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ROCKFORD

HIGH

SCHOOL 

'95

ANNUAL

VOLUME III.



ROCKFORD
MONITOR PUBLISHING CO.
1895.



THE
CLASS
OF
1895

SOMETIMES YOU
FIND HIM OCCUPIED
- THUS -

BUT MORE
OFTEN LETS HIM
- THIS -

R. SUMNER CLEMENTS

Editor

Dedication:

To the Class of Ninety-five, with whom I have been so closely connected during my school life, I the Editor, respectfully dedicate this volume.

R. Sumner Clements.

BOARD OF INSPECTORS:

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PREFACE.

TO THE READERS:

You will doubtless find much in this volume to be improved upon, but consider yourself fortunate if the editor is not your debtor. I copy from my illustrious predecessor: "Many have helped me; many have not; I thank those who have."

THE FACULTY.

MR. WALTER A. EDWARDS, Instructor in Virgil, General History, Civil Government, Politics and Political Economy. Mr. Edwards graduated from Knox College in 1883. After teaching Latin and Greek in the Peoria High School for three years he went abroad and studied the ancient classics in the University of Berlin and other schools. On his return in 1889 he became principal of the High School at Decatur, and since January, 1891, has held that position in the R. H. S.

ASSISTANTS.

MISS JENNIE E. WALDO, Instructor in Natural Sciences.

MISS HATTIE E. MORSE, Instructor in Mathematics.

MISS CLARA F. RANDALL, Instructor in Literature and Elocution.

MISS SARAH M. FARLEY, Instructor in Latin and Greek.

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

MISS M. V. HODGMAN, Instructor in English, English History, Algebra and Physical Geography.

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MISS HELEN DICKEY, Instructor in Drawing and Painting. Miss Dickey studied in Boston and New York. In 1891 she became Superintendent of Drawing in the Rockford Public Schools. Miss Dickey devotes Friday of each week to the High School.

MR. LOUIS RECKHOW, Instructor in Algebra, Advanced Arithmetic and Book-keeping.

MISS MARY CLEMENS, Teacher of Elocution and Rhetoric.



Memories of the R. H. S.

AT THE END of four years, as the brave and determined senior looks back on the course of studies, which he has successfully or unsuccessfully succeeded in passing, a thousand different thoughts recur to him, which he would not have thought of at any other time. . The one which comes first and recurs most often is the love which we all hold for "the old brick high school which stands on the hill."

Every one of us at the end of the school year, feels a touch of sadness come over us at the thought of leaving it. As we entered the High School in September, 1891, as "green Freshies," I am sure no one of us really loved the High School. True, we felt proud to belong to the class which entered, at that time, but we love the old familiar faces and places now, and weep bitter tears at parting. The high school of Rockford ranks as one of the best in the country as is shown by the number of times its name appears on the accredited lists of many colleges and universities in the country. The letter from Ann Arbor continuing our High School on their list, after making an awe-inspiring visit, fills us with that same love and pride which a child feels when it hears its mother praised. We all recognize the worth of our High School, and again I re-iterate, how proud we are of our *Alma Mater!*

We are all affected by its influences, good or bad. One might think the present Senior Class was effected by the latter, but I assure you that this is not the case. We all have our times of feeling jubilant, and if our's have been a little extreme, why, it's all the more to our credit. But the good influence is, perhaps, not so evident now as it will be in later years, when we look back and see its influence, silent, but effective. Oh, Freshman classes, take the well-grounded advice of a Fellow Senior, grave and dignified (?), and don't bring disgrace on your class! But yet, have all the fun you want, so that when your face sees its kindly, old, crackling walls, you may say, as well as we: "Farewell, our *Alma Mater*, we'll ne'er forget thy face."

L. M. '95.

...Class of '95...

HAROLD CLARK, Pres.

FANNIE FRISBIE, V.-Pres.

LAVINIA OAKES, Sec'y.

HORTENSE PHINNEY, Treas.

COLORS: Lavender and Lemon in form of Star.

IN THE month of September, 1891, a new class entered the Rockford High School. This had been the custom before, and will no doubt continue to be. This year they graduate. This also has occurred regularly before, and there seems to be no apparent possibility that it will cease to do so. At the same time that this class, the Class of Ninety-five, was performing this operation, thousands of no doubt equally brilliant, equally hopeful and equally youthful persons were doing exactly the same thing

There is nothing strange nor remarkable, however, that we and most other graduates, namely, that the "Senior" is not an altogether kind, nor is he wholly removed and distinct, students in his school. Artificial divisions must be made. Just as classes are divided so are the years divided, and one is Ninety-five and one Ninety-six, but the sun rises and sets each day regardless, and time rolls on unchanged.

HISTORY.

It sometimes seems unfortunate that we can not appreciate what we have while we have it, and that things gone must needs seem pleasant, not so much for the actual pleasure derived from them while they were present, but simply because they are gone and we can have them no more. And so, when we look back over our school life here, as we all must do, we regret, perhaps, that things could not have seemed the same to us then that they do now, and we rather vainly wish that there might have been that charm that distance lends without the time and space between. For the Senior has reached, as it were, the first little hill upon his way, and looking back he sees, not the rocks over which he has stumbled, or the



thickets through which he has fought his way, but instead, one broad stretch of mingled color, with every roughness and inequality softened and mellowed by the distance and that shadowy haze that covers all.

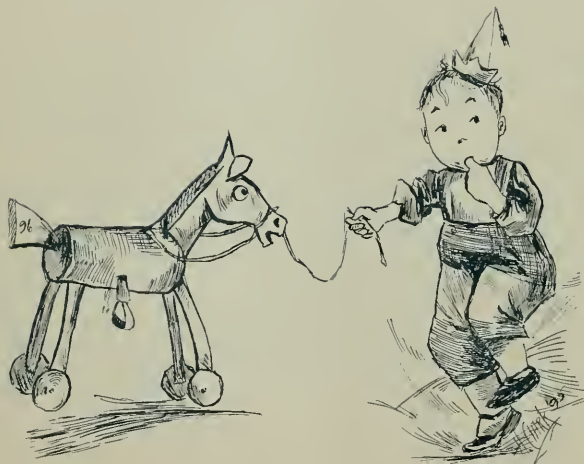
It is not necessary to recall each detail of the four years now past. Ninety-five has had the common of lot classes before her. There have been the little differences and trials and troubles, and more than these the good times incident to school life. With those placed over us, we have been for the most part harmonious, and it is pleasant to think that for but a few of us are things which, though silenced and put aside, are not so easily forgotten.

Things have changed in this school within the last few years. Those who come after us do not notice it perhaps. What they find when they enter they naturally suppose has always been. But one has but to look back a few years and compare that time with the present and whether it be in the different departments of school life or in the general spirit and atmosphere of it all, the difference is plainly marked. This, perhaps, not the time for Ninety-five to boast of what she has accomplished, or tried to do, but we can say that with the spirit of progress and originality in everything, she has worked faithfully for the advancement of the school and by this she has done not a little to raise the general character and spirit of the R. H. S. to what it now is, from its old atmosphere of unprogressiveness and provinciality.

One course is now practically finished. A few weeks more and school will close for us, the class of Ninety-five, the last time. A short two months and a new class enters, and all will go on as well, perhaps better, without us.

But what matters that? For the present we are on top. We shall not be in a similar position very soon again. What little glory or honor there may be for a Senior let each one enjoy. Those of us to whom this is the last of school will soon find that away from it and thrown in with the rest of the world they are nothing. Those of us who go away to school will be perhaps something less than nothing. Mr. Julius Cæsar is said to have remarked that he would rather be first in a little Siberian village than second in Rome. We are certainly in the position of the individual in the little Siberian village. We have worked and played for four long years to get here. It will not last long. Why should we not make the most of it?

E. W. & A. R.



روزگار
'96



...Class of '96...

BRYANT MANARD, Pres.

CHAS. SCOVILLE, V.-Pres.

FLORENCE FOSTER, Sec'y & Treas

COLORS: Pink and Gray.

ON A BRIGHT September morning in the year 1892, there could be descried in the horizon many pairs wending their way toward Rockford's Temple of Learning, and strange to say, but nevertheless true, not a green pair among them. Intellectuality shown from the windows of their souls, expectancy and innocence ran riot over their countenances; and if disparaging remarks have ever issued from envious lips, rely upon the ancient adage "seeing is believing," subscribe for an "Annual" and gaze yourself upon the artistic cut therein of the class of '96" and you will come quickly to the conclusion that the author of those insolent remarks had no eye for the beautiful. As we entered chapel that memorable morning, teachers and scholars alike sat spellbound as the cream of Rockford's youth poured in and with sinking hearts realized that it was of a quality that could not be whipped. A natural affinity was early manifested between our affectionate hearts and that of our soft-footed professor and this attachment has grown at a rapid pace akin to that of his whiskers, a strong proof of this is shown by the presence of many of our number in his office at the close of school, as to the remaining half of the faculty the feeling was mutual.

JUNIORS.

The teachers have ever worried over our studious habits for fear we would become "pollymaniacs," and thus drive them to their wits ends. But, though to all outward appearance our High School Life has been sunny and serene, still there has hung a cloud which has shadowed our morality. It has been scandalously rumored that a member of the faculty is accustomed to having her petite (?) waist measured by a coat sleeve, and thus, with this immoral example ever before us, great credit should be given our class for its strength of character.

We are Jolly Juniors gay,
And soon will Seniors be
We care not what the people say,
To none we bend a knee.

And if we our importance show,
Pray remember 'tis the age.
In which, but surely all must know,
The swelled heads are the rage

J. T. & A. A., '96.

...Class of '97...

BERT RICHARDSON, Pres.

BESSIE DAWSON, V.-Pres.

RUBY WISE, Sec. & Treas.

COLORS: Blue and Silver.

SOPHOMORES.

Freshman thou wast,
Sophomore thou art,
Junior thou shalt be,
Hail! All Hail!

TWO YEARS AGO we entered the R. H. S. We will not dwell upon our dreams of the honors that were to be ours, of the respect we should command, nor of the mysterious process "by which we should rise from lowly Freshies to Seniors wise' with the superior advantages afforded by this famous school. We soon learned the truth of the old saying, "Pride goeth before a fall." Many were the humiliations we suffered at the hands of the Seniors, Juniors and Sophomores, till we felt the full significance of the term, "Only a Freshie." But such trials as these did not hinder our progress for a moment, nor quench our ardent thirst for knowledge. On the contrary, each new insult served but to fire our ambition to show what we could do.

Upheld by this stimulus we grappled heroically with the mighty problems of Wentworth's School Algebra; courageously followed Cæsar through the wilds of Omnis Gallia and by our great valor overcame the Helvetians; we penetrated the mysteries of zoology, and talked learnedly concerning protoplasm, genus, species, and general characteristics; we investigated the fundamental principles of physical geography and became as eccentric as the earth's orbit, while trying to account for the "tide in the affairs of men," and other "current" events. We conquered our natural timidity, and with

our toes turned out at an angle of forty-five degrees, and the Reader held firmly in the left hand, we voiced such immortal sentiments as these:

“Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself has said,
‘This is my own, my native land?’”

But we didn't study *all* the time—of course not! Life is too short.

Remembering that ‘in union there is strength’ the Class of '97 organized early in the fall, and chose as class colors blue and silver. But the first year passed rapidly away and we were Freshies no longer, but full-fledged Sophomores.

Perhaps you can imagine how high we rose in our own estimation, and how much we enjoyed “lording it,” over the new comers, whom *we* were privileged to call Freshies.

We were now within speaking distance of the Jolly Juniors and not so very far from the sedate seniors, and we learned the value of association with truly great persons. While Freshmen we chose as our class yell:

'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah! Yell we must,
Class of '97 will get through or—bust,

After a year's experience, however, fearing lest some of our number might not get through, and be obliged to undergo the dread alternative of “busting,” we decided to change our yell, and the present one was adopted.

As Sophomores we pursue our studies with the same zeal which characterized us as Freshmen. We have learned that Cæsar's chief occupation was “looking out for supplies,” and that the Gauls wept copiously at the slightest provocation. Failing to obtain any satisfaction from Cæsar, we hereby make the following appeal to his trusty lieutenant:

O Titus Labienus, our souls with anger thrill,
To think how Cæsar stations you forever on a hill;

I hear the young men groaning,
I see the maidens fair,
With sighs and bitter moaning,
Tearing their long, fair hair,

While up from school and college.
Their cry comes loud and shrill;
O, Titus Labienus, come down from off that hill!

O, Titus Labienus, don't leave us in the lurch,
Defy old Caius Julius C, come down from off the perch.

Geometry has taught us that,

“In solving these dreadful originals,
We know not where to begin,
For there's nothing original in us,
Except original sin.”

We have found physiology another interesting study, especially if one is fond of neatly carved cats and dogs, or wants any bones to pick. But perhaps the most delightful of all is botany. We have spent many happy hours in the Physic's Room and elsewhere, sketching leaves, flowers and twigs, and I can assure you that most of the sketches resembled the flowers in at least one respect—they were “fearfully and wonderfully made.”

But our trips to the woods in search of specimens were still more enjoyable, although our method of classification would probably have scandalized Asa Gray and other eminent botanists.

Our worst foe is rhetoric; it is our Nemesis: on it should be engraved, “All hope abandon, ye who enter here.” for there are

“Commas to right of us,
Periods to left of us,
Colons in front of us,
Rhetorical wonders!
Ours not to do and die,
Ours but to question, ‘Why!’
And as the year goes by
Get F for our blunders.”

During the winter months, in order to secure a needed rest and give the gray matter in our brains time to recuperate, we planned a sleigh-ride, which proved a great success. We are strong in our loyalty to the school and the names of many Sophomores are to be found on the roll of the Literary Society. The Boys of '97 are well represented in the Debating Club and Athletic Associations, and although we girls have heretofore been excluded from both, in April the Athletic Association opened its doors to us, giving us for the paltry sum of twenty-five cents, full membership in that organization. Some evil-minded persons have been heard to remark that the financial deficiency of the Association was a strong argument in favor of our admittance, but we indignantly refute this accusation.

We have, as a class, gained an enviable reputation by our diligence and attention to duty, and we can bring you

testimonials, signed and sealed, that we are still steadily improving. And now let us glance for a moment at the possibilities of the future. We can not all become great artists, authors, musicians, politicians, or Presidents, but perhaps in after years when "boys are women and girls are men," some old-fashioned person among you may be heard to inquire:

"Who are these, in highest station,
Ruling with such manly power,
In the halls of legislation,
Solving problems of the hour?
In the pulpit, pointing heaven;
Equal to the lawyer's task?
Who? Our girls of '97.
Is the answer, when you ask

Who are these among the masses,
Always filling menial place?
See them in the cooking classes,
Stirring mush, with anxious face?
Or at home, in cap and apron
Quieting the baby's noise,
In the absence of the matron?
These are '97's boys.

But let us turn aside from such a gloomy picture, and wish all of the members of the class of '97 a happy home and a useful life, each in his or her appointed sphere.

E.F. '97.



Watch Our Smoke!

...Class of '98...

EDWIN ARMSTRONG, Pres.

NELSON MORROW, Sec'y & Treas.

COLORS: Purple and White.



FRESHMEN

Freshmen we are, not unduly industrious,
But destined, we know, to become most illustrious.
We salute you, and ask you to lend us an ear
While we tell the events of our modest career.

the entire class, for we are all very much averse to anything that seems like self praise; and indeed we do not need to resort to that, for we have continually heard our praises sung by others ever since that September morning of '94, when we made our "grand triumphal entry" as freshmen in the R. H. S. As we filed in on that eventful morning, with a not unnatural feeling of some importance, we detected, or fancied we did, in the faces of the Sophomores, a look of assumed indifference, blended with a little scorn and a large amount of curiosity; that look seemed to deepen into one of genuine astonishment as we continued to "file" on and on unceasingly. Soon the Juniors and even the Seniors deigned to turn their attention to us; and the faculty also were becoming deeply interested. Admiration was not all we read in their countenances, but a shade of anxiety was there. Eagerly they glanced from the few remaining vacant seats to the still inpouring hosts, then anxiously back again to the fast disappearing seats, and in despair crying "and still they come.

Hitherto the Rockford High School building, the just pride of our fair city, has been more than amply sufficient to accommodate comfortably all former classes, but somehow it looked very small with the Freshman class of '94 in it; and it

OUR YEAR as Freshmen is fast drawing to its close, and I shall endeavor to give you as correct an account of our diligent work and wonderfully rapid progress as is consistent with my own natural modesty, and that of

was even feared at first that some of us might have to retrace our steps, forego the privilege of being a Freshman in the High School, and put up with more humble quarters. But here again appeared a greater difficulty, for in all this goodly array of noble youths and winning maidens not one could be spared. Each was a bright and shining light, with such admirable qualities of mind and heart as would endear him to any school and make his absence keenly felt. And so it was decided to crowd us all in and let us remain. Thus we commenced our Freshman year, a class, in point of numbers, the largest that has ever entered the Rockford High School, and in point of scholarship, deportment, and in fact everything that goes to make up an unusually brilliant class, we have been told that we far ex—but on second thought I will not repeat that compliment, for it might look like boasting and we are all so opposed to any thing like that. The first business transaction of the Freshmen was the "organization of the class;" this took place as soon, after the opening of school, as order had been restored, and the classes formed into their respective divisions. The meeting was held in the Assembly Room. This meeting was conducted in a most approved and parliamentary manner; ballots were cast for President, Vice-President, Secretary and Treasurer. These officers being duly chosen and the motion to adjourn heartily seconded, we noiselessly sauntered in groups of twos and threes toward our respective homes, quietly discussing the merits of our newly elected leaders; but alas, that ex-member of Olympus, Discordia, was wide awake and came near undoing the work we had accomplished at this meeting, asserting that a few of the fairer sex, not satisfied with equal suffrage, had taken the liberty of casting more than one ballot each in order to insure the election of her favorite officer; therefore, determined to prove this a mere slander, a second meeting was called the following day, and Prof. E. invited to witness the recasting of the ballots. As the result of the election was the same as on the preceding day, the Goddess of Discord retired, defeated, and peace and happiness reigned with us forever after. A committee was appointed by the President to draw up the class constitution, another to select the class colors, and still another to find a yell worthy of us. At a subsequent meeting the reports of the various committees were listened to and adopted. The most important business of the class being thus arranged in a satisfactory manner, we settled down to work, hard, diligent work. "Knowledge is Power," We have a great longing to be powerful, so we have been cramming in the knowledge. We fairly thirst for knowledge, and we have found here such an abundant opportunity for learning; such a well of information from which we may freely drink. And we know that there is truth as well as rhyme in the sentiment that,

"Now is the time in life's bright morn
To lay rich stores of knowledge by ere wintry age comes on."

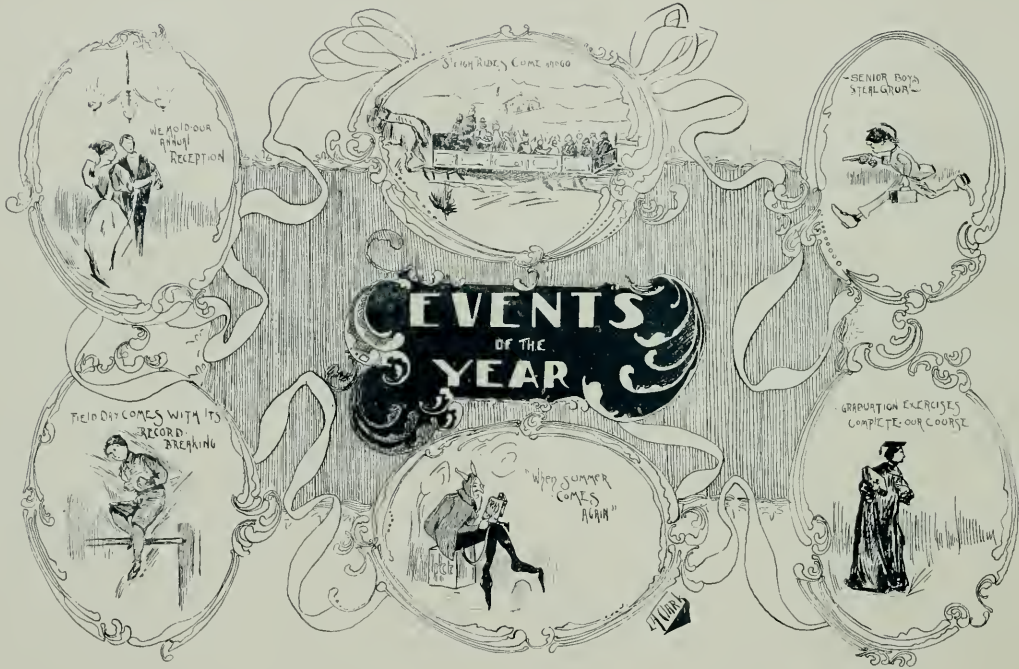
When Physical Geography was finished, and those delightful receptions in Mr. Reckhow's room could no longer be held, the girls of our class thought they would like to keep up the sociability, and to do so organized the "Freshman Girls Literary Society," which has proven to be a very flourishing and creditable society, doing excellent work.

Springtime has come, and with it the interesting study of Zoology; and now you may see groups of Freshmen, girls and boys, making for the woods and streams, or in the evening gathered under the electric lights. They are searching for bugs and insects for their collections; happy when they find some specimen known to them, but always vaguely hoping they may chance to light upon some kind hitherto undiscovered, something entirely new in that line.

We are proud to say that one of the girls in our Freshman class had the second best essay in the recent contest of essays on the subject "Illinois in the Revolutionary War." In fact it was a most difficult matter to decide between hers and the one finally given first choice, one written by a senior. We mention this only to call your attention to the fact that we have decided talent in our class. We do not care to boast of our work, but we shall feel, when we put away our books for our summer vacation, as we soon shall do, that we have earned our rest, and our teachers have earned theirs.

We're the finest class of Freshmen that we know of up to date,
But our turn as Freshies now is almost o'er.
Next year when fresh new Freshies shall come rushing to their fate
We shall be the patronizing Sophomore.

WALTER FISCHER, '98



WE HOLD OUR ANNUAL RECEPTION

SENIOR RIDES COME ABOARD

SENIOR BOYS STEAL GRAD

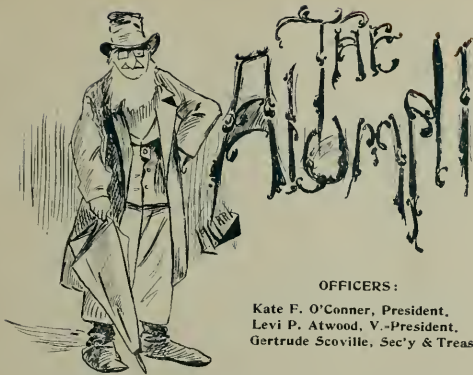
FIELD DAY COMES WITH ITS RECORD-BREAKING

EVENTS OF THE YEAR

WHEN SUMMER COMES AGAIN

GRADUATION EXERCISES COMPLETE OUR COURSE

THE YEAR



OFFICERS:

Kate F. O'Conner, President.
Levi P. Atwood, V.-President.
Gertrude Scoville, Sec'y & Treas.

THE ANNUAL reunion of the old and new graduates of the Rockford High School is looked forward to with renewed interest each year. It is an event that is enjoyed with the same whole-souled good cheer that characterizes the reunion of a devoted family. The Alumni family grows larger, stronger and more prosperous every year, and now numbers among its members graduates from the East, West and Central High Schools. Fifty new members will join our ranks this year, and we extend to them the right hand of fellowship and adopt them as our own.

In all the busy walks of life we find bright men and women, who left the threshold of the same sturdy *Alma Mater*, and their success in life will certainly prove an inspiration to the young students who are now passing from the stage of theory to the stern realities of practice.

The people are proud of our schools, and well they may be, as they are the greatest of our American institutions. The youth can there

obtain a firm educational footing that will give him a good start in life, and is far better than a fortune earned by the activity of others. When energy, ambition and good health are coupled with a public school training there is no barrier to success, and any young man or woman so equipped may number themselves among the elect.

Our High School is doing a noble work, and its able corps of teachers are entitled to our heartiest commendation for the careful training and patient discipline of the young lives under their charge. It is always a pleasure to meet them, but especially at our reunions, where they will always receive a warm welcome.

Last year witnessed our first experience in a general reunion, and all those who braved the storm of that memorable evening would no doubt pronounce it a happy success. From the earliest classes that graduated, away back in the '60's, up to, and including the 90's, we had representatives, and a worthy host they made.

To see those dear faces, many of them associated with our earliest childhood, who had received their education in the public schools of our city, could not help creating in our hearts a bond of union that would last through life. Whenever we meet them we feel a certain kinship as stimulating as it is refreshing. The officers of the Alumni Association are eager to perpetuate this spirit of good fellowship that seems to permeate the atmosphere of old school day memories. Let our reunions, therefore, branch out and take in all from the East, West and Central Schools. If we work together Rockford will have the finest Alumni Association in the State. In our united efforts for the same good cause we will forget all differences of opinion and disparity in age and condition, while remembering that we are all graduates of the same *Alma Mater*, and children of the same All-wise Father.

KATE F. O'CONNOR, President,
R. H. S. Alumni Association.



LITERARY SOCIETY

OFFICERS:

Frank Levings, President,
Arthur Winslow, Vice-President,
Florence Foster, Sec. and Treas

AN "ANNUAL" would be incomplete without an account of the Literary Society. That Society whose

renown is so wide-spread and which has had such marked success that not only the Alumni, but also their friends have been pleased to attend and listen to the masterly efforts of our future orators and prima donnas.

Indeed such is the great size of the Society that a branch department has been formed with similar aims, but whose membership strictly excludes all but Freshmen girls, (?) greatly to the chagrin of the Senior boys. Since the class of '94 has departed, the Society has been quite peaceful, because the present Seniors realized that if one of their members occupied the president's chair and the vice-president and secretary were also of their number, their awe inspiring looks might frighten the lower classes, so they willingly shared these offices with the Juniors.

Our tall Junior has shown himself capable of filling the president's office with dignity, although on one occasion he must have been slightly preoccupied when he announced a solo which proved to be a trio. A great improvement has been attained during the past year by having printed programs. This has a tendency to increase the membership of the Society, as one must become a member and attend the meetings in order to know what the entertainment is. No Society can exist without an aim, either good or bad, and it may safely be said that this one has a high aim, namely, to train the members to speak in public without showing that self consciousness and embarrassment that is such a barrier to many; and all who attend cannot deny that it does accomplish the end in view. The programs of the past year have been especially interesting and also instructive. The last meeting was conducted by the Seniors. It included, among other performances, a witty class prophecy by one of the young ladies, and closed by two songs composed by another brilliant member of the class, after which the school yell was given and accompanied by a funeral march the Seniors proceeded from the stage.

Although with the graduation of the class of '95 many of the most brilliant and talented members will leave, yet we hope and believe that the Society will continue on the royal road to success.

M. L. & B. D. '95.





THE Rockford High School is numbered in the list of institutions which support societies in the Lyceum League of America. The name of our particular society as we use it is R. H. S. D. C. L. L. A. 581. We as a society have always objected to unnecessary length and many a time has some aspiring novice been embarrassed in the midst of a carefully prepared but too lengthy speech by the interruption of a chorus of stem winding watches, recalling to the listener nothing other than "A summer's night—A mem'ry bright—A frog pond with its music." First, a lone old veteran, the survivor of many moons, a bull frog of the first water, wakes to the fact that things are all

too quiet for a musical nature, and in his basso tremuloso awakes the first soothing vibrations in the surrounding ether of the damp atmosphere. But no sooner is the evening hymn announced than bursts forth a great chorus of voices, all in accord with the one great object, to produce volume of sound.

Now, young people, what I was about to say— You may notice in this way of coming at a thing a familiar style, but please remember, we are all influenced more or less by great men who have gone before—is that the R. H. S. D. C., etc., stands for brevity, hence we do not add a lot of appendages to our title; as, for instance, I. O. U (a janitor bill).

The next thing to the name is the fame, and of this we speak with pleasure for victory has perched upon our banner and remains there. In our first conflict we won by a hard fought battle. In our second engagement the enemy were over-awed by our mere appearance, and no struggle took place. To our posterity we hand down our name and our fame. We will not add injunction to example. We learn not from what others would do were they us, but from what they have done.

First in the dark uncertain past,
Life was, nor know we whence it came
Then onward through the cycling course of years,
We see its forms grow strange and fair,
Till last we see the highest type
A man, with power to reason and to think.

And now an instinct doth appear,
That brings thought to an outward form
And draws man to his fellows in concord,
And thus our highest aim has been
To cultivate an art of power
And plant the principles of government.

R. H. W. '95.

THE "OWL"

PEARL BILLER, Ed. Editors and
R. HOWARD WILSON, Business Mg'rs.
ARTHUR BROWN RUHL, Literary Editor.

AT LAST, at last I am able to speak, I, the guardian of the school and the inspiration of the editor of the school paper. And it is the past year's history of this paper, named in honor of me, that I am to tell you. On looking at last year's "Owl" the first thing that presented itself to the newly elected editors was, of course, the

cover. That, as everyone knows, was decorated with an ancient cut of the school. Who does not remember this picture of the school and the lone tree in front of it, with no sign of life visible and nothing to make one guess that the building is alive with thought and learning? Looking at it, who would suppose that dead, dreary structure to be the one with which we associate so many hours of study and pleasure, of rest and unrest, of quarrel and friendship? It was time to have something which might more vividly recall to the mind of the graduate the process of learning. To that end a design was made wherein were books galore, and a picture of me, the presiding genius of the scene so suggestive of deep research, and shining brightly over all, a star of the first magnitude, emblem of the great class of '95

Then came the thought of what to write. Many are the temptations which assail an editor. A literary article is wanted; are there not books and books in the public library whose pages have not seen the light of day for years? Why not make use of them? An editorial is wanted; what is easier than to get a small boy, if offered five cents, to throw a stone through the schoolhouse window, and then what an opportunity to enlarge upon the careless treatment of public property? Owlets are wanted, something which will greatly amuse the readers; why not urge some restless boy to say or do ridiculous things? Or, that which is more likely to happen, why not fill the local columns with unintelligible, sphinx-like questions, or intangible hints which impress the average reader with a vague idea that certain boys, (names unknown) are very much infatuated with certain girls, (names unknown) or vice versa? But all these temptations they overcame, although the last, having the sanction of custom, was hard to resist; but the dignity of the school—for a school is often judged by its representative paper—and my own reputation as guardian of the paper's honor, demanded the sacrifice.

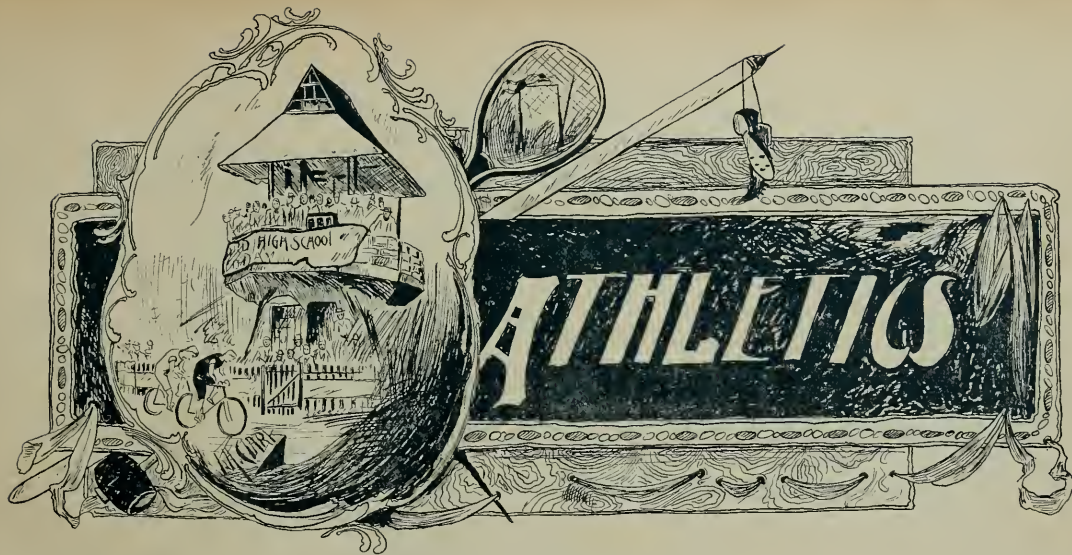
I remember the first number these editors prepared. With what uncertainty they expressed their opinions, for fear perhaps, of making this thought public. But as time passed, and they saw that their writings brought on no quarrel, they became more positive in their statements, less timid about writing what they felt. And that is one advantage to be gained by a year of journalistic work—the ability to think and write with confidence of things that are happening about us.

The editor must find out about everything comical or unusual which happens, so that they may make the whole school laugh at it. Then they must try to get some essays or stories written. After much persuasion they usually succeed in getting others to write enough to fill one fourth or sometimes one half the paper—the rest they must write themselves. At length, after racking their brains hard, and confusing their dreams in attempting to think and sleep at the same time, they do at last have enough material to fill the paper. But then comes the worry about the printers. Were they ever known to have the paper ready on the day appointed? To make promises and to break them is their daily occupation. No wonder journalists lose their confidence in men, and begin to doubt that there is such a thing as truth on earth. Finally even the printers have done their work, the subscribers receive their copies, the exchanges are mailed, and with sighs of relief the editors lean back in their easy (?) chairs, and for two whole hours the world seems a very Elysium. Life was made for enjoyment. Why talk of toil and trouble? Is not the sky blue? Or, if it is not, those gray clouds are but a beautiful cover with promise of glorious things. The air itself is enough to make one dance and sing and shout for joy. Brief pleasure! Too soon, alas, comes the dread thought that the work just finished must be repeated with just as many difficulties. But these few hours are hours of such supreme enjoyment as none but an editor can know.

No doubt you wonder why I feel so much interest in the school paper. I will tell you. Because it should be the means of uniting the scholars in a closer bond of union, it should arouse spirit and enthusiasm in school duties and school societies, it should be pure in thought and word, should encourage authorship among the scholars, and help them to develop a good, pure English style. For these reasons I have watched the fortunes of the school paper through six successive years.

Heretofore my influence has always been unvoiced. My custom has been to communicate my ideas by a process of mental telegraphy. It tires me to speak; but a few words to you, all future editors—the line of whom I see “stretching out to the crack of doom”—may you ever feel the responsibility of your position, and be willing to sacrifice time and pleasure often for the work you have promised to carry through; may your efforts be appreciated, may you be encouraged by liberal support and words of approval, and, finally, may Pallas, my mistress, defend you forever.

OWL. P. B.



ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

Born January 22, 1892.

Culminating.

OFFICERS:

FRANK LEVINGS, Pres.

BERT RICHARDSON, V.-Pres.

UPTON SWINGLEY, Sec'y.

HOWARD COUNTRYMAN, Treas.

FRED FARMILOE, Football Captain.

CHAS. GOLDEN, Baseball Captain.

OBJECT: To create in its members and other scholars of the school a greater interest in all athletics, both in field and gymnasium.



FOOTBALL

FRED FARMLOE, Captain.

GOODMAN FITCH, Manager.

LO! THE FALL had come and the Athletic Association which had made great intentions for the season, was in a great excitement in regard to the foot ball team which was to kill off the sickly and promote strength among the weaker. Therefore was a great meeting called of the members of this Association, who duly responded with their presence. And lo! a foot ball captain was elected and his name was Dickson, of '95. Then did this august body think that they needed a manager for this, the champion team; so each name was passed until the name of Goodman, of '97 came before the assembly, and there arose a cry as of one man shouting, "A good man! A good man!" and behold, he was elected, and well did he prove that he was the man for the place. Daily practice was indulged in by the team under the coaching of T. D. Bertrand, of Cornell, who very kindly donated his services. The





team progressed very rapidly under its present management and a game was asked for with our intimate friends, the Janesvilles, who replied that they would willingly match their strength against ours. Many were the rags that were chewed as to what would be the result of the game, but it was an easy victory for our team, although the Janesvilles played a good game; they showed the need of practice. And things reigned supremely for a while, and then did our good Captain Dickson resign and refuse to be re-elected. But the Association passed over the difficulty and elected our present captain Frederick C. Farmiloe, who, through his efficient, honest work with the team, won many friends. About this time the Elgins, our neighbors of the Academy of that place, spoke that they wished to meet us on the field of glory, and we did go to their city and defeat them heartily, and lo! they were sad for a minute, but they picked up and treated us right royally in the evening by a swell reception which did go bad for the players who had been living on eggs and water for several weeks previous. Now it was that the Rockfords were puffed up and thought that they needed no more practice to outplay the teams in Wisconsin and Illinois, but they were badly fooled when Madison and Beloit sent teams which done them up, though they put up good games and were defeated by a small score; but they were not disheartened and accepted a challenge from the Janesvilles who had been strengthened by Madison and Beloit, to play them on Thanksgiving. And lo! we went there and did defeat them again, and they did treat us fine, with lovely Thanksgiving dinners and a fine party in the evening. There it was that a large delegation went up with us to cheer us on, hence was partly the cause of victory. Well, we all got dyspepsia at Janesville, but came home to play an exhibition game with a picked team, but they showed lack of practice and were not allowed to score. We will not take the space here to make a distinction of the players, but will say in general that they worked hard and industriously for the interest of the school, and we are under obligations to them for their splendid work.

LAST CHAPTER OF THE WINNEBAGOES.

1. And behold the warm season had passed and the cold winds blew once more, for it was the period of giving thanks. Yet was the day not cold for Red Cloud of the tribe of the Winnebagoes, though the Elgins thought the air bleak, yea, and raw. For the sons of Winnebago had met them and the Elgins were not in it.

2. Still were certain of them not content, and gathered nigh unto the tent of Red Cloud, vaunting themselves as mighty men in that if so and so, then other so and so, and the like.

3. But Red Cloud spake not, though he smiled a little, like unto him who communeth with himself apart.

4. And the Elgins would not let be, but gathered about the patient one, and did babble of what might have peradventure been, provided things had not been so as they were, but otherwise.

5. And Red Cloud, chief of the Winnebagoes, smiled.

6. Then an Elgin spake unto Red Cloud, saying, Why smileth thou without speech?

7. And Red Cloud made answer, There is a time for speech and a time for smiling, Speak thou, therefore, and permit thy servant to smile, since no law forbids him

8. But the Elgin was wroth that Red Cloud should grin about the Farmer Academy, and spake grievously these words, Go to now, for the Red-Skins of Winnebago can not play at the pig skin. For, behold, they were outplayed at every point. And his fellows wagged their heads wisely and spake as one man, saying, Even so. Winnebago's Braves were outplayed, What sayest thou, Red Cloud?

9. And Red Cloud dissembled, and made as if to rend his garments, but thought better of it. Humbly then, he made answer: Yea, of a surety, at out-playing the Elgins are the people. Out-playing shall die with the Elgins. The Elgins rejoiced thereat greatly, and were puffed up, crying, We spake truth for once, Red Cloud.

10. Then Red Cloud was duly rejoiced to find favor in their eyes, and made answer some more. Even so. We can outplay the nations. But wherefore, O Elgins, comes it that the young men of your tribe do not win a little bit? Behold, how you continually run about on the gridiron outplaying the sons of men. Wherefore, then, do ye not get a goal now and

then again? How do the foolish braves of the Winnebago content themselves with goals, when it is the outplaying that ye strive for? For therein are the braves of the Winnebago left with a great leftness, as the Philistines have it, they strive mightily for goals, games and touchdowns and such like vanities, of which no word is heard in the land of the Insane Asylum.

11. Then did those Elgins chew upon those sugared words of Red Cloud, but found them, of the least, not of pleasant savor. Yet did one Elgin commune with himself that he would change the the subject, and he spake boldly, saying, Of a truth, Red Cloud, let us now confer as to brutality, and the play that is rough; for thou knowest how that the Elgins are but lambs among the ravening wolves.

12. Thereat Red Cloud smote his breast and groaned, saying, Verily the braves of Winnebago have much to answer for, since they have torn each the other limb from limb, and are yet sore from their hurts. But consider, O just Elgins, that even the Winnebagos are not offered as a sacrifice unto the men of your tribe. And it is a grievous thing to be out played. The blood grows hot in battle, and he who smitest another is like to get smitten again.

13. And the Elgins reviled Red Cloud, in that they said the braves of Winnebago were toughs and eaters of children, but Red Cloud held down his head, remembering a fable of old about a kettle and eke a kettle, neither of which was a snowdrift for whiteness.

14. The Elgins desired eagerly that Red Cloud should say that the Winnebagos were always beginners of strife and contention. But Red Cloud, though patient, knew when he had enough, nor would he declare his kinsmen like unto demons, nor that the Elgin tribe were little tin gods on wheels.

15. So the Elgins departed with the going down of the sun, saying, Lo! wait awhile, for we go hence to do up the braves of Winnebago.

16. And they went hence, and behold, the Winnebagoes did up the Elgins. Yea, in good shape, did the broad brims polish a gridiron with the Elgins. And Red Cloud was grieved for the Winnebagoes that they knew not that they were outplayed.

17. And Red Cloud yearned over the Winnebagos, saying, "See now, how these Winnebagoes are but a blind generation that are out for goals and games, and wist not that the Elgins are the outplayers of the world."

18. Then for a season the Elgins spoke not to Red Cloud as they passed by, but remained in their tents for the most part, proving to one another by diagrams that they did out play creation, and yet without roughness and brutality and winning of game, and aught else of all the tribes dwelling on the desert that were not of the Insane Asylum.

CLASS YELLS.

'95

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

'96

Rip! Rah! Rix!
Iki! Ziki! Zix!
Rockford High School
Ninety-six!

'97

Rah! Rah!! Rah!!!
Yell we must!
Class of '97 will get through or bust!

'98

Rah! Rah! Rah!
We're up to date!
Rockford High School!
Class of '98!



Dr. Albert Green,

ROCKFORD, ILLINOIS.

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Harry B. Andrews,

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COUNSELOR AT LAW.

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Walter A. Ams.

201 WEST STATE ST.

R. H. S. CALENDAR.

- April 15. A Senior boy smiled. Faculty displeased.
" 16. Juniors contemplate a picnic.
" 17. Winslow got his hair slightly trimmed. Nobody noticed it.
" 18. A Senior boy was on very poor footing; nearly slipped.
" 19. The old song "We're a Capital Couple" brought to light.
" 20. Very warm; nine boys, by actual count, get their hair cut.
" 21. Manard drops the grammar part of the Latin language.
" 22. Manard drops the whole language,
" 23. Two feet of snow; Juniors contemplate another picnic.
" 24. Juniors take a sleighride instead. Seniors begin to grow wise.
" 55. Winslow really gets his hair cut. Manard follows suit.
" 26. Wilcox was sent to the office. Innocent of the charge.
" 27. Dickson takes a vacation by special request. Don't return.
" 28. By this time Prof. Kern has succeeded in raising whiskers.
- " 29. Seniors get their pictures taken.
" 30. Juniors expect to have their pictures taken but don't.
May 1. Juniors get their pictures taken. Manard chief poochee
" 2. Seniors know what they are going to do. They think so.
" 3. Seniors don't know what they are going to do. They know it.
" 4. Day of rest. Colder than little dogs.
" 5. Sunday. Freshmen had a base ball game. Sophs went to Freeport.
" 6. Yates begins to go without his vest. Accident.
" 7. Juniors have their picnic. Two couples.
" 8. Belford and Clements get paid off; Belford loses the change.
" 9. Golden loses his temper. His teacher called him master.
" 10. Miss Kern gives German examinations from now on to the 15th.
" 11. Fischer amuses the Freshmen class by his stories.
" 12. Our team gets in preparation for Champaign.
" 13. The "Annual gets under way.

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One That You Are Interested In.

POSSIBLY the most important person in this city, and surely in many homes, is "THAT BOY."

As a certain gentleman was addressing a meeting in New York some time ago, he said that \$100,000.00 was none too large a sum to give towards the work for the young men. At the close a person stepped up to the speaker and asked him if he had not made rather a broad statement? He replied, I think not, what did I say? He repeated to him what he had said, whereupon the speaker, looking him in the eye, said; No sir, not if it reaches MY BOY. The agency at work along that line in your city, endeavoring to do all possible for the boy, is the Young Men's Christian Association. How, do you ask? It surely is not necessary to explain the work, still, if so, we can do it, but not in the space we are allowed in this annual, but we would gladly call at any home or business house, and we believe we could convince you that we are doing our work in at least reaching a few. It takes many small streams to make a Mississippi on which commerce is carried. It takes many small rails to lay a track across the continent, so that the produce of the west may find its market in the east, and the manufactured articles of the east can be utilized in the west. So the little influences set in motion at the Association Building may not show up large, taken separately, but when a prominent business man, one whom the city would delight to pay honor, says that the influence of the Y. M. C. A. has been the making of him, we have to admit that the little (?) things are the mighty ones after all. For the past few months a number of the members of the High School have been in systematic training for the State High School Contest, and we hope that the Rockford team may bring back the trophies; still if they do not the strength that they have acquired in the Y. M. C. A. Gymnasium has and will be of untold value to them in after life.

The question often confronts us "THAT BOY," and OUR influence with him, shall it be carried on? We say it must not stop: still what do you say? How can I help it, you ask? We will not attempt to answer it our way. We would say that every parent who has a boy in the High School should at once see that he has a membership in the Association. We would say that every merchant interested in the welfare of the city should see that he helps to provide that place for the boy in which he can get the most good. And third, that no person in the city but what ought to do all they can for him, for your city's welfare as well as your personal welfare, depends on the character of its—of your young men. We most cordially invite a close inspection into the institute which stands parallel with any in the city for the upbuilding of "THAT BOY."

JOHN A. OBERG,
TURKISH BATHS AND
BARBER SHOP.

✦❖

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Ice Cream Parlor and Garden.

A POPULAR CIGAR,

"The Banquet Hall Boquet"

For Sale by all Dealers.

MOFFATT CIGAR CO., - *Distributing Agents.*

I roamed in search of coldness,
No where could it be seen;
I found it cooled the system
To indulge in Pratt's ice cream.

Tell me not in mournful numbers
You can't afford some cream,
Invest in some of Andy Pratt's
No better can be seen.

I was left in the world an orphan,
O'er my troubles I oft would dream.
But I found the most consolation
In Pratt's Vanilla ice cream.

415 East State St.

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Wholesale and Retail

OYSTERS,
ICE CREAM
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Telephone 194.

The State Meet at Freeport.

WELL WE went up to Freeport, and we didn't do a thing; just what we did will be found below. About sixty of the high school people, including several girls, left on the 11:48 train for Freeport, and their intentions were to do the town; well, they did it. They were

completely over awed by our numbers and gave the town up to us, a favor which we appreciated, by the way. Several of the boys went out to look for some dry goods stores, as they wanted to buy some red ribbon, but found, to their sorrow, that they had all been changed to saloons; in fact all of the stores in Freeport are gradually changing into saloons; they say that is more paying. As a school we secured ever thing, taking ten first prizes and eight seconds; and maybe they weren't sore, and some one has said that they threw stale eggs at us, but there is no foundation for such a story. It was a quiet, gentlemanly crowd that went to Freeport, and the High School should be proud of it. They gave a reception for us in the evening and a very enjoyable affair it was and we have nothing but gratitude for the Freeport High School; may she live long and prosper.

Following is a list of records made by students of the High School, and it shows how we stand in the athletic world:

Throwing Base-ball	305 ft. 8 in.	Joseph Hunter	Hop, Step and Jump	38 feet	Bert Richardson
Running High Jump	5 ft. 4 in.	Joseph Hunter	One-quarter mile Run	51 seconds	Bert Richardson
Running Broad Jump	17 ft. 6 in.	Joseph Hunter	Throwing 12lb hammer	96 feet	Frank Levings
100 Yard Dash	10 $\frac{1}{4}$ seconds	Ray Martin	Mile Run	5 min. 28 sec.	Bert Kellogg
50 Yard Dash	5 $\frac{3}{4}$ seconds	Ray Martin	Bicycle, 1 mile	2 min. 29 sec.	Webb Stevens
Standing Broad Jump	9 ft. 7 in.	Bert Richardson	High Kick	9 ft. 3 in.	Frank Levings
Putting 12lb Shot	41 feet	Joseph Hunter	Pole Vault	9ft. 3 in.	Joseph Hunter
One-half mile run	2 min. 19 sec.	Arthur B. Ruhl			

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*HAVE you got your Spring
Suit yet. If not, don't
get any until you have
seen our stock. It is
the largest in the city,
and we pride ourselves
on its quality. We also have a fine line of
boys' suits and caps, which are made to
suit all.*

*The finest line of Gents' furnishings
in the city. Don't forget the big store on
the corner.*

C. F. HENRY, Prop.

Another Freeport Deal.

Our High School to Freeport went,
All bent on getting prizes
And now we are the very push
That Freeport most despises.

We got out there by dinner time
Met by a delegation
Of the weakest looking set of chaps
In all this whole creation.

The colors of this Western clan
Were simply black and yellow,
And with the black used for a ground
Was worn by every fellow.

We gave our yell, and with that fell
Poor Freeport's expectations,
For in that yell they seemed to smell
Strength of enduring nations

They took us to their best hotel
Where we sat up for dinner ;
And the way each "Cholly" blew in tin
Showed we were not beginners.

We saw a "hobo Polo" gang
Rigged up in tissue paper,
And the way they guyed our boys and girls
Was not the proper caper.

They chose the racing track to be
The place of their great meet ;
It was so out of town you know
For Fat Gray's Trilby feet.

For to kick that pan "Short" needed room,
He needed and he got it,
He put his feet in carpet bags
And at that pan he socked it (got first too).

Our "star" men R. & H. & S
Did do their very nicest ;
So when they counted up the points
We would be way up, *highest!*

The judges old, and with gray hair
That was filled so full of hayseed
Stole races with such vim and snap
Our team got simply crazied

But we had beaten them real bad,
They turned their colors over,
And wore them black side up with care
And the *red* was over !

The reception was just out of sight,
They must have taken lessons ;
And of the girls within that town
Brought out their very best ones.

The future Mrs C was found,
We guessed it in a minute ;
And all agreed 'ere we came back
That Clem was shortly in it.

Then we thought Freeport had enough
Of athletic training ;
And we departed thence for home
And nary soul complaining
(Oh! no, not at all)

Y—'98.

The....
Rockford
Tailoring Co.



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ATHLETIC JOSH.

Three whoops for Hunter. And it is said that the Freeports were not in it.

Harold Clark gave a little surprise party to his Rockford friends at Freeport. He showed himself in fine condition and even the Freeport people are proud of him.

The Freeport girls say they would not have had one of their own boys beat that pretty boy in blue. He was just cute to death.

And now and then Clark got a pin.

Rupert Henry left Freeport only on one condition, and that was that he might go up there again.

We are really surprised at Rundquist; and some small boys said that he got Tu near but he denies it.

We wonder why the Board would not give us a field day. The pupils lose interest when the Board is not in sympathy with them.

And some one said that Martin could run 100 yards faster and better than any two women they ever saw.

Whatever else happens we are painfully surprised at Rundquist.

The Freeport girls threw their yellow ribbons away and donned the red.

Miss Phinney and Rupert Henry were entertained so royally that they did not return until the following Monday.

THE NELSON CAFE,

312 S. Main St.—Nelson Hotel Bldg.

ALL KINDS OF LUNCHESES SERVED TO ORDER,
FIRST CLASS MEATS.
BEST COFFEE IN THE CITY.
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"Fresh Every Week."

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Organized 1866.

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Reserve for losses and
all other claims..... 96,480.11

725,337.95

Cash Capital..... 200,000.00

Reserve for Policy
Holders..... 925,047.29

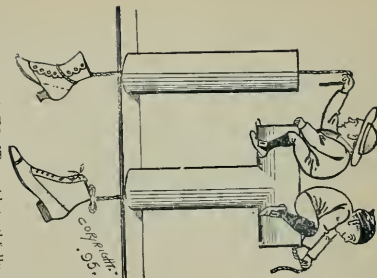
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ILL.
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A Good and Reliable Place
to do Your Trading.

GRINDS.

If you do not find your name here recorded, consider it that you have done nothing worthy of being immortalized.

Manny—Conspicuous by his absence.

L-v-n-s,—Man wants but little here below but he wants that little *Long*.

G-d-an,—T's arm that makes the love go round.

Miss W-rn-r,—Her heart is not in her work, 'tis elsewhere.

Countryman and Miss D—k

May she when time has sunk him into years

Love her old man and cherish his white hairs.

Nor he perceiving her charms through age decay,
But think each sun his bridal day.

Freshie looking forward to graduation,—O Wonderful!—Wonderful!—and most Wonderful!—and yet again Wonderful, and after that out of all Whooping.

Bert R-c-a-d-on,—Learning by study must be won :
Twas ne'er entailed from sire to son.

Senior Girl,—“ Like a stem on a leaf that will never return.”

Miss C-gg-s-a-l's latest book,—What I know about College men and Fraternities.

J. R—d,—A silent man who were a look of wisdom from his birth.

Miss W-t-r-an,—O she is the pride and glory of all the earth ; without her all the rest is worthless dross.

Miss W-se,—That graceful swager is the envy of all the school.

P—rs,—No man shall see me *more*.

Senior boys,—Where shall we dine today ?

Biscuit Y,—Scarce appeared the uncertain prophecy of beard.

Manny,—Speaks an infinite deal of nothing.

It is said that Goodman can fall asleep quicker than any other man in the school, by the clock. A good story has gone the rounds on him which reads something like this: Goodman was invited to a card party. He was to stop for Miss C. Goodman. Ate a hearty supper that night. (He always does.) He went to dress early. Felt stupid. Layed down. Fell asleep. Slept three hours. Miss C. waited. Still waited. And waited again, but it didn't do any good. Goodman didn't come. Everybody mad. I mean just Miss C. Next day, apologies, candy (two pounds). And Goodman enjoyed the nap.



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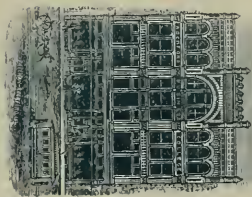
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