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1907



Valparaiso High School Annual

Published By

Class of Nineteen Hundred and Seven



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To  
Miss Laura Jones,  
Whom We All Love  
and Respect.

**Valparaiso  
High School  
Faculty**

Nona MacQuilkin  
Principal  
Arthur A. Hughart  
Superintendent  
Minnie McIntyre  
Eugene Skinkle  
Mable Benny  
Minnie Dunwell  
E. H. Miller  
Laura Jones





## CLASS OFFICERS

BYRON SMITH . . . . . PRESIDENT

GERALDINE McNIECE . . . . . SECRETARY

KATHRYN ANDERSON . . . . . TREASURER





ELLA VINCENT

"A virtuous gentlewoman, mild and beautiful."



LESLIE LEMBKE, on the B. B. team.

"He is now as valiant as Hercules."



GRACE WARCHUS, an S. B. G.

"Eyes darker than darkest pansies  
And hair more black than ashbuds in the front of March."



JOHN EARLE, an O. M. S. Bus. Man'g'r Annual

"His years but young, but his experience old.  
His head unmellow'd, but his judgment ripe."



EVA WHEELER, an S. B. G. Society Editor of Annual

"Her eyes outshine the radiant beams  
That gild the passing shower."



"Her eyes a bashful azure, and her hair . . . . EDNA SUMMER, on the Girls B. B. Team  
In gloss and hue the chestnut."  
In preliminary oratorical contest of '06



HELEN PAGIN, an S. B. G.

"A maiden fair—Her look was like the morning's eye,  
Her hair like Nature's vernal smile."



PHOEBE HESS.

"Age cannot wither her, nor custom  
stale her infinite variety."



CARTHA CARD, an S. B. G. Assistant Editor of Annual. In preliminary contest of '07. "The blithest bird upon the bush  
Had ne'er a lighter heart than she."



Class President, an O. M. S.  
and Manager B. B. Team: BYRON SMITH  
"A prince I was, blue-eyed and fair of face"  
"The blithest lad in a' our town or here aw'."



An S. B. G. and Editor in Chief of Annual: CARRIE WHITLOCK  
"After life's fitful fevers, may she sleep well."



"A hero bold, of noble enterprise:" WALTER KAEHNY



An O. M. S. Editor Jokes and Cartoons. In preliminary contest '06: HAROLD HARRISON  
"A fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy."



ADA SIEVERS, an S. B. G.

"A daughter of the gods, divinely tall  
and most divinely fair."



DOW JOHNSON, Captain B. B. team. Athletic Editor.

"We see him as he moved,  
Modest, kindly, all accomplished, wise."



KATHERYN ANDERSON, an S. B. G. Won second  
prize in County Oratorical contest, April 20, 1907.

"There is none like her, none.  
Nor will be when our summers have deceased."



ANDREW CASE, Alumni Editor.

"A proper man as one shall see in a summer's day  
A most lovely gentleman—like man."



GERALDINE MCNIECE, H. S. pianist. Class Secretary

"'Tis said she had a tuneful tongue,  
A happy intonation."  
[In preliminary contest '07



WALTER FABING

"He was a scholar and a ripe and good one;  
Exceeding wise, fair spoken and persuading."

**IN MEMORY OF**

**Nellie Bartholomew**

BORN—August 1st, 1888

DIED—July 21st, 1906

V. H. S. '07

**John Hugh Richards**

BORN—January 22, 1888

DIED—June 14, 1905

V. H. S. '07

## Calendar of Commencement Week

Sunday May 26, 7:30 p. m.

Baccalaureate Sermon at Baptist Church

Rev. H. B. Benninghoff

Friday, May 31, 8:00 p. m.

Commencement Exercises at Memorial Opera House

Dr. Ira W. Howerth, University of Chicago

Saturday, June 1, 8:00 p. m.

Alumni Banquet

High School Building

## Commencement Exercises

### Program

Music	-	-	-	Lyrics
Invocation	-	-	-	Rev. C. B. Beckes
Music	-	-	-	Lyrics
Address	-	Dr. Ira W. Howerth,	Chicago University	
Presentation of Diplomas	-	-	-	
Music	-	-	-	Lyrics
Benediction	-	-	-	Rev. H. L. Davis



## EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

### THE HIGH SCHOOL ANNUAL

EDITED BY THE CLASS OF 1907

#### THE STAFF:

CARRIE WHITLOCK	Editor in Chief
CARTHA CARD	Assistant Editor
JOHN EARLE	Business Manager
EVA WHEELER	Society
ANDREW CASE	Alumni
DOW JOHNSON	Athletics
HAROLD HARRISON	Jokes and Cartoons

#### EDITORIAL.



INCE it is the custom each year for the Seniors of the Valparaiso High School to edit an annual as a parting token of their four year's work, the class of 1907 submit the following to a critical world.

Since last spring changes have been made and the school and grounds greatly improved. The curriculum also has been greatly improved by the addition of a Scientific course, which includes Business Forms, Book Keeping, Civics, Trigonometry, and Botany, in place of Latin or German. With

the addition of this course every student is offered a splendid opportunity during his high school course to select the studies which will be of the most benefit to him in his life work.

The business course is so thoro in every respect, with the addition of Business Forms and Book Keeping, that, after completing the business course, a pupil is able to fill a position, without having to go to a business college. If, on leaving high school, the pupil wishes to pursue studies at some more advanced school, the Latin course will enable him to enter some other school without previous examinations.

Miss Jones, who had been with us so long that she seemed a part of the course, was obliged to resign at Christmas on account of poor health and seek the sunnier land of Florida. Her departure made sad hearts among the pupils, whose sadness only Miss Imhoff's sunny smile and gentle ways could solace. She carried forward Miss Jones' work to a great success, and has won the love and respect of all.

Another innovation, and one which is a great addition, is the High School Orchestra. This is under the able leader-

ship of Miss Flint and is becoming very popular. The Orchestra furnished the music for the preliminary oratorical contest, and again for Arbor Day. Too much cannot be said in praise of the orchestra. We all enjoy their music.

This year the Seniors decided to have a motto which would embody a fitting sentiment. From several excellent ones, after careful consideration they chose as their motto, "The outcome of the battle is of no importance—but how did you fight!" Throughout their course they have worked hard and earnestly, determined that their "fight" should be honorable, whatever the outcome.

All the class have united in their effort to make this annual a success. Time and money have not been spared in its production and altho the price has been raised, still, considering all the work expended, it is a very moderate price to ask. And now, we leave it to our readers to decide whether or not our labors are successful.

CARY WHITLOCK.



## THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF '07.



IN SEPTEMBER of 1903 we came together for the first time from the various grammar schools of Valparaiso and vicinity, and proudly entered the Freshman class at the old Central building. It happened that we were the last Freshman class to begin work in that historic pile, and our boys the last to be paddled over that much-worn stone at the south entrance.

After three long days of snubs and ignominy, we were moved—bag and baggage—down to make-shift apartments over the post office, where for two years we patiently awaited the completion of the new building. Two days were occupied in moving and some of us have never fully recovered from the demoralizing effects of those moving days.

Once established in those crowded rooms and dark, narrow halls, our class at once began to take an active part in high school life; our class letters were emblazoned the highest on that bare, unpainted front wall; our initials were cut the deepest and most frequently on the desks and chairs; here Jack's presence was first felt through his notorious bent pins; here everything was done that ingenious Freshies could conjure up to annoy the teachers and torment the upper-classes. We were forty strong and stood loyally together in all things.

The second year brought us together with a smaller

number, but with redoubled vigor. We immediately set to work to humiliate the ever-troublesome "Naughty Six" class and, by the end of the year, this task had been so thoroughly accomplished that they were of no further bother to us. With the exception of a few dying attempts to leave their letters in the skylight, they never troubled us more.

This same year also brought us a valuable athlete and scholar, Gladstone Dowie Johnson, the Unkissed.

At length the Sophomore days gave way to the busy Junior year, bringing with it the ever-studious Carrie, our Editor-in-chief. A general good-feeling seemed to prevail everywhere that year and parties, hay-rides, inter-scholastic contests and dinners followed in quick succession. As the year came to a close, the class of '06, with whom we had fought so much during our first two years, prepared to leave us. Forgetting past disputes and laying aside all hostilities, on the last night of commencement week we gave them a large party (in a small hall) and bade farewell to our old enemy.

The Senior year finally came after three years of hard work and it has been a great year; the other classes have given us no trouble whatever; the faculty have given us undisputed possession of the back seats; and the high school orchestra has only played on special occasions.

For the last three years every athletic team that the school has turned out has come almost wholly from our class. In the meantime, the girls have been heading the

monthly honor rolls and doing various intellectual stunts. We have undoubtedly been a wonderful class.

While it has been a most happy four years, there has been sorrow as well as joy. First, jolly John Richards and then the sweet, quiet Nellie Bartholomew were taken away from us.

Out of that rollicking bunch of Freshies only eighteen have stuck it out to the end, but those eighteen have stood loyally by each other and will stand as long as there remains any memory of the class of 1907.

BYRON SMITH.



## CLASS PROPHECY '07.



ELL, my dears, if it is a story you must have, suppose I tell you a true one," said Aunt Cartha with one of her sweet smiles.

"Oh, that will be splendid," cried the girls, "we are too old to be told fairy tales any longer. Why, just think, we will enter High School next September!"

"Very well then, I will tell you of my high school days. When I was about your age I entered high school in the city of Valparaiso. There were between forty and fifty people who entered at the same time and we were indeed a happy lot of 'freshies.'

"But, alas, when four years had rolled around, there were only eighteen left to share the honors of graduation. Those boys and girls seem like brothers and sisters to me yet, and since that time when we parted, I have watched each one as he or she went out into the world." Here Aunt Cartha paused and a far-away, dreamy look came into her eyes.

"Oh, tell us who they were and all about them. Do grandma," the girls pleaded.

"Our class president," Aunt Cartha finally resumed, "was Byron Smith, a handsome, happy boy, whom everyone liked. You all know of him; he left high school, only to enter college, and he has mastered knowledge so completely

that he has at last founded the great university at Gary, Indiana. He is a man of power in the intellectual world; his name is one to be respected."

The girls all looked interested and so Auntie continued. "But he is not the only member of that class of '07 who has won renown for himself. You have often read of the famous artist, Harold Harrison. He has started a revolution in the world of art and I am proud to say that he was a friend of mine. He was always a boy to turn frowns into smiles and sighs into peals of laughter.

"There were girls in the class too, who have won places for themselves in the respect of their countrymen. Carrie Whitlock, the wonder of our class, and by far the brightest member, is now at the head of the department of foreign languages in one of the greatest universities of the land. Helen Pagin and Gerakline McNiece, two of the sweetest girls of our class, have become universally known for their musical talent. Geraldine so far has chosen to remain in single blessedness, but Helen is the wife of a wealthy banker and lives in New York City.

"Two other of the girls live in the East. Kate Anderson was married to a prominent lawyer and her home is now in Boston. Ella Vincent is the wife of one of the leading physicians in Pittsburgh. She is just as sweet as ever and is a general favorite in her city.

"Another of the girls, Grace Warchus, lives out here,

near us. She married a western man and they own a large ranch in Montana. Eva Wheeler is also the wife of a farmer. I visited her last summer at her home in Missouri and she has grown to be the sweet and kind woman that I had always expected her to be.

"Only one of our girls has shown any talent for business. She, Phoebe Hess, is now cashier in a large banking house in New Orleans. I received a letter from her only last week and she seems perfectly content.

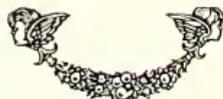
"Leslie Lembke and Andrew Case have been in business together for many years. The firm of Lembke & Case, wholesale merchants, is known throughout the country, for the honesty and uprightness of its managers.

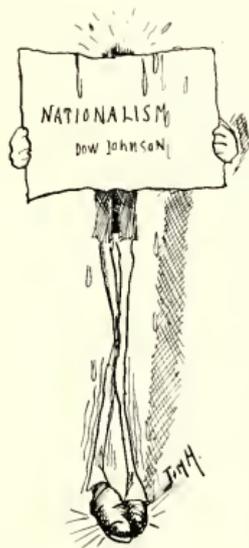
"Soon after school was out, Walter Kachny married

Elsie and he is now a board of trade man, interested in Wall Street speculations. John Earle, who while in school was a general favorite with the girls, has given up all frivolities and is now a celebrated electrician. Dow Johnson, the athlete and one of the stars of the class, is engaged in farming on a scientific basis and is prospering.

"The two other girls, Ada Sievers and Edna Summers, are 'bachelor girls.' Ada is a great Christian Science worker and Edna has moved the whole country by her wonderful lectures on Woman's Rights. Truly each and every member has been a credit to his class. I am proud of the class of '07."

CARTHIA CARD.





A BIT OF ORATORY.

### THE ORATORICAL CONTEST.

In the second preliminary contest in 1906, two members of the class of 1907, Harold Harrison and Edna Summer, took part. In the second preliminary contest of 1907, the contestants consisted of five girls and one boy, four of whom were Seniors—Kathryn Anderson, Cartha Carl, Geraldine McNiece and Walter Fabing. The other two contestants were Mae Mavity and Mabel Lippman of the class of '08. In this contest, Kathryn Anderson was chosen to represent Valparaiso in the county contest, April 20, 1907. Miss Anderson won the second prize at the county contest, with a standing of thirty-one points, only one point more than the winner of the first prize, Joseph Brown, of Hebron.

### THE CRUSADE OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.



**N** THE year 1212 a wild call thrilled over southern Europe—a call for young children to gather into bands and march to the Holy Land. The word went over Christendom that only "the pure in heart" could conquer the Saracen and recover the Sepulcher. The children must join in the Holy War! For those who lived through the perilous adventure there awaited honor in the hearts of men; and to those who fell in battle would be given the places in heaven left vacant by the fallen angels of old.

So from cradle and hearth, from farm and hill, the children gathered into armies and started on their march to the Holy Land. Thirty thousand from France, under the boy Stephen; twenty thousand from Germany, under the peasant lad, Nicholas—fifty thousand strong the Children's Crusade pushed on toward Palestine! Hundreds died of homesickness and fatigue and fell by the stony roadside; hundreds went down at sea; hundreds more were sold into Mohammedan slavery. The sufferings of these little ones have never been recorded; the waste of the hopes and joys that went down with them has never been computed. Fifty thousand innocent lives sacrificed.

Let any cause to-day in whatever mistaken devotion, dare to call a host of small children to such certain de-

struction and how quickly the majesty of public opinion, and the power of the law would smite the cries and hush the presumptuous pleading! Yet a mysterious and awful mandate of some Power has gone out over our land, calling our little ones from shelter and play and study, to a destruction less swift, less picturesque, less heroic, but hardly less fatal than that mediæval destruction. Greed and Gain, grim guardians of the great god, Mammon, continually cry in the ears of the poor, "Give us your little ones." And forever do the poor push out their little ones to feed a blind hunger, which is never filled. And the spell of material things is so heavy on the hearts of all of us, that scarcely a protest goes up against this betrayal of youth, this sacrifice of the children in factory, store and shop.

Two and a half million of children under fifteen years of age, are now at long and exhausting labor in the offices, shops, mills and mines of our model republic. In Pennsylvania alone there are at least one hundred different kinds of work at which children are employed; and unhappily, it is into the cheap and dangerous work that the children always swarm. They are doubled over in the coal-breakers, breathing damp fumes; they are strained in furniture factories, breathing sawdust; they are parceled in glass factories breathing dust of glass.

It is in the glass factory perhaps, that the child is pushed most hopelessly under the blind hammer of greed. Go to the glass works, and, amid the roar and the glare, and the

torrid heat, gaze on the scorching and shriveling young children clustered about the red hot hives of the furnaces. By day and night they are there, running constant chance of being burnt and blinded by the fragments of molten glass splintering through the room—little workers always wilting in the fierce heat, always breathing the powdered glass sleet-ing through the air. Gaze on the haggard young creatures hurried through hours of intense, monotonous work; their bodies parched, their sleep-robbed eyes blinded by the intolerable glow of the furnaces, and seared by the insufferable heat, the tissues of their bodies, inside and outside, rankling with the cruel fog of powdered glass.

But these are not the worst disasters which overtake the child-workers. They are victims of worse disasters than those which occur in factory, store, and shop. There are disasters more terrible than failing lungs, crushed bodies or mutilated limbs—disasters more terrible even than death. I mean the atrophy of the mind, the destruction of the soul. These little workers are snatched from the schools to help out the scraping economies of the home. Ignorance settles on them like a black smoke. What is responsible for this? Is it not our selfish industrial system, which tends to keep wages down to the hunger line—a system which makes it impossible for hundreds of thousands to live anything like a complete life, however hard they scrape and save, however hard they work and will?

But worse than the atrophy of the mind is the destruc-

tion of the soul. Men have been virtuous without learning. They have possessed the wisdom of the heart without knowing the wisdom of books. But they have had about them fit environment, noble companionship, noble ideals. These child-workers, however, are robbed of this companionship; are stripped of these ideals. While yet in the first sap of their youth, they are flung out to the society of lewd and hardened men. What wonder that they learn to enjoy only the coarsest and cheapest pleasures! What wonder that the gambling hole and the drinking joint are their frequent havens! What wonder that they sink rapidly into the moral sinks and sewers. Day by day profanities and obscenities wash over them, day by day vices rot down the foundations of their manhood.

Peer into the pitiful homes of the child-workers; bend under the load of labor pressing so heavily on parent and child; taste of their life run empty of the nobler joys of the mind. Do this, and then say what manner of men are being shaped in this magnificent Appalachian region here, in this stupendous theatre of a new drama of humanity—here, where, for the first time in history, the Anglo-Saxons are called upon to brother and bleed with the men coming to us from the Seven Hills of Rome and that other host coming out of the Slavic mist.

KATHRYN E. ANDERSON.

(This oration won second prize in the Porter County high school oratorical contest, April 20, 1907.)

### THE JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION.

CONTRIBUTED.



UREKA! I have formed a plan  
To go to the Jamestown Fair."  
"I'm going too," then up Spokane,  
And went Tacoma hair.

Yukon not all go—that is sure:  
'Tis not out West Juneau,  
A Frankfort we must have, for we  
Can't live on Buffalo.

If mother can't endure to walk  
We'll have to Wheeler out.  
And in doing that will get  
A chance Topeka 'bout.

We may, perhaps, see some big men,  
And Cleveland may be one.  
We might perchance, too, see the ghost  
Of our own Washington.

His Mobile countenance to see  
Would make our eyes grow Dewey.  
And then who knows but he may be  
Accompanied by St. Louie.

A Lincoln statute should be there,  
And other things to suit.  
I know that take it all in all,  
The Fair will be a Butte.

As long as we cannot all leave,  
Havana go with me.  
The younger ones may stay at home  
In care of Albert Lea.

Let Helena cook and Henry plow,  
And let the work be thorough;  
And if the horse gets tired, then they  
Can borrow Murphysboro.

You all must think on what a debt  
You owe society,  
Make up your minds Toledo life  
Of strict sobriety.

At Rising Sun we all must start,  
Its very first Racine.  
And shall we be like the Three Oaks,  
Forever fresh and green.



## "BILLY."



CORPULENT figure, with fat hands, mammoth feet, a square head covered with dark hair beginning to turn gray, a face one vast expansive smile and the whole topped off by a very small cap. Conceive of a person of such a make-up and you have before you a picture of "Billy."

Nature had made Billy from a generous pattern and all that he did for himself was on a large scale. His stories were no exceptions and certainly they were marvelous narratives. No one ever tried to remember them, often as they were told, for each edition added new valour and cleverness to the narrator. A sound like the pulling of corks would be heard, that was a chuckle and a prelude to some long tale told perhaps for the dozenth time. Billy always laughed heartily at his own jokes and generally he was the only one that did laugh—without doubt, an orator, but one which an uncharitable world has named the "store-box orator."

Billy acted in the honorable office of station agent for the one railroad brave enough to pass thru Essex. His duties were not arduous, much to his secret delight, for it must be confessed, that altho he boasted of all that he could do, no one ever saw him work and the general opinion was that Billy had an "insuperable aversion" to all kinds of labor, whether profitable or otherwise. And unlike Rip, he

was not good at fishing, which is popularly conceded to be a lazy man's job.

Billy was sentimental, there was no doubt about that. He had a passion for love making, but his amorous attempts were like the caresses of an elephant. Nothing pleased him more than to sit in the mellow summer twilight and sing tender little love songs, to the soft accompaniment of his banjo, especially if there was a young lady near by.

He was the object of ridicule of all the small boys, and some of the older ones too, in town. His tales of his valour and courage were ridiculed openly by the heartless little wretches when they were at a safe distance, for they distinctly remembered how he had been frightened almost "out of his wits" by Widow Maloney's old cow, one night when it wasn't dark. The next day Billy had told how he met a bear in the woods the previous night, and how the creature had run.

One day, when all the gossips were at their favorite occupation, the talk turned to ghosts. Billy was loud (and how could he have been otherwise!) in his declaration that ghosts do not exist. His remark was overheard by two of his tormentors, Bob and Dwight Osborne, who hated Billy more because he was in love with their Aunt Agnes, than for any other reason. Immediately all the rest of the "gang" were informed and plans for action quickly made.

It chanced that at a short distance from Osborne's there was a large, gloomy house, long uninhabited, on account

of the popular superstition that it was haunted. One night as Billy was strolling with Agnes they passed the house on their way to a friend's.

Suddenly a low, weird cry was heard to issue from the vacant house, followed by deep groans and melancholy sighs. Agnes screamed in terror, while the valiant Billy, his knees shaking and trembling, in quavering accents assured her there was nothing to be alarmed at. The sounds grew louder, and seemed to be near at hand.

At length, with a wail more melancholy and weird than any preceding, an awful figure clad in white with a fleshless face, from which two burning eyes peered forth, came out, and a cold, clammy hand clutched Billy's arm.

With a terrified yell, the valiant Billy turned and fled as fast as his portly dimensions would allow, pursued not by one but by a dozen hideous monsters, that seemed to spring forth from all sides. Finally he reached a gap in the fence enclosing a swamp. But what cared Billy for swamps then? Forgetful of everything but the safety of his own

skin, he turned aside, past the gap, and plunged head foremost into a mass of thorns.

Extricating himself with difficulty, and not without injury to his face and hands, and clothing as well, Billy started on. But, alas! He had forgotten that a small creek, surrounded by slimy banks, was beyond the thorns, and before he knew it he was sinking into the black mire.

Seeing their enemy thus disposed of, the monsters withdrew, to where little Dwight was trying to quiet his frightened aunt. Their robes fell off, and the gang stood forth in all the glory of their mother's sheets, with pumpkins carried on broomsticks for their heads.

Late that night a sorry looking individual might have been seen to emerge from a swamp and make his way to the railroad track close by. A slow moving freight suddenly acquired a passenger at a most unheard of pace. It was Billy, a sadder but a wiser man.

CARRIE WHITLOCK.



## TRANSLATIONS.

## PRO ARCHIA POETA ORATIO.

"But if no such pleasures were offered, and if enjoyment alone were sought from these studies, still, I think you should consider this a most reasonable and liberal recreation of the mind. For other occupations are not suited to all times, nor to all ages, nor to all places, but these studies strengthen the youth, entertain old age, adorn prosperity, furnish refuge and comfort in misery, delight us at home, do not hinder us abroad, pass the night with us, travel and sojourn in the country with us."

ELLEN ANDERSON.

## FAMOUS PASSAGES FROM VERGIL.

"The Greeks will mold the living bronze delicately (yea, I grant it), produce living faces from marble, plead their causes better, and trace the rising stars with measuring rods; thou, Roman, will rule the people with careful sway, make peace a custom, show mercy to the conquered and subdue the haughty."

"Non ignara mali miseris succurrere disco."

"Troiaque nunc staret, Priamque arx alta maneres."

"Tantaene animis caelestibus irae?"

"Sic volvere Parcas."

"Tantae molis erat Romanam condere gentem."

"Femina est varium et mutabile semper."

"Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur."

"Quid non mortalia pectora cogis, auri sacra fames."

Degeneres animos timor arguit.

Agnosco veteris vestigia flammae.

Superanda omnis fortuna ferendo est.

## JOAN OF ARC.

The pathetic story of the French peasant girl, Joan of Arc, is made the subject of Schiller's drama, "Jungfrau von Orleans." The following lines, taken from the coronation scene at Rheims, portrays the struggle in her heart, for she is unwilling either wholly to devote herself to her vocation or yet to deny its claim:

Worth staff! Oh, that I had ever exchanged you for a sword!  
Oh, that your branches, holy oak, had never murmured to me!  
Would that you had never appeared to me, holy Queen of Heaven!

Take your crown, take it away,  
I am not worthy of it.

Oh, I saw the open heaven,  
And the faces of the Blessed!  
Still my hope is upon earth,  
And not in heaven!

Must you have laid this terrible duty upon me!  
Could I harden this heart,  
Which heaven created with feeling?

If you will proclaim your might,  
Choose those, who, free from sin,  
Dwell in your eternal house,  
Send forth your spirits.

The Immortal, the Pure,  
Who do not feel, who weep not,  
Do not choose the tender maiden,  
Nor the weak soul of the shepherdless!

Does the fortune of the battle,  
Or the quarrel of the Kings concern me?  
Guiltless I watched my lambs,  
Upon the mountain height.  
Still you lead me into the life,  
In the proud hall of princes.  
Oh, it was not my choice,  
To go thither into guilt.

—KATHERYN E. ANDERSON.

## STENOGRAPHY NOTES.



INTEREST in the Stenography department increases every term. There are now twenty-six pupils in this department and not one can say that he does not thoroughly enjoy every minute of the time spent in this work. Of the members of the class of '06 there are four who hold good positions, and two other members are now studying with us.

In the advance Phonography class there are seven of our graduates:—Byron Smith, Harold Harrison, Geraldine McNiece, Dow Johnson, Edna Summer, Leslie Lembke, and Andrew Case.

Miss Jones's work this year was brought to a sudden close by her illness. She went south in January to re-

cuperate, and she is steadily improving. Miss Imhoff took her place and has certainly done satisfactory work. In the short time she has been with us, she has won a way into the hearts of her pupils and is respected and loved by all of them.

As to Miss Jones's work, everyone knows what she has done. She was always willing to help us with matters outside of school as well as those pertaining to school work. She was always ready to give us good advice, and shared our joys as well as our sorrows. In the years that are to come we will look back, and the thought of Miss Jones's kind words and actions will help us to do what we know is right.

EDNA SUMMER.





## SOCIETY DEPARTMENT

### NOTES.

**T**HE Valparaiso High School seems to have caught the fever of the age—"Clubs." At present there are five clubs in existence in the High School—the O. M. S., the S. B. C., the R. D. O., the W. A. B., and the O. M. . . . . No one is certain as to what these various letters stand for, but there have been many attempts to discover, and they have been styled—the "Old Maid Society (which is strictly a boy's club)," the "Seven Busy Gossipers," "Rag Doll Order," "White Apron Brigade," and the "Order of the Mystic Triangle." All the members are silent, however, when this subject is mentioned (even the "Busy Gossipers"), but the knowing looks which they exchange lead us to think that we have hit it pretty closely.

Some of these clubs must have important (?) business to transact, if the numerous notices on the bulletin board and the many meetings in the English room are any evidence. Some of them, however, haven't been in exist-

ence long enough to be of so much importance, but they solemnly assure us that they will be, and determined to exist as long as the members do.

Doubtless some day in the near future we will hear of some great authority on cooking, and we will recognize in her one of our old friends of the "cooking club" the W. A. B. Some famous lecturer on "Woman's Rights" will be recognized as a former member of the "Old Maid Society," while members of the other clubs will be no less renowned.

The teachers do not object to the clubs (for how could they when a great many of the town clubs boast of at least one member of the faculty), but they do object to the meetings being held during school hours, and the notes which result from the various club entertainments. But this does not seem to keep the members from accomplishing their primary object, which is get all the enjoyment possible out of life. If the following reports are any proof, the different clubs are certainly successful in carrying out this object.



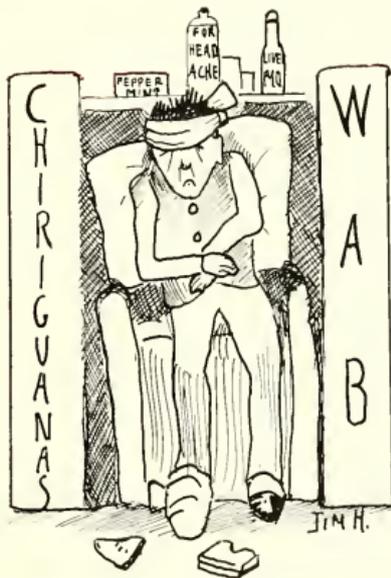
## W. A. B.

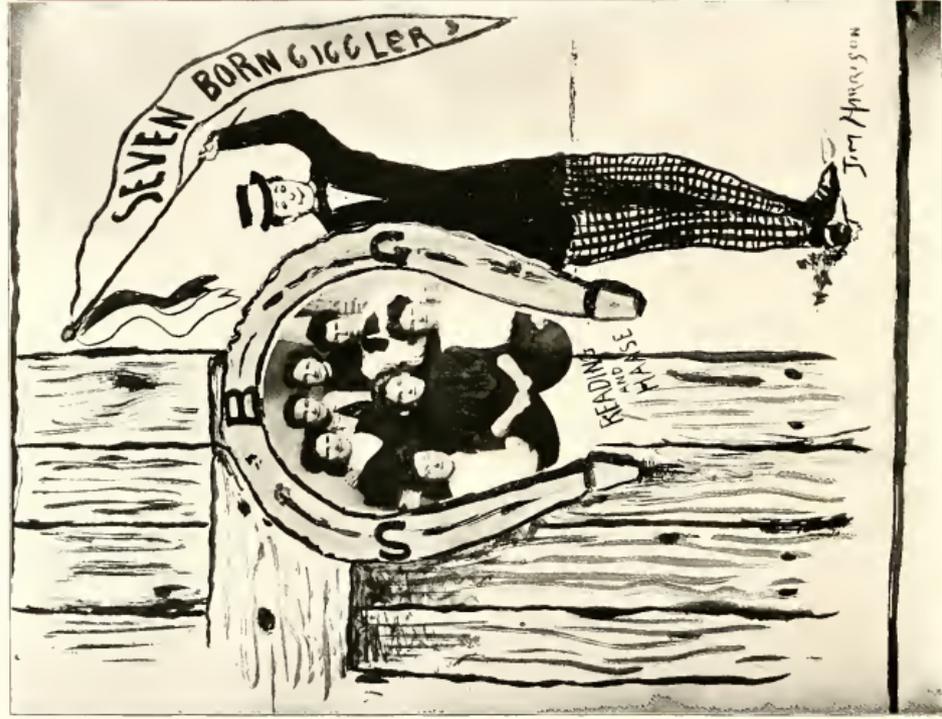


IF YOU' will come with me and take a quiet peep at the W. A. B. girls as they gather around the table at one of their fortnightly spreads you will see one of the most inviting sights you have ever witnessed. The girls' animated faces, the table with its dainty gold and white settings, and the tempting viands, all help to make a picture so charming that you will not soon forget it.

Corinne, Alice, and Helen are giggling—of course; and it is not difficult to see the object of the mirth—the fair Gertrude, gracefully waving her arms thru space and rolling her eyes in a dramatic manner, is relating one of her many remarkable escapades. Edna and Isa, neglecting the supper, are casting sly glances at their new pumps. Clara is attempting to attract attention with elocutionary stunts. At one end of the table, opposite the stern, watchful eye of Margaret, the president, the two Dorothys are laboriously carrying out a dare; namely that of devouring in one mouthful the island off their custard. Mariola, Agnes, and Mae, in mute astonishment, are gazing at the wonderful accomplishments of their fellow club-members. As the girls prepare to leave the table, in rushes Dora with the olives, safe and sound, but alas, too late to serve their purpose.

We know this is one of the many happy gatherings of this jolly bunch, as the fame of their delicious concoctions and good times is far reaching. The girls are now rising, so we must slip quietly away ere they spy us.





**THE S. B. G.**

SOME months ago a few of the Senior girls decided that they were not having their share of the "good times" that fall to the lot of school girls in general. They forthwith determined to take steps towards providing themselves with amusement. A club was organized, which they christened the S. B. G. The sole purpose of the members of this club was to furnish amusement for themselves, and they have surely accomplished their desire.

Not one of them will ever forget the feasts and the glorious times they had when they spent the evening (and part of the morning) with the various members. They all remember the time at Helen's, when that dignified young

lady taught them to slide down the banisters without breaking any bones, and the sedate Adeline displayed her skill in the art of juggling; and the time when the modest Carrie tried to capture a man; and the "pharmacy band" music furnished by Cartha at Kathryn's. Nor will they ever forget that time at Gracie's, when—(?) But that is a secret of the organization.

There are only seven of these fun-loving girls, and they have been styled the "Seven Busy Gossipers," the "Seven Big Gigglers," and numerous other uncomplimentary names, but still they retain their sunny good nature. They hope to cling together until all of their members become school-teachers, stenographers, or are—(?). The members are Grace Warchus, Kathryn Anderson, Ada Sievers, Eva Wheeler, Cartha Card, Helen Pugin, and Carrie Whitlock.





*The  
Reading  
Studio*

*O. M. S.*

**O. M. S.**

WITH the graduation of this year's class the O. M. S. which has been such a prominent factor in the high school society life for the past three years, ceases to be a high school organization.

In October, 1904, twelve high school boys met and organized a club known as the O. M. S. with the sole object of getting more joy out of life. Since then, they have won a notable reputation for their hay-rack parties, watch-night parties and stag dinners. For three successive years they have attended the Oratorical Contest in a body and their cheering has made them famous.

Although it is no longer a high school club, it still continues to be an active agent in furthering the good times of its members and their friends.



## ALUMNI DEPARTMENT

Andrew Case, Editor

### ALUMNI GREETINGS.

**T**HE High School Alumni extends congratulations and fraternal greetings to the class of 1907, through the columns of the High School Annual.

Henceforth you will be numbered as members of this organization, whose age is thirty-three years, whose roll call brings response from nearly every state, whose number is three hundred and sixty, plus eighteen bright, energetic, handsome girls and boys which the class of 1907 give to us.

Your initiation into the Alumni Society consists in listening with heroic endurance, to a lecture, which each old member is entitled to give you. The said lecture usually consists of advice, illustrations and personal experience, which if properly applied by you will qualify you for the position of Chauffeur in the Car of Knowledge.

### THE ALUMNI BANQUET IN '06.

**T**HIS THE school calendar one of the principal events is the Alumni Banquet, when the graduates of that year are welcomed to the ranks of the Alumni and the former graduates talk over school days with one another. Each banquet inspires better fellowship and greater loyalty to our Alma Mater.

The banquet of 1906 was a decided success in this respect. The flowers, the pennants and the music all helped in making the evening enjoyable to everyone present.

After the banquet, served so daintily at the long tables, came the toasts. Mr. G. C. Benney, '89, presided as toastmaster. Mr. O. P. Kinsey's talk, "When Witches were in Vogue," postponed from 1905, was given the honor of first place. The guests were given a peep into former school days by Mrs. Marian Bartholomew, '85, in "A Glance Backward." Freda Bruhns represented the class of '06. Mr. S. S. McClure, one of the V. H. S. boys in its earliest days, gave the next toast and was presented with his long delayed diploma by the toastmaster.

Among those called on for impromptu toasts were, Mrs. Rachel VanNess, president of the Alumni Society, Rev. Benninghoff, Edward Marquart of the U. S. Navy, Miss Mabel Benney and Hon. M. L. DeMotte.

When the hour came for leaving everyone felt like the little girl who "had an awful good time at the party. I wished it wouldn't stop."

An '06.



#### ALUMNI NOTES.



THREE years ago as the New High School neared completion, an effort was made by the Alumni of the old building to place some suitable memorial of the thirty classes that had graduated therefrom in the new home. One hundred dollars was raised, which the treasurer, Mr. G. F. Beach, has loaned at interest, while awaiting its disposal by the association. Since a manual training equipment is the crying need at the present in the school, a number of the alumni would be glad to see the money used for benches or some of the permanent furniture of a manual training department. The editors of the Annual hope to see this accomplished before the autumn term.

The usual number of changes in the fate and fortune of the Alumni has marked the past year. Three of their num-

ber have passed to their reward: Hail Bates of the class of '75, Chas. Lembke of the class of 1900, and Eugene Eaton of the class of '06. Nine have married: Alice Younglove Aylesworth, '85, to Mr. John Brook; Herman Miller, '96, to Sadie Sweney, '99; Grace Maxwell, '01, to Earl Groth. The class of '02 has had four weddings: Grace Osborne to Fred Linder, Nellie Coovert to Jerome Frakes, Pearl Dillingham to Chas. Phares and Edith Dillingham to Oakley Lutes.

The class of '06 have made the flattering predictions of their well wishers: four teaching, five are employed at Wheeler by the Perrine Manufacturing Co., nine are pursuing their studies farther in some college and nearly all the others are holding profitable positions.

Mr. Hail Bates of Hebron, who died April 23, 1907, was identified with the V. H. S. from its earliest years, graduating in 1875. A nephew of Prof. Banta, he never lost his interest in the school and attended the banquet two years ago, at which Prof. Banta was the guest of honor. He has also made an honorable record as a citizen of Porter County, was known as a progressive farmer and held the office of county commissioner at the time of his death.

Alumni Editor:

Washington, D. C., May 1, 1907.

Thirty-two years ago (how the years fly!), our class of twelve, now thirteen by choice of S. S. McClure, received our diplomas from the hands of Prof. W. H. Banta. We

were certainly, in our own estimation, the very best class ever graduated from the V. H. S. My later observation has shown me that this same conviction is firmly established in the minds of each successive class, tho not taught by the instructors. Just where this gratifying idea originates, I do not know; it is simply there and always will be—and I am glad it is so.

Later we come to know that superior equipment, better buildings, better text books and advanced methods produce better results; but for the time being, **we are the best.**

Our class is scattered to all parts of the country—and some have been called to the Better Land—but all, so far as I know, are good, honorable, creditable citizens.

I have not had the pleasure of visiting the old school for years and have never seen the inside of the new building, of which Valparaiso is justly proud; but I can tell you, we had some good times in the old building, from 1871 to 5. I wonder if the boys and girls of to-day are as full of mischief as those of thirty years ago! It would not do to tell you in this letter of the "high jinks" (mild) in which we were concerned; but sometime when we're by ourselves I'll whisper some of them to you, on condition that you will never tell.

Some day I shall come home during the month of May to enjoy commencement week, with its pleasures and associations held dear thro all the intervening years—and shall hope to clasp hands once more with some of the old friends, the boys and girls of '75 (and their grandchildren).

Sincerely yours,

THIERON H. BELL.

CLIPPINGS FROM ADA ROESSLER'S LETTERS to HER MOTHER.

Salzburg, July 20, 1906.

Mamma, dearest:

We have had the most beautiful trip to-day. It has been a little cloudy and rained some, but it didn't hurt our good time. We left Munich at 8:20 for the Chiemsee, then went by steamer to the Herreninsel. We walked through the woods to the castle Herrenchiemsee. You never came this way, did you? You must come to Europe again if for this alone. I must confess that in all the other castles I have seen there has been some little thing lacking, but this one fairly took my breath. I can't tell you of anything much in particular because I was so dazed; it seemed like a dream. We entered through a big hall on the first floor in the middle of which is a statue of a peacock in bronze and alabaster. He is standing on a marble basin and his mate is crouched below. Dear me, but it was pretty! Then we went through an open place to the Trepnhaus. The stairs start up in the middle of the room and branch up the side of the wall. At this place is the statue of which I sent you the picture on the postal. There were the most beautiful frescoes on the walls. Then we went through the most beautiful room I ever saw or hope to see, everything was gold, gold, gold. I don't see where Ludwig got the money. You remember the gold embroidered beds you saw in the rooms of the palace? Well they looked like cheese-cloth beside this. The railing was entirely covered with gold leaf and the bed was nothing but gold; the curtain and panels all around and back of the bed were of the richest red velvet, heavily embroidered with gold; the chairs, dressing tables, clock, statuary—O, I can't begin to describe it. The floor had a most beautiful design in colored wood worked in it. The king's bedroom was on the same order

only smaller and blue instead of red. A scarf about four yards long over the top of the dresser was a dream of beautiful handmade lace. The great salon was very long and had 22 candelabras on each of the two sides. Each one must have been 8 feet high, and was made of brass covered with gold. The trimmings on the wall were of gilded brass also but the wonderful thing about the frescoes on the ceiling was, one could hardly tell where the painting left off and the statue or figure began. At each end the painting blended into real figures. A foot, wings, or maybe a whole body would be shaped and painted while the head might be just painted on the ceiling. I must mention the dining room. On the table was a vase or bowl of artificial flowers. They were beautifully made and I supposed of some fine cloth, they were so frail looking; and what do you think, they were made of Meissen china. I could scarcely believe it till the guide rattled them. A great deal of the building on the inside is just brick, unfinished. The walls of most of the rooms were of marble. The garden was all laid out in straight lines with the Alps in plain view. I could write a book about it but my pen won't work as fast as my brain.

August 18, 1906 — We are settled in Dresden now. Friday morning we started early and went through the Jewish town, crossed the river to the Burg. We went first to the Wallenstein Palace. The first place we went into was the bath-room. It was just like a cave. The ceiling and walls looked as if they were covered with little stalactites. There was a little stair-way from this up to the study-room, and from there to the observatory. We went through a big out-door dining-room with a beautiful view of the garden. Off this was a smaller room with flags and the stuffed horse that Wallenstein rode at the battle of Lützen. Then we went through the garden. The wall was as high as the house—two stories—and looked like rough rock.

Upstairs we saw the chapel, the private apartments, and the study room. They were most beautifully furnished. The walls were covered with Spanish leather. The carved desk of iron in which Wallenstein kept his armor was there also. From here we went to the Castle. First came the Homage Hall, Diet Hall, and ancient rooms of the country fables. Upstairs the Royal Diet and antique chamber where the two imperial chancellors were thrown from the window. The murder, you remember, resulted in the Thirty Years' War. Then in another part of the building were the German and the Spanish halls. Both were beautiful. We went to the Belvedere next. The view was good and also the frescoes of the history of Bohemia, after cartoons by Rubens. \* \* \* Did you see the silver room in Dresden? It is one of the finest sights we have seen. I don't see what the king could do with so much. Hundreds of the most beautiful solid silver plates, knives, forks and spoons—Oh, everything that one could imagine, and more—all valued at eight million marks I think he said. It was a large room with four large cupboards going clear to the ceiling and full of silver things; then a lower group of cupboards in the center of the room and at one end. The big center pieces and mirrors were in separate cases. Then we saw the Meissen china. Can't say as a whole that I think it is pretty, but some of it was beautiful. They can serve 3,000 at once. There was one set of which one plate was worth 134 marks. Think of a set like that, and more than a dozen plates, too. After that we saw the linen. He showed us some from the 17th century. I forgot the exact date. It was so beautiful that I could scarcely believe it could go by the name of linen.

December 19, 1906—I had a German lesson this afternoon and we had a talk about Christmas. The people go to church Christmas eve about 6 and then come home and have the

Christmas tree. They don't have holly and mistletoe here, but decorate with the Christmas tree branches, and Oh, such trees, every platz in town is turned into a little wald. The trees are all sizes from little ones a few feet high to big ones nearly as tall as some of the trees in our yard. Each tree when shipped is wrapped around and around with rope or twine so that all the branches go up and are held in place like a long pole. When undone they fall back in place without a twig being broken. Then each tree is put on a wooden cross and stands proudly by itself. There are also a few little shops put up where they sell toys and things something like the messe only much smaller. The children here don't have Santa Claus Christmas, but he comes about four weeks earlier on St. Nicholas Day. Some children put out their slippers and he fills them. The Christ Child or Father Christmas brings the tree and gifts at Christmas. The children are likely in the next room where they can hear, but cannot see him. He rings and they hear the parents greet him. Then he goes out with heavy steps, the parents say good-bye and thank him. No presents are put on the tree, only the silver and gold tinsel, and apples sometimes gilded, but not so much as they used to be. Gilded nuts are always hung on the tree. At the very top is either a big star or an angel. Glass icicles, balls and sweets and many candles are the other decorations. In the small villages where there is only one church and that a small one, people come for several miles around over hill and valley with their lanterns and candles. There are no lights in these little churches except a few at the altar. At each side of the altar is a Christmas tree and the service consists mostly of Christmas songs. When I told Fräulein L. about my company last year she exclaimed, "Oh, haven't they a home?" She couldn't imagine how anyone could visit at that time of the year. My teacher couldn't understand how we could have our little

Christmas entertainments an plays on Christmas even or dances on Christmas night. When I'm home another Christmas we will try to have a real German one, shall we? And we will always have a tree, too. One never gets too old for these pretty sentiments. It is a pity that we don't hold the Christmas day and eve more sacred like the Germans and make it a purely home affair.

March 20, 1907—I feel so happy this morning—so very happy. When I opened the pattern you sent and saw on it the words, "I love you," the sunshine came streaming in, although there was no sun to be seen except those three words—and I was happy. Oh! what a bright happy world this is and why will some people shut their eyes and keep out the sunshine? Isn't spring a queer time! It is so beautiful—so joyful, yet so sad. It pulls the heart-strings in a way that nothing else ever does. It gives you new life, new happiness; yet, it gives one a longing—a longing that cannot be expressed. When I feel the first warm breeze I want to stretch out my arms and grasp the spring. I take long deep breaths of the soft air and I feel so happy. How beautiful it is, the spring of nature and the spring of life! Do you remember the little poem I used to recite?

Could we but draw back the curtains,  
That surround each other's lives,  
See the naked heart and spirit,  
Know what spur the action gives,  
Often we would find it better,  
Purer than we judge we should,  
We would love each other better  
If we only understood.

If we knew the cares and trials,  
Knew the effort all in vain,  
And the bitter disappointment,

Understood the loss and gain,  
 Would the grim external roughness  
 Seem—I wonder—just the same?  
 Should we help, where now we hinder,  
 Should we pity, where we blame?

Oh! we judge each other harshly,  
 Knowing not life's hidden force,  
 Knowing not the fount of action  
 Is less turbid at its source.  
 Seeing not amid the evil  
 All the golden grains of good.  
 We would love each other better  
 If we only understood.

Deine Dich liebende Tochter,

ADA.

St. Augustine, Fla., April 25, 1907.

To the Valparaiso High School teachers and pupils.

Greetings:

On my last night in quaint old St. Augustine I will attempt to grant your request for a little contribution to the Annual of 1907. I have been here three weeks and had experienced no inspiration for writing until my recent visit to the "newly discovered" Fountain of Youth of Ponce de Leon fame. But having imbibed freely of its gurgling waters, I am now feeling quite equal to any task which requires mental strength or youthful vigor.

The first impressions I received of Florida were not so pleasant as they might have been—not a case of love at first sight. Instead of the "land of flowers" and dense green forests I had expected, there rose a vision of sand, sand-burrs and flies by

day, while the nights were filled with the sounds of squawking guineas and the slinging of mosquitos. In time, however, I began seeing more of the beauties of Nature. The gorgeous sunsets, the placid bay, the masses of multi-colored shells on the Gulf beach, and the excellent fishing are the principal attractions of the little town of Sarasota. In the country roundabout are the orange, lemon and grape-fruit orchards. The most beautiful sight I have seen in Florida was a well-kept orange grove, containing about sixty acres, some of the trees in full bloom and others covered with fruit. Adjoining was the grape-fruit orchard with its abundance of yellow fruit burdening the boughs and covering the ground beneath. Together with the bright green foliage, it made a picture of wondrous beauty—a picture requiring a more graphic pen than mine to describe adequately.

Leaving Sarasota we made a short stop at Tampa, a thriving Gulf port, Orlando, a city of lakes, there being thirteen lakes within its corporate limits and over two thousand in the county, Daytona and Ormond. Conditions were improving all the time as we approached the east coast, where the magic hand of Henry M. Flagler's millions has made the "wilderness to blossom as a rose." At Daytona I had my first glimpse of the Atlantic, with its great, high, white-capped waves appearing as an ever-changing mountain range at a distance and breaking into an angry surf on the shores. It seemed as if a long-felt wish had been granted, that I should view the sea in all its power and majesty just after a mighty storm and tidal wave.

Arriving in St. Augustine, with its ancient buildings, narrow streets and constant calm, I almost felt that I must be in some land foreign to any in which Chicago could exist. Being located across the street from the sea-wall, which shuts out the Matanzas river in full view of the ocean, with the Anastasia light house reflecting its gleams in my mirror at night and but one block

from old Fort Marion, I felt a longing to make this a permanent abiding place; but I seem to have no constant habitation and leave here for Chattanooga.

The little glimpses of my trip would be incomplete without a word concerning my new home on Missionary Ridge. Eleven hundred feet above the sea-level, I am feasting my eyes every day on the beautiful scenes of the Cumberland Mountains to the east, and Lookout Mountains to the westward, while from my window at night I can see the lights of Chickamauga Park. In the valley below lies Chattanooga, with its noise and smoke during the day. In the evening when the electric lights are all ablaze, one

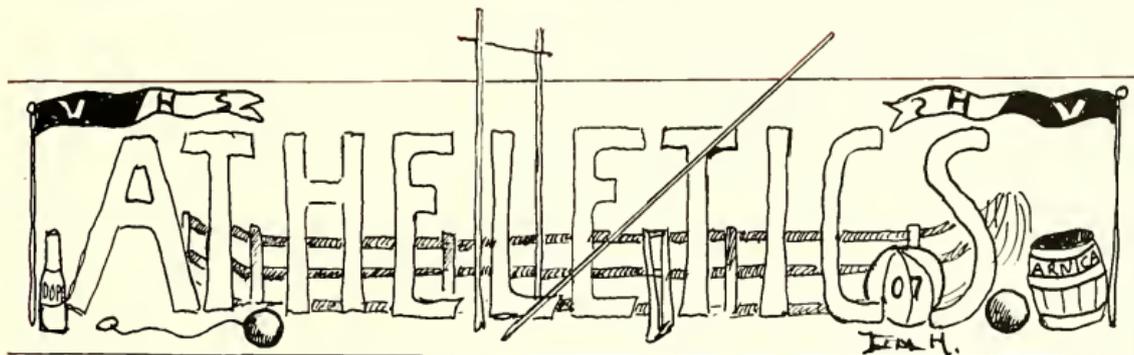
seems to be looking beyond the horizon at stars of multiplied magnitude.

Each new place seems to surpass all preceding ones in some particular feature and I am impressed, on even so small a journey, with the feeling that to see one little town and die is not sufficient; for just as we accept artists through the paintings they produce, architects by the structures they erect, and poets by their verse, so to be in harmony with the Infinite, we must behold His hand work—the great waters, the towering mountains and all the wonders which God hath wrought.

Very sincerely,

LAURA JONES.





### BASKET BALL.



THE V. H. S. Basket Ball Team of last season was very successful considering the teams they were pitted against. Since the High School did not belong to the Association the boys were forced to play teams composed of older and more experienced players. The only High School team played was the one at Hobart and the score, 49-27, with a patched up team, shows what the boys could have done had they played in the High School League.

The Athletic Clubs played were counted as the fastest in the northern part of the state and the boys were defeated only twice in all the games played.

Toward the end of the season a game was arranged for, with what was represented as the college team of Rochester, but on their arrival the boys found that they were up against an all-star Alumni Team and consequently were completely out-classed. The Michigan City High School team suffered the same fate, being defeated by precisely the same score as Valparaiso.



**V. H. S. Basketball Team**

Dow Johnson

Reginald Felton

Paul Noppman

Byron Smith

Raymond Fisk

Leslie Lembke

Ben Schenck

The line-up for most of the games was:

Nupnan, Left Forward.  
 Felton, Right Forward.  
 Johnson, Center.  
 Schenek, Left Guard.  
 Lembke, Right Guard.  
 Smith, Coach.

Referee, Fiske; Time-keeper, Miller. '0612.

It is not necessary to commend the Basket Ball Team of 1906-'07, as their playing will long be remembered by the High School and the people of Valparaiso. There was no star playing simply because all the players stared, it being well nigh impossible to get a basket off of the guards and the center and forwards found ample time and plenty of chances to score on every opposing team.

Nupnan, forward and general guardian of the rights of our team, was one of the fastest forwards that ever struck our little Hoosier state. He is of German descent. "It was the Dutch."

Felton, the little curly headed forward, so hard to guard, quick as a cat and as sure as a piece of machinery, was and

still is a favorite, especially among the girls. Descent—unknown.

Johnson, Center and Captain, held up his name in jumping, in the game of Basket Ball as well as in athletics, by taking the "knock-off" from his opponent nearly every time. He is easily detected among his companions by his habit of towering head and shoulders above his short friends. Descent? Well, make a guess.

Schenek, guard, has proved his ability by successfully guarding the best High School forwards in Northern Indiana. His stubborn head seemed to be everywhere and always in the way of the forward. He worked like an engine and certainly played with a steadier motion than every engine can boast of. Descent—German.

Lembke, guard, made his first appearance in the game at the beginning of last season, but soon became recognized among followers of the game as a fast, heady player who was always in the way when a forward tried to make a sensational heave for a basket. Descent—Dutch.

Smith, coach, manager and general utility man.



V. H. S.  
Basket Ball  
Team

Dora Firebaugh  
Lena Take  
Finette  
Bartholomew  
Edna Summer  
Louise Black



**GIRLS' BASKET BALL.**

It was not until the first part of March, '07, that the girls had any idea of organizing a Basket Ball team. Then they obtained permission from Mr. Hughart to use the boy's "gym" on Tuesday and Friday evenings and organized two teams, the V. H. S. and the R. T. R.'s. Since they had organized so late in the season, the girls had little chance of securing games with outside teams. The only one played was at Hobart, against the fast Hobart High School team. This team was played immediately after organizing and the girls did not expect to win. The experience they obtained, however, was of great value to them.

Several games were played at home against their rivals, the R. T. R.'s, and in this way the girls secured valuable practice.

All the girls on the two teams, with one exception, will

be in High School next year and though the loss of her means the loss of a good guard, we hope to have a successful team.

Following is the line-up of the two teams:

V. H. S. B. B. T.

Dora Firebaugh, Left Forward.

Lena Take, Right Forward.

Finnette Bartholomew, Center.

Louise Black, Right Guard (Captain).

Edna Summers, Left Guard.

R. T. R. B. B. T.

Agnes Winneguth, Left Forward (Captain)

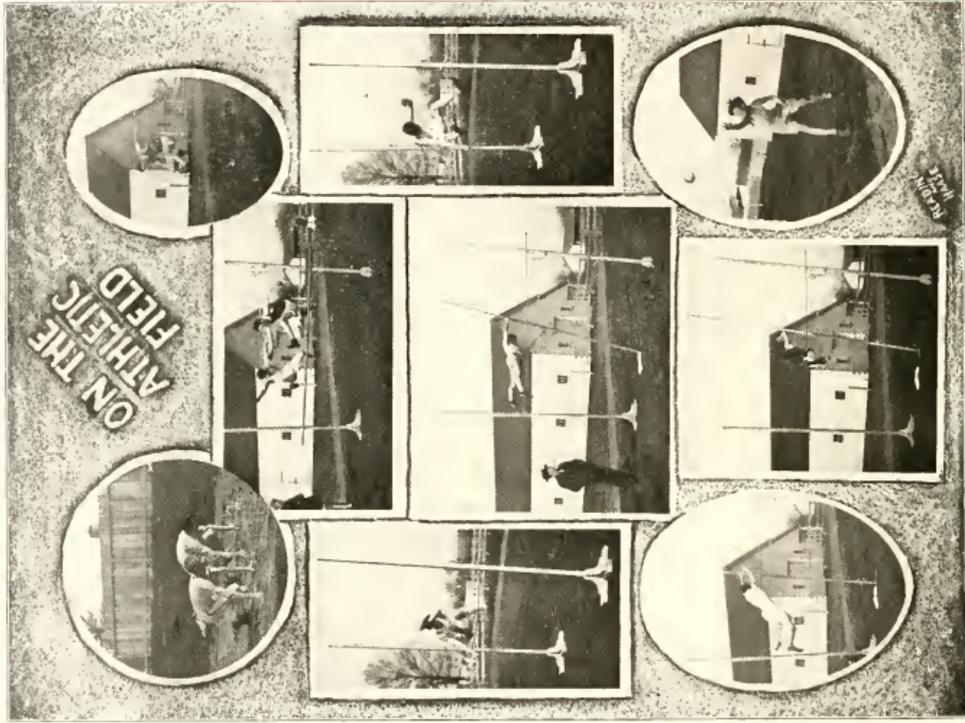
Gertrude Trough, Right Forward.

Minnie Lemster, Center.

Whitzman, Right Guard.

Dena Timmons, Left Guard.





ON THE  
ATHLETIC  
FIELD

Track  
and  
Field

### TRACK TEAM.

TWO years ago the first track team ever organized in this high school succeeded in taking second place in the county meet, Hobart taking first place. Considering that none of the members of the team had ever entered a meet before, they made an excellent showing and the prospects for the next year's team were very good.

Last year a good team was turned out and they succeeded in defeating the University Y. M. C. A. team in a hotly contested meet. Later in the same season they made

a very poor showing against Hebron, owing to the illness of two of the "stars" and the barring of others.

This year's team had a very good outlook at the first of the season, but fate seemed to turn against them later. The weather has been so wet and cold that it has been almost impossible for them to train outside of the gymnasium and the track at the Fair Grounds has been torn up with improvements so that no meets could be held here. There has been fine material to draw from, but no opportunity to try it out. It is hoped that next year conditions will be such that the large number of "comers" may have an opportunity to display their dormant ability in this line.



### CLASS WILL.



**W**E, THE members of the class of '07 of the Valparaiso High School, being of sound mind(?) and body (but fearing that ere another month has passed we may be rendered insane by the rush and roar of present circumstances), do hereby set our hand; and seals (and anything else the law requires) to this, our last will and testament, on this, the seventeenth day of April, NINETEEN HUNDRED AND SEVEN.

First: We do appoint "Jack" Fabing, Raymond Fiske, and "Pete" Pagin, as a committee of three to execute these, our last wishes and desires.

Second: We give to each worthy Junior, a back seat and all its attendant privileges.

- a. The right to converse freely with his neighbor.
- b. The right to indulge in lunches during study hours.
- c. The right to read some thrilling romance instead of studying English.
- d. The right to deliver all waste material to the alley, through the back windows.

Third: We give to the Sophomores the interesting collection of blank books belonging to the Senior bookkeepers also the red ink bottles.

Fourth: We give to the Freshies the first three seats in

each row and the use of the Gymnasium and the Century Dictionary.

Fifth: We give to the whole school all of those school yells compiled by the Senior boys, which have not already been "copyrighted," for instance, "Sis-is-is-is-Valpo" and "Wh-o-o-p-e Valpo," (two yells which are very excellent when given with spirit).

Sixth: We give to the W. A. B. our black oilcloth aprons, to be used for dish washing.

Seventh: a. We give to Mr. Hughart our review note books, as remembrances of our brilliancy.

b. We give to Mr. Miller our Laboratory note books and all the wonderful discoveries we have made.

Eighth: We give to those people who will enter high school next fall as freshies, all the letters in the alphabet not already in use as club names.

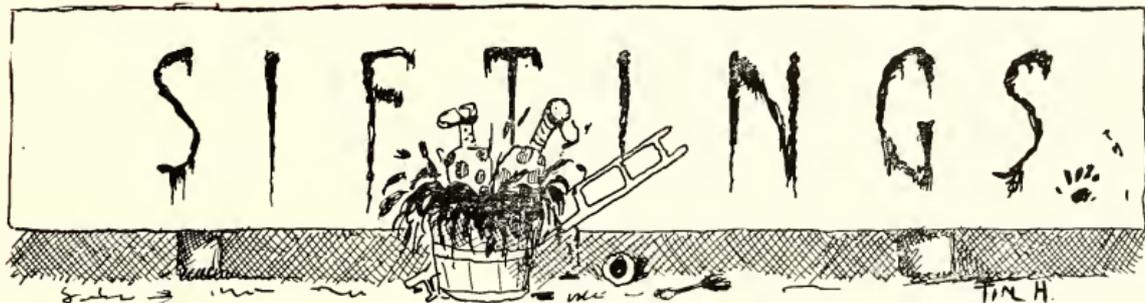
Lastly: We extend to all the members of the school and all of the teachers our deepest love and respect and we only ask that they remember us kindly, not because we were great, but because we belonged to the family.

Signed: Class of '07.

Witnesses:

Mrs. Brooks.

Mr. Skinkle.



"All men dread to be lonesome."—Byron.

Dow—I got 100 in that test in Geometry.

Byron—Who sat next to you?

Owing to the lack of diplomas, the majority of the '06½ class did not graduate.

Mr. Johnson thinks very seriously of staging his latest success, "The Maid of Maiden."

"Quit throwing those stones."

"Oh, those are not stones, those are Chiriguanas biscuits."

(Mr. Miller's Annual Joke) Sparking is wasted energy.

"Evening callers make morning tardiness."—Geraldine.

"When he had passed it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music."—Raymond.

The Freshman class is growing "smaller" ever year.

Found—Jim Harrison strolling on College Hill.

Dan Cupid is a marksman poor,  
Despite his love and kisses,  
For while he always hits the mark,  
He's always making Mrs.

He sent Andrew to college,  
And now he cries, Alack!  
He spent ten thousand dollars,  
And got a quarter back.

Lives of basket ball girls remind us,  
They'll be thought of evermore,  
And departing, leave behind them,  
Half their faces on the floor.

Metonymy means a change of name.

Example—Our lady teachers have never been guilty of metonymy. That's not saying they would not like to be.

We are sorry to say that Geraldine is past redemption.

#### THE FRESHMEN, 1910.

Little birdie in the grass,  
Cunning Freshman 'bout to pass;  
Bird flies on the youth unseen,  
Made a mistake, he was just as green.

#### THE SOPHOMORES, 1909.

It seems to me, while pondering o'er his task,  
The innocent "Soph" would never deign to ask,  
How he derived his name in school,

Did he but know that "Sophomore" meant  
"An educated fool."

#### THE JUNIORS, 1908.

The class is small in number,  
And composed mostly of girls,  
Who are ever known to slumber,  
And the boys? Well, they are pearls.

#### THE SENIORS, 1907.

The many troubles and anxious sighs,  
To obtain that which this name implies  
Permit us, when other classes moan,  
To say, we are worried by ours alone—  
For we have seen yours (Seniors).

"Caedmon was a little boy who wrote poetry about the old testament. That's all I know."—Edna.

Mr. Miller predicts that his namesake, Hiram, will be at the top of his profession. (At the top of the telephone poles fixing the wires.)

" 'Tis sad that he (Hiram) is gone."—Mae.

Grace suffered all the weary day,  
Yet never made complaint;  
She bore her pain as if she'd been  
Some good old-fashioned saint.  
But with the night came rest for her,  
Untroubled rest and sweet,  
She peeled her number 4 shoes from  
Her number 7 feet.

Mr. Miller—Why isn't copper good to use for cooking utensils?

Kate—Because you have to keep them clean.

When I start into the Latin class,  
I feel as if I were going to mass,  
For, oh, the minute I take my chair  
Miss Benny, in Latin, begins to swear.

Stranger—What are you crying about, my lad?

Physics Pupil—We lose about fifteen minutes every morning of our Physics recitation.

Prof. Skinkle—Ben, put on your work for finding the diameter of this material sphere.

Ben—I haven't finished it yet.

Prof. Skinkle—Put on what you have.

Ben—I haven't begun it yet neither.

Mr. Hughart—Name ten wild animals of North America.  
Carrie (who takes malt)—Snakes.

Miss Imhoff—Why aren't you writing, Andrew?

Andrew (who has been talking to Geraldine)—I was dreaming.

Five years hence:

The proprietor (Leslie Lembke) of a large business house, bought a number of signs reading, "Do it now," and had them hung around the office, hoping to inspire his people with promptness and energy in their work. In his private office, one day soon afterward, a friend asked him how the scheme affected the staff. "Well, not just the way I thought it would," answered the proprietor. "The cashier (Dow Johnson) skipped with thirty thousand dollars; the head bookkeeper (John Earle) eloped with the private secretary (Phoebe Hess) and the office boy (Jack Fabing) lit out to become a highwayman."

Note—Mr. Johnson later marries Miss Helen Pagin and confesses that he took the thirty thousand for their honeymoon.

Leslie (dropping his Physics book in recitation)—I've dropped Physics.

Little grains of powder,  
Little drops of paint,  
Make Geraldine's freckles  
Look as if they ain't.

Two experts have been employed by the High School to run the mimograph. We wonder who they are.

Imagine:

Phoebe Hess not chewing gum.  
Kathryn Anderson not talking.  
Byron not talking to Mary.  
Jim Harrison going straight to his seat.  
Geraldine not being tardy.  
Dow Johnson as a preacher.  
Andrew not getting angry.  
Carrie staying in her seat.  
John Earle working hard.  
Cartha having a crush.  
Grace being small.  
Ella skipping a class.  
Leslie not interested in athletics.  
Jack out of mischief.  
Walter not going with Elsie.  
Helen not with Grace.  
Eva forgetting caps and gowns.  
Ada minus that blush.

#### LATIN.

All the people dead who wrote it,  
All the people dead who spoke it,  
All the people die who learn it,  
Blessed death! They surely earn it.

Freshman—"How far is a line?"

Sophomore—"I don't know, why?"

Freshman—"Well, I heard a pretty Junior girl say that it was difficult to go seventy-five lines without a pony."

The Man of the Hour. Dowie Johnson.

Hyperbole—Exaggeration for effect.

Example—I love my science teacher.

(Effect)—“S” in Chemistry this month.

Cartha—Miss Benny, may I have Pericles?

Miss Benny—Yes, but I hate to see the last man in the class go.

Freshman, 1911 (first day)—Where shall I sit?

Principal—You may sit on the floor until we get some cradles.

The Seniors have had some very quiet class meetings, although the boys are allowed to throw erasers.

Mr. Miller—Cartha, explain the formation of flame?

Cartha—Well, all I remember is that it said something about sparks and I don't understand that very well.

“Mr. Hughart, you always ask what I didn't study.”—Edna.

Miss MacQuilkin was walking around the room one day and came to Carrie's seat. Carrie was busily engaged in talking to Milton Take.

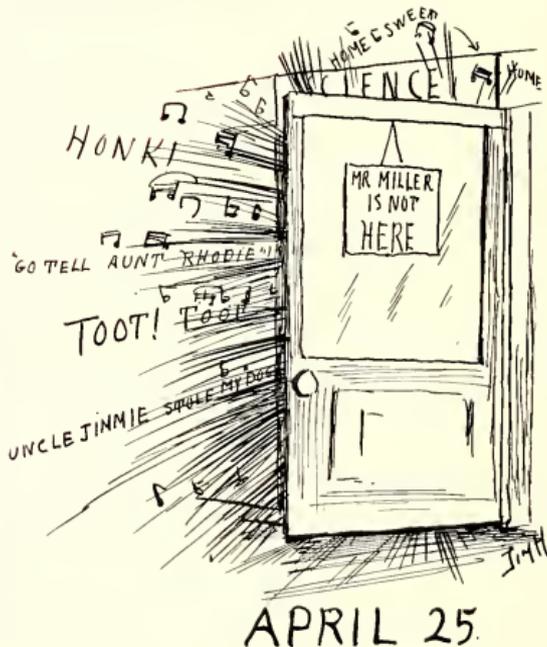
Miss MacQuilkin—“Carrie, have you taken Milton under your wing too?”

Lost—A choir of fifteen voices.

Twenty years hence:

Friend—Hello, John, what are you doing now?

John—Oh, I am playing tennis.





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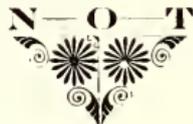
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