



Clara Leonette Porter

S. B. H. S. 1912.

S. B. H. S.
ANNUAL

THE SPHINX

VOL. II.

NO. V.

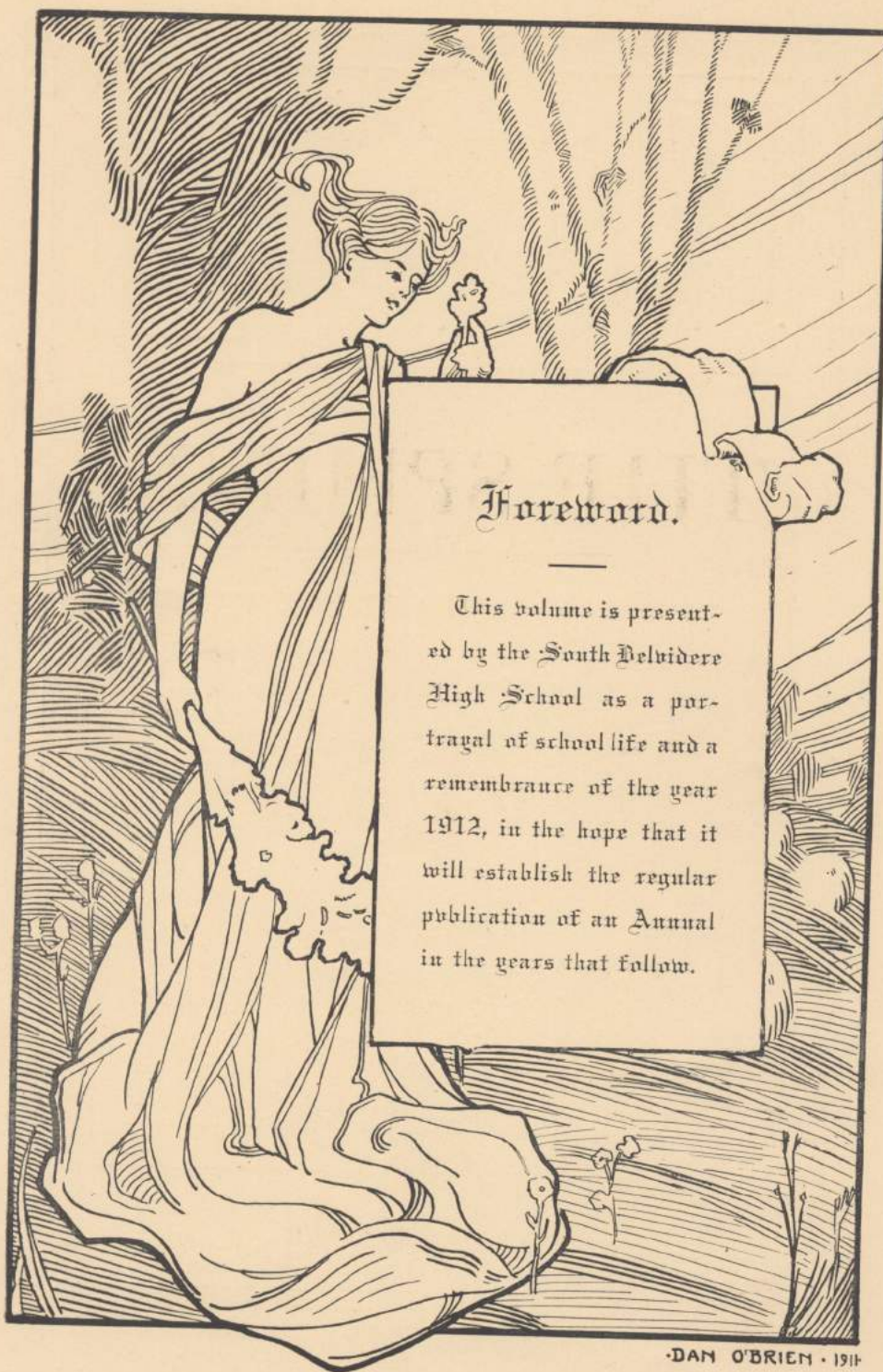
Published by the
SPHINX STAFF
and the
CLASS of 1912.



JUNE



1912



Foreword.

This volume is presented by the South Delvidere High School as a portrayal of school life and a remembrance of the year 1912, in the hope that it will establish the regular publication of an Annual in the years that follow.

To J. Frances Graves,

In appreciation of tireless efforts in the interest of
"The Sphinx", this issue is affectionately dedicated.







Song of Spring

On the breezes, on the zephyrs,
Cometh Spring!

What a world of joyousness her glad return doth bring!

How she trips, and lightly treading

Over the fleeing floweret stars

Wastes them kisses, ever shedding
Sweetest perfume; radiance spreading.

With her wand she breaks the bars

On the lake;

And as she floats, floats, floats,

In her water lily boat,

All the world is set a tuning to the melody of youth,

In the Spring Spring Spring Spring,

Sprightly Spirit, Spring—

To the rippling and the rare refrain of Spring.

Lela Whitney '12



married 1911
Mrs. French Church



The Faculty.

MAUDE H. WILLARD
Chemistry and Physics

MABEL E. GILCHRIST
English

MARGARET I. HARVEY
Latin and Mathematics

SUSAN G. VAN ARSDALE
Mathematics

MARTHA A. LINDQUIST
Physiography and Hygiene

J. FRANCES GRAVES, Asst. Prin.
German and Vergil

WILLARD E. HENDRICKSON, Prin.
History

WARREN V. HARTZ
Manual Training

GEORGE N. BRADLEY, SUPT.
Public Speaking

LULIA F. EVANS
English and Latin

HELEN B. WELLS
Mathematics and English

ELIZABETH L. UMBACH
Botany, Zoology, and History

F. ALONA HUNGERFORD
Music

LILA I. LEWIS
Art



With this issue of the Sphinx, we, as pupils of the South Belvidere High School, celebrate the second anniversary of the birth of our magazine.

The Sphinx, the official organ of our High School, was born amid plenty and has enjoyed living in it ever since. At times the pupils were a little shy and it was hard for the staff to obtain enough of the best food to keep her alive. This difficulty was soon overcome, and to-day she is one of the healthiest of her kind in this part of the state.

The first staff chosen by the students were:

Editor,	POTTER SABIN
Advertising,	WM. G. BURNS
Treasurer,	HELEN GABEL
Circulation,	GEO. SILVERMAN
Alumni,	ARTHUR MAYNARD
Athletics,	JOHN LUHMAN
Staff Artist,	DAN O'BRIEN

At this time the magazine was being printed in single columns and the "Who's Who and Why" page was a prominent one. The purpose of this page was to present a few of Belvidere's leading citizens and graduates of S. B. H. S. to the pupils as examples of the business world. The "High School Notes", to some extent, took the place of a "Jest" page.

Later, however, a slight change came, when the Editor, feeling the call of the business world, left school. Wm. G. Burns was elected Editor, Harold A. Swift, Associate Editor, and June Barber, Secretary. Miss J. Frances Graves was also chosen Faculty Advisor, and Charlotte Thomas, Exchange Editor.

Much credit should be given to Wm. Burns and the Staff who in many ways helped to beautify our paper. In passing, due acknowledgment should be given Dan O'Brien whose work as Staff Artist, was greatly appreciated by the pupils and all who came in touch with the paper.

The Staff for the second year, chosen by the Student body, was:

Editor,	HAROLD A. SWIFT
Associate Editor,	WILLIAM H. PEART
Alumni,	RALPH BOGUE
Athletics,	JOHN I. LUHMAN
Exchange,	LILA R. POLPH
Circulation,	W. HAROLD PACKARD
Treasurer,	O. BURTON WRIGHT

The following were then appointed by the Staff:

Secretary,	PEARL BURNS
Staff Artist,	DAN O'BRIEN
Faculty Advisor,	J. FRANCES GRAVES

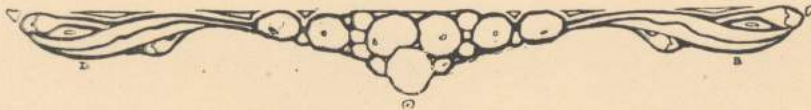
This year there was a slight change in the quality of the paper. The "Superintendent's Letter" was substituted for the page, "The Professor Says". This was conducted by Mr. Bradley in an interesting way.

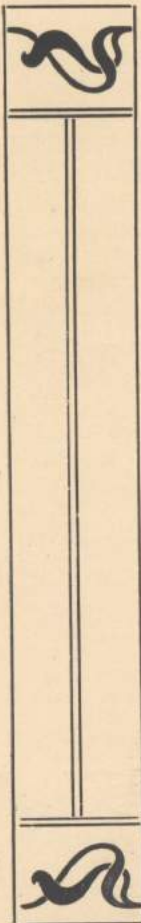
The "Jest" page was also added at this time and there were also title cuts for the different articles; as Athletics, Alumni, etc. These were the work of our artist. Barlow Atwood is deserving of mention for his assistance given us with some of our cartoons.

The suggestion of a Senior number, or Annual, was received with loud applause, few realizing the work that such a paper would mean. The Staff, assisted by the Seniors, with much effort on the part of both, have labored hard, and the magazine you are now reading is the result.

It is the desire of the Staff that because of "consolidation" the Sphinx should not die, but live to be stronger and better known among the high school students of this and other cities.

WILLIAM H. PEART, '13.





SENIOR CLASS SONG.

(Music:— "The Watch on The Rhine.")
There comes a shout of forty strong,
To swell the great alumni throng
Of South High's children strong and true;
With flying banners, gold and blue.

(Chorus)

Dear old South High, as years go by,
Dear old South High, for you we'll sigh;
And love for you will never, never die!
And love for you will never, never die!

We leave those halls where oft' we met;
Those happy times we'll ne'er forget,
When strong and clear our voices rang,
In shouts and yells, or song we sang.

(Chorus)

A greater class there's never been.
What e'er we do, we always win;
On basket-ball or foot-ball field;
For to our foe, we never yield.

(Chorus)

MARY SULLIVAN, '12.

SENIOR



BARLOW. Artwood 1915



JOHN LUHMAN.

"Jack"

High School Chorus '10—'11.
Basket-ball '08—'12—Manager '10—'11.
Foot-ball '10—'12.
Class President '11—'12.
Athletic Manager Sphinx '10—'12.
"Others I see whom these surround—
Smiling they live, and call life pleasure."



HAROLD PACKARD.

"Yellow."

High School Chorus '10—'11.
Basket-ball '10—'12.
Foot-ball '10—'12.
Class Vice-President '11—'12.
Circulation Editor Sphinx '11—'12.
"Thou flying fingers scarcely touch the
keys,
E'er trembling notes ascend the
Heavens."



LILA RUDOLPH.

"Rude."

High School Chorus '10—'11.
Class Secretary '09—'10—'11—'12.
Exchange Editor Sphinx '11—'12.
"Our ambitions are not measured
by our height."



IRENE WALQUIST.

"Little Irene."

High School Chorus '10—'11.
Class Treasurer '10—'12.
"Zealous yet modest."



CHARLES ADAMS.

"Chuck."

High School Chorus '10—'11.
Basket-ball '08—'12; Captain '11—'12.
Foot-ball '10—'12.
"Forgive these wild and fantastical
actions."

HISTORY OF "CLASS OF 1912."

'Twas in the fall of nineteen hundred eight when a car, carrying forty-nine passengers, left the little station of Gradeville and started on the long journey toward Life. Soon the conductor, Miss Strickler, came and asked for their tickets. Each one pulled his eighth grade diploma from his pocket and gave it to her with such an appearance of perfect confidence and assurance that she could not refuse anyone the right to keep his place, though she was filled with many misgivings. Now you must understand, dear reader, that this car was only one of a long train. The one ahead was labeled "1911," and the one following, "1913."

Only a few days had elapsed before a great event occurred, which caused some delay. One evening the people in the cars ahead, called "Upperclassmen," crowded into this car and attempted to put it off the track. The Freshies, however, as the enemy called them, were not as green as was at first supposed, but held to their rights and soon compelled the unfriendly visitors to leave. The journey was resumed and nothing, save a broken arm, or a blackened eye, gave witness that anything unpleasant had occurred. Fearing another attack, the passengers thought it would be wise to join themselves into a firm union, so they formed an organization, with Adrian Earle at the head, and John Luhman, Carolyn Craig and LaVera Merrill as assistants. They called themselves "The Class of 1912," and suspended red and green banners, as their particular colors, from the windows. The way led through the well-known countries of Algebra and Latin, and at times it was so rough that the passengers, wearied by the delay, threatened to disband, but, encouraged by the train crew, led by Miss Strickler, their drooping spirits were revived, and the journey was stopped for a few weeks vacation. Some of the passengers became so interested in the places they visited that they did not care to resume the journey, and so in the following September the company numbered forty-three.

During the second year, nothing eventful happened except that one day the red and green banners were torn down, and blue and gold ones were put in their places. Harold Swift now became leader and he was assisted by William Burns, Lila Rudolph and Harold Packard. This year the way led through the rough and stormy countries, commonly called Geometry and Caesar, when those who had diligently attended to their duties the first year enjoyed the beautiful scenery, but the others hoped and prayed that they would soon get through.

After the second year of the journey the conductor left, and Mr. Noel was appointed to fill the vacancy. The passengers now showed that they favored woman's suffrage, for in the new regime only woman had a place. Lelavina Whitney was at the head, and Pauline Goodrich, Irene Wallquist and Viva McDougall helped her hold the reins of government. In June of this year the train was stopped, and the members of this car, deciding that it would be best to "let bygones be bygones," invited the members of the car labeled "1911" to come with them to a beautiful spot called "Commercial Club" and spend the evening with them. The invitation was accepted, and in that delightful retreat, to the strains of enchanting music, old acquaintances were renewed, and new ones formed.

And now the last and final year has come, and this car, labeled "1912" is at the head of the procession. Forty have survived through the long journey. Forty people, faithful and diligent, are preparing to enter Life in June. Mr. Hendrickson has lead the train crew during the last successful year, and John Luhman with Harold Packard, Lila Rudolph and Irene Walquist as helpers, has assisted the passengers on their last journey. The ride has been long and tedious, but still, no one who has taken it will say that it has not been enjoyed. And now the days are coming to a close. Life is near, oh very near, and each and every member of "The Class of 1912" is ready for it, eagerly awaiting it with all its strife and struggle, for he is sure he will win.

IRENE WALQUIST.

married
1910

married
1916
Hunt
deceased

married
1925

married 1915
Geo. Clark



GRACE AHLSEN.

"Graci."

High School Chorus '10—'11.

Girls Glee Club '11—'12.

"He was the mark, glass copy and
book,
That fashioned others."



ROSE ALLEN.

"Louie."

High School Chorus '10—'11.

"A calm quiet prevades all her ac-
tions and habits."



JOHN BOYCE.

"Twamy."

High School Chorus '10—'11.

"Shall I wasting in despair,
Die because a woman's fair."



ALICE CORNELL.

"Alice."

High School Chorus '10—'11.

"She sees the best that glimmers,
though the worst."



ELLA DALE.

"Ella."

High School Chorus '10—'11.

Girls Glee Club '11—'12.

"For hearts of truest mettle
Absence doth join and Time doth
settle."

CLASS POEM.

Should you ask me whence these stories,
Whence these legends and traditions,
With their frequent repetitions,
And their wild reverberations,
As of whispering in the hall way,
As of rushing into classes,
I should answer, I should tell you,
I repeat them as I heard them,
From the depths of that great river,
From its buried deep recesses,
Washed ashore by tiny ripples,
Tales which oft will bear repeating,
On the banks of old Kishwaukee.
Here a clan of forty members,
Sat before a camp-fire dreaming,
Gazing out upon the waters,
When the moon-beams played at twilight,
Brightly played across the ripples.
Mid the still, unbroken silence,
Silent shadows came and lingered,
Lingered over land and water;
While the radiant moon beams dancing,
On the ripples of the water,
Spoke unto the noble clansmen,
There assembled by the river,
In low murmuring tones addressed them.
"O ye learned, wise and witty,
Ye the bravest of all people,
Loyal to your Alma Mater;
List to what I have to tell you,
Of the past and of the future,
Of the morn when first ye entered
Yonder high school, place of learning,
In the tranquil air of morning,
Bright and happy as the moon beams,
Which you see before you playing.
Still your heart gave some misgivings,
As your teachers rose before you,
As the upper clansmen clamored,
When you took your place beside them.
But you've crossed the Alps and wandered
Into wider fields of knowledge,
Where you found your day-star leading,
Found it only for the victor,
Who so bravely fought and won it.
Most renowned, O noble clansmen,
Many years has been thy training,
Many months of toil and trouble,
Many months of fun and frolic,
Over all thou art victorious,
Conqueror in every battle.
When in dark, grey, misty, shadows,



J. P. DWYER.

"Mr. J. P."

High School Chorus '10—'11.
 "A noble youth of blood and bone,
 His gleaming looks if once smile
 Right honest maidens beguile."



WALTER FREDERICKSON

"Fredie."

High School Chorus.
 "Thro each babbling world of high
 and low,
 His life was work."



EMMA GALLAGHER.

"Kelly."

High School Chorus '10—'11.
 Girls Basket-ball '11—'12.
 "Let knowledge grow from more to
 more."



VERA GARRETT.

Johnnie."

High School Chorus '10—'11.
 Girls Glee Club '11—'12.
 "Far off thou seems, but very nigh."



PAULINE GOODRICH.

"Tiny."

High School Chorus '10—'11.
 Girls Glee Club '11—'12.
 "I would that I were famous."

Clad in mantle of deep mourning,
Lay the sky in unveiled vapors,
Lay in somberest hues of darkness,
Then with aim and unbent arrow,
You did shoot a golden missive,
A hope-star unto thy comrades,
To thy people soon to follow,
Follow thee in fields of knowledge,
Into wider paths of learning;
For as stars of dazzling brightness,
And as spirits in the night time,
Guided you your lower clansmen,
Helping them in times most needed,
Opening dark abysses for them,
Which lead out into the daylight."
Thus spake the radiant moon beams,
To the clan of forty members.
The moon beam's dancing now was ended;
Slowly they began to scatter,
And their radiance fast was fading,
Fading into hues more somber,
Like the waters losing color,
As the clouds dropped low their shadows,
On its silver, shining radiance,
Echoing far out o'er the ripples,
Ringing clear with tones of sadness,
Rose a song amid the ripples,
On the waters of Kishwaukee.

"A song for the days gone by,
For the care free ways
Of our Freshmen days,
We leave you with a sigh.

"To the days of memories dear,
Of written themes
And foot-ball teams,
In grand old Sophomore year.

"A song for the Juniors life,
To days of fudges
Mingled with drudges,
We reluctantly say good bye.

"A song for the days gone by,
For the dignified airs
Of our Senior cares,
We leave you with a sigh.

"An ode to memories dear,
To purple and gold
And secrets untold,
We leave you with a tear."

O my people, my dear people,
Learn a lesson from the river,



ETHNA HUBBARD.

"Tena."

High School Chorus '10—'11.
Girls Basket-ball '11—'12.
"Silence is Golden."



FLORENCE LYONS.

"Florence."

High School Chorus '10—'11.
"A face made up
Out of no other shop
Than what nature's white hand sets
ope."



BLANCHE LAMPERT.

"Slim."

High School Chorus.
"What is so rare as the different kinds
of birds?"



NELLIE LATT.

"Nellie."

High School Chorus '10—'11.
"A perfect woman nobly planned
To warn, and comfort and command."



TRACY McCracken.

"Red."

High School Chorus '10—'11.
Basket-ball '08—'12.
Foot-ball '10—'12.
"I never saw his like; there lives no
greater leader."

From the steady, flowing water,
 From the ever shining brightness,
 Where in quiet tones of azure,
 Lies the vast, blue sky above thee,
 Lies reflected in its shadows.
 Thou, O Clan, whose powers are noble,
 Powers to train for self and others,
 Follow them with steps unwavering,
 In the path where duty calls thee.
 Weary not in thy well doing,
 Grow not faint when loud the battle,
 Or the fray is hovering near thee.
 Let thy laurels be not fading,
 Spread thy virtue far around thee,
 Till the solemn spheres above thee
 Catch the music of thy valor,
 And the orbs sound forth thy praises,
 Sound it far to distant shore-lines
 Where thy honored fame increasing
 Wakens minds to deeper thinking,
 Then all earth will mourn thy parting
 As the ripple on the water,
 Crying forth in tones most trembling,
 "Fare thee well, O noble clansmen."

GERTRUDE B. PETTIT, '12.

STATISTICS OF CLASS OF 1912.

The class of 1912 of the South Belvidere High School is somewhat remarkable, in that it will produce 40 graduates and that its present membership is more than 60 per cent. of that of its Freshman year.

The oldest member of the class is 19 years of age; the youngest is 16 years of age. The average age of the class members is 18 years, while the combined age of the whole class is 720 years. Such an age should fill the freshmen with awe, for youth should respect venerable old age.

The largest foot in the Senior class requires a number 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ shoe, and this is a good foundation upon which to build an education. The smallest foot requires a size 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ shoe. If the size of the total shoes in the class could be merged into one monstrous shoe, the size of that shoe would be 210. Such a shoe would be almost 35 feet long and proportionally wide, or larger even than Miss Graves' broad and spacious class room. It is more than our finite minds can conceive.

The combined weight of all the Seniors is 5400 pounds, enough to ballast a whale. However they lack one important chemical property of ballast; they are not inert and inactive. The heavy and light weight members weigh 165 and 95 pounds respectively.

The acquiring of an education is a tiresome task. During the past four years each of the present Seniors has been obliged to take, on an average, 300 steps in going to and from each class, or approximately seven blocks each week, and 1360 blocks a year. This amounts to 85 miles a year, or 340 miles for four years. If instead of attending High School, we had started out to walk in an easterly direction, and had traveled the same distance each day that we have in going to classes, we would now be in the eastern part of Ohio, and also would have the

married
Ray Lanning
1917

married 1912
Mrs. James Connelley

married 1924
a Maffine
5/18/1963

Released



VIVA McDOUGAL.

"Mack."

High School Chorus '10—'11.
Class Secretary '10—'11.
"Oh yet we trust that something good
will be the final goal of ill."



VERA MENZELL.

"Vera."

High School Chorus '10—'11.
Girls Glee Club '11—'12.
"To love her was a liberal education."



La VERA MERILL.

"Ve."

High School Chorus '10—'11.
Girls Glee Club '11—'12.
Class Treasurer '08—'09.
"She walks in beauty like the night,
Of cloudless lines and starry skys."



MAE PARTRIDGE.

"Tricky."

High School Chorus '10—'11.
Girls Basket-ball '11—'12.
"Surely, surely, slumber is more sweet
than toil."



ESTELLA PAULSON.

"Estella."

High School Chorus '10—'11.
"But cease to move so near the
Heavens."

benefit of eight years of education, for travel is so beneficial to the intellect, that one year of travel is acknowledged to be worth two years of study on the stationary plan.

The amount of paper we have used this year is enormous. While the exact quantity can not be determined, an idea may be given by the rumor that Miss Gilchrist has just disposed of 2½ tons of perfectly good themes written this year. The purchaser is reported to be Mr. Charles Dunk. Not every class can boast of writing salable material. The consideration received was not mentioned, but surely no one begrudges Miss Gilchrist this chance of bolstering up a scanty salary. Instead we should write the more voluminously.

The tallest person in the class is 6 feet 1 inch tall. The shortest person is 4 feet 11 inches short. The average height is 5 feet 6½ inches and our united height is 261 feet.

Every color of hair is represented in our class from black to genuine dyed-in-the-wool "brick-tops", light brown predominating.

The average size of our hats during our Freshman year was No. 7. The average size of hats at the present time is 6¾. This shrinkage of our pates is probably due to the curing of cases of "swollen heads", a bad disease so often contracted by Freshmen. This swelling has no doubt been materially reduced by liberal cold applications of algebra, geometry and last, but not least, chemistry.

Not a kid in the Senior class will smoke! Not even a wedding cigar! But more marvelous to relate, not one will tell, or has ever told a lie!—except when it was absolutely necessary.

The Senior class believes in marriage (very thoroughly), but not in remarriage unless the last venture proves a failure.

The choice for President is "Teddy" Roosevelt, first and last. We are as a class, a conglomerate political mass, having Republicans, Democrats, Socialists and even Anarchists in our midst. Our Anarchists are rather bashful and retiring, however. No Senior should be harshly criticized for his political views; for each one holds his respective opinion because "Dad does." This is a very logical reason and beyond dispute.

Twenty students expect to soar into higher education during the next few years. Ten are undecided and the rest have either no hope, or no desire, for such a flight.

We firmly believe that women should not vote. The reasons why they should not enjoy this civic right which belongs exclusively to man, would fill a large volume, and so obvious as to make it unnecessary to enumerate them.

The Senior girls are a bunch of fickle and careless "heart breakers"; for each is the heroine of "innumerable cases". They brazenly admit the fact.

The particular ambitions of the different members are varied, but they display a high and noble purpose. Some of the individual aims are: "To become thin"; "To pass the teacher's Exam"; "To be prosperous"; "To be an agriculturalist"; "To do nothing"; "To be a millionaire"; "To be an artist"; "To graduate"; "To collect credits"; "To be a preacher", (John White); "To be a suffragette".

Harold Swift has done more for our class than any other person. He is also the most popular boy.

Lela Whitney is the most popular girl. "Red" McCracken is the best looking boy, and Vera Menzell the best looking girl. Our most dignified Senior is "Captain" Sergeant. The Senior Class Peach is Pauline Goodrich. The infant of the class is Miss Bernice Wright.

Last, but most vital, are the needs of our high school. Probably more than any other one thing we lack a school gymnasium. We also lack some other things which go to make up an ideal school, a few of which are: school spirit, a better laboratory, Senior privileges, more vacations and new wall-paper upon the battle-scarred ceiling of the main assembly room.

We would leave a final word of warning to the Freshmen to beware of front seats as well as to try to emulate our illustrious example.

WALTER FREDRICKSON, '12.

married

died 1921

married
Ruby Dale

deceased

married
Jan. 1916,
deceased



GERTRUDE PETTIT.

"Gert."

High School Chorus '10—'11.
"I chatter, chatter as I flow,
To reach the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever."



BETH PETTY.

"Betty."

High School chorus '10—'11.
"Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever."



CLARA PORTER.

"Porter."

High School Chorus '10—'11.
"Thy voice is on the rolling deep."



LYNN PORTER.

"R. F. D."

High School Chorus '10—'11.
"Shall a woman's virtues grow
Me to perish for her love!"



WEBSTER PORTER.

"Groucho."

High School Chorus '10—'11.
Foot-ball '11—'12.
"But thou, would aid this foolish
people."

A PROPHECY.

It all happened because I did not obey my mother. I had been told repeatedly not to go to the North Woods.

"It is dangerous," My mother said. "The men have made a regular net work of the ground, trapping animals, and should you fall into one of the pits, you might never get out again; the traps are no longer used, the men seldom go there any more and who could hear you if you screamed your lungs out?"

I was about as dutiful as most wilful people, and concluded my mother didn't know what she was talking about. The next afternoon I started for the forbidden territory, my only companion being Billie, a Scotch Collie dog.

"I will see", thought I, "if she really knows, or is merely trying to scare me."

After walking around for an hour or more and seeing nor experiencing nothing unusual, I came to the conclusion that the story about the woods was a joke and that I would have the laugh on the folks when I went home.

At the turn in the park a rabbit jumped out from behind a tree and Billie, canine fashion, gave chase. Not wishing to be left entirely alone to the mercy of whatever happened to inhabit the forest, I started after the dog screaming at him with all my might to "drop it" and come back; but the call of the wild sounded strong to Billie at that moment, and scream as I would, he kept on chasing.

I was beginning to tire, having been led promiscuously over brush-heaps, through bushes and across logs until the object of my pursuit disappeared from my view. Frightened and angry, I started to retrace my steps; but I had not gone far before I felt the earth give away beneath my feet and I fell into utter darkness.

Down, down, down I went at such a rapid rate that my breath left me and I knew nothing more until I opened my eyes and found myself in a little park on the side of a hill over-looking a prosperous little city. I sat up and rubbed my eyes. How strange I felt. I looked down at my dress. It was in rags. Where was I, and how did I get here? Who was the man coming up the hill with the big yellow dog? Where had I seen such a dog before and where had I seen that man? His face was familiar but I could not place him. As they came up to me the dog growled and showed his teeth. His master called him off and inquired my name, and where I was born. I told him and asked him where I was.

"You are near your old home town," was the answer, "and your folks will be overjoyed at your return, for they, long ago, gave up hope of ever seeing you again. The country has been scoured for miles around, but no trace of you could be found. Your story is very singular, but no doubt you will have little trouble establishing your identity, for you have not changed in your appearance since I used to see you going to High School years ago."

"Years ago?" I echoed in amazement.

"Tell me, how long have I been gone?"

"You have been gone so long that a great many changes have taken place," he answered. "Your friend classmates have grown up and are out in the world, some married and some still enjoying single blessedness."

At the mention of my classmates I became very much interested.

"Tell me," I begged, "where they are and what they are doing."

"I will be glad to, if I can," he replied. "Let me see, where shall I begin? Do you remember Charlie Adams? Shortly after he graduated he joined Ringling's Circus as a clown and made a great thing out of it.

"Grace Ahlsen has followed in the footsteps of her father and has become a tailor."

"Rose Allen has become a missionary and is in the far East teaching the Gospel to the ungrateful heathen.

"John Boyce is making good with a peanut roaster at Coney Island.

"Alice Cornell is studying art under Gibson. Her most famous drawing is entitled 'Rats.'

"Do you notice how prosperous our little city looks? That is due to the work of the Woman's Civic Reform Club. Ella Dale, the president, has gone to Georgia to carry on her work as she sees much need for reform there.

"J. P. Dwyer has been spending some time in Europe studying for Grand

married Bailey
deceased

deceased

married
Wm. study

married 1916
ied 1925

married
at Harper.
deceased



ALVERSA ROTE.

"Versi."

High School Chorus '10—'11.
"Hearest thou this great voice that
shakes the world!"



FLAY SERGENT.

"Cap."

High School Chorus '10—'11.
"Not all that tempts your wandering
eye.
And heedless hearts, is lawful prize,
Nor all that glisters, gold."



MARY SULLIVAN.

"Cutie."

High School Chorus '10—'11.
"There be none of Beauty's daughter
With a magie like thee."



HAROLD SWIFT.

"Doc."

High School Chorus '10—'11.
Basket-ball '10—'12.
Foot-ball '11—'12.
Class President '09—'10.
Editor-in-Chief of Sphinx '11—'12.
"Popular with all the girls at last."



JENNIE TEEPLE.

"Jane."

High School Chorus '10—'11.
"Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine."

Opera and has recently made his debut with Feraldine Garrar in 'Madame Grasshopper'.

"Walter Fredrickson is living on a farm near Garden Prairie and is raising such large potatoes that only three or four are required to fill a bushel basket.

"Vera Garrett spent some time at home, but at last she married a farmer, and lives on a farm near Gilberts.

"Pauline Goodrich has completed her education at Willard College but is now doing the light fantastic on the Orpheum vaudeville circuit.

"Ethna Hubbard has become famous; so famous that her pictures are on all the bill boards and in all the store windows—advertising chewing gum.

"Blanche Lampert is in the employment of the Edison Phonograph Company making records.

"The Biograph Film Company are paying John Luhman well for playing the villain before a moving picture camera.

"Nellie Latt, long ago, left the farm and joined a musical comedy company as a chorus girl.

"You will scarcely believe it but Tracy McCracken became a minister. However, because of his fear of the fair sex, he retired and has gone out to the Western plains where women are almost unheard of.

"Viva McDougall is running a cat-farm. She has many prize mousers. One large gray feline was awarded grand prize for being the first to catch Alice Cornell's rat.

"Harold Packard has become a great song-writer and has created a sensation on both continents. I read in the paper last week that his greatest song hit has just been published, 'Alicé, Fair Alice, O never leave me.'

"Many of your classmates have gained reputations in the literary world. Gertrude Pettit has become a writer. Her most famous work being a treatise in two volumes on 'The Real Beauties of a Titian.'

"Poor Beth Petty is an old maid. She is at present living in Detroit but contemplates moving to Rockford.

"It was only yesterday that I read an article in the Chicago paper about the ticket-selling propensities of May Partridge. She is hired for all benefit's and entertainments where a great many tickets are to be sold.

"Lynn Porter went away to college, but, unfortunately, failed to make good. He was caught sleeping in class too many times and the professors sent him home for a much needed rest.

"Estella Paulson has obtained a position on a newspaper staff. She writes under the pseudonym of Flora Lane Jibby.

"Webster Porter's ambitions are at last realized and he is now sole proprietor of Andy Anderson's cigar store. Before he entered business he edited a book on 'Hints and Suggestions for Teachers'.

"Alversa Rote is a beauty doctor and is spending her time skinning and beautifying the public.

"Lila Rudolph is doing settlement work and spends days at a time reforming the 'Dagoes.'

"Flay Sergeant studied electricity at the University of Illinois, but was unable to complete his course because of a love affair. He married the object of his devotions and has settled down on a little farm, south of Belvidere.

"Mary Sullivan is another literary product of old South High. Besides her stories she writes a great many poems, her most famous, being, 'If All the World Were Irish'.

"You can't possibly guess what Harold Swift is doing. He is a florist and is making a specialty of 'Sweet Williams.'

"Do you see that smoke over there in the West? That is Snyderville. Jane Teeple lives there and is becoming prosperous refining 'Sugar.'

"Charlotte Thomas fell heir to a vast sum of money. She sailed for Europe soon after and was besieged on all sides by empty titles. She somehow managed to escape to Africa where she is spending her wealth trying to teach Domestic Science to the cannibals.

"Vera Menzell has gone to Cornell where she will spend the rest of her life tutoring.

"La Vera Merrill is living on a farm and makes a liberal income raising cabbages for sauer-kraut.

"Lola Vincent is a society belle and has nearly lost her skin and hair in her endeavor to become a blonde.

married
to Allison

deceased

died Aug 26
 1916. Rebr.
 1916. Cavardine

deceased



CHARLOTTE THOMAS.

"Pud."

High School Chorus '10—'11.

Girls Basket-ball '11—'12.

"O that this too, too solid flesh would
meet,

Thaw, and resolve itself into dew."



LOLA VINCENT.

"Wola."

High School Chorus '10—'11.

"There is a garden in her face,
Where roses and white lilies grow."



JOHN WHITE.

"Doc."

High School Chorus '10—'11.

Foot-ball '10—'12.

"Alas for her that met me!"



LELA MELVINA WHITNEY

"Lela."

High School Chorus '10—'11.

Girls Basket-ball; Captain '11—'12.

Class President '10—'11.

"I am monarch of all I survey."



LEO WHITE.

"Lee."

High School Chorus '10—'11.

Foot-ball '10—'12.

"He dearly loves the lassies, O!"



BERNICE WRIGHT.

"Berni."

High School Chorus '10-'11.

"But thou be wise in this dream
world of ours."

"Irene Walquist is teaching school in the country. The air and food of that locality have agreed with her so well, that she now weighs two hundred pounds.

"There are also professionals in the class of nineteen twelve. Leo White is a physician, a specialist in diseases of the heart.

"John White is a great student. He is making an extended study of Burns.

"Lelavina Whitney is a militant suffragette. She goes about lecturing and speaking on the subject of, 'When We Women Vote'.

"Bernice Wright is traveling. Last winter she spent much time at Rockford and next fall expects to take a trip to Marengo.

"If you care to, I will"—he began, but I never knew what he wished to say, for at that moment a pain so sharp and so terrible, shot through the back of my head that I fainted.

When I came to I was in my own bed and the doctor was fastening a bandage around my head. My mother sat beside me. She had been crying. I had fallen into one of the old unused traps, she told me, and had cut my head severely, necessitating a few stitches and while under the influence of the anaesthetic, had undoubtedly dreamed of my class of "Nineteen Twelve."

CLARA PORTER, '12.

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT.

We, the class of 1912, of the City of Belvidere, County of Boone and State of Illinois, in these our last days, being of sound mind and memory, do make, publish and declare this to be our last will and testament in manner following, that is to say:

First—We will and direct that all our just debts and costs of administering our estate be paid in full.

Second—"Jack Luhman" leaves to Thomas Marshall and John Hallot jointly his duties as "School Athlete." Also, to the next manager, he leaves a little booklet he has written entitled "How to Run a Basket Ball Team".

Lola Vincent and Irene Walquist bequeath to Irene Bogardus, Ruth Difford and Vera Hovey their dancing pumps. Tho these are a little the worse for wear, they will still last some time.

"Deac" White leaves to Claude Tripp, his fair complexion; Lee can afford to give lots of that away, for he will always be white.

Alice Cornell and Vera Garret have compiled a little book explaining and illustrating the very latest modes of hairdressing. This, together with a few hundred hairpins and various other necessities, they will to Verna Atkins, Mildred Ritchie and Neva Piel.

Blanche Lampert, Bernice Wright and Viva McDougall, leave to Elizabeth Westphal, Hazel Ashton and Dessie Phelps their duties as dancing teachers at noon hour.

"Yellow" Packard bequeaths his sweet and melodious voice to "Fat" List, who at times has shown surprising talent along that line. Also to Foster Johnson, Harold leaves a few of his luxuriant curly locks.

Estella Paulson and Alversa Rote will to Vivian Atwood, Ruby Garrett and Wilma Pierce jointly, their latest giggle.

To Mary Louise Witbeck, Clara Porter leaves her duties as pianist, provid-

ing that Mary Louise play "O You Beautiful Doll", once in a while.

Walter Fredrickson has discovered a new way to learn German without studying it. This secret he intrusts to Morris Silver, hoping Morris will appreciate its advantages and use them.

Mary Sullivan and Gertrude Pettit, who have a splendid record as class "Bards" leave their duties to Florence Wheeler, Blanche Stebbins and Esther Streeter.

"Cap" Sergent bequeaths to Burton Wright and Jennette Butterfield, his slightly soiled Physics book. Flay has decided that now he has mastered its essential principles.

May Partridge and Pauline Goodrich leave their eviable records of never being tardy to Blanche Barr and "Longy" Merrill. May also bequeaths to Edith Lamb, her basket ball suit, which, though it has seen hard wear, is good for another season.

Ethna Hubbard leaves to Helen Rosenkrans, Josephine Dwyer and Frances Ferguson her new cook-book. This is said to contain a splendid recipe for biscuits.

Emma Gallagher and Nellie Latt, jointly, will to Margeret Wyman and Fern Wixon, their slightly soiled Chemistry aprons.

"Chucky" Adams bequeaths his seat among the Freshies to "Sleepy" Sullivan and "Bulgy" Porter. Charles also leaves a few of his girls to Claude Tripp, trusting Claude to take as good care of them as he has.

Ella Dale wills her almost new Geometry book to Susan Penning. Ella says she has no more use for it since she intends to become a clerk (Clark).

Lelavina Whitney has worked out an entirely original argument against Woman's Rights; this she leaves to the care of Charlotte Laing and Hannah Thomas.

"Red" McCracken, "Groucho" Porter and Rose Allen jointly bequeath to "Chink" Biester and Lois Petty, their bright auburn locks; also to Bill Peart, Tracy leaves a detailed account of his experience in getting "canned" from class—Take a year off, Will, and read it.

Vera Menzell leaves Belvidere for Chicago, and bequeaths to Allie Whaling and Beulah Difford a bottle of Peroxide. Diet Girls!

Beth Petty, Jennie Teeple and Lila Rudolph have compiled a hundred and one arguments against dancing. These they leave in book form, to Margeret Fry, Helen Gabel and Blanche Hammond. They hope that these young ladies will see the error of their ways and reform.

"Doc" Swift and Grace Ahlsen will to Helen O'Conner, Dorothy Baird and Ruth Gallagher jointly, their quiet studious ways. We hope those girls will profit by these excellent examples and become model students.

Charlotte Thomas and Vera Merrill have composed a little "rag" called "Gee, I'm glad I'm Small". This they leave to Lucile Wheeler, Lila Vincent and Bessie Upstone. Also, Charlotte bequeaths to Helen O'Conner a little prescription which is said to be an excellent cure for burns (Burns).

"Doe" White has written a little book, showing how it is better to study one's lessons and behave in school, citing his own as the record of an ideal student; this he wills to, Pearl Burns, J. B. Meyers and "Fat" List.

Lynn Porter bequeaths his dinner pail to Mr. Hendrickson in case he should want to retain the society of his "flock" the rest of the noon hour.

"Twamy" Boyce leaves to "Bugley" Porter, the only musician in the class, his violin.

To the Freshies, we leave our example. Follow it youngsters, and in the course of time you, too, will attain the height of glory, dignity and knowledge.

To the Soph's we leave our old hats and caps; we know they cannot be too large.

To the Juniors we leave our well preserved dignity. Wear it as well and becomingly as we have, and Miss Gilchrist will surely bestow on you a medal.

To the school we leave anything we may have done in the past four years in the line of a "boost".

In witness whereof, we have hereunto set our hands and seal this last day of May, A. D. 1912.

CLASS OF 1912.

The above and foregoing instrument consisting of one page of type-written matter, was on the day of date thereof signed, sealed, published and declared as and of the last will and testament of the class of 1912, in the presence of us, who at their request, and in their presence, and in the presence of each other, have subscribed our name as witness thereto.

J. P. DWYER.





THE CLASS OF 1913.

In September, 1909, the class of 1913 made its entrance into the old South High, ninety strong. Since we were the largest class that had ever entered, the upper classes were naturally awed by our presence, so that no resistance was offered to our march. We gave the teachers no agony, for we were as meek as "Lambs" and there was only one "Sleepy" in the class; we did, however, distress the Sophomores and Juniors, for they were forced to yield us their places in the assembly room. With the aid of Miss Harvey our constitution was framed; we elected worthy officers to represent us, and then hoisted the flag of brown and gold.

When we became Sophomores, we were recognized as well worthy of being taken into consideration. One of our girls was made treasurer of the Sphinx; a few of our boys were given places on either first, or second basket-ball team.

And now we are at the close of our Junior year. Worthy officers have carried us through our course honorably. This year we gave three of our members to the Sphinx; three of our boys were on the first basket ball team; others were on the second team, or the foot-ball team. Now we desire to give our aid in the declamatory and field contests. We are a class of fifty-six; we are going forward to our last year, the strongest Senior class in the number that the South High School has ever known. Each year we have made the acquaintance of new teachers; they have not only given us the knowledge of books, but they have taught us the true essentials of good character. In another year, we shall leave the South Belvidere High School forever; but the flag of purple and gold shall always be held dear in the memory of the class of '13.

1 ASHTON, HAZEL	20 MEYERS, JOHN BOYD
2 ATKINS, VERNA	21 O'CONNOR, HELEN
3 ATWOOD, VIVIAN	<i>married</i> 22 PEART, WILLIAM 1916
4 BAIRD, DOROTHY	23 PENNING, SUSIE
<i>married</i> 5 BARR, BLANCH	24 PETTY, LOIS
6 BIESTER, CHANNING	25 PHELPS, DESSIE
7 BOGARDUS, IRENE	<i>married</i> 26 PIEL, NEVA 1914
8 BURNS, PAUL	27 PIERCE, WILMA
9 BURNS, PEARL	28 PORTER, CLARENCE
10 BUTTERFIELD, JANET	<i>married</i> 29 RITCHIE, MILDRED
<i>married</i> 11 DIFFORD, BUELAH	30 ROSECRANS, HELEN
12 DIFFORD, RUTH	31 SILVER, MORRIS
13 DWYER, JOSEPHINE	32 STEBBINS, BLANCHE
<i>married</i> 14 FERGUSON, FRANCES 1915	33 STRAWN, ILA
15 FRY, MARGARET	34 STREETER, ESTHER
<i>married</i> 16 GABEL, HELEN	35 SULLIVAN, DANIEL
17 GALLAGHER, RUTH	36 THOMAS, HANNAH
<i>married</i> 18 GARRETT, RUBY	37 TRIPP, CLAUDE
<i>married</i> 19 HALLOTT, JOHN	38 UPSTONE, BESSIE
20 HAMMOND, BLANCHE	39 VINCENT, LILAH
21 HARLOW, ALBERT	40 WESTPHAL, ELIZABETH
22 HOVEY, VERA	41 WHALING, ALLIE
<i>married</i> 23 JOHNSON, FOSTER	42 WHEELER, FLORENCE
24 LAING, CHARLOTTE	43 WHEELER, LUCILE
25 LAMB, EDITH	44 WITBECK, MARIE LOUISE
<i>married</i> 26 LIST, RAYMOND	45 WIXON, FERN
27 MARSHALL, THOMAS	46 WRIGHT, BURTON
28 MEEHAN, HARRY	47 WYMAN, MARGARET
<i>married</i> 29 MERRILL, KENNETH	

THE BOOK.

How dear to my heart is the Old South High School,
When hungry for knowledge it comes to my view.
The Freshies, the Sophomores, the Juniors and Seniors,
And good looking teachers, ah! they were not few.
That dusty piano and the chair that stood by it,
And the library room—Oh! you've been there yourself,
And oft times have gone, not for fun and for frolic,
But to study the book that lay on the shelf.
Oh! that old paper book,
That plainly bound book,
That well-known book that lay on the shelf.

How oft have I gone there with eyes that were glowing,
And "studied" awhile, ere I went to my class
I thought I had studied and would make a fine showing,
But oh! I'd forgotten it, and didn't even pass.
And then I sat down and wondered about it,
And even as I thought, I smiled to myself,
For I had been reading "The Ladies Home Journal,"
Yes! that was the book that lay on the shelf;
Ah, that old paper book,
That plainly bound book,
That interesting book that lay on the shelf.

CHARLOTTE M. LAING.



SOPHOMORE



CUTHBERT GABEL



THE CLASS OF 1914.

One fair day in September, nineteen ten, sixty-three young people, innocent (?) as the Daisy, entered the South Belvidere Freshman class, a Well (s) armed body of (foot) soldiers. Our class officers were:

PresidentSTEPHEN McGONIGLE
 Vice-President MAMIE O'BRIEN
 Secretary MARGARET PEALE
 TreasurerGEORGE SILVERMAN

Marching (un) like Marion's men, 'neath the colors of maroon and gray, under our President's leadership which might be compared with general Hancock's, we never Dodged the enemy; but went past Watson's store, bravely to the (Fi) field, marvelous, it may be, in our Acker(man)acy. When Iva Col burned and Maud Black burned; and Alice's Cur ran away to foreign Isles; Carl('s) son voted for (O') Brien; and James, A vis-tor on Thomas street, was Rob(ert) bed; An'der son (sun) hid its face in clouds, it did not (ap) peal to us much, but we ate May berrys and Fryed Marguerites. We've studied Meyer's history, worked problems in Wentworth's algebra on our Slate (r), read George Eliot's "Silas Marner," and let the New man go Gallagher. Stephen McGonigle and Ray Lanning were guards (best ever) in the football team. We could Al(l) 'ford to pay dues, and were rich; for we had a Ruby, and a Silver man in the treasury, a Silver-Smith, and but one Swindell(er.) During the year, twenty-five departed from our midst—perhaps to go to (St.) Louis, Byron, or (Lake) Delave(r)gne—though some returned later to our Sophomore class. Last winter we enjoyed ourselves at a Sophomore-Freshman class party and tried to teach etiquette to the Freshment, but had to give it up and let George do it. We're pressing onward and upward to reach the top of the ladder, to become as studious (?) as the Juniors, to succeed in becoming—if not as impressive—as noble examples for the rest of the school as the present Seniors (think they are.)

- 1 ACKERMAN, FRED
- 2 ANDERSON, BYRON
- 3 ALFORD, FLORA
- 4 BIESTER, ELLIOT
- 5 BLACKBURN, MAUD
- 6 CARLSON, GLADYS
- 7 COLBURN, IVA
- 8 COMSTOCK, DAISY
- 9 CURRAN, ALICE
- 10 DELAVERGNE, HELEN
- 11 DODGE, ETHEL
- 12 FAIR, GLEN
- 13 FIFIELD, ELIZABETH
- 14 FRY, ZINA
- 15 GALLAGHER, MARIE
- 16 HANCOCK, EVALOU
- 17 HARLOW, ROBERT
- 18 HUMPHREY, RUBY

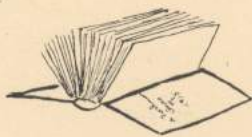
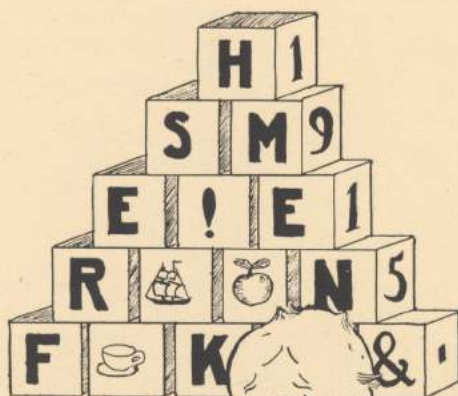
- 19 ILES, ALICE 1916 *N. K. Funderberg*
- 20 MEYERS, CHARLOTTE
- 21 NEWMAN, BOYD — *marion griffith*
- 22 O'BRIEN, MAMIE
- 23 McGONIGLE, STEPHEN
- 24 PAULSON, MAE
- 25 SLATER, GERTRUDE
- 26 SOOST, AVIS
- 27 SEXAUER, JAMES
- 28 SILVIUS, MARION
- 29 SILVERMAN, GEORGE
- 30 SULLIVAN, MARGUERITE
- 31 THOMAS, HAROLD
- 32 WENTWORTH, FLORENCE
- 33 WHITNEY, LOUIS
- 34 WATSON, LEILA
- 35 WITBECK, ELIZABETH

- 36 *Marquet Peale*
- 37 *Kelke, Robert*
- 38 *Bradley, George*
- 39 *Smith, Bernad*

SOPHOMORE CLASS POEM.

Under a dome of Heaven's blue,
Upon a rolling prairie too;
Beneath the purple and the gold,
Stands the S. B. H. S., strong and bold.
Here we gathered with a zest,
From north and south and east and west,
Then sung in accents loud and gay,
Our praises to maroon and gray.
Time has come and time has gone,
Since we gathered fifty strong.
Things may change, but we, no never,
We're loyal to '14 forever.
But listen now, and I'll tell you true,
Of a few of our band and their customs too.
Avis and Gertrude so seldom seen,
Have been arrested for wearing the green.
Florence, no longer trusts to fate.
But now is willingly left at the gate.
Lured on by the voice of a beautiful doll,
Marion aviates, but that is not all.
Gladys and Elizabeth have been asked to state,
What hours to them are "very late."
George, you know, for lack of a hearer,
Talks to himself, of one that is dearer.
Margaret, whom Glen once thought quite the thing,
Has now at last consented to sing.
We wonder where Iva found her ring,
Here's hoping that it, good luck will bring.
"Have you met Flora?" said Robert with fear,
I'll take her with me everywhere, this year.
She was delighted, and replied with a smile,
Which he translated, "I'd walk for a mile."
Then there is Louis, no why for nor when,
The quietest student, he always has been.
And Smith who boosted he Caesar could pass,
Without using Leila's paper in class.
Between Stephen and Elliot there is a feud,
Since the fated night, when in grewsome mood,
He woke from his dream, ah! what! is she gone?
And with whom? Pray, who took her home?
A strong wrathful passion was caused by the news,
While a glance of disdain swept his bright shining shoes.
All this is to tell you, we're a talented class,
That any Exam., we always can pass;
Be assured, that Geometry for us has no fear;
And Zoology ever, we welcome with cheer.
Now as a mass our aim is true,
Our virtues many, our faults very few.
Our teachers admire us; say we are fine;
That we are busy (most of the time.)
While we in turn, can truthfully say,
That after the cramming, we'll be Juniors gay,
And ever our banner will brightly gleam,
For we'll always be loyal to the "Class of Fourteen."

MAY PAULSON, '14.





THE CLASS OF 1915.

On September fifth, under the leadership of Cuthbert Gabel with pennants and flags gayly fluttering, the class of 1915 passed into the history of S. B. H. S. Like all Freshmen from the beginning of time, they were hailed with the derisive epithet of "Greenie!", but they soon belied their tormentors by settling down to work, and proving their worldly wisdom.

After making their debut at a social function with the Sophomores, they entered their classes and athletics with unsurpassed vim and spirit. The football team was greatly strengthened by the playing of McCoy at guard, and efficiency of the second basketball team was increased by the playing of Inman along with the same redoubtable McCoy. The Freshman team also easily disposed of several opponents, including our over-bearing associates, the Sophomores, and our ancient enemy, the N. B. H. S.; with whom, however, we have since joined our hands in peace.

Concerning the standard of work accomplished by the students of this class, I have only this to say, that it has already been carried far up the path of Learning. The members of this class are going to sustain this record so that in later years, the figure "fifteen" will be printed in bold-face type upon the annals of the "Old South High."

ALLEN, VERNON
ATWOOD, BARLOW
BANKS, GLADYS
married BISHOP, EDNA
BANCROFT, HOBART
BOWLEY, RAYMOND
BUSSE, ELSIE
BOLLMON, ROMONA
CAMPBELL, JOHN
CASEY, JOHN
COLLIER, HAROLD
CORNISH, MILTON
CLOSSON, BLANCHE
COLTON, FRANK
CURRAN, GEORGE
DALE, RUBY
married '17 DIFFORD, NEVA
DWYER, LEO
GABEL, CUTHBERT
GREENLEE, WALLACE
HALL, RAYMOND
married '18 INMAN, CLARENCE
married JACOBS, LOLA
JOHNSON, HAROLD
KIESTER, HAROLD
LAING, GURDON
MELZER, DAVID

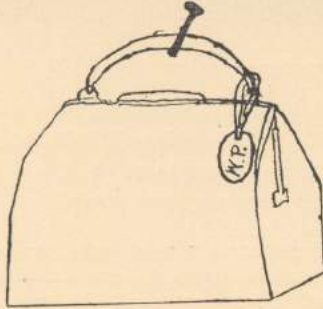
MEIKLEJOHN, VIOLA
MEYERS, GERTRUDE
McCOY, EARL
McCARTNEY, SADIE
NEWELL, MILTON
NEWELL, NEVA
NEWTON, THURSTON
NORTON, GLENN
NORTON, AGNES
O'BRIEN, MARGARET
O'BRIEN, SADIE
PENNING, ROSA
POYER, LEE
PEART, EUNICE
PORTER, SPENCER
SPACKMAN, EUNICE
SAWYER, DONALD
married SIGURD, BESSIE
SHANE, STANLEY
SOOST, PEARL
married beyond THORNTON, FLORENCE
WALQUIST, ARTHUR
WILKEY, ELMER
WHITE, EMMETT
RAY, MARJORIE
ROSECRANS, HELEN

1915 WAX WORK SHOW.

LECTURER:

“My dear friends, will you please step this way,
And pay heed to that which I say,
The nobility go
To see our great show
T’is well worth the small price you pay.
“Barlow Atwood knows nothing of law,
Or of anything, save how to draw,
He does not do that well;
His cartoons will not sell;
They’re the worst that the world ever saw.
“Of the boys in the class, nine fifteen,
That we group as uncommonly green,
It sounds like a fable
To name, Cuthbert Gabel
As the largest green fruit we have seen.
“Do you see that huge figure in brown,
With his jaw moving upwards and down,
A grand talking machine
Is our David; I ween
That on earth he will never run down.
“A real short little fellow is Lee.
Yes, as short, just as short as can be,
Yes in truth, he’s so small,
You can’t see him at all.
This queer little fellow named Lee.
“John Campbell’s the pride of our year.
He’s so rich that we must shed a tear,
For we’re jealous of him,
Since he wastes not his vim.
He has worked not a second this year.
Of all those that would help make our laws,
That are fond of the suffragette cause.
We must notice Miss Ray,
As the leader to-day,
All else that she does makes us pause.
“Have some pity on poor Stanley Shane!
As he walked, homeward bound down the lane,
T’was Blanche Closson he met.
She saw him? Nay, not yet;
That’s why he is suff’ring such pain.
Oh poor Clarence, my dear little lad,
What is it, my dear, makes you sad?
To allow you to go
On the stage, don’t you know,
At so early an age would be bad?
“My kind friends, the show is o’er;
And we part to meet no more.
I shall try my best to find
A safe place to rest my mind;
For to meet again means war.”

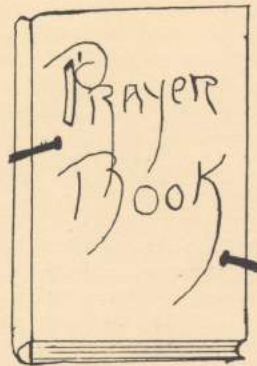
RAYMOND HALL, '15.



FOR SALE
OLD
CANDY
BOXES
E. Dale.

\$25⁰⁰ REWARD

FOR THE CAPTURE OF THE PERSON
or PERSONS RESPONSIBLE
for the BOOK SHUFFLE
DEAD or ALIVE !!!!!!!!!!!!!!!



John Boyce

SOUTH BELVIDERE.

(An Editorial.)

“There is a High School we revere, we revere,
The pride of Old South Belvidere, Belvidere,
Fame sings her praises everywhere,
For none with her can quite compare.”

When first we entered the great somber room, with its huge platform and silent desk, and gazed upon the ruins of Imperial Rome that hang in state above the statuary and relics of learning that surround the monarch's throne, we became loyal. True, we hesitated long enough to get out our proclamation calling the upperclassmen “rough necks”, and secure their injunction to wear yellow ribbons, green hats and other unnecessary trifles; but after the scrimmage, in which we were partly victorious, we assumed our position as servants to the crown.

Four reckless years have passed. We have enjoyed them. The great room, the ruins of Imperial Rome are now familiar objects. Graduation! We are cutting our hausers to embark—sailing, sailing over the deep blue sea! There are two objects that each must take: there are friendships, and there is knowledge. Both are necessary to make our ship sinkless. The friends of our High wherever they meet will be friends.

The two Belvidere school districts are now united. We will then, perhaps, be the last class to represent the Old South High, to fall in line with all we have seen pass before us. Partly for this reason we have attempted this annual. We believe that this year has warranted this enlarging of the last issue of the paper; and we hope that in future years as the strength of the high schools combine, Belvidere will continue to have a high school paper. When this book comes, as needs it must, may it bear on its cover that silent, impenetrable title, “The Sphinx”.

As we finish these last line-o-types, we sincerely thank all who have helped and encouraged our paper through the year. Our friends have been numberless. Whether we have succeeded, we leave for them to decide. The staff cease their efforts, but it is with the pleasing knowledge that it will fall into true, loyal hands in the next years, and progress under the new regime better than it has under the Old South High.

Of those who have helped us, the Staff wish to thank the faculty for their interest in our paper. Mr. Bradley, Mr. Hendrickson, and the English department have materially aided us. Many of our Alumni, almost the entire student body and the teachers of our school have been subscribers to our paper. We have, too, a large list of advertisers who have been liberal to us and to whom we owe much of our success. Dan O'Brien deserves especial thanks for the beautiful designs he has made for us. We must thank also, the drawing department for their work in this annual.

The school board composed of Omar H. Wright, President; Dr. R. B. Andrews; Dr. H. D. Chamberlain, Dr. Annie Alquire, P. S. Leitzell, and Mrs. George Covey, who have helped us financially in this last issue, we thank very sincerely for their interest in our paper.

A REVERIE.

As the shadows stole over mother earth, a man wandered listlessly towards the river, and after entering a row-boat, drifted with the tide to an island, where he might have been seen in deep meditation, perhaps musing over the troubles that had beset him. As the boat glided onward, the wooded banks of the river cast their cool shades over it and reflected their feathery shadows in the water. To add to the beauty of the scene, the moon peered out from behind a group of clouds and threw its silvery light on the serpentine waves left in the shimmering track of the boat.

Soon the boat and man reached their destination. The island was a beautiful place, being deeply wooded with sycamore and linden trees, and containing boundless numbers and varieties of flowers.

Alone amidst the solitude of the place, the silence unbroken save through the chirping of some bird disturbed in its rest by some intruder, or by the distant wail of a hungry beast, he moored the boat and sat down on the green grass. Soon approaching him, he saw a veiled mist-like appearance above the middle of the river, and as the figure drew nearer, he could distinguish the out-lines of a young maiden whose grace and beauty seemed familiar to him, although he could not recognize her, because of the protecting vapor before her face.

She came towards him and, in a familiar tone, asked him to come with her. As he followed her along the dusty foot-path, he noted her with admiration and thought of his beautiful young wife, whom he had buried a few years previous.

Finally, they came to an opening and here she asked him to relinquish all thoughts of the world, and go with her, where, as she explained, they would live and enjoy a peaceful harmony of love, and thus shun sorrow and trouble. They stood still, and there before them they saw the subterranean entrance of a cave. The interior was bright and many birds with brilliant plumage sang of the happiness within. He hesitated, and thought of his daughter who was just entering womanhood, and who seemed like a bud from the tree which had borne the perfect flower, her mother, so close was the resemblance between them.

From the cave of seeming contentment, was wafted the fragrance of the beauties therein, and although he wavered slightly, the vision of his child so pure and dear to him, cast on the billows of a sea that never fails to bring unhappiness to the unprotected, caused him to tell his companion that his daughter needed his guidance; and that although his life should be filled with sorrow and care, he would live it and hope to join his wife in the verdant pastures of Heaven.

They then turned their foot-steps back to the boat, and as the foot-path ceased at the water's edge, she glided out over the river, and bidding him adieu, the veil-like mist stole away and disclosed to him the face of his wife.

.....

How long he had lain there with out-stretched hands towards the disappearing form of his wife, he knew not, when suddenly, a hoot-owl, alarmed by the intrusion of a snake, gave forth its terrified cry, and awoke the man to his surroundings.

Gentle reader, it is in these journeys into the vast unknown where the elements are thus combined, that man feels the force of an unknown power; that he awakens and rises to the greater heights, which we all desire to reach.

CHARLES ADAMS, '12.

GETTING EVEN.

"We're not going to tolerate such actions one minute longer!! I asked Mercy if we might have a chafing-dish luncheon to-night and she refused, saying that it would be better if I would study; she only assigned ten pages of Caesar for to-morrow!! I think she is the meanest thing, don't you?!"

"I'll tell you what we'll do," said Claire, who was busy trying to solve a Geometry proposition, "we'll get the rest of the girls here in about two minutes and scare up a plan to get every teacher out of this, all five, and have our luncheon anyway. Miss Smith gave us six propositions to learn for to-morrow just because, so she said, I pinned a lot of things on Julia Darline Rosie Van Valentine's dress. Of course, the big baby went up and told, and that made it hot for me. My heart just aches for a chance to get even with those teachers and Mercy, and we won't invite Julia Rosie Van Valentine either. We'll teach her not to tattle."

"Such a good plan," cried Conny, "I might have known that you would find some way out of the difficulty. You are the dearest girl I ever knew."

Conny and Claire ran all round the hall bidding the girls to assemble in their room; for they had an important scheme to announce. When the company had arrived Claire stood on a chair in their midst and related her plan. As she finished, the girls arose and cheered her, saying, "Bully! that's a fine plan! We'll show them that we can have a little pleasure at least once in a while."

"Don't get too excited," cautioned thoughtful Conny, "Claire's plan is good so far, but where are we going to send the faculty? Old Mercy is pretty obstinate, you know. She says she doesn't care for parties, I wonder if she means that?"

"No she doesn't," declared Ro, "let's send them invitations to a grand house-party to be held at Mr. Van Valentine's farm home. It's about ten miles from here, and we can instruct each one to keep silent, saying that she is the only one invited; then we can appoint an hour late enough so that they can't get back again until morning. I know Mr. Van Valentine won't be there, because he moved everything yesterday. Let's hire a rickety, rackety cab to take Mercy and have the rest, take separate routes; then they won't suspect foul play till they get there. Won't it be fine? We can ask the boys over!"

"No, we can't," said little Ed, "because if we do the janitor and maids will squeal."

"We'll tend to that," said Ro, "we'll bribe them to keep still."

It was four o'clock and the invitations had been written and distributed. Miss Mercy received her's first. She found it under the door of her room, and it was signed, "A true friend."

"Could it be Mr. Van Valentine? He had sold his place but maybe this was a farewell!"

During the afternoon the instructors were very much distracted and the Dowager ordered classes dismissed a whole hour earlier.

At dinner the would-be guests had most elaborate coiffures. Each one of the faculty looked with inquiring eyes, wondering why the rest were "fussed up." Miss Smith was heard to say:

"I can't understand why that old maid Miss Brown is making such an effort to look young when she knows that it is utterly impossible."

Miss Brown, however, likewise noticed and was completely disgusted because Miss Smith imitated her hair-dressing.

At seven-thirty they were ready. The girls watched them quietly one by one leave the building. The Dowager (Mercy), who wouldn't let the girls know for worlds, didn't take anyone into her confidence except the butler. She told

him that she was invited out for the evening and would probably be gone until a late hour. She commanded him to keep close watch of the girls and not to let them have a party while she was gone. Miss Smith and Miss Brown took the Northwestern. Miss Smith wondered where Miss Brown was going and Miss Brown wondered the same of Miss Smith. They alighted at the same place and silently walking up the lane leading to the house, one either side. Miss Duffy and Miss Philips took the I. C. railroad and did as Miss Brown and Miss Smith had done. Mercy suffered much of a strain riding in the old cab over the rough roads for such a long way; but she would endure anything just to go to Julia's father's mansion. She worried and fussed because her new gown was not finished, and hoped that there wouldn't be any there, more elaborate than the one she wore; for she was the Dowager of the "boarding school of much renown."

It was about half past nine when the Dowager arrived, and instead of seeing the splendor which she had expected, there was no light in the house. Everything was still but—the rest of the faculty were there!!

"What did this mean? Had they received invitations too?"

Her dignity was sorely wounded when she found that they had been likewise fooled. They saw it all; they had refused the girls a little pleasure, and now, the latter had taken great liberties.

"Some of Conny's work or perhaps Claire's!"

It needless to say that at school a delightful chafing-dish luncheon was served and a jolly evening was spent, while the faculty was walking three miles to the next farm-house. They returned next morning sadder but wiser; for they had shown their great desire for parties. Moreover, after this, frequent luncheons took place at which all the teachers were welcome guests.

HELEN O'CONNOR, '13.

NED'S PREDICAMENT.

The biggest foot-ball game of the season for the Bellville high school was the game with Pequot, at the latter's foot-ball field on Thanksgiving Day. Many of the Bellville students were going, among them Ned Burford, a foot-ball enthusiast who had been invited to a three-day house-party, during that week, given by one of his Pequot friends.

The first two days all had a good time, but on the day of the game, since Ned was the only Bellville guest, the boys planned a joke on him. The night before the game they stayed up late planning for the next day's fun, so that all were very tired. Ned awoke next morning at ten and found himself utterly alone. The boys had planned to go boat riding at eleven, so he jumped hurriedly out of bed and looked for his clothes. They were gone! His suit-case was gone! What was he to do? The boys had planned to be gone all day; so he did not expect anyone but the housekeeper to be there. He sat down to think over the situation and plan some way in which he could attend the game; for he surely could not miss the greatest game of the season. Then he chanced on an idea; perhaps the housekeeper could help him.

"Mrs. Willis, Mrs. Willis!"

Mrs. Willis was busy down stairs, doing her morning work, and although she heard the calls, thought that the boys had probably planned some joke on her, so she paid no attention. Finally, as the calls continued, she remembered that Ned Burford had not come down for breakfast and, thinking that perhaps he wanted her, she went up stairs. The calls continued coming from the direction of Ned's room.

"Mrs. Willis! Mrs. Willis!"

Mrs. Willis went to Ned's door and inquired what he wanted and he told her what had happened.

"Mrs. Willis, haven't you something I could borrow? I haven't seen Charlie's Aunt for nothing. If I just had something black to put on and a black bonnet!"

"I'll see," came through the keyhole.

Mrs. Willis had also seen Charlie's Aunt and caught the idea. She soon returned with a black dress and a queer lace bonnet which she flung into Ned's room. In less than ten minutes he looked very much like an old aunt out to see the sights. For emergencies' sake Mrs. Willis had provided him with a veil and he worked burnt-match lines under his eyes. There was one difficulty, however, surely an old aunt would not go to a foot-ball game alone. He thought it over and decided to ask Mrs. Willis to accompany him. She gladly accepted the invitation.

They went out the back way and were soon hurrying towards the foot-ball field. Mrs. Willis met a number of her friends and introduced Ned as her Aunt Sarah who had come from Bellville to Pequot to see her nephew play foot-ball. As Mrs. Willis and Ned took seats high up on the bleachers, Ned heard a familiar voice behind him say:

"Well I guess Ned won't show up today."

Ned chuckled to himself and thought.

"Stung! old man."

The game started with Pequot in the lead, but the Bellville bays had grit and were determined to win the game. Pequot scored one touch down, but could go no further; for Bellville was gaining in points and spirit. Ned sat with his hands clinched to keep from uttering words of encouragement.

He could stand it no longer when Bellville scored a touch down. His enthusiasm having overcome him, he sprang to his feet and rushed down the bleachers. As he gained the center of the field he took off his bonnet and waving it by the strings yelled:

"Rah! rah! rah! Bellville."

His friends recognizing his voice, soon knew under what difficulties he had attended the game. They thought he ought to be honored for his loyalty and high-school spirit, so they formed a procession with Ned, still in his black dress, as their leader, and marched around the field singing their loyalty song.

GLADYS CARLSON, '14.

A DAY OF ACCIDENTS.

Along the banks of a beautiful, meandering river, one bright spring morning in May, a load of Sophomores, riding in a hayrack, were looking for a good place to hitch their team and spend the day.

They did not have to search long before an ideal spot was selected, and the party, in high glee, were about to alight, when the horses, which were young and as full of spirit as the passengers of the wagon, suddenly shied, as master squirrel frisked out of some bushes by the wayside and scampered up a tree; and, as a result, about four boys, who were busy with the thoughts of the fish they were to catch, suddenly found themselves on the lap of old Mother Earth.

With never an apology, they were soon on their feet again, and trying to reach the wagon, but the driver whipped up the horses and gave the boys a lively sprint, while the merry-makers jeered them and roared with laughter. As valuable time was being wasted they soon turned, took on the weary, shamefaced quartette and returned to the spot where springboards, rustic benches, etc., told the tale that theirs was not the only party who had chosen this place for a day's sport.

A more perfect spring day could not be imagined. The trees were lovely in their new spring suits. Here and there might be seen patches of buttercups or violets. Birds filled the air with their music, and in many a tree could be seen a partly finished nest and the busy workers flitting to and fro with material for its structure. In fact, the air seemed full of life. Yes, and to the dismay of

the girls, on the ground was occasionally seen life, in the shape of crawling things. But even this could not mar the happiness of the occasion except for the moment. Moreover, in these days of peace, which are only broken now and then by a political skirmish, how would one ever know the number of brave heroes a class contained, were it not for the little shrieks of fright called forth by such sights?

Well, of course, everyone has been to Oak Grove for a day's outing, and knows that it is positively necessary to plan the dinner first of all. The roaring campfire was made, the potatoes in the ashes were getting nearly roasted, the smell of the coffee appealed to all who were near; but where were the anglers who had boasted of their ability to bring in the required amount of fish for this repast? Well, the cries of the inner man finally brought them back to acknowledge that for some unknown reason they had failed; and later, an investigation was made which disclosed the fact that the Freshmen were fishing a mile farther up stream.

Although the fish were wanting, the baskets were found to contain everything else heart could wish for in the shape of eatables, and I am sure no one left the table hungry.

After the usual toasts and stories, a large flat-bottomed boat was spied, chained to a tree a little way off. This, after some trouble, was unfastened and a jolly load started for a ride. They had not gone far, however, before they rowed upon a sandbar, and try as they would, they were unable to move. After spending some time in fruitless effort, two of the boys volunteered to get and push the boat off. Time after time they tried, and finally putting all their strength to the task, the boat suddenly shot forth, dragging both boys, face downward, in the water, regardless of their picnic apparel.

They then rowed quickly back to shore, where the drenched Sophies placed themselves to dry in the warm sunshine, on one of the springboards. As there was plenty of room a couple of their fair companions joined them for the purpose of offering sympathy, while the rest of the company offered words of cheer in such songs as: "Down by the Old Mill Stream," "Run Home and Tell Your Mother," and "They Always Pick on Me," when all of a sudden there was a dreadful crash and scream. Springboard, boys, girls and all disappeared from view for a moment. There was a lively time for a few minutes, although no serious results followed; but, imagine their chagrin when at this critical moment the Freshmen poled around the bend on a raft constructed by the ingenious members in the Manual Training class.

NEVA M. NEWELL, '15.

ABSCHIED.

Mit dem Sommer kommt die Ferien,
Lange Tagen, warm und frei,
Schliesze Buecher, singe gerne,
Das Studieren ist vorbei.

Dennoch sind wir etwas traurig
Dasz wir nie mehr Schueler sind,
Dasz wir in die Welt hingehen,
Wo man zu oft Sorgen findt.

BLANCHE M. LAMPERT, '12.

THE MEET WITH WINSTON.

As Paul Jenkins and Ned Slade crossed the campus of Hillton Academy they saw a group of boys reading a notice at the entrance of the main hall. Joining them they read the following:

"All candidates for the track team report at the field at 1:30 o'clock Saturday. If you have ever run at all, come; for we need more material for the dashes and the mile.

ALBERT HOYT,

Captain.

"Hurrah!" said Ned, "I suppose that means a meet with Winston Academy. I made eight feet in a pole vault when I was in High school, so I will practice for the vault."

"And I ran in a cross-country run one time, so I will try out for the mile," said Paul.

The next Saturday when all the candidates were gathered at the field they were addressed by Captain Hoyt and Coach Mullen, who told them that they were going to have a meet with Winston Academy. And that they had just six weeks in which to prepare.

After two weeks of practice the men were chosen for the first team, and our two friends received the two places for which they had tried.

On the night before the great meet the town was filled with students and graduates of both Hillton and Winston; but in the midst of all the excitement none of the team was seen, for Coach Mullen made all of them stay in their rooms.

Early the next day the stand and field began to fill with people, waving the orange and black for Hillton, or the red and white for Winston. The air was filled with school-yells and the shouts of people calling to each other.

At three o'clock the meet commenced and as each event took place the excitement grew.

And now the score stands 42 to 42 with just the mile left to run. The runners are crouching on the line. The pistol cracks and they are off. At the first turn one of the red and white runners is in the lead and the Winston supporters are wild with joy. At the next turn Kieth of Hillton is leading, but he soon drops back and Sommers of Winston forges ahead, with Paul Jenkins second. So it remains until they turn into the home stretch when Paul slowly gains on Summers who is nearly exhausted. The latter still tries desperately to keep the lead, but he is failing fast. Ten yards from the line Paul draws a little ahead of Sommers and the Hillton students go wild with joy. Sommers, however, makes one more vain desperate sprint. His strength is gone and Paul crosses the line three yards ahead of Sommers, winning the mile and causing the score to stand 47 to 45.

The meet was ended and Hillton was once more victor over its rival.

FRANK COLTON, '15.

DES REFLECTIONS.

Une fleur des champs damps dans un coin,
A cote d'un petit ruisseau,
Reflète une autre image
Au dessous dans la tranquille eau.

Un doux sourire sur des levres
D'un ami, comme la fleur des champs,
Reflète un autre sourire
Sur le coeur d'un lasse passant.

WHITNEY, '12.

A SOPHOMORE'S DREAM.

A little maid of the Sophomore class,
Had such an awful dream;
She woke with a start at midnight,
And gave an unearthly scream.
"Oh, oh," she cried, as she opened her eyes,
"I'm so glad t'was all a dream!
What would I do if it all came true
To me or the class of '14?"
"What can it be, poor child," I said,
"Were you pursued by bears?
Perhaps your teacher scolded you,
Or did you fall down stairs?"
"Merely! but I hate to tell,
I'm 'fraid it might come true,
But I suppose I might as well,
For you'll think it dreadful too.
When Mr. Hendrickson rings the bell,
We're not supposed to whisper,
But one of the girls began to tell
About our English Literature."
"Girls, are you talking," we heard him say,
Of course, we said that we were.
I'll never forget to my very last day,
How we both replied, 'Yes sir.'
For the room was strangely quiet,
And all eyes towards us did roam,
And you'll die of embarrassment too, when you hear
That I dreamed we were both sent home."

F. E. W., '14.

THE INVINCIBLE CUP.

It was at the annual banquet of the Nautilus Club. After the feast the men had adjourned to the smoking room and were discussing old adventures when, after a stirring tale had been finished, young Hughes, last year's stroke for St. Anne's, turned to old Anson the famous captain who led St. Anne's to victory in 1880, and said, "What was the most thrilling race you ever rowed, Cap?"

Old Anson looked thoughtful and after rubbing his chin reflectively settled down in his chair, cleared his throat and began as follows:

"It was in 1879 when McGregor came to St. Anne's. He was a queer fellow, was McGregor. He came from Canada where he had been raised in the timber district, and where his father had become wealthy in the lumber industry. In speaking of our river, he compared it to a drainage ditch, and really, in comparison to the river upon which he had learned to row, it was rather small; for he said his river was half a mile across and the current ran ten miles an hour.

The first day I saw him rowing, I knew at once that all he lacked was style. He was in one of the poorest boats, and Jenkins, the boat-house man, taking advantage of his ignorance, had panned a pair of antique sculls off upon him. But my eye! How he did make that boat move! His sleeves were rolled up and his forearm showed a striking display of muscle.

I mentioned McGregor to our president, but he looked upon him with apparent disfavor.

"You can't harness a Shire horse with a team of polo ponies, can you? They wouldn't make a good team, would they?" he asked. However, after many explanations and considerable argument, he agreed without enthusiasm, to take him on for a fortnight.

"Although I'm afraid it will take several fortnights to make him oarsman good enough for St. Anne's," he dubiously remarked.

I really had taken a fancy to the big Scotch lad, and as I was rather a good man with the oars, I tried to get some style into his stroke. Every evening saw us on the river, and after dint of much practice, at the end of the fortnight, he was fully qualified to take his place as member four in the crew. This was due to the fact that he was a natural born waterman and had such a splendid physique. His only fault was that if he exerted himself, he pulled too strongly. His stroke was marvelous. His oar entered the water at the farthest stretch forward, left it at the farthest stretch backward, and was a straight even pull clear through. If he really put out his stroke, he not only pulled his own weight but that of Five, with a bit of Three thrown in.

"The greatest race of the season was for the Invincible Cup; in the finals for which we were pitted against Dexter, a crew which if anything, was a shade heavier than we.

.....
We made a fine start. There wasn't a second between the report of the gun and the fall of our oars. For the first minute Dexter rowed a faster stroke, and at the quarter mile, were a length ahead. Every one was pulling in dead earnest. The boat was moving some! Our stroke was perfect, but Dexter was going some too.

Little Jerry, the coxswain, quickened our stroke and as we replied, I glanced over my shoulder for a fragment of a second and saw that we were even. We were forging ahead.

A flag flew by. We were a quarter of a mile from the winning post and half a length to the good. Then a most tragical thing happened. Whether Two caught a snag, whether there was a flaw in his oar, I never knew, but there was a sudden crack! Crompton's oar had snapped at the back! The boat shivered and lost way! We were a beaten crew! What could a lopsided oar do in a tight race? It seemed hopeless.

Allison, the stroke, however, was still game. We would be in at the finish. In fact, we never stopped. The oar back snapped short and although the shock was severe, the real trouble was that we were an oar short and carrying a passenger.

It was then McGregor showed his sterling worth. Being in the center of the boat, he could use his strength without stint. He could try to be two men.

The moan of dismay which went up from the tow-path changed into shouts of encouragement as we pluckily settled down to our stroke again.

"Your holding them!" "Stick with them!"

"Well rowed McGregor!"

Jerry was calling for a spurt, and summoning all our remaining strength, we gave it.

Crack! That was the gun. I had no idea we had finished. I was so near gone for the last twenty strokes that I was blind to every thing. The first I knew, I was being helped out of the shell and carried into the dressing room by a yelling mob of fellows.

.....
Everyone said that it was the most sensational race that they had ever seen. But the credit had all belonged to McGregor. It was his superb strength, the fact that he had been accustomed to pulling heavy sweeps against a swift current, that pulled us through against Dexter, and won for us the Invincible Cup."

BERNARD SMITH, '14.



O, YOU SENIORS!





Right end; McKENZIE, ADAMS: Right tackle;
LANNING, McCOY: Right guard; McGONIGLE,
PORTER: Center; PACKARD, SULLIVAN: Left
guard; SWIFT: Left tackle; MERRILL,
Left end; LIST, Quarter back; McCRAKEN,
Right half back; LUHMAN, Left half
back; LEO WHITE (Capt.) JOHN WHITE,
Full back.

The Team.



Early in the fall of the school year the student-body was called together and talks by Prof. Bradley and Prin. Hendrickson gave evidence of their athletic spirit. The athletic association became again an organization of the school. At this assembly officers were elected and the date for the athletic rally, the annual bon-fire, was set. From this time on the spirit of the past, the spirit of no quitters, was shown.

Review of Foot-ball Season.

The outlook for season of 1911 was exceedingly bad. The squad of the preceding year was riddled. The few men who would play, lacked experience. From the first, it looked as if Belvidere was to have a bad year. Determined to make the best of conditions, Coach Hendrickson started practice with much vigor

and spirit. With but two weeks' practice, we met Marengo; a team which had already played two games, and had reached a stage of development far in advance of that attained by Belvidere. In spite of the team's lack of practice and experience, a creditable showing was made. A defeat of five to nothing, showed that much would have to be done to defeat Sycamore the following week. Belvidere showed its strength obtained by its hard practice, one game's experience and careful training, when it defeated Sycamore by the score of ten to six.

The game for the following week had been cancelled, and the one for the next Saturday was called off because of the disbanding of the Harvard team. This left the team idle for two weeks, which was very evidently shown when the team went to Woodstock to prove that they could "come back." They did "come back"—home—defeated by the score of forty-one to nothing.

The last game was fairly under way when it was halted by the skirts of a cyclone which left the field covered with a sheet of water. Play was resumed, but it resembled water-polo more than foot-ball; and such little progress was made that the game was abandoned.

With the close of the year go seven of the team who are seniors. This leaves only a few men as a nucleus to build a team for next year.

Review of Basket-ball Season.

During the season of 1911-12, Belvidere enjoyed its most successful season in the history of the school. From the first game of the season, the one with DeKalb Normal, the team gradually improved and was of championship calibre, so that at DeKalb it was conceded by critics a strong contender for state honors.

With two of last year's first-team men, two men of considerable experience and no little ability we formed a nucleus for the squad. A victory over DeKalb marked the initial appearance of the team. In a short time Harvard, Hebron and Woodstock were met and defeated. Then came the first defeat of the season—the unfortunate game with Freeport upon the local floor was the first actual rebuff of the year and there was not another one until the last game of the season. After the Freeport game Byron, Rochelle, Genoa, Sycamore, Rockford, and Hinsdale were met and defeated. Then came the last game of the season, the second defeat for Belvidere, the one which lost the state honors—the game with Batavia.

BASKET-BALL.

PERSONNEL

John Luhman, right forward; Raymond List, right guard
Chas. Adams, left forward; Foster Johnson, left guard
Tracy McCracken, forward; Harold Swift, guard
Raymond King, center
Kenneth Merrill, center

THE RECORD

December 15,—Belvidere 44, DeKalb Normal 40; at Belvidere
December 27,—Belvidere 47, Harvard 19; at Harvard.
December 28,—Belvidere 22, Hebron 19; at Hebron.
December 29,—Belvidere 65, Woodstock 32; at Belvidere.
January 5,—Belvidere 77, Harvard 24; at Belvidere.
January 12,—Belvidere 27, Freeport 34; at Belvidere.
January 19,—Belvidere 108, Byron 7; at Belvidere.
February 2,—Belvidere 40, Rochelle 10; at Rochelle.
February 9,—Belvidere 78, Genoa 26; at Belvidere.



February 16,—Belvidere 89, Sycamore 11; at Belvidere.
 February 23,—Belvidere 36, Rockford 25; at DeKalb.
 February 23,—Belvidere 28, Hinsdale 19; at DeKalb.
 February 24,—Belvidere 25, Batavia 45; at DeKalb.
 Total points scored by Belvidere, 696.
 Total points scored by opponents, 311.
 Games played, 13; won, 11; lost, 2; percentage—846.

Wearers of the "B."

Since the custom of giving "B's" for basket-ball, was adopted, in the year 1909, the following have received them:

SHANESY	LUHMAN	ADAMS
EARL	McKENZIE	KENNEDY
PETERSON	KENNEDY	LIST
JOHNSON	McCRACKEN	MERRILL
BISHOP	SWIFT	KING

THE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

President,	OMAR BURTON WRIGHT
Secretary,	HELEN GABEL
Treasurer,	MR. HENDRICKSON
Manager,	JOHN LUHMAN





GIRLS BASKET-BALL.

In the ranks of S. B. H. S.
 Were six noble maidens,
 Who together formed the ball team,
 Called by some the Basket Ball team.
 Long and tedious was the practice,
 Though the girls showed wondrous courage;
 But the Juniors beat the Seniors,
 Beat the staid and stately Seniors,
 Four to two, those haughty Juniors.
 Little thought they that the Seniors
 In a future contest striving,
 Yet would vanquish those same Juniors
 In a second hard fought battle;
 Four to eight those wise old Seniors.
 After winning these great laurels
 Came the Byron girls in warfare,
 But our high school girls were beaten
 Fourteen then to five and twenty;
 Later our girls went to Byron
 Went to Byron and were beaten.
 Thus the sad, sad tale is ended.

CHARLOTTE THOMAS, '12.



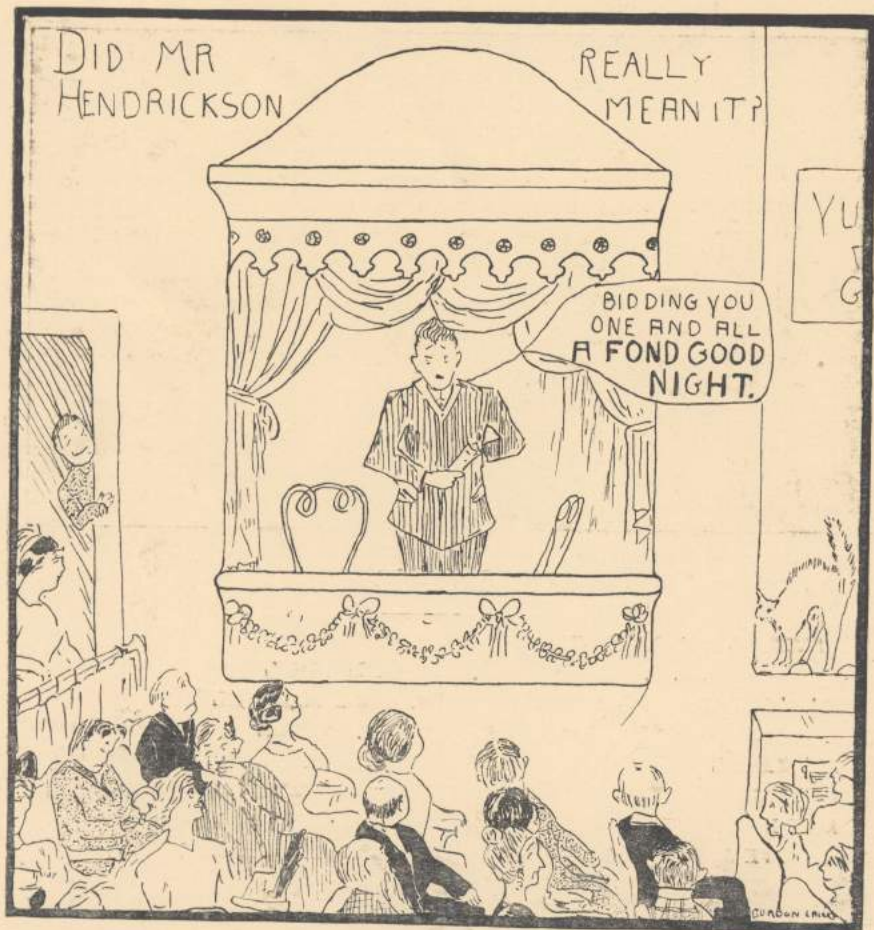
GLEE CLUB

MEMBERS OF GLEE CLUB.



VERNA ATKINS
 ELLA DALE
 HELEN GABEL
 PAULINE GOODUCH
 EVALOU HANCOCK
 VERA HOVEY

ALICE ILES
 VERA MENZEL
 LA VERA MERRILL
 WILMA PIERCE
 NEVA PIEL
 CLARA PORTER
 MILDRED RITCHIE
 ELIZABETH WITBECK



THE ENCHANTED PALACE.

The Enchanted Palace was given March 22, by the students of the S. B. H. S., under the direction of Miss Gwendolyn Hill of the Cumnoek School of Oratory. Miss Hill's exceptional ability in her work won the praise of all.

It was the story of the beautiful Princess who under the influence of the wicked fairy was put into a profound sleep, lasting one hundred years. The Evil Fairy, with the aid of the witches, longed for their wishes to prevail; but despite all their efforts they were baffled. The Fairy of Life and her associates the Fairies of the Palace succeeded. At the end of the one hundred years the Prince Charming awakened the fair Princess, and all those in and about the palace who had been motionless as stone were revived from their sleep. The Prince was accepted by the King and Queen as the favorite suitor for the Princess. The long faithful sleep was ended and the court festivities proceeded.

The court scene displaying all the characters, was one of the most striking features of the play. The grand march was led by the Princess, attended by the flower girls, after whom entered the King and Queen. The Royal Family were dressed magnificently and won decided favor from the audience.

The witch scene was very impressive and was received with breathless suspense. The Evil Fairy carried her difficult part extremely well.

The Vestal Virgin Drill was in direct contrast to the evil scene before it, and was one of the most spectacular parts of the play. It expressed beauty and purity.

The Fairies of the Palace in their brilliant scene captivated the audience. The Fairy of Life deserves special credit for her pleasing role. The soloists also deserve mention, as their parts were well taken.

Princess—Pauline Goodrich.

Prince—Harold Packard.

King—Harold Swift.

Queen—La Vera Merrill.

Fairy of Life—Vivian Atwood.

Evil Fairy—Ruby Garrett.

First Fairy of the Palace—Vera Menzel.

Second Fairy of the Palace—Neva Piel.

Poet—Burton Wright.

Jester—Leslie Porter.

Wise Man—Thomas Marshall.

Chancellor—Cyril Atwood. **Fairies.**

Esther Streeter, Elizabeth Westphal, Buelah Difford, Clara Porter, Allie Whaling, Janet Butterfield, Neva Piel, Vera Menzel, Hazel Ashton, Charlotte Laing, Lila Rudolph, Verna Atkins, Mildred Ritchie, Pearl Burns, Hannah Thomas, Evelou Hancock, Alice Iles.

Vestal Virgin Drill.

Verna Atkins, Margaret Fry, Lucile Wheeler, Esther Streeter, Florence Wheeler, Hazel Ashton, Ethna Hubbard, Lila Rudolph, Pearl Burns, Hannah Thomas, Beth Petty, Frances Ferguson, Ella Dale, Buelah Difford, Allie Whaling, Charlotte Laing.

Witches.

Ruby Garrett, Charlotte Thomas, Lelavina Whitney and Jennie Teeple. John White.

Beasts—half Man.

Claude Tripp, Morris Silver, John B. Meyers.

Court Scene.

Rose Allen, Grace Ahlsen, Mary L. Witbeck, Fern Wixon, Blanche Barr, Des- sie Phelps, Blanche Lampert, Bernice Wright, Viva McDougal, Vera Menzel, Neva Piel, Clara Porter, Mary Sullivan, Royal Family and Fairies.

William Peart, Leo White, Kenneth Merrill, Raymond King, Foster Johnson, Tracy McCracken, Harold Packard, Albert Harlow, John Boyce, Channing Bies- ter, Lynn Porter, Walter Fredrickson, John Luhman, Daniel Sullivan.

HAZEL ASHTON, '13.

SENIOR PLAY—"THE COLLEGE WIDOW."

The Senior Class will present "The College Widow" about June 10th. The following is the cast:

Billy Bolton—college half-back	John White
Jack Larabee—coach	John Luhman
Peter Witherspoon	Harold Swift
Bub Hicks	Tracy McCracken
Stubb Talmage	J. P. Dwyer
Corpurnius Talbot (a tutor)	Leo White
Elam Hicks, Bub's father	Walter Fredrickson
Matty McGown—trainer	Charles Adams
William Murphy	Webster Porter
Daniel, Town Marshall	Lynn Porter
Tommie Pearson	John Boyce
Hiram Bolton, Billy's father	Burton Wright
Ollie Mitchell	Foster Johnson
Jane Witherspoon (widow)	Pauline Goodrich
Bessie Tanner (athletic girl)	Charlotte Thomas
Mrs. Dalzelle (chaperon)	Lavera Merrill
Flora Wiggins—waitress	Jane Teeple
Ruth Akins	Vera Menzell
Luella Chubbs	Lelavina Whitney
Bertha Tyson	Clara Porter
Sally Cameron	Rose Allen
Josephine Barely	Ethna Hubbard
Cora Jinks	Lila Rudolph
Gwendolyn Smith	Bernice Wright
Grace Blackburn	Viva McDougal
Louise Mitchell	Gertrude Pettit
Mabel Pearson	Blanche Lampert
Florence Hopper	Nellie Latt
Blanche Brown	Alice Cornell
Bernice Larabee	May Partridge
Ethel Talmage	Beth Petty
Eunice Talmage	Ella Dale
Elizabeth Halton	Estella Paulson
Frances Nolan	Alversa Rote
Ione Whitley	Emma Gallagher
Edna Jarvis	Lola Vincent
Constance Smith	Irene Walquist

First Year
Field and
Crack.

Pole Vault,
HARLOW,
9 Feet.



Hurdle, 220 Yds.
BRADLEY,
28 Seconds.



Shot Put, 35 Feet,
MEYERS.

UNIVERSITY CONNECTIONS

OF THE

South Belvidere High School.

South Belvidere is on the accredited list of the North-Central Association of Universities and Colleges which includes every University in the central states. We have also accredited relations with several Universities outside of this league; and we can enter nearly every school in the United States except those which require examination of students irrespective of the preparatory school from which they come. Our graduates may enter without examination, the following schools:

Michigan	James Milikin
Wisconsin	Knox
Illinois	Lake Forest
Minnesota	Illinois Wesleyan
Chicago.	Purdue
Northwestern	De Paw
Indiana	Lombard
Iowa	Monmouth
North Dakota	McKendree
South Dakota	Cornell
Beloit	Washington
	Smith



Course of Study.



The subjects underlined are required of all pupils. Either Physics or Chemistry must be taken before graduation. Four credits in History are required for a diploma.

In Freshman year not more than four studies may be taken. In Junior year one science must be taken—Physics recommended.

GRADING.

The passing grade shall be 75. The plan of grading shall be as follows:

Ex—95 to 100.

E —90 to 95.

Gx—85 to 90.

G —80 to 85.

F —75 to 80.

FIRST YEAR.

First Semester

English I.
Algebra I.
Latin
Physical Geography
Hygiene
Drawing
Music
Manual Training

Second Semester

English I.
Algebra I.
Latin
Physical Geography
Drawing
Music
Manual Training

SECOND YEAR.

First Semester

English II.
Geometry I.
Caesar
Zoology
Botany
Greek History
Drawing
Music
Manual Training

Second Semester

English II.
Geometry I.
Caesar
Zoology
Roman History
Drawing
Music
Manual Training

THIRD YEAR.

First Semester

English III.
Algebra II.
Physics
Com. Geography
Cicero
German I.
Mediaeval History
Drawing
Music
Manual Training

Second Semester

English III.
Geometry II.
Physics
Com. Arithmetic
Cicero
German I.
Modern History

Drawing

Music

Manual Training

FOURTH YEAR.

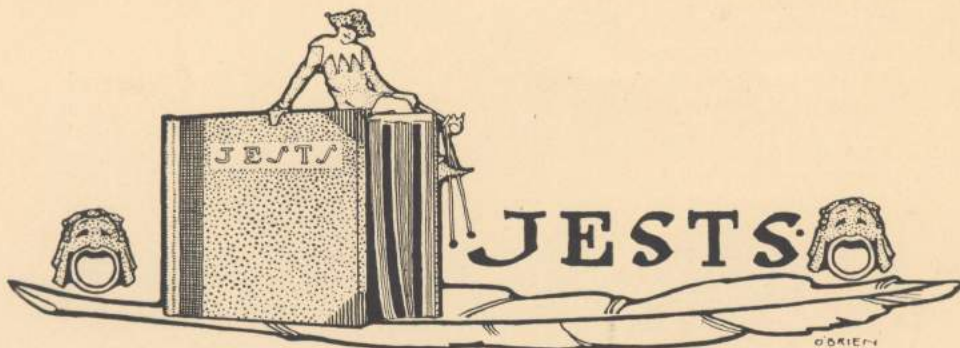
First Semester

English IV.
Chemistry
United States History
Virgil
Civics
Public Speaking
German II.
French
Solid Geometry
Drawing
Music
Manual Training

Second Semester

English IV.
Chemistry
English History
Virgil
Sociology
Public Speaking
Agriculture
German II.
French
Pedagogy
Drawing
Music
Manual Training

NAME.	AMBITION.	FAULT.	PASTIME.	PET NAME
GEORGE SILVERMAN	Chauffeur	Bashfulness	Chewing gum	Silver
DAVID MELZER	To shovel coal	Width	Looking at Margery	Ike
CUTHBERT GABEL	To be a preacher	Good looks	Kidding the girls	Fat
FLORA ALFORD	To be a popular	Length	Loving "the teacher	Florie
HELEN ROSECRANS	To lead styles	Too stuby	A "Swift" dreamer	Runt
FOSTER JOHNSON	To be loved	Flirting	Getting in right	Curley
BESSIE UPSTONE	A farmer's wife	Short dresses	Making dates	Bess
GERTRUDE SLATER	To be a beautiful doll	Height	Giggling	Gert
DANIEL SULLIVAN	Bessie	Strolling	Sleeping	Sleepy
GLADYS CARLSON	To be "It"	That's it	Smiling	?
GLENN FAIR	To be idol of the girls	Hasn't any	Butting in	Buck
RUBY GARRETT	To be a dentist's wife	Her eyes	Dancing	Rube
RAYMOND DeLONG	To dye his hair	Making eyes	Studying	Red
VIVIAN ATWOOD	To get "Him"	Laughing	Curling her hair	Vio
ALICE CORNELL	To be admired	Rats	Dreaming	"Doc"
JOHN WHITE	To work on the section	Blushing	Rolling the ivories	"Chuck"
CHARLES ADAMS	To marry	Girls	Kidding himself	Class Infant
CHARLOTTE THOMAS	To get a man	"Chuck" full	Talking	Pink Lady
JANE TEEPLE	Dance thru life	Late hours	Sugar	Cap.
FLAY SERGENT	To be noted	His walk	Experimenting	



WHAT THE JUNIORS WOULD LIKE TO KNOW.

1. Why Hazel Ashton and Channing Biester take agriculture?
2. Who furnishes Foster Johnson with playthings?
3. Why Margaret Fry is bashful?
4. What makes Thomas Marshall's feet so heavy?
5. Where Elizabeth Westphal got her laugh?
6. What is the matter with Mildred Ritchie's neck?
7. Why Vera Hovey asks so many questions?
8. If Vivian Atwood expects to graduate?
9. What makes the boys like Irene Bogardus so well?
10. Why Miss Gilchrist wants to make a great orator out of John Hal-
lot?
11. How thick the "soles" of Pearl
Burn's shoes are?
12. What kind of breakfast food
Dessie Phelps eats?
13. Last but not least. Why Miss
Gilchrist likes the Junior boys better
than the girls?

He Knew.

Miss Evans was telling her pupils of the impressionable age of the Elizabethan Era, when, suddenly turning to George Bradley who seemed to be in a dream with a far-away gaze, she said: "And how old was Elizabeth, George?"

"Seventeen last birthday," came the instant reply.

One night John's mother questioned as he was going out: "Whither?"
John—"With her."

Extract from a young lady's letter from Venice—"Last night I lay in a gondola in the Grand Canal, drinking it all in—and life never seemed so full before." —Ex.

These jokes were not handed in on tissue paper, so we were unable to see through them.

Cook Maria,
Kitchen fire.
Wood green,
Kerosene.
Kitchen fire,
Great big light,
Cook Maria
Angel bright. X

"What shall I do?" old Charon said,
"I'm in a dreadful fix.
I can not make the ferry go,
Because the River Styx."

Commencement-Girls — "Wonder
who'll have the prettiest dress?"

Boys—"Wonder who'll make the
biggest guy of himself?"

Both—"Won't we be glad when it's
over?"

Variation on "My Old Kentucky Home."

Taken from "Siftings From High",
published by S. B. H. S. in 1905.

A few more days and the trouble all
will end.—Seniors.

A few days for to tote the weary

load.—Juniors.

The years go by like a shadow o'er the heart.—Sophomores.

The head must bow and the back will have to bend.—Freshmen.

(Chorus.)

Weep no more my children,
O weep no more today;
We will sing one song for the passing
school-room home,
For the old school days so gay far away.

In Geometry class, Charlotte Thomas having put a geometric figure on the board turned to the class in time to hear "Bill" Peart say: "Charlotte, your figure isn't good."

Woe be unto the one who presents himself, as a walking-flower-garden, in Miss Gilchrist's room.

Eng. IV.—Miss Gilchrist assigning topics for reports: "Who will take Browning's wife?"

Tracy McCracken—"Oh, I'll take her, Miss Gilchrist."

J. P. Dwyer translating in German II., "Nehmen Sie acht."—"You take a pain."

In Geometry class, after the next proposition had been assigned for the next day, Foster Johnson burst out: "Gee, Miss Van Arsdale, that figure looks just like a barn I saw once."

The Seniors are setting a good example for the lower classmen by conducting their class parties in the proper (?) way, for instance: having chaperons, consisting of the faculty, school-board and mothers as well as "breaking-up" at exactly eleven o'clock. "Here's hoping" that they will profit by our good example.

Before Exams.

Now I lay me down to sleep,
A stack of school-books at my feet,
If I should die before I wake
I'll miss the exams, 'I'd have to take.

After Exams.

Now I lay me down to sleep,
With nothing more for which to weep.
If I should die before I wake,
Old Exams, you'll know it was for
your sake.

THE RELATION OF POPULAR SONG HITS.

By Vie Atwood.

"Oh! Mr. Dream Man.".....
..... (Sleepy Sullivan)
"It's a Long Lane That Has no
Turning."..... (Kenneth Merrill)
"The Coon Town Quartet.".....
..... (Ruby Garrett)
"If you Talk In Your Sleep, Don't
Mention My Name." (Leo White)
"When I Was Twenty-One and You
Were Sweet Sixteen." (Nellie Latt)
"Billy"..... (Marie Gallagher)
"Pick, Pick, Pick On Your Violin".
..... (Morris Silver)
"Somebody Else Will If You Don't"
..... (Pauline Goodrich)
"They Always Pick On Me.".....
..... (Tracy McCracken)
"Everybody's Doing It.".....
..... Harold Packard
"A Self Made Maiden." (Pearl Burns)
"Skinny"..... (Albert Harlow)
"When Sunday Rolls Around.".....
..... (Neva Piel)
"I Lost My Girl on Broadway.".....
..... (George Bradley)
"Smiling Eyes."..... (Charlotte Thomas)
"Gee, I Like The Music With My
Meals."..... (Foster Johnson)
"Let's Loop The Loop, At Harlem."
..... (Burton Wright)
"Everybody Two Step.".....
..... (J. B. Meyers)
"Saturday Night."..... (Beth Petty)
"Maybe That's Why I'm Lonely."
..... (Alice Cornell)
"The Kingdom Of Love.".....
..... (Groucho Porter)
"The Georgia Rag." (Charlotte Laing)
"The Chocolate Soldier.".....
..... (Flay Sergeant)
"If I Can't Get You I'll Get Your
Sister."..... (Lois Petty)

NEW BOOKS IN THE LIBRARY.

"The Varieties and Culture of Pom-
padours", L. Dwyer.
"1104 Whitney", White.
"Successful Poultry Raising", Saw-
yer.
"Two Little Credits and How They
Grew", Inman.
"The Tricks of the Drug Trade",
Curran.

Some things you ought to know about Shakespeare:

"His father was rich, but was later reduced to nothing."—Wilkey.

"He used to hold peoples' carriages."—Atwood.

Ramona Bollman had entered Watson's store and "Red" Curran had come to wait on the customer.

"I want a penny pencil," said Miss Bollman.

After a glance at pencils of the required price, she asked, "Haven't you any red ones? I—I mean red pencils," she made haste to say.

He—Faith an' it is a question I have for you, my darlin'.

She—What is it, dear?

He—When it comes time for me funeral, how would you like to be the widow?

Flay S.—Why can a cow run faster than a milking stool?

Blanch G.—You've got me!

Flay S.—Because a cow has four legs and a milking stool only three.

Teacher—"Well, if you don't understand the example, a good way to understand it is to ask a question."

Pupil—"What is the answer to the example?"

Son—"Why did Washington die when Adams was president?"

Dad—"He couldn't help himself."

There was a young man from the city,
Who saw what he thought was a kitty,

To make sure of that

He gave it a pat.

They buried his clothes. What a pity.

Teacher—"What made the tower of Pisa lean?"

Stude—"It was built in the time of a famine."

POPULAR SAYINGS.

A word to be added to your vocabulary:—

Patriarch: A patriotic goat—author-
ity—Earl McCoy.

Miss Lindquist—"What do people breathe with?"

Milton Newell—"With their noses."

Miss Lindquist—"What do fish breathe with?"

Rosa Penning—"Their fins."

George Silverman says that if you put a rabbit on the grass it will turn green.

Perhaps we had better try it ourselves, before accepting him as authority on the subject.

James Sexauer thinks that the Nebular Hypothesis is one of the astronomical bodies in the sky.

B. L. in Agriculture—"Do you preserve, or reserve moisture?"

Miss L.—"Conserve."

Miss L.—"Of what food value is corn and what do we make out of it?"

Louis W. "Corn Flakes!" It is said that Whitney is very fond of corn flakes.

Miss G. in Ger. II, explaining words with "ier" in them said: "Studieren (to study) is the most common in this class."

We are glad she thinks that way.

Miss Gilchrist, Eng. IV—"Why did Hamlet return from sea so soon?"

Adams—"Perhaps he was sea-sick"

Either Lila or Lola must change her name.

FAMILIAR SAYINGS.

"Buckets of Joy!"—George Bradley.

"I'm s'prized!"—Margaret Peale.

"Walk up!"—Elliot Biester.

"Why???"—Flora Alford.

"Well I swan!"—Bernard Smith.

"Whee! Whee!"—Iva Colburn.

"Oh slush!"—Avis Soost.

"Nigger!!"—Marion Silvus.

"What's that?"—Margaret Peale.

"I'm not prepared."—Robert Harlow.

Press of Belvidere Republican.

1913

