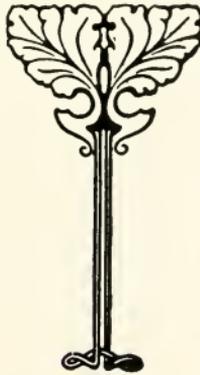


THE VALENIAN

The Valenian

FOURTH ISSUE



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Valparaiso High School

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DEDICATION

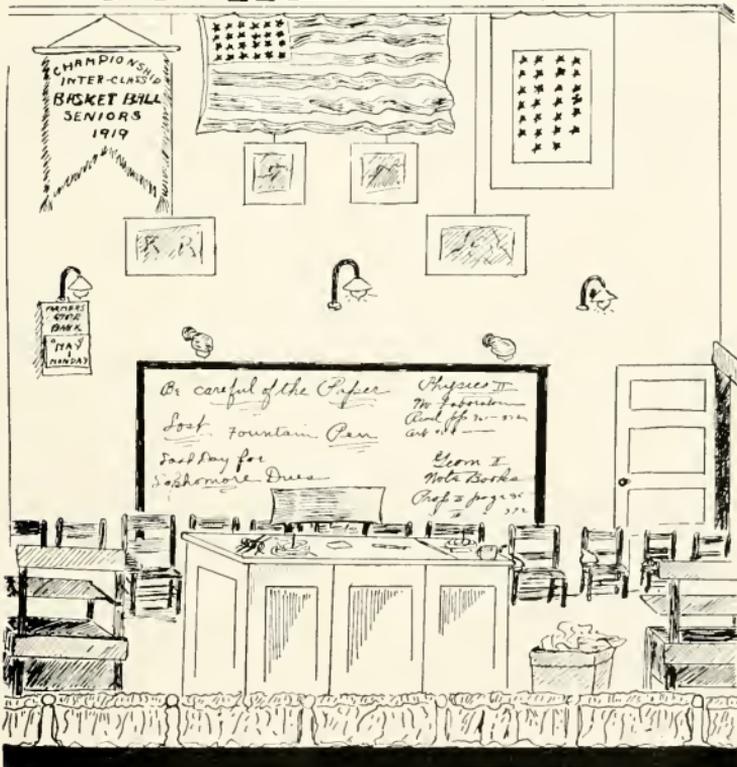
THE SENIORS OF 1920 DEDICATE
THIS VALENIAN TO MISS JUVA N.
HIGBEE IN APPRECIATION OF HER
WORK AS MUSICAL DIRECTOR OF
THE VALPARAISO HIGH SCHOOL

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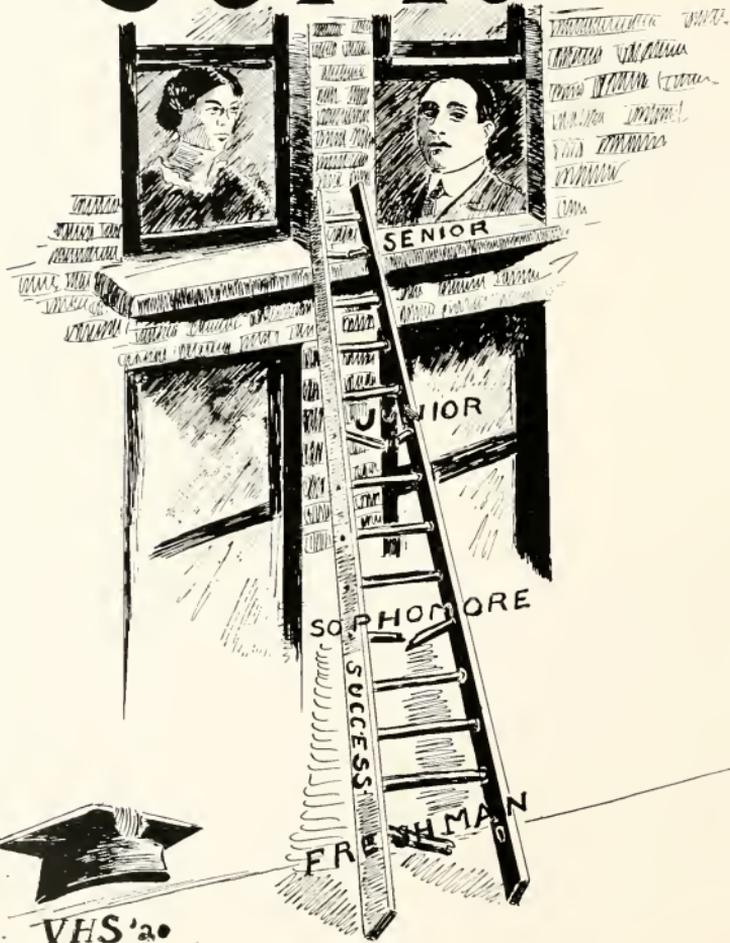


HELEN GREGG FEHRMAN



BERNIECE REYNOLDS WOLFE

SENIOR



VHS '20

THE VALENIAN



THE VALENIAN

SENIORS

MOTTO: *Deeds, Not Dreams*

COLORS: *Blue and Gold*

FLOWER: *American Beauty Rose*

OFFICERS

Arthur Cloud, President
John Fabing, Vice-President
Mildred McCord, Secretary and Treasurer
C. O. Pauley, Supervisor

CLASS ENROLLMENT

Arvin, Ellen	Lindholm, Helga
Bartholomew, Myra	McAuliffe, Katharine
Butler, Hazel	McCord, Mildred
Campbell, Newell	McMillen, Earl
Chaffee, Margery	Matt, Agnes
Cloud, Arthur	Maxwell, Clair
Cobb, Mary	Maxwell, Kathryn
Cole, Ivan	Miller, Louise
Coulter, Harold	Palmer, Lois
Darst, Lillian	Passow, Thelma
Dille, Emily	Riggs, Franklin
Dolson, Olive	Rigg, Harry
Dowdell, Lowell	Saylor, Mildred
Fabing, John	Schernau, Dorothy
Fenton, Lewis	Schleman, Helen
Finney, Jeannette	Schroeder, Ella
Foster, Aida	Sergeant, Carrie Mac
Fox, Kathryn	Shirer, Loleta
Gast, Magdalene	Sievers, Carroll
Hansen, Helen	Specht, Viola
Hiltpold, Walter	Stansell, Bruce
Hiltpold, Werner	Stansell, LeRoy
Hughart, Esther	Tousley, Dorothy
Huffman, Enoch	Williams, Leone
Jessee, Mary	Williams, Opal
Johnson, Hazel	Wright, Jesse Gordon
Kenny, Mary Margaret	Wyman, Edith
Leetz, Richard	



ELLEN ARVIN

O Ellen of Arvin's surely a belle,
She shines in her studies and at parties as
well,
Altho' she's a flirt,
It doesn't hurt,
For she has everyone under her spell.



ARTHUR CLOUD

Art is a fellow, they say,
Who makes a new friend a day.
Isn't it the truth
That he likes a Ruth
Or does it just look that way?



MYRA BARTHOLOMEW

With nimble fingers she can draw,
Pictures the best you ever saw;
She can hunt and fish,
Which makes us wish
We had these talents without a flaw.



HAZEL BUTLER

She has sunshine, smiles and curly hair,
And truly quite a rhetorical air;
She writes and delivers,
And rides in flivvers,
For Hazel Butler's always right there.



NEWELL CAMPBELL

"Humps" Campbell is an athletic young man,
Who had no affection for a feminine fan.
But he changed his stern views,
When Doris sent home this good news,
"I am bringing my chum from Adrian."



MARGERIE CHAFFEE

This dainty young maiden called Marge
Chaffee,
Is indeed the soul of hospitality,
She's accomplished, you see,
And most lively,
Is this delightful girl named Margery.



MARY COBB

With yellow hair and deep blue eyes,
She is a maiden who creates a surprise;
She loves to report,
And civics is the sport
Of this girl who can tell no lies.



IVAN COLE

Here's one who's surely a literary light,
In all his classes he shines quite bright,
This is Ivan Cole,
Who's on our roll,
Which makes us all beam with delight.



LILLIAN DARST

For Senior dignity to uphold,
And yet who's not so very bold,
She's a shining light,
That gleams quite bright
In her studies, is Lillian the maiden just told.



EMILY DILLE

This little girl's name is Emilee;
She's as bright and cheerful as can be,
Her every-ready smile,
Is always in style,
Now isn't that sweet of Miss Dille?



HAROLD COULTER

His brilliance in English doth far surpass
The brains of all the rest of the class;
Altho' he's new,
He's proven true,
And every test he'll surely pass.



OLIVE DOLSON

She walks with such a charming grace,
And beauty's reflected in her blithesome face.
This is Olive Dolson,
Who's so full of fun,
While the Senior play has surely shown her
place.



JEANETTE FINNEY

A teacher she's going to be,
 Is this maiden, Jeanette Finney,
 Altho' she's quite small
 And not very tall,
 Her position she'll fill duly.



LOWELL DOWDELL

There is a dignified person named Lowell,
 Who holds things well under control;
 He's not a bit trite,
 And generally all right,
 Is this Senior with the wonderful soul.



AIDA FOSTER

Oh Aida has the sunniest smile,
 And big brown eyes without any guile;
 She's the best coquette,
 We've ever met—
 In school she has everyone beaten a mile.



KATHRYN FOX

Kate has bobbed hair and brown eyes,
Herein her beauty lies.
A diamond she has,
What for, we don't ask;
To tell us she is too wise.



JOHN FABING

Here's to a lawyer in the embryo,
Whose legal brightness conquers the foe;
He's an all-round boy,
Uses girls as his toy,
While basketball's proven he's not a bit slow.



MAGDALENE GAST

Magdalene Gast is her name,
As a "stenog" she has won lots of fame,
In the Senior's big trial
She took our speeches in good style,
Did this capable, deft-fingered dame.



ESTHER HUGHART

There is a young girl named Esther,
For ability you need not test her;
Sweet are her smiles,
Many youths she beguiles,
This fair young maiden called Esther.



LEWIS FENTON

There was a young man named Lewie,
Whose lessons all went kee-flooiie;
But nevertheless
We're forced to confess
In getting Connie he was quite fluky.



HELEN HANSEN

There is a young maiden called Helen
Hansen,
Her English career is only begun;
She has brown hair,
And a dignified air,
When all is said and done.



MARY JESSEE

Mary has curly light hair
Her face is lovely and fair;
A jolly good sport,
Just the right sort,
And always will do her share.



WALTER HILTPOLD

O Hippy Hiltbold is our star,
And his fame is heralded near and far
In all the sports;
From the reports
His average is way above par.



HAZEL JOHNSON

She has such a mischievous air,
That one would know her anywhere,
She can surely sigh,
And just as well cry,
Can Hazel, the maid we think so fair.



MARY KINNEY

For Mary Margaret Kinney
The virtues are certainly many,
She is pretty and sweet,
Studios and neat,
And has few faults—if any.



WERNER HILTPOLD

Young Hippy is the stellar attraction,
And wins the applause of every faction;
In basketball
I think we all
Find he meets quite every exaction.



HELGA LINDHOLM

Like a princess, Helga's stately and tall,
And her aptitude is doubted not at all;
Her hair it is flaxen,
We'll judge it Saxon;
Her eyes are not hard to recall.



MILDRED McCORD

For someone with exceptional grace,
A perfect dancer, a pretty face,
See Bib McCord,
Who's never bored,
On whom a young Sophomore has a case.



ENOCH HUFFMAN

Oh Enoch Huffman is a lad,
Whom we'll all agree is no cad;
He's as bright as can be,
Whom we're anxious to see
When he takes up the stage as a fad.



KATHERINE McAULIFFE

Here's one who burns with poetical fire,
Whose future, they say, is not at all dire;
She's mighty sweet,
And can't be beat,
When it comes to strumming the poetical
lyre.



KATHRYN MAXWELL

Her hair is dark and smooth and waves,
In fact, 'tis so pretty that everyone raves;
She's everyone's friend,
And never fails to unbend,
Which often a trying position saves.



RICHARD LEETZ

There is a young grocer named Dick,
Who in English class always was slick;
He's a jolly young chap,
And doesn't care a rap,
Does this jolly young fellow named Dick.



AGNES MATT

This is quite a studious lass,
With a jolly smile that'll always pass;
She is tall and dark,
And gay as a lark,
While she shines in English class.



LOUISE MILLER

A model student is she—
Always gets G's or an E;
Forever at work,
Her duty ne'er shirks,
But has a good time when she's free.



EARL McMILLEN

He's but a bag of wind, they say,
And man is moulded just from clay;
But he's all right,
And truly bright,
Is Mackie, the man of the day.



LOIS PALMER

Lois loves pretty clothes,
That hers are many, she knows—
Silks and georgettes,
And marquisettes,
But to work she simply loathes.

THE VALENIAN



THELMA PASSOW

"Tommy" has many a brown hair—
Of beauty she has all her share;
She has lots of "pep",
Which adds to her rep—
To see her gloomy is rare.



CLAIR MAXWELL

If you want someone to manage a business
affair,
Why the best we can do is to recommend
Clair;
He's good-looking, 'tis true,
And he'll surely do;
To do him full justice we really don't dare.



DOROTHY SCHERNAU

There is a lass called Dorothy Schernau,
Whom, I think, we may say has never a foe;
She's pretty and sweet,
And truly "petite",
Is this maid of the House of Schernau.



HELEN SCHLEMAN

This is our editor, Miss Schleman,
Who has spent much of her time on the
Valenian;

For this great, noble work,
From which others did shirk,
Here's three cheers for Mademoiselle
Schleman.



HARRY RIGG

Isn't he a good-looking young chap?
He's been the cause of many a "scrap";
Yes, he's handsome, 'tis true,
But, girls, it's not nice of you
To "rush" him clear off the map.



ELLA SCHROEDER

Oh, Ella has eyes of the deepest blue,
That seem to be shining just for you;
With yellow hair
And a dainty air,
She seems symbolic of all that's true.



CARRIE MAE SERGEANT

In ability no one can dispute her,
In argument no one can refute her;
This is Carrie Mae,
The queen of the day—
In beauty no one can compute her.



FRANKLIN RIGGS

There is a young chap named Franklin Rigg,
Who you must agree is no prig;
Altho' he's tall,
That detracts not at all,
But for the girls he doesn't care a fig.



LOLITA SHIRER

Quite vampish are those side-long glances,
Resulting that with joy our heart prances;
This is Lolita Shirer,
With many an admirer.
Like Theda Bara, I'll say, she dances.



VIOLA SPECHT

I know a young lady named Specht,
Who on "Scotty" did have an effect;
With her "cute" little nose,
And with cheeks like the rose,
She was able to command our respect.



CARROLL SIEVERS

'Tis true that Carroll's hair is red,
And illuminates well the top of his head;
But his temper is mild,
He's not the least wild,
A thing which cannot often be said.



DOROTHY TOUSLEY

"Deliciously plump" is Dor,
Her temper rules her no more;
With her Grecian features
She subjugates all creatures,
And her heart is pure gold to the core.



LEONE WILLIAMS

Oh, she has a complexion of peaches and
cream,
And her face 'tis just like a wonderful
dream;
She can surely play,
So we'd dance till day,
At least that's the way to us it doth seem.



LEROY STANSELL

This is the fighter we've dubbed "Stans",
He's been a corker ever since he graduated
from short pants,
In basketball,
And that's not all,
Altho' he doesn't like to dance.



OPAL WILLIAMS

Altho' Opal is a trifle small,
We really can't see it matters at all;
The Senior play,
And her classes each day,
Have proven her brightness beyond recall.



EDITH WYMAN

Yes, Edith Wyman's surely jolly,
Tho' we must admit she's no slave of folly;
She's rather shy,
But we must try,
To remember that bright she is exceptionally.



BRUCE STANSELL

This is the young man by the name of Bruce,
Whom to you we're glad to introduce;
We've named him "Buck",
And we're out of luck
When at festivals he fails himself to produce.



MILDRED SAYLOR

Altho' Mildred Saylor's a girl that's new,
We found she's dandy thro and thro;
She's an excellent student,
And very prudent,
And thus she's proven she'll surely do.



JESSEE WRIGHT

Oh, Mrs. Boucher calls him a clown,
And 'tis certain he's won great renown;
In his class each day,
And in the Senior play,
He's the best attraction that's come to town.

"THE CLASS OF '20"

From the halls of Valpo High School
We come, a merry band;
With much wisdom on our faces,
And much dignity on hand.
'Tis the Class of '20!

For our high school days are over
And our worth now we must show;
And our hearts beat high with courage,
As into the world we go.
We, the Class of '20!

Far away our paths may lead us,
Thru the vale or up the steep;
May we always in our mem'ries
A place for classmates keep.
O Class of '20.

And when our tasks are finished,
And all our work is done;
May we meet again, together,
At the setting of the sun!
We, the Class of '20.

—Katharine McAuliffe.



Senior Class

ISTORY

*"Then the whining school boy, with his satchel,
And shining face, creeping like a snail
Unwillingly to school!"*



WE LEFT the stage quoted above, four years ago, and entered high school as Freshmen. As we look back, we know we differed not from Freshmen before our time, and Freshmen who will follow us. We were like Willy in the joke book. You may recall that Willy was marching down the street with his company. As they marched past, Willy's mother, who was standing on the curb, said to a neighbor, "Just look, everybody's out of step but Willy".

But we were on the march and going somewhere, oblivious of the fact that the rest of the school were out of step. We got acquainted. We met our faculty. We had a great Hallowe'en masquerade party, and disguised everything but our appetites. We wrote the obituary of first year class fighting, and put a haze on hazing. We were ushered into our Freshman year, in company with the Centennial celebration of Indiana Statehood, and were the main feature of a pageant at the Fair Grounds.

We continued in our second year with the vim and originality that has marked our class throughout its history. We relieved the stress of ardent study by a weenie roast at Flint lake, relaxing from the worries spent with midnight oil, in the exhilaration of sunshine, bathing, and hot dog a la sand. A little later we introduced to the high school "tripping the light fantastic" accompanied by suitable jazz, which we submit as abundant proof that we were up and doing.

The crowning event of World History occurred during our Sophomore year. Our country joined in the great World War. We enlisted in the awesome activity of the drafting and drilling of soldiers, the Liberty Loans, the Red Cross knitting. For the first time, we, with the rest of the country, joined in admiration of our boys in khaki. A little note

of sadness crept in when we realized that we were a little too young for the romance of the white gowned nurse wearing the Red Cross symbol of aid for suffering humanity; and how our boys wished they could be—

“ a soldier:
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard.”

In our Junior year we do not have to classify ourselves. We were told outright and abruptly, frequently and emphatically, by one in authority, who professed to know our innermost thoughts and later intentions, that we were like—

“ the lover,
*Sighing like a furnace, with a woeful ballad
 Made to his mistress' eyebrow.*”

Be that as it may, we are able to report that up to the present writing, nothing has been broken. Doubtless it was overlooked that in this year we were tuned up to our study, that we could handle such matters as geometry, with the ease and pleasure that a cat handles a mouse. During this year we began to “parlez-vous,” and to “je ne sais pas”. We had time to set a high standard of efficiency in the matter of a Junior Prom, a theatre party, and a New Year's party. We greatly rejoiced, with the rest of the world, in celebrating the Armistice, and halt of the great World War.

Our Senior year marked, as it should, the culmination of our activities. We contributed from our class much melody to the Glee Club. We staged a mock trial, giving an initial try-out to some of the world's future Judges and Governors. We carried off the honors in the oratorical with our Portia and our Demosthenes. We proved our versatility in dramatic art, by entertaining with high class vaudeville, and by staging a comedy that won the highest approval. We contributed always to athletics, and furnished from our class a large proportion of the star players of the basket-ball team. The world moved with us in two noteworthy events. It saw the enforcement of National Prohibition, and as we go to press, we call the attention of our readers to the fact of National Woman Suffrage.

If our high school history were a story in fiction, we have now arrived at the closing chapters, where lovers “are married and live happily ever after”. But our class history concerns characters in real life, and we know that graduation marks the beginning of World history for us. With suitable ceremony we receive our diplomas; but knowing that these papers write the epitaph of four happy years, we receive them with a degree of sadness. And so we start out. The world beckons “the water is fine, come on in”. We have been taught to swim, and are ready to take the plunge.

—Dorothy Tousley

TO A CHILD SLEEPING

Dear hooded little sleeper! Sleep
Till morn with ruddy rays awakes,
And kisses thy soft cheek with touch so mild
It seems as though the breath of fairy wings.

I long to see those gentian eyes
With wonder gaze at me. To see
Thy red gold hair, by hand all dimpl'd,
Tossed from brow of pearly white.

Dear hooded little sleeper! Sleep
In sweet and childish innocence,
Till Time and Care with harsh rough hands
Do steal and plund'r thy beauteous rest.

—*Esther Hughart*

A WISH

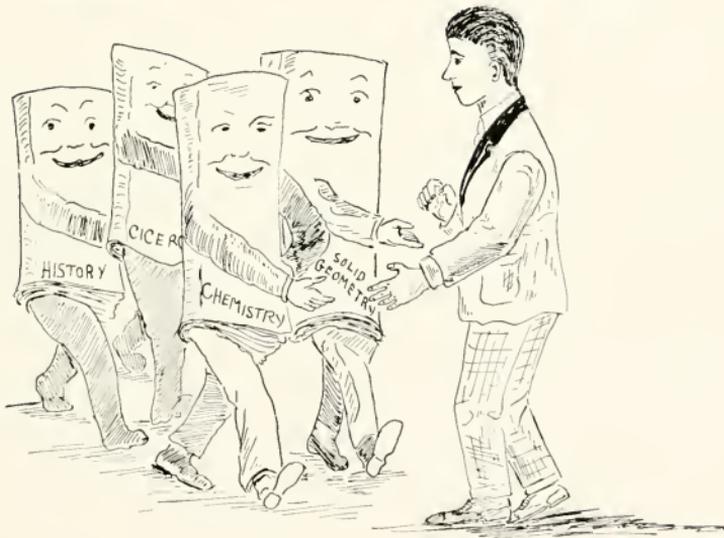
If a fairy should come to me some day,
And whisper in my ear,
"Three wishes for you, whatever you say,
Your desire just let me hear."

Would I wish for youth, beauty or love,
For money, or gold so bright,
For health and happiness, power and strength,
Or glory, honor and might?

Indeed I'd ask for none of these,
I'd be more wise in choice.
"To have every wish I wished," would be
My answer to the fairy's voice.

—*Ellen Arvin*

JUNIOR



THE VALENIAN

JUNIORS

OFFICERS

Otis Sanford, President

Herbert Mitchell, Vice-President

Phyllis Stinchfield, Secretary and Treasurer

H. M. Jessee, Supervisor

JUNIOR CLASS ROLL

Alt, Valeria

Hauff, George

Atwell, Harry

Johnson, George

Baird, Marvin

Jordan, Mildred

Bartholomew, Dorothy

Keen, Eva

Bell, Ruth

Krull, Herbert

Blachly, Hallie

Lawrence, Kenneth

Blachly, Ruth

Long, Bessie

Boryczko, Anna

Marimon, Bartlett

Boryczko, Joseph

Marimon, Thomas

Bundy, Myrtle

Mitchell, Herbert

Cole, Marjorie

Morony, Thomas

Collins, Mabel

Neet, Laura

Corboy, Stephen

Rosenberger, Muriel

Dee, Warren

Sanford, Otis

Dew, Harry

Scott, Charles

DeVroe, Susann

Small, Edith

Ellis, Katherine

Stinchfield, Phyllis

Fabing, Richard

Summers, Clyde

Finnigan, Bernard

Williams, Dorothy

Green, Helen

Williams, Florence

THE VALENIAN



THE VALENIAN

JUNIOR CLASS HISTORY

WE CAME, we saw, we conquered! This, indeed, sums up in a few words the enviable record of the class of '20. In September of '17 we came, we saw, and ever since we have been conquering. What have we conquered? Many and various are the weighty subjects whose depths we have penetrated. In Latin we have learned how to conjugate the verb "amo"; in Algebra that x equals an unknown quantity; in Botany, that "psychomyces" means bacteria; in History, that the Normans conquered in much the same manner as we have overcome our difficulties, with irresistible vigor. We now have the distinction of being the largest class which ever dared to explore the mysteries of Solid Geometry. Does this not speak well for the perseverance of our class and our willingness to attack that which is hard? Was not our skill in English such that Miss Benney caused us to appear before the assembly, collectively and individually, several times throughout the year? All know that this is a distinction attained by few classes.

Perhaps we have not been very active in the social line; but the great mental ability of our class more than makes up for this slight deficiency in social activity. Have not the E's and G's on our cards been numerous and the F's and P's few and far between? And is it not true that those classes which are very active socially do not attain these high standards? But the royal manner in which we shall entertain the Seniors this year will give abundant evidence that our social genius was only latent.

Not only in the line of mental application have we shown our prowess. Was not the meteoric floor guard of this year's basketball team a member of our class, to say nothing of the second team men? Was not the energetic yell master chosen from our class?

Ah, no! Never will a class be found whose attitude and spirit are better than the attitude and spirit of this unusual class, which has one year remaining in which to further distinguish itself.

—*Laura Nect.*

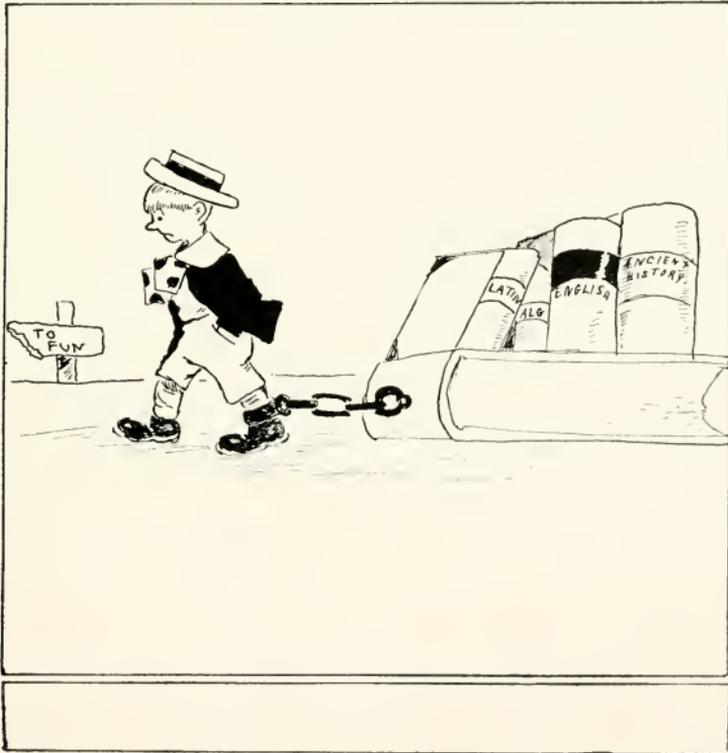
THE WREN

I see her as she builds her nest
And flits from tree to tree;
She is the bird I love the best,
Of all the birds that be.

She flies away, when fall winds blow,
In other lands to sing;
I'm glad all winter, for I know
That she'll return with Spring.

—*Lewis Fenton.*

SOPHOMORES



THE VALENIAN

SOPHOMORE CLASS ROLL

OFFICERS

Arthur Mains, President	Russel Nixon, Vice-President
Dorothy Dodge, Secretary and Treasurer	
Miss Aldinger, Supervisor	
Albright, Mariann	Miller, Velma
Bartholomew, Autumn	Mitzner, Glenn
Becker, Siegfried	Montgomery, Ruth
Billings, Edward	Murvihill, Joseph
Bornholt, Bruce	Neff, Ruth
Burk, Gerald	Nixon, Russell
Campbell, Esther	Nolan, Joseph
Christie, Anna	Oldham, Howard
Christie, Frederick	Parker, Constance
Darst, Catherine	Rathman, Cecil
Dee, Dorothy	Riddle, Charles
Dodge, Dorothy	Ritz, Mildred
Ellis, Paul	Sanford, Mary
Hodges, Doris	Sheppard, Ada
Jarrel, Oscar	Shinabarger, Margaretta
Kuehl, Lyal	Sholes, Mabel
Kull, Mildred	Stoner, Mary
Kulp, Frances	Stoner, Ronald
LaHayne, Viola	Tilton, Frances
LePell, Loring	Todd, Dorothy
Lindholm, Elsa	Wark, Dorothy
Lory, Milo	Wheeler, Lucile
Lowe, Willard	Wininger, Blanche
Mains, Arthur	Wyman, Elizabeth
Marine, Emily	White, Geneva

THE VALENIAN



THE VALENIAN

THE ANNALS OF THE SOPHOMORES



“ALL ABOARD!” rang the stern command of Mr. Jessee, conductor of the Valparaiso High Train, on the first of September, 1918. “Show your tickets people!” “Yes! Yes! I see your destination is Junior Station this time.” “All aboard”—and with clanging bells and a shrill whistle we moved slowly away from the Freshman terminal.

Usually the train stopped at a lunch station, about the middle of each day’s journey, though some preferred to eat on board in the luxurious dining car. Time passed rapidly as we had numerous games with which to amuse ourselves, the most exhilarating of which were, Geometry, supervised by Mr. Boucher; Latin, by Miss Welty; English, by Miss Reynolds; and History, by Miss Aldinger. Soon our faithful conductor announced a short stop of two days in latter November, during which we held a pleasing party at the suggestion of our tour manager, Arthur Mains, under the direction of Miss Aldinger our chaperon. Since this event occurred in the days of women suffrage we had splendid eats served by a committee of suffragettes, Velma Miller, Emily Marine, and Ruth Montgomery.

In all too short a time we were on our journey again, but our spirits rose high as the long-looked-forward-to and highly advertized midland stopover was approached. At last the town came into sight around the bend, and we hurried from our cars for a two weeks good time, with hopes of a better dinner than we had thus far enjoyed, because it is well known that Midyear Junction is the most famous place for eats along the route.

When we again boarded the train for the final and longest run of our journey, everybody was happy. With a slight change in games we all managed to get along famously. It was during this lap of our journey that Coyor won honor for us by his skill in basketball, Russel by his manipulation of the saxophone and Dot by her vigor at the traps. As we neared the end of the line, rumors began to circulate of a second party to be held at the side of a lake not far from Junior Station. Scouts were at once appointed, by our chaperon, to investigate this matter under the leadership of Mary Sanford, Doris Hodgés and Dot Dodge.

Although weary from the trip, our hearts beat fast as our old friend, the conductor, proclaimed the terminal at hand. Soon we were all on the picnic ground overjoyed with the results of the outing and resolved to make a similar excursion to Senior Station next year.

—Howard Oldham

Freshies



THE VALENIAN

FRESHMAN CLASS ROLL

OFFICERS

Merle Dowdell, President
Wilma Maxwell, Secretary and Treasurer
Miss Ashton, Supervisor
Ralph Brenner, Vice-President

Albright, George	Gustafson, Margaret	Parker, Alice
Albe, John	Hall, Fred	Parker, Charles
Aylesworth, Howard	Hall, Leland	Prentiss, Harold
Barneko, Martha	Hayes, Mary	Prentiss, Loren
Bartholomew, Margaret	Hershman, Ruth	Rathjen, Virginia
Bell, Marion	Hicks, Verona	Richards, Edith
Bently, George	Hisgen, Phyllis	Richards, James
Bernhart, Earl	Holman, Harold	Roach, Eva
Blaeze, Arnold	Horner, Almira	Sandy, Margaret
Blaeze, William	Horner, Fred	Schenck, Elizabeth
Bowman, Jesse	Hughart, Bernice	Seymour, Deforest
Brenner, Ralph	Keene, Gladys	Seymour, Russell
Butterfield, Clarence	Keene, Glenn	Simon, Samuel
Card, Jessee	Keene, Lynn	Sherrick, Zelma
Case, Norma	Ketchum, Annette	Shinabarger, Arthur
Campbell, Ida	Krull, Walter	Shinabarger, Laura
Clifford, Thomas	Kruse, Eva	Spooner, Leonard
Clutter, Elizabeth	Kuehl, Luella	Stansell, Florence
Cobb, Louise	Larson, Kenneth	Stoner, Edith
Corson, Delephene	Lauritzen, Paul	Stoner, Richard
Cromwell, Donovan	Leetz, Miladi	Stevenson, Paul
Dee, Margaret	Leetz, Milton	Thompson, William
Douglas, George	Lish, Audrey	Timmons, Margaret
Douglas, Herbert	Lish, Merton	Trahan, Cecelia
Dowdell, Florence	Loomis, Nellie	Van Arsdel, Ruth
Dowdell, Merle	Louderback, Robert	Vevia, Ella May
Duncan, Frank	Lowe, Dorothy	Vosburg, Edna
Dye, Guilford	Ludington, Alice	Wade, Harry
Ely, Clarissa	Mann, Randall	Watt, Forrest
Fabing, Alice	Maxwell, Wilma	Wheeler, Aneta
Farnum, Melnetta	McCallum, Woodburn	Wheeler, Mary
Feece, Mable	McMillan, Thelma	Whisler, Irene
Field, Irene	McWhinney, Wilma	Willing, Myrtle
Field, Harry	Meeks, Floyd	Wilson, Esther
Fischer, Paul	Miller, Robert	Wittenburg, Fred
Freeman, Leota	Mitchell, Dickey	Wood, Melba
Glover, Howard	Mitchell, Ruth	Wulff, Charlotte
Greene, Edna	Muster, Alberta	Zeller, Eleanor
Gustafson, Harold		

THE VALENIAN



THE FRESHMAN HISTORY



ES, we Freshmen were disappointed when we entered that great temple of learning, the Valparaiso High School, for no clapping of hands greeted our meek forms as we "kindergarten children" tried to march unconcernedly across that large Assembly Room with its vast sea of amused faces, to our (?) seats far off in the distance. However, when one of us reached what he thought to be his seat, a dignified Senior would say, "You sit in the seat just ahead, sonny". Oh, those most embarrassing moments! In spite of this it really was not very exciting, for a second disappointment was in store—there were few conflicts.

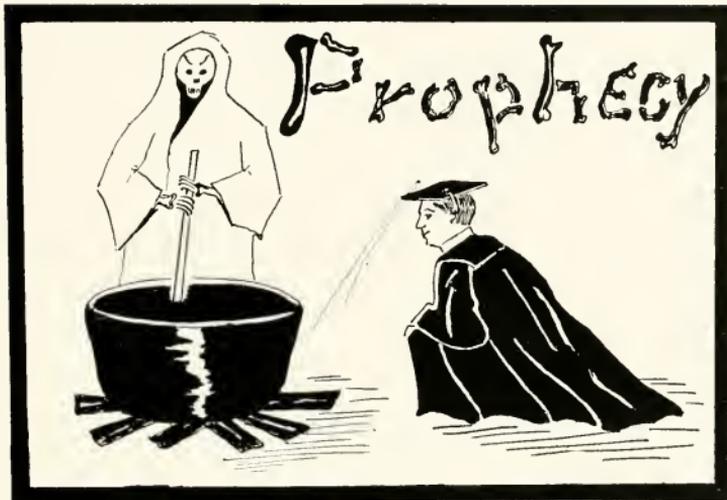
Perchance when we become honored Sophomores or Juniors we shall be brilliant enough to answer these now unanswerable questions: Why do so many of the Freshies' shoes squeak? Where did Mr. Jesse learn all that Algebra? Why do Seniors and even Juniors seldom get a "bawling out"? Why must we work an equation the solution of which is zero? Think of all that work and time for nothing! Last, but not least, how does a certain one of our most innocent damsels repeatedly get into the "Senior History Room" when going to her English I?

Nevertheless our class has some accomplishments, since we have been cultivating our voices very successfully. Indeed, fully one-fourth of that abominable racket at the gym was made by the pupils of our class. If you don't believe it just ask Tom or Dot.

Under the excellent supervision of Miss Ashton our class has done as much as could be expected of insignificant "Freshies" in the social line. We had a Hallowe'en Party in the Kindergarten Room, which we chose because the upper classmen thought it most suitable. This being a success, one bright day when the snow had almost vanished we decided to have a sleigh-ride party in honor of the "green Freshies" who had just come "up". It seemed that luck was ours, for a few days before the party a new coat of snow covered the earth. The night of the party was a crisp, moonlit one. The only thing that marred our pleasure was the fact that our president loved his Sunday school better than his high school.

Our class does not lack musicians, poets, artists, athletes, handsome boys or pretty girls. The hopeful faculty and even some of the advanced students join us in predicting that some day in the near future we may be able to be stately Seniors, instructing the lonely, shy little "Freshies" how to study.

—Margaret Timmons.



HE night had been calm and clear; and great was my surprise as I sat alone reading to hear thunder rumble and break forth in loud claps and to see sharp streaks of lightning flash across the window. In a minute a storm was raging fiercely, the atmosphere became heavy and tense and the lights flickered and went out. But I was left in that awful darkness only a minute, for suddenly I heard three loud knocks on the table beside me and turning saw a dim light hovering over the ouija board that was lying there. Spell-bound I placed my fingers on it and to my horror felt invisible finger tips placed opposite mine. Stricken with terror, yet fascinated, I watched it spell rapidly the names of all my classmates.

Helen Schleman will be editor-in-chief of the world's most famous magazine, in which will appear the poems of Kathryn McAuliffe and the pictures of Myra Bartholomew. She will often visit Esther Hughart, the president of Smith College.

Harold Coulter will be the mayor of Chicago and will spend many a pleasant day with his friend Arthur Cloud, a real estate business man, witnessing all the sports of the season, especially those in which their old friends, Werner and Walter Hiltbold, are starring.

And what a number of the old class will be in New York. Carrie Mae Sergeant and Dorothy will be dealers in the most exclusive Paris gowns, most of which are designed by Lois Palmer, the most original creator of fashions in Paris. Lowell Dowdell will sing in grand opera there, and Lillian Darst will be superintendent of the public schools. Also

Olive Dolson shall make campaign speeches there for suffragist candidates; and Mildred McCord, a wealthy society woman, will be greatly interested in the health reform of the city conducted by Ellen Arvin.

Ella Schroeder will be head bookkeeper at Marshall Fields' and will often return to Valpo to see Viola Specht, who with her husband is managing the most popular summer resort in the U. S. Jesse Wright, after many years of diligent study, will also return to his beloved V. H. S. and become its honored principal.

Emily Dille will be private secretary to America's most celebrated actress, Opal Williams. Dorothy Schernau, Magdalene Gast, and Helga Lindholm (together) will be managing the Pennsylvania Railroad, striving hard in competition against Enoch Huffman, manager of the U. S. aerial service.

Margery Chaffee will be the wife of the governor of California and head of the California Woman's Club. Near her will live Mary Jessee, the wife of a prominent minister, and Louise Miller, who will be the business manager of a large factory in San Francisco. They will sometimes see Franklin Riggs, the well known photoplay director, or Harry Rigg, who will be commanding a regiment of U. S. troops there.

John Fabing will be a judge of the Supreme Court and will sometimes pause in the middle of a busy day to purchase a book from Earl McMillen, a most prominent and successful book agent.

Clair Maxwell will be a famous scientist and inventor of farm implements and will be assisted by his sister Kathryn, who will act as his secretary.

Carroll Sievers will be a renowned druggist and will amass a great fortune from the sale of hair dyes.

And then there will be Richard Leetz, the founder of a chain of well known grocery stores; Hazel Butler, a foreign missionary to China; Mary Cobb, the owner and manager of a number of modern scientific farms; Helen Hansen, head of a home for refugees in Belgium; Mary Kenny, an interior decorator; LeRoy Stansell, a noted government detective; Ada Foster, happily married and living in St. Louis; Thelma Passow, a popular moving picture star; Bruce Stansell, a Chicago banker; Leone Williams, head nurse in a Chicago hospital; Newell Campbell, founder of the famous soup kitchens of Russia; Kathryn Fox, a well known figure in Chicago society; Ivan Cole, author of three famous histories; Edith Wyman, owner of a fruit farm in Florida; Hazel Johnson, principal of a girls' boarding school in Boston; Agnes Matt, a kindergarten teacher; Mildred Saylor, a flower specialist and owner of hothouses; Loleta Shirer, living with her husband in a beautiful home on the Hudson; and Lewis Fenton, husband of the first woman ambassador to France and a popular member of Paris society.

Then the ouija board with its terrible prediction of fate turned straight to me and continued, "The wrath of the spirits be upon you if you become not an interpreter of their will."

Immediately the room became brightly lighted again; the ouija board was resting quietly on the table; the night was calm and clear.

—*Jeanette Finney*

TO A MULE

Every poet's missed him, so to speak,
But never-the-less, you know he ain't no fool;
He's done as much for his country as any man,
But still he's just a mule.

When Farmer Brown gets in a tight place,
A place where a horse lies down, as a rule,
Farmer Brown hurries over to Farmer Jones
To borrow his long-eared mule.

On the battle fields in France, you know,
Where was fought, by chance the big duel,
Who brought supplies across shell-swept plains?
Nothing else but a mule.

So you see it isn't all beauty that counts,
And you'll all agree, he ain't no fool
As he's got quite a funny disposition,
'Cause a mule's a mule.

—*W. Franklin Rigg*

THE VALENIAN





In the last two years, the Music Department of the Valparaiso High School has developed greatly. The music club which consists of the orchestra, Girls' and Boys' Glee Clubs, and Ukelele Club, has been organized and has given entertainments which have been exceedingly enjoyable as well as beneficial, to all the citizens of Valparaiso.

All credit must be given to Miss Higbee, our musical director, for the rapid musical development in our school. The members of the Senior Class can look back at the time when such a fine class of music seemed out of the question; and we therefore extend to Miss Higbee sincere appreciation for her efforts. She has created one thing which has been lacking in former years,—“real school spirit”.

Miss Higbee is not only respected and admired for her musical ability by the students under her special instruction, but by the whole student assembly. Several times this year, the different members of the music club have entertained the High School with the best class of music. It was always received with special gratitude from the pupils and faculty. These entertainments not only add to the joy of our school life, but are also very educative.

The music club should also be thanked for their loyal support to Miss Higbee in her untiring efforts to make the music of our school a credit to our city. And now that Valparaiso has seen and heard the excellent musical talent in our high school, we hope that these once hidden treasures shall in the future, prove of the greatest pride and of inestimable value to all the students and citizens of Valparaiso.

THE VALENIAN

THE GRAND CONCERT



THE FIRST concert of the season was given, Friday evening, December 12th, 1919, under the direction of Miss Juva Higbee. The difficult numbers rendered by the orchestra were especially fine. The Boys' Glee Club, as usual, was enjoyed by all. The girls, in their pretty evening dresses, made a pleasing effect and delighted their audience with several selections. Charles Coyer's violin solo and Roger Wilson's trombone solo were of special interest. The musical ability of these two students was greatly admired by their "listeners".

Last, but not least, was a realistic school scene consisting of the members of the Boys' and Girls' Glee Clubs. They sang many of the beautiful popular songs which were greatly enjoyed.

PROGRAMME

Princess of India—Overture..... *F. L. King*

ORCHESTRA

Amarylis—Vocal Gavotte..... *E. Parlow*

GIRL'S GLEE CLUB

a. We're a Bunch of Jolly Good Fellows..... *Bennett*

b. Dog Fit..... *Woods*

BOYS' GLEE CLUB

Violin Solo—Hungarian Dance..... *Brahms*

CHARLES COYER

Rosary *Nevin*

GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

Poet and Peasant—Overture..... *Von Suppe*

ORCHESTRA

Doan Ye Cry, Ma' Honey..... *A. W. Noll*

BOYS' GLEE CLUB

Trombone Solo—Lily Polka..... *Vander Cook*

ROGER WILSON

The Owl and the Pussy Cat (Robin Hood)..... *De Koven*

MIXED CHORUS

Eleanor—Novelette *Deppen*

ORCHESTRA

When the Great Red Dawn Is Shining..... *Sharpe*

BOYS' GLEE CLUB

Dusky Lullaby..... *H. Gilberts*

GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

INTERMISSION

Scene—School Days.

Fifty-four

THE VALENIAN



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OPERETTA



ON APRIL seventh and eighth, the Music Club presented "Captain Crossbones", an original comic opera in two acts, written and composed by Arthur A. Penn. It was given at the Memorial Opera House and both performances were largely attended. The cast and the musical numbers given by them are as follows:

CAST IN ORDER OF APPEARANCE

1. Theresa, A Spanish Senorita..... Gretchen Marquart
2. Miss Pelling, a French Tutor..... Vera Cole
3. Eleanor, An American Heiress..... Mildred McCord
4. Captain Bombastio, of the Island Police..... Thomas Morony
5. Zim and Zam, of the Island Police. Stephen Corboy and Arthur Mains
6. Don Cubeb De Cigarro, A Spanish Grandee..... Lowell Dowdell
7. Donna Isabella, His Wife..... Ruth Blachly
8. Bill Pilgrim, A Retired Pugilist..... Le Roy Stansell
9. Richard Stoneybroke, An American Planter..... Otis Sanford
10. Anthony Law, the Legal Advisor..... Thomas Marimon
11. Kitty, the Postmistress..... Edith Small
12. Don Cubeb's Man..... J. Gordon Wright

Relations, Men and Maid Servants, Pirates, Wives and Sweethearts.

MUSICAL NUMBERS

Overture

Act I

1. Prelude and Legend, Theresa..... Long Ago In Old Havana
2. Trio, Theresa, Eleanor and Miss Pelling..... Love Is a Definite Article
3. Song, Theresa..... Oh For the Wings of a White Sea Gull
4. Chorus..... Blue, Blue Is the Caribbean
5. Ballad, Donna Isabella..... I Once Was Young Myself
6. Duet, Richard and Bill Pilgrim..... Treat Him Kindly
7. Trio, Don Cubeb, Capt. Bombastio and Theresa... In a Tropical Creek
8. Duet, Richard and Theresa..... Nothing Else Matters At All
9. Song, Eleanor..... Some Day—Somehow
10. Chorus..... The Sky and the Pretty Flowers
11. Finale

Introduction

Act II

12. Solo, Bill Pilgrim, and Pirates' Chorus.....
..... A Pirate's Life Is a Terrible Life
13. Chorus..... Fresh and Fragrant Like the Morning
14. Song, Anthony with Chorus..... Mid the Hills of Carolina
15. Quartet, Richard, Anthony, Theresa, and Kitty.....
..... The Dear Romantic Days
16. Song, Eleanor..... To Let
17. Duet, Eleanor and Capt. Bombastio..... Some Day
18. Song, Don Cubeb..... The Omelet and the Onion

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- | | |
|--|--|
| 19. Trio, Richard, Anthony and Bill Pilgrim..... | Farewell, Farewell |
| 20. Chorus, with Don Cubeb..... | Our Pirate Chief Is Waiting On the Shore |
| 20a. Chorus, with Don Cubeb..... | I'm In a Most Unfortunate Predicament |
| 21. Duet, Richard and Theresa..... | The Sea of Mystery |
| 22. Finale..... | The Ensemble |

SCENES

Act I. Garden of Don Cubeb's Mansion in the Suburb of Havana.

A Week Elapses

Act II. The Pirates' Lair In the Isle of Pines.

Time—Present

Place—In the Vicinity of Cuba

CAPTAIN CROSSBONES



"CAPTAIN Crossbones" was a great success and was greatly enjoyed by the large audience which greeted the cast on Thursday evening, April eighth. Each of the musical numbers was given in a most pleasing manner. The orchestra which accompanied the singers rendered the Overture with excellent ability.

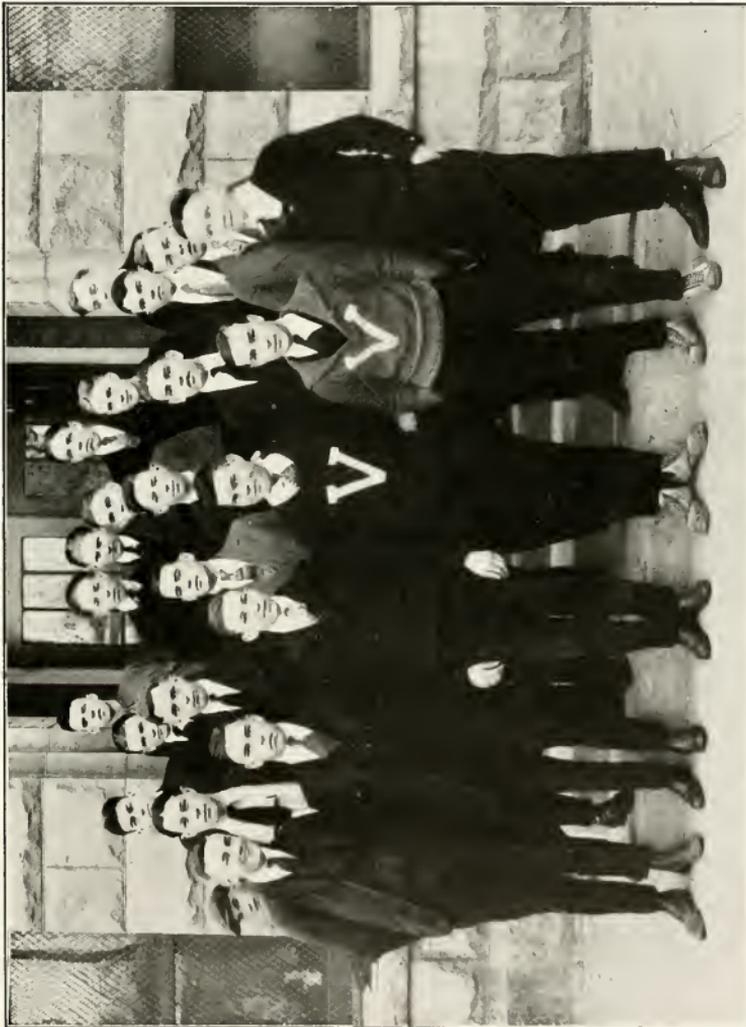
Gretchen Marquart, who played the part of Theresa, looked especially charming in her Spanish costume. She sang two selections, which were sweetly given and caused much applause. Vera Cole proved to be a very successful Miss Pelling, the faithful tutor of Theresa, who was inclined to take the wrong view of love. Eleanor, Mildred McCord, was very sweetly and tastily dressed in white. Her songs, and especially the duet with Thomas Morony, as Captain Bombastio, were very beautiful. Their graceful little dance added much to the evening's entertainment. Lowell Dowdell, known as Don Cubeb, and his wife, Ruth Blachly, were excellent. They were greatly distressed over the future of their daughter, Theresa, who was determined to marry Richard Stoneybroke. Otis Sanford won fame for himself in last year's operetta and surpassed his former reputation this year by taking the part of Richard, Theresa's lover. In a very tactful way he planned to take Theresa to the Pirates' Lair, and there marry her. Bill Pilgrim, Le Roy Stansell, was clever in his role of retired pugilist. Thomas Marimon, the Legal Advisor, added much to the operetta with his excellent voice. The funniest characters in the whole performance were Zim and Zam. These two boys, Steven Corboy and Arthur Mains, gave the audience a chance for many a hearty laugh. J. Gordon Wright was Don Cubeb's servant. The manner in which he followed his master was very ridiculous and very entertaining. The part of Kitty was cleverly taken by Edith Small.

We should mention also Don Cubeb's relations in their Spanish costumes, the Pirates, the Men and Maid Servants, the Wives and Sweethearts, whose different choruses were very harmonious and well sung. Especial notice should be given to the Spanish dance. The girls who took part in this were very graceful and made a very charming spectacle.

Much gratitude is due Miss Higbee and Mrs. Boucher for making this operetta the best the High School has ever given.

—Mary Louise Jessee.

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THE MOCK TRIAL



ON THE evening of February 25th, the assembly room was filled beyond capacity with an amazed and wondering crowd. There was much whispering, and many questions were asked. The assembly was brought to order by Walter Hiltbold, deputy sheriff of the school. Immediately began the cross-examination of the jurors—Thelma Passow, Harry Riggs, Carol Sievers, Lois Palmer, Ella Schroeder, Dorothy Towsley, Marjory Chaffee, Louis Fenton, Kathryn Maxwell and Enoch Hoffman were accepted by both the plaintiff and defendant.

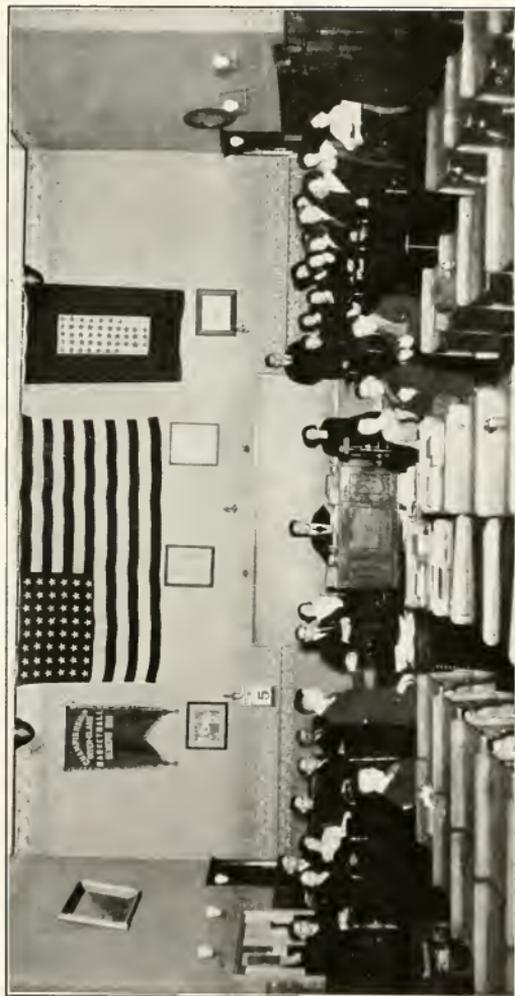
After this procedure, Mr. Fabing, attorney for the State, read the charge filed by Arthur Cloud against Le Roy Stansell. Mr. Cloud charged Mr. Stansell with assault and battery, with intent to kill.

Mr. Cloud was first to testify that on October 23rd, 1919, between the hours of two and three P. M., while coming from the English room, he was attacked by Mr. Stansell, who had an open knife in his hand. He testified that Mr. Stansell struck him with said knife, which was aimed at his heart. With great presence of mind he warded off the blow by putting up his left arm, thus causing the knife to strike his arm and inflict a deep gash. Mr. Cloud was then cross-examined by Lawyer McMillen, and upon being satisfied he was dismissed by the plaintiff.

Mr. Cloud's statements were supported by the following witnesses :

MR. WRIGHT.

- Q. Why did you notice Mr. Cloud on coming from the room?
 A. Because I was behind him.
 Q. How do you generally leave the English room?
 A. Generally on foot.



MR. RIGGS.

Q. What called your attention to Mr. Stansell during the recitation?

A. He seemed to have some very vicious glances to cast around the class.

MR. HILTPOLD and MISS ARVIN were duly sworn and questioned.

Then the defendant was sworn. He testified that although he did have a knife in his hand he had been using it for a different purpose, to clean his finger nails. He also testified that he closed the knife on leaving the school room and he did not strike Mr. Cloud until he had received a brutal push from the latter.

Mr. Jessee then testified to the good nature and good character of Mr. Stansell.

Mr. Fabing summed up the evidence and presented to the jurors what he considered the facts. Then followed the most pathetic appeal ever made in a court room. Mr. McMillen led his listeners through the prison where the defendant would spend the prime of his life. With tears in their eyes he brought them back from that journey only to take them on another. He took them to the home of the defendant's wife and five children, whom he supported doing nothing. When they returned from the trip the whole court was shaken with sobs.

The jurors then retired to make their decision. On their return the people waited breathless to hear their report and were struck with horror at the word,

"Guilty!"

—*Carrie Mae Sergeant.*

MY GIRL



Y GIRL—she is the nicest

That ever I have seen,

Don't let 'em tell you different,

For I'll say that she's some queen.

She has some eyes,—and roguish too,

As flirty as can be,

I guess that they were made to flirt,

Surely not just to see.

My girl—she is the nicest,

(To me it always seems),

The nicest girl in all the world,

I'll say that she's a dream.

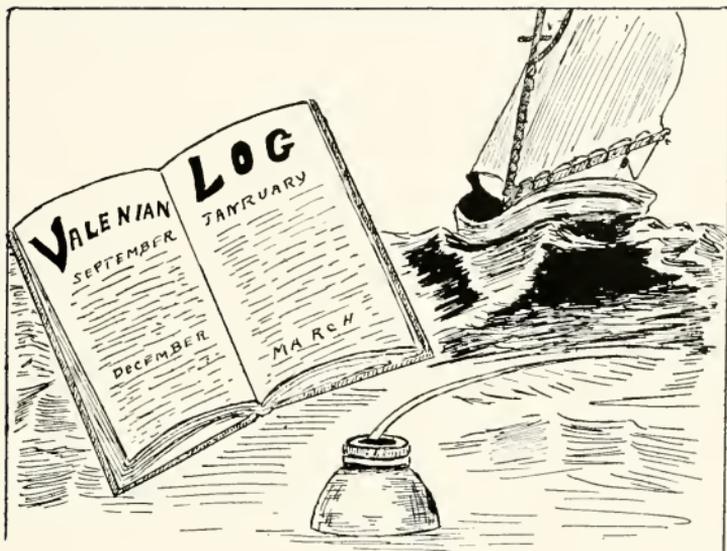
She has a pair of red, red lips,

(Her mouth is tiny, too),

But Oh! Those eyes! Those roguish eyes,

Those roguish eyes of blue.

—*Ivan Cole*



SEPTEMBER

2. First day of school. The Freshmen are all in a daze. Miss Aldinger and Mr. Schenck are the observed of all observers. We welcome Miss Reynolds into our midst again.
3. Everyone is given the new program puzzle to solve.
4. Vacation so soon? High School is dismissed to parade for the "Home Coming". We parade "in Absentia".
6. More seats are added to the assembly room. Everyone rushes to get a double seat.



SEPTEMBER

10. The Seniors elect officers. We actually don't argue this time. What has happened to everybody?
12. Reverend Carpenter conducts our morning exercises.
13. Miss Benney kindly explains to the Freshies how to use the reference room. We wonder if they will ever learn.
16. A weenie roast at Sager's is planned for Wednesday evening.
17. We sorrowfully listen to Mr. Jessee's talk on why mid-week parties should be discouraged.
18. The weenie roast for unknown (?) reasons is postponed until Friday. Mr. Jessee gives a talk on our fine spirit of co-operation.
20. The weenie roast comes off at last. Everyone has a good time. Miss Ashton and Miss Aldinger talk "Dutch" on the way home. We wonder what their secret is.
24. Miss Reynolds creates great excitement by wearing a diamond ring. Lucky fellow!
25. Mr. Yoseeda, a native of Japan, gives an exceedingly interesting talk on his native country. Everyone goes "broke" buying Japanese charms and trinkets.
26. The annual struggle for Senior pins is on. We agree to disagree.



1. English V recites narrative poems for morning exercises.
2. The girls are advised to wear more appropriate clothing to school. They are also told that nice little girls don't use powder and paint.
3. The Senior boys make themselves conspicuous by wearing corduroy trousers. Under classmen are warned not to wear them.
6. The girls have lost their "Cootie cages".
8. Opal Williams is caught powdering her nose in the hall and stammers confusedly, "Oh, pardon me".
11. Babe Horn comes near having his

- most embarrassing moment when he comes to school in the "forbidden corduroys".
13. Better English Week. We begin to improve our vocabularies by writing all the slang words we know.
15. We have a special program in the afternoon. Clyde Summers—"You should have saw, etc." Our basketball season begins. We are beaten by Lowell.
20. The orchestra furnishes music for morning exercises. Everyone crazy over "The Vamp".
27. English VIII gives quotations in the assembly. Everyone has three guesses as to what they said.

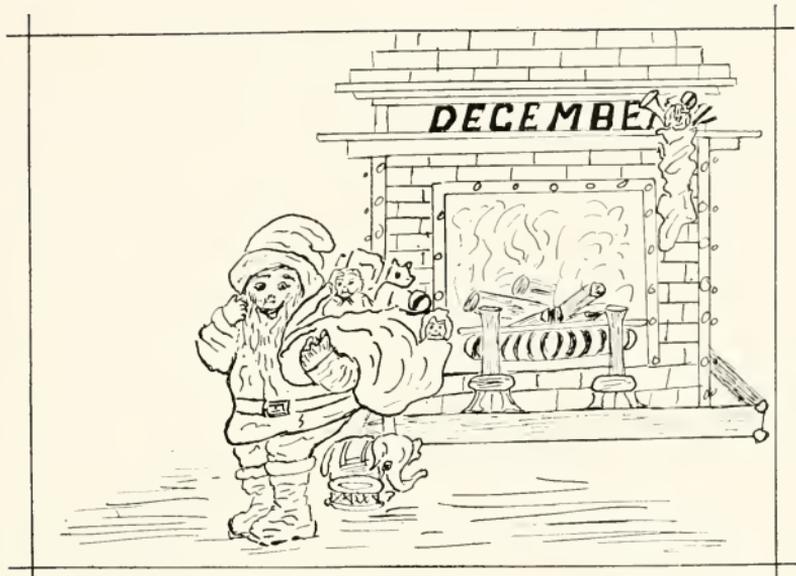


NOVEMBER.



3. Babe Horn entertains us at noon by singing and playing some of his original compositions. We wonder if Miss McIntyre appreciates his genius.
5. Shrimp Holman gets a crush on "Timmie".
7. Jeanette Finney gets real frisky and falls out of her seat in Physics. We wonder if she will always be such a tomboy.
11. From all appearances Ellen and Lowell were practicing for the mo-

- vies the last period this afternoon. How shocking!
15. Miss Higbee in Glee Club practice—"Let's sing the black words in the Dusky Lullaby".
16. Senior Trial is a huge success. Mack makes his reputation as the best crook lawyer in the class.
20. Civics Class attends a trial at the court house.
27. School is out for Thanksgiving Vacation.
28. Valpo wins from LaPorte, 51 to 10.



3. Some of the boys sing popular songs for us at the noon hour.
8. Jess, Lewis and Fat are seen sitting in one seat. Jess doesn't know what to do with his long arms. Fat offers a satisfactory solution to the question.
9. Which is the worst—the sound of squeaky shoes or the smell of kerosene? Ask Shelly.
11. Mr. Pauley has a hair-cut.
14. Fat McWhinney and Lewis get their clothes sewed together at noon by some Freshmen girls.
16. Ronald Stoner, the girl hater, asks Esther to go to the basketball game. What is happening to Ronald? Is Esther vamping him?
19. Hurrah! School is out for the holidays. As usual, we win the basketball game at Rensselaer.

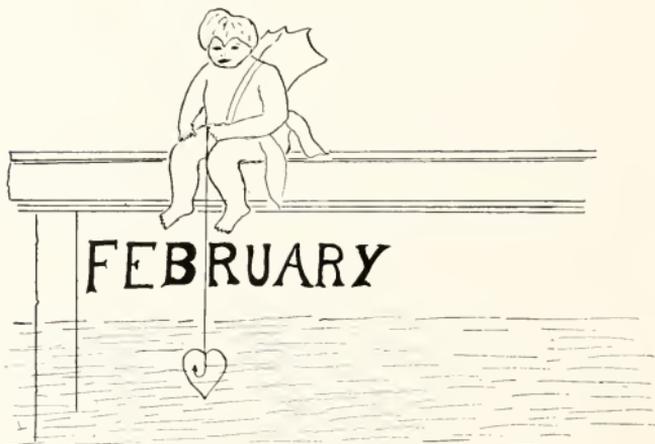
JANUARY



5. Everyone is back with his New Year's resolutions.
6. Alas! All resolutions are broken.
9. Senior Oratorical.
12. Everybody begins cramming for exams.
15. Exams! Oh Misery.
16. End of the first semester.
19. More Freshmen make their debut.
- (?) The Senior Vaudeville is a huge success. Bib is a regular "Theda the second".
22. Nothing doing! A new chair in the reference room.
26. Everybody gets the "flu".
27. We start practice on the Operetta, which promises to be a big success.

FEBRUARY

2. Dorothy Tousley gets rash and brings her hair curlers to school.
4. Steve Corboy pulls off his annual stunt of sliding down the platform steps. When will he outgrow those childish habits?
6. Babe Horn gets a seat on the platform. Teacher's pet (?).
7. Valpo to Emerson (?). All the world loves a cheerful loser.
9. Mr. Jessee gives us much needed advice on how to study.
13. Mr. Anderson talks to us about his latest novel, "The Blue Moon". Everyone is crazy to read it. Martha Shinabarger sits with John Albe. We wonder if it is not slightly crowded.
16. Juicy Burke, that naughty little Freshman boy, gets a seat on the platform. Miss Ashton scares us all by getting the scarlet fever.





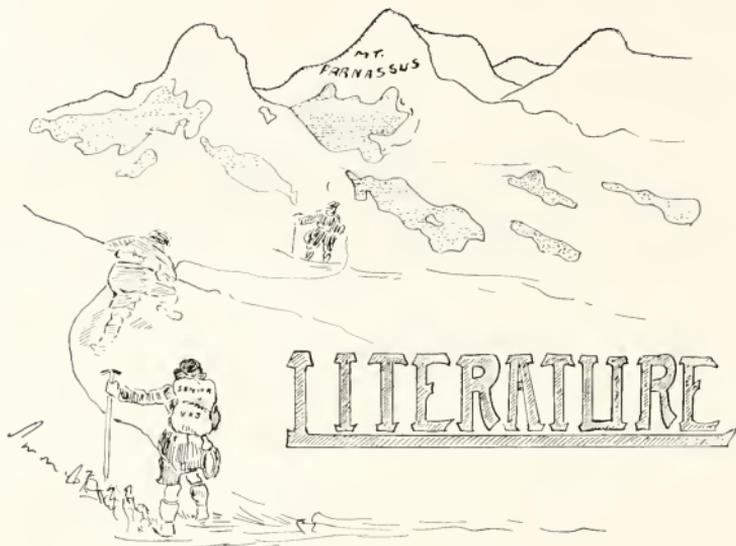
MARCH

- MARCH**
4. Preparations are being made for the Tourney. We have a rousing yell practice at noon.
 - 6-7. School is dismissed for the Tourney. Emerson takes the laurels.
 9. "Friend Dog" pays us an unwelcome visit. Miss McIntyre—"The more I see of men, the more I think of dogs".
 15. Music Week. Roger Wilson, Frank Horn and Dick Fabing play on their trombones for morning exercises.
 16. Ruth Blachley sings "Down in Old Virginia". The juniors give eulogies on the great men who were born this week.
 20. Mr. Tallcott gives an interesting talk and a number of readings.
 22. Seniors choose their announcements after a heated discussion. Everyone wants a party so Arthur suggests a weenie roast, a dance or a "house party".
 24. Morning exercises are impressively conducted by Miss Benney, who tells the story of Esther.

APRIL

1. April Fool!
8. The Operetta is given, and it

- proves to be worth the time and effort spent in practicing. We're all sorry that there will be no more excuses to "get out" at night.
 9. Lois Palmer suddenly gets a brilliant streak in Chemistry. We wonder what has wrought this wondrous change.
 18. The baseball season begins.
 21. Jess and Steve begin to practice economy in clothes by wearing overalls.
 22. Class pictures are taken for the Valenian. Everyone look pleasant, please.
 23. More overalls are seen. In spite of appearances they seem to be the stylish thing.
 24. Valpo wins from Froebel in baseball.
 26. The baseball boys wear their suits to school.
 30. Junior-Senior Prom.
- MAY**
3. Senior Play.
 7. Senior Picnic at Flint Lake.
 16. Baccalaureate Sermon.
 20. Commencement Exercises.
 22. The High School Reception.
 24. Junior-Senior Picnic.
 25. Alumni Banquet.



ORATORICAL CONTEST

The customary oratorical contest was held January 9th. As an example of our originality we selected lovely weather for the occasion—not a stormy cold night as has been the usual case. All the subjects were of current interest and each speech was worthy of much praise. The decision of the judges was in favor of Margery Chaffee for the girls and Lowell Dowdell for the boys. After the contest the Senior class held a canteen in the south hallway. After all the candy and pop-corn balls had disappeared the crowd went down to the kindergarten room and danced.

PROGRAM OF CONTEST

Music	Thomas Morony
"Lest We Forget"	Hazel Butler
"The Metric System"	Lillian Darst
"The American Negro"	Opal Williams
"America's Debt to Women"	Margery Chaffee
"Armenia"	Olive Dolson
Music	Dorothy Dee
"Profit Sharing"	John Fabing
"Universal Military Training"	Enoch Huffman
"The New South"	Lowell Dowdell
"America and World Trade"	Harold Coulter
Music	Boys' Glee Club
Decision of Judges.	

AMERICA'S DEBT TO HER WOMEN



FROM the very beginning of civilization we find the pages of history filled with the accomplishments and achievements of great and famous men. They are loved, honored and respected by us all and their memories will live in our hearts forever. And truly they are worthy of praise and admiration, for is it not to our men that we owe the wonderful blessing of living in a free and democratic country? Have they not founded the church, the state, and the nation, and our great institutions of learning? Have they not sacrificed life itself that we might enjoy even greater liberty and freedom?

But what of our women? Where have they been all these years? Have they accomplished nothing? Have they contributed nothing to civilization? They surely cannot have been idle! For in other fields we do know that their influence has been felt all over our great country, among all classes of society, and in all departments of culture and learning. Indeed our average American woman of good birth, breeding, and parentage has enjoyed better advantages of education and is better informed than the average American man. But because the American woman's sphere has been more retired, less is known of her activities, and therefore it is my aim to tell briefly some of the things she has accomplished in literature, science, business, art, and home-making and thus has helped to mold American history.

It seems only right that the first woman who influenced American civilization should not be overlooked. This is Isabella of Castile. Few people realize that her name is connected almost inseparably with the history of our country, yet without her aid and encouragement Columbus would never have been able to reach the new world. Isabella was willing not only to sacrifice her crown jewels, to bear the sneers and disapproval of her own court, but even to risk her royal prestige and her fame as a queen to help in what then seemed a hopeless and visionary undertaking. She did take such risks and she did make such sacrifices and as a result she stands today before all the world, an example of what can be started by a woman's heart and hand.

Another foreign woman who should be equally honored is Madam La Fayette, whose sacrifices for the cause of liberty helped to found this, the most democratic country in the world.

In remembering our own American women, let us first consider the women of Plymouth Colony, and see what they have contributed to the welfare of our country. Not much is known of the women of Plymouth Colony; history has never been filled with their praise, and yet we do know that they played a conspicuous part in the life of the colony. We first see them on board the Mayflower, tenderly nursing the sick and caring for those who are either too old and feeble or too young to look after themselves. Next we see them in cold New England cheerfully working in

the fields along with their husbands, or in their crude but neat cabin homes, busy with their household duties or giving gentle words of encouragement and praise that so greatly influenced the lives of their noble sons and daughters. Most people are apt to condemn the Puritan woman for her so-called pitiless New England conscience and her narrow views of life. But we must consider her reasons for leaving England and the conditions under which she lived before we criticize her too severely, for she had left England to escape religious persecution and to live her life according to the dictates of her own conscience. Is it any wonder that she so rigidly enforced the religious and moral ideals for which she had endured exile from her homeland? We must also remember her great devotion to her home and family, her educational and religious instructions and her high moral standards, which resulted in the Puritan woman's having an inefaceable impression upon our social life.

Let us next see what the women of the American Revolution and of the Civil War have done for us. When their husbands, brothers and sons were called away to fight for their country and perhaps even give their lives, the women sent them off with a tender and affectionate farewell, speaking words of courage, inspiring them with greater patriotism, and always helping them to do their duty, which is the greatest tenderness a woman can show towards a man. These women were not content alone to make warm garments for the soldiers when the bitter cold of winter came on, but they even took up the hard manual labor that the men were forced to lay down. The young girls, too, quickly caught the spirit of their mothers, and amid their gayety and mirth helped in the great cause of freedom.

Modern American women who have not been closely confined by their home duties have entered into the life of the world and have won equal distinction with some of our great men. American women are among the foremost writers of the day. A successful publisher says that it is an undisputed fact that some of the best literary work of today is done by women. In two years, out of the fifteen best books published, eleven were written by women. Many of these books have had a great influence in moulding public opinion. Take, for instance, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," by Harriet Beecher Stowe. Written at a time when there was great opportunity to work on the sympathies of mankind, it roused wide sympathy for the sorrows and sufferings of the black man. It recognized the brotherhood of man and offered a not impossible solution of the slave question.

Many of the best magazine articles have been contributed by women. Suffrage papers have been published by enthusiastic club women and the daily papers have a large percentage of women contributors.

Only recently have all avenues of business and industry been opened to women. The best positions were always offered to men and lower wages were paid to women, even though their work was of a high quality. But today the world is recognizing woman's ability and she is gaining a

place of her own in all lines of work. It is not at all uncommon now for a woman to study law, be admitted to the bar and work up a good practice. Some women have even been admitted to practice before the superior courts of the United States.

There is scarcely a business or trade at the present time in which women are not employed. They are found as clerks, salesladies, postmistresses, stenographers, dentists, and in other positions too numerous to mention. During the recent war they successfully filled positions in munition factories.

In philanthropy, too, the American women have worked earnestly and diligently. We all know the heroic part they played in the last war by spending long, tedious hours making bandages for the wounded or warm garments for the soldiers in training. Those who could, went overseas and devoted their time to nursing, while those who were gifted with some particular talent went about among the hospitals entertaining the convalescent soldiers with their cheerful songs and their interesting stories, or their clever stunts.

Through the various women's organizations of the churches a great work has been done. They have spent an endless amount of time and money in charitable work, and in establishing community houses for homeless children. Many women have gone into the foreign fields of China, India, and Africa, to spread Christianity. Their task has been anything but pleasant, but they have kept at it faithfully, feeling that they were being fully paid by the consciousness of the great work they were doing. Other societies of women, under the leadership of Frances E. Willard, have accomplished wonders in the cause of temperance.

But though woman's influence has been felt so keenly in all these lines of work, it is almost nothing as compared to what her influence has been in the home. She alone has created the home, and it is her greatest gift to humanity. Many nuns may cry out that their sole purpose in life has been to serve God; beautiful queens may say that they have devoted their lives to the service of their people and their country; but their voices would be lost among the vast throngs who cry, "Our only aim in life has been to make a good home." And truly the woman who has created a good home is far greater than the most renowned statesman, poet, or philosopher the world has even known, for if it were not for the patient efforts and the sweet Christian influence of the mother which inspire her children with noble thoughts and sentiments which cling to them all their lives, we would have no great statesmen, poets, or philosophers.

It is in the home, during the early years of childhood, that the mother's influence is the greatest. During this time she teaches the child to obey cheerfully, to honor and respect his parents, to fear God, and at all times and under all circumstances to stand for the truth and justice. It is the child who is thus trained who grows up to be a useful, law-abiding citizen, a man of high moral standing and a true patriot. How important,

then, is this early training! For what mother can know but that to her care may have been entrusted the life of some future poet, philosopher or statesman?

Mary Washington is one of the best examples of what a good home-training can do. We need to spend no time in eulogizing her, for the only eulogy she needs is the character of her illustrious son. La Fayette on meeting her was so impressed with her quiet dignity, and her refined manners and speech, that he exclaimed, "If such be the matrons of America well may the country boast of illustrious sons."

Today is the most promising era for women the world has ever known. Woman is no longer the timid, fearful creature of the past, but she is a creature independent and free with the desire to push out into life, and establish a reputation for herself. But do not think because women are taking this outward step that they are leaving behind them all those sweet and gentle virtues that have always been so characteristic of them. By no means! For they still retain their gentle qualities but are only adding new characteristics which are broadening their lives and making them sweeter, fuller, and richer. And so let the American woman always be honored, loved and respected in all our hearts, for a fair test of the measure of civilization of any country is the estimate in which its people hold their women.

—*Marjorie Chaffee.*

THE WINDS

O winds that blow across the sea,
O winds that blow from far country,
Blow, blow to me, in memory,
The poppies of Japan.

O winds that blow round rocky shore,
O winds that love the ocean's roar,
Your hoarse voice sounds forever more,
Round Ireland's isle so green.

Ye winds that love to roam around,
Go seek a place of hallowed ground;
Made dear to us by battle sound,
The lily fields of France.

Then back to me from wanderings wild,
O come to me, fair Nature's child,
Lull me to rest with whisp'rings mild,
And fill my dreams with peace.

—*Katharine McAuliffe*

THE NEW SOUTH



IN THE last year of his life General Lee made a visit to Cumberland Island, Ga., and while there he was attacked with a sickness which in the end proved fatal. His nurse was an old negro woman, the "mammy" of the household. One day, while suffering a nervous pain, he became enraged at her officious benevolence and threw a slipper at the old woman's head. There was a skillful dodge of the red bandana, and then she deliberately picked up the slipper and hurled it back at him, with the words: "Dah, now! I ain't gwine to let no white chile sass me; I ain't."

This incident, which is historical, illustrates the position of the "mammy" in a Southern family in the olden time.

Very similar was the position of the "old colored uncle" in the days of slavery.

Against all care and all want these old dependents of the family were assured in the love of their owners, and if that was not sufficient, in a legal obligation for their support.

What a change in this care-free existence was wrought by that otherwise beneficent stroke of Abraham Lincoln's pen, January 1st, 1863! There is a sort of conservatism which modifies the first shock of a great revolution in the condition of a people. Because of this, no immediate and general breaking up of the plantation system occurred in the South in 1865. Many of the planters attempted to farm their lands as before, substituting paid labor for slave labor. In such cases, it made little difference to the kindly owner that the old negroes on the place should be pensioners on the supplies furnished by him for the plantation. The plantation system soon decayed. The owner of broad acres found it profitable to divide them into "settlements" and rent them to the "hands". Small farms were the order of the day. Many of the thrifty negroes acquired the ownership of the "patches" they cultivated. There was no place in this economy for those who could not take care of themselves. They afford an instance in human life of the truth so often observed in geological history, that types existing at the close of one era and the beginning of another bear the brunt of the change and struggle for existence in an unfriendly environment.

The old uncle and the old mammy are impossibilities to this generation. Time has broken the die which molded them, and we shall not look upon their like again.

Fifty-four years have passed since the South emerged from the Civil War, wrecked and shattered—their banking system was destroyed, agriculture was dead, no manufacturing industries existed, capital had vanished, their railroads had been all but completely destroyed, poverty reigned supreme in town and hamlet, and recuperation seemed wellnigh impossible.

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Turning from these sad and desolate pictures to the present period, we see that the conditions which exist everywhere today throughout the South justify the assertion and belief that these states must possess great and unusual advantages to have reached within a period of fifty-four years a condition of prosperity which points with a confident finger to a triumphant future.

With a population of twenty-five million and an area of eight hundred thousand square miles, we here have a group of states worth describing somewhat in detail. Running through their center extends the southern Appalachian region, along whose northwestern slope stretches a continuous and unbroken coal field of incalculable value, heavily timbered, with a productive soil and a healthful and cool climate. Lying towards the east spreads another strip of high, mountainous country, rising over 2,000 feet above the sea level. These ranges are covered with dense forests of varied and valuable wood, and are prolific in slates, fine clays, marbles, ores, copper and other minerals, with a wealth of iron which only equals their colossal wealth in coal. The coal fields of the South, by their extent and depth, are practically beyond the limits of definite measurement, and the coal trade, yet in its infancy in that section, bids fair to spread far beyond the limits of this country owing to the greatly improved harbor facilities in Mobile and Pensacola and because of an enthusiastic American spirit to enter into international commerce, prompted undoubtedly by the opportunities opened up by the European war.

As the agricultural industries of the Southern states are the foundation of their prosperity, they demand priority of consideration. Among them, cotton, the greatest staple production of the world, stands unquestionably foremost; for the ramifications of interests interwoven in the cotton trade, which embrace the planter, manufacturer, merchant and exporter, aggregate a colossal amount of capital and absorb the energies, ingenuity and genius of millions of men.

Altho Great Britain's supremacy in cotton manufacture is conceded it is solely owing to the fact that it has been the home for a great many years of the most improved applications of machinery to that industry, for they have no raw cotton near at hand and must import material from foreign countries, chiefly from the Southern states. The Eastern mills of the United States do now rival those of Lancashire, and the splendid manufacturing structures recently erected in North and South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Texas and Louisiana, are rapidly outstripping both because of the superior economic conditions which they control, such as locating and operating mills in close proximity to their own cotton fields.

The Southern states of America furnish 80% of the raw cotton of the world, retaining for home uses one-third of the quantity produced, the rest going to foreign markets. The capital and enterprise demonstrated in the erection of cotton mills in the South of recent years coupled

with cheap and contented labor and limitless coal mines, whose surface strata alone is being utilized at a small cost, contrasted with the great cost of extracting coal from the deep coal beds of England, makes the price of manufacture favor the South. Holding therefore these splendid advantages she will, following the World War, naturally seek for a widening foreign market. This she now can readily reach through the Panama Canal, thereby adding South American countries, China, Japan and the islands in the Pacific to her rich and prolific market.

The sugar-cane of Louisiana is a product giving the most lucrative returns to the cultivator and presents one of the most beautiful sights in the world. The splendid luxurance of this crop caught in the gentle Southern breezes, waving gracefully in billowy green rows, under the radiant light of a glowing Southern sky, an almost indescribable scene, develops into a commodity giving remunerative employment to an industrious population and brings millions of dollars into the state annually.

In 1881 the South produced 400,000,000 bushels of wheat, corn and oats. The increase in these products coupled with a corresponding increase in the cotton crop, goes to prove the sagacity of the great English commoner, John Bright, who said:

"Those beautiful states of the South! Those regions, than which the whole earth offers nothing more lovely or more fertile."

A greater variety of timbers are not to be found than in the Southland, for here the cherry and laurel intermingle their luxuriant foliage and thrive along with white and yellow pines, the chestnut, walnut, hickory, poplar, and oaks.

Turning toward the carrying power of the South, we see that the mileage of the Southern railroads has grown from 23,000 miles in 1881 to 53,533 miles in 1907, and that these roads have made far greater strides in the way of improvements within the past twenty years than lines in other sections of the country, while their reductions of freight and passenger rates have been greater. In 1890 there were less than 30 miles of double track railway lines in the territory south of the Ohio and Potomac and east of the Mississippi but in 1907 this had increased to 1,321 miles of double track, and the total of operated tracks had increased, as above stated, to 53,533 miles.

The South has had its political problems and it is hard for Southerners to forget the reign of terror or the period of negro supremacy following the Civil War, that intolerable yoke which was only destroyed by a "solid vote". Nevertheless, the tariff in these days causes a division of public opinion, and gradually but surely the voters are becoming independent of party lines. The *Old South*, exclusively agricultural, was a unit for free trade; while the *New South*, turning its attention to cotton spinning and mining, favors a policy which will foster these interests. She sees in

the tariff a temporary but necessary expedient for the upbuilding of new industries, and is naturally unwilling to sacrifice the prospects at the very moment when it is beginning to aid in the development of her resources, so to some extent, she is already breaking away from a "solid vote", stirred to the act by the gigantic breadth of her commerce, enterprise and capital.

And now that the glimmering dawn of a stupendous future is fairly spreading its transcendent glow of prosperity abroad over the great Southern states, the throb of pulsating triumph beats in the hum of the factory, glows in the smelting furnace, and ascends in the soft twilight hours from the rich furrows of her incomparable fields, while the salt-sea waves, as they rock her shipping and dance against pier and wharf, add their exultant voices in prophecy of the coming prosperity they so plainly foresee for THE NEW SOUTH.

—Paul Lowell Dowdell

ODE TO AN IDEAL



WHEN I am doomed to fall in love,
 I'll seek my mate just like a dove,
 I'll search the country far and wide,
 Until I have her by my side.
 And when I find her you shall see,
 Just how her vision seemed to me.

Her eyes will be a delicate blue,
 Her lips shall form a dark red hue,
 Her cheeks shall be tinted red,
 And dark lustrous hair shall crown her head.
 Her soul shall be so pure and sweet,
 That the Lord will save her a Heavenly seat.

And when I find my sweet ideal,
 'Tis many a kiss that I will steal.
 And when I kiss that soft pink cheek,
 I pity the fellow that dares to peek,
 For no one but a low down "bum,"
 Would have the crust to spoil our fun.

—Earl McMillan

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CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE



"I INVITED to a dinner party at Mrs. Patterson's this evening, Bob, so why don't you go over to your mother's?" said Mrs. Jean Mullen to her husband one morning.

"I believe I'll do that," Bob replied.

Mrs. Patterson's parties were always given for one of two reasons: she was indebted to those whom she invited, or she had something "important" to tell someone. The latter happened to be the reason for this particular party. The guests were all seated at the dining table with Jean at Mrs. Patterson's right. After the first course had been served and everyone was talking to someone else, Mrs. Patterson started a conversation with Jean. They talked on general topics for a few moments and then Mrs. Patterson suddenly asked:

"Do you know a young lady by the name of Letty Malone, Mrs. Mullen?"

"Letty Malone? Why, I don't recognize the name," Jean said.

"Well, I really suppose I ought not to tell you this, but I am only doing it because I think it is for your own good. The other night when your husband and Tom Bentley and several other men were here to see Mr. Patterson, I was going by the library and happened to overhear one of the men say, "Say, Mullen, who was that good-looking woman that came into the office to see you the other day." Before your husband had time to answer, Tom Bentley laughed and said, "Oh! Letty Malone". Now my dear, I'm telling it to you just as I heard it and I haven't told any one about it—but I did think you ought to know."

Jean, whose greatest fault was her jealousy, tried to conceal her feelings by answering, "Thank you very much for telling me, Mrs. Patterson, but I don't think it is anything to worry about". She really was very indignant and as soon as she could she excused herself and went home. She decided to act as though she had no suspicions, and see how long her husband would deceive her.

She endured the suspense for about a week and then decided to act for herself. She called up Tom Bentley and said very sweetly, "Tom, this is Jean Mullen speaking, and I should like very much to see you today. Don't you want to take me to the 'Myndora' for lunch this noon?—Oh! thank you very much; I knew you would."

Shortly after twelve that noon Jean and Tom sought a secluded corner of the spacious dining-hall, and after giving the order Tom turned to Jean smilingly and said, "Well, my dear, what is the trouble now?"

Jean told him all Mrs. Patterson had said.

"Do you know who this Letty Malone is, Tom?"

Much to her surprise, Tom was laughing so heartily that for a few moments he could not answer her.

"Jean, you certainly have caused yourself much unnecessary worrying. The good-looking woman who came to his office the other day was you; don't you remember? The men were just joking with him and I didn't say 'Letty Malone', but, 'Let him alone'."

—Ellen Arvin

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A FORTUNATE FUMBLE



CROSS the campus came floating on the chill November breeze the sound of such a din as is made only by college folk before a great game or after a much-desired victory. Suddenly nine long raahs for "Porter" were sent echoing across the grounds.

"His name is Porter, he is the captain of Centerview's football team and altogether the most popular young—"

"Aw, shut up," growled that young individual, siding towards his tormentor, a freckle-faced youngster of nineteen, in a threatening manner.

Ned Porter was one of the leaders in school life at Centerview, a strongly built, manly fellow, beloved of the higher classmen, adored from a distance by the youngsters. His horrest, handsome face was always wreathed in smiles, even when defeat stood out defying him. This was his third year on the team and his last in college.

Ned turned to the freckle-faced lad. "Bart Post, if you do not stop your kidding I shall have to thrash you one of these days."

"Yes," spoke up the third member of the group, Francis Reynolds, Wren for short. "And I shall lend a hand at that ceremony."

The speakers were just entering the gym. All three held regular positions on the squad, Ned at quarter, Bart at right end, and Wren at center. Centerview had gone through the entire schedule without a defeat and now had come the great day of her football year, the game with Martindale. Both teams were quite equal in strength with the exception of right half-back, which was Centerview's one weak spot.

Oliver Hallett and Buck Hampson had been alternating at right half all season. Buck was a hard, fast worker, nimble of foot and sure, but he never got the "breaks" of the game and Hallett did. For this reason it seemed that the honor would go to Hallett this afternoon.

"Ned, who is going to play right half this afternoon?"

"Can't tell, Wren, looks like Hallett."

"But man, he is yellow!"

"He has never shown it in a game, and until he does you should not accuse him," spoke up Bart. But down in his heart each one feared the outcome and secretly hoped that Buck would be in the line-up when the whistle blew.

The time was two o'clock. The gates were thronged yet, and it was a puzzle to the ones in the stands where the newcomers were going to find seats. On the far side a big black and gold flag fluttered briskly in the breeze and beneath it, overflowing from the stand onto the fast yellowing grass, were Martindale's rooters. From end to end and flooding half-way back again around both East and West stands, the purple of Centerview flapped in the breeze, till that portion of the field looked like a bank of violets. Countless flags swayed and circled everywhere.

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The cheering had begun. Starting at one end of the West stand the yell sped, increasing in volume as it went. From the black and gold answering cheers broke out.

This was the day of reunion for old friends and friendly enemies. Professors walked somewhat abashed among their pupils, old football players, former captains, stars in rowing, pilots of the nine in olden days, bygone school heroes, all these had come again to live over their college life and to take part in the great battle between the rivals, this time as on-lookers.

And then the teams came out! First Martindale and then Centerview. The stands went delirious as their voices swelled to the sky in wild, frantic shouts. Ned, with the ball tucked snugly under one arm, led Centerview. Following him came in order, Wren, the two guards, tackles, ends, Elton full-back, Hammond left half and then—then Hallett. The coach had worried all day, many days, 'tis true, over the problem of right half, and had finally sent in Hallett.

The two captains met in mid-field. A coin flashed in the sunlight. "Heads," called Bell, Martindale's captain. "Tails it is!" announced the referee.

Ned ground his heel into the earth and pointed the ball, the whistle piped, the new ball soared on its arching flight, and the game was on.

Martindale lost the ball, regained it, and had first down on her forty-yard line. Then she started her steam roller. Centerview's wings caught most of the hammering, for at center Martindale found it impossible to gain through Wren. Left tackle was a hard proposition but James Conly beside him was weak and not a few gains were made on that side. On the other side Tom Shannon was playing high at tackle; and, although Deck Tree was doing his best to break things up, that wing gave badly before the foe. Elton and Ned saved the day time and again, bringing down the runner after he had flung off the linemen. No tricks were tried—Martindale was depending on straight football to win. Down to Centerview's twenty-five yards swept the line of battle, slowly, surely.

There Centerview held. Down the side line raced her rooters, waving flags and making discordant noises on their horns. Centerview's first attempt netted scarcely a yard. Her second, Ned around left end, came to an inglorious end in a five-yard loss. Then Elton dropped back and punted.

The fast Martindale captain gathered in the ball, reeled off some ten yards and was downed. Once again that nerve-racking advance began. Two yards through left tackle, a long plunge through center, and then, while the wearied and battered men crawled to their feet, the whistle shrilled and the half was over.

Presently the peppery Centerview cheer was ringing across the field. Over the fading white line the two teams arranged themselves. No

changes had been made in either line-up. Hallett had not been given the ball yet and was playing back, so had not been tested.

The greater part of the second half was almost a repetition of the first. Both teams were playing straight football. The ball was first in one's territory and then in the other's.

The fourth quarter started with the ball in Centerview's possession on her forty-five-yard line.

"2—8—9!" yelled Ned as he bent over Wren.

"2—8—!" The ball was snapped. Hallett darted toward the center, took the leather at a hand-pass, crushed it against his stomach and bang! A shoulder hit him, and down he went, one yard gained.

"Second down, eight yards to gain." "2—9—9!"

"2—9—!" Up ran Hallett, grabbed the ball, but the elusive oval escaped his hands and rolled behind the line, where Hammond fell on it.

"Third down," said the referee; "thirteen yards to go."

"4—7—8!" called Ned.

"4—7—!" Back sped Elton, up ran Hallett and Hammond. The line blocked hurriedly. A thud was heard as the full-back's shoe struck the ball.

The Martindale captain was under the ball, waiting grimly. Quickly gathering it to him he set out, a defense hurriedly forming before him. Up the field they raced. Surely no way through that crowded field was possible, yet on he sped, the distance between him and the goal posts rapidly decreasing. Hammond was thrust aside by a Martindale forward. Ned took two men down with him, and Elton made a desperate effort to get both runner and lone guard. He was shouldered off by the guard and the fleet Martindale captain continued his course on down the field with only Hallett between him and safety. Would Hallett make good?

The west stand was watching with bated breath. Hallett bore down on the runner. Three, four yards he ran Bell out of his course. Suddenly the runner turned sharply and made for Hallett, not two yards distant. And then Hallett lost his nerve; making a quick step to the right he stuck out his hand in a half-hearted attempt to touch the runner. His fist, instead of touching Bell, hit the ball, which the Martindale captain was holding before him, and the oval bounded out of his hands, across the grounds. Hallett, quickly realizing what had happened, swooped down on the ball, tucked it under his arm and set out. The Centerview players hastily gathered around him in formation and he sped on. The stands were wild with exultant excitement. Behind him Hallett could hear the din of shouting, before him stretched an almost open field now. Ned and Elton were in front of him and Bart to one side. There was a thud as Bart warded off one of Martindale's tackles. Ned took the next and Elton and Hallett raced on with only the opposing full-back between them and victory. The full approached warily, made a pretty tackle, but Elton stepped in and spoilt it. Hallett had an open field. One white line more and he would be

there. Martindale's full-back had quickly recovered and was rapidly bearing down on the Purple runner, but safety came before he was overtaken.

Elton kicked goal as the whistle sounded. Centerview had won, and to her Hallett was a hero; but that individual had hastily repaired to the gym, there to dress and leave before he met any of his teammates. With shamed face and downcast head he met his coach.

Next morning there was a vacant place at training table. Hallett had gone home. How he returned next year and made good under difficulties must be told at some other time. Suffice to say here, he did go back and made good, and in his senior year was elected captain.

—*LeRoy Stansell*

APRIL WINDS

Fair blue skies that bend and dip
Cup-like above an earth of gold;
Low sleepy winds that softly slip
Like winged things when shadows fold
The glinting sunbeams all away
And the fresh grass that bends in play
See, among the star-like blossoms how it frolics on the plain.
It's the one wind we all long for, it may come by night or day,
Oh, the wind that blows in Springtime with the welcome scent of rain.

There's the wind that sweeps the land where frost is ever king,
It will bid the pulse to quicken and its kiss is like a sting.
But there's a wind that whistles softly at the heels of Winter's train,
'Tis the wind that blows in Springtime with the welcome scent of rain.

—*Helen Hansen*

LIFE BUMPS UP



WELL, here I am back at school after summer vacation, with hardly a decent dress to wear and my allowance all spent. It happened at the summer cottage. All the girls had pledged themselves to write a love story and to leave boys strictly to themselves.

I arrived home broke, as usual. Daddy met me at the station, so I was relieved of borrowing cab fare. Mother coldly kissed me. She and Sis had just purchased large corsages for the Country Club. It really didn't seem as if they were very enthusiastic about my coming home.

We soon departed for the Lake. Here I discovered a perfectly wonderful boathouse where I could write my love story. It certainly was ideal. Through the front window I could see the debutantes angling for the nice young fellows in duck trousers. You know I'm too young for serious intentions.

On the Fourth of July, well do I remember the date, Sister announced that a wonderful young man was coming for dinner and would I forget talking about being a man-hater or absent myself. Now in reality she is only two years older than I, but I must wear short dresses until she is safely married. She and he were going to the Country Club to a dance after dinner. I decided I would not go to the dinner but that I would go to the dance.

I told Mother I would stay with Aunt Alice all night. I fully realized that if I ever wanted to grow up I should have to take the initiative. I had been told that a genius was going to be there—someone who writes novels. This was my chance to make the Literary Society, next year.

I had cook send dinner up to my room and after Sis and Mother had called the car and departed for the Country Club I went into Sis's room. She had just received a perfectly wonderful evening gown with no sleeves and low neck. Now, I must confess I am considered the better looking. I tried it on. I did look nice. Just then I heard the car in the driveway.

I soon arrived at the Country Club and hurried up the stairs. Then I met the wonderful man and he asked me to go walking. We walked and walked on the beach and then on the pier. We were so absorbed we walked right off.

That explains why I am in disgrace. I made a mistake and took my sister's only chance. But we are perfectly happy.

—Olive Dolson.

THE VALENIAN



STUB



B A B E



HUNCH



JIM



ARTHUR



HIPPY



MAG

DINTY



MOORE



THE BUNCH



J.G.

DRAMA

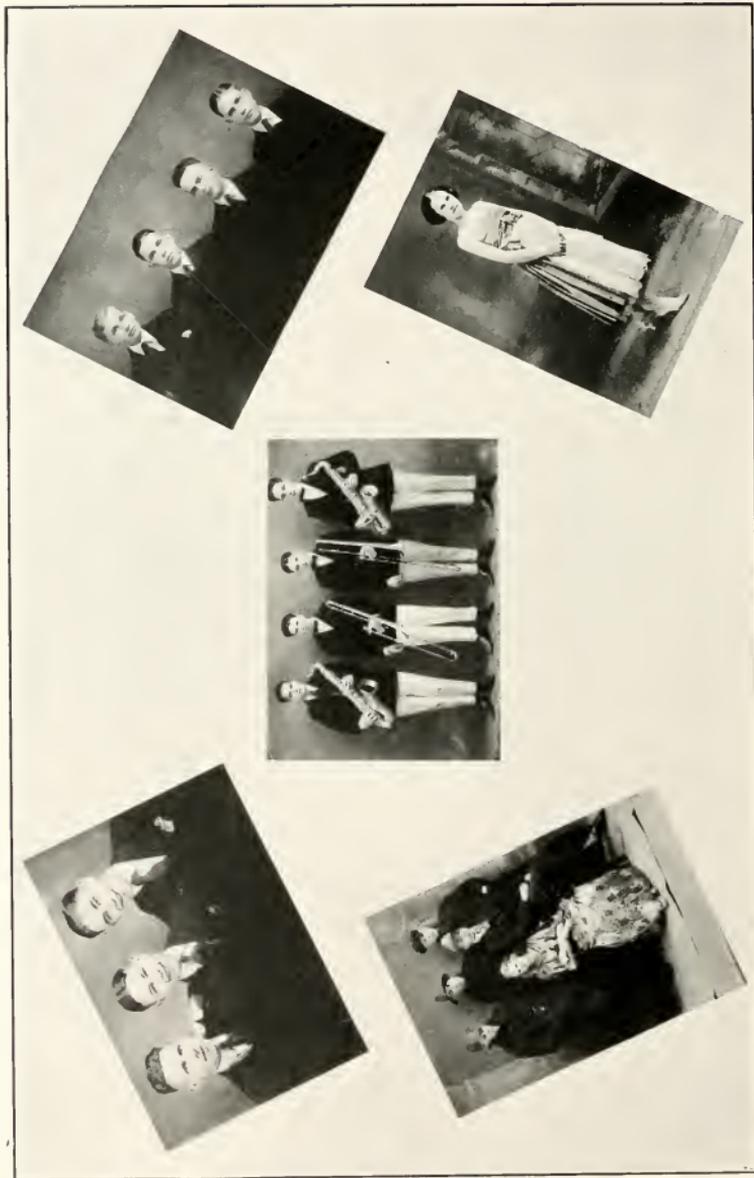


SENIOR VAUDEVILLE

Contrary to the usual bake sale or benefit show for producing more money for the Valenian, the senior class of this year gave a high-class vaudeville show at the Opera House. Manager Franklin Rigg, after much effort secured four men of fame, Morony, Wilson, Nixon and Fabing, who entertained the audience with their exceptional musical ability. Marimon, Sanford, H. Rigg and Dowdell rendered several vocal selections. One of the main features of the evening was the novelty dancing of two stars from Chicago (friends of the manager). Messrs. Fabing, Wright, and McMillen, the noted comedians, caused screams of laughter by their witticisms. The solos of Gretchen Marquart were greeted with great applause. Miss Mildred McCord starred in a clever little comedy, "Miss Civilization," with an all-star cast consisting of Messrs. Corboy, Hiltbold, Huffman, Stansell, and Sievers.

Although three-fourths of the high school had the "flu" or the mumps, the house was well filled; and the entertainment was very successful in a financial way.

THE VALENIAN



THE SENIOR PLAY

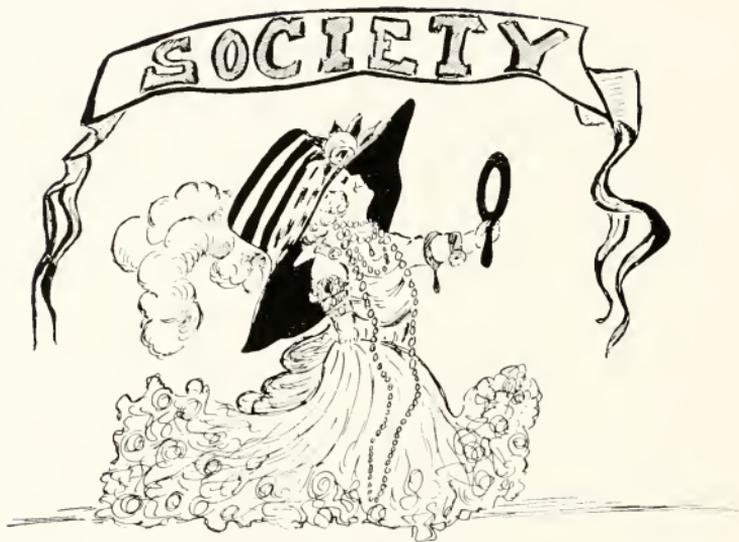


THE Fifteenth of January will long be remembered by members of the V. H. S. because of its splendid success. It was a difficult play to stage by reason of its numerous love scenes and serious qualities; but nevertheless it carried off the honors.

The scenes are laid in a typical Western town. The story revolves about three college love affairs. The happiness of Doris Meredith and Lieutenant Jack Wilson is nearly ruined by the wiles of an adventurous Italian Count. Barbara, through her sisterly devotion to Billy, proves herself willing to sacrifice her future happiness in order to help her brother; but after many difficulties Ted Allen wins her. Dick Sherman disguises as a deaf and dumb man in order to attend Ruth Thurston, whose father forbids her mingling with the students. However, the inevitable happens and they, too, fall in love.

Each person in the cast seemed particularly well adapted to his part. Mildred McCord and John Fabing as Doris Meredith and Lieutenant Wilson proved their ability in leading parts. The brother and sister, Enoch Huffman and Mary Jesse, were splendid. Ellen Arvin and Jesse Wright as Ruth and Dick could not have been better. Margery Chaffee, Olive Dolson, Opal Williams and Earl McMillen in their character parts were ideal, as were Harry Rigg, Arthur Cloud and Lowell Dowdell as professors. The part of Maggie Mahoney, the Burtons' Irish maid, was cleverly played by Esther Hughart. Viola Specht as a conscientious Freshman, Carrie Mae Sergeant as Dolly, a favorite friend of Chuck's (Lewis Fenton), Richard Leetz as Tom, a Sophomore, and Hazel Butler as Mrs. Meredith did exceptionally well.

The success of the play is due to Mrs. Boucher's remarkable coaching; and the Senior Class is greatly indebted to her for her faithful and sincere services.



Our first social function was in the form of a "get-together" party at the school house. Everyone, including the members of the faculty, dismissed all school formalities and enjoyed himself playing various games. Much enthusiasm was displayed in the different contests, especially in the "spelling" game in which Mr. Jesse and Mr. Pauley were opponents. We quieted down for about half an hour to eat; and then, after dance programs were presented to each one, spent the remainder of the evening dancing.

GEORGE WASHINGTON PARTY



N ORDER to alleviate the strain of monotonous school work, Dor, Olive, Carrie Mae, Art, and Margery kindly came to the rescue of the senior class by giving a delightful party at the latter's home. The members of the class and faculty evidently anticipated a good time for they were present "ad unum."

The novelty games were quite a source of amusement—especially the "yes and no" game, which really required ingenuity and trickery—not to mention cheating. We found, too, that playing school wasn't so bad when you had animal crackers to eat and gum to chew. During the evening punch was served, and "Hippy" could invariably be found near the punch bowl. The stunts that Lowell and "Soup" and Lewis and "Hippy" tried to perform were certainly rare. Oh, yes! Lois and Ellen did their share too! After most delicious refreshments were served, we took up the rugs and danced the rest of the evening. We were certainly convinced that ours were charming and competent hostesses (and host).

The Valenian must go to press May 1st; and as the writer has not the gift of prophecy she can only anticipate the good times the class will have at the Junior-Senior Prom, Senior Weenie-Roast, the Junior Picnic, Alumni Banquet, and High School Reception.

Baccalaureate Sunday—May 16.

Commencement—May 20.

Reception—May 22.

—Ellen Arrin

Good looks,—I 'spose they're very nice;
 They'll send you on your way,
 'Cause they have done it aeons ago,
 But brain's what count today.

I know, I'll say.
 I haven't any—either way.

—Ivan Cole



THE WILL

WILL OF CLASS OF 1920



RIENDS in passing leave behind
 Their Wills to help their fellow-kind,
 And all their dear and loved possessions
 Must be left with fond professions.

So the Class of Nineteen Twenty

Rich in store and art a-plenty
 Will their all unto these others—
 Underclassmen, fellows, brothers.

To Babe Horn, the High School pet,
 The soft voice of our Jeannette.
 Use it, Babe, from night till morn,
 As a soft-stop on your horn.

Art Cloud's AUBURN, his main attraction,
 To Ruth we turn with his affection.
 Toward uniforming the Junior Class,
 We 'queath Lois's rare taste in dress.

Helga Lindholm's lithe, slim grace
 Shall help to solve Nellie Loomis's case;
 And Harry Rigg, with touch so tender,
 John Albe's form shall remold slender.

LeRoy and Bruce shall furnish the Stansell
 And Myra B—— the brush and pencil.
 We'll turn them all to Pete LePell.
 He'll need them if he e'er does well.

THE VALENIAN

Esther's sweet smile and Margery's curls
We'll pass along to the Williams girls.
Dowdell and Wright, Dealers in Noise,
Consign their wares to the Blaese boys.

To all fresh Freshies for many years
Earl Mac's assurances we leave with tears.
Keep it, folks, and make it buzz
You need it worse than Mackie does.

For brains and brain-storms we are unsurpassed.
By our instructors we've e'er been so classed.
Our cards teem with G's, M's, F's and E's,
Which all mean the same, the best if you please.
This mass of good credits we will to the teachers
To dole as they wish to all needy creatures.
From Ellen and Emily, as every one sees,
Enoch, Ella, and Edith, we get all our E's.
Our G comes only from Magdalene Gast;
May their number soon increase very fast.
Of M's we've as many as we can afford.
There's Clair Maxwell and Kathryn and Mildred McCord,
Katharine McAuliffe and our own Agnes Matt,
Louise Miller and Mary Margaret, all pat.
Of "F's" we've a few, but not one to spare,
They're as good as an "E" and that anywhere.
As Freshies we learned it, that "F" equals "E",
For Fabing and Fenton and Foster, all three.

A Fox and a Campbell we will toward a zoo.
We hope you'll remember to treat them well, too.
We've naught we can leave them to eat but a Cobb,
And this we relinquish with many a sob.

Sweet Williams, too, to brighten the yard,
They'll flourish in ground no matter how hard.
And Cole for the furnace to keep you all warm,
And for military training, a Sergeant at Arms.
Our Butler, too, we will for your functions,
Tho the country's gone dry we have no compunctions.
Cold water she'll furnish from Learning's deep well
From the Old Oaken Bucket of Study, who'll tell?

THE VALENIAN

Walter's and Werner's basket-ball fame
We leave to the team, for the High School's good name.
Like the mantel of old from the Prophet did fall
May this charm of the Hiltolds' descend on our ball.

A funny-man is of very much force.
The one that we have is "Riggs, of course".
'Tis said that a laugh will react on the liver
So that a doctor you will need never.

Since the quacks charge so much for their pills,
To help the Juniors cut down their Bills,
That "Dough" they may have for their annual staff
We leave Franklin's rare humor and chaff.

Mary Jessee's halo of wonderful hair
We will to Uncle Homer who hasn't any there.
May it prove a blessing to his thot-dome,
And when he stands a priming, give him aught to comb.

Helen Schleman's marked ability to preside,
And wonderful vocabulary, in which she takes such pride
And on all occasions her power to make a speech,
We will to Miss Benney, may it help her to teach.

Lillian Darst's marvelous self-control
Which in Vergil she doth enroll,
Enabling her to translate s-l-o-w,
We leave to Ollie, who'll prize it we know.

We leave, too, a Saylor to guide your each craft
On the rough sea of learning, tho it be but a raft.
If Pauley and Aldinger, you add to the crew,
The old ship of Knowledge will surely plow thru.

"Still water flows deep," so the old adage runs.
We're speaking in earnest and not making puns.
Dorothy Schernau, Helen Hansen and Loleta
Leave their calm to the school as a worthy memento.

The spirit of frankness in Dor which we find,
That saying her piece and speaking her mind,
We leave to the preachers who come to address you
May they thus gain the power to truly impress you.
Tho Harold Coulter's a lad that is new,
He's proven already that he'll surely do.

THE VALENIAN

Tho some folks want age as a classic or mystery
To Minnie "Newness" is just current history.
Some things are better for being well seasoned
There's tubers, and beans and lumber, we've reasoned.

Dick Leetz has been with us since the year one,
So surely by this time his age is well done.
'Tis a quality worth saving and salting away,
This age got from Primer to Commencement Day.
In the old Valpo High School may Mabel preserve it,
And a museum start to properly conserve it.

Olive Dolson a walk of decision has borne,
Thru her High School course it has flourished and grown
And now that the end of her need can be seen,
The whole of the thing goes to Miss Eva Keene.

'Tis not a passing fancy, tho Passow be the name,
That Thelma is coquettish by nature and by fame.
Her power to cause the boys at her feet to bow,
We will to Fat McWhinney who has a good start now.

If up to the great judgment bar she were led
To list to her fate with the quick and the dead,
While reciting to Gabriel the things that she'd done,
She'd giggle and giggle, would Hazel Johnson.
This power to be happy in a trying position
Be it in Heaven or English VIII recitation,
Our class as a unit doth gladly bestow
On one of the Juniors, Susan DeVroe.

Viola Specht's home by Flint lake side,
Her walk to the car-line and long trolley ride,
Her warmest affection and e'en love beside,
With Earl Scott we choose to divide.

We started with music, we wind up with gold,
For all things are measured in this we are told.
Carroll's the donor, his crown is the gift,
To the Red-Headed Club of the future 'tis left.

Now if there is any who received no mention,
Our good-will and esteem shall be their due portion.
May our class have left foot-prints in old Learning's Hall
That may help you and lift you, each one and all.

Class of 1920

Witnesses: Father Jessee
Mother McIntyre

—Opal Williams.

THE VALENIAN

LIL 'LIZA JANE—TO THE FACULTY

SUNG BY RUSS NIXON AND BABE HORN

WRITTEN BY RUSS NIXON

With a lot o' li'l verses to one li'l tune, Li'l 'Liza Jane,
We'll address the faculty now right soon, Li'l 'Liza Jane.

Chorus:

O Aliza Li'l 'Liza Jane.

O Aliza Li'l 'Liza Jane.

Mr. Boucher —countenance gruff, Li'l 'Liza Jane,
Is showing the Club he's up to snuff. Li'l 'Liza Jane.

Chorus:

Professor Jessee is a wise one up in school, Li'l 'Liza Jane.
But it only takes the Music Club to make him play the fool.

Li'l 'Liza Jane.

Chorus:

Now the recitation room of Miss Bartholomew, Li'l 'Liza Jane,
May be down in the cellar but it makes the eats for you.

Li'l 'Liza Jane.

Chorus:

Smiling Miss Ashton blithe and breezy, Li'l 'Liza Jane,
For her to get married would sure be easy, Li'l 'Liza Jane.

Chorus:

I'll bet Miss Jack is pretty slick, Li'l 'Liza Jane.
'Cause a whole flock o' fellows take Commercial 'Rithmatic,

Li'l 'Liza Jane.

Chorus:

Mr. Pauley is a good old scout, Li'l 'Liza Jane.
Any kind of ball game 'll always bring 'im out, Li'l 'Liza Jane.

Chorus:

When in Miss McIntyre's room one always hears, Li'l 'Liza Jane,
Now let's go back about a thousand years, Li'l 'Liza Jane.

Chorus:

Li'l Miss Aldinger, a sweet li'l thing, Li'l 'Liza Jane,
Won'a be long 'till she gets her ring, Li'l 'Liza Jane.

Chorus:

Why's it seem like Miss Meadows is nearly always out?

Li'l 'Liza Jane.

O, she's over to Commercial Hall or somewhere's near about,

Li'l 'Liza Jane.

Chorus:

Li'l Miss Benney, the "mother" of us all, Li'l 'Liza Jane,
Like sweet sixteen trips off to the ball, Li'l 'Liza Jane.

Chorus:

THE VALENIAN

Mr. Schenck is a funny little tyke, Li'l 'Liza Jane.
He'll coach baseball, basketball or anything you like,

Li'l 'Liza Jane.

Chorus:

Our dear Miss Higbee leads the glee clubs with a bawl,
Li'l 'Liza Jane.

But when it comes to pep—she's no stall, Li'l 'Liza Jane.

Chorus:

The stitchin' teacher is Miss Brooks, Li'l 'Liza Jane.

She shows 'em how to make eyes at hooks, Li'l 'Liza Jane.

Chorus:

Ego ago sugo selty, Li'l 'Liza Jane.

You've got to buzz around a bit to beat Miss Welty,

Li'l 'Liza Jane.

Chorus:

(By the way, I see that Jessee is extra full of life),

Li'l 'Liza Jane.

Even if he did bring along his little wife, Li'l 'Liza Jane.

Chorus:

Now Cutie Reynolds is a name that's mighty nice,
Li'l 'Liza Jane.

It was Wolfe, though, Christmas, but do "Wolves" like rice?

Li'l 'Liza Jane.

Chorus:

We prob'ly did punk but we might have done worse,

Li'l 'Liza Jane.

'Cause we are of the Orchestra and not of song and verse,

Li'l 'Liza Jane.

Chorus:

FINIS

"E"

How easy poetry would be
If all our words did end in E.
O me, O my, O my, O me,
We'd all be writing poetry.

Nothing in literature would there be
But sing song lines of E, E, E,
And men from lands across the sea
Would think a lot of pigs were we.

—Werner, Hiltbold.

VHS

19 BASKETBALL 20



MR. SCHENCK

Valparaiso High School has had several coaches, all of whom have been good; but none can compare with our present coach, formerly a member of the Lebanon and State Normal teams. Mr. Schenck developed a team this year which made a record in games won out of the number played not equalled by that of any other team in the state. He, however, is not only a basketball coach, but a man who has had experience in all phases of athletics. This he has demonstrated by producing a baseball team which compares more than favorably with the best high school teams in this section. Mr. Schenck is full of pep and seems to instill this spirit into all those who work with him. He also believes in starting things, another feature which we like in him; in fact his good qualities are so many that space will not permit the enumerating of them all.



RALPH SCHENCK



H. M. JESSEE

MR. JESSEE

Mr. Jessee has been a loyal supporter of all athletics this year. Last fall when it looked as though we would be without a gym to start our basketball season, it was he who finally secured for us the University Gym. Besides his loyal attendance at all the games, he did his best to carry out the desires of the team and the student body whenever it was possible. His final achievement was securing for Valpo High the advantage of playing the Sectional Tourney on their own floor. The success of this tourney aided greatly in filling the Athletic Association's treasury.

Mr. Jessee, we thank you for your efforts.

THE VALENIAN

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

President, Lowell Dowdell.

Vice-President—Jesse Wright.

Secretary and Treasurer, Arthur Cloud.

Manager, H. M. Jessee.



THIS writing the V. H. S. A. A. has just completed one of the most successful years that the organization has enjoyed since its inception four years ago. Much credit for the success of the season through which we have just passed is due our manager, Mr. Jessee. It was by his untiring effort that the tournament was secured for Valparaiso. It was also under his direction that this large undertaking was carried on in a very efficient and able manner. Too much praise can not be given Mr. Jessee for the voluntary but extra work which he has done for the benefit of the school. Mr. Boucher and Mr. Pauley have been strong boosters, as have all the faculty.

The association started the year with 232 members. At Christmas time this number was increased by twenty-eight, making a total of 260 members, or almost the entire high school body. A fine spirit has been displayed throughout the year, everyone being willing to do his bit when called upon for some special task. This willing spirit on the part of all aided materially in making every project of the year a success.

The association cleared sufficient money on the Sectional Basketball Tournament to enable it to purchase equipment necessary for baseball and other spring athletics. Sweaters will also be purchased for the graduating members of the basketball team.

With our present pep and spirit and a gym of our own, we feel confident that Valparaiso would far out-class, in athletics, any school in northern Indiana. It is our hope that the former may never die out, and that the latter may soon be realized.

COMMITTEES

Finance:—Clair Maxwell, Phyllis Stinchfield, Gillet Bowman.

Rules and Regulations:—Mr. Schenck, Walter Hiltbold, Otis Sanford.

Yells!!—Tom Morony, Dorothy Dodge, Constance Parker.

Auditing:—Mr. Boucher, Emily Marine, Kathryn Fox.

THE VALENIAN



BASKETBALL TEAM, 1920

THE VALENIAN



CAPT. HILTFOLD



WALTER HILTPOLD, CAPT.

"Our Captain." To say the most about him would not be saying too much. Thus we feel it necessary to refrain from an extended linguistic expression of his exceptional athletic attributes, but suffice it to remark he was "Our Captain" of the 1919-20 basketball team, and may we meekly add that there never was a better Captain and good all-round fellow than Captain Hiltpold. As per usual for a leader, he was the brainiest player on Valpo's basket heaving aggregation, and he "heaved" more points through the little iron ring than any athlete or ex-athlete of V. H. S. has ever heaved. His meteoric reverse turns had his opponents calculating the speed with which a player could be transformed from a perpendicular position to a horizontal one, and his mighty south-paw pushed a basketball with such terrific force that it was often a dire peril for his own teammates to intercept the projectile.

All in all, we'll place our "best bet on Big Hippy" when he goes away to college. We do not anticipate, but we can assure you that Walter will, in time, rank with the supermen in college athletics. He is, without doubt, the best all-round athlete that Valpo has ever had.



WERNER HILTPOLD

The speed king of the Valpo quintet was the "man of the hour" on many occasions when Valpo's victorious emblem was approaching a slump. "Young Hippy" was directly responsible for many of the victories credited to the Green and White basket tossers, and his unerring eye for the goal was the envy of his opponents. He was one of the most feared players in the circuit on account of his deadly accuracy at finding the iron ring from a long distance, and his almost weird ability at dribbling the oval was a feature of every game.

Werner leaves us this year. He has teamed it with his big brother for three of the four years he has been in High School and gradually outshaded the stalwart Captain in field goal accuracy. He counted in every game he played during the season and his offensive style of playing was a source of comment in all surrounding cities. The High School will lose a snappy athlete when "Young Hippy" leaves, and he will be one of the strongest links missed on the team next year.



EARL SCOTT, CAPTAIN-ELECT

We characterize him as a belligerent atom, of the masculine fighting qualities, of the athletic universe. Please, do not misunderstand us. There never was a harder team worker than "Scotty" and there never was a more honorable player than our next year's Captain. His fortitude and endurance were limitless, and let us emphasize, there was no waver in his terrific attacks against all opposing teams. Earl was not only a terror to all opponents, but the fans of the opposition would audibly lament and bewail the driving tactics that the grand defensive bulwark of Valpo's Fighting Five used. He could play any position on the team with equal ferocity, and if ever a player had the "never-say-die" spirit it was Captain Scott of Valpo's coming quintet.

Earl will be a Junior next year and the zealous fans will get to see the Valpo marvel defend the Green and White for two more years. We voice our approval in his election as pilot for next year's team and we can but prophesy that Scott's brilliance as an athlete the past year will pale before what we are expecting of him next year.



CHARLES COYER

Can he play basketball? Well, can a hen lay an omelette? And can that lad eat? Wow! What a diminution in the coach's financial account when that boy's appetite had to be satiated! But say, when a player got past "Chuck" they would generally have preferred to go through Dante's infernal regions rather than to take such a chance a second time. Fain would we call Coyer the Optimist, and we do not wish to mention it, but his confidence in his own prowess was an unmistakable asset. But, "Chuck", we like you because you really are a good player (of course, ancient history to you,) and a good fellow as well.

Coyer is a Sophomore this year and he has made an enviable record for himself his initial year on the team. His hobby was hitting the target from long range, and his accuracy in tickling the draperies from the enemy's frontier was the sensation of the season. He made one basket from this locality but it caused the opposing team to suffer such a stroke of basket "bawling" paralysis that there has been more verbal rhetoric spilled about that one basket than a centipede can boast of feet.



JOHN FABING

If this youth is a woman-hater, Solomon was a bachelor. On every basketball trip he departed as immaculate as the most fastidious dandy, and with the firm determination to make a stupendous impression on the fair fans of the opposing team. True it was that Valpo's shifty center succeeded in his initial year at the pivotal position, for he was credited with caging more field goals than any player on the team.

John will be awarded the coveted diploma this spring, and in addition to his basket tossing ability he has always been regarded as a student above mediocrity. Loyal, indeed, has he been to the athletic colors of V. H. S. and has always been a booster in any phase of student activities. Thus, we will miss him next year in more ways than one. His fascinating smile will probably infatuate some fair co-ed of a University, and his mental ability as well as his physical aptitude will reflect credit on the criterion of scholarship of Valpo High School.



LE ROY STANSELL

"We have with us." More than that, he had more life and fighting qualities than the fiery steed of Alexander the Great. "The fleetest of the flock" was he, and the fastest on the floor. "Watch out for Number 6" was a byword of the opposing fans before the game started, and old number six needed a watch when he got his chance on the floor. The way he hurled his 130 pounds avoirdupois against big Dunleavy was a—well, a "social misdemeanor", but "Stans" couldn't resist. He was just one hard sinew of nerve and yet the way he used his head in a game was beyond criticism.

Stansell was practically a regular all year. He, too, has played his last year in High School athletics. A speedier lad never donned a basketball uniform in northern Indiana. When he got his chance in a game you could always be assured that there would be something doing, and his demon attacks, co-ordinating with his speed, made many an opponent long for the final whistle.



CARROLL SIEVERS

A youth of few words but many thoughts. Carroll has been the most willing worker on the squad and was always ready to supply at any time and at any position. He has played in all different positions and went into the game with a zeal that was instrumental in making him the able substitute that he was. His athletic ability made the regulars work hard to hold their respective positions, and Coach Schenck was high in his praise for the husky substitute. He got into practically all the games during the season and could always be depended upon to count a few points for Valpo.

It is too bad for the future of athletics that Sievers graduates this year. The big boy has been acting as substitute for the last two years, but he has been doing so with a loyalty that brought expressions of admiration from the backers of the team.



ARTHUR MAINS

Our one athlete who lavished his affections on the one lady. And how he did regret taking every Thursday night for sleep in preparation for the game the following night. Now, that was a supreme sacrifice, but we give him credit for being on duty at all times and showing he had the "stuff" when he was called upon to take the place of one of the regulars.

Mains is a Junior this year and we are pinning our faith to him for next year. He has been a hard worker all season and was a firm believer in the fact that training and practice count. His ability as an able substitute was unquestionable. His enthusiasm as an ardent participant in the game made him a valuable asset to Valpo's fighting basket heavers. His weight was his greatest handicap but it never hindered his intentions of playing on even terms with an opponent.

THE VALENIAN



OUR CHEER LEADERS

THE VALENIAN

OPPONENTS	Walter H.				Fabing				Werner H.				Scott			
	B	F	P	T	B	F	P	T	B	F	P	T	B	F	P	T
Lowell	1	0	1	1	3	0	0	1	2	0	0	1	3	0	1	1
LaPorte	3	1	0	0	3	0	0	1	1	0	1	0	4	0	1	1
Crown Point	3	4	0	0	0	0	1	0	x	x	x	x	1	0	0	2
Crown Point	2	4	2	0	6	0	0	0	7	0	2	1	1	0	1	1
LaPorte	2	1	0	0	2	0	2	1	4	1	1	0	0	0	1	0
Rensselaer	6	3	0	0	7	0	0	0	3	0	2	0	4	0	2	1
Whiting	2	7	1	0	4	0	2	1	3	0	1	0	1	0	1	0
Argos	9	4	1	0	4	0	1	0	3	0	0	1	3	0	0	1
Froebel	2	5	0	1	5	0	1	0	1	0	3	0	2	0	3	0
Rensselaer	5	2	0	0	10	0	0	0	4	0	0	0	1	0	0	0
Plymouth	4	2	3	0	6	0	0	0	4	0	0	0	0	0	2	0
Bourbon	4	1	1	0	5	0	1	0	12	0	3	1	5	0	1	0
Michigan City	1	3	1	0	4	0	2	0	3	0	0	1	2	0	2	1
Plymouth	4	3	0	2	x	x	x	x	6	0	0	1	4	0	1	0
Whiting	2	0	0	1	4	0	2	0	3	0	0	1	3	0	4	0
Michigan City	6	2	0	0	3	0	2	1	2	0	0	1	1	0	3	1
Kentland	3	5	0	1	4	0	0	0	3	0	0	0	1	0	0	1
Emerson	3	8	0	1	2	0	4	2	3	0	0	2	x	x	x	x
Kentland	1	3	0	0	6	0	0	0	7	0	2	0	3	0	0	0
Emerson	2	2	1	0	3	0	3	1	2	0	2	1	1	0	3	0
Froebel	6	2	0	1	2	0	0	0	4	0	0	0	3	0	3	1
Hammond	3	5	3	1	5	0	3	0	3	0	3	2	2	1	1	2
Lowell	2	0	0	0	8	0	0	0	7	0	0	1	5	0	2	0
Bourbon	3	1	1	0	8	0	0	0	6	0	1	1	5	0	0	0

x x x—Games not played in.

THE VALENIAN

Coyer				Stansell				Mains				Sievers				Opponents			
B	F	P	T	B	F	P	T	B	F	P	T	B	F	P	T	B	F	P	T
0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	11	3	2	2
1	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	x	x	x	x	4	1	1	1
0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	2	1	x	x	x	x	3	3	6	2
0	0	1	0	0	0	1	0	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	5	6	12	1
0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	4	4	0
0	0	0	1	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	5	0	5	2
0	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10	3	10	1
0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	7	4	3	2
0	0	2	0	1	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	2	3	4
0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	8	5	5	4
x	x	x	x	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	5	2	1
3	0	0	0	x	x	x	x	0	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	1	0	5	1
0	0	1	0	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	0	0	0	0	3	3	5	0
0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	x	x	x	x	0	0	4	1	8	3	4	0
0	0	2	0	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	0	0	0	0	4	4	2	1
0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	4	1	1
0	0	0	0	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	0	0	0	0	3	1	3	4
0	0	1	2	2	0	2	2	x	x	x	x	0	0	0	0	5	12	10	7
0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	9	0	4	3
0	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	8	6	6	1
0	0	0	0	4	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	1	3	0
0	0	2	0	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	8	7	9	0
0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	6	0	3	0
0	0	1	0	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	4	4	2	1

TOURNAMENT



FROM every standpoint and to the credit of Valparaiso High School, the Sectional Basketball Tournament of 1920 was a grand success. Commendable expressions of gratitude for the treatment and accommodations received, was a characteristic remark of all visiting coaches, paid to the managing department of Valparaiso. Professors Jessee and Pauley and all their subordinates put forth unstinted effort in their impartial endeavors to show the visitors that it was the intention of Valparaiso to give them the best treatment possible, and too much praise cannot be extended to these managers for the difficult task which they overcame with such good success.

Sixteen teams were represented, including Kentland, Goodland, North Judson, Crown Point, Lowell, Whiting, Brook, Hammond, Froebel, Valparaiso, Fair Oaks, Wheeler, East Chicago, and Emerson. The big University Gymnasium was strained to its utmost capacity in trying to accommodate the largest crowd that ever attended a game there. Enthusiastic rooting and good sportsmanship was a feature of the fans with every team represented.

To the surprise of all, Valpo went down to defeat in their third game before the Emerson five, the winners of the finals. The Green and White aggregation had defeated the Steel City lads early in the season on the same floor, but the Gary veterans, accustomed to playing under any conditions, were too much for the nervous attack that old man Jinx seemed to inflict upon the Valpo thin-clads. Whiting, whom Valpo had defeated twice during the season, suffered a defeat in the clutches of the Emerson tossers in the final game. Brook will probably be rated as the dark horse of the series for giving such a drubbing to Hammond and holding Whiting to such a close score. Froebel and North Judson also showed up well, while East Chicago, supposed to be one of the leading contenders, was given a crushing defeat by the victorious Emerson quintet.

Valpo rolled up the highest score of any team in any one game, counting forty-four points against Wheeler. Emerson ranked second with thirty-six. The closest game was the contest between North Judson and Kentland, in which the former emerged victorious in an over-time battle by a count of 19 to 18.

Several coaches as well as other individuals made public selections of the all-sectional teams. Practically every coach gave Scott, the Valpo demon, a place on the mythical sectional quintet. One coach chose Fabing, the Green and White center, for a guard position. The local University coach gave Captain Hiltbold a forward position. The Whiting coach told Coach Schenck personally that the pilot of the Valpo basket tossers was the best all-round individual player in the tournament. Coach Schenck made a close survey of all the individual players of the tourney and consulted with some of the athletic leaders and selected a mythical five. Big

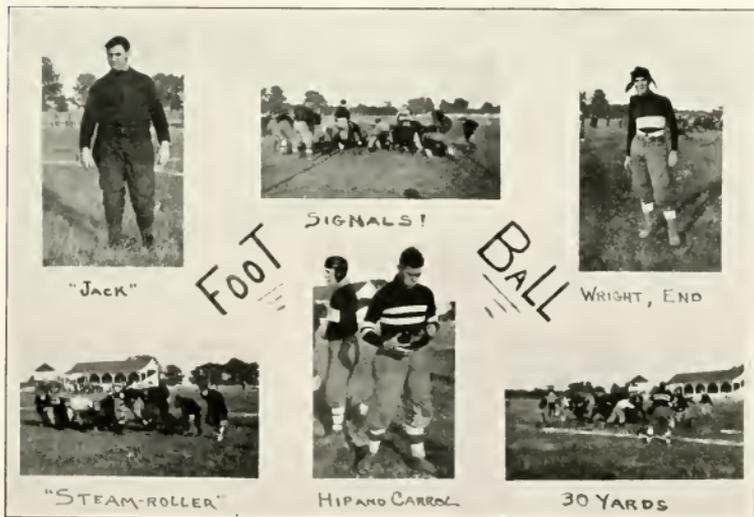
THE VALENIAN

Dunleavy of Gary was the whole Emerson team. Every play revolved around the gigantic center and to his credit alone was given the honor of winning the tournament for Emerson, consequently he was the only man from the Steel City that was given a place in the all-star cast. The following is Coach Schenck's selection: Forwards, Kekick of Whiting, Walter Hiltbold of Valpo; Center, Dunleavy of Gary; Guards, Scott of Valpo, and Benson of Whiting.

SCORES

Kentland 15—Goodland 11	Rensselaer 33—Morocco 17
North Judson 20—Crown Point 11	Kentland 18—North Judson 19
Lowell 14—Whiting 32	Whiting 24—Brook 13
Brook 28—Hammond 15	Valparaiso 44—Wheeler 14
Froebel 21—Valparaiso 36	Emerson 33—Rensselaer 11
Fair Oaks 12—Wheeler 0	North Judson 18—Whiting 32
East Chicago 9—Emerson 20	Valparaiso 18—Emerson 36
	Whiting 17—Emerson 20

Referees—Lambert, of Purdue; Sinclair, of Wingate.



INTER-CLASS MEETS

BASKETBALL

The Seniors proved their superior ability in the inter-class basketball tournament this year. Their captain, Walter Hiltpold, was presented with a very beautiful banner, by Coach Schenck, in behalf of his team.

FOOTBALL

The Seniors with the assistance of Freshmen took the team representing the Sophomore and Junior Class down the green lane in the one and only football contest that was staged this year.

BASEBALL

For the first time in four years the Green and White has been represented by a baseball team. An inter-class baseball tourney is being staged and the winning class will be presented with a large shield. It is largely due to the efforts of Coach Schenck that something has been accomplished along this line. One game only has been played up to this date. This was with the Froebel School of Gary and ended with a score of 10 to 1 in the locals' favor. Negotiations are being carried on with other nearby schools in hopes that other teams may be found who would like to stack up arms against our valiant warriors.

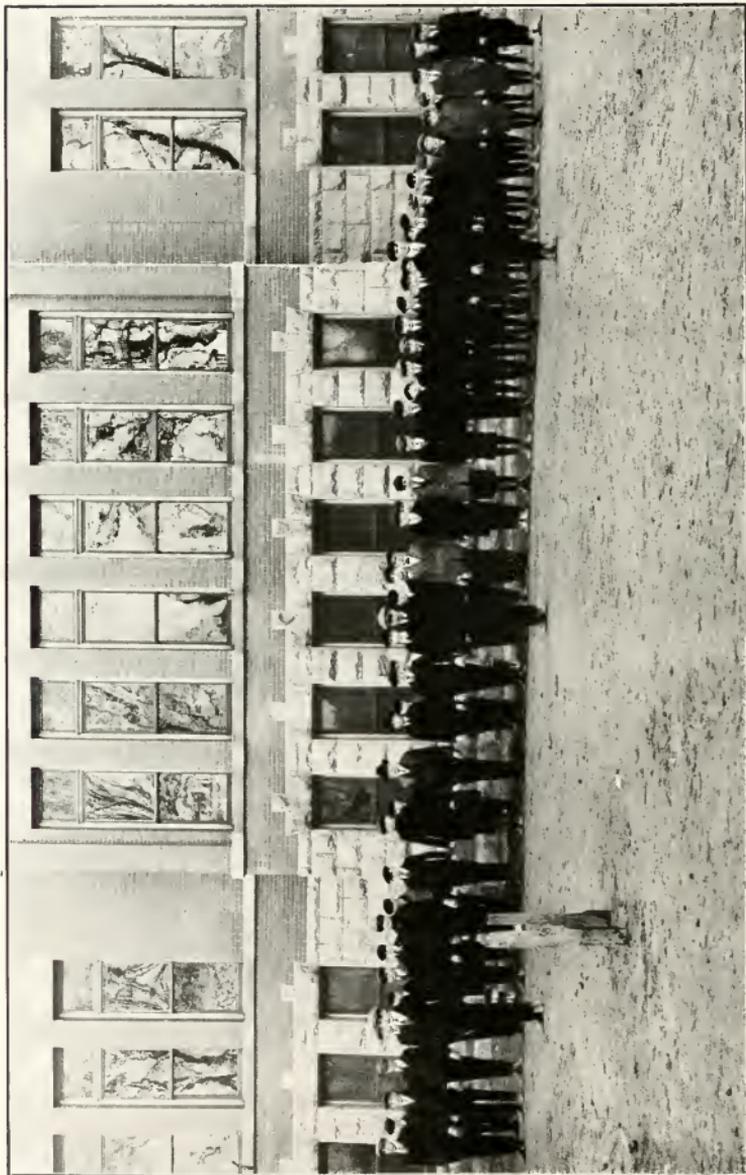
TRACK

Our coach will not be satisfied until the Valparaiso High School is represented in every phase of athletics. To realize this ambition it was necessary to form a track team. This, he, with the assistance of Professor Pauley, is doing. An inter-class meet will be staged. The class winning will receive a large banner of the school colors. The inter-class meet will also assist Coach Schenck in selecting the team which will represent the school at a sectional meet at La Porte on May 15th.

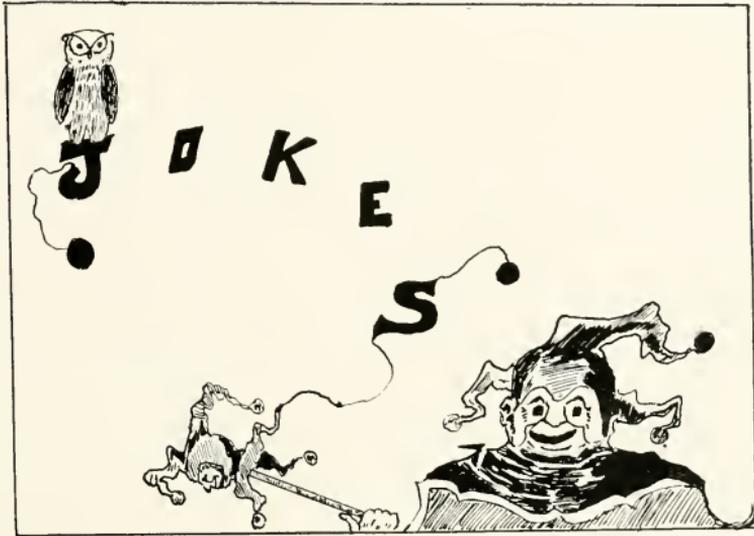
—Lowell Dowdell, Athletic Editor

THE VALENIAN





MILITARY DRILL



FOREWORD

Dear Patrons:

Upon being appointed to produce a Joke Department for the Valenian, I was at a great loss, because I knew not where to find material; but after a few days of close observations I wondered why we mortals slaughtered elephants in Africa, with such a large supply of ivory at home. This department is here to be read and laughed at; and anything found on these pages is a joke whether you see a point to it or not. Thanking you for your attention, I remain,

Your faithful servant,
J. GORDON WRIGHT,
 Director General of Jokes.

—o—
 Is there a student who has not said,
 At evening when he went to bed,
 "I'll get up with the crowing cock
 And be in school by seven o'clock?"
 And this same student, who, rather late,
 Crawls out of bed at half-past eight,
 Says to himself with fond regard,
 "Perhaps it's best not to work too hard."

Mary Ann: "You didn't know who I was this morning, did you?"

Richard Leetz: "No, who were you?"

—o—

Jesse Wright: "I wonder if there's any music in my soul?"

Chas. Coyer: "There should be; none was ever known to come out."

—o—

Freshman: "Do you know that fellow over there?"

F. Rigg: "Oh, yes; he sleeps next to me in Com. Law."

—o—

Chuck Thune (in Manual Tr): "Pity they didn't have steel wool in the middle ages."

Earl Scott: "How's that?"

Chuck: "Think of the nice warm armor they could have made."

—o—

Junior: "Did you go to the operetta?"

Soph: "Yes."

Junior: "Did you hear Lowell Dowdell sing?"

Soph: "Oh, is that what he was doing?"

THE VALENIAN

Freshie: "Why do the Seniors wear corduroy pants?"

Lewis Fenton: "To distinguish them from the professors."

—o—

CAN YOU IMAGINE—

Miss McIntyre running around like Miss Ashton?

Dorothy Dodge with black hair?

Mr. Boucher giving us a half-holiday?

Autumn Bartholomew passing before a mirror without looking into it?

Mr. H. M. Jessee without his bald head?

The high school having a gym of its own?

Miss Aldinger not being adored?

John Albe as yell leader?

—o—

Constance P.: "What's a good thing to write a descriptive paragraph on?"

Ellen A.: "Did you ever try paper?"

—o—

Thelma Passow (in music store): "Have you 'Kissed Me In the Moonlight'?"

Clerk: "No, but I'd like to."

—o—

Miss Meadows: "What is the 'rolling stock' of railroads?"

Tom Morony: "The wheels."

—o—

Mr. Jessee had announced baseball practice.

Wilma McWhinney: "My heart is with the Seniors but my brain is with the Freshmen."

Lowell Dowdell: "The Freshies haven't much support from you, have they?"

—o—

SIGNS WE SEE

"Umbrellas \$2.00 up." (We wonder how much they are when down?)

"Open for Business." (What else would a grocery store be open for?)

"Automobiles Repaired — F o r d s Fixed."

"The Shoes for Your Feet." (What else would shoes be for?)

—o—

Missionary: "Why do you look at me so earnestly?"

Cannibal: "I'm the food inspector."

A little iron—a cunning curl,
A box of powder—a pretty girl,
A little rain—away she goes,
A homely girl with a freckled nose.

—o—

Mr. Jessee: "Why are you tardy?"

Freshman: "I'm not tardy; the bell rang too soon."

—o—

Walter Hiltbold, a new typewriting student, had worked diligently all the period. Finally the bell rang. Walter, earnestly, to Miss Jack: "How do you shut this machine off?"

—o—

At the leap year dance Hazel Butler and Mildred McCord escorted Walter Hiltbold and Art Mains to the justice of peace office instead of the N. A. U. Hall. Some nerve, I claim.

—o—

Mr. Boucher: "I haven't followed you. What are you doing?"

Herbert Mitchell: "I'm putting the auxiliary dressing on this c-a-t—(triangle)."

—o—

Esther: "Every time I open my mouth I put my foot in it."

Helen: "Oh——"

—o—

Buggy salesman (to a customer): "Well, Miss, which do you prefer, an open rig, a closed rig, or a Harry Rigg?"

—o—

If Mr. and Mrs. Cloud were reigning over some small oriental country and Ruth died, would A. Cloud up and reign?

—o—

Lost—A note-book in cooking.

—o—

I had a dog named Tax. I opened the door and Income Tax.

—o—

Babe Horn: "I haven't enough money to buy hay for a nightmare."

—o—

We asked for jokes, we got a few;

The rest came from our head.

We told the folks and they exclaimed,

"A message from the dead."

WHY WE CAME TO HIGH SCHOOL

Earl Reginald McMillen came to high school because his mother sent him.

Mr. Maxwell III came to High School because Mr. Maxwell II had attended. Mr. Maxwell II attended because Mr. Maxwell I attended. Mr. Maxwell I doesn't know exactly why he came to High School.

Andrew Musselbound Collins came to High School to participate in athletics.

Steve Corboy, Jr., came to High School because he hated the idea of getting a job and going to work.

Ferdinand LeRoy Stansell attended our school because he believed every gentleman should know how to play bridge.

Elbert Franklin Rigg has never decided why he came to High School.

A. Cloud came to High School to get an education.

TAKEN FROM THE PHYSICS CLASS

Ellen to LeRoy: "Is a single-tree a horse?"

FROM PHYSICS TEST PAPERS

- (1) A barometer measures humidity.
- (2) A barometer measures degrees.
- (3) A barometer measures absolute zero.

One day in Paradise,
 Chuck Thune and Werner strolled
 Along the amber walk that lies
 Beside the street of gold.
 At last they met and gazed
 Into each others' eyes,
 Then dropped their harps amazed
 And stood in mute surprise.
 Then other angels came,
 And as they lingered near
 Heard both at once exclaim,
 "How the h—— did you get here?"

Miss Jack: "Name the different kinds of interest."

Student: "Simple, complex, compound."

Miss Benney: "What was the setting of Pinero's dramas?"

Jesse Wright: "The stage."

WANT ADS FROM OUR LOCAL PAPERS

For Sale—One cow giving twelve quarts of milk, a hay rake, and a shotgun.

Wanted—To rent a suite of rooms by a young man with good heat, light, and ventilation.

For Sale—A bulldog; will eat anything; very fond of children.

Mr. Pauley: "Can you tell any difference between the two compounds I have in these test tubes after I turn them around."

Tom Morony: "Yes."

Mr. P.: "How?"

Tom: "One has more in than the other."

Miss Benney: "I'm afraid you have only imagined what you have recited."

Stephen Corboy: "Oh! no! no! Miss Benney, I haven't any imagination."

An Irishman who owned a boat was hired to take a man and his wife across the bay. The boat leaked some and the man said: "Should I bail it out, Pat?"

"Bedad," said the Irishman, "never mind; it will run over when it's full."

Mr. Pauley (in Chemistry class): "Mother is the necessity of invention."

Geometry Teacher: "What is a lune?"
 John (suddenly inspired): "A lune is a person who is a little bit off."

Mr. Boucher (to a Fresh student he met on the street): "My good man, don't you ever attend a place of worship?"

Fresh Student: "Yes, sir; I am on my way to see her now."

Mr. Jessee had written 92.7 on the blackboard, and to show the effect of multiplying by ten, rubbed out the decimal point. He then turned to the class and said: "Now, Merle, where is the decimal point?"

"On the duster, sir," replied Merle, without hesitation.

A FRIEND OF DOGS



R. JOSEPH BARRETT had enlisted; he was no coward, even if he had a fatal, haunting fear of dogs. Now he, with many other recruits, was nearing the training camps, anxious to display his valor.

The train stopped; he had reached his destination; but so had a fierce-looking bulldog, who was now lustily greeting the soldiers and in return receiving their friendly pats. Private Barrett presented a brave front, chose a moment when the dog's head was turned away, patted him hastily, stepped on a woman's foot, and shakingly escaped in the crowd.

He followed the other men down the long streets, bravely concealing any inward misgivings at the frequent barks along the way, until they reached the office where they were to register. But, alas! the captain's Scotch collie was racing about dangerously near, so he decided to walk on a short distance while waiting his turn. But he had gone a long distance, trying to calm his trembling knees, when he stopped, lost. He glanced in front of him; there he saw a small theatre and the glaring sign, "Uncle Tom's Cabin, Six Blood Hounds." Even as he stood, stunned, out rushed a bloodhound from the back entrance.

This was too much. Losing all control of himself, he started to run; and the bloodhound started to run. Someone called, "Where is the fire?" and others joined the race, the heroic private always in the lead and the bloodhound close behind.

Then they turned a corner and saw—the fire. The new hotel was all in flames, water was streaming down its sides, ladders were extended to the windows. All was in confusion; men, boys, cars, and dogs surrounded the burning building. The people had all been saved and the firemen were about to give up hope, when a pitiful white poodle, adorned with a pink bow, thrust its head out the fourth story window. A woman screamed, "Save my dog!" The firemen proclaimed it impossible; and the police pushed the people back from the sight.

But now Private Barrett, attended by the faithful and persevering bloodhound, entered the throng. Thinking only of evading the dog and nearly at the end of his strength, he pushed his way to the front, and so did the dog. Before anyone could stop him, he was in the open space and running towards the building. The crowd cheered, the bloodhound was approaching. Seizing a ladder, he mounted it, higher and higher, when there he was, face to face with the poodle. But it was no longer looking, being almost overcome by smoke. Encouraged by this the hero of the occasion seized the dog, and descended the ladder. But when he saw once more the bloodhound he fainted into the arms of the fireman, from smoke everyone thought.

From then on he was the hero of the camp and of the town. Praise and glory were the lot of Private Joseph Barrett. —*Jeanette Finney.*

THE VALENIAN

"Out after hours again, hey?" said Mr. Hauff.

"Only ten minutes late," replied George.

"Well, go at once to your room, sir, lock yourself in, and bring me the key. This thoughtlessness must be checked."

—o—

"Another Boston hold-up," remarked Lewis Fenton as he adjusted his garter.

—o—

Mrs. McWhinney: "Wilma, who was here last night?"

"Fat": "Why, only Autumn, mother."

Mrs. Mc.: "You tell Autumn that she left her pipe on the piano."

—o—

Beware of the girl who is a "peach". Every peach has a heart of stone.

—o—

Mr. Pauley: "Is there any connecting link between the animal and vegetable kingdoms?"

Leonard Spooner: "Sure, there's hash."

—o—

Mac: "What's that bump on your forehead?"

Steve: "Oh, that's where a thought struck me."

—o—

Mr. Pauley: "We shall spend the rest of the period on our maps."

Voice from rear of room: "I forgot my powder puff."

—o—

Phil S.: "Oh, Earl! They don't dance a bit in Westville like they do here. The girl puts her arm clear around the boy."

Mac: "Gee, that's a fine start. Go on. But I think I could understand better if you gave me a demonstration."

—o—

Harold C.: "Hello, old boy. How do you feel?"

Enoch: "I swallowed a dime. Can you see any change in me?"

—o—

After fumbling around with his night key for an hour, Tom exclaimed: "Some one has stolen the key-hole."

Wave of laughter sweeps over French class.

Helen, who is reciting: "What's the joke?"

Miss Ashton: "Oh, continue, it is just Lois."

—o—

NUTTY VERSE

'Twas a dark and stormy night,
And the sun was shining bright;
The young man's lips were sealed,
But he cried with all his might—
"Shoot and kill me if you will,"
So the villain shot and killed him;
But he did it with a knife.

A fair young maid came down the path,
Her form was bent with years,
Her face was full of gladness,
And her eyes were full of tears,
She recognized the dying man,
And cried aloud, "Who is he?"
He lifted his unconscious form,
And said, "By gosh, it's Lizzy."

—o—

Mr. Pauley, in Phy.: "Has the absolute zero been discovered yet?"

Hippy: "Yes, sir."

Mr. P.: "Where? I never heard of it."

Hippy (sadly): "On my card."

—o—

Miss Ashton in Freshmen Eng.: "What does furlough mean?"

Chas. P.: "Furlough means donkey."

Miss Ashton: "What makes you think that?"

Chas. P.: "'Cause I saw a picture of a soldier riding a donkey, and just below it, it said, 'Going home on his furlough.'"

—o—

I shot a sparrow in the air,
It fell to earth,
I knew not where;
But judging from this quail on toast,
Here is my sparrow or his ghost.

—o—

Heap big lot of rats,
And a great big puff,
Make a little hair
Look like just enough.

THE VALENIAN

CHARACTER SKETCHES WHO IS IT?

Green suit and flannel shirt,
Always throwing things that hurt;
Light hair and red cheek,
Always stepping on Connie's feet.

Short and hefty,
Better known as "Lefty";
Saw him at Athletic Eat,
I think with Miss Neet.

Who are the Artists?
They say artists are "Fond of Art".

Light in hair and light in head,
Because she goes with her "Big Fred".

Maxwell, Overland,
Studebaker, Dort.
Can you guess
A gal of this sort?

A street car ride and a walk,
All for a nice little talk.
And he'd sell ice cream and Coca-Cola
Just to be with his Viola.

He's long and he's tall,
And for him all girls fall;
He does neither dance nor jig,
And his name is Harry Rigg.

A bottle,
A derby,
Red hair,
And nervy.

—o—
He's large and burly;
His hair parts in the middle and curly.
If asked if in love,
His answer is surly.

—o—
Miss Benney: "Now this poem is
found in that book in the library."

Mac: Stretching, and was caught in
the act.

Miss Benney: "What is it, Earl?"

Mac: "Where can we find this
poem?"

—o— IN COMMERCIAL LAW

Jess: "I know a mortgage that is in
my wife's name."

Miss M.: "What was the cause of the
flood at Dayton?"
Dick: "Water."

—o—
Miss Higbee: "Russell, which is fast-
er, Allegro or Allegreto?"

Russ. Nixon: "I don't know. I was
never out with either one?"

—o—
Jeanette (translating in French): "I
could not love a fool."
Ellen: "I do."

—o—
Miss Sieb: "What is the difference
between to behold and to see?"

Doris Hodges: "The spelling."

—o—
"Fat" Dowdell appears at the Fair
Grounds wearing a pair of football pants
about six sizes too small.

Schenck: "How'd yuh squeeze into
those pants, Fat?"

"Fat": "With a shoe horn."

—o— A LA BURNS—TO A LOUSE

(On examining a small chick and dis-
covering the cause of the recent death
of a whole brood, May 10, 1920.)

Wee, slikit, brownie, tim'rous beastie,
Ah why bite my little chickie?

Thou need'st na kill them a' for me,
An' leave me none;

I wad be laith to try an' kill thee,
Wi' the ole man's gun.

—o—
Mr. Pauley (to Jeannette Finney):
"You are a fish, at what angle would you
have to look to see the sun?"

—o—
Ivan Cole in typewriting: "Darn't, I
wish that girl over there would look at
me."

—o—
Mrs. Boucher, in complimenting Hazel
B. on her acting in the Senior Play, said
quite seriously: "You will make an ad-
mirable old lady, Hazel, the part just
fits you."

—o—
Mac: "Is there an opening here for a
bright young man?"

Prop.: "Yes; close it as you go out."

A preacher addressing his flock one Sunday made the announcement that his next Sunday's sermon would be on "Liars," and he requested all to read carefully the seventeenth chapter of St. Mark. The following Sunday, before starting to speak, he asked all who had read the seventeenth chapter to raise their hands, and a flock of hands went in the air. "Fine," said he; "it's you fellows I want to talk to, as there is no seven-teenth chapter of St. Mark."

—o—
 Good, absent-minded Dr. Wilder was greatly dependent upon his practical wife. One morning Mrs. Wilder sent up an announcement after he had entered the pulpit with a foot note intended to be private. "The Woman's Missionary Society," he read aloud, "will meet Wednesday afternoon at three o'clock sharp. Your necktie is crooked; please straighten toward the right."

—o—
 "Bones," walking nervously down the aisle in the middle of the period: "Oh, girls! I've been kicked out of class. I don't know where I'll land next." On attempting to sit down, she landed on the floor. (No wonder she didn't know —one never does before anything like that.)

BITS OF PHILOSOPHY

To flunk is human; to pass divine.

An ounce of study is worth a pound of excuses.

No matter how hungry a horse is he can't eat a bit.

A good way to find a girl out is to call when she isn't in.

'Tis better to have loved a short man than never to have loved a tall.

It's a wise Freshman who knows his own theme after it has been corrected.

—o—
 Women's faults are many,
 But men have only two—
 Everything they say, and
 Everything they do.

—o—
 They say love makes the world go round,
 And it may never cease.
 Quite true, but remember, please, that
 Money's the axle grease.

—o—
 The only trouble with overalls is that
 they slip off silk shirts.

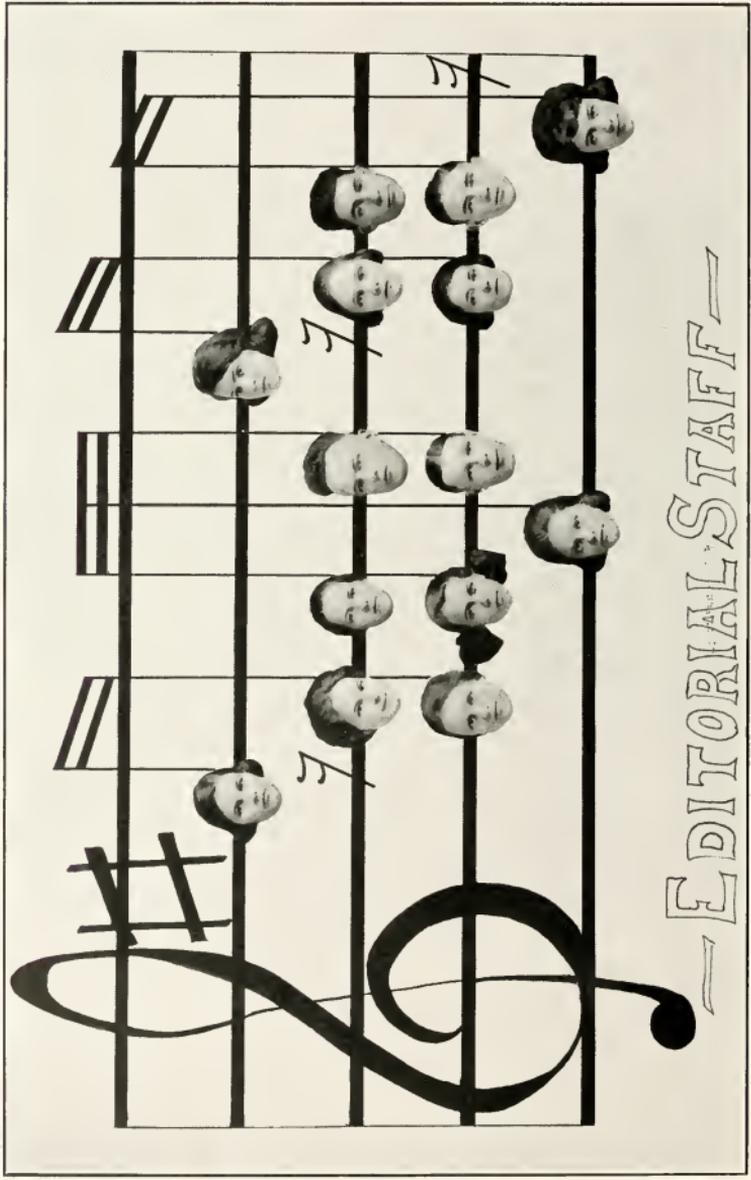
—o—
 If Autumn paints, does LeRoy Stan-
 sell?

MATING TIME

When the springtime comes,
 And the birds return
 From the far-away southern skies,
 Then the young man yearns
 For the girl he loves,
 For it's mating time again.

When skies are blue
 With a springtime light
 And warmth is in the air;
 When the robin calls
 From its low hung nest
 Then it's mating time for you.

—*Enoch Huffman.*



—EDITORIAL STAFF—

THE VALENIAN

EDITORIAL STAFF

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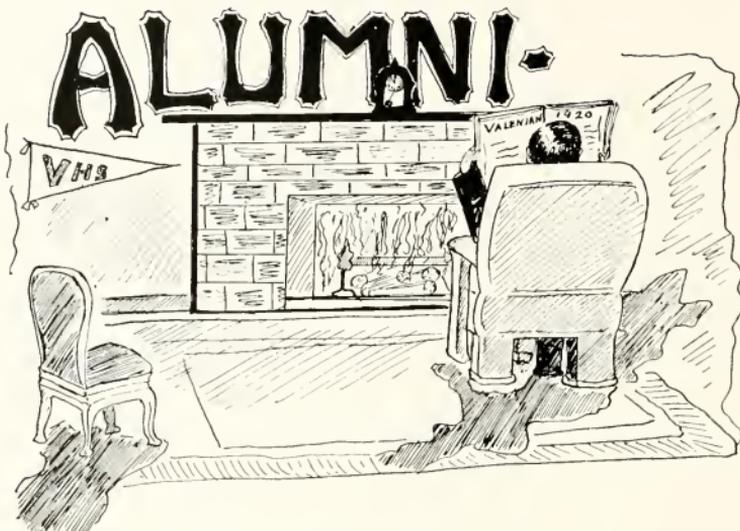
Music—MARY JESSEE

Jokes—JESSE WRIGHT

SPECIAL WORK

MAGDALENE GAST, *Typing*

ARTHUR CLOUD, *Business Assistant*



THE ALUMNI

The Valparaiso High School Alumni Association has recently been revived and last year elected the following officers—William Sergeant, president; Winifred Seymour, vice-president; Gretchen Marquart, secretary-treasurer. The roll of graduates now numbers seven hundred and sixty-eight, and fifty-five more names will be added to the roster this year.

Seven members of the present class are children of former graduates. They are Lillian Darst, daughter of Martha Kellogg, '84; Mary Louise Jessee, daughter of Althea Winslow, '91; Opal Williams, daughter of Nettie Dowdell, '92; Ellen Arvin, daughter of Jessie Hawkins, '83; Lewis Fenton, son of May Deshler, '97; Esther Hughart, daughter of Arthur Hughart, '89 and Grace Louderback, '95; Jesse Wright, son of Pearle Keene, '96.

It has been the custom of the Valenian to publish every five years the list of the Alumni with their occupations, places of residence and marriages. The information has been compiled as accurately as possible and we hope that you will kindly overlook any errors.

—*Esther Hughart.*

1874

Rebecca Bartholomew, married A. L. Listenberger, South Bend, Ind.

Grace Ball, married James McFetrich, Valparaiso, Ind.

Anna R. Skinner, married A. L. Kellogg, machinist, Valparaiso, Ind.

1875

Ina E. Ball, married F. Andrews, Oregon City, Oregon.

THE VALENIAN

Hail Bates*, married Etta Hurlburt.
 Theron H. Bell, P. O. inspector, married
 Minnie Brakeman, Washington, D. C.
 Hubert Bryant*.
 Nettie Kellogg*.
 A. J. Louderback, cashier Valparaiso
 National Bank, married Tillie
 Swenhardt, Valparaiso, Ind.
 S. S. McClure, married Harriet Hurd,
 New York, N. Y.
 T. M. McLelland, factory supt., married
 Anna Leonard, Chicago, Ill.
 Marie S. Porter, married Edward
 Salisbury*, Titusville, Pa.
 J. Hansford Skinner,* married Sadie
 Love*.

Jessie Smith*, married James A.
 Burbans, lawyer, Chicago, Ill.
 Rachel Wilson, married E. F. Van Ness,
 electrician, Valparaiso, Ind.
 C. W. Winslow, banker, married Estella
 Williams, Pitkin, Colorado.

1877

Lizzie Babcock, married Wm. Foster,
 Davenport, Iowa.
 Alice Ball, bookkeeper, New York, N. Y.
 Frank P. Jines*, married Mary Bennet*.
 Lillian A. Park, married William
 Huntington, music dealer, Valparaiso,
 Ind.
 Clara Stephens, married M. L. DeMotte*,
 Valparaiso, Ind.

1878

Ella Axe, married Philip Miller, Cleve-
 land, Ohio.
 Louise DeMotte*, married L. L.
 Letherman, P. O. inspector, Boston,
 Mass.
 Alice Letherman, married A. A.
 Dalrymple*, Valparaiso, Ind.
 Hattie Merrifield, married B. Bernard,
 Joliet, Ill.
 Eva Seymour*.
 Lulu Smith, married O. H. Brook*, New
 York, N. Y.

1879

Cashie Abel*.
 Genevieve Cass, married Norman Hagin,
 Arkansas City, Kansas.
 Susie Skinner*, married Harry Simms,
 California fruit inspector, Salt Lake
 City, Utah.

1881

Effie Abel*.
 Susie M. Hogan, married Raymond
 Patterson*, Washington, D. C.
 Estella M. Jeffrey, married W. H.
 Gardner, Chicago, Ill.
 Lizzie Kellogg*.
 Dora Merrifield*.
 Lucian Oakes, manufacturer, married
 Minnie Bryan, Tipton, Ind.
 Minnie M. Winslow, married S. L.
 Finney, Valparaiso, Ind.
 Eva M. Stephens*, married S. L. Finney,
 merchant, Valparaiso, Ind.

1882

F. A. Forbes, florist, married Mary
 McMasters, Plymouth, Ind.
 Ella Jeffrey, stenographer, Chicago, Ill.
 Estella Nickell, married Floyd Carr,
 Lincoln, Neb.
 Effie Roe, married Edward Earle*, Val-
 paraiso, Ind.
 Eugenia Rogers, married Perry Sames,
 Kansas City, Mo.
 Bertha E. Smith*.
 Emma Wilson, married Chas. McKeehan,
 Asst. Supt. Pennsylvania R. R., Fort
 Wayne, Ind.
 Ida Winslow, married Harry Pagin, Val-
 paraiso, Ind.

1883

Jessie Hawkins, married F. N. Arvin,
 broker, Valparaiso, Ind.
 Jessie Herr*.
 Ella Hiser*, married Charles Kirkpatrick,
 postal clerk, Valparaiso, Ind.
 Jennie Letherman, married Lincoln
 Brooke, lawyer, Chicago, Ill.
 Maud McKeehan, married William
 Johnston*, Valparaiso, Ind.
 Lena Pierce*.
 Lily Ray*, married Charles W. Gray,
 Corning, Iowa.
 Mamie Riley*.
 Rose Schnewind*, married Jonas
 Wohlegemuth, Lima, Ohio.

1884

Guerdon Bartholomew, manager Book
 Department, Lowenstines', married
 Jennie Salisbury, Valparaiso, Ind.
 Belle Kellogg, married T. H. Shannon,
 Tacoma, Washington.

Martha Kellogg, married F. H. Darst, Valparaiso, Ind.

Harvey Lantz, Professor of Law, University of Washington, married Marie Scannel, Seattle, Wash.

Mamie Marsh, Melbourne, Florida.

Jennie Salisbury, married Guerdon Bartholomew, Valparaiso, Ind.

Maude Skinner, married H. M. Evans, Chattanooga, Tenn.

Helen Spalding, married M. M. Mudge, photographer, Valparaiso, Ind.

1885

Charles Ball*.

Delia Best, married F. Guston, Chicago, Ill.

Minnie Elam, married E. L. Langley, artist, San Francisco, Cal.

Emma Hixon, married G. Cites, farmer, Wanatah, Ind.

Emma Jones, stenographer, Valparaiso, Ind.

Grace Jones, married Edward Wilson, Ames, Iowa.

Cecil Marsh*.

Oslow Ross, married Emma Rhodes, Joliet, Ill.

Lizzie Stephens, married Wm. Finney, farmer, Canton, Mass.

Retta Steward, married Ed. Black, Crown Point, Ind.

Hilen Wilson, married Lillian Lewis, Valparaiso, Ind.

Estella Winslow*, married Edwin Green*.

Alice Younglove, married John Brooke, real estate, Chicago, Ill.

1886

Mabel Benney, English teacher, V. H. S., Valparaiso, Ind.

Nettie Bryant, married Charles Applegate, farmer, Hebron, Ind.

Myron Drapier, real estate and abstracts, married Hattie Eason, Valparaiso, Ind.

Mary Furness, married Thomas Young, Coronado Beach, Cal.

Minnie Hunt, married Wm. Wiesler, dentist, Cedarbury, Wis.

Bonnie Osbourne, married F. B. Parks, lawyer, Valparaiso, Ind.

1887

Lily Ball, Valparaiso, Ind.

Gertrude Bartholomew*.

George Beach, jeweler, Valparaiso, Ind.
Kate Carver, Languages, Valparaiso University, Valparaiso, Ind.

Estella Diefenbach, Principal, Columbia School, Valparaiso, Ind.

Nannie Hinkle, Tallahassee, Florida.

Charles Johnston*, married Irene Eyanson, Chesterton, Ind.

Laura Jones*.

E. Guy Osborne, lawyer, married Dortha Lewis, Valparaiso, Ind.

John Stoner, furniture dealer, married Mittie Dewees, Valparaiso, Ind.

Maud Wells, married A. W. Sprague, farmer, Kouts, Ind.

Frank Winslow, postal clerk, married Maude McMasters, Valparaiso, Ind.

1888

Mary Childs, Chicago, Ill.

Bessie Felton, married Charles Jeffrey, banker, Valparaiso, Ind.

Ida Ketchell*, married James Pomeroy, electrician, Los Angeles, Cal.

Carrie Letherman, married Arthur Andrews, Detroit, Mich.

Estella M. Warner, married W. C. Albery, doctor, Madison, Wis.

Ruby Miller, photographer, Dixon, Ill.

1889

Eva Baun, married B. F. Smith, deputy postmaster, Valparaiso, Ind.

Goldie Benney, postal clerk, married Ada Reis, Valparaiso, Ind.

Abbie Cowley, married Carl Young, Prof. U. of C., Chicago, Ill.

Elisabeth Dodd, married Charles Shultz, florist, Mayfair, Ill.

Anna Evans, married H. E. Marconette, traveling salesman, Portsmouth, Ohio.

Arthur A. Hughart, cashier Farmers' National Bank, married Grace Louderback, Valparaiso, Ind.

Edward Love, contractor, married Hosie Linville, Raton, New Mexico.

Stephen McCallum, Everet, Washington.

Gertrude Mikels, married Horace Ogden, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Wallace Volkee*.

Edith Woodhull, married Herbert Bell, Hammond, Ind.

1890

Mary L. Binnamon, married A. F. Zimmerman, Valparaiso, Ind.

THE VALENIAN

Mark L. Dickover, bank teller, Valparaiso, Ind.

Bertha Dolson, stenographer, Chicago, Ill.

Jessie A. Love*.

1891

Mabel Banta, married C. J. Rannels*, English teacher, Crown Point, Ind.

Margaret Bartholomew, domestic science teacher, V. H. S., Valparaiso, Ind.

Minnie F. Beach, married Arthur Christy, postal clerk, Valparaiso, Ind.

Jesse Bowman, machinist, married Leah Stanley, Valparaiso, Ind.

Albert Brooke*.

Flora Bronson, married A. R. Johnston, Chicago, Ill.

Lola T. Clevenger, married Edward Louderback, Mica Factory, Valparaiso, Ind.

Susan Cole, teacher, Humansville, Mo.

Jennie Dille, married C. Barret, Gary Plate Mills, Valparaiso, Ind.

Grace Draper, married W. E. Clay, doctor, Mt. Carrol, Ill.

Charles Dresser, married Elizabeth Hallenbeck, Chicago, Ill.

Ella Finney*, married F. Ketchum*.

Kate E. Gregory, married T. Billings, traveling salesman, Valparaiso, Ind.

Corra Sharpe, married Paris Renshaw, Challis, Idaho.

Ruth Talbott*, married A. A. Hughart.

Althea L. Winslow*, married Theodore Jessec*.

1892

Sarah E. Binnamon*, married S. M. Upstill.

Eleanor Brown, married John Markham, Independence, Wis.

Emma L. Dickinson, married Robert Storm, Brookings, S. Dakota.

Mattie Dille, married Ranson Conover, farmer, Valparaiso, Ind.

Nettie Dowdell, married A. A. Williams, mathematics teacher, Valparaiso, Ind.

Bertha Drawns, married Robert Ewing, bookkeeper, V. U., Valparaiso, Ind.

Belle Hatton*.

May Ingram, married M. C. Wiley, Chicago, Ill.

Rodney Kitchen, lawyer, married Adelaide Daly, Richland, Oregon.

Pearl Miller, teacher, Gardner School, Valparaiso, Ind.

Lucy LaForce*, married Fabian Sederberg, Chesterton, Ind.

John O. LePell, furniture dealer, married Hattie LeClaire, Valparaiso, Ind.

Emily Philley*.

1893

George Bartholomew, farmer, Kouts, Ind. Gerald Bartholomew, married Margaret Patten, farmer, Kouts, Ind.

Beth Benney, married Bert Ellis, insurance, Valparaiso, Ind.

Mary Bronson, Chicago, Ill.

Maude Casbon, married M. R. Dayton, Holtan, Michigan.

Daisy Dickover, Valparaiso, Ind.

Charles Foster, contractor and lumber dealer, married Carrie Skinner, Valparaiso, Ind.

Pearl Fulton*, married Arden Hay, grain dealer, Union Mills, Ind.

Edward Howard, Hotel Grant, San Diego, Cal.

Thomas Howard, married Lulu Trudell, Supt. Box Factory, Louisville, Ky.

Nellie Meader, married Ross Linn, Woodward, Okla.

Lily Moffitt, married Wm. Kenworthy, farmer, Crown Point, Ind.

Gordon Reynolds, farmer, married Grace Drago, Valparaiso, Ind.

Clarice Schnewind, married Max Michaels, merchant, Lima, Ohio.

Gerald Stoner, doctor, married Laura Stoddard, Valparaiso, Ind.

Josie Traver, married John Dinwiddle, dentist, Lowell, Ind.

Mary Traver, married E. M. Sarber, Portland, Oregon.

Sedwith Unruh, married Grace Dye, salesman, St. Louis, Mo.

1894

Lida Axe, married M. E. Bogarte*, Valparaiso, Ind.

Harry Bonfield, Chicago, Ill.

Miriam Commerford, Valparaiso, Ind.

Fred Culvern, lawyer, Nashville, North Carolina.

Anna Dorsey, teacher, Plymouth, Ind.

Rose Drago, married Loring Pierce*, Chicago, Illinois.

Florence Kimmerer*.

THE VALENIAN

Letta Landis, married Charles E. Weaver, Professor of Geology, University of Washington, Seattle, Wash.
Mamie Louderback, Valparaiso, Ind.
Margaret McGregor*, married R. W. Lytle, Valparaiso, Ind.
Martha McLellan, married G. M. Dodge, President School of Telegraphy, Valparaiso, Ind.
Ethel Stratton, Newton, Iowa, married Fred Lunger Kennedy, lawyer.
Florence Van Trees, married C. W. Soule, Beaver, Pa.
Ada Young, married F. P. Howlett, purchasing agent Dodge Mfg. Co., South Bend, Ind.

1895

Ina Bowman, married Albert Zimmerman, Valparaiso, Ind.
Bessie Finney, Valparaiso, Ind.
Fred Fitzwilliam, postoffice, Valparaiso, Ind.
Estella Lewis, married L. M. Ray, merchant, Toronto, Canada.
Grace Louderback, married A. A. Hughart, Valparaiso, Ind.
Violet McGee, married Perry Udell, Decatur, Michigan.
Jennie Moffitt, married Michael Foreman, Hobart, Ind.
Rebecca Schnewind, married Carson Dalzelle, Lima, Ohio.
Lester Spooner, automobile agent, married Estella Leonard, Valparaiso, Ind.
Mabel Sturgeon*.
Emma Wilson, married Ross Crisman, farmer, Wheeler, Ind.

1896

John Allen, Toronto, Canada.
Bert Arvin, grocer, married Gertrude Miller, Spokane, Wash.
Roy Bartholomew, dentist, married Louise Banister, Chicago, Ill.
Frank Burke, Central Fire and Steel Co., married Alice Nielson, Chicago, Ill.
Grace Flocker, Whiting, Ind.
Pearl Keene, married E. E. Wright, farmer, Valparaiso, Ind.
Grace Landis*, married W. H. Wells, lawyer, Arapaho, Okla.
Fred McCallum, dentist, married Edna Tucker, South Bend, Ind.

Alice McNay*, married Fred Hollet, Chillicothe, Mo.
Herman Miller, mason, married Sadie Sweeney, Valparaiso, Ind.
Lillian Perry, married Wm. Robinson, merchant, Los Angeles, Calif.
Grace Pooock, married O. M. Miller, Galveston, Ind.
Charles Reynolds, accountant, married Clara Leetz, Milwaukee, Wis.
Guy Stinchfield, civil engineer, married Bertha Zimmerman, Valparaiso, Ind.
Donald Stratton, secretary Delos Hull Coal Co., married Bessie Mayer, Oak Park, Ill.

1897

Joe Bartholomew, lawyer, married Ada Roessler, Valparaiso, Ind.
Reid Bennett, married Ethel Merrill, Telephone Co., Chicago, Ill.
May Deshler, married Taylor Fenton*, Valparaiso, Ind.
Jessie Forney, married Albert Swanson, Chesterton, Ind.
Florence German, teacher, Leipic, Ohio.
Wayne Lewis, lawyer, Valparaiso, Ind.
Maude Longshore, married Wm. Warren, New York, N. Y.
Wallace Philley, secretary and manager Benson Music Co., married Frances Shuster, Chicago, Ill.
Florence Stoddard, married Roy Wheeler, Valparaiso, Ind.
Kate Stoddard, married G. R. Jones, dentist, Valparaiso, Ind.
Florence Shupp, married Roy Ross, automobile salesman, Valparaiso, Ind.
Harry Turner, Pullman Co., Chicago, Ill.
William Turner, decorator, married Estella Hubley, Wheaton, Ill.
Paul Welty, married Elizabeth Hernley, Cleveland, Ohio.

1898

Myron Brown, draftsman, married Gladys De Heart, Chicago, Ill.
Edna Forney, teacher, Central School, Valparaiso, Ind.
Bertie Griswold, married A. M. Andrews, Shawano, Wis.
Thomas Harrold, married Alice Swartz, Valparaiso, Ind.
Freeman Hollett, married Florence McCuen, Grand Rapids, Mich.

THE VALENIAN

Kathryn Lewis, teacher, Oklahoma City, Okla.

Edward Marquart, commandant Washington Navy Yard, married Marie Scanlan, Washington, D. C.

Mabel McConahy, married Clinton Nixon, dentist, Valparaiso, Ind.

Clarence Ray*, married Pearl Lynn, Port Huron, Michigan.

Kittle Shedd, commercial teacher, Minneapolis, Minn.

Edith Sigler, Wheeler, Ind.

Theo. Turner, Pullman Shops, Chicago, Ill.

Ross Woodhull, ice cream dealer, Chicago, Ill.

Louise Winslow, married Chas. Davlin, doctor, Alamosa, Colorado.

1899

Hattie Baum, married J. P. Johnston, Chicago, Ill.

Cora Bowers, married E. H. Powell, doctor, Valparaiso, Ind.

Anna Bruhn*.

Frances Cooley, married Edward Whitehead, G. T. R. R., Valparaiso, Ind.

Fred Crumpacker, lawyer, married Mary Windle, Hammond, Ind.

Owen Crumpacker, lawyer, Valparaiso, Ind.

Harry Finney, lawyer, with Sears Roebuck & Co., married Bess Steffens, Seattle, Wash.

Earl Herrick, assistant bank cashier, married Blanche Burkett, Glenwood, Iowa.

Halbert Merifield, bookkeeper, St. Joe, Michigan.

Frank McGillicuddy, contractor, Chicago, Ill.

Susie May Pierce*.

Bess Stinchfield, teacher, Helena, Mont.

Sadie Sweeney, married Herman Miller, mason, Valparaiso, Ind.

Mae Thatcher, married Arthur Cowdry, Valparaiso, Ind.

Bessie Talcott, married S. S. Worthely, merchant, San Diego, Calif.

Fred Talcott, laundry, married Ina Rupe, Valparaiso, Ind.

James Teats, farmer, married Lillie G. Wilkinson, Elk City, Kansas.

Leta Wood, married Fred Carpenter, Gary, Ind.

Mayme Williams*.

Vernon Philley, merchant, married Mildred Archer, Valparaiso, Ind.

1900

Aaron Anderson, Buffalo, New York.

Hattie Bixby, librarian, Antigo, Wis.

Ralph Bronson, married Anna Fish, Key West, Florida.

Louis Bushore, married Elsie Maiser, Goldfield Consolidated Mining Co., Goldfield, Nevada.

Mary Cobb, married J. Frank Patrick, Valparaiso, Ind.

Lily Dorsey, teacher, Porter County, Ind.

Gertrude Fisher, married Brent Jacobs, Cleveland, Ohio.

Charles Halladay, electrician, married Carrie Szone, Chicago, Ill.

Phoebe Harbeck, married Will Noel, Jamestown, North Dakota.

Walter Harold, court reporter, Valparaiso, Ind.

Byron Kinne, county auditor, married Blanche Topper, Valparaiso, Ind.

George Lee, farmer, married Laura Blake, Valparaiso, Ind.

Charles Lembke*.

Pearl Longdorf, married Spencer Fuller, Chicago, Ill.

Alma Marine, teacher, Grand Rapids, Michigan.

Lulu McNay, married R. J. Sandy, Valparaiso, Ind.

Alice McIntyre, married John Stewart, Springfield, Ill.

Lillian Miller, married Vernon Noble, Valparaiso, Ind.

Effa Smith, married Lewis Payne, Maywood, Ill.

Roy Smith, traveling salesman, married Charlotte Scheurs, Valparaiso, Ind.

Lillian Smutzer, married W. H. Finley, lawyer, Buffalo, Mo.

Gordon Stoner, lawyer, married Margaret McLauchan, Detroit, Mich.

Bertha Sweet, teacher, Gardner School, Valparaiso, Ind.

Walter Talcott, advertiser, married Audrey Conklin, New York, N. Y.

Louis Payne, Chicago Telephone Co., married Effa Smith, Maywood, Ill.

1901

Ralph Arnold, Ohio Brass Co., married Edith Crane, Mansfield, Ohio.

THE VALENIAN

Margaret Bundy, married M. J. Roche, lawyer, San Francisco, Calif.
Mabel Herrick, teacher, Columbia School, Valparaiso, Ind.
John Massey, farmer, Valparaiso, Ind.
Grace Maxwell, married Earl Groth, Peru, Ind.
John Norris, abstractor of titles, recorder's office, Chicago, Ill.
Grace Robbins, married Frank Moran, Spokane, Wash.
Carroll Stanton, manager N. W. Telephone Co., married Etta Stoddard, Valparaiso, Ind.
Olie Welty, Latin teacher, V. H. S., Valparaiso, Ind.

1902

Hiram Cobb*.
Harold Cornell, married Natalie Farr, doctor, Tri Mountain, Michigan.
Nellie Coovert, married Jerome Frakes, Valparaiso, Ind.
Alta Coultis, teacher, Chicago, Ill.
Edith Dillingham, married Oakley Lutes, Wahob, Ind.
Pearl Dillingham, married Chas. Phares, Valparaiso, Ind.
Otto Durand, traveling freight agent, married Winona Beasecker, Chicago, Ill.
Pearl Huntington, married R. W. Warner, Des Moines, Iowa.
Walter McGillicuddy, contractor, Valparaiso, Ind.
John McGregor, supt. telegraph lines, married Irma Hubbel, Battle Creek, Mich.
Geneva Pierce, married Harry Schneider, Valparaiso, Ind.
Grace Osborne, married Fred Linder, grain dealer, Valparaiso, Ind.
Bessie Schnelle, married Roy Beach, Valparaiso, Ind.
Fred Snyder, electrical engineer, married Mamie Kamper, Chicago, Ill.
Agnes May Stewart, married Charles Simpson, Valparaiso, Ind.

1903

Don S. Arnold, Westinghouse Electric Co., married Matilda Westerweler, Chicago, Ill.
Harry Carson, married Emily Sarlls*, Phoenix, Arizona.

Ella Commerford, married Charles Fudenski, Wanatah, Ind.
Ruth Inez Eaton*, married M. H. Leets, Chicago, Ill.
Dick Flint, bookkeeper, married Amelion Bauer, South Bend, Ind.
Cora Hinefine, married John Weimer, Churches Ferry, N. D.
Jennie Keding, teacher, North Dakota.
Rollin Kinne, R. R. office, married Mamie Malone, Chicago, Ill.
John Kuehl, farmer, married Ellen Sherman, Valparaiso, Ind.
Fay Nichols, married Eric Jemison, farmer, Onarga, Ill.
Esther Mae Stephens, married Oris Green, Chicago, Ill.
Carolyn Stinchfield, teacher, Helena, Montana.

1904

Aurette Agnew, married Bruce Middlebrook, Indianapolis, Ind.
Rudolph Bartholomew, M. D., married Eva Salstrom, Atlanta, Ga.
Jennie Baum, married W. F. Gaskins, musical director, Cowaters, Oregon.
Ross Brown, married Sarah Hermence, Valparaiso, Ind.
Flora Cobb, married E. W. Smith, Supt. of Schools, Peurta Gorda, Fla.
Ethel Anna Gardner, married H. E. Dille, Valparaiso, Ind.
Arthur Hall, dentist, married Hattie B. Turner, Michigan City, Ind.
Bruce Jones, civil engineer, married Agnes Harris, Chicago, Ill.
Leigh Lawrence, Episcopal rector, married Iva Holmes, Menominee, Wis.
Arthur Louderback, farmer, married Eleanor Harrison, Palacios, Texas.
Gordon Norris*, married Mabel Johnstone.

1905

Martha Bently, Stewart, Nebraska.
Zada Carr, librarian, Valparaiso, Ind.
Bessie V. Clifford, married A. O. Dobbins, doctor, Wheeler, Ind.
Mary Conrick, Wheeler, Ind.
Kacid Lawrence, teacher, Indiana Harbor, Ind.
Ray Lawrence, Ann Arbor, Michigan.
Kathryn Lederer, married Deforest Davis, doctor, Minneapolis, Minn.

THE VALENIAN

George B. McNay, surveyor, married
Inez Grey, Chicago, Ill.
Ada Roessler, married Joe Bartholomew,
lawyer, Valparaiso, Ind.
Cleve Stalbaum, married Hazel White,
Michigan City, Ind.
Alice Talcott, San Diego, Calif.

1906

Niel Arvin, Paris, France.
Ethel Burkhart, married C. A. Leeker,
San German, Porto Rico.
Freda Burns, teacher, Central School,
Valparaiso, Ind.
Anna Comstock, nurse, Chicago, Ill.
Clara Crosby, teacher, Gardner School,
Valparaiso, Ind.
Jane Dalrymple, married Rev. James
Mordy, Rock Island, Ill.
Harry Doege, Chicago, Ill.
Abbie Duggan, married Ernest Lay, La-
Porte, Ind.
Verna Duggan, married John Earle,
Gary, Ind.
Gordon J. Durand, freight claim investi-
gator, Muskogu, Okla.
Deforest Evans, married Grace Glover,
Chattanooga, Tenn.
Eugene Eaton*.
Leon Harington, married Ella Miller,
Chino, Calif.
Irving Jones, St. Anthony, Idaho.
Annadel Kellogg, married Abe Lowen-
stine, Valparaiso, Ind.
Grace Leonard, married F. R. Marine,
lawyer, Valparaiso, Ind.
Uree Miller, teacher, Elkhart, Ind.
F. R. Marine, lawyer, married Grace
Leonard, Valparaiso, Ind.
Clara Marquart, married E. H. Butler*,
Valparaiso, Ind.
Mabel F. Ray, stenographer, Chicago, Ill.
Floyd Sieb, Valparaiso, Ind.
Mabel I. Smith, married A. R. Palmer,
Fort Wayne, Ind.
Harry Stepple, postoffice, Valparaiso,
Ind.
Ida P. Thatcher, married Flores Spero,
Gary, Ind.
Marie Benedick, married Arthur
Paddock, Huntington, Ind.
Bertha Tofte*, married Frank W. Seneff.
Judith Lindwall, teacher, Porter County,
Ind.

1907

Kathryn Anderson, Valparaiso, Ind.
Andrew Case, bookkeeper, Chicago, Ill.
Cartha Card, married Wm. Luedtke, G.
T. R. R., Valparaiso, Ind.
John Earle, married Verna Duggan,
Gary, Ind.
Walter Fabing, lawyer, married Cather-
ine Reagon, Valparaiso, Ind.
Harold Harrison, Reporters' Service Bu-
reau, married Helen Miller, Chicago,
Ill.
Phoebe Hess, married J. Fidholm, Kouts,
Ind.
Dow Johnson, Supt. Govt. Navy Yard,
Chester, Pa.
Walter Kaehny, married Hazel Shripe,
Cleveland, Ohio.
Leslie Lambke, married Ida Westfall,
Valparaiso, Ind.
Geraldine McNiece, married Dr. Blount,
Valparaiso, Ind.
Hiram Miller, Rochester Bridge Co., mar-
ried Laura Wrightman, Rochester, Ind.
Helen Pagin, Valparaiso, Ind.
Ada Sievers, teacher, Columbia School,
Valparaiso, Ind.
Byron Smith, Secretary Foster Lumber
Co., married Laura Nuppnau, Valpa-
raiso, Ind.
Edna Summers, Washington, D. C.
Myra Thomas*, married Chester Morris.
Ella Vincent, teacher Gardner School,
Valparaiso, Ind.
Carrie Whitlock, teacher, Valparaiso,
Ind.
Eva Miller, married Glenn Collins, Val-
paraiso, Ind.
Grace Warchus, married C. D. Harding,
bridge carpenter G. T. R. R., Battle
Creek, Mich.

1908

Ellen Anderson, Valparaiso, Ind.
Tom Davis, real estate, Big Rapids, Mich.
Edna Doyle, teacher, Porter County.
Harry Doyle, dentist, Chicago, Ill.
Blanche Fifield, married Owen Roper,
Hobart, Ind.
Niel Funk, doctor, Chicago, Ill.
Gracia Green, married William Zarth,
farmer, Valparaiso, Ind.
Rae Hippensteel, married R. Buer, Hard-
ing, S. D.

THE VALENIAN

Bess Keys, married Robert McCrum, teacher, Warren, Ind.
 Glenn Klinne, teacher, Crisman, Ind.
 Mabel LaForce, married M. E. Chesbro, Gary, Ind.
 Mabel Lippman, married Paul Nuppenau, Jr., Valparaiso, Ind.
 Ralph Marimon, with Lewis E. Myers, Valparaiso, Ind.
 Hazel McNay, married E. A. Rich, Gary, Ind.
 Fern Miller*.
 Lee Nelson, bank clerk, Chicago, Ill.
 Janet Prentice, married Clarence Meinger, engineer, Marion, Ohio.
 Ben Schenck, married Clara Beach, Valparaiso, Ind.
 Clarence Schneider, court stenographer, Valparaiso, Ind.
 Dema Timmons, married Dr. Barlow Price, Palestine, Ill.
 Marguerite Tofte, married Ira Pool, Baltimore, Md.
 Isa Trough, married Oscar Wilkins, Bartlesville, Okla.
 Mary Turner, married Robert Bogarte, Houston, Texas.
 Elizabeth Vanouse, clerk, Chicago, Ill.
 Dolly Hershman, married George Tipscord, Tefft, Ind.

1909

Finette Bartholomew, married J. C. Linsbeck, Gary, Ind.
 Rebecca Bartholomew, married Lieut. Calvin East, Atlanta, Ga.
 Claude Beach, plumber, Valparaiso, Ind.
 Corrine Blount, married Lieut. Cook Selby.
 Hazel Bundy, married A. V. Johnson, operator, Chicago, Ill.
 Margret Campbell, married Henry L. Helberg*, Valparaiso, Ind.
 Alice Cornell, married Claude Weldy, M. D., Valparaiso, Ind.
 Katherine Daly, Valparaiso, Ind.
 Rose Detleff, married Otto Miller, Chicago, Ill.
 Grace Dillingham, married Edward Anderson, Valparaiso, Ind.
 Lloyd Foster, Velie Automobile Co., Moline, Ill.
 Helen Hoffman, married Wallace Wilson, Valparaiso, Ind.

Mary Houlehan, teacher, Crawfordsville, Ind.
 Agnes Huntington, married Grover Henry, Hot Sulphur Springs, Colo.
 William Johnston, married Pearl Stoner, Valparaiso, Ind.
 Nancy Johnson*, married Wm. Votau.
 Zella Landis, married H. V. Johnson, Waterloo, Iowa.
 Flora Lemcke, stenographer, Valparaiso, Ind.
 Dorothy Letherman, assistant librarian, Gary, Ind.
 Edith Marimon, married Charles De Moisy, White Rock, Utah.
 Laura Nuppenau, married Byron Smith, Valparaiso, Ind.
 Bernice Reynolds, married Kenneth Wolfe, Valparaiso, Ind.
 Alice Pearce, married Theo. Purdy, Valparaiso, Ind.
 Simon Shinabarger, mason, Valparaiso, Ind.
 Vera Sieb, English teacher, V. H. S., Valparaiso, Ind.
 Pearl Stoner, married William Johnston, Valparaiso, Ind.
 Lena Take, University, Valparaiso, Ind.
 Alta Whitzman, married C. Wrightman, Waterloo, Iowa.
 Wallace Wilson, Wilson Lumber & Coal Co., married Helen Hoffman, Valparaiso, Ind.

1910

Dorothy Arvin, married Walter Hooker, banker, Blanchard, Iowa.
 Beulah Boyer, married M. H. Brieneinger.
 Mary Boyer, married G. H. Pentergast, Valparaiso, Ind.
 Mabel Brummit, teacher, Porter County.
 Harwood Earle, contractor, Valparaiso, Ind.
 Mary Finn, married L. C. Henderlong, farmer, Tefft, Ind.
 Mabel Fishburn, married George Griffin, Valparaiso, Ind.
 Floyd Foster, restaurant, Valparaiso, Ind.
 Maude Green, married Nelson Field, Valparaiso, Ind.
 Charles Hahnkamp, Miller, Ind.
 Charlotte Koehny, married H. O. Seipel, M. D., Valparaiso, Ind.

THE VALENIAN

Berniece Krieger, Valparaiso, Ind.
Eda Lawrence, married Albert Carter,
Lagro, Ind.
Percy Lawrence, University of Michigan,
Ann Arbor, Mich.
Minnie Lemster, married J. G. Perry,
Stock Yards, Chicago, Ill.
Nina Mann, married Clyde Tippy, Chi-
cago, Ill.
Letta McCue, married Oscar Orr, Bartes-
ville, Okla.
Ella McGillicuddy, teacher, Maywood, Ill.
James McNiece, married Eva Harris,
Valparaiso, Ind.
Grace Moore, married Gust Dahlke, Val-
paraiso, Ind.
Eric Payne, business manager Kroll &
Co., married Florence Patrick, Chica-
go, Ill.
Harry Ritter, Fortress Monroe, Va.
Jessie Ray, married Niles Biggs, farmer,
Valparaiso, Ind.
Louise Richards, married Berlyn
Fishburn.
Cora Smith, married Cornell Morrow, Gi-
rard, Ohio.
Katherine Sullivan, married Edward
Burnes, Minneapolis, Minn.
Gertrude Trough, teacher, Bartlesville,
Okla.
Agnes Winneguth, married Emo Sielas,
Chicago, Ill.

1911

Daisy Bennet, Valparaiso, Ind.
Jennie Brown, Valparaiso University.
Mariola Cornell, Valparaiso, Ind.
Dorothy DeWitt, teacher, Valparaiso,
Ind.
Russell Doty*.
Aubrey Dye, married Clara Bryant, Chi-
cago, Ill.
Ruth Evans, Chattanooga, Tenn.
Reginald Fenton, dentist, Valparaiso,
Ind.
Byron Findling, married Hazel Halsted,
Hobart, Ind.
Ross Foster, farmer, Valparaiso, Ind.
Edward Johnston, Chicago, Ill.
Laura King, Valparaiso, Ind.
Grace Mains, married Emil O. Grady,
Gary, Ind.
Elsie Marquardt, married S. H. Musick,
government employee, Manila.

Martha Nuppenau, married E. B. South-
worth, Gary, Ind.
Margaret Pierce, clerk, Detroit, Mich.
Ethel Rands, teacher, Leon, Iowa.
Nellie Shinabarger, married Edward
Smith, Dallas, N. D.
Melvin Stinchfield, civil engineer, Gary,
Ind.
Mildred Stoner, married Earl Dean,
Weiser, Iowa.
William Strahl, married Anne Wise,
Gary, Ind.
Kenneth Wolf, married Bernice
Reynolds, Valparaiso, Ind.
Myron Conover, salesman, married
Bernice Wolf, Chicago, Ill.
Helen Whitlock*.

1912

Adeline L. Amstutz, Valparaiso, Ind.
Genevieve Brigg, Latin teacher, Indian-
apolis, Ind.
Nellie Bruns, married William P. Wallin,
Hobart, Ind.
Simon J. Bushore, farmer, Valparaiso,
Ind.
Frank Clifford, contractor, married
Monabelle Foster, Valparaiso, Ind.
Grace Chartier, married Marion Thune,
Valparaiso, Ind.
Ernest M. Bick, jewelry salesman, New
York, N. Y.
Hazel Mae DeWitt, married Bernard
Lemster, Gary, Ind.
Ray Dean, plumber, married Lily Baker,
Valparaiso, Ind.
Frank B. Fabing, steel mills, married
Ethel Cuson, Gary, Ind.
Gertrude Fabing, Extension Magazine,
Chicago, Ill.
Minnie R. Homfield, married Roy L.
Cooper, Clinton, Ill.
Marguerite L. Lembke, married V. R.
Seabury.
Rubie L. Mudge, married Thomas
Jeffries, Birmingham, Ala.
Lillian Jungjohan, Valparaiso, Ind.
Glen Heard, Birmingham, Ala.
Inez Parker, music, Valparaiso, Ind.
Ralph O. Parks, Bowling Green, Ky.
Harrison B. Steward, Fort Wayne, Ind.
Florence Van Ness, married L. E. Collins,
Windsor, Ontario.

1913

Bernice Barnes, married Glen Ryan, Valparaiso, Ind.
 Alla Bartholomew, married Arthur Runyon, Chicago, Ill.
 Marguerite Bennet, married Fred Aylesworth, Chicago, Ill.
 Margaret Briggs, De Pauw University, Greencastle, Ind.
 Leila Bundy, cashier at Lowenstines', Valparaiso, Ind.
 Elizabeth Bushore, Farmers' Bank, Valparaiso, Ind.
 Geneva Hazel Cobb, teacher, Porter County, Ind.
 Louisa Cox, teacher, Starke County, Ind.
 Tom Crosby, Gary, Ind., American Bridge Works.
 Wade E. Crumpacker, University, Valparaiso, Ind.
 J. Willis Detlef, farmer, married Florence Mohnsen, Valparaiso, Ind.
 Maurice Ellis, chemist, Gary Steel Mills, Gary, Ind.
 Helen G. Fehrman, clerk, V. H. S., Valparaiso, Ind.
 Anna Finn, Tefft, Ind.
 Mabel M. Green, married Albert D. Wilson, Hebron, Ind.
 Amanda Gruenert, assistant to Dr. Nixon, Valparaiso, Ind.
 Raymond Harris, farmer, Valparaiso, Ind.
 William S. Jones, Indiana Steel Products Co., Chicago, Ill.
 Hazel Keeler, married Lyman Church, Parkersburg, Iowa.
 Martha A. Keene, married Ben Kemp, Titusville, Florida.
 Ruth Kellogg, married Joe Myers, Valparaiso, Ind.
 Henry R. Martin, married Sarah Duncan, Lexington, Ind.
 Wayne A. McDaniel, Illinois Steel Co., Gary, Ind.
 Marie McNay, married George Chester, farmer, Valparaiso, Ind.
 Helen H. Neet, Indiana University, Bloomington, Ind.
 Arthur M. Nolan, United States Navy.
 Lillian Rymer, clerk, Huntington, W. Va.
 Louise Roessler, stenographer, Valparaiso, Ind.

Gretchen Small, married Jess Billings, Chicago, Ill.
 Leroy Smith, married Julia Sullivan, Washington, D. C.
 Louise Sprencil, married Frank Theroux, Valparaiso, Ind.
 Marie Timmons, married Garland Windle, Valparaiso, Ind.
 Irene A. Vanouse, Hamlin College, St. Paul, Minn.
 Kenneth Wade*.
 Blanche Williamson, married B. F. Murray, Valparaiso, Ind.
 Earl Wilson, married Leona Robinson, Washington, D. C.
 Bernice Wolfe, married Myron Conover, salesman, Valparaiso, Ind.

1914

Minnie Bruns, stenographer, Valparaiso, Ind.
 Joseph Bradley, chemist, Chicago, Ill.
 Leslie Casbon, farmer, Valparaiso, Ind.
 Bennet Clifford, Valparaiso, Ind.
 Jeanette Barnes, teacher, Valparaiso, Ind.
 Annetta Collins, University, Valparaiso, Ind.
 Ruth Cornish, University, Valparaiso, Ind.
 Garrett Conover, University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Mich.
 Edna Curtiss, married H. L. Thatcher, Valparaiso, Ind.
 Velma Daggett, married George Myers, Baltimore, Md.
 James Keliher, insurance agent, Valparaiso, Ind.
 Owen Kenworthy, married Estella Hoffman, farmer, Valparaiso, Ind.
 Pearl LaForee, missionary, Training School, Chicago, Ill.
 Ruth Louderback, clerk, Great Lakes Training Station, Great Lakes, Ill.
 Kate Longshore, clerk, Valparaiso, Ind.
 Edith Jones, married Edward Greiger, Valparaiso, Ind.
 Mary McCue, married M. K. Thompson, University, Valparaiso, Ind.
 Carrie Mead, married George Briggs, Valparaiso, Ind.
 Orval Mains, married Maude Lam, Des Moines, Iowa.

Blanche Reetenwall, teacher, Valparaiso, Ind.

Zola Stroup.

Martha Stoner, assistant editor of Ohio Farmer.

Walter Lloyd*, married Lorraine Hughes, Cleveland, Ohio.

Gladys Snyder, married George Tellark, LaPorte, Ind.

Harold Shaw, married Grace Mays, Detroit, Mich.

Edith Weems, teacher, Bourbon, Ind.

Alma Welch, married Franklin J. Burrie, Valparaiso, Ind.

Garland Windle, grocer, married Marie Timmons, Valparaiso, Ind.

Ruby Young, married Philip Dorr, Washington, D. C.

Margaret Zimmerman, married Russell Van Arsdel, Columbus, Ohio.

1915

Julia Arvin, married Calvin Van Shaak, Hammond, Ind.

Esther Blachly, teacher, Porter County.

Sanford Campbell, traveling salesman, Chicago Spray House, Chicago, Ill.

John Crumpacker, University of Valparaiso.

Howard Dodge, University of Wisconsin, Madison, Wis.

Chester Fay, Grand Trunk Railroad, Portland, Maine.

Pauline Fay, government position, Washington, D. C.

Gail Fehrman, married Leroy Lippman, Valparaiso, Ind.

Harold Gates, chemist, Steel Mills, Gary, Ind.

Jewell Hembroff, married T. J. Rummey, Chicago, Ill.

Lilah Hinehline, teacher, Valparaiso, Ind.

Louise Horn, University of Chicago.

Roland Kenny, married Anna Winans, Valparaiso, Ind.

Fred Marston, University, Valparaiso, Ind.

Irene Martens, stenographer, Indiana Harbor, Indiana.

Clare McGillicuddy, teacher in High School, Wanatah, Ind.

Geraldine Patton, married Dr. J. E. Moyer, Waterloo, Wis.

Esther Chilley, teacher, Rossville, Ill.

Lou Cartha Peirce, Valparaiso, Ind.

Rollo Pool, farmer, Wheatfield, Ind.

William Schenck, Dodge Motor Co., Detroit, Mich.

Verna Summer, teacher, Lena, Ill.

Gerald Timmons, Colloge Pharmacy, Valparaiso, Ind.

Carrie Turner, married Harold Ziegler, Gary, Ind.

Gladys Van Trees*, married Percy Huddleston.

Robert Wark, chemist, Steel Mills, Gary, Ind.

Leonora Wise, University of Indiana, Bloomington, Ind.

1916

Lola Albery, stenographer, Lewis E. Myers & Co., Valparaiso, Ind.

Hugh Blackney, married Goldie Wright, Valparaiso, Ind.

Floyd Brown, clerk, Pennsylvania Station, Valparaiso, Ind.

Lucille Campbell, University of Valparaiso, Ind.

Margaret Campbell, Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y.

Loring Casbon, farmer, Valparaiso, Ind.

Alma Curtis, University of Valparaiso.

Allen Dalrymple, University of Indiana, Bloomington, Ind.

Evelyn Davidson, married Elmer Snyder, Akron, Ohio.

Martha Davidson, teacher, Valparaiso, Ind.

Hudson Deardoff, Gary Steel Mills, Gary, Ind.

Coit Dolhover, married Alma Stevens, Valparaiso, Ind.

Edna Engel, stenographer, Chicago, Ill.

Mary Ewing, librarian, South Bend, Ind.

Herman Farris, Ford Motor Co., Detroit, Mich.

Paul Finding, Purdue University.

Clarence Gardner, married Myrtle Gehrke, Whiting, Ind.

Francis Gast, Washington Lumber & Coal Co., Indiana Harbor, Ind.

Florence Greene, teacher, Valparaiso, Ind.

Donald Herrick, shipping clerk, Indiana Harbor, Ind.

Wesley Hoffman, Purdue University.

Margaret Holst, teacher, Valparaiso, Ind.

THE VALENIAN

Joseph Horn, Horn Brothers' Meat Market, Valparaiso, Ind.

Lorraine Hughes, married Walter Lloyd, Cleveland, Ohio.

Gurdon Huntington, married Bonnie Huddleston, Gary, Ind.

Archie Keene, University of Valparaiso.

Mary Keene, married Leo De Zogo, Detroit, Mich.

Kathryn Kirkpatrick, stenographer, Chicago, Ill.

Dorothy Lembke, stenographer, Valparaiso, Ind.

Bruce Loring, University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Mich.

Helen McDonald, married Harvey Morten, Valparaiso, Ind.

Irene McWhinney, Valparaiso, Ind.

Sarah Marimon, Valparaiso, Ind.

Herman Marquardt, Steel Mills, Indiana Harbor, Ind.

William Northland, married Faye Dillingham, Valparaiso, Ind.

Deforest Muster, chemist, Gary Steel Mills, Gary, Ind.

Allan Nelson, architect, Cleveland, Ohio.

Frances Powers, Northwestern University, Evanston, Ill.

Charles Reagan, Employment Bureau, Gary Steel Mills, Gary, Ind.

Coral Ruth, married John W. Larrew, Valparaiso, Ind.

Lily Shinabarger, married Howard Jackson, Valparaiso, Ind.

Raymond Shurr, Chicago Dental College, married Hazel Marquardt.

Niles Smith, University of Valparaiso.

Louis Stendahl, married Lillah Thingrin, Valparaiso, Ind.

Lee Ella Steward, bookkeeper, Valparaiso, Ind.

Lila Tanner, married Harold Echelman, Burr Oaks, Mich.

Anna Tofte, Western Union, Valparaiso, Ind.

Bessie Wetter, married Lyman Hanson, Renwick, Iowa.

Florence Wheeler, Valparaiso, Ind.

Mary Weichert, Asst. Manager Fort Wayne Business College.

Kenyon Wychoff, Purdue University.

1917

Frederic Arvin, Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass.

Irene Ball, Denver, Colorado.

Ruth Bennett, University of Wisconsin, Madison, Wis.

Alice Blachly, teacher, Valparaiso, Ind.

Helen Dean, stenographer, Lake Erie R. R., East Chicago, Ind.

Margery Ellis, University of Chicago, Chicago, Ill.

Maxwell Evans, Purdue University, Lafayette, Ind.

Edna Griebel, clerk Vail's Jewelry Store, Valparaiso, Ind.

Martha Heard, teacher, Cromwel, Ind.

Gertrude Hiltbold, nurse, Chicago, Ill.

Laura Holst, teacher, Crown Point, Ind.

Forrest Jones, Beach's Jewelry Store, Valparaiso, Ind.

Helen Kull, librarian, Valparaiso University.

Paul LaCount, farmer, Valparaiso, Ind.

Rosemary Lawrence, University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Mich.

Earle Mavity, Purdue University, Lafayette, Ind.

Helen McNiece, University of Valparaiso, Valparaiso, Ind.

Gladys Ritz, stenographer Daly & Freund, Valparaiso, Ind.

Herbert Schleman, University of Wisconsin, Madison, Wis.

Raymond Sego, Des Moines, Iowa.

John Shatz, farmer, Kouts, Ind.

Earl Sherwood, Purdue University, Lafayette, Ind.

Earl Smith, Foster Lumber & Coal Co., Valparaiso, Ind.

Louise Smith, University of Valparaiso, Valparaiso, Ind.

Max Specht, Purdue University, Lafayette, Ind.

Emory Stoner, Purdue University, Lafayette, Ind.

Ray Stubbs, Purdue University, Lafayette, Ind.

Bernard Szold, Szold's Dept. Store, Valparaiso, Ind.

Grace Wareham, State Bank, Valparaiso, Ind.

Helen Wark, Valparaiso National Bank, Valparaiso, Ind.

Cynthia Willing, stenographer, Chicago, Ill.

THE VALENIAN

1918

Margaret Altmiller, stenographer, Eric R. R., Chicago, Ill.
Florence Atwell, teacher, Valparaiso, Ind.
Luther Bloch, Bloch's Bowling Alley, Valparaiso, Ind.
Litha Ballenger, Valparaiso, Ind.
Esther Clapper, married Raymond Thatcher, Gary, Ind.
Myrtle Claussen, Mica Factory, Valparaiso, Ind.
Albert Cloud, Indiana University, Bloomington, Ind.
Doris Campbell, teacher, Adrian, Mich.
Vera Cole, teacher, Valparaiso, Ind.
Vera Conover, University of Valparaiso.
Cecil Davidson, Indiana University, Bloomington, Ind.
Charlotte Daskam, married Watt Crull, Pittsburg, Penna.
Charles Dickover, real estate, Detroit, Mich.
Estella Freeman, Northwestern Telephone Co., Valparaiso, Ind.
Clifford Groome, Valparaiso, Ind.
Arthur Gruenert, Purdue University, Lafayette, Ind.
Geneva Holman, teacher, Porter County.
Helen Herrick, stenographer, Chautauqua Desk Co., Valparaiso, Ind.
Thomas Johnson, Goodrich Tire Co., Akron, Ohio.
Ruth Jessee, Minnequa Hospital, Nurses' Training School, Pueblo, Colorado.
Ruth Kelly, Valparaiso, Ind.
Florence Knapp, University, Valparaiso, Ind.
Robert Keeler, Purdue University, Lafayette, Ind.
Oliver Loomis, West Point Academy.
Marie Lisle, teacher, Valparaiso, Ind.
Ruth Maguire, University of Valparaiso.
Maurine McCord, University, Valparaiso, Ind.
Jennie Miner, University, Valparaiso, Ind.
Gretchen Marquart, teacher, Valparaiso, Ind.
Elizabeth Noble, Valparaiso, Ind.
Marian Osborne, University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Mich.
Jesse Pratt, taxicabs, Valparaiso, Ind.

Mark Stoner, University, Valparaiso, Ind.
John Sievers, Jr., University of Valparaiso.
Herman Shoeder, University of Valparaiso.
Edwin Szold, University of Chicago.
Winifred Seymour, University of Valparaiso.
Arthur Steward, law student, Valparaiso, Ind.
Edward Sierks, with Parker Paint Co., Valparaiso, Ind.
William Sergeant, with Specht Finney Co., Valparaiso, Ind.
Irene Thompson, stenographer, Indiana Harbor, Ind.
Dorothy Thompson, Oberlin College Oberlin, Ohio.
Mildred Wyman, stenographer, McGill Mfg. Co., Valparaiso, Ind.

1919

Paul Bartholomew, Valparaiso, Ind.
George Bennet, University of Wisconsin, Madison, Wis.
Mildred Boyer, teacher, Hodges, Mont.
Mary Arden Crumpacker, Chicago, Ill.
Mildred Chaffee, Pomona College, Piedmont, Calif.
Athlene Clemons, teacher, Storm Lake, Iowa.
Helen Culbertson, stenographer, Gary, Ind.
Lynnet Casbon, teacher, North Dakota.
Reva Dolson, University of Valparaiso.
Charles Foster, University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Mich.
Lillian Gruenert, University of Valparaiso.
Florence Griffin, teacher, Arapahoe, Wyoming.
Bernard Hershman, electrician, Valparaiso, Ind.
Ida Heissig, Francis Willard Hospital Training School, Chicago, Ill.
Chester Kulp, Beloit College, Beloit, Wis.
Mark Loring, University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Mich.
Evelyn Litz, Gary, Ind.
Ester Lindholm, teacher, Valparaiso, Ind.

Kathryn McWhinney, government employee, Washington, D. C.

Ruth Moe, nurse, St. Luke's, Chicago, Ill.

Grace Mooker, stenographer, Chautauqua Mfg. Co., Valparaiso, Ind.

Pearl Mudge, married Glen Spayd, Valparaiso, Ind.

Blaine Maudlin, Gary, Ind.

Alberta Miner, Gregg School, Chicago, Ill.

Harriet Newland, Portland, Oregon.

Ruth Parks, Valparaiso, Ind.

Harold Pomeroy, Electrical Specialty Co., Los Angeles, Cal.

Myron Peck, farmer, Valparaiso, Ind.

Delilah Ridenbaugh, General Electric Co., Valparaiso, Ind.

Lois Seymour, teacher, Porter County.

Rossmann Sawyer, University of Valparaiso.

Gretchen Specht, Valparaiso, Ind.

Gretchen Smith, Valparaiso University, Valparaiso, Ind.

Lillian Thaysen, teacher, Shields, N. D.

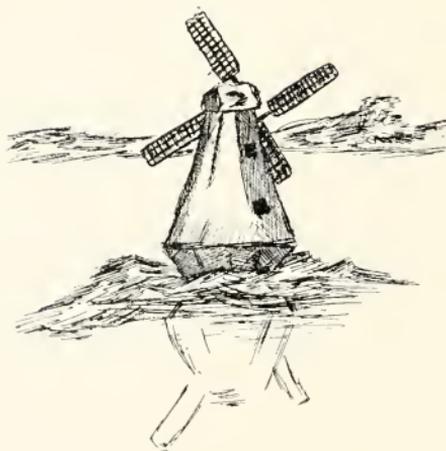
Wilman Thurman, government office, Chicago, Ill.

Luella Tofte, Baltimore, Md.

Agnes Webb, teacher, Valparaiso, Ind.

Ruth Webb, teacher, Forbes, N. D.

Robert Winslow, University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Mich.



THE VALENIAN



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