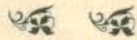




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DEDICATION



THIS PUBLICATION IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED
TO OUR ESTEEMED SUPERINTENDENT BY THE
SENIORS OF NINETEEN HUNDRED AND ELEVEN

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Senior Echo

PUBLISHED BY

Senior Class

Vassar High School

—1911—



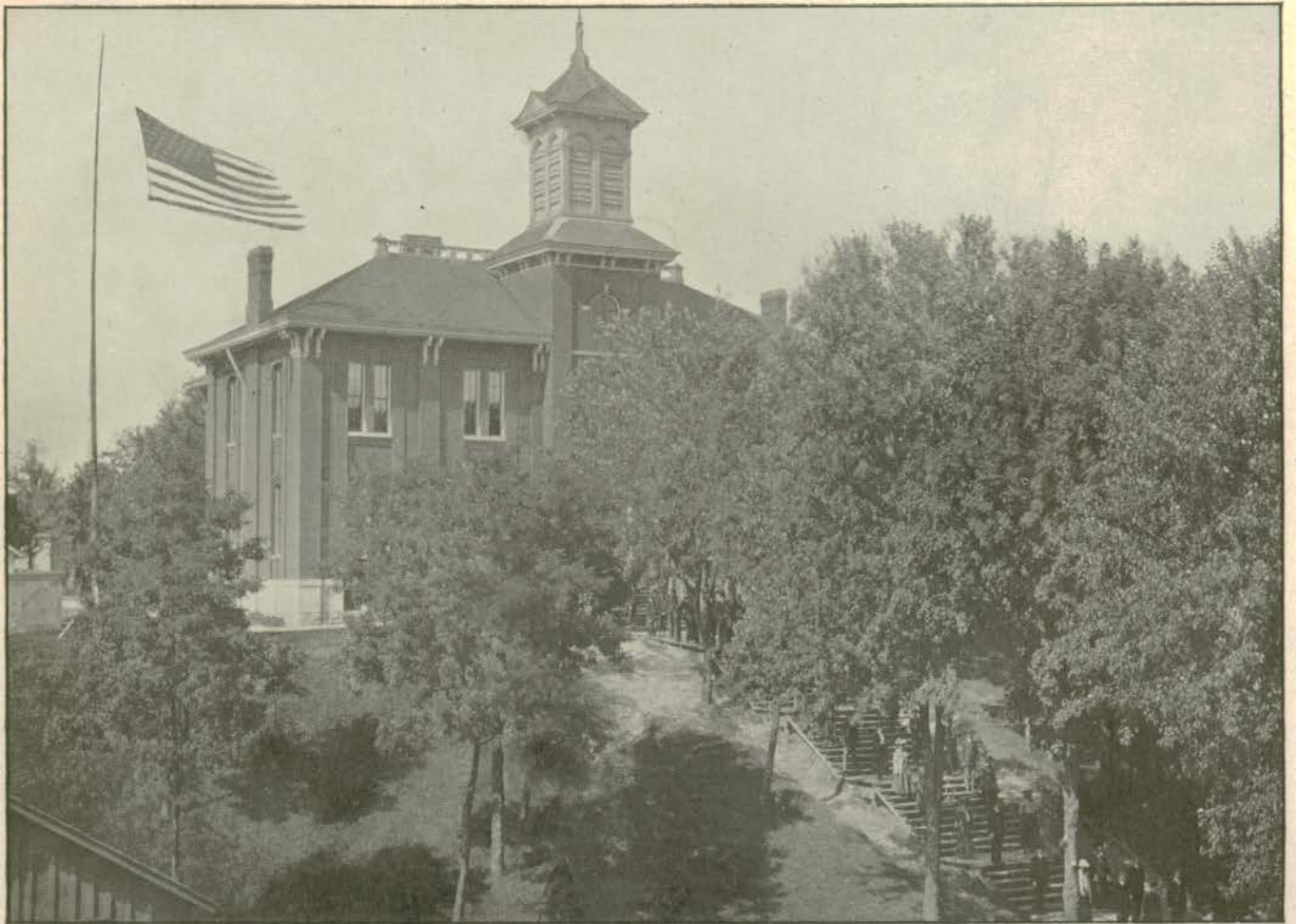
J. K. OSGERBY



McKINLEY SCHOOL



TOWNSEND NORTH SCHOOL



CENTRAL SCHOOL

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OUR BOARD OF EDUCATION is composed of six men: Mr. P. L. Varnum, President; Mr. R. G. Lyon, Secretary; Mr. W. T. Lewis, Treasurer; Mr. H. J. Miller, Mr. T. M. Stephen and Mr. G. D. Clark.

Their tireless efforts in our behalf deserve especial merit. Their task of keeping up the school house and grounds and selecting suitable teachers is a hard one, but they perform it faithfully.

They have also assisted us financially, as a class, in the publication of our booklet, together with hearty endorsement of our feeble effort. We speak, not only for ourselves, but also for the whole school and community when we thank them for the services they have rendered us.

Class of 1911
AND PUBLICATION BOARD



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MUSIC



MISS MAUD ALWAY
HISTORY

THIS YEAR of nineteen hundred and eleven has been a very successful one in the Vassar High School. It could not be otherwise with the faculty we have.

For the past three years the affairs of the Vassar public schools have been directed in a most efficient and capable manner by Mr. J. K. Osgerby, who came to us from Howell. We wish to express our heartiest thanks and to acknowledge the debt of gratitude we owe him as a class and as a school. We are glad to say that Mr. Osgerby has accepted his position for another year.

Miss Mabel Reagh, the principal, was graduated from the Cass City High School and afterwards from Mt. Pleasant Normal School. She taught Latin and German at Onaway last year. She teaches Latin and German this year and is a very successful teacher.

Miss Hortense Pennington is a resident of Vassar. She was graduated from the Northwestern University last year, having specialized in English. She is a very thorough teacher and makes this subject a very interesting one. She has accepted her position in the High School for another year.

Miss Louise Schwender resides near Port Huron. She spent one year at Olivet College, and after that was graduated from the special course in mathematics of the Michigan Normal College.

Miss Packard came to us highly recommended by the Conservatory of Music of Detroit, and has very capably filled the position as Music Teacher during the past year.

Miss Maud Alway has taught History in the Vassar High School for the last three years. She was graduated from the Manistee High School and after that took special training in History at Ann Arbor. She has resigned her position at Vassar and will teach at Kellogg, Idaho, next year.

We give our best wishes to each of the teachers who have toiled with us for the past year or years, and wish them "God Speed" in their future work.

ADDRESS OF WELCOME

(THE WEAVERS)

EARL H. MILLER



DID YOU EVER HEAR THE STORY OF THE WEAVERS who lived in the old city of Bethel? How they worked throwing their shuttles and turning out their different patterns for the world? One made fine, costly fabrics for the wealthy, another, less skilled, wove the smooth, hard-finished goods for the business men, while others furnished the coarse cloth for the peasants. But each contributed something for the welfare of his city. It was by means of these weavers that the old town of Bethel became a large and flourishing city, widely known for its beautiful fabrics.

So are we also weavers—but weavers of the world. We have been learning our trade, so that when we become older we may have a chance to weave a better quality of cloth. A great many different kinds of cloth the Class of Nineteen Eleven intend to weave. We expect to represent our class in the future as teachers, bankers, doctors, pharmacists, and housewives.

We appreciate the fact that we not only had a great deal of help from a good school furnished by the people of Vassar; but we also have been helped by the positions you have given us in your places of business that we could go to school with less expense to our parents, and might learn the practical application of what we were being taught in school. Therefore we welcome you tonight to show you that we greatly appreciate what you have done for us.

Since we are weavers our chief interest is in the product of our looms. The world is demanding some fabrics which can only be made by those who have a college education. Therefore a large per cent. of our class have decided to take such a course.

We have been weaving by hand now we must produce our goods more rapidly and control the great machines of our industry. Like the weavers of Bethel our fabrics will all be different. For some the loom of life may run smoothly, and the threads of prosperity and joy will unite to form a delicate material of fine texture and delicate colors; for others the hard twisted cords of care and responsibility may form a fabric heavy but durable, coarse but serviceable. Nevertheless, classmates, whatever our products, our lives may be respectively.

Tonight we realize as never before that we must weave for ourselves, and, classmates, let us never forget our motto: "Quality Not Quantity." We welcome tonight the world. This is our first market place and as young merchants we offer you, the members of our homes and friends, the first consignment of our looms.

A double welcome we offer you, friends and citizens of Vassar; welcome with thanks for your past assistance, and hope that you will not be too critical of our fabrics; for you as well as ourselves are weavers of the world; for now dost thou spread the sail, throw the spear, swing the axe, lay thy hand upon the plow, attend the furnace door, shepherd the sheep upon the hill, gather corn from the field, or smite the rock in the quarry? Yet whatever thy task, thou art even as one who twists a thread and throws the shuttle, weaving the web of life. Ye are all weavers, and Allah the Merciful, does he not watch beside the loom?

CLASS HISTORY

GERTRUDE ROSS



"HISTORY," Carlyle has said, "is as perfect as the historian is wise and is gifted with an eye and a soul." However, I would ask that in judging this bit of History, you would not adhere too closely to that standard, for in spite of the fact that the seniors are, this year as in past years, wise and gifted, none of us are experienced historians.

The Class of 1911 began its twelve-year course in the public schools of Vassar in 1899, the last year of the nineteenth century, and since that time has grown and developed under the careful and wise supervision of its various teachers until now, we, its members, stand before you brilliant, although modest, representatives of the twentieth century.

There have been many changes in our class during its advance thru the different grades; there was a gradual decrease of members during the years in high school, but eleven of us have reached the goal which we as small children regarded as such a wonderful attainment.

Now our ideals have mounted higher and we realize that we have completed only an elementary, although a very necessary course in our training for usefulness in the world.

Our real work together began with our entrance into the ninth grade; we were then recognized as high school students and were expected to take part in the Friday afternoon Lyceum meetings. However, it was with some pride and considerable trembling that we took our places and made our first speeches before the body of high school students. The words were bound to mix themselves and the room suddenly became uncomfortably warm. And to have to go through all this before the Seniors! But now we do not look upon high school seniors as being such critics and dignitaries; for we know that there are many things which even "Seniors" cannot do.

The next important event in our class history was the giving of our Junior play: "Among the Breakers." This we gave at the Opera House on the evening of March 25th, 1910. The audience was large and the production was counted a success. The financial returns were given to the school for the purchase of books for the library.

At the end of our Junior year we renewed a former custom of giving the Seniors a banquet and reception. This event also was a success and was enjoyed by everyone.

I must not pass over our entire high school career without mentioning our athletic interests. Of course, the girls have not won many laurels in this line but they have helped by giving the others their support, both vocal and financial. Each of the boys has had a part in the baseball, football or track team. In baseball Mr. Vergeson has been the star. He won his place by untiring and regular practice (?) and has often suggested that the other boys adopt his maxim: "Practice makes perfect." In complying with this advice Mr. Butcher has put in many hours practicing for the mile run. His chief delight has always been in striving to accomplish hard tasks. This characteristic was also shown in his unceasing labors upon long German and Algebra lessons. Mr. Richardson's field of glory was the football gridiron—his work was done as faithfully there as in the classroom and he has always been recognized as the embodiment of twelfth-grade dignity. As to our worthy class president—his best work was always done when the Vassar team played in other towns; for when playing at home he used rather too much time in scrutinizing the groups of rooters. Mr. Grover has often assisted as football coach and tho by nature a person of few words, he was able to fill this position with credit. Mr. Caldwell has been an enthusiastic partaker in all branches of high school athletics and he'd almost rather practice football than study Physics altho he is known to be a zealous student.

At the beginning of our Senior year, we began discussing the question as to whether we should edit a book or not. As a result of several prolonged and very quiet, business-like class meetings, we finally decided to publish a third volume of "The Echo." We encountered many difficulties and found that we had a long task before us; but we have accomplished our end and hope that our labors have not been valueless.

This concludes the history of events in our school life and I shall leave to our worthy class prophetess the task of telling you the outcome of our labors in preparation for future usefulness.

Class Song.

Beulah M Logan.

Introduction

1st verse

many a hap-py time

we've spent, Many a will-ing hand we've lent, In our jol-ly

youth-ful ways, In the "un-for-got-ten Days"

2nd verse

For-sak-en, for-sak-en is Vas-sar High, Since the

sen-iors have left it, The fun will all die, no more can we

help you, To straighten the crooks, But all we can do, Is

be-queath our note-books, But all we can do, Is be-queath our note-

books. When as pil-grims we come to revisit thy Hall, O, the

many dear pleas-ures the scene will recall, A charm from the skies

seem to hallow us there, which seek thro' the world *under metric*

else-where, Home, Home sweet sweet home, There's no place

like home There's no place like home.

1st Chorus How can I leave you, How can we com-rades part, Soon we'll

2nd Chorus How can we leave you, How can you let us go, We know

3rd Chorus Now we must leave you, We com-rades now must part, But we

our du-ties start Vas-sar be-lieve. Sweet are thy

you need us so, Fair Vas-sar High,
will prove our art, Vassar be-lieve.

no more o'er
The world be

mem'ries here. Midst friends and teachers dear, For thee we

jokes and pranks, No more these sen-ior cranks, Visit thy
fore us lies, Bright as the sum-mer skies, Yet here our

do not fear, Vas-sar dear.

sun-ny dell, Vassar Fare-well
tho'ts, will dwell, Vassar Fare-well



CLASS PROPHECY

GOLDIE HUMES

IT WAS AN EXCEPTIONALLY WARM AFTERNOON in June, as I lay in the hammock under the leafy maples at Maple Grove Beach, Indiana, where I was spending my vacation after a long and strenuous year of teaching Latin and German in Utica High School, New York. The air seemed filled with the dainty fragrance of roses, while the peaceful quietness was now and then disturbed by the gentle rustle of the leaves or the dull buzzing of the bees and other insects.

I had been reading Vol. III of the "Echo," published by the Class of 1911, the year in which I was graduated; and the doors of memory's hall were immediately thrown open; and my thoughts swiftly glided back to those pleasant school days spent at Vassar. I was thinking especially of the Class of 1911 and was wondering what had become of

the other ten members in the past fifteen years. I became rather weary and with these thoughts on my mind I passed into a quiet reverie and was once more among my classmates and teachers.

While dreaming thus I saw something gleaming in the grass. Picking it up I found that it was only a piece of useless brass, which looked as though a little polishing would do it no harm, so I took my handkerchief and was rubbing it gently when, to my great surprise and astonishment, an old man appeared.

It seemed like a long time before I could say anything but it really was only a second. I then inquired of the stranger how and why he had come. He did not answer my question at first but asked me if I had ever heard of Aladdin's lamp and its genius. I replied that I had and then he said: "Well, I am the genius of that lamp which you just picked up from the ground and which you supposed was only a piece of useless brass." He then sat down in the chair which I had offered him and said: "You of course know that since I am the genius of Aladdin's lamp, I have the power of granting wishes. Now tell me the one wish that you desire above all others and I will grant it for you." I immediately replied: "Oh, please do tell me about the Class of 1911, for I desire that more than anything else." The old man smiled and said: "Well, that will be an easy task for I have watched with intense interest the career of each member of your class."

"First, I will tell you of your diligent and studious classmate, George Washington Butcher. After leaving school, George became a lawyer, but he did not remain in that business very long as he soon learned that to become a successful lawyer he would have to use a large amount of bluff, and George could not fulfill that part of it. He never could bluff in school, you remember. In fact he had no use for anyone who tried to bluff the teachers. After retiring from that profession, George bought out a large jewelry establishment in Chicago where he is still located. He always had a special liking for jewelry, opal rings particularly. He recently became famous as the result of a clock of his own invention. George has named this 'The Schultz,' because of its 'striking' quality. He has become so skilled in the art of clock making that he can put one together and sleep at the same time." Then as the old man ceased speaking I said with a surprised air: "How strange it seems that George should sleep at his work, for he was always such a wide-awake boy in school, especially in his German and English classes."

"And now please tell me about Ethel Harris. "Well, you will be greatly surprised no doubt to learn that Ethel has become a famous lecturer on 'Woman Suffrage.' She is lecturing in England at the present time but expects to soon return to America where she will deliver a series of lectures in New York on that topic. Ethel is very enthusiastic over the subject and it is predicted that 'Votes for Women' will soon be realized. Ethel has a great aversion for men and has decided never to marry—unless she gets a real good chance."

"Max Richardson is the new president of a very large bank in San Francisco. You remember that he received his start from one of the banks at Vassar." Speaking of Max reminded me that one time I asked him what he expected to do after he left school and he said: "Well, for one thing, I think I shall get married." So I asked the old man if Max had carried out his plan and he replied: "Well, he has not yet but he has been afflicted by that peculiar and involuntary disease, commonly called Love, and I think that he will probably fulfill his plan soon."

"Grace James always wanted to teach. Please, tell me if she has realized her desire." "Yes; she has been teaching for several years in the Philippines. She has had wonderful success, so far, and she seems to enjoy her work. She is doing some missionary work in connection with her school duties."

"Next in mind is Earl Miller. He is an astronomer of great fame. He gained his first desire to study astronomy from gazing at the stars with Newton. He has travelled about the world considerably and has at last decided to settle down near Florence."

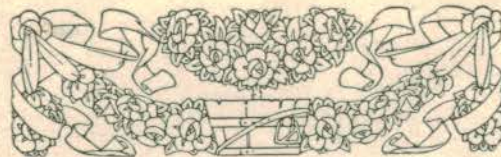
"Otto Vergeson is playing the part of the hero in one of Gertrude E. Ross' latest plays." Then, as the old man was silent for a moment, I said: "Well, isn't that too funny for anything? I always imagined that Otto would take up the study of German and that Gertrude would become a missionary, perhaps." Then the old man continued: "Otto is doing fine work in the line of acting and Gertrude's plays are much enjoyed by the public. Perhaps you will have the pleasure of witnessing one of them for they are played in all the principal cities."

"I heard the other day that Beulah Logan has become a Grand Opera singer, is that true?" "Indeed, it is very true. After graduating, Beulah took up a course of music in Berlin and Paris under the best instructors, and is now one of the best Grand Opera singers in the world. Beulah has recently announced her engagement to Count Cascazalla of France."

"And now, please, do tell me about Ernest R. Grover. He was such a boy for study and I am real anxious to hear what has become of him. He used to say that he studied every evening except Sunday, Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday evenings, which he spent amusing himself in S(h)'umway or other on the hill." "Well, Ernest has become a lecturer and is one of the prominent members of the Lyceum Bureau. He is much sought after because of his interesting and popular subjects, two of which are: 'Women Should Possess the Right to Propose,' and, 'The Numerous Ways in Which a High School Boy Can Make Excuses for Absence'."

"Now the last, but not least, is James B. Caldwell. Jim has fulfilled his ambition to become a dentist. He now has an office in St. Louis, Mo. His office hours are from nine to ten A. M. and from four to five P. M. He always did like long hours for work, you remember. Jim makes special rates for filling ladies' teeth. He never used to care much for the girls but he has finally overcome his bashfulness—at least in his professional work."

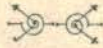
Just then the lamp which I had been holding in my hand, fell to the ground and before I could say anything more, the old man vanished as quickly as he had come. Rubbing my eyes I arose from the hammock and then I realized that it was only a dream.





CLASS POEM

ETHEL J. HARRIS



THE YEAR IS DONE

The year is done and the seniors
File from the ranks tonight,
As the soldiers, after the battle,
Return from the strenuous fight.

We see the lights of the future
Gleam dimly through the mist
And feeling of gladness comes o'er us
That our hearts cannot resist.

A feeling of joy and gladness
That we 'leven won the fight;
Yet a feeling of sadness and longing
That we 'leven must part tonight.

Do come and list to my poem,
This simple and truthful rhyme
That shall tell of the fight of the seniors
And banish the thoughts of time.



Not of the ghosts of conditions,
Not of the phantoms of tests,
But of the glorious victories
That showed us at our best.

For, like the examinations,
These ugly things suggest
School's endless toil and endeavor,
And tonight we long to rest.

But, oh, for our grim victories!
Ah, what a fight we've had
Against Geometry, Algebra, Physics,
And others almost as bad.

We, through the long days of study
And weeks of strenuous toil,
Have all been working and striving
The ghosts of conditions to foil.

Such aims had power to reward us
With victories we desired.
They came with each new struggle
Which hopes for knowledge inspired.

As we have conquered the phantoms
And ghosts that we have fought,
We, like the seniors of former years,
Leave with the constant thought—

We, the class of nineteen 'leven,
Who leave the ranks tonight,
Must travel upward on life's road
And fight with all our might.



CLASS WILL

GEORGE W. BUTCHER



BE IT REMEMBERED, That We, the Senior Class of 1911, of the Village of Vassar, Tuscola County, State of Michigan, being of sound mind, disposing memory, realizing the uncertainties of life and certainties of death, do hereby consign our fate to the future, and after payment of our just debts and other charges, do hereby give, devise and bequeath all the rest, residue and remainder of our earthly possessions as follows, that is to say:

First: To the Junior Class of 1911, we do give, devise and bequeath our reputation of being the most brilliant, money-making class of the Vassar High School.

Second: To the Sophomore Class of 1911, we do give, devise and bequeath all ponies that we have had during our four years' course and hope that the said class will make good use of same.

Third: To the Freshman Class of 1911, we do give, devise and bequeath all the good marks which we ought to have received but never did.

Fourth: To the class experimenting in the laboratory, we do give, devise and bequeath all the broken apparatus which is still too good to be thrown away.

Fifth: To the Junior Class of 1911, we do give, devise and bequeath our dignity and general air of studiousness, having been sufficiently influenced to this act by the need of the above mentioned faculties by the said class.

Sixth: To the members of the Central School, we do give, devise and bequeath the building which the School Board has been so thoughtful in preparing for us and which we hope they will use to the best advantage while it lasts.

Seventh: To any person affected with the bacillus of evading the blind routine of everlasting study and given to baneful habit of skipping school, we do give, devise and bequeath a complete line of excuses neatly signed by the Superintendent which, with a little skillful arrangement of dates, can be made to admit the bearer to class and to the good graces of the teacher thereof.

Eighth: To any good looking and competent youth who is well versed in the Law of Physics, Earl Miller does give, devise and bequeath his entire set of formulas which corroborate many of Newton's laws, which he has gained through constant and tireless study of said Newton and personal association therewith.

Ninth: To the Junior Class of 1911, we do cheerfully give, devise and bequeath all our interest in any deficit of funds, whether they be incurred in the publication of the annual or in support of athletics with the expectation that they will remind us of said bequeath in coming years.

Tenth: To the Freshman Class of 1911, we do freely give, devise and bequeath all of our foolishness and indiscretion of which we may still be in possession and which we hope they will use to the greatest extent and thereby gain the value of years of experience.

Eleventh: To anyone who can as amiably meet the requirements, Otto Vergeson will give, devise and bequeath his general popularity and favoritism with teachers.

Twelfth: To Miss Packard we give, devise and bequeath the remnants of the Coruso-voiced Glee Club with the hope that she will be able to improve upon her great success of this year.

Thirteenth: To Miss Reagh we extend our hearty congratulations and trust that her life on the matrimonial sea will be as smooth and happy as we hope it has been here.

Fourteenth: To Miss Alway we extend our heartfelt gratitude for the efforts in our behalf during the past three years, but hope she will incline herself toward the side of leniency in regard to outlines and notes, when she again holds sway over a Civics class.

Fifteenth: To Miss Schwender we wish to express our deep appreciation for the invaluable assistance in the laboratory and the many privileges she has granted to us while we were working there. In addition we might remind her of the adage: "While there is life there is hope."

Sixteenth: To Miss Pennington we do give, devise and bequeath the privilege of presiding over the library and High School Orchestra, the same to be in addition to our expectation and earnest desire that she soon renounce her intention of leading a single life.

Seventeenth: To Mr. Osgerby we extend our hearty appreciation and commendation of his work as Superintendent of the Vassar Schools during the three years which he has been with us, and hope that the students of coming years will enjoy his guidance as much as we.

Eighteenth: With affection we remember the School Board, but make no provision for them in this will as they are amply provided for in our good will.

Nineteenth: As a will does not necessarily mean death, we, who finish the course in High School, hope that the bond which has existed between classmen, our teachers, our parents, our friends and ourselves may continue steadfast until we have finished the larger and broader school of life.

Twentieth: We do desire that our executor upon taking possession of our estate, as soon as possible, carry out the foregoing bequests.

WITNESSETH; We hereby appoint Leonard Schupbach executor of this last will and testament.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF; We have hereunto set our hands and seals this 26th day of June, A. D. 1911.

SENIOR CLASS OF 1911.

On the 26th day of June, 1911, the Senior Class of 1911, of the Village of Vassar, in the County of Tuscola, and State of Michigan, signed the foregoing instrument in our presence, and declare it to be the last will and testament, and as witnesses thereof, we do now, at his request, in his presence, and in the presence of each other, hereto subscribe our names.

MR. EDWARD SUTHERLAND, residing at Vassar, Michigan.
MR. SAMUEL THROOP, residing at Vassar, Michigan.



TO THE CLASS OF 1912

JAMES B. CALDWELL



HERE'S TO THE CLASS OF 1912, who are the noisiest bunch in the school, but with all their racket they are the jolliest class, for they are always having a good time.

They think that they have to work hard now, but Juniors, just wait until you are dignified Seniors and then you will find out what real work is—and a big change will have to take place in your class.

For instance, there is Sutherland, he will have to get busy and study his Physics and English instead of spending his evenings at the foot of the Hill; and Meta Van Petten will have to get her head out of the clouds and not try to follow in the footsteps of Keats and Shelley, for she will find that she has plenty of work to do when she is a Senior; and Davis Wightman will have to stop jollyng the

girls in school for that does not become a Senior.

There are also some others in the class who will have to improve when they become Seniors. If you all follow the example shown by Erma and Lisle Humes, Margaret Larrabie and Florence Newton, and a few others, you will all make first class Seniors of whom our school may be proud.

Taking this Junior Class as a whole it is as fine a crowd of students as you can find anywhere, for they work with a determination to make a mark in life.

Take this advice from our Senior Class: Never stay in the halls until after the classes pass and then wander back into the assembly room and annoy the teacher; always be found in your seat during your vacant hours and not out on the lawn even if it does look more inviting than the room.

This banquet is one of the most pleasant events in the history of our class, and as we leave the school to go out for ourselves we shall always think of the glorious time we have spent with our hosts, the Juniors, who have spared no pains in preparing this feast in our honor.

Therefore, I wish to thank you, Class of 1912, in behalf of the Seniors for this expression of kindness you have shown us tonight. By your thoughtfulness you have impressed upon us our greatest obligation to our fellowmen. I find this duty expressed in the words of Dean Stanley:

"Each one of us is bound to make the little circle in which he lives better and happier; each of us is bound to see that out of that small circle the widest good may flow; each of us may have fixed in his mind the thought that out of a single household may flow influences which shall stimulate the whole commonwealth and the whole civilized world."



PERSEVERANCE

MAX RICHARDSON



THE GREATEST RESULTS IN LIFE are usually attained by simple means, and the exercise of ordinary qualities. They say, that the common life of every day, with its cares, necessities and duties affords ample opportunity for acquiring experience of the best kind; and its most beaten paths provide the true worker with abundant room for self-improvement.

The great highroad of human welfare lies along the highway of steadfast perseverance; and they who are the most persevering will be the most successful. Some have claimed that fortune is blind; but fortune is not so blind as men are. Those who look into practical life will find that fortune is usually on the side of the industrious. Success treads on the heels of the industrious. Success is made up of common

sense and perseverance. Our greatest men have been the least believers in genius, which has been defined as, "a remarkable aptitude for some special pursuit," but in the power of that genius, which is only common sense intensified. A distinguished college president spoke of genius as the power of making efforts. Newton's was a mind of highest order, and yet, when asked by what means he had worked out his discoveries he said: "By always thinking about them." It was Newton's case, as it is in every other, only by perseverance that this great reputation was achieved. We have but to glance at the lives of great men to find that the most distinguished owe their success to it. It is marvelous what continuous application will do in the most common things. It may seem a simple affair to play upon the violin; yet what a long practice it requires. A young man once asked a great musician how long it would take to learn it. "Twelve hours a day for twenty years," was the answer. Great results cannot be achieved at once. We must advance step by step. "But time and patience," says the Eastern proverb, "changes the mulberry leaf to satin." As a Bishop has said: "Temper," which is a mental disposition, "is nine-tenths of Christianity," it follows that the genius of perseverance is the very life and soul of success.

Any man can do what any man has done. Great men have always claimed that with perseverance, the odds and ends of time may be worked up into results of great value. An hour in every day, would, if devoted to study, make an ignorant man a well informed man in ten years. Accident does very little toward the production of any great results in life. If you wish to get there, take the old common highway known as perseverance and you will find it the safest road to travel.

As an early spring follows a cold winter, the apple tree which has started its buds in the previous fall sends forth new leaves and puts forth its fragrant blossoms, filling the air with its sweet perfume. As the time passes by the apples appear, small and green at first, but, by secret alchemy in nature's laboratory, constantly storing sap, air and sunshine, grows and ripens until the tree is loaded with delicious fruit. A few high school teachers taught us the same principles of growth that nature taught the apple tree, viz.: That preparation, perseverance and growth leads to the highway of real success. With our high school training we are on a higher plane, determined to reach the top. Each individual has some aim in life. Great questions come up for each one to decide whether that will bring him nearer to the top, or further away from it. We are prepared to meet the world as it is. We do not expect a "soft snap." We are in a position where we have to decide for ourselves. At times we may be in need of advice from people who have had more experience, but by following the advice that has been given to us, we now face the future confident of success. As Edward Guesé puts it:

"The way to succeed is to buckle right in
And go to your work with a will;
If you make up your mind that you will, you can win.
Don't sit at the foot of the hill
And remark to yourself with a sigh:
'I can't make the grade, it's too steep, I'm afraid,'
You never can tell 'till you try."



QUALITY NOT QUANTITY

OTTO VERGESON



THE CLASS OF 1911 was not different from other classes in the way of selecting its pin, colors, invitations, etc. But when we were choosing our motto we had no trouble after we met the one "Quality Not Quantity." The reason for our agreement, I think, was that the epigram was so suitable to the members of the class that each one was satisfied.

It is so comforting to think ourselves possessors of quality. Then, too, on account of the unusually small number of the class, we can only be looked upon as quality, though I think that four years ago we might have been properly called a class of quantity, as there were thirty-four of us when we first started our high school work. But from year to year they have been sifted out until now there are only eleven left.

Thus for the ability of each member, and the small number, we concluded that "Quality Not Quantity" was the fitting motto for us. And yet, some suggested that it ought to be "Dead But Not Buried" because of the few times the class has met for pleasure. Most of the meetings outside of school were for business only. Thus we have wasted no time in social pleasures, but have worked faithfully for the past four years.

Our attention is especially drawn to George Butcher, whose power of concentration and ability to do things lies wholly in sleeping, for he will be seen at the beginning hour of nine with his head bowed as though studying very hard, and unless one notices carefully, he would be thought very deeply engrossed in his work. On closer observation, however, it will be discovered that he is only practicing his beloved profession, Cooma. And very joyfully does he practice it, because as a rule people like to do things that they understand and can do well. He has arranged his office hours from nine to twelve A. M. and one fifteen to four P. M. A time during which no business is transacted. He also has other times in which he practices his profession, but they are private.

Ernest Grover believes in protection, and spends his time selling life insurance and dealing in real estate; and though it is thought by some that he attends high school, he only comes up occasionally to visit. He has his office on the sixteenth floor of the postoffice. There, in his atmospheric den, he spends much of his time, in spirit at least, building air castles. He has ever been fond of the sublime heights, and lately spends many hours on the hill. Each and every day he may be seen ascending. His purpose is known to few outside the circle of immediate friends. He is likely after numerous vain attempts in some way (Shumway) to place a life policy. It is hoped that he will succeed, as everyone knows (the class most especially) that nothing worth while is gained without effort. By so laboring, Ernest has acquired a quality of work that no other has yet attained.

Then Max Richardson's power and ability is so great that he was not given time to finish school as the other members of the class, but was early in the year called to begin his life work in one of the leading banks of the city. Yet, if any one of our number possesses stability, honesty and thrift, three of the salient characteristics that spell quality in the business world of today, that person is Max Richardson.

Although with some of us, bulk counts for much in our appearance rather than in our mental powers, yet we are sure that to no one else in our class does our motto, "Quality Not Quantity," so well apply as to our petite little miss, the infant of our class, Beulah Logan. As it is not the crow nor the hawk that sings most sweetly but rather the tiny bird of brilliant plumage, so we are not surprised that the tiniest member of the Class of 1911, possesses the sweetest voice and the most charming manners.

In considering our class I have been much pleased to discover that we are not lacking in any of the qualities necessary to a crowd of twentieth century young people. Of course Butcher, Grover, and myself included, can say little or nothing of our beauty, yet that charm has not been driven

from our class by long hours of weary study, for Gertrude Ross, our best student, can boast (if she were not too modest) of being the prettiest girl of 1911.

It is not the rushing, foaming brook, sparkling in the sunshine as it dashes down the mountain side, that turns the wheels of industry and sends the world along, but rather the deep broad river of imperceptible motion that silently blesses mankind with its hidden force. And so, although one of our class has labored so quietly among us that we have hardly felt her presence, have not realized her strength, yet in these last days we know that the quality of faithful perseverance and service is most strongly represented in the efforts and life of Grace James.

I find too, as I consider our class tonight, that our qualities are very diverse. We are glad that we do not lack the noisy, chattering brook that breaks into a thousand sprays when it strikes the rock, for what would be a mountain gorge without the mountain riverlet? And what would be a class meeting, a class picnic, or even Vassar High School itself to the people of nineteen 'leven without Jimmy's incessant talking and excited bluster when he suddenly encounters the rock of debate. But if everything would seem strangely quiet without Jimmy's noise, yet, how much more we would miss him for the lack of good nature and kind heartedness that we would find among us.

Yet again, lest we should be too earnest and too sad hearted; too much engrossed with responsibility of being Senior, Providence has granted us the presence of Goldie Humes. Goldie, who always laughs (we would not say giggle); Goldie who every morning rescues two lads from drowning in a German sea; but never mind, Goldie, an old proverb says:

"How much better it is to be cheerful and sing
Than have people call you a cross little thing."

With all of our beauty, all of our marvellous vocal talent, and all of our athletic skill, we might still be a frivolous class were it not for the simplicity and common sense of Ethel Harris. A meteor flashes through the sky and then its fire is gone, but a planet, through the myriads of years, lends its light to the universe. A genius excels in some special work but it is the every day toiler such as our Ethel, who renders the most benefit to the world.

When I consider the qualities of our most honored president, I am astounded at their variety. There never has been, there never will be so "busy" a man in our school as Earl Miller. The burden of executive ability has rested so heavily on his mind that at times he has even forgotten the Newton theory for which he has become famous, not only among his classmates, but through the entire Village of Vassar. "The Echo" that has called him from class periods and social duties has even overwhelmed the eloquence of his oratory. Since Earl is so well qualified, it is not hard for anyone to see that our choice of a president was entirely consistent with our motto.

With these many qualities we greet you. They are either our recommendations or our faults; that question we leave for you, our friends, to decide. Be as lenient toward us as you can. And in your judgment remember our brief but valuable motto: "Quality Not Quantity."



SCHOOL SPIRIT

ERNEST R. GROVER



MY CLASSMATES have dwelt upon the educational side of high school as gained from books. However, there comes another phase of high school from which a wide education is gained, and one on which we look back with great pleasure, it is that of the friendships and companionships formed in high school.

We have come to the realization that selfishness gains nothing, but, that hearty co-operation with our fellow students and teachers puts the interest into our high school career. We have long since donned the day of the "Hidden Professor" and have come into a broader period in the history of education when we consider our teachers and fellow students on a common basis. There would be comparatively little interest in high school if no one ever laughed or no humor entered into our studies to enliven the interest and take away the monotonous routine of everyday study.

Football and baseball victories are not won individually but by union of forces working toward a common end. No one seeks for individual praise; but are willing to have not only the players but the whole high school and the people of our village enjoy the fruits of victory.

Individualism is fast dropping out of our high school and a new spirit is entering; that of co-operation. If a person fails we do not give him a push downward but cheer and help him along. This practice is what is being demanded more in everyday life. "A little less knocking and a little more cheer for the fellow that's behind struggling in the rear."

When the present generation are men of affairs this spirit that is being developed in our school life will be used in our everyday life and will lift commercialism to a higher standard.

We, as Seniors, have worked together during our high school years; we have met and mastered the same difficulties; bowed down to the same defeats. We have not completed this course alone but have united in our efforts. It is tonight that we break the tie of companionship but the friendship which we have formed will be among our most pleasant recollections when we have parted to our various duties.

We shall not only recall with pleasure the entertainments and athletics in which our teachers have so heartily co-operated with us, but we shall many times meet with problems in life which will be made vincible by our preparation in high school. We hope that our preparation has prepared us to bestow like favors upon mankind. It is in our service to others that we find our utmost pleasure.

Again we wish to express our appreciation to our fellow students for their co-operation in making our Senior year one of the most pleasant and enjoyable years of our high school course. We have omitted the feeling of class jealousies and feel well repaid.

We wish to thank our teachers for the true spirit of helpfulness which they have so freely given us during our years of instruction. We are apt not to give full credit to our instructors for their service until we get out into life where we will find their help the most beneficial.



THE FAREWELL

GRACE JAMES



MR. TOASTMASTER, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, AND FELLOW STUDENTS—I speak to you tonight with pleasure, not because my work here in Vassar High School is ended; for I can look back upon those old scenes and think of the kindness which has been rendered us by our teachers and fellow students, but I feel a satisfaction that we have reached the first round on the ladder of our lives. Perhaps some of us shall not go to school any longer but enter now as workers in this busy world of ours which needs the educated minds and hearts of energetic young men and women. Others of us shall advance still farther in school life. We shall enter a college or a university to receive a better training for the world's work.

Although my subject tonight is "The Farewell," I cannot say it as we are used to think of the word. Why should we say "Farewell" in the morning of our educational advancements when the whole world beckons to us to join her? Although we are gathered around this banquet table as perhaps we never shall be gathered again we hope that we shall meet many times in other ways. We might better by far say "fare well." These words are more appropriate for such a time. Teachers, fare well; you, who have worked with us so untiringly and have ever given us a helping hand whenever we were stranded, always watching us and our development. We have never been as conscious of your interest as we are tonight when we are left to think for ourselves, reason for ourselves and do for ourselves, the last I think being the most important of all.

We next thank our parents who have also labored with us and for us from our infancy. They have encouraged us when we could see no light in any direction. They showed us the way and helped us through these happy years of toil, and through every hardship. We realize that they have spent many days and nights of weariness over us and have also deprived themselves of many of the necessities of life for us. We certainly shall not forget those sacrifices and as the years go by we shall endeavor to make their lives the happier for this great service they have rendered us. So, parents of ours, fare well.

At this time we must not forget our fellow students with whom we have labored. Some of them have been with us since we entered the high school, we must say fare well to you also. May you work and struggle on over German, Mathematics, and last of all, may you master that most enticing subject of physical phenomenon and land on your feet at last.

We now say fare well to one and all, and in doing so, extend to you our best wishes, while our most earnest desire is, that no act of ours shall ever cause the cloud of sorrow or disappointment to darken the fair skies that we wish may shine upon the Vassar High School, its pupils and patrons.

Tonight we part and go to make new friends, but to you we cheerfully say:

"There are no friends like the old friends
Who have shared our morning days;
No greeting like his welcome,
No homage like his praise.
Fame is as a scentless flower,
With gaudy crown of gold;
But friendship is the breathing rose,
With sweets in every fold."

OUR ALUMNI

W. T. WILSON

THE VASSAR HIGH SCHOOL ALUMNI ASSOCIATION has now been organized for six years. It is by no means an easy task to keep such an organization together. We should wake up to the importance of alumni interest in the schools and especially individual alumni activity. Increased individual efforts would be justified by still more successful reunions and an increase each year in these alumni gatherings.

No one expects a mere organization to convert nothing into something, to create loyalty where none exists; but if our generation has learned any lesson, it surely is the lesson of co-operation and systematic organization as indispensable to large success in any human enterprise.

I believe that it is worth while to strive for the perfection of such an organization as our Alumni stands for.

The alumni reunion is an interesting social event. It brings old friends and schoolmates together and renews old acquaintances. It recalls many sweet and pleasant experiences that are rich in memories.

Surely such an organization is to be fostered. Let us each exert our influence and do what we can for a cause that will further the best interests of our Alma Mater.

ALUMNI ROSTER

- Class '71—F. S. Lewis.....Port Angeles, Wash
H. A. Strues.....Omaha, Neb.
- Class '72—Louie DeanUnknown
Sabra Sanford—Mrs. G. W. Edwards,
.....Summer, Wash.
Mary Kesler—Mrs. J. F. Oliver,
420 N. Front St.....Marquette, Mich.
- Class '73—Ida Cottrell—Mrs. E. Bradley,
218 Prospect St.....Orange, N. J.
Mary Nreeham—Mrs. J. A. Trotter,
.....Vassar, Mich.
Delia Gibson—Mrs. W. Kimball,
114 Howard St.....Lawrence, Mass.
Ella NorthVassar, Mich.
Eliza Dopking—Mrs. John Beach,
.....Utica, Mich.
- Class '74—Glenn McElory, 5 Avery Terrace, Avery Ave.
.....Detroit, Mich.
Mildred HazwoodTopeka, Kansas
Clarence TappauNiles, Mich.
John J. Carey.....Lenox, Iowa
- Class '75—Amelia J. Allen, 452 W. Lowell St.,
.....Kalamazoo, Mich.
Joseph Selden.....Calumet, Mich.
Anna C. Harmon—Mrs. E. B. Hayes,
E. 10th St.....Riverside, Cal.
- Class '76—Carrie L. Carlton—Mrs. L. Tanner,
816 E. 3rd St.....Flint, Mich.
Jennie Wilson—Mrs. Jennie Ferman,
.....Detroit, Mich.
Joseph L. Johnson, 406 Eddy Bldg.,
.....Saginaw, Mich.
- Class '77—May E. Banghart—Mrs. John Smith,
323 Harrison Ave.....Detroit, Mich.
Mary McDonald—Mrs. Mary Chandler
(teacher in Mills College).....Alamuda, Cal.
Orson W. Cooley.....New Castle, Col.
Mrs. J. Elliott.....Vassar, Mich.
Mary Cooley, 305 N. Henry St.
.....Bay City, Mich.
Lily C. Brockway—Mrs. Lily Hascall,
.....Owosso, Mich.
Ida Nelson—Mrs. I. K. Brown, (Dead).
- Class '80—Theda A. Sturgis—Mrs. Arthur Welsh,
.....Alliance, Neb.
Lucy M. Wickinson—Mrs. Lucy M. Holmes,
.....Caro, Mich.
- Class '82—Anna B. Seldon—Mrs. George E. Peck,
524 Eighth Ave.....Minneapolis, Minn.
- Class '83—Anna Huston—Mrs. Wm. Spears,
.....Vassar, Mich.
Lizzie JohnsonVassar, Mich.
Allie S. Johnson—Mrs. Frank Collins,
.....Wadsworth, Ohio.
Dora C. Lane—Mrs. A. A. White,
.....Central Lake, Mich.
- Class '84—Lena Davis—Mrs. Frank Whitman,
.....Vassar, Mich.
Abbie Sanunders—Mrs. Chas. Stone,
.....Clare, Mich.
Clyde Stilson.....Duluth, Minn.
Norris Wentworth.....Bay City, Mich.
Ida Garner—Mrs. Chas. Wells,
.....Vassar, Mich.
- Class '85—Nellie M. Johnson—Mrs. A. S. Rogers,
.....Saginaw, Mich.
Lizzie Laking.....Detroit, Mich.
Will S. White (with American Book Co.),
.....New York City
Kittie M. Sage—Mrs. John Hancock, (dead).
- Class '86—Minnie Barnum, 126 E. St....Flint, Mich.
Laura A. Moore—Mrs. Guy Walter,
R. F. D. No. 1.....Ashley, Mich.
John A. Loranger.....Vassar, Mich.
Anna L. Bergman—Mrs. James Thurston,
.....Vassar, Mich.
Gertie M. Miller—Mrs. G. H. Moore,
.....Vassar, Mich.
Clara A. Lane—Mrs. H. J. Moller,
.....Vassar, Mich.
Lizzie E. Thurston—Mrs. Geo. Gray,
.....Vassar, Mich.
George W. Walworth.....Reese, Mich.
Chas. L. Brainard.....Marquette, Mich.
George C. Tappau.....Oglesby, Ill.
- Class '86—Jessie D. Bullard—Mrs. H. B. Lindsley,
.....Fenton, Mich.

ALUMNI ROSTER—Contin.

Class '87—Emma Nuecham—Mrs. W. H. Engle,
2149 F. St..... Los Angeles, Cal.
Sadie Hovey—Mrs. Wm. Boardman,
..... Vassar, Mich.

Class '88—E. R. Cole.....LaGrange, Ill.

Class '89—Will Johnson, 626 Hammond Bldg.,
..... Detroit, Mich.
Thad S. Lane, Howard St—Spokane, Wash.
Edward S. Reid, 733 2nd Ave.,
..... Detroit, Mich.

Class '90—Ma— Brainard—Mrs. Arthur Clark,
..... Higganum, Conn.
Bert Stevens.....Beloit, Wis.
William Moore, corner 8th and Pine Sts.,
.....Wilmington, Del.
May North Vassar, Mich.
Steven A. Graham.....Port Huron, Mich.
Winniefred Manchester—Mrs. E. B. Lane,
..... Williams, Ariz.
Lily Van Sickle—Mrs. Chas. Bradley,
.....Owosso, Mich.

Class '91—Mintie Gage—Mrs. Geo. D. Clarke,
..... Vassar, Mich.
Walter Loranger.....Sault St. Marie
Lelia Vandermark.....Fair Grove, Mich.
Nettie Wentworth—Mrs. Thos. Markie,
148 Mt. Vernon Ave....Union Town, Pa.
Cora Lane—Mrs. W. B. Chapman,
.....Kalispel, Mont.
Ula North.....Vassar, Mich.
Bertha M. Halsey—Mrs. Hoxie,
..... Warren, Mich.

Class '92—Mause Merrill—Mrs. Elmer Pickering,
(insane)Spokane, Wash.
Mary G. Read—Mrs. Chas. Cane,
..... Sedalia, Mo.
Laura Clough—Mrs. Cyrus Reisner,
..... Cleveland, Ohio
L. Budlong—Mrs. Douglas Du Pexier,
..... Vassar, Mich.
Allen E. Johnson..... Cleveland, Ohio
Agnes Atkins—Mrs. Frank Oakes,
..... Saginaw, Mich.
Bertha Schoff—Mrs. C. N. Pierce,
..... New Hudson, Mich.

Class '93—James Allen..... Unknown
Harve Morris Vassar, Mich.
Hattie Jackson—Mrs. R. T. Kilpatrick,
.....Brown City, Mich.
Herman Curtis(dead)
Addie Brainard—Mrs. L. T. Clapp (insane),
..... Hartford, Conn.
Alman Perry Vassar, Mich.

Class '94—A. Atkins—Mrs. Gus Warren,
..... Saginaw, Mich.
Preston Perrin, 36 Newbery St.,
..... Detroit, Mich.
Joseph PersingDetroit, Mich.
Anna Park—Mrs. C. Buchner,
..... Pontiac, Mich.

Class '95—Helen Barnes—Mrs. Brete Jenkins,
..... Lansing, Mich.
Lloyd JohnsonWadsworth, Ohio

Elgie DalbyVassar, Mich.
Julia Varnum—Mrs. C. E. Miller,
..... Iron Mt., Mich.
Will WellemeyereVassar, Mich.
Grace Huston—Mrs. E. C. Woodruff,
..... Decatur, Ill.
Lizzie Borlan—Mrs. E. L. Casterton,
..... Rochester, N. Y.
Winfred PerrinPhiladelphia, Pa.
Florence Forbes—Mrs. Louis Hascall,
..... Vassar, Mich.
John BlackmoreChickering, Hal.
Tacoma, Wash.
Morley OsborneHastings, Mich.
Rena Furman—Mrs. T. M. Steven,
..... Vassar, Mich.
May WilsonVassar, Mich.

Class '96—Lula Blakwell—Mrs. Mile Lamphere.....
Margaret Green, 338 S. Weadock Ave.,
..... Saginaw, Mich.
Edith EllsworthVassar, Mich.
Jennie GreenAlbany, N. Y.
Carrie Cowles—Mrs. Gordon Leacock,
..... Flint, Mich.
Lettie Whitecomb.....Grand Rapids, Mich.
Cynthia Caryll—Mrs. James W. Lyons....
Guy OrmesTuscola, Mich.
Carlton Forbe.....

Class '97—Mary Atkins—Mrs. E. W. Sanford,
..... Marlette, Mich.
Mary R. Haines, R. F. D. No. 8,
..... Vassar, Mich.
Jennie DeanChina
Audley WilsonSpokane, Wash.
Clay HarrisonTuscola, Mich.
Bessie Crosby—Mrs. Howard Luther,
..... Omer, Mich.
Vina JohnsonVassar, Mich.
Maggie Graham—Mrs. Fred Taylor,
..... New Berry, Mich.
Jennie Borland—Mrs. James Kirk,
..... Caro, Mich.
Luther J. Hull
Hattie Fairleigh—Mrs. Harry Mana,
..... Detroit, Mich.
David Rutherford.....Crane Lake, Canada

Class '98—Josie Adams—Mrs. Lewis Hinson,
..... Clemook, Mont.
Ida RootSouth Haven
Gertie Lane—Mrs. Frank Sherk,
..... Mayville, Mich.
Carl Garner Minneapolis, Minn.
Lulu Graves.....Bad Axe, Mich.
Gertrude Thompson—Mrs. Chas. McKey,
926 S. Weadock Ave., Saginaw, Mich.
Maude Lake—Mrs. Earl O. Smith,
..... Denver, Col.
Rachel BorlandCaro, Mich.

Class '99—Orla H. Baker.....Saginaw, Mich.
Carroll ForbesDetroit, Mich.
Verna WilsonVassar, Mich.
Eva Chadwick—Mrs. Eber DeCon,
..... Vassar, Mich.
Jessie Cottrell—Mrs. Norman Blaylock,
..... Vassar, Mich.

ALUMNI ROSTER—Contin.

Mary Wilson—Mrs. Erastus Brainard,
 Vassar, Mich.
 Effie Krisler—Mrs. Elgie Dalby,
 Vassar, Mich.
 Dayton Gunney, 2407 N. Cap St.,
 Washington, D. C.

Class '00—Lena Graham—Mrs. Earl Jones,
 Cass City, Mich.
 Mattie Kirk
 Lena Graves—Mrs. W. L. Beecher,
 West Branch, Mich.
 Fannie Elliott—Mrs. C. J. Stephens,
 Vassar, Mich.
 Kitie Green—Mrs. Moses Garner,
 Vassar, Mich.
 Eva Knight—Mrs. Bert Clark,
 Vassar, Mich.

Class '01—Lewis K. Ellsworth.....Pittsburg, Pa.
 Harold Grant.....Wheaton, Minn.
 Roy Bottmer, 381 Clay Ave., Detroit, Mich.
 Clayton Stephen Vassar, Mich.
 G. Schoff.....Vassar, Mich.
 Ora Thompson, 246 N. State St.,
 Chicago, Ill.
 Ethel Cottrell.....Vassar, Mich.
 Hattie Aldrich.....Vassar, Mich.
 Lew J. Whitcomb.....Detroit, Mich.
 Harold Adams.....Richmond, Mich.
 Earl OversmithDenver, Col.
 Helen Husted—Mrs. Harry Cottrell,
 Vassar, Mich.
 May Smith—Mrs. A. A. Remstedler,
 19 High St. W.Detroit, Mich.
 Ola Smith—Mrs. Hage Taylor, 97 Hastings,
 Detroit, Mich.
 Ela BatesVassar, Mich.

Class '02—Guy W. Stark.....Rose City, Mich.
 Mable Root—Mrs. O. H. Barker,
 Saginaw, Mich.
 Edith GarbetKalamazoo, Mich.
 Grace Lane—Mrs. Howard Smith,
 Vassar, Mich.
 Carrie Varnum—Mrs. Jas. R. Johnson,
 Vassar, Mich.
 Maude McComb—Mrs. Norris Stilson,
 Reese, Mich.
 Ray Brainard, 564 Campbell Ave.,
 Detroit, Mich.

Class '03—Alice Blackmore.....Verande Beach, Cal.
 John DavisSaginaw, Mich.
 Maude James—Mrs. Lute Jones,
 Vassar, Mich.
 Lena North—Mrs. Roy Bottmer,
 Detroit, Mich.
 Edna Schoff—Mrs. Ben Greenough,
 Toledo, Ohio.

Class '04—Cheaster OwenCaro, Mich.
 Anna L. S. Kelley.....Vassar, Mich.
 Alice Graves—Mrs. Owen Knight,
 Midland, Mich.
 Cass SeldenDetroit, Mich.
 Dora Lockwood—Mrs. Gny Stark,
 Rose City, Mich.
 Melvin LewisTuscola, Mich.

Beulah Blackmore, 209 N 2nd St.,
 Tacoma, Wash.
 I. Swan—Mrs. Guy Morgan,
Mt. Pleasant, Mich.
 Newell HillDetroit, Mich.
 Will RossVassar, Mich.
 Lawrence EllisVassar, Mich.
 Lillias ParkerRichmond, Mich.
 Hattie Graham—Mrs. Elmer Titsworth,
 R. F. D.....Vassar, Mich.
 Dan AtkinsVassar, Mich.
 Tom AtkinsVassar, Mich.
 Edna BoydBirmingham, Mich.
 Belle HolidayCaro, Mich.
 Barbara BorlandVassar, Mich.
 Gibbons WalkerDanville, Mich.
 Lillian DeanSparta, Mich.

Class '05—Bertha GravesVassar, Mich.
 Alice SkelleyVassar, Mich.
 Lorena SmithVassar, Mich.
 Isaac CareyVassar, Mich.
 Nellie GunnellVassar, Mich.
 Florence Parker—Mrs. Florence Quick,
 Richmond, Mich.
 Stilson AsheDetroit, Mich.
 Lizzie KirkYpsilanti, Mich.
 Effie BrainardVassar, Mich.
 H. RichardsonDetroit, Mich.
 B. Husted
 Bessie M. Smith.....Vassar, Mich.
 Glenn H. Stephen, 200 Monroe St.,
 Chicago, Ill.

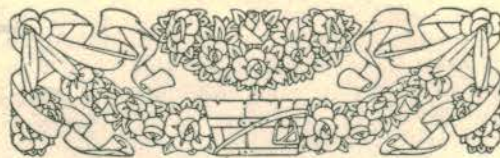
Class '06—Fred Bancrof, Porter St., Detroit, Mich.
 Olive CoppTuscola, Mich.
 Lena LarmeHart, Mich.
 Lulu Laforce
 Hazel SpauldingVassar, Mich.
 Mildred Smith
 Winniefred HigginsConcord, Mich.
 Florence ListReese, Mich.
 Edna Reid—Mrs. John Barnum, (dead).
 Matilda NorrisVassar, Mich.
 At—SmithConcord, Mich.

Class '07—Alanson HobartFairgrove, Mich.
 Howard SlafterVassar, Mich.
 Albert DeCouAlbion, Mich.
 Lucile ChappelVassar, Mich.
 Andis StilsonVassar, Mich.
 Daisy Stilson.....Vassar, Mich.
 Edna Lockwood.....Vassar, Mich.
 Will Wilson.....Vassar, Mich.
 Anna McGlucklin.....Saginaw, Mich.
 Jean Sutherland.....Vassar, Mich.
 Atta Blaylock—Mrs. Orrie Garner,
 Vassar, Mich.

Class '08—Cass Cullis.....Vassar, Mich.
 Flossie Reed.....Vassar, Mich.
 Bessie Lewis.....Vassar, Mich.
 Mary Lewis.....Ann Arbor, Mich.
 Joseph Wells.....Lansing, Mich.
 Lewis Garner.....Vassar, Mich.
 Grover BatesVassar, Mich.
 Will GoodrichVassar, Mich.

ALUMNI ROSTER—Contin.

- Belle Sutherland.....Vassar, Mich.
Nina SkelleyVassar, Mich.
Frank Tinglan
Eva Tibbitts—Mrs. Allen
Marjorie Smith
- Class '09—Pauline Buck.....Ann Arbor, Mich.
Arthur McDonald.....Petoskey, Mich.
John Gunnell.....E. Lansing, Mich.
Allie Hascall
Harry HenningwayFlint, Mich.
Harrie LoraniHart, Mich.
- Class '10—Fern StephensonAlbion, Mich.
Nellis LossVassar, Mich.
Otto Hess.....Watrousville Mich.
Bessie Shumway.....Vassar, Mich.
Norris GroverBreedsville, Mich.
Veda SmithVassar, Mich.
Maude EjlithorkVassar, Mich.
Ruby HascallVassar, Mich.
Floyd AsheVassar, Mich.
- Class '11—Gertrude RossVassar, Mich.
Otto VergusonVassar, Mich.
George ButcherVassar, Mich.
Earl MillerVassar, Mich.
Ernest GroverVassar, Mich.
Max RichardsonVassar, Mich.
James CaldwellVassar, Mich.
Ethel HarrisVassar, Mich.
Grace JamesVassar, Mich.
Beulah LoganVassar, Mich.
Goldie HumesVassar, Mich.



"GEORGE'S STORY"

CURTIS ORTON THOMPSON

A COLD, DISMAL WIND sighs drearily thru the stark and naked trees as they slowly wave their bare, ghostly arms to and fro, while weird forms move silently among the bushes as the blood-red moon casts its gruesome light over all things.

Shiveringly we draw nearer to our camp-fire and as I do so I notice one of our number, a man usually taciturn, but even more glum tonight. "What's the matter, George?" I asked.

"It is a rather peculiar story and one that I don't often tell," he answered.

"It was just such a night as this and I was camping with a guide down near the Mexican line. It is a mountainous district and reported by some to be haunted. You may judge whether it was by my story.

"My object in being in that region was that I was in search of a lost mine, Montezuma's mine. I had in my possession a diagram of the country with the location of the mine marked on it. This diagram was a copy of the original, given to me by a very dear friend a year before. He had found the plan during a strange adventure in Mexico, but a few words were so faded that they could not be read and hence the exact location could not be determined within a radius of ten miles. So before starting out to find the mine, he had copied the diagram and given it to me with the understanding that I should follow him if he did not return within the year.

"Well, he had not returned and so, as I was saying, the guide and I were camping down there.

"We had just rolled into our blankets when out of the weird, mishapen shadows of the bushes silently came a tall, muffled figure. Advancing with measured but silent tread, it came forward until I was looking into the dark, burning eyes of—I know not what.

"It was a face I shall never forget. The lips were drawn and colorless, the cheeks sunken and hollow, the teeth long and yellow, and the whole face was pale as death and unmovable as that of a corpse—only the eyes. Those eyes! How they glittered in that ghastly face! It seemed as if the gaze of twenty malign devils was concentrated in that fixed stare. Then, without movement of lips or eyes, came the word in a deep sepulchral voice, 'Come!'

"It was impossible to disobey that command and the guide and I arose. The figure strode along silently with us following at its heels. We walked for several miles until we came to a ledge overhanging a deep canyon. Here the apparition lifted an iron bar that he carried—I had not noticed it until then—and placed the end into a small socket in the face of the wall, and pried.

"Silently a portion of the wall rolled back disclosing a cave. In the faint light at the back I thought I saw, for an instant, the faint outline of a dark, stern face.

"'The shade of Montezuma,' a low voice whispered in my ear, then continued, 'observe and remember.'

"I shivered but felt reassured as my hand came in contact with my revolver which I carried in my pocket. Looking about me I saw many carved urns filled to overflowing with gold and jewels. Suddenly footsteps sounded far off and rapidly approached as if some person were running. Then a door flew open in the opposite wall and a shadowy form came thru. With a start I recognized it as my friend!

"'It was thus he found Montezuma's mine,' whispered the voice. 'Watch!'

"'With an air of triumph the figure looked at the filled urns as he said exultingly, 'I have found it. I am rich.'

"'Quickly he advanced and dashed a hand into a vase. He had no sooner touched the jewels than a sheet of flame flashed thru the cave, and where the figure was but a moment before there was nothing but a heap of flaky, white ashes.

"'Take heed,' whispered the voice, 'in this way are all meddlers of Montezuma's wealth punished.'

"At that instant we were pushed from the cave and nothing but the bare rock stood before us. Thoughtfully I went back to camp and, needless to say, I gave up my search for the mine of Montezuma."

FRESHMEN



Hilda Almas
 Geo. Blythe
 Florence Hammond
 Relva Lennox
 Fred McKenzie
 Freda Ross
 Helen Stephen
 Lulu Williamson
 Mamie Williamson
 Freda Andrews
 Nina Bates
 Lloyd Botimer



Hazen Dennis
 Bessie Cole
 Don Findlay
 Rex Gunnell
 Clifford Guyett
 Leroy Lewis
 Isidor List
 Mary Osgerby
 Mabel Norris
 Anna Schultz
 Lester Thompson
 Dorothy Worden

SOPHOMORES
HAZEL JEAN STEPHEN



NEXT IN LINE comes the jolly bunch of Sophomores. Although we have the smallest class in high school, except the Seniors, yet we have the most parties and good times. Our class numbers nineteen, nine boys and ten girls, out of which ten have attended the Vassar High School during their ten years of work—the other nine having entered our class from outside schools. Having had one year of high school, we have lost most of our greenness and our timidity. We have an exceptionally talented class, without a doubt, as we have furnished the Vassar High School with five athletes and several musicians. The Sophomores, although they do not have as much outside reading to do as the Juniors and Seniors, nevertheless, have their share. The principal subjects of the tenth grade are: Geometry, Caesar, Rhetoric, Modern History, Physiography and Commercial Arithmetic. Under our kingly colors, the purple and gold, and our simple-flower, the daisy, we all wish in two years to gain the top of the ladder—Success—and graduate with all the dignity becoming a Senior. If we all follow our motto, "Steering, Not Drifting," we may all have hopes of being numbered in the class of 1913.

THE CLASS OF 1913

Leonhardt Schupbach, President

Ernest Williams, Vice-President

Curtis Thompson, Secretary and Treasurer

Motto: Steering, Not Drifting.

Colors: Purple and Gold.

Flower: Daisy.

Arthur Wilson

Nina Price

Grace Thurston

Fred De Cou

Gertrude McKenzie

Herman McComb

Urfried Boyd

Will Rifenburg

Hazel Stephen

Lorna Boothe

Karl Mott

Freda Moffat

Mary Frisbe

Harry Dean

Bessie Gray

Pearl Coleman

JUNIORS



THE CLASS

Meta Van Petten
 William Lewis
 Orpha Miller

Lisle Humes
 William Laux
 Davis Wightman

Margaret Higgins
 Geneva Hall
 Ruby Osgerby

Edward Hascall
 Austin Garner
 Edna McComb

Margaret Larabee
 Pearl Graham
 Bessie Reed

Samuel Throop
 Erma Humes
 Levi Davis

Edward Sutherland
 Glen Gray
 Clarence Loesel

Florence Newton
 Bonnie Blassius
 Mina Sergent

Lester Murdick
 Edna Curtis
 Edith Porter

THE JUNIORS

EDWARD SUTHERLAND

Glen Gray, President

William Laux, Vice-President

Edna McComb, Secretary and Treasurer

Motto: Out of School Life, Into Life's School.

Colors: Purple and Gold.

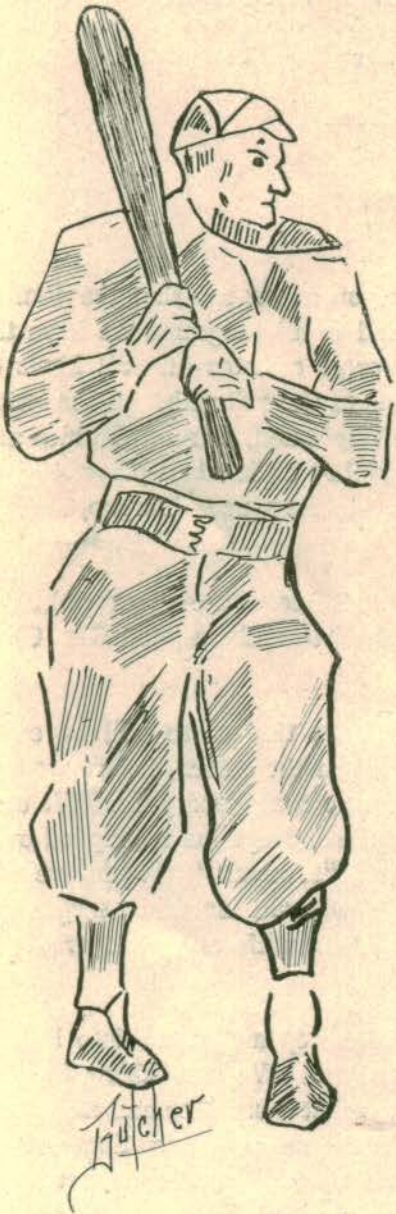
Flower: Daisy.

THE JUNIOR CLASS is one possessing much talent, in fact you might say that the Juniors represent the High School, because in all branches of learning and in all programs we have the largest delegation. Not only does our class send the greatest number of athletes into all kinds of sports, but our athletes rank among the best in the various schools of the "Thumb." There were two of our members on the football team, Throop and Sutherland. Wightman, Throop, Humes and Loesel tried to defend the honor of the school by showing their ability as baseball players. The track team is composed mostly of Juniors, seven of our number being in the squad—Throop, Humes, Wightman, Loesel, Gray and Sutherland.

We are well represented in the department of music—Laux and Loesel are great violinists, and others are gifted with good voices—and in this manner have helped to make a good Glee Club. About two-thirds of the Boys' Glee Club are Juniors.

When we take it upon ourselves to do anything you may be sure that there will be some excitement. We took a sleigh ride to the home of Edna McComb and on the return, before we unloaded, nearly all the people in town had been awakened by our patriotic songs and yells. We also gave a picnic at Beulah Park, because the more intellectual part of the aggregation triumphed over the other half of the class in contest of quotations from Shakespeare's "Macbeth." While we are talking of the wonderful energy and ability to do anything at short notice we must not forget the Junior play, "Thompson of the 'Varsity," given successfully by the class with only one week of training.

Some of the class heretofore have said that they had caught the step and fallen into line in the Freshman year, but we do not say that we have caught the step yet. We are taking in new recruits each year and at all times, so it would not be fair to be going at a set pace and all taking the same step because some could not keep up the gait; consequently the stronger ones linger along to help the more unfortunate, at least, until after the semester examinations. Last September three students cast their lots with us and we hope that at least three more will join us next September, to make our number an even thirty. Our class is not like the older one—the Seniors—for we have increased our number since we entered the race, while they have lost the kind of spirit that prevails among us together with more than one-half of their original number. We owe our union and success mostly to the girls of the class.



BASE BALL

JAMES CALDWELL

THE BASEBALL TEAM of Vassar High School was organized early in April, and Fred Decon was chosen captain and Edward Sutherland, manager, for the year.

We looked forward to a successful season but when the time came to practice we were not there—and drill must always be had to make a good team.

We played our first game with the Caro High School, and met with a defeat which put our weak points into the limelight.

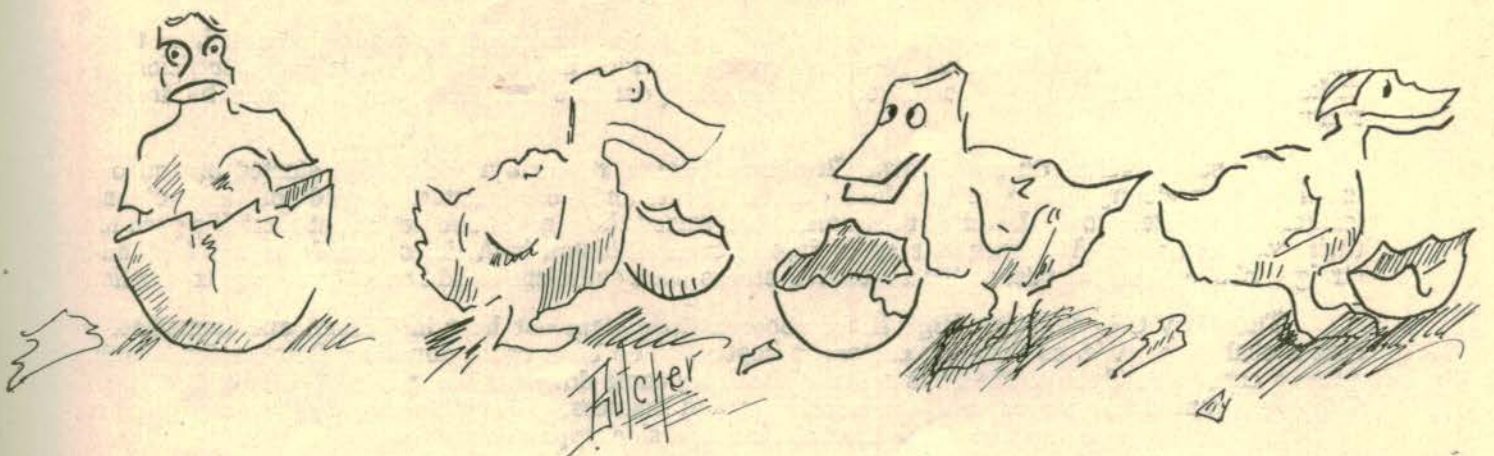
We then tried to get a little more life into our practice, but when we played we had not yet done our best work; for we met with a second defeat and this game ended the baseball season for the Vassar High School.

Although the team acknowledge their failure with regret—yet defeat does not mean disgrace. It is rather a lesson for the team of next year, that nothing is attained without persistent effort and enthusiasm. Our opportunity is gone; but there is every chance for the Vassar Baseball Team of 1912 to be the best team of the Thumb.





1911 BASE BALL TEAM



ALL DOWN AND OUT

FOOT BALL

ERNEST GROVER



THE FOOTBALL SEASON OF 1910 brought forth a multitude of pleasant surprises to the members of the Vassar High School. They were, however, not priceless victories; for already in the latter days of August we strolled forth to practice beneath the broiling heat of the sun. We were well in condition to play before our neighboring high schools had begun to look up their footballs and pack away the spheres. We prepared for an opening game at the County Fair with the Tuscola Heavyweights. The battle opened in the heat of a September afternoon and was for some-time scoreless. But at last, Throop broke the spell and at the same time broke Tuscola's line and pounded on terrifically until a touchdown was to our credit. This game was played before the opening of school; but before the end of the season the same high school boys brought home the honor of ten well-earned victories, with a total score of one hundred and eight to our opponents' eleven.

We continued our football practice after school started, with Mr. Osgerby as our coach for sometime; and on Friday, September sixteenth, we wended our way to Brown City to meet the Thumb Champions of 1909, a team with a steel reputation. We went, nevertheless, confident of victory, if application to duty would win. The game started before a small party of spectators on the Brown City Fair Grounds. It was not long until much interest was aroused, an interest that increased as the first two "quarters" passed and no scores were credited to either side. But in the third quarter, the string which had been tightening broke in favor of Vassar, when Butcher gave the ball a terrific drop kick, and the only scores of the game were tallied as Vassar's. This game gave our boys more courage and excited much enthusiasm at home.

Then came a demand for a home game and we sent Caro an invitation, which was accepted. They came on Friday with their banners floating and expecting victory. The Vassar boys in this game tried out many new plays and left it to Butcher to make the points necessary to win the victory, won by another of the drop kicks with which every high school in the circuit is well acquainted.

Then Caro returned the compliment by asking for a game that we readily accepted, as there was an open date the next week. We piled up a drop kick and a safety, which were sufficient to make victory ours. We still continued to keep our goal line free from any intrusion by foreign teams.

The season rolled on and Brown City came here to return our visit. We started out on our usual path to victory, when in the third quarter Sutherland, our center, landed on the oblong leather behind their goal. Later in the game, Mott seized the pigskin and set out at a terrific pace for their goal and reached it with but small interference. Elliston both times footed the ball high and straight above the goal posts. These twelve scores were sufficient to add another victory to our list.

Then Bay City Western High heard about a little team out here in Vassar, and immediately sent a challenge. We, as was our custom, accepted. The boys came down on October fourteenth. After a cordial hand-shake the boys said: "Well, we came down to beat you." We took this statement for granted but played with the usual vim and fastness. Everything was quiet the fore part of the game. We went up and down the field, neither side approaching the goal of the other until the last quarter; then we rallied from our reverie and started down their goal. We met with no small resistance; for the Bay City boys were strong. Finally, after a series of downs we got in



1911 FOOT BALL TEAM, CHAMPIONS OF THE THUMB

good position for a drop kick and Butcher was there with the requirements. These were the only points scored, but they were enough to make victory ours. The final score was Vassar three and Bay City nothing.

The next week we planned a trip to Cass City and were driven over in autos. This game is one which we look upon with no small displeasure. Some of the boys came home with broken noses, others with fractured skulls, and many were complaining of sore spots in other places. We were beaten, so the papers said, six to five. The two main features were Throop's one hundred and twenty yard dash for a touchdown, and a cold rainstorm. It was at the hands of Cass City that we first met defeat.

Mr. Barron Wetherby then came to Vassar as our coach, and after one week of drill we made a trip to Yale where we were again defeated, but by fair means. Although the score was only five to nothing, we were unable to pass Yale's goal line.

Then came Bay City Eastern to revenge the defeat of the Bay City Western team. This was perhaps the most exciting game of the season, and the largest crowd attended it. We obtained an early start along the scoring line and continued until the tallies reached forty-five to our opponents' zero. The Bay City boys bore their defeat in a praiseworthy manner and said that they would profit by the experience.

Our next combat took place against our old football competitors, Marlette. It was the coldest day of the football season but was kept warm by the game which increased in heat from the start, until Caldwell, our captain, seized the ball and ended up behind Marlette's goal.

Then came the Thanksgiving game, that will not soon be forgotten. When the Bay City team, composed of members from the different Bay City elevens came, rain threatened, and at the appointed time for the game, a drizzling rain began which lasted all the afternoon. Pounding the line was the feature of the game, no forward pass could be used on account of dampness. It was a game by which the ability of the players could be judged, and both teams were glad when the end came with no scores credited to either side. In spite of the rain Levi Davis, our faithful yellmaster, was present and did his share to win.

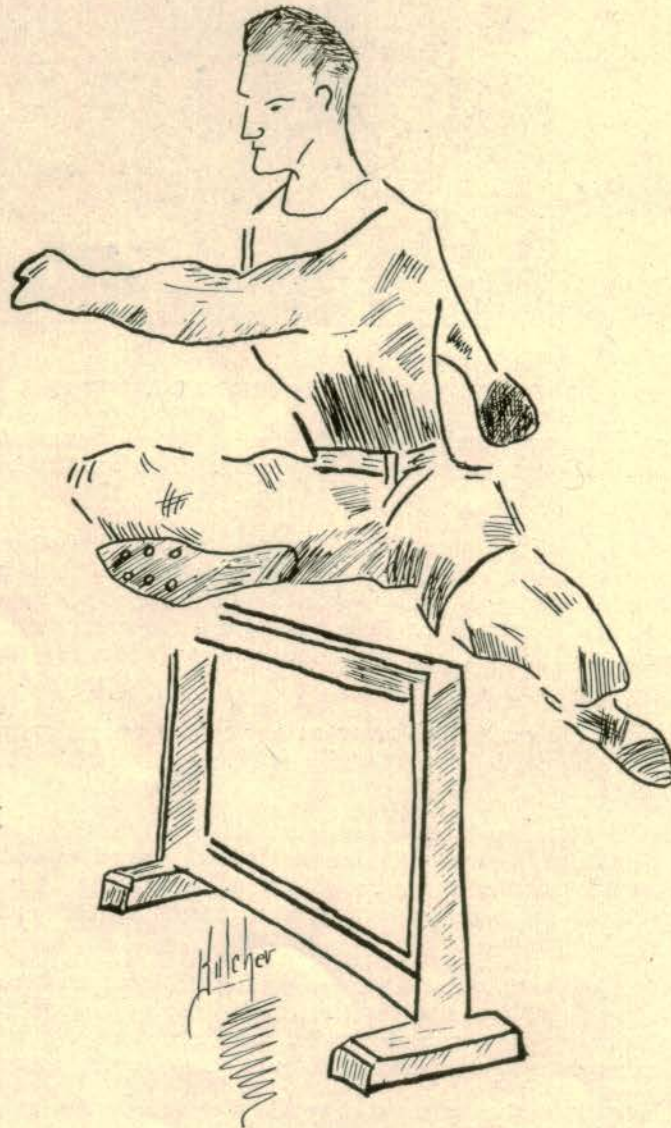
The line-up for the year was as follows: Captain Caldwell, Samuel Throop, Carl Mott, George W. Butcher, Lawrence Elliston, Ernest Grover, Otto Hess, Eddie Haskell, Otto Vergeson, Fred De Cou, Loyd Rice, William Rifenberg, Earl Miller, Edward Sutherland.

It was the most prosperous football year in Vassar's history and one on which every player will look back to with pride. So here's to football 1910.



TRACK

OTTO VERGESON



SINCE THE PUBLICATION OF THE LAST "ECHO" athletics as a whole have advanced. This progress is especially noticeable in the track work. From the history of Vassar it would seem that there never was much enthusiasm over work in this line. Interest had been increasing in the efforts of the track team, until last year throngs of people gathered at the Fair Grounds to witness the Field Meet. Representatives from Cass City, Caro, Mayville, Millington and Vassar were present. Though the Vassar contestants were unsuccessful in many of the events, it was observed by the Vassar citizens that their boys were working in the right spirit; and that no contestant was unsportsmanlike in any incident of the day, which is a most necessary factor in a clean, clear contest.



1911 TRACK TEAM

Cass City and Millington have withdrawn from the Association. Although this will somewhat decrease the number of contestants, we feel that the importance of the meet will not be diminished. More interest is added by the fact that new contestants have entered the lists, and that this meet will mean a test with them.

In the past few years the track events of the high school have been carried on mainly by two or three students each year. This of course brought too much responsibility upon their shoulders, the result being that but little was gained. As we have ten young athletes to work for us this year, we feel that we shall play an honorable part.

The results of the meet last year were Cass City, first place; Caro, second, and Vassar, third; but this year we hope to bring home more honors to our Alma Mater.

LULLABY

Hark! yo' Sambo, quit yo' cryin',
Doan yo' hear dem spirits callin',
Callin' yo' to slumber sweet?
Doan yo' raise yo' head, my chickun,
Cuddle up to mammy close;
Doan yo' know dat she will keep yo'
'Way from all de ugly ghosts?

Time for babies to be goin',
Goin' to de land of Nod;
See de night shades softly creepin'
Up tru mammy's own back yard.
What's dat on de wall yo' ax me?
Dat? Why, jus' de firelight's glow;
See de flames play wid each odder,
'Roun' an' 'roun' de wall dey go.

Now my precious lamb's a sleepin',
All so quietly an' good;
Mammy'll tuck yo' into bed,
Where yo'll sleep so sweet, 'til mornin'
Wakes yo' wid de sunbeams red.
An' she'll pray de good Lawd's blessin'
Rest forebber on yo' head.

SPRING

Now is the spring time of the year;
Now life is bright with hope and cheer;
And the dead past buries its dead for us,
As in the bright future, we fondly trust.

All nature smiles in warm, bright beauty,
Entrancingly luring from care and duty,
With liquid notes of song-bird glees
And fragrant bowers 'mid blossoming trees.

With murmuring fountain and babbling brook,
In cadance sweet 'neath every nook,
With cooling fragrance of fresh spring breeze
That passess carressingly over the leas.

But he who puts all these aside
And turning back to his duty, chides
The tempter that would cause his fall,
Nor listens to the Siren's call.

Though he for worldly pleasures yearns
In mastering self this lesson learns,
That duty done gives strength and power
To carry him through the trying hour.

He'll feel a thrill go through his soul
As on he goes to victory's goal,
And drinking deep from wisdom's well
Find joys that not in shallows dwell.

GRANDMOTHER'S BIRTHDAY

The low winds weré sighing
And soft fell the snow;
'Twas bright, happy Christmas
Long, long years ago.
And grandmother's slipper,
Now faded and worn,
With its bright, silver buckle
Her foot did adorn.

'Twas grandmother's birthday,
And Grandma so dear,
In white gown and slippers
Lent gay Christmas cheer.
And led in the dancing,
With sweet, happy face,
Leading Grandfather's young heart
A right merry chase.

While the violins tinkled,
And sweet laughter rose,
From among all the others
His bride grandpa chose.
But now they are aged,
And faded and gray,
But the spell of the slipper
Has ne'er passed away.

UNDER THE EAVES

Under the eaves in spring,
When all earth is blossoming;
Swallows twitter cheerily,
Call each other merrily,
Under the eaves in spring.

Under the eaves in spring,
Oh, what a love of life they bring;
Happiness supreme is reigning,
Each his joy is loud proclaiming,
Under the eaves in spring.

Under the eaves in spring,
Sweet and clear their melodies ring;
Peace in their breasts has found a nest,
As they in turn have found a rest,
Under the eaves in spring.

EVENING

When the golden waves of evening roll
Into the golden sky,
Crested with a crimson foam
That dapples the blue on high.
And when the ripples of smoky light,
Burnished with silver and rose,
Tarnish the purple, blood-red hue
The heart with rapture glows.
And when the Angel of the Clouds
Lights up the evening star,
What glorious radiance blushes
In the azure heavens afar.

GLEE CLUB



THE GLEE CLUBS, which Miss Packard has succeeded in organizing, have proven to be great successes. Perhaps, never in the history of the school has there been such an universal interest taken in music by the student body. Perhaps, one reason for the enthusiasm for the work was due to the fact that a credit might be earned in taking music.

At the Masonic Banquet, doubtless the public had the most favorable opportunity to hear the Clubs at their best. At any rate, it was there that they appeared to the best advantage.

All honors belong to Miss Packard for any success the Clubs may have achieved.

GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

Freda Andrews

Nine Bates

Pearl Coleman

Bessie Gray

Pearl Graham

Geneva Hall

Margaret Higgins

Ethel Harris

Goldie Humes

Grace James

Beulah Logan

Nellie Lass

Edna McComb

Orpha Miller

Florence Newton

Mary Osgerby

Ruby Osgerby

Beulah Osgerby

Nina Price

Freda Ross

Gertrude Ross

Bessie Reed

Hazel Stephen

Grace Thurston

Dorothy Werdon

Freda Moffett

Meta Van Petten

BOYS' GLEE CLUB

Lyle Humes

Otto Vergeson

Austin Garner

Will Laux

Sam Throop

George Butcher

Davis Wightman

Glen Gray

Clarence Loesel

Will Lewis

Edward Sutherland

Edward Hascall

GRINDS

A well developed figure, 937,643,876,421.
The average man is always paid that way.
When Adolpheus placed his arm around the
neck of Angelina, he said it was for a
neck's press purpose.

White sheep eat more than black ones—
there are more of them.

The best way for a man to make his coat
last is to make his pants and vest first.
A pig is a great mathematician, especially
on the square root.

Is cis a preposition? No; it's a conjunction.
Better have your wife with you than after
you.

Love thy neighbor as thyself, but leave his
wife alone.

Married men are the best fighters, they have
to fight.

You can always tell the Irish,
You can always tell the Dutch,
You can always tell the Seniors,
But you can't always tell them much.



GROVER STUDYING PHYSICS

The best way to find a girl out, is to call when she is not in.

The man who has to fish for compliments is usually out of bait.

He that falls in love with himself finds no rival.

Talked a lot, but never said anything, BUTCHER.

Exams are cinches, if you are prepared? ? ?

We would like to know—What Grover does on the hill.

Why Logan is so chummy with Vergeson.

What Butcher would do without his daily nap.

What Caldwell doesn't.

Whether Miller sings tenor or basso profundo.

Lost—A small Scotch boy answering to the name of Jimmie; finder please keep—Miss Reagh.

Butcher didn't—Grover couldn't, he wasn't here yesterday.

We think Vergeson would look better, if he trimmed his yellow hair once in awhile.

Just imagine—Butcher with his lessons.

Miss Alway flirting.

Miller with something real important to do.

Richardson without his air of dignity.

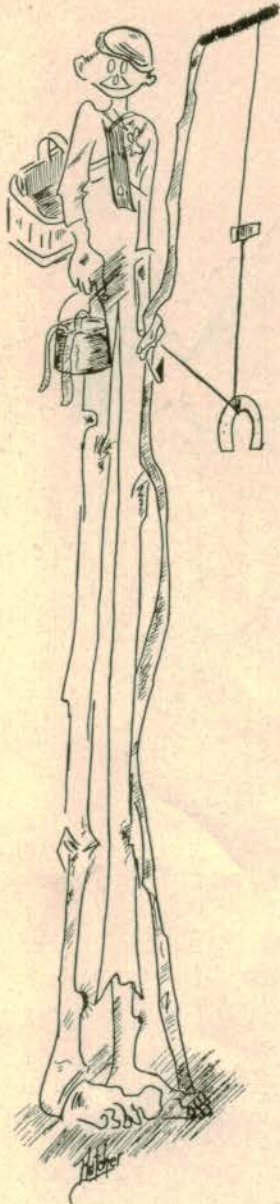
Vergeson with his beard shaved.

Be as busy as you imagine yourself to be and you will accomplish wonders.

People are known by the company they keep—out of.

Sometimes when things are going wrong they are coming right.

A fool and his money are not always soon parted.



Since Adam and his happy bride
From Eden's gates were thrown,
No one e'er grew so fossilized
They had no funny bone.

And every one since fig-leaf days
Sometime aspired to wit
By dressing up some stale of Joke
In clothes that fails to fit.

If now and then perchance there's one
In modern garb disguised,
Consider that if 'twere not good
'Twould not have been revised.

At ancient jokes we should not scoff
Nor fly into a rage,
But better far, let's tenderly
Respect them for their age.

Are we all dead yet,
Are we all dead yet,
No, by golly,
There's eleven of us yet.

—Seniors.

Professor (to Freshman)—"Name the first four books of the Bible."

Freshman (authentically replies)—"Nominative, genitive, dative and accusitive."

Caldwell (translating Caesar)—"I threw my arms around her neck—er—ah—that's as far as I got."

Miss Reagh—"That's far enough."

Eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we may have an exam.

Travelling Man (to one of High School boys)—"Where is the best place in town to get a shave?"

Intelligent High School Lad—"The barber shop."

Miss Reagh (to Mr. Butcher)—"Sleep, my little one, sleep."

Junior—"I'm doing my best to get ahead."

Teacher—"You sure do need one."

Vergeson—"I'm a man after my own pattern."

Sophomore—"Flunk, flunkere, faculty, firem."

Miss Pennington (to Freshman)—"I suppose you have read all of Shakespeare's works."

Freshman—"Yes, mum, unless he's written something within the last year."

One Boy—"Mr. Vergeson is out of school for a day."

Other Boy—"How's that."

First Boy—"Laid up with a sore finger, run a sliver in under his finger-nail while scratching his head."

Teacher's favorite songs:

Miss Reagh's, "This is no place for a Minister's Son."

Miss Always's, "She was a grand Old Lady."

Miss Schwender's, "Massy's in the cold, cold ground."

Miss Pennington's, "Way out West in Iowa."

Freshman (running breathless to joke editor)—"I have some peaches."

Joke Editor—"Well, I guess I'll can 'em."

A Freshie's green on the surface,
A Sophomore is polished a bit,
A Junior is there if there is fun in the air,
A Senior is simply "it."

Sophomore—"I just can't help thinking about myself."

Senior—"That's the human instinct to worry over trifles."

Remember—a buttress isn't necessarily a nanny goat.

Professor—"A fool can ask questions that a wise man can't answer."

Student—"That's the reason I flunked last exam."

Lives of Seniors all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing, leave behind us
Ponies for some weaker mind.

A goat ate up all our jokes
And then began to run.
"I can not stop," he softly said,
"I am so full of fun."

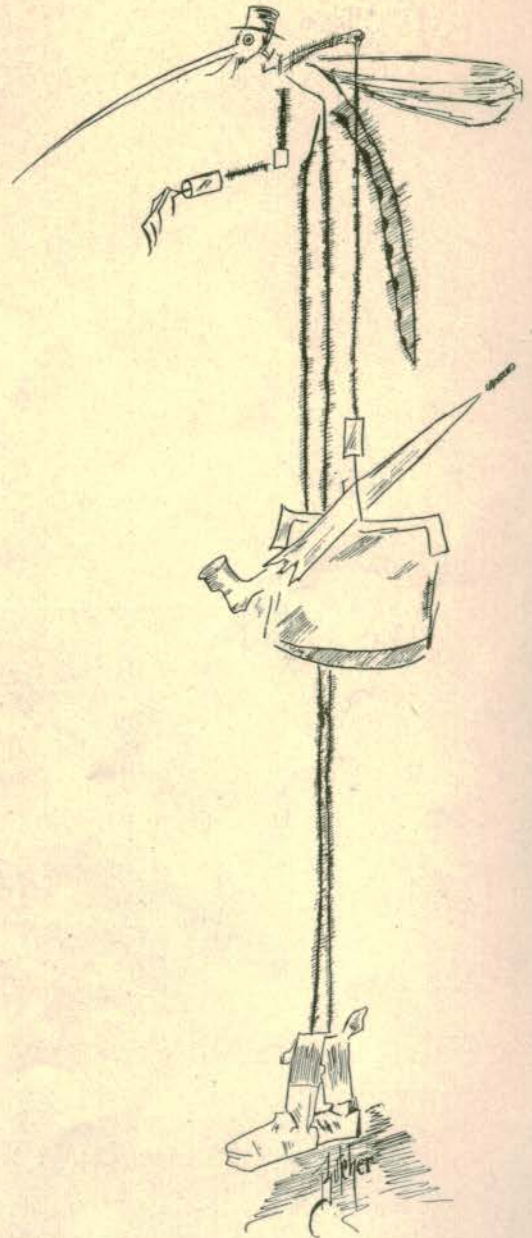
Mr. Osgerby (gazing into a convex mirror in Physic class—"My, that's a horrible looking thing."

Miss Pennington (to Junior class)—"You may write me a specimen of blank verse for tomorrow's lesson."

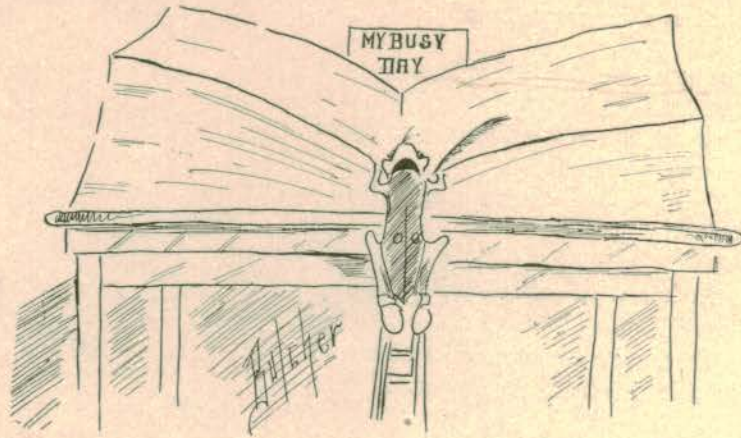
She received the following from one of the boys:

.....
.....
.....
.....

—Junior.



OUR SUMMER BOARDER



AN EARLY MORNING SYMPHONY

FINIS

The word "FINIS" is rendered in a bold, serif, all-caps font. The letters are filled with horizontal hatching. Above the letter "N", a sun with rays is rising over a range of mountains. The entire scene is reflected in a body of water below, also indicated by horizontal hatching. Below the reflection, the signature "Hitcher" is written in a cursive script.

GEO. D. CLARKE, Prest.

WM. J. HOXIB, Vice-Prest.

SAM'L P. SELDEN, Sec'y-Treas.

Reliance Milling Co.

Merchant Millers

Buyers and Sellers of

Grain, Beans, Hay, Seed and Wool

Bread and Pastry made of GOLD BAND and GILT EDGE flour, our well known brands, has undoubtedly been daily food for graduates of Vassar and other schools for the past twenty years. Sells today greater than ever before. There's a reason. Insist upon having these flours from your grocer. None better, few that equal.

VASSAR, MICHIGAN

Reliance Milling Co.

Be Careful

Don't Get Excited

It Won't Bite

Think Loud

Talk Low

Turn Over

Keep Cool

Don't Get Nervous

Stop, Look, Listen

Look Out, It's Coming

Get Ready, are you sure

No One's Looking

This is just to advise you that the School Savings Bank System has been in operation 5 years. It's deposits aggregate \$1,005.71. Total number of depositors 286. This system was introduced in our school by

The Vassar National Bank

who transact a general banking business and solicit your trade. Be friendly, call occasionally.

GEORGE D. CLARKE, Cashier

VASSAR PUBLIC SCHOOLS

THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS OF VASSAR, MICHIGAN, employ fourteen teachers in preparing pupils for mastery of themselves, for citizenship in the commonwealth, for business and for entrance to the University of Michigan.

A few of the distinctive features of these schools are given below:

- I. A flexible course of study in the grades.
- II. Music, drawing, manual training and language, including German in the grades.
- III. Special apparatus for teaching mathematics, science, natural history, etc., in the grades as well as in the high school.
- IV. Departments in charge of specially prepared teachers and promotion of pupils by subjects, not by grades, in the high school and eighth grade.
- V. Graduates admitted to the University of Michigan and other colleges of the state without examination.
- VI. Diplomas granted to graduates free in English, Latin and Scientific courses.
- VII. Eighth grade graduates from the rural schools are admitted to the high school without examination; this classification to hold so long as the pupil is able to sustain himself in his work.
- VIII. School opens Monday, September 4, 1911.

Tabular View of the Courses of Study in the High School:

Year.	Latin Course.	Scientific Course.	English Course.
Freshman	Algebra English Composition Ancient History Latin	Algebra English Composition Ancient History Latin or Botany	Algebra or Arithmetic English Composition Ancient History Botany or Book'g
Sophomore	Plane Geometry English Rhetoric Modern History Latin	Plane Geometry English Rhetoric Modern History Latin or Physiology or Physiography	Plane Geometry English Rhetoric Modern History Physiology or Physiography
Junior	Solid Geometry and Algebra History Eng. Literature German Latin	Solid Geometry and Algebra History Eng. Literature German Chemistry	Solid Geometry Algebra History Eng. Literature English History Chemistry
Senior	Physics English and English Grammar German Latin	Physics English and Eng. Gram. German American History and Civics	Physics English and Eng. Gram. American History and Civics Reviews

G. A. Stephenson

DOUBLE FRONT STORE



In every city there is always one store
that leads in POPULARITY

The Reason is Easy

G. A. STEPHENSON'S is the place
in VASSAR

No Explanation Required

G. A. Stevenson

Vassar Granite & Marble Works

Monuments
and Head Stones
a Specialty



All Work Guaranteed at Lowest Prices

A. F. BROCK, Propr.

VASSAR, MICHIGAN

"A SATISFIED CUSTOMER IS OUR BEST ADVERTISEMENT"

*Full Line of Furniture
Stoves, Ranges and Kitchenware
Rugs, Linoleums & Floor Coverings
Fine China, Lamps and Tableware*

D. C. ATKINS
ESTABLISHED 1882

*Paints, Oils and Wall Finishes
Complete Line Builders' Hardware
Lace Curtains, Window Shades, Etc.*

Hardware, Furniture and Undertaking

WE ARE COMPLETE HOME OUTFITTERS

VASSAR, MICHIGAN

**P. L. VARNUM
& SON**



**FINE SHOES, RUBBERS
and HOSIERY**

When in Vassar, always remember the

Commercial House

FOR A GOOD SQUARE MEAL

Everyone knows it Everything Neat and Tidy

Near M. C. Depot

W. H. AKINS, Propr.

Do Your Banking with

The State Savings Bank

THE OLDEST SAVINGS BANK IN TUSCOLA COUNTY

OVER A QUARTER OF A CENTURY OF SUCCESSFUL BUSINESS

OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS:

WM. DAVIES, Prest.
C. H. RICHARDSON, Vice-Prest.
T. M. STEPHEN, 2nd Vice-Prest.
C. J. STEPHEN, Cashier

R. D. VARNUM, Director
W. J. HARRISON, "
H. S. CURTISS, "
EFFIE HARRISON, "

To the Ladies of the Graduating Class of 1911:

Start in life right by getting snappy, classy, up-to-date wearing apparel. We will have everything.

See our Cloak, Skirt, Shirt Waist and Dress Dept.—not a thing can be excelled

To the boys I will say, be good providers. You will find everything complete in our Grocery Stock, both Staple and Fancy

GIVE US A TRIAL ORDER AND BE CONVINCED

Quality is stamped on every article

THE QUALITY STORE

DEALERS IN

Dry Goods, Shoes, Cloaks, Dresses, Waists, Carpets, Groceries, Etc.

L. J. HEINLEIN & SON

1911 - 1872 = 39

THESE FIGURES show that this business was established 39 years ago. We have every reason to feel thankful to our many friends for the loyal support we have received during this period, and will endeavor to serve our patrons better each year. We shall continue to carry the most complete line of **COAL, LUMBER** and **BUILDING MATERIAL** in the county. Also to pay the highest market price for all kinds of **GRAIN, BEANS AND PRODUCE.**

Respectfully yours,

The Miller Grain Co.

When in the Market for Fine
Carriages, Wagons and Implements

OF ALL KINDS, Call on

A. W. ATKINS



Prices Lowest :: Quality Best :: Satisfaction Guaranteed

VASSAR, - MICHIGAN

For Staple and Fancy Groceries
go to

Rice's Grocery

opposite the Post Office
they will give you a square deal



Teas and Coffees our Specialty

Vassar Hay & Produce Co.

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

Hay, Grain,

Beans, Produce

AND

Farm Implements



VASSAR,

MICHIGAN

An Up-to-date Drug Store is what you will find in "Miller's Pharmacy"

Drugs, Druggists' Sundries, Books,
Stationery, Wall Paper, Etc., Etc.

OUR MOTTO "HIGHER QUALITY"

¶ We wish to thank you for the very liberal patronage you have given us in the past, and to assure you that we shall do everything in our power to merit a continuance of the same in the future.

Yours very Respectfully,

OPERA HOUSE BLK. **H. J. MILLER** VASSAR, MICH.

**ANTISEPTIC
BARBER SHOP**

Use of Powdered Soap Our Specialty

Ladies' Shampoo

Bath Cigars Candies

Ernest E. Lort
PROPRIETOR

City Bakery

---and---

Confectionery

BURT CLARK, Proprietor

Michigan Savings Bank

Safe

Conservative

Progressive

4 Per Cent. on Time Deposits

Fine Presents
for Graduating and Weddings

—AT—
WIGHTMAN'S

THE JEWELER

VASSAR, MICH.

Electric and Gas Light Heated by Steam
Bus to and from all trains

The Jewell House

W. J. WOOD, Propr.

You have tried the rest, now try the Best

VASSAR, MICH.



VASSAR KNITTING WORKS
VASSAR, MICH.
MANUFACTURERS OF

FINE WORSTED SWEATERS
MEN'S YOUTH'S BOYS' LADIES' MISSES' CHILD'S
MOTOR HOODS GOLF GLOVES GOLF CAPS

Wonder Land

Re-opened under New Management

Will continue with good clear pictures and will be pleased to meet all former patrons

Prices same as Formerly, except Saturday night
Children Five Cents

Good Music a Specialty Orchestra every night

F. NEINRODE and A. F. PEARSON, Proprs.

Before buying your next suit of clothes why not call on your local Tailor and have it made to your measure

PRICES RIGHT



G. J. Eastham
Merchant Tailor

Young Men's Guaranteed Suits
—And—
Complete Lines of Furnishing Goods

INSPECTION INVITED



E. W. ELLIS

Vassar Fruit Co.

xxxxxx

Fancy Box Candy All Kinds of Fruits

xxxxxx

MARIO :-: VASSAR

T. M. STEPHEN
EXCLUSIVE DRY GOODS

WE LEAD OTHERS FOLLOW

Best Assortment—————**Best Goods**

WHY? Because we carry the only EXCLUSIVE lines of DRY GOODS in Vassar

T. M. STEPHEN

Take a Kodak With You

Your Vacation will mean more to you, if you "Kodak", not only more pleasure at the time but afterwards, the added pleasure that will come from the pictures.

Let us show how simple it is by the Kodak System

....Sold Exclusively by....

C. A. Learn & Co.,

"The Corner Drug Store"

"Always as Advertised"

For BAZAAR GOODS, CROCKERY,
CHINA and GLASSWARE

---call on---

M. H. STEPHEN

Headquarters for Christmas Goods and
Aluminum Ware

When in need of

Fresh Meat

of any kind, call up

Cappie's Market,
No. 52

I will maintain a Five-
Minute Delivery Ser-
vice during Vacation.

Yours very truly,

Cappie Schupbach



Do You Know Young Man

that the most important thing for you to consider, when you have finished your education, and go out in the world to carve a future, is your personal appearance?

When you present yourself for employment or association, if you are neatly and attractively dressed, the battle is half won; no other store in this section is so well equipped to fit you out neatly, stylishly and for so little money as the "BIG STORE" on the Corner. We sell everything a young man wears—from the head to the feet—and you can rest assured it is right in every respect. Come in and let us Convince You.

Vassar's Big Clothing
and Shoe House

Chas. A. Lewis Clothing Co.
"ON THE CORNER"



The
Electric City Engraving Co.
Buffalo, N.Y.

WE MADE THE ENGRAVINGS FOR THIS BOOK.