pitched in a circle. They seemed deserted except for a few squaws and papooses and some very young Indian boys who were shooting arrows at an old cap, hung on a post. In the shade of an elm tree sat an ancient Indian, his dark visage set in innumerable wrinkles and creases from which peered two of the bright-

est black eyes I had ever seen. It was he who spied me first and who called to the women and children to run to the shelter of the tepees. Then, as I came into the clearing, he rose, with much difficulty, and greeted me in excellent English. Finding me to be harmless, he called again to the squaws who came out to meet me with many nods and flashings of their black eyes, for they spoke English so imperfectly that I could not understand them. I was then seated on a pile of blankets with the old chief beside me. I at last had time to enjoy the really magnificent view; the rolling floor of the green valley, centered by a lake of no small size; the Indian tepees pitched on its shores; their canoes drawn upon its sands; and last of all to complete an already perfect picture, the majestic peaks of the mountains rising above us, seeming to protect and shelter these people who dwelt at their feet so calm and undisturbed, never heeding the tumult of the world outside; satisfied in the peace of their own quiet existence, not caring nor knowing of the struggle for supremacy in the world beyond their range of vision. The old chief was like a child in his delight at my appreciation of "his" country. But I hardly heard his happy exclamations or attempts at conversation. I was far away in the land of dreams, watching the setting sun tint the mountain peaks first red, then purple, then blue and at last die away to a faint glow, lingering, till at last dusk dropped her grey mantle and everything became vague and indistinct.

I inquired where the other members of the tribe were and was told that the men had been hunting and the women cutting corn in a nearby clearing. As it grew darker, from different directions shadowy forms slipped into the fire-light one by one—tall young "braves," older men, willowy Indian maidens, and bent old squaws—until about sixty were present. I was introduced to all and was especially charmed by a slender, dark-eyed, Indian girl, whose English was as perfect as any fashionable "boarding school" graduate's. This was Winona the old chief's daughter, who, as she explained, had attended a mission school.

We sat for a long time (after eating the most delicious meal I had ever tasted) about the camp fire, conversing in low tones. Then—far out on the lake, again rang the cry that I had heard the night before, a weird sobbing breath, the moaning cry of a lost spirit. I shivered and moved closer to Winona. She smiled, then said:

"Sister, shall I tell you a story?" I was willing, so she began.

"Long ago before the white man came to live in this land, there lived on the shores of this lake a tribe of Indians, my ancestors. To this tribe belonged a beautiful Indian girl called Star Maiden. In this same tribe lived Sturdy Oak, the son of the chief. Now Sturdy Oak loved Star Maiden but he had a rival, Big Bear, a member of another tribe, who also loved Star Maiden. But Star Maiden refused Big Bear, and turned to Sturdy Oak for comfort and Big Bear's heart grew bitter. He returned home to consult a wicked "white doctor" who lived deep in the wood. When he returned, he had with him a tiny birchbark packet of magical powder. So next day he went to the camp of Sturdy Oak, pretending to be friendly and the trusting Sturdy Oak went hunting with him—

"No one ever saw Sturdy Oak again and the evil minded Big Bear crept back to his camp, happy in the knowledge that Star Maiden was now his. But that evening at twilight Star Maiden vanished and soon after, far out on the lake, came a weird sobbing cry. The Indians say that this is Star Maiden calling for her lost lover."

Now nearly every small lake or marsh has its family of Loons. Small, shy, birds named after the Indian word meaning "seeking." It is true; they always seek but never find."

Madeline Cole.

SUNSET

*The sun was sinking to its rest,
And all was quiet peace,
Until with last blaze of gold,
God set fire to a cloud of fleece.*

*The fiery light of a burning cloud,
And the glow of the waning sun,
Remade gray clouds to pink tipped isles,
And the sky to a mystic one.*

*I launched an old and faithful boat,
An immortal traveler of fairy streams,
'Twas imagination that carried me far
To the Isle of a Thousand Dreams.*

*A lake was nestled among its hills,
That ne'er was stirred by any breeze
And mirrored there in its silvery depths
I fancied groves of purpled trees.*

*The sunset light was passing now;
And the coral sky turned gray,
As the last of that tiny wisp of cloud
Burned slowly but surely away.*

*The sombre gray of the day's farewell
Was swallowed by the black of night,
And then I knew that only God
Could paint so perfect a sight.
—Tom Woodbury.*

INVENTION OF THE DISHWASHER

*Silas Brown's wife went on a trip and left him all alone,
He thought what fun that he would have; his time was all his own.
Now he could have just what he would, when e're he cared to eat,
He'd use the same dishes all the time, and keep the kitchen neat.
So things went nice for just a day then dishes began to pile,
And Silas Brown, when he came to town, no longer wore a smile.
Then one day he decided to wash the hishes clean,
And he used the queerest contraption, that I have ever seen.
He got an old wash tub and mounted it on buggy springs,
It rocked the dishes back and forth, just like them new fangled swings.
The people came from miles around to see this queer machine,
And Silas Brown just stood around; he'd washed the dishes clean.
Now things have changed for Silas, and he's a rich old man,
But he always tells his story, just as often as he can.
"Now when maw went away and left me, she said the house ud be a mess,
But when she came back 'twas all clean, and now we both can rest."*

—Alec F. Milne.

A Character Sketch

George Clarence Gander was his name, and a more fitting cognomen is hard to imagine. He reminded one of a plump short-legged goose strutting and waddling along; in fact to his familiars he was known as "Woddle." He was very, very, short—and sad but true, equally fat. He was the possessor of a round bald head which shone like a beacon set up to warn ships of dangerous rocks. His face was round, and wore a continual flush, not a delicate warm pink, but a hot flaming red. On each side of his head were hung two elephantive ears which stuck out much the same as two shutters swung only half way open. Only on the closest of examination was it possible to discover the faintest trace of eyebrows. Beneath these infinitesimal appendages two kindly blue eyes were ensconced in his head in soft cushions of fat; they were constantly a-twinkle as though in mirth at the world and its doings. As a means of dividing those eyes a small, round, shiny, bump, which also served as a nose, had been placed between them. His mouth was not extraordinary in size or shape, and was given, on occasions to breaking into a wide friendly grin. His neck seemed to boil over on his collar in rows of fat; it reminded one of a too full pan of bread dough which has had a large rock suddenly plumped down in its midst. It was practically impossible to discover where his neck ended and his body began. His body was round and roly-poly like a balloon, and I should have liked to stick a pin into him to see if he would burst. His arms and legs were quite as fat as his body, while his hands were small and his feet ridiculously tiny and seemingly inadequate to the job of supporting his body.

—Tom Woodbury.

THE VILLAGE VAMP

*"Now poets hez dis-kussed sebjects," said old Silas Brown,
"There's jest one thing left fer me, in our hul taown.
We got a city flapper, and she shure is funny,
When she's awl cutied up, looks like a cigar store dummy,
She parades aroun' the Main street, lookin' like the dickens,
Why, the way she walks she makes me think of a flock o' chickens.
The fellers all foller her aroun', she's captured all the beaux in the place,
They dress up like circus clowns, even powder their blamed face.
Gash, what's our manhood comin' to, dressin' tar beat the band,
Purty soon they'll die out, and let the women run the land,
Aw shucks! here comes my wife jist as mad as she can be,
So I must put up my pen and ink; its the wood-pile fer me."*

—Alec F. Milne.

CALENDAR

- September 7—Today is Labor Day so nobody is working. BUT, the real Labor Day starts tomorrow and lasts until next June. Yow!
- 8—Mrs. Larkins is very pleased to see our bright and shining faces once again. Yes, you bet she is!
- 9—Everyone is glad to get back to school again after the dullness of vacation. Another snicker like that and you can leave the room. Football practice begins tonight.
- 10—Arnica seems to pervade the air today, due to bruises and so forth, don'cha know?
- 11—Vague rumors are ahead that there will be no Senior Washington trip this year. Not so good, not so good.
- 15—I couldn't think of any news, so I wrote this in anyway.
- 18—"No need of Washington Trip, Seniors highly enough educated now," affirms the School Board. Hmmmmmmm-----.
- 21—Wal, Ezry, by Heck, the Fair's here agin. I hear tell 'at the Seniors ain't got no booth on count they ain't goin' to Washington this year."
- 22—Wal, gosh darn it, I never see s'much rain b'fore in all my born days. An' durin' the fair, too.
- 23—Still more precipitation of moisture.
- 24—Rain, rain, rain, rain, ad infinitum. School is let out this afternoon for the football game with Plymouth.
- 25—Water, water, everywhere. Everythings all wet, including Prohibition.
- October 5—Mr. A. J. Helfrich, our former Superintendent visits us. Old habits must be strong, for he put his feet up on the desk and leaned back and prepared to read the Record, when he suddenly realized he was only a visitor.
- 9—The Sophomores have a weenie roast at Cass Benton Park. Hot Dogs!
- 12—The Sophomores sling a Hallowe'en Party, with witches 'n Black cats, n' Broomsticks, n'everything.
- 19—Some cruel hearted person has been endeavoring to pierce the "dignity" of the Seniors and Juniors by placing sharp thumb tacks in the places where they will do the most good.
- 20—The T. M. B. Club has a party at Cass Benton Park and the election of officers takes place. Several young people walk home very slowly in groups of two's, no more, no less. You know what I mean.
- 23—Some one (mentioning no names) makes an earnest but futile attempt to wake the school up by setting off an alarm clock in the assembly room.
- 26—Aha! "The Bat" is here. The question is: Who is "The Bat"?
- 29—Today is Freak Day, and of course we all realize that all Freshmen are freaks, but today they are even worse.
- November 8—Seniors are discussing possibilities of a trip to the theatre in Detroit. If the treasury can stand the strain, the chances are favorable.
- 11—It is definitely decided that the Seniors will have a Theatre party.
- 16—The Seniors go to see "The Vagabond King" in a special Oriole bus.

Ahem! Some class, eh wot? Vor Halvorson enjoys his Opera glasses immensely.

- 17—As a left over from last night everyone is singing, "And to Hell with Burgundy" this morning.
- 19—The Seniors are informed of a sadly depleted treasury.
- 23—The Juniors get class rings. Well, well, who'd 'a thunk it?
- 24—School is closed for Thanksgiving vacation.
- 29—Several pupils are absent this morning. Some of them are absent due to digestive disorders, without a doubt.
- December 3—Miss Harr attempts to start the extremely novel fad of wearing bedroom slippers to school in zero weather. However on the way to school she got "cold feet" and had to give the venture up.
Moral: Don't send your children to college.
- 11—The Constitution of the Student Union of Northville High School is being cussed and discussed this afternoon; several articles have been ratified.
- 13—"Lillums" Lovewell is appointed Chief of Police by the Student Council. He has our wishes for the best of luck, and what's more he'll need 'em. More discussion of Constitution.
- 15—We now have four assistant "asphalt pounders" who were appointed by Cheese of Police Lovewell. These coppers are: Emery Ogilvie (can you beat it?), Louis Tiffin, Duane Dunbar, and Allen Beard.
- 17—The Juniors are now sporting some nobby class caps.
- 20—The Students are asked to place their contributions to the Christmas Fund in a box on Mrs. Larkin's desk. This Fund is a good idea, but I think all charity should start at home first. Wot d' ye say?
- 22—The names of the members of the Palladium Staff are announced before the Assembly room.
- 23—Hark! Hark! The dogs do bark! Well, wouldn't you bark too if you saw a lot of High School girls wearing dog collars, as they are doing now? We'll say you would! You might even bite.
- 24—Little Freshmen may be heard all over the school conversing about the same as follows: "Ooh! Thanty Clauth ith coming. What ith he gonna bring you?" Poor helpless innocent, little Freshmen, it will break your tender hearts when you find out there really truly ain't no Santy Claus.
- January 1—The Old Year is bidden farewell and the New Year is greeted heartily and noisily by the K. E. G. and T. M. B. Clubs who both had New Year's parties.
- 3—Well, the old school is still here. So are we. And how!
- 5—The ice is slick these mornings and has the inclination to suddenly fly up and smit a person right briskly. Someone breaks in during the night and gets away with about twenty dollars.
- 6—Today is "No Tie Day" and its support is general, as even a casual observer might perceive.
- 7—Today is "No shirt Day." Help! Help! We surely are glad there is no school tomorrow, cause this begins to be alarming.
- 10—An investigation is under way to determine the cause of a severe attack of milk-bottle ites, of which Miss Oldaker was the victim. Inquire of her for more complete details.
- 12—A small bottle of Hydrogen sulphide sets up a big smell in the Assembly room. The proprietor of the bottle is expelled. Ask Bean Ware. Senior Prom comes off. Profits amount to \$2.98.

- 14—Mr. Bronson speaks for 30 minutes before assembly. His subject is Hawaii. The yell leaders try out before assembly at Pep meeting. Several students get a taste of the new Student Council's methods of punishment.
- 17—Ed. Horton, Louis Tiffin and Ford Brainard are elected yell leaders by the students.
- 18—We have a fire drill.
Dr. Geo. Bronson talks to student body on Hawaii and he and his assistant sing several songs and play on the guitar. Dr. Bronson informs us that all Hawaiian grass skirts are now made in New Jersey. Over the Wiaduct down by the Winegar Woiks.
- 19—T. M. B. Club has a sleigh ride party and Lynn Partridge received several unasked-for snow baths. He makes an awfully good plow, too, as we discovered. Ask Lynn for further particulars.
- 21—On the spur of the moment a delightful little playlet was held in the Assembly room during the third hour. The curtain rose with the hero, Ed. Wood, reposing peacefully asleep in the center of the stage. The play was brief and to the point, and the applause was plentiful.
- 24—A "General Invitation" to remain after school is received by the entire Assembly room from Mrs. Larkins. She is highly pleased at the large attendance and the enthusiasm shown.
- 25—"Multus dollar et mala fortuna." No kidding. Translation follows:
- 26—"Much grief and bad luck." Is it original, you say? Well of all the nerve!
- 27—Our trials and tribulations continue.
- 28—The last of the trouble is gone. No, no one died. It was only the semester exams.
- February 3—Seniors hold mock elections. Three jeers for the Seniors.
- 7—Ball and Chain gang visits Northville High School. Eunita (Tiny) Oldaker heads the procession.
- 9—That obnoxious person, "The Bat," who takes any article which suits his fancy and very courteously leaves a note of thanks with his name signed, is visiting us once again.
- 11—Part of Student body leaves for Howell to attend the debate. It is a "Howelling" success for N. H. S.
- 14—Northville High School had another of its exclusive little robberies, last Friday night, but they forgot to take the paperweight, so every one is disappointed.
- 16—A man is here from the Crowell Publishing Company to try and induce the Seniors and Juniors to sell magazines. Different teams are chosen and allotted highly colored goat whiskers for each member. Baaaaaaaa!
- 18—Seniors have a party and contribute a number of sandwiches for the support of one of the teachers who is in serious financial straits.
- 26—Seniors pick covers for diplomas. Ho! Hum!
- March 2—Hod dog! Zbring 'as gub!
- 10—Juniors begin preparation for J-Hop which is to be held on April the first.
- 11—Rev. Knowles addresses the Assembly, and unfolds the mystery of why we attend school at all in these days of "Zbrig Fever."
- 15—"Gerry" Huff appeals to student body for support at the girls' basketball game to be held this afternoon at Royal Oak.
Felix loses his head over Birmingham girls over at Royal Oak. Pun! Pun!

CALENDAR

- 16—"A Pun," says Miss Harr, "is the lowest form of wit." I'm thoroughly squelched.
- 17—"A wearin' of the green" is popular today. Begorra, and whoy not, 'tis Old St. Patrick's Day.
- 31—The Seniors decide they would like to have a play.
- April 1—April Fool! ! ! !
The Basketball players are awarded letters before Assembly. The J-Hop comes off tonight.
- 4—The Juniors cleaned up a pile of money on the Hop and are quite elated over it. Who can blame them?
The Seniors decide not to pay for a speaker for graduation.
- 6—A large black cloud of doubt is thrown over Seniors hopes of a play. Of course, there is a saying about being a silver lining in every cloud. Well, time alone will tell.
- 8—Some pictures are taken for the Palladium. Tomorrow, ten days of vacation begin. Ten nice, long, actionless, dreary, dead days. Wotta life! Wotta life! From Saturday, April 9 to Monday April 18, is spent at home by Seniors who sit at home and do nothing, when they should have been on the Washington trip.
- 18—Fore! The air is filled with talk of putts and drives and mashies and mid-irons and niblicks and greens and fairways and par and birdies and eagles and-----whoa! I'm talking in chunks. But to be explicit, it is the day for the tryouts for the golf team.
- 19—Boses witt bets witt balls witt humpires witt strikes is by us gradually. So soon all ratt it is hottily inoculated de bazeball sizzon.
- 22—Miss Hoag and two high school students (girls, by the way) are nearly killed while riding in an automobile. Hard luck! Not because they didn't get killed, but merely because they had quite a harrowing experience.
- 26—Six male members of the high school are noticeably absent from school this afternoon. A rumor says they are attending a theatre in Detroit. Naughty, naughty, Mrs. Larkins spank!
- 27—Mr. Gordon informs the student body that they must cease using buttons in the pencil machine as it will not digest anything but nickles.
- 28—According to Emery Ogilvie the school "smells like an Old Soldiers' Home." This morning, someone has smeared live stock disinfectant all over. Those same six members of N. H. S. who were A. W. O. L. and attended the theatre in Detroit last Tuesday are told that they need not attend any classes until forgiven.
- 29—A tramp, in the oldest clothes imaginable, is up at school this morning. On close observation it proves to be Emery Ogilvie. Noted alienists say his case is hopeless.
- May 10—Ah, Cupid, thou hast done thy work well! Two of our students, hard hit by that little archer, Cupid, have eloped on this glorious, rainy April morning. At three A. M. this morning they fled this commonplace town in the midst of a terrific storm. Ain't love grand ! ! ! Even another couple have harkened to the sound of wedding bells and are now a blissfully happy wedded pair. Miss Abbott has become Mrs. Frank Mara.
- 3—Mr. Langfield talks to us about the School Orchestra and the town band. He also wishes us all the best of luck.
- 11—The School Board has decided to pay for our speaker for Graduation. Excelsior! Sawdust! Anything! Nominations are made for 1927-28 Student Council.
- 12—Mr. Fuller, Superintendent of Ypsi Roosevelt High School speaks to us on Citizenship and it certainly is a wonderful talk.
- 13—Friday the 13th! And the Palladium goes to press! Tie that if you can. I always did say Friday the 13th was lucky, as this excellent Annual will testify.
That's all there is, there ain't no more.

—Tom Woodbury '27.

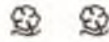
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Miss Lister	"Now Boys"
Miss Draper	"Every one stays to-nite-except"
Miss Harr	"Emery, have you a question?"
Mr. Smith	"A little attention, please"
Mrs. Larkins	"Of course, its nothing to me—but"
Mr. Gordon	"I would suggest"
Miss Oldaker	"Aw, go on"
Mr. Walker	"I'll see about it"
Mr. Brainard	"What do you want?"
Miss Moore	"We have more Annual work today"
Miss Hoag	"Please, children"

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THE WORLD WILL END IF—

Erwin agrees with some one.
Orson keeps awake all day.
Warren reads Tennyson.
Irene gets angry.
Ernie hates women.
Lily stops talking.
Norman doesn't run something.
Tom shaves.
Marguerite dislikes someone.
Vivian lets her hair grow out.
Edward gets an A.
Art gets a B.
Emery keeps away from the English room.
Vena has a perfect lesson.
Lornie admits some one as good as he.
Vor no longer longs for feminine companionship.
Alec treats some one.
Dick is licked by Carlson.
Ruth kisses Polly.
Mildred uses rouge.

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NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN

The Northville Record

It is a Northville Newspaper, published in the interests of the Community and all of its institutions. If you have something good to say about some one or the town, send it in. If it is unpleasant news, keep it to yourself.

Mr. Walker was coming out of the barber shop and seeing Runt Brainard going home with arms full of groceries, "Hey, Runt, going home?"

Runt: "Yes, why."

Walker: "Wait a minute and I'll go with you."

Runt: "Can't do it, I've got a load already."

Jim Ely (skating): "Why are my feet like two cakes of ice?"

Ted Watts: "I don't know; why?"

Jim Ely: "Because they're both frozen."

Allen B.: "Why are your brains like the Latin language?"

Marjorie J.: "I don't know, why?"

Allen B.: "Because they are both dead."

Harley W.: "How're chances of getting some scrap wood?"

Mr. Brainard: "What do you want of it?"

Harley: "Miss Oldaker wants it."

Mr. Brainard: "Sure she can have the whole scrap box if she wants it."

Carlyle impersonating Hamlet on the stage during an assembly: "There's something rotten in the state of Denmark!"

Voice from playground: "You're it, old man."

Chuck L.: "Do you believe in the devil?"

Edna M.: "Naw, its just like Santa Claus, its your father"

Erwin: "No woman ever made a fool out of me!"

Ruth F.: "Well, who did then?"

Mr. Smith in Chem. class: "Now I don't want you to consult your books on these questions; I want to see how much you really know."

Jim Ely: "That's all right, but that book never said a thing to me!"

Margaret S.: "If brains were hair you would be bald-headed"

Ken. M.: "That's nothing, if brains were mouth you would be president of the U. S. A."

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Roy V. A., after taking Madeline C. to a dance: "Now you mustn't tell anyone that I took you to the dance last night."

Madeline C.: "Oh, you needn't worry, I'm just as much ashamed of it as you are!"

Sam S.: "Can you carry a tune?"

Russell A.: "Yes, why?"

Sam S.: "Then carry it out in the garden and bury it."

Lawrence LeFevre is a fine example of the young man of today, his only fault being that he has a head merely for decorative purposes and to keep his spine from unraveling.

Chuck Ely: "Are you a good looker?"

Ruth S.: "I-I've been told so."

Chuck: "Then go down on the playground and see if you can find the fountain pen I lost."

Alec: "I fired my valet."

Zip: "What for?"

Alec: "He removed a spot from my clothes."

Zip: "Isn't that what they're supposed to do?"

Alec: "No, you see this was a ten spot."

Ted Watts: "Live and learn, die and forget it."

Mrs. Larkins: "Any questions about the underground railroad?"

Russell Atchison: "Yes, was that the starting of the subway?"

Carlyle: "Why are the theatres so cool in summer?"

Miss Draper: "I guess it must be on account of the movie fans."

Ruth Sessions: "What gives you the impression that Russell has no ambition, dear?"

Geraldine Huff: "Why-er-well—one kiss usually satisfies him."

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She: "Are you sure you love me?"

Chuck Ely: "Yes, why there isn't another girl on my ice route that can kiss like you can!"

Mechanic: "You say your car turned turtle; it looks right side up to me."

Vena Austin: "Yes, you see it just runs like a turtle."

Mr. Gordon getting into taxi: "Home, James."

Taxi Driver: "Whadda yuh mean, 'Home James?' This is a public taxi."

Mr. Gordon: "Very well, home Jesse James."

Vor: "I hear you refused an offer to be president of your company."

Erwin: "Yes, you see there's no chance for advancement."

John Harlan: "When did Caesar reign?"

Helen Hacking: "I didn't know he rained."

John Harlan: "Well, didn't they hail him?"

Edna Martens: "What is the date?"

Miss Harr: "Never mind the date, the exam is more important."

Edna: "Well, I wanted to have something right on my paper."

Mrs. Larkins: "What is the greatest comeback in history?"

O. Atchison: "Napoleon's retreat from Moscow!"

"Beaner": "Did you flunk chemistry?"

"Oats": "Well, I got zero on the final exam."

"Beaner": "Oh, I see, one of those fellows who stops at nothing."

Art. Carlson: "What is a western settler?"

Red Wood: "The contents of a six shooter!"

Mr. Brainard: "I thought of you all day yesterday."

Mr. Walker: "How nice, what were you doing?"

Mr. Brainard: "I was at the zoo!"

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Miss Harr: "Clausen, what is the Latin word for 'from?'"

Clausen Murdock: "Ah--ah--"

Miss Harr: "Correct, and you people notice how he placed his accent."

Walker was driving along the Plymouth road when he happened to run into a car full of girls and knocked them down a 50-ft. bank--

Walker: "Hello! Anyone hurt?"

No answer.

Walker: "What's wrong?"

No answer.

As Walker drove away he said--"Just some more of those Hillsdale snobs!"

First Cannibal: "Whassa matta? Stomach ache?"

Second Cannibal: "Yes, my wife disagreed with me."

Lawrence: "I don't care if you hire 1,000 men, you can't hold a candle to what I make."

Lynn: "What do you make?"

Lawrence: "Gun Powder!"

"I can't take you to a quiet place to eat because you always order soup."

Marguerite: "Why all the pans of oil around the corner?"

Emery: "I hate to hear the mice squeak."

He: "Have you ever kissed anyone before?"

She: "Yes."

He: "Is he too big for me to lick?"

She: "No, but I think he's too many."

Miss Draper: "There's a boy in my English class who spells everything just the way he pronounces it. What does that show?"

Alec Milne: "Originality."

Mrs. Larkins: "Clausen, what about the dispute between U. S. and Canada about the fisheries?"

Clausen: "It was over Salmon and--"

Jim Ely, just waking up--"Fish!"

J. W. McClintock

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