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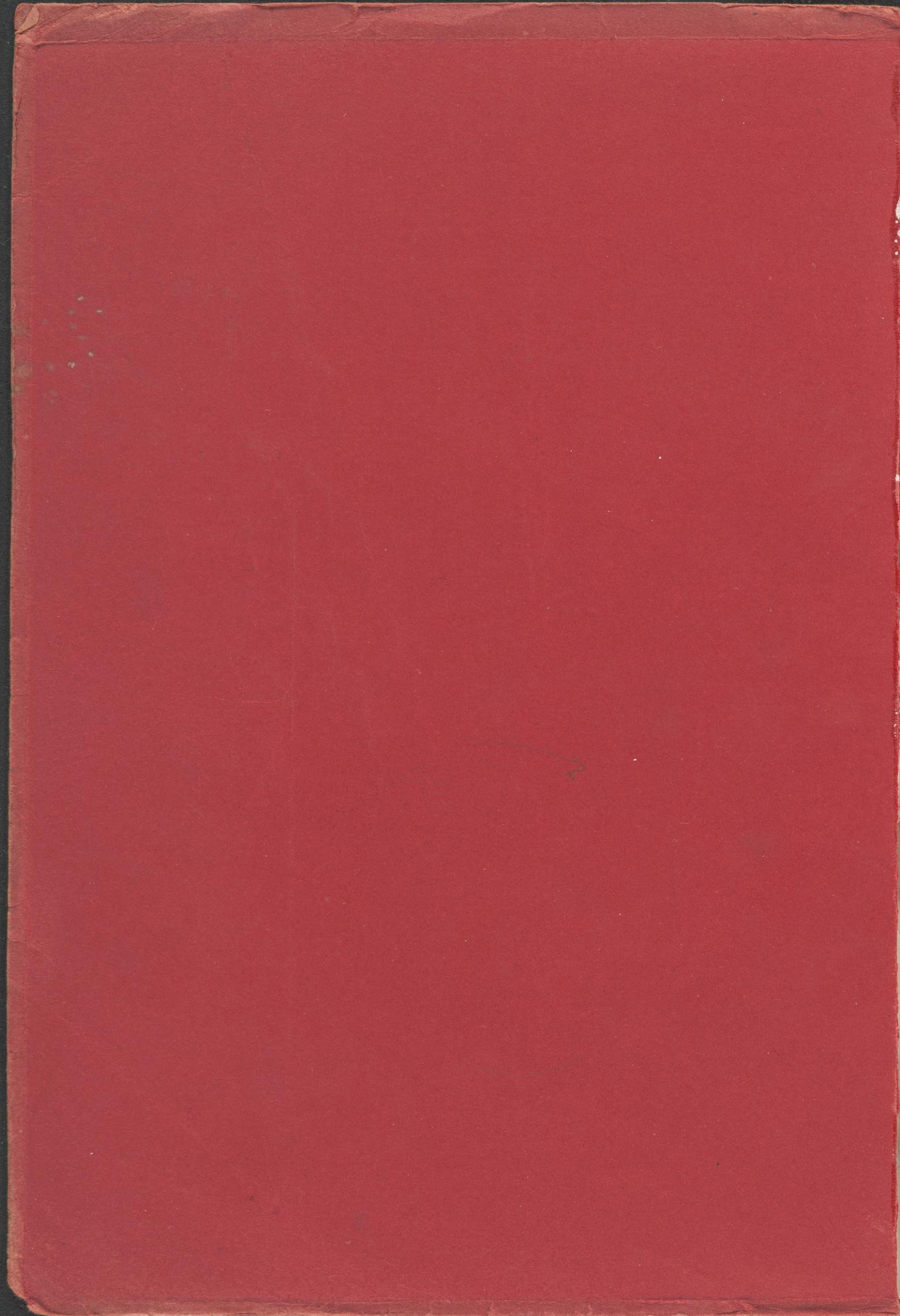
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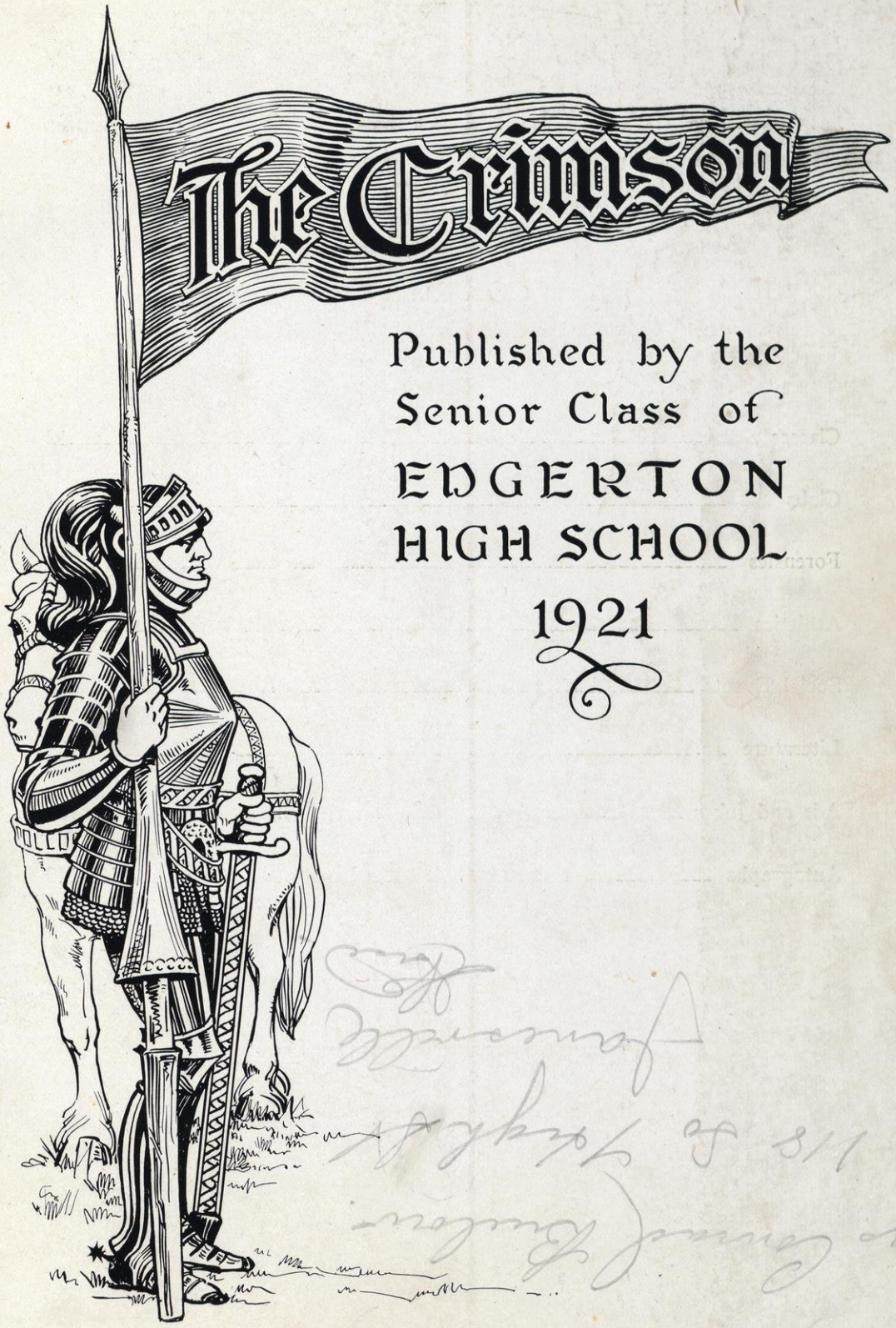
THE CRIMSON



EDGERTON
HIGH SCHOOL
EDGERTON - WIS



Wm. C. Meyer



Published by the
Senior Class of
EDGERTON
HIGH SCHOOL

1921

*Jamesville
118 So. York St
The Central Bank*

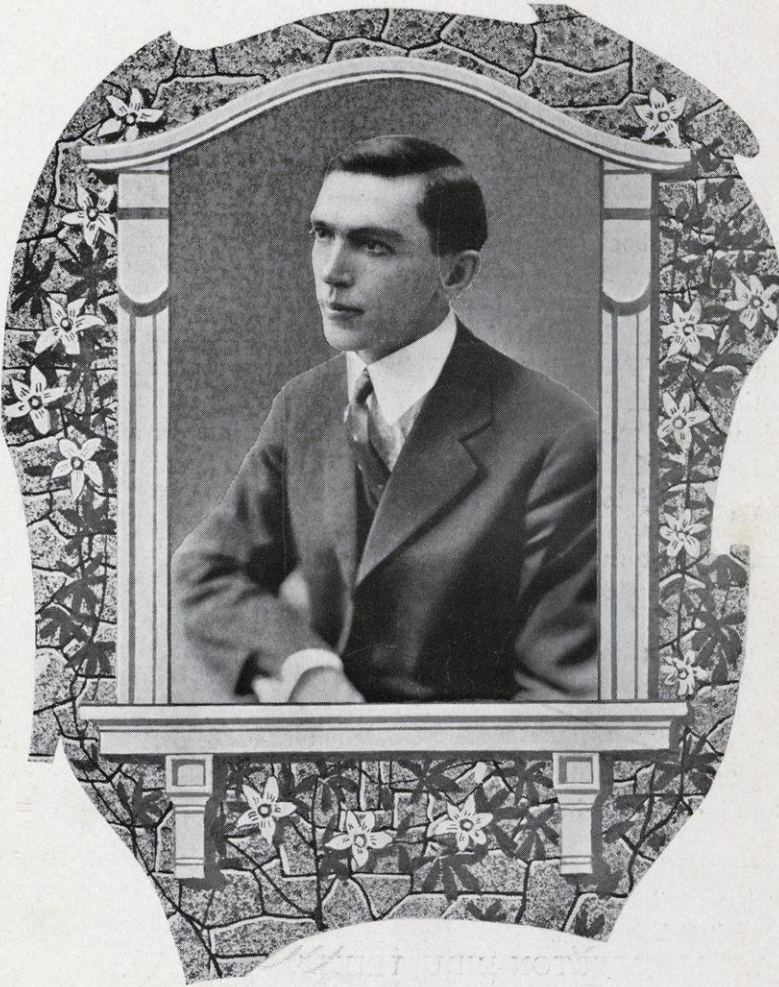


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CRIMSON



DEDICATION

We, the students of the Edgerton High School, most sincerely dedicate this issue of the "Crimson" to Professor F. J. Holt, a man who has been a true friend of everyone and who has gained for himself in this community a reputation that is worthy of being mentioned.



FOREWORD

Do you realize the interest and laughs that are in store for you when you begin to read this book?

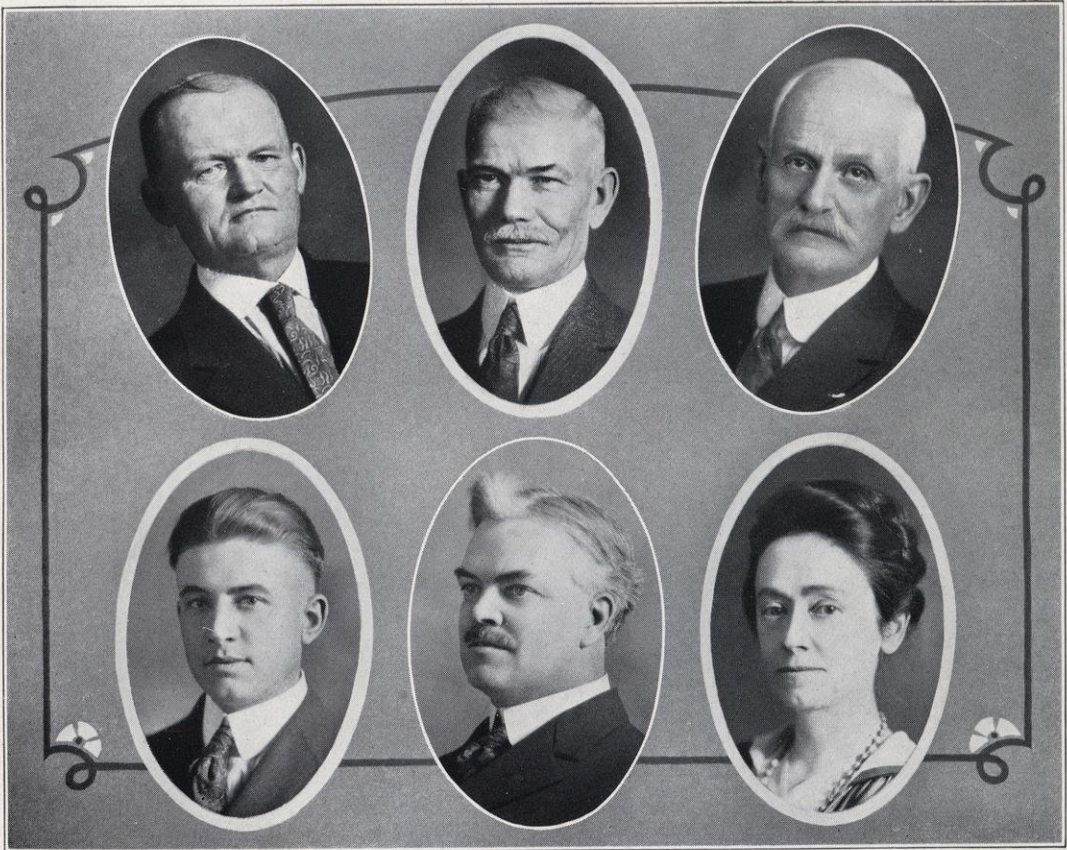
You will read this many times with intense eagerness as you glance over these pages of learning and of nonsense. What exclamations you will make when you say, "There's Bob," or "What did that say about me"? If you do get such things out of the book, then we, the editors, will be satisfied, knowing that we have tried to accomplish something for the interest of the school. We have tried to record the events of the school year with "pep" that will make this book an object of interest to you.

Then, as you turn the pages of this book, please be mild in your criticisms for this is not intended to be a literary achievement.

We beg the pardon of any whose pictures or limericks have been accidentally omitted. We have done our utmost to make the book accurate and complete.

We wish to thank the faculty, for the hearty co-operation they have given in helping to make this book a success. Also we wish to extend our heart-felt thanks to all students who have aided us in any way.

We cannot thank the business men enough for their financial aid, for they certainly have helped us greatly. Not a word of this could have been printed unless they had helped us. Remember to read their ads and remember "FORWARD WITH EDGERTON INDUSTRIES."



BOARD OF EDUCATION

Row 1—Mr. N. E. Nelson, Mr. Will McIntosh, Mr. Will Doty.

Row 2—Mr. George Dallman, Mr. Durant Gile, Mrs. Alice Mooney.

MAJOR

CRIMSON STAFF

MINOR

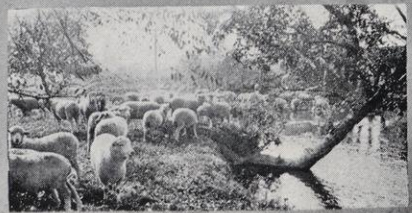
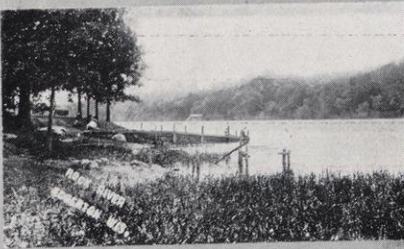
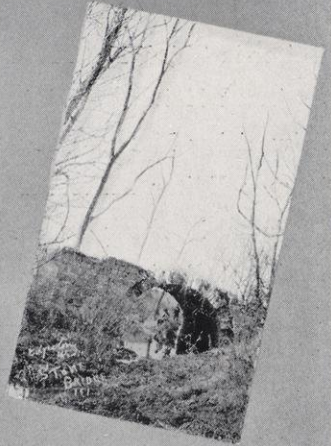
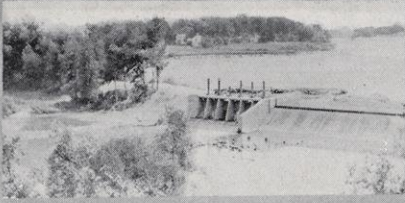
The graphic features a musical staff with five lines. The word 'CRIMSON STAFF' is written in a large, stylized, serif font across the middle of the staff. The word 'MAJOR' is written in a similar font at the top left, and 'MINOR' is at the bottom right. Several circular portraits of young men and women are placed on the staff, some appearing as notes and others as stems. The background is a dark, textured grey.



CRIMSON STAFF

Editor-in-Chief ----- Viola Harrison
Assistant Editor-in-Chief ----- Robert Nelson
Advertising Manager ----- Harold Madden
Humor Editor ----- Donald Lord
Business Manager ----- Arno Affeldt
Assistant Business Manager ----- Esther Scofield
Athletic Editor ----- Carl Heller
Art Editor ----- Emma Hutson
Photographic and Literary Editors ----- Regena and Levena Hagar
Social Editor ----- Esther Wileman
Alumni Editor ----- Pearl Hutson
Assistant Alumni Editor ----- Harold Craig
Junior Class Reporter ----- Paul Curran
Sophomore Class Reporter ----- Cleo Herrick
Freshman Class Reporter ----- Norman Hopkins

SCENES NEAR EDGERTON, WIS.



CRIMSON



Mr. Holt (Center)—Supt.	
(From left to right)	
Miss Stafford	English
Miss Vanderveld	English and Latin
Miss Farman	Junior High
Miss McIntosh	Junior High
Miss Kruse	Penmanship
Miss Hoen	Domestic Science
Miss Evans	English
Mr. Porter	History and French
Miss Wheaton	Physical Education
Miss Mooney	Commercial
Mr. Stocum	Manual Training
Miss Holman	Mathematics
Miss Sumnicht	Junior High
Mr. Klontz	Science
Mrs. Hillsburg	
	Junior High and Etomology
Miss Greene	Music



"Just kids"



Who?



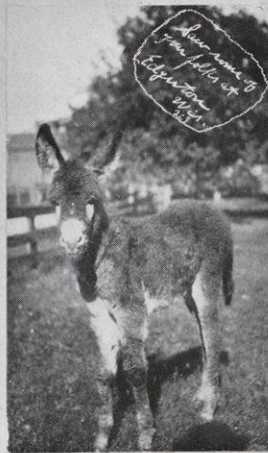
"All smiles"



"Two sophs"



"Oh! In plain daylight"



"Senior Mascot"



"Just kids"



"Glad your back"



"Moo! Nice cow"



Footba-String and Val



"Oh you night school"

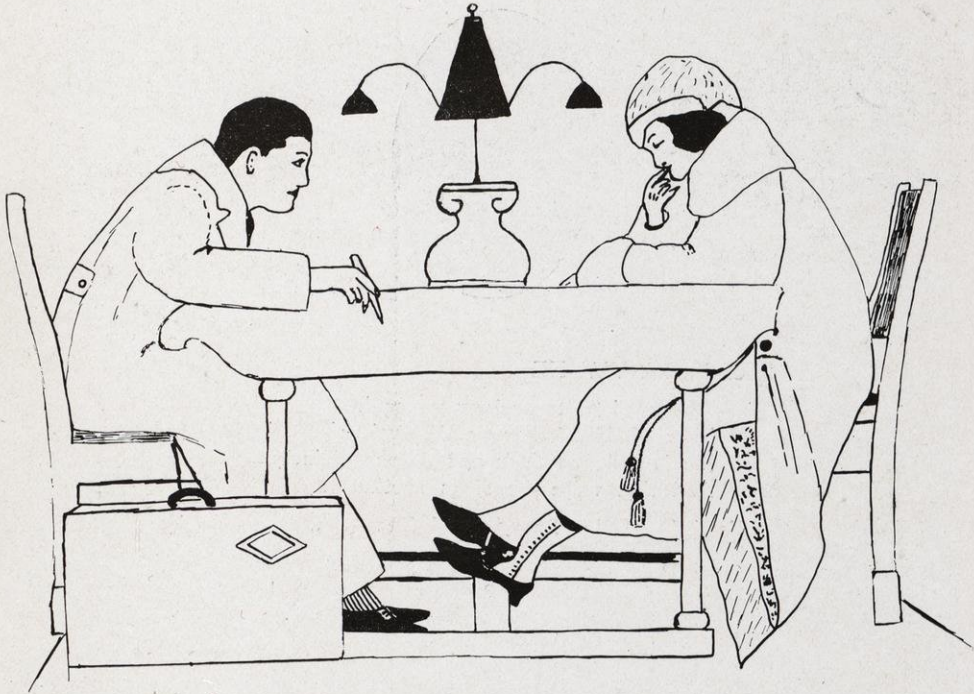


"Hello"



"Where is Levena?"

Classmen



SENIORS



CLARKE, WAYNE

His good traits we long to acquire;
 This splendid fellow we all admire;
 He is tall and dark and dances divinely,
 And that voice—he sings sublimely.

Football—3E-4E, President of Class—3-4.
 Operetta—2, Class Football—2.
 Class Play—4, Athletic Association—4.
 Literary Society—2-3-4, President's Address—4.
 Appa Bula Bula, Service Organization—2-3.
 Boy Scouts—2-1, Glee Club—4.

President -----Wayne Clarke
 Vice President -----Arno Affeldt
 Secretary and Treasurer -----Donald Lord
 Class Advisor -----Mr. Holt.

CLASS MOTTO—"Truth, Honor, and Knowledge"

CLASS COLORS—Blue and White

CLASS FLOWER—Blue and White Sweet Peas

AFFELDT, ARNO

We don't know what has happened to this boy;
He used to be so quiet and shy;
But now he lives at an awful pace.
There is a woman in the case.

Football—1E-2E-3E-4, Literary Society—3-4 Pres.
Class Basket Ball—2-3-4, Class Baseball—2-3-4.
Crimson Business Mgr.—4, Athletic Association—4.
Class Play—4, Commencement—Prophecy.
Operetta—4.

BALKE, HILDA

At athletics she's surely a star,
Outshining all the rest by far;
Although shy, as she has always been,
All will find her a real true friend.

Glee Club—1-4, Laurean Literary Society—3.
Camp Fire—1-2-3-4, Captain Ball—3.
Basket Ball—3 (Captain—4), Athletic Association—3-4.
Class Ideals, Operetta—4.

BARTON, WILLIS

There is a young chap called "Bill,"
Who laughed even if he was ill;
His Regena will say
He is always O. K.,
Even if he is a "hard pill."

Literary Society—1-2-3, Football—3E-4E.
Appa Bulla Bulla—3, Class Play—4.
Class Prophecy—4, Athletic Association—4.
Glee Club—4, Operetta—4.

BERG, LLOYD

Here is a man most modest and rare,
For the opposite sex he has not a care,
He thinks much more of a pen and a book,
And always has a scholarly look.

Literary Society—1, Glee Club—3-4.
Athletic Association—4, Operetta—4.
Class night.

BRACE, STEWART

In his little Ford car is Brace,
Always ready for a race;
From his studies he is free,
Which is a very good way to be.

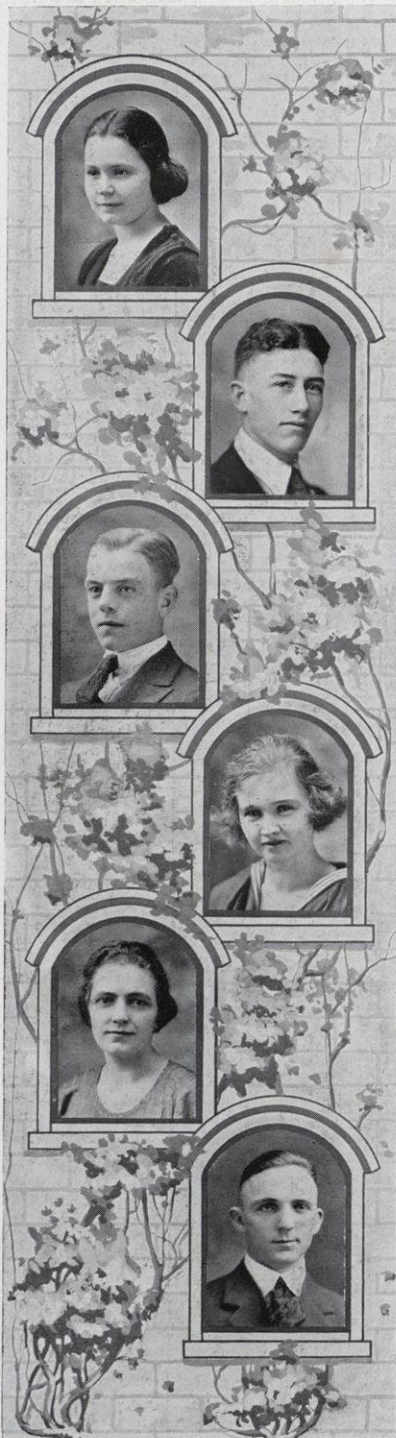
Glee Club—3-4, Athletic Association—4.
Literary Society—4, Boy Scouts—1-2.
Operetta—4.

BRUHN, ESTHER

Esther writes a letter every other day,
Esther gets a letter just the same way,
Carl is very faithful, though they are far apart,
For he loves her, loves her—way down in his heart.

Glee Club—1-2-3, Camp Fire Girls—1-2-4.
Laurean Society—3, G. A. A.—3.
Operetta—1-2, Senior Class Play—4.
Athletic Association—4.





BUSSEY, VENICE

She is a girl with bright black eyes,
 In History and Science she's awfully wise,
 Whether it's work or whether it's play,
 Venice will help you in every way.

Campfire President—1-2-3, Campfire—4.
 Glee Club—2-3-4, Laurean Literary—3.
 G. A. A.—3, Operetta—2-4.
 Athletic Association—4, Class Flower—4.

BURNS, LAURENCE

This boy nicknamed "Side,"
 In football is our pride;
 For style he sure is there,
 With his wavy marcelled hair.

Class Track—1, Football—E-3E-4.
 Class Baseball—2-3, Basketball—E-4.
 Class Basketball—2-3, Class Grumbler.
 H. S. Athletic Association—4, Class Football-2.

CRAIG, HAROLD

Our sweet little boy from the Prairie,
 He has just learned how to make merry,
 Now, when he gets started
 There's only one thing to stop him,
 Just take him back to the Prairie.

Literary—2-3, Class Play—4.
 Appa Bula Bula—3, Operetta—4.
 Class Baseball—2-3-4, Basketball—3-4.
 Football—3-4E, Glee Club—4.
 Athletic Association—4, Oratorical Contest—2.

CROFT, ESTHER

This girl is a typical blond,
 Of eats she is very fond;
 Though slow of speech,
 When there's an Albion boy in reach,
 She is there with a leap and a bound.

Glee Club—1-3-4, Laurean—3.
 Girls' Basket Ball—3, Girls' Captain Ball
 Team—3.
 G. A. A.—3, Athletic Association—4.
 Class Night—Distribution of Gifts—4, Camp-
 fire—3-4.
 Operetta—1-4.

CUNNINGHAM, CHARLOTTE

In her industrious hands,
 Life is no serious task.

Camp Fire—1-2-3-4, Treas.—2, Glee Club—
 1-2-4.
 Lauren—3-4, Forensic —E.-3-4.
 First N. Bank Extemporaneous Medal—3.
 K. of P. Extemporaneous Medal—4.
 Operetta—1-4, Girls' Captain Ball—3.
 Class Will—4, Athletic Association—4.
 Girls' Athletic—3, Girls' Athletic Association—3.

CUNNINGHAM, DANIEL

Dan is our hard working lad,
 Calling "Gazette" is his favorite fad;
 Or working at the library in the coal,
 He really is an industrious soul.

Football—2-3, Class Basketball—3-4.
 Basketball—4, Operetta—4.
 Class Play—4, Senior Quartette.
 Boy's Glee Club—4.

CARRIER, HAROLD

He likes to talk and above all debate,
Swinging along at a manly gait;
He talks to you in a big gruff tone—
But never fear him—though you're with
him alone.

Boys' Literary—1-2-3, Oratorical—1-2-3.
Class Reporter—1, Class Basketball—1-2.
Class Football—1-2, Class Baseball—1-2-3.
Boy Scouts—1-2, Y. M. C. A.—1-2-3.
Basketball—2, Track Team—2.
Interscholastic Debates—3, Forensic—E-3.
Athletic Association—4.

DANIELSON, ROSSELA

Those smiles and glances let me see,
That make the miser's treasures poor.

Glee Club—1-4, Operetta—1-4.
Laurean—3, Camp Fire—4.
G. A. A.—3, Class Ideals—4.
Athletic Association—4, Basketball—4.

DIETZEL, CLARENCE

To look at him you'd think he was dead,
He was, until he took up Physical Ed.

Burial of Misdeeds of Class of 1921.

GESSERT, HAROLD

Harold is a handsome boy,
His dancing and his wavy hair,
To the ladies is a perfect joy.

Football—2E-3E-4E, Basketball—2-3E-4E.
Class Basketball—1-2-3-4, Class Baseball—
1-2-3-4.
Literary—2-3-4, Athletic Association—4.
Operetta—4, Baseball—4.
Boy Scouts—1-2, Boys' Glee Club—4.
Outlaws—2-3.

GREEN, CLINTON

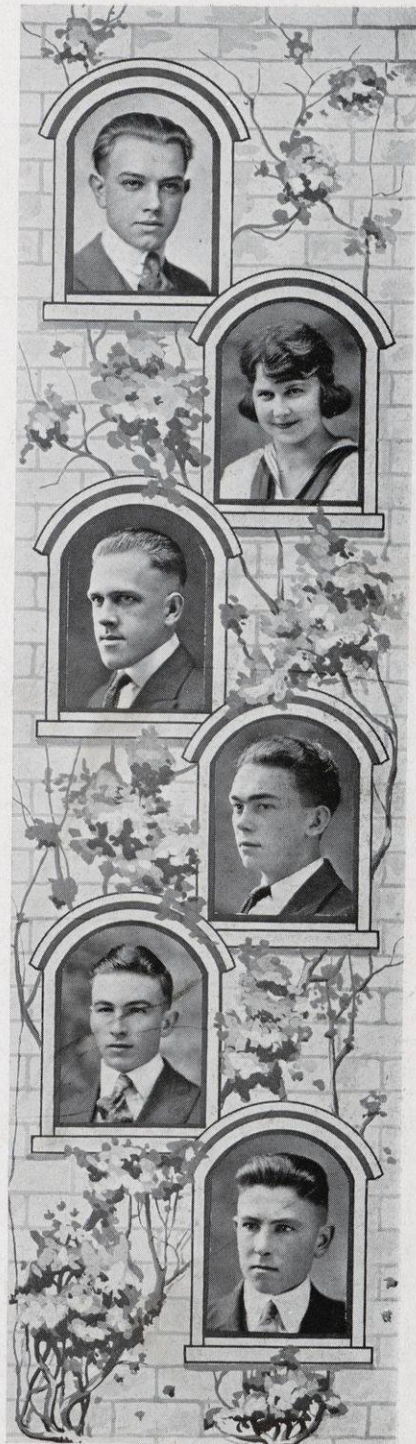
On every hand it will allowed be,
He's just no better than he should be.

Group Basketball—3-4, Operetta-4.
Athletic Association—4.

GUNDELSON, OTIS

The time of his life,
Through all struggles and strife,
Is when down in the gym,
The ball goes sailing over the rim.

Entered from Cambridge as a Junior.
Football—3, Class Baseball—3.
Group Basketball—3, Literary Society—3.
Basketball—3, Football—4E.
Basketball—4, Athletic Association—4.
Track Team—4, Class Basketball—4.
Boys' Glee Club—4, Operetta—4.
Literary Society—4, Baseball—4.





HAGAR, LEVENA

Levena's a maiden quite small,
 But her size is no worry at all,—
 She can say with a laugh,
 "Why I'm only one half,
 As one, we'd be awfully tall."

Campfire—2-3-4, Glee Club—3, Sec'y & Treas.
 Athletic Association—3-4, Literary Society—3.
 Hikers' Club—3, Class Prophecy—4.
 Original Oration—final contest—4.
 Operetta—2-4, Captain Ball—3.
 Crimson Staff—Literary & Photographing
 Editor.
 G. A. A.—3-4.

HAGAR, REGENA

Do you know when you're talking to "Jena"
 Or are you quite sure its not "Vena?"
 Now here is a way, to tell every day—
 The one this rhyme is for is Regena.

Entered 2nd year from J. H. S.
 Camp Fire—2-3-4, G. A. A.—3.
 Literary—3, Athletic Association—4.
 Girls' Glee Club—2-3-4, Operetta—2-4.
 Crimson Staff—Literary & Photographing
 Editor.

Class Play—4, Class Night—Prophecy.
 Original Oration—Highway Trailer Medal—4.
 Forensic—E4.

HANDKE, LORETTA

It's nice to be natural, when
 You are naturally nice.

Glee Club—2-3-4, Camp Fire—3-4.
 Laurean Society—3, Operetta—2.
 Basketball—3, Captain Ball—3.
 Girls' Athletic Association—3.
 Class Play—4, Class Poet—4.

HARRISON, VIOLA

Viola, the girl with the bobbed hair,
 Always a smile and never a care,
 Whether it's "Bob" or "Donald" or "Joe"—
 We could guess all day and never know.

Camp Fire—1-2-3-4, Glee Club—1-2-3.
 Operetta—1-2, Girls' Interscholastic—2-3.
 Debates—2-3, Forensic—"E".
 Basketball—3, Captain Ball—3.
 Class Play—4, Laurean—3.
 Class Reporter—3, Editor-in-Chief—4.
 G. A. A.—3, A. A.—4.
 Hikers' Club—3, Class Night.

HELLER, CARL

In basketball he's simply great,
 Edgerton thinks so at any rate.
 But he believes the best girls to be found,
 Surely do not live in this town—(Yea,
 Cambridge.)

Football—1E-2E-3E-4E, Basketball—1E-2E-3E,
 (Captain) 4E.
 Class Reporter—2, Class Baseball—1-2-3.
 Class Football—1-2, Class Track—1.
 Athletic Association—4, Literary Society—2-3.
 Presentation of Token—4, Boy Scouts—1-2.

HOLLAND, ADOLPH

Adolph doesn't like girls very well,
 Which is really a terrible shame;
 For if once he started rushing a girl,
 He'd rush all the other boys out of the
 game.

Class Basketball—1-2-3-4, Class Football—2.
 Class Baseball—2-3, Class Track Meet—1.
 E. H. S. Athletic Association—4, Burial of
 the Class Misdeeds.

HUBBELL, HATTIE

Hattie's the girl in a hurry,
No matter whether it's late or early,
Hattie's the girl with the big broad smile,
And a happy heart all of the while.

Glee Club—1-2-3-4, Campfire—1-2-3-4.
Girls' Interscholastic Debate—2-3, Operetta—
2-4.
Girls' Basketball—3, Girls' Captain Ball—3.
Laurean—3-4, Senior Class Play—4.
Athletic Association—4, Girls' Athletic Association—4.

HUTSON, EMMA

Emma is the artist of our class,
Drawing and painting delights this lass;
All will find her a very good pal,
True blue all through a regular "gal."

Campfire—1-2-3-4, President—4, Glee Club—
1-2-3, President—4.
Basketball—3-4, Literary Society—3.
Class Song—4, Art Editor—4.
Operetta—1-2-4, Hikers' Club—3.
Captain Ball—"E"—3, Girls' Athletic Ass'n.
E. H. S. Athletic Association—4.

HYLAND, GENEVIEVE

Genevieve loves to laugh and chatter,
She's happy go lucky,
Cheerful and plucky;
And if she's caught it doesn't matter.

Camp Fire—1-3-4, Laurean—3-4.
G. A. A.—3, Presentation of Gifts.
High School A. A.—4.

KLUENDER, WILMA

From failures she's always free,
As everyone will agree,
You never see her
Unless Lydia is with her,
Where one is the other must be.

Glee Club—1-4, G. A. A.—3.
Girls' Captain Ball—3, Literary Society—3.
Girls' Basketball—3, Athletic Association—4.
Camp Fire—4, Operetta—4.
Class History—4, Hikers Club—4.

LEIN, OBIN

Although you may think him terribly slow,
There are a few things that he doesn't
know.

Oratorical—1, Baseball—1-2-3-4.
Acre Corn Contest—1 Winner, Boys' Literary
Society—1-2-3-4.
Class Basketball—3-4, High School A. A.—4.
Track Team—2, Outlaws—2.

LIVICK, CHARLOTTE

She's the smallest girl in our class;
At the head of her class she'll pass.
Small though she is,
She drives Daddies Tin Lizz,
As proudly as if it was a Nash.

Glee Club—1-2-4, Girls' Athletic Ass'n—3.
Operetta—1-2-4, Athletic Association—4.
Camp Fire—4, Class Valedictorian.
Laurean Literary Society—3.





LORD, DONALD

He knows a lot in History,
 And in English so they say;
 It really is a mystery
 'Cause he loafs the whole long day.

- Football—4E, Boy's Glee Club—3-4.
- Basketball—4, Literary—2-3-4.
- Boy Scouts—1-2, Orchestra—4.
- Debates—3, Boo-Koo's—3.
- Class Basketball—3, Orchestra—4.
- Athletic Association—4, Humor Editor—4.
- Class Play—4, Class Baseball—2-3.

LYNTS, RUTH

This girl with brown hair,
 Is always ready to dare,
 She is happy and gay,
 Has a friendly way,
 And with a smile—she's there.

- Camp Fire—1-2-3-4, W. G. C.—2.
- Oratorical Contest—3, Glee Club—3-4.
- Laurean—4, Class President—2.
- Operetta—3-4, Girls' Basketball—3.
- Captain Ball—3, Athletic Association—4.
- Literary—3, G. A. A.—3.

MABSON, GRAIDON

In football and basketball he's won a
 "rep,"
 And then besides that he's full of "pep."
 He's not much for study
 But he seems to get by,
 And in the company of ladies he's not a
 bit shy.

- Basketball—4E, Entered E. H. S. Senior Year.

MADDEN, HAROLD

His record in athletics is fine,
 On the basketball floor he does shine;
 Though he has many hard bouts,
 With life's in and outs,
 He surely can hand you a line.

- Football—1-2E-3E, Basketball—1-2E-4E.
- Boy Scouts—1-2, Class Basketball—1-2-3.
- Class Baseball—1-2-3, Athletic Association—4.
- Class Football—1-2, Class Track—1.
- Literary Society—2-3.

NELSON, ROBERT

Although he makes a good Kokemo,
 And we all liked to see him so:
 As for Jones in the class play, he was
 great,

But we all say at any rate—
 It will be awful to rob
 Edgerton H. S. of just plain "Bob."

- Class Track—1, Literary Society—2-3-4.
- Class Basketball—1-2-3-4, Class Baseball—1-2-3-4.

- Operetta—4, Athletic Association—4.
- Class Play—4, Football—3-4E.
- Basketball—3-4, Baseball—4.

- Boy Scouts—1-2-3, Boys' Glee Club—3-4.
- Boo Koo—3, Apa Bu Bula—3-4.
- Asst. Editor-in-Chief of Crimson.

NICHOLSON, EUNICE

She's tall with golden hair,
 And stylish clothes she does wear;
 Her only worry, her only care,
 Is what time, Tod will be there.

- Camp Fire—1-2-3-4, Glee Club—1-3.
- Operetta—1, Laurean—3.
- Athletic Association—1-4, Class Colors—Class Night.
- G. A. A.—3.

ROBINSON, BESSIE

On her left hand she wears a ring,
Oh, Bessie, we hate to tell you,
But your troubles are now to begin.

Glee Club—1-2-3, Girls' Oratorical—2.
Camp Fire—4, Laurean—3.
G. A. A.—3, Class Night—Ideals.
High School Athletic Association—4, Operetta
—1-2-3.

SCHMELLING, VERNA

Not very short, not very tall,
Verna is a girl admired by all.

Glee Club—1-4, Operetta—1-4.
Camp Fire—2-3-4, Laurean—3.
G. A. A.—3, Athletic Association—4.
Class History—4.

SCOFIELD, ESTHER

This girl is tall and has dark hair,
There seems to be no boy for whom she
cares,—
But tho' she is of quiet mein,
She sure has good stuff in her "Bean."

Campfire—1-2-3-4, President—1.
Girls' Athletic Association—3-4, Class Play—4.
Girls' Laurean Society—3, Vice-President—1.
High School Athletic Association—4.

SCOFIELD, GEORGE

Here is a lad who's staunch and tall,
Who is a star among the ladies,
As well as at basketball.

Football—ER, Football—2E, Football—3E-4E.
Basketball—2, Basketball—3E-4E, Captain.
Class Basketball—1-2-3-4, Class Baseball—1-2-3.
Athletic Association—4, Class President—1.
Boy Scouts—1-2, Boys' Glee Club—4.
Oratorical Contest—2, Boys' Literary Society
—2-3.

Burial of Misdeeds of Class of 1921.
Outlaws—2-3, Football Captain—4.

SPILMAN, LYDIA

Lydia has a queer way,
That pleases all who come her way.
She's not known to be a fusser yet,
But one of the simplest girls we've met.

Glee Club—1-4, Laurean Literary Society—3.
Class Basketball—3, Class Captain Ball—3.
Girls' Athletic Association—3.
High School Athletic Association—3.
Campfire—4, Operetta—4.
Class History—4, Class Night.
Hikers Club—4.

STANKE, LEONA

She is rather mild and meek,
But we all love to hear her speak,
Her voice is soft and low and deep;
We could listen to her a whole week.

Girls' Oratorical Contest—2, Camp Fire—4.
Laurean—3, Glee Club—4.
G. A. A.—3, Class Ideals—4.
H. S. Athletic Association—4, Captain Ball—3.





STREET, MERLE

A boy with a remarkable mind,
A person who is very hard to find,
He is always ready for fun,
But he may be a regular "Son of a Gun."

VICKERS, ROSAMOND

She is always ready to help you,
If you want her to;
Always good natured, kind hearted and
true.

Campfire—1-2-3-4, Girls' Athletic Association—3,
Laurean Society—3, Class Ideals—4,
Athletic Association—4.

WHITTET, GORDON

Gordon Whittet is very small,
And we can hardly see him at all,
But when he speaks he sure is heard,
For when he talks he speaks a good word.

Literary Society—2-3-4, Class Creed—4,
Athletic Association—4, Operetta—4,
Boy Scouts—1-2-3.

WILEMAN, ESTHER

Soft black hair and eyes the same,
A sweet little voice which brings her fame;
She loves to dance and stay up late,
And always, always, has a "date."

Glee Club—1-2-3-4, Camp Fire—1-2-3-4,
Operetta—1-2-4, Captain Ball—3,
Laurean—3-4, A. A.—4,
Class Ideals—4, Society Editor, Crimson
Staff—4,
Girls' Basket Ball—3, G. A. A.—3,
Orchestra—4.

WILLIAMS, GLENETA

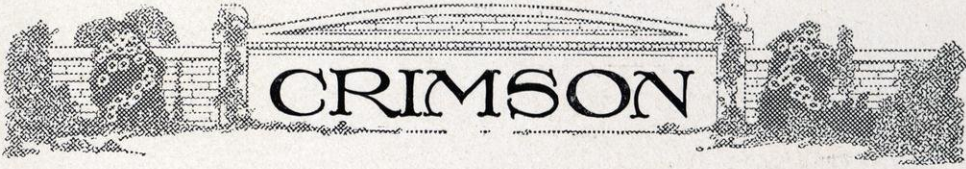
This Albion damsel so gay,
Down to our school did stray;
Although not large in size,
She is marvelously wise.

Operetta—1-4, Camp Fire—2-3-4,
Glee Club—1-4, Laurean—3,
G. A. A.—3, Class History—4,
Athletic Association—4.

WOOD, DOUGLAS

He comes from the country far,
In his little Ford touring car;
He always tends strictly to work,
And none have ever known him to shirk.

Football—2-3E-4E, Salutatorian—4,
Athletic Association—4, Boy Scouts—2,
Oratory—2.



SENIOR CLASS HISTORY

(Spring)

Spring is the time of all green and growing things and it is only natural that in the spring of the year, during the months of March and April, nature puts on her green dress. So likewise there is the springtime of a class and what is more fitting then, that the boys and girls as Freshmen, should enter school in this green time of their lives! The warm March winds and gentle April rains were very necessary to the budding of the shoots of knowledge in the freshman mind. So we, the members of the class of 1921, so green and sweet in our innocence, received at this time, our first seeds of knowledge.

From the most insignificant of the little blades of grass to the most powerful of trees, under nature's wand, they sprang into new life and each tiny bud on bush or tree goes to make a complete picture. Each person that entered school in our Freshman year is like a bud, and makes up a unit through the seasons. The buds began to develop under the guidance of the gentle winds, and the teachers, the warm rains, who showered upon them sound teachings that were to be taken in and made a part of themselves. At first each special bud did not seem to develop, a few however were strong and took to physical training as acquired in football and basketball. Such buds were Carl Heller, George Scofield, Harold Madden, Harold Gessert, and Arno Affeldt. Then others of these buds formed an organization known as the Camp Fire Club, so they might also acquire physical strength by out door sports. Many of the buds were efficient in singing, so they joined the Glee Club and took part in the various entertainments given by that organization.

Thus we progressed and in our delightful verdance may we say—

"Today the spring is in the air."

And tender leaves are bursting everywhere, for we felt the stir of new life and we did not realize any more than do the Freshmen of today how very green others thought we were. We might sum it all up by saying of ourselves at that time

Once came four and sixty freshies,
Through the High School gates to pass;
Tho' green as we were thought to be,
We ranked very high in class.

(Summer)

But the March winds and April showers brought forth an abundance of May flowers, and the summer time came upon us almost before we knew, so delightfully did the one season blend into the other. We found the skies so much bluer and sweeter, and the sun shone more warmly upon us. We had raised our heads very high and we kept the stalks that supported them very straight. They were not yet very heavy with their accumulation of wisdom and so did not droop with the weight. But our flowers were unfolding little by little. We were slowly but surely coming out into the light of day.

Among the flowers who stood out conspicuously in athletics, especially football, were five in number: Heller, Madden, Hatch, Scofield, and Gessert. It is not often that a Sophomore class is so well represented on the football field so we were naturally very proud of them. When the football season was just beginning, a tournament was held. Our "flowers of youth" immediately responded and defeated the Freshies. If the finals had been played, we would have carried home the laurels.

Not only was our class represented in football but also in basketball. Two of them, Heller and Madden, making the first team and two, the second. Although only a Sophomore, Heller was the real "find" of the season. "Small, but Oh, My!" expressed the meaning of Carl on the basketball floor.

In forensics, especially debating, the girls held their flowery heads high. Those who were on the debating team were Regena Hagar, Hattie Hubbell, and Viola Harrison. We can assure you that they were not chosen simply because of their good looks, but because of their ability.

One of the crowning social events for our class was the Sophomore party. According to all calculations this was the best party ever given by any Sophomore class. Everyone arrived early, bringing with them numerous copper pennies. Why the pennies? Side shows, of course. Harold Brown played the part of a wild man to perfection, "Joe" Gessert and "Don" Lord gave us a ride in their airplane, which they had parked in Miss Holman's room, while Harold Craig conducted a swimming match in Mr. Porter's room.



Dancing was not as popular with us then as it is now, so we all departed for home at nine o'clock.

Some of us were regretting the "dread delight" of our verdant days, while others looked ahead, longing for the "new domain" where the Juniors ruled so royally. But our buds had become blossoms, and the color of our dominant characteristics had changed with the unfolding of the larger bloom. Had we been asked to explain it, it might be expressed like this:

Next year how their heads were swelling
With the love Wise Fools acquire!
Ask them what they fail in telling
And they turn as red as fire!

But red is the color of summer warmth, and light, and sunshine, and glow, and even on the cheek it speaks of hope.

(Autumn)

But verily, in school life, even as in Nature, "Leaves have their time to fall, and flowers to wither," and the autumn of our days came as soon as we were ready. Very brilliant was our foliage that year, very rich our fruitage, as the little buds of the Freshman year, grown into flowers of Sophomore development, became the richer, more necessary and more satisfying fruit of autumn. It was indeed the harvest of all our early planting,—the reaping of the results of all our dreams, and hopes, and efforts. The glow of our radiant knowledge flushed the whole year with the mellowness of sunset splendor. And it brought with it the glad Thanksgiving of November—thankful we knew so much, thankful we were no longer Freshmen or Sophomores, thankful that we would soon be Seniors, and that we had been able to achieve so much.

Just one word must be said about the spirit of the class of 1921. If you were a close observer you would have found that our class was not divided into small groups or what we call "cliques." Everyone of us was working for the same interest and the same goal. This trait of the class of 1921 gave us the great honor of having our numeral inscribed on the large silver cup, as the best all around class in school. We are not saying this out of pride alone, but also as a little advice to underclassmen.

We took part in all school activities. Several of our members were on the girls' and boys' debating teams. Many of our boys went out for athletics. In social activities we outrivaled all other classes. All these were carried on in that same class spirit.

It was indeed a time of dreams and visions and many air castles. But it was not all glory, and wonder, and splendor. There were tests, cultivations, and fall plantings, and with all our wisdom there was often much to be desired. We no longer blushed red at some unexpected question. We had passed through the stage of both verdency and crimson confession, and a new color spoke the tale of our advancement.

Juniors oft in doubtful wonder,
Puzzling where they ought to know,
Scowled like clouds of blackest thunder,
Felt as blue as indigo.

(Winter)

You have followed '21 through the verdency of springtime, the crimson confession of summer, the fruiting of autumn, and now comes winter, whose spotless mantle of snow symbolizes purity.

The beginning of the Senior year is different from all other years, for then we tried to see ahead through the year, to its end, and even further than that, to the time when we should be leaving our dear old E. H. S., and go out into the field of life as individuals. The subjects had to be chosen with care and forethought because in some cases high school was only a beginning of their education, while in other cases it is the foundation of their life work.

As to the happenings in this year we began the social year by giving a party for the Sophomores and Juniors, and in its program there was shown individuality which has always been a class trait. The success of the Christmas program, under Senior supervision, showed our leadership. Another trait is team work, as demonstrated by our men in the



field of athletics. Then those in the play cast proved their ability to entertain, for the verdict of the audience was unanimously,—“That’s the best class play I ever saw.”

We can liken all our activities to things connected with mother nature, and as the other years have been likened to seasons, so the Senior year to winter. Whenever we think of winter, though it’s of the storing of various crops, of all nature’s helpers, making ready to withstand the blasts of the bleak north wind and the freezing snows, pass before our mind’s eye. Our Senior year may be likened to winter, for, as the seeds of the flowers stored away strength for the planting time of spring, so we add day by day, knowledge which we have stored away in the soil of our understanding, in the tiny seedlets of wisdom and sense of right and wrong, so that as we may go out into a greater field, namely life’s school, where we individually will have to put forth new life, we may be helped and benefited by the strength of the seedlets. We know not how the cold, bleak world out side will treat us. But yet, let’s not be childish and,

“Grieve as if for aye,
Leaves, flowers, and birds were past away,
For buds and blossoms will again be seen,
And fields be gay and hills be green.”





"Chesty Birds"



"Days of real sport"



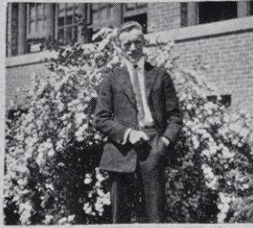
"Wanna ride?"



"On the beach"



"Young 'uns"



"Oh! Frenchy"



"Oh! Waubesa"



"Hit 'em hard"



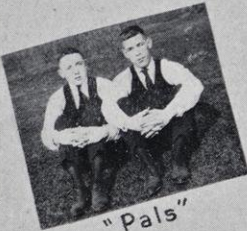
"Get behind and push"



"Silverwood"



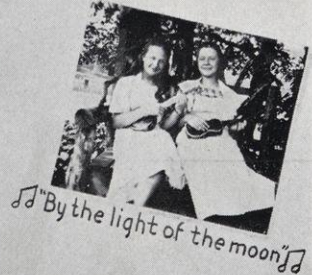
"Raspberry"



"Pals"



"Love nuts"



♪ "By the light of the moon" ♪



"Yea English"



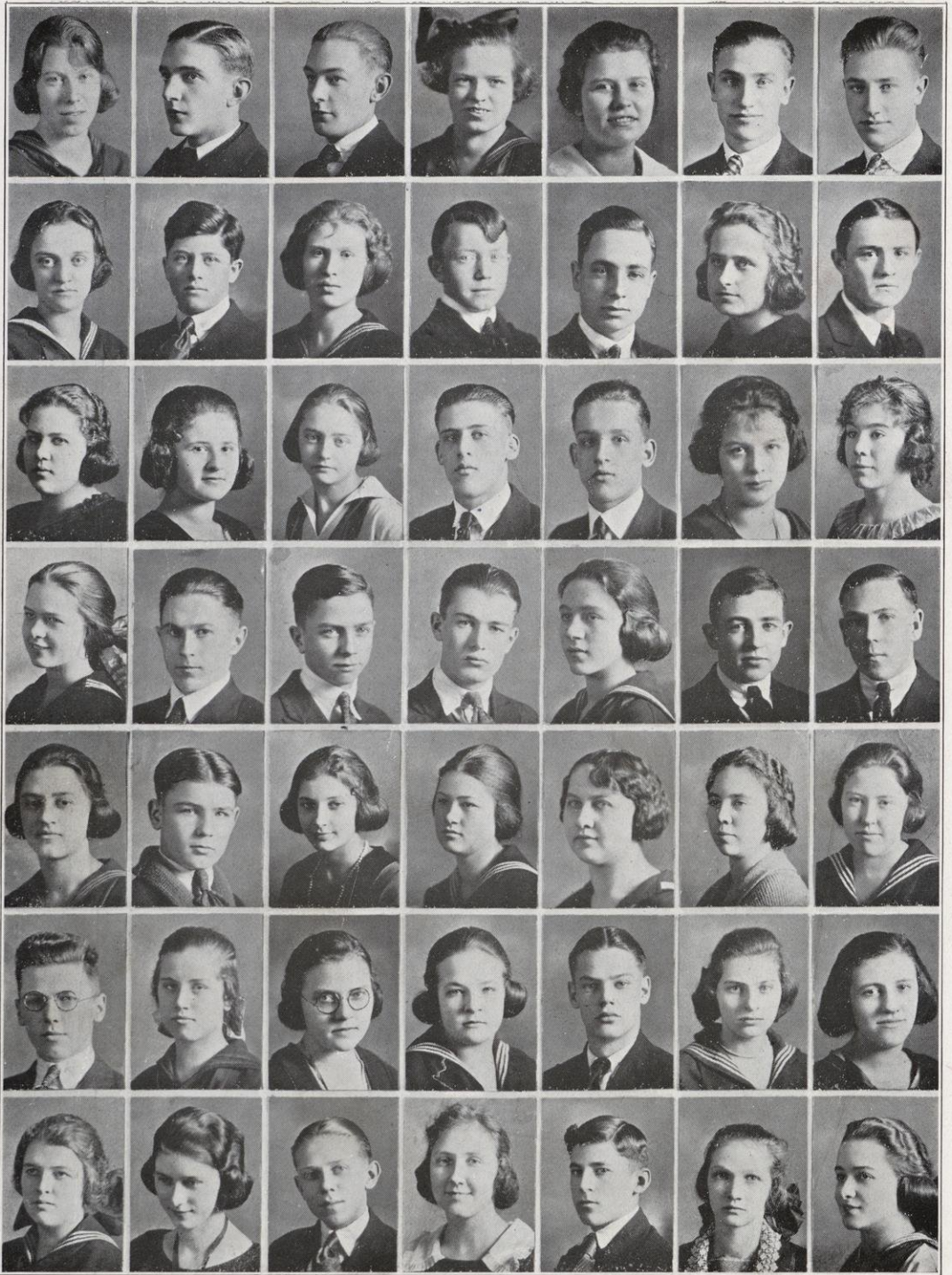
"But don't go near the water"



"Levi"



JUNIORS



Row 1. Balke, Bardeen, Bardeen, Blank, Bowen, Brown, Brown.
 Row 2. Bublitz, Burns, Condon, Cunningham, Crandall, Heller, Curran.
 Row 3. Dallman, Doerr, Doerr, Draeger, Draeger, Ellingson, Erdahl.
 Row 4. Farman, Fessenden, Flarity, Hadden, Haugen, Henrich, Johnson.
 Row 5. Knoll, Krause, Krueger, Langworthy, Lund, McCarthy, Merwin.
 Row 6. Nasett, Oberdick, Olson, Price, Ristad, Schmeling.
 Row 7. Silverwood, Sweeney, Thronson, Walker, Wileman, Williams.



President -----Rolf Ristad
 Vice President -----Kenneth Hadden
 Secretary-Treasurer -----Alice Sweeney
 Class Adviser -----Mr. Klontz

HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF '22

Section I.

In the year of our Lord, nineteen hundred and eighteen, a group of boys and girls gathered at the Edgerton High School to take up studies and do work as one group, thereas, the class of nineteen twenty-two began.

In our first year we gained repute as having some of the best musicians in the high school orchestra, turning from this to literary and social work, our class was very successful, organized a club known as the "War Garden Club," to comply with food conservations and to aid our country in eliminating the food shortage, turning to athletics we repeated our ability to succeed in anything we attempted and helped put out a team that was second only to have a championship team in 1916, we also succeeded in holding several successful parties and concluded our school year with an annual picnic held at Charley Bluff, we parted then with a feeling that we had earned our membership as students in the E. H. S., and resolved for the coming year to do our utmost in up-building the "name" and standards of the Edgerton High School.

Section II.

In the fall of nineteen hundred and twenty the class of nineteen twenty-two again met and were entered as a class in the Edgerton High School.

In the second year of our school life, we, as a body, were more enthusiastic and loyal to the ideal of our school, many members of our class, both boys and girls, entered forensics, where they succeeded in holding up the reputation of the school and the spirit of our school and the spirit of the class.

In social activities the class put forth mixers and parties which were attended by every member of the class with much enthusiasm.

The boys of the class turned to athletics and they upheld the name of the class which always accomplished anything it started.

Although several members of the class left before the end of the year, we parted, resolving to do even better than we had done in that year.

SECTION III.

The class of nineteen twenty-two returned to begin its third year in school, with an increase in the number of members of the class. A great number of our boys went out for football and we were duly represented on that team. Kenneth Hadden was elected next year's captain of the team.

In basketball we were represented by three players who have helped make that team a decided success.

In literary work we were successful and several of the class were represented on its debating teams and in its oratorical and declamatory contests.

The big social event of the year was a success and the Juniors put over a prom such as the school and the alumnus had not seen that fall.

We gave the Seniors a banquet which was the most talked of social event of the year. Having finished up this successful year we all feel that we have paved a way for success and graduation which comes next year.



"Shocking! Henry"



"A habit"



"Lank and Leany"



Class play people



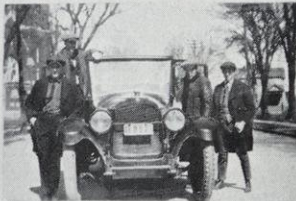
"Scof, does it taste good?"



"Wanta bite?"



"Stoughton Fussers"



"All aboard! Lake Mills"



"Friends"



Sin Twisters



Richard and Marjorie



"Captain"

SOPHOMORE





CRIMSON



Row 1. Hall, Sommerfeldt, Weber, Tall.
 Row 2. Nelson, Lein, Thompson, Jenson, Johnson.
 Row 3. Mohr, Harrison, Devine, Schoenfeldt, Burdick.

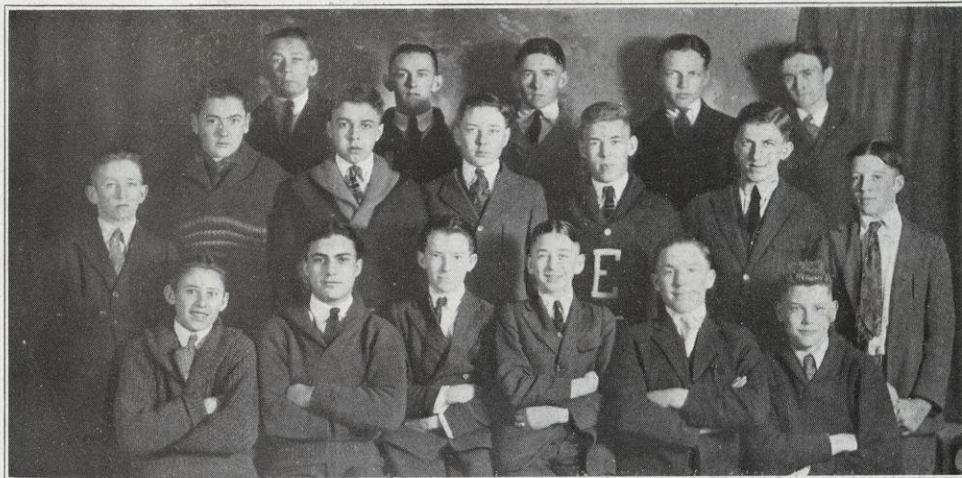


Row 1. Dallmann, Schoenfeldt, Farrington, Barrett.
 Row 2. Schrub, Schrub, Nelson, Bunting, Horton.
 Row 3. Barrett, Herrick, Hyland, Cox.

CRIMSON



Row 1. Dodge, Becker, Palmiter, Marsden, Marsden.
 Row 2. Meyer, Conway, Osterburg, Rucks, Walters.
 Row 3. Sweeney, Ratzlaff, Fessenden, Burns, Sweeney, Bussey.



Row 1. Gessert, Spike, Boss, Wescott, Curran.
 Row 2. Conway, Olson, Thompson, Nelson, Whitford, Dietzel, Kellogg.
 Row 3. Lein, Swordloff, Nichols, Ruosch, Jacobson, McDonough.



SOPHOMORE HISTORY

Class Officers

Class President.....	George Rousch
Vice President.....	Vidamae Bunting
Secretary and Treasurer.....	Austin Dodge
Class Advisor.....	Mr. Stocum

No one can tell what the future holds for the members of the class of 1923, but the history up to its present date is one to which every Sophomore can point with pride. As Freshmen we were second to the best class in the Edgerton High School, but our determination was that our second year in High School was to have as clean a record as the first, so we did not give up hopes and as Sophomores we were fortunate enough to have the numerals '23 engraved upon the Forensic Cup.

It was a greatly decreased number of students that entered the Sophomore Class in the fall of 1920, but having lost our greenish tint by the end of our Freshman year.

There were a few parties held in the "Gym" during the school year, each of which proved a decided success.

In school athletics we have achieved great success this year. In football one of our men was on the first team. Here we did not stop, for we, too, won fame in basketball. Most of our men were on the second team, but we know with such a splendid start as this in our Sophomore year we will do our best in future years of our High School career. In the basketball tournament held at the close of the basketball season we were defeated first by the Seniors, but with enough class spirit and grit left we won from the Juniors. The Freshmen did not prove to be such easy victims, having defeated the Seniors from the first, but our fellows fought on and with the aid of the cheering from the girls won again from the Freshmen.

All Sophomores were required to learn orations for English Classes and many of them were chosen for the contest. The willingness of the members to enter the contests was shown by the fact that at least one member of the Class of 1923 has entered either Oration, Original Oration, Declamatory, Extemporaneous or the Original Poetry Contest. Every member of the Sophomore Class looks forward to the Oratorical Contest especially, as one of the members of our class won the Masonic Lodge medal for girls' oratory last year. With such success, we perhaps have a chance of winning again this year.

A great many of our members are in the Girls and Boys Glee Clubs, and a few of our classmen help make up the orchestra.

The big social event of the year to which everyone is looking forward is the Class Picnic that is held just before vacation.

We have thus far worked hard and therefore declare our Sophomore year successful. We are all proud to be members of the Class of 1923 and feel that we have done our utmost to further our High School career.

FRESHMEN





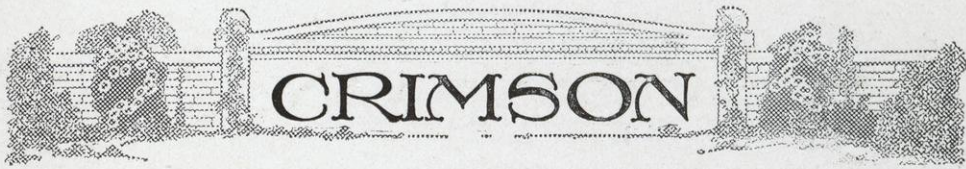
CRIMSON



Row 1. Whitford, Kruse, Knoll, St. John, Meade.
 Row 2. Robbins, Whitford, Green, Schumaker, Rucks, Hoiby, Babcock, Bowen, Larson.
 Row 3. Knebush, Holt, Hadden, Herried, Wescott, Dickerson.



Row 1. Lintvedt, Hyland, Beals, Walker, Noble, Nelson.
 Row 2. Mabson, Whitford, Wileman, Richardson, Larson, Cunningham, Elsing, Nelson.
 Row 3. Willie, Lintvedt, Bublitz, Porath, Peterson, Connors.



CRIMSON



Row 1. Meyer, Raney, Connors, Sayre.
 Row 2. Hyland, Bliven, Ratzlaff, Farman, Schmeling, Balke, Johnson, Jones.
 Row 3. Burns, Hoiby, Saunders, Nelson, Simonson, Lerstrom, Huhn, Lietz.



Row 1. Kealy, North, Ladd, Bardeen, Owens, Gunnelson.
 Row 2. Hopkins, Goarder, Hubbell, Erlandson, Morrison, Willie, Meyers, Haugen.
 Row 3. Hutson, Clarke, Hanson, Livick, Curran, Livick.



FRESHMAN CLASS OFFICERS

President.....Lawrence Bardeen
Vice-President.....Opal Wescott
Secretary and Treasurer.....Edith Mae Holt
Class Reporter.....Norman Hopkins

FRESHMAN CLASS HISTORY

On September thirteenth, nineteen hundred and twenty, about one hundred boys and girls entered the Edgerton High School as Freshmen. It is true that at first we were a trifle green, but as the months passed by this wore off and now we pride ourselves on the fact that we are no greener than the other classes.

A number of our boys went out for basketball and others for debate work, so you see that we have good class spirit. Some of our members entered the oratorical, extemporaneous, original poetry and other contests.

Early in the year the Sophomores invited us to a party in the high school gym. The gym was tastily decorated in orange and black, the Sophomore class colors. Games were played and refreshments were served, and we went home feeling that the evening had been well spent.

In January we returned the party. As green and white are our colors, the gymnasium gave forth the fact that the Freshmen had decorated it, and we think the job was a creditable one. The program that followed was similar to that of the Sophomore party and we hope that our guests enjoyed themselves as much as we did at their party.

At the end of the basketball season a tournament was held between the classes. The men who took part had not played on the school team. After four games had been played we were in a tie for first place with the Seniors and Sophomores. We were proud of the fact that we were in a tie for first place, because in years before we could not get better than third or fourth place.

While talking of the social side of our school life, we must not forget the studies in it. The teachers helped us to the extent of their power, and for this we sincerely thank them. Most of the Freshmen passed with creditable marks.

Now that our Freshman year is over we know that we have not been saints, but we have reached a higher standard than Freshmen classes in the past have and hope that in the future other Freshmen classes will follow our example.

JUNIOR HIGH





EIGHTH GRADE OFFICERS

President-----Thomas Ellingson
 Vice President -----Ferne Clement
 Secretary-Treasurer -----Eleanor Handtke
 Class Adviser -----Miss Farman



Row 1. Banker, Anderson, Larson, Schieldt, Amundson, Schmelung.
 Row 2. Ellingson, Lein, Moorman, Meyers, Vivian, Bublitz.
 Row 3. Brace, Greenwood, Miller, Swerdloff, Conway, Larson, Miller.



Row 1. McIntyre, Fessenden, Krueger, Osterburg, Gunness, Mabie, Anderson.
 Row 2. Henrich, Rossebo, Kluender, Fulton, Bartz, Stanke, Parson, Clement.
 Row 3. Rossebo, Biesseman, Mussehl, Walker, Cleary, Handtke, Gaarder, Marsden.



SEVENTH GRADE OFFICERS

President ----- Emil Kepp
 Vice President ----- Dorothy Holt
 Secretary-Treasurer ----- Warren Fessenden
 Class Alviser ----- Miss Greene



Row 1. Larson, Pearson, Mabie, Beals, Schmeling, Burgy, Dickerson, Kepp.
 Row 2. Anderson, Hopkins, Thronson, Mabbett, Ristad, Swerdloff, Curran, Young, Krause.
 Row 3. Watson, Nitz, Hinkle, Moorman, Holt, Young, Burdick.



Row 1. Johnson, Nitz, Heller, Mathison, Fessenden, Schmeling.
 Row 2. Fessenden, Salisbury, Elsing, Lange, Sweeney, Swerdloff.
 Row 3. Hadden, Hyland, Johnson, Hubbell, Quigley, Schoenfeldt, Schmeling.



"Senior Girls"



Days of Old



Very Studious



"Some Trio"



Harmony



"What a nice little boy"



Four is a crowd



"Spik"



"Skippers"



"Berries"



"Robin the cradle"



"Why Esther"

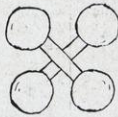
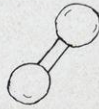
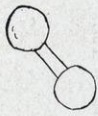


Some Team



"Loafers"

CLUBS



OPERETTA

The operetta, "Miss Cherry Blossom," was given by the Glee Club girls, on the first and second of April. The play was directed by Miss Greene and Mr. Holt. The cast took their parts very well.

Cast of Characters

Cherry Blossom, brought up as the daughter of Kokemo, in reality, Evelyn Barnes of New York, U. S. A. --- Esther Wileman
 Kokemo, a proprietor of a tea garden in Tokio, Japan, and guardian of Miss Cherry Blossom ----- Robert Nelson
 John Henry Smith, a New Yorker, on a visit to Japan, a guest of Mr. Worthington ----- Harold Craig
 Henry Foster Jones, Jack's pal, and in love with Jessica -- Daniel Cunningham
 Horace Worthington, a New York stock broker, who is entertaining a party of friends with a trip to Japan, on his private yacht ----- Franklin Wileman
 James Young, Worthington's private secretary ----- Arthur Cunningham
 Jessica Vanderpool, Worthington's niece ----- Mildred Harrison



Togo, a Japanese politician of high rank, and in love with Miss Cherry Blossom. --- Wayne Clarke
 Geisha girls in Kokemo's tea garden --- Glee Club Girls
 American girls and men, guests of Mr. Worthington, visiting Japan on his private yacht.



SENIOR GLEE CLUB



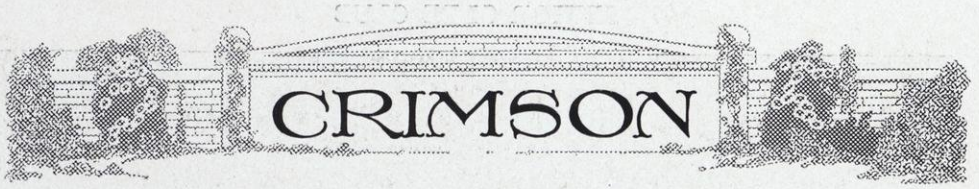
Row 1. Lynts, Handtke, Schmeling, Danie'son, Williams, Balke.
 Row 2. Livick, Robinson, Croft, Nicholson, Kluender, Hubbell, Stanke, Hutson, Cunningham.
 Row 3. Wileman, Hagar, Miss Green, Hagar, Bussey, Price.



Row 1. Dallman, Silverwood, Schmeling, Walker, Langworthy.
 Row 2. Thompson, Condon, Oberdick, Ellingson, Lund, Bowen.
 Row 3. Sweerey, Young, Merwin, Knoll, Olson, Haugen.



Row 1. Schrub, Langworthy, Jenson, McIntosh, Schoenfeldt, Johnson.
 Row 2. Mohr, Schoenfeldt, Dallman, Mabbett.



JUNIOR GLEE CLUB



Row 1. Curran, Herried, Salisbury, Knebush, Ellingson, Clement, Schieldt, Schmeling.
Row 2. Livick, Hubbell, Kruse, Elsing, Morrison, Lang, Clarke, Green.
Row 3. Fessenden, Gunderson, Burggy, Holt, Young, Mussehl, Swerdloff.



Row 1. Biels, Hinkle, Mabie, Larson, Holt, Rossebo, Walker, Nitz.
Row 2. Kluender, Handke, Lein, Moorman, Vivian, Jones, Swerdloff.
Row 3. Anderson, Amundson, Conway, Moorman, Whittet, Schmeling, Pearson, Hubbell.

CRIMSON

ORCHESTRA



Standing: R. Draeger, L. Draeger, Owen, Thronson.

Seated: Schoenfeldt, Wileman, Jenson, McIntosh, Farman, Miss Green, Hillsburg, Dietzel.

The orchestra this year has been making good progress under the supervision of Miss Greene. Many new players have come into the orchestra this year and they sure have helped a great deal. At the school entertainments the orchestra has always helped to make it a success. A great deal of credit is due the orchestra for their willingness in helping to make the operetta a decided success.

CRIMSON

VOTED BY STUDENTS OF E. H. S.
—As—



Hardest Worker—
Harold Osterburg
Charlotte Livick

Best Looking—
Wayne Clarke
Esther Scofield

Most Popular—
George Scofield
Esther Wileman

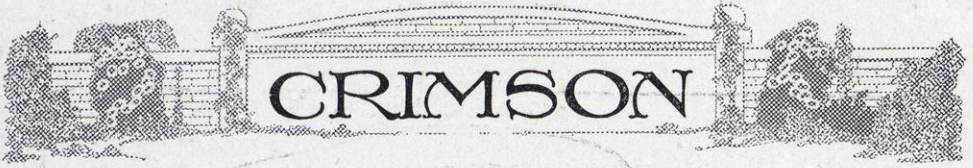
Salutatorian—
Charlotte Livick
Valedictorian—
Douglas Wood

Best Natured—
Donald Lord
Emma Hutson

Best Dancers—
Mildred Harrison
Lowell Thronson



FORENSICS



CAMPFIRE

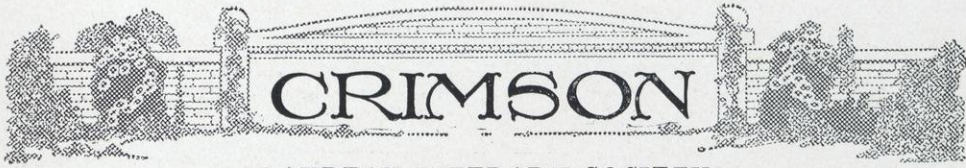


Row 1. Bruhn, Hubbell, Robinson, Hyland, Stanke, Lynts, Harrison, Hutson.
Row 2. Price, Handke, Hillsburg, Kluender, Miss Stafford, Nicholson, Croft, Danielson, Vickers.
Row 3. R. Hagar, Wileman, Silverwood, Spillman, Williams, Bussey, Scofield, Hagar.
Row 4. Livick, Cunningham, Schmeling, Balke.

The Campfire girls in this city have been an organization for four years, and have been directed by Miss D. G. Stafford. This organization consists of the Senior girls. During their four years of school they have done much to promote the betterment of both the school and community.

At the beginning of this year it was decided to have a combination of the Campfire and a Literary Society. Meetings were held once a week, during which time a program had been carefully arranged.

Now that the school days are over and these girls will be scattered, it is hoped that this work will be taken up by those who are yet to graduate.



LAUREAN LITERARY SOCIETY



Row 1. Hyland, Langworthy, Horton, Schrub, Bowen, Walker, Dallman, Heller.
 Row 2. Hall, Saunders, Schrub, Bunting, Oberdick, Condon, Doerr, Bublitz.
 Row 3. Knoll, Tall, Herrick, Hadden, Mohr, Simonson, Barrett, Clarke, Nelson, Dickerson, Wescott.



Row 1. Curran, Dallman, Schoenfeldt, Haugen, Johnson, Knoll.
 Row 2. Thompson, Lein, Krueger, Nelson, Holt, Langworthy, Morrison.
 Row 3. Meyers, Hutson, Carrier, Mabbett, Barrett, Divine, Herried.

CRIMSON

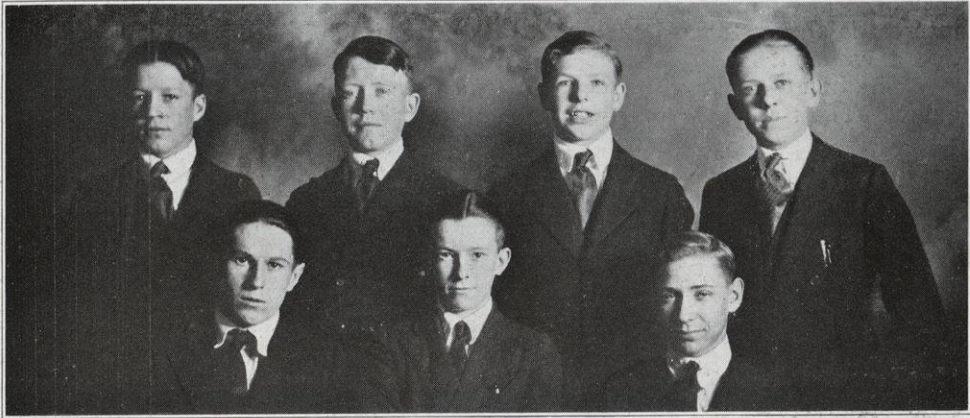


Row 1. Livick, Doerr, Schmeling, Silverwood.
 Row 2. Olson, Lund, Nelson, McIntosh, Jenson, Young.
 Row 3. Hubbell, Sweeney, Schoenfeldt, Miss Evans, Ellingson, Farman, Harrison.

President ----- Mary Young
 Vice President ----- Kathryn Johnson
 Secretary-Treasurer ----- Esther Haugen
 Adviser ----- Miss Evans

At the beginning of the school year the Freshman, Sophomore, and Junior girls organized what is known as the Laurean Literary Society, under the leadership of Miss Evans. The society has undoubtedly been a great success. Its members numbering sixty-six entered with the spirit of carrying on the ideals and principles for which it was founded. Meetings were held every Monday evening, during which debates, discussions, and musical selections, and also topics of world-wide interest constituted the programs.

At the close of the year a banquet was held in the high school gymnasium, which ended the season's work, but it is hoped that the organization will continue throughout the many years to follow.



Row 1. Kellogg, Cunningham, Marsden, Thronson.
Row 2. Fessenden, Nichols, Becker.

DEBATING

The debate as a form of student activity has been well established in Edgerton High School. The situation this year was one in which a great opportunity existed for inexperienced individuals. The Sophomore class responded very well to the situation and furnished a nucleus for future performance. Five debates were arranged, and while not as successful as was possible, the local debaters did receive valuable training in the art of debating. The closers of each team, Charles Kellogg and George Nichols, received much favorable comment.

The results of the debates were as follows:

- Edgerton Affirmative 3.....Portage Negative 0
- Edgerton Negative 1.....Portage Affirmative 2
- Edgerton Affirmative 0.....Fort Atkinson Negative 3
- Edgerton Negative 1.....Fort Atkinson Affirmative 2
- Edgerton Affirmative 2.....Janesville Negative 1



FINAL MEDAL CONTESTS

Edgerton High School in the past has had many contests in public speaking, but none of them have excelled the contests of this year. Great interest is shown toward each contest by every one in school and it is hoped that these contests will become of more interest to everyone in the future.

The name of the winner is given first in each of the contests indicated below. The remaining names are arranged without regard to rank.

ORIGINAL ORATION

Highway Trailer Medal

The Dawn of a Wonderful Day.....Regena Hagar
 Passionate Pilgrim.....Levena Hagar
 The Present Conditions and their Remedies.....Merl Street

GIRLS' EXTEMPORANEOUS SPEAKING

K. of P. Medal

My Favorite Author.....Charlotte Cunningham
 Down-trodden People.....Elizabeth Doerr
 Fighting the Famine.....Mable Horton

BOYS' EXTEMPORANEOUS SPEAKING

First National Bank Medal

Fighting the Famine.....Joe Swerdloff
 Down-trodden People.....George Nichols
 Roosevelt the Man.....Rolf Ristad
 Good Roads.....Charles Kellog

DECLAMATORY CONTEST

Tobacco Exchange Bank Medal

Tom Sawyer's Love Affair.....Elizabeth Curran
 Ann of Green Gables.....Helen Hillsburg
 The Lost Word.....Elizabeth Ellingson

BOYS' ORATORY

Chamber of Commerce Medal

Abraham Lincoln.....Lowell Thronson
 The New South.....Raymond Draeger
 Columbian Oration.....Karl Krause

GIRLS' ORATORY

Masonic Lodge Medal

The Vision of War.....Lucille Meyers
 Affairs in Cuba.....Lorene Schonefeld
 Eloquence of Daniel O'Connell.....Elizabeth Curran

ORIGINAL POETRY

Crimson Staff Medal

The Tempest.....Sterling North
 "Mother".....Katherine Johnson
 Carry On.....Norman Hopkins

MEDAL WINNERS



Curran, Meyers, Cunningham, Hagar, North, Thronson, Swerdloff



WEARERS OF THE FORENSIC "E," '12 TO '21

L. Whittet	F. Kellogg	C. Barrett
E. Flarity	C. Hubbell	D. Towne
H. Pratt	B. Girard	F. Ellingson
G. Dallman	L. Scholl	E. Maltpress
C. Sweeney	M. Burdick	R. Touton
J. Boutelle	H. Voog	R. Kellogg
W. Shea	E. Nelson	L. Dickinson
M. Chamberlain	G. Jenson	L. Schoenfeld
M. Ogden	L. Slagg	H. Smith
E. Morrison	L. Curran	Gen. Nichols
M. Cunningham	B. Holton	D. Lord
N. Bradley	S. Burdick	R. Wileman
P. Anderson	W. Ogden	L. Meyers
S. Slagg	V. Palmer	R. Hagar
K. Sayre	C. Cunningham	L. Thronson
C. Saunders	F. Schoenfeld	S. North
R. Schoenfeld	H. Carrier	J. Swerdloff
C. Murwin	A. Thoreson	C. Kellogg
A. Cunningham	E. Whitford	H. Becker
W. Flarity	F. Curran	A. Cunningham
H. Hubbell	A. Hanson	K. Marsden
V. Harrison	F. Thompson	K. Fessenden
G. Gardiner	S. Smith	Geo. Nichols
M. Henderson	M. Cunningham	
K. Earle	N. Gile	
G. Lynts	H. Farman	



CRIMSON



ELECTED TO "SERVICE" 1921

Carl Heller	Emma Hutson
Robert Nelson	Hattie Hubbell
George Scofield	Mary Young
Kenneth Hadden	Viola Harrison
Arno Affeldt	Regena Hagar
Wayne Clarke	Esther Scofield
Harold Craig	



SERVICE

An elected body of the all-around, strongest boys and girls of the Edgerton High School.

Membership

1918

Gerhard Jenson, '18
(Medal Winner)
Perry Anderson, '18
Chester Peters, '18
Lowell Slagg, '19
James Curran, '18

Florence Kellogg, '18
(Medal Winner)
Beatrice Holton, '18
Alma Ratzlaff, '18
Eleanor Maltpress, '20

1919

Russell Schoenfeld, '19
(Medal Winner)
Lowell Slagg, '19
Kitchell Sayre, '19
Willie Ogden, '20
Stanley Slagg, '19

Pearl Hutson, '19
(Medal Winner)
Cecil Flarity, '19
Pauline Dickenson, '19
Eleanor Maltpress, '20
Ruth McIntosh, '20
Esther Nelson, '20
Marguerite Madden, '19
Ferne Schoenfeld, '19

1920

William Ogden, '20
(Medal Winner)
Wayne Clarke, '21
Bjarne Rossebo, '20
Thomas Head, '20
Chester Murwin, '20
Signe Adolphson, '20

Ruth McIntosh, '20
(Medal Winner)
Eleanor Maltpress, '20
Chloes Bardeen, '20
Helen Smith, '20
Esther Nelson, '20

1921

Wayne Clarke, '21
(Medal Winner)
Carl Heller, '21
Robert Nelson, '21
George Scofield, '21
Kenneth Hadden, '22
Arno Affeldt, '21
Harold Craig, '21

Esther Scofield, '21
(Medal Winner)
Emma Hutson, '21
Hattie Hubbell, '21
Viola Harrison, '21
Mary Young, '22
Regena Hagar, '21

ATHLETICS



FOOTBALL TEAM

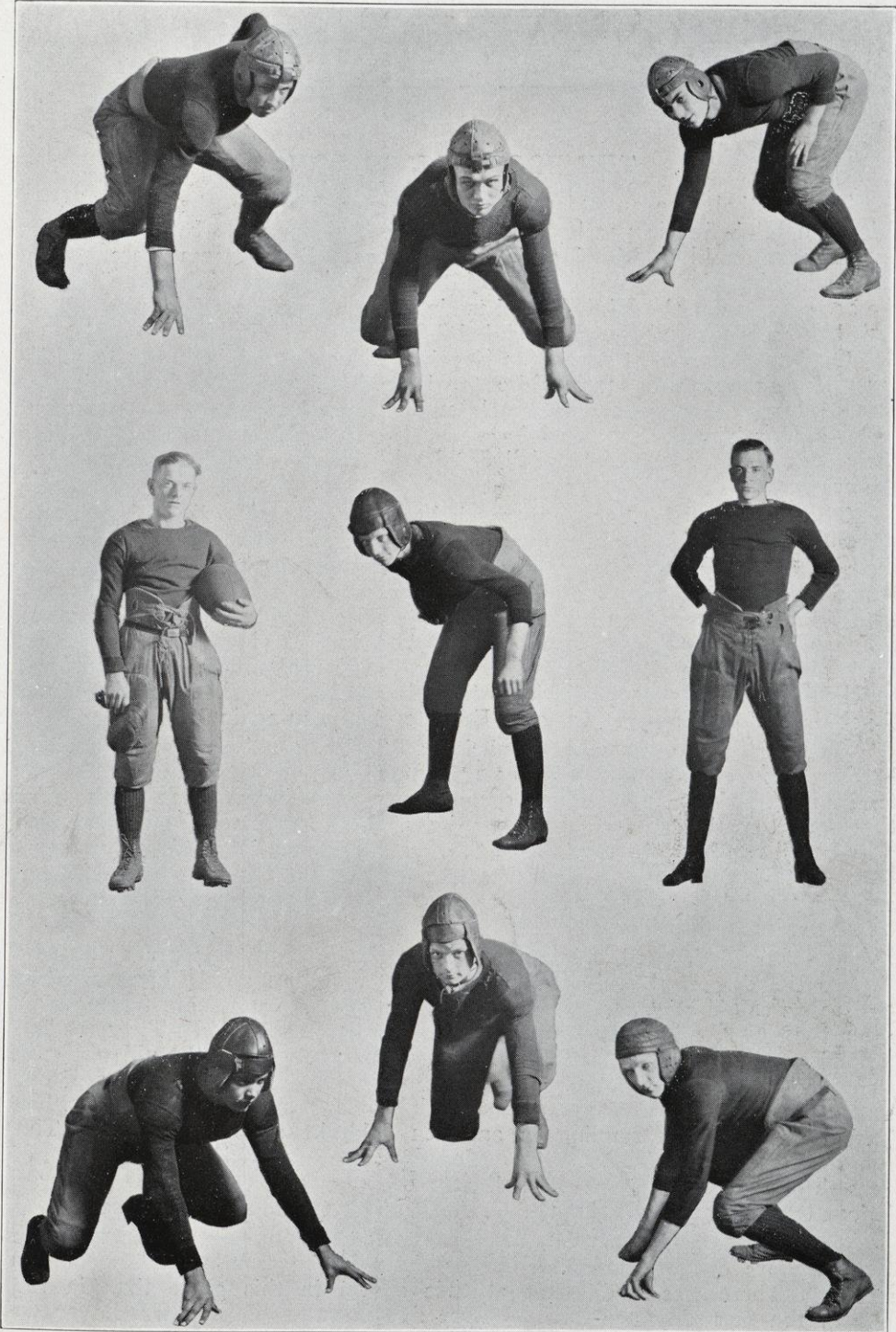


Burns
Hadden
Gessert

Scofield (Captain)
Mr. Stocum
Bardeen

Ristad
Whitford
Heller

FOOTBALL TEAM



Gunnelson
Craig
Barton

Wood
Lord
Nelson

Swerdloff
Clarke
Schmeling



THE FOOTBALL SEASON

The football season started on September 25 with the Alumni and Edgerton High fighting as if their lives depended upon it. In the Alumni's lineup were ex-high school and college stars. Both teams were evenly matched and the ball stayed in the middle of the field most of the time. About the second quarter the High School made a touchdown on a fake play. This ended the scoring and the game ended 7-0 in favor of the High School.

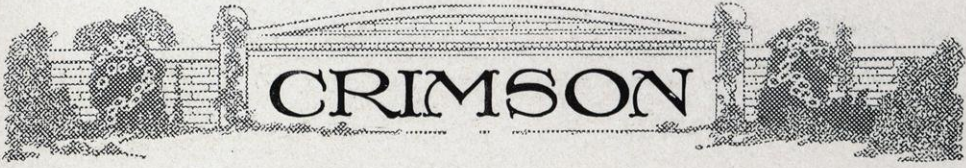
Our next opponent was Mt. Horeb. They outweighed our team by about five pounds to a man. Edgerton immediately took the ball and after a few minutes of play made a touchdown. Several players were taken out and Mt. Horeb made two touchdowns. After that Edgerton had everything their own way. The game ended 37-13 with Edgerton on the long end of the scoring.

The next Saturday our team traveled to Janesville. Hardly had the game started when the Edgerton team scored a touchdown. The Janesville rooters seemed to be pepleless. Edgerton's rooters, who always have the same spirit win or loose, were out there hundreds strong yelling with all their might. Scofield, who was plying tackle in this game, would be called back and nothing could stop him. Arno Affeldt, who was playing the other tackle, made the most wonderful run of the day, running about thirty yards for a touchdown. The score would have been larger if we could have kicked the six goals. When the game was over Edgerton had won again 36-0.

Our next game was with Cambridge. They wanted the game cancelled because they claimed our team was so much heavier than their's. It was finally arranged that most of our second team would play against them. For three quarters the teams fought to a draw. Just as the third quarter ended a long end run brought the ball to the five yard line. Beginning the fourth quarter it was put over. Then the rest of the first team were put in and another touchdown was made. Both goals were missed and the score was Edgerton 12, Cambridge 0.

October 23 dawned, raining, misting and the ground was very muddy. It was the day of the big battle between Stoughton and Edgerton. The game was called at 2:30. Stoughton outweighed us by quite a few pounds. Stoughton received the ball and came slowly down the field. They made a touchdown each quarter and kicked every goal. Stoughton could not gain around our ends or through our tackles. It was through the center of our line. Twice during the game we should have had touchdowns, once when Nordal Gunness was running in an open field, he slipped and fell. The other time we were about five yards from goal and fumbled the ball. One of Stoughton's players fell on the ball near our own goal. After the game we enjoyed a banquet given by the G. A. A. of Stoughton High School.

On Saturday, October 30, Evansville appeared here for a game. With two regulars out of the game it was thought the team would not be as strong. There was a different attitude shown in this game than in the one of the Saturday previous. Before five minutes of play were over we had a touchdown. In the second quarter we counted another one. In the third quarter there were no scores made. The fourth quarter was different



in every respect. The team displayed real football. It scored three touchdowns, the last touchdown being made with about thirty seconds left to play. This game showed the real fighting spirit of the team, the final score being 34-0 in favor of Edgerton.

The next Saturday the team journeyed to Jefferson. Jefferson had an exceptionally strong team. One play which had been very successful in their former games failed almost entirely. At first the game was in fair condition but it rained all through the first half and the second half the field was one mass of mud. We made our first touchdown after Guinness had made a forty-yard run. Scofield kicked goal with about three inches of mud on the ball. In the third quarter they made their touchdown but failed to kick the goal. The features of the game were Scofield's playing and Guinness's forty and fifty-five yard runs. As the game finished Edgerton had the ball on Jefferson's five yard line and would have put it over if a few minutes had been left.

Armistice Day we played Stoughton again. The field was frozen and a cold wind was blowing from the north. It was impossible to do any dodging at all. The sidelines were lined with rooters from both towns. Edgerton received the ball and began advancing up the field when they fumbled. Stoughton recovered the ball and began advancing. Just as they were near our goal they fumbled and then recovered the ball. On the next play they put it over. Whenever any punts were blocked or balls fumbled it seemed as if Stoughton was always lucky enough to get the ball. It was plain to be seen that a heavier team had the advantage on either a slippery or frozen field. Scofield soon gained a reputation of being a very hard tackler. He laid out a Stoughton player in each game by hard, clean tackles. When the game was over Stoughton had won in on respect, the score 33-0.

Our last game of the season was played against Delavan High School. This was the last game for a good many boys as they would graduate. It was a very interesting one to watch, the final score being 7-7. In this game we succeeded in completing a number of forward passes. Scofield played the most wonderful game of his career. Whenever a gain was needed he could always be called on to make the necessary number of yards. On the defense he played still a more wonderful game. He played defensive full-back and at times would get the Delavan players behind their own line. Burns made some very good tackles. In this game both teams showed very good sportsmanship. The Delavan players remarked that at Edgerton they were treated the best of any place they had ever played.

SECOND TEAM

We had the strongest second team in the state. They met everyone they could get a game with and defeated every one. For two years in succession our second team has not been defeated. On this team were men that were as good as the first team but they lacked the experience that the first team men had. They were all big fellows and every one was a "scrapper" and played the game every minute he was in the game. They played very well together and were better than a good many first teams in this state.



Their first game was against the Union High seconds in our gym. They easily defeated this team by a score of 28 to 6.

After remaining idle for a couple of weeks they met and completely swamped the Janesville second team, 24 to 12.

Their next game was against the University High seconds. These fellows were rather small and not very fast and did not have very much chance against our big, husky boys. The game ended in our favor 14 to 4.

At Stoughton they met a little stiffer opposition. Stoughton used several of its first team in trying to win this game. Our team scored three baskets in about as many minutes and Stoughton managed to get a free throw, this was all the scoring that was done all the game.

When they played at Janesville they did not show these fellows any mercy at all. They began to score as soon as the game started and continued to do so at will all through the entire game. The final score was 18 to 8.

Their next game was against the University High at Madison. In this game they failed to show their old time form and were very nearly defeated, but they won out in the last few minutes by the score of 11 to 10.

When Stoughton came down here they received one of the worst defeats a team has ever received. All through the game there was a continuous shooting of baskets by our fellows. Stoughton was defeated 27 to 3.

Their last game was at the Union High of Milton. Our team completely outclassed these fellows and won by the score of 15 to 4.

Our second team have played as many games as a good many first teams do in the state and they have an average of 1000 per cent. They won eight second team games, one first team game and played in four other first team games, so they had about as much fun as the first team did. When a second team has some games to play the fellows have something to look forward to and not the daily practices only. This brings out a good many more fellows to practices and helps to develop a good first team. For two years they have been having games for the second team and they have been very successful and we hope they will continue to have games in the years to come.



Basket Ball

On December 10, 1920, our basket ball team played its first game against Cambridge. Cambridge proved to be easy victims and were defeated 31 to 22. Every man who had shown some ability in playing basketball was given a chance to play.

The Wednesday following we played the Milton Union High at our gym. They were defeated but with a little difficulty. This school was a combination of two schools, Milton and Milton Junction. The final score was 33 to 11.

Dec. 17 we played our first game away from home at Lake Mills. Lake Mills did not have a very strong team and were easily defeated 30 to 10. It was very difficult to play in their gym because it was so low and not very large. Every man that played, showed up well and managed to get at least one or more baskets apiece. Had it not been for the referee calling ball up as soon as you would touch a player, the score would have been more than it was in our favor. As it was the game was slowed up and was very uninteresting.

During our Christmas vacation our team took the Alumni on for a practice game. On the night of Dec. 27 the Alumni appeared in red suits and our team in their new white ones. The Alumni were out for revenge for being defeated in football. They had decided they would win even if they had to lay out every high school player. On this team were men who were playing on college and university teams. McIntosh, Rossebo, Thompson, Whitford, Lyntz and twelve others were out in suits for the Alumni. Right after the first tip off it could be seen that the game was due to be a very rough one. The high school was the first to score and the Alumni soon followed suit and put one in. The score kept on see-sawing back and forth throughout the entire game. The Alumni outweighed our team about fifteen pounds to a man. They tried to make use of their weight and rough up our players, but did not succeed in doing so. The high school players adopted the motto "Do unto others as they try to do unto you." The crowd was on their feet most of the time. It was said that this game was the roughest one ever played on the local floor. For days afterwards the Alumni players were still nursing bruises they had received in this game. When the battle was over the score was 23 to 18 in favor of the high school.

The next victim to fall before our team was Whitewater. Whitewater had not lost one game before they came here and were confident that they would return home victorious. Whitewater opened the scoring with a basket from the middle of the floor and it looked as though we were doomed to be defeated. Our boys got together and talked things over and soon had the lead. The first half was very close. In the second half Bardeen was put in at center, he being taller than the rest managed to get rebounds and made six baskets. The center of Whitewater showed a wicked eye and made six baskets from the middle of the floor.

BASKETBALL TEAM



Bardeen

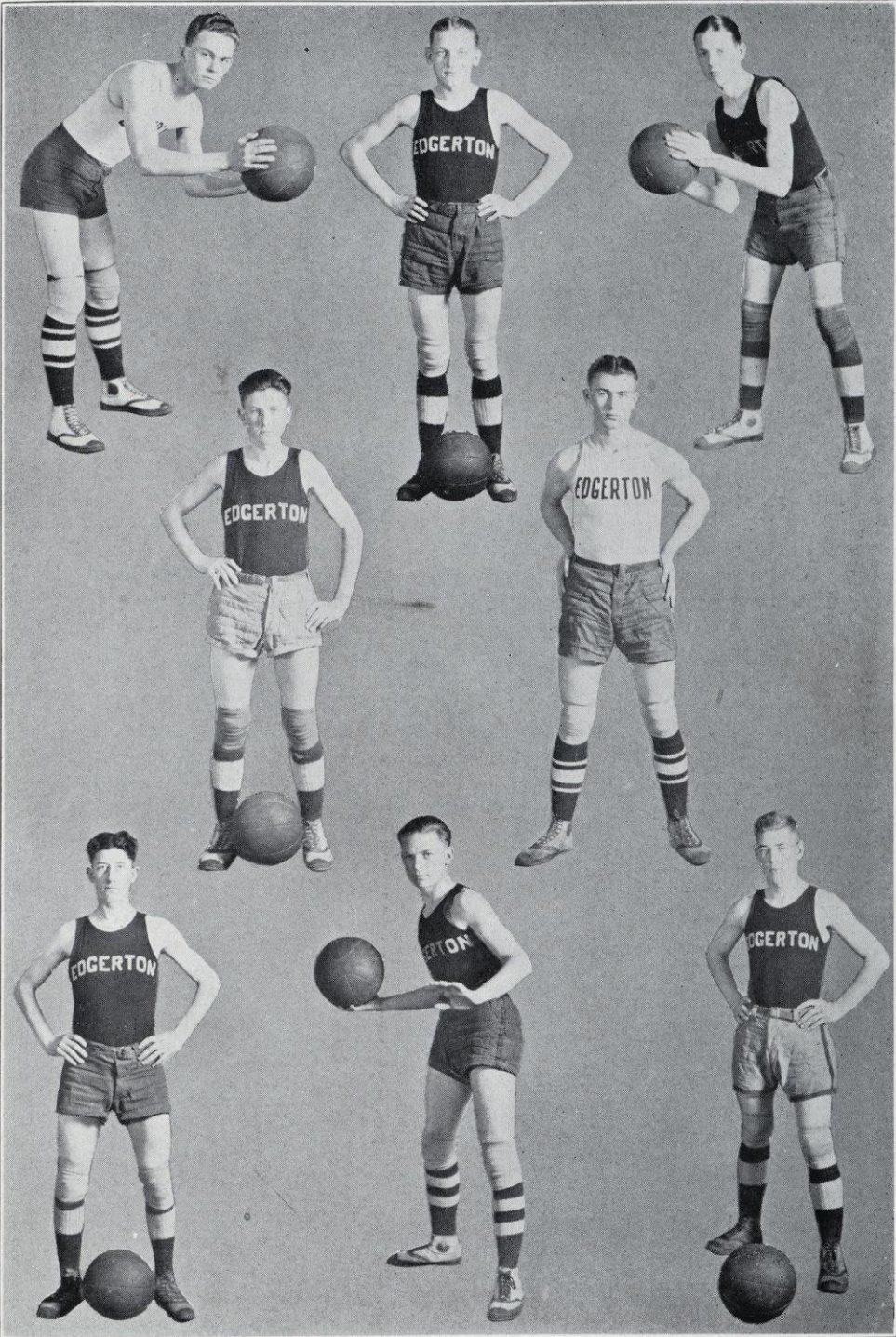
Madden
Scofield (Captain)

Mr. Klontz

Johnson

Mabson
Heller

BASKETBALL TEAM



Gessert
Burns

Gunnelson

Schmeling
Nelson

Hadden

Lord
Whitford



Our boys were going like wild fire when Janesville came to play. On the first tip off we got a basket and this seemed to take the very heart out of the Janesville lads. Not once during the game were our boys in danger of being defeated. The team work of our team was wonderful and had the Janesville boys completely bewildered. Once in a while they would get lucky and make a long one now and then. When the whistle blew that announced the game was over our team was on the long end of the score again, the final score being 34 to 14.

Our team next went to Mt. Horeb to play. Every one expected that we would be defeated because they had defeated us twice the year before. Every one of their team was back and they were all heavier than our team, averaging around one hundred and sixty pounds. They thought if they put a guard on one of our forwards that they could win the game and there is where they were mistaken, because they found that four others on our team could make baskets also. This system of defense they presented was not very effective, because one man was always out of it. The game was very rough because they had the advantage in weight. The crowd did not show very good sportsmanship because they were continually yelling and hissing at our fellows. In spite of all these disadvantages we won 24 to 16.

Lake Mills came on the next Friday to play a return game with us. We had had so little trouble in defeating them up in their own gym that our second team was started against them. Our second team had everything their own way and scored at will. Lake Mills succeeded in getting one field goal and three free throws. The second team played almost all the game except the last four minutes of the game when the first team was put in and in this time they managed to get five field goals thus bringing our total up to 28 and Lake Mills 5.

The next day, Jan. 22, we traveled to Whitewater to play a return game with them in the Normal gym. The Whitewater fellows were used to playing on this large floor and had an advantage over us. The game was very fast and interesting to watch, the score kept on being in one team's favor and then in the other's. About five minutes before the game was over the score was a tie, 16 all. "String" Bardeen was put in and made a nice shot from past the free throw line. We got another a few minutes later, this ended the scoring. George Scofield played a great game and made three baskets. The teamwork was wonderful on this large court. About ten rooters accompanied the team on this trip and they certainly showed the Whitewater crowd what it was to yell. The final score was 20 to 16 in Edgerton's favor.

Our next game was played against the renowned University High of Madison. Their center was a wonderful player and very seldom ever missed a free throw. They were the first to score and succeeded to make six points before we had any. Our team was ahead till a few minutes left to play and then their center caged three from past the middle of the floor. They made seven out of eight free throws. After winning nine straight games we were defeated by University High, 21 to 17.

On Jan. 21 we played our great rivals, Stoughton. Our team seemed to have gone into a slump and did not display the kind of basketball they were capable of playing. We were again defeated by a team inferior to ours. On



the very first tip off one of Stoughton's forwards received the ball and made a basket. He did this three times in succession and we were never able to overcome this six point lead. The referee let the game become quite rough. The game ended in Stoughton's favor 24 to 16.

Feb. 4 we went to Janesville to play them a return game. When they played up here they always say the reason they always get defeated is because our gym is so small. In our gym a man can at least shoot from the sides and without touching the ceiling. As soon as the game began the Janesville lads began their usual long shots and were luckier down there than they were up in our gym. We were again defeated by a score of 23 to 11.

The next Friday we went to Madison to play the University High. Before the game started you could have seen that they were over-confident by the way they acted. Edgerton began to score after a few minutes of play and the other fellows were so worried that they could hardly play at all. We scored ten points before they had one. Then one of their fellows managed to make a basket and this seemed to give them a little more confidence. The first half ended in our favor, 17 to 13. In the second half they seemed to have more confidence and turned around and defeated us. Our team had displayed some real fight in this game. In this game one thing that was especially noticeable was Schofield's great defensive work. In spite of our lead the first half, they finally won the game, 32 to 21.

Stoughton came the next Wednesday to play a return game. The sidelines were packed so that no more could be let in. Stoughton scored first and we soon followed by doing the same. The game was real exciting the first half, but the second half was not so very interesting. The first half ended in their favor. In the second half Stoughton continued to score and when the game was over they had won again by the score of 28 to 16.

We went to Cambridge the Friday night after the Stoughton contest. Eleven men were taken along on this trip. A combination of the first and second team was started. As soon as the game started we began to make baskets. The Cambridge boys had an idea they could rough up our boys, but our fellows soon changed their minds for them. It seemed as if the referee did not know the first thing about a basketball game and allowed a great many fouls to go by on both sides and the game soon became very rough. The Cambridge team offered only a slight resistance. Every fellow who was taken along was given a chance to play. Kenneth Hadden played only a few minutes and in this time got six baskets. We made 38 points to Cambridge's 7.

The next Wednesday we went to Milton to play the Union High boys. We had defeated this team earlier in the season, but they had not lost a game since and had won twelve games in succession, even triumphing over our great rivals, Stoughton, twice. They were confident that we would not return home victorious and scored three baskets before we had a point. The first half ended 15 to 11 in their favor. In the second half our team displayed their old-time scrap and team-work and went ahead of them. Luck seemed to be against us in shooting baskets, every time we would shoot, the ball would roll around the edge and not go in the basket. The score was a tie when about four minutes were left to play and we made another basket and that ended the scoring and we won 20 to 18.



Mt. Horeb came to our city to play the last game on our schedule. They had strengthened their lineup since we had last played them and had some larger fellows in their lineup. The first half we were four points ahead and when the game ended we were three points ahead. Judging from the score the game was very interesting, but it was not very interesting. Whenever the Mt. Horeb fellows got the ball they would dribble and shoot long shots and this sort of playing always mars a good basketball game. On several occasions the score was tied and once they were one point ahead. When the game was over we had them defeated 31 to 28.

MILTON TOURNAMENT

On March — and — we went to the Milton tournament. Before the tournament started it was said that it would be won by either Union, Stoughton, Evansville or Edgerton. When the teams arrived they immediately assembled at the college gym and drew slips to see who they were to play that afternoon. We drew Lake Geneva and had to play the second game that afternoon. Our second team was started and played all through the game. People were amazed at the wonderful work that our second team displayed. A few minutes before the game was over Lake Geneva only had three free throws and then our fellows grew somewhat careless and they got two baskets. Harold Madden was the star in this contest, making six baskets in about ten minutes. The final score was 28 to 7.

That night we played again against New Glarus. Our first team was used about three-quarters of the game and the second team was put in. Everything went fine; our team work was about the best displayed so far. When our second team was put in they continued to score and also hold our opponents scoreless. The game ended 35 to 0. We did not have to play until the next night and then against the Union High. About fifteen hundred people witnessed the contests, half of them being from Edgerton. Chairs were put way out in the gym, leaving it only about as wide as a tennis court. The first half we defeated them 11 to 10. In the second half the score remained the same for some time and then they went ahead a few points and stayed there till about three minutes before the game was over and then they made several from almost the middle of the floor. Three of our fellows were forced out of the game a little after the second half started and had they been in the score most likely would have been reversed. The final score was 23 to 11.

After the games all the teams assembled at a church and were given a banquet. The all-tournament teams were announced at this time. Four Union High players made the first all-tournament team, one from Stoughton and another from Evansville. Three fellows from our team made the second team. Had our fellows played in all the games our school played in, some of them would have made the first all-tournament team. The Milton team was presented a silver cup and gold watch fobs. Edgerton fellows received silver watch fobs and Evansville bronze ones.

Thus our basketball season came to an end, we had won fourteen and



lost six games, a record that not many of the teams of the state can boast of doing. We had received an invitation from Whitewater to attend the district tournament, but refused because of injuries received in the Milton tournament and then Janesville was allowed to go in our place. Had we gone in this tournament we probably would have won it.

Next year should be an exceptionally good athletic year for this school because of the wealth of material returning. It is true that six of the men who attended that tournament graduated, but there are men like Johnson, Hadden, Mabson, Whitford and Bardeen left.





CLASS BASKETBALL TOURNAMENT

Immediately after the Milton Tournament, which ended our basketball season, a class tournament was held. The men who were eligible to be on the class team were those who had not gone to the Milton Tournament. Seven of the eleven men that were taken to Milton were Seniors and this made the Senior team very weak. In this tournament were five teams, the four upper years each had a team and the seventh and eighth grades were combined.

The first game of the tournament was played between the Freshmen and Juniors. The Freshmen had men who had been out for high school basketball and therefore won easily. In the game following this the Seniors won from the Sophs by a few points. The next night the Junior High played the Freshmen and were easily defeated. After this game the Seniors defeated the Juniors by a large score. The following night the Freshmen and Sophomores played and the Sophomores won after the hardest fought game of the tournament. After this game the Seniors easily defeated the Junior High.

This left a triple tie for first place between the Seniors, Sophs and Freshmen. The Seniors had won from the Sophs but lost to the Freshmen, and the Sophs had lost to the Seniors, but won from the Freshmen.

The tournament was very well conducted. Adolph Johnson and Graydon Mabson refereed and String Bardeen kept time like an "old timer." Mr. Klontz and Mr. Stocum umpired and kept the game free from fouls.

CRIMSON

E. H. S. TEAM



Row 1. Hutson, Olson, Miss Wheaton, Knoll.
Row 2. Blank, Price, Balke, Young, Ellingson.

WINNERS OF CLASS TOURNAMENT



Croft, Lynts, Danielson, Miss Wheaton, Hutson, Balke.



GIRLS' BASKET BALL GAMES

On the twentieth day of January the Sophomore and Freshmen girls played a game of basket ball. Viola Schoenfeldt, Mildred Harrison, Virginia Jenson, Elizabeth Curran and Lenore Burdick represented the Sophomores and Rose Curran, Janette Hanson, Edith Mae Holt, Grace Morrison and Lucille Meyers were on the Freshmen team. The first half was very close the score being 2 to 1 in favor of the Sophomores. In the second half, Inga Lien and Esther Dallman were put in as Substitutes for the Sophomores and Frieda Willie for the Freshmen. The Sophomores were victorious, winning by the score of 10 to 5.

On Washington's Birthday the Junior and Senior girls played basket ball. The lineup for the Juniors was Louise Knoll and Mary Young, forwards; Elizabeth Ellingson, center, and Selma Olson and Esther Haugen, guards. For the Seniors, Hilda Balke and Ruth Lynts acted as forwards, Emma Hutson as center and Rosella Danielson and Esther Croft as guards. Both teams were confident they were going to win. The game was very close throughout and when it was over the Seniors were ahead, the score being 10 to 8.



SOCIAL — — EVENTS



SENIOR PARTY

The social season was opened by the Seniors entertaining the Juniors and Sophomores. The first part of the evening the Seniors put on a play, "A Mock Wedding," in the assembly. After the play they all went down to the gymnasium. The rest of the evening was spent in playing games and dancing. The music was furnished by one of the best orchestras in Edgerton, "The Dizzy Five." About ten thirty refreshments were served by some of the members of the Senior class. Altogether too soon the bells rang for everyone to be out of the building.

PHYSICAL EDUCATION EXHIBITION

A physical education exhibition was held in the high school gymnasium Wednesday, March 16th. The balconies and bleachers were crowded. It is believed to be as large a crowd as ever attended the basketball games. The classes from the third grade through the Seniors took part in the demonstration. A basketball game between the seventh and eighth grade finished the exhibition. Everyone said that it was the best physical education exhibition that was ever held in the high school gymnasium.

FOOTBALL BANQUET

At the end of the football season the Camp Fire girls gave a banquet for the football players. The boys had played good, hard games, so we thought that the only way we could show our appreciation would be to give the boys a party. About seventy-five boys and girls were present. Supper was served at six-thirty in the gymnasium. The tables were very prettily decorated with red and white, the school colors. Mr. and Mrs. F. O. Holt came up from Janesville. After the banquet they listened to a short program and some of the boys on the first team talked. Levena Hagar gave a reading, Hattie Hubbell and Esther Wileman acted out the story of the "Three Bears," Mr. F. J. Holt gave a very interesting talk, and also Mr. F. O. Holt. Following the program they danced. The music was furnished by "The Dizzy Five." The only thing to mar our good time was Mr. Holt's announcement, "All out."

BASKETBALL BANQUET

The annual basketball banquet is always looked forward to with much pleasure, but the banquet of 1921 was not only pleasant, but will always be cherished as the most pleasant of memories in the Edgerton High School. Most of the fellows that played on the team this year will not be here next year, so they will not forget this banquet very soon. An excellent "feed," prepared by the sophomore girls under the direction of Miss Hoen, was followed by a few short talks. After this we went to the gym to dance.

SOCIAL HOUR

About once a week we have social hour. It is good recreation after studying hard all day. We dance from four to five in the gymnasium. The music was usually furnished by "The Dizzy Five."



THE PROM

At nine o'clock Friday evening, April 8, 1921, everyone who had planned on attending and all who were there were keyed to the highest pitch and waiting for the music to begin playing. At nine fifteen the music began, and everyone was set in motion. Moving to the tune of the music, which had long been looked for.

As a result of many days of hard work on the part of the Junior class, the academy hall was very beautifully decorated. A star plan of decoration was used and the colors worked very well with this plan. One large star took up the space in the center of the ceiling, and above each of the small lights there was a small star. Twisted streamers covered the ceiling from the large star to the moulding around the wall. The corners and walls were also decorated with streamers and stars of orange and black. This color scheme proved to be the most attractive that academy hall has ever known. You could not help but enjoy yourself in the atmosphere which prevailed. The music was very good; it was the music which kept everything going good. The music was furnished by Boyd's orchestra of Madison.

It was a night also to which the girls had long looked forward, because of their desire to display their beautiful gowns.

There were many who attended the prom. Many of the alumni were there, as well as people from outside cities, especially girls, as a number of the fellows "imported women."

During the course of the evening a solo dance was given by Miss Helen Hillsburg, a member of the Junior class.

At two o'clock the music stopped; everyone hated to leave, because the end of the great event of the year was at hand. This year's prom was very successful and everyone said it was the best prom they had ever attended.

EIGHTH GRADE PARTY

It has always been the custom for the eighth grade to give the seventh grade a party to welcome them into their new place. At 6:30 supper was served by some of the eighth grade girls. After supper the remainder of the evening was spent in playing games and dancing. Music was furnished by Eleanor Handke.

SEVENTH GRADE PARTY

On April 23, 1921, the seventh grade gave a hard time party. Everyone came dressed just as funny as they could. About 6:30 supper was served, the chairs were placed in a circle. After supper the rest of the evening was spent in playing games and dancing. Two of our famous players, Selma Olson and Raymond Draeger, played for the dance.

JUNIOR-SENIOR BANQUET

The Junior Class of the High School gave their annual banquet in honor of the Seniors Wednesday evening, May 25, 1921, at the high school gymnasium. The tables were profusely decorated with white and blue



flowers, blue and white being the Senior Class colors. Rolf Ristad as president of the Junior Class acted as toastmaster, and in fitting terms introduced the numbers of the program. The Domestic Science girls served a four course banquet under the direction of Miss Anna Hoen.

SENIOR CLASS PLAY

The Senior Class of the present year gave their class play April 26, 1921. The name of the production was "What Happened to Jones." As a selection the play was a great success. It was not too difficult for boys and girls to handle and yet it had a real plot, the farcical nature of which kept the audience in an uproar of applause and laughter. The characters were most aptly chosen for all parts. Their make-up was splendid and the setting of the play exquisite.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Richard Healthy.....	Donald Lord
Ebenezer Goodly.....	Wayne Clark
Mrs. Goodly.....	Esther Bruhn
Jones, a Hymn Book Seller.....	Robert Nelson
Bishop of Ballarat.....	Arno Affeldt
Minerve Goodly.....	Esther Schofield
Marjory Goodly.....	Viola Harrison
Cissy, Ward of Goodly's.....	Regena Hagar
Alvina, Starlight of Mr. Goodly's.....	Hattie Hubbell
Bigbee, Inmate of Sanatorium.....	Dan Cunningham
Holder, Chief of Police.....	Willis Barton
Fuller, Supt. of Sanatorium.....	Harold Craig
Helma, Servant at Goodly's.....	Loretta Handke



A FAREWELL TO E. H. S.

I wish that I were a poet that I could write in rhyme
The thoughts that I am thinking line by line
Oh! that I had the power to sing and that I might
Tell to the world the thoughts in my heart on this commencement night.
For tonight we come to the parting of the ways
The end—it is the end of our high school days.

Now as the end is nearing, memories come flocking back to me
And all the good times of the past I suddenly seem to see,
Parties and banquets and dances down in the dear old gym
Where the "Dizzy Five" furnished music till the moon grew cold and dim
I see our basketball team rushing about on the floor
Tossing the basket over the rim and running up the score.

I see our football squad out on a muddy field
Plunge through the line before them, causing it to yield
I see Mr. Holt on the rostrum saying, "You may put your books away
We are very pleased indeed, to have a speaker with us today,"
And how we settled back in our seats, joyful for a rest
Hoping he'd talk so long that we'd get out of our history test.

Oh! Edgerton High School, we all love you so
After all these happy days it's hard to have to go
I love your office and your stairs and halls
And every brick in your stately walls;
I love all your rooms and the main room door,
Which after tonight we'll enter no more.

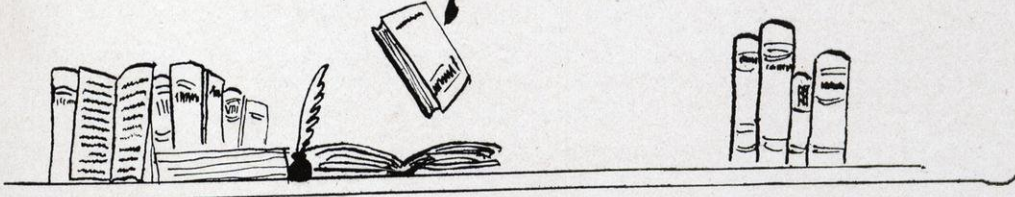
We have come to the end of a perfect day when good friends have to part
We'll say good-bye to our teachers, though something tugs at the heart
We must stand alone in the midst of life
With all its joys and sorrow and strife
But whatever happens we'll do our best
For the sake and honor of E. H. S.

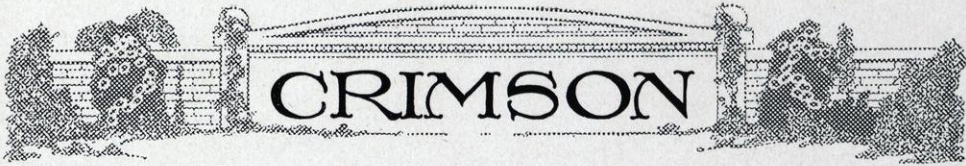
—Renega Hagar.



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LITERATURE





OLD SWEETHEARTS

Mary Barnes was the sweetest girl in the village of Dayton. She had come to live in Dayton when she was six years old. While she and her parents were traveling in Europe, her father and mother were stricken with fever and died, leaving their six year old daughter in charge of her nurse. After the mother and father had been buried, Mary and the nurse came back to America to live with her aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. Barnes.

Mary's Aunt Martha and Uncle James lived on the outskirts of Dayton, in a very pretty house. It had been built in the time of the Civil war by Mary's grandfather. The one thing that Mary loved to do was to go up into the attic and dress up in the old clothes that were there. They were pretty clothes in their day, with their full skirts. In those times they wore hoop skirts under the dress, so as to make them stand out more. When Mary was dressed in these clothes she looked just like the girls of sixty-four.

John Whitmore was one of Mary's best playmates. John was about three years' older than Mary, but just the same they were very good friends. On the nice warm days they would take long tramps through the forests. They would watch the pretty brook go singing on its way and watch for the different kinds of birds.

John was two years ahead of Mary in school. When he finished school, he received a scholarship to go to West Point Military Academy. At first Mary missed the good times that she had been having with John.

After Mary finished school she decided to go away to school. She went to Milwaukee Normal to take up kindergarten work. She liked her roommate very much, but did not get acquainted with the other girls very fast.

Mary's roommate, Jeanette, belonged to a Sorority, and many times she had asked Mary to come to their parties to get acquainted with her Sorority sisters, but Mary had always given her some excuse that she could not go. At last Jeanette got tired of asking her and she thought that she would ask her just once more so that day, when Jeanette got to her room, she said, "Mary, my sorority sisters are giving a dance next week and I want you to come, and I am going to ask the nicest fellow to go with you. I am sure you would like him." Mary thought a while and then she said, "Well, I guess I will go."

That night of the party the girls in the hall were all in Mary's and Jeanette's room, helping Mary so that she would look her best.

At the party Mary did make a hit, Jack Corson, the fellow that took her, went wild about her. When he took her home that night he asked her if he might call some time, and she said that he might.

Mary and Jack went together for about four months. After awhile Mary got to going with other fellows and this made Jack angry because he loved Mary very much. Jack could stand it no longer, so one night he called Mary and asked her if he might come over, that he had something important to talk over with her. Mary could not be very nice to him, but at last they came to an agreement.



When Christmas vacation came, Mary went home to Dayton. During the time that she had been away at school she had not heard a word from John. After she had been home two days, she received a telegram from John saying that he would be home that afternoon on the five twenty train. She had not seen him for over two years and really deep down in her heart she loved John the best.

That afternoon when it was time for the train to come in, it seemed that every one in Dayton was over to the train to meet John.

John and Mary were together all the time. They took long tramps over the hills, they went skating and sleighriding. The night before Mary went back to school John came over. Mary's aunt and uncle had gone away so just Mary and John were there alone. They talked about the different things that had happened while they had both been away.

After awhile John asked Mary if she would like married life better than to go back to school. Mary spoke her piece right away because she had been thinking about John a lot in the two weeks that they had been together, and she knew that it was coming. This was a delight to all their friends. But she said, "You must finish your education before I will have you."

Esther Wileman.





JUNIOR STORY

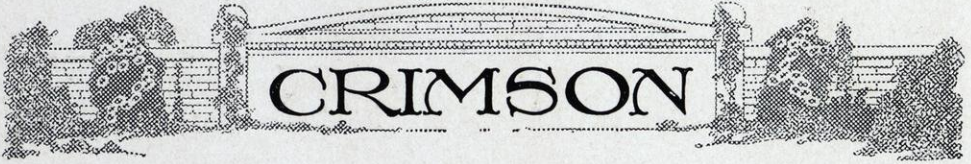
PREFACE

To obtain the material for this story it has been necessary to go back in history several thousand years—not quite to the days of the stone age, when the brave and gallant cave man beat his wife into submission with the shin bone of a flying "Aeropodicus," but the days of Solomon, David, Abraham, Isaac and W. J. Bryan. I may be pardoned for this break in the etiquette of story writers when I swear, with my hand on a stack of Irvin S. Cobbs' novels, that this story is based on solid facts taken from aforesaid period. Well, here goes——

It was a warm summer evening in the city of Nineveh, which is in the Kingdom of Babylon ruled by the fair queen "Sheeza Nut," who was a direct descendant of Iowna Furcoat the Sixteenth. The bright lights in the Prune Sorters' Cabaret had just been switched on as already the Night Hawks and Tea Hounds were fitting abroad. As we enter the place of revelry, our eye roves over to the merry throng in search of the personages who are to be the main characters of the play. Standing at the bar in a natural pose is one, "Two Loose Teeth," rejected suitor of Princess "Olive Oil," and another, "I'mall There," his friend. I'mall There reached for the bottle and got it. Whatever I'mall went for he usually—but this is not the story. He poured himself a drink that was larger than its predecessor by two fingers. "I wouldn't give her up if I were you," quoth I'mall, so emphatically that his sword rattled against its scabbard. "Who in the shades of Mohammed said I was?" wrathfully replied Two Loose. "Well, if I wanted a girl I would sure go after her until she was mine," said I'mall. Two Loose had nothing to say in repartee, so he followed the liquid example of the more resourceful I'mall. "Did the duke kick you out of doors last night?" asked I'mall. "He didn't wait until I got out-doors," said Two Loose dismally. Then ensued a period of silence, the two knights of the bowling alley quaffing their Coca Cola in silence with the exception of the liquid noises thus produced. Two Loose suddenly aroused himself and awoke his friend likewise. "I reckon you understand," said he, "that I have made up my mind to accrue that woman as part and parcel into my hereditament forever, both comestic, sociable, legal and otherwise until death do us part." "Why, yes," said I'mall, "I read it between the lines, though you spoke only one." As an afterthought, he continued, "If I assist you to solve the intricate problem of matrimony, and you are made Prince Consort, will you use your political influence to pass the Anti-Prohibition Act in the Council of Fish Mongers?" "Why, yes," replied Two Loose, "I would do anything to please you."

At this juncture, Knockem Stiff, the villain, swaggers into the room, his waist garnished with swords, carving knives and stone axes. His entrance was a signal for the speedy departure of all other patrons and, needless to say, our heroes took the lead by several jumps. I'mall dived between the legs of the rowdy (who fortunately was bowlegged), and thus made his escape, while Two Loose went through the window like a flying squirrel.

Knockem Stiff was on another spree again. This fair city of Nineveh



was as odious to him as a mole on the cheek of a ballet dancer. Truly may it be said that he bestrode the narrow world like a Colossus, his native city in particular. Over night Knockem had hung out signs of approaching good humor. These spells came upon him regularly every week after pay day. Last night he had kicked his pet pachyderm and refused to apologize. He had become arrogant and fault-finding in conversation. Also, often and anon, he was observed to break off the leaves of the lotus and chew them fiercely in his mouth. This in itself was an ominous sign. At this stage Knockem began to drink. All this day he had spent beside his favorite still and the city of Nineveh observing, prepared to stand from under. But not yet was Knockem's melancholy at the danger point. By seven that evening he was fit. Inspired by the fumes of the jug and weighted down by an assortment of weapons of various sizes and descriptions, he sauntered forth to gather fresh laurels from the brow of Nineveh. As he entered the cabaret his victims escaped from long practice. But, as yet, his vanity was satisfied by breaking all the glass and furniture in the place. This accomplished, he sauntered forth once more to deeds of glory. Now hitherto, Knockem Stiff had possessed the right of way in Nineveh, but at last Hangem Hy, chief centurion of the city, had exhausted his patience. Accordingly, he was awaiting at the next corner with a trusty posse for the appearance of Knockem. As the villain passed the corner, he was attacked from all sides, front, rear, port and starboard. Feeling braced up by this unexpected tonic to his spiritual depression, he executed a String Bardeen pivot, in the meantime knocking his opponents right and left. Feeling greatly revived by this episode, he continued on his way at a stronger pace and finally arrived at the imperial castle. At the palace, the princess was giving her nightly session to the tea hounds of the court and the sounds of the jazz harp orchestra, accompanied by the lyre (liar), smote harshly upon the still night air. Our two knights of the cabbage patch, I'mall and Two Loose, are already in attendance, accompanied by Princess Olive Oil and U Kismee, the village vamp. The orchestra is rasping out the latest hits from Fifth Avenue and the couples are going through the graceful movements of the Kangaroo Hop, the latest dance of the day. Two Loose Teeth was pressing his suit again, apparently with great success. But alas! under the ministration of Fate, life is but a gigantic whirlpool, into whose vortex the good ship "Friendship" is often drawn and dismembered. Upon this scene Knockem burst as suddenly as the kick of a mule on a clear summer's day. Olive Oil turned in speechless horror to her hero for protection, but found him mysteriously missing. Then, determining to do her worst, she turned to the oncoming giant, drawing her powder puff from her bosom at the same time. Swift and sure, the deadly missile sped and struck the villain full between the eyes. Knockem wilted. In a blinding cloud of smoke he toppled to the bar—I mean the floor. The air became so thick with the smoke of battle that Olive Oil turned white through her sixteen coats of rouge. Knockem rose to his feet slowly and gazed at the fair damsel that was the cause of his undoing. It was the first time in the memory of man that Knockem Stiff had ever come out of a trance without the customary three days period of hibernation.



Knockem Stiff wilted again, for alas, dear reader, that troublesome little insect known as Cupid had fired his darts and was now standing laughing at the result.

The sequel to my story, dear reader, is disappointing, alas, it is heart breaking. As all good stories would end, the hero would marry the fair damsel, the villain sent to his reward, and Hangem Hy and Detective Sheer-luckbones be given satisfaction, but—this is not a good story.

As we walk down Telemackus street in the residence district two years later, many changes greet the eye. The stately castle has been remodeled to fit a larger family, we presume. As we pass we hear a voice speaking in the harsh, dictatorial voice of authority saying, "Knockem, you had better take Fido out for a walk, but be back early and don't go near that rough Bowery street. A honeyed voice replies softly, "Yes, dear," and we look up to see our old friend, Knockem Stiff, dressed in the garb of a gentleman, leading a pet flying turtle by the tail. As we go down the street, we stop an automobile sales agent who appears to be in a great hurry and ask him what has become of our friend, Two Loose Teeth. He tells us that Two Loose Teeth has been disappointed in love for the sixty-ninth time and has gone into voluntary exile by joining the navy.

One more episode is necessary ere we close. The sun is fast setting in its proper place, thanks to the Prohibition Act, the whistle of the toothpick factory is blowing and a weary workman wends his way homeward, his coat on his arm and his pipe in his teeth. Though his face is heavily coated with axle grease and sawdust, we think we recognize an old friend. Sure 'nuff, 'tis I'mall There. We wonder what stroke of fortune could have brought the proud snake dancer to this sorry fate. But let us follow him to his domestic domain. As he goes up the steps of his humble flat on 87th street, he apologizes for disturbing the boarders, as he selects spots between them on which to plant his number elevens, width Ds. As he opens the door of his apartment, he receives a great surprise. Instead of the usual greeting in the form of a stove lid or flat iron from his Irish wife, Gotchu There, he received only words. Supper had been cooling for half an hour. Its heat had gone into Mrs. I'mall. "I hear ye, you big renovated slob," came in angry accents. "The supper's gettin' cold, such as there's money to buy after spendin' your week's wages at the Stogy Saloon." "Woman," said I'mall, "the noise of you is an insult to my appetite, shut your fly trap and see to the food." Gotchu rose heavily and walked to the stove. Her very walk was prophetic to I'mall and he knew what to expect. "Fly trap, it is" she cried, as she hurled a pan of mulligan stew at her better half. But I'mall was no novice at the game either. On the table was a roast pork trimmed with onions. He replied with this and got the appropriate return of a bread pudding. A well-aimed piece of limburger struck Mrs. I'mall on the nose, but undaunted, she refrained from retiring from the culinary skirmish. When she replied with a coffee pot full of hot, straw-colored liquid, the engagement, according to courses, should have ended. But I'mall was not a cheap skate, table de hote. Let Bohemians consider the coffee the end if they would. Finger bowls were his limit. Of course, no such utensils of society were to be found in his flat, but a good substi-



tute was at hand. Seizing the large earthenware wash basin, he hurled it triumphantly at his wife. Mrs. P'mall reached for a stove lid with which to administer the crowning triumph—in short, to bring the gastronomical duel to a close. But this blow was destined never to fall. A messenger boy rushes in saying the armistice had been signed and hostilities will have to cease. Once more we are disappointed. But thus, dear reader, doth the spinster "fate" weave the hateful web of matrimony into which all good men are drawn.

KENNETH FESSENDEN.





FRESHMAN STORY

An "Old Fashioned Town" and A "New Fashioned City"

Ruth Evingston, a young girl of twelve, skipped happily down the school house steps. Why should she not be happy? A new teacher was coming, so they were to have thirteen teachers and they—were—going—to—have—a—party!

This was the year of 1896 and parties for young school children were few and far between.

Ruth's mother met her at the door of her home and told her to come into the library.

On entering the library Ruth's eyes opened wide with surprise on seeing her uncle, Jacob Halverson, of whom she had heard much, but never seen.

"Ruth," said her uncle abruptly. "Your Aunt Ella and I are going to Europe and we wish to take you along. Will you come?"

"Oh, uncle Jacob, leave mama and papa and all my friends! Oh, I couldn't!"

"But, Ruth dear," interrupted her mother, "think of the advantages, your uncle has arranged for a private tutor and you would do a great deal of traveling. Your father and I, although we will miss you very much, think it best for you to go, dear."

"All right, mama," said Ruth, for she was an obedient girl. "But I don't have to go right away, do I?"

"In a week," answered her mother gently, "for uncle Jacob has business to attend to. Thank goodness, you will need no new clothes before you go, for you will get some in France."

Ruth listened in silence. That dear little old schoolhouse to which she had gone ever since she entered first grade (for there was no kindergarten), seemed dearer than ever to her now she was to leave it.

So it happened that a week afterwards, Ruth tearfully bade her parents good-bye and started on her journey on the "Sarah Jane."

After her first spell of homesickness, she began to enjoy herself too much, for her aunt found that Ruth was not always angelic.

But seasickness has a way of lasting only a little while with some people and in a few days Ruth was as lively as ever.

"Oh uncle," cried Ruth one day, "look, there's land!" And sure enough, the boat had travelled with such rapidity that none of them had realized how near they were to their destination.

Three years later a tall young lady of fifteen, who was walking down a street in Paris with a rather elderly woman was heard to exclaim, "Oh, Aunt Ella, let's go to uncle's office and see whether or not he can leave Paris and return to Edgerton. I do so want to see mama and papa."

But her hopes were shattered and only ill news awaited her, for on entering her uncle's office she almost had a collision with her uncle himself, who looked white and shaky.

"Oh uncle! What's the matter?" cried Ruth, her aunt echoing the same.

"There, there, Ruth, I've just had bad news," he answered, leading the way into his private office. "Your father has been very ill and—"



"Oh, uncle, he isn't dead!" cried Ruth, white faced and tearful.

"Yes, dear," answered her uncle gently, "and as I find that I can't possibly leave Paris at present, I have sent a cablegram to your mother, asking her to come to us, for I am sure she wishes to be with you."

"Dear, poor mother, I'm so glad she's coming, but oh, if papa were only with her," thought Ruth.

Two weeks later passersby stopped in amazement, watching a tall, slender woman dressed in black, walking up the street with a young girl also dressed in black, who was weeping bitterly.

Ruth, at sight of her mother's white tearless face had broken down completely.

After Ruth was quieted she asked for news from home and for three-quarters of an hour they talked of Ruth's old playmates, Ruth listening attentively and interrupting now and then to ask her mother about this person or that one.

Time flew on and seventeen years later a tall woman of about thirty with a young girl of nine, accompanied by a tall, dark man, entered the boat, "The Maryland," and sailed for America.

"Ruth," said the man, "are you sure you would rather live in America than in France? You know, dear, I'll do whatever you say, but it seems to me that France is more your native land than America, for you have lived here ever since you were twelve years old and there is no one in Edgerton who has seen you for twenty-eight years."

"Well," answered Ruth, "I don't want to live in Edgerton, but I do want to live in America. Edgerton is a poky old town. Why, imagine, they only have thirteen teachers and parties are so scarce and far between that it doesn't pay to have a party dress, for by the time you had worn it a dozen times it would be fourteen years behind the times."

"Mama," said the child, "did you ever really live there?"

"Yes, Grace, but it was a long time ago, when dear mama and papa were living."

Two weeks later they stepped off the train at Edgerton, Wisconsin.

"Why, Henry!" cried Ruth, "look at the depot! Why, it's really modern."

"Well, dear, you must expect some changes."

But Ruth was staring in open-eyed wonder, was this Edgerton? This modern looking town, with up-to-date stores, a modern and pretty high school and row upon row of houses?

"Well, I'd better find out where the hotel is. Say!" he said, as they turned down Henry street. "I thought you said this was an old fashioned town. Some burg I call it, let's go into this hotel."

Ruth obediently followed, too amazed at finding such a hotel in "Old fashioned Edgerton."

As the days passed, Ruth became more and more bewildered. Used as she was to grand hotels, theaters, homes, etc., no others had dazzled her as these did. Sometimes she doubted her senses and thought she wasn't in Edgerton, but had made a mistake and was in another town.

One night, as Henry, Grace and Ruth were walking down Fulton street, they saw in the window of a drug store this sign:



Moonlight dance, Friday, December 10th. Music by the "Dizzy Five."

Now, I am sure that I'm out of my senses," gasped Ruth. "Let's go back to the hotel!"

The next day Ruth asked one of her friends about how Edgerton stood for public dances and "What was the 'Dizzy Five?'"

"Why Ruth," answered her friend. "The Dizzy Five is our jazz orchestra and we've been having public dances for centuries, it seems to me. All that's changed is that Edgerton is keeping up with the times!"

EDITH MAE HOLT.

FRESHMAN STORY

"ALL BECAUSE OF AN ORCHID"

By Norman Hopkins

It was one of those spring days that make you want to sleep and be lazy. The soft, fleecy white clouds were wafted across the bright blue sky by a soft breeze. Butterflies and bees were flying from flower to flower. The birds were giving voice to their most beautiful melodies and it certainly seemed as if heaven was trying earth to see if it were in tune.

As for Jimmie, the day evidently had had no effect on him. He was a tall slender boy of fifteen. His face was freckled and his hair was a sandy color, but he looked like a likeable chap. Jimmie was worried. One could easily tell that by the puzzled expression on his freckled face. But what could it be? He had been worried before, once because he couldn't cure an obstinate wart on his little finger, and another time because he didn't know what to feed his sick dog, but this time, judging from his expression, it was of far more importance than these had been.

Jimmie didn't like girls as a whole, indeed, he hated most of them, but he did like Mary Ellen Brown. She was different from other girls, why Jimmie had even kissed her! She wasn't afraid of snakes, mice and dogs like other girls. Jimmie said she was a regular sport and for Jimmie to admit this of a girl was saying a lot for Mary Ellen.

For the last two or three nights now Jimmie had seen her walk home from school with Percy Jones. Percy's father had a great deal of money and Percy had been showering Mary Ellen with candy. This was the reason for Jimmie's worrying and somewhere in his heart that little green and yellow monster was bursting forth into flame.

Jimmie was somewhat of an athlete for his age. He played baseball, tennis, football and all other games that boys are interested in. It was said that he was a regular fish in the water and while it wasn't quite true, he was a very fine swimmer. On the other hand, Percy couldn't swim even the simplest stroke. Percy did play tennis a little, but as for the other sports, he cared nothing for them.

All girls love a hero, at least Jimmie heard they did, and perhaps this was the reason for an idea that was growing in his fertile brain.

The Sunday School picnic was to be held in about two weeks. Jimmie got them to play all the games that Percy hated. He thought that in this



way he would shame Percy out and that Mary Ellen would like him again.

During the days before the picnic one could see Jimmie running or playing ball, preparing for the sports at the picnic.

The day of the picnic dawned bright and fair. The sky was cloudless and a tiny breeze was blowing from the south. Mary Ellen was going to the picnic with Percy. Jimmie had won nearly all of the races, but Ellen had not seen him. In the afternoon, if Jimmie had thought Mary Ellen was going to watch him, he was badly mistaken, for she went canoeing with Percy. That night Jimmie returned home with a crestfallen look on his face.

School ended, summer came, and with its coming Jimmie began to brighten up. He no longer brooded over Mary Ellen's liking Percy, although at times he wished she would turn around and like him. His first case of "puppy love" was nearly over and again he was the Jimmie of old, cheery, buoyant and full of mischief.

That summer a bed of quicksand was found at the northern end of Loon Lake. Mr. Rutledge had been missing several cattle about this time and had gone to find them. At last he found one of them in the muck. It had been caught in the root of a tree and so had not sunk down as much. The others had been drawn in and killed. With the help of a rope and some planks they were able to get the cow out, but not until they had worked for a long time. A huge limb reached out over this place and so with the rope and pulley they had lowered the planks so the cow could get on them. The planks, being of little value, were left there.

Shortly after this Percy and Mary Ellen went to the "sands." Mary Ellen had never been there before and when Percy asked her to go there she eagerly consented. The shortest way there led through the woods. Mary Ellen gathered many of the rainbow hued flowers that grew along the shady path. When she reached the swamp she had a large armful. The day was rather dark and this made the quicksands more desolate than ever. Here a mud turtle fell in the water, there a slimy snake slid noiselessly into the dark greenish, black water and in other places frogs jumped around, while over all mosquitoes hovered about in great swarms. Mary Ellen spied an unusually beautiful flower in the sands. It was pale blue with a glint of lavender, gold, carmine and orange mixed in it. The foliage was as fine as a feather and looked as if it would wither at a touch. Mary Ellen asked Percy to get it for her. At first he demurred, but at last he consented to get it for her. He walked out on the planks and just as he was reaching for the blue flower he fell in. Mary Ellen, feeling to blame, went out and pulled him up onto the plank. Percy, almost crazed by his narrow escape, hurried on and in doing so, he knocked Mary Ellen off into the slimy depths of muck and water. She called for help, but Percy was too afraid of falling in himself to go to her rescue. The sands were slowly sucking her down. She gazed in fascinated horror as the water snakes slid past her and the muck closed in around her. She shrieked for help. She begged Percy to help her, but he was obstinate. The frogs jumped around her. The muck kept sucking her down. Were these slimy, green waters to claim her for their own?

Meanwhile Jimmie left home, going to the woods to hunt rabbits and



squirrels. His steps led him slowly toward the swampy sands. In it, in all its loneliness and desolation it fascinated him. Why, he could not tell.

What was that? Did he hear someone calling? It sounded like a call for help. It came from the swamp. Jimmie hurried, the shouting became plainer and he knew that was it Mary Ellen's voice calling. He ran as he had never done before. He reached the bog just as the muck was closing over Ellen's shoulder. He took everything in at a glance, Percy standing there, Mary Ellen slowly sinking. Without a moment's hesitation, he climbed the tree. He was up into it in a second. He dropped nearly to the swamp by the help of the vines. He grabbed Mary Ellen. "Jimmie," she murmured, "hurry and get me out, it's so cold." Slowly but steadily he raised her from the muck—until at last she was free. With Jimmie's help she got back onto the plank and went to the solid ground. Jimmie asked her how it had all happened and she told him. Then, seeing that she still wanted the flower he got it for her, roots and all.

At this point Percy offered his excuses, but Mary Ellen gave him a scornful glance and said, "O Jimmie, let's go home."

A few days later Jimmie said, "Oh Ellen, I forgot to tell you, but that flower is a member of the orchid family."

NORMAN HOPKINS.





WINNING ORATION

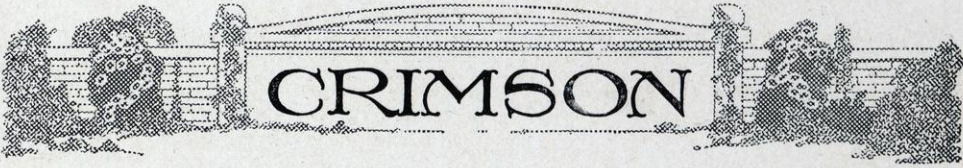
THE DAWN OF A WONDERFUL DAY

As the soft pink clouds in the east parted the sun sent its shining rays on the awakening world. It was a cheerful, warming sun which went straight to the heart of the sleeping violets nestled close to the garden wall, and opened the eyes of the yellow daisies in the meadow where the brook leaped over the white pebbles with the joy that some day it would reach the sea. From a wooded slope came songs of happiness, the softest, clearest music on the earth. God's songsters greeting the sun as it came to them through the leafy branches of their homes. A soft, warm wind opened the petals of the buttercups and the green ferns uncurled and stretched out. It was surely the dawn of a wonderful day. God has done everything in his power to make it so and it is our part now to continue in this way.

But as the world awakened and the day wore on, let us take a journey with the sun and see if all is as wonderful as it should be. Let us take a peep down into one of the large cities of America and look about. There we see sights that make us pause and think a while. We see crowds and crowds of people jostling each other about in the streets, thinking only of themselves and where they are going, of business and finance. The typical American goal which all are striving to keep up with and carry on. They haven't time to look at the sun, they probably have forgotten that such a thing as a sun exists. Look into the great stock exchange buildings and watch the men there—human beings acting like frenzied beasts. Betting, bidding, losing and winning, one moment a millionaire and the next a pauper. Look into the great factories where poorly clad, wide-eyed boys and girls stand hunched over whirring, buzzing machinery while they should be out doors or in a clear, airy school room. Listen for a moment to the babbling noise which rises from the streets. On a corner stands a freckle-faced newsboy clutching a few pennies in a dirty fist. Across the papers in great head lines are written, "murder! He shall hang!" and across the street on another corner a boy is shrieking to the four winds "Great strike and riot, ten killed." Does that sound wonderful? Something is wrong somewhere.

Let us go down still farther into the darker part of life, down into the slums of the city. There we see the miserable wretches working and living in the crowded tenement houses, mobs of dirty little urchins scrambling about in the streets, learning to gamble, to swear, and to live like their fathers before them. They scurry away to hide in ash barrels and cellars whenever a policeman appears, for they live in fear of men of the law. These children know nothing of the beautiful things of nature or of life. Some of them have never seen a blade of grass and they think of the sun as a great hot devil which scorches and burns in summer when ice is scarce and expensive. They have not been taught different so they live thus with these thoughts. The darkest, blackest part of all, however, are the awful opium dens where men tired of life or disappointed with the world, turn to the deadly drug for comfort.

From this lowest form of human life let us go to the so-called highest



class. Look into their homes, their lovely homes situated on the Lake Shore drives and boulevards of the city. To tell the truth, there is not happiness always even among this luxury and wealth because sadness creeps in, in the forms of divorce and jealousy. So we see that we are not all happy in America, there is sorrow and unrest, but it is the same all over, for in Ireland, France, Russia and Germany there is something—an unexplainable something—stirring under cover of busy duties of every day life. Remember how wonderful the day started out, but before night it was filled with heartaches, sorrow and the sun goes down on a forlorn, tired-out world.

The dawn of a wonderful day will never come until there is peace and rest in not only America but in the whole wide world. It will come when people take joy in the simple things of life, when they live simple ways and a simple life. When people live for each other and stop striving for worldly things. When murders and riots and strikes are done away with; when care and teaching shall be brought to the poor people of the slums and when men do not go crazy over money, then will this come down. But God is ever patient with his sinning children and is waiting for them to see the light. God does his part by sending us the beautiful things of nature to make each new dawn the dawn of a wonderful day, but each single day someone does wrong and the day is blackened and passed on with the rest of the bad days.

But there are people who are learning, learning the truth and are living the way that we were taught to live as the Master told us to. A comforting thing to think about are the words of God, "Lo, I am always with you." He is with us too whether we sin or are happy living his way and he cares whether we are sad or not and is always ready for us to start over again.

When the sun shall rise on a people
Starting over again to live in the Jesus way
Surely and at last after waiting
Shall come the "Dawn of a Wonderful Day."

REGENA C. HAGAR.



THE TEMPEST

Oh, tell us a story, Grandpa dear,
Of the days when you were young,
Of some old wreck on a midnight drear
And your sailor lads with their merry hi ho!
Of which you've often sung.

II.

And so the old man told his tale,
And each little eye was bright,
And each felt himself in the teeth of the gale,
And with sailors shouting their merry hi ho!
That dark and dreadful night.

III.

It was a midnight dark and drear
When from the harbor's mouth
Came a cry of help, a cry of fear,
And the sailors turned out with a merry hi ho!
For their boats on the shore to the south.

IV.

The lightning shot in a jagged streak
From the jet black clouds above,
And the wind whistled by with a moaning shriek
As the sailors pushed off with a merry hi ho!
As the sailors pushed off with a shove.

V.

When past the breakers, and with
Easy motion past the surplus roars,
A cry was heard far o'er the ocean,
And the sailors pulled with a cheery hi ho!
And the sailors pulled at their oars.

VI.

When past the reef and past the shoals
A pirate ship took form.
It pitched and tossed in the ocean rolls
And their brawling men with their drunken hi ho!
Was heard o'er the voice of the storm.

VII.

Though pirates, they would have saved the ship;
Yet ere they reached her side,
Into the ocean she did slip,
And all that was left was a dying hi ho!
And the wind o'er her wet grave sighed.

VIII.

And now that I've told my tale it seems
That it's time to go to bed,
And go to sleep and dream strange dreams
Of sailors chanting their cry of hi ho!
As the sea breaks over the dead.

—Sterling North.



CRIMSON ALUMNI NOTES.

Never before in the history of the Crimson has the Alumni had the advantage of having notes placed into the High School Crimson, which may give pleasure to many of its readers at learning what and where many of the High School Graduates have taken place in the busy world. As it is in fact difficult to mention every one of the Alumni, do not feel slighted at not finding every little thing of which each one may think written in detail. But hope that in the future it will become an interesting part in the Crimson.

Sanford Smith, a graduate of 1916, has had the experience of traveling. After graduating from the University of Wisconsin he went to the main office of Bell Telephone & Telegraph Co. in New York; from there he went to Boston and spent a day in the historical place of Lexington. He was in Bridgeport, Connecticut, six weeks, went up to New Haven to see Yale, then went on excursion up the Hudson. Started for Houston, Texas, passed through Philadelphia, Washington, D. C. Saw the Capital, passed through Atlanta, Georgia, New Orleans and then to Spokane, Washington.

Rollie Williams of the class of 1917, is on the Varsity basket ball squad at the University of Wisconsin, and is doing some fast and brilliant playing.

Clarence McIntosh of 1917 is also playing with the team again.

Genevieve Chamberlain has a position as stenographer with a law firm in Madison.

Hazel Farman, now Mrs. Hitchcock, is now living in Pittsburgh, Penn.

Emma Harrison, now Mrs. Asbridge, is living in Somers, Montana.

Lawrence Whitford is attending Teacher College, Iowa.

Russell Conn is a member of the Glee Club of the U. W. at Madison.

Jessie Stone is now Mrs. Gail Ogden.

Willard Summers is in California.

In a basketball game staged last Monday evening between the high school and former graduates of the high school, the regular team won by a score of 21 to 18. After the game the young people had a Christmas frolic.

Russell Schoenfeldt of Beloit Collge was chosen into the Beloit College Glee Club in 1920.

Valdo Ellingson, Ferne Schoenfeldt and Ruth Birkenmeyer are also attending Beloit College.

The class of 1919 enjoyed a reunion supper and a general mixer afterward on Dec. 29th, 1920, at the High School.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Brown now live in La Crosse.

Signe Adolphson, Edwin Hubbell, Ed Leary, Chester Murwin, Bill Ogden, Helen Smith and Bjarne Rossebo are attending the U. W. at Madison.

Emma Langworthy, Earle Nelson, Esther Nelson, Elizabeth Page, Carl Rousch and Lillian Schumacher are attending Lawrence College at Appleton.

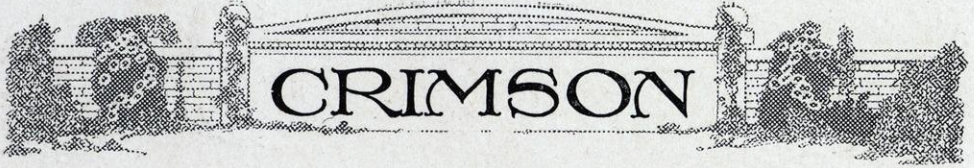
Clara Amundson is at the 4C College, Madison, Wis.

Lillian Anderson is now training at White Water Normal with Edna Clarke and Margariete Madden.

Eleanor Maltpress is attending Milwaukee Downer.

Gertrude and Genevieve Nichols are students at the La Crosse Normal.

Lydia Ziemann is a member of the Janesville Business College.



A LETTER FROM LAWRENCE CURRAN

Dear Mother:

Well, it's all over but the shouting. We defeated the army by a score of 7-0. We left the Academy at 5:00 a. m. last Saturday and boarded the train for New York. There were four train loads of us each in command of a lieutenant commander. We had a very good officer in charge of our train, who let us do pretty much as we pleased.

We arrived in Jersey City at about eleven o'clock and left there by ferry for New York City. We disembarked at the 150th street dock and marched to the Polo grounds. The game started just after we arrived and it was certainly some game. All throughout the first half the West Pointers had the ball in our territory; even though we gained more ground than they did we cannot advance beyond the center of the field. We were afraid for awhile that we were going to lose, but when the second half began our hopes rose. We went through the "Kaydets" until we had the ball on their tenyard line and one of our men then went over for a touchdown. We threatened their goal several times during the remainder of the game and only a fumble prevented us from scoring another touchdown.

We had a big ball that night at the Commodore Hotel. I was invited out to dinner and after that I went to the dance which lasted until 4:00 o'clock a. m.

We assembled next morning at 9:30 and boarded the train for the Academy. The midshipmen were a sad looking bunch, none of them had slept for two nights. We arrived at the Academy at 5:30 p. m., had a torch light parade, snake dance and mass meeting that night.

We started in classes the next day. The fellows haven't been able to "hit the stride" yet. I know that I have been half asleep through most of my study periods today. I had a funny thing happen to me last Saturday night. I was coming out of a theater and a major general came up to me and shook my hand, congratulating me on our victory.

LAWENCE CURRAN.



THE CALENDAR

- Sept. 13. With Mr. Holt as our captain and "Pete" Clark as our pilot we plunged into the great unknown sea of knowledge.
- Sept. 17. Fair sailing—let's make hay while the moon shines.
- Sept. 18. Oh!! Ain't it great to be a Senior?
- Sept. 20. Donald Lord spills a bottle of ink and has to scrub the deck.
- Sept. 28. Office force munch Life Savers and look innocent.
- Sept. 30. Lessons are getting harder.
- Oct. 1. Conduct list! Shiver, shiver!
- Oct. 2. Obin Lein tries dancing. First attempt very successful. Keep her up.
- Oct. 5. Charlotte Livick throws a note. (Naughty little girl).
- Oct. 15. Orno Affeldt learns the difference between pumpkins and cucumbers. (He is improving.)
- Oct. 16. Miss Stafford smiles at Bob Nelson for the twenty-first time. Oh, Bobby!
- Oct. 17. Klontz treats the Seniors to pie.
- Oct. 18. Thought we discovered land but only a green Freshman wandered on deck.
- Oct. 20. Douglas Wood tells Mr. Holt in history class that his one weakness is remembering dates. Cheer up, Doug; we're with you!
- Oct. 21. Graydon Mabson slightly shakes the building by sneezing.
- Oct. 22. Have you got a little spit curl on your forehead? It's the style.
- Oct. 23. "Sliver" T. gives dancing lesson in the cabin.
- Oct. 24. Freddie Walters takes Hattie H. for a stroll on the deck.—Law must be passed to protect such innocent youngsters from such wild women.
- Nov. 1. First Mate Klontz takes command. Captain Holt has bad cold—too late hours, Cap.
- Nov. 6. Stoughton game! Fight for your colors.
- Nov. 20. C. F. G. gives banquet for team. Good eats! You tell 'em.
- Nov. 23. Singing in the M. R. The popular song of the season seems to be, "Nobody knows the trouble I've seen."
- Nov. 26. Vacation!!!
- Nov. 30. Elizabeth Towne leaves for the south. Good luck and love, Bago. Cheer up, Arthur C. She's coming back.
- Dec. 1. Back to work again. Heave, ho!
- Dec. 5. Social hour! Oh, you Dizzy Five!
- Dec. 7. Sort of snowy.
- Dec. 10. Esther Scofield throws kisses at Mr. Klontz. Don't get excited, they were paper ones.
- Dec. 17. New book published, "The Lake Mills Trip, or Twenty-seven Miles in a Ford Sedan," composed by The Sleepy Eight.
- Dec. 18. Big feed in classes. Popcorn and candy and everything.
- Dec. 19. Xmas program. Six dusky maidens from Honolulu play a few choice selections.
- Dec. 20. Leave of absence. Santa Claus? What'd-yu-get?



Dec. 28. A mutual bond exists between Mr. Stokum and Mary Young. They both like olives.

Jan. 3. Happy New Year! Everybody comes back with new leaves turned over.

Jan. 5. George Scofield has a mixer all his own.

Jan. 10. Esther S., Cleo H. and Paul Curran give speeches in M. R.

Jan. 15. Many go in to port to attend Firemen's Ball. Show the old folks how to dance.

Jan. 20. A few loyal rooters stop off at Whitewater to watch our team lay them out.

Jan. 22. Rough sailing as we ride over the bumpy Sea of Exams. Bring on the life boats!

Jan. 25. Everyone gets their seats changed.

Jan. 26. Point quiz in physics—"Now I lay me down to sleep."

Jan. 27. Seniors give debates—shut off the gas.

Jan. 28. Mr. Stokum goes to Stoughton—there's a reason.

Feb. 1. Many are sea sick as the ship goes around the curve called Conduct Lists.

Feb. 3. Carl Heller asks Doug Wood if he can go in the library.

Feb. 4. Paul Curran gets a hair cut (one more Bolshevik converted).

Feb. 6. Nothing very exciting, only some of the crew got new lids. "Where did you get that hat?"

Feb. 10. Mr. Porter and Miss Vanderbilt take their annual stroll around the deck.

Feb. 14. Valentine Day. Oh, I lost my heart!

Feb. 15. Viola Harrison gets her hair bobbed—price of curling irons going up.

Feb. 16. Miss Holman is pretty blue, her annual letter didn't arrive this morning.

Feb. 17. More debates. The more we hear, the worse they get.

Feb. 18. Class play begins and some of the crew put in strenuous practice in certain lines.

Feb. 20. Mr. Stokum and Viola have a bet.

Feb. 21. Be a good sport and join the shifters.

Feb. 23. Clarence D. is taking up physical education work.

Feb. 25. Hoop la! Let's go. Oh, you wild women!

Feb. 26. Mr. Porter winks at the piano player. Scandalous.

Feb. 27. Mr. Holt goes to Washington to see that President Harding is inaugurated all right.

Feb. 28. Camp Fire Girls give party. Take the boys home at 9:30.

March 1. Edith Mae and Raymond D. have rented Phifer's brick pile for Sunday evenings after Christian Endeavor.

March 2. The captain deserted the ship, Miss Stafford in charge.

March 3. Boys debate. Chick Kellog hands us a line.

March 4. Big mass meeting in the Main Room. Milton tournament. Yea, Edgerton!

March 5. Play the game fellows.—Bring home the berries—we mean the cup.



March 6. "String" Bardeen tells us in English class how to "Raise Sheep by the crop."

March 7. Willis Barton gets excited and puts his arms around Mrs. Hillsburg. Kind of hard to break a habit, Bill.

March 8. Have a half holiday. Celebrate in honor of Brown Twins, who get here on time for once.

March 9. George Scofield spends his vacant periods in the office showing Loraine how to draw pictures of Ford cars—when they aren't otherwise occupied.

March 10. A few of the physics students visit the Anti-Room for the first time.—Please V. E. K. this.

March 15. Justine Price and Esther write 799 notes during one period. Then they stopped.—Why?—ran out of ink and paper.

March 20. "Bid" Hadden caught smiling at "Goldie" Brown. Atta Boy.—Don't be bashful.

March 21. Verna Schmelling and Virgil Brown go stepping out.—Scandal—to say the least.

March 25. Have a day off.—Teachers' convention. Hooray!

March 26. Donald Lord wears his Irish shirt today.

March 28. Beloit Glee Club sings.

April 1. Operetta.—Lots of pretty Geisha girls, yellow chrysanthemums and one Cherry Blossom.

April 1. Some of the Seniors fool Mr. Porter by getting 100 in French quiz.

April 2. Oh! These glorious Spring nights.—"In the Spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of"—(planting tobacco).

April 3. Hattie H. wants to know if some of the boys are going to have "engaged" cards for commencement.

April 5. "Spicky Spike" elected mayor of Albion.

April 6. Mr. Klontz goes stepping out with a Stoughton lassie.

April 7. "Pete" Clark salutes Vida Mae from Miss Stafford's window. (Shocking, Peter.)

April 8. Junior Prom.—Oh! That heavenly music.

April 12. Venice Bussey gets tangled in the rigging of the ship and sails down a flight of stairs.

April 13. Great storm at Sea.—Harold Madden and his best girl have a quarrel.

April 14. Some more storm—only this is a tornado. Ester W. and Carl S. have a falling out.

April 16. All is calm.—Everybody falls in again instead of out.

April 20. Class play—lots of fussing.

April 22. Rolph smiles at Kathleen for the twenty-oneth time.

April 23. Loyd Burg almost got a date—so near and yet so far.

April 24. Nice and sunny. Many go strolling before the 1:15 bell rings.

May 1. Spring fever.—"Some little bird is calling me-e-e-e."

May 3. Miss Wheaton forgets to go to supper. (She was talking with Clarence in the hall.)

May 4. Conduct lists posted. (Some one gets excited.)



- May 8. There seems to be some kind of an attraction in Physics Lab. besides that of magnets. Ask Alice Sweeney.
- May 10. Otis G. and Emma H. step out. Atta boy, Otis.
- May 11. Isn't it grand and glorious when you get on the conduct list and have to stay after school?
- May 12. We are nearing the end of our journey.—Sob. Sob.
- May 14. Miss Stafford scolds Donald L. (Don's the luckiest kid.)
- May 15. Why do so many girls get mad at the fellows? Because it's so much fun making up.
- May 16. Raymond looked so sad today. Edith May was absent.
- May 17. Bessie R. gets begaged. Isn't it thrilling, Bessie?
- May 20. Doug Wood didn't recite in French. He wasn't there.
- May 21. Have roll call at one o'clock. Result—(Got out of dinner dishes).
- May 22. Lots of trade at the Badger these days.—Hot fudge in a high dish, we sing in our sleep.
- May 23. A few of the fellows spend Sunday evenings at Cambridge Cemetery. Not such a dead place after all.
- May 27. Camp Fire Girls take a hike. Esther Bruhn gets lost in the woods.
- June 3. Juniors give Seniors a play.
- June 5. Baccalaureate Sermon. Everybody gets good.
- June 6. Class night—heaps of fun and lots of fussing.
- June 8. Commencement night. Ship goes into port. Seniors have reached their destination at last. A diploma with a blue ribbon on it.
- June 9. Alumni banquet. Dear old High, Good Bye.





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A HOUSE PARTY

X is a boy who goes to a dance.
Y is his sweet little miss.
Z is the chaperone with cold searing glance;
Doesn't $X+Y-Z=BLISS?$

Heller—"Were you the barber who cut my hair last?"

Barber—"No, I've only been here a year."

Miss Holman—"Can't you find anything to do?"

Roy D.—"Am I supposed to find the work and do it to?"

Could you do this—

I stood on the bridge at midnight.
The wind was full of air,
When some one took the bridge away;
And left me standing there.

Miss Greene (to girls at Glee Club practise)—"That 'Amen' doesn't sound right—hold the men longer, girls."

Levena—"A gypsy woman told me the other day I would be married inside of a year. She said she could see the wedding ring on my finger."

Arno—"Could she see where the coin was coming from to pay for it?"

Barton—"Did you like the candy I sent you?"

E. Bruhn—"I didn't taste it, I needed some money so I sold it to the milkman."

Doug. Wood—"I asked her if I could see her home."

Snickle Berg—"What did she say?"

Doug.—"She said she would send me a picture of it."

Frosh—"Ya know a kid fainted in class the other day."

Senior—"Did he kick the bucket?"

Frosh—"No, he only turned a little pale."

Toad—"I couldn't play billiards at all last night."

String—"Why, what's the matter, you're pretty lucky?"

Toad—"Every time I looked at the three balls I thought of my watch."

Mr. Klontz—"Science claims that a body cannot be in two places at one time."

Carrier—"That's wrong. Last summer I was in Milwaukee and I was homesick all the time."

Brace—"When is the best time to pick apples?"

Stocum—"When the farmer isn't looking."

Arno—"What would you do if I kissed you on the forehead?"

Levena—"I'd call you down."

There are meters of gas,
There are meters of light,
But the best of all meters
Is to meet her tonight.

The impossible has been attained

Get your hair cut by electricity

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Barber Shop

Fast, Smooth, And Stylish

Tobacco Exchange Bank Bldg.
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FAVORITE PASTIMES

Studying Webster's Dictionary.....	Seniors
Coming in the M. R. late.....	Brown Twins
Getting letters from Beloit.....	Emma Hutson
Acting smart.....	Sammie Wileman
Scolding us in French.....	Mr. Porter
Dancing at Stoughton.....	Mr. Stocum
Going to bed at eight thirty.....	Esther Wileman
Making a spit curl.....	Kathleen McIntosh
Keeping us straight.....	Prof. Holt
Cranking the Ford.....	G. Scofield
Looking nifty.....	Pete Clark
Loafing and eating peanuts.....	Office force
Having a roughhouse.....	Seventh and eighth grades
Growing short.....	Bob Bardeen
Going to Lake Mills.....	Senior boys

ADVICE TO THE YEARLINGS

Don't think everyone who smiles at you during your first few days of school wants to be friends. They are solicitors and will be soliciting money from you before long. Keep away from them.

Wear the loudest clothes you have and cause all the talk you can. It's a sure way to fame.

Don't come to school with a brimful of "corking" ideas. The faculty is hired to quell all such disturbances. Besides, they possess all the original ideas.

Patronize the faculty. They are hired to teach you and will be pleased to learn that you approve of their methods.

WOULDN'T IT BE FUNNY IF——

- Scott Hatch walked to school?
- L. Thronson didn't comb his hair?
- George's girl got sore at him?
- Charlotte Livick got her lessons?
- Toad Hadden turned into a frog?
- Miss Wheaton never saw Dietzel?
- Hattie couldn't talk?
- Gunner Madden became a priest?
- Ruth Lynts was not bashful?
- Harold Rucks tried to reduce?
- Paul Curran got a hair cut?
- Mr. Stocum went stepping?
- Esther S. would fail?
- String Bardeen got to school on time?
- Everybody passed in physics?

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ECONOMY—Our Motto



Miss Mooney—"Paul, I hear you talk in your sleep, is that so?"

Paul—"I don't know, I never stay awake to see."

"I think it is perfectly terrible how young some people are that go to dances nowadays."

"Oh, I don't know, I was less than a year old when I gave my first bawl."

DOESN'T IT MAKE YOU SORE WHEN—

You make a mistake on the last line of a perfect sheet of typewriting?
Mr. Klontz tells you to come out for more scrimmaging when you're just ready to jump into the shower?

You expect to "get by" in geometry and you see your name on the "ragged edge" list?

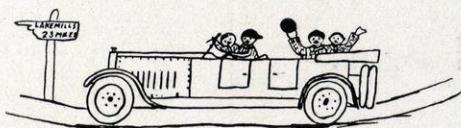
Mr. Holt announces, "there will be a social hour after school, also, all boys must be out for football practice tonight—(in the mud)."

Some one corrects your typewriting paper and finds a small mistake that no one else could find?

You've waited all week
While the weather was fine,
Then Saturday comes
And the sun doesn't shine?

Louise K.—"So Harold M. stole a kiss on you last night. I'd have him pinched."

Ole S.—"Yes, but I made him return it."



Edgerton Boys

Robert Bardeen, as Miss Holman is passing out quiz paper—"Are we going to have a quiz?"

Miss Holman—"No, we're going to cut paper dolls."

Prussia Whitford at Stoughton with his football material—"Cabby, how much is the fare to the Kegonsa hotel?"

Cabby—"Two bits."

Prussia—"How much for luggage?"

Cabby—"Nothing."

Prussia—"Take up the luggage, I'll walk."

"Dear teacher," wrote Lawrence's mother, "kindly excuse Lawrence for his absence yesterday, as he fell in the mud. By doing the same you will oblige his mother."

TRUE NOWADAYS

Father, lecturing to wild son—"Suppose I should die suddenly, what would become of you?"

Son—"Oh, I'd be all right, but what would become of you?"

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And

LABORATORY



SWEETEST WORDS

From your best girl—"Sure, I'll go."

From your dad—"After you have spent this ten come back for more."

From a friend—"It's my treat tonight."

From the prof.—"You've passed."

From the storekeeper—"Your credit's good."

From Klontz—"You can dress."

From friend George—"I've got the car tonight."

Mr. Porter—"Why do they whitewash a chicken coop?"

Arno A.—"I don't know."

Mr. P.—"If you didn't whitewash your chicken coop the chickens would pick the grain out of the wood."

Mabson at Bardeen's—"I don't like these photos at all, I look like an ape."

Mr. Bardeen—"You should have thought of that before you had them taken."

Teacher—"Harold, to what are the teeth fastened?"

Craig—"To the gums."

Teacher—"And how many gums have we?"

Craig—"Three. Pepsin, Juicy Fruit and Doublemint."

Teacher—"Will you tell me what a conjunction is, and compose a sentence containing one."

Merl Street—"A conjunction is a word connecting anything, such as, 'the horse is hitched to the fence by his halter. Halter is a conjunction because it connects the horse and the fence.'"

PHYSICS IV

They love the taste of HCl

The smell of CS₂,

They love to play around and see

How little they can do.

They take a sniff an' cuss the scheme

Which uses H₂S;

They close their eyes the unknown then

To name by lucky guess.

They add the CH₃OH

Stir, distill, ignite,

And always fix the notebooks up,

Until they look all right.

Scof.—"Most girls I have found don't seem to appreciate music."

Lake Mills girl—"Why do you say that?"

Scof.—"Well, you may pick beautiful strains on a mandolin for an hour and she won't even look out of the window, but one honk of a horn and out she comes."

Miss Stafford, after listening to some of Thronson's foolishness—"Lowell, you know that a circus always has its monkeys?"

Lowell—"Yes, and you know that a circus always has its trainers."

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Wisconsin

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Girl—"I don't like that chap."

Boy—"Why not?"

Girl—"Well, he's one of those people who turn around and stare after you."

Boy—"Is he, how do you know?"

A She to a He—"You needn't think you're a whole bedroom suite just because you're a good dresser."

Mr. Bardeen—"I think I shall have to withdraw my son from school."

Mr. Holt—"Why?"

Mr. Bardeen—"He is not strong enough to carry home all the books he has to study."

Miss Greene—"Did you ever take music lessons?"

Robert—"Yes."

Miss Greene—"But you never play."

Robert—"No, I'm one of those rich children whose parents made them take music lessons."

AT THE RIVER

Bardeen—"I am unlucky! Whenever I go away I always lose something."

Hadden—"Why, what have you left at home this time?"

Bob—"Oh, I just lost sight of land."

"Willis wants me to decide where to go on our wedding trip, and I can't make up my mind."

Gessert—"What's the matter with Switzerland, that's where I usually go."

"Does any question embarrass you?"

"No, sir. The questions are clear enough, but it's the answers that are troubling me."

FRIENDLESS FRIEND

Yourself and company are cordially invited to attend a moonlight afternoon picnic in the morning, August, 1820, given at the insane grove. Music will be furnished by Happy Hooligan and Motorcycle Mike.

Couples will be admitted for single price, orphans accompanied by their parents will be admitted free for half price.

Ruth—"How is it that Arno does not take you to the theatre any more?"

Bessie R.—"Well, you see, one evening it rained and we sat in the parlor,"

Ruth—"Yes, what did you do?"

Bessie R.—"Well, don't you think that theatres are awful?"

BILL OF FARE

Two long shortcakes, 9c per ton.

Spaghetti, two yards, 5c per ton.

Pigeon milk, 2c per gallon.

Doughnut holes, 7c each.

To those who eat at our picnic, eat here, and die at home. Those found on the grounds will be arrested.

Cordially yours,

THE LUNATIC CLUB.

H. H., President.

E. M. LADD

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HISTORY IV

Mr. Holt—"How would you like the foods of the Mediterranean countries, Stewart—bread, wine and oil?"

Stewart—"I don't know about the bread and oil, but the wine would be all right for me."

FRESHMEN ONLY

Blessed are they that are persecuted—for ignorance is bliss.

Carl H.—"I'm a regular toe dancer, ain't I?"

Viola H.—"Yes, you've been dancing on my toes all evening."

Curran—"What's the difference between electricity and lightning?"

Westcott—"Oh, you don't have to pay for lightning."

Mr. Klontz—"Do you know where the center of gravity is?"

Scof.—"Yes, sir, on page 32."

Miss Stafford—"Why, class, this is the worst recitation I ever listened to, I've had to do most of it myself."

Westcott—"May I report on this book for book reports?"

Miss Evans—"Is it a love story?"

Westcott—"Yes, I think it is, there is a murder in every chapter."

After many futile attempts trying to make his hair lay down, Willis Barton has finally resorted to using furniture polish because it brought out the grain so well.

Donald—"Bid, did you see Harold M. walk out of physics this morning?"

Bid—"No, what was the matter?"

Donald—"Oh, he has the habit lately of walking in his sleep."

Teacher, talking on Niagara Falls—"The falls are slowly wearing back towards Buffalo, and in course of some 200,000 years they will wash away Erie."

Girl in class—"Oh, my sister lives in Erie."

C. Dietzel—"Is this a healthful town?"

E. Bruhn—"Yes, certainly, when I came here I didn't have strength enough to utter a word, I had scarcely a hair on my head; I couldn't walk across the room, I had to be lifted from my bed."

Dietzel—"You give me hope. How long have you been here?"

Esther—"Oh, I was born here."

Draeger—"I think I'm quite a musician."

Heller—"Yes, you ought to be with Wagner."

Draegar—"Why, he's dead."

Heller—"Yes, I know it."

"I want a yard of ribbon."

Clerk—"Shall I give you some of the loud green ribbon?"

"I don't care, it's for a deaf woman, anyhow."

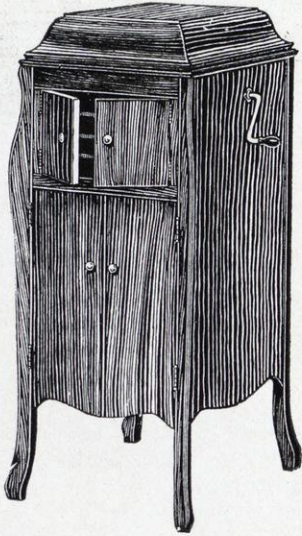
Roy D.—"There was a fight down at the bakery before I left."

Cunningham—"What was it?"

Roy D.—"A loaf of stale bread got fresh."

Wayne—"Why do we have knots on the ocean instead of miles?"

Craig—"Well, you see, they couldn't have the ocean tide if there were no knots."



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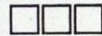
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goods.

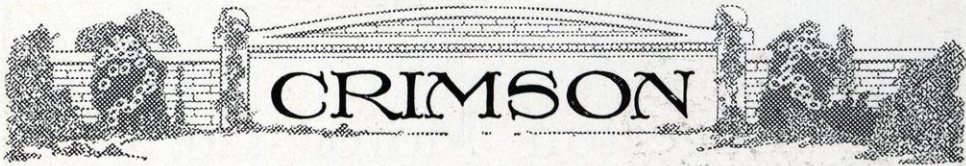
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MILLINERY



RUTH A BIGGS



WHEN YOU COME TO THE END OF A PERFECT COPY

(Apologies to the End of a Perfect Day)

When you come to the end of a perfect copy,
And you sit alone with your typewriter,
Your shoulders ache and your fingers shake,
You have sworn and toiled for hours.
When you think what the end of a perfect copy,
Can mean when you've worked so long,
And you glance down the page and find,
You have spelled "Yours truly" wrong.

When you wearily put your paper in
And begin again with a tired grin;
A forlorn tear trembles on your nose,
And you're cold and numb from head to toes.
After you've pounded away for years,
You finish and wiping away your tears
You see in the glimmering light,
At last, "Yours truly" spelled right.

You step out into the glistening night,
A world of snow all pearly white,
A bright moon shines on your happy face
As homeward your weary steps you trace.
At night when you are ready for bed
You kneel by your window and softly say,
"Thank you, and may I have another perfect copy"
At the end of some other perfect day." —Levena Hagar.

MR. HOLT'S IDEA OF NOTE BOOKS

We never put anything in note books that we want to remember.
That is why we put all the experiments in physics there.
Miss Vandervelde—"What is a coat of mail?"
Austin Dodge—"It's a knight shirt."
Schmeling on train—"What if the bridge should break and the train
fall into the river?"
Conductor—"Don't worry sir, this road won't miss it. It has lots
more trains."
"What's the difference between a hairdresser and a sculptor?"
"I dunno, what?"
"A hairdresser curls up and dyes and a sculptor makes faces and busts."

LATEST BOOKS PUBLISHED

1. Why kissing through knot holes makes pug noses.—Hattie Hubbell.
2. Eating raw eggs with a fork.—George Roosch.
3. How it feels to be serenaded by telephone.—Harold Gessert.
4. Leap year, the oasis of a girl's life.—Harold Craig.
5. Lovers I have had, or the fickleness of men.—Esther Wileman.

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Winchester Saws
Winchester Skates

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EVERY GIRL'S WISH

I wish I was as pretty as Esther Scofield
Could dance like Viola Harrison and was
As cute as Esther Wileman, had a fur coat
Like Miss Mooney's, was as bright as
Charlotte Livick, had a smile like
Hattie Hubbell's, and a big diamond like
Miss Stafford's and was as popular
As Mary Young, had eyes like Alice
Sweeney's, a laugh like Esther Bruhn's,
And a man like Mildred Harrison's.

A banana peel
A flash of hose
A little squeal
And down she goes.

THINGS NEVER HEARD OF

A sheet from the bed of the river.
A feather from the wing of an army.
A toe from the foot of a mountain.
A hair from the head of a hammer.
A page from a volume of steam.
A bite from the teeth of a saw.
A wink from the eye of a needle.
A check drawn from a sand bank.

"You can't drive a nail with a sponge no matter how much you soak it."

"Just saw another movie with an unhappy ending."

"Hero lose the girl?"

"Naw, he married her."

"Have you got anything in your head that bites?"

"No, of course not."

"Better see a denist, then."

Esther S.—"I'd rather live a long time and not know very much than
to live a short time and know a lot."

George—"Maybe you will."

Esther B.—"I thought you were going to kiss me when you puckered up
your lips."

Barton—"No—er—it's only a piece of grit in my mouth."

Esther—"Well, for goodness sake, swallow it, you need some."

Scof.—"Why so melancholy, old kid?"

Barton—"She rejected me last night."

Scof.—"Well, brace up, there are others."

Barton—"Yes, of course, but, somehow I can't help feeling sorry for
the girl."

Harold M.—"If a burglar entered a cellar would the coal chute?"

Burns—"No, but perhaps the kindling wood."

Mr. Porter—"Name one of the permanent results of the French revo-
lution."

Soph.—"Death of Louis XIV."

Billiards

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Johnson—"She's some chicken, does she come from a good family?"

Mabson—"She's the first of her race, hatched in an incubator from an artificial egg."

Everybody—"There's an awful rumbling in my stomach, doctor, like an old wagon going over a street car track."

Doctor—"H—m, probably that truck you ate last night."

Sammie Wileman, learning to dance—"Is it hard to reverse?"

Bessie R.—"No, all you have to do is to take your foot off my left one and put in on my right."

Ervin—"Darling, hear my prayers?"

Ruth—"Y-yes, pray for all you are worth—I hear papa coming downstairs."



*Keep well corked for
special occasions.*

DIRECTION

Take the car you just missed, if you miss the boat swim across. You will be arrested for walking. Please bring a basket for one of your friends if they should be hungry.

Miss Evans—"We will now parse the sentence. John did not take pie. Paul, what was John?"

Paul—"He was a fool."

Rosamond—"That hotel clerk is so flattering."

Venice—"Please tell of it."

Rosamond—"Think of it, he wrote suite 16 after my name on the register."

Val B.—"What be yer charge for a funeral notice in yer paper?"

Editor—"Five dollars an inch."

Val—"Good heavens! An' me poor brother was six feet high."

How to Keep Yourself on the Payroll

Who stays on the payroll, during times of depression, when others are being laid off?

Who manages to draw his salary regularly, when others, without warning, suddenly find their wages stopped?

Investigate these questions for yourself and you will find that depression, lack of employment and hard times, hit the untrained first and last—because there are so many of them.

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INVESTMENTS — INSURANCE



“Where do you live—in the city?”
 “Fairly so—fifteen minutes on foot, five by motor car, a month by street car and forty-five by phone.”
 “What is the oldest piece of furniture in this building?”
 “The multiplication table.”

THINGS THAT ARE HARD TO KEEP

From fussing.....	Bill Barton
From blushing.....	Miss Stafford
My hair combed.....	Sliyer Thronson
From flirting.....	Lydia Spillman
My mouth shut.....	Esther Wileman
My eyes open.....	Merl Street
My hair curled.....	Ruthie
From bluffing.....	Pewee Livick
My temper.....	Carlie Heller
From heart smashing.....	Carl S.
From crying.....	Charlotte C.
From flunking.....	Verna Schmeling
From chewing gum.....	Don Lord
From Lake Mills.....	Jo Gessert
A moustache.....	Gunner Madden
A secret.....	Millie Harrison
From Cambridge.....	E. H. S. boys
Away from Klontz.....	Alice Sweeney
My money.....	Snickle Berg
In tune.....	Ervin Dietzel
Away from the girls.....	Clinton Green

AIN'T IT A GRAND AND GLORIOUS FEELING WHEN—

Mr. Holt says “No history this morning.”
 Girls have physics laboratory.
 Miss Stafford gives us a short assignment.
 A mixer is announced.
 Paul Curran plays the piano.
 Somebody has some typewriting paper.
 You can tell the Brown twins apart.
 You don't have to take any finals.
 Miss Stafford—“Who can tell me why poets speak of the moon as silver?”
 Dan C.—“That's because it comes in halves and quarters.”

A PROBLEM

Given—A laboratory full of boys.
 Introduce three or even two pretty girls.
 Conclusion—The boys will turn to rubber.

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FARM SUPPLIES

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Wis.



Scofield—"You know that it takes three generations to make a gentleman?"

Mabson—"What a pleasant outlook for your grand-children."

Stocum—"Would you confess a murder?"

Levi—"Well, if I killed a person three or four times maybe I wouldn't."

Emma H.—"What do we have for English today?"

Hilda B.—"Nothing."

Emma H.—"I haven't read that over yet."

Dietzel—"Have you read Freckles?"

Curran—"No, mine are brown."

Esther Bruhn—"Officer, catch that man, he tried to steal a kiss."

Officer—"Never mind, there'll be another along in a minute."

RAGS TO RAGS

Rags make paper
 Paper makes money
 Money makes banks
 Banks make loans
 Loans make poverty
 Poverty makes rags.

WANT COLUMN

A cure for the giggles.....	Esther Bruhn
Remedy for the blues.....	Arno Affeldt
Free ride to Cambridge.....	Adolph Holland
More male instructors.....	Ruth Lynts
A book on Ireland.....	Paul Curran
Higher physics standings.....	Everybody
Some Rit to dye my hair with.....	Lloyd Berg
A rest room for the males as there is for the females.....	Klontz
Advanced book in French.....	Bill Barton
A private telephone line.....	Harold Gessert
Another mirror and more vaseline in the hall.....	String Bardeen
Somebody to chase after me.....	E. H. S. boys
Somebody to be my regular sweetie and not once in a while..	Esther Wileman
A pair of longer legs.....	Bud Whittet

Mildred—"What horse-power is your brother's car?"

Mabson—"He says it's forty, but I guess thirty-nine of the horses are sick."

Mr. Holt—"Douglas, you say that you find history hard. Why is it hard for you?"

Doug—"It is hard for me to keep my dates straight."

Mr. Holt—"Had you ever had many?"

"Could you take a joke seriously?"

"I scarcely know you yet."

Mr. Klontz—"What is good for seasickness?"

K. Fessenden—"Give it up."

The Place We Meet
The Place We Eat
The Place So Neat

The Badger

Ice Cream and Lunches

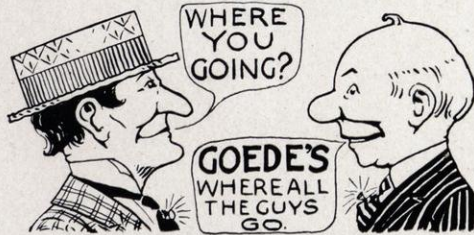
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You are invited to make your headquarters here

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Body Treatments

Meyer Barber Shop

New Pringle Bldg

Try Us And Be Convinced



Teacher—"If your parents and grand-parents, great grand-parents sat down with you at the same table, how many would be there?"

Pupil—"One."

Teacher—"How do you get that?"

Pupil—"Each one could only occupy one seat."

Burns—"Why don't you settle down and take a wife?"

Berg—"I don't know whose wife to take."

"They don't have to have the lamp posts any longer."

"Why not?"

"Because they are long enough now."

Miss Hoen—"I wonder what becomes of all the common pins that are made?"

Ole S.—"Can't say—you know they are headed one way and pointed the other."

Mr. Porter—"Where's Klontz?"

Stocum—"In the rest room playing solitaire."

Mr. Porter—"Who with?"

E.W.—"Harold gave me a rainbow kiss last night."

Viola—"What kind is that?"

E.W.—"One that follows a storm."

Miss Farman—"A man might be hurt if he fell a short distance; but if he fell from a four-story building what would happen?"

Bob Ristad—"He would travel faster."

Miss Stafford—"Are you sure that this is an original composition you have handed in?"

Harold M.—"Yes, ma'am, but you may find one or two words in the dictionary."

Burns—"How long are the legs of the world's tallest man?"

Adolph—"How should I know?"

Burns—"All the way down to the ground at the least."

Stocum—"Leroy, can you run up the shade?"

L. Draeger—"I'd like to, but none of my ancestors were monkeys."

Miss S.—"Did Hamlet marry Ophelia?"

Carrier—"No, he died on page 602."

Hattie—"There is something preying on my mind all the time."

Mr. Holt—"Never mind, it will starve to death."

Miss Evans—"What is the plural of baby?"

Ruth F.—"Twins."

So when the years have passed away
If they tell all they know
I doubt if they can say outright,
That water is H₂O.

They stood beneath the mistletoe
He knew not what to do
For he was only five feet tall
While she was six feet two.

"They who wish to prosper must work to save"—Scott

Spendthrifts and Idlers are similar; a generation of them would bankrupt a nation. The prosperous are the nation's strength. A bank account here leads to a seat in prosperity's corner. 3 per cent interest paid on savings accounts and certificates of deposit.

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Here's to the faculty,
Long may they live
Even as long as the lessons
They give.

Gunner Madden—"Waiter, bring me some fish."

Waiter—"Sorry sir, but we haven't any fish."

Gunner—"But I smell fish."

Waiter—"Oh, that's the perch in the bird cage."

An atom is a little thing
As small as small can be,
'Tis smaller than a needle point
'Tis smaller than a flea.
I never saw one in my life,
But when I came to school
They told me 'twould take two of them
To make a molecule.

Geese is a heavy set bird, with a head on one side and a tail on the other. His feet are set so far back on his running gear they nearly miss his body. Some geese are ganders and has a curl in his tail. Ganders don't lay or set, they just eat and go swimming. If I had to be a geese I would rather be a gander. Geese do not give milk, they give eggs. But for me, give me liberty or give me death.

M. Holt—"And when you finish your speech, make a nice low bow and leave the stage on tip toe."

Joey—"Why on tip toe?"

Mr. Holt—"So as not to wake the audience."

TO A FORD SEDAN

Oh, you little Ford sedan
Chugging up the hill,
Tell me why you always ran
Just against my will?

Tell me why your tires blow out,
Why you bang and squeak,
Why you skid and turn about
And why the gas does leak?

Tell me why the windows shake
Why your lights are dim,
Why you always seem to break
And run home on the rim?

Oh, you little Ford sedan,
Chugging up the hill,
Many and many the cars I've ran
But I'll remember still
That wonderful, thrilling, terrible trip
While going to Lake Mills.

—A Victim.



The Big Store leads in all Departments. Take any of our thirty departments, each affords a greater selection than any other store in Southern Wisconsin or Northern Illinois. Our ready-to-wear section is such that the great buying public look to its expression on the season's trend of fashions in gowns, wraps, suits, coats blouses and accessories...Our Great Second Floor, the best Daylight Rug and Curtain Section in the State. A great many visitors to Janesville make it a special point to see the store, even if they have but a short time to spend in the city.

"WE KEEP THE QUALITY UP"

Bostwick since 1856



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NEW LAW OF GRAVITATION

The deportment of an individual varies inversely as the square of the distance from the teacher's desk.

Mr. Klontz—"What would an electric bulb do if I dropped it, Viola?"
Viola—"Break."

To fall in love is awfully simple—
To fall out is simply awful.

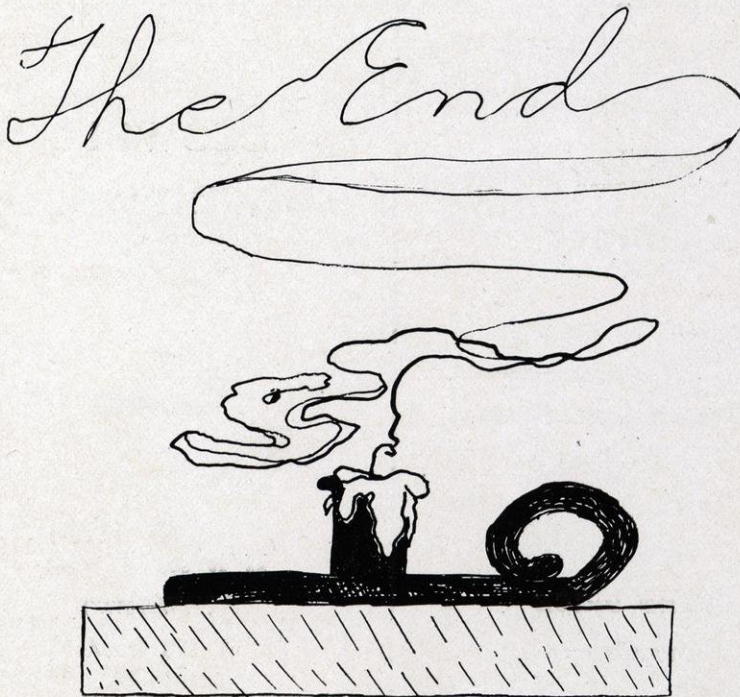
—Mabson.

Miss Stafford—"Is life worth living?"

Joe Gessert—"It depends a lot on the liver."

Gessert—"Have you any brown ties to match my eyes?"
Clerk—"No, but we have some soft collars to match your head."

Mr. Porter—"Name the famous paintings of Van Dyke of a baby."
Scot—"Babe Ruth."



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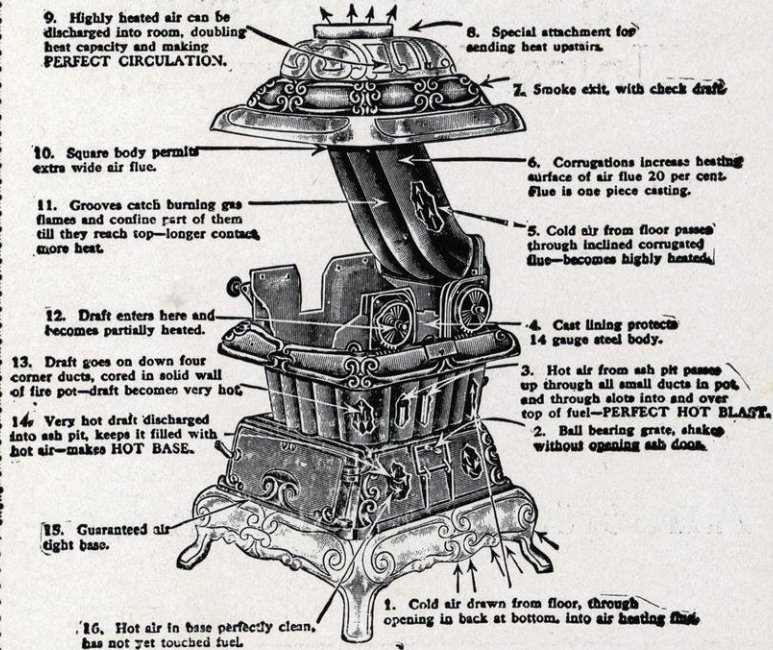
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7. Smoke exit, with check draft

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5. Cold air from floor passes through inclined corrugated flue—becomes highly heated.

12. Draft enters here and becomes partially heated.

4. Cast lining protects 14 gauge steel body.

13. Draft goes on down four corner ducts, cored in solid wall of fire pot—draft becomes very hot.

3. Hot air from ash pit passes up through all small ducts in pot, and through slots into and over top of fuel—PERFECT HOT BLAST.

14. Very hot draft discharged into ash pit, keeps it filled with hot air—makes HOT BASE.

2. Ball bearing grate, shakes without opening ash door.

15. Guaranteed airtight base.

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16. Hot air in base perfectly clean, has not yet touched fuel.

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