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Green Bay, Wisconsin: [s.n.], 1914

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East  
High  
1914

# THE

# AEROPLANE



DEC. 1914

R  
373  
. 1897  
GBE

CENTRAL -- LHG v.1914 c.1

R

373.1897 GBE

East High School (Green Bay, Wis.)  
Aeroplane



9000869489

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LOCAL HISTORY & GENEALOGY

*Walter Van Dusen*

# The Citizens National Bank of Green Bay, Wisconsin



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Capital	::	::	::	::	::	100,000
Surplus and Profits	::		::	::		\$200,000

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*Savings Department in Connection*

BROWN COUNTY LIBRARY

515 PINE STREET  
GREEN BAY, WISCONSIN 54301

**PLAY**  
**BILLIARDS OR POCKET BILLIARDS**  
WHILE YOU SMOKE  
FRAGRANT CIGARS OR A COMPANIONABLE PIPE  
OR MUNCH  
**CHOICE CANDIES** WHILE YOU READ  
**HIGH CLASS MAGAZINES** AT  
**BOBBY LYNCH'S PLACE** 112 N. Washington St.

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**NERITA MARINE CO.**

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**FIRE INSURANCE**

Agents and Adjusters

**H. J. MAC NEILL, Mgr.**  
604-5 WILNER BLDG.

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PHONE 2141

RESIDENCE 2212

**N. SKOGG & SON**

**SANITARY PLUMBERS**

LET US BID WITH YOU ON YOUR PROPOSED WORK  
OUR MOTTO

QUALITY-----SATISFACTION-----WORKMANSHIP

619 S. BROADWAY

GREEN BAY, WIS.



ALL THE NEWEST STYLES TO  
CHOOSE FROM

**JAMES I. HOEFFEL**

Cor. Pine & Wash.

The Shoe Man

*NORTHWESTERN MUTUAL  
LIFE INSURANCE CO.*

*LIFE and ENDOWMENT  
INSURANCE*

*EARLE MURRAY, District Manager*

*MINAHAN BUILDING*

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**STIEFEL'S**  
The Quality Store

304-306 N. Washington St.

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SNAPPY CLOTHES

for Men and Young Men

QUALITY FIRST!

PRICES LOWEST

STYLES LATEST

**Christmas**

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**Presents**

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**A**UER Photos make most acceptable Xmas gifts. The personal thought, the spirit of the giving determines the value of the gift. What then could be more fitting than your portrait for the Christmas remembrance to carry your simple message of friendship?

A dozen portraits solve at once twelve perplexing gift problems.

Telephone for an appointment today.

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**The Auer Studio**

**210 Cherry St.**

# EAST HIGH SCHOOL

GREEN BAY, WISCONSIN

## OFFICIAL DIRECTORY



### FACULTY.

W. T. Ream, Principal.  
D. P. Birdsall, Geometry, American History.  
Mary C. Black, English.  
Lydia Brauns, German and Latin.  
C. W. Byrnes, Manual Training.  
John E. Coonen, Physics, Chemistry.  
Helena Fitzsimmons, English.  
A. E. Garey, Agriculture, Commercial Geography.  
Gertrude Gibbons, Algebra.  
Carolyn Hazel Handt, English, Latin.  
Mildred Hollman, Domestic Economy.  
Earl Hummel, Manual Training.  
Minnie H. Kelleher, History, Modern English.  
Louise Kies, Domestic Economy.  
Carroll F. Nelson, Ancient History, Music, Athletics.  
Amanda Schuette, Commercial.  
Nona Vanden Brook, Commercial.  
Myra R. Wiley, English, History.

### CLASS OFFICERS.

#### Senior Class.

Henry Brett, Pres.  
William Wittig, V. Pres.  
Henry Gotfredson, Sec.-Treas.

#### Sophomore Class.

Alden Cusick, Pres.  
Ida Tweet, V. Pres.  
Carl Kopplin, Sec.-Treas.

#### Junior Class.

Howard Beck, Pres.  
Mabel Engel, V. Pres.  
Noel Safford, Secretary.  
Gladys Waggoner, Treas.

#### Freshman Class.

Edward O'Connor, Pres.  
Myrtle Kuhaupt, V. Pres.  
Franklin Krueger, Sec.-Treas.

### ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

Casey Loomis, Pres.  
Mary Slaughter, V. President.  
Leonidas Jonte, Secretary.  
Carroll F. Nelson, Treas.  
Earl Lambeau, Property Man.

### FOOTBALL.

Francis Flatley, Captain.  
Joseph Martin, Manager.  
Carroll F. Nelson, Faculty Manager and Coach.

### MASK AND WIG CLUB.

Narry Gould, President.  
Flora Heise, V. President.  
Helen Youmans, Sec.-Treasurer.

### LINCOLN CLUB.

Alden Cusick, President.  
Quirine Dorschel, V. President.  
Joseph Halloin, Sec.-Treasurer.



# OFFICIAL DIRECTORY---Contd.

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## PRESS CLUB OFFICERS.

President.....	Francis Flatley
Vice President.....	Mary Slaughter
Secretary.....	Alden Cusick
Treasurer .....	Henry Brett

## ADVISORS.

Miss Mary C. Black  
Prin. W. T. Ream

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## AEROPLANE STAFF.

Editor in Chief.....	Casey Loomis.
Literary Editor.....	Gertrude Kopplin
Assistant .....	Howard Beck
Local Editor.....	Ruth Lefebvre
Assistant.....	Mary Slaughter
Personal Editor.....	Harriet Bell
Assistant .....	Mary Pickard
Alumni Editor.....	Narry Gould
Athletic Editor.....	Archibald Duncan
Assistant .....	George Theisen
Exchange Editor .....	Henry Gottfredsen
Assistant .....	Henry Brett
Wit and Humor .....	Marion Moore
Assistant .....	Carol Smith
Art Editor.....	Edward Benton
Assistant .....	Noel Safford

## REPORTERS.

Freshmen .....	Helen Le Clair, Ludlow North
Sophomore .....	Margaret Ream, Vincent Pelegrin
Senior.....	Freda Roseman, John Geniesse
Junior.....	Helen Youmans, Frank Jenki

## BUSINESS.

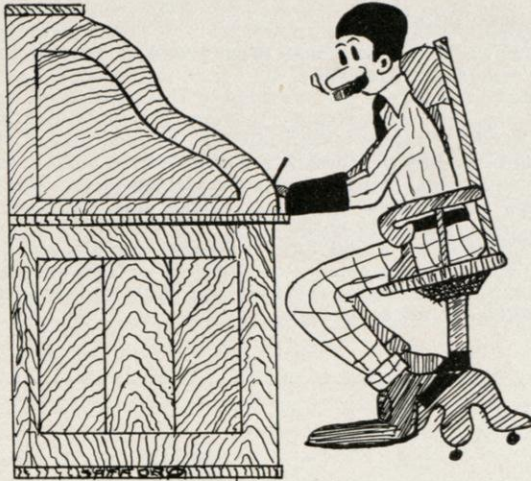
Business Manager.....	Leonidas Jonte
Assistant.....	Chester Wilson

## ADVERTISING.

Advertising Manager.....	Jerome McGrath
Solicitors.....	William Wittig, Clarence Moeller

## CIRCULATION.

Circulation Manager.....	Joseph Martin
Assistants.....	Josephine Servotte, Francis Van Laanen.



# EDITORIAL

## *The Press Association*

The "Press Association" is a new organization at East High school. It was formed to manage all business connected with the "Aeroplane," and to create more interest in it.

Heretofore the Aeroplane has been edited and published by a few seniors, who put their heads together and did what they could with it. But the school was not behind it then, as it will grow to be with the boosting of the Press Association, therefore the results were not as good as they might have been.

At present there are about seventy-five members of this Association, but we mean to increase this number to about three hundred by the time of the next issue in May. The qualifications of members are broad and simple. All that is required is that the members pay an annual fee of fifteen cents, and subscribe for the "Aeroplane" for one year. All members must be students in good standing of East High school.

This year we are going to get out two issues of the "Aeroplane," and we expect to increase the number of issues one a year until we can get out at least four every year. We hope that we shall have the help of the people of the city, as well as that of the students to accomplish this.

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## *Whose?*

Whose "Aeroplane" is this, anyway? Does about seven-eighths of it belong to the East High Senior Class, and the rest to the rest of the school? No! It is the property of all this city. The students are merely its editors and agents. It belongs especially to the parents of the students and to the business men. Now why is it that these people, particularly the latter, are so insistent upon disowning their own property? Surely, it is not the slight cost that causes their action, yet what else could it be? We can see no other reason.

Let us give a few points in favor of school papers in general and the "Aeroplane" in particular. They show the people of the city, as well as those of many other schools, what we are doing and what we have here. This is accomplished through our Exchange department. It also shows us what other schools are doing and gives us many useful suggestions. But how can school papers exist without outside support?

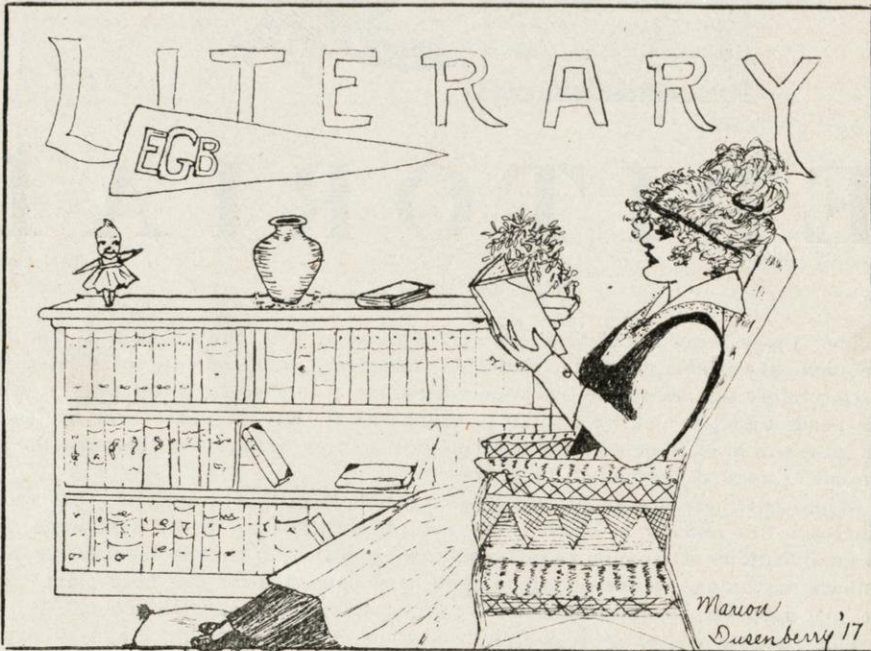
The "Aeroplane" opens for the students a large field for original and practical work. This field, including drawing, soliciting of advertisement, business management, and all

kinds of writing, affords them much help and enjoyment. It also shows their parents and others what they can do. But even then we need some help from outside the school.

It creates a school spirit. This fact is undeniable. The school paper keeps the students interested in their own school, it makes them proud of the good things in it, and keeps them trying to find remedies for the bad.

Certainly, all of the above things are for the good of the school and therefore for the good of the people of the city. It seems strange that the business men above all others should unite, not to help, but to down an institution like a school paper. If they received no value at all for the small amount they might put into this paper, it would be slightly different. But they do get full value. Although the circulation of the "Aeroplane" is only about four hundred, there are probably not more than one thousand people of all kinds on the east side of Green Bay who do not read it from cover to cover.

In concluding, let us say that we would like to arrange for a meeting with the Merchants' Association at which we could discuss the subject of advertising in this paper. We believe that if they took the attitude of judges, we could persuade them that such advertising would be beneficial to all concerned.



### PEARL'S LOCKET

When Pearl, the eighteen year old ward of Judge Townsend, left for college, the judge placed in her hand a little gold box, suspended from a very delicate gold chain, with the words, "Here Pearl, is a little token left you by your mother. When she died, she requested this be given to you. You are not to open it except in case of urgent need." Pearl looked at the locket in wonder, and finally clasped it around her neck.

After she settled down to her college studies in earnest she had little time to think of the locket. She was one of the most popular and most beautiful girls at college.

A few weeks before Christmas she received a letter from her uncle, telling her she was to spend the week's vacation in New York. She was to take an eastern train Thursday and her uncle would meet her at 10 o'clock, at Squaie Junction.

On Thursday Pearl was at the station, all ready to start on her journey. She had little money; just enough to pay her fare and to buy some fruit that she wanted. The next morning at 9 o'clock the train drew up in New York. Pearl got off and went to the spacious waiting room to wait for her uncle.

She sat down and began to look around. After a little while she grew tired of hav-

ing nothing to do, so she picked up a book from a table nearby, and began to read it. The book proved so interesting, and she was so absorbed in it, that she forgot her uncle.

When she was almost through with the story she began to feel hungry. She closed the book anxiously. Not one person was in sight, except the ticket agent. The station was deserted, and it was long past noon. She looked all through the station. Her uncle was not there.

Pearl turned to go, penniless and alone in the largest city in the United States. Amazement gave way to fear, and Pearl could scarcely keep from bursting into tears. Then she thought of her locket. Was not this a time of urgent need? She sat down again and took off the locket. She examined it, and tried to find an opening, but could not. At any rate the locket itself was worth something. She walked out into the streets, in search of a jeweler.

The crowded streets surprised her. She had imagined New York crowded, but oh! nothing like this. Countless automobiles and trucks whizzed by. A few lumbering horses were trying to plow their way through. Bicycles and motorcycles squeezed in and out among the confused mass of vehicles, while on both sides of the streets anxious faces were seen, and people trying to get across the streets. The huge buildings shut off the bright light of the sky, and gray smoke curled over the city.

Pearl approached a policeman and asked, pointing to the sign, "Bellem Co.—Fine Jewelers," "Do they buy jewelry?" "Well, I don't know, but you can try and find out," he answered.

She went to the door, hesitating to enter. The diamonds and other jewels in the window fairly dazzled her, and she seemed to be in a dream. She almost felt her way up to the door and to one of the counters. A brisk kind-looking young clerk came up to her, and she suddenly woke up. She handed the clerk her locket and told her story; how she came to New York, that she could find no opening to the locket, and that she wanted to sell it.

He looked at her doubtfully, and then her frankness reassured her.

He went to a small desk farther back, and Pearl looked around at the rich sights near her. Soon the young man returned, radiant. "What's the use of your selling the locket? Why not sell this?" and he held up a large beautiful diamond. "I found it in your locket. I was polishing it and I happened to touch this emerald hard" (he pointed to one of the small emeralds in the middle of the locket) "and the case sprung open. This ought to be worth something. I will give you five hundred dollars down, and whatever else it brings at the sale. Yes it's worth it; don't be afraid to take the money."

Pearl took the money and agreed to come the next evening to close the sale. Then she went to a hotel which the clerk recommended.

In the evening the clerk went to a dinner party at a friend's house. After dinner he was telling of his purchase to a group of men, and how Pearl was coming for the rest of the money the next night, and he took the locket out of a pocket to show them, when one of them exclaimed, "Well, I believe that is my niece's locket, or else its twin. who did you say sold it to you?"

The clerk described Pearl "Well, now, that is my niece! Where is she? How did she get here, and why?—oh, yes, I know now. Oh! I forgot all about the fact that she was coming to New York. Lucky I had to come on business! You say she is coming to your store tomorrow night to get the sale money? At six o'clock? Well, you tell her you sold the locket, and I'll be there in time to see her."

Saturday evening, a few minutes before six, Pearl presented herself at the store, doubtful as to whether her diamond was sold or not.

The clerk came up to her, saying, "I sold your diamond and your locket, both, and I got a pretty big price for them, too. You couldn't guess—well, and there comes the purchaser now."

Pearl turned around just as the judge came up to him.

She hurried to him. "What, you!" she exclaimed. "Oh, uncle, I'm so glad you came," and she gave him a genuine bear hug.

## A LESSON

It was in the latter part of July, that one morning, Jack left camp early for a walk along the bank of the lake. Suddenly he spied something animate, lazily sunning itself on a huge rock which was partly surrounded by water. Without consideration of game laws or of no danger in shooting where so many others were encamped, he drew his revolver and fired, but with apparently no effect. Wading out a little in the shallows of the lake, he fired again. This was a telling shot. The creature, not yet christened, fell over on its side, gave a few nervous twitches, and was no more. Jack climbed the rock, and leaning over the side, picked up the dead animal.

"I have killed a woodchuck," he exclaimed, half aloud and half to himself.

Hurrying up the bank to show his trophy, he was confronted by a neighboring camper.

"Good morning, Ambrose. See, I'm on guard this morning." The gun was still smoking.

"I see you are, Sonnie," said Ambrose. "But be careful after this, where you are shooting. You shot through my window."

"Never, Ambrose. How could I! I was standing there when I fired."

"Ha! ha! just what I conjectured the bullet glanced off the rock. Do you see?"

"I don't believe it," put in Jack rather strongly. "You've got to show me."

"That's easy," said Ambrose in his usual drawl. "Here it is." Ambrose put his hand in his pocket and soon produced the lead cap of the bullet, somewhat flattened.

"Well, will you let me see just where it struck your cottage, if I row over?"

"Certainly; that's your privilege," Ambrose replied, with a curtness that had a meaning behind it.

Neither of the occupants of the boat spoke as they rowed across the lake, rather narrow, but somewhat long, a condition common to many Wisconsin lakes. Upon reaching the other shore Jack, not waiting to anchor his boat properly hurried up the sandy beach, to where the cottage was situated.

"All right," said Jack; "I suppose I did break it; but I didn't mean to. It was purely an accident. I'll pay for the window."

"I guess you will pay for it, and right now, if you please. You had better be more careful where you are shooting, and what you are shooting next time," was Ambrose's sharp reply.

"What do you mean by saying 'be careful what you are shooting'; I only shot a wood-chuck."

"Don't be too sure, my young man. You shot a muskrat, and it's out of season; that means thirty dollars. Ignorance of the law is no excuse. I'll let you off easy this time; but don't let it occur again," called Ambrose, as he was leaving.

"I have paid for the window, and if Ambrose will keep mum, this affair will stop right here," Jack said to himself after he had paid for the window and was returning to camp.

The people of Birch Lake are a people peculiar to that community. They are of a jealous, superstitious, and antagonistic disposition. A new-comer to that village was a subject much to be discussed by the gossips. Ambrose was the only so-called elite of which Birch Lake could boast. He had retired from business, and owned an automobile, which of course, made him so popular that others were given little consideration.

Three weeks had passed since the killing of the muskrat. Ambrose, so far as Jack knew, had remained true to his promise. Jack had just returned from the village post-office. He had put the car in the garage, and was hurrying up the narrow lane which led to the cottage, with the mail from home, where, from behind a clump of bushes, the game warden of Mount county confronted him. Jack knew it was the game warden, for his star could be seen very plainly, the bright sunlight dancing on it like so many choice jewels.

"Good morning, Jack Brown. I am the game warden. I have come to settle this matter which you know only too well."

"What matter, Mr. Game Warden? I know of no matter for which I have to account to you."

"Come now, my boy, don't try to argue with a servant of the law. You appear at court within one hour. Do you hear? You can fight this case if you want to; but it will cost more. If you come now, I'll recommend a minimum fine."

"Well, I suppose I'll have to go. There is nobody to help me here. I don't believe I shot a muskrat at all."

"Please yourself, my friend, as to whether you will come or not. I have no more time now; so good morning; that's all."

Jack thought the problem over a minute. "Shall I go, or not?" Quickly getting ready, for only fifty minutes remained before train time, Jack lost no time. He caught the train just as it was puffing out of the depot.

On the train who should present himself but the game warden. "Oh, you deciden to come, I see," said the man with the star.

"Yes," was all Jack said.

Muster was reached. The two walked along in silence toward the courthouse. There was that same silence again as the court proceedings took place. The fine was thirty dollars, and it was paid. Jack, rather down-hearted at having to pay the the fine, was somewhat cheered to know it was all over. He had learned a lesson, and Ambrose had not kept his promise.

CHESTER E. WILSON, '16.

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## THE MYSTERY OF THE CELLAR STAIRS

(With apologies to Yellow Journalism.)

Robert Robinson leaned back in his chair, and thoughtfully studied the beautiful designs that the honorable Peter Randowski, butcher and paper-hanger, had glued upon the ceiling fourteen years previous. Robert often assumed this pose. As a renowned detective on the Rumsville police force, he had a perfect right to lean back, scratch his chin, and take on a look of profound thought.

His thoughts traveled, too, and he became absorbed in the baffling mystery that had been set before him. John Brown, coal dealer and respected citizen, had, two nights previous, most mysteriously disappeared.

Many strange things had been connected with John's name. It was said that one winter's night he climbed out of the window in his night clothes, and went into the chicken-coop to spend the night with the inhabitants therein. When questioned about this episode, John refused to say anything to anyone. This time John was gone, and it was up to our hero to find his whereabouts.

All at once an idea came to Robert. He jumped up from his chair and rushed from the room. Down the stairs, at ten steps to a jump, and into the kitchen he flew. When he got to the cellar door, he paused. The fatal moment was at hand. The next few seconds would bring forth startling facts. What would the next day papers say? Our brave and fearless hero thought quickly. Quietly opening the door, he stole softly down the stairs. The intense darkness which pervaded the stairway, was appalling. Not a sound could be heard; it was all deadly quiet. Then a peculiar rustle startled Robert terribly. Horrors!!! What was that? Then everything grew quiet again. After summoning more courage, our hero, determined to win, continued to descend into the ghastly hole. Step by step he drew nearer to the place from which the sound had issued. Without warning a blinding flash occurred, and a horrible sight met his eyes. With a blood-curdling shriek he fell and lay motionless on the floor. What was it he saw? What was it that had almost caused the death of our hero? Ha! Ha! No one knows.

EDDIE B., '16.

## *A BOY WRITING A COMPOSITION*

The boy was small and mischievous-looking. His hair, which was decidedly yellow, stuck out in all directions, and his nose was covered with a conspicuous mass of freckles. He glared at the blank sheet of paper before him, and then looked longingly out of the window. Some demonstration of work seemed necessary, so he rested his head on his hand and assumed a look of profound thought. As this did not seem to inspire him with any composition subjects, he began to write aimlessly, and soon stopped, convinced that the assignment was completely beyond his mental capacity. Laboriously printing his name, the only intelligible part of the paper, at the top of the grimy sheet, he folded and placed it in his book. His face appeared extremely complacent, for his lesson was prepared for the next day.

CAROLINE DU BOIS, 1917.

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### *“THE COLLEGIANS”*

From the Land of the Rising Sun, far, far to the Westward, past unknown lands of heterogeneous and distinctly modern foreigners, over a mighty expanse of fathomless blue, into a great noisy commercial world that strange Americans call New York, up to the old Dutch Hudson to the city of Poughkeepsie, and into Vassar College came dainty, almond-eyed Miss Nau-Chau from Tokyo. The daughter of one of Japan's most prominent physicians, strangely averse to initiation into the great “Wild West,” acting merely on the wish of her more progressive father, gave up for one year her ancient and beloved Orientalism, to learn in a famous American college, the ways, the customs, the language of the great American people. To her innate and uncultivated conservatism, the heritage of a noble line of Buddhist ancestors, the plunge from careful seclusion into unlimited freedom, shook her exotic nature like a powerful earthquake, and it rocked for some time like a disturbed jelly-fish in a sea of uncertainty, then settled back, automatically, to the form into which it had been moulded.

For three months she clung tenaciously to the dress and mannerisms of her native country, keeping steadfastly away from the familiarity, the dangerously infectious independence of her fair American cousins. Not on the most festive occasion would she discard the silken kimono, or disarrange the sleek, stiff coiffure, for the decollete' gown and graceful chiffon of her classmates. When the pretty students went in a body to New York City on Saturdays and holidays, it was only with the utmost exertion that they could persuade her to accompany them. They showed her the shops in Fifth Avenue, the modistes, the drapers, the milliners, the theaters, the fashionable restaurants, the wonderful steel-constructed buildings that reared their tall tops far up into the clear November skies. She learned to distinguish between a Poiret gown imported from Paris and a pale, filmy creation direct from the American workshop; between dashing American musical comedy and catchy French vaudeville; a green college ice from a pecan flip of the same complexion-wrecking hue; the Russian Pavlowa pirouette from the aesthetic Vernon Castle innovation. She learned to sing everything from the national hymn, (standing up) to Irving Berlin's latest composition accompanied by the automatic four-hand player-piano. She preferred seeing original little Billie Burke to Gaby Deslys, Lina Cavalieri, or the beautiful Gabriel Rae, decidedly English. Paderewski was superb, and Josef Hoffmann better; but was not Arthur Shattuck distinctly American? How wonderful were the artists of old Japan; how unique the delicacy, the fineness, the Orientalism of their quaint work! But who could resist those dashing Harrison-Fisher girls which appeared almost monthly on the “Cosmopolitan,” or the slim Gibson beauty with the elevated eyebrows, drawn to illustrate a Robert W. Chambers serial, to portray to the reader of the magazine the ideas of that much talked-about and criticised novelist. In emphasis of the above allusions to her rapidly growing Americanism, let me say that during the last days of the Thanksgiving vacation, she rode through New York City in a taxi-cab, chewing a whole package of elastic American gum.

And English! How she could talk it! She studied our writers, inventors, artists, educators, philanthropists, politicians, and poets; knew Emerson, Longfellow, Whittier

and Bryant almost by heart. One day she rode ten miles hanging on to the strap of a surface car, to see a suffrage squad parade Lower Broadway, and that same evening sat very reserved with fifteen reporters from various papers, taking down in shorthand the wonderful speech of a wonderful American government man.

Of course, from the hundreds of wholesome girls who graced Vassar College, she selected a chum; tall, blonde Geraldine Dickson, a senior, a leader, and twenty-one. Nau-Chau studied the process of Geraldine's hair dressing, and arranged her own hair in the same way; copied the style of her blouses, ties, and dancing slippers, her graceful attitudes, debutante slouch, and Eastern brogue, made of her a confidante, a counselor, an instructor in Americanism.



It was during the Christmas vacation, when she was spending the days at the Dickson home in New York City, that she met big Jim Channing, from Yale. Geraldine and Jim were engaged, so he came often to the residence. To Miss Nau Chau he was a new type. A gentleman, bold, big, the man that Yale varsity had taken to Harvard, indispensable to the crew, general lion of that year's athletics.

Now, in contrast there is attraction, and in attraction there is an element that generally leads on to intimacy, and in intimacy there is—well—. As Jim saw much of Geraldine, and Nau Chau was invariably with her classmate, he also saw much of the demure little Japanese maiden, and involuntarily began a comparison of the two girls.



No doubt you can just about guess how that comparison ended. For does not the new possess a more subtle and compelling attraction than the old?

The afternoon that Channing called for the last time, he stayed to dinner, and in the evening left for Yale. When the motor that bore him to the station drove slowly down the tree-lined drive, the almond-eyed lady stood at the curved sweep of windows and watched the low, black buzz-wagon until it faded in the distance. Then she turned to the nonchalant Geraldine, deep in a book of law (on law, mind you) and demanded questioningly.

"Do you not like Mr. Channing, Geraldine?"

The girl looked up hastily and closed her book with a snap. An amused laugh broke out impetuously.

"What a question, Nau!" she admonished lightly. "You think I act as though I do not?"

Miss Nau-Chau sat on a divan and crossed her feet, after the fashion of Instructor Geraldine. Her dark eyes were very frank.

"Yes," she said emphatically, "You do! You intend to marry him?"

The eyes of the American girl were following, dreamily, the long drive which ran far back on the estate. Her thoughts were in the city of Cambridge.

"Oh, yes," she replied indifferently to the pert question, "It's been arranged for years—family agreement, you know. And yet, there is a man at Harvard, in the law school"—she stopped with a jerk, and her eyes fell thoughtfully on the book of law in her lap. Nau-Chau needed no further explanation; she understood.

The next day they returned to Vassar, and took up the broken line of French, Psychology, Italian, and political economy. The weeks passed, school was in full force, every girl was studious, looking forward to the day which would find her an A. B., A. M., or PH. D. Nau-Chau had now entirely discarded the silken kimona and queer little turned-up slippers, for long tunics and high-heeled, patent leather boots. The horrid coiffures of the East had given way to the loose, low knot of the West. Instead of the quaint, stay-away-from-me girl of Tokio, there was the typical, modern, college woman of America.

Geraldine heard regularly from Jim; so did Nau Chau. If the former suspected a clandestine correspondence between her two friends, the suspicion was never made manifest, save sometimes in the secrecy of her study room, the blue eyes contracted impatiently. Letters from Jim were not the only ones she received, however, for you must remember that there was a man at Harvard.

Soon came the quiet weeks before Easter, dripping April, cool May, and the spirit of commencement ran riot in the air. Nothing was talked about, save gowns, exams, flunk notes, and "what-are-you-going-to-do-after-graduation?" Geraldine was unusually calm, Nau-Chau intensely American and mysterious. One week before commencement the fair American received two telegrams; one from Yale—the other from Harvard. The former said simply this:

"Will be down on the sixteenth."

JIM.

The other was somewhat longer and served to narrow her eyes with a spirit of determination.

"Will come for you on commencement eve. The deuce with family agreements. Be ready."

"HARVARD MAN."

And so commencement evening came with a profusion of lights, flowers, music, laughter, and pretty girls. Geraldine, glorious in rose point, nearly covered by an academic robe, student's cap perched coquettishly on blonde hair, tapped peremptorily on Nau-Chau's door across the hall. There was no response, so she repeated the knock, but with the same results. So she took the elevator to the first floor, eager, afraid, and yet defiant of what the evening would bring.

Through a maze the great hall thronged with humanity stretched out before her. Fathers, mothers, sisters and brothers were here to see the presenting of diplomas, the

conferring of degrees. On all sides were scores of classmates, some from America, some from Europe, others from the far-away countries of the East. From among the hundreds of visages which constituted the audience before her, she searched vainly for three faces—Jim, Nau-Chau and the Harvard man. One she found and was glad; for it was that which she most sought. The other two were absent. A twinge of intense joy shot



through her at the discovery, for to her it meant the realization of a dream that for two years had seemed impossible. Oh! if they would but remain away for only one hour! Amidst the excitement of congratulations, the exchanging of flowers, wishes of success, and countless other conventionalities which accompany commencement, she was handed a telegram. Hastily tearing open the envelope, she pulled out the yellow paper, and read the contents with abated breath:

New York City.

Dearest Jerry:

Jim and I were married at two o'clock. Leave this afternoon on "Imperator" for Hamburg, on way to Japan. Knew you wanted that Harvard Man, otherwise would not have run away with the one from Yale. Congratulations.

NAU-CHAU-CHANNING.

The telegram dropped unheeded to the floor; a long, deep sigh of relief left her lips;

the suppressed light leaped unbidden to her eyes. Quickly catching up the huge bouquet of American beauties, she paused for three seconds to look at the exquisite reflection of herself in the long, cheval glass, gave her cap one rakish twist, and with a happy laugh, hastened to the reception room of the Olivia Josylin Hall, where waited the Harvard man.

One-mile out from New York harbor, the queen of seafaring vessels cut majestically through the deep, sun-kissed ocean, bow to the eastward. The decks were crowded with a collection of native and foreign passengers, some regretful, some joyful, others indifferent. On the foremost part of the upper deck stood slim Nau-Chau and the athlete



from Yale. Her eyes were looking back, regretfully to the great Statute of Liberty, touched to animation by the red rays of the dying sun, perched on the far horizon.

When the shore-line faded entirely from view, and the faint white disk of the low moon took on a tint of deep silver, the Americanized girl from Tokio cast one last look at the hazy perspective, and breathed a fluttering farewell across the tranquil blue waters.

"Dear Vassar," the words floated out, waveringly, in harmony with the swish, swish of the clear waters far below, and then, "Dear, dear America."

LUCILLE SELK, '14.

*KATHLEEN'S CHRISTMAS*

At the window, gazing dejectedly out, sat Kathleen Regan. It was the afternoon before Christmas, and she should have felt merry and gay; but she was indeed very sad. The house was decked with green, the large balsam tree in the tiny parlor was covered with tinsel and mysterious little parcels, the Christmas dinner had been partially prepared; but everything was strangely quiet. Kathleen had expected her father to return at Christmas; he had promised her that, when he went away; but now the last train had left the little station, and he had not come.

Five months before, Bob Regan had received a letter from an old miner about to die, describing the location of a long abandoned mine which was supposed to be worthless, but which, he insisted, was rich in gold. The fortune of the man who successfully worked it would soon be made.

The story sounded ridiculous to Regan when he first heard it, but his adventurous son Tom, and Tom's chum, Jack Murray, soon persuaded him to make at least an effort to gain the fortune which to them seemed within his reach. He finally consented to go, and preparations for the journey began. These did not consume much time, for the boys were eager to get off. Kathleen and Nancy, her housekeeper, accompanied the travelers to the station, and it was with a sad heart indeed, that Kathleen turned homeward. She had never been separated from her father for so long a time before, and the coming days looked dreary. But she was naturally light-hearted, and soon resumed her customary gay manner. The time passed by quicker than she had expected, and it was at last Christmas; but Kathleen was again sad.

While absorbed in thought, she heard a footstep on the walk, then a knock at the door, and her face brightened. It was a messenger boy with a telegram. She eagerly tore open the envelope and scanned the message, then abruptly sat down. Her face paled as she read. "No hope. Can't do it.—Father."

"Oh, Father can't do it—he can't come!"

After a few minutes of thought, unable to keep herself quiet, she put on a wrap and sought the consolation of a friend.

Kathleen returned home cheered by her visit, and with a somewhat lighter heart set about preparing her evening meal, the servant having been given a half holiday. While engaged in her work she was attracted by sounds which evidently came from the parlor. Slightly frightened, she went to investigate. She threw open the door and retreated a step in surprise, then, with a cry of delight, she sprang into her father's arms.

"O father, when did you come? I'm so glad you're here!" was all Kathleen could say for a time.

When she had recovered her composure, she asked, "What did the telegram mean? You said you couldn't come. Did you find the mine?"

Her father looked surprised, as he said, "I did not send a telegram. We meant to surprise you at the very last moment."

"But who could the telegram be for, then?" asked Kathleen. "Do you think it might be meant for Mrs. Barclay? Her husband has gone to the city, in the hope of getting money from his brother to pay the mortgage on his cottage. If it is not paid by New Year's day, the money lender will foreclose."

"Foreclose the mortgage on that poor old man's house?" exclaimed Regan. "Surely nobody would be cruel enough to do that! I can't bear to think of it."

After a moment of thought he stood up and said, "I have been successful in my quest for gold, and if it is within my means, I will make that telegram unnecessary."

That same evening he went to the money lender's house. He paid the mortgage on Mr. Barclay's cottage, and with it safely in his pocket, he returned home, satisfied. The next day Mrs. Barclay's gift from Regan was a neatly tied parcel which contained the mortgage.

## THE CONTEST

He's nineteen, but is so thin  
That he looks as if he were "all in";  
He has dark hair, and eyes that dream  
Of some girl 'cross the aisle 'twould seem.

She's nineteen, too, a pretty girl,  
Who has dark locks that really curl;  
She has a dimple and great big eyes  
That make her look extremely wise.

A light-haired lad at last steps in—  
Her heart he also tries to win;  
Alas! both lads, so it is said,  
Are trying to see who can get ahead.

About it all she is quite meek,  
While they in earnest her love do seek.  
But often times she'll sigh, and say,  
"To one or the other I must say 'nay'."

You are causing this lassie a lot of worry,  
So one of you must stop in a hurry.  
Just guess the party herein described,  
And help this struggle to subside.

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### "SOMETHING LIKE MAUD MULLER"

Maud Mashum on a clear, fall day,  
Was raking leaves, not new-mown hay;  
Of eyes dark brown, of figure slight,  
Blond hair marcelled, complexion white.

A passing motorist came up the road,  
And did gaze at Maud with eyes that glowed.  
"I pray thee, fair maid," drawing up with a clink,  
"May I dare ask thee for a cool, country drink?"

So slim, petite Maud did grant his request,  
And the motorist was smitten quite badly, I guess;  
For thereafter on every new-born day,  
The motorist would chat with Maud by the way.

One morn, very early, Miss Maud was aroused,  
By a noise unusual, 'twas sure not the cows,  
Perhaps 'twas the butcher with the morning's bologna,  
So Maud jumped out of bed and donned a kimona.

Oh horror of horrors    There stood the chauffeur!  
Maud made a bee-line like a nimble gopher;  
For she was sans teeth, sans wig, and sans shape,  
A sight that drove him to make his escape.

From the wide growing distance came the toot of his horn;  
Think you it reached a maid sad and forlorn?  
Oh no; dear reader, for I do not quibble—  
The nonchalant Maud simply said, "Ish-ka-bibble!"

LUCILE SELK.

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A naughty little naught  
Came when he hadn't ought,  
And a weepy senior sought  
To find another one (1) and naught (0)  
All to naught.



#### JUNIOR CLASS PINS.

The Juniors have bought their class pins from the Auld Company of Columbus, Ohio. Forty-seven pins and two rings have been ordered. The pins are gold, and are octagonal in shape, with E. H. S. and 1916 engraved upon them.

#### GLEE CLUB.

This year the Glee Club rehearsals are held during school hours, and members receive one-half year's credit for music.

There are two large classes, under the leadership of Mr. Nelson, which are progressing very rapidly. They will sing at several concerts which the school intends to give during the year.

#### ORCHESTRA AND BAND.

The orchestra this year holds rehearsals twice a week during school time. It consists of 16 pieces and is under the able leadership of Mr. Carroll F. Nelson.

The band, which Mr. Nelson is organizing, has now held a number of rehearsals, and is progressing nicely. The members have purchased many new instruments and are taking special private instruction from Mr. Nelson. This organization, although in its infancy, made quite a hit during the football parades and at the game, and has added a great deal to the growing school spirit in East High.

#### EAST HIGH POULTRY HOUSE.

The manual training department, "East High Construction Company," under the direction of Mr. C. W. Byrnes, enthusiastically supported by the department of agriculture, is erecting a modern poultry house on the school campus.

The building is 14x24 feet, five feet high on the north and seven on the south. It is boarded, papered and clapboarded on the outside and sealed with ship-lapping on the inside, thus making it warm enough to be used for brooding purposes as well as for a hennery. It is amply supplied with light by large windows on the east and south and by a glass door in the west. The house is to be divided into three pens for breeding purposes. Each pen will be provided with hinged perches and dropping boards as well as patented trap nests.

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### PRIOR TO THE MARINETTE GAME.

For the past several years East High school has been accused of lack of spirit and enthusiasm toward its football games. No more will people say this, after seeing nearly all the boys of East High parading down the main streets, the afternoon before the game with Marinette.

Upon coming back to school at 3 o'clock, a surprise awaited them. Mr. Birdsall had planned another big parade, to take place at 4 o'clock.

This parade was headed by the East High band; next came banners of all descriptions, and nurses, invalids, and doctors, representing the condition of the Marinette boys after the game. About three hundred students and members of the faculty took part in this parade, which passed all through the down-town district over on the West side, and returned to the High school.

Never in the history of the school has such enthusiasm been shown by the students, and we sincerely hope that it will never again lag.

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On October 26th Mr. Cyrus Stimson of New York, who represents the National Playground Association, gave a talk to the school on Public Playgrounds.

He told how other cities had bought tracts of land in the city for playgrounds, so that the children would have some place to play the many games they know. He said if we would only do this, our young people would grow up to be better men and women, and better citizens.

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### PRESS ASSOCIATION.

The students of East High school have formed a Press Association which is to publish the "Aeroplane," and report the news of the school to the city papers. The officers elected for this association were Francis Flatley, president; Mary Slaughter, vice president; Alden Cusic, secretary, and Henry Brett, treasurer. Those on the advisory board are the officers, together with Miss Black and Mr. Ream.

The members pay a small entrance fee and this helps to furnish the association with funds with which to publish the "Aeroplane." They will publish two numbers this year, one at Christmas, and the other at commencement.

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### MASK AND WIG CLUB.

The Mask and Wig Club, which is under the direction of Miss Wiley and Miss Fitzsimmons, is composed of a number of High school girls.

Officers were elected at the beginning of the year. Nary Gould was elected president, and Helen Youmans received the office of secretary and treasurer. A program committee was also appointed, consisting of Margaret Ream and Caroline DuBois.

At the present time, the club is taking up the study of Morality and Miracle Plays, and it intends to trace down to the modern drama.

It meets every other Thursday after the school hour. The program each time, consists of scenes from different plays, and practice in parliamentary rules.

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### THE LINCOLN CLUB.

This club was organized by the Freshmen boys last year. In September the boys met under the direction of Mr. Garey, who is teacher of Agriculture in the High school. They elected new officers. Aldon Cusick was elected president, Quirine Dorschel, vice president and Joseph Halloin, secretary and treasurer.

There is a membership of thirty. The boys meet every Thursday evening at 7:30 in the Assembly Hall. The purpose of the club is to secure drill in debating, oratory, and parliamentary practice.

They have two special programs which have been very interesting. One was a Mock Trial, the other, the House of Representatives to consider a special war tax.

## AGRICULTURE

Cato, the most renowned agriculturist and one of the greatest statesmen of Rome, said, "Venio nunc ad voluptates agricolarum quibus ego incredibiliter delector"—"I come now to the pleasures of agriculturists with which I am delighted beyond measure." We of the East High school agricultural squad are experiencing some of these pleasures. Of course we've heard there is more pleasure in anticipation than in realization; so we're anticipating much.

We have harvested a nice little crop of corn and a few potatoes in spite of the weeds which sprang up magic-like during the summer while we were resting. Just watch us handle them next summer! We have plowed three acres this fall and plan to make this useful as well as beautiful next spring with vegetable gardens and experimental plots.

We are equipping our dairy laboratory with cream separators and Babcock testers which promises well for a winter's work in this line. Just now, we of the animal husbandry class think we're becoming proficient in the judging of live stock with the regulation university score card. We have been promised an interesting course in poultry culture for next semester. Of this we are reasonably certain since we've seen the modern little hen coop on the campus.

Now for a few visions or dreams, as you please. We think of a beautiful little farm with modern buildings, well equipped and stocked with pure bred animals. Not that we want a stock farm; we just hope for a few animals so we may put into practice what we learn in the class room.

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## CAMPAIGN SPEECHES

Tell the referee to look out for off-side play. Everybody had a chance to vote in the state and county election held at East High, November 3rd, 1914, under the auspices of the Sophomore Civics class. Regular ballots were provided, regular election officers appointed, and the election carried out after strictly legal principles, even to the vote canvass at the close of the election. The class was provided with every necessary blank or form, and with over three hundred sample ballots, both for the proposed amendments and for the state and county tickets, through the courtesy of Mr. Elmer C. Hall, county clerk of Brown County. Our thanks to Mr. Hall.

Everybody, however, did not vote. Of the total number of girls, only about ninety cast their ballots, while considerably over a hundred of the boys exercised their right of franchise. This, of course, (from the standpoint of the anti-suffragettes) indicates the truth of the old, old argument, "The women do not care to vote." In the light of contemporary events, however, those of us who believe in "giving the girls whatever and all of whatever they want, whenever and wherever they want it," hold different opinions.

We believe it was due to the excellence of two campaign speeches given before the school by the Honorable John Geniesse representing the Democrats, and the Honorable Olin Paul, representing the Republicans. Geniesse was quiet in delivery, with a wealth of cold facts and illustrations up his sleeves. "O. P." was oratorical, (and fine oratory, too, at that) impressive in delivery, and carried his audience with him. Between the cold, quiet logic of Geniesse, and the fiery inspired words of "O. P." (G. should be added, making it "G. O. P.") it was hard to make a choice. "G. O. P." speaking first, swayed the crowd, and made it believe that the Republican policies were right. Geniesse, following, chilled their enthusiasm, and made them doubtful. "G. O. P." in his five minutes' closing rebuttal had them on the run again; but Geniesse returning to the attack, made the voters back up and take breath. The result was that at the end of the forty-five minutes, some knew where they were, some where they "wasn't," and the rest felt like singing, "eyip-a ady-ia-i-a"! and the girls, God bless them, just felt like "I don't care what becomes of the whole darned G. O. P. or Democratic parties—so, only ninety voted. Thus the eloquence of two East High School young men was so convincing that a great



number of suffragettes were unconvinced; they believed everything both orators said, and ended up by not knowing what to believe.

Incidentally, only two-thirds of the boys voted. WHY? The idea of holding a man up for his reasons! anyhow, this is an article defending our bosom friends, the suffragettes in East High, and not one to condemn the men.

"Beg pardon?"

"But the campaign speeches?"

"Oh, yes, the speeches! Pardon, Mr. Referee! Why they were great."

#### SOME GOOD ADVICE TO THE FRESHMEN.

1. Half a credit is better than no credit at all.
2. Life is a crust of bread that work transforms into a bouquet.
3. Flattery is like a soda fizz, sweet to swallow but very bad for the system.
4. If you don't know much keep it to yourself. Your neighbor will find it out quick enough.
5. No matter how well you have your lessons, somebody always has them a little bit better. . . . .
6. Because some freshman is afraid of a teacher, it's no sign she's a fright.
7. U's come almost unbidden, but S's linger.
8. If you want to be well informed, take a paper. Even a paper of pins will give you some points.

#### LOST, STRAYED OR STOLEN.

Lost—A heart in Louisiana. Finder please return to Mary S.

Stolen—My best girl. Reward if returned to Chet. W.

Lost—A pair of spectacles. Please return to Marion M.

Lost—Three points. Reward if returned to Archibald D.

Lost—A temper. Please return to Miss F.

Lost—A game somewhere near Appleton. Please return to Team.

Lost—A pet somewhere near De Pere, answering to the name of "Jerry." Finder please return to Josephine S.

Lost—The Key. Please return to the Present "Egg Four."





Harold J. MacNeil who taught in East High school last year and also trained the East High orchestra and Glee club, is now employed soliciting fire insurance for the Nerita Marine Insurance Company.

Richard F. Hints, who was an instructor and football coach for East High for several years, is now principal of the high school at Belmont, Wis.

Archibald Duncan, while playing against the Alumni on the school campus, had his collar bone broken. The injury was not serious enough to compel him to remain at home.

In the game between East Green Bay and Kaukauna, on the grounds of the latter, Leonidas Jonte, playing as center, had his left shoulder dislocated. We are glad to say that Mr. Jonte has fully recovered so that he was able to play in the Thanksgiving game.

In the early part of September, Ruth Lefebvre underwent an operation for appendicitis at St. Mary's hospital.

Miss Helena Fitzsimmons a graduate of Minnesota University, and formerly an English teacher in the High school of Hibbing, Minn., is teaching English in the East High. She succeeds her sister, Mrs. D. F. Gosin.

Miss Louise Kies, formerly a teacher in the High school of Grand Rapids, Wis., and a graduate of Stout Institute, is now teaching in the Domestic Science department of East High.

Olive Brown, Mildred Kapp and John Dejardin have been forced to stay out of school on account of typhoid fever.

Mr. Gary, who is teaching in the East High this year, is a graduate of Milton College, and taught agriculture in the High school of Bayfield, Wis., last year.

Mary Slaughter is cutting three wisdom teeth, and it is hoped she will be wiser hereafter.

Mr. Donald Birdsall, vice principal of the East High school, spent last summer at the University of Wisconsin, taking up two courses in History, one course in English Journalism and one course in Spanish.

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Miss Wiley a graduate of the Superior Normal, is now teaching English, Ancient History and Reviews in the East High school. Miss Wiley also took a course in Oratory at the Northwestern University in Evanston. For a few years she went to the University of Wisconsin. Miss Wiley formerly taught English and Expression in the High school of Chetek.

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It is with much regret that we give the sad information that Henry Brett, one of the pupils of East High School, was accidentally injured Wednesday, November fourth. Mr. Brett was indulging in his first shave, when the accident occurred. His noble countenance was badly mutilated. We sincerely hope that henceforth Mr. Brett will trust to the ministrations of a barber.

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Carroll Nelson, at present an instructor in East High School, spent five years in the Minnesota University, taking an Academic and Law Course. He led the University band during his last two years there. Mr. Nelson is now training the East High Orchestra, Glee Club, and football team, and so far has exceeded our highest expectations.

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Mr. Birdsall, vice-principal of East High School, will some time in the near future reside in his own little home. The house, which is on Eliza street, near St. Joseph's Academy, is in the process of construction. Mr. Birdsall's modern little bungalow will be ready for occupancy about December eighth.

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Miss Mary Black, an instructress in East High School, spent her summer vacation in the "Golden West." Miss Black left Green Bay in the latter part of June, going to Vancouver, by way of the Canadian Pacific. She stopped at Banff, a delightful summer resort in the Canadian Rockies. From Vancouver, Miss Black went by boat to Victoria; and with but a short stop there, continued on her way to Seattle. Most of July and August was spent in Seattle and Tacoma, with a week at Pacific Beach. While in Tacoma Miss Black spent several days visiting Mrs. Newschwander, formerly Miss Cora Lomas, a teacher of Latin in East High School. Miss Black climbed Mt. Tacoma. Starting from Longmire Springs and following the trail to Reiss' Camp, a distance of seven miles, Miss Black, with a number of others, walked, instead of taking the usual conveyance. It was a hard climb, but the scenery was wonderful. Miss Black came home by way of Portland, making a stop of several days in that city. She had intended to take a trip on the Columbia River, but the forest fires raging at that time, the plan was abandoned. From Portland. She went to Salt Lake City, arriving at the time of the yearly carnival in honor of the "Wizard of the Wasatch." Miss Black stopped at Omaha to visit her sister for a few days. She reached home the Saturday before school opened.

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Mr. Birdsall presented Curly Lambeau with a sweater for making the first and only touchdown for East High School in the Appleton game.

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George Theisen and Dorothy Kerr are carefully watching the erection of Mr. Birdsall's bungalow. George says that sometime in the future he intends to have one constructed along the same lines.

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Mr. and Mrs. Perry Wagner, '09 and '08, announce the birth of a son. Mrs. Wagner was formerly Maud Lefebvre.

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Formal announcement has been made of the engagement of Miss Arleen Thurman, class of '08, and formerly a teacher of Domestic Economy in East High School, to Arthur Coe, of Woodbine, Iowa. Miss Thurman and Mr. Coe will be married during the Xmas holidays.



### FOOTBALL MATERIAL FOR 1914

The squad turned out for practice early in September and at the beginning only fifteen men reported. By having mass meetings and the stirring up of enthusiasm we finally succeeded in getting out a second team which were steady in giving practice to the regulars. Lambeau and Wittig filled their old positions as right and left half back respectively. Van Laanen was steady as quarter and showed much improvement over his last year's playing, using his head well and directing the team in great style. Binish was put at full this year and proved himself capable of the position, always hitting the line hard and making gains of four or six yards in every play.

Captain Flatley went back to his old place at left tackle in which he started his football career. His work there was beyond discussion, always getting his man, and always making a hole in the opposing line for the back field. Flatley as a captain has not his equal, and by his hard work has always proved a good example for his team mates.

Joe Martin, our heavy right tackle, was out of the game in the beginning of the season on account of his standings, but finally got back into the game against Marinette. Joe has proven himself a worthy lineman and has greatly strengthened the right side of the line.

By the end of the season all the squad was working in fine shape, due to the persistent efforts of Mr. Nelson, our new coach, who, from a squad of inexperienced men, developed a team which made as good a showing as any team in the state, and a team that East High should be proud of. The team made a remarkable showing, running up 239 points scored against their opponents and having only 24 points scored against them.

The last two weeks before Thanksgiving the team worked hard every night and with Mr. Nelson's coaching the boys had a surprise in store for West High in the annual Thanksgiving Day contest.

**East Green Bay 13, Kewaunee 6.**

East Green Bay met and defeated the Kewaunee eleven at Green Bay Sept. 26th. This was the first game of the season and much enthusiasm was shown. East Green Bay got the jump on them and Lambeau scored the first touchdown of the season in the second quarter. Binish carried the ball over for the other score of the game. Kewaunee's score came in the last quarter on an intercepted pass which gave much encouragement to the football season of 1914. The score at the close of the game was 13 to 6.

**East Green Bay 100, Oconto 0.**

On Oct. 3rd East Green Bay met and defeated Oconto by the overwhelming score of 100 to 0. Every man in the back field carried the ball over for one or more touchdowns. Oconto was completely outplayed and outclassed during the entire game. The way Lambeau and Binish and Wittig worked the forward pass practically won the game. Fine driving and blocking tackles were made by Jenski, Flatley and Loomis.

**East Green Bay 26, Kaukauna 0.**

East Green Bay traveled to Kaukauna Oct. 10th and defeated that aggregation 26 to 0. The game was played in a slippery and muddy field; this probably kept the score from being more, since forward passes were impossible to work. The only time Kaukauna had a chance was on the kick-off. They received the ball and began to plow through a line until Binish fell on a fumble. From then on it was all for East High. A few minutes later Lambeau was sent over for the first score, he also scored two more of the touchdowns, Binish getting the other one. Altogether it was a victory for East High. We lost our center, Jonte, who had his shoulder dislocated, in the last quarter. Theisen filled his position in fine style. This was our third victory of the season.

**Appleton 16, East Green Bay 6.**

On Oct. 24th our boys played Appleton where they were defeated. This game should have been ours, but the boys feeling too confident of victory, practically lay down the entire game, letting Appleton go over for two touchdowns and a drop kick. Lambeau, Flatley and Theisen played the star game for East High. Lambeau made one touchdown but missed the goal. Final score: Appleton 16, East Green Bay 6.

**East Green Bay vs Marinette.**

East Green Bay tackled the heavy Marinette boys on Oct. 31st, defeating them 19 to 2. The game was a finely played contest. Marinette's only score coming in a safety in the first quarter. The entire back field of the home team played a strong game and the line performed in unequalled style, being strengthened by the addition of Joe Martin at right tackle. Theisen substituted for Moeller and, despite his lack of weight, he played a remarkable game, and Schmitz substituted for Conard in the last quarter as guard. The game was one of the best contests ever played on the home ground. Touchdowns were made by Binish, Wittig and Van Laanen. Martin kicked one goal. Neutral officials were secured for this game. Dr. De Both referee, E. J. Clemons umpire, Coffeen and H. Davis timekeepers, Tait and Holland linesmen, J. McGrath head linesman. Time of periods, 12 minutes.

**E. H. S. 64; Manitowoc 0.**

E. H. S. defeated Manitowoc 64-0 Nov. 17th, at Manitowoc. The field was in a wet condition, making forward passes impossible. E. H. S. ran up fifteen points in the first four minutes of play, Lambeau, Wittig, Binish and Van Laanen starred at carrying the ball, while Loomis, Jenski, Flatley and Martin were there on the defense.

## THE THANKSGIVING GAME

### The Line Up.

Frank Jenski '16.....	Left end
Francis Flatley '15 (Capt.).....	Left tackle
Clarence Moeller '15.....	Left Guard
George Theisen, '16.....	Center
Peter Abrams '17.....	Right guard
Joseph Martin '15.....	Right tackle
Casey Loomis '15.....	Right end
Francis Van Laanen, '16 .....	Quarter back
William Wittig '15.....	Left Half
Frank Binish '15.....	Full back
Earl Lambeau '17.....	Right half

Subs playing part of time:

Irving Schmitz, '17.

Clifford Connard, '16.

Leonidas Jonte, '15.

The annual Thanksgiving contest ended with a score of 12-0 in favor of West High. However, citizens who witnessed the game say that our boys out-played their opponents at all stages of the game, playing with speed and vim that was astonishing.

West High won the toss and chose the south goal, and Martin kicked off from the northern end. After four unsuccessful attempts to make gains, Mathys punted the ball to Lambeau, who returned it for twenty yards, shaking off a flock of tacklers until downed. After plowing through West High line until within a few yards of their goal, they lost the ball. On the next play, on an attempted forward pass, a fluke touchdown for West High was made. Dwyer getting the ball after it had bounded from the referee's head, and this went for a touchdown.

In the second period East High fought in the shadow of their goal post, and resisted desperately, sending Schmitz at left guard to replace Moeller, but Mathys went over the goal line for a second touchdown, making the score, W. G. B., 12; E. G. B., 0.

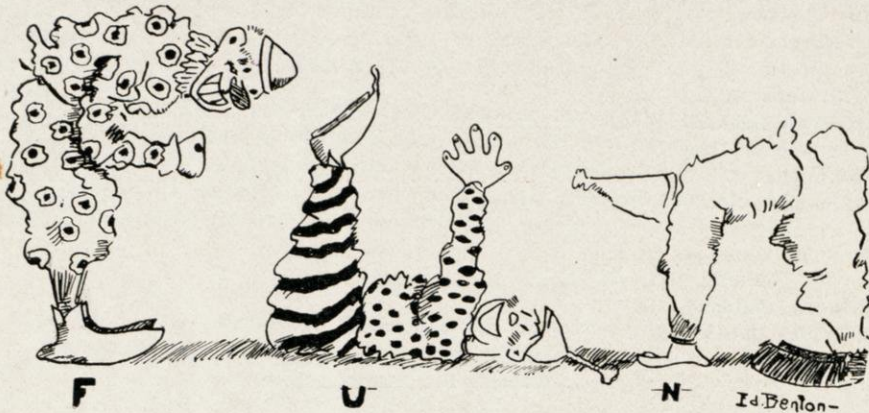
Lambeau returned the next kick-off to the forty-yard line, and by repeated gains made by Binish, Wittig and Lambeau, the East High boys got within five yards of West High goal. As hard luck would have it, however, before another play could be made, time was called, thus depriving us of a touchdown which would easily have been made if there had been a few more minutes of play.

After having luck against us in the first part of the game, the Hill boys went back in the second half with intense determination to win. East High playing a far superior game of football, tramped their antagonists down until we reached their two-yard line. But on the next attempt, Binish was held and the ball went to West High., West High carrying the ball for the remainder of the period. Time was called on West High's forty-yard line.

In the fourth period Lambeau was hurt during the first few plays, but came back stronger than ever. Then West High, taking advantage of his weakness, tried to send a play over his end, but "Curley" was there and blocked the play, holding West High for downs. Abrams was sent in for Jonte at left guard. In the next few minutes of play, forward passes were tried by Van Laanen, but failed, causing Lambeau to make two long tries for a goal from the middle of the field, but he was unsuccessful. Fate was against us, and we were doomed to disappointment, for the whistle blew with the ball in East High's possession, on West High's forty-yard line. The final score: West Green Bay 12; East Green Bay 0.

The individual stars for West High were Mathys and Leaper, while Lambeau, Binish, Wittig, Flatley, and—well, every man on the team deserves to be mentioned as an individual star.

Of course the score was a disappointment, but as far as playing football, our boys have every reason to be proud of the game.



Now don't you kick too hard  
'Bout the slams that you are in,  
'Cos' the one who kicks the most  
Will sure be slammed again.

L. Jonte had his feet out in the aisle in Reviews Class. Miss Wiley.—“Leonidas, will you ever become reconciled to your own feet?”

English Teacher.—“If you should want to see Shakespeare's tomb, where would you look for it?”

Ruth L.—“In the ground.”

During a recitation on “Current Events,” in English III.

Teacher.—“What happened on the coast of Chile?”

A timid voice in back of room.—“It got cold.”

A notice on the board in the Assembly Room:

Lost.—A ring with a ruby setting in the Kitchen Room.

Golden R. (in Anc. Hist. Class.)—“The only way that the Spartans can get to Athens is through their allies (alleys).”

Marion M. and Lee Entz. were nominated for "Wit and Humor" editor. When it came time to vote by ballot, Marion didn't hand in a vote.

Mary S.—"Why Marion, why didn't you vote?"

Marion (absently).—"Oh, that's all right, Lee will vote for me."

---

Ruth L. (in Lit.)—"Why did they use such costumes in Julius Ceaser?"

Lee Entz. (excitedly).—"And when did Juilus Ceaser?" (sieze her).

---

Miss B. (Lit.)—"In the early drama, the shoe indicated tragedy or comedy?"

Bright pupil (with a sigh).—"Mine indicates tragedy."

---

Miss Kelleher (to Modern Hist. Junior).—"Please don't rise on the installment plan."

---

"What is memory?"

"The thing we forget with."

---

"Why is the elbow called the crazy bone?"

"Because it's bordering on the humerous."

---

Miss B. (to Noel S.)—"In Shakespeare's time hobby horses were used on the stage."

Noel S.—"Well in the 'Bohemian Girl' last year they used real live ones."

Chester W. (excitedly).—"And chickens too!"

Frank V.—"What's that? They have chickens on every stage."

---

Sympathetic teacher.—"I feel for you, my lad."

Freshman.—"I wish you wouldn't do it with a ruler, please."

---

George B.—"Moving pictures were invented in 18—;"

Miss B.—"Well, well."

---

Joe M. (looking out window on a foggy morning.—"Ruth, just see what we missed."  
(mist.)

---

Mary S. (endeavoring to get a Freshman to join the Athletic Asso.)—"Don't you want to pay 25c and help the association along?"

Freshie Girl.—"What do we have to do—run, jump and all such things?"

---

Joe M.—"I have the best orchestra in town—the band around my hat, and my ear-drums."

---

Lee Entz. (holding his thumb, and appearing to be in pain).—"Oh, dear! My thumb hurts, I just discovered a nail in it."



Miss Kelleher (as Freshman breaks an ink bottle).—"Who was the most patient man?"

Freshman.—"Job."

Miss K.—"Well don't you think I must be some relation to him?"

Miss Wiley.—"Golden, put your feet under your seat."

Golden R.—"I can't find 'em."

Miss B.—"What are the principal parts of raise?"

Jerry Mc.—"Raise, raised, raisen."

### WIT AND HUMOR

I know it is a sin  
For us to laugh and grin  
But then it is such fun  
To sit and rub it in.

—Ex.

I know a silly maiden  
With many cares o'erladen  
Who wandered where the daisies grew.  
To find out if her love was true  
She picked the petals from the stem,  
And what do you think happened then?  
While in her eye a tear drop bold  
Told secrets of a love untold,—  
A snake came by.  
Then suddenly  
Her love, it grew,  
For from her eyes  
Tears then just flew.

### EAST HIGH THEATRICAL MIRROR.

"A Fool there Was,"  
Leon Entzminger.  
"The Lion and the Mouse,"  
Senior and Freshie  
"The Beauty Spot,"  
East Green Bay High school.  
"Not For a Million,"  
Frank Van Laanen  
"To-Day"  
The Demerit List.  
"Uncle Tom's Cabin,"  
Joe Martin's Shack.  
"The Better Way,"  
Study For a Test.

- "Girls,"  
East Green Bay Specimens.
- "Everyman"  
East High Skeleton.
- "Help Wanted"  
Jerry McGrath
- "Daddy Long Legs"  
Rosie Theisen
- "Excuse Me"  
Billy Alred.
- "When Dreams Come True"  
Senior Class
- "The Perfect Life"  
Mr. Nelson.
- "Comin' Thru the Rye"  
Agriculture Class.
- "One Girl in a Million"  
Mary Slaughter.
- "The Misleading Lady"  
Harriet Bell.
- "The Enchantress"  
Dorothy Beck.
- "The Little Cafe"  
Domestic Science Department.
- "While the City Sleeps"  
E. G. B. Senior Boys.
- "Nettie"  
Nettie Van Erman.
- "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine"  
A Moonlight Walk to Polish Church.
- "The Candy Shop"  
Josephine Servotte.
- "Madame Butterfly"  
Ruth Lefebvre.
- "Babes in Toyland"  
The Freshmen.
- "The Merry Widow"  
Narry Gould.
- "Samson"  
Samie Cohen.
- "The Man Who Owns Broadway"  
Archibald Milton Duncan
- "The Music Master"  
Mr. Nelson.
- "Peg of the Circus"  
Peggy Ream.
- "Wild-fire"  
Lillian Armstrong.
- "Bringing up Father"  
Mr. Birdsall.

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"Two stories of solid comfort."

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Terms—

4 credits per year.

Medium behavior.

Table and attendance unsurpassed.

Restaurant a la Carte and Table D'Hote.

## Sample Menu.

Breakfast—

Cantaloupe (alone) ..... Clarence M.  
 Shirred Eggs..... Domestic Science Sewing Classes  
 Peaches and Cream .....  
 ..... Florence L., Helen L., Gwendolyn V., Lorraine Burdon, Luella Outland

Luncheon—

Potato Pears... Zada H. and Joe M.  
 Fresh Young Tongues..... Florence W. and Dorothy B.  
 English Monkey..... Lee Entzminger  
 Lobster Salad ..... Chet W.  
 Fried Mush ..... Francis F.  
 Date Sandwiches ..... Winnie W. and Lee J.  
 Frozen Prune Pudding ..... Marion Moore and Carol Smith

Dinner—

Irish Stew ..... Casey L.  
 Boiled Shoulder of Mutton..... Eli D.  
 Goose ..... Henry B.  
 Duck ..... Freshmen Boys  
 Pop-Overs ..... Freshmen Cut-ups  
 Cauliflower ..... Inexpensive corsage bouquet

## Suggested for "Prom."

Chili Sauce ..... Miss H.  
 Tomato Catsup ..... Marion M.  
 Sponge Cake ..... Frank V.  
 Dutch Peach Cake ..... Mary P.  
 Iced Tea .. Mr. C.  
 Chesnuts..... Mary S. in reviews  
 Love Nuts... Ruth, Archie and Francis

## WIT AND HUMOR.

I went to a picnic,  
 I climbed into a tree.  
 I saw a bunch of greener stuff  
 Than a Freshman class could be.  
 I craned my neck farther,  
 Took a telescope to see.  
 And what do you suppose I saw there?  
 The Seniors on a spree.

Freshie.



This year we find the graduates of old East High distributed widely throughout the states.

Harriet Thurman, '13, is taking a course in Public School Music at Drake University, Iowa.

Ruth Findeisen, '14; Helen Terp, '14; and Walter Folley, '14, are attending Lawrence College.

Those in attendance at Beloit are Harold Bickford, '11; Wilber Boucher, '14; John Tillemans, '14; Oswald Eckhardt, '13; Abe Rosenthal, '12; and Louis Van Erman, '13.

At Madison we find Jerome Martin, '13; Carl Wendels, '12; Helene Merkatoris, '14; Winfred Cauwenbergh, '13; Walter Scherf, '09; Max Roseman, '12; William Brill, '13; Philip Desnoyers, '12; Bernard Gueinzus, '12; Harold Winter, '12; Philip Robinson, '11; Roland Martin, '12, and Joseph Bur, '10.

Galvin Giroux, '14, is attending Carroll College.

Albert Scheller, '14; Winfred Erdman, '13; Leonard O'Connor, '13; Llewellyn Clark, '13, are enrolled at Marquette University.

At Oshkosh Normal, Marion Theisen, '13; Clare Nutting, '14; Lillian Parizak, '14; Anastasia Dougherty, '13, and George Steinfeld, '13, represent East High.

John Martin, '10, is attending Notre Dame.

Carl Young, '10, is at Harvard.

Kenneth Hoeffel, '12, Naval Academy at Annapolis.

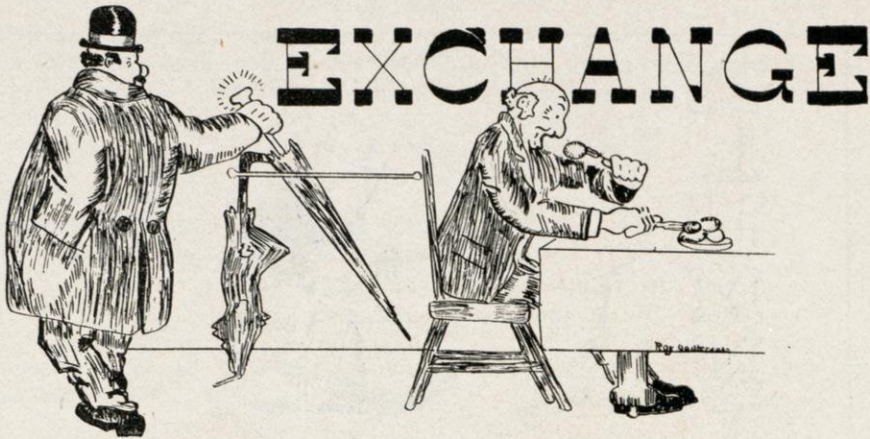
Marie Conley, '13, attends the Milwaukee Normal.

Reynolds North, '12, is in attendance at the University at Ann Arbor.

Lee Forsythe, '12, attends Valparaiso College, Indiana.

Laura Slaughter, '07, is studying music at the University of Minnesota.

Gertrude Wright, '06, is studying music in New York City.



We did not receive as many exchanges this year as heretofore, but this was undoubtedly due to the fact that last year we published an annual only. We sincerely hope, however, that those who have exchanged with us before, will do so again.

We gratefully acknowledge the following:

- "The Kodak," Everett, Wash.
- "The Menomite," Menomonie, Wis.
- "The Round Table," Beloit, Wis.
- "The Stentor," Lake Forest, Ill.
- "The Crucible," Greeley, Col.
- "The Index," Oshkosh, Wis.
- "The Enicar," Racine, Wis.
- "The Lawrentian," Appleton, Wis.
- "Ripon College Days," Ripon, Wis.
- "Normal School Bulletin," Milwaukee, Wis.
- "The Mirror," Mondovi, Wis.
- "The Clarion," Appleton, Wis.
- "The Tattler," N. D. H. S., Milwaukee, Wis.
- "The Carnival," New York, N. Y.
- "The Spy," Kenosha, Wis.
- "The Carroll Echo," Waukesha, Wis.
- "The Lion," La Grange, Ill.
- "The Comet," W. D. H. S., Milwaukee, Wis.

"The Enicar"—An excellent periodical with exceptionally fine cuts. Your literary department is one of the best.

"The Menomite"—We like the arrangement of your table of contents, but would suggest an exchange department.

"The Kodak"—A very neat little paper. Your cuts are especially good.

"The Index"—A very well arranged paper with good editorials.

"The Mirror"—You get out a fine paper, but don't you think a few more cuts would improve it?

"The Carnival"—Your paper is certainly one of the best of our exchanges. You may justly feel proud of such an excellent periodical.

"The Lion"—We had to search all through your magazine before we found just where this fine paper's home is. See if you can't find a place on one of the first pages to put the name of the school and the city where your magazine is published.

"The Spy"—Your latest issue surely lives up to your reputation as publishers of a fine paper.

Now don't get sore and start to cuss,  
 I didn't mean to raise a fuss,  
 I just turned this around to see  
 Your foolish curiosity.

—Ex.

Just For a Change.

'Tis not the weight of jewel or plate,  
 Or the fondle of silk and fur  
 'Tis the spirit in which the gift is rich  
 As the gifts if the wise men were;  
 And we are not told whose gift was gold  
 And whose the gift of myrrh.

—Ex.

If a body meet a body in an alley dark,  
 If a body see a body on a happy lark,  
 Need a body give a body such a swift surprise?  
 If a body land a body one between the eyes.

—Ex.

Miss B.—“What was the cause of Bacon's downfall?”  
 Ruth L.—“Gravity.”

---



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# The AEROPLANE



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*East High Press Association*

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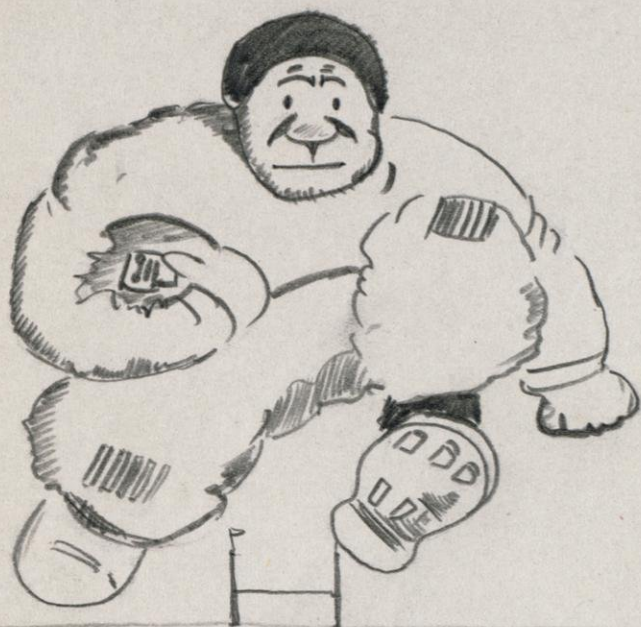
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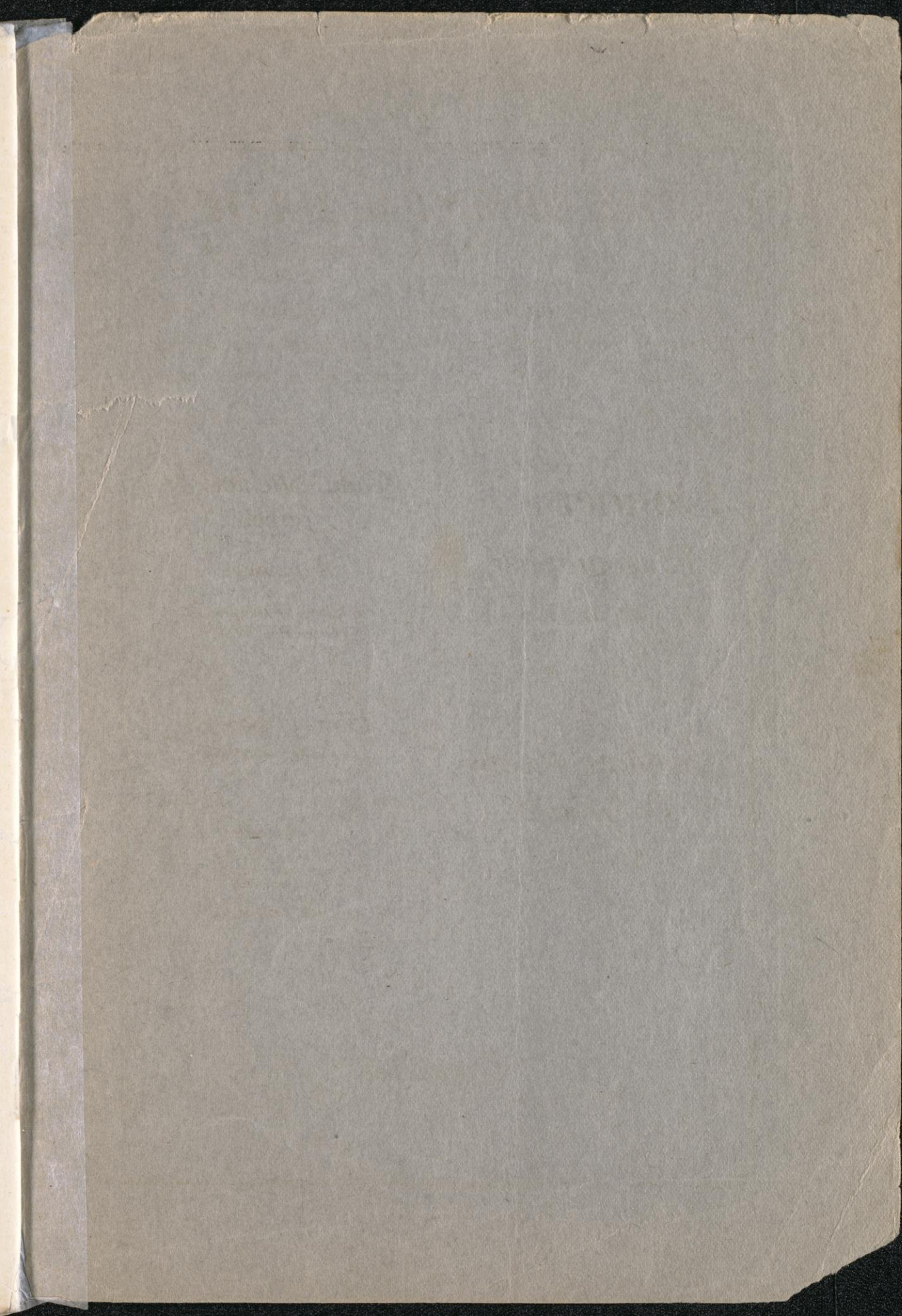
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