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Green Bay, Wisconsin: [s.n.], 1915

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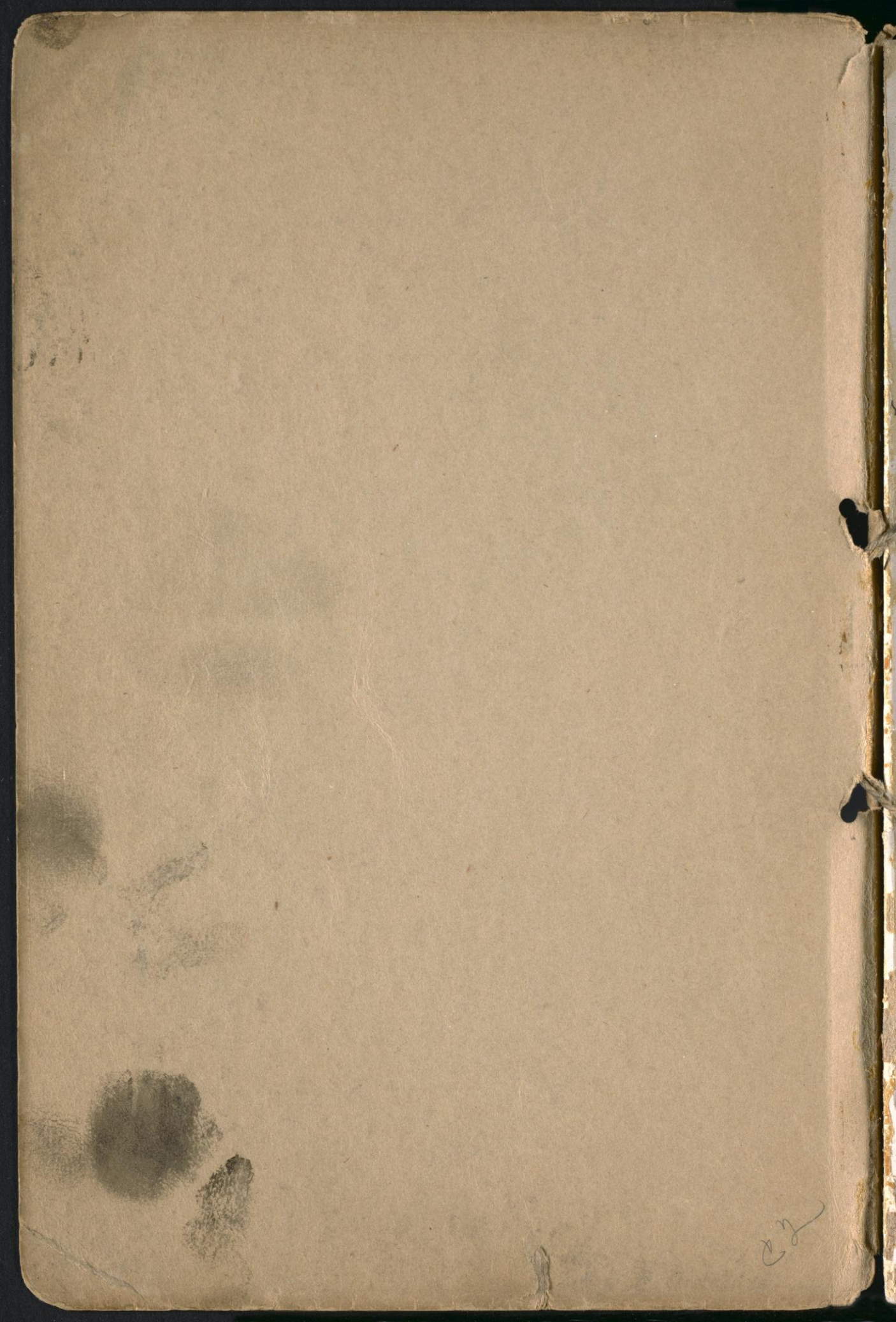
# *Aeroplane*



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East High School (Green Bay, Wis.)  
Aeroplane



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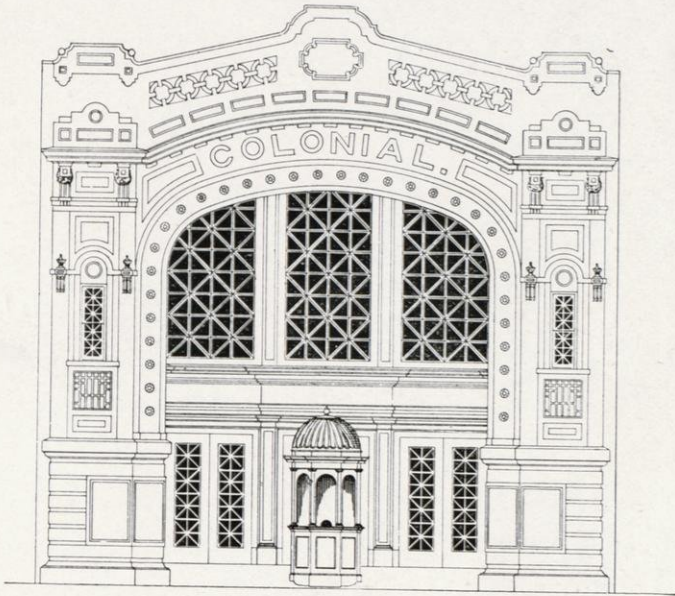
LOCAL HISTORY & GENEALOGY

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Green Bay, Wisconsin

*June 15, 1915*

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

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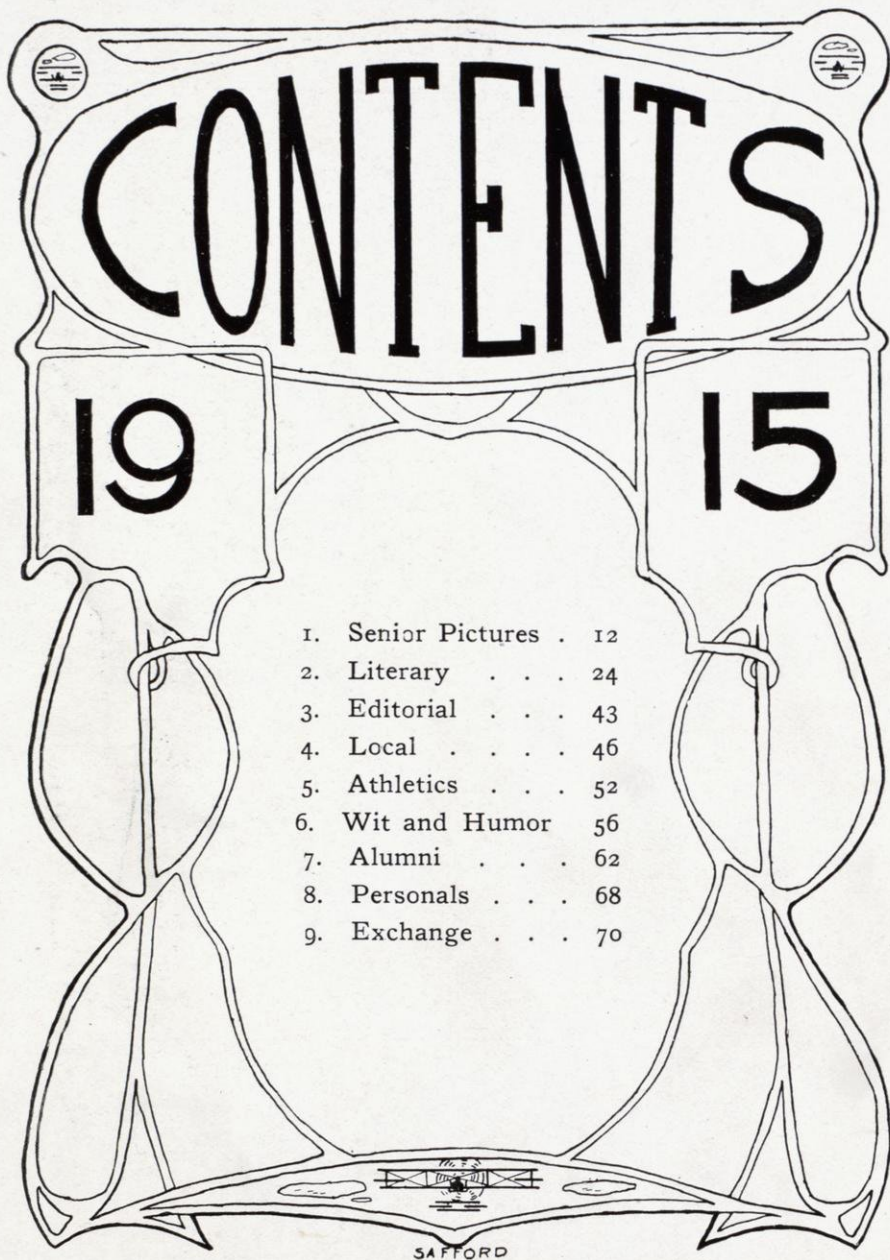
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Dedicated with appreciation to our respected  
instructor and friend  
MISS MINNIE H. KELLEHER



MISS MINNIE H. KELLEHER.





**HENRY BRETT**

"My heart leaps up when I  
behold the little freshie  
girls, so fair."

**VELMA ROTHE**

"Her modest looks the cot-  
tage might adorn,  
Sweet as the primrose  
peeps beneath the thorn."

**CARRIE HODGKIN**

"Be silent always, when  
you doubt your sense;  
And speak, though sure,  
with seeming diffidence."

**RAY HOLLAND**

"Books! 'tis a dull and end-  
less strife."







**LEON ENTZMINGER**

"Pleased with a rattle,  
tickled with a straw."

**EULALIA DOUGHERTY**

"I take the world as it  
comes."

**FREDA ROSEMAN**

"A setting sun should leave  
skies."

**MARY SLAUGHTER**

"Ask me no more, whither  
doth haste  
The nightingale when May  
is past;  
For in your sweet dividing  
throat  
She winters, and keeps  
warm her note."

**FRANK BINISH**

"Better than discourse, silence doth square my delight."

**GERTRUDE KOPPLIN**

"A perfect woman nobly planned,  
To warn, to comfort and command."

**BESSIE M'DONOUGH**

"Be thou the first rue merit  
to befriend."

**HAROLD NOBLE**

"A hidden ground of thought  
and austerity within."







**WILLIAM ALRED**

"Storm or sunshine, joy or  
grief are nothing, if only  
thou art by my side."

**NARRY GOULD**

"Her honors with increase  
of ages grow,  
As streams roll down en-  
larging as they flow."

**GENEVIEVE CRABB**

"He that complies against  
his will,  
Is of the same opinion still."

**OLIN PAUL**

"Howe'er it be, it seems to  
me,  
'Tis only noble to be good."

**JOHN FOURNIER**

"Then let us say that you  
are sad,  
Because you are not merry:  
and 'twere as easy  
For you to laugh and leap  
and say that you are merry  
Because you are not sad."

**LILLIAN HALLOIN**

"A soul exempt from pride,  
and love to praise with rea-  
son on her side."

**MILDRED DUCHARME**

"Good nature and good sense  
must ever join."

**HENRY GOTFREDSON**

"All we have willed or  
hoped or dreamed of good,  
shall exist."







**LEONIDAS JONTE**

"A man severe he was, and  
stern to view."

**HELEN BADER**

"Hills peep o'er hills, and  
Alps on Alps arise."

**ADELAIDE DORN**

"She feared no danger, for  
she knew no sin."

**JOHN GENIESSE**

"He walks as if he meant  
business. Perhaps some day  
he will be walking up the  
steps of the White House.  
who knows?"

**CASEY LOOMIS**

"A man so various, that he seemed not one, but all mankind's epitome."

**FLORENCE DELLOYE**

"Industriously she strives to attain her highest aim."

**FLORENCE DELANEY**

"Expression is the dress of thought and still appears more decent, as more suitable."

**ARCHIE DUNCAN**

"My days are in the yellow leaf;  
The flowers and fruits of love are gone;  
The worm, the canker, and the grief,  
Are mine alone!"







**JOSEPH MARTIN**

"A little learning is a dangerous thing."

**HARRIET BELL**

"In conversation she is ready and eloquent."

**MARGARET FINDEISEN**

"Oh, sir, she smiled, no doubt, whene'er I passed her."

**CLARENCE MOELLER**

"Joy comes and goes, hopes ebbs and flows, but I go on forever."

**RICHARD JANDRAIN**

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

**LUCILLE SELK**

"True ease in writing comes from art, not chance."

**HILDA COHEN**

"'Tis impious in a good man to be sad."

**FRANCIS FLATLEY**

"Love lends life a little grace."







**GEORGE NITZ**

"He is not bred so dull, but  
he can learn."

**RUTH LEFBVRE**

"Beauty draws us with a  
single hair."

**GERTRUDE GALLINEAU**

"Shy and modest is this  
maid."

**RAY LAUBENSTEIN**

"Silent and sober like a  
puzzled sphinx."

**WILLIAM WITTIG**

"One crowded hour of g'lorious life."

"Dem's my sentiments."

**NETTIE VAN ERMAN**

"At every trifle scorn to take offense

That always shows great pride, or little sense."

**MARION MOORE**

"Pity melts the mind to love."







# LITERARY



—E. Benja—

## SHORT-STORY WRITING AND JOURNALISM.

Our course in short-story writing and journalism has passed the experimental stage. Three years ago we introduced the work into our third year English, and since then we have modified here, and changed there, added to this point and eliminated at that, until now we have a department fairly well organized and partly equipped.

The first year of the experiment some story writing was required of all third year students. Results were not entirely satisfactory. Of course, originality and inventive imagination are not faculties possessed equally by all. Consequently, while some students made enthusiastic response, others were only moderately interested, and made but feeble attempts.

Results were sufficiently encouraging, however, to warrant further experiment, and the next year the course was made elective. That is, English III. students might choose between the work ordinarily done in that year, and the work in story writing and elementary journalism. This plan worked out very well, for every one who enrolled took upon himself voluntarily the task of original composition.

This past year, a preference was again allowed; but of those who selected this course, only those whose previous records in English warranted it, were allowed to enroll.

For a number of years the universities and some of the colleges have offered courses in Short-Story writing and Journalism; but a preparatory high school course is of such recent date that an outline of the work may be of interest.

Early in the year stories by good authors are studied and analyzed. Students have in their hands Hawthorne's "Tales of the White Hills," and have read them, Kipling's "Baa, Baa, Black Sheep," De Maupassant's "The Necklace," Aldrich's "Marjory Daw," etc. In connection with this analysis, the theory of the short-story is studied—kinds of plot, main incident, number and presentation of characters, opening, conclusion, uses of first and third person, etc.

Then students are required to outline original plots. These are discussed in class with reference to possibilities. After each student has three such outlines in his note book, he chooses the best for his first complete story. This story is read to the class, and discussed by students and teacher, points of excellence and weakness both receiving attention. Three stories are written by each member of the class, though fully three times as many outlines are constructed, and additional bits of description and conversation are worked out.

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

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When students have developed some discernment and discriminating power, they examine stories in "The Atlantic" and "Harper's," to discover the kind and quality of work accepted by the high class magazines. Then these stories are compared with the trashy, sensational fiction in the cheap, popular periodicals.

The latter part of the year is devoted more particularly to the study of journalism. Notes are taken on reporting, interviewing, and editorial writing. Newspapers,—both metropolitan and country newspapers, are examined and compared as to news material and manner of presentation. Then members of the class write news stories and are assigned to "runs."

Interviews have proved particularly provocative of good work. Two students prepare an interview together. One assumes the person of some prominent individual, and the other the role of a reporter. Huerta, Count Zeppelin, and a Japanese statesman are among those recently questioned by class reporters. During the interview the other members of the class take notes, and write them up later.

The editorial work consists in collecting and comparing this kind of writing from various newspapers, and then writing original editorials on school and local matters.

The purpose of the course is not to make writers of all the members of the class. It is the intention, however, to train students to a discriminating taste in reading, and to give much practice in writing. This writing calls for the best efforts of the writer, to tell something interesting, and to present it in as effective a manner as possible. It differs decidedly from the writing of an ordinary class exercise, which the student often regards as a dull, aimless performance.

Though it is not expected that a large number of the students taking this course will make writing a vocation, it is reasonable to believe that some will here decide upon their life work. In our day the short story is so much in demand, and journalism offers so attractive and influential a field, that those whose talents fit them for writing should have their efforts directed along these lines.

\* \* \*

## SANDY CLAIM

"Wall boys," said Black Pete as he strolled into Hetter's grocery "I got a bit of news from Old Bill this mornin'. He says there's a couple o' young fellows a goin' to buy Sandy Claim. I got a hunch that they'll do about as well as Big Sam did. If they kin pull a livin' off thot claim for a year, they're a doin' well,—that's all I gotta say."

Sandy Claim had been abandoned three years previous by Big Sam, who found that, after two years of digging, he could never gain anything from it but a living. He therefore sold his claim for very little to Old Bill, the justice of the peace, constable, and several other important personages in Red Gulch.

The next day when the stage coach drove up, the two young men unloaded. Every person in Red Gulch was present to catch a glimpse of the strangers, and as they termed them "The Green Ones," for certainly, if Big Sam had failed to find gold there was no one else on earth who could, as Big Sam was considered one of the "Seven Wonders of the World," in Red Gulch.

Jim Rogers and Bob Moore had finished school together, and had worked



together for three years, both being civil engineers. They decided at length that mining gold was far more interesting and profitable than engineering, and such were the bright prospects which they met at Red Gulch.

They immediately set about fitting out the little cabin. Of course they must start out by having every convenience that Red Gulch could afford, and therefore bought an old horse owned by Black Pete. This purchase caused more laughter and permanent amusement than the buying of the claim, for what could the boys want of a horse, when the claim was only a half a mile from the Gulch? The boys answered their questioning jokes by saying that they had always been accustomed to the best, and were going to have Red Gulch's best.

In a few days things were in full swing on Sandy Claim, and the boys were perfectly hopeful, despite the rough discouragement from the inhabitants of Red Gulch.

Time passed quickly, as the boys were intensely interested in their work.

However, after working a year, and gaining only a living, and barely that, Jim became discouraged, and decided to tell Bob that he was going to quit.

"Bob" he said one evening, "I'm sick and tired of working as hard as we are, and getting nothing. I think Big Sam was wise to unload this claim the way he did, and to quit when he saw that there was nothing to be gained but a scanty living."

Bob, looked at Jim for a moment, and then returned: "Jim there's gold on this claim and I know it, and you're going to stay until we find it."

That settled it, for Jim always did as Bob told him.

Things reached their height, however, when, one morning a week later, they found their horse dead.

"That's enough of this hard luck," said Jim with a disgusted tone, "I'm going to leave for the East tomorrow."

The two boys dragged the horse to the farthest corner of the claim. Bob would dig the hole, for he knew what Jim's answer would be if he were asked to do it.

Jim walked back to the cabin, and stood in the doorway watching Bob.

Bob worked silently for half an hour, when suddenly, to Jim's surprise, Bob threw the shovel to one side, and yelled, "We've found it, Jim! We've found it at last! We've struck gold."

They continued mining for some time, until both had collected a handsome fortune. Then one evening brought another surprise, but this time to Bob only.

"Bob," began Jim, "you've never known anything about me except that we went through college together, worked together, and have made a success. Now I have something else to tell you.

"The Colonel told me, when I was going to school, since I persisted in doing nothing but spend his money, that if I didn't make a success at something, I would be excluded altogether from his will.

"Father died two years ago, but in his will there was a clause saying that if any time during the next five years, I made a success, I was to be sole heir to his fortune.

"I've made a success, and it's only through your making me stay here that I have, and I think that if we divide up the inheritance, we'll have enough."

The next day Sandy Claim was sold for a hundred fifty thousand dollars.

Howard Beck. '16



AEROPLANE STAFF



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

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## IN THE GUISE OF JEANNE FUTRELLE.

Not a cloud, not a bird, not a quiver of air, no—not even a hot breeze moved. There was only the rabble and its reign of terror, only the riff-raff with its spiles, bludgeons, saws, and sabers; only the cries of the murdered, and the weird drip—drip of red blood; only the frenzied mob eager for the life of the aristocrats; only the hideous menace of the busy guillotine that flashed forebodingly in the light of the hot scorching sun.

And against this, against this and the impenetrable walls of the Bastille there stood a life. Young it was, vibrant it was, and eager for the promise of many decades that spread out irresistibly before it. And because this life, that had never done an injury against Man or God, bore the title of Aristocrat—it must die.

Within the prison wall there was a window; small and disheartening indeed—yet a small body in its last fight for existence might ultimately succeed in dragging, snakelike, its narrow length through the torturous passage. But the pass accomplished—what it might avail one? For deep around the gaunt walls there lay a quiet, sinister moat; and guarding its glassy depths, high walls, whereon paced watchfully, sentinels—sentinels—unending sentinels!

The aristocrat within these walls, the young and lovely Princess Jacqueline of Castel Rammonee, turned from the meager opening with weary despair, and sitting dejectedly on the spare cot, dropped her head on its coarse covering. One night, this night she had to live, and tomorrow the creaking guillotine would seal her death sob relentlessly. They would not even try her, that horrid, repulsive court of three, whose coarse hands reeked with the blood of hundreds; what need of trial? Did not the very title "Princess" suffice?

The last rays of the bloody September sun shot shaftlike through the small window, scattering gold dust in their straight paths, turning to scintillation some stale water which filled a glass resting on a clumsy table. The Princess Jacqueline rose staggeringly and began to pace the floor, thinking, always thinking,—and to no end.

Keys rattled in the hall without. She turned swiftly and waited, alert, for its recurrence. The heavy door swung open, and an old turnkey entered the musty room. He brought with him a piece of black bread and a jug of water which he deposited on the table. Once he looked up, and his bleared eyes gleamed kindly. The Princess Jacqueline approached him with a last atom of hope, and outstretched her hands beseechingly.

"Is there no way out of this?" she asked wearily in French.

The old keeper, bent, gray, almost transparent, shook his head sorrowfully.

"None, mademoiselle," he responded lowly, "The streets, alleys, and gutters are running blood; the people are no longer human,—they dance, gloat, shriek, and fight with brother, sister, mother, and father for an opportunity

to strike to death a hated aristocrat; France lies steeped in the crime of many centuries, and there shall be no end until either one or the other is no more. Too long have kings and queens and lords laid their burdens and injuries on the backs of the peasantry; out of a long injustice, a very hell had risen. I would to God I could help you madame,—but I cannot!"

He turned with what swiftness his age would permit, locked the door from the outside, and plodded wearily down the stairway. But his words, filled with vindication though they were, blew into hot fire the single spark of hope that lurked within the woman's breast. Like a flash it swept through her mind, and swift as lightning unfolded a plan.

Heading the mob without the Bastille was a rabid, bourgeoisie woman, the bitterest enemy of the aristocracy,—Jeanne Futrelle by name. Many times had she passed the carriage of the Princess Jacqueline and hissed her awful hatred at the timid noblewoman within its closed doors. Three days ago she had gone to Le Mans for the purpose of carrying on some unlawful business of hers and her terrible clans. Tonight, the crowd shouted, the valiant Jeanne would return. She would return to add fire to the already blazing lust for blood; to heap bodies upon the heaps that already lay dead and dying on the red, clamorous streets; to add the name of Princess Jacqueline of Rammonee to the long list that had been made merely by the bitter, revengeful words that burst from her lips.

Jeanne Futrelle was tall, dark, striking, and strong with the out of door strength of a long line of peasant ancestry. Jacqueline of Rammonee was tall, dark, striking, and strong with the strength of indomitable moral courage. The black eyes of Jeanne flashed wildly, defiantly at God, man, and beast. In the hour that promised salvation, the black eyes of Jacqueline flashed wildly, defiantly at prison walls, the rabble, and the bloody guillotine. Both had an earthly mission to perform: One to drag to death scores of the hated nobility,—the other to preserve in life a pure existence that was threatened with destruction. And these two women who were so opposite in mission, life, and position, were alike in all that mattered now,—alike in form and in feature!

With nervous fingers the princess ripped the skirt of her heavy velvet gown from her body, slashed the silk of the bodice with a silver clasp, and rolled her sleeves to the elbow, as was the custom of Jeanne Futrelle. It was with difficulty that she at least succeeded in ripping from the soles of her thin slippers, the high, arched heels, and threw them frantically under the narrow bed. The pins were taken from her elaborately coiffured hair, and the thick mass was confined in a negligent knot at the nape of her neck. On one side of the room was an ancient fire place, covered with the grime and soot of wood long since gone to ashes. Running her hands over the thickly coated grates, she besmeared her arms, clothes, head, and face, and pulled out a few strands of hair to create the appearance that belonged to the wild, unkempt Jeanne Futrelle. Then, with face burning as the flushed countenance of her bourgeoisie persecutor, she lay down on the creaking cot, to await the approach of the faithful old turnkey.



The sun had set, all color had left the sky; gloom lay over Paris, over the surrounding landscape, over the Bastille. There was no breeze, and the ghastly night seemed a thousand times hotter than its wierd predecessor, day. The rabble shouted and shrieked and danced, and the blood ran thick over hands, garments and faces. Wine mingled freely with the costly red matter which it resembled, and even the bread was drenched in the sickening liquid.

The girl lying motionless on the rude bed shuttered and threw her arm around her head to shut out the terrible death songs. The minutes seemed interminable, each one weighted with the promise of impending doom. Outside she could hear the rhythmic beat of the sentinels when occasionally the furore of the mob subsided enough to make a competitive sound audible. Darker grew the gloom within the prison; greater grew the fear within her heart; mightier became her desire to live.

A sound echoed without. She sprang from the creaking couch, every sense, muscle, and nerve vibrant and ready for action. Her strained ear caught the distant rumbling of keys, then the increase in volume of noise as the aged turnkey came slowly down the dim hallway.

She sped quickly back to the faintly outlined bed, and sank down upon it silently. The guard paused outside her door and lifted the key in the iron lock. It swung open and he stood on the threshold, the light from without falling full upon his back.

"Monsier," the girl's voice wavered uncertainly across the room—"Please—please—bring me that water—"

His keys dropped to the floor, as quick to assist he picked the jug of water from the table and approached the bed. Slipping his feeble hand beneath the girl's shoulder he sought to raise her, when quickly her other arm swung round his neck, pinioning his head so that he was unable to cry out. A quick struggle ensued. Seventy-five winters robbed of the vivacity and suppleness of youth contested against twenty summers filled to the utmost with action, life, and the great desire to prolong life. In a mighty effort the little woman swung her opponent swiftly, and he fell to the ground, his head striking the thick rock walls with a thud. He lay there motionless. Alarmed she bent and laid her hand on his chest. Beneath, the heart beat ever so faintly. Snatching the covering from the bed, she tucked it under his head, placed him in a more comfortable position, and picking up the keys, stole quickly from the chamber, closing the staunch door behind her.

Four guards she had to pass, and trembled at the encounter. But who would waylay Jeanne Futrelle?

"Qui vive?" each one asked succinctly.

And she answered in crude French, "Jeanne Futrelle! Long live liberty! Down with the aristocrats!"

Past each one she sped quickly, with pounding heart and flaming face; past the courtyard, out of range of the dense mob, on, on, past the gates into the open. And wicked Paris was left behind with its murder and cries and crime, while the wide black open yawned far—far before her.

Not a star, not a light, not a quiver of air,—no, not even a moon! Only the black universe, with one woman aloof, and in her heart the triumphant knowledge that there was liberty,—yea,—yea, life!

Lucile Selk, '15.



CASTE—HOW THE VOTE WAS WON



### A PREDICAMENT.

"Hello Chug old boy, how are you?" greeted Phil Hamilton "I ah a - a - a -"

"Say," burst out Chug before any more formalities could be rendered, "I'm furious. You just watch me. I've been here almost two months, and haven't been out once,—not once. Haven't seen a show, haven't seen a football game—in fact, haven't seen anything but books,—school books at that. Just cause I'm on probation. I'm going to motor down to Chicago for the game next Saturday, that's what I'm going to do. Have a regular automobile and haven't been out in it for two whole months! Some life I've been leading! What?"

Such was the outburst that met Phil Hamilton on entering his room. Chug Evans and Phil Hamilton, juniors at Notre Dame, had roomed together since their freshmen year. They were very much alike in appearance and manner, both being tall, dark, and built alike. Very often they were taken for twins or for one another. Chug, having failed in one study his previous year, was on probation and for this reason was not allowed the pleasure of going out.

"Well," said Phil, regaining his self-composure, after the outbreak, "I know it's hard on you, Chug, but you'd better lay low for awhile. I'm not going to Chicago, you know, and I'll stick with you."

"Nothing doing, Phil, I've thought it all over, and I leave in the morning. Thanks just the same though."

"All right, Chug, suit yourself. I won't say anything, but remember it means canned out if you're caught. By the way, do you know Hughes?"

"Yes, I know him. You mean President Hughes. He knows Dad quite well, but he doesn't know me yet. In his few months here, he hasn't met us all. Why, Phil?"

"Oh, nothing much, only he wants to ride to Chicago, and his car is broken. I was wondering if——"

But Phil wasn't given a chance to finish. In two jumps Chug had reached the door and was gone.

"Nothing ventured, nothing gained," gasped Chug, as he struggled to regain his breath, before entering the Hughes home.

"Phil isn't going to Chicago, so I'll pass as Phil. Hughes doesn't know either of us, but he knows our parents, and,—anyway, here goes," sputtered Chug as he headed for the door.

"Mr. Hughes?"

"Yes sir; young man what can I do for you?"

"I'm Philip Hamilton, sir. I heard that you were looking for a car to go down to Chicago in, so I thought I'd offer mine. I was going down alone, anyway."

"Philip Hamilton, are you? Well, young man, I'll take you at your word. I know your father quite well. You are rooming with young Evans this year, aren't you? A very fine chap he is too. On probation though isn't he?"

At this remark, Chug's knees began to weaken, and he was only too glad when, all arrangements having been made, he was able to leave the house.

"Well, anything to get to Chicago," thought Chug; "and going with the president of the school, I'll be in good company, anyway."

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

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Arriving home he confided his plan to Phil.

"Well, man, if you aren't plum gone," howled Phil on hearing the proposition.

"What if you'd bump into your folks in Chicago? Your dad is sure to be at the game."

"I know, Phil, but I'll miss him in the crowd, and Hughes thinks I'm you."

Phil, nevertheless, held tight to his own ideas about the outcome of Chug's bold enterprise", as he termed it.

"Phil, you and I will sit with some of my Chicago friends this afternoon", said Hughes, as they arose from lunch the day of the game.

Everything had gone off just fine, the trip, the meals and even the weather, yet something seemed to bother Chug. Several times he had caught Hughes in the act of smiling at him oddly, while he wasn't looking; and he didn't know just how to take it. But Chug was not the kind to let petty annoyances hinder his good time, and while he and Hughes were being ushered to their seats, he was in the best of spirits wondering what Hughes' friends would be like.

Of this, however, he was not long to be kept in the dark, for arriving at section four, their destination, he almost collapsed on seeing his mother and father rushing to greet them.

To Chug's great surprise, his parents did not recognize him, and took him to be Phil Hamilton.

"Well, if this doesn't beat all! muttered Chug "I must have changed a lot, or else I'm really Phil. By Gosh if this keeps up, I won't know who I am."

Mr. and Mrs. Evans prodded Chug with questions about their boy at school.

"I'm glad" said Mr. Evans, "that Chug is getting down to work. If he doesn't cut up, or break his probation, I'm going to buy him a nice yacht for the summer."

Mr. Evans glared right at Chug as he made this remark. Chug squirmed uneasily in his chair, paled slightly, and remarked that it sure would be nice for Chug.

On this remark, the whole party, with the exception of Chug, broke into an ear-splitting volley of laughter. Everycne seemed to be laughing, and looking at him and finally Chug fell. In an instant he saw it all, how Hughes had recognized him, and arranged for his party.

"Well now," thought Chug, "this is where I get it."

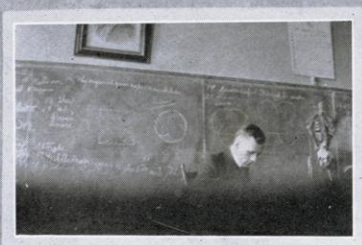
"It sure is a good one on me," said Chug, "but I can't see the joke somehow,asI'm canned out from school now, or will be soon."

But much to his amazement, Mr. Hughes explained that he had prepared for this, and Chug would not have to bother, under the conditions that he would return to school determined to work.

Francis Van Laanen, '16.



# THE AEROPLANE



FACULTY SNAPS

### IN THE NICK OF TIME.

Bob Hudson was a strong, well-built man who was much interested in athletics. He was at this time a student at Harvard, and was considered one of the strong members on the football team.

His twin brother "Jim", who resembled him very much in appearance, was also a good athlete, but for some reason gave up athletics the previous year, and spent his time in theaters, dance halls, and the like. On account of this conduct Jim was considerably rebuked by his brother and was also ostracized by many of the students. He had, however, as is usually the case, a few friends of his caliber who associated with him and thought it was easier to idle away their time than to get out for hard practice every day.

While Jim was considered the "black sheep" of the students, his brother Bob was a great favorite, for he showed much enthusiasm in furthering the interests of the school, especially along athletic lines. Bob was playing right guard on the first team for the second consecutive year, and was filling his position very satisfactorily.

It was now three weeks before the annual Harvard-Yale clash, and the game depended upon hard work on the part of every member of the team, for they were evenly matched.

Time seemed to go by slowly for the people who were feverishly awaiting the day of the game. Jim was the topic of conversation everywhere, for he had played such a star game the preceding year, and was now seemingly resting on his laurels.

"Look here, Jim," said Bob one day; "you still have fifteen more days before that game, and you could at least make a substitute at guard, for as you know, I am the only one out for that position."

"There's no use in talking, Bob" answered Jim, "I simply won't get out any more this fall, and that's all there is to it. But I'll tell you what I'll do," he continued, "I'll help you learn the signals by testing you as you suggested."

"Well, that's something, anyway," said Bob, "but you could be of more assistance if you would get out and play."

Try as he might, Bob could not get Jim to get out for the game. He did, however, go over the signals with him several times, to test Bob for accuracy.

At last the all-eventful day arrived and at 2:30 the stadium was filled to its limit with humanity. In another half hour the game would be in full swing, and the anxious spectators would witness the most important game of a number of years. This game was to decide who was the actual champion, for each college had lost three out of six games.

In the second row of seats near an aisle sat Jim Hudson, thinking to himself how fine it would be to be in the field helping his school win this great game.

"I really wish I had gotten out," he said to his friend, "but its too late now. I'll never be able to make up for this shameful conduct of mine. I feel so energetic just now that I could win that game alone. Gosh! I wish I had gotten out."

In another few minutes, the whistle blew, and the game was on. The ball changed hands several times, neither team being able to make much head-



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

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way. The first quarter ended with the ball in the middle of the field. The second quarter started out with Yale strong on the offensive until the ball was within seven yards of the goal posts, when they lost it and were again pushed back.

It was very evident by this time that the teams were evenly matched, and unless some unexpected thing happened, it would either be a victory for Yale or a tie game.

The third quarter was more exciting, and almost resulted in a touchdown for Yale. After about five minutes of playing in the fourth quarter, the whistle blew for time out, and to the surprise and dissatisfaction of the whole Harvard team, their star right guard, Bob Hudson, was laid out with a strained ankle. What was to be done now? The opponents were within fifteen yards of their goal and advancing steadily. It meant almost sure defeat for Harvard, for they had a poor substitute for Bob, who was not expected to do much playing.

Bob was taken into the dressing-room and soon Jim was seen leaving his seat and going to his brother.

The game started again with Harvard much weaker, on account of the loss of Bob. After playing about seven minutes, things looked bad for Harvard. It was Yale's ball first down and goal to go.

A sudden cheer arose from the grand-stand, and Bob Hudson was seen running toward the field, seemingly in good condition in spite of his sore ankle. In another minute he was reinstated in the game. The whole team took courage when they saw how determined Bob was to win the game.

The next play Yale tried a forward pass, but unluckily for them the man receiving the ball fumbled it, and Ecb, who was near by, picked it up and ran like a demon down the field. He was tackled several times, but without any effect. The field was now clear except for one opponent who was gaining on him, steadily as he sped toward the goal. When within five yards of the goal he knew he would be tackled, so just as his man sprang for him he put all his efforts into one bound which just cleared him of his opponent and sent him past the goal posts. He was almost breathless when his team-mates reached him, but nevertheless, rejoicing over the fact that Harvard had won the game, for before they had time to kick the goal the whistle blew and all was over. Bob was hoisted on the shoulders of his comrades and borne off the field, amid wild cheers and rejoicings.

But when they reached the gate, who was waiting for them but Bob Hudson dressed in his citizen's clothes and limping from the effects of the strained ankle? After all, it was not Bob who won the game, but his brother Jim, who had taken Bob's football togs and played at Bob's position. Jim was given all due credit for his loyalty to the school, and his past was forgotten, for he proved that he could come back.

Paul J. Bugdon, '16.

THE BLACKSMITH'S WISHES.

Mr. Jackson, a village blacksmith, was diligently working in his shop when in stepped a small peculiar-looking man

Mr. Jackson looked at him a minute and said:

"Hello stranger."

The little man wasted no time on preliminaries, but got right to business at once.

"I have here a piece of work for you to do," he said, "but it must be done by this time tomorrow afternoon."

"All right," answered the blacksmith, "I will see that it gets done."

Then the blacksmith was shown what he was to do. He was given some metal with which he was to make a rod of queer design. He was given instructions not to waste one scrap of the metal

For a few minutes he stood thinking of his visitor and of the peculiar rod he was to make. He was aroused from his reverie by the thought that he must hurry to have his work done by the appointed time.

He could not work later than dark that night, so he decided to get up at daybreak so as to finish his work.

So the next morning he got up early and went to his work.

The blacksmith worked hard at the rod all that day, and by the appointed time had the work done so well that he thought it would please his queer customer.

On the exact minute, the blacksmith's customer walked into the shop.

"Well my good man," he asked, "have you finished the rod?"

"I have it done the best I could," answered the blacksmith as he handed the rod to the man.

Then after carefully inspecting the rod, the man carefully put it in a case he had for that purpose.

"As the work was done quickly and well," said the little man, "I will give you your four next wishes as a reward."

After pausing for a few minutes he began again.

"These four stones," he said as he handed the blacksmith four colored stones, "represent four wishes. Everytime a wish is made one stone must be thrown away, or the remaining ones cannot be wished upon. Be careful when and what you wish for, as you get your wish, whether you want it or not."

With this the peculiar man stepped out, leaving the blacksmith wondering at him and at the stones.

After the blacksmith finally realized that his visitor and stones were real, he said to himself:

"I will save these stones for when I need something worse than I do now."

He then got at his work again. While repairing the grocer's wagon, he happened to need some bolts that were hanging higher up on the wall.

They were too high for him to reach, so without thinking he said to himself

"I wish I were tall enough to reach those bolts without going to the house for a ladder."

He immediately became about ten feet tall. At first he was afraid of himself, but he then remembered the caution about wishing that he had been given. This also reminded him that he must throw away one of the stones,



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

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so taking out of the pocketbook in which he kept them, he threw one out into the grass.

"As it was by this time getting late he went towards home."

His wife, seeing such a big man come up the path, quickly bolted the doors.

"Get away from this house at once or I will have you arrested," he heard his wife cry out, when he got closer to the door.

"If my husband were here, you would not stay where you are long," continued his wife, seeing that he did not leave.

The blacksmith seeing that his wife did not know him, reluctantly took one of the stones, wished that he was at his regular stature, and threw the stone away.

He immediately became the same height he had been before, and was willingly admitted by his wife.

When in the house, he explained to her all that had happened. They decided to keep the remaining two stones for some wishes in future time.

After eating supper he announced:

"I am going down to the postoffice, and get my paper so I will know how the war is getting along."

So he went and got his paper. When he came home he sat down and read.

After reading for an half hour or so, he said, without thinking, to Mrs. Jackson:

"I wish I were over in Europe, just to see how it is."

At this, he found himself in a trench, drenched with rain, and shivering with cold.

For a while, he was bewildered; but after a short time, he remembered that he had wished himself where he was.

He then took out his last two stones, and threw one away, for his last wish.

Thinking that he would rather be at home than where he was, he wished with his fourth and last stone to be at home again, and immediately found himself there.

Earl Renard, '16.

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## THE MILE RUN.

"What do you know about this?" grumbled the Senior, coming into the room and perching himself on the table.

"What's wrong now?" asked his room-mate, who knew his friend's habits of old.

"Kate's gone to work and snubbed me!" he exclaimed angrily "says she told me some time ago that she didn't care for my company any longer, and very coolly requests me to call her "Miss Kathryn!"

"Rats," said his room-mate, straightening up and putting down his books, "I wish you could get that girl out of your head, and try to realize that the intercollegiate meet is only about two weeks off. When a girl turns a fellow down like that, in my opinion she isn't worth running after."

Finding no sympathy in his room-mate, he went out again and started for the gym. Here again misfortune followed. While coming down the steps

after practice he tripped and landed at the bottom with a wrenched ankle,—not bad, but enough to keep him off the field for several days. And the time for the meet was rapidly approaching.

He tried to forget the girl, but he could not keep her from his mind.

The day of the meet dawned bright and clear, and long before the hour set, the stands were filled with people, and college yells boomed out across the field.

She was in the stand; he could see her there, wearing a bunch of crimson roses. That Harvard chap had given them to her of course, he reflected angrily.

All through the meet Yale and Harvard battled desperately for first place; and at last the teams stood with thirty points each, and the mile run, by some whim of the committee, the last event to be decided.

As they gathered 'round the start, he saw her looking past him at the Harvard man. A hot wave of anger surged over him, and he made up his mind that she wouldn't have the pleasure of seeing Harvard win if he could help it.

At last, the signal was given, and they were off. Right at the start the Harvard man took the lead, with the Senior running doggedly at the heels.

Suddenly a stinging pain shot through the Senior's injured ankle, and with a sinking heart he realized that it was failing. Still he kept on, vowing he would run till the last.

On they ran. The Senior's muscles were numb now, and it seemed as though his lungs would burst with the strain, while every step brought the pain in his ankle. They were coming to the home stretch now, and mechanically he tried to increase his pace, straining to the utmost—he couldn't keep it up much longer, he thought something must happen. There was a slight pressure against his breast for an instant and then he felt himself being carried off the field . . . . .

That night he sat, down-hearted and dejected, resting his injured ankle on a pillow. He had lost Kate, and he had lost the race—life had no joys for him.

Suddenly the door was thrown open and a crowd of boys rushed into the room cheering and yelling lustily.

"Shorty, you won the day for us, all right."

"I knew it was in you, old man."

Shorty gazed at them in amazement, and at first thought they were making fun of him; but finally he realized that it was true that he had won,—won a victory over the Harvard man.

During the tumult which followed, one of the boys found time to hand Shorty a note which he said he had received a few hours ago, but had neglected to give to him. Shorty took it from his outstretched hand, and as he read it he was far the happiest man at Yale; not because of the fact that he had won by a foot, the fastest mile ever run on the Yale track, but because the note was from Kate; and as he grabbed his hat and rushed from the room, limping painfully, he said he didn't care for all the track meets in existence.

Carol Smith, '16.





EAST HIGH ORCHESTRA

### ROPING HIM IN.

Wells was a town of some seven-hundred inhabitants, situated in the western part of Colorado. The town was not very thriving, and the only industry was a silver stamp mill, which employed most of the men of the town. There was one main street in the place with the bank, postoffice, three or four saloons, and Thompson's general store, where one could get anything from a deck of cards to a farm wagon. Thompson's store was also important to the men because it was here that most of them lounged about and idled away much of their time.

One of the principal customers of Thompson's for this purpose only, was old Simeon Walker, a man of about three-score and ten, who had been brought up with the town, and who was known by everybody in the district. Simeon lived in a one-room cabin on the outskirts of the town, and also owned about an acre of land near the stream which ran through the village and supplied the water for the mill. It was also the fishing grounds for the younger element of the town. The one great factor in making Simeon so well known was his un-failing power of finding fault. It also afforded the townspeople much amusement to humor his pet failure, and if ever a subject was broached, some one was sure to say, "Well, here's Simeon Walker; let's hear what he's got to say about it." Simeon was always finding fault with the way the affairs of the village were being run, and it was said that the condition of the weather never suited him.

There was one other thing Simeon was also noted for, and that was his shrewdness in financial affairs. People were sure to keep out of his way in any such dealings.

For a long time Simeon had been trying to sell his property along the creek, and although some of the people desired the land, they did not care to meet his price.

One day there appeared in Wells a young man fresh from college, who had come west to restore his health. He registered on the hotel books as Harvey Mills, and the people were curious as to his object in coming to such an unknown place. Not finding any other chance for amusement, he would go down to the creek and spend most of his time fishing. Having learned of Simeon's desire to sell his property, he thought it would be a good idea to obtain it and build a cabin on it; but when he asked Simeon the price of the place, he decided to wait and try to get it cheaper.

One morning as he was passing through the place on his way to the creek, he chanced to pick up some pebbles to throw into the water; but as he went to throw one of the pebbles, he found it to be unusually heavy. Upon looking at it closely, he saw that it was a glittering piece of metal. He washed the pebble in the creek, and found it to be a chunk of gold ore. And upon examining the ground, he found many, many more of the same kind. He then decided that there must be a vein of gold running through the land.

He did not tell anybody of his find, and a few days later he sought out Simeon and offered him the price asked for the land, saying that he wanted it for convenience. Simeon immediately accepted the offer, and when he came into Thompson's store he slyly told the by-standers how he roped in "that there easy college chap."

A few days later, however, Simeon's joy came to an end when he saw a gang of mining engineers on his recently sold property, and heard the news



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

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lying about the town that gold had been discovered on the college chap's land.

For many days Simeon kept away from Thompson's and when he did appear he was older looking and had even lost his power of finding fault.

The college chap, however, sold the property for a magnificent sum, and later went back to his home, healthier in body and in purse.

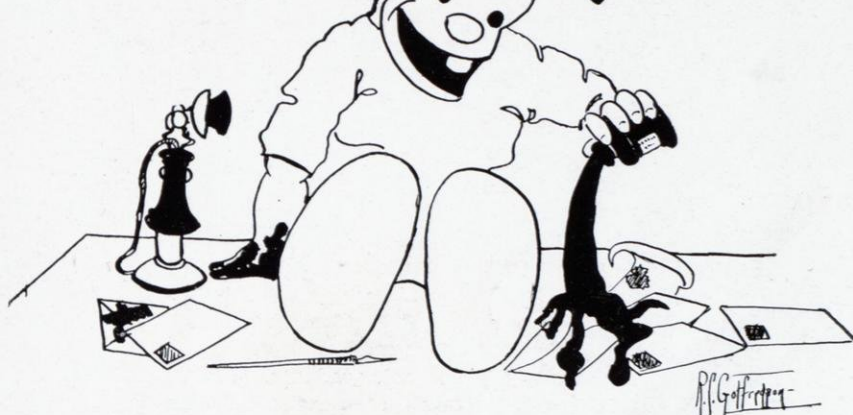
R. E. Holland, '15.



QUIRINE DORSCHEL, '17

Winner of Oratorical League Contest, 1915

# EDITORIAL



## THE NEW EAST HIGH "SPIRIT."

At the beginning of the school year, a new and great school spirit was born at East High, which has been growing at a tremendous and satisfactory rate ever since.

This spirit was first manifested during the football season. The evening of the third day of school saw a squad of fifteen men out on the campus in football suits; and they were there every evening, rain or shine, until the end of the season, under the able and efficient instruction of our new coach Mr. Nelson, who was from the very first very well liked by everyone. The spirit extended from the players themselves to the entire student body. On the first trip, to De Pere, for a practice game, the team was accompanied by an enthusiastic crowd of about a hundred student-rooters. The first scheduled game, with Kewaunee, was likewise a success, financially and otherwise. Thus the spirit increased. We were financially successful in every game, except one, and when the season closed the Athletic Association had almost three hundred dollars deposited to its credit, including a balance of about fifty dollars from the year before. The spirit at Thanksgiving reached a height which had not been known at East High for a long time.

The new spirit again manifested itself, when before the snow was off the ground, track work was started. The training was necessarily out-of-doors, because we have no gymnasium. The fellows trained faithfully for the Oshkosh meet which took place on April 16. We took only a few points in this meet. It was an indoor affair in a small, stuffy gymnasium, and none of our boys had anything but open, out-of-door training. Better results were obtained, however, in the Lawrence meet a month later when the team took second place in competition with seventeen other high schools. We also won the half-mile relay. This is the first time in four years that that event has not been won



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

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by Oshkosh, and they thought they had it cinched in 1915 also! The boys of our track team again showed their mettle when they went to the Ripon Inter-scholastic meet and took second place.

And all this time the school has been behind the team, helping and urging it along as much as was possible. All these trips needed money, and, unlike the usual attitude, there has been no dissenting voices to any appropriations.

And now, after track work is over, to cap the climax of the new East High spirit, we find a squad of men out practicing football for next fall. You can leave it to East High now to forge to the front and stay there.

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## "DO WE NEED A NEW HIGH SCHOOL."

This year's enrollment at East High now stands at 380, as against 348 at the same time last year. This is an increase of 32 pupils, or almost 10% in one year. Every class except that of the Seniors is larger this year than in 1914. The Freshmen number 160, as against 157 last year; the Sophmores 109, last year 85; the Juniors 62, last year 48; and the number of Seniors dropped from 58 last year to 49 this year. Our statistics show that every year a larger percentage of the pupils entering high school, graduate. Also the number entering has increased each year for several years at East High. Thus it can be seen that, with an increasing attendance at this rate, something must soon be done to the old High School building.

This building now has only thirteen class rooms, not counting the chemical laboratory and the small typewriting room, and there are seventeen teachers on the faculty. Two of these, the manual training teachers, have rooms in the old Sale School, eight blocks from here, and each member of every manual training class loses practically thirty minutes every day, walking there and back. This still leaves two teachers without regular class rooms. They must move around from one room to another. This is not only unpleasant for the teachers, but also very inconvenient. The assembly room now has a seating capacity of only 350, and we have 380 students enrolled! It is not possible to put in any more seats, either, for the assembly is already crowded, there being included in the 350 seats, 70 more than the room was originally intended to hold.

About 150 pupils will be graduated from the eighth grade on the East side this year. On the average, 90% of these grade school graduates enter high school. Also, there are generally quite a few pupils from Parochial Schools and from the schools of the small neighboring towns who come to Green Bay to attend "High." This will bring a class of at least 150 Freshmen into East High next fall and with a graduating class of only 44 this spring, the old building will be unable to accomodate next year's classes. "Do we need a new high School."

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## THE SENIORS.

As the time draws near when we, the Seniors, must leave our old school and in many cases go out into the world to fight for ourselves, a feeling of lonesomeness and regret forces itself into our hearts,—a feeling which is unnatural and which we have no power to fight. In spite of all the hurry and bustle of the last month at school, this ominous feeling is always with us, de-

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

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manding attention. It does not seem right that we should so suddenly leave the school with which we have been so long associated, and which is the source of so many pleasant memories. We think of all the good times we have had as Freshmen and Sophomores: at banquets, picnics, and the like: we think of the Junior "Proms," of the Senior picnic in 1914; of many, many enjoyable pastimes from which we shall henceforth be shut out, and our hearts grieve. We have not realized until the eleventh hour what our high school life and its end really mean to us. We shall miss it all very greatly when it goes. We shall miss the guiding hands of our faithful teachers and our patient principal, Mr. Ream. Their judgments have sometimes seemed harsh and unjust: but now, when we come to the point of leaving it all behind, we see the righteousness of all their dealings, and are ready to thank them for putting us where we are.

As a last word to all the future students of old East High and especially those now in attendance with whom we have been associated, we wish to say, "Be faithful and honest, to your fellows, your teachers, and all others with whom you have dealings. And be loyal to the old school, old East Green Bay! Farewell!"

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The Lord helps them that help themselves,—but the Merchants' Association does not!





#### LOCALS.

The Lincoln Club changed its constitution so that it is no longer merely a sophomore organization but has become an all high school club.

In the second semester a preparatory branch was organized for freshmen which adopted the name "Junior Lincoln Club."

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#### THE MASK AND WIG CLUB.

This club has been doing some very fine work. It has given very entertaining programmes in which the different girls have taken part.

"How the Vote was Won," a suffrage play, was put on at High School before a very large and interested audience. The girls who took part showed much talent along dramatic lines. This play was repeated before the Suffrage Club of this city later.

A great deal of credit is due to Miss Wiley and Miss Fitzsimmons, who have had charge of the club all year.

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#### LINCOLN CLUB BANQUET

On December 4 the Lincoln Club held their first annual banquet at the school. About fifty were served, each member bringing a friend.

Alden Cusick acted as toastmaster. Toasts were responded to by Mr. Ream, Mr. Garey, Mr. Nelson, and members of the club. After the banquet dancing was enjoyed.

The rooms were very prettily decorated in red and white. The banquet was a great success.

### CIVICS CLASS.

The Senior Civics Class has done some very fine work this semester. It carried on a spring election, at which time each class elected its officers for next year. During the year, it visited the various Courts, Councils and County Board of Supervisors.

Mr. Birdsall, the teacher in charge, has a new plan to keep up the interest of the class. This is a Camera Brigade. All of the members of the class owning cameras are divided into two sections, with a chairman at the head of each. One section will take pictures of all the undesirable places in the city. The other section will take pictures of the desirable places. These pictures are to be shown at the May Exhibit.

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### THE TRIAL.

At the time of the November elections Olin Paul was accused of bribing Noel Safford with one cent. He pleaded not guilty, and employed Archibald Duncan as his lawyer. The Sophomore Civics Class, as the Plaintiff, employed Quirine Dorschel and Alden Cusick.

The trial was held in the school courtroom shortly after Christmas, with Mr. Nelson acting as Judge. The jury was summoned by Sheriff Noble, and sworn in by the Clerk of the Court, McDonough. Many of the pupils were called as witnesses, to testify for or against Mr. Paul. The Defendant's lawyer tried to prove that Mr. Paul was simply paying Mr. Safford a debt of one cent which he borrowed from him on the evening before the election, in order to make up five cents to go to the movies.

Mr. Duncan won much applause in his final plea, but the jury were more impressed by the attorneys for the plaintiff, and returned a verdict against Mr. Paul. However, Mr. Duncan, discovering a flaw in the proceedings, demanded another trial on the grounds that the last two jurors chosen had not been sworn in. The case was thereupon adjourned until the next term of court.

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### THE ELECTION.

This year a new plan was adopted by East High for the election of their class officers and the officers of the Athletic Association. The plan was to have the members of the different classes elect their officers at a general election of the school.

There were two elections held, the primary election in the early part of April, and the general election on April 20th and 21st. The elections were held by the Senior Civics Class. The regular Australian ballot system was used in both primary and regular elections. Much enthusiasm was shown preceding the elections. The candidates for the different offices did a great deal of advertising, especially in the form of printed pamphlets and cards.

The officers elected were: For the Senior Class of 1916,—Noel Safford, President; Alden Lewis, Vice President; George Theisen, Secretary and Treasurer. For next year's Junior Class—Claude Greenwood, President; Mary Hart, Vice President; Howard McDonough, Secretary and Treasurer. For next year's Sophomore Class, Myrtle Kuhaupt, President; Ralph Geniesse, Vice President; James Colignon, Secretary and Treasurer. The officers for the Athletic Association—Leonard Reis, President; Irving Schmitz, Vice President; Josephine Servotte, Secretary and Treasurer; and Arthur Wilson, Property manager.





MASK AND WIG CLUB

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

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## THE FRESHMAN BANQUET.

The first Freshman Banquet ever held at East High school was held on the night of January 9. It was a complete success, about ninety students attending. The table was beautifully decorated with flowers and red and white crepe paper.

One of the features of the affair was the arrangement of the "Cozy Corner." It was made from evergreen trees, and set into the background was a fireplace. In all, its appearance was very unique and attractive. After the banquet there was dancing in Mr. Garey's room.

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## THE SOPHOMORE BANQUET.

On February 6 the Sophomore class of East High gave a banquet to the faculty and members of the class. The halls and tables were decorated with red and white flags. The members of the various committees deserve much praise.

At the close of the banquet toasts were given by Mr. Ream, Mr. Garey, Mr. Birdsall, Miss Kelleher, Ruth Romson, Mary Hart, and Quirine Dorschel. Alden Cusick, president of the class, acted as toastmaster.

\* \* \*

## JUNIOR PROM.

The Juniors entertained the Seniors at the annual Prom on the evening of February 12th. The party was given at Turner hall, which was decorated very artistically. Strips of red and white crepe paper were arranged from the lower edge of the balcony to the stage, thus forming sort of a low canopy. The posts were covered with red and white. The orchestra was almost hidden from view by the beautiful palms, ferns, and flowers which were banked along the stage. Around the sides of the hall furniture was arranged in a very cozy manner.

The Grand March started at nine o'clock led by Howard Beck, the Junior Class president, and Carol Smith. Frappe was served during the evening by several of the Freshmen girls. The party proved to be a wonderful success in every way, and much credit is due to the various committees.

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## AGRICULTURE.

The boys in Agriculture, about seventy strong, are active these days working their garden and farm plots. Each freshman has a garden 15 by 46½ feet, and each sophomore a farm plot 46½ by 97½ feet. Every garden and plot is surrounded by a two foot path, and all are planted as specified on blue prints with which every boy is provided. There are three acres in all.

A hot-bed 6 by 18 feet is under the care of some of the boys while others are just finishing a unique but substantial portable poultry fence. This fence is large enough for a yard 21 by 45 feet. It has three partitions and is seven feet high.

The department also has a Cyphers incubator and about one-hundred chicks of several varieties.



### COMMERCIAL CLASS.

During the month of January the commercial classes wrote advertisements for the Public Service Company, advertising coke.

The three who were awarded prizes were, Frank Binish, one ton coke; Carrie Hodgkin, one-half ton coke; Leon Entzminger, one dollar. These advertisements appeared both in the "Gazette" and in the "Free Press."

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### DEBATING, ORATORY AND DECLAMATORY WORK.

Once more East High has entered the oratorical and debating arena. Early in the year a triangular debating league was formed with Oconto and Kaukauna. Two teams were chosen, and the single six year term for president was debated April 23. The negative team, consisting of Edward Benton, Arthur LeComte, and Olin Paul met Kaukauna in their high school, and the affirmative team, consisting of Claude Greenwood, Alden Cusick, and Quirine Dorschel, met Oconto in East High. We lost by two divided decisions. In fact, one judge who voted against us away from home, remarked that he was inclined to think he voted for the weaker side, and one judge at home changed his vote at the last minute, thus throwing the verdict against us.

Even our opponents agree that we out-talked them, that our debating was superior, and we believe we out-debated them. At least, we have the satisfaction of having won the verdict of those who listened to the discussion.

We are enthusiastic over the debating done by our boys, and East Green Bay is ready to enter more contests in the future.

In declamatory and oratory work we made a good start this year under the leadership of Miss Wiley and Mr. Garey. In the league declamatory and oratory contest held at Menasha, April 16th, our representatives took a leading part and made a record for East High. Quirine Dorschel took first place in the oratorical contest, winning over five other contestants. This was a signal honor because Dorschel had never taken part in a contest before, and he is only a sophomore while his competitors were nearly all seniors in high school.

The District oratorical contest was held in East High on May the 7th. The winners of the eight leagues competed for honors. Dorschel was awarded third place in this contest. It was a very strong contest and East High is to be congratulated in getting such a high place in an event of this kind where boys who have had several years' experience in this work compete in friendly rivalry.

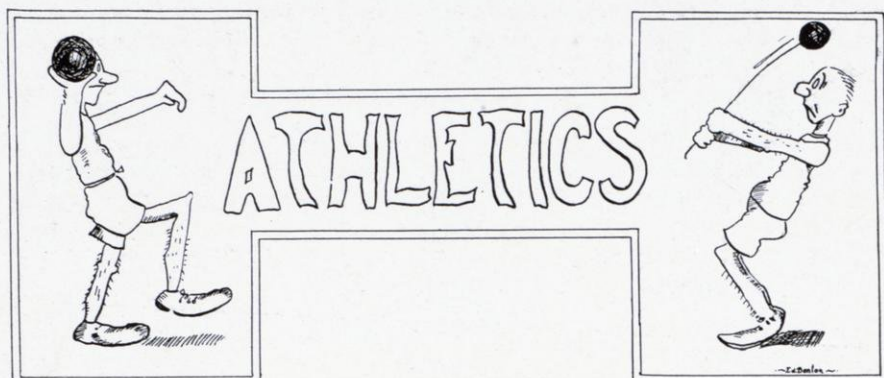


THE SCHOOL GARDEN



THE POULTRY HOUSE AND YARD





### TRACK 1915

Track athletics was revived at East High after a lapse of a few years in which little was accomplished. This was largely due to the efforts of our coach, Mr. Nelson. A meeting was held early in February at which Casey Loomis was elected captain of the track team of 1915. Much enthusiasm was aroused at this meeting and plans were laid to send a team to the indoor meet at Oshkosh. An interclass meet was also promised if enough men got out to train. At a later meeting a committee was appointed to have charge of the qualifications for the meet and to arrange for the interclass meets.

Practice was begun in earnest the latter part of February. About eight boys got out from the beginning and the number increased considerably by the middle of March. Some of the most promising men were: Wittig, Lambeau, Loomis, McGrath and Flatley.

Tryouts for the Oshkosh meet were held and the following qualified: McGrath pole vault and high hurdles; Lambeau, high and low hurdles; Wittig, 220 yard and 440 yard dashes; Flatley, high jump; Loomis, 880 yard dash. Several others who nearly made the required qualifications were allowed to go to the meet also on condition that they paid half their railroad fare. Demuyser, Jandrain, Theisen, Binish, Bugdon, Van Laanen, Conard, and Jenski were added to the team under this arrangement.

The men were entered for the following events: Oshkosh-meet.

High hurdles—McGrath and Lambeau. Shot-put—Binish, Bugdon Lambeau.

Low hurdles—Lambeau, Wittig, Demuyser.

30 yard dash—McGrath, Wittig.

220 yard dash—Wittig, McGrath, Demuyser.

440 dash—Jenski, Demuyser, Wittig, Loomis.

880 dash—Conard and Loomis.

Mile run—Jandrain and Theisen.

High jump—Flatley, Van Laanen, McGrath.

Broad jump—Lambeau, McGrath, Van Laanen, Loomis.

Relay team—McGrath, Wittig, Lambeau, Loomis.

In this meet we succeeded in taking fourth place with eight points to our credit. Individuals winning our points were: Binish, second in shot-put

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

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McGrath, second in Pole-vault; Van Laanen, third in broad jump; Lambeau third in low hurdles. In the relay race we succeeded in capturing second place.

## INTERCLASS MEET.

On may 8 the inter-class meet was held on the East High campus. The following class team captains were elected: Demuyser, Freshmen; Lambeau, Sophomore; McGrath, Junior; Flatley, Senior. The seniors won the meet with fifty-five points to their credit; the sophmores came next with thirty-six points; the juniors close at the heels of the sophs with thirty two points the Freshmen succeeded in getting a single point.



1915 TRACK TEAM

## THE APPLETON TRACK MEET.

The track team distinguished themselves at the Appleton meet on the 15th of May by taking second place. This is about the second time in the history of the school that it has been done. We took twenty two points being nosed out of first place by Oshkosh. Lambeau received third individual honors. The following were the winners for East High: Jandrain, third in the mile run; Lambeau, first in discuss throw; second in hammer throw, and third in shot put; Jenski, third in 440 dash; McGrath, second in pole vault; Wittig, second in 220 dash. The half mile relay race was won by our team, consisting of Wittig, McGrath, Lambeau, and Jenski, over Oshkosh which had won this race for the last four years.



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

The winners received banners for each event and the High School received a large banner for winning second place. By such good work, especially considering the fact that all of our men are new at the work, East High showed up strong and promises to do some strong work in the future.

## THE RIPON MEET.

East High again won second place at the track meet held at Ripon, May 21. We took 24 points, this being a gain of 2 points over the Appleton meet. McGrath suprised his rival, Andrews of Oshkosh, by winning first place in the pole vault. Binish sailed the discus 95 feet winning first place in the ev nt. Lambeau easily took first place in the hammer throw and second in shotput. Jandra:n after a great run came in third in the mile; Wittig managed to take third honors in the 440 dash. The relay team took second in the half mile, losing to Oshkosh. The winners received medals for their awards. Much credit is due to Coach Nelson for again putting East High on the Athletic map.



LAMBEAU

Winner of Third Individual Honors  
at Appleton and First at Inter-  
Class Track Meet

## THE SEASON'S FOOTBALL RECORDS.

East High	13	Kewaunee	6
East High	100	Oconto	0
East High	6	Appleton	16
East High	26	Kaukauna	0
East High	19	Marinette	2
East High	64	Manitowoc	0
East High	0	West High	12
East High	228	Opponents	36



1914 FOOTBALL TEAM





Mr. Ream announcing Glee Club practice.—“Now we want you all to be up here Monday evening; we are warning you ahead of time so that you will be sure to have nothing on that night.”

Mr. C. (in Physics)—“What is cold, Joseph? What do you mean when you say ‘It is cold outside’?”

Joseph.—“Why that’s the same as when you say, ‘It’s hot!’”

H. B. (in Grammar)—“Wouldn’t you say, ‘The bread ascends?’”

Ask Ruth L. what “22½” reminds her of in the study of Austria.

Miss W. giving an illustration in Reviews.—“This apple is a bald one.” (Baldwin).

Miss W., (writing on the board in Reviews)—The girl sewing the seam—  
—Oh; what did she do at the same time?”

J. M.—“Looked the needle in the eye.”

L. J. (in English Literature)—“You know, my father has been writing some poetry and—”

W. W.—“Has he got a poetic license?”

H. J., translating German.—“That am I.”

CAN YOU?

Bring tears to the eyes of a potato?  
Shingle the roof of your mouth?  
Put braces on the shoulder of a mountain?  
Fit a shoe to the foot of a hill?  
Fly on the wings of time?  
Sit in the lap of time?  
Lie in the bed of a river?  
Take the wrinkles out of the brow of a hill?  
Talk with the tongue of a wagon?  
Get a hair restorer for the head of a cabbage?  
Walk over the bridge of your nose?  
Beat the drum of your ear?

DEDICATED TO MR. BIRDSALL

Last night I lay a sleeping,  
I dreamed a dream so fair:  
I saw a little triangle  
Go tripping through the air,  
An angle followed after,  
A circle which was square—  
I laughed with mirthful laughter,  
To see a sight so rare.

Teacher.—“Now we will represent the moon with my hat.”

Kid.—“Teacher, is the moon inhabited?”

Heard about the food for an athlete—“No, its track meet. You ought to try it.”

Silently one by one,  
On the infinite class books of teachers,  
Blossomed the dear little zeros;  
Forget-me-nots of the Seniors.—Ex.

“What are the children of the Czar called,” a teacher asked one day.  
“Czardines,” a youngster softly said.

In examination paper—

Question.—“Define the word, provincial.”

Answer.—“A form of government.”

Question.—“Where are the Scandinavian countries?”

Answer.—“In Wisconsin.”

Teacher.—“What’s the matter with that window?”

Brilliant Freshie.—“It has a pane.”





McGRATH  
Winning the Pole Vault at the Ripon Meet

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

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Mr. Coonen in Chemistry class.—“What are the properties of Ammonia?”

Paul B.—Ammonia is a tasteless, colorless, odorless gas.”

Mr. Coonen.—“Oh!”

Mr. Coonen in Chemistry.—“Flora, what is clay?”

F. H.—“A part of the earth’s crust.”

Mr. C.—“Oh, I thought it was part of the sky!”

Modern History students discussing border warfare:

Lillian M.—“Eraddock was killed on the border.”

Miss Black in English III.—“What part of Italy did Dante take for Hades, in his ‘Inferno’?”

Student.—“The northern part.”

Miss Black.—“What did he take for Heaven?”

Voice in the back of the room.—“Green Bay.”

Heard in English III.—

Miss Black.—Of what use are Aeroplanes in war?”

A. W.—They are used to drop bums on cities.”

Cromwell’s Motto.—“Keep your powder dry.”

F. H.—“What?”

G. T.—“Keep your face powder dry.”

Ancient History class.—

Miss Wiley.—“Earl, why did the Phoenicians live near the water?”

Earl L.—“They liked to go down to see more (Seymour).”

The little Freshie says that moths come from moth balls.

Mr. Coonen in Chemistry.—“What are the two processes we have studied this last period, Cynthia?”

C. L.—“The Solway and Le Blanc processes.”

Mr. Coonen.—“Yes, of making what.”

C. L.; thinking.—“Making cheese.”

Little deeds of kindness

To teachers now and then,

Raise your monthly standings

From zero up to ten.

Shakespeare’s Idea of a School Course.

Freshmen—Comedy of Errors

Sophomores—Much Ado About Nothing

Juniors—As You Like It.

Seniors—All’s Well that Ends Well.



Heard on a homeward journey from an entertainment—

Miss Gibbons.—“Wasn't it delightful?”

Mr. Coonen.—“Ya'as.” (with a smile).

Miss Fitzsimmons.—“Exceptionally fine!”

Miss Kelleher.—“It was.”

Miss Black.—“Gra-and! with a nod.

Miss Wiley.—“Well, I guess yes.”

Miss Brauns.—“It came out fine.”

Mr. Nelson.—“Glorious!”

Mr. Birdsall.—“Great!”

Miss Schuette.—“Wonderful!”

Miss Handt.—“Remarkable!”

H. B. (in Physics)—“When anything melts it conspands.” Henry believes in neutrality. He did not want to declare himself for either “contracts” or “expands.”

In English Literature W. W. was reciting amid a chorus of helpers.

Miss B., interrupting—“Just a moment, please. Who are the promoters?

Are you one of them J?” J. M. ‘Yes ma'am.”

Miss B.—“Who appointed you?”

W. W.—“I did.”

Mr. C. (in Arithmetic)—“If you have lost your voice, say so, don't sit there and stare.”

G. N. (in English Lit.)—“The universe began and ended with music.”

Miss Black.—“Pray, when did it end?”

Miss Brauns. (in German 111)—“Sagen Sie auf duetch, “The knife cuts well!”

Hilda Cohen.—“Das messer schreibt gut.” (The knife writes well.)

A. A. —“Did you ever see the butterfly?”

M. R.—“No, but I saw the milk pitcher.”

Mr. Ream. (in Commercial Geography)—“Do we care for the people who come after us?”

Class.—“No.”

Mr. Ream.—“What will these people be called?”

Class.—“Ancestors.”

Mr. Ream.—“No.”

One infant voice in the room.—“Descendants.”

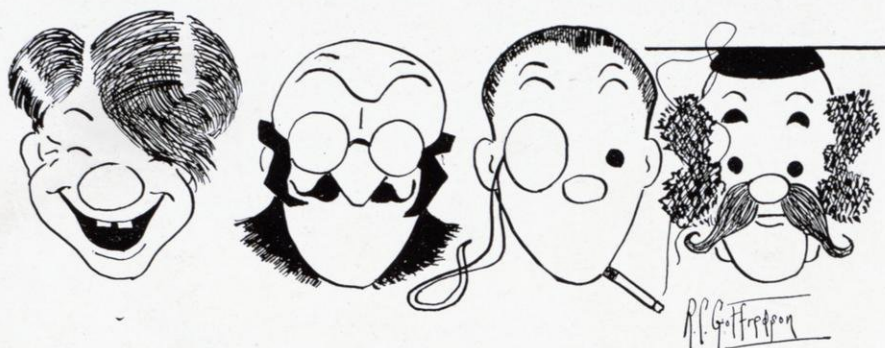
Miss W. (in Reviews)—“Is any one here absent?”



CHARACTERS IN THE MASK AND WIG PARTY



# ALUMNI



## ALUMNI.

Some of the East High School Graduates and what they are doing:

Name	Class	Occupation
Kate Gaylord .....	1875.....	Teacher, Howe School.
Rose LeClair .....	1877.....	Teacher, Howe School.
Nellie Doyle .....	1879.....	Teacher, Howe School.
Raphael Soquet .....	1881.....	Soquet Drug Store.
Josephine Luckenbach .....	1883.....	Principal, Whitney School.
Anna Dela Censerie .....	1885.....	Cashier, Gazette.
Addie Gardner .....	1885.....	Cashier, Joannes Bros.
August Brauns .....	1886.....	President, Brauns & Van. Iron Mountain, Mich.
Jerome North .....	1887.....	Lawyer.
Sophia Pamperin .....	1889.....	Insurance Agency.
Reginald Burdon .....	1892.....	Physician.
Otto Brauns .....	1893.....	Dentist.
Rachel Grignon (Mrs. Twells).....	1893.....	Teacher, Open Air School.
Lydia Hollman .....	1893.....	Teacher, West High School.
William Bartran .....	1894.....	Physician.
Thomas Oliver .....	1894.....	Physician.
Kittie Grignon .....	1894.....	Teacher, Howe School.
May McCormick .....	1895.....	Teacher, Howe School.
Ralph Joannes .....	1896.....	Secretary Joannes Bros.
Louis Barkhausen .....	1897.....	Secretary and Treasurer, Greil- ing Bros.

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

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Name	Class	Occupation.
Edward Engels .....	1898.....	Secretary, F. E. Murphy.
Austin Olmsted .....	1898.....	Physician.
Tracy Copp .....	1898.....	State Factory Inspector.
Arthur Joannes .....	1898.....	Manager Security Loan & Insurance Company.
Alma Loewert .....	1898.....	Teacher, Allouez.
Charles Cady .....	1899.....	Secretary and Treasurer, Cady Land Company.
Eben Minahan .....	1899.....	Lawyer.
Maude Graves .....	1899.....	Teacher Whitney School.
Mary Shimonek .....	1899.....	Principal Dousman Schcol.
Lillian Massey .....	1899.....	Teacher, Woelz School.
Clara Windhauser .....	1899.....	Teacher, Woelz School.
Louis Nejedlo .....	1900.....	Post Office Clerk.
Kate Bryan .....	1900.....	Teacher, Howe School.
Lilia Meister .....	1900.....	Teacher, Mason School.
Emma Neufeld .....	1900.....	Stenographer, E. A. Neufeld, Wholesale Lumber.
Emma Vermeyen .....	1900.....	Teacher Whitney School.
Samuel Hastings, Jr.....	1901.....	Vice President Barkhausen Oil Company.
Frances Potter .....	1901.....	Teacher, Howe School.
Henry Barkhausen .....	1902.....	Barkhausen Brick & Tile Works .
Edward Gunn .....	1902.....	Superintendent Continuation School.
Flora Ansorge .....	1902.....	Stenographer, Jorgensen-Blesch Company.
Mabel Johnston .....	1902.....	Register of Deeds Office.
Eva Waggoner .....	1902.....	Teacher, Business College.
Meta Green .....	1903.....	Mrs. Goelzer, Plymouth, Wis.
Alice Lefebvre .....	1903.....	Teacher, Whitney School.
William Cook .....	1904.....	Cook & Surplice, Attorneys.
Josephine Parizak .....	1904.....	Teacher, Howe School.
Edwin Pickard .....	1904.....	Osteopath.
Charles Bong .....	1905.....	Lawyer.
Ward DeBoth .....	1905.....	Physician.
Rose Cook .....	1905.....	Morley-Murphy Company.
Frieda Diekman .....	1905.....	Teacher of Music.
Fred Schuette .....	1906.....	Teller, Citizens National Bank.
John Beyer .....	1906.....	Kellogg National Bank.
Amanda Scheutte .....	1906.....	Teacher, East High School.
Kathryn Townsend .....	1906.....	Secretary Associated Charities.
Bert Schilling .....	1907.....	Schilling Produce Co.
Alvin Findeisen .....	1907.....	Electrical Engineer.
Walter Findeisen .....	1908.....	Assistant National Bank Examiner.



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

Name	Class	Occupation.
Jules Parmentier .....	1908.....	X. Parmentier & Sons Company.
Bessie Gage .....	1908.....	Teacher, Howe School.
Marion Hoeffel .....	1908.....	Teacher West High School.
Erna Jacobi .....	1908.....	Teacher, Howe School.
Mae NicholSEN .....	1908.....	Teacher, Whitney School.
Ethel Schilling .....	1908.....	Teacher, Howe School.
Anna Turek .....	1908.....	Teacher, Woelz School.
Etta Soquet .....	1908.....	Teacher, Howe School.
Caroline Winegard .....	1908.....	Teacher.
Elbridge Jacobi .....	1909.....	Standard Oil Company.
Merrill Hoeffel .....	1909.....	Allouez Springs.
Perry Wagner .....	1909.....	Secretary-Treasurer Northern Paper Mills.
Almira Donovan .....	1909.....	Teacher at Summit.
Marie Guimont .....	1909.....	Teacher, Howe School.
Louise Kies .....	1909.....	Teacher, East High School.
Marion Kapp .....	1909.....	Brauns & Duncan.
Lorraine Weise .....	1909.....	Teacher, Dousman School.
Duane Donner .....	1910.....	Morley-Murphy Company.
Margaret DuBois .....	1910.....	Teacher, Howe School.
Mildred Hollman .....	1910.....	Teacher, East High School.
Helen Purcell .....	1910.....	Reporter Free Press.
Robert Brooks .....	1911.....	Wisconsin Telephone Company.
Frank Hagendorn .....	1911.....	Green Bay & Western Railroad.
James Quigley .....	1911.....	Northwestern Insurance Com- pany.
Florence Benton .....	1911.....	Groulx Art Store.
Marie Fischer .....	1911.....	Martin, Martin & Martin.
Ruth Kapp .....	1911.....	Chas. De Clerc, Florist.
Esther Skoglund .....	1911.....	John Baum Store.
Meta Loewert .....	1908.....	Martin, Martin & Martin.
Fred Van Duren .....	1912.....	Kellogg National Bank.
Maud Feldhausen .....	1912.....	McCreery & Wigman.
Rupert Kapp .....	1912.....	Barkhausen Coal & Dock Com- pany.
Earl Skogg .....	1912.....	Nels Skogg, Plumbing.
Lloyd Outland .....	1912.....	R. G. Dunn Agency.
Eleanor Bardouche .....	1912.....	E. K. Ansorge, Insurance.
Myrtle Bardouche .....	1912.....	Morley-Murphy Hardware Com- pany.
Vivian Donovan .....	1912.....	Wisconsin Telephone Company.
Arleen Fiedler .....	1912.....	Tingley Electric Company.
Anna Marie LeClair .....	1912.....	Gazette Publishing Company.
Eleanor Schilling .....	1912.....	Kaftan & Reynolds.
Alma Hansen .....	1913.....	Hansen Plumbing Company.
Mary Engle .....	1913.....	Brenner Candy Company.
Grace Church .....	1913.....	Green Bay Water Works Com- pany.



EAST HIGH GLEE CLUB



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

Name	Class	Occupation.
Elsie Brenner .....	1913.....	Brenner Candy Company.
Edward Van Kessel .....	1913.....	Chicago & Northwestern Railroad.
Richard Streckenbach .....	1913.....	Western Steel Gate Company, De Pere.
Lewis Morgan .....	1913.....	Chicago & Northwestern Railroad.
Emil Halloin .....	1913.....	Murphy Supply Company.
Pearl Evraets .....	1913.....	Barkhausen Coal Company.
Gladys Routhieaux .....	1913.....	Wisconsin Rating League.
Earl Hummel .....	1914.....	East High School Manual Training Teacher.
John Thurman .....	1914.....	Citizens National Bank.
Dorothy Saunders .....	1914.....	Dr. Olmsted's Office.
Clyde Outland .....	1914.....	Green Bay & Western Railroad.
Milton Rosenthal .....	1914.....	Green Bay & Western Railroad.
Arleen Parmentier .....	1914.....	X. Parmentier & Sons Company
Ellen Helby .....	1914.....	Badger Casualty Company.
Laura Mathys .....	1914.....	Green Bay Canning Company.
Hildegard Schumacher .....	1914.....	Dorschel Produce Company.
Oliver Donovan .....	1914.....	Van Veghel Bros. Hardware Company.
Pearl Ducharme .....	1914.....	McIntyre-Burrall Company.

E. H. S. graduates attending various schools in Wisconsin and other states.

## Wisconsin University:

Jerome Martin, '13; Carl Wendels, '12; Helene Markatoris, '14; Winfred Cauwenbergh, '13; Walter Scherf, '09; Max Roseman, '12; William Brill, '13; Philip Desnoyers, '12; Bernard Gueinzus, '12; Harold Winter, '12; Philip Robinson, '11; Roland Martin, '12; Joseph Bur, '10; Sybil Schuette, '11; Milton Smith, '13.

## Beloit College:

Erwin Manthey, '10; Wilbur Foucher, '14; John Tillman, '14; Harold Bickford, '11; Abe Rosenthal, '12; Oswald Eckhardt, '13; Louis Van Erman, '13.

## Carroll College:

Calvin Giroux, '14.

## Oshkosh Normal:

Marion Theisen, '13; Clare Nutting, '14; Lillian Parizak, '14; Anastasia Dougherty, '13; George Steinfeld, '13.

## University of Ann Arbor:

Reynolds North, '12; Vance Van Laanen, '10.

## Milwaukee Normal:

Marie Conley, '13.

## Valparaiso College, Indiana:

Lee Forsythe, '12.

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

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**Marquette University:**

Albert Scheller, '14; Winfred Erdman, '13; Leonard O'Connor, '13;  
Llewellyn Clark, '13; Fabian Gosin, '09.

**Lawrence College:**

Ruth Findeisen, '14; Helen Terp, '14; Walter Folley, '14.

**Drake University, Iowa:**

Harriet Thurman, '13.

**University of Illinois:**

Marvin Stephenson, '12.

**Notre Dame:**

John Martin, '10.

**Harvard:**

Carl Young, '10.

**Annapolis Naval Academy:**

Kenneth Hoeffel, '12.

**Catholic University, Washington, D. C.:**

Gerald Hoeffel, '12.

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Mr. Nelson.—“Why was the ancient Arabian shrine called a kaaba?”

Louis V.—“Because it was the shape of a cube.”

Mr. Nelson.—“What is the shape of a cube?”

Louis V.—“Round.”

Mr. Nelson, in Ancient History.—“What is Philosophy?”

Ed. P.—“Philosophy is a study of the pneumonia (phenomena) of nature.”





Lillian Parizak sustained serious injuries when she fell down the steps of Oshkosh Normal. She was forced to remain at home for several weeks.

Norris Brett who has been traveling with Frank Winninger Stock co., is now at home.

William Alred has withdrawn from school because the family is moving to Minnesota.

Clifford Conard has a position for the summer at the Vincent Drug Store. He will return to school in the fall

Miss Arline Thurman, a graduate of East High, and last year a teacher in the Domestic Science department, was married on May 15th. to Mr. Arthur Coe of Woodbine, Iowa.

At the close of school, Gertrude Kopplin will leave for the west. She intends to travel through the state of Wyoming.

Mary Slaughter will leave for her home at Ephriam a few days after the close of school.

Mary Pickard underwent an operation for appendicitis at St. Mary's Hospital during the month of March. She has fully recovered.

Coughing in the main room at 9:30 is expensive business. For further information consult George Theisen.

Gertrude Wright, who has been studying in New York for the past few years, is now doing concert work.

Leland Joannes, formerly a student at Ann Arbor is now attending the University of Pennsylvania.

Gerald Hoeffel is attending the Catholic University at Washington.

Harold Mac Neill, formerly a teacher in East High, is now traveling for a Kindergarten supply house, with headquarters at Minneapolis.

It is rumored that Archie Duncan intends to spend most of his vacation in Sturgeon Bay, picking cherries.

Howard Beck had his eyes treated by a specialist in Chicago. As a consequence, he is now wearing goggles.

Paul Bergin and Giles Kelly sustained serious injuries when the motorcycle on which they were speeding on the upper De Pere road, overturned. The boys were unconscious when brought to St. Vincent's Hospital. It was at first thought that Paul Bergin could not live, but he is getting along nicely, and is now out of the hospital.

Arthur Wilson is seriously thinking of moving over to the West side.

Adelaide Dorn '15, intends to spend the summer in Chicago attending Gregg School.

\* \* \*

#### THE EXPERIENCE OF A SENIOR.

One day I was exceptionally weary of the faculty, and blaming myself for this unjust feeling, I decided to remain away from school and walk out into the country where I might be all alone and commune with nature, who can "so feed with lofty thoughts, so impress with quietness and beauty," as Wordsworth says, "that neither evil tongues, nor rash judgments can prevail against us."

Before I had gone very far, I came to a little wood. A gentle breeze arose, making the atmosphere very airy which, alas! reminded me of (G)ary, especially when I looked at the agricultural districts about me, to my right and left. I plunged forward into the wood, and at the busy twittering of a Brown Bird (sall), I raised my eyes, when, lo and behold, I was gazing at the serene blue (S)Kies floating above. Not wishing to enter farther, or turn about, I sank upon a grassy bank whose sides were washed by a merry little (Vanden) Brook, who laughed as she rippled along.

I lay there and gazed, and still I gazed at the green, green grass, a sight which soothed my ruffled nerves, to see that there was something which bore no brilliancy and which was still greener than I. Had I brought a Ream of paper, I might have recorded my sensations.

At the sound of voices in the distance, I sat erect. Then I quickly plunged behind a sage tree stump on the bank of the (Vanden) Brook, so that I might be Wiley and not disturb the intercourse of Nel and Son who were approaching. Son walked like an Indian, carrying a bow and quiver, while pretty little Nel ran at his side eating (Gib) bon bons.

"See that little Black spot?" asked Son. It seemed to me I had heard the word "Black" before.

"Let's Schuet (te) it," he continued, while I could scarcely remain in concealment. With that Son raised his Hand (t) and let go the arrow, which flew straight forward, and shattered the heart of a dear Black Coon (en) and lodged itself there. Oh, how could he Kill (e) her!

Seized by grief and error, I fell headlong into the deep (Vanden) Brook who carried me along on her bosom into the land of Nod.



# EXCHANGE



The Aeroplane gratefully acknowledges the following exchanges which were received during the year:

- "The Clarion," Appleton, Wis.
- "The Comet," W. D. H. S., Milwaukee, Wis.
- "The Tattler," N. D. H. S.
- "Red and Black," Hillsboro County High School, Tampa, Fla.
- "The Lawrentian," Appleton, Wis.
- "The Shamokin High School Review," Shamokin, Pa.
- "The Spy," Kenosha, Wis.
- "The Academian," Kingston, N. Y.
- "The Enicar," Racine, Wis.
- "The Lion," La Grange, Ill.
- "The Stentor," Lake Forest College, Lake Forest, Ill.
- "The Mirror," Mondovi, Wis.
- "The Utotakean," Osceola, Kissimmee, Fla.
- "The Crucible," State Teachers' College, Greeley, Col.
- "The Boom," Marquette Academy, Milwaukee, Wis.
- "The Menomite," Menomonie, Wis.
- "The Atheneum," Athens, Wis.
- "The Echo," Onalaska, Wis.
- "The Westport Crier," Kansas City, Mo.
- "The Index," Oshkosh, Wis.
- "The Frog," Bay City, Texas.
- "The Criterion," Waupaca, Wis.
- "The Round Table," Beloit College, Beloit, Wis.

**"Wanona,"** Portage, Wis.

**"The Kodak,"** Everett, Wash.

**"The Pohasapa,"** Rapid City, S. Dakota.

**"The Mirror,"** West Hoboken, N. J.

**"The Stoutona,"** Stout Institute, Menomonie, Wis.

**"The Scout,"** Central High School, Muskogee, Okla.

**"The Lion,"** Lyons Township High School, La Grange, Ill.

We find a great improvement in your paper. Your "Alumni" Number certainly shows that you take an interest in your graduates.

**"The Enicar,"** Racine, Wis.

Your cover designs are always especially attractive, but where's your date? Your "Topsy Turvey" Number is quite an innovation.

**"The Comet,"** Milwaukee, Wis.

Your May Number is great, Comet. The cover design is one of the best we have seen this year. While the Exchange Department is good, we would suggest that the editor of this department make a few more criticisms on outside papers.

**"The Scout,"** Central High School, Muskogee, Okla.

Your Literary Department is somewhat limited. What cuts you have are very good but it is advisable to have some sort of drawing at the heads of all of the departments.

**"The Clarion,"** Appleton, Wis.

You have a very spicy little paper. Can't you "rake up" a few more cuts?

**"The Spy,"** Kenosha, Wis.

Would suggest that more of your "ads" be placed in the back of your magazine as it would improve the appearance very much. We would also suggest that the Table of Contents be given a whole page.

**"The Kodak,"** Everett, Wash.

Your paper, throughout, is entirely devoid of cuts. Would advise you to have every department started on a new page.

**"The Atheneum,"** Athens, Wis.

Couldn't you improve your cover design? Where is your Table of Contents and Exchange Department? Are your editorials of the least importance? If not, why is this department last?

**"The Wanona,"** Portage, Wis.

Your cover design is not very good for a steady diet. Try and vary it a little

**"The Index,"** Oshkosh, Wis.

Your magazine has a very "classy" appearance. Your cuts are exceptionally good.

**"The Boom,"** Marquette Academy, Milwaukee, Wis.

We would say without hesitation that your paper is the best of our exchanges if you had not omitted the Exchange Department. But we are inclined to believe that this was undoubtedly an oversight, for surely the editors of such a fine magazine would not have left this department out intentionally.

**"The Echo,"** Onalaska, Wis.

Your paper is well arranged but is devoid of cuts.



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

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**"The Menomite," Menomonie, Wis.**

You get out a very neat little paper. We are glad to see that you are interested in declamatory work. Our only criticism would be that you make your department headings a little more prominent.

**"The Criterion," Waupaca, Wis.**

We are glad to have you on our exchange list. The arrangement of your paper is very good but don't you think you overwork the Humor Department? It does not balance with the other columns. "Keeping a New Year's Resolution" is an especially clever story.

**"The Mirror," West Hoboken, New Jersey.**

We are glad to see that you are going to revive your old publication. Your March issue certainly shows that you have enough talent to publish a regular monthly paper.

**"The Shamokin High School Review," Shamokin, Pa.**

You put out a well arranged paper, your "Knocks" and Literary Departments being especially good.

**"The Mirror," Mondovi, Wis.**

Your issue of May 19th is certainly something different from most High School papers. Although it is a little awkward to handle, it surely is a clever little paper.

We did not receive many criticisms from outside papers, probably owing to the fact that we are able to publish but two magazines a year. The following, however, may give some idea of how "The Aeroplane" is received in other schools.

**"The Aeroplane."**

You differ from other High School papers in that your stories are illustrated.—"Enicar," Racine, Wis.

**"The Aeroplane."**

Your Commencement Number is great, "Aeroplane". It is full of jokes and your cuts are very clever and appropriate. You have a first class Literary Department,—in fact all the departments are complete. Being the only issue of the year no doubt in a measure accounts for this. We hope that you can publish a monthly this year as you have excellent material for a first class paper.—"The Mirror," Mondovi, Wis.

**"The Aeroplane."**

Your Literary Department is especially good.—Academian, Kingston, N. Y.

**"The Educational News Bulletin"**

of April 26th contains a short item about the municipal chart showing the organization of the government of Green Bay which was prepared by the members of the Sophomore Civics Class under the direction of Mr. Birdsall. This shows that practical innovations such as this are well thought of by the Educational Department at Madison and helps to keep our High School on the map.

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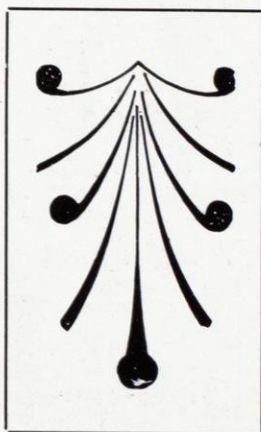


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