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Commencement Jaurie
Crescent Beach Echoes

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To the students who have
contributed to the pages of this
paper:

To the business men who
have generously supported it by
their advertisements:

To our many subscribers:

In short, to all who have
made it possible for this paper
to exist:

We gratefully dedicate this
Commencement Issue.



JOHN L. DAHL,
Strum, Wis.
Principal, Science.



ELEANOR GUSSENHAINER,
Sheboygan, Wis.
German and English.



ANNE SMITH,
River Falls, Wis.
History.



IDA WILLIAMS,
Stevens Point, Wis.
Mathematics.

Class Play

Wednesday Evening, June 8th, 1910

"CAPTAIN COURTENAY DISGUISED."

| | | |
|---|------------------------------|-------------------|
| Miss Romney, of Cicero House Academy..... | Ethel Shaw | |
| Angela Brightwell | Boarders at Cicero House. | Charlotte Fellows |
| Euphenia Schwartz | | Clara Hunsade |
| Matilda Jones | | Della Salzseider |
| Milicent Loveridge | | Eunice Henry |
| Clara Loveridge | | Sara Auderegg |
| Mrs. O'Gallagher | { | Maude Bacon |
| Emma | | |
| Private Docherty, of the 41st Lancers..... | { | Eyrle Hilton |
| Herr Von Mozer, Music Master | | |
| Major O'Gallagher, of the 41st Lancers..... | | Lester Machia |
| Mr. Hibbertson, a Solicitor..... | | Will Perry |
| Sergeant Tanner, of Scotland Yard..... | | Aug. Wasserbach |
| Captain Courtenay, of the 41st Lancers..... | | Charles Hendrick |

Commencement Program

Friday Evening, June 10th, 1910

| | |
|--|---|
| Music—Springtime | High School Chorus |
| Salutatory | Miranda Kumm |
| Class History | Luella Busch |
| Vocal Solo—Selected | Mr. Leo Kohlbeck |
| Miss Anna Kohlbeck, Accompanist. | |
| Class Prophecy | Clara Busch |
| Class Oration | Walter Gericke |
| Music—Sing on Sweet Bird | Girls' Glee Club |
| Farewell to the Juniors | Oscar Berg |
| Response by Junior | Frances Mouty |
| Flute Solo—Medley Overture..... | To Class of 1910 (Original) |
| Will Perry '10, Libbie Andre '13 | |
| Class Will | Eunice Henry |
| Mementoes | Sara Anderegg |
| Class Song | Leon Hendrick (Lyric), Charles Hendrick |
| Valedictory | Guy Birdsall |
| Male Quartet | Selected |
| Messrs. C. F. Boedecker, J. L. Dahl, L. L. Machia, W. E. Perry, Miss Lydia A. Overbeck, Accompanist. | |
| Presentation of Class to Pres. of School Board..... | Prin. J. L. Dahl |
| Presentation of Diplomas | Mr. J. H. McGowan |
| Music—Selected | Girls' Glee Club |



CLASS OFFICERS

| | |
|-----------------|-------------------|
| President | August Wasserbach |
| Secretary | Charlotte Fellows |
| Historian | Lu Ella Busch |
| Prophet | Clara Busch |

COLORS

Royal Blue and White.

CLASS FLOWER

Violet.

CLASS MOTTO

Forward.

SARA E. ANDEREGG "Andy"

Class Secretary (1), Athena Literary Society (1) (2) (3) (4), Cast, "Letters to Mr. Smith" (2), Jolly Six (3), Senior Staff (4), Cast, "Handicapped" (4), Athletic Association (4).

Mementos.

"What am I without my mother?"

MAUDE BACON "Hee Haw"

Athena Literary Society (1) (2) (3) (4), Cast, "Letters to Mr. Smith" (2).
Class Play.

She is a quiet little lady.

OSCAR BERG "Osc"

Athena Literary Society (1) (2) (3) (4), Senior Staff (4).

Farewell to the Juniors.

"Politics for mine."

GUY BIRDSALL "Bobo"

Athena Literary Society (1) (2) (3) (4), A. H. S. Band (2) (3) (4), Baseball Team (4), Senior Staff (4), Cast, "Handicapped" (4), Valedictorian.

"Shut up, or I'll kiss you."





CLARE E. BUSCH

"Cal"

Athena Literary Society (1) (2) (3) (4), Jolly Six (3), Secretary Sr. Class (2), Athletic Association (4), Cast, "Handicapped" (4), Senior Staff (4), Staff (4).

Class Prophecy.

A maiden modest, yet self possessed.



LUELLA BUSCH

"Steve"

Athena Literary Society (1) (2) (3) (4), Jolly Six (3), Cast, "Handicapped," Athletic Association (4), Crescent Beach Echoes Staff (3) (4), Sr. Staff (4).

Class History.

My mind to me a kingdom is.



CHARLOTTE FELLOWS

"Zeke"

Athena Literary Society (1) (2) (3) (4), Cast, "Letters to Mr. Smith" (2), Class Secretary (3), Glee Club (3), Senior Staff (4), Cast, "Handicapped" (4), Mandolin Club (1).

Class Play.

Just a cheerful, happy, lovable, little miss.



WALTER GERICKE

"Jurk" "Turkey"

Athena Literary Society (1) (2) (3) (4), Class Oration.

"Oh, for a holiday."

CHARLES J. HENDRICK "Ching"

Athena Literary Society (1) (2) (3) (4), Athletic Association (3) (4), Band (2) (3), Orchestra (3) (4), Staff (3), Senior Staff (4), Pres. Athena Literary Society (4), Vice President, Athena Literary Society (3), "Three in One" Club (4), Cast, "Letters to Mr. Smith" (2), Class Play, Class Song.

Full of fun, and mischief too,
Doing things he shouldn't do.

LEON HENDRICK "Phyllis"

Athena Literary Society (1) (2) (3) (4), Glee Club (3) (4), Mandolin Club (2), Sec. of Athletic Association (3), Athletic Association (3) (4), Pianist for Chorus (1) (2) (3) (4), Senior Staff (4), Orchestra (2) (3).

Lyrics—Class Play.

When Lean goes to a dance, she's
good for everything from the Grand
March to Home Sweet Home.

CLARA HUNSADER "Sal"

Athena Literary Society (1) (2) (3) (4), A. H. S. Chorus (1) (2) (3) (4).

Class Play.

A Maid demure, with eyes on book,
She's made for ease and a quiet nook.

EUNICE HENRY "Heine"

Athena Literary Society (1) (2) (3) (4), Jolly Six (3), C. B. E. Staff (3) (4), Cast, "Handicapped" (4), Athletic Association (4).

Class Will—Class Play.

"At Poetry I shine."





EYRLE HILTON

"Fips"

Athena Literary Society (1) (2) (3)
(4), A. H. S. Band (1) (2) (3), Sr.
Staff (4), Football Team (3), (4).

Class Play.

Mine is the property of independence.



MIRANDA KUMM

"Belinda"

Athena Literary Society (1) (2) (3)
(4), Sec. of Sr. Class (4), Sec. of
Athena (4), Cast, "Handicapped" (4),
Athletic Association (3) (4).

Salutatorian.

"Ask me, I know."



AUGUST WASSERBACH

"Capt." "Auggie"

Athena Literary Society (1) (2) (3)
(4), Baseball, Football (1) (3) (4),
Pres. of Class (4), Capt. of Football
Team (3) (4), Capt. of Baseball Team
(4), "Three in One" Club, Treasurer
of Class (3), Treasurer of Athletics
(4), Pres. of Athletic Association (4),
Sr. Staff (4).

Class Play.

"The elements of being satisfied with
yourself

Consists in being just like me."



LESTER MACHIA

"Mac"

Athena Literary Society (1) (2) (3)
(4), Cast, "Letters to Mr. Smith" (2),
Chorus (1) (2) (3) (4), A. H. S. Band
(2) (3), A. H. S. Orchestra (2) (3),
Editor Crescent Beach Echo Staff (4),
Staff (3) (4), Pres. of Class (3), Pres.
of Athena (3), Pres. of Athletic Asso-
ciation (4), Basketball (3), Baseball
(3), Junior response to Seniors (3),
Dough Faced Quartette (4).

Class Play.

Once in a while he bucked a little.

WILL PERRY "Billy" "Bud"

Athena Literary Society (1) (2) (3) (4), Class President (1), Mandolin Club (1) (2), A. H. S. Band (1) (2) (3), Soph. Farce (2), A. H. S. Orchestra (2) (3) (4), Sr. Staff (4), Dough Faced Quartette (4).

Class Play.

"Then he'll cut up, ye Gods how he'll cut up."



DELLA SALZSIEDER "Blondie"

Athena Literary Society (1) (2) (3) (4), Basketball (3), Cast, "Handicapped" (4), Athletic Association (4).

Class Play.

"She had aspirations toward a Tragedy Queen Role."



ETHEL SHAW "Moses"

Athena Literary Society (1) (2) (3) (4), Pres. of Class (2), Jolly Six (3), Cast, "Letters to Mr. Smith" (2), Sr. Staff (4), Staff (3) (4), Cast, "Handicapped" (4), Sec. of Athletic Association (4), Secretary of Athena Literary Society (4).

Class Play.

Never without a pleasant smile.



JOHN UTNEHMER "Utty"

Athena Literary Society (1) (2) (3) (4), Athletic Association (3) (4), Football (3) (4), "Three in One" Club (4).

Class Play.

"Let George do it."





CLASS OFFICERS

President Francis Mouty
 Treasurer Henry Wautelet

CLASS COLORS

Cardinel and White

CLASS YELL

Tal-a-wacker
 Zim-a-racker
 Rah, rah, reven!
 We're the class of 1911.

The Juniors

Have you heard of the wonderful A. H. S.
And in it the wonderful Junior Class,
Composed of nineteen girls and boys
Who are fond of books and not of noise.

In the Main Room they all sit so very still,
And study their lessons with great good will.
Geometry then is their only joy
And German doth leave them no time to destroy.

Their English they all love so very well,
How they work at their History none can tell!
And so in their studies as well as their play
They all do all things in a logical way.

Don't think that the Juniors are always so serious,
We've often known Alta to get quite delirious
Over some naughty prank Ralph has just done,
Which hindered the class work, but made lots of fun.

And Ameil, the wit of that studious class
Has convulsed with laughter full many a lass.
Cornan, with a "Yes ma'am, I think that way, too,"
Agrees with the teachers, whatever they do.

Henry and Clara close together do sit.
This happens in History, but never in Lit.
In the class room Francis doth write with a might,
In "that diary" of hers, while the others recite.

And now as the close of this year draweth near,
We dream of the time we'll as Seniors appear.
And when we come back, each lad and each lass,
We'll all hope to be a true Senior Class.

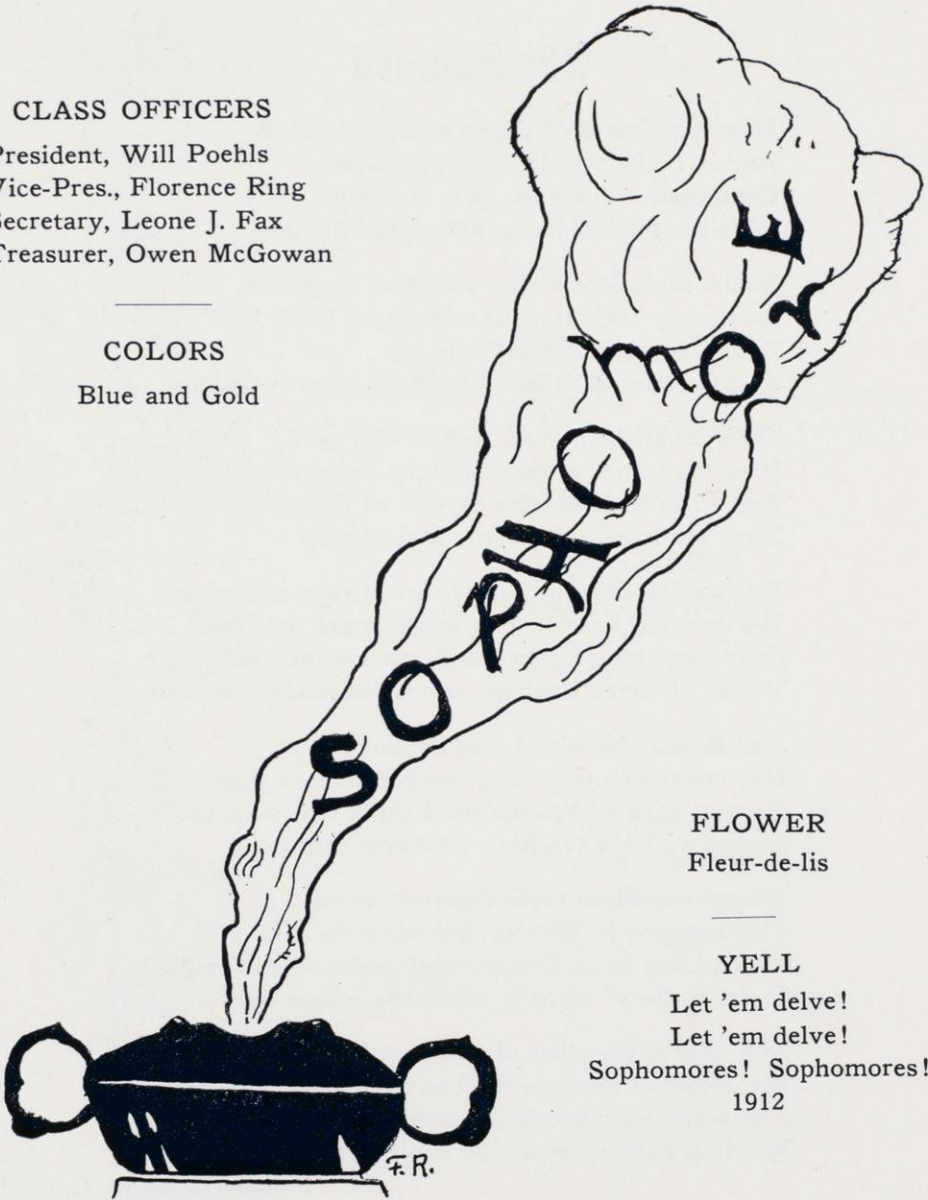
A. M. & E. M. G.

CLASS OFFICERS

President, Will Poehls
Vice-Pres., Florence Ring
Secretary, Leone J. Fax
Treasurer, Owen McGowan

COLORS

Blue and Gold



FLOWER

Fleur-de-lis

YELL

Let 'em delve!

Let 'em delve!

Sophomores! Sophomores!

1912

Our Illustrious Class

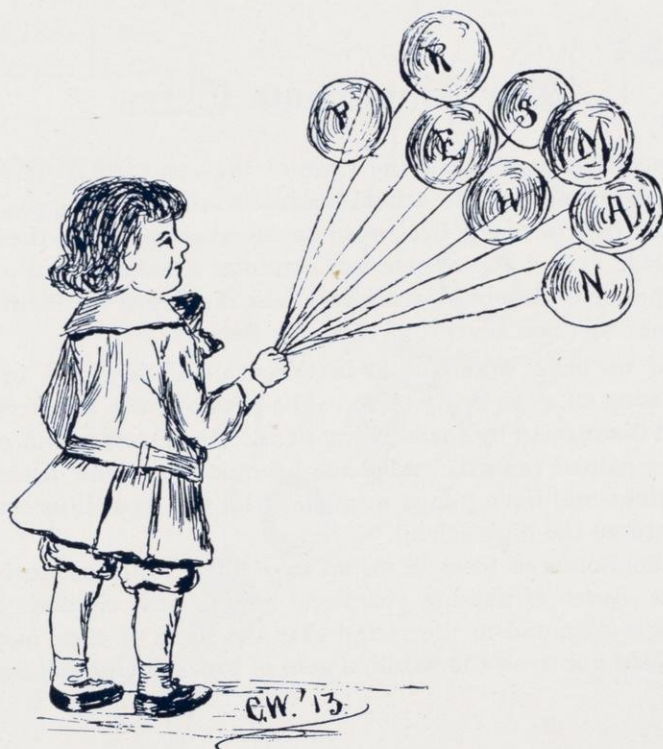
When on August 31, 1908, the class of 1912 entered A. H. S., forty-five members strong, the old school became conscious of a new element. Never before had so many Freshmen seated themselves in the spacious Assembly Hall. And these were not common Freshmen but a class of unusual type. No abnormal greenness was displayed by them and the new professor mistook several of them for Seniors.

Many of us have won laurels in the athletic field and in debate; some have sung so as to bring tears to the eyes of their listeners; others have gained distinction by their telling pens. As actresses and novelists, several have gained renown. All have been active in the organizations and at elections and have joined to make 1912, the most illustrious class that ever entered the high school.

As the Sophomores have been, so may they continue, losing their faults in the course of passing years and adding new virtues. As it is, they are but a diamond in the rough that the hand of time may polish until they shine out upon the world, a gem of great purity and beauty.

CLASS OFFICERS

President Martin Cain
Vice President Chas. Doyle
Secretary Nora Machia
Treasurer Libbie Andre



CLASS COLORS

Myrtle Green and White

CLASS YELL

Rah! Rah! Ree!

Rah! Rah! Ree!

M. D. 4. C.

X and III

We're the Freshies,
Don't you see?

Our Impression of High School

THE HALL.

This seems to be the place where students congregate to make merry. Here the latest songs are hummed, the choicest bits of news confided, and last night's affairs discussed. Disorder is the usual order, until the Prof. appears and—a rush, a scramble, then silence—for a time.

THE RECITATIONS.

This is where we shine! Enough said; if you don't believe us ask the teachers.

THE CHORUS.

"There's music in the air." The Prof. stands in front gracefully wielding the baton, Leon drums the piano, and we, the chorus, sing with all our might. In the rear of the room sit the few fortunates not musically inclined. They never notice the singing except when we are learning a new song and then they glance up with looks of distress.

THE LITERARY SOCIETY.

It seemed at first that the Athena as they call it, was going to be a great thing. It was as popular as the comet, for every one talked of it and seemed interested in it and like the comet it, too, gradually faded away.

ATHLETICS.

"A young man's glory is in his strength" they say. That's why we have athletics. That means games like football, basketball, baseball, etc., and all who play will become strong and in this strength lies their glory. We played football, we wanted to play basketball, we tried to play baseball; I guess there's not much glory in this school!

HAZING.

This is another word for the tortures that are inflicted upon us by the supercilious Sophs. They think it fun. May we never reach that mental state when we shall find enjoyment in causing suffering to poor innocents.



The Staff

Commencement Number

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Volume 2

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Number 8

Editorial Staff

Editor-in-Chief

LESTER MACHIA

Assistant Editor

ETHEL SHAW

Literary

EUNICE HENRY ELFIE EPPLING

School Notes

CLARICE KOHLBECK

School Organizations

CLARA BUSCH

Exchanges

LU ELLA BUSCH

Athletics

FRANK SLABY

Illustrator

WILL PERRY

Humorous

CHARLOTTE FELLOWS GUY BIRDSALL

AEMIL UMBERHAM

ALTA MEVERDEN

Faculty Critic

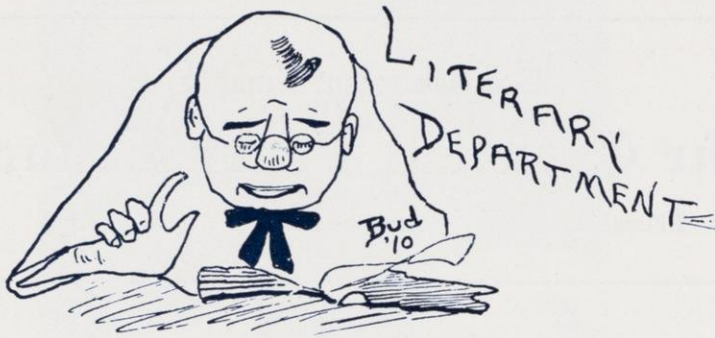
MISS GEUSSENHAINER

Business Manager

EYRLE HILTON

Assistant Business Manager

OWEN McGOWAN



Class History

**"All the world's a stage
And all the men and women merely players;
They have their exits and their entrances,
And each man in his time plays many parts."**

Four years ago, we made our first appearance in the drama entitled "High School Life." The manager had engaged thirty-four of us to play the role of Freshmen. Expecting to make a big hit at the very first rehearsal, we sallied forth on a bright morning in September to the Algoma High School. We were confident our part must be an important one for, on arriving, we found ourselves the center of attraction. Curiosity overcoming our desire to conceal our ignorance, as to when the rehearsals were to begin, we asked one of the other actors, who called himself a Sophomore. "You don't need any rehearsal for your part," answered the bright one, "Your class plays the Comedy of Errors, so all you have to do is act natural."

Just then, to our consternation, the curtain was raised and, not knowing what to do or say, we initiated the others and followed them to their recitation room. But we soon discovered that we were in the wrong place and meekly left the room amid much laughter and cries of: "Get out of here Freshie, you're too green for this class, but you're playing your part well, Bravo!"

After the first week we found ourselves unnoticed by all except the Sophomores, who daily reminded us that we were not there to entertain the audience but to amuse the other actors. We noticed that the leading characters, who were known as Seniors, had mysterious meetings in a strange room called the laboratory. We were not even allowed near the door of this room. But before many months had elapsed, we became bolder and some of the boys even dared to enter the so-called laboratory. Here they were greeted by the stern faces of the Seniors who immediately ordered them out giving them to understand that Seniors were the rulers of that kingdom. How we hated them for their rights and how we longed to get in and explore that unknown region!

One day, not long after, when we were having a gala time with no teacher in charge of the main room, the door quietly opened and the professor looked in upon the confusion. It was then, without warning, that the unexpected summons came to six of us to come to the laboratory where we were allowed to stand lined up in the rear of the room to enjoy the smiles and taunts of the jeering Seniors.

Realizing that we must show the manager and the other actors that we could play a more important part we decided to attract the audience by means of our debating ability which was greatly shown in the Athena meetings in which we, as a class, were very much interested. How proud we were of our representatives and how excited we all were after both sides had delivered their well learned parts and the judges had retired to some recitation room to decide upon the merits of the debate. And when the decision was finally made how we gave vent to our pent up enthusiasm in cheers and yells for the winning class. We can boast of having been twice victorious over the Sophomores. At the end of the year the stage manager and his assistants decided that we were becoming popular enough with the public to take a more important part. How glad we were to drop the green cloak of ignorance and sally forth into the brightness of the Sophomore year, with a determination to set an example of hard work to all other classmen and at the same time preserve a lively class spirit.

We were very successful in our book keeping work, of which, we certainly had the right to be proud, because, each month's report cards were crowned with One Hundreds for the majority of the class. Then too the Botany class was a source of much interest and pleasure. We usually had two or three expeditions a week with our much learned and enthusiastic professor, as instructor and guide.

I know the members of our class will never forget the roast pig party we had out at Shaw's. After a hurry and scuffle for places in the hay rack, succeeded by a very enjoyable ride, we reached our destination. The fore part of the evening was spent in playing various games, but we soon tired of these and asked for dancing. The next few hours were spent in keeping time to the music of Shaw's orchestra. Then came the roast pig, deliciously served and certainly very much enjoyed by all of us. The ride home was rather a sleepy affair but we reached Algoma as the first streaks of laylight appeared in the eastern sky.

With a new manager we began our third year as the understudy of the leading characters. Our work, during this year, was much more difficult than in the two preceeding years. Geometry and German were the great stumbling blocks. But we plodded along industriously and finally at the end of the year gained the credits we had crammed to attain. Work was brightened by Athena Meetings, bazaars, class parties and various other sources of amusement.

But the brightest scene of this act was the prom. How diligently we worked, especially the boys who wanted to make this the "best ever." And as every one said, the decorations were the most elaborate ever seen at any Junior Prom, we felt repaid for our labors.

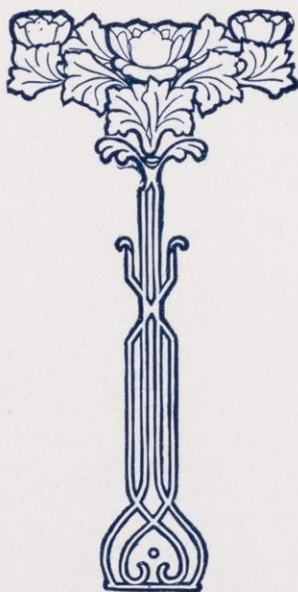
At last we reached the height of our ambition. Twenty-one of us were given the principal part in the drama. We became the lawful rulers of the laboratory. But we were not so severe toward the lower

classmen as the Seniors were toward us when we were Freshmen. Why, we even allowed them to stand nead and watch us perform our experiments.

'Twas in the laboratory we gathered each morning to discuss the events of the preceeding evening or give vent to passionate outbursts toward some teacher for our low class standings or conduct marks, never thinking of giving ourselves the blame. Here it was we gained the reputation of being the hardest working Physics class Mr. Dahl ever conducted.

The school paper gave us considerable work particularly the Senior number, of which, we as a class can be proud. The victories in athletics greatly encouraged us for the football and baseball teams were both made up of many members of our class. This was without doubt the hardest year of our High School life but as Johnson has said, "Hardships prevent melancholy," so our trials and perplexities helped to keep us ever bright and hopeful.

But now the drama which occupied four years of our life is ended and the actors are about to leave this stage and make their debut on the larger stage of the wide world. But who will ever forget the scenes in which the class of 1910 played the important parts?



Class Prophecy

It is the year 2010; the scene is a pleasant kindergarten in a small village. At her desk sits a teacher looking over the new assortment of books just donated to her department. One in particular, a thin, but attractive book bound in red leather, entitled, "Rhymes and Jingles of Famous People," seems to catch her fancy for she selects this, and leans back in her easy chair with that air of content so suggestive to the anticipation of a delightful half hour spent among the pages of a book. She turns the pages and reads the following preface:

In writing this little book of Rhymes and Jingles, it has been the aim of the author to help fill a long felt want in the poetical world of the children, namely: Lyrics written, not of the (p) creatures of the imagination but of people of real flesh and blood. It is all very well for children to know and love Mother Goose and her family, but would it not be equally well for them to love also famous men and women of the world? Tell the children of these great people in pleasing verse and the celebrities will be impressed upon their minds, with as lasting an impression as were ever, "Bo Peep" and "Little Boy Blue." This then has influenced the author in selecting her material. It is well to note that she has chosen only the best known and the most famous of people to commemorate in rhyme. She has further aimed to have the form of the Jingles, simple, rhymical,, and attractive to the children. May they enjoy the reading as she has the writing.

* * * * *

There was a young girl, with great thoughts in her head,
Who lived upon nothing but butter and bread.
Butter and bread was the chief of her diet
And yet this young girl could never be quiet.

She went to a school, to learn how to bake;
But when Sara came back, she ate nothing but cake.
And now it is she, in the college we see,
Teaching other children, cooks to be.

* * * * *

Little Maude Bacon,
She went to the cupboard
To get the children some food.
But when she got there
No shelf was bare,
But filled with dainties so good.

You see Maude Bacon,
She was a good housewife,
Who always had time to prepare
The goodies to eat,
The cakes so sweet,
So her cupboard was never bare.

* * * * *

"A dillar, a dollar,
A ten o'clock scholar,
What makes you come so soon?
You used to come at ten o'clock,
And now you come at noon."

Thus spoke the teacher,
A severe old preacher.
Oh! Oscar don't look so stern,
You know when you to school did go,
You often had time to burn.

* * * * *

There was a laddie in our school,
And he was wondrous wise;
For even in the Freshman Class,
His knowledge us surprised.

And when he was to manhood grown,
He us surprised still more;
Instead of reading classics then,
He studied baseball—lore.

And so it was on Sunday's then
When crowded was the stand,
That of all the players in the team
Guy Birdsall was—the man.

* * * * *

There was a young woman tossed up in a ship
Ninety-nine times as high as the moon.
But where she was going no mortal could tell;
Nevertheless she came back soon.

And now would you like to know who it was?
Our Luella! And what did she do?
She tried the new air ship she had invented
Just big enough for two.

* * * * *

Charlotte Fellows went to college,
To become a nurse.
She loved the work and always did it,
For better or for worse.

And so she had many patients,
While she was a nurse;
And they always loved nurse Charlotte,
For better or for worse.

The doctors, too, esteemed her high;
She was a splendid nurse!
But soon one doctor married her,
For better or for worse.

My dear, do you know
How a long time ago,
A bright young man
Whose name we all know,
One day went away
To the city so great
And here most famously
Did orate?

At auctions, we hear
This young man so bright,
For a big voice
Fits in here just right.
Of all auctioneers
In this city so great,
Walter Gericke we first
Do rate.

* * * * *

Hark! Hark!
The dogs do bark!
The circus is coming to town.
Some in rags,
Some in tags,
And some in velvet gowns.

See! See!
Who can it be,
In the owner's carriage does ride?
Charles so gay,
Bright as day,
Now famous far and wide.

* * * * *

Our Eunice

Was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was she.
She called for her book,
And she called for her pen,
And she called in the Muses three.
She wrote and she wrote,
And soon she wrote
A book of poetry.

* * * * *

Our famous Leon
Sat at a piano
Playing a pice so gay.
When her waltz she played,
People lingered and stayed
To hear the greatest piece of the day.

For you know Leon
Not only played fine,
But composed many songs and operas,
And so you see
'Twas not strange that she
Was now the world's greatest composer.

* * * * *

Eyrle, he was a mason's son,
He learned to work when he was young.
And when he joined the Physics Class,
He thought this did all things surpass.

And so he was the Prof's. right hand,
No one worked more in all the land.
And so of course when he grew old,
No greater scientist the world did hold.

* * * * *

Clara Hunsader
Lived in an office
All the live long day.
Here very deftly
On the type writer,
She did always play.

So soon, far and wide,
Her skill had spread.
Much was she in demand
For accuracy
And rapidity,
She was best in the land.

* * * * *

As I came down from the veranda,
Whom should I meet, but our friend Miranda;
A large leghorn hat, and white apron on,
She came gayly tripping across the lawn
And what did this maid so cheerily say?
Why "Won't you (f) buy some fresh berries today?"
Then I recalled what I heard said;
That berries so fresh and apples so red,
Were gotten from the fruit farm near at hand!
Miranda's farm—the best in the land.

* * * * *

One bright, sunny morning
When cloudless was the sky,
I chanced to meet a young man,
A young man passing by.

Quickly, he was going
To the depot near at hand,
Where a private car was waiting
To take the owner through the land.

And into this private car
Went our Lester, for 'twas he,
For of the A. and W. railroad
He's now president, you see.

* * * * *

I saw a ship a sailing
A sailing o'er the sea,
And oh, it was all laden
With pretty things to see.
In far off eastern countries,
The treasures had been found,
Now homeward swiftly sailing,
Where in wealth they would abound.
On the deck the sturdy Captain,
The world famed Capt. Bill.
Nor time, nor travel changes him
He is jollyng,—joking still.

* * * * *

Della Salzsieder and her cat
Led a peaceful life,
For they ne'er were troubled
With other people's strife.
When Della had her dinner,
Her pussy near would wait.
And was always sure to get
A nice piece from Della's plate.
For our Della was a spinster
And preferred to live alone.
For in a great old city,
She had a grand old home.
And every one did know her
When along the street she'd go.
Her hair was combed so neatly
Her whole attire just so.

* * * * *

In marble walls as white as milk,
Hung with curtains of softest silk,
There dwells a lady, tall and fair,
And many suitors oft are there;
But to these youths she e'er says nay,
And sadly then they go their way;
But Ethel Shaw lives on still free,
And always happy as she can be;
For in this free and happy land
She's leader of the suffragette band.

Cock a doodle doo!
Our John was in a stew,
He couldn't get Geometry
So what was he to do?

Cock a doodle doo!
He studied enough for two,
The examination he did pass
And he knew what to do.

Cock a doodle doo!
Of theorems quite a few,
He then did write and after that
A whole Geometry too.

Cock a doodle doo!
Among the very few
Who great in mathematics are
Oh! John there's none like you.

* * * * *

Goosey, goosey, gander,
Whither dost thou stray
Upstairs, downstairs,
In the city hall so gray.
There I met a mayor,
A stately man was he
And of course 'twas August,
Why who else could it be?

* * * * *

And now my story's ended—
For of these Seniors great,
Who now have finished High School
You've heard a worthy fate.

The Junior German Class

Vie got a clas in skule vot can skin eny oder clas, vie cal it Dutch. In Dutch clas we speek Dutch, read Dutch and do every ting we kin in Dutch. De oder day I tried to mak a poem in clas, but it didn't work so i quit. It went like dis:

Der vonce vas a dealer whose Son was a Dutch Schueler

It was prety gut but it wasn't gut enough. I am going to quit making poetry and do someting so dat wen I get thru mitt it, it vill be somting. I tried to do lots of stuf in schul vot I tink vill mak the teacher glat und some times she laffs und sometim she says I'm disgustin. I don't know wat that means do you? Oh Golly vie got von feller in dat clas he is so big, I couldn't tell you how big he is. He is abot so long—und den abot so wide, now you kin imagin how dat feller gets along, I von't be him no sir, I von't not if dey giv me all kinds of tings. Ven die end of skule year comes I'm to get my teacher a ring which I seen in the baker's window on a stick of candy and giv her dat ring. Want she be surprized. Don't tell her dis because den da secret vont be no gut. Maybe she'll tink it vos gold. Vell anyway it shows where my hart ist.

On da last day of Skule wir goin to have a rase, me an anoder feller ar the best runners so us 2 r in the rase. If he gets ahead, I'm goin to say "you kin run if you vount to but I vount" und den maybe I'll get ahead. If I get ahead in the rase I vount stop till I get dere. Dats anoder secret don't tell it. Dat's 2 secrets now, I vount tell you any more caus if you get mad on me you'll tell and den everyting vill be spoilt. I vont tell you anyting more till I see you again cause then maybe I'll find out someting to tell you das ist alles.

THE MUSICAL TRAMP.

Two young girls sat alone near the kitchen fire, trembling at every sound. Tramps had been in the neighborhood, and in every gust of wind, or banging of the door, they heard the approach of the dreaded intruders. As the hour grew later, the conversation lagged, for their fears increased. The wind grew steadily stronger, and the noises steadily wierder. Suddenly they heard a sound that sent a pang of dread in their hearts. It was the piano playing the chromatic scale. They arose quickly, not knowing what to do, with terror written on their faces. Then suddenly the music ceased, but they could endure the strain no longer, and snatched up shaws to run over to the neighbors, when there was a scratch at the dining room door, and they heard the well known "Meow" of the favorite "Tom."

G. B. '10.



The Poet's Corner

THE NEW CLOCK IN THE HIGH SCHOOL.

There is a new clock in our school
Which is never idle, as a rule.
It hangs up in the Assembly Hall
Just high enough to be seen by all.
From early morn until late afternoon,
It seems to sing the same old tune—
Forever—never,
Never—forever.

To idle pupils who gaze around,
It seems to attract them with its sound.
Tho the audience stares it full in the face,
It keeps going at the same old pace.
As they ask, "When will this day be o'er?"
The timepiece answers them once more—
Forever—never,
Never—forever.

The Seniors, gay, do come and go
And many a glance at the timepiece throw.
Then when vacation days grow near,
They ask, "When will we all meet here
As we have in the years gone by?"
The new clock softly makes reply—
Forever—never,
Never—forever.

The Juniors—Seniors soon to be
Do not watch how the minutes flee;
But use their brains while in their prime,
Never wasting a second of time!
And sometimes in their hardest labor
They hear the voice of their busy neighbor—
Forever—never,
Never—forever.

The Sophomores watch this time-piece, too,
Admiring its case and hands so new.
Sometimes they're absent, sometimes late
And each new straggler hears his fate
When he's asked, "When will you be on time?"
Another voice answers real, sublime—
Forever—never,
Never—forever.

The Freshmen, too, that baby lot
Look at the time but can tell it not.
With their trinkets the day goes fast
And when their work is o'er at last,
They wonder when they'll Seniors be
And the new clock answers solemnly—
Forever—never,
Never—forever.

A. U. '11.

THE STUDENTS.

I'm sure you know those students,
Those students of our High,
Who sometimes have their lessons
And who ought to be so shy.
But they care not for failures
Nor the scolding which they get;
But glory in this folly
And so nothing do regret.
Ah yes! You say you know them
Those students of our school,
But soon the days are coming
When they'll not be here to rule.
And as on this we ponder
And their good deeds recall
The thought comes to our mind
That we'll miss them after all.

E. H. '10.

GRANDMA'S BY-GONE DAYS.

In old books and papers,
Where you read the ancient lays,
It seems that things were different,
In those ancient by-gone days.

Children were so quiet,
And would not listen or gaze,
Where older folks were talking
In Grandma's by-gone days.

They sat on rude hard benches,
... And ne'er eyes did raise,
But listened thru the sermon,
In the fleeing by-gone days.

In school if they got naughty;
A ferrule was the phase,
And they didn't get it easy
In those old by-gone days.

OUR LAST CHANCE.

The Seniors are a model class,
So all the teachers say.
They haven't got a bit of brass,
So all the teachers say.

They never play or never shirk,
So all the teachers say,
But always study and always work,
So all the teachers say.

They never bluff, but do recite,
So all the teachers say,
With all their main and all their might
So all the teachers say.

They always walk in stately row,
So all the teachers say,
Never giggle, as we all know,
So all the teachers say.

Now wouldn't you like to be one,
Of such a class as this,
To have the teachers all say "There's none
Like this young man" or "miss."

A. N.—E. S.

| | | |
|--|--------------------|--|
| | <h2>Exchanges</h2> | |
|--|--------------------|--|

In the High School of Algoma
By the great big reading table,
Stands the cabinet of exchanges,
Exchanges from the other High Schools.
First of all is seen the X-Ray
From the city of Chicago;
And beside it is the Student
Brought to us from Marinette-land.
Then we see the West Side Doings
From the town of Manitowoc;
Then the bright refreshing Lake Breeze
From the High School in Sheboygan.
From Eau Claire we have the Kodak;
And the Mercury from Milwaukee.
Green Bay to us has sent the Snap Shot,
And St. Paul, the Oak Hall Topics,
From the Seminary for young ladies.
From Stevens Point, the Normal Pointer,
While the Nooz comes from their High School.
From Reno in far off Nevada
Comes a paper called Oasis.
From the famed and noted college
In Appleton, comes the Lawrentian.
From Oshkosh, we have the Index,
From Richmond in Kentucky
Comes the State Normal Student.
Next we see the good old Ink Spots
From Union City, Iowa.
The Vox Studentis is the next
From Union City, Tennessee.
From Jefferson, we have the Schoolmate
And the Spartan comes from Sparta.
Then from Sioux Falls, South Dakota
We have the Coyote and the Sparks.
And the Blue and Brown from far off
Lancaster in Pennsylvania.
And from Grand Island in Nebraska
Have we the paper called the Volante.
So you see from many High Schools
Come the papers to our table;
And as we read the many pages
Visions have we of the good times
In other High Schools in this country.
We love you all, our dear exchanges,
We give you ere a hearty welcome;
And as the years roll by numbered
We hope to see you ever with us.



The Glee Club

| | | |
|--|---|--|
| | <h2 style="margin: 0;">Organizations</h2> | |
|--|---|--|

ATHENA LITERARY SOCIETY

| First Semester Officers | Second Semester Officers |
|---------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| President.....Chas. J. Hendrick | President..... Fae McLaughlin |
| Vice President.....Clara Strutz | Vice President....Fabian Monfils |
| Secretary Frances Mouty | Secretary.....Miranda Kumm |
| Treasurer..... Miranda Kumm | Treasurer..... Owen McGowan |
| Marshal..... Edna Salzsieder | Marshal..... Elfrieda Eppling |

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

Officers

| | |
|----------------------|-------------------|
| President | Lester Machia |
| Vice President | Martin Cain |
| Secretary | Ethel Shaw |
| Treasurer | August Wasserbach |

BAND

| | |
|-----------------|----------------|
| Director | Mr. J. L. Dahl |
| Treasurer | Frank Slaby |

Numbers—Fourteen Members.

GLEE CLUB

| | |
|----------------|---------------------|
| Director | Miss Frances Herold |
|----------------|---------------------|

Numbers—Seventeen Members.





The H. S. Band

| | | |
|--|-------------------|--|
| | <h2>Humorous</h2> | |
|--|-------------------|--|

With quips and cranks and wanton wiles
See how each student the time beguiles.
And as Commencement day draws near
They laugh and joke but shed no tear.
'Tis the parting of the ways for some
But they think only of vacation fun.
And so they laugh the live long day
And while the remaining time away.

He was seated in the Assembly room, the centre of amazement and wonder. With his cheeks flushed, and his eyes riveted on the pages before him, he did not realize that his fellow pupils were staring at him. "What is he reading?" "What's the matter?" and "Look at him," were some of the questions of the spectators. It was Fabian reading "Griswold's Divorce Case."

A FAMILY QUESTION.

Will P.: "Atlas supported the Earth, but who supported him, Miss Smith?"

Miss S.: "I don't know as anybody did."

Will P.: "Yes ma'am, his wife did."

IT ISS TO LAFF! !

Plenty Amusement for Nothing. Watch Alta Meverden giggle all day.

GIRLS WANTED—Apply to Will Perry.

LESSONS IN RUNNING.

Instruction by City Marshall. Address Sophomore Girls.

The Seniors offer their sympathy to one of their members for having burned her finger. Don't have the curler too hot next time, Ethel!

QUESTIONS ASKED THE A. H. S. ORACLE.

- I. Is Miss G. coming back next year. (German Class.)
 - II. Is Mr. Dahl engaged. (C. K.)
 - III. Does Billy go with Fae. (School.)
 - IV. What are the Juniors so gloomy for? (Anybody.)
 - V. How is the Senior Play progressing? (Lower Classmen.)
 - VI. Is Miss Smith coming back from Europe? (Sophomores.)
 - VI. Who made the Assembly Room ceiling holy? (Students.)
 - VII. Why is Leona Hendricks so talkative lately? (G. H. B.)
 - IX. Are old love letters of any use? (L. F.)
 - X. What does Alta M. giggle at? (Neighbors.)
 - XI. Is Miss Williams good natured? (Students.)
-

The Milkman appeared at the doorway and handed the lady the milk. He said to one of our students near by, "Looks like rain today." The student casually glancing at the milk replied, "That's nothing, it always does."

Miss Williams (in Phis.): "Why do so many people get burned?"
Student: "Because they get near a hot place."

THEIR ADVENTURE.

One day, about noon, two small boys with rifles under their arms, were walking through a wood in search of small game. They were eagerly discussing the possibility of meeting a bear and what they should do in case one were to cross their path.

Suddenly one of them exclaimed: "Look out, there's one!" and stepped behind some bushes near by. Pale with fright the other stood motionless, expecting each moment to see the huge shoggy form of old Bruin appear from behind the trees.

His companion soon reappeared and exclaimed: "Oh pshaw! too late; didn't you see it?"

"Where did the bear go?" asked the other.

"The bear, why you silly, I meant a rabbit."

O. B. '10.

"AUCTION SALE."

"To be held in the Assembly Hall sometime in the near future. Please bring contributions.

The following articles were immediately donated."

| | |
|---|-------------|
| "A Geometry," by | John U. |
| "Pair of Specks," by | Clara S. |
| "Primers," by | Freshmen |
| "Little Red Hat," by | Miss Smith |
| "My old Beaux (Bow)," by | Lila D. |
| "An old Curl," by | Clara B. |
| "Pair of Green Socks," by | Albert D. |
| "Red Necktie," by | Ralph P. |
| "Rubber Comb," by | Angeline P. |
| "Box of Sand," by | Sidney T. |
| "Bottle of Milk," by | George G. |
| "An Old Rat," by | Issy B. |
| "My Prom Shoes," by | Noisy D. |
| "A Couple of Worthless Giggles," by | Alta M. |
| "The Rubber Hose," by | Mr. Dahl |
| "The Senior Class," by | Miss G. |

The following letter was received by Earle Hilton, the Business Manager:

Appleton, Wis., May 30, 1910.

Our dear and beloved Business Mgr.,

Please send a commencement issue of the Crescent Beach Echoes, to the above address, immediately on receipt of this writing, in order to prevent unnecessary delay. In case the paper is no good, we will not fail to return it. Don't bother about the cost of it, as we are hard up, and you would not get anything by wasting Bills and Postage. Please don't get scared and forget us. Playing with the Steam Roller is no good, so we will have to close.

Yours sincerely,

Paddy & Mucken.

EXTRA!!!

Comet Strikes Earth.
Brilliant Spectacle.

Only Survivors are the A. H. S. Students, who had reached the heat of the conflagration, by being kept at noon.. Temp. at this time was 200 degrees c.

The two gongs had been sounded, summoning the classes and all but the Juniors had appeared. The bell was rung a third time; the students waiting restlessly. The teacher in charge was about to have the bell sounded again when the door of the Geometry Room slowly opened. A momentary relief, then amusement and surprise, for out came Cornan—and no one else. Was he the Junior Class?

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∞ L. J. ENGLEBERT ∞

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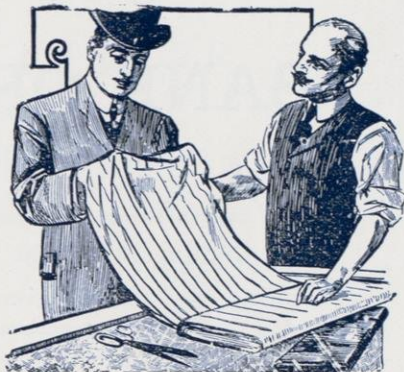
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AN OPEN LETTER

To the Teachers and Students of the Algoma Schools and the Readers of CRESCENT BEACH ECHOES:—

Here at the close of this school year permit me to employ this occasion for thanking you for the excellent patronage you have bestowed upon me during these past months. To those upon whom has devolved the task of getting out this publication I wish to offer congratulations for the eminent success you have achieved in issuing so bright and crisp a school paper. I have found it also a very valuable advertising medium. Every one who knows anything about business knows that good goods are advertised better through good papers. Good goods, like good papers, are remembered long after they are used, and we have the good goods. We make an especial effort to give you the best *Quality* that your good money will buy, one that will appeal to you and be remembered long after the price has been forgotten. And I'll be right here in the same old stand when you return again next fall, ready as ever to give you every thing that your heart - and feet - will desire. Drop in and see me,

Cordially yours,

M. L. REINHART

The Shoe Man

Algoma, Wis., June 10 1910,

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