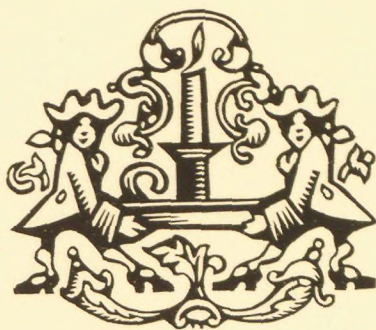




**SENIOR
YEAR BOOK
1912**

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East Orange
High School

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TO

Miss Florence Emily Burk

WHO, IN THE TWO YEARS OF
HER STAY IN OUR HIGH SCHOOL,
HAS GAINED THE FRIENDSHIP
AND RESPECT OF THE WHOLE
STUDENT BODY, THE CLASS OF
1912 DEDICATES THIS BOOK

1912-

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"The News" Staff

FREDERICK ALAN CROSLAND.....Editor-in-Chief
LESLIE JOHN CRATE.....Business Manager
WALTER MacGOWAN.....Advertising Manager
WINIFRED MICHEL SCHLEY.....Exchange Editor
EOLA FLOYD STRAIT.....Alumni Editor
GERTRUDE KING.....Girls' Sporting Editor
LLOYD BALDWIN WHITMAN.....Boys' Sporting Editor
PEYTON RANDOLPH CAMPBELL.....Art Editor

Associate Editors

VIRGILYN AUGUSTA NICKERSON

BESSIE COOK.

EDWIN RAYMOND WOLFE.



"THE NEWS" STAFF

Commencement Speakers

JESSIE WILDEY BOUTILLIER.

EVELYN BRINCKERHOFF BEDELL.

ETHEL WARD.

THOMAS BANCROFT REIFSNYDER.

PEYTON RANDOLPH CAMPBELL.

Honor Roll

HELEN FRINT

EDWIN WOLFE

JESSIE BOUTILLIER

INA WILSON

RANDOLPH CAMPBELL

ELSA VOLCKMANN

LAURA BAER

ELSIE CRAWFORD

WINIFRED SCHLEY

WILLIAM CHATER

EVELYN BEDELL

RUTH JENKINS

ETHEL WARD

LOUISE DENISON

THOS. REIFSNYDER

CHRISTINE WILSON

GENEVIEVE JOHNSTON

MAY LANG

ELSIE YOUNG



CLASS OF 1912

Class Officers

HERBERT I. MICHAEL.....President

EOLA FLOYD STRAIT.....Vice-president

BESSIE COOKSecretary

RALPH H. ABBEY.....Treasurer

DIRECTORY



HERBERT ISSAC MICHAEL.

Nickname "Mike." Distinguished for his happy-go-lucky manner. Will enter Princeton.

"The most manifest sign of wisdom
Is continued cheerfulness."

—*Montaigne.*

Class president; Honor Board president; Students' Council; Delta Epsilon; Senior Dramatics; Senior Entertainment; Cheer Leader; Associate Editor of *News*; Class Track Team '09; Class Basketball '10. Γ Δ Ψ.



EOLA FLOYD STRAIT.

Called Eola. Distinguished—'nuf sed. Will enter Chevy Chase Seminary.

"There is madness about thee, and joy divine."

—*Wordsworth.*

Vice-president; Alumni Editor *News*; Senior Concert Committee; Students' Council; Honor Board; Class Basketball; Senior Dramatics; Graduation Dance Committee; Class Dispensary.



BESSIE COOK.

Called Bessie. Distinguished for her sweet disposition. Will enter Smith College.

"Such harmonious gladness
From thy lips doth flow."

—*Shelley.*

Secretary of Class (three years); Ken Mair, President first term; Interclub Debate; Associate Editor of *News*; Class History; Graduation Dance Committee; Senior Dramatics. Δ Σ Δ.



RALPH H. ABBEY.

Called Ralph. Distinguished for his apparent wisdom. Will enter business.

"He speaks and yet he says nothing."

—*Shakespeare.*

Class Treasurer; Baseball Team; Bowling Team; Senior Junior Dance Committee; Chairman Lunchroom Committee; Class Day Committee; Students' Council; Senior Dramatics; Captain 1912 Class Baseball.



ETHEL AGENS.

Nickname "Et." Noted for her placid reserve. Will reside at home.

"A certain simplicity that made every one her friend."
—*Hawthorne.*

Member of Ken Mair; Member of School Song, Motto, and Seal Committee; Ivy Day Committee.



T. MARIE ALLEN.

Called Marie. Noted for her quiet nature. Will enter Drexel Institute.

"A peaceful face so sweet and meek."
—*Tennyson.*

Senior Dramatics; Senior Play Committee.



JESSE ALBERT BACK.

Nickname "Jess." Noted for his "Higher" knowledge. Will enter business.

"In mathematics he was greater
Than Tycho Brahe; or Erra Pater."
—*Butler.*

Chairman Motto Committee.



LAURA BAER.

Called Laura. Distinguished for her hatred of the masculine gender. Will return for a P.G.

"'Tis long since I have seen a man."
—*Tennyson.*

Calendar Committee; Honor Roll; German Dramatics; Ken Mair; Inter Club Debate; Class Poem.



CYRIL CROCKETT BALDWIN.

Nickname "Doc." Noted for his Chemistry. Will enter business.

"The starving chemist in his golden views."
—*Pope.*

Students' Council; Track Team; Ivy Day Committee.



DONALD ROBINSON BALDWIN.

Nickname "Don." Noted for his "general neatness." Will enter Cornell.

"I'll be at charges for a looking-glass."

—*Shakespeare.*

Banjo Club; Junior Entertainment; Senior Dramatics; Delta Epsilon; Ivy Day Committee. Three years' course.



EVELYN BRINCKERHOFF BEDELL.

Called "Zu-Zu." Noted for her Lady Amaranth portrayal. Will enter Montclair Normal.

"As proud as Lucifer."

—*Bailey.*

Senior Dramatics; Class Basketball; Honor Roll.



JESSIE WILDEY BOUTILLIER.

Called Jessie. Distinguished for her aptitude for erudition. Will enter Trenton or Montclair Normal.

"For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich."

—*Shakespeare.*

Class Motto Committee; German Dramatics; second highest on Honor Roll; Commencement Speaker.



GLADYS BUGGE.

Called Gladys. Distinguished for her Lit. recitations. Will study music.

"To make undying music in the world."

—*Tennyson.*

Senior Dramatics; Senior Rhetoricals; Ivy Day Committee.



MILDRED BURDETT.

Called Mildred. Celebrated for her athletics. Will reside at home.

"A queen, with swarthy cheeks and bold black eyes."

—*Tennyson.*

Tennis Team; Manager of Girls' Basketball; Class Day Committee.



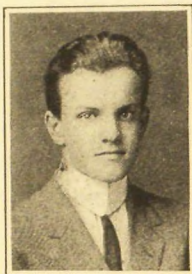
ISABEL BURNS.

Nickname "Isa." Noted for her German pronunciation. Will enter Newark Normal.

"By your own report,—a linguist."

—*Shakespeare.*

German Dramatics; Class Song Committee.



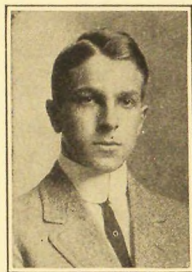
PEYTON RANDOLPH CAMPBELL.

Nickname "Randy." Far-famed for his numerous abilities. Will enter Princeton.

"There is no kind of thing in the 'versal world
But what you can turn your hand to."

—*Cervantes.*

Assistant Advertising Manager of *News*, 1911; Art Editor *News*; Students' Council; Delta Epsilon; Inter-club Debate; Senior Dramatics; Senior Entertainment; Commencement Essay; Honor Roll; Class Song; Calendar Committee; Ivy Day Orator; School Song.



HOWARD N. CAPPEL.

Nickname "Cap." Distinguished for his ability to fuss. Will enter business.

"Oh ye belles and ye flirts, and ye pert little things."

—*Whitehead.*

Football; Basketball; Junior-Senior Dance Committee; Chairman Class Song Committee; $\Gamma \Delta \Psi$.



CHARLES CLARENCE CARUSO.

Nickname "Billy." Noted for his love of science. Will enter business.

"Throw physic to the dogs,—I'll none of it!"

—*Shakespeare.*

Captain Championship Class Basketball; E.O.H.S. second Basketball.



ROBERT CUSHMAN CHAPIN.

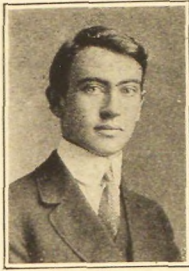
Called "Chippy." Remembered for his loyal bearing of "The Old Glory." Will enter business.

"A youth who bore—mid snow and ice

A banner——"

—*Longfellow.*

Standard Bearer; Delta Epsilon; Chairman of Banner Committee.



JOHN A. CHATER, JR.

Nickname Jack. Distinguished for his silence. Will enter Cornell.

"Silence is more eloquent than words."

—*Carlyle*.

Senior Dramatics.



WILLIAM SAGE CHATER.

Called Will. Noted for his knowledge of G. & R. History. Will enter Cornell (agricultural course).

"Just tickle the Earth with a hoe
And she laughs with a harvest."

—*Jerrold*.

Honor Roll.



LESLIE JOHN CRATE.

Nickname "Les." Distinguished for his failing for femininity. Will enter Syracuse.

"I do not love, I want, I try to love!"

—*Clough*.

Business Manager of *News*; Delta Epsilon; Calendar Committee; German Dramatics; Senior Entertainment; Senior Dramatics; Senior Play Committee. © Σ A.



ELSIE BEACH CRAWFORD.

Called Elsie. Distinguished for her light-heartedness. Will enter Sweet Briar.

"Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest, and youthful Jollity."

—*Milton*.

Ken Mair; Senior Entertainment Committee; German Dramatics; Senior Dramatics; Honor Roll; Graduation Dance Committee; Class Motto. Δ Σ Δ.



FREDERICK ALAN CROSLAND.

Nickname "Mark." Distinguished for his *Whimsical Wags*. Will enter journalism.

"A rare compound of oddity, frolic and fun."

—*Goldsmith*.

Editor-in-chief of *News*; Editor of Year Book; Chairman *News* Entertainment; Chairman Senior Entertainment; Mandolin Club (four years); Students' Council; Treasurer; Tennis Team (three years); Delta Epsilon; Senior Dramatics; Class Dispensary. Γ Δ Ψ.



GERTRUDE RANDOLPH DAVIS.

Called Gert. Distinguished for her gentle nature. Will enter Business School.

"A mind at peace with all below."

—*Byron.*

German Dramatics; Senior Dramatics.



LOUISE DENISON.

Called Louise. Noted for her pleasing manner. Will return for a P.G.

"A light heart lives long."

—*Shakespeare.*

Honor Roll.



FLORENCE MARION DODDRIDGE.

Nickname "Dot." Noted for her continuous grinding. Will enter Montclair Normal.

"Up! up! my friend, and quit your books."

—*Wordsworth.*



EUGENIA EAGLES.

Nickname Jean. Noted for her giggles. Will enter Pratt Institute (Illustrating).

"O, I am stabb'd with laughter."

—*Shakespeare.*

German Dramatics.



EDITH NICHOLS FAIRFIELD.

Nickname "Nicky." Noted for her incessant chatter. Will enter Teachers' College.

"She would talk;

Lord, how she talked!"

—*Beaumont and Fletcher.*



HELEN MABEL FRANCIS.

Called Helen. Noted for her quiet manner. Will enter Montclair State Normal.

"Speech is great; but silence is greater."
—*Carlyle*.

Banner Committee; Girls' Orchestra.



EDGAR WILSON FRAZER.

Nickname "Ed." Distinguished by his auto driving. Will return for a P.G.

"For a high speeding driver was young Lochinvar."

—*H. D. H. in the News*.



MARGARET FERGUSON.

Called Margaret. Noted for her studiousness. Will return for a P.G. and enter Wellesley in 1913.

"Knowledge comes but wisdom lingers."
—*Tennyson*.

Motto Committee.



HELEN SUTTON FRINT.

Called Helen. A distinguished student. Will reside at home.

"Whose little body lodged a mighty mind."
—*Homer*.

Motto Committee; highest on Honor Roll.



EDWIN MARTIN HALL.

Nickname "Ed." Noted for his hail-fellow-well-met manner. Will enter Stevens Institute.

"Nose, nose, nose, nose!
Who gave thee that jolly red nose?"
—*Ravenscroft*.

Manager of Football Team; Football; Chairman of Class Day Committee; $\Gamma \Delta \Psi$



MINERVA ETHEL HALLADAY.

Nickname "Doll." Noted for her lack of interest. Will study music.

"I care for nobody, no, not I."

—*Bickerstaff.*



GEORGE HATCH.

Called George. Celebrated for his business ability. Will enter Pratt Institute.

"Nowher so besy a man as he ther was."

—*Chaucer.*

Chairman Senior Dramatics; Delta Epsilon; Gamma Sigma Tau.



EDWARD S. JAMISON.

Nickname "Ted." Distinguished as a Beau Brummel. Will enter Cornell.

"The girls all cried, 'He's quite the kick!'"

—*Colman.*

President of Athletic Association; Manager of Tennis Team; Mandolin Club; Senior Dramatics; Class Gift; Cheer Leader; Graduation Dance Committee; Senior-Junior Dance Committee. Δ Θ.



KATHARINE ANITA JEFFERS.

Nickname "Angel." Noted for her timidity. Will enter Montclair Normal.

"Gentle of speech, beneficent of mind."

—*Homer.*



RUTH DE CUE JENKINS.

Nickname "Rufus." Distinguished for her side-remarks. Will enter New York School of Physical Training.

"I see her glorious black eyes shine!"

—*Byron.*

German Dramatics; Senior Dramatics; Honor Roll; Honor System Committee; Gift Committee.



FRANK C. JOHNSON.

Called Frank. Distinguished for his speeches. Will enter Cornell Agricultural College.

"There is no true orator who is not a hero."

—Emerson.

Delta Epsilon; German Dramatics; Valedictorian.



GENEVIEVE JOHNSTON.

Called Genevieve. Noted for her seriousness. Will enter Syracuse University.

"So sweet is zealous contemplation."

—Shakespeare.

Honor Roll.



RICHARD RANDOLPH JOHNSON.

Nickname "Randy." Noted for his basketball. Will enter Stevens Institute.

"So sweet the blush of bashfulness."

—Byron.

Champion Class Basketball; Captain of second Basketball.



DOROTHY ANNE KENT.

Nickname "Dot." Distinguished for continued cheerfulness. Will enter Smith College.

"Beauty more adorn'd,

More lovely than Pandora."

—Milton.

Ken Mair; Calendar Committee; Students' Council; Senior Play Committee; German Dramatics. $\Delta \Sigma \Delta$.



BEATRICE KELLY.

Nickname "Bea." Noted for her love of green. Will enter Toronto University.

"And her voice was soft and low."

—Winter.

Senior Dramatics; Card Committee.



GERTRUDE KING.

Called "King." Celebrated for her basketball. Will enter Wellesley.

"A sweet attractive kind of grace."

—Royden.

Captain Girls' Basketball 1911; Captain Class Basketball 1912; Senior Dramatics; Girls' Sporting Editor of the *News*; Vice-president Girls' A.A.; Students' Council.



ELIZABETH GERTRUDE KRUSEN.

Called Gertrude. Distinguished for her jolly nature. Will enter Smith in 1913.

"A light heart lives long."

—Shakespeare.

Ken Mair; German Dramatics; Senior Dramatics.



MAY HELENA LANG.

Called May. Noted for her innocence. Will reside at home.

"O May, sweet voiced one."

—Jackson.

Honor Roll.



FRANCIS WENTWORTH LAWSON, JR.,

Nickname "Wink." Noted for his inclination to industry. Will enter business.

"Never idle a minute, but thrifty
And thoughtful of others."

—Longfellow.

Basketball; Advertising Manager of Senior Entertainment.



LILLIAN CAROLINE LORD.

Called Lillian. Noted for her merry laugh. Will study music.

"Care to our coffin adds a nail, no doubt;
And every Grin, so merry, draws one out."

—Wolcott.

First prize in poetry contest, 1911; Banner Committee; Girls' Orchestra; Senior Rhetoricals; Senior Dramatics.



CLARK YOUNG MCGOWN.

Nickname "Mac." Distinguished for his serious expression. Will enter Stevens Institute.

"To be grave, exceeds all pow'r of face."

—Pope.

Senior Dramatics; Delta Epsilon. $\Theta \Sigma A$.



WALTER MAC GOWAN.

Nickname "Mac." Noted for his eagles' eyes. Will enter business.

"A wit with dunces, a dunce with wits."

—Pope.

Basketball (two years); Track (three years); Vice-president of A.A.; Advertising Manager of *News*; Delta Epsilon; Class Day Committee; Chairman of Calendar Committee; Senior Dramatics.



ELLWOOD JACKSON MEETEER.

Nickname "Ellie." Distinguished by his melancholy air. Will enter Iowa University.

"Aristotle said melancholy men are most witty."

—Burton.

Senior Play Committee; Class Basketball; Gamma Sigma Tau.



GEORGIANNA MIDDLETON.

Called "Georgie." Noted for her cheerfulness. Will enter Wellesley.

"Joyous as morning,

Thou art laughing and scorning."

—Wordsworth.

Girls' Basketball Team; Girls' Tennis Team; Ken Mair; Princeton Concert Committee; Class Day Committee; $\Delta \Sigma \Delta$.



ETHEL MARION MILLER.

Nickname "Et." Noted for her gentle demeanor. Will enter Montclair Normal.

"She was ever fair and never proud."

—Shakespeare.



VIRGILYN AUGUSTA NICKERSON.

Called Virgilyn. Noted for her jollity. Will enter Wellesley in 1913.

"Of such a merry, nimble, stirring spirit."

—*Shakespeare.*

Student Government Adoption Committee; Students' Council, Librarian; Associate Editor of the *News*; Ken Mair; Princeton Concert Committee; Class Song Committee; German Dramatics; Inter-club Debate.



KENNETH HAROLD NORRIS.

Nickname "Ken." Distinguished for his acting. Will enter University of Cincinnati.

"Not Hercules could have knocked out his brains—For he had none."

—*Shakespeare.*

Senior Dramatics; Banjo Club; Champion Class Basketball; Second Basketball; Senior Entertainment Committee; Delta Epsilon; Θ Σ Α.



MARION WEBB OGDEN.

Called Marion. Noted for her diligent study. Will reside at home.

"Hath thy toil

O'er books consumed the midnight oil?"

—*Gay.*

German Dramatics; Gift Committee.



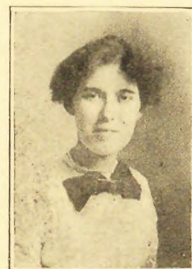
KARL HINKLE PELTZ.

Called Karl. Noted for his self-satisfied air. Will enter Harvard.

"He is well paid that is well satisfied."

—*Shakespeare.*

Class Motto Committee.



MYRTLE LOUISE PHILLIPS.

Called Myrtle. Noted for her dignity. Will enter Montclair Normal.

"Not proudly high nor meanly low
A graceful Myrtle."

—*Montgomery.*



NORMA JOSEPHINE PICKARD.

Nickname "Norm." Distinguished for her aloofness. Will enter Montclair Normal.

"As pure as a pearl
And as perfect."

—*Meredith.*



ELLA PROCTOR.

Called Ella. Noted for her diligence. Will enter Trenton Normal.

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

—*Crabbe.*



ELIZABETH QUIGLEY.

Called Elizabeth. Noted for her retiring disposition. Will enter Newark Normal.

"Thy modesty's a candle to thy merit."

—*Fielding.*



JOSEPH NOAH READ.

Called Joe. Noted for his love of books. Will enter Syracuse.

"Beware O Man!—for knowledge must to thee
Like the great flood to Egypt ever be."

—*Shelley.*

Senior Dramatics Committee; Θ Σ Α.



THOMAS BANCROFT REIFSNYDER.

Nickname "Banty." Noted for his walk. Will enter Lafayette College.

"Away with him, away with him!—he speaks
Latin."

—*Shakespeare.*

German Dramatics; Senior Play Committee;
Delta Epsilon; Honor Roll; Commencement
Essay.



GILBERT EARL ROGERS.

Nickname "Duke." Noted for his awkward gait. Will enter Stevens Institute.

"The world knows nothing of its greatest men."
—*Taylor.*



WINIFRED MICHEL SCHLEY.

Called Winifred. Distinguished for her calm attitude. Will study music.

"A noble and innocent girl."
—*Meredith.*

Exchange Editor of the *News*; President Ken Mair, second term; Vice-president Students' Council; Class Prophecy; Honor Roll.



NELSON HADLEY SEUBERT.

Nickname "Nellie." Distinguished by his lawyer's looks. Will enter Syracuse.

"His ready speech flowed fair and free."
—*Scott.*

Delta Epsilon, Recorder; Debating Team, alternate; German Dramatics; Senior Entertainment Committee; Senior Dramatics.



JOSEPHINE SQUIER.

Nickname "Joe." Noted for her horseback riding. Will enter Newark Normal.

"You are a quiet gentle-natured lass."
—*Burns.*



ELMER VAUGHAN STANSBURY.

Nickname "El." Noted for his flowing pompadour. Will enter business.

"Oh, his long wavy hair."
—*Eliot.*

Three year course.



WESLEY COZZENS STEELE.

Nickname "Wes." Noted for his ready aid.
Will enter New York University.

"Shy, as well as studious."

—*Scott.*

Chairman Senior Concert; Class Basketball;
Senior Dramatics; Delta Epsilon.



MAUDE DUNHAM STIGER.

Nickname "Spooks." Noted for her Junior
crush. Will enter Barnard College.

"And the rustic swains for apples bob."

—*Voorhees.*

Class Basketball.



HAZEL GEORGIA TEALL.

Called Hazel. Noted for her loquaciousness.
Will reside at home.

"You speak a little too much, and too loud,
miss."

—*Scott.*



LILLIAN MARY THOMAS.

Called Lillian. Noted for her disdainful
glance. Will enter Montclair Normal.

"Airy fairy Lillian."

—*Tennyson.*



GERALD THORP.

Nickname "Jerry." Noted for his tin-soldier
portrayal. Will enter Lehigh University.

"The ladies all call him sweet."

—*Shakespeare.*

Cross Country Team '09, '11; Mandolin Club;
Chairman Junior-Senior Dance Committee;
Graduation Dance Committee; German Dra-
matics; $\Pi \Delta \Sigma$.



BLANCHE MARIE TILLARD.

Nickname "Marry." Noted for her candy. Will enter Columbia.

"She was a form of Life and Light."

—Byron.

Senior Entertainment; Senior Dramatics; Junior-Senior Dance Committee.



ELSA VOLCKMANN.

Called Elsie. Noted for her books. Will enter Syracuse University.

"She excelled—in literary taste and information."

—Scott.

Class Basketball; Honor Roll.



ETHEL WARD.

Called Ethel. Noted for her sarcasm. Will enter Smith College.

"Clap an extinguisher upon your irony."

—Lamb.

Senior Dramatics; German Dramatics; Honor Roll; Commencement Essay.



IRWIN S. WARREN.

Nickname "Barry." Noted for his auto riding. Will return for a P.G.

"A dear boy and wondrous fair."

—Carmon.



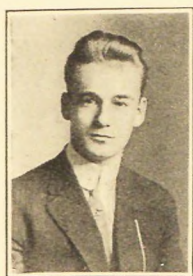
THOMAS WELLES.

Nickname "Tink." Noted for his athletics. Will enter Yale.

"He stopped the fliers and made the cowards turn Terror into Sport."

—Shakespeare.

Football '08, '09, '10, '11; Track '08, '09, '10, '11, '12; German Debate; German Dramatics; League Delegate '09, '10, '11; President N.J.I.A.A. '10; English Dramatics.



LLOYD ANDREW WEST.

Nickname "Westy." Noted for his Irish brogue. Will enter business.

"He cannot e'en essay to walk sedate."

—*Knowles.*

Captain Class Basketball '11; German Dramatics; Senior Dramatics; Honor Board; Delta Epsilon.



HAZEL ADALINE WHEATON.

Called Hazel. Noted for her sophomore crush. Will enter National Park Seminary.

"A girl of character and conduct."

—*Scott.*

LLOYD BALDWIN WHITMAN.

Nickname "Whit." Noted for his athletics. Will enter New York Homœopathic Medical College.

"He was of stature passing tall

But sparely form'd and lean withal."

—*Scott.*



Cross Country Team '08; Captain Class Track '10, '11; Boys' Sporting Editor of the *News*; Champion Class Basketball; Football Team; Captain Track Team; Senior Dramatics; Senior Entertainment; Senior Concert Committee; Vice-president Delta Epsilon, second term; Class Will.



CHRISTINE TOWNE WILSON.

Nickname "Collie." Noted for her youthfulness. Will enter Mt. Holyoke College in 1913.

"That form of maiden loveliness,

'Twixt childhood and 'twixt youth."

—*Scott.*



INA WILSON.

Called Ina. Noted for her constant prating. Will reside at home.

"A tongue is a little member, but it causes much strife."

—*Scott.*



EDWIN WILLARD WOEHLING.

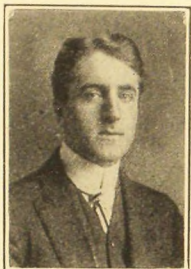
Nickname "Ebe." Noted for his good nature. Will enter Lafayette College.

"A man

Experienced in the world and its affairs."

—*Scott*.

Captain Basketball; Manager Track; League Delegate.



EDWIN RAYMOND WOLFE.

Nickname "Ed." Renowned for his acting. Will enter the American Academy of Dramatic Arts, New York City.

"I can counterfeit the deep tragedian."

—*Shakespeare*.

President Delta Epsilon, two terms; President Students' Council; Honor Roll; Class Song; Senior Concert Committee; Art Editor of the *News*, 1911; *News* staff; Senior Dramatics; Inter-club Debate; Class Prophecy.



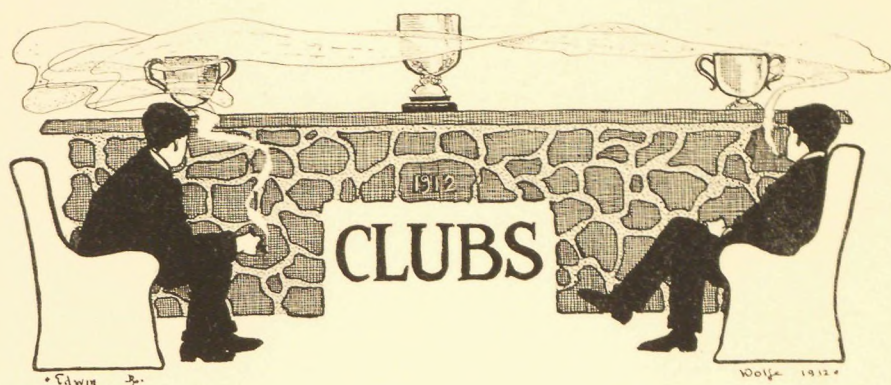
ELSIE MAY YOUNG.

Called Elsie. Noted for her modesty. Will reside at home.

"A heart whose love is innocent."

—*Byron*.

Honor Roll.



Ken Mair

To our fellow schoolmates, Ken Mair scarcely needs an introduction; however, for the interest of those readers who have no direct connection with our High School, perhaps it would be well to give them some idea of the work accomplished by the society during the past year. We have had fifteen regular meetings at which the debates have proved most instructive and of great interest to all. The topics chosen by the president have been debated upon by the various members of the society and have been both beneficial and interesting.

The annual Inter-club Debate was a great incentive to both societies. Ken Mair was represented by Laura Baer, Virgilyn Nickerson and Bessie Cook, who set forth the negative arguments. We were well content to leave the decision with the able judges, Rev. Howard Chidley, Mr. Edward H. Dutcher and Judge Worrell F. Mountain, whose decision, although not unanimous, was awarded in favor of the affirmative side. Although we were disappointed to lose the debate, which we had so carefully and thoughtfully prepared, we realize there must always be a loser.

Miss Bliss, who has acted as critic during the past year, has offered some very helpful suggestions and criticisms. Ken Mair takes this opportunity of extending to her its heartiest thanks.

We have been very fortunate in our officers this year. Bessie Cook held the position of President during the first half year and was ably succeeded by Winifred Schley. The office of Vice-president, the first term, was filled by Marion Holmes; the second, by Lettice Sands. Elizabeth Brockett acted as Secretary during both terms.

The society this year has been composed of the following: Ethel Agens, Isobel Andresen, Laura Baer, Beth Brockett, Evelyn Buschman, Marjorie Cooke, Bessie Cook, Elsie Crawford, Hester Davey, Amy Dixon, Eleanor Doty, Anna DuBois, Marie Genung, Elizabeth Gilbert, Mildred Hearsey, Isabelle Hill, Marion Holmes, Dorothy Kent, Gertrude Krusen, Jean MacLehose, Georgianna Middleton, Virgilyn Nickerson, Winifred Norton, Merrial Rennie, Muriel Rowley, Lettice Sands, Winifred Schley, Elizabeth Wade, Katherine Webster and Christine Wilson.



KEN MAIR DEBATING TEAM

Delta Epsilon

Although handicapped at the beginning of the year by the loss of many fine debaters by graduation, Delta Epsilon has had a most successful year. The debates have been practical, instructive and well prepared. The open discussions which have been a feature of this year's work were interesting and helpful, because all entered into them earnestly.

The society is very proud of the interclub team. The cup is now the property of Delta Epsilon. According to those who have heard the debates for many years, the debate of this year excelled all previous ones in the thorough knowledge of the subject shown, the form, and the presentation. The subject was, "Resolved, That foreign immigration to the United States should further be restricted by imposition of an educational test." The team was composed of President Edwin Wolfe, P. Randolph Campbell, Harold Van Doren, and Nelson Seubert, alternate.

The social activity of the society was brought to a close by a very enjoyable banquet at English's on May eleventh. Mr. Evans and Dr. Fred Clare Baldwin added greatly to the enjoyment of the evening. Music and songs followed the speeches. President Wolfe entertained the society with several clever Chinese stories.

The officers for the year: First Term—President, E. Wolfe; Vice-president, W. Roberts; Secretaries, H. Van Doren and L. Hetherington; Recorder, L. Crate. Second Term—President, E. Wolfe; Vice-president, L. Whitman; Secretaries, H. Van Doren and W. Roberts; Recorder, N. Seubert.

The Active Members, 1911-12: . D. Baldwin, H. Michael, W. Roberts, N. Seubert, E. Wolfe, H. Van Doren, G. Hatch, W. Steele, R. Campbell, M. Switzer, L. Hetherington, L. Whitman, L. Crate, F. Johnson, K. Culbert, K. Norris, K. Koeniger, M. Stevens, L. West, C. McGown, J. Linen, D. Johnson, W. MacGowan, H. Grow, T. Darby, S. Howell, H. Smith, F. Wessen, H. Leonard, R. Hendee, M. Thompson, B. Reifsnnyder.



DELTA EPSILON DEBATING SOCIETY

The Musical Clubs

Nineteen 'twelve will ever be remembered as the first year of the Girls' Orchestra. The abundance of material, whose ability in former years had been modestly concealed, responded to the call for candidates for a Girls' Orchestra. A very successful season has been completed and the girls do not need our encouragement to warrant the continuation of this year's enterprise. The Girls' Orchestra made its début at the German Dramatics. At the Senior Entertainment and Inter-club Debate the girls were again warmly received. The members are:

Mary Getzoff, *Leader*,
Lillian Lord,
Helen Francis
Alma Binzen,
Ida Wheaton,
Irene Hemler,

Beulah Helmer, *Manager*,
Helen Bangart,
Gladys McCaskey,
Helen Thulander,
Mildred Perkins,
Beth Brockett,
Alice Hazzard.

The Girls' Orchestra and the Mandolin Club joined to make soulful harmony at graduation. Their excellent playing seems a fitting climax to a good year.

The Mandolin Club has increased in membership and reputation and has succeeded in holding their own this year, even though our talented rivals of the weaker sex have originated a club. Various church entertainments, smokers, social functions, dinners and school doings have demanded the presence of the Mandolin Club, whose well-known reputation has been growing for four years. The financial returns of the year's work were divided among the members and the music, stands and other musical paraphernalia, remain for next year's use. The members are:

Walter Wilson, *Leader*,
Philip Condit,
Arthur Vaughn,
Allan Graham,
Stanley Hart
Fred Wesson,
Howard Cappel,
Stewart Evans,

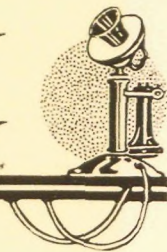
Sumner Harrison, *Manager*,
William Birkenshaw,
John Shanks,
Henry Shanks
Gerald Thorpe,
Alan Crosland,
Kenneth Culbert,
Karl Koeniger,
Edward Jamison.



THE MUSICAL CLUBS



SOCIAL LIFE



Junior-Senior Dance

A gem in a thousand—as glistening a little affair as ever graced the halls of the Woman's Club—this was the Junior-Senior Dance of nineteen twelve. Wind and weather wished us well. There was never a happier, jollier crowd of merry-makers. And never was business management more plainly apparent; for the committee were themselves able to enjoy the fine music, the beautiful supper and the handsome dance orders, and to be themselves part of the crowd who were enjoying the results of it all. And—*mirabile dictu!*—the coffers of both the Senior and Junior Classes were swelled by a surplus of about two dollars apiece! Truly an innovation! All in all, this was one of the Big Nights of 1912.

Inter-club Debate

On Friday, May the eleventh, the dear—we can't say the dear *old* hall of the High School—ahem! the Auditorium was filled with listeners—with friends and jolly foes to witness the great Inter-club Debate. The contest was stubbornly fought throughout, and though we aren't yet sure as to Mrs. Abe Lincoln's nationality, at least the judges were of the opinion that the Delta Epsilon Society were masters of the field. Dr. Chidley gracefully announced the decision of himself and his colleagues, Mr. E. H. Dutcher and Judge W. Mountain. Mr. Evans, who was presiding, then presented the winning society with the cup. Music during the evening and dancing afterwards completed the quota of entertainment which is likely to remain unchallenged for some time. The teams were as follows: Ken Mair, Laura Baer, Virgilyn Nickerson, Bessie Cook and Isabel Hill, alternate; Delta Epsilon, Edwin Wolfe, Harold Van Doren, Randolph Campbell, and Nelson Seubert, alternate.

The Senior Entertainment

May the third will be remembered as the date of a very enjoyable, sociable evening when the Class of 1912 was the host. They offered a pleasing entertainment, which was heartily applauded by an audience that nearly filled the auditorium. The Girls' Orchestra played the curtain raiser. Philip Cook received his usual hand for his original "Hit-the-Bell" act, Raymond Hunter, ex '09, and Miss Bessie Cook showed rare ability in their separate vocal solos and were enthusiastically received. Miss Eppstien's fancy dancing was one of the original features, and her reception was warm. The final number was a playlet written by Randolph Campbell, '12, and enacted by a good cast from the Class of 1912. The play was cleverly developed and worthy of professional actors. Much interest was manifested by various members of the class in the success of this playlet and their earnest work secured it. The cast for the playlet, "The College Tramp," was as follows:

Mr. Brewster	Randolph Campbell
Mrs. Brewster	Marie Tillard
Helen Brewster	Eola Strait
Jack Brewster	Leslie Crate
Claude Lathrop	Herbert Michael
Philip Jones	Alan Crosland
Pompey	Lloyd Whitman

The committee consisted of Alan Crosland, chairman; Elsie Crawford, Bessie Cook, Nelson Seubert, and Kenneth Norris.

Junior Entertainment

One of the big events of the year was the entertainment given by the Junior Class on January thirteenth. A grand success in every way. Those entertainers who seemed to have been enjoyed the most were two professionals from New York and Mr. Edwin Castle, a graduate of the High School. Others who rendered their services were Miss Mary Getzoff, Miss Ethel Struck, Misses Elsa and Elizabeth Dunn, Mr. W. Minor Osborn, and Mr. Ben Getzoff. The dancing which followed in the gymnasium was also enjoyed by many. The entertainment was gratifying financially as well as dramatically.

Senior Play

By those two words we have recalled the memory of the biggest night of the finest class that ever left E. O. Commonwealth Hall was the scene, and, to use the words of the circus barker, there were presented, "Not merely one, ladies, not one ordinary, commonplace, every-day affair, but a great, grand glittering, gigantic galaxy of blinding brilliancy, a duplex drama doubly developed, by a cast consistent, clever and constantly catching. Truly, ladies, a triumph!"

"Behind the Scenes" was one big continuous giggle with here, there and everywhere one great big hearty laugh. Marie Tillard's inimitable "Teddy de-e-er!" will long stick in our memories, while Crosland's "curtain"-calls were as frequent during the scenes as E. H. Sothern's between the acts. A very capable cast assisted the principals throughout.

The same evening, Bernard Shaw's "The Man of Destiny" was presented. Here an incident in the life of Napoleon was depicted in a strong, serious play, in a manner that left no room for criticism. Wolfe, as *Napoleon*, showed the power of his work as an actor by the submerging of his own character beneath that of the man he was depicting. Eola Strait, as the *Lady*, gave a strong interpretation of a difficult role, as did Kenneth Norris in the part of the *Lieutenant*. Herbert Michael, as *Giuseppe*, was as funny as ever and his paunch, bald head and funnyisms gave the one touch needed to make a perfectly balanced play. Miss Freeman was deserving of all the praise she received for her noble work as producer. Leslie Crate and Scott Harris produced excellent electrical effects for "The Man of Destiny." After the play, dancing was enjoyed until a late hour.

The Princeton Concert

The Class of 1912 grabbed Fame and held him, on the evening of the Princeton concert, in the Lyceum. For no such success has ever paralleled ours of that evening. The hall was crowded to the doors with the "Upper Ten" of the Oranges, and the dear, youthful Princeton lads on the platform displayed their stored musical tendencies in a manner suitable to a recognized leader of college musical clubs. All their numbers were answered with hearty appreciation, and the dancing afterward terminated a most pleasant evening.



SENIOR DRAMATICS

German Dramatics

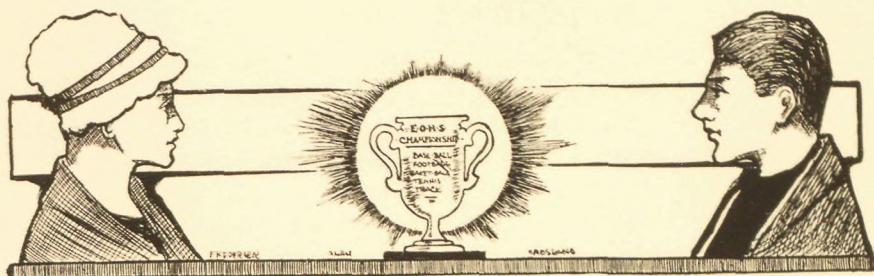
The German Department of the High School developed some very good talent in the two plays, "*Einer von uns muss heiraten*" and "*Eigensinn*," which were given on the evenings of April twentieth and twenty-second, in the Lyceum. The pronunciation was exceptional and the acting showed the training of Miss Freeman. These dramatics were given in order to equip the gymnasium with suitable apparatus. On the evening of the last performance, Miss Thatcher announced that the receipts had reached five hundred dollars. The result of this endeavor seems to warrant the presentation of annual dramatics by the various language departments. The unusual financial success and the enthusiasm with which the "Dutch Thespians" were greeted, guarantee the prosperous issue of all future Department Dramatics.

The Class Song

Music by Edwin R. Wolfe. Words by P. Randolph Campbell.

Here's a health to nineteen twelve
A jolly class and true,
Bringing praise where'er we delve
To the Gold and Blue.
Blue is the emblem of honor true,
Success is the sign of the gold;
And in the future we'll bring all the honor due
To our glorious class of old.

Nineteen twelve, we salute thee,
Here's to the Blue and the Gold.
In the future may we always try
To bring honor to East Orange High.
Books and studies are ended,
The day draws nigh to depart,
Alma Mater, we pledge thee
A loyal heart.



1911 **ATHLETICS** 1912

Athletics at E. O. were considerably improved this year, due to two things, the appointment of a Physical Director, Mr. Geo. Henckel, and the subsequent introduction of a very efficient system.

This card system provided that every man on every athletic team have a passing average in school work at the end of each week if he were to participate in athletics during the following week. This system was so effective that not a single person was debarred because of studies. We are now able to deny absolutely, that generally believed statement, that athletics lower the standard of school work. In fact, athletics, at E. O., now act as an incentive to studies for about sixty pupils per year.

Basketball was renewed this year after a period of two years and, far from being a failure, actually made \$33.70. The management is to be congratulated upon their success.

At present the Athletic Association is considering a new system of electing managers and their assistants. The new system aims to make the manager more capable and to insure the reward of managership to those most deserving of the office. Next year will show whether or not this system is practicable.

The football season was very successful financially and otherwise. Baseball also cleared expenses. The Association is very well established financially and within a few years will undoubtedly look for a site for an athletic ground of its own, thus doing away with the necessity for permits to use the city's public ovals.

Football

Football was very successful this year both financially and on the field. Manager Hall arranged the following schedule:

Sept. 30	Boys' High School	5	E. O. H. S.	17
Oct. 7	Princeton Prep. School . . .	3	" " " "	0
" 14	Orange H. S.	0	" " " "	23
" 21	Manual Tr. H. S.	Cancelled		
" 27	Montclair H. S.	4	" " " "	0
Nov. 3	West Point Freshmen . . .	0	" " " "	8
" 10	Steven's Prep. School . . .	0	" " " "	17
" 25	Polytechnic Prep.	5	" " " "	10
" 30	Newark H. S.	0	" " " "	0

Tied for the football championship of the N.J.I.A.A. was the distinction which our team won. The squad completed a very successful season for 1911. The prospects for the championship were at first very dim, for, contrary to expectations, very few of last year's team returned and the strenuous schedule arranged by Manager Hall had to be fulfilled by a light and unseasoned team.

Our first game, Boys' High School of Brooklyn, was merely a tryout for the material which Coach Grosenbaugh was developing. The boys showed some of their speed which in later games was a large item. The final score was 17 to 5 in our favor.

The next game was with the strong, heavy Princeton "Prep." team which was expected to "wipe up the ground" with us, but it nearly turned out the other way. It was only through hard, rough playing that the Tigertown boys were able to get near enough to our goal to make a drop kick and this was in the last quarter.

Quite a rivalry had arisen with Orange High School who came to Ashland Oval with the expectation of giving our boys a severe trouncing but Fate decreed otherwise. We ran away with them, and when the final whistle was blown Orange was beaten 23 to 0.

The fourth game was with Montclair High. This was the first league game and the outcome was very doubtful, as Montclair had a strong, seasoned team. We gained the advantage in the first of the game, by entering our opponent's territory for a touchdown, but in the third quarter, Montclair, by persistent line bucking carried the ball over the goal line for their only tally. The game looked as if it would end in a tie but



FOOTBALL TEAM

on a remarkable play Captain Switzer made one of his sensational runs and the outcome of the game was no longer in doubt. The final score was 10 to 5.

West Point was the scene of the next gridiron battle. Here an example of sportsmanship was set which none will forget. West Pointers certainly know how to treat their visitors. Their team was considered the second team to the West Point Varsity. The game did not begin until very late and the last quarter was played in moonlight. It was a beautiful game. There was no scoring until the beginning of the second half when our captain, receiving the ball on the kick-off, dodged through the entire opposing team and made a touchdown. In the fourth quarter the game was clinched when we increased the score by a drop-kick. The final tally was 8 to 0.

Our second league game was with Stevens Prep., and we ran up a score of 17 to 0 against them, thereby mounting another rung of the championship ladder.

Poly Prep, the strong Brooklyn squad, who held the championship of Long Island, were the next victims. The visitors were very heavy but our superior speed told, and the Brooklynites were treated to defeat with a score of 10 to 5. Then for Newark!

Thanksgiving Day brought with it the great Newark game. The score was 0—0, but those nothings mean a lot. Our captain made a beautiful run but unfortunately he was unable to score. The team played a great game and won a moral victory, as Newark was considered to outclass us. This game is the climax of a season of hard work by the team, coach and captain. Mr. Grosenbaugh and Captain Switzer with his team are to be congratulated.

The management turned in receipts of nearly \$1,500, the largest to date.

First Team—Taylor, Wallace, Smith, J., Swartzkopf, Middleton, Condit, Smith, H., Carver, Switzer, Welles, Walton, Roper, Hall, Culbert, Cappel, Fitzsimmons, Whitman.



BASEBALL TEAM

Baseball

The season of 1912 opened April sixth, with Morris High School of New York. Manager Switzer arranged the following schedule:

April 6	Morris H. S.	13	E. O. H. S.	4
" 19	Stevens School	8	" " " "	4
" 22	Orange H. S.	5	" " " "	6
" 24	Paterson H. S.	13	" " " "	5
" 26	Montclair H. S.	6	" " " "	8
May 1	Newark Academy	5	" " " "	7
" 4	Newark H. S.	3	" " " "	2
" 8	H. S. of Commerce	Rain		
" 10	Stevens School	12	" " " "	6
" 15	Balton H. S. [13 innings]	8	" " " "	6
" 17	Montclair H. S.	8	" " " "	0
" 22	Jersey City H. S.	Rain		
" 24	Newark H. S.	8	" " " "	4
" 29	Montclair M. A.	6	" " " "	2

The management secured the services of Mr. C. Clark, formerly of Hamilton College. Coach Clark was called away by illness for quite a time in the season, during which period the team suffered materially. With the kind help of Mr. C. Throp, of the South Orange Field Club, Mr. R. Hunter and Mr. Grosenbaugh, the following teams were picked:

First Team:

Vaughn c. (Lund)
 Fischer p. (Roper, Tompkins)
 Memory 1 b. (Capt.)
 Shanks 2 b.
 Taylor ss.
 Abbey 3 b.
 Walton l. f.
 Fitzsimmons c. f.
 Barnes r. f. (Cilbert)

Second Team:

Boteler c. (Brady)
 Roper p. (Dyman)
 Jamison 1 b.
 Cilbert 2 b.
 Prentice ss. (Froggat)
 Barnes 3 b. (Capt.)
 Fischer l. f.
 Farrar c. f. (Steele)
 Brown r. f.



BASKETBALL TEAM



BASKETBALL TEAM



TRACK TEAM

In the week-end games the team showed up fairly well but the mid-week games lacked the snap and push of a good team. Lack of pitchers was our main difficulty. H. Fischer pitched good ball throughout the season in the games he played.

Financially, the season has been the best in the last few years, for which the management should receive due credit.

Track

The track team activities first began in February when Whitman was elected captain. The cellar of the new building was acquired for practice, which was very beneficial, as the cold weather kept the boys from using the track until very late. Nevertheless, a team was developed in a very short time, which swamped our rival, Orange H. S., in a dual meet by a score of 89 to 43. Orange made only three firsts. The relay especially was our opponents' strong point, but our representatives in this event—MacGowan, Steele, Whitman and Roper—beat out the Orange boys, much to their surprise.

The Interclass Meet

The Annual Interclass Meet was held on May twenty-seventh at Ashland Oval. First honors were easily won by the Seniors who defeated the Sophomores, next in line, by a score of 67 to 42. Walter MacGowan, 1912, was the only athlete to break a record. He shattered the broad jump record of Alla Torres, that of 20 ft. 7 in., by a leap of 20 ft. 10¾ in. The meet was very successful and it showed that there will be good teams in the future.

The Interscholastic Meet

Champions of the N.J.I.A.A. This was the honor won by the members of the track team. On Saturday, June first, the teams from Montclair, Newark and Stevens showed their ability at Ashland Oval. The meet was very successful and a splendid showing made by our boys. The final score was 60 points for E. O.; 53 for Newark; 20½ for Stevens; 19½ for Montclair. Our boys gained 7 firsts out of 14. Those who won their emblems were MacGowan, Culbert, Roper, Welles, Carr, Wochling, Mgr., and Whitman, Capt.

Juy Day Oration

By H. Randolph Campbell

We have come together here to-day to plant ivy; to put beneath the earth a lasting memorial of the Class of 1912. There's nothing particularly original about it; other classes and other schools have dug a little hole, planted a little plant, and then coaxed and cajoled, and persuaded, and watched and waited and fertilized with varying success. But it's very seldom that any class has the honor to put a botanical memorial on a brand new building. So we are both honoring by our presence, and being honored by the duty we have to perform.

Now, before I begin to deposit in this box a few memorials for our descendants to gaze upon, I would like to request that all Easter eggs, dried beans, cauliflower, cabbages and other vegetable contributions be kept in the possession of their owners. We, the orator, want *no bouquets*.

I have been honored with this office, as—well, no one else seemed aching for it, so here I am. And so the first memorial I wish to enter is one in honor of myself, as I am certainly, for this afternoon at least, *The Goat*.

Now, when we return as old, decrepit "grads," we'll want to see this vine thriving and flourishing, and not like something we've heard of "*feebly growing down*," and there's only one thing that will bring success to our efforts, and that is "*Climate, my boy, Climate!*" Joke—hit the bell—oh! that reminds me—I knew we'd have to bury a bell in honor of Pete, but every belle in the class positively refused to be buried till after the Grad. Dance, so we'll have to do without this one. (Bell.)

Now, during this year somebody—I won't betray him yet—invented a new name for the student body of the High School, in the form of the most fearsome pun ever perpetrated on a suffering public—look, people—

THE BORED OF EDUCATION

No, I'm not guilty, so why should *I* worry? Behold, I expose the base wretch:

EDWIN R. WOLFE

Pitch into him, fellows, but be careful—a Wolfe can bite, even if he is afraid of a Baer!

There is one thing that might be thought a wholly American institution, but strange to relate, we have an exception in East Orange—behold—an *English* Waldorf-Astoria! Now,

I'm sorry, but Mr. English wouldn't let me bury the store, so I'll have to symbolize again, with something really typical—a check for twenty cents.

Now, we really must commemorate our football heroes, but laurel wreaths have gone up in price lately, so in honor of Newark High, ourselves and a divided Championship, we inter—a *Tie*.

Now it's well known that our worthy Editor goes a-courting all winter, but just for "A Little Change," in summer he goes tennis-courting. He does it pretty well, too—fine game, tennis. We can't let it be a lost art, like building pyramids, or studying, so I have brought something that will enable our descendants to make a racket. (*Rattle.*)

Oh! by the way, we won a Track Championship the other day, and there's not a doubt but that the fellows who won it are entitled to everlasting fame, so let's fittingly commemorate our margin of victory—was it seven points, Whit? (*Nails.*)

Now, speaking of the *News*, I think we should deposit an emblem of the staff, so here we have it (*Staff with officers' names lettered thereon*), but as the staff is broken up now, I think *this* (breaking staff) would be appropriate.

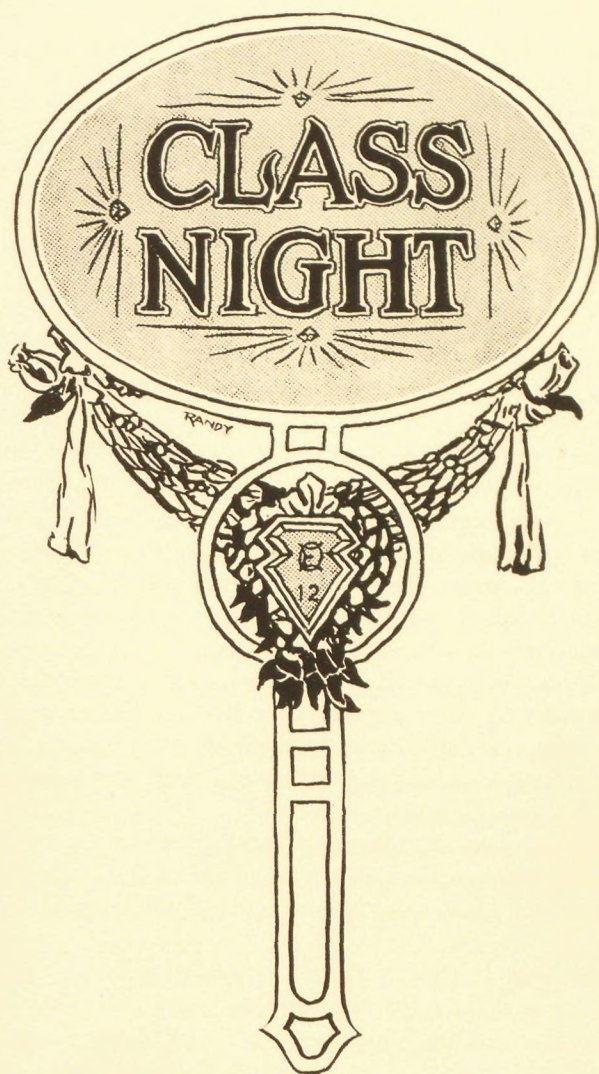
Now, our honored President needs a little memorial, so I'm going to bury in his honor these spectacles, so that our descendants may know that Herb. could Seymour.

There's another member of our class whom we may commemorate with a little emblem, so in honor of Miss Burdett, let's deposit a jolly, 'andsome Darby! (*hat*).

Now, this one is rather deep. Do you believe in signs, Well, if you do look at this. You see the connection between *sky*, *fly* and *high*, don't you? Well, now listen—Strait, fate, mate and—Crate! (*Small crate.*) (*Breaking it up*)—Oh, well, now we're wise, there's one Les Crate in the world.

I called upon the President of the Ken Mair Society to deposit a relic, but the lady's modesty made the matter devolve upon me, so in honor of Ken Mair, its worthy President, and the Inter-club Debate, we will drop in this boatload of coming Americans—dirty, uneducated, but oh! with such possibilities. (*String of dirty dolls.*)

Now that we have fittingly commemorated the events of the season, and a few of the individual eccentricities of our class, let's cover up the box and the roots and trust to luck that the Class of 1912 will be more fortunate with its ivy than the classes which have preceded it.



Salutatory

Herbert J. Michael

Avete sodales et Amici—Welcome comrades and friends!

Mr. Evans, members of the faculty, parents and friends, it is with feelings of sincere joy that I extend to you, on behalf of the graduating class of 1912, their warmest welcome to this, our Class Night.

We know and feel that every serious event in life's activity has its lighter and more cheerful aspect. Mental effort like physical exercise brings its own exhilaration, but both the human mind and human body require relaxation from strenuous activity, so custom has wisely ordained that after a year filled with unceasing toil we should celebrate our Class Night before we part from one another, some to commence their real life's work and others to go to schools of higher education.

It is our high hope and expectation that this evening's exercises will both interest and entertain you. The lesson that time and experience has taught us that whatever advancement we desire to achieve in life's battle can only be won by our own ardent efforts will, we trust, not have been taught in vain.

We realize, however, the debt we owe to our Principal and teachers who have imparted to us the knowledge and wisdom which shall eventually crown our efforts with success, and have impressed upon us that all times and under all circumstances "Character is higher than intellect."

The members of this class have seized every opportunity to improve their condition that has been offered them, and that they have achieved a high standard of efficiency is not to be questioned.

And now, in closing these few remarks, let me say to you one and all that we appreciate to the fullest extent your attendance and the interest you have manifested in our festivities and on behalf of the class I thank you most heartily and trust that the future of all of you may be as bright and happy as is the Class Night of the class of 1912.

Dispensary

Eola Floyd Strait

Frederick Alan Crosland

Ladies and Gentlemen, President, the other Knockers, and Those to be Knocked: Eola and myself have written the Class Dispensary and in doing so we have tried to refrain from knocking anyone—too hard. The gifts are supposedly characteristic

and are all given in good nature, and we trust they will be accepted the same way. The hammer is lifted, Eola, step forth and rap our honored President.

Herbert Michael

The brightest in our class—in colors. Did you think it necessary to force all of your brightness upon us? That was evident when we elected you our President. Why, then, should you flaunt the reds, the purples, the yellows, the greens, which you have all year? We grant, they are becoming but let us hope that these few sombre shades will be adopted by you in your Freshman year at Princeton, at least. Let them discover your brightness for themselves, Herb.

(A rosette of sombre colors.)

Mildred Burdett

Here is our lover of sports—athletic and otherwise. Even at tennis Mildred plays love sets. But, Mildred, you are so quiet! You really ought to make more noise, so please accept this racquet—not because we think it is something new, but because we think it will serve.

(A tennis racquet.)

Walter MacGowan

Hurry, Walter, you do move so slowly! How do you expect to catch “Eagles” at that rate? I admire your high ambition and am entirely in sympathy with your endeavor. Just to show that I am sincere, accept this cage which I think will assist you in catching the “Queen of Birds.”

(Cage.)

Marie Allen

Here we have the Domestic Science maniac. We will never forget the hard-as-bullet biscuits Marie passed around the Upper Study some time ago. I never knew Marie had a grudge against me—until she offered me one. Now, really, Marie, in the hard, cruel world you will have to improve in your cooking, so take this kitchen set and practise boiling water.

(Kitchen set.)

Wesley Cozzens Steele

Wesley, I am giving you this little doll which I hope you'll always have with you to prevent you from going stag to the

dances and concerts and stealing some poor unsuspecting boy's girl from him.

(Doll.)

Ethel Agens

Ethel is one of those quiet, bashful, oh-I-never-said-any-such-thing kind of girls. She used to love to translate Virgil in the Upper Study with her friends and, really, Ethel, in your soft voice, Virgil must sound like real poetry. If your quiet tones can work a charm like this, we suggest that you take this book of Browning's poems and try to make that sound like poetry.

(Browning's poems.)

Josephine Squire

A clattering of hoofs—a dash of brown and by goes Josephine! Horse out of breath—Josephine with cheeks flushed, but nevertheless the winner of the blue ribbon which to my gratification I am able to present to you.

(Blue ribbon.)

Donald Robinson Baldwin

Our truly great orator! Who will ever forget that stirring oration in the Senior Dramatics? "Then—on me noble Thespians. Ours not to reason why! Ours not to make reply! Ours but to move—to move—" Because you stopped there we give you this life preserver. You saved the lives of the entire audience by stopping in time.

(Life preserver.)

Helen Sutton Frint

Helen, if I were as brilliant as you I would let every one know it. I would not hold back in that unobtrusive way of yours. Why, if it were not for us this vast audience would not know we had such intelligence in our midst. To make it plainer, I want you to take this light which will mark you out as the brightest in our class and highest on the Honor Roll.

(Lamp of Learning.)

Thomas Bancroft Reifsnyder

Here's a Latin, Greek and History student—just the type that makes the country school professors. If Banty doesn't end up in a little country town as principal I'm no prophet.

Now, Banty, strike the pose—there, that's it! Now, these specs and this book will add to the atmosphere.

(Specs and school book.)

Hazel Georgia Trall

Hazel, we all know that you are versed in the language of Spain and in hopes that you may become as skilled in that land's other acts as in its tongue I'll bestow upon you these articles needed—a geranium, a fan and a tambourine. May you become proficient in all.

(A geranium, fan and tambourine.)

Elwood Jackson Meeteer

Here is a fusser! It is something to his credit, however, that he acquired this habit only recently. Elwood, my boy, I never thought it of you; but if it must be, accept my advice. Don't "Marian" less than 25 a week. Take this book entitled "Cupid's Darts" written by Eola and learn the game straight.

(Cupid's darts.)

Genevieve Johnston

Although Genevieve simply revels in Virgil and reads Latin like a streak, she can think of other things and has the loyalty of the class at heart. Genevieve, at last I have been able to secure our class pin for you. The one you ordered last October, and have inquired about so often. It was difficult labor, but I know it will be thankfully received.

(Class pin.)

John A. Chater, Jr.

Sh! Sh! Soft music, Professor! Here comes Noiseless Luke. For four years John hasn't even coughed during school hours. I think I have a remedy. Here is one of Marie Allen's biscuits that I found among the rocks in the Museum of Natural History. Eat this and if you don't yell, you're not human.

(Bun.)

Helen Mabel Francis

Every morning when Helen comes to school she tells me, "Well, I studied until twelve o'clock last night." Now, Helen, there's a limit to everything—even studying—and if you study so late every night, you're the limit. Fearing that these late hours would be injurious to you we asked Edwin Hall to write this essay—"How to Bluff Through School."

(Essay.)

Gilbert Earl Rogers

Well, Duke, how're yuh? Here is a simple, serious, solemn, self-satisfied, sombre stude, studying science. He sat right behind me all year and never even grinned at my mirth-provoking puns. Being a chemist yourself, Duke, you will understand why I give you this bottle of N_2O . It's laughing gas, you know.

(Bottle of nitrous oxide.)

Robert Cushman Chapin

For the first and last time this year, Bobby, I want you to salute the flag.

Bobby has been our faithful standard bearer throughout the year, showing his patriotism by nobly holding the banner on high, while winkingly gazing down at the girls. Bobby, I am sure you would be more likely to gain your way into the hearts of most of the ladies if you would carry this pennant with the other side to the onlookers.

(American flag and "Votes for Women.")

Evelyn Brinkerhoff Bedell

Ah, Lady Amaranth, step forth! Here is a real adventuress—or rather a real actress. Her melodrama attitude seemed to say, "Foiled and by a hated rival! Ha! Ha! I will bide my time to seek a terrible revenge!" We know Frohman is looking for your type, so in order that you may get the real atmosphere take this "Nick Carter" and memorize it.

(Dime novel.)

Gerald Thorp

Can you imagine a handsome fellow like this offering himself as a target for cannon balls? Well, he didn't, but he *did* don a soldier's uniform for one short evening and you have no idea of the admiration he incited in the girls' hearts. Gerald, if I had my say I think you would have been a better subject for Cupid's arrows—but as a military costume sometimes helps that cause, I advise you to take this along with you.

(Soldier's uniform.)

Peyton Randolph Campbell

Ladies and Gentlemen, I said *Peyton Randolph Campbell*. Fifteen years from now that name will be known the world over. Poet, Author, Artist, Actor, Orator, Musician, Printer, Playwright, and Student; and the greatest of these is the Student.

Randolph translated twenty-five lines of dry Latin at sight in the midyear exam and put it into *blank verse* in English and got 96 on the exam. Perhaps you realize why we present you with this.

(A laurel wreath.)

Jessie Mildred Boutillier

Ah girls! We have a feather in our caps! Haven't you all heard folks say that we are changeable? We can be persuaded from anything—and here we have right in our class a girl who positively refuses, once she has decided upon a thing, to change her mind. To show how proud we are of you for defending the weaker sex we will let you wear this peacock feather.

(Feather.)

Clark Young McGowan

Clark, the modest, bashful girl worshipper! But he's too bashful to express his adoration! Remember at the rehearsals of the Senior play when you were up on the ladder surrounded by all the girls. How fussed you must have been when you said, "Hey, Perk! Is this house yours, or do you own it?" You really ought to be more composed in the presence of ladies, so drink this Moxie, it'll steady your nerves.

(Bottle of Moxie.)

Ella Proctor

Why is it, Ella, that you have never come to our class meetings? I believe there was only one which you attended and that was for "Girls Only." Here is a little messenger *boy* who will keep you posted as to our reunions and also surely bring you.

(Messenger boy.)

Joseph Noah Brad

Joe is a surveyor—yes indeed! I saw him out in front of the old building squinting painfully through the instrument, with one hand waving frantically to and fro and going through all sorts of facial contortions. Keep up the good work, Joe, and practice on these.

(Plumb line and a surveyor's set.)

Gladys Bugge

Gladys is the "fussy" one about her appearance. She has numerous ways and methods to obtain perfection, but the most noticeable and attractive are Gladys's bows. Oh, of course, I mean the ones she wears—blue, green, red and pink—those glorious pink ones—by far the most becoming shade. Here, Gladys, you cannot have too many!

(Pink ribbon bow.)

Edwin Martin Hall

Don't you try to look around behind me, Edwin. I know you're awfully anxious to see what 'tis, but when you get it you'll be able to see lots more than you do now. See, it's a telescope and you know as well as I do that you can telescope most anything. Now, Ed, haul this around with you wherever you go and when you see a pretty girl half a mile up the street focus this on her and yell, "Who is Beck with? Who is Beck with?"

(Telescope.)

Elizabeth Quigley

Elizabeth is my next door neighbor in the Study Hall. I do not know whether she is selfish or just "fussy," but every time she comes in and finds my books piled high on her desk she reminds me that I am not a bit nice. Now, Elizabeth, I should hate to have you tell all these people 'bout my nerve, so I will give you this check in payment for the use of your desk.

(Check.)

Elsie Beach Crawford

Step up nearer, Elsie, you needn't be afraid—I'm not going to knock you on your beaux. I have something better. Remember in English class, when you *volunteered* to tell the myth of Psyche and Cupid? Now, really, Elsie, a girl with your experience ought to know more about Cupid than you do. Accept this youthful dart shooter. He will tell you all the "mythology" you want to know.

(Cupid.)

Kenneth Harold Norris

Ladies! Here is one whom we cannot help but be pleased with. He is a great admirer of our charms. Why, I've even seen him carry our likeness around near his heart—perhaps he

has one in his pocket now! Kenneth, I am going to give you this package of pretty girls' pictures which will cover the walls of your den to anyone's satisfaction, but if I were you I would hunt around and get a "sure 'nuff" girl, not just a likeness!

(Package of pictures.)

Georgianna Middleton

What will you do next year, Georgie, when you won't be able to look over at the Junior boys—and smile? That will be terrible, but cheer up! I have something that you can always keep in your memory. It is a ticket from anywhere to East Orange on one of those Swift trains on the Delaware, Lackawanna and Wessen.

(Ticket.)

William Sage Chater

Here comes William as quiet and as serious as ever. How I tried during the year to make him talk to me in History Class, but without effect. My, William, you must be full of interesting conversations considering all the knowledge you have. Take pity upon us and talk a little more, socially. This will teach you how.

(Talking machine.)

Elizabeth Gertrude Krusen

We hear that you are going to Germany to learn the real language. We will all be glad to hear of Gertrude cruisin' round the globe and falling in love with several German counts. When you do, Gertrude, you'll see how much your German counts. Your pronunciation at the German play was excellent, but that was plain, every-day Dutch. In case your vocabulary fails when these "Grafs" pop the question, this will answer.

(Bag of money.)

Lillian Caroline Lord

Did you ever hear of musical sand, Lillian? When I was on a little trip hunting for gifts for you all I grew weary and wandered near the seashore and found some of this marvelous sand. "Ah! Just the thing for Lillian." Lillian, you know, is a member of that new founded organization, "The Girls' Orchestra." Take this—for fear you will need it in the next orchestra you join.

(Musical sand.)

Isabel Burns

Isabel is a stude through and through, and next year she is going to Normal School and then I suppose she will teach. Well, by the way she ran the library this year, I pity the youthful knowledge seekers who come under her supervision. The only thing you lack as a teacher, Isabel, is a pair of eyeglasses and a pointer.

(Eyeglasses and pointer.)

Jesse Albert Bark

Do you all notice the worried frown which Jesse has? I'll tell you how it all came about. We elected Jesse to select a motto—one which would be suitable for our class. Can you wonder at his wrinkling of the brow? Jesse, to show our appreciation we present you with the motto you selected done in our class colors—blue and gold.

(Motto.)

Marion Webb Ogden

We never thought Marion had any real school spirit but she did something that beat us all. She brought an autograph book to school and got the signatures of all the class. Now, Marion, every time you see that book in the future fond memories will arise and you will weep. Take this and let the tears "Meeteer" in the pail.

(Pail.)

Edward S. Jamison

Before us this evening we have this tall, blue-eyed, handsome lad called "Ted." We little mortals gaze up in awe and admiration at this wonderful being who seems to have access to the stars. Height certainly has its advantages. You ought to see Ted make a jump for one of those high balls in tennis. Here, Ted, take this animal which represents the height of our esteem.

(Giraffe.)

Dorothy Anne Kent

We don't really think Dorothy is lazy but it does seem that Dorothy can't wake up. Now, I think, I have a cure for this dreamy attitude, and it's not one of Marie Allen's biscuits, either. It's a box of snuff. Every time you feel yourself going to sleep, give yourself a pinch.

(Box of snuff.)

Florence Marion Doddridge

Florence, you have gone around with a very serious air—as if thinking why, how, when and where you could make the least noise. That is all right in the Study Hall but otherwise we would like to have a little disturbance from you. Here, carry this microphone about that we may gain knowledge of your actions without any trouble to you.

(Microphone.)

Howard N. Cappel

Howard is a nice fellow, I guess, but somehow I harbor a sort of dislike for him. The girls like him too much. In fact he has the honor of being my rival. Cappel, choose the weapons (handing him two swords). I will decide on the time and place. Immediately after these exercises outside of the building. Now go!

(Swords.)

Margaret Ferguson and Louise Denison

Before us we have two happy, good-natured specimens of the favored few of 1912. Although some time has elapsed since we have had the good fortune to get these two girls to mingle with us in our gatherings—we have them now! Here, take these locks and chains and fasten yourselves securely to your chairs. Do stay until the duel takes place. 'Twill be interesting I'll wager.

(Locks and chains.)

Beatrice Kelly

We all know how fond of Ireland Beatrice is. Why, she refused to come to school St. Patrick's Day because the girls were going to wear green bows! Once a Kelly always a Kelly, you can't deny that, Beatrice, so to keep old Ireland in your mind take this Kelly, pipe and bow.

(Kelly, pipe and green bow.)

Cyril Crockett Baldwin

Just to show how much of a chemist you are, Cyril, tell us why H_2SO_4 is not used to dry ammonia and give the reaction. Oh, he knows it all right but he is a little bashful. Nevertheless he's certainly a brilliant chemistry student and because he has never been "stung" by Mr. Lottridge we present him with this medal.

(Medal.)

Ruth De Cue Jenkins

Ruth is the one girl I was stuck on—that is, I couldn't think what to give her. She has been inquisitive—without question—but that isn't suitable. She is really noted for her ready wit. In order that you may be up in the humor of to-day take this joke book, written by Phydonus of *Whimsical Wags*.

(Joke Book.)

Karl Hinkle Peltz

Karl, at first I misjudged you. I must confess it. You seemed to show such a lack of interest in the East Orange girls, but I have found out that Karl wants no Lillians or Violets, Daisys or Pansys—its Rose-ville or nothing for him. Jes-sie!

(“Rose-ville.”)

Gertrude Randolph Davis

Gertrude is one of the most quiet girls in the class, and really too sweet and good-natured to be knocked on anything. Therefore we can only try and show our appreciation of this characteristic and give you this heart shaped box of sweetness.

(Box of candy.)

George Hatch

George is our financier. He made our fortune for us on the Senior play. Here, George, take this beautiful little fox which is an appropriate representative of one so sharp and Schley.

(Fox.)

Laura Baer

In the course of a few years we expect to see launched into the literary world a “Treatise on the Humiliation Evolved from the Platitudinous Survey of the Illiterate Immigrants,” written by Laura Baer. But the sad part of it is, she writes verse. The Class Poem, that we heard to-night, is an example of Laura's poetry. Really, we think the immigrants are lucky that they can't read your poetry, Laura. However, if you must write poetry, take this blank book and only write blank verse.

(Blank book.)

Elmer Vaughan Stausbury

This curly-haired lad of East Orange decided to show us that there was something within that head to admire as well as without, so he has spent but three years in this building of mar-

velous learning. So that no mistake will be made and 1913 will not claim this prodigy of learning, we deck him with our class emblems.

(Class emblems.)

Eugenia Eagles

Next year Jean is going to Pratt's Institute to draw. In order that you may still draw the attention of a certain lankey Senior, Jean, we offer you this doll's dress. Keep this in memory of High School days and always refer to it as "My gown."

(Doll's dress.)

Katherine Anita Jeffers

Anita has lost the greatest advantage of a High School course. Oh, she uses plenty of queer words and expressions, but not the kind you can find in the dictionary. She can also call folks the sweetest names in the most sarcastic manner. Altogether, Anita, I think you make sad use of the poor English words. Take this dictionary and use it as you do those interesting looking novels I've often seen on your desk.

(Dictionary.)

Ralph H. Abney

Well, Ralph, I suppose you feel quite composed and self-possessed on the stage, eh wot? Quite natural, huh? You made a very good stage-manager in the Senior Play, Ralph—in fact, I think your vocation is settled. Now, here are two chorus-girl dolls that you can start rehearsing for your company.

(Two ballet dolls.)

Edith Nichols Fairfield

Edith, I have just discovered why you studied your Greek History so hard this year. Last year, Edith excelled in carving. This year 'twas her knowledge (?) of the Greek sculptors. Here, Edith, take this model of Greek sculpture to heighten your ambition.

(Statue.)

Blanche Marie Tillard

Marie thinks I'm going to knock her on her ever-present cats; but as she is an actress, that is not consistent. I always

thought Marie would go into vaudeville, as our worthy Prophets said, until the Senior Play came. When I heard that pathetic voice declaim: "Henry Cobb is the friend of me girlhood," I knew that Marie's place was with Corse Payton. Take this miniature make-up box, and practise the art of making up.

(Make-up box.)

Frank C. Johnson

Allow me—the original "Cupid." The right-hand man of Venus. Frank is now majoring in fussing and minoring in orations. Just to prove to you that what I have said is true, I am going to tell you a little story. There was a girl's card-party—twelve *girls*—Frank just happened (?) to come in. Oh, he stayed, all right—and seemed to rather enjoy himself. Here, Frank, if you like the girl so much, take this scale, start with do (dough) and win one—*Whimsical Wags*.

(Harmonica)

Virgilyn Augusta Nickerson

Well, Virgilyn, Eola and I have had more fun over you than anyone else in the class—even Marie Allen. The Prophecy took you to England and the various "Chesters." That bear of a poem rhymed you as a *Juliet*. And so it seems hard for me to be original. I might give a book—"The Chesterfield Tales," or I might even make it so far-fetched as to give you a chest to put your trust in, but none of those seemed suitable enough. So I am going to give you this rifle. Now you will surely be able to "win Chester."

(A Winchester rifle.)

Irwin S. Warren and Edgar Wilson Frazer

Here we have our two inseparable speed maniacs. Most every day you see these two youths trying to beat Father Time in their six-cylinder 1912 model racer. Because you are so regardless of the speed laws, Edgar, take this speedometer—and to you, Irwin, I give these goggles to better enable you to see the rapid movements of Edgar's speedometer.

(Speedometer and goggles.)

Hazel Adaline Wheaton

Hazel likes the Senior Class, I know, but I think she likes a "Soph" more. We have all noticed how you have had a craze

for "caps" this year, Hazel, so I am going to give you one that you can always have with you. Hazel will deck herself up very becomingly with this cap.

(Cap.)

Minerva Ethel Halladay

Minerva, the Goddess of Wisdom, but this Minerva is going to be the Goddess of Music, for she will study that when she leaves us. Now, Minerva, to be really proficient in the musical arts you must know its history from beginning to end. I have secured this rare book on the history of music. Study it more carefully than you did your Myer's "Mediæval History."

(Book.)

Nelson Hadley Seubert

Doesn't Nellie look like a lawyer? Rawther! In English he got that syllogism down pat. Here's an example of his argumentation: "Shakespeare said all men are liars. Shakespeare is a man. Therefore, Shakespeare is a liar. If Shakespeare is a liar, he lied when he said all men are liars. Therefore, all men are not liars. Therefore, Shakespeare is not a liar." Now that's *some* argument! The Supreme Court is looking for a Chief Justice like you, so take this gown and practice rhetoric.

(Jury gown.)

Norma Josephine Pickard

There really is nothing to knock you about, Norma—unless it is your loyalty to your friends in preference to your class, which you so plainly showed me at the Senior Musical a week or so ago, when I tried to coax you to our ranks. That has been a rather bitter dose for me with all your sweetness, so I give you this box of "Bitter Sweets" to just let you know what I have endured.

("Bitter Sweets.")

Gertrude King

Behold—our basketball star. Most any afternoon one could see Gert down in the gym. shooting baskets, with no weapons but her own hands. It would be a shame if you got out of practise during the summer, Gertrude, so make use of our gift. You surely won't waste time using this basket.

(Waste basket.)

Myrtle Louise Phillips

Myrtle is a girl who looks backwards and sighs—"Oh, those glorious days when I lived in Brooklyn." Even if you do not seem to like us here, Myrtle, we have your interests at heart and have bought you a private train to take you to that land of fond recollections—Brooklyn.

(Brooklyn Express.)

Edwin Willard Woehling

Our poet said, "Ebe Woehling is our athlete, but as for girls—he'd rather eat." Them's true words, Laura, them's true words. In school Ebe is either talking to "Pop" Henckle or studying. You really do treat the girls shamefully, Ebe. In punishment for your slighting them, the girls asked me to give you this box of kisses. Ebe—'tis severe—but you deserve it.

(Box of kisses.)

May Helena Lang

May is neither quiet nor noisy. She is the girl who is the happy medium. I have often heard that the middle compartment of a train is the safest place in the world—so to be just betwixt and between must be a happy state. Here is a balance sheet with your characteristics and accomplishments equally balanced.

(Balance sheet.)

Maude Dunham Stiger

Well, Maude, next year you won't be able to walk up and down the corridors with your Junior friend. But I have something that will recall old scenes. Here is a country lover—a swain—which you can "bob" up and down in front of you, when you're lonesome.

(Farmer.)

Edwin Raymond Wolfe

"He'll converse on any subject, he will write on any theme!" Seldom has such an abundance of grey matter been bestowed on youth. He with the mind of Plato, the philosophy of Socrates, the oratory of Demosthenes—our Napoleon—that's it—our Napoleon! Your Excellency, with all pomp and ceremony I present you with the world—nothing less would meet the requirements. May you never meet your Waterloo!

(The world.)

Bessie Cook

This charming maiden took the school by storm by her singing this year. Now we are going to surprise her. Here's a cablegram from Caruso, the tenor, in London. It is addressed to me. Listen, Bessie, it will interest you.

"SIGNOR ALANA CROSELAND:

HEY JOE:—You tella dese wonderful singer, Miss Bessa de Cook, dat I giv a de Melba and de Tetrazzino a de chuck ef she will sing wid me in de Metropolitan Opera House. \$5,000 a night. What do you know? CARUSO."

(Letter.)

Thomas Welles

Tom, I have a favor to ask of you. I have for my own satisfaction written up a history of the school for some years back. This I am not perfectly sure is correct, but knowing you as *the* authority—may I ask your assistance in correcting it?

(History.)

Ethel Ward

Ethel, the girls all tell me that you are sarcastic. Now—it takes a clever person to be sarcastic, so by Nelson Seubert's process of reasoning, you must be clever. However, I think your ability would bear more fruit if you turned your attention to Woman Suffrage, instead of sarcasm. So bear this as a Sign of Wisdom.

(Woman suffrage banner.)

Richard Randolph Johnson

Randolph shows us what a boy ought to be—a good student most of the time—but he shines in basket-ball, too! You see, he is quite skilled. However, I think I have him puzzled. Now, Randolph, you're so clever—see if you can shoot baskets with this.

(Pistol.)

Lillian May Thomas

Lillian's chief characteristic, as far as I could learn, is her indifference to study. Now, Lillian, that's an Art. Anybody that can be the student you are and get the marks you do, and still be indifferent to lessons, should go into politics. So, take this ballot-box and practise voting and repeating.

(Ballot-box.)

Leslie John Crate

A canoe or a pair of skates—and a girl satisfies Leslie. Oh no, he doesn't acknowledge all this. In fact, he has no use for the *girls* to let him tell of it, but actions have words beaten at times. My advice to you, Leslie, is a pretty lake away from the busy highway, this canoe, a girl and, well—a little moonlight—no one will be any the wiser and you may still hold to your reputation of not having any use for the girls.

(Canoe.)

Elsa Holckmann

Elsa is a stude, a ripping reader, a mathematical maniac, a burrowing bookworm, a heroic historian, a medieval marvel. Every minute in school is taken up with studies. She crams and grinds all the time. Elsa, your brain must be nearly worn out, now, so take this bottle. It contains all the grey matter one could use.

(Bottle.)

Christine Towne Wilson

I am called upon, ladies and gentleman, to introduce to you a girl of tender years—one who is the youngest of us all. It seems as though a book of nursery rhymes would be the proper gift for you, but because of your higher aspirations, we give you this balloon.

(Balloon.)

Charles Clarence Caruso

Say, listen, Charlie, when I was down at Eola's writing this Dispensary, I asked her what I could give you. She immediately answered: "Oh, hit him on his cute little face." I won't do that, but I know you are glad to learn that said member is cute; so take this mirror and observe the newly discovered beauty therein.

(Mirror.)

Ethel Marian Miller

Behold—the nurse of our class—or rather the nurse to be! Ethel always has reminded me of a nurse, both by her gentle manner and matronly air, though she is firm in her determination to be a teacher. We will do our best to dissuade you, Ethel, by giving you this cap and apron.

(Cap and apron.)

Ina Wilson

Ina's most-used expression must be "Oh—I'm *so* bashful!" Really, I've known Ina for about seven years and she has never said "Hello" to me. That being the case, Miss Wilson, I am going to give you this small telephone. Now you can practise saying "Hello" by yourself.

(Telephone.)

Elsie May Young

Elsie is about the smallest girl in our class—"Precious things come in small packages"—so it seems from the fondness the boys have for Elsie. Every morning she comes to school with a different bow (beau). Here, Elsie, is one, though different, but still appropriate.

(Bow and arrow.)

Francis Wentworth Lawson

Here is our youthful business man. He was cashier of the lunch-room, and we had to smile when two girls got free lunches because they winked at Wink. Take this bag, Wink, as a reminder of the lunch-room—and always put your cash here.

(Money-bag.)

Lloyd Baldwin Whitman

Lloyd's ambition is a M.D. degree. Does that mean, Lloyd, that you will specialize on "hearts"? If so, there can be no doubt that your mark in this world is made, for it has been plainly shown that in spite of your Senior rank, you have well taken care of a certain Post-graduate's heart. Here, Lloyd, care carefully for your good luck by applying freely these medicines found in this chest.

(Medicine chest.)

Lloyd Andrew West

Here we have the founder of the wonderful Honor Board. Who would think that Westy—Lloyd West—the youthful, jigging upstart, should take such a serious turn and save us all from destruction. As a token of our gratitude, Lloyd, take this ruler—as a reminder of the teacher's rule.

(Ruler.)

Winifred Michel Schley

We are now about to end our "knockers'" frolic. You, Winifred, come nearest the end and as Alan is rather a good sort of fellow, I do not want to hit him too hard, so I give you the "Hatch"—et, first used by George.

(Hatchet.)

Eola Floyd Stratt

(Our Vice-president without Vice.)

Ladies and gentlemen, Eola has the honor of being the "power behind the throne." If she wanted anything to go through a class meeting, she'd take Herb aside and—well, it would go through. The Honor system has been under her jurisdiction. All the committees have been under her influence. In short, the whole school is kept straight by her. In appreciation of your great responsibility, Eola, I am pleased to give you your co-worker—Atlas. And, oh, by the way, Eola, I noticed how sad and downcast you have been since Ivy Day, and the reason struck me the other day. I resurrected this crate.

(Atlas and crate.)

Frederick Alan Grosland

Alan, how are you this evening—fully recovered from Marie Allen's biscuits? Wouldn't it have been dreadful if you had not recovered! We would have lost our man of marvelous accomplishments—inventor of *Whimsical Wags*, composer of music, professor of the mandolin, actor, athlete, artist and editor. Alan, as you are going to enter journalism, I think it appropriate to give you this editorial pen and desk.

(Pen and desk.)

Ladies and gentlemen, the hammer is down!

Class Will

Lloyd Baldwin Whitman

To All Whom these Presents May Concern:

Let it be remembered that we, the illustrious class of 1912, the Seniors of the High School of East Orange, in the County of Essex, and the State of New Jersey, assured of perfect sanity and of the responsibility which we are assuming, do hereby declare and are positive that this is our last will and testament, which now has been duly received and recorded in the stately halls and corridors of the lunch-room on the third floor of this school, in the County of Essex and State of New Jersey.

And with all due respect, we do nominate and constitute as administrators and executrixes Miss Lydia Bliss, Miss Myra Gifford of the suffragettes, Royal Grosenbaugh, Silas Lottridge, of the weaker sex, all the aforesaid being members of our distinguished and eminent faculty.

First, To the class of 1913, we do give and bequeath the high position of honor, reputation and dignity maintained by our sedate body; and the wornout seats and desks which have been used by us, we willingly relinquish and hope that they may prove to be an inspiration to all those who may hereafter occupy them.

To the Sophomores, we do bequeath the honor system, which has won for us such great renown in these United States, and it is our express desire that this be continued with the same degree of success and efficiency.

To the darling little infants on the first floor, commonly known as Freshmen, we do hereby leave our magnificent gymnasium in the cellar, where with the greatest safety they can make mud-pies and cookies of various shapes to their heart's content.

To Harold Van Doren and his *slaving* assistants, we do give and bequeath the custody of *The News*, and the worthy standard attained by our Editor, his trusty followers and *Whimsical Wags*.

To Miss Freeman we leave the new gymnasium on the first floor, which she may use without disturbance to anyone and with benefit to many.

To Mr. Barber we will all the shavings from the Manual Training Department and all the Herrs from the German classes.

To the swimming team to be, we will the locker rooms, which we hope they will use to advantage and in times of flood the tops will always be available.

To next year's football team we do give and bequeath the lunch-room which we found so often lacking in supplies, and we sincerely hope that they will derive great strength and marvelous speed from their exercise in climbing the stairs, and it is our desire that the season will be crowned with success.

To Doc Bangert whose smile never comes off, we leave, award the banners and trophies of our teams and rather than place them under any extra responsibility we would suggest that they be placed in cold storage during the summer months (the banners of course).

To Doc Bangert whose smile never comes off, we leave, with all *due* ceremony, the old broken bats, damaged suitcases with their contents, old baseball suits, football suits, stockings, shoes and other paraphernalia that are used.

To those who are inclined to be of a talkative nature and fond of what is known as fussing, we leave our beautiful library with its bulletin-board upon which are many signs of "No talking during school hours," and we desire that in the future this notice be fully obeyed.

To our Championship Track Team we award the use of the outdoor gymnasium and we believe it will be beneficial to them to use the showers in the old building, which we also bequeath to them.

We leave to the High School as a whole our satisfaction that at last it has this new building as a support to the time-worn and tottering old structure.

In witness whereof, we do hereunto set our hand and seal, on this nineteenth day of June, in the year of our Lord, nineteen hundred and twelve.

HERBERT MICHAEL, President,
EOLA STRAIT, Vice-president,
RALPH ABBEY, Treasurer,
BESSIE COOK, Secretary,
And all other members of
the Class of 1912.

The above document is duly sworn and sealed as the last will and testament of the Class of '12 in the presence of us, who in their presence and in the presence of each other have subscribed our names as witnesses.

W. T. ROOSENTAFT,
WHIMSICAL WAGS,
THE HONOR SYSTEM.

The Class Motto

Elsie Beach Crawford

It was night in the city of Ignorance, a single gleam of light shone through that night, it was Ambition with his lamp of Truth. Behind him, in the darkness, were many stumbling figures, the Class of 1912. They were following their faithful guide, who was beckoning them on with his staff of Courage. Each pilgrim held in his hand an unlighted lamp, the lamp of knowledge. Even though it was dark, even though their lamps were out, they did not falter, but went upward, onward, continuing their long, difficult climb up the Mountain of Success. Several stumbled e'er they had gone far, several were forgotten by their more eager companions, but on reaching the first summit the guide could discern the faces of most of his original followers. Though somewhat weary, they were all still steadfast to their purpose.

After a brief rest they undertook again their journey, gaining strength with progress. Several storms threatened, but with the aid of the flickering light from their lamps of Knowledge, they were unafraid and watched them pass by, overwhelming but a few of the weaker ones. As they continued upward, the ascent became more difficult and only by continued diligence were they able to overcome the heavy obstacles which came in their path. Their reward was a sight of the moon as it flooded the height of the third point, making their way clearer before them.

Another rest refreshed and strengthened them for the third acclivity and as the way was even rougher than before, several others of their companions were lost behind. The light of the waning moon over the last mount, lighting up their goal, was a source of much encouragement, and taking up their lamps, they pushed forward for the last long climb to the summit. They were divided now, each traveling under his chosen leader, yet all intent on the same purpose. Diligence, Sincerity, Frivolity, Wit and even Bluff all had their followers, who, should they attain the goal, would owe their victory to these conductors.

Dawn was breaking in the gray East as this weary but faithful band started up the last steep slope, true to their guide, Ambition. Their lamps were now burning so brightly that far above they could see the goal for which they had been journeying so long and so far. Then some laggards were forced to

quicken their steps in order that they might all attain the summit together. On arriving, they sank, exhausted, on the rocks, blinded by the sudden burst of golden light as the morning sun arose to welcome them. There emblazoned in the Eastern Heavens was their motto, which unconsciously they had followed through their weary pilgrimage: "Labor omnia vincit"—"Labor overcomes all things." Labor it was that had gained for them the summit of Success, and gathering around in the light of their motto, they crowned Ambition with a laurel wreath, a fitting tribute to his victory.

The Prophecy of the Class of 1912

By Winifred Schley and Edwin Wolfe

"HELLO, Winifred! I didn't see you at the Class Reunion the other day. Were you there?"
"Indeed I was. What did you think of the program?"

"Dandy! That was fine music, wasn't it?"

"Well, it ought to be—Kenneth Norris' Symphony Orchestra is one of the best in the country and his compositions for the color symphonies are world famed."

"So I hear. And didn't Les. Crate run those spot lights well? Oh! what did you think of Eola's dramatic readings?"

"They were good."

"Didn't they say that someone in the class had written that poetry she read?"

"Why, yes, Maude Stiger is the poetess; she's very good at writing poems on country life—you know, all about the 'rustic swain.'"

"But I thought the hit of the evening was Tom Welles' speech; that was some speech for the principal of a high school. But how is it you are here? I thought you were out in St. Louis."

"No, I'm in New York now."

"Oh! then you're in the New York Library."

"Yes; and by the way I hear that you have been keeping Belasco busy writing plays for you. You must do a lot of traveling."

"You're right. Let me tell you something funny. I was walking along the street out in Spokane the other day and who

should I meet but John Chater! You should have seen his face—all covered with shaving soap and a big slash on his chin. He looked like a strawberry sundae. I said, 'Hello, John! What's the matter?' 'Why,' he said, 'I just escaped from Bob Chapin's barber shop down the street—gee! but that was a close shave!' When I saw the poor fellow was as far gone as that I thought I'd better go down and see Bob. Say, he's got some shop! He calls it 'Chapin's Chin Emporium,' The minute he saw me he waltzed up in a white coat all decorated with American flags, and said, 'Hello, Eddy!' I said, 'Hello, Bob! Some place here! Where'd you get all the manicures?' Then he got real confidential and said, 'Shh! Old high school bunch.' 'Go on,' says I. 'Sure—Helen Francis, Ruth Jenkins and Ethel Agens.' 'Are they good?' says I. 'Good! Why, the minute I saw their ad. in the paper as first class manicures I nailed them on the spot.'"

"Did you hear he volunteered his services as color-sergeant at the time of our threatened war with Japan?"

"No; did he?"

"Yes, and Senator Seubert, Lawyer Donald Baldwin; Professor Peltz of Harvard and the Earl Rogers—he's just come into his estate—all did good work on the peace conference. Do you know where Randolph Campbell is?"

"Yes; you know he and Alan Crosland went out to a little town in Iowa to start a newspaper. Randy did the printing and Alan wrote the *News*. But Al. got in wrong one day by a bad pun in his 'Wagsical Whims' column. You know Florence Doddridge and Hazel Wheaton are Senatresses from Iowa. Well, Alan got out this for a headline one day: 'Have you Noticed the Wheat on Florence's Chin? Ain't Dot-Rich?' Well, they both got a little peeved over this and they requested him to remove himself from their midst, so now he's in vaudeville. Yep, he and Marie Tillard have put on an elaborate revival of 'Behind the Scenes,' and Randy's a Princeton professor in Greek and athletic trainer on the side."

"Oh! Mildred Burdett is the manager of the Woman's Athletic Association of America. Gertrude King and Georgiana Middleton are in it, too; they are president and secretary."

"Say, did you hear that Walter MacGowan is in jail?"

"Isn't that too bad! What's the sentence?"

"Sentence nothing—he's a warden."

"Where's Dorothy Kent?"

"Dorothy's a leading philanthropist. A few years ago she endowed a school for the instruction of young ladies over which Genevieve Johnston presides. Josephine Squier is the equestrienne instructress there and Ina Wilson imparts the knowledge of technical and analytical chemistry to the ladies. Dorothy brought me news of some of our classmates in Europe. Elsie Crawford has opened a costuming establishment in the Rue de la Paix district and Charles Caruso is her designer. Can you imagine who is in charge of the Lady Taxi Drivers of Paris?"

"Virgilyn Nickerson?"

"No, Norma Pickard. But have you heard about Virgilyn? She's now touring England in an auto and she expects to visit Dorchester, Winchester, Rochester, Colchester, Chesterfield, Manchester and Chester."

"Is that so? Well, speaking of people being in Europe—Ed. Hall's a mosquito exterminator in Montclair and Helen Frint's running a café out in Erie, Pa.; Jesse Back's piano player there and 'Wink' Lawson's her cashier."

"Yes, I know that. Elwood Meeteer and William Chater supply her café with vegetables. They're running a scientific farm near Buffalo and they use electric farm implements. You know, all they do is press a button and the machinery runs the farm all day long. They've got a wonderful electric scarecrow that Clarke McGown invented, which circumambulates the fields in an hour. That's something to crow about, what? Naturally Elwood and William find much time on their hands, which they employ in checker tournaments.

"Banty Reifsnyder was a farmer until Herb. Michael beat him in a dandy shell game. Herb's running a circus. Gertrude Krusen's his ticket seller. Lloyd West's his boss canvas man, and Joe Read's doing a tight rope specialty. They run everything on the Honor System. You ought to see them feed the animals on that system—yep, the Wolves and the Baers and the Campbells (camels)."

"I should think that Wes. Steele would go with Herbert—he's such a 'lion' in London society. Each spring he drives his coach from London to Brighton and last year he beat Marion Ogden for the aviation championship of Ireland."

"Well, you know Ed. Frazer and Irwin Warren are running a peach farm over there. They were always good in botany and particularly after riding around in Ed.'s car. Why, they

got so they knew all the 'peaches' in the Oranges. Where's Frank Johnson?"

"Why, Frank tried the life of a German tragedian but found it a little too strenuous. Finally he decided that his life work was to be that of a missionary, so now he's down in the region of the 'Conger' River."

"Why, George Hatch is down there, too—he's selling Bibles."

"Have you heard about Howard Cappel?"

"No; what's the matter with him. Is he sick?"

"Well, he was—he got spring fever working on the Panama Canal, but Doctor Whitman—instigator and promoter of the Hot Air treatment—pulled him through; but Lloyd isn't there any more."

"No? Where is he?"

"Out in Riley, Indiana. He's making money all right—yes, he's doing people good."

"Did you know that Ethel Miller and Jessie Boutillier have gone to Paris to have their voices cultivated?"

"To Paris?"

"Yes, Paris, Tex. By the way, is Laura Baer still secretary of the Society for the Stimulation of Italian Immigration?"

"No, Laura is still an enthusiast on the work but she resigned that position upon her marriage to the Italian Duke Colleoni Marco Dandolo Vendramini."

"The way you reel off that string of names reminds me of Isabel Burns calling out the trains at Hoboken; and Gladys Bugge—what do you think she's doing?"

"Gladys Bugge? Why, er—"

"She's running a carriage factory in Essex Fells; and Evelyn Bedell—I hope to die if she isn't an adventuress on the Erie Railroad."

"O! Elmer Stansbury's on the Lackawanna. He's the chief magazine and journal agent."

"Didn't someone at the reunion say that Ed. Woelhing was in the construction business?"

"Yes, he's just completed the ocean to ocean road on which the recent Suffragette parade was held."

"Wasn't Gertrude Davis in that parade?"

"Yes, and Ruth Dennison was the drum major; and Lillian Lord, National Regent."

"Isn't Margaret Ferguson something in the Suffragette business, too?"

"Yes, she is the official ballot designer. She's introduced a cloth ballot whose style changes every election; and they have different colors—embroidery and lace—for each candidate."

"I know that. I was over in Randolph Johnson's department store in Brooklyn and saw them on sale. Beatrice Kelley is a song demonstrator over there and you should have seen Ted Jamison in the window—you know, working the chest weights: he's athletic demonstrator."

"Is that so? Well, Anita Jeffers and Elsie Volekmann are selling books for Randolph."

"Yes; I met them one night last week in the station. They said they had been selling some books out at the old High School."

"Do you know that some members of our class now compose part of the faculty out there? Ethel Ward gently guides many groping minds through the labyrinths of Virgil—Lillian Thomas and Elsie Young are the instructors in the Esthetic Art of Terpsichore."

"What's that?"

"Well, you remember how they had social half-hours in the High School in our Senior year? Now they have dancing every morning from 9 to 11. Christine Wilson objected to this a little."

"Objected? Why, what's she doing in the school?"

"She's president of the Board of Education. Oh! I forgot to say that they've got two or three big classes in Geological Research. They've sent Hazel Teall and May Lang to Cuba after insurrectosauruses and other extinct animals."

"Why, they must have run across Gerald Thorpe—he's running a hair-dressing establishment there. Ella Proctor's his coiffure inventor. Jerry just sent a big shipment of wigs over to Cyril Baldwin. What is he doing, anyway?"

"He's the great New York society magician."

"Who's his assistant?"

"Edith Fairfield; they just gave a magnificent entertainment at Marie Allen's house."

"Oh! that's where Bessie Cook made her first appearance as a concert singer."

"Yes, the papers were full of it—didn't you read about it?"

"No; I only saw the headlines. What happened?"

"Why, Elizabeth Quigley and Eugenia Eagles just returned from the North Pole and the dinner was in their honor. Minerva Halliday nearly broke up the whole thing."

"Why, what did she do?"

"Fell through the skylight in her aeroplane right when Bessie was singing 'Take Me With You When You Fly'!"

"O, look! there comes Ralph Abbey in his sightseeing car. Let's go over to Brooklyn with him."

"Yes, I must go to Randolph's store to buy a wedding present for Myrtle Philips."

EXIT.

Class History

Bessie Cook

When coming out of school the day I was chosen to write the class history, I wondered how I could ever accomplish such a prodigious task, for the events of four years seemed too numerous for me to remember. As I walked along, wondering, I thought I heard a voice say, "Why don't you ask me?" I looked around expecting to see someone, but there was no one in sight. I looked up at the building, I looked everywhere, wondering from whence it came. When I heard the voice again I realized I was under an old, wide-spreading tree and at once I thought of Tennyson's talking oak and how Maeterlinck tells us that flowers and trees have souls and hearts and that they hear and see. Surely this, then, was the voice I had heard.

Many, many years had this tree stood sentinel here while groups of boys and girls, year after year, had passed under its spreading branches. As I questioned the wise old tree I found it had forgotten no one, not even the class of 1912, a group of boys and girls who seemed mere children, girls with pigtailed down their backs and boys in knee-breeches, who, four years ago, had passed into the dull brick building which had tried, for so many years, to fulfill its mission, but was crowded beyond its capacity until its very doors creaked in agony to think of taking in another class. But pass in they did, and the doors were closed upon them.

"Now," said the tree, "I was curious to know how they were going to manage with these girls and boys, so I lifted up my topmost branches to peek into the window out of sheer curiosity and there I saw them sitting all in a row nervously waiting their doom. The door opened and in stepped the familiar figure, with the benign countenance, which I had seen pass through that door so many years and after welcoming them

they dispersed to various parts of the building. Whereupon I lowered my branches and decided to take a nap, knowing the children would be safely settled until the session was over.

"The year was an uneventful one as years go and only occasionally, as groups passed beneath my boughs, did I hear comments on the smallness of the rooms, the lack of a real study hall, and an occasional bit of fun at the expense of the 'freshies.' And the days went by and a new year rolled around.

"The summer had been a long one to me and the changing to many colors of my leafy coat reminded me that the boys and girls would soon be trooping in again and that the second year for the class of 1912 would soon begin.

"But where were they? Would I know them? Ah, surely, for my memory was good and they had passed and repassed me many, many times, so I watched with added interest for the 'freshies' that were and the sophomores that be. Why! What was this? Surely those girls looked familiar, but their dresses were down and their hair put up and there was a boy I used to know, but so manly grown with long trousers and a pompadour cut. Ah well, it was to be expected. They felt very important then. They were freshmen no longer. They didn't have to be put up in the gymnasium to do their studying or in the little chicken coop additions, but they had had whole partitions removed in the lower study hall, not only to make room for their numbers but for their expanded minds. And quietly the weeks passed on till my coat of many colors slipped from me in the bleak November days. The dull monotony had begun to pall when on Thanksgiving Day I heard rumors floating in the air and shouts went up as the noise grew more distinct and on came the trampling of many feet. Nearer, yet nearer they drew until one could distinguish the football team covered with gore. It was rumored that some were brought home on stretchers but if they were they didn't pass under my branches and I'm glad they didn't, for I should have been dreadfully humiliated. At any rate they were victorious, once more winning the championship. The girls, not willing to be outdone, soon followed with the championship for basketball. If there were any mangled they recovered rapidly and were soon able to present a very attractive French play in which they did themselves proud. All through the year there had been controversies over the lack of accommodation and the great need of a new school

building or an addition to the present one. It was thrashed out by the board of education, the town council, the Mayor, the Governor of the state, the women's clubs and the men's club, the pulpit, and I'm not at all certain but the President of the United States and under the roof of every family in the Oranges until there was squabbling and hair-pulling among the infants as to whether their fathers should pay taxes for a new school building or an addition to the old one. All these rumors were floating wildly through the air until my very leaves turned white for fear of my being uprooted on the spot. And thus the second year drew to a close with joyful anticipation of, at least, more room in the near future.

"After a long and anxious summer, watching the excavation of the very grounds beneath my roots, not knowing what moment I might be called upon to sacrifice my life for the very children over whose heads I had spread my loving branches for so many years, I was greatly relieved when I found the woodman meant to spare me.

"My interest was now divided between the new building going up and my old school friends, but I managed still to peep inside and noted the makeshift cloak stalls in the halls, the new fire drills, and the noted Junior Entertainment, the most successful that had ever been given and which netted the Juniors a nice profit. Next was the event of the season, the Junior-Senior Dance, which I know was given in the Woman's Club, for strains of melodious dance music floated to me on the breeze. So much was crowded into this year, it really taxed my branches to keep track of it all. There was the championship once more for the Girls' Basketball Team, the Interclub Debate in which the boys won out for the second time, having lost a number of years in succession. Then there was the dance given at English's Hall by the Juniors in honor of the Seniors and the English dramatics where nothing less than Shakespearean characters trod the boards. All through this year there were rumors of war and dissatisfaction with the government. They were children no longer. Why shouldn't they govern themselves? Why not have a students' council—and students' council they had. But woe betide the affairs of men. They were only grown-up children after all, for, with no eye to watch, the temptation was great and they had not the dignity they thought they had.

"The last event of the season was the most exciting I had ever experienced in all my years. While I was enjoying my

quiet week-end rest there was an alarm of fire and before I realized what it was about, I found myself drenched with water while they were playing a stream on the gymnasium where the fine exhibit was going on which represented many hours of conscientious labor. Many things were ruined and much damage done to the old building, and school was closed for a few days, giving the pupils a much appreciated holiday. In the meantime the new building was progressing to be in readiness for the graduating exercises which soon followed and were most creditably given in all the glory of the new surroundings.

"The next summer was a very trying one. I wonder that I'm alive to tell the tale. Such a babel of voices amid the hammering and pounding all summer! My nervous system was completely unstrung and I shed many leaves, to say nothing of the agony that wrung my heart as I watched my neighbor trees uprooted. Young saplings were trodden under foot regardless of their tender feelings, but I realized with it all that no great good has ever been accomplished without much sacrifice. So I tried to quiet my quivering leaves and looked forward to the future. Indeed, I felt repaid when I beheld in all its glory and architectural beauty the lofty and noble building which was to house all my girls and boys and the large army of faithful teachers who, for so many years, had patiently contended with such cramped quarters. When I looked in the window at that first event of the new year, the dedication of the new building, my bark expanded with pride and thankfulness that the city fathers had at last given their children a high school worthy of East Orange.

"This was the year that the *News* seemed to take a new lease of life, adding new features under the able direction of the editor and becoming in a way an illustrated paper. A successful entertainment was also given under the management of the *News* staff.

"The interclass basketball victory won by the boys, the Junior-Senior Dance and the Princeton concert were likewise events of great interest. It was this year that the honor system was introduced which resulted in the Honor Board. Another innovation which came with the new school board was having two sessions with lunches served in the new lunch room and provided for by the alumni. The interclub debate was the next event, the boys being the winners of the silver cup. Events followed so fast one upon another after this that it kept me

in a flutter of excitement, particularly when I heard rehearsals going on in a strange tongue which, instead of being, as I had believed, violent quarreling among the pupils, turned out to be the German play. Following this was the Senior entertainment, then came the Orange and other meets which we won and Field Day where we broke the record for the running broad jump. The closing events were the Senior play, given under the able direction of Miss Freeman, the elocution teacher and the last musical afternoon in honor of the Senior Class.

“And once again the year draws to a close and groups of boys and girls pass by—some with happy faces and in haste to leave, while others with reluctant feet and manner not so gay linger a moment 'neath my leafy shade and backward glance as if the memories hovering about the place were sweet. 'Tis the passing of the class of 1912 and it makes my old heart ache, for I shall miss their happy faces, though others come to take their place. So as they pass me all unheeding—I shall bend low and with much feeling touch them gently with my branches—in farewell.”

The Class Poem

Laura Barr

“All the world's a stage,
“And all the men and women merely players:
“They have their exits and their entrances;
“And one man in his time plays many parts.”
So quoth the poet, Shakespeare, years ago.
And so it is with us as it was then,
But actors, we at best but play a role
For everyone fulfils some part
Striving for the goal.

At first the little infant Peltz,
And lazy school-boy, Hall,
Who comes to school reluctantly
Whene'er he comes at all.
Then the lover sighing songs
To maidens fair to see,
Irwin Warren, handsome lad,

A fusser e'er will be.
And then the soldier quick to wrath,
Sudden in quarrel he,
Ted Jamison in class meetings
Suits this part perfectly.
Next the justice, wise in law,
With eye severe and many a saw,
So Donald Baldwin now appears,
Who did the course in but three years.
"The sixth age shifts," so Shakespeare said,
"Into the lean and slippered pantaloon,
"His youthful hose well sav'd, a world too wide,
"And his big, manly voice turning to a childish treble,
"Pipes and whistles in his sound."
So we think of Joseph Read,
Who's suited to this part, indeed.

Like *Everywoman*, Bessie Cook
Has grace and charm in word and look,
Beauty, *Youth* and *Modesty*
Are her close attendants three.
Beauty's form has now been lent
To fair and graceful Dorothy Kent
Modesty's part is ably played
By Ethel Miller, gentle maid.
Christine Wilson's part is *Youth*,
While Ina Wilson's role is *Truth*.

Beatrice Kelly, melancholy, plays the part of *Night*.
Clark McGown's airy dancing fixes him as *Light*.
Gertrude Krusen, dissembling girl, is *Flattery* sure enough,
While Nelson Seubert is an expert in the art of bluff.
Lillian Thomas pictures *Health*,
Marie Tillard is *Fashion*,
Elsie Crawford's role is *Wealth*,
And Howard Cappel's *Mashin'*.
Margaret Ferguson, quiet lass,
Is *Silence*; and we see
Genevieve Johnston's lofty hopes,
Let her *Ambition* be.
Modest Rogers—do you say
"Who in the world is he?"

He's so retiring that it seems
He might be *Nobody*.
Elizabeth Quigley's as shy as a dove,
The Chaters personify fraternal *Love*,
While Gertrude Davis, so demure,
Acts as *Conscience*, sweet and pure.

In Shakespeare's dramas we can see
Parts which suit us to a "tee."
Mildred Burdett could surely play
The part of *Rosalind*, the gay;
And as her comrade since a child
Edith Fairfield, *Celia* mild.
Charles Caruso, melancholy *Jacques*
And like *Mark Antony*
Wesley Steele has lofty hopes
An orator to be.
George Hatch is like *Antonio*
For to him it's always Lent;
While Frazer, like *Bassanio*,
On trouble's always bent.
Virgilyn's tale, like *Juliet's*
Is one of saddest woe,
For how from all her many swains,
To choose one *Romeo*?
Ethel Ward is *Kate, the Shrew*,
I do not mean to blame her,
She needs but some *Petruchio*
To pacify and tame her.
And now for the fairest of the fair
Fair Gerald Thorpe is cast,
Titania, the fairy queen,
Like him is unsurpassed.
In "Comus," Milton's wondrous masque,
To take the *Lady's* part, I'm sure
Ethel Agens must be cast,
Gentle, firm, and yet demure.
The *Attendant Spirit* is Tom Welles,
Who's always here and with us dwells.

Like *Patience* on a monument,
Ready at every call,

May Lang has always been the girl
Who helped us one and all.
Josephine Squire on a prancing steed
Is an Amazon, indeed.
Gertrude King is our basket-ball queen,
The best and finest ever seen.
Whitman, like *Cupid*, thinks only of Marion,
While like *Dobbin* in "Vanity Fair,"
Reifsnyder ever is slow but sure,
Whenever he's wanted he's there.
Rousing the janitor from his rest
Come Randolph Johnson and Lloyd West.
Baldwin then comes on the scene
And Jesse Bäck; these four convene
To join their wits in problems many,
These to solve, nor fail in any.
Stansbury is so proud of his curls,
I wonder he does not take with girls.
Helen Frint's desire for studious lore,
And books, and knowledge grows ever more.
Meeteer the girls does ever pursue
While Marion Ogden (is it not true?)
Follows the boys and tries to win
Smiles meant for others, this is no sin,
Still those who can see, claim her effort is lost,
Yet who are we (since heavy the cost)
To question her right, or stand in her light?

Louise Denison, like *Pandora*, asks questions all the day,
Ruth Jenkins could giggle forever,
Ella Proctor trembles at aught you say,
Isabel Burns is bright, and so clever.
Hazel Wheaton and Hazel Teall
No one can say they talk a great deal
But Anita Jeffers, who can deny
That her fount of words has ever run dry?
Elsie Young is so fond of the boys
May her efforts to please increase their joys.
Marie Allen, so reserved is she
Olivia, in "Twelfth Night," well might she be.
Ebe Woehling is our athlete—
But, as for girls—he'd rather eat.

Even in the play of to-day we find
The characters are suited to different parts
Eola Strait, *The Enchantress*, would play
And in this role win many hearts.
Frank Johnson, such a sweet little boy,
Would do very well as *Lord Fauntleroy*.
Though a "Single Man" now, we know Leslie Crate
Will follow the path which is narrow and Strait.
Gladys Bugge, a true Bird of Paradise,
Is often a gay-colored feast for the eyes.
Norma and Evelyn make a pair,
Norma, like *Emma Jane*, is fair,
While Evelyn Bedell, with all her charm,
Resembles *Rebecca* of Sunnybrook Farm.
Robert Chapin, though it make you laugh,
Could quite outtalk a phonograph.
Winkie Lawson from photos a fortune will make,
And roam o'er the country more pictures to take.
Maude Stiger, *The Siren*, lures on her true swain,
Jessie Boutelier, student, is clever but vain.
Jean Eagles, *Maid Marion*, is strongly magnetic
To MacGowan, *Robin Hood*, tall and athletic.
Myrtle Phillips without powder is lost,
I wonder how much her brand must cost.
Abbey is the man of honor
Who holds our treasures tight.
Edward Frazer's never home,
But motors day and night.
Florence Doddridge will work and work
There's never a thing that girl will shirk.
Lillian Lord, like *Sappho*, can write,
Some day she'll be a shining light.

Kenneth Norris is like *Boy Blue*
He is so melancholy.
Elsa Volckmann, she's a type
Could well be called "Pink Lady."
Helen Francis, who's so quiet,
She is the "Lady of Dreams."
Minerva Halliday is so slight
Like "The Quaker Girl" she seems.
Georgie Middleton, bent on joy,

She finds it mostly in the boy ;
All she cares for beside Wessen,
Is eatin', sleepin', dancin', dressin'.

Frederick Alan Crosland
Is a jester gay and light,
Who sings but "Boola-Boola"
All day, perhaps all night.
Herbert Michael, who takes great pleasure
In buttonhole bouquets,
Just now he's a "Gentleman of Leisure,"
Will this last all his days?
P. Randolph Campbell, "debate or declaim?"
He needs not these to succeed to fame,
He like Ben Franklin, a press engineers,
And without any help, has done well for his years.
And now we've come without delay
To Wolfe, the hero of the Play.
Napoleon's part he well portrayed—
An actor, never once dismay'd.
I've spoken now of eight-four
And will mention, lastly, but one more.

One who has led us all these years
Through joy and sorrow, hopes and fears.
"A perfect woman, nobly planned
"To warn, to comfort and command."
Quiet, gentle, sweet and shy
Need I mention our Winifred Schley?
Ever have we held her highly
She has charm like Maggie Wylly.

And so we leave this school of ours,
Where we have spent such happy hours,
You've heard our future and our past,
You know the present, but at last
We've found *this* in our final year
"The Bluebird" for Happiness is right here.

Haledictory

Frank C. Johnson

Friends, undergraduates, our devoted Faculty, and members of the Class of 1912, it is my privilege to say a few parting words as we separate to-night, expressing some encouragement, perhaps, for the oncoming classes, a token of appreciation to our Faculty for their untiring efforts, and a farewell to each other.

As one leaving the place which for a time has been a home, carries with him a vision which shall keep ever bright in his memory well-known scenes, so we, about to say farewell to this school, pause to consider what we take with us that will strengthen us for the burdens of home, business or college life. During the four years we have spent in constant association with one another and with the men and women devoting their lives as our teachers, we have gained much more than we realize or are now permitted to review. It may be that we have made the shade of old Pythagoras wail and moan when we attacked his—shall I say well-known?—geometrical theorem; and if Cicero were present he might not have recognized our rendering as one of his best orations; but we have nevertheless made one step toward the education we are seeking. We have been learning to think. The training given us so freely by these teachers, to cultivate the power to grasp ideas, alone and by our own efforts, is what has been the most important gain to us. For this ability to acquire knowledge by depending on our own resourcefulness, thus cutting *one* of our alma mater's apron strings, we are full of heartiest gratitude toward those who have helped us develop this power. But the other apron string which we hope may never be loosened, is that heart-felt appreciation which will force us to realize, when our viewpoint is a different one from the present, what our alma mater has really done for us. In days to come we shall feel, perhaps, an even truer gratitude on account of the advantage derived from this training.

The past year has brought to us an unusual opportunity to develop those qualities of personal character which ought to make us worthy and capable of assuming the greater independence before us. The privilege has been given us of inaugurating a system of student government in our school. As we to-night look back over the year, the success which has attended our efforts in this undertaking is a worthy source of satisfaction.

Not the least important element that has contributed to this success is the real pride our class has taken in the standing of the school—a pride which we strongly hope will be felt by the classes that follow our steps. But what makes this class feeling possible and sustains the success of student government is the willingness of each person as an individual to do his part. It is essentially personal character that is the most important part of our school life. Robert Browning said,


“I count this world but as a stuff

To try the soul’s strength on—endure the man.”

It is this drawing out of the man under unusual conditions that proves his worth. We appreciate that whatever has contributed to character or afforded the greatest opportunity for its development is our richest gain. Student government based on honor, is that which has given this great opportunity; and for its continued success we have the brightest hopes. Just as our school life has been essentially to develop character, so the problems we shall have to face in life will be but “stuff to endure the man.” For each one there is a struggle, and for each struggle, a victory, depending on the strength of personal character.

With a tender place in our hearts for this school, with best wishes to the incoming classes, and with sincere gratitude toward our teachers we part to-night, as a class, and say farewell to the associations that during the past four years have filled so large a place in our lives.

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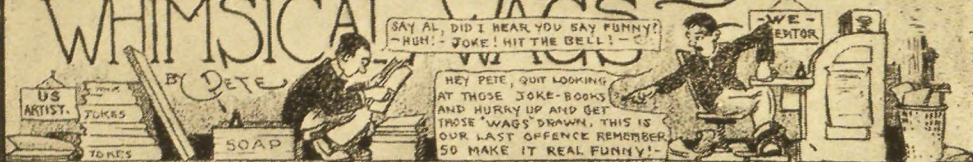
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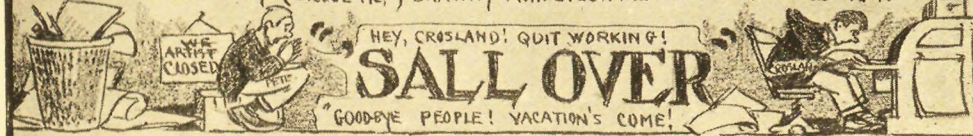
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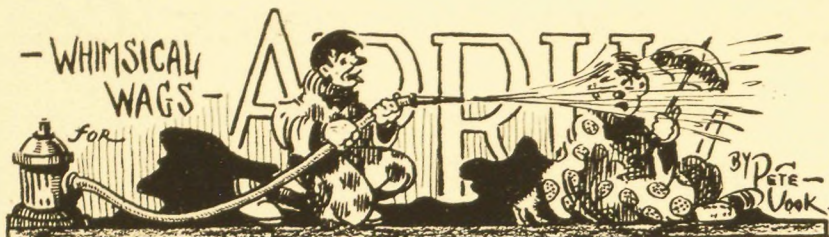
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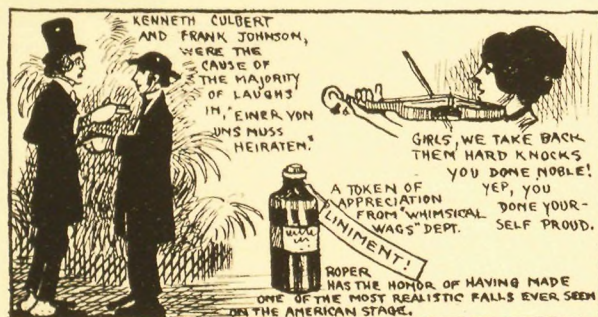
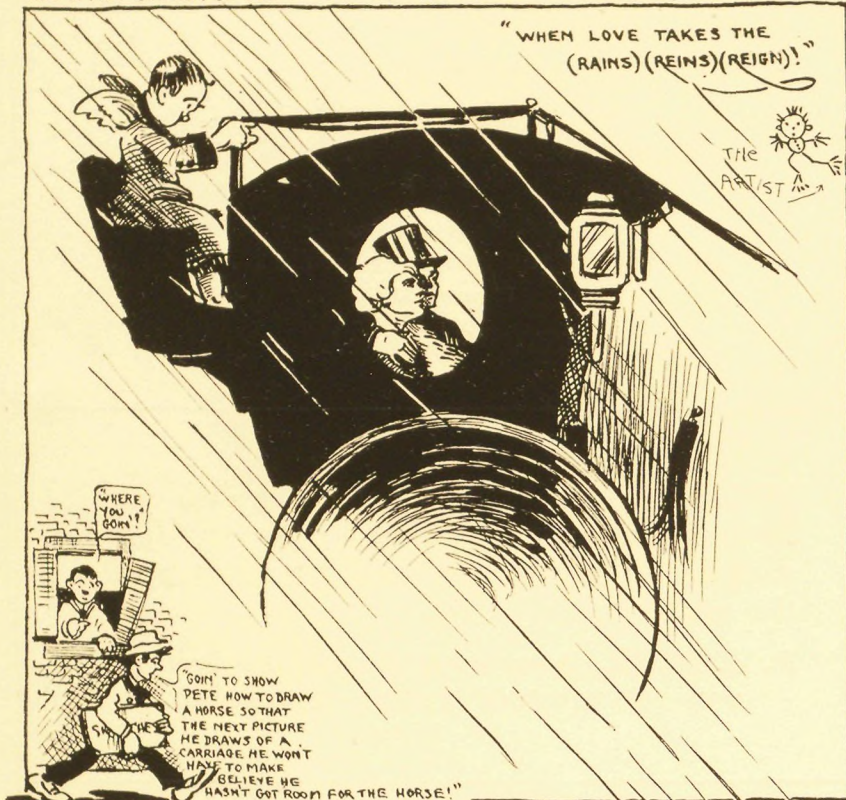
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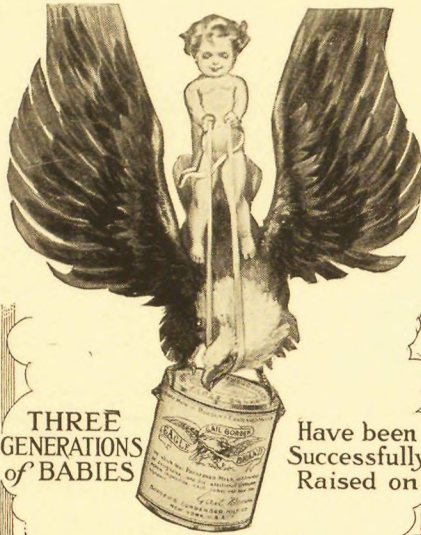
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