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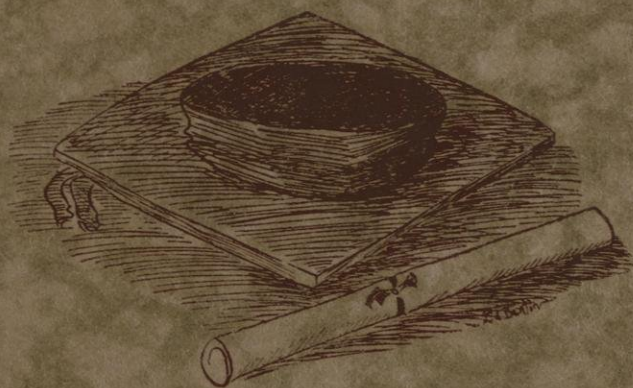
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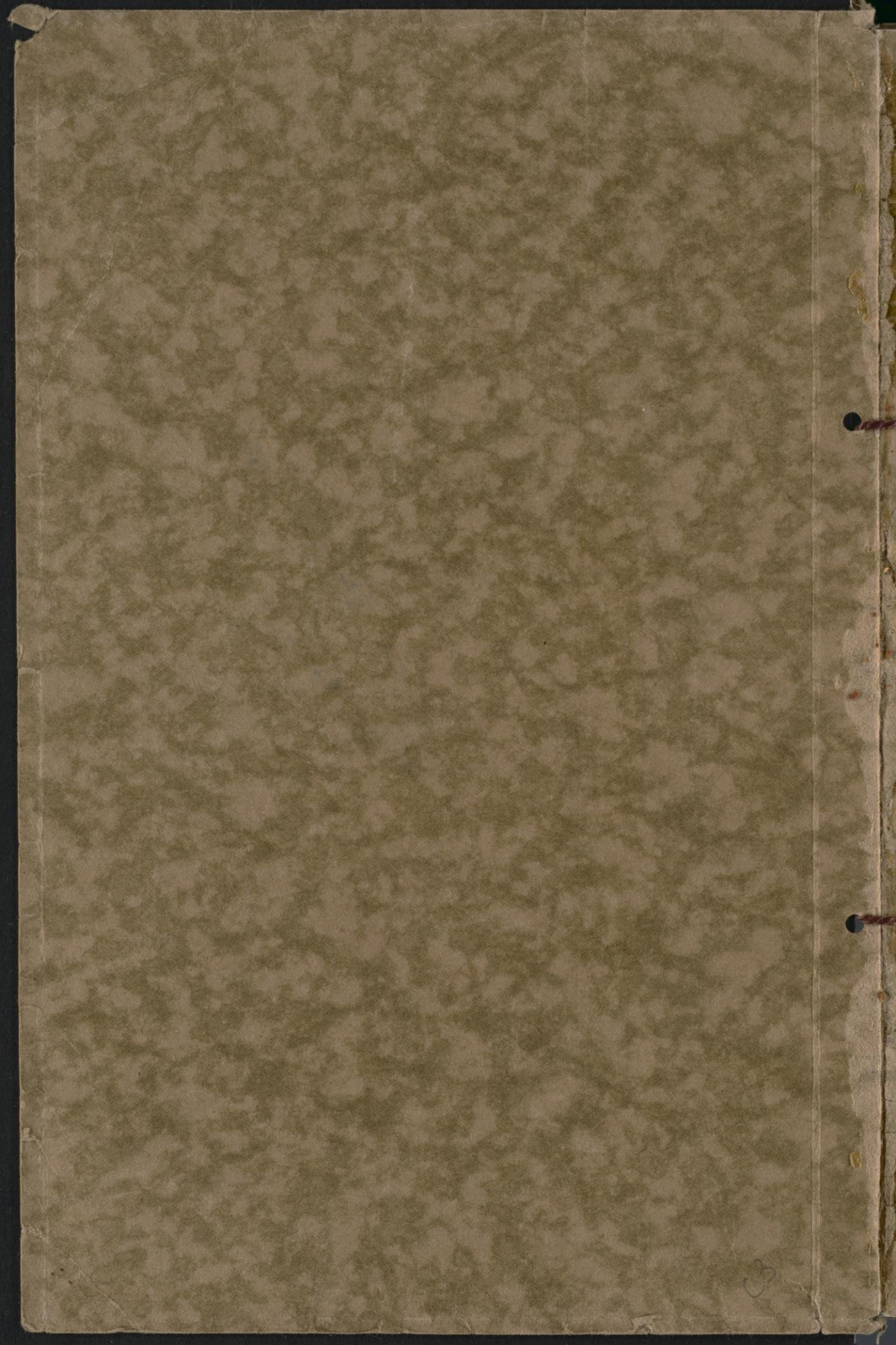
Aeroplone



GRADUATION
1916 ~

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97



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East High School (Green Bay, Wis.)
Aeroplane



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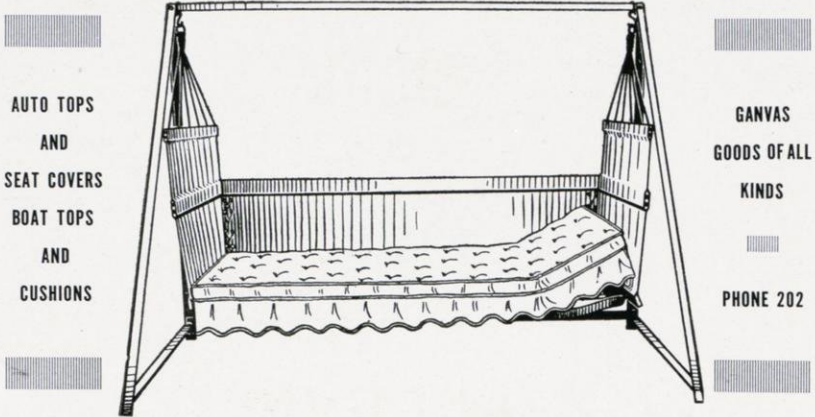
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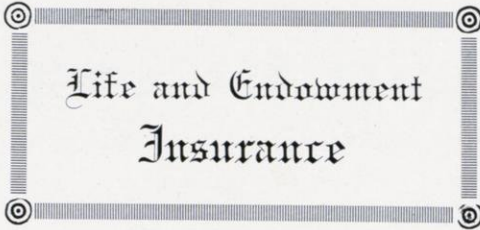


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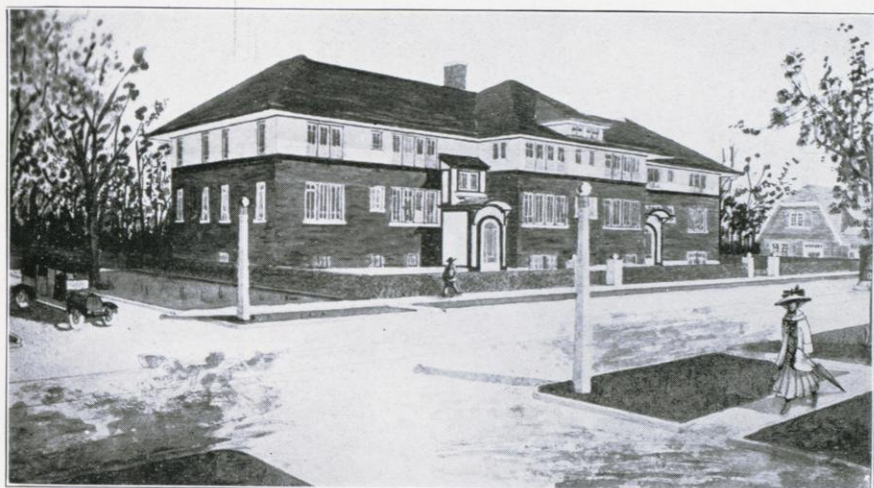
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PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS OF
East High School
GREEN BAY, WIS.

June 1, 1916



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SENIORS

ALFRED THELEN

"I know I'm farther off
from earth
Than when I was a boy."

MARGARET NITZ

"A genial disposition brings
its own reward
And many friends."

CAROL SMITH

"A dull and dreary exist-
ence does not appeal to
me."

NOEL SAFFORD

"A man never knows what
he can do till he tries."



ANDREW NELSON

"One who never turned his back, but marched breast forward."



AGNES AYLWARD

"I have no other but a woman's reason:
I think him so because I think him so."



MABEL ENGLE

"Whatever thou doest at all, thou doest well."



AUGUST DE GROOT

"He may not be noisy, but he speaks to the point."





LAWRENCE QUIGLEY

"Our Caruso."



HELEN YOUMANS

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



EARL RENARD

"He knows; he does not
need to guess."



VIDA VANDEREL

* "Is she not passing fair?"



GEORGE BRENNER

Oh, George, how they will
miss you!"

ARES DETJEN

"A believer in the conservation of energy."



BESSIE ROSENTHAL

Her hair is not more sunny than her heart."



MIRIAM McKENZIE

"What winning graces, what majestic mien! She moves a goddess, and she looks a queen."



CHESTER WILSON

"All the great men are dead—Washington is dead, Lincoln is dead; and I am beginning to feel sick myself."





CARL MALONEY

'Protector of Fair Ladies.'



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"So wise, so young,
She cannot live long—single."



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"A composer of symphonies on the Remington."



THOMAS REILLY

"Nature has formed strange fellows in her time."

CARL THIELE

"That tower of strength
which stands foursquare to
all winds that blow!"



RENATA ZICH

"In regard to the height,
you need feel no alarm;
As you heighten the figure,
you heighten the charm."

JENNIE ALK

"I enter into things with
zeal and zest,
And when I act a part I do
my best."

VERNON BRUNETTE

"Not a sinner, not a saint,
perhaps—
But well—the very best of
chaps."



JOHN MATHYS

"Blessed is the man who
when having nothing to
say, keeps still."

CYNTHIA LAU

"High flights she had, and
wit at will,
And so her tongue lay sel-
dom still."

MARJORIE SCHUMACHER

"Full many a tale she hath
well told."

HOWARD BECK

"A dreary place would be
this earth
Were there no little people
in it."

EDWARD BENTON

"Hang sorrow! Care will
kill a cat—
And therefore, let's be
merry."



GLADYS JOHNSTON

"Could you get angry if you
tried hard?"



MILDRED REIS

"Frequently within my
brain I gently think a
thought.
Hear dilligently when I
speak, for not often do I
speak."



FRANCIS VAN LAANEN

"I am all made up of love
and charm;
Who gets me is lucky."





LEONARD REIS

"All things come to him
who waits."



GLADYS WAGGONER

"She was of manner gentle,
of affection mild."



FLORA HEISE

"She was—but words fail
to tell thee what;
Think what a woman should
be, and she was that."



GEORGE THEISEN

"Have I said enough, or
shall I say more?"

ALDEN LEWIS

Power above powers! O
heavenly eloquence!"



MAMIE RAYMAKER

"Let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloister
pale."



MARY PICKARD

"Oh, for an engine to keep
back all clocks."



ELI DU BOIS

"It's good to bluff if you
can make the bluff good."





ARTHUR WILSON

"What's the odds, so's
you're 'appy; an' I allus is."

MAYMIE DREDGE

"Let others do as they
please, and I will do as I
will."

MARION STURM

"Eat, drink, and be merry,
for tomorrow you may have
to diet."

CLIFFORD CONARD

"Meanwhile he keeps on
thinking."

WALTER SCHOEN

"Much of thought, and just enough of himself."



KATHLEEN CONNORS

"Life is indeed no holiday."



HELEN ZINGSHEIM

"Alphabetically only is she last."



PAUL BOGDON

"A hard worker and a good fellow—
In him a power passes from this school."





HARRY NICHOLSON

"A man with purpose high
and grave."

ZENOBIA DONOVAN

"Happy am I, from care I
flee.
Why can't the rest of you
be like me?"

RUTH MASSE

"There is mischief in this
little girl."

JOSEPH FERRY

"Work and more work has
been your portion—
Ambition and you are good
friends."



LITERARY

THE DAW'S CHRISTMAS DINNER.

The night before Christmas Father Daw slowly made his way toward the Deacon's. In his hand he carried a bag. When he reached the Deacon's place, he looked cautiously around, and stopped to listen.

In a little, tumbled-down house on the outskirts of a small country village, lived the Daws, a negro family. Beside Father and Mother Daw, there were three little Daws.

Christmas was nearing, and no fine dinner was yet in sight. Their neighbor, the Deacon, owned a large flock of geese. Whenever Father Daw passed the Deacon's poultry house, he would say to himself:

"Maybe we'll have one of those for our Christmas dinner."

After disposing of the lock on the poultry house, he stepped boldly in, seized a sleeping goose, and chucked it into his bag. Then, at a great pace, he sped home.

Christmas morning the Deacon missed his largest fowl. About the yard were a few very large footprints. After a moment's thought, he said:

"Old man Daw's about the only man I know with shoes to fit those tracks. Guess I'll see what they're to have for dinner."

Wrathfully he strode into the house, and made known his loss to Priscilla, his wife.

"Deacon," she said, "if you ketch'em eatin' a goose for dinner, set the constable on 'em."

"If I do, I'll hustel the old man to jail," he said; and with this the conversation was dropped.

At noon Mother Daw spied the Deacon coming up the path. She guessed the object of his mission and said to her husband:

"Here comes to Deacon! Quick, hide the goose in the loft!"

Immediately Father Daw seized the goose, and stumbling up the stairs, hid the fowl under a barrel in the loft.

Just as the Deacon was about to enter, a voice called from the road:

"Hey, Deacon! heard the news? Jed Smith's horse ran away, and smashed his rig into bits."

The Deacon, forgetting his mission, walked back to the street, eager to hear the story of the accident.

"Anybody hurt?" he asked, and for fifteen minutes the two discussed the current topic of the town.

The Aeroplane

Meanwhile the Daws proceeded to destroy every trace of the goose. With the best part of the dinner gone, what remained consisted of a huge dish of potatoes, some rye bread, coffee and cranberries.

After rearranging the table, and clearing the house of the odor of roasted goose, the Daws excited and nervous, awaited the arrival of the Deacon.

When he entered, the Daws had spread before them a very plain meal.

"A Merry Christmas to you," said the Deacon.

"Same to you," replied the Daws.

"I can't stay," said the Deacon; "thought I'd drop in as I passed, just to,— well, just to wish ye a Merry Christmas." Good day.

On his way home the Deacon said, "Just think of it, the Daws didn't even have a Christmas dinner. Seein' I've been so un-Christian as to accuse such innocent people, I'll send 'em a Christmas goose for a Christmas supper." And he did.

WALTER MEISTER, '17.

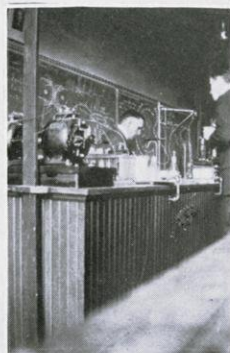
'Tis the sixteenth year of nineteen hundred,
And senior ties must now be sundered,
They are now to leave us, and old East High
With a parting farewell, and a last long sigh.
Their pathway seems rugged, the journey long,
But nevertheless, they're a merry old throng.

Our schoolmates will leave us, and journey away,
In different directions, tho' certain are we,
They'll never forget us, and old East Green Bay,
They all must be parted, but surely we hope,
They'll win for our school much of fame and of glory,
And this farewell is a part of the story.

'17.

"On East High School" this begins;
We are the school that always wins;
Platform, track, and football, too—
Eas Side High has a loyal crew.
We have many honors won;
We have talent and backbone.
You have heard the people say
We win honors day by day.
What we do, we'll do it well—
That is East High's motto true,
And the Lincoln Club's own yell.
So East High will keep ahead,
No one can say that we are dead."

JAMES M.



"SNAPS"

THE ROAD TO CHRISTMAS.

Johnnie Mogford had never been to Westport, a thriving little village on the St. Lawrence river, though it was only about twelve miles from his father's island farm.

The land was poor, and out of a hundred acres there was possibly ten acres of good land free from rocks. The rest was fit only for the grazing of cattle and sheep.

Johnnie would have liked to go to Westport and see the stores that lighted up at night, for some fisherman had told him of the wonders of the small town; but he was only fourteen, and his father would not give him the necessary permission.

Johnnie's father had purchased the farm ten years before, with a little cash and many promises. The land being poor, they did not grow rich very fast, and the promises remained to be kept.

Nobody disturbed Mogford in his possession, because nobody could be found among the thrifty Scotch-Canadians in the hills who was willing to live on the place.

Nobody knew where he came from, and nobody cared enough to inquire. He was thought to have come from the Southern States, and was held in contempt by the people for his shiftless ways. There were three other children besides Johnnie, but he was the oldest.

Many pleasure seekers or "sportsmen of the States," as they were called by the Canadians, appeared in summer time and fished in the river and Bob's Lake, a short distance away.

Sometimes Johnnie sat in the evening with the men and listened to them talk about the day's catch, and many times they spoke of the distant world, with its great buildings, and cars which ran without horses. These matters aroused Johnnie's curiosity.

"How," he once asked, "does a feller git to know about them things—them things he ain't never sawed and ain't got no way of gitting to see?"

"Wall, he could read about 'em," said the fisherman.

This perplexed Johnnie, for he couldn't read and he couldn't "figger." He had never been to school. There was one six miles away, but that was too far in winter. The fisherman had told him he could find out anything by reading, but he might just as well have told him he could find out by flying.

"Dad," he said that night, "I want you to teach me how to read."

"Read? I hain't much of a reader, Johnnie. I dunno as I kin read. I ain't never tried."

Johnnie was disappointed, but he was used to disappointments, and resolved to wait until the following summer. Heretofore he had earned small sums catching bait for fishermen. He resolved to do so again. When the first camp was pitched he rowed over and offered his services.

"You folks want any frogs catched?" "Sure, young fellow. Can you get 'em?" "I sawed lots of frogs in the marsh." "How much do you want for them?" "Last year I catched 'em for a cent apiece. I ain't going to do that this year."

"Price raised?"

Not money—scmethin' else." Johnnie wriggled in embarrassment

"What then?" asked the fisherman, growing interested

"Kin you read?" asked Johnnie.

"I can read the newspapers."

"Well," said Johnnie, "that's what I'll catch frogs for."

"How many frogs for how much teaching?"

"I'll catch you two dozen frogs for half an hour's teaching, every day."

"It's a bargain,—when will we begin?"

"Now," said Johnnie.

He got into his boat and rowed to the low end of the island, where, with a self-manufactured spear, he hunted for frogs. That evening he brought in his two dozen, and had his first reading lesson.

That crowd of "sports" stayed two weeks. Other parties followed, and all agreed to Johnnie's proposition. By the end of the summer he could stumble his way down through a column in a newspaper. One fisherman gave him a small dictionary, and some others, understanding his efforts to learn, sent him books easy for beginners to read.

One of the books was filled with Christmas stories. Johnny knew little of Christmas, for it had never been explained to him, and he didn't know exactly what date it came on. Christmas was not observed by the Mogford family, and when he read for the first time the reason for Christmas Day, he felt choky as if he wanted to cry.

Johnnie began to lay plans for Christmas, still months away, but he must first earn the money, and this was not an easy task.

He dared not tell the little children of Santa Claus, of whose existence they did not dream, for he was not sure yet that he could arrange a visit by Santa.

All the money he had in his life totaled not more than one dollar.

He decided to make his presents in the back woods, where he would be free from discovery.

From fallen trees he succeeded with his insufficient tools in making a chair for his mother. For three weeks he labored on the chair, and it was with pride in his heart that he carried it by night to an old, unused shed, and hid it.

After many vain attempts he succeeded in making a doll. With bits of wire he provided it with legs and arms that moved.

For his little brothers he fashioned swords, guns, and bows and arrows.

He had marked a small pine tree, and a week before Christmas he struggled through the snow to cut it and dragged it as near home as he dared. Then at night he stole out and hauled it to the shed.

Everything was ready now, a week before Christmas, but the decorations for the tree. The days passed slowly; two days still remained before Christmas.

He had found delight for the past few weeks in reading aloud to his brothers and sisters, but never Christmas stories.

Tonight he took his Christmas book and read to them, for there would not be any disappointment; Santa Claus would come.

They listened open mouthed, and believed, for Johnnie always told them the truth.

The next day he decided he would sacrifice his reel and rod which he had received from one of the fishermen, to buy things to put on the tree.

The Aeroplane

Early the following morning, he set out for Westport, the village which contained so many wonderful things new to Johnnie. It took him six hours before he reached there. Ready to drop with fatigue, he went into the first of the wonderful stores—the drug store with colored bottles in its windows. Too cold and exhausted to speak, he dropped to sleep in a chair by the stove before the proprietor could ask him his name.

He awoke an hour later, confused, but refreshed. He remembered his mission, and said:

"Mister, here's some fine fishing things. I got to sell 'em."

"I haven't any use for fishing tackle, son. It isn't exactly fishing season—there isn't anybody here apt to buy that truck but Alec Stevens. He lives yonder in his cabin by the river."

Alec was a guide in summer, and a fur buyer in winter.

Johnnie found him and explained the object of his visit.

"You was wantin' to sell this bit of tackle, eh? Well, well. For why?"

Johnnie told him his reason for wishing to sell his treasure.

"Had you set a price on it?"

"I wanted enough to buy some things for the tree."

"Come with me," ordered Alec.

They went to the store where toys were kept—toys such as he had never seen. At last Johnnie had picked out the things he wanted for the tree, and Alec paid for them.

Johnnie handed Alec his tackle.

"Come with me before you go, and get something to eat at my cabin."

Johnnie ate while Alec made his bundle safe and easy to carry.

It's a long "hike," said Alec, "and snow's is in the air."

"I got to be there by morning. I told them of Santa Claus and the Christmas tree, and they'll be expecting him."

"Good bye—and—and—Merry Christmas."

"The same to you," cried Alec, as Johnnie disappeared in the storm.

It was a long, hard journey, and many times Johnnie felt like lying down to rest, but he overcame the desires, for he knew once he laid down, he would never rise again.

He struggled on and on, and at last he could see his father's house, which seemed far away through his half-closed eyelids, but in reality was only a short distance away.

It was near morning and he dragged the pine tree from the shed and into the house. Silently he trimmed the tree, but with feverish haste, for he feared some of the children might hear him and wake up. At last he had finished and brought the rest of the presents from the shed. He then awakened the children and his mother and father, and when the children saw their presents they danced with joy. Even his mother and father became interested in their presents. Seeing a package lying on the floor which in his haste he had overlooked, and on which his name was written, he tore it open and found his rod and reel, the gift of Alec Stevens.

RAYMOND EMICH, '17.

SPRING-TIDE.

Sweet Spring-tide yields the flowers,
Made moist by April showers;
The joy of life, as children sing,
Is just the spring, the sunny spring.
The singing birds, the budding trees,
The robins call, the sound of bees,
With them let's shout and gaily sing,
To show our joy in the coming of the spring.

The sky is faintly tinted,
With a touch of brilliant blue;
The withered grass is brightened up
With a green, familiar hue,
The Brook that ripples o'er the stones
Is murmuring monotonous tones;
And darkened hearts are brightened sure
As no more winter shall endure;
Everybody's glad and gay,
For welcome spring has come to stay.

M. C. K. '18.

SENIORS AS WE SEE THEM.

When the students become Seniors,
Sure it's time for them to go;
For 'tis then that they get freshest,
Though you'd think they'd better know.

They can talk about the Freshies,
But the Seniors can't be beat;
For the scolding of the teachers
Does no good to vacant seats.

Oh! you'd think they'd act like grown-ups,
Judges, ministers, and so on;
But they now begin their nonsense,
When their childhood days are gone.

They have talked about the Freshmen,
And they say that they are green,
But you never heard their failures
Were announced by Mr. Ream.

Well, I pity the poor Seniors,
Also those of the next year,
For they've even more a'coming
Than I've dared to tell you here.

A Lower Classman.

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For 'tis then that they get freshest,
Though you'd think they'd better know.

They can talk about the Freshies,
But the Seniors can't be beat;
For the scolding of the teachers
Does no good to vacant seats.

Oh! you'd think they'd act like grown-ups,
Judges, ministers, and so on;
But they now begin their nonsense,
When their childhood days are gone.

They have talked about the Freshmen,
And they say that they are green,
But you never heard their failures
Were announced by Mr. Ream.

Well, I pity the poor Seniors,
Also those of the next year,
For they've even more a'coming
Than I've dared to tell you here.

A Lower Classman.

The Aeroplane

"Ma, I tell you I can't. I ain't got time; teacher said we had to come early." Spindle grabbed his cap and made a rapid stride for the door.

"Yes, you have, to, William. You come right here and say it."

Spindle tumbled over a chair, and finally stationed himself in a ramrod position near the window, the place designated by his mother, and haltingly began. He reached the middle of his selection after a painful effort, and then stood twisting his hat in agony. The red slowly mounted under his layer of stove blacking and cork, and the wait seemed interminable. Spindle shifted from one foot to the other in despair. If it was this way now, what would it be in school?

"Well, I suppose you'd stand there all night, and never think of it, even after all the times I've gone over it," snapped his mother, as she reached for the dreaded volume containing the selection that had been Spindle's bug-bear for the last two weeks.

"And the chilluns danced with glee,

Around the old apple tree." There, now go on."

"And the chilluns danced with glee

Around the apple tree," groaned Spindle. "There! I know the end of it now, and I gotta go, because I'll be late," and snatching up his cap he darted out of doors before his mother could say another word.

Spindle heaved a sigh of relief as the door banged behind him, and he looked searchingly up and down the street, which stretched out between long rows of white houses. There seemed to be no way of escaping. He'd have to go to school and speak that piece and be disgraced for ever in the eyes of his comrades, appearing in a white starched suit which fairly embodied sissy ness. Spindle shuffled his feet in the dust, and wiped his forehead with his cuff, transferring a long streak of black to that article.

He gave a quick turn of his head to relieve that choked feeling around his collar. His eyes lit on a tiny black figure besmeared with mud, puddling in a tar barrel which stood on the corner.

Spindle gave a jump of ecstasy and yelled, "Oh, Rastus, come on over here quick! I got smethin' to tell you. Quick!" entreated Spindle, as no sign of recognition dawned in the two black eyes rolling in terror. "It's me,—Spindle; I'm all corked up."

Rastus slowly drew two fat fingers from the tar barrel, carefully licked them off, and advanced timidly, his full red lips spreading in a broad grin over his fat little black face, as he recognized Spindle.

"Gee! but you'se suttinly does look funny," announced Rastus cheerfully, and then waited for an explanation.

"Aw, I got to speak a nigger piece at school," scornfully said Spindle. "Ain't it fierce!"

Rastus agreed that it was, but looked enviously at Spindle's costume, which seemed to him the height of glory.

Spindle's eyes glistened, and his face lit up with animation, as he saw Rastus' two mischievous eyes travel from his choling collar, down to his now dusty boots, with ill-concealed admiration.

"Say, Rastus, you can have this awful nice white suit; I think just an awful lot of it," he added complacently, "if you do just what I tell you and never tell anybody, ever, as long as you live. Not even if a pirate should come up to you, and say—er say, he'd pull out all your hairs, one by one," said Spindle with sudden inspiration, as he glanced at Rastus' fuzzy head.

The Aeroplane

This last colorful bit that Spindle added to his bargain, so completely terrified Rastus that he refused to enter into any contract until some more inducements had been offered. He stubbornly shook his wooly pate at the offer of three trained angle worms, and even when Spindle produced a piece of green chalk, he remained unmoved.

Spindle saw his tactics would have to be changed, and said, with great bravado, "You see this pen-knife with only one blade. Well, it's charmed, and if that pirate should come to you, all you'd have to do would be to wave it at him and he'd disappear."

"Well, I reckon I'll do it," said Rastus coolly, now that his fear was allayed, not wishing to appear too anxious.

Spindle grasped Rastus firmly by the arm and hurried him down the street, turning in at a worn pathway which led to a ram-shackle shed, which was designated by his companions "the den."

Here the change was instituted with lightning speed, Spindle thankfully exchanging his white starched suit, by this time hanging in limp folds and plentifully besmeared with tar on one side where he had leaned against the tar barrel, for Rastus' tattered garments. He gleefully discarded his shoes, taking none in exchange, and now proceeded to give Rastus, who was very ill at ease in his new finery, his instructions:

"You just go to school and sit down on the side where all the kids sit, and don't say anything, and then no one will know but what you're me," said Spindle, swinging his bare legs delightedly, as he sat perched on a cracker-box in a corner of the tiny room.

He paused for a moment to think out his plans in further detail, and Rastus started for the door.

"No, I ain't finished," pompously said Rastus' instructor, continuing in a voice charged with excitement: "When the teacher says, 'Wil-li-um Cornelius Brown,' real slow, you walk right up on the platform and say whatever you can think of, and then, when you're all through, you bow—like this," illustrated Spindle, jumping down from the cracker-box and giving a sweeping bow. "You'd better say a verse," he added in the tone of one giving kindly advice.

"Yas, I kin say a verse. Mammy she teached us all verses," answered Rastus hurriedly, wishing to get out of Spindle's reach before he should change his mind regarding the suit.

Rastus transformed his usual shuffling gait into one of unusual stiffness which in his mind seemed to fit his garments, and started off. He had just gone about a block, when Spindle hopped off the cracker-box and ran full speed to the door.

"Rastus! say Ra-s-tus! come on back here," he entreated, I decided I don't want to trade. My ma will be awful mad when she sees a real nigger in nice white suit," he declared, dancing up and down in his excitement.

"aw, you traded," Rastus yelled back, thrusting out a red tongue to its fullest extent at his adversary; and forgetting the new role he had designed for himself, ran as fast as his hampering garments would allow, toward the school house.

Spindle contemplatively dug his toe into the dust and then started for home, mournfully hoping for an earthquake, or if no such good luck ensued, he decided maybe he'd drown himself, and then they'd all be sorry. Two big tears rolled down his cheeks, making a long track thru the burnt cork and blacking, at the very thought of his sad ending.

The Aeroplane

Rastus only stopped in his hurried rush toward the school long enough to thrust his little black hand into the tar barrel which stood temptingly open on the corner, and draw it up with a generous supply of the sticky mass dripping through his short fingers. Part of it he deposited in his mouth and chewed contentedly, and part of it he rolled into a soft ball and thrust into his pocket. He had slowed his pace down to a medium walk when the sharp clang of the school bell breaking upon the air with startling shrillness, started him off on a run again.

Rastus arrived at the school puffing frantically, and burst into the school room. There was a general titter and then every one settled into a startled hush at his wild appearance. You could have heard a pin drop. All eyes were riveted on Rastus.

For the first time Rastus' self-confidence was shaken. He seemed to see the vacant chair among the performers in white in a maze, and he stumbled toward it, sitting down with a thud.

"Aw; Spindle, see you ma's lookin' at you," announced a little red-haired fellow who sat next to Rastus.

Rastus absent-mindedly reached into his pocket and offered him a piece of tar to chew, in hopes he would keep still, and not draw any more attention that way.

Immediately there was a general clamor, "Aw, Spindle, gimme some."

"You think you're smart just cause you're blacked up."

"Come on gimme just a little."

Rastus distributed the tar among the performers impartially, who seemed to find some relief for their stage fright in chewing frantically, and then leaned back in relief as he no longer seemed to be the center of attention, as each one around him was engrossed in drawing the tar out in long strings, soon instituting a friendly rivalry as to which could pull it out the longest.

Rastus was just beginning to recover his calm, when his attention was attracted by a very pronounced, disapproving gaze, from a tall woman in a snuff-colored dress, in the back of the room. He shifted uneasily under the prolonged scrutiny, and gave a sigh of relief, when a slim angular woman got up and tapped a bell, and all eyes were turned on her instead of him.

She marched up to the platform and began to speak. "Of course your know for this afternoon the children have arranged a little program, so their parents can see what school teaches them—to love poetry, the birds, the trees, and everything that grows."

As she said this she smiled benignly at the audience, and cast an angry side glance at poor Rastus, who was in terror and screwing.

There was no mistaking it. If he followed instruction, he'd have to go now or give up his suit, and the idea of relinquishing it was even more disturbing than getting up now.

Rastus embarrassedly shuffled up to the platform, balanced himself on one foot and then the other, chewed his tar industriously for a few minutes, and then began to speak in a loud, rather quavering voice, swaying to and fro to the rhythm of his piece:

"You, We' yam, cum' ere, suh, dis instance. Wat' dat you got under yonder box?"

The Aeroplane

I do want no fooling'—you hear me? Wut you say? Aint nothing but rocks?

'Peahs ter me you's owdashus p'tickler. S'posin' dey's of a new kine. I'll des take a look at dem rocks. Hi yi! der you think i's bline? (Here Rastus Hi-yi'd vehemently and continued.)

I calls dat a plain water-million, you scamp, en I knows whah it growed. It come from de Timmerson caw'n fiel', dar on ter side er de road.

You stole it, you rascal, you stole it! I watched you fum down in de lot. En time I gets thru' wid you, nigger, you won't eben be a grease spot."

Here Rastus stopped his swaying and scratched his curly head, vainly trying to think of the other verse. He was so absorbed he didn't notice the teacher's blank look of astonishment, the glee with which the children greeted his oration, or the stir in the back of the room as Mrs. Brown advanced determinedly toward the platform.

"Ou-ch! Rastus gave a shriek of surprise as he felt a strong grip on his collar.

The platform seemed to slip away from under him, and he felt himself being pushed out of the door relentlessly, accompanied by the joyful shouts of Spindle's friends:

"Aw Gee, he's goin' to get it."

"He'll ketch it."

"I wouln't dast to do that."

Mrs. Brown slammed the door and jerked her victim before her. "You march straight home, young man," she admonished.

"But, I did just what he told me to," protested Rastus feebly, as he was hurried down the street.

"I tell you it aint me! Let me go," he sobbed, trying to break away from her grasp.

Rastus helplessly allowed himself to be hurried into the back door of Spindle's home, and sank down on a chair near the doorway.

"Wil-li-um, you come right upstairs with me."

Mrs. Brown jerked the hatpins from her hat, and grabbed poor Rastus by the arm.

"I did just what he told me to!" wailed Rastus, as he stumbled up the stairs, being assisted along in a quick, efficient manner.

"You shouldn't listen to everything everybody says, and as soon as I wash off this dirty cork you shall go right back and apologize, "Mrs. Brown expostulated, as she reached for a bar of sapolio, while the terrified Rastus danced right up and down at the sight.

"It won't come off! It won't come off! screamed Rastus, as Mrs. Brown's hands plied in the wash bowl, and with a quick movement started to administer the sapolio to his shining black skin.

The sapolio spread over his face and into his rolling eyes. Rastus choked for utterance.

A tousled head peeked cautiously out from under the bed, and withdrew so quickly that Rastus did not see the cause of all his troubles.

He gave one desperate pull, and freed himself from Mrs. Brown's grasp, and with an inarticulate sound of anger, scrambled toward the bed and drew forth another little black-faced urchin, whose complexion changed at the slightest touch.

The Aeroplane

Mrs. Brown's eyes widened, and she drew her soapy hand across them in dismay. Spindle tearfully started an explanation, and what she had thought was an hallucination slowly cleared. She gripped the sapolio firmer, and came forward the two boys, both now panting and weeping.

Rastus cast one look at the sapolio and dashed down stairs, reaching the bottom in a crumpled heap. He speedily picked himself up, and as he started for the door, Spindle's voice clearly floated down to him:

"I tell you it wasn't my fault! Quit! You're getting it in my eyes and my mouth, too. I won't apologize."

Rastus drew his hand reminiscently across his face, grinned cheerfully and darted out of the doocr, smoothing his bedraggled suit complacently as he went.

CAROLINE DUBOIS, '17.

East High Representatives at District Declamatory League



MARY STERLING '18
SECOND PLACE --DISTRICT LEAGUE



BESSIE ROSENTHAL--'16

IN OLD LATIUM.

The little province of Latium was all astir. Preparations were in progress for the annual celebration of the religious games and festivals, and all who intended taking part in these games were busily practicing in hopes that they would be the winners.

Among these was a man named Numa. He always took part in the foot races, and was usually pronounced the victor. For this reason he had many personal enemies; the most prejudiced numbered four. These men had met several times before the celebration, to plan and discuss what they could do to keep Numa from entering the race. They were not only doing this to satisfy their own dislike, but for that of an intimate friend who was also a noted racer, and who had promised them an immense reward if they could, in some way, keep Numa out of the race.

They had tried, several times, to get him out of the city; but these plans had always been interrupted or spoiled in one way or another.

Now they had only one more night in which to decide what they could do. Many proposals were made, but each one seemed more impossible than the next; and when they parted, their minds were made up to treat Numa in a friendly manner and before the games started, to invite him to a certain house not far from the field of celebration, and there offer him wine, and drink toasts to his success. This part of the plan would not look suspicious, because it was always done on such occasions, but this time they intended to put a special drug in Numa's wine that would fill his limbs with a dead feeling. It would not prevent him from entering the race, but would surely keep him far from being the winner.

The day of the celebration had come. It was in the month of July, when all the charms of summer poured upon the earth and the full orb of the moon by night streamed upon the olive-groves surrounding the arena. The arena consisted of a long, but comparatively narrow stretch of ground, around which were two parallel lines of seats, uniting at one head to form a semicircle. In the center of this semicircle was a gate by which the victor left the arena when the race was over.

Meanwhile the plans of the conspirators were working finely, as Numa had already promised to meet them at the appointed place. They had poured out the wine themselves, in another room, and instructed the servant, over and over again, which glass was to be given to each person, until she was almost able to pick the different ones out with her eyes closed.

When she learned that the guest had arrived, she started for the next room with her tray full of glasses. But Fortune had placed a little stool in her path, over which she stumbled, spilling several glasses of wine, among them Numa's. Happily, the men were talking loud and paid no attention to the little noise of the glasses. The servant knew just whose glass had tipped, and thought as long as she could fill them again with fresh wine, everything would be the same. So the wine was served, and as the men returned to the place of celebration, their minds were filled with questions as to what had become of the drugged wine, for they could readily perceive, by a glance at Numa, that he had not drunk it.

They reached their destination just in time for the races, which resulted with Numa as the winner. They now knew that their plans were foiled, and as the crows gathered to applaud the victor, and poets sang their lyric songs in praise of him, the four men returned home, disappointed and without laurels.

IRMA DIETZ, '18.

Found in a Senior Civics:

If we should have another flood,
For refuge here I'd fly,
For if the world be flooded,
This book would still be dry.

FAREWELL, EAST HIGH, FAREWELL.

My school life bright hath passed away,
I'm sure it seems unfair;
But 'tis my fate, it can't be helped,
Though a fate that's hard to bear.

I loved my school friends, I loved my friends,
I loved my studies so;
But yet from all I now must part,
East High, Aloha Oe!

'Twas my third year; I hoped and dreamed
Of reaching soon the goal;
But now the Angelus of my dreams
Doth solemnly, slowly toll.

So to East High, I say farewell,
Just mem'ries will be mine,
Sweet mem'ries of a Perfect Day
When I was one of thine.

May all thy youths be loyal
And may they all be true,
And may they ever remember
That they are the privileged few.

A One-Time Pupil.

ODE TO L. G.

There was a young maid called Loretta,
Who did not like East High Spagetta;
But this we'll efface,
As we love her sweet grace,
And the rest we will try to forget-a.



GIRL'S QUARTETT

BIRD PROTECTION.

First Prize—Bird Protection Essay Contest.

Lately on a visit with my relatives, I was told that they had heard a noise in the pantry which sounded like a mouse. To show that I was not afraid I went in and set a trap in each corner to find out if the noise they had heard was really due to a mouse. Soon after we heard one of the traps spring and going into the pantry I saw a little wren just breathing its last. The poor little bird, in search of food had come through the window, here to be killed by a trap which I had set.

Fond as I am of all kinds of birds, excepting perhaps the English sparrow, it made me feel very sorry to think that I had caused the death of one of them; since then I have thrown bread crumbs out of the window to make up for what I had done.

In speaking of the birds themselves, people are always inclined to refer to the wrong they do instead of the good they are doing. They do not know that birds play a large part in agriculture, and if it were not for the birds our land would soon be overrun with insects. The birds are natural protectors and are worth millions upon millions of dollars yearly in the service they give by destroying insects and thereby protecting, in a measure, our grains and our fruit trees. Just as wrong as it would be to take the lives of other birds, it would be to kill owls as was recently suggested by some farmer. The owls live upon field mice, gophers, chipmunks, and other small rodents, that do injury to crops and gardens.

While the robins and other birds seem to enjoy an occasional meal of grapes or wheat, specialists of the United States Agricultural Department found by examining the stomachs of several hundred robins that forty-two per cent of their food consisted of noxious insects. Thus let them be forgiven for the occasional change in diet, and be welcomed as the first messengers of spring.

Years ago before the migratory laws were passed the people of North Carolina made a sport of going out at night with a torch and killing the robins by the hundreds. These birds were then put on strings and sold at sixty cents a dozen, or taken home by the hunters and eaten, as this was a favorite food.

The bluejay while eating grasshoppers and other insects at times, seems to have a peculiar liking for wheat, corn, and oats, but we overlook this when admiring its beautiful plumage.

The blue bird, with its attractive tints is often accused of being altogether too fond of fruit, vegetables, and grain, but the United States Department of Agriculture informs us that sixty per cent of its food consists of insects of which one-fifth is the destructive grasshopper.

The dear little wren must know that it counts among my special favorites because several of them take regular possession of the houses I have set up for them. Its sweet song and the fact that it lives almost entirely on insects is ample reward for my trouble of furnishing it and its friends with the houses they live in.

There are also other birds that live on insects, such as the purple martin which the United States Bureau of Entomology reports to kill about one thousand mosquitoes a day. A colony of these birds can keep farms clear of insects for miles around. The thrush's menu also consists of insects of which one-tenth

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is the destructive caterpillar. In general the thrush does very little damage to the fruit crops, but visits the swamps instead of the gardens when looking for berries. In some instances these birds are compelled to go to the orchards when there are no wild berries to be found. These are only a very few of the large number of insectivorous birds.

In speaking of the song and feathers of birds it seems that the plainest looking birds, such as the wren, the lark and the nightingale are the sweetest singers, while the birds clad in beautiful plumage have no music in their soul, such as the blue bird, the pheasant, or parrot.

The life of every bird should be protected because in some way or other it gives enjoyment and pleasure to us. In some of them we admire their beautiful plumage, more beautiful than artists could paint, while others charm us by their sweet songs. Again it gives great pleasure and entertainment to watch them build nests and carry food to their young ones.

Let the farmers who complain about the birds eating a little of their grain or occasionally feasting upon ripe fruit and berries read Longfellow's, "The Birds of Killingworth." The farmers he spoke of killed all the birds within their guns' range and finally, after a few years, their crops and trees had all been eaten by insects.

The killing of birds to procure the feathers and plumage for ornamentation of hats is a great crime and not alone should the people be punished for their destruction but also those who adorn themselves with them.

Statistics from agricultural reports state that in about one year \$15,000,000 worth of apples were destroyed by the codling moth. This insect is found to a large extent in the apple regions and destroys from one-fourth to three-fourths of the crop. The greatest enemies of the codling moth are the birds, especially the woodpecker, blue jay, California jay, and magpie. The orioles and chickadees live almost entirely on insects while the codling moth makes up about five per cent of their food. This insect is very destructive to pears, doing about \$12,000,000 worth of damage annually. By far the most efficient aids to man in controlling the codling moth are the birds.

Birds must be protected not only from gunners but from vagrant cats, bird eating hawks, and red squirrels as well. These dangers are to be looked after, but when it comes to the English sparrow everything in our power should be done to exterminate them from the face of the earth. The different methods in which they can be gotten rid of are destroying their nests, shooting, trapping, and poisoning. Of these trapping is unquestionably the best. The English sparrow among birds, like a rat among mammals is cunning, destructive, and filthy. It is especially destructive because it eats seeds but it also eats a great variety of other foods. It also reduces the number of song birds and drives them out of our parks.

Most of us know that if we intend to save the song birds we must build houses for them and protect them from their worst enemies. The following valuable birds can be made to live with us by furnishing them with bird houses: purple martins, wrens, flickers, white bellied or tree swallows, chickadees, nuthatches, and fly catchers. Birds are just like human beings. While Mr. Bird may like the house all right, Mrs. Bird may not like the location. Some of them are very particular, and especially the wren and blue bird can be attracted by houses carefully designed to meet their simple but very definite requirements.

Now then, let us protect the birds in every way possible, build homes, encourage the converting of cemeteries into nesting places for the birds, and teach the children that it is a crime to kill or to make suffer any one of the winged messengers.

The farmers are gradually learning that better than to use guns on the birds, is to put out additional scarecrows and to plant more shrubs around their homes, thereby keeping the birds away from the fields.

Whatever you do for the birds, they will amply repay you with their sweet songs, in destroying harmful insects, and by teaching you that the greatest satisfaction in life is to keep busy and strictly attend to your duties.

The statistics used in this essay have been gained from the following sources:

Year Books of the United States Department of Agriculture.

Education Leaflets of the National Association of Audubon Societies.

The Dodson Bird Booklet by Joseph H. Dodson, director of the Illinois Audubon Society.

Gustave Klaus, '19.

ALOHA.

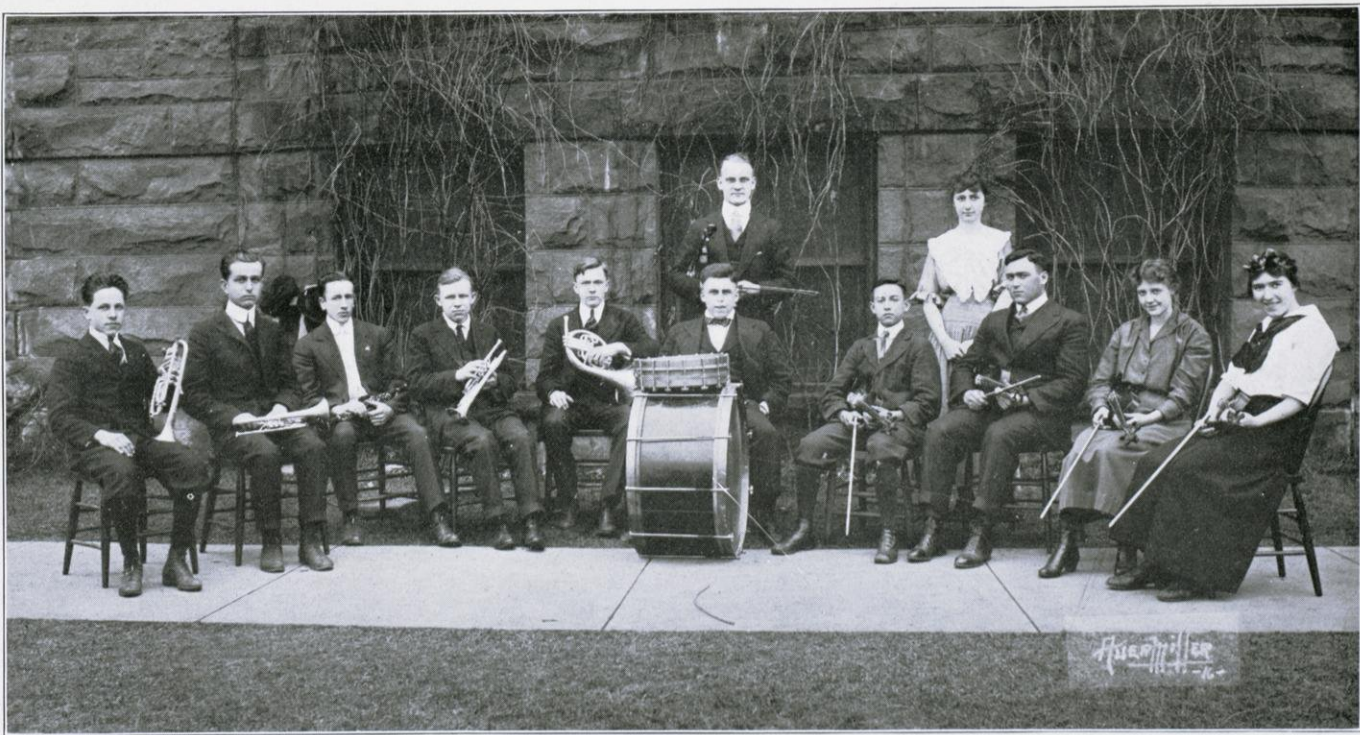
Needs must there be in every tongue,
Roughly spoken or sweetly sung
A word of common greeting
That beareth oft repeating.

Bon dia, sayonara, or farewell,—
Spoke lightly, deeply,—who can tell?
Adieu, good-bye, auf wiederseh,—
The words are memory's refrain.

Aloha, dearest of them all,—
What pictures doth it not recall?
What tender tones in telling!
What sentiments upwelling!

Aloha,—'tis a loving cup;
With what thou wilt, thou fill'st it 'up.
A common dole to many lips.
Or chalice rare; one drinks or sips,
With love athirst or sated,
Sometimes with breath abated.

Henry F. Zane. '19.



EAST HIGH ORCHESTRA

IN THE DAYS OF EARLY ROME.

The sun was fading in the west and the shades of evening were slowly falling over the clear blue sky of sunny Italy, when a rider, weary and fatigued with the long journey of the day, came in sight of the gates of Rome. As he gazed at them in the distance he straightened his drooping shoulders and urged his horse to a more rapid pace. The horse, for an instant, livened its step, then fell again to the old pace. Again and again the rider coaxed him, until finally he raised his whip and drove his spurs cruelly into the horse's sides. The beast leaped forward with one great bound, throwing the rider over his head, and fell down, dead.

The rider, uninjured, rose and slowly made his way to the unfortunate animal. In spite of his cruelty and temper he loved the horse, and now stroked its head gently. Suddenly, with a shudder, he drew back from the dead beast. For a few moments he stood there, and then, sore in every limb, he proceeded over the dusty road to the nearest home. He found shelter in a shepherd's rude hut and there he remained until morning, when, having secured a horse from the shepherd, he left.

Riding along, he saw again the shepherd's daughter as he had seen her that morning when she served his breakfast. A desire to obtain possession of her filled his mind, soon, however, to be forgotten in the midst of the troubles which followed.

The morning passed as usual for the shepherd and his daughter, and at noon they sat down for lunch in the shade of a large locust where a large brook ran through the fields.

Rushing over the road and lashing his horse as he urged him on, came a young man dressed in uniform. Riding down the road at that terrific speed, he bore his message from house to house, scarcely drawing his rein, as he gave his short message.

Now again, as he neared the shepherd, he shouted the few short words. "A call to arms, the Gauls are closing down upon—"

He drew his rein and leaped lightly from his horse. Leading him to the brook he left him there to drink, and turned to meet the shepherd's daughter. He took the hand of welcome which she extended to him, and pressed it warmly in both his own as he drew her to him.

A note of anxiety filled his voice as he spoke, but she, as one in a dream, with sad dark eyes looking far across the fields in the distance seemed to be viewing the future—a future from which he was barred. She came to her senses only as he was uttering the last words:

"Good-bye, Virgie, the time has come. Yes, I must go."

Suddenly, he tore away from her, mounted his horse and was gone.

PART II.

Preparations were completed, and now father and daughter, who had never been parted before since the mother's early death, stood at the gate. Neither spoke. Only the cheery warble of a bird broke that awful silence. Duty's call must be answered. Who knew the outcome?

The year passed and still the war was waging. Nearer and nearer those savage Barbarians pressed. The women fled within the gates for safety, and finally even the army was forced to stand behind the walls for protection.

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At length the day came when the small body of worn-out soldiers were overthrown by the savage Barbarians, who, whooping with joy at their success, widely ravaged the city.

When at last the war was ended, all the people suffered greatly. The Plebeians were helpless, and were soon in the hands of the wealthier class who made them slaves for the payment of the money they were compelled to borrow.

But especially are we interested in the fate of the shepherd. He, too, was left helpless as well as shelterless. He obtained money from the man he had one day befriended, and he hoped that in the memory of previous kindness he might be dealt with a little more mercifully than his unfortunate kindred. But a great draught came over all Italy. A terrible famine followed, and death pacified many of her feverish sufferers.

Knowing that the shepherd was unable to pay his debts, and remembering the beautiful daughter, the patrician demanded her. Craftily had this been planned, for the time had come when the voice of the plebian was no longer heard. Unmolested, he bound in servitude the prize he had longed for. For three days Virgil suffered in the home of her heartless master, but the fourth morning found her gone. It was like caging a wild bird from the woods. She had taken to flight and there was no stop in her long and lonely journey. All day and all night she traveled over the rough paths that led through woods and plains where seldom man was wont to travel because of the better roads that led through the city.

Just as dawn began to break the clouds of night, she reached her home.

Since her lover was still with the legions among the Barbarian tribes to the north of Rome, she and her father decided to leave their old home and find shelter in the southern portion of the Tigris Valley where the V— tribe dwelt. For four years they lived peacefully among the Latin tribes, but finally trouble broke out, and after a fierce struggle which resulted in the death of her father, the tribe was conquered by Rome. People lay even in the streets, dying, alone, without a consoler or a friend. Silently Virgil stole from one sufferer to another, smoothing some feverish man's pillow, or giving a last word of comfort and cheer to those quickly ebbing away.

Coming to the cottage one morning she found two new occupants. One, a tall, gaunt man with a badly wounded arm, the patrician. The other, a young boy of the legionary soldiers. He lay prostrate on the floor, and his helmet covered his head. She knelt down beside him and lifted his helmet from his face.

A gasp of surprise escaped her lips as she gazed upon the drawn, set face of her dying lover.

"Virgil"—

The broken cry brought her quickly to her senses. She brought some water and held it to his parched lips. How it refreshed him. He drank eagerly for a few moments, then fell back with pain.

She drew his head softly to her breast and began to smooth back his dark, curly hair.

He grasped her hand as if she could hold him from the nearing death.

"How dark it is getting," he gasped. "Oh Virgie I'm go—."

He pressed the hand in his own as the little life left in his wasted form loomed up again for one brief second, and then all was over.

The Aeroplane

As she raised her head from that pitiful sight, she saw the patrician standing over her with a terrible light in his eyes and a smile that told all that washed within him.

"At last," he hissed. "I have found you. Ah! sweet revenge—"

"No," she sighed, 'tis not I you have found, but the remains of a once beautiful and happy girl. With my father they buried my happiness. With "him," and she pointed to the cold form at her feet, "my soul has gone; and with him they shall bury my heart." With a mild, delirious laugh she crossed the room and passed through the open door into the darkness.

Along the dark path of the mountain she went, and the wet brush dampened her skirts as she passed them. Now she entered a woods, and as she flitted in and out among the trees, one might also have discerned a tigerlike form immediately behind. If she was aware of his presence she showed no sign of it.

At last she reached the open. Her instinct was keen, and she turned sharply and faced her follower:

"There is an end to all roads, and though yours may yet run a long way, this," and she pointed to the deep sea far below her, "is the end of mine."

The surprised patrician stared aghast at the figure before him. Luckily his mind worked slowly.

She turned to look down into the rushing waters far below. Far off in the distance she saw one of the Roman galleys, a black object against the breaking clouds and distant flashes of lightning.

Suddenly, with a wild cry, she threw herself forward and fell down that high cliff, into the deep fathoms of the sea.

The patrician, a marble statue, gazing down, saw the waters part and then fold over her as a mother would clasp her child in her bosom.

ALVINA LIBERT, 1917.

A woodpecker settled on a Sophomore's head,
And settled him down to drill
He drilled and drilled for a day and a half
And then broke off his bill.

Questions to right of me,
Questions to left of me,
Questions in front of me,
Written and thundered.
Stormed at with "why" and "tell,"
Boldly I wrote—and well,
But in the jaws of death
Into the mouth of hell,
Rode my 100.

EX.



EAST HIGH GLEE CLUB

THE CHARMING ALICIA.

Denver, Colo., March 6, 1914.



"TIBS"

Tuesday.

This will be a "continued next month" story. I was going to mail it Saturday, and so put it into my pocket; I found it there today, so I will prolong its dull length.

My mother has persuaded me! I'm such an easy fish to catch. Alicia must

be very angelic, for my mother pictures her as such. Her charms surpass those of Helen of Troy at the age of ten. Mother says I must warn her of my arrival (do angels always need warning?) so I guess I'll send her a five-foot doll (more or less). I guess that's proper for an infant of her age. By the way, her sister or brother, or at least someone, has the mumps, so she can't go home. Must be rather touchy. I'm to go on Friday, so farewell, cruel world, farewell!

Tibs.

Carson City, March 10, 1914.

Dear Juliet:

I dot a lobly birtday presenth today. My counthin — Tits Lorimer, from Yale, senth me a dolly what walks and talks and sleeps! He is coming to see me on Friday. I'm glad Bobby had the mumps now, so I may see Tibs. He's never seen me either. I suppose he thinks I'm ten years old,—this doll does, anyway. And I'm seventeen and a half! He's my fourth or fifth cousin, so I certainly must fulfill his expectations. The two girls left here will help me look the part. I'll wear my hair down my back, and we're going to rip a white silk of mine and shorten it so it will come to my knees. He won't know the difference. Then for the surprise!

Alicia.

Denver, Colo., March 21, 1914.

Dear Chub:

The joke's on me! I never had such a foolish time! Friday noon I got to Carson. I had sent a huge doll to Alicia, so she must have received it on Wednesday, and in the afternoon I went around to Miss Smith's Select Boarding School for Young Ladies. A maid opened the



THE "MATER"

day. Isn't that rich!

He's never seen me either.



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door, and I gave her my card for Alicia, and was ushered into the parlor. Soon a small girl,—well, come to think of it, she wasn't so very small—came into the room. She had my doll in one hand, and extended her other. She had her hair in two braids, and had great big ribbons on. She had on short stockings! Oh! Ye Gods! Then she lisped! Here is an example of her dialect, only it was too rich to put into words:—"I thiposth thith ith cousin Thibby? My dolly ith very pretty and I thank you very muth."

She held her doll for me to take, and I had to take it. I was rather embarrassed. I murmured something, and held onto it for dear life. I was afraid it would fall and break. Then she said:

'Oh, that's nothing! Don't hold ith so tight. Ith won't break. I goth some other dolls. Shall I show them to you? I will."

She hurried off and returned with six dolls which she thrust upon me. Six? Mind you! I nearly had a physical and mental collapse. She laughed!

"Don't you like dollies? I do! Lisbeth Jones's got a whole lot more. Shall I get them for you?"

Off she disappeared again. I got up and dropped half of the dolls on the floor, and yelled out.

"For heaven's esakes, don't! She turned around and said:

"What did you thay?"

I answered, "Thank you, Alicia, but I don't think I care to see any more dolls today."

"Oh!" she said, and a tear rolled down her face.

I yelled "Get all your dolls if you wish to, but please don't cry."

She began to cry harder. I didn't know what to do.

Finally she smiled and her tears disappeared suddenly.

"Maybe you will take me to the circus or to the matinee tomorrow? My mother will let me, 'cause you're my cousin."

I was in a lovely place! All that I could do was to say yes, that I would be delighted to take her.

She fairly beamed, and said:

"Well, then, I don't care if you don't like dolls," and she began to pick up the dolls. I helped her, and when they were all settled on the sofa, beat a swift retreat.

I was to meet her in the waiting-room, rather than call for her. For some reason or other, she insisted on this arrangement.

The next day, at about two-fifteen, I was waiting in the waiting-room, and looked all around. I did not see anything that looked like a very small girl, but soon a young lady entered the room. She was peachy! She wasn't very tall, but seemed to be very dignified for so small a lady.



"LITTLE" COUSIN



She looked round, then approached me and giggled.

"My dolly ith very well this morning. Ithn't the weather fine?"

I gasped!

"Are you Alicia?" I fairly screamed.

"Yeth; don't you think I make a nice young lady?"

By this time, I had recovered enough of my failing senses to talk calmly, and took her to the matinee, rather than to the circus.

Tibs.

P. S. Resolved:

Never to send dolls unless you are certain of the victim's age.

Myrtle Raymaker, 1917.

SORROWS OF JUNE—(FAREWELL.)

The flowers blooming fresh and sweet,
And happy birds upon the wing,
The busy people come and go,
And bright and fair is everything.

The sun shines on the old brick school
Which beckons memories of yore—
But trees their fitful shadows throw
A shade of loss upon its door.

'Tis June! Ah fated sunny June!
Enticing all who with art play;
But sad the hearts of the old brick school,
For soon must come the parting day.

The night is clear, the moon is bright,
The trees, their fitful shadows throw
Upon the door of the old brick school,
And all its sadness seem to know.

Regretfully we see thee go
Ah Senior! thou! so free from care!
Farewell—! The joys these years have known—
The reaper, Time, has come to share.

Farewell! Oh yes, we now must part,
The time has come to leave the fold,
Yet years that come and years that go
A faint, sweet memory shall hold.

A. LIBERT, '18.

PROTECTION OF BIRDS.

(Third Prize Essay---Press-Gazette Bird Essay Contest)

Everything is put into this world for a purpose. Have you ever stopped to think what the mission of the little bird might be? How many of us are there that would not miss the birds on a summer morning? They are beautiful little creatures and delight many with their songs. They are the first harbingers of spring in this part of the country. Many are sociable little fellows, and are willing to be your friends. But unfortunately there are many people in the world who do not value any thing or creature solely because of its beauty or the joy it may bring into the world. Such people must know first of all, "What good is it?" When we stop to ask this question about the birds, we are overwhelmed by the magnitude of their service.

By far the greatest enemy of the farmers, fruit growers, and truck gardeners, is insects. The damage done to the apple and pear crops by the codling moth alone is estimated at twelve million yearly. Many birds prefer this insect to others, especially the larvae which is the worm stage of this pest. As many as thirty larvae have been taken from the stomach of a single woodpecker. Fully eight million dollars is expended yearly, for spraying apparatus, and even then the loss to the fruit crop is immense. The machine is never sure to strike the right place, nor is man, but the woodpecker never fails. He knows exactly where to bore, by the same intuition by which the squirrel never cracks an empty nut. The chinch bug reduces the value of the wheat crop, twenty million per year, and the cotton boll weevil does the same amount of damage to the cotton crop. The potato bug, which does untold damage, multiplies at the rate of fifty to sixty million per pair in one season, while the green leaf louse, a great destroyer of trees, multiplies at the rate of ten sextillion per pair. Both of these pests have been selected as a choice article of diet by the thrush family. The black olive scale, and the seventeen year locust are both dangerous to fruit trees. If it were not for the natural check, the birds, the rapid multiplication of the caterpillars would swamp the country. Grasshoppers are easily found and are eaten by the large majority of the migratory birds. The newly imported alfalfa weevil which committed ravages in the west has already been selected as a choice article of food, by the robin. They are also fond of the May beetle, the parent of the common white grub, which is most dangerous to plants and grass. Another point strongly in favor of the birds is their love for mosquitoes. As many as two thousand mosquitoes were recently found in the stomach of one purple martin, and I am sure that this alone ought to be inducement enough to protect them. Mosquitoes carry yellow fever, malaria and many other dangerous diseases, aside from being the bane of American life in summer. It has also been proved, that orchards frequented by the martins, do not need spraying.

In this section of the country especially in the fruit growing region of the Great Lakes, there is much complaint against the robin for his depredations upon the cherry orchards and berries. This is to a certain extent true, but often only when insect life fails the birds. As the result of an experiment tried by a New Hampshire farmer, it was found that they prefer wild fruit to cultivated when side by side. The following is the menu of the thrush family: codling moths, yellow necked apple worms, chinch bugs, seventeen year locusts, black olive scales, spiders, snails, grasshoppers, ants, angle worms, beetles, potato bugs, May beetles, corn weevils, clover leaf beetles, spotted squash bugs, alfalfa

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weevils, caterpillars, army worms, cabbage worms, etc. And do they repay us for the comparatively small quantity they eat? When the birds become too thick one may scare them away with scarecrows and such devices, but should not kill them, as they will probably leave his district and do much good in other communities. We really do not do so much for them as we should. If it were not for these cheerful little workers, the trees in the United States would be defoliated in eight years by insects. The entire loss to crops in the United States is estimated from six to eight million per year.

From an economical stand point the following birds are the best: Robin, Peewee, Wren, Thrush, Chickadee, Flicker, Bluebird, Flycatcher, Purple Martin, Wood-pecker, Swallow, Kingbird, Nuthatch, and Grosbeak.

The birds have many enemies, among the most common of which is the gunner. Before the Migratory Bird Act, robin shooting, was in many southern states considered great sport. As many as three thousand eight hundred and forty birds have been killed in a night by the hunters and gunners of one party. This act, however, has done away with this so-called sport, and therefore increased the numbers of this valuable bird. Then the common house cat, is a terrible enemy of the birds. Students upon this subject say every cat kills from fifty to one hundred birds every year, to say nothing of the little birds that die in the nest for lack of care. When we think of the cats owned in our country, that is dreadful. We may protect them from cats by a simple device made of screen or wire placed around the trunks of the trees.

Red squirrels also do much damage in this line and the laws protecting squirrels, have been done away with in many states for this reason. Then the English Sparrow! Of what use are they? Absolutely none. They drive other birds away, destroy the eggs and young, and are dirty, quarrelsome birds with no song. Their diet is sixty per cent grain, seeds and wheat, and their extermination is to be desired. This can be done by means of a sparrow trap made on the plan of a large rat trap. This method is very effective, for two hundred and fifty sparrows have been caught in a single day. It does not kill the birds, and they may be taken out and disposed of in any way fit.

About the most effective way to attract birds is to erect bird houses. There is a reason for this as for everything else. Many birds are hole nesting and will not build in the open, such as the woodpecker, one of our most valuable birds. There is, in most cases, no standing dead wood near our homes, and therefore these hole nesting birds must be provided for, if we wish our homes to become theirs. They must be put into a place where their enemies will not find them. Then, too, people who love birds must feed them especially in the spring, when food is scarce and weather uncertain. The following is a list of birds which have been attracted to bird houses by Joseph H. Dodson, director of the Illinois Audubon Society, a staunch friend and great lover of the birds: Wrens, Chickadee, Flicker, Purple Martin, Tree Swallow, Woodpecker, Bluebird, Kingbird, Nuthatches, and Fly Catchers, these all being desirable birds to have around.

If you have not thought about this, think it over. Buy one of the many birdhouses under construction or construct one yourself. Erect it and see if you do not obtain results.

The statistics used in this essay have been gained from the following sources:

Year Books of the United States.

Department of Agriculture—1910—1911—1913 and 19'4.

Education Leaflets of the National Association of Audubon Societies.

Farmers' Bulletin.

United States Department of Agriculture.

The Dodson Bird Booklet by Joseph H. Dodson, director of the Illinois Audubon Society.

Alice Winegard—"19."

OSWALD'S NIGHTMARE

Oswald was determined to go. He wouldn't ask his dad, for he knew the old gent would say "No," anyway. He didn't like to disobey a positive command, so he would say nothing at all about the matter.

Oswald was thirteen years old, and it was high time that he began to exercise his own judgment, at least when it was nobody else's business,—so Oswald thought.

He would like to know what harm his going down to the creek for a quiet moonlight swim could possibly do to anybody. He would try it, anyway,—so Oswald thought. Ignatz Kapampski and Ichabod Pratt would be there.

He was going. He had fully made up his mind to that. He went up to bed at the usual hour, but his mother coming into his little bedroom about half an hour afterward, was surprised to find him almost hidden by three blankets and about six winter quilts, tho it was a warm night in August.

"Why, Oswald, you'll smother. Do let me pull off some of these clothes."

But Oswald held them tightly down. "I ain't cold, mother. I mean I ain't warm."

"Are you sick?"

"No'm."

"All those blankets and quilts," laughed his mother, as she turned away. "I don't know what you're made of, Oswald."

"And jacket and pants and stockings and shoes," thought Oswald, as he wiped the sweat off his face.

The beautiful moon looked in at the little window. There had been times when Oswald, gazing at her pure pale face, had marvelled that any boy could have the crust to do wrong; but to-night she seemed to cry, "Come on, come on, Oswald old kid. I tell no tales. The night indoors is warm and stifling. The swimming hole is cool and clear."

It seemed as if the hours had never lagged so heavily. Eleven o'clock was the time agreed upon.

Twice Oswald found himself sleeping. At length the welcome whistle greeted his ears. He opened his door as softly as possible, but the door gave one loud squeak that would have wakened the dead. He did not dare unlock the front door, for grandpa's room was just across the hall, and grandpa slept with one eye open. Just as he was half-way down the steps, he stepped on the old cat. The cat gave one scream, and Oswald found himself at the bottom of the stairs.

He crept thru the kitchen, and found himself in the shed. The outer door was open.

He took his hat from the nail, and just then a plaintive "me-aw" greeted his ear. It was the cat.

"Hush! Be still, Napoleon," said he in a whisper.

The dog, which was in the kitchen, hearing the cat's appeal, went into the shed to console her. He bit her tail, and the cat and dog had a terrible fight. Barking and mewings broke upon the stillness.

"Socrated, be still," said Oswald to the dog. "You'll wake up the house."

Oswald was walking defiantly from the door, when he heard his mother's voice at her window. "I never can sleep, Vincent, with all our pets barking and crying. I wish you'd go down to see what the trouble is. And do lock the shed door. I haven't slept five minutes to-night."

What was Oswald to do? To go forward in the moonlight, with his mamma watching from above, would be foolish. To remain in the shed, to be discovered by his father, seemed equally unwise.

At that moment Oswald heard his father's footsteps. He darted into the corner where the old family cow was kept. The cow, sympathizing with Oswald, began licking his face. He could not move, for his father would hear him. So all he could do was to let the cow lick his face until her throat was dry.

Oswald thought that by this time there was no escape from discovery. Suddenly an idea occurred to him. He would pretend he was walking in his sleep. Just then the shed door opened and in stepped his father.

So Oswal began jumping around the shed, yelling like an Indian. But unluckily, the cow kicked him with her left foot, and Oswald went flying in the corner. He immediately got up and began jigging again. His father knew that if Oswald were walking in his sleep, the kick would have waked him up. So Oswald was caught.

With two whips Oswald was punished. His screams could be heard blocks off.

The next day Oswald woke up with a dull head. He rubbed his sores and sighed, "If I had only woke up when that fool cow kicked me! Gee! I pulled a bone."

Roy Gotfredson, 1917.

TO OUR SENIOR FRIENDS.

Your days are numbered, Senior friends,
'Tis time to part, to make amends.

You've wronged your classmates sure, somehow,
So take the time to right it now.

You've ducked the Freshmen in the spring,
You stole, you've fibbed, you've tried to sing.
You've smiled at girls across the room,
You've dared our places to assume.

So think of what we Juniors stood—
Your impudence, and all we could.
You've kept us in suspense this year,
To see if you'd ever get out of here.

So now that you must pass away
Ne'er to return to our school-room gay,
Your thoughts are all entuned to sadness,
But here's our send-off—a touch of gladness.

JUNIORS.

J. H.

THE ORDER OF THE BROKEN JAW.

"Hey! Bojo", called Coxey Wilson, from the desk at the end of the room, to Bojo Clark his roommate, who had started to leave the study; "drop this letter in at Beef's dorm, will you? Also, my dear Bojo, if you know what's good for you, kindly refrain from opening it. Mark my words, and beware!"

"Jumping Jehosophat, Cox! Quit your continual threats! You know I've got enough honor not to look at another fellow's letter, no matter how badly I



want to know what's in it; but just you wait,—we'll find out something pretty soon, 'cause there's too much secrecy going on to last!" and with this parting shot, he banged the door and was gone.

Hurrying across the campus, his hands plunged into his sweater pockets and his cap pulled down over his merry brown eyes, Bojo thought rapidly, Why in thunder did Coxey and Beef act so misterious about everything. This was about the sixth letter he had carried for Coxey, and Beef had sent as many! Glory! Wouldn't he like to know what they were up to! If he could only get a con—

Here his train of tho't was rudely interrupted as he tore around a corner, and collided with a tall, broad-shouldered boy carrying a suitcase. Bojo looked at him and smiled.

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"H'lo, Penny Wayne", he said, shaking his hand vigorously. "When did you land? Too bad you were so late in getting here. Missed a good part of school."

"We landed yesterday, and I came on to Yale as fast as I could. But where in the world were you going in such a rush?"

"That's so! I was taking a letter from Coxey to Beef. They both broke their jaws in the game with Cornell last week, and that crazy Coxey started a "select organization", as he terms it, "The Order of the Broken Jaw". Well, those two are so blooming mysterious, and shut up so like clams whenever anyone comes in unexpectedly, that every fellow is crazy to join; but only a football man who breaks his jaw is eligible. I guess they're pretty sure of no one else's joining. They go some place every day, but no one can discover where. Well, I'll have to hustle on. Glad you're back, old man. So long."

Let it be said here that Coxey Wilson, Yale's crack quarterback, and Beef Campbell, captain of the Varsity eleven, were the envy of the school. They wore blue and white pins supposed to represent a broken jaw, and had club rooms which every fellow wanted to see, but, as has been mentioned before, no one had been able to discover them.

At training table that night, Tony Deering, fullback, made a bet.

"Fellows, if I don't break my jaw in the next game and become a member of the Order, why I'll—I'll—let's see—I'll—treat the bunch!"

"Done!" cried the fellows, and Bojo recorded the bet in his little black note-book.

Coxey grinned and said, "Better go easy, Tony. You know pride goeth before a fall."

"Huh! You fellows think you're the only ones,—but just you wait and see!" replied Tony scornfully.

"Well, it doesn't pay," began Beef in a wise tone, "to be too—Hey! : Bilty Gordon! For heaven's sake don't smash the milk pitcher! Whew! that almost went on the floor!"

"Go on and finish, Beef!"

"Oh, the excitement was too much. I can't wememba foah the life of me!"

"Well, Tony, how are you going to do it?" queried Bojo; "let a fellow take a gentle kick at your jaw? Still, I don't know," looking at him critically, "but what a fall on your face would finish you. Wouldn't take much to break your jaw."

"You can talk! But just you watch your Uncle Mun! I'll do something in Saturday's game and be a member of the "order" if I have to bribe a fellow to break it!" he finished, swelling his chest.

"Zowie, Tony", warned Coxey, "it's awful the first couple of days, and you have to talk between your teeth. Why, I just naturally forgot to talk; that's straight goods, too."

"Oh, yes you did! We believe you, do we not? We do not! !!" decisively shouted the fellows.

"Well of course, if it is too deep for your childish minds to fully comprehend", remarked Coxey, condescendingly, "I suppose there's no need of my trying to explain any further.

"But just look how it's ruined our beauty! All this adhesive tape plastered on our manly jaws. I only broke mine in two places, but Beefie broke his in

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three. Tony will probably shatter his, and then—poor Tony, poor Tony!" he groaned, shaking his head dolefully.

"Jove, but you fellows will be beaux at the Deke dance tomorrow night," said Slivers Weaver, a fellow-player, banteringly.

"Now, Slivy, don't talk so," reprimanded Coxey, in a hurt voice "the feminine contingent will be duly awed, captivated, and enraptured by our marvelous deeds on the field of battle. Only, of course, we hope that our presence—"

"Oh, help!" Desist, little one!" "When did you swallow the dictionary?" and numerous remarks of the same nature were punctuated by rolls, thrown with such force that the victim finally arose with great hauteur, and said,

"Oh, well, come on, Beef; it's about time we-er-well-went," and the two chums disappeared from the view of their tormentors.

The next day was spent, between classes in dropping in at the frat house, and in borrowing whatever was lacking in their wardrobes. As the Delta Kappa Epsilon fraternity was the most popular at Yale, a good many in school were going.

About nine o'clock that night, Coxey and Bojo were tearing around in their rooms, trying to dress.

"For heaven's sake, Bojo, where did I put my pumps the last time I wore 'em?" Coxey yelled angrily, in the meantime pulling everything out of the drawers, and almost turning the room upside down. "I'll never go thru this agony again! Things aren't ever where you put them!"

"Calm yourself, Cox; I think they're under the bed."

"O lord!" groaned Coxey, and fairly dove under the bed, returning much disheveled; but the proud possessor of the pumps.

"Whew! This is enough to make a parson swear!"

"Where in thunder!" came from Bojo's room, "Cox! have you got my shirt?"

No! I guess you chucked it into the drawer of the table when we cleaned up, and forgot it!"

Finally two boys in faultless evening dress appeared from either door of the study, their flushed faces the only evidence of their recent struggles. They looked at each other and grinned.

"Well, the worst is over, anyway!"

"I wish Tony and Beef would hurry, then we could get the girls. It's half-past nine, and they've probably been sitting around having fits for an hour," and Bojo walked impatiently over to the window, as a siren whistle pierced the air.

"The car's here. Why don't those—!"

Bang! The door flew open.

"H'lo, fellows; Did you think we were never coming? Come on, let's hustle."

"All right. The girls are all at Dot's; so we won't have to chase all over town."

On arriving at the Owen home, they found the girls, Dot Owen, Mez Berkely, Kit Marks, and Tot Norton, waiting impatiently. The fellows stopped for no outbursts or explanations, but hustled the girls into the car and started off.

"What time do you fellows think it is anyway? But then, who ever—"

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knew you to be on time for a single thing except football practice!" Dot said resignedly, sinking back into the soft cushions.

"Now, Dot, you just quit your slamming, or I won't ever take you to another dance!" admonished Bojo.

"What's the matter with all of you, tonight? Have you all got a grouch on?" inquired Mez.

"Now, Mez, you just quit your slamming, or I won't ever take you to another dance," mimicked Coxey.

"Oh, you crazy," laughed Mez, and she hit him with her slipper-bag.

"Talk about men being brutes!" exclaimed Coxey, as he dodged.

"Stop your wrangling," broke in Tony. "Tots and I are conversing amiably with Beef and Kit; follow our example."

Coxey and Bojo groaned.

"Unfortunately, there isn't a pillow or a book handy, or you'd get them both!"

"You can have my bag," offered Mez.

"Oh no, thank you just the same; but we'll stop our trifling and—here we are!"

The house was already full, and the four chums and their partners were greeted uproariously. The girls hurried to the dressing room, while the boys checked their coats.

The four boys were standing talking, waiting for the girls, when Tot came up to them with a distressed face.

"Tony, I left my bag in the car. Will you please get it for me?"

"Sure; in a jiffy," and he hurried out.

At the top of the stone steps, he paused a moment to look for their car, and then started to run down the steps—slipped, fell headlong, and lay unconscious at the bottom.

"Where in time can Tony be?" Tot inquired anxiously, about five minutes later.

"Zounds! I'd forgotten he'd gone! Just a minute!" and Bojo ran out, but returned in a few seconds with a white face.

"Fellows, Tony is unconscious. Come on and help me get him in, and call the College Doc."

They carried him into one of the rooms and laid him on a couch—Tot with a frightened face, hovered over him like a bird. He regained consciousness before Doctor Wells came, and said weakly:

"Gee, my face feels funny."

Doctor Wells, popularly known as the College Doc, smiled as he examined Tony's face.

"Ah! Jaw broken in four places, Mr. Daring!"

"Oh lord!" groaned Tony. "Just my luck."

The fellows howled and laughed until they cried.

"O Tony," gasped Coxey, "forgive us; but that's the best joke!" and he went off into another peal of laughter.

After the laughter had subsided and everyone was busy talking, Coxey and Beef disappeared. They soon came back and went into the dance hall.

"Look at those two fellows," said Dot, who was standing by the door; "they're gesticulating and talking like everything."

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"Huh! I s'ppose they think they're pretty smart because I lost my bet—ow! but it hurts to talk!"

"Don't talk then, please, Tony," pleaded Tots.

"You should worry, Tony," said Metz, "you'll have your picture on the sporting page, anyway."

"Oh yes, that's some consolation! Not everyone gets his picture in the paper," said Kit.

"Here come Cox and Beef," exclaimed one of the boys who stood near Tony.

Beef raised his arm.

"Silence!" he commanded.

The crowd around Tony waited expectantly, although they didn't know what they were expecting.

Coxey, who had come just behind Beef, carrying something on a pillow, advanced to Tony and spoke:

"Anthony Deering, late or early of Yale University, having recently acquired his certificate for membership, on a knight errand for a fair lady"—here Tot giggled, and Coxey gave her a scornful look and went on—"is hereby formally admitted as a member of the Order of the Broken Jaw!"

With a low bow he kneeled before Tony, who took the pin of the order, and then withdrew to the back of the room amid a shower of applause and shouts of "Bravo!" "Well done!"

Tony grinned and said:

"Gee, I was just saved from being broke!"

So Tony had won the best part of his bet, at least; but it was many days before he heard the last of it on the campus.

Margaret Ream, 1917.

=====

I went to a poverty party,
Hoboes and bums were there,
While drinking some Scotch
They lifted my watch,
And mussed up my Auburn hair.

Exch.

THE PUMPKIN THIEVES.

The six boys crept noiselessly behind the bushes bordering the road. It was an extremely dark Hallowe'en night. The six fun-loving lads had planned to plunder the garden of the old man who lived on the very outskirts of the small country village. As they neared the old and somewhat dilapidated place, they made their way stealthily to the rear of the garden, where they proceeded to creep through a hole in the fence.

"Suppose the old man should catch us?" whispered Lawrence. "My, but ain't it dark! Spooky, too!"

"Yes, and I've heard the place is haunted," added Ben, shivering.

"The best pumpkins are over in the other corner," suggested Bob.

The intense blackness of the night make it impossible for them even to recognize each other, but they made their way back of the old barn,

The Aeroplane

which stood between them and the house where the old man lived. On the top of the barn a broken weathercock clanged incessantly, as the wind swung it to and fro. The cornstalks rustled and whispered, as they passed through them. Even the bravest of the group shuddered.

All at once, from out the night, a ghostly wail fell on their ears, and they were frozen in their tracks. The cornstalks again rustled, as the breeze passed through.

"What's that noise?" whispered Ben in a tragic voice.

Somewhere near the house a door banged.

Suddenly a cry rang out, followed by a long drawn-out wail.

Horrified, and unable to see, they all stood still, as if by some mysterious power they had turned to stone.

"Let's get out of here," waveringly from Lawrence.

Groping their way slowly and tremblingly through the darkness, they tried to retrace their footsteps.

A light flashed suddenly out of the darkness. Moving very slowly, it came from the direction of the house. As it approached, the boys became too terrified even to think. Nearer the light came, seeming to swing along.

Lawrence suddenly awoke to his senses.

"Boys, we're caught! Run for your life!" he muttered. He immediately began to put his words into action, when, stumbling over Bob, who crouched on the ground, he fell headlong.

The light was almost upon them.

"Hello! Who are you?" said a voice which they recognized as that of the old man.

"We might as well own up first as last," bewailed Robert in a whisper.

Aloud he said, "It's—it's just us."

"Well, well. If it ain't the boys! Come right on up to the house. Why didn't you come the front way?"

He led them up to the house, and after he had opened the door, they shamefacedly filed in. Their uneasiness he failed to notice. Moreover, he seemed to consider it a friendly call.

The boys took seats around the crackling flames of the fire-place.

"Well, well," went on the old fellow, as he passed around the apples, "I expected you'd come to see me sooner. You see I have rheumatism, so I don't get to the village very often. Would you like to hear my latest piece? You see my graphophone is about all the company I have." He proceeded to place the record on, as he continued, "This being Hallowe'en, I thought this would be appropriate. I was playing it just before you come."

The record began to whirl around swiftly.

Suddenly—a wail! A cry!

"Oh!" from Lawrence, as he sat up straight in his chair. Then a relieved look spread over his face. The rest looked dumbfounded. Then they too, looked relieved, for that was the ghostly wail and the cry which they had heard in the garden.

Mabel Currie, 1917.

WHEN FLOWERS CEASE TO BLOOM.

In sunny June we hear some sweet refrains,
And flowers are cheered by gentle summer rains;
Bluebirds are sweetly singing in the trees,
The scent of colver floats upon the breeze.
In meadows now, we hear the merry song
Of boys and girls, for old Jack Frost has gone.

In spring there is sweet music in the air,
The skies to us seem ever bright and fair;
Trouble to youth is but a passerby
Like the winged bird from him it seems to fly.
For so in early life joy reigns supreme,
Yea! on every face doth sunshine beam.

Oh but these joys, how short they really are;
On life's rough journey can we take them far?
The autumn, after spring and summer goes,
And winter comes again with all its woes.
The flowers then will fall and fade away,
And scarce a summer bird with us will stay.

When winter holds all things within its grasp,
Then we see nature as one icy glass;
Our hearts within us then grow sad and lone,
The dreary north wind has a mournful tone.
So in our life the winter comes at last,
But youth will come but once—and then is past.

O youthful days, how few of you there are;
On life's rough journey can we take you far?
Ah yes, the winter has a joy we know,
The sleighs slide smoothly o'er the silvery snow.
Take courage, classmates, troubles will be few;
Success in life depends on what you do.

We leave today the place we know so well,
No more to hear the chiming old school-bell;
But take ambition, truth, and hope with you.
To friends and all you meet be kind and true,
And in the realm of joy there will be room
For you; even then "When flowers cease to bloom."

Andrew Nelson.

An apple a day keeps the doctor away
An onion a day keeps them all away.

Exch.



AEROPLANE STAFF



SENIORS.

It is only a short time until we, the Seniors, will say FAREWELL to our staunch old friends, and a steadfast benefactor, Old East High. Let it be a FAREWELL which will never be forgotten! As we separate, and enter upon the well-trodden and diversified roads of life, we will fully realize and appreciate the benefit derived from our high school career.

Our four years spent in high school is the laying of a foundation for a university course which, in turn, means advancement in the world with superior ability to better, not only our own condition in life, but also the conditions of our fellow-men.

A high school course offers opportunities which are invaluable. Although the work may seem difficult, and the benefits may not be apparent, yet with "stick-to-it" as a motto, and with an earnest effort, one may arrive at the end of his course with a feeling of satisfaction and triumph. With this same feeling instilled in us, there is no difficulty in life so great that we cannot overcome it. Perhaps these statements may appear to be exaggerated, but they are based on pure truth, and are the sentiments of nearly all who have realized the advantage of a high school course.

Let us also remember the happiest times of our life: the "Proms," picnics and banquets, all of which will be a source of constant pleasure and happy memories to us later.

Let us offer our most hearty thanks to our FRIEND as he may be considered by all, Mr. Ream, and to all members of the faculty who have so willingly extended a helping hand to us throughout our four years.

To all, to each and everyone, Good Luck, and most of all to be desired, Good Health! Long live "East High."

FRIENDSHIP.

"Nothing can be compared to a faithful friend, and no weight of gold and silver is able to countervail the goodness of his fidelity."

Ecclus, 6, 15.

Friendship is the paramount force of the modern world. Friendship is that necessary, though undefined something that forms the connecting link of diversified mankind. It is that hidden something which triumphs in the struggle to solve nature; that something which conquers over material difficulties.

The Aeroplane

Were friendship unknown, civilization would still be in its infancy; man would still be classed as undeveloped brute force, aimlessly roaming the universe. Every human development, every device, mechanism, or custom, no matter how commonplace, is the direct result of co-operation, and co-operation is fundamentally based on friendship.

Business is the most necessary endeavor of mankind. Business is the interchange of values between friends. Without friends, business would be inconceivable. As has been well said, "Friendship is the raw stock in business." We trade with our friends—our enemies will not deal with us. When we make a sale, we make a friend. We receive customers as friends, and leave them in such a frame of mind that when we again meet both will be glad. As friends we meet, and as friends we part.

The exclusive "frat" is rapidly becoming a thing of the past, fraternity in the true sense of the word, supplanting it. Secret societies now recognize the truth of the statement that we must be friends, not only to our own fraternity, to our own institution, to our own little group of students, but we must be friends to the world: Each group of students must be the friend of every other group of students; each institution must help every other institution. Thus we have a chain of institutions founded on friendship, each in intimate contact with the rest, and the one helping the other, for in UNION there is STRENGTH.

Cicero, more than two thousand years ago, wrote an essay on friendship which is today an immortal production. Cicero says, "There is no such thing as happiness, health, progress without friendship." Still another has said, "The man who can impress others with the fact that he has the qualities of a good friend will invariably win and become the leader."

This is not theory; it is common sense founded on good judgment, and backed by the irrefutable verdict of history. A state of genuine friendship must exist between men and institutions. If this does not exist, neither can be at its best.

One who is mindful of the following extract from man's most authentic reference book cannot be far wrong. "A faithful friend is a strong defense, and he that hath found him hath found a treasure."

If you can't say something good about your fellowman say nothing at all. A bad word is like a mule's hind feet; it will wait years for its chance,—and it usually gets that chance.

Pick out your friends and guard them as if they were a treasure, but always recall the immortal words of Emerson, "The only reward of virtue is virtue; the only way to have a friend is to be one."

ALDEN J. CUSIK, '17.



FOOTBALL MATERIAL FOR 1915.

The football squad was out for practice the first night of school. The school succeeded in getting two teams out every night. The men were helped greatly by securing the services of Coach Vaughan, to assist Mr. Nelson in his work.

The first night we experienced bad luck, when Captain McGrath slipped and sprained his ankle, this putting him out of the game for three weeks.

We had another streak of bad luck when Curly Lambeau broke his leg during scrimmage, two days before our first game. By this accident we lost one of our best men for the entire season.

By persistent practice the coaches finally found men to fill in these openings.

East Green Bay, 63; Kewaunee, 0.

Our first game was with Kewaunee, on October 2nd. East Green Bay kicked off. McGrath made the first touchdown of the season, after three minutes of play. Big gains were made by Bell, Schilling, McGrath and Van Laanen. East Green Bay scored at will in this game, the final result being 63 to 0.

East Green Bay, 13; Lawrence Freshmen, 7.

Although the boys were outweighed, the line held like a stone wall until the last few minutes of play. Then Lawrence woke up and started doing things. The only touchdown scored by Lawrence came as a fluke. Lunne, playing end for Lawrence, intercepted a forward pass and ran sixty yards for a touchdown.

Schilling made the first touchdown by receiving a forward pass from Van Laanen and carrying it across the line. Van Laanen kicked goal. Then came Lawrence's fluke, making the score tie.

Lawrence was forced to punt frequently in the second half, and was also penalized. Fumbles were recorded on both sides.

After repeated rushes, Green Bay brought the oval close to Lawrence's posts, and shoved Van Laanen over for the winning points.

The Green Bay back line,—Van Laanen, Schilling, Bell and Jenski, displayed real ability while carrying the ball.

East Green Bay, 73; Peshtigo, 0.

Our boys eliminated just one more team from the championship, and piled up a huge score when they met Peshtigo High, October 15th.

The Peshtigo team was no match for the boys, being lighter and less skilled. Touchdowns were made at will, either through the line or by means of the forward pass. The finals were 73 to 0.

The Aeroplane

East Green Bay, 14; Marinette, 0.

On October 23rd our warriors traveled to Marinette and defeated them, 14 to 0.

Had every touchdown made by the locals counted, the final score would have been somewhat larger. A march straight down the field by Green Bay brought the ball near Marinette's goal line. A penalty was then imposed for being off side, but on the fourth down McGrath scored by going around end.

In the third quarter the other touchdown was scored, when Schilling intercepted a forward pass, and the ball was brought to Marinette's five-yard line. On the fourth down McGrath received a forward pass from Van Laanen, scoring the winning points. Marinette outweighed our team, but were too slow to keep up with our men.

We had a special car chartered to take the rooters and the band to Marinette. The band was a great inspiration to the team.

East Green Bay, 14; Lourdes, 6.

On October 30th our team journeyed to Marinette, playing Lourdes High of that city. We outweighed this light team, which fought every minute of the play. We scored our first touchdown after a few minutes of play, when Jenski went over the goal line. They succeeded in getting a touchdown when Setright broke loose and ran twenty yards to cross the chalk lines. In the third quarter we scored the winners, when, after they had held us for three downs at the goal line, we pushed McGrath over.

After the game, a banquet was given us by the Lourdes High, and there will always be a warm spot in the hearts of the East Green Bay men for Lourdes High football team.

East Green Bay, 3; Oconto 0.

At Oconto we were beaten by the referee. We refused to play a few seconds after the beginning of the second half. It looked as though he were trying to get even for the 100-0 game of last season. Whenever we were within striking distance of Oconto's goal, we were penalized.

Receiving the ball on the kick off, our men marched down the field, headed for a touchdown, this being prevented by a penalty when we were near the posts.

McGrath then dropped from the thirty-yard line, scoring the only points.

In the second half, after being penalized 53 yards in three downs, we left the field, the score standing 3 to 0.

Football.

Freshie.—“Oh, how do the players get the mud off their suits?”

Senior.—“What do you think the scrubs are for?”

On Thanksgiving evening a joint football dance was given at the Woman's Building, by the members of the East and West Side High Schools.

Brilliant Senior—Lincoln was shot in the theater.

After the American History class had been discussing all of the great men of Washington's time, Miss L. said—“Don't forget Benjamin Franklin.”

C. W.—“Oh, yes! he discovered lightning.”



FOOTBALL SQUAD, 1915

ANNUAL THANKSGIVING GAME.

The Lineup.

Rummy Lambeau	'18.....	Left end
Peter Abrohams	'17	Left tackle
John Des Jardins	'17.....	Left guard
George Theisen	'16.....	Center
Vincent Pelegrin	'17.....	Right guard
Paul Bogdon	'16.....	Right tackle
Nathan Abrohams	'19.....	Right end
Jerome McGrath (Capt.)	'18.....	Quarterback
Donald Bell	'19.....	Left half
Francis Van Laanen	'16.....	Full back
"Curley" Lambeau	'17.....	Right half

Subs.

Frank Jencki	'16	Frank Gavin	'18
Wilfred Moore	'17		

The annual Thanksgiving game ended with a score 6 to 0 in favor of West High.

In the first quarter Denessen kicked off to Bogdon, who returned the ball five yards. After three downs McGrath punted fifty yards to Duncan. After making their yards twice, Duncan punted, getting off with a forty-yard kick.

After being held the second time, McGrath again punted to Duncan, who returned twenty yards.

Gallagher made a yard over the left side, Calkins was stopped, and West High was penalized on an offside play. Duncan was stopped after making three yards. East was penalized on an offside play, giving West downs.

McLean made five yards through the line, Calkins made one and Lurquin four, on a tackle around play, bringing first downs.

Curley Lambeau was sent into the game, replacing Jencki. After the ball was within four yards of the East High's goal, Gallagher went over for a touchdown.

West kicked off to Lambeau, who returned the ball thirty yards. Bell made two yards through the line, and Van Laanen made five. Time was called. Goals changed, and play resumed.

After making yards McGrath punted to Duncan; Duncan immediately punted to Van Laanen. Lambeau made four yards. Theisen recovered a fumble on the next play. Bell made a twenty-five yard run, being called back, and East High was penalized fifteen yards for holding.

McGrath punted over West High goal line. The oval was put in play on the twenty-yard line. Such was the playing during the second and third quarters, East getting the ball and being forced to punt; the same with West.

Savage playing marked the fourth quarter. Time of the period was cut to twelve minutes.

McGrath punted to Duncan. Gallagher made five yards, Lurquin six for first downs. Duncan made eight, McLean three, for another first down. It looked like a march for a touchdown. Then East braced up and threw Gallagher back for a loss. Pelegrin recovered the ball fumbled by Calkins.

East made two yards, Lambeau seven, and Van Laanen two, making first downs. Bell and Lambeau made six yards for first downs. Time taken out

for Second. Van Laanen made a yard. Gavin replaced Nathan Abrohams at end. Lambeau made eight, and Van Laanen one. East side bleachers went wild, yelling for a touchdown. Bell made a yard; then West was penalized fifteen yards, bringing the ball to within the twenty-yard line.

Lambeau made a yard. A forward pass was tried by East High, but the ball was missed, spoiling East's last chance for a touchdown.

The ball was brought out to the twenty-yard line and put into play. Calkins made five, McLean five, for downs. McLean made five more and again two, on a fake punt. Duncan punted to Van Laanen.

Lambeau made one yard, Van Laanen two, McGrath five, and Bell one. Time was called, with East High in possession of the ball on West High's forty-yard line. Final score—West High 6, East High 0.



OFFICERS ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION



EAST HIGH TRACK TEAM



THE LINCOLN CLUB.

One of the school organizations which is now winding up a most successful season, is the Lincoln Forensic Club. This society was organized several years ago by Mr. Ream, for the purpose of giving the young men practice in public speaking, oratory and debating.

The first year was occupied with talks and minor debates. In 1915, due to the efforts of Mr. Garey, who at that time assumed advisorship, a triangular debating league was formed. This was composed of Oconto, Kaukauna and Green Bay. East High lost both debates by 2 to 1 decisions. However, the boys did not become discouraged, but firmly resolved to land a name this year.

In September Mr. Horne, a University of Wisconsin graduate, assumed the advisorship of the Club, due to the resignation of Mr. Garey, who left to take up post-graduate work at Madison.

The first open meeting was held early in November, at which time a mock trial was held. "President" Arthur LeComte was acquitted of the charge of accepting a bribe while performing the duties of public office. The trial for impeachment was held in the school auditorium, and the members of the Civics classes and Mask and Wig Dramatic Club were guests. James McComber appeared as attorney for the "president," and Claude Greenwood, as "United States Attorney," prosecuted in the action. The trial was a splendid success, despite the fact that Judge Horne fined a number of persons at the hearing for contempt of court.

Shortly after, Green Bay withdrew from the Oconto, Kaukauna league, and joined the State Debating League, under the auspices of Lawrence College. East High was placed in a triangle with Marinette and Kaukauna for the first primary debate.

The question for discussion was: "Resolved, That the Filipinos should be given their independence as set forth in the democratic platform of 1912." The boys set to work in earnest, each determined to put forth his best efforts in the tryouts. This fact was evident by the keen competition for positions on the teams. Early in January the trials were completed, and the teams chosen. Then followed hard, conscientious work on the part of each and every debater, in preparation for the first league debate.

This was held February 25, when the affirmative team, consisting of Edward Benton, Claude Greenwood and James McComber, defeated Kaukauna by a decision of 3 to 0. The negative team, consisting of Quirine Dorschel, Alden Cusick and Alden Lewis, traveled to Marinette and inflicted an unanimous defeat on the pride of that city. This was a signal victory for East High, inasmuch as Marinette had been beaten only once in nine years. The unanimous victories gave the red and white undisputed championship of the first league, and reasonable assurance of state title.



NEGATIVE TEAM

East High was then matched against Appleton and West Bend, the affirmative team debating at Appleton, the negative remaining at home to debate West Bend. After a most exciting and well fought battle, the negative team succeeded in gaining an unanimous victory over West Bend, which school was the winner of a league in southern Wisconsin. East High's championship hopes were now at a high ebb, as the winning of this league would put Green Bay in a final debate for state title. However, this aim was frustrated by the fact that the affirmative team was defeated at Appleton, forcing the hill school to surrender her claim to the championship in 1916.

The Club does, nevertheless, feel heartily satisfied with this year's work, and also feels reasonably sure of a still better position next year, as only two of the debaters will be graduated this June.

Owing to the lateness of the debating season, the Lincoln Club did not contend for oratorical honors this year, but hopes next year again to make herself known in this sphere.

At the last meeting in December, election of officers took place. Alden Lewis was elected President; Irving Schmitz, Vice President, and Edward Benton, Secretary and Treasurer.

An open meeting is planned for May 16, at which time a program will be given by the members.

On the whole, the Lincoln Club has enjoyed a very prosperous year, and indications point to very bright prospects for 1917.





LINCOLN CLUB

MASK AND WIG CLUB.

Four years ago a small number of girls gathered together, and under the leadership of Miss Mary Fitzsimmons, Miss Carolyn H. Handt, and Miss Gertrude Gibbons formed the first dramatic club in East High. During the first year, Mask and Wig made swift progress, and presented a very clever burlesque of "Julius Caesar." This play showed of how much value even the work of a year had been.

The next year, with the same leaders and a larger membership, the club continued its meetings with greater success. Towards the end of the year "The Old Maid's Convention" was staged in the assembly room, before a large audience. The dramatic ability of the members in general was better than the year before, since the year's experience had made them surer of themselves.

Miss Fitzsimmons left that year, to the sorrow of the members who had been under her so long.

That fall Miss Myra Wiley, a graduate of Cumnock school of Oratory, took charge of the club. She was assisted by Miss Helena Fitzsimmons, who had taken her sister's place on the East High faculty.

This year, nineteen fourteen, was perhaps the best year of the club. Late in the winter the play, "How the Vote Was Won," was successfully put on under the able management of Miss Wiley. Later, it was again played before the Woman's Club, at the request of the president.

For the first time declamatory work was attempted. About fifteen girls entered, and Blanche Alexander and Freda Roseman were chosen from these for the league contest. Altho no place was captured in the contest at Neenah, the girls looked forward to something the next year.

Miss Wiley resigned that summer, and the club missed her in many ways. She was especially fine in dramatics.

Altho the club had a late start this year, it has surely made up for the delay. The Misses Fitzsimmons, Burnside and Van Kirk were placed in charge of the club and under their direction the programs were varied and made very interesting.

A short time ago the club presented a vaudeville performance for the members and guests. It was a through success and certainly proved the value of the club work.

Later two plays are to be put on, entitled: "The Trouble at Satterlee's" and "The Return of Letty."

The girls had not hoped for declamatory honors in vain, for this year Mercy Sterling won second place in the triangular league contest at Kaukauna. With the start, the club will work for first place next year.

As the club has had only a few meetings, the following officers chosen, will serve for the rest of the year: Bessie Rosenthal, president; Ruth Masse, vice president; Margaret Ream, secretary and treasurer.

"The Speaker," a dramatic magazine, has been subscribed for, and next year the club hopes to learn more of drama and speaking.

No girl should go through four years of school without joining a club of this kind. There are a great many girls who, on entering the club get weak-kneed and cold all over when they have to speak before the club; but before they are through, can face any kind of an audience.

P. M. R.



MASK AND WIG CLUB

MASK AND WIG HALLOWE'EN PARTY.

On Hallowe'en, the members of the "Mask and Wig Club" gave a Hallowe'en masquerade. The party was chaperoned by Miss Fitzsimmons and Miss Burnside.

A Hallowe'en party was also given by the Lincoln Club.

MASK AND WIG VAUDEVILLE.

On Thursday evening, April sixth, the "Mask and Wig Club" gave a vaudeville performance for the members of the club and their guests.

The program was as follows:

Masse and Sisters—Renowned flute players.

Enilorac Ud Soib—Song and Dance Artist.

Lunch Counter Lingo.

Maer Lebam—The Enigma.

The Drummer and his Six Soubrettes.

Paramount Pictures.

After the program, refreshments were served to the guests in the Domestic Science rooms.

THE SOPHOMORE BANQUET.

On Saturday evening, January 22, the Sophomore Class held their annual banquet. It was one of the most successful affairs ever given at the school. The hall was prettily decorated in the class colors, green and white.

Myrtle Kuhaupt, the class president, acted as toast mistress, and Mr. Ream, Edward O'Connor, and Mr. Horne responded to toasts. Miss Fitzsimmons gave a long treatise on "Things in General," and Mr. Nelson, as it was his last appearance at a school function before his departure, gave a farewell address. The rest of the evening was spent in dancing.



SOPHOMORE BANQUET



THE AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT.

The general term "Agriculture" commonly gives the reader a wrong impression of what the subject includes. We interpret new things in the light of the old ones, and invariably call up remembrances of some old farm drudgery that covered up all the good that might have been in farming. However, agriculture as taught in the East High is a study of the business and scientific side of farming. Modern conditions demand a broad, general knowledge of the fundamental sciences dealing with our every day life, and there is no course in any High School curriculum that gives the students such training as agriculture. The subject is real and tangible, and because it is so, the course is rapidly gaining favor among the boys.

When agriculture was started here four years ago, only one branch of work was offered. Finally, a second year was added; and this year the third year was added, and plans have been completed for the fourth year, thus making agriculture a four year study:

1st year—Elementary Science and Botany.

2nd year—Soils, Agronomy, Drainage.

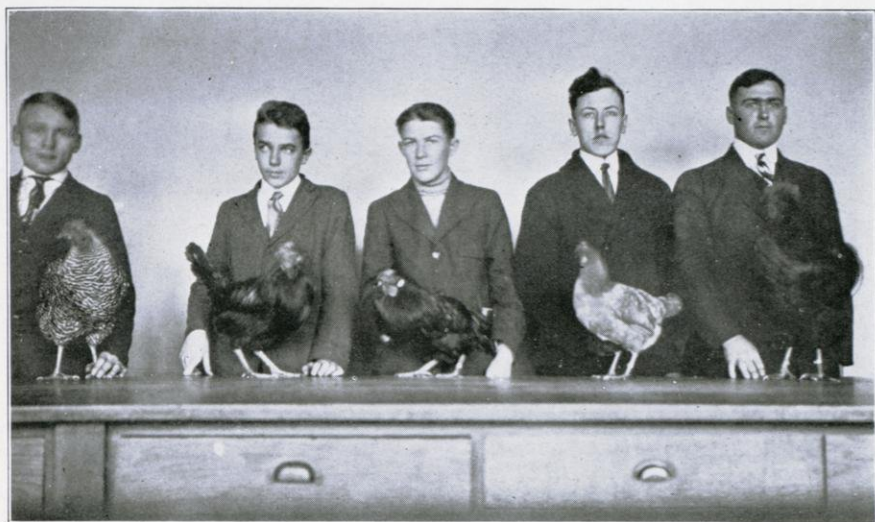
3rd year—Animal Husbandry.

4th year—Farm Mechanics and Farm Management.

The large poultry house has been extended to accommodate the splendid pure bred flock of 100 chickens, making it the largest and most complete poultry structure owned by any High School in the state. The students have organized a poultry club, and intend to exhibit many prize-winning birds at the poultry show next winter.



THE FIRST HATCH



POULTRY PRIZE WINNERS EAST HIGH POULTRY CLUB.

The East High Poultry Club, which intends to promote the raising of pure bred birds and to have a juvenile department in the Poultry Show, was organized with a membership of thirty-five. This club will be run on a literary basis. Walter Bins is president, Lawrence Thurman vice-president, and Donald Bell secretary.



PART OF THE EAST HIGH FLOCK



PROBLEM IN CARPENTRY CONSTRUCTION BY HIGH SCHOOL MANUAL TRAINING CLASSES

The Aeroplane

At the beginning of the second semester Mr Carrol Nelson left for a better position, as principal of the Manitowoc Junior High School. His place is filled by Mr. Milton Nelson, a graduate of the University of Illinois.

Mr Thomas Konop, Representative to Congress from the Ninth district, gave two very interesting talks to the upper classes, on the Federal Congress.

In his first talk he told about the assembling of Congress and the process of swearing in the members. He explained how a bill is introduced, how it goes before the committee and both houses, and its final passage. He called for questions, and a lively discussion followed.

As there was not enough time in which to finish, he returned later to complete his talk.

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A football dance was given for the Appleton football team on the evening after the game with Appleton.

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Mr. Joseph Aylward of the class of 1912, who has been at Butte, Montana, for three years, will return next August to attend the University of Wisconsin.

~~~~~  
Pennants were awarded by the Remington Typewriter Company, to seventeen members of the senior typewriting class. Each student who could write twenty-five words a minute, net, for ten consecutive minutes, with not more than ten errors, received one. Those receiving pennants were: Agnes Aylward, Clifford Connard, Zenobia Donovan, Mamie Dredge, Tom Dredge, Mabel Engle, Margaret Galineau, Gladys Johnston, Lillian Morgan, Margaret Nitz, Constance Raymaker, Mamie Raymaker, Bessie Rosenthal, Marjorie Schumacher, Alfred Thelen, Vida Vanderel, and Renata Zich.

Card cases were awarded to each student who could write forty words per minute net, for ten consecutive minutes, with not more than ten errors. Margaret Nitz, Bessie Rosenthal, and Alfred Thelen each received a card case.

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Ruth Irmiger, a Junior, won a certificate from the Gregg Publishing Company for Artistic Typewriting. She is the first student from East High to receive such a certificate.

~~~~~ THE JUNIOR PROM.

One of the prettiest proms ever given by the students of East High took place Friday, May 5, at Turner Hall, under the auspices of the Junior class.

The decorations were very attractive, both to the dancers and to the spectators. The color scheme was pink and white, and boughs of apple blossoms, hanging baskets and ferns were used.

The grand march began at nine o'clock, led by Claude Greenwood, the class president, and Helen Le Clair.

Frape was served during the evening, at an attractive booth, by Arline Schunk, Dorothy Barber, Josephine Hart and Ethel Sorenson.

Those on the committee, to whom much credit is due, were: Arrangement—Claude Greenwood, Irene Jahn, Mary Hart, Alden Cusick, Roy Gotfredson; decoration—Ruth Romsom, Ida Arthur, Mabel Currie, Carl Kopplin, James Heney; refreshment—Irene Duquaine, Quirine Dorschel; finance—Caroline DuBois, Arthur Le Comte and Irving Schmitz.

The Aeroplane

The Junior English classes of East High School gave a Shakespearian program on Thursday afternoon in honor of the tercentenary of the great poet and dramatist. The program, presented under the management of Miss Mary Black, consisted of the Court Scene from "The Merchant of Venice," a sketch, and several scenes from "Macbeth." The pupils interpreted Shakespeare as they read him, rather than through imitation.

An introductory address,—“The Tercentenary”, was given by James McComber. This was followed by the court scene from “The Merchant of Venice.” Virginia Smith gave a very good interpretation of Portia, supported by Arthur Basten, as Shylock.

The cast was as follows:

Duke of Venice	James Heney
Antonio	Andrew Nelson
Salanio	Joseph Ferry
Shylock	Arthur Basten
Bassanio	Alfred Vander Kelen
Portia	Virginia Smith
Nerissa	Ethel Sloat
Gratiano	John Des Jardins
Clerk of Court	Evelyn Brunette
Guards: Carl Maloney and Howard McDonough.	

Senators—Esther Valentine, Margaret Martin, Minnie Straubel, Luella Haevers.

Magnificoes—Ida Arthur, Lucy Blank, Esther Rahn, Edna Coppersmith, Mildred Plato.

Mistress of the Wardrobe

.....	Ruth Irmiger
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This was followed by a sketch by five of Shakespeare's heroines: "Juliet," "Catherine," "Ophelia," "Rosalind," and "Celia."

Juliet	Irene Jahn
Catherine, "the shrew"	Ruth Romson
Ophelia.....	Edna Thomas
Rosalind	Marion Griffin
Celia	Mabel Cauwenbergh

Portia's costume was copied from that used by Elsie Ferguson, now playing "Merchant of Venice" in New York, with Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree, as Shylock. Arthur Basten, as Shylock, copied his costume.

Several portions of "Macbeth" were then presented. The first was the scene showing the three witches; the second was a combination of scenes taken from Act 11; and the third showed the sleep-walking scene of Lady Macbeth.

The cast was as follows:

Witches.

1. Margaret Gleason.
2. Marion Dusenbury.
3. Mary Hart.

Macbeth	Earl Lambeau
Banquo	Wilfred Moore
Ross	Harold Van Essen
King Duncan	Irving Schmitz
Lady Macbeth	Olga Klaus
Messenger to Lady Macbeth	James McComber

The Aeroplane

Malcolm	Louis Geniesse
Donalbain	Norris Schilling
Doctor (Actv)	Lester Schwalbe
Nurse	Beatrice Manthey
Lady Macbeth's Attendants:	
Olga Wiesner.	
Agnes DuBois.	

Mistress of the Wardrobe	Bernice Brady
Property Man	Thomas Heney

The scenes were staged in the auditorium of the main room. Although attendance was optional the school was there en masse, students of all classes showing a keen interest in the affair. The direction and members of the cast are to be complimented upon their praiseworthy effort to do justice to the poet.

THE JOINT CONCERT.

The Glee Clubs and Orchestra of the East and West High schools gave a joint concert May 18 at Turner hall. Numbers were given by the chorus, the Girls' Glee club, the Boys' Glee club, the Girls' quartette and the East High orchestra.

After the program, the hall was cleared for dancing, the orchestra furnishing the music.

CLASS PLAY.

THE BO'SN'S BRIDE or "ALL ABOARD THE BARNACLE."

Argument.

One summer morning a jolly party of Naval Reserve men from the U. S. S. Barnacle landed on the wharf of a seaside town, having planned to spend the day playing tennis, baseball and golf. The bo'sn and his mate joined them. The former is chaffed by the sailors on his melancholy appearance, and admits he is gloomy. Upon being asked the cause, Erne states he had received a letter from his father bidding him find and wed Kitty Adair, a girl he has not seen for fifteen years. His shipmates are much affected by the pathetic tale, but when he points out that time has changed his feelings; furthermore, he does not know where Kitty lives, nor what she looks like, the sailors agree the situation is difficult. A party of High School girls, accompanied by some popular members of the High School alumni, enter on their way to a picnic. Among them is Kitty Adair and her friend Dorothy. Through the misdirected efforts of Tom Tupper, the girls learn of the predicament of the bo'sn, and from Dick Erne himself that he had forgotten all about Kitty. Determined never to wed a man who had forgotten her, Kitty Adair motions the girls to silence and does not admit her identity. Dick Erne, in the meanwhile, has fallen a victim to Kitty's charms and when Tom Tupper suggests that the girls be invited aboard the Barnacle that evening to dance, agrees to the suggestion and issues the invitation, which is accepted.

The night arrives, likewise the girls. The sailors receive their guests with honor, and when, in the midst of pleasure Mrs. Brown, the chaperon, left behind on the wharf, arrives. Tim Shannon enters and recognizes her as an old friend. "Kitty Adair!" he cries. Dick Erne takes one look at the substantial Mrs. Brown (nee Kitty Adair) and flies, followed by the sailors and girls. Very much in love with the real Kitty, and determined to fly at once from the imaginary Kitty, the poor bo'sn packs his kit and prepares to leave the ship.

The Aeroplane

Kitty, the sailors and girls, meanwhile are searching for him, and great is their consternation when he cannot be found. They discover him just as he is about to go ashore, and tell him of the mistake made. After explanations between himself and Kitty, peace is restored to the Barnacle, and Tim Shannon and Mrs. Brown come in to learn that two sets of wedding bells will ring.

=====

TIME: The Present.

Act I—A wharf. Eleven o'clock of a Saturday morning.

Act II—Deck of the U. S. S. Barnacle. Eight o'clock the same evening.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

DICK ERNE, Bo'sn of the U. S. S. Barnacle.....	Howard Beck
TOM TUPPER, Bo'sn's Mate	George Theisen
TIM SHANNON, an old salt	Lawrence Quigley
SAM SLIPPY, Coxswain of the captain's gig.....	Chester Wilson
KITTY ADAIR, a popular member of the High School Alumni....	Carol Smith
DOROTHY, her best friend	Bessie Rosenthal
MRS. BROWN, an admirable chaperon	Gladys Johnston
BARBARA, attending High School.....	Lillian Morgan

CHORUS.

Jennie Alk, Edward Benton, Paul Bogdon, August De Groot, Flora Heise, Alden Lewis, Cynthia Lau, Miriam MacKenzie, Carl Maloney, Harry Nicholson, Andrew Nelson; Ruth Masse, Margaret Nitz, Constance Raymaker, Marjorie Schumacher, Carl Thiele, Vida Vanderel, Frank Van Laanen, Helen Zingsheim, Eli Du Bois, Walter Schoen.



BOYS' GLEE CLUB

WALTER BINS, CARL THIELE, WALTER SCHOEN,
LAWRENCE QUIGLEY, NOEL SAFFORD, MILTON NELSON, DIRECTOR,
GEORGE THEISEN, JACK PHILLIPS



IN MEMORIAM.
MARY McGRATH, '13.

Born Feb. 7, 1895. Died July 13, 1915.

East High students and alumni may well look back to the time when Mary was among them.

She was one of the most enthusiastic, wide-awake, full of fun, ready-for-service students that ever went to East High school. As such, she held positions of honor in the various school activities.

How willing she was to use her talents for the "Aeroplane!" She first served as reporter, and was elected editor-in-chief for 1912-13.

Mary was the first president of the Mask and Wig Club. Never since have there been more interesting, helpful, and orderly meetings than in that first year. We especially remember her splendid inaugural address.

It was always her aim to do for others. During her high school course she had already planned to make nursing her life work.

She was graduated in June, 1913, and in July of the same year, started her training in St. Mary's hospital of Green Bay. She was devoted to the work. In attending a diphtheria case she herself took the disease, but recovered. After recovering she continued her work; but in July, 1914, she was transferred to Lake View hospital, Danville, Ill.

When starting on the last year of her training, she cared for a typhoid fever patient. Mary contracted the disease, and in spite of all efforts to save the promising young life, on July 13, 1915, she passed to the "land of eternal rest."

Our sympathy is with her family. We grieve.

"While thou, dear spirit, happy star,
O'erlook'st the tumult from afar,
And smilest, knowing all is well."

FLORA W. HEISE, '16.



Born June 22, 1900—Died March 2, 1916.

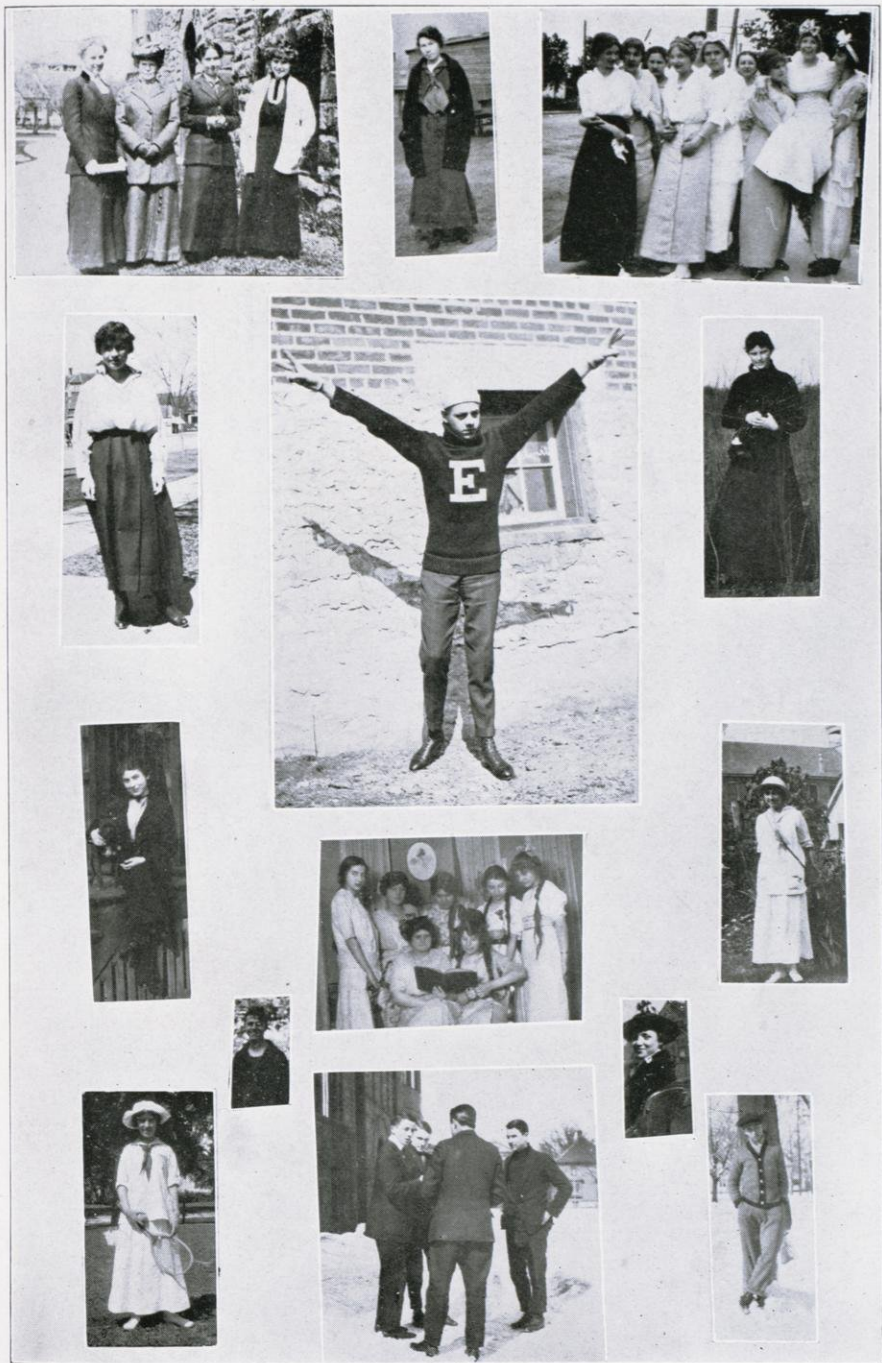
In memory of our school mate, Florence Larsen, whose death has left a vacancy in our midst which can never be filled, we lovingly dedicate this page.

“Though lost from sight, to memory dear,
Thou ever wilt remain.”

A tribute to my dear friend and classmate, Florence Larsen.

“Ne'er was there a maid so sweet,
So pure, so true, so fair;
White tapering fingers, rose flushed cheeks,
And glossy chestnut hair.
Eyes that seemed to read your soul,
A voice that made sad hours roll—
A precious gift of the Gods was she,
This maiden of Divinity.”

M. C. K., '18.



SNAPS



R. R.—(In Civics) “They met and adjourned three times.”

Mr. B.—“Who, the president and Mrs. Galt?”

Mr. B.—“Norman how is the stand for the papers coming along, almost made?”

N. T.—“Well, we’ve made a drawing of it.”

Safest Way:

Miss S.—(Bookkeeping) “People don’t mix up your dates.”

Miss V. B.—(Shorthand Four) “Some of the rewritten papers I have corrected, have “Yours truly” running off the paper.”

Miss B. (Lit. Four)—Agnes, what did the poet mean when he referred to the daisy?”

A. C. A.—“He meant a thistle.”

Miss K.—(Modern History) “Mary will you please take the front seat? I can’t see through those girls in front of you, they are so thick.”

Mr. N.—(Civics)—“Have your constitutions straightened out for Monday.”

Miss B.—(Lit.) “A child knows more about eternity than when he grows up

H. Y.—“I didn’t know about that when I was a baby.”

M. Hart—“Agnes, isn’t he the limit?”

Bob M.—“Yes, a regular city limit.”

Today’s Puzzle—

Where is Ares Detjen’s pompadour?

Wanted—Notice—Dorothy Beck.

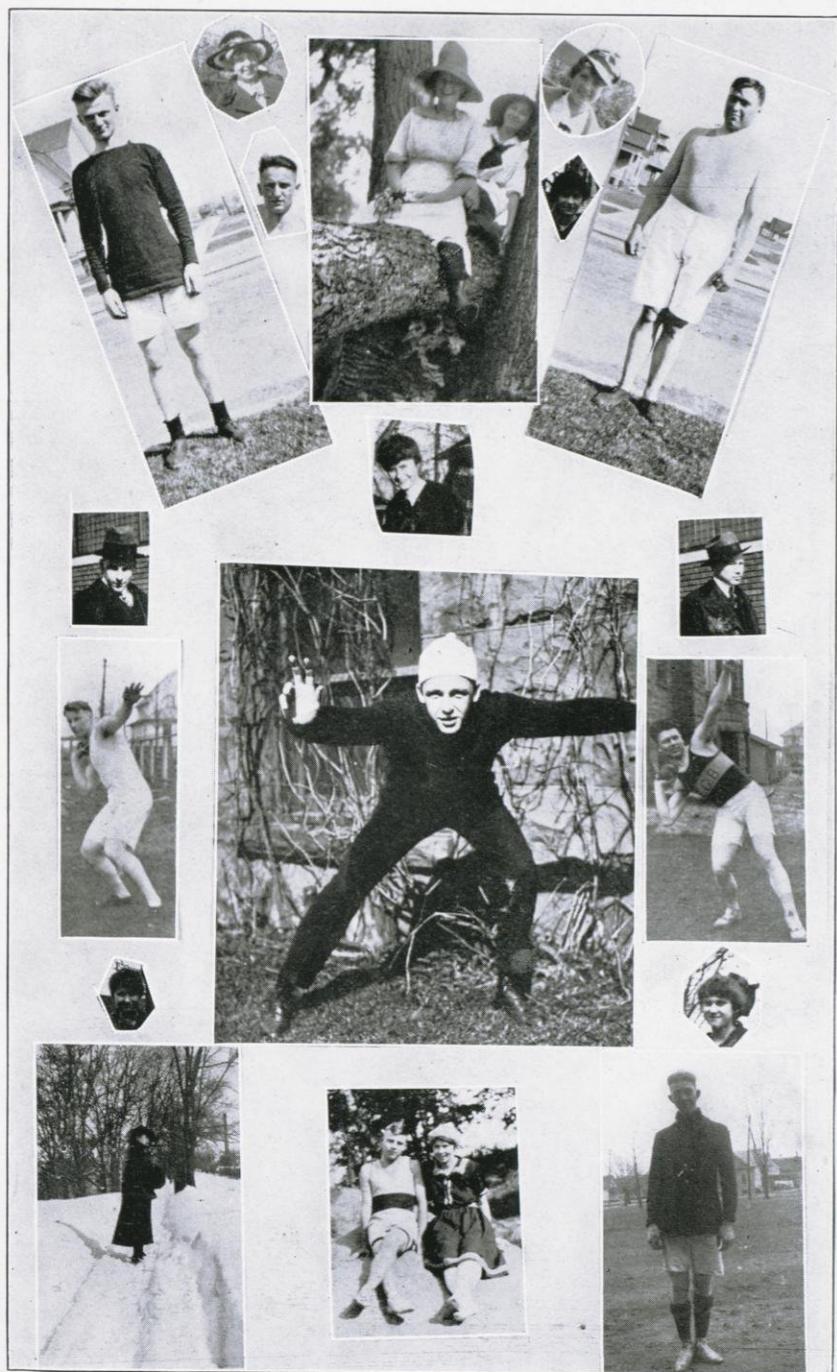
Eng. Three.

Miss B.—“Earl, what happened to the Ford Peace Party?”

M. H. (sotto voice)—“They got a puncture.”

Miss B. (rapping on her desk with her pencil)

Someone—“Nobody home.”



SNAPS

EAST HIGH CAFETERIA.

Dinners and Lunches Served at All Times.

Buttered Rolls	L. Prevot, E. Ewig
Cream Puffs	V. Van, G. Mann
Pop Overs	J. Golden, A. Holmes
Wiener	A. Thelen
Pea Soup	R. Gotfredson
Lemon Pie	V. Brunette
Heavenly Hash	M. Currie
Veal Cutlets	Wilson Twins
Flannel Cakes	M. Straubel, C. D. B.
Angel Food	B. Moore, B. Madden
Lady Fingers	H. Beck
Icing	Miss F. Miss H.
Prune Whip	F. Van Laanen
Devils Food	Sis Larsen
Tipsy Parson	C. Kopplin
Mock Duck	Eli Du Bois
Yum Yum Pudding	L. Burden, I. Meyer M. Kuhaupt, D. Barber
Scrambled Eggs	G. Kuhaupt, D. Smith L. Griffin
Salted Nuts	D. Beck, F. Williams
Welsh Rarebit	J. Heney, A. Wolk
Sauerkraut	Q. Dorschel

The "Prop," '17.

Miss B.—(Lit. Four) "Paul, why is it watches run alike nowadays, and did not during Pope's time?" (Reading "Essay on Criticism.")

P. B.—Well, er r—

L. Q.—"Ingersolls."

Miss F.—English Three—John, what did Caesar mean, when he said "Et tu, Brute?"

J. C.—"He meant you'll die too, sometime, Brutus."

J. M.—In reciting about the Speaker of the House, said, "the speaker could recognize the men who wanted the floor."

F. J.—Why did they want the floor?

A. W.—"To sweep it."

Mr. N.—"If you don't know how to use the Blue Book, you will find out by looking inside."

Miss L.—"Who were the Greenbacks?"

American History assignment. "Through the Blockade."

Miss L.—"Agnes, give us the military situation."

Agnes—"I couldn't get through the blockade."

EAST HIGH'S LIBRARY.

Name	Author
Daddy Long Legs	George Theisen
Lovey Mary	Mary Hart
Under Two Flags	Henry Zane
The Seats of the Mighty	The Faculty
The Harvester	Mr. Horne
The Prodigal Judge	Mr. Ream
In Search of a Husband	Vivian Daley
A Fool There Was	Lenard Reis
Katrine	Myrtle Kauhaupt
When a Man Marries	Irving Schmitz
The Man of the Hour	Quirine Dorschel
Half a Rogue	Carl Thiele
A Woman's Ventures	Miss Levine
For a Maiden Brave	"Curley" Lambeau
Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes	Football Team
The Woman Gives	"Fritz" Heath
My Lady of the North	K. Connors
My Lady of Doubt	Evelyn Brunette
The Traitor	Carol Smith
The Wandering Jew	J. Chudacoff
Sonny	Joe. Ferry
Such a Woman	Minnie Straubel
The Little Princess	Ruth Masse
The Odd One	May Aylward
The Sweet Girl Graduate	Zenobia Donovan

Football—

Freshie: "Oh, how do the players get the mud off of their suits?"

Senior: "What do you think the scrubs are for?"

Mr. N.—(Civics) "What is the difference between the written and unwritten constitutions, Fredericka?"

Fritz—"One is written and the other isn't."

Miss Levine—What was Titus called?

Irene Parish—"Friend and daylight of mankind." (Friend and delight of mankind.)

Mr. N. (Glee Club)—"Lawrence, open the windows so they can throw out their chests."

Harry N. (Reciting)—"Johnson spent seven years on the dictionary."

Mr. C.—"What is a coupletment?"

G. W.—"Something nice."



SNAPS

The Aeroplane

Miss L. (History)—“Tell us about the twentieth century.”

F. V.—Fountain pens and—

A. W.—Self fillers—

J. M.—“I’m a self filler.”

Miss L. in Ancient History, was speaking about the effects cigarettes had on those who smoked them.

F. K.—“I guess there isn’t a boy in here who does not smoke cigarettes.”

W. H.—“Yes, he’s absent.”

Miss B. (To G. T.) who was making a queer noise with his tongue.—“George don’t make that noise, a person would think you were a child.”

F. V. L.—Laugh.

Miss B.—“Francis that isn’t funny, that’s pathetic.”

Miss B. (Reading)—“On one side lay the ocean and on one lay a greater water and the moon was full.”

G. T.—“He must have been crossing the bar.”

Mr. C. (Chemistry)—“All gases are colorless, unless they have color.”

Olga K. (Modern History)—“Rodger Bacon made many medical discoveries, one of which is gunpowder.”

Mr. B. (In an impressive manner)—“Now if these current events aren’t in every Monday, your seat is failed.” (Fate is sealed.)

Heard in the Halls:

A.—“Friday today, uh!”

B.—“Yep, all day.”

(English Three)

E. D.—“He loved his Alma Mater.”

T. H.—“He means his girl.”

R. R. “Describing the school teacher in the Deserted Village)—“You could tell by the look on his face in the morning what he did the day before.”

R. R. (English)—“Persia was sunk by the Germans.”

Miss B. (Calling for the author of “The Cry of the Children.”)

T. R.—“Never heard of it.”

Mr. B.—“What is normal physiology?”

Soph—“A study of the activities of the body.”

Mr. B. (Prompting)—“Under.”

Soph—“Under the skin.”

Miss K.—“What is Gothic architecture, Peter?”

P. A.—“Well, it is like this, all pointed curves around the edges.”

QUESTION BOX NUMBER OF SNEEZEVILLE SNOOZER

Published by the students of the Sneezeville High School.

Vol. II

MAY 1, 1916

State Edition

Benefit Concert Tonight.

Joe Halloin, Carl Kopplin and Ares Detjen will play several "triplets" tonight in front of the village tavern. A silver offering will be taken. Proceeds for a bird-bath.

Lobster stew Monday at Dorschel's.

—o—

Heard in Sneezeville.

Herr Arthur Jandrain delighted his audience in a concert at the Grange Hall. Prof. Jandrain is a graduate from the School of Music of this village.

Walter Meister has left for "Sears and Roebuck" to invest in a pair of "Extensions."

George T. (Sec.) has just completed the Senior Minutes and will hand them to the principal shortly.

There will be a temperance picnic at Brenner's meadow Sunday.

Esther Kapp spent last week at Clamsville where she purchased a gown for the Junior-Senior Carpet Rag Bee.

Mother Forsakes Son.

Alfred Thelen's mother won't have him any longer. (He is tall enough.)

—o—

Juniors Disregard Precedents.

In view of the high cost of living, the Juniors did not give a Prom this year. Instead they entertained the Seniors at a carpet rag bee. They feel they have done some good.

Claude G. was master of ceremonies and presented prizes to the following: Most industrious worker—"Fritzie" H.

Gentleman showing himself most capable with the needle—Carl Thiele.

—o—

Book Review.

"Economics in the Laboratory," by Mr. Coonen.

"Love Worn Tales," by Bernice Brady.

"My Trials with Mr. Horne," by L. Thurman.

"DuBois' Encyclopedia," by Caroline DuBois.

"Patriotism," by Mabel Currie.

Sneezeville Directory.

Mabel Ream—Physical Director.

Ed. Stenger—Tutor in Geometry.

Chet. Wilson—Entertainer.

Agnes Le Mar DuBois—Cabaret Singer.

Ed. Benton—Movie Star.

Fredericka Heath—Auctioneerss.

—o—

Questions Asked and Answered.

Editor's Note—(Because of insufficient space in our last number, we print here some of the many queries received. Many others are awaiting publication.)

Dear Editor:

Please state proper way to smile.

Samuel W. N. F. C.

The way that seems natural, but don't grin.

—o—

Editor:

I am very overgrown and awkward. What do you suggest?

Perhaps it is natural. Be sure you get the "before midnight beauty sleep."

SNEEZEVILLE SNOOZER

Editor:

Please give me some new idea in hair dressing.

Vivian D.

Simplicity is best. Too much fuss is cut of place for a school girl.

—o—

Dear Editor:

Who can I get to pose for my cartoons?

Ed. Benton.

Ask Gladys J.

—o—

How can I get a typewriting penant?

Ruth M.

Why was Lillian so anxious to have a joint concert with the West Side Seniors?

This is left open for discussion.

—o—

Dear Editor:

I am afraid I will be "fired" from Algebra, can you help me?

Vernon B.

Resign before it comes to that; it's a more honorable way.

—o—

Ask Esther.

Why don't some of the girls want the Senior banquet at the Beaumont?

Chester Wilson.

They were afraid to come home alone in the dark.

To the Editor:

Please state correct way to use an eyebrow pencil.

Myrtle R.

Eyebrow pencils were not made for school girls' use.

Editor:

—o—

I am getting too popular; what shall I do?

Minnie S.

I suggest a thorough diagnosis of the case.

—o—

What can I do to make the boys stop looking at me?

Cynthia.

Dcn't give them any encouragement.

—o—

Dear Editor:

How can I retrim my last year's hat?

X. Y. Z.

To the Editor:

Do you think we are too young to wear long pants?

Anxiously,

"Shorty" Meister,

"Fritz" Kapp.

Certainly not if you can get a size small enough.

IN SNEEZEVILLE SNOOZER.

Opera show to be given June 8, at the Ebenezer Humkins Opera House.

The ópera "In Search of Points," will be given again this year at the Ebenezer Humkins Opera House. A large audience is expected, as they have seen this before and liked it very much. The cast is as follows:

Miss One Point.

Mr. Toomanie Points.

Mr. Lost Point.

Mr. Skimp-on Points.

Act I—Miss One Point in search of a point. Mr. Toomanie Point comes in and offers one of his. Miss One Point refuses because Mr. Skimp-on Points says she has to come back next year. Mr. Lost Point is despondent.

Act II—During summer vacation:

Miss One Point in woods camping. Mr. Lost Point enters with a gun, in his last search for a point. They fall in love with each other.

Act III—They lived scrappily ever after.

—o—

FAMOUS SAYINGS.

"We would reform our politics."—Ask any Senior.

"The saddest words from first to last, so often are "I might have passed."

"Do you suppose a man who makes light of everything could set the world on fire?"

The Aeroplane

FAVORITE SONG HITS.

Name	Author
My Little Dream Girl	Miss Burnside
My Sweet Adair.....	V. Van Derel
Take Me Back to Babyland	H. Beck and Ed. Benton
If You Only Had My Disposition	H. Nicholson
Memories	M. Pickard
My Mother's Rosary	F. Heise
Girl of My Dreams	P. Ream
Peg O' My Heart	B. Rosenthal
Day Dreams	F. Heath
A Perfect Day	Commencement
Good-Bye Girls I'm Through	C. Wilson
When Mother Goes to Movie Shows	B. Moore
I've a Sneaky Feeling 'round My Heart.....	G. Theisen
I'm Answering for You.....	F. Van Laanen
A Little Bit of Heaven	Miss Fitzsimmons
Glorious	J. McGrath
I'm Shy Mary Allen, I'm Shy	A. Thelen
Ragging the Scales	Q. Dorschel, I. Schmitz
The Man Who Knows	Mr. Horne
Old Bill Bailey	B. Moore
When I Sailed Away from Norway.....	Mr. Nelson
I Love You Truly	H. Youmans
Two Little Love Bees	D. Beck, H. Beck
It Was Six o'Clock When He Met Her.....	A. Aylward
America, I Love You	Henry Zane
Just a Little Love, a Little Kiss.....	D. Beck
I Love the Ladies	Mr. Enna
Are You from Dixie? (W. H. Minstrel).....	C. Smith
Kidnaped	Marion Griffen
Pctash and Perlmutter	S. Cohen, C. Mednikow
The Reckoning	Examinations
The Crisis	Commencement
A Perfect Lady	Miss Schuette
Their Yesterdays	Len. and Margaret
That Freshman	Gertrude Kuhaupt
The Daring Twins	Chet and Art
The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come.....	G. Waggoner
The Rosary	J. Golden
Daddy's Girl	Ruth Romsom
An Original Belle	Ruth Quatsoe
Not Like Other Girls	G. Johnston
Bitter Sweet	Miss Vanden Brook
Reveries of a Bachelor	A. De Groot
Madam Butterfly	Ida Arthur
Wild Kitty	F. Williams
The Girl I Loved	Bill Moore
Winning the Junior Cup	Alden Cusick
Laddie	J. Colignon

The Aeroplane

The Financier	L. Quigley
Fine Feathers	Irene Duquaine
The Rugged Way	Renata Zich
The Old Peabody Pew	Cynthia Lau
A Little Brother of the Rich	Howard Beck

Enthusiastic Reader, 1916.

ALPHABET OF EAST HIGH

- A is the annus of nineteen sixteen,
When this was written for the "Aeroplane";
- B, the beginning of this alphabet,
A memoir of school that we may not forget;
- C are the colors by which we all stand,
Just red and white signifies our brave band.
- D is for Dimples, tho not her real name,
First in declaim, to the Sophies gave fame;
- E is for English, we're perfect in that,
Miss Fitz and Miss Black agree to that fact;
- F is for football, and old East High fame;
The boys are all sturdy and play a good game.
- G is for Freshy, you'll surely know,
Horrors of which they will quickly outgrow;
- H for Sir Horn whom we love with great zeal—
Debaters' instructor, he'll turn fortune's wheel.
Also for Helen, a sweet, modest maid;
Of work for her school she's never afraid.
- I for the poet, with thots that are slim;
Hope you're no critic, I'd look mighty thin.
- J is for Jerry, he makes the ball fly,
He shows the Westsiders he's not a bit shy;
- K is for Klaus, a freshman in size,
On birds wrote an essay that won him a prize,
- L is for Lambeau, East High football star,
As "Curley" he's known both near and afar.
- M is for Mabel, all joy and all fun,
Professor Ream's daughter, makes a good chum,
- N is for music—now, strange isn't that?
But when you hear Nelson you'll know it's a fact;
- O for the orators, present and past
Of their power and skill you have not heard the last,
- P, our professor, the hon'rable Ream,
A counselor kind, whom we greatly esteem.
- Q is for Quirine, an orator bold,
What he's achieved, you won't need to be told.
- R is a maiden, brilliant though small,
Our little talker, a Miss Rosenthal.
- S for the Seniors who've taken the lead;
Since they are leaving, we wish them God speed.

U are the readers of this merry rhyme,
We hope you won't think you are wasting your time.
V for Van Laanen, fullback on the team,
Also for Vaughn, a coach high in esteem;
W, the wardens, our boys' fine quartet,
Also for West High and things coming yet.
X the exams that are coming in June;
When that time is here, we will change our tune.
Y for the yearnings that ne'er are fulfilled.
Yet flow on forever, by years never stilled;
Z is what ends the East High alphabet,
I wish it were longer for things not said yet.

A. L. '13.



LINCOLN CLUB BANQUET

Miss B.—“What is requisite to poetry?”

H. B.—“The poet.”

Miss L.—“Do you know what Genet started when he came over here from France, Chester?”

C. W.—“Well, he started—
(Sotto voice) “A jitney.”

Miss L.—“What kind of a temple have the Mormons?”

B. R.—“A salt temple.”

H. N.—“Speaking of the Mormons, their national hymn is “We Love the Ladies.”

Miss B.—“What is Junket?”

C. W.—“Junket is a nervous pudding.”

The Aeroplane

RARER THAN A DAY IN JUNE

Quirine Dorschel fails on the daily theorem.

Chester Wilson forgets to argue.

Vernon and Mercy do not exchange notes.

All the German IV have their lesson.

Mr. C— makes out his test questions beforehand.

Helen Zingsheim is behind in her Physics Experiments.

"Fritzie" Heath doesn't say a bad word in an hour.

Mr. E— is on time for glee club.

Carl Maloney doesn't pay any attention to the girls.

The freshman girls become modest.

Miss L— gives demerits for "manifestations of exhaustion," "persistent communication," etc.

Alfred Vander Kelen refuses to offer his opinion.

Sammy Cohen doesn't grin.

Marion Sturm looks gloomy.

Esther Rahn is in a hurry.

Everybody gets through in Physics.

The East High Orchestra refuses to play at a school function.

"Curley" Lambeau is despondent.

Minnie Straubel is SINCERE.

East High Artists tell Mary P. and Ficra H. they will make all the drawings necessary for the Aeroplane.

Esther Kapp gets her Trial Balance "first shot."

NOTE:—Everybody will take the above as jokes and not feel "slammed."

Just a little advise to all:

It's all right to take paper when you take your own.

In American History someone was talking about exits in rooms.

F. V.—"There must be one exit in every room."

Miss L.—"Well, how do you expect people to get in a room if it hasn't an exit?"

L. R.—"Get in before they build the room."

Miss L. (Exam. time)—"No one will be exempt unless they are up-to-date with their outside reading."

J. A.—"Am I up-to-date, Miss L.?"

In American History.

Miss L.—"What is Watered Stock?"

H. Y.—"Watered Stock is when a corporation would receive interest on watered land."

Class—ROAR.

Miss L. (reprimanding the pupils for talking.)—"You act like youngsters."

A. W.—"Youngsters haven't long trousers."

L. R.—"Your's are big youngsters' trousers."

SENIOR MIRROR

Name	Nickname	Favorite Haunt	Usual Saying	Favorite Song
Jennie Alk	"Jen"	Colonial	"Should I Keep On?"	"Echoes from the Movies."
Agnes Aylward	"Chappie"	In the Parlor	"Oh! My Heart."	"If you only had my disposition."
Edward Benton	"Eddie"	With Vera	"I think she's cute."	"My Little Girl."
Howard Beck	"Al"	At the Wallack Club..	"Quality not quantity"	"By the Sea."
Paul Bogdon	"Johnnie But- tons"	Library	"I'm going to the library"	"Zenobia."
George Brenner	"Georgie"	Bookkeeping room	"Let's see your proofs"	"That Old Girl of Mine."
Vernon Brunette	"Nettie"	With his "corncob"	"Kid"!!!	"How can I forget you?"
Kathleen Connors	"Kat"	Home	"I know I won't get through"	"Come over tonight."
Clifford Conard	"Coonie"	Physics Lab	"May I get my book, I forgot it"	"I can't help forgetting."
August DeGroot	"Augie"	In a quiet corner	"A.! Let me alone."	"I'm a lonesome melody."
Ares Detjen	"Airie"	In his Ford	"I don't know"	"And the little old Ford rambled right along."
Maymie Dredge	"Name"	Kitchen	"Oh! the old thing."	"Traumeri."
Zenobia Donovan	"Zoie"	With Gladdie	"Oh! Surely."	"Leave me not."
Eli DuBois	"Gabby"	In his auto	"Gosh!"	"Get out and get under."
Mabel Engle	"Meb"	Mr. Coonen's room	"Of all things."	"School Is Over."
Flcra Heise	"Polly"	Daggett, Mich.	*I'm scared green of that test."	"I want to go back to Michigan."
Gladys Johnston	"Posey"	Telephone booth	"Girls! he called me up last nite."	"I love to have the boys around me."
Cynthia Lau	"Cinder"	Wherever "Mari." is..	"Gee! That's spiffy."	"I need sympathy."
Aiden Lewis	"Senator"	Public Library	"I got to practice for debate."	"A great man I'll be some day."
Miriam Mackenzie	"Mack"	Parties	"Harvey Mitz"	"Leap Lear."
Carl Maloney	"Maloney"	With the Freshie Girls	"She's a Peach."	"Girls! Girls! Girls!"
Ruth Masse	"Dutch"	Any quiet place to study	"I ban coming."	"My little Dutch girl."
John Mathys	"Johnnie"	School	"Darn it."	"Give me a quiet spot."
Lillian Morgan	"Irish"	West Side	"I had the best time with him."	"Tipperary."
Harry Nickolson	"Nick"	A quiet nook	"Oh! Grief."	"Nearest and dearest."

Name	Nickname	Favorite Haunt	Usual Saying	Favorite Song
Andrew Nelson	"Antonio"	Study room	"How-you-do."	"No married life for me."
Margaret Nitz	"Mugs"	Down Town	"Oh! Shucks!"	"Come let us wander."
Mary Pickard	"Mary P."	Kaaps'	"It makes me sore."	"I'm just dreaming of you."
Lawrence Quigley	"Laurie"	Stillers'	"Consarn you."	"Loveland is calling."
Constance Raymaker ..	"Conny"	Typewriting room ..	!!Gee! Whiz!"	"Oh! That we two were Maying."
Mamie Raymaker	"Ray"	Grocery Store	"I should say so".....	"Still as the night."
Thomas Reilly	"Tom"	Manual Training	"Mornin'"	"Where the river Kehmar flows."
Leonard Reis	"Rice"	Van Kessel's Store ..	"Gee!"	"Everything reminds me of that old girl of mine."
Mildred Reis	"Milly"	Mr. Coonen's room ...	"I think I deserve more"....	"Pickles and Peppers."
Earl Renard	"Shorty"	With his experiment book	"I've only got 30 worked"...	"I can hardly wait until I become a man."
Bessie Rosenthal	"Bess"	Mask and Wig meeting	"I wasn't doing anything" ..	"They always pick me."
Noef Safford	"Drof"	Chinese Laundry?	"I think so too".....	"The hours I spent with thee"
Walter Schoen	"Wallie"	Shoe shining parlors..	"Well"	"One wonderful night."
Marjorie Schumacher..	"Mary"	Sturtz' Studio	"For the love of Mike" ...	"I'm lonesome."
Carol Smith	"Schmittie"	Anywhere in a crowd..	"I'm some kid"	"Oh! you beautiful doll."
Marion Sturm	"Storm"	Mr. Horn's room	"I don't never say nothing" ..	"Contentment."
Alfred Thelen	"Daddy Long- Legs"	None in particular	"No, Ma-am"	"I'd like to be a soldier."
George Theisen	"Rosie"	Campus	"Oh, I know!"	"In the evening by the moon- light."
Carl Thiele	"Tea-Leaves"	With Demerits	"I don't believe I can give it"	"Loveland is calling."
Vida VanDerel	"Veeda"	Brussels	"Oh! Oh! Oh!"	"Mother."
Francis Van Laanen..	"Frank"	Dances	"Kiss Papa"	"On a beautiful night with a beautiful girl."
Gladys Waggoner	"Gladdie"	Orpheum	"Oh! she gives me a pain" ..	"The quietude of night."
Chester Wilson	"Chet"	Woman's Building	"Isn't that a good thing?" ..	"I've only one idea about the girls."
Arthur Wilson	"Art"	Office	"Hello Ki-id!"	"I'm the guy."
Helen Youmans	"Banty"	At the Movies	"Oh! little fishes"	"The merry widow."
Renata Zich	"Nuttie"	Band Concerts	"I don't care"	"Good night."
Helen Zingsheim	"Katrina"	Bellevue	"For Heaven's sake"	"Arkansas traveller."

The Aeroplane



SNAPS

CRUMPS PICKED UP ON THE STAIRWAY

Sally to Sue:—I got a bid yesterday to the West Side Prom. Would love to go.asked me. Certainly ycu must know him. He is so very tall that I hate to go with him, but then I will be in a strange bunch so it won't matter much. I have to let him know this noon. It is next Friday, isn't it? I can have my dress made for it if my mother has it by Monday. You see she is going to Chicago Friday morning to see.....and is coming back Monday. She intends to get my dress at Chicago. Would like to go to both proms.

Sue to Sally:—Gee, that's pretty nice for you. What if he is tall. I like to see a tall fellow and a little girl. You certainly would have a peach of a time. Sure, I know him, he was to our sleighride. I think he's nice. I wish I'd gotten a bid to that prom. But no hopes. I had a date Saturday night with a peach of a De Pere fellow.

I hope you GO and have a GOOD TIME. Is your mother going to get your dress ready made?

Sally to Sue:—No—not ready made. I wanted pink taffeta but it is \$1.75 and only a yard wide, so I can't have it. A messaline I don't want, so mama tho't she could do better out of town. If she comes without any I'll be mad right. Lots think—is an egg but he has always treated me O. K. and I'm anxious to go.



(Shorthand Four—Dictation)

Miss V.—Agnes, why aren't you taking the dictation?"

A. A.—Well ——— I'm thinking of my "Dear Sir."

Important Notice:

George Theisen has gained an eighth of a pound in the past year, due to his remaining at home nights ????????

Wanted to know:

How Chet got that peculiar lump on the back of his head?

Lost, strayed or stolen:

Minnie's popularity

Wanted to know:

Whether or not dyes are really going up. It doesn't look that way at E. H. S

Wanted:

To buy a Smile like Sammy's.

Mr. B.—“What is a bill?”

J. H.—“A bill is a legislation, that has not yet been passed.”

A hint to the housewife:

A good way to test hot lard is to stick your finger in it.

Bits from examination papers:—

1. In enumeration of Shakespeare's dramas:—“The Turning of the Screw.”
 (“Taming of the Shrew.”)

2. Define Gratis:

“A place where people are hanged.”

3. “That passage is Paradise Lost, tells about Beelzebub and the fallen
angels.”

4. “Bryant died at the age of 1847.”





EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT.

- "Clarion"—Appleton High School, Wis.
"The Spy"—Kenosha High School, Wis.
"The Tattler"—North Division High, Milwaukee.
"The Mirror"—West Hoboken High School, New Jersey.
"The Mirror"—Mondovi High School, Wis.
"The Lion"—Lyons Township High School, LaGrange, Ill.
"The Comus"—Janesville High School, Wis.
"The Stenter"—Lake Forest College, Ill.
"The Menomite"—Menomonie High School, Wis.
"The Criterion"—Waupaca High School, Wis.
"The Comet"—West Division High School, Milwaukee.
"The Round Table"—Beloit, College, Wis.
"The Northeastern"—Superior High School, Wis.
"The Beaver"—Beaver High School, Bluefield, West Virginia.
"The Wauona"—Portage High School, Wis.
"The Shamokin"—Shamokin, Pa.
"The High School News"—Berlin, Wis.
"The Kodak"—Milwaukee-Downer College, Milwaukee.
"The Kodak"—Eau Claire High School, Wis.
"Kodak"—Everett, Wash.

"The Clarion"—Appleton High School, Wis.

Your Athletic Department is good. Your Department "Komic Capers" is interesting.

"The Tattler"—North Division High School, Milwaukee.

A very good paper. We would suggest that you do not mix your advertisements with your regular material.

"The Mirror"—West Hoboken, N. J.

An attractive paper. Your Athletic Department is very good.

"The Mirror"—Mondovi High School, Wis.

You turn out a well-balanced paper. Your cover design is attractive and your Exchange Department is the best of any of our exchanges.

"The Lion"—Lyons Township High School, LaGrange, Ill.

Your paper is complete in all respects, but would suggest that you make more criticism on outside papers.

The Aeroplane

"Comus"—Janesville High School, Wis.

Very good paper. One of our best exchanges.

"The Menomite"—Menomonie High School, Wis.

A fine paper in every respect.

"Criterion"—Waupaca High School, Wis.

One of our most interesting exchanges.

"Comet"—West Division High School, Milwaukee.

The only criticism we can offer is that you mix your advertisements with your other material.

"The Round Table"—Beloit College.

If we may criticize a college paper: The "Round Table" is very interesting with regard to school events, but has little of interest to outsiders—to people not connected with the college.

"The Beaver"—Beaver High School, Bluefield, Wis.

Some literary work would improve your paper.

"The Wauona"—Portage High School, Wis.

A pleasing and well arranged paper.

"Shamokin"—Shamokin, Pa.

Humorous Department is very good.

"The High School News"—Berlin, Wis.

We enjoy your paper very much and are glad to exchange with you.

"The Kodak"—Milwaukee Downer College.

Well arranged paper. Fine Editorials. A few cuts would improve it.

"The Kodak"—Eau Claire High School, Wis.

You turn out a very fine, well illustrated paper. We may justly say that yours is one of our best annual exchanges.

What other papers say about "The Aeroplane:"

Tattler, Sept., 1915. Milwaukee.

.. "Do not be misled by the name "Aeroplane," E. G. B.

He is anything but airy."

THE SENIOR FAREWELL

We bid you all a kind farewell,
Though not without a secret sigh;
What life holds, we can never tell,
But we must learn as time goes by.

Out in the world we now must go,
Perhaps far from you all, dear friends;
But don't forget we love you so,
And e'er shall have a hand to lend.

School-life has taught us to be kind,
And it has taught us to be true;
Bright school-days, we a joy shall find,
Whene'er our thoughts go back to you.

Teachers, too, were kind and faithful,
Still at times we thought them stern;
Don't think we were all-ungrateful,
Though oft we did refuse to learn.

We seniors follow others' paths,
Who have from this same place begun;
Like streams that travel very fast,
We must our many courses run.

Hark! the birds are sweetly singing,
All nature is once more aglow;
Spring and life is just beginning,
O dear old comrades, we must go.

—Andrew Nelson.



**“THOSE CONTINENTAL CLOTHES
ARE SURELY SMART”**

YOU’LL say that the very instant you see our stock of Suits for Summer—they’re full of life, dash and “pep” and they’re some serviceable. You’ll need one.

**THE
CONTINENTAL**
GRIFFITH & ENTZMINGER

D. M. GROULX

For Artistic Wedding and Graduating
Gifts, visit our shop

OUR ENTIRE LINE IS COMPOSED
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Fancy
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CIGARS, TOBACCO AND CANDY

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Our Coal is Perfectly Satisfactory
That's why Particular People buy it.

The C. Reiss Coal Co.

Phones 915-916

JUST A HINT:

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Customer's Say So

Green Day Optical Co.

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213 N. Washington St.

HENRY VAN

Tailor



209 CHERRY STREET



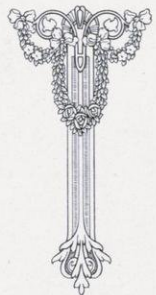
The Oriental Baths

JAKE AREGI, Proprietor
Telephone 418

SECOND FLOOR, MINAHAN BUILDING
GREEN BAY, WIS.

GENTLEMEN - 1:00 p. m. to 8:00 a. m., daily, ex-
cept Tuesdays and Sundays.

LADIES - 9:00 a. m. to 1:00 p. m. Tuesdays, 9:00 a.
m. to 10:00 p. m.



**Brauer's
Clothing
Store**



At the Sign of
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**GREEN BAY
WISCONSIN**

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THEATRE**

*The most consistent
Photoplay program
in the world. Daily
at 2:00 and 3:30;
7:30 and 9:00.*

**Paramount
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*Adults, 10c; Chil-
dren, 5c.*

*Four changes each
week.*

Monday, Wednesday, Friday, Saturday

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EASTMAN KODAKS AND SUPPLIES

Drugs, Candies. Prescription Experts.

POPP & RATHER

Corner Broadway and Walnut

Wisconsin's Largest Photo Supply House!

KODAKS

Brownie Cameras, Premo Cameras,
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Our Work Is In A Class Of Its Own.

Stiller Photo Supply Co.

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PENCIL
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Every Home, Office
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Should have a

**DOLLAR
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Pencil Pointer

Never Breaks the Lead

Will Sharpen Thousands of Pencils
Without Adjustment or Replacement.

Stube Binding & Printing Co.

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BASTIAN BROS. CO.

Designers and Manufacturers of

**Class Emblems, Rings, Fobs, Athletic
Medals, Wedding and Commence-
ment Invitations and Announce-
ments, Dance Orders, Pro-
grams, Visiting Cards,
Menus, Etc.**

Samples and Estimates Furnished upon Request

1073 BASTIAN BUILDING

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

HOMER MAES CO.

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For Men and Young Men

MINAHAN BUILDING

DONATION

FOR THE YOUNG MEN

OF THE

GRADUATING CLASS

Herrick Clothes will win recognition for you at all times. They'll give you a feeling of surety that will be a long step towards success.

COMMENCEMENT SPECIALS

BLUE SERGE SUITS
SPECIAL VALUES .. \$15 to \$25

The most appropriate suit for Graduating Exercises and good every day thereafter. If you want a blue serge suit, see these.

EVERYTHING ELSE IN WEARABLES FOR THE OCCASION

THE HERRICK CLOTHING STORE

A. McCOMB

LAWYER

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Phone 705

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Surplice & Cook

Lawyers

Phone 719

506 Minahan Bldg.



Murphy-Gross Company
CLOTHIERS & FURNISHERS

125 No. Washington Street

"We Specialize in Young Men's Clothing"

Greiling-Jones Co.

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GROCERS



114 SO. WASHINGTON ST.

Green Bay, Wis.

The Corner Drug Store

Holzer & Neven

228 North Washington Street

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Pianos and Player Pianos



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on
Easy
Payments

Victrolas and Records

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OUT A PIANO OR VICTROLA ?

It holds the family circle together.
It teaches the children to love one another.
It gives character to their bringing up.
Lose no time in calling.

Vandenberg Music Co.
ONE PRICE PIANO HOUSE
118 WASHINGTON STREET

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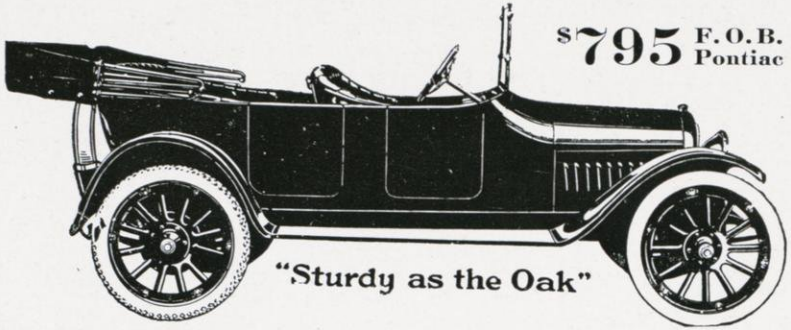
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BELLIN-BUCHANAN BUILDING

AFTER JUNE FIRST

Oakland "Six"



\$795 F.O.B.
Pontiac

"Sturdy as the Oak"

Do Away With this Constant Gear-Shifting

Long streamline beauty, easy riding and a quality car thru and thru. You will be amazed at its great power and 'pep.' No vibration, and all you hear is the quiet purr of the motor. It's economical, too—Green Bay users are getting over twenty miles on a gallon.

PHONE 1970

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The S. & S. Motor Car Co.

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Meier-Schroeder Company

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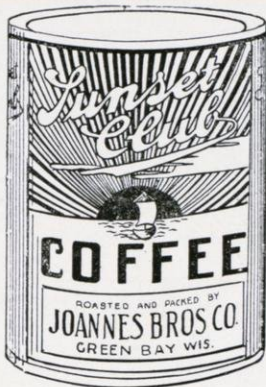
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Cut Flowers of All Kinds

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THAT
CHEERS"



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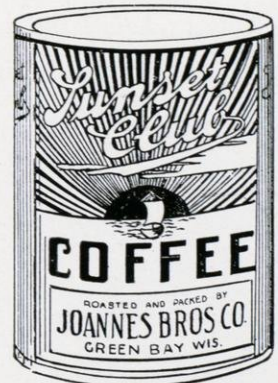
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THREE POUNDS

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JOANNES
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Always Welcome

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OPEN DAY AND NIGHT



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R. E. Stuart, Local Rep.

STYLE, fit and quality
are certainly to be
desired in your graduation
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can only be obtained at
a competent tailor. See

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