

1918

CARLISLE



LILIES-OF-THE-VALLEY

THE CARLISLE INDIAN SCHOOL TAKEN OVER BY THE WAR DEPARTMENT

Marks the Close of an Institution of Historic Value in the Education and Civilization of the Original American.

It will be of widespread interest to know that the United States Indian School at Carlisle, Pa., will not continue as an institution for the academic and vocational training of Indian boys and girls, but that, on September 1, the plant and to some extent the material equipment, will be turned over to the War Department to be used for Army hospital purposes and for the rehabilitation and reeducation of sick and wounded soldiers.

This important transaction will create surprise to many and possibly regret to those who have had intimate knowledge of the great influence of this school as an educational civilizer among the Indians, but it cannot fail to meet with general approval and the most cordial patriotic sanction when the facts and demands of present conditions are considered.

The sick and disabled of the American Army must have adequate care and treatment. That need is constantly increasing. The Army Medical Department has been in quest of suitable buildings and sites for hospitals. There is present urgent need for such facilities as can be utilized with the least possible delay. Moreover, post war problems are already at hand and reconstructive measures must be initiated. A large factor in this work is the reeducation of soldiers physically disabled in the war. The school plant at Carlisle is in many respects applicable with little alteration for hospital purposes. Many of its buildings can be quickly used in this way, while its extensive shops and much of its machinery and furniture afford the requisites for vocational training and the practice of new occupations, or the new ways of following old trades.

No historical reference can be made to Carlisle without connecting it with the name of Gen. R. H. Pratt, whose sincere study of, and experience with, the Indian character while in charge of Indian prisoners of war in the south, gave him the conception of a school in the midst of white civilization for the practical training of Indian boys and girls in domestic and mechanical industries, which, with an academic training equivalent to that of the common schools, would start them well towards self-support.

The physical plant that grew into such famous educational uses was originally known as, "Carlisle Barracks." Some of its buildings date back to Colonial times, among them a stone guard house of massive walls built by the Hessians. Others became distinguished as headquarters for officers in the war of the Revolution.

In 1879 Gen. Hancock was in command of the Department of the East in which Carlisle Barracks was located, and upon the request of Gen. Pratt endorsed their use for an Indian School and upon a like endorsement by Gen. Sherman an order to that end was procured from Secretary McCrary, of the War Department, in September of that year. Later the Act of Congress approved July 31, 1882, authorized the setting aside of vacant posts or barracks for the establishment of normal and industrial training schools for Indian youth, "so long as they may not be required for military occupation." The reversion of this property for military purposes becomes, therefore, virtually automatic within the law.

It was prominent in the thought of the pioneer founder, who for a quarter of a century was in charge of this, the first of nonreservation schools, to place boys and girls during their vacation in excellent white homes affording them an opportunity to learn practical housekeeping and productive farming. This he termed an "outing" system. More than one hundred pupils were so placed in the second year of the school and the plan has since become, under careful supervision, a large and successful feature of the work, the pupils often continuing for some time in outing service and attending the public schools with great advantage from association with white attendants. But the school itself has grown into a highly organized system of training. It has two large farms conducted in accordance with scientific agriculture, and extensive and well equipped shops where all the mechanical arts and trades provided in the course of study for a four-years' vocational period are taught, including carpentry, engineering, blacksmithing,

painting, masonry, and printing, together with ample cottage facilities for practical instruction in domestic science and domestic art, nursing, and home economics.

The printing department, early established, turned out the first paper printed by Indian boys and the various publications of the school have always, in form, artistic appearance, and literary quality reflected great credit upon the students.

When the new course of study requiring vocational training much in advance of most state schools, was adopted three years ago, Carlisle was ready with equipment, instructors, and organization to make it effective at once.

The aims of this school had been directed along the lines of the best thought in education. They turned towards applied culture; culture as a practical thing in the doing of life's work; the application of art in cooking and serving a meal, in designing and making beautiful and useful garments, tools, and household furnishings; in building convenient, comfortable and sanitary houses and in doubling the products of the soil.

The results exceed the knowledge of those even most familiar with the school's purposes and achievements. They will never be fully estimated. But it may be said that they abound wherever English is supplanting tribal language; where the tepee has given place to a modern dwelling, and the nomadic hunter has learned the secrets of the soil and the value of the herd upon the hill, while they are no less conspicuous in the training camp and the battle line.

As the Indians have always lived in the out-of-doors, the development of the physique has been given much attention and emphasis. Early in the history of the institution a large and commodious gymnasium was built and equipped and athletic teams developed. For many years the Carlisle Indians have held their own against the greatest football teams in the country and have furnished several competitors representing the United States in the Olympic Games. Their excellence as performers has been a source of pride to all interested in the Indian, but better yet, their record for clean sportsmanship and gentlemanly conduct has made an enviable place for them in the annals of athletics in our country.

The thirty-nine years of Carlisle's work has been a great and far-reaching force for Indian progress and civilization, of all the schools the one best known, perhaps, to the Indians and the one they think of as the white man thinks of Harvard or Yale or Princeton. Pupils have come to Carlisle from nearly every tribe in the United States, including many from Alaska, and her many thousands of students are a loyal band who will carry forward to coming generations the influence and inspiration of the school long after its halls and dormitories and work shops, and its delightful campus, have become a blessing to those who offered their lives for all that is most sacred to American hearts and homes.

The educational system of the Indian Department will not suffer because of the abolishment of Carlisle, as at the present time the Army and Navy have considerably depleted the student body, and the war industrial requirements are such as to demand many of the older pupils who might otherwise be enrolled as students. Likewise the war has taken many from the force of employees, and this shortage will be fortunately lessened by the transfer of efficient employees from Carlisle. While it may occur to many that the removal of Carlisle will interfere with the education of Indian boys and girls, it will not so result, as there is now room for all those who may properly be enrolled in equally well equipped schools located nearer the vicinity where they reside, in many respects to their advantage rather than otherwise. Probably ninety per cent of Indians live west of the Mississippi River, and in that region there are many non-reservation schools, several of which are thoroughly equipped for giving the same academic and industrial training that has been furnished at Carlisle, and it is expected that the general expenses for Indian education will be measurably reduced without curtailment of educational opportunity or facilities by surrendering Carlisle to the War Department for the purposes mentioned.



A Toast to Carlisle

CARLISLE! What a magical name it is! What visions and memories it evokes! Visions of glorious days to come; memories of glorious days that have been.

Carlisle! To the outside world this name stands for glorified service, for boundless love for one's fellow-man; it speaks of a race uplifted; it stand for the ideal of universal brotherhood.

Carlisle! No one but a student here knows what that name really means. It means knowledge and training, friendship and cooperation, ideals to be lived up to, traditions to be preserved; it signifies hope and confidence in the years that are to come; it means equipment and strength for the conflict that these years will bring. Wherever we students may go, however long we may live, in whatever by-paths we may wander, the word "*Carlisle*" shall always be our talisman. To us "*Carlisle*" means what mere words cannot begin to express. It stands for our very national existence. Instead of being a race apart, instead of looking with distrust upon our fellow-man and holding ourselves aloof from all national interests, we, because of *Carlisle*, have taken our rightful place as citizens and are working shoulder to shoulder with the white man. The older civilization has, through this institution, come into her own at last. This uplift of the Indian race was the dream of the founders of *Carlisle*. Across the sea in the trenches and and on the dreary wastes of "No Man's Land" that dream has come true.

So here's to *Carlisle*, our Alma Mater. May her sons and daughters carry her banner right loyally into the thick of the fight, whether the times be times of peace or times of war.—By Mrs. E. H. Foster.

CLASS 1918.

Colors: Green and White.

Motto: Loyalty Forever.

Flower: Lily-of-the Valley.

Emblem: The Arrow.



Class Officers:

President: Frank Verigan.

Vice-President: Sadie Metoxen.

Secretary: Bessie Hall.

Treasurer: Andrew Cuellar.

Sergeant-at-Arms: Elmer Poodry.

Quotation:

"Life is an arrow; therefore you must know
What mark to aim at, how to use the bow.
Then draw it to the head—and let it go.

—Van Dyke.

Carlisle—1917

UNITED STATES INDIAN SCHOOL, CARLISLE, PA., JULY, 1918.

SALUTATORY.

By Sadie Metoxen.

LADIES and Gentlemen:—I have the honor to bid you welcome to the graduating exercises of the class of 1918. Regarded as an



event, our graduation is of little importance; regarded as a symbol, it means much, for it crowns the efforts of years of good, honest work; of years spent in striving to overcome difficulties, to accomplish the tasks that have been set us, to reach the standard that has been held up to us. This is

the occasion on which we obtain the much-desired Carlisle diploma—the sign manual that admits us into the fellowship of Carlisle alumni the world over, the magic talisman that shall unlock for us the treasure houses of life. It tells us that, so far, we have not failed and inspires us with the determination to succeed in the broader life which is spreading out before us. I salute you, ladies and gentlemen, because we feel that you rejoice with us that we have finished our course.

Members of the Faculty:—I salute you. You have seen so many classes graduate that we cannot hope to arouse any especial interest in this our class of 1918; but never before in the history of this school have you sent out a class into a world drenched with blood, to travel a road dark with the smoke of battle. The weapons of peace which we have forged here, we must throw aside and we must equip ourselves with the unfamiliar habiliments of war. Truly, like the gladi-

ators of old, we who are about to enter the arena, salute you.

Schoolmates, Classmates:—I salute you. We are glad we have finished; but regret, too, is in our hearts that our happy years in this our beloved school are now over. Memories of friendships formed, of pleasures shared shall ever linger with us and be our comfort and solace in the years to come. The way opening up before us is a road of opportunity. No class that ever graduated from Carlisle ever trod a road so rough and steep, ever encountered so many obstacles, ever had to make its way through so many dangers; but we will not falter; the weakest of us must not attempt to pass through carelessly and without heed. We must gather all our courage and conquer for our own sake and for the sake of those who shall come after us. For our guide we have our motto, Loyalty Forever, which never meant so much as it does today when every citizen must stand and show his colors or be classed as an alien. Our motto means that we must give to the world the best that is in us; and our class flower teaches us that is is our mission to help make this world a better place in which to live. These were empty phrases once; now they glow with the fullness of life, for they mean the sacrifice of everything we hold dear, even of life itself. In these sacrifices, we shall stand together and live fight, and, maybe, die for the Class of 1918 and for old Carlisle.

Carlisle, I salute you. For many years you have taught the Indian the ways of pleasantness and peace; now you must show him how to gird on his sword and fight for "God and his native land." In peace or in war, Carlisle shall be our inspiration.

"Life is an arrow, therefore we must know
What mark to aim at, how to use the bow,
Then draw to the head, and let it go."



LIEUT. JOHN FRANCIS, JR.
U. S. Guards, National Army

John Francis, Jr., who assumed the duties of the superintendency of the Carlisle Indian School April 1st, 1917, left for Ft. Niagara, N. Y., July 2d, 1918, to take up the larger duties of first lieutenant and adjutant, 16th Battalion, U. S. Guards, National Army.

Upon Lieutenant Francis's departure he was the recipient of a handsome military wrist watch, accompanied with the following letter of presentation:

LIEUT. JOHN FRANCIS, JR.

Friend:—As you leave us to enter the larger service of mankind, it is the desire of your Carlisle former co-workers that you accept this remembrance as a small token of their affection and esteem.

We dare to hope that it may serve sometimes to cause your thoughts to revert to the friendship of the donors, whose days at Carlisle, during the short year and a quarter of your superintendency, were made happy by your uniform courtesy, cheerfulness, and sympathetic consideration.

And that out of the future may you grasp better and greater things, and the better serve, is the wish of your Carlisle Indian School friends.

THE CLASS OF 1918



FRANK VERIGAN (Thlinghet)

"Most joyful let the poet be;
It is through him that all men see."



SADIE METOXEN (Oneida)

"She is good as she is fair."
To know her is too love her.



HARRY KOHPAY (Osage)

"Here's a jolly and prosperous chap,
For mere show he cares not a rap."

FROM DAY TO DAY

By Sadie L. Metoxen.

SEPTEMBER.

4. School opens; twenty-five in class. Everybody happy. Seniors greet Mrs. Foster with renewed enthusiasm. Note-books distributed. Dictation. Latin quotations first on the program. To Miss Robertson for algebra.
5. Chapel: Excellent talks from both Mr. Francis and Mr. Blair. Great inspiration. Explanations in Room 14. No recitations. Principals of algebra set forth.
6. Presentation of civics, economic histories, and Benjamin Franklin. The lore of the ages is our—arms. Senior girls brilliant in algebra; so said Miss R. (We're quite proud.)
7. Covered books. Some task. Assignments for the following week. A letter from Andrew Connor, a former classmate now in the United States Army, was read to the class; very thrilling. Current events; interesting war news. Mary Largen gave a fine talk on "Opportunity." Algebra; very delightful.
8. First period in music. Seniors in a singing mood, especially "Gertie." Rhetoric; rather difficult. Algebra nothing really new as yet. P. M.: Our first class meeting. Great!!!
11. Recite from Benjamin Franklin first thing. Edna distinguishes herself with a perfect lesson(?). Algebra; nearly everyone gets a hundred. Fine.
12. Chapel: A helpful talk from Mr. Blair on "Habits" and the "Value of Time." Seniors must be examples. Fair recitations. First class song handed in; composer, Abbie Somers. Algebra; nothing new or startling.
13. Economic history. Interesting account of the "Development of means of transportation." From the canoe of our forefathers to the luxurious ocean liners is a far cry. Long and difficult lesson in algebra.
14. Current Events. Algebra; nothing startling happens.
17. Music: "Sweet strains my senses fill." Puzzling blanks are filled out in Room 14. No recitations. First test in algebra soon. (Better think over those definitions.)
18. Benjamin Franklin; everybody makes a guess at the answers. We decide to do better. There should be no slackers in the Senior Class. Algebra occupies our minds. One thing at a time.
19. Tests over; everybody feels relieved, at least. Splendid recitations in civics. Amy Smith, Class '17, visited Room 14. She gave an interesting account of her summer experiences.
20. We add more Latin quotations to our store of knowledge. Current events. "The Cloud," by Shelly; comments; criticisms. Mattie stands first in algebra.
24. Rhetoric; Senior girls seem brilliant at times. Bess did not care to recite today; she wanted to hear a story. Sobba? Found several stumbling blocks in algebra.
25. Excellent recitation on Franklin. A rich reward: Mrs. Foster tells us a story. Algebra; same as usual.
26. Civics. Abbie was our guest in class. ??? No al-

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ANDREW CUELLAR (Shawnee)

"Every man has his faults
and honesty is his."

BESSIE HALL (Cherokee)

"Long lashes veil a light,
That might be all too bright."

ABBIE SOMERS (Oneida)

"Her sunny smiles go many a way, for
She tries to make others happy and gay."

MERONEY FRENCH (Cherokee)

"His thoughts were often unexpressed,
But as a rule he tried his best."

gebra. Hurrah! We go to the farm and dry corn instead of working problems at the board. We sing our class song. How great it seems?

27. The great day arrives. Fair? Yes, the fair. Interesting recitation in economic history. Nothing else this morning. P. M.—

"We all went to the animal fair,
The birds and the beasts were there."

Delightful time.

28. We write our first home letters; satisfactory reports but still room for improvement. Weighed; all a trifle heavier. Just before leaving Room 14, we receive a special invitation from Coach Harris to go out to the field to "inspire the boys for the first football game of the season." Senior class well represented on the bleachers.

Thus the first month of our senior year comes to a happy ending.

OCTOBER

1. The beginning of another month. Already? Oh, yes—this is October.

"Music o'er my senses creep
And almost make me to go to sleep."

My! but that rhetoric is hard.

"Don't be discouraged, light will come."

Algebra—excellent recitations. P. M. (8:30): Class meeting. Election of officers as follows:

Andrew Cuellar—reelected President.
Sadie Motoxen—Vice-president.
Bess Hall—Secretary.
George Cushing—Treasurer.
"Tommie" Miles—Cheer leader.
Elmer Poodry—Sergeant-at-arms.

2. Awful lesson in Bennie Franklin, but we are "going to do better," is the slogan. Senior girls turn over a new leaf. Algebra: Quiz on definitions. How many passed? Abbie, Cora, and Mattie. Eleven got twisted up like taffy.
3. Chapel: Nothing extraordinary happens all day long.
4. The same routine. Life presented no usual problems that bright fall day.
5. Current Events; unusually interesting. Grace gave an excellent talk on "Character." 10.00 a. m.; senior girls go to town to see the conservation car; they learn many new ideas about domestic science.
8. Rhetoric; very good indeed. Algebra delightful. One perfect day; everybody knew her lessons.
9. For a change, we knew something about Franklin today; feel quite proud of it, too. Mary Largen acts as substitute teacher in Room 9. Algebra, algebra, and some more algebra.
10. Chapel: Mr. Blair says good things—as usual. Seniors

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MARY LARGEN (Cherokee)

"Of fair proportions and stately air,
Of tender heart and other qualities rare."

JAMES HOLSTEIN (Chippewa)

"Broad of shoulder, tall and thin,
To joke with him it was no sin.
But—would he were fatter."

RAYMOND MOSES (Seneca)

"Fine people, like fine deeds, need no trumpet."

ALICE GARDINER (Stockbridge)

"A sweet girl nobly planned,
Able to receive and to give command."

do not know their civics. Where is the new leaf? Algebra. Mr. Blair visits class.

11. Nothing special happens. Good lessons.

12. Current Events. Fine recitations. Mary Largen is with us again; very dignified as becomes a substitute teacher. Alice Gardiner and Cora LaBlanc give very creditable talks on "Possibilities in Spare Moments," and "Gratitude," respectively. Who should enter Room 14 just at this opportune moment but Eliza Berrard. Seniors extend hearty welcome. We hand in designs for class rings. Abbie's voted to be the most artistic. Algebra: In Miss Robertson's absence Mr. Blair teaches the class. Encountered difficulties. (Seniors, not Mr. B.)

15. Rhetoric. Related units; rather hard but interesting and certainly necessary to understand. Algebra proceeds upon its appointed mission of "teaching the art of reasoning."

16. Excellent lesson in the rooms. (New leaf working out.)

17. Chapel: Everybody behaved, even Maroney. Seniors join Red Cross. Delightful recitations in civics. Algebra; terribly hard.

18. Same; no one created any particular excitement today.

19. Current Events. We learn more about two of the world's greatest musicians—Beethoven and Paganini. Mattie gave an oration on "Choice of Companions."

Good. Ida gave an oration on "Loyalty." Original and spicy. "Do you know your axioms?" Senior girls were asking one another; "there's a test on hand."

22. Rhetoric. Related ideas, just what we need, for some of us write without logical connection. Algebra grades received; most of the class very well pleased.

23. Unsatisfactory recitation on Ben Franklin. How must he feel—if he heard them? Algebra; same as of yore.

24. Carlisle celebrated "Liberty Day." Great enthusiasm.

25. Senior girls are told of a new classmate; all very much interested and eager to see him. Economic history, delightful this time, the subject being so sweet, "Sugar beets and the manufacturing of sugar." New pictures in show cases of Room 14. Seniors take special notice. The most interesting is "Le Penseur" or "The Thinker." The hint about the study of French sounds good. Algebra; board work. Great fun! Abbie and Mary improving so much that they are expressing a desire to become special teachers of algebra. Mrs. Foster received a pretty bouquet of carnations from "Harry." Everybody enjoyed it. News items for "The Carlisle Arrow" (associated press.)

29. Rhetoric; essays on comparisons and contrasts on the "Bird and the Airplane." Algebra calls us to Room 10.

30. Bennie Franklin is awakened from a century or more of

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GERTRUDE PEGO (Ottawa)

"The crown of success hides each curl
Of this fine, ultra-handy young girl.
She can bake and can brew,
High-art stunts she can do,
And set your poor head in a whirl."



ROBERT HARRIS (Choctaw)

"You can manufacture blondes, but
red hair comes just natural."



IDA CLARKE (Mohawk)

"The sweet singer of Carlisle
With song can your hours beguile."



STEVEN SMITH (Olampoli)

"What I have been taught I have forgotten;
What I know I have guessed."

sleep. He gives us thirteen virtues to learn and to practice.

31. Civics; dreadful error: Senior girls studied the wrong lesson.

NOVEMBER.

1. Economic history; we find coal an interesting subject, so we are going to write essays on it. Oh, how we love to write essays, though!
2. Current events of great importance. Oh, this war! Algebra still pursues us.
5. Essays on "Coal" still in progress. Joy—school dismissed at 3:30. Causes great excitement, for the "School Father," General Pratt, is to be with us once more. P. M.: Seniors hear the word "stick." Just wonder how many will really "stick." No algebra today. Cheer up!
6. Senior girls went after Mrs. Pratt and asked to her talk to them. She graciously consented and gave us excellent advice. Ben Franklin; we miss the day's lesson; all more or less sorry, for sometimes we love "Benjamin." Test in algebra; not so hard after all; Anita makes the highest mark.
7. Chapel: Good singing. Excellent lessons throughout. (Practicing one of Franklin's virtues.)
8. Economic history. Subject: "Cement." I thought I

knew cement when I see it—but, alas! Algebra; axioms and more axioms.

9. Current events. The Huns, the Tommies, and the Poilus—Sammies, too. Review in algebra for those who are a trifle weak. The strong rest on their laurels.
12. Rhetoric—interesting. We learn some more about the essentials of essay writing. We compose an essay for Miss Keck on "The Saving of Food" in domestic science. Algebra continues its appeal to reason.
13. Ben Franklin speaks to us kindly but firmly. He says we must learn to *stoop*. We digress a little and discuss the Pennsy game. Abbie and Sadie left at 3:00 to go to the City Library to get material for a public debate. Algebra—Review, review!
14. Chapel: Mr. Blair gave us a talk on "Being Imitative." I must choose my model. Seniors should lead the singing. A little volume of sound from our class would lead others to sing. We certainly sang. Algebra smiled on us to-day; good lessons.
15. Economic history; subject, "Salmon Fisheries." Aside from that nothing different.
16. A sleepy day. Things moved smoothly. We actually seemed to think. Algebra—still reviewing.
19. Music, "The man who hath no music in his soul." Beware, Seniors. Excellent lessons in rhetoric; we are really getting on. The Pennsy game comes up. Interesting event—a new classmate. What's the

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GEORGE CUSHING (Aleutian)

"A snapper-up of unconsidered trifles"

ANITA DAVIS (Cherokee)

"Speak to her of work
And she will never shirk."

RUBY CHILDERS (Creek)

"Happy am I; from all care I'm free!
Why aren't you all contented like me?"

CLARENCE CADOTTE (Chippewa)

"He talks of wood: it is some carpenter."

name, please. Oh! Hiawatha. All anxious to meet him. Algebra continues on its—ruffled way.

20. Nothing exciting to-day. A restful world.
21. Chapel: Good advice as usual from Mr. Blair. Fair singing; fair behavior. Test in civics. Oh, those amendments. Why are such things necessary? Algebra; last day for review. A test to-morrow. Who is going to be the first this time? History will record her fame.
22. Economic history, "Beef Packing." Our thoughts were packed so tightly we could not bring them forth. Eliza's thoughts evidently were on things foreign to beef packing. Grace crammed the definitions in great shape. We went forth from Room 14 to prove what we knew and what we did not know. Test not so terrible; no definitions after all. Left Room 10 with light hearts.
23. World news. We discoursed at length on world affairs. Mrs. Foster pleased with recitations. Algebra—what did I get? Dead secret.
24. Essays on the Philly game.
"The sun shines on the dying leaves;
And as I look, my eyes fill with tears."
The algebra game goes on and on.
25. Ben Franklin proved very entertaining. After all he was just a—mortal. Algebra on the home run.
26. Chapel: Period is varied with a talk given by Mr.

Francis. Also the sixth graders sing for the edification of the other classes.

27. Hurrah for Thanksgiving! All turn traitors and vote for "turkey." P. M.: Seniors assemble in the Music Room for a short meeting. Great questions come up and were not settled. Ida sang "Over There." Frank Verigan, class poet, recited an original poem on domestic science as an inspiration to the girls that they may oftener bring goodies to their classmates. Meroney French and George Cushing warbled a charming duet. Ruby gave a pretty selection on the piano. Hiawatha was welcomed into the class. He told his impressions of Carlisle. Ruby and Sadie played a duet entitled, "Approach of Spring." (Far fetched.) Good-night.
28. Yes, everybody spent an enjoyable "turkey day."

DECEMBER

3. Rhetoric—Excellent recitation on "Cause and effect. The sun is on a vacation.
4. Bennie Franklin got mixed up with algebra, with dire results for some.
5. Big treat—a lecture by Dr. Greene of the West Chester Normal. Instead of the test which Mrs. Foster had so generously promised us, we wrote extracts from Dr. Greene's lecture for the great Carlisle weekly.
6. Economic history+algebra—attenetion = X.

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LUKE OBERN (Chippewa)

"He has perseverance and pluck
Which will surely bring him good luck."

MATTIE LOGAN (Cayuga)

"A mind that takes in at a glance
And leaves naught at all to chance."

EDNA ROCKWELL (Oneida)

"I know a hawk from a hand saw."

ELMER POODRY (Seneca)

"Ah! a genius of some sort is he;
An electrician he aspires to be."

7. Current Events of great importance. The Allies are gaining ground. The sun shines as of old.
10. "Music, music everywhere," so Miss Dunagan declared. Rhetoric and algebra attend us by day and hound us by night. No other excitement.
11. Ben Franklin: Excellent recitations on those electrical experiments of his. B. F. didn't excel in algebra and yet he became great. Encouraging.
12. Test in civics; not so difficult after all. A pleasant surprise (quiz in algebra). Thirteen days to Christmas.
13. Review in history and life goes on calmly.
14. Senior girls went down to Room 4. Jack Frost occupied Room 14 to the exclusion of everybody else. Excellent current events today. Several visitors passed through the room. They gazed upon us silently and passed on.
17. "Music divine soothes even the savage beast" (not original). Rhetoric; day by day we understand better and rejoice that we do. Algebra; new principles to digest. The days surely going by. June looms upon the horizon of our hopes.
18. Ben Franklin and algebra seemed friendly today.
19. Test in civics; Mattie had the highest mark.
20. No recitations. Hurrah! a little vacation. Seniors write acrostics—all except "Sadie," who absolutely possesses no talent whatever for writing verses.
21. Current events. Impossible acrostics again.
24. Everybody comes to school with the Xmas spirit. We write items about the campus visitors. Gus Looks-around visited Room 14. Made a speech. All interested, for he is of the Marine Corps. Handsome uniform; we all examine it closely. Room 10.—Behold we find our "honorable" at the desk, posing as "teacher." O. K. Test; thoughts of Xmas crowd out all knowledge of the subject. Three days of sameness. Orderly bearing good news—"No work this P. M.!"
- 22, 23, 24. Preparation for the "Great Anniversary."
25. Merry Xmas to all. Santa Claus was so good to us. Happy times here at Carlisle, but "Over There," what? Reception in honor of the football boys. Seniors well represented.
26. For a change, we just talked in Room 14. Later, in 10 we did a little algebra and talked some more. One should talk to keep in practice.
27. Spelling: Abbie can spell any word incorrectly; it takes special talent to do that. A quiz on "Abou Ben Adhem." Oh, for a vision!
28. Home-letter day; all quiet on the LeTort. Satisfactory reports for several. We got weighed; some had gained unlawfully; others about the same. What about Hooverizing? Circulars announced a half holiday.

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ELIZA BERRARD (Chippewa)

"Who chooseth me shall get what many desire."

RUBY BARNES (Chippewa)

"Built on lines of generous mould,
For one good deed she pays tenfold."

GRACE MAYBEE (Seneca)

"As merry as the day is long.
Life to her is one sweet song."

CORA LaBLANC (Sioux)

"Though she talks but little,
'Tis vastly more she thinks."

All delighted. Bess, Gertie, and Sadie organize basketball teams from the girls' battalion.

31. Rhetoric and algebra make up the sum of life.

JANUARY.

1. A Happy New Year. The great year 1918 — Hail! P. M.: Seniors sing out the old year and ring in the new.
2. New resolutions made. Clean sheet. Fair hopes.
3. Nothing extraordinary happened except that we all knew our lessons.
4. Lesson on "Irrigation." Very interesting. Makes one think of Mars with its canals. Algebra still flourishes; a few more principles to be mastered, a few more sights to be sighted.
5. Current events. The war goes on, Congress goes on, and so do we, like Tennyson's famous book. Algebra beckoned us to Room 10, and there we meditated at some length on the freakish person who invented math.
6. Arrow items. No recitations. We heard a lecture on "Home Economics."
7. Mr. Franklin's parable very instructive. All anxious to read "Hamlet." Mrs. Foster calls in all civic books. "A long farewell to Fradenburg," so say we all. Nothing else of importance.
8. "Hamlets" distributed. Looks inviting. Now for algebra to appease the mind.

9. First reading in "Hamlet." Nice, isn't it? The "Melancholy Dane" sounds interesting.
10. Excellent recitations on "Forest Preservation." Good lesson in algebra, too. "Red Letter Day" indeed.
11. Current news. Did not know there were so many small countries around Russia. What a mixture of tongues "over there."
14. Rhetoric. Rather hard, but we master everything slowly but surely. Algebra seems easy. Life is worth while.
15. Bennie Franklin and algebra. Excellent combination to develop the mind. Many visitors. One old gentleman told us a story.
- 16, 17, 18. Fair weather. Everything quiet. Good lessons. Excellent recitations. Everybody happy.
21. Usual recitations postponed. Each Senior girl writes a letter to Earl Wilbur, of Class '17, who is now "somewhere in France." A bundle of letters goes forth on its mission of cheer to a soldier boy. Looking forward to final exams in algebra; Bess worried; so is Anita; Abbie confident.
22. Rather enjoyed reading Ben Franklin for a change. The campus is white with snow.
23. Hamlet waxes serious and revengeful. Wonder what he will do in the end. Last day for review in algebra.
24. Goodie, study period instead of "reel" history, though everybody knew something about "Shelter and Cloth-



1. Patiently Waiting.

2. A Celebrated Quartet—K.-S.-T.-H.

3. (After Dinner) Down Grade.

4. Just Posing.

ing." Alas, last day for review in algebra. Senior girls are heard saying, "Oh, just think; tomorrow, Bess and Mattie are going to stay up all night to play ghosts. Dead secret."

25. The great day arrived. All fared very well; no one felt that she had flunked. "How conceited we are, though." Left school with light hearts; thinking caps removed for a while at least.
28. How awful! Nobody knew much today. We begin the study of insects (in Room 13). First thing was to draw a grasshopper. Wonderful results. In agriculture we are introduced to "Farm Management," a very interesting subject—thus far, which isn't very far. In Room 10 we have "The Care of Children." How wise (?) we shall be when June comes.
29. Ben Franklin; one more lesson and we will have finished him. "Good-by, Bennie"—au revoir, rather. Glad you wrote the book; you have taught us many things, one of which is to stoop on occasions—thereby avoiding bumps. Drawing grasshopper cousins. We go to "The City and the Farm" and then turn our thoughts to "Care of Children." Very interesting, very profitable.
30. Hamlet—we reach the climax of the tragedy. From Hamlet to insects is a long step, but we take it and give excellent recitations on "The Different Kinds of Six-legged Creatures." The "Farmer's Income" comes next and we become absorbed in the problem. So far—so good.
31. Rural Life and its increasing attractiveness." Mattie said, "I positively don't know anything." A surprise on ourselves; all recited beautifully. In Room 13 we examined the real grasshopper, a performance to which the *examined* strenuously objected. The *strong* and the *weak*. Mr. Snyder greeted us with a

million dollar smile and a promise of "hard work next week."

FEBRUARY.

1. Home-letters once again. Seniors get weighed. Abbie is disgusted because she gained an ounce since last weighing. Gertie, of course, weighed the most (not). We wrote our autobiographies today.
4. Bitterly cold in Room 14; we went down to Room 4 to thaw. Little test in "Insect Study," to get our percentages in shape. Excellent recitations in "Farm Management." We shall become farmerettes if this continues.
5. Room 14 hospitable and cheery. No Franklin today. Finished autobiographies.
6. Nothing new under the sun.
7. Essays on "Rural Life and its Increasing Attractiveness." Great subject. Farm problems. How does one do those? Wonder of wonders! Nearly all given 100 per cent. A good beginning, indeed. Review in "Insect Study." We examine "lace bugs; naturally some are very pretty.
8. Miscellaneous exercises. Abbie told the story of the "Blue Bird," and Grace gave the history of her pet dog. Cocoons and butterflies get mixed up with farm problems and some of the insects come out with broken wings. In Room 10, we work at the board for a change. Dismissed for another week. Time does fly.
11. Same! same! same!
12. We finished Franklin to Abbie's great regret. Bugs and still more bugs presented to view; some look like Huns; they certainly have helmets. Mr. Snyder tried to enlighten us on various types of farming, and Miss R. beseeched us to take good care of little children.



1. Teasing Again.



2. Just Looking Pleasant.



3. Bobcat.

13. Hamlet pretends madness. Those were horrid times. But times are horrid now. I mean the Great War.

15. Everything is the same. Mattie wants to catch butterflies. Wait until June. We test milk; very interesting. Hope we do it again. Abbie, Alice, and Sadie take a test in No. 10. The other girls *smile* and *smile*. Such is life.

18. Excellent lessons in rhetoric. Essays completed. Note book work. Reading for a change. Mr. Snyder promised a test. We live on such promises.

19. Precepts from Franklin. No excitement on the horizon. No thrills.

20. Nothing happens all day.

21. Test in "Farm Management" for Abbie, Bess, Gertie, and Sadie for being absent yesterday.

22. Washington's birthday. No school. A patriotic program in the auditorium. Frank Verigan represented the class very creditably.

P. M.—Basket-ball game in gym. Carlisle lost. Too bad.

25. Musical day. Test coming—"Girls, know your bugs?" Clarence Cadotte visited us; speech. Call for note-books.

26. Test on the virtues we should know and practice. Abbie came from the hospital to visit us. So glad to see her. Abbie and Sadie mix up the classes of "bugs." Result: 40 per cent on exam paper. One consolation, note-books were excellent. Mr. Snyder's promised test comes off, five questions only, but oh, how difficult. One of the virtues is courage—needed in all tests.

27. Chapel: Students practice singing the "Lord's Prayer." Mr. Francis brought in some visitors. One senior was chewing gum during the exercises. Bad form.

28. Another month has passed away. We are in sight of the coveted goal. Shall we all reach it?

MARCH.

1. Home letters.

4. Nothing exciting.

5. Beautiful day.

6. Test in bugology. No guessing this time.

7. Still surveying with Mr. Snyder.

8. We discussed the peculiar lights that were seen in the sky the evening before. Mattie—"I believe it was a signal from Mars." Review! review! everywhere. Classroom, quarters, D. S. and D. A.

11. Music. Alice is our nightingale. "Exposition" in rhetoric. Sadie plays teacher in Room 7.

12. Fine recitations. Anita absent, teacher for a day. Fun at quarters over a fire-drill. Cora and Ruby whisper in class. What about? Ask them.

13. We begin "The Princess." Nothing extraordinary happens.

14. Same routine.

15. Current events. Poor benighted Russia. Abbie knew some extra "bugs."

18. Music—Terrible scholars. Rhetoric. The reel on exposition still on the screen. Hard. Suddenly two Juniors entered Room 14 to deliver invitations to a banquet they are giving in our honor. Great! How good of them. Something to look forward to.

P. M.—We girls in domestic science class were interrupted to bid our class president, Andrew Cuellar, farewell. Something mysterious about his leaving. War work, maybe. Expressions of regret, for we are all fond of Andrew. "Best of friends must part." Class meeting (special) at 4 p. m. to elect a new leader.



1. On the Bandstand with Teacher. 2. Studying on the Way to Domestic Science. 3. Smiles Kill Many Ills. 4. On My Sole.

Result: Three long "Rahs" for Frank, our new president. Corresponding secretary, Luke Obern.

19. Nothing doing. Fair day; short day. Class meeting; several absent.
20. Chapel: Mr. Blair talks to us on "Conservation." The war is still going on. Dreadful hot. We practice the class song in Room 14. "Ojiblettie" taught us "Farm Management." Miss Robertson: "Girls, please do prepare well, and cut out all unnecessary and unbecoming actions."
21. Program by the Agricultural Club.
22. Nothing doing.
23. Junior banquet. Happy event; never to be forgotten by Class '18. Dancing, eats, toasts, more dancing.
25. Test in music. "The Princess" was again in Room 14. Buggy, buggy day. New kind of bug today. How many billions of bugs are there wandering about?
26. Same as yesterday and day before.
27. No chapel.
28. Picture Day. School dismissed early. All students

marched to the field to pose for the photographer's "square box." Another later, on the campus in front of the flag-pole. Red Cross members came next, Bess; and Harry took the best. First call for dinner.

1:30 p. m.—All students take part in the competitive drills. Prizes awarded to Troop "F" of the boys, and Company "C" of the girls. Happy faces after the contest. Evening.—Everybody attended the show that was given for the benefit of the Red Cross.

29. Letter Day. Fugit hora. "April showers bring May flowers."

APRIL.

1. Again that Princess in "14". Grace wanted to recite volumes.
2. Nothing new all day. Skies are bright.
3. No "Chapel bells." Good lessons, good manners, good in everything.
4. Music. Gertie sang like a lark. Rhetoric. "Say, this is hard," so decided our thoughtful "Nita."
5. Current Events accompanied by mythological sub-



1. Volunteers in Uncle Sam's Service. 2. On My Way to School. 3. "I'se so Coote." 4. She and Her Doll. 5. Half-and-Half. 6. An Alaskan Frame-up. 7. You'll Know Me by My Smile. 8. Watching the Game.

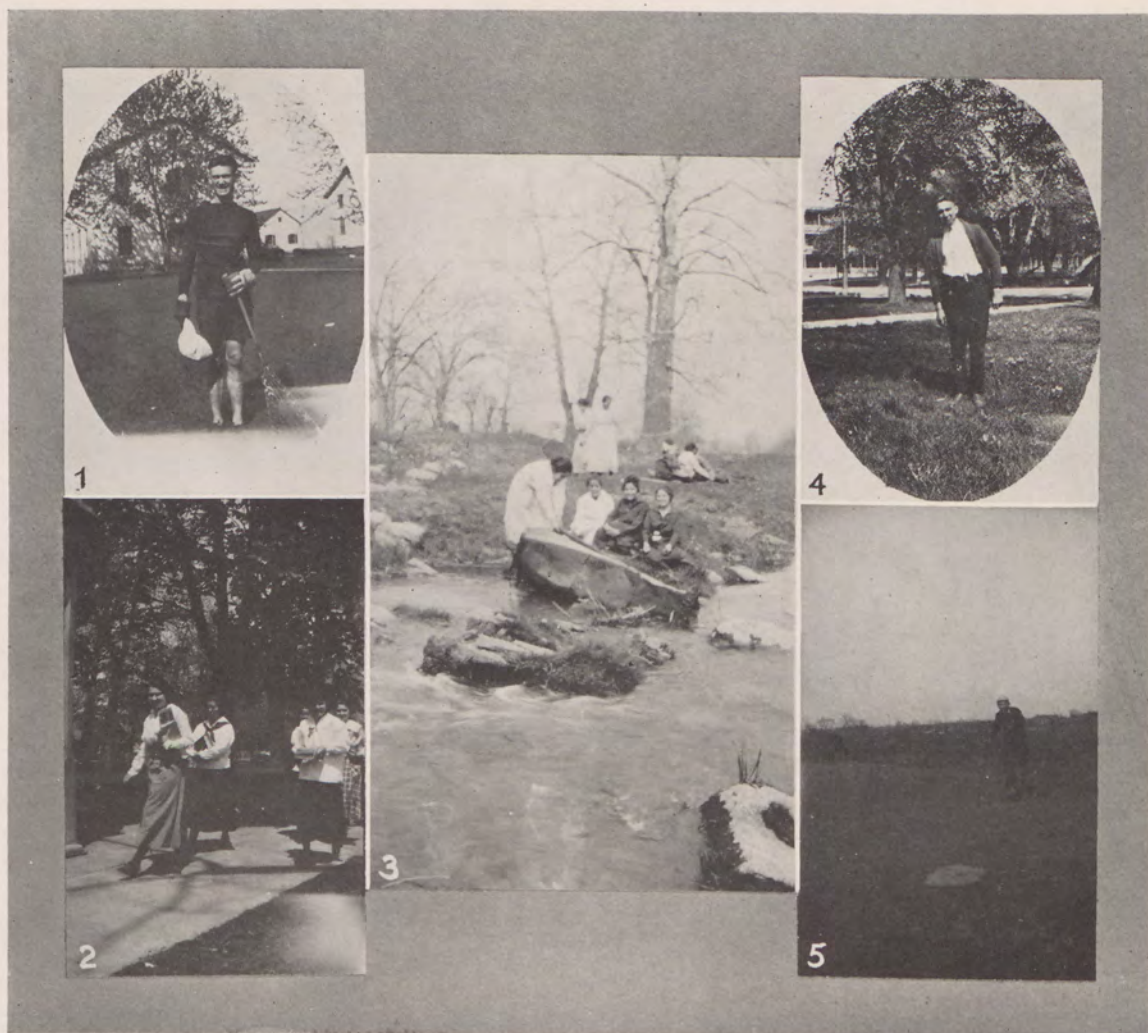
jects—very interesting. Ye Gods and Goddesses! "Faults," our subject in Room 10. Wonderfully interesting. Beneficial, of course.

8. Music. "Who couldn't reach that high note? Hitch your wagon to high C.
9. Whose birthday? Ruby's; she even missed breakfast.
10. "Chapel bells did chime all through morning time."
11. Lesson on the beauties of nature—human nature.
12. Current news on "War." The Sammies are winning laurels as we expected. Recitations exceptionally good in all the rooms. The world moves and so do the Seniors.
15. We sing "Spring Time." A robin arrived to reconnoiter. Take a little test in "Bugs," won't you? P. M.: Class meeting. Something in the air about giving a pageant.
16. Learning to be civil through civics.

"To be polite is to do and say
The kindest things in the kindest way."

Breakfast at quarters this morning. At peace with all the world—except Germany.

17. Chapel. Two high school students from town made addresses on the "Third Liberty Loan." We now think more seriously of the war. The principal of the Carlisle High School also spoke a few words. We heard how our Honorable Luke acquitted himself as a "war speaker" before the critical high school students and teachers. Seniors reveled in reflected glory. Callers in "14" soon after. We dismissed "The Princess." Au revoir, Princess. Clinch bugs are so common. Room 10—Mattie: "Ruby, please explain the baby's first steps."
18. "The Princess" came back to be reviewed.
19. Current events. Good war news. The Allies are winning victories.
22. Music; "The Spring Song" echoed along the halls. Only this and nothing more.
23. Nothing stirring. All is well on the "green."
25. Looks like snow. Deceitful April.



1. A Grin that Won't Come Off. 2. "Good Morning." 3. On the Rock of Hope. 4. Sending an S. O. S. 5. The Poet Making a Home Run

26. Presto—change! The leaves are peeping out, Seniors notice with joy. Ruby is a keen observer for she saw them coming out.
29. With Miss Dunagan. No nightingales this time. A solemn procession to Room 14. The room is flooded with sunshine. Lessons are easy. Seniors feel blessed.
30. Dictation for finals. The end is near; Commencement almost a reality.

MAY.

1. "Blithsome May, one long, sweet day."
2. Review bugs. Woolly Aphis is an interesting creature. Gertie sees to it that its life history is in her note-book. Good girl. Dictation relating to finals in Mr. Snyder's and Miss Robertson's rooms. Final test in "Farm Management." "I'm worried." "I know I'll flunk." "Didn't have time to study." Such unworthy expressions are heard. Later: Every Senior passed honorably. Seniors are honorable.
3. Review the order of the times. Our vocal cords renovated. Strawberry slug is really a beautiful bug. Impudent though, snapped at us when we handled him. Review! Review! Review some more.
7. The Seniors count the weeks before exams.
8. Chapel. We are reminded that Commencement draws nigh and nigher.
9. Pretty May days—free from care.
10. War news good; better than usual. How often we speak of our boys "over there."
13. Signs of an approaching test in music.
14. Usual routine. Seniors unusually dignified.
15. Chapel: Usual thing.
16. Discuss plans for the senior party.



1. A Handful of Mews. 2. The Scare of Those Hands. 3. The Four Literary Societies Holding a Joint Meeting. 4. Invincible Alert; Susan, Standard, and Mercer Caught Napping. 5. Me and My Pets.

17. Invitations written. Great anticipations of the event.
20. Conversational period with Mrs. Foster.
21. Same as other days. Carlisle quiet.
22. Last Chapel—Seniors quite thoughtful.
23. Senior party a great treat for us. A great success as every one said, "I had an ideal time."
24. Finals next week. Seniors—hear? Good luck attend us.
27. Final exams. "Oh! scared, am I?" Seniors assembled in Room 14. No whispering. Could hear a pin drop. Suddenly the scratching of pens. Reading—the dreaded subject. Harry rubs his brow thoughtfully. James isn't at all worried, but he scratched his head; sure sign of perplexity. All show unusual signs of deep thinking. 1:15 p. m.: Exams continued.
28. Heavy period; exams all day.
29. Returns—as yet unknown. Everybody hopeful. Teacher smiles. Good sign.
30. Memorial Day. Raining; no school; all departments closed. Boys parade down town. When they return the girls' battalion joined them to go to the school cemetery where the little girls laid pretty bouquets on the graves of the students resting there. There was a gun salute followed by taps. The band played "Resting Here." The Seniors' last Memorial Day, as a unit, at "Old Carlisle."
31. Seniors come to school for the last time. Books called for. Last home letters. Everybody weighed. Some lighter than at last weighing, all due to the unloading of knowledge during the finals. Miss Dunagan is our teacher; Mrs. Foster absent drilling for commencement. Miss D. finds the Seniors unusually quiet, shy, and very modest, except Harry and Gertie, who openly ate lolly-pops.

JUNE.

1. Great week began. Seniors enjoyed Sunday dinner together. Baccalaureate Sermon. Band Concert. Athletic Reception. Seniors honored guests.
4. Field Sports. Juniors lead (?), but the Seniors are all right, too. Feudalism to Freedom, Patriotic Pageant; Seniors well represented.
5. Minuet on the green.
6. *The Great Day.* Seniors half sad, half glad. Academic procession led by the Juniors. The Seniors and Juniors assembled in front of the Teachers' Quarters and march to the gym through a line flanked on each side by the lower classmen. Class '18 reached its first goal. Diplomas—nothing else matters just now. As was said upon another occasion of importance, each one of us may say *Veni, vidi, vici.*

Endeavor the task assigned you to do,
Learn each day the things that are true.
Improve every opportunity presented to you.
Zeal and ambition ever try to renew.
As "Loyalty Forever" from you is due.—*Obern.*



CARLISLE GIRLS IN THE COLONIAL FIGURE OF THE MINUET GIVEN ON T

Those taking part in the performance were (left to right:)

1. Amelia Swallow
2. Eliza Berrard
3. Frances Leslie
4. Mary Shenosky

5. Louise Taylor
6. Nellie Thompson
7. Cecelia Hill
8. Mattie Logan

9. Myrtle Peniska
10. Edna Rockwell
11. Evelyn Metoxen
12. Winnie La Jeunesse

13. Elizabeth Grant
14. Cora LaBlanc
15. Irene Broker
16. Bess Hall

BELOW IS SHOWN THE SAME GIRLS IN THE GRACEFUL





THE GREEN AS A SPECIAL FEATURE OF THE COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES

17. Genevieve Jacobs

18. Ida Clark

19. Lucy LeNoir

20. Elizabeth Dockstader

21. Helen Kipp

22. Eusevia Vargas

23. Rose Skahkah

24. Alice Roulette

25. Alice Powlas

26. Agnes Beaulieu

27. Lucy Green

28. Mary Peters

29. Cornelia Eastman

30. Mamie Heaney

31. Gertrude Pego

32. Ruby Childers

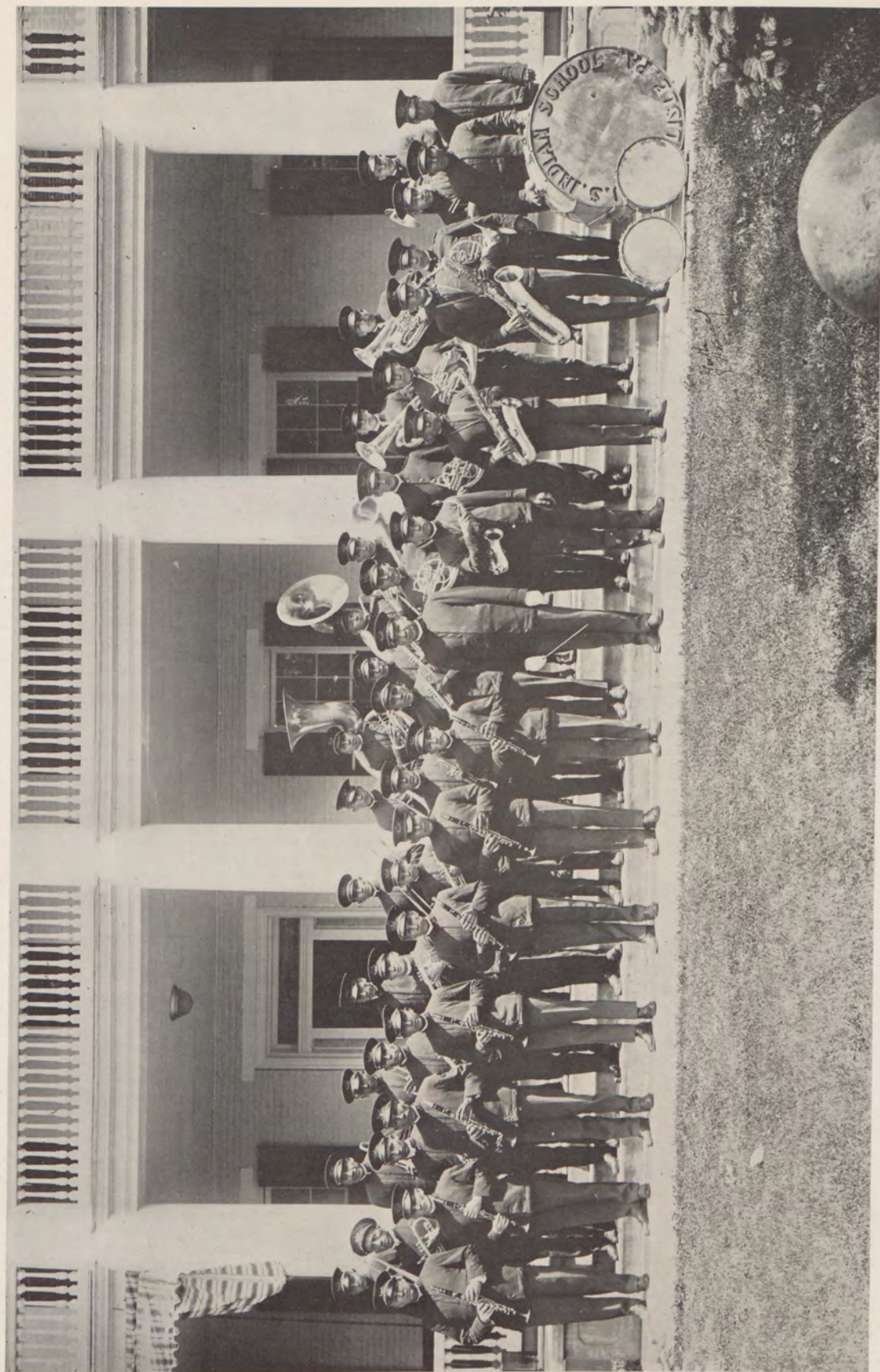
L CIRCLE MOVEMENTS OF THE OLD-TIME MINUET





TABLEAU COMPOSED OF THE HISTORICAL CHARACTERS REPRESENTED IN THE PAGEANT "FEUDALISM TO FREEDOM"

Given in the School Auditorium During Commencement Week. From left to right the personnel reads as follows: Goddess of Night, Ida Clark; Columbus, Frank Verigan; Paul Revere, Clarence Welch; Henry K. Hudson, Alfred Pike; Fernando Cortez, Alfred Wells; Thomas Jefferson, Burnell Patterson; Robert Livingston, Raymond Moses; Benjamin Franklin, Clement Vigil; John Adams, Emerson Metoxen; Roger Sherman, Elmer Poody; Washington, Andrew Cuellar; Goddess of Liberty, Bess Hall; Lincoln, James Holstein; John Alden, Luke Obern; Priscilla, Eleanor Hauk; Miles Standish, Steven Smith; John Smith, Wallace Murray; Sir Francis Drake, Owen Wooth; John Cabot, Robert Harris; Squanto, Rupert Anderson; Hobbanock, William Kennedy; Massasoit, Charles Walker. In the rear are the twenty boys who took part in the military drill signifying preparations for the Civil War.



THE BAND—1918

CLASS ROAST

Being a Characterization of the Class of 1918 as they are Known by Their Fellow-Students.
Written by a Classmate.

Name.	Known as—	Noted for—	Hobby.	Appearance.	Favorite expression.	Needs most.
A. Cuellar	"Quailer"	Being exempt	Brokerining	Dignified	Go ahead	An opportunity
R. Childers	"Rube"	Musical ability	Dancing	Jolly	You will, eh, Johnny!	A chaperon
F. Verigan	"Lo"	Poetical ability	Writing verse	Studious	Brace up	A larger sized hat
I. Clarke	"Missouri"	Talking	Scanning	Alert	I just love poetry	Nag-i-rev
R. Moses	"Sergt. Rain-in-the-Face"	Tranquility	Ancient lore	Serious	We must be unanimous	Sunshine
M. Logan	"Smat"	Wit	Bugology	Gibson girl	You poor fish	A pet wolf
L. Obern	"Lukie"	Wanting a good time	Butterflies	Innocent	Get off the earth, I'm here	Lover's guide book
B. Hall	"Bess"	Making coffee	Classifying bugs	Frail	I'll tell you a secret if you won't tell	Materia medica
H. Kohpay	"Kewpie"	Elegance	Posies	Dapper	Gee, sell the game	A settled purpose
S. Metoxen	"Thanatopsis"	Courtesy	Writing letters	Immaculate	With all his faults, I love him still	A bank-account
R. Harris	"Red"	His freckles	Keeping up with Lizzie	Sweet	I sure like to fight	A girl
A. Gardiner	"John"	Frankness	Giving advice	Refined	Say, I have a T. L. for you	A vacation
J. Holstein	"Jim"	Scratching his head	New Mexico	Guant	There's no hurry	A square meal
E. Rockwell	"Ed"	Demureness	D. S.	Timid	Tomahawk	A fireless cooker
C. Cadotte	"Lady Clare"	Dots	Proposing	Vanishing point	Some job	An alarm clock
C. LaBlanc	"Soo"	Poise	Making dates	Reserved	What you say?	Thawing
E. Poody	"Pooskie"	Ambition	Studying A-R-A-L-C.	Puzzled	Solid ivory	A pair of high heel-ed shoes
R. Barnes	"Roba"	Waddling	Entertaining	Delicate	I'm not easily peeved	Exercise
G. Maybee	"Nursie"	Cheerfulness	Telling bear tales	Jovial	My fourth reader!	M. D. degree
G. Pego	"Gertie"	Piety	Emerson's Essays	Attractive	Did you see my white hat?	A model cottage
M. Largen	"Grasshopper"	Avoidupois	Lassoing Nick	Kindly	Believe me	Assurance
G. Cushing	"Cush"	Socialism	Music	Cynical	Make it snappy	Sweet Marie
A. Davis	"Sneat"	Coqueting	Curling hair	Meek	Ishcomer	A memory
M. French	"Macaroni"	His appetite	Knitting	Humorous	I'll do my best	A rattle
E. Berrard	"Besard"	Flirting	Making war bread	Dimpled	Maybe you don't like it	A cyclometer
S. Smith	"Steve"	Comouflage	Campus wireless	Like Hamlet	This is no joke	Joy
A. Somers	"A"	Bluntness	? ? ? ? ? ? ?	Sweet	Me and Roy	A spelling book



GROUP IN "A SCRAP OF PAPER," EPISODE SECOND, IN "FEUDALISM TO FREEDOM."

Left to right: Little Belgian Girl, Ruth Burr; old Belgian Farmer (father to Ruth) Meroney French; Farmer's Wife, Anita Davis; Spirit of Belgium, Abbie Somers; American Doctor, Clarence Cadotte; Ambulance Man, Russel King; Belgian Soldier (central figure) Clarence Welch; American Nurse, Grace Maybee; Spirit of America, Eda Rockwell; American Nurse, Mary Largen; Ambulance Man, Porfirio Cuellar; German officer, Frank Verigan.

CLASS PROPHECY—1918.

According to the Jewish Calendar, fifty-six years have passed since I left Carlisle. I have traveled from coast to coast in the United States. It has now dawned upon me that a visit to the old countries might be both interesting and profitable. The day set for my departure is June 1, 1962, and I sail from New York Harbor, where the Goddess of Liberty holds the torch of freedom. I am on the ocean now, clear sailing, no submarines in sight, as they have long since gone out of use.

One bright day as I stroll about the deck my attention is attracted toward an old man, bowed with age. He reminds me of some one I used to know, so I venture to say "Good morning." He replied, and wonder of wonders, I recognize him as Robert Harris, known to fame, and to class '18 in particular, as "Red." He said he

was going to Ireland to attend a Sinn Fein convention. He informed me also that Andrew Cuellar was captain of the ship "Loyalty" upon which we had the good fortune to be. I had the pleasure of conversing with Andrew at some length. He said, "you remember that I was captain of the craft "Gravy" while at Carlisle. I made such a good record in that office that I was promoted to the captaincy of this ship. Truly I thought, "There's a divinity that shapes our ends, rough hew them how we will."

The remainder of the journey was unevenful, and I soon found myself in "Merry old England." Upon entering one of the leading hotels of London town, I recognized in the porter another old classmate, James Holstein. He told me among other things that Cora LaBlanc was in Paris, where she was engaged in teaching the Sioux language to aspiring natives who were preparing to emigrate to the Land of the



GROUP IN "FEUDALISM TO FREEDOM"—REPRESENTATIVE OF THE YEAR 1621.

Left to right: Massasoit, Hobbamock, John Alden, Priscilla, Squanto, and Captain Miles Standish.

Dakotas. Meroney French, he added, was somewhere in Italy, where he had established a fine business in the manufacture of macaroni and spaghetti. We had always suspected Meroney of being half dago, and here was the confirmation of the thought.

After a few days in England I decided to visit Switzerland to look upon the beautiful scenery about which I had heard and read so much. There to my surprise, I found others of my classmates, Luke Obern, Steven Smith, and Clarence Cadotte, all engaged in mountain climbing in order to reduce the surplus fat that years of ease has brought upon them. They said it was great exercise, so I decided to climb, too. It took courage, but I persevered and finally reached the summit of the "Yung Frau," where behold, I found, to my amazement, Frank Verigan calmly seated on the dizzyest height of that celebrated peak. There he was trying to gain inspiration for an epic, which he hoped would establish his reputation as a poet and

place his name among those of the immortals. His latest and best known work, which I had read with pride and pleasure, is entitled "Ida," a wonderful work ranking with "Tennyson's Princess," which we enjoyed reading in Room 14, back in the happy by-gone days when we were Seniors at Carlisle.

From Switzerland I traveled leisurely to China for the express purpose of seeing that greatest of all structures, the Chinese Wall. Arriving in Pekin, I read in the "Daily News" that Miss Sadie Metoxen of the U. S. A. had taken up a permanent residence in Pekin and was teaching the Chinese language to a number of American students, among whom were Edna Rockwell, Ruby Childers, Eliza Berrard, and Ruby Barnes. I visited the classroom, where I saw my former classmates in full Chinese costumes seated upon the floor and reciting in concert some of Confucius' wise sayings.

After seeing the Great Wall I decided to travel homeward and in due time landed in Los Angeles,



HOSPITAL STAFF

Seated: Dr. Menger and Miss Cornelius, the nurse. Standing left to right: Alice Crowe, Cornelia Eastman, Emily Moran, Amy Atsey, Mary Largen, Grace Maybe, and Julia Heaney.

California. I was astonished to see how rapidly things had progressed. I almost fancied myself "Alice in Wonderland" so many strange sights met my gaze. The natural order of things seemed reversed. Asking people if rats ate cats now-a-days and if men were driven by horses, etc., a well-dressed woman replied, "No, grasshoppers eat grasses and grain just as they did in Bible times and people ask foolish questions just as they always have." I was properly squelched, of course, but this brought to my mind the study of bugology, so I asked if she had ever heard of the great naturalist, Mary Largen. She said, with a familiar smile, "I am Mary." How we laughed and talked over old times. She told me that her home was in Montana. When I asked about Grace Maybee she said that she was a school-teacher down in Oklahoma and that she had developed a strange fad, the training of bears, in which she was highly successful. Remembering Grace's peculiar taste I was not greatly surprised. From California I journeyed to Wisconsin, and

there learned that Abbie Somers had settled in the beautiful city of Oshkosh and was prosperous and happy.

I received a letter, soon after this, from Mattie Logan in which she stated that she was a member of the firm of Little Wolf Co. "Minnesota," she said, "always agreed with me, and it far surpasses New York in variety and grandeur of scenery." I also learned that Raymond Moses was a professor in the University of Michigan. Furthermore, he had been awarded five gold medals for being the best Hooverizer in that state during the Great War.

I traveled southward and in due time reached Florida, where I had the good fortune to meet my classmate, Anita Davis, in the quaint city of Tampa. From her I learned that Bess Hall was living in Utah. The class certainly had scattered. We thought it would be fine to have a class reunion, so we sent telegrams to Buenos Aires, where Harry Kopay and Elmer Poodry now resides as loyal citizens of that sister republic.



WINNING TROOP F OF THE BOYS' BATTALION, AND THEIR OFFICERS
 Captain, Clement Vigil; Emerson Metoxen and Benjamin Caswell, first and second lieutenants, respectively.

All other members of Class '18 were notified to meet us in Carlisle at the end of six months.

Time flies and so do we, and so promptly on the day we met again as a united class, not one missing. Some were bowed with the years, but all wearing bright and happy faces as once again we clasped hands and joined heartily in singing "The Green and the White."

THE SPIRIT OF GIVING.

By Mary Largen, '18.

(An essay given at the S. L. L. S. entertainment on December 19, 1917.)

"At Christmastide, O be thou tender, true;
 Thy friends make glad, and all thy foes forgive;
 With its sweet light begin to live anew;
 Ungrudgingly give, and giving, much receive."

Never in the history of the world was so much said about "giving" as now. The people of this country, especially, are called upon to give at every hand; and money and supplies, in sums and quantities too great for the human mind to grasp, are given freely. But the "giving" of which we speak is the smaller giving which con-

cerns ourselves alone and is uppermost in our minds at Christmas time.

What spirit must prompt our Christmas giving is the question for us to consider. Most of us exchange presents at Christmas and that is the right thing to do among friends; but no one should give a present just because he hopes to get one in return or because he feels obliged to to give since he has had or expects to have a gift. Both these motives destroy all the Christlike spirit in our giving. Another thing we ought not to do is to refuse to give because we can give too little. Everyone ought to give presents at Christmas and it makes no difference how trifling the gift is if love and good will go toward its bestowal. One of our American poets has put into verse the true secret of all giving. He says,

"Not what we give, but what we share;
 For the gift without the giver is bare."

We should give to our friends at Christmas time, because we love them; but we should not forget that we must give to those who but for us would have no presents and from whom we will have nothing in return. And, after all, it is such



WINNING COMPANY C OF THE GIRLS' BATTALION

Officered by Nettie Standingbear, captain; Evelyn Metoxen and Vera Atavitch, first and second lieutenants, respectively

giving that brings with it the greatest blessing.

The custom of bringing gifts as a token of loyalty and devotion is as old as the human race. To give has ever been the symbol of good will and no one has ever been excused from giving because he had few possessions. Many people have the idea that "giving" means giving money or things that must be bought with money; but we know, if we stop to think, that the giving of service, of kind words, or kind deeds, of kind thoughts, even, is worth more than any other gift. Everyone can give who has in his heart or in his possession something that he wants to share with his fellowmen. It is the thought behind the gift that gives the present its value, always. We must give, asking for nothing in return, and, above all, we must give without desiring the notice or the praise of men.

"He gives nothing but worthless gold
Who gives for the sake of giving."

As Christmas draws near, let us all make up our minds to give freely and generously, to give service, kind words, kind deeds, and kind thoughts,

even though in this time of dreadful war we have little or no money to spend on gifts.

"If instead of a gem, or even a flower, we could cast the gift of a lovely thought into the heart of a friend, that would be giving as the angels give."

VALEDICTORY.

By Harry Kohpay, Jr.

Ladies and Gentlemen:—The panorama of the years, unfolding reel after reel, in rapid succession, has at last brought before you the class of 1918 on an occasion, for us, both sad and joyous. You are here to see us pass out of your sight forever; so we know that you are interested either in us or in the institution of which we are a part. Your presence here inspires us with the hope and the trust that our careers from now on will be of some passing interest to you—that you will grieve if we fail; that you will be glad if we succeed. Such interest makes each of us resolve all the more firmly that he will live so that you all may say with pride, "He is a graduate of Carlisle." But the times are fraught with dan-

ger. We boys, at least, have the work to do for which Carlisle has trained us. Keep us in your prayers that we may be strong to endure; that we may meet what comes without faltering; that we may die, if need be. Ladies and gentlemen, the class of 1918 moves forward to give place to another. Farewell.

Members of the Faculty:—I deem it an honor to address you on this our last appearance as a class unit. You have been our wise and faithful guides and have led the way to the point from which each must follow his own trail. The paths which we must take are rougher than the founders of Carlisle ever dreamed; they may lead to places for which you could not have prepared us; but with tireless and ceaseless effort you have taught us how to go and not a step shall falter as we children of your teaching join the ranks of those who are trying to make the world safe for democracy. We have, at one stride, come into our own as defenders of this great country, once the Indians' hunting ground. Our lives will show you that the work you have done and the time you have spent on our behalf have not been wasted. Members of the faculty, we leave your sheltering care for—we know not what. As stars on Carlisle's service flag we shall live in your memories. May God bless you and keep you here safe in the paths of peace. Farewell.

Fellow Students:—The burden of upholding the dignity and traditions of the student body of this venerable institution now rests upon your shoulders and this burden you shall carry until, like us, you come to the end of the road. Bear this burden high on your stalwart young shoulders as you plod along the trail which, perhaps seems to you now long and wearisome. When you stand where we are standing and look back upon it, it will seem a short little road winding ever through sunlit meadows. But, dear fellow-students, whom we are leaving behind in the shelter of Carlisle, take this advice from an older class—make good use of your time; for the times end of your days of preparation is coming all too soon. Carlisle's men and women must be great men and women. Fellow students, the standard of Carlisle is in your hands. It must never touch the ground. Farewell.



BASKETBALL TEAM—1918

Classmates:—What shall I say? Three years ago we were organized as a body; for three years we have worked and played together, climbing step by step, looking forward patiently to the day when we should be rewarded for our work. That day has come. Behind us are our blessed years of work and companionship; ahead of us, "there is a long, long trail a-winding" through ways we never thought to tread, and leading into places where we never thought to stand. We falter a little; we must stay together a moment longer; but, hark, the bugle sounds! our country, the Indian's own country, calls him and he must go. Classmates, the race of the class of 1918 is run; its sun has set. Many of us shall say "Hail and Farewell" many times to one another as the years go by; but as an entire class we shall meet again only in that land "where the war drum throbs no longer and the battle flag is furled."



LACROSSE TEAM—1918



CARLISLE TRACK MEN—1918

Mr. Wallace Denny, coach. Left to right, sitting: Joshua Ishcomer, Edmond Taylor, Juan Routzo, and Richard Bluffing Bear.
Left to right, standing: Philip Moore, James Choate, Samuel Postocks, George Thomas, Coach Denny,
Francis Ojibway, Albert Spider, Alex Wakeman, and Joseph Oldshield.



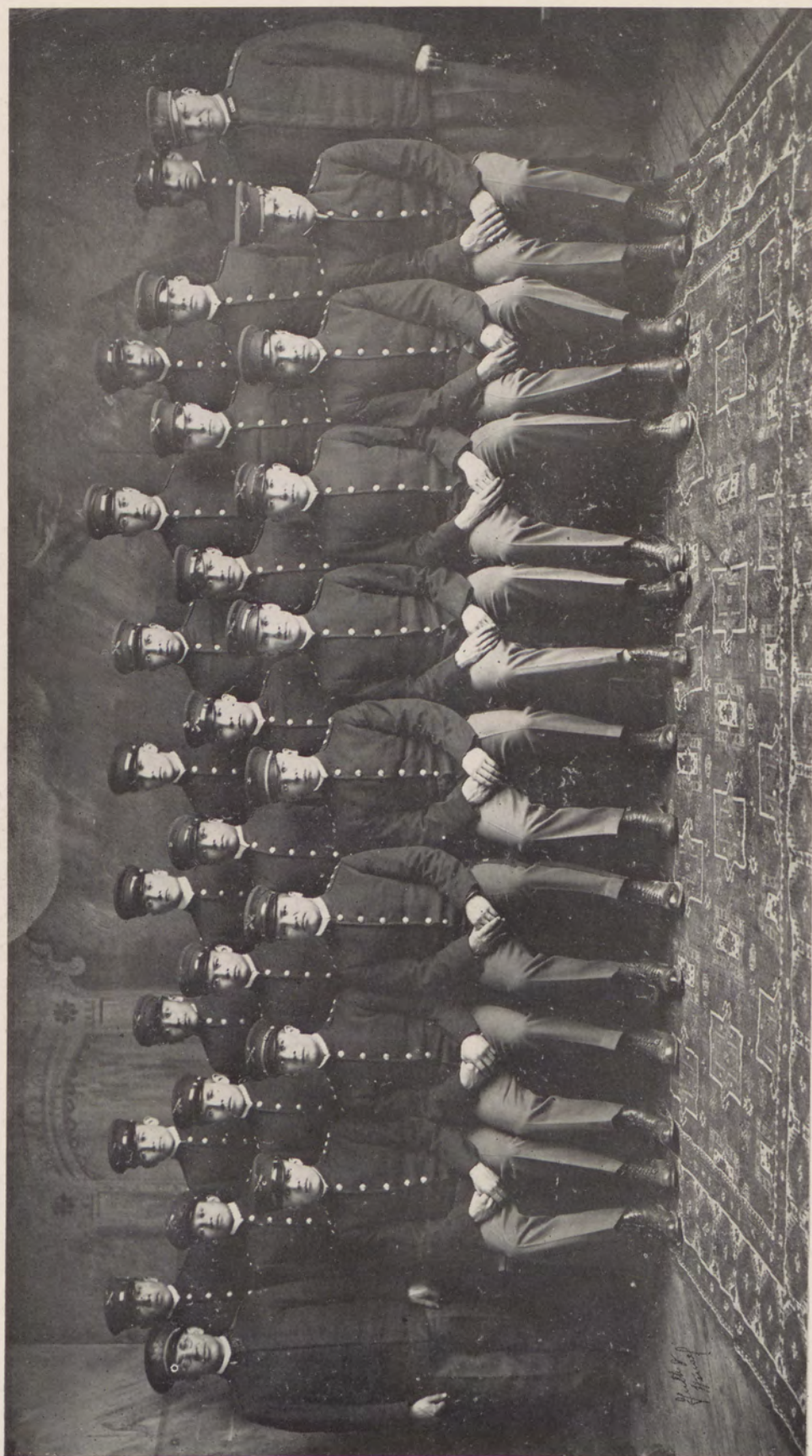
BASEBALL TEAM—1918



CARLISLE STUDENTS IN LIBERTY LOAN PARADE



THE AGRICULTURAL CLUB—1918

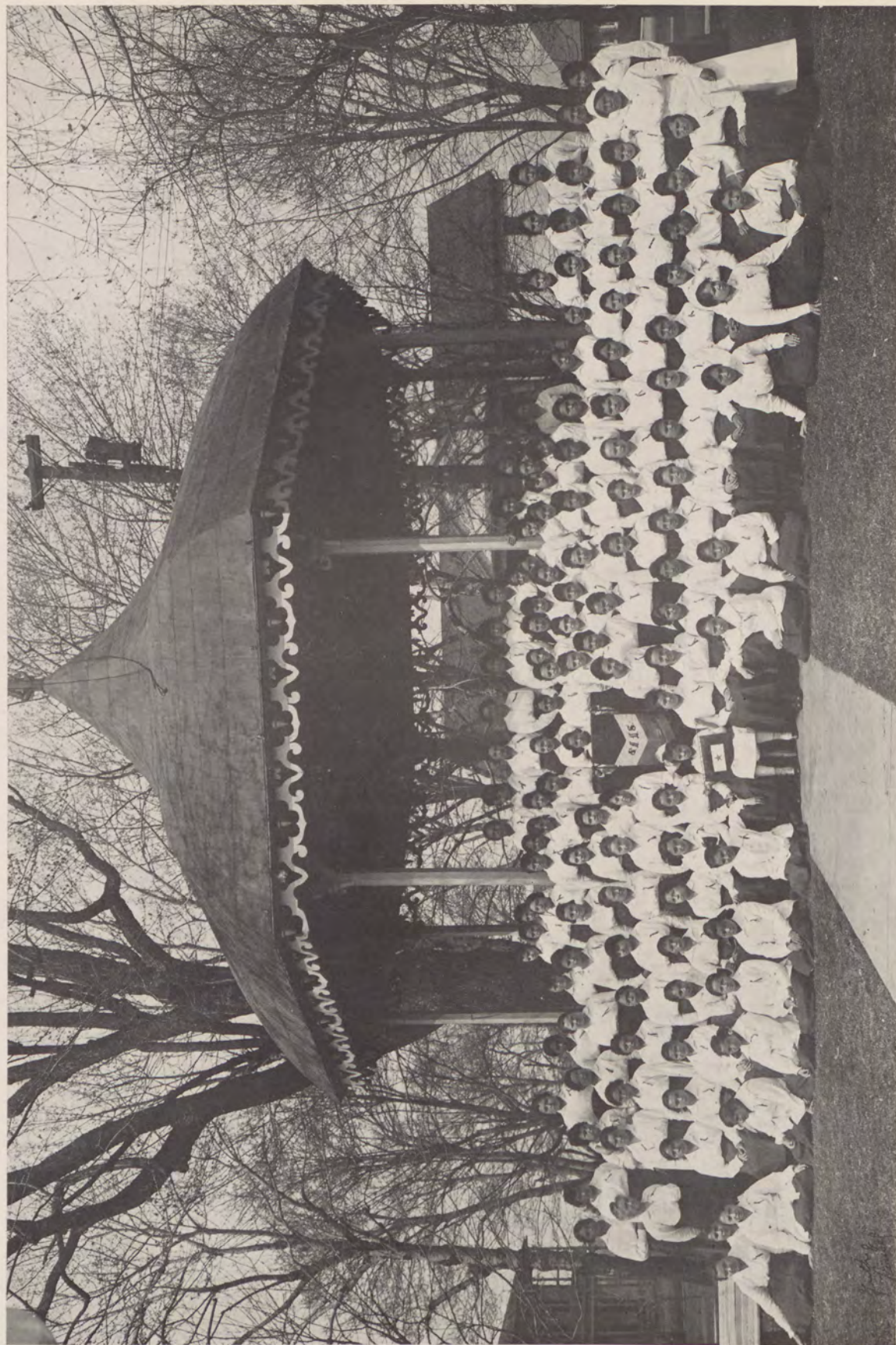


CADET COMMISSIONED OFFICERS OF THE STUDENT BATTALION—1918



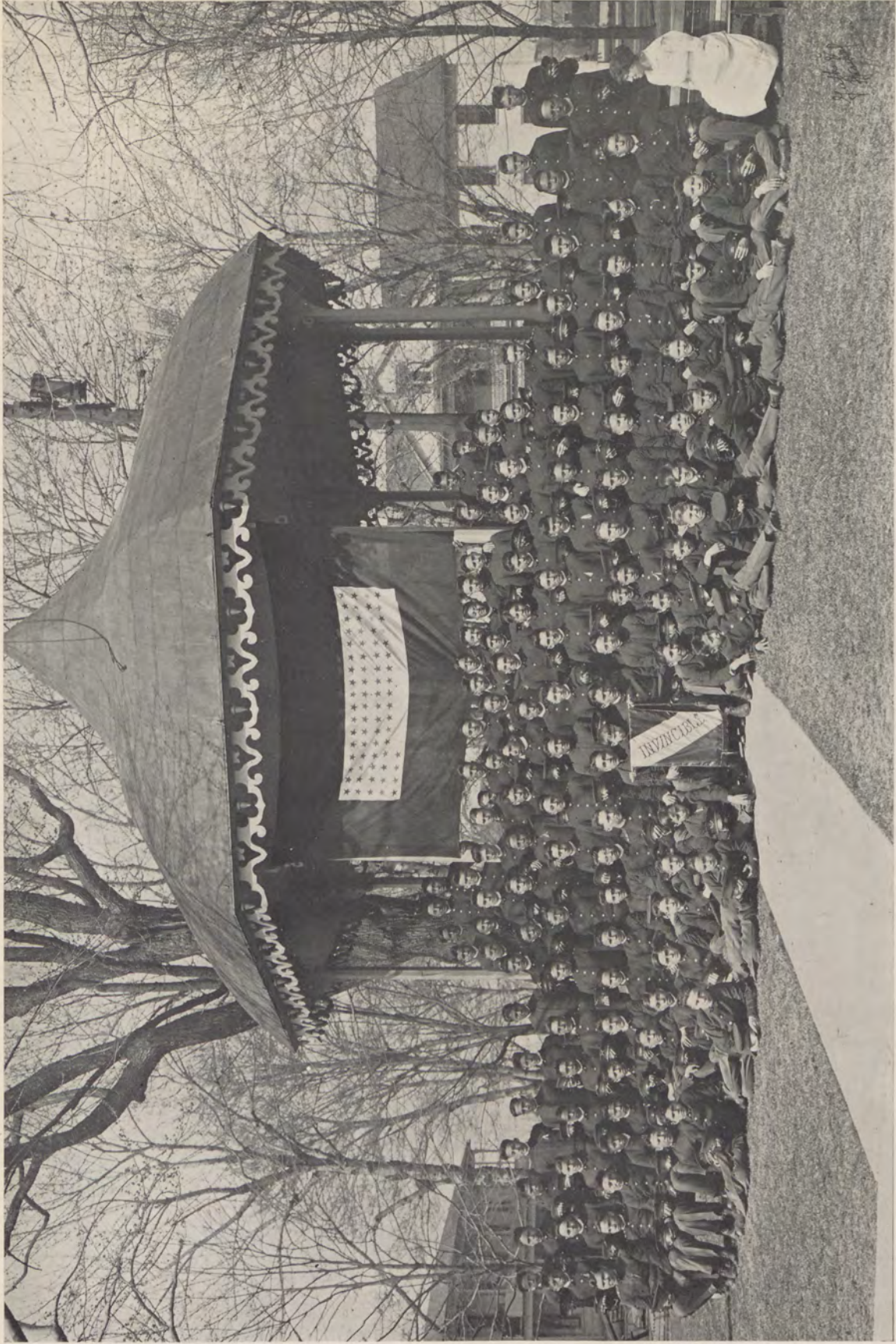
COLOR SERGEANTS

Charles Sutton (American flag): Alex Jorden (Carlisle Standard of red and gold). Color guards, left to right: Laurence Kennedy, William Bennet, Joseph Smoke, and Theodore Thomas.



THE S. L. L. S.

Organized in 1885; named for Miss Susan Longstreth, friend and ardent supporter of Carlisle in its early days. The society colors are red and blue, and its motto, "Labor conquers all things." Note the Service flag with its one star representing a Carlisle girl, Miss Cora Elm, who as a Red Cross nurse is now with the American Expeditionary Force in France.



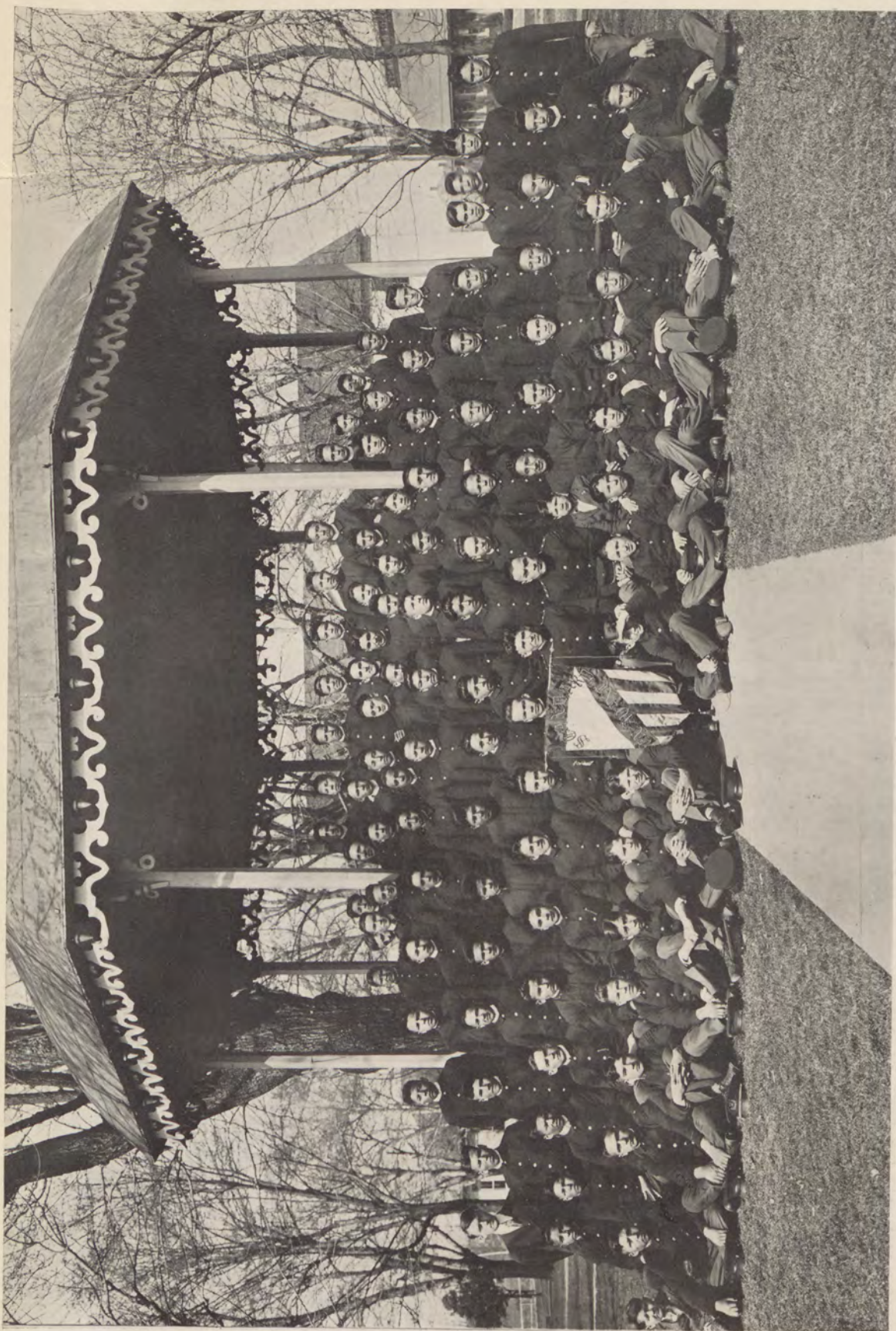
THE INVINCIBLE DEBATING SOCIETY

Organized in 1887. The society colors are red, white, and blue, and its motto "Nothing attempted, nothing gained." This is the largest society on the grounds, the total enrollment during the past year numbering, one hundred and eighty-five. The beautiful Service Flag above, with its seventy-two stars, tells the story of the loyalty and patriotism of this truly Invincible band.



THE MERCER LITERARY SOCIETY

Organized in 1907 and named for Major William A. Mercer, who succeeded General R. H. Pratt as Superintendent of Carlisle. The society colors are lavender and gold, its motto, "Excelsior," and its society flower the sweet pea.



THE STANDARD LITERARY SOCIETY

The Standard Literary Society is the oldest literary society on the grounds. Its motto is "En Avant," its colors orange and black, and its society flower the white carnation. During the past year large number of pupils have been initiated into the society, the total number of members for the year, including the ones present and those under the Outing, being 150. A new feature recently introduced into the Society was the "group system" by means of which all members were given an opportunity to take an active part in carrying on the work of the Society. Upon the walls of the Standard Hall, which has been recently painted and decorated, among other attractions are a beautiful U. S. Flag, the Society's Service Flag, and the picture of Mr. Standing, founder of the Society, all of which are a constant source of encouragement to develop the high ideals for which the Standard Literary Society stands.

CLASS SONG—1918.

O sing of our colors, the green and the white,
They point out the pathway to regions of light.
O sing loudly and long with fervor and might
In praise of our colors, the green and the white.

Hail! hail to our banner with colors so bright;
It bids us be hopeful and live in the right.

O sing of our motto, our standard to guide,
"Loyalty Forever," whatever betide.
O sing the words over with notes true and clear,
In praise of our motto, our motto so dear.

Hail! hail to our motto, it bids us be true;
Our faith in its precepts we'll ever renew.

O sing of our flower, the lily so fair;
Its sweetness and beauty are without compare.
O sing of its mission, to sweeten the air,
In praise of its Maker, with fragrance most rare.

Hail! hail to the lily that grows in the vale;
Our pride in its glory will ever prevail.

Hail, all hail, Class 1918!
Hail the White—the Green!

CARLISLE'S THE SCHOOL FOR ME.

*Music by Miss Verna Dunagan—Words by Miss
Ora Knight.*

Way up in the valley of Cumberland,
Away from the river and sea,
Embowered in elm trees and maples,
Is one royal campus for me.

Chorus

Carlisle, Carlisle, Carlisle's the school for
me for me;

Carlisle, Carlisle, Carlisle's the school for
me.

Oh, never such green in the springtime,
Oh, never such shade from the sun;
Oh, never a campus more lovely
Than this from the Quaker State won.

Then here's to the school we cherish!
Then here's to the campus we love!
We'll cheer 'em and sing 'em and shout 'em,
Till we reach the blue heavens above.

BE A CARLISLE STUDENT.

By Frank Verigan, '18.

Say, Chief, just a minute of your time is all I pray,
There are a few neglected phrases that I have to say,
I hope within them flutters something helpful to us both,
Though I know you'll scorn these verses, it is just the talk you loath.
But take it, for it's something that must come—
Be a Carlisle student, not a reservation bum.

Did it ever dawn upon you as you lived your Carlisle life
You were sent here for a purpose—get mental weapons for the strife?
You're not here because you're Indian—that's just a Carlisle rule.
You were sent here by your people, be to them a helpful tool.
Let this on your heart strings thrum—
Be a Carlisle student, not a reservation bum.

Look your best; you'll then feel better; there's noble blood in all our veins.
You're the hope of all our people—show them something for their pains.
Don't be helpless, hopeless, useless, getting by with old time bluff.
Strike a gait with business to it; if there's evil treat it rough.
Take a bull-dog grip; make something come—
Be a Carlisle student, not a reservation bum.

