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Green Bay, Wisconsin: [s.n.], 1918

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The
Aeroplane

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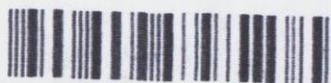
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East High School (Green Bay, Wis.)

Aeroplane



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LOCAL HISTORY & GENEALOGY

The Aeroplane

PUBLISHED BY

The Students of
East High School



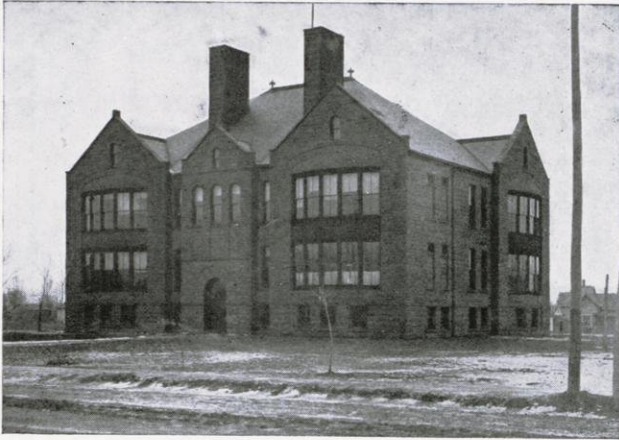
GREEN BAY, WISCONSIN

June 1918

Foreword

A compilation of the thoughts, Actions and sayings, wise and otherwise, of the students of East High School, Green Bay, Wisconsin, during the school year of

1917 - 1918



ODE TO OLD EAST HIGH

Our hearts leap up as we behold
thy name before our eyes.
We think of thee, perhaps with smiles
and yet perchance with sighs.
Between thy grand old walls, sweet
shelter have we had.
But sometime, somehow, those
dear memories needs be sad.

Those days are gone into the past,
where all sweet days must go.
While there we walked with hastening
feet, through days that seemed so slow,
Yet now thy name calls up those
memories so sweet
Memories that bid us forget that
years are passing fleet.

We may forget those days we've spent
beneath thy halls of fame,
In other schools perhaps of life that
bear more noble name;
We may e'en yet forget those friends
that in thy halls we've had,
In other greater pastimes, in days
that are more glad;
Our teachers, friends, our classes there, we
may forget yes, ever.
But thy memories, oh East High, thy
sweet memories never.

—Ruth Halsted, '18.



MARY C. BLACK

WE MOST SINCERELY DEDICATE
THIS BOOK TO

MISS MARY C. BLACK

IN APPRECIATION
OF HER HELPFUL FRIENDSHIP
AND KINDLY HUMOR

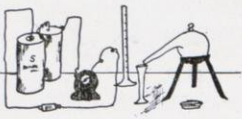


W. T. REAM

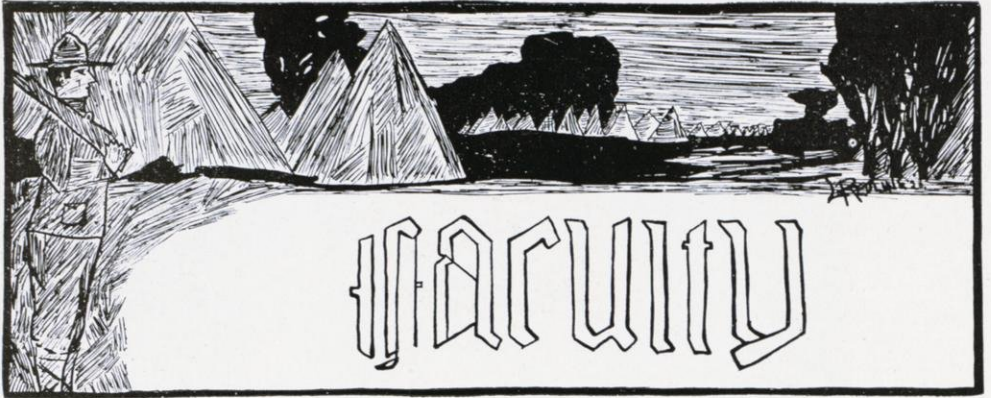
OUR PRINCIPAL

A well known educator, a man of pleasing personality and sterling worth; he is responsible for the well balanced curriculum and the thoroughness with which it is taught.

All honor and due respect to Mr. W. T. Ream for his helpful guidance throughout our high school career.



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MARY C. BLACK



OLIVE BURNSIDE



LELA C. BROWN



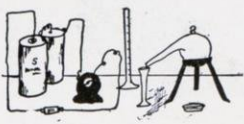
C. W. BYRNES



FRANCES CUJAK



MRS. BERTHA CALKINS



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HELENA L. FITZSIMMONS



GERTRUDE GIBBONS



FREDERICK G. HAIGH



RUTH A. HOOD



MINNIE H. KELLEHER



ELSIE KOPPLIN



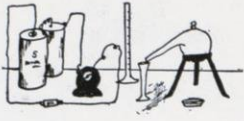
ELSIE LEICHT



STEPHEN D. MACOMBER



CLARA E. SCHERF



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ETHEL F. SCHILLING



AMANDA H. SCHUETTE



GEORGE F. THOMAS



RUTH E. VAN KIRK



IRVING WEINFURTHER

LYDIA BRAUNS

ELSIE MUELLER



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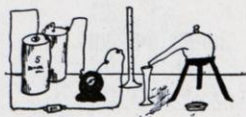
A SONG OF SPRING

When Spring comes tripping,
O'er lea and hill,
By crocus passing
And daffodil,
Blow, winds of the morning,
Through early grass;
Blow soft and gently,—
Winter shall pass.

When Spring comes tripping
By mead and stream;
In green woods singing
Of youth's wild dream,
Blow, winds of the morning,
Through budding trees,
Blow soft and gently,—
A Southern breeze.

When comes the Springtime
Past wooded glen,—
Past growing flowers,
Beloved by men,
Blow, winds of the morning,
Your work's not done;
Blow soft and gently,—
Spring has begun.

—"Quahang."



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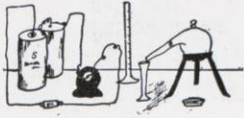


AEROPLANE

STAFF

1918





Aeroplane



AEROPLANE STAFF

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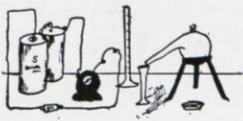
LORAIN REDLINE
Assistant Artist

SIDNEY M. GREILING
Photographer

GEORGE LE ROUX
Athletic Editor

MISS MARY BLACK
Literary Advisor

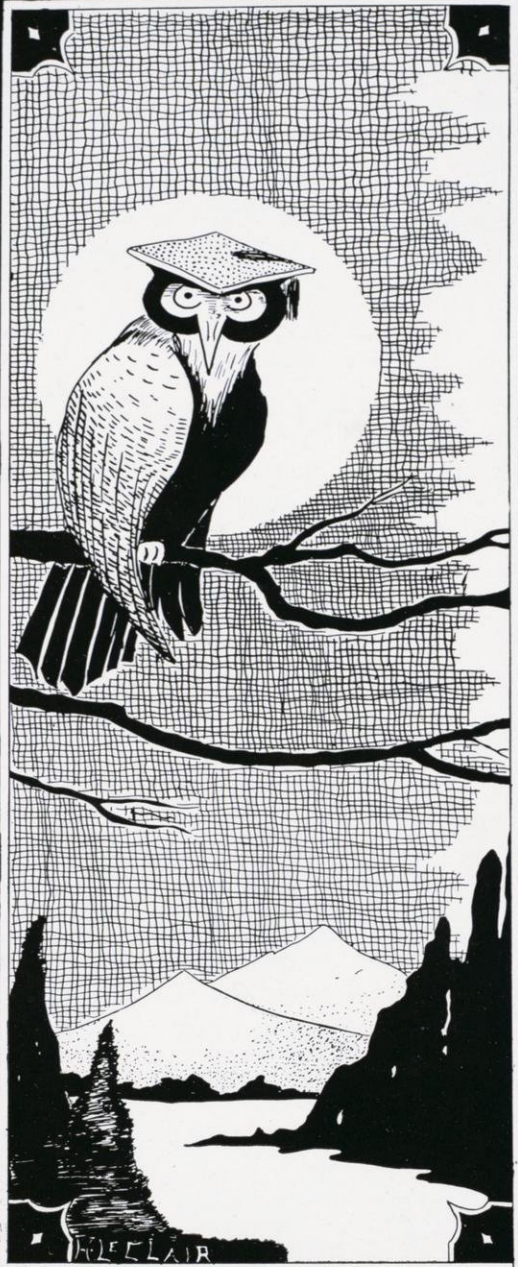
MR. FREDERICK HAIGH
Faculty Manager



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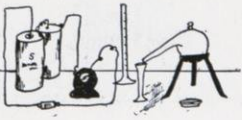
A BACCALAURETE MESSAGE

You are living in the greatest age in the history of the world—an age in which the individual has the greatest opportunities for self development, and at the same time has the widest field for rendering helpful and distinguished service to mankind.

You will count your life a success in so far as you have done your utmost to make yourself fit to play a worthy part in the life of the new world that is to emerge from the titanic struggle now raging between the forces of might and right. You will be successful to the extent that you have actually given some of your own thought and life to the solution of the many perplexing problems that will arise in this new day that is dawning.

Most fortunate, my young friends, are you to be just beginning your life's work at such a time as this, the golden age of Democracy. Play a leading part on this stage, and play it with credit to yourselves and to your Alma Mater.

—W. T. REAM



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SENIOR CLASS OFFICERS



RAYMOND LAMBEAU

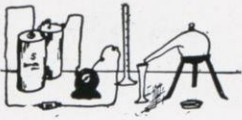
Vice-President

LESTER CRANSTON

President

LORAIN BURDON

Sec'y and Treas.



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LIBBY ABRAMS—"Lib"

"Generally speaking—she is, generally speaking."

MARY ALLEN—"Sister"

"Not what she does, but how she does it."

EMMELINE ANDRUSKEVICZ—"Em"

"A worker—always minding her own affairs and doing her level best."

ELVIRA ARVEY—"Vira"

"Her hair is not more sunny than her heart."

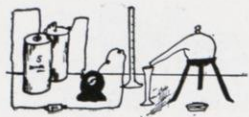
HENRY ATKINSON—"Heinie"

"A believer in the conservation of energy."

MAY AYLWARD DUNDON—"Skinny"

"Speech is silver—silence is golden."





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RAYMOND BARTH—"Ray"

"Much do I know—but to know all is my ambition."

LINA BAUM—"Lee"

"A merry heart, an honest sober mind,
A sturdy character in thee I find."

MARTHA BAUMAN—"Mart"

"She runs her modest quiet race,
Her way wins friends in every place."

DOROTHY BECK—"Becky"

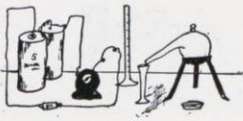
"The light that lies in woman's eyes—
And lies—and lies—and lies."

JUNE GOLDEN—"Pete"

"She has two eyes so soft and brown,
Take Care
She gives a side glance and looks down,
Beware—
Trust her not she is fooling thee!"

EDWARD BIERKE—"Eddie"

"There could be no great ones were there
no little ones."



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HENRIETTA BLAHNIK—"Hank"
 "Ever happy, earnest, bright,
 A student following paths of right."

HARRY BOERSCHINGER—"Harry"
 "Full of fun and mischief too,
 Doing things he shouldn't do."

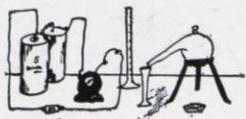
OLIVE BROWN—"Brownie"
 "She looked so meek and was not meek
 at all."

LORAIN BURDON—"Birdie"
 "A day in April never came so sweet."

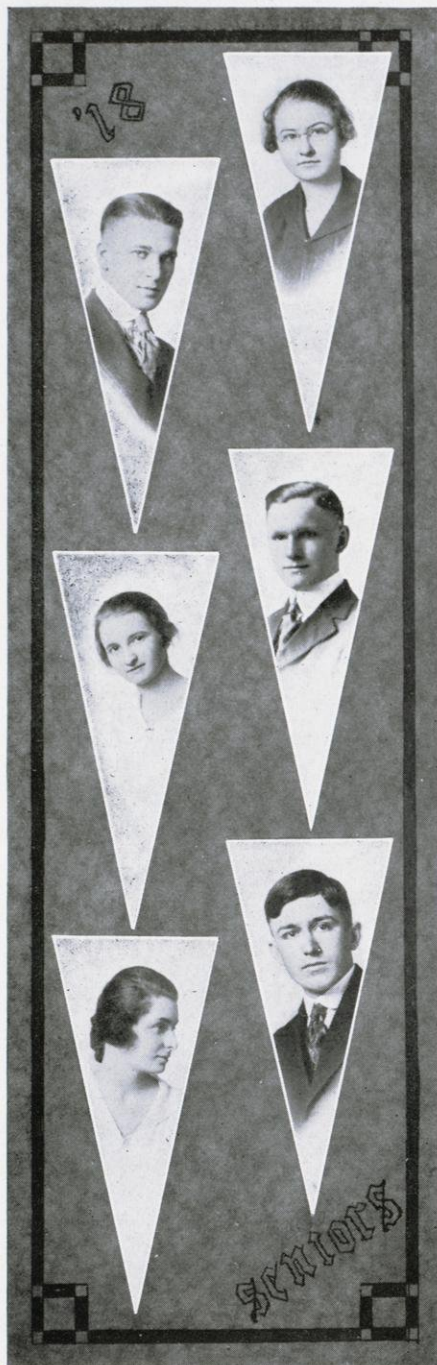
ASA BUTTRICK—"Peanuts"
 "Let the law take its course!"

JAMES COLIGNON—"Jimmy"
 "The good die young—Be careful!"





Aeroplane



AMELIA CONARD—"Meta"
"Would that there were more like her."

LESTER CRANSTON—"Les"
"He works eight hours,
He sleeps eight hours;
That leaves eight hours for love."

LEO DE GREEF—"Leo"
"Still waters run deep."

MARY DELWICHE—"Merry"
"Blest with a temper whose unclouded
ray,
Can make tomorrow cheerful as today."

ANTON DES JARDINS—"Tony"
"A kindly quiet spirit where malice hath
no home."

IRMA DIETZ—"Slivers"
"She plays sweet tunes on the type-
writer."



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MARION FLATLEY—"Mar"
 "A good scout and a perfect lady."

JAMES FRANCOIS—"Jim"
 "The world is a dreary place—
 Heaven is my home."

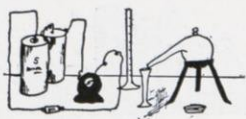
VIOLA GOELZER—"Vi"
 "A diligent student,
 A friend sweet and gracious."

LUELLA GOTTO—"Shorty"
 "There is mischief in this woman."

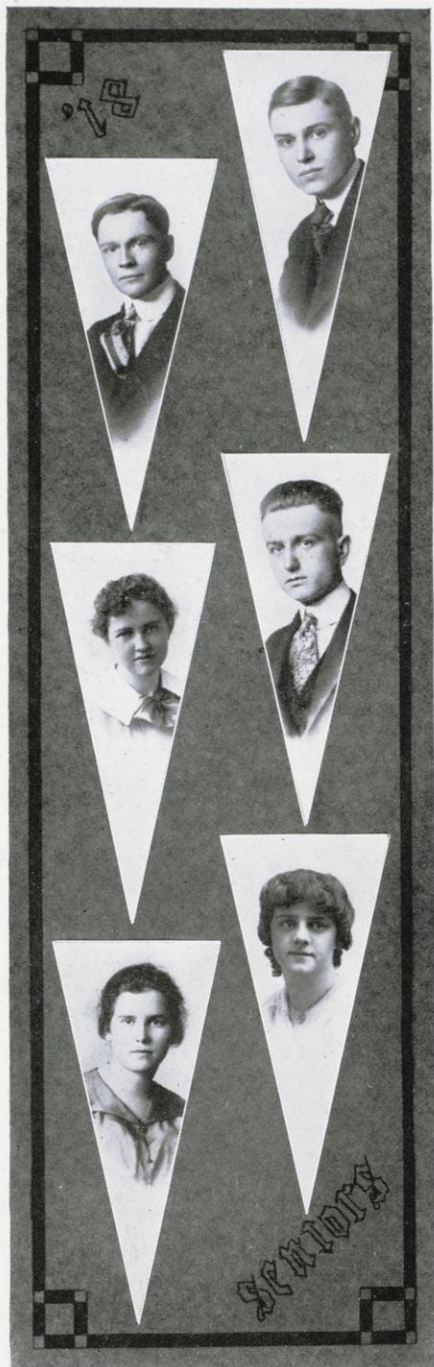
VIVIAN GREENWOOD—"Viv"
 "Cheerfulness is just as natural to her
 as the color to her cheek."

REUBEN GREILING—"Doc"
 "Wisely I say, I am a bachelor."





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WINFORD W. GREILING—"Win"
"A fellow with sterling qualities."

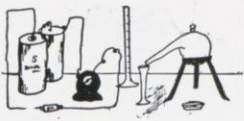
WILLIAM GRIMMER—"Bill"
"It is the wise head that makes the still tongue."

WILLIAM HALLOIN—"Bill"
"Work—where have I heard that word before?"

RUTH HALSTED—"Skinny"
"She is a quiet girl—at times."

AURELIA HANDLEN—"Jiggs"
"N'etes-vous jamais quiete?"

ERNA HANSEN—"Bud"
"A woman with a purpose she is, and a big heart."



Aeroplane



DOROTHY HEAGLE—"Dot"

"Gaze into her eyes and you'll see a little angel,
Gaze a little longer and you'll see a little imp."

ESTHER HEISE—"Es"

"Hair as black as fire burnt prairie,
Eyes that flash forth glances merry."

ARTHUR JANDRAIN—"Fat"

"So fair, so fresh, so youthful and so rosy,
Like any blushing maid or blooming posy."

PEARL JOHNSON—"Johnnie"

"The gift is thine to make the weary world more cheerful."

WILLIAM KOZLOVSKY—"Bill"

"Everything comes to him who works."

FRANKLIN KRUEGER—"Squeak"

"He does not need the artificial light that shines from the minds of others."





Aeroplane



MYRTLE KUHAUPT—"Mertie"

"Her smiles are fairer far
Than smiles of other maidens are;
Who wins a smile from this fair maid
Is surely for the effort paid."

EARL LALUZERNE—"Sam"

"Sad of mien he was, but mischief lurk-
ed beneath."

HAROLD LALUZERNE—"Shorty"

"A merry heart that laughs at care."

RAYMOND LAMBEAU—"Rummy"

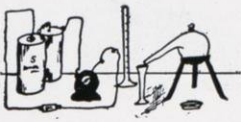
"Don't muss my shirt fellows—
I'm going fussing."

GWENDOLYN VAN DYCKE—"Gwen"

"A winning way, a winning smile,
Altogether a friend worth while."

CLARENCE LAUBENSTEIN—"Fat"

"My Motto: 'Haste Makes Waste.'"



Aeroplane



HELEN LE CLAIR—"Sport"
 "At evening when I go to bed,
 I think of him—I think of him;
 At morning when I early rise,
 I think and think of him—of him."

MARY AGNES LE SAGE—"Casey"
 "Good luck—good husbands and good-
 bye to you."

ALVINA LIBERT—"Al"
 "If ignorance is bliss,
 Just think how much you miss."

GENEVA MANN—"Smiley"
 "Winning is her way and pleasant is her
 smile."

BESSIE MEISTER—"Bess"
 "Music hath charms and so hath she."

MARGARET MILLER—"Muggs"
 "Tall and stately is this maiden."





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ARLINGTON MOGAN—"Mogan"
"What's the use of worrying?"

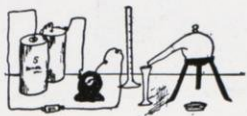
MILDRED MOORE—"Tess"
"Grieving is folly—come let's be jolly."

PAUL McMASTER—"Mick"
"To him who will—nothing is impossible."

AUSTIN NEJEDLO—"Osh"
"For he's a jolly good fellow."

BERNARD OLEJNICZAK—"Ole"
"We have nothing against him—
He's a good little boy."

LUELLA OUTLAND—"Lu"
"Is she not a modest lady?"



Aeroplane



IRENE PARISH—"I"

"A pound of pluck is worth more than a ton of luck."

EDWARD PEPLINSKI—"Pep"

"I am fond of the ladies!"

MABLE REAM—"Mibs"

"Here's to the girl who is jolly and gay
You can have a good time with her any old day."

ANN SMITH—"Potash"

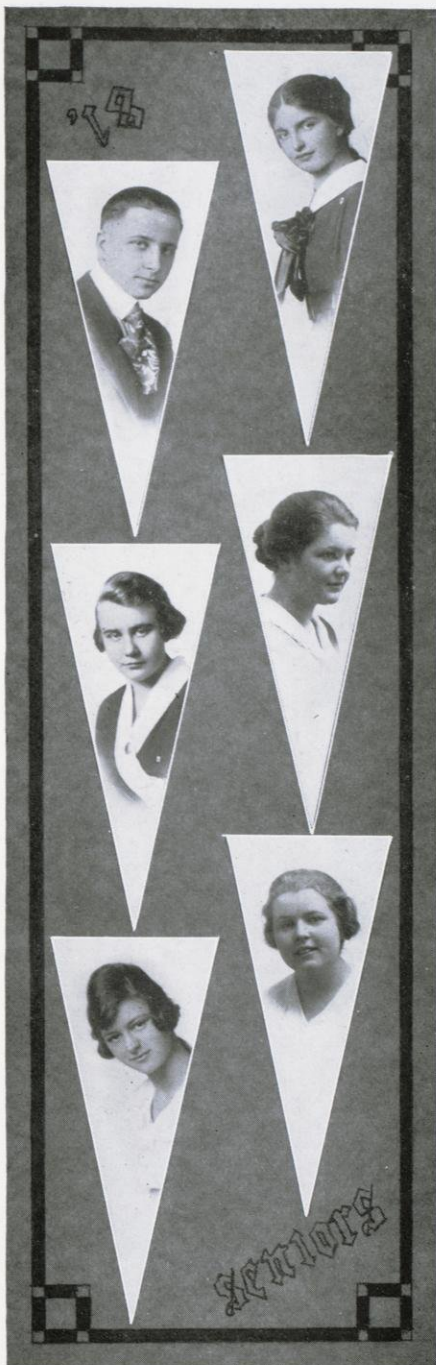
"Fate tried to conceal her
By calling her 'Smith.'"

CATHERINE SCHMITZ—"Katinka"

"She speaks and behaves just as she ought."

HAZEL SCHUETTE—"Shoot"

"A gentle lass and of good conscience."





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LILLIAN SCHUNK—"Li"
 "The eyes of a woman are of no use—
 Unless they are expressive."

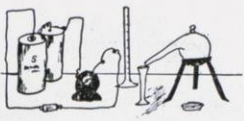
HARTWELL SENECA—"Skinny"
 "A grin or a smile—you could see it a
 mile."

ALMA ST. LAURENT—"Saint"
 "They say she is quiet."

CECIL TAYLOR—"Cec"
 "A woman of silence is a joy forever."

LOLA TRAVIS—"Perlmutter"
 "She is fairer than tongue can tell."

LUCILE VAN—"Lou"
 "Her smile is like a rainbow,
 Flashing from a misty sky."

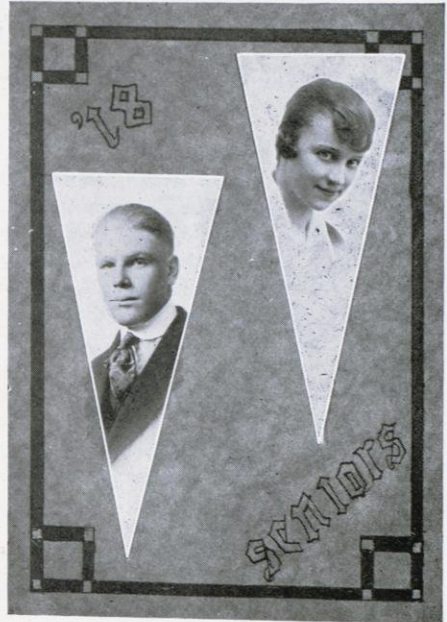


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FLORENCE WILLIAMS—"Zoey"
 "In that sweet dignity, all who saw
 admired."

WALTER ZICH—"Swede"
 "Much can be made of a man
 If he be caught young"



CLASS OF 1918

Of all East High graduations,
 This year's will make us most sad;
 For no matter what their faults are,
 This class is the best we've had;
 Now there's Pep and Fat and Rummy—
 How we'll miss them when they go!
 So here's to 1918,
 The class we've been glad to know.

—M. C.



Aeroplane



CLASS HISTORY

FIRST YEAR

Freshmen were we as others are now,
And as Freshmen we tramped through these halls;
A banquet we held, with O'Connor as chief,—
We joined clubs, and gave parties and dances—a few;
We annoyed all our teachers, as Freshmen will do,
But we backed up East High, and our spirits were true.

SECOND YEAR

Miss Kuhaupt, when sophomores, our chairman was then;
In the football squad played Gavin and "Pep,"
And Desjardin and Jandrain, and Romson and Lande,
Along with Ray Lambeau and Francois and more.
A banquet we held, and to pay off that debt,
A candy sale brought us the requisite sum.
The Thanksgiving game brought our seventh defeat.
No debaters had we, but Miss Sterling declaimed.
And the "in-betweens" we spent in dreams,
For Sophomores always are dreamers, it seems.

THIRD YEAR

Patriotic indeed was our Junior Prom,
Artistically decked in the red, white and blue.
Frank Krueger was leader now of the class,
With membership numb'ring in all eighty-five.
The greatest event was the annual game,
With a victory breaking the "seven straight" fame.

FOURTH YEAR

Of the eighty-five members, just seventy-five left,—
Ten in vacation, the colors had joined.
The banquet we gave was a noted success,
With Gavin, our captain, as a much honored guest,—
Though received by the navy, he awaited his call.
Two others soon followed him—thirteen in all.
"Les" Cranston as president was serving this year.
As orator, Krueger a first place did win.
The class play's omitted—It's war-time, you know,
And soon with commencement our history will close.
The sun of to-morrow must find other friends,
Much as we love those we're parting from now;
So, farewell our classmates and friends grown so dear,
Farwell to teachers and this senior year.

—A Senior.



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CLASS PROPHECY

Curtain.

Characters:

Hostess—Dorothy Beck.

Guest—Loraine Burdon.

Scene:—Veranda of a country house in California; wicker furniture; plants.

Two young women who had been schoolmates and college classmates and chums, are again spending summer months together. They are dressed in outing clothes, with tennis rackets in their hands. They have just returned from a game.

Situation:—It is the thirteenth of June, 1928. Loraine suddenly remembers that it is the anniversary of their graduation day from East High School, and that Alvina Libert, who has followed a literary career promised to send Dorothy a class budget on that day. Would she send it?

(Suddenly a postman's whistle is heard. The hostess hurries to the gate for the mail.)

Loraine eagerly calls from porch, "What is it? Whom is it for?"

(Dorothy returns with small, flat package, which she opens amid excited comments from both girls.)

Dorothy—"Oh! It's a book, entitled "The Class of 1918 to Date." Isn't that great! So Alvina really did keep her promise."

(The two girls snuggle down, and begin to read it eagerly.) Just inside the cover they find the following note:

"Ten years ago to-day, the members of the class of "1918" were made alumni of East High, our first Alma Mater. You have no doubt forgotten that I promised to keep in touch with our class, which I have done partly through a newspaper clipping bureau, and partly through personal correspondence. The result of my efforts you will find in this little volume which I am sending you now, certain that you will enjoy it."

Alvina—

THE CLASS OF 1918.

Libby Abrams and Lina Baum still live in Green Bay, and are now matrons of the Bachelor apartments.

Marion Flatley is president of the "Halsted" college, for young women, in the south, the aim of which is to develop a timid and demure nature.

(Dorothy—"We all know Marion will be a wonderful success.")

Mable Ream is matron of the Marshall Field Delicatessen Shop. This is the largest shop in Chicago.

(Loraine—"Mable always was right there when it came to the eats.")

(Dorothy—"We'll remember that when we're in Chicago.")

James Colignon is now a famous veterinary surgeon of New York.

(Both—"How strange!")

James Francois and Frank Gavin are directors of the railroad route from Oconto to Green Bay.

Irene Parish is teaching mathematics in Miss Schilling's place, in the beautiful new East High School.

Aurelia Handlen is editor of a little pamphlet on how to get and keep husbands. Her solicitors are Amelia Conard and Mary Allen.

Helen Le Clair is the noted artist now drawing sentimental pictures for the "Cosmopolitan" under the direction of Mr. Frederick Haigh.



Aeroplane



(Dorothy—"Well, Helen, we didn't know it would come to this, and remember Mr. Haigh was always reproving her in school.")

William Grimmer is leading the campaign for International Woman's Suffrage.

(Loraine—"Oh William, how could you do it?")

Dorothy Heagle is the famous scenario writer for the Kozlovsky Paramount Pictures.

Luella Outland is running a pre-exam course for students who flunk in high school.

Alma St. Laurent is a famous vaudeville star.

Reuben Greiling is now running a matrimonial bureau in Green Bay.

Owing to the fact that Raymond Lambeau was so taken with the Cleopatra troop he has now joined the Fox Film Company.

(Dorothy—"What part do you suppose he plays?")

May Aylward is now leading lady in the "Slim Princess."

Lester Cranston, who is not accustomed to obeying rules, has now sworn to abide by a Ruel for better or for worse.

(Loraine—"We know, Lester, it will be for the better.")

Luella Gotto is teaching Domestic Science in the Duck Creek High School.

(Dorothy—"I wonder how large that school is now.")

Catherine Schmitz is leading lady in "1928 Follies." Some of her chorus girls are: Emmeline Andruskevicz, Olive Bey, Martha Bauman, Margaret Miller and Alvira Arvey.

(Dorothy—"How Catherine has changed!")

(Loraine—"That is one of the big surprises.")

Winford Greiling is a famous construction and mechanical engineer.

(Loraine—"I am not a bit surprised.")

(Dorothy—"Neither am I.")

Geneva Mann has become the famous partner of Arthur Kretlow in the Cake Walk.

(Dorothy—"We knew her walk would win fame for her.")

Harold and Earl Laluzerne are the famous "Gold-Dust Twins" in the Barnum-Bailey Circus.

(Loraine—"They were the only twins of our class.")

William Halloin rose rapidly from the ranks until he has become Rear Admiral of the Navy.

Franklin Krueger and (Dorothy—"I can't read the name, it's blotted; I can only make out M-y-r-t") have entered partnership for the invention of "The Perfect parlor match."

(Loraine—"I wonder who it is—Don't you? I wish Alvina hadn't blotted there, of all places!")

The Misses Ann Smith and Lola Travis, who are society leaders, are entertaining this evening at the Turner Hall. Music will be furnished by the Green Bay Band.

(Dorothy—"We won't tell; will we?")

Arthur Jandrain is one of the leaders in the United States Senate in the Prohibition movement.

Raymond Barth is a well known automobile engineer in Detroit.

Mr. Edward Bierke has patented the most perfect talking machine, guaranteed to record foreign languages perfectly. It surpasses Edison's.

(Dorothy—"It's strange how a reputation is the making of some men.")

Irma Dietz and Bessie Meister have entered partnership in a millinery establishment on Walnut street.

Erna Hansen is now taking Miss Leicht's place in the Commercial Department of the new East High School.

Hartwell Senecal who was enticed to the Hawaiian Islands ten years ago, is reported as manager of the branch of the Universal Film Co.

(Loraine—"Wonder how he likes it?")

Esther Heise is Athletic instructor at Madison.



Aeroplane



Paul McMaster has just patented a new biplane named after himself, and has become as well known as Ford.

(Dorothy—"They said he'd be as popular as 'Teddy' someday.")

Mildred Moore is Superintendent of the Kindergarten work of the state of Wisconsin.

Florence Williams is making French records for the co-operative Schwalbe and Tickler restaurant.

Madlyn Grannis and Edward Peplinski are taking the place of the Castles.

Lillian Schunck is successor to Doris Blake in "Forlorn Lovers."

(Loraine—"Hope she will give proper advice.")

Mary Agnes Le Sage has hitched her wagon to a star, and has aspired to a "Parish" steeple.

Anton Des Jardins is in charge of the Wit and Humor in "Life."

(Dorothy—"I was sure he could be funny if he tried, with those twinkling eyes.")

Arlington Mogan has gained leadership of the Salvation Army.

(Loraine—"Wonder of wonders!")

Bernard Olejniczak is taking the place of Julian Eltinge.

Mary Delwiche, Viola Goelzer and Vivian Greenwood come under "Who's Who" as Congresswomen who have succeeded in getting an appropriation for a new French College.

Asa Buttrick is instructor of Pedagogy in the Oshkosh Normal.

June Golden has entered a convent at Fond du Lac.

(Dorothy—"Oh June, this is too sudden!")

Clarence Romsom and Clifford Lande are running a Billiard Hall in De Pere.

In the service of art, Hazel Schuette, Olive Brown, and Lucille Van have opened one of the largest fashion shops in New York.

Cecil Taylor is successor to Jeanette Rankin in the Senate.

Henrietta Blahnik is taking Miss Kelleher's place in East High.

(Loraine—"She always was par excellence in history.")

Austin Nejedlo is now a Priest at the Cathedral.

(Dorothy—"This is so like him.")

Harry Boerschinger is the witty debater of the Debating Club of Green Bay.

(Loraine—"We know how fond he was of American History.")

Walter Zich is keeping an information Bureau for office girls in the Bellin-Buchanan Building.

Clarence Laubenstein is a noted Physics teacher.

Pearl Johnson is now cooking the "Rice" for Ralph in Chicago.

Leo De Greef has discovered a new law in Physics which is named after himself.

Gwendolyn Van Dycke, who never was light, now belongs to a "Ray of Leicht."

Henry Atkinson has invented a device for conserving energy. It is said to be in great demand.

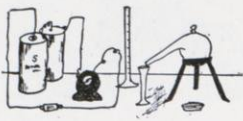
(Dorothy—"And that's the end? Well, our class has been making a record for itself.")

(Loraine—"Yes, though some of the members have followed lines you would never have expected of them.")

Curtain.

CLASS WILL

We, the Senior class of East High School, City of Green Bay, County of Brown, State of Wisconsin, realizing that the time allotted to us as students is rapidly drawing to a close after having gone through four years of strenuous mental gymnastics, being of sound mind and memory, do hereby make, publish, and declare this to be our last will and testament.



Aeroplane



First: We wish to extend to our principal, Mr. Ream, and the Faculty our sincere appreciation of their kind efforts in our behalf which have helped us to be what we are.

Second: We give, will, and bequeath to all the underclassmen our great aptitude, deep capacity, and constant application and concentration, to and for our studies, earnestly hoping that the burdens of the faculty may thereby be materially lightened.

Third: To the frivolous and debonair Juniors we will the mantle of our Senior dignity; and although we are somewhat in doubt as to their ability to stand the strain thus placed upon their nerves and muscles, we hope they will rise to the occasion. We also relinquish to them the back seats in the main room, together with a numerous supply of notebooks, test papers, and Physics laboratory manuals, which we are certain will increase their perplexities in time of sorest need.

Fourth: To the Sophomores and Freshmen, we jointly give, will, and bequeath our most valued possessions,—the ability of our Senior foot-ball men, with the advice to use it, in common with the large amount belonging to the Juniors, in developing a laurel-winning team for East High next year.

Fifth: To that class with whose name the adjective “verdant” will always be appropriately applicable as the best word in describing their dominating characteristic, we give, will, and bequeath a sufficient allowance of class spirit.

Sixth: As to the following possessions which we shall no longer need upon our journey, we dispose of them as follows:

Item I. Lillian Schunck’s “engaging manner” to Mr. Macomber, who, no doubt, will be delighted to use it on the incoming Seniors.

Item II. Franklin Krueger’s “push” to the Juniors.

Item III. Pep and Madlyn’s case to Lauretta and Jiggy, together with the corner in the main room at noon time, as we think Frank and Myrtle will have no more use for it.

Item IV. As a special act of kindness, we bequeath the wads of gum under the back seats to the Freshmen; we hope they will keep them quiet.

Item V. Lester Cranston’s loving disposition to Laurence Thurman.

Item VI. Rueben Greiling’s efficiency as a lady-killer to George Druke.

Item VII. To Peg Dorschel, we bequeath Win Greiling’s never-failing readiness to tip his hat; we are sure it will not be misplaced.

Item VIII. Henry Atkinson’s dashing ways to Frederick Rahr, who we think is a fitting candidate for the position of East High’s “village cut-up.”

Item IX. Vivian Greenwood’s avoidrupois to Tony Holmes.

Item X. Geneva Mann’s walk to Elsie Wilson; we know the school would never get along without it.

Item XI. Alma St. Laurent’s dreamy eyes to Carol Schunck.

Item XII. M. Miller’s quiet ways to Isabel Meyer. We are positively certain that a little would vastly improve her.

Item XIII. We leave Helen Le Clair’s ability to kid the fellows, to all the Junior girls; we know it will make life more pleasant for the stronger sex.

Item XIV. As Libby Abrams is leaving with our illustrious class, we appoint Blanch Phillips to take her place as chief official in East High’s Information Bureau.

Item XV. Pep’s neckties to Gustav Klaus, as they help considerably to brighten the atmosphere of the class room.

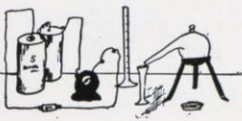
Item XVI. Emmeline’s vanity-case to Alice Cherney; we think hers must be about worn out from hard usage.

Item XVII. We leave Lina Baum’s naughty eyes to Marion Drexler.

Item XVIII. Frank Krueger’s fondness for the ladies, to Frederick Smith, hoping that he will use it as well as Frank has.

Item XIX. Alvina L’s helpful hand in tests, to all lower classmen, to be used in time of need.

Item XX. Florence Williams’ never-failing supply of candy and gum to Mary Abroahams.



Aeroplane



Item XXI. Volume X. of Clarence Laubenstein's autobiography entitled "Trials and Tribulations Undergone During my Quest for a Diploma." to the school library.

Item XXII. Ann Smith's and Lola Travis' moccasins to the track team.

Item XXIII. Myrtle Kuhaupt's green sweater to Miss Fitzsimmons, as it will keep the color scheme of East High school.

Item XXIV. Loraine Burdon's blushes and giggles to Helen Manthey.

Item XXV. The Merry Widows' push and pep to the Mask and Wig Club, with their sincere wish that they will succeed as well as the Merry Widows.

Item XXVI. Art Jandrain's mustache to Emmons Mueller.

Item XXVII. Gwen Van Dycke's graft with the Faculty to Babe Ruel.

Item XXVIII. Eddie Bierke's hair-cut to Dudley Safford.

Item XXIX. Dot Beck's manner of entering the main room to Matilda A.

Item XXX. The order maintained at the Senior class meeting to the Senate, as a model of speedy and quiet legislation.

Item XXXI. We leave all the ether and chloroform in the physics lab. to the Devil, to use on Kaiser Bill when he reaches his domain; also the bacteria and germs the school has collected during its thousand years of existence.

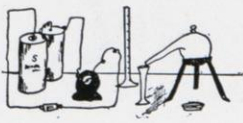
In witness whereof, we do hereby set our hand and seal, this fourteenth day of June, A. D., 1918.

SENIOR CLASS OF EAST HIGH SCHOOL, 1918.

Witnesses: J. Golden.
F. Williams.

SENIOR SCRAP BOOK

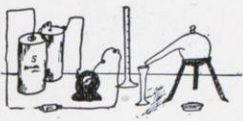
NAME	FAVORITE PASTIME	PROM. CHAR'ISTIC
Libby Abrams	Collecting information	Her shape
Mary Allen	Studying Geometry	Her bangs
Emmeline Andruskevicz	Looking cheerful	Her smile
Elvira Arvey	Keeping silent	Her size
Henry Atkinson	Fooling Rueben G.	His speed
May Aylward	Looking serious	Mildness
Raymond Barth	Breaking speed limit	Studious attitude
Lina Baum	Looking around	Her spy glasses
Martha Bauman	Physics	Her hair
Dorothy Beck	Flirting	Her eyes
June Golden	Primping	Her style
Edward Bierke	Talking fast	His height (?)
Henrietta Blahnik	Telling her experiences	Her good humor
Harry Boerschinger	Not saying much	His sober expression
Olive Brown	Doing something	Her ability
Loraine Burdon	Being congenial	Her giggle
Asa Buttrick	Typewriting	His pompadour
James Colignon	Joking and giggling	His heavy beard
Amelia Conard	Studying	Her looks
Lester Cranston	Skipping classes	His lovable disposition?
Leo De Greef	Attending to business	His nose
Mary Delwiche	Keeping quiet	Gentle manner
Anton Des Jardins	Getting the mumps	Thoughtfulness



Aeroplane



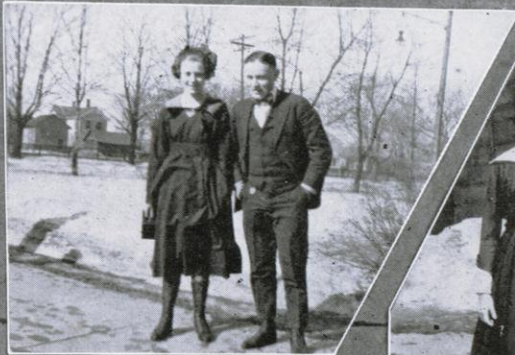
NAME	FAVORITE PASTIME	PROM. CHAR'ISTIC
Irma Dietz	Shorthand	Her weight
Marion Flatley	Dreaming	Getting away with it
James Franconer	Breaking chemical apparatus	His laugh
Viola Goelzer	Frowning	Seriousness
Luella Gotto	Changing her mind	Her walk
Vivian Greenwood	Doing nothing	Weight? Yes.
Reuben Greiling	Asking fool questions	His grin
Winford W. Greiling	Smiling at the girls	His good nature
William Grimmer	Thinking	His bashfulness
William Halloin	Grumbling	Stately bearing
Ruth Halsted	Explaining things	Cross-examining ability
Aurelia Handlen	Giggling	Pleasant manner
Erna Hansen	Translating German	Modesty
Dorothy Heagle	Chattering	Coquettish glance
Esther Heise	Studying	Her brown eyes
Arthur Jandrain	Raising a mustache	Results of his efforts
Pearl Johnson	Spooning	Her friend
William Kozlovsky	Making extra credits	Ponderous Eng.
Franklin Krueger	Making speeches	His jovility
Myrtle Kuhaupt	Making friends	Her attendant
Earl Laluzerne	Doing something	His talk
Harold Laluzerne	Wasting his time	His temper
Raymond Lambeau	Bluffing	His walk
Gwendolyn Van Dycke	Interviewing teachers	Rapid conclusions
Clarence Laubenstein	Looking wise	His stalling
Helen Le Clair	Joking	Her laugh
Mary Agnes Le Sage	"Leading them on"	Her popularity
Alvina Libert	At her books	Her forceful manner
Geneva Mann	Being kidded	Her avoirdupois
Bessie Meister	Taking notes	Short and to the point
Margaret Miller	Reading notes	Skyscraper effect
Arlington Mogan	Studying for tests	His recitations
Mildred Moore	Enjoying herself	Her stride
Paul McMaster	Making remarks	His high forehead
Austin Nejedlo	Creating a disturbance	His snicker
Bernard Olejniczak	Being business like	Dignified appearance
Luella Outland	Poring over her books	Her hair
Irene Parish	Thinking	Thoroughness
Edward Peplinski	Coming to school late	Athletic ability
Mable Ream	Being serious	Her temper
Ann Smith	Wearing moccasins	Her style
Catherine Schmitz	Making herself useful	Gracious manner
Hazel Schuette	Making remarks	Her sweet voice
Lillian Schunk	Getting "engaged"	Her steady talk
Hartwell Senecal	Looking over his shoulder	His laugh
Alma St. Laurent	Whispering	Her flashing eyes
Cecil Taylor	Studying	Her silence
Lola Travis	Smiling	Her goggles
Lucile Van	Chewing gum	Touchy feelings
Florence Williams	Finding out things	Her stateliness
Walter Zich	Being a preacher's son	His complexion

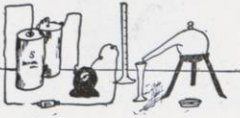


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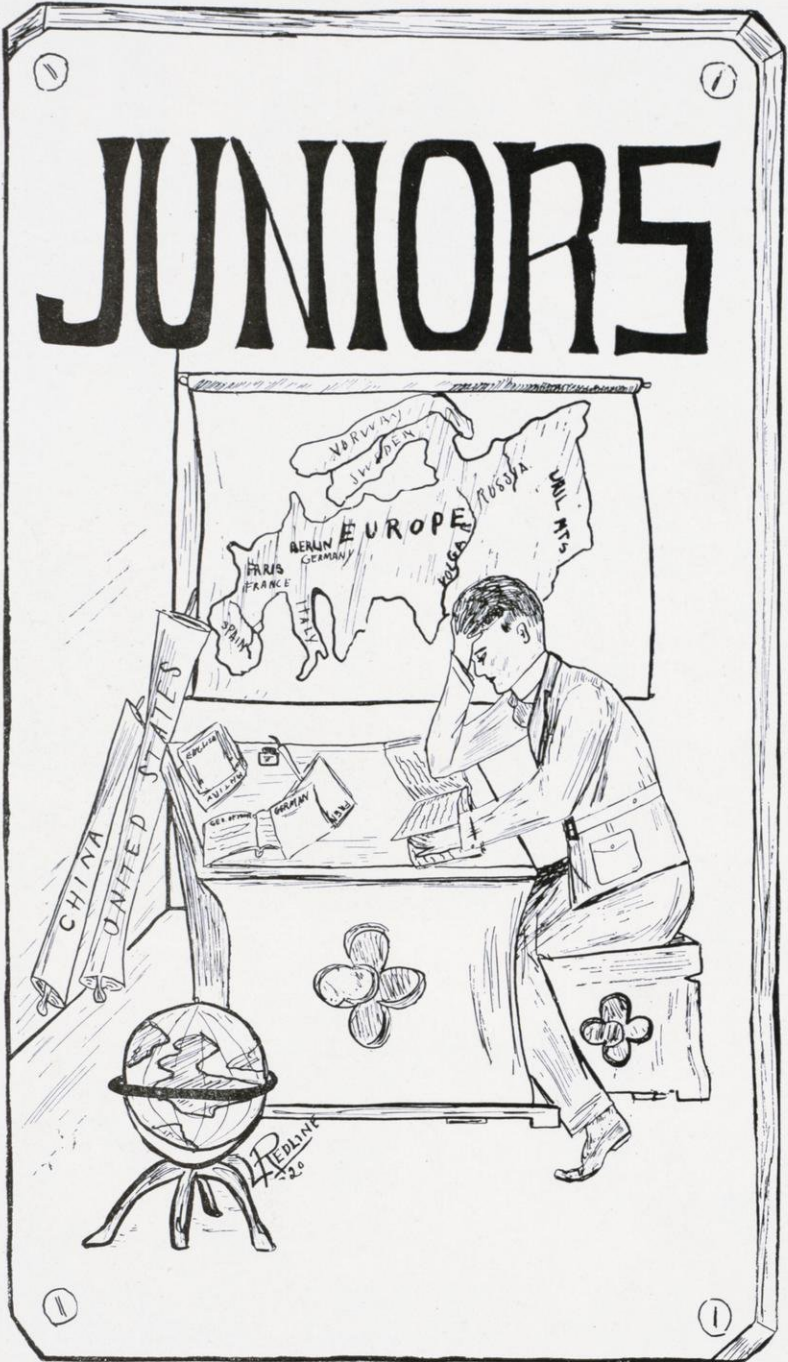


Some of Us





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JUNIOR CLASS OFFICERS



GUSTAV KLAUS
Vice-President

JOHN MINAHAN
President

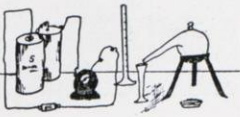
ALFREDA RENARD
Sec. & Treas.



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JUNIOR GIRLS



Aeroplane



CLASS HISTORY

One warm September day in 1915 there hurried, in groups and singly, to East High School the present members of the Junior Class. We looked as green as all other freshmen have looked, if not a trifle bit greener, but we soon learned the wheres and whyfors of high school life, and attained a wise and intelligent appearance, which we still possess—Ahem! After our baptism (Baptist style) our career as “Freshies” soon ended.

Next year we strutted to East High as proud as peacocks, for were we not Sophomores! We bossed the Freshmen around, and in general showed that we were veterans at the learning game. Through the trials and stresses of Sophomore English we emerged triumphantly, but we were never the less glad when the end of the year came.

When we returned as Juniors, we found that our ranks were sadly depleted, only 77 remaining from the horde that had entered as Freshmen. Good things come in small packages though, for have we not an envious record in athletics, debating, oratory, and class spirit. Our Prom was one of the best parties ever given—we co-operated heartily with West High, and made possible a bigger and better Prom than either school could have had individually.

We may be small, but we are right there.



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WE JUNIORS

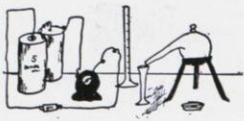
- Mary Abroahams—"For she's a jolly good fellow; that no one will deny."
Dorothy Barber—"Just a fun-loving all-around girl."
Everett Beeson—"Hard work has made for him success."
Gladys Bendig—"I look good-natured and I am."
Charlotte Benton—"Pleasing to talk to and good to look upon."
Constance Bergin—"Amiable and agreeable—but try to slip anything over on her."
Albert Blahnik—"Company, villainous company has been the spoil of me."
Evelyn Braatz—"Listen diligently when I speak, for not often do I speak."
Wesley Carlson—"Is ambition his watchword?"
Gladys Cawenberg—"A smiling face radiates the goodness within."
Alice Cherney—"East High's future hair-dresser for the elite."
Francis Crabb—"Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw."
Morro Crowley—"A peach of a fellow—if you don't believe it, just ask him."
Orby Dandois—"It's better to have loafed and flunked, than never to have loafed at all."
Irene De Cremer—"A happy smile is my passport thru life."
Jennie Dennisen—"A pessimist without, but an optimist within."
Lorraine Dennisen—"Where there's a will, there's a way."
Clara Dewish—"Best she's liked who is alike to all."
Clarence Dorschel—"His cold, calm looks freeze no one but himself."
Marion Drexler—"A novel and a box of chocolates, is her idea of Paradise."
George Drueke—"Talks to no girls, and views life through glasses."
Evelyn Du Charme—"Her eyes are dreamy, but her speech is terse and to the point."
Alvin Du Pont—"On their own merits modest men are dumb."
George Dutton—"A dillar, a dollar, a ten o'clock scholar."
Cletus Echnner—"Not that I love girls less, but that I love solitude better."
Vincent Engels—"I'd rather go fishing than fussing."
Leanore Fiedler—"The girl on the magazine cover."
Ruth Forrester—"A hurrying, flurrying bundle of energy."
Harold Francois—"The boy with the Celestial Smile."
Milton Gazett—"A girl is a girl, my kingdom for a girl."
Levi Geniesse—"If a man blushes he can't be entirely a brute."
Christing Geyer—"Silence has become her mother-tongue."
Charlotte Goldman—"The girl above trifles."
Henry Goss—"He's reached the height of his ambition." (6 ft. 4 in.)
Sidney Greiling—"I am a man of few words." (But he acts.)
Geraldine Griffin—"There's a bit av the blarney in this colleen's eyes."
Lauretta Griffin—"Together we stand, divided we correspond."
Cornelia Heise—"It is has ever been done, I can do it."
Lillian Henkleman—"A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance."
Antoinette Holmes—"Mrs. Vernon Castle takes a back seat when she's around."
Loren Hume—"The greatest of faults, I should say, is to be conscious of none."
Amanda Hyska—"Her ways are the ways of pleasantness."
Hazel Jacqmin—"A sense of duty pursues me ever."
Winifred Johnston—"How she studies and recites, and gives the flunkers 40 frights."
Agnes Kittner—"Acts like a tonic on every crowd."
Gustav Klaus—"Though small in size, he's wondrous wise."
Gertrude Kuhaupt—"For if she will, you may depend on it; and if she won't, she won't—
and there's an end on it."
Raymond Larson—"Just as naughty as the very dickens."
George Le Roux—"Don't know what to call him but he's mighty like a rose."
Aloysuis Lison—"Cesar was short, Napoleon was short, and I'm pretty short myself."



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JUNIOR BOYS



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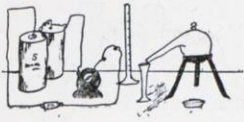


- Isabel Meyer—"Beware of her giggle, it's contagious."
Helen Manthy—"She's always smiling."
Fred Marquardt—"He is not dead, but sleepeth."
Irene Martin—"Knowledge comes of learning well retained."
Catherine Meyer—"Her voice was ever soft, gentle and low—an excellent thing in woman."
John Minahan—"He can talk, Ye gods! How he can talk!"
Helen McMaster—"She has the prudence of the Scotch lass, but there's a bit av Irish mischief in her eye."
Lucile Neufeldt—"A solemn countenance conceals the humor within."
Cecilia Neuman—"Wi' a twinkle in her eye and wi' mischief in her bonny face."
Harold O'Neil—"When fun and duty clash, let duty go to smash."
Hattie Petcka—"Prudently and cautiously the words drop from her lips."
Miriam Peterson—"There's language in her eye."
Blanche Phillips—"What did you say about good things and small packages?"
Frederick Rahr—"Small, but Oh My!"
Thora Rasmussen—"Calm on the surface, but beware of the spark within."
Alfreda Renard—"To know her is to love her, and she's well known."
Robert Rothe—"Honest good humor is the oil and wine of a merry meeting."
Marilla Ruel—"She loves him "les" and "les."
Arline Schunck—"A studious girl who is very fond of Latin, but has been heard to exclaim, why wasn't Cicero killed before he wrote those orations?"
Dorothy J. Smith—"A pensive voice, but good natured withal."
Dorothy L. Smith—"There ain't no use in all this strife, and hurryin' pell mell all thru life."
Yvonne Smith—"Prompt eloquence flows from her lips."
Ethel Sorenson—"Tis good to lengthen to the last a sunny mood."
Hazel Stievo—"Haint there no new way that I kin dress my hair?"
Yvonne Tennis—"She's a combination of pleasantness and industry."
Evan Terp—"There is no genius in life like the genius of energy and activity."
Elizabeth Thomas—"Quietly I wend my way thru life with friends at every turn."
Laurence Thurman—"He has a laugh that brings a person down two flights of stairs."
Earl Vandrell—"Sometimes I sit and think, and sometimes I just sit."
Clarence Van Duren—"Our junior Orpheus."
Lenore Van Kessel—"Her ways are the ways of pleasantness."
Eva Wilquet—"The sweetest little creature in all the world."
Earl Wilson—"Multum in parvo."
Alice Winegard—"She fell out of a window when she was young and came down plump."
Earnest Wintgens—"For his heart is in his work."

TROUTING DAYS

At last, at last, the days have come,
With robins gay, and bees that hum;
Soon shall I stand, with dainty wand,
And angle for the finny band—
Soon shall I wander to the creek
And catch the trout so slim and sleek;
And cast the fly, and loaf and dream—
Once more the old, primeval lust
To fish is roused—and fish I must.

—"Quahang"



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"GRINS" - 1918.
E.H.S.





Aeroplane





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SOPHOMORE CLASS OFFICERS



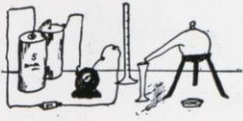
FREDERICK SMITH President	DOROTHY STRAUBEL Vice-President	WILLIAM KELLY Secretary	CHLORO THURMAN Treasurer
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Aeroplane



SOPHOMORE GIRLS

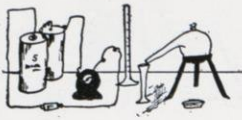


Aeroplane



SOPHOMORE JINGLES

- Majel Adams—"Live and learn."
Ben Alk—"Great hopes make great men."
Dorothy Anderson—"Continued cheerfulness is the sign of wisdom."
Matilda Andruskevicz—"I can't—I'm too busy."
Walter Baldwin—"A sturdy character in him we find."
Walter Arvey—"Everybody's friend; nobody's enemy."
Fred Bartles—"Most good things come in small packages."
Thelma Bently—"Honest to goodness kids, I almost died."
Ida Bierke—"From her cradle she was a scholar, and a right good one."
Meta Blank—"A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance."
Roseline Bouche—"Don't bore people by talking too much, is my advice."
Ethel Brandt—"Still waters run deep."
Marie Brighton—"Modesty is an ornament of this girl."
Max Brill—"He learns the laws and obeys them."
Dewey Brown—"The greatest of all virtues is common sense."
Marion Brown—"To her 'twas natural to please."
Gilbert Bubnik—"Good nature and good sense ever joined."
Frank Bujarski—"I fish in the sea of girls, but never get a bite."
Kenneth Bulley—"Would you take me for a minister's son? Would you really?"
Leona Burby—"Cheerfulness is her never failing characteristic."
Norbert Christensen—"Do I like work? What do you think I am?"
Genevieve Clark—"Seldom seen, seldom forgotten."
Jennie Cohen—"Always on the job."
Grace Connors—"We couldn't get along without the Irish."
Cladys Dandois—"She smiles and laughs the livelong day."
Ruth De Forest—"My Greatest care is lack of care."
Myron Duquaine—"Who deserves well, needs not another's praise."
Amanda Denisty—"Short and sassie is this lassie."
Bertha Denison—"An all-around likable girl."
Gladys Dessain—"Goodness is beauty in its best estate."
John Echtner—"Common sense is an uncommon thing."
Gilbert Erichson—"A right jolly good smile has he."
Alden Evraets—"Thinking is but an idle waste of tho't."
Cyril Fontaine—"When I'm President of the U. S. A.,
We'll have a holiday every day."
Emma Gigler—"Oh! What's in a name?"
Clarence Gill—"It's the little things in life that count—Look at Lauretta and me!"
Gladys Greenwood—"Sing away sorrow, cast away care,
I'm off for a good time—come if you dare!"
David Greiling—"The secret of success is constancy of purpose."
Harold Hanson—"Like angel's visits, short and bright."
Josephine Hart—"This lass has some winning charm."
Harold Hauterbrook—"Quiet, tho'tful, good sincere."
Leonard Hearndon—"A steady, sober sort."
Lester Hearndon—"Courteous to all, intimate with few."
Lois Hensel—"Blessed are the hard workers, for they shall inherit the marks."
Rebecca Helgeson—"Character is made up of small duties faithfully performed."
Marguerite Heynen—"We can't worry and be glad at the same time, so lets be glad."
Leslie Horne—"No sinner and no saint perhaps,
But then, the very best of chaps."
Harry Hotcavey—"There is a foolish corner even in the brain of sage."



Aeroplane



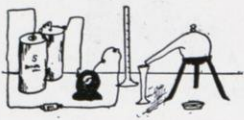
- Noble Janelle—"He travels safely who is guided by love."
Lawrence Jaseph—"I may be small, but I work and accomplish more than most folks."
Lester Johnson—"I never, with important air,
In conversation overbear."
William Kelly—"He's more nice than wise."
Cyril Klaus—"Wise from the top of his head, up."
Clara Kosnar—"Yoo Hoo! Skinny!"
Alice Kotil—"Her ways are the ways of pleasantness."
Manuel La Porte—"The frivolity of social life has for him no glamour."
Frans Larson—"Loaded with conscientious thoroughness."
Agnes Le Compte—"My life is one continual grind."
Jane Lee—"I like fun and I like jokes
'Bout as well as most of folks."
Alphonse Le Febrve—"Past praying for!"
Harold Londo—"A star in the athletic field, yet no time for frivolous amusements."
Edith Lowe—"Work is my recreation."
Bernice Lytle—"Work? Housework? Where did I hear that word before?"
Walter Madden—"Think twice before you speak, and then don't say too much."
Homer Maes—"Best he's liked, that is alike to all."
Kathryn Mande—"Hang sorrow, lets be merry."
Madelyn May—"When in the course of human events it becomes necessary to bluff—
let us bluff."
Richard Meister—"A little knowledge is a dangerous thing; that's why I never got a little."
Norbert Mohr—"Some one take care of this kid."
Quinton Muldoon—"If I can't sleep nites, I sleep in class."
Emmons Muller—"The soul of this man is in his clothes."
Ruth Muller—"A bashful one, yet wondrous wise."
Henrietta McCarthy—"Happy am I, from care I'm free;
Why aren't they all contented like me?"
Ruby Nejedlo—"A friend of the world at large."
William Nichol—"Seldom comes glory 'till a man be dead."
Lucille Nys—"A right jolly good smile has she."
Frank O'Connell—"Work? What's work?"
Irene O'Connell—"Yes, I'm Irish."
Irene O'Neil—"She has many nameless virtues."
Edwin Parish—"Six feet one of sure-enough nonsense."
Gladys Pajourek—"Wanting to work is so rare a merit that it should be encouraged."
Martin Pettijean—"Half a man, half a boy."
Jean Pickard—"Come what will, I will keep my faith with friend and foe."
Lillian Powell—"She has a merry tongue, forsooth."
Harry Przeslowski—"Green Bay, like Russia, has more than one "ski."
Eleanor Rahr—"A firm believer in the power of silence."
Loraine Redline—"Behold! An artist in our midst."
Elder Rienke—"A grave and thoughtful youth
Of fine and generous mould, in truth."
Frank Robinson—"For she was just the quiet kind."
Margaret Rosmiarek—"She speaks not when there is nothing to say."
Frank Sadowicz—"A silent man is he."
Dudley Safford—"I pretend to despise the girls, but oh how I do adore the fair sex."
Marian Sauber—"A human Declaration of Independence."
Frances Schauer—"No thoroughly occupied man was ever yet very miserable."
Mae Schilling—"A worker, always doing her level best."
Dorothy Schumacher—"I'm sorry for me. I ain't so very happy."



Aeroplane



SOPHOMORE BOYS



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- Carol Schunck—"She wouldn't be good if she could;
She couldn't be good if she would."
George Silverwood—"Not only a scholar, but a gentleman."
Frederick Smith—"Father's little man."
Catherine St. John—"A winning way and a pleasant smile."
Anna Stobbe—"Simple, yet neat."
Emma Straka—"I'm rather inaccessible."
Clifford Straubel—"I do know him by his gait. He is a friend."
Dorothy Straubel—"Two eyes so soft and dark—Beware!"
Marie Strehlow—"I shall do nothing in malice."
Henry Tease—"There's a frankness in his manner that appeals to every one."
Loretta Thelen—"She's backward about coming forward."
Earl Thomas—"A good student, a good booster, and a good fellow."
Chloro Thurman—"Constant occupation prevents temptation."
Ida Tomball—"Her head shineth from afar."
Martin Welles—"A bluff in time saves a point."
Ruth Wigman—"A most obliging girl."
Elsie Wilson—"The Freshmen are such an interesting little people."
Estelle Wirtz—"I'm too busy to worry."
Elma Woodward—"She'd laff at the wagging of a straw."
Marie Zich—"A maiden meek and mild."
Ethel Putney—"There was a maiden wondrous wise."

CLASS HISTORY

When the fall of 1916 arrived, there came with it to East High School a group of forlorn looking individuals all manner, size and shape, who were extremely bashful, and were known as Freshmen. They soon got over their bashfulness, indeed they became very "fresh," so much so that they required chastisement. They were fairly intelligent human beings at the close of school in June.

On their return last September they left behind the name of Freshmen and became known as the Sophomores. They are a real live bunch, lots of pep, and plenty of school spirit. They are well represented in all branches of school work, and should make a great success of their high school life. Hats off to the Sophomores!

LADY OF THE LAKE

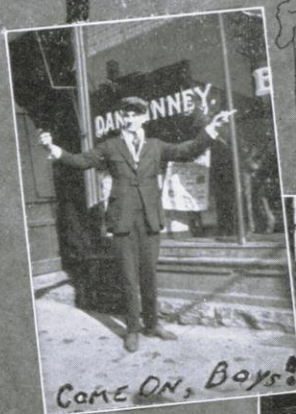
Part I.

Graeme was the lover of Ellen;
The daughter of Douglas was she.
Graeme wanted that Ellen
His beautiful wife should be.
Fitz-James was a good old huntsman,
Who was lost while pursuing his game;

While wandering on in the forest,
To the Douglas home he came,
In truth, he was king of Scotland,
And a princely king was he;
When Ellen's face he did see,
He wished her husband to be.



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Come On, Boys!

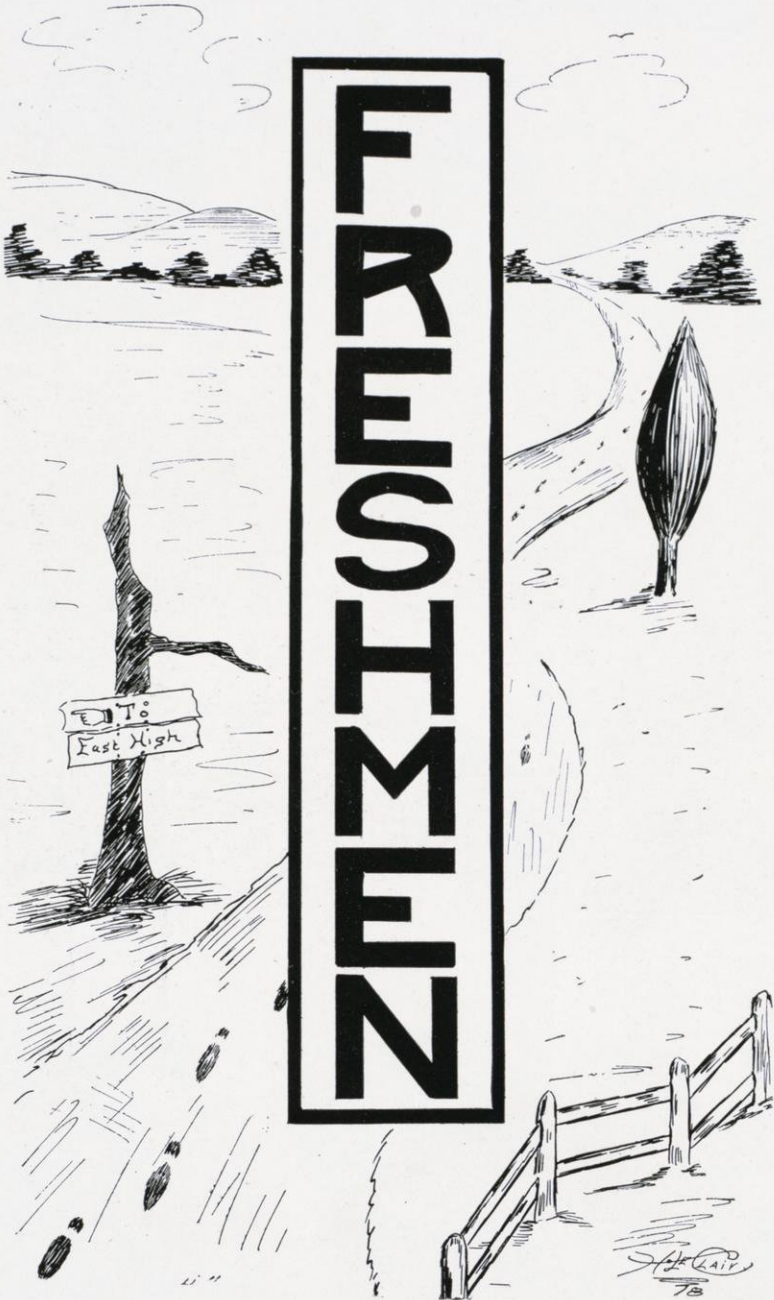


"WELL, HERE WE ARE —"





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FRESHMEN CLASS OFFICERS



AUSTIN HOKENSON
Treasurer

EVA DIETZ
Vice-President

HERALY McDONALD
President

RUTH VAN KESSEL
Secretary



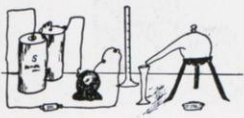
FRESHMAN GIRLS



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1921

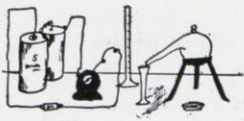


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AMONG THE FRESHMEN

- Harold Vander Sande—"The courageous captain of compliments."
Bessie Putney—"Gentle is she and of good intent."
Kathleen McGrath—"Serene and undisturbed."
Gladys Brunette—"Couldn't be serious, try as you would."
Earl Quackenbush—"It is the wise head that makes the still tongue."
Sophia Brenner—"A brilliant mind, a manner kind."
Isadore Alk—"A dreary place would be this earth were there no little people in it."
Willard Baker—"Wise from the top of his head up."
Louis Alk—"Frequently within my brain I think a thought."
Arnold Bur—"Oh, for an engine to keep back all clocks."
Virginia North—"A ready tongue, a ready wit, grin, grin, she doesn't care a bit."
Kenneth Callahan—"Breathes there a boy with soul so dead that never to himself hath said 'I hope my teacher's sick in bed.'"
Minnie Halloin—"Shy and modest is this maid."
George Klaus—"We can hardly criticize a good worker."
Norris Murphy—"A believer in the conservation of energy."
Richard Jansen—"I am a part of all that I have met."
Evelyn Norman—"All her paths are peace."
Catherine Schumacher—"I want what I want, when I want it."
Gertrude Robinson—"Agreeable and happy."
Austin Hokenson—"Giggling relieves monotony."
Arloine Neufeld—"A good scout and a perfect lady."
Dorothy Haslam—"Nothing is more useful than silence."
Regina Pauly—"What a whirlwind in her head."
George Pigeon—"Young fellows will be young fellows."
Ruth Van Kessel—"Just a noble, all-around girl."
Peter Neidle—"In conversation he is ready and eloquent."
Harry Klaus—"A little learning is a dangerous thing."
Irene Frisque—"Wit at will."
Cyril Gille—"Little—But—O! My!"
Elsie Mundt—"Good nature and good sense must ever join."
Robert DuChateau—"Laugh and grow fat."
Josephine Browning—"The world delights in sunny people."
Leonard Dorschel—"He's good at a fight, but better at play."
Raymond Rahr—"It's a serious thing to be a tall, tall man."
Helen Berendsen—"Like a bee she works all day."
Bertis McAllister—"Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw."
Richard Bauman—"He's a good little boy."
Paul Van Laanen—"What should a man do but be merry?"
Lucy Cohen—"Her curls are the envy of all the girls."
David Laluzerne—"Happy folks have many friends."
Patrick Maloney—"Not too small to be recognized."
Minnie Bourignon—"She is always liked who is alike to all."
Clement Neuman—"I take the world as it comes."
Kossie Bourignon—"She fears no evil, for she knows no wrong."
Esther Geniesse—"Ambitious, but still not a grind."
Clarence Maloney—"Under his calm surface there sparkles wit and humor."
Mildred Nejedly—"I don't want to be famous—I only want to be good."
Joseph Bonjean—"With stride so long."
Clement Haworth—"All things come to him who waits."
Lorenz Heise—"Studious, but full of fun."



Aeroplane



- Allouez Hochgreve—"Blessed is the man who, having nothing to say, keeps still."
Dorothy Hummel—"A genial disposition brings its own reward."
Rufin Hyska—"You may depend on him."
Walter Jessen—"Work has not harmed him yet."
Leona Jacobson—"A gentle voice, a very lovely thing in women."
George Kress—"Always ready to help with his violin or in any way he can."
Clara Kuhn—"Whatever thou doest at all, thou doest well."
Raymond Lachman—"Man delights me not or woman either."
Esther Lappans—"Ambition and you are good friends."
Lester Londo—"Playmates are attractive."
Leo Mande—"A temper to match his hair."
Walter Martell—"When in the course of events it becomes necessary to bluff, let us bluff."
Edwin Vander Kelen—"Fond of History?"
Alfred Vander Steen—"Ready to stand, but not to talk."
Russel Van Duren—"A monocle is the finishing touch."
Alden Van Dyke—"Work before play."
Emma Veraghen—"A bright and pretty lassie."
George Rozennowski—"Rather fond of play."
Irene Colburn—"Pleasant are her ways."
Irene Doran—"To undertake—and do is her motto."
Gordon Rolzenthal—"Children should be seen and not heard."
Orville Miller—"He'll do something yet."
Marion Miller—"Mild of manner."
Reynold Tebo—"A dull and dreary existence does not appeal to me."
Nettie Tilkens—"Ambitious, but not a grind."
Clarence Toonen—"Quiet—at times."
Sarah Mednikow—"Slow and easy wins, they say."
Catherine Van Boxel—"I take the world as it comes."
Catherine Dockrey—"She's Irish in name, in manner, in wit,
She's as true as gold, and bright every bit."
Robert Minahan—"Bobbie, you run like a Ford."
Elmer Schaefer—"Talking, he knows not why, he cares not what."
Ellen Frisque—"Her crowning glory is her hair."
Arleen Olsen—"Wisely and slow; they stumble that run too fast."
Clyde Sorge—"True worth needs no interpreter."
Elsie Nejedlo—"Silence has become her mother tongue."
Florence Gifford—"Modest, demure, and loved by all who know her."
Bertha Stoneman—"In disposition, studious and retiring."
Ralph Soquet—"He is not dead, but sleepeth."
Eva Dietz—"Divinely tall and divinely fair."
Hearly MacDonald—"Trained for either camp or court."
Angeline Przeslowski—"Her talents are of the more silent class."
Ruth Strehlow—"A wee sma' girl with a wee sma' voice."
Meyer Cohen—"Exceedingly wise and fair spoken."
Zennie Hokenson—"Her voice was ever soft, gentle, and low—an excellent thing in woman."
James Crowley—"Never works, and never worries, seldom flunks, and never hurries."
Eugene Van Schyndle—"Life without laughing is a dreary blank."
Monica Olejniczak—"She never lets an idea interrupt the easy flow of her conversation."
Helen Duquaine—"Winning is her way, pleasant is her smile."
Leo Biebel—"Hang sorrow; care would kill a cat."
Harold Sorenson—"It's a good thing to bluff if you can make the bluff good."
Arleen Bates—"No harsh thought is ever hers."



Aeroplane



- Abe Abrohams—"Altho' he's short in stature, he's long in credits."
Ruth Libert—"Cheerfulness is just as natural to her as the color in her cheeks."
Virginia LeFebvre—"There's mischief in this girl."
Wilmer Wainwright—"A man as true as steel."
Clara Blahnik—"A Winsome lass is she and earnest."
Adel Church—"She who would laugh and make others laugh."
Winfred Fonder—"Wot's the odds if you're 'appy, and I allus is."
Kenneth Barber—"True worth is in doing, not seeming."
Albert Becker—"He is not bred so dull but he can learn."
Roland Brown—"A hidden thought."
Madeline Cannard—"A maiden with fair brown eyes."
Amelia Carpiaux—"She has two brown eyes so soft."
Aleta Chadek—"The muses gifted her with dance."
Helen Challe—"Eat, drink, and be happy, for tomorrow we may have to diet."
William Chappell—"A lover of music."
Vermanda Lefebvre—"In all things true and loyal."
Robert Conard—"A good worker."
Regina Delo—"Oh, so quiet."
Anthony Delwich—"My, how serious."
Orville Nys—"A girl, my kindgom for a girl."
Mark Rahn—"A History scholar."
Alice Frisque—"Gentle and calm, but self-possessed."
Oswald Geniesse—"A busy worker."
Martha Goethe—"Fair-haired, with pretty blue eyes."
Michael Gleason—"There are many rare abilities that are but slowly brought to light."
Theodore Goldman—"Let's enjoy ourselves while we can."
Joseph Hacker—"You'll never know the good fellow I've been."
Ruth Hacker—"Work—Where have I heard that word before."
Mercedes Hagerty—"A maid, light-hearted and content."
Warren Hagerty—"His knowledge is all pigeonholed."
Anthony Nowak—"Why hurry?"
John O'Connor—"Nature has formed strange fellows in her time."
Carl Peters—"They also serve who only stand and wait."
Florentine Przeslowski—"Silence is golden, and dignity a virtue."
Marion Reed—"Her tones are like dew drops of celestial melody."
Beatrice Reis—"Her tongue lies seldom still."
Norbert Rondou—"All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy."
Agnes Rozmiarek—"Happy am I; from care I flee."
John Sargent—"John Serious."
Arnold Servotte—"A dark fellow, but bright."
Reuben Skoglund—"He knows; he does not need to guess."
Viola Smits—"Always ready for fun."
Lena Strachewski—"She is of the quiet kind whose nature never varies."
Urban Thomas—"Not a sinner, not a saint."
Dorothy Tipler—"Tall and graceful."
Clifford Van Beek—"An all-round chap."

Oh, how I hate school days in May,
When I must sit in school and think;
Much rather would I be outside
A-swimming in the brink.

—Fresh.



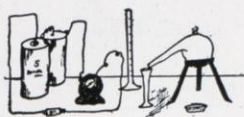
FRESHMEN BOYS



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1921



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FRESHMEN

A Freshman is a Freshman—and can be recognized as easily as a green apple can be distinguished from a ripe one. These innocent little individuals who enter high school every year with a shamefaced, bashful look, which gradually turns to a look of exceeding freshness, soon accustom themselves to their surroundings and become as wise (in appearance) as any upper classman.

The Freshman Class of 1918 is an exceptional class. The members of this class have a plentiful abundance of school spirit, having representatives in athletics, oratory, and all other school activities. The class is organized and acts as a unit, unlike many freshman classes in years past. Great things may be expected of this class before it leaves East High School.

DIRGE OF A FRESHMAN.

Ashes to ashes
And dust to dust;
If English doesn't kill me.
Then Algebra must!

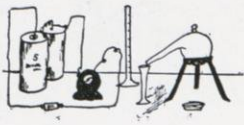
—M. C.

THE COMING OF SPRING

Did you notice, this morning
The Sun God adorning
The top o' the hills with his golden light,
And bathing the stream
With his glittering beams,
Cheering the world with his rays so bright?

Oh, spring is smiling
Her laughter beguiling,
Deep in the cool of the forest shade;
List how she's singing
Till the woods are ringing,
As we wander through the budding glade.

—“Quagang.”

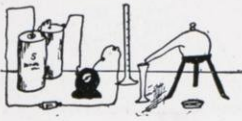


Aeroplane



AROUND
SCHOOL





Aeroplane



- LOCALS -

JUNIOR PROM.

A joint Prom, given in honor of the Seniors, by the Juniors of the East and West High Schools, Friday evening, April nineteenth, in the Armory, proved a most delightful gathering. The decision to have this a joint entertainment was made because of war conditions, to economize expense.

The Armory presented an attractive appearance, with its decorations of school colors and national emblems. The red and white of East High was combined with the purple and white of West High and these formed very effective decorations. Festoons of crepe paper ribbons were draped between the pillars, over the windows, and from the various corners of the room. The stage was decorated in school colors, and was banked with palms and ferns. On the front of the stage were the numerals 1919 in red, white and purple. Vandenberg's orchestra furnished music for the dancing, which continued from 8:30 to 12 o'clock.

The following committees were in charge: Music and Program, Dorothy Smith chairman, Eva Smith, Antoinette Holmes and Chester Lally; decoration, Gertrude Kuhaupt chairman, Irene MaKone, Moro Crowley, Marion Toule, Loren Hume, Eva Smith, Clarence Dorschel, Chester Lally, Alfreda Renard, Burr Bedell, Charlotte Benton, Andrew Sustman; executive, C. D. Brower, Jr.; general arrangement, Harold Anderson, chairman, Constance Bergin, Harriet Wilson, Vincent Engels, Mabel Hansen, and Mary Abroahams. The patrons and patronesses were members of the faculties of the two schools.

SENIOR BANQUET

On the fourteenth of February, the Senior Class gave their annual banquet. Sixty-five guests, including members of the faculty, sat down to dinner. The decorations were purple and gold, the class colors. The dinner was followed by a grand march and all sorts of games. It proved to be one of the most successful banquets ever given in East High School. Even Mr. Ream said he had never enjoyed himself so much at a senior banquet, although he felt rather stiff in the knees the next morning from hopping around.

Lester Cranston, class president, acted as toast master, and Principal W. T. Ream, Mr. Macomber, Mr. Appel, Mr. Haigh, and Miss Fitzsimmons responded to toasts.

The toast of Miss Fitzsimmons was very appropriate to this war time. She chose a war medley, the main division of which were food and ammunition.

SKIPPING TO WEST HIGH

The Monday morning following the Thanksgiving game, West High was feeling too good to go to work, so they came to pay us, East High, a visit. The visitors came up to the assembly room, and cheers were given for both schools.



Aeroplane



In the afternoon the students of East High thought they should have a vacation; so about two-thirds of the school went to West High. A very good time was reported by all, for dancing was enjoyed in the gymnasium.

The students thought that they would not be punished because of the large number involved. But as the old story goes, "He who laughs last laughs best." A week before exams Mr. Ream announced: "All those whose average is seventy-five need not take the exams—except those who went to West High." At the first few words every one held his breath but when the last came, there was a great deal of sighing.

TALK BY CANADIAN OFFICER

In connection with the Y. M. C. A. drive, Lieut. Cockrell, of Canada talked to the whole school. He gave a very vivid picture of the trenches, for he himself had spent some time there. He also told of the work the Y. M. C. A. does for the men at the firing-line.

The Glee Clubs of both East and West High gave a very successful dancing party at the Woman's Building, on Thanksgiving night. The hall was decorated in the colors of the two schools.

On December twenty-first, the principals of the two high schools consented to let us have a half-holiday, so that the students could meet once more to have a good time together. There was an entertainment held in the auditorium of West High. Later all went down to the gymnasium, where dancing was enjoyed until six o'clock. East High students were treated very cordially by their West High hosts. Had we a place in which to entertain our West High friends, we should be pleased to return their courtesy.

JUNIOR RED CROSS

Green Bay has its own Red Cross chapter to which many of our students belong. They have helped by going down to the "workshop" and making surgical dressings, and have helped in other ways.

It was thought that if the schools had their own organization they could do better work; so the president of the United States asked that the schools be organized into what is now known as the Junior Red Cross Society.

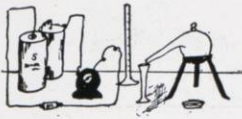
Our school met and elected the following officers: Chairman, Franklin Krueger; secretary, Myrtle Kuhaupt; treasurer, Mable Ream. In order to make the membership "one hundred per cent" of the school, each class had to raise enough money to pay twenty-five cents for each member of the class. This money was raised by subscription. The Senior class was the first class to reach the one-hundred per cent. The amount which the class raised was nearly twice as much as was needed.

The student body of East High School subscribed money for the adoption of a was orphan, and have adopted a little French girl.

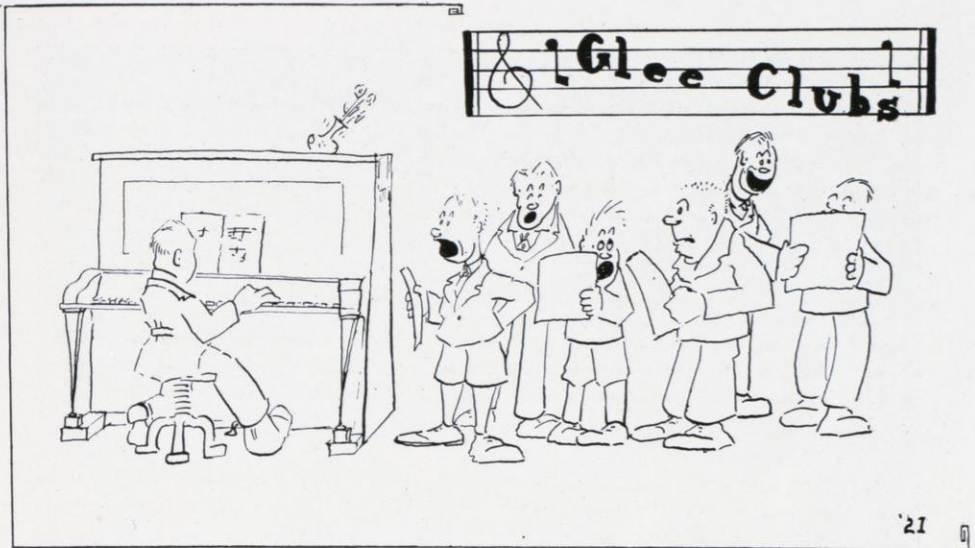
Among the prominent speakers who gave addresses to the assembly of students during this past year were the following: Mr. Eben Minahan, Mr. T. P. Silverwood, Mr. Joseph Martin, Mr. John Kittel, Judge Graas, Governor Phillip and Governor Bamburger of Utah.

LINCOLN CLUB DANCES

The Lincoln Club gave two dances during the year, one in December and one in April. They were both given at Elk's Hall, and both were very pleasant occasions.



Aeroplane



The past year, East High School has maintained three musical organizations: Boys' Glee Club, Girls' Glee Club and a Mixed Chorus.

Once a week and on days of special program, the entire school has taken part in chorus singing. The chorus signing was inaugurated this year by the new musical director, Mrs. Bertha Calkins. Songs of all types, ranging from the old folksongs of the past to the popular airs of the present, are sung by the assembled students. This addition to the musical curriculum of East High was most welcome to the students, for it served as a break in the steady routine of class work.

Those students who wished to study music more thoroughly had an opportunity to do so by joining either of the glee clubs or the mixed chorus, where they received detailed personal instruction.

Several programs were given by the Glee Clubs during the year in the assembly room.

What a pity it is that we can die but once to serve our country!—Addison.

Our country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong.—Stephen Decatur.

A good citizen owes his life to his country.

Thy hand is never the worse for doing thy own work.

We cannot all be noblemen; there must be some to do the work.

The word impossible, is not in my dictionary.—Napoleon.

A good word for a bad one is worth much and cost little.

Better three hours too soon than a minute too late.

Confine your tongue, lest it confine you.

A good book is the best of friends—

The same today and forever.



LINCOLN CLUB



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LINCOLN CLUB

The Lincoln Club, an organization for the promotion of public speaking and debating in East High, has had a very successful year. The Club did not begin work this year until several months after school started. This was because Mr. Horne did not know whether he would be able to stay throughout the year. Inasmuch as he did not want to start the Club and then leave it, the date of organization was postponed indefinitely.

The Club was very unfortunate in losing the services of Mr. Horne. In him, the Club possessed a man who was untiring in his efforts to better the Club. He was patient with us all, even when he would have been justified in giving us up in despair. All the boys liked him because he remembered that he had been a boy once himself, and also because he could be serious when need be. He won our admiration and respect from the start, and we are sorry indeed to have lost his helping hand.

After Mr. Horne left, the Club met under the advisorship of Mr. Appell, the new agriculture teacher. The officers for the first semester were elected as follows: President, Everett Beeson; Vice-President, Morro Crowley; Sec.-Treas., Vincent Engels. For the second semester the following officers were elected: President, Vincent Engels; Vice-President, Sydney Greiling; Sec.-Treas., Robert Rothe.

Because of a slight deficit incurred from the debates, an open meeting of the Club was planned for and given on the night of March 20. This meeting was a huge success, and netted more than enough to cover the deficit. The try-outs for the oratorical contest were incorporated into this meeting. The program consisted also of variety numbers by the members, such as recitations, musical numbers, and comedy.

The advisorship of the club changed hands again when Mr. Appel left the faculty. This time the Club selected Mr. Weinfurther, Mr. Appel's successor on the faculty. The new advisor has been with us for only a short time, but already his snappy character is telling on the Club, and its meetings are increasing in interest.

On April 5th a dance was given by the Club at Elk's Hall. This was a great success. Many tickets were sold and everybody had a good time. Mr. Weinfurther was the only member of the faculty present, and his fine dancing excited a good deal of favorable comment—especially among the girls.

DEBATING—'18

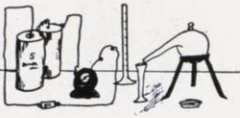
The past debating season was far from satisfying in the line of victories. However, our teams put up a good fight, and did exceptionally well considering their preparation. Our opponents admitted that our delivery was excellent.

Unfortunately, at the opening of the debating season, the school lost the valuable services of Mr. Horne as debating coach. Mr. Horne had been with the school for the past two years, and his undivided attention to the coaching of the teams is certainly worthy of our heartiest appreciation. After Mr. Horne left the faculty, the services of Mr. Appel were secured. Under his guidance the teams were selected and the work begun.

Last year East High entered the State Debating League, organized under the auspices of Lawrence College. East High remained in this league this year, and was matched against Appleton and Marinette. The question selected reads as follows:

RESOLVED: THAT THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT OF THE UNITED STATES SHOULD OWN AND OPERATE THE RAILROADS.

The negative team was composed of John Minahan, Lawrence Thurman, and Elmer Schaefer. Vincent Engels, Loren Hume and Al Lison were selected for the affirmative team.



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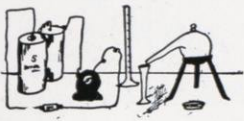


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NEG

DEBATING TEAMS



Aeroplane



EAST HIGH NEG. VS. APPLETON
EAST HIGH AFF. VS. MARINETTE.

On the night of February 8th the negative team journeyed to Appleton to avenge the defeat of last year. The affirmative team remained at home, and was opposed by Marinette. Hard luck was with East high again, and both debates were lost. The affirmative team lost by 2-1, and the negative by a 3-0 count.

These defeats eliminated East High from any further chance for the state championship. Last year, in order that the preparation of the teams should not go to naught, several debates with other schools were arranged. The members of the teams were eager to follow the same plan this year, but it seemed impossible to arrange with other schools; so the proposition was dropped.

CRITIQUE

Altho our teams were not victorious this year, they are to be praised for their efforts to put East High on the debating map. A debate is more or less a gamble, anyway. Even though they didn't win, not one of the members of the teams is sorry that he went out. They consider the experience and practice gained as worth far more than the time and effort expended. The only thing to do is to be optimistic and wait for next year to come around, when we may be more fortunate.

ORATORY

Our boys can make a good showing, not only in Athletic sports, but also in contests which test their intellectual ability. This year, for the second time in East High School's history, the boys enlisted in oratorical work.

The elimination contest was held on the night of March twenty-seventh, during the open meeting of the Lincoln Club. Franklin Krueger, Vincent Engels and Aloysius Lison were the contestants. Franklin Krueger won first place, and on April fifth went to Menasha as a representative in the League contest. The contestants were Kaukauna, Menasha and Green Bay. Franklin Krueger won first place, and was therefore the league representative at Oshkosh. The contest was held on April twelfth. Mr. Krueger went to Oshkosh, but when he reached the place, he found that the contest had been held in the afternoon, and he had not been notified of the change in time. However, East High School's representative was invited to enter an oratorical contest held under the auspices of Lawrence College on May tenth, in which he won third place.

LAWRENCE COLLEGE CONTEST IN ORATORY AND EXTEMPORANEOUS SPEAKING

On Friday, May 10, was held one of the largest and best contests ever conducted among the high schools of the state. About twenty high schools entered with oratorical speakers, and about 14 out of the 20 schools entered with extemporaneous speakers.

These extemporaneous speakers were given a list of 35 subjects on which they could talk; for example, "What are the opportunities of the American citizen to-day?" After



Aeroplane



receiving this list, each was sent into a room by himself and given one hour to plan and think out his talk, which was to last five minutes.



Franklin W. Krueger represented East Green Bay in the Oratorical Contest, and was the only representative sent by this school. His oration was Franklin K. Lane's "Why we Are At War."

At 1-30 the preliminaries started for the Oratorical Contest, in the Chapel of Lawrence College. Each speaker was limited to five minutes in the preliminary; and six out of the twenty were to be selected for the final contest to be held in the evening.

Mr. Franklin Krueger was among the six to be chosen for the oratorical final contest for the evening.

Following the Orators' preliminary contest the extemporaneous speakers' preliminary was held, in which the six best extemporaneous speakers were chosen, also.

In the evening, promptly at 7:30, the extemporaneous speakers' contest was started in "Peabody Hall." After this a few musical selections were given by some of the College students, and then the final contest for the orators started.

Krueger was the fourth one to speak in this contest, and when the judges gave out their decision, he was awarded third place in the contest, thereby winning a scholarship to the college. Only three places were awarded.

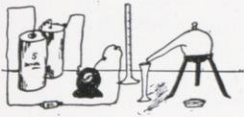
The final contest was very close. Each of the six speakers was a "good one," and each tried his hardest. Every speaker was carefully judged and criticized from every point of view.

Immediately after the contest a reception was given to contestants and friends, in the Dean's Studio, and it was carried out in a very fine manner. Each speaker had been invited to have lunch and dinner with some fraternity, and was shown every courtesy possible.

Our hats off to Lawrence! East High thanks the college sincerely—first, because our speaker won recognition for the school; and secondly, for the courtesy shown the speakers and the interest the college showed in the high school speakers of the state. East High will long remember this contest and the place she has received, for this contest is worth while.

Here's hoping that Lawrence College again holds this contest and invites East High to join!

East High appreciates the school spirit shown by Franklin Krueger in acting as its representative in this contest. He deserves much credit for the hard work he put into the preparation, and for the creditable performance which won a place for East High among the larger schools of the state. Again we say "hats off," but this time to Franklin W. Krueger, senior class president, and leader in school activities.



Aeroplane



MASK AND WIG CLUB

MASK AND WIG CLUB

Four years ago a small number of girls gathered together and under the leadership of Miss Mary Fitzsimmons, Miss Carolyn Handt and Miss Gertrude Gibbons formed the first dramatic club in East High. The club has made swift progress and has presented several very clever plays.

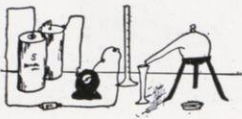
This year the Mask and Wig Club members met early in September, and reorganized for the year's work. Meetings have been held twice a month. During the first part of the year, Miss Fitzsimmons and Miss Brown were the directors of the club; but later Miss Fitzsimmons resigned, and Miss Cujak was elected to take her place.

The officers of the club are as follows:

- President..... Mable Ream
- Vice-President..... Constance Bergin
- Secretary and Treasurer..... Cecil Taylor

The general line of the work has been practically the same as in former years. The work is along declamatory and dramatic lines.

On Saturday, December eighteenth, the Mask and Wig Club gave a party to all the girls of the school. A small admission fee was charged. A delightful time was reported by all. Dancing was enjoyed in the lower corridor. Refreshments were served at the close of the afternoon.



Aeroplane



A play was presented, entitled "Puss in Boots," with the following cast of characters:

Puss.....	Catherine Dockery
Pat.....	Hazel Schutte
King.....	Albina Libert
Queen.....	Cecil Taylor
Princess.....	Lauretta Griffon
Guards and Courtiers—	Ruth Wigman, Ruth De Forest, Regina Paul, Irene O'Connell, and Dorothy Tippler.

DECLAMATORY CONTEST

The girls of our school showed much enthusiasm in declamatory work. Seventeen took part in the elimination contest. Of these, seven were chosen to contest in the preliminary contest. Eva Wilquet was given first place, Catherine Dockery second, and Alvina Libert third.

Eva Wilquet was unable to go to Menasha because she was ineligible to the league contest since the rules required full work, or four studies, while she takes only three. Therefore, Catherine Dockery and Alvina Libert went to Menasha as our representatives in the League contest. Contestants from Kaukauna, Menasha and Green Bay took part. Here Alvina Libert won second place.

A LETTER FROM MR. COONEN

Highland Park, Ill.,
April 8, 1918.

Local Editor—Aeroplane,
East High School,
Green Bay, Wis.

Dear Miss Mann:—

I appreciate the invitation to contribute something for the "Aeroplane." Even though I have outwardly severed relations with "Old East High," I still feel that it is "our" paper, and am anxious to see the 1918 edition surpass all previous issues in magnitude and literary standard.

My work at Deerfield Shields High School is somewhat different from that at East High. I still have the work in Physics and Chemistry and in addition some work in supervision, and full charge of the military training. I have a lecture room, two large laboratories, two store rooms, a dark room, and a fairly good equipment at my disposal for the science work, so I can offer quite an extensive course; but the enrollment in these courses is far below the corresponding courses at East High.



Much of the work of supervision is done by the individual teachers. The student body is divided into groups from twenty-five to thirty-five, these pupils going directly to the teacher who has them in charge when school calls. These sessions last fifteen minutes, to enable the teacher to get the attendance record, receive absence and tardiness excuses, issue permits and passes, advise and discipline when necessary, and in general, look after the welfare of the pupil. For general



Aeroplane



assemblies, when necessary, the pupils march in a body from the sessions in charge of the session teacher, who is seated with them during the assembly. I have charge of half of the first year boys.

I have two companies of Cadets, who drill twice each week, the last period of the day, allowing us to run overtime if we care to do so. They have the regulation army rifles furnished by the government, and complete uniforms furnished by the school. Each company has the regulation army officers, instructed at special meetings, who have charge of and carry out the instructions and directions given them. I act in the capacity of Major. Our work consists of close and extended order maneuvers, in both company and Battalion drill, manual of arms, semaphore and wigwag signalling, bayonet drill, target practice and wall-scaling.

The day's work begins at 8:45 and ends at 3:15, enabling both pupils and teachers to make use of our splendid gymnasiums. All basketball and other inter-scholastic sports are conducted after 3:15. The ten men teachers play basketball, hand-ball, tennis, and swim to their hearts' content, thus keeping them physically fit.

We have luncheon (half-hour) served in the High School cafeteria, which seats over five hundred. The corridors, all through the day, are patrolled by students (councilors) so stationed that no pupil can pass through them during classes, or leave the building without a pass from a teacher. All cases of disorder are tried by the councilors, and suitable punishment imposed.

I hope East High will soon have as excellent buildings and equipment as we have here. No one knows better than I how badly Green Bay needs a new High School.

Sincerely, a friend of East High,
J. E. COONEN.

NEW FACULTY MEMBERS

During the past year, East High has had many changes in its teaching force. Some of the old members have left to take other positions; others have enlisted in the country's service. Among the newer members of the faculty are Mr. Haigh, Mr. Macomber, and Mr. Weinfurther.

Mr. Haigh is a graduate of Oshkosh Normal School. At the time he was engaged to teach, he was in Duluth, Minnesota, where he held the position of chemist for a large hardware concern, inspecting paints and oils. Here he worked with some of the best chemists of the country.

Mr. Haigh is a "clean cut" young man, and is very much liked by the students. He knows his business and is a very conscientious worker.

This is what he says of us: "My first impression of the students of East High were very favorable, and I am glad to be able to say that those first impressions were correct. I believe that I have never known a finer, more willing and sociable group of students in my life. My work with the 1918 "Aeroplane" staff bears out every compliment that might be given about student co-operation. Students of East High, you have among you those whose ability, talent, and leadership stand out plainly to an on-looker."

Mr. Macomber is a graduate of the Milwaukee Normal. He is an experienced football and basketball player. Before coming to us he was the county superintendent of schools at Florence, Wisconsin.

This is his opinion of us: "I have never seen a school where the spirit of good fellowship was more noticeable than it is in East Green Bay High School."



Aeroplane



Mr. Weinfurther, who came to take Mr. Appel's place, is a graduate of the River Falls Normal School. Although we have known him for only a short time, we all like him.

He said, "I feel I was exceedingly fortunate when I accepted the Agriculture position at East Green Bay High. The spirit of democracy among both faculty and students has made my change from a student to a teacher a pleasant one.

"I consider myself fortunate, too, in holding my first high school position under so capable a principal as our Mr. Ream."

DEPARTURE OF FACULTY MEMBERS

In November Mr. Horne left East High to enter the service of the United States Interior Department. He is now located at Ligonier, Indiana, where he is supervisor of school children's farm clubs. Later he is to be sent West in the reclamation service.

Mr. Coonen is at the head of the Physics and Chemistry Department of the Highland Park, Illinois, High School. He is also director of military training.

Mr. Wieser has joined the aviation section of the navy.

Mr. Appel, who came here in November to take Mr. Horne's place as instructor of Agriculture, left in February to teach this same subject in a Chicago High School.

Miss Fitzsimmons left May 3 on a leave of absence, to assume government duties in Washington.

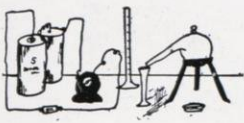
Mr. Weinfurther and Mr. Macomber were drafted and left for Camp Grant May 23.

IN MEMORIAM TO
PAUL BOGDON

Class of 1916

Died, February, 1918

A STUDENT, ATHLETE AND GENTLEMAN



Aeroplane



SERVICE FLAG

On February twenty-first, a Service Flag of 124 stars, representing the students, alumni and faculty of East High School engaged in war service, was raised in the school auditorium. A program of talks and music was carried out in honor of the men who have joined the colors.

Of the 124 East High men now serving in the army and navy, fourteen were students, six were teachers, and the rest are alumni of the school.

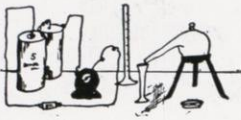
Judge Henry Graas was the principal speaker. He opened his speech by recalling interesting incidents that happened to him when he attended high school. After bringing the students into a cheerful mood, he turned the subjects of his talk to the lives of the great Americans, past and present. He outlined the incidents of importance in Lincoln's and Washington's lives and defined patriotism and its duties. Applause was loud and frequent, showing that the students were real patriots and lovers of freedom and the nation.

Patriotic songs were sung after the speech. During the singing of "The Star Spangled Banner," Irene O'Neil and Robert Duchateau raised the service flag; each of whom has two brothers in the service over in France.

Clarence Moeller
Wilfred Moore
Walter Mueller (Dr.)
Wm. Mulligan
Donald Murphy
Ray Nicholson
Andrew Nelson
George Nitz
Clarence Noble
Harold Noble
Harold O'Conner
Harry O'Neil
Howard O'Neil
Clyde Outland
Lloyd Outland
Douglas Parmentier
Jules Parmentier
Vincent Pelegrin
Corvus Pickard
Harold Quigley
Earl Redline
Earnest Renard
Royal Robillard
Phillip Robinson
Abr Rosenthal
Walter Scherf
Norris Schilling
Marvin Stephenson
Floyd Stevens
Clarence Straubel
Edward Strelow
Richard Streckenbach
George Steinfeldt

Leonard Sullivan
George Theisen
Ben. Thompson
Edward Turk
Ed. Valentine
Earnest Van Ermen
Louis Van Ermen
Vance Van Laanen
Arthur Wilson
Carl Wendels
Eugene Williams
William Wittig
Nelson White
Henry Zane
Carl Young
Nick Adams
Edmund Arvey
Frank Benish
Paul Bergin
Stephen Bergin
Harold Bickford
George Bodart
Henry Brett
Norris Brett
Wm. Brill
Robert Brooks
Alton Brunette
Harold Bur
Carlton Chase
Donald Chase
Wm. Coffeen
Abe. Cohan
Clifford Conrad

Wm. Couvillion
Harold Davidson
Arthur DeMeyser
Louis Donner
Clarence Duchateau
Leslie Duchateau
Hugh Ducker
Archie Duncan
Arthur Duquaine
Ed. Duquaine
Oswald Eckhardt
Wm. Elmore
Leon Entzminger
John Martin
Chester Marshall
Clarence May
Henry Meister
Clark Fisher
Lee Forshtehh
Lee Forsythe
Frank Gavin
John Geniesse
Ralph Geniesse
Calvin Giroulx
Herbert Goethe
Fabian Gosin (Dr.)
Wm. Gruselle
Wm. Halloin
Robert Holland
Gerald Hoeffel
Kenneth Hoeffel
Douglas Horne
Arthur Jacobson



Aeroplane



Clarence Jahn
Noble Janelle
Leland Joannes
Raymond Jordan
Fred Kendall
Harold Laluzerne
Edward Lande
Percy Larsen
Paul LeClair

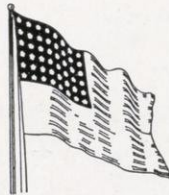
Andrew Lent
Harvey Lhost
Casey Loomis
Edward Madden
Robert Madden
Mike Maloney
Edwin Manthey
Arthur Schwartz
George Schwartz

Milton Smith
Walter Speerschneider
Faculty under colors:
A. E. Garey
S. D. Macomber
Carroll F. E. Nelson
Milton Nelson
Irving Weinfurther
Albert Weiser

Do we know our National Songs?

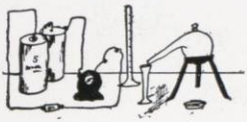
A M E R I C A (First Verse).

“My country 'tis of thee, sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing. Land of thy noble free,
Land where my fathers dies.
Land of the Pilgrim's Pride.
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills.”



S T A R S P A N G L E D B A N N E R (First Verse)

“Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
When so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming?
Then conquer we must
When our cause it is just, and this be our motto,
'In God is our trust.'
Oh, say, does that Star-Spangled Banner still wave—
Oe'r the land of the free and the home of the Brave?”

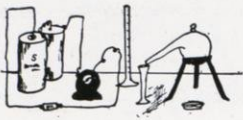


Aeroplane



E H D
for
UNCLE SAM





Aeroplane



BASKET BALL AT EAST HIGH

During the past year East High School was represented by a basket ball team, which acquitted itself very creditably considering the disadvantages under which the team worked. Mr. Weiser and Mr. Macomber deserve the credit for bringing East High School out of the state of lethargy which has existed for the past few years in regard to all athletics with the possible exception of football. Football has been the only form of athletics participated in, and basket ball and track have become almost unknown. Basket ball came back last winter, but on account of the great number of boys leaving school for the working reserve this spring, it was decided to abandon track. The basket ball team, made up mostly of green material, played a hard schedule against schools which have had teams every year for a number of years. The team made a good record, and could have made a much better one if it had a suitable place for practice. A properly heated gym and good basket ball equipment could have been secured had the East High School Athletic Association given its financial support, as it should have done. It is the purpose of that organization to support every and all athletic enterprises and there is no reason why it should not support basket ball. As it was, East High has to thank Mr. Macomber for guaranteeing all the finances of the team, although at the close of the season the Athletic Association showed good spirit and paid a deficit incurred by the team. We hope that next year the Athletic Association will fulfill its duty to the school, and support basket ball as wholeheartedly as football.

THE BOY'S PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION

One of the most notable organizations at East High during the past year was the Boy's Protective Association. It was organized to patrol the halls and catch the petty thieves who frequently stole articles from the cloak rooms, such as rubbers, gloves, neck scarfs and books. Franklin Krueger brought the proposition before the boys of the school. They voted to organize the association and elected him president of it. A patrol committee was formed of two members from each class. Results have been marked, for immediately the stealing became less, and now is practically nil.

East High School needs such an association every year, because there are always some among us who have no regard nor respect for other people's property. The association will teach them the error of their ways, especially if someone can be caught in the act of stealing, and made an example of.

Shortly after the organization by the boys, the girls also formed a protective association which has been equally successful.



Aeroplane



ATHLETICS



FOOT BALL

OFFICERS

Frank Gavin Captain
 Raymond Lambeau Manager

COACHES

Albert Weiser Drake University
 J. M. Hoeffel Wisconsin University
 W. J. Eckhart Wisconsin University
 Dr. E. R. DeBoth Chicago University

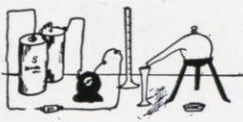
SCHEDULE

October 6.....	East High.....	36	Peshtigo.....	7
October 13.....	East High.....	35	Algoma.....	0
October 20.....	East High.....	0	Marinette.....	68
October 27.....	East High.....	6	Menominee.....	12
November 3.....	East High.....	12	Oshkosh.....	6
November 10.....	East High.....	6	Appleton.....	0
November 17.....	East High.....	13	Appleton.....	7
November 26.....	East High.....	0	West High.....	34
Total.....		108	Opponents.....	134

THE SEASON

The season of 1917 was a fairly successful year on the gridiron for East High. Although without the assistance of a coach, the greater part of the season, the team performed wonders under the leadership of Capt. Gavin.

The first call for football was sounded immediately after the starting of the school year. A squad of about thirty men answered the call, and prospects for a successful



Aeroplane



season were bright. Such men as Capt. Gavin, Beeson, Peplinski, Lambeau, and Kelly were again on duty, and the new material looked promising.

The lack of a coach did not take any of the pep or confidence out of the team. After two weeks of strenuous workouts, and scrimmages, including a practice game with St. Norbert's College, the team was in fair shape for the first game.

On October 6, East High took on Peshtigo for the first game of the season. It was a one-sided affair, and the final score stood 35 to 7. The weak spots shown in this game were easily remedied in the week of practice that followed, so that when Algoma came here the following Saturday, it was a repetition of the victory of the week previous, with the addition of five more points for East High, and a goose egg for Algoma.

East High's new coach, Mr. Weiser, arrived the Monday following the Algoma game, and immediately took charge of the team. After a hard week's practice under Coach Weiser, the team journeyed to Marinette, and went down to defeat by the one-sided score of 68 to 0. The team fought gamely from the first to the last whistle; but the opposing team, which was the best aggregation that ever represented Marinette, was too strong.

The team, disappointed at the outcome of this game, got down to real practice the following week; and when Saturday arrived, the team was teady to make up lost honors. Menominee arrived, confident of victory and a one-sided score. But East High was not to be easily defeated. After one of the hardest fought games of the season, East High's defeat was only the short end of a 12 to 6 count, Menominee winning on a fluke in the second quarter. It was a great come-back for East High, and every member of the team deserves credit. The results of this game renewed the old fighting spirit in East High.

When Oshkosh came to Green Bay on the next Saturday, East High was ready after a strenuous week of practice; and cheered up with the previous week's success, soon broke up Oshkosh's attack. By brilliant team-work and good steady playing East put Oshkosh on the defensive for the rest of the game. East High's gridiron machine had finally hit its stride, and expectations increased among the Hilltoppers. Enthusiasm ran rampant among students and players.

With three of the hardest games of the season out of the way, the team was pointed toward the contest with Appleton. The scrimmages during the next week were full of pep; and on the tenth of Nov. the team journeyed to Appleton, confident of victory, and yet not over-confident. The Paper-makers showed stiffer opposition than was expected. Had it not been for the head work of Capt. Gavin and of Bell in the last few minutes of play the game would probably have been a scoreless tie; but as it was, the Papermakers were on the small end of a 6 to 0 score.

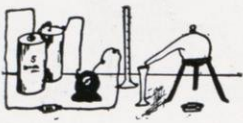
Appleton not being satisfied with this outcome, a return game was played a week later. This game was a repetition of the week before; and when the final whistle blew, East again had another victory under her belt. This was the last scheduled game of the season for East High, and all eyes were turned to the Annual Turkey Day argument.

Again the squad was down to its annual grind for its battle against West High. From this time on, the team, which was exempted from studies at 2:30 each afternoon, could be seen going through the toughest and hardest scrimmages of the year.

When the final day came, every man was eligible and in good condition with the exception of Bell, who was still nursing a sore shoulder. Although the outcome of this game was not so close as expected, it was clean, hard fought, and exciting. Every member of the team fought from the first to the last whistle.

At the close of the season many criticized Coach Weiser, for the poor showing of East High in the Thanksgiving Day game. Owing to his late arrival, Mr. Weiser faced a hard problem when coaching at East High. East High School may be sure he gave all he had. Too much credit cannot be given him.

When the season opens next fall, the team will probably be under the direction of Coach Macomber, who succeeded Mr. Weiser when he joined the Colors.



Aeroplane



PESHTIGO.

In the first game of the season, East High easily defeated Peshtigo to the tune of 35 to 7. Despite the fact that East High was without a coach, the team played a great game. Much credit must be given to Capt. Gavin in rounding the team into shape for this game.

Peshtigo chose to defend the west goal. The visitors received; and after a few unsuccessful line plunges, East gained possession of the pig-skin, and started a steady drive down the field. Lambeau, Bell and Peplinski worked the ball to our own 10 yard line, and on the next play Capt. Gavin crossed the last chalk mark for East's first count of the game.

Peshtigo came back strong after the next kick-off, and after making first downs three or four times, Yandas, the visitor's big tackle, intercepted a forward pass, and ran 30 yards for a touchdown. This was the last of Peshtigo's scoring for the day. The score at the end of the first half stood 7 to 7.

From the opening to the end of the last half, East High's backs practically played the visitors off their feet.

Open football was used in the last period by East High. Capt. Gavin and Peplinski got away with some pretty passes which paved the way for two touchdowns. Romsen and Hume, on ends, played a great defensive game. Kelly, Dorschel, and Jandrain, in the line, held the visitors at will. Dorschel showed his ability as a kicker by booting five out of as many goals.

ALGOMA

Displaying a splendid brand of football, East High easily defeated Algoma in a loosely played game, by the score of 40 to 0.

Not once during the entire game did the visitors have a chance to score. After the first five minutes of play, East had things its own way.

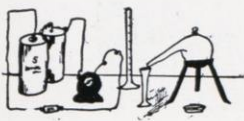
The game opened with East kicking to the visitors. Algoma showed a flash of pep during the first quarter, and held East to a 0 to 0 score. East started off with a rush at the beginning of the second quarter; and before Algoma realized what had happened, Bell, East High's star half-back, had carried the oval over the goal for two touchdowns. Goal was kicked both times, and the score stood 14 to 0 in East's favor.

After the next kick-off, East again rushed the visitors off their feet; and before the first half ended, Capt. Gavin shot through tackle for the third score. Goal was missed, and the score stood 20 to 0.

The second half was a repetition of the first. East High's line opened holes for the backfield, at will. After working the ball to Algoma's 10 yard, Peplinski raced around end for the fourth score of the day. East again punted Algoma, who lost the ball on the fourth down. With a succession of ends run and forward passes, Lambeau soon followed with another score. The quarter ended with the ball in East High's possession, on her own 25 yard line.

At the beginning of the fourth quarter, Capt. Gavin sent in some of his second string men. This did not halt the scoring for East High. The entire backfield was composed of second string men; and after but five minutes of play, Capt. Gavin crossed the last chalk mark for East's sixth and last touchdown of the game. Goal was kicked, and the final score stood East 40; Algoma 0.

Bell, Gavin and Peplinski played a stellar game for East High; while Fellows and Mouthy played a strong game for the losers.



Aeroplane



MARINETTE

For the first time in the history of East High School, the Red and White failed to live up to its reputation as always being contenders for state honors, when it went down to defeat on the Northerners' home ground by the score of 68 to 0.

Being without a coach up to a week previous to this game, and handicapped by injuries, were the main causes of this overwhelming defeat. Had East High taken on the State Champion in midseason, a much closer score would have resulted.

Marinette got off to a good start, and immediately started a drive down the field for a touchdown. Before the first quarter ended, the Champions had piled up a score of 24 to 0.

In the second quarter East High braced up and held the Home team to three touchdowns, the half ending with the ball in East High's possession.

The score at the end of the first half stood 42 to 0. After a spirited talk between halves by Coach Weiser, East High braced up and held the home team to three touchdowns in the final half.

The second half opened up by East receiving. East High immediately started down the field, Bell, Peplinski, and Lambeau carrying the ball for yard gains; but all chances for a touchdown were killed when East was forced to punt in midfield. Capt. Gavin got away with a 40 yard kick, but Marinette's star-quarter returned 25 yards.

Again Marinette began a drive down the field for a touchdown. Before the half was over, Wagner, Glick, and Medly, Marinette's star trio, carried the ball over for three more touchdowns; and when the whistle blew at the end of the second half, the final score stood 68 to 0. On return home of the team every member of East High team bore marks of the battle.

Bell, Romson, and Capt. Gavin played a star game for East High.

MENOMINEE

East High sprang the biggest surprise of the season by holding the husky Menominee aggregation to the close score of 12 to 6.

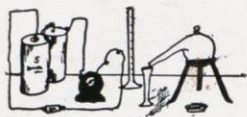
With three of the regulars out of the line-up, and the odds 3 to 1 in favor of the Northerners, East High pulled together, and were not to be outdone. Had it not been for a fluke in the second quarter, the score would probably have been a 6 to 6 tie.

East started off with a jump. The visitors at once began to play a defensive game; but despite the fact the Northerners were displaying East soon had the ball in midfield. Toward the end of the first quarter, Peplinski, East's flighty little half-back, raced 20 yards in a brilliant open-field run. After a series of line plunges and end runs which brought the oval to our own 5 yard line, Capt. Gavin went over, for East High's only count of the game.

East again kicked to Menominee, and on the first down, Hansen, the visitors' crack half-back, raced 80 yards for a touchdown through East's entire defense. Goal was missed, and the score stood 6 to 6.

Soon after the opening of the second half, Menominee went over for the winning score of the game. Although East fought gamely, luck was against them; and when the dust had cleared away and the final whistle blew, the Red and White had lost one of the hardest and closest fought games of the season.

Crowley, Jandrain, and Beeson played a stellar game for East High; while Hansen was easily the individual star for the visitors.



Aeroplane



OSHKOSH

On November 3 Oshkosh invaded Green Bay with a train-load of rooters overconfident of victory, and ready to bet their last cent on their favorites. It was an ideal day for football, and a large crowd was present.

Oshkosh won the toss, and choose to defend the west goal. East was forced to punt on the fourth down. Oshkosh immediately opened up with spread formations, and they worked like a charm. Then followed a succession of end runs, which brought the ball to her own ten-yard line. On the next play, Barber went over for the first count of the game. This was the last of Oshkosh's scoring for the day.

East received again; and after the first play, Bell, the veteran half-back, was substituted for Crowley. From this time Bell was the leading attack. On the next play, Bell got away for 20 yards around end. Time was called for the first quarter.

On the third down of the second quarter, Bell shot through tackle for East's first score. The score now stood 6 to 6, both East and Oshkosh missing the goal kick. This ended the scoring till the last quarter. From the opening of the second half until the closing of the third quarter, it was anybody's game. Oshkosh was playing a defensive game.

The fourth quarter opened with the ball on the Sawdust city's own 15 yard line. On the first play Oshkosh fumbled, and the ball was recovered by East. East rushed the ball to midfield, on tackle plays and forward passes. Bell made ten through tackle, followed by a 35 yard run by Peplinski, on a pretty forward pass. This brought the ball to our own 35 yard line. Then Lambeau killed all Oshkosh's chances for state honors by skirting around right end for a touchdown.

With but 15 minutes to play, the sawdust city warriors opened up on forward passes and end runs; but the visitors lacked the final punch, and the game was won, the score standing 12 to 6.

Bell was easily the individual star of the day. Lambeau also distinguished himself by his brilliant 35 yard run for a touchdown.

APPLETON

Accompanied by a large crowd of rooters, East High journeyed to Appleton and took Coach Roel's team into camp by the count of 6 to 0.

An easy game was expected by East; but the papermakers showed surprising strength and had it not been for a sudden brace by East High in the last quarter, would have held the Red and White to a scoreless tie.

But the rushing attacks of East's backfield, and the stone wall defense of East High's line, were too much for the home team.

After a few minutes of play East began to realize that a tough game was ahead, and at once buckled down to real foot-ball.

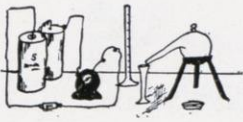
The gridiron was a field of mud, which made a fast game impossible. Fumbles on both sides frequently marred the game.

All chances of East High's scoring in the first half were killed when Lambeau slipped on a wide end-run, with a clear field.

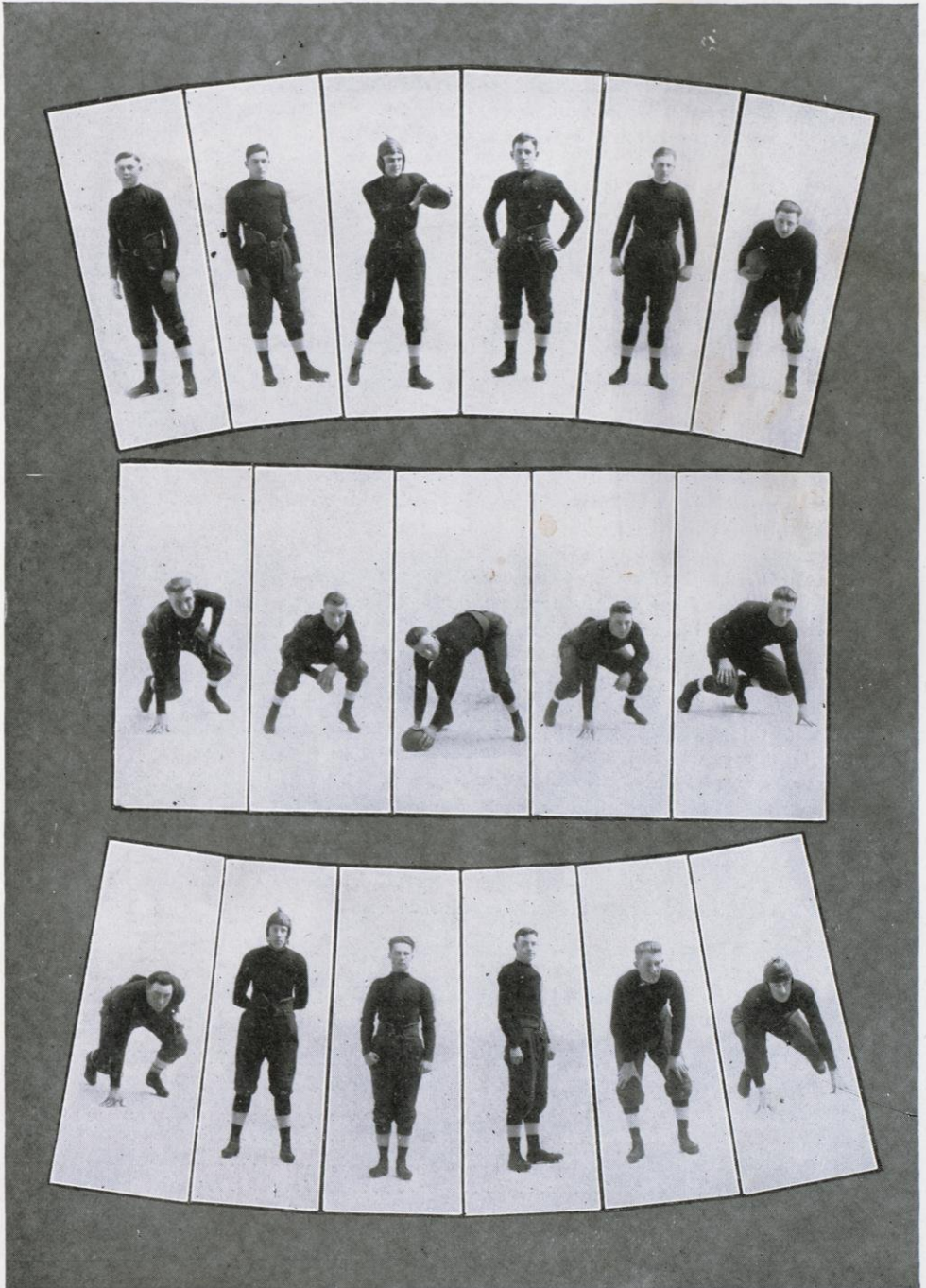
The half closed with the ball in East's possession, in midfield.

On the opening of the second half, East received, and at once started a steady drive down the field. Bell carried the ball around end for 9 yards. Lambeau then made it first down on a tackle smash play. Long passes by Lande to Peplinski and Romsen brought the ball to the 25 yard line. Time was called for the third quarter.

In the first play of the last quarter, East fumbled, and the oval was recovered by Appleton. East's line now held like a stone wall, and the papermakers were forced to punt



Aeroplane





Aeroplane



on the fourth down. Jandrain, East veteran lineman, broke through, and blocked the punt. This paved the way for East's winning score. With the ball on the ten yard line, Bell, headed by perfect interference, shot past the last chalk mark with the winning touchdown.

With but five minutes to play, Appleton opened up with passes; but East's ends easily smothered these attempted plays, and the game ended with the ball in midfield, and East had another victory to her credit, by the count of 6 to 0.

APPLETON

East High easily took Appleton into camp for this second time during the season, by the count of 13 to 7. A week previous to this game, East High journeyed to Appleton and defeated Coach Roel's team by the score of 6 to 0. Not satisfied with results and and not being contented with one defeat, they came back for more. The visitors put up a game fight, but the onslaughts of East High's back line were too much for the visitors.

Appleton chose to defend the west goal. East kicked to the visitors, who were forced to punt. East at once began a rush down the field. Atkinson shot over for the first touchdown, after but fifteen minutes of play; goal was kicked.

East again kicked to the visitors, who had just begun to wake up to the fact that they were in for another trimming.

The Papermakers got away for some good gains, but would never have scored had it not been for a costly fumble by East on the visitors' 20 yard line. On the fourth down, Ingold plunged through tackle for a touchdown. He also kicked goal, and the score stood 7 to 7.

As the second half opened, East High started off with a rush, and Appleton was on the defense. East High was soon on its way for another touchdown. Peplinski got around end for a big gain; Lambeau followed with another; Lande shot through tackle for first down, placing the oval on East High's own 10 yard line. The next play, a trick formation, caught the visitors asleep, and Hume sailed through tackle for the winning touchdown. Goal was missed, and score stood 13 to 7 in East's favor.

For the remainder of the game both teams fought hard, Appleton still playing a defensive game. East High's line was holding like a wall of rock while Gavin and Romson were getting in and breaking up play after play. The ball was in the visitors' territory for the remainder of the game.

Hume, Kelly, and Dorschel starred for East High, while Calvin the Papermakers' little end was easily the individual star for the losers.

ANNUAL THANKSGIVING GAME

Personal:

Edward Peplinski.....	'18.....	Full Back
Raymond Lambeau.....	'18.....	Right Half
Donald Bell.....	'19.....	Left Half.....
Clifford Lande.....	'18.....	Quarter Back
Frank Gavin (Capt.).....	'18.....	Right End.
Arthur Jandrain.....	'18.....	Right Tackle
Harold Londo.....	'20.....	Right Guard
Lester Cranston.....	'18.....	Center
Everett Beeson.....	'19.....	Left Guard
William Kelly.....	'20.....	Left Tackle
Loren Hume.....	'19.....	Left End



Aeroplane



Substitutes:

James Crowley.....	'21.....	Left Half
George LeRoux.....	'19.....	Right End
Henry Atkinson.....	'18.....	Left Guard
Clarence Dorschel.....	'19.....	Right Guard
James Francois.....	'18.....	Center

ANNUAL THANKSGIVING GAME

East High was unable to make it two straight. The loss of Capt. Lambeau of last year's winning team was badly felt.

With no one to fill the shoes of the famed Captain, East High went down to defeat at the hands of the Purple and White, by the score of 34 to 0.

Capt. Leaper of West High was easily the individual star of the game. He was to the Purple and White, what Capt. Lambeau was to East the year previous.

Bell, Peplinski and R. Lambeau, brother of last year's star, played a great defensive game for East High; Romson and Capt. Gavin, as ends, broke up play after play and the tackling by Romson was brilliant.

It was an ideal day for football, and every seat was filled half an hour before either team appeared on the field. When the whistle blew for the starting of the game, the largest crowd was present that ever witnessed an annual tilt between East and West.

Capt. Leaper won the toss, and chose to defend the west goal. East kicked off over the goal line, and the ball was put into play on the 20 yard line. Du Fresne gained 15 yards on a tackle play. Gallagher and Du Fresne made first down. Leaper punted to Bell.

East High was forced to punt on the fourth down, but recovered it in midfield. Bell made 2 yards; Lambeau followed with two more. Schneider intercepted one of East's passes, and returned 6 yards.

East was now playing a great defensive game. The playing of Romson and Gavin at this stage of the game is worthy of praise.

East held in the shadow of their goal posts for three downs; but on the fourth down, Leaper went over for the first score.

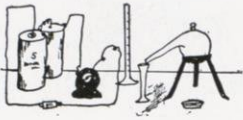
Capt. Leaper of West High was the leading attack from this time. The quarter closed with the ball in West High's possession. Score 7 to East 0.

On the opening of the second quarter, East High's line went to pieces; and before the close of the second period, West had carried the ball past the last chalk mark, for two more scores.

The score at the end of the first half stood West 21-East 0.

The second half opened. Gallagher kicked off to Peplinski, who returned 15 yards; Hume added 3 more. Kelly's pass was intercepted by De Fresne, but on the next play West fumbled, and East recovered. Lambeau, Peplinski and Bell made first down. On the next play Kelly's pass went wild; and after two unsuccessful end runs, Lande punted to Dwyer, who was downed in his tracks. West again started another drive for a touchdown. Leaper, Gallagher and Du Fresne made first down. East High's line pulled together, and West was forced to punt. Jandraine made 3 yards through tackle; Lambeau added 4 yards more. Peplinski failed on the next play and East again punted to Dwyer, who was downed in his tracks by Gavin, East's Peppery Captain. Then a succession of ends run; and on the next play, Gallagher raced around end for a score. The quarter ended before the ball was put into play, and the score stood 28 to 0 in favor of the purple.

West kicked to East, on the opening of the last quarter. East failed to gain and was forced to punt. On the next play Leaper intercepted a forward pass from Gallagher, running 45 yards for a touchdown; but the goal was missed, and the score stood 34 to 0.

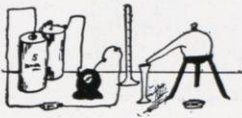


Aeroplane



FOOTBALL





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Gallagher then kicked to LeRoux, who returned 10 yards. Bell, Peplinski and Lande made first down. An attempted forward pass went wild. Bell and Peplinski failed to gain. Lande punted to Gallagher. For the rest of the game the ball see-sawed in mid-field. Despite the efforts of West High to run up a record score, East held; and the game ended with the ball in midfield, the final score standing 34 to 0.

BASKET BALL

For the first time in several years East High School has had a basket ball team. Coach Weiser organized the team, and one game was played with De Pere High School before he left. Coach Macomber took up the work where Mr. Weiser had left off and undaunted by the lack of a gymnasium and proper equipment and the comparatively green material out of which to form a team, he soon had a fast bunch of basket ball players out on the floor. The team had to support itself financially, Mr. Macomber often guaranteeing its finances, because the Athletic Association would not support basket ball. For that reason most of the games played were at points nearby, thus involving little expense.

The team practiced at the old Y. M. C. A. building on the West Side. The building was not heated and it was difficult for the fellows to do their best in zero weather. Practice was held in the West High Gym several times in preparation for the Kiel game and all of the home games were played at the same place. West High's cordial co-operation was deeply appreciated.

The next game of the season was with the West High Second Team, and was lost by quite a large score, due largely to our team's lack of skill in throwing baskets. Practice improved this part of the team's offensive, but in the next game the crack West High First Team was too much for us and East went down to inglorious defeat. The West High Faculty was next taken on, and East High almost won this game. The hard constant practice put in by the team was beginning to show. The next week the team journeyed to Kiel, but returned defeated by a large score, because East was unfamiliar with the unusual "rough" tactics employed by Kiel. A week of practice soon brought proficiency in this line, also; so when Kiel came to Green Bay the following week for a return game, East Green Bay won by a large margin. This was the last game of the basket ball season and was a most encouraging close to a difficult and hard-fought schedule. East High should count on an exceptionally good team next year, as only one of the regulars will be lost by graduation. True the services of Coach Macomber will be lacking, and it will be hard indeed to find anyone to fill the position as capably as he has done it.

Those who got out for basket ball, with their positions, are as follows:

Forwards:

George Le Roux (Captain)

Edward Peplinski

Center:

Clarence Dorschel

Guards:

Everett Beeson

James Crowley

Substitutes:

Lester Cranston

Harold Francois

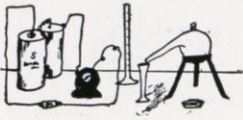
Clifford Lande

Earl Quackenbush

Arthur Jandrain

Loren Hume

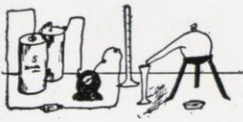
Arlington Mogan



LITERARY

THE TRAGEDY

Where, oh, where is she?
Vainly he searched.
Ah! Here she is.
He seized her,
Struck her cruelly,
But she answered not.
Savagely, with horrible
Utterings,
He threw her on the sidewalk.
Still no answer.
She lay motionless.
In despair, he walked on.
Suddenly he thought,
Where could he get another
Like her?
It was too late.
He must go back again.
Stumbling around, he found her.
Horrors!
Her head was moist!
Had he killed her?
He picked her up.
What should he do?
She would not answer him.
He struck her gently;
This time her face lit up.
"Thank Heavens!"
He cried, as he held her to
His manly chin.
Suddenly he cast her aside,
And went merrily on his way.
Brute!!!
He had forgotten all about her.
Why worry?
'Twas only a match.



Aeroplane



MY ROOM-MATE

PART I.

"Oh. Peg," I heard Billie call from her room, "have you seen her?"

"Seen whom, my dear?" I queried, "Do tell me!"

"Why, the new girl," she answered, coming into my room and seating herself on a box of pictures. "Haven't you heard about her? All our dormitory is wild to see her. She's come from Texas and Marjory says she can break bronchos, rope steers, and do all sorts of exciting things. To think she'll be your room-mate! Then we can hear all her adventures when we come in to see you."

"She surely must be thrilling," I said.

"What's this wild and wooly westerner's name? Patricia, Marilla, Jo, or what?"

Why, neither, "Billie replied, her eyes twinkling, and her dimples showing. "That's the joke. You'd naturally expect some dashing, bold name, but it's a little quiet one—Beth Smith. Isn't it funny?"

"Priscilla said Beth wanted a room to herself, because she hated to be bothered with some meek, quiet girl. Won't she be surprised when she sees you, Peg?"

"Yes, and I wish she had been given a room to herself, then," I answered, rather crossly, for I had just hammered my thumb instead of a tack. I was trying to hang pictures and pennants, but I must admit that I am no expert when it comes to using a hairbrush. (Marjory had borrowed my hammer.)

"Well, I must be going back. Pris will have my dresser-drawers all filled up with her belongings if I don't." And with these words she strolled off. "I suppose you're coming to Anne's fudge party to-night," she called back. "Bring your new friend with you."

Perhaps I had better put in a few words of explanation. It was the beginning of the second term at Eaton Hall. News had come that a new pupil would arrive, and it was no wonder we were excited for a new pupil does not usually come after the Christmas vacation. Besides it seemed as if Beth Smith were not an ordinary girl.

I had finished hanging pictures and doing all the numerous jobs that one has to do when furnishing her room. I sat on the bed, gazing around to view my surroundings for the new term. I must confess that Beth Smith was uppermost in my mind. To think she didn't want a meek little mouse for a room-mate! I'd show her that I wasn't as insignificant as she was expecting me to be. The girls in our dorm said they always came to me when they wanted excitement, too.

I had a very clear mental picture of her. She'd have brown eyes, curly black hair, and, of course, would be dashing pretty. Her clothes, most likely, would be cut according to the latest fashion, and would have to be brightly colored. There was not a doubt that she would be very haughty, to crown all.

As I sat there musing, I heard a rap at my door. Now, we girls at school have learned to distinguish sounds excellently. If it is one of the girls, she raps quickly, as if in a great hurry. A teacher or the principal knocks in a commanding way, as if saying, "Please open the door immediately."

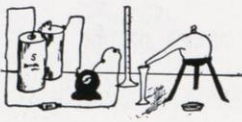
However, this rap puzzled me completely. It was neither quick nor sharp. Instead there came a quiet, subdued, even apologetic one. Evidently the guest was very humble.

I opened the door. There stood a small girl with frightened blue eyes and soft, light hair.

"Please, Miss Hyland, I'm Beth Smith." And then, noting the amazed look in my eyes, she added, "Miss Jones says you are to be my room-mate. I hope I have not disturbed you."

"I am very glad to see you," I murmured. "Come in and make yourself at home."

No one will ever know how astonished I was to think this was our western rough-rider. That moment I decided never again to judge a person before I saw her.



Aeroplane



PART II

Several weeks later, on a rainy afternoon, the girls of our dorm were assembled in my room.

"Did you ever see such a horrid day?" remarked Marjory. "I wish there was something to do. I feel so blue."

"Let's tell stories!" suggested Pris.

"Oh, let's!" we all echoed. "Beth, you begin."

Instantly, all of us began to arrange ourselves in comfortable positions, for we were delighted when Beth told stories.

"One time when—" Beth started, but was interrupted by Anne, who exclaimed,

"Oh, Beth, tell us about the time you went on such a long ride!"

"That's exactly the one I intended to tell," returned Beth.

"Well, one morning when it was very early, I started out for a walk. The view of the mountains is wonderful at that time of day, and I always loved to do this. I had barely started when I heard a horse neighing behind me. I looked around, and there was a forlorn-looking gray creature. His coat was rough and shaggy, and he looked so hungry that I could not help feeling sorry for him, especially since he put his nose into my hand as if he expected that I would do something for him.

"I led him back to the stables, and told one of the cow-boys to comb his mane, and brush and feed him. Father and all the boys thought I was foolish to keep such a horse when there were plenty of fine ones on the ranch. However, I had taken a fancy to Jack, as I afterward called him, so they allowed him to stay, to humor me.

"In two weeks you would not have known him. His sides were shiny from constant care, and his mane was soft and silky. Jack held his head so high you would have thought him the most important horse on the place.

"One warm afternoon when all the ranchmen were out branding cattle and rounding them up, father decided to break in a new horse, Spitfire, who was especially stubborn. I begged him not to try, for the horse was really dangerous; but he was determined to conquer the horse. Together we took Spitfire and started for the enclosure. There I sat on the fence watching the performance.

"After repeated attempts, father finally succeeded in mounting him, and in a few moments both he and the horse were racing around the corral. I was sure he would be thrown, and I was not mistaken.

"Before I could realize what had happened, father lay on the ground, white and still while that horrid horse rushed, snorting and stamping, out through the gate. I shut the gate so that he could not come in again, and, terribly frightened, attempted to place father in one corner of the corral, half dragging, half carrying him.

"Then a thought suddenly occurred to me. I must ride for a doctor.

"Hurrying back to the stables, I was disappointed in finding no horse there except Jack, and I had never ridden him.

"Nevertheless, there was no time to waste, so I climbed on his back, whispering in his ear, 'Jack, you must run fast, for if we do not get to Doctor Clark's soon, father will die!' He seemed to understand, for, without further urging, he started off at full speed.

"We had gone only a few rods when who should appear but Spitfire! Now I trembled with fear, for if he should frighten Jack, I would be in trouble. But, in spite of the suddenness of Spitfire's appearance, Jack remained calm, and I breathed more freely.

"I finally found the doctor, and when I told him what had happened, we returned as swiftly as we had come. I feared that Jack would be exhausted, so I tried to slow up; but he evidently thought we should hurry, for he would run.

"Father had been hurt rather badly, and had not the doctor come when he did, I dread to think what might have happened.



Aeroplane



"Several weeks afterward, father said to me, 'Beth, my girl, Jack has proved himself to be the very best horse on the ranch; we could not get along without him. I know I owe my life to him and to my brave little daughter.'

"But of course, the credit is all due to Jack," finished Beth.

When the story was ended, we all sighed; for we had been so absorbed in her tale that not one of us had stirred during its recital.

—Chloro Thurman, '20.

HOW PETER SERVED

"I'm sorry, sir," said the inspecting army doctor, "but we can't take you—your left arm is just an inch and a half shorter than your right."

Peter had expected this answer; but somehow, and in some way, he had clung to the hope of passing, although he had once before tried enlisting in a different place with the same result. He felt that he must serve his country, and the only way he knew was by enlisting as a soldier. He worked in a large cigar factory which manufactured a popular brand cigar, and although he had a good position, he was not satisfied at heart.

Peter was one of those men who worked for all he got; his was no grafter's job; in fact, he had worked since he was sixteen years of age. Peter had straight black hair, and his face had no distinguishable characteristics. In fact, he was the type of person who attracts little notice—easily forgotten, and hard to remember.

The factory in which he worked was situated at the end of one of the main business streets of Wilmington, North Carolina. The city was in a campaign to recruit 10,000 men for the army, and for this reason, perhaps, Peter was doubly anxious to enlist.

One evening as he was walking home from his daily work, he noticed a thin, nervous-looking man coming toward him and turning down the same street on which he lived. Peter noticed the decidedly foreign look and air of the man, and the decidedly foreign cut of his clothes.

He had heard much talk of spies in the city, who were trying to get information concerning government patrol boats being built at Wilmington. Several arrests had been made of suspicious-looking characters, one proving really to be a German spy; and the whole town was stirred up.

Peter followed the man. He thought him a spy. Did he not have a suspicious and nervous air about him? Did not the cut of his clothes signify a foreigner? Did he not act as if he were anxious to avoid notice?

A week passed, and Peter still met his "spy" every night about 6:10 or 6:15. All this time he had been sifting and weighing his evidence against the man. He had each night noticed different points and he had added these to his mental list.

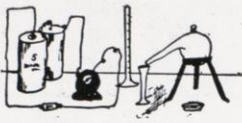
Finally Peter thought he had sufficient evidence to prove the guilt of the man; so early one morning, on his way to work, he stopped at a police station and told his story.

The chief, delighted with the thought of distinguishing himself by the capture of a spy, went himself as a plain-clothesman to the corner, that night, to catch the spy, and to verify Peter's statements.

The whistle blew six, and Peter, because he had been waiting eagerly for it, was all ready to leave. He arrived a little earlier than usual, and seeing the chief waiting on the corner, loitered near him to watch the proceedings. At last! Here came his "spy," swinging along with a somewhat military stride.

As the supposed spy neared the corner, his lips parted in a broad smile, and he said to the police chief, "Good evening, monsieur."

"Good evening, Captain," said the chief, as the "spy" swung by.



Aeroplane



To Peter who stood watching, this was incredible—to see his “spy” the very person he had claimed was getting ship secrets, spoken to so politely by the chief.

The chief sauntered up to Peter, and in a tone of disgust, said to him, “Your spy is none other than Capt. St. Clare, a distinguished sea-fighter of the French navy, and winner of the Cross of the Legion of Honor.”

Peter turned and walked home in a daze. “After all,” he mused, “I am only a cripple, unable to serve my country; and just when I congratulated myself upon discovering a spy, I discovered instead of a spy, a distinguished French naval officer.”

“Who is the man I have seen every night for the past two weeks? Perhaps you know him,” said Capt. St. Clare to one of the architects of the shipyards; and he proceeded to describe Peter.

“No,” said the architect, “I don’t know whom you mean; but suppose I walk home with you to-night, and you can show the man to me.”

A little past six, as St. Clare and the architect walked homeward down the accustomed street, St. Clare said, “Johnston, I have noticed this man for over a week; and as I expect to meet him each night, I try to frame a picture of him in my mind; but somehow I cannot. Although I am considered a man who can remember faces, this man’s face,” went on St. Clare “is not easily remembered, and this is a quality greatly to be desired in a man who acts in the secret-service of a country. If this man has an education, I am going to recommend him to Major Crawford as a man suitable in outward characteristics for a position on his staff of secret agents.”

Peter, who had tried hard to forget the incident of the spy, (and he was heartily disgusted with himself) noticed that, as he neared the corner, St. Clare and another man were watching him closely. He pretended not to notice it.

“No doubt they want to have a good look at the person who was so foolish as to suspect St. Clare of being a spy,” thought Peter, and he dismissed the subject from his mind.

The next morning, during Peter’s office hours, a large, portly man, dressed in an officer’s uniform, stepped up to his desk and said, “Report immediately at the Armory,” and before Peter realized what was said, the man was gone.

On the way to the Armory, Peter was thinking of possible reasons why he should be called there. Perhaps he was to be censured by the Major in charge because of his blunder in charging St. Clare with being a spy; or perhaps they had reconsidered his application for service in the army—he hoped it was the latter, because he never wished to hear the word “spy” again.

As he entered the Armory he found St. Clare, Major Crawford, and a number of other men, their insignia certifying them as officers of high rank.

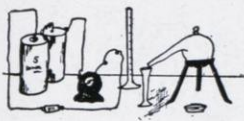
“Well, sir,” said a small, insignificant-looking man, sitting at the table (although his shoulder straps and the insignia on his collar indicated higher rank than the Major himself) as Peter walked in, “You have been suggested and have been chosen to act as a secret service man for the United States.”

Peter was dumbfounded, but managed to murmur some reply, although he didn’t know what he said.

The man who was seated went on:—“Your record has been looked up and we find you an honest, business-like man and best of all, anxious to serve your country. You will report at Washington next Monday, at which time your new duties will begin. That is all, sir,” and the small man turned in his chair and started to converse with an officer near him.

Peter’s heart was content. After all he could serve his country.

L. B. Thurman, '19.



Aeroplane



THE HAUNTED MONASTERY

"And do you mean to say that the monastery is really haunted?" I questioned of the innkeeper.

"Well, folks say that every night at twelve, two, and four o'clock they hear music coming from the old building."

The crumbling old monastery of which we spoke occupied several acres at the edge of the village. Just glancing at it as I passed by, I decided that it was just the place for a ghost story to have its origin; so when the innkeeper mentioned it as haunted, I felt that at last Providence had put a mystery within my grasp.

Now, I admit that I have a weakness for mystery, and have been teased about it by my friends. As my curiosity gained on me, I continued, "Has any one ever been there to investigate?"

"Well, yes and no. Jim Tompkins, the roughest boy in town, tried it one night, but was scared away. At twelve o'clock he heard knockings, and feet pattering down the monastery hall, and the ghostly music. He became so frightened that he ran home.

"Does one have difficulty in entering the place?" I inquired.

"Oh no! Just walk in. There are no bolts," answered the innkeeper.

"Well, I intend sleeping there to-night," I flung back at him, watching his astonishment, and secretly thinking of the pleasure I should have in telling my experience to my friends when I returned home.

"Sleep there! Why man alive, it's haunted! Don't you understand?" And he looked so scared that I could not help laughing.

"Oh pshaw! I bet it's the boy's imagination, or the village folks only want something to talk about. I'll show you that I'm not afraid."

The innkeeper, seeing that it was no use to argue, supplied me with candles, matches, and bedding, and with my colt and flashlight I started out on my adventure, about nine o'clock.

As I have said before, the monastery is on the outskirts of the village; and as I neared it, the aspect was anything but cheering, as it was pitch dark and there were no stars. Besides, the pine trees about the building moaned continually, and the broken panes in the windows seemed like eyes. I followed the path, overgrown with weeds, which led to the main entrance.

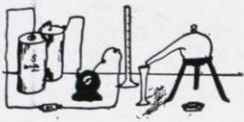
When I reached the door I found no difficulty in opening it, tho it was heavy and long unused. But when I entered and it swung behind me, I was left in utter blackness, made more impressive by the overpowering silence. I took a step forward, and my footsteps sounded like thunder in my ears as the echoes resounded down the empty corridors. I flashed on my light, but it seemed swallowed up in the gloom. Feeling my way down the narrow corridor, I came to what seemed a hall lined on both sides by monks' cells. All were uniform in size. There must have been about thirty on each side, with wooden barred doors.

I opened the door of one in about the center, and flashing my light about the place, found nothing in it different from ordinary cells—just a narrow, dusty cot and the remains of a broken bench.

I unrolled the bedding on the cot, stuck up the candle on the bench, put matches, my revolver, and flashlight beside it, and then flung myself upon the cot in the darkness, to await results. It was now near to ten-thirty, and I fell into a light doze.

* * * *

I sat up quickly. What was it I heard? Oh yes! My ghost was going through his nightly performance, evidently. I looked at my watch by the light of a match. Sure enough, just twelve. I almost laughed aloud. True to my expectations, the patter, patter, knock, knock came down the hall, indefinitely, it seemed. But by the time I



Aeroplane



reached the cell door, flung it open and peered down the hall, nothing was to be seen. Then, far off, came the haunting, resounding strains of the "Miserere;" then a few slow tolls of a bell that re-echoed down the corridor. Then all was still; and I knew that now I must wait until two o'clock for further developments.

Now, by themselves these things may not seem weird; but why should there be pattering of feet, knockings, and strangest of all, music in an old, long unused monastery? I was puzzled.

I dozed off and fell into a deeper sleep than before—suddenly I awoke with a jerk. I looked at my watch again. It was now two o'clock, and I had not awakened until the knocking came at my door. I stumbled to it, threw it open, and as I did so, that unearthly music and then the tolling of those bells filled the empty halls. I ran forward in the dark, stumbling as I went. But I had not gone far before the clamor ceased, leaving me swamped in silence and utter darkness except for my flashlight, as in my hurry I had neglected to light the candle.

Now I was surprised at my own lack of self-control, and time seemed unending before four o'clock arrived. Twice I had been too late to follow the music. I could not afford to fail again. I could not and did not want to sleep. I sat down, jumped up, walked back and forth in the too narrow cell until I could not keep my self-possession. My watch ticked minutes that seemed hours. Then came that patter, patter, knock, knock.

As I hastened to the door and flung it open, my candle blew out. I reached back to get my revolver and flashlight. As I stepped into the hall and flashed the light down it, I jumped! Well, there was something after all! Gliding down the farther end of the hall was a little bent form in brown, barely distinguishable in the gloom. So astounded was I that my finger pressed the button on my flashlight out. Altho it only took a moment to press it, the hall was empty when I looked again.

Then came that haunting, re-echoing "Miserere." Follow it? Nothing could keep me back. I must find the explanation for all this strange performance. I hastened down the long corridor, and at last stopped in front of a pair of double doors. I hesitated only a moment, since the music was now louder, thinking, "What am I going to find?" Then I flung open the doors and entered. It was an old chapel, but strangely unlike the rest of the building. Candles were burning; all was in order. Nothing was to be heard except that almost overpowering music. All preparations seemed to have been made for worship.

Turning, I saw a winding stair leading up to the organ loft. That had escaped my notice when I first entered. From there I could see no one playing the organ. Who or what was it? Suddenly, just as I neared the top, the music stopped.

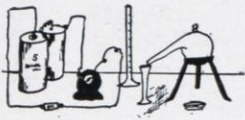
There, seated on the organ bench, the first shafts of morning light falling on his white head, was a small, wizened old man clad in a brown monk's robe.

The sound of my steps had been drowned out by the music; so when he looked up and saw me, he showed fear as well as astonishment. With dexterity wonderful in one of his age, he tried to slip past me and down the stairs. I caught him by the sleeve. I was surprised at my own emotion. In a voice I hardly recognized as my own, I managed to say, "Well, for heaven's sake will you please tell me if you alone are the cause of this racket and spooks?"

As he looked at me, I suddenly felt that I had been too forward in addressing him in so free and insolent a manner. Then he answered, and with such gentleness that I could not think of him as the "haunt" of the monastery:

"If you will be kind enough to come with me into the old rectory, we can breakfast and have explanations."

He led me out of the chapel, down the hall of all my experiences, into a long, narrow room. The only furniture was a long table lined on both sides by benches. At one end a candle sputtered.



Aeroplane



I could not eat, so anxious was I to hear his story. So, after I had given him my reasons for being in the building, he began his story:

"I know that nothing less than curiosity brought you here to-night. You are the first and no doubt the last that will ever spend a night here. But to get on to my story—

"About thirty years ago, I came to this monastery. It was then occupied by about fifty monks, who, like myself, sought seclusion. As the village grew up about here, one by one left, until only a handful remained, I was one of those few. Finally all left, I among them. But my love for the old place drew me back. My happiest moments had been spent here, and I hated the change; so I returned to live here alone, as the property was not suited to other uses. I thought that some time soon I would go into the world again; but somehow the attachment grew stronger, until I became in truth a recluse. I grew accustomed to going through the routine of our old monastery life, and I have followed it without omission every day since.

"You must understand that I have nothing else to keep me busy, so I enjoy the nightly call to chapel, the music, and the tolling of the bells. You see, at twelve, two, and four o'clock it was the custom to go to the chapel for prayer. One of our number would go down the hall, knocking at each cell door, calling the inmates to prayer. I became so accurate and quick at knocking, as I went down the hall, that it only took me a short time to do so. No doubt those knocks caused you to fear."

How near he came to the truth in his guess!

He continued: "I always have taken the greatest pleasure in keeping the chapel in order. As to my daily needs, there is an old lady near by who used to supply the monastery, and she supplies me now. No one has ever bothered me or taken enough interest to investigate, except you. The boys of the village are all too superstitious. My only hope is that I may spend the rest of my life here."

I tried to persuade him to come into the world with me, but he refused, "No, life has been so peaceful here that I do not miss the world, nor the world me."

The sun was rising as we walked down the corridor toward the main door, after I had rolled up my belongings. I felt a certain respect and pity for this old man who was so tied by memories that he could not break the bonds. He walked to the crumbling doorway with me; and as I stepped out into the world and sunlight, he said, "God bless you!" And when the door closed on him as I walked away, I knew that I was much the wiser concerning human nature.

Antoinette Holmes, '19

A SECRET CHANNEL

The nation had just plunged into the Great European War. The country was full of enemy spies, and the authorities knew it. It was an attempt to root out these spies, that led young Philip Stevens of the Secret Service to a small dock in an obscure part of the harbor of New Haven.

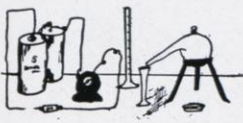
Philip had been watching the movement of vessels along the Connecticut and Rhode Island coast for two weeks, and at last he had found something that looked suspicious.

He was half hidden behind a barrel at the corner of the warehouse on the dock. He had been crouching there for more than an hour now, and during that time he had seen enough to make his heart beat rapidly with the thought of what it might mean.

A small fishing smack had landed at the dock, and had put on a cargo of canned goods and oil taken from the warehouse.

"What can an innocent-looking fishing vessel be doing with such a cargo?" thought Philip.

With a hopeful guess as to where the cargo was destined, Philip decided to follow the vessel, happen what would.



Aeroplane



What he saw made his heart pound with excitement. He had at last attained his ambition. Looking through the parting in the underbrush, he saw the end of the artificial channel he had followed. It connected with an inland lake about two hundred by one hundred feet. But this was not all he saw. In the foreground were two men conversing in German. They wore the uniform of the Imperial German Navy. In the background, glistening in the sunlight and resting in the water like a huge whale, he saw one of the famous U-Boats. Even this was not all he saw.

Moored about a hundred feet from the submarine, Philip saw the schooner he had followed. His suspicions had been correct. The schooner had taken on a supply of food and oil for a submarine base.

Philip, realizing what would befall him if he were discovered, decided to start back for civilization at once.

As he retraced his steps as cautiously as possible, he laid his plans for getting back to New Haven.

The first thing he had to do was to look at the gasoline supply in the boat. He hoped there was an emergency tank on board. The next thing he decided to do was to determine his exact whereabouts. He judged that he was on one of the many small islands off the Rhode Island coast. He had secured his sense of direction from the sun; so, by using his knowledge of geography, he decided that he could strike for the mainland, and then follow the shore line until he came to a city.

By this time, Philip had reached his boat. He got in and examined the gasoline supply. The result of his examination was gratifying. He found the tank half full yet, and he also discovered a five-gallon emergency tank. He imagined the predicament he would have been in without gasoline.

Philip now decided to determine whether this land was a part of the mainland, or just an island. He floated his boat and started to follow the shore line.

Two hours later he arrived again at the same spot. It was indeed an island. He now set his course for the mainland and home.

* * * *

When Philip reached New Haven, late that night, he immediately wired his discovery in code to Washington. The next day the base was surprised by a force of soldiers and secret service men. The schooner and all the Germans connected with the base were captured, but not before they had destroyed the submarine.

They had cleverly hidden mines in case of a surprise; and the minute the warning was given, the submarine was blown up. It was too big a secret to deliver into the hands of any enemy.

However, Philip had accomplished his purpose. He had rid the country of a submarine base. He had done his "bit." Furthermore, he was congratulated by the President, and put in line for speedy promotion.

Sidney Greiling, '19.

A STORY—ALMOST

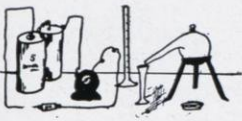
"This looks all right. They always get off at lonesome looking places. Suppose I may as well do it."

A gentleman stepped from the train. He gazed about him inquisitively.

"Well, wonder where the cowboy can be who always meets the easterner. Hope the author sends one in a hurry."

A chap in slightly dilapidated clothes slid from under the train and sauntered toward the gentleman.

"Are youse de guy dat some waiter sent me to look for?"



Aeroplane



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Aeroplane



"I am," loftily responded the Hon. Mr. Rocklandt Van Sandt. (Note—All easterners who come west are Van-something or other.)

The two eyed each other for a while.

"Well, ain't you goin' to fire away?"

The Hon. looked pensively at the ground.

"You see it was this way. I was engaged to a girl back east. We were to be married in a month. Last week she informed me that she couldn't marry me, and wouldn't tell me why. She said that the stories she had heard concerning me did not make me desirable company.

"I don't smoke, drink, chew, or swear. Only betted on the horses once; only smashed one car; never saw a burlesque. I'm very modest, retiring, and almost sissified.

"What could a fellow do? She gave me a fare-well-forever look and left the room.

"I took the next train West. My father has a ranch somewhere. (They always do in stories, you know) and I came out here to try and drown my great sorrow."

"Gee," the tramp said, "how did you learn dat spiel by heart? Did de author what we're working for write it out for you? Jiminy Crickets, you're a cracker-jack; and if I didn't know you was de guy, I'd tink you was de original sob-stuff."

"And to-day," resumed the Hon. R. V. S., "is Christmas. Never in all my young life did I think I should so spend December 25th. Woe is me."

"Say, what's de matter with you?" the tramp said. "How about youse asking me to have a good meal at de ranch? You forgot dat part, and I'm starved."

"Oh my good man, how thoughtless of me! Do come with me. I don't know if this is the right station; the authors said any deserted station would do, but we'll find some one to drive us over. And if there are any fire-works to be had, we'll celebrate the 4th of July on December 25th."

* * * *

Another Christmas arrived. About nine o'clock in the evening a man and a girl entered a well-known restaurant in New York. (You know, dear reader, in stories all restaurants are in New York.) Perhaps you recognize the man as our old friend the tramp? You are correct. The girl—well, the girl will soon be the Mrs. R. V. S., but that's getting ahead of our story. To proceed: the man and the girl were seated at a table far down the hall.

About nine-thirty the Hon. Rocky Van Sandt entered the hall. The girl turned to her escort excitedly: "Bat, that's Rocky!"

Rocky advanced toward the couple. "You!" he hissed, in true melo-dramatic style, "After I sheltered, clothed, and fed you, you steal the affections of her."

"Let me explain. She is my sister," was the answer.

("The author decided that it would be better for her to be my sister than for us two to go fighting all over the place.")

"I'm the black sheep of the family. I was pretty seedy when I met you. You were kind to me. I saw my sister's picture on your dresser. When I came home they welcomed me into the fold. Now make up with sis. (It's high time the author stopped this story anyway.) So-long."

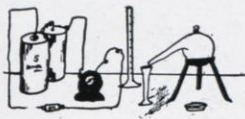
Rocky turned to the girl. "This story is long enough, I think," he said. "We may as well make up."

Curtain.

Charlotte Goldman, '19.

Those who bring sunshine to the lives of others cannot keep it from themselves.

—J. M. Barrie.



Aeroplane



THE SNIPER'S UNDOING

The 21st regiment of Gurkhas was passing thru Neux-les-Mines, on its way to the trenches. Tanned by the sun of India, and of almost uniform height, they presented a unique appearance as they swung along, their sharp, crooked kukries gleaming at their sides.

It was dusk when they passed the last house in the village and entered into the final stretch that leads to the trenches. It was pitch dark when they came to the second line of trenches—dark, and no light except that of an occasional star-shell in the distance, and the flashes of the big guns over on the left.

As he awoke the next morning, Nanak Singh felt a certain sense of loneliness. Lying in the mud of the first line trenches, his army porters around him, he was an entirely different Gurkha from the one of a year ago who came at the call of his priest to enter the service of England. Different, but for one thing—the fighting spirit of his ancestors, which could not be changed. His was the spirit that had defied the English troops for many a year, until they were crushed in the battle at Kutipur.

He felt more cheerful, however, when, an hour later, he had consumed his tin of bully-beef and was detailed by the sergeant to bring water. Here at last was something to do, and the little Gurkha delighted in it. He reached the wells safely; but on his way back, a diligent sniper spotted him. One shot scratched Nanak's left arm, and his second one hit the water pail. Plugging the hole up with his finger, Nanak ran quickly to his trench—first, however, having located the position of the sniper.

As he was being bandaged by an English comrade, he told the story of his trip after water, and added, "That sniper—I find him. Tomorrow."

Tomorrow came. Nanak again crept out into No Man's Land, and returned with his arm soaked with blood.

"Back once more?" asked his English friend. "Nearly got you that time—eh, Nanak?"

"But I find 'im!" hissed Nanak, "and to-night I go again. I get him—this time!"

"Oh, no, my brown friend, not with an arm like that," said Tommy emphatically.

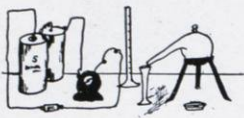
The little Gurkha grinned. "Nanak never forget his wounds—never!" he replied. "Tonight when the moon is up, Sahib, when he is but half awake, over there among the dead I find him."

The rest of the afternoon he squatted in a corner of the dug-out, with a handkerchief around his arm, sharpening and polishing his beloved Kukrie. The men all watched him.

"I fought against them in India," said Tommy, "and believe me, they're a bully proposition. There's a little tune of Ruddy Kipling's we used to 'um about 'em."

"Let's 'ear it," cried several.

"When it's black high overhead,
When the moon has gone to bed,
That's the time for midnight work;
Leave it to the ghostly tread,
When the moon has gone to bed—
Leave it to the gentle Gurk!
Work-a, Work-a,
Creeping Gurkha;
When tomorrow morning comes,
When you hear the breakfast drums—
Whist!—the little Gurkha comes
Croucher, lurker,
Creeping Gurkha,
With his knapsack packed with thumbs!"



Aeroplane



The men shivered. Nanak looked up from his corner and grinned at them. "You sing little Gurka song," he said. "Sing it again!"

And Tommy sang, and the men again shivered. The little Gurka said nothing, but kept on polishing his Kukrie, now and then stopping as tho' lost in reverie and smiling to himself, and then resuming his work with renewed energy.

Night was soon upon them, and Nanak crept out into the wilderness of dead bodies that lies between the two first-line trenches. He crawled quietly and stealthily, with all the skill of his ancestors—more like a slow-moving angleworm than a man. An hour or so later he was near the shell-hole in which he knew the sniper lay. And now his stealth was redoubled. To all appearance, he was a dead man; and when he did move, it was done so slowly and carefully as to be imperceptible.

At last he was at the opposite side of the crater. Peering carefully in, he saw the sniper, with his head turned the other way, toward the Allied trenches. Tho' Nanak had done this many times before, he was trembling now, and his heart beat rapidly. A star-shell rose back of him and illumined the whole field. But Nanak lay as if dead, and the sniper never moved. The situation was becoming tense. Nanak felt it. Now, he thought, was the time to act; and gathering his lithe muscles for a spring, he prepared for it. The sniper turned his head half-way round. With a leap, Nanak was upon him, and at the same time the Kukrie fell with a hiss.

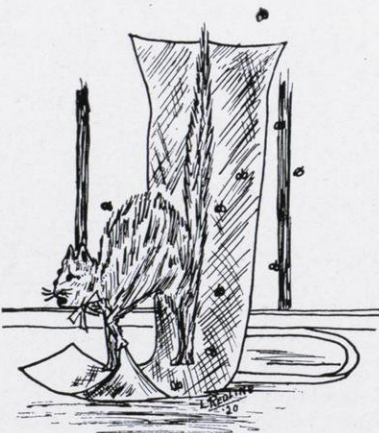
In the dim light of early dawn, Nanak crawled back amidst the ruins, to the British trench. Tommy, just awake, greeted him. "Any luck, Nanak?" he asked.

Instead of replying, Nanak handed him his knapsack. Tommy looked within, and as he gazed, the hair rose stiffly upon his head.

Vincent Engels, '19.

MR. SWEENEY'S CAT

Robert Ormsby Sweeney is a druggist of St. Paul; and though a recent record reveals the fact that he is a direct descendant of a sure-enough king, and though there is royal purple blood in his veins that dates back to where kings used to have something to do to earn their salary, he goes right on with his regular business, selling drugs at the great sacrifice which druggists will make sometimes in order to place their goods within the reach of man.

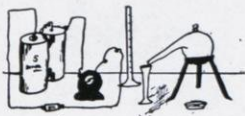


As soon as I learned that Mr. Sweeney had barely escaped being a crowned head I got acquainted with him and tried to cheer him up, and I told him that people wouldn't hold him responsible, and that, as it hadn't shown itself in his family for years, he might perhaps overcome it.

He is a mighty pleasant man to meet, anyhow, and you can have just as much fun with him as you could with a man who didn't have royal blood in his veins. You could be with him for days on a fishing trip and never notice it at all.

But I was going to speak more in particular about Mr. Sweeney's cat. Mr. Sweeney had a large cat named Mary Walker, of which he was very fond. Mary Walker remained at the drug store all the time, and was known all over St. Paul as a quiet and reserved cat. If Mary Walker took in the town after office hours, nobody seemed to know anything

about it. She would be around bright and cheerful the next morning and attend to her duties at the store just as though nothing whatever had happened.



Aeroplane



One day last summer Mr. Sweeney left a large plate of fly-paper, covered with water, in the window, hoping to gather a few quarts of flies in a deceased state. Mary Walker used to go to this window during the afternoon and look out on the busy street while she called up pleasant memories of her past life. That afternoon she thought she would call up some more memories; so she went over on the counter, and from there jumped down on the window sill, landing with all four feet in the plate of fly-paper.

At first she regarded it as a joke and treated the matter very lightly, but later she observed that the fly-paper stuck to her feet with great tenacity of purpose. Those who have never seen the look of surprise and deep sorrow that a cat wears when she finds herself glued to a whole sheet of fly-paper, cannot fully appreciate the present predicament of Mary Walker. She did not dash wildly through a hundred-and-fifty-dollar plate-glass window as some cats would have done. She controlled herself and acted in the coolest manner, though you could have seen that mentally she suffered intensely. She sat down a moment, the more fully to outline a plan for the future. In doing so, she made a great mistake. The gesture resulted in gluing the fly-paper to her person in such a way that the edge turned up behind in the most abrupt manner, and caused her great inconvenience.

Some one at that instant laughed in a coarse and heartless way, and I wish you could have seen the look of pain that Mary gave him.

Then she went away. She did not go around the prescription case as the rest of us did, but strolled through the middle of it, and on, out through the glass door at the rear of the store. We did not see her through the glass door, but we found pieces of fly-paper and fur on the ragged edges of a large aperture in the glass, and we jumped to the conclusion that Mary Walker had taken that direction in retiring from the room.

Mary Walker never returned to St. Paul, and her exact whereabouts are not known, though every effort was made to find her. Fragments of fly-paper and fur were found as far west as the Yellowstone National Park, and as far north as the British line; but Mary herself was not found.

My theory is that if she turned her bow to the west so as to catch the strong easterly gale, with the sail she had set and her tail pointing directly toward the sky, the chances for Mary Walker's immediate return are extremely slim.

Miriam Peterson, '19.

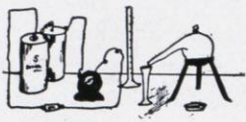
"SIXTY CENTS, PLEASE

"Aw, come on. Yuh ain't afraid of a skirt, are yuh?"

Oswald Randall dug his toe into the ground and seemed intent on finding something. Neither he nor Bud Jones knew exactly what, but anyway, Oswald had to cover up his discomfiture in some way. And the harder he dug, the further his mind wandered from the elusive and convincing excuse he must give to Bud and Skinny so he would not have to join their little "Sody water" party. Oswald (or Rusty as he was more commonly called) had dug for almost two whole minutes, and Bud and Skinny were getting ready to leave—when—(was it a miracle? Oswald thought so)—a bright, shiny silver disk peeked out of the earth which Rusty had just excavated. Oswald Randall caught his breath. Could it be a—? No, he would not think of it for fear he would be disappointed. If he could only stoop down and see without attracting their attention! Then a bright idea popped into his red head.

"I'll letcha know in 'bout fifteen minutes. Meet me on the corner by ol man Schmit's store. I gotta go on 'nerrand for my ma, and then mebby she'll lemme have a dime."

"Aw, don't bother 'bout no money! I got a whole dollar from my uncle yest'day when he went home. 'Smy treat, anyway." Bud Jones was scornfully patronizing. He would have been called a typical "successful broker who had made a haul," by a novelist.



Aeroplane



10371

"A' right. Don't forgit." Skinny took Bud by the arm and sauntered off. Rusty wondered why Bud had smiled. But then, who wouldn't feel agreeable with a whole dollar—one hundred cents in his pocket?

Rusty waited till Bud and Skinny were halfway down the alley. Then he stooped and dug out the shiny round sphere. For fully five minutes Rusty contemplated his sudden riches. He dug down in his pocket and produced three cents, two buttons, a piece of red string, and a poor specimen of a knife. Thirteen cents! Ten cents for a soda, and three cents for candy. But of course he would save the candy money for another day. Dissipation was not one of Rusty's bad traits. In fact, he had none.

Oswald Frederick Randall was twelve years old and a very striking figure. He was tall, lean, and lanky. He had red hair, abundant freckles, a pug nose and eyes of a peculiar green-blue. He was particularly fond of cats and ice cream sodas, and hated girls and bugs to an equal extent. Girls he detested, and would go blocks out of his way to avoid meeting one that he knew.

For five minutes more he considered his position. Bud had asked him to go to Schneider's Delicatessen Store—"Fruit, Ice Cream, Cigars, Candy and Soft Drinks also Shoes Shined Here," and in the company of three skirts; namely Jane Perkins, Emma Mary Hopkins, and Lizzie Smith. Should he be so daring? Could he endure the strain of not one, but three girls for at least twenty minutes? Should he spend a whole dime—ten cents—for ice-cream? And the result of it all was that Oswald Frederick Randall met the gang in front of Schmit's Store, promptly at thirteen minutes past two.

* * * *

S-s-i-p! S-s-ip! Gur-rgle,! Gur-rgle! S-s-ip! S-s-ip!

Rusty's delicious chocolate soda slowly sank in the glass. Equally slowly was it drawn up through the straw and into Rusty's mouth, to which his puckered-up lips formed a funny entrance.

"Doncha hurry. Take yer time. We gotta whole af'ernoon to 'njoy ourselves in. Doncha hurry," admonished Skinny.

"Yah, get yer money's worth outa it. Take yer time," Bud said, languidly sipping his soda.

"For pity's sake, Oswald, don't make so much noise!" piped out Jane;" I can't stand it. Do be a gentleman like Bud."

Everyone giggled except Oswald. He couldn't see the joke, and choked with silent rage while his ears flamed red. In fact, he choked so hard that Lizzie and Emma Mary were showered with chocolate.

"You low pig!" snapped Lizzie.

"I gotta wear this dress all the rest of this week, so you better behave." This from Emma Mary.

"Aw, I didn't mean it. 'San acksident." Rusty again grew red.

S-s-ip! S-s-ip! Gur-rgle! Gur-rgle!

"Oh say! I forgotta go to the meat-shop for sausage for ma!" Bud pushed back his empty glass and turned to Skinny. "Come on along. We'll be back in no time, girls. Yuh stay here with them, Rusty."

Oswald stay alone with THREE girls? Never! Rather death than that. But how was he going to get out of it, since Bud and Skinny had already gotten out of the store? Well, he would have to make the best of it. They'd be back in a few minutes.

A few minutes? Ten minutes passed. All had finished their sodas, the girls ignoring Oswald completely. Fifteen minutes had gone by, and now Rusty was getting uneasy. Where had they gone? Was this a——? No, they couldn't possibly be so mean—so brutal. Twenty minutes: Emma Mary had suggested they go. Rusty urged them to wait. Twenty-five minutes. The clerk had now handed Rusty the slip with the words "Sixty Cents please," scrawled upon it. Sixty cents! All Rusty owned was thirteen.



Aeroplane



Should he ask the girls if they had any money? Of course not. Couldn't he find some way to get at Bud and Skinny? But of course they'd be back in a moment. Why should they want to leave him in such a pickle, when they knew that he positiv'ly hated girls? Thirty minutes gone. Could that be Bud he saw peeking in the window? Bud free, and he, Oswald Frederick Randall, amateur woman-hater, sitting here in Schneider's Store with three skirts on his hands, and only thirteen cents in his pockets. Sixty cents! How under the sun was he to get sixty cents inside of a few minutes? Should he leave his knife in part payment?

Maybe old man Schneider would demand his shoes, or maybe—maybe the ring that he got in the grab-bag at the social. Should he quit the girls, too? Oh gee; if he only was rich! He was boiling! Where could he get sixty cents? Sh—an idea! His course is now set.

He rose with what elegance he could command, and said, "Ladies, we'll not wait for Master Bud and Master Skinny. They may be detained—Well, they mebbly gotta hunch that they was gonna leave us in a pickle, but whazza matter with our goin' without 'em I gotta lotta coin."

Taking the slip, he followed the maidens to the door, and then quietly went back to the clerk, and handing him the slip, said, "Charge this to Mrs. William Algernon Jones." Quickly they vanished.

* * * *

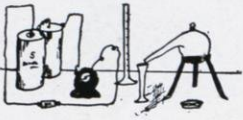
Mrs. William Algernon Jones never knew how her young son spent the dollar; but the clerk at Schneider's store knew that a small bill of sixty cents was paid by Master Bud. Nor did any one except Rusty know how it happened that both Master Bud and Master Skinny Flinn appeared at school next day wearing the badge of shame—a black eye. Nor did any one else understand why it was that Oswald Frederick Randall was seen on Main Street with three fair young maids and three sticks of gum and two bags of popcorn and four smiles—cost, thirteen cents.

R. E. Larson, '19.

MY COUNTRY

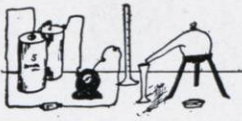
Man, through all ages of revolving time,
Unchanging man, in every varying clime,
Deems his own land of every land the pride,
Beloved by Heaven o'er the world beside;
His home the spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest.

—James Montgomery.



Aeroplane





Aeroplane



WAS IT THE SWEATER?

F. Krueger at Red Cross Election:—"Hey, you, back there with the red sweater on—you have had two hands up all the time! What are you trying to pull off?"

Solid Geometry Student—"I wonder where I can find 'pie' (3.1416)?"

Freshman—"In the pantry."

AIN'T IT A GRAND 'AN GLORIOUS FEELING?

When you wake up at 9:00 on Saturday and realize that you will not be late for school.

When you tremble in class and wait to be called on in alphabetical order and are skipped?

When you haven't a doggone study and Mr. Ream announces "Speakers" first and second periods?

When you find that long lost nickel in your old coat?

When Fitz talks in accents rather loud and you discover she didn't mean YOU?

When you skip a period and meet Mr. R. at the top of the stairs and he "never said a word."

When you're absent Friday and then find an old excuse from another Friday which isn't dated?

When you find that little old Physics notebook of your brother's with most all the experiments you have in it?

Miss Brown—"Tell about the followers of Roger Williams."

R. B.—"Mrs. Hutchinson followed him."

Mildred M.—"Why yes, June is going to graduate this year—made it in three years."

Second party—"She is naturally bright, isn't she?"

Mildred—"Well, she ought to be; she went to a BOARDING-HOUSE."

We are wondering whether it was the college inn.

Miss L. to shorthand class—"I am going to dictate an article. Put a ring around the words you CAN'T write."

Senior—"Where have I seen your face before?"

Freshman—"Right where you see it now."

SOME JOB

Miss Brown to American History Class—"Trace the presidents with their dates."

Miss Leicht—"How many columns of copy work have you?"

Jennie Denison—"I'm two (too) short."

Miss Hood—"I can't be all over this room at once."

A. D.—(surprised) "Oh! Can't you?"

Florence—"What kind of Poetry is instructive?"

Helen L.—(Pointing to her watch) "Did dat tick?" (didactic.)

The Aeroplane's a queer invention,
Our High School gets the fame,
The Printer gets the money,
And the Staff gets all the blame.



Aeroplane



She sat on the steps at eventide,
Enjoying the balmy air;
He came and asked, "May I sit by your side?"
And she gave him a vacant stare.

A CALL FOR VOLUNTEERS.

Physics Prof.—"Who will volunteer to straighten us out?"

Pupil—"Othello pressed his suit with Desdemona."

Heard in the Class Room:

"Why were you late to class?"

"Miss Brown held me."

Helen (pinching Florence delicately)—"My dear, you're just like bread."

F.—"In other words, you need (knead) me."

Here's to the football team,
And here's to Weiser;
He joined the army
To get that d—Kaiser.
—M. C.

Notice! Anybody here seen Kelly? H. McCarthy

Heard in Miss Cujak's room:

On the Board—"Resolved: that slavery was justifiable."

D. Tipler—"We discussed that last year in Miss Vermeyen's room."

C. Dockrey—"Our section discussed it in Miss Jacobi's room during the Civil War."

"HAR, HAR!" SAID THE COMPANY, (Up Its Sleeve.)

The story had just drifted out of a cantonment. It was inspection hour. The company was drawn up and standing at attention, each man at the end of his cot. The major halted in front of one cot, and looking the equipment over carefully, found no fault.

But he looked at the soldier. "Ha, ha!" said the major. "No shave."

"He, he!" replied the soldier. "No dough."

"Ho, Ho!" said the court-martial judge. "Ten days."

When the donkey saw the Zebra,
He began to switch his tail;
"Well, I never!" was his comment:
"There's a mule that's been in jail."

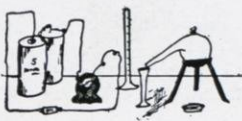
Bernard in Shorthand—"How many mistakes should we allow?"

Miss L.—"Well, Bernard, if you had a girl (meaning office girl) how many mistakes would you allow her?"

M. K.—"Do you know Leonard Herdam?"

Ed. P.—"I haven't 'heard um'" (Herdam).

Ed. P.—English 2:05—"Every time I come into this room I have fits (Fitz).



Aeroplane



DON'T USE BIG WORDS.

In promulgating your esoteric cogitations, or articulating your superficial sentimentalities and your amicable, philosophical, and psychological observations, beware of platitudeous ponderosity. Let your conversational communications possess a clarified conciseness, a compact comprehensibleness, coalescent consistency, and a concatenated cogency. Eschew all flatulent garrulity, jejune babblement, and asinine conglomerations.



Let your extemporaneous discantings and unpremeditated expatiations have intelligibility and veracious veracity, without rhodomantade or thrasonical bombast. Sedulously avoid all polysyllabic profundity, pompous prolixity, pisittaceous vacuity, ventriloquial verbosity, and vaniloquent vapidity. Shun double-entendres, prierient jocosity, and pestiferous profanity, obscurent or apparent.

In other words, talk plainly, briefly, naturally, sensibly, truthfully, purely. Keep from "slang;" don't put on airs; say what you mean; mean what you say—and don't use big words.

Mr. Mac—"Every time I lead you from the topic you get mixed up."
M. C. K.—"Well lead me to it then."

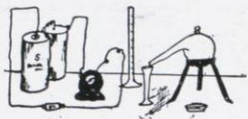
Junior Boy escorted a freshman girl home one wet night. Here's their conversation:
She—"Er—it's rather wet to-nite."
He—"Ye—es."
Pause—
She—"It's getting wetter all the time, isn't it?"
He—"Ye—es."
Another pause—
She—"It will be awfully wet out to-morrow, won't it?"
He—"Ye—es."

(Eva, relating dream in English II.)—"I jumped up, leaving the chair behind me."

Notice on board.
Lost—A CASE with glasses. Please return to L. Schunck.

If a body sees a body.
Thinking in a quiz—
If a body help a body,
Is it a teacher's biz?

In German 4 Class, reciting on the substitutes for the Passive Voice—
Miss Brauns—"Well, people this is a day of substitutes—you ought not to find these difficult."



Aeroplane





Aeroplane



GEOGRAPHY OF A WOMAN'S LIFE

- Cape of Good Hope—Sweet Sixteen.
 Cape Flattery—Twenty.
 Cape Lookout—Twenty-one.
 Cape Fear—Thirty.
 Cape Farwell—Forty.

THE TREE TOADS

A tree toad loved a she toad
 That lived up in a tree;
 She was a three toed tree toad,
 But a two toed toad was he.
 The two toed tree toad tried to win
 The she toad's friendly nod
 For the two toed tree toad loved the ground
 That the three toed tree toad trod;
 But vainly the two toed tree toad tried—
 He couldn't please her whim;
 In her tree toad bower
 With her three toed power
 The she toad vetoed him.

Mr. Haigh—"Where's Madlyn this morning?"

Answer—"She is moving."

Mr. Haigh—"That's funny; I saw her last night."

E. P.—"Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this nation a new continent—"

Mr. Mac.—"Where's Mogan? Has he enlisted?"

D. Brown—"Yes; he's on a boat. He's a skipper."

Miss Kelleher—"What does A. D. mean?"

A. C.—"After Dark."

M. M.—"Does Elsie play anything?"

D. S.—"Yes, the victrola."

WHICH PERIOD?

"Say, did you know that the East High main room and a Ford car are alike?"

"No, why?"

"Because the seats are bolted down, and there is a crank in the front."

Why do most of the senior girls wear their hair pompadour?

Freshman Answer—"A wide forehead denotes intelligence."

J. G.—"I was shocked in geometry yesterday."

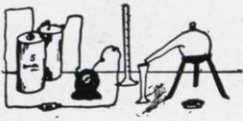
Freshman—"Why."

June—"They discussed improper fractions."



FRESHMAN'S
 IDEA
 OF
 MARTYRDOM





Aeroplane



"Here, Rastus, whar's the can of lard I told you to bring?"
 "Lordy, ma; it was so greasy it slipped my mind."

A kiss is a peculiar proposition of no use to one yet absolutely bliss to two.
 The small boy gets it for nothing.
 The old man has to buy it.
 The young man has to steal it.
 The baby's right
 The hypocrite's mask
 To the young girl faith
 To the married woman hope
 And to the old maid charity.

He kissed her on the cheek—
 It seemed a harmless frolic;
 He's been laid up for a week—
 They say it's painter's colic.

Always put off till to-morrow the things you don't want to wear over night.

LATIN

All are dead who wrote it.
 All are dead who spoke it.
 All will die who learn it.
 Blessed death—they earn it.

Geneva M. made an incorrect statement in Physics, and Mr. H. asked "Who can straighten her out?"

An old couple from the country wandered into a moving picture show in the city. As they entered, a cowboy picture was being run. "Hiram, let's not go too far down in front; the dust them thar Horses air kickin' up its purty thick."

H. D.—"I have been eating onions. What shall I do?"

G. V.—"Go to see that film at the Grand. It will take your breath away."

You can lead a horse to water,
 But you cannot make him drink;
 You can lead a boy to Physics,
 But you cannot make him think.

Miss Schilling—"Reuben, I wish you would hire a stenographer, and compile a list of all your advice to teachers."

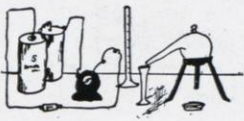
L. S. in Literature—"I thought epithets were always on tombstones."

Miss B.—"Compare iambic and trochaic metres."

Irma D.—"They both have two feet."

Mr. Brown and his family were standing in front of the lion cage. "John," said Mrs. Brown, "if those animals were to escape, whom would you save first, me or the children?"

"Me," answered John, without hesitation.



Aeroplane



As they boarded a crowded car, the pretty girl turned to the young fellow, looked up into his eyes and said:

"I think we can squeeze in here, don't you?"

He flushed with pleasure and gave her arm a gentle pinch. "Better wait till we get home, don't you think," he whispered.

Mr. Mac, in Physiology—"How do cells in the body multiply?"

S. A. M.—"Cells multiply by dividing."

Why did those 7 senior girls vote for Rummy Lambeau, running for Junior Red Cross treasurer?"

HEARD IN GEOMETRY

Miss Schilling—"If anybody sees the other yard stick which belongs in here, please send it back."

Geneva M., in German 4—"Miss B. why did Arnold call Gertrude 'dear' one time, and 'wild thing' another?"

Miss B—"Some people say 'dear' and don't mean anything by it; but don't misunderstand me I might call someone 'dear' sometime and mean it."

Eddie B. showing Mr. Haigh a 50 C. C. calorimeter—"Shall I put more than 50 C. C. of water in this?"

Mr. H.—"No; don't put in any more than it will hold."

Miss Burnside—"Lorraine, name the mineral resources of Australia."

Lorraine R.—"They raise a great many sheep."

ENGLISH HISTORY

Freshman reciting—"They sailed in golden ships."

Teacher—"I don't find that statement in the book."

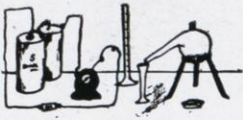
F.—"Yes, my book said "they had vessels of gold and silver."

"The first time I ever saw my wife," said the youthful husband, "she was in her mother's kitchen making bread."

"Quite romantic," observed the old bachelor. "But many a girl's marriage can be traced to the fact that she (k) needed dough."

L. V., in German—"Vivid is something so clear that you can see it."





Aeroplane



Mr. Ream—"Were you at the dentist's?"
Walter M—"Naw, that gag's getting too stale."

AN EXPENSIVE DATE

Dates have gone up
To twenty cents a pound!
Cried my friend, the fruit-dealer.
And I replied,
"That's nothing!
I had one with a girl last night
That cost me twenty dollars!"

Words in themselves are harmless; it is uttering them that is dangerous, and writing them that is foolhardy.

Albert B.—"What's all the noise in the next room?"
James F.—"Miss Schilling just dropped a perpendicular."

First Senior—"I prefer Dickens to Thackeray."
Second Senior—"Dickens appeals to the more common people, because it takes more brains to read Thackeray."

Miss Black—"Every biography ends with what?"
L. Hume—"With a period."

Miss B's Ancient History Class—1:20:
Miss B.—"What territory was added to the Macedonian Empire?"
M. L.—"Phocis and all the other places he captured."

Miss B—"What points of humor did you notice in the 'De Coverley Papers'?"
Harold L.—"I didn't read the lesson."
Miss B.—"Then it didn't amuse you particularly."

Judge Graass, relating one of his experimental experiences with an instructor and a Leydon jar—"He saw sparks, and so did we. He got the shock then, and we got it after school."

HIS SHRINE

Minister—"Young man, have you ever attended a place of worship?"
Clarence (absent-mindedly)—"Yes; I'm going to see her now."

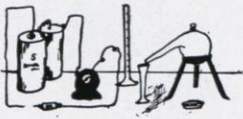
Miss Black—"Of what kind should the sentences be?"
L. Hume—"They should be brief, lengthy sentences."

WOE TO HIM WHO RUNS A FORD

Sid—"Confound it! How that—!!—engine is missing!"
Lady Friend—"Why Sid, we had it when we stopped at the last place for gasoline."

THEY LAUGHED AGAIN

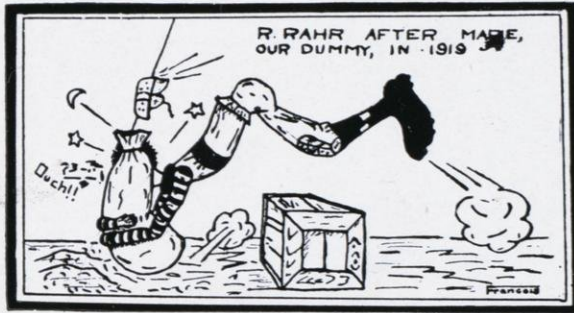
"Are you boys laughing at me?" sternly demanded Mr. Apell of his Agriculture Class.
"Oh no, sir!" came the reply in chorus.
"Well," asked Mr. Apell, "what else is there in the room to laugh at?"



Aeroplane



THINGS THAT NEVER HAPPEN:



Miss Brauns—"Very good recitation. You deserve more than a ten."
Mr. Macomber—"Take the same lesson over again."

Board of Education Member—"Our students do not get enough vacation"
Student—"The 'Aeroplane' is sure some paper."

Mr. Macomber—"Whisper all of you. I admire your spirit in class."

Mass Meeting Speaker—"We have a weak team and will get beaten, and there's no use for any of you fellows to spend your money to come to the game."

PET HABITS AT EAST HIGH

Being sarcastic.....	Mr. Haigh
Being nice.....	M. Kuhaup
Leading 'em on.....	D. Beck
Smiling.....	Miss Brown
Laughing at his own jokes.....	A. Lefebvre
Liking himself best of all.....	S. Greiling
Scattering gossip.....	G. Conners
Talking lots and saying nothing.....	L. Griffen
Yawning.....	B. Kelly
Being late for everything.....	C. Dorschel
Giving her opinion as to how it should be done.....	J. Golden

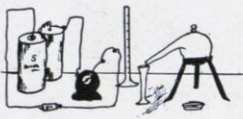
TELEPHONING

Operator—"Number, please."
Sid—"87, please."
Party—"Hello."
Sid—"Hello. Is this Lucile?"
Party—"Who?"
Sid—"I say, Mrs. ———, is Lucile there?"
Party—"This is the Police Station."
Exit Sid.

In Physics Lab. Senior—"What is that thing over there?"
Freshie—"That's an electric plant."
Senior—"What grows on that kind of plant?"
Freshie—"Currants" (currents).
Senior—"How are they gathered?"
Freshie—"In shocks."

Cashier—"Madam, I cannot honor this check. You have already overdrawn your husband's account."

Mrs. Wedaweek—"Don't be silly. There are twenty-eight checks in this check-book that I haven't used at all."



Aeroplane



WANTED TO KNOW

- Why Myrt is So Frank?
 Why June is Always Gagen?
 What Helen did with her Schilling?
 If Arnold Will Wink?
 Why Dorothy always Beck (ens)
 What Kind of a Bey is Olive?
 What Kind of a Fiedler is Lenore?
 If Clara will always be a Scherf?
 If Ruth will always have a Hood?
 What makes Florence Cy-Les Lately?
 When Murilla will Ruel?
 When Eva Wilquet?
 What kind of a Ream is Mable?
 If Gwendolyn will always have a ray of Leicht?
 Why Walter's Zich?
 Why Lauretta's so Jiggy?
 Why Loraine is such a Burdon?
 Why Luella's Gotto?
 If Martin can Petitjean?
 If Franklin and Myrtle are engaged?
 If Ruth is a good Foerster?
 If William is Halloin the upper story?
 How Thelma Bent-ley?
 Who put the Come in Macomber?
 Who put the Aigh in Haigh?
 What D— Greef has Leo?
 Who are the girls who thought the Senior Class couldn't have a banquet without them?

GO TO THE FRONT OF THE CLASS

- Teacher—"Explain why this war is a war of defense."
 Art. J. (Hesitating)—"Well—er—they use sort of a barb wire fence in front of the trenches".

ESPECIALLY MONKEYS

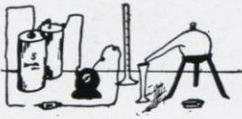
- Teacher—"Name some products of South America."
 Peanuts F.—"Coffee, rubber and monkeys."
 Miss Cujak—"Name the different plant families: Species—what comes next?"
 Walter M.—"The baggage."

WITH THE MAGIC WORD

- Miss Schuette—"Draw the red line over the blue line, and the blue line is no more."

MAGAZINE RACK

Puck	Frank Krueger
Ladies' Home Companion	Ed. Parish
Good Housekeeping	Ann Smith
Snappy Stories	Sis Larson
Youth's Companion	Geneva Mann
Modern Pricilla	C. Schmitz
System	Mr. Haigh
Judge	Miss Kelleher



Aeroplane



~~WILBERT~~
21

Loraine B., reading in Lit. 4, from "The Deserted Village."—"Sweet Auburn! Loveliest village of the plain, where health and plenty cheered the laboring swine." (Should read swain.)

Miss Black—"How would you suggest that the story be changed?"

Fred M.—"Have the villain killed instead of murdered."

"Now, Art, if anyone kids you about your mustache, don't take a fence (offence); take a razor."

APPARENT

He—"How long does it take you to dress in the morning?"

She—"Oh, about twenty minutes."

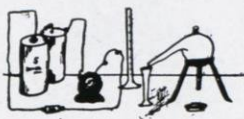
He (proudly)—"It only takes me ten."

She ((ditto)—"I wash."



Aeroplane





Aeroplane



He who laughs last can take his time about it, and thoroughly enjoy same.

"Well, Rastus, what did that chap say when you kicked him out of the house?" asked the colonel.

"Nothin', colonel," replied the old darkey; "he was jess put out, dat's all."

A seat in a crowded car is a conundrum that a gallant man always gives up—if the girl is pretty.

Know thyself—but don't tell anybody.

How we all envy Prof. Bahler, who was sensible enough to lay in a good supply of two-cent stamps before postage went up.

On a stormy day in Miss K's. Caesar Class, when Henry and Loren were absent:
"It's funny that the biggest boys always have to stay home for a snowstorm."

M. A. to Sid. (in Journalsim)—"Sidney, whose story do you think is best?"
Sid. (absent mindedly)—"Why—mine, of course."

C. G.—"I suppose lots of idiots butt in and ask fool questions while you are working."
Mr. Macomber—"You bet—you're not the first."

In English 1, reading "Lady of the Lake:"

Miss Cujak—"Walter what had just happened to Norman before Malise arrives with the Firey Cross?"

Walter M—"He had just been married by a church yard gate."

ONLY A WONDER

I wonder, Oh I wonder,
What makes East High so sound;
If it's the student body,
Or the faculty renowned.

Miss Brauns, correcting a German translation for Geneva—"How is your Henry?"
After noticing Geneva's blushes, she asked, "Did that strike home?"

Helen L., looking at Mr. H.'s picture in the Oshkosh "Quiver."
"Gee, but he's cute there!"

Mr. Apell in Elementary Science:
"Give an illustration of a lever."

No answer from class.

Mr. Appell—"Your mothers use them in the house, especially in doing Red Cross work."

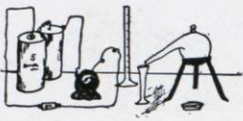
Voice in the back of room—"A rocking chair."

H. L., beginning to recite in Am. Hist., sitting down.

Mr. Mac.—"Stand up; I can't hear you sitting down."

H. L.—"I don't know enough to stand up"

Mr. H. in Physics, in speaking of expansion tanks for hot water furnaces—"Where is the expansion tank in your system, William?"



Aeroplane



Mrs. Calkins—"Now boys! When I hold my hand up like this, I want it held, but please let go when I bring it down again."

NEW SPORT INTRODUCED BY MISS FITZSIMMONS

"Running through a book."

What would happen if,

- Miss Cujak let us stand in the hall.
- Miss Brown didn't smile.
- The Boys' Glee Club would sing.
- Jiggy didn't talk to L. G.
- Frank and Myrtle stayed "peevd" a long time.
- Pep collected enough nerve to be sensible.
- Peg got to school on time.
- Elsie W. was bashful.
- Babe forgot her powder puff.
- E. Mueller forgot to put lard on his hair.
- The Senoir girls didn't flirt with the Junior boys.
- Gertrude Kuhaupt didn't want to dance.
- Bill Kelly didn't flirt.
- John Minahan didn't talk to G. K.
- We could keep order at a mass meeting.
- F. Krueger didn't give his opinion.
- A. Winegard didn't study.

ON A PHYSICS TEST PAPER

"A lift pump is a convenient thing to carry around."

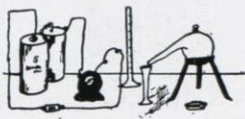
Reuben G. in Physics—"A meridian is a straight line, but it is curved."

Noticeable Traits—

E. Mueller.....	His Neckwear.
G. Mann.....	Her walk.
G. Drueke.....	His Blush.
B. Kelly.....	His hot air.
L. Cranston.....	His fussing.
H. O'Neil.....	His grin.
J. Minahan.....	His rapid gun-fire speech.
E. Parish.....	His laugh.
The Aeroplane.....	Its jokes.
Mr. Ream.....	Picking up his paper.
M. Kuhaupt.....	Her smile.
Miss Brown.....	Her themes.
This Annual.....	You're noticing it now.
F. Krueger.....	His socks.
Mr. Haigh.....	His voice.
Libbie Abrams.....	Her questions.
E. Andruskevicz.....	Her name.
D. Heagle.....	Ability to learn.
L. Griffin.....	Her points.

A popular introduction used by East High Orators:

"Ladies and Gentlemen, and members of the Faculty."



Aeroplane



CLASS IN SHORT-STORY

Miss Black—"How do they always picture an Irishman?"

L. Griffin—"With a red nose."

JAN ARDAN MISSING—SEARCH INSTITUTED

East High Examiner—Nov. 1.—

Since early last evening, nothing has been seen or heard of Mr. Jan Ardan, a prominent citizen of this community. Grave fears are entertained by his friends as to his fate, for when last seen, he was approached by a dangerous-looking villain, armed with a six-shooter.

It is not known that the missing man had enemies intent upon doing him bodily injury, but Ardan's propensity to practical jokes may have brought him the ill-will of some property owner devoid of humor. Mr. Ardan is a gentleman of quiet habits, familiarly known as "Slim."

A search has been instituted, and it is hoped that in its next issue the "Examiner" may have good news for the anxious friends.

JAN ARDAN IS SAFE; CASE CLOUDED IN MYSTERY

Nov. 3.—

Mr. Jan Ardan is safe, but the case is clouded in mystery. The representative of the "Examiner" is baffled in his investigation. Ardan refuses to talk for publication. All he will say is "665." The reporter was referred to Messers. Lume, Corshel, Eeplinski, Dell and O'Herol as possible sources of information. They, however, would say nothing but "665."

It is known that Mr. Ardan and his friends are engaged in some mysterious construction work on Jackson Street. It has also been ascertained that Mr. Ardan has found it necessary to borrow certain sums of money.

The press is of the opinion that a black-hand gang has been at work, with 665 as ransom or hush-money, and that there will be sensational developments soon.

Lives there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself has said,
When he stubbed his toe against the bed,
"Oh, dear———."

TRUE, VERY TRUE

Hall—"Did you see the last football game?"

"Bus"—"No; I took a girl to it."

Ig—"Have you seen May?"

Nutz—"May who?"

Ig—"Mayonnaise."

Nutz—"No, she was dressing and wouldn't lettuce."

HE'D GET A RAISE

Officer—"If a bomb were to drop on the powder magazine, what would you do?"

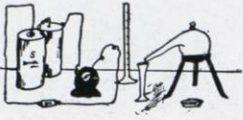
Sentry—"Go up with the report."

"I like a reserved girl, don't you?"

"Yes, if she's reserved for me."

First Fresh—"My father is a veteran and has a hickory leg."

Second ditto—"S nothing. My sister has a cedar chest."



Aeroplane



A NEW ONE?

Reuben Greiling, the genius of the senior class, (regardless of the fact that he wears pink shirts and stiff collars) learned of a new instrument when he asked Henry Atkinson for his kind advice, as is indicated by the following conversation:

Reuben—"Hank, with what did you measure the expansion of brass?"

Hank (Snickering)—"With a Cyclometer." (And Reuben believed it.)

A few minutes later Reuben returns for more advice.

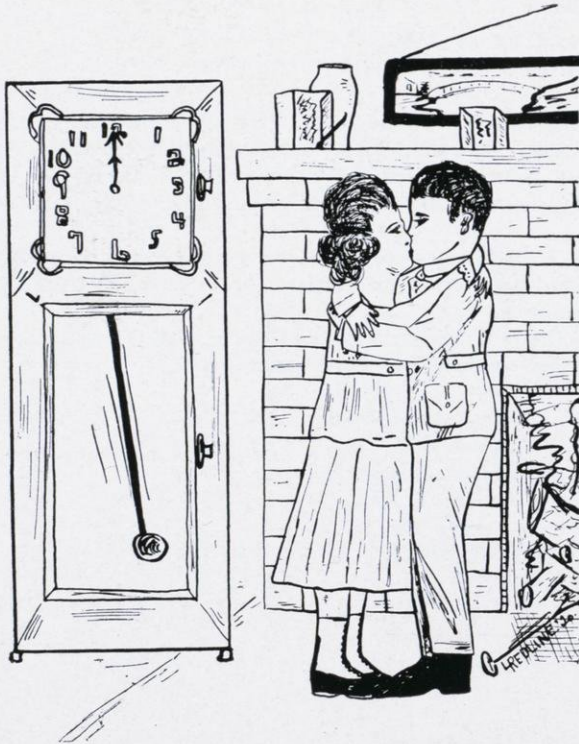
Reuben—"Hank, does brass expand or contract when heated?"

Hank—"Contracts!"

Moral—When in need of help, go to one who knows.

Mr. Flannigan (in Cicero)—"When did we last hear of Pompey?"

Samuels—"In the last days of Pompeii."



LAURETTA'S NEW YEAR RESOLUTION

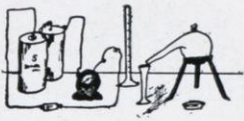
"New Year's Eve
When the Clock Struck Twelve
I kissed Jiggy
And Jiggy kissed me and
I promised I'd never
Kiss another fellow."
(Its all off now!)

Teacher—"The people from Cornwall are called Cornishmen, and the people from Wales are called Welshmen. Now does anyone know what the people are called who live on the island of Man?"

Bright Pupil—"Men."

OVERHEARD AT A CLASS MEETING

(John Minahan, speaking about party dress)—"Well, that will be up to the individual girl—if she cares to wear a party dress she can; otherwise, she don't have to wear any!"



Aeroplane



WELL KNOWN EXPRESSIONS

Miss Brown—"No thinking aloud."

Miss Schilling—"Do you get it?"

Miss Black—"Is that necessary?"

Miss Burnside—"This sums up the situation."

Miss Hood—"I want all talking in this room stopped immediately."

Miss Leicht—"Keep your pencils sharpened."

Miss Schuette—"I'm talking to you."

Miss Cujak—"The Bells have rang."

Miss Brauns—"Did you get me?"

Mr. Macomber—"Kids, come to order! Class called!"

Mr. Haigh—"I guess you didn't put much time on the lesson to-day."

Miss Van Kirk—"No whispering."

Miss Fitzsimmons—"I heard a bell ring, did you?"



MISS L.'S INSTRUCTIONS TO STENOGR.'S.

Don't have continuous performance of the jaws. If you use gum for indigestion, chew it privately.

Heard in Ancient—"Miss B.—"Ben, what is an omen?"

Ben—"The word at the end of a prayer."

Heard in Commercial Geo.—Miss B.—"Gladys, of what use was the cotton-gin?"

G. D.—"Why, it takes the gin out of the cotton."

Miss B.—"Thomas, what is a subsidy?"

T. M.—"A little place just outside a large city."

Jazz—"What's Madlyn going away for?"

Pep—"Just to break my heart, I guess."

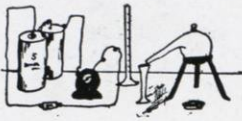
Jazz—"It's a good thing she is, or she would break something else—your pocketbook."

Teacher—"Name the father, mother and offspring of the sheep."

Boy—"Ram the daddy, dam the mamma and lam the kid."

Teacher to Little Boy—"Why are you scratching your head?"

Little Boy—"I am the only fellow who knows where the itch is."

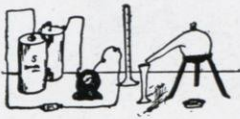


Aeroplane



MUSICAL SELECTIONS

They Go Wild Simply Wild Over Me.....	Reuben Greiling
You'll Always Be The Same Sweet Baby.....	Babe Ruel
Just a Voice To Call Me Dearie.....	Art Jandrain
Somewhere in France is My Sweetheart.....	Helen Le Clair
I'm A Twelve O'clock Fellow In a Nine O'clock Town.....	Emmons Mueller
Some Sunday Morning.....	Myrtle and Frank
You're In Love.....	Lester Cranston
All the World Will be Jealous of Me.....	Henry Goss
You're a Dangerous Girl.....	Tony Holmes
Not Because Your Hair Is Curly, Not Because Your Eyes Are Blue.....	Loraine Burdon
I'd Do It All Over Again—March.....	Those who did, Dec.2
On A Good Old-Fashioned Sleigh-Ride.....	Geneva Mann
Oh! How She Could Yacki, Hacki, Wicki, Wacki, Woo.....	Lola Travis
Dark Town Strutters' Ball.....	Ed. Peplinski
I'm All Right; The World's Crazy.....	Peg Dorschel
A Nice Girl Could Do Wonders For Me.....	Clifford Lande
Throwing The Bull.....	Edw. Parish
Frivolous Moments.....	Junior Knitting Club
Chatterbox.....	Dorothy Heagle
My Little Persian Rose.....	Lillian Schunk
Long Boy.....	Henry Atkinson
I Know I Got More Than My Share.....	Florence Williams
Comedy Tom.....	Tom Mulligan
You Can't Get Away.....	Gwen Van Dycke
Keep Your Eye On The Girlie You Love.....	Jiggy Gill
Red Pepper.....	Sis Larsen
What Do You Want to Make Those Eyes at Me For?.....	Dot Beck
After Vespers.....	Lawrence Thurman
Slippery Hank.....	Atkinson
What Will I Say?.....	Carol Schunk
Father Was Right.....	Mable Ream
Darlin'.....	Josephine Browning
Give Me the Moonlight, Give Me the Girl.....	James Colignon
Mighty Lak' A Rose.....	George Druke
Harmony Blues.....	Mrs. Calkins
Notoriety.....	Elsie Wilson...
Oh! Johnnie, Oh! Johnnie, How You Can Love.....	Gertrude Kuhaupt
My Skating Girl.....	Miss Fitzsimmons
Hello, I've Been Looking For You.....	The Girls to
	Mr. Macomber
	Miss Black
	Miss Schilling
	Miss Schuette
	Miss Kopplin
	Miss Brown
	Miss Scherf
	Miss Leicht
	Mr. Haigh
	Sid. Greiling
	Boy's Glee Club
	Seniors
	Lincoln Club
Good Scout March.....	
The Princess of My Heart.....	
He's A Devil In His Own Home Town.....	
Meet Mr. Jazz, Himself.....	
Won't You Say A Prayer for the Boys Out There.....	
Where Do We Go From Here?.....	
Cheer, Cheer, The Gang's All Here.....	



Aeroplane



Teacher—"Decline lover."

She—"I cannot and would not either decline that or marriage."

MONEY

Make all the money you can, (but don't "can" all you make.)

Save all you "can," and give all you "can."

Never buy what you do not want; it is not cheap.

Most Popular	Myrtle Kuhaupt
Cutest	Mr. Ream
Best Natured	L. Burdon
Tallest	W. Madden
Thinnest	Gwendolyn Van Dycke
Best Kidder	Edw. Peplinski
Most Reckless	M. Miller
Most Conceited	Ray Rahr
Wittiest	Edwin Parish
Best Dancer	Irma Dietz
Best Lady-Killer	Helen Le Clair
Best Man-Killer	Mr. Macomber
	Ruth Halsted
	Jazz. Colignon
	Dorothy
	Frank
	Florence
	Arlington
	R. Miller
	Ray Lambeau
	Reuben
	Libbie



Miss Schilling—"What is a rectangle?"

A. B.—"Any figure that is longer than it is wide.—Mr. Ream?"

Miss Black—"Thora, what is another name for Ilion?"

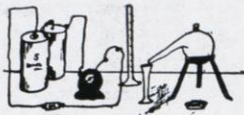
After some hesitation—"Germany" answered Thora.

Heard from a Freshman—"Say, Earl, where is South America? Is it in the United States?"

(IN PRIMER SPELLING)

Miss B.—"The word WOMAN causes trouble, does it not?"

Clifford L.—"I never thought so." (Another George Washington.)



Aeroplane



Lost! One boy with blonde hair and blue eyes. Answers to the name of Kenneth.
Return to Lauretta Griffin.

Miss B. (Talking of Alsace-Lorraine)—“Well, you know where Lorraine is, don't you?”
E. W.—“Yes'm—surely.”

WHO SAYS WEBSTER CAN'T BE BEAT?

Teacher—“What does egotistical mean?”

James F.—“Stuck up.”

HOW THE FRESHIE'S MIND RECEIVES LATIN

A Poem inspired by too much Latin in Miss Kopplin's Latin 1. Class.:

Boyabus kissabus sweeta girlorum;
Girlabus likeabus askum formorum,
Poppibus hearabus bigga smackorum,
Kickabus boyabus outa backdorum,
Boyabus limpibus allaway homum;
Swearebus kissabus giri no morum.

—Exchange.

Wanted For One Day—Someone to wear my sweater—Dewey Brown.

MYSTERY

Who owns Myrtle's green sweater?

For Sale—My Mustache—Art Jandrain.

IN PHYSIOLOGY—11:00.

W. B.—“That ain't right.”

C. F.—“Ain't?—Where did you went to school?”

HEARD IN THE MAIN ROOM AT 3:45

Miss Brauns—“Take you feet out of the aisle. How do you suppose Mr. Ream could pass if he came in here now?”

C. Lande—“Aw—my feet aren't that big.”

Miss S.—“Why isn't this line included in the triangle?”

Van Deuren—“Because it is off its base.”

Freshman to Senior—“Did you take hollow geometry before you took solid?”

A man is like an egg—you never know if he is good or bad until he's broke.

F. W. on the way home—“Gee, I hate to go home. Everybody's gone. S'pose I can sit on the front porch and watch the side-walk.”

Helen L. C. “Why not sit on the back porch and watch the washing come down in sheets.”

Q.—“What do moths eat?”

A.—“Holes.”

He—“What shape is a kiss?”

She—“Don't know—What shape is it?”

He—“Give me one, and we will call it square.”



Aeroplane



Mrs. K—"You stayed at the door too long to-night."

M.—"I only stayed for a second."

Mrs. K.—"But I distinctly heard the 3rd and 4th."

(H. Laluzerne, while waiting at Auermiller's studio)—"Gee! If I don't get called in pretty soon to get my picture taken, I'll have to shave again."



If you want an investment that will pay you 20%, buy six car tickets for a quarter.

The first banking transaction was when Pharaoh received a check on the bank of the Red Sea.

If you save money you are a grouch;
If you spend it you are a loafer;
If you get it you are a grafter;
If you don't get it you are a bum.

Morning—"I don't get up early because I want the world aired out before I get up."

INFORMATION DESIRED

Where E. Wilson got her walk?

Where J. got 75 cents to buy G. C. those flowers?

Where Walter Madden got his first pair of rubbers?

When G. D. will shave?

How A. Jandrain got rid of \$6.25 right after Hallowe'en night?

How long before L. Cranston will own the Standard Oil Co.?

Can you picture them in 1920—

Art. Jandrain as a human skeleton in a circus.

E. Wilson leading a suffrage parade.

H. Atkinson running a Monroe bus.

John Minahan—a bachelor.

A girl's heart is like an omnibus, there's always room for one more.

DUAL PERSONALITIES

Happy Hooligan.....	Londo
Newlyweds	Lester and Babe
Bobby Make Believe.....	Franklin K.
Mama's Angel Child.....	Grace Connors
Old Doc Yak.....	"Doc" G.
Katzenjammer Kids.....	Shorty and Earl
Lady Bountiful.....	Dorothy Heagle
Jimmy.....	James Colignon
Maggie and Jiggs.....	Geneva and Hank
Hawkshaw, the Detective.....	R. E. Van Kirk

"Fat" Connors is Art. Jandrain's successor to the title of East High's heavyweight.



Aeroplane



Note the cigar in Mac's face.

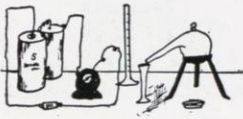


MUTT and JEFF



OH YES—THIS IS MISS FITZSIMMONS





Aeroplane



A little boy carrying some eggs home from the shop, dropped them.
 "Did you break any?" asked his mother when he told her of it.
 "No," said the little fellow, "but the shells came off some of 'em."

Andy—"My mother sent me a bathrobe for Xmas, and I just took my first bath in it."

He—"Wise men hesitate; fools are certain."
 She—"Are you sure?"
 He—"I am certain."

Cohen and his son Bennie always sit up-stairs in the five cent seats at the movies. On the main floor ten cents is charged.

One evening as they ascended the stairs to the balcony, awkward Bennie stumbled, lost his balance, and fell over to the first floor. His father rushed to the railing, indignant.
 "See wat you done, Bennie, you fool!" he cried. "Now it will cost you anoder nickel!"

Two Irishmen were watching a movie dealing with "Votes for Women."
 "Oi say, Pat, do yez think thot women should get the vote?" asked one.
 "Faith," was the answer, "oi wish they would, sure thin they'd know how hard it is to kape sober on election day."

THE "EST" FAMILY

Babiest.....	G. Drueke
Wittiest.....	John Minahan
Cutest.....	E. Wilson
Goodest.....	E. Mueller
Loudest.....	A. Nejedlo
Quietest.....	F. Rahr
Politest.....	F. Smith
Shortest.....	L. Jaseph
Tallest.....	H. Londo
Fattest.....	A. Jandrain
Loviest.....	L. Cranston

Friend—"Some pup you have there. Where do you keep him?"
 Sophomore Bill—"In my room, of course."
 Friend—"But it ain't healthy to keep a dog in your room."
 Sophomore Bill—"Well, he's a strong dog and seems to stand it very well."

In questioning Rastus, the recruiting officer learned that he had been chauffer and mechanic for Mr. Jones, the owner of several cars.

"Well, Rastus," he said, "I think we'll put you down for the Aviation Corps, and try you there."

"Oh, no sah! I don't want to join no Aviation Corps, nohow!"

"Why, Rastus? Why not? Just think of flying around in the air like a bird—just think how grand it is."

"Well, yes—it sure is grand. But jes' think ob getting up fifteen hundred feet!"

"Well, what about it? Fifteen hundred feet isn't so high."

"No," said Rastus; "but jes' think ob that engine stopping when you're up fifteen hundred feet, and the driver asking me to get out and crank it."

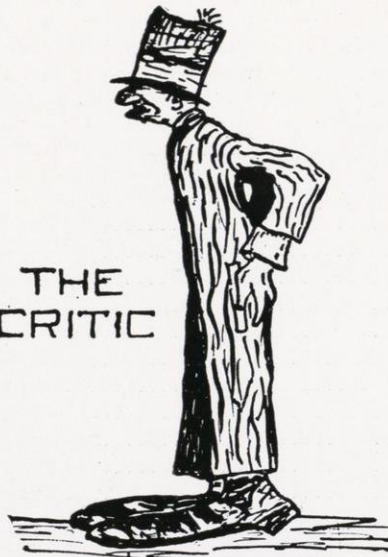
"Well, then, I'll put you in the Ambulance Corps."



Aeroplane



THE
CRITIC



— Francois —



Help the Man
Who
Advertises—
He Helps Us

We, the management and members of the East High School, wish to thank the business men of this city for the support they have given us. Without their co-operation our 1918 Aeroplane could not have been so great a success. :: :: ::



This book you have enjoyed,
And if so, we are glad;
But look a little farther please,
And see what now we "Ad."



There was a Merchant in our town,
And he was more than wise;
He had a dandy bank account,
Just because he'd "advertise."

The "Ads" which he did use
Brought business more and more,
And paying customers
Were added by the score.

When fellow merchants questioned him,
Why their business seemed to shrink,
'Tis this and nothing else, he said
'Tis our lack of printer's ink.



Classified Doctors' Directory

DR. A. O. OLMSTED, M. D.

407 Minahan Bldg.

Hours:

2:00 to 4:00 P. M.

7:00 to 8:00 P. M.

DR. F. L. CRICELAIR

Physician and Surgeon

204 Sheridan Bldg.

Phone 177

Residence 1125 So. Jackson

Phone 177, ring 2

DR. DE BOTH

M. Z. VERMEIREN, M. D.

Green Bay, Wis.

Office—Duchateau Bldg. Phone 665-1

Res.—615 Chicago St. Phone 665-2

Office Hours—9-11 and 2-4

Reg. No. 1616

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for the

EYE, EAR, NOSE and THROAT

Minahan Building

Phone 45

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DR. F. W. OLDS

Osteopath

Hours:

10 to 12 A. M.

2 to 5 P. M.

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DRS. FAIRFIELD, BARTRAN & COMPANY CLINIC BUILDING — GREEN BAY, WIS.

DR. W. E. FAIRFIELD
Surgery

DR. W. E. LEAPER
Obstetrics, Diseases of Women,
Heart and Lungs

DR. R. L. COWLES
Diseases of Children
Skin, Kidney and Bladder



DR. J. J. ROBB
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Hours:

8:30 to 11:45 A. M.

1:15 to 5:00 P. M.

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CANCERS BRIGHTS DISEASE
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80 per cent. of all cases of Tuberculosis in all its forms can be cured by the "Creosoted Steam Treatment" as given by the Inhalatorium, augmented by the "Ray Treatment" of a 2000 Candle Power Theapeutic Lamp, the greatest Germicido known.

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DR. GERALD J. MORTELL
DENTIST



Suite 600, Minahan Bldg.

Phone 1423

Green Bay, - Wis.

Phone 112

DR. J. J. GILLING
DENTIST

Suite 604, Minahan Bldg.

Hours: 9 to 12, 1:30 to 5

Evenings by Appointment

Green Bay, - Wis.

DR. W. T. SMITH
DENTIST



Phone 183

1209 Main St., over Gill's Clothing Store

DR. L. F. O'CONNOR
DENTIST



308 Minahan Bldg.

Phone 179

Green Bay, Wis.

DR. J. B. O'HORA
Dentist



Hours:

9 to 12 A. M.

1 to 5 and 7 to 8 P. M.

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Young College Men's Clothes

*Correct to the Most Pleasing Degree
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MANY NEW EXCLUSIVE
"CONTINENTAL"
MODELS FOR SUMMER



YOUR new Summer Suit to be absolutely correct in style and fabric should come from *The Continental*. They have a distinction in every line. The models not only represent artistic merit but enjoy a degree of exclusive quality which a young man cannot expect to find in clothes, except at *The Continental*.

Buy wisely and well from a genuinely reliable establishment which extends excellent clothes and pleasant interested service to the Young Fellow.

Practice economy by selecting from one of these reasonable prices -

\$15.00 - \$20.00 - \$25.00 - \$30.00 - \$35.00

SMART CAPS—Correct to the most pleasing degree and distinction in every detail. Speedwell and Diamond are the smart idea in caps for the young fellow this summer. Sold exclusively here at **\$1.50 and \$2.**

SWELL SHIRTS— We present for your approval some exclusive designs and tasteful novelties in Shirts of class. The extreme new novelties of course are silks, ours have silk collars to match. Novelty Shirts at **\$1.50 to \$7.00**

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225 Main St. Green Bay, Wis.

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PASSENGER CARS

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W. H. ST. JOHN, Proprietor

316-318 N. JEFFERSON ST.

SAGER-BRUNNER JULEY SHOE CO.
SHOES FOR YOUNG MEN
AND WOMEN



:: :: :: 314 NORTH WASHINGTON STREET :: :: ::

Thos. E. Howlett

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Geo. Stenger & Son

CHOICE
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Do You Want a Position?

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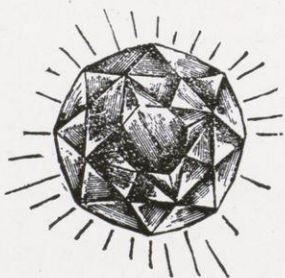
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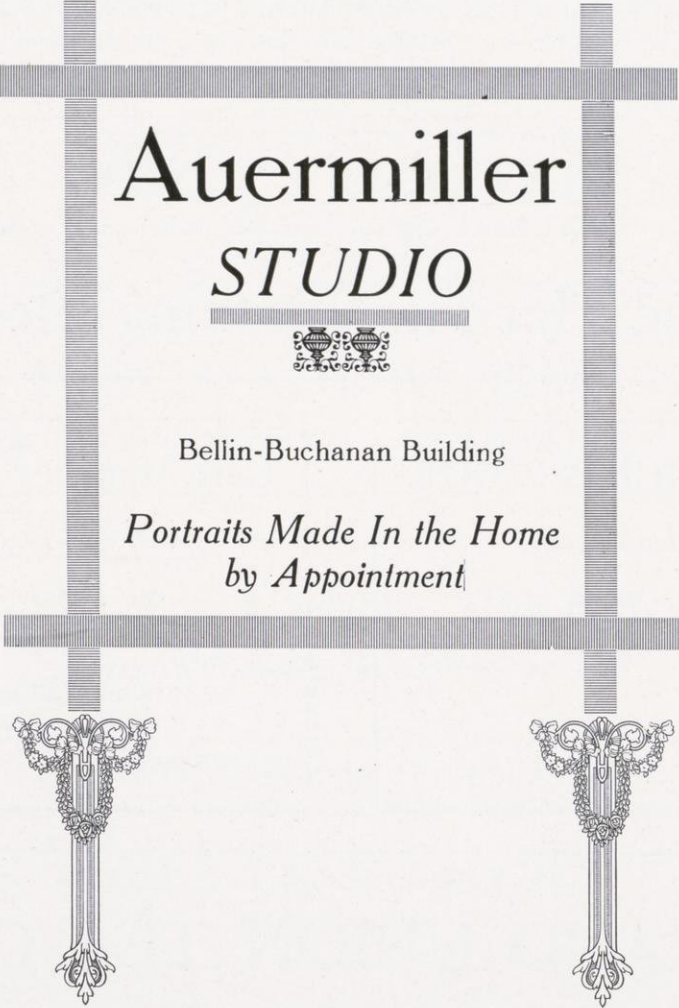
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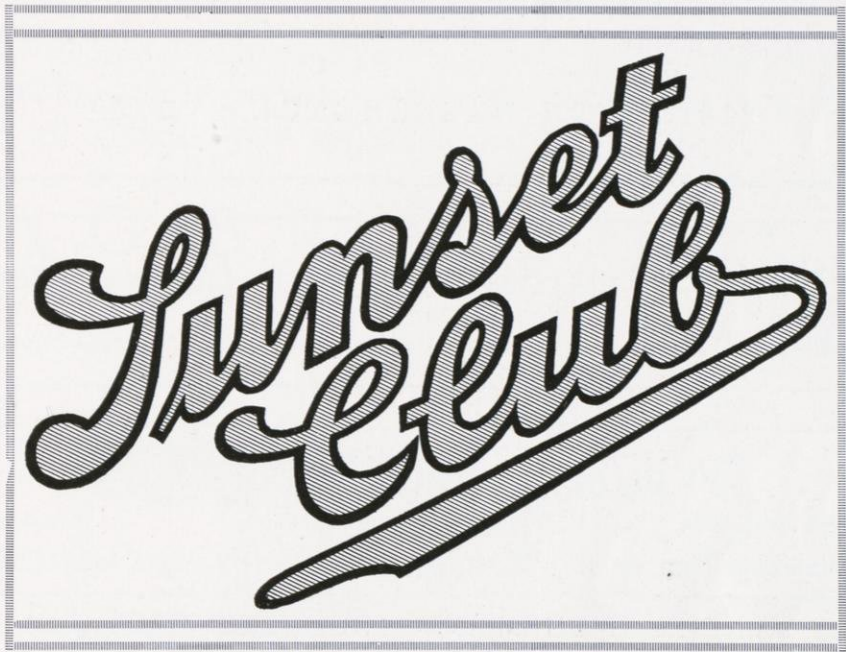
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