

It's Only Jean

An Autobiography

by

Jean Matlock

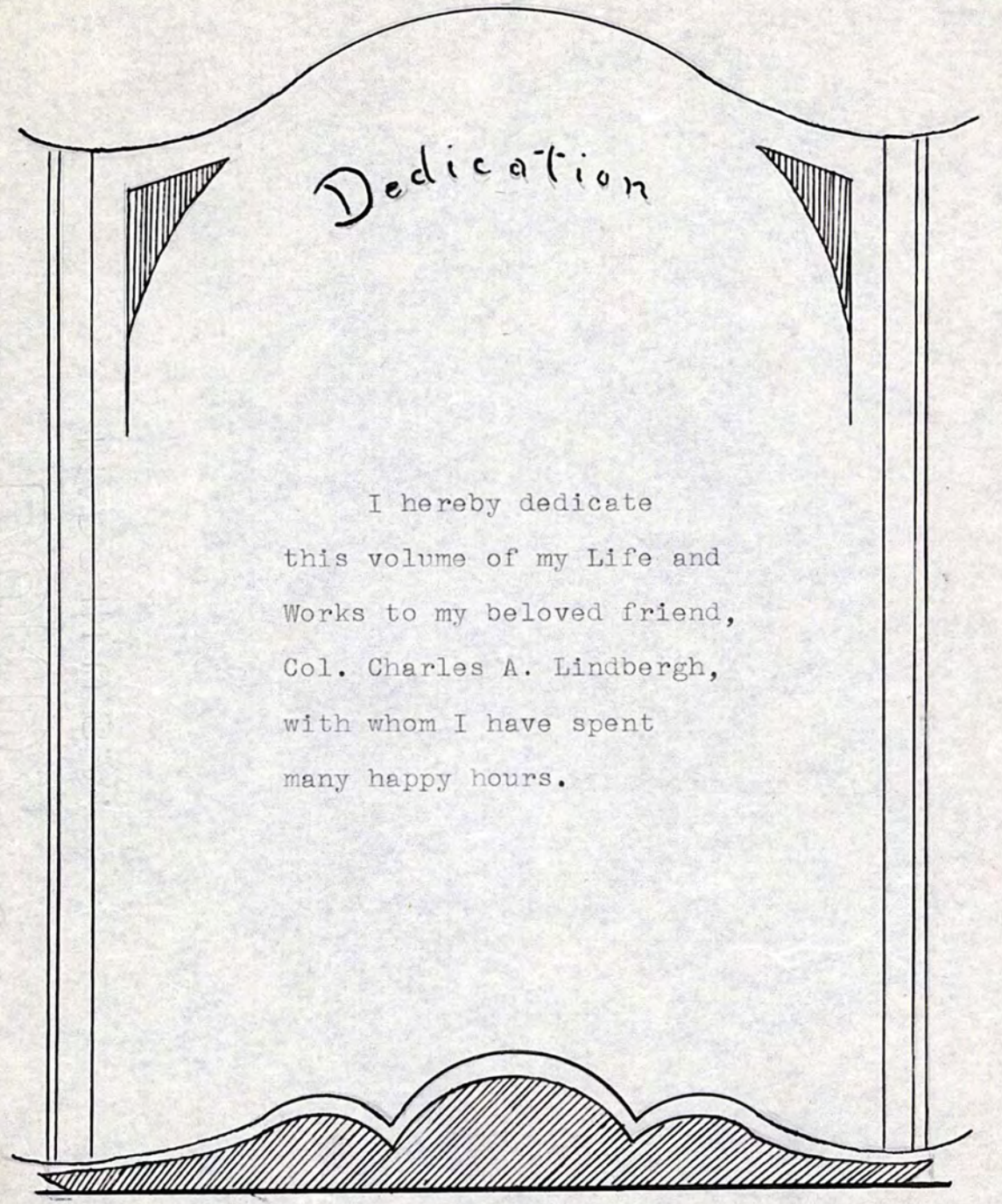
Author of

Term Themes, History Notebooks,
and Rushlite Articles.

Rushville, Indiana

Matlock & Rehme

Publishers.



Dedication

I hereby dedicate
this volume of my Life and
Works to my beloved friend,
Col. Charles A. Lindbergh,
with whom I have spent
many happy hours.

Foreward

I, Jean Matlock, have written this, my Autobiography, mainly because it is a requisite of every Senior of R. H. S. In the preparation of this work I have aimed to secure two results: Namely to have this chosen as the Prize Book in the Exhibit and to obtain and hold the interest of any possible reader.

I, the author, wish to express my indebtedness to many people who have made this book possible. The cordiality with which my former works have been received gives me the hope that this book may also meet with general favor.

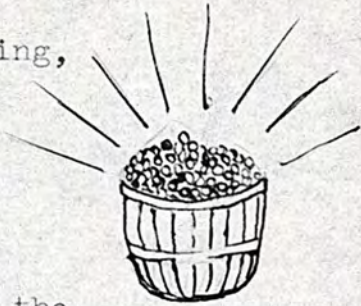
Jean Matlock

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Ancestors

My great-great grandfather King, a resident of Kentucky, migrated to Indiana to seek a wife because the women were better looking in this state. He married a girl by the name of Woods and after much wandering from State to State, settled in Tipton, where several children were born to them, my great-grandfather, Elisha King, being one. The above said great-great grandfather finally wearied of a settled and staple life so, after getting a divorce and dividing the family fortune, he eloped with a young girl, half



two guides and a bushel basket of gold and started for Iowa. That branch of the family has never been heard of



since.

Several years after his father's disappearance Elisha took unto himself a wife and settled near Rushville. By the first of his three wives, Martha King, my grandmother, was acquired. As a monument to his wealth as well as to himself, Elisha had a memorial, at the present time the largest in East Hill Cemetery, erected. If you doubt my word come around and we'll hop into Ja-je-ha-ja and prove this statement.

On my grandfather Matlock's side we find that Retherford B. Hayes, former president of the United States proposed to my great-grandmother who refused him due to the fact that he was just a poor lawyer at the time. A few months later she accepted Matlock who had several farms and plenty of cash to his credit. Of this union came Noah Matlock, my grandfather, who inturn fell in love with and married Martha King. Six children were born to them and father was the second son, he being christened Ernest King Matlock.

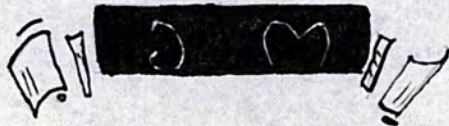
— Let us now take up my maternal ancestors. Little is known of my forefathers in this branch of the family. My great grandfather Webster and his wife lived in Aberdeen, Aberdeenshire, Scotland. Their son, my grandfather Webster, married Anne Robinson, a daughter of the nobility in Scotland, much against the wishes of her parents. So great was their displeasure at this wedding that they disowned her and she was forced to live the remainder of her life in ignorance of what became of them.

After living in Aberdeen, for several years, they, with their two sons sailed to Canada in 1844. Here ten more children were born. The youngest of these was my mother, Sara Webster. When mother was about three years of age the family moved to Sault St. Marie, where all of her youth was spent. It was here that she met Ernest Matlock, who was teaching school there. A romance followed, culminating in a marriage, when Mother was 28. They made their first residence in Greenland, where my brother, Billy, was born, but it was not till they moved to Lansing that I arrived

on the scene.

The Scotch, German and Irish of which I am composed all blend together to make me a true American. Being part Scotch, I am naturally teased about being "tight" (maybe I am, who knows?). From the German side comes my inclination to drink (water, mostly, and nothing stronger than cokes). Lastly, from being Irish I inherit a love for the color Green, as every one in Rushville should know by looking at me (this liking has not always been limited to color alone).

Now, you know as much about my ancestors as I do.



Childhood



The most momentous and significant event in my life (to my way of thinking) was my birth, which occurred November 21, 1911. Such an important personage I was then! Much more important than I have ever been in the seventeen years of my existence following this incident.

My first smile was seen by my Grandfather Matlock on the 10th of January, 1912, and the whole neighborhood was called in to witness the event. I next proceeded to laugh, on the 12th of March, much to the enjoyment of Aunt Florence who was the sole observer.

My dental trouble began on the 18th day of August in the year 1912 when I was nine months old. I sprang a tooth! And from that time I've been a daily occupant in a dentist's chair. (Witness Doc Schrichte's wealth).



My first manner of locomotion began in the form of creeping when

nine months old. This developed into a first step the following December at the age of 13 months, 3 days.

My first appearance at the table in July ended in a calamity, for while eating chicken broth I deliberately threw my spoon into the bowl, thus ruining several dispositions and the wall paper.

After much gurgling and gooing I finally spoke, and like most children, my first word was "Muvva", soon followed by "Ookims" for my brother's teddy bear called "Snookims". These were soon followed by many bright sayings as I grew older. The most important of these are recorded thus;

"My hurt my back door", and "Billy made my good and mad".

Also the following:

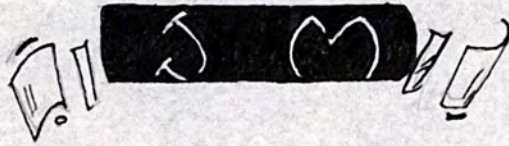
Mrs. Taylor whom I called, "The Lady with the cracks in her face) had been teaching my Bible Verses. When arriving home after one of these lessons, I exclaimed, "Midnight, get down from there, or Thou Shalt not enter t he Kingdom of Heaven", upon seeing our black cat on the refrigerator.

My every movement was watched with solicitous eyes. This was very difficult for I was continually running away. I seemed to want to explore the country to the north, south, east and west and the only thing that would prevent me from wandering away was to tie me to a cherry tree. Which they did!!! (Little Benny's Notebook.) At times even this failed for I was known to chew the rope in two and in this way make my escape.

One Sunday morning, after making mud pies, and ourselves being muddier than the pies, Helen Smith, my playmate and a partner in all my deviltry, and I decided we wanted our Mothers who happened to be in Church. After our wearied legs brought us to our destination we walked up the middle isle of the church with our doll carriages, with all eyes focused on us. As we wended our way toward the front, the minister had to stop his address and cough behind his handkerchief to retain his dignity, while the whole congregation remained in convulsions.

After many more such incidences, we moved to

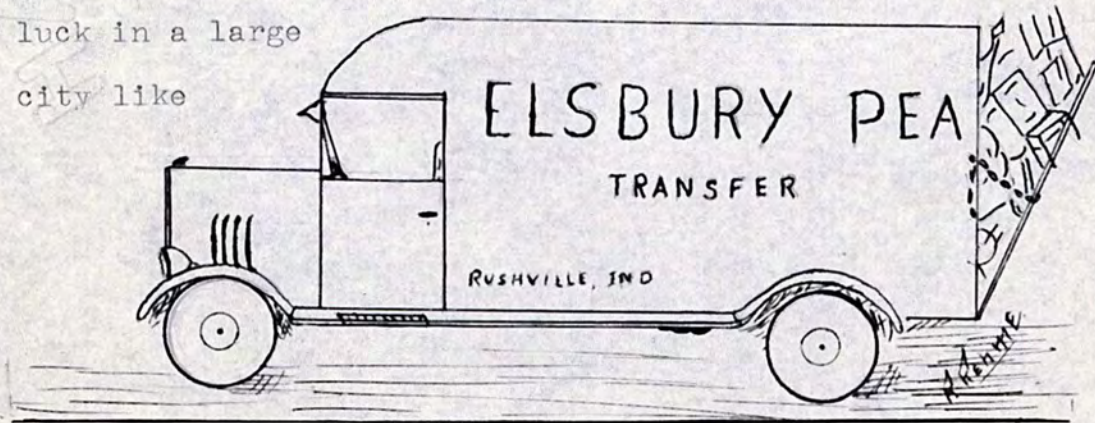
Detroit where I started my school career. This finally left the police and fire departments of Lansing, who had been called more than once to help in the searches for the lost Jean Matlock, in peace.



My Home - The Moving Van

My first definite recollections come with the picture of a moving van, with me seated on the front seat. (I have been told that my first moving van was a perambulator.) From the time of my motorious birth until the present day, our household furniture, cats, and dogs, and ourselves have changed neighborhoods thirteen times.

Having been born in Rushville I made my first journey in the moving van at the age of 6 months, but the memories of this trip to Lansing are very indistinct. In the few years we remained in Lansing three different houses formed our home. Tiring of the Capital City of Michigan, after so long a time, we decided to try our luck in a large city like



Detroit, where my Dad had been offered a position in—
the Detroit Trust Company. The Moving Van appeared
again!!

Detroit welcomed us with open arms, for all new-
comers are greeted thus, in a large city. Massachusetts,
Moss and Highland Avenues all became the place of our
residence in turn. It was while we were in a second
house on Highland Ave. that Father found it necessary
to move to Rushville. Imagine my consternation at this!
For I was must becoming well acquainted.

Rushville!! Whata little, insignificant place
it appeared to me, fresh from a city!!! I had no friends
here, and for several long months I remained without
any. At last Muggie Lambert came to my rescue, and I
became well known. While here, on that trip, we moved
three times (three must be my lucky number), living
in a small tenant house on our ranch while our large
home was being remodeled.

In the midst of my good times here, when I was
a seven B'izzer, the family made plans to move back to
Detroit again. I was heartbroken for "The Gang" had

become an important part of my life. Nevertheless, "What was to be, had to be" and we returned to our former city home.

Detroit had lost all its glamor for me and when I entered Highland Park Junior High my old chums and I were separated. I again made friendships with a different class of girls, whom I continued to go with during my stay there. It was at this time that two more moving vans were added to my collection (not the vans, really-----but then.)

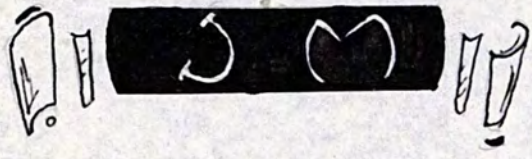
At the end of my Freshman year great was my joy when I discovered that we were again leaving for Rushville. Quite different thoughts than the time before, arranged themselves in my mind as we approached this city, for it was then---and still is, the "City of My Dreams."

For three short years we have lived here and each one of those years has proved itself to be better than the one before. Rushville is, and will always be, my home, whether in reality or in dreams.

Thirteen trips in a moving van (rather an unlucky

number) and I fear there will be another soon.
Regardless, the thirteenth move has been the best
and will always be considered so:---

May my home be in Rushville Forever!!



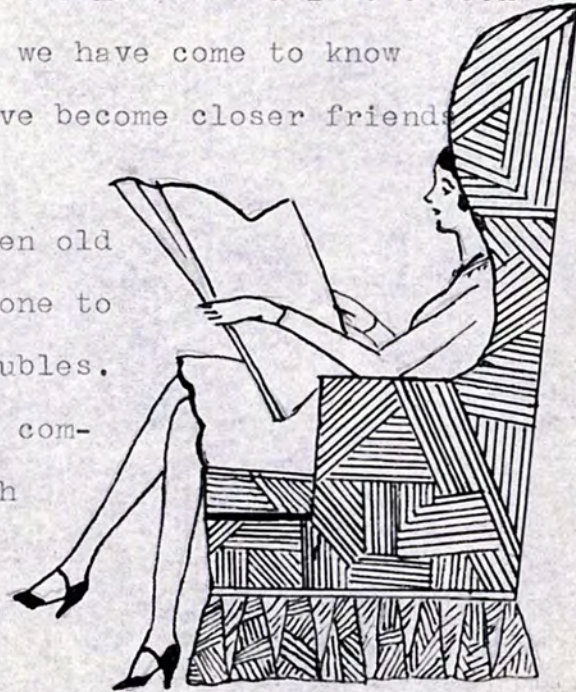
THE
MEMORIAL
COURT
HOUSE

My Mother

Mother", is the most pleasant word in the world to me. Our Mothers mean so much to us, and yet, few of us really realize their worth and treat them with all the respect that is due them. We just take them for granted and don't try to show our appreciation for them and what they have done for us.

My Mother has always been my closest companion. We have gone every where and shared everything together. In the past three years since Mother and I have been alone quite a great deal, we have come to know each other better, and have become closer friends than ever before.

Ever Since I have been old enough to speak, I have gone to my Mother with all my troubles. She is the most wonderful comforter in the World. Each difficulty seems to fade into nothingness as she talks to me.



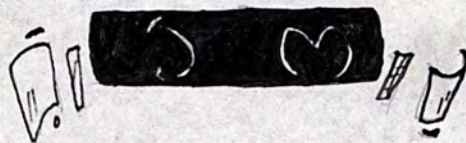
Some children can go to their fathers with their thoughts, but my Dad has always seemed rather distant to me when it has come to comradeship. I have always and will always love him a great deal, but Mother will always be first in my thoughts and heart.

One thing that I greatly admire in my Mother is that she is such a GOOD SPORT. When "The Gang" wants to have an all around good time some one says, "LET'S go to Matlock's", for everyone is welcome there at any time. There is usually a large group there, for we all head for the "Mansion" in preference to any other place in Rushville. This is due, without a doubt, to the fact that My Mother has tried, and has succeeded, in making the home a place of joy, comradeship, good-will and love.

My Mother is a good athlete. She enjoys ice skating and such sports as much, and even more than I. As long as I can remember, Mother has entered into all sports with me and has shown me how they should be done. In her youth, she was the best skater, rower, or hockey player in the neighborhood. She is ready

for anything and everything I may suggest.

Let's give three cheers, for those who have made us what we are and what we hope to be-----"OUR MOTHERS".



The Gang



"That Old Gang of Mine" is one of my favorite songs due to the fact of the memories it recalls. That old gang of Mine includes Gracious, Janie, Ruthie, Wyatt, Rose, Becky, and Bee.

"Gracious," (she doesn't like the nickname but we call her that just the same) has been one of my closest friends because we have had so many things in common. "I like what she likes, she likes what I like, everything we like we like alike." Grace and two masculine friends have entered college and left me alone, but we will probably be together again in several weeks.

"Janie", a pal of mine since my first visit to Rushville, is a girl with whom I associate many enjoyable outings and ridiculous situations. We have had water fights, fist fights, tongue fights, and pillow fights until we feel like professional boxers. Needless to say we are still the



closest of friends and are seen everywhere together.

"Ruthie" is the girl who has enough bright ideas and cheerfulness to keep the gang going forever. Even though she is not a student in our high school her thoughts are centered in the activities of R. H. S. (especially in a certain Senior.) Whenever a project for excitement is on foot we all seek Ruthie who enters in with a zeal and puts the thing over. Cast your eyes on the drawings in this, my life history.-----
---Ruthie must have all the credit for them.

"Wyatt" is certainly a good chum if there ever was one!!! Much of my time last summer was spent in her company, both in Rushville and in Bay View, the site of their summer cottage. From morning till night we have been together, in work and in play. But now Herschel seems to occupy most of her time and Jean is left in the dark.

"Rose", one of the popular Lower's of Webb, and who has become more popular since entering R. H. S., is one of my most recent friends, although not one of the least in my esteem. I consider her (along with the

feed store lad) an essential part in my midday repast.

"Becky", a classmate of mine, is always with the gang when it meets. Since Becky is so busy with her Morristown, Gary, and I. U. boyfriends her time is pretty well taken up without my company. Nevertheless, I think loads of her.

"Bee", last but not least, is another of the gang of recent date. She, herself is not enrolled in high school, but she thinks alot of a certain, stout student who is. (In case you are in doubt, think of a nightingale.) She is the popular sister of Martha's flame.

This gang has participated in weiner roasts, pitch-in dinners, bridge parties, birthday parties, dances, tennis matches, and cross country flights, usually ending up at the Uptown with a Bang Up Goodtime. But almost every gang ends up by singing, "The Wedding Bells are Breaking Up that Old Gang of Mine" and ours will probably prove no exception. Several years from now, most of us will have gone on our separate ways with just sweet thoughts of the gang of our youth.

W. J. M. W.

Girl Reserves

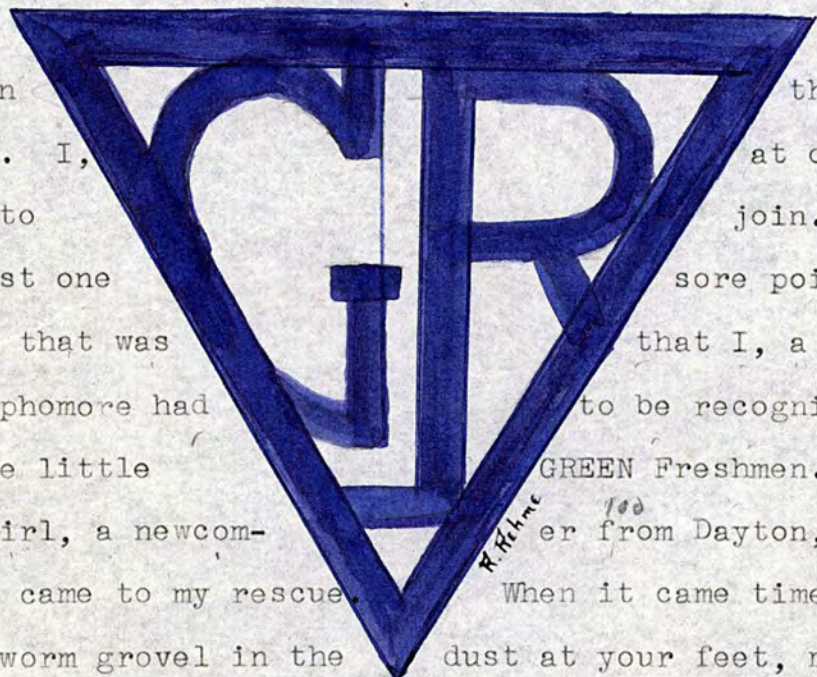
by Jones

In a few years, when I will look back on my High School career, Girl Reserve will hold the fondest memories for me. I have reveled in the work and enjoyed it as recreation.

When I entered Rushville High as a Sophomore, the Girl Reserve club was recommended to me as the best all-

club in school. I, decided to

was just one me and that was ied Sophomore had all the little lone girl, a newcom- Rehme, came to my rescue.



around the high at once, de- join. There

sore point to that I, a dignif- to be recognized with all the little GREEN Freshmen. One er from Dayton, Grace

When it came time to say, "I, a worm grovel in the dust at your feet, most honorable elder" to the whole school, we stood side by side. Did I feel big then, standing by a Senior? IT was then that my close friendship with Grace began.

The following year I was honored by being elected

Chairman of the Social Committee. My committee worked well with me and the Social life of the club was well cared for. We had a Cobweb party, Christmas party for the poor children, Mother and Daughter ³⁰⁰ Banquet, Kid party, weiner Roast and Senior Farewell Luncheon. The Senior Luncheon was the first of its kind ever held here. It called for unlimited exertion on the part of all the girls but our labors were well repaid by the huge welcome it received. At this luncheon, as the winning president, I took charge for the first time.

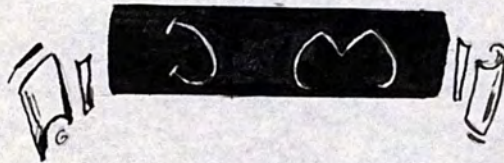
Being President entitled me to a 10 day's trip to Camp Gray in Saugatuck, Michigan. It was my first attendance at a camp of any kind and I wouldn't have missed it for the world. A friendliness and comradeship prevailed everywhere. ³⁰⁰ We were all there for the same purpose, to get everything out of the camp that we could,-----and we did.

The Presidency of Girl Reserve is indeed an office which holds great honor, but yet, the path hasn't been all roses. Everything went along just fine until ^{the} Mr. Lockwood and Mr. Sellers decided that the President of *principal of our high school*

G. R. should give a talk before the Kiwanis and Rotary clubs. Then was when I wished I had taken public speaking.

Taking charge at the Mother and Daughter Banquet was no easy task and after it was over I felt like ⁴⁰ sinking through the floor, but such appearances before the public were essential.

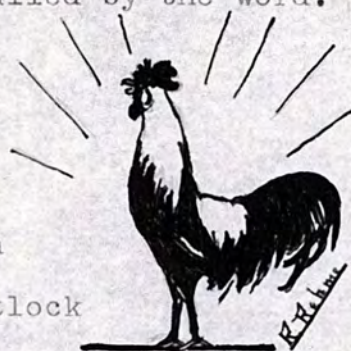
Thinking of pleasures along with duties, I consider myself lucky, and I am proud of the fact that I am a Girl Reserve. 434



MEMORANDUM
FOR THE RECORD
DATE
BY

Pets

"Pets!" What memories are recalled by the word! Dogs, cats, pigs, cows, horses and chickens, all lend their support to my thoughts.



Once upon a time in the past, a little pig was discovered on the Matlock ranch. It grew and grew and grew, due to the care and watchfulness of the two little Matlocks. One could go out into the orchard at any time and call, "Yew Hoo" and the next thing a pig would be seen running with all its might. Later when the pig grew to be a hog, it still retained its name of, "Yew Hoo", which stood it in good stead when feeding time came, for, when it heard its name called, it would rush from afar and reach the gate hoursebefore its comrades.



Next in the train of pets which pass through my memory is Jake, the Rooster. He would follow me around day in and day out. Finally, after years of faithful service, Jake

met his death, and Janie and I, to give him a royal funeral, took him to King's Woods where we threw him into a creek. I now present to you, the creek, from then on called, "Jake's Remains."

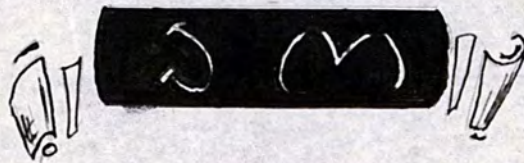
Tiger cats have always been my specialty and one, more than the rest, deserves mention. This is "Cricket" who lived with us for 10 whole years. Some children are called home by a whistle or call of some kind, but it was always my lot to be called by a bell. When "Cricket" heard that bell, be he near or far from home, he always won the race, and was at the door to greet me as I approached. "Cricket" forms a part of my childhood which will never be forgotten.

"Sunny Jim" was another old comrade who showed my many good times. In his young days he was a race horse, and when he grew old he never forgot his early life. Whenever he discovered a horse beside him, it was all off, for "Sunny Jim" was going to leave him in the dust or die in the attempt. More than once this proved fatal to Jean, who was unable to stick on without a saddle. It was through Jim's gentleness and

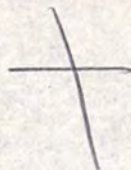
kindness that I am able, at least, to make an attempt
at riding rather than hide in an earthen jar at the
sight of a horse.

One day last winter Martha Wyatt thought of the
bright idea of adding a stray dog to our collection.
She looked all the strays in the neighborhood over and
finally sent us a dog by parcel post. Of course we
were delighted-----until-----a week later
when we had the dog and 6 pups besides. Thus within
a day our menagerie was increased from three to nine
dogs.

These few pets are only representative of the
many which have formed a part of our household. Long
live the Matlock animal farm!!!!!!

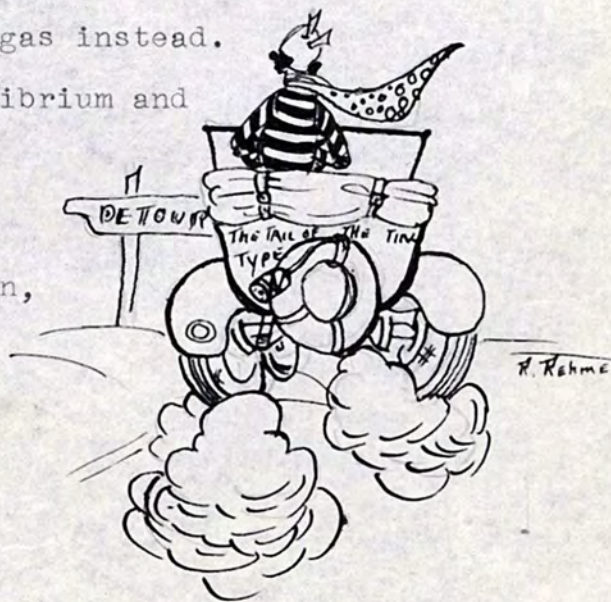


Ja-je-ha-ja



It is a well-known and established fact to all the citizens of Rushville that Ja-je-ha-ja is my Ford. This Ford has been my constant companion for the three years I have been in R. H. S. Ja-je-ha-ja, the I, a 1926 model, arrived on the scene in the fall of 1926. As the proud owner of this car, I made my first attempt at driving with Harry as my instructor. No doubt he was a capable tutor, and we were getting along famously until the crossing of Perkins and Third came on to the horizon. Harry said, "Slam on the brakes and take it at an angle," but my feet refused to function properly and I slammed on the gas instead. Result-----a loss of equilibrium and two broken springs.

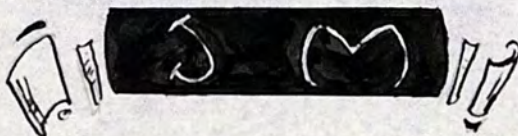
After conquering the intricacies of this tin can, it gave me two years of dependable service. It was always hollering for




food and drink until poor Jean Matlock's hand seemed to be always reaching for her pocketbook. At last, much against its wishes, it met an ignominious death in the junk heap.

Ja-je-ha-ha, the II, then came into view, after much anticipation on my part. With its shiny blue body and brilliant tin ware we drove down Main Street for the first time with all eyes upon us. Driving to school every day it became a fixed object on Perkins street from eight till four, and then it could be seen wending its way out Road 3 to the Gravel Pit (for that was as important a part in my daily routine as my attendance at class). Although other students have cars, mine seems to be the best and almost as popular, if not more popular than "The Town Car."

In case you are interested in knowing the meaning of the name Ja-je-ha-ja, observe the clippings given below, from an old Rushlite.

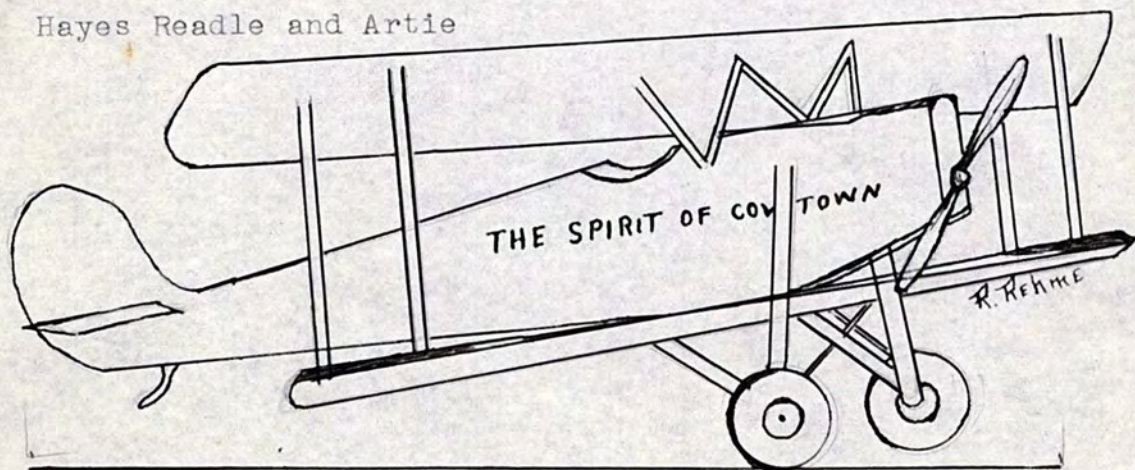


Sports



I have attempted practically every kind of sport on the market and yet I won't feel my list complete, until I have broken my neck (or some less important part of my anatomy) with the pole vault. Horsebackriding is the favorite, tennis and swimming running a close second and third. There is no reason why horsebackriding should head my list, for I have had so many opportunities to meet my death in the ditch, that it seems logical that I choose a safer recreation and give up horses forever. However, I live on thrills and horsebackriding furnishes my nutrition.

It has always been my ambition to play tennis like Hayes Readle and Artie

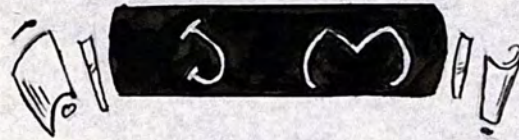


Wilson. After playing a great deal, I finally succeeded in defeating Hayes, but only when Artie was my partner. When beating Hayes I also had the pleasure of winning from Martha Wyatt, and everyone knows what a good player Martha is (an indirect compliment to myself). It was a great feat to beat Martha for Lowell Richardson was always there to keep score and invariably rooting for Martha. After playing three hot sets and being hotter ourselves, we would make a wild rush to any car available and go for the Pit.

I enjoy swimming most any place, (even in the bathtub), but the Connersville swimming pool and the Gravel Pit are preferred. On days when I have plenty of time Ja-je-ha-ja, full to its entire capacity, travels the bumpy road to the city of our bitterest enemies, the Spartans, (much as we hate the Spartans, we surely love their swimming hole). But when it is impossible to drive 18 miles, we choose the Gravel Pit and are content. My experiences there are described in the Chapter entitled the Gravel Pit.

After tiring of earthly sports I go to the Circle-

ville airport and jump into my favorite airplane,
"The Spirit of Cowtown" and soar to heights
unknown.



LIBRARY
BOND
HAWKSWORTH

1 Ja - J - Na - Ja
Slaque anak
Sung Jim

Western

My Home - Moving Van

1 Girl Reserve

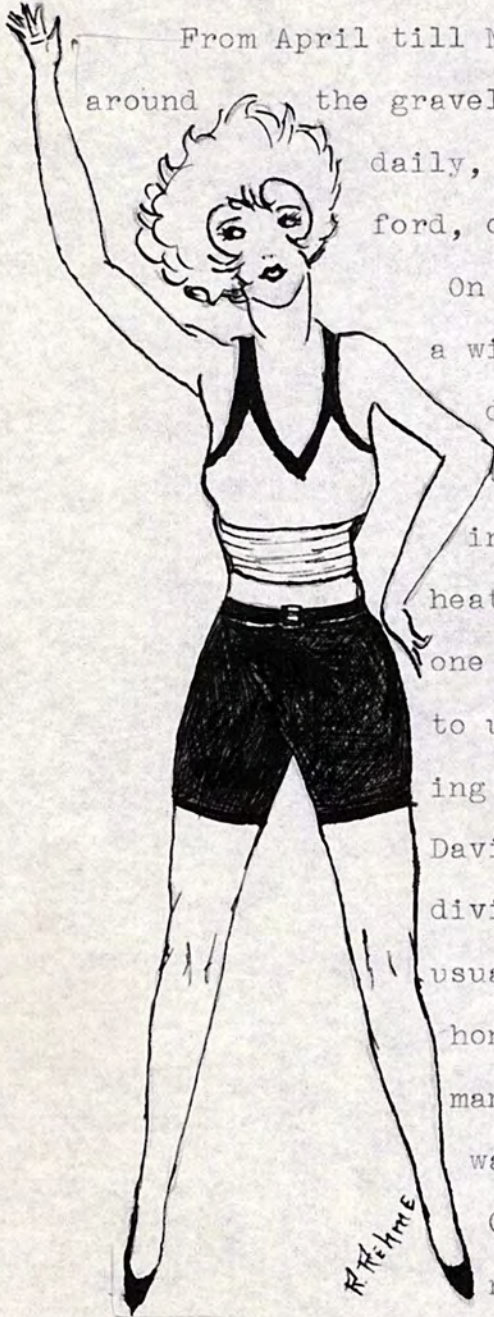
W. C. C. 114

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MAY 1964

The Gravel Pit

From April till November my thoughts are centered around the gravel pit. Having traveled the road daily, Ja-je-ha-ha, my trusty (dusty) ford, can find the way without guidance.

On arriving each day, we would make a wild dash to see who could reach the diving platform, in the center of the pit, first. Usually after reaching our destination, there followed a heated argument to decide just which one was the victor. Everyone seemed to uphold himself in this matter, showing the modesty of my associates. Charlie Davis, a well known expert in swimming, diving, and other watery feats, was usually lauded the winner. This was an honor for which I strived and after many hours of long distance swimming, I was at last hailed "Queen of the Pit." Of course this was just for one afternoon, but nevertheless I was thrilled.

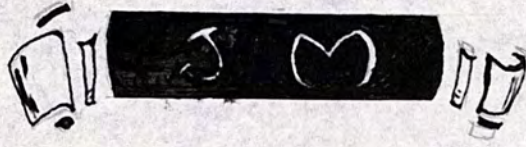


To think that I was the fastest swimmer there!!! (Charlie must have broken his leg--a catastrophe I've never been able to regret.)

It was at the gravel pit that I learned to dive. Of all the different types--my favorite was the frog dive, although, after much exertion on my part, I also mastered the swan dive. Another favorite pastime was diving for rocks. At first it seemed as though I never could reach the bottom, and I decided it was fathomless, but, since I saw others going down and bringing up handfuls of stones, I made up my mind to try, try again. This I did, and now I feel like I could apply as a deep sea diver.

Besides these activities the gravel pit was a site of many of our weiner roasts. Knicker-clad, we would scout around the neighborhood, for wood with which to build our fire. Having eaten, we would replenish the fire and then sit around it singing songs to the accompaniment of a ukelele. These songs invariably started and ended with those so well known to R. H. S. rooters. Meanwhile, we would gaze out over the still

waters of the most pleasant place in the world to me---
THE GRAVEL PIT.



The Uptown Shoppe

The Uptown Shoppe, i. e., the student's "hangout", is probably the busiest place in town after every social activity. All the masculine, as well as feminine, individuals accumulate there to discuss curricular activities, shows, basketball games, rehearsals (for operettas and class plays) or anything that has happened earlier in the evening. Every conversation here is not idle talk or palaver, for there are times when deep arguments are in progress on such subjects as predestination, hypnotism, or spiritualism, not to mention Physics. After listening to these discussions, we are convinced that Rushville has some learned citizens after all.

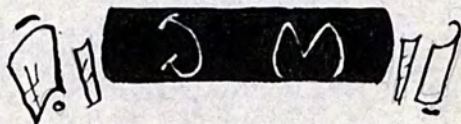
Even with such competition as Janie, Becky, Newhouse and **CRUSHES!** others, Henriette, the phonograph remains the most popular personage in the shoppe. She gets more nickels spent on her than



anyone else present. She especially claims the attention of our wealthy individuals and music lovers.

Many stray nickels and dimes are spent on cokes, phosphates, toastwiches, sweet Maries, and other sweets, though I am willing to bet that Harry and Junior spend most of their currency for broken glasses. We used to order a flavored cokes, but now the prime favorite is a chocolate cone. By this (as well as by roller skating and marble games) we know that Spring has come!!

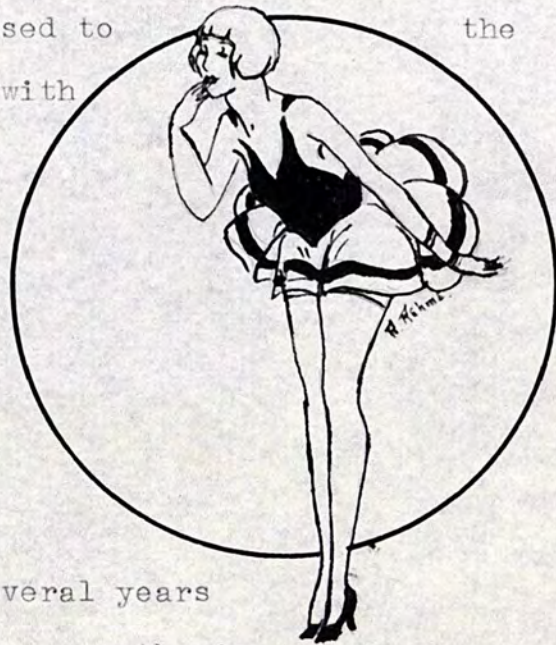
As time passes, the ticking of the alarm clock on the show case is a gentle reminder of lessons still to be studied, and finally the gang leaves, one by one, in pairs, crowds, or with dates. After one more lingering glance, we wend our way homeward with just one thought, "Long Live the Uptown."



My Theatrical Accomplishments

At the immature age of three, I made my debut into the Lansing Theatrical Circle, as a tight rope-walker. These performances were held in the vacant lot in back of my house; the admittance fee was 10 pins. (safetly, at that.) After many humiliations while practicing, my crowning mortification came at the opening performance, when, having traveled perilously to the center of the platform on a rope stretched about 5 inches from the floor, my umbrella decided to collapse. Since three stays had been broken before starting, I wasn't surprised, but merely embarrassed to the extent of running home with tears streaming down my cheeks. This, I concluded, would be my last public appearance, but the gods of fate decided otherwise.

This was proved several years later, when according to my mother's



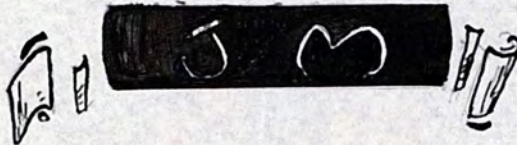
wishes, I studied elocution. I was such a success in this, that after six months study I gave an extensive reading before Col. Charles A. Lindbergh, himself.

Detroit surely lost a genius when I, Jean Matlock, moved to Rushville, Indiana. While matriculating in the Rushville High School I took part in several operettas and Stunt Shows, and in my Junior year I was featured in the Class play, taking the part of Peaches. As the heroine, I was to fall in love with Spud, the hero. This I readily did---not only on the stage but in real life as well. Indeed, I thought so much of Spud that I christened my favorite dog after him.

The apex in my career came (I thought) when I was chosen to take the part of Nora in the Senior Class Play, "The Absent Minded Bridegroom." This play was hailed as a great success both financially and in performance. Many laughs were provoked by the acting of Owen Stamm, a classmate, taking the part of Shea, alias Pete Peterson, alias The Absent Minded Bridegroom. After working so hard to get my paternal

parent married I feel I am quite capable of getting myself wedded at any moment I should choose. However, I feel my calling is not a married life, and since this world needs professional actresses, I feel obliged to give all my time and ability to this sort of work.

It now appeared that the height of my success had not arrived with the Senior Class Play. Several days ago, I received a peremptory telegram from Flo Ziegfield, telling me to visit his New York Studio as soon as I was graduated. Needless to say, I contribute this desirable summons to my activities in High School.

A hand-drawn signature consisting of the letters 'J' and 'M' in a stylized, cursive font. The 'J' is on the left and the 'M' is on the right. There are decorative flourishes extending from the top and bottom of the letters, resembling a signature or a decorative element.

The End.

MANILA ENVELOPE
BOND
MADE IN U.S.A.

Let my fork

own baby sitting for

another service for

When I was young

from the same place