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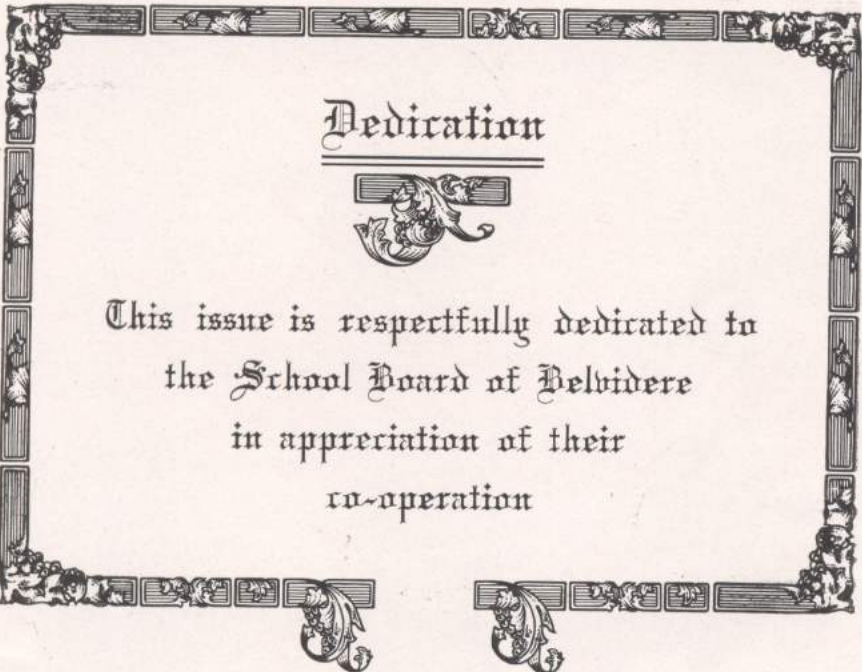
And

The CLASS of 1913



JUNE

1913



Dedication



This issue is respectfully dedicated to
the School Board of Belvidere
in appreciation of their
co-operation

THE STAFF, 1912-13



THOMAS MARSHALL
Business Mgr. 1913



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Editor-in-Chief.



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GEORGE BRADLEY
Athletics



LILA I. LEWIS
Art



LELA WHITNEY
Alumni

↑
daughter of
John Lewis
Isabella Styles



Words are often times mere trifles and amount to no more than the sound they make when uttered from the lips. The heart word is the one that counts. It is not theory simply expressed, but honest acts and deeds put into practice, that make the world greater.

Our lives are always made larger by contact with men educated in these true deeds—an education far greater than books can give.

To the man who occupies a place of power, we give honor.

To the man who holds the secret of knowledge, we give adoration.

But the man who moves the world by Herculeaneum powers in honest toil, we lift up our voices in praise and love.

So with these words, which fall short, as words always do, we express our appreciation of MR. RAMSLEY, our high school janitor, whom we never shall forget. We are better by having known him and having watched him in honest toil. He has always been ready to lend a helping hand to all who sought to do the honest thing. As he preaches, so he practices, "Treat the fellowman squarely, if you expect the same."

To PAT, our purveyor of heat, we would be very ungrateful, if we did not appreciate his work. As the sun rises in the morning and sends forth its rays of warmth to cheer the world, so this faithful "sun" of Ireland arises in the morning and goes down at night, having warmed a thousand souls.

To our aged MR. LAWSON, who has been with us so long and upon whom the hand of time is holding a firm grasp, goes out a tender love and sympathy. This upright soul will soon have performed his mission here and passed into the great school beyond into the presence of the omnipotent School Master.

So may these four live as long as their mission requires and then lay down the old burden and begin the new life in a realm of peace and joy.

W. E. H.







THE FACULTY

GEORGE N. BRADLEY—SUPERINTENDENT. PHYSICS.

WILLARD E. HENDRICKSON—PRINCIPAL. HISTORY.

MARTHA A. LINDQUIST—HYGIENE AND PHYSIOGRAPHY.

MABLE E. GILCHRIST—ENGLISH.

HELEN E. ADAMS—ENGLISH.

BLANCHE T. CHEWNING—ENGLISH.

J. FRANCES GRAVES—GERMAN.

MARGARET J. HARVEY—LATIN.

LILA I. LEWIS—ART.

JESSIE B. RIDGWAY—PHYSICS AND CHEMISTRY.

HARRY L. COLE—AGRICULTURE.

HELEN B. WELLS—MATHEMATICS.

LULU E. UMBACH—ZOOLOGY.

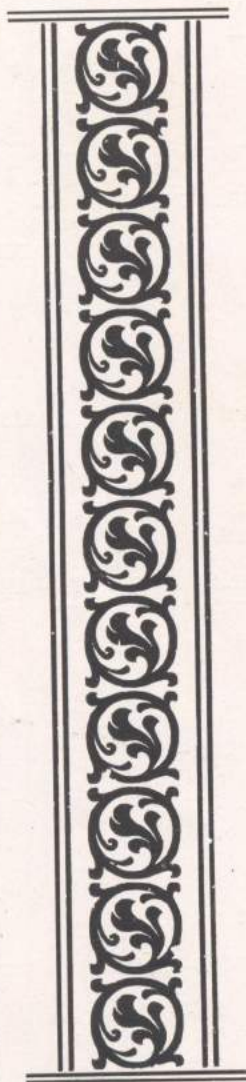
ALONA HUNGERFORD—MUSIC.

MARTIN HEITTER—MANUAL TRAINING.

FLORA FELLOWS—MATHEMATICS.



SENIOR CLASS SONG



Music

"Auld Lang Syne"

From out the gate where wisdom reigns,
Time's hour glass bids us pass
But you'll dwell first, O Belvidere,
In memories of our class

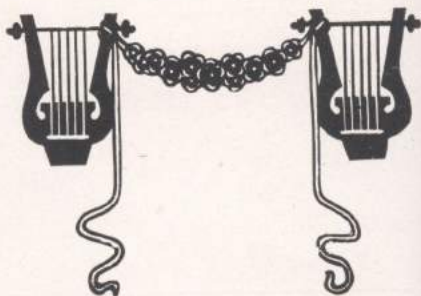
CHORUS

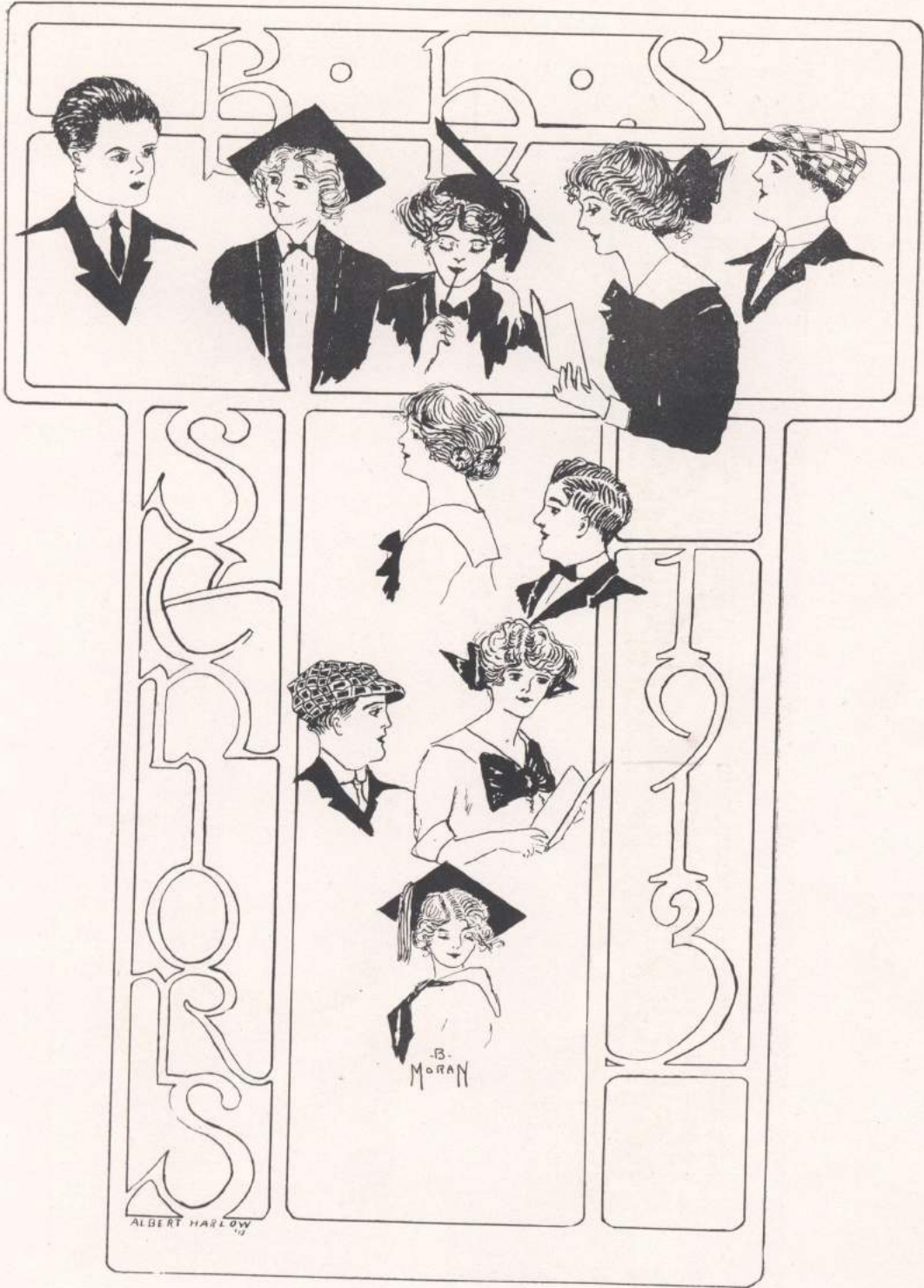
O Belvidere, we'll honor you,
To thee our laurels bring,
We've spent our gladdest hours with you
For you our praises ring.

Upon the breeze our banner waves,
The purple and the white,
It stands for all that's fine and brave
For progress and for right.

When valor's trumpet sounds afar,
We'll answer one and all
We'll follow wisdom's leading star
Secure in her enthrall.

LUCILE WHEELER.







HAZEL ASHTON

"Hay Seed"

Chorus '10—'11.

VERNA ATKINS

"Vern"

Chorus '10—'11.

Glee Club '11—'12.

VIVIAN ATWOOD

"Vie"

Chorus '10—'11.

Basket-ball '11—'12.

Class Play '13.

MARY BARTLETT

"Stubby"

Chorus '09—'10, '10—'11, '11—
'12.

IRENE BOGARDUS.

"Nifty"

Chorus '10—'11.



JANET BUTTERFIELD.

"Jane"

Chorus. Glee Club '10—'11,
'12—'13.

Basket-ball '11—'13.

Class Play '13.

CHANNING BEISTER.

"Chink" or "Chauncey"

Foot-ball '10—'13.

Base-ball '10—'11.

Chorus. Glee Club.

Class Play '13.

DOROTHY BAIRD.

"Doty"

Chorus '10—'11.

PEARL BURNS.

"Tiny"

Chorus '10—'11.

Secretary of "The Sphinx" '11—
'12.

Secretary of the Class '10—'11.

PAUL BURNS

"Mick"

Chorus. Basket-ball '11—'13.

Class Play '13.

"Sphinx" Reporter '10—'12.



BLANCHE BARR

“Blankie”

Chorus '10—'11.

MILLICENT BROOKS

“Millie”

Chorus '10—'11.

Basket-ball '12—'13.

BEULAH DIFFORD.

“Bright Eyes”

Chorus '10—'11.

German Play '12.

Class Play '13.

FLORENCE DEMPSEY.

“Sareey”

Chorus.

“Gleam” Reporter '11—'12.

“Sphinx” Reporter '12—'13.

Secretary of Class '12—'13.

Class Play '13.

HAZEL DERTHICK.

“Kid”

Chorus '09—'10, '10—'11, '11—'12.



JOSEPHINE DWYER.

"Josey"

Chorus '10—'11, '11—'12.

LUCILE DAWSON.

"Lucy"

Treasurer of Class (N. B. H. S.)
'09—'10.

Chorus '09—'13.

Glee Club '09—'13.

MILDRED DAVIS.

"Millie"

Chorus.

Vice-President of Class (N. B. H.
S.) '11—'12.

"Gleam" Reporter '11—'12.

RUTH DIFFORD.

"Difficult"

Chorus '10—'11.

FRANCES FERGUSON.

"Frankie"

Chorus '10—'11, '11—'12.



MARGARET FRY.

"Marg"

Chorus '10—'11.

Secretary of Class (S. B. H. S.)
'11—'12.

HELEN GABEL

"Heine"

Glee Club '10—'12.

Chorus '10—'11.

Treasurer of "Sphinx" '10—'11.

Secretary of Athletic Association
'11—'12.

Editor of "Sphinx" '12—'13.
Class Memorial.

RUTH GALLAGHER.

"Rufus"

Basket-ball '11—'12, '12—'13.

RUBY GARRETT

"Rube"

Chorus '10—'11.

Basket-ball '11—'12.

Class Play '13.

ALBERT HARLOW.

"Toe Head"

Track.

Basket-ball '11—'13.

Foot-ball '11—'12.

Foot-ball '11—'12.

Captain of Junior Track Team.

Senior Play '13.



BLANCHE HAMMOND.

"Blinkie"

Chorus '10—'11.

JOHN HALLOTT.

"Hungry"

Base-ball '11—'12.

Class Basket-ball '10—'11.

Class Play. '13.

RUTH HUBER.

"Cutey"

Chorus.

Manager and Captain of Girl's
Basket-ball team '12—'13.

Secretary of Class (N. B. H. S.)
'11—'12.

VERA HOVEY.

"Smokie"

Glee Club '10—'11, '11—'12.

Chorus.

Basket-ball '11—'12.

FOSTER JOHNSON

"Fuzzy"

President of Class '11—'13.

Basket-ball '09—'10, '11—'13.

Foot-ball '11—'13.

Track '11—'12.

Class Play '13.

Manager Athletic Association '12
—'13.



HELEN JOHANNSEN

"Johnnie"

Vice-President of Class (N. B. H. S.) '10—'11.

Chorus.

German Play '12.

"Gleam" Reporter '11—'12.

Class Address.

CHARLOTTE LAING.

Chorus '10—'11.

Class Prophecy '13.

EDITH LAMB.

"Eed"

Chorus '10—'11.

German Play '12.

GERTRUDE LOOP.

"Tootie"

Chorus.

Social Editor of "Gleam" '11—'12.

Class Will '13.

GLENN LUCAS.

"Hank"

Treasurer of Class '12—'13.



EDWIN LOOP.

"Chesty"

Chorus.

Basket-ball '11—'13.

Foot-ball '09—'13.

Base-ball '11—'13.

Debating Team '10—'11.

Circulation Manager of "Gleam"
'11—'12.

Treasurer of "Sphinx" '12—'13.

Class Play '13.

RAYMOND LIST.

"Fat"

Foot-ball '10—'13.

Basket-ball '09—'12.

Track '11—'12.

Base-ball '13.

Class Play '13.

DELLAMAE McLEAN

"Dutch"

Chorus.

Basket-ball '11—'12.

JOHN BOYD MEYERS

"J. B."

Foot-ball '11—'12, '12—'13.

KENNETH MERRILL

"Longy"

Foot-ball '10—'13.

Basket-ball '11—'13.

Vice-President of Class (S. B. H. S.)
'10—'11.

Track '11—'12.

Class Play '13.



THOMAS MARSHALL

"Tommie"

Chorus. Glee Club.
Treasurer of Class (S. B. H. S.)
'11—'12.
Business Manager of "Sphinx"
'12—'13.
Class Play '13.

HELEN O'CONNOR.

"Shorty"

Chorus '10—'11.

MAMIE O'BRIEN.

"Mamie"

Chorus.
Vice-President of Class (S. B. H. S.) '10—'11.
"Sphinx" Reporter '12—'13.
Class Play '13.

CLARENCE PORTER

Chorus.
Foot-ball '10—'13.
Basket-ball '10—'11.
Treasurer of Class (S. B. H. S.)
'09—'10.
Class Play '13.

DESSIE PHELPS.

"Bess"



LOIS PETTY

"Red"

Chorus.
Manager of Girl's Basket-ball Team
'12—'13.

SUSAN PENNING.

"Susie"

Chorus '10—'11.

NEVAL PIEL

"Anna"

Glee Club '11—'12.
Chorus.
"Sphinx" Reporter '12—'13.
Vice-President of Class '11—'12.
Class Play '13.

WILLIAM PEART

"Bill"

Chorus.
President of Class (S. B. H. S.)
'09—'10.
Vice-President of Class '12—'13.
Treasurer of Class '10—'11.
Associate Editor of "Sphinx" '11
—'12.
Class Play '13.

HELEN ROSEKRANS

"Rosie"

Chorus '10—'11.
Glee Club '12—'13.



MILDRED RITCHIE.

"Mig"

Chorus.

Glee Club '11—'12.

Basket-ball '11—'12.

BLANCHE STEBBINS

"Brown Eyes"

Chorus '10—'11.

Class History '13.

DANIEL SULLIVAN.

"Sleepy"

Foot-ball '09—'10, '11—'13.

Basket-ball '10—'13.

Chorus.

Track '11—'12.

ESTHER STREETER.

"Debs"

Chorus.

High School Play '11—'12.

Class Poet '13.

CLAUDE TRIPP

"Hannibal"

Basket-ball '10—'11, '12—'13.

Class Play '13.



HANNAH THOMAS.

"Hansie"

Chorus.

Basket-ball.

"Sphinx" Reporter '10—'11.

LILA VINCENT.

"Dimples"

Chorus '10—'11.

ADA WALKER.

"Dutch"

Chorus.

Basket Ball '11—'12.

BURTON WRIGHT.

"Tub"

President of Athletic Association
'11—'13.

President of Class '10—'11.

Class Basket-ball '10—'11.

Class Play '13.

ELIZABETH WESTPHAL.

"Betty"

Chorus.

Basket-ball '11—'13.

"Sphinx" Reporter '11—'12.

German Play '11—'12.

Class Play '13.



FERN WIXON.

"Fatty"

Chorus.

Basket-ball '12—'13.

FLORENCE WHEELER.

Chorus '10—'11.

High School Play '11—'12.

LUCILE WHEELER.

"Louie"

Chorus '10—'11.

High School Play '11—'12.

Class Song '13.

MARGARET WYMAN.

"Marge"

Chorus '09—'13.

High School Play '11—'12.

MARIE-LOUISE WITBECK.

"Myriah"

"Sphinx" Reporter '11—'12.

"Sphinx" Exchange Editor '12—
'13.

Glee Club '11—'13.

Chorus.

Secretary of Class '10—'11.

CLASS POEM



Hidden music stealing clear
Across the unknown years to us,
Melodies by day, by night,
Ever bid us trust.
Radiant colors doth illum:
All our thoughts of God and man,
Voices from the past and present
Tell us what we will, we can;
Fragrant perfume gently wafted
On the sun-kissed rain washed air,
This is springtime's gift to us,
Life's own incense rare

A dream of work and service near
To the heart of youth has come,
Bringing with it strength to do
The things as yet undone.
For deep within the pregnant mind
Are channels for the thoughts to be,
Made by guiding hands of love
And wrought by us from infancy.
May active life these courses fill
With thoughts that in expression find
A wealth of harmony undreamed,
A gift of love to all mankind.

Mystic shadows, half-formed figures,
Fragments of forgotten dreams
Slowly merge their various outlines,
When a meaning we would glean.
Wraiths of fancy, reason's rivals,
In the star's uneven glow
Have decreed in solemn conclave
Ne'er its meaning we may know.
But the wealth within will teach us
To interpret piece by piece,
Till the whole yields up its meaning
When all earthly barriers cease.

ESTHER STREETER—'13.

CLASS HISTORY

CHAPTER I.

1 In the days when Taft ruled in Washington, there dwelt in Belvidere in
the land of Illinois, two tribes who were called North and South. And they
were unfriendly.

2 And the tribes were divided into clans and the clans were called Seniors,
and Juniors, and Sophomores and Freshies.

CHAPTER II.

1 Now it came to pass in the first week of the ninth month, that the clans
of each of the tribes assembled each in their own temple.

2 And when they were come to the temple, they were received of the
elders.

3 And the elders, which were come down from Northwestern and Chicago
and Illinois and Knox, spoke unto them saying:

“Blessed are they that study; for they shall learn.

“Blessed are they that are good; for they shall be happy.

“Blessed are they that obey the elders; for they shall not be punished.

“Blessed are the perservering; for they shall conquer.

“Blessed are they that will conquer; for theirs is the kingdom of
knowledge.”

CHAPTER III.

1 Now it happened that certain of the clans assembled and chose unto
themselves high priests.

2 And the Freshies of the South numbering to ninety-one, did likewise;
and he was one William, surnamed Peart; and he was good.

3 And William was aided in his labor by Elmer, son of McKenzie; Burton,
son of Wright; and Clarence, son of Porter.

4 And they did hoist a banner which was of brown and gold.

5 Moreover, the Freshies of the North, numbering to twenty-five chose
a high priest; and he was called Harvey, surnamed McNeal.

6 And Harvey likewise was aided in his labor by James son of Hopkins;
and Florence, daughter of Dempsey.

7 And they did likewise raise their emblem which was of red and black.

CHAPTER IV.

1 Now the sayings of the elders were good and the Freshies grew in knowl-
edge and wisdom.

2 And they did those things in Algebra and Latin and English as was
commanded them.

3 And the elders were pleased with them, and it was well.

CHAPTER V.

1 And the first week of the ninth month of the following year came. And
behold! the Freshies were named Sophomores.

And the clans chose until themselves new leaders; the South numbering
to seventy-five chose Burton, surnamed Wright; Grace daughter of Whaling;
Marie Louise, daughter of Witbeck; and William, son of Peart: the North,
numbering to nineteen, chose James, son of Hopkins; Helen, daughter of
Johannsen; and Florence, daughter of Dempsey.

3 And the Sophs labored long and hard in Geometry and Caesar: and they
were good to look upon.

CHAPTER VI.

1 Now it came to pass in the same year that the tribes of Belvidere kept
their records in books: and the book of the North was called “The Gleam,”
and the book of the South was called “The Sphinx.”

2 And the clans, called Sophs, had good records, for they were wise.

3 And likewise during the same year a new chief elder came to the South;
and his name among men was Noel.

4 Now Noel was good; and likewise were all the elders.

5 And the Sophs heeded them, as did all the clans; and after the ninth
month of labor the tribes rested.

CHAPTER VII.

1 And after the third month of rest, the tribes again assembled at their
temples; but now the Sophs were called Juniors.

2 And the Juniors, as was the custom, chose new priests to govern them.

3 Now the priests of the South were Foster and he was son of Johnson;
Kenneth, surnamed Merrill; Margaret, surnamed Fry; and Thomas, surnamed
Marshall.

4 And the priests of the North were Florence, surnamed Dempsey; Mildred,
surnamed Davis; Ruth, surnamed Huber; and Helen, surnamed Johanssen.

CHAPTER VIII.

1 Now many new elders were in the South temple; and the chief of the
elders was Hendrickson and his name was of good report.

2 And Hendrickson aided the boys in strength and they shewed boys of
other tribes how it is a ball shall be thrown.

CHAPTER IX.

1 And when the Seniors learned all the elders had taught them, the Juniors
paid them homage and banqueted them; and it was well.

CHAPTER X.

1 Now the tribes of the North and South had from the beginning been
unfriendly: and they had cursed one another in mighty voices.

2 But it came to pass that certain scribes said unto them:

“Verily, verily we say unto you, a house divided against itself cannot
stand.”

3 And the tribes were of the same mind; and they agreed to assemble
together on the eleventh day of the ninth month following.

CHAPTER XI.

1 And the eleventh day of the ninth month following came, and the tribes
assembled in the temple.

2 And they assembled in the temple of the South; and they were glad.

3 And the Juniors as was the custom, became Seniors.

4 And the Seniors were numbered, and behold, the number thereof was
sixty-four.

5 And they chose unto themselves new priests, and two were of the South
and two of the North.

6 And the two of the South were Foster, surnamed Johnson, and William
surnamed Peart; and the two of the North were Florence, daughter of Demp-
sey; and Glenn, son of Lucas.

7 And they did tear down their old banners and did hoist a new one, and
it was of purple and white.

CHAPTER XII.

1 Now the Seniors were the wisest clan that did assemble in the temple;
for they had heeded well the teachings of the elders.

2 And their records in “The Sphinx” were of good report; and likewise
were they best in physical strength.

3 Moreover, were the Seniors peaceful; and they heeded not the violent
wars that waged about them among the people not of the tribe.

4 And from their first assembling in the temple they had heard the tur-
moil; but they had heeded it not, for they judged not that they be not judged.

5 And the peaceful Seniors were indeed good to look upon.

CHAPTER XIII.

1 Now it came to pass that one of the elders arose and spoke unto the
Seniors, saying:

“Rejoice and be exceedingly glad, for ye have done well.

“Ye shall now go into the world: and let your light so shine before
men, that they may see your good works.”

2 And the Seniors heard and with bowed heads made answer:

“We shall gladly try to do what thou has commanded of us.”

3 And thus are the chronicles of this wise clan happily ended.

BLANCHE STEBBINS.

STATISTICS of the CLASS of 1913

In the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and thirteen, and in the year of American Independence the one hundred and thirty-seventh, there graduates from the Belvidere High School of Belvidere, Illinois, the largest class in the history of the school. On June 18, sixty-six graduates will go out from this wonderful institution of learning. In 1909 when the class of '13 began its career as a High School class it had eighty-seven members on the South side and twenty-five on the North side, or one hundred and twelve in all. In the ensuing four years, forty-six were unable to withstand the strain of long-continued study, and fell by the wayside, leaving sixty-six students or about fifty-eight per cent of the original membership to reach the coveted goal in 1913.

It may be interesting to know that in the names of the Senior class every letter of the alphabet is used except q and z. If all the letters were added together, a name would be made containing 789 letters, or if printed in ordinary type, it would be nearly four feet long.

The youngest member of the class is seventeen years of age; the oldest is twenty-one. The average age is eighteen and one-half years, and the combined age is 1221 years. According to these compilations, the class has been old enough to vote for the last 1200 years.

The smallest shoe worn by a member of the class is two, while the largest is ten. The foot encased in the shoe last mentioned ought to be able to stand firmly on any proposition.

Nearly every color of eyes is represented, but diligent search has failed to reveal any green ones.

The fellow that gets in earliest is Foster Johnson; the one out latest is Channing Biester,—his light is never out.

The average weight of a man's brain is 48 ounces, and the average weight of a woman's is 44 ounces. If the brains of the forty-nine girls and sixteen boys were merged into one it would make a gigantic brain weighing 182 pounds and 12 ounces or 27 times that of an elephant. Such an enormous quantity of cerebral matter would be capable of explaining all the problems of algebra, of solving all differences arising inside or outside of the school fence, and, in fact, of becoming the Oedipus of that official organ, "The Sphinx."

The combined physical strength of the Seniors is equal to several hundred horsepower, and is sufficiently great to pull the old brick school house off its foundation and to erect a spick and span new one in the place thereof.

The greatest indebtedness—Channing Biester to his senior year, 228,000 seconds or 66 2-3 hours, tardiness.

For incessant giggling—Vivian Atwood and Hazel Derthick exceed all records known. These giggles, frequently repeated and heard in unison, vary in tone from the shrill staccato of a Rockford interurban to the mellow bass of a fog horn, and equal in volume to the "horse laughs" given simultaneously from the various class rooms.

One of Mr. Hendrickson's favorite pastimes is keeping Seniors after school hours. It has been found on careful investigation, that during the year just past, he has kept an average of five each night for one hour. This makes a total of 900 hours which is equal to 180 school days or 36 weeks. This useless waste of time should be avoided.

In the Freshman year, the instructors were frequently obliged to lecture the class concerning its conduct. Now, the Seniors are so diligent that the lectures are practically abandoned. This quieting effect was produced by large quantities of Latin, mathematics and history, administered in large doses by the teachers.

The physically defective are: Ruth Huber, loss of vocal organs (Eng. IV.); Albert Harlow, locomotor ataxia; Raymond List, uncontrollable peripatetic movements. The mathematical prodigies are: Florence Dempsey, Mary Bartlett, and Hazel Ashton; the English flunks, Blanche Stebbins, Esther Streeter, and Edith

Lamb; Chemistry sharks, Hannah Thomas, Irene Bogardus, and Will Peart.

The greatest bluffer in the class is Raymond List; the most studious person, Susan Penning. Vivian Atwood is the class flirt, and Beulah Difford, the most bashful girl. Paul Burns is the greatest diplomat, and Lucile Dawson has made the most conquests during her school life. The following list will show the various individual tendencies:

Proudest student.....	Will Peart
Highest tempered.....	Pearl Burns
Wealthiest.....	Mildred Ritchie
Attie philosopher.....	Ruby Garrett
One never wrong.....	Burton Wright
Most conducive to silence.....	O! List
Most frisky.....	Edith Lamb
Worst Loop of the Loops.....	Ned
Most warlike.....	Tommy Marshall
Biggest of the bunch.....	Neva Piel
Thinnest.....	Della McLean
Smallest Fry.....	Margaret

Kenneth Merrill is the most exemplary boy in the class. He obeys his teachers, studies, has all his work right up to the minute, never skips school, and never cheats in exams—if he thinks he will get caught.

The ambitions of the different members are many and varied, but it is gratifying to know that every one has an end in view. Among the various goals they have set before themselves are: Thomas Marshall, to remain silent unless spoken to; Gertrude Loop, to be always (W)right; J. B. Meyers, Lucile Wheeler and Esther Streeter, to be renowned poets; Dessie Phelps, Irene Bogardus and Helen Johanssen, to be country school-marms; and Helen O'Connor, to live for no other reason than to revel in the poetry of that celebrated writer, Burns, Edwin Loop, to beat "Fat" List's time; Charlotte Laing, to be an M. D.; Will Peart, to make a million; Susan Penning, to be a militant suffragette; Clarence Porter, to be an Evangelist; Hannah Thomas hasn't any unless she can travel with a circus; Vivian Atwood, to be an auctioneer; and one modest young lady in the Senior class whispers that her highest ambition is to get married. (Wait till leap year, Helen, and you may be able to realize your ambition.)

There is seldom a class with the noted ancestry of the class of '13. Neva Piel's fighting proclivities were accounted for when it was found that she was a niece of "Stonewall" Jackson. Beulah Difford says she descended from Governor Bradford of Colonial fame and some of ma's relations. Clarence Porter is descended from Commodore Porter of the Civil War. After a great deal of patient research it is found that Gertrude Loop is descended directly from Anne Bradstreet, a colonial writer of the fire and brimstone type. This explains several things about Gertrude.

Rumor has it that, twenty-three Know-It-Alls and End-It-Alls will discontinue their school work after June 18. Twenty-seven Present-Contentments are undecided, and sixteen Would-Bes will yield to the lures of higher education and enter some university this fall.

According to statistical reports kept by the faculty, both from the standpoint of deportment and scholarship, the Senior class has been a model one. May the under classmen ever emulate these "moralistic and intellectual bright lights" and be guided by their illustrious example over the ziz-zag road of the unstudious and the tortuous path of the transgressor to heights of knowledge and to moral control inconceivably great; and may each successive year chronicle deeds more daring and inspiring than the last, is the wish of the class of 1913.

GLENN LUCAS.



The WILL of the SENIOR CLASS 1913

We, the class of 1913, of the High School of the hamlet of Belvidere, Boone County, Illinois, United States of America, being of ivory mind and memory, do make, publish, and declare this our last will and testament in manner following, that is to say:

CLAUSE ONE. We direct that our elaborate funeral expenses be paid by the class of 1914 with the money received from Doctor Sulebee's lecture.

CLAUSE TWO. We will and direct our executors, the classes of '14, '15 and '16, to improve our burial lot in the Kishwaukee River and to erect a brass monument for us on an island in the middle, the total expense of such improvement and monument not to be less than five thousand dollars nor more than ten thousand dollars.

CLAUSE THREE. We do hereby will and bequeath to the struggling Juniors our perfect harmony upon all subjects, especially in matter of apparel; also our sumptuous desks and luxurious arm chairs situated in the cheery warmth of the radiators; and lastly we wish to leave them our marvelous skill in dodging the teachers while skipping.

CLAUSE FOUR. To the Sophomores, we bequeath our success in basket-ball foot-ball and base-ball, also the unlimited use of the library, hoping that they will derive as much pleasure and instruction from the books thereof as we have.

CLAUSE FIVE. To the tender Freshmen we deem it most fitting and proper to will nothing, as they already know far too much.

CLAUSE SIX. We leave to the faculty a great calm and peace of mind, now that we are gone, the size of each piece to be determined by the former board of education.

CLAUSE SEVEN. Mary Louise Whitbeck leaves to Cuthbert Gabel, the sole rights of the piano, said rights to be reserved until such time as said instrument be tuned.

CLAUSE EIGHT. Lo's Petty bequeathes to Mike, the privilege of keeping the building warm next year.

CLAUSE NINE. To the High School, Burton Wright leaves a gap which the entire student body cannot hope to fill.

CLAUSE TEN. To Elliot Biester, Channing Biester does will and bequeath his vim, his tireless industry, and his indomitable zeal.

CLAUSE ELEVEN. Florence Dempsey bequeaths to Hazel Hulett, her capacity for serving on committees, said capacity to be returned to other heirs if not duly appreciated.

CLAUSE TWELVE. We give and bequeath the following to the school as a permanent fund:

William Peart's smile; Glen F. Lucas' brains; Mary Bartlett's brassiness; Lucile Dawson's powder rag; Vera Hovey's dancing slippers; Charlotte Laing's "Latest Fads in Dressing;" a fancy dance given exclusively by Janet Butterfield and Hannah Thomas; Kenneth Merrill's inexhaustible supply of blue shirts plus lavender ties; Beulah Difford's dates; Raymond List's sheepish manner with the girls; Paul Burns' lady-like voice.

CLAUSE THIRTEEN. Edwin Loop leaves as a valuable addition to the library, his treatise on "How to Raise Chickens."—His have all risen.

CLAUSE FOURTEEN. The Senior basket-ball girls will and bequeath unto Alice Nelson the duty of keeping up the team next year and meeting all opponents. Ruth Huber wills her basket-ball suit and speed to her. Betty Westphal leaves her serappiness; and Fern Wixon, her calmness.

CLAUSE FIFTEEN. To all future generations of Belvidere hopefuls, Dr. Foster Johnson leaves his dissertation in two volumes on "The Inalienable Right of Humanity to Go Joy Riding."

CLAUSE SIXTEEN. Ruby Garrett wills and bequeaths to Iva Colburn, her nose "tip-tilted like the petal of a flower."

CLAUSE SEVENTEEN. As a token of their mutual love. Clarence Por-

ter leaves to Miss Gilchrist, for her assembly, a life-size statue of himself.

CLAUSE EIGHTEEN. Helen Gabel leaves her greatest treasure, Grant Veale, to the girls of the class of 1914; if not well preserved at end of a stated time, said Grant should be returned.

CLAUSE NINETEEN. Vivian Atwood leaves her everlasting bluff, oratory power, and happy disposition to Stephen McGonigle.

CLAUSE TWENTY. Thomas Marshall wills and bequeaths to said High School a bust of himself to be located in the lower halls of afore mentioned school, as a reminder of what always followed one of his grey-haired jokes.

CLAUSE TWENTY-ONE. I, Attorney G. Loop, executrix of the will of the deceased class of 1913, do hereby state that I attended the heart-rending death scene of the dying party, and with the beloved relatives, the classes of 1914, '15 and '16, and the faculty (the class of 1914 could hardly wait until they were dead) and in their presence and in the presence of each other, am willing to swear this to be the instrument of said class, we believing them to be of sound mind and memory, but fast failing.

G. LOOP, residing northeast of Cherry Valley.

R. GARRETT, residing southwest of Garden Prairie.

We hereby nominate and appoint G. Loop of Belvidere, Illinois as executrix of our last will and testament, and trustee thereunder; and we hereby revoke all former wills made by us.

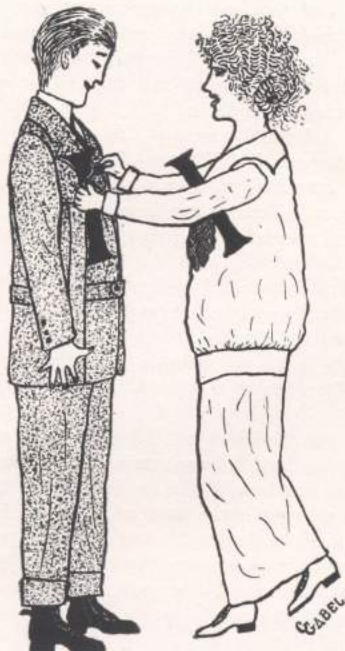
In witness whereof we have hereunto set our hand and seal this 13th day of June, A. D., 1913.

Signed by

THE CLASS OF 1913 OF THE B. H. S.

(Seal)

GERTRUDE LOOP.



V-V-AN
FASTENED HER EYES ON
CHESTY.

The PROPHECY of the CLASS of 1913

Ye, who travel through the countries,
Over land and seas and mountains,
O'er the hills and through the forests,
On the banks of rushing rivers,
Pause a while by the Kishwaukee;
On whose banks there stands a High School
One whose fame is ever growing
Built upon the strength of knowledge.
Pause and think about the Future,
Of the Present, Past and Future,
Of the Seniors of that High School,
Of that dear old Alma Mater.

What could this mean to some people, but to me, in that foreign land, away from home and friends, amidst the struggles and strife of war, it meant joy and sorrow, smiles and tears; and it brought back memories of the happiest years of my life,—those spent in the Belvidere High School.

I do not know how long I sat and gazed at that poem; my mind seemed confused; a lump rose in my throat, and with an effort I choked back a sob. But how came that book in Austria? It resembled the little book that the sweet-faced sister of mercy carried, as she went about quieting the fears, and softening the pangs of death of the brave soldier lads. But it could not be hers. What would she care for poems about my Alma Mater? Who had left that book on my cot, not realizing that it only swelled the longing of a lonely girl, for the land of the stars and stripes?

To be sure, I had at last reached the land of my heart's desire. I was proud of my work, and of my uniform with the red cross upon the sleeve; but success had not brought complete happiness. I longed for my home and for the friends of my senior days. Was it the love of adventure that surges through the blood of the American girl, or was it the desire to aid humanity, that had lured me away from my native land? I did not know.

Uttering a cry of despair, I fell upon the cot. My body shook with sobs, which finally died away into a sigh, leaving me tired and weak. A light hand rested upon my shoulder, and lifting my head from the pillow, I gazed into the eyes of a woman, tall and graceful, and draped in the American flag. Amazed, I drew back.

"Who are you?" I whispered, "and what do you wish?"

She did not answer but motioned for me to follow. I staggered to my feet, rubbed my eyes, and followed her.

The moon had arisen in all its splendor, lighting up the battle field of Austria and Montenegro. When the rays of light fell upon the face of my companion, I cried out in surprise.

"Oh—oh you are the Goddess of Liberty; but why are you here, when you should be in New York harbor, welcoming the homeward bound?"

"Where duty calls, I must go," she replied. "Only my spirit visits you to-night. It has come to lead you to the land of your fondest dream."

I followed her through vales and over mountains; by lakes and through forests. At last we came to a river shadowed by over hanging trees and bushes, which seemed to sway aside to make a path way for us. We had reached our destination, and we entered the most beautiful place ever created,—the heaven of Belvidere.

The spirit placed her finger upon my lips, silently lead me to a rustic bench, and then disappeared. A great globe of vapor floated out before me, stopped, and then started to fade away. As it faded, a form stepped out and stood near me.

"Marie Louise Witbeck" I gasped.

But she did not look toward me. Sitting down before a piano, she struck a note that brought with it the voice of the great singer, Warren. Then I remembered that she had signed a contract to be his accompanist for life. I reached out to touch her, but she vanished, and in her place stood Pearl Burns.

I could not believe my eyes. Who would think that the quiet, demure, Pearl would ever be a suffraget? But there she stood, screaming at her audience.

"I am a woman, and I want my (W)right!"

But where was Paul? Wait—he stood before me. Time had surely wrought a change in him. His hair floated about his shoulders and glasses shaded his eyes. With a gesture not particularly graceful, he exclaimed, "Rah! Hah! Rah! Peanut butta." He was a poet, and wrote under the fictitious but romantic name of "Per-ci-val Bulger."

The scene changed to Cummock. On the stage stood Ruby Garrett. Her clear voice rang out.

"To be—or not to be, that is the question." She has decided that it is to be, and in June she is off to "Cooney Island."

A large building loomed up before me. A dark haired woman was screwing a brass plate upon the door, while nearby stood a woman giving directions. I recognized them as Vera Hovey and Susan Penning. The plate bore this inscription: "This Home is dedicated to the memory of the class of 1913 of the Belvidere High School." It was a home for the feeble minded.

Letters floated out and took this form:

"Some are born wise—Socrates.

Some achieve wisdom—Helen Gabel.

And some have wisdom thrust upon them—'Bulgy Porter.'"

There stood Clarence and Helen earnestly discussing their work.

"What chu doin'?" asked "Bulgy,"

"Oh, I am living on the most intelligent farm. Why even the piglets understand Latin. When I call 'huic, huic, huic,' they come tearing. Stay to luncheon? 'I am going to have Veale and I'm simply wild about it. Why I have it twice a week. What are you doing?'"

"Oh I'm travelin' 'round with Tommy Marshall, who is supposed to be a humor lecturer. He gives me half of the profit to laugh at his jokes. I think it's a waste of talent, but it's a snap, and that's what I'm lookin' fer."

As predicted, Frances Ferguson has settled down,

"In a cozy little cot",

Hid in a nest of roses,

In a fairy garden spot."

It is said that her favorite literature is "The Daily Republican."

Who should stand before me but my old chum Beulah, Foster Johnson and John Hallot. Beulah looked as care-free as ever, but "Fuzzy" and John looked very peculiar. Hallot had proposed and was rejected; Johnson woo'ed and won. Now they are both taking an extended vacation at Elgin. Beulah says matrimony is a game of chance. Perhaps it is. I'll ask Vivien.

There she stood before me; the same Vivien of yesterday. She travels to a great extent and spends her summers in Germany. Her home is built on an island in the heart of the Rhine. It is called "Rhinehart."

Even the globe of mist faded. Far off a tiny light shone against the sky. As it grew it took the form of a bright, glittering, golden star. In the center stood Helen Johannsen. As brilliant and wide spreading as the rays of the sun, her knowledge has spread through colleges and universities. Now she is "Fraulein Johannsen" at Bryn Mawr, where she teaches the leading daughters of the nation.

As "Fraulein" disappeared from the star, Blanche Stebbins took her place. Her face was shining with culture and refinement. She teaches language at Vassar.

The light faded, and went out. As if by magic, grass and flowers peeped out. In the center of a beautiful garden stood a maiden. She was whispering softly to the flowers and they bowed and nodded to their Queen. The Queen of

"June" was Mildred Ritchie.

But the flowers withered, leaving the ground brown and barren. A king had usurped the queen's throne. He was not a king of nations, but was king of the foot-ball field. Just before the game started, a tall graceful girl, dressed in the college colors, crossed the field. I recognized the mascot as Verna Atkins, and then I knew that the foot-ball hero was "Kent" Merrill.

"Laugh and grow fat." What did this motto have to do with the senior class? Who was the man standing before me laughing and holding on to his sides? The laugh was familiar, but who—"Skinny Harlow," I fairly screamed. He turned his eyes in my direction, stared for a moment, and then another explosion of laugh followed and "Skinny" was no more. He is the fat woman in Ringling's circus.

The clang of a bell sounded off in the distance. It surely was a school bell and—why it was Ada Walker who was ringing it. She has decided to teach the children that "Columbus crossed the Delaware in 1492."

Dell Mac McLain tried teaching for a while, but she could not resist the call of the soil, and she is now the wife of a very prosperous farmer.

Esther Streeter is practicing what she preached. She is the Socialist president of the Cannibal Islands, and was appointed by Debs, the president of the U. S. A.

But it is Neva Piel, who has made the history of that class famous. She joined Grand Opera, and the last time I heard of her, she was singing "All That I Ask Is Love," at a moving-picture show.

Hannah Thomas has become a match-maker. If anyone desires an escort tell "Hannsy" and she will "land" him. Poor girl, she is destined to be an old maid.

Hazel Ashton has written a book named, "Why Red-haired Farmers Are Most Prosperous."

Channing Biester has proved that they are, and with his help, Hazel has made a great success of her book.

Dorothy Baird and Edith Lamb have established a fancy work-shop. There, one will find the work begun in their childhood; each one marked "Diret from Brussels" and "Real Irish Lace."

Before me stood a man, handsome and saintly. He raised his hands as if to give a benediction, and a bright light flooded the earth, showing the peaceful face of this man. I bowed my head in reverence to "Purity" List.

Margaret Fry and Helen Rosecrans are in Africa, teaching music to the native. They say that Helen took an organ with her.

After years of study, Elizabeth Westphal has succeeded—She is now giving advice to the love-lorn, and is well known as "Lean Laura Libby."

Blanch Barr has become a great society entertainer. She is a mind and palm reader.

Ruth Gallagher is a physical culture teacher at Cherry Valley. The Girls Basket Ball team has made the little town famous.

Lois Pettet is the greatest reader of the ages. Fly with her through vales and Glens, and learn to love nature.

Janet Butterfield is the world's greatest question box. She also has great ability to answer questions. Ask her about a Marshall, court—martial or deputy marshall and she will answer you immediately.

Ruth Difford went to Iowa to teach school, but she found life unbearable without a partner, so she sent for Lilah Vincent. They are the most prosperous farmers in that state.

Florence Dempsey decided that Domestic Science should be her life's work. Baking Brown('s) bread has made her famous.

Gertrude Loop started out to do the light fantastic at the Majestic, but this was contrary to her bringing up, so she gave it up, and decided to be (W)right.

Irene Bogardus stood before me and she was digging potatoes. I asked her what she was doing, and she said she was proving up a claim in the west.

A beautiful castle stood before me, it was covered with moss and was called

Killarney. A fair haired maiden stood in the window of the tower, looking eagerly at the Blarney stone. It was Josephine Dwyer. She has gone back to Erin and is raising shamrocks.

Blanche Hammond attended the DeKalb Normal after being graduated. Her recitations showed such great intelligence that they offered her a position as an instructor.

John Boyd Meyers entered life's work as a messenger boy in a bank. He has advanced until he now holds the position as President. John Boyd always belonged to the Progressive party.

Florence Wheeler has erected a hospital for homeless cats. She is not the least superstitious and thinks black cats are good luck omens.

Daniel Sullivan is starring in "The Sleeping Beauty." He ought to be good for he has practiced all his life.

Lucile Wheeler has been studying art. Her greatest work is "Basket-Ball Hero," and "A King."

Wm. Peart has traveled extensively, through the United States, Canada and then abroad. When he reached India he was "broke," and it was necessary to become a Stow(e) away to get back to America.

Dessie Phelps has gone into training, not because she loves athletics, but because she desire to be like a tall, slender sea-nymph.

The globe of mist shook and trembled. A sound like that of a stampede of cattle came to me. A crowd of cow-boys and western girls filled the globe. A tall, good-looking westerner seemed to be the center of attraction. It was Burton Wright. He had been caught by a Loop of a shy little girl's lasso, and she led him triumphantly on through life.

Claude Tripp is proprietor of the Nelson House and claims that life is one glad, sweet song from mourn till night.

Fern Wixon stood near me. She seemed to be expecting some one. But where was she? Oh! it was the old campus grounds. When the car passed without stopping. Fern muttered to herself.

"I shall be an old maid unless"—but the rest was lost, for Fern had disappeared and Margaret Wyman stood in her place. She has become the Junior member of Wyman and Co., Wholesale Druggists.

Lucile Dawson took the civil service examination and was appointed a substitute for mail carriers. She likes the route that leads past the Old High, and is able to help the regular carriers.

Florence Lyons was seated at a table manicuring the nails of a rose-cheeked man. She is proprietor of a famous beauty parlor and her most regular patron is Ned Loop. His life has been a gay one. He doesn't believe in working if "the governor" will support him; so he simply superintends the job.

Millicent Brooks is becoming famous as a riding teacher. She has never been thrown but once; that was when she was not strapped on.

Mary Bartlett tried poetry for a while, but her talent was not appreciated, so she started a chicken farm. She has eight chickens and once they took third prize at the poultry show.

Mayme O'Brien heard and answered her calling. She is a primary teacher, and helps build the foundation of hundreds of children's future.

I saw in the globe, a narrow, dirty street swarming with pale, sickly children. It was the tenement district of New York. Two women were putting flowers into the tiny hands that stretched forth, eager to grasp a gift of nature. It was Mildred Davis and Ruth Huber who were carrying joy and sunshine into the lives of the little street urchins.

After attending an agricultural school, Glen Lucas returned to Belvidere to show the farmers how to be successful.

The ball of mist grew dim and it was with difficulty that I recognized Hazel Derthick. She had been traveling and was just returning from Garden Prairie. Next summer, she expects to visit Ruth Gallagher at Cherry Valley.

The mist faded and was gone. I looked about to find my way out, and I saw my guide ready to take me back. I reached out to touch the stars and stripes, but they too were changed. I looked in amazement at the Spirit—but it was not

The Goddess of Liberty,—it was Mr. Bradley, and he was holding the Purple and Gold.

" 'Tis a symbol," I cried, "Honor, Loyalty and Fidelity." I pressed that banner to my lips, and ever as I did so, a gentle hand passed over my forehead. Opening my eyes I looked into the face of the little sister of Mercy.

"Nell, is it you?" It was not necessary for her to answer me. Laughing and crying at the same time, our little Helen O'Connor told me that she too had answered the call of war; and it had been the search for a lost book that led her to me.

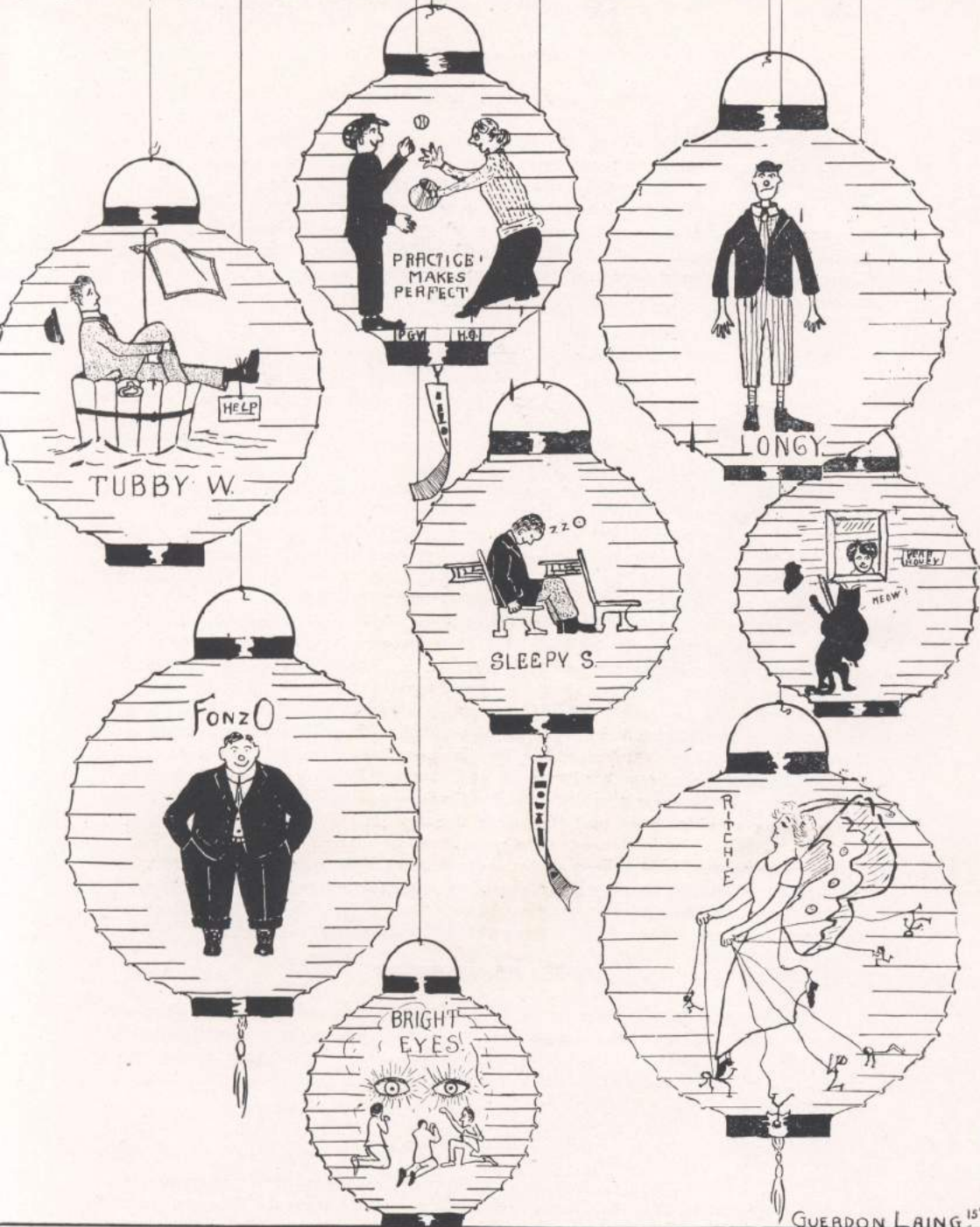
Reverently we raised that little book of poems to our lips, and opening it to the last page, we wrote our blessing for the Old High School of Belvidere.

Father, bless our Alma Mater
Bless the teachers and the pupils;
Guide them, teach them of Thy wisdom,
Show them how to live, and prosper,
How to grow to useful manhood.
Teach them of Thy will our Father,
Guide and guard our Alma Mater.

CHARLOTTE M. LAING—'13.



MAKING LIGHT O' THINGS



ANNUAL HASH-UP OF BELVIDERE SCHOOL FOR THE DEMENTED

GROUNDS.

The high school Campus (?) is arrayed with a view rather to the utilitarian than the artistic Covering. The broad, sweeping terrace and grounds is an infinite supply of sand, probably dumped by students with over-supplies in their gear-boxes; this same sand, however, makes the place of constant benefit to Miss Lindquist's Physical Georgraphy classes. At the right of the marble walls leading to the building is the pride and joy of our school—our cactus plant. Besides this are several plants, vases, flowers, funeral urns, sewer-tiles and other debris. Aside from this the view is unobstructed of Pearl Street and its sandstorms. On the southwest corner is our little green fountain where the city water wagon gets tanked each day. (For more information consult Miss Adams and her class in English II.)

BUILDING AND EQUIPMENT.

The building is a palatial stone structure of classic mould and contains the superintendent's den, (with its artistic pictures for animal lovers—the "Missing Link" for example), laboratories where animals are cut, and recitation rooms where classes are cut.

For the advancement of the musical education of all students we have the continual "tum, tum" of the grade school piano ("I want to be in Dixie" and "That old girl of mine" are favorite bores) and Gabel's garage on the other side, which together with our little green fountain (mentioned above), make a splendid trio.

On the second floor is the chamber of horrors where English IV. classes and semester exams are continually pulled off in direct defiance to the criminal status of the city. Here too, may be found the library, or perhaps better, pieces of it, where we hunt for books that are never found.

In the basement are four spacious rooms, carefully barred and caged so that there is positively no danger of the inmates escaping. The art room Miss Lewis has arranged carefully and the walls are decorated with artistic chromos of Susan Penning, Glenn Lucas, and others. Mr. Heitter keeps the imitation National Sewing Machine room continually warm and comfortable. A part of the heating plant is also on this floor presided over by Professor Mike, ably assisted by Josephine Hadigan, Lois Petty and Channing Beister.

On the first floor is the notorious room 8 where classes in Physics and other entertainments are held. The walls of room 7 have absorbed their color from its occupants and the Freshmen will be placed in room 5 next year. Room 9 is used by the Glee Club, the Chorus and Miss Adams' Public Speaking class. The floors and partitions are deadened by callousness.

PROGRAMS OF STUDY.

Much of the work announced is elective but certain courses are required of all candidates. and after the completion of the required work it is surprising to find what little time is left for electives. The school year is broken into two fragments, the first semester and the second ditto. Both are unrivaled as instruments of torture.

FIRE DEPARTMENT.

The Fire Department is composed of Faculty members. They respond with great promptness when a call comes to put out an unruly student. The equipment consists of hook and ladder, minus the latter.

GRADES OF SCHOLARSHIP.

As each semester expires, the standing of a student in each of his courses explodes with a deafening report. Work reported incomplete is a signal to the student that he has missed something during his course. Too much work on the incomplete order will necessitate the student's graceful withdrawal. Grades range from Helen Gabel to Channing Beister.

SOCIAL ENTERTAINMENTS.

If a class wishes to give a banquet, picnic, party or dance, it must consult each individual member of the faculty and Board of Education, it must interview the chief of police, chief of the fire department, Professor William Watts, the post master, and at least four other prominent citizens.

Juniors must not fail to have their faculty advisor and each of the other class advisors tell them exactly how much money will be allowed them for their banquet.

Parties of all kinds must break up at a reasonable hour (say one or two o'clock) and everybody must immediately disperse to their various homes. (By order of the Board of Education.)

Simple dresses for all social occasions are an absolute necessity—Russian or Middy blouses of cheese cloth are recommended. Black ribbons for the hair are required, as bright colors are undignified for Juniors and Seniors, and patent-leather shoes are absolutely tabooed.

THE COURSES OF STUDY

Brainstorm—

Students victimized by English IV.. Text used: "Shark's Impractical Rhetoric."

Latin—

Course where students learn to say "amo, amas, amat."

German—

Much the same as the course in Latin, except that they learn, "ich liebe, du liebst, er liebt."

Mathematics—

Algebra, Geometry, and other pests. Imposed upon all victims regardless of size or stature; leads to all paths of glory, including the grave. Must be repeated each semester until passed. (See Ned Loop). And should be taken concurrently with nerve tonic and anaesthetics.

Zoology—

Study of Invertebrates. Text used: "Who Zoo in America."

Physiology—

Fortunes read by the bumps on the head delivered by the faculty. Sermons on intemperance and cigarettes delivered without extra charge. Freshmen learn to gain avoirdupois or lose weight.

Domestic Science alias Household Chemistry—

Man handling; given only in leap year.—Consult Miss Ridgway.

FLORENCE DEMPSEY.

When the Seniors' last tests have been written,
And the teachers look troubled and sad,
And every last pupil is saying,
"I just know that my marks will be bad."
Let us rest, for we all know we need it,
And worry a day or two,
Till we hear from our worthy professors,
We have passed, and our school days are through.

KENNETH MERRILL.

SENIOR ROLL CALL

TO THE SENIORS:—

We admire them for their beauty, respect them for their intelligence,
adore them for their virtue, and love them because we can't help it.

- 1 HAZEL ASHTON: "I know you have a gentle, noble temper,
A soul, as even as a calm."
- 2 VERNA ATKINS: "Her voice was ever soft and low,
An excellent thing in woman."
- 3 VIVIAN ATWOOD: "All graceful head, so richly curled."
- 4 DOROTHY BAIRD: "High erected thoughts seated in the heart of
courtesy."
- 5 MARY BARTLETT: "The gravity and stillness of your youth
The world hath noted."
- 6 BLANCHE BARR: "You have a nimble wit;
I think it was made of Atlanta's heels."
- 7 CHANNING BEISTER: "The uncrowned glories of his beaming hair."
- 8 MILLICENT BROOKS: "Be checked for silence,
But never taxed for speech."
- 9 JANET BUTTERFIELD : "Talk to her of Jacob's ladder
And she would ask the number of steps."
- 10 PEARL BURNS: "As merry as the day is long."
- 11 PAUL BURNS: "Tall oaks from little acorns grow."
- 12 IRENE BOGARDUS: "A mild, little blue-eyed morsel of a child."
- 13 FLORENCE DEMPSEY: "Her face, O! call it fair, not pale."
- 14 MILDRED DAVIS: "A sweet attractive kind of grace,
A full assurance given by looks."
- 15 LUCILE DAWSON: "To hear her sing, to hear her sing,
It is to hear the birds of Spring."
- 16 HAZEL DERTHICK: "For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever."
- 17 JOSEPHINE DWYER: "There's no room for sadness
When we see a cheery smile."
- 18 RUTH DIFFORD: "Rich in saving common sense."
- 19 BEULAH DIFFORD: "There's many a black, black eye they say,
But none as bright as thine."
- 20 FRANCES FERGUSON: "To know her is to love her."
- 21 MARGARET FRY: "Silence is deep as eternity;
Speech is shallow as time."
- 22 RUBY GARRETT: "On her cheek
Blushes the riches of an autumn sky."
- 23 RUTH GALLAGHER: "Irish heart, quick and strong, in its generous
impulses, sound to the core."
- 24 HELEN GABEL: "Thou art worthy; full of power;
Wearing all that weight of learning
Lightly like a flower."
- 25 BLANCHE HAMMOND: "She is of so free, so kind, so blessed a
disposition."
- 26 ALBERT HARLOW: "When you see fair hair, be pitiful."
- 27 JOHN HALLOTT: "Let her be clumsy, or let her be slim,
Young or ancient, I care not a feather."
- 28 RUTH HUBER: "The mildest manners and the gentlest heart."
- 29 VERA HOVEY: "May she give us a few brilliant flashes of silence."
- 30 FOSTER JOHNSON: "That same face of yours, looks like a title-page to
a volume of roguery."
- 31 HELEN JOHANNSEN: "Never idle a moment, but thrifty and thought-
ful of others.

- 32 CHARLOTTE LAING: "It is better to wear out than to rust out."
- 33 EDWIN LOOP: "It's the songs ye sing, and the smiles ye wear
That's making the sun shine everywhere."
- 34 GERTRUDE LOOP: "A nobler yearning never broke her rest,
Than to dance and sing, be gayly dressed."
- 35 EDITH LAMB: "It is a tranquil people who accomplish much."
- 36 GLEN LUCAS: "Exceeding manfulness and pure nobility of tempera-
ment."
- 37 RAYMOND LIST: "His mouth is a grin with the corners tucked in."
- 38 THOMAS MARSHALL: "Flashes of merriment that were wont to set
the table on a roar."
- 39 KENNETH MERRILL: "Like to jes' git out and rest
And not work at nothin' else."
- 40 JOHN BOYD MEYERS: "It's guid to be merry and wise,
It's guid to be honest and true."
- 41 DELLA MAE McLEAN: "She scatters the sunshine wher'er she goes."
- 42 MAMIE O'BRIEN: "Pluck wins! It always wins!"
- 43 HELEN O'CONNOR: "I am not lean enough to be thought a good
student."
- 44 DESSIE PHELPS: "Here's to our Fat Friend;
May her shadow never grow less."
- 45 WILLIAM PEART: "O! this boy lends mettle to us all."
- 46 NEVA PIEL: "Laugh and the world laughs with you."
- 47 CLARENCE PORTER: "His laugh is so breezy and bright
That it ripples his features and dimples his chin."
- 48 SUSAN PENNING: "Surely I shall be wiser in a year."
- 49 LOIS PETTY: "Here's to the girl with the auburn tresses."
- 50 MILDRED RITCHIE: "Active natures are rarely melancholy."
- 51 HELEN ROSENCRANS: "She is exceedingly attentive and useful,
And not at all presumptuous."
- 52 DANIEL SULLIVAN: "What a pretty fellow he is when he's asleep.
He is not ugly when he is awake."
- 53 ESTHER STREETER: "You are an elegant scholar,
Having the graces of speecs, and skill in the turning of phrases."
- 54 BLANCHE STEBBINS: "You have deserved high commendation, true
applause and love."
- 55 CLAUDE TRIPP: "The great conundrum of the century."
- 56 HANNAH THOMAS: "Who talks much, must talk in vain."
- 57 LILA VINCENT: "A shy face is better than a foreward heart."
- 58 ADA WALKER: "Silent when glad, affectionat, though shy."
- 59 ELIZABETH WESTPHAL: "Study to be quiet."
- 60 LUCILE WHEELER: "There is a pleasure in poetic pains, which only
poets know."
- 61 FLORENCE WHEELER: "A violet by a mossy stone,
Half hidden from the eye."
- 62 MARIE LOUISE WITBECK: "Even children followed with endearing
wile, and plucked her gown to share her kindly smile."
- 63 FERN WIXON: "Of a cheerful look and pleasant eye."
- 64 BURTON WRIGHT: "There he stood before us as it were,
In a majesty of insignificance."
- 65 MARGARET WYMAN: "May old Dame Fortune never need a pair of
glasses to discover you."

*Happy have we met,
Happy have we been,
Happy let us part
And Happy meet again.*

NOTICE!

The people, whose names are enumerated below will be liberated from the Belvidere High School, June eighteenth, nineteen hundred and thirteen, after having served more or less time, according to the gravity of their crimes. It would be well for all persons to scrutinize carefully the faces of the convicts and be on their guard. A brief description of a few prisoners their characters and crimes follow:

HELEN GABEL: Very tall and slender. Head is just small enough to sit comfortably on her shoulders. Face is small, with the eyes and mouth prominent. The eyes are bluish gray, her hair, or that which is not false, is brown. To judge from her appearance, you would consider her intellectual. It is her special delight to sit quietly in a room and unnoticed absorb wisdom, which later she passes on as her own. Her crime is stealing gold medals, that belong to other people. This is a crime that runs in the family, as her brother is imprisoned for the same offense, as well as for kidnapping all the flesh in the family.

FOSTER JOHNSON: Also very tall and slender. His head is quite large, and his brown hair overhangs his eyes. His head is crammed with pictures of numerous girls and actresses, and hence his crime is bothering people with marriage proposals, who have no time to listen to them. Not dangerous.

EDWIN LOOP: A happy, go lucky sort of a character. Note well the jolly grin on his features and the laughter expressed in his blue eyes. In order to avoid being bald headed, he wears a light brown carpet. His crime is disturbing the peace.

MILDRED RITCHIE: Words cannot describe this creature. Just gaze upon her portrait. Imprisoned for running a matrimonial bureau. Her correspondence with a Sophomore is very interesting.

VERNA ATKINS: A pardner of Mildred Ritchie's.

MILDRED DAVIS: Gazing into her gray eyes, and at her light hair, her cherubin-like countenance, one would think her of an unusually bright and cheerful disposition. Not so. She will be let out on June the eighteenth only on the condition that she will cease laughing.

JOHN BOYD MEYERS: Here is a good example of a boy who had a good home, kind parents, and yet because of evil companions was formed into a hardened criminal. Mr. Meyers smiles at you on another page in this issue, as sweetly as if he had never done anything to be ashamed of, and yet here he is spending four years in High School, for writing poetry.

CHARLOTTE LAING: A feminine member of this class of freed convicts, condemned for the same crime as mentioned above. You will notice on examination that she has a very fiery temper, and we would respectfully call the attention of British authorities to her, as she may take it into her head to rid the English possessions of all male inhabitants if woman suffrage is not granted.

THOMAS MARSHALL: Not a criminal, but has been undergoing treatment for his mind. He seldom gets violent and the authorities have seen fit to pronounce him cured.

JOHN HALLOT: A desperate lover, inclined to be jealous. Came near murdering a man for making love to Susan Penning. Not a criminal, but dangerous if any signs of love are shown to Susan.

SUSAN PENNING: The motive for John Hallot's wrong doing and the cause of many broken hearts.

GLENN LUCAS: Charged with embezzling funds, but supposed to have reformed.

RAYMOND LIST: Slightly feeble minded. Imagines himself an athlete. Since he broke his leg trying to kick a cat, he has somewhat recovered.

DEULAH DIFFORD: Retained for four years for breaking hearts. Will leave her own behind for two years repairs.

HAZEL ASHTON: Her superior knowledge has caused a great deal of trouble in this institution, and may in other places. Four years have not sufficed to cure her of this habit, in fact certain teachers with weak hearts have threatened to resign. We would not make a definite statement as to her condition as yet.

This is but a partial list of those, we are unable to retain longer than June eighteenth. There are some we must necessarily feel worried about, but we can only hope for the best. Later they may be transferred to some larger institution such as Illinois, Madison or North Western Universities, where they may be more easily handled. Till then, the public is at their mercy. We can but ask you to beware.

Yours respectfully,

FATHER TIME, WARDEN.

SENIOR ALPHABET

- A stands for Atkins, whom we all know well,
She says she loves poets, is all I dare tell.
- B stands for Burns, either one of two,
They both look alike, I'll leave it to you.
- C stands for courage, which runs through the class,
And stands out boldly, from first until last.
- D stands for Difford, a brunette of fame;
She's fond of those kind who win many a game.
- E I, K, N, and I, C, X, U, and Z,
Will not find a name out of sixty-three.
- F is the next, which we give to Fry,
A girl of good standing, but very shy.
- G stands for Gabel, who thinks a great deal
Of a boy with a name, no other than Veale.
- H stands for Huber, a quiet little lass;
In tests and oral quizzes, she will always pass.
- J stands for Johnson, with the hurry-up walk.
He fills the chair of speaker; we like to hear him talk.
- L stands for Loop, who carries a brick,
To throw at bad boys, when calling him "Chick."
- M stands for Marshall, the villain of the place,
Whose antics are quite humorous and seldom out of place.
- O takes its place with Helen O'Connor,
Who leaves B. H. S. with the roll of honor.
- P stands for Porter, who is not very tall
But if he should slip, it would be a great fall.
- R stands for Ritchie, who is becoming immune
From losing her temper, when reminded of June.
- S stands for Sullivan, the boy pugilist.
For contracts and dates, see Manager List.
- T stands for Tripp, a stalwart youth,
Who is learning a trade in a theatre booth.
- V stands for Vincent, the girl with the smile,
Who thinks teaching school is the thing worth while.
- W is the last, and I bid you good night.
May it wander through ages until it is Wright.

JOHN HALLOTT



EXCERPT FROM THE DIARY OF SENIOR GIRL

FRIDAY:—

Up at six working on class-day gowns and caps—class breakfast at 8:30—grand time; best coffee I ever drank.—Had to leave early to keep appointment at dress-makers—stayed at Ethel's to dinner; didn't have time to go home.—Tried on gown, it looked like a flour sack, and the hat looked like a teeter totter—how I felt! Gertrude read the class will—broke down in the middle of it—made her weep. The class prophecy was rotten, and half of the gifts were forgotten. Everybody started in different, singing the songs.—I reached my fatigue limit an hour before it was over and tore home, gown and all. Wouldn't speak to a soul.—Rehearsal at opera house at seven o'clock—Home at 11:30.—All in.

SATURDAY:—

Up at seven o'clock—Went picking flowers for Baccalaureate—Didn't have time to eat breakfast—Made sandwiches at Jane's all morning, for class picnic—Rehearsal at two o'clock—leading man never showed up—Rest of bunch left for picnic on three o'clock car—but we couldn't go till five—just tore over and almost missed it—Had grand time—tore three corner piece in my new pink dress and pinned it together with safety pins—Struck town at nine o'clock and all went to show—Home at 11:30—All in.

SUNDAY:—

Up at eight o'clock—Had appointment at dress-makers that I didn't have time to keep yesterday—Scared stiff; my dress won't be done—going to look swell though—Didn't have time to go to church; looking at presents that came yesterday: three spoons, hat pin, lovely fan, hand-painted plate, pair of silk stockings and I don't know what all—Rehearsal at opera house all afternoon—jawed by coach—Leading lady went home mad—don't know what we're going to do—Decorated church all afternoon—all in—baccalaureate in evening—haven't an idea what he said; something about life's journey, I think—Strolling afterwards—home at 12 o'clock—all in—family in bed.

MONDAY:—

Up at 9 o'clock—collected costumes for play—hunted everywhere for carpet-bag—Appointment with dress-maker—stood up for two hours—fainted dead away—had to come to, to go to dress rehearsal at 11 o'clock—went rotten—Cast went to restaurant for lunch—Went to see other girl's presents—Home in time to dress—didn't have time to eat supper—Arrived at opera house just in time to get made-up—Tore on the stage when I heard my cue—had to be prompted from behind the scenes the first thing—First act went rotten—second was better—last was great—Cast went to hotel for dinner after show—grand time—best eats—Home at two bells—decidedly all in—family dead to the world—good thing.

TUESDAY:—

Up at 10 o'clock—Breakfast given by Freshmen at 9:30—I was an hour late—lost out on some of the eats—But had plenty—Went to dress-makers—she said my dress wouldn't be read till 7 o'clock—Had no lunch, didn't have time—Went to help Juniors decorate for banquet—they didn't know enough to do it alone—never did know anything—Met mother as I was starting home—she did recognize me—On my way home I slipped over to Nell's to see the swell parosal Pete sent her—it was a peach—Went to dress-maker's after my dress and had to wait one-half hour—Tore home, had to be dressed ready to go to banquet at 7:45—didn't have time to do my hair decent—At banquet had next to nothing to eat—and had mouth-organ to dance by—but grand time—Home at 10:30, by request—family in bed—accidentally on purpose went joy riding at 11 o'clock—a bunch—Had great feed at Beloit at 1 o'clock—Home at last at 3:45—ALL IN—family search the burg.

WEDNESDAY:—

Up at 11 o'clock—Packages galore to open; found: hat pin, six pair silk stockings, beauty pins, belt pin, gold inlaid hair pins, hand-painted plate, spoons, two more lovely fans (warm weather welcome) opal ring, and stacks more—Had my hair shampooed—laid some of my clothes out on the bed—Mother entertained a bunch of girls by inviting them to dine—We all got in a fight about whether or not we should all wear tan shoes at night—but we finally decided to wear **black** English walking shoes—Louise went home mad; said she would never speak to me again—I should Worry—Grace went home mad, and said she had a notion not to even graduate, thinking how she had to go to banquet all alone—I fell asleep—Phone rang—Mr. Bradley announced I had two back theme's due and I couldn't graduate until they were in—I sent all the girls home—I worked on themes and sister copied—sent them in—Tore to dress-makers—as luck would have it, my dress wouldn't fit—Had fight with dress-maker about it—She cried because she had to rip the seams out in the skirt and make it larger around the waist—couldn't get it till 6:30—Home and dressed—flowers didn't come—but I received another lovely present, a beautiful gold watch in a chamois case—storm came up—just as hack pulled up to the door it started to pour—my hair came out of curl and I had to carry the little lamp and curling iron to the opera house—Everyone sat on stage scared stiff of the storm—Thundered so the speaker couldn't be heard—roof leaked in one place on the stage—all got spattered but couldn't say a word—Ceremonies over at 10:30—Everyone shook hands—parting students wept on each others shoulders—Still raining—Home at 11:15—
ALL IN.

VIVIAN M. ATWOOD—'13.

Half a year, half a year,
Half a year onward,
Straight through their classes,
Struggled and labored
Into the halls of learning,
Went the noble Seniors.

Teachers to right of them,
Teachers to left of them,
Teachers in front of them,
Scolded and threatened.
Oh! those teachers' looks
When the Seniors took
Their own time and books
Against their teachers' wishes.

Teachers to right of them,
Teachers to left of them,
Teachers behind them
Smiled and praised.
Oh! the sweet smiles they gave;
Anything they'd do to save;
Just listen to them rave,
Those same dear teachers.

MILLICENT BROOKS.



TIME

Revealer of mysteries without end
To all parts of earth, do his powers extend,
Invisible, and unseen by mortal eye,
But still, with his endless train he is nigh.
Things, though made of material hard and strong
Cannot endure him and his followers long.
Though much is the trouble and worry he sees
It all comes to naught during his days.
A new army is created each short day
He strengthens it, uses it, and casts it away.
Kings on the throne, and their subjects with unrest,
Rule and labor, but still are by time behest.
No matter what thy power and strength may be,
Time, there is yet a King's control over thee.

JOHN BOYD MEYERS.



THE MOUNT OF THE HOLY CROSS

I wandered one day in my travels
By a rugged mountain stream;
Its course was so wild and uncertain
That 'twas marked by no hand, 'twould seem.

I gazed on the mountain majestic,
Its sides draped with lichen and moss,
And I felt a strong sense of protection;
'Twas the mount of the Holy Cross.

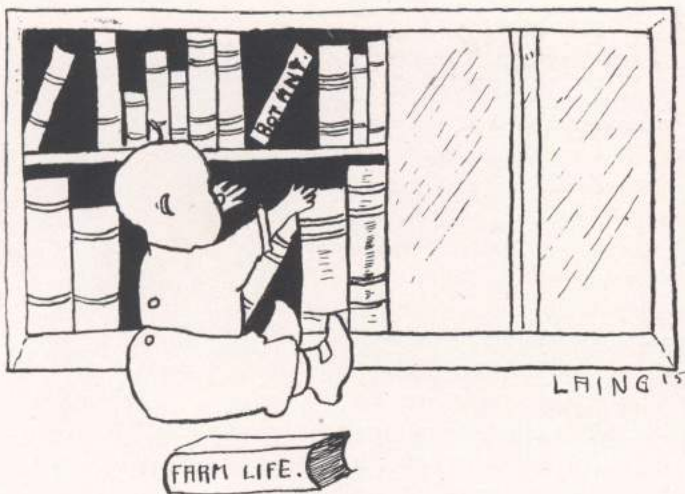
FLORENCE WHEELER.



POEM

O land of dreams and vision, far beyond the western skies;
Far beyond the distant hilltops, where the shades of evening rise;
Land where lovers wander in the tranquil evening shade;
Land where summer always lingers, and flowers never fade;
Where each breeze whispers sweet music, chasing every care away
Take me to the shores of Dreamland; I'm weary of the day.

FERN WIXON.



EVEN AT THE AGE
OF THREE, MR. COLE
SHOWED A MARKED
INTEREST IN FARM
LIFE.



They stood by the gate at midnight,
As the clock was striking the hour,
And the moon shown through the treetops
With all its glorious power.
Like the roar of the furious water
At the edge of a rugged shore,
Came a voice from an upper window,
Which moved her near the door.
How often, Oh! how often,
In those days that have gone by,
They have stood at that gate in the evening
And gazed at the deep blue sky.

LOIS PETTY.

THIS IS WHAT
HAPPENED TO
"BULGY" PORTER
WHEN HE WAS SUS-
PENDED FROM
SCHOOL.



AND IT MAY BE THUS

In a school house near the river,
Close beside the Kishwaukee river,
Sat the Seniors, sadly weeping,
Youths and maidens sadly weeping.
Weeping for they soon were leaving,
Leaving soon their Alma Mater.

Folded in the high school colors,
Quietly they sobbed and murmured,
Heeding not the farewell greetings,
Hearing nothing but the sighing—
Sighing of the mournful Seniors
As it passed from lips of Seniors.

As the sun was slowly sinking,
Setting in the golden west,
Passed the Seniors from the high school,
From the place they loved the best.
And the door of Life was opened—
Opened to the Senior class.

CHARLOTTE LAING.



WELCOME SPRING

Farewell to thee, Oh winter,
Lay back thy robes of silver.
Spring is dawning,
As Mother Nature's morning.
Welcome Spring.

Spring, in robes of amber light,
Hath begun her earthly flight.
From the southland, messengers do come,
Telling that Spring hath come.
Welcome Spring.

Flowers peeping here and there;
Fragrant perfume floating on the air.
She is dawning in her vortuous state,
Just as the sun leaves the eastern gate.
Welcome Spring.

IRENE BOGARDUS.



IT'S SPRING

The sparkling sea,
The fields, the sky,
All call to me.
I don't know why;
Except—it's spring.
I long to be

A way up high
In a blossoming tree.
I don't know why;
Except—it's spring.

My love, for thee
I pine and sigh
That this should be
I don't know why;
Except—it's spring.

LUCILE WHEELER.





House on
S. State St
past Logan
+ 2nd St
East side



PROPHETIC WORDS

"For by thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned."

I had swooned; but still I seemed to feel conscious. All was silent, and all was dark as the blackest night. Again I felt my senses leaving me. Presently I felt a calm come over me as the sweet rest of a profound sleep. I was physically too weak to raise my eye lids. Again, I tried in vain to open my eyes and look about, when indistinctly I heard the hoots of a great mob, which rang gratingly upon my ear. I listened and I heard a voice crying out, "Ah! we have you now. If your life is what you profess it is, save yourself from the hands of us,—your enemies.

Immediately I tried to collect my thoughts, but I shuddered with terror and earnestly endeavored to comprehend my true state. But all to be heard was the unceasing call of these, my enemies, "Save your self if you are what you profess to be. Your words and deeds contradict your profession."

I had not as yet opened my eyes. I felt that I was being raised bodily by two members of the mob. I dared not employ my vision. I finally opened my eyes and looked about me. But alas! all was darkness. Finally, I saw indistinctly through the darkness, that I was being thrust through a narrow aperture which appeared to be a door opening into a dark room which reminded me of a dungeon. A fearful thought now made me feel faint, and indeed, sick. I must be the prisoner of my enemies! I was laid upon the floor of this dark room. A loaf and a pitcher of water were placed before me. I was now left to darkness, and indeed, to solitude. But the consciousness of innocence helped me to obtain strength. What could this mob mean by saying that I lived not what I professed. None of my dear friends were here to soothe or to sustain me. I groaned aloud—and ever and anon a sharp fear shot across my brain. In that fell and fierce delirium which had so unaccountably seized my soul, which had so ravaged my brain, might I not, indeed, unknowing to myself, have committed the crime of which I was accused? Yet this thought was checked as suddenly as it flashed upon me, for these words were my only hope:

"God alone reads the heart!"

Had I truly professed what I had not lived? That thought cut me more deeply than all; and my heart was more stung than appalled by fear. Again I groaned aloud. I grasped the pitcher of water and brought it to my lips, for I felt faint and almost longed to die.

At last all was quiet outside, and I no longer heard the hoots and jeers of the mob. I raised myself up and determined to look about and see what the surroundings were. I succeeded at last to get upon my feet. I felt of the walls and they were cold and damp. I observed a roughness upon one of the walls which was due to characters carved upon it. I resolved to find out what these letters were.

I was compelled to proceed with extreme caution for the floor was slippery like ice. After long and tiresome labor, I finally discovered what a few of the characters were, but was as yet unable to identify enough of them to understand what they spelled. My nerves seemed to be extremely unstrung for I trembled in every muscle. At length, I was enabled to identify the letters. Upon putting them together I determined that they spelled the word, "Reputation."

By this time I was exhausted and fell into a profound sleep. How long I slept I could not say, but it must have been several hours. I was awakened by a gentle whisper of someone outside of my prison. At first I trembled with fear.

"My suspicion rested not upon thee," said the voice. "I am your friend, and I cannot bear to see your enemies accuse you. Live what you profess in actions as well as words. I will free you if you can tell me truthfully that you are innocent."

"God alone reads the heart!" I answered. "I am innocent."

Immediately, as these words left my lips, I beheld a ray of light coming from

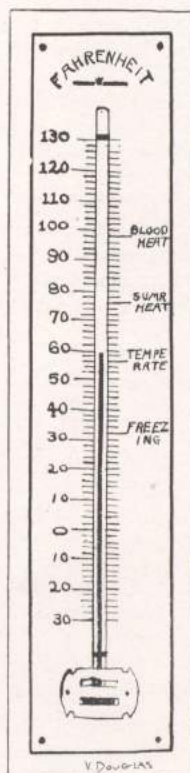
the door which I had entered. It cast a radiant light upon the characters on the wall. I observed that the letters were being changed. I gazed at them until I saw the word "Character."

Just at that moment the voice told me to flee from my prison. I obeyed and found myself free. The feeling which came to me cannot be described. I almost wet for joy as I thought of what my fate might have been.

I stood still for a moment thinking of what the meaning of those two words "Reputation" and "Character" might be. At last, I saw a new light which appeared like daylight, and I looked and beheld many people standing over me, for I lay upon my bed where I had swooned. I immediately wondered what the meaning of my vision might be. I interpreted it in this manner:

Our words and actions are the indication of true principles of the heart; by words the heart shall be known, as the tree by its fruit. If they are true, proper, chaste, and instructive, they will prove that the heart is right. If false, envious, and malignant, they will prove that the heart is wrong, and will, therefore, be among the causes of condemnation. But it is true, however, that often we are misunderstood by our words and actions. Therefore, there are many who are accused falsely. But let us remember that "People may harm our 'Reputation' but they cannot harm our 'Character.'" On the other hand, however, we should endeavor so to live, and so to speak that no one will have cause to harm our "Reputation." Be warned: "By thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned."

VERA C. HOVEY—'13.



BLOOD HEAT—

Always boosting, never too tired to yell for the "Old High" (very few of the specie found in the immediate vicinity.)

SUMMER HEAT—

Never a knocker, one whose only fault is theoretical, not practical, enthusiasm.

TEMPERATE—

Not a knocker, but simply indifferent. Sings the "Loyalty" once a year.

FREEZING—

Usually knocking. No interest in anything but himself.

ZERO—

Always knocking. Never goes to the games. Never sings the "Loyalty." Won't yell.

Take Your Own Temperature!

THE DIARY OF A SERVANT GIRL

Sep. 10, Saturday. This is me first attempt at ever keeping a dairy. I ain't got no use for folks sittin' down to sich foolery, cause it's just an excuse to be lazy. It seems mighty stuck-up to write down what you does and feels so as you can read it over when your old. It's like folks dressing up so they kin look in the looking glass. But I feels it's me duty to mankind to write up my exspearmint in learning to run a vacuum cleaner so whosoever hereafter attempts the same, will be after having no sich troubles.

I am still trembling and wringing wet from me gymnastics and when I complains to the missus and asks to sweep with broom she rejourn that vacuum is very satisfactory and handy. "Handy to who?" sez I, but no answer. The way it eats dust I think it is pretty mouthy but not handy, be jabbers.

That you, my dear discendanes and generations, may not have the difficulties I have had, I will tell you the rules.

1. Screw tail of Mr. Vacuum to sprocket in the wall.
2. Button electricity and then do not faint for the noise you hear is not wind blowing thru spooks or moan of puppy cats which always reminds me of lonesome poetry. It is just Mr. Vacuum groweling for something to eat which is not an uncommon trate of man, bein' as how it's the nature of the baste.
3. This are sign he wants to eat.
4. Lead him to dust, but first button electricity. You can lead a horse to water but you can't make him drunk.

The other day I rsked my mistress about the Mexican war. She sez, "I feel very dusty on that subject, I must brush up."

"Oh!" I sez, sez I, "Don't use brush, use vacuum," and I runs to get it.

If you want to know what Mr. Vacuum is, just see what Dictionary Books says—"Vacuum are nothing." It's a lie and Mr. Dan'l Webster is a—mis-taken.

Sept. 13, Tuesday. The thirteenth was always my unlucky day and I've quit me job. Folks say man can't live in a vacuum but I can't even live near one. Yesterday most respectable Mrs. Bills come to me and sez with curled puffs and powdered nose, that she would be out that afternoon and would I plase run vacuum diligently. I tho't I'd better get vacuum after her nose. She had powdered her face until it no longer looked like a flower but flour.

Sure and I run that hungry monster around all afternoon. It's go a digestion like a boa constrictor and looks like one. I believe there's some relation lows hair pins, tacks, safety pins and other hardware. Pretty soon I found Mrs. Bills new hat which was looking extremely dusty so sez I. Bridget O'Slattery 'll give it a dust. Well I was doing very nicely, thank you, and had that \$120 hat hopping around the floor like a chicken with its head off when OH HORRORS! off came all those feathers, roses and other germs in one rip and was gone, before I could do a thing, out flew two \$20 hat pins and now the hat looked like a picked chicken. The next thing, be jabbers, is to cook it, says I, as I made a plunge to unbutton the electricity. I rushed for the nox vomica bottle to make that fool thing throw up. But was no use, even though I stuck my finger down his throat.

Then I tho't how bill'ous Brs. Bills would act when she got home and so I hastily writ a note giving her me best and then started away from that vacuum as fast as I could for fear it would get me next. They say nature abhors a vacuum and begorrah, so do I.

JANET BUTTERFIELD.



THE TEN DEMANDMENTS

Recently, I was reading a magazine and came across an article that appealed to me as a very good one, and if changed around a little, would be an excellent one to be hung over Mr. Hendriskson's desk. It was called "The Ten Demandments." Following is the copy:

(1) Don't lie. It wastes my time and yours. I am sure to catch you in the end, and that is the wrong end.

(2) Watch your work, not the clock. A long day's work makes a long day short, and a short day's work makes my face long.

(3) Give more than I expect and I will give more than you expect. I can afford to raise your grades if you will increase your knowledge.

(4) You owe so much to yourself, you cannot afford to owe anybody else. Keep out of debt. (Return your borrowed books and papers.)

Dishonesty is never an accident. Good men and women never see temptation when they meet it.

(6) Mind your own business and in time you will have a business of your own to mind.

(7) Don't do anything here that will hurt your self respect. A student who is willing to cheat with me is willing to cheat me.

(8) It is none of my business what you do at night. But if dissipation affects your studying next day, and you only do half of what is expected of you, you get in return, half of what you hoped for.

(9) Don't tell me what I would like to hear, but what I ought to hear. We are here for knowledge, not vanity.

(10) Don't kick if I kick. If you're worth while correcting, you are worth keeping. I don't waste time picking specks out of rotten apples.

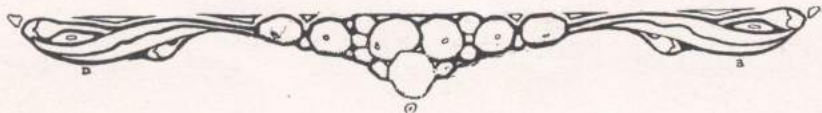
RUBY D. GARRETT.

CLASS DAY

The class of 1913 will bid farewell to the High School by giving class day exercises Friday afternoon, June 13th. The program will be given on the campus east of the school building.

Here, Miss Helen Gabel will present the class memorial to the school, and Miss Helen Johannsen will deliver the class address, thus dividing the highest honors of the class. Miss Esther Streeter will read the class poem, which is from her own pen, and the class song written by Lucile Wheeler will be sung by the class. Further in the program, Burton Wright, who now holds the Mantle will present it to Oliver Perry who will act as custodian of the mantle during his senior year.

Class presents will be given by Thomas Marshall and Mary Louise Witbeck. The program will be varied by a number of songs, the last one on the program being the "Loyalty Song," which is dear to every Belvidere pupil.



THE CLASS PLAY

"College Boys"—A Farcial Comedy Drama by W. C. Herman.
 Scene:—Elmwood College in a small western town.
 Time:—The Present.

ACT I.

Scene:—Near campus yard in front of Mrs. Pilson's boarding house.
 Time:—Morning.

ACT II.

Scene:—Living room of Mrs. Pilson's boarding house
 Time:—The same day.

ACT III.

Scene:—Interior of Gymnasium.
 Time:—Next day.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Edward Seymour—Captain of the College Ball Team	- - -	Raymond List
Archie Stanley—His Chum	- - -	Burton Wright
Walter Addison—An Adventurer	- - -	Thomas Marshall
Colonel Seymour—Edward's Father	- - -	William Peart
Robert Owens—Known to his Intimates as "Fat"	- - -	Clarence Porter
Max Schultz—Called "Porky" because he came from Cincinnati	- - -	
	- - -	Daniel Sullivan
Willis Hammond—"Shorty"—Little but oh my!	- - -	Edwin Loop
Henry Stanley—Archie's Father; Prof. at Elwood College	- - -	Kennet Merrill
Ike Donovan—"Idle Ike"—A Gentleman of leisure	- - -	John Hallot
Per-cy-val Albert Bulger—The New Pupil	- - -	Paul Burns

Sophomores.

Tubby Wilson	- - -	John Boyd Meyers
Haroto Herring	- - -	Channing Biester
Felix Thompson	- - -	Albert Harlow
George Harrison	- - -	Claude Tripp
Zelse Bowman—Amateur Actor and Chore-Boy at Mrs. Pilson's	- - -	Foster Johnson
Madeline Morris—Boston Heiress	- - -	Neva Piel
Grace Hanson—Her Chum	- - -	Janet Butterfield
Nellie Seymour—Edwin's Sister	- - -	Florence Dempsey
Nancy Havermyer—Madeline's Friend	- - -	Vivian Atwood
Mrs. Horatio Pilson—Landlady of the College Boarding House	- - -	
	- - -	Elizabeth Westfall
Mrs. Bulger—Percy's Mother	- - -	Beulah Difford
Susie Watson—Maid of all work at the boarding house. Not quite the	- - -	
"Sis Hopkins" she looks	- - -	Ruby Garret
Annette Randolph	- - -	Mamie O'Brien
Myrtle Parker	- - -	Josephine Dwyer
Lucile Standish	- - -	Lucile Dawson
Corine Trilbot	- - -	Helen Rosenkrans
Louise Ritter	- - -	Verna Atkins
Bernice La Grande	- - -	Mildred Ritchie
Lenore Clayton	- - -	Marie Louise Witbeck



GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

The B. H. S. Glee Club has closed a successful and pleasant year, due to the work of its members and the competent leadership and direction of Miss Hungerford. The Glee Club was privileged to sing before the Boone County Teacher's Institute and will also appear on the program of the North-Belvidere Alumni reception on June 14.

A song recital was given in the Y. M. C. A. auditorium on March 25, which was a credit to the Glee Club members as well as to the school. The following numbers were rendered in excellent taste and displayed the fine en semble work of the club:

PROGRAM

Voice of the Western Wind	J. Barnby
Swing Song	F. N. Lohr
Illinois	

GLEE CLUB

Bourree	Bach
To Spring	Grieg

MISS LUCILE DAWSON

Rockin' in de Win'	W. H. Neidlinger
The Rosary	E. Nevin

Quartette: MISSES

DAWSON,	ADAMS,	HUBER,	HULETT.
My Heart's in the Highland		M. Peuschel	
Springtime		A. Mildenberg	
A Mother Goose Medley		Josephine Sherwood	

GLEE CLUB

A Grown-up Party	Roy Rolse Gilson
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MISS ADAMS

An Irish Folk Song	Arthur Foote
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QUARTETTE

Etude	List
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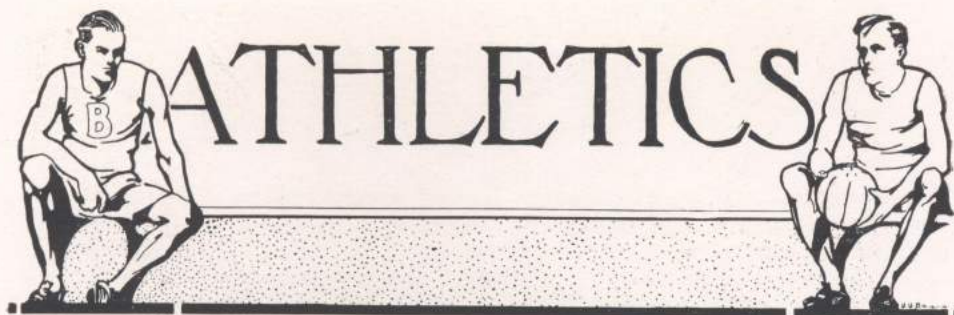
MISS LUCILE DAWSON

No Evil Shall Befall Thee	M. Costa
Now Good Ev'ning, Good Night	Brahms

GLEE CLUB

The Glee Club includes the following members:

Lucile Dawson	Elva Bogue	Hazel Hulett
Clara Mae Spencer	Marjorie Pilon	Gertrude Huber
Hazel Pratt	Helen Rosekrans	Vera Klass
Florence Stanton	Helen Adams	Grace Kiester
Heather Lanning	Marie Louise Witbeck	Mildred Coonrad
Elvira Bahr	Janet Butterfield	Genevieve Pfitzinger



FOOT BALL REVIEW

The athletic season of 1912-13, has been a very successful one. Opening the foot-ball season the team met the fast Rockford Gophers and was defeated 15 to 6. The following week with things in good running order we met our old rival Woodstock, and atoned for last year's defeat by 52 to 0. The next Saturday Rochelle was disasterously met on a field resembling a pavement. The next week we played Woodstock -4 to 13. The team was now in fine shape and next won from Sycamore 79 to 0. Beloit H. S. was played 0 to 0, and the season was appropriately closed on Turkey day with a 19 to 0 victory over St. James Academy, Rockford. This year we had probably the best record ever made by a B. H. S. foot-ball team, making 170 points to our opponents 28.

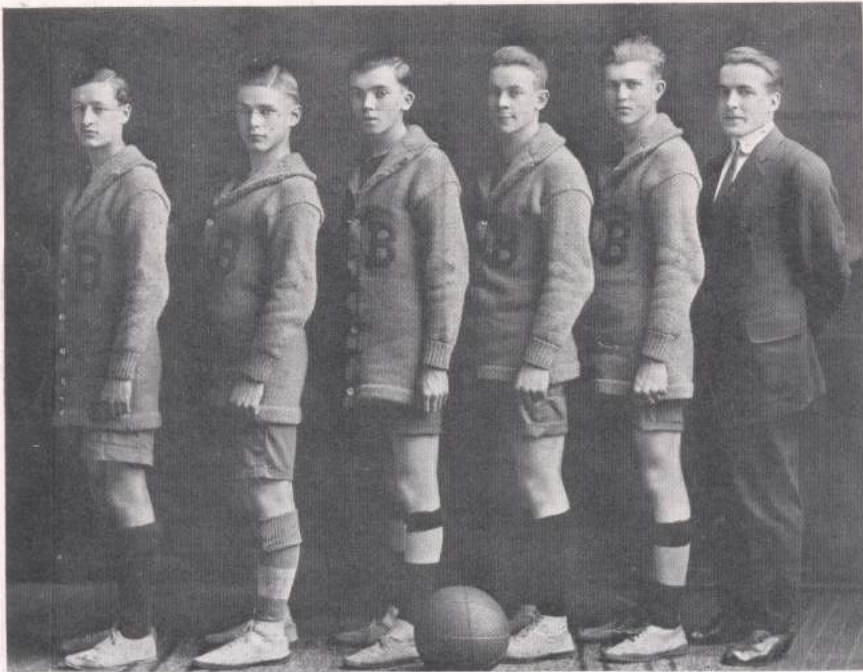


BASKET BALL

The season was inaugurated with a 34-33 victory over the Uncas Club of Rockford, where a number of men were substituted. The regular line-up was presented against Woodstock, winning easily 42 to 16. Rockford, Monroe and Wheaton came in order and were defeated. Our first defeat came from DeKalb, but a victory of 26 to 21 over Rockford followed it. Our team next journeyed to DeKalb, holding the score down to 35 to 24 in DeKalb's favor.

When we entered the tournament, we were determined to make a good showing, and took ten men with us. Lockport was first drawn, and were defeated 38 to 23. The state champions were our next opponents, putting us out of the running 38 to 17. The total basket-ball record was 341 points in our favor to 369 for our rivals.

BASKET BALL TEAM

[illegible]

GIRLS' BASKET BALL

The girls basket-ball has progressed rapidly in two years time. The first match this season with Huntley resulted in a 5 to 3 score in our favor. Woodstock fell 16 to 9 on their own floor, and the Alumni were slaughtered 24 to 1. Two Byron games, followed by two at Huntley with scores of 6 to 4 and 19 1, with Elgin's defeat 7 to 3, ended a most successful season. The total points were 98 to 56 in our favor.

GIRLS' BASKET BALL TEAM



JANET BUTTERFIELD	- - -	G.	ALICE NELSON	- - -	C.
MISS HARVEY	- - -	Coach	RUTH GALLAGHER	- - -	G.
MILDRED RITCHIE	- - -	G.	ELIZABETH WESTPHAL	- - -	F.
RUTH HUBER, Capt.	- - -	F.	FERN WIXON	- - -	G.





The time grows long since we poured the love of four long years into a last farewell to "the school on the hill."

At each meeting of the alumni we are conscious of a sweetness in the retrospect—the after-glow of memory recalling the joys and friends of days gone by. Shall we stand loyal to the dear old school?

Her walls have echoed to our shouts in childhood, her halls hold forever the echo of our footsteps and have listened to our whispers of ambition.

She has been a kind mother; nourished us, taught us, formed the first ideas of our lives and gathered us to her bosom where we have gained strength to battle with the world without.

We did not cease to labor and to learn but crossed the threshold to a life of learning and living. Now that our vision is broader and our hearts bigger, shall we desert our alma mater and our alumni because she has joined hands with a sister school for a life of greater service?

Let us be truly loyal to all she has taught us and open our hearts wide enough to welcome the children of a united alma mater. Let us cling to the bright memories of the past but let us live in the present—glad that our borders have enlarged.

May we prove staunch, worthy champions of a united alumni.

WHY AN ALUMNI?

As our thoughts turn towards Old Belvidere, there arises a pang of regret that the class of '12 like other classes has passed into the distant realm of the Alumni. Yet with this feeling, returns also the memories of the joy of parting and the remembrance that we are still a part of Belvidere High School. How we became alumni need never be disclosed. Only let those who will, know that we are loyal. Why we are each an alumnus is a problem that solves itself more easily. An alumnus is an alumnus because he is an alumnus. If he were not an alumnus he would not be an alumnus. Therefore an alumnus is an alumnus. There is only one other consideration and that is the diploma. Over this step every one of us has risen.

To the question "Why an Alumnus?" might be added in a pathetic way "and if so how many?" There in lies the one part which fails to coincide with the whole. When the alumni of our High School get together annually to meet the old friends of High School days, then we will come to a fuller realization of why we are alumni. Those of us who have met together every day of our school life, who have learned to struggle and fight for old Belvidere in the school and on the field, and who have given the "Boom-a-Lac-a" and sung the "Loyalty Song" can never sever our life from Belvidere High School. That is why we still maintain that we are alumni.

HAROLD SWIFT—'12.

WHAT THE ALUMNI MAY MEAN

As a baby Alumnus of the B. H. S., I find a difficulty in trying to say what the Alumni may mean to a school. In fact, I do not know what they really do mean at present, so my difficulty is increased. In trying to tell what a good, hard-working Alumni may mean, we will draw a comparison between the High School and the human body.

We will let the school board represent the head of this great living organism; the students the body; and the faculty the animating forces. Now this is all very well, but we have said nothing of what is to hold the parts together; neither have we spoken of the Alumni. Therefore to draw conclusions, the Alumni must represent the part that holds the body together, or the bones—in fact, the backbone of the whole body.

Now that we know the Alumni may mean the backbone of the school, the question arises, "What are the duties of such Alumni?" We should say the first duties of the Alumni would be to attend all school functions. The athletic, forensic or social side of the school cannot exist without their help. Many of the Alumni of B. H. S. live in and around Belvidere, and might easily attend the athletic games and debates. To be sure, every loyal Alumnus should subscribe for the High School paper.

One might amble on in this fashion forever, and then not make an impression, so let us take a specific action the Alumni might perform, to show what they can mean to the school.

Belvidere High School needs a gymnasium, and an athletic director or coach. Belvidere has won honors in basket-ball but never have any base-ball, foot-ball or track honors fallen to her lot in late years. The basket-ball honors came through hard work on the part of the participants. This fact shows that the fellows are willing to work; but they need a place in which to practice and some one to lead them. B. H. S. athletes have practically no encouragement from the outsiders, so the Alumni should give them this much needed encouragement in the form of a gymnasium. This would necessitate an athletic director whom, I am sure, the board would gladly furnish.

We all know that a boy's physical training is as important as his mental training. We have the latter, let the Alumni **make** the former! How? The proposition is large, but for a suggestion—let some influential Alumnus canvass the Alumni with one hundred dollar notes, payable ten dollars a year for ten years. This certainly sounds preponderous! But how is it that five hundred dollars can be raised for a fourth of July celebration? Alumni! If such a calamity should ever happen, remember that B. H. S. gave you all she had! Have you repaid her in any way?

Let the class of 1913, the first class to graduate from the combined high school, get in back of such a movement and push—that's what it means—PUSH! Then the Alumni will have a chance to show in one specific case what they may mean to B. H. S.

ARTHUR DEMPSEY—'12.

THE CALL OF LIFE

Out from the deep silent places of morning
We came through the dusk of the breaking day
Armed for the strife with souls that were eager,
Out through that youth and on and away.

Into the heat of life's bitterest conflict,
Dreaming of conquest and glory and fame,
Brandishing gayly our shimmering lances
Into the battle a bold host we came.

Labor called loud to us, urging us onward,
Onward to quests which were only begun,
On through new highways, untrodden, unmeasured,
To work that through ages can never be done.

Sounded the summons from all of the nations,
Long cry of suffering, shrill call of need,
Low moan of sinfulness, but of those listeners
Only a few found the time to give heed.

So much of suffering, so much of sorrow,
So great the tasks that each day found anew,
Fain had we listened yet onward we hastened,
Leaving so much for the others to do.

How shall we answer when lengthening shadows
Checker the pathway of wonderful life?
How shall we answer for life's greatest blessings,
Chance to take part as a power in the strife?

VEVA KING—'05.



A PRAYER

Thanks to Thee, our heavenly Father,
For thy guidance through this day.
May Thy spirit o'er us hover
And e'er help us on our way.

Keep us always pure and truthful,
Humble, loving and forgiving,
That our lives may be more truthful,
And thus fulfill the art of living.

EDITH LAMB.

EXCHANGE



The Exchange department of "The Sphinx" has been considerably increased this year and we feel that by it, our paper has profited through the contact with other schools. Hoping that our fraternal good feeling toward our neighboring as well as far-distant schools and students, is mutual, we hope to welcome all our present Exchanges next years.

Our list of thirty-three papers includes the following:

"The Owl"	Rockford, Ill.
"The Polaris"	Freeport, Ill.
"The Wa-Wa"	Port Townshend, Wis.
"Peoria Tech"	Peoria, Ill.
"The Mirror"	Elgin, Ill.
"Orange and Black"	Elgin, Ill.
"The Review"	Chicago, Ill.
"The Lion"	LaGrange, Ill.
"The Earb"	DeKalb, Ill.
"The Inter-Nas"	West Aurora, Ill.
"Kewanee Tiger"	Kewanee, Ill.
"The Tabula"	Oak Park, Ill.
"The Stentor"	Lake Forest, Ill.
"The Comment"	Keokuk, Ia.
"Science and Craft"	Chicago, Ill.
"Round Table"	Beloit, Wis.
"Courier"	Milton Junction, Wis.
"Crocus"	Mitchell, S. D.
"Echo"	Dubuque, Ia.
"Kankakeean"	Kankakee, Ill.
"Booster"	LaCrosse, Wis.
"Blotter"	New Albany, Ind.
"Orange and Black"	Waterloo, Ia.
"The Observer"	Decatur, Ill.
"Oxford College Press"	Oxford, O.
"Maroon and White"	Danville, Ill.
"Lombard Review"	Galesburg, Ill.
"Interlude"	South Bend, Ind.
"Northwestern"	Evanston, Ill.
"Almanack"	Ferry Hall Lake
"Nautilus"	Jacksonville, Ill.
"Oriole"	Jacksonville, Ill.
"School Herald"	San Jose, Cal.

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