

- Valedictory of Beulah Jackson ! 1904  
- Ovid High School -

Standing on the threshold of the future, we the (Senior) class of 1904 catch a glimpse of the new life awaiting us. Labor and perseverance stand beckoning us on to success and renown.

The infinite possibilities of the future are spread before us, awaiting the effort on our part to grasp and make them our own. We stand, let us hope, as invincibles, equipped for life's battle, ready to lend our strength ~~for~~<sup>to</sup> the uplifting of humanity and bettering of mankind.

The years which have brought us to our present view have not been idle ones. Our position which appears today in bright and attractive guise, has its foundation laid deep in hours of patient toil, oftentimes amid discouragements & failure; but this backed by determination and hom sacrifice has given us the victory.

And may we as a class not be contented by with knowledge already attained, but catching the inspiration of the age, strive until the "sunrises come" to make the most

possible of our selves. We have <sup>are</sup> been born into an age ~~that~~ stands unparalleled in its opportunities which it extends to those who stand ready to grasp them. Behind us is the teaching of the civilized world, — the poetry and art of Greece, the laws and institutions of Rome, the growth of <sup>science</sup> Christianity and the Renaissance which emancipated science and philosophy from the chains of superstition and conventionality. Before us lies the development of a civilization which will not halt in its onward progress, until the darkest parts of this old earth have felt the penetrating power of its light.

Contracting to a certain extent the good coming from the accomplishments of the past, is the danger of the mind ceasing to develop its own mental treasure and resting content with the incitements from without.

"It was bitter youth  
Should strive, through acts uncouth,

Toward making, than repose on aught found made.  
Education but prepares us to enter the great  
school of life and should be the means of  
continuous development towards greater power  
& higher character. It only lifts one to a  
height, from which can be caught glimpses  
of the world and human life. Nevill Dwight  
Hillis expresses this idea most strikingly, when  
he says, "Our world is a college, events are the  
teachers, happiness is the graduating point, and  
character is the diploma God gives man."

We feel sure then that not in vain have we  
worked and it is with regret that we look upon  
the road over which we have journeyed to the  
summit. There travelling together we found strength  
in union. Now each one must commit his own  
bark to the waves, each must contend alone.

Mingled with our joy of having reached this  
mile post in the journey of life is the sadness  
of leaving scenes which have become so dear  
and familiar to us during our high school course.

In leaving we will carry with us the memory of many kind and helpful words, & thoughts, given us by our teachers, the value of which, who can say?

Our Junior, Sophomore & Freshmen friends, too, have woven about us a web of friendship so strong that it will not easily be rent. Trusting they will continue well in the career so well begun we but bid them Godspeed —

And now the time approaches when we must part, some to follow the path of their desire, others but doing what seems best, although the future may look <sup>threatening</sup> ~~loutry~~.

It is with many pleasant remembrances of our school days, I am sure, that we sever these bonds of fellowship. And as the honey bee chooses the sweetest part of the flower for his share, so may we as in some far off time ~~we~~ unravel the memories of the past, associate with our Alma Mater only the best and most pleasant thoughts.

If during our stay here we have learned self control; if we have cultivated cheerfulness; if we have trained our minds to systematic thinking; if we have come to realize that

"Every step is meant to help all men;  
Each man should live for all men's

<sup>attainments,</sup>  
we may hope that - the class of 1904 <sup>will</sup> may reflect credit upon the school which we so dearly love -

Timis

Berulah S. Jackson