

THE JUNIORS

JENNIE CRAIG

COLORS: *Purple and White.*

MOTTO: "*Hitch Your Wagon to a Star.*"

FLOWER: *Aster.*

IN September, 1913, a band of Pilgrims started on a long and tedious journey from the land of the Freshmen to the Golden Gate of Graduation. We entered at the gate over which was inscribed "Freshmen," there to learn of the promised glories beyond, of which we now know.

At first the work fairly flew, but later, our large band began to meet the hardships and a few dropped along the way. The castles we had built were suddenly shattered to the ground for we were haunted with the ghosts called "Flunks" and "No Credit."

From time to time the longed for glories began to appear. After toiling o'er the weary way, we came to a second gate over which was inscribed, "Sophomores." The road appeared to be smooth but no sooner had we stepped upon it than it became rough and difficult to traverse. We could not turn back for the gate was closed. Again we turned our faces onward and at last, after much toil we were able to find our way over. Oh! What glories awaited us! There before our eyes, "Juniors Enter Here." Through this gate we entered, and beheld a large sign on which was inscribed these words, "Privileges to be Enjoyed in the Land of the Juniors."

1. To look down as condescendingly as possible on such feeble creatures as Freshies and Sophs.
2. To exalt "Our Dignity" to the level of the Seniors if not above them.
3. To wait on table at the Football Banquet and all other social functions.

As these we read the night closed around our little band. There were "ditches" to hinder our progress, one was German, the other Chemistry. On these we slipped and slid but someone said "Lose not hope for on the other side lies success and happiness."

Soon our band became exceedingly happy for ere we realized it the fourth gate appeared on which was engraved, "Seniors," and just below it was this "Stop not here for only three-fourths of your journey is completed. Beyond lies that city you seek."

Adah Akins
Ethel Allen
Elizabeth Alexander
Vera Brockman
Jennie Craig
James Daniels

Vera Garner
Edith Gray
Jennie Greenough
Hazel Norris
Gertrude Rowley
Lavon Robinson

Idis Reid
Myrtle Rifenburgh
Howard H. Shaw
Charles Thurston
Lois Towne
Leon Workman



JUNIORS



Juniors

SOPHOMORE CLASS HISTORY

GLADYS DRESSANDER

COLORS: *Maize and Blue.*
MOTTO: *Nihil sine Labore.*
FLOWER: *Yellow Chrysanthemum.*

JUDGING from the accompanying photograph of our illustrious class, one would never realize that only two years ago, in the fall of 1914, we entered the High School, the greenest of all "green freshies." "Freshies" we were properly called, for we were certainly ignorant of the experiences and responsibilities that would come to us during our High School life.

According to custom we received the brunt of the older classes' sarcasm and ridicule, but among ourselves we thought we were about "it," in fact, I think there is but one other time when boys and girls feel as important and that is the year they graduate.

The beginning of the High School career is the time when one sees a boy going to a clothing store to procure a hat with a larger head band, and the girl has to buy a couple more yards for her hair ribbon.

Well, let them enjoy that period of self esteem, the rough edges will soon become polished in their daily association with "Life."

As a class, we have never engaged in many social functions, but when we did put "dull care" aside, we enjoyed ourselves to the utmost.

So the time passed, the days were filled with a mixture of hard work and jolly fun until at last was ushered in another Commencement Day. Our sense of importance and satisfaction on that day was second only to the graduating class of Seniors, as we emerged from our state of greenness to take our places as the Sophomores of this year.

Our talents, this year seem to rest chiefly in music, having contributed three to the V. H. S. Orchestra, and although we are not noted as "A grade" on the gridiron or track, I imagine we make up the deficit in our enthusiasm, and who can tell what practice may do; also I think that the Sophomore girls represent the class well in basket ball.

This year of mixed pleasure and study has passed rather uneventfully, and now we are renowned throughout the school for our cheerfulness. In fact we are lovingly spoken of by the faculty in the following manner: "Those Sophomores are the worst gigglers in the school," but we hope to overcome "that unceasing worry" to the teachers before next year.

So as the year draws to a close and Commencement Day approaches we are looking forward with keen anticipation to winning new honors under our fair banner of "Maize and Blue" as Juniors next year.

Ruth Allen	Mabell Ette	Harvey Marsh
Mabel Aymer	Lois Gray	Myrl Mott
Leperta Ball	Clarence Greenough	Flossie Murdick
Catherine Clark	Leota Grosz	Shirley Pierce
Gage Clarke	Bernice Gunnell	Iris Sinclair
Doris Dean	Hoyt Halstead	Margaret Sutherland
Gladys Dressander	Harold Hemmingway	



SOPHOMORES



THE FRESHMAN CLASS

ZELLA TOWNE

COLORS: *Blue and White.*
MOTTO: *Work and Win.*
FLOWER: *Black-eyed Susan.*

It was a beautiful day in the month of September. Along the streets came many young people, some strangers, some well known. There seemed to be one place, the red brick High School on the hill, which attracted the attention of those happy people. One would know by looking at them that they were Freshmen just entering High School for they really looked "green."

If we had taken a look inside the school building, we would have seen an altogether different scene. They were not all bashful, neither were they all bold. Some entered with a smile upon their faces, also taking sidelong glances at the teachers, who were of the greatest interest to these new people.

The young lady, who occupied the principal's chair, we found out later was our future English teacher, Miss Winkler. Next we discovered Miss Thompson, our mathematics teacher. In the library we found the German and Latin teacher, Miss Lidke. We got acquainted with Mr. Osgerby, when he came to the high room to make and to give instructions about our classification. Upon going downstairs into the basement we found Miss Williamson, the science teacher.

We did not know how we would ever get acquainted with the new teachers but that wasn't hard at all.

As the year has progressed we have learned a great deal. In English, we have read a play, entitled, "The Merchant of Venice," also we have been very interested in Homer's "Odyssey." In Algebra we have been taught many unknown things. Under the direction of Mr. Osgerby, we have learned all about the great men of the past. In two studies the class has been divided. Some took Botany, some Latin. Eight people have struggled with Botany and succeeded. They ought to make good farmers, having learned all about the soil. Twelve noble heroes can stand out and say that they have tried to master the five declensions and four conjugations of Latin.

So ends our first year in High School. We leave that grade never to return and enjoy the fun we had as Freshies. We do not, however, intend to stop on first base, but make second, third and finally as Seniors win the victory for ourselves.

We also wish to remember the teachers who helped start us out on our High School career.

Leon Akins
Beatrice Aldrich
Laurence Atkins
Cecil Barnes
Florence Butcher
Goldie Chrysler
Clyde Curell
Clinton Dennis
Dana Ellison

Dwight Hammond
Beulah Hess
Beatrice Horning
Laura Kuhnle
Mildred McComb
Bruce McKenzie
Earl Morgan
Fern Naisbitt
Leon Nicholson

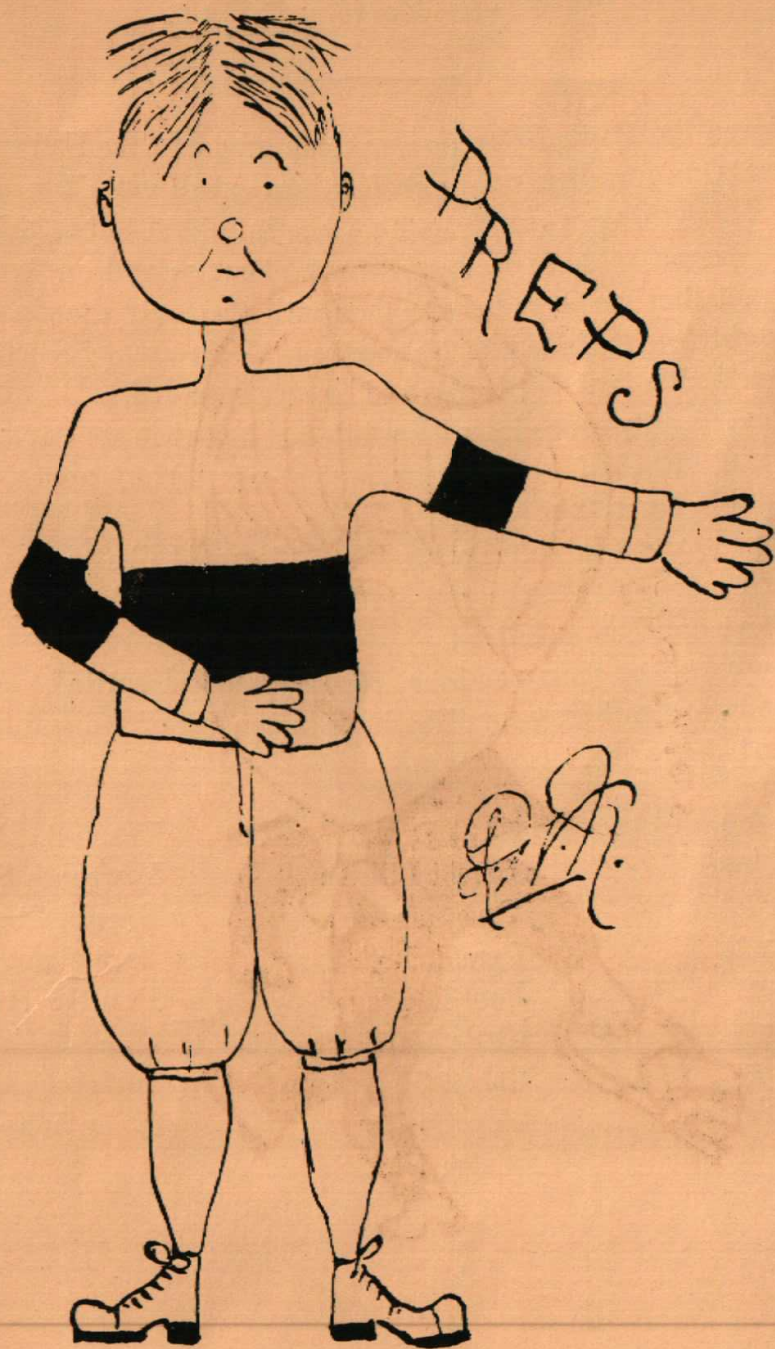
Gladys Pinkerton
Allen Polly
Daisy Reid
Gertrude Schupbach
Zella Towne
Wavia Waterman
Mead Wellemeyere
David Whidden



FRESHMEN



Freshies



PREPS

[Signature]

EIGHTH GRADE

GERALD GUGLE

COLORS: *Pink and Green.*

MOTTO: *Honor, not Honors.*

FLOWER: *Apple Blossom.*

WE entered the High School room as eighth graders in the Fall of nineteen fifteen. Our number was twenty-four; two entered our Class during the year. Everything went fine until we were introduced to two things called clauses and phrases. These we struggled with about one and one-half months, and then forgot that we ever had seen them until the county examination when we were brought face to face with this question—"Write a sentence with a clause for its subject." We faced it bravely and hope we succeeded.

In Arithmetic all proceeded well until the last half when we started a review of our book and attacked bank discount, which caused many a sleepless night, because we couldn't get face value.

Orthography, what is it? Don't ask us. We would like to know just one thing in regard to it, and that is, why did a man ever waste time in putting dots and dashes above and below letters?

In history we spent many an hour and fought a good battle.

We look forward to being loyal Freshmen in the Fall of '16 and hope no one of us will desert the ranks.

Ruby Allen
Lucile Atkins
Gladys Beden
Ardath Bratt
Lloyd Camp
Violet Carey
Irene Childs
Mildred Coleman

Clark Dennis
Gerald Elliston
Prue Goodrich
Gerald Gugle
Paul Longhurst
Clyde Marsh
Robert McMahon
Lloyd Miller
Beulah Nickless

Verne B. Shaw
Lawrence Simpson
Harold Stephen
Paul Stephen
Don Sweet
Edna Tester
Duford Van Patten
Ellen Whidden



PREPS