

R. H. S.

ANNUAL

'94.

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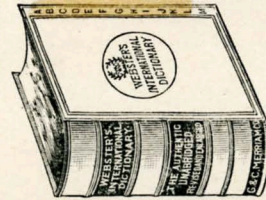
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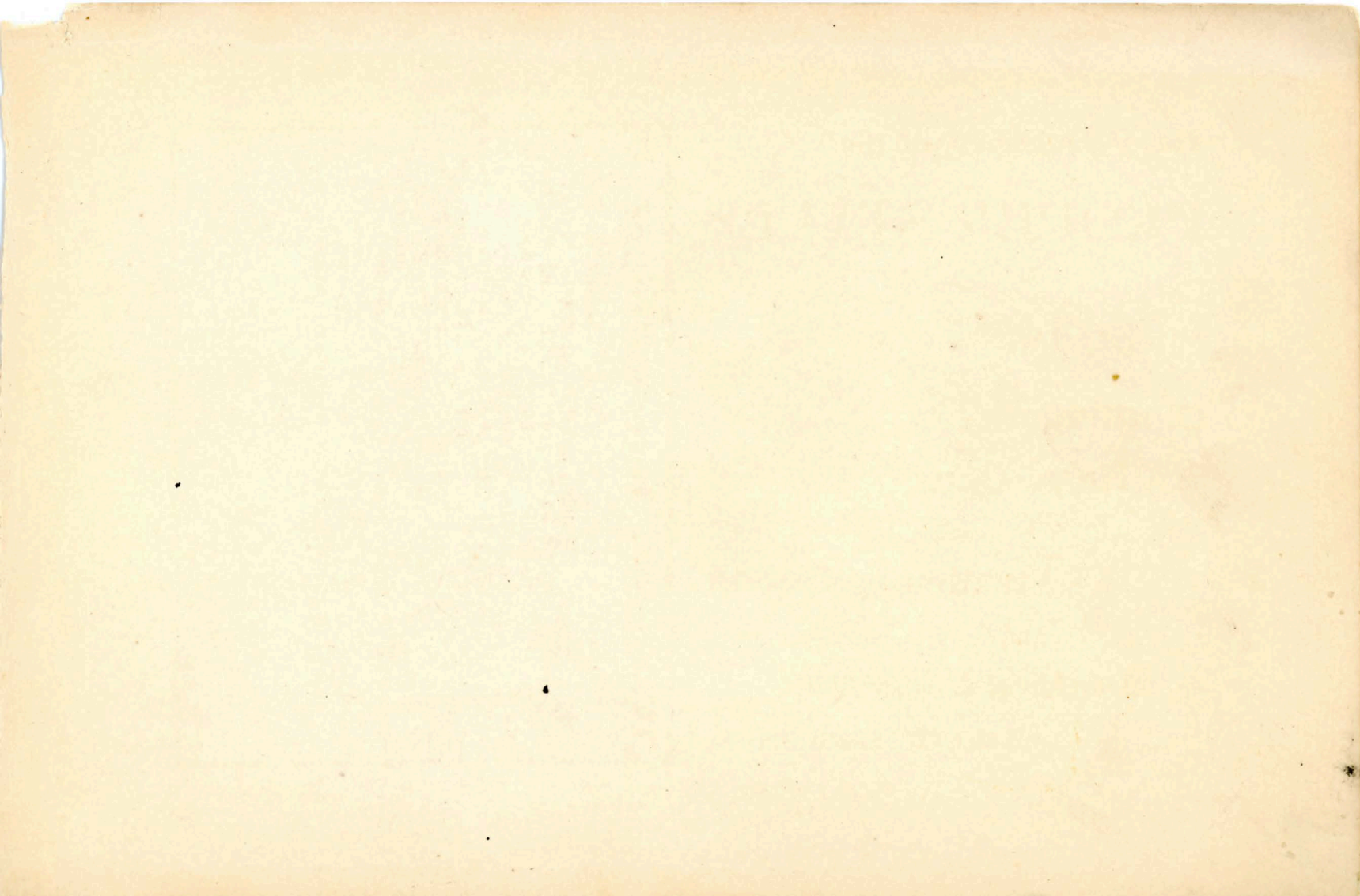
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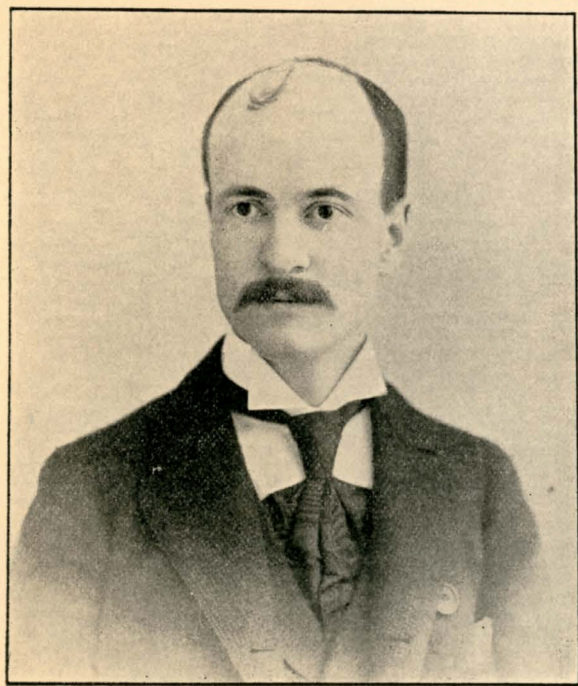
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ROCKFORD HIGH SCHOOL ANNUAL.

'94.


VOLUME II.

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1894.

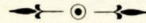


— Edited by —
Fred B. Peterson & Jack B. Medley.
— Illustrated by —
E. Ward Blaisdell.

TO WALTER A. EDWARDS, as a token of our
high esteem, we, the editors, respectfully
dedicate this volume.

 The proceeds of this book will go for the relief of the destitute, the editors receiving 100 per cent.

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◀ ◀ ◀ ◀ ◀ PREFACE. ▶ ▶ ▶ ▶ ▶

.....

HERE is the second R. H. S. Annual. If it does not please you pay your fifty cents and don't read it

We have attempted to record what has or might have happened. You have not done as much worthy of being recorded, as would appear at first glance.

Some of you will probably object to certain articles herein. Well, if the truth has been stretched blame Truth for stretching.

Many of you have helped us and many have not. We thank those who have.

THE EDITORS.

..... **FACULTY.**

- - - **PRINCIPAL.** - - -

MR. WALTER A. EDWARDS, instructor in Virgil, General History, Civil Government, Politics and Political Economy.

Mr. Edwards graduated from Knox College in 1883. After teaching Latin and Greek in the Peoria High School for three years, he went abroad and studied the ancient classics in the University of Berlin and other schools. On his return in 1889 he became principal of the High School at Decatur, and since January, 1891, has held that position in the R. H. S.

..... **ASSISTANTS.**

MISS JENNIE E. WALDO, Instructor in Natural Sciences. Miss Waldo graduated from the R. H. S. in 1879, being the only teacher of the R. H. S. faculty who is a member of our own alumni. She attended Wellesley College, and in 1883 assumed her present position.

MISS HATTIE E. MORSE, Instructor in Mathematics. Miss Morse graduated from the Illinois State Normal School in 1879. She has taught since 1887 in the R. H. S.



Wm. M. K...



W. W. Hodgman



David C. ...



H. W. Howland.



J. Kern.



Joanne E. ...



Sarah M. Farley



Olivia F. Howdell.



MISS CLARA F. RANDALL, Instructor in Literature and Elocution. Miss Randall is a graduate of Boston University, and has taught in the Montpelier Female Seminary and in Peoria, and since 1889 has held her present position in the R. H. S.

MISS SARAH M. FARLEY, Instructor in Latin and Greek. Miss Farley graduated from Smith College in 1890, and immediately became a teacher in the R. H. S.

MISS MINNIE M. KERN, Instructor in German. Miss Kern graduated from Hillsdale (Mich.), College in 1889. After teaching in the High School at Conneaut (O.), she studied in Hanover Seminary for two years. Miss Kern has taught one year in the R. H. S.

MISS M. V. HODGMAN, Instructor in English, English History, Algebra and Physical Geography. Miss Hodgman graduated from Princeton Township High School and attended the State Normal School for three years. She has taught three years in the R. H. S.

MR. O. J. KERN, Instructor in Latin, American Literature and English. Mr. Kern attended the De Pauw University for three years, and was a member of the Phi Delta Theta Fraternity. For four years he was principal of the Cherry Valley School, and became a member of the R. H. S. faculty in '91.

MR. D. N. HOWLAND, Instructor in Physics and Chemistry. Mr. Howland graduated from the Ottawa High School in '85, and attended the State University for one year. After teaching several years in La Salle, he attended the State Normal School for two years. Mr. Howland has taught one year in the R. H. S.

MISS HELEN DICKEY, Instructor in Drawing and Painting. Miss Dickey studied in Boston and New York. In '91 she became Superintendent of Drawing in the Rockford public schools. Miss Dickey devotes Friday of each week to the High School.

On account of the rapidly increasing number of students and consequent complications arising at the time of the yearly changes of studies in February, an increase in the number of teachers was found necessary. The services of Mr. LOUIS M. RECKHOW, who graduated from Beloit College in '91, were secured for the classes in Arithmetic, and those of Miss AGNES BROWN, of the class of '93 of Lake Forest College, for Advanced Algebra. G. Y., '94.

ROCKFORD HIGH SCHOOL.

COLORS, YELLOW.

YELL.—All-i-oo! All-i-i! All-i-oo-i-oo!

Rockford High School! Don't you know!

Kick-a-ba! Lick-a-bo! Kick-a-bee-bee!

Sumus Populus! Se-e!!

R. H. S. PAST.

THERE are a great many people who are not personally acquainted with the R. H. S. as an institution, and the work it has done in the past.

That our work has been, and is, of the highest standard, is shown by the accredited lists of such universities as Evanston, Ann Arbor, Beloit, Madison, Illinois, Lake Forest, Cornell, North Western, Wellesley, Smith, and the efficiency and business qualities of present Alumni.

Teachers of the best ability are employed to install into the minds of their scholars, love and appreciation for study and further investigation into Science, Mathematics, Literature, Language and Art.

The increasing number of students makes a greater number of teachers indispensable; and if kept on will soon necessitate a new High School.

The High School has always had its share of societies, including R. H. S. Alumni Association, Athletic Association, R. H. S. D. C., L. L. A. 581, Literary society and many others.

It has been the aim, in the past, of every student, to make his Alma Mater one of the highest of its kind, and it is safe to say that in the future the enthusiasm will be none the less and the High School will continue to grow and prosper until its fame will reach from shore to shore.

R. H. S. PRESENT.

YOU wish to know of the R. H. S. as it is? Suppose you come with me, and I will reveal and expound its mysteries to you. We will join the procession of big folks, little folks and middle-sized folks, and keeping pace with them, we go to that place where secrets and confidence abound—the dressing room.

The few moments intervening between our arrival and the chapel summons, are seized upon, for gossiping—by the sterner sex.

Looking about you, you start and say, "Who is that?" "That, why that is a Senior, in one of those caps." Then you inquire who this person, of commanding mein, may be. That, my friend, is the general manager of the school—the Freshman. Seeing a look of awe, setting upon your face, I follow your glance, and to your look of inquiry, reply, wearily—"That is a Junior." I just catch your scarcely audible murmur, "Pride cometh before a fall."

Let us go to the chapel; as we pass through the doors, we perceive seated at the many desks, bright intellectual looking students, studing with thoughtful expressions. These indeed are none other than the Sophomores!

You wonder concerning the gentleman, who has just given the signal for the beginning of the exercise.

That, Innocence, is the only man in the institution, who can make puns with impunity.

Shall we not visit the Laboratory? The office I shall not exhibit, for I have *heard* it oftentimes has rather of a dampening effect upon one's spirits.

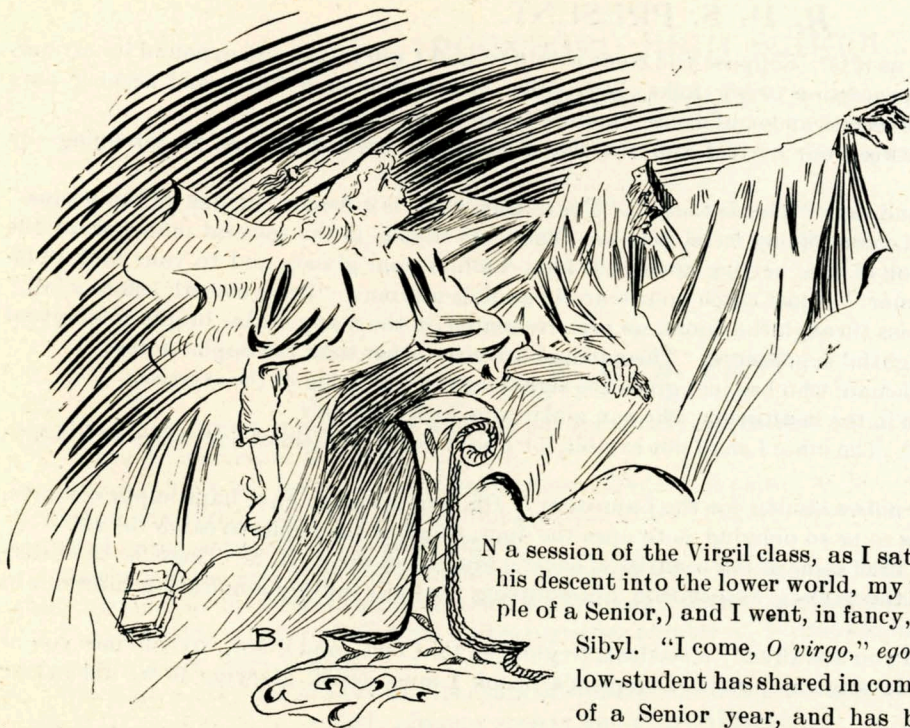
You thought you heard peculiar noises issuing for the Laboratory? Oh, yes, we often have impromptu concerts, and the professor has been known as to be so obliging as to open the door, to allow the pupils to catch the air.

See this placard, it will tell us in brief some of the beauties of being a student of the R. H. S. There is the Literary Society, the Debating Club, and the Athletic Association, not omitting the daily mutual admiration meetings in the respective dressing halls.

Perhaps you have seen enough if you are already a student, to glory in that fact, and if not, to convince you of the advisability of becoming one. At any rate, unlike Lumpson's brook I must desist, glorying as we did in our childish days:

Flora Thompson is my name,
Rockford is my station;
The R. H. S. is where I go
To get my education.

F. T. '96.



R. H. S. FUTURE.

SIBYLLINE LEAVES.

N a session of the Virgil class, as I sat vainly trying to follow Æneas in his descent into the lower world, my mind wandered (alas! for the example of a Senior,) and I went, in fancy, as a suppliant to the abode of the Sibyl. "I come, *O virgo*," *ego incipio*, "sent by one who as a fellow-student has shared in common with the class of '94, the labors of a Senior year, and has been working incessantly for weeks to get out an Annual worthy of the R. H. S. I come to seek of thee, kind prophetess, revelations concerning the future fortunes of our Alma mater, and to implore thee to conduct me through her future buildings." *Vates*

conclamat: "The approach to the R. H. S. is easy; one has only to arm himself with the golden branch, the certificate which shows that one has passed eight grades in the public schools to gain admittance. But to travel the four roads steep and rough with exams and essays, although there is a chance for an occasional "pony" ride, that is toil, that is difficulty. Those who are not able to do this sadly leave and—go to college. But if *tantus amor menti est*, I will grant your request.

With the Sibyl as guide, I approach a series of buildings situated on a hill from which there is a gentle slope to the beautiful stream called the Rock river. No smoke rising from these buildings is visible and I afterwards learn that it is because they are heated with electricity. As I advance I pass innumerable buildings over one of whose doors I read "Science Hall," where, I am informed, a Prof. H—y '94, delivers daily lectures on chemistry and physics, and these take the place of former grinds. "Young Ladies Gymnasium" next meets my eye, and an aching 7x9 void fills my heart as I realize what I had missed in not deferring for a few years the completion of my High School course! Over the door of a neat little building is inscribed "Mandolin Club House, Memorial to H. Clarke '95," and as the strains of the Washington Post float out to me through an open window, I stagger on and find myself at the Chapel. As I enter, the science impresses me as familiar, though I listen in vain for a strain of "Happy Days Gone By," or "Johnny Sands," or even "Old Grimes is Dead," so I conclude he must be. As I gaze, I observe that each pupil stands erect holding a brand new book and singing. But who is the chief of this mighty band? That can't be Mr. ——— '96, whose mustache was so much adored of yore! As I scan the faculty I see the familiar face of H. McC. '97, now teacher of Algebra, but formerly the brightest (?) student in the Freshman class. I also listen in vain for the announcement of a Senior essay and discover that in an adjoining room there is a phonograph to which all interested may go and hear these essays. Selah. From Chapel the glad throng pass out into the campus, where for a half hour youths and maidens vie with each other in vigorous sport prior to the celebration of Field Day, which is now an annual occurrence.

As I wander through the spacious grounds my mind reverts to former friends and classmates of the R. H. S., and I question the Sibyl as to their fate. "Many," she says, are enjoying distinction and renown. There are a few stars in the musical firmament, notably among which is Miss S——, '97, prima donna in a grand opera company. Some few are distinguished lawyers, at whose head stands Mr. St. Patrick, '95. And some are found even in our senate

halls." But whither hastens this rabid and famished throng? We follow and find that they go to partake of lunches prepared for them by the Young Ladies' Cooking Class, who are taught in the culinary art by Mrs. Levy, '94. *Nec vero haec sedes sine sorte datur.* There are select and superior seats for the Seniors, of course. One of the trials of the Freshmen is the compulsion of eating these lunches. The Seniors are given a liberal bonus.

We finally reach the Senior rooms, upon whose walls are emblazoned in imperishable characters, the most eloquent eulogies on the "class of '94," the most noble specimen of intellect known in R. H. S. *et cetera ad infinitum.* I discover that a Virgil recitation is in progress here by hearing the professor remark in his usual calm tones, "Miss Teague, you may continue," and I return from my wanderings to realize that I am still

A SENIOR OF '94.







CLASS OF '94.

ΜΟΤΤΟ.—Καὶ πόν γινώθι

COLORS, WHITE, YELLOW AND GREEN. (In the form of a daisy.)

YELL.—Rip, Rah, Roar!
Rip, Rah, Roar!!
Rockford High School!
Ninety-four!!

OFFICERS.

PRESIDENT, H. H. CHASE.

SECRETARY, JESSE HARDY

VICE-PRESIDENT, W. HELEN WITHERELL.

TREASURER, A. LAURETTA PACKARD.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

LULU B. SPAULDING.

THE OFFICERS.

CATHERINE E. NOONAN.

MEMBERS.

MARY ELLEN BRECKENRIDGE, box 1792, Rockford. English, Scientific, with German and Latin.

"Of all the girls that e'er was seen
There's none so fine as Nellie."

HARRY HERBERT CHASE, 321 N. Third Street. Latin, Scientific. Class, 5th Pres.; Literary Society; Debating Club,
3rd Cor. Sec'y; Athletic Association.

"He hath a face like a benediction."

MARY VINCENT DAVIS, 414 Peach Street. English, Scientific with German and Latin. Literary Society

"Retire within thyself and see how small a stock is there."

AMY DENMAN, 817 Ashland Avenue. Latin, German. Literary Society

"She that once is good is ever great."

FLORA AMELIA DICKERMAN, 436 Jilson Avenue. Latin-German, Scientific. Literary Society.

"I have immortal longings in me."

GERTRUDE MABEL DOOLITTLE, Cherry Valley English, Scientific with Latin and German.

"There is a gift beyond the reach of art."

ALICE FREEMAN, 1108 Charles Street. English, Scientific. Class, 3rd Treasurer; Literary Society.

"She taketh most delight in music."

HARRY GOLDMAN, 110 Seventh Street, Latin-German, Scientific. Class, 4th V Pres.; Literary Society; Debating
Club, 4th Rec. Sec'y; Athletic Association.

"He who hath most of hearts knows most of sorrow."

MYRA LOUISE GROUT, 307 N. Second Street. Latin, German. Literary Society.

"It is well for one to know more than he says."

ALICE RACHEL HALL, box 1590, Rockford. Latin, German. Class, 2nd Treas.; Literary Society.

"Tis remarkable that they talk most who have the least to say."

JESSE HARDY, 504 N Third Street. Latin, Scientific. Class, 2nd Pres. and 5th Secy.; Literary Society; Debating Club, 2nd Sec'y and 3rd Cor. Sec'y; Athletic Association.

"Some to wisdom make pretense,
But Hardy never deviates to sense."

LILLIAN IDA HARRIS, 202 N. Church Street. Latin, German, Scientific. Literary Society.

"My exalted head shall strike the stars."

LUCY STATA HAYDEN, 1030 Benton Street. Latin, Scientific. Literary Society

"The beginnings of all things are small."

OSCAR JOHN HENRY, 307 E. State Street. Latin, German, Scientific. Literary Society; Athletic Association.

"So soft his tresses filled with twinkling pearl,
You doubt his sex, and take him for a girl."

ERMA WILHELM HILL, 327 N. Church Street. Latin, German. Literary Society

"Beautiful as sweet, young as beautiful, and soft as young."

CORA VENDELLA JOHNSON, 406 Kishwaukee Street. Latin, German. Literary Society

"More than mortal grace,
Speaks the descendant of ethereal race."

MATTIE BELLE KINNIE, 817 Bruce Street. Latin, German. Class, 4th Pres.; Literary Society

"What shall I do to be forever known?"

CORA BELLE KUMPHOLTZ, 1204 Ninth Avenue. Latin, German. Literary Society.

"I am the very pink of courtesy."

HETTIE MAY LEONARD, 1022 W. State Street. English, Scientific, with Latin and German.

"Constant you are, but yet a woman."

BERTHA EMELINE MAGUIRE, 623 N. Main Street. Latin, German. Literary Society

"Her hair, her manners, all who saw admired."

MAUDE LUCILLE MARTIN, 1009 Kilburn Avenue. English, Scientific. Literary Society

"So sang the sirens with enchanting sound,
Enticing all to listen and be drowned."

BESSIE FAITH MEDLAR, 993 N. Main Street. English, Scientific. Class, 3rd V Pres.; Literary Society, 17th Sec'y.

"Through nature and through art she strayed."

ALICE IMOGENE MILLER, 1505 W State Street. Latin, German, Scientific. Literary Society

"Robed in the long night of her deep hair."

CATHERINE ELIZABETH NOONAN, 1012-14 S. Church Street. English, Scientific, with Latin and German. Literary Society

"All things she understood by rote,
And as occasion served would quote."

EDITH NORTH, 435 Forest Ave. Latin, German. Literary Society

"Softly her fingers wander o'er
The yielding planks of the ivory floor."

ALICE MARIE NORTON, 1137 Rock Street. English, Scientific. Literary Society.

"Deep brown eyes running o'er with glee."

MARGARET GERTRUDE O'BRIEN. 623 N. Winnebago Street. English, Scientific, with Latin and German. Class, 3d Sec'y; Literary Society

"The honors of genius are eternal."

ANNA LAURETTA PACKARD, 1058 W State Street. Latin, German. Class, 5th Treas.; Literary Society

"Down her white neck, long floating auburn curls,
The least of which would set ten poets raving."

FREDERICK BURNS PETERSON, 602 N. Church Street. Latin, Scientific. Literary Society, 19th Pres.; Debating Club, 4th Pres.; Athletic Association.

"He loves not too well, but wisely."

MAUDE PETERSON, 315 Kent Street. English, Scientific. Literary Society.

"One cannot know everything."

ROSALIND REMINGTON, Box 1527 Rockford. English, Scientific. Class, 2d Sec'y; Literary Society

"A smile that glow'd celestial rosy red,—
Love's proper hue.

IRENE M. REVELL, Stillman Valley Latin, German. Literary Society

"Firm and resolved by sterling worth to gain
Love and respect, thou shall not strive in vain."

ORA ROBERTA RHOADES, 531 N. Winnebago Street. English, Scientific. Literary Society

"With ringlets quaint and wanton windings more."

LEONIE ADALINE ROBERTS, 319 Wall Street. English Scientific. Literary Society.

"From some she cast her modest eyes below."

HIRAM ERL RUSSELL, 727 Corbin Street. Classical. Literary Society Debating Club, 1st Pres.; Athletic Association.

"E'en copious Russell wanted or forgot
The last and greatest art, the art to blot."

JAMES COLIN RYAN, 618 South Street. English, Scientific, with Latin and German.

"In me as yet ambition has no part."

BLANCHE SCHMAUSS, 229 N. Main Street. Latin, German.

"Trust not too much your now resistless charms."

MABEL MARGARET SHAMMO, Box 1758, Rockford. English, Scientific. Literary Society

"A happy genius is the gift of nature."

LULU BELLE SPAULDING, 404 N. Court Street. Latin, German. Literary Society

"A pleasing countenance is no slight advantage."

MARY JUSTINA SPOTTSWOOD, Winnebago. Latin, Scientific. Literary Society

"When sage Minerva rose,
From her sweet lips smooth elocution flows."

MABEL C. STINE, Stillman Valley Latin, Scientific. Literary Society

"The eloquent blood spoke in her cheeks."

WALTER PRESCOTT TALBOTT, Lindenwood, Ogle County English, Scientific. Class, 1st Treas.; Literary Society;
Athletic Association.

"He leads a quiet country life."

EDNA CATHERINE TEAGUE, 701 W. State Street. Latin, German. Literary Society, 15th V President.

"I attend to the business of other people, having lost my own."

HARRIET SLOANE VAN VALKENBURGH, 303 N. Avon Street. English, Scientific, with Latin and German. Class, 4th
Secretary

"I had rather be sick than idle."

CLARA CECILIA VANSTON, 1105 N. Church Street. Latin, German, Scientific. Literary Society

"What winning graces, what majestic mien."

WINIFRED HELEN WITHERELL, 331 Forest Avenue. Latin, German. Class, 1st Sec'y; Literary Society, 15th Sec'y

"Careless she is, with artful care
Affecting to be unaffected."

MINNIE BELLE WOODWARD, 603 Peach Street. English, Scientific. Class, 1st V Pres.; Literary Society

"A little nonsense now and then is relished by the best of men."

SUSIE JEAN WORSTER, 1132 Greenwood Avenue. Latin, German. Literary Society.

"There's no art to find the mind's construction in the face."

GEORGINA YOUNGS, 1417 East State Street. Classical. Literary Society

"Deeds, not words."

HENRY EVANS BLAKE, Chick House. Special. Class, 3d Pres.; Literary Society; Athletic Association, 4th President.

"Thou beginnest better than thou endest."

ROY WALTER BURRITT, box 1734 Rockford. Special. Class, 4th Treas.

"It is a great plague to be too handsome a man."

AGNES ELIZABETH JOYCE, 1005 Third Avenue. Special. Literary Society.

"She herself was pertness once."

EDITH KATHERINE RACH, 605 Wall Street. Special.

"Your heart's supreme ambition, to be fair."

EDWARD HENRY RALSTON, 1211 Andrews Street. Special. Debating Club; Athletic Association.

"Alas! the slippery nature of tender youth."

JUNIUS C. SNOW, 323 E. State Street (address). Special. Literary Society; Debating Club; Athletic Association.

"I am in debt to no one but myself."

JAMES B. WELTY, box 1597, Rockford. Special.

"A stoic in the woods—a man without a tear."





A TALE of heroes and godlike men,
Of ladies fair as Venus or Dian;
Of troubles, wars and conquests, and at last
The peaceful, quiet, undisturbed reign

Of a most mighty unconquerable race!
Sing, heavenly Muse, that erst was wont, 'tis said,
To fill with inspiration bards of old—
Old Homer, Virgil, Dante and Shakespeare,

And all those ancient, antiquated guys
That didn't feel ashamed to spring their lies
Upon a simple, unsuspecting world.
Descend upon me! Stir the brute within,
Till I shall write a poem deserved of thee:
O! roll thy lump of poesy along
Till I burst forth in eloquence of song.

Thus spoke the poet to Calliope
Upon a pleasant eve in early spring,
While twilight held the quiet world in shade,
And frogs were singing in the distant sloughs,—
He sat him down after the evening chores.
Then, after he had conned his lessons o'er,
He wrote this invocation to the Muse.
At once the Heavenly One his soul imbued:
He grasped his pencil and began to write.
He wrote as man had never writ before;
He wrote as mortal man will write no more:—
He wrote about the Class of '94!

The sun was setting o'er the western hills,
And left his glow upon Olympus top
Where all the gods in common council were,
In that far time, so many years ago,
When this old world was in its infancy,
And stars would sing their matins to the dawn.

Old Zeus was there, and all the lesser gods,
And Justice, Honor, Virtue, and the like,
And Liberty, with eyes of heavenly blue,
And lovely form, and light and springing step;
For she was wont to ramble far and wide
Upon the heights and verdant mountain side,
Before she was well known, and they had made
A brazen statue out of her, and placed
Her at the margin of the rolling sea,
Where she might hold her hand uplifted high
And shed her torch-light o'er the silent deep,
To welcome men down-trodden and oppressed
Unto the precincts of the sunset land,
The fair abode of freedom in the west.
Well, she was there; but all the other gods,
Old Zeus excepted, snubbed her, and did make
Fun of her unsophisticated ways.
She bore their insults long, but finally
Withdrew unto her mountain top and wept.
Hither come Zeus who sympathized with her,
And sat him down and spoke consoling words.
"O, goddess! fairer than a day in June,
Be patient: silently await thy time
Till men and nations unto thee shall turn
And waste their life-blood for the love of thee.
In that far western land, thy future home,

Where men shall float thy standard on the breeze,
And burn thy altars on a thousand hills,
A certain tribe of people will arise.
'Twill be thy special care to nourish these:
Thou needst not ask me who they are. Thou'lt know
Them when a mile away;
Their 'scutcheon high
Will be emblazoned on the azure sky:—
'Tis '94 thou'lt know these people by."
He spoke—and then he winked the other eye.

Ages had passed! Innumerable suns
Had dried the dews upon the verdant hills
And dyed the forest-leaves at Autumn's time,
And shone upon a glistening world of snow.
And now September had come round again,
A time when all the tribes of men should come
And gather once again in sacred hall,
And learn to navigate in wisdom's way
Under the direction of the Muses nine,
And Venus, goddess of the fashion plate,
And Mars the bloody god of foot-ball games;
Anon they came: but some among the rest
Had never seen these sacred halls before,
And '94 was graved upon their breasts.
And thus the '94 class grew apace,

In councils of the elders, and in wars;
And when the fiery conflict was commenced,
And Sol grew dim behind the clouds of war,
And when the conflict waxed uncertain, then
Full soon, afar, would sound the battle-cry,—
The well-known battle-cry of "Rip Rah Roar!"
When such a roar would burst upon the ear
The enemy would let her rip, and flee,
And when the silver moon came out once more,
The blooming bird of victory she would see,
A roosting on the flag of '94.
Often betimes within the rural bounds,
Where meadows listened to the song of brooks,
Or where the branches overhead unite
To form a fitting place for solitude,
There walked the young man and the maiden fair,
Warbling their happy songs to rural Pan,
Or hunting for herbs that did abound
In forest, field or swamp; for so they would
Study with care their proper ties and ways.
Thus grew the tribe still stronger with the years,
And so their fame went throughout all the land,
Till they grew proud of their time-honored name,
And, seeking more aggrandizement and fame,
They called a council meeting of the clan.
Then up rose Hardy and he thus began:

"O, warriors, and O, aged councilors,
And women fair, and all you boys and girls!
How can we fight in armor old with rust?
I move you that we helmets new procure,
Made by great Vulcan, skillful artisan,
Or else, then, by his agent, for we now
Can get them at half-price." And
after him

Spoke fair-haired Chase, beloved
by all the girls,
He quickly seconded the motion
made.

Then up rose one who came from
the South Side,

And he ejaculated, "Know what
Will happen if those helmets we
procure,

The Junior hordes upon us will
descend,

And rend our limbs asunder, and
will make

Of us a nice large grease spot, so that when
In future generations, folks may look
Upon the grease spot, they will surely see
How we were beaten, and will say, per chance,



'They were all right, only they couldn't dance.'"
Then up rose one of statue small, and
Lit out, and opened up his mouth, and spoke,
He said that they were fighting for the right,
And if they got left in the glorious fight,
They'd still be fighting for their liberty.

The helmets, they were ordered,
but the day

That they were first worn, then
began the fray,

And though the warriors fought
with courage grand,

The enemy was there on every
hand.

Full soon brave Pete lay stretch-
ed upon the floor,

His long, black tresses weltering
in gore.

"A Hardy to the rescue," on he
came,

With sparks of fire darting from
his eyes,

And heaving breast, and foot-steps firm and long,
And with unrazored beard through which at eve
Soft Zephyrous did joy to rusticate,
He hurled the cowardly minions back amain,

And they lay dead and bleeding on the plain;
And when he turned the victory was his;
And thus the tribe lived on in endless bliss.

When once again the immortal gods had met,
Zeus took the goddess Liberty aside,

And then he whispered gently in her ear;
"No wonder that you're happy now of late,
And bright and smiling like the summer weather;
I hear your class is going to graduate."
He spoke: and then he winked both eyes together.







CLASS OF '95.

OFFICERS.

PRESIDENT, JOHN DICKSON.

SECRETARY, ARTHUR WINSLOW.

VICE-PRESIDENT, LOUISE MAXWELL.

TREASURER, BELLE PHINNEY.

COLORS, LAVENDER AND LEMON. (In the form of a Star.)

YELL.—Rip! Rah! Re!
Hoop-la! Hoop-la! X C V!
Hic! Rah! Hive!
Hic! Rah! Hive!
Rockford High School, '95!

WE Jolly Juniors! What is there to be said about us? Is not our fame spread through every nation and clime? But that posterity may know this, our class of '95 of the Rockford High School, we will try our best to give a brief account of our ways, our faults and our virtues in order that so illustrious and so brilliant a record may be an inspiration to future generations.

On the morning of our first entrance into chapel we were, of course, the center of attraction, and were criticised as to our looks, our dress, our size and last but not least our great greenness; and as first impressions are important we may congratulate ourselves that we were favorably received as a welcome addition to the R. H. S. We were the object of much ridicule but survived none the worse for the snubs which fell to our lot knowing that they were only the result of envy.

We were the first class to organize in the Freshman year and voiced our jubilant feelings in the following yell:

Hobble, gobble,
Razzle, Dazzle,
Zip, Boom, Bive!
Rockford High School, '95.

We delighted our teachers' hearts with our brilliant recitations and magnificent flunks, for we aimed at thoroughness even in flunking. So we pushed through our Freshman year and after taking leave of our first studies, fled to the wilds of Latham for a picnic. The rain which at first threatened to spoil our plans did not even dampen our spirits, but in fact, only relieved the dryness of some of the jokes cracked on the rock-ribbed candy so generously provided by the young gentlemen.

But that was in the days of our childhood before the sweet-tooth of childhood had given way to the wisdom-tooth of advancing years. Seeking other worlds to conquer on the second floor we became Sophomores. Who but a Sophomore knows the importance of that position! We realized that we were now as high up in the world as the Seniors and Juniors and enjoyed with them the privilege of teasing the poor little Freshies.

Feeling that one thing more was needed to unite us as a High School class, we drew up our constitution and chose our class colors as dainty little stars of lavender and lemon, thus symbolizing our rank as the Star Class, we wore them at the first social of the year where they excited much admiration, especially from the Freshmen, who although frantically jealous were forced to admire our excellent taste.

During the winter, although somewhat dismayed by the innumerable "Why's" that prevailed the atmosphere, we proved ourselves valiant wielders of chalk, string and ruler, and resolutely banished all the skeletons that haunted us while studying physiology. In the midst of our hard digging we found time for two sleigh rides, one to Belvidere and one to Black Hawk, enjoying ourselves at both in spite of the trivial mishaps. In the spring we pitched into botany with characteristic energy. The beauties of nature were unfolded to our delighted gaze and we soon gained a comprehensive and scientific knowledge (?) of all the flowers that bloom in the spring; learning our lessons and collecting our plants with equal vim, mingling pleasure and business on our numerous excursions.

At length the last flower was gathered and pressed and pausing a moment we realized that we were Sophomores no longer, but had reached the dignity of Juniors. We celebrated the event by a picnic to Jonesville, where some visited the asylum and saw what might come as the result of too hard study and resolved to profit by the warning.

When we appeared as Juniors, although fewer in number, we were stronger in class feeling and unity, and glad to come back to our pleasures and business at the old stand. We commenced our studies with the memories of the White City fresh in our minds and devoted ourselves to our duties so assiduously that it was not until November that we decided to break the monotony of our routine.

We met at Ashton's Hall on Hallowe'en and with the help of the ghosts that visited the scene of our revels we enjoyed applebobs, fortune-telling, peanuts and Miss Hodgman's ghost stories, until the magic hour dispersed us and we journeyed homeward, imagining all sorts of horrors and expecting to see a ghost emerge from every shadowy nook. The affair was such a success that we decided to hold another social at the same place on the night after Thanksgiving, where we decided that our greatest cause for thankfulness was that we were Juniors.

As some dissatisfaction was expressed regarding the euphoniousness of our yell a meeting was called at which our present one was adopted.

Alas! Why did fate order that awful ladder to be placed in the Junior dressing room? That and the Senior caps proved too great a temptation for even Juniors. Perhaps our class spirit was exhibited a little too freely; perhaps we forgot that discretion is the better part of valor; perhaps we were a little too eager to give as good as we had received, but what of that now? The rivalry caused by the mortar-boards was shortlived, and no one cares to remember anything except that it all ended happily in the reception at Unity Hall. We attended this social in full force, as we always have attended High School socials.

The Literary Society and Debating Club have received strong reinforcements from our number, while the Athletic Club under the enthusiastic leadership of the Juniors has become a more important factor in the interests of the school than ever before. The football team is composed largely of Junior boys, the girls doing their part in cheering them on to victory.

We have shown that we are strong in class feeling, strong in love for our *Alma Mater*, fully able to feel with honor our position as Seniors next year. And as we stand upon the height we have attained and look back upon our three year's accomplishments, we realize our short comings and failures, but profiting by previous experience we hope to carry our class colors to still greater heights and to eventually place the lavender and lemon star of '95 among the brightest of heaven's galaxies where it may shine brightly for many years as a help to all who may see it.

E. P.

F. F.



CLASS OF '95.

CLAIVE ALEXANDER,
JOHN BUDLONG,
THATCHER BEAN,
KENDALL CLARK,
SELWYN CLARK,
HAROLD CLARK,
LOUIS CLARK,
ROY CLEMENTS,
FLOYD DICKINSON,
JOHN DICKINSON,
HORACE ELLIOT,
ROBERT GUSTAFSON,
PAUL JONES,
FRANK KELSEY,
FRANK LEVINGS,
HENRY NICHOLAS,
FRANK REID,
JAMES REID,
ARTHUR RUHL,
MATTHEW RUNDQUIST,
UPTON SWINGLEY,
ARTHUR SMITH,
BERNA TYLAR,
HOWARD WILSON,
ARTHUR WINSLOW,
ALFRED ENGSTROM,
GERTRUDE BRIDE,
ALMA BONER,
CATHARINE BONER,

GRACE BURNETT,
PEARL BILLER,
LULU CARROLL,
BELLE COUNTRYMAN,
NELLIE CROSS,
BELLE DUFFEY,
FANNIE FRISBIE,
CELIA GRANDSIRE,
BELLE DAVIS,
NELLIE HICKS,
ALICE JONES,
LULU JULIAN,
JULIA KNOWLTON,
MINNIE LANGWELL,
MAY LYFORD,
PEARL LITTLE,
LOUISE MAXWELL,
ALICE MCGLASHAN,
LAVINIA OAKES,
EDYTHE PENFIELD,
BELLE PHINNEY,
KATE SMITH,
LILLIAN SIMPSON,
MAUD SLY,
FANNIE STRICKLAND,
JESSIE WILSON,
EDNA WATERMAN,
MARGUERITE WARNER.

CLASS OF '96.

OFFICERS.

PRESIDENT, HOWARD SWINGLEY,

VICE-PRESIDENT, JOE HOLLENBECK,

SECRETARY AND TREASURER, EVA MANLOVE.

COLORS, PINK AND GRAY.

YELL.—Rip! Rah! Rix!

Iki! Ziki! Zix!

Rockford High School

Ninety-six.

⊙BSERVING persons coming in contact with the "Class of '96," wonder, no doubt, that so much originality (in geometry) and brilliancy is concentrated in our class. The only explanation we can offer is, that, the powers that be, ordained it so.

We don't say that '96 is the most remarkable class in school, but hope to prove our worth in surpassing (if possible) our present Juniors and following in the footsteps of our present Seniors.

Every one knows of one of our prodigies who came adorned with a beautiful "take-off" hat; of our generous and heroic actions in allowing the intruding "Freshies" to sit in our room (simply because we couldn't help it); and it wasn't our fault that we were not sufficiently urged to attend those private parties in the Assembly Room after school hours, nor can we explain how it was that after a sweeping glance with a field-glass, the sentinel starts from the rostrum and never stops until he reaches the green fields in the distance.

Our originality beamed forth in glowing colors when we gave our "Hard Time" banquet, but the hard, hard time came when the "band quit."

What class but ours can boast of a moustache? True, there are uncertain prophesies in the Senior Class, but ours is fulfilled.

Our class is also a rich one; in fact a "Countryman" of ours is always provided with "Brown Hey" and "May berries," even in January.

We "Foster" kind feelings for all, nor does it "Peake" us to be reminded that we have two more years in the R. H. S. for we have a "Crumb" of comfort in hoping that they will be as pleasant as those already passed.

They have indeed been pleasant ones with sleighrides, and parties, and sociables, and who doesn't know what a H. S. sociable is? One especially which was planned and conducted by the Seniors and Juniors was an elaborate and enjoyable affair.

So we will push forward and endeavor to cultivate great fields of learning and that they may yield their bountiful harvests and that all may say, "There was never such a class as the Class of '96."

J. W.

H. S.

L. D.



CLASS OF '96.

ADA ALLEN,
 OLIVER ALLISON,
 EDITH ANGLEMIRE,
 GERTRUDE ANDERSON,
 NELLIE ARMSTRONG,
 KITTIE ATKINSON,

ADDIE BAILEY,
 MARGARET BEATSON,
 JULIUS BLINN,
 LIZZIE BRECKENRIDGE,
 MARY BROWN,
 WALTER BROWN,

NELLIE BURCH,
 LEWIS CASWELL,
 MAGGIE CHAMBERLAIN,
 BELLE CLARK,
 MAIDA CLARK,
 HOWARD COUNTRYMAN,

BERTIE CRUMB,
 JUDITH DALIN,
 KELSIE DAWSON,
 RALPH DENMAN,
 MABEL DERWENT,
 MABEL DOBSON,

LAURA DOLBEAR,
 BESSIE EMERSON,
 FLORENCE FOSTER,
 BELLE FOX,
 ETHEL FRITZ,
 MYRTLE GALE,

LAURA GARVER,
 WINIFRED GERBER,
 MABEL GILLMORE,
 JESSIE HAIGHT,
 EDMUND HEY,
 WALLACE HOBART,

WILLIAM HODGSON,
 JOE HOLLENBECK,
 ANNIE HULL,
 MYRTLE IRONS,
 EDMUND JOHNSON,
 CARRIE LAMONT,

BLANCHE LAWSON,
 MAY LEONARD,
 NELLIE LUNDSTROM,
 MARY LYNCH,
 BRYANT MANARD,
 ADDIE MARANVILLE,

CLASS OF '96.—Continued.

EVA MANLOVE,	GERTRUDE STUART,
JAMES MAYBERRY,	GRACE SWARTOUT,
ETHEL McEVoy,	HOWARD SWINGLEY,
SARAH McINNESS,	FLORENCE THOMPSON,
MAGGIE MITCHELL,	JENNIE TICKNOR,
ELIZABETH MOFFATT,	INEZ TRIGG,
MILTON MORGAN,	NETTIE TROLLER,
ALICE NOLAN,	THOMAS TULLOCK,
FLORA NOONAN,	HARRIET VINCIENT,
BERNADOTTE O'BRIEN,	LOUISE VINCIER,
JENNIE O'CONNOR,	ALICE WALKER,
GRACE PEAKE,	EDNA WIER,
STANLEY PETIT,	JENNIE WEYBURN,
BERT PHILLIPS,	HOWARD WILCOX,
ANNA PRESTON,	LOTTIE WILLIAMS,
BELLE PURDY,	WINNIE WILSON,
JULIUS REITCH,	HARRY WOODBURN,
HARRY ROUSE,	SELMA SANDERS,
CHARLES SCOVILLE,	THERESA MARRINER,
FLORENCE SELLARD,	WILLIAM DICKINSON,
LAURA SHARER,	ELIAS LEWIS,
MABEL SHATTUCK,	DAISY CHILDS,
WALTER STEFFA,	MAMIE SIMPSON,
HOMER ST. JOHN,	GEORGIA SANDERSON,
	CHARLES GOLDEN.

CLASS OF '97.

OFFICES.

PRESIDENT, LAURENCE ROBINSON,

VICE-PRESIDENT, ANNIE LEONARD.

SEC'Y AND TREAS., V. COMINGS.

COLORS, PALE BLUE AND SILVER.

YELL.—Rah! Rah!! Rah!!!

Yell we must!

Class of '97 will get through or bust!

⊙ N the eleventh day of September, 1894, we made our *debut* in the R. H. S., and our brilliant career as Freshmen has been watched with great interest.

The welcome given us was a royal one; and as we marched into the assembly room, our graceful movements called forth enthusiastic applause. It was observed that our proverbial "freshness" considerably *refreshed* the somewhat withered Sophs, Juniors and Seniors.

It did not take us long to learn the ways of the school. The handsome lads and winsome lassies soon fell into the habit of conversing sweetly in the hall, in faithful imitation of the Sophs and Juniors. And the few who were not handsome, and possessed no such attractions as long bank accounts or patent leather, were not slow to assume an air of dignity and unconcern as they passed those frivolous groups.

The Freshman class organized early in the year, chose their officers and adopted a class yell and badge. The contrast between the yell, which is very "loud," and the modest blue and silver of the badge, is very great.

We have marched into chapel nearly two hundred times now, but the interest excited by our appearance has continued unabated. And this procession is really a most unique one, as we shall show you: First, sweet and winning, Miss Hodgman's three Graces, the charming little daughter of Mr. Hubbard; and the famous "little girl, who had a little curl"; then our Cassius, who does not have "lean and hungry look," followed by two ferocious Savages with sharp Cutlery; a big Fish with a little Gill; a Wing that needs Picken; a shy Fox with our bright Kettle; Miss Little who is quite large; a Corbett not of pugilistic fame; Wheat and Graham who are both well bred; a fashionable Taylor; a Goodman who is not excessively good, and many others whose Comings are noted with Favor.

This distinguished company, the Class of '97, are noted for their very original Latin translations; the humane treatment of animals in the Zoology classes; the frequent losing of their stickpins and rubbers and the remarkable order preserved in their class meetings. We are also notable in literary lines, and by our striking originality and un-failing good humor, we have furnished many an Owl reporter with items of interest. When all other sources fail, an article on the Freshmen is sure to appear. Nevertheless, when the Owl speaks of us in glowing terms, we simply say with the poet:

"A little flattery now and then,
Is relished by the best of men;
So now and then, Freshmen of wit,
Will condescend to take a bit."

As we look back on our year's work, we feel that the hours have not been wasted. Our stock of knowledge has been vastly increased. In Algebra we have learned in how many leaps the hare will overtake the greyhound; in English that "Spare moments are the gold dust of time," also to studiously avoid the "school girl hyperbole." "a divine moustache," in Latin that "All Gaul is divided into three parts," and that "Iubet" and "Galli" are not swearing. Physical Geography has taught us that electricity is quite shocking, and that currents of air and ocean currents are not to be eaten.

Zöology pupils have learned some things not found in the book; that in the circulation of the fish, after the blood leaves the auricle it flows south; also the proper way to kill their bugs; and that the smallest bugs sometimes have the longest names. English History pupils found out that one king had eight wives, and that the diet of worms was not so distasteful as they first supposed.



In Reading, we have acquired the accomplishment of rising properly from our chairs, of articulating our r's as clearly as "frogs in June;" numerous ways of saying "Ah," and we have also learned that "There stood an unsold captive in the mart."

By this time it must be evident to all that we are destined to be one of the most illustrious classes to leave the R. H. S. But our Freshman days will soon be over, and when we meet again next fall, we will leave our places to be filled by another 'fresher' class, whom we will scornfully call "Freshies."

Four years hence, when the "Class of '94," scattered far and wide, hear of the laurels won by the "Class of '97," they will say with a smile, "Our Freshies."

E. F.

E. B.

CLASS OF '97.

<p> ETTA BROWN, EDITH BURNHAM, ROBERT BULL, ADA BUTTERFIELD, MILDRED CHARLTON, LILLIE CHILDS, FLORA CORBETT, ASA CUTLER, LUCY CUTLER, LOUISE DORAN, MARGIE DUNLAP, FLORA EDDY, HULDA EKSTEIN, FLORENCE FAUST, HARRY GILL, FRANK GROUT, LIZZIE HARMMOND, ELLA HARDING, LESLIE HAZARD, DESSIE HENRY, MABEL HUBBARD, BERT KELLOGG, EARL KETTLE, ESSIE KINNIE, ESTHER KJELLSTROM, NINA KNAPP, RENA LANDER, GRACE LAWSON, </p>	<p> ANNA LEONARD, ANNA LUNDBERG, LOUIS LUNDBERG, HELINA MALMBERG, GENA MANNY, GERTRUDE MAXHAM, NELSON MAXHAM, RAMSEY MESSNER, LIZZIE MOORE, GRACE PALMER, EDNA RIDGLEY, LAURIE ROBINSON, ETHEL SHELDON, BERTHA SMITH, SOPHIA SMITH, ALICE STEINMAN, ILIA THURSTON, ELIZABETH TICKNOR, ANNIE WALTON, CASSIUS ZUCK, ETTA FARMIOLOE, FRED FARMIOLOE, THOMAS FOX, ELMER GRAHAM, ARTHUR HALEY, LINNIS HOLMQUIST, CLARE HALL, BERT RICHARDSON, </p>
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CLASS OF '97.—Continued.

WEBB STEVENS,
NEWTON SCHELLINGER,
WALTER TRIGG,

WALTER YOUNGS,
BLANCH BLOOMSTROM,
KITTIE CLARK,

BESSIE DAWSON,

ETTA ELDRIDGE,
EDITH HESS,

MILDRED JUDD,
GRACE LANE,

MAE MORGAN,
ANNA MCCARREN,

JENNIE RICE,

GRACE SOPER,
NELIA SHEPPARD,

EDNA TAYLOR,
BLANCH ALLEN,
MABEL ALLEN,

GERTRUDE BAIRD,

ROBERT BAUCH.

MINNIE BEALE,

HERBERT BELFORD,

MOWRY BROWN,

VERNON COMINGS,

PHILIP COWLEY,

MAE DEWOLF,

HELEN DICK,

NITA FAVOR,

BLANCHE FISH,

LEWIS GARVER,

FRANCIS GILMORE,

ELLA GRUNEWALD,

VINCENT HAEGG,

INES HALL,

ARIS HARE,

RUPERT HENRY,

FRED HICKS,

LEIGH HAUGH,

CARRIE JILSON,

EDITH JOHNSON,

HATTIE JONES,

LAURA JOYCE,

GERTRUDE LAURENCE,

CLARA LEDYARD,

GUY LEE,

CLARA MAYER,

LUKE MURPHY,

KATHERINE MYERS,

RAYMOND PICKEN,

LOTTIE PRATT,

BERTHA PURDY,

CARRIE SACKETT,

CARL SAVAGE,

MAGGIE SCHOONMAKER,

CLAUDE SEEK,

CLASS OF '97—Continued.

MAMIE SHERRATT,	EDITH GRAHAM,
NETTIE SHIMMEN,	JESSIE GREEN,
ROY SKINNER,	FRANK HARDY
NETTIE TOMBLIN,	MAGGIE HARVEY,
JESSIE WALSH,	ROBERT HAWKS,
HERBERT WHEAT,	ANNIE HUTCHINS,
ZELLA WING,	JESSIE GARDINE,
NETTIE MILES.	CHARLES KESSLER,
IRA M. SMITH,	VERSALIA KIPP,
LILLIAN HAYES,	BESSIE LITTLE,
RUBY EVANS,	HENRY MANNY,
ROSS McDONOUGH,	HUGH McCANN,
FRANK PHELPS,	BERTHA McKEE,
BLANCHE BUCKLIN,	NETTIE OSBORNE,
EDDIE PENDERGAST,	AGNES PEABODY
GEORGIA BEATSON,	CARRIE ATWOOD,
GERTRUDE BISSELL,	JOHN PENDERGAST,
JAMES BROCKWAY,	LOUIS PIERCE,
LUCY BROWN,	KENNETH SAVAGE,
HORACE BUKER,	FRANK SHELTON,
MAYME BURLINGAME,	BERT SHIMMIN,
BLANCH CLARK,	MYRTLE SPENCER,
LENA CONDON,	MABEL SMALL,
MAUD WALSH,	EDDIE STUCKEY,
ERNIE WEMPLE,	
ESSIE WILLIAMS,	
LOTTIE WILLIAMS.	
RUBY WISE,	
NELLIE COLE,	
CARRIE SMITH	





R. H. S. LITERARY SOCIETY.

OFFICERS.

PRESIDENT, FRANK M. LEVINGS.

VICE-PRESIDENT, HAROLD CLARK.

SEC'Y AND TREAS., BELLE COUNTRYMAN.

A SOCIETY may be judged by the success it attains. So may the R. H. S. Literary Society be judged to the greatest advantage. During the past two years it has been successful not only in the interest it has aroused but also in the character of the meetings held. Although the contest between The Webster Club of Belvidere and the R. H. S. Literary Society, occurred during the school year of '92 and '93, it has not been recorded in some lasting place, and since such an event should not go by forgotten we will mention it here.

During the school year of '92-'93 the young ladies took the greater interest in the proceedings of the society, and in truth, the offices and the greater part of the attendance were, in proportion to the number of boys enrolled in the school, held by the sweet young ladies.

But during the past year a decided difference was marked. Not only did the gentlemen evince a greater interest in the society, but during the past year every president of the society was a boy, a thing which has never happened before in the history of the society. The interest taken by the boys has in no small degree bettered and increased the society.

Although this is the first year during which men only have presided, the change was never regretted, as each president made a success of it and showed great dignity in his duties, especially the tall Sophomore football player, who was imported from the Debating Club, where his powerful gaze held the unruly Freshman and Sophomore members in awful suspense and awe.

The secretaries recorded the meetings faithfully and carefully and although they were not blessed with any extra vocal chords yet they may be noted down as a success, perhaps because their countenances pleaded for them.

All Committees during the year have performed their duties well with one notorious exception, the "Never Meet Gavel Committee." This committee was an absolute failure. It is rumored about, that they never met because J. Russell's time was, and is now, completely occupied writing blank (?) verses for the *Owl* and dissecting cord wood in order that he might be able to pay the enormous bill contracted by his fondness for French Soups served at the High School Boy's Last Resort, before he dies.

The programs rendered during the past year has been excellent and no small credit should be given to the program committees for originality, perseverance and faithfulness. The R. H. S. Man[con]dolin[g] Club discoursed sweet music at several meetings and the Quartets should not be forgotten.

There is no doubt that future musical and literary genius and orators have made their debut in the Literary Society. More than once has the Society been surprised by the heretofore unknown ability of some of their members. Now a thrilling oration would discourse, or a song would be rendered, and again the society would be enchanted by the sweet melodies brought forth by some fine musician.

Among the meetings never to be forgotten was the last meeting at which '94 held full sway and showed to the best advantage the talent of that class. The sweet singers of the class did their best, the declamations were well rendered, the music was fine and the literary talent of H. E. P., the soup imbibor, in his poetic description of Old England and Robin Hood was fully appreciated. Last a pantomime was given and it was received with great applause.

Then here's to the past success, with great hopes for the future of the society and its present talented members.

M. E. R.

R. H. S. DEBATING CLUB, L. L. A. 581.

OFFICERS.

PRESIDENT, F. B. PETERSON, '94.

COR. SEC'Y M. E. RUNDQUIST, '95.

REC. SEC'Y, A. H. GOLDMAN, '94.

VICE PRES., A. E. ALVERSON, '93.

TREAS. W. D. GERBER, '96.

MEMBERS.

H. K. WILSON, '95,

J. DICKSON, '95,

H. H. CHASE, '94,

J. HARDY, '94,

U. L. SWINGLEY, '95,

H. C. ATWOOD, '93,

T. L. SIZER, '93,

F. M. LEVINGS, '96,

H. K. CLARK, '95,

CHAS. LEWIS, '95,

F. A. KELSEY, '95,

F. E. M. DICKINSON, '95,

W. S. HOBART, '96,

F. W. FARMLOE, '97,

H. NICHOLAS, '95,

E. H. RALSTON, '94,

L. H. CLARK, '95,

B. E. PHILLIPS, '96,

H. ROUSE, '96,

W. SIZER, '93,

L. GARVER, '97,

E. A. HEY, '96,

A. A. ENGSTROM, '95,

B. S. TYLER, '96,

J. W. BUDLONG, '95,

W. YOUNGS, '97,

R. S. CLEMENTS, '95,

H. GILL, '97,

E. KETTLE, '97,

J. C. SNOW, '94,

K. DAWSON, '96.

HISTORY.

A SOCIETY of this kind was first thought of after we had received a challenge to debate with the Webster Club of Belvidere. The committee found that we had few debaters to choose from, principally on account of lack of practice. February 15, 1893, the boys formed a club with twenty-four charter members. H. E. Russell was our first president.

Debates were held every Wednesday afternoon until the end of the school year, and various subjects from "Dancing" to "Opening the World's Fair on Sunday," were discussed.

In June we joined the Lyceum League of America and were assigned the number 581.

During the summer vacation, the meetings were suspended of course, and the reports to the L. L. A. consisted chiefly in a description of the club they came from.

The first business in the fall was to revise the constitution, correcting the errors of the previous one. The meetings were now held semi-monthly. "The school-board" allowed us to occupy the High School building every other Friday night and furnished light and heat. The janitor kindly donated his services. But in return the club detailed five members to assist him in his spring house cleaning.

During the winter months the monotony of debating was relieved by a series of mock council meetings. We attended one session of the "city fathers" in a body to get some points, and learned how to do things in a business-like (?) manner. With Mr. Levings as mayor, we now felt competent to decide any questions of municipal importance. After holding several sessions behind closed doors we invited our friends to an open meeting. The business-like way in which the meeting was conducted raised the club in the estimation of the audience.

We accepted an invitation to a mock trial given by the Webster Club of Belvidere, March 2d, and fourteen of our number attended. In the afternoon we "did" the town. After the trial the Webster Club entertained us with games and refreshments until our train arrived. We didn't get home

"Till daylight did appear."

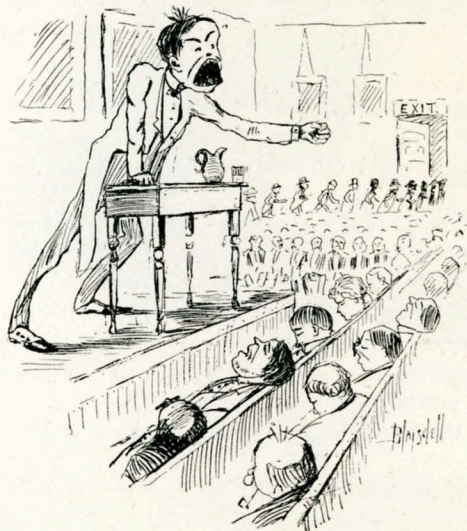
Some of the girls looked with suspicion upon our going off alone, and vowed they would get even, but they found revenge was not so sweet after all.

The next important date in our history is March 16, when we debated with the Thursday Knights, Knights, an organization of young business men who have completed their schooling. F. B. Peterson and W. Sizer, Jr., represented our club, and Messrs. Carpenter and Regan, the Thursday Knights. The subject for debate was, "*Resolved*, That capital punishment should be abolished;" our side supporting the affirmative and the Knights the negative. The judges decided unanimously in favor of the affirmative.

The club has now demonstrated its right to exist, and will probably continue its good work of preparing young men for good citizenship as long as the R. H. S remains intact.

J. H., '94.

U. L. S., '95.



R. H. S. ATHELETIC ASSOCIATION.

OFFICERS.

PRESIDENT, FRANK M. LEVINGS,

SECRETARY, U. L. SWINGLEY,

TREASURER, H. CLARK.

FOOT BALL MANAGER, KENDALL CLARK,

FOOT BALL CAPTAIN, JOHN DICKSON,

BASE BALL MANAGER AND CAPTAIN, C. GOLDEN.

THE R. H. S. Athletic Association was organized January 22, 1892, with thirty-seven charter members and Fred Rutledge, '92, was chosen first president. Previous to this there had been a similar organization, but owing to a shortness of money, the Gymnasium Association had been dissolved and the Athletic Association took the place of it.

The object of this association is to create, in its members and the boys of the school, a greater interest in all athletic sports of the field and gymnasium. Our gymnasium room in the basement was converted into a laboratory for the use of Physic classes, in the fall of '93. This was a lucky occurrence for the Freshies of succeeding classes as they escaped that most dreaded of all things of the Freshmen year, the 'stringing up.'

The association has continued to grow from year to year by goodly numbers of Freshmen who "spot up" a quarter and sign our constitution, till now we have just 100 names on the Secretary's book. Of these only eleven are charter members. We now have an active membership of sixty-three.

Each fall we put a foot-ball team in the field, and in the spring a base ball nine. These teams meet with varying success.

Our foot-ball team has always done good work, as also have the base ball teams. The R. H. S. foot-ball team have always received high honors till last fall, when they turned out to be the strongest team for their weight of any



team that ever came from the walls of the R. H. S. The average weight was only about 140 pounds, but what a game of foot-ball they did play.

We held the heavy Y. M. C. A. team, which defeated the Belois, down to a score of 1 to 0 in their favor. That was our first game. The Y's were anxious for another game, so we again lined our hair pullers up against their team and were defeated by 12 to 0, but we could not be daunted by defeat and accepted a challenge from what we supposed was the "Beloit College Third Eleven," but we were mistaken as we found out on the memorable 18th of November, 1894, for it was on that day that we went to the city just across the line, and we were met at the train by our old school mate Kennedy, who showed us the way to the gymnasium, where we sat in a chilly atmosphere for nearly one and one-half hour.

When the game was called we lined up against four first team men, four second and three who didn't go through our line and won the game by superior guarding and interfering. Score 28 to 0.

Our boys had worked up a good appetite by 1 o'clock, when we proceeded to a lunch counter (not a free lunch) and ordered dinner.

O! such beef steak. It never was the pleasure of the writer to eat shoe leather, but now we must know what it is like. Every person who was at that counter will always remember that steak as long as he lives. Now when a R. H. S. boy finds a piece of meat as hard as the soft side of a brick, he never swears, but simply says, "Beloit beefsteak!"

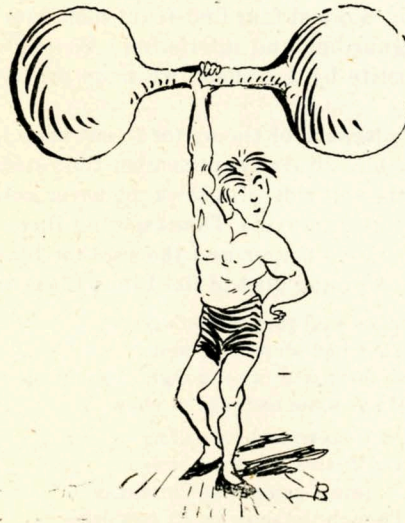
Arrangements were made for a game at Janesville, Thanksgiving Day. At first all the boys wished to go, so as to get a score, if possible, but as the time came nearer and the weather became cold, the excuses why the boys could not go, began to flow in thick and fast. A young poet of the Junior Class wrote the following poem for the occasion:

So many said they couldn't go.—
They had some work to do;
Some there were who thought 'twould snow,
While some had rags to chew.
But if Countryman is willing
And Petitts fears not steep,
We'll have a game next Christmas
Though the snow be six feet deep.

But what we lack in foot-ball fame we make up on the diamond. Thus far our baseball record has been almost an unbroken line of victories. We have overcome the Business College, the Madison High School, Beloit second team, and the Janesvilles, but fell down in our second game with Madison. Our success is due largely to the work of Capt. Chas. Golden.

The future of this association is very bright indeed, with a base ball team which will win many games and so strong a foot-ball team under the management of our officers we are hoping for sure success.

R. S. C., '95.



R. H. S. MANDOLIN CLUB.

HAROLD CLARK, '95, 1st Mandolin,

ARTHUR RUHL, '95, 2nd Mandolin,

JULIUS BLINN, '95, 2nd Mandolin,

LAURENCE ROBINSON, '97, Guitar,

CHARLIE GOLDEN, '96, Guitar,

PATRICK McCANN, Business Manager.

OFFICE, 209 S. MADISON STREET.

THE R. H. S. MANDOLIN CLUB.

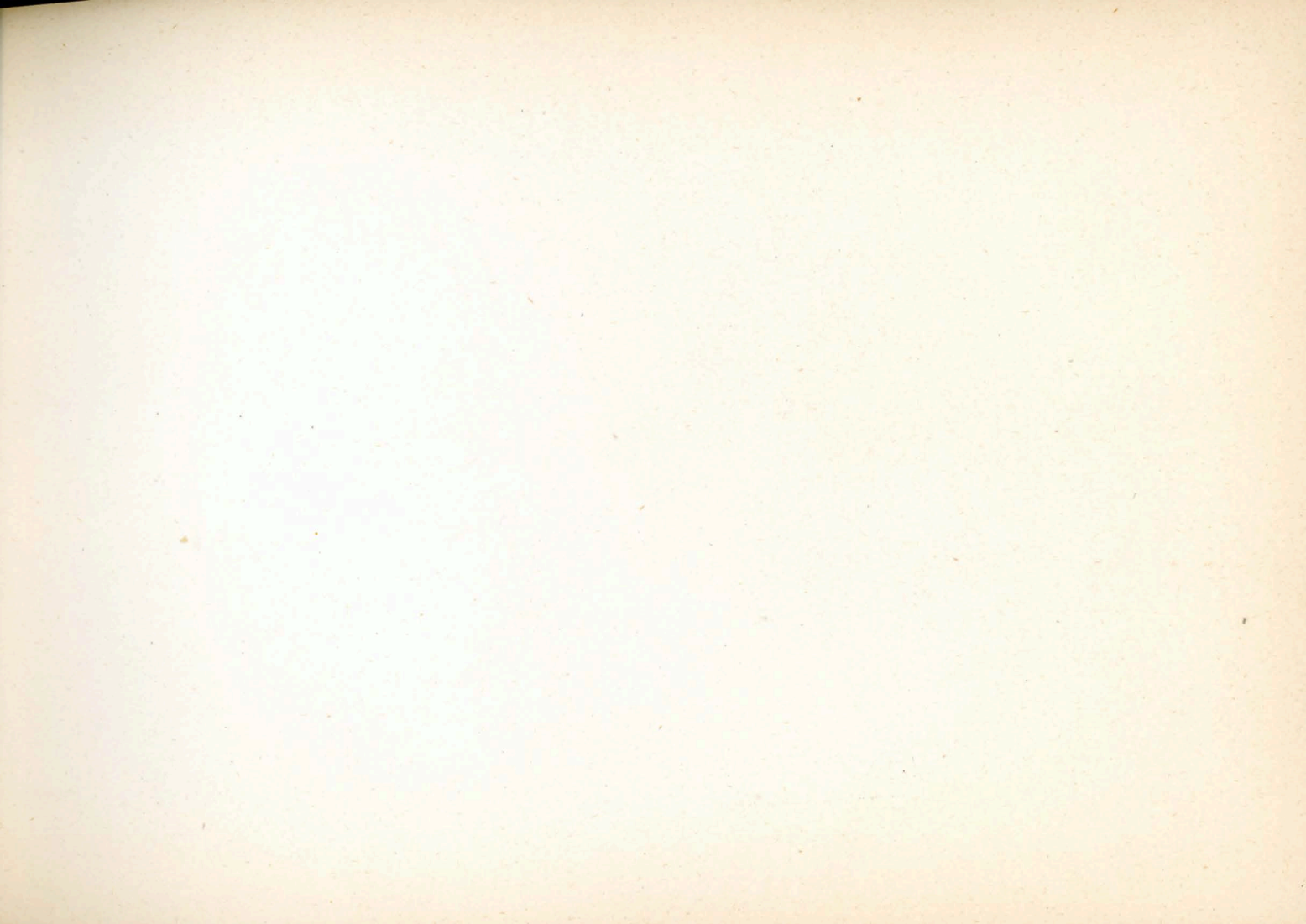
"If music be the food of love, play on,
Give me excess of it."

Nearly every College and High School has its Mandolin Club now-a-days, and the R. H. S. is among the number which has such a valuable organization.

The services of these musicians have been in demand on numerous occasions, and the boys have gained merited praise. In December they received an invitation to play at the dedication of the new school building at Highland, where Mr. Kern is one of the board of directors. At our exercises in honor of Washington's birthday, the music of the Mandolin Club was especially inspiring (excepting when they insisted upon accompanying some persons who wished to give quotations concerning the Father of his Country.) The R. H. S. Literary Society at several of its sessions, has been delighted by the sweet harmony of these stringed instruments; and the club had a conspicuous place on the program at the reception given by the Juniors and Seniors to the faculty and to the other students.

It is thought that *Pan* was the first mandolin player, but the boys do not resemble that heathen deity in other respects and have not yet caused any *panics*.

It is hoped and expected that this club, of which the R. H. S. is justly proud, will keep up its practice and win fresh laurels next year.





W. HELEN WITHERELL, '94.

CLARA C. VANSTON, '94.

HARRY GOLDMAN, '94.

HIRAM ERL RUSSELL, '94.

JESSE HARDY, '94.

OWL.

STAFF.

GENERAL EDITORS AND BUSINESS MANAGERS.

HIRAM E. RUSSELL.

HARRY GOLDMAN.

W. HELEN WITHERELL. LITERARY EDITOR,

CLARA VANSTON, EXCHANGE EDITOR,

JESSE HARDY, SOCIETIES.

CLASS REPORTERS.

MISS EDNA WATERMAN, '95.

MISS FLORA THOMPSON, '96.

MISS ANNIE LEONARD, '97.

I WONDER what's the matter with this pencil that it don't write. I've gone and sharpened it four or five times, and yet I can hardly make a mark. The truth is, the pencil's sad, and the point is even now bedewed with tears. It has been wet before. Many a time it has worked and sweated along through the twilight hours and into the bewitching watches of the night, when the sleepy church yards have that bad yawning habit. Yes, many a dew-drop it has shed with lustre upon paper as it easily and swiftly unbuckled itself and poured out the thoughts, heretofore boxed up within its varnished wood, along the written page. And now its labors are about to cease. Too bad, yes, weep on thou child of toil, consigned to oblivion before thy time.

Yet why weep? All things tend to decay. Even the owl roasts will be forgotten. Why, when the first editors came out bringing forth their precious seeds, they were honored, even adored, and a hole was made in the side of the building to let them in, and now even their graves have been forgotten by those who come, bringing in the sheaves—you and I—and the Juniors.

There was once a party of young men and maidens started out to run the Owl. Gladness was in every feature. Joy was in their springing footsteps. Health pervaded their whole frame. When they went by, the woods and fields took on a brighter glow, and nature thought herself to be young again. One of these persons, a boy, was the angel of the band. If you had looked into his heart you would have heard the carolings of the birds, the whisperings of the brooklets, the murmur of the summer breeze, and all the happy sounds of nature in her youth—in her spring time. Look again. The brightness and joy have gone away. The birds have departed for more congenial climes. The brooklet is frozen. All is blacker than the blackest night, and if ever the cold, cruel moonbeam should come creeping with its chilling light, it would shine upon the remains of ancient buttresses and towers tumbling to ruin and decay, a castle around which the night wind strays in ghastly whispers, and the bird of night—the owl—whoops his weird song upon the rushing gale. The doctor says that by a sojourn in Elgin he will recuperate his wasting strength. O! beware, Junior friends.—He was the business manager.

I wonder if they have got those forms on the press yet. I hear them pounding below. I feel sleepy, yet I must stay here in order that the OWL may be out early, the owl which will fly over the country from east to west, to the cottage of the poor and mansion of the rich, bringing blessings into many homes. I was thinking of getting my shears sharpened, but I guess I won't. It would cost a quarter, which I haven't. I won't need 'em any more unless it is to sew on buttons when I go to join "Coxey."

An editor has lots of trials, don't he, Goldie? It was a hard job we had to overcome the giant ignorance that beset us on every hand, and followed hard on to our footsteps as we strode along. Even as we climbed the steps of knowledge, we heard his hot breath behind us. At last we reached the heights and hoped that we had escaped him. No, there he was, coming on at a rapid pace. "Let's throw stones at him," we cried. Then we set upon him, and, coming down, we left him lying there upon the mountain-top, his long limbs stretched out upon the ground, and his long matted hair dampened with the dew.

There let him lie.

H. GOLDMAN (?) '94.

R. H. S. ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.

OFFICERS.

FRED E. CARPENTER, PRESIDENT,

MAY WILCOX, SEC. AND TREAS.

KATE F. O'CONNOR, VICE-PRESIDENT,

LARGELY through the influence of Prof. Charles A. Smith, the Rockford High School Alumni Association was organized, July 1, 1887, and the first regular meeting was held June 25, 1888, when the constitution was adopted. The Association originally consisted of graduates of the Central High School commencing with the class of '85, but the constitution has been so changed as to admit to membership all graduates of the earlier High Schools of Rockford. A regular annual meeting has been held to promote a spirit of fellowship among the graduates of the High School, break down class jealousies, and to keep alive a love for our Alma Mater. These meetings have been a great success socially, and no event of a like nature in our city creates quite the interest that the High School Alumni banquets do. Some of the toasts delivered have been failures and many of them have been gems of wit and eloquence which would do credit to an assembly of much less modest pretensions.

If the Association has done nothing else worthy of notice it deserves encouragement on account of having helped to develop a number of speakers of great merit.

The annual meeting is primarily a reception to the graduating class and it is with considerable pride that the officers of the association can say that since its organization nearly every graduate has signed the constitution.

The principal object of the officers of the association just now is to include on its rolls the name of every graduate of all of Rockford's High Schools, and in this way secure an organization to take the first rank among social and literary organizations of our city. Many do not know of what good work our high school is doing and thus can not take a proper pride in the crowning glory of our city, that is, a well conducted High School or more properly the "People's College."

There is nothing that can do more to awaken an interest in higher education and school matters in general than a good active Alumni Association and to accomplish this object is certainly the wish of the present officers.

FRED E. CARPENTER, Pres. R. H. S. A. A.

R. H. S. ALUMNI MEMBERS.

CLASS OF '89.

LEVI P. ATWOOD, - - - Attending University of Illinois
 MISS MARTHA BEBB, - - - - - At home
 MISS JESSIE M. BURRITT, - Attending Mt. Holyoke Seminary
 MISS CATHERINE BEALE, - - - Stenographer, Rockford; Ill
 SANFORD R. CATLIN, - - - Attending Harvard College
 MISS FRANCES FULLER, - Attending Mt. Holyoke Seminary
 MISS LILLIAN GRAY, - - - - - Stenographer
 FRANK R. GREEN, - - - - - Messenger, Adams Express Co
 SETH W. GREGORY, - - - - - Attending Beloit College
 WALTER J. HAMMILL, - Attending University of Michigan
 DANIEL HUTCHINS, - Attending Rockford Business College
 MISS HATTIE E. KELSEY, - - - - - At home
 HENRY R. LUND, - With Holland-Ferguson Co., Rockford, Ill
 WILL C. MCCARD, - Attending University of Wisconsin
 LEE K. MORSE, - - - - - Civil Engineer, Pacific Coast
 MISS MARY G. PHINNEY, - Teacher, Ellis School, Rockford
 MISS MARY A. PICKEN, - - - - - School Teacher
 MISS EDITH B. RICHARDSON, - - - - - Mrs. Ward Baker
 MISS HATTIE E. SCOTT, - - - - - Married
 EDWIN I. SEAVERN, - Attending Northwestern University
 MISS MARY G. SMITH,
 MISS LILLIE E. STOREN, - - - - - In City Clerk's Office
 MISS LUCY STOUGHTON, - - - Teacher Montague School
 MISS GERTRUDE SWITS, - - - - - At home
 WM. W. THAYER, - - - - - Farmer
 MISS MABEL G. WALDO, - - Attending Wellesley College
 LEWIS A. WILLIAMS, With Forest City Insurance Co., Rockford
 MISS FRANCES M. WILCOX, - - - - - Stenographer

CLASS '90.

MISS EDITH ANSON, - - - - - At home
 MISS ALTA BARNUM, - - - Attending Lake Forest University
 ELMER H. BRUNER, - - - - - Traveling salesman
 Residence, Oak Park, Ill.
 FRANK A. CARPENTER, - - - Attending University of Ill
 MISS BERTHA CONDE, - - - - - Teacher
 MISS GENEVIEVE DEVER, - - - - - Mrs. Ralph George
 MISS ANNA B. FARRINGTON, - - - - - Music Teacher
 MISS JENNIE G. FOSTER, - Teacher, Adams School, Rockford
 J. VERNON HALL, - Attending University of Michigan
 MISS CLARA HERRICK, - Teacher, Marsh School, Rockford
 ANDROS C. JONES, - - - - - Book-keeper
 MISS CASSIE KEEGAN, - Teacher, Kent School, Rockford
 MISS NORA V. O'CONNOR, - - - In County Clerk's Office
 MISS HELEN F. PALMER, - Teacher, Kent School, Rockford
 MISS MABEL E. PARKER, - - - - - At home
 MISS FRANCES I. PORTER, - - - Studying Music, Rockford
 MISS MARY A. POSSON, - - - - - At home
 MISS ANNA PREDMORE, - Employed at Lamont & Whipple's
 MISS AGNES B. REGAN, - - - - - Teacher in Chicago
 MISS GERTRUDE SCOVILLE, Attending Rockford Seminary
 WILLIAM E. SMALL, with Rockford Security & Investment Co
 MISS ALICE SMITH, - - - - - Stenographer
 MISS MABEL SNOW, - - - - - Teacher
 MISS MABEL STURTEVANT, Studying Music, Rockford College
 MISS BLANCHE SWARTHOUT, Studying Music, Rockford College
 MISS MARY THAYER, - - - - - At home
 MISS FANNIE E. WALKER, - - - - - At home

R. H. S. ALUMNI MEMBERS.—Continued.

CLASS '90—CONTINUED.

MISS HANNAH WALSH.
MISS MABLE WITWER, Preparing for Northwestern University
MISS FLORA C. WOOD, - - - - - At home

CLASS '91.

ROBERT ALBERTSON, - with the Chicago Gas Co., Chicago
HARRY R. BAKER, - - - - - At home
AUBREY BARNES, - - - - - Attending Amherst College
MISS BLANCHE BARNUM, - - - - - Attending Lake Forest
MISS ELLA BULL, - - - - - Teacher
MISS NEENAH BURRITT, - - - - - Teacher, Owen Center
GEO. F. COOK, - - - - - Stenographer
WILL H. CRUMB, - - - - - Attending Cornell University
MISS GRACE DAVIS, - - - - - Teacher
MISS ALICE HAIGHT, - - - - - At home
MISS GERTRUDE HAMILTON, - - - - - At home
MISS GRACE HERRICK, - - - - - Attending Carlton College
WILL C. HICKS, - - - - - Cashier, Ashton's Dry Goods Store
CHAS. A. HUTCHINS, - - - - - Attending Rockford Business College
LOUIS A. JOHNS, - - - - - Farmer
VICTOR M. JOHNSON, - - - - - Clerk
CLARENCE LANDER, - - - - - Attending University of Wisconsin
MISS GRACE LEONARD, - - - - - Mrs. Dell Lyman
MISS NORMA LINDAHL, - - - - - At home
HARRY S. MCCARD, - - - - - Attending University of Wisconsin
MISS KATE MCEACHRAN, - - - - - Teacher, Argyle

MISS GENEVIEVE MINZINGER, Attending Rockford Seminary
MISS NETTIE MITCHELL, - - - - - Studying the Air Brush
MISS BELLE MONTGOMERY, - - - - - Teacher
MISS MARY A. NOONAN, - - - - - At home
HARRY B. NORTH, - - - - - Studying Law
MISS LA VERNE PACKARD, - - - - - At home
MISS FLORENCE PALMER, - - - - - Teacher Wright School
MISS MAY STEWART, - - - - - Rockford Seminary
FRANK T. RADECKE, - - - - - Lake Forest University
MISS ALICE M. SOVEREIGN, - - - - - Music
MISS JENNIE M. HART, - - - - - At home
MISS MAY A. THOMAS, - - - - - At home
MISS MAE E. TYLER, - - - - - Monroe Center, Ill
MISS ETHEL VAN WIE, - - - - - At home
MISS LOUISE WARREN, - - - - - Attending Wellesley College
MISS INDIAOLA WILLIAMS, - - - - - At home

CLASS OF '92.

M. LEOTA ADEE, - - - - - At home
LUCIUS A. ANDREWS, - - - - - Editor
HARRY S. BARNARD, - - - - - At home
EDWARD C. BEBB, - - - - - Madison, Wis
FRANCIS I. BROOKS, - - - - - Chicago University
NORMAN E. CATLIN, - - - - - Beloit College
EDITH CONDE, - - - - - At home
C. WILLARD COUNTRYMAN, - - - - - Farmer
EBEN W. ENGSTROM, - - - - - Bank

R. H. S. ALUMNI MEMBERS.—Continued.

CLASS OF '92.—CONTINUED.

EVA J. GIFFEN, - - - - -	At home	MAGGIE CALVERT, - - - - -	At home
MARIE E. GORHAM, - - - - -	At home	EDITH DICKINSON, - - - - -	Monticello Seminary
WINFRED A. GRAY, - - - - -	Evanston	BELLE DICKENSON, - - - - -	At home
MINNIE HAIGHT, - - - - -	School Teacher	HARRY DICKENSON, - - - - -	Madison
GEO. N. HOLT, - - - - -	Morning Star Reporter	E. B. DICKERMAN, - - - - -	Farmer
WILLIAM A. LEWIS, - - - - -	Madison, Wis	MABEL DAVIS, - - - - -	Chicago
ROBERT P. MANARD, - - - - -	Champlain	LULU DIXON, - - - - -	At home
SARAH H. MCNAIR, - - - - -	At home	NELLIE EMMETT, - - - - -	At home
ETHEL MELCHER, - - - - -	Bookkeeper	ANNA ELMORE, - - - - -	Chicago
CLARA J. MORGAN, - - - - -	Bookkeeper	BELLE FRO, - - - - -	At home
SELMA U. RUNDQUIST, - - - - -	Rockford College	CLARA FRISBIE, - - - - -	At home
EDWIN M. ST. JOHN, - - - - -	Evanston	LUCY GRAHAM, - - - - -	At home
WALLIS R. SANBORN, - - - - -	Terre Haute	MAGGIE GREENLIE, - - - - -	Rockford
JENNIE L. VANHORNE, - - - - -	At home	ALICE HYNDMAN, - - - - -	At home
LOTTIE V. WALLS, - - - - -	Teacher	LUCY JOHNS, - - - - -	At home
MINNIE E. WALLS, - - - - -	Teacher	GRACE KENNEDY, - - - - -	Rockford College
E. HOWARD WELLS, - - - - -	Music Teacher	KATHERINE KEELER, - - - - -	Smith College
AGNES N. ZUCK, - - - - -	Teacher	ETTA LANDER, - - - - -	At home
		LIZZIE MCCARD, - - - - -	At home
		MAUD MCPHAIL, - - - - -	Chicago
		LAURA NOONAN, - - - - -	At home
		DAISY NOBLE, - - - - -	Central Book Store
		MARY PETERS, - - - - -	At home
		IDA PATERSON, - - - - -	Teacher
		CLARA RAY, - - - - -	Teacher
		FRED RUTLEDGE, - - - - -	Gas Company
		SIDNEY W. SMITH, - - - - -	Smith Pub. Co

CLASS OF '93.

HOWARD C. ATWOOD, - - - - -	At home
NELLIE BARGREN, - - - - -	At home
CHARLES BROGUINER, - - - - -	At home
WALTER BEBB, - - - - -	At home
DELLA COUNTRYMAN, - - - - -	At home
BERTHA CROWLEY, - - - - -	At home

R. H. S. ALUMNI MEMBERS.—Continued.

CLASS OF 63—CONTINUED.																					
										Wellesley										HARRIET SIDDERS, - - - - -	Teacher
JESSIE SMITH, -	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Studying in East										JUNE SNOW - - - - -	Married
JESSIE SMALL, -	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Madison University										EVELYNE WAXHAM, - - - - -	Wellesley College
DAISY SAMES, -	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Reading Law										MAIE WALLACE, - - - - -	At home
WILLIAM SIZER, -	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Third National Bank										ADAH ZOLLER, - - - - -	At home
TOM SIZER, -	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-											MAMIE ZUCK, - - - - -	Teacher



OFFICIAL LIST.

SECOND ANNUAL FIELD DAY,

ROCKFORD HIGH SCHOOL,

. . . MAY 25, 1894. . . .

9:30 A. M.

HUNDRED YARD DASH.

PRIZES—1st, Bible. 2nd, Necktie. 3rd, Knife.

Winner, A. RUHL. Second, SCOVILL. Third, COUNTRYMAN.

Time—12 $\frac{3}{4}$.

THROWING BASE BALL.

PRIZE—1st, Base Ball.

Winner, PETTIT. Second, GERBER. Third, Fox.

Distance—284 ft.

POLE VAULT. (Height.)

PRIZE. 1st, Knife.

Winner, H. CLARK.

8 ft. 1 in.

BROAD JUMP. (Running.)

PRIZE, 1st Diamond. (?)

Winner, PETTIT.

Distance—15 ft. 6 in.

HIGH JUMP. (Running.)

PRIZE—1st, Toilet Set.

Winner, KELSEY. Second, DICKSON. Third, H. CLARK
5 ft. 1 in.

PUTTING 12-lb. SHOT.

PRIZES—1st Match Box. 2nd, Pocket Book.

Winner, DIXON. Second, NICHOLAS.

HIGH KICK.

PRIZE—1st, Sweater.

Winner, H. CLARK. 2nd, BLAKE. 8 ft. 3 in.



1.30 P. M.

HUNDRED YARD DASH.

PRIZES—1st, Pair Tan Shoes. 2nd, Hand Painting.
3rd, Toilet Soap (box).
Winner, C. SCOVILL. 2nd, COUNTRYMAN. 3rd, GOODMAN.
Time—11 secs.

SLOW BICYCLE RACE. (50 Yards.)

PRIZE—1st, Pair Silk Hose.
Winner, W. STEVENS. 2nd, CLARK. 3rd, K. CLARK.

EGG RACE.

PRIZES—1st, Necktie. 2nd, Broom Brush Holder.
Winner, KELSEY. 2nd, MANARD. 3rd, STUCKEY.

THIRD MILE RUN.

PRIZES—1st, Cane. 2nd, Tennis Shoes.
Winner, KELLOGG. 2nd, GOODMAN.
Time—1:30.

SACK RACE.

PRIZES—1st, Box of Candy. 2nd, Bottle Perfume.
Winner, MANARD. 2nd, KELSEY.

ONE MILE BICYCLE RACE.

PRIZES—1st, Silver Goblet. 2nd, Link Cuff Buttons.
Winner, CLARK. 2nd, STEVENS. 3rd, K. CLARK.

TENNIS TOURNAMENT.

PRIZES—1st, Ladies Stick Pin. 2nd, Tennis Shoes.
Winner, MISS BELLE PHINNEY and ROY CLEMENTS.
2nd, MISS ANNIE LEONARD and HOWARD SWINGLEY.

THREE-LEGGED RACE.

PRIZES—1st, Perfume (2 boxes). 2nd, Box Writing Paper.
Winners, K. CLARK and COUNTRYMAN.
2nd, SCOVILL and GOODMAN.

MILE RACE, (Running.)

PRIZES—1st Sweater. 2nd, One Dozen Photographs.
Winner, GOODMAN. 2nd, REID.

HURDLE RACE. (200 yds.)

PRIZES—1st, One Meal Ticket. 2nd, Perfume (Otto Roses).
Winners, COUNTRYMAN and KELSEY. 2nd, SCOVILL.

HOP, SKIP AND A JUMP.

PRIZES—1st, Napkin Ring. 2nd, Fishing Tackle Box.
3rd, Looking Glass.
Winner, PETTIT. 2nd, RICHARDSON. 3rd, CLARK.
34 ft.

CLUB SWINGING.

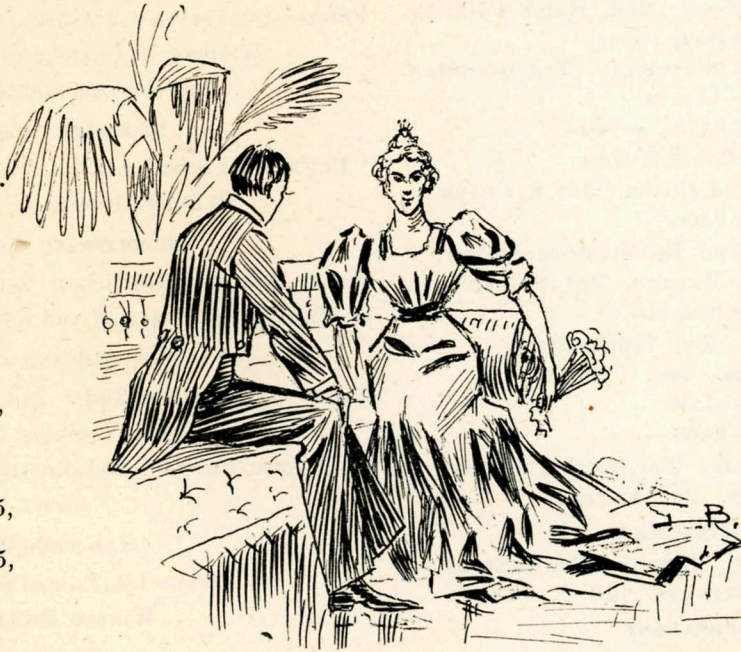
PRIZE—1st, Pair of Suspenders.
Winner, MANARD.

POLE VAULT.

PRIZE—1st, Knife.
Winner, K. CLARK.

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AN IDYL.

BETWEEN the dawn and the noon tide,
When lessons oppress with their power,
Comes a change in a day's occupations,
That is known as the Chemistry Hour.
In that room filled with queer apparatus,
The teacher awaits with a smile,
The Sulphids, Bromine and Acids,
Emitting their perfumes meanwhile.
He hears in the halls above him,
The noise of many feet,
The sound of the door that is slamming,
And whispers and laughter sweet.
At his desk he hears them approaching,
Descending the broad hall stair.
Grave Hardy and laughing Goldie,
And Chase with the curly blonde hair.
A smothered laugh and a whisper,
As they enter the well known place,
And the teacher's heart is gladdened,
By each merry laughing face.
A sudden rush from the stairway,
A sudden dart from the hall,
And in comes innocent Oscar,
"I'm a little late, that's all."

They turn to the bottles and test tubes,
And ready to try some new feat.
When a voice is heard, and the question,
Who's treat? Who's treat?

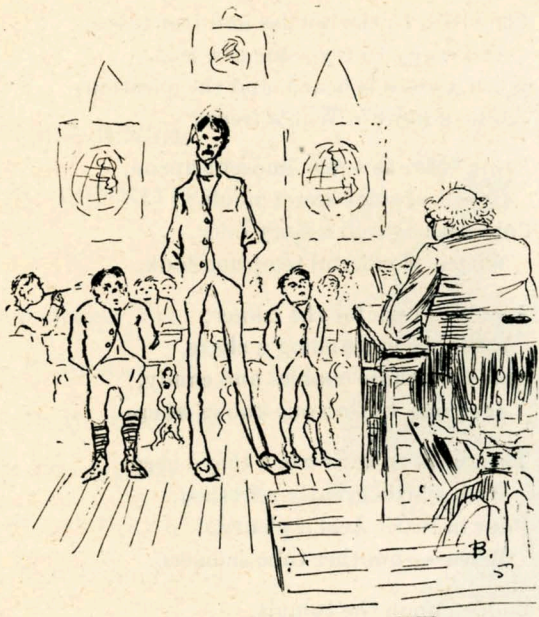
From beneath some innocent apron,
Or out of some secret nook,
Comes a bag and a spicy odor,
With a wonderful tempting look.

A sudden rush for the owner,
Each one demanding a share,
And soon those cookies and candy,
Are gone, but no one knows where.

Then back to their work they hurry,
With spirits greatly refreshed,
Pour in Nitric Acid a plenty,
When——another tube smashed.

Sudden upon the tumult,
Comes the bell with its merry sound,
The hour is gone, and oh sorrow!
Not one unknown substance is found.

F. D., '94.



Little Frankie wasn't much in Athletics but he always stood high in his classes.

SONNET.

Sweet memories, oh, how they cheer and cling;
 When trials and deep gloom our hearts do freight,
 When book and tab give place to line and bait,
 'Tis then, the thoughts, swift messengers take wing
 And back again to school year's trials bring,
 Each to some "Ex" or "L" or "M" marks date,
 Or former days, when 'twas our lot or fate
 To cast shy chapel glances and to sing,
 School days are passed we gladly say, for soon
 We welcome them again, as sober fall
 While busy painting leaf, will until June
 Once more to school room and to study call
 Each happy youth, his thought again to tune,
 And prepare him for life's hard battles all.

ALFRED A. ENGSTROM.

SCHOOL LIFE.

I SAT in my dusty Annual Editorial office, books and manuscripts beside me, behind me, before me, books and papers everywhere in endless confusion.

On my desk strewn with papers and the fragments of a hasty lunch, was a white sheet of paper doomed to be that dreaded Senior essay. The subject was there, but the essay—.

I looked out at the cold grey sky, and listened to the dreary patter of the rain as it beat piteously against my window; gloomy twilight filled the room, that fanciful hour between the dark and light.

I sat filled with gloomy thoughts and as I sat meditating the door of my office opened and a white spectral figure appeared on the threshold, solemn, slow, still, he approached, but a second look showed me a merry face and laughing eyes under the ghastly array. In a word he was a '94 Senior.

"It was last night, the 30th of October," he began in a graveyard voice, "a mighty band rode through these silent streets; and all were shrouded, but under these white robes beat happy student hearts; and from them came stories of horrors never written or told before. I remember well, it was at the midnight hour when we stormed the secret retreat of the Junior Band. Volley after volley of peanuts and pop-corn were hurled at us, but we advanced steadily under the fire, and soon the fort was ours. Then with a ringing cheer we left them in their lair and sallied forth again. Ah! the cock crows and like Hamlet's father's ghost, I must return from whence I came," and he was gone leaving a pleasant memory in my gloomy retreat. My ghostly visitor had scarcely departed when in trooped a jolly boy all in a hurry, with a "How-de-do, heard about the fight?" "Fight, no." He had seated himself comfortably, tilted back a chair, planted his tan shoes carelessly among my papers. "Missed your life." You see the

Seniors have got some smashing fine hats, mortarboards, and the Juniors are mad, going to punch 'em in; too bad, for the girls do look sweet in them. Everybody got redheaded and fought like fun and the ambulance was called and about a dozen got—but I mustn't stop to tell you all about it; got to see the next fight; Ta Ta;" and he too was gone. I was thinking over the follies of human nature when a tall dignified Senior girl came gracefully toward me. She took the offered chair and drawing off one dainty glove began: "O, we are going to have the best time to-night. You know we Seniors have a banquet at Blaisdell's Hall to-night, and when the Seniors start out they have a jolly good time. We are going to have the dearest play and lots of ice-cream and cake. But I must go, good-bye. I will come and see you again soon;" and she went out as gracefully as she came in. I sat for a time lost in thought. What a strange world this. Now gaiety and suffering, now pleasure and pain, now poverty and wealth go hand in hand. My office seemed so gloomy, from just wishing my Senior girl would come again, when in she came.

She smiled sweetly at me and sat down. My heart gave a great bound as I looked at the slender stately girl, so tall and dignified, with such queenly grace, a true Senior. "O! I haven't seen you for a long time have I, and so much has happened, but I haven't time to tell you about those but will tell you about the latest. It is to be the grandest banquet; the Seniors and Juniors give it to the Sophomores and Freshman. Think of it! A real banquet and such lovely refreshments and dainty decorations. The whole school's going and all the teachers too; we can talk of nothing else. But I must go, good-bye, good-bye," and the dear girl was gone. I felt very sad and lonely and longed to go out into the gay butterfly world of which she spoke.

I hear many foot steps approaching, What can it be? The door opens and in come eight girls. "O, the boys are the meanest things, they went off to Belvidere and had a jolly time and wouldn't let us come. We were awful mad," spoke up a fair maiden. "Yes, but we're going to get even. We're going up to Beloit and have some fun and I guess they'll wish they hadn't been so mean." "Yes, we'll show 'em" and out they went whispering and laughing. Soon after they went there was a timid knock at my door; I started up but sank back in my chair again and called out "come in." In tripped a little maiden in short dresses and curls, "I am a Freshman of the class of '97 of the Rockford High School," said she with a haughty toss of her head, "and I came to tell you about our party, you know we had to, that is, the Sophomores and Freshmen had to pay back the reception the higher classes gave us. But ours is going to be much nicer than theirs and we are going to have an orchestra and decorations and invita-

tions for outsiders and everything. It is going to be very select, and the Senior girls ar'n't going to have those Beloit boys, so there!" and with a defiant toss of her head she was gone, and this was the coming generation, the ones who will fill our places. O, conscript fathers, beware, beware.

Then came a tall broad shouldered fellow who bowed low and thus began. "I am the president of the Athletic Association and came to inform you we are going to have the finest field day in Winnebago County. All the entrees are full and prizes are plentiful and exciting times are anticipated. I hope you'll come over and see the fun. Admission fifteen cents;" and with another low bow he departed. But some one else is coming; I sit up straight and look studious when in comes my dear Senior girl. But O! how sad, she is all in tears and sorrow. "O, dear! O, dear! we must go—We must leave forever—our dear old Alma mater—It is so sad—O, dear!" and she departed weeping. Sweet maiden and must I lose her forever? Must she go out into the great struggle of life and fight life's battles with the rest? I began to picture the future of all this and saw halls where some orator held a vast multitude spell bound in Congress, great Statesman. From the concert hall echoed sweet song and music that hushed the soul to sleep or brought tears of joy. I look back and place them in the R. H. S. Yes, the future was all bright for them, the students of the old Rockford High School. I start up suddenly it is quite dark. The essay is still unwritten, while I have been dwelling in the happy memories of the past.

B. E. M., '94.

B. F. M., '94.

R. H. S. CALENDAR.

Sept. 11.—School begins.

Sept. 25 to June 22 inclusive, H. McCann sent to the office.

Sept. 27.—Clark and Ruhl decide *not* to issue the Owl.

Oct. 1.—Foot-ball organized.

Oct. 3.—Seniors give offices of Literary Society to the Juniors.

Oct. 10.—Debating Club.

Oct. 20.—Freshmen appear with their "Faces washed?"

Oct. 31.—Hallow'een, O. John gives the Seniors a ghost ride.

Nov. 12—"Is L. Robinson a sticker?" *undecided*.

Nov. 20.—Seniors conceive a desire for class caps and glory.

Nov. 30.—Vacation.

Dec. 5.—Senior sleighride to Black Hawk.

Dec. 9.—Chris Henry or Armstrong?

Dec. 11.—Debating Club go to see City Fathers debate.

Dec. 18.—Senior caps come.

Dec. 18.—*Noon*—40 buckets of Human Gore collected in Senior Hall.

Dec. 19—"Fight." Oberlin Glee Club.

Dec. 20.—Seniors still wear caps.

Dec. 21.—Juniors subside.

Dec. 22.—The Goddess of Peace reigns supreme.

Dec. 25.—Merry Christmas.

Dec. 28.—Seniors banquet at Blaisdell's Hall.

Jan. 2.—School Assembles.

Jan. 6.—Dickson gets his hair cut. Takes Cocaine.

Jan. 8.—Athletic Association elect officers.

Jan. 10.—Free lunch in Chemistry Room.

Jan. 15.—Burrit holds the chalk.

Jan. 19.—Hardy gets shaved. (?)

Jan. 20.—Chemistry Class breaks the glass.

Jan. 30.—"Go back up."

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Jan. 31.—“Look up at my Angel Doughnut die.”

Feb. 1.—Senior Class elects officers.

Feb. 3.—Senior-Junior Social.

Feb. 10.—Foot-ball pictures.

Mar. 9.—Senior boys go to Belvidere.

Mar. 16.—Senior girls are even with the boys.

Mar. 23.—Senior's try Heavy Tragedy.

Mar. 31.—School closes.

April 1.—Did you ever get left?

April 11.—Library closed.

April 12.—Senior Class pictures (Russell had his mouth open).

April 13.—Freshmen and Sophmores play parrot.

April 18.—Seniors decide to have their pictures taken.

April 19.—Seniors decide *not* to have their pictures taken.

April 20.—Seniors decide to have their pictures taken.

April 21.—Seniors have their pictures taken (every one in it?)

April 24.—Peter Burns has his hair cut.

April 27.—Base ball. B. C., 5; R. H. S., 8.

April 28.—Base ball. Madison, 12; R. H. S., 18.

May 1.—“Spring, spring, gentle spring.”

May 7.—Junior Pictures.

May 8.—Base ball pictures.

May 11.—Drink milk on Levings.

May 12.—Base ball. Beloit, 5; R. H. S., 14.

May 15.—“We didn't go to the parade.”

May 16.—G. A. R. encampment.

May 25.—Field Day. Committee take the prizes.

May 26.—Base ball. R. H. S., 13; Janesville, 8.

June 1.—Last meeting of D. C.

June 2.—Base ball. R. H. S., 13; Madison, 36.

June 4.—Tears of sorrow.

June 9.—Base ball. R. H. S., 20; Janesville, 10.

June 14.—R. H. S. Annual, '94.

June 15.—Editors succumb.

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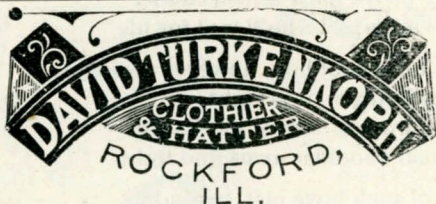
A SAD TALE.



Two young ladies with o'er-stocked minds
Went out in the fields some cowslips to find,
They saw a blossom across the creek,
And it was their aim to get it quick.
To lose the flowers they could not afford
So they crossed the creek upon a board;
While they were holding on with their hands,
The weight of their brains upset their plans;
For the board turned o'er and they fell in with a splash
But ere they were in they were out with a flash
With water dripping from shoes and dress
They made their way homeward their flowers to press.
In the excitement they had lost their mind,
And some of their flowers were left behind.
And now they each have made a vow,
If this is published there will be a row;
It is even hinted they have formed a plan,
To keep away from the creek and stay on dry land.
My story is finished; my pen I lay down;
Guess the names of the girls who came near being drowned.

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FOUR AND NO MORE.

Of tender years, a Freshman he,
Equipped with look and crook,
Amare, Latin seems to be
To him, in thought and book.
Now called by all a rising "Soph,"
Just old enough to try
To teach the grave and learned "Prof."
The how, the where and why.
Yet one step more a third year bright
The class of classes all,
And if you ask for who's aright
The "Junior!" is the call.
He climbs again to climb no more
The "High School" steps and grades;
Dignified Seniors' toil is o'er—
The whole school vision fades.
But do you see that fellow there?
Alas! he is a riddle;
Just out of school with face so fair,—
Hair parted in the middle.

ALFRED A. ENGSTROM.

PSALM OF LIFE.

"Tell me not in mournful numbers,"
That debating's but a joke,
While o'er "ballots for the women,"
R. H. S. boys fret and croak.
"Life is real, life is earnest;"
And the boys, the precious elves,
Decide they that the work of voting.
They will do it all themselves.
"In life's broad field of battle,"
When they think they need a wife,
If they prove such selfish cattle,
Where's the girl who'll wed for life?
Trust no school-boy, however pleasant,
Who will argue it is right,
That if woman wants the ballot,
She must shoulder arms and fight.
Lives of such boys just remind us,
They have never heard a word,
Of the weapon of a woman,
That is mightier than the sword.
Then, dear girls, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Teach the R. H. S. boys such a lesson,
They'll repent before too late.

J. S. '94

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FIRST YEAR.	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Latin Reader. 2. Algebra. 3. Physical Geography 20 weeks. English Composition 20 weeks. 4. Reading twice a week. 				<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. English History 20 weeks. Zoölogy 20 weeks. 2. Algebra. 3. Physical Geography 20 weeks. English Composition 20 weeks. 4. Reading twice a week. 	
SECOND YEAR.	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Cæsar and Latin Prose Composition. 2. Geometry. 3. Physiology 20 weeks. Botany 20 weeks. 4. American Authors, twice a week. 				<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Rhetoric, 20 weeks. German or Arithmetic and Book-keeping, 20 weeks. 2. Geometry. 3. Physiology, 20 weeks. Botany, 20 weeks. 4. American Authors, twice a week. 	
THIRD YEAR.	<i>Classical.</i> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Greek, Grammar and Anabasis. 2. Cicero, Prose Composition and Ovid. 3. General History. 4. English Authors, twice a week. 	<i>Latin and German.</i> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. German. 	<i>L. Scientific.</i> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Physics. 	<i>Latin-German Scientific.</i> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Physics. 2. German. 	<i>Eng. Scientific with Latin and German.</i> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. 1st year Latin. 2. German. 3. General History. 4. English Authors, twice a week. 	<i>English Scientific.</i> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. German or 1st year Latin. 2. Physics.
FOURTH YEAR.	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Anabasis and Iliad. 2. Virgil and Ovid. 3. (a.) Civics (Civil Government, American Politics and Political Economy.) or (b.) English Literature, or (c.) Last twenty weeks Review Algebra. 	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. German. 	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Chemistry and Geology. 	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. German. 2. Chemistry and Geology. 	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Cæsar. 2. German. 3. (a.) Civics, or (b.) Literature, or (c.) Review Algebra. 	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. German or Cæsar. 2. Chemistry and Geology.

Drawing may be taken once a week throughout the course.

Three orations on selected subjects are required the last year.

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B. M.—Oh!!!!

W. T.—Jimminie! Crackets!

W. B.—Is that so?

H. G.—I rise to a point of order.

F. B. P.—If I had only been born rich instead of hand-some.

M. K.—My little mother said so.

E. H. R.—Yes-s-s-s-s—.

B. S.—Oh! Oscar.

H. H. C.—Who'd a thunk it?

R. R.—Who's got my book?

H. E. R.—Not I alone hold this view; other great men have said, etc.

H. E. B.—Yes, two onions will remove the odor of ice cream from the breath.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. CLARK.—No, so far as we know there is nothing to prohibit you from editing the Owl next year except paucity of cash.

SUSIE W.—Yes, the editors of the Annual will send their autographs to all post-paid, on receipt of \$10. Seniors please notice.

ARTHUR R., '95.—No, celluloid collars are not the latest fashionable "fad." A four-in-hand necktie should not be worn with a full dress suit.

WEBB.—Yes, "pretty boy" is a very becoming name. The mere fact of your being able to ride a wheel does not necessarily give you a mortgage on the R. H. S.

EDNA W.—Yes, we think it would be advisable for young ladies who intend to mingle in society to live nearer the vortex.

INQUIRER.—We do not think—(The editor of this department was suddenly called away before he had finished his answer.)



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WE wish to thank MR. E. WARDE BLAISDELL most heartily for his generous assistance in our labors. He has donated the results of his artistic talents, and has worked unceasingly in our behalf. May success attend him.

THE EDITORS.

SAM'L BAKER.
Pres't.

GUSTAF JOHNSON,
Vice-Pres't.

E. S. GREGORY,
Sec'y & Treas.

~~~~~  
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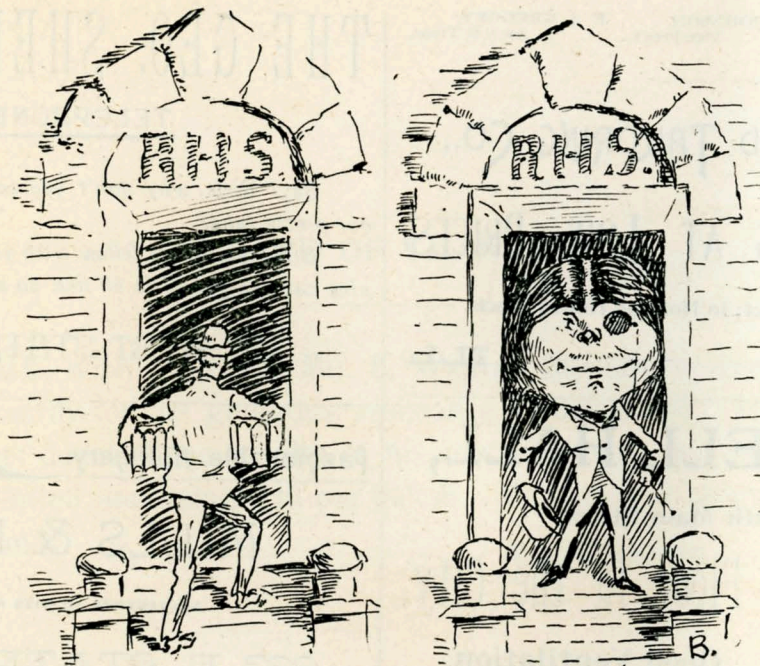
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