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BARTLETT THEATRE, HIGHWOOD PROGRAM

THURSDAY, NOV. 24
Wallace Reid in "The Dancin' Fool"

FRIDAY, NOV. 25
Priscilla Dean in "The Virgin of Stamboul"

SATURDAY, NOV. 26
Hoot Gibson in "Action"

SUNDAY, NOV. 27
Wm. S. Hart in "Between Men"

TUESDAY, NOV. 29
Elaine Hammerstein in "The Woman Game"

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 30
Frank Mayo and May Collins in "The Shack Master"

THURSDAY, DEC. 1
Charles Ray in "Homer Comes Home"

FRIDAY, DEC. 2
Dorothy Phillips in "Paid in Advance"

SATURDAY, DEC. 3
Maria Prevost in "Moonlight Follies"

MEMORIAL TABLET IS FORMALLY PRESENTED

HONOR DEERFIELD HEROES

Ceremony Held at the High School Immediately After Home-Coming Game Saturday

Immediately after the game with Oak Park Saturday the Memorial Tablet, commemorating the Deerfield men who served in the recent war, was formally presented. This ceremony was held in connection with the annual Home-coming Day exercises at the high school.

The program was as follows:
Music—School Band
Song—Star Spangled Banner
Prayer

Rev. Frank Pitt, Class of 1907
Presentation of Memorial Tablet.

James H. Duffy, Jr.,
For the Class of 1920

Acceptances:
On Behalf of the Alumni Formerly in Service

Egbert Spencer, Class of 1909
Commander of Dumasque Spencer
Post, American Legion

On Behalf of the School
Richard L. Sandwick

Unveiling of Tablet
Montague Rasmussen, Class of '13
Commander of Geo. Alexander Mc-

Kinlock Post, American Legion
Brief Address—"The Adventurers of Peace"
James W. Armstrong
Head of Department of Public Speaking, Lake Forest University

Mr. Sandwick's speech of acceptance follows:

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:
It has been my good fortune to have been connected with this school for more than eighteen years. And so it happens that about all the young men in whose honor and in whose memory this tablet is given, have been personally known to me; they have all been personally dear to me. Very few of the graduates who saw service in the late war were in school before my time. There is now in school just one ex-service man. He enlisted when a freshman at the age of fourteen. Incidentally he played today on the Deerfield team.

During the progress of the war the Parent Teachers Association tried to gather the names of selected men and of those who had enlisted. I remember with what feelings I went over the list. To me they were still boys, all too young to encounter the bitterness of war. And yet, deep in my heart, as such names were presented, I could not help saying, "There is a young soldier, who will do his duty. Uncle Sam can depend upon him!"

In some cases boys went direct from school. One autumn they were carrying the foot ball against an opposing team; the next, they were carrying the rifle against the enemy. I remember there was one of these players, a junior in high school, but so large as most of the squad, but indomitable of spirit; he flung his body into every play. A few months later the news came that he had broken a bayonet against the armored breast-plate of an enemy officer and had been cited for courage in action. I remember another of these young football players. One night I talked with him after the practice, and I shall never forget the frank, earnest way in which the dear fellow told me how he was trying to learn not to be "yellow." He learned! Before that autumn was ended his courage on sentry duty at midnight had saved a big dan from dynamiting, and his suddenly conduct then and later made him a line officer in the field without the formality of a training camp.

And I remember some years before, we had an exceedingly young-looking lad who excelled in the class-room. During the war the papers told of the capture of the city of Vaux without the loss of an American life, under command of that same boy of old, now a man and a lieutenant-colonel; and they hailed it as one of the most perfect military feats performed by American arms because of the precision of arrangements and the accuracy of the artillery fire. I knew that the promise of all this was to be seen years before in the accuracy of that young boy in his work in mathematics.

But I will recite no more of these personal details. We teachers must be pardoned if we take pride, much as a parent does, in the achievements of our pupils. Believe me, we grieve also, from their sufferings and failures. With moist eyes of winter evenings we thought of those hundreds of splendid fellows suffering the unspeakable hardships and perils of the trenches or exposed to the submarine on the cold, dark seas.

There are eight names on this memorial tablet—the names of the departed. I should like to pause for a moment to recall each of them. Four of the eight were in the air service. Of the four three, as it happened, returned shortly before the end to visit the school they loved.

The first name here is that of Perry Blodder who graduated with the class of 1911. He was always a quiet, well behaved boy at school, full of the spirit of kindness, and very studious. He came up from the aviation camp in Texas. I was charmed with his personality. We went all over the "Greater Deerfield" together. That was only a few weeks before his plane dashed to earth.

Here is the name of Jay Bourneque, another whom the treacherous air service claimed. In school he was a handsome lad—dark of hair and eyes, and dear to every schoolmate; for even then the fine qualities that distinguished his young manhood won the boy a host of school friends.

Ellsworth Stoker's father and mother moved to California soon after the boy left school. His first service was on a submarine. When transferring to the mechanical branch of the air service at Pensacola, he visited this school and spoke to students in some

of our classes. He evidently saw service in the air; for I have a picture of him aboard a plane as he started on a flight in which he was to drop bouquets, saying "Buy Liberty Bonds," upon the city of Birmingham, Alabama. Later on he went to France, and presently I learned from his father that his life had gone out as the result of a puff of shrapnel.

And Dumasque Spencer, dear, light-hearted, happy Dumasque, full of all the life and gaiety and splendor of youth—a fair-haired boy of light complexion. Somewhere, in one of the old class annuals he is seen in a snap-shot, standing a school-mate on his head. Such was the boyhood of him, whose name the Highland Park Post of the American Legion commemorates. Before his departure for France and that daring service with the Lafayette Escadrille, he visited the school from which he had graduated, visited it not once only but several times. We all loved him.

Douglas Hoffman's name appears here. I remember him as a boy—a care-free, rollicking lad, tall for his age and well formed, with large dark eyes and lips that were always laughing. I saw him later as a gallant cavalry officer and had a happy talk with him about his years in this school. That was after the armistice, a few weeks before his death.

The name of Nellie Shoppers appears in this list—a victim of the deadly gas. He was a quiet boy, tall and somewhat awkward, whose plain face was always lighted with a smile as of inward peace, for a wealth of good-will beamed from his eyes.

The name of Joseph Steele brings before me the picture of another dear school boy. Grave and serious of deportment was Joseph while in school—a faithful, reliable fellow, who did his part and troubled to one.

The last name on the list is that of John Ten Broeck. He was another most attractive boy. In looks he was a very Adams of manly beauty, and his conduct in school was such as to endear him to all of us.

This ends the list. There is not one name of which this school is not justly proud. The silent influence of this tablet will grow with each succeeding year. The little discouragements of teachers and students, the small hardships and sacrifices that must go with real education will all seem very petty in contrast to the bitter hardships which all endured who are honored by this memorial, trivial, indeed, when contrasted with supreme sacrifices which these eight have rendered.

The schoolmates of Deerfield-Shields will always feel a greater appreciation of one another because they realize the heroic qualities that were shown by these schoolmates of earlier days. Love of country will be engendered as succeeding classes gaze upon this bronze, and the desire will come to preserve and enable the institutions which these hundreds fought to preserve.

The men of the American Legion will pass with their generation. Old age will claim the three hundred whom we commemorate. They will follow the Grand Army of the Republic behind a mystic flag over a mystic river. The feet that marched so many miles will rest. Their voices will be hushed. But here in this school their memory will abide. In these corridors their footsteps will echo. Their voices will blend as the students sing and will make their music the sweeter.

Representatives of the class of 1920, in the name of the school and its students, both those now here and those of the years to come, I thank you for this rich gift, a memorial to the heroic sons of Deerfield-Shields living and dead.

May some class be inspired to erect a similar tribute in honor of the daughters of our school who served in the hour of their country's need, and in memory of that one whose picture adorns our walls who gave her life for her country under circumstances no less heroic than did those whose names are recorded on this deathless bronze.

The Romans had a saying which I repeat in closing: *Pulchrum est mori pro patria*, "a beautiful thing it is to die for one's country."

WORDING ON TABLET

The wording on bronze Memorial tablet presented by the class of 1920:

IN HONOR OF MORE THAN 300 LOYAL SONS OF DEERFIELD-SHIELDS WHO SERVED IN THE ARMIES AND NAVIES OF THE UNITED STATES AND HER ALLIES DURING THE GREAT WAR OF 1914-1919, AND IN GRATEFUL MEMORY OF THE EIGHT WHO MADE THE SUPREME SACRIFICE IN ORDER THAT GOVERNMENT OF THE PEOPLE, FOR THE PEOPLE AND BY THE PEOPLE MIGHT NOT PERISH FROM THE EARTH.

Perry Blodder Dumasque Spencer
Joy Bourneque Joseph Steele
Douglas Hoffman Ellsworth Stoker
Nellie Shoppers John TenBroeck

The Evening Program

The snowstorm Friday night and Saturday morning kept away number of Deerfield graduates living at a distance, who feared that the game would be called off. But in spite of the weather, tables were set at the cafeteria dinner for two hundred guests, and an even greater number were present at the game.

The dinner was hearty, plentiful, and excellent, as befitting the evening of such a day. The football team was present as guests of the alumni, and received a tremendous ovation. Robert Schick, president of the Alumni Association, acted as toastmaster, and called for impromptu talks from different persons present. The Deerfield songs were sung.

At eight o'clock all adjourned to the boys' gymnasium which had been tastefully decorated in blue and white for the occasion. McCormick's orchestra furnished especially fine music, and the dancing and rejoicing over the Deerfield victory continued until midnight.

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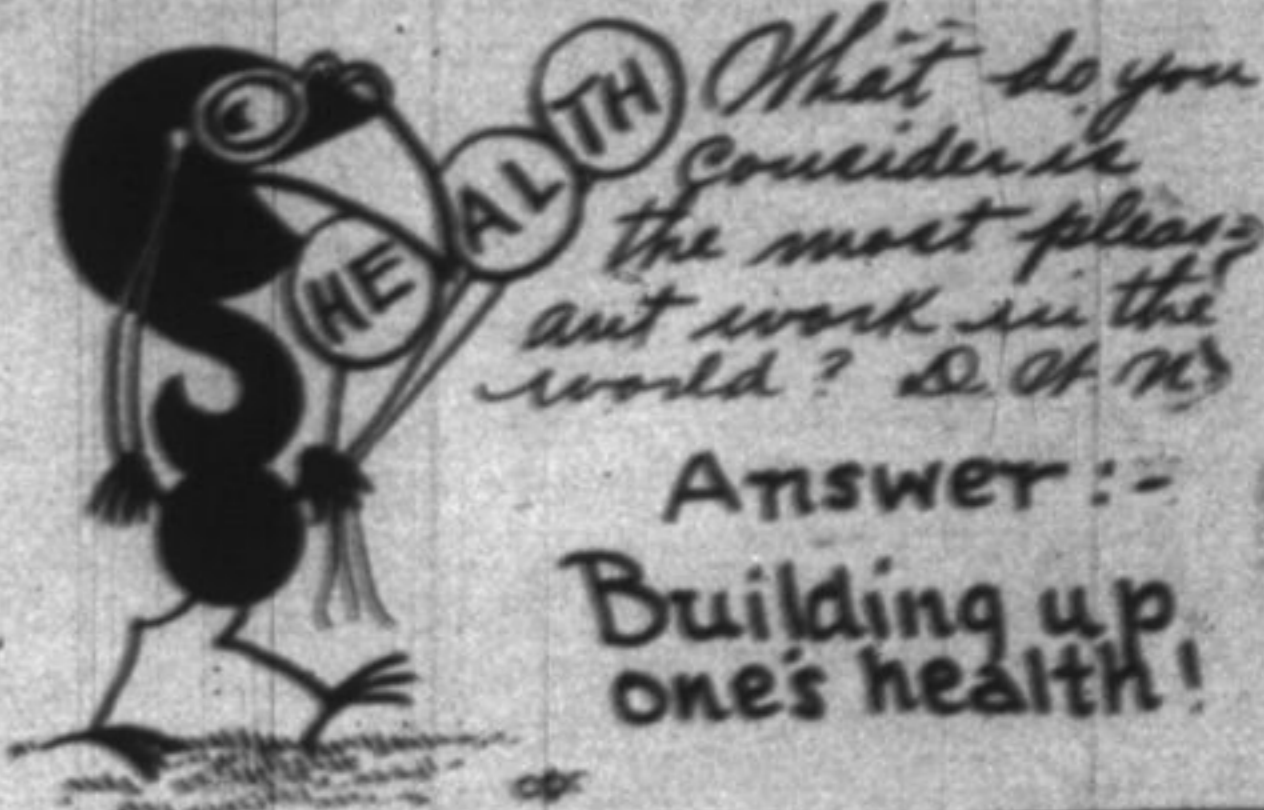
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