

The Interlude

VOLUME XXIX No. 15

HIGH SCHOOL, SOUTH BEND, INDIANA, FRIDAY, JUNE 20, 1919.

10 CENTS THE COPY



To the memory of our staunch and worthy friend, John F. Nuner late superintendent of South Bend's public schools, we the class of 1919, affectionately dedicate this commencement number.

LITERARY

ON THE TRAIL OF THE CRIMSON

Clumsily she slipped her hand inside his vest pocket and extracted the tikets.

"No, no, not that way. Why can't you learn? Do you suppose that a man wouldn't feel that? Good Lord! Now try it again. This way—with the first two fingers—don't touch me, just slide them in neatly, that's better—good, fine—never felt it. Now do you remember the instructions Hardy gave you? Vamp him; roll your eyes, smile—oh, you know what I mean—whatever it is that a girl does to get a fellow's goat. By Jove, **you** sure can do it. Don't look at **me** that way. I haven't anything you want. Now, don't forget, after he's tried to make love to you, let him get close enough and then go thru him. I think you'll find the check in his upper right-hand vest pocket. If he catches you why—just pretend that you're joking but watch where he puts it and—also watch your chance! Well, that's all. Don't be on time. It always rouses a man's interest as well as his ire, if a girl's a bit late. I'll be here till morning. Report as soon as you can. Oh—shucks, don't be scared. You're not running any chance but—believe me **I** am. That's a good little girlie. Now run along, I'm busy."

* * *

The ghastly grey light of morning was illuminating their faces.

"U—u—ugh! There, the pesky thing gave. Say, bring that searchlight from the table. Wo-wei!" Bent my key all to nothing but it did the job. I thot we never would find one to fit. Now, you watch as I take things out and remember just where they were so we can put them back and he'll never know the thing's been touched. Speaking of touching—you sure did a clean job last night. Hardy was watching you and said he almost howled it was so clever. Sure Hardy was there. You wouldn't catch him missing a—Hullo. Why, here's your picture—silver frame and all. Say, you haven't double-crossed us, have you? I bet—you—you little fool—I'll get even—if I have to send you up and myself, too. Look here—we've reached the bottom and it's not there—you—say—stop laughing like that—Are you mad—stop, I say! Scared silly, I suppose. Well—serves you right. Better get a clever partner not a bungler—anyone with half an eye could see thru that with your picture in his—Oh! Lord, these women.

Well, the jig's up. You've got to get before I—I'm ruined—and all because I placed my confidence in a woman and she double-crossed me. Deliberately did me dirt. Oh—ye fates and seven sisters—help me!"

The peace and quiet of the police court was suddenly and quite ruthlessly shattered. A wild-visaged, trembling Irishman of about middle age rushed thru the swinging doors and cast himself breathless at the chief's feet. "Oh, Soir, soive me! Soive me—" And during the ensuing flow of frenzied tale the police gathered enough to know that a dreadful crime was being perpetrated in the Windsor flats and two conscienceless villains and a villainess were in cahoots against an innocent man from whom they were going to rob a check of immense valuation. The Irish janitor leading the way, six stalwart men of peace entered the Windsor, mounted the stairs and were shown the very keyhole thru which he had heard the conversation that had aroused his suspicion.

And the next day the papers were full of it! A certain austere and dignified grey-haired woman, perusing the morning paper while she daintily munched toast, completely lost her cherished poise when the hideous words of the headline leaped at her from the front page.

MILLIONAIRE'S SON AND DAUGHTER CAUGHT WITH THE GOODS—JACK VERMONT, ALIAS JACK THE RED AND HIS SISTER IN HIDEOUS SCANDAL.

"Jim—Jim—read this; what does it mean—I shall faint—oh, the shame of it! These awful newspapers—read it to me—Jenkins, bring me my salts—Oh—Jim, why didn't we insist on bringing them up here with us. Why don't you read it to me? I shall faint. And Mrs. Morgan's tea is tomorrow and that famous Canadian aviator is to be there and I—I—oh, I think I shall wear black."

"If you would listen, my dear, I **would** read it to you. That's right, put your head down on the table and do try to quiet your nerves."

Tho his lips were set and white, Mr. James Vermont calmly read the following newspaper article to his hysterical wife:

(Oh! Shoot, we lost the newspaper article and it was such a

good story.) Well, anyway, it was this way: Janice gave Jack a bright red crepe de chine handkerchief. Jack carelessly gave it to another girl. Paul swiped the handkerchief and threatened to tell Janice. Jack learned thru Tom Hardy that the handkerchief was in a suitcase, checked at the hotel, that the check for it was on Paul's person. He called Berenice, his sister, to his aid and, using their own apartments as headquarters, the two planned to get the check. Berenice and Paul knew each other well, but Jack was not aware of this and so the two were able to fool him by removing the handkerchief.

It all turned out all right, you know, the usual way. Jack persuaded Janice, and Paul won Berenice and the four lived happily "up the river" at the Vermont's home on the Hudson.)

(P. S.: Mrs. Vermont got over her hysterics all right and made quite a hit with the Canadian aviator with the tale of her son and daughter's police record.)

THE ART OF EATING SPAGHETTI

Forbes Julian

Spaghetti was undoubtedly discovered, developed, and thrust upon the human race by some fanatic who wished to corrupt and tear down the whole etiquette of eating. He, my dear reader, was a profaner of art; had he known what dire disasters he was to bring upon posterity, he might have refrained from this calamitous discovery. He has, as it were, upset the science of eating. This science, after passing thru years of corruption, has, (due to this wretched spaghetti), reached such a state that a man indulging in the eating of the stuff may, at last, under the pressure of table manners and Friend Wife, actually pick up this food in his fingers and gently consign it to his stomach. Thus, you see into what a state etiquette has sunk.

We must mention at the first that instructing in this blasphemous art is treading on thin ice indeed. In the first place spaghetti, no doubt, has caused the ruination of more than one person's temper. They are therefore rather "touchy" on this subject, thinking that they have a corner on all information concerning the practice. To these people we would say, do not be insulted or ruffled by our insinuations here, but remember that "spagett" some day may come to all.

This aforementioned food is slimy stuff indeed—as slippery as an eel and as illusive as a porch

climber. It somehow seems to shrink from mankind—a sort of retiring nature. It is too evasive to be handled with a fork, unless a prong is by chance gouged thru its vitals; so in desperate cases a spoon is resorted to. Now a spoon is splendid for eating prunes or anything else of approved shape, but a lengthy piece of spaghetti is rather sullen about curling up in a spoon and therefore this instrument must also be discarded.

There we have the situation in a nutshell. It cannot be deftly handled with either implement, so is it any wonder that men have, in extreme instances, resorted to their prehensile members, given them by Nature, in a vain attempt to negotiate the distance from plate to mouth successfully?

This abominable curse must never be relegated to the stomach with articulate noises. Mischievous children must be watched on this subject, as they in their artful ways may actually suck this product into their mouths and down their throats to the horror of mother and the delight of everybody else.

And to the wives let me add, never kick your husband from under the table if he digresses just a trifle from the etiquette in eating spaghetti. For with his nerves worn to the ragged edge and his life haunted by the constant dread of meeting the stuff at a meal, he might be very exasperated and actually take up the plate full and allow it to slide recklessly down his throat.

In conclusion, let me add that in a dire case, such as that of a piece sliding off into your lap, it is advisable to gently lift it from its resting place and toss it under the gentleman's chair at your right. If you talk all the time, your crime will not be detected and your reputation will be preserved.

TO A ROSE

Dorothy Geltz

Oh, pretty, dainty, laughing rose,
So charming, so entrancing—
When thou art near, my glad
heart goes

To Loveland, far, a-dancing;
Thy piquant, roguish, lovely face,
With airy grace tip-tilted,
Has made me join your merry
chase—

Come, tell me—am I jilted?

"Where am I?" he exclaimed, waking from a long delirium of fever. "Am I in heaven?"

"No, dear," she cooed, "I'm still with you."

PRESIDENT'S FAREWELL
ADDRESS.

Dear Classmates and Friends of the Class of '19:

Tonight we have come to the parting of the ways after four long-short years of endeavor. I said long years and they were long, as we look forward over the many difficulties to be overcome before this glad day of graduation; yet short, when we look back with much pleasure and some regret over those same four years which after all held many happy experiences for us.

During these past four years we have formed habits and established ideals which will be our guides all through the future. Whether they lead us in the right way or the wrong way depends upon how much consideration we gave when forming them.

We have set an example for the three classes immediately following us. We sincerely hope that they may follow this example and profit by our successes and our failures. When they graduate they will be able thereby to set even a better example for the classes which follow them.

We are sorry that we are only a hundred and forty-seven of the three hundred who started out together four years ago. Some of the hundred fifty-three who dropped out through an unfortunate inability to appreciate the great opportunities they had, have unwisely quit the High School to fill some position. Of course they fail to consider that there is usually a long time for work but always a short time for school, for life's preparation. Others for weighty reasons had to drop out of school and help to support their homes during the Great War, which we have recently so successfully finished. We deprecate the shortsightedness which caused the one group to throw away their time of preparation and we deeply regret the hard necessity which took from the other group their most valuable right.

I am especially pleased at this time to mention those whom we all respect and honor, namely, those who answered the call to the colors and went away to war. We are sorry that they are not graduating with us tonight, but we shall always be proud to remember and claim them as boys of the old class of '19. To them and others of like mettle we owe the privilege of graduating in this great year of victory.

My friends, I am reminded at this time of the fearful price that some of our Alumni paid for our victory. Behold the golden stars in our service flags, emblems of unselfish devotion to God and country. Let us for our part make safe the heritage they secured for us at such great cost.

No graduating class has ever

had greater opportunity to prove its motto "Carry On" than this class of '19. Now that the great world war is over and the ever necessary period of reconstruction is here, we have much greater need of a higher education than the High School affords, in order that we may fill the responsible places which have been created by the rapid advance of the world in the last four years. The reconstruction campaign now on makes it imperative for all of us who can to get a good university or mechanical education. Men and women of broad education and thorough training were never so much in demand as right now. Employers in choosing men for responsible positions, in almost any line of service, will invariably take the college graduate in preference to the High School graduate and be willing to pay for the preference. He knows that the college man is more capable of handling men, has a broader view and a surer judgment, his ability to think has been better developed. The world has always been willing to pay for thinking but today more than ever before it is willing to pay a premium.

In government as in business, superior education wins recognition.

What men represent our government today at the Peace Conference and in the various government positions? University men trained in history, economics and law, they are now necessities. The "rule of thumb" man has lost his place and both ignorance and chance have lost their glamour.

But you might remind me that Lincoln had very little school training and that John D. Rockefeller had only a common school education and yet they are among the world's greatest men. I grant that this is true but they are only two cases compared to the thousands who achieve success because of thorough training and even they realize the importance of university training, for they sent their sons to the best universities in the land.

Is not our present great president a college man? Yes, Princeton claims him. Was not our most beloved Roosevelt a college graduate? Yes, Harvard proudly boasts of his name on her roll. And so it is with all great men of this great new day.

Could these men have achieved the high positions that they attained if they had lacked that higher education? Probably not. In the past men without education have attained these positions but today the world has advanced so rapidly that such achievements as those of Lincoln and Grant are now impossible for untrained

men. Now do not begin trying to look like George Washington. I would not have all of you become presidents, but this age of reconstruction is changing the world at such a rapid rate that the High School graduate of the present and the future will be handicapped if he quits and does not obtain a higher education. Every day new inventions are coming out and new contrivances are being produced which reduce the physical labor needed but require greater mental efficiency. And so we must prepare ourselves to fit the new age. We must get that broader vision.

And now fellow classmates, as we leave these pleasant rooms and jolly corridors where we have formed so many dear acquaintances and made so many enduring friendships, let us resolve to keep up our high ideals and in-

crease our consuming zeal to achieve.

I wish now to express to you my most sincere and grateful appreciation of the great honor which you have bestowed upon me.

I have earnestly tried to perform the duties of my high office to your entire satisfaction and I trust that I have succeeded.

In conclusion I wish for each and everyone of you long life and as much prosperity and success as you deserve.

"Carry On" then "Carry On"

May we keep our happy dream

And go forth with banners flying
For the silver and the green,
May we keep them ever floating
From our standards high
Noble ideals e'er before us
As we say at last goodbye.

COMMENCEMENT AND FULFILLMENT

The years have chimed their merry greeting,
The laughing moments sped their hasty way:
Youth stands at Life's open portal, gazing,
And of Nature asks which is the future way.

To some She points a way of high endeavor
Beset with danger, interspersed with joy;
To some a lowly, placid path is given
In which strife cannot happiness destroy.

To some She sends the forest's fragrant breezes,
Some journey where the drowsy caravan lags;
Some sail the roaring, foaming ocean combers,
Or climb the wind-swept, distance-purpled crags.

Some reach Fame's golden-towered pinnacles,
Some feel the depth of utter, dark despair;
To some luxurious Fortune brings her riches,
Some must the stinging buffs of Fortune dare.

But when awhile they've journeyed on Life's pathway,
Time droops his wings and bids the seconds slack;
They turn their searching gaze again toward Nature's portal
And bid kind Memory take them back.

And they say it to each other, watching
Skillful Nature point the way, "In truth,
God's great preparation came to us
In our glowing days of youth."

Jessie Graves

A FAINT REGRET

When you pack your dog-eared
school books in the least
amount of space,

And you pick them all up gayly,
with a smile upon your
face;

When you dig out all the paper
from your locker scratched
and bent,

And you vainly try to get back
all the pencils you have
lent;

When you bid long-suffering
teachers an eloquent fare-
well,

And then inform your best
friend that your joy you

cannot tell—
Don't you feel a little funny?
Don't you have a little
pain?

Don't you fear that, tho' it's sun-
ny, any moment it might
rain?

Yes, you hurry home and fondly,
with the most infinite care,

Lay your school things all away
and, with a melancholy air,

Sit down and sadly think that,

though you're glad to get
away,

You would really like it better if
in school you'd always
stay.

DOROTHY GETZ.

SALUTATORY

To our parents and friends: We, the Class of 1919, extend our greetings and a cordial welcome to our Commencement Exercises. To those of you who have never been here before, we extend a special welcome. We regret the absence of one who would have been with us to assist in the awarding of the diplomas, had death not prevented. Tonight marks the close of four long years of endeavor, and we are glad to have you share with us the program which has been arranged for the evening.

You may be assured that we appreciate the efforts of the citizens of South Bend toward the establishment and maintenance of an adequate educational institution. We, at this time, are just beginning to see the real value of the preparation we have received for the professions and vocations we desire to pursue in the future. For some, it means the entering immediately into their life work.

Others will continue their education in colleges and universities, each preparing himself for his vocation. For all, it is merely the end of the beginning, the foundation upon which our future is to rest.

We realize that our education cannot be completed in any given number of years, but goes on indefinitely, adding new power and new beauties with the succeeding years.

We hope to each prove worthy of the efforts that have been made by the faculty to help us grasp the higher ideals of life. Much credit is due them for their patience. May we realize more fully, in the future, the aid they have so willingly given.

It is into a weary and war-torn world that we go, with the hope that our youth and enthusiasm may help to bring about some lasting good, that we may advance one step towards the attainment of a perfect brotherhood throughout the world.

BERTHA ELBEL, '19.

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF THE CLASS OF '19

We, the Class of 1919, do hereby combine to make our last will and testament, and do solemnly bequeath the following items to the following heirs:

To the Class of 1920, we hereby bequeath the management of the Interlude as well as our fine patience and endurance of suffering and hardships that are appendant thereto.

To the Class of 1920, we also bequeath the dignity and hauteur which is inevitably a part of the joy of being labelled "Seniors."

To the Class of 1921, the present Soph Class, we bequeath our pleasant disposition—our willingness to work, our courage under difficulties, our loyalty, and all the many other characteristics which make us the finest class that has yet left South Bend High School. (We speak with extreme modesty, of course.)

To the Class of 1922, we bequeath our best wishes and highest hopes that it may next year prove itself remarkable by keeping out of the slough into which it seems inevitable for every class to fall during its Soph year.

To the Class of 1923, we leave our deepest pity, for we were once new Freshies!

And now we come to the small, personal items of this document.

I, Jeanette Ridenour, bequeath to next year's editor my melancholy habit of slinking around the building in search of that illusive article known as "copy."

I, Dumont Ranstead, gladly surrender my profound air of painful responsibility to whoever is so fortunate and unfortunate as to be next year's Senior presi-

dent.

I, Glen Cunningham, leave my amazing disposition for cutting up, to a most worthy heir—Louis LaPierre.

We, Samuel Leibov and Norman Merrick, bequeath our excellent library record to George Robertson and Dick Welton.

I, Ruth Carlson Lienhart, bequeath my happy skill in basket-shooting to Avalina Probst.

To Keith Masters, I, Carl Baumgartner, do hereby bequeath my tendencies toward unexcelled oratory.

I, Donna Rambo, history-shark of the class of 1919, do bequeath to Forbes Julian my deep reverence for Mr. Masters and the Monroe Doctrine.

I, Peg Fulmer, being about to shed my interest in parties and, more particularly, dancing, bequeath said interest to Jean Smeade.

I, Marie Kersey, do bequeath my leanings toward art (not "Art," however) to Mary Grace Crockett.

I, Susie Hochtel, leave to Vera Clauer my skill and pep in slaming baseballs far down Washington street.

I, Ruth Park, do here and now surrender to Peg Geyer my great and deep interest in the study of French.

I, Iva Bayman, do gladly resign to Rachel Davis all the puns, quips and jokes about red hair that have heretofore been aimed at my innocent and helpless head.

I, Fat Watters, bequeath to Michael Nykios the joys and tribulations of being a basket-ball star.

Friends, Classmates:

Of all graduating classes this, our Class of 1919, seems to be the most fortunate. Graduation is always a landmark, but to us there are unusual opportunities open. Everywhere, in this reconstruction period, calls are being sent out for those who are trained and competent to fill important positions. Added to these opportunities is the inspiration given by the boys who saw their chance to aid mankind and, while "over there," gave us the needed impetus for our motto, "Carry On."

We realize that we are indebted to many for our eagerness to do our part in this "Carrying On" in the building up of this badly disrupted world. This realization is made far more vivid at this season of the year, when everything about us is so full of new energy and when we are so filled with hopes of successful futures.

We pause to think of those who have meant so much to us in these four years of school life.

Thoughts come of our enterprising citizens, who have made this beautiful building possible, and chief among them are our own parents, whose enthusiasm for our advancement always has counted, and always can be counted upon. Pleasant memories of Mr. McCowan, who we know has at all times been most interested in every one of us, and of the faculty who have so courageously led us against the many difficult problems we have met, will always be coupled with the deep reverence which we feel for our friend, Mr. Nuner, whose absence here tonight leaves a shadow, which only thoughts of what he has done for us and meant to us can brighten.

We, Marjorie Wilhelm and Olie Olsen, bequeath our far-gone state of a hopelessly chronic case to Mirian Taylor and Cleo Wedel.

I, Dorothy Miller, sorrowfully surrender to Clarice Von Barandy my deep interest in the youthful inhabitants of Notre Dame University.

I, Dumont Ranstead, bequeath my love of putting around in Chemistry to a most worthy heir, Douglas Owen.

I, Alda Hague, leave to Bernice Fiedler my winning qualities of Spanish.

We, Lucile Gerber and Dorothy Geltz, bequeath our ungovernable fondness for participating in contests and winning medals to Keith Masters and Jack Campbell.

We, Helene Chard and Billy Burner, bequeath our amazing speed and general efficiency in the art of gum-chewing to Esther Freeman.

In general, we, the Class of

VALEDICTORY

Then we think of the lasting friendships formed here. This comradship has made our school life a tiny world in itself. We have found among our classmen a myriad of types of people, and have discovered something beautiful in each character, until we have at last reached that happy understanding where we gladly "give and take," thus molding into our own characters the best of those around us.

It would seem that the breaking of these delightful friendships might cause us sorrow, but, although we regret the parting, yet, we know that there are new friendships to form and larger duties awaiting us.

In that new world we are eager to find our place. For we cannot always remain the happy, care-free, enthusiastic High School youngsters, for whom parties and good times spell Life. There are bigger things clamoring to be done, and we are ready to contribute all our energy and all our enthusiasm to answer those calls.

School activities have already taught some of us the satisfaction that comes from giving of our time and effort, while others have yet to learn from experience this valuable lesson. Only those who do will be counted successes.

Classmates of '19, let each one of us achieve our ideal "success," and, through the carrying out of that ideal, we shall do our part in the reorganization of the world.

To each of you I wish a successful future and from each of you I expect some notable accomplishment which will justify the hours you have spent in South Bend High and do her credit.

LUCILE SNOOR.

1919, leave to the school and its inhabitants all of our best love and good wishes, and we take with us only our dog-eared books and a fond memory of four exceedingly happy years spent in the school.

In witness whereof, we, Dumont Ranstead, president, and Mildred Renoe, secretary, set our hands this twentieth day of June, 1919.

MAUDE WATKINS,
Notary Public. Sponsor.

Found in some test papers recently:

"Animals that live on land and in water are called ambiguous."

"Malicious is something applying to the militia."

"An oasis is one of those places where you can get a drink."

Teacher: Give an important date.

Bright Student: The one Mark Anthony had with Cleopatra.

CLASS PROPHETRY

Luc.—I am Sibylla, seventh daughter of a seventh daughter, and I come from the land of the Sphinx and the Pyramids. As I sat idly dreaming today, my favorite little thought servant, Intuition, came whispering in my ear that there was a young lady in South Bend, Indiana, who desired knowledge of the future of the Class of 1919. Since the fame of this class had penetrated even to my far away home, I was very glad to come. This young lady, I understand, is known as Cousin Hebe and is in possession of a head of wonderful flaming hair, the only one of its kind in the world. I have come far and fast to obey her request. Is she present here tonight? (Iva comes forward). Ah! here she is! What is it that you would know? Speak, for it is in my power to tell you anything you wish to know.

Iva—Oh, most omnipotent Sibylla, it is indeed a surprise to me to find that my thoughts have been read so accurately, and a pleasure to me that you have responded so quickly. And now I would learn what will become of the scholars of 1919. Will you, oh worthy prophetess, now lift the mystic veil that enshrouds the future and show the adventures that await the youthful members of this class?

Luc.—I have here with me my crystal globe in which may be found visions of all great things that are to come. Now come close—and gaze—what you don't see, ask for.

Iva—Who is that couple that seems to stand apart from all the others?

Luc.—They are the first two to leave this goodly company. You can guess who they are—Mr. and Mrs. Carl Leinhart.

Iva—Oh, yes, now I see. And do you see another couple near them? I mean Morrie Goodman and Peg Fulmer. But still, I once heard them make the remark that if they could not hang together, they would hang separately.

Luc.—Yes, your last remark is the true one, for I see Peg Fulmer in New York, with Marie Kersey and Molly Schneider. They have established a noted costume designing school which is superior to all others. And Morrie is now touring the United States on a Chataqua platform, lecturing on "Women."

Iva—And Morrie's pal—Fred Davis—what becomes of him?

Luc.—Ah, see! He and Lester Frank are running a ladies' tailoring establishment.

Iva—Look at that crowd standing spell-bound. It looks as if there might be a soap-box orator in their midst. I suspect it's

Carl Baumgartner.

Luc.—Yes, it's true, it is Carl. But you are mistaken as to the time and the place and incidentally you forget the girl. He is orating to a crowd of enraptured Fiji islanders, whom he has just persuaded by means of his wonderful oratorical powers and political genius, to allow him to become their dictator. As to the girl beside him—can't you recognize one of your classmates—

Iva—Not Dorothy Crabb? ! !

Luc.—The very same. She had intentions of going as a missionary and her ambition is partly realized, but she also is a dictator, for while Carl dictates to the natives she dictates to Carl.

Iva—Well, how are the Siamese twins going to get along after they leave school? I mean Helen Muessel and Mid Rennoe, of course.

Luc.—Let us look and see. There is Helen and beside her, a man in conventional minister's garb—no other than Friedolph Nelson, who is soon to become one of the leading ministers of the day. And Mildred—ah—she is private secretary to the Clybourne Company—with views of becoming a partner in the business.

Iva—What of our editor—Jeanette Ridenour? Is that she, industriously writing at that massive desk?

Luc.—Yes, verily, I say unto you—it is she—editor of the New York Times—the leading suffrage organ of the—

Iva—Oh, and our President—DuMont Ranstead !!!

Luc.—Just so. Do you not see him there madly tearing up the earth in a wild effort to beat Leo Mattes in the world's greatest auto race? And now I see faintly, a series of pictures—all dealing with the stage. Now they are more distinct. There is Glen Cunningham, charming thousands with his excellent work as leading man in the Follies, where for once he has as great a variety of beautiful girls surrounding him as he desires.

Iva—Oh, yes, and now I see Helen Gafill. Is she Glen's leading lady? No, not quite—I see—she's in the movies. And there's Ruth Bengston, too, quite in her element, managing a Little Theatre of her own. Why, there's old South Bend High! And the teachers—

Luc.—Yes—there they are. There's LeBaron Kinney teaching Math. in Room 204. Farther down the hall is Donna Rambo, who has succeeded Mr. Masters as an authority on history in this High School. Upstairs I see Alda Hague addressing the Senors and Senoritas and a few steps away

—Hjordis Lind, Miss Keller's successor, in the capacity of an English instructor.

Iva—It seems to me that I can see some other teachers—

Luc.—Yes, there are Olie Olsen and Marjorie Wilhelm or, rather, Marjorie Olsen—both gym instructors at Salt Lake City. Olie spends all his spare time in drawing cartoons. And now I see a large auditorium—the audience enchanted by the exquisite strains of melody which come from the instrument which Lucile Snoor plays upon.

Iva—But what is this I see now in the globe?

Luc.—Do you not see it is a well equipped laboratory at Harvard university and there, with horn rimmed spectacles on, is Samuel Leibov, the greatest chemist of his time.

Iva—But this looks more like an athletic field than a laboratory.

Luc.—Yes, now we are witnessing one of the annual Yale-Harvard games. Do you not recognize that man so greatly interested in the fortunes of the Yale team—he is, in fact, the coach of that team.

Iva—Sure enough—Fat Watters. But that is not so much of a surprise, however. And there among the spectators are Wilma Burner, Helene Chard and Helen Kerr—all football enthusiasts.

Luc.—Watch the globe. Do you see what is appearing now?

Iva—It is a book. Now I can see the title and the name of the author, or rather, authors—for there are two of them. It is "An Old Maid's Paradise," by Bertha Elbel and Jessie Graves. But are these the only authors from this class?

Luc.—Ah, no. Let us look at the globe again. Now what do you see?

Iva—Dorothy Geltz, as I live. And Louise Hastings, too. But what are they doing?

Luc.—Don't you understand? They are autographing those stacks of books beside them to send to their many admirers. Both are prolific writers—Louise being the best, however, in short stories of the Bret Harte type and Dorothy in her flowing, melodious but witty poems and biting satires. See—both are taking a great deal of care in autographing those last copies—for they are to go to the noted senator, Francis Pyle—one of the best known men in the country, chiefly because of his remarkable power as an orator and speaker in the Senate. But this picture is vanishing and—

Iva—Why, there's Norman Merrick. And what—Oh—yes, selling Fords—or trying to—to,

why—to Katherine Grimm and Dorothea Snyder.

Luc.—Which ladies are representing the Woman Suffrage movement and are buying Fords to use for their speeches instead of the proverbial stump or soap box. And, now, here is rather an active scene—looks like one of the getaways which we often see in the movies. There is the robber and there is the officer—no other than Earle Straw, who is leading his brave and gallant men, for he is the chief of police of Mexico City.

Iva—Well, that is interesting! But what of myself? May I not see my future?

Luc.—Oh—Ah—I can see no more. The spell is broken, for whenever you forget others and ask of yourself my power flees. I have done all I can for you and so I'll return to my faraway home until I am called again, in some time of need.

A NOVEMBER DAY

Dorothy Geltz

Martin threw a last wistful glance at the cheerful group around the glowing fireplace, closed the door, and turned to face the dreary depression of a steady, monotonous downpour, which seemed to have no hope of an end, nor even of an intermission. The street, under the leaden sky, seemed dismal and deserted. The houses were bleak and the trees swayed protestingly, as tho their bare branches were too stiff with the chill of the atmosphere to move without creaking and groaning. A mud-splattered taxi splashed by, its driver slumped in a dejected heap far down in the seat. A wagon rattled by, drawn by a rawboned, shivering nag. A man passed slowly down the street, his umbrella held close over his head, and his shoes oozing and squashing with muddy water. A child came running from the opposite direction, his wet clothes flapping as he ran. A little stream of water wandered aimlessly down the sidewalk, bound for an already overflowing pool at the curb. Martin sighed, and shuddering slightly, pulled up his coat collar, pulled his hat down over his face, stepped off the porch and became once more a part of the dismally damp, drab scene.

Lillian Johnson:

Biology Club Member.
Spanish Club Member.

Elizabeth Weber:
Biology Club Member.

Pearl Thompson:
Senior Indoor Baseball Team.
Mabel Weber:
G. D. C. Member VIII.
Ethel Welch:

HONOR ROLL

**Our
Gold Star Men.
They Gave Their All.**

Cameron Gemberling
Everett Leisure, '14
Malcomb McAlpine, '14
James McAlpine, '14
Arnold McInerny, '12
Walter Phelan, '15
John Noland
Chas. S. Moon
Howard Snyder, '13
Charles Varier

Leslie Allen, '14
Kenneth Alward, '16
Wilmer Alward, '15
Clyde Anders
Russel Anders, '18
Albert Anderson, '17
Clyde Anderson
Gerhardt Anderson, '13
Lester Anderson
Richard Archer
Rudolph Ash, '18
Dale Asire
Joseph Avery, '15
Arthur Bacon
Frances Bacon
Carlton Baker
Richard Barter
Robert Beitner
Howard Benitz
Kenneth Berkey, '12
Neal Beroth, '17
Herbert Bertch
Charles Berteling, '12
Clarence Beyrer, '11
Herman Beyrer, '10
William Beyrer, '03
Otto Bihlmire, '17
Harold A. Blackburn
Dewey Blackford
Warren Blodgett, '12
Rollo Bon Durant, '14
Norman Booth, '14
Harper Bostwick, '08
Howard Boswell, '15
William Braman, '16
Joseph Brazy, '13
Lyle M. Brechenser, '09
Julius Brug, '13
Frederick Buechner, '18
Robert Buechner, '15
Russel Bucher, '15
Roy Burger, '14
Clarence Burner, '17
E. H. Burnham (Faculty)
Charles Butterworth, '17

William Butterworth, '15
Charles Calvert, '96
Jay Calvert, '05
John B. Campbell, '92
Howard Canning
Warren Cass, '12
Clifford Cassidy, '13
Charles Chehart, '14
Earl Clark
Forest Clark, '17
Paul Clark
Russel Clark
LeRoy Clauer, '12
Don Cleary, '12
Charles Clemens
Lewis Cochevety, '17
Dewey Cole
Clarence Collins, '15
Lloyd Colip, '14
Albert Coon
Bennett Cordier, '14
Elmer Cottrell, '14
Clarence Crocker, '17
Raymond Crocker, '13
Harrison Crocket, '16
Weldon Crum
Harold Clybourne, '18
Douglas Dally
Edwin Dean, '15
Ellis Dean, '16
Aloysius Doktor
William Dale Donahue, '12
Harry Donovan, '18
Ralph Dumke, '17
Mark Duncan, '10
Frank Dyke, '18
Paul Edgren, '13
Charles Egan, '14
Edwin Elbel, '16
Stuart Elbel
Donald Eldredge, '14
Chester Eller
Ewart Emmons, '13
Harold Evans, '14
James Farage
Samuel Feiwell, '13
Charles Finch (Faculty)
Frederick Fisher, '14
SIX—INTERLUDE
George W. Ford, '09
Noville Foster, '10
E. Flynn (Faculty)
Lester Frank, '19
Lawrence Freeman
Warren Freyermuth, '14
Alexander Funston
Dale Gall, '13
Robert Galloway
Horace Genge
Robert Geyer
William Gingrich, '17
Americo Giomi, '17
Rolland Glavin, '17
Edwin Goodall

Eldon Goodenough
Sanford Goodrich
Waldo Gower, '15
Chester Grant, '10
William Grimm, '16
Charles Guthrie
Allen Hack, '11
Clyde Haeske, '06
Henry Hadaway
George Hagey, '18
Adrain Ham, '18
Joseph Hansel
Robert Happ, '15
Earl Harbin
Wade Hardy
Henry Harper, '12
Edwin Hartzer
Harold Hatfield, '17
Lamar Hauck
Arthur Haven
Harry Havens, '14
Alva Helmick
Archie Helmick
Leo Henry
Lloyd D. Herrold
Walter Heller, '17
Everett Helquist
Orlow Hicks, '15
Robert Hill
William J. Hill, '09
Dale Hillier, '09
Earl Hodson
Glen Hodson, '18
John Honer
Kenneth Hosford, '14
Timothy Howard
John Huffman, '16
Arthur Hunter, '12
Samuel R. Hurwich
Louis Inwood, '14
Earl Jackson, '11
Jay Jackson
Paul Jackson, '18
Roy Jackson
Donald Johnson, '16
LeVerne Johnson
Orville Jones
J. Albert Judie, '18
Arno Kallies
William Kaufer, '13
Karl Keener, '16
Charles Keller, '17
Frank Kelley, '17
Bernard Keltner, '16
Harold Keltner, '12
Ralph Keltner, '11
Carlton Kindig
Lyle Kindig
Cyril Kirby, '13
Walter Kirby, '13
James Kise
Russel Klink
Lester Knoblock
James Kruesberger, '17

Raymond Kuespert, '14
Phillip Langenbahn, '17
Ozmun Laven, '15
William Laven, '13
Howard Lee
Chauncey Lehman
Henry Leiser, '15
Ray Littleton
Clarence Livengood
Donald Livengood, '14
Aurice Long
Jewell Longley, '14
Bernard Lootens
Robert MacDonald, '13
Eli MacEndarfer, '18
Howard Madison
Stanislaus Makielski, '11
George Marohn, '18
Deihl Martin, '15
Jennings Martin
Walter Matthes, '18
Arthur May, '15
Arthur McDonald
Morris McErlain
Ralph McGlothlin, '17
John McKinstry, '16
Edgar Loyal McMillen, '14
Ephraim Mellander
Thornton Merrick
Harold Metzler
Clifford Meyers
Fesler Allen Millbern, '15
Calix Miller, '17
George Miller, '17
Ora Edward Miller, '13
Russell Miller
Robert Minkler, '16
William Kirk Mohn, '18
William Moore, '16
Edward Morse, '18
Fred Moss
Richard Muessel, '13
Robert Muessel, '17
Degar Myers
George Nelson, '15
John Nelson, '09
Ray Nelson, '15
Ralph Newman, '15
Claude Nicely, '11
Joseph Nykios, '18
Steven Nykios, '17
Clarence O'Dell
Mortimer O'Dell
Edmund O'Donnell, '17
Dewey Page
Marvin Park, '15
Warren Parks, '16
Reed Parker, '07
Asa P. Parrett, '10
Harold Perley
William Perley
Raymond Phillips, '15
Edward Post, '16
John Poulin

Carl Prell, '16
Edward Probst, '18
Harold Rausch, '08
Lorenzo Rausch, '11
Harold Randall, '18
Edgar Renoe, '17
Albert Rerick, '15
Howard Rerick, '18
Donald Richards
Elton Richer, '12
Neil Robertson, '12
Lawrence Romine
Otis Romine
Paul Ross
Leland Rowe, '11
Jay Rowe
Clare Rupel
John Sabo, '18
Russel Sayre, '13
Walter E. Schaem, '14
Leo Scheibelhut

Alfred Schlegel
Edgar Schock, '16
Dana Shanafield
George Shively, '11
Henry Sibrel
Albert Slick, '97
Glen Slick, '14
Ralph Slick, '15
Clifford Smith, '11
Raymond Smith
Vernon Smith, '17
Eugene Smoger, '18
Clarence Snyder
Earl Snyder
Neil Snyder
Robert Snyder, '15
John Sousley, '18
Alexander Dale Staples, '12
Burgett Staples
Raymond Staples, '18
Forest Staples, '15

Noel Stedman
William Stein, '14
Gerald Steis, '10
Charles Stellner
Russell Stellner, '17
Albert Stevenson
Hugh Stevenson
Earl Stewart, '16
Marvin Stewart
Glen Stouffer, '17
George Stover
Walter Strang, '16
Frank Sullivan, '08
Lloyd Sullivan
Robert Sumption
C. Russel Swart
Walter Sweeney, '16
Robert Swintz, '14
Charles Sylvanus
John Talbot, '15

Merrill D. Tasher
John Taylor, '16
Edward Twomey, '14
Robert Vermande, '17
Hugo Voedisch
Carl Unger
Olen Walford
Leonard Watters
Neal Welch, '13
Kenneth Welton, '17
Robert Wendt
Richard White, '17
Leland Whiteman, '15
Dean Wilhelm
Carl Winkler, '10
Guy Wiser, '12
James Wolf, '15
Earl Wrightsman
Charles Wuthrich
Albert Zimmerman, '17

THE AMERICAN MARINES

Jennie Silberman.

At the end of May, 1918, the Germans having won their great victories of March and April, were sweeping down the valleys of the Oise and the Marne towards Paris. They had made a last effort, gathered all their forces, and smashed the English in Picardy, fallen on the British and Portuguese armies in Flanders, and driven the French from the Chemin des Dames. The French had thrown themselves into the breach, and averted the great disaster of separation from the British in the north.

But in the little town where the French headquarters were, the soldiers stationed there were sad. A sadness that not even the black days of the Verdun had produced, held complete sway.

The French were discouraged. For the first time since the Kaiser had started the world war to slake his insane whim for world dominion, they were without hope, without enthusiasm, without light. They had given all they had to give, had lost all they had to lose, and in spite of them the despicable Hun was to have his way.

When men spoke of a new line, of waiting for Pershing and his Americans, they were greeted with patient, hopeless looks. If the American soldiers would come, they would be too late. France had done her utmost and now the French soldiers were ready to give up; to admit to themselves that all the lives and all the suffering the war had cost, had been wasted. For the Germans were coming—nothing could stop them—and they were coming straight to Paris. So their hearts were filled with sorrow and pain and as the news of the ever-retreating French line came to them, one more cross was added to their burden of sorrow.

At last they were ordered to Chateau Thierry — Chateau

Thierry, spanning the sacred Marne—where Joffre had turned back the German hordes from Paris and the heart of France.

German shells were falling in Chateau Thierry when they arrived. The long main street was filled with deep shell-holes. The houses were utterly destroyed. Here and there a tree could be seen, standing leafless and charred, a lonely sentinel of the dead. But Chateau Thierry offered a temporary shelter.

Three days later they were ordered to evacuate that city. Everything was in confusion. Blood-stained poilus, hatless and coatless, filled the streets. Everywhere one could see discarded rifles, ammunition belts, and packs, for the retreat had become a flight. The Germans had steadily advanced, and the Frenchmen had forgotten everything but the desire to escape the murderous Hun.

And these were the men who at Verdun, staggering under heavy blows, bloody, fighting for every bit of ground, inch by inch, foot by foot, had uttered their defiant, immortal cry: "They shall not pass!" These were the men who at the Marne had faced steel with their bared breasts, who had suffered, without a cry, agonies such as men never before had been called upon to bear. These were of the same breed as the men who, on the summit of Mount Kemmel, had fought until the last man died. And now they were retreating before the advancing hordes of Germans!

And they plodded wearily along, shoulders bent, eyes dulled, their whole attitude expressing hopelessness. Suddenly a change came over the men. They gathered in little groups and whispered. "Qu'est ce que c'est donc?" asked the men from the rear, but no one answered them. The officers cleared the road, and herded the troops to

one side. They had stopped at a bend in the road. The highway stretched on, rising to the crest of a little hill, and every eye was watching that crest. But it was their ears that gave them the clue.

They heard singing beyond the crest of the hill. Incredulous, amazed, they waited. Who could it be? Englishmen did not sing so, and Frenchmen had no more heart to sing. And then they saw a drab wave break over the crest of the hill and come pouring down. Another wave came—and now they could hear the words: "Send the word, send the word Over there, That the Yanks are coming, the Yanks are coming—"

They heard the piercing shriek of the shells from behind. But the din of retreat had been stilled and all was silent. Only the beat of the marching men and the swelling chorus of the song: "Over there, say a prayer, Send the word, send the word to beware, We'll be over, we're coming over, And we won't come back till it's over, over HERE."

On came the columns of olive drab. By this time the Frenchmen could see their faces. To them, tired and disillusioned, they looked so fresh, so young, so undaunted. And they marched on, singing, laughing, joking, into a hell of flame and torture.

And now wonderful things were happening to the Frenchmen. Eyes flashed, heads lifted proudly, and here and there poilus were stooping to retrieve abandoned rifles, were slipping into the olive drab ranks that opened to admit a splash of the horizon blue.

Suddenly an automobile drove up and stopped at the side of the road. A French officer saluted and spoke to its occupant. "You

are Lieutenant-Colonel Wise of the United States Marines?"

"Yes, sir," said Colonel Wise, returning the salute.

"You are welcome, Colonel Wise," said the French officer. "You are requested to cover our retreat. Hold the Germans as long as possible and then retreat to the line of trenches we shall have prepared for you."

That was all, but—the Americans had come!

CLASS SONG

When the golden sun is melting,

In the purple of the night, There is promise of the morrow,—

That it will be fair and bright, So today we see the gleaming,

Through regrets that we must part,

Of the beauty of the future, In the hopes that fill each heart.

All the years we spend together,—

'Mid the scenes we love so well, Will remain as sweetest memories,—

Wrapt in youth's sweet mystic spell.

As we journey down life's pathway,

Still our thoughts will oft return

To the happy days remember'd Where we strove life's rules to learn.

We go forth with firm endeavor,—

And a purpose ever true, "Carry On," it is our motto,— In whatever we may do.

But though lands or seas divide us,

We will ever cherish dear Our beloved Alma Mater, And her name will we revere.

R. Eastman (in Latin, looking around for a paper of verbs)—

"Oh, I've lost my principal parts."

A T H L E T I C

ATHLETIC SUMMARIES

With a football team that was only a shadow of those of other years; with a basketball aggregation that maintained the standard set and with a track team that was humbled repeatedly—that is the way S. B. H. S. looks back over the athletic season of 1918-19. The season has staggered to a close; it is one that will be long remembered. Thru these pages you may have followed the defeats and victories of the Tan and Blue, if you have you understand.

It is not the purpose here to give a list of alibis, as they are but high sounding excuses for failure, but we hope that you will consider the facts here presented and judge for yourself.

In the first place there graduated from school here in 1917 and '18 some of the best athletes S. B. H. S. ever hopes to produce. The teams composed of these men most of them veterans, were of course successful to a marked degree. Last fall when the football call was sounded, naturally, there were but few veterans back. Capt. Olsen, Watters and Buntman, that was all. And besides, it is sometimes thought that High School teams would not be hit by war, but S. B. was. Several men were lost thru enlistment.

After all this, things would not have been so bad had it not been for the "flu." This demoralized the schedule and cut out a lot of practice. The team was forced to go a whole month between the first and second games.

The team was the lightest and most inexperienced in years and is it any wonder that heavier and more veteran teams waded right through the Tan and Blue. The men, however, turned out loyally to practice and Coach Cohlmeier worked persistently with them thruout the entire season.

Things look good for next year in football, as they do in all the other sports and the students may safely look forward to a better team next year.

The Interclass football championship was captured by the Seniors chiefly thru the aid of those varsity ineligibles, Farage, Glueckhart, and Lienhart. The Interclass season was a success; altho not so much so as baseball and basketball.

When basketball season rolled around it was the same old story, lack of veteran material. Everybody interested immediately got

busy, however, and the result was a highly successful team, a sectional winner. Capt. Watters, the only returned monogram man, was shifted to center and this proved the making of the team.

The quintet finally came out with 14 games on the right side of the ledger and five on the wrong. The attendance at the home contests was exceedingly good and when the sectional tournament was held in the middle of March, the big "Y" gym was packed thru nearly every session. At the final game the gym had reached its capacity long before starting time and when the game finally began there was probably the largest crowd present that ever witnessed a high school basketball game in South Bend. The game was won by the local team, 17 to 10, and 1,400 frenzied fans went home satisfied.

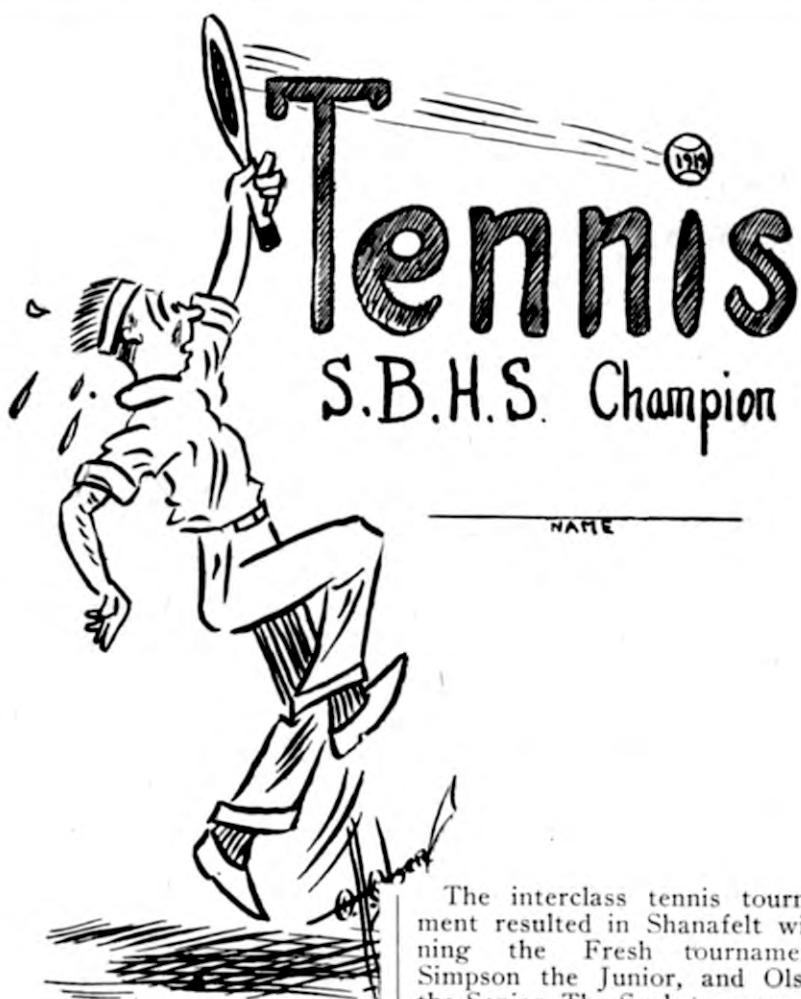
The team then journeyed down to the state and there received the most disastrous beating of the year at the hands of Columbus. The team may have slightly worn off the edge of condition but the main reason of the defeat was a spell of poor basket-shooting. Everybody was satisfied, however, that the season was a success.

The Inter-class Basketball League was a huge success. The race was close and the calibre of play easily up to that of other years. The championship was taken by the Seniors after that team had gotten off to a poor start.

Of the track season a summary has been previously given. However, altho the season was not altogether a success, it is right that praise be given where praise is due. The men on the squad, mostly Sophs and Juniors, worked hard and faithfully and most of them developed wonderfully. This year was surely a good constructive year, if nothing more.

The Fresh team won the indoor track meet at Notre Dame by a margin of one point over the Seniors. The first year men showed themselves to be proficient track men and should furnish the varsity some good men.

We take this opportunity in this Commencement Number to extend our compliments to S. B. H. S.'s coach, Mr. J. C. Cohlmeier, who has probably spent his last year here. We are sure the little coach will be exceedingly missed next year. During his regime of two years the school has enjoyed two successful basketball teams, one successful football team and



The interclass tennis tournament resulted in Shanafelt winning the Fresh tournament, Simpson the Junior, and Olsen the Senior. The Soph tournament was not over as we go to press.

There were some 45 racket wielders signed up to start the first round. Each class had its own tournament and the result was as given above.

You are kindly requested to fill in the blank in the above cut with the name of the school tennis champion.

Girl's Acquatics

Geltz, third. Time, 15 seconds.

Breast stroke for form: Wilhelm, first; Von Barandy, second; Marowsky, third.

16 yd. breast stroke: Von Barandy, first; Seegmueller, second; Marowsky, third.

50 yd. swim: Von Barandy, first; Wilhelm, second; Chapleau, first; Von Barandy and Chapleau, third. Time, 46.2-5.

Jitney—Seegmueller and Geltz, second; Hardy and Taylor, third. Time, 19.4-5.

Candle Race: Chapleau, first; Seegmueller, second; Muessel, third. Time, 20 seconds.

Relay: Fresh, first; Juniors, second.

Individual Points: Von Barandy, 33; Seegmueller, 15; Geltz, 14; Wilhelm, 12.

The annual girl's swimming meet for individual honors was held Wednesday, June 11, in the school tank. Miss Clarice Von Barandy took first honors with 33 points. She was followed by Miss C. Seegmueller with 15.

The field was large and well balanced as shown by the fact that 15 girls secured places in one event or another. The races were all interesting and the time made was, on the whole, very good.

Summary — Plunge: Geltz, first; Muessel, second; Marowsky, third. Distance, 50 ft.

16 yd. dash: Von Barandy, first; Baird, second; Geltz, third. Time, 11.2-5.

16 yd. back stroke: Von Barandy, first; Seegmueller, second;

SCHOOL NEWS

THE HISTORY CLUB HIKE A LA PICNIC

Another one. Surely! Summer's here and with it 'cometh picnics. Everybody's doing it so the History Club decided that they'd get in the swim, so to speak.

LaSalle's landing, out along the St. Joe river, was the spot chosen, it being a historical place and hence a suitable one for a History Club to picnic. As per the usual thing, the weatherman lent spice and frequent sprinkles, but one can't down a History Club, especially ours, so after taking the car to the end of the Portage line, the hikers finished the last mile on foot (like regular hikers).

The picknickers made a wonderful scientific discovery on their arrival, namely, that wet wood will not burn readily. However, after a great deal of effort a fire was started and under the sheltering umbrellas, wienies, marshmallows and coffee were prepared. The eats were surely enjoyed, appetite having been whetted up beforehand. However, Messrs. Masters and Connelly, having gone for sticks to roast wienies upon and having been detained under a tree by the rain, found to their amazement upon their return to the fire that nearly all the eats had already been enjoyed by the others. They really can't truthfully call it a successful picnic, they say, but the rest of the crowd are unanimous on that score. Anyhow nobody loves fat men.

Mrs. Harris, well-versed in local lore, entertained the Club with tales of the olden days when Indians were yet on the Portage.

THE ART CLUB PICNIC

On Friday, June 13 (no mishaps on account of the date), about thirty artistic members of the Art Club enjoyed a welcome outing at Berrien Springs. Most of the members, and otherwise, went in automobiles, but some left their four dimes and eight pennies at the car station and enjoyed the convulsive ride of the Interurban. The afternoon was spent in swimming, and dancing (whenever anyone found a nickel). Of course the eating was the most important part, and as everyone brought their own lunch, everybody seemed satisfied. Dewey Darling was chairman of the picnic, while Letha Peterson and Marie Kersey solved the method of feeding. The party left in good time, but a damp atmosphere, had a huge time, and arrived home a tired but happy crowd.

The assembly held Thursday morning, June 12, was a special treat. The seniors presented sketches from their play, "The Dictator," to be presented for the public Tuesday evening, June 17.

Following the Seniors' performance the pupils who received their credit in outside music work rendered piano solos. Those pupils who received credit are: John Slaughter, who played "Florence Walz"; Marjorie Huggard played "Evening Star," from Tannhauser; Marguerite Huggard, selection from Godard; Theresa Salinger, "Murmuring Zephyrs"; Madeline McClave, "Butterflies."

Mr. Elbel then gave two piano solos, "The Pilgrims' Chorus" from Tannhauser, and "Fire Music" from Valkgue.

Miss Authier, a soloist, then appeared upon the scene and rendered "Elegie" by Massenet and several other vocal solos.

G. D. C. HAVE BIG TIME AT HUDSON LAKE

The Girls' Debating Club held its final celebration at Hudson Lake Wednesday, June 11th. Just to show their generous dispositions the girls invited some of the fortunate gentlemen in High School. The party left the High School in machines at about 5:30 P. M.—after the rain storm was over.

"Eats" was one of the big features of the evening and, by the quantity consumed, one would never have imagined that the girls had prepared the meal themselves, in the High School Domestic Science Rooms. (Ouch! That was a hot one, I guess!)

Baseball, boating and dancing to the tune of Donahue's Orchestra formed diversions for each present.

Mr. and Mrs. McCowan and their guest, Miss Morse, Miss Holbrook and Mr. Finch were the honored guests, and made delightful chaperons.



IN MEMORIAM

JOHN FRANKLIN NUNER

Born 1873---Died 1919
A truly great man---great but not conscious of it.

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President

Vice-President

Secretary

Treasurer

A Few of the Things We Have Done and Been

Mildred Austin:
Class Indoor Baseball, Team VIII.

Carl Baumgartner:
Business Manager Little Theatre VI.
Cast of Junior Ex.

Secretary Boys' Debating Club VII.

President Senior Class VII.
Michigan City Debate VII.
Reporter and Librarian Boys' Glee Club VIII.

Interlude Staff VII, VIII.
State Discussion Contest VIII.
Lake Forest Expression Contest VIII.

Class Historian VIII.
Senior Play VIII.
Cast of Pinafore VIII.
Interclass Football VIII.
Interclass Baseball VIII.
Interclass Aquatics VIII.
Member of Drama Club VII.
Secretary of History Club VIII.
Member of Boys' Glee Club VII, VIII.

Ruth Bengston:
Honor Member of Little Theatre Co. IV, V, VI, VII, VIII.
Member of Drama Club.
Vice-President of Girls' Debating Club V.
Cast of Chinese Lantern V.
Member of Beaux Art Club.
Cast of Junior Ex.
Cast of Senior Play.
Cast of Victory Pageant VIII.

Robert Beyrer:
Stage Electrician VII, VIII.

Catherine Blakeman:
Drama Club Member.
Secretary of Biology Club.

Luella Bridge:
Class Secretary V.
Member Beaux Art Club VIII.
Member Spanish Club VIII.

Celia Burke:
Orchestra I, II, III, IV, V, VI, VII, VIII.

Wilma Burner:
Basketball I, II.

Helene Chard:
Class Vice-President II.
Class Treasurer III.
Interclass Basketball II, IV, VI.
Capt. Basketball II.

Selma Cohen:
Member Biology Club V, VI.
Keora Club Reporter VIII.

Dorothy Crabb:
Interlude Staff Reporter I, II.
Cast of Little Tycoon VI.
Cast of Pinafore VIII.
Secretary and Treasurer of High School Bible Class V, VI.

Vice-President Girls' Glee Club V, VI.

Secretary and Treasurer of "See" Club V, VI, VII, VIII.

Vice-President Girls' Debating Club VII.

Treasurer Drama Club VII, VIII.

President Keora Club VII, VIII.

Senior Hike Leader, G. A. A., VIII.

Jeanne Crouse:
Cast of Egyptian Pageant.
Cast of Victory Pageant.
Secretary of Beaux Art Club.

Glenn Cunningham:
Interclass Football III, V.
Interclass Basketball III, IV, V, VI.

Interclass Baseball IV, VI.
Capt. Basketball Team V, VI.

Interclass Aquatics IV, VIII.
Varsity Yell Leader V, VI.

Varsity Football VII.
Varsity Basketball VII, VIII.

Class Yell Leader VII, VIII.
Class Marshall VII, VIII.

President of Tri-C Club VIII.
Cast of Masque of 1917.

Cast of Masque of 1918.
Member of the Little Theatre Co. VI, VIII.

Member of Dramatic Art Club VI, VIII.

Member of Boys' Debating Club VIII.

Cast of Senior Play.

Fred Davis:
Cast of Captain Van Der Hu IV, V.

Cast of Chinese Lantern (Masque) V.

Cast of The Junior Ex.
Cast of Little Tycoon VI.

Cast of Senior Play.

Charles Easterday:
Member of Boys' Glee Club
Cast of Pinafore.

SOUTH BEND 19

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19 HIGH SCHOOL

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SOUTH BEND 19

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19 HIGH SCHOOL

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SOUTH BEND 19



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Enrique
Sais
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Heredia

Bertha Elbel:
Cast of Chinese Lantern V.
Member of Drama Club V, VI.
Member of History Club VI.
Member of English Club VI.
Salutatorian.
Scholarship Monogram III, IV,
V, VI.

Jennie Elstrom:
Biology Club Member.
G. D. C. Member.

Joe Feingold:
Interclass Football VII.
Interclass Basketball VIII.

Helen Fischer:
Member of Drama Club VI, VII,
VIII.
Member Girls' Debating Club
VI, VII, VIII.
Interclass Basketball I.
Biology Club VIII.
Typist of Interlude Staff VII,
VIII.

Margaret Fulmer:
Treasurer of Keora Club VI,
VII.
Cast Victory Pageant.
Cast Egyptian Pageant.
Glee Club VI, VII.

Helen Gafill:
Interclass Basketball I (Capt.).
Cast of Pinafore.
President Girls' Debating Club
Cast of Little Tycoon.
VII, VIII.
Drama Club VII, VIII.
Glee Club V, VI, VII, VIII.
Interclass Indoor Team II.
Biology Club VI, VIII.

Ruth Gau:
Glee Club III, IV, V, VI, VII,
VIII.
Drama Club VI, VII, VIII.
Cast of Little Tycoon VI.
Cast of Pinafore VII.
Glee Club Librarian and Repor-
ter VII, VIII.
Girls' Debating Club V, VI, VII,
VIII.

Dorothy Geltz:
Girls' Aquatic Meet VI.
Interclass Basketball V, VI,
VII, VIII.
Collaborator on Winning W. S.
S. Play VIII.
English representative on Chi-
cago Team.
Winner of gold medal in letter-
writing contest at Lake For-
est VIII.
Winner Thrush Fassett Medal.



CECIL WALZ



IVAN RAY

19 HIGH SCHOOL

"THE INTERLUDE"

<p>Lucile Gerber: Member of Girls' Debating Club VI, VII, VIII. Member of Drama Club VII, VIII. Member of Science and Math. Club III, IV. Member of English Club V, VI. Member of History Club V, VI. Treasurer of Girls' Debating Club VIII. English representative on Chicago Examination Team VIII. Representative to Lake Forest in Reading and Oral Expression VIII. Winner of gold medal at Lake Forest in Oral Expression VIII. Class Prophet. Honorable mention in English.</p> <p>Rose Gilman: Biology Club VII, VIII.</p> <p>Morris Goodman: Interclass Basketball III, IV, V, VI, VIII. Interclass Baseball VI, VIII. Class President V, VI. Interlude Staff V, VI, VII, VIII. Cast of the Junior Ex. Cast of the Senior Play. President of the Boys' Debating Club VI, VIII. Member Varsity Debating Team VII. Winner of first place in Northern Indiana Oratorical Contest. Member of Board of Control V, VI, VII, VIII.</p> <p>Jessie Graves: Cast of Chinese Lantern V. Member of Drama Club V, VI. Member of History Club VI. Member of English Club VI. Class Poet. Salutatorian. Scholarship monogram III, IV, V, VI.</p> <p>Katherine Grimm: Member Drama Club VII, VIII. Treasurer G. D. C. VII. V. President G. D. C. VIII. Member Biology Club V, VI.</p> <p>Dorothy Gustafson: Member Beaux Art Club VII, VIII. Cast Victory Pageant VIII.</p> <p>Caroline Hager: Member of Biology Club VII, VIII. Member G. D. C. VII, VIII. Winner of Palmer Certificate of Penmanship. Winner of O. G. A. Certificate. Winner of Shorthand Certificate.</p> <p>Louise Hastings: Highland, Kans., High School 1915-16. (Freshman representative for the Annual.) Alma, Nebraska, High School, 1916-17.</p>	<p>Alda Hague: Interclass Basketball IV, V, VI, VII, VIII, IX. Interclass Baseball I. Librarian of Spanish Club VIII, IX. Chicago representative in Spanish. Aquatic Meet V. Interlude Typist VIII, IX. Winner of Palmer Certificate of Penmanship. Winner of Certificate in Typewriting.</p> <p>Margaret Heideman: Member G. D. C. VII, VIII. Member Drama Club VII, VIII.</p> <p>Susie Hoctel: Indoor Baseball II, IV, VIII.</p> <p>Lucile Hodson: Aquatic Meet IV. Member Beaux Art Club.</p> <p>George Jackson: Interclass Football VII.</p> <p>Florence Johnson: Biology Club Member VII, VIII. Winner of A. N. Palmer Certificate in Penmanship.</p> <p>Lillian Johnson: Member of Biology Club. Member of Spanish Club.</p> <p>Lester Kelley: Stage Manager VII, VIII.</p> <p>Helen Kerr: Interclass Indoor Baseball II, VIII. Interclass Basketball VII. G. A. A. Hike Leader VI.</p> <p>Marie Kersey: Egyptian Pageant. Drama Club Member V, VI, VII, VIII. Beaux Arts Club Member I, II, III, IV, V, VI, VII, VIII. Biology Club Member.</p> <p>Margaret Kinerk: Basketball V, VI, VII, VIII.</p> <p>Le Baron Kinney: Mathematics representative on the Chicago Team. Winner of John Nelson Mills Medal.</p> <p>Henry W. Krienke: Member of Boys' Glee Club VII, VIII. Secretary of Boys' Glee Club VII, VIII. Cast of Capt. Van der Hum IV, V. Cast of Little Tycoon VI. Cast of Pinafore. Member of The Spanish Club.</p> <p>Charles Kromer: Interclass Baseball VII. Cross-country Relay.</p> <p>Lois Roloff: Glee Club VII, VIII.</p> <p>Hjordis Lind: English representative in Chicago Examination Contest VIII. Member of Biology Club III, IV.</p>	<p>Charles Little: Mathematics representative on Chicago Examination Team. Winner of honorable mention in Mathematics.</p> <p>Samuel Liebov: interclass Basketball V, VI, VII, VIII. Interclass Baseball VI, VIII. Interclass Football VII. Cast of Junior Ex. Cast of Senior Play. Cast of Pinafore. Cast of Little Tycoon. Cast of Capt. Van der Hum. Member of Varsity Debating Club VIII. Vice-President of Boys' Debating Club VII. Treasurer of Boys' Debating Club VII.</p> <p>Norman Merrick: Cast of Junior Ex. Sec. of Drama Club VII, VIII. Cast of Senior Play.</p> <p>Dorothy Miller: Cast Senior Play. Vice-President of G. A. A.</p> <p>Helen Misener: Biology Club II, VI. Indoor Team II.</p> <p>Sidney Morse: Member of Orchestra V, VI, VII, VIII.</p> <p>Helen Muessel: Aquatic Meet II, IV, VIII. Cast of Chinese Lantern. President of G. A. A. VII, VIII. Member of Drama Club V, VI, VII, VIII. Member of History Club VI, VII. Member of Board of Control '18-'19. Class Treasurer V, VI, VIII. Class Marshall II. Member of Art Club VII, VIII.</p> <p>Friedolph Nelson: Interclass Football I. Cast of Senior Play.</p> <p>Olaf Olsen: Interclass Football I (Capt.). Interclass Basketball I, II, III, IV. Interclass Track II, IV, VI, (Capt. VI). Interclass Cross-country Relay II. Interclass Baseball II, IV, VI, VIII, (Capt. II, IV, VIII). Varsity Football III, V, VII (Capt.). Varsity Basketball V, VI, VII, VIII. Varsity Track VIII.</p> <p>Charles Kromer: Secretary of Boys' A. A. V, VI. Vice-President of Boys' A. A. VII, VIII. Interlude Staff V, VI, VII, VIII.</p> <p>Ruth Otstot: Interclass Baseball Team VII, (Capt.). Scholarship monogram VI. Member of Biology Club V, VI.</p> <p>Letha Peterson: Aquatic Meet.</p>	<p>Ruth Park: President of Girls' Glee Club III, IV, V, VI, VII, VIII. President of "See" Club IV, V, VI, VII, VIII. Member of Keora Cabinet I, II, III, IV, V, VI, VII, VIII. Member of G. D. C. V, VI, VII, VIII. Drama Club IV, V, VI, VII, VIII. Member of Biology Club V, VI. Cast of Junior Ex. in 1917. Cast of Little Tycoon. Cast of Pinafore.</p> <p>Rosaine Pettit: Certificate in Home Nursing. L. C. Smith Bros. Certificate in Typewriting.</p> <p>Bernard Pomeranz: Varsity Football VII. Interclass Football I, II, V. Interclass Track IV. Interclass Baseball IV, VI.</p> <p>Francis Pyle: Interlude Staff VII, VIII. Sec. Debating Club VIII. Class Vice-President VIII. Orchestra V, VI, VII, VIII. Member Varsity Debating Team VII. Cast of Senior Play.</p> <p>Donna Rambo: Basketball I, II, III, IV, V, VI. Vice-President of G. A. A. VII, VIII. Girls' Debating Club Member. History Club Member. History representative in Chicago Contest. Winner of History Medal. Interlude Staff Member VII, VIII.</p> <p>Mildred Renoe: Cast Chinese Lantern V. Member History Club V, VI. Member Science and Math. Club III, IV. Member Beaux Art Club VII, VIII. Member Drama Club VII, VIII. President of Art Club VIII. President of Drama Club VII, VIII. Class Secretary IV, VI, VII, VIII. Chicago representative in French VIII.</p> <p>Gladys Rhue: Cast of Little Tycoon. Cast of Pinafore. Certificate in Home Nursing. Certificate in Dietetics. Palmer Writing Certificate. G. D. C. Member VI, VIII. Science and Math. Club VI, VIII. Girls' Glee Club VI, VIII. Drama Club VI, VIII.</p> <p>Bernice Ritter: Biology Club II, VIII. Indoor Baseball I, II.</p> <p>Erma Seagraves: Member G. D. C. IV.</p> <p>Dorothy Straup: Orchestra III, IV. Indoor Baseball II, IV, VIII.</p>
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CLASS HISTORY

The morning of September 7, 1915, was a date destined to go down in red letters on the calendar of the South Bend High School, for this was the morning on which the Class of 1919 started its eventful and glorious career. A motley crowd of about 250 boys and girls had gathered in front of the High School building very early in the morning and waited for the doors to open. We had braved the terrors of the "incubator" and were about as fresh as any class of Freshmen that ever entered the High School. When we were finally admitted and started roaming around the halls, we were halted by the Sophomores and asked to show our green tags. When we confessed that we had none, we were told to go to the office and get them immediately. Very obediently, several of us trooped in to Mr. Sims and asked him for our marks of identification. He smilingly led us into the auditorium where we awaited our fate. After our programs had been arranged, we were dismissed and told to come back the next morning at 8:15. We came back regularly for several mornings, and at last tiring of this humdrum existence, we decided to hold a meeting and elect officers.

Warren Watters was the man chosen to give us our start in school activities and from then on we made the upper-classmen sit up and take notice. Our first public appearance was made on October 16, High School night, at the Y. M. C. A. That night our class with the help of the Seniors, defeated the Juniors and Sophomores in the stunt competition.

Three days later, on October 19, we took a hike along the river. There was a large attendance and everybody enjoyed the trip except a few of the greener Freshman boys who got lost and arrived too late to get any of the wienies. This hike ended our activities for the fall and we rested until the next spring when we gave our assembly.

This assembly was the crowning achievement of our Freshman year. The Juniors started us off by presenting us with a large banner in our class colors, silver and green. Mr. Kamaiopili of the Y. M. C. A. gave a talk and Thelma Paige entertained with several whistling selections. A short playlet was given, following which the entire class sang the new South Bend High School Victory Song.

The new election of officers for the second semester resulted in the election of Lamar Cunningham as President of the class. On

April first we held our first social event. The affair was in the form of a box social and was held in the High School gymnasium. A basket-ball game between the boys and girls was the "curtain raiser." The rest of the evening was spent in plunging into attractive boxes filled with good eats, and gliding gracefully over the floor with the nicest of company. This event marked the end of our Freshman year, and we all took a vacation to recover from our greenness.

Our Sophomore year was marked by the characteristic inactivity of all Sophomore classes. Lamar Cunningham was re-elected president for the first semester. Finding it difficult to arouse any "pep" he appointed an executive committee to help him out. This committee succeeded in putting on an assembly which came up to the best expectations of everybody. The first number was a very entertaining talk by Mr. Ames of the Y. M. C. A., which was followed by a five-act play given by the members of the class. The Old-Fashioned District School was presented, followed by a male quartet. A dance was the last number on the program.

On November 15 we sold tickets to the LaSalle theatre, and attended in a body. One-half of the receipts went towards filling our depleted treasury. Our class used part of this money to buy new football sweaters for the Varsity team as the old ones were practically worn out. Some of these sweaters can even now be seen on the members of the 1916 football squad.

On January 6, 1917, we gave a dance to which the whole school was invited. The gymnasium was very attractively decorated, and the music was just right for everybody to have a good time.

In our second semester we had some difficulty in securing a president that would hold the position. Jack Coon was elected first and when he resigned, Don Richards was elected to succeed him. Don was unable to accept the honor, so finally Charles Schreyer was chosen to guide the class through the remainder of the semester. Under Mr. Schreyer's able guidance our class gave another dance in the gymnasium on April 20. Our boys were handicapped in athletics in this year and did not receive any first honors. Our girls' basket-ball team came to the front, however, and took the championship away from the mighty Seniors.

After this period of apparent inactivity on the part of our class, we came back in the fall of 1917

filled with a new vigor gained during vacation. We were fully awake to the responsibilities of our new position as Juniors and were filled with the determination to make this year bigger than either of the preceding ones. We started in at once by winning first place in the annual stunt night competition at the Y. M. C. A. Our side-show was undoubtedly the best ever witnessed at South Bend, surpassing even the celebrated Barnum and Bailey's circus.

The difficult task of conducting the class through this year of great activity was assigned to Morris Goodman, and he handled the wheel so efficiently the first semester that the class voted confidence in him and re-elected him at the end of the semester to serve for the rest of the year. Under his careful leadership the class went through the Junior year with a rush and made the haughty Seniors worry not a little about their reputation as the "class that did things." Miss Klingel was elected Sponsor for this year and it was due to her guidance and supervision that the class was able to do what it did.

During the last half of our Sophomore year our own country cast its lot with the Allies and entered the world conflict which was raging in Europe. From all sides came the call for funds to help in this great undertaking, and our class rallied nobly to the standard of Liberty. Accordingly, on September 30, 1917, we gave a dance to raise funds with which to buy books for soldiers. About fifty dollars was realized from this dance and was turned over to the Red Cross. We also participated in the Red Cross Bazaar and raised fifty dollars more. The girls sold flowers donated by the local florists and we conducted a picture gallery and a fortune-telling booth.

By far the best assembly of the year was the one given by our class on February 13. The performance consisted of a minstrel show and was very cleverly worked out. In fact the production was so excellent that the class was asked to repeat it at the Elks' Temple, where it was graciously received by a large audience. The proceeds from this performance were given to the Red Cross.

Magnificent as the assembly was, it was surpassed in excellence by the greatest accomplishment of our Junior year: the Junior Ex. This consisted of a three-act play entitled "The Man On the Box," and was very excellently given. Great credit is deserved by the cast, the coaches,

the committees and the stage crew for the success of the performance.

A history of the Junior year would be incomplete without mentioning the Junior-Senior "Prom" which was held on May 17 at the Oliver Hotel. Fifty-eight couples attended and danced to the tunes of Frederickson's orchestra.

And now we come to the last year of our High School life, the year in which we distinguished ourselves in athletics, scholarship, and class activities; the most glorious year in the history of the Class of 1919. After two months of vacation in which most of us were engaged in patriotic war work, we came back with the realization that we were no longer in the class that was looked down upon, but in the class that was looked up to. As we contemplated the fact that this was the last lap of our High School career and looked back with pride on the great things already achieved, we resolved that we would make this last year a banner year in our history, roll up such a list of accomplishments as would be remembered by other classes for years to come and create a reputation for the class of 1919 as the greatest class that ever left the halls of South Bend High School. How well we have accomplished this you can best judge after you have heard the history of this glorious year.

The first thing we did was to elect officers for the semester. Through some unexplainable accident the writer was elected to fill the high office of President. When the Interlude contest was announced the Seniors immediately got busy and by the end of the week we had secured more subscriptions than any other class. Our stunt on High School night was not very successful, but we take pride in pointing out the fact that it was our class that secured the most subscriptions and made the Interlude a certainty and not a possibility. Further activities at this time were halted by the influenza wave which devastated the country, and we were forced to take a vacation. After a month of idle waiting we came back to school just in time to celebrate the victory of our noble boys in the world conflict over there.

When the football season began, we showed what kind of athletes we had by winning the Interclass football championship. This was the beginning of a string of victories for the class of 1919.

On January 31 we held a New Year's party.

PICTORIAL



The Class Bride and Groom



And here we have our noted orator, Mr. M. G. Goodman, alias Morrie, who won the well-known "Triple Victory." Competing with home talent in the H. S. auditorium he won first place, on the evening of April 25. His second triumph came in Elkhart, on May 9, when he received first place in Oratory again, this time being in competition with members of other schools. His final victory which made him the Northern Indiana "Champeen" speaker, was again won in our auditorium, on May 17. Note the gold medal pendant from his right lapel.

Mary Louise Schneider:
Cast of Masque 1917.
Cast of Junior Ex.
Cast of Senior Play.
Member Drama Club V, VI, VII, VIII.
Art Club Treasurer III, IV.
Class Vice-President III.
Class Treasurer II.
Interclass Basketball I, II, III, IV, V, VI, VII, VIII.
Cast of Victory Pageant.
Cast of Egyptian Pageant.
Winner of State Efficiency Test IV.

Charles Schreyer:
Class President IV.
Leader in Good Will Week Campaign II, IV.
Interclass Football VII.

Lucile Snoor:
Glee Club Accompanist VIII.
Orchestra VIII.
Girls' Debating Club Member.
Valedictorian.

Dorothea Snyder:
Secretary G. D. C. VII, VIII.
Librarian Girls' Glee Club VII.
Cast of Little Tycoon.
Cast of Pinafore.

Drama Club Member VII, VIII.
Member Glee Club III, IV, V, VI, VII, VIII.
Member G. D. C. V, VI, VII, VIII.

Mary Sweeney:
Interclass Basketball III, IV, V, VI, VII, VIII.
Captain VII, VIII.
Varsity Basketball III, IV, V, VI, VII, VIII.

Clara Turczinski:
Interlude Staff Typist VII, VIII.
Member Biology Club VIII.

Mangold Photo

LAKE FOREST TEAM

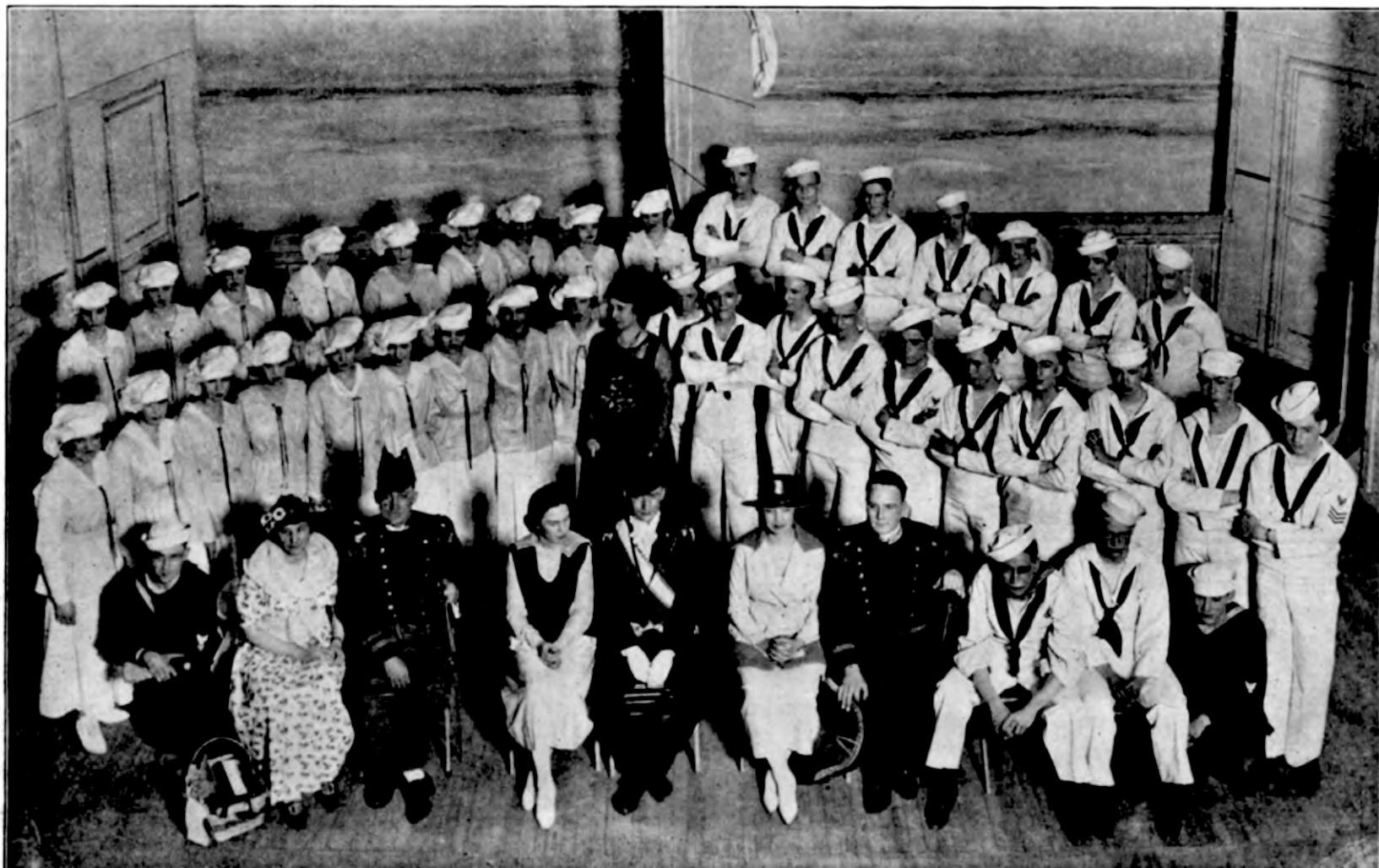
Carl Baumgartner, Douglas Owen, Lucile Gerber, the cup, Dorothy Geltz

Perhaps S. B. has enjoyed no more brilliant victory during the last year, than that won by the Lake Forest team. As two members of the teams were compelled to compete in two examinations in the morning, it was found necessary to delay the contest at Lake Forest for an hour so that the local representatives could make their appearance.

After the contest was held and the gas had cleared away it was found that South Bend had received two gold medals, one in letter-writing and one in oral expression, and that she had won team honors, a handsome loving cup. This is the second time in the history of the school that the local team has brought back first honors.

Accomplishments Continued Here and Elsewhere

REVIEW



Mangold Photo

H. M. S. Pinafore Cast



Mangold Photo

Chicago Examination Team

Standing: Lucile Gerber, Mildred Rennoe, Donna Rambo, Alda Hague, Hjordis Lind.
Seated: Le Baron Kinney, Charles Little.

At the time of writing complete reports from the Chicago examinations are not in. It is possible to mention, however, that Alda Hague was successful in securing a scholarship in Spanish, and that Chas. Little, altho he did not receive a scholarship,

was given honorable mention in "Math." and Dorothy Geltz received honorable mention in English. The showing of the team from early appearances will be up to standards set in previous years.

Playing before two full houses, the members of the Boys' and Girls' Glee Clubs with the assistance of some outside talent successfully presented Sullivan's Opera, "H. M. S. Pinafore," on the evenings of March 28 and 29. Due to the cast's earnest efforts

nearly \$500 was realized from the performances. The soloists took their parts well while the choruses under the able direction of Miss Harmon, sang very creditably.

Warren Watters:
Class President I.
Interclass Football I, III (Capt. III.)
Interclass Basketball I, II, III, IV (Capt. I, II.)
Interclass Track II.
Interclass Baseball II, IV, VI.
Varsity Football V, VII.
Varsity Basketball V, VI, VII, VIII (Capt. VII, VIII.)
President B. A. A. VII, VIII.
Interclass Aquatics IV.
Royal Ace—Interlude Contest.
Ass't Physical Director VII, VIII.
Cast Senior Play.

Carrol Weiler:
Cast of Senior Play.

Arthur Weisberger:
Interclass Baseball II, VIII.
Interclass Track VIII.
Varsity Track VIII.
Light Weight Basketball VIII.
Cast of Senior Play.

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V.
Cast of Little Tycoon.
Cast of Pinafore.
Vice-President Debating Club
VII.
Vice-President of Boys' Glee
Club VII, VIII.
Cast of Junior Ex.
Cast of Senior Play.

Class Marshall VIII.
Member of Varsity Debating
Team VII.
Marjorie Taylor:
Member of Glee Club.
Chorus representative on Inter-
lude Staff IV.
Cast Little Tycoon.
Cast Pinafore.
Member of Drama Club.
Member of G. D. C.

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Arthur Brummitt:
Basketball VII, VIII.
Carl Wunderlich:
Interclass Baseball II.
Interclass Basketball I, II.
Interclass Football III, V.
Interclass Track II, IV, VIII.
Varsity Football VII.
Class Vice-President VII.
Cecil Walz:
Orchestra I, II, III, IV, V, VI,
VII, VIII.

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Published twice a month, during the school year, by the students.

Subscription prices—\$1.00 per year in advance. Monthly rate, 20c. delivered at school or address.

Entered as second class mail matter at the post-office at South Bend, Ind.

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Another class graduated! Another one hundred and forty-nine diplomas issued! Another year's grind over for the teachers! Is that all that June 19, 1919 means?

Perhaps.

It may be that that is all it means. It may be that it means the opening of the chrysalis, the bursting of the bud, the cracking of the shell. It may mean the entrance into the portals of life of one hundred and forty-nine courageous youths and maidens, fully prepared to meet and combat the fiery, two-headed dragon, self, to cheerfully endure the sharp stones and thorny brambles of suffering and discouragement, to easily overcome enemies and obstacles and win the way to fame, fortune, and honor. Or—it may mean the exit of one hundred and forty-nine future citizens from the governing and checking influence of teachers, parents and guardians into the by-paths of Lawlessness, Intemperance and Shiftlessness.

So far we have proved ourselves an ambitious, self-respecting, respect commanding class. We have for our motto, "Carry On!" What could be better? To carry on the good work begun here. To carry on memories of what we have accomplished, of what we have been, what we have learned, what we have aspired, and to do for the sake of that memory all things necessary to keep it bright.

In High School we have been forging for ourselves a shield. The base metal of our grade education, we have been purifying, tempering, and moulding into a weapon of defence. A shield against the world. On this shield we have engraved the words, "Carry On!" As yet no deeds of valor or of wisdom have been done that we might mark upon this clean and shining plate. Those are for the future.

But have we made our shield

flawless? Have we no weak spots therein? Have we laboured our hardest to strengthen, develop and purify our metal? Is our shield trustworthy, dependable, or is it useless? These are questions which should have been asked in the beginning. They are questions of the past. It is the future with which we deal. This is Commencement and we should recognize it as such. Whether prepared or unprepared, let us go forth, head erect, eyes straight forward and battle with all our might. Thru long years of experience those unprepared ones will gain a shield, tarnished perhaps, disfigured, but a shield. It will be harder to gain but gain it they must for the sake of S. B. H. S. and the class of '19. Onward! brethren, let us ever go! Never turn tail! Never show your back to the enemy or fly the white flag! Keep up the standards you now possess and make your mark in the world.

And so with the Sword of Ambition in the strong right hand of Courage, the Shield of Wisdom in the trusty left hand of Prudence, and with the light of Life and Truth gleaming in our eyes we venture forth, ours to do or die, ours to exit from High School and drop into obscurity or—**ours, to enter the Lane of Life and inscribe our shields with many and heroic deeds. OURS TO CARRY ON!**

A PRESENT FOR YOU

The policy of the Interlude has ever been to give you all that can be bought for your money. In order to encourage the preservation of Interludes the organization this year is presenting free to each and every subscriber of the paper a heavy, embossed paper cover with holes punched in it so that it may be used as a binding for all the Interludes of this year. Punch holes in your several numbers, purchase a pretty silk card and bind your own volume to suit yourself. Back numbers of copies are on sale at the Interlude office. Better stock up early and avoid the rush. Extra copies of the Commencement number can also be purchased at twenty-five cents per.

P. S.—We wish to note here that the covers cost about ten cents each and with nine hundred to buy—well, just figure it out for yourself—we just wanted you to know that we aren't stingy or anything like that, when your interests are concerned."

Say, Abe, why didn't you smile when you had your picture taken?

Abe H.: And those pictures costing \$6.00 a dozen? SMILE nothing!

She: How is the best way to make money fast?

He: Glue it to the floor.

ON LEAVING

Dorothy Geltz

One day during that lovely week in which Seniors are supposed to be taking finals or else staying at home working frenziedly over graduation outfits, I went strolling around the building. Needless to say, practically all of the Seniors were wandering around the halls—for what earthly good is a Senior vacation unless one can parade past the doorways of all rooms in which green-eyed underclassmen are undergoing the agonies of the last week?

The first person whom I encountered, however, was a Freshman who was trailing down the hall on an errand for Miss Marks. She gazed at me with mingled awe and envy and ventured, "It's nice to be through with school for good, isn't it?" "Yes, indeed, it is!" I answered, eyeing her with condescending pity. "It sure is fun to think I won't have to stick around here any more—no more books for me!" Just as the Freshie passed from view, around the corner came the strains (or straining) of the most well-known two-syllable composition in the school—"Ja-Da"; and fast on the wings of the music (?) Glen came prancing down the hall, and it suddenly occurred to me that after this year never more would I observe his contagious grin and hear his equally contagious chuckle as he went rushing around the school after Jean.

As I went on toward my locker Jeannette quietly gum-shoeing along, close to the wall, on her usual chase for copy and delinquent Interlude reporters, and I vaguely wondered who would be our editor-in-chief next year. Just as she passed me, I saw Dumont Ranstead racing after her, with a look on his face that fairly said "Important business!" I wondered, then, just what would become of the school if next year's Senior President had not that grave air of awful responsibility that is so essentially a part of Dumont.

When I returned from bestowing my hat upon my locker, I found Dot Crabb nailing a Keora Club poster on the bulletin-board, which sight set me to propounding the question as to whether the school would ever have another girl quite so public spirited as Dot or so willing to help bear other people's burdens. Thoughts of Dorothy naturally led to further thought, or Carl B., and a funny little hollow feeling encloused itself in the region of my midsection when I thought that the days for seeing him stride masterfully up on the stage and deliver orations on government ownership, etc., were just about over.

As I stood reading the Keora

poster, Marjorie and Olie came sauntering up the steps, and I wondered who else could so successfully accept and yet ignore all the teasing that those two hopeful youngsters have.

As I turned to go into the office, I met Helen Muessel and Mildred Renroe. Will there ever be another girlhood friendship in the school as perfect and true as theirs? I think not.

I went on into the office, and found Miss Thumm heroically working over examination questions, while across the stretch of green carpet I saw our "Man of Might, clad all in white," and I suddenly thought how tragic it was that, in spite of the manifold times I have been chased down to interview him, he will doubtless have forgotten me a year from now.

Then I wandered out of the office and slowly wended my way around the building, growing more disconsolate at sight of every teacher and room which would now and forever after be only a memory to me. The auditorium, the gymnasiums, the Lunch Room, the pool, the locker rooms, the library, the study hall—all those rooms that have at some time been visited by every student who ever went to S. B. H. S. And all of the teachers, whether I had ever "had" them or not, seemed very dear to my fast-blurring eyes. For in a short week or so, (and the days seemed to be racing by, now) all the things of the happy school life we have known for four years, whether they were pleasant or not, would be stuck in the "past history" section of our minds along with our grade-school life—and we—we would be nothing, then, but the "dear departed!"

I crept out, plodded wearily down the steps that I had so joyously climbed an hour before, and made my way home, with an odd lump in my throat and a queer, indefinable feeling of melancholy emptiness around my heart.

IN SYMPATHY

The entire school body wish to extend its sincerest sympathy to the Nuner family in their bereavement. Their loss is our loss also, for in Mr. Nuner we had a splendid example of powerful and straightforward manhood. We all deeply feel his absence at this, the time when he would have been so prominent in our lives and our Commencement joy is saddened and yet softened and beautified by the memories of his exemplary life.

Marjorie Wilhelm:

Member of Drama Club.

Interclass Indoor Team IV.

Interclass Basketball IV, VIII.

Interclass Aquatics IV, VI,

VIII.

RECEIPTS.	
Balance as stated in the Interlude	
Feb. 14	\$2,365.29
February	
22 Door receipts LaPorte game	29.75
17 John Campbell for Interlude	35.00
19 John Campbell for Interlude	3.96
19 John Campbell from Program adv.	5.00
21 Sidney Morris, Sen. rings and pins	36.32
27 Dorothy Crabb, Sen. rings and pins	7.25
March	
3 Samuel Leibov, Boys' Deb. C.	3.00
3 Sidney Morris, Sen. rings and pins	13.48
5 J. L. Kizer, season tickets athletics	45.00
5 Le Baron Kinney, season tickets athletics	42.00
6 Interest on loan	15.00
6 J. L. Kizer, season tickets athletics	91.00
6 Le Baron Kinney, season tickets athletics	84.00
7 Tournament receipts	103.60
7 John Campbell, program tournament	30.00
8 John Campbell, program tournament	18.25
8 Tournament receipts	175.50
10 J. L. Kizer, tickets tournament	55.00
10 Le Baron Kinney	48.00
10 C. F. Miller, season tickets	16.00
10 Tournament receipts	212.40
11 John Campbell, program account	37.00
11 Henry Blimm, Junior dance	63.45
12 John Campbell, program account	30.50
13 John Campbell, program account	23.50
13 Dewey Darling, refund on LaPorte trip	1.87
13 J. V. Master, Interlude receipts	2.35
14 Townsend Pratt	2.00
17 John Campbell, program account	3.00
17 R. W. Johnson, tournament receipts	10.60
19 J. C. Cohlmeier, refund on State Meet, Elkhart, Mish.	3.50
19 John Campbell, program account	9.00
19 Frances Hager, Pinafore tickets	5.00
24 Carl Baumgartner, Pinafore tickets	61.20
24 Refund from State Tournament	26.00
25 Frances Hager, tickets to Pinafore	12.34
27 Carl Baumgartner, tickets to Pinafore	11.00
28 Frances Hager, tickets to Pinafore	1.65
29 Le Baron Kinney, tickets to Pinafore	2.00
29 J. L. Kizer, tickets to Pinafore	12.34
31 Total reservation and seat sale	12.34
31 From overpayment of H. Iaenman	4.00
31 C. F. Miller	2.80
April	
2 John Campbell, Pinafore adv.	22.00
2 Carl Baumgartner, tickets Pinafore	16.75
8 Frances Hager, tickets Pinafore	18.25
14 J. L. Kizer, tickets to Pinafore	14.50
16 Le Baron Kinney, tickets Pinafore	3.25
29 Helen Muessel, G. A. A. dance.	10.25
29 J. C. Cohlmeier, refund from Elkhart	8.52
29 Geo. Wyman, returned check	.28
30 Cast reservation Junior Ex.	23.70
May	
1 Reservations and tickets Jun. Ex.	68.75
2 Reservations and tickets Jun. Ex.	18.05
2 J. V. Masters, refund on Bloomington	11.80
2 J. L. Kizer, Jun. Ex. tickets	60.00
2 Le Baron Kinney, Jun. Ex. tickets	53.75
2 Door receipts Jun. Ex.	28.95
3 Door receipts Oratorical tryout	5.10
5 J. V. Masters, Oratorical tryout receipts	17.00
6 Le Baron Kinney, Jun. Ex. tickets	16.75
6 John L. Kizer, Jun. Ex. tickets	10.75
19 From cash used as change (Track)	100.00
19 J. V. Masters, refund on Elkhart Ex.	2.48
19 J. V. Masters, Oratorical tryout receipts	.66
20 A. E. Jeffry, reimbursement on Track	56.36
21 Rob't Appleman, program adv.	4.00
23 John Campbell, program adv.	40.00
26 Miss Klingel from Soph. Class	16.55
26 Miss Watkins from Sen. Class (on Plays)	10.00
26 Henry Blimm from Junior Class	6.88
26 John Campbell, Program adv.	4.00
26 Rob't Appleman, program adv.	4.00
26 Samuel Leibov Boys' Deb. Cl.	27.14
26 Door receipts G. A. A. and B. A. C. Ent.	11.55
June	
2 Kleth Masters, Drama Club	14.65
4 J. V. Masters, refund on Int. Eng.	2.61
4 Le Baron Kinney, G. A. A. and B. A. C. (tickets)	20.25
6 Carl Baumgartner, tickets	12.50
9 A. E. Jeffrey, refund on Track and Oratorical	25.00
9 Miss Goodman, G. A. A. and B. A. C. dance	6.30

10 Leslie Andrus, Boys' Deb. Cl.	.40
10 Rob't Appleman, Prog. Adv.	4.25
12 Miss Otis, Freshman Class fund	11.27
12 Glen Cunningham, ticket	1.00
12 EXPENDITURES	
Feb.	
17 J. S. McCowan for N. I. O. L. assessment	5.00
17 Clarence Harding, Orchestra Int. Party	16.00
17 John Campbell, floor wax Int. Party	1.15
18 Bailey Prtg. Co., 6th and 7th issues Interlude	55.00
18 Indiana Engraving Co.	6.13
18 Tribune Prtg. Co., Int. Ex.	.98
20 H. A. Pershing, Signature Stamp	2.00
20 R. Fink, Postage Stamps	1.00
21 J. C. Cohlmeier, Elkhart trip	10.00
22 H. P. Kelsay, LaPorte Team Ex.	11.68
22 H. J. Mehre, refereeing LaPorte G.	5.10
25 W. U. T. Cl.	.30
25 Dr. A. Cleland, for Watters	2.00
25 Dr. W. A. Hager, for Zilly & Zuver	10.00
25 A. L. Trester, fee to tournament	1.00
27 Lyon & Healy, rent for Pinafore	5.00
27 R. Fink, Stamps and Postage	1.00
28 Samuel Leibov, for Deb. Club	46.00
Mar.	
3 Louis La Pierre, Int. Postage	1.00
3 Stuart Eldredge, Jun. Class Ex.	2.50
6 Tuttle Corp., Tournament Ex.	1.90
7 Kale & Bryan, Signs and Numerals Tour	5.44
8 H. P. Kelsay, Meals Tour	3.60
8 W. C. Freeman, Meals Tour	1.50
9 Geo. F. Veenker, referee Tourn.	30.00
8 R. E. Quant, referee Tourn.	1.40
10 Chard & Tompsett, Nails	4.70
10 Berman's Athletics, 4.25; Tournament, .45	17.00
10 Adler Bros., 2 B. Balls, Tourn.	13.70
10 Adler Bros., for Athletics	10.60
10 Campbell's Paper Box Co., Tourn.	10.60
10 A. L. Trester, Schedule Tourn.	6.00
10 Grimm's Lunch Room Tourn.	3.00
10 Y. M. C. A., Towels Tourn.	3.90
10 Y. M. C. A., Meals Tourn.	199.04
10 J. C. Cohlmeier, meals for team Tourn.	8.00
10 H. M. Appleman, ptg. Tourn.	4.50
10 C. Osborn, meals for crew Tourn.	12.34
11 Dorothy Crabb, Drama Club Ex.	1.65
11 Dewey Darling, Ex. to LaPorte	2.00
11 A. L. Trester, Bal. on Tourn.	8.42
12 J. C. Cohlmeier, Purdue advance (Athletics)	75.00
12 J. S. McCowan, Ex. to Chicago (Athletics)	8.51
12 Hotel Jefferson Tourn.	22.00
12 Oliver Hotel, Tourn.	109.25
12 John Campbell for Adv. Jun. Class	4.00
13 C. E. Harris, LaPorte R. R. fare team	13.14
13 LaCrosse H. S. R. R. fare team	32.58
13 Leesburg H. S. R. R. fare team	21.42
13 Ligonier H. S. R. R. fare team	21.06
13 Michigan City H. S. R. R. fare team	16.56
13 Millford H. S. R. R. fare team	18.63
13 Mishawaka H. S. R. R. fare team	11.35
13 New Carlisle H. S. R. R. fare team	23.70
13 Rolling Prairie H. S. R. R. fare team	9.00
13 Syracuse H. S. R. R. fare team	28.00
13 Wakarusa H. S. R. R. fare team	19.26
13 Wanatah H. S. R. R. fare team	22.00
13 Nappanee H. S. R. R. fare team	22.50
13 Elkhart H. S. R. R. fare team	7.56
13 Goshen H. S. R. R. fare team	12.60
13 R. Fink, postage	1.00
18 H. M. Appleman, printing Tourn. Prog.	17.00
19 Linotype Shop, Prog. Tourn.	20.00
20 New York Costume Co., Pinafore	5.00
20 Halma Milne, Drama Club Ex.	5.25
21 Henry Blimm, Spanish Club Ex.	5.25
24 Rob't Appleman, Soph. Class Ex.	1.38
24 Indiana Lumber Co., Tourn.	47.43
24 H. E. Iseman Tourn. Ex.	3.50
24 Tribune Prtg. Co., Tourn.	4.00
24 Triangle Pennant Co., Monograms Athletics	1.90
24 W. D. Rettig Soph. Class Ex.	5.00
24 Geo. Wyman Ath. Ex. (Check returned)	.28
25 W. U. T. Co., Athletic Ex.	1.08
28 Louis La Pierre, Int. Postage	2.50
1 Frank Mayr & Son (Plate for Class 1918)	41.50
1 J. C. Harbaugh, Pinafore Ex.	12.65
1 John L. Midgley, Pinafore Ex.	6.00
1 First National Bank, Draft for Costumes Pinafore	9.14
1 Robertson, Soph. Class, 3.36; Interlude, 1.62	4.98
1 Geo. Wyman, Interlude Ex.	.50
1 Herr & Herr, Interlude Ex.	3.20
1 Bailey Prtg. Co., Interlude	58.00
1 Tribune Printing Co., Int.	1.50
1 Marian Ames, athletic telephon-	.50
1 Indiana Engrav. Co., Tourn. 3.13; Int. 18.39	6.30

Hart Schaffner & Marx "Prep" Styles

THEY'RE different from the clothes made for older men; they have more youthful lines. Here you will find special fabrics selected for such wearers in the new single and double-breasted, waist-seam models; clothes with lots of snap and "ginger."

Sam'l Spiro & Co.

119-121 So. Michigan Street

South Bend

Home of Hart Schaffner & Marx Clothes

3 News-Times, Adv. Pinafore	6.96	17 Cash for change Track	100.00
3 J. W. Holderman, Athletic 3.20; Pinafore, 1.00; postage, 1.00	5.29	17 Michigan City team, meals	7.20
3 Ellsworth Store, Pinafore	.81	Argos team, meals	9.90
3 Robertson, Pinafore Ex.	6.05	Plymouth team, meals	7.20
7 Miss Harmon, Pinafore Ex.	2.19	Goshen team, meals	9.00
7 J. C. Parrent, Orchestra Pinafore	19.50	LaPorte team, meals	7.20
7 John Campbell, Jun. Class Ex.	1.75	Mishawaka team, meals	4.80
7 School City telephoning Ath.	2.40	Elkhart team, meals	9.90
7 Williams & Co., Pinafore Ex.	5.00	Hammond team, meals	5.40
7 Geo. Wyman, Pinafore Ex.	.20	H. M. Appleman, programs	39.00
8 Miss Dunbar, Pinafore Ex., 15; Jun. Class, 1.32	1.47	20 Louis La Pierre, Int. Postage	2.00
8 Bailey Prtg. Co., No. 10 Int.	27.50	20 Yellow Taxi, Hauling Hurdles	1.50
8 Dr. Harry Helman for Ath.	9.00	21 Henry Blimm, Jun. Class Ex.	.75
9 First National Bank for Savings acct.	1,000.00	21 Book Store, Spanish Club	.87
10 John Campbell, Int. Ex.	1.03	22 School City of South Bend, Pln. Ex.	
15 Andrew Troeger, Stage work	5.00	23 Ath. Telephoning	.65
15 H. M. Appleman, programs W. C. Pinafore	20.00	23 R. W. Gaill Bindery, Track	1.00
17 School City telephoning Ath.	1.25	24 R. Fink, Stamps	1.00
17 J. S. McCowan, Ath. Ex.	.28	25 Ellsworth Store, Service Flag	18.00
23 J. V. Masters, Advance to Bl.	50.00	25 J. V. Masters, Interlude Ex.	.50
23 Josephine Decker, Pinafore	25.00	25 J. V. Masters, Boys' Deb. Club	25.00
23 Mrs. Holvershield, Pinafore	25.00	29 Rob't Appleman, Soph. Class Ex.	
23 Davies Laundry, Pinafore	8.50	29 Mildred Rennoe, Drama Club	4.50
23 Chas. B. Dyer, Sen. Class rings	64.47	29 Mildred Rennoe, Drama Club	2.25
23 Electric Service, Stage work	4.30	29 J. V. Masters, Boys' Deb. Club	2.50
23 National Lumber Co., Ath.	73.00	29 Mildred Rennoe, Drama Club	6.00
23 Louis La Pierre, Int. Postage	1.25	June	
23 J. C. Cohlmeier, trip to Elkhart	15.00	4 Clarence Harding Orchestra Ath.	18.00
25 Tribune Printing Co., Sen. Dance Program	1.25	4 W. U. T. Co., Track	.81
28 Berman's Sporting G. S. Ath.	.75	4 Bailey Prtg. Co., Sen. Dance	6.50
28 Ames Play Co., Sen. Class Ex.	10.00	4 Tribune Prtg. Co., Jun. Ex.	2.32
28 W. U. T. Co., Sen. Class Ex.	.70	5 First National Bank, Bal. on Hand	42.30
29 Jeanette Ridenour, Int. Ex.	1.00	5 J. W. Witner, Soph. Party	4.50
30 Y. M. C. A. Jun. Class Party	8.63	6 Taggart Transfer Co.	1.00
May		9 Samuel French, Royalty Sen. Play	50.00
1 Henry Blimm, News-Times Adv. Jun. Ex.	2.32	12 John Scott, Postage Int.	1.25
1 Bailey Prtg. Co., Int.	38.40	12 H. M. Appleman, Printing G. A. A., 4; Bal. Jun. Ex.	7.50
5 Adler Bros., Sweaters	77.00	13 Miss McCoy, Costumes Sen. Play	3.85
5 Mrs. Arctins Keltner, Mantel	15.00	13 M. R. Goodman, G. A. A. Ent.	2.85
5 W. U. T. Co., Sen. Class Ex.	.77	14 Chas. B. Dyer, Leadership Medals	
5 Tribune Printing Co., Pinafore Adv.	6.96	14 Otto C. Bastian, Drama Club	12.60
5 Miss Montgomery, stage Ex.	.45	14 Bailey Printing Co.	37.50
5 So. Bend Engrav. Co., bill previously paid	3.60	14 Indiana Engrav. Co., Interlude	5.91
5 School City telephoning Pinafore	.70	14 So. Bend Engrav. Co., Int.	12.50
6 Miss Milne, Jun. Ex. expense	2.22	14 Geo. Wheelock Co.	.85
6 A. L. Trester, fee for Track	1.00	14 Triangle Pennant Co., G. A. A.	13.00
7 Dr. W. A. Hager, for O'dell.	3.00	Total receipts to June 12	\$5,150.46
7 J. S. McCowan, Chicago Exam. Ex.	100.00	Total expenditures	3,763.27
7 J. C. Harbaugh, Scenery Jun. Ex.	20.00	Balance	1,387.19
8 Miss Milne, Jun. Ex. - 50; Drama Class, 50	1.00	Savings Acct.	1,000.00
8 L. R. Laughran, Printing Scenery	40.10	Cor. Bal.	\$2,387.19
8 Louis La Pierre, Int. Postage	1.25	The above balance includes:	
8 H. M. Appleman, Pin., 5.25; Jun. Ex., 6.25	11.50	Fund left for Leadership Medals.	
9 J. V. Masters to Elkhart	5.00	A loan, balance of the Interlude and all school organizations that have turned money into the Board of Control Treasury, Drama Club, Boys' Debating Club, Girls' Ath. Ass'n, B. A. Club, Senior Class, Junior Class, Sophomore Class and Freshman Class.	
12 Tuttle Corp. Jun. Class	2.00	JOHN W. HOLDEMAN.	</

Class History Continued

Continued from page 17

Year's supper and dance in the gymnasium. The dance was well attended; about seventy-five couples were present.

It might be interesting to mention here that of the eight members of the victorious Michigan City debating team, five were Seniors.

When the new semester began we had another election to select officers to pilot us through the last cruise on the S. B. H. S. sea of education. After several ballots were cast, the highest honor was accorded to Dumont Ranshaw. Under his guiding hand our ship has braved the perils of the deep, weathered all storms and was brought safely into port. He was assisted in this arduous task by our Sponsor, Miss Maude Watkins, to whose wisdom and good judgment we owe the record that we have made in this last year.

Under the guidance of our new president the class went to work with a will and proceeded to acquire more fame and glory for itself. Our boys' basket-ball team, after a strenuous season, succeeded in wresting the Interclass championship from the confident Juniors. Our girls' team also maintained the reputation set in previous years and for the third successive time ran off with the honors in the Interclass basket-ball competition. In order to relax from these athletic exertions, the class decided to have a dance. This was held on April Fool's day in the gymnasium, Donahue's orchestra furnishing the music. The gymnasium was crowded and the money taken in helped to replenish our treasury.

We were successful this year not only in athletics but also in scholarship activities. Our representative reached the finals in the State Discussion Contest at Bloomington and our representative in the Northern Indiana Oratorical Contest won the gold medal. Two of the Seniors who participated in the Lake Forest Contest received gold medals and the Lake Forest team, which was composed of three Seniors and one Junior, won a silver loving-cup. Of the Seniors who went to Chicago University for the examinations, two received honorable mention and one student won a scholarship. This record of scholastic achievements has not been excelled in the high school for many years.

On May 23 the Annual Junior-Senior Banquet was held at the Oliver Hotel. About a hundred eighty of us attended the banquet and after the "eats" were over the tables were cleared away and we danced till eleven o'clock.

On Sunday, June 15, the Seniors

in a body went over to the First M. E. Church and heard the baccalaureate sermon which was delivered by Dr. Green. The sermon was very instructive, dealing with the scope and aim of human life.

Next in order on the commencement week program was the Senior play, "The Dictator," which was presented to a packed house on Tuesday, June 17. Much credit is due to the cast for their hard work and to the coaches, Miss Milne and Miss Watkins, for their untiring efforts to make the play a success and it was due to the united efforts of the whole class that the performance was such a splendid success as it was.

And now, as we stand upon the threshold of life and look back upon the four short years we spent in High School, we think that we are justified in feeling just a little elated over the glorious record that we have achieved. But, with this elation comes a pang of regret that we must soon leave this hall of pleasant associations where we have formed so many dear friendships, and have endured together the joys and mishaps that come to every high school pupil in the course of his school life. As we look ahead to what the future has in store for us, we resolve that although the Class of 1919 is going to be broken up, the spirit of this class shall endure forever; that the members, going out to fight life's battles will forever cherish and preserve the ideals of the South Bend High School; that they will

forever bear in mind the motto of the class, the same motto which carried our armies over the top in the bloody fields of France and Belgium—Carry On!

FINIS.

MY FIRST BICYCLE RIDE

This memorial ride did not take place in 1775 as some rides do, but during the summer that I was ten years of age. One of the boys on our street had lately become the proud owner of a shining red wheel. It was his taunts, "Aw, yuh don't dare!" "Yer afraid!" "Baby!" etc., along with others from his boon companions, that finally aroused my insulted feminine grit to its grittiest point—and I proposed to "show them!"

We sought the steepest and longest hill in town and perched the bicycle on its summit in the middle of the road. This, no doubt seems strange; but one of the boys had confidentially informed me that one could learn to ride much better on a hill. "Yuh see," he said, "all yuh gotta do is ta steerut and she'll do the rest." Of course, I had believed him.

They steadied the bicycle and I clambered aboard. My heretofore unfailing courage, deserted its post and called a retreat at this critical juncture, but I gritted my teeth and said, "Letter go!" They did.

I started. The number of evolutions that were accomplished by the wheels of that bicycle per second will never be known—or equalled. Their velocity was incredible. My breath came in uncertain lusty gasps. I had fleeting and blurred glimpses of a mil-

lion houses dizzily rushing by in a confusing whirl. My eyes stung—and I could not close them; they seemed fixed—staring straight out into the great, vague, breezy space before me. The speed increased, ever. Frequently the wheel jolted bumpily over a stone and I made desperate efforts to clasp the handle bars more tightly, though my hands were already clenched painfully about them. My brain grew numb. My head seemed to weigh tons. There was a queer, far-away feeling in my stomach, and a sharp, singing whir in my ears. My heart seemed to fail me—it pounded furiously—it stopped entirely—only to begin more thunderously than before.

I was nearing the bottom of the hill when a thought struggled painfully to life in my mind: somehow, I **must** get control of the crazy thing. So I made wild and flying stabs with my feet trying to locate the pedals. All in vain—until one of my slippers caught on one of the pedals. The speed decreased instantly. The wheel careened drunkenly from one side of the street to the other. I earnestly tried to pray, but my prayer was broken off abruptly. I was lying mixed up with various parts of a bicycle.

The damage? Oh—I had knocked the cornerstone off a brick curbing, bent the handle bars and a pedal, demolished the front wheel, and skinned my elbow; but "I showed 'em!"

"Bernice is certainly a peach." "Yes, she has a stony heart, all right."



Mangold Photo

JUNIOR EX-CAST

From left to right back row: Margaret Freshley, Arthur Russell, Mildred Prinzhorn, Forbes Julian, Mildred Mitchell. Middle row: Herbert Kauffman, James Taylor, Ned (?) Swantz, Catherine Swintz, Herbert Allemang. First row: Granville Kellar, Pauline Treesh, Margaret Geyer, Douglas Owen.