



In Memoriam

Winifred R. Sewers

March 17, 1917

Chigall Robinson

To
Sidney J. Rose
in recognition of his
fair dealing, integrity and helpfulness
during our Senior year
we dedicate this, our
first edition of The Bumble-Bee

Faculty of Saugatuck High School



MISS MARGARET PETERTYL

She will outstrip all praise
And make it halt behind her.



MR. SIDNEY J. ROSE

And oft, when in my ear was heard
Thy timely mandate, I deferred
The task, in smoother walks to stray.



MISS RUTH TUBBS

Her mind adorned with virtues manifold.



NUMBER ONE

SAUGATUCK, MICH., JUNE, 1918

Saugatuck High School, Class of 1918

Class Colors

Black and Gold

Class Motto

B²

Class Flower

Sweet Pea

Class Officers

DONALD FALCONER, President

MADELINE SCALES, V. P. and Treasurer

MARGUERITE HEINEN, Secretary

Bumble-Bee Staff

WRIGHT LYBARKER, Editor

IRENE ROBINSON, Associate Editor

MARGARET SCALES, Associate Editor

LEAH DURHAM, Business Manager



The Bumble-Bee Buzzes

We, of the staff, have enjoyed compiling this year book and have worked to the best of our ability and feel that we have had the support of the majority of the student body. We think that a year book increases the school spirit and gives every one an opportunity to show his ability along different lines. On account of the high cost of paper and other material at this time we are unable to put out everything as we had planned.

We wish to take this opportunity to thank the faculty and those of the student body who have contributed articles for "The Bumble-Bee." We also wish to thank those who have advertised in our annual and advise you to patronize them.

We sincerely hope that "The Bumble-Bee" will be continued in the future and be a "booster" for S. H. S.

Class of 1918

EVA AZLING

She has two eyes, so soft and brown,
Take care!

She gives a side glance and looks down,
Beware! Beware!



FRANCES COMEY

Such an air the creature has
And such a pretty face.

Camp Fire.



LEAH DURHAM

Maiden, with the meek brown eyes
In whose orbes a shadow lyes
Like the dusk in evening skyes.



LEONARD DURHAM

Strong, simple, silent.



GRACIA EATON

Let gentleness your strong enforcement be.

DONALD FALCONER

High thoughts and amiable words,
And courtliness, and desire of fame,
And love of truth, and all that makes a man.

Class President

MARGUERITE HEINEN

Beauty and worth in her alike we find,
To charm the fancy and to stay the mind.

Class Secretary

WRIGHT LYBARKER

He knows and knows full well,
But the reasons why he cannot tell.

Editor





CLAUDE McDONALD

In glorious abandon his brown hair wanders
back
From the grand Websterian forehead
Of little Mack.



IRENE ROBINSON

How pert that girl was!
Camp Fire, Assistant Editor



MADELINE SCALES

And on her lips there played a smile
As holy, meek and faint,
As lights in some cathedral aisle.
Camp Fire



MARGARET SCALES

Something rare, let me instruct you, is this
Camp Fire

LUCILE TODD

Unspoken homilies of peace
Her daily life is preaching;
The still refreshment of the dew
Is her unconscious teaching.



Salutatory

MARGARET SCALES

Teachers and Friends: The class of 1918 greets you. It is indeed a pleasure, and one to which we have long looked forward, to welcome you here. You have done much to encourage us, and it is by your sympathetic co-operation that we have been able to accomplish what we have.

And now, mothers and fathers, she has come to the bridge where youth passeth into manhood and womanhood, this gay, sweet girl of yours. And midst that buoyant, happy throng, with firm, unfaltering step, heeding not the broken pail or the rocky depths of the chasm below, fearless and confident, with eyes gazing steadily on the future, she marches on unto the end. And there Life, laying her hand on her shoulder, bids her stop and choose the path by which she shall journey. And in the shadowy dusk of evening she pauses and ponders. On the soft, cool air is borne the sleepy hum of springtime's myriad throated choir. Over the strong young body there steals a drowsy languor. The eyelids close; the soft, warm breath comes regularly from her parted lips, and youth's sweet dreamland claims her for its own.

Now before her stretches the world. From the capitol at Washington there rises a mighty shout of exaltation which echoes from city to city and from village to village. Her heart catches the echo, the call of her kind, and loud her voice is raised in the glad triumphant song, for woman has come at last to her own. Now at last she is free—free from the ceaseless round of petty duties; no longer must she in patient humbleness sweep the hearthstone and polish the kettle; the yoke has fallen from her neck and she is free to match her intellect with the intellect of the world; free to strive, to conquer, to achieve.

Ah! now she would scale the heights and soar in the clouds of fame; now must the world grant her recognition—yea, and even bow before her power. And, her very nerves tingling with the thought of the strife, she rushes forth amid the throng. Swiftly she moves, scorning the mute appeal of that grasping, eager crowd, their faces made wan and pinched by the hand of poverty and suffering. Ah, ignorance, it is in vain that you beseech her, for she heedeth you not. Blinded are her eyes by the splendor of glory's sun as it riseth on the horizon of the future. Higher and yet

higher she climbs on the ladder of success until all the multitude must needs pause and marvel, and a few, not so far below her, gaze in admiration. Yet in the faces of all there is a gleam of jealous envy, for has she not spurned their call?

And now her hair is silver white; gone is the bloom from her cheeks and the song from her heart. Often has the cup of renown been lifted to her lips; often has she drunk deep of the wine of fame until her head reeled and her heart grew mad with the joy of conquest. But now, as she again raises it to her lips, it suddenly grows bitter, for in it is no sweetness of love or human fellowship. There rises to her ear a shout of applause. But as she listens her heart grows sick, for in it she finds no golden note of true appreciation, but only the brassy blare of flattery. Oh, woman, dearly hast thou bought thy success! The sweetness of friendship and the divine blessedness of human sympathy, the joy of service, have been flung to the winds. Thou hast scorned to mix thy prayers, thy hopes and thy tears with those of the multitude, until now thy warm red blood is frozen in thy veins and thy heart is galled by the bitterness of a silent, lonely grief.

Again she turns and looks out over the vast throng. Vainly she searches in that sea of upturned faces for one which looks upon her with kindness and sympathy. Closely she scans them over and over. Now for the first time she sees the lines of suffering and of anguish; the toil-worn look of the weary laborer, scourged on by the iron hand of necessity; the grasping, hungry eyes of the poor, their souls stunted and made barren by ignorance and poverty; the dark gloom of despair on the face of the criminal, merged deep in degradation, an outcast from man and God. And her heart is bowed in grief and humbleness, and her very soul quivers with an exquisite desire to lift them up. She flings far the cup of fame, casts off her rich robes, and goes down to them. And as she walks among them, teaching them, caring for the sick and giving solace to those in sorrow, a great peace steals over her, and in her heart she hears the voice of the Master as he says, "For the Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister."

And now we go forth to choose. We see the world torn with shot and shell, maimed and bleeding, and peaceful firesides made desolate by the hand of war; and on the battle field hate is in the breast of man, that he may better discharge the duty of the soldier. The very earth groans with suffering, sorrow, and sin. Oh, let us remember the sweetness of mercy and the beauty of sacrifice.

Oh World, Oh Life, we about to choose salute you.



FACTS FROM AN ANCIENT HISTORY PAPER.

(a) The old stone age. The real early people discovered this under the soil. It was thought to come from another generation. They made tools out of this. The new stone age had more of a edge to it than the old stone age. The bronze age was still better for weapons than the stone, because it made more sharper edges. They made this by mixing tin with the stone. The iron age was helpfull to. It was a substants from the ground for the use of makeing tools.



Art—What is the most nervous thing in the world, next to a girl?
Bob—Me—next to a girl.

President's Address

DONALD FALCONER

I am glad that it is my privilege to speak this evening—glad and proud that I may represent the class of 1918 as it confronts its greater opportunities. I am proud to belong to a class of such exceptional worth, for as this is the one night which is all ours, I shall perhaps be forgiven if I say that we are proud of our record. We may have no precocious Coleridge, but I believe the average of the class to be fine. I might add that you have been a class of hard and independent workers.

As I look back upon the four years I have spent with you, I am almost inclined to believe that my happiest times are slipping away. Those years have indeed been full of joy for me, and I hope they have not been displeasing to you. We started our class history in an unaccredited High School, following a period of unusual depression; but, thanks to the teachers, the pupils, and the co-operation of the School Board and the people of Saugatuck, we have so ended that hereafter we may proudly say, "I graduated from the Saugatuck High School."

In these years I have had exceptional backing in whatever I have wished to do in the class, and I appreciate it. But still, as we review these months; as we see that box social, those sleigh rides and parties, those banquets at which we served, and others in which we shared, and as we turn from them to the possibilities which now await us, it is with a feeling of satisfaction that we have participated in these activities, and that we now leave them to participate in the greater realities of life.

We graduate at a time when each one has his bit to do and his place to fill. If war continues for a few years, we shall want to be in line. If it ends too soon, "Buddies" with maimed bodies will return and every one will have to help. It is, therefore, up to us to become fitted for service just as soon as possible. The reconstruction will be a man's job and we shall have to be there. We must devote ourselves to training which will bring about the most efficient results in the shortest space of time. The girls, too, are called upon to fit themselves for service. Positions of every sort await them. You will be chemists, bankers, preachers, jewelers, brokers, lawyers, doctors; in fact my only fear is that we boys will not be able to get a job. Professions are especially open to girls because there will probably be a lack of young men.

As we pass the most important milestone in our lives thus far, surrounded by unusual conditions, what could be more fitting than that we should be guided by our motto, "B²". To me, "B²" is the essence of success or failure in the life we are now to begin in earnest. Every one knows that if we have a position, we must B² to our employer, but who considers that it is just as essential for us to B² to ourselves and to those whom we influence? To be happy and a success we must B² to every one, even the Kaiser, for if we are not square to him we merely follow his example. Although we chose our motto recently, I believe that it expresses the working ideal of each one throughout his or her High School life. Let us, then, look forward to an efficient and happy life, resolving to B² to ourselves, to humanity and to God.

Class Song

HIGH SCHOOL DAYS

When school days grow shorter and happy hours fade in a golden haze,
Then fancy returns to the times that were brightest in High School days.

School was not all leisure
Still it was a pleasure, so sing its praise
Our Saugatuck High
Our school days gone by,
Back in the High School days.

Chorus

Mem'ries of High School days
Far in the golden haze, memory dwells with you,
To you we're ever true.

Here's to our schoolmates dear,
Friends we feel ever near;
This is our song to you,
Friends of our High School days.

The friends we remember were always so jolly in High School days
Our teachers we counted in all of our pleasures—our "pals" always;

Though we now must leave you
We still will believe you our friends so true,
And when we recall
These days best of all
We will remember you.



Class Prophecy

IRENE ROBINSON

It seemed as though I had been waiting in that stuffy moving picture theater at least an hour for the show to commence. It was rather hot, and that made me feel sleepy. But suddenly I awoke with a start to find that the pictures had begun. They showed a rather uninteresting scene of a group of small children in a kindergarten. My interest was aroused soon, however, and I was not a little astonished to recognize in the kindergarten teacher a former schoolmate. He seemed to be showing the children a game with motions, and at last it dawned upon me that he was teaching them a recitation he gave when in High School, year ago—"Here's a ball for baby." I was quite certain it was Wright Lybarker.

The scene changed and showed a portion of a moving picture studio. A big play was being staged and people were bustling about setting up scenery. Soon the camera-man began to crank, and as order was restored out of chaos I had opportunity to observe the actors. Again astonishment nearly overcame me, for I beheld in the charming actress before me the person of Miss Leah Durham, a veritable "Mary Pickford" the Second.

Before I had a chance for a second look the scene changed. I beheld a long street procession of women carrying banners and sign mottoes. The procession stopped, and one member mounted a platform and begun to

gesticulate frantically, addressing the assembly. Imagine my amazement when I thought I recognized Lucile Todd as the suffragette. I did not believe it, and I do not yet.

But to be sure that I had seen aright, I looked again. Gone was the street parade and banners, and in their place I saw a charming farmyard scene. A slight figure, wearing a sunbonnet on her head so that I did not see her face, stood in the midst of a flock of white chickens, scattering corn. She looked up, however, so that I saw her face. I had almost become used to surprises by this time, but I will say I was truly astonished when I recognized Frances Comey as the little old-maid farmerette!

Again the scene changed and showed the interior of a fine hotel. The elevator had just come down and when the people alighted, I saw the elevator girl. There was nothing peculiar in that, for since the war there are many elevator girls. But the peculiarity lay in the fact that I recognized a member of our senior class as the elevator girl. In the natty blue suit, trimmed with rows of brass buttons, and with her cap jauntily over one ear, Fay Kingsbury looked quite stunning.

The scene shifted to a large music-room. Pianos, upon which both men and women exerted themselves, stood in every available floor space. I am sure that it would have been very noisy had it not been but a picture, for each one seemed to be trying to out-do his neighbor. "This," I immediately thought, "is a producing house of popular songs." And so it was. There were two people there whom I recognized—two of our senior class. I cannot tell you the professional names of these two famous composers of songs and music, but we knew them as Madeline Scales and Donald Falconer.

I was very interested by this time and looked eagerly for the next scene. Instead I beheld the disappointing announcement—"One Moment, Please, for Change of Reels." But during intermission a pleasant surprise awaited me. A frock-coated gentleman stepped out and said, "We are greatly honored in having with us tonight a famous singer about whom you have all heard. She is making a tour of the United States, and as a special favor among old friends will sing for us tonight. I take pleasure in presenting to you Miss Gracia Eaton."

After Miss Eaton sang the pictures again began. A moving cartoon was being drawn upon the screen by an invisible artist. As step by step it grew, at last the picture was finished—a chubby youngster labeled "Little Brother Wright." Of course I knew in a moment that the artist was Claude McDonald.

The next scene was at the Capitol at Washington. The interior of the House was shown, and there I saw an old school friend. I knew immediately that she was bent upon her threatened reforming of Legislation. In our Civics class years ago Margaret Scales had always declared that it needed a complete reform.

A scene in a hospital at the front came next. I at once recognized the nurse as she went from cot to cot, each one of which contained a soldier whose greatest delight it was to remain sick, if he could but be in the care of Nurse Eva Azling.

The scene changed. I seemed to be in a street car and the conductor was taking up the fares. Did I say conductor? I meant conductoress, for it was a charming young lady. But at each fare she rang up, she had first to place her step ladder, then mount it and pull the cord—for the conductoress was not tall, as she was Marguerite Heinen, the senior class baby.

The scene shifted again and showed a big circus performance. High

up on a trapeze a slender youth was going through various contortions. When he had descended I recognized, in spite of the spangles and decorations, the great athlete of our class, Leonard Durham.

And that was all of our Class of 1918. But no, not quite, for there was one more scene being shown. In a small studio, lighted by skylights, walls hung with pictures in every space, and surrounded by the very atmosphere of a poor artist, sat a figure, painting on an easel. There seemed something strangely familiar about the picture, and—goodness gracious, I recognized myself!

The pictures had stopped and this announcement was on the screen, "Those Who Came in Late May Remain For the Next Performance." But I had seen enough. I imagined myself in the crowd going out the door, when I awoke with a start to find that I had missed a good play, but very thankful that what I had witnessed was but a dream.



Valedictory

OPPORTUNITY

FRANCES COMEY

The sun was slowly sinking in the west, casting out its golden beams. Gradually twilight faded and the evening star, at first a faint, twinkling point of light, appeared. The sky now changed to a hazy gray, and all was dark save for the tops of the foothills, which gleamed in a soft light. Night had truly begun her reign.

With night comes a parting, and to me is left the sad task of saying "Vale," farewell. In these days of strife "farewell" in so many cases means the parting of a loved one going into unknown dangers. But let us look on the brightest side and think that this may mean a wonderful opportunity of strengthening character and bringing out and developing talents hitherto unsuspected.

We have spent four happy years together, and although we may never wear honors now on the battlefield of Europe, we are entering the battlefield of life, and may we never forget, as we strive to reach the highest goal, that others are perhaps traveling in the same direction. Ambition is very apt to crush everything that stands in its way, but let us never lose an opportunity to help a faltering friend.

How little do we realize the opportunities that slip by unheeded. We seem to look with disdain upon the triumphs that seem so easy, and search out those beyond our reach.

There is a maxim that it would be well to carve in letters of gold in all places of public instruction: "In proportion as the aid we receive from opportunity is uncertain and precarious, that which we obtain by our own efforts is effectual and lasting." No matter how favorable opportunity may seem, it rarely visits those who make no effort to prepare for it a suitable welcome. It resembles the traveler in the following story:

"One stormy day a rich man entered the wretched cabin of some poor peasants for shelter. The peasants were dazzled by the costly jewels of their guest, and were fain to rejoice at the favor shown them. Their guest, moreover, had brought with him a large supply of fine provisions, which he allowed his hosts to feast upon. In their delight of the good things, and aided by their natural indolence, they forgot all about the

duties of hospitality. Noticing this the traveler hurriedly gathered his things together and departed forthwith, never to return.

"Now the peasants had neighbors who proved more intelligent than they. Perceiving the stranger who now approached, they hastened to throw vine branches on the hearth, and invited him with smiles to come in and make himself at home among them. They pressed around him, but would not consent to partake of his provisions until they first made sure he was comfortably installed.

"Revived with pleasing warmth and touched to the heart by the fineness shown in the welcome, the traveler tasted the sweetness that comes of kind hearts and home surroundings. He did not leave on the morrow as he had intended, but prolonged his stay and assured the future of his available hosts before departing."

If we go into the philosophy of this tale we will instantly perceive that the peasants first mentioned were the more favored, since it was at their door opportunity first knocked.

Opportunity is like this traveler—it does not permit us to enjoy its rewards unless we try to deserve them. People who are spoken of as "having succeeded" are invariably those who have relied upon themselves and have never founded their hopes merely upon luck. "He who does not know the value of effort can not attach the same value to success as can he who has devoted to it a portion of his life."

It will seem from this that fortune plays a less important part in life than most persons believe, and that it is within the reach of all to conquer ill chance by strong resistance, and thus to experience the truth by watching your opportunities. Fortune will favor you.

And so today we have reached the step where ambition urges us to seek a broader view of our chosen vocation. Not only has our learning so far tended to broaden us, but the companionship which we have enjoyed has helped also. To our teachers we owe a debt of gratitude for the interest they have taken in each one of us and the noble lessons they have taught us.

We must bid a loving farewell to the happy days of the four years just passed; to the teachers who have so carefully helped us, and, hardest of all, say "farewell" to classmates.

And as we take our places in life let us make the most of our opportunities and remember the inspiring words of a great poet:

"Let me but do my work from day to day
In field or forest, at desk or loom;
Let me but find it in my heart to say
When vagrant fancies beckon me astray,
This is my work—my blessing, not my doom.
Of all who live, I am the one
By whom this work can best be done,
In the right way."

Our friends, we, the Class of 1918, bid you a fond farewell; teachers, a loving good-bye; but, classmates, since we cannot say farewell let us simply say, "Till we meet again."

SPRIG, BEAUTIFUL SPRIG.

Bary had a liddle lab,
Its fleece was whide as sdow.
This is all that I cad say—
By dose I godda blow.

Class Will

We, the members of the Class of 1918, being of sound mind and about to pass from your midst, and being desirous of leaving various possessions which were of use during our High School days to deserving successors, do hereby make our last will and testament.

1. To the faculty we bequeath a speedometer, so that the classes will observe the speed regulations; skidding at the corners is absolutely prohibited, as more freshmen are killed annually as a result of this dangerous practice than by overwork in class rooms.

2. To Ted Heath, Margaret Scales passes all claims of her place in orations.

3. To the future students of Chemistry we bequeath all the remains of the laboratory equipment, which are few and far between.

4. To Dwight Mosier, Midge Heinen leaves her tall stature and only dimple.

5. Irene Robinson bequeaths the permission to write poems and draw pictures of the faculty in school, to Julia Whipple.

6. Leonard Durham bequeaths his ability as a public speaker to Francis Walz.

7. Lucile Todd bequeaths her boisterous nature to George Keister.

8. Frances Comey leaves her Junior to some deserving successor. Applicants are asked to apply early.

9. Fae Kingsbury bequeaths her shy, retiring nature to Russell Force.

10. Claude McDonald bequeaths his record for speeding to Billie Reed.

11. Wright Lybarker, our only little lad who plays for us to trip merrily to class, bequeaths the right to play at that time to one of our talented mechanics, Crawford McDonald.

12. Madeline Scales bequeaths the right to act as a marshal to keep freshies from straying outside the school grounds, as they are liable to get lost or kidnapped, to Helene Hamilton.

13. Donald Falconer bequeaths the right to act as a guard in the Hall to see that a Walz is not held there, to Giles Taylor.

14. Gracia Eaton bequeaths her dainty musical voice to Arnold Barr.

15. Eva Azling bequeaths her title as champion candy maker of the world, to Alice McVea.

16. To the Freshman Class of this year we bequeath a reception which never materialized.

17. To the Sophomore Class we bequeath a little of our pep.

18. To the Junior Class we bequeath the right to give class parties and receive their diplomas next June.

We, the class of nineteen hundred and eighteen, do declare this to be our last and final testament.

Signed and sworn to before me this twelfth day of June in the year of our Lord nineteen hundred and eighteen.

L. M. D.

Witnesses:

Marion M. Bradley.
Helene H. Hamilton.

Crawford McDonald.
Ted Heath.



Why is Fay nicknamed Sahara?

Ans.—Because of the vast expanse of waste.



Juniors

Ted Heath, President
 Maurice Bradley, Vice President
 Pearl Shay
 Alice McVea
 Crawford McDonald

Giles Taylor
 Helene Hamilton
 Marion Bradley, Secretary-Treasurer
 Helen McVea

Three short years ago our class entered Saugatuck High School. We know we were green, and we certainly felt awkward when we sidled into the first seats we could find on that first memorable morning.

But the Seniors that year were unusually kind to us, and aside from occasional remarks about our "greenness," they treated us very well. We consoled ourselves with the fact that when we were Sophomores, we could look down on the Freshmen a little. When we became Sophs, we felt quite dignified, but this soon wore off and we came down to earth. Our Sophomore year was a happy though uneventful year for us. Now we are nearly through with our Junior year, which has been the most pleasant of all. We wish the class of 1918 the best of luck in their various chosen work after they leave us, and we promise to uphold the honor of S. H. S. in the coming year, when we are Seniors.

H. MACVEA.



Miss Peter—"Have you read 'Oliver Twist'?"

Arnold—"No."

Miss P—"Have you read 'Pickwick Papers'?"

Arnold—"No."

Miss P.—"What have you read?"

Arnold—"I have red hair."



Sophomore Refutation

Since it is the first time that the class of 1920 has had the privilege of writing up its history, we take this opportunity of saying something of its Freshman year also. We entered High School (as green as the present freshmen) with twelve members. We were right in the public eye that year, as freshmen always are, and presented two chapels before the school. They were as dry as any that the Seniors presented. One exciting event of our Freshman year was a contest in the Ancient History class, the side reading the greater number of pages outside reading to be treated to a picnic by the losing side. Our picnic is still a dream, but as "anticipation is greater than realization" it may be considered a success for we have anticipated it so long.

Out of the limelight of Freshman verdure we entered the obscurity of our Sophomore year. I say obscurity, as not much attention is paid to Sophomores since the first awkwardness is worn off and the upper class distinction has not yet begun. Bravely we started out with a crew of nine, but one embarked for another port and lately another was drowned on the sea of matrimony, and now "Sir, we are seven."

It has been said by some high-nosed individuals that we have no "pep" this year, but our small number must be taken into consideration. And, too, the members are quite bashful, especially the boys. But in spite of these difficulties we presented our chapel when our turn came, although it was a trifle late. Not so late as the Freshman chapel, however. It was entirely home talent, consisting of songs composed by members of our class. Many of the former graduates of our High School being present, we called upon them for speeches. Albert Till responded nobly, but the rest were so overcome by surprise at the honor that they were speechless. And right here is a tip for you Seniors—always have a speech ready when called upon so that you will not have to say, "I'm afraid I'm not prepared."

And, too, much has been said about our class being dull, but we think

it quite the opposite. In fact it is really brilliant. You have only to notice closely some day to observe that we have all the red headed people in High School in our class.

In the Declamatory contest, Alta Vork won third place.

So whatever may be said to the contrary, we cherish high hopes for our class, as perhaps you will when you have read these truths which we felt obliged to reveal to maintain our honor and self respect.

A. R.

SOPHOMORE CLASS ROLL

Edna Barr, Treasurer
Aldean Pear, Secretary
Abbie Robinson
Alta Vork, President

Leah Reed
Arnold Barr
Martin McGee
HELEN HUTCHINS



Basket Ball Notes

Our basket ball team was far from a failure. This year we worked against very great odds and conquered them well. Last year we had an excellent team, but only two players of this team remained. This condition forced us to use three new men, but they soon became well acquainted with the game and developed into good players. We experienced the greatest difficulty in securing a place in which to play. We tried to get the rink, but failed. Then we secured one of the stores in the Heath block. This place was small, but served the purpose very admirably. We practiced three nights a week and under the excellent and efficient coaching of Mr. Rose, we developed a team which had "pep" and spirit enough to make up for our lack of weight.

Wright Lybarker was elected manager and Ted Heath was elected captain. Wright, with the assistance of the coach, succeeded in securing four games for us, but two of these were cancelled. Here we experienced another difficulty. We were unable to secure games. Fennville had no team and Holland would send us no teams. Consequently, we had to go further away for our games.

We played our first game, Friday, March 8, with Grandville at Saugatuck. Grandville had a good, fast team, but S. H. S. was too fast for them, and beat them with a score of 34 to 8. The efficient work of the whole team as well as the coaching of Mr. Rose, was displayed that night. We regret that only a few of our loyal townspeople attended this game.

Friday, March 15, we went to Grandville and played them. This resulted in another victory for S. H. S. with a score of 21 to 10. The team went on to Grand Rapids and there enjoyed the privileges of the Y. M. C. A. We had a 100% team and the spirit shown among the first team was remarkable, although the "scrubs" were quite often missing. The team consisted of: Arthur Brackenridge, R. F.; Claude McDonald, L. F.; Ted Heath, C.; Don Falconer, R. G.; Rob Falconer, L. G.

We wish to thank those who have been loyal to us, and we are especially grateful to Mr. Whitcomb, who has given us the use of gymnasium apparatus.

T. H.



AVIATORS.

Miss Petertyl to Freshies: "Transpose these sentences, 'We saw three birds. They were flying north.'"

Dee T.: "We saw three birds while flying north."



“Freshman Follies”

Sad to relate, the Freshmen have a reputation of never realizing their enterprises. They planned to have a picnic the first Friday in October, but it rained, and it rained every other Friday in October, and November was too cold. The Freshmen are not as expert in keeping warm as the upper classmen, who go sleighriding in zero weather. Do you want to know how, little Freshie? Ask the Senior President! The Freshmen, however, were not the only ones disappointed in this picnic; the upper classmen were disappointed in stealing our lunch. Both parties hoped, however, to make up for it in the spring.

One morning the High School students were confronted with staring headlines on all the blackboards. “Juniors, the Seniors are hungry,” was a petition to the Juniors for the “customary banquet.” Among the many hints of these audacious Seniors was, “Freshie, what is a prom? Ask the Seniors,” and “Freshie, the Seniors want a hop.” Following this a resolution or petition was passed round stating that if the Freshies would give the Seniors a dance, the Seniors would give the Freshies a Hallowe’en reception. Practically every Senior and Freshie signed it, but neither the Freshmen nor Seniors would entertain first, each being afraid of the other backing out afterwards, so the whole thing ended right there.

There was one thing, however, in which we quite distinguished ourselves. Before Christmas each Freshman chose a declamation, for we all went into the Declamatory Contest, which caused great enthusiasm and excitement in our midst. We could be heard in the “lab,” the class room, the session room, the halls, and some most gloriously and majestically declaimed even in the basement (to the great edification of the janitor) ahem! The village people also became interested as they saw declaimers (and orators, too) marching to school with measured step, talking to themselves in a most earnest and passionate manner. Then, after school *dismissed*,

Freshies were seen leaving slowly, one after another, *some stringing along as late as six o'clock*. Finally the day arrived for the preliminary contest at school. The atmosphere was tense with excitement. Declaimers were arriving every minute, each claiming the mirror to adjust her dainty "fuz" or his curly "mop" for the grand occasion. Then, slowly, the last bell tolled its sad tale (please note the Shakespearean pun) of approaching woe. Slowly, with grave dignity, the Grammar Room students filed up the stairs and into the High School session room. Slowly Miss Petertyl rose and made a little speech—then—a breathless pause—and, "The Mayflower"—Marguerite Gossweiler," and the contest had begun! It lasted until recess. The next day, Saturday, the names of the winners were proclaimed throughout the town. Two weeks later, March 1, 1918, a large crowd assembled at the Congregational Church to listen to the declamations and orations and also to hear the decision of the judges as to the best declaimer and the best orator in Saugatuck High. Second and third best were also mentioned. Miss Natalie Reed, Freshie, was given first place; Mr. Dwight Mosier, Freshman, was given second place, and third place was given to a Sophomore. About the middle of April the winning declaimer and the winning orator went to Grand Haven to the district contest, where many people thought Natalie should have had first place, and Miss Petertyl thought she should have had second. Ha, ha! What's the matter with the Freshies! A party of "rooters" did not accompany the contestants, as it was spring vacation.

The "Twentieth Century Club" Banquet was held March 22. This club consists chiefly of pupils from the school, but, of course, the "old folks" turned out for the banquet. Why? Eats! The Freshman Class was well represented at the feast as well as at the dance which followed (that is, after the program.) The Freshman boys at this time were gradually learning to dance, and as a couple of Freshies bumped another couple for about the fiftieth time, "The Little Senior" was heard to remark to her big boy as she rested on his shoulder, "Oh, those Freshmen make me tired!"

By spring the Freshman boys began attending the High School dances (which were almost weekly spectacles, I really mean *spectacles*, too) quite regularly. One Friday evening in April the Freshman boys gave a hop for the Senior boys. Whether the compliment will be returned is, at the present writing, uncertain and, to me, very doubtful.

The Freshmen were supposed to entertain the High School with a chapel exercise on Friday morning in April, but—a—I—guess it must be the spring fever or something like that. At first we were going to give a play. We did get the characters assigned, but the leading character was slow in learning his part and finally left town. We also attempted another desperate plan, in which the unworldly and unexperienced writer received a great shock and showed surprising presence of mind. Ahem, hem, haw! Oh, never mind, ask someone else!

The Freshman Latin Class is having a vocabulary contest, girls vs. boys. The losers will entertain the winners. A boat trip to New Richmond with a picnic has been suggested. We do hope this will not "bust up." Never mind! The Freshies will surprise you all, some day!

J. W.



NOTICE!!

Startling information from Freshman book report: "Abraham Lincoln was assassinated the day Christ was crucified."

The Oracle Speaks

In bidding farewell to the Class of 1918 of Saugatuck High School, I wish to express my appreciation of your co-operative work in the school room and for your friendship and many kindnesses at all times, and I also wish to congratulate you on the success which you have now attained. It has not been without effort and work that you have completed the requirements of your High School course, which is now drawing to a close. You have met with successes and failures, and each have produced an effect upon you; successes, which have inspired you to higher and better things, and failures which may have discouraged you at the time, but which later, I trust, have proved the impetus for greater effort and perseverance. You are now about to "commence" a new activity. You will not all travel the same way, but without a doubt, you will meet with similar experiences, since they are the experiences of all humanity. I refer not to great and illustrious deeds which characterize certain individuals, but to the common events of everyday life, to the trials and discouragements as well as the successes, which form a common bond of sympathy for humanity, and which characterize you by the effect which they produce upon you. Yours is the task of overcoming, lest you be overcome. Be not the victims of circumstances, but rather rise above them, surmount the difficulties, and if trials and temptations must come, prove that you are the masters over them, rather than they over you. In the words of the poet Henley:—

"It matters not how strait the gate
How charged with punishment the scroll,
I am the Master of My Fate,
I am the Captain of My Soul."

MARGARET M. PETERTYL.

Members of the Class of 1918:

I am very glad to send a word of greeting and congratulation to you.

You have come to a turn in the road and some are wondering what is before you. Up to the present your parents have made many of your decisions for you and they will always be glad to help, but you must begin very soon to solve your own problems.

It is now desirable that you should select, if possible, your life work. What you become will depend very much on yourself. The world is before you and who dares to say that you cannot take what you desire.

A few of you will go to College. That is as it should be. You will have a fine time and will never be sorry that you made the necessary sacrifices. There will be hard work and plenty of it, but you CAN do it. There will also be much to enjoy. One of the best things you get from a large school, such as you will attend, is the inspiration and help derived from association with the big people of the educational world. Do not fail to become well acquainted with at least one of them.

You that stay at home, remember that your education is only begun. You have laid a good foundation, now you must begin to build. You have learned how to study, but you must not let your brain stop working. If you do it will lose its power. Study things that will help you in your work and do not forget to read the best books and papers.

I have enjoyed my work with you this year and shall always be very much interested in your success. Always follow the motto you have

chosen and "B2". I will always be glad to be your friend.

SIDNEY J. ROSE.

Members of the Class of 1918:

It has certainly been a pleasure and privilege to work with and to know the members of the Class of 1918. I feel, as you leave our High School, that each one of you will prove yourself worthy and capable of assuming whatever responsibility lies before you.

May I urge you very strongly to continue your education? Let high school only be a beginning. You know we either make progress or go backward; it is as impossible to stand still in the game called life as it is for a canoe to remain stationary on a rapidly flowing river; by effort, it moves upward; without effort it goes downward.

As you go from "school-life into life's school," be ready and willing to do your bit, and let that bit be your best. Remember that,

"If you give to the world the best that you have,
Then the best will come back to you.
Give truth and your gift will be paid in kind,
And honor will honor meet;
A smile that is sweet will surely find
A smile that is just as sweet.
For life is the mirror of king and slave,
'Tis just what you are and do;
Then give to the world the best you have,
And the best will come back to you."

RUTH I. TUBBS.

Alumni in the Service

The alumni of the Saugatuck High School, and in fact all those who have ever been connected with the High School, may well be proud of its "Honor List." Fourteen graduates, two former superintendents and one member of the School Board are now in the service of their country. Besides these, a number are daily waiting their call for examination and appointment. Of the two hundred and sixty names of graduates, appearing on the records of the Alumni Association, this seems a wonderful record.

The Alumni was organized in 1893, and with the exception of Harry Newcomb of the class of 1896, all these young men were graduated since 1907.

Adolph Schnobel of the class of 1908 and Harold Whipple, class of 1916, both enlisted men, are now in France. Those whose names follow are in the numerous training camps, awaiting the call to go.

Harry Newcombe, Frank Smith, Carl Bennett, Dan Mather, Max LeMont, Ivan Arends, Hazen Koning, David Ericson, Woodworth Naughtin, Cary Bird and Earl Van Leeuwen.

Our former superintendent, John Muyskens, is doing Y. M. C. A. work and Manly Ellis is in training at Camp Custer. Dr. R. J. Walker, a member of our School Board, is in Hoboken, New Jersey, on a Hospital train.

We are proud of these young men and we know that whatever the year to come may bring forth they will do their part with credit to themselves and the High School.

MRS. H. WALKER, Pres. Alumni Assn.

Census of the Class of 1918

Name	Commonly Called	Favorite Expression	Famous For	Ambition
Eva Azling.....	Tib	Well, I guess so	Powder puff	To found a home for friendless spies.
Frances Comey	Fran	You all	Despised scholarship	To write a romantic novel
Leonard Durham	Ev	Eloquent silence	High jumps	To become a champion athlete
Leah Durham	Uriah Heep	Oh, my gracious	Pickford curls	A closer relationship to Lucile
Gracia Eaton	Gracie	But my dear child	Measles	To be an old maid school-teacher
Donald Falconer	Don	What is it?	"My eyes"	To "take Madeline"
Marguerite Heinen	Midge	Great Scott	Her innocence	To grow tall
Fay Kingsbury	Fairy Fay	For the love of Mike	Airy proportions	To drive a Ford by water
Wright Lybarker	Bowser	To Heck	His high jump	Teach a kindergarten
Claude McDonald	Shylock	Darn it	Ford	To draw cartoons
Irene Robinson	Rene	Go to	Verses	To design graceful road rollers.
Margaret Scales	Marge	Joy!	Orations	To reform politics.
Madeline Scales	Mad	Oh sugar	Big hands	To play for the movies
Lucile Todd	Choppy	Oh dear	Noisy presence	To lead the basketball "rooters"

Why the Freshmen Didn't Furnish Chapel

Why didn't the Freshmen have a Freshman Chapel? I'll tell you why if you'll promise never to reveal my identity. I wouldn't have a friend in the whole freshman class if they even suspected me. You see, it was rather a joke—in fact, very much so—and as the two words “joke” and “freshman” are usually considered synonymous, naturally they are a little “touchy” about it. They fancy it is a dead secret, known only to a few certain freshmen, but we aren't *all* asleep, freshies!

You see it was like this. The freshies, as all young and unsophisticated things are wont to do, dreamed of having such a wondrous chapel as never was heard of before. And wonder of wonders! and secret of secrets! they were even going to allow Mr. Pat McCoy the honor of talking at this famous and never-to-be-forgotten freshman chapel. One rosy freshman very laboriously composed the epistle inviting him to come, stating what a splendid high school we had, and what a fine opportunity it was for him to put himself before the public, even enclosing a timetable with full directions how to find the high school building after he reached Saugatuck. A few days after the important letter was sent, the author was unexpectedly called to the phone, whereupon the following conversation ensued:

“Is this Miss Walker?”

“Yes.”

“Well, this is Pat McCoy. I received your letter and understand you wish to make arrangements with me to talk at your high school chapel.”

“Yes,” again responded Jeanette eagerly.

“Is this chapel for the public?”

“Uo (ahem). that is, well, sometimes, you know, we have visitors.”

“Do you charge admission?”

“N-o-o-o-!”

“Well, I hardly see how I can come. You know I charge fifty dollars for a lecture.”

“O-o-o-oh!” gasped Jeanette, completely discomfited, and in a most shamefaced manner hung up the receiver without even saying goodbye.

Evidently the freshmen thought that “Pat” would welcome the chance to pay his expenses down here in order to speak to so honored an assemblage, and would consider it quite compensation enough to be invited by so famous a class.

Green, did you say? Well freshmen are freshmen the world over.

SOMEONE WHO KNOWS.



HEARD IN ENGLISH LITERATURE CLASS.

Miss Petertyl: “Who was the first English novelist?”

Maurice: “Robinson Crusoe.”

Ted Heath, Translating Chaucer: “With looks as cruel as tho laid in press.” (With locks curled, etc).

Don Falconer, reading a description of the gay knight: “Singing he was, or flirting all the day.” (or whistling).



Ted—I thot you could keep a secret.”

Frances—“Well, I kept it for a week. What do you think I am—a cold storage house?”

S. H. S. Oratorical Association

OFFICERS

President.....	Francis Heath
Vice President.....	Marion Bradley
Secretary.....	Abbie Robinson
Treasurer.....	Jeanette Walker

Saugatuck High School, through the efforts of one of its teachers, Miss Peteryl, became a member of the second sub-district of the third district of the Michigan State Oratorical Association in 1917. As this was something entirely new for our school there was some difficulty in getting contestants, especially in oratory, but it was accomplished and the local contest was held. The delegates to the sub-district contest obtained no places, but as we were completely new in the work this did not discourage the students, but gave them a determination to do something the next year. That the enthusiasm was evidently lasting was shown by the fact that twenty-five people, seven in oratory and eighteen for declamation, decided to contest this year. Because of the number of contestants in declamation it was necessary to have, first, a preliminary local contest. This contest was held in chapel on February 15, and out of the eighteen who contested the following nine were chosen to appear in the final local contest: Lois Bennett, Alta Vork, Francis Walz, Jeanette Walker, Francis Owen, Nathalie Reed, George Keister, Julia Whipple and Dwight Mosier, which was held in the Saugatuck Congregational Church, March 1. In addition to the declamatory contest, the following also contested in oratory: Irene Robinson, Frances Comey, Wright Lybarker, Margaret Scales, Francis Heath, Madeline Scales and Donald Falconer. The decisions were as follows:

Declamation.

First—Natalie Reed: "The Curse of Regulus."
 Second—Dwight Mosier: "Liberty and Union."
 Third—Alta Vork: "Toussaint L'Ouverture."

Oratory.

First—Margaret Scales: "International Fraternity."
 Second—Madeline Scales: "Russia."
 Third—Donald Falconer: "In Defense of the Monroe Doctrine."

On April 5, which was during our spring vacation, making it rather inconvenient for us, Margaret Scales and Natalie Reed went to Grand Haven to represent the High School in the final sub-district contest. They met their ever faithful teacher, Miss Peteryl, who had shortened her vacation to be with them there, and although they got neither a place in oratory nor in declamation a very good time was enjoyed. However, considering the reports of the judges, which were seen later, we are well satisfied that they were a credit to both High School and their teacher, Miss Peteryl, through whose efforts it was made possible.

K. N. R.



IN MODERN HISTORY CLASS.

Question—"What was the 'Petition of Rights'?"

Answer—"A petition that Wright got up, asking for a spring vacation."

The Bumble-Bee Stings

Your character is your own, but your reputation belongs to the faculty.



THE PSALM OF A HISTORY PAPER

Tell me not, oh gracious teacher,
I am but a low down cheat,
And that I can take my paper
Right back with me to my seat!
I am truthful, I am honest.
Graduation is my goal.
The implication which you suggest
Wounded me unto my soul.

Lives of criminals all remind me
That it does no good to cheat.
And you think that's what I'm doing,
When I turn round in my seat.
And also you know that wise men
Change their minds; fools never do.
You will not be criticized then,
The whole thing is up to you.



One morning lately the freshmen were drawing maps of Italy on the board and one freshman actually had the nerve to label his "Art"!



"They go wild, simply wild over me!" says one of our dark haired, blue eyed senior boys."



WRITTING?

Margaret was a Senior,
A very brilliant miss;
She stepped up to the blackboard,
And wrote upon it this:
"All those *writting* articles
For the year book, pray
Write on large-sized paper
And hand it in today."

The Freshies looked and tittered,
And shamed Miss Margaret so,
To the blackboard to erase that "t"
She simply could not go.

So then her sister Madeline,
A blushing little miss,
Ashamed of Margaret's spelling,
Went up, erased and wrote this:
"All those *writeing* articles
For the year book, pray
Write on large sized paper,
And hand it in today."



Women were made before looking glasses, and they are there yet.

A WAIL OF WOE

There must be something lacking
 In our domes, my dear schoolmates
 To be so strictly governed
 By rules. Oh, sad our fates!

If Gracia Eaton sneezes,
 Or Wright Lybarker barks,
 Or Fay Kingsbury giggles,
 Down go the big black marks!

If some one drops a ruler,
 Or if one's late to school
 Just watch our beloved teacher
 Clap on another rule.

We are timed in all our actions,
 Of rules we have some set,
 But still I can write poetry,
 There's no rule against that—yet!

I. R.



Bowser (in Reed's Market)—“Look here, Ted, I weigh ten pounds more than you do.”

Ted—Oh, g'wan! You gotcher hands in yer pockets.”

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Patriotism is the Cry of the Day!

Then let us be consistent in our patriotism and carry it into local as well as national affairs. Be true to your town, your school, your family, your friends. Stand by the merchants who help to support the community which is our home. Every dollar spent at this store stays in Saugatuck; helps to support its institutions and make it a better community in which to live. We guarantee you honest merchandise and full value for your money. Here you can see your purchase before paying for it, have time in which to pay, if necessary, and easily return goods which are not satisfactory.

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Saugatuck

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