



The Menasha High School annual. Volume II 1917

[s.l.]: [s.n.], 1917

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The Menasha High School Annual 1917

We live but once; one life to live,
To live, we must, our knowledge give.
Our days in school are days of test,
Our motive is to do our best.
We all possess our given strength
It's ours to stretch to utmost length,
You all have yours and I have mine,
We must not, cling for Auld Lange Syne.
Through life we plod, we choose our course
Let's make it best lest sad remorse.
Our chance is here, it's at our gate,
We now must grasp it, it will not wait.
Hail then comrades, a rousing toast
To a prosp'rous future, we'll make the most.

Being Volume II of the Menasha High School Annual
MENASHA, WISCONSIN

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Order of Books



- I—Administration
- II—Classes
- III—Athletics
- IV—Literary
- V—Organizations
- VI—Activities
- VII—Satire
- VIII—Advertisements

EDITOR'S FOREWORD

Fellow Students:—

In behalf of the Annual Staff, I wish to express our many thanks for the generous support which we have received, and which has upheld the existence of this publication. Being the first Annual, operated by the school, which was ever published, we do not presume it perfect, but, as a matter of fact, each and every experienced and unexperienced to the journalistic world, member of the Staff have worked exceedingly hard to put out an Annual of Menasha High Schoel style, of which no explanation is deemed necessary. As the old adage says, "experience is the best teacher," another year, will bring forth broader minds to maintain this Annual regularly, in future years.

We present this book to you, that you may, in years to come, review pleasant thoughts of the many happy days spent between the walls of good old M. H. S.



Dedication

To

Superintendent John Callahan
the Annual Staff respectfully
dedicates this Book

Menasha High School

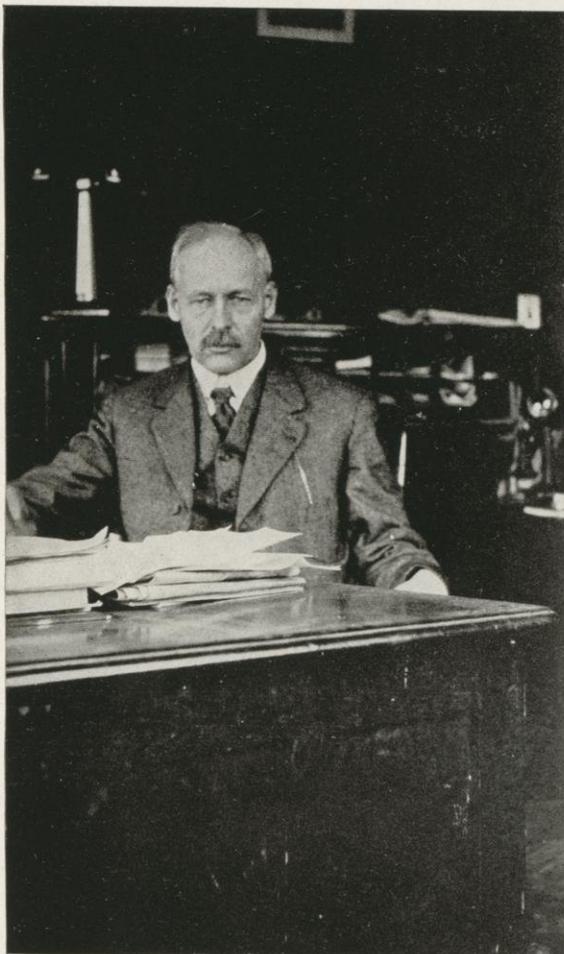
JOHN CALLAHAN.....Superintendent of Schools

BOARD OF EDUCATION

JOSEPH L. FIEWEGER	P. V. LAWSON
FRED. BUTTERWORTH	JACOB LIEBL
JOHN MARX, SR.	

FACULTY

JOHN CALLAHAN	Political Economy
WILFRED C. LEWIS	Sciences
MARY G. NORRIS	English and Geometry
MARGARET H. STOPPENBACH	History
FLORENCE H. RAMSEY	German and Latin
LUCY A. UNDERWOOD.....	English and German
ETHEL SHERMAN.....	Bookkeeping and Commercial English
CLARA DIX	Stenography and Typewriting
HENRIETTA MOERHKE	Domestic Science
BARBARA THOM	Music
CLARA O'CONNOR	Algebra
R. W. HARGRAVE.....	Manual Training and Mechanical Drawing

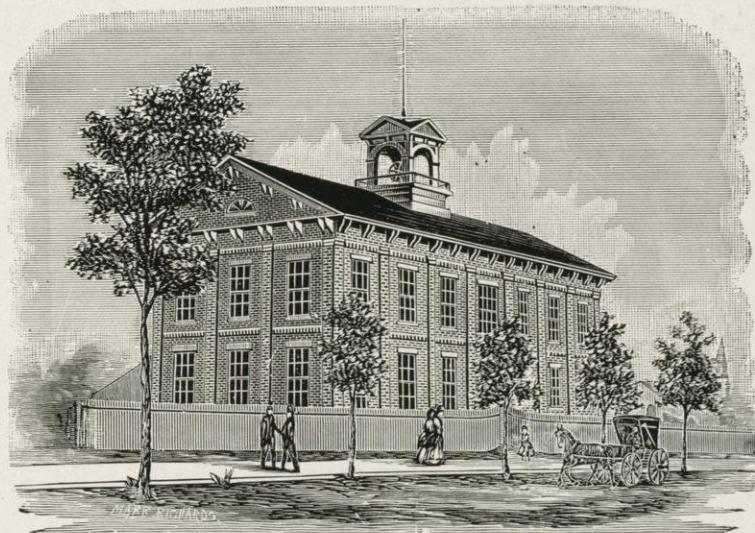




THE FACULTY



FIFTH WARD SCHOOL



THE OLD HIGH SCHOOL



THIRD WARD SCHOOL



CLASSES

Senior Class Officers

President	CECILLE HEISEN
Vice-President	LUCILLE LOESCHER
Secretary	CHARLOTTE BROWN
Treasurer	CARLTON REMMEL

CLASS COLORS: Yale Blue and Gold

CLASS MOTTO:

“With the Ropes of the Past We'll Ring the Bells of the Future.”



Harriett R. Blomstrom

Gordon L. Hess

Charlotte Brown

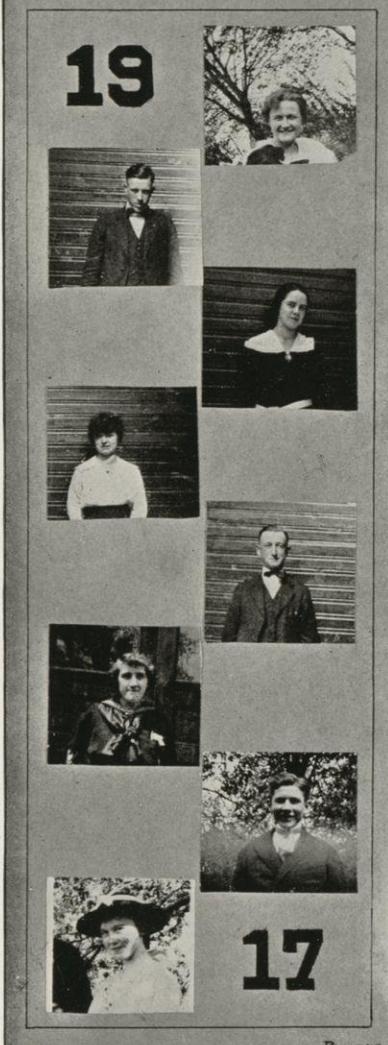
Marcella L. Campbell

Emil Runde

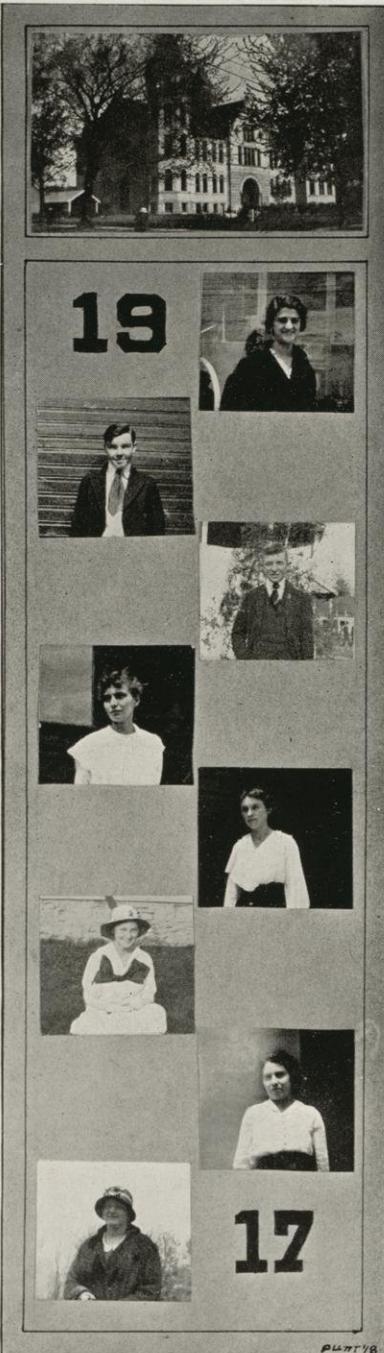
Evva E. Clinton

Roman W. Fahrbach

Janette I. Gear



Plant's



Lorraine G. Reimer

Dewey A. Judd

Hubert J. Reimer

Adelyne M. Schierl

Cecille M. Heisen

Theda I. Watke

Emma R. Stowe

Edna M. Wiegler

Lucille B. Loescher



Ruth M. Powell

Pearl M. Smith

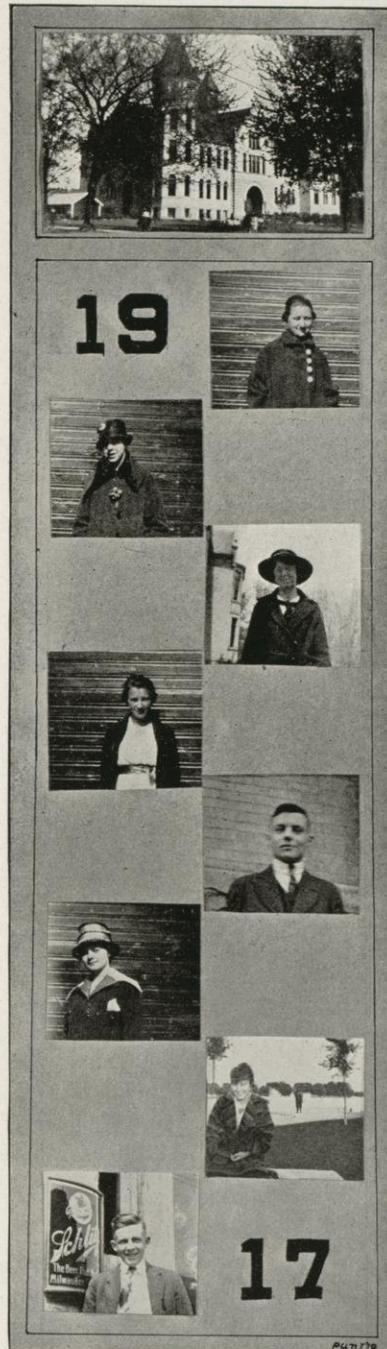
Agnes R. Lewandowski

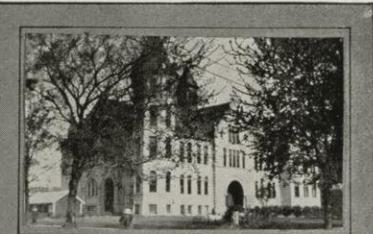
Francis Broeren

Alice H. Johnson

Burnice C. Winch

Walter E. Strong





19



Alva Grove



Adeline Williams



Olive V. Sensenbrenner

Carlton T. Remmel



Elsie Ziolkowski

Verna M. Christofferson

17

Anna S. Gear

Annacille Pulger

Senior Class History

The class of 1917 M. H. S. entered in the ever-to-be-remembered fall of 1913. This class with its brilliant, able members has put the pride of the school up to the height attained by Hans Pfaahll's balloon. Much has been said of their theatrical grace, and oratorical ability as shown in the Senior Class play of 1916. No class has ever been as successful in any social undertaking as they have been with the Junior Prom. And the pep in them! Goodness! There's enough gas to make all of Uncle Sam's submarines run to Germany and scare the Kaiser into committing suicide by making peace on the enemy's terms. They aren't sleepy individuals either. Not at all, when they're away. They are something like the Ford car when it was first tested. As Freshmen they started out with a lot of noise, and ceremony (it wasn't put on). As Sophomores they continued with a brave show of nerve, and enthusiasm which gradually leaked out somehow, and like the Deutscher who was looking for the "liddle, schmall house" on Wall Street (that pulls down everything except the prices) they kept going the wrong way. But—as this class possesses the most uncommon thing in the world—Common Sense, they were undaunted, and conquered in their Junior year. Now perceive them!

Physically speaking, there's enough muscular capacity in Alva Grove alone to enable him to squash Golliath with his big toe (a possibility because now he's sprouting wings for Judgment Day as patiently, and as fast as most men raise their mustaches. But Alva is going to be a pitcher for a big league some day.

As for literary ability, Dewey Judd possesses enough to make the Supreme Editor scratch his pate, and wrinkle his map. Such illimitable knowledge, and intelligence! That fellow is afraid of losing his job. He'd better be, for Dewey's going to be next President. Then crumble ye European crowns!

Some day every member of this highly esteemed class will have a handle to his other name, as long as an old-fashioned poker, that will make Charlemagne's ashes burn, and thereby make his last bed something a little hotter than the good old summer time.

The Commercial Class is veritable mechanical typists. They have developed from playing Chop Sticks to rolling off *Il Trovatore* as excellently on the typewriter as Hoffmann does on the piano—not counting mistakes, of course.

We used to think that the smartest man ever born was the Connecticut Yankee who grafted white birch on red maples, and grew barber poles. Now we rank that gentleman second since Walter Strong justly demands first place. Walter studies football tricks in school, and foot-light belles on the Main, and he would break his nose, and lose his teeth before he'd drop either. He can get a job anywhere on his smile. He satisfactorily answers most questions with a shy "I don't know." And still he keeps on the right side of the faculty (a body surrounded by red tape). How does he do it?

If it weren't for the Seniors, and their brilliancy (like a sauce-pan scoured with Dutch Cleanser) the faculty long ago would have given up in

despair. Their "pans," however, are usually well filled, and as there is great pleasure in imparting the "few" things to them which they do not know, the teachers have refrained from losing faith, hope, and charity, which will be quite inevitable when 1917 goes with the class. Won't it be awful then?

Gordon Hess' appendix turned into mendicants, and began craving attention in the second year, and in his best side, and the teachers fearfully awaited the consequences of his caper on the brink of Death. They didn't give up faith in him though when they found that he had only been rehearsing, for they knew that it's only the good who die young.

Agnes Lewandowski, our enigmatic book-worm, and ratiocinative book-critic, played with Dickens, and Shakespeare when a child in the Freshman year, but as she is a Senior now, and about to enter Life's School, she wants only the best, and thereby demands a book with a bottom that isn't too deep for her many brains to reach.

When Emma Stowe becomes head-chief nurse, her hospital won't need encyclopedia (because she went to M. H. S.). All her successes will be proclaimed by the Liberty Bell, and her "faults" the earth will cover.

Ruth Powell wishes to economize, for she's going to enlist in the Red Cross Corps, and she wants to know how she can shrink her stomach to fit army rations. Only a Senior could be so unselfish.

These illusive students do not view life from the discriminating spectator's standpoint, for every little thing arouses them, even the musical born on Peterson's delivery car when it passes while they are busily engaged in murdering Governor Gessler over again in German, makes the entire body of them distort their features (all classically beautiful) in indescribable agony. Gerpriesen sei der Kaiser that this is categorical! It's awful to be a Model class! It's heaven to be between. But I'll bet the Civics Exam that it will take another century or more before another class will make such a record, and attain as many honors as they. So

Here's to our class of '17
The Stars that will never fall,
But keep on bright and shining
And never drop the ball.

Oh, we'll never forget our school days
And those dear old ink-stained benches
E'en tho' our boys may have to dig
And fight in Frenchy trenches.

And all the obstructing obstacles
We will bravely meet and ben,
And with the help of a Father above us
Will soon obtain the end—SUCCESS.

ADELYNE M. SCHIERL, '17.

Junior Class



MEMBERS

Neil Wright DeWolf
Football

Nathan Archibald Calder (Nay)
Basketball, Football, Baseball,
Class Treasurer, Business Mgr.
Annual, President Athletic Assn.

Hallie Hall DeWolf

Leo Carl Giese (Leaks)
Football, Baseball, Basketball.

Mark Morris Exley (Ma) (Muz)
(Butch) (Ex)
Baseball, Satire Editor, Annual

Dorothy Jeanette Little (Dotes)
Activity Editor, Annual

Rose DeKeyser

Frances Agnes Corry
Elocution, Music

Ruth Lillian Young
Class Secretary

Matilda Agusta Karrow (Tillie)

Eleanor Murtaugh (Skinny)

Ferris Scott Griswold (Fuzzy)
(Spot)
Basketball, Football

William Frederick Jensen (Bill)
(Shakespeare)
Football

Clarence Earl Hrubesky (Rube)
(Becky)
Football, Basketball, Baseball,
Athletic Editor, Annual, Secretary
Athletic Association, Class
Vice-President

Donald Edward Little (Punt)
Editor-in-Chief, Annual, Student
Manager Athletic Association, H.
S. Orchestra

William James Willis (Bill)
Football, High School Orchestra,
Class President

Dorothy Helen Heckrodt (Heck)

Alfred John Hahn (Al)
Basketball, Baseball

Mildred Marie Schierl (Shorty)
Organization Editor, Annual.

Elsie Jensine Johnson
Elocution

Ruth Alma Lenz

Lucille Henrietta Rohrer

Martha Marie Blass

Marie Wirtz
Elocution

Redmond J. C. Doughtry (Red)

Harvey Anderson (Hahvy)
Football

CLASS COLORS: Kelley Green and White

Sophomore Class



Lawrence Corry
Ceril Hyland (Irish)
Ethel Stowe
Agnes Giese
John Calder (Jack)
Alva Pettis (Pete)
Eleanor Boyce
Mary Stien
Marie Arnos
High School Orchestra
William Smith (Bill)
Anita Fraser
Alvan Landig (Jicky)
President Sophomore Class
Harvey Knorr
Louis Lenz
Leone Weyenberg
Elocution
Gerald Eckrick
Adolph Schmalz (Dolph)
Harold Foth
Elmer Williams (Red)
Basketball, Class Treasurer
Marsailles McCabe (Mick)
Class Vice-President
Henry Massonette
Emma Rosenow
Rufus Clough
Charline Blomstrom

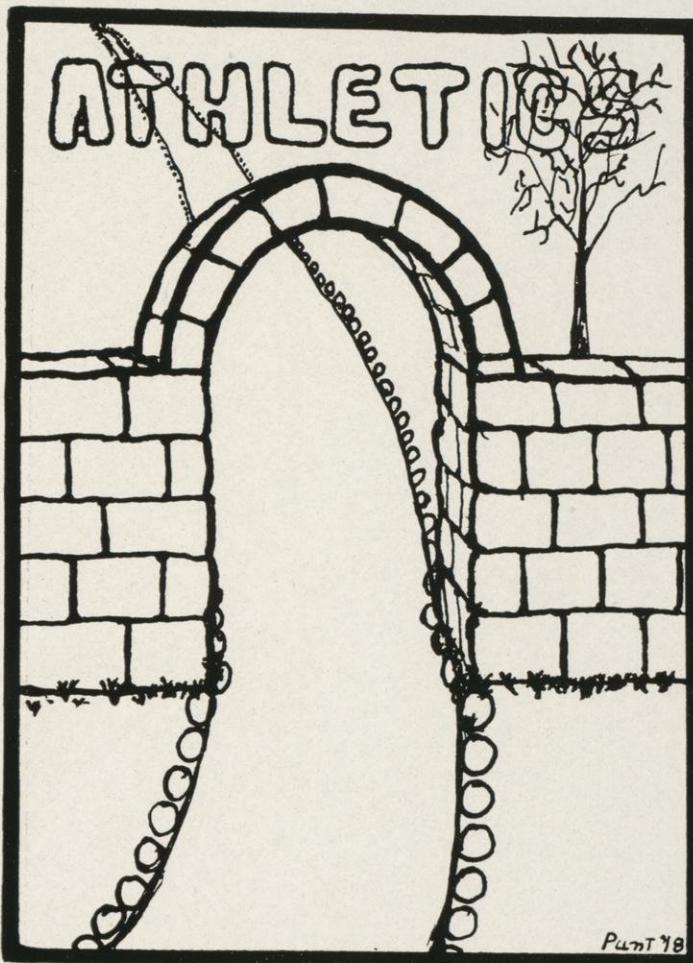
Kenneth Carr
Hazel Kloepfel
Donald McCready
Frank Mackin (Chip)
George Miller
Janet Finch
Julia Callahan
Frank Burroughs
Marie Dix
Buryl Gage
Regina Dragewski
Herbert Bisbing
Morgan Wheeler (Paudy)
High School Orchestra
Ralph Suess
Hazel Gear
Janet Boyce
Bertha Tuchscherer
High School Orchestra
Mabel Miller
Clarence Ellingboe
Willard Eckrick
Kathryne McCabe
Elocution
Elsie Kind
Walter Bauernfiend
Edith Graham
Olga Christofferson

Freshman Class



Minnie Allen (Dolly)
Catherine Baldauf (Baldy)
Milton Bielke (Bulch)
Loleta Boehm (Leta)
Mary Boyle (Dolly)
 Literary Editor, Annual
Vyler Dennis (Vy)
Louis Drajewski
Olga Drajewski
Margaret Driscoll (Mugs)
Archie DeKeyser (Kauser)
Sarah Elliot (Zara)
Joyce Gage
Sylvester Hahn (Vess)
Phyllis Harper (Phil)
Isabelle Heckner
Leona Hess (Leon)
Earl Hesselman (Hess)
Gilbert Hill (Gib)
George Hrubesky (Becky, Jr.)
John Hrubesky (Bud)
Eleanor Jakowski
Gerald Jeffrey (Jeff)
Marie Jensen
Esther Karrow
George Keefe (Spindle)
Eda Kloepfel
Agnes Koslowski (Agie)
Henry Kuepper (Heiny)
Cecelia Laemerich
Lucy Lewandowski (Levy, Jr.)
Lucille Maurer
Rosella Meyer (Rosy)
Helen Mishlifski
Charles Murtaugh (Murphy)
Naomi Oberweiser
Edward Page (Egap)
Lucy Pettis
Elmer Powers
Anthony Pruchnofski (Tony)
Marilla Remmel
Ruth Sailer
Dorothy Schoeple
Hyacinth Sensenbrenner (Hytley)
 Class Treasurer
Joseph Shekletski (Joe)
Victor Suess (Vic)
 Class President
James Tummet (Tumy)
Maurice Vanderhyden (Muzzy)
 Class Vice-President
Leona Voit (Lony)
Marcella Wilmot (Marce)
Beulah Winch
Joseph Winz (Joe)
Maude Young

CLASS COLORS:
Maroon and White





COACH FRANKLAND

The Athletic Association



Calder, Lewis, Little, Frankland, Remmel, Hrubesky

Athletics in Menasha High School during the year proved very successful; thus showing a large increase over last year, and with outlooks for still better success next year.

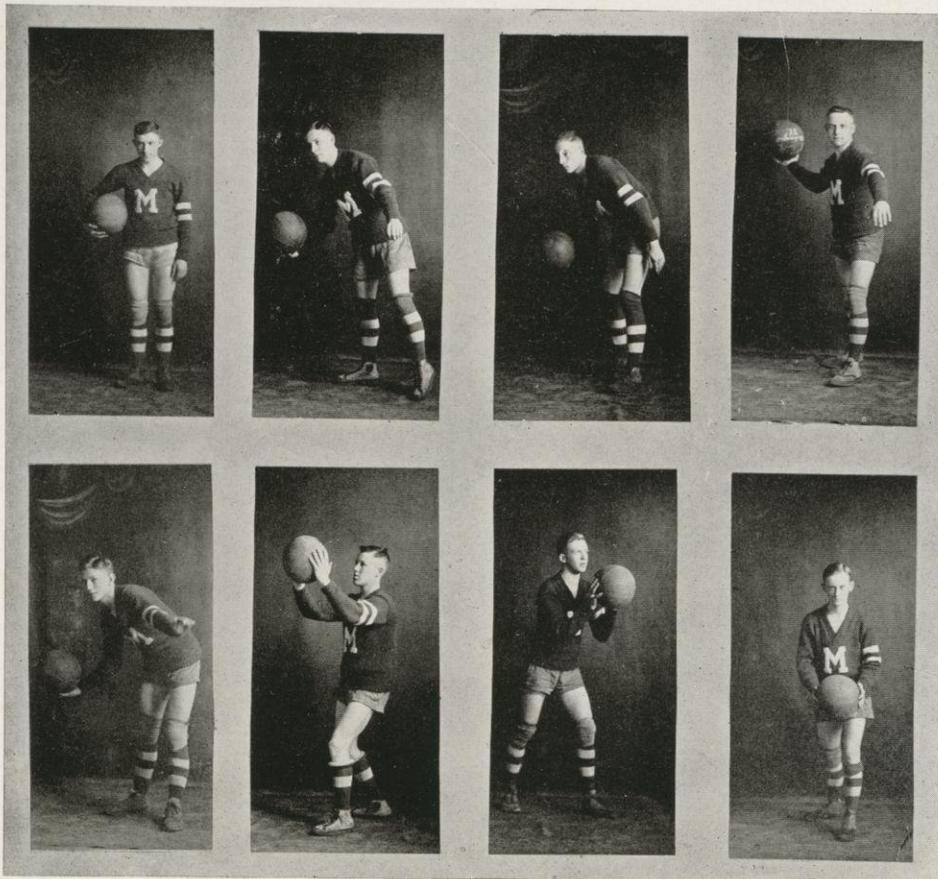
At the first meeting of the Athletic Association the following members, who took charge throughout the year, were elected:

Nathan Calder	President
Carlton Remmel	Vice-President
Clarence Hrubesky	Secretary
Mr. W. C. Lewis.....	General Manager
Donald Little	Student Manager
Dr. J. D. Frankland.....	Coach

FOOTBALL

Football started the season, but from lack of enthusiasm and material it proved very unsuccessful.

Basketball



Remmel, Hahn, Grove, Calder
Fahrbach, Griswold, Strong, Williams

Basketball came next with the adequate, incessant coaching of Dr. Frankland (who we hope we have with us next year) and the assistance of Captain Remmel, this team proved to be one of the most efficient ones ever produced in M. H. S., winning eight out of ten games played. Practices, which were held three nights a week were faithfully attended by our fellows, who were rewarded by third place in the Ripon College Basketball Tournament. The team was composed of the following:

- A. Hahn—L. F.
- C. Remmel—R. F.
- A. Grove—C.
- R. Fahrbach—L. G.
- N. Calder—R. G.
- F. Griswold, E. Williams, and W. Strong, Subs.

The Ripon Tournament

The M. H. S. basketball team was honored with an invitation to the Annual Ripon College Basketball Tournament. Several thrilling games were played by our team, the members of which were in excellent form, and as a consequence succeeded in obtaining third place behind Ripon and Fond du Lac who took first and second places respectively.

The hospitality of the Ripon College fellows deserves no small account of credit to which the M. H. S. is justly grateful to.

SCHEDULE OF GAMES

M.H.S. 52	Stockbridge 1, played here.
" 36	Waupaca 16, played here.
" 36	Kewaunee 13, played there.
" 29	Depere 12, played here.
" 21	Omro 11, played here.
" 24	Appleton 6, played here.
" 28	Neenah 30, played there.
" 27	Waupaca 19, played there
" 17	Green Bay 8, played here.
" 16	Neenah 27, played here.

THE INTERCLASS TOURNEY

At the suggestion of coach Frankland we staged an interclass basketball tournament which proved very interesting and exciting. The Freshmen took first place because of their "rough" playing; the Juniors came second because of incompetent players; the Sophomores came third because of over-confidence; and the Seniors?—Well, they didn't have a team and lucky for them that they didn't or the Frosh would have marked up another victory.

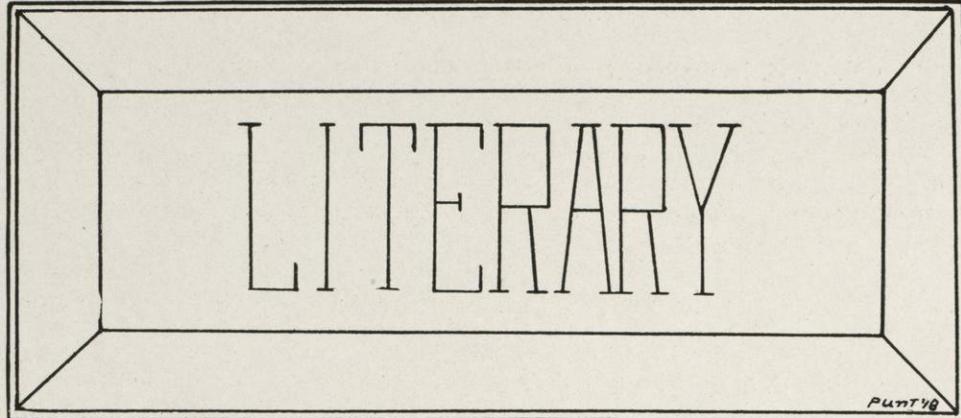
The Freshmen team was a very fast and skilled five, and with a little more coaching and more growth it ought to repeat the same stunt next year and take first place against the claim of the Sophs that it can't be done.

Toward the close of the season we discovered one thing that we set out to do but failed: we wanted to win fifty percent of our games, but instead we took eighty percent.

BASEBALL

Not much influence could be aroused along the baseball part of athletics and as a result no high school team was organized. There was plenty material to form several fairly good teams, and this makes it look more queer why no more steps were taken that way.

The Sophs, and only class team thus far congregated, have had continual practices nights after schools and as a belief that they are proficient Captain Pettis has issued a challenge to any other class nine. Whether steps will be attempted by other classes to start teams is ambiguous.



Farewell to the Seniors

Farewell mighty Seniors! We regret to see you leave this great hall of knowledge. For four years you have been with us—guiding, helping, and befriending us at all times.

The example you have set will long be remembered, and revered. As a class, and also individually, you have set a precedent which, in future years, we will strive to follow. Your influence has been felt in our daily lines, kind and inspiring, an influence which has tended to bring out the best in every one of us.

We, the under-classmen, regret that you are leaving us, and yet the regret is tinged with joy. We are glad for you that you have now left the dependent stage, and are stepping into a great, and New World, a world full of opportunities, sorrows, and joys, but through which you must walk alone. That your good influence will be felt in the great outside world, we do not doubt, and it is our dearest wish that this same good influence will receive its just rewards.

So, with all best wishes that your new life shall hold for you all the pleasures, and success which you desire, we, the under-classmen of Menasha High School, say—Farewell, Mighty Seniors!

Rally Round the Flag Boys

Once upon a time Day awoke, and spreading her long, beautiful, graceful arms, lighted the fires of the Eastern skies, so that the earth people might know that another day had begun, into which sufferings, and happiness would crowd in to see which could exceed the other.

And thus has she done from that time to this. Sometimes, when she is angry, she does not light the beautiful fires of the Eastern skies, but calls her hand-maidens, Rain, Wind, Thunder, and Lightning to play for her upon their various instruments, and thus many times tortures the earth people, because when Rain plays upon her harp she must, in order to make the beautiful music required, open some of the small flood gates of Heaven. And Lightning must have her bugle high in the air, and Thunder must beat his drum to keep in time, while Wind must wail as if to try to endue Day to get over her weariness, and forget her troubles.

And thus it was when one morning Day awoke to find all the Star Goddesses weeping, and the Lady in her moon boat trying to get as near to the earth people as possible, as if to warn them of the coming trouble.

Quickly Day sent Comet, one of her messengers, to find out the trouble, to find out what worried the darkened Heavens.

Comet sped through the sky as fast as his white horse could take him, and reaching Glotus, the brightest star, asked her, saying: "Oh! Glotus, what is troubling you, and all your starmates, what is it that worries all the darkness of the Heavens?"

And, Glotus replied, "Oh, it is awful. The war God is out, he is tearing up the Heavens in his rush to the castle; he is hungry for war, and all that goes with it, and we are all mourning over our earth sister. Oh! that some one could stop him, but he is King today, and nothing, not even Storm with her havoc, could quiet him. It is impossible, not even when the morning sun lights up the world are they afraid of the blood they shed."

Not even at night when all the sunset fairies are dancing up in the Western skies do the poor, helpless people whom the War God has picked as his servants—not even then do they repent their sins when they see the beautiful innocent sight. Go back, tell your mistress what has happened, but bid her light the fires of the Eastern skies, so to show the earth's people how happy it is in our kingdom, and try by her fires to persuade them to make their kingdom happy too, and live like brothers should live.

So Comet, bidding Glotus farewell, sped through the Heavens again to carry his message to Day.

And when Day heard of it she tried to light the fires of the Eastern sky, but every time a rose or purple flame would start to soar upward Rain would start to play her harp, and quench the fires.

Over and over many times did Day try to light the fires, until heart sore and disappointed, she went back to her resting place in the clouds, and watched the proceeding of the play of life.

Twice did she think she recognized her sister, first as a mother of a young soldier, then as his wife, and, crying out for her hand-maiden Rain, she bid her play saying, "Oh, Rain, play as you never did before, and try to hide that sight from my eyes, for it is killing me." And so Rain played, and all the Heavens grew dark, and the earth shook, and Storm in all her madness sprang and danced of fury.

And such was the day when the orders and the declaration was sent forth, "War is Declared." It rang through villages, towns, and cities. Everyone was keyed to the highest pitch of excitement; everyone was wondering, some against it, others for it. Everyone, hearing it, formed for themselves their opinion of it. All was excitement, and patriotism. All the boys of the towns, villages, and cities were arraying themselves in suits of khaki to march to the front, to protect their country, to keep the flag waving. Everyone was wearing a flag, and showing his or her patriotism. "War," was the cry, and in a little town in Wisconsin, everyone was whistling or singing their state song.

Recruiting stations were placed in all parts of the town, large signs were printed and hoisted in the air, "Recruits Wanted," or "Join the Army," etc. All the boys were anxious to join. Especially one young lad of nineteen, a light haired, blue eyed boy with a smiling boyish face, one of those kind you can tell would make a true American Soldier. He had a mother, a wonder-

ful mother woman, one whom a boy never forgets, one who gets the brightest crown in heaven, one whom everyone loves and respects, and one whom you just cannot disobey or doubt.

This young lad's name was Roy Standley. His father had died, when Roy was just a mere child, from a fever which he had caught during the Spanish-American War. It cannot be questioned why there was so much patriotism in the young lad's heart.

There was to be a large parade, a liberty parade, and every one was to march. Mrs. Standley, who was not feeling well, was taken very ill, when the news of war reached her, and while she was lying in her bed in the cool bedroom, thinking of the present time, she could hear the birds' merry songs, and could smell the flowers that grew near her window. Her mind went back to days of long ago when her boy husband had shouldered a gun, and marched off to the Phillipines. She read again the letters that he had sent her of the different battles, their outcome, etc., until finally she received a letter of sorrow, a letter that had almost turned her heart to stone. It was a letter telling her of her husband's illness and trying not to worry her, but saying that he was near the danger point. Again she went back to the time she spent in praying for his health, in sacrificing in every way to provide for him the things he would need, if he should return home.

She then received the joyous news of their home-coming, and of her husband's better health. Those were days of happiness, while they lasted. She saw him come home, saw his thin small face with bright smiles in greeting and happiness. Again she went back to the time he was taken ill again at his home, of her care for him, which had been all in vain, for at the end of the third month he was dead. She saw again the funeral, she went through the suffering again, and she watched herself, and her sacrifices to bring up her boy as he should be brought up.

And now the same thing to go over with again. Could she bear it? Could she let her last only son go, could she? That was the question that kept running through her mind, and how should she answer it?

She lay there thinking, when all of a sudden there came a blackness that blinded her eyes, that stunned her brain, and number it so that she forgot her sorrows, and passed into a deep sleep. She was not awakened until she heard her son's boyish voice ring through the house calling, "Mother! Mother! Oh! mother, where are you?"

"Up here, son," replied her weary voice, "come up here."

And so Roy, whistling Dixie, ran up the steps, and bounded in his mother's room, not expecting to find her looking so pale and wan.

"Why—er, what's the matter, Mumsey? Tomorrow the parade, you surely must be well for that, because I am going to march!!!! And Sue is going to march, too! I was just up to the Armory this afternoon and everyone is enlisting all the drug store bunch and—well, to tell the truth, I want to enlist; I want to kill off a couple of those Germans. But I suppose it is impossible because you—but mother, promise me that if I don't enlist now, I may before they draft. Can't you see the dishonor in it?"

"Yes, my boy, I see it all. I see that you must play in the great drama of life. I see that I must sacrifice you too. Yes, you may go, you may go with my consent, with your mothers consent, although it may kill me; I am with the dear old U. S. A. and hold your head high for your country. Remember one thing, my son, never turn traitor, never doubt one word which your country issues; be loyal throughout and that is all I ask of you——"

With a sigh she closed her eyes, so that her son might not see her sorrow. "Oh! little mother, you are the dearest, the sweetest, little mother in this whole wide world and you really mean it; you really mean that you have given your consent in plain words, 'you're a true American, through and through?'"

So while his mother slept, Roy hurried down to the Armory and enlisted, and in exchange for the clothes he had on, a clean new soldier suit was handed to him, he had arrived at almost his highest ambition.

He soon had had his clothes changed, looked in the glass several times and then started down the street, perhaps feeling a little proud. All of his chums shook hands with him, wished him the best of luck and the, best of all, he met Susan who, with eyes full of admiration, exclaimed, "Oh, Roy, how perfectly wonderful. Oh, you look like a prince, you're a perfect darling; I just love you."

"Well, I'm glad, little girl, I'll always remember this. By the way, can you come down to the house? Mother has been feeling pretty badly all day."

"Of course I will go. I'm so sorry about your mother, but when she sees you she can't help but feel well, it's impossible to feel any other way."

They hurried on, and so skipping and running a few steps, Susan was soon laughing to see the dignified soldier also running, partly in fun and partly trying to hurry on to see his dear mother. To see the two coming down the street, would be good for anyone. The dark-haired, laughing-eyed girl, with the white skirt, and silk sweater, with a tennis racquet in one hand and the other holding Roy's arm.

It was not long before they reached the neat little cottage and ran up the stairs to his mother's room.

The girl went over to her, and kissed her, pushed the gray hair back from her eyes, and told her to look at the best sight she ever hoped to see. She looked and cried with joy.

"Isn't it grand," ejaculated the girl.

"Yes, yes, my dear, and while he is gone, you will take his place, won't you?"

"Indeed I will, I'm sure I will make a good son," she said laughing.

And then during their talk, they heard a bugle. It meant that all the soldiers are to assemble at the Armory.

"I must go now, I'll be back soon. I suppose they want to give us orders. Don't worry." With these words he bounded out of the door, to receive the first orders that were to be issued.

Little did he dream of the sight which would confront him on his arrival at the Armory. Several men had gathered, and it was plain that they were excited. As Roy neared, one of the men called, "Better hurry, Roy, it's a sure call; you're going tomorrow all right."

Roy did not stop to ask questions and was soon in the federal building, listening to orders which were being read by the captain of the Company. At the end of the orders were the words, "U. S. A. Forever." They were to leave on the following day for France.

Amid applause, and cheers the soldiers departed to their homes to bid their families a last farewell.

Roy walked straight home, not loitering on the way to discuss the situation as several other members were doing. "Mother," said Roy, as he reached home, "we have received orders to leave for France tomorrow."

"Oh, Roy, my son, why has this come upon us? But it is all for the best, it is all for the best! These were the last words of his mother, for another deep sleep came upon her.

Since Roy had to sleep at the Armory that night, Mrs. Ridgley, a neighbor, came over to take care of his mother. Sue left Roy's house, at what supper she could, and went to her room. She cried continually and worked herself into a extremely bad headache.

The door bell rang, so she bathed her red eyes, brushed her hair, and went down stairs. She met Roy in the parlor talking to her father and mother. They stayed here a little while, and then decided to take a walk to talk things over.

It was a cool night, the wind was barely blowing, a very romantic night, one on which Cupid flies from tree to tree. A shot from his arrow had flown into each young heart, and on that night she looked into his eyes and promised she would marry him on his return from France.

Feeling light hearted, and happy, they started back home. They had hardly reached there, when the first bugle was blown, and, bidding Sue farewell, Roy departed, not knowing how long he would have to bid his mother farewell.

He reached home, but his mother was still asleep. The doctor had just left assuring them of her safety, so not wishing to disturb her, Roy left for the Armory.

The next morning Day had done as Grotus had bid her, and lighted the fires of the Eastern skies. The day was wonderful, and all of the little town was awake with the first sunbeams.

At ten o'clock the great march was started for the depot. The old soldiers led the parade with the fife, and drum corps following, playing the well-known patriotic piece. "Well Rally 'Round the Flag Boy." Next came the new Company, followed by the band playing, "On Wisconsin."

Amid tears and sobs, the soldiers boarded the train. Roy had just time enough to give his mother a last fond farewell. A soft call was blown on the bugles as the long train rolled out of the station, bearing the brave boys on to the defense of their country.

Such was the scene that Day looked down upon, and so it was that all of the Goddesses wept, and the Western Fairies ceased their dancing. The lady of the moon was silent, the stars all wept and looked sad, the War God raved in the heavens, the handmaidens of play were silent and night wore her darkest garments.

The words "Our Country" rang throughout all the world.

ORGANIZATIONS

PUNTHUS

The Girls' Glee Club

The Glee Club, which was organized the early part of our school year, surely has made a popular hit.

But the success of this club is due, in a large measure, to the interest that Miss Thom took in the club. She was so interested in the work, that her enthusiasm, at least a part of it, seemed to be conveyed to the girls.

They learn to warble better every day, and we know that soon we will not be able to tell the difference between them and the many songsters in the many trees near school.

They are always ready to do their part of entertaining for all High School affairs, and we know that they are able to render us the best of singing.





McCabe, Tuchscherer, Carr, McCabe



The Sophomore Quartette

The Soph Quartette was recently organized. They have already appeared twice in the assembly hall, and judging from the ability they showed on these occasions, they will soon be among some of the best singers.

THE CAMP FIRE GIRLS

The Jean Nicolet Camp Fire has been organized since February 16, 1915. Although there was not a large number of charter members at that time, they have increased their membership continually, until now we hear of them as a strong, earnest body of robust girls, with the following officers:

Marcella Tuchscherer	President
Elsie Kind	Vice-President
Charline Bloomstrom	Secretary
Olga Christofferson	Treasurer

The object of these Camp Fire Girls is to become useful to their fellow men; to be serviceable to all their acquaintances; to become accustomed to denying themselves certain comforts; that lead to the welfare of others, and last, but not least, to glorify this work and be happy in so doing it. This organization surely has tried, and we all know has succeeded in doing that, which a few years ago it set out to do.

The girls have done very well. But with all their work they manage to find time for social events. When it come to "feeds" it is not necessary to have a roll call.

They are also fond of taking "hikes." To take a hike of ten or twelve miles is an easy task for these girls, and they are never too fatigued to study the wonderful work of nature on these trips. They have become very well acquainted with the birds, and often times one sees them in the woods, studying the different kinds of birds. Probably this is due, in large measure, to the interest their guardian, Miss Ramsey, has in the feathered tribe. While on these hikes, she does not hear the song of a single bird, but what she recognizes the songsters, and in this way the Camp Fire Girls also become familiar with the feathered creatures.

The watch-word of the organization, "Whhelo" stands for work, health, love,—and these girls are surely living up to their motto, and at the same time are reaching the goal of their ambition.

They are doing a great amount of good work, and are securing health, and through both work and health, they are unconsciously realizing their last beautiful law—Love.



Wheeler, Arno, Little, Tuchscherer, Fahrbach, Thom, Willis



Boyle, Calder, Exley, Schierl, Hrubesky, Little, Little

Orchestra

While nearing school some time ago, I heard some screeching, and on meeting a little Freshman, I said, "Say, what's all the noise and grinding at school?"

The all-knowing Freshman replied, "Oh, haven't you heard that Miss Thom has organized an orchestra? They're at school tuning up now. The players are:

Bertha TuschschererPiano Roman Fahrbach....Banjo Mandolin
Marie ArnoViolin Donald LittleCornet
Morgan WheelerViolin William WillisTrap Drums

After a short time, I began to wonder if the orchestra was really playing or still tuning up.

When their fellow classmates teased and critized them, they said little about it, but they vowed then and there to display their ability to all the students. "*Time*" was their only cry. Time would show what they would do.

And in a short time the improvement could be noticed. We cannot say too much for Miss Thom, for she was ever-ready to spend her precious time for the welfare of the Orchestra. If it were convenient for the students to all come to practice, surely it would be convenient for her.

But the reward has come. Oh, they have succeeded! Was it not only "*Time*" they had asked for? We all know that if they keep on steadily improving they will be in great demand, for already they have played at many of the High School social affairs.

Miss Thom surely has worked almost beyond endurance; she surely has spent much of her time in directing them, and with the mention of the great success of the Menasha High School Orchestra, the name of its directress "pops" immediately into our minds, and it will be a long time before we, the High School Pupils, will forget what she has done for us.

ANNUAL STAFF

Donald Little	Editor-in-Chief	Mary Boyle	Literary
Nathan Calder ...	Business Manager	Clarence Hrubesky.....	Athletics
Dorothy Little	Activities	Morris Exley	Satire
Mildred Schierl			Organizations

Too much credit cannot be given to our editor-in-chief, Donald Little, "Punt" is a very small boy, but has an abundance of gray matter and a very large head. We may say, "Little but oh my!"

Morris Exley, better known as "Ma" is a comedy, and because of this fact, he was given the Satire Book in the Annual. It is very becoming to him, and we know that there is not his equal when it comes to this.

When it comes to tellin' stories, you've gotta hand it to Mary Boyle. "Dolly" is noted for being able to look people straight into the face and tell "em," but readers, what has she done here?

Our business manager, Nathan Calder, is as good at managing business, as he is in "athletics," and we all know what that is. "Nay" is the boy to get the "dough," but probably this is due to the fact that he was treasurer for a year.

Dorothy Little, our active writer, surely was as active in writing for the annual, as she is personally. She put a lot of "pep" into her writing, and in reading "Activities" we are really listening to "Dotes."

Clarence Hrubesky, our former bashful boy, is now a great athlete. When it comes to writing "Athletics," "Becky" is there just as well as he is in the "real dope."

The success of this part of the Annual is due alone to Mildred Schierl, commonly known as "Shorty." She worked hard, consistently, and diligently at it, making up in brain what she lacked in height.

ACTIVITIES

DECLAMATORY CONTESTS

In past years, declamatory contests have proven very successful but in the last four years a lack of enthusiasm has been witnessed. Menasha High School has turned out several excellent elocutionists which has been due to the fact that constant attention to this work had been attained, to which all were exceedingly greatful for being able to obtain this valuable training during the years of their minor life.

The students taking part in the contests this year did remarkably well, most of which had had no former experience. With the constant aid of **Miss O'Connor**, the contestants did better in two weeks training than could hardly be expected of amateurs. The speakers winning the first two places in the Final Contest were sent to the district contest at Green Bay. Although no places were received by Menasha students, both received high honors for the work and gained experience which may prove helpful in the future years of their High School career.

THE FRESHMEN CONTEST

The Freshmen Declamatory Contest was held in the High School Assembly Room April 23, 1917. The contestants have had no training in this work before, but did very well for inexperienced elocutionists.

The following composed the program for the evening:

Music	High School Orchestra
The Curfew Shall Not Ring Tonight.....	Rosella Meyer
Anne of Green Gables.....	Lucy Pettis, Third Place
Conor	Marie Jensen
The Sign of the Cross.....	Agnes Koslowski, Second Place
Music	High School Orchestra
A Soldier of France.....	Ruth Sailor
An Order for a Picture.....	Margaret Driscoll
From a Far Country	Marilla Remmel, First Place
Music	High School Orchestra

THE SOPHOMORE CONTEST

The declamatory contest of the Sophomore class was held in the High School assembly room Friday evening, May 4, 1917. The Sophomores like the Freshmen, were inexperienced in the work but were all excellent.

The following program composed the evening's entertainment:

Music	Girls' Glee Club
Bobby Shaftoe.....	Hazel Kloepfel, Third Place
The Sacrifice of Sydney Carton.....	Kathryn McCabe, First Place
Music	Girls' Glee Club
Pollyanna	Bertha Tuchscherer, Second Place
The Exile of the Arcadians.....	Edith Graham
Mrs. Tree.....	Olga Christofferson
The Soul of a Violin.....	Leone Weyenberg
Music	Sophomore Quartette

THE FINAL CONTEST

The Final Contest was held May 5th, 1917. Four of the girls, one Senior, and three Juniors, had had but little training, but regardless of this fact did very well with their selections. The contestants were the winners of the Freshmen and Sophomore Contests and the members of the Junior and Senior Classes.

The following program was submitted:

Music	High School Orchestra
Bobby Shaftoe	Hazel Kloepfel, '19
Pollyanna	Bertha Tuschschneider, '19
A Victim of the Law.....	Adelyne Schierl, '17
The Littlest Rebel.....	Frances Corry, '18, Second Place
The Sign of the Cross.....	Agnes Koslowski, '20
Anne of Green Gables	Lucy Pettis, '20
Ole Mistis	Elsie Johnson, '18
The Sacrifice of Sydney Carton.....	Kathryn McCabe, '19, First Place
From a Far Country	Marilla Remmel, '20, Third Place
Nydia's Sacrifice	Marie Wirtz, '18
Music	High School Orchestra

THE JUNIOR DANCING PARTY

To start off the season, the Junior Class of Menasha High School entertained about thirty-five couples at a dancing party. The affair was held in the Menasha City Park pavilion, Friday evening, September 15, 1916.

Pretty green and white ribbons, bearing the words "Junior Dance" were given to each guest as a commemoration of the occasion.

The music was furnished by the Kloepfel Orchestra and the Junior Dance led the way to the next successful activity of Menasha High School.

THE SOPHOMORE HARVEST BALL

The Sophomore Harvest Ball held at Co. I Armory, was one of the prettiest social functions of the season. The hall was prettily decorated with the class colors and in the center of the floor stood a large cluster of corn stalks surrounded by fresh yellow pumpkins, which made a very pleasing effect.

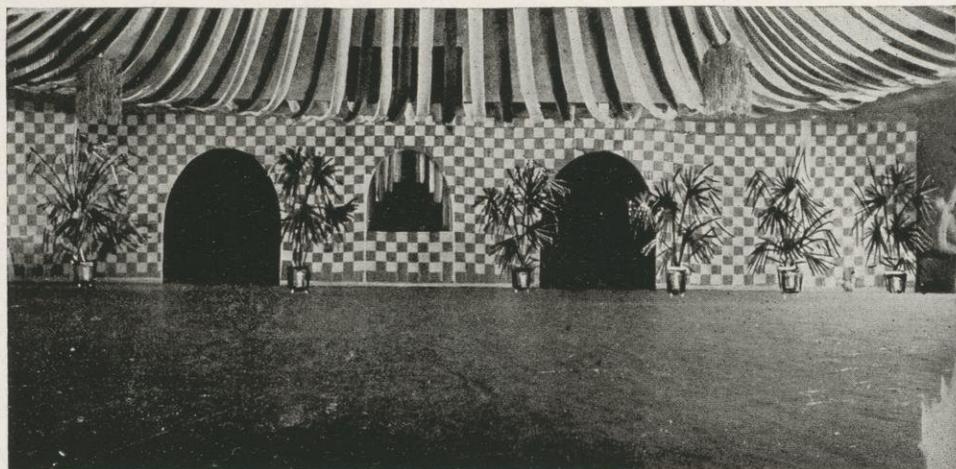
About seventy-five Menasha, Neenah, and Appleton couples attended, and all reported a very delightful evening. The Military Orchestra furnished excellent music and the Ball was a complete success both socially and financially.

THE 1918 JUNIOR PROMENADE

In past years, the Menasha High School Junior Proms have made for themselves state-wide names, and this year, due to the class of 1918, the popularity was increased to a large degree. The decorating was positively the most beautiful ever seen in this part of the state, being completely new, and all accomplished by the talent of the students.

As the Prom occurs but once a year, and a different class has charge each year, this function is always made the most beautiful possible. Due to competition, each class makes an attempt to exceed any of the former Proms, and this one was undoubtedly the most beautiful and the most successful ever held in the history of this school.

The music was also very wonderful, furnished by Blink's Milwaukee Country Club Orchestra, which is by far the most beautiful in this state. Never before has a Milwaukee orchestra played at a Prom here and there is no question about who will furnish the music in future years, after the first experiment which proved to be extraordinarily successful.



The success of the 1918 Prom was due to the following Committees:

ORCHESTRA

Donald Little Nathan Calder

REFRESHMENTS

Dorothy Little Dorothy Heckrodt Ruth Lenz
Mildred Schierl Ruth Young

FINANCE

Donald Little Neil De Wolf Morris Exley
William Jensen Ferris Griswold Clarence Hrubesky

DECORATING

Nathan Calder Neil DeWolf Clarence Hrubesky Morris Exley
Harvey Anderson Ferris Grisworld Donald Little

ADDRESSING INVITATIONS

Matilda Karrow Marie Wirtz Nathan Calder
Elsie Johnson Eleanor Murtaugh Rose DeKeyser

Senior Class Play

"THE HEIRESS HUNTERS"

ACT I.

Harry Clive orders the breakfast and then wakes Tom Timmons and Dick Chetivnd. Loleta, the Spanish Model, enters and breakfasts with them. She discovers the painting of Amethyst Lake and tells Dick to beware if he loves another. After she and Harry leave, Mrs. Wood comes to collect her forty dollars. The fellows put her off, telling her that Harry wishes to marry her. She leaves along with Dick. Major Moran comes to see Tom, wishing him to return to Kokomo and marry Miss Lake. Tom, however, refuses. When the Major, Mrs. Ballou, and Amethyst return later, he is gone. Harry Clive meets Amethyst and then decides to visit Kokomo. Miss Lake leaves a five hundred dollar check for her picture which has been destroyed by Loleta in the meantime.

ACT II.

Harry Clive is now firmly established at Lake Kokomo. He and Amethyst are very intimate, a fact of which Mrs. Ballou does not approve. Tom Timmons reaches Lakemont and meets his old friend, Nell Gray. Later his Uncle forgives him but desires that he marry Miss Lake. Lakemont has another visitor, Lord Richard Chetivnd, who has also come to win the heiress. Last but by no means least, enters the Widow Wood looking for "her Harry," but is given to Whimper, the butler.

ACT III.

Mrs. Wood is now Mrs. Whimper. Tom, Dick, and Harry have all proposed to Amethyst Lake, but none have received an answer. Tom, meeting Nell Gray, asks her to marry him. When they return to the Parson's, they meet Dick and Loleta, who also decide to be married. Harry is told of the two weddings and breaks the news to Amethyst who tells him she has loved him from the first.

CHARACTERS

Tom Timmons	Carl Remmel
Dick Chetivnd	Walter Strong
Harry Clive	Roman Fahrbach
Major Morann	Dewey Judd
Whimper	Gordon Hess
Amethyst Lake	Lucille Loescher
Nell Gray	Lorraine Reimer
Mrs. Ballou	Alice Johnson
Loleta	Ruth Powell
Widow Wood	Charlotte Brown
John Patrick	Hubert Reimer
Pandora	Emma Stowe

SATIRE

Man in Water: "Help! I'm drowning!"

Hebraic Gentleman on shore: "Look! He's vorrid about someding dor don't cost him a cent!"

FAMOUS AMERICANS

O. U. Drivel	Tommy Rot
D. Biigg Noyes	A. Fulla Mud
A. Buncha Junk	Mr. U. R. Next

"Well, Slvester, how do you find the new encyclopedia the agent left on approval?"

"Seems to be all right. Ain't no errors in it as far as I can see."

"Kenneth has brain trouble."

"Is that so? What kind?"

"It troubles him to think."

"They tell me you once crossed Death Valley in a wagon," said the Easterner.

"What did you do for water?"

Oh!" replied the Westerner, "I had springs in the wagon."

If anybody shoots himself from joy it will not be considered suicide.

Ask Redmond Dougherty for pointers on Home Rule for Ireland.

May 25, 1917.—For once Harvey A. woke up, and began talking in M. & M. History.

"What's an optimist?"

"An optimist is a person who will go into restaurant without a cent in his pocket, and figuring to pay for the meal with the pearl he hopes to find in the oysters."

Dutch Beggar:—"Plees gif a poor olt blind men a dime."

Citizen:—"Why, you can see out of one eye."

Beggar:—"Vell den, gif me a nickel."

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

Gordon: "What is a grass widow?"

Leo G. "A woman whose husband died with the hay-fever."

During one of the orchestra practices, Marie Arno dropped her false teeth. Paudy Wheeler, sitting on them, got bit.

Henry K.: "Alva, were you ever in Constantinople?"

Alva G.: "Was I ever in Con't-stand-an—"

Henry K.: "I said, were you ever in Constantinople?"

Alva G. "No, I was not; I can't even say it. What part of the country it is."

Henry K.: "Why, it is a part of Turkey."

Alva G. (Smilingly): "Ah! I know now. That's the part mother used to throw away."

Willard: "Did you know a man could get drunk on water?"

Johnny H.: "Impossible! You can't get drunk on water."

Willard: "I don't see why a person can't get drunk on water as well as on land."

Vylar D.: "Say, I think you're finest looking boy I ever saw."

Victor S.: "I'm sorry I can't return the compliment."

Vylar D.: "You could if you told as big a lie as I did."

"If a dude should fall and sprain his wrist, what would you call him?"

Paudy: "A monkey-wrench."

Mick.: "Is that your Sunday hat?"

Windy: "Yes."

Mick.: "You only wear it on the weak end."

Leaks: "You are going to have money left you."

Harvey (Star decorator): "Glad to hear it. I've only got \$2.00 to my name."

Leaks: "Well, after paying me, you will have a dollar left you."

Harvey: "Did your watch stop when it dropped on the floor?"

Leaks: "Sure, did you think it would go through?"

Eskimo workmen in the Artic Region are striking for an 8 hour day.

Ruth S.: "Hey Agnes! If I acted as pall-bearer for a negro, would it be proper to say that I went black-burying?"

Before attempting to float, a swimmer should carefully empty his bathing suit of all flat-iron, and sash weights.

Red. W.: "You are very witty."

Alvan L.: "But the guy who wrote "Snowbound" was Whittier."

She: "I saw you coming out of a bar-room today."

He: "I had to come out sometime."

Mr. Lewis: "Now that you know so much about anatomy, I will ask you something; If a man was to fall down and break his knee, where would you send him?"

Paudy W.: "I'd send him to the coast of Africa."

Mr. Lewis: "Why?"

Paudy W.: "Because that's the negroes." (knee grows.)

"Do you love me?" said a paper bag to the sugar.
"I'm just wrapped up in you," replied the sugar.
"You sweet thing!" murmured the paper bag.

Miss Stoppenbach in M. M. History: "What is the meaning of chivalry?"

Al. Hahn: "A bunch of soldiers."

Miss Underwood in German III.: "Donald, how do you pronounce your name in German?"

(Nay, whispering to Donald from across the aisle.)

Donald immediately answered: "Dank und Hertzlich."

Who wrote this?

"Dear Ole, I cannot realize that our good times have seen an end."

AN OBSERVATION

"Full many trying tasks
I'm able to recall,
But having to pretend to be
In love is worst of all," said R. L. after having G. P. thrust upon her for an hour.

Emil R.: "Gee, Alva G. has got a new shirt."

G. Hess: "Yes, they had some wall paper left and his mother papered him."

THE SOFTENING INFLUENCE

A. Schmalz: "Why is a summer girl more mushy than a winter variety?"
Dolly B. (Glaring at a soda fountain sign): "It must be to over indulgence in soft drinks."

"Don't hand any more than what you can get away with."

Nay: "I bet you a kiss that I'll kiss you!"

Charlotte: "I bet you a boxed ear you don't!"

A farmer was figuring on putting a fence around his field but he decided to wait for his son to come from U. W. where he had been taking fencing lessons.

Louise L.: "Did you tell your mother that Vylar kissed you?"

Marilla R.: "No! I was afraid she wouldn't invite him to my birthday party."

Who wrote this?

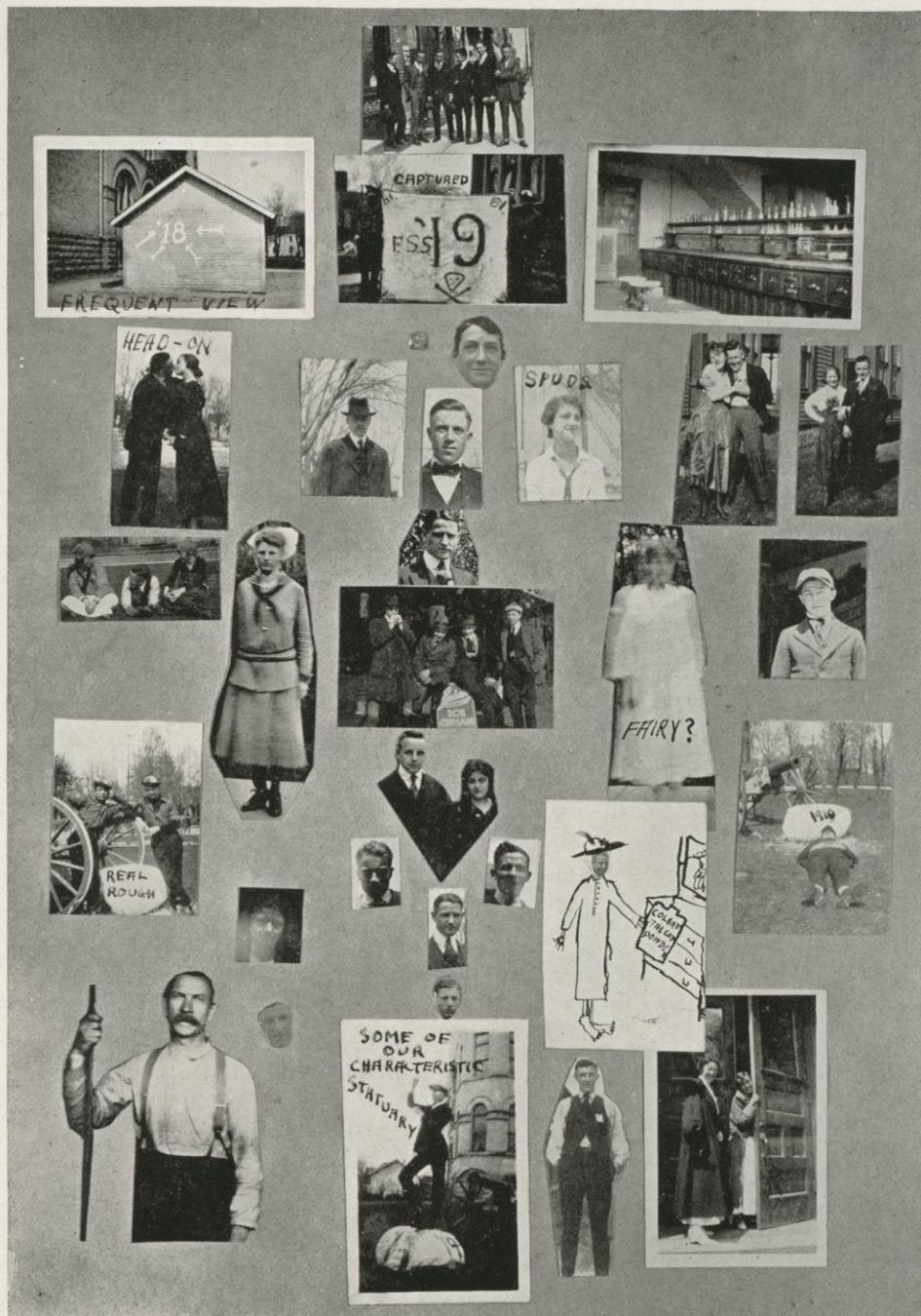
Dearest Leo:—I'll meet you on the library corner in a half hour, for I do not want we go home with Johnny H.

Joseph W.: "You resemble a door, don't you?"

Loletta B.: "Why?"

Joseph B.: "Because you are so nobby."

Someone told Mick he was a pitcher, and he really believed it.



Mr. Callahan: "Is a barber engaged in personal or professional service?"

Ruth P.: "In producing haircuts."

Miss Norris: "What is a collective noun."

Nathan: "Anything concerning a bunch."

"I don't need any speedometer on my Ford. I can easily tell the speed." "How do you do it?" asked the friend. "Well, when I go ten miles an hour my lamps rattle, when I go 15 miles the fenders rattle, and when I go 20 miles my bones rattle."

Rube seems to be getting more nerve every day. He walked home with Hyacinth S. once.

IN ECONOMICS

Mr. Callahan: "What is meant by a clearing house in banking?"

Gogs: "Like they have in Sears & Roebuck once a week."

I heard that he was so tight that he climbed out the front window to save the hinges on the door.

Cecille H.: "I heard that Mrs. Doe attempted suicide and was arrested for violating the pure food laws."

Dewey J.: "How's that?"

Cecille H.: "She put acid-in-cider."

Buddy: "I could dance to heaven with you."

Rufus B.: "Can you reverse?"

Emil R.: "Is that young woman I saw you with the other day your sister?"

Dewey J.: "I don't know, I didn't ask her yet."

"I am delighted to meet you," said the father of the college student, shaking hands warmly with the professor. "My son took algebra from you last year, you know."

"Pardon me," said the professor, "but he did not take it."

Miss Ramsey: "Herr Remmel, kommen Sie hier."

Cart: "I thought I had combed it."

The question in the exam. was, "Discuss the influence of the Crusades on society."

Freshmen: "The people were particular who they went with."

Chemistry. Mr. Lewis: "Who discovered the first nitride?"

Ma Exley: "Paul Revere."

"Why did Hannibal cross the Alps?" Same reason the hen had for crossing the road. You can't fool me with no conundrums."

"There is a girl named "Ruth,"

Brilliant is she in truth,

Her aim in life is very high

Because in classes she always asks, "Why"

School Kids In Mischief Again

The spirit of rivalry between the Neenah and Menasha High school classes is rampant again. A year ago Menasha students stole a march on Neenah and put a white flag bearing the letters M. H. S. on the Neenah flag pole. To get even a Neenah bunch, whose names have not yet been learned, recently painted N. H. S. in red letters on the side of the Menasha school. These letters will have to be left to wear off as every effort was made to remove the lettering from the side of the building to no avail. Also some unknown artist painted in big red letters on the walks of the Menasha High school the letters N. H. S. in several different places. And again, some unknown steeple jack climbed to the top of the Neenah High school chimney and placed in block letters M. H. S. in white paint.

FROM THE WAIST BASKET

Dear Dolly-
are you still
mad? Let's make
up.

Lovingly
Fuzzy

Dear Pony-

I will meet you as soon
as Joe W. leaves.

L. B.

WHAT'S
THE ANSWER
TO THE
THIRD PROBLEM

SNEAK DOWN TO
KRAUT'S AND GET SOME
HAMBURGERS.

WE'LL SKIP AT 10:40
AND GO SWIMMING.
WE CAN USE OUR
B.V.D.'S.

HOW MANY MARBLES
YOU GOT NOW.
I'M. GOING TO GET
SOME MORE TO DAY

(A uestion in History) : "What is a kaiser?"

Bright Soph: "A kaiser is something that spouts up and disturbs the earth."

Teacher: "Is Helen absent?"

Student: "I don't know; she isn't in school today."

Mr. Lewis: "Alva, if we put a person in a room where there was no more than 4 per cent. of carbon-dioxide, what would happen to him?"

Alva: "It would petrify him."

Mr. Lewis (in Agriculture): "What important mineral do we get from Chile?"

L. Corry: "Chile Sauce."

Teacher (to Soph): "Scientists claim that fish are good food, for the brain. If that is true I suggest that some of you fellows eat whales."

Fuzzy: "All right for you JENSEN, if you go down to DOLLY'S I won't do down anymore."

Jensen: "Whatta I care for you."

Fuzzy: "That's the way you always do."

"Come, come," said the impatient conductor to Willis who was searching his pockets, "you couldn't have lost your ticket, you know."

"Couldn't eh!" said Willis, "I lost a base drum once."

He (holding her on his lap): "Darling, I only love you half as much as I did."

She: "What do you mean?"

He: "Well, only half of me is concious."

Jimmy: "What's de best way to teach a girl to swim?"

Johnny: "Well, you wait, ter take her gently by de hand, lead her gently to dewater, put your arm around—."

Jimmy: "Oh! cut it out! It's my sister."

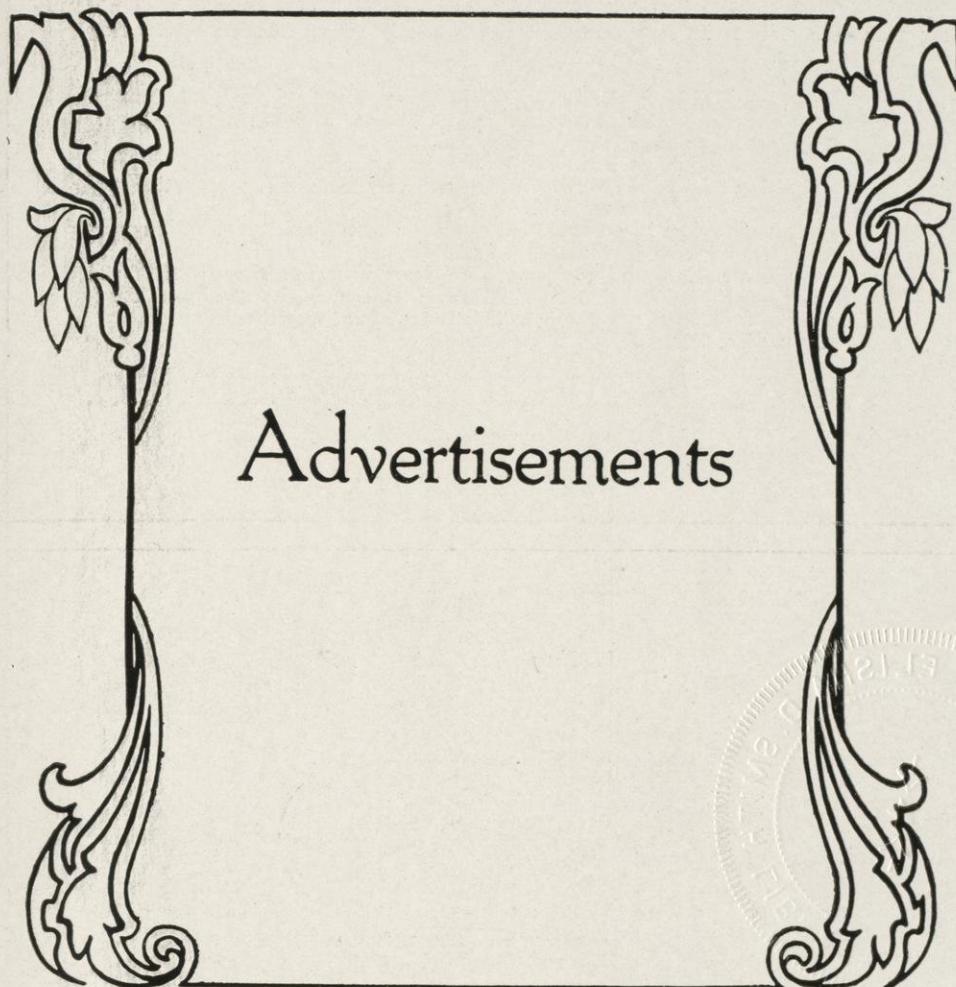
Johnny: "Oh! put her off de dock!"

Calder tells this one.

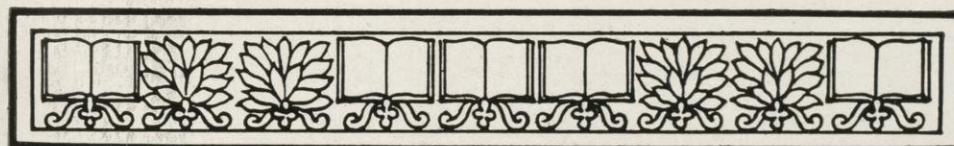
The train had just run off the track and plunged down a steep embankment. Engine, baggages, coaches, and sleepers were piled in terrible confusions. Calder, the famous fullback, lying at the bottom of the wreck, came partly to his senses. Three passenger coaches were piled on top of him a piece of pipe was coiled about his neck. The rim of one of the big driving wheels of the engine rested on his face. His legs were pinned down by a heavy beam, a pillow had been forced against his mouth and nose, his arms were pressed against his sides, and he tried to move, but in vain. But willing hands were at work on the wreck, and at last Calder was dragged out. Looking around in a dazed way at his rescuers, he asked, "How many yards did we gain that time, boys?"

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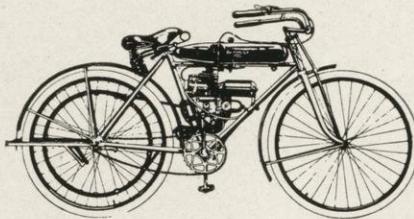
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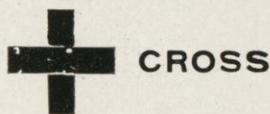
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