



LIBRARIES

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN-MADISON

The Aeroplane: commencement. 1912

Green Bay, Wisconsin: [s.n.], 1912

<https://digital.library.wisc.edu/1711.dl/CIKQC3ZPCVW7W8F>

Based on date of publication, this material is presumed to be in the public domain.

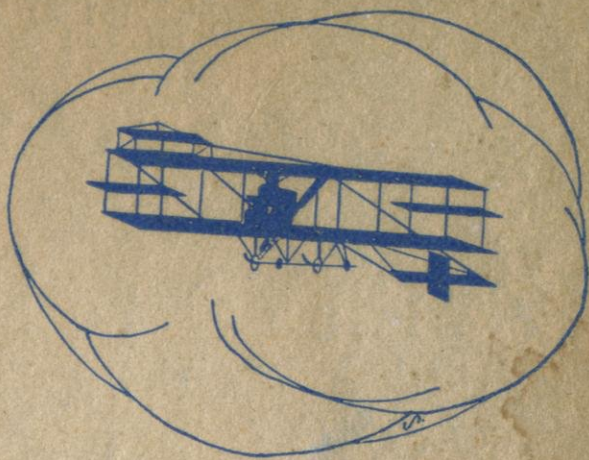
Original material owned by Brown County Public Library.

For information on re-use see:

<http://digital.library.wisc.edu/1711.dl/Copyright>

The libraries provide public access to a wide range of material, including online exhibits, digitized collections, archival finding aids, our catalog, online articles, and a growing range of materials in many media.

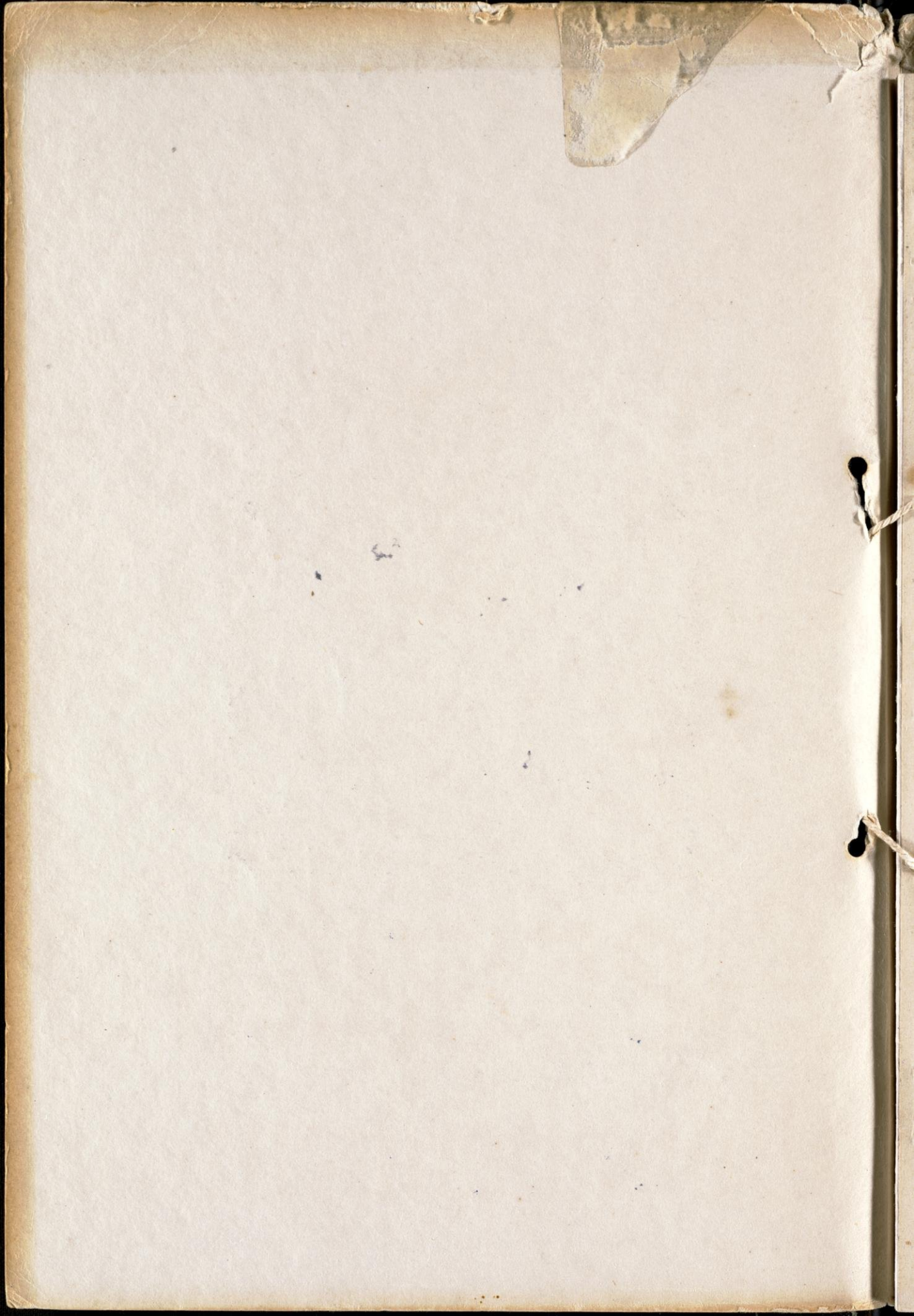
When possible, we provide rights information in catalog records, finding aids, and other metadata that accompanies collections or items. However, it is always the user's obligation to evaluate copyright and rights issues in light of their own use.



The

Aeroplane
Commencement

897



Dedicated
to the
Class
of Nineteen
Hundred
Twelve



WE don't care whether you're dark or light, tall or short, lean or fat; there's an L System Suit that'll bring a smile to your face — a twinkle to your eye.

THE L SYSTEM

Clothes for Young Gentlemen

are styled expressly for young fellows who have their own ideas about what they should wear.

They're really wonderful. They're flooded with the features you'll like. They're tailored with great skill.

If you've been "in wrong" on clothes, "get right" this time. Get THE L SYSTEM. See them, *anyway*. We'll not fight if you don't care to purchase.

Copyright
THE L SYSTEM

\$15.00 to \$30.00

THE
CONTINENTAL
CLOTHING CO.

FOR COLLEGE MEN

DR. IRA M. MARTIN

PRACTICE LIMITED TO
EYE, EAR, NOSE AND THROAT.

GLASSES FITTED

Both Phones

:-:

Minahan Building

Dr. Charles B. Rich

DENTIST

116 N. Washington Street

GREEN BAY,

WIS.

DR. C. O. GAGE

DENTIST

Wilner Building

Honest work at honest prices

Office over Cooke's hardware

DR. O. C. RATHER

DENTIST

DR. H. P. RHODE
SURGEON

Special Attention To
Diseases of Children

Office Hours:-10 to 12 a. m., 2 to 5 p. m.
7 to 8 p. m.

OFFICE over W. D. COOKE'S

Hardware Store. :-: Both Phones 723

THE SHERWOOD

THE SPIRIT OF GOOD
SERVICE AND THE
FACILITIES TO
PRODUCE

FIRST-CLASS CAFE AND
BUFFET IN CON-
NECTION.
EUROPEAN PLAN. RATES
REASONABLE

C. TOOHEY, Prop.



When you have a longing for the most delicious Soda and Ice Cream combinations, you will be more than satisfied with those we serve.

THE CORNER DRUG STORE

HOLZER & NEVEU

Washington and Pine Streets

VAN LEE

LAUNDRY

120 N. Adams Street

High Grade Hand Laundry

Shirts, 10c Collars, 2½c
Cuffs, 5c Underwear 7c

Laundry called for and
delivered

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

LIFE and ENDOWMENT INSURANCE

NORTHWESTERN MUTUAL
LIFE INSURANCE CO.

FARLE MURRAY, District Manager.

MINAHAN BLDG.

**LET YOUR RENT
PAY FOR A
HOME!**



Why continue paying rent when we can furnish you the money with which to build, and you can repay us the same as paying rent? Did you ever stop to think what a nice home you could OWN with the money you have paid out in RENT? Think it over—then come to us and let us explain how we can help you own a home.

Union Building Loan and Saving Association

116 WASHINGTON STREET

IF YOU WANT
TO-SAVE-TIME AND GET
EXPERT SERVICE
ENROLL IN

Green Bay Business College

BUSINESS COURSE- 8 MONTHS
SHORTHAND COURSE-7 MONTHS

IN SESSION ALL SUMMER
ENROLL AT ANY TIME

CATALOG FREE

Jorgensen-Blesch Co.

Graduation Gifts

YOU'LL find hundreds of useful gifts at the Big Store, and all are reasonably priced too.

BOOKS-See our large line-Third Floor. Fans, Gloves, Hand Bags, Jewelry, Perfumes, Pennants, Pillow Tops, Etc.

DRESSES-The June Graduate will find a most complete showing, second floor.

Graduation Gifts

Graduation Gifts

Grunert
JEWELER

210 N. WASH. ST.
GREEN BAY, WIS.

Graduation Gifts

Graduation Gifts.

YOU CAN PAY MORE
MONEY BUT YOU CAN
BUY NO BETTER

COFFEE

THAN

SUN-SET CLUB

IMPORTED, ROASTED AND
PACKED BY

JOANNES BROS. CO.

GREEN BAY, WIS.

Hoxey-Moxey, Razzle-Dazzle

BIFF! BOOM! BAH!

THE

C. Reis Coal Co.

RAH! RAH! RAH!

We Announce

Our

June Clearance Sale

**Special Reductions Thruout Entire
Stock Young Lady!**

**If You Miss Attending This Sale
We Both Lose Noney.**

WE LEAD THEM ALL



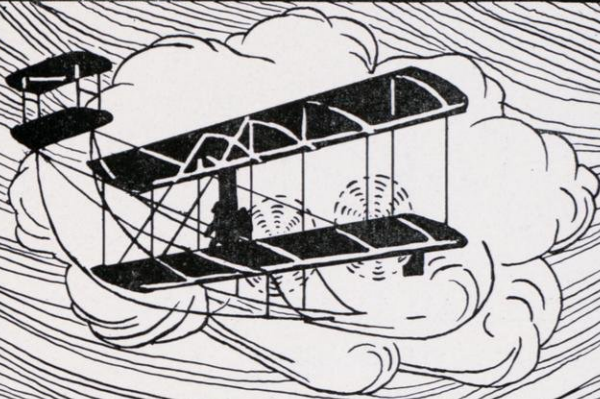


TABLE OF CONTENTS

	Page
Faculty	13
Graduating Class	14
Statistics	33
Class Prophecy	34
Class Will	37
A Farewell	39
Lucile	40
Messages of Nature	47
Ben's Letters	48
Farewell of the Senior	53
Vision of Nothing	54
What it Meant	57
To the New from the Old Staff	58
Never Again	59
Editorial	61
Athletics	64
Clubs and Societies	76
Locals	78
Humor	80

H.S. WENDELS.



Dr. Jos. J. Bellin

EYE, EAR, NOSE AND THROAT
GLASSES FITTED

Both Phones

320 N. Washington St.

Soquet Block

PECARD & KASS

EXCLUSIVE MILLINERY AND

ART NEEDLEWORK

212 EAST WALNUT STREET

Bell Phone 115

GREEN BAY, WISCONSIN



PROF. L. LINDENBERG

INSTRUCTOR OF DANCING

Private lessons given at my Studio, Corner
Main and Monroe.

Any Hour, Day or Evening. Both Phones

Dancing School and Socials will reopen in Sep-
tember at K. P. Hall.

(Ladies admitted by invitation only.)

Phone 987

MODEL LAUNDRY

RIGHT NOW

The Cleaning of Straw Hats a Specialty

The Aeroplane

PUBLISHED BY THE EAST HIGH STUDENTS

GREEN BAY, WIS.

JUNE, 1912

Vol. III



Number 8

Editorial Staff

Editor-In-Chief..... MAX ROSEMAN

Advisor MR. REAM

Literary

AGNES GRIFFIN

MARY ENGEL

Athletic and Alumni
ABE ROSENTHAL

Exchange
HARRIET THURMAN
HAZEL KURZ

Local and Personal
HAROLD WINTER

Art

HENRY WENDELS

Business Staff

General Manager ANDREW LENT

Circulation Manager..... REYNOLDS NORTH

Advertising Solicitors

LOUIS DONNER

JOHM THURMAN

LOUIS VAN ERMAN

HERBERT WEBSTER

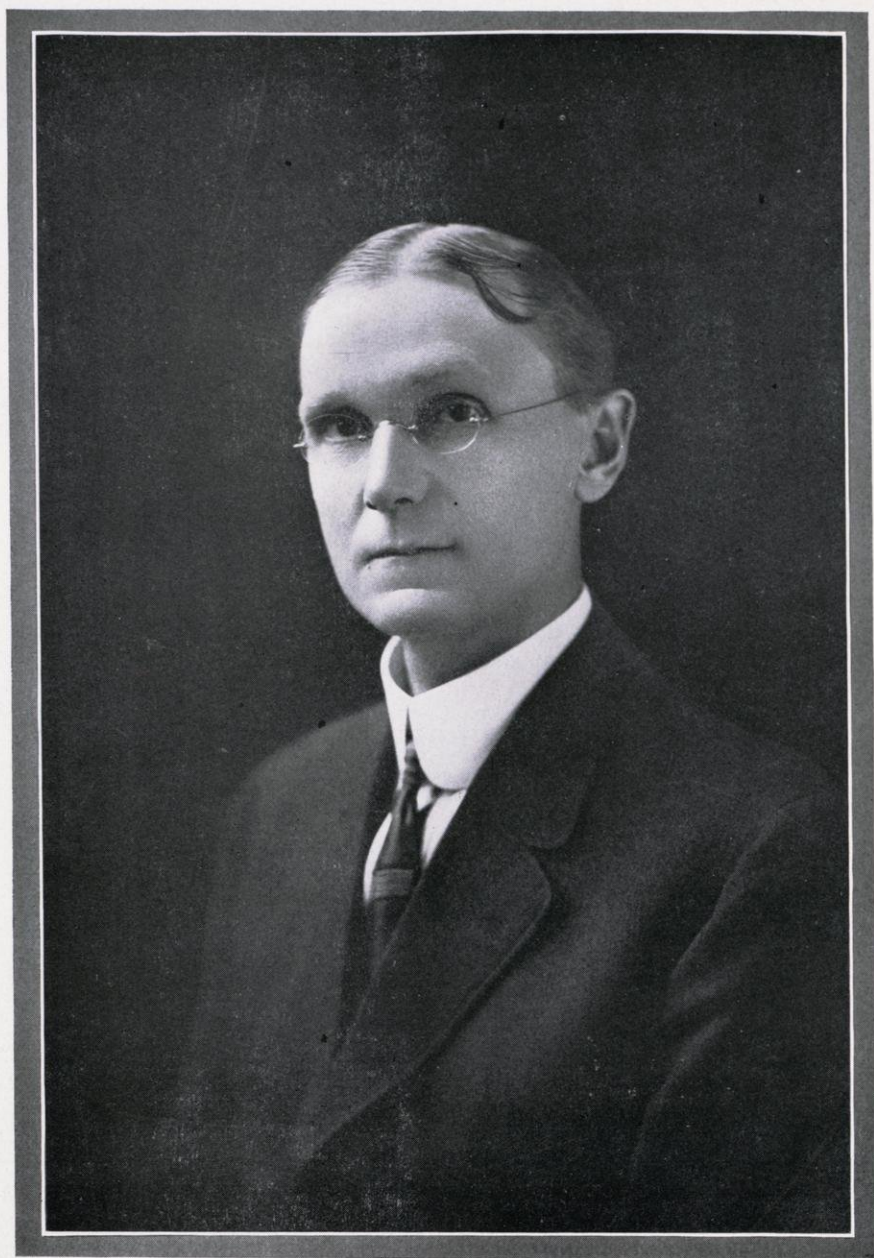
Reporters

Senior
Mary McGrath
Fred Van Deuren

Junior
Laura Dickey
Albert Nockerts

Sophomore
Josephine Cowles
Harold Quigley

Freshmen
Mary Slaughter
Henry Brett



W. T. REAM. PRINCIPAL

Faculty.

Prin. Wm. T. Ream,

American History and Civics.

Beloit College, Yale University.

"A square deal is what I give; A square deal I ask in return."

Minnie H. Kelleher, History.

I'll be good to you if you'll be good to me; otherwise beware."

Certrude Gibbons, Algebra.

Whitewater Normal.

"Fair in appearance, thought and action."

Lydia Brauns, Latin and German.

Chicago University.

"She may be stern but kind withal."

John E. Coonen, Science.

Wisconsin University.

"Tall and stately but a boy when among boys."

Mary Agnes Fitzsimmons, English.

Minnesota University.

"I'm Irish in more ways than one and I'm proud of it."

Amanda Helen Schuette,

Shorthand and Bookkeeping.

Gregg School.

"With main strength does she make a business man of the most unpractical."

Eessie Medd,

Ancient History and English.

Lawrence College.

"It's hard for me to reprove the bad boys. They're innocent and mean no harm, I'm sure."

Don Pettit Birdsall, Geometry.

Oshkosh Normal.

"Respect for women is what I demand above all things."

Mary C. Black, English.

Oshkosh Normal.

"Of her it can be truly said: 'A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance.'"

Louise Zobel, Science.

Ripon College.

"She frowns—but soon the frown vanishes, and she smiles and blushes."

Charles W. Byrnes, Manual Training.

Stout Institute.

"Short in stature but long of deeds."

Nona Vandenbrook, Shorthand.

Greeg School.

"She looks gentle, it is true, but can be stern when occasion demands it."

Carolyn Hazel Handt, Latin.

Wisconsin University.

"We often wonder how one of her care-free demeanor can instill the conjugation of Latin verbs into the minds of Freshmen."

Graduating Class



Harold Winter

"So young and yet so wise withal."



Dorothy Becker

"Playful blushes that seem'd nought
Put luminous escapes of thought."



Earl Skogg

"Gee, I wish I would have started in athletics
when I was a Freshman."

Leulah Monk

"Let cheerfulness on happy fortune wait
And give not thus the counter-time to fate."



Calvin Grossheusch

"If smiles precede a honeymoon,
No wedding bells for me."



Ellen Gibson

'Tis easily seen by this fair maiden's look
She never feels at home without a book.





Rupert Kapp

"Mother said I would be a great man some day—maybe President."



Mammie Van Kessel

"She said, or right, or wrong, what came into her head."



Lewis Donner

"If speech were golden he would be a millionaire."

Vivian Donovan

"Love is not to be reason'd down, or lost
In high ambition."



Fred Spude

"Never mind the expenses, we have lots of
'em."



Hope Smith

"Meet then the senior, far renown'd for
sense
With rev'rent awe, but decent confidence."





John Vickman

"When I said I would die a bachelor I did not think I would live till I married."



Maud Barth

"Every gate is thronged with suitors."



Bernard Gueinzus

"A jester he, a jolly jester, too."

Hazel Kurz.

Her every tone is music's own, like those of morning birds.



Herbert Webster

"I'm satisfied because I'm just like me."



Eleanore Bardouche

"Fair tresses, man's imperial race ensnare,
And beauty draws us with a single hair."





Lloyd Outland

"Yea, his tongue needeth lubrication."



Maelinda Shunk

"Airy, fairy, dainty, sprite
Studios always? Well, not quite."



Lew Coffeen

"Silence is the most perfect herald of joy."

Josie Cannard

"The cherriest ray along our way
Is the little act of kindness."



Ted Gavin

"Hair never made the athlete."



Myrtle Bardouche

"Thou hast no faults, or I no faults can spy
Thou art all beauty, or all blindness I."





George Schwartz

"Handsome and square—good night."



Raymond Jordan

"He would have done things for East High if the Faculty had let him."



Marvin Stephenson

"I'm not in the roll of common men."

Agnes Griffin

"Of all those arts in which the wise excel,
Nature's chief masterpiece is writing well."



Philip Desnoyers

"He knows a thing or two."



Pearl Evraets

"The sweetest cordial we receive at last
Is conscience of our virtuous actions past."





Reyolds North

"The emptiness of words."



Eleanore Schilling

"She had no time to sport away the hours
All must be in earnest in a world like ours."



Max Roseman

"Poets have the undoubted right to claim
If not the greatest, the most lasting name."

Ermina Bersie

"Well, may your hearts believe the truths I
tell
'Tis virtue makes the bliss wherever we
dwell."



Leland Joannes

"My complexion will always get me a job."



Clare Smith

"From some she cast her modest eyes below
At some her gazing glances roving flew."





Abe Rosenthal

"How will we get along without you."



Mayme Sullivan

' Laugh and the school laughs with you,
Weep and you weep alone."



Andrew Lent

"The world knows nothing of its greatest
men."

Arleen Feidler

"Talk as you will of taste, my friend, you'll
find
Two of a face, as soon as of a mind."



George Bodar.

"He gets a brain throb once in a while."



Beulah Monk

"Oh! happiness of sweet retired content!
To be at once secure and innocent."





Gerald Hoeffel

"The girl that gets me is lucky."



Clarence Noble

"The girls think him bashful."



Kenneth Hoeffel

"Memory is the thing I forget with."

Hazel Streckenbach

"Her sunny ringlets round her
A golden cloud had made."



Lee Graves

"I'm going to do what I please."



Hazel Huntington

"So young, so simple was she, yet
She scarce could childhood's joys forget."





Henry Wendels

"I'll tell a story."



Anna Marie LeClair

"Graceful to sight, and elegant to thought
The greatest are vanquish'd, and the wise
are taught."



Roland Martin

"Life's a serious proposition—Girls too."

Ida Meister

"Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace
To silence envious tongues."



Carl Wendels

"I have the nerve to fuss, but not the incli-
nation."



Emma Tees

"I who at some times spend, at others
spare
Divided between carelessness and care."





Clarence Duchateau

"Give me eighty acres and a plow and I'll
plow my way to success."



Maud Feldhausen

"Her lovers' names in order to run o'er,
The girl took breath full thirty times and
more."



Fred Van Deuren

"Small in stature but of great capacity"

Statistics of the Class of 1912

These statistics of the illustrious class of 1912 are written as true facts. Of course some of the measurements and weights were hard to find out and especially the ages of some of the girls. But here are the main points of excellence, and unexcellence of the Senior class of 1912:

The combined weight is 7,408 pounds. This is nearly four tons so you can see for yourself what a valuable class this is when it is said that man is worth his weight in gold. The average weight of each Senior is 131 pounds.

The height of the Senior class, if standing on top of each other, is 344 feet. This is three-fifths as high as the Washington monument.

Herbert Webster, who boasts that he must stoop to go under a six-foot door, is the tallest member of the class. Our giantess is Mary McGrath, who is gross in more ways than one. Mary is 5 feet, 10 inches tall.

The entire Senior class if huddled together would cover an area whose circumference would be 2710 inches or 226 feet. This is over twice the circumference of the largest tree in the world.

The combined age of the class is 1,074 years.

If one person could have had all of these years added onto his life he would have been born about 200 years after Charlamagne was crowned emperor of Rome.

The class of 1912, all holding hands would reach 360 feet or 55 feet farther than the height of the Statue of Liberty.

The shining lights of the class number two. They are Hazel Streckenbach and Abe Rosenthal (who is sometimes known by the name Rosy Abenthal). There are 12 blondes, 45 brunettes and one auburn.

We could neither estimate nor discover the senior-girl member of the class as it was a kind of a difficult question to ask. The honors among the girls are equally divided for the youngest, Clare Smith and Pearl Evreats both being born on the same day. They are 16 years old. The youngest boy member is John Harold Winter, who is the same age as Clare and Pearl.

We have a great many other noteworthys in this wonderful class such as: "The Greatest 'Fusser' in the world"—George Schwartz. "The Most Wonderful Talker in the Universe"—Clarence DuChateau. "The Man With the Most Understanding"—Reynolds North. (He wears No. 9's.) "The Slim Princess"—Vivian Donovan. "The Human Graphophone"—Pearl Evreats. "The 500-pounder"—Bernard Gueinzus. (He's getting thinner now!!—anti-fat?.) "The Ladies' Man"—Ted Gavin. And last but not least, "The Wild Man from Borneo"—Rupert Kapp.

Of course these are not all the wonderful curiosities that this illustrious class possesses, but these are the chief ones. We think that from these statistics and facts about the class and members of the class, that the gentle reader can gather that there never was a class like the glorious class of 1912 and there surely never will be.

Class Prophecy

It is the year 1942. The Alumni Association of the East High school has just held its annual meeting. For years it has flourished and so thrifty is its present financial condition, that it is now possible to edit a record published in thirty-six volumes, and bound in Morocco leather, an ornament to any library. The object is to furnish a complete record of the whereabouts and occupations of all its members, from the year of the school's organization. Representatives have been appointed from each class, to gather the necessary statistics from among their classmates.

It has been our privilege to gather the required data for the class of 1912, and from all corners of the earth come replies to our questionings. However, as many are still in Green Bay, we have first compiled the statistics concerning them. Some are connected with old East High, about which a few words of explanation may be necessary at this point.

The fact that the city has grown so rapidly northward that its limits now reach what was Point Comfort, made it necessary to locate the school at a more nearly central point. It was ascertained, by a committee for that purpose, that what was formerly Bay View Beach was about the best location obtainable. The present school covers an area of four hundred acres, with many outlying experimental farms and stations.

At the head of the experimental farm is Leland Joannes, called "The Gentleman Farmer." We know our schoolmates will not be surprised at this, as Leland always showed a tendency toward farming. 'Tis not a surprise to many that Lewis Donner, who, in good old school days, was such a stargazer, is now the professor in the astronomical observatory; but who would guess that Bernard Gueinzus would be the Professor of Divinity in the Theological school now connected with old E. H. S.?

The Domestic Science course has at last after twenty-five years of tedious waiting, become a part of the East High School curriculum, and Maude Feldhausen, at its head, is an emblem of domestic thrift. So busy is she that she finds no time to attend the many social functions which crave her presence. Who would have thought that thirty years could bring such a change in the state of affairs?

One of the most successful and useful departments in the school course is the nautical and life-saving station. Abe Rosenthal, an instructor in this branch, is the beacon who lights many a floundering youth from the cruel rocks of failure, to the quiet harbor of success. We can all remember that Abe was the shining light in his classes when we were schoolkids.

The Aeroplane factory in connection with the school, is now turning out forty machines a day. This division is superintended by Max Roseman, who, as you will remember, made our "Aeroplane" a high-flyer in the old days.

The school has not only aimed to aid our children mentally and physically, but has also established a hospital for sick or stray ani-

mals. This hospital is under the care and direction of Eleanor Bardoucae, and it is truly pathetic to see her, as she walks from one room to another, taking care of her invalids, for there is always a tear in her eye, and a sob in her voice, when she sees their suffering.

Due to Prof. Kenneth Hoeffel's advice, Duck Creek has been changed in its course, and in the old bed they are panning the sand for gold. Very valuable nuggets have been found—one weighing 46 2-3 pounds. This work is being done in connection with the mining department.

Other improvements, too numerous to mention, have been instituted in the new building, so we must tell of our other classmates who are at work in remoter fields.

The old "Jay-Are" is now a theatre covering an acre of three square blocks, and Clarence Du Chateau, who owns the building, has billed many good shows this winter. One night, last week, while the "Casey Jones Company" was playing here, we saw Anna Marie Le-Clair in "He Married Her Money" or "A Modern Mother-in-Law." When the curtain went up, on the first act, who should greet our eyes but Dorothy Becker, Hazel Kurz, and Carl Wendels! Who would think that our old class-play artists should be starring in the great "Casey Jones Company?"

Of course, all of our readers remember Mayme Sullivan. Her engagement has just been announced to the son of a wealthy hair-pin manufacturer.

Eleanor Schilling and Ellen Gibson are now in Northern Siberia. They are heading the Salvation Army movement in that place, with Hope Smith and Ida Meister as assistants.

Irene Reilly, who has lately been studying the Irish language in Dublin, has just completed a highly polished translation of that world-famous book, "Captain Lee," into Irish.

Senator Philip Desnoyers and his pretty wife, formerly a classmate passed thru Green Bay on their way from St. Louis to Washington. How well we remember their love of high society in the old days of E. H. S.

Beulah and Lula Monk are nurses of note in the "Mercy Hospital" of New York, and their gentle manners, if we remember rightly, at school, well qualify them for the position.

Emma Tees and Pearl Evraets are suffragette lecturers in Iceland, and from recent newspaper reports we learn that Pearl is running for president of that republic.

Ermina Bersie's gentle ways and quiet manner, fitted her for a deaconess, and she is now head deaconess in a sanatorium which accommodates 860 persons.

Mamie Van Kessel has become a nun, and her schoolmates will not be surprised when we tell them that she leads a quiet, secluded life. She was ever a quiet body.

Myrtle Bardouche, now Mrs. R——n, is a leader in San Francisco society, and we are glad to say that it is as we surmised all along. So sociable a body as Myrtle does not long remain in obscurity.

Josie Cannard, who in our old school days was so meek and mild,

T H E A E R O P L A N E

has become a successful business woman, and from a late report, we hear she has established a matrimonial bureau, and guarantees to marry one in three days.

John Vickman, Henry Wendels, George Schwartz, Lloyd Outland, Fred Spude and Harold Winter are promoters of "The Trans-continental and International Aeroplane Line."

Raymond Jordan, Ted Gavin, Chet Noble and Rupert Kapp have organized a "Bachelors' Club," as they had not the courage to utter the momentous question. No change has come to them in this respect since high school days, for don't you remember we all often wondered why boys so handsome and noble were so shy.

Lew Coffeen is now perfecting plans for a wireless telegraph system, which will enable us to talk to people on the planet, Mars.

Edmund Burke is now an officer in the navy, and as such has won great honor.

George Bodart and Calvin Gossuescoh are on their way to St. Petersburg, Russia, where they will participate in the Olympia games. For the last fifteen years they have carried off many of the honors. How proud we all are that these boys graduated with the class of '12 and as members of that class, if memory serves us rightly, they were athletes of great promise in the old days.

Not long ago we met Andrew Lent on the street. One would never know Andrew, so changed is he. His face, once flushed with hopeful youth is now worn and weary. Poor Andrew! the old gay look is gone, for sleep has little communion with him. They say he is writing a dictionary while the day permits, and by the light of the tallow candle, he sits writing up the old unfinished Physic's Experiments. Our readers will remember how Andrew worked at E. H. S. and how our timely warnings were forgotten in the inevitable snooze which he took daily.

Marvin Stephenson is now an architect of note, having taken a degree in Brussels very lately.

Reynolds North and Fred Van Deuren are now surveying the North Pole region, and from their letters, are having a hard time in completing their work, as there is usually a gathering of natives who insist on coming to view the latest styles in gentlemen's clothing.

Arleen Fiedler and Vivian Donovan are private secretaries to President Martin, elected on a socialist ticket. Our old classmates will all remember what lofty ambitions Roland had.

The reply coming from Agnes Griffin now a resident of Russia, informed us of her late appointment by the Czar as "Poet Laureate"; and she announced her engagement at this time to a Russian nobleman. Her entire letter was in poetry.

Hazel Huntington and Clare Smith are the wives of wealthy Wyoming ranchers, and are leading the lives they have long wished for.

The achievements of all our former classmates have soared beyond our highest expectations, and we are proud to submit this report.

M. F. M. & C. T. S.

Class Will

We, the Senior Class of the East High School, City of Green Bay, County of Brown, State of Wisconsin, realizing that the time allotted to us as students and classmates in the aforesaid school is rapidly drawing to a close, and being of sound mind and memory, do make, publish and declare this our last will and testament, hereby revoking all former wills, bequests, and devices by us made.

Firstly:

We wish to extend to our late principal, Prof. W. O. Brown, our present one, Prof. W. T. Ream, and the members of the faculty, our most cherished possession,—the respect and good will of all, which they have inherited through their close connection with us during our High school career. We also wish to give them our gratitude, in partial exchange for the time and patience they have spent in our behalf.

Secondly:

We give, will, and bequeath to 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.

Thirdly:

In allowing the mantle of Senior dignity to fall upon the shoulders of the gay and deboniar Juniors, we are somewhat in doubt as to their ability to stand the excessive strain thus placed upon their nerves and muscles, but sincerely hope they will rise to the occasion, as they sometimes can.

We also relinquish to them the right of occupying the much coveted back seats in the assembly room; together with a numerous supply of note-books, test papers and Physics laboratory manuals, which we are certain will increase their perplexities in the time of sorest need.

Fourthly:

To the Sophomores and Freshmen we jointly give, will, and bequeath an honored possession—the ability of our Senior football men with the advice to use it, in common with the large amount belonging to the Juniors in developing another laurel-winning team for East High next year.

Fifthly:

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.

Sixthly:

To the “Aeroplane” staff we extend hearty wishes for a successful year, believing that, in following the policy of good judgment and management which has been shown in the past, and receiving the cooperation of the student body in the future, they will be enabled to keep the “Aeroplane” flying in a manner which will reflect naught but credit upon the school.

T H E A E R O P L A N E

Seventhly:

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

Item I. Harold Winter's, Fred Van Deuren's and Rupert Kapp's supply of cast-off knee pants to the incoming freshies.

II. A lock of Abe Rosenthal's photogenic, cranial vegetation to Mr. Coonen, to be used instead of standard candles in the Physics' laboratory.

III. Volume X. of Clarence DuChateau's autobiography entitled, "Trials and Tribulations Undergone During My Long Quest for a Diploma," to the school library.

IV. Any good book on "Vegetarianism" to Gladys R., as a help to her in resisting her love for Bacon.

V. Pearl's talkative disposition to Winifred Williams.

VI. Lew Coffeen's popularity with the fair sex to Paul Le Clair; with a foreboding that he will overdo this privilege.

VII. Andrew Lent's notoriety as a noctivagant excursionist to Winifred Erdmann.

VIII. The co-partnership existing under the name of "Hazel Kurz and Hazel Streckenbach" to Hazel Larsen and Ruth Findeisen.

IX. Raymond's and Clarence's genial smiles to Laura Dickey.

X. Maude Feldhausen's coquettish ways to Winifred Gibson.

XI. Edmund Burke's nervous disposition to Norris Brett.

XII. Calvin G.'s translation of "Frederick Barbarosa" from the German to Miss Kelleher.

XIII. Roland Martin's tendency toward parsimoniousness to Wm. DeCock.

XIV. Agnes Griffin's use of paronomasia to future aspirants for poetical honors.

XV. Louis Donner's alchemical knowledge to be engraved on a pin head.

XVI. Kenneth Hoeffel's perspicacity to Albert Nockerts.

XVII. Reynold's recently acquired skill as prestidigitator, to Harry O'Neil.

XVIII. The philomathy shown by Eleanor Schilling and Ellen Gibson to the Sophomores.

XIX. To Saint Cecelia, we entrust Dorothy Becker's future.

XX. Henry Wendel's pugnacious nature to Oswald Eckhardt.

XXI. Mary McGrath's contumaciousness to oblivion.

XXII. John Vickman's convincing form of argument to be incorporated into a petition for that much-needed gymnasium.

XXIII. Fred Spude's habit of strabismus, caused by lack of sleep, to Milton Smith.

XXIV. The order maintained at Senior class meetings to the senate, as a model for quiet and speedy legislation.

We do hereby constitute and appoint the president of the Junior class executor of this, our last will and testament.

In Witness Whereof we have hereto set our hand and seal, this 21st day of June, A. D. 1912.

Signed—————Class of 1912.

The foregoing instrument was signed, sealed, published and declared by the said Senior Class of the East High School, as and for their last will and testament, in the presence of us, who, at their request, in their presence, and in the presence of each other, have hereto subscribed our names as attesting witnesses; and said class was then of sound and disposing mind and memory.

Drawn up by Class Attorney.

H. L. W., '12.

Witnesses:

o

A Farewell

At last the day we've long desired has seen its dawn and yet
Our joy is not quite unalloyed; 'tis tinged with fond regret.
We're glad we're through, but still that word "farewell" is hard to say;
To our beloved and honored school, the school we leave today.

But though we leave, we'll bear with us the memory so sweet
Of happy days spent here, when time sped by with flying feet;
For all too short the past four years to most of us now seem—
They've passed as quickly as a bright and pleasant dream.

Yet Learning's hill was hard to climb and knowledge not acquired
As easily or rapidly as we might have desired,
But ready hands with kindly care soon helped to smooth the way
And to our teachers one and all, we give our thanks today.

Our thanks and our good wishes for success in future days,
Esteem and warm affection, and words of earnest praise,
And instead of growing fainter with the years to come, we know
These feelings will increase with time and warmer, brighter grow.

To each dear classmate who with us has borne the toil and strife,
And cheered with many a joke or jest the past four years of life,
We give a fond farewell; for now each wends a different way,
Our paths diverge, perhaps fore'er, on this eventful day.

And to our friends who stay, we also say goodbye,
And beg while here they will uphold the honor of East High.
We leave it in their hands and hope they will increase her fame;
Farewell, our dear beloved school; all blessings in your name.

AGNES GRIFFIN, '12.

o



Futile

I looked a last farewell at the poor victims on board, and jumped with many others as the ship made its final plunge. When I came to the surface—oh, what a dreadful scene of gasping humanity battling in vain against the Grim Reaper; the despairing shrieks of the drowning, and the heart-rending prayers—how awful! How weak is the power of man when striving with the elements!

I swam. I knew not whither only that I was departing from the scene of horror and that alone was a comparative blessing. My past experience told me that I could keep afloat for a good many minutes, and so I swam. And my thoughts turned to the father, mother, and sister now, doubtless, in their watery graves, food for the fishes! Oh, God! why should I live more? But still I swam. And just as fatigue first came to me I heard what seemed the sound of breakers, and I swam toward the sound. Soon a small island appeared to my vision, and at last I found myself safe on a sandy shore and after a time I felt myself sliding into a half sleep half stuper and I wished with all my heart that I might never awake.

I opened my eyes and saw a—vision looking down at me with a gaze in which both curiosity and fright could be seen. And such a vision man never saw, and such a vision will never be seen. Not that her beauty was perfect. Fault might have been found with the too high forehead and the too pale skin. Her supreme beauty lay in her eyes,—large, brown, liquid, luminous. But how futile would be my poor attempt to do justice to them! And how they looked through one, not piercing, but rather gliding into every fibre, every recess of the brain, body and soul. What innocence, what volume of thought and feeling rested in their depths!

Her light brown hair fell in ringlets, and the sun appearing in the east wrought golden flames to spring from it and created a heavenly halo about her head. Her dress consisted of a long flowing garment of interwoven green fibrous substance which covered all

her person but the round arms that gleamed white in the sun. On her feet were sandals.

I watched her immovable, amazed, entranced. And the spell of her eyes held me, and the radiance of her hair dazzled me, and the wonder of it all appalled me, and I trembled as the thought came to me that perhaps I had already crossed the bar and the being before me was one of Paradise.

Suddenly she spoke. The sound of her voice was mellow and the music of it still lingers with me. Sweetness was intermingled with richness, and it caressed the ear and filled me with the desire to hear more and more.

And so entranced was I by the music that I heard not the words and she repeated in what struck me at once as childish accents, "Who are you? Where do you come from?"

My astonishment was increased by these words spoken in my tongue, and I was still silent and minutes passed before I answered.

I will not dwell upon the details of our first acquaintance. Their recollection brings sorrow to me. Let it suffice to know that I told her my woeful tale, and was in a measure comforted by her pitying eyes and voice. In return she related to me what was in substance the following:

Her name was Lucile. Her family name she had forgotten. Many years before when she was but a mere child—four or five years old at the most—she had gone on a sea journey with her parents. She did not remember the names of the ship or the country from which she had journeyed. The only facts distinctly in her mind was that the ship had been struck or had struck something and began sinking. Her father had immediately grasped her in his arms, jumped and swam until he reached the island, which they found luxuriant with plants and fruits.

The years following this tragic happening were very vague. They lived somehow or other on the foods in which the island abounded. The climate was warm always, and, as far as she knew, quite healthful. They had found a cave which protected them from the storms which, now and then, found their way to the island. And thus they had lived for years.

Who can imagine the wonder her story inspired in me? Here was a girl about eighteen years of age, of my race and language, who knew nothing of the world except that she had once been a part of it; who lived with her father in a state of hermitage; who spoke with a lisp and accent to be expected only of a child, and grammatical blunders which would have sounded ludicrous under other conditions. If I had heard only the words spoken and had not seen the speaker, I would have been convinced that they were issuing from the lips of a child.

In speaking to her I was forced to use the simplest language in order to make myself understood. Question after question I asked her, but she only smiled in answer and said, "Come, I will show you."

I followed her, and soon came in sight of the cave which she had previously mentioned as her home. The mouth of the cave was wide

enough to admit the entrance of sufficient sunlight and air. As I entered I noticed that it had been partitioned into several chambers by means of shrubs and plants which grew from the floor of the cave—rich black earth evidently transported from other parts of the island. The side walls were covered by creeping plants. The only furniture visible were stools and couches placed here and there consisting of stumps of trees overlaid and connected by stout limbs which were covered by thick moss. The simplicity of the chamber was as beautiful as the treasures of pure, unadulterated nature could make it, and harmonized in every way with the island and its wonderful inhabitant.

She looked at me, noticed my wonder and smiled. "It is pretty, isn't it?" she asked childishly. "I made it all myself—all myself, except my papa got the tree stumps. It took a long time—a lot of years to make it—like this." and she laughed deliciously as if very much pleased at the result, and seated herself on one of the couches.

As I gazed at the beauties of the cave, I was startled by an abrupt, gruff grunt. I turned and saw a thin, middle-sized, old man with hair white as snow, skin dark and eyes black and flashing. His only article of apparel consisted of a girdle about the waist. He was staring at me with a questioning, suspicious and antagonistic look, and his right hand rested on the lighter end of a stout club, gnarled and knotted at the other end. He looked from me to Lucile and grunted as if asking, "Who is he?"

She smiled at him. "He's a good man." she said pointing to me. "He won't hurt you or me."

Again the old man glanced at me with suspicion as though loath to take her words as the truth, but after a time he appeared somewhat assured that I did not intend any harm, though he watched my movements closely.

To my inquiring look Lucile answered: "My papa. He can't talk since it happened—since the boat sunk. He can hear, though," she added.

I looked at the old man, and from his general appearance I surmised that his wits must have given way at the same time as his power of speech.

"That is your father?" I asked.

"Yes," she answered gravely. "Come," she added, "I will show you more."

She led me out of the cave and into a splendid garden of flowers and plants. It put to shame any of those that I have since seen or which all the arts of civilization have been expended. It was a veritable Paradise: Arbors protected from the heat of the sun; twining paths over-roofed by palms; flowery pyramids; all these and more.

"Papa and me made this," she explained. "It isn't finished yet but nearly. I like it very much," she added with emphasis.

Suddenly I became aware of the fact that I was extremely hungry. I had eaten nothing since the wreck which had been early the preceeding afternoon. Upon my request she led me hurriedly back to the cave and spread before me a variety of eatables, some

of which I had never seen before but which to me seemed delicious. And as I ate I gathered more information from the wonderful Lucile.

Since the wreck she had many times noticed ships passing. The island lay in the path of an ocean highway between the continents. But as a child she could think of no way to attract their attention, and her father in his present condition seemed disinclined to again try to connect himself with the world. So that partly through fear of the consequences that might ensue, and partly because she had grown to love the beauties of her environment, she had made no attempt to let mankind know of her existence.

I told her of the world she was unacquainted with; of its joys, beauties and virtues, for I had already begun to dream of going back to it with her as my companion, and the thought of such happiness made me forget its sorrows, commonplaces, and vices, and the picture I had painted to Lucile, as I now recollect it, was of happiness only.

Thus we spent the day, and the the succeeding days, and it was not long before I had persuaded her to take the opportunity, if it came, of being rescued. And it was not many days before we devised various signals which were noticed by a passing steamer and were heeded so that we were soon welcomed on board a ship bound for New York. But the beautiful Lucile had become sad as she took leave of Crescent Island, as I had named the scene of our meeting, and even now I can see her standing at the stern of the ship, her long hair flying in the wind, her tears falling fast, her arms outstretched to the island, and her rich, pure childish voice sobbing "Good bye." Near her stood the poor, dumb, witless father looking on in helpless anguish, and around us stood our deliverers, awed at the sight. Thus was the entrance into that world which I had so extolled to Lucile accompanied with her first sorrow since the shipwreck in her childhood.

* * *

We reached New York. I was welcomed as one returned from the dead. I had no need to trouble myself over my future welfare. My father had left considerable property—enough to care for my ordinary needs. Lucile, I took to an aunt who received her with open arms, so pleased was she with her charm, as, in truth, was every one who met her. And she was sore in need of kind and comforting friends, for her father was no more. The first day on board ship he had shown signs of restlessness and gloom which even Lucile could not dispell, and though watched almost continually, he had chosen a time when for a moment no one was near to jump from the steamer. Her sorrow for him was not of the violent sort, but gentle and lasting.

And after she was safely settled with my relatives, I began to carry out my dreams which had possessed me from the first day I beheld her.

She was to be sent away to school, and when she had acquired what the world sees fit to call an education, then—

* * *

Three months passed quickly during which time I had been

parted from Lucile. I had become tired of remaining idle, and had engaged in a business enterprise which kept me from home and friends. But I had been kept aware of her whereabouts by letters, both from my aunt, and from Lucile herself. What pleasure it gave me to see at first the crude, childish outlines, which gradually changed as time went by, to a graceful style. But I was somewhat surprised by their contents. It seemed to me that I could trace a feeling of unhappiness in their very letters. The words told me, too, of disappointments and sometimes of gentle reproach. Thus:

"I have found by experience that your description of the world, its people, and institutions are not exactly as your portrait of them led me to believe. You told me of no hypocrisy, lie, deceit, and these I find in plenty.

And when I read them I could not help seeing their truth and blamed myself for not preparing her in a measure for things, which she, in her island, had never heard of and probably would not have understood had I undertaken to explain them.

I was not prepared in the least, and had no idea of what was coming next. Suddenly the letters ceased, and a foreboding came to me that all was not well with her. Distractedly I wrote to ask the reason, and the answer staggered me, though the words were not at all alarming. "Lucile is not feeling well, and has come home from school for a few days." But to think of the angelic Lucile as ill, no matter to what degree, seemed unnatural and fearful. I stood it as best I could for a few days, and then left for home.

Joyous was the greeting she gave me—joyous, with sorrow and sadness intermingled. As I looked at her reclining on the sofa, her face white with more than her usual paleness—as I looked, again came the dark thought that my dreams and ambitions were to be shattered.

"What is the matter?" I asked.

She smiled. "The doctor says 'overwork,' but I don't think so. I like to learn things. If not for my books, I'd be worse. I —."

"What is it then?" I asked again.

"Well," she answered. "I—oh—nothing. I guess I'll be all right in a few days."

But her manner had already told me that something was wrong and that the matter was not any form of bodily strain.

I went close to her. "Lucile," I said, "Lucile, if there is anything that you lack, if there is anything that you wish, you know as well as I, that I stand ready to provide you with it. I know that all is not well with you—what is it?"

I do not remember just what happened next. I know that she burst into a flood of tears, and instantly my arms were about her, and she was sobbing incoherently, almost hysterically on my shoulder.

"I can't get used to it—I just can't. I don't like your world," she sobbed, returning to her simple childish phrases which so delighted me when I first found her. "It's a disappointment, it's wicked, and I don't like it. I want to go back—back to the island

with poor simple old father; back to the cave and the gardens with father! Oh, father, father!"

And I was forced to see and hear everything! Lucile, suffering, Lucile in tears! Who can describe the intense agony that was mine?

With an effort she controlled herself, but instead of tears came sighs that rent the heart asunder. What could I say? How could I comfort her?

Long we sat in silence until she fell into a quiet slumber and I left her and pondered. And bitter were my thoughts at the world which had so disgusted my Lucile.

* * *

Days passed and still Lucile languished. Whiter grew her skin, slower her movements; but the eyes became day by day clearer and more brilliant. And now there dwelt in them such an expression of persecution and martyrdom, which told me more than words could ever tell the suffering she was undergoing. The doctors were puzzled. "A strange case" they said.

One day I entered her apartment. She seemed asleep. Minutes passed and then I heard a sigh as she awoke that thrilled me through and through. She turned toward me and smiled, but how spiritual was the smile! It frightened me, and once more the feeling of impending evil held me in its grasp. With a sudden impulse I ran to her.

"Lucile," I cried, "Your illness is killing me. For my sake as well as for your own, be brave, and I will help you face the world which you think you despise. It possesses wonders which will please you, enjoyments which you will learn to love."

Her answer was another smile, but a pitying one this time as if in depreciation of my ignorance, it drove me nearly mad, and I enjoined her by all things holy to tell me if there existed anything in this world that would dispell the melancholia which enveloped her, and was making her a shadow of her former self.

A long time she pondered as if in doubt. Then she said: "One thing," and the thought at that very instant brought back some of the color to her cheeks and a living light to her eyes. "Only one thing," she repeated, "and—oh, how hard it is to tell you this," she broke off, "You, who have been so kind to me and——"

"Go on," I commanded eagerly, "Tell me."

And she said longingly, entreatingly, "Take me back to the island, to the wild scenes of my father. That is what I must have. Take me back to remembrances of my childhood that I may die!"

"Die!" I gasped and tottered. I grasped her by the shoulders and shook her, yes, shook her. I shouted, "Don't dare to repeat that awful word, do you hear?" I stopped appalled at my action, and soon I was begging forgiveness of her on my knees. "Listen, Lucile," I proceeded after a while, "I, too, am sick of this world which has caused you such misery. I am tired of it and I must have you. I will take you where you wish, but not to die—to live as you used to live."

A few days later found us on board a ship, man and wife, bound for the island. Oh, the days of joy on board the ship—will I ever forget them? Again she was the child. Again I saw the faint glow on her cheeks; again the musical voice was joyous. Is it a wonder that at certain moments, fears came to me that such joys were impossible of lasting forever?

What happiness, what bliss, loomed up before us as the island came into view. By arrangement with the captain of the ship, we were lowered in a boat and landed. While the sailors were returning to the ship I watched Lucile. She had become a changed being. With one tug at her hair, her locks fell loosely down her back, and the transformation aroused indescribable emotions in me. When the ship at last passed from sight she became a wild thing. She ran hither and thither, picking a flower here, a plant there. She ran up to me and grasped my arm. "Come—to the cave," she said breathless and almost pulled me with her.

In a few seconds we reached it and her excitement grew intense. "The same!" she murmured. "Just the same, only a little overgrown. It'll need some trimming."

Suddenly she noticed an object on the floor. She ran to it, stooped and picked it up. I saw that she held the old, gnarled, knotted club which once belonged to her father. She became quiet, and a change came over her person which frightened me. I knew not why. All at once she broke out into a dry sob, and I heard again the cry, "Oh, father, father!" She stood up, still holding the relic. She handled it fondly and kissed it. She blanched and tottered into my arms. She grew limp, and a lifeless hue enveloped her face.

"My God!" I cried hoarsely. "What is the matter?"

But she seemed not to hear me. She opened her eyes, smiled faintly and whispered, "Father, father."

Her eyes closed; her body grew tense, and then rigid and then came Death to complete the fulfillment of her wish "Take me back to the island that I may die."

MAX ROSEMAN, '12.

—o—

Though they had never met before,
 What had she to care,
 She loved him tenderly because
 He was a 1,000,000aire.—Ex.

—o—

Message of Nature

There's a murmur on the water,
 As it sweeps in toward the land,
 And the ripples softly whisper
 While they wash upon the sand,
 And the evening breeze is sighing
 O'er, a message soft and sweet,
 Speeding over land and water
 From some lonely wild retreat.

This sweet message in the sunshine
 Brings the trees and flowers to life;
 Sends the robins in the tree-tops
 "Live and love," the breezes whisper;
 "Live and love," the robin sings.
 Searching for a feathery wife.
 "Life is love," the waters murmur,—
 Nature's message in the spring.

Still the winds and waters murmur,
 Softly sing a soothing strain;
 Still a message in the sunshine,
 And the warm life-giving rain;
 Flowers lift their heads to hear it;
 Roses drink it in the dew;
 Robin sings it to his mistress,
 Till it thrills her through and through.

"Live and work, grow stronger, better,
 Love and duty show the way;
 Broaden out, absorb the sunshine—
 While it's shining, make your lay"
 So the voice of summer calls us—
 Energy and love it brings,
 Bidding us obey the summons
 That all nature proudly sings.

Now the winds all breathe contentment,
 And caress the ripened grain,
 Blow the fruit from laden branches,
 Bathe the earth in floods of rain.
 Wind and sunshine bring the message,
 "Work is o'er, and harvest's here."
 Love and duty now reward us,
 Earth o'erflows with happy cheer.

So all nature joins in chorus,
 Giving thanks to God on high;
 Wind and water, birds and flowers
 Send their praises to the sky.
 Then there follow songs of parting—
 Geese on high their farewells call.
 Thanks for past, and hope for future,
 Nature gives us in the fall.

Now the winds sing out in glory
 Songs of majesty and power,
 And the waves join in the anthem,
 Dashing on some rocky shore.
 Nature sings, in mad abandon,
 Filled with ecstasy sublime,
 "God is mighty; sing the praises
 Of his majesty divine."

And through all this glorious hymnal,
 One true message rings supreme—
 "God is merciful; and mighty
 Is the love with which he beams."
 So in winter's winds and snow-storms,
 Nature's banner is unfurled;
 And in triumph comes the message,
 "Faith in God," to all the world.

—Mary F. McGrath.

She studied hard at college
 To gain her M. A. then
 She soon applied her knowledge
 To win her M. A. N.—Ex.

Ben's Letters

Punkincenter, Wis., Dec. 18, 1911.

Dear Joey:—

Gee, but we had fun on Hallowean, I wish you could a ben hear. You no Percy Wilkins the ministers boy, who squealed on us to old Brass Button when we swiped apples last munth ni Ope Olsons or chard, well we got even with him. I will tell you later on in this letter how we did it.

Pa and Ma went to one of those church convenshuns or whatever you call them. Well I thot I would have the house to myself and have Eddie, Tom, Roody, and Redy oaver for a Hallowean party Saturday nite, but my I wus mad when Aunt Sophia arived on the next trane to pay us a visit. I wus just in the pantry testin some of the nue oringe marmilade when the dorebell rang. I ran to the door thinking it wus one of the fellers but it wus her, and she threw her arms around me and sed, "my darling affeshunate neffew, providants surely brot me to your assesstence in your loneliness."

Things went alng fine and we had swell stuff to eat for supper that day, but she woodent let me have morn too teasyoonsful of sugar in my coffee. After supper Aunt Sophia was just asking me to help wash the dishes when the dore bell gave a long ring. Gee but she hasn't got a very strong constitushun, she gave a holler and sed, "if those new fangled elektrik bells doan't great ones nerves." Of course she ain't used to such things, you no she comes from the country.

Well Joey, it was Eddie Booser who came over to see me. We snuck up to my room as I waszent going to help wash any dishes and be like Percy. Thats why his hands are always so clean and soft. Well Eddie and me had a secret konferenece and when Eddie went home I sed to him "tell Tom Roody, Redy and Percy, Eddie sed, "We fellers'll have to raise kane and make the nite memerable or I'll be hornswoggled." "Doan't forgett 7 o'clock," I sed, "and I'll see what I kin do." As soon as I closed the dore Aunt Sophia hollered to me, "Why the idea, Benjamin Woodby, of your assowciating with that streat runner. His vocabularyrie is so full of slang and besides youd better go to bed now as it is awltogether to lait for a boy of your age to be up at this time." Well Joey I had to go to bed, as I new if I didn't she woodent let me go out Hallowean nite.

Do you remember Mike Daw, hes got some new rabbits and I went over to see em the next afternune and wen it come to be gettin 5 o'clock I went home, because Aunt Sophia sed I had to praktis on the piano afore supper, and I didn't tell Mike why I went home cause hed a-laft at me and call me a sissy.

You no that tel elektrick peeano my Pa gave my Ma last Kris-mas, the kind that can be attached to any peeano and thats invisible when it plays, well I didn't have to praktis I just turned on a swel peace by Paganinny. Of course I putt the shaydes down sos the fellers koodent see me praktisen. When I got thru playin swell peaces I says to myselve just watch me have sum fun with that peeano.

When I went to supper Aunt Sophia came in with a plait of donuts, you know that's my favorite dish, I mean the donuts and she sed, "lan sakes child I never drempt that my neffew wood becum to grate and artest. You kin thank your folks for maken you praktise."

So you kan see Joey, it worked like a charm but it got to be getting 7 o'clock and I was gettin kind of scary cause I new the fellers wer comin. I had to play a nuther peace after supper so I went in and had it play somethin solem. I think it wus a fewneral march, well, anyway, I cum back and maid beleave I was awful skared and whispered, "do you hear that doleful playin? I wus just going to play wen a spuke or sumthin misterius started in to play." "For pity sake child," she sed, "you doant mean to say that it is a ghost! theres sum tricery behind this." "Well," I sed, "perhaps Id better tell you that the gost of the grate musishun that onct lived here, an wus kild on Hallowean nite, always cums back and skers us haf to deth," and I sed, "go an look if you doant believe me," but I new the woodent do it cause she looked scared after that, just like whitewash. "There it has stoped," I sed, "perhaps its coming this way to torment us," but she didn't wait to see, cause before I new it she wus gone out the back dore.

Pretty soon Eddie an the fellers cum oaver and I told em how I skerd my ant out of the house an they all laft an Eddie, sed, "maibe she will kum back and chase us out," and I sed, "well then we'll turn on the same peace." Just then sumbudy rapt at the dore and I sed, "maibe its Percy he always raps," but the fellers sed doant be to sure. "Well," says I, "I'll turn the peace on for immergesy," but it wusent any ant came back, it wus Percy. I asked him were his beans wus an he sed, "my mama woant allou me to go on the street tormentin people with beans an she sed she wus glad it wus goin to be a house party, and that it wus very kind of your ant to give you a party spesucally when she had to do it aloan as your parents are to the convenshun." I sed, "its a very naughty thing to do to thro beans at people," and all the fellers laft except Percy.

After a wile I asked Percy if he brot the keys, Eddie tole him about as we wusy goin to unlock the chest, of fate, you no Joey they always have sumthin spukey at Hallowean peartys, but Percy sed, "I onley brot one key, my mama sed I kood onley bring the church key, because if I lost a house key some desperado wood get it and brake in our house."

Just then we herd the dore thrown open, and I herd my ants voice sayin, "rite in the parlor officier. I'll not sleep one wink in this house tonite unless some publice officer is on guard." But we fellers didn't wait to hear any more and hiked out the back dore as fast as we kood go. Some of the fellers were mad but I sed, "we kin have twice as much fun out of dores, an we kan ring dorebells and do other things," but when Percy got afrade an toll us that he had to be home at 8 o'clock so we let him go.

Then Eddie spoke up, "we awt to do sumthin to make the nite memerable. Lets play we wus kidnappers and chase after Percy an kidnap him. We kin take the church key away from him an get in

the church an look at him." So we all chased after him and kot him as he was passin the church and we toll him not to ring the bell so as to get resqued and then we loked the dore. "Lets get behind that fence where we can see the fun," sed Tommey, "I gess he'll take the hint."

At first Percy began to cry and pound on the dore but he kooden pound very hard. An ole man past the church but did not pay any attenshun to the noise. Redy wispered, "lie low fellers I gess its a detective rekonnaitering," "aw go on," said Roody, ":that's Mister Crabtree, I kan tell by his wiskers, hes as def as a parlor sofa."

"Heres were we have sum fun," sed Eddie, "hes stopped hollering an I bet hes going to ring the bell," and sure enuf, he did. Well Joey I wish you kood have been with us, in about five minutes we had the whole nayborhood out in fron of the church, and the bell kept on tolling. We wus near enuf to hear everything and we herd Miss Cross-by our teacher say to sum lades, "this must be sum Halloween pranks it seams funny that sum boys cant enjoy themselves without disturbing the peace. I can just imagine who the culprits are."

I gave Eddie a poke an we kood hardly keep from lafen. "Well I cant understand," sed a lady, "how anyone could get in the church. Mr. Boyel tried the dore and found it loked an besides sum one wus sayin it wus a ghost that wus ringing the bell, well, anyway here comes the police we'll se whose responsible for this."

It wus old Brags Button and we kood hear him holler, wile the bell kept on ringin, "stand aside ladys and gentlemen I'll have the law on the culprits." Well he tried the dore and got mad and sed, "will several men kindly step forward and assist me, I'll get the little devils if it takes ten men to break down the dore." "Why the idea," sed Miss Tillman the sundy skule teacher, "of that officer being so sackreliggus as to assewsheate devils with the church." Here Eddie whispered to us fellers an sed, "they woant find no devils but they'll find an angel." This set us laffin so hard that Miss Tillmen herd us and we had to run.

I asked Will Bowser the next morning what happened after we left and he sed that ole Brass Button was maddern blazes cause he thot it was us instead of Percy who was raisin the rumpus.

Well, Joey, you no what happened wen my pa got home from out of town and herd about it. After that he sed I woodent get the slyding trumbone for Krismus unless I maid up with Percy and apoligised and so I did because I want that trumbone cause we fellers is goin to have a jewvenile band an I'm goin to be leader. Well I must close.

Your aff. friend,

BENJAMIN WOODYBY,

* * *

Punkincenter, Wis., June 10, 1912.

Dear Joey:—

I got that slidin trumbone for Kriskas. Bet you wisht you had one. Its five feet long when it slids out. The fellers sed that we koodent have a jewvenile band durin the winter, cause weed be on the ice most of the time, skatin of coarse, on the pond. And what do you

T H E A E R O P L A N E

think, Percy Wilkins, the ministers boy, came to skate with his neu nikel plated skates. Mik O Larity, the feller with the mustard colored hair, sed he could beat anybody around hear on skates and that he didn't kare even if Percy had neu skates. Percy sed, "well, I tell you boys, I onley just got these skates." "Well," Mike sed, "I'll let you try'm first sos you kin kinder get use to thim. Just skate up and around that sign over there and back." Mike winked at us fellers and laft. I tell you Joey I didn't dare to say anything cause Mikes a good pewgilist.

Percy started off an awl of a suddin he skreamed and splashed thru the ice near the sign. Well I went after him as quick as litening an pulled him out. My but he cried and I sed, "a person wood think you fell in over your hed insted of half way to your hed." I looked around and saw that the fellers had run so I took Percy home, an I sed, "now Percy dont you tell on the fellers. Tell your ma you koodent see with your smoked glases, cause you woodent have gone where the ice wasent safe and then you wont have to tell a lie."

Well I brot Percy home and Mrs. Wilkins sed that she would see that I got a meddle from the Sunday school, so I went to Sunday school the next day, and sure enuf, Joey, I got the meddle and it will come in handy. I kan put it on my jewvenile band suit when I get it.

There hasent anything exciting happened since Percy fell in the pond a cupple of months ago, but just the other day when I kum to school all the fellers was standin in a bunch talkin an I sed, "wats the matter," and they sed, "say Ben, do you no that Miss Crossby is goin to get married." She's our teacher you no, Joey. And I sed, "'aw I don't believe it," and they sed, "ask Percy if its so," an Percy sed, "yes its so, cause my father is going to perform the seremony and its to be tonite at nine o'cloke at teachers home." "She aint our teacher any more," sed Mike O' Larity, "I saw the neu one this mornin when the princeple brot her. She looks crosser than Miss Crossby." I sed, "say fellers lets go and shiverree tonite, we kan get our band and have sum fun, if dont make any differance if some of you havent got your instruments, we dont haff to no any swell pieces and you kan bring anything that will make noyes." Just then the bell rang and we went in to our school rume. Mr. Brickman, our princeple came in with the neu teacher. "Miss Jones," I herd him say, "this is the rume you are to take charge of, I think you will find it very pleasant and chearful. The air is always fresh as the heatin sistem gets its fresh air suply by powerful fans thru a pipe from outdoors." "Yes it certainly is chearful," she answered.

You no Joey, I could hear what he sed because Miss Crossby our old teacher maid me sit down in front by her desk, but I tell you that I got good marks when I sat there tho, but the fellers sed that Miss Crossby was givin fairwell marks and that they were all getting 'em.

Mr. Brickman then sed, "I will speak to your scollers a few minites before I go, consorning the parents meeting at the skule this evening." And what do you think he sed, Joey, Im almost ashamed to tell you. He sed, "there is to be a parents meeting tonite at the skule and your grade is to sing a song, and the girls who play

piano, Mary Sweetkins, Elizabeth Harmon, and also Benjamin Woodyly are each to give a piano solow. My but the boys laft at me, but they were mad the next minite cause we wood not be able to shiverree. I tell you I wus mad at the fellers and also cause our plans were spoyled, but then I remembird how you told me in one of your letters how you got your whole skule exquesed to see the first ball game. And I sed to the fellers after skule, "if you fellers doant stop lafin at me I woant tell you my plan of getting off singing to-nite, so they stoped lafin." I sed, "I want to tell the plan cause I doant want to have it spoyled, but just go to skule after supper and leave the rest to me. The onley one I will tell is Jim because he doant go to our skule and kan help me."

When I came home my muther sed, "Miss Crossby has just invited your father and I to her wedding. It is to be a very quiet affair as onley a few are invited and some of those youngsters in skule can be thankful the parents meeting is tonite sos not to be tempted to disturb the wedding."

After supper I got Jim, and showed him your letter, Joey, and gave him a big box. He sed he didnt need my help as he kood do it alone, so I went to skule. Say but there was a big crowd of people there. The fellers were there and I winked at them and they smiled and you bet they didnt laf at me any more. The program started and I got kinder shakey after a while, cause nothing was hapening. Mr. Brickman got up and sed, "parents and friends of the scollers it gives me grate pleasure to have this program this evening, the furst number of which is, My Country Tiz of Thee by the 6th grade. My I got skairetd I thot maibe Jim codnt make it work. Mr. Brickman got up and anounced the next is a recitashun entytled, Footsteps of Angels, and Dorothy Dayton who gave the peace, got up and you kood here her new shoes squeak all over the rume but the squeaking didnt have nothing to do with the peace. Some started to laf and snicker but I didnt. I didnt no what to do because I wus next on the program and hadnt gotten my peace redy. Mr. Brickman got up again and I felt like hidin and he sed, "the next number is a piano solow by Ben—a-cachoo, cachoo—Banjamin, a-choo, ca-choo, ca-choo," Then everybudy started to snease and hold their handkerchifs to their noses and grate clouds of snuff came out of the hot air pipes, and every one dove for the dores. Of coarse, Joey, I didnt snease any, cause I kept a handkerchif handy before the snuf came, Miss Jones asked me if I had a cold but I sed, "no mam." I ran out wen everyone else did and I was the onley one who didnt snease. All the people were goin home when I met Eddie and the fellers and my their faces were red. The fellers didnt like it at fust cause I didnt tell them to keap handchiefs handy when the snuf came, but after a while they were alrite agen.

You should have seen us, Joey, when we went to the wedding, and when we awl had our instrumunts, not for musik but for noyes. I had the onley thing that could play a tune and I played "Hot Time in the old Town Tonite." Eddie had his muthers washboiler and some of the others had dishpans. I sed to the fellers, "We'll play every little while until Miss Crossby comes out to go to the trane. They always

wate till the bride comes out. So we kept on makin noyes. The people went away and then Mrs. Crossby put her hed out of the dore and sed, "boys I think people would like to sleep, leave my premices at once, besides Mrs. Krisby (thats our old teachers name now) left long ago."

Just then my father and muther came out of the house. I herd my muther say, "oh Mrs. Crossby the wedding was so beautiful. I certainly enjoyed it. They certainly are a fine couple." Well I didnt wate to here any more but ran all the way home and sneaked to bed and nothing happened yet so far. Hoping you will write soon

I am your aff. friend,
Benjamin Woodby.

HENRY S. WENDELS, '12.

Farewell of the Seniors

When the last exam has been taken
And the last experiment tried,
And the ink on the paper before us
By the blotter is carefully dried;
We shall quit, and faith, we shall need to,
No more will we dig nor delve,
But we'll rest for a space on the laurels
That were won by the class Nineteen Twelve.

No more will the glass tubes be breaking,
No more will the thermometer fall,
With a crash to the floor and no longer
Will whispering be heard in the hall;
But a silence supreme and unbroken
Will reign at our old East High,
When the books and the pencils, and tablets
Have been dropped with a smile and a sigh.

A smile from the three lower classmen
Who will come back to East High next year,
And a sigh from the sorrowful Seniors
Who are leaving the school they hold dear
Who will enter Life's "lab," when they're rested
To work new experiments there;
But the first found results must be taken
So their work must be done with great care.

No experiment can be worked over
And a second write-up will not do,
They will be marked on each one as 'tis finished
With the ten or the zero that's due.
Thus the work in Life's "lab" will continue,
No free periods will be allowed
We must all grind away, but take courage
'Tis the same with the rest of the crowd.

The Vision of Nothing

"O Divinita Musa," said I one fine May morning, "Vent me invare scribere aliquem ad Aeroplanum?" The Muse instantaneously stood before me, although I could not see her, and broke the silence by her remarks, which ran thus—"Rem optimam ad te scribere, sit hanc—'Divinans Nihil' (The Vision of Nothing)." As you all know, I was not very well posted on this subject, so I inquired of her of some of the leading points.

But she added, "Relinquo haec ad te ipsum consulere" (I leave this for you yourself to consider), and flew away, leaving me to ponder the matter myself, with a mind disturbed, confused, and in doubt.

Accordingly, after being in this state of mind for a few moments I jumped up from my half-reclining posture, and started for the table. Thereupon I immediately conceived the idea of a ship at sea, in calm weather, about the fifteenth of June, 1912. The ship itself was the largest in the world. It was also the smallest. It thereupon had no dimensions—no width, no length, and no height. It was surrounded by a dark cloud of smoke, which remained around it up to the time of its fatal day. Although it had no width and no breadth, people dwelt within it. The race of people in it resembled the Chinese in their facial features and expressions, and the American cowboys in their dress and manners. There were, in all, about eighty men, women and children on board, but of this number we shall chiefly be concerned with about a dozen of them. Something characteristic, however, on this boat was the fact that all the millionaires and multi-millionaires were forced to do all the work—the cooking, baking, firing, engineering, and wireless operating. The cause was that the majority of the poorer and middle class men had struck for higher wages and refused to work until the increased salary was given them. For this reason, the higher class took the work themselves, leaving the poorer class with practically nothing to do but to act as hostesses and superintendents. Now, as these had so little to do, they enjoyed themselves playing cards.

About six o'clock one fine morning a number of these men, among whom were the following: Nothing, Each-one, Something, Somebody, Everything, Everybody, No-one, and Reichsdeputationschauptschluss, were sitting down to breakfast, when the richer classes set before them the pies, cakes, crackers, breads, cookies, and other delicacies. Soon after, they adjourned to a room where they were to break the world's record in the above game.

The room which they entered was richly decorated, but the black appearance about the ship caused the inside to be of a like nature also. It was filled with tables which seemed to have suffered severely from the treatment of these men given over to dissipation. Each table was surrounded by four chairs, resembling those of antique times. Thus was the appearance of the room in general.

The men immediately took their places at the tables chosen for them by lot, because, as they entered the door, each was forced to take a ticket which designated his place at a certain table. When the time, 7:30, came, set for them to start, they dealt their cards. How-

ever, before the dealer was thru dealing, Eachone picked up his cards.

Upon looking at them, he exclaimed, with a sharp grin, "Yer must give me better cards than these, or I'll break the world's record."

Whereupon the dealer said, "Eachone must take the cards I give him, if he doesn't, I'll throw him overboard."

This caused a great deal of sensational feeling, and caused all to jump aright in their chairs, for fear that he would by mistake throw them overboard. However, Somebody had courage enough, and shouted so loud that the people working down below jumped from their work and ran to see the cause of the noise. His exclamation to the dealer, Reichsdeputaionshauptschluss, was, "Yer better watch out 'for I get thee head blowed off by my pistil."

Reichsdeputationshauptschluss, thereupon, became so frightened that he jumped up from his chair, and stood with his face towards the door, when it suddenly was banged open by an impregnable number of men who stood there, as square, as tall and as straight as trees, which, in fact, they resembled more than men in color and form, but men in speech. Reichsdeputationshauptschluss was meanwhile lying on the floor, stunned and senseless by the crash of the heavy iron door on his nose. Just before he came to his senses, he started to scream in a very unusual manner. "Oh! Ouch! My nose! My nose. Oh comrades, my nose. My nose is hurt! My nose is broke!"

Everybody said, "No, no, your nose is gone; it disappeared."

Everybody said, "No, no, Reichsdeputationshauptschluss, here is your nose," holding his thumb between his second and third finger.

Reichsdeputationshauptschluss immediately tried to grasp it, but Everybody held back, and said in an angry tone, "Don't come near me before I knock your hookey-spokey off. What's der madder wi' you? Haven't you got your sensins anymore? Don't you see this is my thumg? You, my bou, can never in yer life paste this between yer eyes."

Whereupon Reichsdeputationshauptschluss became satisfied with himself, and went to resume his former seat at the table. During the confusion on picking up their cards, immediately started to play, Eachone taking the lead. No-one followed and was succeeded by Everybody, who, at each turn of his, pounded on the table just as the blacksmith pounds with his sledgehammer, until finally he knocked a hole in it. Finally Somebody exclaimed, "Vill you ples stop that poundin'?"

Thereupon, Everybody pounded again as hard, because of his poor hand and poor luck.

"Vell, I can't see how you kin pound so hard on the table."

"Don't you know that my hand is made of cast iron?"

"Gosh, but you are there."

After several dealings, another poundin' followed, which split the table in two, and caused those beneath the cabin to appear a second time. Their appearance finally led to separation to all their respective apartments.

Nothing, accordingly, was sitting in his room in the afternoon, carousing and smoking, when Somebody shortly entered the room.

T H E A E R O P L A N E

The former personage was small, but heavy, rosy complexioned, with a searching quick eye, and might well be compared to Napoleon Bonaparte. The other had just the opposite features and characteristics. After some hurried remarks about the card playing of the morning, such as "Gee! But I certainly had some luck, this morning, didn't I?" "I guess we didn't clean up those fellows!"

They were aroused by some noise outside. Upon looking thru the window, they saw a whale prowling about the ship. But something more surprising and something that seemed utterly impossible to them, was the fact that two personages were riding on the back of this whale. Upon closer observation, when the whale was opposite the ship, they discovered them to be Something and No-one. Both were singing songs to their utmost delight. Another curiosity about the matter, was the fact that the whale never cared to go below the water as long as Something and No-one were on his back. Just now some witty remarks were passed between the two inside, as to now their two comrades might have happened to get there. Immediately, the door blew open and Everything entered, to tell them the whole affair, how they happened to get there and by what means.

Soon afterwards the whale was going about one hundred miles an hour in the opposite direction from the ship, with these two personages still on his back. The rest of the companions now certainly thought that this would be the last of their friends, and they gave up all hope when they had been absent for seven days and six nights.

On the close of the seventh day when the ship was just about anchoring for the night, the personages on board were alarmed by mysterious sounds from the outside. Upon going to the window, there they saw their two old comrades, Something and No-one, who were immediately taken on board and thoroughly questioned as in cross-examination.

Surprising was the fact that they had lived seven days and six nights without either eating or drinking, always going at the rate of one hundred miles an hour on the back of this whale. It had been prophesied to them that the fatal day for their comrades' ship was to come on the succeeding day. They, accordingly, all sat down to supper, and spent the evening most happily in listening to the stories of Something and No-one.

So, when the break of next day came, all awoke, ate their breakfast and started the ship on its final day. They sailed almost until noon before they saw any appearance of danger. The danger could not be escaped, because the boat was going with too much speed, and the captain on account of his poor eyesight and drowsy condition, did not see the danger signal, and was unable to stop the boat or change its course. Thus the boat struck a rock from beneath the water, which rapidly caused it to be filled on account of the puncture. The boat was immediately drawn to the bottom with all on board except three who were saved from drowning by that same whale which they had seen the day before. Accordingly, as the boat was rapidly sinking there was moaning, crying, weeping, hustling, bustling and howling. Thus ends the story of a great sea disaster.

LOUIS VAN ERMAN '13

What it Meant

"Oh! Betty, come to my room at once. Got something to tell you," said Elsie mysteriously, as the two girls passed each other on their way from the last classes in the afternoon session.

Betty hurried because she knew there must be some fun in sight if Elsie was planning anything. She reached the room before Elsie and entered, as the door was unlocked. She spent the time, while awaiting the owner's return, in exploring the richly furnished room.

Elsie was the daughter of a rich banker and her every want was satisfied, but for the asking. As her mother was dead she was sent to a boarding school. She was a great favorite with the teachers as well as the students. She had a quick mind, and easily grasped the most difficult studies.

While Betty was admiring some new trifle on the table, she noticed a package of papers on the floor under the bed. Thinking they must have rolled there by some movement of hers, she stooped and picked them up, and placed them on the table. In doing this, her glance fell upon the title, and as she unconsciously read it she was both shocked and surprised as she read: "Keys to all Studies."

"What can this mean?" thought Betty. At this moment Elsie and three other girls entered the room. Betty forgot about the package in the excitement that followed. Elsie told the girls her father had written that he had purchased a large yacht, and she should invite some of her friends to spend their vacation with her on a cruise. The girls were delighted with this and began to plan what they would do.

The supper bells made the girls realize vacation was a long way off, and they had better study instead of plan. After reaching her room the thought again entered Betty's mind about the package. She thought about it a great deal during the next few weeks, and kept wondering what it meant. At last she resolved to ask Elsie what it meant. On being questioned about it Elsie became very red and excited but would tell Betty nothing and begged her not to tell another person about it.

This bothered Betty all the more as she could not believe Elsie to be dishonest, but why then would she not explain.

Vacation came and the girls were enjoying themselves to the utmost. But there seemed to be a lack of chumminess, that there had been, between Betty and Elsie. They seemed to avoid each other's company as much as possible.

Near the end of vacation all the girls except Elsie had gathered in one corner of the deck, and taking advantage of her absence they were trying to plan some way in which to return the great pleasure she had given them. All of a sudden she burst into a group with their mail in one hand while she was excitingly waving a large blue letter in the other.

"Girls, I won!" she cried.

"What? Why? When? Where?" the girls cried, laughing to see her so excited.

At last she related to them how she had entered into a contest about six months before and had won the prize for writing the best essay entitled: "Keys to all Studies." She then turned to Betty and said, "Perhaps dear, that will clear up a little difference between us but you know one of the agreements was that we would tell no one that we were writing."

Betty was so happy that she had found out at last that she need never doubt Elsie, and was more light hearted than she had been for some time.

The girls all adjourned than to go down to dinner.

L. D., '13.

o

To the New From the Old Staff

You've heard of that man who, so runs the old story,
Flew up in his chariot straight to the skies
And as he soared up toward the regions of glory
The beams of the sun fairly dazzled his eyes.

The clasp of his mantle came open and straight way
It fell o'er the shoulders of one just below.
And enfolding his form, for him opened the gateway
Of wisdom, and gave him the future to know.

In like manner we leave you the mantle which gave us
The spirit to soar in our good Aeroplane
Straight up through blue ether in good or bad weather,
In shadow or sunlight, in mist or in rain.

May it richly endow you with everything needful
To keep you aloft in the realms of the sky
And when you are finished we hope that your only
Fault be that you soared up a trifle too high.

We've selected a pilot who's had much experience
Traversing the regions of air in the past,
And as experience counts, then you may be quite certain
The trip you're about to take won't be your last.

So now we will leave you and wish you good weather
With favoring breezes and skies always blue,
And we hope when your ship safely makes her last landing,
She'll be trim as when we turned her over to you.

AGNES GRIFFIN, '12.

o

DOMESTIC PROBLEMS.

Should you always come to breakfast
When you hear the napkin ring?
If you let the pepper-box, then should
You let the sugar-bowl?
Why do you always let the teapot stand
And strainer eyes to see the finger-roll?—Ex.

Neuer Again

Hans Von Schenken was a true citizen of the Vaterland, that is, he swore half of the time and drank lager beer the other half. His wife Gretchen was a true German Frau and tended to her housekeeping.

One day Hans came home from working in the field in an exceptionally bad temper.

"What is it Hans?" was the calm question which Gretchen put to him.

"Oh," was the grumbling reply, "here you sit all day with nothing to do, while I have to work so hard in the field."

"Well," said his Frau, "suppose we change places for a day."

"Gut," said Hans, and he drank half-a-dozen extra lagers on the strength of it.

The next morning they awoke and Gretchen gave her husband his instructions.

"Remember, you must rock the baby when it cries, whip the cream, put the bread in the oven to bake, see that the rooster does not run out of the house, and," she added, pointing to a jar (which contained jam), "you must take care that you do not touch the contents of this jar because it contains p-o-i-s-o-n."

With this parting injunction Gretchen left and plowed in the field.

Left alone, Mister Von Schenken looked around scratching his head and grinning.

The first thing he did was to throw the dough into the fire. Then he began to whip the cream. But baby began to sound its vocal organs and Hans was forced to scratch his head for another half hour.

At last an idea popped into his head. Taking off his belt he tied one end to his arm and the other to the cradle. Then he went on whipping the cream and rocking the baby at the same time.

All went well for some time. Then a gust of wind blew open the door and the rooster took French leave. Indignant at such an unceremonious departure, Hans dropped the cream (which spilled all over the floor) and started in pursuit. The cradle tipped and "Down came cradle baby and all."

Hans sank down with a groan. Everything had failed. He made up his mind to poison himself. And so the jar of jam was attacked.

About this time Gretchen returned. Why should we horrify our gentle reader with the ensuing scene? Suffice it is to say that was the only time Gretchen's temper overcame her. W. BRILL '14.

—o—

I stood upon the mountain,
I gazed upon the plain;
I saw a field of green stuff
That looked like waving grain.
I took another look at it,
And thought it must be grass
But, goodness gracious! to my horror
It was the Freshman class.Ex.



AEROPLANE STAFF



A Review of the Year

Success has followed the Red and White in nearly every line. All of our institutions and pastimes have flourished. In athletics our football and track teams have been among the leaders. The Aeroplane has finished its most successful year. The graduating class is the largest in the school's history. Very few high schools in our state can boast of sixty graduates; and when we say boast we mean it literally. There is nothing that reflects more favorably on a school than the fact that it has a good many members who have remained and worked until they received the desired diploma.

This year therefore will remain in the minds of the seniors as their pleasantest, not only because it is their last year but because it has been, as we say, in every sense of the word a successful year.

—o—

The Senior Class

We are proud of the Senior class. It started its High school existence with one hundred twenty-five students and graduates with about sixty. All through its history it has remained the largest class in school in proportion to its year. Much as we regret its departure from our midst we are glad that so many of its members have been enabled to reap the advantages and pleasures which a High School offers. With the class of 1912 we lose some of our best athletes, a majority of the Aeroplane staff, a good many of our glee club members, and in general a true and loyal group of boys and girls. On behalf of East High school, the Aeroplane wishes the members of the Senior class as happy and prosperous a journey through life as they themselves wish for.

—o—

With the present culmination of our greatest efforts the staff of 1911-12 completes the contract it undertook to carry out at the beginning of the year by issuing eight numbers of the Aeroplane No. one knows how much worry and irritation, the worry of not being able to carry out this contract has caused the staff except the staff itself. But "all's well that ends well" and thus with us.

With this issue we complete the most successful year of the Aeroplane's existence. We have printed in total number of pages nearly as many as in the two preceding years combined.

The reasons for our success are many. The support of the student body, tho somewhat irregular, was on the whole better than it ever has been before. But we must not forget the wonderful work of our business manager and his able assistants. Mr. Brett as advertisement manager started in with a rush and in a few months had us on such a solid foundation, that money was the least objection to any undertaking which was proposed. The advertising solicitors as a whole deserves the thanks of the whole school, for it is needless to point out that if our finances were not in as good condition as they are, we would have had to restrict the number of pages of our paper.

We bid farewell to the students of East High school with thanks for the honor they have given us and with a hearty assurance that along with our slight worries, we have experienced pleasures in our work which we shall always remember in years to come.

o

That Prom!

It happened one day that an Innocent Boy treated himself with the time to visit the much heralded spectacle, the Junior Prom. The Innocent Boy looked at the curiosity and what he saw pleased him mightily. Therefore, he hastened to fill his program in order to spend the evening joyfully and in ecstasy. Soon the orchestra breaketh out in grand melody, and he seeketh his partner. Cometh the time to start dancing and he experienceth great worry for the reason that his lady hath a bunch a floral decorations in her hand which she knoweth not where to place. And they are mystified as to what course to pursue when suddenly a happy thought striketh the Innocent Boy and he sayeth with much happiness. "Fire them out of the window!" whereat the lady looketh at first as if she would be pleased to follow the suggestion of the Innocent Boy, but soon remembereth a fact which maketh her toss her head and say to the Innocent Boy, with much sternness, "How can you suggest such an awful thing? George gave these to me!"

"More fool George is then," answereth the Innocent Boy. "What good is a floral shop window at a dance?"

Be that as it may. They dance, somehow or other, and the Innocent Boy noticeth other young men who have done likewise and other young ladies who are also burdening themselves with floral decorations and he thinks regretfully, "Everybody's doing it," and his estimate of his schoolmates lowereth exceedingly.

The evening passeth quickly and soon he is ready to depart. He looketh out of the window and lo and behold! there stand a great number of cabs—enough to provide for three good sized funeral processions, and he asketh with awe of a cavalier near him, "What famous personage has departed to his fathers and why is the funeral at 1 o'clock in the morning?" The cavalier looketh wonderingly at the Innocent Boy and sayeth earnestly, "Funeral, you rumhead! That

T H E A E R O P L A N E

isn't a funeral. Those are cabs in which to convey the beautiful damsels to their lodgings." "But," answered the Innocent Boy, "it seems to me that the damsels would rather walk. The stars are shining, the cool breeze blowing, the evening is beautiful, but the cab must be hot and stuffy; not so cavalier?"

"You're bughouse," answereth the cavalier. "Everybody that's got any sense orders a cab."

"How much cents do you have to possess?" inquireth the Innocent Boy curiously. "How much does it cost?"

"One hundred cents—one dollar," sayeth the cavalier.

At this answer the Innocent asketh quickly, "And how much does the floral decoration of your beautiful lady cost?"

"Another dollar."

"Good Heavens man!" shouteth the Innocent Boy distractedly. "For two dollars you could buy enough eight by ten tablets to last you through two years of school instead of swiping them from the Freshmen! Am I correct?"

The cavalier curleth his lip contemptuously.

"Everybody does it," he sayeth with great gusto.

"No, not everybody," answereth the Innocent Boy. "I won't even if I could earn two dollars. I'm going to buy eight by ten tablets. Bet your life:"

—o—

I took her out in my new canoe
As the summers' day toward evening drew
A wooing, bashful, lover,
I kissed her on her lips divine;
And asked her softly to be mine,
When the durned boat turned over.

—o—

Little Bobby—Pa, what makes the fire fly?
Papa—The blacksmith, sonny.

—o—

Mary had a little lamb
She clipped off it some hair;
And now Mary's little lamb
Is just a little bare.

—o—

A young man who had not been married long remarked at the dinner table one day: "My dear, I wish you could make the bread that mother used to make."

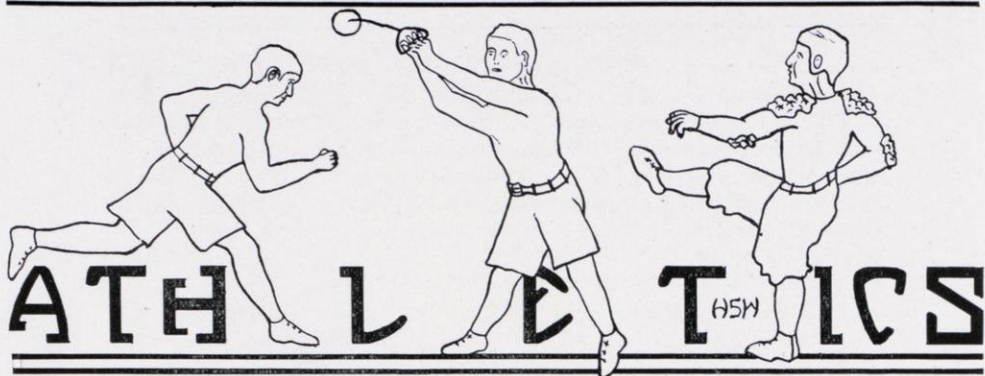
The bride smiled and answered: "Well, dear, I wish you could make the dough that father used to make."

—o—

"Was the play very tragical last night?"
"Awfully! Even the seats were in tiers."—Ex.

—o—

"I hear he's the flower of the family."
"Yes, a blooming idiot."—Ex.



A Review of the Football Season

Altho the annual contest against West Green Bay ended in a defeat, the entire season was a triumphant one, restoring the football standard of East Green Bay to its former supremacy and resulting in again being considered as one of the foremost teams in Wisconsin. Heavily outweighed in every contest—being one of the lightest teams in the state—the East High eleven showed surprising ability not only holding their own, but even outplaying the teams they were pitted against, offensively and defensively. Of the six gridiron battles fought, East High has but two defeats decorded against her, one at the hands of a team who has won the championship of its state.

In the first contest against Kaukauna, that eleven was completely outplayed and defeated by the East High team, who were outweighed about fifteen pounds to the man, by the score of six to nothing. In his contest the local team showed the swiftness, fine team work and fighting spirit which they maintained throughout the season.

East High suffered defeat at the hands of the Menominee, Michigan eleven, the championship team of that state, by the score of fourteen to nothing. Outweighed between twenty and twenty-five pounds to the man, and having a number of substitutes in the line-up, East High put up a battle that will long be remembered by the Menominee eleven, seriously threatening their goal a number of times by fierce onslaughts of the backfield and ends.

In both contests with Oconto, the first ending with a nothing to nothing score and the second in a victory for East High by the score of twelve to nothing, the local eleven showed their supremacy, altho again outweighed about twelve pounds to the man. Forward passes and open plays were worked to great advantage by the local team, while the backs and ends ploughed through the heavy Oconto line for long gains, the visiting team gaining but little ground.

The game with Appleton ended with no score by either team, East High having the ball in their antagonists' territory the greater part of the contest, but on account of the muddy condition of the gridiron, could not score. The light local team completely outplayed

their heavier Appleton opponents in all stages of the game, altho obliged to resort to straight football, because of the field, gaining steadily by this method except when near their opponents' goal.

The annual Thanksgiving contest, altho ending with a score of fourteen to eleven in favor of West High, was really a victory for East Green Bay. Handicapped by the slippery condition of the field and outweighed more than twenty pounds to the man, East High finished the season in a glorious manner, completely outplaying their opponents at all stages of the game, playing with speed and vim that was astonishing, recovering a majority of their own punts and ploughing through their antagonists' line, which alone outweighed the local line thirty pounds to the man, for long gains.

o

Track Team

For the first time in a number of years East High was represented by a strong track team and in the Lawrence Interscholastic meet at Appleton, May 18, the Bays made a very fine showing, capturing a number of events, and were close contestants for fourth place.

Gavin was entered in the mile, half-mile and hammer, and altho, not able to get a point in the runs, nevertheless making a strong fight, succeeded in taking third place in the hammer event, throwing it 127 feet, 4 inches.

Royster distinguished himself, being the fourth highest individual point winner in the meet, capturing first in the broad jump with 19 feet, 7 inches, and hurling the hammer 130 feet, 6 inches, taking second place in that event.

Bodart took third place in the high jump with 5 feet, 3 inches, and it was but a case of hard luck not taking second place as he had already cleared the bar at 5 feet, 4 inches, when the pole came down.

O'Connor, Grosshuesch and Morgan were entered in the dashes. Morgan succeeding in getting in the finals, but could not get a point, altho he as well as all the East High entrees made a strong fight.

Gavin and Royster were elected captain and manager, respectively, of the track team and have worked hard to round out a successful team.

o

Basket Ball

The basketball season of 1912 was a very successful one, indeed. Altho the boys did not win all their games, considering the fact that this was East High's first attempt to enter the basketball world, it was surprising how well the team showed up in all the games holding the opponent teams in all cases to very low scores, and defeating two of the strongest teams in Wisconsin. The boys worked hard under the directions of Mr. Birdsall, and with the experience gained during the past season, next year will undoubtedly see East High among the deadly competitors for championship honors.

Calvin Grosshuesch was elected captain and Eckhardt, manager, in the early part of the season and much credit is due to these two men for the success of the team.

Review of the Football Team.

(By Coach Beyer.)

Izzy Abrams, '13: Who controls the clothing industry.

Abrams has proved himself a very capable lineman in all departments of the game. Very effective in breaking through and smashing up plays, and blocking his man well on offensive work.

In the latter games he was used with telling effect in carrying the ball, and next year should prove a valuable man for the team.

Izzy, besides playing football is an actor (bad one) of some ability, and is president of a Sunday school league. Only one thing he would rather do than play football, and that is go to church.

Abrams has the battering ram of Vespasian (whoever that was) beaten a dozen city blocks, when it comes to punching the opposing line.



Mr. Clark, '13: The wit of the squad.

Clark has played in several games at end, and has proved a valuable man in that position by his alertness, his promptness in carrying out orders and his general all-round offensive and defensive work. Good in boxing tackle, covering puts, and a sure tackler.

He should prove a valuable man for the 1912 team.

Clark is witty, to say the least. His success in the game is due to the fact that on many occasions he has talked his man into believing that he was at a Sunday school meeting rather than in a football game. He plays the game in a low neck dress, having acquired a style of football garment all of his own.



Curly Duchateau, '12: Jack Dalton of East High.

Altho Duchateau is very small he is a fierce individual in a game. He has plenty of speed, runs low and hard, and has the sraight arm developed to a science. Very alert and watchful on defense, he has filled the position of utility man to perfection.

He has been used at end, fullback, and at quarterback during the season.

Curly is the East High Jack Dalton and with a little more experience should be able to land the ball over the bar consistently on 25 to 40-yard kicks. Perhaps the best trainer on the squad, having been known to be in bed every night for weeks at 12 or 1 o'clock.

He has never been known fo be serious more than one minute at a time, and his never-fade smile has invariably been known to paralyze opponents.



Ossie Eckhardt, '13: Favorite fiction, "John (Smith's) death."

Eckhardt was rather light for a center, but by the great hornspoon, he surely can play that position. He has never met his superior all season, playing most of his men to a standstill. He has a varied style of playing, trying all the tricks of the game and using them with telling effect. He is strong on offense and a giant on defense, breaking through and blocking plays very frequently. However, the feature of his playing was his fine passing, prevalent in all games.

Ossie does not know what quit means, and when he raises his slogan, "blame it all," he tears through the line like a goat going to a pink tea party.

He can eat, too. Trains of pie, cake, meat, fruit, nuts, in fact, anything that is set before him. He is also long on sauerkraut and wieners, and when given the ball, has



been known on occasions to eat up quite a chunk of the distance to the enemy's goal line.

Lee Forsythe, '13: Old Reliable.

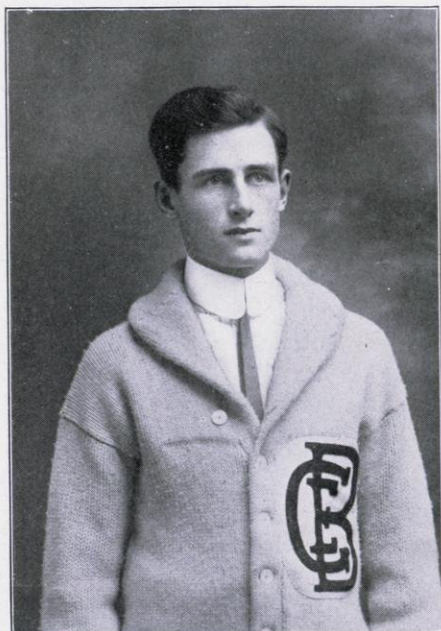


Lee is a giant on defense as well as offense, being in the midst of every play, and fighting every minute. Many a team has failed dismally in trying to conquer much ground in his territory, and he has often broken through the opponent's line and blocked kicks.

Lee has a jovial way of playing football, which at times makes his opponent hysterical. He may not resemble the Duke of Wellington, but many have met their waterloo because of his gentle persuasion.

Lee is one of these cool, quiet fellows, but oh, my! when he plays football, things do not always look "rosey" for his opponent.

Ted Gavin, '12:



Gavin has played tackle and end, and fills the bill in both cases to perfection. He is a strong defensive player. Besides playing his position, he has managed the team, and has carried the responsibilities of both without interference in his playing. **A positive, sure player.**

Ted's success is due to the fact that he plays football and studies German at the same time. During the spare time between halves he has composed many a little poem, and one runs like this:

Auf dem Feld, in demHau-
sen
Ihr Vater kam, and ich fand
mich drausen.

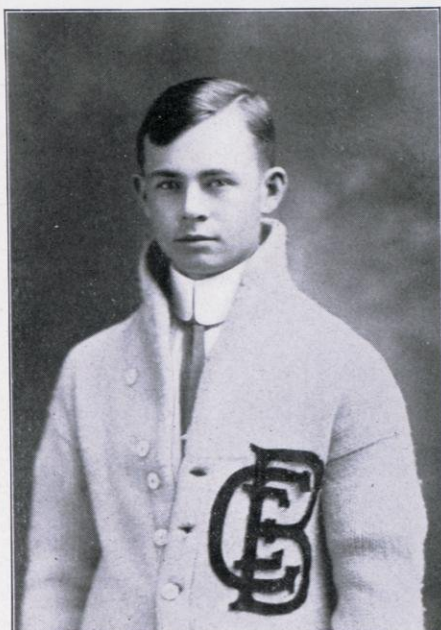
Ted is the bad luck man on the team. He is always losing shoes, socks, or other football paraphernalia. However, he takes it all with a smile, and we must extend him a vote of thanks for his managerial ability.

**Louis Morgan, '13: Ugh!
Heap quick feet!**

Morgan is a great man on offense, relying much upon his great speed to get him by opponents. Having a good quantity of football instinct, and being an adept in dodging and sidestepping, and in using the straight-arm, Louis is only handicapped in one respect and that is his lack of weight. He does the punting for his team, and in some games his punts have measured sixty yards.

The newspapers call Louis a star. He has a sort of meteoric way of sweeping around the ends. When once started on the warpath to the goal line, it generally takes every individual of the five great nations to down him.

It is said that he is so quick in dodging that he can walk home dry in a rain going between the drops.



A.. Nockerts, '13: Ladies' choice.

Al. plays guard on the team, and is a good man for opening great holes for his backs to plough through. His defensive work is also unimpeachable, being always on the alert and watchful, ready to stop everything from a 100-pound quarter-back to a ton of pig iron.

We certainly appreciate Al's spirit in playing football in the face of all the objections he has to overcome.

He has had the ill luck of breaking his nose every now and then in the last few years. During this time it has changed from pug to snub and now since Oscar is getting real classical, his nasal promonotory is changing to the Roman type.

He is also an expert baseball player and wrestles pumpkins with no little ability.





Al. Petcka, '13: He would always smile.

Petcka is the strongest line man on the team. He is quick on his feet, diagnoses the opponent's plays in a hurry, and tears into his man like a fury. Seldom is much ground made through him, and he also carries the ball in tackle around plays in good style.

When Petcka stands in his position, grinning at his man, the opponents generally think him easy, but they soon find out to their sorrow that it is easier for an elephant to get thru the eye of a needle, than for a halfback to get through his smile.

Al. doesn't like the feminine sex, and spends all of his spare time doing acrobatic stunts.



Allie Romson, '13: Human Tornado.

A fierce line smasher and powerful man on defense, all go to show that his name is well merited, for he surely does remind one of a twisting tornado in action, when he tears into the opponents.

He is a natural built football player, and is hard to tip over, for he runs with his weight well pitched forward.

Allie would rather assume a stooping posture racing away from some tin-can-fed goat than be in the place he is booked to buck the line when his signal is given.

However, the ultimate purpose is the same; to overturn and trample right over the object aimed at. He is in the midst of the fray always, and would just about as soon play football, as Eckhardt would eat.

Red Rosenthal, '12: Big little man.

Red, as he is familiarly called, is perhaps the best football man for his weight in the state. He is the lightest man on the team but chuck full of nerve. He handles the team in fine shape, is a fast man in open field running, and handles punts in perfect form. He is a deadly tackler. He is a Senior and his place will be hard to fill next year.

It's just about as easy for a man to fly as it is to pass Red when he is playing safety for his team. In all around work he is invaluable to his team.

Red always plays better when the fair sex turns out to the games.



Roy Royster, '13: A second Willie Heston.

One of the fierces players on the team, he is always consistent and has a never-quit spirit. He carries the ball well, has plenty of speed, picks his openings in great shape, and is very effective on defense. He is all of the fitness for things. He so a kicker of no mean ability.

His opponents say, "He is real mean and has no sense carries a thing too far."

From their standpoint he doubtless is disrespectful and carries the ball too far. Sometimes he even goes so far as to push them all over the field and make touch-downs.

Roy learned to play the game down in Illinois when a boy, while mother was entertaining the sewing club. However, his playing does not remind one of a pink tea.





George Schwartz, '12: For ladies and East High.

This is George's first year on the team, but he has played all season like a veteran. Always clear headed and always having his eyes on the ball, he was a hard man to gain ground around. He carries the ball in good style and has covered Morgan and Royster's long punts with lots of speed.

Schwartz plays for East High and the ladies. His opponents, however, generally think him very unladylike in his actions in a game.

His watch-word is, "None but the brave deserves the fair," and the ladies all like George because he surely is the real article, all wool and a yard wide.



Earl Skogg, '12: The pipe man.

The team has found a good sub-line man in Skogg who has filled the position of guard and tackle, both equally well.

This is his first year on the squad and our only regret is that he has not found out his football ability sooner.

Skogg is real tall and if he were given the ball, he could make his distance in three downs by just standing up and falling forward. His willingness to fill positions is an admiring feature of this man's playing, and we all appreciate his consistency in getting out.

**Captain Wendels, '12: Pink
cheeked Carl.**

Wendels has made a fine leader and by his consistent practice and his hard, aggressive playing, has ever been a good example for his team-mates. He has handled the team well and the cares of the captaincy have not interfered with his playing. He graduates this year and the 1912 squad will miss him when they line up next fall.

Carl is noted for his gentle disposition and his respect for others. That's why he always took his bath last after football practice. He is long on cold showers and doesn't believe in warm ones. Hats off to our gallant leader.



o

Football Song.

There is a school you all must know
 Far greater than them all,
 Her students play football,
 They've never known a fall.
 They played the game and won such fame,
 They often have been called,
 The greatest in the state,
 The greatest of the great.

Chorus.

Oh, East Green Bay is the school we love,
 Her colors are the red and white,
 The red for right, and the white for might,
 You're the greatest yet, you're the one best bet.
 Cheer long and loud,
 For we are proud
 Of our East Green Bay.

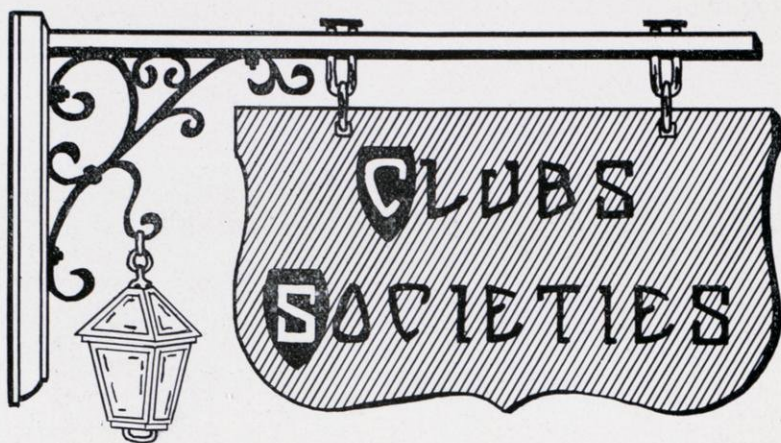
Oh, come on fellows, and we'll win today,
 Fight, boys, fight! It's for old East Green Bay.
 Hit the line, then try a forward pass,
 We're with you today. Rah, rah, rah!
 Oh, stop them, boys, break in and tackle hard,
 Don't let them advance a single yard.
 See that East High team go at them now!
 We're bound to win.



TRACK TEAM



BASKETBALL TEAM



Glee Club

The Glee Club under the leadership of Professor Heynan was organized at the beginning of the school year, and, different from previous organizations of the same kind, has held together till the present time. It appeared before the public several times during the year and furnished its members much enjoyment. Many of its members will still be in school next fall and prospects are good for its reorganization in the future. The officers were as follows:

First Semester:

Mr. W. T. Ream, President.
Carl Wendels, Vice-President.
Alice Johnson, Sec'y and Treas.

Second Semester:

Norris Brett, President.
Carl Wendels, Vice-President.
Harold Winter, Sec'y and Treas.

Literary Societies

Literary societies were organized at the beginning of the year in all the classes. They met every two weeks in the class rooms. A teacher had charge of each society and the work which consisted of debating, declaiming, etc., was generally successful. Probably the best specimen of the work was shown by the debate held in the assembly room between members of the Junior and Senior classes in the latter part of the year. The plans along this line for next year are somewhat incomplete, but some form of debating and literary society surely ought to be and will be established.

Athletic Association

The Athletic Association reorganized under a new constitution this year, and has had charge of all athletics carried on in the school's name. Heretofore only boys have been members but there is nothing in the constitution against the admission of girl members and we see no reason why they should not become a part of the association next year.

The officers for this year were:

CARL WENDELS, President
THEODORE GAVIN, Secretary and Treasurer.
LEONARD O'CONNOR, Student Manager.



GLEE CLUB

LOCALS

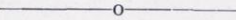


Junior Prom

One of the most successful "proms" of the history of East High school was given on the evening of May 17 at Elks' hall by the class of 1913. The crowd was probably the largest ever present at an event of this kind but everyone reported a fine evening of enjoyment. The dancing lasted from nine to one in the morning.

A great deal of credit must be given to the general committee in charge of the affair which consisted of Milton Smith, chairman, Marion Hollister and Hazel Larsen. The subsidiary committee also showed good taste. The music furnished by Vandenberg's orchestra was excellent and the decorations were beautiful.

Mr. and Mrs. Ream and Mr. and Mrs. Wright acted as patrons and patronesses.



Senior Class Play

The past year seemed to be one of general excellence in every line. Therefore it is a fact that the class play given this year is the greatest undertaking of its line in the history of East High school. In the first place it is a musical comedy while all the others in former years were plays without any music whatever. In the second place it involves a great many people. Including the chorus there are at times sixty people on the stage which is a record as far as High School plays are concerned.

We are sure that by this time its success has been proved without a doubt. The characters picked for the leading parts certainly are fitted in every way for them and cannot help making a hit.

The scenes and characters are as follows:

ACT I.

The main dack of the good ship, "Bounding Bidelia" en route from Europe.

ACT II.

"Sunnyside," the home of the pirates.

Characters:

Professor Bendigo Bangs Clarence DuChateau
Late proprietor of Bangs Wonderful Turkish Dancing Doll.
Axel Axelson Carl Wendels
Late assistant with the Dancing Doll.

Combination.

T H E A E R O P L A N E

Boletta Bingle	Dorothy Becker
Late Ticket Taker with the Dancing Doll Show.	
Mrs. Mac Glumpy	Hazel Kurz
Of the MacGlumpy Finishing School.	
Alice	Hazel Streckenbach
From Mrs. MacGlumpy's.	
Belial Bunderbuns	Abe Rosenthal
An Ancient Gentleman. Quite Kittenish.	
Dare Devil Dick	Norris Brett
Pirate Lieutenant with a Disgraceful Past.	
Honest Old Pete	John Vickman
A Sterling Pirate.	
Black Beard	Louis Donner
King of Pirates, Terror of the Spanish Main.	
Giovani	Henry Wendels
Italian Girl	Anna Marie Le Clair

The play was under the direction of Miss Gertrude Wright of Chicago, Ill. Her fine work has a double interest to the Senior Class First because her success means their success and second because she is a graduate of East High and we are proud of her work because she was one of us.

— o —

A WEEK'S EXPERIENCE.

The year had gloomily begun	
For Willie Weeks, a poor man's	Sun.
He was beset with bill and dun	
And he had very little	Mon.
"This cash," said he, "won't pay my dues	
I've nothing here but ones and	Tues."
A bright thought struck him and he said:	
"The rich Miss Goldrocks I will	Wed."
But when he paid his court to her,	
She lisped, but firmly said: "No,	Thur."
"Alas," said he, "then I must die!"	
His soul went where they say souls	Fri.
They found his gloves and coat and hat,	
And the Coroner then upon them	Sat.—Ex.

— o —

No matter how hungry you are you can't eat the whole of a doughnut.

— o —

"Do cigarettes hurt a fellow's brain?"
 "No, no fellow with brains uses them."—Ex.

— o —

First young man: "Were you bashful the first time you called on a girl?"
 Second—"Yes, but her father helped me out."—Ex.



Complicated Matrimony

Father and I spent a month at Palm Beach,
Met a widow and daughter and each was a peach.

We sort of got twisted, mayhap 'twas the water,
But I married the widow, and pa the daughter.

When you stop to consider, my daughter's my mother,
My wife is my granny, my grandson's my brother.

My son is changed to my mother's brother,
My wife's only daughter, by gum is her mother!

Now, could any one object under these trying conditions,
If father and I should change our positions.

—L. J. CLARK '13.

—○—
Mr. Coonen, "What is a shadow?"
Kenneth H. "It's a spot of absence."

—○—
Miss Black: (In Eng. III.)—"What are pygmies, Anastasia?"
A. D. "Sort of little insects."

—○—
Scene in Com'l Geog. Class

Time—11 o'clock.

Place—Miss Zobel's room.

Miss Zobel: "I want it understood that after the bell has rang there shall be order."

Class laughs.

Miss Zobel: (blushing) "I did that on purpose."

Class roars.

—○—
G. O. "The last time I was here you had a little pig for dinner."
R. L. "Ya, You were here."

—○—
Patron—"Waiter, there's a spider in my ice cream."

Waiter—"Serves him right sir. Let him stay there and freeze to death. He was in the soup yesterday."—Ex.

D. L. AULD CO.

COLUMBUS, OHIO.

MANUFACTURING JEWELERS

AND

STEEL ENGRAVERS

FURNISHERS TO

CLASS OF 1912

THE D. W. BRITTON

COOPERAGE CO.

TELEPHONE 625

ALL KINDS OF FIRE WOOD

WATCH FOR
THE NEXT ISSUE
OF THE
A-E-R-O-P-L-A-N-E
—IN—
SEPTEMBER

J. E. KAYE

TAILOR

MASONIC TEMPLE

Snavely's

IS THE
RIGHT PLACE
FOR

School Supplies

D. M. GROULX,

MUSIC and
ART SHOP

THE PLACE FOR
WEDDING AND GRADUATION

Gifts

Robt. A. Kaftan John W. Reynolds

Kaftan & Reynolds

LAWYERS

Room 3 2, 3rd floor Minahan
Building.

Both Phones 1266

GREEN BAY,

WISCONSIN

ECKHARDT BROS.

STATIONERS
SCHOOL BOOKS
AND
SUPPLIES

223 N. WASH. ST.

GREEN BAY POST CARD CO.

Wholesale Jobbers of Post cards,
Pennants and Art Goods. The lar-
gest and most complete line in
Northwest. A complete sample
line for \$5.00

E. G. MARKLE, Prop.

GREEN BAY, WIS.

CHOICE - CONFECTIONERY

CIGARS AND TOBACCO

ICE CREAM PARLOR

J. Bashara Bros.

(Successors to F. Frenn)

315 DOUSMAN ST.

Adolf Michael

JEWELER

GRADUATION GIFTS

GREEN BAY, WISCONSIN

Our Customers Stick to Us
Because They Know Us.

Correct summer SHOES
and OXFORDS
for Men, Women and Children

AT

Engels & Son

SUPERIOR FOOTWEAR.

HALL'S HOUSE FURNISHING STORE

—FOR—

REFRIGERATORS, SCREENS,
STOVES AND NEW FURNITURE

RUBBER TIRES ON BABY CARTS

109 N. BROADWAY - WEST SIDE

BEAUMONT HOTEL

BARBER SHOP

LEADING SHOP

OF THE CITY

HIGH CLASS SERVICE

PHIL. JANELLE

INSIST ON BRENNER'S FOUNTAIN MALLON

WITH YOUR ICE CREAM SUNDAE
MANUFACTURED BY BRENNER CANDY CO.
GREEN BAY, WIS.

V. I. Minahan E. R. Minahan

Minahan & Minahan

LAWYERS

Minahan Building

SOL. P. HUNTINGTON

LAWYER

EMPIRE BUILDING

GREEN BAY, : WIS.

DR. F. R. HOUSTON

DENTIST

Hours 8.30 to 11.45 a. m.

1 to 5 p. m.

MINAHAN BLDG.

M. E. DAVIS

LAWYER

403 MINAHAN BUILDING

GREEN BAY, WIS.

235 S. WASH. ST. RESIDENCE 967
BELL PHONE 374

THE CLOTHING SHOP
REPAIR

EUGENE FRISQUE, Prop.

CLEANING PRESSING

REPAIRING-DRY-CLEANING

CLOTH COVERED BUTTONS

MADE TO ORDER

Green Bay, - - Wisconsin

ANNIE E. BRETT

Teacher of Piano

231 South Jefferson Street.

LAWN SWINGS,
HAMMOCKS

PORCH SETTEES,
CROQUET SETS.

W. D. COOKE &
HARDWARE

201--203 N. WASHINGTON ST.

ICE CREAM

Delicious Ice Cream,
Rich Ice Cream,
Pure Ice Cream,
OUR Ice Cream

USE IT; At our Fountain,
At your Home.

HOMER VINCENT

614 S. Broadway. Prompt Service

A Message from

MARS'
Tonsorial Parlors

711 S. Broadway.

GO TO

Kalb's Meat Market

FOR CHOICE

Meats, Fine Turkeys, Chickens
and Ducks, always on hand : :

107 N. Wash. St. Both Phones 32

**Snavelly Livery
and
Transfer Co.**

PHONE

"54"

Home Restaurant

MEALS AT ALL HOURS

Special Care given to orders for
HOME BAKING.

Mrs. R. Parent

234 N. Broadway.

VANDENBERG'S
ONE PRICE PIANO HOUSE.

The One-Price system is a public
necessity as much in the Piano busi-
ness as in any other.

It has the only positive protection for the pur-
chaser that he or she will not pay more than
some one else.

The dealers with shifting prices give no
guarantee.

118 WASH.
STREET

Vandenberg's Music Co.

BICYCLES

\$5.00 DOWN

\$1.00 A WEEK

We will continue to sell bicycles on Installment plan for a short time.

ORDER NOW

GORDON BENT CO.

F. C. Grimmer,

DRUGGIST

1236 Main St.

TRY OUR ICE CREAM SODA.

GLEESON

Fine Millinery

Pine and Adams Streets

GREEN BAY, WIS

A good place to EAT at

KEE'S

C A F E

ALL HOME COOKING

Wm. Hoffman

MAKER OF

Fine Clothes

F. HURLBUT

PHONE 28

Sells Good Coal : : :
: : : Screened Clean



U! Rah! Rah! Green Bay!
U! Rah! Rah! Green Bay!
U! Rah! Rah! Green Bay!
Rah!!!

THE ENGRAVINGS IN THIS BOOK ARE THE PRODUCT OF THE
JAHN & OLLIER ENGRAVING CO

Main Office and Works
554 W. Adams Street
Chicago, Illinois

ARTISTS, ENGRAVERS

Specialists on College Annual Engraving

Branch Offices
Davenport, Iowa
Des Moines, Iowa
Minneapolis, Minn

JULIUS LIEBENOW

JEWELER

Diamonds My Specialty

GREEN BAY, WISCONSIN

Hours 8 to 12 A. M.
1 to 4 and 7 to 8 P. M.

Bell Phone
332-1

BOTH PHONES 55 OFFICE IN GRAY BLOCK

FRANK S. POTTS

DENTIST

Empire Block

GREEN BAY, WIS.

Dr. R. H. SWEETMAN

Green Bay, Wis.

A Place to Eat Always Open

**DeLair's
Cafe**

Both Phones 120 208 N. Wash. St

GREEN BAY, WIS.

We Have The Best Ice Cream In The
City

Come over and try it or call up
and we will deliver it.

Wm. Jaber & D. Abood,

WIS. PHONE 642 524 MAIN ST.

The New Year Store--Groceries

HOME OF THE VARSITY

PURE FOOD PRODUCTS

Best Service and Quick Delivery

300 S. Webster Ave.

Green Bay, Wis.

BANK OF GREEN BAY

3½ Per cent Interest Paid
on Deposits

Assets \$425,000.00. Capital and Surplus \$65,000.00

**For First Class Shoe Repair-
ing at Reasonable Prices**

CALL ON

JOHN T. BANGERT

703½ S. Broadway

Both Phones

Bell, 2656

Valley, Blue 1297

F. NEUSER,

**MEAT
MARKET**

Main Street

HOLLMAN & ANSORGE

Millinery

and Hair Goods.

314 N. Washington Street

Sanitary Barber Shop

MINAHAN BUILDING

Room 209 Wis. Phone 273

TONY KLEBER, Prop.

CONFECTIONERY

Ice Cream, Candies and Fruits, Ham Sandwiches,
Coffee and Pie 10 Cents.

Green Bay Candy Kitchen

412 Main Street.

J. SEROOGY.

Gotfredson Bldg.

"CAMPUS TOGS"
 FOR
YOUNG MEN
HUYBRECHT - DEUSTER
CLOTHING COMPANY



311-313 West Walnut St.

N. L. HOWLETT

MILLINER

119 N. BROADWAY - WEST SIDE

"GRADUATION FOOTWEAR"

White Sea Island Colonial } \$3.00
 White Nu Buck Pumps }
 White Nu Buck 4 button Ox. } \$3.50

JONES & NELSON CO.

"HOME OF THE FEET"

STRAW HATS

Sailors, Snap-brim and panama hats to fit every head, and to suit every taste.

\$1 to \$6

WM. SORENSEN & CO.
 CLOTHIERS

610 S. Broadway - Phones 952

During those vacation days, do not neglect your

KODAK OR BROWNIE

You Should Have One
REMEMBER

We have the most modern and the largest finishing department in the state

OUR WORK IS SNAPPY AND CLASSY

DONE BY EXPERTS

STILLER'S CAMERA SHOP

MASONIC TEMPLE

THE AMERICAN LAUNDRY

DOES GOOD WORK

ADAMS & DOTY Sts.

Carl Meier & Co.

Wholesale and Retail

- FLORISTS -

Main Store 330 Pine Street.

Branch Store: Hagerty Building.
Both Phones 327

COFFEE

in Air Tight Tins, Packed Automatically, No Handling—All the Rich Full Flavors of the Finest Berries Kept for You.

**The Chase & Sanborn's Seal
Brand Coffees.**

Sold by

M. A. Onstad & Co. GREEN BAY
312 W. WALNUT ST.

MRS. BUCKNAM

THE LOW PRICE

MILLINER

STAMPING
DYEING AND DRY CLEANING

110 Main Street :-: Green Bay

THE TWIN HARDWARE STORE

Formerly located at 115 N. Broadway has moved into its new quarters, 107-111 W. Walnut St., west end of Walnut Street Bridge. We are in better position than ever before to fill your hardware wants, and we respectfully solicit your patronage.

JOHN C. WILSON, Manager
BELL 583 VALLEY 583-2

JULES PARMENTIER CO.

MORTGAGE

LOANS

REAL ESTATE

FIRE INSURANCE

PARMENTIER Bldg.

Capital and Surplus, \$300,000.00

McCARTNEY NATIONAL BANK

GREEN BAY, WIS.

Your Business Solicited

CALLAGHAN'S

GROCERY

FERNDELL CANNED GOODS

West Walnut Street

Wis. Phone 2141

NELS SKOGG & CO.

Plumbing and
Heating


619 S. Broadway

GREEN BAY ICE CREAM & DAIRY CO.

EDW. BARCLAY, PROP.

156 N. Broadway

Phones 287

 A Trial Will Convince You
That We Have THE BEST.

Barkhausen Coal & Dock Co.

PHONE 39

FLATLEY BROTHERS CO.

COAL and
Building Material

Both Phones 452

DR. SCHMIDT

EYE, EAR, NOSE
AND THROAT

Both Phones
470

OFFICE
204-205 Wilner Bldg.

Dr. I. E. Levitas
PHYSICIAN and
SURGEON

Hours: 11-12 a. m. 2-4 p. m.
and 7-8 p. m.

GREEN BAY, WIS.

Dr. L. J. Patterson
DENTIST

OVER

McGARTNEY NATIONAL
BANK

Dr. J. E. McGINNIS
PHYSICIAN
AND SURGEON.

Hours: 10 to 12 a. m.
2 to 4 and 7 to 8 p. m.

PHONES—748

W. WEBBER KELLY

SURGEON

Wilner Building, GREEN BAY

OFFICE HOURS:

3 to 5 P. M.

Office: McCartney Bank Building

Dr. H. H. HENDRICKSON

Physician and Surgeon

Phones: Valley 123, Wis. 123-2

GUS. CAUWENBERGH

Prescription Pharmacy

Both Phones 53

214 N. Washington St.

GREEN BAY, WIS.

MUST HAVE A BEGINNING

DO NOT POSTPONE, Etc., Opening of a Savings Account, simply because of the smallness of your first deposit. All things, you know, must have their beginning. The big things of today were the little things of yesterday. Remember, we receive deposits as low as a DOLLER.

The Kellogg National Bank.

301 North Washington St.,

Green Bay, Wis.

Your Hair Combing made into beautiful Switches, Waves, Frizzetts of all Kinds at

E. MORRELL

The Tonsorialist.

703 S. Broadway - WEST SIDE

Blarjeske & Neimi

Merchant Tailors

Cleaning and Repairing a Specialty

204 W. Walnut St., Green Bay, Wis.

Wis. PHONE 977

After the Show
Delicious Sundaes or Sodas

THE KIND YOU GET AT

Popp & Rather's

Rexall Drug Store

Cor. Broadway and Walnut Sts.

WEST SIDE

Miss M. DeWan

FINE MILLINEY

208 W. Walnut St.

Phone 2128

GET A NUMBER AND JOIN THE
GREAT AUTO CONTEST
AT THE
HERRICK CLOTHING STORE

Fine New Diamond Lavalliers

AT

J. VANDER ZANDEN
JEWELER

123 N. Washington Street

Society
Brand
Clothes

FOR YOUNG MEN
AND
MEN WHO STAY YOUNG.

West Side Clothing Store.

HAMMERSMITH
ENGRAVING CO.

Designs, Half-Tones, Zinc Etchings
FOR
High School Publications.

MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

C. Hansen

:-:

J. Anderson

Reason-
able

Plumbing

Reliable

BOTH PHONES 530

219 North Adams Street

A Guarantee given with each SUIT or OVERCOAT

ROBT. W. HOPPE

MERCHANT TAILOR

SUITS and OVERCOATS from \$16.00 up, made to your order

217 N. Adams St., Green Bay, Wis.

CATALOGUES OUR SPECIALTIES
BANKERS SUPPLIES AND
COUNTY RECORDS

Gazette Publishing Co.

GREEN BAY, WIS.

**PRINTERS, BINDERS
AND BLANK BOOK
MANUFACTURERS**

ALL KINDS OF LOOSE
LEAF DEVICES

DE LUXE LEDGER
OUR LEADER

CITIZENS NATIONAL BANK

UNITED STATES DEPOSITORY

3 Per Cent Interest Paid on Savings
and Certificates of Deposits

Schwalbe's Cafe

HOME BAKING

105 WASH. ST.
OPP. MINAHAN BLDG.

Your Patronage Appreciated

COLIGNON & COLIGNON

ATTORNEYS and CONSELORS-
AT-LAW

229 EAST WALNUT ST.

GREEN BAY, WISCONSIN

Cady, Strehlow & Jaseph

ATTORNEYS

FOX BLOCK

Washington St. Green Bay, Wis.

C. W. LOMAS

LAWYER

McCARTNEY NATIONAL
BANK BUILDING

We wish to thank the Students for
their patronage throughout the year:
and wish them all a most joyous va-
cation.

MCDONALD'S DRUG STORE & LITTLE DRUG SHOP

\$2.50

\$3.00

Nifty graduation shoes in all the latest novelties of the season, in prices within the reach of all.

Nothing Over \$3.00

BERT WALL,

HAGERTY BLDG.

WALNUT STREET

DR. A. O. OLMSTED

404

MINAHAN BUILDING

Do You Want To Sell Some Land?

If So, See

The Cady Land Co.

Washington Street

THE WISE-HOLLMAN CO.

THE PLACE FOR YOUR

S *S* **TABLEWARE** *S* *S*

And Everything in the Glass and Croceery Line.

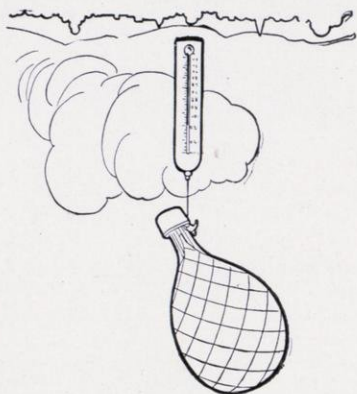
GIVE US A CALL

Chas. De Clerc

FLORIST

Opposite Postoffice

THE STORE OF QUALITY



The rising temperature reminds you it is time to don your summer suit. If you need a new one you will do well to drop in and have us take your measurements and make your suit. Our stock of summer woolens is now at its best. Remember we carry the finest line of up-to-date furnishings in the city.

Come and see us.

D. E. DETIENNE,
TAILOR

Gazett's Milk Chocolates

are known for quality. Everybody's eating them. Why don't you?

GAZETT CANDY CO. Green Bay, Wis.

F. SCHOONENBERG

STAPLE and FANCY

GROCERIES

Both Phones 1230

445 Quincy Street

AEROPLANES

FOR SALE AT

Sagerman's News Depot

Popp & Rather

Little Drug Store



Your money draws interest from the minute it is deposited with us. It grows and keeps growing until you have an account to your Credit that is surprising. A few Dollars laid aside each week, and drawing interest will come in mighty handy at some later day.

Better open up an account with us today.

Union Building, Loan and Saving Association

116 NORTH WASHINGTON ST.

BUR'S HOME BAKING

Bur's bakery goods are very fine
Unsurpassed where'er you dine
Right in price" has gained us fame
Satisfaction wins—we claim
Bread and Biscuits--Beans we bake
Angel food and orders take
Kuchen, Cookies, Cup-Cakes too
Everything prepared for you.
Rocks and Dough-nuts hard to beat
You will find our line complete

Leave your Baking with us during the Hot Summer months.

BUR'S GROCERY

Good Things To Eat.



D O N N E R

PHOTOGRAPHER



207 N. Washington





FOOTWEAR FOR COMMENCE-
MENT

SLIPPERS, PUMPS, OXFORDS

IN ALL THE DRESS STYLES AT

HAASE'S

GREEN BAY'S LARGEST SHOE STORE

TIP-TOP HEELS



ARE THICK LEATHER
WITH
STEEL INSERTED.

NOISELESS.

Not Slippery.

Not Visible.

Fit for FINE SHOES or HARD WEAR.

Wear Longer. Prevent Runover.

ATTACHED WHILE YOU WAIT AT

GREEN BAY SHOE REPAIRING CO.

218 Cherry St., - Green Bay, Wis.

The A. Spuhler Co.

SUMMER WASH FROCKS

The women of to-day require light weight materials in their garments, giving them comfort for these warm summer days. The summer frocks shown in our ready-to-wear section are made up of the soft materials, so much in use this season and are trimmed with dainty embroideries and fine laces giving them that neat appearance and cool comfort.

SEE THE NEW STYLES OF SUMMER FROCKS THAT WE ARE NOW DISPLAYING
ALL MARKED AT MODERATE PRICES

The A. Spuhler Co.

DON'T FORGET

THE KIMBALL VARIETY STORE

THE - STORE - WHERE - A

DOLLAR - DOES - ITS - DUTY

518 MAIN ST.

