

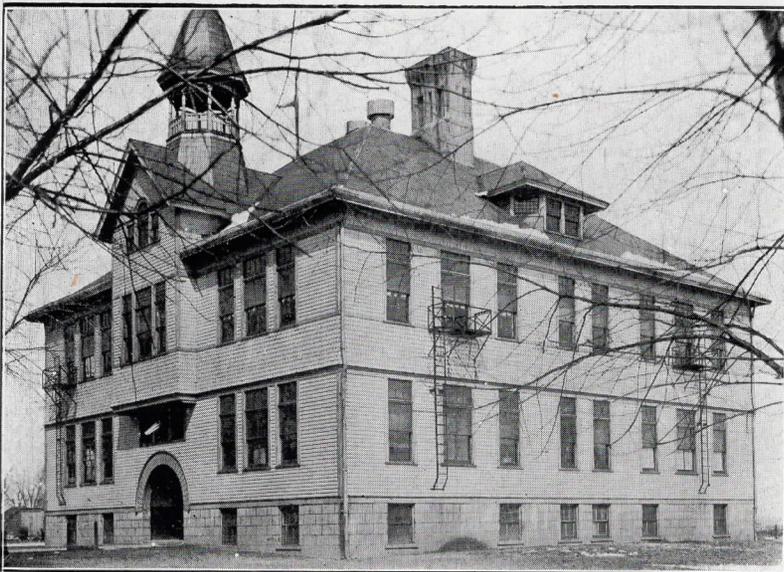
THE
GOLDEN
'13

THE GOLDEN

NINETEEN HUNDRED AND THIRTEEN

THE YEAR BOOK OF HOMER HIGH SCHOOL

PUBLISHED BY
THE SENIOR CLASS
VOLUME I



THE SCHOOL BUILDING

To

GLEN CASSIUS HICKLE

WHO HAS LABORED SO DILIGENTLY IN THE
EDITING OF THIS BOOK AND HAS SO PATIENTLY
ENDEAVORED TO LEAD US ON TO SEE AND
APPRECIATE THE NOBLER THINGS IN SCHOOL
WE DEDICATE THIS, THE FIRST VOLUME OF
THE GOLDEN.

THE GOLDEN '13



G. C. HICKLE, Principal

THE GOLDEN '13

FOREWORD.

As you stand out there in the future, amid the joys and successes of mature life, the School Annual will be a pleasant companion as you wander, in retrospection, "down the path that leads the other way."

THE GOLDEN '13

CALENDAR

1912

September 2—Monday.....Fall Semester begins, entrance, classification and assignment of classes.

September 3—Tuesday.....Class Work begins

December 20—Friday.....Christmas Vacation begins.

1913

January 2—Thursday.....Christmas Vacation ends.

January 14-21.....Semester examination

SPRING TERM

January 22—Wednesday.....Registration

March 2—Friday.....Patrons Day

May 16—Friday.....Junior-Senior Reception

May 18—Sunday.....Baccalaureate Sermon

May 19-23.....Semester Examinations

May 21—Wednesday.....Class Day

May 22.....Military Review and Eighth Grade Commencement

May 23—Friday.....Commencement

HOMER HIGH SCHOOL

Founded 1880

Superintendents to date

Joe Bennet.....	1881-1896
A. L. Starr.....	1896-1900
Sherman Cass.....	1900-1903
Grant Thornton.....	1903-1905
H. E. Blaine.....	1905-1906
S. S. Duhamel.....	1906-1907
T. A. Gallaher.....	1907-1909
L. J. Hancock.....	1909-1910
J. O. Stanberry.....	1910-1912
W. D. Madden.....	1912-1913

MEMBERS OF BOARD OF EDUCATION

	TERM EXPIRES
Pearl Wiggins, President.....	1914
Chas. Havard.....	1914
Dr. Volborn.....	1914
Mrs. Geo. Porter.....	1915
Mrs. Alva Junkens.....	1915
B. C. Krugh.....	1916
L. C. Palmer, Clerk.....	1916

THE GOLDEN '13

SOME PROBLEMS THAT CONFRONT THE HOMER HIGH SCHOOL

EVERY individual has his problems to solve, and likewise, every institution has its problems to solve. If the individual fails to solve his problems, he, as well as others dependent upon him, may suffer. If the institution fails in the solution of its problems, it will have its field of usefulness greatly circumscribed, or its existence may cease entirely.

The first of Homer High School's problems is that of maintaining its present high standard of scholarship and work, in order to hold its accredited relations with the University of Illinois. This relation will admit our graduates to most of the colleges of our State, but probably a greater thing than that is to standardize our work and thereby give us the satisfaction that we are on a recognized high plane.

The second problem follows closely on the first. It is the holding of our youth in school. To have a fully accredited High School, we must have enough pupils to give proper employment to at least three High School teachers. Besides, a fair number of pupils is necessary to keep up enthusiasm in the work. The greatest reason, however, for holding our youth in school, is that they need the education of the High School in order to help make an intelligent choice of their life work. And since only one fourth of those who finish High School attend higher institutions of learning, the scholastic preparation of most persons does not go beyond that which is acquired in High School. Therefore, the work of the Homer High School becomes of the greatest importance to those of its students who do not attend college, in that it alone finishes that preparation for their life's work as members of society.

The great problems of holding boys and girls in school embraces the problem of having the curriculum so modified that training will be given along one or more lines that will enable the student to make a living when he quits school. School athletics and societies have their proper places in helping to attract and to hold pupils. But such activities must be kept within bounds and not allowed to take the attention from the main work of the High School.

As the methods and equipment of farming, manufacturing and commerce have changed within the last quarter century, so the methods of teaching and the equipment of the school changed. Nothing is too good for the American boy and girl. In them dwells the spirit of religion and political freedom, and on them rests the responsibility of holding up before the world the beacon of light thereof. Therefore they should have the best of everything that conduces to moral, mental and physical development. Homer High School is getting abreast of the times. Within the last three years it has made great advancement.

To assist in the solution of the various problems herein stated, the school possesses a fair sized library, composed mostly of reference and text books, many of which are of recent publication. The laboratory equipment is of the best. For the teaching of bi-ological science there is a good supply of dissecting sets, dissecting microscopes, and compound microscopes. The apparatus for teaching physics is ample and well chosen. The Board of Education has shown a liberal disposition toward purchases for the library and laboratory, and it is the expectation to make some good additions to those departments the coming year.

According to the Austrian adage:

"For every man,
God has his plan."

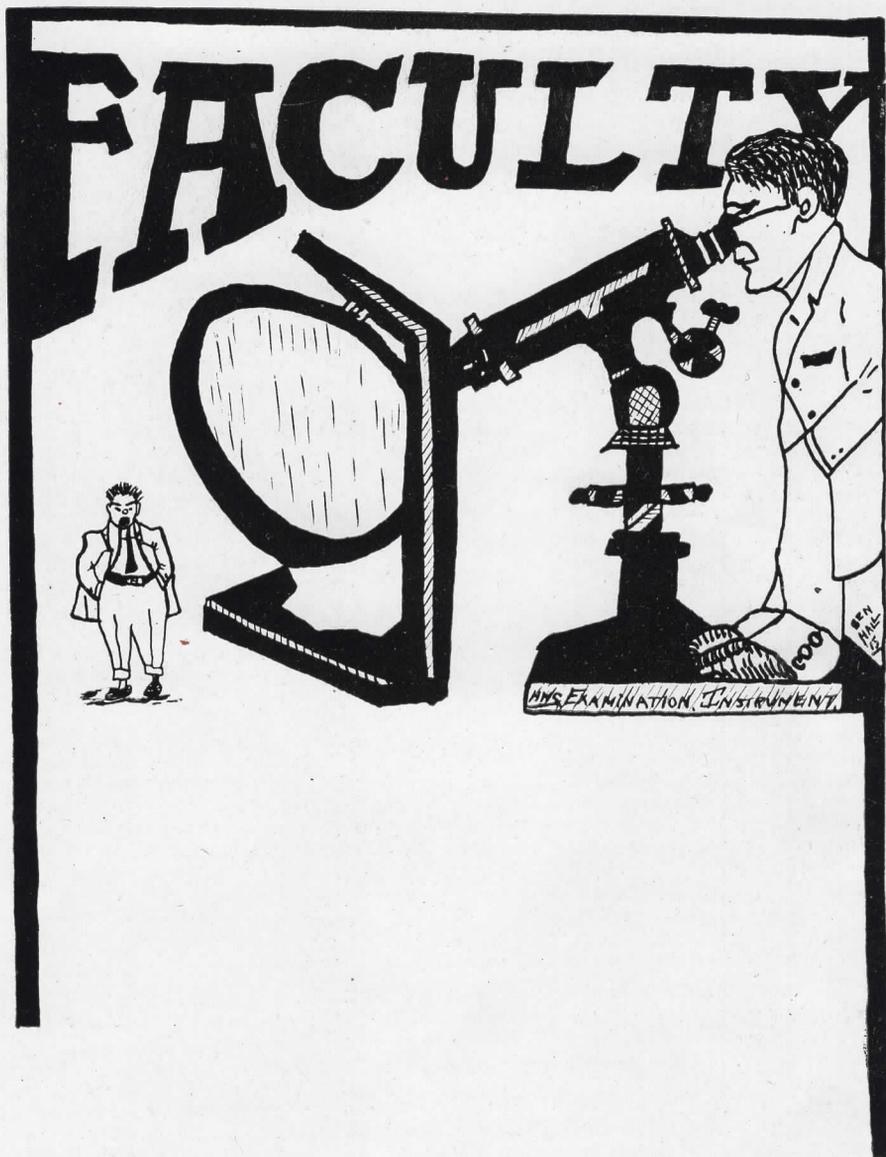
We believe that every community has its work to do in the affairs, the welfare, and the destiny of the nation. The destined work of Homer, and of its High School may be of a decidedly distinctive character.

In the great State of Illinois, great political questions, affecting the nation's destiny have been ably discussed in the past. Homer, like many other small centers of population, is well situated and has good facilities for intermingling with other communities and the outside world in general. The influence of such communities is carried farther than many persons suppose. We believe there are great problems that effect the States and nation's destinies that are dependent upon the smaller communities for the proper solution.

Therefore the part that Homer may have to do, and particularly, the part that Homer High School may have to do in producing intelligent and useful citizens becomes readily apparent. Indeed, Homer High School has a useful and glorious prospect for the future.

W. D. MADDEN, Superintendent.

THE GOLDEN '13



THE GOLDEN '13

TO THE FACULTY

Wake! Wake! O! Muse, and sing the praise,
And crown with glory all the days
Of those who helped us thru the maze
Of dark and devious High School ways.

When we to you our troubles laid,
When we to you did go for aid,
If what you said we carefully weighed,
Then we felt very well repaid.

We never tried to cheat or lie,
Because you always seemed to spy,
And make it useless for to try
To fool your bright and eagle eye.

And when the Freshie came to school,
You never let them play or fool,
But ever kept them to the rule
Altho it often seemed so cruel.

And oft we kept aflame the light
That wavered far into the night,
By which we worked with all our might,
To glean a portion of the light.

When X and Y did unknown reign;
When these things gave us students pain,
You made all things to us so plain,
That never did a doubt remain.

And tho you were in class so kind,
Yet we were ever sure to find,
When ere we fell the least behind
You wished to have us strong in mind.

And thus thru all our High School years;
Altho with many doubts and fears,
And oft with many hopes and tears,
To us the end of school life nears,

And we've learned deep of all the lore
Which all the text books had in store.
The things our minds could not explore,
We tried to learn long, long before

Our school days came to such an end.
So when our paths in life we wend,
Our thots to you will often bend,
Then we our fame to you commend.

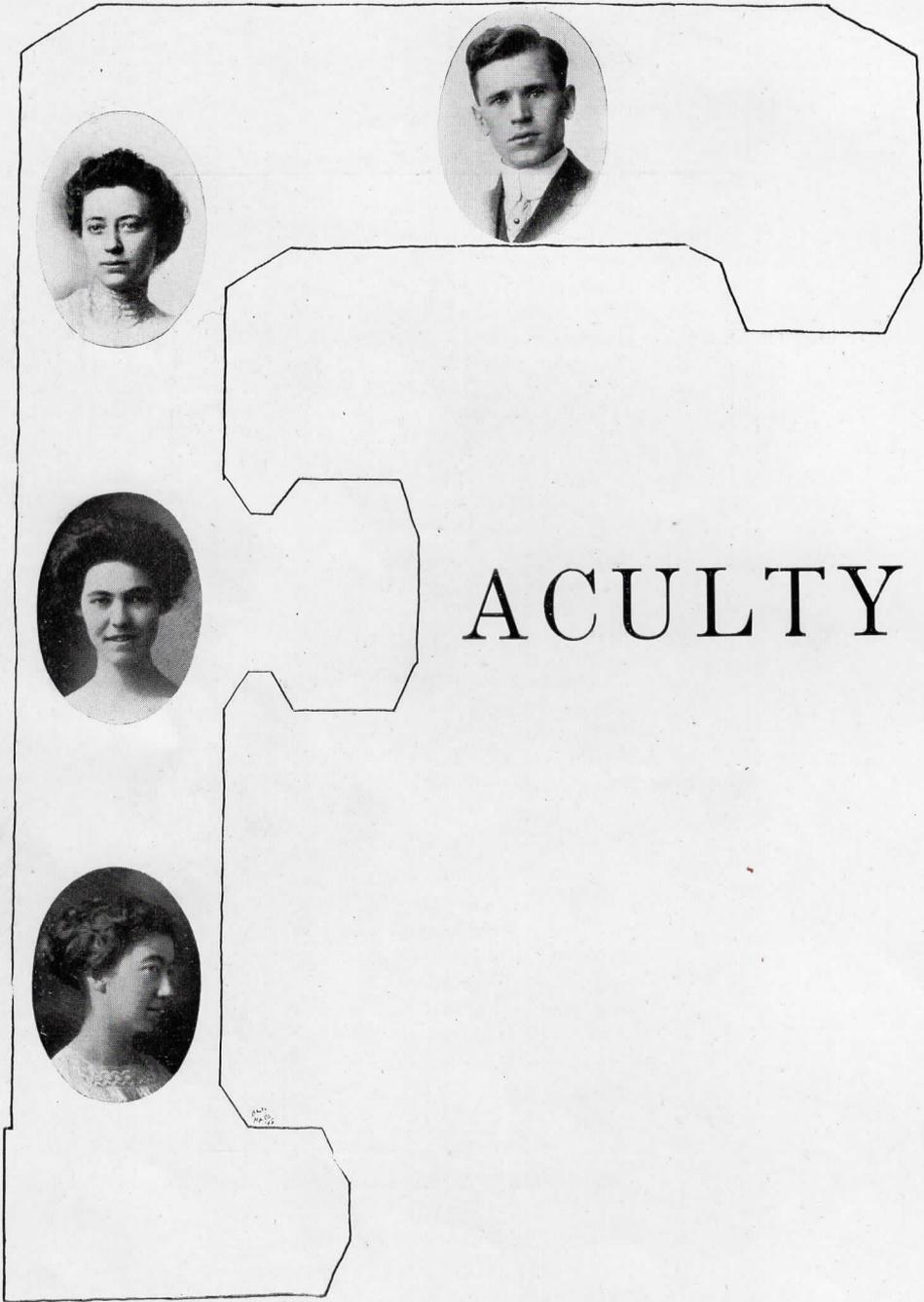
LAWRENCE CECIL '13.

THE GOLDEN '13



W. D. MADDEN, Superintendent

THE GOLDEN '13



THE GOLDEN '13

W. D. MADDEN

Student at Bement High.
Student at Illinois State Normal at Normal.
Student at Illinois University.
Principal at Penfield 1899.
Principal at Bellflower 1902.
Principal at Ogden 1905.
Superintendent at Catlin 1906-11.
Superintendent at Melvin 1912.
Superintendent at Homer 1913.
State Supervisory Life Certificate.
Major Sciences.

G. C. HICKLE

Hedding Academy.
Hedding College.
Assistant Instructor at Hedding.
Homer High; Language.

MISS AMANDA RENICH

Woodstock High School; Classical Course.
Berea College.
University of Illinois, A. B.
Graduate Student at U. of I.
Homer High 1910-13; History and English.

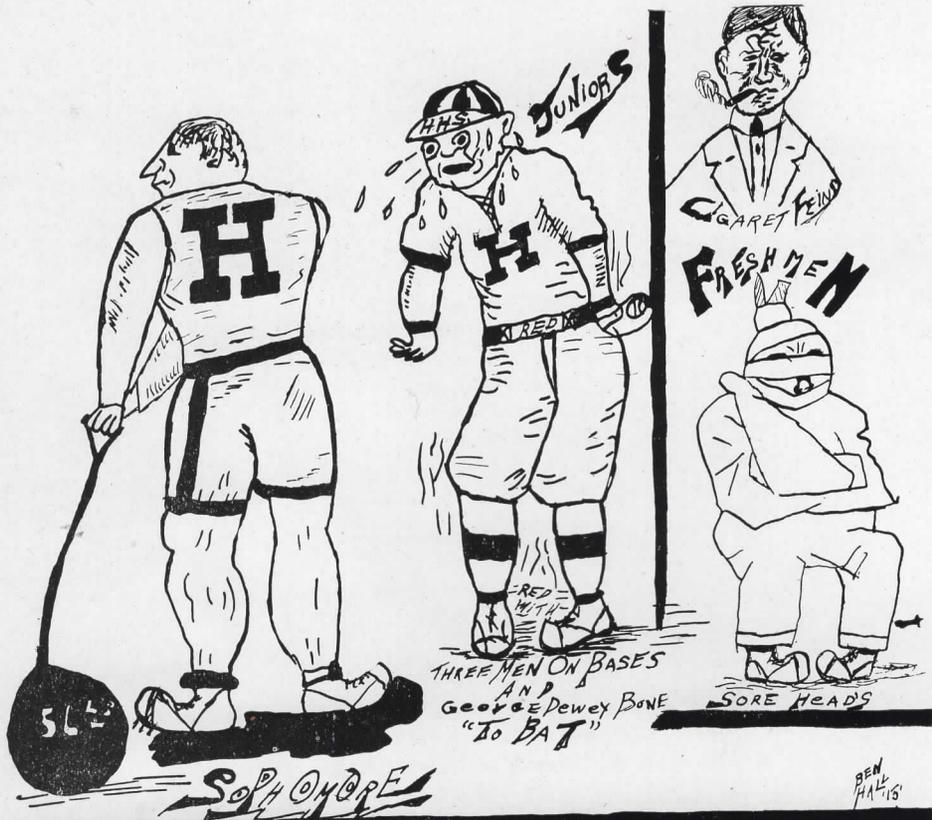
MISS MAYE CUSTER

Danville High; Musical Course.
U. of I.; Music, 2 years.
DePauw University, 2 years.
Chicago, 1 year.
Lincoln Center Normal, 1 year.
Ordway, Colorado; Instructor in Music.
Homer, Illinois, Instructor in Music.

MISS BERENICE HARRISON

Champaign High, Elective Course.
University of Illinois, A. B.
Homer High, Mathematics; Minor Sciences.

THE GOLDEN '13



THE GOLDEN '13

SENIOR CLASS

LAWRENCE CECIL, President

REGNA MCMASTERS, Vice-President

MAUD PENNY, Secretary-Treasurer

COLORS: Navy Blue

FLOWER: Jack Ross

MOTTO: Be Original

Olive O'Neil on a bright spring day,
Tripped to school both happy and gay,
Beneath her hat she glowed with wealth
Of magnificent beauty and rustic health.
Singing she wrought, and her merry glee,
The song-birds echoed from the tree.

Ah! Who is this? It is a pretty maid,
As fair and fresh as a flower in spring,
And sweeter, too;
For who is prettier, even tho wittier,
Than Grace Salina Bowen.

Fair Gertrude, whom dost sweetly grow,
Wrapped in natures beauty sweet,
Abounding in wisdom she will show,
Her talent in art, which all will greet.
No fairer face with more gentle ways,
Has graced this day of all the days.

Who's that, whom now I see again,
So joyful and industrious?
'Tis Regna McMasters, ready to win
More fame most illustrious.

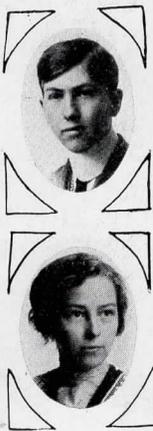
Oh! To be in Los Angeles,
Now that school is o'er,
Says Lowell Hays in similes
Which the poets use galore.
And for Lowell, success is planned,
As an electrician in our land.
So off to college to accomplish more,
Than ever he has done before.

Lawrence! Thou shoudst be President at this hour,
The states have need of you:
You are the one of many merits, wisdom, wit and fun.
Share thy most heroic wealth of wit and power,
For good of those who haven't such a dower,
Of wonderful greatness.

MAUD PENNY, '13.

THE GOLDEN '13

SENIOR WRITE-UPS



LOWELL J. HAYES
Athletic Ass. 11-12; Secy. 12-13; Baseball, 11, 12, 13; Tennis, 13; Football, 11; German Club, 13; Business Mgr. Golden, 13.
Some men were born for great things,
Some men were born for small;
Some, it is not recorded
Why they were born at all."

GRACE S. BOWEN
Alumni Editor of Golden, 13, Operetta Cast, 13; German Club, 13.
"Victory belongs to the most persevering."



Seniors

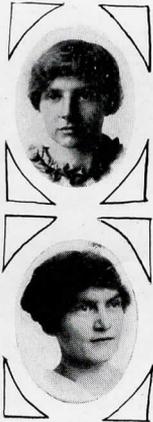
RUBY REGNA McMASTERS
Operetta Cast, 13; Social Com. 12; Vice-President Class, 12-13; Class Editor of Golden, 13; German Club, 13.
"I'm daffy, just daffy, about dancing."

OLIVE JULIA O'NEIL
Athletic Ass., 13, Basketball, 13; Operetta Cast, 13; Social Com., 12; Humorous Editor of Golden, 13;
"Music, I hear you calling to me, and I come."



THE GOLDEN '13

SENIOR WRITE-UPS



GERTRUDE M. PALMER
 Literary Editor of Golden, 13;
 Operetta Cast, 12;
 "A fair face will get its praise, even
 tho' the owner keep silent."

MAUD DEMARIS PENNY
 Society Editor of Golden, 13;
 Operetta Cast, 13; Secy-Treas.
 Class, 11-12, 12-13.
 "Is she laughing? No! Then 'tis not
 she."



Seniors

LAWRENCE K. CECIL
 President Class, 11-12, 12-13;
 Basketball 10-11, 11-12; Capt.,
 12-13; Senior Play 11; Track 12;
 Capt., 13; Football 11; Baseball
 11, 12, 13; Athletic Ass., vice-
 president 11-12, president 12-13;
 Editor-in-chief of Golden, 13;
 Athletic and Faculty Editor of
 Golden, 13.

"Knowledge puffeth up the little man,
 astoundeth the poor man, but hum-
 bleth the great man."



3

THE GOLDEN '13

SOPHOMORES

The Sophomore Class first came in line,
In the year of nineteen 'leven;
And tho' they were but Freshmen then,
They tho't it sure was heaven;
But Ruth has been her Albert's queen,
While Wilbur had his Josephine.
Tho' Evelyn Broadbent's not so low,
She yet has lots of room to grow;
Of Ben and Walter I can't quite tell,
Which one is now the nearest —.
But Seymour Current is so quiet
That you'd suppose he's on a diet.
And Helen looks at George so rough,
She's quite forgotten how to bluff;
And Florence twists and squirms so much,
That Hazel all the desks does clutch,
And shivers in her nervous agony.
Cute Frank Earnest loves so to study,
That you'd not think he'd be so bloody
In his basket-ballic ecstasy.
While Mary Peters' so contrary,
She quite subdues the pretty, wary,
Little Ruth, our basket-ball guard.
But the flower of the maidens
Is Louise, beyond a doubt;
And Waneta 'll surely giggle,
If Miss Renich don't look out.
Then fare ye well, ye Sophomore Class,
Here's hoping that ye'll surely pass
To the great and greater glories
Of the Senior lad and lass.

SOPHOMORE CLASS



Wanita
Burrows

Walter
Madden

Ruth
Wallace

Frank
Ernest

Evelyn
Broadbent

Ben
Hall

Helen
Hickman

Florence
Robinson

Mary
Peters

Seymour
Current

Louise
Oaks

Wilbur
Martin

Hazel
Winters

THE GOLDEN '13

FRESHMAN CLASS

President—GRACE HALL.

Sec'y-Treas.—JOSEPHINE HARDESTY

COLORS—Orange and Brown

The Freshman Class is very rich,
For it contains one Bone;
And strong and sturdy are its Oaks,
Which it has, more than one.
Its Jasper is of wondrous price,
Its Pearl of beauty rare;
And of all its other treasures,
I hereby now do swear
That Grace is quite the brightest,
A student none such other.
But Gladys M. is with her
When she's not out with her brother.
For mischief it is hard to tell
Which one is quite the worst—
Of Charley, John or Strahorn,
I can't tell who comes first.
The timid girl is Bessie,
And very shy is she;
The giggly girl is Jo,
With always a tee-hee;
For talking Ethel quite outshines,
Wee Gladys right behind her;
And black-eyed Ethel is quite fierce,
But no one seems to mind her.
The flower of the class
Is Clyde, without a doubt;
And Gene will surely tease you
If you aren't looking out.
And what's the matter with poor Dwight,
That he is so tormented?
He takes his own part very well,
Or it would be much lamented.
Alma's noted for her size,
And Gene he is so tall;
But Glen, well I must say,
Is the whitest of them all.

FRESHMAN CLASS



Pearl Oaks Dwight Harris Gladys McMaims Eugene Peyton John Farlee
Ethel O'Connor Chas. Hefly Ethel McElroy Geo. Bone
Grace Hall Jasper Peters Josephine Hardesty Guy Strayhorn Alma Philbrook

THE GOLDEN '13

EIGHTH GRADE



Margaret Babb	Alice Madden	Walter Richards	Pauline Akers	Charley Broyles	Florence Eaton	Scott Spencer	Vera Price	Edith Rogers
	Mildred Thompson	Clyde Hecox	Maye Hinton	Earl Yount				
	Dorothy Roloff	McKinley Towner	Francis Conkey	Walter Anderson	Hazel Morrison			

EIGHTH GRADE



Margaret Babb	Alice Madden	Walter Richards	Pauline Akers	Charley Broyles	Florence Eaton	Scott Spencer	Vera Price	Edith Rogers
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THE GOLDEN '13



ALUMNI

THE High School Department was added to the school in 1880. In 1884 Belle Anderson completed the work, but not until 1885 was there a class graduated. This was a class of two. Other classes were graduated in succession until 1910, when the course was changed to four years, instead of three, after which they have missed no years.

The first Alumni organization was in 1892, and the reception was held at the home of Joe Thomas. After that they were held every year until 1908, when the members became so scattered that it was discontinued. In these receptions Mr. Bennet was always an honorary member, because of his fourteen years work in the school.

Four negroes have graduated from the High School. Lydia Allen, Mary Morgan, Will Pearson and Walter Smith. Of the 159 members, but six are deceased. Nellie B. Smith, Dollie Humrichouse, Roy Taylor, Mary Wood, Herbert Wright and Lucille Cooper. Also Edwin Cooper, who more than did the work, but took sick a few weeks before graduation, and did not graduate with class. The different members of this Alumni are engaged in almost all classes of business in various parts of the United States and a few in other parts of the world. The Superintendents who have led the members thru the course since 1880 are Geo. R. Shawhan, till December 1881, at which time he was appointed Superintendent of Schools of Champaign County, and Miss Gaines of Champaign completed his course in Homer High.

A Mr. Adams was employed as Superintendent in the fall of 1882, but only taught a few weeks and resigned, and J. Bennet was placed temporarily in charge until a successor to Mr. Adams could be secured. In about six weeks Mrs. Wykoof was secured for the place and taught several terms. Then, Mr. Leachman, A. L. Starr, Jasper Bennet, Geo. E. Long, Sherman Cass, Grant Thornton, H. E. Blaine, S. S. Duhamel, T. A. Gallaher, L. J. Hancock, J. O. Stanberry and W. D. Madden.

THE GOLDEN '13

CLASS OF 1894

Ed Hall

Dove Ashley

Garnet Hartman

CLASS OF 1895

Charles Howard

Carrie Evans

Nellie Gunder

Daisy Morrison

Walter Smith

Jessie Stengle

Alice Havard

Boone Garwood

Mary Tindall

Jay Sieboldt

Frank Barton

Dollie Humrickhouse

CLASS OF 1896

Stella Harden

CLASS OF 1897

Henry Mullen

Gertie Conkey

Roy Taylor

CLASS OF 1898

Daisy McCullough

Josie Smith

William Tudor

Roy Salladay

Ella Thomas

Roy Freeman

Bert Smoot

Beth Shaw

Fred Thompson

Curtis Carter

Ora Akers

CLASS OF 1899

Mary Woody

Carrie Wright

CLASS OF 1900

Lillie Burdick

Nellie Trimble

Sadie Cusick

Ellen Palmer

Effie Swartz

Lawson Jones

Mary Hall

Fred Summers

CLASS OF 1901

Gertrude Mudge

Edgar Thomas

John Witherspoon

Laura Brown

Richel Spencer

Myrtle Witherspoon

Milton Akers

Emma Willis

Zella Radebaugh

Nellie Yeazel

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Roy Taylor

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Laura Brown
Milton Akers

Edgar Thomas
Richel Spencer
Emma Willis
Nellie Yeazel

John Witherspoon
Myrtle Witherspoon
Zella Radebaugh

THE GOLDEN '13

CLASS OF 1902

Gertrude Havard
George Hartman

Ethel Wilson
Carrie Robinson

Ralph Wallace

CLASS OF 1903

Katie Davis
Vilue Rodgers
Goldie Briggs
Guy Briggs
Maude Mantle
Dollie Palmer

Will Oakes
Lucy Glover
Queenie Gray
Ralph Foreman
Martha Nixon
Allen Sickle

Oliver Brown
Eva Conkey
Charles N. Brown
Jennie Thomas
Ada Hall

CLASS OF 1904

Charles Bennett

CLASS OF 1905

Elsie M. Wilson
Helen Wallace

Jennie Seibold
Colonel E. Elliott
Robert Hall

Earle C. Gibson
Herbert Wright

CLASS OF 1906

Edith Lucile Cooper

Gora Belle Spencer

CLASS OF 1907

Howard Hess
Bessie Thompson
Ollie Carter
Bessie Carter

Zella Cotton
Charles Hughes
Roy Hall
Carl Gibson
Burton Wilson

Winifred Stearns
Mallie Davis
James Thompson
Cora Hughes

CLASS OF 1908

Julia Jane Hess

CLASS OF 1909

Warren Orr
Jemima Cecil
Robert Cotton

Mary Carter
John Thompson
Mary Peyton

Gladys Hardesty
Helen Borders
Ethel Towner

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Jemima Cecil
Robert Cotton

Mary Carter
John Thompson
Mary Peyton

Gladys Hardesty
Helen Borders
Ethel Towner

THE GOLDEN '13

CLASS OF 1910

No Class

CLASS OF 1911

Ronald C. O'Neil

Juanita Gibson

Merle Carter

Maurice W. Ocheltree

Helen N. Conkey

Jennie Burroughs

Helen Wilson

Nora V. Spencer

Bonnie Hardesty

CLASS OF 1912

Mary O'Neil

Florence Hodson

Lew Wallace

Henry Rose

Fern Judge

Arthur Roloff

THE GOLDEN '13



THE GOLDEN '13

CLASS PROPHECY

IT was in the Spring of 1933, that I was lecturing through that State on the rights of women. One day while waiting in the Tallahassee Union Depot for my train for Jacksonville, a lady and two children came in. Something familiar about the lady took my attention. She noticing this looked at me, when all at once we each spoke the other's name. It was my old class-mate, Maude. We had not talked more than fifteen minutes when my train came and I left her, promising to write if I heard from any of the other members of my class. And she was married, well I was always sure she would be, for she was a great friend of the boys when we were in school. She was the smiling lassie of our class.

It was weeks later when I was due to lecture in Boise City, Idaho. I had gone to the leading hotel for the night. On entering I noticed above the door the name of L. J. Hays. How well I remember those same initials, L. J. H. Anywhere in the Homer High School I believe you could have seen them.

I wondered if this could be the same person. I entered, and while waiting to register I noticed the initials, L. J. H. written on the clerk's desk. On the stairway I noticed again the initials L. J. H. I was surer than ever that it must be the same, so the next morning I hunted up the proprietor and found him to be the original L. J. H. of the Homer High School. I told him I had met Maude a few weeks before, and he told me that he was in Washington awhile back and had met Lawrence Cecil there. He was a noted lawyer, and still unmarried. Well at last I suppose Lawrence has learned to plead instead of argue. And now he is so busy pleading before the court that he hasn't time to go courting on his own account, or perhaps he hasn't lost his old habit of teasing. Just think, he is running on the Democratic ticket for Congress. Democrats never did win in Congress, but there's no telling what they will do now.

I was surprised at having seen or heard of three of my classmates, wondered what the rest were doing. Later in the summer I was to talk of "Woman's Sphere," before the Chautauqua gathering at Oswego, N. Y. The Chicago Ladies' Quartette furnished the music that day. When the ladies came out and sang, I thought the alto voice sounded familiar, and as I looked at her I recognized Olive O'Neil. How often I had heard that voice at school. After the entertainment I sought her and had a chat with her. Although I had not seen her for twenty years, she was little changed. She was still unmarried and living in Chicago.

Tired from my year's work, I spent the winter in the South, where as usual there were a good many people from Homer. While stopping at Madri de Grass, I happened to pick up a Homer paper, which I glanced through and noticed an article giving a description of a parochial school for girls in Cincinnati. It was conducted by Mr. and Mrs. Ramseyer. Mrs.

THE GOLDEN '13

Ramseyer was formerly Miss Regna McMasters of Homer. Well, I never imagined she liked children well enough to have twenty girls in her charge.

On my return to my home in Denver, I was asked to speak before a company of representative women. There were lawyers, musicians, settlement workers, and artists. I was strangely attracted by a lady artist, and on looking closer, I noticed to my surprise my old friend and classmate, Gertrude. I later spoke to her and she recognized me at once. I went home with her that night and met her children, whom she supported by her painting. Her husband had died several years previously.

When I returned to my own home I sat down and thought of them all. How like, and yet how changed they were, from what they had been when we were together in the Homer High School. And how long ago that has been. I wish we were there now.

GRACE S. BOWEN.

THE CLASS OF 1913

Listen to me and you shall hear
Of a wonderful class with a famous career;
'Twas back in the year nineteen-nine,
That we, the freshmen, came in line,
Desiring to attain a wonderful name,
That would be written in halls of fame;
Numbering close on to twenty-two,
And all were willing to dare and do,
As we into Sophomores grew,
Stronger and broader our vision, too;
Geometry, English and History,
And Cæsar's campaigns so great,
'Twas mystery followed by mystery,
We studied early and late.
On entering our Junior Year,
Our hearts were filled with good cheer;
Altho, I must confess,
Our number had grown less.
We are now passing from our Senior Year,
The grandest epoch of our career.
And never shall we in the years before us,
Fail to esteem our H. S. dear,
Now at the very last 'tis true,
There are but seven in all our classes—

THE GOLDEN '13

Two jolly lads and five merry lasses,
And this poem would not be complete,
Unless each one's talent I repeat.

Lawrence, our class president,
Upon arguments is bent;
He likes to talk of the wonderful plans
He will realize when he becomes a scientific man.

Olive, so bright and witty,
Sings quite pretty;
The color of the raven is her hair,
And her face is very fair.

Maud never wears a frown,
On her face there is always a smile;
Her eyes are blue and her hair is brown,
I know she will do something worth while.

Regna, the tall, flaxen-haired lass,
This year came to our class;
We would listen to her all the day,
If only some readings to us she would say.

The jolliest fellow under the sun
Is Lowell, always in for fun,
Ready for work or play;
But, he would rather read novels any day.

Next on the list is Grace,
With her jolly laughing face;
Her eyes of hazel sparkle brightly,
As she skips along so lightly.

Last, but not least is Gertrude, the artist,
Who paints nature profusely and rare;
She is always busy about her books,
Never having a moment to spare.

As we leave our High School, never fear,
That we'll forget it, or our teachers dear,
For oft in the future of our careers,
We will think back along the fleeting years.

Gertrude Palmer.

THE GOLDEN '13

CLASS WILL

WE, the Senior Class of 1913, do, hereby and hereon, record our last will and testament:

To Mary Roberts, our only little Mary, she of the smiling face, we bequeath the girls' handkerchiefs that have been appropriated during the past year by Lawrence Cecil. Lawrence has had a penchant for taking that useful little article from the girls.

We bequeath Gertrude Palmer's quiet ways and studious manners to John D. Farlee, who surely needs them. With the quiet ways he may be able to sit in his seat instead of roving all over the room. And by her studious habits he may be able to gain back what he has lost in idleness.

We bequeath the easy time that Regna McMasters has had in school this year to our little Bennie Hall. Ben surely deserves an easy time next year if any body does. He has worked hard this year, and proved himself a little giant in basket ball.

To Albert Hardesty we bequeath the seat he has occupied this year. So the first school day next year, Albert, as usual can "go way back and sit down." We hope he will be good then and not tease the girls too much as he has done this year.

To Bessie Richards of the Freshman Class, a quiet and unassuming lass, we will the grit, spunk, determination and dynamics of Olive O'Neil. Olive is a determined person, as you know, and Bessie will probably profit by it. We hope that she will not get mad at little things like Olive did.

To Alma Philbrook, who is a small girl, we will the habit, which Maude Penny has of using a foot stool in the laboratory room. Maude will not be able to take the stool away, since the Professor has forbidden it. So Alra may have it, if she will preserve it as a trophy.

As Evelyn Broadbent wishes to have her desk looking clean and neat next year, we will her habit of leaving books on the desk to Gene Daugherty of the Freshman Class. Evelyn certainly had some bunch of books this past year.

Albert Hardesty has been sitting with the girls often enough this year. So we will this pleasure to Wilbur Martin, who I think will be very happy to this pleasing privelege. Albert is in the height of his glory when sitting with a good-looking girl.

Waneta Burrows' giggle has annoyed Miss Renich, our smiling English teacher, long enough. We will the giggle to Josephine Hardesty, another one of the light haired girls. We think she can control it better than Waneta did.

As Mr. Hickle is not expecting to be in the Homer High School next year, we will his pompadour to Walter Madden, who is just crazy to have one. He has had a small one for some time, but Mr. Hickle's is a better one.

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To Hazel Winters we bequeath the nick-name of "chicken," which Maude Penney has had nearly all year. She is intending to change it, but has not yet announced the substitute. When she does it will be circulated around over town. Please listen and you will hear it sooner or later.

To Gladys Wiggins we will Regna McMaster's by-word, "bla-bla," which has been her favorite method of obtaining the last word in the past year. Gladys is a little backward that way, and it may help her out in more ways than one. So we hope she will profit by it.

After mature contemplation we have decided that it would be to the best interest of the High School to do nothing to mar the idyllic love between Ruth Wallace and Albert Hardesty. He sometimes changes off, but he always goes back to Ruth.

We will the habit which Grace Bowen had, of skipping class, to Hazel Hickman, who has been so faithful this year in attendance. She may use the habit or give it to one of her friends, just as she pleases. It may not prove as bad a habit to Hazel as it did to poor little Grace.

We bequeath the seat occupied by Grace Bowen this year to Mary Peters. Albert Hardesty looks up from his books so much, but next year he will not be able to see quite so well. He can go to sleep during school hours, and the teachers cannot see him. But Albert must not get in too much mischief back of Mary.

We, of the Senior Class, will the Primary habit of keeping the High School pupils after school to the Primary Room, where it belongs. We hope, though, that the teacher will not be as hard on the little folks as they have with us.

As Miss Renich is not expecting to be here next year, we bequeath her pleasant little smile to the one taking her place. That person can be duly notified, so the pupils will like her as they have liked Miss Renich.

All the old chewing gum, which is stuck under the desks, we will to Louise Oakes. She may collect it during vacation and melt it over so that it will be in a good state for next year. She can spend her money for candy. She must be careful, though, not to be caught by the presiding teacher while chewing it.

The frowns of Miss Harrison we will to Ethel McElroy. Ethel has had a smile all year. For that reason the frowns are given to her. We do not think she will use them as much as Miss Harrison did.

Who wishes the big words used by Lawrence Cecil, since no one speaks up we will them to Seymor Current? Lawrence said he was going to quit using them. Theoretically speaking, using Zeke's pet word, he is a joke on big words.

We will Josephine Hardesty to Wilbur. They seem to get along pretty well together and have a good time. We are pretty sure he will accept her and she him.

Since Clyde Rogers has been wearing a certain pair of trousers to school long enough, we take the privilege to will them to Eugene Daugherty. Gene is a little short, but he may be able to lengthen out in them. We heard he was wanting long pants, too.

Oh! yes! We nearly forgot about the good janitor. If Louise Oakes doesn't want the old gum he may have it. The gum might come in quite

THE GOLDEN '13

handy to stop up leaks in the furnace and things of that nature. We wish to help him out all we can, as he is very good natured with everyone.

The Senior girls say they will not use powder and paint after they get out of school. Therefore we bequeath all the powder and paint which they have left over to Ethel O'Connor. She may then have a supply to last her a year, perhaps. She has been using too much lately, and we want her to quit using it so heavily.

The threats which Charley Hefley made of shooting flag-boys, we will to Frank Judge. Altho Frank is not in school he is the only cow-boy around here, and we think they ought to go to some cow-boy. Charley, it is presumed, didn't intend to hurt anybody, he was just intending to scare some one.

We bequeath the oratorical abilities of the entire class to Lillian Roloff, who has a good standing in that direction. Lillian didn't win any honors at Charleston in the spring of 1912, but with our abilities she will, most assuredly, win first place next time she goes down there.

Wilbur Martin once in a while plays little tricks on people, such as putting tacks in the teacher's chair, and the like of that. We believe he is old enough now to cut out such childish things, so we bequeath the pranks to little Happy Clark of the Fourth Room. We hope, tho, that Happy will not get in too much trouble with them.

Grace Bowens tennis shoes we will to Lucy Ellis, that she may save shoe leather in her Senior Year. Grace will have someone to buy her shoes for her some day, but in the meantime, some one please donate her a pair.

As Regna is expecting to teach school next year, we will allow her to teach the fourth grade in the Laboratory room of the High School. She so much wished to teach them this year, but they already had two teachers.

We will Gertrude Palmer's bashful ways around the boys to Louise Oakes. Louise has had too good a time this year. Next year she will have to make up for it by being good.

Olive has a very bad habit of flirting sometimes. Every time she looks at Albert Hardesty she is compelled to wink at him. We think she has carried the habit far enough, so we will the habit to Gladys Wiggins. She may pick out any boy she wants, tho "Red" may still want the honor.

Grace also has the same habit. She said, "I just can't make my eyes behave." Therefore we said, "Get rid of the habit." We will it to Grace Hall, who also has beautiful eyes, which will do to hypnotize, tantalize and mesmerize.

This will being duly drawn up and signed on the twenty-first of May, 1913, by the Senior Class of the Homer High School.

LAWRENCE CECIL, President.
REGNA McMASTERS, Vice-President.
MAUD PENNY, Sec,y and Treasurer,
GERTRUDE PALMER,
GRACE BOWEN,
OLIVE O'NEIL,
LOWELL HAYS.

THE GOLDEN '13

THE FRESHMAN ALPHABET.

Edited by the Seniors and Dedicated to the Eighth Grade.

- A is for Alma, so little and neat,
For laughter she cannot be beat.
B is for Bessie, modest and sedate,
To school she never is late.
C is for Charley, also for Clyde,
Who by exams. often are tried.
D is for Dwight, tall and thin,
In the Freshmen's ranks there's room for him.
E is for two Ethels and Eugene,
Who in their classes are generally seen.
F is for Flunk, the Freshmen's long suit,
The next thing they'll feel is Professor M.'s boot.
G stands for two Gladyses, George, Grace, Gene and Glen,
Who will some day be great women and men.
H is for Holly, so pretty and green,
Which is the way the Freshmen seem.
I stands for the state of Illinois,
Which has many bright girls and boys.
J stands for Jasper, John and Josephine,
Sometimes its hard to tell just what they mean.
L stands for Latin, difficult and strange,
In the Freshmen's brain it covers small range,
M stands for Madden, whose voice they do fear,
If he silently steps in when no other teacher is near.
N is for Nellie so pretty and trim,
And spends most of her time thinking of him.
O is for the Orchard, with its blossoms sweet,
Which soon will be falling about our feet,
P is for Pearl and also for Paul,
They are neither one so very tall.
Q stands for the Questions the Freshmen ask,
To answer them is a difficult task.
R is for Rhetoric, and Miss Renich who teaches it,
She has you recite it as it is writ.
S is for Science, to which they will come,
We hope they will not flunk one by one.
T is for the teachers, often disgusted,
By the Freshmen they have trusted.
U is for you, whom I have neglected,
There's surely more Freshmen than I had expected.
V is for Vanity, held in little esteem,
By the Freshmen class of 1913.
W stands for workers, who are but few,
Just ask the Seniors if this is not true.
X is the symbol for examination,
To the Freshmen it is the day of awful damration.
Y is for Yell, which they have none,
If they had they'd make lots of fun.
Z is for Zenith, the height of each students fame,
'Tis the place that all Freshmen hope some day to attain.

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W^h little know what goes on in a boy's brain, especially a boy like ours. He was given a book and told he must write all his thoughts in it. We never knew where he kept it or when he wrote in it, but we did know, or suspected that he wrote in it. When he was fifteen he went to the World's Fair and on that memorial day we found the diary. It was hidden in a box of mounted bugs, skeletons of cherished pets, the stuffed remains of his pet garter snake, and some rattles of a rattle snake. A very safe place, for prying females would never venture there.

Below is an extract from the book written about the time of his first Patron's Day:

Our teecher says that weer to to have ur Patriarch day. That is a day when our paus and mas cum ter see what bad work weve bene doin. I made ur map thur other day and when I was bout threw I just stuck jim wit a pin what wast on my ruler ter pay him back fur shaken my desk so, and he jumped so he spiled my ink ul over my map then teacher made me stay in ter make a nue one. A feler haster work aful hard fer Patriach day and yer teecher ist aful cros. She said we had a purty celection of stuf ter show our perents, Ter day i made ur cow fer drawin lesin so when i wast bout done i just hapned ter think of thur meet we had fer lunch so i drew a note ter the tale sain that this was ur cow thut wast in noes Ark. Speekin uf that meet ma coked it fer dinner (Liza says lunch) yesterdoy, und it wast so tuf we couldnt eat it so she made soup fer super und it would do then. She coked it fer lunch terday when Lizys bow cum hum from town wit Henay fer diner so ma makes that meet inter chicken crukets or sumthin of that sort. Wink wel he says "tois is sumthin fine" und i says "out tu be by this time." Then Liza says "john Sewart" hnd i says "whut" und Horry scowls ut me und paw says ter leve ther table. Thuts whut boys hafter put up with alus leven ther table ur goin ter bed weille girls never half ter say nothin but cyte things. wel i fergot whut i wast a telin bout fer yer see since i fel off thut step lader tryin ter put up stuf wit pins fer that old teecher i is kinder furgetful. When i grow up und get ter be Steen i um goin ter make a school fer kids wher yer dont havter hav boks and thur teecher lerns yu yer lesen. Wul evirbody wunts ter kno when i is goin ter get this gramer done so i gues il haf ter go ter bed. Yur see Lizzs bows here ter nite. I gues il half ter go ter that doc, this patriarch day is maken me so nurvy. i hup il be beter next time i writ my thuts.

ten oeluck March 2inth

FLORENCE ROBINSON.
EVELYN BROADBENT.



THE PENNANT WINNER.

It was late in October, and it was a very pretty day. That day was to decide who was to win the pennant, for the Cubs and the Giants were to play and both had won the same number of games. There was an enormous crowd there, and each team had some thousand rooters. Lavender was to pitch for the Cubs, and Tesreau for the Giants. O'Lougin and Rigler were to do the umpiring.

The first three innings went very peaceably as there had been only one hit made. Evers was the fortunate one, getting a two base hit, but he died on second as the others were put out quickly. In the fourth Crandall scored for the Giants, and in the fifth Zimmerman scored for the Cubs, score 1 to 1. The sixth, seventh, eighth and ninth went fast and extra innings had to be played to settle the game. In the first half of the tenth the Giants went to bat and Snodgrass singled. Fletcher doubled, and Snodgrass scored. Here Fletcher tried to go to third, but was caught and he and Umpire Rigler got into a quarrel. After arguing for a few minutes, Fletcher was put out of the game, and then the game was again started. Three men were put out in succession and the Cubs went to bat. Miller singled, Zimmerman doubled, and Miller went home. Evers, Goode and Archer struck out, the score then stood 2 to 2.

In the eleventh the Giants got two men on bases. Then Tesreau fanned and Doyle got a base on balls and the bases were full. Then Tesreau fanned and Doyle got a base on balls and the bases were full. Then Myers hit to Evers, who caught his fly on second, and threw third, completing a triple play. The Cubs went to bat now, and Evers singled, then stole second. Miller fanned. Tinker singled and there were two men on bases. Zimmerman had two strikes called on him, then he hit one far over the fence, winning the pennant for the Cubs, who later became world's champions by defeating the pennant winners of the other league.

EUGENE DAUGHERTY '16.



THE GOLDEN '13



THE GOLDEN '13 SOCIETY.

The first social event of the year was a box social given by the Athletic Association at the Opera House. Many of the young ladies, glad to show their cooking abilities, accepted the opportunity—and what dinners the fellows got. A box of chocolates was given to the most popular young lady, which Mary Madden proved to be. The social was broken up at a late hour and all went home with a more brotherly feeling.

A WEENY ROAST

Toward the latter part of October, Misses Renich and Harrison called a meeting of the girls, and a weeny roast was planned. All the girls of the High School, with the two lady teachers, walked to the creek, and on the south bank a little way up creek we found a desirable spot. We began gathering sticks and leaves with which to build a fire. The fire being built, we roasted weenies and made cocoa, which tasted grand after our walk. After the weenies and hot chocolate we toasted marsh-mellows. We also had cakes, bananas, and apples. After our luncheon we played games until it was dark. Then we walked home, planning to have another such good time before school closes.

CHRISTMAS FESTIVAL

At X-mas time the H. S. Faculty gave the members of the H. S. a glorious time. The girls, under the leadership of Misses Renich and Harrison went thru fields and over fences toward the Homer Park, and the boys, led by Mr. Hickle and Prof. Madden, started out in about five minutes after the girls, trying to catch them. After getting back into town we marched down to the school building, where a fine oyster supper awaited us. After the supper we had music and spiels from the faculty and seniors. We presented a Xmas present to each of the High School Faculty.

THE POST EXAM JUBILEE

After the semester exams. were finished we took an afternoon off for a little recreation. We had music by the H. S. and the Victrola. Olive O'Neil played several selections from operas on the piano. Regna McMasters gave us a fine reading which we all appreciated. Then Mr. Hickle entertained us with his readings told in his comical way. The afternoon was a pleasant one and we all enjoyed it.

TRIP TO URBANA.

One Tuesday afternoon in the latter part of April about thirty-five chaperoned by Miss Harrison and Mr. Madden went to Urbana intending to see the military inspection at the university building, the library, the museum, etc. Late in the afternoon we went to Champaign where we passed the time until the band concert given on the university campus, which nearly all of us attended. After the band concert we went back to Champaign and went to the Walker, leaving there in time to catch the car for for home.

SECOND WEENY ROAST

While we were in Champaign the rest of the pupils were at school working, but after school they went to the park with plenty of buns, weenies, butter, cocoa, and marshmellows. They reported having a most glorious time.

JUNIOR-SENIOR RECEPTION,

The Juniors surprised the Seniors by sending them invitations to come to Mary Roberts' house on Friday evening, May 16, where a good time is in store for them all.

THE GOLDEN '13

EDITORIAL.

IN the preparation of this book we kept before ourselves constantly the fact that it will be a monument to ourselves and to others of our school life. We are not trying for anything elaborate, but for that which shall best show forth what we have really accomplished. As this the first attempt at the publication of an Annual by a Senior class of Homer High, we have met problems, which we hope succeeding classes profiting by our experiences, will be able to escape.

We have met with courtesy from all whom we have had dealings, and have received the support of almost everyone. Our photos were taken by our photographer, Chas Warner, who gave us satisfaction in every respect.

The staff of editors was:

Editor-in-Chief—Lawrence Cecil

Business Manager—Lowell Hayes

Class Editor—Regna McMasters

Literary Editor—Gertrude Palmer

Alumni Editor—Grace Bowen

Social Editor—Maude Penny

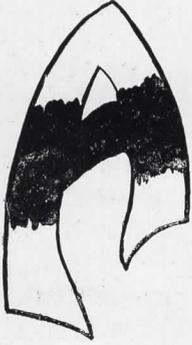
Faculty and Athletics—Lawrence Cecil

Humorous Editor—Olive O'Neil

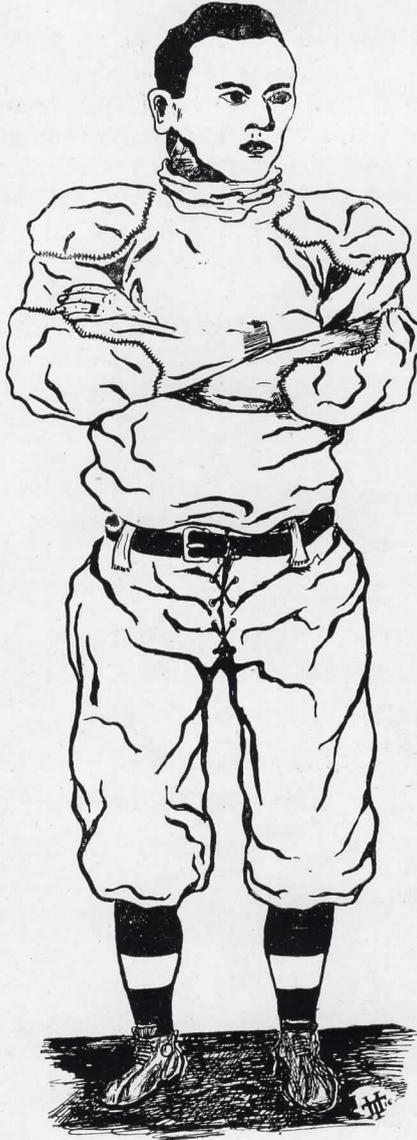
Cartoonists—Gertrude Palmer and

Bennie Hall

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ATHLETICS



THE GOLDEN '13

ATHLETICS.

ATHLETICS in Homer High School are not as important a factor in school life as in some larger schools, yet it could not easily be done away with. Considering the size of the school and the fact that all Athletics must be self supporting, it is safe to say that we have done better than any other school of our size and facilities. At the beginning of the school year an Athletic Association was organized, and preparations made for Basket-ball, the forte of our school. An entrance fee of fifty cents was charged, and with the money thus obtained we laid out grounds for Basket-ball practice. The Association held together thruout the year, and backed the team to the limit. The members of the Association who graduate are considered honorary members. The list of members is:

Glen Hickle
 Albert Hardesty
 Ben Hall
 Chet Pryce
 Glen White
 Walter Madden
 Charles Broyles
 Olive O'Neil
 Louise Oaks
 Gladys Wiggins
 Amanda Renich

Lawrence Cecil
 Lowell Hays
 George Bone
 Clyde Rogers
 Gene Daugherty
 Earl Yount
 Jasper Peters
 Ruth Wallace
 Bernice Harrison
 Grace Hall

Glen Pryce
 Wilbur Martin
 Frank Earnest
 Charles Hefley
 Guy Strahorn
 Gene Peyton
 Walter Richards
 Josephine Hardesty
 Mary Roberts
 Waneta Burrows
 Edith Murphy

HONORARY MEMBERS

Rev. Walter Baker

Prof. W. D. Madden

Mr. E. P. Albee

OFFICERS OF ASSOCIATION

President—Lawrence Cecil
 Mgr. Basket-Ball Team—Albert Hardesty
 Mgr. Base-Ball Team—Albert Hardesty

Secretary—Treasurer—Lowell Hays
 Capt. Basket-Ball Team—Lawrence Cecil
 Capt. Base-Ball Team—Lowell Hays

Coach - G. C. Hickle



COACH HICKLE



E. P. ALBEE

THE GOLDEN '13

FIRST BASKET BALL TEAM

THE season of 1912-13 opened with very discouraging prospects, only two of last year's regulars being on deck. But there was abundance of material, and when Coach Hickie's call for try-outs came the field was filled with eager aspirants for honors. We were successful in securing a game on the High School grounds, so our first game was with St. Joseph High, in the Jurgensmeyer Opera House. Hardesty showed in this game the stellar work which characterized his playing thru the whole season. We met the best teams it was possible for us to schedule games with, because of finances. Our record showed us by far the best High School team in Champaign County, but in the two adjoining counties, Piatt and Vermilion, we were tied with Bement and Rossville respectively; having won one and lost one game to each. Both of these teams are champions of their counties. Out of nine games played, six of which were at home, we won seven. Both games lost were away from home, and with a crippled team. Whenever our team were together they were invincible. During the entire season everyone showed a willingness to take defeat as well as victory, and profit thereby. Altho we played some teams who played a dirty game, yet we tried to play a clean, open game always. Our team was essentially a defensive, and not an offensive, yet we have cause to be proud of our work. With both of our forwards playing guard last year and two new men at guard we were short on basket shooters.

Financially the season was a failure, altho we left some dandy suits to the team next year. It was harder and more expensive than usual to get good teams, but we got them anyway. The season's record:

Homer	33	14	St. Joseph High
Homer	31	05	Thornburn High
Homer	22	14	Fithian Independents
Homer	21	11	Catlin High
Homer	25	10	Rossville High
Homer	47	17	Normal High
Homer	11	40	Rossville
Homer	03	39	Bement
Homer	23	19	Bement

Total Homer points, 222. Opponents, 169.

LINE-UP OF TEAM

Center	Hardesty
Right Forward	Hays Hall
Left Forward	Cecil, Capt.
Right Guard	Earnest
Left Guard	C. Pryce, G. Pryce

THE GOLDEN '13

SECOND BASKET BALL TEAM

WE must all take our hats off to the second team—the team that went thru the season without a single defeat. Altho' at some times it seemed as tho' defeat was inevitable, yet the boys never slacked the pace, and always came out on top. The boys, with the exception of their center, were light but fast. Almost all were new to the game, but before the end of the season all were playing with the assurance of veterans. Their team work was wonderful, enabling them to out-play much older and larger teams. Ben Hall was easily the star of the team, in one game shooting 29 out of 33 points. He was ably seconded by the honorable George Dewey Bone, the center, who weighed about 185 pounds, in contrast to the average weight of the others of 130 pounds. They were also a great financial help to the association, as every game they played added to the association funds. Altho' there were several changes in the line-up during the season, the men were about the same at the close as at the beginning. The season's record:

Homer.....	25	13	Ogden High
Homer.....	34	04	Sidney
Homer.....	22	11	Danville Gym. Second
Homer.....	24	22	Sidney
Homer.....	25	12	Ogden High
Homer.....	31	11	Sidney
Homer.....	33	14	Fithian

Total Homer points, 196. Opponents, 87.

LINE-UP OF TEAM

Center.....	George Bone
Left Forward.....	Ben Hall, Capt.
Right Forward.....	Chas. Hefley, Walter Richards
Left Guard.....	Walter Madden, Wilbur Martin
Right Guard.....	Clyde Rogers, Chet Pryce

THE GOLDEN '13

GIRLS' BASKET BALL TEAM



AND now we hail another undefeated team. In all the five games played there was no doubt as to the winner, the girls taking every game in a clean, sportsman-like manner. It was hard to schedule game, for so many girls' teams were not allowed to play out-of-town teams. The playing of some of the girls was erratic, to say the least, yet they always managed to get the number of their opponents. Under the coaching of Misses Renich and Harrison, the girls learned that most important thing in athletics, never give up no matter what the odds, and take defeat like a man. Of the four games played with out-of-town teams, half were away from home, on the enemy's ground. The winning of these games showed that the ability of the girls to play did not depend on the support of the crowds and familiarity with the hall, as is so often the case.

RECORD OF GAMES

Homer	16	11	Catlin High
Homer	18	14	Homer Indpt.
Homer	24	04	Sidney High
Homer	26	19	Sidney High
Homer	41	00	Bement High

Total Homer points, 125. Opponents, 48.

LINE-UP OF TEAM

Center	Gladys Wiggins, Louise Oaks
Right Forward	Olive O'Neil, Grace Hall
Left Forward	Josephine Hardesty, Capt.
Right Guard	Ruth Wallace
Left Guard	Louise Oaks, Grace Hall, Mary Roberts

THE GOLDEN '13

TENNIS

TENNIS did not play a very prominent part in our athletics, but still we had a couple of men who were willing to enter the tournament at the U. of I. Lowell Hays was entered in the singles, but in the preliminaries he struck a snag in the shape of Holton, of University High, Normal, who defeated him in straight sets; the first, 6 to 0; the second, 6 to 3. Hays would have made a better showing but for his lack of experience. In the doubles, Hays and Hardesty were entered as a team, but did not play as their opponents failed to appear on the scene. They did not take the game by default and enter their finals, as several others did, as they decided that they did not have a chance to win.

BASE BALL

Our base ball team did not have any luck this year, losing the first two games of the season, after which they disbanded. The first game was lost to the St. Joseph Independents, by the score of 17 to 8; and the second to Urbana High by the score of 30 to 5. Both games were characterized by many bone-head plays. Our lack of a coach showed very plainly throughout all our games.

LINE-UP OF TEAM

Catcher	Walter Madden
Pitcher	Albert Hardesty, Mgr.; Walter Richards
1st Base	Chet Pryce
2d Base	Lowell Hays, Capt.
3d Base	Ben Hall
S. S.	Frank Earnest
Left Field	Walter Anderson, Walter Richards
Center Field	George Bone
Right Field	Chas. Hefley

THE GOLDEN '13

SLAMS



THE GOLDEN '13

The measly bunch of the Homer High: Bessie Richards, Glen White, Gladys McMains, George Bone. Measles is what you don't like to have and what hurts you.

The people who live in the uninhabited portions of the earth are mostly cannibals.

Geometry is that branch of math. that deals with angels.

Longfellow was a full-blooded American poet. He wrote the Salmon of Life.

The Pilgrims came to America so that they might persecute their religion in peace,

Electricity is a current of very strong stuff.

Sir Issac Newton invented gravitation out of an apple.

An axiom is a thing that is so even if it isn't so.

F means flunk,

To all who are punk.

"But what care the teachers" you say.

They stand round and smile,

While we mourn all the while,

And we know that each dog has his day.

"What is a pious man, John?"

"A man full of pie."

"Where were you born, Wilbur?"

"I was born in Indiana."

"What part?"

"Why, all of me, of course."

Girls hate gum least worst,

Urchins hate gums less worse,

Mr. Madden hates gum most worst.

IMPOSSIBLE

On being stopped suddenly by Mr. Hall on account of not tooting the broken horn of her machine, Gladys nervously exclaimed:—"How can I toot the toot-toot when I have no toot-toot to toot-toot.

DON'T USE BIG WORDS

In promulgating your esoteric cogitations or articulating superficial sentimentalities and amicable, philosophical, or psychological observations, beware of platitudinous ponderosity.

Miss R—"Can you answer the third question, Guy?"

Guy—"No, ma'am."

Miss R—"Well what is your head for, anyway?"

Guy—"I guess it is to keep my collar on."

THE GOLDEN '13

IMPOSSIBILITIES

Theoretically speaking, for Lawrence Cecil to stop using immense words.
For John Farlee to sit in the same seat for two seconds.
For Waneta Burroughs to cease her never ceasing giggling. She giggles
a girlish, gurgling, giggle.
For the Sophomores to keep from soaring into high flown poetry.
For George Dewey Bone to quit grinning at Helen Hickman.
For W. D. M. to be off the blackboards.
For G. C. Hickle to keep out of the South end of town.

See Sophomores for broad vocabulary and fine rhyme scheme, in poetry
such as:—

Hannibal is both rash and conservative,
And when in battle found,
Got shot in the neck with a bayonet,
And fell to the battle ground.

Mr. Madden—"What is a taxidermist, Lucy?"
Lucy Ellis—"A man who collects taxes."

Mr. Hickle—Now before giving the principal parts of the word smile in
Latin, you may give them in English.
Gene P.—Smile, grin, laugh.

Miss Renich—"What does bbl. stand for, Ben."
Ben Hall—"Baseball League, of course."

When election was running high Walter said:—My father ain't a Dem-
ocrat or he ain't a Republican."

"What in thunder is he then," said Walter.

"He's a Reprobate," Walter replied haughtily, meaning of course, a
Progressive.

Regna—"O! Olive. You know on the night of the operetta when we had
so much paint on?"

Olive—"Yes. How did you get it off?"

Regna—"Why, when Bennie went home there was scarcely any on."

Girls have to study lots to learn, because they haven't the amount of
brains a boy has.

WALTER MADDEN.

Miss Renich—"How is a farmer judged."
Ruth W.—"By the weeds he cuts down."

THE GOLDEN '13

SAND

Now Glen Pryce from the country came,
A country Freshman raw,
But with all the grit of his country name,
He'd not enough sand in his craw.

He wrestled with Latin and struggled with math,
And Renich's metrical law;
And Madden's fierce grip laid him flat on his back,
For he hadn't the sand in his craw.

A maiden came singing and dancing by,
And smiled 'neath her hat of straw;
"Be mine," he cried, — "No, No," her reply,
"You've not enough sand in your craw."

Now raging he ran to the sandy shore.
And cried with a wild hurrah.
"I'll swallow a bushell of silex or more,
I'll put enough sand in my craw."

He swallowed it up and he swallowed it down,
He crammed to the fill of his maw.
A bushel of silex, the coroner found,
'Twas too much sand in his craw.

"EVERYBODY"

Everybody says this, or everybody says that, and everybody does just as everybody says. Everybody thinks he knows everybody's business and in this everybody is fooled. Everybody wants everybody's money and everybody plans to outwit everybody along these lines. These observations may be taken as truth, — they are truth, — everybody says so. Everybody knows it too.

HELEN HICKMAN.

NOT SINGULAR AT ALL.

Mr. Hickle— "Gladys, what is the plural of forget-me-not?"
Gladys M.— "Forget-us-not."

SLIGHTLY MIXED.

Chap about to wed was nervous,
To the young best man he cried,
'Tell me is it kisstomary,
For the groom to cuss the bride.

Bessie Richards came sobbing into class, and on being asked what was the matter, she replied, "Our pickles are getting so lonesome since the vinegar lost it's mother, that it makes me sad."

Grace H. — "Say that suit of Dwight's isn't quite a fit."
Charley H. — "No, its more like a convulsion."

THE GOLDEN '13

DAFFODILS

If Florence Robinson is Evelyn Broadbent?
Since Louise sang off pitch has Mae Custer?
If Hazel Winters was fat would Ruth Wallace?
If Charley Hefley is silly is Frank Earnest?
If Hazel Hickman fell off a cliff, would Lillian Roloff?
If mules are donkeys are Waneta Borroughs?
If plates have many cracks has Amanda Re-nichs?
If Gene Daugherty's head is made of ivory is George Bone?
If Dwight Harris is a Freshman will Lowell Hays.
If Glen White has the measles is Lawrence Cecil?
If a dollar is a big piece of money is Maude Penny?
If Gladys Wiggins bows in prayer, does Olive O'Neil?
If buggies are vehicles, are Albert Riggs?
If Albert H. is "red," is Glen White?
If Professor Madden has brass has Wilbur Martin?

The Freshman stood on the burning deck,
Which all but him did spurn,
But the flames they touched him not at all,
For he was too green to burn.

SUCH A WISENESS

Miss Harrison—What are the planetary winds, John?
John F.—They are the winds from the planets.

BADLY DEFORMED

Teacher—Where is the coecum, Josephine?
Joe H.—It is situated in the small cavity behind the ear.

Guy Strahorn—What is a polygon?

Mr. Madden—A polygon is a plane figure having many sides and angles.

Guy—Naw, a dead parrot. Haw! haw!

Mr. Hickle—What are the grub worms?

Gene D.—Something to eat, I spose.

Pearle Oaks—I say, do icebergs that float south in the summer go back north in the winter?

Miss Renich—No, their actions are not at all like the migration of birds.

THE GOLDEN '13

REALISTIC MAPS

John—Say, Peany, I believe you'd better put that old swimming hole in your map of Salt Fork.

Eugene D.—I know I should bust with mirth if I did, for Miss Renich would sure make a high dive.

SOME UNUSUAL SPELLINGS

I seen three Robins on vehickles clime,
And in cerves they road around ;
But the fowels all at wunce, in a sekund of time,
Stoped shoart and fel too the groand.

POPULAR SONGS

He's so Good to Me	Grace Bowen
Just a Little Smile	Maud Penny
A Little Bit of Everything	Eugene Daugherty
I Love an Irish Band on St. Patricks	Olive O'Neil
I Love, Love	Albert Hardesty
Snooky Ookims	Florence Robinson
Three's a Crowd	Albert, Ruth and Mary Roberts
Contrary Mary	Mary Peters
Gentlemen of the Highway	Peyton, Strahorn and Peters
Demure Little Maids	Lucy, Gertrude and Bessie
One in a Million Like You	Regina McMasters

Was it a fire? was it an explosion? was it an earthquake? was it a run-away?

No, only Lawrence Cecil singing a solo.

What and where are belted costal plains, Clyde?

Clyde R. —A belted coastal plain is belted and found near the belt.

Ethel M. —A base level is the ground is level with the base of ground.

A boil in the kettle is worth two on the neck.—Shakespeare.

Having lost the place in Dante, Miss Renich asked, "Where in hell are we?"

The Cuff—Wilt thou?

The Collar—I wilt.

THE GOLDEN '13

SHOCKING

English Student—Miss Renich, I'm off of this bum rot to-day; it sure is bughousey, for it bumfoozled me, some powerful. It gets my goat to try to learn this stuff, and it gives me a pain.

Miss R.—Well, you are most exasperating indeed, but if it gives you such excruciating pain, I will give shorter lessons.

Miss Renich—What are Juvenile Courts, Mary?

Mary Roberts, hesitating—Er—why, I think it is where they keep the incurable insane.

A DISGRACEFUL CONFESSION

To think that the Homer High School should hire such a teacher.

Miss Renich—Now, class, I was in the Cook County Poor Farm for two weeks.

“What animal makes the nearest approach to man?” said W. D. M.

“The flea,” timidly ventured Lucy.

Lowell—Say, Zeke, what on earth have you got your trousers turned back side foremost for?

Lawrence—Sh!—Don't talk so loud. I'm invited to the Junior-Senior reception, and I'm getting the bulge out of the knees.

One day Olive O'Neil came to school with such dirty hands that Miss Renich sent her home to wash. The next day Miss Renich received the following note: “Olive ain't no rose; don't smell her, learn her.”—Mrs. C. H. O'Neil.

BIG GAME

“He loves me, he loves me not, he loves me—,” mused the lady elephant, as she wandered across the desert pulling up the palm trees.

SUCH A LIKENESS

Mr. Hickle—Are you going to grade those papers before you whip that poor Freshman?

Mr. Madden—Yes, indeed! Business before pleasure, you know.

Guy Strahorn (in physiology class)—I have an idea.

Miss Harrison—Thank God!

THE GOLDEN '13

CONSCIENCE STRICKEN PUPIL

If you stand upon the stair,
And you say you do not care,
 When the Prof. appears and says to move along;
Don't you feel a little queer,
Since his voice is just so near,
 When you know that all the time you're doing wrong?

If you boys sit down with girls,
And begin to pull their curls,
 When Miss Renich comes and says to move along;
Don't you feel a little queer,
Since her voice is just so near,
 When you know that all the time you're doing wrong?

We've so many rules and laws,
That it seems without some flaws,
 We could run the school just fine thru all the year;
But we violate all we can,
As kids have since time began,
 'Tho' of course, at times we feel a little queer.

—O. J. O.

I'd rather be a carrot than any flower that grows. —Albert H.

Just as I am without one she. —Prof. Hickle.

A Roman nose shouldn't roam into every one's business.

Scott Spencer—Say, Mr. Mullen, did you hear about that new lock in the school house?

Mr. Mullen—No. What about it?

Scott—It has a catch to it.

FRESHMAN FATE

If an S and an I and an O and a U,
And an X at the end spell Su;
And an E and a Y and an E spell I;
Pray, what is a Freshman to do?
Then, if also an S and an I and a G,
And a H E D spell cide;
There is nothing left for a Freshman to do,
But to go commit Souix-eye-cide.

THE GOLDEN '13

HIGH SCHOOL ALPHABET

A is for Alma, a sweet little girl;
Ben is noted for balls he can twirl;
C is for Charley, a cartoonist, you know;
D is for Dwight, like a girl he does throw;
E is for Evelyne, who always is late;
F is for Frank, whom, as a guard, we don't hate;
G is for Gertrude, whose drawings are fine;
Hazel's voice is worth a gold mine;
I is for imp, for whom we don't care;
J is for Johny, a wiggly affair;
K is for Keith, part of Cecil's name;
L is for Lowell, Oh! ain't it a shame?
M is for Mary, and she is so gross;
N is for Nellie, and ach das ist los;
O is for Olive, who tickles the keys;
P is for Pearl, who appears at her ease;
Q is for quickness, of which there is none;
R is for Regna, a regular pun;
S is for Simp, of which Gladys is such;
T is for tardy, of which there is much;
U is for U know, and so won't tell;
V for Victrola, which suits so well;
W's for Waneta, a giggly gink;
X for examination, damnation, we think;
Y is for Yens, Mr. Mullen's the cuss;
Z is for Zeno, the gum chewed by us.

PERTINENT QUESTIONS

Did any one ever see John Farlee work?
Does Red Hardesty love the girls?
Could Ruth walk home without Red?
If Wilbur goes away this summer, will Ben get Joe?
Who put the tack on the teacher's chair?
Was Evelyne Broadbent's desk ever clean?
Is George Dewey bashful?
Why did Grace B. quit wearing her tennis shoes so quickly?
Does Gladys M. love Dwight?
Imagine Jo without a Wilbur.

Hefley--I'm mad enough to eat you.

Cecil--Go to it, you'll have more brains in your stomach than in your head.

THE GOLDEN '13

A FOOT BALL SONG.

They talk of joy in fight,
'Mid whistling shot and shell;
They rhyme of bliss in love's sweet kiss,
A bliss that none can tell;
For ages they've been liting
The praise of ruby wine—
All joys most rare, but none compare
With tackling 'hind the line.

Give me the foot ball battle,
The captain's signal call,
The rush that fills the heart with thrills,
The line that's like a wall;
Give me the hard-fought scrimmage,
The joy almost divine,
When like a rock we stand the shock,
And tackle 'hind the line.

The muse has long been singing
The joy the half-back feels,
When like a flash he makes a dash,
And shows the bunch his heels,
His joy may be ecstatic,
It can't be more than mine,
When with a smile amid the pile,
I tackle 'hind the line.

To smash the interference
Fills me with heart-felt glee;
To make a lunge and stop a plunge
Is more than gold to me;
In running with the pig-skin,
I ne'er was known to shine,
But I can hew my way clear through,
And tackle 'hind the line.

There may be joys in heaven,
More tender and more tame,
But I don't care to go up there
Unless they play the game;
There's gridirons down in Hades,
But even there I'd pine,
To be once more on this fair shore
To tackle 'hind the line.

D. H. S. Medley, 1912.

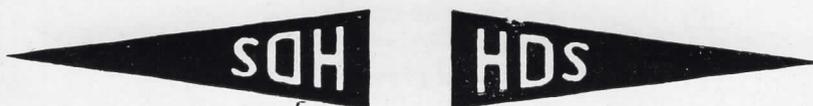
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Fat Ellis—(Can't take hint). Why does he always turn North on Sunday nights. (And John Farlee, too.)

Deward Penny—Say, Maud! What position did Red Hardesty play in the ball game today?

Maud Penny—Er—I think he was one of the batters.

WHEN THE PROF. SCORED

"I have found a good way to catch rabbit," said Lawrence, the wise-head of the Senior Class.

"Let us have it," said Mr. Madden.

"Crouch down behind a stone wall and make a noise like a turnip," chuckled Lawrence.

"A better way than that," came Madden's quick retort, "would be for you to go and sit in a bed of cabbage heads and look natural."

After drawing Botanic specimens of corn and beans for a week, Seymour Current suddenly remarked, "I'm gosh-darned tired of this succotash every day in the week. It's worse than boarding-house hash.

I WOULD RATHER BE A BOY

Girls can't holler or run like boys because their diagrams are squeezed too much. If I wuz a girl, I'd ruther be a boy so I could run and holler and have a great big diagram,

WILBUR MARTIN.

Miss Harrison—What is carbonicide?

Albert H.H.—It's stuff they make that's poisener than mad dogs.

A wooden legged man got drunk the other night and while going home he got his leg caught in a knot-hole in the walk and walked around it all night. Oh! Dear! Accidents will happen.

Maude was singing sweetly to Lowell one night. and turning coyly to him, she asked, "What would you give for a voice like mine, Lowell."

Lowell—"Chloroform."

THE GOLDEN '13

THE DEAN'S MASTERPIECE

or

THE WONDERFUL NO-HOSS SHAY

A Mathematical Story

Have you heard of the wonderful no-hoss shay,
That was built in such a mathematical way;
It stood two whole years to a day,
Then of a sudden, it—ah, but stay,
I'll tell you what happened without delay,
Scaring the girls out of their wits,
Frightening us boys into fits,
Have you ever heard of that, I say?

In the year of nineteen hundred ten,
Since, some have gone that were here, then,
Were not all here of the original men.
That was the year, when with sheepish smile,
Seniors left book-keeping to go and while
In play the useful hours away,
Then the Dean finished his no-hoss shay.

Perpetual motion machines, I tell you what,
Always have some where a weakest spot,
In hub, tire, felloe, in spring or thill,
In panel or crossbar, or floor or sill,
In screw, bolt, someplace, lurking still,
Find it someplace you must and will,
Above or below, within or without,
And that's the reason, beyond a doubt,
The machine runs down, but never wears out.

But the Dean affirmed (they never swear)
That on that spot, right then and there,
He would build a shay that would beat the world
In speed, as round the globe it whirled,
Faster than earth on its axis twirled,
It should be the pride of the kentry round,
For it would be so built that it wouldn't run down.
"Fur," said the Dean, "easy's falling off a log
That the weakest place must stand the jog
And the way to fix it is only jest
T' make that place as strong as the rest."

So Dean got his little old calculus book,
Searched fore and aft in every nook
Never missed nothing with his piercin' look,
Magneto, transmission, guide-wheel, carburetor,
Cylinders, spark-plugs, tanks and radiator,
Gears, valves, clutch, batteries, gas tank,
Down to wind-shield, horn and starting crank,
And besides all these a pair of wings
To carry it ouer seas and such things,
For in perpetual motion it must circle the sphere,
For time and eternity, year after year.

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HOMER, ILLINOIS

All steel of the finest, bright and blue,
That was the way he "put her thru."
He figgered and figgered— then looked roun'—
"There," says the Dean, "she'll never run down,"
It's the same all thru, and everything in it,
Approaches infinity as its limit.
It'll beat all the rest of the touring cars
And with a good man in it might reach to Mars,
Chance for a break? Not the slightest clue,
"There," said the Dean, "now she'll due."

Do! I tell you, I rather guess
It was a wonder and nothing less!
Freshmen grow beards, Seniors grow gray,
Dean and Prexy may pass away,
Preps and Conservatorians so may they,
But we'll never forget the wonderful no-hoss shay.
1911 came and found
The Dean's masterpiece strong and sound,
The wheels were on but she wouldn't go round.

1912 does now arrive
But she won't start yet, how e'er he strive—
No trace of age in the no-hoss shay,
Just a general flavor of mild delay.
No reflection on Dean's mathematical art,
For the "perpet" was good in every part
And would probably run if it only would start.

1913—one December day,
Dean thinks he'll start his little old dray;
Now, small boys, get out of the way
For the wonderful ninety-hoss, no-hoss shay
"Huddup," said the Dean. "now let us pray!"
The Dean was counting on standing still,
But something happened just like a spill;
First a shiver, and then a thrill,
And then a leap, and then a bound—
When the Dean got up and looked around
Nary a trace of it could be found.
Of course, you'll see, if you're not a dunce,
How the blamed thing started all at once.
What became of it? It was built so fine that everything in it,
Approached infinity as its limit.
It was slow to start, and slow to stop,
And because of the wings it couldn't drop,
It was part of its nature, you plainly see,
So it hit the trail for infinity.

End of the wonderful no-hoss shay—
Mathematics is figgers, thats all I say.

THE GOLDEN '13

J. H. SMITH
 Pharmacist and Perfumer
 HOMER, ILLINOIS

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WAUGH & HAYS
 HOMER, ILL.

THEIR OCCUPATIONS

John Farlee	Contortionist
Ethel O'Connor	Manicurist
Pearl Oaks	Book Agent
Gladys Wiggins	Married
Gladys McMains	Hair Dresser
Bessie Richards	Farmer's Wife
Eugene Daugherty	General Flunky
Eugene Peyton	Living Skeleton
Guy Strahorn	Sailor Boy
Glen White	Farmur
Jasper Peters	Chauffeur
Charley Hefley	Cow Boy
George Bone Dewey	President
Dwight Harris	Pawn Shop
Ethel McElroy	School Marm
Clyde Rogers	Mechanic
Alma Philbrook	Death
Josephine Hardesty	Wherever Wilbur is
Grace Hall	Trained Nurse
Paul Oaks	Bum
Walter Madden	No one knows
Ben Hall	Preacher
Frank Earnest	Farmer
Ruth Wallace	With Albert
Evelyn Broadbent	Ticket Seller
Waneta Burrows	Parochial School
Louise Oaks	At Normal with Bobbie
Seymour Current	Soldier
Mary Peters	On the farm with Doris
Helen Hickman	Salvation Army
Florence Robinson	Artist's Model
Mary Roberts	Friend Wife
Hazel Hickman	Old Maid
Lillian Roloff	Orator
Lucy Ellis	Married
Albert Hardesty	Professional love-letter writer
Lawrence Cecil	Electrical Engineer
Lowell Hays	Same
Maud Penny	School Marm
Olive O'Neil	Xadtippe
Grace Bowen	Cooking for Rudy
Gertrude Palmer	Artist
Regna McMasters	School marm

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THE GOLDEN '13

Earnest—I can prove to you that Grace Hall loves you.

Madden—Alright, lets see you do it.

Earnest—Given: You love Grace.

To prove—Grace love you.

Proof—All the world loves a lover. (Shakespeare)

Grace is all the world to you (evident).

Grace—the world.

You are the lover.

Grace loves you.

Welter M—Oh, you Gracie!

Last winter a couple of boys went out to Pryces to see Chet. Chet was not in the house, but his little brother said: "He's down to the other end of the field feeding the hogs. You'll know him, he's got a hat on."

Ruth W. (after trip to the University)—Oh, Mr. Madden, saw such a funny old fossil in the museum to-day. I thot of you at once.

Miss Harrison—What is the spine, Eugene?

Gene P.—The spine is a long bone reaching from the skull to the heels. It has a hinge in the middle, so you can sit down, otherwise you would have to sit standing.

Lowell H.—What are you doing?

Olive O.—Nothing.

Lowell—Please let me help you.

Mary R.—One time a boy tried to kiss me.

Ruth W.—Say, Lawrence, the doctor said my illness was due to over-work.

Lawrence C.—I heard him ask you to let him see your tongue.

19 in one inning. Oh, you Red!

THINGS SOMETIMES HEARD

Mr. Hickle—Hey, Zeke, 39 cents, please.

Mr. Madden—Close your books.

Lowell H.—Your right about it.

Lawrence C.—Theoretically speaking—.

Evelyne B.—Aw-w, you quit.

THE GOLDEN '13

BENEDICTION

And now may success attend us all
as we go out into the cold, cruel world.
Amen.