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The Flashes. 1919

Sturgeon Bay, Wisconsin: Sturgeon Bay High School, 1919

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Flashers

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What is Your Idea of a "Good Time"

SOME people think of a "good time" only in terms of love, moving pictures, plays, eating, drinking, late hours or excursion trips.

There is actual pleasure in a good day's work, in earning distinction in school, in doing a good turn for a friend or stranger, in reading good books, in keeping one's credit good, in providing a good home, in having a growing bank account.

Start a "good time" bank account here and good times will attend you.

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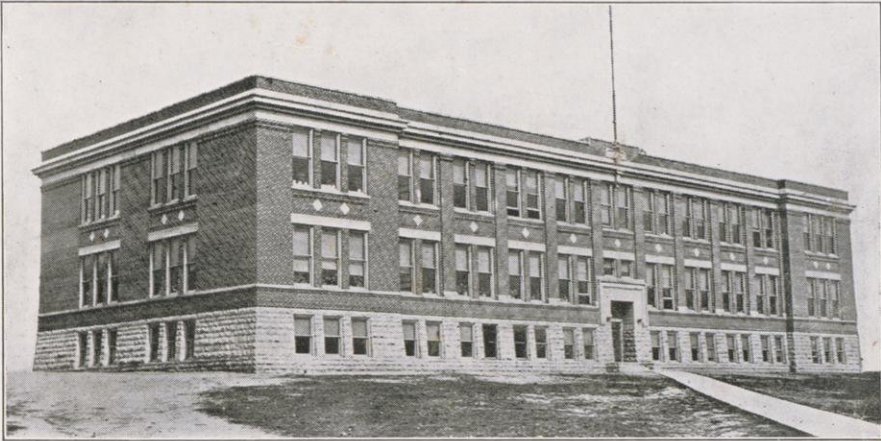
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Sturgeon Bay, Wis. 54235

The Flashes



Published by the
Students of the

Sturgeon Bay
High School

1919

The Flashes

Conscious of the fact that we and those following after us in the search for learning, owe to them and to their comrades the privilege of living under a government which guarantees free development in education; and knowing that our act is a small acknowledgement of our indebtedness to them;

We, the Class of 1919, dedicate this copy of
The Flashes
to
The Soldiers and Sailors of Door County

Roll of Honor

ARCHIE LACHASHIRE
OLIVER E. NORSTRUM
ROBERT CUNNINGHAM
HENRY WALKER
ARTHUR BRIDENHAGEN
DELBERT MURRAY
ANTON KERCHER
HARRY ERICSON
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JOSEPH JINDRA
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SHERMAN SWENSON
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GEORGE ANDERSON
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WALTER AHLSEDE
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H. DWIGHT GATES
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EDWIN KRUEGER
E. W. BAUMAN
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HENRY HOLTDORP
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ARNOLD SODERBERY
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Domestic Science
The Stout Institute '16
Eau Claire State Normal '18



DOROTHY SYMONS
English
Lawrence College '17



FRANCES SARLES
Science and English
University of Wisconsin '18



FLORENCE HELMICH M. A.
Latin
Ripon College '17
University of Wisconsin '18

Faculty



EDNA KNUDSON
Assistant Commercial
Sturgeon Bay High School '18



DENA ROWAN
Commercial
Whitewater Normal '18



MARY J. STILES
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Lawrence '15



JOHN NEVINS
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Oshkosh Normal '18

Faculty



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University of Wisconsin '08



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LaCrosse Normal '15

W. O. BROWN
Geometry and Physics
Oshkosh Normal
University of Wisconsin

MARGARET REYNOLDS
History
Lawrence College '02—'05
Wellsley College, Mass., '08

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FREE PRESS

MILITARY TRAINING IN HIGH SCHOOL

One of the foremost questions before the school authorities of the United States at this time is that of the introduction of military training into our High schools. While those back of the move advance many reasons for the adoption of the plan, the opponents can bring forward but a few objections.

Those in favor of the plan state that it trains the youth of the land, not only mentally, but morally, and physically as well. It is easy to see that any young man who drills for an hour on two or three nights each week will be greatly benefited physically by the training. The setting-up exercises which constitute a part of the system also aid in producing this effect.

Military training makes the boy quick to catch and execute a command and also brings out and develops executive ability. Another point on which those in favor of the idea dwell a great deal is that if military training were adopted in the High schools of the country a million fighting men could spring to arms overnight if the United States became involved in another war.

While the pacifists claim that the days of war have ended, General Leonard Wood, one of the world's foremost military experts, says that they are wrong. The general states that the United States will undoubtedly be in arms against another power within the next century and that when the time does come, there should be a million or two young men well trained in the military game, ready to answer the call of their country.

Obviously, the advantages of military training throughout the high schools of the country greatly outweigh the disadvantages. Now the question arises, "What about military training for Sturgeon Bay High school?"

The plan has already been tried out to some extent in our high school. Last fall Henry Fetzer, who had taken a military course at the Lake Geneva Training Camp, organized a high school cadet company. After drilling the boys for several weeks, Mr. Fetzer's efforts were hampered by the closing of the school during the

influenza epidemic. By the time that the ban had been lifted, the campus was covered with snow and there was no hall large enough to accommodate the entire high school company on drill nights.

It is too much, however, to ask any man to leave his business interests to train a company of high school cadets. In our opinion, the school board should hire one of the returned soldiers to drill the high school cadets two or three nights each week. This would be greatly appreciated by the students, all of whom were very much interested in military training during the short time that Mr. Fetzer had charge of the high school company.

LET US ALL BOOST FOR MILITARY TRAINING IN THE S. B. H. S.

—J. R. EGAN

THE HIGH SCHOOL MIXER

During the past year, a new form of party has been given in the high school. This method of entertaining was called a High School Mixer. It is just what the name implies; given to all classes in order that they may get acquainted and be more closely united, not separated by class prejudices as formerly.

These parties were successful, but there were not enough of them. So few were given that they were not enjoyed to the fullest advantage. Had parties been held at certain periods in the year—every two weeks, for instance, the students would have enjoyed them more, taken them more naturally. As it was, they were unused to mixing with each other, and therefore acted in a constrained and unnatural manner.

To have good work, we must have good play. The truth of this saying is so evident that it need not be discussed here. One works harder, thinks more clearly, when looking forward to some recreational event, something that will give him pleasure. Too much outside interest is not good for any student, but a High School Mixer, where all can become better acquainted and at which they can fully enjoy themselves, something to look forward to, to work for, is a good method of keeping the student's interest in his work and in his school.

—BLANCHE ARONIN

Classes

The Flashes

Senior Class Officers

<i>President</i>	AUGUST DRAEB
<i>Vice President</i>	SUMNER HARRIS
<i>Treasurer</i>	HORACE PETERS
<i>Secretary</i>	RICHARD HITT

CLASS MOTTO—"Over the Top."

CLASS COLORS—"Kahki and Blue."

CLASS FLOWER—"Sweet Pea."

Senior's Farewell

*To thee dear friends, we bid farewell;
We loved you all, we loved you well;
Sophomores, Juniors and Freshmen too,
But we must bid you sad adieu.*

*Our High School joys we'll ne'er forget,
And all our old friends there we met;
From out in life we'll look upon
With sweetest memories the joys bygone.*

*Our sorrows, too, we'll ne'er forget,
Algebra, Geometry, Physics met;
The heartache, the pain, the tears we shed,
But alas! these are forever dead.*

*Once more Oh Friends we say goodbye!
Once more we give another sigh;
When we've attained ideals high,
We'll hold fond memories for S. B. High.*

—H. ANDERSON

Senior Class History

IN 1915, ninety happy boys and girls entered the High school, as Freshmen. Unlike all previous classes, however, this one was not shy and shrinking, and very soon it gained a certain place in the High school activities. A party was given to the Sophomores during the latter part of the year, in honor of George Washington, the patron and model of the class. It can now be said that they have been successful in trying to be always truthful and wise.

In 1916, this class, now dwindled to only seventy members, returned as full-grown Sophomores. The first social event was held on October 20, the Freshmen being the guests of the evening. This Hallowe'en party was in the form of a masquerade, and was a great success in every way.

A still smaller class returned as Juniors in 1917. This was the year when our country was fighting for her best and dearest ideals, and every student in the High school felt it his duty to help. Therefore, few social events were held; instead, the money was given to various war organizations. It cannot be said that the class of '19 failed in doing its part for our cause.

A Prom was given to the Seniors, however, and after a program consisting of musical numbers and various speeches, the dancing began, and all cares and worries were put aside for this one evening.

But the crowning year came in 1918, when a band of dignified, severe, grim-faced Seniors took charge. Due to the enforced vacation of eleven weeks, the school year was somewhat broken up, so on their return, there was time for nothing but work, work, work! Especially for the poor, over-worked- worn-out Seniors!

A meeting was held on April 3, where various class matters were brought up for discussion. It took some time for these to be settled, for, of course, everyone wished to express his or her opinion, but finally a patched-up peace was made, and all parties seemed satisfied.

The class of 1919 has been a progressive class in more ways than one. It has always been a merry class, full of spirit, and now that the time has come when they are ready to leave all their old associations, all their friends and acquaintances, they find mingled with their sadness, a deep, heartfelt gratitude to the faculty, and their schoolmates and to all that has made their High school life so happy.

—BLANCHE ARONIN.

Seniors

THEODORA OLEFINA BERGSLAND

"Dora"

Commercial

*"Her modest looks a cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peep beneath the
thorn."*

JOSEPH FRANCIS LAROCHE

"Frenchy"

Commercial

*"Words are the only things that
last forever."*

LUCILLE ELIZABETH GRINNEY

English

*"I consider it to be a leading maxim in life,
not to do anything to excess."*

SOL EUGENE TEWELES

"Solly"

English

*"Splendor of reputation is not to be
counted among the necessities
of life."*

JESSIE AGNES MEVERDEN

"Deck"

English

*"For whom do you bind your hair?
Plain in your neatness."*





Seniors

TERESA ANNE HEMPEL

"Sasa."

English

*"Life is not mere living but the
enjoyment of health."*

LEONARD MICHAEL HAEN

"Lenny"

Latin

"Despise not a rustic orator."

HELEN LUCILLE CONJURSKA

"Con."

English

*"And what after all is ever-lasting name,
all together vanity."*

HALVOR ELVIN ANDERSON

"Culla"

English

*"Make the most of life you may,
Life is short and wastes away."*

VERA FRANCES WASHBURN

"Bo"

English

*"Everybody says it, and what everybody
says must be true."*

The Flashes

Seniors

GENEVIEVE MARIETTA WELTER

"Jim"

Commercial

*"Hang sorrow, care'll kill a cat,
And therefore let's be happy."*

STANTON WILLARD GREISEN

"Mutt"

English

*"Too late I stayed, forgive the crime,
Unheeded flew the hours;
How noiseless fell the foot of time,
That only treads on flowers."*

IRENE ELIZA MARTIN

Commercial

*"Blessed are the meek, for they shall
inherit the earth."*

HERBERT WILLIAM PIES

"Peasie"

English

"I am not in the roll of common men."

ESTHER MARIE SEVERSON

"Seve"

Commercial

*"A mind content both crown and
kingdom is."*



The Flashes



Seniors

ESTHER SOPHIA MICHAELSON

"Mike"

English

*"Turn your tongue seven times
before talking."*

WILLIAM FRANCIS WRIGHT

"Willie"

English

*"Leisure is the time to do something
useful."*

BLANCHE BESSIE ARONIN

"Bob"

Commercial

"Impossible is the word I never use."

JOHN RYAN EGAN

"Stick"

English

*"The world knows only two, that's
Rome and I."*

CAMILLA ELENOR KOLMORGAN

"Montgomery"

English

*"Take the goods that the Gods
provide thee."*

The Flashes

Seniors

FLORENCE MAE KNUTH
"Tommy"
English
*"I hold he loves me best who
calls me Tom."*

RICHARD WAINWRIGHT HITT
"Dick"
English
"I have great word in hand."

INGWALD OSCAR VISTE
"High Ball"
English
*"Oh sleep, 'tis a blessed thing,
Beloved from pole to pole."*

IRENE VIOLET THORPE
"Thorpy"
English
*"A sophisticated rhetorician, inebriated with
the exuberance of her own verbosity."*

LUCILLE ISABEL RICHMOND
"Richie"
Commercial
*"Men's men, gentle or sweet, they are
much of muchness."*





Seniors

ETHEL ORIANA OSMUNDSON

Commercial

*"We live and learn, but not the
wiser grow."*

HORACE EDWARD PETERS

"Pete"

English

*"My heart is wax, moulded as she
pleases"*

FLAVIA WRITT

"Irish"

English

*"Her who a little will not content,
nothing will content."*

DAVID HARVEY MARTIN

"Dave"

Commercial

*"The blush is beautiful; but it is
sometimes inconvenient."*

HELEN FRANCES McLAUGHLIN

"Ella"

Commercial

*"And silence like a poultice comes to
heal the blows of sound."*

Seniors

SUMNER JOSEPH HARRIS

"Sum"

English

*"Remember this—that there is proper
dignity to be observed in the per-
formance of every act of life."*

GLADYS MAE KRAUSE

"Peg"

Commercial

*"Or light or dark, or short or tall,
She sets a springe to snare them all.
All's one to her—above her fan
She'd make sweet eyes at Caliban."*

AUGUST EDWARD DRAEB

"Gus"

English

"He is as merry as the day is long."

AURELIA CLARE WOLTERS

Commercial

*"We are charmed by neatness of person.
Let not thy hair be out of order."*

WILLIAM FRED BRIDENHAGEN

"Bill"

English

"Beware the temper of a patient man."





Seniors

ALICE LUCILLE ANDERSON

"Alicia"

English

*"Dream on, there is nothing but
illusion true."*

ANTONE ALPHONSE FELLNER

"Tony"

Latin

*"On their own merits honest men
are dumb."*

MARIE URSULA SAMPSON

"Sammy"

Commercial

*"Her wise, rare smile is sweet
with certainty."*

HARLEY DOUGLAS ANDERSON

"Harl"

Commercial

*"I shall think myself obliged for the
future to speak always in truth and
sincerity of heart."*

ELIZABETH AGNES RHODE

"Lizzie"

English

"Man is the measure of all things."

A Day Dream

IT was one of those beautiful days in June, just warm enough to make one lazy. Dandelions were in full bloom and the whole world seemed radiant with their golden glow. The wind was still; the trees were opening their leaves and birds were rejoicing in the beauty of spring with their exuberant chirping. As I sat in the assembly room dreamily thinking of the time when there would be no school and we could roam as we pleased and inhale the full glory of nature without the truant officer disturbing the peace of it all, I resolved that when I got to be on the school-board, I'd suspend school for a good week every time we had a stretch of beautiful June weather.

Suddenly an idea occurred to me. Why sit in this den of drudgery? What was the use anyway? I could quietly slip out and into this paradise and no one would know. So, stealthily I crept—crept with all the cunning that was in me, inch by inch. It seemed an hours before I could pass the first row of seats and do it unnoticed. It was a hazardous undertaking. What would happen if at any moment that dreaded principal would enter the room? The thought of it brought cold sweat to my brow. I dropped to my knees and proceeded inch by inch to crawl along the floor under the seats. It was torture. If I could have transformed myself into a spider, I would have been saved, but in vain. I was under a seat and was stuck, with a cramp in my knees. It seemed as if I had to rise in my place, but this was impossible without the raising of the seat and that meant sure discovery. Discovery—well—that meant the wasting of one of the finest cuttings in nature I had ever had, and I thought of the beauty of it all, the butterflies, the forthcoming leaves, the birds, the flowers, the soft grass on the hillside where I lay with my heart content and forget the trials and worries of school life. Again I tried, this time I resolved to take a chance. I raised the seat with my head, inch by inch, until I had my neck again in a comfortable position and when I proceeded to finish my task, Lo! I discovered that the cramp had gone! I guess that one comfortable moment when I straightened up my neck drove it all away, but I took great care not to get my head in a similar position again.

After a brief rest between the first and second rows of my journey I took a good breath and lying flat on my stomach, made one desperate snake-like crawl through another row, but great God! right at the end of my quest there was an intruder. Peering over the edge of the desk, I saw the enemy, but recognizing him to be Harley Anderson, I breathed a sigh of relief. He was deeply engrossed in his Caesar and I knew nothing could disturb him. Again, for the final attempt, I crouched. There in awful silence I quivered from the excitement of it all. My knees shook, but, with a determination of "do or die" I crept. Coming up under the window as swift a movement as any snake might make when chased into a juniper bush. There was the window! Just one more move. It was open much to my satisfaction, so all that was required was to put my foot through, jump to the ground below and nature and happiness was mine—no one could catch me then. But it was easier said than done. I had to rise on my feet and put my foot through the window without a noise or the whole quest would be lost. I rose with a slow and steady movement, first to my knees and then to my feet and then to my left. It was as in a breath, but it was the longest breath I ever breathed or will breathe again. The air grew hot and smelled of coming danger. The sweat again rose to my forehead, and I gripped a seat in fear—was something coming? If it were, I wasn't to lose this last moment without some attempt or other. I rose to my feet; lifted my foot through the window with cat-like speed. My head hit and all grew blank! A heavy hand was laid on my shoulder. I rose in my place which by some magic act had been immediately changed to my seat. In a daze I looked up, when a heavy voice shook my ears and roused me from my reverie. "Sumner, you'd better do your sleeping at home and work here."

—S. J. HARRIS.

Junior Notes

<i>President</i>	MARGARET KNUDSON
<i>Vice-President</i>	ELTON TUFTS
<i>Secretary</i>	GORDON CORNELL
<i>Treasurer</i>	GENEVIEVE WASHBURN

AFTER the summer vacation, fifty of last year's Sophomores enrolled as Juniors. At the general election held the latter part of September the foregoing officers were elected. A class meeting was held the following week, at which it was decided that a "Weener Roast" should be given on Lawrence's Bluff. The "roast" was duly held and all who attended had a good time, although some of the weeners were rather black.

The Juniors have been active in basketball as well as scholastic activities. Both the boys' and girls' basketball teams defeated the Freshmen but were in turn defeated by the Seniors. This gives them second place. The Juniors are distinguished for having the highest average mark of the four classes. In the declamatory contest, Margaret Knudson and Inez Holmes were chosen to represent the class.

The second class meeting was held April the fourteenth, the purpose of which was to settle the question of paying for the picture for the "Flashes." It was decided that each member should pay twenty-five cents.

The Juniors gave their Prom June 6. The gymnasium was prettily decorated with crepe paper, evergreen boughs, and lilacs. A good time was had by all.

Junior Class Picture



Sophomore History

<i>President</i>	CHESTER ANDERSON
<i>Vice-President</i>	RALPH HAEN
<i>Secretary</i>	BEN ARONIN
<i>Treasurer</i>	JESS JOHNSON

IN September, 1917, the class of '21 entered the Sturgeon Bay High School. They were a class of both quantity and quality, as our enrollment was one-hundred and fifteen members. During our first year we did little along class activities, our excess time being entirely devoted to war work, and war activities.

After a year's experience on the thorny path of high school knowledge, we came back as Sophomores ready to do things. Our casualties were small and our enrollment was still near the century mark.

With the cloud of war drawn aside, a new spirit prevailed. Officers were elected, and spirited class meetings have been held, which were a credit to the class.

We have made excellent records along scholastic, social, and athletic standards, and may it be resolved that next year as Juniors, we even better our records as Sophomores, by all means, that our High School may be the better because of our increase.

Sophomore Class Picture



The Flashes

Freshmen Notes

The Freshman class of '18 and '19 is composed of seventy members.
A general election was held in September, when the following officers were elected:

President	MARIE KNUDSON
Vice-President	PALMER JOHNSON
Secretary	RUTH HELMICH
Treasurer	BYRON GERICKE

No parties were given by the Freshman class, but a masquerade was held for the enjoyment of the whole school in February. Many unique and grotesque costumes were displayed. Games and dancing were enjoyed by all.

The Freshmen have taken an active interest in basketball. In the annual tournament held during the winter, the boys were beaten by the Sophomores, but the girls became the victors, by the score of 8 to 12.

A class meeting was held April 15 to decide how to raise money for the picture in the Flashes. It was decided that each member bring a certain amount of money.

On Friday, April 25, the Freshmen were entertained by the Sophomores at a party. A splendid program was given and the Freshies left with kinder thoughts of the Sophomores, at last finding out that they are human. Music for dancing was furnished by a five-piece orchestra composed of members of the Sophomore class. Every one had a very good time, and we expect to give the Sophomores a party in return.

Next year as Sophomores we hope to make rapid advancement in all lines of work.
—M. K., '22.

Freshman Class Meeting

*A group of green Freshies, as gay as could be,
Were having Class Meeting in Room Number Three.
A wondrous occasion for these little chaps
Who had not, as yet learned to close up their traps.*

*The noise and commotion, these Freshies did make,
A course toward Room six did fatally take.
The thump of rubber heels and a glance in the door,
Brought them to silence as never before.*

*This glance made the chairman turn white as the snow,
His eyes wondering in all place they might possibly go;
He first fumbled those papers and then shuffled them,
And noticed a strange weakness in his wobbling knees.*

*As these heels were heard going down the hall,
A sigh of relief was heaved by them all;
It had caused them a fright that made their ears burn,
Then came the weak, faltering words, "I think we'll adjourn."*

—ERVIN KOSSOW.

Freshman Class Picture





Officers for 1918

<i>President</i>	SOL TEWELES
<i>Vice-President</i>	ELTON WASHBURN
<i>Secretary</i>	WILLIAM BRIDENHAGEN
<i>Treasurer</i>	HORACE PETERS

Officers for 1919

<i>President</i>	WILLIAM BRIDENHAGEN
<i>Vice-President</i>	S. J. HARRIS
<i>Secretary</i>	CHESTER ANDERSON
<i>Treasurer</i>	HORACE PETERS

Lincoln Debating Society

THE Lincoln Debating Society has in spite of the forced vacation on account of the "flu" closed one of its most successful years since it was organized. The most interesting debate and the one that aroused the interest of the school was on the question, "Resolved that there should be a League of Nations." The affirmative was upheld by Harley Anderson, Benjamin Aronin, and Horace Peters; and the negative was upheld by August Draeb, John Garland, and John Egan.

The Society made an attempt to have a debate with West High at Green Bay, but Green Bay had no debating team, so no debate was held.

The Society is indebted to the helpful criticism and suggestion of Mr. Soukup and the whole-hearted spirit of the members who made the society a success.

The Girl's Literary Society

<i>President</i>	BLANCHE ARONIN
<i>Vice-President</i>	FLAVIA WRITT
<i>Secretary</i>	MARIE SAMPSON
<i>Treasurer</i>	IRENE GAURKE

THE Girl's Literary Society was organized during the first week of October, 1918, and the majority of the girls enrolled in High school became members; one hundred thirty-six in all. Officers were elected on October 11, and the foregoing were chosen.

The officers in turn appointed a program committee in which each class is represented: Jessie Meverden, Leah Bebeau, Lilah Burns, and Kathryn Fritschler.

The first meeting was not held, however, until January 14, 1919, because of the extended vacation due to the influenza. It was decided that meetings should be held every other Wednesday night.

Recitations, musical selections, current events, and general practice in public speaking was the chief work this year. Usually four persons were selected to deliver short speeches upon any subject they might choose, but along a definite plan to illustrate the different methods of argumentation. This was excellent practice for those who took part, as well as instructive to all who heard them.

One meeting was in the nature of a "Mock Assembly," and the subject discussed was quite naturally women suffrage. All of the "Assemblymen" did very well and the suffrage bill was finally passed.

Much benefit as well as amusement was derived from the organization, and it is sincerely hoped by all that next year every girl will become a member.

—F. W., '19.

Commercial Club

ON October 1, 1918, fifty-five commercial students met in Room 24 and organized a Commercial Club. It was the first of its kind in the history of this school, and with the aid of the commercial teachers, Miss Rowan and Miss Knudson, they set out to make it a strong and lasting organization.

It was for the purpose of demonstrating the work during the year, and for social entertainments. At the first meeting the following officers were elected: President, John Egan; Vice President, Inez Holmes; Secretary, Genevieve Welter; and Treasurer, Lucille Richmond. A social committee was appointed consisting of Irene Gauerke and Aurelia Wolters.

Two very interesting meetings were held in the High School Assembly. The program consisted of talks, stories, jokes, vocal and piano solos, typewriting and shorthand contests.

On March 28, a formal dinner was served in the gym at 6 o'clock to the members and faculty by Miss Conway and the Domestic Science girls. It was preceded by a short play and several solos. Harley Anderson acted as toastmaster and interesting toasts were given by Blanche Aronin, Vera Washburn, John Egan and Stanton Writt. Mr. Soukup gave a closing talk, after which everyone helped to prepare the gym for a basketball game.

During the year, the Remington Company offered certificates to all who passed a certain grade in typewriting. The members held a contest on April 30 and the following pupils succeeded in passing the required grades: Seniors—Marie Sampson, Blanche Aronin, Gladys Krause, Aurelia Wolters, Lucille Richmond, Dora Bergsland, Esther Severson, Ella McLaughlin, Alice Anderson. Juniors Marie Puehler, Leona Schimel, John Egan, Genevieve Washburn, Elnora Berg, Floyd Knuth and Annie Urdahl.

On May 3, a District Shorthand and Typewriting contest was held at the East Side High school at Green Bay. It was a preliminary of the Whitewater state contest. Ten members of the Junior class were candidates and out of these ten, Leona Schimel and Mary Puehler were chosen. Harley Anderson and Blanche Aronin represented the Senior class.

The Senior stenography class issued a booklet entitled "The Successful Stenographer." Blanche Aronin is editor and manager. This pamphlet explains just what efficiency is, tells us how to become efficient, and describes the really successful stenographer of today. This is to be used as a reference for the future stenography classes in the High school to show them what the class of '19 is capable of doing, and also to help them profit from the latter's wide and varied experience.

One of the last of the Spring fetes was a picnic at Tacoma Beach. The party went by boat and all enjoyed a sumptuous supper in the fresh spring air.

Thus closed the first year of this organization and it may be called a Successful Year. We trust that the commercial students of the coming years will do their share to keep up the good work which has been begun and that the club will increase in membership and interest each year.

LEONA SHIMMEL, '20.



THIS year, the athletics in S. B. H. S. was in most respects successful. Due to the late start resulting from the "flu" ban, that lasted from early fall until late in December, no athletics was started until January. This, of course, put out football entirely and left the rest of the year to basketball, baseball, and track and field athletics. Regardless of the late start, the High School boys and girls turned out and made good use of the short time.

Basketball

As soon as possible when school started in January, our principal started basketball among the classes, the Freshmen and Sophomores getting the floor on Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, from 3:45 to 4:30, and the Juniors and Seniors on the same nights from 4:30 to 5:15. Nearly six squads appeared on the floor every night. In this way, two months of class team practice was put in and a tournament planned for after the exams, late in February. No work was done whatsoever on a High School team, and no effort was made to get outside games until the season was nearly over and the teams in the various parts of the state had played off the most of their schedule. So Sturgeon Bay was out of sight when it came to outside recognition in basketball. However, in March we had a squad picked for the first team and were put through stiff scrimmage every night, under the leadership of Mr. Soukup, and two interesting games were played before the end of the season. The season ended the week before Palm Sunday, and the school turned their interest towards baseball and track and field athletics.

The class teams came to a clash on Thursday and Friday, the 6th and 7th of March, and the games were largely attended by the students and many outsiders. The Seniors won first place and the Freshmen fourth. It was a close choice for second, but no game was played to decide to whom the honor would go.

Juniors vs. Freshmen

The Juniors here showed their superiority over the ambitious "Frosh," but the latter put up a stiff game, nevertheless. The score was: Juniors 13, Freshmen 0.

Seniors vs. Sophomores

The second game of the evening was the Senior-Sophomore game. The Seniors showed up good throughout the entire game,, handling the ball nearly all of the time, but failing to make only a few baskets out of the many shots taken. The score was 14 to 8 in favor of the Seniors.

Sophomores vs. Freshmen

This game was a good one, but as hard as the "Frosh" tried to halt their opponents, they were thrown back, but not without hard playing on the part of the "Sophs." The score was 17 to 5 in favor of the Sophomores.

Note: The Freshmen claim the game was unfair, due to the "Sophs" putting a flunker on the team. They still claim that they can beat the "Sophs," but haven't had a chance to prove it. Let's hope they don't.

Seniors vs. Juniors

The two winners of Thursday night were expected to pull off a tight game. The Seniors even had a feeling of distrust in their victory. However, the rapid team work and basket shooting of the fourth year students startled the Juniors, who completely lost their bearings the first half. In the last half, the latter made a futile attempt at victory, but the attempt was too late. When time was called the score stood: Seniors 26, Juniors 13.

Two Rivers at Sturgeon Bay

This was the first game of the season and against an experienced team. Two Rivers had played twelve games, winning the majority of them, and had taken part in the Lake Shore Basketball Tournament at Milwaukee, so everyone was looking forward to what would happen to our team on the 21st of March.

However, it was not half as bad as was expected. Both teams played a good game. In the last half, Two Rivers did some fast playing and managed to bring up their score, which stood 38 to 17 in favor of the visiting team when the whistle blew. The outcome proved that we had good material for a team, and all that was needed was more experience and practice, such as Two Rivers had, to wipe them off the floor.

Alumni vs. High School

The next and last game of the season was the Alumni-High School game of Friday, April 11th. It was an interesting game, and it was expected that the Alumni, with its players who had formerly been stars on the Sturgeon Bay High School teams, would give the boys a hard game. But it seems that they had lost some of their old talent, on account of lack of practise, because they were easily beaten by a score of 21-11. The alumni asked for another game, in which they would undoubtedly put "Butch" Leitl, one of the best players on the 1917 team, and then make it a game apiece. We still believe that we can beat them, and won't give up our claims until otherwise proven.

The Flashes



CORNELL, G	LA ROUCHE, F	HARRIS, F
BRIDENHAGEN, C	ANDERSON, G	
PETERS, G	STEDMAN, F	

The Alumni team was made up of the following:

BERNARD "TAX" MULLEN, C
DWIGHT "DWITS" KNUTSON, F
HERBERT "CHOPPY" GATES, F
WINIFRED "IKEY" JOHNSON, G
ELLIS "PETE" STOKDYKE, G

Girls' Basketball

This year, the girls made a good showing in basketball, many taking part in the after-school practise, under the supervision of Miss Freda Wolters. However, they only had one night a week in which to practise until after the exams, because, for some reason or other, they were restricted from using the gym on Mondays. But the floor was made good use of while the girls did have it, and quite a bit of talent was developed, as was shown later in the inter-class tournament. It is hoped that, as the years go by, the girls will be recognized on an equal footing with the boys when it comes to athletics, as we all see that girls need as much, if not more, athletics and physical development than the boys.

The tournament took place on Monday and Tuesday, after school, March 17th and 18th. The games were interesting and were largely attended, but not being as fast as that of the boys, they were chiefly of interest to the girl students. The Senior girls carried away the honors easily both nights. The Sophomores managed to get off with fourth place, leaving the Freshmen and Juniors to contest for second place. No game was played to decide which team was the best.

Freshmen vs. Juniors

This was a good game, but entirely one-sided. The "Frosh" handled the ball most of the time, but the Juniors made the baskets and managed to win the game by a score of 10—3.

Sophomores vs. Seniors

The second game of the evening was the Sophomore-Senior game. It was a close fight, ending in a score of 4—5 in favor of the Seniors, and, as the game was close, it brought many cheers of encouragement from the rooters of both sides.

Freshmen vs. Sophomores

The second night brought on the final contest, featured first by the Freshmen-Sophomore game. This game was also one-sided. The Freshmen won an easy victory over the "Sophs," with a score of 8—2.

Juniors vs. Seniors

The final game of the tournament was the most interesting, being the contest for first place. Both teams had shown up well the night before, particularly the Juniors, so a close game was expected. But, just as characterized in the Seniors at the boys' tournament, the Senior girls played a surprisingly good game and left the Juniors behind in the end, the score being 9—2 in their favor.

Alumni vs. High School

On the same night of the boys' game with the Alumni boys, April 11th, the first team of the girls played the Alumni girls. The latter had a good team and were probably more experienced than the High School girls. But they were, nevertheless, put back by the lack of training, as compared with that of our team. However, our girls did not show up as well as the boys, and the Alumni beat them by a hard-won score of 6—4. The outcome showed that we had good material for a team, but it proved the decided superiority the graduated girls in shooting baskets, as our team carried the ball most of the time.

The teams were composed of the following:

ALICE DRISCOLL . . .	Center	ETHEL BARRAND
DOROTHY HARRIS . . .	Forward	MARIE KNUTSON
MARGARET SLATTERY . .	Forward	JESSIE MEVERDEN
MARIE KUBIS	Guard	MARY PUEHLER
HELEN FRITSCHLER . . .	Guard	ULA ELLWELL
RUTH BIRMINGHAM . . .	Substitute	EMMA IVES



ELWELL	WOLTERS (Coach)	EMMA IVES
KNUTSON	PUEHLER	
MEVERDEN	BARRAND	CONJURSKI (Manager)

Track and Field Athletics

On account of lack of leadership, track and field athletics hardly started. Mr. W. O. Brown, who boosted the track and field teams of East Green Bay High School while principal there, suggested that we go in heavy for this sort of athletics, as it develops the students in an all-around better way than any other spring activity. Some of the students also started activity along this line, but it didn't go far, baseball taking its place to a great extent. The student body ought to boost a project of this kind and at least have inter-class meets in future years.

Baseball

Baseball, this spring, is the sport of chief interest, being stimulated by the organization of the Lake Shore Inter-Scholastic League, including Manitowoc, Two Rivers, Kewaunee, Green Bay, Marinette, and Sturgeon Bay. On April 23, the Seniors challenged the rest of the school to a game to be played at four o'clock. The purpose of the game was to secure material for the first team. During the first part of the game, the "High School" had the lead, and it was not until the seventh inning that the Seniors broke loose, tying the score and making it 11 to 11. During the eighth, they broke through again and came out in the lead, with a score of 15 to 11. The game was then called off, it being too late to finish. This game brought out good material for the first team, and Tuesday night, April the 29th, the first tryouts were made, with Mr. Soukop as coach.

Manager Bridenhagen planned the following schedule for the season:

Manitowoc at Sturgeon Bay	May 10th
Sturgeon Bay at Manitowoc	May 24th
Two Rivers at Sturgeon Bay	May 31st
Sturgeon Bay at Two Rivers	June 7th

Up to date, we are only able to publish the outcome of two games of our schedule. We hope that the season will be a successful one, as this High School has not had a real active team since 1913.

Manitowoc at Sturgeon Bay

In spite of a spectacular ninth inning, in which ten of our men crossed the plate, our High School team was defeated by Manitowoc, by a score of 21—18.

Both batteries were good, Thorpe and LaRouche putting up a particularly good game for the first time out. Thorpe allowed only five clean hits and has fifteen strikeouts to his credit. La Rouche did exceedingly well as a backstop, pulling off many spectacular plays at the home plate. The Manitowoc battery consisted of "Stony" McGlynn and Pillger. "Stony" failed to show up with any of his father's big league play, but, nevertheless, he pitched a good game. However, he allowed many more clean hits than Thorpe and was credited with only eight strikeouts.

Up to the sixth inning, the game stood 5—5. But in the sixth, our infield seemed to disappear and Manitowoc made eight scores, chiefly on errors. Stegman and Gabert each brought in a run, making the score 7—13 at the beginning of the seventh.



The Flashes

Going to the last inning, the score stood 8—17 in favor of the Lake Shore team. Manitowoc made three more runs, leaving our team to make 13 to call it a tie. Up to this time, not much rooting was done on the part of the few students and outsiders that attended. However, at this time, when victory seemed hopeless, the boys let loose and rattled the visitors into such a state that the pitcher gave us several base-on-balls and the infield helped us out with a few errors.

Maples, first up, placed a nice one in center field, going two bases on it and making third on LaRouches one-sacker. The backstop was caught stealing third but Thorpe made a clean three-base drive. This put McGlynn completely among the clouds, and he presented Peters and Draeb with a base apiece, and handed Bridenhagen a two-sacker, which scored Peters and Draeb. Stedman and Gabert both got on base through infield errors and were brought in when Hitt hit. Maples sacrificed for Hitt, and LaRouche and Thorpe both scored for the second time. Peters got safely to second, but Draeb struck out, ending the game with a score of 21—18.

This game proved that we needed to make a few alterations on the team. The twenty-six errors made during the game by our team proved that we also needed more practice.

LAROCHE	Catcher	PILGER
THORP	Pitcher	McGLYNN
BRIDENHAGEN	First Base	TOUHEY
STEDMAN	Second Base	AHLSWEDE
PETERS	Third Base	ZIGMUND
GABERT	Shortstop	BAZEL
DRAEB	Rightfield	STANGEL
MAPLES, L.	Centerfield	JACOBSON
HITT	Leftfield	RUSBOLDT
GERICKE		
MAPLES, F.		

Sturgeon Bay at Manitowoc

On Saturday, May 24, our team journeyed via truck to Manitowoc to return the defeat handed us two weeks before. Two weeks of training had developed the players, and we had Manitowoc handicaped from the third inning. Six men crossed the plate; Peters, bringing in two scores; LaRouche, Gericke, Hitt, Maples, and Draeb each one, while the Manitowoc team was unable to get more than four runs. From the Sturgeon Bay's point of view it was a pitcher's battle, Thorpe having sixteen strike outs to McGlynn's fifteen.

LITERARY

The Pupils Soliloquy

*The teachers all hate me; I'm nobody's pet.
Detentions I get by the ton.
It's because of my freckles and green eyes—I'll bet.
Gee! I haven't a bit of fun.*

*When anything happens in this dead old school,
They blame it all on to me.
They call me a dunce; and they call me a fool;
I'll get even, you just wait and see.*

*It was only this morning I sat on a tack,
I hollered, then looked at the door,
The pupils all laughed till their faces were black,
But I had to report to room four.*

*On Latin and English, I slave day and night,
Yes, and dry Ancient History too.
I study so hard that it injures my sight,
That's no lie, but it's only too true.*

*Oh why couldn't Caesar have died in a fight,
And sailed to the heavenly shores;
A few years before he had started to write
The story of his Gallic wars.*

*My head's all packed up with "grammactickle" rules
And predicates all in a heap.
And Solomon's proverbs more precious than jewels,
Say! How's a fellow to sleep?*

*All fellows, you know, have got plenty of girls,
But I haven't even got one.*

*Wax dolls, powdered faces, and shining dark curls
Don't worry or bother me none.*

*My head aches like blazes, my ambition is dead,
For I got two detentions today.*

*I think of my low marks with unceasing dread,
Ten points is a big price to pay.*

—Ben Aronin, '21.

A Hot Nightmare

I had an awful dream the other night. It was a nightmare, a turmoil of confusion and horror. I do not know yet whether it was caused by the four hour's cramming I had done for my Physics quiz, or by the chicken supper I had eaten just before going to bed. Whatever the cause, I still shudder when I recall the events of that dreadful night.

In the first place, just as I was falling asleep, I heard a whirr and a buzz and a big steam engine walked into the room. His eyes glared at me in the darkness, and he began to puff and snort fiercely. All at once he opened his boiler, turned his flywheel, and thus addressed me: "The way you Seniors misrepresent me is a steamin shame. Why, half of you girls don't even know what my insides look like," and here he glared more fiercely than ever, and approached nearer the bed. I stared at him in horror and I felt my hair slowly rise as I watched his black sides grow red hot, and smoke and fire issue from his mouth.

Just then I heard a shrill piping voice exclaim: "And what about me?" and there, near my pillow, stood a Leyden Jar, shaking with anger. "Look how they make fun of me. They say my sides are made of copper, when any sensible person knows that I am coated, inside and out, with pure tinfoil. The idea!" and he, too, advanced toward me in anger.

Suddenly a sharp, shrewish voice shrieked out, "Here, you Leyden Jar, behave yourself." "My wife!" gasped the poor Leyden Jar, and began to turn green. "Yes, indeed," said the voice, coming nearer, and I now saw that it belonged to a haughty Galvanic Cell, its wires standing straight up in the air. "I think I have a right to talk, too. Look how they speak about a respectful lady like myself. Now every decent person knows that my blood circulates in an east and west direction when I clasp my hands above my head, and here you ignorant children say that it goes around the other way. Why, I wouldn't be living if that was the case," and here the two wires joined together and a current began to flow with a whiz and a whirl so that sparks flew all over.

I groaned aloud and tried to edge further away, when suddenly a big black horseshoe magnet came hopping into the room, on his North Pole. He gazed around him in surprise, and then exclaimed in a harsh, iron-fillings sort of a voice, "Well, I'll be magnetized! How do you do, Mr. Leyden Jar, and here is your charming wife, Mrs. Galvanic Cell. How are *you*, my dear Mr. Steam Engine?" But no one answered, for he was just a descendent of the magnet family, and therefore very inferior in position and rank to the Electric and Steam cliques.

This silence seemed to infuriate him, and he turned green, then blue, then crimson. In a hoarse voice, he shouted, "Mr. Bar, come in here a minute—and you, too, Miss C. Needle." As he spoke, a bar magnet came whirling into the room followed by a young, refined, beautiful compass needle. They all stood in a row and glared at the first comers.

I felt something stirring in the air. I tried to get up, to run away, but too late. With a hoarse roar, the Steam Engine rushed at the Horseshoe Magnet and began firing sparks at him. The young compass needle rushed at Mrs. G. Cell and proceeded to prick her, at which the latter retaliated by spitting sulphuric acid at the compass needle. Mr. Leyden Jar, rushing to the aid of his wife, received a knockout that jarred him some, from the stalwart Bar Magnet. The room was full of puffing, whirring, snorting and roaring; sparks flew all about, and the bed clothes caught on fire. I jumped from the bed, bumping my head on the bedpost and fell directly in the path of the angry Steam Engine. I felt myself burning and smothering, and I shrieked aloud in pain and fear.

My eyes opened and I awoke. I gasped and gazed about me. The morning light was streaming in through the windows, and on looking about, I saw that I was on the floor, with the quilt wrapped tightly around me. I was lying near the furnace radiator, which was wide open, and waves of heat were pouring in upon my pale, distorted countenance.

—BLANCHE ARONIN, '19.

Putting It Off

*When William was all spruced up just fine
To meet his friends down town at nine,
And his mother "buted in" and said,
"How about your flower bed?"
It was "Aw put it off."*

*When on his way going home one night,
Bill spoke of going to the big prize fights
And little brother broke in with a start,
"You told me you'd fix up my little cart!"
It was "Aw put it off."*

*On the end of the month when the note books were due,
William made plans for a game with the cue.
When his friends with regret said, "If we do we can't get
Our notebooks in on a ten-dollar bet,"
It was "Aw put it off."*

*Day after day when in school Bill would play
Instead of doing his work in an up-to-date way;
And whenever he was asked by his teacher so true
Not to put off and wait till things got blue,
It was "Aw put it off."*

*So when in June William awoke from his state of coma,
And asked Mr. Soukup for his nice big diploma,
To show that he had finished his high school course,
The wise old principal exclaimed without a bit of remorse,
"Aw put it off."*

—S. J. Harris, '19.

Autobiography of a Sheet of Paper

I am but a plain white sheet of paper but I think that enough evil things are written on me. I have lived in a desk drawer ever since school's began and I guess that's where I always shall live.

I lie in the desk from five o'clock at night till nine forty-five in the morning without being touched; but when that time comes I feel something that scratches my back. I only feel this way for a short time.

I take a nap at ten-thirty but am wakened up as soon as eleven fifteen comes around. I scream and scream with pain but nobody ever pays any attention to me.

I think it's heaven when noon time comes around because a nice pretty little boy and sometimes other boys come up to where I lie, and handle me with great care. They gaze at me as if they really loved me. Sometimes there must be something terrible written on me because they get angry; but they take a nice rubbery thing and run it across me.

"Oh, my that feels good to me because it makes them laugh and also relieves my pain."

This only lasts till twelve-thirty so I have a good sleep until somebody rings a bell. (That's music to me.)

All afternoon long I don't have any rest. Teachers nearly break my bones in two. "Oh, how it hurts."

They have no sympathy for me at all. I like it so much when they scratch my flesh and keep off from my blue bones. I think in the one-thirty and two-fifteen periods that they will never stop scratching and picking me. I have muscular fibres as well as everybody else.

At three-forty-five somebody picks me up roughly and folds me in two as if that never hurt me at all. He reads something that sounds mean and grumbling, then lays me back on the desk. Then a bell is rung and I'm dead to the world again. Really I've had the most miserable life in the world, and it's the same thing over again. There is only one thing that will help me and that is to make the teachers stop giving detentions.

—LELA MEVERDEN, '22.

"Muggie"

Of all the different kinds of streets that are in the world, the little narrow, crooked streets that run down hill are most likely to be enchanted. On such a street lived "Old Martin," the umbrella maker, in a long, narrow house at the very top of the hill. In his room, piked on all sides along the walls were queer looking boxes, and on a golden chain hanging from the ceiling were strung golden keys; the tiniest was as little as a fairy's finger, the largest was as big as the wing of an eagle. And on one night of every week Martin would open the queer shaped boxes and spread out their most beautiful contents. Then it was that he let the little children come and he would tell them tales of wonder. On this night one tiny little girl was there with a skipping dimple on her nose and ten little dimples on her toes. And to her he told the story of "Muggie."

"Last night as I was standing in the doorway, I suddenly heard a patter of hoofs and into the light of the street lamp there trotted a little brown dog, a little brown donkey, and on the back of the little brown donkey sat a little brown child. I rubbed my eyes and said, 'I can let no traveler go past my door on a night like this.' The next instant the child slid from the donkey's back and all three were snugly seated on the hearth stone. The child was as brown as a forest berry, her eyes were as deep and dark as a little pool, and her hair was tangled by the wind. Her dress was covered with tiny patches, which gleamed scarlet and golden and green at every turn.

"Surely, you are an elf of the forest," I cried. At this the child laughed aloud and said, 'I am Muggie, and was in reality a child of a forester, but I was discovered by the elf folk. Many beautiful things have I seen, because the elves have sent me on errand into places where mortals live. I saw children eating broth out of shiny blue bowls close by a big red fire, and I have never done that in all my life. I wish I could do so.' I laughed at this, and said I would grant her wish and gladly cherish her as my daughter.

"But Muggie shook her head gravely, and from one of her little patch pockets she suddenly drew a scrap of green which looked one minute like a bit of leaf and the next like a piece of silk, and placing it on the bench, said,

*"Make me an umbrella, small as you will,
I wish to test your skill."*

"I threaded my tiniest needle, sharpened my quickest scissors and snipped, snipped, snipped, and clipped, clipped, clipped, and in a short time handed Muggie a tiny little umbrella which she intended to give to the king of the dwarves if they would let her live the life of a mortal for four months every year, but the umbrella was too big, so Muggie took from another of her little patch pockets a scrap of crimson which looked one minute like the petal of a flower, and the next like a bit of satin, and giving it to me, said,

*"Make me an umbrella, smaller still,
Using all your skill."*

"I made the umbrella but when Muggie closed it, it fell apart like a cobweb. She wept with disappointment, because this was to be the 'Queen of the Fairies' gift, and if it had been strong enough, Muggie could live for twelve months in a year the life of a mortal. I showed her the chain of keys and let her pick the one she wanted. It was the tiniest key as big as a fairy's finger. She opened a box and found only an ivory clock which was of no use because he who gave it forgot the winding key. But Muggie's bright eyes caught the gleam of a little gold key beneath one of the carved leaves upon it, and the next minute she was winding the key around and around in the little clock, and when at last a wee silver chime told the hour, she hugged it and sang, 'In all the fairy world there is nothing quite as wonderful as this.' As the words echoed through the room, she danced across the threshold and disappeared with her little brown dog and donkey after her, and I was standing all alone."

As Martin finished the tale he looked at the tiny figure in the big arm chair and saw that she was fast asleep. Then twice very softly he kissed her, once for luck and good fortune on her little turned-up nose, and one for keeps and comfort on her little curled-up toes.

—F. HANSON.

Geometry

*There is a room which in this school
Is very dull to me,
It doth contain a little man,
Who teaches Geometry.
And to this room I sadly go,
So early in the morn,
To have him help me with the test
Which I inwardly scorn.*

*When the teacher in the main room,
Doth tap the little bell,
We rush to Mr. Brown's room
To sit for quite a spell.
We listen to the theorems and work some on the board
Which takes the brightness from our brains
All we can afford.*

*For other classes come along,
With questions by the score,
And we must meet them with ready wit
So the teacher we do not bore.*

*We listen to the marks
And don't know what to do,
And when our average goes down in the book,
We fear we won't get through.
But Mr. Brown just smiles and winks
And says "No use to cry,"
And when the lesson again is assigned,
We hear a deep low sigh.*

*Thus are we inspired, by our teacher fond and dear
And our courage doth return again
When the bell rings loud and clear.
We rush or scramble from the room,
The suspense of the class is o'er.
We find we have not met our doom,
Discouraged we'll be no more.*

—M. Knudson, '20.

Smile

"Laugh, and the world laughs with you; weep, and you weep alone."
How pleasant and wonderful life would be if everyone would heed this saying and laugh or smile!

A smile will improve a person's character, benefit his health, and make himself better liked. It will denote many things as: happy thoughts and a good disposition.

What is a smile? It is a contagious disease which spreads very quickly, and brings happiness to all who have it. The symptoms of this disease are an upward curve of the corners of the mouth and a twinkle in both eyes. This wonderful disease is found, not only in our beloved country, but in every country, and among all people of this great world. A smile is a recognized bond of friendship everywhere, and so far it is the best known remedy to drive away care and worry.

Look out into the street! Do you see that grouchy, tight-fisted, pessimistic, hard-boiled piece of humanity in the form of an old man?

He walks along deep in thought—too busy to smile.

He is probably thinking what argument to use to convince St. Peter, that he should be let in through the golden gates for half price. Oh! here we are! Kindly observe that young man across the street. Notice that bright smile upon his face. He is a man after my own heart. When he says, "How do you do?" or "Good morning," it is not with a mumbling, faltering voice, but clearly, convincingly, and with a cheery smile.

If you are in trouble because you cannot pay your coal bill, or if you are worried because you did not get one hundred in English, just follow my advice, which is the advice of other wise men, and smile.

—BEN. ARONIN, '21.

The Flashes

Making School Pay

When you go to High School,
Do you try to make it pay?
Do you study very hard,
To pass the time away?
In Arithmetic and English
Do you always do your best?
Are your standings high or low
In your monthly test?

Do you cut up capers
And make a great big fuss?
Shooting spit-balls 'round the room
And trying to raise the dust?
Truthfully answer these questions
And I'm sure that you can say,
If you are going to High School
To try to make it pay.

—Eleanor Cheeseman, '21.

Oh unfortunate creature,
Thou hast a difficult task to do;
To write a sonnet, 14 lines,
And 15 minutes to do.
The time flies past, the pen still lingers
Above that dreadful sheet.
Ten minutes left and the sonnet not yet complete.
A furious jab at the paper results,
But the creature still scratches his head,
Oh! merciless woman, that thou should make
A fellow creature so distressed.
Three minutes left, the pen thrown down
Across that sheet of dread,
But on the floor, the creature lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

—August Draeb, '19.

An Ode to Room Four

We are the Sophomore English Class,
We meet once every day.
We do some work, b'lieve me, to pass.
We're anything but gay.

We're there at 11:15,
Of hope there's not a gleam,
There's a lot of nervous shifting;
Today we read a theme.

At last here comes our teacher,
And we all turn pale with fear,
She's our leading feature,
"Fred, your theme first we'll hear."

"You haven't got your theme, Fred?"
You'll have to take a zero."
She puts one down just like she said,
Worse than historic Nero.

"Robert, you may read yours next."
Bob's high spirits fell;
Miss Sarles looks extremely vexed,
Oh, glory, there's the bell.

—John Stedman, '21.

"And Lastly, My Brethren"

Constance was short and very chubby. When she sat in church on Sundays, her feet hung a long way from the floor. It was a very uncomfortable trial sitting there, and the church was one of Constance's great trials. Her aunt Matilda thought to miss church was a great sin, so of course little Constance had to go to church. She had been there so often that she knew what the minister was going to say next. She knew that when he got so far as "thirdly, my brethren," "lastly" would soon follow. Constance was always glad when he said "lastly."

Constance's mother was an invalid, so she always went to church with her aunt Matilda. It happened one Sunday morning that the minister was ill, and so another man took his place. Aunt Matilda and Constance were there as usual. At first, Constance interested herself by watching the new minister, but she soon became tired and sleepy. Her light curly head began to droop to one side. Soon her aunt punched her, and made her sit up straight. To Constance's surprise, the minister said, "and thirdly, brethren." She now waited for him to close. She listened eagerly. Finally he words, "and fourthly, brethren," reached her ears. Constance slipped down from the pew and, before her aunt could stop her, she strutted down the aisle to the door. An exceedingly angry aunt followed her.

Constance never forgot that Sunday. The dreadful silence of her aunt on the way home, and the surprised look on the face of Constance's mother as her aunt Matilda told her.

Constance had grown out of her childish ways. She was now an office girl, working in New York city. Her mother and her aunt had both died and she had no relatives now. She did not go to church any more. It seemed as though all of the people snubbed her.

One of these days she seized her coat and hat. It was on a Sunday. She walked down the dirty streets. It was not like the pleasant lane at home where the blossoming flowers threw their magnificent perfume and the warbling birds sang their sweet songs. She walked and walked. Finally, she stopped in front of a little brown church. It brought to her memory the church at home. The words, "and lastly, brethren," fell on her ears. She hurried away and walked home. Wearily she entered her room and, locking the door, threw herself on the bed and thought and thought.

The next Sunday she set off, but with a definite destination. She arrived at the church, and went in. How cool and peaceful it was! Oh! how she enjoyed that sermon. When it was over, the minister stood in the doorway and shook hands with each one as he or she passed out. Constance noticed how young he was, and how bright his smile, and how friendly. He spoke to her as he shook hands and invited her to attend regularly.

He, too, had been struck by the coldness of the city churches, and when he had begun to preach, he tried to create a spirit of warmth and friendliness in his church. Perhaps he did not know how well he had succeeded. But there came a day, in the spring, when the minister walked home with Constance.

That night, after Constance had turned off the light and crept into bed, she hugged the pillow to her happy heart and whispered into the downy softness, "And lastly, brethren."

—H. JOHNSON, '20.

The Flashes

The Countersign

*What is the countersign? There is but one
That will open all locked hearts for you,
And shine bright and warm as the rays of the sun
On a field that is sprinkled with dew.*

*And what can drive sorrow and grief from your thought
And reflect in the eyes of your friends?*

*'Tis a wonderful gift that cannot be bought—
'Tis a blessing that Heaven sends.*

*Oh, what is that treasure more precious than gold,
And must it be sought for in vain?*

*'Tis a strong bond of friendship that ever will hold,
That can never be broken in twain.*

*For Heaven united these links, strong and bright
In a gift that makes life worth while;*

*A kind act, a bright thought, Trust, Justice and Right
Have been forged in one treasure—a smile!*

—Ben Aronin, '21.

A Tragic Comedy

'Twas as black as carbon without; the rain was falling in continuous sheets. It flew against the window pane with dull thuds, and struck the clapboards of the house with a resounding click. The lightning flashed across the sky and lit up the entire city. There was a continuous low and distant rumbling of thunder, and frequently a loud and harsh clap or crash of it. The wind howled around the corners of the house and blew furiously through the trees. The dampness penetrated into the very depths of the gloomy room which was lit up by a solitary lamp.

A soft tread was heard on the front stoop. The dog, by the hearth, picked up his ears. The middle aged lady looked nervously up from her knitting, and spoke in an under tone to her husband. The man smiled a wan and sickly smile, and looked down at the newspaper.

Again, the soft and padded tread was perceivable. The man got up and walked nervously to the front door, his wife close behind him and the dog along side of him. He cautiously opened the door and looked without. His eyes could not penetrate the darkness. A puff of wind suddenly blew the door shut; the man whirled about, with his fists clenched and jaw set; but nobody spoke. The couple again entered the room. Their silence had now grown appalling. The woman knit feverishly, the man smoked viciously, and again came that panther-like tread.

To break that appalling silence, the man opened his parched mouth and tried to shout: "Who's there?" No answer but the same slow and measured step. The man's anger was roused, and as his anger rose, his fear abated. He rose and took from the cupboard, a large and cumbersome revolver. He twisted it in his hand, he broke it open to see if it were loaded, while his wife looked at him with appealing eyes.

With determined step, the man walked to the door, threw it open and listened intently. The tread sounded from the further end of the porch. A shot rang out. Two shots rang out. The man entered the building, closed and locked the door. The light was shut down, and all was dark.

The morning sun arose, the man got up, dressed hastily, and unlocked and opened the front door. His gaze was directed to the further end of the porch, and there, fallen cold and dead, lay the neighbor's cat.

—AUGUST DRAEB, '19.

The Rusty Helmet

*Here's to the old rusty helmet,
Oh! long may your glory be known,
The sun has beat down on your brightness,
And in the evening, the stars have shown.*

*The Huns could not scare you nor harm you,
Their low and mean tricks were in vain,
They often tried to defeat you,
But their shot glanced off like the rain*

*The Yanks will always remember
Your kindly protection and cheer,
Until the eleventh of November,
In 1918, a notable year.*

—Halvor Anderson.

Imps of the Waste Paper Basket

It was 4:15 in the main room, when a scramble started within the waste paper basket. The little imps were very busy, as was their custom every night after school. One little imp ran around the waste basket until he spied a very small piece of paper, folded many times. "Ah! a note," he exclaimed.

"Who is it addressed to?" asked another. "Why of all things to Kenneth Backey. Listen, and I will read it. 'Meet me at 4 o'clock at the library. Will explain matters.' Signed Emma Ives."

"Quick-quick," shouted a little imp. "Some of you big ones come and help me carry this heavy piece of paper to the center of our ring. Now all sit down and I will read what is written on it. Oh, you might know—the detention list, of course, and the same old names—Blanche Peterson, James Groenfeldt, Ralph Haen, and Billie Wright. Oh! Hem! I suppose Bill was calling to Gail again, as usual. I don't blame Mr. Pencil for putting his name down." They all scampered away to find more mischief and soon, above their heads, was seen an aeroplane, alighting with two imps in it. After they had landed, one of the imps called, "Quick, hurry! Some one come and help me carry this much crumpled paper. It's only an Algebra paper with a 22 on it. Well, who do you suppose it is. There's no name on it."

"I suppose some one was ashamed to sign his name," said a saucy imp.

For a while there was silence, only the rattling of papers could be heard, until three imps began dragging something white over all the papers. At last it was brought to light, and what do you suppose it was, why, one of Miss Sarles' ear rings.

"Now," began the imp, who had first discovered it, "I'll have the pleasure of appearing before the students in the 1:30 period to-morrow, and fastening it very daintily in her ear. Oh, and then the joy of seeing the detention paper, for you know she always write some, during that period."

At that moment, a buzzing noise was heard, and looking around, they saw two of the imps, sailing in a submarine, on Miss Stiles' pin set, with a marine stone. "Aha, that's the time you got fooled," cried an imp, as he saw they were not making much headway except scratching that pretty stone in many places. The submarine was then put away for that day.

At last some of the imps began crawling very slowly across the papers in their tank. One of them discovered that they were not moving as fast as they should, so they all got down from the tank. After a close investigation, what do you suppose they discovered, as the cause of their trouble?—One of Mr. Soukup's rubber soles. When they had finished laughing, a shrill voice said, "All assemble." Every little imp found his hiding place in the corners of the basket, as Mr. Sampson carried the container to the basement.

—LEAH BEBEAU.

The Flashes

An Ode to the Faculty

The curtain rises, Hark! The class Spirit speaks:

The Faculty

Students—The Faculty comes:

Appears—our principal—"Mr. Sox."
He is the tender of the flock.

Next in rank comes Margie, dear,
Of her detentions, we have to fear.

Mary Jane Stiles, we love her much
Despite low marks; she gives us much.

Miss Helmich, so wondrous wise,
Dost a cheater so despise.

Dorothy Symons so very tall
Knows how to keep order in the hall.

Miss Veith the great mathematician
Works algebra like a smart magician.

Dena Rowan, though very strict,
Adheres to an April Fool's trick.

Edna Knutson so very smart
In all low marks; she plays her part.

Gertrude Conway, a beautiful cook,
Reads our minds just like a book.

And we must not forget our Mr. Brown,
Who certainly deserves a kingly crown.

Miss Sarles, our beloved teacher,
Must have patience like a preacher.

Ashes to ashes,
Dust to dust;
If it wer'nt for the teachers
Our brains would rust.

The curtain falls—my memory is blank.

—Mertis Hodges.

The First and Last Hike

Botany is a fearful thing,
Generally coming in the spring;
Hunt leaves; hunt buds; is all we hear
The last semester of the year.

One day the class went out awalking,
And all the fellows fell atalking,
Some went here, and some went there,
Poor teacher had to be everywhere.

Coming home from the little hike,
Us boys all hiked it down the pike;
And when the "old Home" we did reach,
We found a harsh word awaiting each.

"Now, boys, you're not to go out again,"
Said the teacher when we came tramping in.
She made us boys all feel like fools,
Because we disobeyed the rules.

—E. Manney.

The Flashes



RA

The Flashes



JUNE 30

THE "ASSISTANTS"
GUILTY

JULY 1

MUTT AND JEFF
A FAST ONE

The Flashes

Definitions by Freshmen:

Propose: When you want a partner.

Spectators: People looking on or through the windows.

Talk: Is a muttering of words that have no meaning.

Sample of letter in which you were to tell of some good fortune which you experienced:

Dear Friend Marie:

I cannot keep the good news to myself. If you only knew what it was, you would be overjoyed. I have to say it is a detention. Ha, Ha! Write soon.

Your friend, G. H.



PORTION OF DOMESTIC SCIENCE CLASS.

When pupils do not understand the question asked by the teachers, this is what they say:

Freshie: I beg your pardon? Sophomores: Ma'am? Juniors: What? Seniors: Huh?

Miss Sarles—Wanted a school directory, so I don't have to give the same party detentions for the whole class, because I happen to know his name.

Miss Conway: "Why is it the proper time to eat candy, right after a meal?"

Freshie: "Because it gives you energy enough to do the dishes."

Freshman: (before basketball game with alumni) Where are the Alumni from?"

Junior: "Oh, they came from the Alumnun factory."

Question: What is a hipocrite?

Answer: A Freshman with a smile on his face.

Senior Talk

William Bridenhagen: "I don't know nothin."
Blanch Aronin: "Oh ye gods."
Richard Hitt: "Aw-giwan."
Marie Sampson: "He staid until 11:15 last night."
Vera Washburn: "Oh Gee."
Jessie Meverden: "That was a good one."
Aurelia Wolter: "I just love rainy weather."
Sumner Harris: "Oh, gee yes."
Alice Anderson: "My soul."
Sol Teweles: "Did ya' ever hear this one?"
Herbert Pies: "I'll say so."
Flavia Writt: "Gosh cats."
John Eagan: "My wife the queen."
Genevieve Welter: "Oh, I'm tired en' everything."
Elizabeth Rhode: "Shut your mouth."
Lucille Richmond: "Oh, go on, you're kiddin."
Esther Michaelson: "Uafda."
Harley Anderson: "Jiminey Crickets."
Esther Severson: "Gee whinnigers."
Halvor Anderson: "Git over."
Horace Peters: "Hello sweetheart."
Camilla Kolmorgan: "Kids, don't walk so fast."
William Hanson: "Dya go to Petersilka's?"
Irene Martin: "Well, it's so."
Stanton Greisen: "Lo Lizabeth."
Irene Thorpe: "Oh gee kids, listen."
Ingwald Viste: "Aw, cut it out."
Helen Conjurske: "Oh, gosh."
Gladys Krause: "Gee, I had a spliffy time last night."
Lucille Grinney: "Aw, come on."
Teresa Hempel: "Hold your shirt."
Leonard Haen: "Yes sweetness."
Gussie Draeb: "Ask him some questions and get him stuck."
Anton Felner: "Judas Priest."
Florence Knuth: "Gosh."
Ethel Osmundson: "Honest."
Dora Bergsland: "Oh, kids."
David Martin: "Oh, come on."

Favorite Sayings of the Teachers

Mr. Soukup: "It's just a matter of self-discipline."
Miss Reynolds: "Muzzey is good."
Miss Symons: "Yes."
Miss Helmich: "What's the use of all this disturbance?"
Mr. Brown: "Prof. Snow gives that very clearly."
Miss Veith: "Cut it out."
Miss Rowan: "Oh baby."
Mr. Nevins: "I have just as much time as you have."
Miss Conway: "Caroline, what ya' doing now?"
Miss Knutson: "Not so much noise."
Miss Sarles: "Boys, please don't do that."
Miss Stiles: "It's just killing."

The Flashes

As Usual

The report cards will be issued this noon. Do not compare standings in this building, please.

In looking over the report cards this month——?

Girls, better not sit on the desks. Is that the way you do at home?

You know if I let you do it, all the rest would want to, too.

It's only a matter of self-discipline.

Don't lock the barn after the horse is stolen.

No one likes singing better than I. Why, last summer——?

In talking to a man the other day.

Those who are to remain for tardiness or detentions report in Room 8.

When speaking of "Liza Jane,"—Sing that again, it sounds good.

Miss Symons: "Has anyone lost a fountain pen? This was found in the girls' cloak room."

Bill H.: "I lost one."

Julia Trost: "What did you say the lungs were filled with?"

Bill B.: "With inflammation."

Miss Veith: "Let x represent rabbits. Now Freshie, if a Sophomore went out one day and came back and said he had shot 3 x's and the next day he went out and came back, saying he had shot 5 x's, how many would he have shot?"

Freshie: "Oh, one or two."

Miss V.: "Don't let the x's puzzle you. They mean no more than 3 and 5 rabbits. 5x and 3x are 8x or 8 rabbits."

Freshie: "Yes'm, but I know the Sophomores."

Miss Rowan: in shorthand class: "For the next lesson, take to 'You will be sorry.'"

Miss Knudson, after several futile attempts to get some one to answer her question: "Reynold, do you know the answer?"

Reynold J.: "No ma'am, but give me a moment and I'll look it up."

Miss Symons in Eng. IV. class, speaking of Keats: "By the time he was twenty-five, he had done all his work—that is, died and—" What a great work!

S. Harris in Eng. IV.: "John Keats had the *good fortune* to fall in love with a girl when he was nineteen."

Miss Sarles, after a piece of poetry had been given: "That's good and it couldn't be beaten; now let's see who can give a better one."

Miss Veith: "Carl, have you all your problems?"

Carl M.: "No ma'am."

Miss C.: "Well, you are wasting time."

Carl: "There is one I can't get."

Miss V.: "You haven't asked for help."

Carl: "Oh, yes, I asked 'em all around here and they won't help me!"

Miss Sarles in physical geography: "Adelbert, what is the largest lake in Brazil?"

Adelbert R.: (looking as if struck by an inspiration) "The Amazon river."

The Flashes

"Our Class" in 1950

Harley Anderson—Director of "Boston Sympathy Orchestra."
Horace Peters—Clergyman of the First Pres. Church of N. E.
Sumner Harris—Wisconsin state efficiency expert.
August Draeb—"Boss Draeb" of Tammany hall, N. Y.
Wm. Bridenhagen—Foreman of the X B ranch, N. Mex.
Jos. LaRouche—Catcher for the Boston Braves.
Stanton Greisen—Pianist for the Booker T. Washington jazz orchestra.
Richard Hitt—Professor of Physics at Yale College.
Herbert Pies—Prop. of the Sawyer Drug store.
Ingwald Viste—Progressive farmer of Door County.
David Martin—Secretary for the "Farmer's Equity Co."
Halvor Anderson—Teacher retired on pension.
Sol Teweles—Pres. Brockstein, Freshholm, Teweles Jewelry Co."
Wm. Wright—Duke of Shivering Sands.
Leonard Haen—Door County cattle buyer.
Tony Fellner—Judge of the Wisconsin state supreme court.
John Egan—Editor of the New York Times.
Alice Anderson—Sturgeon Bay kindergarden teacher.
Blanche Aronin—Member of the U. S. senate.
Dora Bergsland—Stenography teacher of the S B H S.
Helen Conjurske—Manager of the Conjurske Tonsorial Parlors.
Lucille Griney Married to Halvor Anderson.
Theresa Hemple—Wife of our friend I, Viste.
Florence Knuth—Loving wife of Spinney Boyd.
Camilla Kolmorgan—A sweet old spinster, in Maplewood.
Gladys Krause—Wife of Norman Green.
Irene Martin—Court stenographer to Tony Fellner.
Ella McLaughlin—Married to Fred Johnson.
Jessie Meverden—S. S. teacher at S B Cong. church.
Esther Maechelson—Wife of a Quaker minister.
Elizabeth Rhode—Loving wife of Wallace Ives.
Lucille Richmond—Wife of our prosperous garage friend—Clarence Demelle.
Ethel Osmundson—Bookkeeper for the Aronin Co.
Marie Sampson—Wife of Daniel Dufek.
Esther Severson—Loving spinster doing charity work.
Irene Thorpe—Wife of Hon. Vernon Gilbert.
Vera Washburn—Wife of Commodore Cornish. Whereabouts unknown.
Gen. Welter—Wife of Commodore Cornish. Whereabouts unknown.
Aurelia Wolter—Wife of Clarence Peterson, janitor of the S. B. bank.
Flavia Writt—Manager of the Sturgeon Bay Hair Dressing Parlors.

Found in Freshman Themes

Some new facts about our H. S.

1. "The High School is flat on top. It hasn't any roof."
2. "The High School is a large concert (concrete) building."

Some Revised Spelling!

1. The third Liberty *Lone*.
2. What the Red Cross *dose* in time of peace.
3. *Their* is *Two* great a variety.
4. They did not *ware* clothes like ours.
5. *Know* man knows—?
6. Some people *waist* their time, and *afterwards* are sorry for it.
7. *Whare* is there a better place?
8. The point of view I am going to take *subscribing* the H. S.—
"My point of view is standing on the walk in front of the building."

War in the Assembly

*Both chalk and spikes whirl over me,
A loud crash rends the air
As an ascending rubber comes
From out the quiet air.*

*A cat and dog are scrapping loud
Somewhere around the room,
A cow and horse communing, too,
Set forth their mournful tune.*

*Then once in a while a sheep-like noise
Disturbs the peaceful air;
In due rotation next there comes
A shower of chalk thru the air.*

*Declared then is an armistice
By the teacher in room 23,
And when detentions are read that nite
A seance there will be.*

—JESS JOHNSON, '21.

Only Once

*There was a man who fancied that, by driving good and fast,
He'd get his car across the track before the train came past.
He'd miss the engine by an inch and make the train men sore.
There was a man who fancied this; there isn't any more.*

*There was a man who thought that he could win a little bet
By quenching in some gasoline, a lighted cigarette,
He thought the liquid, being wet, would douse the flame somehow,
There was a man who fancied this, but he is not with us now.*

—LELAND WULF, '21.

Mr. Brown in physics: "How can you tell from which direction the current is coming through a wire?"

Harold Thorp—"Put your tongue on it, sir."

Miss Helmich in Latin class: "What word is "detention" derived from?"

James Groenfelt, with sudden brilliancy: "Miser." (meaning, wretched.)

Miss Symons in English IV.: "What American poetry is there about stars?"

August Draeb—"Twinkle, twinkle little star."

Irene Martin in English IV.: "She had two chances to marry."

Blanche Aronin—"And she didn't take either!"

Sumner Harris—"Gee whiz! Blanche would fly at a chance like that!"

Girls discussing what they will wear at the graduating exercises.

Flavia Writt—"We'll either wear middies or nothin'."

Mr. Soukup: "Now let us sing, 'The Battle Hymn of the Republic.'"

Boys in unison: "Oh, no, let's sing 'Lil' Liza Jane.'"

Mr. Soukup: "All right, it sounds good to me."

Flashes 1919

REWARD!—\$5,000—Offered by Miss Frances Sarles for the solving of the mystery of "WHO PLUGGED THE MICROSCOPE." Suspects: "Bob" Cornish, "Worty" Thorpe, "Mutt" Greisen, "Haeny" Haen.

HELP! HELP! HELP! HELP! HELP!
\$1,000 reward offered by Miss Mary Jane for the capture of "Galloping George."

WANTED—A little ambition.
—Elton Washburn

WANTED—Guaranteed effective treatments for the extinction of wrinkles on the nose caused by over-grinning.
—R. Soukup.

FOUND—Various notes in American history. Owners can only tear up the same by serving detentions.
—M. Reynolds.

WANTED—A dictionary with a few new words.
—Blanche Aronin.

WANTED—A few new High School correspondents. Females only!
—"Herb" Reynolds.

WANTED—An automatic vest-pocket buzzer to keep me in a natural state of mind during the summer vacation.
—Dorothy Symons.

How about that boat ride girls? I have lately received a monopoly on the carrying trade. Free tickets for all good-looking girls.
—Capt. C. Stroh of the "ADAIR."

An opportunity for any bright, ambitious student who desires to earn a little spending money. I offer a contract to the lowest bidder for the one who will agree to furnish me, on request, several good reasons for going into the news depot.
—Robert Stedman.

SOUKUP STUDIO OF MUSIC

Prof. Rudolph Soukup, Director.

You will be greatly benefited by the wonderful course I have to offer you. I teach all songs from "I Need You Every Hour" to that charming ear-tickler, "Speak to Me, Darling," and "Everybody's Doing It."

Demonstrations given every Wednesday morning in the H. S. Assembly. Price per lesson—2 pins.

FOR SALE—Second hand gum, cheap.
—Porter Greenwood.

WANTED—A competent man capable of keeping order in High School assemblies. He must be serious, overbearing, patient, unmerciful, and have a bull dog expression.
—John Nevins.

LOST—Gail Bingham. She has a peaches and cream complexion; has a conspicuous gait; and is frequently called the "vampire with seven admirers." If found, please return to Clyde Stroh.

Only 25 cents for the settlement of that complicated love affair.
—Blanche Aronin.

FOR SALE—Two bottles of Conjurske's, 3 of Herpercide, and 2 of Rexall Hair Tonic. All of these are guaranteed to grow hair on a billiard ball but have no effect on my "dome."
—R. Soukup.

FREE—Information on "How to Be Your High School Valedictorian."
—Blanche Aronin.

WANTED—Something to make me grow.
—"See" Nelson.

JOB WANTED—Am a specialist in the cultivation of beautiful hair, and "the skin I love to touch" complexion. I prefer a location in some popular beauty parlor in a city with a population not less than one million. Please phone 211W or write
(Miss) Gail Bingham,
Sturgeon Bay, Wis.

Students!

*Patronize
These
Dealers*

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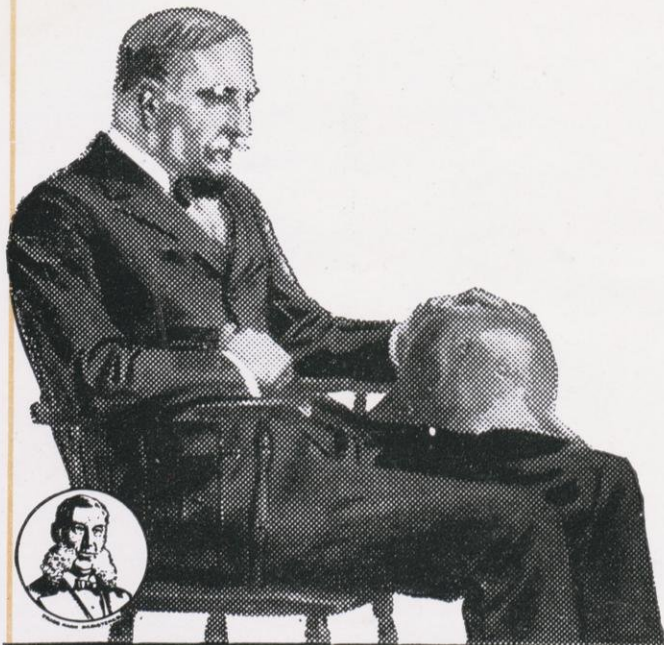
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According to our usual custom we are utilizing the space allotted to us in this interesting publication to moralize and suggest to the young people who are about to graduate and take up the serious duties of life a thought for serious reflection.

Have an object in life. Because of the absence of a fixed purpose in life few people rise above the dead level of mediocrity. Ask the average person what their chief aim in life is—what above all things they desire most to accomplish, and they will probably be stumped for an answer.

It is lack of a fixed purpose that causes men and women to drift. It is lack of an ultimate ideal, that sends them through life aiming at nothing. It is lack of definite aim that is responsible for so much of the inefficiency that is found on every side today.

Unless you know just what you wish to do—just what you wish to be—just what you wish to have—you will find it impossible to make any material progress towards your goal.

Every great accomplishment in history was made possible, first of all, because it existed as an ultimate ideal in the mind of some person.

A person of ordinary mind and body and of meagre attainments, inspired and led on by some high ultimate ideal, accomplishes far more than those of finest mental and physical equipment who only drift.

Here is wishing you one and all happiness and success in life, and with the hope that these reflections may be of use to you, we subscribe ourselves as your sincere friends. The people who have been the grateful recipients of your patronage for sporting goods, etc., etc.

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