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Commencement 1911

Crescent Beach Echoes
Algoma, Wisconsin

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The Crescent Beach Echoes

Vol. III. No. 6.

ALGOMA HIGH SCHOOL

June, 1911

Out of the Harbor and Into the Sea

Hardly a breath stirred the morning air,
Never since then dawned a day more fair;
The early sun made a dazzled sight
Of the ripples which faded to a liquid light.
Now and then far up the shore
The sea gull's screech would echo once more,
And as early dawn went on its way
Other sounds found voice in the haunts of the bay.
These betokened men's artful strife
And showed a melancholy or harmonious life;
The brilliant sun, the balmy air, the pallid skies,
Painted a human entrance to Paradise.
Down at the moorings a little yacht
Tugged at the anchor to leave the spot;
It appeared so trim, and light and gay,
As there in all its glory lay.
A figure came down the winding street
With footsteps trained to a regular beat,
Pushed the bark out from the pier
And went to sea without a fear.
Soon there came a sunless sky,
Big black clouds hung heavily,
And behind the tempest fleet
Hurried on with lightning feet.
The wind blew a fearful gale,
Piercing full it blew the sail;
The waves and foam on every side
Stood as if they the storm defied.
But the boat went through the gale and storm
Guided by that masterful form
Who attained the victory of that fateful hour
By implicit faith in God's omnipotent power.
And all the rest of his days of fame
Were spent in service that implored his name,
To guide humanity thru life's struggles here
In ways that lead on to the noblest career.

—Ameil Amberham, '11.



MARIE LA VERNE BODECKER

"Kitty"

Athena literary Society (1) (2) (3) (4). Section "Thalia" (4), Glee Club (3) (4), Sophie (2) (3) (4), Jr. Staff (3), C. B. E. Staff 4), Jr. Play "Elopement of Ellen" (3), Staff Play "Diamond Necklace" (4), Double Quartette (4), Poetry Contest (1), Program Committee (4).

Class Oration—"On first sight to say, to swear, I love thee."

LENA E. BUHR

Athena Literary Society (1) (2) (3) (4). Section "Aurora" (4), Jr. Staff (3).

Class Will—"O, woe is me, to have seen what I have seen, see what I see."

GOLDIE IRENE CULLIGAN

"Rusty Cully"

Athena Literary Society (1) (2) (3) (4). Section "Aurora" (4), Jr. Play "Elopement of Ellen" (3), Jr. Staff (3), Sophie Club (2) (3) (4), Poetry Contest (1).

"Unthinking, idle, wild and young,
I laughed and danced and talked
and sung."

ALTA R. MEVERDEN

"Alty"

Athena Literary Society (1) (2) (3) (4). Section "Aurora" (4), Program Committee (4), C. B. E. Staff (2) (3) (4), Jr. Staff (3), Sophie Club (2) (3) (4).

Valedictory—

"She enjoyed a joke and relished a pun."
"Oh! If I could only grow."



FABIAN MONFILS

"Fabienne"

Athena Literary Society (1) (2) (3) (4). Section "Aurora" (4), Jr. Play "Elopement of Ellen," Jr. Staff (3), Treas. Athena (4), Double Quartette (4).

"But now my task is smoothly done,
I can fly or I can run."

FRANCES MOUTY

"Moody"

Athena Literary Society (1) (2) (3) (4). Section "Thalia" (4), Glee Club (2) (3) (4), C. B. E. Staff (3), Jr. Staff (3), Secretary "Athena" (3), President Class (3), Jr. Response to Seniors (3), Staff Play "Diamond Necklace" (4), Athletic Association (2) (3), Sophie Club (2) (3) (4).

Class Prophecy—"Hold the Fort—
I am Coming!"

AGNES NOWAK

Athena Literary Society (1) (2) (3) (4). Section "Aurora" (4), Secretary "Athena" (4), President Class (4), C. B. E. Staff (4), Jr. Staff (3).

Class History—

"Attempt the end and never stand to
doubt,
Nothing's so hard but search will find
it out."

RALPH H. PERRY

"Washie"

Athena Literary Society (1) (2) (3) (4). Section "Aurora" (4), H. S. Band (1) (2), Staff Play "Diamond Necklace" (4), C. B. E. Staff (4).

Salutatory—"I don't care how my
hair looks, so long as my head feels
comfortable."



ANGELINE PIES

"Dayto"

Athena Literary Society (1) (2) (3)
(4). Section "Thalia" (4).

"Tho' wisdom oft has sought me,
I scorn the bore she brought me."



WENZEL P. SHESTOCK

"Wenz"

Athena Literary Society (1) (2) (3)
(4). Section "Aurora."

"Rocked in the cradle of the deep
I lay me down in peace to sleep."



CLARA STRUTZ

Athena Literary Society (1) (2) (3)
(4). Section "Thalia" (4), Glee Club
(3).

"I am so unimportant that no one
minds what I say, so I say it, it's the
only comfort I have."

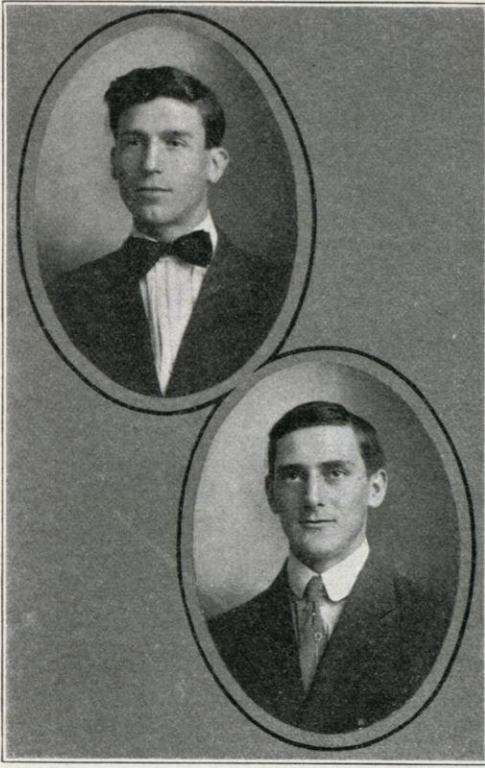


AMEIL UMBERHAM

"Ameila"

Athena Literary Society (1) (2) (3)
(4). Section "Thalia" (4), C. B. E.
Staff (3) (4), Business Mgr. C. B. E.
(4), Jr. Play "Elopement of Ellen."

"He had a peculiar talent of produc-
ing effect in whatever he said or did."



HENRY WAUTLET

"Hank"

Athena Literary Society (1) (2) (3)
(4). Section "Aurora", Junior Play
"Elopement of Ellen."

"The kings of modern that are
dumb."

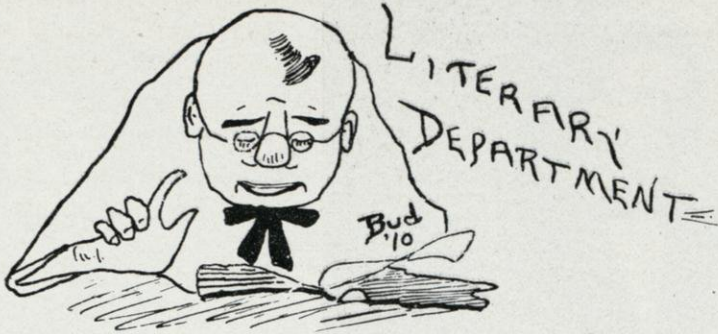
MICHAEL ZEBREW

"Mike"—"Span"

Athena Literary Society (1) (2) (3)
(4). Section "Thalia" (4).

"I canvass not the smile of praise
nor dread the frown of censure."





The Greenwood Tree

The perfect calm and serenity of the west room was not broken by even a faint breeze or fluttering of curtains. The shades had been raised to admit the lingering twilight glow but the room was in half darkness. The nurse weary and anxious was wrapt in daydreams and the prostrate form of the patient gave no hint of life. Her little head, covered with the short growth of ringlets that remained as a reflection of former heavy auburn tresses, was sunk deep into the whiteness of the pillows. The nurse arose and surveyed the patient half critically, half fearfully, as if she dreaded to search the face before her, too carefully. She sighed slowly into the stillness and turned her head away thoughtfully. Life was still there, smoldering like a nearly burnt out fire, but life it was, and therefore hope had not fled. She stooped and gently pushed the damp ringlets away from the high white brow and kissed it. Her whole being throbbed with the intensity of her emotion. Would nothing rouse the sick girl from apathy? Surely she had given them such encouragement until suddenly the tired-out body refused to do more and gradually the patient had slipped farther and farther away from the love and care which had been so lavishly bestowed in these last weeks. Her heart had been starved too long and her body too tired to imbibe all the wealth of love and care it now received, for the nurse, altho hardened to the misery and pathos she had so long been a part of, could not resist the sadness, the wistfulness of this little world-weary maiden. There was another too, who had worked and cared quite as much as the nurse, who bent over Audrey the Dreamer, with the love-light in his fine eyes. Tonight the nurse felt most intensely what a place Audrey had taken in her affections. Impulsively she bent lower and whispered softly, "Oh, Lady of Sorrows! Audrey O' Dreams! stay with us, for we need you so!

Perhaps the Lady of Sorrows and Dreams heard or perhaps the message of the woman who had taken a sad, sick little stranger into her heart's inmost sanctuary was sung into the soul of Audrey the Dreamer by Divine Power, for a faint smile flitted over her

face. There was no movement of the white counterpane when the black-fringed eyelids trembled, then opened very, very slowly and showed a pair of lusterless brown eyes. There was a far-away look in those fathomless orbs, but behind that look all the unsatisfied longing for love and understanding that only a dreamer can know could have been discerned; all the buried griefs, hurts, disappointments and shattered ideals of a high-strung nature. They turned very slowly toward the window and beyond it their glance fell, then all the suffering in them seemed to melt and fade away. The nurse's eyes followed the girl's, but she saw nothing but the beautiful maple tree, that grew near the window, now silhouetted against the last roseate glow of the dying sun.

Oh, what turmoil was in Audrey the Dreamer's mind, how the thoughts gathered and crowded together! so fast that her whole body ached from the effort of trying to think clearly. But a calm soothing spell stole over her troubled spirit. She glanced up, there in the distance stood the tree, its restful green so soothing to tired eyes. She was nearly home now and soon the soft shadows would close around her and she would defy this glaring unmerciful sun from the seat shaded by its graceful drooping branches. There she would laugh at the tediousness of the day's gypsying, for it had been only a day's gypsying after all and not the weary years in the cold, hard city as it seemed. Why, she had been looking for daisies and ferns in the meadows altho the fields that looked so promising from afar had deceived her and the daisies had been fewer than the thorns. The sun had been so hot, her hair so desperately tangled, her feet cut from the sharp stones and her fingers cruelly torn by the thistles. But now that she had reached the beautiful tree and was resting in the cushioned seat beneath it, all screened by overhanging graceful boughs which the sun could not penetrate, all the hurt, the disappointment of the day was gone. God had pitied his pathweary child and had led her to the blessedness of this retreat. Her old love for the tree under which she had played since babyhood, surged up in her heart, she no longer wished for daisies, it was enough to lie there with the breezes whispering of roses. Her eyes were closed but on those same rose-scented breezes came a song, a song she loved, sung by a voice she loved. How mistaken she had been, while gypsying, to think that her mother would no longer be waiting for her in the window opposite the greenwood tree. The melody became clearer and clearer and she listened for soft footfalls in the grass, and heard them. Gently, eagerly she pulled at the green foliage; the boughs separated and there stood her beautiful mother with her strong gentle arms outstretched! Her fingers still clasping a leafy twig she flung herself into them, thrilling with happiness as she felt them press her close. "Audrey, Audrey, my little dream girl!—the old love named was whispered so caressingly!

Then all sorrow was forgotten, all lovelessness far from memory, the shattered dreams realized, as she lay there in a contentment she had never known. A sweet dreaminess was stealing into her veins, blinding her with its delightfulness, heart and soul were at place in the boundlessness of overshadowing love and in that peace she fell asleep, realizing in one exquisite moment of rapture all the idealistic hopes that had crowned her childhood and womanhood.

When the physician entered the room, the nurse turned, for she fancied she heard a faint movement from the bed. The room was sweet with the fragrance of roses that had been placed close to the bed with no more explanation than the look in the physician's eyes. The hope on her face reflected in the doctor's while both stood silently before the bed. Audrey the Dreamer had turned on one side and the curly head lay as if against someone's heart, the white cheeks were faintly flushed, but written on that long expressionless face was the ineffable peace and sweetness of content of one who has quaffed of supreme bliss. One white arm was thrown out upon the counterpane and between the fingers of its little hand was clasped a bit of green, green from the roses. Mystery and awe were graven upon the countenances of the watchers but disappointment was alien to their hearts because of the inexpressable sweetness of the face before them. Audrey had answered a higher call than their's and was asleep under the greenwood tree.

ELFIE EPPLING, '12.

The Lake at Eventide

Oh, Enchantress of the deep, unseal my lips and let me put forth in words, the thoughts that my mind cannot express. Irritate the atmosphere to such an extent that this spell may be driven from me. Pluck the colors from the sky, cause a dense fog to form, allow the sea to rage, these alone may bring me to myself again. But alas! Too well you know that my commands are beyond the laws of nature, and I must try alone to sever the bonds that hold my tongue speechless.

Oh, the glory and fame of the greatest is not equal to this. Does it not thrill you, to know that you are free, to look and see one of the rare pictures of life? Does it not quicken the blood in your veins, and do you not curse that half hidden sun, which is slowly driving the scene from before you?

Notice how the dark blue is being **kicked** into little waves by the soft evening breeze, and how far is it visible to our greedy eyes? Count the different shades of color above the horizon and see how they are reflected back on the water. Beckon yonder sea

gulls to come closer that we may see them, and hear the cause of their disturbance.

But all this is too mighty for human lips to try to utter, so I will again return to the bosom of my fascination and enchantress.

A. U.

The Lake at Noontide

Oh, Cauther "Lake of Paradise," with your waters sweet as honey, smooth as glass and clear as crystal, why do you haunt me?

You, with all your charms can not outshine the space I look upon.

The noonday sun lights up the water like a mirror and water, air and sky seem in direct harmony with one another. Not a breeze seems to mar the quietness that reigns.

Little ripples hardly noticeable are the only objects which seem to move. Off towards the horizon a smoky mass, irregularly formed, unites the water and sky. Behind this mist one might imagine the farther shore lined with trees.

This is a perfect picture of nature's control of the waters, altho my limited power can not show you how beautiful it is.

AMEIL UMBERHAM, '11.

A Spanish Love Song

Volna Serro sat with her head on her arms in the Assembly room at Clovis College. Finally two big tears dropped and rolled down her pretty cheeks. Her dark, luxuriant hair was twisted into a hard knot at the back of her head, but for all this, it could not hide the beauty of her round, brunette features.

"I'm tired, oh so tired of it all; no one really cares for me here and I hate them all," she exclaimed suddenly, her eyes flashing. "But tomorrow's commencement and we'll see then, who wins, Rena or I."

With this, she threw her English book on the desk and flew to her own room. First she locked the door and pulled down the blinds; then finding everything else closed she opened a secret drawer and lovingly took up a beautiful, soft, satiny gown. Next she pulled out some magnificent old Spanish lace and two tiny Spanish slippers. These clothes had been her mother's and she had always venerated them. Would she dare wear them now? She fell on her knees and cried as though her heart would break.

"Mother, mother, may I, oh may I do it? I need them so badly."

After an hour's battle with herself, she rose, replaced the costume, unlocked the door and, drying her eyes, went out to practice.

The long looked for night came at last. Volna sat behind the scenes, breathless and expectant. Her's was the last number on the program and Rena's was next to her's. The bell struck, the curtain rose and after several other selections, Rena, resplendent in silk, lace and jewels, sailed slowly and gracefully to the footlights. She had a clear, sweet voice, and the song suited her. When she finished the large audience cheered loudly, for everyone knew, of course, that to her would fall the honors of the day. The little Spanish Volna would have no chance at all, beside this splendid creature. But Volna's moment had come. The theater was darkened and the footlights gave only a faint color. Volna, her hair hanging in loose curls around her shapely shoulders, the only ornament being a band of heavy orient gold, half hidden, the heavy satin dress, just above her ankles, showing her strangely slippered feet, and her face, wan and pale as death, came forth.

For one moment, that vast sea of faces confused her, but as the first notes of the prelude were struck, she forgot that sea of faces and found herself back among the roses in her own rose arbor. She could hear the fountain tinkling in the distance and her father's voice, deep and musical speaking to her as she reclined indolently on the rose covered bench, where her mother so often used to sit. The smell of roses was in the air. Suddenly Volna lifted her head and sang.

The audience held their breath, for the girl's high, young voice, soft as a flute and silver clear, throbbed in the air, as if her very heart were singing out of her body in the sound, and then, like a bird, up, up, up it went, until every one held their breath for fear that high, sweet note would break, so slender and film-like was the trembling thread of the girl's wild song. But no, it trembled there, high, sweet and clear, a moment, then came running, rippling floating down and dropped quivering, into the roses at her side.

Not a sound broke the stillness which followed her last note, but the moist eyes and softened, moved faces of the people told Volna that she had conquered them, and in her innermost soul she knew that she need no longer feel isolated and alone.

She had appealed to the people in her heart's best language, and they had understood.

HILDEGARDE WELNIAK, '14.

"RILEY WITH RILEY LEFT OUT"

Exchanges come to our school,
 And ho! my lawzy daizy,
 All the chil'ern 'round the school,
 Is ist arunnin' crazy.

Blairstown high school sinds the "Breeze,"
 And Sturgeon Bay, Wisconsin
 The bright "Flashes" made to please,
 And our good will try to win.

From Salem, Oregon high school,
 The "Clarion" to us is sent,
 Its many stories as a rule,
 Show its writer's literary bent.

"The Lake Breeze" is always good,
 If it's only understood,
 Even worst ones 'pears to me,
 I' jes as good as they can be.

Fer any paper little as thee.
 Oh "Classmates" now we say,
 You've got the gooddest poetry piece,
 We like to read you every day.

Oh thou, "The Record," Evansville,
 Art fashioned with the best;
 And with a few more stories,
 For thee we'd o'erlook all the rest.

Oh! Oh! Oh!
 I grabs up the "Crescent,"
 And my heart is all aglow;
 Howdy! Mister Crescent,
 Glad to see you here.

I ain't, ner don't pretend to be,
 A judge, but far as I can see,
 The "Tahoma" sure is the best,
 And of all exchanges leads the rest.

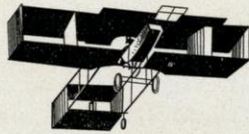
Jes' a little bit o' paper, I remember still,
 Ust to almost cry for "Penant," as a youngster will.
 "The Owl" is nothing to it!—"The Pine" ain't a smell.
 "Aeroplane" and "The Manitou, 'jes all dead in the shell.
 Lawzy tho! its great at night to set around and read,
 "The Penant's" many stories and all of them daring deeds.

Las' time the "Lilliputian" come,
Its stories made us hum;
And half the boys in school
Come laggin' after it an they
Says when they reads it "Gracious me."

"The Booster" came to our exchange table wunst,
You're a nice paper! You air!
With your humor and "Alumni Notes,"
And your stories all so very rare.

"Coyote," "Crimson," "Red and Gray,"
"Pebbles," "Russ," to thee we say,
From many jokes to stories down,
In your cover new;
I praise you all wherever found
And look you thru and thru.

E. D.





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What We Seniors Might Have Been

If our's had been the future's sight,
To have seen what we see now,
Oh wouldn't we be a model class?
I'm sure we'd take the vow.

Agnes Novak—Wouldn't have smiled at the boys, or have whispered so often. She would have studied more, and had less to do with love matches.

Lena Buhr—Might not have chewed gum in school, or eaten onions for breakfast, or powdered before going to a dance. She would have kept her mind on her school work.

Angeline Pies—Would not have slept until school time every morning, or stopped to admire every boy's suit, or bluffed so much in class. Probably she would have cut out slang.

Clare Strutz—Would have snubbed every one she saw and kept her kisses to herself. She would have made her own clothes—let her mother do the work on the farm—and she would have carried a dictionary with her wherever she went.

Ameil Umberham—Wouldn't have been so solemn in English Literature, or so interested in the N. E. section of the Assembly Room.

Ralph Perry—Would have carried some Freshmen studies for amusement during his Senior year. Would not have skipped school so often and would have appeared on more debates.

Frances Mouty—Would not have locked herself in the house so often, or have been her mother's ideal, or paid attention so well in History class. Wouldn't have received so many letters from Kewaunee.

Goldie Culligan—Would not have been so sober in Mr. Spencer's class, or have allowed ice cream go down my Sunday throat. Would have finished school at Luxemburg.

Alta Meverden.—Would have studied harder during her high school career. Would have sat next to Goldie in History class, so as to preserve my humor. Would have endeavored to be more social toward the Thalias, especially toward Marie.

Wenzel Shestock—Would have chewed more pencils, been less enthusiastic about Athletics. Would never have cut up it Lit. class or have flirted with "die Madchen."

Fabian Monfils—Would have attended the D. K. T. S., been more loving toward the Senior girls, especially in History class. Would have used the curling iron.

Henry Wautlet—Would not have giggled so much or have been so cool toward Clara. Would have had Spring Fever and gone hunting birds. Wouldn't have tried to catch flies with his mouth or had a stroke of brain fever every month.

Michael Zehren—Would not have been an astronomer or have taken up the advanced course in "Laziness," translated German with his head, and kept candy out of his pocket while school was in session. He also wouldn't have gone fishing during showers or have tantalized the girls by wearing fresh button-hole bouquets each day.

"THE SENIORS"

The Seniors of our high school
From us they'll soon depart
And as they go forth from us
They leave sadness in each heart.

Oh, Seniors, highest class men,
Do you mean what you say
Will you leave us forever
On Graduation Day?

The months have passed, September
Comes in with gladsome lay
But the Seniors, Class of 1911
Are not with us this day.

They're scattered, yes they're scattered
They're found some here, some there
But Seniors highest classmen
We'll meet some day somewhere.

K. F. W. '13.





Gladys THE JUNIOR CLASS

High School Calendar

August—

- 27—Band Concert in the pedagogical corner of the town. Prevalent tune, "Cheer, Cheer, the Gang's all Here."
- 29—Owen is sent out of English class.
- 31—First meeting of the staff.

September—

- 1—Mr. Spencer uses the "Crescent Beach Echoes" joke box for a mail box.
- 2—Serenade—"The Bridal Chorus."
- 9—High School dance.
- 11—Mr. Dahl mentions rubber hose, general quaking and gnashing of teeth.
- 22—Miss Shuart lectures against a public display of affection.

October—

- 1—Football game on the home gridiron. Algoma ties Kewaunee.
- 4—Ralph and Ameil consume two white Bermuda onions.
- 15—Home team goes to Kewaunee. "Then we'll ramble, ramble."

November—

- 1—Beta Kappa Sigma meets at Leone's.
- 6.—Seniors and Juniors raise rough house at Kumms.
- 9—Junior English class recites after school.
- 11—Mr. Spencer looks cheerful.
- 14—The fog horn blows for two hours in succession.
- 20—"Irish" washes his hands.

December—

- 2—Clare adds puffs to her coiffure.
- 6-12—Mr. Dahl goes on a strike. The chorus repents at leisure.
- 14—Frank has his hair cut **short**.
- 22—The staff gives a play, "The Diamond Necklace."

January—

- 4—Fabian appears with a new tie, and Marie with a new dress.
- 6—Anne Shestock wears her hobble.
- 23—Mr. Dahl changes several seats.

February—

- 1-10—The Juniors are busy.
- 10—The Prom.
- 15—Noisy adds six and one half yards to her hair bow.
- 20—Haney dons long trousers.

March—

- 21—"Spring is here." Mating season begins.
- 24—Lila mends the hole in her rat.
- 26—Frank polishes his tan shoes.
- 26—Miss Williams goes to Green Bay to have her picture taken.
- 29—Nothing doing in Algoma.

April—

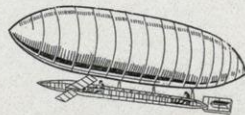
- 8—Carl Andre visits all classes.
- 10—George Blaha, aided by Mr. Dahl, composes a letter for the benefit of the school, and in particular for Joe.
- 12—Ruth Gelling goes to church.

May—

- 1—Elfie wears a ribbon in her hair.
- 12—The janitor changes the clocks.
- 17—Lena Buhr cracks her annual joke.
- 18—Martin and Nora leave school at recess for a walk.
- 19—Martin and Nora return.
- 20—Martin chooses "The Bridal Chorus."
- 29—Mr. Dahl raises his trousers another inch.

June—

- 1-2—Examinations. No Seniors are exempt.
- 5—Students receive their standings. Jacob smiles.
- 6—The Seniors weep.
- 7—Graduation. The Seniors are given a chance to prove that, "Man is man, and master of his fate."





The Sophia Club

Four little Freshmen girls were gathered in a spacious corner of the Assembly room. A witty Sophomore came along and greeted them in this manner. "Hello, Sophias!" We owe many thanks to this bright remark; for thus our Sophia Club originated.

During the four years of our High School career we have held our meetings and it is needless to say that we have enjoyed ourselves even if we were only four in number, namely the officers.

Pres.—Frances Cathryn Mouty.

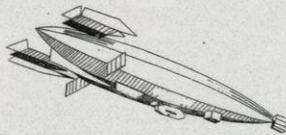
Vice Pres.—Marie La Verne Boedecker.

Sec.—Goldie Irene Culligan.

Treas.—Alta Ruth Meverden.

Slogan: A little but, Oh My!

F. M.



Athena Literary Society

The Athena Literary Society held its last meeting May 19.

Parliamentary Practice - - - - - 10 minutes

Recitation - - - - - Flora Wiczner, T.

Too Late for the Train.

Recitation - - - - - Florence Wenniger, A.

Commencement

Talk - - - - - Frank Slaby, T.

Rome and Carthage

Talk - - - - - Haney Ihlenfeld, A.

Vocal Solo - - - - - Miss Maude Perry

Daddy

Piano Duet - - - Libbie Andre and Fae McLaughlin

Up and Away

Debate: Resolved, that punishment has a greater effect on the Human conduct than hope of reward.

Affirmative—Elfie Eppling and Frances Mouty.

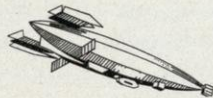
Negative—Fabian Monfils and Martin Cain.

Decision, two and one, in favor of Negative.

The judges were Miss Reichal, Miss Perry and Dr. Minahan.

The decision resulted in favor of the Thaliens, for years 1910 and 1911.

As this was the last program the winning section, the Thaliens, will be entertained by the Aurorans at a banquet June 5, 1911.



BETA KAPPA SIGMA

Alumni

"DICTUM"

It is commencement time, that time of the year in which the whole world takes heart and rejoices with the many graduates of our land. The heart of the youth is filled with tremulous anticipation of the things to come; of that wonderful and strange place "the world." Like the leader of an orchestra, commencement, signals attention.

The graduate on this memorable occasion is surrounded by friendly class-mates, loving parents and beautiful "bouquets." The emotion of receiving a diploma will soon be appreciated.

The young man will step with a great deal of trepidity into the arena of "Life." He is indeed a modest fellow. Little does he realize the task that lies before him. Soon, he will be confronted with the question, "After commencement what?" For the present, he may wear an air of superiority. Indeed, he has a vested right, to scorn that motley crew who are marked as inferior intellectually, who in no wise are attractive to him, either by the pungency of their wisdom, their capacity for original work, or their personal traits.

When the tide of congratulations has ceased, and the last word of farewell is spoken, the grad must look towards a new field. What will it be? Professional or non-professional?

In this investigation he must bear in mind, that in choosing any calling, he should rely largely upon his natural taste and inclinations which are usually developed with, or in spite of his studies, during his academic course, and should inquire earnestly of himself not only whether the calling is congenial to his tastes, but whether he has within his own consciousness the qualities which make for success. These are industry, integrity of character and tact. Without these he will be a failure.

If the high school graduate intends to take up professional work, he must possess those traits of character which will tend to exalt the opinion of his fellowman, and excite within the breasts of his colleagues the brightest aspirations. In the exercise of his professional duties he must so live that his strong and salutary characteristics will prove an inspiration to coming generations; and in private life he must so live that posterity will find as many wholesome incentives in his high attributes as a man, as in his professional capacity.

The new grad may wish for a college education. America is indeed gifted with splendid institutions of learning and the young man will find little or no trouble in selecting the school in which to prepare for his life's work.

When the commonwealth realized that a general endowment

of knowledge was necessary to the preservation of the liberties and rights of the people, many states of the Union established a university at the head of their system of public education and placed therein separate colleges where learning on any of the important walks of life may be sought and acquired. The day is not far back when the old superstition concerning the close relationship between the successful man and meager educational advantages prevailed, but happily now parents are more able to recognize conditions which tend to an improved appreciation of collegiate advantages and they are becoming more convinced that the time and money involved in a college education for their children are not wasted.

Should our new friend prefer the business life, he must be thoroughly fitted for the position he occupies, alert to every opportunity and embracing it to its fullest possibility with his methods fixed on honorable principles. His goal will be "Success."

No matter what the young graduate undertakes he must not only have industry and character but also the last great quality—"tact." Tact is defined as "a fine sense of knowing how to avoid giving offense." This, however, is a very limited sense of the word. It is one of the essential characteristics of a person's make-up. A man who is thrown continually with other people is helpless without it. He may be doing what he thinks is right, and he may earnestly strive to gain his point in every case, but if he is not tactful, he will never accomplish very much. Take for example any man who has won great fame; Lincoln is a splendid illustration. No man ever had more tact than he, because no man ever had a greater regard for the feelings of others. But it is not alone those in high positions who need this gift. It is essential to every one who strives to become successful in life.

With these thoughts in mind, the young graduate must face the "Dawn of Life;" the starting point of a journey which carries us through the stations of Pleasure, Pain, Posterity and Poverty, always arriving in time at the terminus. "OLD GRAD," '08.

1906

John Lidral who was graduated from the Civil Engineering Department at Madison, has accepted a position as engineer for Government Survey at Duluth.

1907

John Donovan who spent a week's vacation at his home, returned on May 12th to continue his work at Chicago where he is employed in the post-office.

1908

Harry Fellows has been busy during the past months putting

upan additional telephone line thru the country. We are sure there will be no more difficulty in talking to our friends.

On Feb. 15th, Caroline Lidral was united in marriage to Mr. Peter Gerhard. The young couple have made their home at Rio Creek. We are sure their friends join us in wishing them happiness.

1909

Bjorne Knudsen has accepted a position as bookkeeper for the "Young's Mine" at Iron River. Mr. Knudsen spent his Easter vacation with friends here.

Leone Mouty who had been employed as teacher at Rosendale, returned to her home for her summer vacation.

Rumor has it that Elizabeth Decker Parsons will be married in June. Her future home will be at Reno, Nevada.

1910

Will E. Perry who is attending the Military Academy at Lake Geneva, was home on a four weeks' furlough, after which he resumed his work.

We wish to express our thanks to Miss Luella Busch for the following contribution:

It is not until the Commencement exercises are over and the school has closed, that a graduate realizes what high school has been to him in the past and what it will mean to him in the future.

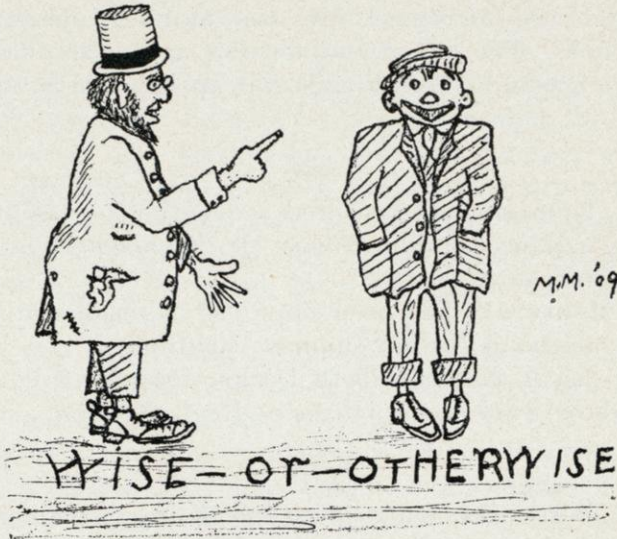
As, for the last time, he slowly walks home from school he thinks of the time when he first entered high school as a Freshman. How embarrassed he felt during the recitations of that first day. But as embarrassment soon wears off, he gradually became accustomed to his work and surroundings and joined the social as well as the working life of the school.

He thinks of the base ball, foot ball, and basket ball games that he had taken part in during the four years of his sojourn at High School. His mind then wanders to the societies, clubs, field-meets, etc., in which he, as well as many others, had distinguished themselves by splendid work. Then he thinks of the school publication for which he had always always done his best toward making it a bright little paper.

But now there flashes through his mind the sudden realization that he must sever his connections with all these things, that he is no longer one of the flock dependent upon the careful guidance of the teachers but that he has already laid the foundation on which he is to build his future. And if he made that foundation on firm ground he need have no fear.

He is now ready to shift for himself; to begin a new life with new friends and new environments; thinking as Thackary thought, "Lucky is he who has been educated to bear his fate." L. B., '10

Humorous



PICKING STAWBERRIES

When you begin to notice how fast time goes,
And how quick you forget your little woes,
When you blush to a cloudless sky, above,
Then, my dear friend, you're deep in love.

Try as you may you cannot eat,
Don't do half the chores up neat,
When in your thots she appears like a dove,
Then, my dear fellow, you're deep in love.

When you can't get things thru your head,
And all the judgment from it has fled,
And you idle to a lonely cove,
Then, dear sir, you're deep in love.

When affection puts quivers in your voice,
And you let your lady have her choice,
I hate to say it for it's short and sad,
But, my fond lover, you've got it bad.

A. U.

FAVORITE PIECES OF LITERATURE

Martin, Ameil—"Drink to me only with thine eyes."

Wenzel—"A Midsummer night's dream."

George C.—"When the birds come forth."

Matt L., Fred L.—"Don't kill the birds, the pretty birds."

Mike Z.—"A message from the South."

Goldie—"Mid pleasures and Palaces."

Seniors—"Farewell a long farewell to all our greatness."

Laura M.—“Have you ever heard the wind go “Yooooo”?”
 Clara S.—“Heap high the farmer’s wintry hoard.”
 Laurence H.—“I like little pussy.”
 Marie B.—“It was roses, roses all the way.”
 Frances Monty—“Mysterious night, if our parents only knew.”
 Alta—“Mine eyes have seen the glory.”
 Ralph P., Miss S.—“Oft have I heard of Lucy Gray.”
 Xavier—“Oh, may I join the choir invisible?”
 Agnes B.—“Whither away Ed.”
 Mary S.—Twinkle, Twinkle little Star.”
 Elfie, Marie—“We are music makers.”
 Ervin D.—“This little pig went to market.”
 Noisy D.—“I would that my tongue could utter.”

IN SENIOR ENGLISH

Now, what sort of poetic foot is that?
 Ameil—Spondulix (Spondu).
 Miss S.—Keat’s poems are full of ——?
 Marie—Words.
 Teacher—Why do we do our duty?
 Ralph—Because we are watched.
 Mr. Spencer—Wenzel, what is a convex?
 Wenzel—A convex is a sort of circle with the corners sticking out.
 Eleanor reading the C. B. E.—Gee but my name looks fine in print.
 Miss S. (While discussing a nature poem)—What are the things we love?
 Ameil—Things to eat.
 Physiology Student—When a person is drowning pull her out by the hair.
 Miss W.—Is that always a safe plan?
 Keats had two passions, one for Miss Brown, the other for reading Spencer.
 Mr. D.—You people that are in the habit of hearing your mother tongue at home ought to ——
 Goldie—I’m in the habit of hearing my mother’s tongue at home.
 Mr. Dahl in Chorus—Martin, what is your choice today?
 Martin—The bridal Chorus.
 He had just returned from a two hours walk with Nora.

Mr. Spencer—What does the European Cabinet correspond to in our government?

Senior—Oh, the Bureau.

Mr. D. in Physics—Study the rainbow tomorrow.

Goldie was heard singing: "Come be my rainbow."

Miss S.—Class, what are poetic feet.

Ameil, just entering at the door, looks innocently down at his mud-covered number nines and smiles.

Miss W.—Now, the dead leaves fall off of this plant and that is why it is evergreen like the ——

Russell—Freshmen?

"IGNORANCE IS BLISS."

A young man went to see a girl,
He looked not at her size,
He did not figure what she could eat,
But where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise.

He asked her daddy for her hand,
And after many pretended sighs,
The old man gave her to the fool,
But where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise.

They got on well together,
Without any cakes or pies,
For these two knew not what they were,
But where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise.

Now all ye people who live on love,
Watch out for those kinds of guys,
But if you get one keep it mum,
For where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise.

A. U.

Miss S. (in English III)—"If you can't write a poem, write blank verse.

"Irish"—What's blank verse? Shall we just hand in a blank piece of paper?

Miss Shuart—Now what do we love in childhood besides birds, flowers, trees, etc.?

Ameil—Cats and dogs.

Found in a Freshman's Theme on Longfellow.

One afternoon four students came to him, to have him write his name in their albums. That night he got a pain and died a week later.

What happened when the rumor of the Inspector's coming, was afloat.

1. The program appeared on the front board.
2. Mr. Dahl got out all the old "codas."
3. Flowers appeared in the recitation rooms.
4. George dug at his Algebra.
5. Mr. Spencer started the review.
6. Libbie primped up.
7. The teachers put on a glad smile.
8. Anxious looks were darted toward the Assembly Room door after every train.
9. The desks in the Assembly room were arranged nicely and ink spots rubbed off.
10. Every stir out side the recitation room door was followed by great commotion and then intense silence.
11. No giggles were heard in the Senior row.
12. Lena quit laughing.
13. The Chorus put forth a harmonious discord.

Wenzel's favorite song is "Dreaming."

Nemo in Dreamland.

The wedding day was o'er at last,
And Wenzel's wakeful hours were past,
But in the recitation room his snores were heard,
In harmony with the songs of birds.

A giggle was heard in the back row,
And then more smiles began to show,
And soon the whole class were in a roar,
But Wenzel's snores went on galore.

At last the excitement became so great,
That Wenzel awoke from his sleepy state,
He looked around with tearful eyes,
And seemed o'ercome with the great surprise.

Now all you people who remain up at night,
Take heed of Wenzel's sorrowful plight,
And if you wish to take a rest,
Stay at home, it's the unanimous request.

ANON.

When You Get the Bill

That's when you'll "sit up and take notice," if you go ahead and buy lumber for that new building without first getting our price.

When we say that we can give you a better deal than you can get anywhere else, we mean exactly what we say. Somebody else may "tell" you the same thing. All right! Then it's up to you to get busy and find out for yourself who's shooting hot air. Item for item, we can beat either the price or the quality of any other concern in this neck of the woods. If you're willing to be "shown," put it up to us to prove it.

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Kwapil Says So

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If Better Shoes Were Made We Would Have Them

We sell only the kind of goods we can stand back of and say "Your money back if you want it." Come and see for yourself.

M. L. REINHART

YOU ALWAYS PAY FOR WHAT YOU GET BUT DO YOU ALWAYS GET WHAT YOU PAY FOR?

YOU DON'T get what you pay for if you get inferior goods at regular prices.

YOU DON'T get what you pay for if you pay for a quality you don't receive.

YOU DON'T get what you pay for if you pay an extravagant price.

YOU DON'T get what you pay for if you help to swell an exorbitant profit.

Whose fault is it if you don't get what you pay for?

It's your own fault.

BECAUSE you can always get your money back to the last cent by getting your clothes from us.

BECAUSE we guarantee the BEST for the money.

BECAUSE we guarantee the most for the money.

BECAUSE we guarantee the very lowest prices.

**Every one of these facts goes to show that you ought to have
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REMEMBER you can get a high grade for a low figure.

REMEMBER that you pay for what you get and get what you pay for at

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Commencement Issues

—AT—

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DRUG STORE

Perry Undertaking Parlors

Registered Embalmer
Work Guaranteed

NIGHT CALLS, 69-3

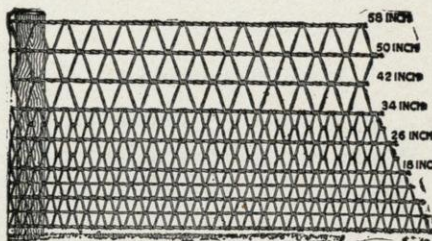
OFFICE, 69-2



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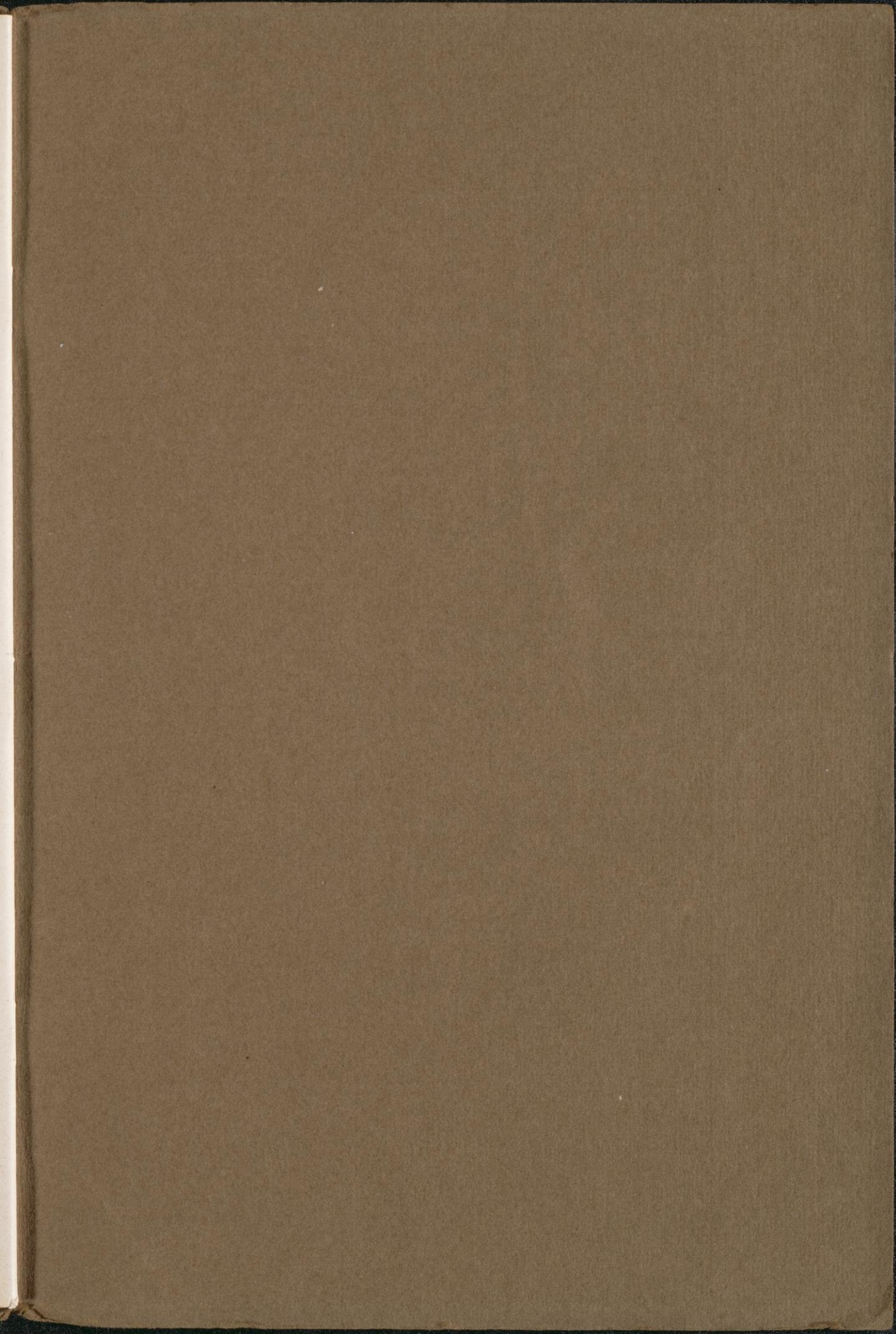
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F. W. LIDRAL

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