

*BRADLEY HIGH SCHOOL*

*CLASS OF 1928*

### LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT

We, the class of nineteen hundred and twenty-eight, being of sane mind and amiable dispositions manifest sorrow and grief at departing from, the loving embrace of this, our venerable institution, feeling that our only comfort in the coming of this monstrous calamity is the philanthropic deed of making certain bequests to persons of deserving characters and needy circumstances, such as those who promenade through the halls of the aforesaid venerable institution.

We the aforesaid class of nineteen hundred and twenty-eight, do bequeath and bestow on the Juniors our uncompleted task of raising this aforesaid institution to the top of the athletic world. We yield our exalted positions and superior airs. May they bear well the privileges of Seniors and discharge well the duties of high school leadership.

To the Freshman Class we leave the following counsels which, if followed will lead them to glory: to take the class of nineteen hundred and twenty-eight as their model, and to work unceasingly, early and late that success and glory may be theirs. It isn't fun, but still, look at the class of '28 and be encouraged.

We, the aforesaid class of nineteen hundred and twenty-eight, do bequeath and bestow on the Sophomores, all our worldly knowledge and the hope of some day becoming Seniors.

To Coach Young we give a framed record of the victories of the high school basket ball team.

To Miss Mortenson we bequeath a noiseless assembly and a peaceful vacation.

To Mr. Wieland, a history class that will come out of the clouds and get down to brass tacks.

To Miss Helen Steinhauser we bequeath our great knowledge in translating Duma's most complicated French stories.

To Miss Hileman, money for a trip to California.

To Miss Emma Steinhauser we bequeath our knowledge in working out equations in chemistry.

### **Individual Bequests**

I, Fredrick Hasemeyer, hereby bequeath my athletic prowess to Jonnie Book: and my ability to get in and out of trouble to Elmer Rantz.

I, Edna Stelter hereby bequeath my quiet sober manners to Dorothy Anderson.

I, Mary Stefanich, hereby bequeath my vamping power to Genevive Lambert.

I, Earl LaGessee, hereby bequeath my ability in oratory and in comprehending the abstract works of Emerson to Delbert Lambert.

I, Edward Drassler, hereby bequeath my ability to snatch souvenirs from the girls to Frank Hess.

I, Edward Huddleston, hereby bequeath to Bennie Vickery the tender mercies of the faculty.

I, Aline Ray, hereby bequeath to Laura Hasemeyer, my ability as an artist, hoping that she will not use it in making ridiculous pictures of the faculty.

I, Everell Monty, hereby bequeath my dramatic voice and winning ways among the fairer sex to John Smeitanski.

I, Leslie Lane, hereby bequeath my ability to get A's in all my subjects to Earl Stoltz.

I, Florence Vickery, hereby bequeath my flaming red hair and vamping green eyes to Belle Hoover.

I, Bernadette Chaplinski, hereby bequeath my great ambition and lovable disposition to Ruth McCoy

I, Genevieve Windal, hereby bequeath my chewing gum to Opal Buser.

I, Arnold Ray, hereby bequeath my wonderful understanding to Roy Duchene.

I, Florence Stoltz, hereby bequeath my powder puff and rights to the looking glass to Anna Stefanich.

I, Wallace Yeates, hereby bequeath my shyness and backwardness to Everett Hayes.

I, Rita McGovern, hereby bequeath my beautiful long brown curls and popularity to Lillie Mae Wade.

I, Jarvis Lambert, hereby bequeath my dixie dialect and soleful look to Vernon Bade.

Besides these gifts we bequeath, of necessity, but of our own free will, a pledge of friendship to all.

All the rest and residue of property of whatsoever nature, we bequeath to our teachers. If they see fit, they may use the knowledge and information we have given them at times when writing quizzes and examinations, these matters, however, to be guided by their discretion.

We hereby, constitute and appoint Delbert Lambert executor of our will, this part to serve without bond.

In witness whereof, we the class of '28, the testators, have set to this will our hand and seal the first day of June,

1928.

## CLASS HISTORY

On registration day in 1924, the class of '28 came into existence. It has been said that "happy is the nation whose annals are short." If that is true of classes ours must have been extremely happy during the first two years of school. We cannot call to memory any remarkable achievement that is worthy of special mention except our joining with the upper classes in carrying on the work of the high school. We entered into our initiation activities whole-heartedly and felt the dignity of having attained the position of full-fledged high school students. Our contribution to the basketball squad at this time was a substantial and permanent one throughout the four years of school. Out of our original freshman class of forty, there are but fifteen left in the present graduating class, the other three members of the class having joined our ranks in later years. In the sophomore year we had the honor of initiating the freshman, and this made us feel that we were privileged to look down upon a part of the school, or in other words, made us feel as though someone else was the "wearer of the green" and we were regulars. During these two years we lent what assistance we could to the upper classes in helping them with plays by filling in the minor parts. Great was our anticipation, however, of the time when we would take the leading roles.

In the junior year our class activities became more pronounced. In the theatrical production "Sweetheart Town," our talented soloists, Mr. Frederic Hasemeyer and Mr. Everell Monty, were ably assisted by a cast including our black-faced comedian, Mr. Jarvis Lambert, and Miss Aline Ray, Miss Florence Stoltz, Miss Florence Vickery, and

Mr. Earle LaGesse, our character comedian. This production proved a huge success and we will long remember the daily rehearsals under the careful direction of Robert Burns. In athletics this year our class supplied Everell Monty, Edward Huddleston, Leslie Lane, and Frederic Hasemeyer, who made up the greater part of the basketball team, which was led by Captain Monty through a winning season. The outstanding feature of this school term was the Junior-Senior Banquet, which was held in the Gold Room of the Hotel Kankakee. It was a great success, having been arranged through the earnest efforts of the several committees appointed from our class. The evening was most enjoyably spent and all who attended agreed it was the best banquet ever held in the history of our school. At that time our able officers were Jarvis Lambert, Aline Ray, Florence Stoltz and Rita McGovern.

When we entered the Senior year we then felt our place as the leaders of the high school. The class as a whole ever since has striven faithfully and carefully to discharge their duties and set an example, and we believe that no class having gone before us was endowed with such wisdom and such ability to guide the school as our class. This year we elected Florence Vickery for President, Everell Monty, Vice-President, Florence Stoltz, Treasurer, and Rita McGovern Secretary, who worked earnestly and diligently to fulfill the duties of their respective offices.

As is customary we gave a Senior Class Play. Our senior boys still made up the greater part of the basketball squad and made even a better showing than in their junior year.

At this time the girls were becoming more interested in basket-ball, and the girls of our class composed the winning team of the high school, winning most, practically all of our intramural games and most of our outside games.

The book in which this history is placed among the works of fellow-students, is the first of its kind to be edited in the Bradley High School, and with the help of our class moderator, Miss Evangeline Mortensen, we hope and strive to give a lasting impression of our class to all those who read these pages.

As the class of '28 crosses the threshold of the Bradley High School and enters the professional world or other schools and colleges, we feel assured that the coming senior classes will carry on the leadership of the school and will uphold the traditions of B. H. S. as we have tried to do.

Rita McGovern  
Edward Drassler

#### WHY TEACHERS GO CRAZY

"Oh, I forgot my pencil teacher."

"Oh, were we supposed to study that too?"

"I left my paper in the assembly, may I go out and get it?"

"Should we write on both sides of the paper?"

"I didn't bring my Three Centuries Book to class!"

"May I borrow some paper?"

"Oh, I didn't know you meant that, I thought you meant this!"



YOU'LL KNOW THEM BY THIS

Correctly Speaking	Kick Name	Favorite Sayings
Bernadette Chaplinski	"Chap"	"By cow."
Edward Brussler	"Frank"	"By Jollies, I'll snap."
Annet Dressler	"Burt"	"Haw, Haw, I'm teacher's pet."
Edward Middleton	"Muddy"	"Gosh Sakes."
Frederic Haseneyer	"Fritzi"	"Oh, Caripsie."
Marie LaGesse	"Duck"	"By kingdom for a college education."
Jarvis Lambert	"Jud"	"Lawright, grow up."
Leslie Lane	"Buck"	"Gee whiz, that wasn't me."
Everell Monty	"Tiv"	"Cuch, Aline, quit."
Rita McGovern	"Terry"	"Law, act your age, Miss."
Aline Ray	"Ray"	"Gee." (more gee's)
Arnold Ray	"Tin-cars"	"Dairy business-- my hobby."
Mary Stefanich	"Steffie"	"I don't know."
Edna Stelter	"Edna"	"Oh!"
Florence Vickery	"Peggie"	"I'll bat ya in the teeth."
Florence Stoltz	"Flossie"	"Ee-ee-eeek, now stop!"
Genevieve Windal	"Gabby"	"He's so han'some, oh boy."
Wallace Yates	"Wally"	(It seems to be-- "Silence is Golden")

### CLASS PROPHECY

If Emerson is to be justified in his famous saying, "Happy is the house that shelters a friend," then the Plaza Hotel in Washington, D. C. is surely a haven of riotous merriment at the present.

According to an article in the New York Times, the Plaza was the scene of quite a reunion last evening. The occasion was the welcoming banquet for the new Illinois Senator, who comes direct from Bradley in the person of Mr. Everell Monty, a graduate of Bradley High School in the class of 1928. Mr. Monty, though small of stature is endowed with great understanding, and is indeed a worthy man for the position to which he has been elected. On arriving in Washington last evening he was greeted by a host of old Friends and classmates, who helped to make the fete a success.

Mr. Edward Drassler, a sturdy little gentleman with a buxom young wife, appeared with his smile and jokes to welcome the Senator to the hotel which he operates, the Plaza. You may be sure that Eddie did not obtain the hotel through hard labor, but by the wealth of his little wife.

Miss Aline Ray, a beautiful modiste from New York was there to be sure, and with her came her delightful little giggles and outbursts of laughter which had won over many friends years ago.

And also came Miss Mary Stefanich, one of Miss Ray's noted models, whose charm and poise has so delighted the feminine patrons of the modiste shops. Mary is still very modest and her conduct is above reproach.

Rita McGovern came from New York, leaving her duties as Supervisor of Music at the New York Conservatory, to

visit with her old classmates of 20 years ago. Everybody will remember Kiss McGovern's many successful compositions, which have so aroused the musical world.

From Yale College hailed Frederic Hasemeyer, who, as Director of Athletics, has proved himself to be a most valuable asset to that institution. Two members of Mr. Hasemeyer's team have been given positions on the All-American basketball five. Fritz could not resist the temptation of visiting with Mr. Monty, the captain of their high-school basketball team. As in the past he was right there with a smile and pat on the back for the new Senator.

Accompanying Mr. Hasemeyer was our old friend, Jarvis Lambert, who has gained much renown as Director of Athletics at Princeton University. Though not so successful as the Yale Coach he is fast gaining popularity in his sphere of activities. Mr. Lambert is planning on visiting his home town in the near future, as we must remember his wife, the former Ruth McCoy, has already left for that destination.

Leslie Lane, a guard of the Chicago Bruins Basketball team, who has been visiting in New York, came to argue for his team and city in much the same manner as when he was a student in high school. He showed his interest in the government when he asked that Mr. Monty support the bill in Congress for the establishment of a home for wrecked dumbbells.

Wallace Yeates, though too bashful to succeed as a lawyer, makes a fine elevator man in Mr. Drassler's hotel. His job was given him by the kind-hearted manager in order to help provide for a large family. Mr. Yeates was also a guest at the banquet, having been given the day off. No

matter how busy, Wallace finds time to take care of innumerable jackasses.

And oh yes, the President's private secretary, Bernadette Chaplinski, also attended. She is always very punctual and of course, was on time for the feed. Surprising, too, she did not carry any books as was customary when we knew her long ago.

After the banquet, the classmates were anxious to get news of the rest of the class. The Honorable Everell Monty, coming from the old home town, was called upon to tell what had happened to Arnold Ray and the rest of his old friends. He said Arnold was a successful dairyman, having control of five large companies, and that he had given up the idea of becoming a movie star in Hollywood. Edna Stelter had established a beauty parlor in Bradley and was prospering very well with a large number of patrons. She had hired a young girl to handle the affairs of the parlor as she was too shy to make a success of her business.

Someone asked what had become of Florence Vickery and Florence Stoltz. Mr. Monty did not know, so Aline Ray chimed in with the information that Miss Stoltz was engaged as Assistant Superintendent of Schools of New York City and was still busy in the pursuit of a suitable mate. She is still very beautiful and considered a worthy person to hold the position of best-looking girl in the class. Miss Vickery, however, had long since ceased to correspond with her. Leslie Lane said that Miss Vickery had come to New York on the same train with him, and had left for Europe last week. Mr. Lane informed them that she was Superintendent of Schools of Cook County, but probably would not be next year, for she intended to land an Earl in England.

Frederic Hasemeyer said he had only recently received a letter from Genevieve Windal from the University of Illinois, where she was earning her daily bread as an Instructor of English. He stated that Miss Windal was in hopes of obtaining the Principality of the new high school in Bradley next term.

Nothing had been said of Edward Huddleston or Arnet Dressler, so it was up to Mary Stefanich to enlighten the group. She explained that Eddie Huddleston was still "batting 'em off" with the New York Yankees, on which team he played short-stop. He had overcome his former shyness and was said to be frequenting various nightclubs. She knew nothing of Arnet Dressler, however.

Wallace Yeates forgot his bashfulness for a moment and said his old neighbor, Arnet, was now director of the Chicago Civic Opera Company and could still use his cornet to good advantage. Yes, and he could still make an unreasonable amount of noise and so, of course, he was still his old self.

And I Earle LaGessee, had tried to show my brilliance by remaining the silent guest, thereby receiving the material for enlarging the article in the New York Times, of which I am Editor. I had also obtained the material for my next novel which I will call "Classmates."

Earle LaGessee

A rule of the typing department is to keep one's feet flat on the floor - hence:

Miss Hileman (very sharply)  
"Everell, where are your feet?"

E. Monty--"Well the last time I heard of 'em they were in my shoes."

Mr. Young -"Well boys, we start for St. Anne at six o'clock tonight."

Fritz-"We'll be up at the Sweet Shop at five then."

Mr Y."Oh, not so early."  
The Boys-"Sure, we have to get your can started."



## REALIZATION

(First Place - Short Story Contest)

On the morning of January fifteenth, nineteen hundred and twenty-seven, as the sun rose apparently out of the Atlantic Ocean, its slanting rays gleamed on the wide expanse of the Rio de la Plata River and sent their reflection through the windows of one of the most magnificent hotels of Buenos Aires, a very beautiful city, the "Paris of America." In one of the rooms of the hotel the sun shone upon a young man, Tom Brent, and seemed to arouse him from the retrospective mood in which he had been indulging for some time, reviewing the years since the desire to visit South America had first entered his mind. He saw himself a little urchin of ten or twelve years pouring over an old geography book filled with wonder at the descriptions and pictures of South America which were of interest to a child of his tender years. Marmosets, tiny monkeys that could be carried, in your pocket, wood too heavy to float on water, butterflies almost two feet across and numerous other wonderful things were indelibly stamped on his mind. The teacher's name, "Land of Opportunity," had meant nothing to him until in his later school years, when it was time to choose the profession he wished to follow, the significance of this "Land of Opportunity" dawned upon him and had a very deciding effect upon his choice. We see him today in the land of his dreams about to embark on a trip, into the interior with the Pan American Railway Construction Company, for which he is employed as material engineer.

Then with a start, he comes back to the present and marvels at the heavily embossed paper he is holding in his hand, an invitation to a formal reception of the promoters and executives of the Pan-American Railway Company. Although quiet and unassuming of nature, he is elated over the prospects of mingling with such a distinguished set of men. However, this reception was to take place Wednesday evening of the following week, giving him ample time to think over and make plans for the occasion.

During the remainder of the week, while performing his usual routine, he was much absorbed with his social engagement of the following Wednesday. At times he was on the verge of sending his regrets to the host, but neglected to do so until he found, himself on the morning of the impending engagement. After much internal debate he decided that he would go; it would be a change at least and would afford an opportunity to meet new acquaintances in this strange land.

The home of Senor Fernando Cortez was cloaked with a festive atmosphere. This man, a rotund, rather corpulent gentleman gave expression of the spirit pervading the place. His deep black-eyes, although showing shrewdness, were kind and sincere; his broad, jovial smile greeted the guests as they were presented. Brent, being an American, drew his particular attention. This blonde, blue-eyed youth, in formal

attire made an outstanding appearance among the South Americans. Standing over six feet in height, with broad shoulders, he was an athletic type, typical of an American football star.

Cortez, by his actions, gave evidence of his personal regard for the young man and anyone observing the expressions of the two would realize that a mutual friendship had sprung up.

After conversing for some time they retired to Cortez' study. Upon entering, their gaze was directed to the person of a young woman, sitting in the glow of the fireplace.

"Carlotta," said Cortez, "allow me to introduce Senor Thomas Brent, my good friend from the United States."

Carlotta, taken by surprise, offered her hand rather shyly and acknowledged the acquaintance.

"Senor Brent has been brought here to help us in the construction of our railroad. It is our good fortune to have such a capable person in our employ," said Cortez.

"I do not think that such compliments are warranted, as I have yet to prove my abilities. I can only say that I hope my services will be satisfactory," replied Brent.

"We feel confident, Senor, that we will not be disappointed in you," said Carlotta, suggesting that they leave business matters to a later time and join the guests in the festivities.

As the evening progressed, Brent met many of the celebrities but none impressed him as did Carlotta, having danced with her and paid particular attention to her. One could see that a mutual admiration was arising between them. When Brent was leaving, Carlotta invited him to come to their home again, which resulted in many visits, luncheons and various other meetings, and they became the best of friends.

During their many conversations, Tom confided in Carlotta his desires and ambitions. He was surprised to learn from her, the reason of her evident admiration for him and her interest in the stories of his home. She told him that she was of Spanish and American parentage and had spent her childhood and early girlhood days in America. Her parents had died and she was left in the care of her only living relative, Senor Cortez, a brother of her mother. She had come to his home when she was a small girl and her education had been completed there. She had always thought of America and longed to back to it some day. Carlotta had the appearance of a Spanish girl, but the straits of an American Girl; she was a tall, slender person with graceful carriage. She inherited the oval face and deep brown eyes of her mother and a mass of wavy black hair. One could scarcely blame the young American for being deeply interested in such a beautiful young Woman.



The day came at last on which he was to leave for the interior. The party met at Senor Cortez' home and Brent was surprised to see in the person of the first engineer a Spaniard, who had been very attentive to Carlotta, and whom Brent instantly felt had a growing dislike toward himself.

After a three-days journey they arrived at their first station on the edge of the El Gran Chaco. When they were ready to continue their journey, Brent could not be found. The chief engineer seemed unconcerned about this and decided to move on without him, leaving word at the station for him to follow when he returned; but one of the assistant engineers, with whom Brent had become very friendly, seemed worried and sent word back to Cortez reporting his disappearance, stating that Brent had wandered away from camp on an exploring tour and that he feared he had been captured by a marauding band of uncivilized Indians, many of whom infested the unexplored portion of the El Gran Chaco, through which the railway was being constructed.

Carlotta was present when the message arrived at the Cortez home and she persuaded her uncle to allow her to accompany the expedition which he was heading in search of Tom, for Senor Cortez had realized immediately his great danger. On their arrival at the station, Carlotta, who had often visited this particular place with her uncle was familiar with the immediate surrounding country, decided to inquire from the friendly natives of his whereabouts. After much questioning, she learned that he was being held captive by one of the bands. So with a native as a guide she penetrated farther into the forest and located the place of his captivity.

Tom was in a state of bewilderment as he hastened to overtake his party; his mind was in a turmoil as to why such a desperate and treacherous band of outlaws should allow him to leave their midst, unharmed. He did not know of Carlotta's relentless search for him, so did not realize the danger she had braved to secure his release, which was brought about by her uncle. He had no idea that she or her uncle had even heard of his capture.

At the end of four months Brent returned to Buenos Aires, his work in South America successfully completed, and awaited orders from the New York office. As soon as it was possible he hastened to Carlotta, his interest in her having grown during his absence and also the constant hope in his heart that she had not forgotten him. As he passed up the walk toward her home he met her, suddenly, returning from a walk. His unexpected appearance caused her to become very confused but pleased. She rushed towards him, with hands outstretched exclaiming, "Oh, Tom, it is really you?"

Immediately she became doubly confused realizing what she had said and her face was suffused with blushes.

Tom, scarcely realizing what he did, grasped her hands and softly said, "My Carlotta."

Hastily she withdrew her hands and hurried into the house, Tom followed, overtaking her and exclaimed,

"Carlotta, I must speak to you."

"Not now," she answered, "I must hasten to prepare for dinner, but will see you--"

"No," interrupted Tom, "I must tell you now that since I left here you have been in my mind constantly and I have counted the minutes until I could return to you."

Impulsively she said, "I was so afraid that the Indians would harm you before we could secure your release!"

"'We'," said Tom, "what do you mean?"

"Uncle and I, Tom," she explained.

"Then I was not mistaken when I met you in the yard just now, you do love me?" said Tom, happily.

The American girl in her then made her answer him truthfully "Yes."

Then Tom said, "I am leaving within a few days, Carlotta, and I cannot go alone, you must come with me as my wife."

The S.S. America slowly swung away from the pier, handkerchiefs fluttered goodbyes and farewells. Senor Cortez stood alone, and leaning against the rail of the ship were a happy dark-eyed girl with her fair-haired husband, a young man who had come into full realization of his life's ambition and desires, returning to their home in North America.

Rita McGovern

Superintendent--"So you want to register here."	Chemistry Teacher--"What are the properties of Florine?"
Applicant--"No, I have to."	F. Vickery--"Well I don't know if she has any property."
Sup.--"Why did you leave your school?"	
App.--"It was not mine."	"What did Lincoln die of?"
Sup.--"What subjects do you wish to carry?"	Frosh--"His heart wouldn't beat."
App.--"I can't carry any, I sprained my wrist."	Soph.--"No, he stopped breathing."
Sup.--"Have you your re- cords?"	
App.--"No, we sold them with the victrola."	Eng. Teacher--"Arnold, which of Hawthorne's Romances is the greatest?"
Sup.--"Well I suppose you need a seat."	A. Ray--"None, they did not interest me."
App.--"No, I have one but I want a desk."	

## LEADERSHIP

The world always has need of more good leaders. It is easy enough to be a follower for that does not mean hard work. But we need men to work out the plans for the ones that will follow.

Any one can be like the box cars of a train that are lead by the engine, but we should always strive to be like the engine of the train. What would happen if there were no engines to pull the box cars? There would be no progress made of course. In the same way we must have capable leaders to lead the ones that are ready and willing to be lead.

We should prepare ourselves for the time when we will be needed as leaders. Some men say, "I wish I had the chance to be a great leader like Washington." That chance will not come if we do not prepare ourselves for it. There is need of good leaders today and if we prepare ourselves for the time, it will come. Washington did not wait for the time to come when he would be a leader. He prepared himself for his task that was to come. And when the time came for him to lead the American Soldiers to Victory he was ready.

Why was Lindbergh the first one to go across the Atlantic Ocean in an airplane? Because he had prepared himself and was ready when the time came to be the leader. He made his plans to succeed and he did succeed.

A leader must not think of the possible failure, for if he does he will fail as a natural consequence. Lindbergh made his plans succeed and he had faith in himself and his plane. Washington also looked to success and encouraged his men when failure faced them. A leader must have faith in himself and his men.

A leader must be a leader. The dictionary says that to lead means to guide, or indicate by going before. Some men call themselves leaders because they are in command of the men. But a leader says, "Come on," not, "Go on." This is illustrated by a story I remember about Washington. One of the officers of the army was in command of some men that were building a fort. The men were trying to put a log up on the top of the wall and the officer stood there yelling at them to push harder. Washington stepped up and took hold with the men and helped them push the log to the top.

To be a leader of men we must understand humanity. We must understand the great game of life. A worthy leader will never complain of the stupidity of his helpers. He will not complain of the ingratitude of mankind, or of the inappreciation of the public.

A leader then must be prepared to meet the call. He must plan the work for his men. He must not think of the possible failure but have faith in himself and his followers, and encourage his men to look forward to success. He must be a leader, not merely a commander. A leader must not complain of the stupidity of his helpers. He must understand the great game of life, meet the discouragements and not go down before them in defeat.

Wallace Yeates

## PERSEVERANCE

In my four years of high school it has been my pleasure to see the persistence with which to various students endeavored to obtain the education afforded by our school. And again, I have seen many who would have been successful, had they had the enthusiasm which is necessary in: the obtaining of a good education. Instead, through desire for money, lack of interest in a less-immediate gain, and over-powering whims, they have given up their ambitions and have lost many chances for success. The first group may be described as having persevered, which means they have persisted steadfastly in a purpose. The others may be defined as inconsistent. In other words, they are self-contradictory, for they have denied their own thoughts that which they themselves knew was right. I am in sympathy with those who have shown true character by their persevering; who I believe, have gained a rung in the ladder of Success.

I like to link success with perseverance, for usually the two are inseparable. Every great man, regardless of the sphere in which he has displayed his brilliance, has at some time or other had to cling steadfastly to the one purpose in his mind, that he must make his idea successful in the face of the greatest difficulties. Take Thomas Edison, for a worthy example. Do you think that his every experiment was successful and accurate at the first attempt? I think not. He steadfastly refused to admit defeat and thereby made attempt after attempt to secure the desired effect. It is true that some great men have obtained eminence by the help of money. But I firmly believe that these men do not know real success. They have not needed perseverance, and they have not obtained the benefits of that favorable trait. Any man with monetary influence, unless he be utterly foolish, can make his way in the world but that does not necessarily imply that he will reach the top rung of the ladder.

A person is very seldom endowed with all of the necessary characteristics which help in acquiring perseverance; therefore the first step will be to develop these traits. One must have will-power, for without it one can not succeed in any serious undertaking. Interest in a one's work enables him to persist in it. Another necessity is enthusiasm which, together with interest, must go hand in hand for a bigger and better business, whatever that business may be. And above all things, look defeat square in the face and push it away. In your moments of discouragement when the Demon Defeat lurks in your path-way, steadfastly maintain your fighting spirit. The demon will soon grow less powerful and in a short time will cease to molest you. But, these characteristics can not be obtained without reasonable effort.

Live a life of perseverance, so that helping yourself, you help others. When you have learned the art of perseverance, I would advise you to work not only for yourself but for the welfare of others. In this manner you also will help yourself to a greater extent, for help given to others means a greater success for you and greater reward. Take for instance, our great scientists. Did they work for themselves alone? Of course not, they worked for the benefit of all, in the meantime

living in the fame and fortune they amassed in doing so. It is better to give charitably of our success, for in giving, we receive two-fold in return.

You may be asking; yourself, "Is it worth-while to persevere; and if so, why?" Yes it is, and why--because through perseverance you gain what would otherwise be impossible; a natural consequence of a persisting career is inevitable success; in developing characteristics favorable to perseverance you secure truly worthy virtues; living a life of perseverance you help others as well as yourself. And remember at all times that by gaining a reputation for yourself, you are gaining also the respect of the world in which you live.

Earle LaGesse

### SENIOR SUPERLATIVES

Brightest--

Girl--Florence Vickery  
Boy--Earle LaGesse

Most Popular--

Girl--Rita McGovern  
Boy--Edward Drassler.

Best Looking--

Girl--Florence Stoltz  
Boy--Everell Monty

Best Athletes--

Girl--Aline Ray  
Boy--Frederic Hasemeyer

Meekest--

Girl--Edna Stelter  
Boy--Wallace Yeates

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History Instr.--"Arnet, why  
did the slaves stay down South?"  
A. Dressler--"Oh, it is too  
cold up north."

Teacher--"Use analysis in  
a sentence."  
Senior--"Mary is my girl,  
analysis is her sister,

Teacher--"I \_am punishing you  
because I love you."  
Student--"Gee! teacher, I  
wish was big enough to return  
love."

Miss Mortenson--"Outside  
readings must be in tomorrow.  
Frosh--"But teacher, we have  
to wait till the weather your  
clears up."

## SPORTS

In the term of 1924 and '25 a band of Green freshman entered this high school. Among this group there were about twenty boys, all of whom were small of stature averaging from one hundred to one hundred and fifteen pounds. Probably two or three ran a little over this.

One afternoon soon after, school had commenced the call for football was given. Besides the freshman there were about five or six upper classmen who cared for athletics and answered the football call. We had little equipment along with poor material. One afternoon after we had practiced about two weeks one of the lower classmen broke his arm so that put an end to our football team that year.

Since we did not succeed with football, our coach Mr. Burke started basketball earlier in the season. Because there was no gym, baskets were put up in a hall a block from our school. We had to dress in the basement of the school and run to the hall, and then practice only an hour, since that was all the time we could possibly have.

At the start of the season there were about twenty fellows out to make, or try at least, to earn a position on the team. But as the season progressed some of the fellows dropped off one at a time until there were only about twelve left. At tournament time we had only ten fellows left to try to make a good showing. Of course we were always fighting, for dear old Bradley High. We were very unfortunate that year in winning only two out of eighteen games, but it was not so bad considering the great difficulties which we were up against. The two teams we won from were Kempton and Peotone. We were the smallest team in the tournament that year and after Reddick defeated us by a few points it came out in the paper that if Bradley's players had a few more years in their school career they would have a great team. The members of the first team were:

Hasemeyer . . . . . F.	Lambert . . . . . F.
Huddleston . . . F.	Richardson . . . F.
Butts . . . . . C.	Erickson . . . . C.
Ray . . . . . G.	Grimes . . . . . G.
Martin . . . . . G.	Lane . . . . . G.

Clair Butts graduated at the end of the school term.

## THE YEAR 1925-26

This year proved to be a greater success than the preceding year, although we won only six games out of sixteen played, having lost only one player from graduation, Clair Butts, who played center and forward. He was a hard man to lose, but one must know he cannot play forever. We did not have any football this year, so as in the year before we started basketball early. By some hard talking our coach managed to get the Orpheum Hall for our basket-ball gym. It certainly was a huge mansion of a building! When both teams

were on the floor there was hardly any room for the referee to throw the ball up and dig for the side lines.

We managed to play one game in that hall and it was with Herscher, our first victim of the year. They bowed to us in a 17-12 defeat. It was a real rough-and-tumble affair. After that game we had to give up our gym because people were too loud when one team would make a basket. The people upstairs thought basketball was something like mum pool. After a few weeks "lay off," trying to find a place to play, Mr. Burke who had a good pull or drag with the superintendent of the Y.M.C.A., secured the use of their floor every Monday night from six to seven, just around supper hour when no one also cared for it. The first time we played on the Y floor we thought we were lost, because it was the largest floor we had ever played on, besides the Armory, where the tournament was held. We defeated Elwood twice, Herscher twice, and Momence once, and Herscher again in our first tournament game. But we were soon nosed out of the race when Stockland defeated us 32-19. This was the highest we ever placed in a district tournament. At the end of the year our honorable coach, Mr. George Harrison Burke, gave us boys a great banquet at the Y.M.C.A. cafeteria. Those present were Mr. Burke, Morris Ray, Edward Grimes, Jarvis Lambert, Freddie Hasemeyer, Edward Huddleston, Leslie Lane, Wilbur Contois, Harold Knecht, and Edward Drassler. There were more speeches given by each member present and our coach. The members of the squad who received the dear old letter "B" were: Captain Morris Ray, Edward Grimes, Jarvis Lambert, Freddie Hasemeyer, and Edward Huddleston: the rest received minor letters. From graduation we lost Morris Ray and Edward Grimes.

#### THE YEAR 1926-1927

This is the year that should long be remembered by the members of the high school basketball team, and by the town team, and the people of Bradley. We all owe our thanks to the members of the board and especially Mr. Wieland and Mr. Young, for what they did for us. This year brought to the basketball team and people of Bradley one of the largest and most beautiful gyms that any high school has in the state of Illinois.

The night that we received word that we were going to have a gym built on the school year, we were the happiest high-school boys in the state. And when they told, us we would have to help, we were happier yet. As soon as the blue came for the foundation, we started to dig the long trenches for the walls of the foundation. Every one helped that was able, town people included. It took in all about two months and a half to finish it. On the opening night of the gym, the floor was being laid one hour before the game was to start. All the students were decorating the side on which the Bradley rooters were to sit in our new refreshing colors of scarlet and white. The time of the evening came when the big game was to start. A few speeches of great interest were given by well known men of this community. then came the Kankakee Drum and Bugle Corps along with their bugles, trumpets, and drums, and furnished some beautiful music that will long be remembered. Then came out upon the floor the new improved model of the Bradley High School Basketball Team, which had been worked over



and over by a man who knows his basketball, Mr. O. W. Young. Our opponents who furnished us competition for the evening were Reddick. The game itself was played as fast as any game ever witnessed by any

spectator. At the finish we were on the long end of the score, 17-12.

After the hot contest some soft melodies were played by Mac's Melody Makers to which the people who cared to, enjoyed themselves dancing. It lasted until late, and everybody surely had one grand and glorious evening. We were defeated only seven times this season but two of these games were played without any practice at all, and some new members of the team were used who had not worked or played with the others, so it was difficult to play a steady and fast game. The team as it was at that time follows: Jarvis Lambert, Freddie Hasemeyer, forwards: Edward Huddleston, center: and Tiv Monty, a new member of the team, mated with Leslie Lane for the guards positions.

We went very well up to the second semester, with the addition of a new man, Everett Hayes, who filled the center position with the best of ability, and with Edward Huddleston playing forward in place of Jarvis Lambert, who was laid up with a broken jaw and other slight injuries. Edward Drassler had filled his vacancy until the semester rolled along and Everett became eligible.

At the time of the tournament many of the fans had picked us for the winners of the event. We tried to fulfill their wishes but it was impossible. We defeated Sheldon, one of the best teams of the tournament, 37-26 in a hot contest, but Kankakee defeated us. The season was a success nevertheless. Those receiving sweaters were: Freddie Hasemeyer, Tiv Monty, Jarvis Lambert, Edward Huddleston, Everett Hayes, and Leslie Lane.

In this season we were not hindered by commencement at all, as no player graduated.

### **THE YEAR 1927-1928**

Our last and most successful year in school. This year brought to Bradley one of the best and fastest teams in the state. Although of a few difficulties which turned up, nothing hindered us in the least. We had a squad of nine men for the first team and about twelve for the second or light-weight team.

Our coach, Mr. Young, was back with us and therefore we could go on right where we left off the previous year. We were scheduled to play with some of the best teams in the state and one of Indiana, known as Culver, Mr. Young's old home town where he spent his high school days, and played forward before attending Illinois and Perdue Universities.

The team will be hit hard by graduation as the entire squad graduates except Everett Hayes and Delbert Lambert. Lambert is a man who will compare with any guard next year. he is only a

sophomore and has two more years, and Everett, center, is a man who will hold the center position against any other center.

The members who will hang their suits away at the end of their high school career this June are:

Edward Huddleston, who is one of the best forwards and clever floor man in our vicinity and who will trouble any guard, a regular for four years.

Freddie Hasemeyer, who held the other berth at forward will also hand his suit back. He was a regular for four years and had his guards worried most of the time, while in action. Toward the end of the season he was shifted to center to take the place of Hayes who was compelled to retire for a few weeks on account of blood poisoning received from a floor burn on the elbow. Everett is a great offensive man and only a junior and should do much better next year.

Everell Monty, better known as "Tiv" by the members of the team, is one of the best guards that this school ever produced. If he ever receives the ball around the free throw line, you might as well mark up two points.

Leslie Lane also puts his suit away for good. Lane is short and heavy-set and he surely lets other forwards know it when they try to break their way through him. They never keep it up because they are sure to stopped cold.

Edward Drassler, the nimble little forward whom Mr. Young could send in a game to dazzle his opposing guard, was very fast and would sink one every now and then. He will be lost by graduation also.

Arnet Drassler, a husky reserve who can fill a guard position, is not very easy on his opposing men. When he goes after a ball off the backboard, they scatter hither and thither. He usually has the ball after the storm is over.

We give credit for our success to Mr. Young, whom we appreciated very much as a coach. We class him as one of the best coaches in this state.

### **!!OUR LAST HOME GAME!!**

On Saturday evening, March 3, our team met in the gym to play their last home game of the season. For six of our best men it was the last game they would play together in the gym. Our opponents were the fast Donovan team, from whom we were bent on securing a victory.

The game started out with a bang--Huddleston, one of our forwards, sinking two pretty field goals in rapid succession. Our other snappy forward, Fritz Hasemeyer, began to get "hot" and soon piled up on the score to such an extent that we were leading, our foes 28-8 in the half.

The spirit of the hone team was so strong, that victory was their only possible goal, even though they were up against the best team known to them. Our speed however, must have slackened slightly, for Donovan was allowed ten points in the second half. In the meantime, our team, too was

raising the score considerably. Hasemeyer sank four field goals, Huddleston followed up with one field goal and a free-throw, while Captain Monty made three free-throws. The game ended with our team heading the score at 42-18.

Though we should have been glad, we could not possibly be, in view of the fact that this was our last game together. Excluding the district tournament, we will see no more games in which our Seniors will fight for the honor of their school. We have lost at this season, Captain Monty and Leslie Lane, our guards; Fritz Hasemeyer and Eddie Huddleston, our snappy forwards; and also our strong reserve men, Arnet Drassler and Jarvis Lambert, guards; and Eddie Drassler, forwards.

Freddie Hasemeyer

### **THINGS YOU NEVER SEE OR HEAR**

Miss Mortensen appraising the manners, conduct, and brilliancy of the English IV class.

The Squad getting out of scrimmaging once in a while.

The entire Civics IV class receiving A's and A+ every day.

Miss Hileman giving Earle LaGesse A in conduct for the month

Sixteen out of eighteen of the Seniors being exempt from exams.

Arnet Dressler sitting very quietly in his seat fearing that he might disturb the assembly.

Fritz Hasemeyer refusing to shoot paper wads at Florence Vickery.

Rita McGovern absolutely refusing to pass notes to Ruth McCoy

Leslie Lane getting jabbed in the ribs and not returning the compliment.

Wallace Yeates and Mary Stefanich gabbing about next year being 1929.

Florence Stoltz resisting the temptation to throw kisses back to Everett Hayes.

Tiv Monty and Aline Ray sitting alone before school begins.

Bernadette Chaplinski sitting idly in her seat with her Civics Book beside her, unread.

Edward Drassler passing Eddie Huddleston without poking him in the

ribs.

Genevieve Windal talking to a girl when a cute little Fresh- man boy is right handy.

-23-

## CALENDAR 1928

The first semester now has passed,  
And only four months remain,  
June will soon be here at last,  
Men we all set out to win our false.

Three eventful years slipped by,  
Filled with joys and sorrow,  
The end of the fourth is drawing nigh,  
To open for us a bright tomorrow.

The last four months held many events,  
The class both in work and pleasure hint,  
A book of happiness that held the contents,  
And showed what those four years had meant.

January 23  
And now exams again have passed,  
And some of us--not all, alas!

January 25  
Coal City had beat us thrice before,  
But that is passed and will be now no more.

February 4  
They say Momence is hard to beat,  
We admit it, we took a back seat.

February 7  
We went to St. Anne to give them a treat,  
They were good losers and took their defeat.

February 22  
Lemont came to bring the bacon home,  
But they didn't even get the bone.

February 23.  
K.?A. girls beat us before,  
And they added another victory to their score.

February 24  
The Wolverines played a first-class game,  
But Bradley beat them just the same.

February 25  
To fair Culver we did go,  
Only to be beaten by our foe.

February 27  
We're back, happy to commence our toil,  
And that's a lot of banana oil.



February 28

We taught Herscher so it seems,  
What a defeat by Bradley means.

March 3

Our boys and Donovan met that night,  
Bradley easily won the fight.

March 5

The Senior girls and the "Fresh ones" met,  
If you bet on the Freshies, you lost your bet.

March 6

The Juniors expected to get a higher seat,  
But they were good losers and took the defeat.

March 7

The Junior-Freshman game was close,  
Nevertheless the Juniors a victory can boast.

The basketball season draws to a close,  
This year Bradley to a lofty place arose.

The tournament is heralded with glee,  
The winner Bradley hopes to be.

March 8

When we played Manteno on the Armory floor,  
As usual Bradley was on the long end of the score.

March 9

It was on a Friday night that we met Bloom,  
Here the Bradley five also met their doom.

March 8-9

Our happy gang to the tournament went,  
While the teachers their time at the institute spent.

March 21-23

This is the time the Seniors like best,  
'Cause we are all exempt from the nine weeks test.

March 26

Monday morning here at last,  
Now we see how many passed.

March 28

The Seniors surly have kidish ways,  
They all have got the skating craze.

March 29

We threw a party at the gym,  
The fun began when the boys came in.

March 30

Then Friday morning came along,  
Aline said; "C'mon, lets sing a song."

April 2

The Seniors seem to like to skate,  
And prefer this even to a date.

The rest of this is prophecy  
Of all the good times that're going to be.

The first we enjoy is our class day,  
That is the day we skip away.

Next is the banquet the Juniors give,  
I pity their treasury if we all eat like "Tiv".

The only blot upon our fun,  
Is when the final exams come.

The question now is if we passed,  
If we did we prepare for the last.

On June the first in the Bradley gym,  
Eighteen young faces will come filing in,  
Topped by hats with tassels long,  
To sing at last their sad swansong.

Florence Vickery

\* \* \* \* \*

Science Teacher--"What is  
the latest invention?"

Pupil--"Henry made a Lady  
out of Lizzie."

Mary S. and Everell Monty  
after their elopement:

Mary--"I feel like a June  
Bride already."

Tiv--"Yes, and I feel  
like an April fool."

Maw--"Jonny, what do you  
mean by feeding the baby  
yeast?"

John--"She swallowed my  
nickel and I'm trying to  
raise the dough."

Sunday School Teacher--  
"What kind of children go  
to Heaven?"

Rita McGovern--"Dead ones."

One Saturday night, when our  
barber shop was filled to cap-  
acity, Fritz Hasemeyer came in  
and asked --

"How long before I can be  
shaved?"

Barber (after brief scan)  
"Oh, about two years."

Latest news from Scotland--  
Hotch Scotch, a distinguished  
Scotchman, has lost his wife.  
She went to Edinburgh, and while  
there lost her return ticket.

Eddie H.--"I just discovered  
a new way to keep onions from  
smelling on your breath."

Jarvis--"Thats great! How?"

Eddie--"Eat parsnips."

Teacher--"Use the word corro-  
borated in a sentence."

Arnold Ray--"A bandit corps

robberated the bank."

Frosh--"Is your brother  
gonna go to college?"

Soph--"I'm not sure, but  
he got a second-hand Uke."

Edward Drassler--"Who else is  
smart besides myself?"



Florence Vickery - President

She is a very popular lass,  
And the wittiest girl in the  
senior class.



Everell Monty - Vice President

Our basket ball Captain through a  
real season,  
A good looking lad with plenty of  
reason.



Rita McGovern - Secretary

Of all the girls in the senior class  
She was the only unbobbed lass.



Florence Stoltz - Treasurer

She handles class dues as best she can,  
Since most of us pay on the installment plan.



Arnet Dressler.

A jolly-good fellow, a good athlete too,  
And as a musician we know what he can do.



Bernadette Chaplinski.

Studious, faithful, and sincere,  
To school duties throughout the year.



Genevieve Windal.

Of all the class of '28, and that's  
quite a "bunch" you see,  
There's none with more winning ways  
Or a happier smile than she.



Edward Prassler.

He learned his lessons as a rule,  
And proved himself popular at school.



Arnold Ray.

He had ideas of his own,  
And was always eager to have them  
known.





Wallace Yeates.

Quiet in manner, and refined,  
He did well the work that was  
assigned.



Mary Stefanich.

A girl that's a school worker through  
the day,  
And never has very much to say.



Edna Stelter.

Good, better, best,  
She never lets it rest,  
Till her good is better  
And her better best.

Jarvis Lambert.

Original in his work, was he,  
Quick to act as Seniors should be.



Edward Huddleston.

Through basket ball he won much fame,  
And well deserved his popular name.



Leslie Lane.

He was a cheerful and studious lad,  
As a friend, the best that could be had.



Aline Ray.

Near the basket, - drop it in!  
She made the senior girls' team win.



-Fredrick Hasemeyer.

Four years our forward, yet always  
on guard,  
To keep passing grades on his re-  
port card.



Earle LaGesse

A senior boy with "girlish" ways,  
And a humorous touch to his essays.



# CLASS SONG

The musical score is written in a handwritten style on a single sheet of paper. It consists of four systems, each with a treble clef staff on top and a bass clef staff on the bottom. The music is in 2/4 time. The first system starts with a treble clef staff containing a melody of eighth and quarter notes, and a bass clef staff with a simple accompaniment. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The third system includes some chords and rests, with a 'p' (piano) marking. The fourth system concludes the piece with a final chord and a fermata over the last note.

I.

We have reached the parting of the ways,  
No more to live our high-school days;  
We will sing one song of loyalty,  
Of the love, Old Bradley High, we owe to thee.  
Old Bradley,  
How sadly  
We leave these halls we've striven for so gladly!  
We'll always do  
Our best for you,  
Our hearts will ever be true.

II.

We have found some share of knowledge here,  
And friendships soon more close each year;  
We have won rich trophies for thy fame,  
To the honor and the glory of thy name.  
Farewell to thee!  
Our song shall be  
Success to Bradley High and all prosperity.  
And so, farewell!  
The chorus swell,  
Afar thy praises to tell.

I.

We have reached the parting of the ways,  
No more to live our high-school days;  
We will sing one song of loyalty,  
Of the love, Old Bradley High, we owe to thee.  
Old Bradley,  
How sadly  
We leave these halls we've striven for so gladly! We'll always do  
Our best for you,  
Our hearts will ever be true.

We have found some share of knowledge here,  
And friendships knit more close each year;  
We have won rich trophies for thy fame,  
To the honor and the glory of thy name.  
Farewell to thee! Our song shall  
be  
Success to Bradley High and all prosperity.  
And so, farewell!  
The chorus swell,  
Afar thy praises to t