

CLASS MOTTO: Alta Petens (Seeking Higher Things)
CLASS COLORS: Green and White
CLASS FLOWER: Red Clover





SENIORS

Name	Pseudonym	Appearance	By-Word	Occupation	Favorite Song
Mary Bates.....	Spike	Bashful	Smiling	"The Little Church Around the Corner"
Jean Butcher.....	Snookums	Majestic	Not on your life!.....	Planning Pienies....	"Let's Go Where We Can Have Some Fun"
Robert Chadwick.....	Bob	Determined	You old cow!.....	Dancing	"Beulah Land"
Mildred Clark.....	Fritz	Brunette	Oh Shoot!.....	Keeping Quiet.....	"Love's Old Sweet Song"
Oneta Currie.....	Foolish	Sleepy	Heavens!	Gossiping	"Who Loves Me?"
Hazel Frisbie.....	Friskie	Extremely neat..	Gosh!	Chaperoning	"You've Got to Take Me Home Tonight"
Ida Lovejoy.....	Peggy	Prim	The Dickens!.....	Overseeing	"Down on the Farm"
Clinton Mott.....	Squint	Dressy	Oh the ! ! ? ? ?.....	Skiping	"Juanita"
Nina Schupbach.....	Primp	Listless	Oh! for goodness sake!....	Washing dishes.....	"The Dainty Little Miss"
Helen Shaw.....	Sweedy.....	Pug Nose.....	Gee Whiz!.....	Kodakery	"Nothing to do but Nothing"
Myron Turner.....	B. J.	Busy	Man alive!.....	Bossing	"I Didn't Raise My Ford to Be a Jitney"
Neta Whitaker.....	Babe	Stately	Gory!	Giggling	"I'm Waiting for a Letter"



MYRON W. TURNER

President Senior Class; Business Manager
"Echo"; Glee Club; V. H. S. Quartet;
Athletic Manager; Baseball; Track;
President's Address



JEAN F. BUTCHER

Editor-in-Chief "Reflector"; Joke Editor
"Echo"; Valedictorian



MARY I. BATES
"To the Class of '17"



HAZEL L. FRISBIE
High School Faculty; The Junior Play



NINA E. SCHUPBACH
Ass't Editor "Echo"; Glee Club; Class Poem



NETA I. WHITAKER
Glee Club; Giftatory



ROBERT L. CHADWICK
Vice President; Football; Track; Class
Historian



HELEN SHAW
Staff Photographer "Echo"; Glee Club;
Class Song



ONETA CURRIE
Society Editor "Echo"; Glee Club; Class
Prophecy



MILDRED M. CLARK
Class Prophecy



CLINTON B. MOTT

Business Mgr. "Reflector"; Athletic Editor
"Echo"; V. H. S. Quartet; Orchestra;
Glee Club; Captain Football Team;
Captain Track Team; Baseball;
Class Will



IDA R. LOVEJOY

Editor-in-Chief "Echo"; Glee Club; Class
Orator

VASSAR HIGH SCHOOL COMMENCEMENT

JUNE, 1916

Baccalaureate Sermon, REV. ESTES.....Baptist Church

Sunday Evening, June 18

Class Day and Commencement Exercises.....Baptist Church

Thursday Evening, June 22

PROGRAM

Music.....V. H. S. Orchestra
March.....V. H. S. Orchestra
Invocation
Selection.....V. H. S. Glee Club
President's Address.....Myron W. Turner
Class Oration, "Preparedness".....Ida R. Lovejoy
Class Poem.....Nina E. Schupbach
Vocal Solo.....Florence Butcher
Class History.....Robert L. Chadwick
Class Prophecy.....Mildred M. Clark and Oneta Currie
Class Giftatory.....Neta I. Whitaker
Selection.....V. H. S. Male Quartette
Class Will.....Clinton B. Mott
Valedictory.....Jean F. Butcher

Class Song

Presentation of Diplomas

Benediction

PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS

MYRON W. TURNER

PARENTS, Friends and Schoolmates:—

In the name of the Senior Class of 1916, I wish to extend to you a most cordial welcome to these, our Commencement Exercises. This is an occasion which only comes to a person once in a lifetime, and we feel that your presence here does not merely express a curiosity to see us, but a deep interest in the graduates of Vassar High School.

The members of the class of 1916, with the exception of myself, all attended V. H. S. the entire four years. In these four years we have had a course of training, which we feel has given us an impetus in the right direction, mentally and morally. Besides our regular course of study, we have participated in the other activities of the school, such as athletics, public performance and the publication of the Senior Echo. We believe we have succeeded in some degree but exactly how much remains to be proven in the future.

In behalf of the Senior Class, I wish to thank the citizens of the district for the opportunities which they have afforded us. Were it not for the generosity of the PEOPLE of the district, it would not be possible for us to come before you in this manner tonight.

We also wish tonight to extend our thanks as a class to our parents, who have enabled us to complete the four years course of training and to reach the goal of every High School student—Commencement. Perhaps, it is more a matter of individual gratitude and thanks, but still we would remember them also on the occasion.

To the Board of Education, we feel that we owe much gratitude for the diplomas which we receive and which carry with them no empty honor, for they entitle us to entrance to the University of Michigan without examination.

Then, to those who have borne the trials and tribulations caused by us in the past, in the prompt and perfect—or otherwise—preparation of our lessons, we express our heartfelt gratitude. We feel that they have given us their best, under the leadership of our esteemed Superintendent, Mr. Osgerby, who together with Miss Winkler has given time and attention to the drilling of the various plays we have given, and we wish to repay them with our best efforts in the future.

Then, last but not least, by any means, we wish to gratefully remember those who have so kindly consented to take part in the various concerts and entertainments, which we have found it necessary to give to secure funds for the Echo. We wish especially to thank Miss Davies for the help she has given us in preparing the Echo, as well as with the concerts.

In closing I would say that if you support new ventures and enterprises in years to come as you have this year, the spirit and work of V. H. S. must necessarily grow and the encouragement given will always be appreciated.

And now once more, we welcome you to these exercises on this, our eve of departure.

PREPAREDNESS

IDA LOVEJOY

PREPAREDNESS is the state of being made equal in advance to master the problems as life presents them. It is possible to accomplish the work of today only by the preparation of yesterday. The problems of tomorrow will be solved according to the preparation made today.

Nothing has ever been done that did not require some preparation. No one will ever enter the Gates of Opportunity without having prepared for it. Thomas Edison never invented anything without long hours of study and experiment. His inventions show what preparedness means.

In the budding springtime of youth, blossoms appear, some to be blasted by the cruel frosts of criticism, other to be blighted by the coddling moths of vile suggestion, eating out the very heart, which otherwise would have developed into the most precious fruit of the earth.

It is well said that "Children are the Joy of Today and the Promise of Tomorrow," but to make this statement true, they must be cared for and protected from these frosts and blights. The Public School is the medium through which this can be done. In this great Institution children of all nationalities among us are associated. "This is THE opportunity of ALL children."

The modern American Public School with its sanitary drinking fountains, gymnasiums, supervised playgrounds, and well equipped laboratories, recognizes that it must be both Conservative and Progressive, that it must preserve the health and develop a vigorous physical power. It must also awaken the emotions and higher aspirations.

Intellectual culture is conditioned upon emotional culture. A person cannot learn anything unless he first becomes filled with a consuming desire to know. Next he must have a conception of the thing he is to learn. This is the mellowing of the soil, the preparation necessary for the sowing of the seed. Now the question comes: "What shall be planted therein?"

One influential group of educators recognizes the fact that it is high time that the High School Curriculum be filled with practical subjects that train for efficiency in the common walks of life and produce young men and women who shall be prepared to assume responsibility and positions of trust in carrying on the work of the world.

Conditions have so changed since the Spanish speaking nations of South America have entered our commercial life, that the study of the Spanish language is fast replacing Latin and German in our High Schools. Young women are trained in the business of Home-making as well as House-keeping, since that is the **BUSINESS** in which the largest percentage of the women of our land are engaged.

In a Republic like our own where the Sovereign People are the Kings and Rulers, contempt by any resident here for the opportunities so freely offered in this beautiful land of ours, is not only a badge of inferiority but it is High Treason against the nation.

"An age which constructs even its children's playthings on scientific principles can never be a millennium for uneducated souls." It is the duty as well as the privilege of every person in this broad land to prepare himself thoroughly for Efficient Citizenship in order to take his place among those who plan and attempt grander achievements and to help his fellow citizens in maintaining the highest place of loyalty and truth among the nations of the world.

CLASS POEM

NINA SCHUPBACH

TIS the class of nineteen sixteen
That has reached the goal at last
We've finished school and now reflect
On the bright days fading past.

Our school days have been gay and happy
As we worked and toiled away,
Studying and burning the oil of midnight
E'en until the morning gray.

To our tasks we have been faithful,
Knowing well that adage old,
Work comes always ere the playtime,
Something you have all been told.

Or perchance on happy week-ends
Far from our lessons we have strayed
Teachers Mondays gave us a welcome
Making all our brightness fade.

But in spite of this we've conquered
Algebra—that awful foe,
Science, Language, other horrors
Which have added to our woe.

But tonight our thoughts are turning
To a much more serious theme,
Class mates soon will all be parted
Each to struggle in Life's stream.

Each one has his aspirations,
Each one has his high ideal,
Now we start pursuing bravely
With a real courageous zeal.

Little know we what the future
Holds in store for every one,
But we trust that work attempted
Will successfully be done.

In the future we'll remember
Days at Vassar always bright,
How we worked and strove for honors
'Neath our banner—"The Green and White."

CLASS HISTORY

ROBERT CHADWICK

AS ALL the American people are talking of preparedness, it is only to be up-to-date that I wish to tell you of the training and preparedness of the twelve soldiers, which you see before you. When we entered the Vassar High School as raw recruits, there were over twice as many of us as there are now, and with light hearts we appeared before the recruiting agent, Commander Harrington, on a bright September morning in 1912, in response to a bugle call to arms, which the unknowing called "the old school bell."

Commander Harrington read the roll call and then gave out orders which were new and strange to us. Because we could not conceal the fact that we were unused to the ways of this army life, we were called "freshies."

In this first year of our training the ranks were filled to a large extent by girls, who seemed to be enlisted in the cause of "Woman Suffrage," so you can plainly understand why Nina Schupbach was elected captain. When we dramatized a little play, "The Man Without a Country," we showed our patriotism by presenting a silk flag to the V. H. S. army. Captain Schupbach presented the colors in a becoming way.

In the winter a furlough came to us in the form of a sleigh ride to Richville. Needless to say everyone had a fine time and the festivities lasted until the small hours of the morning. The first feeling of "greenness" was well worn off by June and we were given an honorable discharge and two months' vacation.

When we were assembled in review parade in September, 1913, under Commander Odle, every trace of our previous shyness had disappeared (except that which Mary Bates and Mildred Clark have still reserved). Under the title of Sophomores our dignity and importance could not be exceeded, even by those of higher rank. When Commander Odle called the roll, some of our own number were missing, among them, Thurbur Chrysler, who had entered a far different field. When it came time to elect a captain, I found that I was wanted by a large majority. I won't brag about my merits because it would take up too much time. There was terrible slaughter of the enemy during these months of battle, and we almost became pale and worn withstanding the attacks of tests and examinations.

The most important furlough of the year was spent in Frankenmuth. All of our regiment gathered in the mess tent of the Fisher Hotel, where a bountiful supply of grub was disposed of.

In the third year of our enlistment we felt that as Juniors, we could direct affairs almost as well as our new Commander Osgerby. He was a large kindly featured man, who proved to be popular with all the soldiers. Our new captain, Captain Turner, proved to have great ability in fighting for a point, or in bargaining with the enemy in times of truce.

This year our girls seemed to be the belles of the camp, as they were always very popular with the cook, Will Sutherland, a mere Sophomore. He used to feed them with roasted marshmallows by the handful.

While we were in winter quarters this year, the monotony of camp life

was broken by the presentation of a play, "It's all in the Pay Streak." We presented this to obtain money with which we could banquet our comrades who were leaving the fort this year. This banquet has been a custom for some years, so in the spring we invited the Seniors of 1915 down to Bodimer's mess tent, where a feast was enjoyed, along with interesting toasts and speeches.

This last year of the campaign found us back at the old red fort on the hill, which had not been rebuilt, though we had hoped it might be. Along with the old fort we kept our same Commander, and re-elected Turner as Captain. This year we have been so busy filling our heads with knowledge, that we have been classed with the great workers of the age! When we were in the thickest of the fray, a mutiny broke out. Our colors were stolen by those whom we had supposed were our friends. I will mention no names, but merely say that they were soon made aware of their mistake and kindly obliged us by selling us their caps of green and white, by which we were always recognized.

During the winter months Commander Osgerby asked us to keep a bulletin of events around the fort, and publish them in a paper called the "V. H. S. Reflector." Private Jean Butcher was elected head of the staff and did her duties in fine style. Our neighboring fort at Caro was interested when they learned what we were doing and how cheaply it could be done, and they were not long in following our example.

Besides publishing this paper, we have been very busy on a larger undertaking. Having decided to publish a review similar to the books put out annually by larger high schools and colleges, we have had to give several entertainments to raise money enough for this book. Private Ida Lovejoy was chosen editor-in-chief, because of her ability to look after things in general. In fact she has looked into every nook and corner of the earth in search of a "Deare" which is something unusual for her to do.

But all that strife and worry is over now and we are before you, the product of several years "preparation." Whether war comes, or peace continues to reign, we hope we are prepared for the worst; we have been drilled for the last time, and in a very few minutes expect to get our honorable discharges from this siege, only to enter the greater "battle of real life."

PROPHECY

MILDRED CLARK AND ONETA CURRIE

(Telephone Conversation)

- ONETA:** As I came here to fulfill a date,
I learned that here lived an old school-mate.
Well, how are you, and what's your trade?
I'm a stenographer, but very low paid.
My board is light, but my board bill big,
And all I can do is to dig, dig, dig.
- MILDRED:** Teaching school is my only trade,
For I am left a poor old maid;
Nothing to do, but to grind at the wheel,
To make ends meet requires much zeal.
But, now to our mates of nineteen sixteen,
Of any of them have you heard or seen?
- ONETA:** Oh yes, there's Jean Butcher, who to Boston has gone,
To become a lawyer and help right the wrong.
She pleaded a righteous cause and won,
Not alone the case, but a millionaire's son.
And, of course, she retired as you'd surmise,
Because she is bound by the marriage ties.
- MILDRED:** A letter from Mary Bates, I did lately receive,
And perhaps for you it will be hard to believe
That she a missionary to China has gone,
Teaching the Chinese with word and song,
A very noble work she has chosen indeed,
From the class of sixteen of much praise there is need.
- ONETA:** Myron Turner, our class president, resides in our town
And as a banker has gained much renown;
The Fidelity Trust Company has Myron for its president
And with him at its head, its prosperity is quite evident.
He no longer in his Ford uses oil and gasoline,
For now he rides around in a lightning limousine.
- MILDRED:** Haven't you heard of Ida Lovejoy? That's queer,
She taught Latin at Wellesley for three or four years,
But next came Earl Safford, young and gay,
And took our faithful Ida away.
Now she is enjoying a quiet life
On a New England homestead, away from all strife.
- ONETA:** But Nina Schupbach surpasses them all,
For she went to Paris only last Fall
And is now designing the world's latest fashion—
Dressmaking with her has become quite a passion.
I always knew she had style on the brain,
But I never supposed in Paris she'd reign.

MILDRED : Of the career of Clinton Mott, I've lately read.
He's carrying out his plans so 'tis said
For the rebuilding of Europe since the war,
He's a civil engineer and what could be more?
He married Helen Shaw as you would little suspect,
And took her to Europe to help him perfect.

ONETA : The last time that I from Helen Shaw did hear,
It to me did seem rather queer ;
That she chose music for her art,
And to Germany she will soon depart.
It will come in handy now, you bet ;
For she can accompany Clinton on his cornet.

MILDRED : Then, there is Neta Whitaker we must not forget,
And nothing in her life has she to regret.
For after her school days to college she went,
And on business interests her whole life was bent.
But now you must know what she later became,
She at present is a Court Stenographer of very great fame.

ONETA : Then too, there's Hazel Frisbie who possessed much skill,
And who rendered her services with a right good will ;
Now she is a renowned principal of Vassar school,
And in the new building lays down many a rule.
She has always been noted for carrying things through,
But who would have thought that this could be true !

MILDRED : And Robert Chadwick, if you'd like to know,
Is a noted detective in the State of Idaho.
His work, however, is not in that State alone,
For all over the country his great name is known.
He is called in many cases to execute the law,
For he's second to none unless it be Hawkshaw.

ONETA : Well, I'd better ring off for I might miss my train,
And next time I'm here I shall call you again,
For I am so glad to have learned of my dear school-mates.

MILDRED : I too am delighted to have learned of their fates.
Now may pure light around them be shed,
And each with hope and virtue be led.

GIFTATORY

NETA WHITAKER

ONE bright sunshiny afternoon, not long ago as I was strolling through the woods, I came to a little brook. Here I sat down to watch the sparkling water babble over the stones. Soon I was lost in thoughts of my happy school-days and jolly class-mates.

While in this reverie, I was aroused by a gentle tap on my shoulder. I quickly turned and was somewhat surprised to see an elf at my side. In one hand it carried this basket.

Noticing my surprise, the elf began, "My friend, be not frightened, I am only a messenger from the elves and have an errand I wish you to do. Here is a basket containing gifts for the Class of '16 and I ask you to present them to its members, when they are assembled on the evening of June 22nd. I think you will find the name on each, but first, I ask that you do not pry into the secrets of the basket until that evening."

After I had promised to carry out the requests as far as possible, the elf disappeared as mysteriously as it had appeared.

Since I am the one on whom the duty fell, I ask that none be vexed at me, if any of you should be disappointed or feel that the gift is a misfit. It is the choice of the elves, not mine.

The first is a reward of merit. A scholarship for Jean Butcher, as a reward for the most excellent grades she has attained, while at V. H. S.

Here are a few Chinese characters with all their fascination of mystery. They will doubtless be quite beneficial for one, who contemplates entering the missionary field in China—Mary Bates.

How strange! Here is a spoon for Clinton Mott and no instructions as to its use go with it. Doubtless none are needed, as he has the reputation of being an expert with spoons of all kinds. As a man in the shoe business this vacation, he will find the skill and the article useful.

A parachute and here is Ida Lovejoy's name on this card. It must be that the elves would protect her from any sudden flights of oratory or heights of enthusiasm in translating German or Latin stories. Thus providing a safe way for her return to the earth.

Here is an envelope addressed to Oneta Currie. I see it is from one of the leading shoe stores of Detroit. Probably it offers her a position as bookkeeper for that establishment, perhaps a partnership—no one knows.

A sheet of popular music. Of course, it is for Helen Shaw, the composer of our song. It has often been hinted that Helen might sing for the "Movies" and this may possibly prove to be one of her favorites.

Ah! What is this? It must be some patent device for depositing mail in rural boxes without halting the carrier's car and it is for Robert Chadwick. It must be that he has been appointed assistant mail-carrier for Route IV. This may prove a stepping stone for him to some higher office in the government of the United States, especially if he succeeds in demonstrating the usefulness of the device.

I wonder what this parcel is. A beautiful bow of ribbon; and look, it is for

Hazel Frisbie. This, I'm sure, Hazel will find useful as a decoration and a beau-
is something she has longed for, for some time.

A ruler, and it's for Mildred Clark. Now, I'm certain this is something
that Mildred is quite accustomed to using, as she has completed a course in
Geometry. Possibly she, as a teacher, may use this to measure her future pupils
mental ability.

Well, here is a basket for Myron Turner, who was such an excellent fielder
in our baseball team this year. It may serve him better than his mitt has, as it
is a little larger and may hold the ball more securely.

I do declare. Nina Schupbach is supplied with one of her desires, a mirror.
This will surely take the place of the one in the upper hall of the High School
building, where she always stopped a few minutes, before entering the study hall,
to behold a beautiful face.

As there is only a lock and key left in the basket, it must be for myself. This
will always serve as a gentle reminder of my school-days and the class of '16. It
is also a splendid suggestion that it is time for me to close. Thus I will leave you
to thank the elves as you wish.



CLASS WILL

CLINTON B. MOTT

WE, the Seniors of '16, of this city of Vassar, County of Tuscola, and State of Michigan, being of sound mind and memory, and through due respect for our beloved classmates, do declare this to be our Last Will and Testament, thereby revoking all former Wills and Testaments heretofore made by us. We hereby dispose of our earthly possessions, as follows:

FIRST:—We hereby request that all our just debts and living expenses be paid.

SECOND:—To those who will soon be filling our places as Seniors during the coming year, we do hereby will and bequeath the first and greatest of our possessions, namely, "The Privileges of Seniors," which we have enjoyed so freely during the past year.

THIRD:—To the Sophomores we sincerely will and bequeath that spirit of loyalty, which has so greatly characterized our entire High School life.

FOURTH:—To the Freshmen we do hereby give, devise and bequeath all the good marks we should have received but never did.

FIFTH:—To the Class of '20 we do cheerfully give the friendly advice of obeying all requests made by Seniors at any time.

SIXTH:—We, the Class of '16, do hereby give, devise and bequeath the following personal bequests:

(a) To Miss Winkler we do hereby bequeath a locker, which will be found so useful in keeping the synopsis book from prying eyes.

(b) To Howard and Lois, we bequeath a storm shed to keep out the slush.

SEVENTH:—To those wishing to stay in the office during vacant class periods, we bequeath a safety device, which will automatically register the approach of footsteps.

EIGHTH:—To those wishing a short enjoyment, we hereby give, devise and bequeath one of America's expensive pastimes, which will be found in little wads adhering to the lower part of the recitation seats in the assembly room.

NINTH:—We, the Class of '16, would like to make the following personal requests:

(a) That a bell be attached to Hoyt Halstead.

(b) That a lunch counter be established in the basement for William Sutherland.

TENTH:—To the School Board and members of this district of Vassar, we, the Senior Class of '16, do hereby give, devise and bequeath the remaining firm bricks of the present structure for the construction of a fine new edifice, which will be an honor to the city and community.

ELEVENTH:—To Mr. Osgerby and the remaining members of the faculty, we, the Senior Class of '16, do hereby bequeath our heartfelt gratitude for their help and guidance during the past year and do sincerely hope that success will greet them at every turn.

TWELFTH:—We do hereby appoint J. K. Osgerby Executor of this, our Last Will and Testament.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, We have hereunto set our hand and seal this 22nd day of June, A. D. one thousand nine hundred and sixteen.

SENIOR CLASS OF '16.

On the 22nd day of June, one thousand nine hundred and sixteen, the class of '16, of the city of Vassar, County of Tuscola, and State of Michigan, signed the foregoing document in our presence, and declared it to be the Last Will and Testament, and as witnesses thereof, we do now, at his request, in his presence and in the presence of each other, hereto subscribe our names.

CECIL H. ELLISON, residing at Vassar, Michigan.

HOWARD H. SHAW, residing at Vassar, Michigan.

THE VALEDICTORY

JEAN BUTCHER

THE eternal Mandate was "Let there be light." Down the centuries there has been a constant striving to give the light of knowledge to mankind through education. And wherein has light been brought to man except through the avenue of a wider, more complete knowledge? Man had no knowledge of artificial light in the physical world until his power of investigation and understanding grew. And we have seen the development of the tiny candle power to the manifold power illuminations which we now have, a development, which was brought about in proportion to the increase of man's knowledge.

The world apparently lay in darkness before the spirit of the Renaissance, and man's initiative mental powers were as a tiny spark compared with the present day light. About the 15th century men, whose mental powers struggled against the old law and order, finally were victorious and others of equally great mind saw immediately that the next step was to enlighten humanity by these newly discovered facts through a method most pleasing and promising of the best results. With Pestalozzi, Froebel, Comenius, Rousseau and others, we have the beginning of our great educational system of today, the highest aim of which is bringing the light to man, to produce the highest, best type of being mentally, morally and physically.

Education is probably one of the best investments of time and labor. In any line of life, intelligence will enable one to adapt himself more readily to circumstances and render himself more apt, skilled and effective in all respects. For the battle of life is in most cases fought up hill. We are "seeking higher" to secure the light which will enable us to surmount the summit.

Until tonight, we have had the assistance and co-operation of our parents and teachers to help us over the rough paths to the stepping stones of knowledge. We are about to launch into the wider sphere of universal endeavor called "Life." We shall meet the same obstacles in different forms but our overcoming them successfully will be one of the tangible and visible results of our efforts toward preparedness in the shadows of V. H. S. From now on our efforts will be unaided from sources other than our own individual selves, and we are ready to put to practical use those things we have gained in our school life by observation and industry. Our success will be in proportion to our endeavor, and success in the true sense of the word is the fulfillment of our aims and ambitions, achieved by our own resources and efforts.

With the completion of our program tonight the class of 1916 passes on to join the Alumni Association. We are meeting together as a class for perhaps the last time. To think of parting from schoolmates who have shared our labor and participated in our pleasures, and from our teachers, whose efforts in our behalf have been untiring is indeed depressing.

No more the good old friendships,
No more the well known ways;
For us new paths must open,
New duties fill our days.

But we now have the pleasurable anticipation of the fulfillment of our new duties and responsibilities for which we have made preparation in our past twelve years of school work. Tonight we stand upon the threshold of our future.

So, Class-mates, stand together,
As heartily we raise
One loyal song at parting
In Alma Mater's praise.
May Fortune smile upon her,
May men her name enthrone
And we forever cherish
Her honor as our own.

CLASS SONG

HELEN SHAW

To the Tune of "My Old Kentucky Home"

I.

The sun shines bright on our good old Vassar High,
'Tis summer, the hill-tops are gay.
The hour has come when we Seniors say, "Good-bye,"
As we go from our old school away.
Fond mem'ries dear burn within our hearts tonight,
Of teachers and class-mates so dear;
Of good old times, coming years will put to flight,
As the Autumn leaves turn brown and sear.

CHORUS: Fare thee well, Dear Vassar,
We leave thy halls tonight.
We will sing one song for our good old Vassar High,
As we pledge ourselves to live aright.

II.

No more for us will the bell send out its call,
To gather from hill-top or vale.
The Juniors now take our place within the hall
To follow our footsteps without fail.
No more will our boys win us honors on the field,
In football, or baseball, or track;
The time has come when these pleasures we must yield
As we go forward, never back.

CHORUS:

III.

Dear teachers all, who to us have been so kind,
We bid you, in sadness, adieu,
As we go forth, seeking our life work to find,
May we prove ourselves forever true.
Fond parents all, we have tried to do our best
To merit your honor and love,
May we through all future years withstand the test,
Trusting always in our God above.

CHORUS:

TO THE SENIOR CLASS OF '17

MARY I. BATES

YOU, who tonight take our place as Seniors, I want to congratulate, not only because of the size of your class, although it is large, but because of the unusual amount of knowledge held in store by you. We have watched your progress and have noticed that in order to take your stand as Seniors you will have to become a little more dignified—for that becomes a Senior. We wish you happiness and success in the following year and we, who are finishing our careers as Seniors, would like to give you a little advice to help you on your onward way.

First: We would say as perhaps you have heard before: Never linger in the hall, especially after the first bell rings.

Second: Do not be found at the drinking fountain every time the classes pass, even though it may present a good chance to pay some one back for ducking you.

Third: When the bell rings always pass immediately into the assembly room to your own seat without interrupting the class or any one around you.

Fourth: Never whisper across the aisles or gather a group of class-mates about you in a corner where you may compare answers to those never-ending algebra problems.

Fifth: There are a few who will have to make a slight change in their ways. For instance, there is Howard Shaw. He must learn to control his anger when some others, besides himself, wish to make sure that Lois gets home safely.

Of Lois, we have nothing to say, only we hope that some day, she shall at last receive her "quarter back."

There are some, such as Lavon Robinson and Myrtle Rifenburg, who will have to cease talking so much, for "Seniors," you know, are a quiet bunch.

Sixth: Always be at school on time. This is a good habit for Seniors, just ask Oneta Currie.

Seventh: There are some in the class, such as Vera Brockman and Hazel Norris, who spend a great deal of time before the mirror. Girls, this does not become a Senior. Follow the example of Nina Schupbach and you will come out alright.

Eighth: Always have your lessons so that when your turn comes to recite you can do so without bothering the teacher with a half dozen unnecessary questions.

Now, Seniors of 1917, we leave you in charge of dear old Vassar High School. May it serve as an uplifting factor in your lives and make of you a strong and brave class prepared to fight life's battles and to win the victory.