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Down With
Wabeno
Dec. 7th

The Okato

Thanksgiving
Greetings

Vol. 4-No. 2

Oconto, Wisconsin - November 25, 1925

Price 15 Cents

SENIOR DAY PROGRAM SHOWS REAL SPIRIT

Fourth Year Class Puts On Peppy Stunts

Suppressed mystery filled the air one morning as I walked down the hall; from the cloakroom issued giggles—everyone I met seemed to be intensely discussing some vitally interesting matter. Here and there stood groups of girls busily chatting. Something was afoot! What could all this be about?

As I entered the cloakroom I saw some little girls wearing hair ribbons. Well, wasn't that funny for those little people to be up among all of us important high school people? Where was Miss Humphrey that she didn't take them down to the Kindergarten where—well, anybody could see that was where they belonged! Later my astonishment increased when I saw that they weren't "kindergarteners," but Senior Girls who had always before been so dignified! What in the world were they wearing hair ribbons for? I finally managed to get a word in edgewise to a girl who was talking faster than I've ever before heard an human being talk, and I asked her what it was all about. "Why," she said, "haven't you heard that this is Senior day?" And she walked away.

Mystery Cleared Up

Well, I was as much at sea as ever but finally we were called into the Main Room for 10:10 period. The plot was thickening! Girls hustled into the halls and closed the doors behind them. Then Francis Klotzsky (he's that big boy that's the president of the Senior class) began to talk, and told us that this was Senior Day, the day on which all full fledged Seniors who, as loyal members of the class, had paid their dues, were to wear purple and white ribbons. All girls were to wear hair ribbons and the boys were to wear huge neckties in honor of the day.

The mystery was swiftly clearing—but why the girls in the hall? Francis put an end to my thoughts by introducing to the assembly some of the prominent Seniors. He presented Lovell O'Grady as the hysterical member of the class; Irene (Beans) Young, as the vegetable; Irvin Schauer as the human postage stamp; Marvin Schroeder as the Teenie-Weenie; Clarence Becker as the representative of 1930; and Margaret Goodman as Patrick Henry, the Second.

Peppy Stunts Entertain

Then all at once an old lady in "specs" wearing a hoop skirt and the funniest straw hat came on the platform with an old man in overalls.

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GIRLS' GLEE CLUB ENJOYS SNAPPY PARTY

The Glee Club girls enjoyed their first party of the year October 8, 1925. Plans had been made for a wiener roast at the tourist camp, but owing to the cold weather it was held in school. A victrola was brought into Miss Humphrey's room and dancing and games took place. After the dancing a delightful lunch of hot-dog sandwiches and cocoa was served. Every one departed after having had an enjoyable time.

More social meetings are planned.

Indian Summer

We find the time for possum hunting nigh,
While the starshine adds a romance to the sky.
The time when Autumn leaves have turned a scarlet red,
When beech nut trees many hunter squirrels have led;
The time when Mother Nature has a masterpiece in hand,
When Indian Summer's spirit is o'er the land.
Then October holds the key of winter in her hand,
Releasing it when winter's snows have blanketed the land.
She is at every hearthstone Nature's Queen supreme,
And everyone is lonely when she passes from the scene.

H. Laduron '27.

FRESHMEN ENJOY THEIR FIRST CLASS PARTY

The air was filled with music. A loud voice rang out.
"Girls to the right, boys to the left."

Passers-by paused and listened in wonder. What was it all about? To whom did that voice belong?

Why, it was Friday evening, October 23rd, and the occasion was the Freshmen Party when about ninety-six of the class and the faculty gathered at the High School for an evening's merriment. The voice belonged to Mr. Borgstrom who superintended the circular two-steps.

The sewing room was prettily decorated in crepe paper, corn stalks and pumpkins.

The music for the evening was furnished by the Meyer's Orchestra.

The first part of the evening was spent in dancing and playing games. Just before refreshments were served there was a grand march led by Miss Ream and Jerome Parisey.

Mr. Hedberg, on the eats committee, made a hard and fast rule that anyone without a napkin would not receive refreshments. Soon after he came for his plate but lo and behold! he had no napkin! Because of his efficiency in the kitchen he was awarded a bite anyway.

Mr. Lyons, Mr. Davis, and a few of the boys ate in the kitchen.

After refreshments the music and dancing began anew. Wilmer Armstrong and Harry Aronson enjoyed this very much. Some others of the Freshmen were unable to dance and were a bit bashful. The dancing part was quickly remedied by our able Miss Dennis who danced a wicked "Turkey in the Straw" modified by a few of the new steps from the Charleston.

HOLOSFACTS PROGRAM REVEALS FINE TALENT

The first program given by the Holosfacts society was held in the Main Room October 9, 1925, and it proved that the members have talent and are not afraid to display it.

Norman Hass was first on the program and played a selection on the bugle.

A talk by Lovell O'Grady brought out the real ideals of Holosfacts and their significance in every boy's life. Constructive thinking founded on right living was his definition of the aim of the club. The means of attaining this are found in the Holosfacts code which consists of Honor, obedience, loyalty, opportunity, sincerity, fun, action, truth, and setting of good examples.

Norman Wachal, Daniel Estreen, Henry Vullings, and Norman Cole portrayed the characters in a one act play, "A First Class Hotel." The large and tremendous lung power of Gus Schnell, the roaring of the eccentric Leggit, the landlord's sincerity, and Bulger's liver pills kept the audience amused. The alley cats were good, too.

Holosfacts' one and only prima donna who was attired in a black velvet gown with gold girle and a dashing hat of the latest mode, warbled, "I Love You Truly," "If You Knew Susie," and "Don't Bring Lulu." The prima donna's posturing was very good but this performer needed more practice on the trills and trebles of "Don't Bring Lulu." Helen J. Harvey accompanied.

Rumors of the good program reached the Parent-Teachers' Association and the club has been asked to repeat its program at the next P. T. A. meeting.

HIGH SCHOOL HAS HARD SCHEDULE THIS YEAR

Wabeno Game Will Test Team's Real Strength

Coach Borgstrom called for men on Monday, November 2, 1925. About forty-eight responded with pep and enthusiasm. This goes to show that the spirit of the good old days is coming back. The boys were put through a light work-out and by the end of practice Coaches Borgstrom and Smith knew the material they had to work with.

After practice they cut the squad into two classes. Into Class A they put the men with the most experience who would have the best chance of making the team. Class B takes in the reserves which consist mostly of freshman and sophomores who will be eligible for basketball next year.

Men Keep Training Rules

The eighteen men in class A are all fighting hard for a position. The boys have been keeping training, too, which goes to show they are willing to give up some pleasures to put over a championship team in Oconto this year.

Class B has about thirty boys in it. They are divided into four teams captained by Pat Keene and Jimmy McFarlane. Coach Smith has charge of these boys and he is rounding them into shape wonderfully. He believes in coaching the lower classman early for the Freshmen and Sophomores of today make the representative high school team of tomorrow. With this year's material and Coach Borgstrom on the job Oconto will have a team of championship caliber. Each member of the squad is putting forth his very best efforts so that he will be one of the men that will play on Oconto's Famous Team in 1925-26.

Oconto Has Hard Schedule

Oconto faces one of the hardest schedules in its basketball history. The season opens on December 4, 1925, when the team journeys to Wabeno. This first game will test the fiber of the team Oconto depends on this year. The next two games will be easier for Oconto to cop. After the Menasha game Oconto will have to show real form to keep in the running. If the team wins the earlier games the chances are that its mid-season form will enable it to take the strong West Green Bay and Shawano teams into camp.

By the looks of things now the Oconto basketball team may be depended upon to hang up a year's record of which we can be proud. The squads are on their mettle now. The problem is to keep the boys that way. The pep we had ready for football, added to our usual basketball spirit should provide enough encouragement to make the boys feel like running circles around their opponents.

FACULTY IS WILLING TO MAKE UP TIME

At a meeting held November 16, 1925, the members of the faculty expressed their willingness to make up ten of the fifteen days of our recent vacation so that the students will not lose too much work.

Sessions will be run the Friday and Saturday following Thanksgiving. Other make up days probably will be determined early next month.

Thanksgiving

Another year has rolled by and Thanksgiving is again here. Can't you just smell the turkey and cranberry sauce and pumpkin pie and all the other things that we have on Thanksgiving?

But it might be well to put aside these thoughts for a while and think of more unselfish things. It wouldn't hurt us to take one day a year to give thanks for our homes and all the advantages that we have, and above all, for being a citizen of the most glorious country in the world.

ENGLISH CLASSES WRITE POETRY AND DRAMA

Students in the English classes have been busy at creative work. The Juniors tried their poetic ability in October and as a result wrote some simple but very effective poems on assigned subjects. "Indian Summer" which appears on the front page, is one of these, and two other Autumn poems follow.

In Sophomore English four girls, working in groups of twos wrote a dramatization of a scene from "The Tale of Two Cities," planned the presentation, and gave it before the first hour class.

Leaves

1.

The leaves are rustling softly
The trees are waving proudly,
For they change their color different ways,
And look prettier every day.

2.

The leaves like the wind it seems
Because it sails them down the streams,
They look like fairy boats,
As they go down the stream afloat.

3.

The leaves have homes
When winter comes,
Under a white blanket of snow,
When every one's cheeks are all aglow.

4.

The leaves have a death long and slow
For they freeze underneath the snow,
But when their doom is past,
They go to fairy eternity at last.

—S. Rabe '27

When Autumn Comes Around

1.

When the leaves begin to turn
And later come tumbling down,
When the bonfires start to burn
Then's when Autumn comes around.

2.

When the pumpkins are all yellow
Making bright spots on the ground,
When the apple cider's mellow
Then's when Autumn comes around.

3.

When the frost begins to bite
And the harvest moon's big and round,
When the birds begin their flight
Then's when Autumn comes around.

—B. Johnson '27

JUNIOR FINANCE GROUPS START WORKING

The Junior President has appointed a finance committee of five, to make money for the Junior Class, so that a Prom may be put on in April.

As the result of the first meeting of the committee, the Junior Class has been divided into seven groups, with a chairman at the head of each group. The chairmen are responsible for the groups earning five dollars or more, each.

Several hot dog sales have been put on and the school is promised more of these together with candy sales and any other kinds of sales which the Junior Class can profitably put on.

Let's cooperate with them in whatever they offer us so that they may uphold the precedent of former classes of Oconto High School and put on a Junior Prom.

CANDY SALE

The Juniors are busy getting their Prom money together. Beulah Nichols and Helen Laduron were in charge of the committee that put on a candy sale November 18, 1925. The members of the committee all made candy and it was sold in the Domestic Science room. This is second of the series of money making schemes that the Juniors expect to manage.

Who Took The Essay?

Mystery! Who stole the winning theme? After reading this second installment of the serial story, draw your conclusions, write them up as the final installment, hand your chapter in and you will be in line for the two pound prize box of candy. All stories must be handed in to Miss Backus by December 15, 1925. They will be judged by Miss Shepherd and the winner will be printed in the December issue.

Let's everybody have a try at it! Maybe you are a second Conan Doyle and don't know it. Anyway, show your stuff!

A Thief in The Night

SYNOPSIS

John Gilbert, a High School student with a rare gift for writing, had the misfortune of having his essay stolen. It would, undoubtedly have gone to the State Contest, so its disappearance caused great excitement in the school. All members of the Senior Composition Class were being questioned by Mr. Emery, the principal, but up to the last boy, nothing definite was discovered. As this last boy, James Mara, was being interviewed, they were interrupted by a sound at the door. Now go on with the story.

CHAPTER II

Both principal and pupil turned quickly at the sound and beheld a rather tousled boy—red in the face and breathing heavily—held firmly at the collar by an almost as much disheveled teacher.

Let me go, I tell you! I wasn't doing anything!"

"You can come in and explain your actions to Mr. Emery," replied Mr. Garry, the teacher, keeping a resolute hold on the captive.

"What's all this?" exclaimed the principal. What's the trouble?"

"I'll let the boy speak for himself, sir," responded Mr. Garry.

Meanwhile James Mara stood silently by, waiting.

The principal turned to him and said, "You may go now James. I'll call you in later."

The boy left the room and the principal, turning toward his unexpected visitors, said brusquely, "Now what is the matter? What has happened?"

"I tell you I wasn't doing anything!"

"Mr. Garry, why is this boy brought to the office? What has he done?" asked Mr. Emery, abruptly.

"I happened to be passing Miss Wheeler's, the Senior Composition teacher's room and I saw this boy going through some papers in the desk, Miss Wheeler has assembly this period, so it was a good time to carry out his plan—whatever it was." This last remark was accompanied by a sneering look at the boy, who stood silently by, eyes downcast.

The principal regarded both teacher and pupil sharply and then turning his entire attention upon the boy, said, not unkindly, "don't be afraid to tell the truth, Richard. Lying will only get you into deeper trouble. Tell me what you were doing in Miss Wheeler's desk."

"I was so interested in the disappearance of John's theme that I went and looked in Miss Wheeler's desk to see if he hadn't handed it in."

"Do you call that a plausible story, Mr. Emery?" put in the teacher contemptuously.

"I believe I can handle this case alone now, Mr. Garry," replied the principal. "You may go."

After the door had closed upon the retreating figure of the rebuked teacher, Mr. Emery turned once more to Richard Radway.

"Why are you so interested in this affair of the missing theme?"

"Well, you see, John is my cousin and we were all anxious to see if his theme would go to the State Contest and maybe win first place there. We all knew he could do it because he's got it in him."

"Well, but even your interest doesn't justify your going into a teacher's desk and rummaging around. Why couldn't you have asked Miss Wheeler to look. Besides, she ought to know whether it was handed to her or not. I don't think that you have sufficient reason to clear you."

"But I didn't hurt anything."

"I'll give you the benefit of the doubt until after school, when Miss Wheeler and I will decide your case. If you have not told me everything, you had better decide to do so tonight. It will go hard with you if you don't."

With these parting words, he motioned the boy to the door.

He then sat down at the desk and began to busy himself with some writing. The scratching of his pen and the ticking of the clock were the only sounds that broke the quiet, when all of a sudden the telephone jingled noisily.

"Riverside High School—Yes—What?—She was hurt?—Is it serious? I'll be down directly."

He dropped the receiver into place hastily and rang an electric bell.

Almost immediately, a door opened from an adjoining room and the trim figure of an office girl appeared.

"My daughter has been run over by an automobile and I must hurry right away, so tell all those that come to see me that I'll see them tomorrow."

The words were scarcely out of his mouth before he disappeared rapidly from the sight of the astonished office girl.

The temperature fell that night and the dark clouds that gathered in the sky seemed to be a warning of the fast approaching winter. A cold moon peeped out occasionally from behind the clouds and during one of these glances revealed a figure scurrying down the road. It seemed to be carrying something quite heavy for every few minutes the bundle was transferred to the opposite hand.

At a corner the figure stopped, put the package on the ground and blew softly into his cold hands. At this moment another silent figure joined the first and both started up the road at a good pace. Only three words were exchanged between them.

"Got everything?"

"Yep."

And all the time the moon gleamed coldly down upon this quiet scene.

This same night Mr. Emery returned to the school house to finish the work that he so hastily left when called home that afternoon.

He was busily engaged in his work when suddenly his ear detected a sound that seemed to come from the floor above. He listened and could hear footsteps stealing softly down the upper corridor.

Could this be the thief that took the essay?

"I hope it is," he declared to himself, "for he will certainly get what's coming to him."

He quickly removed his shoes and quietly stepped to the door and listened. Yes! The footsteps could still be heard but they seemed to be going in the direction of the chemistry room this time.

The intruder evidently had not seen the light in the office for his actions became noisier now and he even

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MANY PARTIES GIVEN DURING VACATION

Many parties were given during our last vacation. The students took advantage of this vacation and gave as many parties as they could, probably thinking they would spend the rest of their lives making up school work.

Noel Keene entertained his friends at a dinner party Thursday, Nov. 12, 1925. After the dinner bunco was played. Agnes Mullen and Arthur Fabry won first prizes and consolation prizes were given to Helen Jane Harvey and Jerome Parisey. Every one had a good time.

A Hallowe'en party was given by Josephine Amore on October 31, 1925. The house was very prettily decorated with cats, owls, and witches. The evening was spent in playing games and dancing after which a delicious luncheon was served.

A fortune teller was the feature of Marion Maloney's Hallowe'en dinner party. Many games were played after dinner and at Bunco the first prize went to Robert Ford, and the consolation to William Ramsay. After this the rugs were taken up and the rest of the evening was spent in dancing which everyone enjoyed.

Walter Damkoehler entertained the All Night Club and the Alligator's Garter Club Wednesday, October 28th. One game was played called Why? When? Where? and the rest of the evening was spent in dancing. Impersonations were given by Francis Klotzsky. Delicious refreshments were served later in the evening.

Grace Ford gave a party Wednesday, November 16, 1925. Dorothy Herald won first prize at Bunco and Robert Ford won the boy's first prize. A kind word contest was held and everyone had many laughs over the kind words said about each other. After other games were played, dainty refreshments were served.

Mary Nelson and Beatrice Swaer entertained a number of their friends at a Bunco party too. The first prize was won by Violet Miencke and the consolation by Agnes MacCourt. An opinion contest was held, and Hazel Grady triumphed. That's not surprising. At the close of the evening refreshments were served.

A Bunco party was given by Marion Maloney, at which the first prize went to Grace Ford and consolation to Dorothy Herald. Refreshments were served.

DELEGATES WILL ATTEND C. I. P. A. CONVENTION

The delegates to the C. I. P. A. Convention this year will be Ruth Joy and Francis Klotzsky. Miss Dennis and Miss Miller plan to go also.

Representatives of school papers from all over the United States will be present at this convention to learn new things about improving their paper and making it more interesting for its readers.

School papers will be judged and placed according to their final grades. We hope to get a place, but even if we don't we can, at least, profit by our mistakes.

FRESHMEN COMMITTEES ARE APPOINTED

The Freshman class dues have been coming along fine. They are practically 100 per cent now.

Committees have been appointed with the chairman of each of the four class officers. The object of these committees is to select a suitable motto, flower, colors, song and yell for the class.

HIGH SCHOOL GIRLS FORM NEW CLUB

A number of the High School girls are members of a new club that has been organized and is called the L. A. L. club. Their first meeting was held at the home of Jean Riemer. The following officers were elected: President, Jean Riemer; Secretary, Marcela Burkhardt; Treasurer, Genevieve Amore, and Press Correspondent, Mabel Bloomer. After the meeting refreshments were served. The next meeting will be held at the home of Marcela Burkhardt.

The purpose of the club is mainly social, but the girls plan to have programs later in the year.

JOINT CLASS PARTY IS POSTPONED

Alas, the Junior and Senior party has been postponed indefinitely—much to the sorrow of the Juniors and Seniors especially the Seniors, because the witches and ghosts were supposed to walk, the cats to cry and the pumpkins to grin on Hallowe'en Eve. Now the seniors will never be able to help celebrate Hallowe'en again in Oconto High School.

But sh—sh. Mr. Smith says that he will find a night somewhere and let the Juniors and Seniors have their party anyway, so three cheers for Mr. Smith.

A THIEF IN THE NIGHT

Continued from page 2
slammed a door.

The principal went softly up the south stairs and as he reached the second floor, stopped again to locate the trespasser.

The sound came from the other end of the hall, so the principal started for that direction. However, he had not gone five feet before he stumbled and fell full length over a package that was lying in his way.

"Now I've spoiled the whole thing," he muttered to himself as the sound of his fall echoed and re-echoed throughout the building. Everything else was quiet and no sound of the other person could be heard.

The principal rose as quietly as he could, rubbed his elbows and ventured on down the hall—more carefully. As he neared the room where the noise was last heard, he stopped a moment to decide whether it would be better to turn the switch on immediately or to steal quietly in, locate the intruder and pounce upon him—that is, if he hadn't escaped when Mr. Emery had the misfortune to fall. He decided for the first method because if he guarded the door the thief could not escape anyway.

So he softly pushed the door open and quickly pushed a button which flooded the room in light.

But no one was to be seen.

"Well, it won't hurt to search, anyway," he said to himself, and immediately set about to do so. As he walked to the other side of the room, a sudden noise startled him and he turned quickly to see a figure rise from a crouching position and flee swiftly from the room.

The principal was after him like a shot, but as he reached the lower hall, he heard the main door slam.

"Now why in the world didn't I think of that trick?" he blamed himself, "Well, he's gone and I can't help it.

The next morning when school was again in session the principal called in the office girl and bade her get James Mara. In a few seconds she returned.

"He did not come to school this morning sir," she reported.

A puzzled look came into Mr. Emery's eyes, but he only said, "Well, then send Richard Radway down."

The girl left, only to return with this confounding statement, "he has not come to school either."

FROSH COOKING CLASS SERVES BANQUET

The School Board, together with their wives and husbands, were served a 6:30 o'clock supper by the Freshmen Cooking Class Tuesday, October 20, 1925.

It was served in the Sewing Room, and the table, service, and, above all, the meal itself, did justice to the ones who prepared it.

The menu was as follows:

Olives Celery
Cream of Tomato Soup
Creamed chicken with mushrooms
Mashed potatoes Buttered asparagus
Southern Sweet Potatoes Hot Rolls
Peach and Cheese Salad
Apple Pie and Cheese Coffee
Salted Nuts

MANY NEW PAPERS ON EXCHANGE LIST

The Okato Exchange List for this year shows a increase of twenty-five per cent over last year. In this exchange we have received papers from such cities as: San Diego, Calif.; East Los Vegas, New Mexico; Virginia, Minn.; Altoona, Pa.; Oak Harbor, Ohio; Swayzee, Ind.; and Manitowoc, Wis. These are just a few of the cities which we have added to our exchange list this year; and with the splendid editions yet to come, we hope to make it even greater than it now is.

SENIOR DAY PROGRAM

Continued from page 1
Somebody behind me whispered that the old lady was really Ruth Joy in disguise and the old man, Ruth Heller. The old man and old lady started to talk about old times and I found that they were telling about their old school class of '26. Then a boy, I later found out it was Agnes Mullen, and a girl, Mary Classon, tripped on to the platform and gave a catchy little dance accompanied by a song about school days, and tripped off again. Then Laura Perry, stunningly dressed as a college girl, and Helen Jane Harvey, who made a handsome college boy ran on to the platform. They sang "Collegiate" and Laura danced while Helen Jane accompanied her with a banjo—"uke." It was the cutiest thing!

To end up the program we all sang some peppy school songs and the assembly wound up with an impromptu "grand march" of the Seniors.

But the Seniors aren't the only people who are going to have special class days. We are, too. Just wait and see.

Watch The

OCONTO REPORTER
For
Christmas Suggestions.

The merchants of Oconto will be using heavy space during the next three weeks featuring suitable gifts for Christmas.

You can save time and money by reading the advertisements in the Oconto

REPORTER

50 County Correspondents
15,000 Readers.

DISTINGUISHED GUEST TO BE AT SOPH PARTY

The Sophomores have decided to have a Christmas party on the eighteenth of December.

It is going to be at school and Santa Claus has been invited. We hope he can come.

The committees have not yet been selected, but they probably will be working by the end of the week.

Every Sophomore can show he is loyal to his class by paying his dues now. Then he will be able to attend the party with a free mind, ready for the fun that is planned.

Cheerio '28. See you at the Christmas party!

"Hold that line," yelled the washwoman as the pulley began to squeak.

What Would Happen If:

Harry bought a tablet; if he lost his voice.

Wilmer didn't smile.
Carl were to ask sensible questions.
Erma ever lost her equilibrium.
Willard R. ever took his time.
Lila ever became excited.
Clarence D. ever grew.

Richard B. ever had his Algebra complete on time.

Ruth P. failed to strut.
Charles B. were ever late.
Edward B. combed his hair.

Marion M. couldn't argue.
Jerome forgot, "Did I say no?"
Irene J. didn't giggle.

Beatrice W. and Helen T. couldn't speak English.

Howard G. forgot his green sweater.

MERLINE'S Grocery

Mixed Nuts

and Candies

For The Season

PHONE 146

COME TO

HEIN'S Candy Store

for our home-made Candies
and Ice Cream.

ONLY TWENTY-FOUR MORE SHOPPING DAYS

BEFORE CHRISTMAS.

GIFTS FOR EVERYBODY.

Hall's Variety Store

THE HOME OF BETTER PICTURES PRINCESS and GEM THEATRES

OCONTO, WIS.

COMING ATTRACTIONS FOR DECEMBER

NOV. 30-DEC. 1st-2nd

Syd Chaplin in THE MAN ON THE BOX

DECEMBER 6th

Alma Rubens and Edmund Low in EAST LYNNE

DECEMBER 7th-8th-9th

George O'Brian in THE IRON HORSE

DECEMBER 10th-11th

Bebe Daniels and Harrison Ford in LOVERS IN QUARANTINE

DECEMBER 12th

Hoot Gibson in THE CALGARY STAMPEDE

DECEMBER 13th and 14th

Thomas Meighan in OLD HOME WEEK

DECEMBER 15th and 16th

Adolph Menjou in THE KING ON MAIN STREET

DECEMBER 19th

Richard Dix in THE SHOCK PUNCH

DECEMBER 20th

Buck Jones in LAZY BONES

DECEMBER 21st-22nd-23rd

Norma Talmadge in GROUSTARK

DECEMBER 26th

Fred Thompson in RIDING THE WIND

DECEMBER 27th

James Oliver Curwood's THE ANCIENT HIGHWAY

DECEMBER 29th and 30th

Rudolph Valentino in COBRA

DECEMBER 31st-JANUARY 1st

Ronald Coleman and Blanche Sweet in HIS SUPREME MOMENT

THE OKATO

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IF I WERE TWENTY-ONE AGAIN

The other day I was asked to jot down for the benefit of a group of young men in a western city, three things I would do if I were twenty-one and knew all that I know now.

I know that my opinions may change many times in the years ahead. But, at the moment this is the answer I should give:

If I were twenty-one and knew all that I know even at thirty-seven, I should give systematic and sustained attention to the following three things:

First, my Health.

I should begin at twenty-one to forestall all that physical slowing down that comes to the careless man in his late thirties or early forties. I should avoid becoming self-conscious about my health. But I should begin at twenty-one, when all my bodily processes were functioning flawlessly, paying systematic attention to keeping myself fit.

I should avoid health fads. I should have a thorough physical examination at least twice a year and I should really follow my physician's advice regarding diet, exercise, working habits, clothing and so on. And I should not economize on doctor's bills. At the first hint of illness or irregularity, I should go to my physician on the theory that I should rather have him keep me well than cure me after I fell sick.

For the most of us success and happiness will depend in no small measure on the physical energy we can put as a driving force behind our abilities. Second, my Pocketbook.

I should allow no false idealism to divert me from getting ahead financially as early in life as possible. In this matter, I should not slavishly follow my copy books rules. I should make my method fit me.

If I knew myself to be a man of very ordinary abilities, who would probably have to spend his life working for relatively small and fixed salaries, I should adopt a ruthless policy of "saving the pennies" very early and stick to it until I had my margin of safety.

If I know myself to be a man of more than ordinary abilities, standing a chance of rapid advancement into larger and larger opportunities that would mean an increasingly large income, I should think more of self-denial.

I should first protect my family by carrying adequate life insurance, spending the remainder of my income more freely in order to give myself and family all the comforts, refinements that would speed up my development, put me in a better mood for work, increase my contacts, and give that contagious air of success and confidence which, when legitimately created, is such an asset to a young man.

This is I know, dangerous advice. The wrong youth is likely to take it. But advice cannot be made fool proof.

Third, my Spirit.

I should keep myself mentally alive. Whether I had any native liking for it or not, I should force myself to become a consistent reader of great books. And I should not rest until I had "got religion" in the sense of having adjusted myself to the spiritual forces in life so that I could move with a sense of inner peace and power. No one can give much guidance here.

The important thing is to see to it that one does not merely allow the living faith of the dead to become the dead faith of the living.—Glenn Frank, President of the University of Wisconsin.

IS IT WORTH WHILE?

Rhetorics is the greatest factor in reaching the ideal of the public school. This is because of its immediate use. On leaving high schools and colleges the majority of the graduates are unable to explain and expostulate their knowledge. Every person ought to be taught how to say what he thinks in an intelligent, forceful manner—ought to be taught the correct use of his tongue. He should be able to put into palpable form the ideas that he gains. Such an education gives a person a confidence in himself, a confidence in his future, which without Rhetorics he could not fully attain.

It would be splendid to think that every man, whether a worker in iron or in wood, or a worker in words and colors, could express himself to his own satisfaction for the satisfaction of his audience. L. O'G.

"THE DEVONSHERS" ADDED TO READING LIST

Two Western Stories Are Reviewed This Month

Have you read "The Devonshers?" If you like the atmosphere of the West, and beautiful horses, and returned soldiers that limp a little, and auburn-haired girls of Eve Devonsher's type, and mystery and romance you'll not want to miss the story.

It is by a woman who has spent many years in our own state. You will like Honore Willsie Morrow's story of the West in the days when men needed both brains and brawn to compete with the forces of evil.

"The Keeper of the Bees" by Gene-Stratton Porter is like most of her stories, a plot woven in with something about nature, although, of course, the plots to her stories are not the same. This book is a little out of the ordinary and is very interesting.

Has California Setting

The scene is laid in California, a short time after the world war. James MacFarlane is in a government hospital trying to recover from a wound in the breast made by a poisoned bayonet. The poison has gone through his system and the doctors say he will never recover. He overhears them saying that although he hasn't tuberculosis they are going to send him to a hospital for that disease. That night he leaves the government hospital.

After many adventures he comes to the home of a man called the Bee-master. The Bee-master is ill so he calls the soldier in and asks him to stay and take care of the bees. James stays there and while there meets the Bee Master's partner, a person about thirteen years old. Who this person is becomes a mystery.

Who is the Girl?

James decides to cure himself by staying out of doors, going bathing in the salt water, eating the correct food, etc.

One night during a storm, he goes down to the ocean and he hears a girl crying. She tells him she needs a name and a marriage license. He marries her.

Who is the girl he marries?

After the Bee Master dies who is the girl that claims she is his daughter?

Does James get well?

Read "The Keeper of the Bees," the last story written by Gene-Stratton Porter.

PHILATHEA

Philathea held a meeting Thursday, November 19, 1925, and a very pleasing program was given. The following numbers were presented:

Sonny O'Mine was sung by Beulah Nichols, Laura Perry, Marguerite Beaudin and Eleanor Fumelle. Shirley Nichols gave a reading and Lucille Rhodes gave a dance.

The girls are planning on the next meeting, when the Freshmen girls will be admitted to membership.

DOMESTIC SCIENCE

Miss Bovee recently visited the schools of Milwaukee and Racine. She has brought back with her several ideas which she intends to work out in her classes.

The grade classes will begin meal lessons this week and will serve a luncheon in a short time.

A Hot Dog sale will be given by the girls of the Freshman cooking class in the near future.

Judge—Did you kill this man.

Prisoner—I'll be hanged if I did, your honor.

ADORE HIGHLY APPROVES "THE LOST WORLD"

Reviewer Suggests Exciting Method Of Learning

I had been told by someone that "The Lost World" wasn't all that it was cracked up to be, but I decided to investigate for myself. The previews had been interesting and the advertising stimulating.

I confess right now that I haven't any words to describe my sensation when monsters one hundred and ten feet long would take full grown trees into their mouths and pull them up out of the ground as we would pull weeds, or when two flesh-eating prehistoric monsters engaged in battle, clawing and scratching at each other, each endeavoring to kill the other. Awe, mingled with admiration for the skill of the men who could construct mechanisms that could move so naturally as these creatures did, perhaps comes nearest to it, for the "animals" were wonderfully lifelike.

The scenery was beautiful. One of the shots showing the rising of the sun and another showing the rising of the moon was surpassingly lovely. Superlatives are really the only things one can use to describe them.

There were several glimpses of interesting bits of animal life, which were explained by the characters in the play. We thought at the time that it would be extremely interesting if our biology courses could be taught in this manner. It would give actual pictures of the subject to be studied and a much larger variety of subjects could be studied.

The plot of the picture was very slender, just enough to get the characters to South America and back. Briefly, it was this: A certain Professor White, with his daughter, Paula, and a company of natives, journeyed up the Amazon river to a point which had been unexplored theretofore. There he discovered a plateau, (Lost World) on which could be seen these prehistoric monsters. He gets up onto the plateau, but is unable to get down again. His daughter returns to England to get help to rescue him. After quite a bit of trouble, the rescue expedition starts out, and the picture is the story of the journey into the jungle and the plateau. The plot, however, was only of secondary interest, for the attention was centered mainly about the pictures of the mammoth animals.

It is of interest to know that it took seven years to make the picture, a record, in moving picture annals. It certainly shows a great deal of study and work. Truly, "The Lost World" is a wonderful picture.

PERSONALS

Miss Edna Russell, one of the members of the class of '25 was married to Mr. Elroy Backus on Nov. 24, 1925.

Miss Mary Leone McKenzie, former English teacher of O. H. S. was married to Mr. Thurston Comstock on October 31, at Wilmette, Ill.

Earl Gering, Roland Gering, and Chester Wilcox attended the Wisconsin Young People's Conference, which was held at Janesville, November 6, 7 and 8, 1925.

Joyce Miller visited at Marinette. Gladys Glynn spent part of her vacation at Gillett.

Ione Koch, Ruth Heller and Helen Jane Harvey were Green Bay visitors. Dorothy Herald, Marion Maloney and Grace Ford motored to Gillett.

Mary Calsson went to Weyauwega. Jewel DeLano visited at Oconto Falls.

Walter Damkoehler entertained a number of his friends at a Halloween party October 27.

Miss Backus' father, Mr. W. P. Backus of Lancaster, Wisconsin, visited her on October 12, 1925.

THE UNWILLING GHOST

"So this is your haunted house." James Waring a cub reporter jeered at Phil Rathburn, who had brought him down to country road from the trolley line.

"Yes, it's mine, all right, and unless I can get rid of the 'ha'nt', I seem likely to keep the place until I'm walking with a cane and telling yarns to my grandchildren."

So saying, they entered the yard, and finding the door ajar, walked in. Finding enough eats to last for a few days, they decided to stay for the night.

After eating a hearty supper, and bringing in enough fuel to last for the night, the two men rolled up in their blankets and tried to catch a wink of sleep before the mysterious ghost appeared.

About midnight they were both awakened by a thump-thump-thumping down the stairs. Phil, catching up the lamp which Jim had just lighted, rushed out into the hall, but was confronted only with shadows cast from the lamp, and running down the hall towards the kitchen was about to say he had not found his "ghost," when the light was suddenly blown out and the glass of the chimney went to the floor in splinters. A deep gash had been cut down his cheek before Jim came to his aid a moment later; with a piece of wood he had picked up in his hurried departure from the room.

"I saw it." His voice shook. "What was it?" Phil demanded, setting the broken lamp down, and taking out his handkerchief to wipe his perspiring forehead.

"I-I don't know," Jim confessed. It was probably just a trick of the half light that came from the kitchen—but when I started out into the hall, I saw a shadow against the wall. It looked like—"

"Like what?" Phil prompted. "Like a hooded figure. And as the head turned—the shadow's head, I mean—it was like—a skull."

So saying they returned to their room, and were about to retire for the second time, when they were again disturbed. From the dark, mysterious regions above them there came a muffled, intangible sound—a sound as of a vague struggle; and then—a thin, uncanny scream!

"Come on," Jim gritted out savagely, "let's get to the bottom of this tomfoolery!"

He caught up the one remaining lamp and started for the door.

They mounted the creaking stairs quickly, alertly, but only silence greeted them. The shadows danced grotesquely on the wall ahead of them.

"Listen!" Jim said, laying a hand on Phil's arm.

They stood silent, tense, straining their ears. Was it fancy? No—they both heard it a curious clicking, dragging sound.

"The attic," said Phil, and led the way.

Jim turned in behind him up the stairs, trailing his left hand on the dirty banister. Something wet and sticky made him exclaim suddenly and Phil stopped.

"What is it?" he said in a low tone. For answer, Jim held up his hand to the light. They both stared at it, fascinated. His fingers were smeared with blood.

Up the stairs they went. The lamp threw feeble rays into the clustering shadows of the dusty room. Slowly they made the rounds of the attic, looked behind trunks, boxes, discarded furniture. There was nothing.

Then suddenly Jim saw something on the floor, and bent down. Again his fingers touched warm, sticky fluid. Phil had turned to open the shutter of the broken window and examine it.

"Stand by, Phil," he whispered, "I think we're on the trail—" He stood up and made a rush for the open closet door. Something hissed sharply as he plunged into semi-darkness. Then—

SENIOR CLASS AFTER
ALMIGHTY DOLLAR

When members of our present Senior class were Juniors they thought that after their Prom was over they would never again be trying to earn money. But this year they are out "money hustling" again. In fact they are running a close race with the present Junior class.

They held two meetings to inform the Seniors to bring their dues.

Then on October nineteenth an especially fiery meeting was held to decide the class motto and flower, also to decide about dividing the class into groups.

A heated argument was held about the class flower. Half of the group wanted roses and the other half sweet peas, until one of the boys wanted to know why we had to have just those two flowers, why we couldn't have any flower from asters to zinnias. Even gladiolas were mentioned. Now of course gladiolas twelve inches long would look well in the boys' button holes.

Committees were appointed to decide on these three issues, those on the flower committees are: Mabel Beauchamp, Bernice Gordon, Ione Koch, Kenneth Rousseau, Helen Jane Harvey. The motto committee consists of Ruth Joy, Lovelle O'Grady, Agnes Mullen, Abbie Jane Hall and Marvin Hynes.

The class is divided according to the alvisee group with a few exceptions.

before the terror enveloped him, he saw a face, a great flat face, with two burning, blue-green eyes, staring down at him. He called out, chokingly. And in that instant he was set upon by a heavy, plunging body, a sharp pain ripped down his face, and he struck out blindly. He tripped against a box and fell to his knees. He heard the crash of the lamp chimney—Phil's roar of rage—and then darkness.

After fumbling in his pockets for a moment he lit the extinguished lamp, and stood gripped with a horrible, unreasoning fear. Far out of the shadows those same fierce eyes stared down at him. Phil took a step forward. There came again the soft hiss that he had heard before. And then he saw the ghost—a giant barn owl, with a flat, skeleton like face and round glaring eyes!

P. N. '28.

Compliments

of

DR. W. C. WATKINS

Allen G. Brunner

DRUGGIST

Main

Street

A REAL THANKSGIVING

Thanksgiving, which explains its name,
Is a part of our real living,
It is written in the book of fame,
And the greatest of it is giving.

Thanks is the thing we must give,
Every day and every year of the
life we live,
As the Pilgrims did in old
When their hearts were true and
bold.

We often forget in this nation
world so wide,
And must be reminded in some
way,
They are called Thanksgiving Day.
Those few happy hours are set
aside;

J. D. '28

GET YOUR BALL BAND

SHOES AND RUBBERS

AT THE

SCHWEDLER REPAIR
SHOP

Main

Street

BUY YOUR RADIO

NOW

Closing out on all Radios.
Selling them at cost.

HOME FURNITURE CO.

R. F. Hass, Prop.

Oconto,

Wis.

Bargains

—ON—

WINTER COATS & SUITS

We sell because what we
have sold satisfied.

JOS. JICHA

Oconto,

Wis.

Mr. Smith—Talk about torture—
Mr. Lyons—Yes?
Mr. Smith—Nothing is worse than
sitting in the barber's chair with your
mouth full of lather, watching the
boy try to give another customer your
new Panama hat.

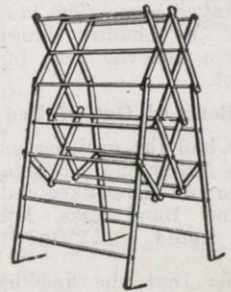
* * *

Missionary—And you know nothing
whatever of religion?

Cannibal—Well, we got a taste of
it when the last missionary was here.

Thanksgiving
Week

Bargains!

Clothes Drying
Racks

\$1.29

\$1.59

Folding Type and an Ex-
ceptional Bargain at this
Price--Regular \$2 values

See Our Window

Phone 119

SCHNEIDER
HARDWARE CO.

Oconto, Wis.

Compliments of

Lingelbach Car Co.

STUDENTS AND TEACHERS ENJOY THEIR REST

Many Visit Friends While Furnace Is Being Fixed

Goodness, it seems that most of our faculty and many of our students have been "galavanting" around the country.

Miss Ream spent part of her vacation in DePere and Beloit, but most of it in Milwaukee.

Miss Graaskamp visited most of the time at her home in Milwaukee, but of course, didn't miss the Carroll homecoming and so, spent the week end in Waukesha. She is feeling so proud because Carroll won, that one can hardly bring her down to earth.

Miss Klosterman stayed at home, but made a flying trip to Milwaukee and back to Shawano.

Miss Bovee says her home is in Oconto, but she certainly didn't stay there. She visited in Milwaukee, Racine and Kenosha. Mystery is scented.

Rumors have been circulated that Mr. Lyons visited Milwaukee, Chicago, and Pittsburgh—but—when asked how he spent his vacation, he laughed and said he stayed home. The laugh spoiled it. If he hadn't laughed, we might have believed him, but now—indeed not.

Bounced Out of Bed

Nobody had the exciting experience that Miss Miller had. Beside visiting in Chicago and Milwaukee and hearing the Marine Band Miss Miller had what one would call "One Exciting Night."

It seems that she and her sister were peacefully sleeping when—Bang—all of a sudden they found themselves on the floor. Just think—they had the honor of being blown out of bed!

Somebody—they can't find out who—put twenty-five pounds of dynamite under a house in the block in which they lived, and naturally, it blew up, killing one man, crippling another man, besides doing \$15,000 worth of damage.

Isn't that exciting?

When a bank cashier disappears without explanation, no explanation is needed.

CLEO IS WORRIED BY ATTENTIVE SENIORS

Since I have been engaged as Heart Editor of the Okato I have found it difficult to continue my regular study hours.

Some of the Seniors have discovered my identity and are continually begging me to advise them. Of course I like to give them the advantage of my wide experience, but I feel they would ask their questions in the usual manner, through the column. The personal touch which I try to give my advice, will be found, Seniors, even on the printed page.

Your own,
CLEO.

P. S. Hand your questions to Miss Backus. She will give them to me. Dear Cleo:

A freshman boy asked me to the opera house and during the entire evening he never stopped talking to me and I didn't know what the show was about. He has asked me to go again to the opera, "Il Trovatore." Shall I go? Leola.

Ans.: By all means go with him, especially if you have never heard him in "Il Trovatore." Dear Cleo:

Can you tell me what is meant when Seniors say we Juniors are unspeakably happy at Prom time? Eunice.

Ans.: When Juniors are unspeakably happy at Prom time means that they are deaf and dumb. Dear Cleo:

I would like to know how to overcome bashfulness. I am a Senior and too timid to talk with the girls who have been with me for four years. Pat.

Ans.: Girls aren't likely to hurt you, so use your head, Bashful, and think things over. To be timid is to be afraid, to be afraid is to be a coward.

PUBLIC SPEAKING TAKEN BY ALL STUDENTS

The newly introduced subject of "Rhetoricals" under the direction of Miss Ream made its appearance in October.

The work so far has been confined to the classroom, but late in the semester the pupils are to appear before the assemblies and test their abilities.

Original speeches have been given and outline work completed.

PHYSICAL DIRECTOR TALKS AT CONVENTION

Mr. Arthur Borgstrom, Physical Director, was on the program of the Northeastern Wisconsin Teachers' Association held at Oshkosh, October 8th and 9th. He spoke at the Physical Education section, giving a brief explanatory account of the facilities for carrying on Physical Education work in Oconto, plan of organization, and

the results being accomplished.

His remarks were of particular interest to the whole Association because of the fact that Oconto is one of the few places in the State that lacks Physical Education facilities in direct contact with the school. Following the main features of the program, sectional round table discussions were entered into.

We know a girl who is so dumb she thinks a baseball fan is a cooling device.

LET US FURNISH

the

Groceries for that Holiday Dinner. Everything good to eat.

VanSaal's Grocery

DON'T FORGET

the

THANKSGIVING DINNER

McArthur's
COFFEE SHOP

McDOUGAL'S MARKET

HEADQUARTERS

FOR FINEST SAUSAGES

THE MAC QUEEN FURNITURE CO.

—Dealers in—

Furniture, Carpets, Rugs,
Linoleum, Etc.

Undertaking in all its branches.

Oconto, Wis.

COMPLIMENTS OF

Dr. N. A. Herald

DENTIST

LUCKENBACH BLOCK

WHEN in need of Building Material come and see us for we can supply you with whatever you want and often have job lots that can be bought very cheap.

Holt Lumber Company



PICTURE CONTEST STARTS TODAY

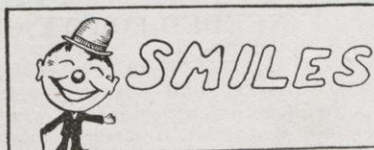
Read this!!! It may mean a prize for you!

Are you any good at identifying people? If so, try your luck at these baby pictures. One is a faculty member; the other, a student.

There will be another group in the next issue, so when you have them all, cut them out, paste them neatly in a booklet and label them.

The person handing in to Miss Backus the neatest and most correct group of pictures will receive a mysterious prize.

Come on, everybody! Who are these two?



Pages there are many
To quench the reader's thirst
But anyone who's in for fun
Reads the SMILES page first.
R. V. '29

Bud C.—You are the sunshine of my soul, you drive away the clouds of despair, you will always reign in my heart. My love will never grow cold. Wilt thou—

Monica—Say, what is this? A proposal or a weather report?

Mable—No, Arthur? I can never be your wife, but I'll always be a sister to you.

Arthur—Good! Say, when our old man dies do you think he'll leave us any of his money?

"So you're lost little lad? Why didn't you hang onto your mother's skirts?"

"Couldn't reach 'em," replied the little lad.

Teacher—"Tommy if your father had 20 dozen eggs in his store and he found that 18 of the eggs were bad, how much would he lose.

Tommy—"Nuthin'; you don't know pa.

Caller—What a cute little baby. What is he saying?

Father—I don't know. His mother carries the code book.

Rastus—How yo' know Ah ain't playin' honest?

Sam—'Cause Ah knows what cards Ah dealt Yo.

Miss Miller—Where'd you get the black eye—been fighting?

Daniel E.—Naw! Got bit by a butterfly.

Miss Shepherd—What kind of a man do you think "Robinson Crusoe was?

Ed. Hermesen—An acrobat.
Miss Shepherd—What makes you think he was an acrobat?

Ed.—It says in the book, "And when his day's labor was done he sat on his chest."

Mr. Hedberg—Who was that bum you were with last night?

Mr. Thompson—Oh, that? That was my brother.

Miss Ream—He who laughs last laughs best.

P. K. Yes, and he who laughs first sees the point.

"Speaking of fine tuning with a radio," says Norman Wachal, "I tuned in on Milford, Kansas, one hot day last summer and a grasshopper came hoppin' right out of the loud speaker."

Mr. L. Smith—Hey! Why don't you brush your shoes once in a while?

Mr. Davis—'Cause there isn't any hair on them.

Mr. Thompson—I'm afraid the bed is not long enough for you.

Mr. Davis—Oh, that's all right, I'll add two more feet when I get in.

Kitz—Come with me to the Zoo.

Katz—No, thank you, I'll stay home. My eldest daughter does the Kangaroo walk, my second daughter talks like a parrot, my son laughs like a hyena, my wife watches me like a hawk, my cook is as cross as a bear, and my mother-in-law says I'm an old gorilla. When I go anywhere I want a change.

FIRST YEAR CLASS ENJOYS SINGING

The singing period in the Main Room of Oconto High School is one of the most pleasant periods in the week if one may believe comments made by many of the Freshmen students. This class has been singing many of the old favorites but probably will take up some more difficult songs soon.

The Freshmen feel that they can make up in enthusiasm what they lack in knowledge, but each period is making them feel more familiar and at home with the songs.

Officer: "Why are you parked here, young man?"

Bud C: "There is a little Miss in the car, sir."

ANNOUNCING

the Ingersoll
Everlasting Dollar
Fountain Pen.

Won't leak, break, or wear out! Made by the maker of the Ingersoll Dollar Watches, "that make the dollar famous."

HANSEN'S DRUG STORE

—SEE—

Joseph Heller

FOR BEST MEATS
AND GROCERIES

The tightest man in the world is a Scotchman who shot off a pistol on Christmas Eve and then came in and told his children Santa Claus had committed suicide.

Ervin S: Would you care to go to a dance Friday night?

Helen Jane Harvey: Sure thing.

E. S.: Well—would you buy your tickets from me?"

COMPLIMENTS

of

DR. C. E. ARMSTRONG

MAIN

STREET

A COMPLETE LINE

—of—

CHRISTMAS CARDS

Be Sure to Make
an Early Selection.

SYLVESTERS FLORISTS

Good Things To Eat - - -

L. L. STEINHAUSE GROCERY

If you want good goods for your Thanksgiving
Dinner

CALL 68

SPECIAL FRUIT CAKES FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

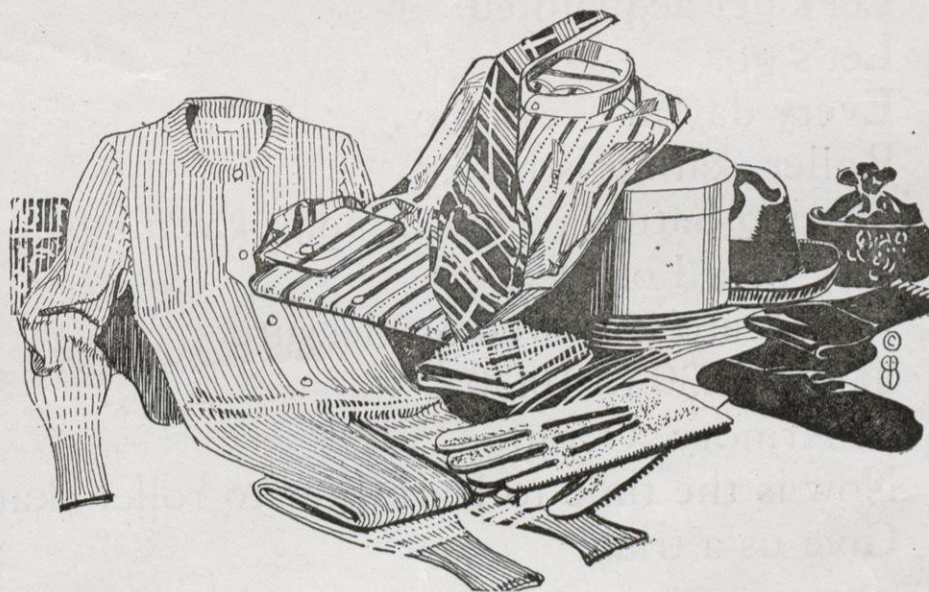
INSIST ON GOLDEN CRUST BREAD

Oconto Home Bakery

MAIN

STREET

A Select Line of Haberdashery! - - -



THE VERY LATEST

SHIRTS — Collar attached or laundered collar to match in fine check or stripes.
\$2.00 and up

NECKWEAR—Cut silk and wool and silk. Very select patterns.
\$1.00

GREAT VALUES

GLOVES—Mocha, blue buck, glazed kid, silk lined and unlined and fur lined.
\$3.00 and up

MUFFLERS—Scotch plaids, the new chenille and silk squares. Splendid assortment.
\$2.00 and up

SELZ SHOES

HATS and CAPS

Fabry's Clothes Shop

"Exclusive But Not Expensive"

OPINION

Oconto, Wisconsin.
November 20, 1925.

The Opinion Column in the Okato affords a splendid opportunity for constructive criticism. The articles and letters, on the whole, have been well selected and capably handled.

The letter in the October 8th issue at the hand of an over-worked member of the Senior class was of particular significance to me. It caught my interest and provoked thought to the extent that a survey was made of the student hour load in the Senior Class.

Professor R. L. Lyman of the University of Chicago recently wrote an article upon the situation in the Junior High Schools of Atlanta, wherein, he shows the student study load per week of an average of 30 in the 7th grade, 31 in the 8th grade and 28½ in the 9th grade. Such is typically true of other school systems and would hold approximately true for Senior High School, or the typical four year High School course.

There are 4 students in the present Senior class with a student study load of 35 hours, 3 with 32 hours. These people are people who are listed as more than 4 year people, or what is commonly called 5 year students. An endeavor of assembling required credits throws the ordinary schedule out of balance and requires a heavier student study load than is common. There were 6 people who had a student load of 28 to 30 hours per week, while the remainder, which is considerably in excess of the majority of the class, had in the neighborhood of 25 student study hours.

It is evident that there may be a number of students carrying work in excess of their abilities. The first quarter grades will reveal the true light of the problem at hand. It

will also give us a better indication and a truer insight to our local High School curriculum.

I feel confident that for the large majority of the Senior class, the student study load is not excessive and would measure creditably with modern High School throughout the country.

HENRY E. SMITH,
Superintendent.

To The High School Students:—

It seems that everyone of the Oconto High School depends on the faculty to have a program ten ten period. If Mr. Lyons or Mr. Smith do not give us a scolding then it is a study period. Surely after you have all worked hard it would be nice to have a program once a week. We have had very few programs this year.

There are plenty of High School Societies to give a program. There is the Boys' and Girls' Glee Club, Holosfacts and Philathea Societies, and also the Public Speaking Classes. The Glee Clubs especially, could give some very good programs that would be interesting to all, and, I think would be willing to do so.

A Student.

To Opinion:

Considerable comment arose after the election of Freshmen class officers. Many of the people thought they had been robbed of the privilege of nominating their officers. What are we here for? Are we babies that we cannot nominate officers for ourselves? These were the questions asked.

In one sense the students should have done their own nominating. It is their privilege to do so. In another sense it is perfectly alright as it is. We have a fine set of officers now. If the students had done their own nominating some of them would have gone wild. They might have elected some officers who would not be able to conduct a decent meeting.

Now that the advisors have nomi-

ated, the student elected, and everything is running smoothly, why worry?

A Freshmen.

Miss Miller—Put you feet on the floor.

"Cheese" Fulton—Where should we put our shoes?

Walter D.—Where were you born?

Mr. Davis—In Michigan.

Walter D.—What part?

Mr. D.—Why, all of me.

All Kinds of Fancy Ice Cream
in bulk and brick
always on hand.

Buy Your Holiday Greeting
Cards now before Assortment
is picked over.

M. & E. CALLIGAN

PEPPY CHEER LEADER NEEDED FOR YEAR

As the basket ball season draws near, the question arises as to what we should do about a cheer leader. Our highly efficient "Babe" being gone, it is now up to us to get another to fill his place. This person must have plenty of life and pep and a spirit that will arouse us to such an extent that we can surely help our team win the games for which they are scheduled.

I think we ought to elect a cheer leader and do it soon. The first basket ball game is near. Let's have some action on this. Junior.

Jean R.: Do you have a "Tale of Two Cities?"

Esther Chase: I'm sure I don't have it, when did they cut it off?

Sam—"Boy Ah comes from a tough family. Mah ol' man done cut his nails wif a ax and brush his teef wif a file."

Son—"Huh. Dat ain't tuff. Mah ol' man am a plumbah, and he shaves hisself wif a "blow-torch."

MUSICALLY

EVERYTHING---Be it Buy,
Sell or Exchange --- SEE

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HOUSE

OCONTO---GREEN BAY---TWO RIVERS

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Roll away a few hours
On the little wheels.
Let's get acquainted.
Let's go.
Every day in every way,
Roller skating is better.
Skating Saturday and Sunday Evenings.
Key board of life,
An exercise as well as pleasure.
Time---7:30 to 10:30.
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Now is the time to learn how to roller skate.
Give us a trial.

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WIN UMBEHAUM, Manager